

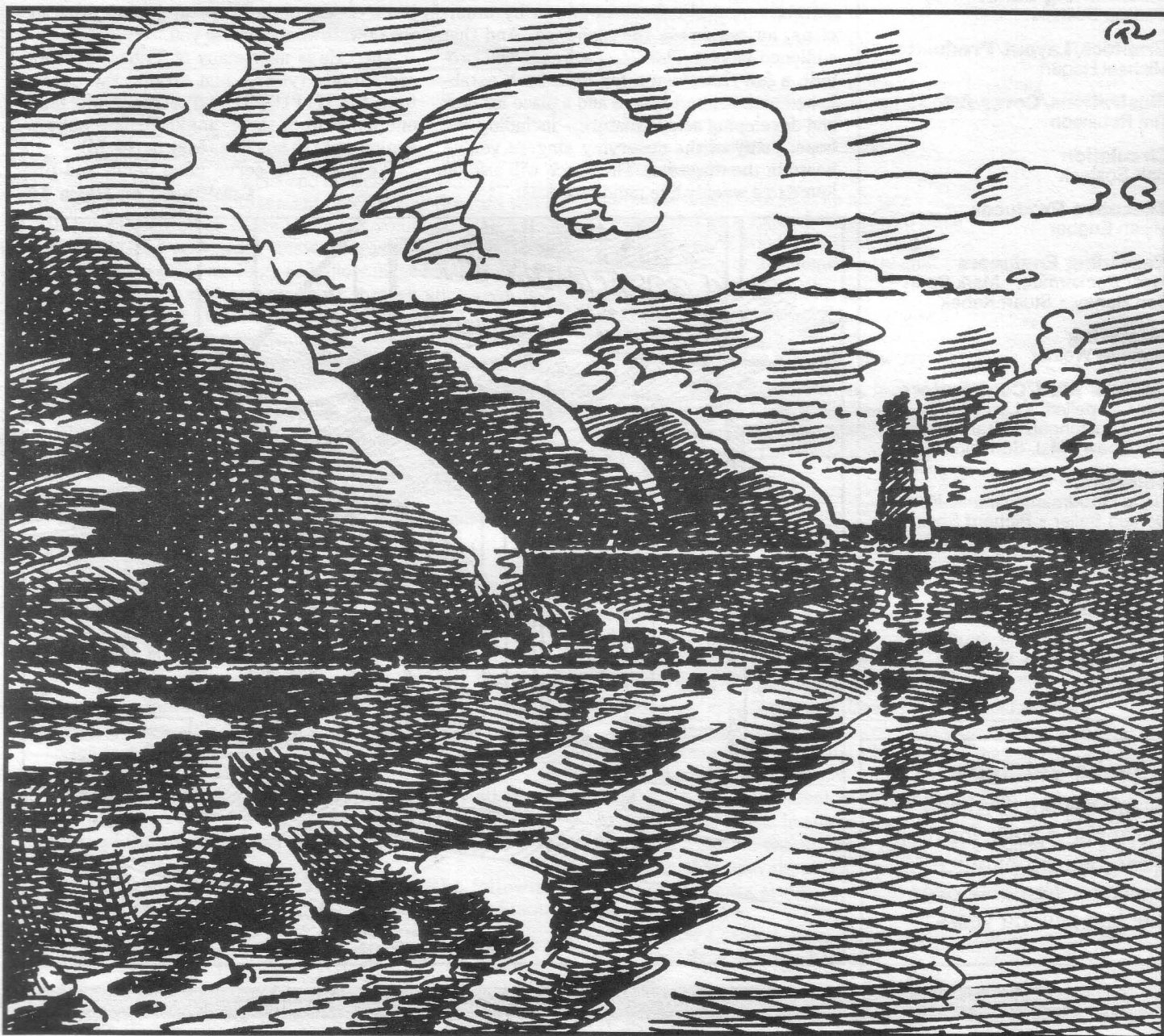
FAST FOLK

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

Volume 7, Number 10

July 1994

The Maine Festival 1993



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Magazine

Thanks yet again!

Many thanks to Al and
Adrienne Schere for their
generous gift of office
space for *Fast Folk* over
the last several years.

A new home for Fast Folk

The magazine spawns the Fast Folk Cafe, coming this autumn

Fast Folk Musical Magazine is moving its offices to 41 N. Moore St., in the heart of trendy Tribeca, New York City.

This move to a new storefront location makes possible another leap forward for the *FF* empire: We are opening **The Fast Folk Cafe** at the same location, New York's only performance space dedicated to acoustic, unplugged songwriters and folk music. "A non-profit folk club," although somewhat redundant, is still an exciting idea.

We see the cafe as a natural complement to the magazine and CDs in our mission to bring new songs to a wide audience.

We're committed to making the cafe an attractive, smoke-free room run by musicians, for ~~musicians~~ the audience. And that audience is you. This 74-seat room will provide a full-time venue for folk, both established national performers and a place for new and developing acts to mature – including, we hope, many of the deserving singers you've heard in the magazine. The space will also be home to a weekly live radio broadcast.

Open mikes and invitation-only closed mikes will help us uncover, record and release new songs faster than ever before. Recording facilities on site will let us tape whenever a good song wanders into range. Performers, offered both an opportunity to record and live bookings, have even more incentive to let us hear their work first. Thus, we'll have a better selection of work to choose from. Result: Fresher, faster, more exciting issues of the magazine.

We hope the cafe will become a casual meeting place for songwriters, performers and fans, a space for both creative synergies as well as career wheeling and dealing. Or just a cheery place for an after-work drink for the downtowners among you.

The cafe is near many of Tribeca's trendy restaurants (yum!), just around the corner from the NYPD's First Precinct (safe!) and one block from the Franklin Square subway station or M10 bus line (easy to reach!).

We expect to serve good beers and fine

Continued on Page 15



Tim Robinson

An eclectic mix at the 1994 Maine Festival

Crafts, visual arts, a special jazz tribute – and the return of the *Fast Folk* Revue

By M.J. Sunshine

The Maine Festival, featuring the work of the state's finest artists has evolved into one of New England's premiere cultural events. Established in 1976 as a "festival of the creative spirit" by the late Maine humorist, Marshall Dodge, the annual celebration will be attended by more than 15,000 Mainers and visitors between August fourth and seventh of this year.

This issue's CD celebrates the Maine Festival with live performances from last year's festival by both *Fast Folk* regulars and some newcomers to these pages.

The festival is organized by Burl Hash, director of Maine Arts, and is in keeping with the "Active arts for all Maine people" motto of the group. Maine Arts is dedicated to creating a statewide community of the arts which preserves many of the the region's cultural traditions while exploring and nurturing new forms of art.

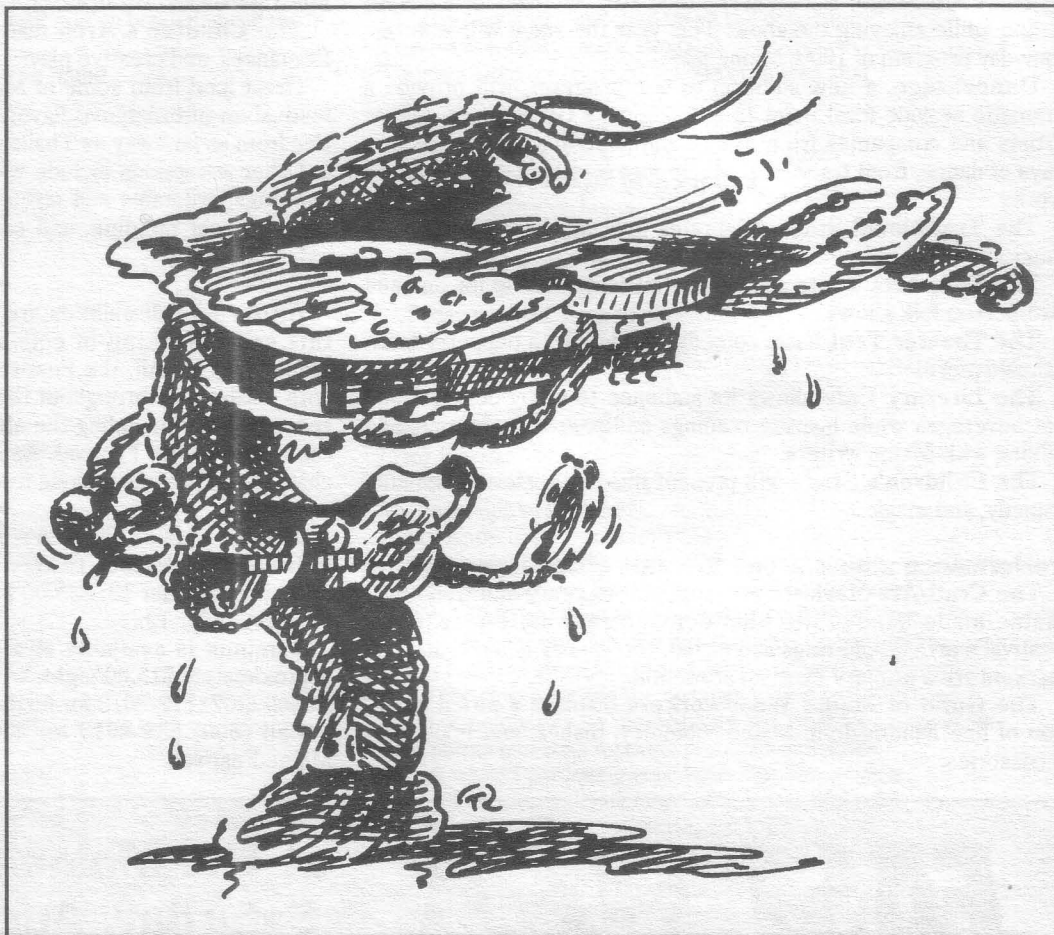
Through annual events such as the Maine Festival, the work of Maine's emerging and master artists is celebrated, and audience participation in the artistic process is actively encouraged.

The 1994 Maine Festival will present the best of the state's offerings in one venue at Thomas Point Beach in Brunswick, Maine. This year, eight stages will showcase the talents of artists from fields as diverse as dance, woodworking, puppetry, comedy, sculpture, literature, pottery, painting and (how could we forget) music. Ethnic and traditional Maine fare will be available from the many food vendors.

Visual Arts Day opens the festival on Thursday, 4 August. A juried selection of handmade works by the Guild of Maine Woodworkers, 25-30 of the state's top woodworking artists, will be displayed; the Maine specialty of wildlife woodcarving will be represented as well. A sculpture park consisting of pieces by Maine's finest sculptors will be on display as will six 9' x 12' paintings commissioned by Maine Arts, by Maine artists. For some good-natured competition, a Potter's Olympics is in the works. On hand will be craftsmen demonstrating their expertise in the creation of traditional arts and crafts.

Friday, 5 August is Family/Children's Day. This year, the children's area will have its own stage and hands-on activities. Performances will include story-telling, music, theater, vaudeville, magic and marionettes in the puppetry theatre.

Entertainment can also be found in the comedy and vaudeville festivals, readings and discussions with Maine's premiere writers, and a special four-day dance program featuring contemporary and



Tim Robinson

traditional forms of dance performed by artists from companies in Maine and beyond.

Musically, the 1994 Maine Festival will showcase an eclectic group of performers celebrating folk, bluegrass, and ethnic music.

Maineiacs of Jazz, this year's highlight, is a salute to the emergence of jazz in Maine Culture featuring styles ranging from Dixieland to Big Band to progressive/contemporary. Also unique to this year's festival is an evening of country music.

Scheduled to appear at this year's Maine Festival are:

- Louisiana guitarist John Mooney
 - Zydeco band Lucky 7
 - Libana, an all-female international ensemble performing women's songs from around the world.
 - Kotoja, performing music from Zaire
 - Pacto Andino, presenting music of the Andes
 - Chanterelle, with French-Canadian traditional music
 - Trillium, presenting traditional music of the British Isles
 - Zingo Zango, just your basic Jug Band
- Plus, progressive music from Maine:**
- Country from Cattle Call and Beyond Reason
 - Bluegrass by Moore and McGann
 - Rockabilly from Memphis Mafia
 - The Wicked Good Band, a humorous Maine favorite

Eight stages will grace the 1994 Festival:

The Festival Stage presents music from Maine and beyond. This year, in salute to the emergence of jazz in Maine culture, we will feature several big bands.

The Cafe Stage, adjoining the food area, includes benches for eating while enjoying the show. This year the stage will feature a four-day program of 100% Maine jazz.

DanceStage, a new addition to our program, will provide a dramatic seaside focal point to the festival's Great Lawn. Dance artists and companies from Maine and beyond will provide four days of dance, from traditional Maine forms to bold contemporary works.

The Traditional Stage celebrates folk, bluegrass, and ethnic music.

The Folk Arts Tents are a more intimate setting for one and two-person folk shows.

The Theater Tent hosts comedy, vaudeville, a puppetry festival, and more.

The Literary Cafe allows its audience to enjoy desserts and hot beverages while hearing readings and panel discussions, and talking with Maine writers.

The Children's Stage will present music, theater, vaudeville, comedy, and magic.

Performance stages aren't the only attractions:

The Craft/Art Markets present contemporary and traditional Maine-made handicrafts plus demonstrations. Because the Festival's artistic offerings are juried, the caliber is such that the markets are a primary Festival attraction.

The Guild of Maine Woodworkers displays a juried selection of fine handmade-in-Maine cabinetry, dishes, and household accessories.

The Art Studio features daily hands-on workshops and demonstrations by Maine artists and organizations.

The Maine Enterprise Tent showcases innovative, exemplary businesses designing and producing some of the state's finest goods and services.

The Children's Area features art projects, storytelling, performances, and creative play.

Great food from some of Maine's best kitchens helps give the festival an international flavor. Sample native dishes and specialties from as far away as Thailand and India.

Other attractions include waterfront sculptures, giant billboard paintings, inflatable and stretch fabric sculpture, chainsaw wood carving, boat building, and community organization booths and exhibits.

• • •

Artists with disabilities are playing a key role in the Festival this year. Working in collaboration with Very Special Arts Maine/Arts for All, the Festival will integrate the work of artists with disabilities throughout the program, and provide people with special needs (including the elderly and AIDS populations) practical access to the Festival. As always, the Festival will be wheelchair accessible and include frequent sign language interpretation.

• • •

The 1994 Maine Festival is August 4-7 at Thomas Point Beach in Brunswick, Maine. Tickets are \$9.00/day for adults; \$6.00/day for children under 12; \$25.00 Family Pass for up to 2 Adults and 3 children under 12.

Camping is available at a site adjacent to the Festival for approximately \$15.00/night.

Call (207) 772-9012 for further details on tickets.

Call (800) 639-4212 for additional information on the 1994 Maine Festival.

FAST FOLK

**at The Maine Festival 1994
Saturday, August 6, 4 p.m.**

If you enjoy this issue, why not return with us to the scene of the crime?

The Fast Folk Revue appears again this year on the Traditional Stage.

Join us at The Maine Festival, Thomas Point Beach, Brunswick, Maine.

(See the article above for more details, or call (207) 772-9012.

Scheduled to appear:

Jack Hardy • Wendy Beckerman • Louise Taylor • Catie Curtis

James Mee • Stan Moeller and T.S. Baker • Tom Pirozzolli

Libby Roderick • Jonathan Stevens

With Tom Duvall, guitar, and Jenny Hersh, bass

Tom Intondi, remembered fondly

Recently, we heard that Tom Intondi, a longtime friend of *Fast Folk* and the folk scene in general had finally succumbed to cancer. Tom was an optimist right to the end, always championing the scene. A demanding member of the Song Project, he continued it through its various forms, doing one album in Europe. He had three albums of his own and *Fast Folk* cuts too numerous to list. More recently, Tom put together our Oregon issue (FF707). Two days before he died, I received a tape of someone Tom had sent me, saying we just had to record this song.

We will miss him.

We've included here a few excerpts from the memorial service held for Tom in New York City.

— Jack Hardy

Last September, Tom traveled to the island of Martha's Vineyard to participate in the singer/songwriters' retreat. It was difficult for him to get around, being on crutches, but despite that, Tom managed to get himself into the middle of all things musical during the week he was there — performing at the open mikes, the weekend concerts and spontaneous jams that sprung up.

Without a doubt, the musical highlight of that week — and one of the biggest crowd-pleasers of the whole monthlong event — was the song "Life Is Hard" that was written on the Vineyard and performed by Cliff Eberhardt, Red Grammer, Al Petteway and Tom. It's a funny song. Cliff wrote it, Tom worked out the vocal arrangements — he was always so good, since his Song Project days, to know how to make the vocals sound *just so*. The crowd went crazy every time they performed it.

Charlie Witham, a native islander, said to me during the post-retreat party that, having witnessed all the concerts and events that took place that month, his most enduring image of the retreat was the sight of Tom Intondi onstage, on crutches, smiling and belting out "Life is hard/love is harder/the closer you get/it all seems farther/away." There were a lot of wonderful things happening that month, but Tom's bravery and optimism and good spirits and creative energy in the midst of his own personal struggle stood above the rest.

He also performed his own song "Heart on the Run," which everyone loved. That and "Life Is Hard" will both be on the double album documenting the retreat. The final editing will be com-



At Folk City sometime in the late '70s (l to r): Brian Rose, Jeff Gold, Elliot Simon, Jack Hardy, Lucy Kaplanski and Tom.

pleted on Monday, and all the musicians involved agreed that we will dedicate the album to Tom, to thank him for being with us as long as he was.

As musicians, the most we can hope for is that our music touches people's lives, and lives on after we are gone. We don't have Tom, but we do have what he cared about most, his music, and the spirit of love and friendship that was always a part of his music. I just know he's got to be happy about that.

— Christine Lavin

The Real Obituary

Hello, Tom.

There's supposed to be a form to this — the standard obituary but you were never a very standard kind of guy or maybe the standard we should measure ourselves by

people come and go on the folk scene
the folk revival
the new folk revival
the anti-folk movement
the new traditional anti-folk revival
some folks drift back into day jobs some into fame and you just kept playing what you called "the music"
Town Hall, New York City, to a thousand people
Buffalo Gals, Eugene, Oregon, to a handful of friends
you singing from so deep I know
you didn't have time

Continued on Page 15

Catie Curtis: Songs to make a difference

Tackling tough topics, not with anger or resignation, but with a hope to make things better

By John Shore

One of New England's favorite sons, Robert Frost, once called poetry "a momentary stay against confusion."

Maine's own Catie Curtis, whose song "Hole in the Bucket" is featured in this issue of Fast Folk, echoes this same sentiment in a song from her most recent CD, *From Years to Hours*:

*"In the day I think I can
But at night I think again
Got these worries on my mind
And I'll organize them
one more time
And if I hold the night this still
I know I'll be alright
until morning."*

As many of the songs on *From Years to Hours* attest, Curtis also shares Frost's penchant for couching often melancholy emotions within the plainspoken details of everyday life.

"I've never been into analyzing why my lyrics are the way they are," says Curtis, "but I think it comes back to the down-to-earth culture and people from where I grew up."

For Curtis, that place is Saco, a town of 15,000 along the coast of southern Maine. And while Curtis has long since left her small home town, first to attend Brown University and later to pursue her music career, she still favors the matter-of-fact wisdom which grows from common experience.

In "Grandmother's Name," for example, Curtis sings, "She used to live by his clock/A meal, a wash, his Sunday walk/A tick and a tock," capturing both the melancholy and the quiet grace of a life measured in its simple patterns.

But while small town life is often characterized as genteel and idyllic, it also presents its challenges, particularly to those who find themselves at odds with the status quo, and whose curiosity leads them beyond such a small circle. And growing up in Saco, Curtis constantly found herself opting for the unexpected when it came to pursuing her interests. A "tomboy," she played basketball and Little League baseball. And when her interests turned to music, she first picked up the drums and then played tuba in the school band before picking up the guitar. As Curtis explains, small town Maine was not the place to be if one wanted to be exposed to new and different music.

Curtis searched for anything unique and offbeat, citing Melanie as an early influence: "I remember hearing some of her songs and thinking of how cool they were, with the lyrics being kind of quirky." Always interested in whatever strayed from the beaten path, Curtis favored artists such as Rickie Lee Jones and Bonnie Raitt to the offerings of the local "top 40" radio stations. Still, her interest in being different was not an act of rebellion as Curtis is

quick to explain.

The daughter of a high school teacher, Curtis describes herself as "a square," who found herself under the scrutiny of those who had very particular ideas of what a teacher's kid should act like. "I didn't care to be labeled as a goody two-shoes," Curtis explains, "but on the other hand I was a conformist in many ways."

Curtis would later find her songwriting informed by this sensibility. While many of her songs call into question "the way things are," Curtis' songs are more expressive of the hope and regret of an insider rather than the angry tone of the anarchist.

"Hole in the Bucket," for example, grew from Curtis' experiences as a social services worker in Boston. As Curtis explains, "I worked for about four years as a case manager for a program which was designed to provide services for home-bound elderly people. The guidelines which defined what we could do to help these people were more concerned with staying within the budget.

"And I found it very painful to have to go back and tell someone who so obviously needed our help that they would have to wait until another time when we might have the money to include them."

In "Hole in the Bucket" Curtis touches upon the indignity faced by those who must rely upon the compassion of others. "There's money underground but you can't get it out/When you stand at the State House, smile, and say, 'Please.'" To Curtis, those drops in the bucket are individuals whose dignity should not be ignored or compromised.

Many of the songs on *From Years to Hours* address more intimate and personal subjects, expressing the desire to achieve personal victory over one's demons.

"I can wash my plate/Put my things away/Ain't no shame to be alone," Curtis sings in "Watching the Silence," a show of will in the face of a whirlwind of doubt and insecurity. A grandmother whose faculties are slipping, who indeed doesn't remember "how to get her clothes on right today," will nevertheless make every effort to conceal her frustrations in order to reassure her grandchild: "And she won't look in my eyes/But she will try to make me think that she is fine."

As one might expect, tackling such topics does not always allow for a comfortable berth. Curtis finds it particularly odd to be on stage singing about such matters, but she feels her audience is often up to the challenge. As she explains, "Usually when I'm doing a show I try to get a sense of how much the audience is connected with me emotionally. I find that there are certain places in the set in which the audience is more ready for an emo-

Continued on Page 14



The songs on Catie's new CD, *From Years to Hours*, struggle with both the evils outside us and the demons within.

Kate Jacobs' *Calm* stirs up some excitement

Hoboken's Bar/None Records shows great faith in its hometown discovery

By Dorissa Bolinski

Most people have narrowly defined career objectives and they strive to achieve in one particular area. But sometimes during life, fate steps in and throws all our pre-conceived goals to the wind. Old ideas are given up for new and unexpected directions. Those who are not frightened by change can prevail.

Hoboken, New Jersey-based singer/songwriter Kate Jacobs can attest to this fact of life. In 1981, this prolific songwriter came to the New York City area with the dream of becoming a modern dancer, but eventually rediscovered a childhood love of music that prompted her to re-evaluate her entire career direction. Her first full-length CD, *The Calm Comes After* (Bar/NoneRecords, Hoboken, NJ), proves that she made the right decision.

In the 1980s, Jacobs was a dancer in New York's downtown performing arts scene and eventually became involved in other theatrical ventures including film. It was during this expressive time in her career that she rediscovered her love of music and decided to try her hand at songwriting. Her musical experience up to that point was limited to singing in the church choir as a child in Virginia and learning a few folk songs from her dad.

Prior to joining the Bar/None roster, Jacobs had recorded *The Calm Comes After*, as well as two previous EPs on her own Small Pond Music label, but found that her only means of distribution was to sell the recordings at her live shows. When the Bar/None folks signed her to the label, they decided to repackage *Calm* with three new songs rather than commission her to record an album of entirely new material. The label's representatives felt too strongly about *Calm* to let it remain relatively unheard. Now, with professional backing, Jacobs can focus solely on creating more music.

Calm is a collection of fifteen country-infused folk-rock songs that feature Jacobs' uniquely American voice. Contributing a traditional country feel to the album are instruments such as dobro, lap steel, autoharp and harmonica. Above the pleasant musical melange rises Jacobs' girlish, but controlled, soprano.

Conversely, this agreeable mix of gentle music and vocal innocence contains some startlingly honest and aching lyrics. Jacobs' writing style is not particularly verbose, yet within the simplicity of her words, she conveys an emotional intensity. Most songs on the CD deal with lost love and sound as if they were taken straight from the pages of her diary. Few songwriters are willing to expose themselves so openly. Jacobs explains, "My writing has a story-telling quality and its very literal. I don't hide anything in my lyrics like a lot of songwriters do; that's not my style.

Everything is upfront and honest. Looking back, there are a lot of heartbreak songs on *Calm*, but lately, I've been writing from a less personal point of view. If I meet interesting people or hear a good story I might decide to write a song about that."

Jacobs cites her parents and her upbringing as major influences on her songwriting, but she states, "We were not typically a musical family. But when I was little, we had tons of music in the house and we sang a lot. My dad knew a lot of traditional old songs and my mom, who's from Russia, tried to teach us some Russian ballads. I had a liberal childhood. My parents were involved in civil rights and social causes. There was a lot of traditional gospel and American folk music that went along with these movements in the early '60s. This music stayed with me as I grew up."

As a child Jacobs lived in Virginia and in Europe, where she studied ballet, and was exposed to music by the likes of Chopin, Tchaikovsky, and Prokofiev. She attended a college in the United States and there she was introduced to country music by a friend from Texas. It is from this diverse mixture that Jacobs culled her own musical style.

Jacobs' present hometown of Hoboken, New Jersey has been a breeding ground for acoustic-based rock for more than a decade, and has grown into a tight-knit musical community. She says that she was able to flourish as a musician in this environment because "Hoboken is a small place where you get to know people pretty fast." Her band consists of fellow Hoboken musicians Dave Schramm on guitar, James MacMillan on bass, and drummer Charlie Shaw.

This spring Jacobs and her band plan to begin recording their next album. This time around she would like to experiment with different recording techniques and more elaborate instrumentation. "My first record was like a set of demo songs," Jacobs explains, "because they were all written at different times. They weren't written to be a full album. I'm happy with *Calm* but I'd like to be a little more indulgent on the next

record—especially by using more instruments."

During the early part of this year, Jacobs is slated to play some select dates in the South and in the New York area. Unlike most performers, she welcomes the thought of returning to the road. "I love traveling the country," she says, "I feel so far removed from everything during the time spent driving. I love going from town to town and dropping into the daily lives of others."

Although Jacobs' schedule is quite full with touring and recording, she has also written a children's book that is soon to be released by Hyperion Press, a branch of the Walt Disney company. She explains that an editor from the company heard one of her



Kate's new label chose to expand and repackage her self-released album, *The Calm Comes After*.

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Bios



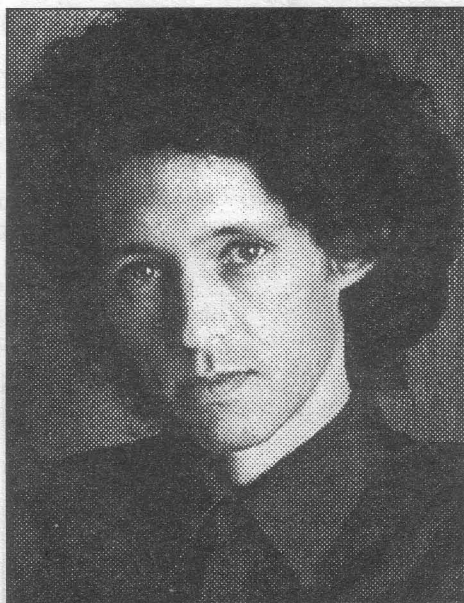
An American troubador, **Cormac McCarthy** is acclaimed as one of New England's finest songwriters. He is also a powerful performer endowed with what *The Boston Globe* calls "a devastating wit" and a "voice that is a wonderfully effective instrument; deep and sure, with the measured easy phrasing of a natural storyteller."

Born in Ohio, but rooted in rural New England since the age of ten, Cormac grew up in towns where the economies teetered on marginal sustenance from logging, and paper and woolen mills. Though the areas were small, his musical influences were not: his father's love for jazz and classical music introduced Cormac to everything from Errol Garner to Beethoven.

For the last fifteen years Cormac has made his living as a folksinger. In 1988 Cormac was nominated for both outstanding folk/acoustic act and outstanding folk/acoustic album by the Boston Music Awards.

His album, *Troubled Sleep*, was released in October 1990 on Green Linnet's new Redbird Series, devoted to presenting the most creative of this generation's acoustic musicians and songwriters.

For more info contact: Black Feather Productions, Box 1103, Northampton, MA 01061, (413) 586-0033.



Richard Meyer lives multiple lives. His 3rd album, *A Letter From The Open Sky*; has just been released by Shanachie records. He is also a professional set and lighting designer working in New York, Los Angeles and regional theatres. Richard served as editor of *Fast Folk* for years. He would love to tour your area.

For booking call (718) 885-3268.



Keith Kelly made his first appearance at the Maine Arts Festival in 1993. Since then he has cut his hair and a few ties, and he is looking for more things to do in life, while continuing to perform mainly in the Northeast. When time and (mostly) cash

permit, he vows to complete and release his first album, to be called either *One Man Banned*, *The Lone Arranger*, or something just as clever. Keith can be contacted through Two Hands Music, 222 E. 27th St. #10, New York, NY 10016, (212) 481-8971.



A bright star of the Hoboken music scene and a New Folk Finalist at the Kerrville Folk Festival in Texas, singer-songwriter **Margo Hennebach** can be heard on her eponymous album, which *The Aquarian Weekly* named one of the top five folk records of the year. Hailed as a "therapeutic troubadour,"

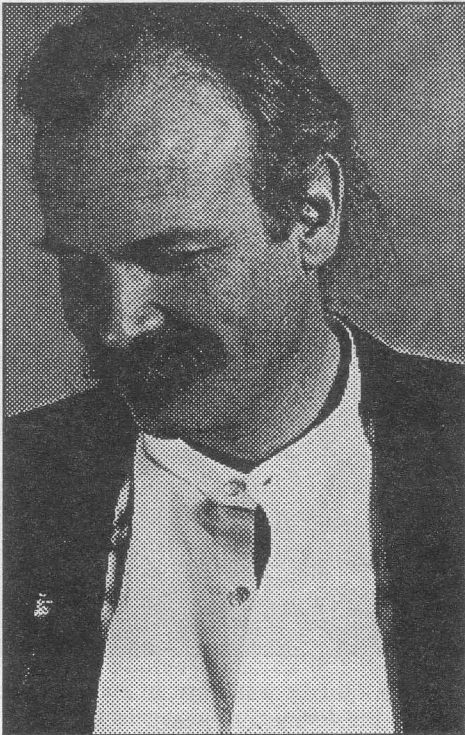
Hennebach draws on her experiences as a music therapist to add a distinctive dimension of real life drama to her writing and performing. An accomplished pianist and guitarist, Hennebach "blends Celtic instrumentation with jazz-inflected melodies to create a challenging folk fusion," (Kevin Roe of *Sound Views*).

Performing since age seven, she won numerous statewide piano performance competitions before going on to graduate from Oberlin Conservatory. She earned a Master's degree in music therapy from the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, where she also performed for two years.

Since her return to New York, Margo has opened regularly for Leo Kotke, Loudon Wainwright III, Christine Lavin, Tom Paxton, and others. In addition, she

has performed with Michael Smith, composer of the music to Broadway's *The Grapes of Wrath*, and with Paul Winter. She has also appeared on several compilations, including earlier *Fast Folk* recordings as well as the highly acclaimed compilation of Hoboken women songwriters entitled *Velvet Circus*.

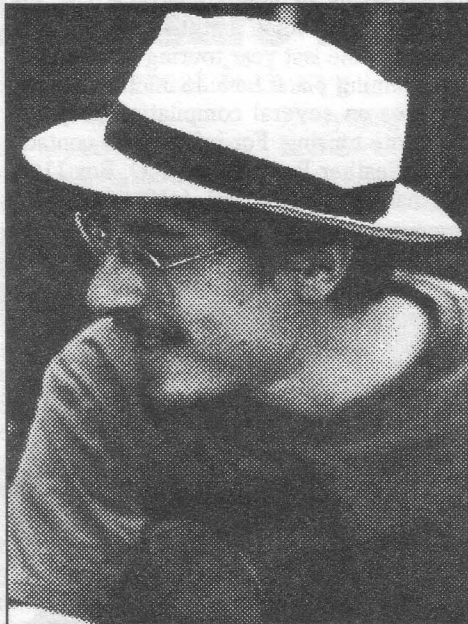
Her music for film and theater, including her score for a production of Sam Shepard's *Savage/Love*, has reached a wide audience. Margo's CD can be obtained through 1-800-PRIME-CD. For information contact: Fireflies & Windows Music, P.O. Box 1194, Hoboken, NJ 07030, (212) 229-7924.



Tom Pirozzoli has been writing songs since he was a teenager. He says that after he heard Dylan's "Just Like A Woman," he knew music was to be a big part of his life.

In 1985, he recorded *Ashiata and the Owl*, an acoustic record which was chosen from among 2,000 contestants as the winner of *Musician Magazine's* national competition for Best Unsigned Band.

An extensive traveler, Pirozzoli paints his vivid musical pictures by incorporating his life experiences into his songs. "Travel", his latest recording, was featured on 170 radio stations nationwide and spent 13 weeks on the Gavin Adult Alternative Charts.



David Hamburger has recorded twice before for *Fast Folk* and he has performed with the the Fast Folk Revue at the Falcon Ridge Folk Festival and at the 1993 Revue at the Bottom Line.

He can also be heard playing pedal steel and dobro on recent releases by Jeff Tareila, Jack Hardy, and Richard Meyer.

For information about his upcoming release, *King of the Brooklyn Delta*, write to him at 82 Sterling Pl. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11217.



Catie Curtis began singing at restaurants in Southern Maine when she was fifteen. After gaining recognition as a winner in the WGBH "Unknown Folkies" songwriters' contest, Catie released her first album, *Dandelion*, in December 1989.

In 1990, she won the Sugarbush "New Faces in Folk" contest, and in 1991 was selected as a finalist in both the Great Woods Songwriters' Contest and the Acoustic Underground Contest.

Through word of mouth, her song "Mine Fields" was selected for a Rhino Records compilation CD, which includes cuts by the Indigo Girls and Joan Baez.

Catie has been touring full time since September 1992. Her latest CD, *From Years to Hours*, was released over a year ago, and her new CD is due later this year.

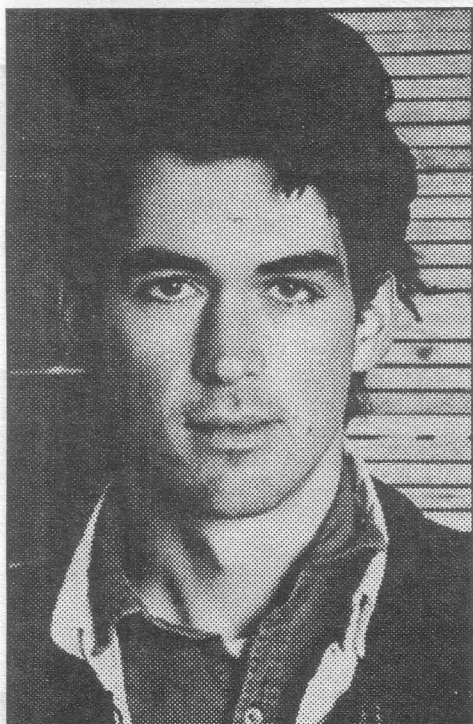
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Singer-songwriter **Doug Lewis** had been performing solo for ten years when he met **Deb Sawyer**, a classically trained cellist and pianist, at the Portland Folk Club. They have been performing together ever since.

Recent performances include the Old Vienna Kaffeehaus in Westboro, MA; the Great Bay Folk Festival in Newmarket, NH; and the Minstrel Coffeehouse in Basking Ridge, NJ. They have also toured England recently.

For information contact P.O. Box 31, Wells, ME 04090; phone (207) 773-8741.



No bio data was available for Slaid Cleaves.



Northampton, Mass.-based singer-songwriter **Erica Wheeler** has two recordings to her credit. Her latest release, *From That Far*, has garnered critical acclaim, and singer-songwriter John Stewart has noted that "Erica's writing, guitar, and feel

for her songs all blend to become one. She has found her voice and it is magic." She has spent the last year touring nationally.

Upcoming plans include another album, features on several compilation projects, and more touring. For information contact: Black Feather Productions, P.O. Box 1103, Northampton, MA 01061, (413) 586-0033.



Hailed by Herb Ludwig of Devonsquare as "the most naturally talented singer - songwriter to come out of the Northeast in the last fifteen years," **Don Campbell** has two releases to his credit, 1992's *Part of Your Heart* and last year's *Higher Ground*.

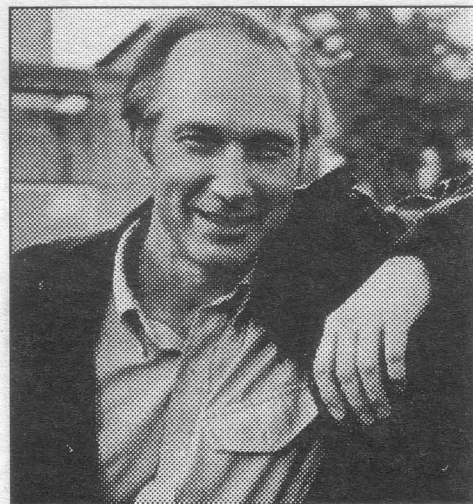
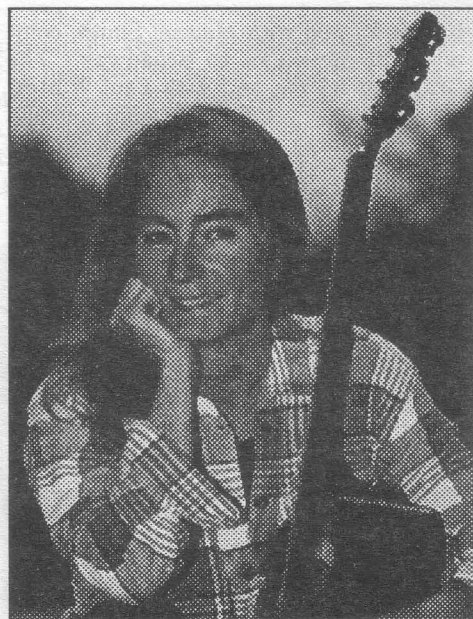
Don tours regularly with bassist and tin whistle "wizard" Dave Rowe, having played at such venues as The Towne Crier in Pawling, NY and the Olde Vienna Kaffeehaus in Westboro, Mass. He has also opened for John Gorka and Christine Lavin.

For more information contact Outer Green Records, c/o Silo/Alcazar, P.O. Box 429, Waterbury, VT 05676 (802) 244-7845, or call Don directly at (207) 775-1942.

Born and raised in Yarmouth, Maine, **Anni Clark** has been writing and performing folk-blues for thirteen years. In 1985, she launched Annitime Records with her first release, titled *Maine-ly Original*.

Annie began to share stages with other performers of national prominence in 1989 when her album *Shoulda Coulda* received substantial airplay throughout New England.

For more info contact: 84 Cascade Road #8, Old Orchard Beach, ME 04064; telephone: (207) 934 - 5850



Jack Hardy was born in Indiana. He spent his formative years in Colorado where he was torn between opera and country western music, so he decided on folk as a compromise.

Following the adage "nothing happens unless you make it happen," Jack helped to rebuild the scene at Folk City, and started the Song Project, the Songwriters' Exchange, and the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*. Jack has ten albums and eight plays to his credit.

His newest play, *The Green Knight*, will be performed August 20 and 21 at the Catskill Actors' Theater. Call (914) 553-6523 for details.

His new album, *Civil Wars*, is hot off the press and available through Great Divide Records, 178 W. Houston St., Ste. 9, New York, NY 10014.

Lyrics

When My Boat is Built Again

Cormac McCarthy

The day I spent as a brand new sailor
I will never take for granted
With an eight day beard and a bottle of beer
Those days now seem enchanted
Was the hurricane of '38 dumped a cat boat in my lap
As a nervous wind blew round the south
I bought that boat for six weeks pay, imagine my luck
The storm veered off to the north
I followed that storm, as free as any wind
Back up to my New England
As sure of myself as any man
On the heels of my good fortune
chorus: When my boat is built again
We will ride upon the ocean
When my boat is built again
We will ride the waves together
My life has taken the normal turns
With a family and a job
But, I never quite resigned myself
It was with them that I belong
My heart is on the ocean
My heart is on the sea
And the only things I ever trusted
Was my boat, my liquor and me
What do you do with a drunken sailor?
When he piles his boat up on the rocks
When his boat is gone, his thirst has gone wrong
And everything is in drydock
chorus
And as I watch you, sleeping there alone
With your hair lit by the moon
I wonder where I got to thinking
That I could make it all alone
Sometimes at night, when I cannot sleep
I drift with my boat into the milky way
And as I rock my way toward the north Atlantic
I'm always asleep before I reach the bay
chorus

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Her Black Stallion

Richard Meyer

Her black stallion, Her black stallion
Has no saddle she can use
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
Throws it off when he comes home
But her love can take his speed And he carries her freely
She can hold him tight and close
When it suits his temper he sets her loose
She paid nothing for him at all
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
He ran free before she held him
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
Though he could have earned her plenty
If she ever broke him in

She splits rails to make a fence
But he only hears winged victory
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
Hear him kicking in the stall
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
Breaks the bridle to get out
Though he's nearly choked with passion
No one's hands can calm him down
But her black stallion,
Her black stallion
Knocks me hard when I come around
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
Refuses feed and he kicks his stall
Her black, stallion, Her black stallion
Starts tornados in the hall
Her black stallion, Her black stallion,
Stirs up dust when he hears no call
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
Runs through rain and he runs downtown
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
He stops dead when he hears her name
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
Now he is alone again
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
Now she is mine again
Her black stallion, Her black stallion
Has no saddle she can use
Her balck stallion, Her black stallion
Throws it off when he comes home
©1994 Laughing Scared Music/Shanachie Music Works (ASCAP)

How Many Trains

Keith Kelly

It was only six A.M. when he stumbled through the doors
Set his baggage down to wait for dawn
Wearily he counted how many miles he'd come to see
There was no turning back once too far gone
He awakened to the sound of the westward engine's steam
Gathered up himself to find a place
Settled in and drew the shade as the whistle blew once more
Puffs of smoke were all that's left to trace
How many trains can one man take
To drown the crack of his own heartbreak
While he remembers what told his rumbling soul he has to roam
But wherever he is tonight, under changeable neon light
Soon he'll be turning tail, riding the rails away from home
It was barely eventide when she left his world for good
It was midnight when he had to cry
It was days before he knew that his life had one less light
Darkest Valentine was his goodbye
Like a resolution made after many New Year's days
He would lay his head on his last straw
That his tracks would lead him to where the peaks and hills reveal
A horizon brighter than he saw
How many trains can one man ride
With his loneliness as his guide
Though the tunnel may shake, nothing can take her sainted place
But wherever she is tonight,
Through the changeable pale moonlight
She still smiles at him, though when he sins he turns his face
It was the classic struggle of
little man against big man
Who survives, who loses, he did know
He saw always that his fight never would prevent the end

Still he begged and cried, please let her go
But she went away that night, not without a backward look
The sun would never rise the same again
Though it tries to pierce the shade he has drawn around himself
Traveling westward on his latest train
How many trains can one man hail
To keep from singing his sad, sad tale
How many strangers he needs
Who would not heed his pale wet face
But wherever he is tonight,
under threat of the morning light
He is remembering then, not to regain his distant faith.

© 1993 Keith Kelly/Two Hands Music (ASCAP)

These Eyes

Margo Hennebach

These hands can hear you
They tell your story
These hands could find you in a crowded room
And listen to you still
These lips can hold you
They've tasted sadness
These lips could wake you in the morning dew
And chase the darkness
'Cause after all, what are lips for
After all, what are hands for
After all, what is it all for?
To bring you to your senses
These feet can tango
They know fandango
These feet could dance their way to the Northern lights
And still not run away
These eyes adore you
Like none adore you
these eyes have seen stars on the black of night
And none compare to you
'Cause after all, what are eyes for
After all, what are feet for
and after all, what is it all for?
To bring you to your senses
These hands can hear you
These lips can hold you
These feet can tango
These eyes adore you
These eyes adore you

© 1994 Margo Hennebach

Hidden Side of Truth (Building a Bridge)

Tom Pirrozzoli

We see help where we find it We find love where it goes
What we build in this lifetime
Is what stays with us when we go.
Building a bridge across the water
Into the darkness above the roof
The distant stars pour from that darkness
Light up a hidden side of truth The hidden side of truth.
The hidden side of truth The hidden side of truth.
Up over the rooftops In the arc of a falling star
I see windows and doorways An immense and a watchful heart.
Building a bridge across the water
Into the darkness above the roof
The distant stars pour from that darkness
Light up a hidden side of truth The hidden side of truth
The hidden side of truth The hidden side of truth.

All the stars in their places
With just a single word
They drift into the darkness
With a breath of light they turn. They are
Building a bridge across the water
Into the darkness above the roof
The distant stars pour from that darkness
Light up a hidden side of truth
The hidden side of truth The hidden side of truth.
With help from the wandering comets
And all the turning stars in the air
We left behind all we knew

You Can't Tell Where the Train's Gone

David Hamburger

You can't tell where the train's gone by looking at the track
You can't tell where a love comes from by looking at the facts
I can't tell you why, but I know it's true
I can't tell why it took so long to look this way at you
Maybe if I knew then the things that I know now
I could have made it all turn out a little different somehow
Maybe you're right, and this time everything is through
Maybe there's one more chance buried deep down inside of you
If I had just one night to have you back again
You wouldn't recognize me from the way I was back then
If I had understood, if I only knew
If I'd had any sense at all I would have run away with you
I would have said "I do."

© 1993 David Hamburger

Hole in the Bucket

Catie Curtis

I went down to the city and I found myself a job
Working for the people who do need some helping out
But then in truth I found there was so little left to give
The government might save their lives
Might not help them to live
chorus: There's a hole in the bucket and the people fall out
There's money underground but you can't get it out
When you stand at the state house, smile and say, "Please?"
There's a crack in the floor and the people fall through
And they wind up coming back to you
From a place it seems like they can never leave
There's a hole in the system for the people in need.
How do you tell a woman who is 82 years-old
Poor and lying in her bed and needing help at home
That there is no more money, there is nothing you can do
Just hold on for another year and we'll try to get to you
chorus
Oh beautiful for spacious skies and amber waves of grain
America, you're beautiful but you have got to change
You think of how to save your skin but you never mind the bones
Have we become a country where the hearts have turned to stones.
chorus

©1991 Catie Curtis (ASCAP)

Howl at the Moon

Doug and Deb

There's always one more road with one more bend
One more reason for the rest of them
To shake their heads and wonder when
You'll stop or just slow down
But that spirit's yours and you're still free
So you pick up your hat

And roll up your sleeves, anywhere it lead you
Nothing's gonna tie you down
Chorus: You just lick your finger to test the wind
And give this old world another spin
Never let your day begin a minute too soon
And you don't bother coming home until you've howled at the moon
Drink a toast, paint the town
With some new-fangled friend you've found
One good joke and another round
Is all it really takes
And you'd meet us later if you could
But the odds are never very good
You'll show when you thought you would
It just works out that way

Chorus
So catch the tide or chase the sun
There's a bit of you in everyone
You may end up where you started from
But there's nothing wrong with that
'Cause the rest of us are not about
To let that front porch light go out.
Hey, who's that sleeping on the couch?
I guess Timothy is back
Chorus
There's always one more road with one more bend
One more reason for the rest of them
To shake their heads and wonder when
You'll ever stop or just slow down

Ballad of Nick and Betty

Slaid Cleaves

Well, my friend Nick pulled out of town
Headed out to start a new life
On the front seat beside a pile of laundry
Sat his sweetheart darling wife
They loaded that Dodge with pots and pans
And clothes just like the pioneers
then they waved goodbye
Said, "It's a good way to die
We're gonna chase our dreams
And leave behind our fears."
The year was '91, times were tough
The recession was goin' strong
Nick said to Betty, "If things get worse,
I don't know if we can hold on."
And on the first day of fall Betty got her notice
Nick said, "It's said and done,
We're gonna go before it snows
We're gonna leave this tired old town
'Cause we're still young."

Chorus: Let the clutch out, baby
Let those tires spin
Betty, I'm tired of losing
This time we're gonna win
We're gonna follow that sun on down
gonna find ourselves a Boomtown
Gonna leave this town behind
And start again
Well, Nick and Betty drove a thousand miles
And they drove a thousand miles more
When they ran out of money they stopped
And Betty got a job at a convenience store
Nick was looking for work
Without any luck

Hanging his head in shame
Betty said, "Nick, it's making me sick
We drive all this way and
Everything's just about the same
Well, it looks like this town is all used up
The baby boomers snatched up all the good stuff
Trust in me, baby, and understand
We gotta keep on searchin' for the promised land
Nick and Betty drove up and odwn
North and south and east and west
And they never did find the promised land
As by now you might have guessed
So they drove on home
Told their friends,
"It doesn't matter how far you drive
ain't no joke, the promise is broke,
Today you just work to survive."

Chorus

©1994 Slaid Cleaves

Beautiful Road

Erica Wheeler

Traveling down the highway,
My fingertips to the wheel
Every landscape mirrors how I feel
I've got wide open valleys and high walls of stone
Sometimes I can see forever down this beautiful road.
Wind whistles through my window, endless as time
Wheels turn and spin, like the thoughts on my mind
I'm thinking about the places, and everyone I've known
All the closeness and the distance of this beautiful road.
And I remember every phone booth and what we talked about
Like points on a map marking promises and doubt
I'd call when I got lonely your voice was like a home
Somewhere down the distance of this beautiful road.
Out in the Midwest, I stopped asking why
And just let the landscape echo what I was feeling inside
I heard music everywhere, I saw quarter notes fly
as blackbirds took off into the blue summer sky.
I reached California, I stood with open eyes
High above the sea on a golden hillside
I could drive no further, it's as if I'd always known
I was the destination of this beautiful road
Traveling down the highway, my fingertips to the wheel
Every landscape mirrors how I feel
I've got wide open valleys, and high walls of stone
I'll always be a traveller on this beautiful road.
Beautiful road...
Beautiful road...

©1992 Erica Wheeler

Stay for Another Day

Don Campbell

Are you lonely
Don't you have someone to hold ya
And would you like to stay
Just for another day
And are you happy
Does the sun shine down upon ya
And if it feels OK
Stay for another day
You can't hide a secret with your smile
And I just wanna talk to you for awhile
Can't you hear this lonely boy asking you to stay
Asking you to stay for another day

Is it heartbreak
That can chase away the feelings
That you locked away
Safe for another day
And is it passion
that can steal all your emotion
And does it stay away
And come back another day
(chorus)
Well are you waiting
For a love that's never ending
And is it safe to say
Wait for another day
And are you ready
For the arms that wanna hold ya
What I'm trying to say is
Stay for another day
(chorus)

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Just Say No

Anni Clark

Everybody I know, they got an addiction or two
My addiction's different 'cause I got it really bad for you
Some say I should leave you and I know that their aim is true
Sometimes I make some resolutions, gonna' spend less time with you
But then you're pullin' in my driveway in your old Volvo
With a duffle full of laundry and your loud radio
And something snaps inside me and just lets go
I never will be able to just say no
Security evades me 'cause I'm living off of this guitar
And if you would get a steady job we might be better off than we are
It's a spiritual struggle that's been keepin' us together so far
Sometimes my intellect is frozen
'cause you answer the emotions of my heart
And then we're runnin' on Nantucket where the wild wind blows
And we got sand in our hair and I never wanna' go
And never will be able to just say no
Can't say no to the story and the dream in your eyes
Can't say no to the soul that you won't compromise
Can't say no to the burnin' that draws me to you
Romance is the drug that I'm addicted to

©1993 Clark Compositions (BMI)

Catie Curtis

Continued from Page 5

tional peak, and they're going to be more receptive to a more intense song. Plus I have to get a sense of how I'm feeling, too."

In performance Curtis displays the true breadth of her abilities as a writer and as a performer. On stage she effortlessly shifts back and forth from moments of bracing intensity to warm humor.

Curtis finds, too, that her song-writing is becoming more varied, as she looks to expand on the confessional mold of *From Years to Hours*. As Curtis explains, "Some of the songs on my new album are total celebrations of life. 'Stay Up All Night,' for example, is about being completely infatuated with someone."

Curtis has also opted for a tighter band-oriented sound, and her newer songs are propelled by a more percussive guitar style which makes liberal use of open tunings.

Still, the songwriting process is a very intense and insular experience for Curtis. "Sometimes the words don't come easily, and I

St. James Infirmary Blues

Traditional

Well, I went down to Saint James Infirmary
To see my baby there
She was lyin' on a long white table
So cold, so cool, so fair
I went up to see the doctor
She's very low he said
I went now back to see my baby
Good God, she's lyin' there dead
I went down to Old Joe's barroom
On the corner by the square
He was serving drinks as usual
And the usual crowd was there
Up steps Old Joe McKennedy
And his eyes they were blood shot red
He turned his face to the people
And these were the very words he said
Let her go, let her go, and God bless her
Wherever she might be
She can search the whole wide world over
And never find a better man than me
When I die, when I die please bury me
In my high top Stetson hat
Put a twenty dollar gold piece on my watch chain
So my friends know I'm standing pat
Get six gamblers to bear my coffin
Six chorus girls to sing me a song
And put a twenty piece jazz band on my tail gate
To raise hell as we're riding along
So here is the end of my story
Let's have us another round of booze
So if anyone asks you just tell them
I got the Saint James Infirmary blues
Let her go, let her go, God bless her
Wherever she may be
She can search the whole wide world over
And never find a better man than me.

Arrangement © 1994 Jack Hardy Music (BMI)

have to keep working at it until something pushes its way through," she explains, "I feel like I'm wandering around knocking on doors until one opens and I'm in."

With the new album completed and ready for release, Curtis is concentrating on touring, mostly in the Northeast and Midwest. Wherever she goes, she builds a strong and loyal following.

She recently moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan and speaks fondly of the many towns she's been able to visit: "In the Midwest there are fewer musicians touring around, so the audiences seem to be more willing to hear people whom they haven't heard before. When I play in the Northeast I often drive home after shows, but since the towns in the Midwest are so far apart, I usually have a chance to hang around after a gig and spend time with the promoters and others in the town. It starts to feel like a family."

It is likely that as Curtis continues to write and perform songs to which her audiences can feel so immediately and directly connected, she will find that there are many places which she can call home.



Fast Folk Cafe

Continued from Page 2

wines, soft drinks, excellent coffees and an assortment of herbal teas. A limited menu (bar snacks and desserts?) is being planned.

The bright and spacious basement office under the cafe will let us maintain regular office hours, keep our volunteer staff hard at work more nights each week answering your calls and letters, facilitate more regular mailings and allow us to meet more often as a group to write, edit and compose a more attractive, more informative and more frequent magazine.

But to pull this off, we need your help. We need all sorts of volunteers: painters, sheetrock layers, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, etc., etc., etc. We need donations: donations of money, of equipment, of materials, etc., etc., etc. Remember, we are a 501 (C) 3 corporation, which means you get a tax deduction for your contributions.

Our mailing address will remain the same: P.O. Box 938, Village Station, New York, NY, 10014. So keep those cards and demo tapes coming in. Our phone number will remain the same: (212) 274-1636.

Everything else will be dramatically different. It's a new ball game. It's our ball. We can set the rules. Or, if we decide to take the ball and go home, at least it's *our* home.

Give us a call, come on down and help out. We need it. We need you. Think big. The sky's the limit!

- The Staff

How to submit material to Fast Folk for review, inclusion on an upcoming issue, or a booking at the cafe:

1. Listen to a *Fast Folk* CD or two to determine if your material is appropriate for us.

2. Include CD or cassette, *typed lyrics*, a bio., and any other relevant information.

3. Label all the pieces of your packet with name, address, and phone number.

4. Send to: Attn: Submissions for (one of the following) Review/Inclusion/Cafe, Fast Folk, P.O.Box 938 Village Station, New York, NY 10014.

5. Call after three weeks of waiting patiently to check status.

Remembering Tom Intondi

Continued from Page 5

to be afraid of drowning
for a while you had to stop
but your last weeks you began again
15 minutes a half hour an hour

you told me you were getting your callouses back
and all along you were helping other folks
being so positive
I began to think you were gonna walk on water
you got me believing
this dying might be OK
you were getting ready practicing
your smile releasing all those good time endorphins to dance
in your eyes and we were dying
to keep up already feeling the days without
you while you were greeting each day
with your music

Tim Robinson

as you lay dying we asked you
if you wanted some music you said no
pretty soon I'll have all the music I need
and you pulled us into the moment with your breathing
a steady rhythm that lit the room and we followed you
and then you left us
our chests rising/falling your music
playing our bodies

leaves are falling like stars on my face
I walked this good Earth to this sacred place
leaves are falling wind turns me 'round
this journey's over I'm homeward bound

new moon lying like a hand on my face
as I rest on these waters rock in their grace
new moon burning lights my way
across this bright sea to a brand new day

leaves are falling like stars on my face
I walked this good Earth to this sacred place
leaves are falling wind turns me around
this journey's over I'm homeward bound

- Frank Rossini

Kate Jacobs

Continued from Page 6

older songs, "A Sister," on the radio nearly two years ago, and thought it would translate well into a children's book. Jacobs admits that she was surprised by the book offer because she regarded "A Sister" as a gloomy song. It tells the story of a little girl with divorced parents and a lot of brothers. She feels caught between her split family and dreams that she had a sister.

Within the last few years, Jacobs has experienced a number of achievements. To the casual observer, it may seem as if they were attained by luck and not a huge amount of effort on her part. Although a certain amount of luck is necessary in order to find success in the music business, good fortune can only help a performer to a certain extent. True talent and a unique style are the elements that provide staying power. Jacobs may have gotten some good breaks along the course of her career, but they have been well-earned.

The Calm Comes After is an impressive first album, filled with songs that deserve to be heard.

Credits

Fast Folk Volume 7, Number 10
July 1994
The Maine Festival 1993

1. When My Boat Is Built Again
(Cormac McCarthy)
Cormac: guitar, vocal

2. Her Black Stallion
(Richard Mayer)
Richard: guitar, vocal
David Hamburger: dobro

3. How Many Trains
(Keith Kelly)
Keith: guitar, vocal

4. These Eyes
(Margo Hennebach)
Margo: guitar, vocal

**5. Hidden Side of Truth
(Building a Bridge)**
(Tom Pirozzoli)
Tom: guitar, vocal

**6. You Can't Tell Where
the Train's Gone**
(David Hamburger)
David: guitar, vocal

7. Hole in the Bucket
(Catie Curtis)
Catie: guitar, vocal

8. Howl at the Moon
(Doug Lewis and Deb Sawyer)
Doug: guitar, vocal
Deb: vocal

9. Ballad of Nick and Betty
(Slaid Cleaves)
Slaid: guitar, vocal

10. Beautiful Road
(Erica Wheeler)
Erica: guitar, vocal

11. Stay for Another Day
(Don Campbell)
Don: guitar, vocal

12. Just Say No
(Anni Clarke)
Anni: guitar, vocal

13. St. James Infirmary Blues
(Traditional)
Jack: guitar, vocal
Tom Duvall: bass
David Hamburgar: dobro

Producer: Micah Engber
Engineer: C.J. Danek, Klondike Sound, Boston

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