

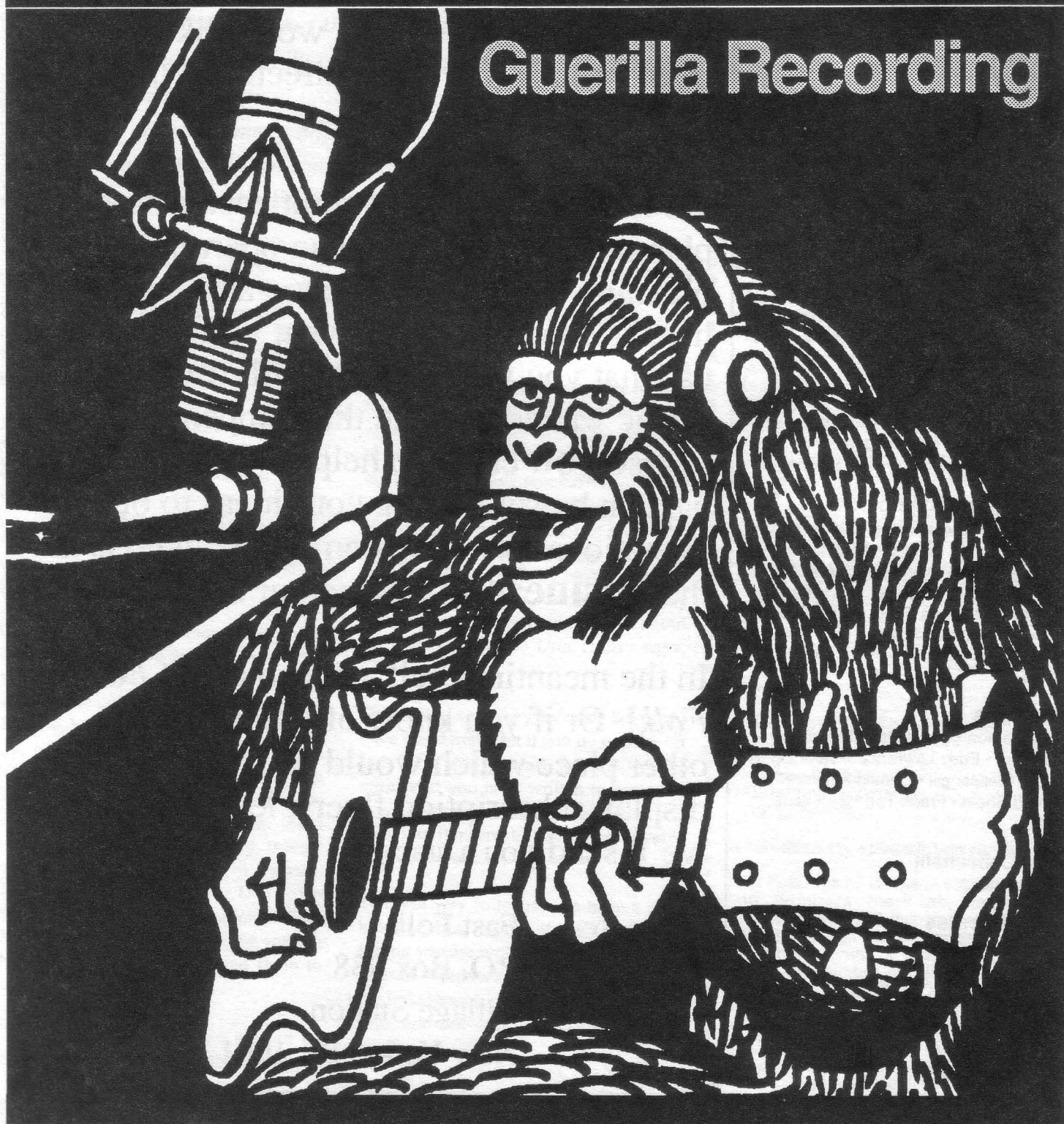
FAST FOLK

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

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Guerilla Recording



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Editorial

by (Your Name Here)

The Future of Fast Folk

Fast Folk is planning for the future! And we need your input. We would like to hear from you regarding the direction **you** want *Fast Folk* to take.

We have set up two committees: a strategic planning committee and an operational planning committee. We are anxious to hear from you. Tell us what you like, tell us what you wish, and we will use our magic wands to make that happen. Of course **you** can also help us to **make** that happen by submitting your ideas to our operational planning committee, who is in the **business** of making our magic wands.

In the meantime, tell a friend about *Fast Folk*! Or if you know of a folk club or other place which would be willing to display subscription flyers, let us know and we'll send you a stack.

Write to: *Fast Folk*
P.O. Box 938
Village Station
New York, NY 10014

Letters *to the editor*

Dear Fast Folk:

*We took the skull and the crossbone flag from the corner of the Fast Folk stage
It was the weekend of July 24 at the Festival of Falcon Ridge*

*We don't mean to keep it for it's not something that we need to have
We took it to lure them here their pirate symbol to save*

*Oh we took the skull and the crossbone flag from the corner of the Fast Folk stage
We want them to come from the Village so everyone can have the fun that we had
Three quick nights and two long days we heard dozens of people play
Men and women living lives of music and teaching each other the breaks*

*We met again at the Mongaup Pond it was a Fast Folk musical retreat
We had to drive down a rocky road to Hell in the Catskill woods we did meet*

*We played all night and we played all day played for the crowd at the beach
We drank and ate and drank some more for the first time in years we all ate meat*

*Oh we took the skull and crossbone flag from the corner of the Fast Folk stage
We'll give it back
To the man named Jack
When next again we greet him.*

Dear Fast Folk:

I received issue numbers 705 and 706 yesterday, and wonder of wonders, the stamps were not canceled! Therefore, I am sending them back to you so that you can recycle them, courtesy of the postal people. One wonders how they make money doing this.

In a letter printed in FF #705 (I believe), the author stated that s/he didn't care for spoken material on the CDs. I like them, now and then. Certainly, if the CD became all spoken, that would be a problem. But once in a while is quite nice.

The current format of the printed material has improved significantly! I really like the new newsletter/magazine.

Phil Johnson
Hackettstown, NJ

Bios *in order of appearance*



Louise Taylor

Native Vermonter Louise Taylor has been bringing her personal brand of contemporary folk music to New England audiences for the past four years. With the release of her 1992 CD *Looking for Rivers*, Louise caught the attention of *Fast Folk* Managing Editor Wendy Beckerman, who reviewed the album in issue 608. This year Louise can be found performing at noteworthy folk clubs and coffeehouses throughout the Northeast. She is currently working on her next release. For performance dates and CDs or tapes, write Blue Coyote Records, RR1 Box 1505, Newfane, VT 05345. Send \$15 for CD, \$10 for tape, plus \$2 postage and handling, \$1 each additional unit. Outside of the USA please write for information concerning payment.



Ed Carey

Ed Carey is a 24-year-old singer/songwriter from South Salem, NY. This is his third recording with *Fast Folk*. For more information and/or correspondence, contact him at P.O. Box 280, Cross River, NY 10518.

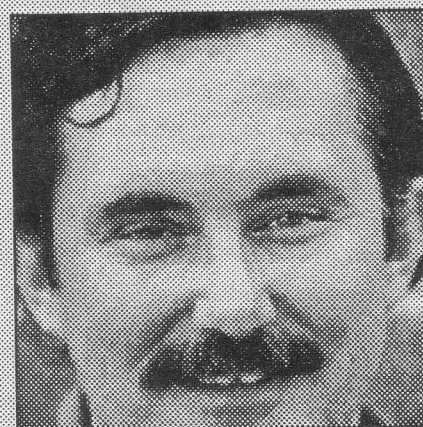
Chuck Brodsky

Bio and photo not available.



Jim Allen

Jim Allen was born in New York City and still lives there.



John Zanzal

Born in Connecticut in 1950 where he lives today on the shore of a small lake, John writes his songs for friends and children to tell stories. In 1966, while on a trip to Ireland, he stayed

with a family "who sang to us each evening and since then I have dreamed of returning the gift. Friday and Saturday evenings they get together by the lake for a song." You can write John at #234, Route 39, New Fairfield, CT 06812.

Editors, Subscription People, and Various Office Gnomes,

Thank you for seeing through my busy schedule to send out the Philadelphia issue even though I did not renew in a timely fashion. Yet another of the many reasons we cling to our memberships like the folky life raft that it is.

I have a suggestion. Why not put together a disc of funny songs previously issued on Fast Folk? You could have David Massengill doing "Cowboy Kid," "The Phenomenology Song," "Song for Daves" (a personal favorite of mine), "Charlie and Maureen," just to name a few.

In all seriousness, I anxiously await each issue of Fast Folk. I have taped all of the issues and keep them in my truck. They are really the only music I listen to on a regular basis. Keep up the good work. Enclosed is my check for a year.

David Schofield
Belmar, NJ

We stand corrected

In **Vol. 7, No. 5**, we published the text of Ewart Skinner's poem "Remembering Aunt Emma (Mind Adventure into the State of Kentucky)" in our magazine. However, Skinner performed a different poem on that issue's recording. The title of the poem he performed is "Requiem for Ann Lindsay." Our apologies for any confusion this may have caused.

In **Vol. 7, No. 6**, we neglected to publish the address of Geri Smith, one of that issue's performers. Geri may be contacted at 608 S. Walnutree Lane, Claymont, DE 19703, (302) 792-9528.

Features

A Look at John Prine's "The Late John Garfield Blues"

by Frank Mazzeti

Rhino Records has recently compiled an anthology of John Prine songs that spans his singer-songwriter career. One of the featured songs is "The Late John Garfield Blues" of early Seventies vintage. While Prine dresses his songs in jeans, the body wearing those clothes is rich and complex. "The Late John Garfield Blues" epitomizes this quality of Prine's.

A few years later, along with Steve Goodman, Prine would write a send-off to the twentieth century entitled "The Twentieth Century is Almost Over." That song alternates between nostalgic whimsy and sentiment. It uses throw-away lines to remind us of where we as Americans have been and where we are now ("Does anyone remember linoleum floors, petroleum jelly and two World Wars?"). "Garfield Blues" also challenges us to confront the changing American landscape, but it does this on a much more serious level, and the issues that it suggests are tough ones. Furthermore, "Garfield Blues" goes beyond just an examination of our recent history. That song, by itself and as part of the album that contains it, *Diamonds in the Rough*, paints a disturbing, desolate, and sometimes sinister picture of our people and our society. It is not a raging, angry condemnation. Much in the tradition of our great writers, Hawthorne, Melville, Twain, and Fitzgerald, while loving the country and its people, Prine takes a realistic look at our darker side.

The two opening lines evoke a poignant image of a segregated society: "Black

faces pressed against the glass/Where the rain has pressed its weight." The rain, used here as an image suggesting depression a la Jimmie Rodgers' "When it rained down sorrow, it rained all over me," is heavy against the glass that keeps African Americans excluded from mainstream society. I like the use of glass as the symbol for keeping people out. They are allowed to stare longingly at the material prize ("a top-down car"), but are left out in the rain. This subtly suggests not just alienation, but also the intense frustration one feels when continuously exposed to something, yet always denied contact. Enigmatically, Prine then states that they "all share one Western trait." I say enigmatically because it's not quite clear if the Africans share the trait with the Europeans, nor is it clear what that trait is. What is clear is that whatever it is, it brings forth sadness: "Sadness leaks through tear-stained cheeks/From winos to dime-store Jews." Two new groups of disenfranchised people are introduced, the down-and-out and the stereotyped Jew as cheap, as shopkeeper, perhaps money lender. Their sadness is Prine's as this whole scene gives him "the late John Garfield blues."

Why John Garfield? Born John Garfinkle, a New Yorker who, via name change, veiled his Jewish identity to become a

leading man in Hollywood, Garfield was one of those tormented by McCarthyism, ostensibly for his leftist views, but probably just as likely for being Jewish.

The next verse continues to build the mood and setting, dark and desolate. The bulbs on a lamppost are broken as midnight descends on the songwriter.

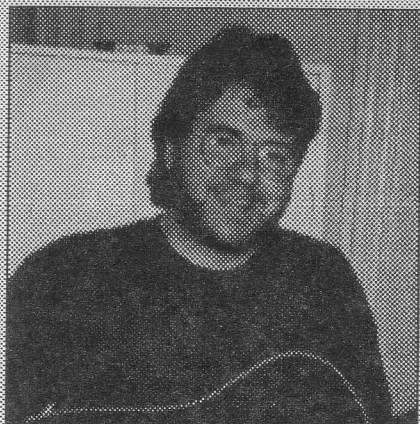
Standing in the dark,
he claims to hear a joke,
but we're not sure if it's

the joke or if he's experiencing what follows: "Two men were standing upon a bridge/One jumped and screamed, 'You lose.'" Since we know no details of the remaining person, we're left to infer that life is too sad, that death is the winner.

The chorus reinforces the idea that the life process is depressing. It contrasts an old man's sleep with that of a young kid. The old man is tortured by his conscience while the kid, untainted by life's nightmarish experiences, sleeps dreamily with aspirations. Then a non sequitur about the mentally ill is introduced. No reference to sleep is made but they "live through life's in-betweens," a sense that they are undisturbed by guilt yet unmotivated by goals.

The final verse has the writer leaving for "the last resort." The play on the word "resort" as a last chance or as a place to rest makes perfect sense. Everything about this song suggests being "on the brink," but there's also this feeling that refuge is possible. The trouble is that this particular refuge isn't all that great either: "The horses scream/The nightmares dream/And the dead men all wear shoes." This visually reminds me of *Macbeth*, the night that Duncan was assassinated by Macbeth when the king's gentle horses went wild and ate each other. Prine concludes that everybody, and here he means everybody, society's members and its outcasts, is dancing to the late John Garfield blues.

There's a Jewish term, but I can't remember what it is, that means sorrow for the way the world is. I must recall that term. That term is "The Late John Garfield Blues." If you can't locate *Diamonds in the Rough*, pick up the new Rhino collection.



Jack Licitra

Jack Licitra is a 20-year-old college student at SUNY Oneonta.

"Southport" is his *Fast Folk* debut. He is currently trying to figure out what to do with the rest of his life. If you have any suggestions call him at (607) 433-9750 or write to 244 Main Street, Apt. 2B, Oneonta, NY 13820.



Brian Rose

Brian Rose is a photographer as well as a songwriter, and is a frequent contributor of songs and articles to *Fast Folk*. He has recorded a cassette of his songs with production by Suzanne Vega, which is available from the HEAR Music Catalog, and his photos have been collected by the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum. He splits his time between New York City and Amsterdam.



Fast Folk Scales

by Keith Kelly

We starving singer-songwriters always look

forward to summer. For one

thing, our outrageous New

York City heating bills are

replaced with outrageous air-

conditioning bills (for some of

us, outrageous electric-fan

bills). For another, we get to



Falcon Ridge

run around in our favorite T-shirts and grungy shorts for

several months (those of us

without jobs, at least) and

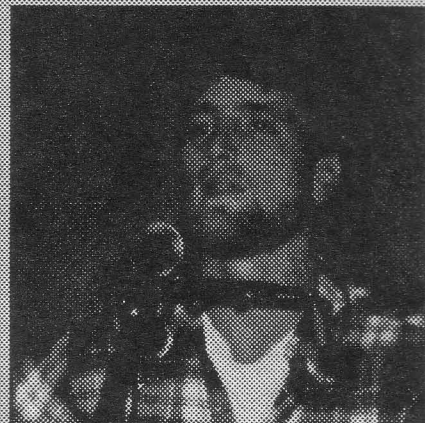
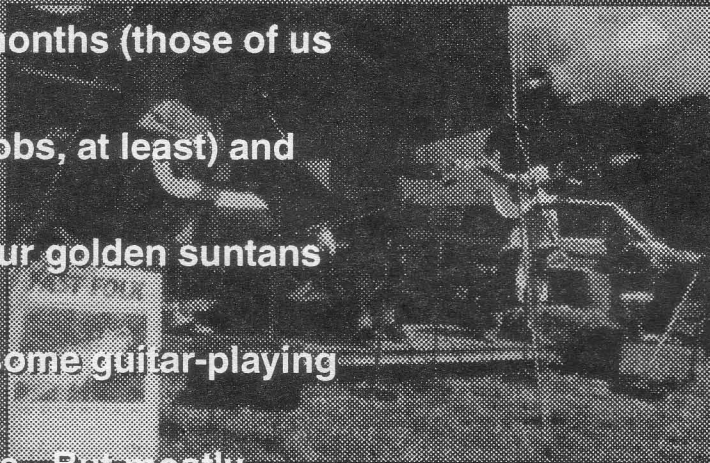
display our golden suntans

and awesome guitar-playing

physiques. But mostly,

summer is when all the great

music festivals are held...

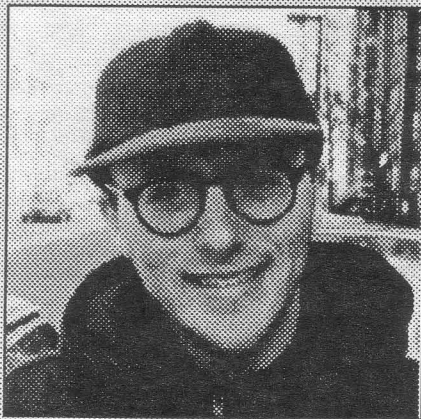


Jeremy Wallace

Jeremy Wallace is making his mark on audiences all over New York and New Jersey. A singer/songwriter from a small town in New Jersey, Jeremy began writing and playing guitar at age thirteen and has developed a highly personalized approach to folk music that keeps him busy in local clubs and street fairs.

A songwriter of exceptional facility and wit, Jeremy has a knack for storytelling. His ability to see the world as it is and write about it with sincerity and a sense of humor, combined with his skillful finger-picking guitar playing, makes for great music.

Jeremy's guitar playing and songwriting ability bear the mark of inspiration and originality. And whether he's singing one of his own songs or an interpretation of a traditional folk song, one cannot help but hear the honesty, energy and intensity of a true artist. Just listen to "House Painting in America." For booking information: (908) 234-0629; (201) 543-7846.



David Kesler

David Kesler is an architect who lives in Brooklyn, NY with his bride-to-be, Cynthia. Dave has been writing and performing his songs since his college days in Boston, 1978.



Wendy Beckerman

Wendy Beckerman has been writing songs and performing them for the past six years. Raised in New Jersey, she now lives in the East Village in New York, and performs in coffeehouses and other folk venues along the east coast. Last January she released her first album *By Your Eyes* on Great Divide Records (CD and cassette). She is currently seeking management and/or a booking agent. For info: Great Divide Records, 178 W. Houston Street, Suite 9, New York, NY 10014, (212) 274-1636.



workshop stage.

The revue material was drawn from our performances last February at New York's Bottom Line club, which we brought you on our issue #702. For our workshop stage, we simply invited everyone who had ever recorded for *Fast Folk* to come and perform a few songs; Falcon Ridge graciously allowed our workshop performers free admission to the weekend. Turnout was happily large, and our stage (complete with pirate flag) was in constant use Saturday and Sunday.

The accompanying photos document some of the good times we had that weekend, and the number of friends who shared it with us. Our thanks to Sunny Ochs and her tireless staff who make such things possible. The three-hour drive home on Sunday night seemed like an eternity, our guitars had fresh grass stains, and I got the worst sunburn I've had in years, but hey, most of us got new T-shirts out of it.

The Lovin' Spoonful weren't kidding. Summer in the city can be one long ordeal of "people looking half-dead, hotter than a matchhead." So it's a relief to cram the guitars and tents in the trunk and battle thruway traffic to where the tunes are. One of our favorite festivals this year was the Falcon Ridge Folk Festival, held July 23-25 in Hillsdale, NY. In addition to presenting many nationally-known performers (Rick Danko, John Gorka, Patty Larkin, The Story), a Friday-afternoon new-performers' showcase, late-night song-swap campfires, square dances, great food, and icy showers, Falcon Ridge this year was host to *Fast Folk's* first main-stage r e v u e and two-d a y



Reviews

by Dorissa Bolinski

Richard Barone
clouds over eden

perfecting since '82 with his former band, the Bongos, and as a solo performer. *Clouds Over Eden* is a soft, unobtrusive, yet stirring collection of songs that ring in your head after just one listening. Barone is a secure musician who doesn't rely on overblown production

southern town for a large city only to return home after 10 regretful years. The line:

*Everyone said she'd meet more
of her kind,
But nobody mentioned the
times she would cry all night
long,*

is, perhaps, familiar territory for Barone, a New Yorker, who grew up in Florida.

"Forbidden" is a moody folk-rock number which presents Barone singing the refrain:

*Forbidden, forbidden,
The sign says you can't pass
through these doors.
Forbidden, forbidden,
The world you live in isn't yours.*

in a particularly gauzy voice.

The title track has the feel of a '60s pop ballad but continues the dark theme of the album. The irony of the title, "*Clouds Over Eden*," suggests a sense of impending trouble with a situation that, superficially, seems positive.

On the surface, Barone's songs can be pretty or poppy, but they embody a poignant knowledge of life experiences. He is an adept artist who can slip in and out of folk, rock and pop songs while retaining his sound which is neither trendy nor shallow.

Clouds Over Eden Richard Barone

The alternative music scene of the '80's was fertile ground for bands and soloists who produced prolific and classic acoustic-based music which, unfortunately, was rarely heard outside of the confines of college or alternative radio. As the '90s dawned, bands like Canada's Grapes of Wrath, Georgia's Guadalcanal Diary and North Carolina's Connells fell out of the music scene only to make way for a lot of new bands who don't seem to care about the art of songwriting. Thankfully, not every artist from the previous decade has been driven from the music scene.

Richard Barone's latest release, *Clouds Over Eden* (MESA/ Bluemoon Records, Burbank, CA), is a culmination of the sound he has been

or strange electronic instrumentation to embellish the songs on his new album. This is not to say that it sounds under-produced; musically, there's a lot going on. Layers of wistful string arrangements and minor-tinged acoustic guitars create the perfect bed for Barone's gossamer vocals. The songs are evocative and touched with unrequited yearning.

The lyrical theme that runs through *Clouds Over Eden* seems to be human isolation. Barone's characters live in a state of existential alienation which he does not romanticize. Their solitude is not welcomed or self-imposed; they are truly lonely. "Miss Jean," which was written with Jules Shear's help, showcases Barone's voice at its most affecting. It relates the story of a woman who leaves her

Iain Matthews



Skeleton Keys Iain Matthews

When a musician has had a career as long and diverse as Iain Matthews', his work is bound to come full circle sooner or later. This is the case with his latest recording, *Skeleton Keys*, on MESA/Bluemoon Records. After experimenting with various musical styles in a solo career that spans two decades, Matthews has released an album full of songs that reveal him at his best. Harkening back to his glorious early-'70s recordings, *Skeleton Keys* is a collection of lilting, timeless, easy-going folk songs perfectly supporting his angelic tenor. Instrumentation on bass, drums with an occasional mandolin or fiddle flourish to lend a traditional air to some cuts.

Matthews has long been regarded as an artful interpretive performer whether by himself or with his former bands, Fairport Convention, Matthews' Southern Comfort or Plainsong. He has covered songs by such writers as Neil Young and James Taylor, but may be best remembered for the Matthews' Southern Comfort version of Joni Mitchell's "Woodstock." *Skeleton Keys* is his first

recording to feature songs written solely by himself. Perhaps after some 32 releases, Matthews has acquired the well-deserved confidence to truly express himself in his own words.

Matthews gained notoriety during an era of politically charged songwriting, but his lyrics have usually dealt more with matters of a personal, rather than political,

nature. *Skeleton Keys* may be his most socially reflective album to date.

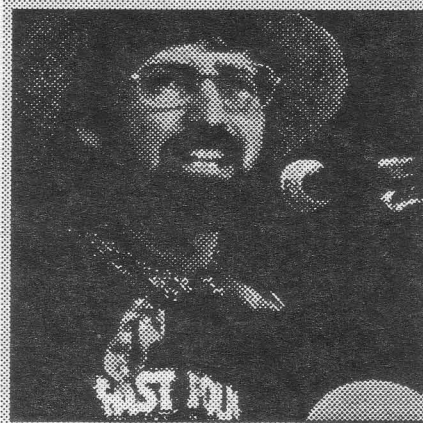
"Back to the Bus" is a choppy sort of folk-rap and a brutal reflection on the hateful prejudices some people hold against each other. The CD closes with the haunting "Living in Reverse," a psalm for the world's helpless and abused inhabitants, which recounts the story of a man who coldly shoots an eagle from the sky.

Because of his acute understanding of emotional issues, listeners may wonder if Matthews writes from experience or observation. His evocative voice and insightful lyrics combine to create songs that touch the listener to the soul. A dysfunctional relationship is the subject his lover to the emotional abuse he learned from his father. "Compass and Chat" deals with the issue of selling out or retaining one's integrity.

These four songs are highlights, but there really are no weak cuts on the album, which is an amazing feat for any artist. Long-time Iain Matthews fans will undoubtedly appreciate *Skeleton Keys* because it marks a return to the kind of music for which he is most cherished. For

new listeners, *Skeleton Keys* is a great introduction to a prolific and lasting artist.

(An interview with Iain Matthews will appear in our next issue.)



Roger Deitz

Roger Deitz has written dozens of articles and short stories for *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*, a number of which were published in book form in 1986 as *The Folk Music Chronicles*. For each of the last four years, Roger has performed on the main stage of the prestigious Philadelphia Folk Festival, as well as making repeat appearances at such venues as the Long Island Folk Festival, and as a regular on Happy and Artie Traum's *Bring It On Home* radio program on public radio.

Roger's frequent writings can be found in *Acoustic Guitar*, *Frets*, *Sing Out!*, *The East Coast Rocker*, and *Songwriters Musepaper*. He recorded on *Fast Folk* and emceed the 1988 *Fast Folk Revue* at the Bottom Line wearing a borrowed tuxedo. For bookings, information, and one slightly unreturned tuxedo, contact Len Rosenfeld at (212) 787-4303.

Lyrics

The Angels Know His Name Louise Taylor

His back is partially bent from a life time hard and spent
And his teeth are nearly black from the liquor and tobacco
And he walks with a crutch his pain holstered at his hip
And the voices in his head bring strange words unto his lips
But he don't complain 'cuz the angels know his name

He photographed the war. took a wife in '44
A scholarly gentleman with three lovely children
And he captured some truth, took it all for black and white
But it slipped past his lens and lodged like shrapnel in his sight
And he never saw the same, but the angels know his name

Chorus: And they lifted him up
(lifted him up)
And laid his troubles down
(laid his troubles down)
On a green narrow couch
In a dirty flat downtown

Two flights up and a half flight down. There's a concerned neighbor knocking
There the lock hangs in its keep and a clock marks his age-old sleep
Beside a fallen library of books a solo seat awaits
And a naked light bulb expectantly dangles its chain
But he won't pull again. The angels know his name

Chorus

Two flights up and a half flight down
The angels know his name
The angels know his name

© 1993 Louise Taylor

The Blind Man Ed Carey

You don't have to shout said the blind man
Hell I ain't gone deaf you know
And I can make my way around just fine man
Though I may need your help through the ice and snow

You have all your senses about you
You can smell the earth and feel the sky
Though I am a blind man it's true
Sometimes the world looks better when you close your eyes

Chorus: 'Cause I can hear the sounds of these city streets
I can smell a flower that's oh so sweet
And I can spot a man in love from a hundred feet
I guess there's some things in this world, even a blind man can see

You don't need eyes to hear the music
Or to feel the touch of your baby's hand
And he said sometimes sight will only confuse you
As you wrongly judge another man

Chorus

Sometimes true love is standing right in front of you
And you let it pass before your eyes
I bet I'd see the world from a different point of view
If I could see it through his eyes

Though all the colors still evade him
And his days are still as dark as night
The lesson that I've learned from this blind man
Don't be afraid to look at things in a different light

Chorus

© 1993 Ed Carey

Blow 'Em Away Chuck Brodsky

Every morning I commute
A mild-mannered man in a business suit,
Now I want to get home, at the end of the day
But there's all these other cars in the way,
I pull up behind one, I pull out my pistol
I blow 'em away.

I'm driving my car, I want to go fast
But there's a slow car, won't let me pass,
I flash my lights and I honk my horn
I have to consider him warned,
I pull up behind him, I pull out my pistol



Richard Meyer

Lately Richard Meyer has been working on songs about the simultaneous interaction of everything.

Previous songs on

Fast Folk have covered girlfriends, lapsed priests and the existential thoughts of Noah's dove. Richard used to edit *Fast Folk*, design scenery, paint and avoid sleep. Now he'd like to tour in your area. Call (718) 885-3268. Look for his album *The Good Life!*, and expect a new one in the Fall.



Eddie Hughes

Good songwriting begins with years of listening to good music. Eddie was around to witness the early years of rock and roll but was young enough

to be awed by it all. Drawn to the poetic images of the early avant-folkies, yet lured by the energy of rock, Eddie started taking his own songs to "open mike" night at Greenwich Village clubs like Folk City and Speakeasy and found himself being called back to do regular sets. He also presented a demo of his song "Gunships Above" to Warren Zevon, who later contacted Eddie to express his interest in performing it. This song describes the horror and irony of the Vietnam War from the perspective of those who fought it. Warren also encouraged Eddie to record the song; Eddie followed his advice and completed two songs. Both were aired on New York's WBAI radio and drew a favorable public response.

And I blow 'em away.

Chorus: Jesse James behind the wheel
It's high noon in my automobile,
You can call me crazy, you can call me sick
But let me get where I'm going to quick.

Some sonofabitch cut me off
Three whole lanes he cut across,
He made me mad, he made me swerve
Sonofabitch got what he deserved,
I pulled up behind him, I pulled out my pistol
I blew 'em away.

That motorcycle is riding between
The backed-up traffic, right between the lanes,
You know, to me, that's an act of war
I saw him coming, I opened my door,
I knocked him over, I pulled out my pistol
I blew 'em away.

Chorus

That little red sports car was flying past
He made me jealous, went so fast,
I gave him the finger, I thumbed my nose
It took fifty miles for me to get close enough,
I pull up behind him, and pull out my pistol
And blow 'em away.

That little old lady, bless her heart
Walking her poodle across the boulevard,
It was wearing a red knitted sweater
And a red knitted cap,
Its name was "Fifi," or something stupid like that,
I said, "Here, Fifi," I pulled out my pistol
And blew it away.

Chorus

© 1993 Chuck Brodsky

Hole in the Sky Jim Allen

There's a hole in the sky
Where the wind never blows
Where the rain never falls
Where nobody goes
Won't you follow my will
On the day that I die
And bury me under a hole in the sky.

So I may be removed
From the arms of the earth
To a region of light
For whatever it's worth
Won't you follow my will
On the day that I die
And bury me under a hole in the sky.

When that black limousine
Comes to carry the load
And there's nothing to see
On this side of the road
Won't you follow my will
On the day that I die
And bury me under a hole in the sky.

Won't you follow my will
On the day that I die
And bury me under a hole in the sky.

© 1993 Jim Allen

The Green Dress John A. Zanzal

When first I saw Karen
Her green dress a-wearin' as green as the summers of old.
When first I did spy her
No use to deny her the most beautiful woman I know
She haunted me nightly
In dreams she danced spritely to the music of taper and
hard
So that when I awakened
So sorely was shaken with this pain that was deep in my
heart
And when she came hither
I did not know whether to run from her then or to stay
If ere you find true love
Be it old or new love hold it close so it won't slip away.

And when last we saw Ireland
In its green dress a'garland was with a veil of a mist in our
eyes.
On a ship we were married
And from there we were carried to America and our new
lives.
But oft times in slumber
Though I could not number I'll be walking a path up a hill.
When I reach the horizon
I find it surprisin' in my dreams I am in the Ireland still
Where first I saw Karen

A few months later, Eddie was awarded the \$1,000 Abe Olman Scholarship for songwriting, presented to him by Sammy Cahn of the National Academy of Popular Music and ASCAP president Morton Gould. Eddie has shared club dates with songwriters like Townes Van Zandt and has performed at music festivals such as the Lunar Woodstock 20th Reunion Festival in Bethel, New York. He maintains a full catalog of songs as part of his repertory. A rich sampling of Eddie's life appears in the book *Homefires* (Harper Collins Press, 1992). In addition, Eddie has a Ph.D. in Psychology from the City University of New York.



Millicent

Millicent is an original singer/songwriter working in a contemporary folk style of her own creation inspired by a variety of musical influences. Her

lyrics seek to form a bridge, stretching from the realm of personal experience to the "other shore" of shared universal awareness and remembrance of the truth, beauty and goodness sustaining the world in which we move about and have our being.

Millicent has recently recorded and released for the first time, on her own Jai Ma Music label, a ten-song collection of her own original music and lyrics. She appears at music festivals in the New York-New Jersey-Pennsylvania tri-state area and can be heard Saturday evenings at the Waterwheel Cafe in Milford, PA.

Her green dress a-wearin' as green as the summers of old
Where first I did spy her
No use to deny her the most beautiful woman I know.

© 1983 John A. Zanzal

I'm Just Feelin' It Now **Jane Williams**

I guess you deal with things when you can
Like when you almost broke that coffee cup with your
bare hands
Tryin' to make me understand
I'm just feelin' it now

I said to "get you somebody who can cook chocolate pie"
I said to "get you somebody who you're never afraid's
gonna say good-bye"
What a feeble try
I'm just feelin' it now

Chorus: Careful for we call ourselves poets
For when did we ever keep a single sincere word
Careful for we call ourselves writers
When the ink that flows out from our pens
Was blown off the paper by the first strong wind

New York's a funny place for us to start out
When you'd just come up from the lush green lonesome
South
But I knew what you were talkin' about
I'm just feelin' it now

Chorus: Careful for we pledge our allegiance
With hands and voices covering our hearts
Careful for we call out all our soldiers
For the war will not be over until we stand up to our
good-byes

Guess you gotta wait 'til you're strong enough
To deal with the things that hurt you so much
I'm back here at the American restaurant
Right here where we started
And right here where we ended up

And How'd we get ourselves such a civilized war
Never getting down to what we wanted more?
Could you meet me at the American Restaurant
To call it what it was and call it what it was not?

And when we stepped outside with your tears fallin'
down

That old lousy sidewalk don't even make a little sound
Want to pick 'em up
Shoulda caught 'em in a golden cup

I'm just feelin' it now
I'm just feelin' it now
I'm just feelin' it now

© 1993 Jane Williams

Southport **Jack Licitra**

Walkin' on Southport. Run down memories
Dreams of a broken man crawl out to the sea

A foolish one am I. I could never see
The heart in this bitter man too afraid to believe

Walkin' on Southport. You're anything but free
Time has changed this place. Time's changed everything

In 1965, the world was a different place
He felt so alive but now he cannot face

Hasn't it all changed
Hasn't it all changed

© 1993 Jack Licitra

Melancholy Views **Brian Rose**

When will the heat let go around the throat
These bitter notes I write to toss away

What have I got to lose.
Dark avenues
Melancholy views
Distant prospects recede into the haze

When will the tension ease this brokered peace
It has no teeth. It will not hold

Where are the cooling rains
A drizzle of news
Melancholy views
Distant guns report along the line

When will this fever break the body shakes

The heart it aches. Thoughts drift on waves

Where is the great brainstorm
Scattered clues
Melancholy views
Distant thunder resounds on the borderline

© 1993 Brian Rose

House Painting in America Jeremy Wallace

There was a woman whose husband was no good,
But the melancholy house painter he understood
He was on a ladder kind of tattered. He was in her
neighborhood
She said, "My old man, he's always running around.
He buys me everything I need. I'm like a queen with a
crown.
But he knows nothing about lovin'. He really let me
down."
And she said, "Oh, my dear boy, what would you say?
If I asked you to take me away."

He said, "Well, I gotta woman she lies in stereo
She's like Pinocchio. You could watch her nose grow.
She swore her love ran so deep it gave her a pain in her
chest
But I know that's not love, she smoked unfiltered
cigarettes
She never knew what love was." So what could you expect
When he said, "Oh, I think I could take you away
If not forever, maybe for a holiday."

So they drove down the highway in a big blue automobile
He said, "I'm feelin' alright momma, how do you feel?"
She said, "Real," kicked off her high heels
And with the window down she threw out her silver
spoon
About a mile from the highway they got a nine dollar
room
With a view of the bay beneath a deep blue moon
And she said, "In a room with a view of the bay.
We can watch the sailing ships as they slip away."

In the naked light we watched her, she got undressed
She had a butterfly, it was tattooed on her chest
With its wings open wide. She took a deep breath.
And with a brush of her lips, she wiped the dust from his
And with a song soft as evening he moved the moss from
her hips
And in the midnight in the moonlight something kinda

just clicked.

And she said, "Oh, now we must be on our way.
Though you know, I'd really like to stay."

Well, since then I've only seen her maybe once or twice
But I guess that's what happens when you mess around
with someone else's
With someone else's wife but that's alright
I hear her every night.
"Cause now she plays the guitar with a handful of rings
Serenading the stars in the evening, and if you listen real
hard
You can hear her sing.
She's singing, "Oh somebody would you please take me
away
I don't think I could take one more day."
She's singing, "Oh somebody would you please take me
away
I don't think I could take one more day."
She's singing, "Oh somebody would you please take me
away
I don't think I could take one more day."

© 1993 Jeremy Wallace

Another Chance at Bliss David Kesler

And so the words command me still. So long till morning
comes.
She sits alone, so sad, so filled with tears, her life is done.
And I caress her phantom soul and kiss her sacred lips.

Chorus: Within a void
Beyond the wall,
Another chance at bliss.

The tides do come in endless sound a-churning in the
night.
We hold the space within our hearts and touch the
morning light.

Chorus

The child cries, the child sees, but cannot say a word.
I shall return, I shall return. Someday the voice is heard.

Chorus

And down the hall, in every room another play unfolds.
The mirror cracks, the wick descends, the rise on tales

untold.

Chorus

© 1991 David Kesler

Blue Balloon

Wendy Beckerman

Robin bird's egg blue balloon out my window past my room

When it goes it goes too soon. Bird's egg blue balloon
Little boy is down below, looking up to watch it go
Does he cry or does he know. Little blue balloon

Teacher teacher. Who will reach her sitting in her cloud up there

Blue balloon will be her sister. She will soon let down her hair

I can see the early morn. I can lure the blue lovelorn.
I remember being born. Baby blue balloon

Robin bird's egg blue balloon out my window past my room

Rising to a bird's eye view. Bird's egg blue balloon

© 1993 Wendy Beckerman/Wendy Beckerman Music, BMI

The Dark Side of the Moon

Roger Deitz

They say that there's an old man on the Dark side of the moon

Well, I've not read the papers. I barely wrote this tune

But if there is a laugh, you know I guess that's where I'd like to go

For lately, I've been to and fro the dark side of the moon

Chorus: So, come along and keep me warm. Sit right by my side

If there are secrets left to learn then life is still worthwhile

Keep your eyes upon me now and your mind undone
I'd rather sing a love song for an audience of one

My heart goes out to Nessie. She's at the bottom of a lake
I know it's cold and lonely there. How her poor heart must

ache

She's just another mystery, another sad thing I must see
She's safe alone, but hardly free at the bottom of a lake

So if you don't walk on the moon or sleep beneath the sea
Hang around, and hold on tight and make sweet love to me

We'll dream about the tales untold and write new endings for the old

With love that never could grow cold on the moon or in the sea

Chorus

© 1993 Roger Deitz

The Event Horizon

Richard Meyer

I was there at the big bang where everything that ever will be was

We kneeled down together and gently moved a few handfuls of earth

And poured a reflecting pool of milk in one spot on the ground

Seeing that no white objects on white reflected of the late night sky

By morning we shared ravenous hungry eyes

A whisper from nobody's angel that "never is forever too"
Drove me around big and bigger boxes of city blocks for more clues

In her apartment where we repainted a faded web on the wooden floor

I threatened to memorize her shamelessly teasing black widow's cure

She liked to spin, stamp her feet and ask if God's shade cast a shadow too

On people who see a shimmering restless vapor in the air
Coming together by halves in half from opposite eternities
Embracing their passions in public electric glare privately

Chorus: When still blood pools in my heart
My spirit you know, when you say that you know me
Is dead or drifting – outside of living
Searching for an unborn child to hide in

My busy blind feet on concrete wish I were a building
To feel sun on my iron and the rhythm strangers as my

windows open and close
Hearing myself described absent-mindedly by an idiot to
someone else
Who couldn't shake off a single dead soot covered
pigeon's cares by themselves

And I've scratched out money from holiness second to
second without a god
Perfecting sharp corners in high plaster ceilings no one
notices
Occasionally breathing rarefied air knowing stillness
won't be disturbed
Before our heart-beaten future's swirling improbable
blood air of the world

I'm still a blank stone free to wander through strangers
Still standing still, standing still
Unwinding a maypole repeatedly past hate's seductive
gate
If a strong arm struck a cold chisel down through the fine
grain of our faults
Would it set free involuntary paired motions in our
hearts?

Chorus

Across the event horizon what matters is pulled away
Shy of the late-night speed of light our touch accelerates
Outer bounds of off-guard gravity cross that knife and we
stretch away
Leaving consciousness behind in my shrinking magnified
remains

Life, like slow drip of twilight or a second thought
somewhere
Survives on the edge warped close to the curved distant
skin of time
Where my first kiss excites my will to love life and
Howling Wolf's last great growl, still grinds mishappen
and proud
While every bullet shot flies and every final thought
begins tumbling down

I was there at the big bang where everything that ever will
be was
Where logic found straight lines attached to time and
hydrogen
Out of blackness sometimes we turn our complex faces to
the sun
Or ride the plates of old rock asleep while we dream of
burning up

Chorus

I was there at the big bang where everything that ever will
be was

© 1993 Richard Meyer (ASCAP)

Guitars Eddie Hughes

I lay down my head at night and all I hear is guitars
It's the same every night, maybe eight, maybe twelve
simple bars
Are they coming from heaven or from the dashboard of a
car
I lay down my head at night and all I hear is guitars

I met my wife two weeks before we were wed
She filed for divorce before the heat rose off the bed
My sister's raising my youngest, I get a check once a week
from the state
And I scream like a man with no skill if it's two hours late

I lay down my head at night and all I hear is guitars
Screaming and wailing like sirens from the middle of
Mars
There's a four lane just east of Eden, freshly paved laying
black 'neath the stars
But I lay down my head at night and all I hear is guitars

Wouldn't you love to sit 'neath a big Georgia moon
Licking green pepper jelly off the tip of a hard wood
spoon?
Something's moving by the water but I don't think it's
cause for alarm
It's just the wind across the lake blowing songs through
my head, chest and arms

I lay down my head at night and all I hear are guitars
Doesn't matter which pill I take all I hear is guitars
Baptism, communion, confirmation, arrest, arraignment
and six months behind bars
'Cause I lay down my head at night and all I hear is
guitars

How did I fall in the myth of a job, wife and home
Twelve and a quarter percent on a twenty grand loan
I've got some food on my table, I've got a man at my door
I've got a letter to the governor on my dresser, I've got a
gun in my drawer

But I lay down my head at night and all I hear is guitars
Doesn't matter which pill I take all I hear is guitars
Baptism, communion, confirmation, arrest, arraignment
and six months behind bars

'Cause I lay down my head at night and all I hear is
The only thing left in this world I fear is
I lay down my head at night and all I hear is guitars

© 1985 Eddie Hughes

Have You Forgotten? Millicent

Waves roll in all along the shore
Like they've seen it all before
The lighthouse is calling about the days of yore
And I am just a tiny light in the crack of a closing door,
Open up your windows
You think it's winter now, tell me where do you see snow
Have you forgotten how the tiny seed grows
Have you forgotten now, what you really do know?

Think back now at all times you've cried
Think back now at all the crimes you tried to hide
What is it that you keep there inside of your mind
What is it that you see there, or would you rather be blind,
Open up your eyes, it's not the end
You think the door is locked, but the key is right there in
your hand
Have you forgotten how the rock becomes the sand
Have you forgotten now, don't you remember when?

Do you remember the ground beneath your feet
Do you remember that it's still there underneath the street
And when you were young and knew that freedom was
free
Why have you changed your mind and chained it to a
dream,
Open up your memory
You think it can't be done, so you hold onto your misery
Have you forgotten now, what you wanted to be
Have you forgotten now, your reality?

And all the good people know the world would be a
better place
If every single one in the whole human race
Could look at each other like a mirror face to face
And forgive one another for all of our mistakes,
Open up your heart
You think it's easy now, but wait for someone else to start
Have you forgotten now, the horse goes before the cart
Have you forgotten now, how to play your part?

And I see my whole life pass before my eyes
And the train is not stopping and the tracks are not very

wide
And the steel wheel rolls like an outgoing tide
I can almost hear the whistle blow, hand on for the ride,
Open up your ears
You think you're different now, as the days turn into years
Have you forgotten how fast you will disappear
Have you forgotten now, how to steer?

Waves roll in all along the shore
Like they've seen it all before
The lighthouse is calling out about the days of yore
And I am just a tiny light in the crack of a closing door
Open up your mind
You think you're all alone, but that's not what you will
find
Have you forgotten how to read the signs
Have you forgotten now, you are Divine?

You are Divine.

© 1993 Millicent

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Focus

by Sky Cappalletti

Focus on Lyric Writing

The most common "flaw" in lyrics is a lack of focus. Sometimes you think up several great lines, but they don't necessarily go together, even if they rhyme and sound really cool, sometimes even if you swear they are the best, the most truthful lyrics you ever wrote in your life (so far). If you write about too many different things in one song, the listener probably won't get it. When you perform it, even you may be confused, and the emotion will be diluted if not strained.

The best way to focus is to have a clear idea, the most important valid thought or feeling you are writing about, in words as clear as possible, as the hook. The rest of the lyric should kind of point to the hook idea, and not beat around the bush too much.

This may sound simple and obvious, but drifting off to discuss the autumn leaf that fell in front of your face and how it was such a cool color happens easier than you think, and might be out of place in a song about swimming in the summer. You can write another whole song about the leaf when you are so moved.

You can revive an old song idea you had that you thought you couldn't finish. Say maybe you wrote a killer verse that was really to-the-point and where you were at the time, but then you got stuck. Maybe that was really the chorus. Now if you can remember how you felt then (Stanislavki's acting method for folk), lead up to what you wrote before. Build a path to that spot, tell the story, instead of just hitting it right away. Communication is an art. Use some detail, especially visual imagery. Take the listener on a trip to that thing you felt the urge to gush about. Lead them to your door.

The magic of folk is when we can be really, really direct and honest about our

deepest feelings, and say that crazy stuff we feel, loud enough for the rest of the world to hear. Amazingly, when we get it right, they do not lock us up in a psych ward for it. Instead, it turns out that we are doing the techno-drone business world an incredible service. By having the guts to touch and explore weird mystical places inside ourselves, we reach those unfortunate people who usually walk around going through the motions of life without being very in touch with themselves. Listening to our songs can be a kind of bloodletting for these "normal" listeners, who often suffer the same internal bruises we do, but actually never allow themselves to think about how they feel. As Don Henry says, "That's our job."

This article is not very focused. See how I have wandered. But if you do wander off in a lyric, and you are just too in love with what you have written to part with it, sometimes you can get a little focus back into the song by repeating the most important part:

The best way to focus is to have a clear idea, the most important valid thought or feeling you are writing about, in words as clear as possible, as the hook. The rest of the lyric should kind of point to the hook idea, and not beat around the bush too much.

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3. **Blow 'Em Away***
(Chuck Brodsky)
Chuck Brodsky: Guitar and vocal
4. **Hole in the Sky**
(Jim Allen)
Jim Allen: Guitar and vocal
Matthew Weiner: Bass
5. **The Green Dress**
(John Zanzal)
John Zanzal: Vocal and bamboo cross flute
6. **I'm Just Feeling It Now***
(Jane Williams)
Jane Williams: Guitar and vocals
7. **Southport**
(Jack Licitra)
Jack Licitra: Guitar and vocal
Paul Foglino: Bass
Wendy Beckerman: Harmony vocal
8. **Melancholy Views**
(Brian Rose)
Brian Rose: Guitar and vocal
9. **Housepainting in America**
(Jeremy Wallace)
Jeremy Wallace: Guitar and vocal
10. **Another Chance at Bliss**
(David Kesler)
David Kesler: Guitar and vocal
Paul Foglino: Bass
11. **Blue Balloon**
(Wendy Beckerman)
Wendy Beckerman: Guitar and vocal
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12. **The Dark Side of the Moon**
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Roger Dietz: Guitar and vocal
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Richard Meyer: Guitar and vocal
Paul Foglino: Bass
Matthew Weiner: Brush claves
Wendy Beckerman: Tambourine
14. **Guitars**
(Eddie Hughes)
Eddie Hughes: Guitar and vocal
Paul Foglino: Bass
15. **Have You Forgotten?**
(Millicent)
Millicent Cummings: Guitar and vocal

*All cuts recorded by Mark Dann at World Studios, New York City, except for *.*