

FAST FOLK

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Magazine

**Happy Holidays
to all our
readers and
listeners!**

Letters to the editors

Dear *Fast Folk*: Thanks for the back-issue catalog. It's a pity everything I want is sold out!

How 'bout remastering all of Shawn Colvin's and John Gorka's material, putting it on a double disc, and offering it free to new subscribers who sign up for a two-year subscription? You'd double your subscription base overnight. No doubt Sony would not be in favor of Shawn's material coming out, but Will Ackerman at High Street might be more conciliatory.

The choices from Shawn would include:

"I'm Talking to You" (CooP SE103)

"I Don't Know Why" (FF 102)

"No Friends To Me" (FF 105)

"Stranded" (FF 108)

"Knowing What I Know Now" (FF 209, alternate version on 306/307)

"Shotgun Down the Avalanche" (FF 405/406)

"Talk Around Town" (FF 502)

"One Cool Remove" (FF 503)

Add these selections from John:

"Downtown Tonight" (CooP SE205)

"Geza's Wailing Ways" (CooP SE207)

"Stranger With Your Hair" (FF 101, alternate version on 404)

"Land of the Bottom Line" (FF 103)

"The Sentinel" (FF 105)

"Out of My Mind" (FF 110)

"Down in the Milltown" (FF 201)

"Downtown Tonight" (FF 205)

"I Know" (FF 306/307)

"Temporary Road" (FF 508)

"Where the Bottles Break" (FF 603/604)

You could even compile a soft-bound songbook for all nineteen songs, which could be purchased separately.

After doubling your subscriber base, you could bring out *Best of Fast Folk*, which could include Nanci Griffith, Bob Dylan #26, Katy Moffatt, Dave Van Ronk, Pete Seeger, Odetta, Eric Andersen, and Ed McCurdy. Then you could do a *Best of Women in Song* compilation, taking the best tracks from your two LP releases and incorporating Lui Collins, Nanci, Megan McDonough—sales from this disc would put your subscriber base through the roof!

The talent is there; why don't you market it and make a small profit so you can continue to give new artists the exposure they need so desperately? For what it's worth...

Donald B. Stanton
Edmonton, Alberta Canada

Editor's Reply: You sure do read our stuff closely, Donald. We have to use software to make up lists like yours. We love your ambitious ideas, and we already do have a songbook available covering our 1982-83 output.

The thing is, around here, the spirit is willing, but the cash is weak.

If you'd care to finance any of these projects, all donations are cheerfully accepted. If you could also deal with the legal barracudae at Sony Music, High Street Records, and all the other companies these artists have moved on to, we've got a desk and a phone ready for you. We understand Will Ackerman sold his interest in High Street, so you'd have to deal with some other California dude. But remember, now that NAFTA has passed, those nasty "No Canadians need apply" signs are coming down all over North America, so all these people have to talk to you. Go get 'em!

Dear *Fast Folk*: Your recent issues (last 7-8) have been exceptional. At least 5 great songs per disc—a new record (or disc), I think. Keep up the great work.

Can you get Butch Hancock on *Fast Folk* before he slips away? How about more from Tom Pirozzoli? He was a standout on your newcomers' issue a year or so ago.

Thanks for all your efforts. Please extend my subscription for another year.

Tim Blixt
Wayne, NJ

Guerrilla Magillas

In our last issue, *Guerrilla Recording*, we got a few things wrong. We misspelled "guerrilla" on the magazine cover (we have a hunch the singing simian swallowed the missing R).

Also, we neglected to publish bios and photos for Chuck Brodsky and Jane Williams. We're still short on Jane, but Chuck's bio reached us too late for publication. So here it is now:

Originally from Philadelphia and living in the San Francisco Bay area since 1981, **Chuck Brodsky** was a 1992 "New Folk" winner at the Napa Valley (CA) Folk Festival. He's played the Philadelphia Folk Festival and the Kerrville Folk Festival, and tours nationally.

The song "Blow 'em Away" came to Chuck after 9 years of stressful driving jobs and perhaps one too many pucks to the head (he's a goal-tender in his local hockey league). It's become a cult favorite throughout California and now beyond, expressing emotions most of us have felt but few would dare put into words.

Live from Spoon City, his debut album, is available by mail order. Contact: Chuck Brodsky, P.O. Box 9818, Berkeley, CA 94709, (415) 974-9861.

A few words about this month's disc...

by Brett W. Perkins

The Fast Folk L.A. CD opens with the warm a cappella voice of **Paul Sanchez**, as a father explains the fate of the people on the U.S./Mexican border to his questioning son. This soulful lament sets the tone for a collection of songs and artists which speak with a diverse yet collective voice in testament to the strength and hope of the human spirit.

Bob Bennett's tribute to his own death follows in "The Place I Am Bound," as he acknowledges the ultimate tentativeness of our existence here with an engaging blend of sentiment, humor, and humility.

Rising quietly on the next track is **Jeff Gold's** soft baritone, describing with eloquent imagery a day in which Southern California shakes from the drama and destruction of one of the ever-threatening earthquakes in "Streets Cracked." Using the earthquake as both reality and metaphor, he paints a story of man against the elements in many forms.

In "Ferris Wheel," **Wendie Colter** of the group Box The Walls sings, "Take me up, take me up, in that crazy machine/Tangle stars in my hair, catch the wind in my teeth," as a woman seeking to recapture the spirit of her youth, and escape the disappointments of a failed domestic dream.

"Political Song" is **Randy Kaplan's** apropos parody of the all-too-typical open-mike protest singers of L.A. (and, I suspect, elsewhere) who are often long on subject matter and angst while short on substance.

Kevin Quinn and his band **Among The Living** contribute "When We Found Love," a light and easy retrospective of the beginning days of an old love, reminiscent in mood and arrangement of early-seventies songwriter groups like Firefall and Poco.

And then comes **The Maxfield Rabbit's** song, which carries the same energy as the title suggests in a story about the anxiety, approval seeking, self-consciousness, and painful external silence and internal dialogue of a 'Nervous Child.'

"Live Another Day," **Dan Bern's** moving tale of the loneliness and isolation of life in a major city, captures the estrangement, the sense of homelessness, and disconnection that so many transplants and natives alike can come to feel from time to time in the concrete and fragmented contrasts of Los Angeles.

One of the fears and realities that play a daily role for many Angelenos is the violence of the street drug trade. It is this existence that **Sandy Ross** captures in her story of another killing in the barrio in "Three Doors Down."

Andy Manoff's "Marie" is a touching tribute from a reluctant soldier to his loved one back home, sending his love as he struggles with the realities of war, and the job assigned him in the desert sands of a foreign land.

We're taken from the sands of the Middle East to the drought-ravaged fields of the Midwest and the blistering heat-wave streets of America's cities by **Paul Zollo's** "Necessary Rain," which speaks in colorful vignettes of the lives affected by a seemingly endless run of seasons without rain. (Given this past year's record flooding after several years of drought, perhaps Paul will pen another weather song entitled "Reasonable Rain"?)

Lisa Nemzo addresses a different kind of drought and rebirth in the inspiring "Restless Soul," a gospel-influenced song about a barren spirit that finds comfort and new life in the embrace of a greater love. It is perhaps most compelling because the feeling, rather than the specific inspiration, is conveyed, allowing each listener to relate a personal meaning.

In "Falling From Grace," **Reeva Hunter** gives a tender observation of the effects of a brief encounter with a homeless woman, posing a poignant twist on the meaning of the ancient Judeo-Christian title phrase: "Is it your weakness, maybe it's your strength/When you go falling from grace."

Paul Hambrick literally grooves, growls, picks, slaps, slides, plucks, and punches out his message of a questionable future in "Happily Discontented." He weaves a message of hope for those who are willing to challenge the status quo ("while others eat their Cheerios"), with stark statements on the very real religious, military, and societal influences bearing down on the individual conscience.

In "After the Fall," **Darryl Purpose** and **Betsy Warren** speak of the changes that inevitably come between lovers when they part, but also of a wisdom that can be realized from these partings. "Though you're not with me now, I see it clear/Love lives inside me now/and waits for me to call it near."

Cynthia Hunt's "I'll Live it Free" follows. It is her version of the struggle of individuals for independence in a world that continues to demand conformity and obedience.

Then it's down to some good old pickin' and warblin' on **Jim Savarino's** "Avoca By Night," a charming, chipper tribute to home.

"America Come Home," **Joel Rafael's** masterful story-song, is presented with the breadth and beauty of America's most timeless folk music. Rafael has captured the essence of the storytelling song in the tradition of Guthrie and Dylan, while remaining contemporary in his lyrics and melody with a familiar, yet fresh, approach.

The album ends as it began with a song of bitter/sweet hope, this time on the borders within our own city streets, where the homeless stand like a forgotten nation. "Mercy Bound" by **Mark Addison** and **The Borrowers** leads us through those streets and alleys, into the lives and minds of those silent citizens who feel, and fear, and dream. They end this musical tour of the City of Angels with a final line of hope: "Oh please don't stop your dreamin'/Someday we'll all be mercy bound."

Fast Folk has captured some of the best L.A. has to offer, although as always, there are more songs, more artists, more dreams... We look forward to your return.

Brett W. Perkins is a songwriter/performer and native of Southern California. He is the Director of Marketing and a contributing writer for SongTalk and National Academy of Songwriters, and the founder of Works of Heart, a non-contractual, non-exclusive booking, consulting, and production concern, based on the honoring and support of fellow artists. He can be reached by post at 1012 Fair Oaks Avenue, #195, So. Pasadena, CA 91030, or via 24-hour voice mail at (818) 568-5995.

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All-star lineup at 'Troubadors of Folk' Festival

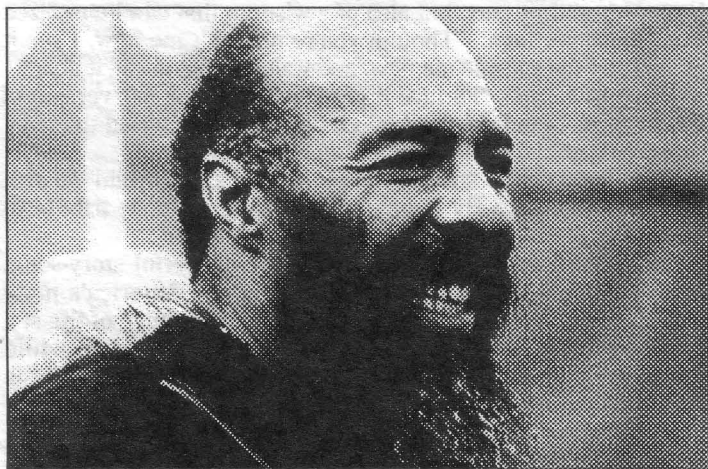
by Ned Treanor

Joni Mitchell . . . Eric Andersen . . . Arlo Guthrie . . . Janis Ian . . . Richie Havens . . . Leon Redbone . . . Odetta . . . Ramblin' Jack Elliott . . . John Prine . . . Bob Gibson and Hamilton Camp . . . Roger McGuinn . . . Beausoleil . . . John Hammond . . . Mary-Chapin Carpenter . . . Len Chandler . . . Carolyn Hester . . . Bonnie Raitt . . . Richard Thompson . . . Harvey Reid . . . Taj Mahal . . . The Jefferson Starship . . . Judy Collins . . . and even the Kingston trio and Peter, Paul and Mary!! Every legend ever to walk a dusty mile in the heyday of the folk craze? Nope, merely a few of those headlining at the "Troubadors of Folk" Festival at UCLA, June 5-6, 1993.



Roger McGuinn with Richard Thompson, Odetta, Gibson and Camp and even Tom Petty. Richard Thompson also sat in with Beausoleil, Harvey Reid and John Hammond. Mary-Chapin Carpenter jammed with Beausoleil as well. Arlo Guthrie orchestrated a round of "topical" songs at a tightly-organized workshop stage presided over by Matt Cartsonis, continuously throughout the festival, providing some of its best moments. Solo wizardry, as always, was performed by Richie Havens, just being Richie. Judy Collins, characteristically, gave a flawless performance that had "class" written all over it. "Surprise" guest performers, such as Ilene Weiss and Buddy Mondlock, were superb and would be a welcome addition to any such gathering.

Ben and Jerry's, Rhino, and the performers completely had the audience and a supportive media for the most part, and the important stuff worked! Let's build on the positive and maybe the next one will be bigger and better . . . and preferably drier . . .



Appearing at
the Los Angeles
'Troubadors of
Folk' festival
(clockwise from
above):
Janis Ian,
Joni Mitchell,
Odetta,
Richie Havens



Photos by Jeff Gold

To that, add "ticket price includes parking . . . arts, crafts and food festival . . . pony rides . . . petting zoo . . . and children's entertainment". How could you go wrong?! What about Pete Seeger, Paxton, Crosby, Stills et al? Still plenty to whet your appetites!

The long-awaited day was finally here. Even the Woodstock-like weather added to its mystique. I'd taken two days off from my gainful employ to see some old friends and hear the music that had been so much a part of my life for the past 35 years. I really wanted to like this gig; I went expecting to do just that, thunderstorm and all.

The first couple of performers looked like a USO troupe playing to an army of the faithful, up to their mess-kits in mud, but no one seemed to notice . . . nor care! As the day progressed, the sun reluctantly made an appearance and the ground became bearable. Musical magic was everywhere, with the blending of the likes of Bonnie Raitt, Carlene Carter and John Prine; or



L.A.'s acoustic music scene is thriving

by Jim Savarino

My introduction to the L.A. music scene began with an open mike at the Breakaway in Mar Vista. The year was 1989, the same year that *Fast Folk* was recording an L.A. issue of the musical magazine, and the Breakaway was praised as an acoustic-music haven. And it was. Every week a group of 20-30 singer-songwriters would gather for open-mike night, sharing songs, information on gigs, and places to play in L.A., and encouraging each other to keep making music.

My last gig at the Breakaway was March 15, 1991. *Anybody's* last gig was March 16, when a fire burned the bar and stage area. The band who played that night was named Fire on Fire, along with Mark Burns. I went to the club to help clean up after the fire and could see the letters of the band names melted into the marquee, and peeled my charred flier off the wall for a souvenir. We all hoped the club would re-open, but when it did, it became a pool hall called the Break Shot. Goodbye to a good friend.

Well, there are other places to play acoustic music. In fact, today there are literally dozens of coffeehouses and other acoustic venues in the Los Angeles area. In the smaller coffeehouses, the musician plays for tips and may sell tapes. In the larger, more established venues, there is a cover, of which the artist gets a portion, usually half. There is great emphasis in this type of club for musicians to promote their shows; in fact, booking depends on it. Most of the clubs charging a cover say they're struggling to stay alive and they will only survive if the music brings in business. At the coffeehouses where musicians play for tips, the owners say they're struggling to stay alive and can't afford to pay the artists. What follows will be descriptions of some of the clubs I frequent, some older, some newer.

A new comer to the coffeehouse scene, *Anastasia's Asylum* in Santa Monica opened in July 1992 and is owned by Anastasia Israel. Anastasia has an artistic personality, and it's well reflected in the surroundings there. In addition to the art displays most coffeehouses feature, there are intimate touches everywhere, even a meditation found-object work in the restroom. The night manager is Nathalie Archangel, who books with Jim. Musicians work for tips, the coffeehouse has a comfortable atmosphere, and there's not a lot of pressure to fill the club.

David Toliti opened the *Cobalt Café* in January 1991, on the first day of the Gulf War. His goal was to provide music, art, and poetry to the public, and provide a non-alcoholic alternative to bars. The club is located in Woodland Hills. Says David, "The club is like a child growing, always changing." David plans to sell recordings of artists who perform at the Cobalt. He books musicians from open mikes and from tapes submitted for review. He looks for originality, and it's important to draw a crowd. Artists are paid a percentage of the door.

This January will mark the tenth year of the *Fireside Concert Series in Newberry Park*. Held in the Borchard Park Community Center, these are truly acoustic concerts, with up to 70 people sitting in a small auditorium. It's one of the finest local spots for a musician to play, because of the attentive audience

and the warm, friendly atmosphere. After the concert, the performers and audience all head over to a nearby bar for a jam and song swap. Tom and Dawn Kuznkowski host the concerts. They met while performing at the Arts Council Center at Thousand Oaks 12 years ago. Two years later they helped start up the Fireside Concerts, with the help of a guitar student of theirs who worked for the park system. Tom and Dawn make their living locally as musicians, and put their heart and soul into the concert series. With 11 shows a year, you can see such notables as Steve Gillette and Cindy Mangsen, and perhaps the occasional Kerrville refugee. The entire door is paid to the artists!

Rich Brenner opened the *Highland Grounds* in 1990. This Hollywood spot serves food during the day, but music is the moneymaker at night. The club's business depends on the performers' bringing crowds, and they try to. This coffeehouse features various types of music, with blues, bluegrass, and country music each taking a turn in the spotlight. Open mike is Wednesday nights, and is hosted by Randy Kaplan. Artists are paid a percentage of the door, and there is a drink minimum.

The *Iguana Café*, which opened October 31, 1989, is a mainstay of acoustic music in L.A. Located in North Hollywood, the Iguana holds an open mike on Sunday nights that has become a musicians' meeting ground. The owners are Tom and Patty Ianniello. Tom moved here from New York City, where he was immersed in the Village music scene as singer-songwriter. It's no surprise then that the focus of the Iguana is music. Tom wanted a club where he could play any time he wanted (of course, he's only been on stage a few times since opening the club). Tom is completely involved with the music at the Iguana. He books from open mikes and looks for good songwriting, musicianship, and presentation—"No Clones." Also no covers. He'll actually turn off the PA if you try to sing a cover! Says Tom of the Iguana, "It's an artistic success by any measure. This place appeals to my independent nature. There are always surprises, with constant metamorphosis that everyone who walks through the door contributes to. The toughest thing is paying the bills." (Believe me, this is the longest quote you'll ever hear out of Tom). Artists who've appeared here include John Prine and Exene Cervenka. The artist is paid a percentage of the door.

Mama Pajamas is on Venice Boulevard, just a couple of miles east of the Breakaway (I mean the Break Shot). Owner Nora Landrum opened this vintage-clothing store/art gallery/coffeehouse/performance space in 1988. Like many of the coffeehouses, it has had lasting contributions from many who've passed through. It's a cozy little room that can be very comfortable to play in. The open mike is a family affair, a good chance to renew acquaintances with other musicians and hear their latest songs. Nora books, and artists are paid a percentage of the door.

Another newcomer to the area is *Storyteller Books & Café*, located in Woodland Hills, and open since April 1 of this year. Owner Ron Lancaster is a performer who has been involved with acting, comedy, and screenwriting, and has a keen interest in music, art, and culture. Ron had long held a dream of creating a

There are dozens of acoustic venues in the L.A. area. In the larger, more established clubs, artists get a share of the cover. In the smaller coffeehouses, musicians play for tips.

bookstore with entertainment, but it took such a drastic event in his life for him to act on it. In 1992 he was laid off, ending a 24-year career in the aerospace industry. He took everything he had, bought what was once an Italian restaurant, and set about building the bookstore of his dreams, dedicated to the arts—all the arts. The place now has a grand piano, and Ron bought the entire contents of a bookstore and set up the books in the café. Featured are food, music, storytelling, paintings, even small plays. Ron books a wide variety of high-quality musical acts. His goal is to find artists with ability, and to try to help them develop. Says Ron, "I want this place to sing with music!" Artists play for tips or a percentage of the door.

Five other places:

45 Beantown, a coffeehouse in Monrovia, is a unique venue booked by Dave Morrison. Dave's vision was an alternative to booking a showcase gig at 10:30 p.m. on a Thursday evening and still being expected to draw a crowd. The result: Sunday concerts at 5:30 p.m. with two acts sharing the billing. The booking is casual, with mostly folk acts, and for variety some blues, rockabilly, or other styles. The coffeehouse maintains a mailing list and promotes the shows, the audience comes out to hear good music, and everyone has fun. Artists are paid from tips.

Bogart's Bohemian Café, in Long Beach, right on the Orange County/Los Angeles County line, is a very large room. The main room books mostly rock acts, and some of the curious

rockers wander over to check out the acoustic acts. This is a good venue for L.A. artists with Orange County fans. Mike Giangreco books, and artists get a percentage of the door.

Genghis Cohen is a bar/restaurant that relies heavily on the musicians to draw crowds. Jay Tinsky books, and is starting a three-song "songwriter showcase" night with less emphasis on draw. Artists get a percentage of the door. The performance area is a long, slightly narrow room, and has a good sound system.

Largo Pub is a "showcase" heavily dependent on the artist filling the club. To get a percentage of the door, the act must bring at least 30 people. Venue is roomy, with a good sound system.

Hollywood Moguls is new in the heart of Hollywood, a huge place with a nice atmosphere. Booking is from their Sunday open mike and artists are paid a percentage of the door.

So ends my personal "snapshot" of the L.A. acoustic music scene. There are many more venues, with new coffeehouses springing up all over L.A. For details, read one of the weekly entertainment newspapers such as the *L.A. Weekly* or *The Reader*, and go exploring to find your own favorites.

Editor's note: There are also many house concerts in Los Angeles, the best being at Marie Poll's. She's been holding these concerts every year for 12 years and it's a great place to play. Contact Marie Poll, 9737 Oakmore Road, Los Angeles, CA 90035, telephone (310) 836-0779.

The Second Spring of Iain Matthews

by Dorissa Bolinski

As a founding member of Fairport Convention in the mid-'60s, Iain Matthews is recognized as a compelling and respected force in that era's folk-rock music scene. His early work in the '60s and '70s with Fairport Convention, and later with Plainsong, combined elements of American and English folk colored with rock and country tints, and has imparted a lasting impression on the folk-rock genre. This soft-spoken, genteel performer has created some of folk-rock's most comforting and beautiful music.

With a career that spans some 25 years, it is surprising that Matthews' latest release, *Skeleton Keys*, is his first and only album to date that contains all original songs.

"I used to consider myself more of an interpreter of other peoples' songs rather than a songwriter. In the last five years I've turned that thinking around to where I now consider myself more of a songwriter than an interpreter," he explains.

This year has been busy for Matthews. A full touring schedule, the release of *Skeleton Keys*, and some side projects, including a Plainsong reunion, have brought him more well-deserved publicity than he has had in years.

During his career, Matthews has covered songs by artists running the gamut from Jesse Winchester to Neil Young to Joni Mitchell. In 1988 he released *Walking a Changing Line*, which contains only songs by Jules Shear. It was after this album's release that Matthews began to think seriously about writing his own material. He admits that he covered a lot of songs

because he liked them and felt they deserved attention.

"There are good songs by writers like Jules [Shear] that the public just doesn't know about," he muses. "I kind of felt it was part of my task to find these writers and turn people on to them."

Since the '60s, he has released about 30 albums by himself and with Matthews' Southern Comfort and Plainsong. *Skeleton Keys*, an accessible and well-written acoustic album, is a culmination of the experience and confidence he has garnered during his career. As always, his flawless and gentle tenor voice remains unsurpassed.

Matthews is an incisive songwriter who usually composes from a lyrical base, although, he says, it is never clear cut. Often he writes a song around a particular phrase or a potential title. "But if I get a song title in my head, it can sit for a while before I actually write a song to go with it," he says. "Sometimes it'll end up as an album title

because it never got a song to go with it."

The songs on *Skeleton Keys* deal with social issues and matters of the heart. Although these are broad subjects, Matthews' unique insight and introspective nature render the material completely original and lucid. There was a time, he says, when his writing was not so concise.

"I used to approach writing differently. The song would come out and it would go right down on paper. This left them so incomplete and very opaque. They sounded like they made sense, but people would end up asking, 'What the hell is this guy writing about? I don't get it.' Well, now I want people to 'get it.'"

With a career that spans some 25 years, it is surprising that Matthews' latest release, *Skeleton Keys*, is his first and only album to date that contains all original songs.

Matthews concedes that it is very difficult for a songwriter to deal with topical issues without becoming mired in trite sentiments or simplicity. He tries to avoid this by strictly policing his work and asking himself some objective questions as to the sentimentality and necessity of each song. It is essential to be really honest when writing in order to create songs that have depth and do not merely skim the surface of a subject, he says.

"I think you have to be really hard on yourself and go through a song word by word. You have to ask yourself, 'If I were listening to this song coming from someone else, would it be acceptable?'"

Over the years, many singer/songwriters have gravitated to his home town of Austin, Texas, and Matthews admits that being surrounded by a songwriting community has somewhat influenced his writing. "It's been subtle, but you kind of soak stuff up without realizing it sometimes," he explains.

Matthews has spent this fall touring the east coast in support of *Skeleton Keys* with fellow Plainsong member Julian Dawson opening his shows. *Dark Side of the Room*, the first Plainsong album in nearly two decades, was released in November on Mesa/Bluemoon Records, and the band will return to the studio in January to record a follow-up. At the end of August, Plainsong performed in Austria and at Europe's famous Tonder Festival in Denmark. According to Dawson, since Plainsong now exists as a touring band, not just on record, several booking offers were made by enthusiastic representatives of Canadian music festivals.

"This could easily tie in with an American festival," he says.

It is hard to believe, but Matthews has been touring solo for only about five years. Although additional musicians perform on *Skeleton Keys*, he does not plan to tour with a band in support of his solo work. On his current tour, Dawson joins him on stage to perform some Plainsong material. At a Philadelphia show in early October, Matthews was joined by the Soul Mates, some friends of his from the city.

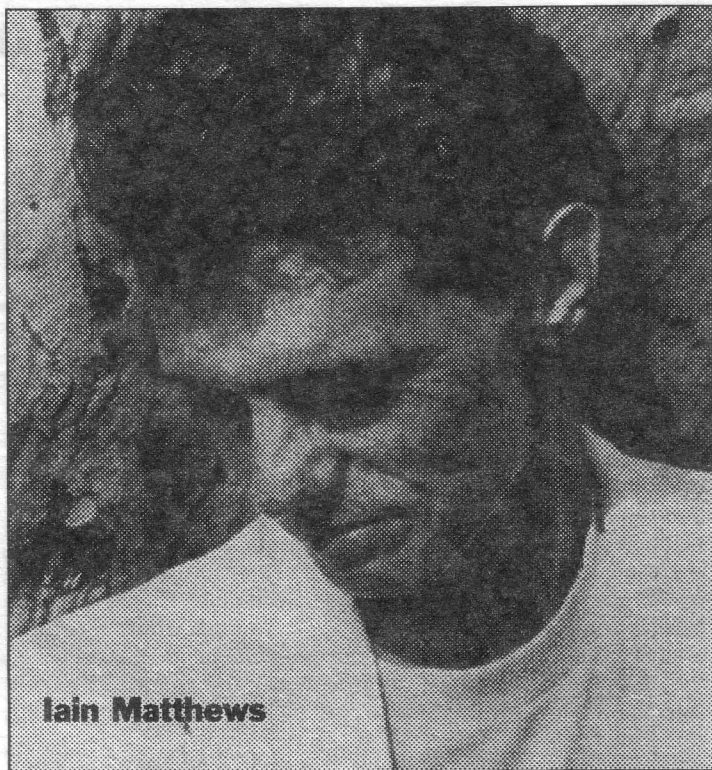
"I'm not of a band consciousness right now," he says. "I'm really enjoying being by myself and working with people like Julian and some other friends. I'm quite happy, but I don't see working with a band other than the ones I'm already involved in."

Matthews' music is usually marketed to Adult Album Alternative radio stations, which is rather limiting. Because of the current interest in acoustic music, it is unfortunate that more young people are not familiar with Matthews. He would like to attract a younger audience but explains this is difficult because "you have to come from that age group. You have to be a John Wesley Harding type of artist."

According to Dawson, "There are problems with the way music is marketed. It's aimed exclusively at a certain area of people. There's not a big jump between the type of songs John Wesley Harding does or the songs Iain or I do."

In an effort to make more of his music available to fans, Matthews and his management company have devised Perfect Pitch Records, a label under which he records and sells CDs that can be obtained only at his shows and through his newslet-

Until recently, it was hard to find much of Matthews' early work. But many of his 30-odd albums (as a solo or with various bands) have now been re-released on CD by the various labels he recorded with.



Iain Matthews

ter, Rhythm of the West. These solo-acoustic recordings are part of a project called the "Notebook Series," and feature new songs as well as vintage material. Each CD has a one-time printing of just 1,000 copies, so, says Matthews, "when they're gone, they're gone."

He records the "Notebook" CDs in Austin. "The recording process is simple," he notes. "We go direct to DAT, and the whole thing is done in three or four hours."

Much of Matthews' new and old material can be ordered through his newsletter. Just a few years ago it was virtually impossible to find an early Iain Matthews, Matthews' Southern Comfort, or Plainsong record without searching for hours through used-vinyl bins at record shows. Thankfully, much of his early work, including *If You Saw Thru My Eyes*, *Tigers Will Survive*, and *Second Spring*, has been re-released on CD by various record companies. He credits his management company with contacting his former labels and suggesting that they re-release his old material.

Matthews returned to the studio this fall to begin work on his next album, which will continue the acoustic feel of *Skeleton Keys* and once again contain all original material. The past five years have been a sort of second spring for Matthews, who has delved into music and songwriting with renewed gusto. *Skeleton Keys* and his next album, along with his various musical ventures, could help to firmly establish his position as a significant contributor to the acoustic music scene of the '90s.

Matthews' newsletter can be obtained by writing: Rhythm of the West, c/o In Tunes, Dept. M, 519 Tilden Avenue, Teaneck, NJ 07666.

Bill Miller: A Long Road

by George Beecroft

It took more than a dozen years of struggling, but singer/songwriter Bill Miller has landed a sweetheart record deal, guest appearances with major artists, and the praise of fans and critics alike.

"I still have to pinch myself to prove that I'm not dreaming this," says the 38-year-old father of three who will be coming home this month for a brief vacation after a six-month road tour.

Miller, who shared the stage with Richie Havens December 3 in Auburn, NY, looked back on the hardships of growing up on an Indian reservation, the racism and prejudice of club owners, and the struggle to find success in the music industry, and said it was worth the pain and energy.

"This is what I've been trying for most of my life," he said. "I got a contract with Warner Western that allows me artistic freedom, the big guys are pitching their songs to me now, and I'm getting all kinds of radio play and mail from fans."

His album *The Red Road* is a series of self-portraits from a man who is also an accomplished artist and sculptor. It's his first with a major company. But along the road to success, Miller recorded, produced, and distributed five albums on independent labels.

"I developed a network of outlets over the years and mostly sold the albums off the back of my pickup when I played out," said Miller.

He got into the music business on a small scale before he was a teenager. "When I was 12 years old I had one cousin who played accordion in a polka band (remember this is Wisconsin), and his guitar player gave me an old Gibson and let me sit in and play a couple of chords," said Miller. "I started jamming with the polka band and after a while I went to electric guitar. I still use a Gibson J-200 acoustic."

His affinity to music is grounded in rhythm. "I developed starting with rhythm, learning polka, bluegrass, and country, and then I went to acoustic and started listening to Richie Havens in the '60s," said Miller. "I had instinctive rhythm in me that I heard at powwows, and drums and natural sounds all around me. I'm a strong rhythm player. I use it more or less as a lead pattern."

As he grew older, he tried the club circuit but encountered prejudice against Indians. He sometimes tried to hide the fact that he was Indian, but some venues canceled his contract when the booking agent found out he was. "I decided instead to play the colleges because they were less prejudiced, and over the years I played a lot of bluegrass festivals," Miller recalled.

It was at one of these festivals in 1980 that he met Michael Martin Murphy, the country singer from New Mexico who helped trigger the recent revival of Old West music. The two became friends, and Miller became Murphy's protégé. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band also met Miller at a festival, and jammed with him and his band.

Murphy and the Dirt Band encouraged Miller and his wife to move to Nashville in the early '80s, a move he says helped launch his music. "Every songwriter should be encouraged to go to a music center to learn the craft—whether it's New York or Los Angeles or Nashville—and watch the big guys play and experience the guys who are making it big."

His first album was produced through a fund-raising dinner and show at the home of a fan who is a doctor. "They charged \$15 a plate and gave me \$1,500 when it was over," said Miller. "We made the first album and sold the records and reinvested the



Bill Miller

money into other albums." He stressed that using high-quality materials and experienced technicians made his album a cut above other productions.

Miller the songwriter is a technician, and his formula for writing words and music takes some time. "I start with drawing doodles and then start writing notes under the drawings," Miller explains. "Then in another notebook I will write a story like a reporter recording life. I take a tape recorder out and record words of the people in cafés and bus stops. I don't use flowery words."

"I write the whole thing first like a report, without any rhyme. Then I try to write chords and fit them into the story, and once I get the chord patterns I start writing verses and music." This process can take a month or two to finish one song.

During the writing, much as Miller the painter will turn a painting to a mirror to get a different perspective of the work, the musician turns to someone who can criticize his work—his wife.

"She's truthful and she's someone I will listen to," said Miller. "My advice to aspiring songwriters is that you should be willing to change. A song isn't in concrete like a sculpture. You should be able to give a little, especially if it means that someone will record your song." In his case, however, Warner Western gave him total artistic freedom, and company representatives didn't even set foot into the studio until the album was finished.

The Red Road was produced by Richard Bennett, who has worked with Steve Earle, Marty Stuart, and Emmylou Harris. *The Red Road* combines contemporary acoustic arrangements with traditional Native American chants and instruments.

"I believe all my experiences as a musician, as a human being, and as a Native American in the United States today have led me toward the making of this album," states Miller. "I believe I've always had this stuff in me, but not at the level I'm at now. I've always had the ideas and passion, but it wasn't as directed or as matured."

The album also features Indian flutist Robert Mirabal and Miller's high school pal Myron Pyawasit and the Smoky Tree singers, a group of powwow performers based at the Menominee reservation in Shawano, Wisconsin, near the reservation where Miller grew up.

A strong element in the album is the autobiographical "Reservation Road," which depicts Miller's effort to grow beyond the restrictions of his upbringing without forgetting his heritage.

"Reservation Road was the road I grew up on," explained Miller, who was raised on the Stockbridge-Munsee reservation in central Wisconsin. "It's the road where I caught the bus to

school, and the road I traveled to leave for Nashville. It's also the road I walked down when we buried my father. We walked a quarter of a mile to the Indian burial grounds. It was surreal."

Miller, one of nine children, reflected on his childhood, marked with abuse and racism which still haunts him.

"We don't have a real close family because we had such a damaged childhood. A lot of violence, alcoholism, a lot of bitterness and abuse. We don't talk about it."

He hopes his success will inspire youths on Indian reservations to become successful in whatever they try. "There's a gold mine of Native American people out there just waiting to be doctors and lawyers and artists," Miller promises.

For Miller, the gold mine came after years of struggle. Now judging from the praise for the new album, the future will be filled with years of success.

George Beecroft is a freelance writer and editor with more than 25 years' newspaper experience.

'Malibu Folk' host travels the world at home

by Jeff Gold

Imagine that you're five years old, sitting around the dinner table, and your mother and father are talking about an exciting new vaccine for a deadly, contagious disease. Fearful that you might catch this disease, your mother races you down to the clinic to get you first on line for your shot. You're a little scared because you're only five and are afraid of shots, but your mother's calming voice reassures you that it's the best thing to do, so you grin and bear it. You go home, watch TV, your mother reads you a story, then you go to bed. Two days later, you're outside playing with your friends and you start to fall down—your legs, like elastic, won't support you anymore and suddenly you lose consciousness. You wake up days later in a large metal cylinder, unable to move your arms, legs, feet, toes, fingers—nothing moves. You're crying and frightened and confused—what has happened? Well, the vaccination that you and 69 other kids received was tainted, and instead of preventing, it gave you the disease.

This horrible nightmare happened to Brian May when he was given the polio vaccine. Brian, by all the medical experts' conclusions, was given 15 years to live, but now in his 40s, he is the last of the 70 people to survive. And Brian is a survivor because he is a fighter.

Brian was in an iron lung for six years, and the only thing that kept him in touch with reality was a headset he wore that played music. This music gave Brian peace and hope, and helped him through those six long years. Brian is now able to be in a wheelchair with a portable respirator, and has done more with his life than most people with full use of their bodies do.

I met Brian about two years ago when Sandy Ross and I played on his radio show. He has been on the air in the Los Angeles area since 1975. He started by making demo tapes of make-believe shows and sending them out to radio stations. His first show was on KCEV in Norwalk, California. He has been on and off many different stations since then but has always been a



Brian May

champion of acoustic music. Brian's love for the music comes through every show that he does. He now has an outstanding folk-music show, *Malibu Folk*, that can be heard across the country on public radio. It is broadcast on an irregular basis in Los Angeles on KPFK, 90.7 FM.

Brian tapes the show at his home in Malibu, assisted by his wonderful wife, Lupe. She sets all the board settings and tape machines; it's a very expensive set-up. There have been many great guests on Brian's show, including Peter, Paul, and Mary, Gordon Lightfoot, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Rod MacDonald, Richard Meyer, Tom Intondi, and Ilene Weiss.

Going to Brian's home to do a show is an amazing experience. He's an inspiring person who loves this music.

If you're a songwriter and are going to be in the Los Angeles area and would like to be on *Malibu Folk*, send a tape to:

Malibu Folk, P.O. Box 1123, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

Malibu Folk is heard on more than 32 stations nationwide. Here's a partial listing: KUBO, El Centro, CA; KILI, Porcupine, SD; WCFE, Plattsburg, NY; KOTO, Telluride, CO; WQUB, Illinois; KRPR, Rochester, MN; KGHP, Gig Harbor, WA; and 25 stations on the Oregon Public Radio Network.

Advancing the causes of songwriters

by Paul Zollo

The National Academy of Songwriters is a twenty-year-old organization dedicated to educating, assisting and protecting songwriters. Headquartered in the heart of Hollywood, NAS was founded on 1973 by Helen King, who worked as a secretary for the Songwriters' Protective Agency (now the Songwriters' Guild) where she saw close up the needs of songwriters, leading her to start NAS.

Originally, NAS was called the Song Registration Service (SRS), and the main function of the organization was to offer song protection in a system called the Song Bank which King modeled after the Writer's Song Bank. The project lets songwriters have their tapes sealed, catalogued and placed in a vault. Song Bank registration is not designed to provide complete proof of authorship but can be useful when demoing, as copyright registration can take up to six months to complete.

King also started a songwriters' hotline manned by volunteers, and also began presenting concerts and workshops. Though NAS evolved over the years to address the needs of all songwriters, at first Helen was especially concerned with those writers whose songs fell out of the mainstream. With Peter Yarrow (of Peter, Paul and Mary), she devised the "Festival of New Music" to provide a place for new songwriters to be heard.

"The criteria was entirely artistic," Peter Yarrow remembered during a recent interview. "We wanted it to be a counterpoint to the song contests that were looking for hits. We weren't looking for hits. We were looking for expressions of the heart. Helen shared our belief in a better world and the importance of the songwriter to help that world change. So Helen developed her series of lectures, seminars, forums and the rest for the purpose of serving as a connecting point for the validation of the talent impulse."

After Helen King died of cancer in the late seventies, she left the organization in good hands who carry on her life work. Today, some twenty years after its inception, NAS is a national organization with many thousands of members, from beginning songwriters who are learning the craft and the business, to the most influential and successful songwriters in the world, such as Bob Dylan, Mick Jagger, Paul Simon and Prince.

NAS in the '90s has much to offer all songwriters. For performing writers there is the Acoustic Underground, a monthly showcase of talent held at L.A.'s famous Troubadour which introduces new emerging artists to the industry. And the industry comes to this show, wisely understanding that they can see about a half-dozen great new songwriters all in one night.

NAS also provides an open-mike night in Los Angeles every

month at Highland Grounds, a coffeehouse/cafe in the heart of Hollywood. Performers can use this open-mike night as an opportunity to hone their performing skills and also to audition for the Acoustic Underground. Anyone can play at these open-mike nights whether or not they are members of NAS, and can call the office during working hours to sign up in advance at 213-463-7178.

NAS also publishes *SongTalk*, a quarterly journal which is distributed internationally, and which features in-depth interviews with the world's greatest songwriters. *SongTalk* surprised the publishing world by presenting Bob Dylan's first and only interview during the '80s, and has also published long, meaty talks with Leonard Cohen, Paul Simon, Rickie Lee Jones, Randy Newman, David Byrne, Suzanne Vega, Todd Rundgren, k.d. lang, David Crosby, Los Lobos and many more. *SongTalk* is mailed free to all members of NAS and is also available by subscription and at news stands and book stores around the world.

NAS also provides many opportunities for the non-performing songwriter striving to get songs cut by other artists. Every Saturday in the Hollywood office there is a "Song Pitch" in which various publishers and producers, looking for specific kinds of material, listen to songs on tape. This is an excellent opportunity for any songwriter to meet publishers and producers, have their material heard, and potentially forge a working relationship.

There's a weekly song workshop every Monday night in the Hollywood office with songwriter Pete Luboff in which songwriters can get feedback on finished songs and songs-in-progress, and advice on how to get songs ready for publishers to hear. In addition, there are other special workshops from time to time, and individual counseling is also available for members.

Songwriters living outside of the L.A. area can mail in songs for evaluation, and can also submit songs by mail for the Saturday Song Pitches.

The toll-free hotline is still in existence for any information on songwriting (800-826-7287). In addition, a monthly mailing called "Open Ears" will be

sent to all members that lists publishers and producers looking for specific material.

Songwriters in need of collaborators can be listed on the "Collaborator's Network," a national monthly list of songwriters wanting to work with others around the country.

To become a general member of NAS costs \$75.00 a year. Besides all of the other aforementioned services and benefits, members can utilize the NAS Legal Panel, a group of lawyers who will give legal advice and review contracts at a reduced rate for NAS members. For any other information about NAS, please call 800-826-7287.

The National Academy of Songwriters has much to offer – a monthly showcase at L.A.'s Troubadour, open mikes, the quarterly journal *SongTalk*, writers' workshops and a "Song Pitch" to present members' work to publishers and producers.

Today, 20 years after its inception, NAS is a national organization with thousands of members, from beginners learning the craft and the business to some of the most influential and successful songwriters in the world.

Kristen Hall aims for big time on High Street

by Karen Iris Tucker

Kristen Hall is a juggler of both simplicity and complexity. Upon first read the artist's lyrics evoke instant empathy from readers. "Yes," they'll affirm, recognizing the screen door she talks about in "I Gave Everything," the one that creaks tiredly open and closed for hurtful lovers, opportunists, and fools. When she muses about picking a flower and watching it wither in "I Have My Reasons," the easy visual quickly becomes an analogy for the life/death cycle that both frightens and fascinates us.

The aforementioned tales and the remaining eleven penned for her second CD, *Fact and Fiction*, are joined with the likes of a colorful harmonica intro or a mandolin's tinny bleat, and guests such as Cindy Wilson of the B-52s, John Ashton (Psychedelic Furs) on guitar, and Sara Lee (Gang of Four, B-52s) on bass. These accents, however, never obscure the bare-bone appeal of her songs; ever present is the sound of the acoustic guitar and Hall's coarse, emphatic vocals.

Hall, a Detroit native now based in Atlanta, has unquestionably lived all of her songs' trials. "I remember one time I was washing dishes at a restaurant before a gig and I slashed my hand," she muses jovially. "I couldn't get stitches until after I was paid for the gig. There I was, on stage, bleeding all over the place. The club owner finally gave me money to go to the hospital. My rent at the time was \$150 a month, but I'd only get \$20 for a gig."

About this time, Hall was selling copies of her first release, *Real Life Stuff*, out of the trunk of her car. *Real* cost approximately \$400 to produce, and it was recorded in a friend's living room using a single microphone. As on her second CD, Emily Saliers of the Indigo Girls played guitar and sang. "When I recorded it, I had only been playing live for a year. I was really in the embryonic stage of my career," Hall relates. Her unusual distribution techniques sold 8,000 copies of the album. As a result, she secured a co-publishing/development deal with BMG in mid-1990.

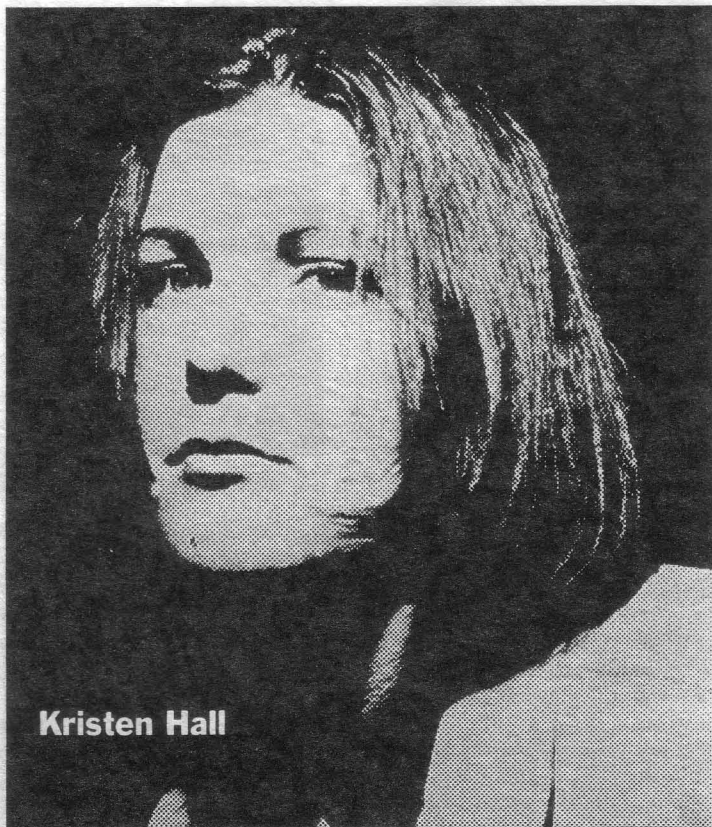
Later, when Hall had written all of the material for *Fact and Fiction*, she again planned to distribute it independently. "I was waiting for record companies with tons of money to decide whether they were going to sign me," she remembers, "and I just wanted to put it out. One night I was having dinner with Amy Ray (of the Indigo girls) and she suggested that I release it on her label."

Ray's non-profit label, Daemon, has only indie-sized distribution, however. When Hall's record sold an unprecedented number of copies, she knew it was time to move on.

"Amy does not want Daemon to have a major label sized distribution," Hall explains, "so when I signed a deal with her, we built a contract with it being purchased in mind."

Fact and Fiction was then re-mastered and re-released on High Street Records. Hall is satisfied that the company was one that really wants to work with her. "The single most important piece of advice I would offer to other artists," she points out, "is to avoid playing musical chairs with A&R men. That really set me back a lot."

In addition to performing and recording, Hall paints, sculpts and does photography. The painting which graces the cover of *Fact* is a self-portrait, and she has shot covers for other Atlanta artists including Michelle Malone. "I'm now doing copper and



Kristen Hall

metal sculptures which are in some galleries in Atlanta," she reveals. "I've also done a lot of the Indigo Girls T-shirts. The accumulation of talents I learned from jobs I've had. I kept changing jobs because I wanted to be creative but could never afford it. Now," she says as she smiles triumphantly, "I just do it because I feel like it."

"I Have My Reasons" lyrics by Kristen Hall

I bend to pick a flower I watch it wither
this mystery of death it makes me shiver
larger than life this dark and unknown stranger
I'm walking in the light flirting with the danger
I think of angels I picture dancers
I have questions but there are no answers
every day I battle apparitions
I'm dizzy from the height and reeling with suspicion
I know I know I know it's crazy
and I know I know I've wasted too much time
and I know these things happen for a reason
I have mine

I look to see the sky I hear thunder
I feel the hands of hell pulling me under
I make a break sparing not a minute
the earth is splitting can't resist to see what's in
the images they fly performing for my eyes black on white
as if a larger hand has just descended and set things right
somebody save me from this crippling condition

Bios

Paul Edward Sanchez has been writing songs for over 20 years. A native of Ventura County in California, he has also been performing for 10 years, in venues ranging from county fairs to the Kerrville festival. He has two albums on his own Jericho label, *Hired Hand* and *Home by Morning*. His songs have been recorded by such artists as Heidi Muller, Joe LaMay and Ken Graydon. Sanchez, who earned winner's honors at songwriting competitions at the 1992 Columbia Festival in Spokane, Wa., and the 1989 Napa Valley Festival in Northern California, is currently writing songs for "The Piano Lesson," a play for children written by George Keenen. He's also working on material for his next album, planned for release in 1994. Info: 337 N. 3rd St., Port Hueneme, CA 93041 or call 805-644-7514.



Bob Bennett: "I'm southern-California-born and raised and have been playing, singing and writing since age nine. Even so, I'm just now starting to venture out into the L.A. acoustic/songwriter scene, mostly at Billy Block's Western Beat with upcoming appearances at NAS' Acoustic Underground and ASCAP's Quiet On The Set showcase.

I've done five previous albums (three of which you can actually get!), the latest being Songs from Bright Avenue. Ricky Skaggs and Glen Campbell have covered my songs. Finally, in the shameless-name-dropping department, David Wilcox sang background vocals on some of Bright Avenue and has been a real encouragement.

Like almost everyone else on this disc, I suspect, I'm looking for a new label home and to continue touring, as I have done full time since 1979. There are not many people who can say they're doing what they've always wanted to do. At least for now, I can!"

Info: Bright Avenue Songs, P.O. Box 3577, Downey, CA 90242-0577 or call (310) 696-6955.



Jeff Gold: Born on Staten Island, New York . . . moved to Greenwich Village . . . worked on songwriting . . . played at Folk City, SpeakEasy, Cornelia Street Café . . . appeared on early CoOp album . . . had a song recorded on the very rare Song Project in Italy album . . . traveled cross country . . . played at the Earl of Old Town in Chicago, The Idler in Boston, The Troubadour in Los Angeles . . . married to Holly in 1984 . . . moved to Los Angeles in 1989 . . . baby



Melanie born in 1992 . . . new album released in 1992 available on cassette . . . send \$10 to Jeff Gold, 816 N. Edinburgh Avenue, #3, Los Angeles, CA 90046.



Wendie Colter and Billy Katz are the founding members of the Los Angeles band Box the Walls. Wendie has been writing and performing her own songs since the age of 16. Her credits include backing vocals on the most recent Squeeze album. Wendie's soaring vocals and poetic lyrics combined with Billy's heartfelt guitar style create the framework for the band, along with bassist Brian Mastalski, drummer Bobby Breton and keyboard/accordion player Eric Carter. The *L.A. Reader* says: "Talented players, thoughtful songwriters and sensitive artists, they represent all that is correct and good about the current folk-rock resurgence." Send \$6 for their six-song EP to Wendie Colter, P.O. Box 34677, Los Angeles, CA 90034.

No bio available for **Randy Kaplan** at press time.

Kevin Quinn is a songwriter/producer from Los Angeles. His songs have been featured on television shows, commercials, and records all over the world, and performed by artists including Eric Idle, Amy Grant, Vince Gill, Trisha Yearwood, Roberta Flack, Kermit the Frog, Miss Piggy, and a long list of Disney characters.

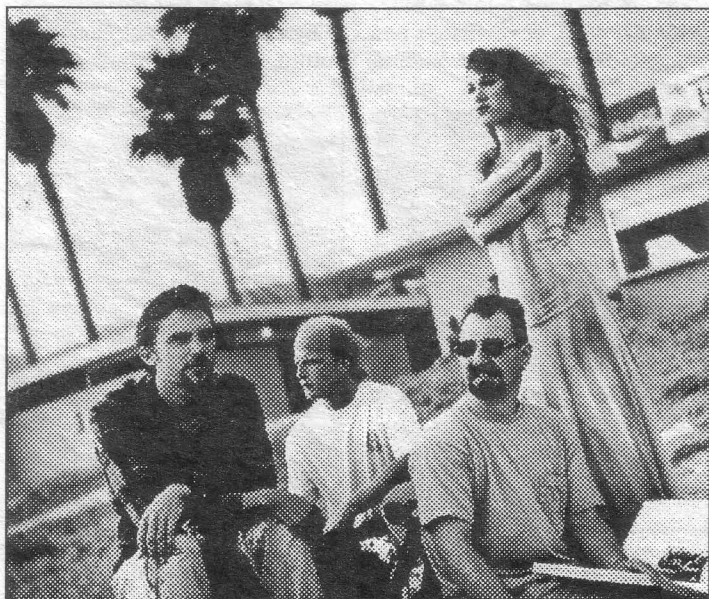
During a period of soul searching, Quinn was inspired to explore his own musical voice, away from the constraints of the industry. Through a mutual friend, he was introduced to guitarist **George**



Keller, who had developed a unique guitar style. The two hit it off and started playing local clubs as **Among the Living**. When they got the urge to expand, Keller's old friend and colleague, bassist **Fred Hammon**, appeared. Hammon has spent his life exploring a diverse array of music, from classical and jazz to folk, rock, and world music. All that was needed to complete the circle was a percussionist; the first person Quinn thought of was session player **Lee Ann Harris**, who has recorded with Toni Childs, Roberta Flack, Edgar Winter, Philip Bailey and Taj Mahal. She also composed and performed music for David Byrne's *True Stories* movie and album.

In looking for a place to play away from the Hollywood scene the band discovered Anastasia's Asylum, a small coffeehouse in Santa Monica. Through a friend (recording artist Nathalie Archangel, featured here as a background singer), they were offered a regular booking. When all the members are in town, you can hear them at Anastasia's on Tuesday nights.

Recordings are available. Info: Among The Living, 5805 Oak Bend Lane, #301, Agoura, CA 91301 or call (818) 865-1034.



The Maxfield Rabbit is usually seen as a five-piece band in and around the L.A. area. Focusing on song quality and vocal harmony, their music has been attracting audiences for the past four years. Pictured (from left): **Roger LaPlant**, guitars and vocals; **John Peake**, drums; **Chris Lacagnina**, bass; and **Julia Albert**, vocals. Demos available. Info: The Maxfield Rabbit, 16023 Jersey St., Granada Hills, CA 91344

Dan Bern has played in hundreds of colleges and clubs throughout the U.S. and Europe. He was the 1992 National Academy of Songwriters' Acoustic Artist of the Year.

He is currently working with producer Chuck Plotkin (Springsteen, Dylan) and hopes to record an album soon. A native of Mt. Vernon, Iowa, Dan has been in Los Angeles since 1986.

Info: 819 W. Alta Vista Blvd. #5, Los Angeles, CA 90046.



At 19, **Sandy Ross** went from Phoenix to New York City to see what she could do with her music. While there, she played what was left of the '60s coffeehouses in Greenwich Village and signed with Chappel Music as a staff songwriter. Chappel moved Sandy to Los Angeles in 1970 where she discovered the Bla Bla Cafe and spent the decade as a regular performer/co-booker/MC/audio engineer there surrounded by then-unknown personalities including Al Jarreau, Jay Leno, Robin Williams and Roseanne Cash. In 1979, Sandy's "Do You Think of Me?" was recorded by Anne Murray and has been released five times. The latest release (a CD collection in 1990) is rumored to have sold over a million. (Anne just bought Sandy a van.)

In 1988, Fast Folk chose Sandy from over 500 submissions for the first L.A. issue. It was easier for Jeff Gold to find her, though; they met while performing in L.A. coffeehouses in 1991 and Jeff has been playing with her on her recordings and radio shows ever since. Her latest recording, *Sessions*, is distributed by Azra International and available at Moby Disc stores nationwide. Info: Azra, P.O. Box 459, Maywood, CA 90270, or call 213-560-4223.



Andy Manoff: I have been playing guitar since I was seven years old, though I didn't start writing songs until I was fifteen. My musical training came mostly from my left ear (my right ear reserved for logic). I have performed at most of the L.A. coffeehouses, my favorite being Mama Pajama's in Culver City. I have also played at various other clubs, including McCabe's Guitar Shop and the now-defunct At My Place. When the Breakaway Bar produced an album titled *The Early Years*, my song "Slip Away" was featured.

In 1992 I was awarded first prize at the Topanga Banjo and Fiddle Contest "special instrument" category for playing an original composition on Hawaiian slide guitar. I am now in the process of making *This Is*, my first (mostly solo) album with 13 of my songs. It will be available on cassette in late 1993.



Paul Zollo was born and raised in Chicago, and started writing songs at the age of eleven. He honed his performing skills while in high school, at clubs such as Somebody Else's Troubles, owned by the late great Steve Goodman. Paul went to college in Boston, where he performed solo, with the acoustic quintet Visions of Hieronymous Bosch, and as one half of a street-singing duo. In the early eighties he moved to L.A. and formed a five-piece band, The Ghosters, who have released one



independent recording. He's performed solo and with the Ghosters all around greater L.A. and has released two independent solo recordings, *Solo Zollo* and *Solo Zollo II*.

He is the host of a public-access TV show, *Zollo*, seen on Friday nights in L.A. Paul is also a free-lance music journalist, the editor of *SongTalk* magazine, and the author of two books, including *Songwriters on Songwriting*, a collection of interviews with 31 of the world's greatest songwriters.

He lives in Hollywood with his wife Leslie and their cat Purlie.

Songwriter **Lisa Nemzo** is a passionate musical presence. Her songs, categorized as power folk with splashes of blues and jazz, are innovative and unmistakable.

Lisa's unique style of playing 12-string guitar sounds like a full rhythm section at times; her over-the-neck harmonics alone have been show-stoppers on many occasions. The quality and range of her strong clear voice focuses the music on the lyrics.

Nemzo's lyrics speak of world conditions and the importance of compassion. The tension that exists in every relationship is reflected in her music and lyrics.

Lisa has been performing up and down the West Coast for the last year. *Captured*, recorded under the name Strangers in Paradise, is available on CD and cassette, and *Lisa Nemzo—One* is available on cassette only. Lisa is presently working on her next record and is available for bookings. You may contact Lisa at P.O. Box 275, Lopez, WA 98261, (206) 468-3940.

Reeva Hunter has been called the "poet laureate of the L.A. folk scene" as well as its "honky-tonk queen." But all the critics agree that her songs are genuine gems. Hunter's deep country songs evoke vivid images through her thoughtful, inventive language and warm perception of the human spirit.

Her song ideas are especially creative, particularly for country music—the dream of a trapeze flyer, a woman sleeping in her lover's childhood bedroom, a magician whose "con" is seeing into men's souls. Through her lyric wit and musical sensibility, Reeva Hunter combines the reality of everyday life with the spiritual revelation of ordinary moments.

Reeva has performed in the L.A. area often, and at clubs such as Nashville's Bluebird Café. Recently she's had a cut on Rosie Flores' new album, and just completed her own album as well. To order, please call (310) 456-7848, or write to Hunter's Moon Music, 3918 Las Flores Canyon, Malibu, CA 90265.

Paul Hambrick was born and raised mostly in southern California with a little Minnesota and Texas thrown in. Inspired to play by blues and rock guitarists, he picked up his older brother's electric guitar. He started to sing and write songs after receiving an acoustic guitar as a Christmas gift from his parents around age 12. As he grew older, he studied and expanded his knowledge and

experience, branching into many different styles of guitar. He became a student of music and liberal arts, studying on his own and at USCD and Cal Arts.

He was a student of Pepé and Celin Romero's. He studied briefly in the Jazz Department of Cal Arts with Charlie Haden, James Newton, and others. He played in Jimmy Cheatham's big band at USCD.

In 1990, Paul recorded *Cactus Lawn* and sold cassette copies at coffeehouse shows in southern California and at colleges throughout the state.

In 1992, he was part of a multimedia group known as Mudflaps. In January of '94 he's putting out a CD on his own micro-label, Pongo. Contact Pongo in L.A. at (818) 377-4522, or get Paul's new CD by sending a check for \$12 to Pongo at 267 Crestwood Avenue, Ventura, CA 93003.



Betsy Warren: "I was lead and backup vocalist for an all-acoustic band in Birmingham, Alabama for five years before moving to California in July 1987.

"In Alabama I sang for various projects, doing demo work and original songs for a few musicals, performing in a production of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and an all-original musical, *Legend Has It*, and singing briefly with a soul group. In addition, I won an honorable-mention certificate in the 1982 Songwriters' Festival in the amateur female vocalist category.

Since moving to California I have sung backup for country-rock-er Eddie Dunbar, who gave me the opportunity to perform with several wonderful musicians—Byron Berline, Marty Rifkin, Harry Orlove, and Billy Block. We played showcases at the Palomino, At My Place, and Club Lingerie.

"I also completed a workshop with Larry Bridges which culminated in a showcase at McCabe's in Santa Monica. I've also worked with Jeff Rona, MIDI wizard, on several song demos and on a meditation demo submitted to Hay House (*Louise Hay, You Can Heal Your Life*) for distribution. I've sung backup vocals on album projects for new artists Leonard Stanek and Stuart Hammond Paul.

"After The Fall" was co-written with **Darryl Purpose**.

Originally from the San Francisco Bay area, **Cynthia Hunt** went to New York, after performing in Los Angeles, in the role of Perón's Mistress in the musical hit *Evita*. After a six-month run at the Shubert Theater, she was asked to re-create her role with the original cast on Broadway. There she performed in *Evita* for three-and-a-half years.

While living in Greenwich Village, Cynthia had the opportunity to work and write with many of the local musicians, performing live with various bands in local clubs, such as the Lone Star Café and CBGB's in Manhattan.

Cynthia moved to Los Angeles three years ago. During that time, she has not only continued writing songs, but has written and optioned her first screenplay. She is currently becoming acquainted with the Los Angeles club scene, by performing with Jeff Gold.

Born and raised in Elm Grove, West Virginia, **Jim Savarino's** path to music had a few detours, including the Marines, a career in medical ultrasound, and aerospace. Jim got started in music at Purdue University in 1985, when a folksinger from Chicago heard Jim singing in the dormitory shower and invited him to sing at a local coffeehouse.

When Jim returned to the Los Angeles area in 1987, he took voice lessons and explored different areas of music, singing standards, then singing for a rock group. Jim wrote his first song in 1989, and it was like a door opening. He started learning guitar, and in 1990 left his job as a physicist at Rockwell in order to concentrate on music.

Jim is now a regular in the Los Angeles coffeehouse scene, around the campfires at the Kerrville Folk Festival, and performs on the main stage of the Avoca Traditional Music Festival in Iowa, returning this year for his third consecutive appearance. Jim also performs benefit concerts in Los Angeles and around the West. He performed at the 100th Monkey event at the Nevada Nuclear Test Site, and at John Denver's Windstar Conference in 1992.

Jim has recorded a 13-song cassette titled *Jim Savarino*. The tape is available by mail; send \$11 (\$10 plus \$1 for shipping) to Jim Savarino, P.O. Box 1349, Hawthorne, CA 90251, or call (310) 973-0117.

A childhood in the fifties, a coming of age amidst the Civil Rights and Free Speech movements, an emergence into the counterculture of the late sixties, solitary years spent in a cabin by the river in the Cascade Mountains, and two decades invested in his family have helped to mold the music and songs of **Joel Rafael**. The underlying theme of a return to the essential heart of all things runs like a thread through the tapestry of his work. With his friend and partner Carl Johnson on guitar, a sound is created that is both unique and familiar—unique because it is truly music of the nineties that speaks to the hearts of a multi-generational audience.



In June of this year, Joel was chosen as the opening act for the critically-acclaimed Troubadours of Folk Festival at UCLA's Drake Stadium. In August, he and Carl shared the stage with the band Chicago for the Summer Pops Concert Series on the bay in San Diego, adding to a list of concert credits that includes shows with Emmylou Harris, Roseanne Cash, John Sebastian, Jesse Colin Young, Laura Nyro, and the legendary John Lee Hooker.

Joel's song "America Come Home," which appears on this issue of *Fast Folk*, has recently been covered by songwriter/performer Jerry Rau of Minneapolis.

For correspondence and information about available product, contact Joel Rafael, P.O. Box 357, Bonsall, CA 92003, (619) 749-0813.

Their music has been called alternative dust-bowl; contemporary folk; ur-billy. Fronted by singer-songwriter **Mark David Addison**, **The Borrowers** combine elements of rock, country, and southwestern folk and blues. Driven by the rhythm section of drummer **Shawn Lee** and upright bassist **Josef Zimmerman**, the band also features **Joshua Segal** on violin, mandolin, clarinet, sax, flute, didgeridu, and whatever else he gets his hands on.

The Borrowers have appeared frequently in their home base of L.A., and have been featured on L.A.'s long-running Folkscene radio show on KPFK and at the National Academy of Songwriters' "Acoustic Underground" showcase at the Troubadour.

They have recorded a six-song demo with an accompanying video directed by Benjamin Lehmann and filmed by cinematographer Carlos Montaner, and are currently in the recording studio again, with producer Randy Sharp.

Recently, The Borrowers were named L.A.'s top unsigned folk act in a competition with over 250 artists, and invited to share the stage with Joni Mitchell, John Prine, Richard Thompson, Peter Case, Taj Mahal, and others, at the Troubadours of Folk Festival in Los Angeles.

Info: The Borrowers, 3435 Ocean Park Boulevard, Suite 206, Santa Monica, CA 90405, or call (310) 396-3061.



Lyrics

Border Lullaby

Paul Sanchez

Daddy, who is that man selling cigarettes
On the street, on the street?
Daddy, why is that man saying cigarettes
To everyone passing by?
I will tell you, my son
When the evening is done
That money buys food for the morning to come
When he'll stand on the bridge crossing into El Paso
He is waiting at the border

Daddy, who is that lady sleeping there
In a coat, in a coat?
Daddy, why is that lady sleeping there
While everyone passes by?
She is resting her feet
From these dark, dirty streets
And the miles of traveling
Through the dust and mesquite
Just to stand on the bridge crossing into El Paso
She is waiting at the border

Daddy, who are those children all wrapped in a blanket
Lying down, lying down?
Who are those children all wrapped in a blanket
While we pass by?
Son, they wait for the dawn
When the darkness has gone
Just to stand on the land
Your grandparents stood on
As they looked at the bridge crossing into El Paso
They are waiting at the border
They are waiting at the border
They are waiting...

©1992 Cap 'n' Overalls Music/BMI

The Place I Am Bound

Bob Bennett

As my father before me and so now I
Give pause to reflect on the day I will die
As they lay me down in the cold of the ground
Remember I am closer to the place I am bound
A few final words will be spoken, I trust
Be as kind as you can and lie if you must
And remember me when I was at my best
Instead of used up, lying with these flowers on my chest
Sometimes death is like a thief in the night
It steals every treasure that is hidden in plain sight
But I do not flatter my own memory
For I will miss you every bit as much as you'll be missing me
I wish I could be there to brighten the mood
With friends and family and mountains of food
And stories and memories and tales all around
But it's late and I must travel to the place I am bound
And I hope that the Spirit of the Lord will not mind
If you toast me with spirits of the Irish kind
And raise your glass as the blessing is said:
"May you be in heaven half an hour
Before the devil knows you're dead!"

©1991 Bright Avenue Songs/ASCAP

Streets Cracked

Jeff Gold

In the calm of an autumn day
I punched the clock and I went my way
To seek the peace of the only meal I'll eat today
I'm going home, I'm going home, going home, going home
Under the western sky alone
Chorus: And under my feet streets cracked
Over my head walls fell
The sky came down to liquid ground

Nature cast a spell
Play ball, the umpire cried
The ground began to punch and fly
In this western town under the western sky
Streets cracked, streets cracked, streets cracked, streets cracked
When the moon rose
The city it screamed
Out of bounds and in between
The buildings, they fell on human dreams
And then they burned away
All is gone, all is gone, all is gone, all is gone
Under the western sky above

Chorus

And out of the orange mist
A waving hand, like a broken twig
In a constant wind cried help me, help me, help me
I'm still alive, I'm still alive, still alive, still alive
Under the western sky above

Chorus

Ferris Wheel

Wendie Colter

I left home at seventeen
Put aside my childish things
For a band of gold that tarnished green
And left me with a permanent stain

Chorus: Take me up, take me up

In that crazy machine
Tangle stars in my hair
Catch the wind in my teeth
I can travel the world
From my circling seat
On the ferris wheel
When I was still his blushing bride
He got into a terrible fight
He got fifteen years on the other side
Could've drowned me in the tears I cried
The night was cold and full of sounds
From the children on the merry-go-round
I could see the walls of the state compound
It took fifteen men to drag me down

©1991 Wendie Colter

political song

randy kaplan

last night i went to a bar
and i saw a singer play guitar
he strummed it hard and sang out loud
the audience was awed and wowed
he's a genius, someone said
what goes on inside his head
he's so sexy, look, he's sweating
jealous was what i was getting
i wanted to be sexy too
i squinted so i could see his secret
but i knew that he would never leak it
so i glanced around the crowded place
and examined every groupie's face
they smiled when he was bitter and mad
their eyebrows raised when the song was sad
they clapped when he got analytical
but they screamed and yelled when he got political
political song, i'll have to sing about what's wrong
in the world tonight, and what can make it right
so i went home and grabbed this guitar of mine
and section A of the L.A. Times
lookin' for a headline to use
lookin' for a way to exploit the news
u.s. arms sold to pakistan
end to mexican tuna ban
abortion bill debate begins
one candidate loses, another one wins
a.i.d.s., bush, a further delay
from the f.d.a., j.f.k.
death rites of gangs, the p.l.o.

the gaza strip, tokyo
f.d.i.c., a hole in the sky
the greenhouse effect, the f.b.i.
the haiti accord, the primary vote
is this stuff worth ruining my throat
you have to sing political songs loud and throaty
in order to sweat and seem sexy
political song, i gotta sing about what's wrong
in the world tonight, and what can make it right
police brutality, the jobless rate
the district, the county, the city, the state
the region, the country, the continent, the planet
i'm pressing my head together
when it rises up in front of me
that wave of unreality
suddenly i'm somewhere else
i'm on the ceiling watching myself
looking at eyes that almost see
beyond my personality
nothing's real, nothing stays
i'm far away, i'm far away
nothing stays but one thing sticks
and that thing is bigger than politics
political song, gotta sing about what's wrong
in my world tonight, and what can make it right
i guess i gotta know myself
before i can think of anything else
i gotta know myself, i gotta know myself
then i can deal with everything else
i wanna know myself
i wanna yeah myself
returning to the earthly plane
do you think it's sexy to be insane

©1992 randy kaplan

When We Found Love

Kevin Quinn

When we found love
It boiled our blood
Burnt our brains, changed some things
When we found love
It opened up a wide investigation
When we found love
It ripped the night
Shredded fear, tripped the light
When we found love
We found out
When hearts collide in the passionate night
No one survives the explosion
Our hearts collided, ignited, excited
Somebody is waiting here for you
When we found love
We closed the blinds
Broke the law, buried time
When we found love
Verses fell like ashes
When we found love
We lost our heads
Bought the farm, broke the bed
When we found love
We found out
When hearts collide in the passionate night
No one survives the explosion
Our hearts collided, ignited, excited
Somebody is waiting here for you
Only for you

Nervous Child

Roger LaPlant/Julia Alpert

She doesn't know what's out there
But she knows she's afraid
You can't see the creature
That she hides in her head
She wants to know everything
But can't stand the knowledge
She's a nervous child

Pre-Chorus: She won't be playing with the children
She won't be running in the yard
She'll just be waiting for approval
With a nervous smile
She's a nervous child
Take a ride with a nervous child
Take a ride with a nervous child
With a nervous child
Chorus: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Faster, faster this time
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Hope I'm not getting sick
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7
If I'm good I'll go to heaven
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8
It's getting late
And she's very thankful
For the walls that surround her
You won't hear her speak
Unless you tell her to answer
But you won't try to change her
'Cause she acts like an angel
She's a nervous child
Pre-Chorus and Chorus

Live Another Day

Dan Bern

Sometimes I walk and wish L.A.
Was some small town near Monterey
I close my eyes and ask the gods
To make those Cadillacs dusty dogs
I close my eyes and live
I close my eyes and live another day
Sometimes I think I'll melt away
And in the sidewalk cracks I'll stay
And would wonder, who will call
Whose life would change much, if at all
I close my eyes and live
I close my eyes and live another day
Another day so far from the farm where I grew up
Another day, another day
Another day so far from that single pair of eyes
That speak to me of home, not another night alone
Another day is done, I lay my eyes to rest
There is food, I have a bed
There's a roof above my head
Sometimes I think that everyone
Really speaks a foreign tongue
Like I say X and you hear Y
But I push these thoughts from my mind
And close my eyes and live
I close my eyes and live another day

Three Doors Down

Sandy Ross

The moon was full in the August sky
As Anita stood 'neath the dim streetlight
Waitin' for José to return that night
Only three doors down from the corner
In her thirteen years she had seen it all
On the barrio streets rivals rise and fall
As the empire reels from the cocaine deals
Only three doors down from the corner
Rafael drove up in a Chevy van
Anger in his eyes, shotgun in his hand
Lookin' for José who had spoiled his plans
Only three doors down from the corner
Anita stepped up and said, "I can't find José"
He pulled out the gun and blew her arm away
And through her pleas and cries he kept shooting 'til she died
Only three doors down from the corner
What kind of value has a life anymore?
Have we forgotten what we came here for?
And the papers say that her mama cried
As she stood at the place where her daughter died
Teardrops fallin' down on the bloodstained ground
Only three doors down from the corner

©1991 Sandy Ross

Marie

If I don't make it home tonight
 Give my love to Marie
 And tell her that I've gone away
 And not to wait for me
 'Cause when they called me
 I could not turn away
 This is your country
 It's her that you must save
 Don't turn away
 Now they say these are the sands of time
 And I must learn to be a man
 But filled with fear and hunger for my home, and my Marie
 A stranger in this land
 And when they showed me
 Who I'd have to kill
 I looked in their eyes
 I could not find the will
 I turned away
 Now I'm holding on
 To things I used to know
 Like my Marie
 And if I don't find a way
 To get back home and see her soon
 I'll just fade away
 Just another point of view
 And they would still be left alive
 But waiting in those lonesome sands of time
 Ten thousand future soldiers' graves and they're piled high
 If I don't make it back to my Marie
 Will you please hold her
 In your arms for me
 And say good-bye

Andy Manoff

©1990 Andy Manoff

Necessary Rain

The earth is dry and the earth is thirsty
 Fires are starting all over this county
 What are we going to tell all the hungry
 Waiting in their harvest homes for the bounty?
 Daniel's on a tractor in Norfolk, Nebraska
 Rolling over fields in a cardigan sweater
 He's been ploughing through a dry spell lately
 But one of these days it's got to get better
Chorus: And there ain't nothing to do but pray
 Sometimes there's nothing to do but pray
 For necessary rain
 Necessary rain come down again
 Mary's in Manhattan with the mercury rising
 On Avenue B one of her shoes is broken
 She's leaving behind a home in the heartland
 To search through her purse for a subway token
 New York is hot and New York is thirsty
 Concrete is cracking and subways are smoking
 In Alphabet Soup the hydrants are open
 Sometimes it seems like God must be joking

Paul Zollo

Chorus

Daniel's in the kitchen with Capricorn rising
 But he don't listen to what stars are saying
 He wants to be quiet 'cause his children are sleeping
 They've been out all night in the cornfields playing
 And one daughter's dreaming of swimming in a river
 One daughter's dreaming that her mother is returning
 And Daniel's in the cupboard looking for coffee
 To drink while he watches his cornfields burning

Chorus

Restless Soul

With eyes as grey as stormy seas
 And a heart that turned to stone
 Took me many years to see it
 And bare my restless soul
 I'd been searching for my spirit
 That I lost along the way
 And you kept a candle burning

Lisa Nemzo

For the nights that I would stay
 Oh, I thought that I had found you
 Some place where I belonged
 But fate has turned its back on me
 For my true love—you have gone
Chorus: Take me down the mountain slowly
 The road, she takes her toll
 Hold me in your arms, oh I need you now
 To calm my restless soul
 There is danger on the highway
 But it has become my friend
 As I turn the page of loneliness
 I know where this one ends
 For they say I had a mother
 Though I know not where she went
 And my father lived in shadows
 Where my time was mostly spent
 Oh, I thought that I had found you
 Some place where I belonged
 But fate has turned its back on me
 For my true love—you have flown

Chorus

Falling From Grace

Reeva Hunter

She bumped into me as we crossed the crowded street
 With her torn-up bags and rags and wounded feet
 And I thought—thereby for the grace of god
 It's her and not me
 But how fragile are the threads
 That tie us to the lives we lead
 When we go falling, falling
 I kept walking down to watch the sunset on the pier
 I was thinking about the angels who disappear
 Oh, not the ones who love to brush their wings
 Along the floors of light
 But the edgy, restless ones
 Who keep glancing down, down to the endless night
 And I've watched them go falling, falling

Falling from grace

Is it desire or is it fate
 A test of truth
 A test of your faith
 Is it your weakness
 Maybe it's your strength
 When you're falling, falling
 It took you to show me that love is a safe, familiar place
 A thread of light to hang on to in this world of heartache
 It's your kisses on my skin
 Your voice on the telephone
 That makes me turn my back to the edge
 And in the darkness I keep walking home
 Though we are falling, falling, falling, falling

Happily Discontented

Paul Hambrick

The future belongs to the happily discontented
 Challenging the status quo
 To maintain the equilibrium of a larger system
 While others eat their Cheerios
 And it goes on and on and on and on
 And on and on and on and on
 And on and on and on and on
 And on and on and on ...
 The Catholic Church regulated sexuality
 Other corporate concerns sell it back to you and me
 Governments - they're pretty interested in weapons and bombs
 Kind of makes you wonder how long
 We'll go on and on ...
 The flame of uncertainty
 Is smothered by the comfortably numb
 They see the pain in the world
 But never ask, "How come?"
 Content just to be dead inside
 Trying to run and hide
 And it goes on and on ...

After the Fall Darryl Purpose/Betsy Warren

Moving away from you now
Hanging on too long
It's not what we really wanted
After the fall, after the fall
What did you say to me
I can't recall
Words seem so distant now
After the fall, after the fall
Though you're not with me now
I see it clear
Love lives inside me now
And waits for me to call it near
After the fall, after the fall
I heard somebody whisper
Love conquers all
Who could know it would ring true
After the fall, after the fall
Though you're not with me now
I see it clear
Love lives inside me now
And waits for me to call it near
After the fall, after the fall
After the fall, after the fall
After the fall

I'll Live It Free

Shined and pressed, on the early train
With a breath, accepts the strain
Another dollar, another day goes by
Under thumb, doing what he's told
Under the gun, pride bought and sold
He stops, and starts to question why
A longing once denied
Grows stronger in his heart, until he cries
It's my life, I'll live it free
I'll stake a claim on this soul lost at sea
I'll decide what's best for me
And no one can take this right from me
Stepping out, to a big old world
No more a helpless little girl
With eager eyes, she looks to skies ahead
But family ties can make a knot
Heavy advice and overwrought
They warn her to stay with the life she's led
As she makes her goodbyes
She boldly states, with tears in her eyes
Hear the sound of voices
Discover the choices
In your heart, hear it call
For the power to change lives in us all
It's my life, I'll live it free
I'll stake a claim on this soul lost at sea
I'll decide what's best for me
And no one will take this right from me
Let freedom ring

Avoca by Night

I see you've been walking this road quite a ways
Don't know from which direction that you came
And I can tell by the lines in your face
Any way you choose is just the same
You've drawn up the water from deep in the well
Til your roots grew so wide and so strong
Branches spread up above the ones you love
A life so full and so long
Chorus: The sun's goin' down in the Western sky
I see you in the red fading light
And there's no place I'd rather be
Than with you in Avoca by night
Seems like we come from two separate worlds
With different looks and different points of view
But here I am and here are you, we're both reaching out

Cynthia Hunt

Jim Savarino

Seems like the only thing to do
In just a little while we'll both be back home
Each with our memories to keep
May they linger until the time
I lay down for my final sleep

©1991 Jim Savarino Music/BMI

America Come Home

Joel Rafael

The morning mountain lingers
And the day keeps moving on
Birds, grass, trees, and bushes
Know who wears the crown
I'm thinking as I travel
Life's mysteries unravel
Only the air around me
Knows what's going down
Chorus: Talk about a trip across
This land we call our own
America. America come home
The city lights are glowing
While the homeless numbers are growing
The tracks along the roadside
Like a memory left behind
The desert driver hurries
On his way to Colorado
The sun's too high for shadow
And Utah's so unkind

Chorus
The gardens are forsaken
Illusion torn and shaken
Hallucinations awaken
Reality conquers all
The desert moon is sleeping
While refugees are creeping
They sing songs without voices
Tearing down the walls

Chorus

©1993 Reluctant Angel Music/ASCAP

Mercy Bound

Mark David Addison

Late last night I awoke in a dream
To the sound of a voice that was almost a scream, oh oh oh
From out of the city and out of the street
Out where the wind hits the cold concrete, oh oh oh
It's cold outside, darkness your enemy
No place to hide, the voice said this to me
"In your doorways I have shivered,
In your alleys I have gone to ground
But I will be delivered someday, I will be mercy bound"
I dreamed again, it was West L.A.
On a crowded street on a hot summer day she was alone
Three months late and beginning to show
In a midriff blouse she would soon outgrow
She had nowhere to go and no way home
And in my mind I knew I'd seen myself
But in our blindness it always seems like someone else
There I was, a rag, a bone, a remnant in your lost and found
I was for once truly alone, longing to be mercy bound

And I knew that I would wander
As a child in the forest 'til they found me
And I called out to them but I could not
Penetrate the silence all around me
And when I wake I know you'll comfort me
Though I won't sleep again for an eternity
But others lie awake at night in desperation more profound
And the coming of the morning light
Will not see them mercy bound

And some will never dream again from sleeping on the ground
Longing to belong and dying to be mercy bound
Oh please don't stop your dreaming, someday we'll all be mercy bound

©1991 Mark David Addison

All songs ©1993 by author unless otherwise noted

Credits

Fast Folk Volume 7, Number 8
November 1993
Los Angeles, 1993

- 1. Border Lullaby**
(Paul Sanchez)
Paul Sanchez: vocal
 - 2. The Place I Am Bound**
(Bob Bennett)
Bob Bennett: guitar, vocal
 - 3. Streets Cracked**
(Jeff Gold)
Jeff Gold: guitar, vocal
Cynthia Hunt: vocal
David Grahame: vocal
 - 4. Ferris Wheel**
(Wendie Colter)
Wendie Colter: guitar, vocal
Billy Katz: lead guitar
 - 5. Political Song**
(Randy Kaplan)
Randy Kaplan: guitar, vocal
 - 6. When We Found Love**
(Kevin Quinn)
Performed by Among The Living
Kevin Quinn: guitar, vocal
George Keller: lead guitar
Fred Hammon: upright bass
Lee Ann Harris: percussion
Nathalie Archangel: background vocal
 - 7. Nervous Child**
(Roger LaPlant, Julia Albert)
Roger LaPlant: guitar, vocal
Julia Albert: vocal
 - 8. Live Another Day**
(Dan Bern)
Dan Bern: guitar, vocal
Holly Montgomery: bass, vocal
 - 9. Three Doors Down**
(Sandy Ross)
Sandy Ross: 12-string guitar, vocal
Jeff Gold: lead guitar
 - 10. Marie**
(Andy Manoff)
Andy Manoff: guitar, vocal
Jeff Gold: lead guitar
 - 11. Necessary Rain**
(Paul Zollo)
Paul Zollo: guitar, vocal
Jeff Gold: lead guitar
Cynthia Hunt: background vocal
David Grahame: bass, background vocal
 - 12. Restless Soul**
(Lisa Nemzo)
Lisa Nemzo: 12-string guitar, vocal
Holly Montgomery: background vocal
 - 13. Falling From Grace**
(Reeva Hunter)
Reeva Hunter: guitar, vocal
Robert Savery: upright bass
Jeff Gold: background vocal
 - 14. Happily Discontented**
(Paul Hambrick)
Paul Hambrick: guitar, vocal
 - 15. After the Fall**
(Darryl Purpose/Betsy Warren)
Darryl Purpose: 1st and 2nd guitars, vocal
Betsy Warren: vocal
Holly Montgomery: bass
 - 16. I'll Live It Free**
(Cynthia Hunt)
Cynthia Hunt: 1st and 2nd vocals
David Grahame: guitar
 - 17. Avoca by Night**
(Jim Savarino)
Jim Savarino: guitar, vocal
Josh Balbien: lead guitar
Holly Montgomery: bass
 - 18. America Come Home**
(Joel Rafael)
Joel Rafael: guitar, vocal
Carl Johnson: lead guitar
Holly Montgomery: bass
 - 19. Mercy Bound**
(Mark David Addison)
Performed by The Borrowers
Mark David Addison: guitar, vocal
Joshua Segal: mandolin
Josef Zimmerman: upright bass
Shawn Lee: drums, background vocal
- Producer: Jeff Gold**
Engineer: Robert Savery
Assistant Engineer: Josh Lennox
- All songs recorded on ADAT by Robert Savery at Belly Up Studio, Solana Beach, CA. "Streets Cracked" mixed at Dog Turner Studios. "Three Doors Down" mixed at Astro Sound with Lindsay Tomasic
- Promotion: Brett Perkins for Works of Heart.
- Special thanks to: Paul Zollo, Brett Perkins, and everyone at the National Academy of Songwriters; Henry Diltz; David Grahame; Robert Savery; Doug Randall; Reeva Hunter; Tom Intondi; Holly Montgomery; Cynthia Hunt; Wendy Beckerman; and of course, Jack Hardy.
- Issue compiled and edited by Jeff Gold

A footnote from this issue's editor...

by Jeff Gold

I never thought when I started this project that I'd receive so many songs. This issue is just a sample of the many talented songwriters in the Los Angeles area. L.A., like the city itself, has a very spread-out music scene, from the coffeehouses of the Valley that attract kids too young to drink, to Hollywood and the beach areas that have both clubs and coffeehouses.

I was very spoiled being from New York and living in Greenwich Village for many years. I remember the first time I saw the Roches, Rod MacDonald, David Massengil and, of course, Jack Hardy. The Village was a school where you honed your craft and learned what the essence of songwriting was all about. Folk City, Kenny's Castaways and Speakeasy were electrified night after night with great music.

It wasn't easy to accept when the New York club scene died with the closing of Folk City and the Speakeasy. So, moving to L.A., I was a little skeptical, but this city is a hidden treasure of songwriters, musicians and places to perform. So I was very excited when Jack okayed an L.A. *Fast Folk* issue.

I remember when *Fast Folk* was called the *Coop* and all the recording was done in Mark Dann's home in Brooklyn, usually in one day. Who would have thought that twelve years later this innovative concept would still be turning out more than a hundred songs a year? There must have been at least a thousand songs recorded by *Fast Folk* throughout the years. That's why I and all the songwriters on this issue are proud to be a part of it.

Special thanks to Jack Hardy and Wendy Beckerman for all your help and support.