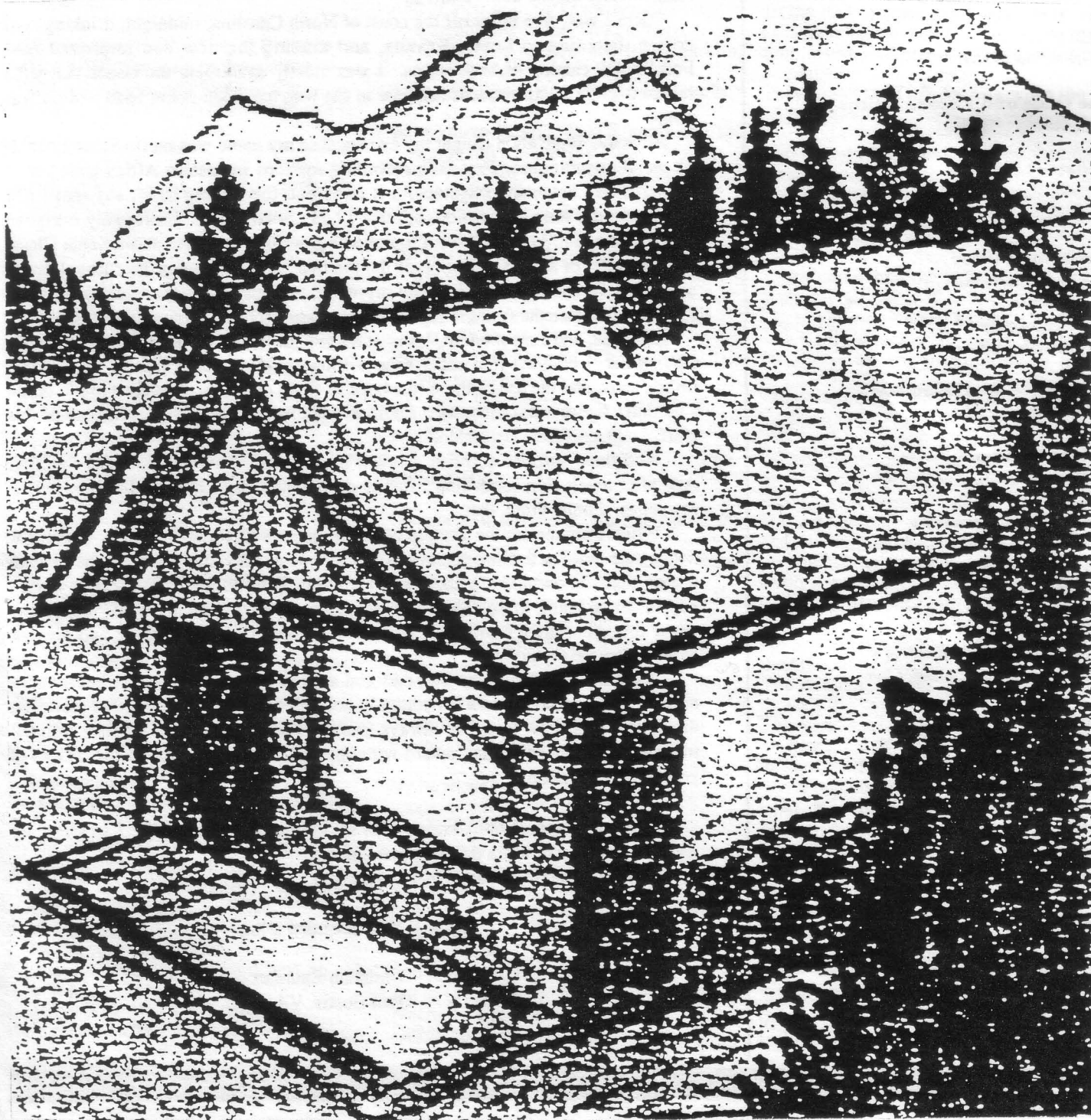


# **FAST FOLK**

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



## Letters to the Editor

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Dear Fast Folk,

So here it is, December again, and time for my yearly letter to Fast Folk. Last year's letter touched a bit on the subject of folks who hadn't been recorded by you. So, just for a change of pace, I thought maybe we could discuss those who had been recorded any maybe didn't know it.

There I was, five miles off the coast of North Carolina, midnight, drinking cold coffee, listening to Lenny Kravitz, and reading the new and improved Fast Folk/COOP catalog of back issues. I was mostly examining the issues that were released while I was overseas last year to see who had been doing what while I was gone.

Anyway, issue #608 caught my eye because my name was on it. Since I couldn't recall attending any Fast Folk recording sessions in eastern Africa last year I figured I had better investigate. As it turns out, the catalog didn't say that I had performed the song in question, but that I had co-written it. Thoroughly intrigued now (once again, I couldn't seem to remember writing anything about Santa Claus, pick-pockets, or any combination of the the two while exploring the cultural diversity of the Kingdom of Adid) I sold my world famous collection of celebrity cigarette butts to raise the funds required to order issue #608. It arrived yesterday.

I listened, and I must admit, I was at a loss. Although the first two lines sounded familiar, I couldn't remember ever writing anything about Jewish Jesus dolls, turkey suits, and the use of these in advice to small children. And for the life of me I couldn't figure what those two familiar lines had to do with all the rest of this stuff.

And then, surprise surprise, I heard the chorus. Now this sounded familiar. And after much chin scratching I finally discovered why: it's the chorus to one of my songs. Funny thing, that.

While I appreciate the gesture of giving me credit for something I wrote, I'm not so sure that I'm thrilled that my words, simple as they may be, have ended up in a song that I know nothing about and had nothing to do with. Especially when I happen to be using those same short sentences in a song of my own. Especially when this other artist's song has now been recorded on CD forever and always, amen. You see my point?

I realize that the upstanding editorial staff at Fast Folk probably had little or nothing to do with this, and I'm certainly not pointing any fingers in that particular direction. Matter of fact, I've always (well, usually) been quite pleased with the treatment that my songs and award-winning letters have received at the offices of your fine publication.

So what's my point? I don't know. Just setting the record straight, I suppose, for what it's worth. I'm just a tiny bit pissed off.

Keep on Keepin' On, and Here's Hoping,

Your friend,

Christian Bauman  
Fort Eustis, VA

Fast Folk,

In response to your request for reader's input: I really enjoy the magazine just as it is. It's always interesting to listen to new work, especially in a rougher, basic form. Sometimes there's a real jewel of a song in the batch. I particularly like it when you explore other parts of the country (besides the New York/Northeast area) in search of material.

Sincerely,

Jim Biga  
Chicago, IL

Dear Jack,

After 17 years of toil in the art of song I deeply and profoundly appreciate the very special opportunity you have afforded me.

I have spent thousands of hours in the attempt to encapsulate my emotions in ways that would enable, allow, cause or even force others to identify and relate to them. I do not know exactly why I have done this, certainly not to change the world, perhaps to provide a venue within the song, wherein people could see that they/we are more alike than they/we think. I suppose I like all of the several hundred songs I have written. I say that inasmuch as all of them are part of me. They have helped me through both the joys of love, laughter, the birth of my children, sunlit days, etc., and the agonies of being a witness to the darker side of humanity as a cop, the shackles of addiction to booze and the utter despair of separation and divorce.

There have been times when I wondered if what I was given was the gift of song or the curse of song. The songwriter is often compelled to wallow in abject sadness in order to create the song. It is no wonder that the best songs come from the most painful stimuli. The focus is more intense. Invariably we are not as much prolific songwriters as we are prolific observers of life and emotion.

Thanks again, Jack; I hope to see you soon. What is mine is yours. "All I own is within a song."

Break a leg,

Monty Delaney  
New Rochelle, NY

Dear Jack,

I received the Fast Folk Philadelphia CD and magazine, and I just wanted to thank you. It was a nice experience for me working on the Philadelphia Inquirer article, and learning about Fast Folk. Last weekend, the album release party was held at the Cheryl Tree Folk Club, and it was very well attended. Fast Folk has made its mark on Philadelphia, and

hopefully Philadelphia is making a greater mark on the rest of the country musically as a result of this CD. Everyone involved with the project seems to be very pleased.

Take good care,

Caroline Meline  
Philadelphia, PA

Dear Friends at Fast Folk,

I am enclosing a check for the renewal of my FFMM subscription, which will take me through issue #808. However, the reason for this letter is to respond to your request in Volume 7, No. 7 for subscriber input. I do have a few comments to offer.

First, I have to tell you how highly I value my FFMM subscription. It is very exciting to be able to receive such outstanding new folk music in such quantity and at such high quality, both artistic and technical. Much different from what I went through 30+ years ago, trying to obtain recordings by some of the lesser known folk artists of that time, such as the Knob Lick Upper 10,000.

But of course, like everyone else, I do have some suggestions which I hope you will consider. These include:

- Bring back the song timing on the jewel box listings. FF704 was the last issue that carried them, and they are missed. You must realize that many of us like to make our own tapes (mostly for playing on the car deck) of favorite songs from many discs. The timing are very useful in helping to cram as many songs as possible onto one tape.

- Please continue to publish both song lyrics and bios. However, if the artist also has any commercially published recordings, please list those and where they may be obtained. There are several artists (including, but not limited to, Rick Fielding, Diane Ziegler, Kelly Flint, Lisle Leete, David Cantor, Don White, Susan Werner, David Orleans, Jackie Koresko, and John Flynn) whom I would like to hear much more of.

- Please consider, if the cost isn't too much of a problem, using some kind of padding for the discs. They get bounced around in transit and nearly every FFMM CD I have has arrived with a crack or two in the plastic jewel box.

That's about it, as there isn't much more that one could want. The hard work that you do in offering such a diversity of musical styles is appreciated. I hope to be a subscriber for many more years.

Thanks for listening.

Sincerely,

Jack Rubeck  
Portland, OR

## AN INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD BARONE

by Dorissa Bolinski

With age and maturity comes knowledge and often a desire to relate experiences and lessons learned. Because of this, songwriters usually produce their best work after the passing of a few years.

"When I was younger it was really fun being in a band, but as I got older and more seriously into songwriting, I wanted more freedom to write and perform my own stuff." Such is the sentiment of New York based singer/songwriter Richard Barone whose third solo release, "Clouds Over Eden", contains his best songs to date.

In the first half of the '80s, Barone fronted the Bongos, a band credited with helping to develop the melodic, jangling pop that became the trademark sound of that decade's alternative music scene. After releasing three critically acclaimed records, the Bongos disbanded in '87, and Barone embarked on a solo career. Barone's experimentation with acoustic-based instruments, such as guitar and cello, and his strong songwriting skills led him to develop his characteristic style which combines elements of rock, folk and classical music. Prior to "Clouds Over Eden", he released "Primal Dream" in '90 and "Cool Blue Halo" in '88.

Although "Clouds Over Eden" was written in New York and its lyrical theme deals mostly with big city alienation, Barone says the album is not just about New York City. "New York is the background, but it wasn't my intention to write an album of songs solely about New York; it just happened. Some of the songs began out of real conversations with people about living in New York."

Barone, originally from Tampa, Florida, admits that New York does inspire him to write. The energy of a big city is always more thrilling to the non-native, and he still feels New York's electricity after living in and around the city for more than a decade. When travelling, Barone often takes notes for potential songs, but, he says, he does not actually finish these songs until he returns to New York. "Clouds Over Eden" was written after extensive touring.

Many songs on "Clouds Over Eden" deal with the isolation and anxiety of individuals who feel physically and psychologically submerged in the vastness of the city. Anyone who comes to a large city from a less urban region can identify with Barone's lyrical characters. Barone admits that moving to New York was difficult at first, and some lines from his latest release such as "Nobody knows me--knows the way I feel/Nobody sees I'm even here" are somewhat autobiographical.

"It was strange to be in New York at first," he remembers, "but it was also very exciting. I didn't know anyone in the city. It was a culture shock, but I enjoyed it."

Barone says his songs usually develop from his own experi-

ences and from observations of other people, but he strives to write about universal topics so listeners can relate to his material.

He very rarely writes about real people or actual situations. Although, one exception is the song "Miss Jean" from "Clouds Over Eden" which is about a friend of Barone's who originally accompanied him to New York from Florida. The song relates a melancholy story about a woman who leaves her small southern town for a big city only to return after 10 disillusioning years.

"Miss Jean is a real person," Barone explains. "I've never written a song specifically about a real person and used their actual name in it. But still, I feel this song could be about a lot of people. I feel that it's the most poignant song on the album."

When Barone left Tampa over a decade ago, his original intention was to possibly study cinematography. He arrived in New York with his guitar and a pile of songs he had written and soon found himself immersed in the early '80s burgeoning alternative music scene. Barone recalls the many nights he spent seeing bands such as R.E.M. and the B-52s in their formative days. "Soon I was totally into the music scene and I went to see every show I could," he says.

It was during his club-hopping that Barone became friends with his future band-mates, the Bongos. "We all just met on the scene at CBGB's and other clubs, and soon we discovered we had similar tastes. Before long I was living in Hoboken, N.J. where they lived and we started the band. "It took off very quickly," he recalls, then adds, "I never did go to film school; I still have that in the back of my mind."

Barone, who is now in his mid-30s, has fond memories of New York's early underground music scene and remembers most the camaraderie among the different bands.

"In the early '80s it seems there was a lot of support between the bands. R.E.M. and Pylon came up from Georgia a lot and we would all attend each others shows and really support each other in any way we could. I'm sure that still goes on now, but I don't think there is as much solidarity between the young bands out now."

After the break up of the Bongos, when Barone began taking his songwriting more seriously, he became less involved in the music scene. "I really had to draw into myself to be able to do what I'm doing now," he explains. "I'm not a recluse; I still go to shows. But now I go to see bands I specifically want to see."

The Bongos were Barone's introduction into professional musicianship, but as his interest and talent in songwriting grew, he began to feel the restraint that a band can impose. He was interested in broadening his musical scope and experimenting with different instruments and song styles. The band broke

up because Barone says he began to feel limited within the sound and style the Bongos had created.

"I enjoyed working with a band", he insists, "but, as a soloist, I can let my songs dictate what they need. I can be totally open so the songs can get their just treatment. Working with a band was restrictive to my songwriting sometimes."

After the band's break-up, Barone began to delve into songwriting. As a vehicle for his songs, he chose just guitar, cello and percussion, creating a truly unique folk-rock "chamber" ensemble. His '88 release, "Cool Blue Halo", was recorded live in this setting and garnered much critical acclaim. Unknown to anyone at that time, the album and Barone's acoustic style was a foreshadowing of the popular "unplugged" concept.

"I was very happy to see the trend in acoustic music grow. Later, I began to see that I was onto something," he laughs.

Barone's venture into acoustic music was not a calculated or commercial move. He simply states, "I wanted the words to be heard. I thought the cello was a very expressive instrument, so I decided to use it. I also wanted percussion--not for a strong beat--just for atmosphere."

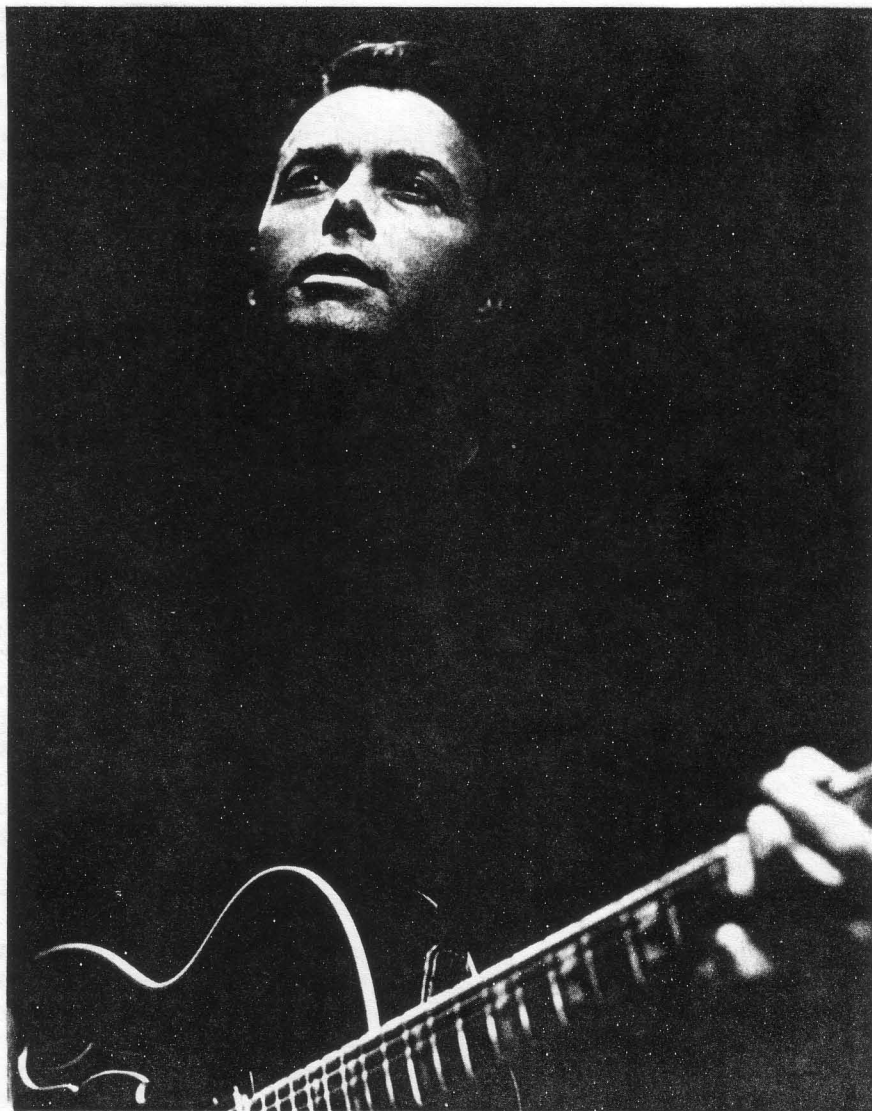
The quiet "chamber" setting was the most natural way for him to present his songs. In addition, it provides a perfect frame for his impeccable tenor voice.

"Clouds Over Eden" is a beautiful and haunting album that proves Barone has perfected the style he created in the mid-'80s. Last fall he toured selectively with cellist, Jane Scarpantoni, in support of "Clouds Over Eden." On stage Barone's guitar and Scarpantoni's cello fill in for other instruments on the album. At their New York show, Barone added a percussionist and will continue to use one on future dates. Barone says, "It took a while to get to this point where I feel comfortable enough to go on stage so bare."

Although Barone's live shows are minimalistic, he employed a variety of instruments on "Clouds Over Eden" including electric and acoustic guitars, bass, drums, cello and violin. When recording the album, Barone was strictly against using any preset digital effects in any songs. His producer, Hugh Jones, eagerly agreed. Because of this, the music has a timeless and genuine quality.

I didn't want 'Clouds' to contain any preset sounds that anyone could easily reproduce artificially," he explains. "If we needed a certain type of echo, we'd find a way to get that echo whether we had to record in the back yard of the studio or in the basement."

"We did a lot of funny things to get certain effects. The



basement in the studio where we recorded had just been gutted so it was a huge empty cement room. We used this room a lot for recording by running a mike line down to it. I did some singing there, isolated from the actual studio and everyone else. I also did some guitar solos in the basement."

In today's world of exploding technology, Barone's adherence to the hands-on style of recording sets his music apart from many of his counterparts. "Clouds Over Eden" exhibits the positive aspects of modern technology combined with principals from the "old school" of recording. While it would certainly be easier for him to choose the path of least resistance, Barone prefers to record in a more involved, artistic manner.

"The basement we recorded in is no longer empty," he says. "No one could ever exactly reproduce the sound we got from it. 'Clouds' is a representative of a unique event and moment. That's what an album should be no one else should be able to repeat it exactly like you."

## ALBUM REVIEWS



### DAVE'S TRUE STORY

*Dave's True Story*

David Cantor is a huckster; a master of emotional three-card-monte. Kelly Flint is his well-studied shill, his cipher. She is the red herring in the mystery that surrounds the perfect crime.

As *Dave's True Story*, the perfect crime is exactly what Flint and Cantor have pulled off. On their self-titled debut album, guitarist-songwriter Cantor spins elegantly rendered tales of debauchery, obsession, and romantic subterfuge. His words are made flesh with a cool languor by vocalist Flint. Given the overall sonic and compositional quality contained herein, this in itself would be notable enough achievement, but that's just the tip of a much more complex iceberg.

Cantor's songs find their stylistic marker in the urbane wit and cosmopolitan irony of writers like Cole Porter and the Gershwin brothers. (In fact, one song offers us a narrative by a Tin Pan Alley tunesmith who finds himself an outcast in the modern world.) for all Cantor's impeccable artifice and emotional distance, however, there is a broken heart behind every flippant barb, a naked longing under each wry observation. It is this underlying passion that makes these songs speak.

*Dave's True Story's* genius stroke, then, is the way they try to make us believe the wool is being pulled over our eyes when in fact the lamb stands shorn right before us. Cantor's accomplice in this musical sleight of hand brings this feat fully home. Kelly

Flint, while establishing her own emotional investment in the songs, turns Cantor's detachment-commitment dance back in upon itself. By singing many of the songs here without changing the gender, Flint (aside from creating a sexual ambiguity which stirs the pot nicely) gives the listener the feeling that she found these songs floating down from the clouds and had to arrive at her own interpretations from scratch. This simultaneously expands the scope of the album and creates another level of ironic distance. Yet the dynamic is such that the dual ironies cancel each other out, leaving listeners with a set of masterfully written, poignantly sung songs which communicate on as many levels as one is prepared to appreciate.

Cantor's caustic wit is evidenced on "Can't Get You Out of My System." An up-tempo track buoyed by a striking trumpet solo from Chris Botti, "System" finds Flint making the claim that "love's still the cruelest venereal disease" when confronted with the desire that's impossible to shake; carrying her torch to the extent that "I'm changing my blood every five or six weeks," but I can't get you out of my system."

"Last Go 'Round" is a gorgeous ballad which evinces the combination of biting humor, novelistic eye, and pure heart that seems to be the DTS trademark. It's the story of a visit to a psychic "in a room that reeked of sandlewood and myrrh" and the subsequent revelation that "I've been everything from pope to petty crook...When I go this time I'm finally off the hook." Past lives where, among other things, "I watched the stars as Tutankhamen slept" are detailed with poetry and humor, finally coming to the conclusion that "it's now or never darling for this is my last go 'round." Thus, what might have been just a tall tale/pick-up line is a rich account that connects with a sucker punch to both head and heart.

"Marisa" is a change of pace in that jazz progressions and sarcasm are abandoned for a simple love song that recalls nothing so much as Bacharach and David's finest mid-sixties work as sung by Dionne Warwick. A classic pop melody frames a lover's plea that is studded with invitations like "the night wears a bright new skin...my arms wait to take you in." It's hard to imagine anyone refusing so eloquent a request.

Perhaps the finest moment is the guitar/vocal duet "Mad About You." Flint's purposeful reading lays the song out with the directness and the aplomb that bring to mind the communicative abilities of Sarah Vaughn or Billie Holiday. Here Cantor perpetrates his favorite illusion: the jaded roue, for whom "what I once thought so sublime was just a perfect waste of time." He tries to brag about his remorselessness by detailing current rakish habits: "if I've done the thing right, some heart's breaking tonight just like mine would do." Though Flint sings the song completely in earnest, you know that there's more to the story, a fact which is made apparent when she finally admits "I still recall each dream I've ever had about you." After this telling lapse, she returns to form to finish the song, but now its facade is doubly poignant because you know that even if she and Cantor both believe in the detachment they describe, it's still just an elegant disguise to mask the beating of a big messy heart.

For information contact Flexible Man Music, P.O. Box 118, Radio City Station, New York, NY 10101-0118.

- Jim Allen

## HUGH BLUMENFELD

*BareHanded*

Christine Lavin says [Hugh Blumenfeld] "...is one of those songwriters who inspires other songwriters to dig deeper, work harder." It's easy to hear what she means on *Barehanded*, Hugh Blumenfeld's second release, available from 1-800-Prime-CD. This CD should be in the collection of anyone who loves a good song. Blumenfeld's writing is sometimes fierce, sometimes strange, sometimes a little sad — often, in its structure and rhythm, like poetry. He does, in fact, blur the line between poetry and song in cuts like "Watertowers" where he interjects lines of spoken word. Most of the songs are a bit ambiguous, setting an intense mood, but leaving details to the listener's imagination. This works especially well on "Quiet of the Night" and "Hugh's 30th Birthday Party."

This collection of thirteen songs, four of which have been *Fast Folk* recordings, is completely acoustic — just a bass and Blumenfeld's strong guitar playing and voice. With a songwriter of this caliber, it's refreshing to have the focus on the song and the singer, rather than the fancy production. Hugh Blumenfeld proves well the saying that you have to be truly great to be simple.

In the liner notes, Blumenfeld thanks the listener for supporting independent music. I think we should thank him for helping to make independent music worthy of support.

- April Kline

## IRIS DEMENT

*Infamous Angel*

It's been a long time since I put a CD of a new artist in my player and felt like I was listening to an old friend. Iris Dement's voice is so familiar that it took me a few minutes to realize that she doesn't really sound like Kitty Wells or Emmylou Harris, but rather like a fresh, new voice emerging out of their heritage. Obviously other people think so too. The musician's credits on her album read like a Who's Who of traditional music: Emmylou Harris, Stuart Duncan, Al Perkins, and Roy Husky, Jr. (John Prine wrote the quote for the back cover.)

A songwriter and singer raised in several states including Texas and Missouri, Iris Dement says that her earliest influence was her mother who sang along to the Grand Ole Opry while doing their laundry and other chores. One of the most touching songs on the album, "Mama's Opry," is a tribute to her mother.

*Infamous Angel*, Dement's first album, was released and distributed this year by Warner Brothers though originally a Rounder Records offering in 1992. Ten of the eleven songs are original, well-crafted pieces by Dement about life, love and hometowns. Her voice is pure and old-timey, but Dement's writing, while grounded in a strong tradition of country and folk, is very contemporary. She can take on the voice of an eighty-year-old neighbor lady, or tell the tale of a small-town girl dreaming of big-city glitter with equal ease.

There isn't a "space filling" song in the bunch. The one I can't get out of my head, though, is "Higher Ground," a traditional hymn performed as a duet with Dement and her mother. It

caps off a whole album of sweet, country singing from the heart. . . What more could you ask for?

- April Kline

## CHRISTINE LAVIN

*Live At The Cactus Cafe: What Was I Thinking?*

If you've never been lucky enough to catch Christine Lavin live, you can count your blessings because Philo has just released an entire cassette of a classic Lavin evening at the Cactus Cafe in Austin, Texas.

Anyone who's seen Lavin in concert knows that she's at her best live. Now everyone can enjoy her spontaneous stage presence and signature humor. She takes audience participation to a new level on this recording. She and the audience relate so much in fact, that she has titled several of these spoken interludes including "I blab about celebrities I have spied on at my local health club," and "How the Lord helped me rewrite a troublesome line in 'Regretting What I Said'."

It's a relief to find an artist who performs so lightheartedly, but still makes the audience feel that they've been part of something special. This collection of old favorites like "Prince Charles," and "Bald-Headed Men," draw you in, but the only completely new song, "What Was I Thinking?," steals the spotlight. On the only serious cut, "The Dakota," about the night John Lennon was killed, Lavin's guitar playing and voice get a chance to shine.

So, if you haven't seen Lavin live, this tape will let you in on what you've been missing. If you have seen her in person, you probably bought this tape the day it was released.

NOTE: In Christine Lavin tradition, a portion of the proceeds from the sale of this release will go to support public radio.

- April Kline

## THE STORY

*The Angel in the House*

The Story, vocal duo Jonathan Brooke and Jennifer Kimball, is one of those groups that is suddenly showing up everywhere. They're showcasing at The Bottom Line, Brooke has a song on Christine Lavin's new folk compilation, they have reviews in every magazine. And all with good cause — these women are amazing. Brooke and Kimball have been singing together since 1982 when they were students at Amherst College. When I saw them at The Bottom Line, Brooke's guitar was the only accompaniment so their voices took center stage. (They've added a five-piece band for their current tour.) While *The Angel in the House* is more produced than that live show (some tracks even have the dreaded string section), the added instrumentation and studio effects tend to heighten rather than detract from the duo's daring melodies and intricate harmonies.

All of the songs were written by Brooke, whose melodic sense is reminiscent of Joni Mitchell's early work. You can hear this more introspective side on "So Much Mine," a beautiful, melting song. But my favorite cut on the album is "Missing

Person Afternoon," a fast-paced samba that proves these women can groove hard, too.

If you are a writer or musician, or just love great music, do yourself a favor and get this album today. This is one story you'll want to listen to again and again.

- April Kline

## JOE CANZANO

### *Riot On Spaghetti Drive*

If you took the story telling ability of John Gorka, the bizareness of Tom Waits and the sound of a polished Aerosmith you would end up with New Jersey native Joe Canzano.

Riot on Spaghetti Drive is an 11-song compact disc not for the faint of heart. As far as "fold" goes...it's NOT; as far as song-writing goes...it's worth experiencing. Canzano squeals and grinds out songs so unique that you find yourself saying "where did he get that idea from?" And also "I hope he's in counseling."

As gentle as a machine gun and as sensitive as Monday Night Football. Canzano craftily delineates society, racism, animal invasion and even "true love." The recording quality is crisp and clear and the band (Tony Shanahan on bass, Arthur Scammacca on drums, and Canzano on guitar and vocals) is amazingly tight.

"Am I in Love (With Someone Like You?)," the album's strongest song, tells the story of a man who "makes a drug to kill the pain, that pain left by a lover that can tear someone apart." You say, "Ah, that just another love potion song." Well...the drug turns out to have some crazy twists:

"No one though to expect the powerful aftereffect

The day comes when you can't connect the laces to your shoe

Your body shakes, you don't know why,  
You fall down screaming at the sky  
Call your attorney, but you die before he gets to sue..."

The recording is not void of a love song. "Rivers of Blood," "was written for my sister's wedding," explained Canzano. I wonder if he actually sang it in his Tux?

"Do I love all of your tendencies 'cause I suffer from the same disease?

I'm the best guy that you ever had, 'cause I'm just like you  
I'm just as bad, I'm a no good, nothing, lying cheat,  
I'm a slug that slithers in the street  
And that's what you want, and that's why you care

And that's why we're such a perfect pair...But I'd swim rivers of blood for you."

Canzano takes a stab at the racism issue from a somewhat comic and definitely cynical viewpoint in his song "Everybody Woke Up Green":

"Now the cops out in Los Angeles angrily confessed.  
They said, how the hell are we gonna know who to arrest?...  
Now questions they come easy, but answers they come hard

'Cause everyone wants justice, but not in their backyard  
And nothing's really changed since these strange events  
'Cause there is no proper color to cover ignorance."

The down side of this record is the sparseness of both fill instruments and background vocals. A couple of songs show a weaker, possibly older side of Canzano's writing. However, this record is quite refreshing to hear in this wave of "grunge" rock 'n' roll music that is drowning the airwaves. This is a record you need to play for all of your rock 'n' roll friends who need to know what a well-crafted song is all about.

For information contact Electric Fist Records, P.O. Box 70, South River, NJ 08822. (Canzano's song "Ride Thru Wyoming" appears on Fast Folk issue #607, Songs from the Garden State.)

Jeff Tareila



Lisa McCormick

# BIOS

**Lisa McCormick** began playing guitar by the age of ten; by sixteen she was already busy delighting local music club audiences. Following a variety of musical incarnations spanning folk, classical and rock 'n' roll, she found her voice as a compelling songwriter, vocalist and guitarist.

While the media has compared McCormick to Suzanne Vega, Joan Armatrading and other gifted singer/songwriters, it is her distinctly original material that earns her constant critical acclaim. The Vanguard Press enthused: "Energy, skill and a clear voice, an easy sincerity on stage – keep an eye out for Lisa McCormick."

Currently she performs as a solo artist, featuring her compelling songwriting backed up by innovative acoustic rhythms. She also headlines her modern rock trio, Intelligent Life, as principal writer and singer, accompanied by bassist/arranger Andrew Robinson and drummer Steve Perkins.

**Jack Licitra** is a college student at SUNY Oneonta. He hasn't done too much, but hopes to. "Gone a While" is his second song on fast Folk. Advice, criticism or good jokes: (607) 433-9750.

Formerly from Washington, D.C., **The Nields**, sisters **Nerissa** and **Katryna** and Nerissa's husband **David** (who took their name) are now one of Connecticut's most widely praised young folk groups. Often compared to The Indigo Girls and The Roches, they have begun to earn a dedicated following, with a recent sold out show at Northampton's Iron Horse emphasizing the point. Nerissa, the main writer, sees the trio as "a cross between the kind of inclusive folk that was popular in the sixties and today's new bands." They have come a long way since the summer of '91 when they turned to the music professionally. (Management & Booking Contact: Michelle Yules, MY Productions (212) 713-5676)



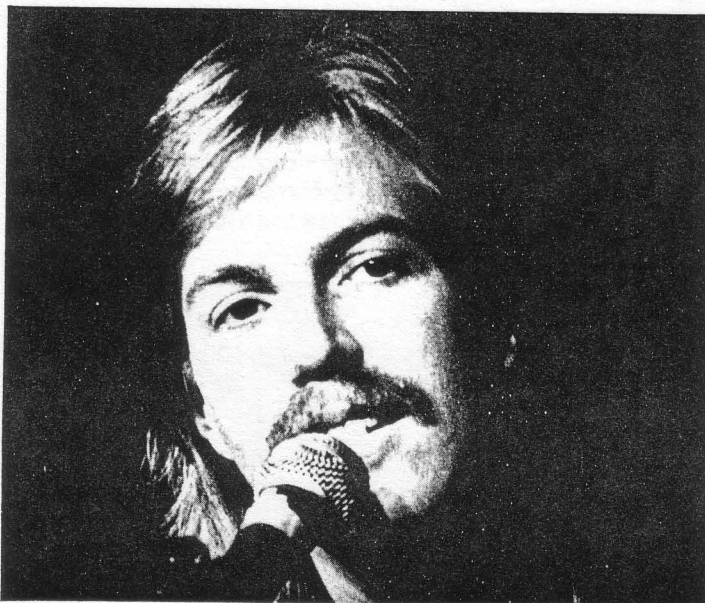
**Kurt Henry** grew up listening to all kinds of music. As a child, he especially liked the Everly Brothers and "Ghost Riders in the Sky" (he wore out a copy).

During high school, Kurt made the choice to play flat top over electric guitar (He'd started at 12) and was taught picking techniques by Rick and Pele Altman who, with Izzy Young, ran the Folklore Center in New York City.. (Rick subsequently bought it from Izzy.)

His first significant performance was at the Village Gaslight in 1969. The same year he opened for The Byrds at Nassau Community College. This experience, plus his love of Ian Tyson (of Ian and Sylvia) drove him to invent his own kind of acoustic/eclectic country-rock. When he moved to New Paltz in 1971, he formed the Womblers and was subsequently dubbed "the region's first true country rocker" by Mike Raab.

His interest in folk music remained at the core of his musical thinking and so he formed a 'folk' duet with Jim Santoro, guitarist, pedal-steel player and mandolinist.

In 1990, Jim joined the **Campbells**, an originals-centered country-rock band, but continued to work with Kurt. In 1992, Kurt joined the Campbells as well, but they continue to pursue the country--rock sound and the acoustic sound. The other Campbells, James Cawein, vocal, and Robert Lobb, bass, are heard on "All Our Fathers."



**Eric Erickson** has been singing in the Hudson Valley since the mid-'70s. Following stints in a couple of high school rock 'n' roll bands, he performed for many years as half of a popular folk duo. But he was always singing somebody else's songs. Now, accompanying himself on acoustic guitar, he performs his own compositions. Eric studied music theory and counterpoint at Orange County Community College and SUNY New Paltz. He also spent several years studying classical guitar.

Soon after WDST-FM in Woodstock went on the air in 1980, Eric joined the staff as co-host of the station's folk music program. For five years he was WDST's overnight air personality. He was host of the morning show and production director when left WDST in 1986 to devote himself to his music.

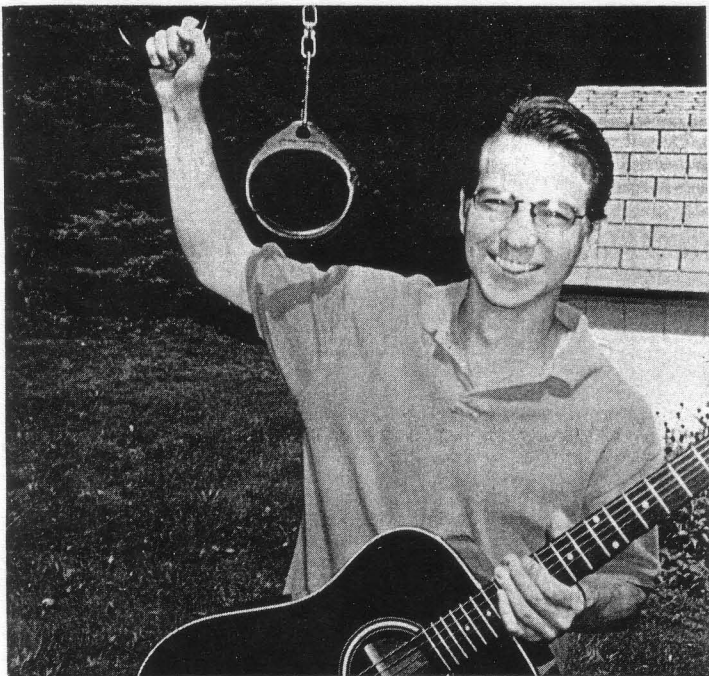
Since 1986, Eric has sung tenor in the a capella vocal ensemble Woodstock Renaissance. The group specializes in music of the Renaissance and Middle Ages but performs other styles such as traditional folk and barbershop quartets.

Write: 412 Lapla Road, Kingston, New York, 12401.

Although she has been living near Lake George in upstate New York for the past ten years, **Camille West's** writing still has an edge, honed on the New York City streets where she grew up. In 1989 she moved her music out of the living room and onto the stage of Saratoga's Caffe Lena, there she was quickly taken under the wing of the late Lena Spencer.

Camille has performed in coffeehouses, fairs and festivals throughout the Northeast, and has been privileged to open for such distinguished artists as Dave Van Ronk, Tom Paxton and David Bromberg. Camille's lyrics have been described as deliciously sophisticated satire – warm, witty and just plain fun. In reviewing Camille's 1990 debut release, *Suburban Mother From Hell*, *Dirty Linen* magazine said her "comedic wit is right up there with the biggies of mirth – people like Dave Barry and Gary Larson."

Camille's yuppie sea chantey, "The Nervous Wreck of Edna Fitzgerald," was recorded on *Fast Folk* #605 (Sept. 1992) and again on *FF* #702, *Live at the Bottom Line* 1993. She is currently completing a live CD which will be released in late 1993. Camille lives in Queensbury, N.Y., where she writes songs, raises two sons, avoids laundry and grows zucchini. Contact Screaming Emu Music, RD2 Pinewood Hollow, Queensbury, NY, 12804 or call (518) 792-3841.



**Ken Korreis** has been writing songs since 1986. As a visual artist, his influences are Egon Schiele, Gustave Klimt, and Picasso. His musical hero is Lindsey Buckingham. His other musical influences are too numerous to mention. This is his second recording on *Fast Folk*. For information, write: 52 E. 7th St., Apt. 18, New York, NY 10003.



**Don and Sheryl Haynie** live in High Falls, NY, and tour the U.S. regularly. They are currently working toward a fall 1993 release of their third album for Hard-Pressed Records, titled *The Mental Health Songbook, Vol. I*, a collection of concert performances of some very questionable songs. You can write for information about their recordings or to be added to their mailing list – RR1, Box 298, High Falls, NY 12440

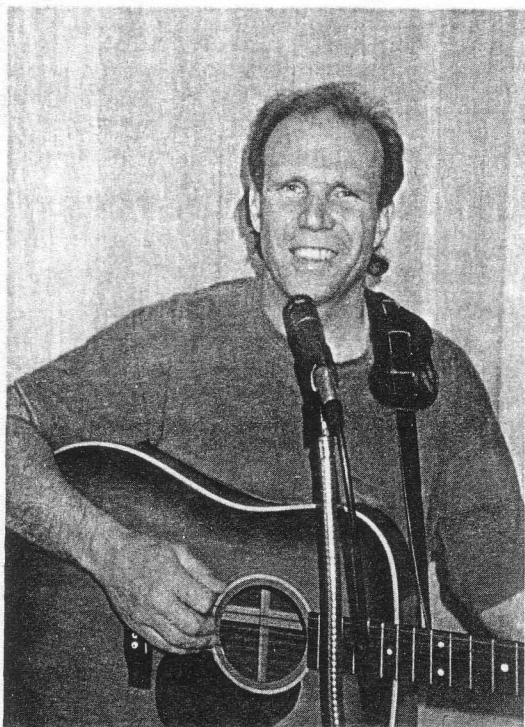
**Geri Smith** is a singer-songwriter from the Philadelphia area. She performs mostly solo acoustic all around the Delaware Valley and in New York. She also performs as a jazz singer or solo pianist and occasionally as guitarist for Essra Mohawk. In addition to performing, she also teaches voice and piano privately and moderates a songwriters' forum at the Center for Creative Arts in Yorklyn, Del.

She writes in a variety of styles, but her main focus is to move the listener through the lyrics. "If I can make someone feel, or see something from another perspective, then I have met my goal as an artist," Smith says.

During 1993, Geri has performed in New York at the January Songwriters' Guild showcase with special guest Julie Gold, the NAPM Songwriters' Hall of Fame showcase, the Songwriters' Circle at The Bitter End and BMI's Acoustic Roundup at the Cottonwood Cafe. She was also asked to open for Jonathan Edwards in West Chester, Pa., after being very well received at the Turk's Head Music Festival in both 1992 and 1993.

For more information, call (302) 792-9528.

**Stuart Kabak** is as much at home in front of a mixing board as he is behind it. Having run the sound for a number of Fast Folk events, this is his first appearance on Fast Folk with his band, *Trilogy*, featuring Paul Kean on bass, Will Hoppey lead guitar and Peter Lewey on cello.



"I like to think that I've only begun in the past three or four years," singer/songwriter **Jim Gaudet** draws. He speaks in a thoughtful, mannered way, pausing just a beat before each phrase.

He sings the same way, keeping you waiting on what small surprise the next line might bring ... "It's just like a chalk line without the corpse in the street" (from "We Never Danced").

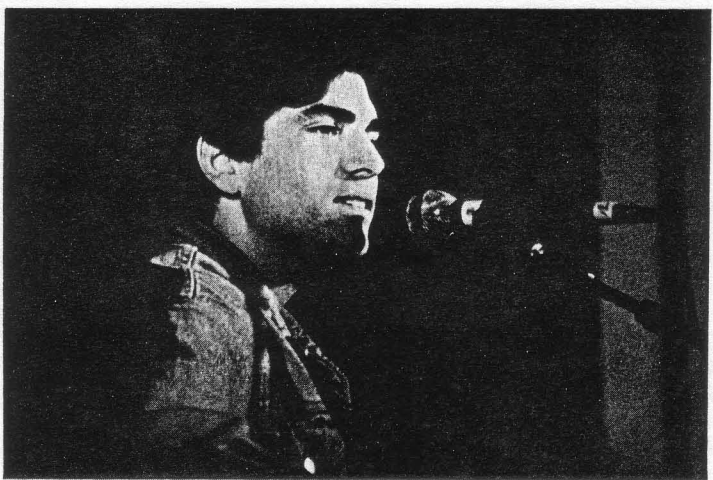
He first cut his stage teeth in the late '70s with the acoustic old-time trio *The Lost Country Rounders*. But unlike most dyed-in-the-wool musicians, Gaudet laid his guitar down for just shy of a decade before taking meager steps onto a late 1987 open stage at *Caffe Lena*.

A year later, the songs he sang by Townes Van Zandt, John Prine and Loudon Wainwright gave way to tentative early songs by Jim Gaudet. "That was before I discovered the new wave of singer/songwriters like John Gorka. It was a turning point for me because I felt that the things I wanted to do and say in songwriting had no ear, until I saw how well people received what John Gorka was doing. That gave me some confidence that, yes, things that I would tend to write about could now have an audience." That audience sold out *Caffe Lena* earlier this summer and has eagerly been buying his recently released tape, *In Real Life*, ever since.

— From the *Albany Times-Union/Preview Magazine*



**Thomas Jefferson Burris**, originally from New York City. He started playing guitar in college when he discovered the great acoustics in his dorm stairwell. Later he received a fellowship to teach creative writing at Boston University. Between classes he played guitar in the street. **Dylan Callaghan**, drummer for *Jabbering Trout*, also started performing in college.



Born in Montreal, **Russell Hallac** moved to New York City as a child. He played the drums in high school, then switched over to guitar. He played all over New York, including the *Speakeasy* and *The Bitter End*, before moving out to Martha's Vineyard for six months. There he received popular recognition as a regular at the *Wintertide Coffeehouse* in Vineyard Haven. Boston was his next stop, where the open-mike circuit kept him busy. All the while, his songwriting developed and matured to the metaphorical style which he currently displays. His is the music for the introspective and thinking person, trying to get in touch with the reality of life beneath the surface of everyday existence. His ongoing seven-state fall schedule is bringing him exposure to a wide range of audiences. Booking and management: Jack Honig, P.O. Box 438, Jericho, Vt. 05465; phone (802) 899-4315.

## Sex and Consequences

Everybody who ever lived,  
With the possible exception of Jesus  
Is proof that part of the master's plan  
Was physically designed to please us.  
The very fact that you are alive  
Is living proof that at least once or twice  
Your mother and father, yes, Mommy and  
Daddy had sex.

*Chorus: Sex can be love. Sex can be a  
weapon  
Makes new babies. Can be the  
kiss of death.  
Scar you for life, be all that you  
live for,  
Makes you act crazy  
Sex and consequences*

Sex is sacred, sex is a sin  
Depending on what kind of situation you  
are in  
ious, sex is a game  
Sex is animal, sex is tame  
Sex is a business, sex it is free  
1-900-tell-it-to-me  
Sex sells carburetors, sex sells beer  
Sex is missionary, sex is queer

### Chorus

No, I don't want to talk about it, it's on  
everybody's mind  
We are all walking evidence of the physical  
kind  
Welcome to my century  
To my post-traumatic family  
To the death of spontaneity  
Read it and weep, kiss it goodbye  
Wrap it in plastic, tell your children why  
What put you in the cradle  
Can put you in the grave  
We used to make whoopie  
But now we just wave

### Chorus

© 1992, Lisa McCormick, BMI

## Gone A While

John went off the other day  
To learn what he talked about  
His dreams had all divorced him  
And time wouldn't let him out

By his own hand he flew away  
With a note that talked about  
All the disappointment  
That made him take the easy way out

*Chorus: Gone a while*

*Gone a while  
Gone Gone gone  
With the car keys and the car*

The telephone rang, woke his girlfriend  
The tears welled up in her eyes  
She was now a captive  
Of John's greatest surprise

He was always the strong one  
The one without any doubts  
Disbelief was unimportant  
Words like that never came from his mouth

### Chorus

In his basement he would hide  
With his headphones in the dark  
When he came up for air  
He would go for a ride in his car

John had never been arrested  
Only held back by his fears  
He would tell the world he was a dreamer  
After he put down a couple of beers

### Chorus

His friend kim always told his girlfriend  
One day john would have been a great  
man  
He was just a little different  
She needed to understand

Things aren't always what they seem  
Things aren't always understood  
They just roll away and come back  
John did the best that he could

© 1993, Jack Licitra

## This Happens Again and Again

She's waiting in line for a meal that is free  
There's a boy with a beard and a patch on  
his knee  
She already knows what the conversation  
will be  
This happens again and again

She asks where he's sitting and is he  
alone  
He smiles with his teeth, he's a long way  
from home  
He has eyes that are blue  
He has hair that is blown  
This happens again and again

You seem like a guy that I have been look-  
ing for  
Your eyes are so thoughtful and bright  
How long must we act like we're just mak-  
ing friends

When I already know that you're right

Feeling comes over her once and so clear  
It was difficult last time when she tried to  
steer  
and she asks herself am I making love to  
the mare  
This happens again and again

Your eyes are the color of autumn skies  
Your hair is golden and so bright  
Your body is all that a woman should be  
Won't you come with me tonight

Then she starts from her chair in a  
moment of thought  
To remember her first love and the lessons  
he taught  
And how very easily she could be bought  
This happens again and again

© Nerissa Nields

## All Our Fathers

We who have come from this forest...  
We who have come from this land...  
We who would sift for an answer,  
Sitting on ancestral sand.  
Rivers of silver we've drifted on,  
And there's gold in the sunset as it fades  
fast away...  
I'll build a fire against nightfall; safe by its  
side you will stay.

Fearful of sounds in the forest,  
Warmed by a cup of good cheer,  
Kindness we keep in the bottle,  
Fruit from the now distant year...  
Now I will sing you a favorite song,  
It's just one that I learned from a soul long  
in life...

One story follows another; you'll take your  
turn in the night.

Sit by the fire I've been keeping,  
Sit by my fire until dawn.  
While you were so sweetly sleeping  
All our fathers have gone.

Back in the city so distant,  
Men in a circle of pain:  
Hands that once worked for subsistence  
Reach for a bottle of grain.  
Lonely girl sits in a motel room  
While the radio drowns out the sound of  
her child.  
Lonely girl opens the window; radio sings  
to the night.

Sit by the fire I've been keeping,  
Sit by my fire until dawn.  
While you were so sweetly sleeping  
All our fathers have gone.

Stones in a circle will linger...  
Ashes will drift in the wind...  
Words in the speaking were dying...  
Dreams in the daylight grow dim...  
Songs we'll remember for just awhile,  
While they keep out the shadow that  
stalks in the night...  
We in a circle were singing; stones in a  
circle survive.

sit by the fire I've been keeping,  
Sit by my fire until dawn.  
While you were so sweetly sleeping,  
All our fathers have gone.

© 1993, Kurt Henry

## My Broken Heart

Everybody has advice for me  
Everybody knows what I should do  
From my best friend to the guy down at  
the market  
He tells me, too  
"Take a trip, get away  
Get that woman off your mind," they  
say  
Everyone knows how to fix my broken  
heart  
"Take her picture from the wall  
Try not to think of her at all,"  
Everyone knows how to fix my broken  
heart

Well, it's easier for them to say  
Than it is for me to do  
I'm lonely, aching  
And all I want is you

My friends say, "Give it time  
Before you know it, you'll be fine,"  
Everyone knows how to fix my broken  
heart

©1992, Eric Erickson

## The Viennese Drinking Song

Wherever we go, there's id and there's  
ego;  
the conflicts we never outgrow.  
Anxiety's built on repression and guilt  
(ask any good Catholic you know).  
There are feelings inside which are felt  
and denied  
and in trying to hide them we find  
that the ones we repress are the ones  
we express  
(and they tell me it's all in my mind).

(Chorus)

And we sing

Ya, ya, ya, ya  
So many things to avoid  
Ya, ya, ya, ya  
it's the gospel according to Freud

One day my kid came to me straight  
from his therapy,  
(used to be strictly Gestalt)  
He said, "I'm not complainin' but my  
toilet trainin'  
was rough so you're really at fault"  
Perhaps if I'd waited he'd not be fixated  
I wish that I'd made it a game  
So I owe an apology, thank you psy-  
chology  
My fault the kid is insane

(Chorus)

Our sons want to marry us  
Freud says the Oedipus complex is  
strong and it's real  
These boys cause a ruckus; they all  
want to--shall we say feel?--  
what they ought not to feel  
Between father and son there's a war to  
be won  
over mama's affectionate glance  
Says pop to his kid, "What's this crap  
about id?  
Keep your impulses inside your pants."

(Chorus)

And ladies between us we envy the  
penis  
says Freud it's our major drawback  
This all our neuroses and sometimes  
psychoses  
begin over something we lack.  
And so man's exterior makes his supe-  
rior  
Freud says our envy is mute.  
But I must disagree, 'cause according  
to me  
the zucchini's a great substitute.

(Chorus two times)

© 1990, Camille West

## Sundial

What are all the crazy answers  
To all your muted questions?  
Where is the damsel in distress?  
Since knee-high times you wondered  
The yearning pull to wander  
The burning to pass the test.

Roaring until nothing stands still  
There is no pill to ease  
The whirlwind of your mind  
Take the slow and scenic route  
Enjoy being in before you're out

Dreams that end in flames  
The catwalk of your smile  
Barefoot through the dew-drenched grass  
The shadow's movement on the sundial

What are all the crazy answers  
To all your muted questions?  
Where is the damsel in distress?  
Since knee-high times you wondered  
The yearning pull to wander  
The burning to pass the test.

©1993, Ken Korreis

## Common Ground

We talk about the weather  
You ask me how I do  
It matters and it doesn't  
And I ask the same of you  
It's a little bit like feelers  
Antennas searching for a sound  
As we try these little signals  
And we look for common ground.

We've come so far to be here  
We have brought you all we know  
And we lay it out before you  
Like paintings at a show  
If you search within each canvas  
Your face can there be found  
And traced with eyes that turn inside  
And look for common ground

They argue in the hallway  
Over who will sit with whom  
And who will be the first or last  
To enter or leave the room  
While a village under heavy fire  
Ignites and crashes down  
And a child lies clutching border dirt  
That looks like common ground

Our needs are pretty much the same  
Our differences so small  
That, taken in a larger view,  
They're hardly there at all  
And each of us will someday find  
A share of this surrounds  
Our sleep; so while awake, don't we  
Look for common ground?

© 1993, D. Haynie

## Can You See Me Hilda

I think of you each time I ride the train  
That passes by the big white house  
That's always looked the same  
I can see your features in my face  
Reflected in the pane  
Of the railway car  
Can you see me, Hilda, from wherever  
you are?

You saw things that no one else could see  
 You said spirits spoke to you  
 Sometimes you speak to me  
 In the moments between sleep and waking  
 I can hear your voice  
 It sounds so very far  
 Can you see me, Hilda, from wherever you are?

Mother's mother, you're a part of me  
 And I am part of you  
 And I want to be a part  
 Of my children's children too.

My first born came two days before you died  
 Your eyes were closed but my mother knows  
 You heard because you smiled  
 And in the moments between sleep and waking

I felt you go by  
 Just like a shooting star  
 Can you see me, Hilda, from wherever you are?

© 1993, Geri Smith (BMI)

## Get a Life

You look at her with starry eyes  
 Andy swear you'll never doubt her  
 Wouldn't even want to try  
 To live one day without her  
 Your life would be a sinking boat  
 Her love is keeping you afloat  
 One look from her and it's all she wrote  
 And you'll sail down the river of life together  
 Today tomorrow forever and ever

Stop right there in the middle of the stream  
 Fill your own life find your own dream  
 Hold on to your virtues, don't give away all  
 At the end of your river is a waterfall

Now what the hell am I saying here  
 How can I be so cruel  
 Loneliness is what you fear  
 It's the provence of a fool  
 Well, I'm not alone and it's clear to me  
 Love is not dependency  
 The truth will always keep you free  
 If you sail down that river of life together  
 Today tomorrow forever and ever

(Chorus)

Do you think I say all this  
 Out of some conceited pride

Don't you know the wounds that hurt the most

Are easiest to hide  
 Friends of mine tried warning me saying  
 This is how love goes  
 But I gave my soul and lost control  
 Near drowned in I told you sos

(Chorus)

©1992, Stuart Kabak

## Relics and Remains

We I was born and raised this was not a one-horse town  
 Relics and remains of places that would soon close down  
 They had a special meaning, but not enough to stay  
 In the words of progress they were old and in the way  
 My memories of this city, relics and remains.

Hawkins Stadium is gone, the Senators have played their last game  
 With pumpsie green on second, his autograph still bears my name  
 Time can take the breweries, it can have Williams Press  
 Time can take the trolley cars, trains and all the rest  
 As long as it leaves me with my memories, although they're second best

Down on Broadway, the station has taken a new face  
 The trains are gone. All that's left are the ghosts of the D&H  
 I can still remember the ceilings so high  
 The wooden benches and the newsstand and the people brushing by  
 I didn't know that it was final when I went for my last ride.

Let's hear it for the houses that brought us the stars of the silver screen  
 The Strand and the Ritz only stand in reminiscent dreams  
 The shopping days were numbered for the big downtown stores  
 Whitney's and Myer's would be soon to close their doors  
 The clerk said that all sales were final for now and ever more

They had a special meaning, but not enough to stay  
 In the words of progress they were old and in the way  
 My memories of this city, relics and remains  
 That in time will fade away

With every passing day  
 Relics and remains.

©1993, Jim Gaudet

## The Dog Called Special K

Sniffing everywhere in the whole damn town  
 He's sniffing sidewalk garbage bag canine pound  
 Running all around, kinda dripping spit  
 And who dragged me through all of it?  
 He's the dog called Special K.

Rolling on the ground, Special K don't fail  
 He listens to the band and wags his tail  
 If you wanna play games, Special K don't beg  
 He'll look you in the eye, lift his leg  
 He's the dog called Special K.

Lick you in the face – Special K ain't tame  
 Saliva running down like the gravy train  
 He's ready to go – you can't leave him behind  
 He'll sit down in the front seat if you don't mind  
 He's the dog called Special K.

© 1991, Jabbering Trout

## King of Dreams

I rose from the river  
 Held on to the shore  
 And feeling for my sight  
 In this land where love lives no more  
 I work in a fever  
 Saw the hole in your sky  
 Where looking down upon me  
 The seven circling eyes.

Lower me down to the King of Dreams  
 All rise in wonder, the shepherd sings  
 The flooding rivers of worthless things  
 Are coming over the wall.

By the walls of the king's faith  
 I saw you standing there  
 Like a part of the painting  
 Where they brush the angel child's hair  
 And pulled from the canvas  
 And laid out across the bed  
 Forced to see forever  
 With every turn of your head.

Lower me down to where the Devil dreams  
 All bow your heads, the serpent sing  
 The cancer has taken all it has seen  
 The sun in your eyes, the rumors and the lies.

Forward lines mark the madness  
Where I live in fear  
Where misfits are imprisoned  
And the jailer sheds no tears  
Alone in a landscape  
And hung up to view  
A vision of colors  
Calling out for you.

Turn off the dream and let  
the night come in  
Gamble and lose your spirit to the wind  
Sacred and naked are we in the end  
The grave in the womb, the light trapped in  
the tomb.

Lower me down to the King of Dreams  
All rise in wonder the shepherd sings  
Unchain the locks, first kiss the ring  
Take your leave or be mine forever more

© 1993, Russell Halla

## I Was Not a Victim, I Was a Volunteer

Oh man, the booze it bruised me, it  
dragged me through the dirt,  
It made me hurt in places I never thought I  
could hurt,  
On it I blamed my problems, the wreckage  
of my years,  
But I was not a victim, I was a volunteer,  
I was not a victim, I was a volunteer.  
No one ever held me down and killed my  
gut with beer  
No one ever forced me to drink that  
Hennessy--  
Each and every time, I did it voluntarily.

Policeman pulled me over, he said how  
are you? "I'm fine"  
Son, will you please step out and wlk me  
a straight line,  
He slapped those handcuff on me, the  
sound filled me with fear,  
He said I was not a victim, just another vol-  
unteer,  
I was not a victim, I was a volunteer  
No one forced me to turn the key, hit the  
gas and steer,  
No one ever forced me to drink that  
Hennessy--  
Each and every time, I drank it voluntarily.

My banker called me one day, said there's  
something I should know,  
His bank was not a charity, they were  
going to foreclose.  
You've got thirty days to vacate, boy, bet-  
ter get your ass in gear,  
You are not a victim, this bank ain't no vol-  
unteer,  
I was not a victim, I was a volunteer,  
He didn't care that I spent the money on

fine imported beer,  
No one ever forced me to drink that  
Hennessy--  
Each and every time I drank it voluntarily.

My wife, she looked into my eyes, she said  
"Honey, this could have been swell,"  
If I was the kind of woman who liked living  
in a living hell,  
I wallowed in self-pity, she said, "Please  
spare me dear,  
Because you are not a victim, and I damn  
sure ain't no volunteer."  
I was not a victim, I was a volunteer,  
And if you wanna know how to treat a  
woman, you cannot find out here,  
No one ever forced me to drink that  
Hennessy--  
Each and every time, I drank it voluntarily.

So if you're listenin' to this song and the  
words have made you think,  
Soon you may find yourself staring into  
your next drink,  
Well, whiskey may be amber boys, and  
vodka may be clear  
But you are not a victim you are just another  
volunteer  
I was not a victim, I was a volunteer,  
No one ever held me down and filled my  
gut with beer,  
No one ever forced me to drink that  
Hennessy--  
Each and every time, I did it voluntarily.

©1992 Monty Delaney (BMI)

## Falling Rain

No one saw the signs, No one heard the  
cries,  
No one saw she couldn't keep the water  
from her eyes,  
Her heart broke one too many times  
Her pain wrote out her final lines  
The mirror fragments sparkled invitation  
And she cried out up to the skies  
But cries turn to tears  
Tears get lost in the falling rain  
Falling rain, In the falling rain.

My head was in the clouds  
I couldn't see at all  
I couldn't tell you when it was the rain  
began to fall  
Well, I know we don't get too long  
But I turned around and she was gone  
And you can't call back the wind once it's  
blowing.

And I dreamed that I saw her smile  
But her smile turned to tears  
Washed away in the falling rain  
Falling rain, in the falling rain.

And I called out up to the sky  
But cries turned to whispers  
Drowned in the thunder  
And people get lost like tears in the falling  
rain  
Falling rain, in the falling rain.

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## Bleecker Street

Outside on the street tonight  
They're handing out free passes  
To the rock 'n' roll  
Late evening classes  
Step inside and see who's dreaming of the  
masses  
They break their ass for free while the bar-  
maid fills the glasses.

And the rain falls down on New York City  
Yeah the rain falls down on New York City  
And Bleecker Street is still the place to be  
To give your dreams a shot at reaching  
their reality.

Janey came from out of town  
With just her guitar  
Caught herself a lucky break  
In a local corner bar  
Plays for tips and strangers every night at  
ten  
Forty on the twenty off then forty minutes  
on again.

Johnny had a cool voice  
Had a way to make you feel  
Spent years of weekends with his band  
Making noise for a major deal  
His girlfriend whispers, "Johnny how long  
you plan to stay?"  
Johnny turns walks to the stage picks up  
his guitar and plays.

No one has a crowd tonight  
Just the steady second stringers  
The doorman counts the clientele, uses his  
fingers  
The band's all packed and headed for the  
doors  
A hard luck night no money...no girls and  
no applause.

But somewhere down the street tonight  
I thought I heard a mention  
A girl and her guitar  
Are getting some attention  
And so it goes, another star is born  
As the waitress shuts the light and the the  
taxi blows its horn.

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(Continued from page 11)



**Monty Delaney** joined the Marine Corp at age eighteen. He bought his first guitar in Copenhagen. He has worked as an actor, author, bartender, bouncer, cab driver, construction worker, coach, counselor, lawyer, musician, producer, presenter, police officer (in the South Bronx for seven years) and currently works as a teacher in New Rochelle, NY where he also runs the South Sound Coffee House.

Singer/songwriter **Tanya Leah** has performed extensively in New York and nationally, opening for acts such as John Sebastian. As a writer, she is represented by Ten Ten Music

Group in Nashville and is published by Grand Scale Music in New York. Tanya recently worked with Lou and Barry Rogers on a latin music project for Linda Ronstadt. She can be heard on commercial jingles and demo reels, as both vocalist and guitarist. Currently, Tanya can be seen performing with Dee Carstensen and Clay Mills as well as with her own band. For further information call her mother ... or (212) 876-5636.

**Gerald Bair**, award-winning singer/songwriter, a finalist in both Musician magazine's 1990 "best unsigned band" contest and 1992's New York State's "best songwriter" contest, constantly performs in the New York City area. His songs have received airplay on both college and commercial radio. In September he released an CD collection of his songs, Pieces of the Puzzle, available by mail only. Send \$15 money order or check to: Strayed Ahead productions, 3612 Ladonia St., Seaford, NY 11783.

Editors note: Left out of FF708 L.A. issue... **Darryl Purpose**, a founding member of the band Collective Vision, formed in the late 1980's "has placed songs in the films "Guardian Angel" and "Deadly Bet." Further info: No More Silence Music, 1015 Gayley Ave. #171 L.A. CA 90024 310 391-1999

1. Sex and Consequences  
(Lisa McCormick)  
Lisa McCormick: guitar, vocal  
Jesse Jackson: bass  
Wendy Beckerman: harmony
2. Gone a While  
(Jack Licitra)  
Jack Licitra: guitar, vocal  
Wendy Beckerman, Jack Hardy: harmony  
vocals  
Paul Kean: bass
3. This Happens Again and Again  
(The Nields)  
David Nields: guitar  
Katrina Nields: vocal  
Nerissa Nields: vocal and guitar
4. All Our Fathers  
(The Campbells)  
Kurt Henry: guitar, vocal  
Jim Santoro: guitar  
Cheryl Lambert: vocal  
Jim Cawein: vocal  
Robert Loeb: bass
5. My Broken Heart  
(Eric Erickson)  
Eric Erickson: vocal, guitar

6. The Viennese Drinking Song  
(Camille West)  
Camille West: guitar and vocal  
Jack Licitra: bass  
With the "SuperEgo Singers": Tanya Leah, Geri Smith, Scott Wodicka, Monty Delaney, Paul Kean, Russell Hallac, Jack Licitra, Jim Gaudet, Sheryl Samuel

7. Sundial  
(Ken Korreis)  
Ken Korreis: vocal, guitar

8. Common Ground  
Don and Sheryl  
Don: guitar, vocal  
Sheryl: conga, vocal

9. Can You See Me Hilda?  
(Geri Smith)  
Geri Smith: keyboard, vocal

10. Get A Life  
(Stuart Kabak and Trilogy)  
Stuart Kabak: guitar, vocal  
Paul Kean: bass, vocal  
Will Hoppey: guitar, vocal

11. Relics and Remains  
(Jim Gaudet)  
Jim Gaudet: guitar and vocal  
Jack Licitra: bass
12. The Dog Called Special K  
(Jabbering Trout)  
Thomas Jefferson: guitar, vocal  
Dylan Callahan: drums, vocal
13. King of Dreams  
(Russell Hallac)  
Russell Hallac: guitar, vocal  
Paul Kean: bass
14. I Was Not a Victim, I Was a Volunteer  
(Monty Delaney)  
Monty Delaney: guitar and vocal  
Jack Licitra: Guitar  
Paul Kean: bass  
Sheryl Samuel: cabasa
15. Falling Rain  
(Tanya Leah)  
Tanya Leah: Guitar, vocal  
Geri Smith: harmony vocal
16. Bleeker Street  
(Gerald Bair)  
Gerald Bair: vocal, guitar