

FAST FOLK

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Live at the Bottom Line 1993



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Editor's note

This year's Fast Folk Revue, held February 26 and 27 at The Bottom Line, was both a step in a new direction as well as a return to basics. We went with many new faces. We went with as much variety as possible. Perhaps the most influential addition to our roster was that of Lisle Leete, who did most of our vocal arrangements.

Unfortunately, the luck of the draw gave us the weekend of the Trade Towers

disaster. Friday afternoon as we did our sound check, rumors were rampant. The bridge-and-tunnel crowd couldn't get through the tunnels. Friday evening, we had about a third of the audience we would have had and the whole weekend had a surreal gloss on it.

So, for those of you who couldn't come, here is your show. We hope you enjoy listening as much as we enjoyed performing.

Fast Folk Revue
at the Falcon Ridge Folk Festival

July 23, 24 and 25, 1993 (Fast Folk Revue Saturday only)
at Long Hill Farm, Route 23, Hillsdale, New York

(at the Tri-State corner of NY, Mass. and Conn.)

A 3-DAY COMMUNITY OF FOLK MUSIC AT THE FOOT OF THE BERKSHIRES with camping, dancing, song swaps, political theater, recycling, family stage, workshops, ethnic foods, crafts, comedy, activities for kids, roots music, musics of the '90s and beyond.

24-hour first aid and security, water, showers, ice and a variety of foods.
Sound by Klondike. MCs: Art Menius, Barbara Harris and Margi Rosenkranz.
And, as always, accessible and sign-language interpreted.

Featuring the following artists:

Andes Manta, Sun
Arm-of-the-Sea Theater, Sat
Basin Brothers, Sat evening
Coaticue Las Colorado, Sun
Catie Curtis, Sat
Rick Danko, Sat
Fast Folk Revue, Sat evening
John Gorka, Sat/Sun
Greg Greenway, Sat
Kim & Reggie Harris, Sat/Sun
Pat Humphries, Sat/Sun

Justina and Joyce, Sat.
Sheila Jordan, Sun.
Rick Ilowite, Sat/Sun
Peter Keane, Sat/Sun
Kips Bay Ceili Band, Sat
Patty Larkin, Sat/Sun
Jay Mankita, Sat/Sun
Magpie, Sat/Sun
Donna Martin, Sat
McDonnell-Tane, Sat
Northern Lights, Sat

Bruce Pratt, Sat/Sun
Tony Parkes and Uncle Gizmo
Fri evening
Salt & Pepper Gospel Singers, Sun
Fred Small, Sat
The Story, Sat/Sun
Nancy Tucker, Sat
Laurie's Stories, Sat/Sun
Leslie Elias, Sun

Plus a Friday Afternoon Showcase

Contras & squares Friday night with Tony Parkes and Uncle Gizmo
Midnight Hour Cajun dance Saturday with the Basin Brothers
And an all-day Fast Folk Workshop, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday

Three-day tickets with camping: \$30 until June 7, \$35 until July 17, \$43 at gate.
Children under 8 free. Ages 8-14 \$8.

Dogs \$20 with proof of rabies vaccination. (Dogs must remain at campsite.)

Day tickets: Friday \$10, Saturday \$23, Sunday \$19.

Rain or shine - no refunds.

Gates open 11 a.m. Friday. Music starts 3 p.m. Friday, 10 a.m. Saturday and Sunday

For more information and advance tickets: Falcon Ridge Folk Festival,
74 Modley Road, Sharon, CT 06069. (203) 364-0366.

Children of All Ages Peter, Paul and Mary Pass it On

by Keith Kelly

"I thought it was going to be just another Village project."

So said Mary Travers about the humble origins of one of the legendary groups in modern folk music, Peter, Paul and Mary. "Everyone I knew was embarked on one—writing a book, painting, studying dancing or acting. Everyone I knew was 'beginning.'"

The beginning of this project came in 1961, when Mary, Peter Yarrow, and Noel Stookey, after trying their luck in various avenues (Yarrow performed solo; Stookey worked as a comic; Travers sang in the chorus of *The Next President*, a Broadway flop), were brought together by Peter's manager, Albert Grossman. Yarrow recalls, "The instinct was there the first time we sang ('Mary Had a Little Lamb') in Noel's four-flight walk-up tenement apartment. Our shot was ten thousand to one against. But we didn't think of such things because what we were tasting and feeling filled our nostrils and heated our blood."

"The Village was like a bunch of classrooms," says Stookey. "A performer could leave one place and go right to another coffeehouse to hear one of his friends. There was a great fraternity between all the performers and a great exchange of ideas. There was a sense that we were holding hands, in a metaphorical sense, for a better world."

The three rehearsed for seven months, with the guidance of Grossman and their musical director Milt Okun, before attempting any performances. Along the way Noel adopted the name Paul Stookey, to parody a line in a folk song that went, "Peter, Paul and Moses, playing 'round the roses." Shortly after an introductory show-

case at the Village club The Bitter End, Peter, Paul and Mary were signed to Warner Brothers; the cover of their first album pictures them standing on the Bitter End stage.

Over the next decade, the trio released ten albums, of which eight went gold and five platinum. Their singular blend of the traditional, topical, contemporary, serious, and comical was reflected in their most successful releases—"If I Had a Hammer," "Where Have All the Flowers Gone,"



"Blowin' in the Wind," "Don't Think Twice It's Alright," "Early Mornin' Rain," "Puff (the Magic Dragon)," "The Times They Are A'Changin'," "I Dig Rock and Roll Music," "Leavin' On a Jet Plane," and dozens more. Many became Top Ten hits; "Leavin' On a Jet Plane" even reached #1 in 1969.

But the pressures of fame and success can weaken even the strongest partnerships, and in 1970, for a variety of reasons,

the three agreed to disband. Yarrow muses, "I guess we each needed a watershed period away from the group to explore the individual selves that had become somewhat obscured by the wonderful but pre-emptive group process." For Stookey, the split coincided with his increasing desire to simplify life for himself and his family, and basically to pursue other interests, notably his study of and eventual conversion to Christianity. "Nine years of professional touring and an inability

to cope with increasingly complex demands, a seemingly ceaseless accommodation to the trio's requests, and my dissatisfaction with the resultant compromises I had made, were all surfacing in a single desire to 'get to the country,' to simplify," he remembers today. "And yet, at the same time this new faith, this rebirth of mine, kept instructing me to organize my priorities not simply by whim or personal desire but with a sensitivity to a larger purpose." Noel, his wife, and their three daughters moved from New York to the coast of Maine in 1974.

The three old friends remained in touch only minimally throughout the '70s, but what inspired them to regroup in 1977 was, naturally, a protest, this one against a California nuclear plant. A reunion album followed the

next year, then a small tour, and Peter, Paul and Mary have stayed together ever since. The album *Peter, Paul and Mary: Reunion* was fine, but sales were low, and unfortunately they lost their recording contract. But after releasing their music independently, and a short stint on the now-defunct Gold Castle label, the group has recently returned to Warner Brothers.

The 1990s promise continued good success for Peter, Paul and Mary. But of

course, none of them was ever interested in only the "glamorous" aspects of folksinging. What characterizes these two men and this woman more than anything else is their fiery shared social conscience, and their unwavering, unshakable commitment to humanitarian causes. After more than three decades, the trio's primary reason for existing remains what Mary said it was at the beginning:

"What music is all about [is] integrity and love and the reality of feeling. It is the vision that we share with you in our music. And if it has proved successful it is not, I believe, because it is our vision, but because it has been yours all along." In the 1990s, Noel

restates this: "If you care about the world around you, you have to make a commitment at a level that combines living with what you do professionally. And I think that's the reason Peter, Paul and Mary have lasted as long as they have. Every problem we face in real life ends up coming back to us as a lyric in a song, whether we wrote it or whether it's been around for a hundred years. In the notes for their 1966 album *See What Tomorrow Brings*, Peter said, "We're not out to protest anything. Our purpose is to affirm." Today he simply says, "It is not given to us that we will care about one another and act with decency. We must choose this."

One of those early gold albums was PP&M's 1968 children's project, titled after Mary's young daughter's name for the group. *Peter, Paul and Mommy* was recorded live with a children's singalong ensemble, and includes unforgettable renditions of Tom Paxton's "The Marvelous Toy" and "Going To The Zoo," a tune from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, Shel Silverstein's "Boa Constrictor," Yarrow's lullaby "Day Is Done," and of course, his classic "Puff (the Magic Dragon)." The album is considered one of the quintessential children's albums

by anyone who raised or just was a child during that memorable time. A quarter century later, the group has now released its sequel, *Peter, Paul and Mommy Too*. Again recorded live (at the Brooklyn Academy of Music), it is another concoction of new, old, original, traditional, sad, happy, simple, and complex songs, sung with enthusiasm, passion, and spirit. In 1990s

fashion, *Peter, Paul and Mommy Too* was released by Warner Brothers not just as an album (who can define "album" anymore?), but as a cassette, compact disc, and home video. In *Peter, Paul and Mary* fashion, the video version was used in the Public Broadcasting System's semi-annual

pledge drive, and was broadcast on PBS stations, with appeals for new members, throughout March.

In February, I had the pleasure of meeting Peter, Paul and Mary to discuss their latest project. Beforehand, I had listened to the audio version of their album, though I had not yet seen the videotape. While I certainly enjoyed the performances, and the unabashed singing and clowning of both the trio and their young fans, I was initially

a little taken aback by some of the songs they selected for the concert. Of course, "Puff" had to be included, and "The Garden Song" and "I Know an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly" are staples of any children's program. But Peter, Paul and Mary weren't content with those. They also introduced the children to songs like "We Shall Overcome," "Somos el Barco," and "Pastures of Plenty," not to mention a medley of

—Peter

There is all of a sudden the kind of exposition of hope from a political perspective that really encourages some of the messages, sensibilities, and feelings of folk music to once again find a more prominent place.

What's going to be needed are songs and cultural expressions that allow an altered view of what we are, what our culture is, and what we are truly about.

—Peter

African songs and "Don't Ever Take Away My Freedom." These are all fine songs, which got strong reactions, but my first reaction to hearing this was to wonder whether such tunes might perhaps go over the heads of some of these very young participants. I realized that my thus-far-non-daddy status and my only-sporadic involvement with children might be depriving me of some insights into the youthful mindset that these three, all parents (and Mary a grandmother) might have. Still, I wondered: I heard a hundred kids singing "Somos el barco, somos el mar," and they may have known the words, but did they know what they were singing? After all, it's very easy for so-called grownups to hear a perfectly innocent, well-meaning song and read the completely wrong meaning into it (little Jackie Paper comes to mind). Couldn't you run an even greater risk with children?

This was on my mind as I arrived at Mary Travers' large, comfortable apartment in midtown Manhattan. She, Peter, Noel (nobody calls him Paul anymore), and I convened in the living room, with periodic check-ins from Mary's wandering dog Sasha. There we discussed their relationship with their record label, their happy cooperation with PBS, the composition and importance of *Peter, Paul and Mommy Too*, their fervent hopes for the new Presidential administration, and their perception of their own place in history and their contribution to, as Yarrow says, "passing on the legacy."

FF: Let's begin with Warner Brothers. You recorded on Warner Brothers all through the 1960s and '70s, and then you left the label, and now you're back again.

PETER: Well,

that's the general way to put it.

MARY: We left each other and we're back again.

PETER: I think Warner Brothers left us also . . .

NOEL: Yeah, I think that's probably more like it.

PETER: There was a time, as you remember, when Peter, Paul and Mary, and Joan Baez, and Judy Collins, could not get a record label, because the commercial thresholds that were necessary to sell a requisite number of albums to make it profitable, so that the corporate policy may be followed, was just not something that was inherent in the marketplace at the time.

FF: And what period was that?

NOEL: I would say in 1971.

PETER: Well, we got back together in '78. We had a reunion album on Warner Brothers for one second, and then we were off the label. And we did not get back to it until just now.

NOEL: That's right, but I was thinking the demise of the commercial aspect of folk music began in '70-'71. James Taylor took it to another level—yes, it was acoustic guitar, but there was also piano, there were drums, there were Kunkel and Sklar, and the West Coast took acoustic music, along with the reiteration of many of Dylan's pieces, to a more popular music.

MARY: Certainly a more produced sound.

NOEL: Yeah, more produced, and I think that continued on. But the interesting thing I found was that our constituents, the people who used to listen to our records, used to buy our records, used to listen on the radio, when they couldn't find it on AM or FM anymore, I was so surprised and delighted to re-discover them in 1984 or '85 when we did 25 years together for PBS. And I think PBS was quite surprised, too, because they started raising enormous amounts of money.

So the response meant that either the people calling in were real high rollers, or there were a lot of them. And I think it was the latter that obviously became true. Also, the following special was equally greeted by a large response. So to a large extent we re-discovered our audience, but it was not in the channels it used to be for us.

MARY: I think it's the nature of folk music to always have a very solid base in the country someplace, usually around universities—a small group of young people who sort of keep the flame alive. And then there are periods when it sort of expands,



and even sometimes touches mainstream pop music, such as it did in the Weavers' heyday, before they were blacklisted out of existence. And it happened again certainly in the early sixties. Whether this is a predictable cycle or not is really not of major interest to me, particularly. What I'm more interested in is the fact that it does seem

This is unlike anything we've done before.

—Peter

on a grass-roots level that a lot of young people are learning to play the guitar, and the banjo, and other folk instruments. And that is really what's important, because folk music is such a participatory kind of music, and it's something that you don't have to be Jascha Heifetz to do. You don't have to have seventeen million dollars worth of equipment. You need a pair of spoons, a guitar, a lot of enthusiasm, and a washtub bass, and you've got a band. So it's exciting to see its sustaining abilities over this long period of time.

It's also, I think, exciting to realize from a commercial point of view, that people like Warner Brothers and other large record companies have recognized—it's as if they

just didn't understand how to market to adults. And I'm not at all sure whether they really have learned how to market to adults yet, but I think they're very willing to try.

It's interesting because, for instance, you look at all this plethora of children's material; I was not really aware of it because I don't have small children. I have big children; I have small grandchildren. So I was aware of giving my granddaughter *Peter, Paul and Mommy*, the old album, but I wasn't aware, until my daughters started to tell me, about the many, many—I mean, I always knew that Tom Paxton had wonderful stuff, if someone were to ask me, "What should I get for my little kid?" I would have said Tom's got a good album. But I really wasn't aware of the scope.

NOEL: The other Tom, too. Tom Chapin.

MARY: Tom Chapin, of course. But when you start to open it up, it looks like Kid Gap. There's a bazillion people out there making children's albums. There must be a lot of kids out there.

PETER: I think that folk music for a long time has had to go underground because the possibilities for its being a commercial music, on the front lines, with public acknowledgement, have been very, very severely limited. And I bemoan that fact, but I acknowledge that it exists, and

still there is, as Mary says, a very healthy existence for folk in the camps and schools and synagogues and churches and in the home. But to me, what has happened right now, in terms of the change in the country, is that there is all of a sudden the kind of exposition of hope from a political perspective that really encourages some of the messages, sensibilities, and feelings of

folk music to once again find a more prominent place. When we were at the Inauguration events for four days, one of the things that we did was play at the Reunion on the Mall, and I can't remember a time, save for the early 1960s, when the audience was as responsible as they were at that moment for just asking for the vehicle with which to reconnect. And music, folk music particularly, allows that so wonderfully. And we as folksingers become then the catalysts for it. We don't create that propensity on the part of an audience, and yet at the same time we do feel it. And that's something we did years and years ago.

And knowing that that's the case, it is my hope that those kinds of things that people have said in folk music so many years, and are now saying in very special ways in our own time, will once again emerge with a certain kind of acknowledgement and prominence. And the people whom we have cherished, like the Michelle Shockeds and the Shawn Colvins, will find their voices not only accepted, but also they'll find within themselves the capacity to broaden that voice, so that once again we may find a period where on all levels of the arenas of various media, that kind of music and that kind of sharing will become more and more essential to what's going on in our society.

FF: Very nice. And speaking of various media leads me to PBS. When did you first become associated with them?

NOEL: Eighty-three, eighty-four. Well, our 25th anniversary concert was in '85. But I would dare say, though I don't follow Peter all that closely in his life away from the group, that you were involved with

NET as I was involved with PBS up in Maine, just as an on-air supporter, doing one show or benefit or another.

PETER: Sure.

NOEL: PBS has always supported the not necessarily commercial, not necessarily ready for prime-time project. I remember twenty years ago, moving to Maine, as an out-of-stater, being slowly accepted into the

community by virtue of concerts that I would do around the neighborhood, but having with me a two-inch tape of a solo concert I had done in Illinois. And PBS in Maine at that point was so down-home that you could walk into the studios and say, "Look, I'll give you this tape if we can make a show out of it. You have no production costs other than doing editing that I will agree with. And give me the rights outside of the state." So we spent two or three days putting together a show, and that show has got to be twenty years old or so, and people still tell me, "I saw it on channel 56 in Peoria," or "I saw it in Sacramento." [*Peter and Mary are amused.*]

MARY: It's been wonderful, our association with PBS, because it's a very targeted audience, and it's right on target for us. I think people that watch PBS by and large are looking for some things with content. Even the mystery shows are more textured, more intellectual, more literate than the cop shows you see on network.

NOEL: The support of folk across the board has been pretty universal, too. Arlo, Woody, they're the ones who run *Wasn't That a Time*, the show on the Weavers.

MARY: So they have a long history of funding and supporting folk programs. So we've done the 25th anniversary, we did a Christmas special for them. This is our third production for PBS, but they also aired a film we did in El Salvador and Nicaragua called *Heartstrings*, which was a film we made of a tour through those two

countries, and some of the countries' performers.

PETER: It wasn't a performing tour. It was really a mini-human-rights delegation tour, and in that context we met and interviewed everybody from Christian-based groups to members of the political parties and the non-governmental organizations. We did do some performing, but to me, as I said at the time, I really felt that in that kind of work, in really finding the sense of the agony that people were suffering, to try to find a mechanism for self-determination, brought us into an awareness of each other and the meaning of some of the songs that we sing and our own work in a new way, and I think in a way it was one of the most spiritual political experiences, perhaps the most, although that kind of comparison's not absolutely necessary.

But in terms of PBS, no question about it, I don't think we could have ever found our voice and our identity in commercial television the way we have in public television. The support of us and the way we work was just so natural, and the audiences were so completely attuned to the idea that this was a family show, and we had a family audience. I know many, many people who watch it [the anniversary special] every time it comes on, every six months or every year. But the new piece we've done, in many ways, I think, surpasses any television we've ever done, or any piece of that nature. It's rather special in a lot of ways.

FF: Let's talk about that. The songs you sang on the first *Peter, Paul and Mommy* album were more conventional children's material. But the songs this time around were a different kind of mix.

PETER: Oh, characterize it as you see it. That would be very great for us.

FF: Well, there are the traditional kids' songs that everybody likes, but you also sang a lot of songs that most people don't necessarily call children's material. How did you choose the songs you did, and are you concerned they might be a little advanced for some children?

MARY: I'm gonna take a shot at this one first. It's been my experience that when

Being together with somebody in a mutual confirmation of what feels really important or strong has great value.

—Peter

Kids are smarter than most people give them credit for.

—Mary

something is too advanced for a child, intellectually, they grab on to what isn't. If the lyric is too conceptually difficult, hopefully the melody isn't. But you would be surprised at how smart kids are.

FF: Well, people tell me that.

MARY: Well, if you're not a parent—

FF: I'm not.

MARY: —I'm here to tell you, they're smarter than most people give them credit for. And the wonderful thing about music is, it isn't like a film, where you see the film once and that's that and you may never see the film again. With a disc or a cassette, the likelihood is you're going to meet it more than once. And by the time you've met it two or three times, it starts to make sense to you, whoever you are. And you'll make sense out of it because that's very human, human beings try to make sense out of everything. It's their nature to do that; even things that don't make sense, they try to make sense out of.

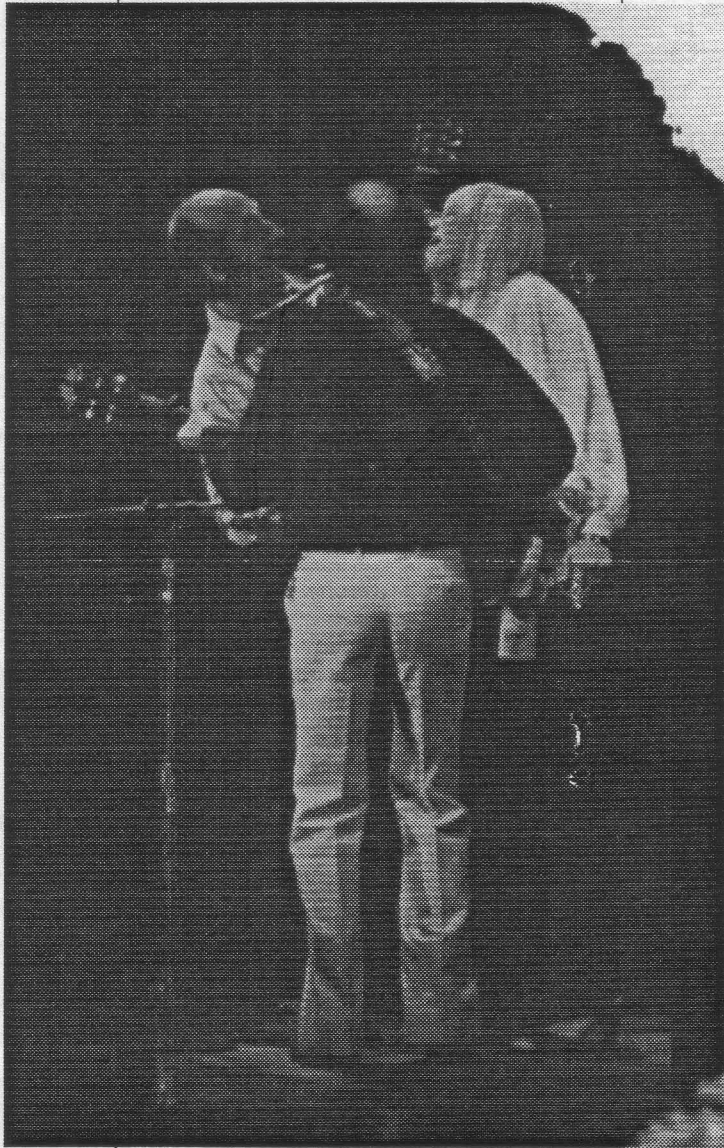
So I don't worry about some things being too advanced, and besides, that implies that there's only one age group you're talking to. I never imply that. I like to imply that families come in all sizes, shapes, and ages, hopefully, and whereas one child will love "Puff (the Magic Dragon)," or will be absolutely enchanted by a song like "There Was an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly," and find that very funny, another child may be two years older, and he'll love the pathos in "Pastures of Plenty."

For instance, people tend to forget that the people who go to the worst horror movies are children. The bloodier it is, the better. Scare them under the seat? Fabulous. I'm telling you, I'm too grown up for those movies.

NOEL: I can't handle them either.

MARY: I can't handle them. But I know thirteen-year-olds who love them. The rea-

son they love them is they don't understand them. If they understood it as a potential reality, they'd be appalled. But it isn't real, and they know it isn't real. They love to be scared. It's like ghost stories.



**We're not on the enemies list;
we're on the friends list. —Mary**

Children have loved ghost stories since there were children. So I'm not concerned whether or not all the children listening to this album will understand every song the way I would like them to understand it right this minute. The wonderful thing

about folk music is, if you don't catch it the first time, it'll hang around and wait for you.

PETER: Let me add to that. When we made *Peter, Paul and Mommy*, we had some challenging pieces on it. I think Gilbert and Sullivan's "I Have a Song to Sing-O!" was a very special piece. And it was not something that a child could have sung immediately, a young child. It had a very delicate message, the longing and pain of unrequited love. That's supposedly not a children's song. But as Mary was saying, you look at fairy tales; those are all constructed around the big issues. So I believe that we chose songs that felt like we were passing on the legacy at that time. I think we chose songs now that felt like we were passing on the legacy at this time.

I can recall a moment when I was trying to help organize a children's radio network, and one of the people who was involved in it, with whom I didn't disagree, when I insisted that for the kids who were listening at that point, who were three, four, five, six years old, at that time of day, that it was appropriate that we have "Blowin' in the Wind." And she said, "Oh, they won't understand that." And I said to her what I would say to anybody who says that some of these songs might be too advanced. I said, "They'll understand part of it now, but at least they'll start now. They'll understand part of *Peter and the Wolf* now, and ultimately they'll hear other things in *Peter and the Wolf*." They'll hear part of what is to be shared, and they'll grow with it—as Mary said, it will wait for them—

and the issues of now, if we're considering what the legacy might be to these kids, and we've lived it and we've related to the kids, and we've sung it with kids, there's something they can pick up on. Sometimes they'll just pick up on the mood, on the

yearning.

When you see the tape, you'll see the passion of their singing "We are the boat, we are the sea," or "Don't ever take away our freedom." And I know that you don't necessarily subscribe to the idea that it's too old for them, it's an open question, and I think it's an appropriate one. I think it's time for them to start getting in touch with those feelings, if not with a rationale, if not with a worldly view, and to me, to be able to be their first moment to share some of those sensibilities and thoughts and ideas, is really a great privilege.

MARY: Hear hear.

FF: When you're introducing "We Shall Overcome," you say, "Now it's time for you to learn this song." Is that the kind of thing you meant?

MARY: That's what it's about.

PETER: That's what the whole program is about—"Now it's time for you to learn this song." Because we've been around thirty-three years.

FF: Mary, when did you write your "Poem for Erika?" It's very pretty.

MARY: I wrote it when Erika was about seven-and-a-half or eight.

FF: Has it ever been recorded before, or published?

MARY: I recorded it once with a different musical background, on a solo album that I did.

FF: Noel, when you sing "Right Field," do you always get such a big ovation when the baseball drops into your glove?

NOEL: I'm continually surprised, actually. I wasn't surprised in the beginning, because I think it's a natural reaction for any of us when we discover the song for the first time. The thing that surprised me was that the second time some people heard it, they applauded, and the third time, and the fourth time, that it should engender that same kind of response. It's a pretty wonderful song for me. Do you know Willy Welch [the songwriter] at all?

FF: No.

NOEL: He used to live in New York. He sang country and western; actually he

wrote Christian music with a country-and-western point of view. He's a big baseball buff, as you doubtless would gather from the song. I left out the bridge, actually. There was a bridge he wrote about DiMaggio and Mantle and Ted Williams, and how they had such a smooth swing, and how he wished he could be like them, but it seemed to me that that's what the whole

song was kind of about anyway and didn't need to be repeated, so we dropped the bridge. Hope you didn't notice.

FF: I didn't, but thanks for clearing that up. I've always wondered—who are the children on the cover of the Peter, Paul and Mommy album?

—Mary

NOEL: [laughs] That's a good question. None of us knows.

MARY: I think they were children of friends of the art director.

NOEL: Was that Thrasher?

MARY: No, Milt Glaser.

NOEL: Milt Glaser set that up?

PETER: No, I think Phil Ramone found the kids. [Editor's note: the album lists Milton Glaser as cover designer, Allen Vogel as photographer, and Phil Ramone as associate producer] But you know what happened to me? I was out in Cincinnati, I was doing a festival. It was a benefit for a temple, through Elliot Kleinman, my rabbi. This guy stopped me on the street, and I was really running late, and I had to run to meet with the people at the home where the rabbinical students were, just meet them and then go to the plane. He stopped me and said, "You're not going to understand this, but I was one of the kids who sang with you!"

Here's this strapping kid of 23, 24 years old. It was fabulous! "I sang with you! I did Peter, Paul and Mommy!" [Noel and Mary both laugh]

FF: I should think that happens pretty often.

PETER: That kind of thing happens all

the time. But I feel that it may be hard to understand what one means in the larger sense of documenting how many people you reach, and what effect you had on this, and do you think that march had any impact? One thing you do know, when you meet somebody face to face, one on one, who says, "I had a hard time in my life, and I was very very sad, very unhappy"—maybe it's a Vietnam vet, maybe it's someone who's just been through a broken heart, maybe it's something that has to do with physical illness, or just dealing with life's vicissitudes—but they say, "I really want to tell you that I was close to you in those times and that having your music meant a lot to me." Or somebody who says, "When I was examining the draft, this song meant a great deal." And that you can count on, that's real.

It's like the Judaic instruction that Mary's friend Rabbi Dan Sein alerted me to. In the Jewish body of ideas, there's the concept that if you save one life, it's as if you save the whole human race. And it's also true in a certain way that if you touch one human being, it's as if you've touched everybody. It's also true that if you injure one person, it's as if you've injured everybody. And the beginning of that understanding, when you're meeting people after [a performance] and saying, "Okay, that's all, that's enough, I did it, I'm glad I'm a folksinger," you don't have to say [in a nagging voice], "But do you think that it was really right to march because later you were picketing the President," blah blah blah. You can't figure that stuff out. But

There is no such thing as too soon. But there is something called too late.

—Mary

being together with somebody in a mutual confirmation of what feels really important or strong, even if you're not there, even if it's just the music, has great value. And in that sense, it happens again and again.

FF: So now that the album and video are finished, what's next?

PETER: Oh wait, we're not finished, I want to talk a little bit about what's really unusual and special, because I'm really filled with it. This is unlike anything we've done before. If Mary, Noel, and I are sitting

here, and you're the camera, but you're a hundred feet away, and you say, "Okay, now it's Noel singing, now Peter's singing, now Mary, now they're singing together, let's shoot it. A-ha! They're finished the song, let's watch the audience applaud," you'd get a very interesting bird's-eye view or audience-eye view of what we're doing. But if I take a camera right here where the three of us are singing [*he stands up to demonstrate, forming a camera lens with his hands, talking faster*], and Noel is singing a line and all of a sudden I'm talking to Noel, and before he's finished the line you see me looking at Noel, encouraging him, and then I take the line, and then my eye looks over to Mary because I know

she's going to, and she sees my smile and she smiles [*his camera zooms in on Mary, who obliges with a funny face*], and so the camera moves from here to here to there, and then all of a sudden, from right in this perspective the camera picks up a child who might as well be right here, who's echoing the same expression, saying the same words, one kid or one adult, then all of a sudden you're getting an eternal sense of how it is that we create a certain kind of feeling amongst us, create the music, and have the audience enter that circle, and it becomes larger and larger, and that's the way it's edited, so that all of a sudden you're not watching it from that other vantage point. You're sharing it from the perspective that we experience it. [*he sits*]

And that's the way this thing registers, and you know what it does? It makes a statement, that has to do with where folk music is and might be, or this kind of musical sharing. It makes a statement of the possibility of really seeing the making of music as something that belongs—sometimes, when it's the right music and the right environment and the right folks—it makes it a big family. And if any kind of statement to me could be made by us at this point that sums up what we've inherited with folk music, something that really, literally, shows that, that's a wonderful thing to have been able to achieve. And it's

There's a bazillion people making children's albums. There must be a lot of kids out there.

—Mary

partially achieved because it was there, and partially achieved because instead of disregarding that perspective, that perspective was emphasized. And to me, to hear the sadness shared together, the hope shared together, the joy, the silliness, and then to see it not created to entertain, but created to experience together, has its own message, but that's not something that people are gonna get technically, they just get it viscerally, like they get everything else.

MARY: The point of all this is, you pass on stuff that's of value. And caring about ourselves, caring about others, caring about the world, is of value. And there is no such thing as too soon. But there is something called too late.

PETER: I have a feeling that there's a great excitement in this country about certain things. I think that an enfranchisement of the partnership between adults and children is something that's going to become more and more important and understood and mainstream, and I think that the Children's Defense Fund, which was I believe chaired by Hillary Clinton, is a very important non-governmental organization. I think that with the advent of the elections, in terms of the number of women that have been elected, and the great burgeoning consciousness of the necessity for finding a more equal society, hopefully in our lifetimes an equal society of men and women, that's going

to change. I think that with Bruce Babbitt now the Secretary of Interior, and the head of the EPA, who's an old citizen action organizer, and with the instruction to Eli Segal for national service, of understanding that giving to the community and to each other is liberating, is wonderful, is poetic, is freedom, is happiness, as opposed to just making as much money as you can and destroying someone else on the corporate ladder.

Giving to the community and to each other is liberating, wonderful, poetic, freedom, happiness.

—Peter

We're going to see an enormous amount of change that's going to be attempted in this country, attempted to be articulated in the form of governmental policy. But I think that that's only part of the business, and I'd like to say, because I'm on record here, that what I think is really important is for people who feel that this is a great opportunity, and that hope in a sense has been re-convened in an extraordinary way, that what's going to be needed are songs and cultural expressions that allow an altered view of what we are, what our culture is, and what we are truly about. Because I think that for the past twelve years, and even beyond there, a sense of what we really should be, and might be, has been, really, discarded. And I think that there are going to be songs that are needed, and I think that people who are part of *Fast Folk*, and the vantage point of *Fast Folk*, and people like ourselves who have been around and folksinging for a long time, are going to have the opportunity to contribute in special ways.

Whether it's singing the old songs, as we did on the Mall, and finding that all of a sudden there were new resonances, and that thirteen- to twenty-year-olds were standing there with such great emotion and such great hope, or whether it's writing new songs and finding new ways to express where we're going and what we

might be, I think that now is our chance. And I think now is perhaps going to be not the swan song, the dotage, of Peter, Paul and Mary, the reminiscence, or the nostalgia of it all. All of it is new.

All of it is re-commitment, and I remember when I heard "If I Had A Hammer" sung by the Weavers in 1953 at Carnegie Hall, and Mary and I didn't know each other, but we were at the same concert. I believe that this is a music and a message that goes on and on, but sometimes it finds itself resonating with the energies that it's surrounded, and sometimes it finds itself fighting the impulses that seem to contradict it.

And I think now we're at a time where,

as Mary so wonderfully says, we're not on the enemies list; we're on the friends list. So let's do it. Let's be part of it.

And that's why I feel energized. And I do feel that this particular show and video and tape cassette and CD is a far more powerful statement of today's possibilities than it was two and a half years ago when we started conceiving of it, because had it been released two and a half years ago, it would have been an expression of something that contradicted the moment of its own time.

Now, happily and serendipitously, it joins in the movement of what we are sharing. I think it's a great opportunity more than anything else.

On that stirring note, and with a final pat for Sasha, I left. But since our meeting I have carefully watched the *Peter, Paul and Mommy Too* videotape, and I can happily report that it is every bit as joyous and lovable as they promised, and more.

From the first chorus of "Puff," Peter's warm, kind demeanor, Noel's high-energy interaction with the kids, and Mary's smiling earth-mother presence are evident. Their singing of the silly song "The Fox," complete with quacks, arm flaps, and sound effects, thrills the multitude, yet everyone is just as attentive to a medley of "Somagwaza/Hey, Motswala," two songs from South Africa.

Noel's new song "Inside" affirms that "inside is the most important part . . . that's where you find the heart of the matter." Peter's Irish brogue brightens "The Eddystone Light," to which Mary and Noel improvise a minuet.

Silliness reaches new heights on Peter and Noel's extended version of "I Know an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly." The two take turns swallowing a bird, a cat, a goat, and constantly try to out-funny-voice each other. Noel, who still digs rock and roll music, interrupts the song repeatedly

with his truly bad Elvis imitation. When they run out of verses, they solicit suggestions from the children on what else the old lady might have swallowed ("burrito" and "washing machine" are proposed). Mary finally has to reappear on stage to restore order.

"Somos el Barco" is enhanced by subtle lighting effects that convey the song's mood.

Mary carefully explains the story behind Woody Guthrie's "Pastures of Plenty." The medley of "Home On the Range/Don't Ever Take Away My Freedom" inspires perhaps the strongest sing-along, from the very first chorus. Noel utilizes his best little-kid voice and full mugging range on "Right Field," for which he receives that show-stopping applause.

By far the most moving segment of the program is Mary's recitation of her own "Poem for Erika." Seated in a rocking chair, cradling her adorable granddaughter Wyly on her lap, she lovingly explains to the child how she used to rock her own daughters in the same chair, and how she wrote the poem for Wyly's mother many years earlier. She then sings John Denver's song "For Baby (for Bobbie)," still rocking and hugging the little girl. Mary's daughters Erika and Alicia, seated together in the audience, are both moved to tears.

Peter reverently leads the children and parents in the timeless anthem "We Shall Overcome," explaining how the song has traveled around the

world and across generations; he seems genuinely proud to expose them to it. The video also contains several more songs not included on the cassette or CD: "Day Is Done," "All Mixed Up," "It's Raining," "If I Had a Hammer," "Blowin' in the Wind," and "This Land is Your Land."

As Peter so energetically re-enacted, the camera work and editing are what make the video version of *Peter, Paul and Mommy Too* so vibrant and fascinating to watch.

Long panning shots move from excited face to excited face and describe the "eternal circle" Yarrow spoke of, while onstage cameras show the exhilarating performers'-eye view of the crowd.

Close-ups capture children singing lustily on one song, listening raptly to another. Parents are seen teaching their children the words to a song, then helping them sing it.

The three singers are truly shown as part of the event, not the only presence there. Peter's crinkled-mustache smile beams at youth and adults alike, while Noel tries to make eye contact with as many kids as possible. Mary stands between them, singing her heart out, reveling in the day. Musical sharing indeed.

Of these family concerts, Peter says, "We can see three generations out there. Some of you have highlights on top of your

heads, and some of you are little 'muffinduffins' who've gone to camp, heard these songs and think we've stolen them." "It's lovely to look out at the audience," Mary adds, "and see a father hug his little boy during a song from the father's college days, and to see that the son knows the words."

This memento leaves no doubt of that, or of Peter, Paul and Mary's ability to carry it on for three decades more.

—Noel

Research assistance: Dennis and Barbara Owen.

The people whom we have cherished, like the Michelle Shockeds and the Shawn Colvins, will find their voices not only accepted, but also they'll find within themselves the capacity to broaden that voice.

—Peter

PBS has always supported the not necessarily commercial, not necessarily ready for prime-time project. The support of folk across the board has been pretty universal, too.

—Noel

Who needs Billboard?

Folk music is alive and thriving – if you know where to look

by Keith Kelly

Hard as it may be to believe, there is more on the radio these days than Whitney Houston. Around New York City, the AM and FM dials may be dominated by the mega-hit stations blaring their respective Top Tens into our ears, and these corporate giants may command so much attention that it is easy to assume this is the only kind of radio programming there is. On the contrary, the tri-state area and the entire Northeast is home to a wealth of folk, country, bluegrass, blues, and ethnic music programming on radio. You just have to know where to listen.

It's no surprise that many if not most of the stations that choose to featurize this music operate on a much smaller scale than their Infinity Broadcasting/Westwood One counterparts. Non-commercial stations, college stations, independent stations, National Public Radio stations—the kind that rely on unpaid volunteer help and frequent fund-raising drives—have the freedom to play the kind of music they and their supporters like because they have no greedy sponsors to prevent it. On the other hand, such operations typically exist on desperately tight budgets and constant resistance from those who insist the airwaves could be used more profitably. So these stations have to expect more from their listeners, through financial support, memberships, subscriptions, and the like. It's a tradeoff: a folk-music fan will be asked to contribute money, time, and effort to help keep folk music on the air; as a reward, they promise not to play any Madonna.

In New York, the leading folk-music station remains WFUV (90.7 FM), a public station broadcasting from the campus of Fordham University in the Bronx. On the air since 1947, WFUV features folk, traditional, blues, and ethnic music almost around the clock. Their weekday schedule includes hours of good music on the *Morning Show* (6-10 A.M. Monday-Friday), *City Folk* (10 A.M.-2 P.M.), and *Afternoon Show* (3-6 P.M.) programs. Evenings are devoted

to classic country, French, Italian, and Latin music, and even opera. Weekends feature Celtic, bluegrass, polka, Indian, and German programming. WFUV is also the only station in New York to carry the syndicated shows *World Cafe* (midnight-3 A.M. nightly, 8-10 P.M. Sunday), *Mountain Stage* (1-3 P.M. Friday), and *The Lonesome Pine Specials* (2-3 P.M. Wednesday).

Another uptown campus, Columbia University, is home to WKCR (89.9 FM), which programs mostly jazz during the week, but on weekends features country, bluegrass, and old-time music on the programs *Blackberry Blossom* (10 A.M.-noon Sunday), and *Tennessee Border* (noon-2 P.M.). In addition, Tuesday nights are given to honky-tonk and country on *Honky-Tonkin'* (9:30-11 P.M.) and blues on *Tuesday's Just As Bad* (11 P.M.-1 A.M.).

WNYC (93.9 FM) is primarily a classical station, but sprinkles acoustic music through the week. This station carries Garrison Keillor's *American Radio Company of the Air* (6-8 P.M. Saturday) as well as *Oscar Brand's Folksong Festival* (7-7:30 P.M. Sunday) and Dave Sear's *Folk Almanac* (7:30-8 P.M. Sunday). A week-night program, *Evening Music*, plays various acoustic music (10-11 P.M. Monday, 8-11 P.M. Tuesday through Thursday). Another classical station, WQXR (96.3 FM) departs from its usual fare with the contemporary folk program *Woody's Children* (7-8 P.M. Saturday).

The Pacifica station WBAI (99.5 FM) is a free-form operation with a wide variety of public-affairs, talk, and alternative-music shows. They serve the folk-music community with *Lightshow* (3-5 A.M. Saturday) and *Piper in the Meadow* (1-2:30 P.M. Saturday). Yet this is the type of station that is likely to play any kind of music at unannounced times, so the curious listener is urged to tune them in frequently.

New York's Infinity Broadcasting station WXRK (92.3 FM) may be the home of Howard Stern, but it also has two excellent music programs on Sundays, *The Sunday Show* (8-11 A.M.) and *Idiot's Delight* (8

P.M.-2 A.M. Monday). These shows combine fine recorded music with in-studio performances and interviews with nationally-known musicians.

New Jersey, of course, has its share of notable radio stations, too. *Rolling Stone* recently declared WFMU (91.1 FM) Best Radio Station in America in the magazine's annual critics' poll. Broadcasting from Upsala College in East Orange, WFMU plays an adventurous mix of rock, jazz, alternative, rap, and, yes, acoustic and traditional music, which is mostly featured on weekends. Traditional and roots music can be heard on Fridays courtesy of the *Steve Krinsky Show* (9 A.M.-noon) and the *Andy Waltzer Show* (noon-3 P.M.). *The Music Faucet* (8-10 P.M. Sunday) provides a live performance showcase for local singers and bands.

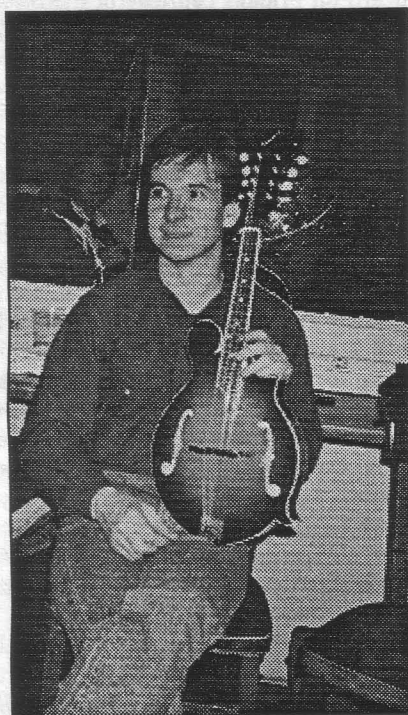
A listener-supported station in Teaneck, WFDU (89.1 FM), is second only to WFUV in the amount of folk and acoustic music it plays. Their weekday-morning *Music America* (6 A.M.-noon Monday, 9 A.M.-noon Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, 6-9 A.M. Thursday) has a varied-acoustic format and various hosts. Folk, blues, and bluegrass are heard on *Open Stage* (6-9 A.M. Wednesday); bluegrass, country, Cajun, folk, and blues are played on *Sunrise Saloon* (9 A.M.-noon Thursday, 6-9 A.M. Friday and Saturday). Weekends feature Celtic, contemporary folk, blues, and the children's-folk program *Imagination Parade* (8:30-10 A.M. Sunday).

Even suburban Connecticut has folk music. WWUH (91.3 FM) in West Hartford has a weekday-morning program, *Folk Music on Toast* (6-9 A.M. Monday-Friday), a Monday-morning blues show (*Blue Monday*, 9 A.M.-noon), and *The Women's Hour* (women's folk, 8-9 P.M. Sunday). Farther north in Bridgeport, WPKN (89.5 FM) broadcasts such shows as *Morning Bluegrass* (10 A.M.-12:30 P.M. Friday), *Heart of the Gaels* (12:30-2 P.M. Friday), and *Alternate Takes* (2-6 P.M. alternate Fridays).

The stations and programs listed here are by no means the only venues for folk and acoustic music in the Northeast. In New York state alone, over 40 stations include some forms of folk, blues, country, and/or traditional music in their weekly



Scenes from the 1993 Fast Folk Revue
clockwise from top left:
Jack Hardy and Paul Seibel relax backstage.
Look, Ma: That's us up on the marquee sign!
Jeff Tarella lights into "All You Can Do Is Laugh"
David Hamburger does the dobro thing.
Eddy Lawrence and his mandolin take five.



Who Needs Billboard?

Continued from Page 10

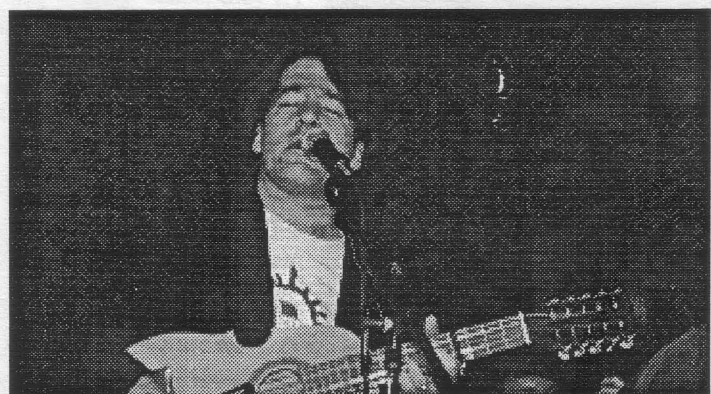
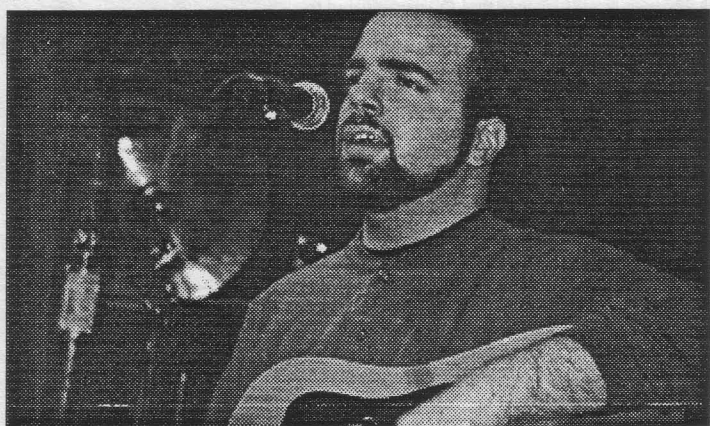
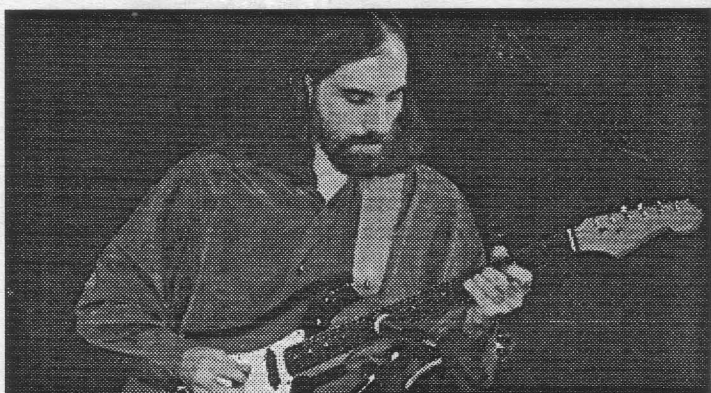
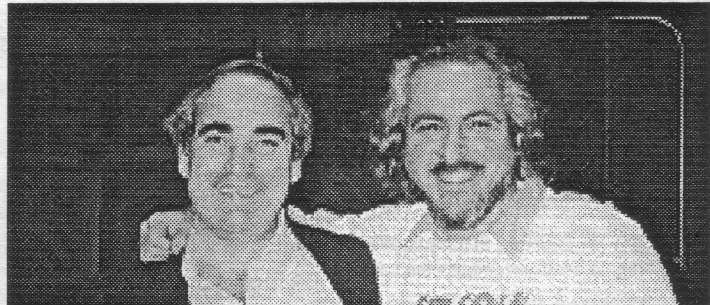
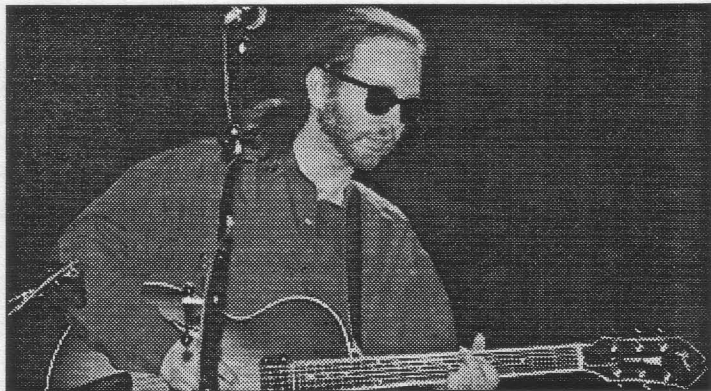
schedules, in locales ranging from well-heeled Long Island to the smaller towns upstate. New Jersey has almost two dozen outlets for folk radio, Connecticut about 15, over 20 in Pennsylvania (many centered in the Philadelphia area). And this list does not begin to encompass New England, where the proliferation of acoustic music continues to astound and encourage listeners, performers, and fans.

It's out there. Finding it requires a lit-

tle digging, but the listener can be helped by superior publications like the *Traditional Music Line*, which features an annual Radio Roundup listing; by various folk-music societies, some of which publish newsletters and maintain telephone hotlines; local newspaper listings; good old word of mouth; and the time-honored technique of spinning the radio dial until you hear something good. And keeping it on the air requires a little work, too. These humble stations can only exist through the support of their devoted listenership. The

idea of paying to listen to radio may seem strange indeed, until you remember that commercial sponsors do exactly that. Your favorite beer companies and car makers pay huge sums of money constantly to keep the music they claim to like (and the commercials they clearly love) on their chosen stations. Well, you can be a sponsor yourself, if maybe on a lower level. For a much smaller fee, you can keep your favorite music, and nothing but, right where you want it, right where it belongs.

We'll show that Madonna.



Left, from top:
Four incredibly
intense guys:
David Cantor,
Mark Dann,
Richard Shindell,
and Paul Seibel.



Above, top:
Teddy Lee and
Steven A. Sobel
whoop it up (see
Issue #608 for
details).

Above, not top:
Yikes! It's yet
another incredibly
intense guitar guy,
Jim Allen.

All photos,
pages 12 and 13,
by Teddy Lee.

No Monstrous Music!

Dirty Linen extends the range of folk music with "a wild sense of dedication matched only by good humor and intelligence." (*Library Journal*) Acoustic to electric, traditional to progressive. Artists, festivals, new releases, news, reviews, interviews, photos, and more. Comprehensive tour schedule of North America listed by artist. From John Prine to Fairport Convention, Mary-Chapin Carpenter to Béla Fleck & the Flecktones, Bulgarian Choir to 3 Mustaphas 3, Jody Stecher & Kate Brislin to Battlefield Band, Nanci Griffith to Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown.....*Now with oat bran!*

Dirty Linen
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Lyrics - FF 702

King of Junk (Eddy Lawrence)

Through the valley of the broken runs a river of wreckage
Past a mountain range of metal in a wonderland of waste
I'm a soldier of misfortune in this jungle of rejection
Riding herd on the discarded in a ten ton crane

Awaiting resurrection in this castaway collection
Is a hidden trove of riches mid the mangle and the maimed
Every fender bender, every head-on and rear-ender
Holds a cache of precious treasure that is waiting to be claimed

I'm just a miner in a motherlode of misery
Where the fruits of faulty judgement meet the spoils of bad luck
Where the useless and unwanted find a place they can be flaunted
I'm a soldier of misfortune and the king of junk

I drive an '87 Chevy with a Pontiac engine
It's got Buick front fenders and multi-colored doors
It has a spider web fracture in the driver's side windshield
And a dented bumper sticker that says "Trust in the Lord"

My VHF scanner's always prowling through the channels
Ever scouring the airwaves for the new of flashing light
See crashes and collisions, crumpled chassis and dead engines
I'll be on the scene before you can say "jaws of life"

© 1992 Eddy S. Lawrence (BMI)

By Your Eyes (Wendy Beckerman)

By her lips she brings you in
By her hands she send you gone
By your eyes you cry
By her arms she hold you strong
By her feet she sends you down
By your eyes you cry
See her on the avenue
Don't look as she passes you by

By her hair she keeps you warm
By her skin she keeps you out
By your eyes you cry
By her blood she brings you shame
By her tongue she makes you clean
By your eyes you cry
She will show you unaware
All the beauty you will swear by

By her fingers you will feel
By her breast she lets you lie
By your eyes you cry
By your knees you ask for more
By your teeth you will betray
By your eyes you cry
She won't always want to give

All the things you've learned to live by

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

© 1992 Wendy Beckerman

May (Richard Shindell)

Listen closely, May
This phone may not be safe.
I have been betrayed
And I must leave today.

Where, I cannot say
Somewhere far away
Maybe to the States
Where no one knows my face.

Chorus:
And May, take care of the kids
Tell 'em I love 'em
I'll send a few quid when I can.
I know this ios no kind of life
But you've got to be strong
When you're a fugitive's wife.

I'm calling from some booth
And no, I can't come home
They'll be watching you
Do not trust the phone.

Please, May, do not cry
All will be alright
This is not goodbye
I love you more than life.

Chorus

Something is not right
The streets are much too quiet
The shops all locked up tight
There's not one soul in sight

Chorus

And May, they've got me in sight
It's down to a fight or a flight
May ...

© 1993 Richard Shindell (ASCAP)

All You Can Do is Laugh (Jeff Tareila)

I was told to lighten up
so I untied my head and let it go
I watched it float away like a happy face balloon
but it got caught on some barbed wire and I just
watched it pop
the funny thing about gravity is how it hates my guts
it never looks at me real pretty
and it's got one hell of an uppercut

death tells you when it's over
youth makes you take a bath
trouble's always over shoulder
and all you can do is laugh

my father told me I should smile more
than the times that I frown
my mother moans about the Mafia
and how they run her town
the funny thing about all this is that my aunt thinks it
stems from my hair
and if I would just cut it all off, I would surely get

somewhere

death tells you when it's over
your mother makes you eat all your beans
everyone's got a chip on their shoulder
so all you can do is scream

how am I supposed to think
when there's a bulldozer in my head
that keeps pushing and building a great big wall out
of every word I've said
the funny thing about my head is that there's tons of
open, tons of open space
and I hope it comes in handy before I'm dead or after
I find that slower pace

death tells you when it's over
you're taught to smile through your teeth
everyone's got a chip on their shoulder
it's all for the love of grief

death tells you when it's over
youth makes you take a bath
trouble's always over shoulder
and all you can do is laugh

©1992 Jeff Tareila

Scarecrow (Melissa Rosen)

Never knew a man/who was so alone
A Scarecrow is a cornfield
dangling from a rope
just another Jesus/surrounded by crows
another pair of shoulders
for fresh fallen snow

I slept with you / on a bed of straw
found the diamond in the haystack
I was searching for
we shared the riches / forgot we were poor
finding some comfort
in the threadbare cloth

And you saved my heart from disbelief
in a noisy world I found some peace
and we touched the silence I could not reach
how I am rising
how I am rising
how I am rising
from the ashes of sleep

(Repeat 1st verse)

© 1992 Melissa Rosen

The Creation (Jack Hardy)

On the first day the devil made decaf coffee
On the second he made alcohol-free beer
On the third day the devil made Switzerland
Where Freud could practice for years
On the fourth day he needed a rest
But his idle hands dreamed up money
The root of all evil, your get out of jail
The check's in your mouth
And you know what's comin' in the mail

On the fifth day the devil made landlords
Just when you thought that it could not get worse
On the sixth day the devil made lawyers
Though anyone could finish this verse
On the seventh day he thought real slow

For a *piece de resistance*, a crowning blow
Something more slippery than money
More slimy than landlords
More lowdown than lawyers
More fun than Switzerland

Something to put us in the money
Something to put us in the pink
Something to slink with trust me
Something sinful, original, the missing link
Tween playing doctor and women's liberation
Tween Lemon Pledge and the inauguration
In the palm of his hand the whole world on the take
On day seven he created... you guessed it
The snake

Now the snake took the rap for us all
From the Garden of Eden to the Berlin Wall
He gave St. Patrick something to do
And all those little Paddies a penance or two
In Germany they call it a *schlong*
But I couldn't top that with a ten-foot pole
Fifty thousand fascists can't be wrong
With their snake skin boots and their rock and roll

Now we speak in forked tongues and we roll those dice

We tell all our therapists who's naughty or nice
We watch Monty Python and fly on Aer Lingus
We vote for Clinton and dream up dirty rhymes
The snake, the snake, the devil made the snake
The cobra, the viper, and the hippy hippy shake
The devil made me do it, we're at his beck and call
Pass the buck pass the chocolates
It's someone else's fault

©1993 Jack Hardy Music, BMI

The Nervous Wreck of Edna Fitzgerald
(Camille West)

We sailed away from Huntington Bay
And the waters were calm as could be-oh
On our new cabin cruiser,
the first time we used her
'Twas just the family and me-oh
And my husband stood proud in his new captain's hat
Using words like "Ahoy there" and shit like that
So we took the kid and Cleo our cat
And set out to conquer the sea-oh
Everyone loved it but Cleo-oh

And it's yo ho over the sea
The salt and the spray and the cool ocean breeze
Pass me a bottle of Perrier, please
This is the life for me

The tranquility three miles out to sea
Suddenly came to an end-oh
When the kid started saying,
"No way am I staying
I'd rather be playing Nintend-oh."
And the captain cried, "Ho there, you little snot
I paid sixty grand for this family yacht
You're gonna enjoy yourself, like it or not
So you'd better learn how to pretend-oh"
(We all caught the man's innuend-oh)

So it's yo ho over the sea
The salt and the spray and the cool ocean breeze
Pass me a bottle of Dramamine, please
This is the life for me?

My husband the captain was checking the charts

While the cruiser was burning up fu-el
And the kid threw the cat in, trolling for sharks
He called it a project for schoo-el
I reached down to pull the cat in by the tail
When I saw what was left my complexion went pale
That's when I lost my lunch over the rail
The kid thought the whole thing was cool-ell
Mama was not feeling too-well

So it's yo ho over the sea
The salt and the spray and the cool ocean breeze
Pass me a bottle of Valium, please
Is this the life for me?

We ran out of fuel by mid-afternoon
And the clouds were moving in fast-er
And the captain did say, "There's no more Perrier"
Which made it a total disast-er
With hardly a warning it started to pour
And we drifted 'til we reached the New Jersey shore
(Never thought I'd be glad to see Jersey before)
We started drifting in fast-er
Tried to steer the ship, but we crashed-her

And it's yo ho over the sea
The salt and the spray and the cool ocean breeze
Pass me a bottle of cyanide, please
This is no life for me

Epilogue
I'm back in my condo, the cruiser's a wreck
My husband is spending the insurance check
On something for dry land or I'll break his neck
'Cause this is the life for me
Yo ho

©1992 Camille West Wodick (BMI)

Spanish Johnny
(Paul Siebel)

Those other years, the dusty years
When we drove the big herds through
I've tried to forget the miles we rode
And Spanish Johnny too
He'd sit beside a water ditch
When all the herds was in
And never harm a child but sing
To his mandolin

The old songs, the old talk
And the dealin' of our game
Spanish Johnny never spoke
But sang the songs of Spain
But his talk with men was vicious talk
When he was drunk on gin
Ah, but those were golden things he said
To his mandolin

We had to stand, we had to judge
We had to stop him then
For the hand so gentle to the child
Had killed so many men
He died a hard death long ago
Before the roads was in
And the night before he swung he sung
To his mandolin

We carried him out in the old churchyard
That man who'd done no good
Lowered him down in the cold cold ground
And stuck in a cross of wood
A letter we wrote to his kinfolk
Just to tell 'em where he'd been
And shipped it off to Mexico

Along with his mandolin

Skeleton Kisses
(Carol Lipnik)

When I close my eyes he gives me
White skeleton kisses
Lips like darkness
Black hole mouth

He draws me in with teeth and jaw
Like a great white claw
Once we had skin upon our backs
Before we picked each other clean
We are a pair of skeletons
We clatter in the wind

When I close my eyes he gives me
White skeleton kisses
Lips like darkness
Black hole mouth

He draws me in with teeth and jaw
Like a great bone claw
With love that beat the moon till it was raw
With love that beat the moon till it was raw
The wind blew black
We are a pair of skeletons
We clatter in the wind

With white bare bones
We dance around the dark expanse
We picked each other's past
Until there was no more
We are a pair of skeletons
Clatter in the wind

Oh, there's a white bone white door
There's a white jaw
With a pull of skeletonness
We cast our secrets to the wind

When I close my eyes he gives me
White skeleton kisses
Lips like darkness
Black hole mouth
He draws me in by teeth and jaw
Like a great bone claw
With love that beat the moon till it was raw ...
The wind blew black.

There's Another Bruce Springsteen
(God Made This Mess)
(Frank Tedesso)

There's another Bruce Springsteen and he is my
super
He mops the hall and drags the trash out to the front
stoop
He's got a leaky pipe and a belly like Babe Ruth
Only he don't hit the long ball anymore like he used to

He chases rats with a 2-by-4
He's got an old guy's ache for Maria on the second
floor

The storm beneath her dress
The church bells of a Christian name
He knows most dreams don't come true
Oh, but you dream 'em just the same ...

God made this mess and it makes me happy
Though it won't make sense til we're dead and buried
Every night I melt into the darkness
And every morning there is a wedding in the hollow

of my chest
And I wake to the fat lady singin' that sad old song
God made this mess, God made this mess
Now who's got the heart to tell Him He was wrong ...

Now this other Bruce Springsteen was a sailor
But he got shipwrecked on Ninth Avenue
And when the gypsy woman read his palm
She told him his firstborn would be King of the Jews

So Bruce never got married
Though on his arm there is a Star of David tattooed
And he believes sunlight will keep coming back again
and again
Even to those places where it's been refused

When he's on the wagon he renders unto Caesar
And when he's not on the wagon he renders
unto reasons that make holes in the wall
He's got a line of shit for every occasion
He put 20 bucks on a horse named Nancy but
could not bring himself to vote for Reagan
He looks down and smiles when you pass him
in the hall ...

An' God made this mess and it makes me happy
Though it won't make sense til we're dead and buried
Every night I melt into the darkness
And every morning there is a wedding in the hollow
of my chest
And I wake to the fat lady singin' that sad old song
God made this mess, God made this mess
Now who's got the heart to tell Him He was wrong ...
Who's gonna break his heart and tell Him
He was wrong ...

©1992 Frank Tedesso

I Ain't Going to Kansas City
(Richard Julian)

i ain't goin' to kansas city
kansas city, i ain't comin'
no, i'd rather work for nothin
cookin chicken up in harlem
where the blind man played piano
like he knew another key
i ain't going to kansas city
kansas city, don't wait for me

when max and dizzy come around
and are lookin for the money
won't you think of somehing fast
won't you cover for me honey
don't you tell 'em i threw it all
into the wishing well
when max and dizzy come for money
tell 'em both to go to hell

and don't you bury me there
i ain't your hometown man
i know my mother told you to
but she don't understand
kansas city is a sham
i'll probably die on 52nd street
you can bury me in birdland

i ain't going to kansas city
kansas city ain't my name
no, i'd rather roam an alley
with a needle in my vein
where that junkie laid on broadway
like he knew another god
i ain't going to kansas city
kansas city, que sera

and don't you bury me there
i ain't your hometown man
i know my mother told you to
but she don't understand
kansas city is a sham
i'll probably die on 52nd street
you can bury me in birdland

if i gotta take a train
if i gotta take a plane
it don't matter how you tell me
i ain't goin just the same

last night, i died watching a juggler
on a television show
you saw me lyin' on the sofa
and you didn't even know
i could feel you moving closer
feel you looking for my eyes
when max and dizzy come for money
tell 'em i apologize

but don't you bury me there
i ain't your hometown man
i know my mother told you to
but she don't understand
kansas city is a sham
i'll probably die on 52nd Street
you can bury me in birdland
that's where i'm from
i'm goin to kansas city
kansas city, here i come

©1993 Richard Julian

Marching to Euphoria
(Lisle Leete)

There once was a time when America liked
To throw its mighty weight around
But the Cold War thawed and it seemed quite odd
Having no one left to hate around
No villainous head of state around
Then recession reared its ugly head
The S&L's had all gone in the red

But Saddam came along with his black hat on
And in Kuwait seized power
So we bombed his ass to the Khyber Pass
Came home and took a hot shower.
(In time for the cocktail hour)
So now we all feel strong and free and brave
We're riding on the crest of an oily wave

We are marching to euphoria
Lined up with a foolish grin
Celebrating our victory - a
We are marching to eupho - ria!

We're flushed from the thrill of the last big kill
Of a war we knew was moral
So now we know when th'economy's slow
we'll find us another quarrel
(and crown ourselves with laurel)
No better way to get out of a rut
Than jetting overseas to kick some butt
We are marching to euphoria
Lined up with a foolish grin
Come and be an armchair warrior
We are marching to eupho - ria!

Then the hardliners pulled out Gorby's chair
And tried to slip someone else in
But this was more than the Russians could bear

So they all rallied 'round Yeltsin.
Whose mouth the media melts in
Now the evil empire is no more
And so they've come a-begging at our door

We are marching to euphoria
Lined up with a foolish grin
Singing *In Excelsis Gloria*,
We are marching to eupho - ria!

Now Clinton is in but a question remains
As we give him a rousing sendoff
Will he jump through the hoop for each interest
group

That bellies up to the hog trough?
Each crying for a private payoff?
It's time for tightening belts, it's plain to see
As long as they don't put the screws on me

We are marching to euphoria
Lined up with a foolish grin
From Hoboken to Astoria
To conclude our editorial
With an eye on Tipper Gore-ia
We are marching to eupho - ria!

© 1991 Lisle Leete

Butt Song
(John Gorka)

It's nothin' but a butt
Oh, it's nothin' but a big butt
It's beefy and mean
Boston baked bean
Burnt burrito and a beer butt
It's a really, really big butt
It's a really, really big butt
It's beefy and mean
Boston baked bean
Burnt burrito and a beer butt

Oh, it's nothin' but a butt
It's a what-the-heck-was-that butt
It's really, really lean
Hardly nothin' in between
Trendy, out-to-make-the-scene butt
It's a hardly-nothin'-there butt
It's an absent derriere butt
It's really, really lean
Hardly nothin' in between
Trendy, out-to-make-the-scene butt

Some butts are lost in poker games
Some butts end up in slings
Some butts wind up as presidents
Who wish they could be kings.

But they're nothin' but a butt
Double burger-on-a-bun butt
They're burly and bold
Don't ya worry 'bout the cold
Yes, they've got an extra-bold butt

It's a really, really big butt
It's a really, really big butt
It's beefy and mean
Boston baked bean
Burnt burrito and a beer butt
It's really, really lean
Hardly nothin' in between
Trendy, out-to-make-the-scene butt

©1992 John Gorka

Marelene
(Kelly Flint)

Marelene had another think comin'
When she asked that her kindness be returned
Marelene was just waiting for no one
Then her dreams fell like highway lines
She burned the streets up
And she waved to me when she passed
And she smiled that wicked smile of hers
And stepped on the gas

And no one can hold her down
When her mind's made up
She's just another road
When you get fed up
You just change your clothes
Put on some makeup
And go

All this runnin' has the taste of romance
But Marelene looks worn out
Another rainstorm and he eyes become transparent
But nothin's perfect
So the chances get thrown out
She's talkin' like she doesn't care
Then she hides behind her long, brown hair
No one can hold her down ...

Marelene never cries
She's never been too much for sad goodbyes
And no one can hold her down ...

©1991 Kelly Flint

Lost Dove
(Richard Meyer)

Noah sent me out over the open sea
Please wind come, wind, please lift me
Magnetism in my cells is guiding me
The thrust of his rising arms fades gradually

abandoned on the open sea
abandoned on the open sea
abandoned

Noah sent me out over the open sea
My little bones bound for logic's last boundary
Peace of mind blinded by his need to fly
Unknowable as tomorrow's food or light
The ocean was fluorescent as I waited in his hand
enveloped in the energy of a distracted man

abandoned on the open sea
abandoned on the open sea
abandoned

Noah sent me out over the open sea
Between hard-wired dung beetles buried and the
high jet stream
Before the first fresh tide cycle was complete
His instinct and chaste memory knew it would
recede

Directionless and following debris
Extinct wings of flightless birds, my gravity
Cascading season dreams
and my thinking sherpas
hauling every yesterday behind me
in the direction of morning
and the first dry mountain tip I see

abandoned on the open sea
abandoned on the open sea
abandoned

Noah sent me out over the open sea
Please wind come, wind, please return me
Two white wings and a two-chambered heart full of
beats
and an olive branch picked up by chance he took
from me
Starlight on the water reflects back to the black star-
ry sea
a picture the new world and the little shadow of me
Please wind come, wind, please lift me
Please wind come, wind, please lift me

©1992 Richard Meyer (ASCAP)

I'll Never Read Trollope Again
(David Cantor)

I've an appetite for fiction
No post-modern work can slake.
I refuse to read a book
Unless it's thicker than a steak.
Gordon Lish and Barry Hannah
Have their partisans and shills.
I prefer Victoriana
For my literary thrills.

And of all the British authors
who were writing at that time,
There's one special British author
I find especially sublime.
Yes, Trollope is the one I most adore
But my days of reading Trollope are no more:

I was sitting in a quaint cafe,
With a favorite tome and some cafe au lait
But my luck ran out, when you came my way,
And now I'll never read Trollope again.

You spied the cover as you slithered near,
And said, "The 1800s. That's my favorite year."
Then you sat right down, and now I fear
That I'll never read Trollope again.

Armed with Trollope and a cup or two,
I could while the day away.
Now, just a dollop makes me think of you.
That's too high a price to pay.

I'll read Kafka's tale about that lonely vermin.
I'll read every Jonathan Edwards sermon,
Hell, I'll read Immanuel Kant in German,
But I'll never read Trollope again.

I used to read him with a friend or two.
I used to read him by myself.
But now to read him only makes me blue.
So I've tossed him from my shelf.

I'll read Don Quixote five or six times through.
I'll read Jackie Collins till my face turns blue.
Hell, I'd even read Bukowski too,
Before I'll ever read Trollope again.
'Cause I'll never read Trollope again.

© 1992 David Cantor

Night Bird Song
(Sheila MacDonald)

In darkest dawn
Through fabled fields
Of memories green
Waits a night bird's song
Within a well
Of broken streams

And I but a poor beggar boy
Would sow my only seed
Lost in a tin
Of nothing more to plead

Through streets forlorn
Mirrored before
Time's broken space
Goes a night bird's song
Unconscious cry
From memory's trace

And I but a poor beggar boy
Would sow my only seed
Lost in a tin
Of nothing more to plead

© 1992 Sheila MacDonald

Friends You Love the Most
(Stuart Kabak)

David is a flower child
Who never has become of age
He's a writer and a reader
Who never tried to turn the page
He tours the world in his old green van
Plays a mean guitar
Makes his way the best he can
And I wonder, David, where you are.

Raise your glass, pose a toast
To the friends you love the most
Though they're not around
To share the brew
You love them all
As they love you.

Jackie works for IBM
Found a lady and settled down
Sells his time from nine to five
And doesn't want to move around
So he bought a house in San Jose
And as far as I can tell
He's looking forward to every day
And I hear he's doing well

Chorus

Helen was my hometown girl
When she moved to Boston for a new career
She called me on the telephone
She said Why don't you see me here?
You won't believe the things I do
I'm working night and day
But often I stop and think of you
And those pretty songs you play.

Chorus

To those of you around me now
Well, I hope you have a friend to share
This old place has lots of room
So move on over, grab a chair
We can talk about the friends we know
Who are scattered shore to shore
And you can let your feelings go
'Cause that's what friends are for ...

Chorus

©1992 David Cantor

All songs ©1992 by the performer except where
otherwise noted.

Bios - FF 702

When he's not busy constructing his not-quite-up-to-code dwelling in the frozen tundra of rural upstate New York, **Eddy Lawrence** can often be found picking through dumpsters in northern New Jersey. Twice convicted for playing b5#9 chords without a license, he is currently a student at the David Cantor School for the Harmonically Impaired.



Wendy Beckerman has performed in the *Fast Folk* show for the last five years and has recorded several songs for the magazine. She performs in folk venues throughout the country and has toured Italy. Wendy just released her debut album, *By Your Eyes*. You can order it on CD or cassette by contacting her through Great Divide Records, 178 W. Houston St., Suite 9, New York, NY 10014.



If you ask them, **Richard Shindell's** mother and father will confirm that he was in fact born on the exact spot where the Hindenburg crashed. This may seem like a lot of hot air, but his first CD, *Sparrows Point*, was voted among the top albums of 1992 at WFUV (New York), WUMB (Boston), WWUH (Hartford), WFMT (Chicago) and WMNF (Tampa). There are no radio stations where the Hindenburg crashed, but if there were ... For bookings call (212) 222-1448.



Jeff Tareila is a singer/songwriter who hails from the Garden State. Over the past three years, two cars and two guitars, Jeff has been moving back and forth throughout the East Coast and Canadian folk

scene. In the spring of 1992, Jeff released his first CD, *Dust Devils' Dance*, which is being distributed by Beacon Records Inc. Jeff has been recorded numerous times by *Fast Folk* and does not mind driving hundreds of miles for a gig. For more information, write: Jeff Tareila, P.O. Box 5015, Clinton, NJ 08809-5015.



Melissa Rosen has been writing songs since the age of 9. At one time she thought Nashville was her direction and has been published there. (No hit country songs yet.) For information, write: Melissa Rosen, c/o Julius Wasserman, 9 Murray St., 9th floor, New York, NY 10017.



Jack Hardy currently has nine albums and six plays to his credit. He is the founder and current editor of *Fast Folk*. You can order his albums by contacting him through Great Divide Records, 178 W. Houston St., Suite 9, New York, NY 10014.



When **Camille West** stopped growing at a mere five feet, she elected to become a satirical singer/songwriter because she didn't need to stand on an orange crate to reach high notes. This vertically challenged artist chronicles life's absurdities from her home in Queensbury, NY, and performs at coffeehouses, clubs and festivals throughout the Northeast. Her song, "The Nervous Wreck of Edna Fitzgerald" was recorded on *Fast Folk* issue #605. For information: RD2, 5 Pinewood Hollow, Queensbury, NY 12804.

Frank Tedesso is a songwriter from Chicago, now living in New York. Lately he has spent a lot of time alone in a room on

Broome Street with a dictionary and a TV, trying to get human feelings right. So far, no go. To offer clues or for information about tapes or upcoming gigs, please write: Frank Tedesso, P.O. Box 20241, Columbus Circle Station, New York, NY 10023-1487.



Coney Island-born **Carol Lipnik** has been performing her songs in various venues around New York City since 1986. Her musical theater works which have been seen in New York City include *Coney Island Screams All Night Cafe*, *The History of Pornography* (which she writes with Kevin Maloney) and *Moments Between* for Neo Lobos Dance Theatre. She also sings jazz around town with guitarist Joe Cacciola. For information and tapes, contact: Mermaid Alley Music, 1565 39th St., Brooklyn, NY 11218.



Richard Julian has been performing in New York since moving here in 1986. Brought up in Delaware, he came to New York from Las Vegas, where he played keyboards for the infamous Pete L'angelle Band. Richard has performed at the Newport Folk Festival, the Bluebird Cafe in Nashville, and has toured throughout Switzerland, Germany and Italy. He is currently recording with Steve Addabbo, producer of Suzanne Vega and Shawn Colvin. For information and cassettes, write: 355 W. 51st St. #40, New York, NY 10019.



Lisle Leete grew up in West Hartford, Conn. Since moving to New York City in 1986, her has performed his songs at SpeakEasy and other hotbeds of artistry. He is married to comedian/writer Lauri Semaine. In 1991, the two co-wrote and

directed *Marching to Euphoria*, which was performed at several of Manhattan's top cabarets. A recording engineer by day, he works with such major rap artists as the Black Sheep, De La Soul, Jimmy Webb and Richard Julian. It was Richard who introduced him to the whirling vortex known as *Fast Folk*, and Lisle was happy to be sucked into such a tornado of talent.



John Gorka released his fourth album, *Temporary Road*, last year on the Windham Hill/High Street label. He is from Bethlehem, Pa., and has been a part of *Fast Folk* since before dinosaurs roamed the planet. Here, the *Fast Folk* ensemble performs one of his songs which has not yet been recorded.

Kelly Flint has had three of her own songs recorded by *Fast Folk*. She has been singing all her life and is currently the alter ego of David Cantor, singing his songs in "Dave's True Story." They play around New York frequently and are heard on an upcoming record. For information on "Dave's True Story," contact: Kelly Flint, P.O. Box 469, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 100113-0469.



Richard Meyer used to hang out with the light show at the Fillmore East. These days he plays music and designs scenery off-Broadway and beyond. Formerly the editor of *Fast Folk*, Richard has released two albums of his own. The second, *The Good Life!*, was released last year on Shanachie Records. It's there in Tower, right next to Metallica. For information, call (212) 885-3268.



David Cantor has been writing songs for the past 60 or 7 years. His music has a base in '30s jazz and his lyrics have been described as "the kind Ira Gershwin might write after a really rough weekend in Vegas." He has recently joined forces with Kelly Flint under the name "Dave's True Story." To contact, write: David Cantor, P.O. Box 469, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10113-0469.



Paul Siebel recorded two albums for Elektra in the late '60s. There is also a live recording of him on a German label. His songs have been recorded by Bonnie Raitt, Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris.



Sheila MacDonald has been writing and performing since 1991. "The Night Bird's Song" was inspired by the past's role in the present. The song was recorded for *Fast Folk* issue #606.

Stuart Kabak hails from Sullivan County, NY. He has been active in the Hudson Valley Folk Guild and has also been organizer for the Catskill Musicfest and Hosting of the Bards for the past four summers. Last year, he released his first cassette, *The Drawer*. For information, contact: Stuart Kabak, 237 Broadway, Monticello, NY 12701.

Editor's note:

Five songs presented at this year's show could not be included on the CD for space reasons. All are available on earlier issues of *Fast Folk*. They are:

Jim Allen's "As the Crow Flies," which appeared in issue 602.

Keith Kelly's "Ship in a Bottle," 608.

Susan Biegler's "Gonna Gonna," 605.

David Hamburger's "A Little Cafeine," 701.

Ed Carey's "Gunshy," 605.

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by musicians with
our thanks, laughs, dreams,
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tales of struggle and success...

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Credits – FF 702

1. King of Junk

(Eddy S. Lawrence)
Eddy: guitar, vocal
Jack: vocal, mandolin
Lisle: harmony
the band

2. By Your Eyes

(Wendy Beckerman)
Wendy: vocal
Jack: vocal, mandolin
Eddy: mandolin
Lisle: vocal, guitar

Kelly, Carol, Melissa, Richard J.: vocals
the band

3. May

(Richard Shindell)
Richard S.: vocal, cittern
the band

4. All You Can Do Is Laugh

(Jeff Tareila)
Jeff T.: guitar, vocal
the band

5. Scarecrow

(Melissa Rosen)
Melissa: guitar, vocal
Wendy: vocal
the band

6. The Creation

(Jack Hardy)
Jack: guitar, vocal
the band

7. The Nervous Wreck of Edna Fitzgerald

(Camille West)
Wendy: guitar, vocal
Jim, Jeff T.: vocals
the band

8. There's Another Bruce Springsteen

(Frank Tedesso)
Frank: guitar, vocal
Jeff H.: bass

9. Skeleton Kisses

(Carol Lipnik)
Carol: guitar, vocal
the band

10. I Ain't Going to Kansas City

(Richard Julian)
Richard J.: guitar, vocal
Kelly: vocal
the band

11. Marching to Euphoria

(Lisle Leete)
Lisle: guitar, vocal
Wendy, Jack, Carol: vocals
the band

12. Butt Song

(John Gorka)
Lisle, Wendy, Carol, Kelly, Richard J., Jack,
Melissa, Jeff T.: vocals

13. Marelene

(Kelly Flint)
Kelly: vocal
Richard J.: guitar, vocal
Carol: vocal
the band

14. Lost Dove

(Richard Meyer)
Richard M.: guitar, vocal
Carol: vocal
the band

15. I'll Never Read Trollope Again

(David Cantor)
Kelly: vocal
David C.: guitar
the band

16. Spanish Johnny

(Paul Seibel)
Paul: guitar, vocal
Jack: mandolin, vocal
the band

17. The Night Bird's Song

(Sheila MacDonald)
Lisle: guitar
Richard J., Kelly, Carol: vocals

18. Friends You Love the Most

(Stuart Kabak)
the company
the band

The Fast Folk Revue Band:

Jeff Hardy, bass
Mark Dann, guitar
Jeff Berman, drums
David Hamburger: dobro, pedal steel

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