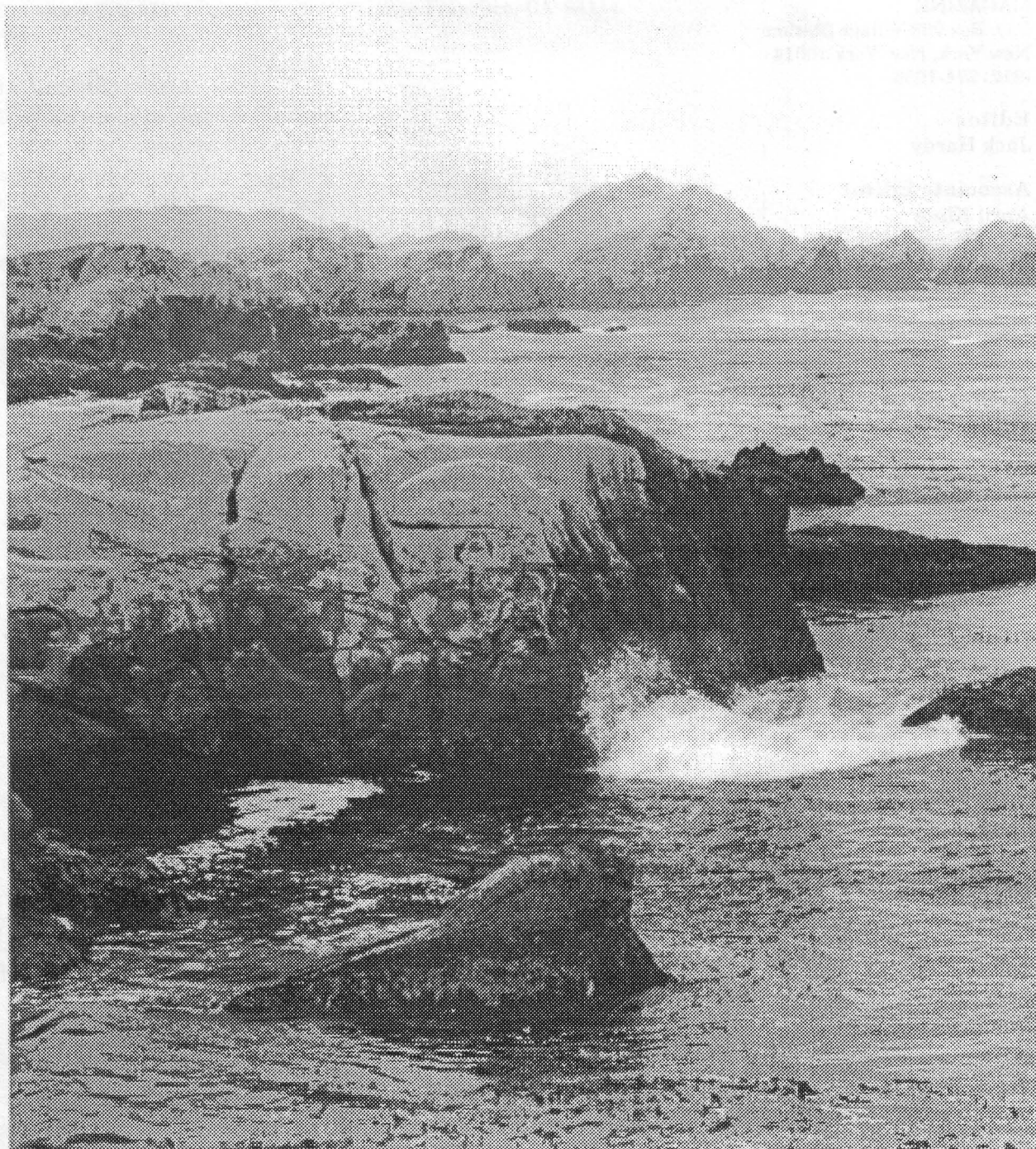


# **FAST FOLK**

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

May 1994 Vol. 8 No. 1



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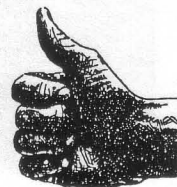
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Magazine*

A very LARGE "thank you" to Al Shear for his  
incredible generosity. Al has loaned  
office space to Fast Folk for many years.  
Here's to Al -- one of the good people  
who support independent music by  
deed as well as word!





## They Shoot Horses Don't They?

### Jack Hardy

There is absolutely no reason to continue Fast Folk. . . except for the one reason that caused us to start it in the first place. But, argue the pundits, is it still relevant? Aren't there now numerous other compilations on Windham Hill, Philo, Rhino, Shanachie? Aren't there other magazines with recordings such as The Leak and Dirty Linen? Aren't there many other group performances now such as the Winter's Night Tour, The Legacy Tour, The Bitchin' Babes, The Shanachie Gang of Four? And hasn't every Tom, Dick, and Harriet replaced the business card with their own personal Compact Disk? Why kick a dead horse? And if it's not completely dead, let's put it out of its misery. They shoot horses, don't they?

Let's answer this question first: do we still need a horse at all in this modern era of automated technology? Or is a horse only a nice past-time or hobby for those who can afford it. Do we really need it? After all, a horse is time consuming, it's messy, it costs a lot of money to feed and house, and those vet bills. . . It has to be groomed and fenced in and exercised.

A horse, on the other hand, is

one of nature's most beautiful moments. It has a power of speed and endurance and loyalty that cannot be found elsewhere. Certainly, if you want to stay on the interstate all your life, or jet from one terminal town to another, a horse will do you little good. But, if you want to get off the beaten path, into that uninhabited wilderness, into that magical realm of beauty, a horse cannot be beat. A bareback ride on a moonlit beach is a lot more

*Fast Folk is about hope – hope and encouragement to be as unique and creative as one wants to be.*

sensuous than the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway at rush hour. But a horse has a mind of its own. It can never be fully controlled. It cannot be abused to good end, nor neglected. It must be exercised. It cannot be grazed on astroturf.

Well, this horse may not be dead yet, but it sure does smell that way. Looks to me, pardner, like it's been abused, neglected, controlled and exploited. Want me to shoot it for ya? No, what it really needs is some nourishment, a little exercise down some of

those unbeaten paths, and some love and care.

Well, let's set up a committee to study the situation. . . see camel. A camel by any other name will still kill you.

Let's pray for a miracle. . . God so loved the world, that he did not send a committee.

Back to square one. This magazine was born out of anarchy. It was a communal project. Communal as in people working together towards a common goal.

People working together generally make good decisions when they need to be made. They see the situation as it is, know the factors coming to bear, know the resources at hand (first hand), and instinctively know which way to go. . . see a horse.

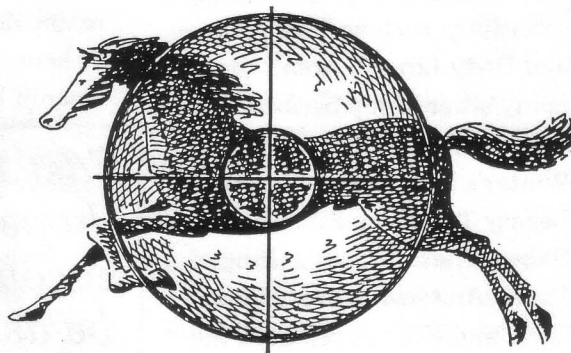
But what are these goals? They are not so easy to put forward in concrete terms. This is because our basic goal is a process. Not an end in itself, but rather the means by which various ends might come to fruition.

In the same way that our songwriters' meeting is a process, Fast Folk, like the horse, is a mode of transportation rather than a process.

Fast Folk is about hope. Hope and encouragement to be as unique and creative as one wants to be in the songwriting world without the ties of the economic world. This includes established artists who might want to try something different or something "not acceptable" to their record companies and the public. This includes novice artists who need to be encouraged to "go for it" even though 99% of them will more than likely end up back at their day jobs. This includes unknown artists who need to be encouraged to follow their inner artist rather than some set road to future stardom. This process includes a lot of people and this process will always be relevant.

They may shoot horses, but those are mostly race horses and Fast Folk is not a race horse. This is not a camel either. It is a loveable old work horse that plows the family fields, that pulls more than its weight, that occasionally brings things to market but, most importantly helps us explore that uncharted territory of human creativity. Should we continue Fast Folk? Are there any songs out there that need to be heard? Any songs that might not see the light of day on commercial anthologies? Are there any ideas that

need to be expressed concerning songwriting and songwriters that are not being expressed in other magazines? Any songs that might not be recorded by commercial interests because of language or politics? Are there any songs written by grandmothers, truckers, doctors, lawyers, school children, or new artists who don't have the money for that CD business card?



## RED BANK, NEW JERSEY

### Donald J. Seiler

At first drive through, Red Bank, New Jersey appears to be a dying town. Businesses have suffered financially over recent years. Yet, closer inspection uncovers the gems of this "town that won't die."

Red Bank is a community with a strong cultural backbone, musical heritage, and New Age spirit. This town especially comes alive during the spring and early summer. From May 20-22, the streets rev up with the Classic and Antique Car Show and Food Festival. On June 3-5, Marine Park welcomes the annual Riverfest Jazz, Blues and Food Festival, three days of free music along the banks of the Navesink River. Sample Red Bank's diverse eateries as they set up booths offering every kind of food imaginable.

Red Bank has not escaped the explosion of coffee houses which have been springing up around the country. The Laughing Bean, which opened September 1993, is the latest addition. Formerly an Army/Navy Store, this suburban coffee house doubles as a venue for local and national musicians and comedians. The Bean's schedule of events ranges from Folk Festivals and Rain Forest Benefits, to "open mike" nights for adult and child talents.

The brick walls, covered with original photos and artwork, create a familiar and pleasant environment. The blackboard menu of pastas, salads, desserts and (of course) coffees and teas, are served in an intimate, smoke-free environment. They also offer a wide variety of ciders, gourmet sodas, and even steamed

rice milk with cocoa for the kids. All are reasonable priced.

I showed up at The Laughing Bean on a recent rainy April evening to hear local legend Billy Hector. Formerly the lead singer and guitarist for the Fairlanes, Hector has mellowed and gone solo, stylizing his favorite folk and Delta blues tunes on acoustic guitar.

Clear acoustics, an attentive audience, and plenty of good food and coffee, created a warm atmosphere on this otherwise wet and dreary evening.

Come take a walk through Red Bank and enjoy the festivals, restaurants and shops, and search for your own special gem in this "town that won't die."



## SONGWRITER'S ROUNDUP

### April Kline

As Fast Folk begins looking towards its one hundredth issue (Issue #902, May 1995), we couldn't help but think about all the other publications out there which inform, educate, and promote songwriters. Some of them are old friends who have been around for years, while others are young upstarts with only a few issues to their name. But they have all been extremely supportive of songwriters and performers, and each one is exciting and deserving of your support. If you've heard of all of them, great! If there's one or two you've missed, read on . . . then write or call them up for a subscription — you'll be glad you did.

### FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE — Tooting Our Own Horn

FAST FOLK was started in 1982 by Jack Hardy. He was looking for a way to bring the excitement of the live folk scene to people across the country. In an effort to capture the spontaneity of the music going on in clubs, coffeehouses, and musicians' living rooms, he adopted a "guerrilla recording" technique which we still adhere to today. FAST FOLK recordings are almost all done live for the issue and are usually completed in one day with artists lending each other instrumental and backup vocal support. The accompanying magazine is made up of featured artists' lyrics, bio's and photos, as well as interviews, reviews, and club information.

FAST FOLK has gone through many incarnations over the last twelve years, but we're still com-

pletely volunteer-run and we're still bringing quality folk music to you as fast as we can.

FAST FOLK MUSICAL MAGAZINE • PO Box 938, Village Station • NYC, NY 10014 • 212-274-1636

### ZASSAFRAS MUSIC NEWS — R.I.P.

We are sad to announce that ZMN will be closing down operations after its next issue. Crow Johnson has done a great job of supporting artists from all across the country. We'll miss this one.

### THE LEAK — A Magazine. A CD.

THE LEAK is brand new and definitely worth checking out. Jim Harmon and Lee Hurley, co-editors, are dedicated to exposing new music and a few veterans who have not received the acclaim they deserve.

Like FAST FOLK, each quarterly issue includes a CD containing a cut from each artist featured. (Cuts are chosen from the artist's own CD.) The artists are a little different from what you hear on the latest radio show countdown. These are artists whose goals are not magazine covers or Pepsi ads — their intentions are well-crafted songs. Music on THE LEAK ranges from Loudon Wainwright solo to the melodic roots rock of the Swinging Steaks.

The magazine is colorful and a blast to read with wacky, thoughtful, eclectic writing. Many of the pieces are written by the artists themselves. For example, Bill Morrissey interviews himself, E explains his mustache, and Pete

Kennedy offers a road diary from a tour with Nanci Griffith.

THE LEAK also offers featured artists' individual product for purchase through the magazine. So . . . you can read about them, hear them, and buy them all through one great source.

THE LEAK • PO Box 131415 • Birmingham, AL • 35213 • 205-250-0100 • Annual Subscription Rate is \$39.00

### THE PERFORMING SONGWRITER — Glossy and Gutsy

THE PERFORMING SONGWRITER was started by Lydia Hutchison in June of 1993.

Realizing that there were many talented writers who might never have the backing of a record label, she set out to create a publicity vehicle that would help their music get heard on a broader basis, making it easier for them to book gigs and draw an audience when they went on the road.

The magazine has eight to ten in-depth interviews on songwriting with well-known artists as well as lesser knowns that are gaining visibility in the market. It also features regular columns by Fred Koller on Pitching Songs, Michael Johnson on Performing Techniques, a question and answer column by Janis Ian, Berklee professor Pat Pattison on Lyric Writing, Warner Chapell's Neil Gillis on The Business of Music, as well as articles on legal issues, home recording, vocal coaching, festival previews, and music venue spotlights.

The Do-It-Yourself section offers reviews of independently produced and distributed recordings.

They receive hundreds of submissions and choose twelve of the strongest for inclusion in each issue. This is a wonderful way to find out about new, usually undiscovered, first-class artists.

**THE PERFORMING SONGWRITER** is currently working on a compilation CD to be released Summer 1994. It will include cuts from the magazine's twelve favorite independent releases chosen from the 72 DIY reviews over the year. Also in the works are "Performing Songwriter Presents" shows starting Fall 1994 where well-known performers will be matched with lesser-knowns.

Long range plans include a series of workshops for summer 1995 and several projects to promote songwriting in the schools.

**THE PERFORMING SONGWRITER** • PO Box 158159 • Nashville, TN • 37215 • 615-297-6972 • Annual Subscription Rate is \$19.95

**VICTORY REVIEW — Mostly Acoustic Music Magazine**  
**VICTORY MUSIC** is a 25 year old non-profit, all volunteer co-op to support local acoustic music. The heart of Victory Music is three open mikes a week; two in concert listening format, and one a shopping mall festival/concert approach. Seventy-five percent of their artists are songwriters or composers. With fifty acts a week, about 1,000 different performers are on Victory Music stages yearly. From these open mikes, Victory Music puts artists in concerts, kids concerts, and compilation albums (five released to date).

Victory has a Hire A Musician referral service and Outreach pro-

gram. They are also active in advocacy areas like postal regulations, BMI, ASCAP, etc. that affect any aspect of music. They do this through their relationship with the Folk Alliance of which they are a Board member.

In addition, they publish the **VICTORY REVIEW**, a 36 page magazine with 100 reviews monthly of CD's, videos, cassettes, books and magazines.

This publication is a direct pipeline to tons of new artists who are deserving of attention. We applaud their continuing support of independent music.

**VICTORY MUSIC** • PO Box 7515 • Bonney Lake, WA • 98390 • 206-863-6617 • Subscription Rates are \$20/year for individuals, \$28/year for couples, \$50/year for businesses, and \$175 for lifetime

### **DIRTY LINEN — An Old Friend**

Everybody knows about **DIRTY LINEN** so it seems a little redundant to go on and on about them, but we couldn't compile this list without including them, so . . .

**DIRTY LINEN** is all about music, mostly acoustic, but they're not exclusionary. If it's great, they're into it. You'll find loads of in-depth articles on musicians, festivals, and funny stuff like "The Art of Publicity Photos" in which you learn what NOT to do in a photo shoot. And of course reviews — lots and lots of them. Reviews of live performances, reviews of recordings, reviews of Celtic music, etc. as well as comprehensive tour schedules (also available through their electronic bulletin board), upcoming festivals, and anything else of interest they feel

like throwing in.

**DIRTY LINEN** is a standard and a must.

**DIRTY LINEN** • PO Box 66600 • Baltimore, MD • 21239-6600 • 410-583-7973 • Yearly Subscription Rate is \$20

LD



## A Look at Jack Hardy's "The 111th Pennsylvane"

### Frank Mazetti

I'm practically begging the Editor-in-Chief to allow me to do this piece about this song. I start off in this mode because I know how he hates to have pieces about himself in *Fast Folk*. "It's seems self-serving, you see." I knew he would say this. I wrote a really long piece about his last CD, and he refused to print it though he'd nagged me to write more articles for the magazine. It was a lot of work, and I thought it was damn good (what else would I think?). My point is that I'm writing this without any clue as to whether it will be printed or not, but I gotta let you all know how great I think this song is and why. And Jack, you deserve to be written about as much as anyone without any presuppositions made about it. So, that said, here goes.

*As we set out that fateful morn  
From Erie, in the rain  
Down to Harrisburg by rail,  
Upwards of a thousand strong,  
The one-eleventh Pennsylvane  
For many was the first time on a train*

*In Harrisburg received our colors,  
Received our enfield guns.  
Then continued on to Baltimore  
Where they drilled us into soldiers  
Drilled us into men  
Drilled us in the stock and trade  
of war.*

The backdrop here is perfect. A droning banjo dominates throughout the song, complementing the feel of soldiers constantly on the move. This prevailing sense of movement only comes to a screeching halt

at the end of the song. Although three locations are mentioned, the first verse is designed more to transport us back in time rather than make us feel the movement. Hardy really thought about the language of a century and a quarter ago. It strikes me as the kind of work Arthur Miller must have done with language when he wrote *The Crucible*. A phrase like "In Harrisburg received our colors," best illustrates what I'm talking about. The reference to "the first time on a train" also helps to transport the audience back in time.

*The imagery in  
this song is used  
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esting ways...at  
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grotesque.*

The imagery in this song is used in so many interesting ways that it's hard to know where to start. At times it's simply picturesque; at other times it is harsh, even grotesque. There are even times when it seems bathed in soft lens sweetness. Whatever the imagery conveys, it is always appropriate.

*And we grew up as neighbors  
We grew up as friends,*

*My cousin Casper Kingsbury and I  
And he taught me how to hunt  
and shoot  
And I was proud as pie  
When they made him a lieutenant  
in our line*

That "proud as pie" line bugs me, but I recognize this as an incidental criticism. In other words, I could be wrong. It certainly continues evoking the language of the time. Hardy makes us feel personally involved with the narrator and his cousin, Casper, introduced in this second verse. By naming him, we begin to form an attachment. By talking about him as a role model, we begin to feel that Casper is a special person. We also smile at the narrator's youthful exuberance.

*When we finally got our marching  
orders,  
We gave out a shout  
Though the feathered hats they  
gave us looked like Hell.  
When we crossed the  
Susquehanna, Casper let his fall.  
We all laughed and threw ours in  
as well*

The exuberance continues with the men so joyful to get their chance at participating in the war. Hardy doesn't tell us directly, but lets us feel the comradeship and naivete of these men who have not yet experienced the horror of war. The "feathered hats" business helps us visualize the times (can you imagine these cha-peaux in today's army?). It is also useful in setting up what follows.

Casper sees how silly it is to

force the men to wear such apparel and takes the matter into his own hands. The camaraderie continues as a result of this bold move on Casper's part. We are drawn into the closeness as we too hate the overbearing regulations. Note also how Hardy subtly continues the movement with another geographic reference.

*We disembarked at Harper's Ferry  
In a general alarm  
They deployed us in the heights above  
the town  
We waited for old Johnny Reb  
Though Johnny never came  
A more disappointed lot could not be  
found*

The movement continues. The 111th Pennsylvanne is now in Virginia, with the men anxiously awaiting military engagement. Hardy also uses more language specific to the Civil War with the reference to "Johnny Reb." The fact that the men are disappointed that they haven't been in battle yet may strike us as paradoxical, but not the men. After all, fighting and killing is what they were sent to do. Hardy is also careful to infuse a lot of language associated with the military to help envelop us in the mood of this mission. So far, he has used "received our colors," "drilled," "marching orders," "disembarked," and "deployed."

*But the enemy now was cold and  
fever,  
Dysentery and lice,  
And gambling, and vice I'd never  
dreamed.  
But our only fear in that year  
Was that the war would end  
Without a battle being seen*

These mundane, vile by-products of army life are absent from the grandiose accounts that attempt

to glorify war (or the heroism therein). Hardy makes these ulcerous, oozing, crawling, sensations come alive in his language, making us feel the physical ailments they imply.

And I like the innocence of the narrator's observations on social ills. Hardy cleverly connects the physical and social maladies. I also like the insinuating quality of the last three lines. Despite the misery of sickness, the men are still anxious to do their duty. Fantasy born of heartfelt innocence is not as easily destroyed as morals and scruples that govern the flesh. The lines of the chorus ("And oh! What I did not

*Fantasy born of  
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is not as easily  
destroyed as  
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the flesh.*

know! What I did not know...") become particularly poignant at this point. Prior to this verse the chorus had only hinted at the tragedy that is to follow. With this verse, we see that the war is not only a life and death struggle; we begin to sense that there is also an internal struggle to preserve the soul.

One might think this would be a good place to more clearly articulate and expand the parameters of this internal struggle, but the next verse backtracks a little bit (something of a tease), and once again mentions sites of famous Civil War battles. Of course, The One-Eleventh Pennsylvanne does

not get to participate in any of these historic and glorified battles. They are in a more anonymous, but no less deadly place.

*We never saw Antietam Creek  
Nor marched in Sharpsburg town.  
Our fight was in the field between the  
woods.  
And every inch we gained that morn  
By blood and sweat and toil  
Was swept away by the Texans under  
hood.  
While generals and journalists  
Talk of victory and defeat,  
The private with his spade begins to  
dig  
And nowhere near a thousand strong  
The One-eleventh Pennsylvanne  
Now our dreams they did not seem so  
big.*

It may be a bit hackneyed to juxtapose waxing grandeur with the real, down-to-earth issue of burying the dead (and the lack of grandeur in that activity), but I love the way it is phrased. I also like the way we are allowed to feel (rather than being told), that the initial glory of "going off to war" was a feel-good emotion in which all were allowed to share, but that when it came down to who won or lost a battle, only the big brass were part of it.

Now with each new revelation of war's grim face, the chorus becomes more and more plaintive. The next verse, with banjo still droning, has The One-Eleventh Pennsylvanne again on the move. It continues with other motifs that we've already noted: the mundane aspects of war, Civil War/military terminology, the increasing sense of being alone in a crowd of men (at least for the narrator), and the general versus private conflict.

*We made our camp near  
Chancellorsville*



*And huddled near the fire  
Cooking up our hardtack and our  
beans  
Our guns were stacked when  
Stonewall Jackson  
Took us by surprise  
By being where Stonewall Jackson  
could not be  
And then we fought but we were  
caught  
By an enfiling fire.  
An unexploded shell crashed through  
our lines  
And chest and limbs and unsung  
hymns  
And God Almighty's ire  
My cousin, Casper Kingsbury lay  
dying.*

Grotesque images, but the kind of graphic language that works in a song so intricately designed. Hardy does not need to come out and talk about the narrator's loss of religion here. The bitter irony of a character we see as decent, good, and full of life feeling "God Almighty's ire," is enough.

Casper's death and the way he died is symbolic of the shattering of that last bit of the glory-of-war fantasy that might still be lodged in the bosom of the narrator. As Casper's chest is literally blown apart, the narrator's chest is also blown apart figuratively. His spirit is broken. This is reinforced in the next verse where, in sharp contrast to the early verses where they march heroically, shouting and performing little acts of bravado (remember the hats?), The One-Eleventh now "trudge" their way from battle to battle.

There is one more swipe at the generals and one more reference to the narrator's aloneness which continues to feel even after the war is over. But, as the narrator reminds us, is it ever really over?

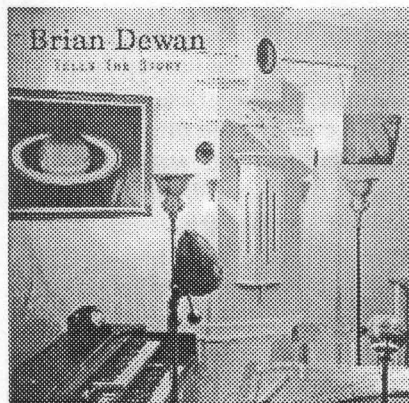
*Gettysburg and Lookout Mountain,  
Missionary Ridge  
They recite them as a litany and a*

*prayer  
But my heart was gone, I sang no  
songs.  
The One-Eleventh trudged along.  
I fought those battles as though I was  
not there.  
To second guess the generals,  
Though a private never can,  
But I'm thinking that this war can-  
not be won.  
My brothers and my sister,  
Oh how they stare,  
Now that my fighting days are done.*

Not only do we see a broken man through the eyes of his siblings, we come to see through him that the aggrandizement of battles like Gettysburg are for those uninitiated to the horrors of war. This magnificent song is on "Civil Wars" available on cassette or cd. You may order it by mail from Great Divide Records • 178 West Houston Street, Suite 9 • New York, NY 10014 • 212-989-7088

LD

## REVIEW OF BRIAN DEWAN'S "TELLS THE STORY"



Dorissa Bolinski

Brian Dewan, a Brooklyn-based musician, is a strange character. For further proof, check out "Tells the Story" (Bar/None Records), a musical travelogue through his twisted mind. Dewan, whose lyrics deal with curious topics such as space aliens, chain letters, hair cuts, and the human brain, has creat-

ed a unique collection of futuristic folk songs featuring his booming baritone and backed by his self-constructed electric zither.

The zither, which is made of wood and harpsichord hardware, can create sounds like a soaring electric guitar or a strange, astral piano. Because of the zither's ability to create such diverse sounds, the album is expansive and extremely varied musically. Unfortunately, Dewan's lyrics sometimes become silly and diminish the true potential of his compositions.

Dewan, a classically trained musician, has a forceful voice which melds well with the album's thundering musical sounds. "The Record" is an eerie, dirge-like song filled with hollow chimes somewhat remi-

niscient of some early Leonard Cohen material. Likewise, "The Cowboy Outlaw" is a minor-tinged ballad perfectly suited for Dewan's mournful voice. "The Letter" is a freakish song that sounds like it came from a haunted merry-go-round.

Some of the songs are truly funny, although some more serious subject matter might better suite Dewan's impressive and intense musical presence. The unique instrumentation is the strongest point; the odd lyrics can be a little trying. All in all, while probably not for the folk purist, "Tells the Story" represents an experimental type of "folk music". The album is an unusual and creative offering which marks Dewan as a promising new artist.

LD

## Rosselson "Bringing The News From Nowhere" Songbook

### Rod McDonald

A songwriter friend recently told me she doesn't try to write in a linear, literal manner, but only to give an impression of her feelings. "I'm not trying to say anything," she laughed. "Just to convey a sense of what it looks like from the inside."

On the other hand, there are songwriters who do want to impress a particular idea on their audiences, and to do it artistically. For the past thirty-some years, one of the world's best at literate, pointed songwriting has been England's Leon Rosselson. His new songbook, "Bringing The News from Nowhere," is a virtual social history of the past three decades. Less well known in America, as he was denied entry to the U.S. for years for his supposed leftist beliefs (and a student-age flirtation with communism), his songs are performed in Great Britain by a significant cast of fellow artists including Martin Carthy, Roy Baily, Frankie Armstrong, and Billy Bragg had a top forty hit with "World Turned Upside Down."

Far from being dogmatic, his songs are probing, questioning, and ironic treatments of a large range of topics, from nuclear annihilation to gender stereotyping of children. They are also usually very musical.

As songbooks go, "Bringing The News" is an epic collection, mind-boggling in its breadth. Though it has its deficiencies (more on that later), the literary value of these songs alone makes it a good read. Divided into

twelve sub-categories, from "Love, Loneliness and Laundry" to "Bringing the News," they skip back and forth between such satiric sallies as "Don't Get Married, Girls," to doomsday musings like "No One Is Responsible." The latter, in fact, exhibits Rosselson in his favorite milieu, speaking through various characters' voices — emergency planner, government minister, military adviser, scientific wizard, missile commander, and superpower leader — each intoning in turn "I can't be held responsible" for the destruction that each mindlessly furthers. Like Phil Ochs' "Love Me, I'm a

*One of the  
world's best at  
literate, pointed  
songwriting.*

Liberal," each character represents a vehicle to skewer the comfortable assumptions of society. Sometimes the effect is overwhelming. The lyrics of "No One Is Responsible" for example, run two wall-to-wall pages, each of its six verses having more words than the average pop song. My favorite is the much more succinct "Palaces of Gold."

*If prime-ministers and advertising executives  
Royal personages and bank managers wives  
Had to live out their lives in dank rooms  
Blinded by smoke and the foul air of sewers  
Rot on the walls and rats in the cellars*

*In rows of dumb houses like  
mouldering tombs  
Had to bring up their children  
and watch them grow  
In a waste land of dead streets  
where nothing will grow*

(Chorus)

*Buttons would be pressed  
Rules would be broken  
Strings would be pulled  
And magic words spoken  
Invisible fingers would mould  
Palaces of gold*

Not all of Rosselson's songs are political; "Susie" is the story of a presumably disturbed woman who bites policemen. Various characters expound to her the necessity for public order — police, social workers, and psychologists — all convincing, well-reasoned, and completely without effect. Susie merely bites because she likes doing it.

In "She Was Crazy, He Was Mad," lovers are barred from dancing on the grass because "You've defaulted on your payment for the up-keep of the dead." In "Boys Will Be Boys" it's the parents who bear the sting of Rosselson's pen as they yell at little Peter, "who said you could cry?" Still, it's to the big issues that he returns again and again, winding up the book with "World Turned Upside Down" and the title song.

"World" is the story of the Diggers, a 17th-century, back-to-the-land, anti-royal group that lasted about a year before the authorities, supremely threatened by the Diggers' vision of equal distribution of land, destroyed them. Its companion piece, "Bringing the News From



Nowhere," relates the life of William Morris, a late-19th century Utopian whose writings, like Rosselson's own, questioned the property and material bias of society.

"His writings are extraordinary, they still relate very much to the world we live in," Rosselson told me last fall in a London cafe. "Reacting to the mass production of the late 1800s, he didn't see why we should be surrounded by ugliness. He made connections between art and politics. His book, "News from Nowhere," was about a dream of a society transformed by a violent struggle."

"In a sense," he continued, "you're using these people to indicate that another sort of society is possible. To do this directly is impossible, but to do it indirectly makes sense."

Since the demise of the Soviet Union, Rosselson has penned a couple of tunes considering the effect this event has had on his politically left ideas and associates. "The Song of the Old Communist," apparently for his father, has recently been sung by Ronnie Gilbert of the Weavers. Rosselson himself performs "Wo Sind Die Elefanten," about the dissembling of the East German state of mind. While these tunes show that, at sixty, he's still questioning the very foundations of his intellectual life, neither song is included in this songbook. Also missing are guitar fingerings, chord diagrams or even piano charts for each song. Only the chord letters and the melody are given.

"I wouldn't fancy myself a whiz guitar player," he told me. "That's how I look at music as well — its importance is what it

can do for the words." But in "Palaces of Gold," for example, his recorded guitar accompaniment is a tasty piece of music in itself, and the melody he sings is notably different than the one on the page. In fact, most of these melodies and orchestrations are somewhat sophisticated, bearing a resemblance more to Gilbert and Sullivan than the Woody Guthrie-style protest songs of his American contemporaries. And that's not by accident.

"When I started in the early '60's, there was a hostility to being dominated by American folk music" he said. "People like

*"I don't have a  
great voice,  
but I can  
sing words."*

Ewan MacCall laid down the law — you can't pretend to be a black cotton picker if you're from St. Alban's. But it did make people begin to write in the English tradition. We were writing songs before Bob Dylan was invented, and the background of that was music hall and traditional music. I certainly did listen to Gilbert and Sullivan. Those songs still linger on. The other influence was French singers like Jacques Brel, who I saw at the Albert Hall in 1964. It was absorbing different influences and trying to produce songs that were English."

"I don't have a great voice," Rosselson shrugged. "But I can sing words. So, I tend to write songs that suit my particular style — lots of words, internal rhymes. Sometimes, it's quite a

test. Since the '60's, I've tried to develop an idiom that suits me. I've taken things from America as well. There's a bit of Tom Lehrer. . . to explore the song, not be restricted to the folk idiom at all."

Words — mounds and pounds of them — rhyming, colliding, circling around each other. That's what this songbook is about, backed up by the serious ideas lurking beneath the fun. That, the melodies, and some uncaptioned photographs. But merely reading the words does them an injustice. Their regular cadence and rhyming phrases scan differently when they're sung. What sometimes look like greeting-card-style mini-poems on the page, become poetic and philosophical when sung to these intricate melodies.

And so, although for its words alone, "Bring the News from Nowhere" is a heavyweight work, to appreciate the songs fully, you have to sing them or listen to them while you read it. "The songs reflect thirty years of history," Rosselson noted as we paid our cafe tab. "This is what it was like."

✍



## Lyrics

### In Order of Appearance

#### THE MANGO SONG

© 1990 Danny Carnahan

Let me sail you to an island  
Where we'll both have less than  
nothing  
And still be rich as Croesus far as  
anyone's concerned  
And we can live on mangoes  
Assuming they have mangoes  
And sell junk to the tourists  
And squander what we earn

We can find a sunny island  
Where the natives all are friendly  
And never get too restless  
Or care how we behave  
Cause we'll feel so damn romantic  
Every time the full moon rises  
And the jungle's green and sticky  
And smells like aftershave

So let's make ourselves a list  
Of every little patch of heaven  
We'll eliminate the juntas  
And the military states  
And maybe bag those islands  
Where they launder all the money  
And the ones that have bubonic  
plague  
And bugs as big as plates

We'll get used to the humidity  
It's good for our complexions  
We'll just lay out on the beach  
Like two well-marinated trout  
But as much as I like swimming  
there's a limit to my interest  
A tsunami every morning  
I can really do without

There's a couple possibilities  
Where they even speak some English  
And entertaining herbs are just  
A couple bucks an ounce  
But it seems I read the locals  
Rarely live past thirty-seven  
I'd hate to think I died of  
Some disease I can't pronounce

So what's left? There's still a  
couple  
That are mostly underwater  
And the pamphlets say the natives

almost never eat their guests  
And that lovely island chain  
With the exotic colored wildlife  
And hell, it's been just ages  
Since those atmospheric tests

Okay, forget about the island  
Maybe I was hasty  
I'd prob'ly just get seasick,  
Maybe eaten by a shark  
And that full moon's just as pretty  
As it rises past the streetlights  
And the fog comes in by midnight  
And there's palm trees in the park

So let's dance around the living room  
To Harry Belafonte  
And get some travel posters  
And a great big potted fern  
And we still can live on mangoes  
If the supermarket's got 'em  
And sell junk to the tourists  
And squander what we earn

Oh, darlin' we don't have to travel  
Just to waste our lives together  
If we're always this romantic  
And have mango dreams to burn  
Yes, always this romantic  
And have mango dreams to burn

#### LOOKING FOR LANDMARKS

© 1994 Alisa Fineman

I am a mother with my children, I'm  
a jeweler with my stones  
I'm a painter with my colors, I'm a  
writer with my songs  
I call them home to supper as the  
night begins to fall  
Soup and bread are on the table and  
the fire keeps us warm  
It keeps us warm, though strangers  
darken the path  
And you're still alone and far from  
home even living life on track  
But maybe home is in the moment,  
hands around my cup of tea  
I sink my roots down into morning,  
let the sunrise comfort me  
For all I know, that's all there is  
And I wonder if some dream is  
dreaming me instead  
And I can't tell if I'm just feeling  
sorry for myself  
And still I really can't imagine doing  
something else

It's raining in the square  
And the scarcity of decency makes  
things harder everywhere  
But I'm illuminated by the way of  
things  
And the light is even brighter when  
it shines along the way  
It matters more

Still they patronize and glamorize  
and covet what you have  
On your own and holding on to the  
little meaning left

Looking for the landmarks, familiar  
are the trees  
They have the kindest way with my  
vulnerability  
I am a mother with my children, all  
my paintings and my songs  
I call them home to supper as the  
night begins to fall

#### DINING ROOM TABLE

© 1993 David Brian

Four metal legs and a Formica top  
A leaf in the middle for when compa-  
ny drops  
At the family altar with a knife, fork  
and spoon  
We sat in the silence and chewed

The fine yellow chairs with the floral  
design  
Shiny and worn from a thousand  
mealtimes  
In the summer the vinyl always  
stuck to our legs  
Now the stuffing's beginning to show

Chorus:  
Dining room table  
The changes you've seen  
From the birth of a family  
To the death of a dream

Card games and wine coolers,  
thanksgiving day  
When the son from the first mar-  
riage came for a stay  
And the son of the second wife got in  
the way  
Of a wound that will never be healed

(Repeat chorus)



Who gets the gravy  
Who's filled with remorse  
When who gets the table  
Is decided in court

Unspoken emotion, meatloaf and  
ham  
Graduate, drop-out, leave as fast as  
you can  
In the end there was one at a table  
for two  
And a T.V. in the corner of the room

(Repeat chorus)

♫

### WE WERE ALL HEROES

© 1993 Jessica Ruby Simpson

Uncle Bob Keller in his wheelchair  
Was kind of like a daddy 'cause  
there's no folks there  
We all loved each other we took good  
care  
Behind the vacant building, up the  
old back stair  
In the vacant building, yeah we lived  
up there  
We all came together in some  
strange way  
Everybody looking for somewhere to  
stay  
Keller bribed the janitor to keep us  
hid  
And pretend he didn't know about all  
us kids

Chorus:

It was scary and it was fine  
We got real skinny and we drank  
bad wine  
I remember those hard growing up  
times  
We were all heroes in my young  
mind  
We were all heroes in my young  
mind

Paul was a wino at sweet sixteen  
It was Richard's Wild Rose for crazy  
Paul Jeans  
I guess Maggie gave him money  
'cause he'd always score  
The old guys bought him bottles at  
the liquor store  
Out on the street in his big army  
coat  
Tall and blonde and skinny, like a

billy goat  
No shoes, no shirt, no service, and  
his scraggly hair  
Paul who carried Keller up the old  
back stair

Chorus

Teddy was black but he had real  
light skin  
And big, thick glasses and a big  
sweet grin  
Maria was Italian, she was my best  
friend  
When she was seventeen, she ran  
away with him  
I don't know what they were doing  
there  
It didn't matter and nobody cared  
Anybody would be welcome to  
share  
And you could help to carry Keller  
up the old back stair  
And someone's got to carry up the  
big wheelchair

Chorus:

We got so hungry and we got so  
scared  
There sure are a lot of crazy people  
out there  
We probably nearly killed ourselves  
several times  
But we were all heroes in our young  
minds  
We were all heroes in our young  
minds

Out on the street in the middle of the  
day  
The cop'll try and grab you and take  
you away  
I'm looking all over for my girlfriends  
We're a ragged little party that  
never ends  
Me and my brothers and my girl-  
friends  
Well, we're a little party that just  
won't end

Chorus:

It was scary and it was fine  
We got real crazy and we drank bad  
wine  
Yeah, we prob'ly nearly killed our-  
selves several times  
But looking for love is never a crime  
We were all heroes in my own mind  
We were all heroes

We were all heroes  
We were all heroes in my own mind  
♫

### WIDOW'S WATCH

© 1992 Laura Chandler

you haunt me like a dream  
someone is drowning in  
you taunt me like the wind  
blowing these lonely days

time comes in waves  
measured in moments and days  
age sits me down  
showing her subtle ways

we used to sit by the water  
sometimes we'd stay all day long  
and watch as the ships sailed in  
my love so handsome and strong

war came, tensions grew  
i watched him go, that's when i knew

all that's left is the waiting  
rocking in this chair  
my memory fading  
turning in the air

sleep comes again  
the promise of an old friend  
dawn comes too soon  
promising only noon

i'd like to sit by the water  
i would stay all day long  
and wait for my ship to come  
you would be there

all that's left is the waiting  
rocking in this chair  
my memory fading  
turning in the air  
♫

### FALL MORNING

City Folk

Water hangs on the sill  
Just waiting to fall  
Looking out the window  
Just another city wall

Chorus:

Oh, fall morning  
Find my face

Oh please, fall morning  
Find me a place  
Oh please, place me

Clouds are in the sky  
Leaves are on the ground  
These winds of change blow  
cold  
When your cries don't make  
a sound

Chorus

Bridge:  
Old man sitting in an empty  
park  
Confronting winter in his  
soul  
He hates my youth, his gaze  
is stark  
I sit beside him in the  
silence

At last here I am  
Here I am, I'm waiting for  
something to come  
I don't know where I'm  
going, I don't know what to  
do  
Please, please, please

Chorus

## SIX YEARS OLD

© 1992 Susan Udell

Up early in the morning  
Cold floor underneath my toes  
Mom calling from the kitchen  
Baking cookies on a pot belly stove  
I buckle my boots  
Get ready for school  
Oh, I've got so much to do  
And just six years old

Snow covered December  
Christmas trees and angel's wings  
Promises of a bright tomorrow  
miracles and mysterious things  
And I'm crossing in time  
Somewhere in the back of my mind  
And still six years old  
Chorus:

The more things change, the more I  
stay the same  
No one to ask, nobody to blame  
For all I've grown and all I said  
I'm still frightened by the monster  
hiding under my bed  
Can't tell me he's not there

A stone's throw from the Atlantique  
Bird's view from my back yard  
I climb until the sunset  
Apple trees in the gathering dark

Chorus

## LAUDA DI MOLINO

The Lauda is a song of devotion  
which first flowered in Italy, proba-  
bly around the  
time of St. Francis (1182-1226).  
"Lauda" means to give praise.  
Praise is given here to the the  
Molino Creek Tomato which is with-  
out a doubt the sweetest, most deli-  
cious ever grown on this planet.  
Molinos are dry-farmed in  
Davenport, California (the plant  
roots go deep to reach soil moistened  
by winter rains) by one of the last  
farm collectives in the state. For  
those of us brought up on green  
tomatoes in the "cello pack," Molinos  
are truly a spiritual experience wor-  
thy of all our praise. "Lauda di  
Molina" was written specifically for  
this FAST FOLK recording.

## DESERT RAIN

© 1993 Sandra Carroll

Like a dusty rose I wander through  
the desert,  
Thirsty for a distant rain.  
In my ruby dress and worn-out heels  
I've walked through my success,  
But I've felt the pain.

Lead me to the water with this  
empty cup of mine,  
I realize I'm stranded in this prison,

Caught behind the walls of time.

In an endless night I have found the  
day,  
Looking through the eyes of the  
Milky Way.  
Now if I could only find a way . . .

Chorus:

Lead me back to you . . . through the  
burning flame.  
Back to you . . . like a gentle rain.  
Lead me back to you.

It was long ago and far away I saw  
you,  
Gentle as the desert rain.  
In your eyes I felt the hunger of a  
thousand years,  
Whispering my name.

Will there be a time, will there be a  
place?  
Will there be a sign upon your lovely  
face?  
Oh, the stars above seem so far away  
. . .

Chorus

And who knows what tomorrow  
brings  
Will there be a time . . .  
And who knows what forever means  
Will there be a place . . .

Like a gentle rain . . .

## THE JOURNEY ON

Kate Price

Across the southern hills, we journey  
once again  
To travel thus has always been our  
way  
To winter in the south, and summer  
in the north  
And so we traveled on another day

For life lays out before us, like a  
sparrow in the dawn  
When winter snows approach, we  
move on.

Little can we carry, little do we own  
We live but for the Mother's gentle  
grace.



Often do we toil, but often life is sweet  
And when we go, we leave without a trace

For life lays out before us, as we head towards the warm  
To live we must find shelter from the storm

Midway through the cross, I heard her call my name  
And turned to see her rested by a tree.

No further could she walk, no more could we delay,  
But as I stopped, these words I heard her say.

You must go on alone now, you must walk with the free  
The Western Gate has opened now for me.  
For life lays out before you as the raven beckons on  
My days are done, now you must carry on.

Many years have passed and my time now grows short  
The journey becomes harder every year.  
I know the day will come when I will be the one  
Who is left behind by those who I hold dear.

And life will lay before them, and life will carry on  
When my days are done, they will carry.  
When the Western Gate has opened, she will call me to her breast,  
And it's in my Mother's arms I will rest.

Note from the songwriter: I wrote this piece for my mother in honor of her 70th birthday. The reference to "Mother" in the last line refers not only to my birth mother, but to Mother Earth.

✍

## BARBARIC SPLENDOR

Joe New

Just like a bird of paradise, your

eyes disguised in colors of the rainbow

Angel of the alleyway, tonight I swear it's you making the street-lamps glow  
Leather and lace on you tonight  
Smile on your face says you feel all right

Chorus:

I'm about to fall  
You're standing there in all of your barbaric splendor.

Just like that rose in Harlem, you're a darlin' flower rough around the edges

I know you grew up wild, out of style, but to you I give my pledges  
'Cause fashion turns my heart to stone  
But passion touches to the bone  
If you run with me, you'll see I can be tough, I can be tender

Chorus

Just like the roaring silence, there's a violence in your smoky, stormin' glances

Your promise is so primitive; to love and live with you is taking chances  
But let the lions roar 'till dawn  
We'll burn these streets we're walking on  
You started up a rumble in my heart and took my mind off on a bender

Chorus

✍

## POSTCARD

© 1993 Allegra Broughton

Riding down the highway is just a state of mind

A thousand miles away from trouble this time

I'll send you this postcard.

I've been driving by night, I've been sleeping by day

Just driving and singing my blues away

I'll send you a postcard.

Chorus:

Well, there's a quarter in a phone booth on an empty street

Sunday morning paper is sweeping up Saturday night  
And the road you've never taken, it's the only road

I know I'll send you a postcard from the edge of the world.

I've been talking to the walls, I've been walking in the rain  
I don't think I'll ever see you again  
But I'll send you a postcard.  
There's just this ribbon of road and I guess it's mine  
And this moon that glows like a welcome sign  
So I'll send you this postcard.

Chorus

Well I'm riding down the highway, it's just a state of mind  
A thousand miles away from you this time

I'll send you a postcard.

Saying, "How're you doing, I guess I'm fine.

I tried to call but I was short one dime."

So I'm sending you this . . .

✍

## I WON'T PLAY THE FOOL

Peter Lamson and Jesus Portillo

The way you're acting, baby, you know it just ain't right  
I'm looking for love, and you're looking for a fight.  
You take kindness for weakness — and, baby, that ain't cool.

I'm a playful fella, but I won't play the Fool.

There's spontaneous combustion when you walk into the room.

You light up a victim and send him to his doom.

I'm burning for you, baby, but I follow one strict rule:

I'm a playful fella, but I won't play the Fool.

Bridge:

I won't play the Fool for you,

'cause I've played the Fool  
before.  
I won't give you everything,  
watch you take my love and  
money,  
And walk right out the door.

Forgiveness is my nature,  
got the patience of a saint,  
But what you think you're  
doing to me . . . baby, no you  
ain't!  
If you're ready for the real  
thing, I've got the love for  
you.  
I'm a playful fella, but I  
won't play the Fool.

♫

## MARIA

© 1992 Deborah Levoy

I'm a busy girl cuz' I've got lots of  
friends  
I go down to the corner and they  
take me for rides  
Windows rolled down, a shiny breeze  
One hand on the wheel, the other  
hand on my knee  
And they say

Chorus:  
Maria you are special  
Don't let anyone tell you otherwise  
Maria you are beautiful tonight

Well they kept me back in third  
grade, they talked to my ma  
They told her I was too slow, that I  
could not go far  
Special's what they called me and  
they put me in a special room  
With lots of funny kids, and the  
teacher kept me late in the afternoon  
And he said

## Chorus

My daddy was a salesman but he  
never went to work  
He'd sit in front of the tv when I  
came home from school  
And he'd say, "Maria bring the bottle  
and I'll share half with you"  
And I won't tell your ma if you do  
what I say to do  
And he said

## Chorus

Last night I dreamed that the streets  
became the ocean  
And I was drowning in a sea of cars  
I reached out my hands as high as  
they would go  
And I pulled myself up to a sky so  
calm

This morning I woke up to flooded  
streets  
I opened my window to let in the  
breeze  
I was looking down at the pavement  
and looking up at the sky  
Leaning out my window wondering if  
I could fly  
And I said

## Chorus

♫

## THE GREAT FLOOD OF '93

© 1993 Michael Herman

Wasn't that a time, the  
summer of 1993?  
A time we'll all remember,  
July of '93.  
When the great Mississippi  
River flooded, and it went  
down in history.

The river started rising, as  
the rain came pouring down.  
Muddy water started rising,  
as the rain came pouring  
down.  
And all the folks down in  
the lowlands had to move to  
higher ground.

You can tame a mountain  
lion, you can train a bulldog  
too.  
Yes, you can tame a moun-  
tain lion, you can tame a  
bulldog too.  
But when a river jumps its  
banks, there ain't a thing  
that you can do.

All the people pulled togeth-  
er with one thing upon there  
minds.  
Yes, all the people filling

sandbags with one thing  
upon there minds.  
Ain't it funny how disaster  
can become the tie that  
binds.

Life holds many lessons,  
watch and remember every  
sign.  
We all know life holds many  
lessons, watch and remem-  
ber every sign.  
Respect it when it warns  
you, and the river will treat  
you fine.

Wasn't that a time, the  
summer of 1993?  
A time we'll all remember,  
July of '93.  
When the great Mississippi  
River flooded, and it went  
down in history.

♫

## CRACK THE SKY

© 1992 Ali Katz Weedon

Shedding my skin  
Been lookin' inside  
Found I can't hide  
Much less disappear  
It's been rough getting here  
But well worth the cost of the ride

I'm comin' up  
Rounding the bend  
Been a long time coming  
And such a long time since when  
A smile came to me this easily

Chorus:  
Crack the sky  
Knock the chip off from my should  
Crack the sky  
Set free my tears  
Crack the sky  
Spread my wings and learn to fly  
Crack the sky  
And the chains of fear

Confusion  
Blocked my vision  
Kept me from seein' the sun  
Even though it burns within  
Me and in your smile  
Stay with me awhile  
And I'll do my



Balancing act for you  
Which you'll see right through  
You always do

Repeat Chorus 2x

✍

### THE BOVINE BELCHING SONG

David Maloney

When I heard it on the radio I couldn't  
believe my ears  
They were talking about a research  
study far away from here  
It was a certified government grant -  
about 70K a year  
To study the effects of cows that  
burp on our fragile atmosphere

It said, "A milk cow has four stom-  
achs the first of which it seems  
Makes CO<sub>2</sub> and methane gas that  
has to be released"  
Apparently the problem here in the  
pastures of this land  
Is that bovine belching has become a  
threat to man

Chorus:

That global warming comes without  
warning  
Wake up one morning we'll all be  
gone  
And the bovine belching it isn't help-  
ing  
The ozone's melting, I wouldn't steer  
you wrong

There are world-wide implications in  
the state of Washington  
Where that study's being conducted  
underneath the prairie sun  
All the cows wear little backpacks  
that monitor emissions  
And their gastrointestinal habits are  
a joy to statisticians

Now for the sake of clarity I think  
you all should know  
At which end of the bovine beast the  
government spends it's dough It's  
not interested in measuring posteri-  
or emission  
We'll leave that to a presidential asi-  
nine commission

Will we ever know the reason, will  
we come upon the truth

Why the ozone layer's shrinking on  
the range of the old Palouse  
Will all this money, time and  
research soon be lost in a livestock  
trailer  
Could this belching Bovine bullshit  
soon turn into an udder failure

✍

# Biographies

In Order of Appearance

## DANNY CARNAHAN & ROBIN PETRIE

Danny Carnahan began touring the folk circuit in 1979 with fellow Northern California Celtoid Chris Caswell. Three years and two albums later, he launched a new duo with his wife, hammered dulcimer whiz Robin Petrie. He gradually moved from traditional and Celtic material to his own original songs. He has earned two NAIRD Indie Awards for recordings on his own, now defunct DNA label, and has toured as far afield as New Zealand and Britain. Eleven of Danny's songs make up his recently finished ninth album (the seventh with Robin).



In addition to writing songs, Danny writes highly opinionated magazine articles, occasionally produces other artists in the studio, teaches a college recording arts course, writes (apparently) unpublishable novels, and cooks a lot. After touring without an agent for 14 years, Danny is currently taking an extended break from the club and festival circuit, living off the proceeds of his two absurdly successful Victorian Christmas releases. Danny and Robin live in Albany, California with two cats.

LD

## ALISA FINEMAN

A native of California, I was raised in the San Fernando Valley. It was a time when you could drive past fields of corn and pumpkin instead of shopping malls and industrial parks. My grandmother was a concert

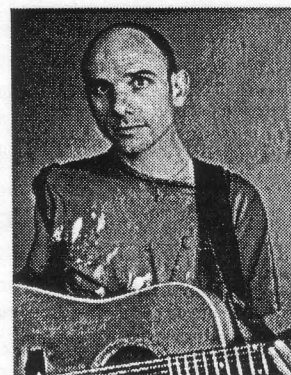
pianist and teacher. My mother played guitar and wore those cool, white leather boots I wanted so much in the sixth grade. Musically, I was inspired by both of them as well as traditional folk music and the folk-rock of the early seventies.

My father's love of the wilderness expanded my world, which also affected my music. In college I was studying the natural history of California, following the Big Horn Sheep's migration in the northern Rockies, and playing music in cowboy bars or around campfires along the way.



I spent my summers working as a fire look-out for the U.S. Forest Service, where songs and wilderness came together. I spent several years caretaking a 3,500-acre nature reserve on the Big Sur Coast, living in an old homesteader's cabin on a hill above the ocean and the mouth of a river. There was no electricity, no phone and no radio. Musically, I was on my own except for my musical companions and a few tapes by my favorite artists.

That time in my life continues to provide the creative force behind my songwriting today. A time when songs were born as they came, without judgment, like the fog and the wind, the mountain lion tracks in the dust, the black rattlesnake we saw only once. Like the egret who appeared from the mist and landed on our cabin roof, the gray whales migrating by in winter, and the pelican who came to die in a redwood canyon on the rocks by the stream.



## DAVID BRIAN

As singer/songwriter/guitarist for the folk-rock group "Five Year Plan" and his earlier group "Blue Movie", David Brian has performed on concert stages and in clubs and coffee-houses all across the country. He has recorded numerous releases on independent labels to much critical acclaim. As a solo artist, David's intricate guitar playing and enigmatic voice take center stage. The songs are laid bare, revealing the common themes of family, relationships and social injustice, as well as the poetry that weaves them together.

LD

## MARTIN & JESSICA SIMPSON

Martin Simpson tours a lot as a solo guitarist and has recorded for various labels including Shanachie and Green Linnet. He has performed extensively with June Tabor, and toured with Richard Thompson.



Jessica Simpson's compositions appear on several of Martin's recordings. Jessica and Martin Simpson are now residents of Northern California and have begun touring and recording as a duo.

LD



## LAURA CHANDLER

Laura Chandler is a singer/songwriter and published poet. Originally from Connecticut, she now resides in San Francisco. She has two independently released tapes and, along with Tricia Godwin, co-wrote the soundtrack for *InnerVisions*, a documentary premiering nationwide. Laura is joined by Becky West on harmony vocals and Tricia Godwin on guitar. This trio frequently performs in the Bay Area as The Unarmed Poets. In June, they will be appearing in Nashville, Atlanta, and New York City.

For more information, booking, tapes, or to get on the mailing list, write to: The Unarmed Poets • 45 Massasoit Street • San Francisco, CA 94110.



## CITY FOLK

Enter City Folk, a partnership of artists. Since 1989, this trio has been merging its individual talents into a musical profile rarely seen these days; an intelligent blend of lyric, harmony, and instrumental virtuosity distinctive for the power and clarity of its originality.



They must be doing something right. In the fertile environment of the thriving San Francisco music scene, City Folk is attracting increasing popular and critical acclaim, performing before sell-out crowds at concerts, clubs and regional festivals. In 1992 they were winners of the San Francisco Best of the Bay Music Awards and their music was recently paired with the work of Bruce Cockburn on a compilation CD, *"In The Spirit Of Crazy Horse."* Their much-heralded debut recording, *"Catch A Glimpse,"* has received heavy airplay on west coast radio stations and the just released *"Shadows On 'rhe Wall,"* promises to introduce the music of this remarkable trio to a much wider audience. Exit City Folk, a trio on its way.

Booking and Information: 4192 Piedmont Avenue • Box 21618 • Oakland, CA 94620.

## SUSAN UDELL

Susan Udell wrote songs about pain, and she sang songs about sadness; and she knew about pain and sorrow first hand:

I've been left with words that I couldn't say  
I've been hung out to dry  
on a rainy day  
Would I have chosen to stay  
when my life began  
If what I know now  
I had known back then  
(From "Choices," Album, *"Unanswered Questions"*)

A singer with professional promise and a songwriter with more, Susan brought her guitar west from Massachusetts and Connecticut in the late 1980's and established herself as a folk singer in the style of Nanci Griffith and Mary Chapin Carpenter.



In 1991, she cut her first recording, *"Coast to Coast,"* which was one of the most requested on radio station KKUP in San Francisco. The Gryphon Gazette trade publication reviewed it this way: 'The best instrument is Susan's voice — clear and distinct with perfect pitch.' We are sorry to write that Susan Udell died of endomitriosis, a reproductive disease on February 2, 1994. She underwent repeated operations, but finally succumbed to the disease which had caused her such pain. Susan Anne Udell was 31.

There's no choice to make but the  
one I've been given  
I'll follow the script of this life that  
I'm living  
I could have it all and still not have  
enough  
To keep me from goin' when the  
going gets tough"

(From the San Jose Mercury News  
Obituaries, Saturday, February 12,  
1994.)

♫

### NEAL HELLMAN

Neal Hellman is a mountain dulcimer virtuoso, and founder of the Gourd Music label. Neal has recorded for Kicking Mule and Flying Fish. Established in 1988, Gourd Music has produced instrumental recordings of Martin Simpson, Robin Petrie, William Coulter, Nicholas Blanton, Joe Weed, Shelley Phillips, Kim Robertson, Steve Coulter, Harris Moore, and Cheryl Ann Fulton.



For information or a free catalogue  
please write: Gourd Music • PO Box  
585 • Felton CA 95018

♫

### SANDRA CARROLL

Sandra Carroll delivers heartfelt and emotionally powerful folk-rock tuned to a changing world. Her craftsmanship has been compared to Carole King's, but her unique style combines a visual dynamic and lyrical precision all her own. She has recorded for film soundtracks and

was one of four vocalists invited to sing on an international broadcast from L.A.'s Shrine Auditorium. She appeared at the Universal Amphitheatre with British rock group "The Road," and in the music video "We Stand Tall" with David Pomeranz. Her single "Carry Me Home," released at the Gulf War's end, was a popular success.



About her music, Sandra says, "I was born and raised in San Francisco, caught in the cross-roads of humanity . . . a seemingly endless river in flood. I'm always watching people. One day, I stumbled upon this magical pair of colored glasses. Looking through them I could see the world however I chose, adding whatever color I might, or seeing with more clarity the beauty already present in every facet of life, even in the darkest crevice. These glasses were the coolest thing since ice cream was invented. I write music and poetry to express what I see through them. And when other people look through the colored spectacles along with me, it's real magic. I've been hooked on it ever since . . . almost as much as rocky-road."

For information write: 8 Miller  
Avenue, Suite 138 • Mill Valley, CA  
94541

♫

### KATE PRICE

Kate Price has been performing professionally for more than ten years. She has released five recordings of her music. A review in *Option Magazine* describes her as a seductive contralto, with excellent elocution and a definite way with words. Her repertoire consists of original compositions as well as diverse ethnic music from Europe and the British Isles. Her original compositions are influenced by both the Slavic and Celtic musical traditions.

Kate has appeared all over the West Coast with groups such as The Los Angeles Philharmonic Association and The California Lute, Harp and Guitar Society. A native of Santa Barbara, Kate's local credits include performances at the Lotte Lehman Concert Hall, Fleishmann Auditorium, The Santa Barbara Museum of Art, and The Earth Day 1990 Main Event.



Kate's instruments of choice are the hammered dulcimer, the Swedish Hummel, and the Piano. The hammered dulcimer's tone is a delicate blend of the brilliance of the harpsichord with the depth and breadth of



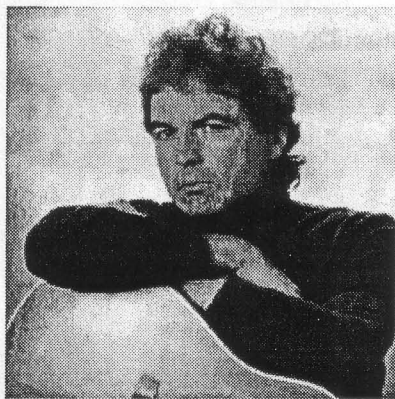
the harp. The Hummell is the eleventh century forefather of the fretted dulcimer. It's six drone strings give it an eastern allure. Both of these unusual instruments beautifully compliments the other aspects of Kate's music.

Priceless Productions • P.O.Box  
91555 • Santa Barbara, CA 93190-  
1555

£

### JOE NEW

Joe New has been titled "the Bay Area's great undiscovered singer-songwriter." In the months to come, many others will agree. He combines soul's backbeat, country's haunting loneliness, folk's melodic lyricism, blues' gut-level realism, and rock's urgency, to convey myriad emotions.



New's ability to blend such divergent genres into a cohesive sound is reflected by the artists who have recorded and performed his songs: John Mellencamp, the Band's Levon Helm, Paul Carrack and Nick Lowe, Kiki Dee, Joe Louis Walker, Johnny Rivers, Asleep at the Wheel, the Moonlighters, Commander Cody, New Riders, and Bob Neuwirth. From 1977 to 1980, New developed his craft in Nashville as a staff writer for Almo-Irving Music (A&M) working with the legendary Troy Seals. Over the last decade New has

collaborated with many noted writers, including Neuwirth, Steven Soles, Mike Duke, and Grammy winner Jeff Silbar. In the tradition of great country songwriters, New builds and twists his images to illuminate the perplexities of heart and soul.

Joe New sings with the voice of a man who understands the frustrations of the working life (for years New worked as a steamfitter in Bay Area oil refineries). New's voice combines tenderness and gritty honesty. It aches with hope and shouts in triumph.

£

### SOLID AIR

Solid Air is an original music group based in northern California. SOLID AIR founding members Allegra Broughton (songwriter, vocals, guitar) and Sam Page (co-writer, vocals, electric and acoustic bass) perform as a duo and as a band with Jim McCarty (drums, percussion) and John Salz (lead guitar).



Allegra Broughton and Sam Page first started performing together as a duo in 1983. They expanded to work

as a four-piece group (as well as the duo) in 1990. Broughton has been performing her own original songs since 1976, and is the main songwriter for Solid Air. She and Page also collaborate on songwriting. They were selected to participate in the 1989 Kerrville New Folk Competition. The group has garnered critical acclaim for both live performances and for their 1992 release, "Love and Desire."

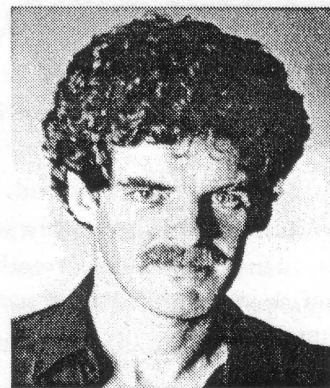
Solid Air performs regularly at the Napa Valley Folk Festival. Allegra is one of the co-hosts for the Festival's Emerging Songwriter Showcase (see article in *Performing Songwriter*, Jan./Feb. 1994).

Information: PO Box 733 •  
Penngrove, California 94951

£

### PETER LAMSON

Peter Lamson began playing guitar and writing songs and at 13. Shortly thereafter, he began working professionally — first as a folksinger, then as a lead singer for rock groups. Since then he has delighted audiences up and down the East Coast, in Great Britain, and all over the San Francisco Bay Area. He has performed with such rock and blues luminaries as Bonnie Raitt, Nick Lowe, Hank Ballard, and Mississippi Fred McDowell. Also local favorites Steve Seskin and Dale Miller.



His highly original material draws on calypso, reggae, Thirties music, jazz, rhythm and blues, rock-a-billy, and modern pop. These diverse influences are brought into focus by Peter's distinctive vocal and guitar styles. Though he has a vast repertoire of other people's songs, his own writing is the centerpiece of his performances. His first LP, *"Go Ahead, Sparrow"* was enthusiastically received, and his second cassette, *"Next to the Door,"* was released in July, 1990. Peter performs around the Bay Area as a soloist, and occasionally with bassist John Main and drummer Reid Whatley as the Peter Lamson Trio.

"Great voice . . . inventive songs."  
BAM Magazine  
L

#### DEBORAH LEVOY

Deborah Leoy was born across the street from a field of bored New Jersey Holsteins. Now living in California, she has traded the gray slush of winter for the constant fear of the earth moving without her consent. She'd feel much better if they could just talk about it.



Her debut album, *Hungry City*, was released in 1992. She is currently conjuring up material for her second album.

Deborah can be reached c/o Lilola Music • PO Box 1291 • Menlo Park, CA 94026.  
L

#### MICHAEL "Hawkeye" HERMAN

Born and raised in the Quad Cities area of the upper Mississippi valley, Michael "Hawkeye" Herman now makes his home in the San Francisco Bay area. He has performed at major blues and folk festivals, and in concert across the US, Canada, and Europe. His dynamic performances have won him a faithful following and he keeps up a very active touring schedule.

His recent album, *"Everyday Living,"* has received much critical acclaim. "Hawkeye" performs a wide variety of traditional blues and original tunes, on six-string and twelve-string guitar, and is an adept practitioner of slide guitar and slide mandolin.



Regarding his song, *"The Great Flood of '93,"* he says, "I wanted the lyrics to focus on the philosophic

aspects of the disaster, rather than chronicle the inch-by-inch rise of the river. The song is dedicated to those most affected by the flood, and to the resilience of the human spirit."

Herman got an unprecedented six minutes of airtime on the WQAD TV (Moline, Illinois, Channel 8: ABC) on July 30th, 1993. He talked about how the flood necessitated the relocation of the Mississippi Valley Blues Festival, July 2-4th, held in Davenport, Indiana, and sang his *"Great Flood of '93."*

This song will be included on Michael "Hawkeye" Herman's upcoming CD.

Information: Topaz Productions • PO Box 2725 • Oakland, CA 94602  
L

#### ALI KATZ

Ali Katz has been writing and performing original and cover tunes since the age of 13. By 21, she had appeared on the F.A.C.E. Coffeehouse Album and the WCVF Spring Music Search cassette.



Ali has spent over eight years in broadcasting and has a well-developed sense of how to entertain while still keeping the integrity of the music. She plays by ear and draws from many different styles and cultures. Her acoustic sound has been



compared to Joni Mitchell and the Indigo Girls, with a little bit of Bonnie Raitt and Janis Joplin thrown in. Diverse tastes and experiences have combined to create Ali's unique perspective and style.

You may contact Ali Katz at: 7700 Geary Boulevard #210 • San Francisco, CA 94121.

✍

#### DAVID MALONEY

David Maloney has been performing professionally as a singer/songwriter and guitarist since 1970. As part of the established folk duo, Reilly and Maloney, he has toured extensively and recorded seven albums for Freckle Records.



David has also established his solo credentials both as a recording artist and in live performance. His two solo albums have met with critical acclaim and continue to be in demand.

David writes of the world he sees and the people he meets. His songs reveal commitment and appreciation for the humor and courage everpresent in the human condition.

"Maloney delivers a diversity with integrity . . . as a soloist, he is a

treat," notes Chris Lunn of *Victory Music Review*.

Recordings available from Freckle Records: PO Box 4005 • Seattle, WA 98104.

Information: Josie Lenwell Management • 323 Clipper Street • San Francisco, CA 94114.

✍

**THE CREDITS**  
**"FALLING INTO THE OCEAN"**  
San Francisco Bay Area Artists

-1-

**MANGO SONG**  
(Danny Carnahan)  
Danny Carnahan, vocal and octave  
mandolin  
Robin Petrie, accordion

-2-

**LOOKING FOR  
LANDMARKS**  
(Alisa Fineman)  
Alisa Fineman, vocal, guitar  
Kimball Hurd, dobro  
Roger Feuer, guitar

-3-

**DINING ROOM TABLE**  
(David Brian)  
David Brian, vocal and guitar  
John Singer, mandolin  
Sheila Schat, violin  
Klaus Flouride, bass

-4-

**WE WERE ALL HEROES**  
(Martin and Jessica Simpson)  
Jessica Simpson, vocal  
Martin Simpson, guitar  
Roger Feuer, lead guitar  
Kimball Hurd, mandolin  
Barry Phillips, cello  
Keith Greeninger, backup vocal

-5-

**WIDOW'S WATCH**  
(Laura Chandler)  
Laura Chandler, vocal and guitar  
Tricia Godwin, lead guitar  
Becky West, backup vocal

-6-

**FALL MORNING**  
(City Folk)  
Kimball Hurd, vocal and  
mandolin  
Roger Feuer, vocal and guitar  
Keith Greeninger, vocal and guitar

-7-

**SIX YEARS OLD**  
(Susan Udell)  
Susan Udell, vocal and guitar  
Michael McNevin, backing vocal

-8-

**LAUDA di MOLINO**  
(Neal Hellman)  
Neal Hellman, dulcimer

Barry Phillips, cello and  
mandolin  
Shelley Phillips, sopranino and harp

-9-

**DESERT RAIN**  
(Sandra Carroll)  
Sandra Carroll, vocal and  
guitar  
Nina Gerber, lead guitar

-10-

**THE JOURNEY ON**  
(Kate Price)  
Kate Price, vocals and Hummel  
Paul Keim, guitar and drum  
Simon Spalding, fiddle

-11-

**BARBARIC SPLENDOR**  
(Joe New)  
Joe New, vocal and guitar

-12-

**POSTCARD**  
(Solid Air)  
Allegra Broughton, vocal and guitar  
Sam Page, vocal and bass  
John Salz, guitar  
Jim McCarty, percussion

-13-

**I WON'T PLAY THE FOOL**  
(Peter Lamson and Jesus Portillo)  
Peter Lamson, vocal and  
guitar

-14-

**MARIA**  
(Deborah Levoy)  
Deborah Levoy, vocal and guitar

-15-

**THE GREAT FLOOD OF '93**  
(Michael "Hawkeye" Herman)  
Michael "Hawkeye" Herman, vocal  
and guitar  
Mary Harlin Burnley, bass

-16-

**CRACK THE SKY**  
(Ali Katz)  
Ali Katz, vocal and guitar

-17-

**BOVINE BELCHING**  
(David Maloney)  
David Maloney, vocal and  
guitar  
Robin Sylvester, bass

Smith Curry, dobro  
Jim Carr, banjo  
Jamie Davidson, backing vocals

This album is dedicated to our good  
friend, Susan Udell, who died  
February 2, 1994.

For the use of their studios and their  
generous donations of time, we wish  
to thank Neil Jay Young and Bill  
Thompson at Canyon Recording,  
Steve Burgh at Baby Monster,  
William Coulter and Barry Phillips  
at Bear Creek, Steve Horowitz at  
Emeryville Recording, Paula and  
Jim at Pajama Studio, and Stephen  
Jarvis for the A-DAT's and master-  
ing time.

\*\*\*\*\*

Produced by: Charles Berry

Issue compiled and edited by  
Charles Berry.

\*\*\*\*\*

**THE PRODUCER'S LAST WORDS**

Before I go to the beach, I just want  
to say "thank you" to everyone who  
participated in creating this CD.  
The recordings could not have hap-  
pened without their generous coop-  
eration and talents. As a producer,  
my most difficult job was selecting  
the artists, difficult because there is  
so much talent here and only 74  
minutes on a CD. I would like to  
thank the artists who were not  
included, and I hope readers will  
remember their names as well as  
those on the CD.

Jennifer Berezan  
Steve Kritzer  
Chuck Brodsky  
Michael McNevin  
Alex Call  
Chris Michie  
Marguerite Conti  
David Rea  
David Denny  
Adina Sara  
Ramblin' Jack Elliott  
Steve Seskin  
Judith Kate Friedman  
Aileen Vance  
James Lee Harris, Jr