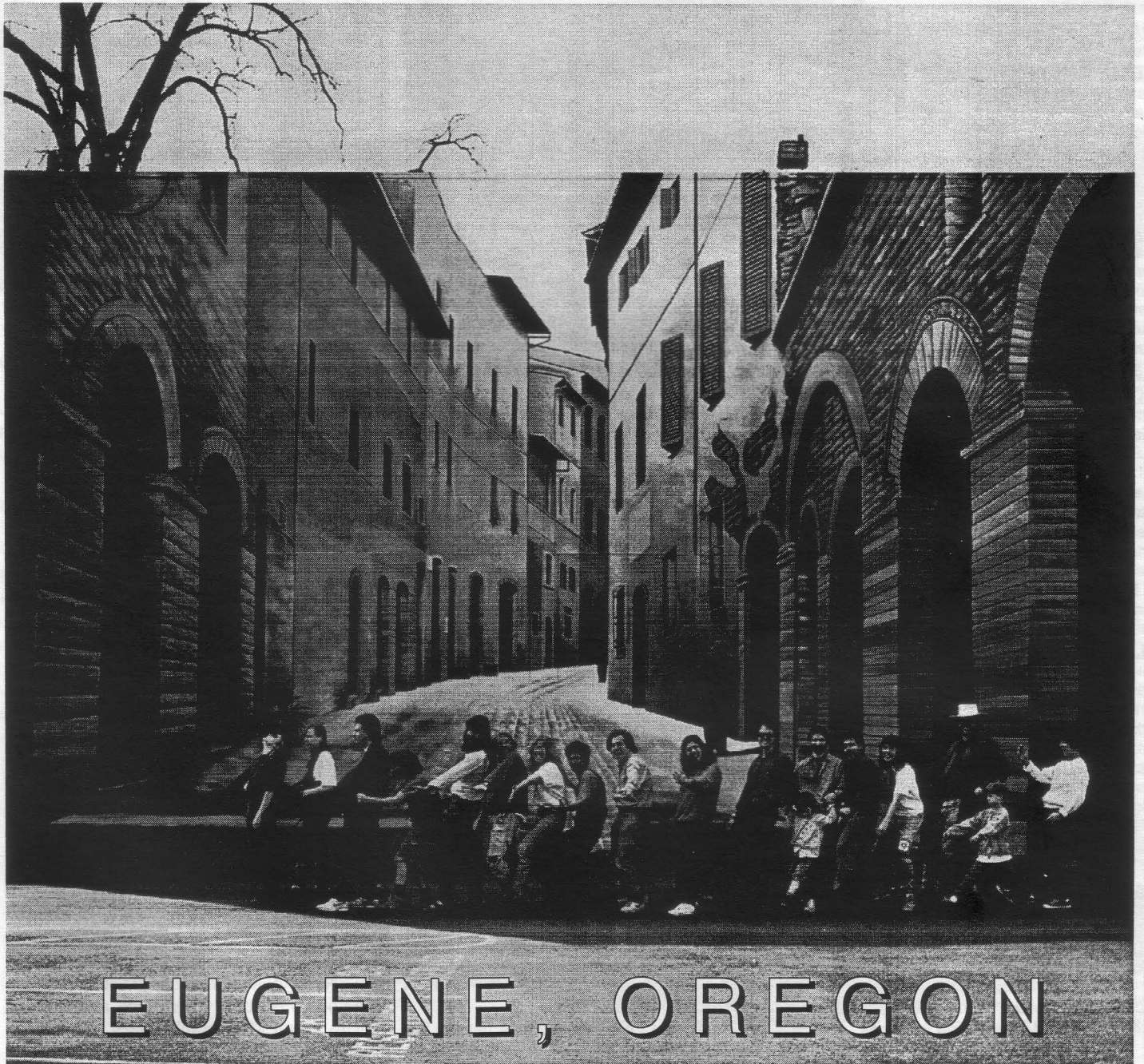


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Liner Notes 1976, 1993

by Tom Intondi

It was the summer of 1976. I was traveling west with Jack and Jeff Hardy and guitarist Steve Miller. We had embarked on what Jack would later refer to as "the first ever nationwide tour of people's living rooms." There were a couple of real gigs along the way, most notably one at the famous "Earl of Old Town" in Chicago, but, mostly, we were visiting friends and relatives. We usually wound up playing and singing for whomever our friends and relatives would invite to their homes. Our westernmost stop on this trip was Eugene, Oregon. I wanted my new Greenwich Village friends to meet my longtime friend and lyric collaborator, Frank Rossini, who had moved to Eugene from New York five years before.

I have an especially clear recollection of one night of that visit to Eugene. Frank had invited a slew of friends over for a big bash at which we were expected to perform. As they arrived, we couldn't help but notice that the great majority of them were recently married couples with small children. I remember Jack noting that there seemed to be more moms nursing newborns per square inch than he had ever seen in his life. I agreed. We were all baby boomers with assorted (sometimes sordid) connections to the counter culture of the '60's, but, whereas we four had assumed the role of the vagabond/misfit/musicians from Greenwich Village, our fellow "boomers" were continuing the "greening of America" by starting large families in Eugene. For me, at least, Frank's house came to symbolize a kind of permanence that I would never experience myself living in New York City. I would return to visit Eugene often, not just to continue my songwriting with Frank, but also because that house and the town had taken on a womb-like quality—it was such a safe place, a nurturing place. Fifteen years later, I would move to Eugene, but more about that later.

We played and sang and drank beer well into that night, a process repeated often enough on that trip to make my recollections of the rest of the trip a bit hazy. I do recall that we were still talking to each other by the end of it, which was something of a minor miracle. I also recall some of the more serious conversations I had with Jack about songwriting and our local scene. I sensed then that we both felt we had a kind of shared mission—there were songs to be written. There was work to be done.

We met at Folk City the year before. We became friends because we liked each

other's songs, and we shared an immediate affection for the late Mike Porco, the owner of Folk City who hired us often, and for baseball games, which we attended frequently. Folk City in the mid '70's was pretty dead. The "great folk scare" of the '60's was over and most of the people involved in that "first wave" of talent avoided the club scene in Greenwich Village like the plague. I was fronting a seven-piece folk-rock group from Queens, appropriately called "Hard Times". We stacked the house with all our friends on a Monday night and became instant headliners. Jack had just moved to the Village shortly before. Together we seemed to fill an energy void at that club. Soon after that, my group broke up, but I remained in the Village, wanting to immerse myself in that scene and meet other songwriters in similar circumstances who would also fill that void.

Over the next few years, Greenwich Village would inspire many more blurry nights, destroy millions more brain cells, and produce some of the best new songs in the whole world. A steady stream of songwriters would migrate to the Village to join the group of us who were already playing regularly at Folk City and Kenny's Castaways. There was so much talent there that sheer rumor, along with a couple of puff pieces in The New York Times, begat a "movement". Still, there wasn't much interest from record companies and there were very few places to perform. We were subsisting on the occasional gigs and odd day jobs in between. We were "all dressed up" with nowhere to go. (Some of us still are!)

Nevertheless, the energy void I spoke of before was being filled. Jack and I, along with David Massengill, Nancy Lee Baxter, and Jeff Hardy secured a very informal

weekly gig at the old English Pub. We were a makeshift ensemble, playing only for all the Guinness we could drink. At least it was something to do every Monday night. Soon after, Jack suggested that we emphasize playing new songs. Then, we opened the night up to other songwriters in town who could perform with or without us backing them up. The unspoken rule was to try to write and perform a new song every week. Later the spoken rule became: "No new song, no free beer!" The subsequent creativity was astonishing! Eventually, the "new song" concept became formalized when we moved to the Cornelia Street Cafe where the "Songwriter's Exchange" would meet every Monday. The concept has continued virtually uninterrupted to this day at Jack's apartment every Thursday.

Before I jump ahead to Eugene and the present, I must mention briefly two important "maxims" gleaned from frequent conversations with Jack about songwriting and the Village scene in those days. The first maxim is that the song is more important than its singer, and the second is that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Songs can last forever, singers can't. The body of work of a group of songwriters who are influencing each other to do their best work, and who have a sense of shared purpose or community, can have a much more profound artistic impact on the larger community than the work of any single individual. It is from adherence to these two maxims that two other projects sprang. "We need a singing group to champion this scene," I remember Jack saying. Thus the Song Project was formed, first as a one-time event in 1978 in which the group rehearsed and performed 24 songs by 24 different "Village" songwriters, and then, in the early '80's, as a full-fledged group who rehearsed and performed 60 songs by 60 different songwriters over a three-year period. "We need a magazine to champion songwriting," I remember Jack saying, over and over. I agreed, over and over. Finally, after much time laying groundwork and ascertaining format, Jack, along with a few volunteers, organized FAST FOLK (then call The Coop) in 1982. It would be a magazine packaged with an accompanying LP record, and it would continue publishing to the present day, hundreds and hundreds of songs later.

I need not go into more detailed

histories of all these projects here. I mention them only by way of describing some of the "loose baggage" I brought with me when I finally moved to Eugene in the summer of '91, and by way of introducing this current issue. I left Greenwich Village because I found myself working those odd jobs more and more and playing music less and less. The scene had become somewhat diffused. I wanted to revitalize what I had long ago decided would be my life's work. Eugene, that womb-like, nurturing place I had visited so often, beckoned. Almost immediately after I arrived, I started to play and sing often, I picked up my lyric collaboration with Frank Rossini with renewed vigor (finally, we both lived in the same town), and I soon met most of the other musicians and songwriters who lived there. I helped start a bi-monthly songwriter's night at the Community Center for the Performing Arts (W.O.W. Hall) and, to my amazement, no fewer than 40 songwriters and poets showed up at the first session wanting to perform. I sensed an instant parallel to my experiences in Greenwich Village. Once again, talent, both refined and raw, abounded. All we needed was to get to know each other, to listen to each other's work, to realize we weren't all creating in a vacuum, and, of course, to find more places to play. I began to notice how some of my songwriter-friends from the Village who had gained some commercial success were influencing some of the younger songwriters I met in Eugene. As the great wordsmith Yogi Berra once said: "It was deja-vu all over again!"

The opportunity to produce this issue of FAST FOLK was an enormous energy boost for me and for everyone involved in the project. Though almost everyone knew each other already, the interaction among the songwriters immediately increased and served to heighten interest in each other's work. I, for one, was rather amazed at the variety of style and subject matter exhibited on this CD. There's a character portrait (Mark Alan's "Crazy Man") an autobiographical road song (Laura Kemp's "It's Not the Dreamin'"), and plenty of new turns on the subject of love and relationships, from Peggy Morgan's "You Are the One I Love" and Gregory Field's

"There Is A River" to Heather Perkins' "Let's Go" and Debbie Diedrich's humorous "The List"; there's a song about what might happen if an old myth about the mailman actually happened (Peter Wild's "Song For Daves"), and Virginia Cohen's poignant "Laika", questioning the inhumane treatment of a dog sent into outer space for scientific purposes, and Brook Adams' "She Is The Rain", dealing with the subject of the death of a close friend; and there are more issues: the Native-American experience in Barbara Turrill's "Wheel of Fortune", the environment from two different points of



view: that of a soldier returning from Vietnam in Walker T. Ryan's "The River Song", and that of an out-of-work logger in T.R. Kelley's "Clearcut Disillusion", and domestic violence in Emily Fox's "Billie Jo", a retelling of a very recent true story; and more! I should also note here that four of these songs, as of this writing, are only a few weeks old, having been just introduced at Laura Kemp's songwriter's circle in March. As I quipped to some of the songwriters during the recording: "They don't call it 'Fast Folk' for nothing!"

I hope that everyone who hears this collection and reads the magazine will enjoy it as much as we enjoyed putting it together.

Acknowledgements: I would like to give special thanks to Scott McLoud and Michael Wilson for their recording expertise, their studio, and their time; to Walker T. Ryan and Gregory Field for the use of their DAT machines; to Cliff Coles for taking a great cover photo (the mural in the photo, incidentally, is the work of Jim Evangelista); to Debbie Diedrich for putting all the bios, song lyrics, and articles into the computer; and finally, to Jack Hardy for being as "out of control" as ever in telling me to just go ahead and do it!

Home of the "Fighting Ducks"

by Debbie Diedrich

The sign welcoming motorists coming into Eugene from the west reads, "Welcome to Eugene, Home of the Fighting Ducks." This oxymoronic name for the University of Oregon's athletic teams characterizes the nature of our city. A haven for political correctness and raised consciousness, we can appear to be out of step with the rest of the world. Usually we seem to like it that way. While L.A. was arming itself for the riot which was feared might follow the federal trial of the police officers accused of beating Rodney King, this mostly white community celebrated (sincerely and enthusiastically) Martin Luther King Day with music, poetry, and dancing. While Oregon's public lands are being cut down for export to Japan, we blow our noses on paisley bandannas. To be a Eugeneot is to be a "fighting duck."

Life for many of us here is a revised version of "the good life" which includes one of the best bike path systems in the country, organic produce, alternative health care, alternative public schools, silk screened T-shirts, a sobering number of espresso bars, and an abundant variety of locally-baked cinnamon rolls. Whole wheat, white, plain, pecan, raisin, raspberry, marionberry, frosting, no frosting, butter, heated, individually baked, stuck together with caramelized brown sugar, small and chewy, huge and hard to handle, they're the principle reason I may never be able to move away.

This focus on personal experience and fulfillment, initially fueled by an influx of hippies in the sixties and seventies, has made Eugene very comfortable and casual. Our public radio announcers refer to themselves by their first names. We like to get outside and look at each other, which is why we love fairs and festivals. In addition to Oregon's infamous Country Fair and numerous other festivals, including the Eugene Celebration, the Saturday Market runs outdoors from April until November, when it moves indoors through December. What all these events have in common, in addition to artwork, crafts, and Poindexter the Balloon Clown, is delicious food and live music. The food, we are willing to pay for. The live music is something else.

Although Eugene loves live music, there is no dedicated performance space for local artists. We have an active folklore society which sponsors concerts of national acts (Christine Lavin was here this fall) in whatever space they can come up with. The Community Center for the Performing Arts tends to feature rock,

alternative, and other bands that attract the dance crowd. The Cultural Forum at the University of Oregon sponsors the Willamette Valley Folk Festival in May, and during the academic year also brings in national acts which, this year, have included Youssou N'Dour and Dougie MacLean. But usually, the Eugene artists featured on this CD play in coffee houses, bars, and at those festivals. When we want concert experience, we rent a space and do our own publicity.

However, this past year has seen the beginnings of what the musicians in this town hope are some positive changes. A new Eugene monthly newspaper, the Northwest Independent Music News, will be one year old in May. This paper covers all kinds of musical happenings in town, prints a calendar, previews and reviews concerts, and reviews albums produced by local artists. At this point there has been at least one article on folk and acoustic music per issue, and as the paper expands its circulation to include Portland (this started two months ago), we are hoping for a folk and acoustic page.

Veteran blues artist, Walker T. Ryan, has organized a twice monthly blues jam, and Laura Kemp is hosting a songwriters' circle,

which is becoming a much needed meeting ground for singer/songwriters.

Then there's this *Fast Folk* opportunity, which happened through Tom Intondi. Of course the publicity for all of us is wonderful, but what has the potential to be more lasting is the experience of doing a collective project. Unlike *Fast Folk* in general, this edition features musicians who run into each other while checking their P.O. boxes, coming out of the Y.M.C.A., or ordering a coffee specialty drink. Hopefully, this sense of a musical community will stay with us so that we can organize ourselves into some kind of artistic force which can expect and receive decent performance space, and the respect that we're certain, after listening to us, you will agree that we deserve.

And if you're ever driving down (or up) I-5, don't hesitate to stop in Eugene. You can get one hell of a cinnamon roll.



Photo: A. Gurdjian

The Folk Scene in Eugene

by Pete LaVelle

There are many different sources of energy involved in promoting the folk arts in Eugene. The city presents big-name, high-budget programs such as Sweet Honey in the Rock, Inti-Illimani, James Galway, Joan Baez and others in a great 1800 seat hall known as the Hult Center. They offer a full spectrum of dance, opera, jazz, classical, country and theater with ticket prices from \$10 to \$15. The high-energy, low-budget venue is the Community Center for the Performing Arts, housed in a wonderful old Woodsmen of the World hall, affectionately the WOW Hall. Shows cover styles from Arlo to Taj to local punk, rock, and reggae, with admissions from \$3 to \$15. Capacity is 350 in a squeeze.

The University of Oregon presents a student run series of films, lectures, national music, and heritage music, with most events taking place on campus. The Heritage Music Series presents events throughout the year with most of its energy directed toward the Willamette Valley Folk Festival, held the weekend before Memorial Day. This three-day festival draws both national and regional artists and is broadcast statewide on radio station KLCC, the local NPR affiliate. KLCC has varied programming that includes five folk and ethnic music shows. Another local community station that carries some folk programming is KRVM.

The Eugene Folklore Society is active in the promotion of small concerts and a twice-a-month contra dance series. The dances have a great selection of callers and bands to pick from, most being residents of Oregon or Washington.

Occasionally an east coast group will stop by while touring the northwest. The concert committee presents local, national, and international artists in a variety of venues from house concerts to larger halls. Recent performers have been Christine Lavin, Bill Staines, Utah Phillips, Alisdair Fraser, Libana, Robin and Linda Williams, and others.

Local musicians include some seriously talented singer/songwriters and a number of traditional and ethnic groups. Eugene is blessed with some of the best of the northwest. The three most notable groups are Kentucky Rose, a fine bluegrass band, Sandunga, a seven-piece group that plays latin folk from Tex-Mex to Andean, and

Eugene is blessed with some of the best of the northwest.

Skye, a Celtic quartet that has great vocals. The singer/songwriter scene is the most competitive with a limited number of venues, but the talent and energy abound. If you get out this way, we can turn you on to a gig list and you can have at it.

Pete LaVelle has a folk program on KLCC on which he plays an extremely wide and eclectic selection of ethnic, contemporary, and traditional folk music. He is on the Eugene Folklore Society's concert committee, and occasionally writes concert and album reviews. He is an active and valuable part of the Eugene music scene.

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**On the Road With Peter Wilde or
How I got Roy Husky jr.'s cigar and why
you had to have been there**

by Peter Wilde

I

Feels like summer on a long Alabama highway
The sight of a police car in the side mirror
makes me nervous even though I'm legal and up
to date. He passes on the left, one "bubble" siren
on top, and a Bush/Quayle '92 bumpersticker on
back

I thought

In all fairness he might not have been the one
who put that sticker there
But then I thought he may have been the one
who left it on
late October, the country really "buzzing" with
the upcoming elections
family values
abortion rights
mtv

New Orleans the weekend of Halloween
and the streets are a little shaky
performers under the big church bellow
and the tag team from Guatemala
smiles appreciatively at a team dollar tip

Woke up in the morning on an inflatable couch
My mouth is dry and my feet stick to the floor
even in the living room
A rooster crows next door
"11 o'clock," says my host pointing towards the
clock
"amazing, huh"
I look back, not really getting it
"It's 11 o'clock... In New Orleans the freakin'
roosters don't crow until 11 o'clock!"

Guadaloupe and the Outhouse
Arkansas

I hear we have a new president
Quick detour thru missouri, because I haven't
seen you for a while
nashville ashville virginia, new england

II

It's a showcase and you won't be on till 9:30 or
so,
Her husband...

Famous nashville players, full house,
industry people
thank you very much
they all moved out in groups
As I was setting up equipment
I slipped Roy Husky jr.'s thin unsmoked cigar
into my equipment bag. "This will be a good
present for dave," I thought. I guess I could
have just gone over and said, "I've always been
a big fan of yours..." But the awkwardness is
appalling. Pocketing the cigar, a fine tribute.

Plus

If I hurry, I might get one song in before this
place completely empties out.
nope

Thanks to the young man in the corner who
listened and said
good song
once

Lyrics

crazy man (Mark Alan)

she said
yes I know you well
sometimes better than I wanted to
always hiding in your rented room
don't get the paper or the phone
children's voices from the street below
the pigeons thunder past your shades
you've seen a hundred fine parades
but never had one of your own
she said
everything behind you follows everywhere you go
you can't help but take it with you
now I wonder if you know that you're a
crazy man
I gotta love a crazy man

an old blue jacket and your baggy pants
you hang the laundry on your bones
you've got a pocket full of stones
to help you justify the pain
up the ladder to the roof again
with more to think of than the fall
you take the tattered parasol
and pay no attention to the rain

there is a ledge that has been waiting
since the mason pulled his hand away
a razor blade got tossed today
but you don't really care
you're just a crazy man
I gotta love a crazy man
salmo you're a crazy man
I gotta love a crazy man

© (p) 1991 yellowbox records

It's not the Dreaming (Laura Kemp)

I keep my sight peeled on the water, the waves
they tease my eyes
Make me think I'm seeing fins
She came up in my dream and I saw her
standing in a bus line
With her back facing the wind
And I woke up before I had to say goodbye
Now part of me doesn't know whether I should
laugh or cry

chorus

But I'm never going back, I'd tie this dream to a
rock in a canvas sack
And catch a slow boat on a south bound ferry
track
It's not the dreaming, no, no, no, it's not the
dreaming
No, it's not the dreaming that I lack.

This boat moves slowly but it's cheaper, and my
mind's already home
But I still have two days to go
In every sad face I can see her, it seems she
wants to be alone
Looking grayer than her own shadow
But I got a taste of how it might be
And now it seems in every mirror it's her face
that I've been seeing

chorus

Cause you know I dream about the highway
when I'm home
I dream about my lover when I'm alone
I've learned to make soup from stone on this
crazy road I chose
In a couple of weeks I'll be off to Spain
In this loneliness there are words to gain
And it's rare that a part of me remains, I keep
my heart away from those

She says she's weary of the traveling, but she's
speaking from the road
And in a while she'll change her tune
And I said, "I think I know that feeling, when the
sunshine makes you cold
And still the night comes all too soon"
And you're left wondering if you really struck a
deal
When you make it to the moon and she loses
her appeal

chorus

Cause you know I dream about the highway
when I'm home
I dream about my lover when I'm alone
I've learned to make soup from stone on this
crazy road I chose

In a couple of weeks I'll be off to Spain
In this loneliness there are words to gain
And it's rare that a part of me remains, I keep
my heart away from those
It's not the dreaming that I lack, I keep my heart
from going back
It's not the dreaming

© 1992 Laura Kemp

Song for Daves (Danny Shafer and Peter Wilde)

All the kids in the neighborhood, they all look
the same
and on the first day in kindergarten
we learned we all had the same name
Sitting at our little desks, with fingers full of paint
drawing pictures of the mailman
our hero and a Saint

chorus

And it was Dave and Dave and Dave and Dave
and Dave and Dave and Dave and Dave,
it sounds stupid
but simple
and no one ever complained

Then they went on to little league, and the
coaches cursed their fate
there were three Daves in the outfield
and a Dave behind home plate
then Dave hit a homerun and the mothers
cheered with joy

'cause that meant Dave's team was winning
and how they loved their little boys

choruslike sneakers in the rain

And they all grew up together, through the Cub
and the Boy Scouts
sleeping out overnight
and starting to check things out
but meeting girls in the woods was never quite
the same

after the old tree died
from the weight of their names

...like standing in lovers' lane

Then it was graduation in 1981
voted most likely to succeed
was Dave the Mailman's son
And after the ceremony they hid the tears in
their eyes
as they turned to one another
and slowly said goodbye
And they were never the same

Laika
(Virginia Cohen)

The sun falls through a strange sky
and I'm left wondering why
with footsteps, memories, cloudbursts
I've worn this path in the earth

I ask why you couldn't go out
of this world held and in peace
not compromised and afraid
so absolutely betrayed

And now the sun goes down
It's evening, I walk around
I keep on calling for you, Laika,
but you're nowhere to be found

Keep an eye on us, dear
keep an eye on us, dear
Well I know you're out there
keep an eye on us, dear

I heard your story and wept
I knew we must never forget
Black angels fell from the sky
with a most stunning reply

Cause they said somewhere it's clear
out beyond the atmosphere
no demarcations, no lines
nobody gets left behind

And now the stars come out
it's evening, I walk around
I keep on calling for you, Laika
but you're nowhere to be found

Keep an eye on us, dear
keep an eye on us, dear
well I know you're out there
keep an eye on us, dear

Come in, Laika, come in

The sun falls through a strange sky
and I'm left wondering why
after all these words and years
I still don't know how we got here

Come in, Laika, come in

© 1993 Dogstar Productions

the love we're falling in
(Tom Intondi and Frank Rossini)

in the darkness of this room
i hear you breathe
at the center of these walls
your heart beats
the light breaks

like water over wind
this is the next light
of the love we're falling in

i know it's dangerous
to say forevermore
but i've loved
since you walked through that door
and time is just a place
where lover begins
this is the next time
of the love we're falling in

rock me like wind rocks fire
move me like breath moves words
and hold me
hold me
hold me

every night
i watch you fall asleep
your heart's darkness
burns all over me
you open your eyes
i see where we have been
this is the next night
of the love we're falling in

© 1993 City Dancer Music

The List
(Debbie Diedrich)

When you called me up on the phone last night
and said you had something to say,
I grabbed my keys, threw on my coat and drove
over right away.

First you told me you found someone new who
you just can't resist,
Then you reached into your pocket, pulled out a
piece of paper, and you handed me this list.

Then you explained to me very carefully what
you've had in mind.
Since the woman who is just right for you can be
awfully tough to find,
You've got it all written down real nice and neat
right here in black and white:
An absolutely foolproof surefire way to
guarantee she'll be just right.

It says you'd like her to be a little taller than me,
a little bit younger in years,
A sagittarian, a vegetarian, who doesn't have
pierced ears,

With a soprano voice, who doesn't drive- by
choice, who'd like to save the earth,
Who wears Birkenstocks with argyle socks, and
hasn't given birth,

Has an advanced degree in cell biology, does
yoga every day,
Who likes to sit in the evenings and knit, keeps
her laundry put away,
Who also has a taste for West Coast jazz, takes
honey in her tea.

Well, it's very clear from what's written here,
you're not describing me.

I've certainly been dumped before but never
quite like this-
Not because I didn't meet the qualifications on a
prefabricated list.

I think it's terrific you can be so specific and you
shouldn't compromise,
So if I seem perplexed or slightly vexed, it's just
that I'm surprised.

Let me be honest; you're no Adonis, but I
thought I'd take a chance,
And I didn't feel like scrapping the deal cause
you don't contra dance.

But you've explained your decision with such
precision I can't help but understand:
You've got to do what's good for you and I'm not
what you've planned.

Still I would like to know why when you and I
were together the other night...

You never once referred to that list when you
were turning out the light.

© 1993 Debbie Diedrich

She is the Rain
(Brook Adams)

When I was young and infinitely bold
and I had to find a road, to travel down,
So clear it was the world was meant for me.
All the things that I could be, I hadn't found,
and the sun would shine There was lots of time.
The years went by and I discovered pain
and I had to face the rain. It made me sad
to see that I was somehow out of place
and I couldn't see the face of good or bad
and the sky was dark, as I made my mark.

Some say the rain is sad. It makes some
people cry
to mingle with the memory, to feel somebody die
but when the sun is shining and I forget the pain
I know somewhere she's smiling. I know she is
the rain.

Sometimes I find it hard to choose between
what I think and what I've seen. I do believe
that when we have to choose which path is right
that we tend toward the light. I do believe
if the heart is whole, we can trust the soul.

Some say the rain is sad. It makes some
people cry
to mingle with the memory, to feel somebody die
but when the sun is shining and I forget the pain
I know somewhere she's smiling, I know she is
the rain

She is the birdman's flight of fancy,
muse and music, rain and rhyme.

She knows how free it feels, to watch the
waterwheels

Turning astride the stream of time

I see the sky is cloudy once again
and I think about a friend. A friend is gone
I saw her ghost the other day.

When I spoke she ran away, but life goes on
stirring in the ground, when the rain comes
down

Some say the rain is sad. It makes some people
cry
to mingle with the memory, to feel somebody die
but when the sun is shining, and I forget the pain
I know somewhere she's smiling. I know she is
the rain.

© 1992 Brook Adams

You Are the One I Love
(Peggy Morgan)

This is not some game
Played for loss or gain
Money on the table, dice a-rolling.
This is my today,
And every word you say
Every move you make, you rock my soul in.

Chorus
You are the one I love.
You are my breath. You are my blood
I love you.
All you are. All you do.

Mountain streams that flow,
How the rivers grow.
And all the water flows to the ocean.
All the friends who care,
All the love we share,
And all the giving keeps this love in motion.

Chorus

©1991 Yellow Orchid Music/Peggy Morgan

Wheel of Fortune
(B. L. Turrill)

Train goes east along the river
All the way to Spokane
Tourists line the dirty windows
Hold their cameras to the glass
See the red sails on the water
What a lovely wall of stone
So I ask my foolish neighbor
Does she know the story told
Of the fisher woman grieving
The day Celilo Falls were drowned

Next day the train is somewhere in Nebraska
Thunder's fading slowly to the right
Prairieland just seems to go forever
Broken only by the fencing lines
See the bison sleeping in the shadows
No, a woman laughs, they all have died
So I ask my foolish neighbor
Does she know the stories told
Of the men and women fighting
For the spirit of the buffalo

Sunday night the train gets to Chicago
Where people live like beetles in a jar
The evening sky is smoky green above me
And I pay a man to drive me in a car
See the amber lights that flash forever
Standing on the 27th floor
Here I'll never know my neighbor
But her tv tells a story through the wall
Of the man who spins the wheel of fortune
And sells his mother with his other hand

Can't you see the bison in the shadows
Or do you believe they all have died
Better grab your nearest neighbor
Listen to the stories told
Of the men and women fighting
For the spirit of the buffalo

©1993 B. L. Turrill

The River Song
(Walker T. Ryan)

The first fish that I caught was in 1954
Over in the river that ran outside my family's
door
It was just a little thing, barely the limit at best
But I was only five years old and I was very
impressed

Mama fried it up, it had more bone than meat
And Grandpa smacked his lips and he thanked
me for catchin' that special treat
And I fished that river for fourteen summers
more
'Till I got my call from Uncle Sam to go and fight
in his dirty little war.

And I went, and I fought, and I killed, and I
came home
But that's another story, and folks around here
like it left alone
And Grandpa was gone when I came home, it
was Ma and Pa and me
Sittin' in the house, down by the bend, where
the river used to be

Where the river used to be
Where the river used to be
I'm throwin' rocks at an old tin can
Where the river used to be

Sometimes I get so mad I stand on the corner
and yell
And people say, "Well, he was in the war." And I
tell 'em they can go to hell
Then I go upstream, to where the river's
dammed and dead
And I empty my bottles and I bust the glass on
the rocks in the dusty riverbed

Where the river used to be
Where the river used to be
I'm throwin' rocks at an old tin can
Where the river used to be
Where the river used to be
Where the river used to be
And I sing a song called "The Fishin' Blues"
It's a tune my grandpa taught to me.

©1983 Tim Ryan

**Clearcut Disillusion (Couldn't see the
Forest for the trees)**
(T. R. Kelly)

missed another payment
on my pickup truck today
it doesn't matter
they're gonna take it all away
the mill's been closed for 18 weeks
my world is crashin around me
someone said
it's cuz there's no more forest
my daddy was a faller
my brother pulls green chain
and i went to work in the woods
the day i turned 18
there's been good times
and hard times and boom times
but we never thought that it could end
and now some joker's tellin me
there's no more forest

they said the trees would last forever
they said my job would be secure
you can blame this on the
environmentalists
looking back i'm not so sure

my wife is workin
at the local Circle K
my unemployment
it ran out yesterday
my kids ask me, "daddy, why?"
i don't know what to say
but in my mind's eye
i can still see the forest

they said the trees would last forever
they said my job would be secure
you can blame this on the
preservationists
looking back i'm not so sure

all around me i see broken men
and clearcut hills
shopping malls and taverns
where we try and lose our ills
the timber companies cut and ran
raped the people and the land
now they're tellin' me
"sorry, there's no forest."

it wasn't the spotted owl
and it wasn't the Japanese
it wasn't mechanization
that finally took us to out knees
just a clear-cut case
of rampant corporate greed
they couldn't see the forest for the trees
we couldn't see the forest for the trees
missed another payment on my house and land
today...

©1992 Darkwater muzik

Weary From the Storm
(The Mad Farmers)

Oh lord there's troubled times in this crazy old
world,
the colors don't quite look the same when the
flag's unfurled,
the red is blood on my hands and the blue's a
painful bruise,
and the white's a dead man's face I've seen on
the nightly news

Chorus
What must I do to set myself free,
Where must I go to escape this misery,
I guess I'll search inside for a place that's safe
and warm,
Won't you take my hand I'm weary from the
storm

This land is sacred but we take and never give
in our attempt at godliness we've forgotten how
to live
the woman called wilderness is down upon her
knees
we walk by with blinders on and ignore her
desperate pleas

Chorus

We tend our fires and never look around
and stare away from sorrow the hunger and the
frowns
and there's a few chosen ones behind their
sacred gates
they sign their names, start the wars and decide
our fate

Chorus

Militant Response
(Patrick Dodd)

There's a river of fear,
and it runs right here.
It flows through the city
each night
You've got to watch what you do;
'cause if it touches you,
the river pulls you right
out of sight.
Then you roll like a stone,
and you're all on your own.
You never know where it's gonna end.
The victim's life
can be the price of the night,
once the violence begins.

But, you don't want to give up the sight
of the city at night.
It's just not right.
no, it's just not right
Don't be scared no more;
what's outside your door
will be safe
Even if we have to fight,
it's time to take back the night.

The victim's screams
can haunt your dreams,
as you watch the endless river
roll by.

But it's justice you lack;
so you've got to fight back.
Now dry those tears that you cry.
'Cause till the streets are safe
and there's nobody raped
we're gonna keep turnin' on the light
We ain't giving up ground
We ain't turning around
until we finally take back
the nite

'Cause you don't want to give up the site
of the city at nite
It's just not right.
Don't be scared no more;
what's outside your door
will be safe.
Even if we have to fight
it's time to take back the night.

Don't be scared no more;
what's outside your door
will be safe.
Even if we have to fight,
it's time to take back the nite.
It's time to take back the nite.
It's time to take back the nite.

©1993 Patrick Dodd



JULY 23, 24 AND 25, 1993

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A 3-DAY COMMUNITY OF FOLK MUSIC AT THE FOOT OF THE BERKSHIRES
with Camping, Dancing, Song Swaps, Political Theatre, Recycling, Family Stage, Workshops,
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COATLIGUE LAS COLORADO SUN	PETER KEANE SAT/SUN	SALT & PEPPER GOSPEL SINGERS SUN
CATIE CURTIS SAT	KIPS BAY CEILI BAND SAT	FRED SMALL SAT
RICK DANKO SAT	PATTY LARKIN SAT/SUN	THE STORY SAT/SUN
FAST FOLK MUSICAL REVUE SAT	JAY MANKITA SAT/SUN	NANCY TUCKER SAT
JOHN GORKA SAT/SUN	MAGPIE SAT/SUN	LAURIE STORIES SAT/SUN
GREG GREENWAY SAT	DONNA MARTIN SAT	LESLIE ELIAS
KIM & REGGIE HARRIS SAT/SUN	MCDONNELL-TANE SAT	of the GRUNDELING GRYPHONS
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Want to Volunteer? — See Other Side!

Billie Jo
(Emily Fox)

Chorus
Billie Jo, Billie Jo- you really did know that something was strange in the house where you lived
Billie Jo, Billie Jo, you really did know that something was wrong, you felt it so strong
In a small Oklahoma town, truth was kept in silence underground
Friends and neighbors ignored the signs you were a twelve-year-old girl next in line

Chorus
Billie Jo, Billie Jo, you really did know something was strange in the house where you lived
Billie Jo, Billie Jo, you really did know that something was wrong, you felt it so strong
You told the authorities, never again this cruelty - you'd stop him yourself you'd stop him yourself
But you slipped through a crack, no one ever came back to check up on you
How did it feel as you triggered the steel, in the night, in the night
Those fingers that touched your breast you laid to rest
in the night - do you scream out NO

Chorus
Billie Jo, Billie Jo - you really did know what Daddy did, should not be hid
Billie Jo, Billie Jo
You were alone for all those years with your tears

The sirens came, they took you away
But tell me who is to blame
when you're raised with shame
when you're raised in pain
the town came out and broke the silence
after all the violence
they stood up for you
they stood up for you

Billie Jo, Billie Jo
they said you're free to go
But what do you dream at the age of sixteen
do you still have to hide
the wounds deep inside
Billie Jo

©1993 Emily Fox

Newspaper Blues
(Jim Shell, sung by Gregg Biller)

Well, you can take that newspaper baby, you can throw it away
Well, I don't give a damn what's goin on in this world today

If I gotta go today I don't wanna read about it in the mornin'
When that bright flash comes baby, that will be my warnin'

I've got enough problems of my own to start a publication
I ain't spreadin' my private bizness across this nation

They say the news of today is the liner for the trash tomorrow
It's only filled with good grief
The weather report and the sorrow

There is a River
(Gregory Field)

I see you there, sitting at the table
You were waiting on your unknown hope
Surrounded by the coffeeshop clatter,
So bravely alone.
And the talk inside your head says,
"It don't matter if he comes,
I'm just fine with my life, my dog and my home."
But you note how the time gets later
And worry that he won't come.
"Oh! Why does he take so long?"
Maybe you should just take your dog and go home.

Now in your eyes, I have seen there are others,
Ghosts who wander through your heart.
Tied to you by a thread of betrayal,
Your angry knife has been too dull.
I know that we've all got some baggage that we carry.
Lord knows I've collected a set of my own.
And I wonder how to reach out to another
While our hands still hold on so strong,
With the fear that this too might go wrong.
So sometimes you just want to go back home alone.

Chorus
There's a river that runs through our hearts
That carries the hope of love renewed.
I put my line into that river,
And now those waters carry me to you.

I can see there are so many people
A crowd of faces at your window peering through
There is one who is wild and one who is worldly,
And then there's one who doesn't know quite what to do
And though filled with all these questions
Such as, "Who am I?" and "Who are you?"
"Whose heart is fully open?" and "How do we let it flow thru?"
Girl, I want to be with you.
And I don't want to go back home alone.

©1993 Gregory Field

Let's Go
(Heather Perkins)

Born alone and lonely, I lived that way
But now I love you.
Woke up together like singing, we weren't ready
But now you love me

Let's get out of here, let's get out of here
Don't care where you been
Just where we're going
Where we're going
Let's get out of here, let's get out of here
Let's go

Don't forget what I told you or how this feels
Don't forget me
I want to be holding you while you're sleeping
Don't forget me

Let's get out of here, let's get out of here
Don't care where you been
Just where we're going
Where we're going
Let's get out of here, let's get out of here
Let's go

c 1992 Heather Perkins

HELP!

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

Call the *Fast Folk* office at 212-274-1636

Bios



Mark Alan

Mark Alan was raised in a few small towns and one big city. Summers were spent on a farm in Kansas. When he was too old for all that, he went to work for a freight company, and after several years he was offered a promotion. He quit instead, to attend the University, but tired of that shortly and began to write songs against some "better judgement." In the fall of 1986 he moved to Eugene, Oregon. He believes in and has a fierce, though somewhat guarded, love for matter and most people.

Mark Alan, P.O. Box 1995, Eugene, OR 97440



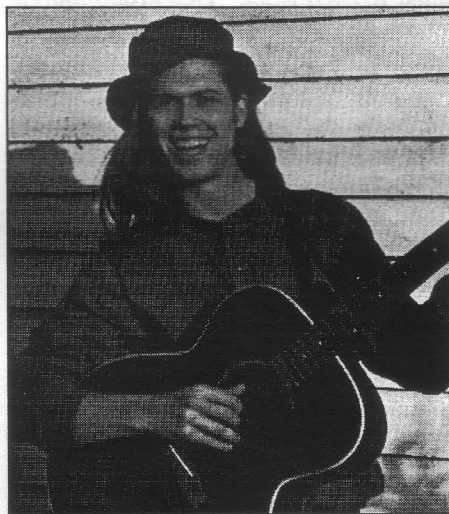
Laura Kemp

Laura Kemp

Releasing her first recording of all original music "I Hope They Like the Rain," in May, 1992, Laura Kemp "is one of Eugene's newest rising stars." (Eugene Folklore Society) A singer and a guitarist since she was a young child, it was not until early 1990 that she began to write and perform her own songs. "Best described as a musical poet, the words accompanying her music show unique insight and an ability to paint vivid lyrical pictures." (EFS) Blending poetry and politics, she sings with a clarity from the heart, exploring themes of personal and social issues.

A graduate of Vanderbilt University and a former teacher, she now makes her home in Eugene, Oregon, where she performs regularly.

P.O. Box 10032, Eugene OR, 97440



Peter Wilde

Peter Wilde

I've been a folksinger now since March of 1990. The dust is starting to settle and I'm in the process of evaluating the past and setting future goals. Two crosscountry tours have left me with valuable performing experience, plenty of new influences and an easy diet method. Grateful for the experience, I'm now determined to focus more on the West Coast, try to put on a few pounds, and start to work on a new album. The response to *Hopelessly Folk* has given me more confidence in my production abilities and I'm excited to start recording new songs!!

Danny Shafer, currently from Boulder, CO, performs solo and with "3-Fisted Lullabye."

(503) 344-7583, P.O.Box 985, Eugene, OR 97440

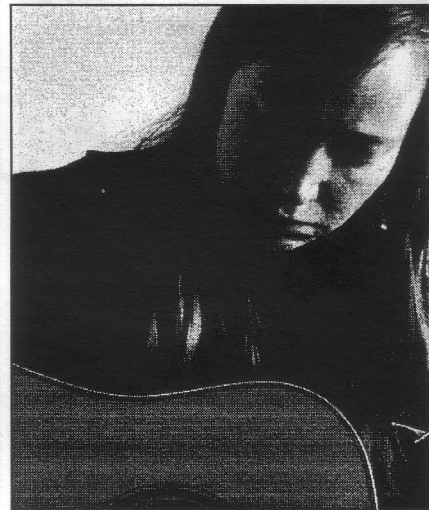


Photo: Meridith A. Myllenbeck

Virginia Cohen

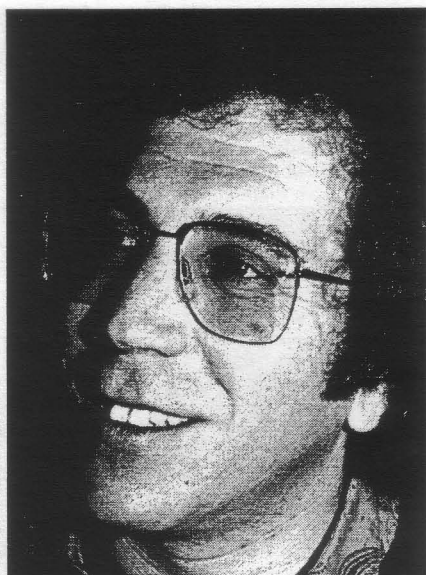
Virginia Cohen's music is a refreshing presentation of passionate vocals, rhythmic guitar, and lyrics which cut to the truth with compassion. She considers songwriting her primary strength, weaving images that arise from both personal and historical contexts. Because of her personal commitment to social and historical awareness, her music is healing to both the individual and the collective group. Virginia has released a tape of original compositions, "Moving into Indigo," and plans to release a second recording in the near future. Her music transcends classification and offers intelligent, inspiring messages, encouraging each of us to live our own truth.

Dogstar Music, P.O. Box 5661, Eugene, OR, 97705

Debbie Diedrich covers folk and acoustic music for the Northwest Independent Music News and is recording her first album, "Midlife Crisis." She collaborated on the 1993 calendar, "Judi, a Woman for all Seasons," and with Jane Johnson, of Denver, Colorado co-authored, "Women who Shoot too Much, and the Men who Provoke Them."

P.O.Box 12178, Eugene, OR 97440

Photo: Tom Michaels



Tom Intondi

Tom Intondi has been performing for over 20 years. He was once referred to by the Village Voice as a "seminarian gone splendidly wrong," even though he was never in the seminary. His album *House of Water* established Tom as one of the leading voices in Greenwich Village. He has toured nationally and internationally with the Song Project, on his own and with Dave Van Ronk. He recently moved to Eugene and continues to perform there. His most recent CD, *Bringin' Up the Sun*, is available from City Dancer Records, 977 W. 18th Place, Eugene, Or. 97405.

Brook Adams

Twenty-two years ago the life of an innocent thirteen year old kid was insidiously transformed. It was his dad's fault. A five dollar philippine guitar couldn't do any harm, right? But as he shredded his fingertips daily, he knew... he would never be a doctor.

1977 - 1980: He played clubs in Arizona with a duo and as a solo lounge act where many strange people in polyester clothes did "memorable" things.

1980 - 1984: He moved to Durango, Colorado and taught a white lab rat how to drop a marble into a little hole. For this he got a degree in psychology and temporarily forgot how to play guitar.

1984 - 1987: He remembered how to

play guitar again and played in clubs around southwest Colorado, toured the midwest with a top 40 band and played in some c & w bands. During this time he opened once for TAJ MAHAL who probably doesn't remember him and saw many strange musicians in polyester clothes do "memorable" things. Luckily his experience with white rats allowed him to see this in a new light.

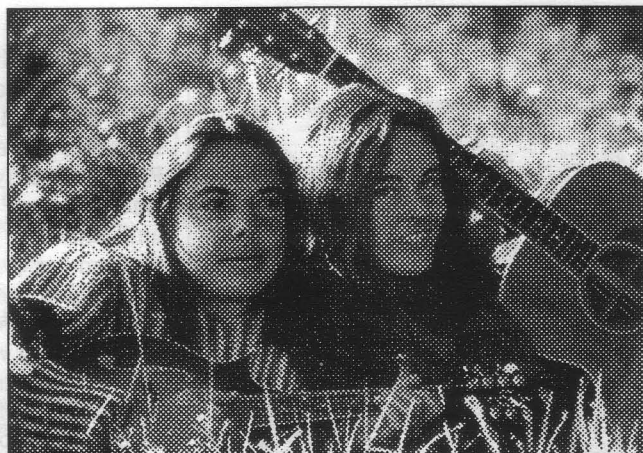
1988 - 1993: He made two cassettes: PRIVATE LANGUAGE and DURANGATWANGS, which sold decently enough in Durango. He took up jazz and played with a group called KOKOPELLI. This group toured Mexico and Guatamala in '91 and '92. He only went on the first tour though because



Brook Adams

he met a beautiful woman and married her. They moved to Eugene, Oregon, where many strange people in tie-dyed clothes have been known to do "memorable" things. He is currently finishing his third recording, SONGS OF LOVE, DEATH, & AGRICULTURE.

(503) 344-0086 P.O. Box 10143, Eugene, OR 97440



Morgan & Phelan

Morgan & Phelan have been performing together since 1977. In 1983 they helped form Good Company Productions, Boston-area musicians' cooperative and record label. They have three recordings of original songs out on the label. During the 80's they put their energies into shows for children and families, giving over 2500 performances of songs and stories in the Northeast and across the country. In 1988 they performed at the World Expo in Brisbane, Australia.

Since moving to Oregon in 1990, Morgan & Phelan have focused on their original music. Their next recording, a collection of love/relationship songs, will be released in Spring '93 on CD and cassette. They will be touring in the Northeast in the Fall of 1993.

Peggy Morgan (503) 935-1829, P.O. Box 611, Veneta, OR 97487.

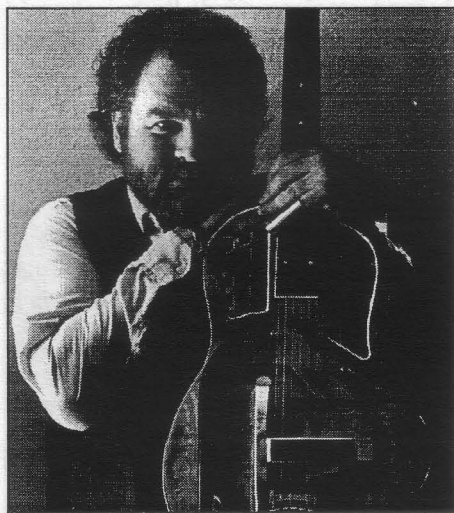
Barbara Lee Turrill

Growing up, I idolized Joan Baez, Phil Ochs, and Bob Dylan. I learned how to finger pick "Suzanne," by Leonard Cohen, and life was never the same again.

After high school, and an attempt at college, I ended up waitressing in a diner off I-70 between St. Louis and Columbia, Missouri, and learning lots of bluegrass licks. Eventually I wandered through Boston, Ohio, and then New York City. By then I was writing songs and performing in local clubs. I sang at the Cornelia St. Cafe on songwriters' night, and in the hoot at Folk City. I also performed with a

bilingual puppet theater, La Ventana Majica, at the Taller Latino Americano, at street fairs, and in schools.

Now, about ten years later, I live in Springfield, Oregon, a town suddenly famous for voting to legalize homophobia. I've completed two college degrees, have a grandchild, am about to complete my first recording ever and work in a bakery. Organizing against the Christian Right and the Far Right as a lesbian activist is one of the most satisfying things I've ever done, because those folks have made my life and the lives of so many others so miserable. "Wheel of Fortune," the song on this recording, was written after I took Amtrak's "Empire Builder" line from Portland to Chicago one summer. I believe that the rise of the Right and its attack on



Walker T. Ryan

House. I was a draft dodger- the River Song was written for a vet I knew who lived on the streets in Santa Cruz.

Peace.

T.R. Kelly

Northwest native, 17-year veteran bar band bass refugee; seeker of catharsis and social change thru eco-feministic acousto-thrash w/additional bass noises and multi-octave anger. Working diligently to subvert the dominant paradigm, raise a daughter and keep the catbox clean. Would like to add

an occasional gig to the list of Things To Do.

(503) 998-2647 P.O. Box 332, Elmira, OR 97473



T.R. Kelly

The Mad Farmers are a group of enthusiastic, young musicians who have been playing together for a little over a year. They began by playing music together in their living room and shortly thereafter began playing in the local clubs and coffeehouses of Eugene.

They drew their name from the poems of Wendell Berry and they draw their musical influences from just about everywhere; gracefully and uniquely weaving together Appalachian folk, bluegrass, jazz and poetry, Celtic, and classical themes.

Rick Herranen grew up in Tennessee, where he became influenced by the likes of Woody Guthrie and Townes Van Zandt. Michael Graziadei comes from upstate New York on the shores of Lake Champlain where his fate was sealed, after listening to the works of Monk and Coltrane. Jake Wagner grew up in the



The Mad Farmers

Midwest, Kansas City to be exact, where he took in many musical styles that would come to fruition in a fluid rhythmic guitar style and a mandolin style that would best be described as "Hendrix hangin' with Bill Monroe." David Axtell comes from San Diego, where he was deeply involved in the theater and where he began his intensive studies of classical and Celtic stylings, fine-tuning them in his countless hours of "busking" on city street corners, here and abroad. They each bring fresh perspectives to acoustic music, and deeply recognize its potential as a vehicle of expression and change.

P.O.Box 1732, Eugene, OR 97440

Photo: © 1993 John Craig



Barbara Lee Turrill

democracy, and the values represented by the exploitation of people and the earth are the same thing— a true loss of soul and heart in this country. When the Dalles Dam was completed in 1957, it destroyed not only Celilo Falls, but acres and acres of homelands, fishing sites, sacred lands, and salmon spawning grounds. I've often wondered what kind of songs Woody Guthrie would have written if he had been hired by the Yakima instead of the U.S. government.

Walker T. Ryan

I'm not a native Oregonian- I'm generic West Coast with a little New York thrown in for good measure. I've been in Eugene five years, It's the longest I've lived anywhere since I was twelve. My influences run from the Almanacs, Woody and Pete to Lightnin' Hopkins and Son

Off Campus Productions, (503) 484-2498, 2015 W. 17th Ave., Eugene, OR 97402.



Photo: John Baugas

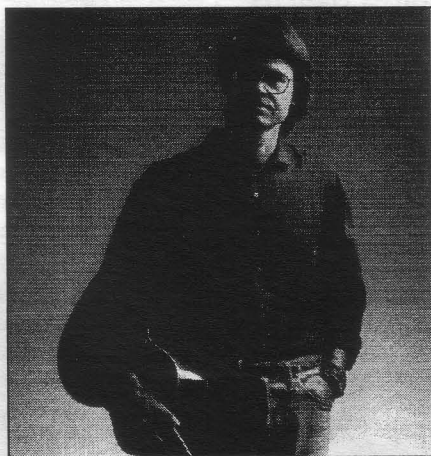
Patrick Dodd

Patrick Dodd was born within a few blocks of the White House and has taken politics very seriously since. But Patrick does not exist in the center of political or social life. The inspiration for Patrick's music is found not in the halls of bureaucracy, but rather in the streets of resistance. Patrick's music comes from the margins, from the "other America" of those less privileged. His songs are the stories of struggle and resistance; the stories of a multitude of oppressed groups from the homeless to women to our inner city youth to old growth trees. Patrick seems to consistently stir up comment. He has been called a hero and a villain, an activist and an outside agitator. He has also been called a poet, a visionary, a revolutionary artist, and a threat to the established order. One thing is certain, he is as genuine a folk singer as has come down the pike in quite a stretch. Appropriately, Patrick is more likely to be found singing at a rally than in a coffee house, or heard playing on a broken down cassette player in a homeless camp than on the radio. The radical nature of Patrick's active politics and relevant lyrics have ensured him a position in the underground of the underground of folk music. But while Patrick's music may be hard to find, it is not impossible. Patrick has three tapes and a CD available; all have received great reviews.

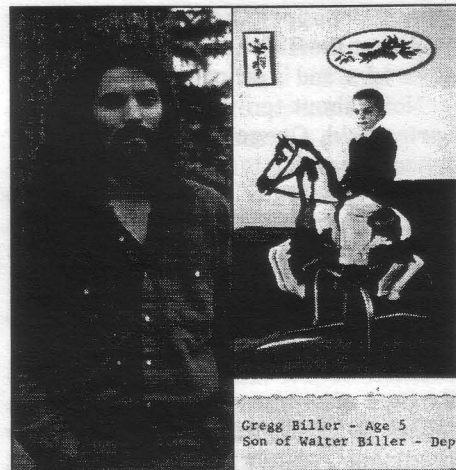


Emily Fox

Emily Fox has lived in Eugene, Oregon, for twenty years. She teaches guitar and other assorted instruments for people 7-70. Also, she has worked musically with pre-school age children and has performed children's music for a long time. In the fall of '92 she released her first tape of original songs and instrumentals for adults, "The Place I Come Back To." The song "Billie Jo" is a true story that she saw on 20/20 in late February, 1993.



Gregory Field



Gregg Biller

Gregg Biller

Born in New Jersey, Gregg has spent most his adult life repairing fretted instruments and playing music in several states before settling in Eugene in 1990. Not being a songwriter by inclination, he is especially happy when he finds a good song that doesn't get out much. "Newspaper Blues" is one of these. Written by Jim Shell of Raleigh, N.C., they performed it in the early 80's and Gregg had played it ever since. Gregg continues to repair and build all manner of stringed instruments and plays often in many groups and styles throughout the Northwest.

Gregory Field grew up in Providence, Rhode Island, where he discovered the proverbial guitar in the attic (nice old Gibson) and folk music at age 13. A current resident of Eugene, Oregon, for the past 22 years, Gregory migrated west to attend the University of Oregon in the early 70's. He was active in the northwest music scene throughout the 70's before hanging up his performing guitar for business and family in the 80's. The 90's have brought his re-emergence in the music world.

Gregory's musical style runs eclectic. His music runs the gamut from delta blues to finger-picked fiddle tunes with ballads and old standards in between. He is known locally for his finger-picking facility. In the past couple of years Gregory has focused much on his own writing while continuing to develop the rest. his debut

album, with all original material, "Shadowman," is due to be released mid-May.



Heather Perkins

Heather Perkins

I love music. I love writing and playing music because it's a living form, a voice that makes sense to me. I think everyone who wants to should play music.

I'm a Eugene composer and musician who mixes styles and instruments without qualms. I do acoustic, electric, funk, rock, and styles there are no names for. I've played out a lot, in lounges, at festivals and concerts, and composed scores for dance and theater. I love technology, and especially love making it human, making it emotional. I also tutor electronic music at Lane Community College, and am planning to someday teach full time.

I'm working on a number of solo electronic collaborations with local choreographers, and playing in the band DANGEROUS HOUSEHOLD OBJECTS.



Musician Credits
FFCD703

-1-
CRAZY MAN
(Mark Alan)

3:55
Mark Alan - guitar & vocal

-2-
IT'S NOT THE DREAMIN'
(Laura Kemp)

5:05
Laura Kemp - guitar & vocal

-3-
SONG FOR DAVES
(Peter Wilde/Danny Shafer)

3:37
Peter Wilde - guitar & vocal
Rich Glauber - accordion
"The Davidians" - The Mad Farmers, Susan
Kjellberg, Patricia Vauter, Kate Lester,
Tom Intondi - harmony

-4-
LAIKA
(Virginia Cohen)

4:45
Virginia Cohen - guitar & vocal
Heather Perkins - electric guitar

-5-
THE LOVE WE'RE FALLING IN
(Tom Intondi/Frank Rossini)

4:14
Tom Intondi - guitar & vocal
Brook Adams - classical guitar
T.R. Kelley - bass

-6-
THE LIST
(Debbie Diedrich)

3:14
Debbie Diedrich - guitar & vocal

-7-
SHE IS THE RAIN
(Brook Adams)

5:00
Brook Adams - guitar & vocal

-8-
**YOU ARE THE ONE I
LOVE/FLOATING ON AIR**
(Peggy Morgan)

4:37
Peggy Morgan - guitar & vocal
Bette Phelan - mandolin & vocal

-9-
WHEEL OF FORTUNE
(Barbara Turrill)

4:32
Barbara Turrill - guitar & vocal

-10-
THE RIVER SONG
(Walker T. Ryan)

4:12
Walker T. Ryan - guitar & vocal

-11-
CLEARCUT DISILLUSION
(T.R. Kelley)

5:28
T.R. Kelley - 12-string guitar, bass, & vocal

-12-
WEARY FROM THE STORM
(The Mad Farmers)

4:25
The Mad Farmers: Michael Graziadei - bass,
banjo
Rick Herranen - guitar
David Axtell - flute
Jake Wagner - mandolin

-13-
MILITANT RESPONSE
(Patrick Dodd)

2:55
Patrick Dodd - guitar & vocal

-14-
BILLIE JO
(Emily Fox)

4:46
Emily Fox - guitar & vocal

-15-
NEWSPAPER BLUES
(Jim Shell)

2:23
Gregg Biller - guitar & vocal

-16-
THERE IS A RIVER
(Gregory Field)

55:19
Gregory Field - guitar & vocal
Laura Kemp - harmony

-16-
LET'S GO
(Heather Perkins)

2:30
Heather Perkins - guitar & vocal
Ann Stilwell - harmony

This issue was compiled and edited by Tom Intondi and recorded with great love and care by Scott McLoud and Michael Wilson at Studio Apocalypse, 1840 W. 11th St., Eugene, Or. 97402