

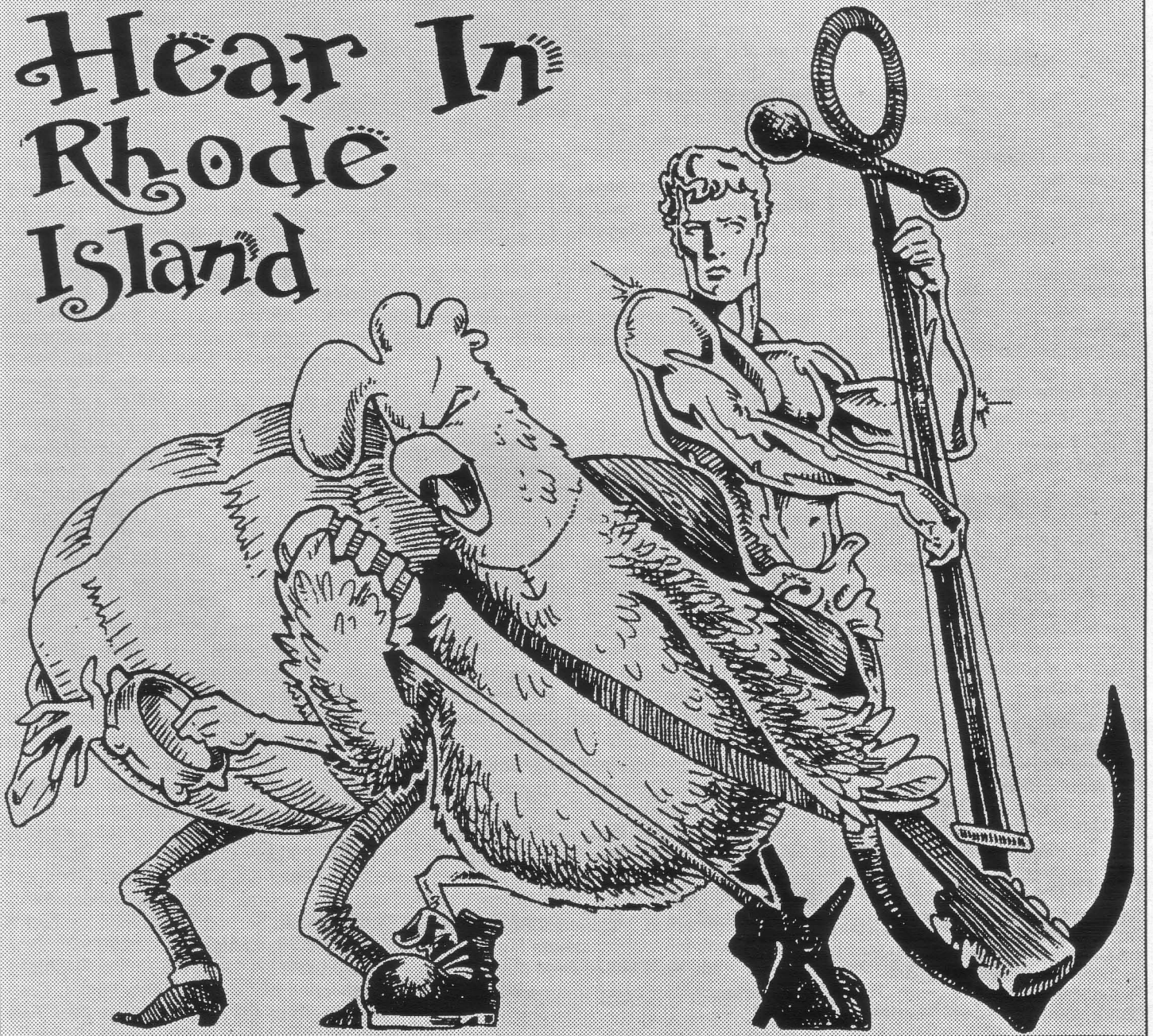
# FAST FOLK

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

Volume 8, Number 3

May 1995

Hear In  
Rhode  
Island



A Festival of Original Music from Ocean State Artists • Recorded live May 24, 1994

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the Capitol's Independent Man on  
anchor/bass and Rhode Island  
Red on lead vocal and guitar.

**Illustration by Jacob Saariaho**

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**About this issue...**

The Rhode Island Songwriters' Association (RISA) is a rapidly growing collective of Ocean State musicians begun by longtime local singer-songwriter Mary Wheelan.

In early 1993, she realized that while she appreciated the valuable feedback of friends and supporters, it just wasn't enough. Seeking the input of her songwriting peers, she joined the Connecticut Songwriters' Association but soon discovered that distance was

against her. She then found that there was sufficient interest from other local musicians, and with the help of the Connecticut group, RISA was born in Wheelan's living room, a small, nurturing group eager to share both their music and their feedback.

Asked why he joined the group, local businessman Leo Tremblay said he wanted to "get [his] music out there and get objective opinions about it." Likewise Kari Tieger, composer and award-winning member of ASCAP, who appreciated the "forum" for her music. Voice and guitar instructor Marcia Taylor wanted to "plug into the musicians' community, the songwriters' community, in a low-key search for possible collaborators."

As the scope of RISA expanded to include, among other things, computerization, the reins passed from Wheelan to John Fuzek, one half of the acoustic duo Fuzek-Rossoni, who was enthusiastic to "get Rhode Island's music on the map both regionally and nationally." A board of directors, larger meeting place, and association newsletter soon followed as word spread and membership grew.

Inevitably, RISA's informal song-sharing sessions led to live performances at such diverse venues as malls, coffeehouses and artist spaces where members have had the chance to showcase their talents for the public. As a result, the Rhode Island music scene began to take notice of the group and, by 1994, membership in RISA soared to just over 200.

In May of 1994, RISA, in conjunction with the Providence Parks Department, produced its first annual Hear In Rhode Island Festival.



From left: Fred Miller, Mary Ann Rossoni, John Fuzek and Dorothy "Hurricane" Hodge wail at the first annual "Hear in Rhode Island" Festival. Hear the highlights on this issue's CD.

Why would such a relatively new organization take on such an ambitious project? According to Fuzek, RISA wants to "get Rhode Islanders to hear as much good local and original music as can be performed in one shot." The one-day festival, held (appropriately enough) at Roger Williams' Park's Temple to Music, entertained its appreciative inaugural crowd with an eclectic mix of original music - from the traditional sounds of veteran songwriters Jon Campbell and Everett Brown to the sax-accompanied "street poetry" of 19-year-old Derick Prosper.

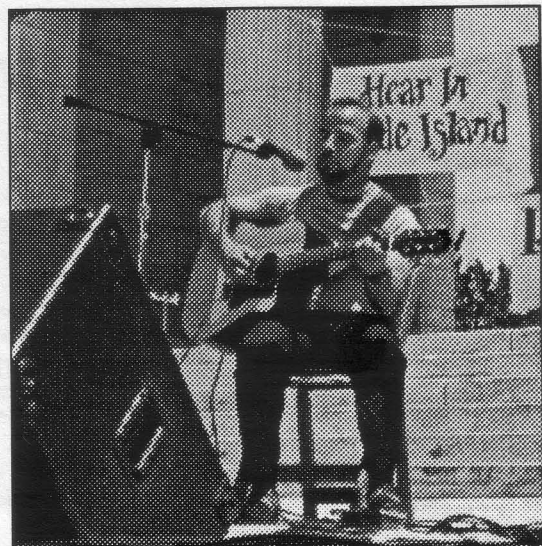
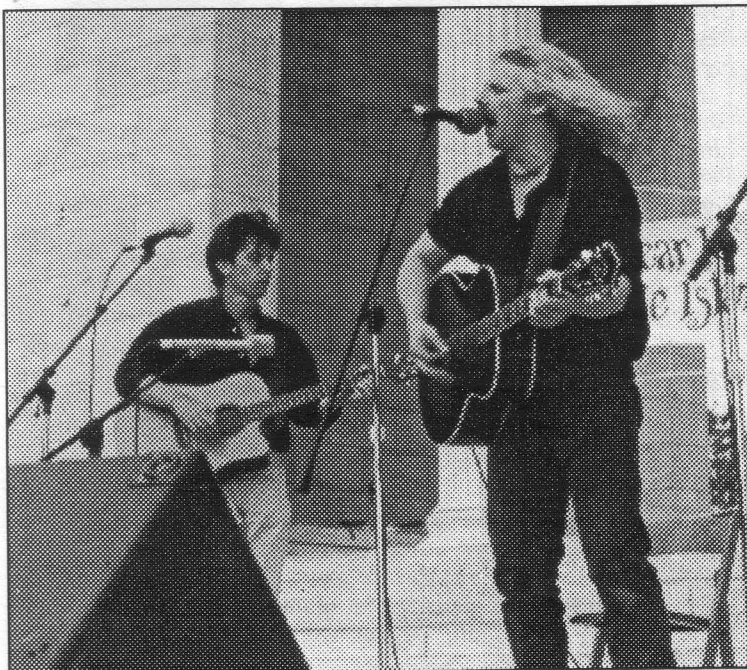
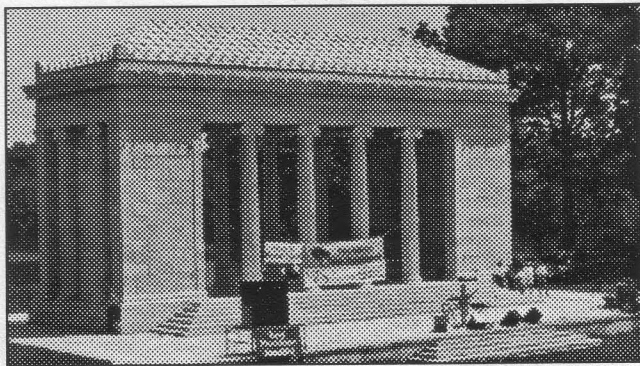
It was a collaborative effort that energized the performers and delighted the audience with the range and versatility of the home-grown talent. Fred Miller, bassist for the popular local trio Mary, Fred and Terry, summarized the enthusiasm best: "Once [Hear In Rhode Island] becomes an annual event, I think it'll take on the same significance as the Newport Folk Festival. People will come out of tradition to hear great music."

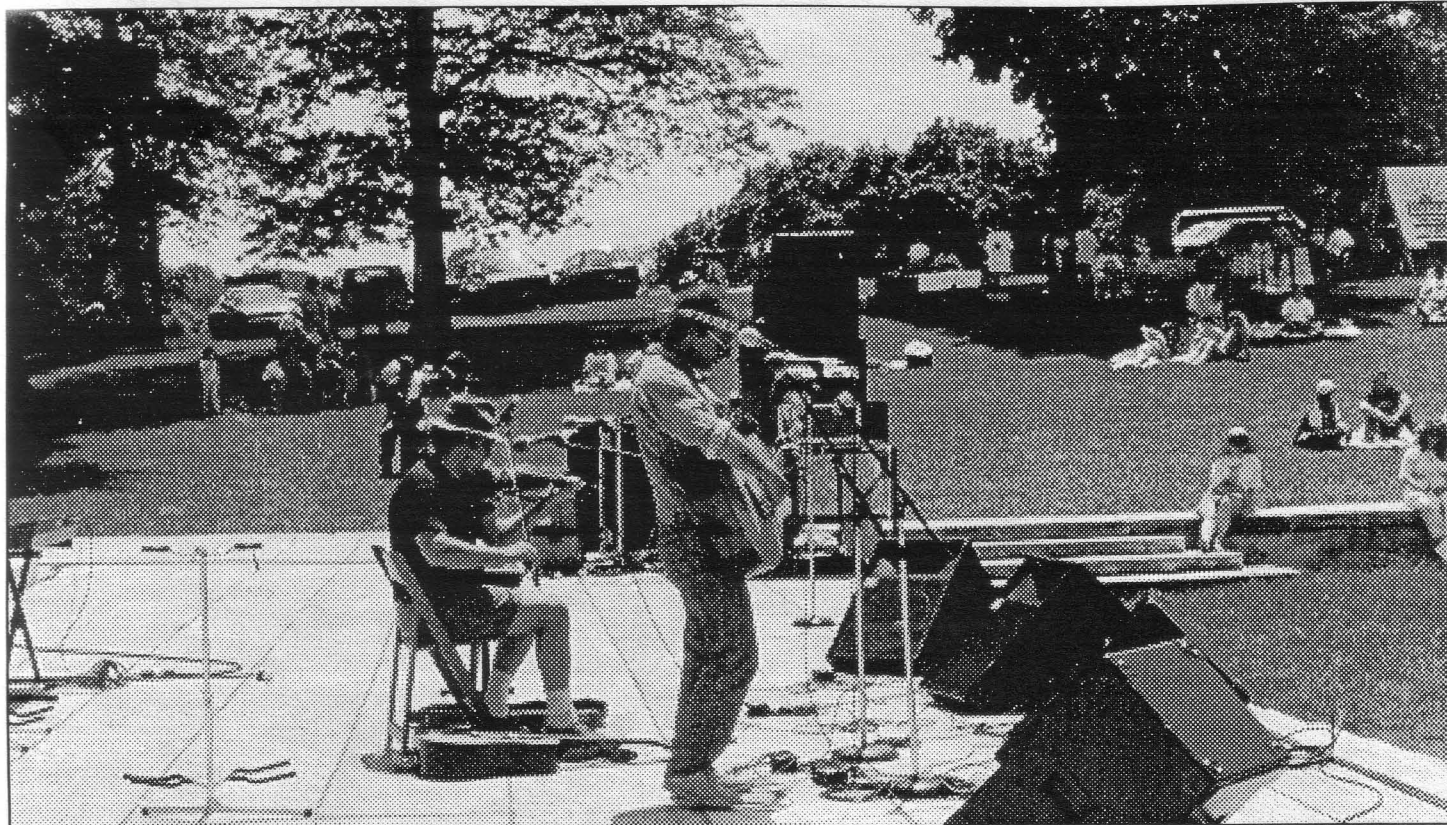
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# Hear In Rhode Island

Photos by Denise Rego

Clockwise from left:  
The Flying Ditchdiggers  
(Steve, Johnny, Juxo, Craig);  
Mickey Scotia (standing)  
with Alan Fontana;  
Leo Tremblay;  
Bill Petterson  
backed by Mark Cutler;  
the stage at the Temple of  
Music in Providence's  
Roger Williams Park.





Photos by Denise Rego

**Top: Mickey Scotia and Alan Fontana.  
Left: Mayor Vincent Cianci greets the crowd  
Right: Kim Trusty**

The producer thanks: Bob Rizzo for his belief and support; my partner in music, the other half of Fuzek-Rossoni, Mary Ann Rossoni, for her patience, understanding and support as this festival slowly absorbed me, and for the constant pleasure of making music with her; Diane and Tony Fuzek; Sue Apsaha for continual support and writing; Denise Rego for photographs and continual support.

And: Jeff Olson for moral support and an occasional ear to bounce gripes and ideas off; Robin Greene and Norm Petterson for ears, feedback and support; Mary Wheelan for founding RISA, Jeff Cannon for insight and the inspiration to give it all up for music; Ripley, Dumpy, Sammy, Sienna, Honey, Freeway and the late Rakko; Anne Stefano and Ty for two weeks of peace and sun; Christin FitzGerald; Jacob Saariaho and Cheri LeQuerre.

Also: Bob Gulla and Bruce Allen from *The Phoenix*, Jack Hardy from *Fast Folk*; Sylvia from CAV, Jackie Villanis for painting the banners and for keeping the money straight; Paul "Ranger" and Jason Ryan; Marge Lawton and Barbara Kemper, our devoted fans; Leslie Seilier and Chuck Hinman from WSNE-FM; "D" for making up her mind to play.

And, of course, the Providence Parks Department; Ron and Paulette at King Printing; Steve Rizzo; Chris DiFonzo; Bob Potter and Jim Lynch; Roberta at the Harmony Post Office for stamping countless parcels and mailers; our sponsors, our volunteers, our musicians, and most of all, you, our listeners.

— John Fuzek

# Bringing together the poetic and the literal

*On Driver, Ferron breaks new musical ground and finds a new knowledge of herself*

by Jan Vanderhorst

White corduroy pants. A simple piece of clothing to most people. But Toronto-born singer-songwriter Ferron is not most people, or most singer-songwriters. Since 1980, Ferron's highly personal, emotional songs have captured a passionate following in the folk and women's music movements. Over the years, Ferron has marked the points of her life by a piece of clothing, much like men have marked their lives by the cars they've owned.

It was during a 1991 tour with Connie Kalcov, James Keelaghan and Stephen Fearing that the image of herself at the age of 15, walking down the road wearing white cords, kept appearing to her like a slide.

Relating the story over the phone from her home on Vashon Island, Washington, Ferron stated, "I'd think, 'Why am I thinking that right now?' And then 'Girl On A Road' started." One of the highlights of her current CD, *Driver*, "Girl On A Road" provides the listener a window into Ferron's life... "When I said goodbye to no one and in that way faced my truth."

"I had a pencil and as long as it didn't break, I could get the words on the page," she says. "But I can tell you that each of those verses took all my life." It is truth and the search for it, that has been a hallmark of Ferron's career.

As far back as 1980's *Testimony* album, Ferron was wondering "Where do I live in me?" Fourteen years later certain truths about life seem apparent.

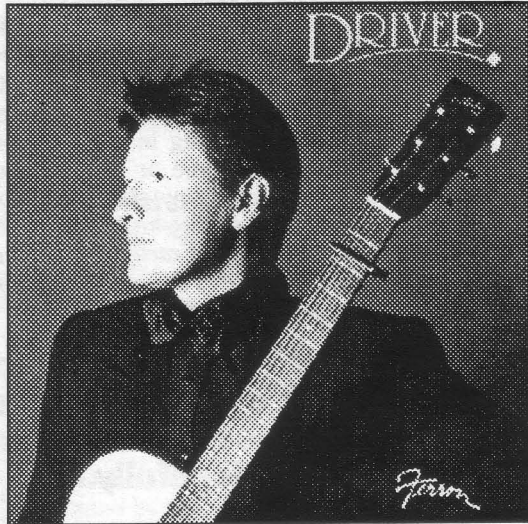
"On your worst day you couldn't die if you tried," she says. "And on your best day, you wouldn't want to. It's something that's out of your control. I think if anything happened at all, it was realizing that there was this thing that was alive, with or without my care and attention on it, so I might as well get with it. It lightened my load a ton."

Whereas on her 1992 live album, *Not a Still Life*, she faced the prospect of turning 40 with the question "Why me? Why now?" in the new song "Independence Day" she sings, "I've packed it up, moved it up, carried it around...it's time to come home."

This new perspective on life, and one's place in it, seems to have struck a chord in the consciousness of her audience. "The response I've gotten on *Driver*, she says, "lets me know a lot of people were ready to allow this in, they just hadn't heard anybody say it." This feedback also gave Ferron what she calls a "report back to me".

Now that she's passed that chronological signpost with some newfound insight, Ferron has expanded her musical scope to include Zydeco music "Love Love Me", and organ-driven sassy blues "Call Me". "Call Me" was written in a party town after observing people "do their stuff", as she put it.

"I guess I realized I'd gotten past that love and forlornment and longing...[it] just wasn't what was of interest to me. Except that I know that it was always of interest to me. So it was a perplexing and exciting moment. It was all the confusion, and the not knowing, and all this stuff...and that sort of shrill, almost teenage



demand that things go your way."

The task of committing one's life and observances to the musical page is both an easy and difficult process for Ferron. "The care is all in the politics that goes on all the time."

She says, "I'm always trying to figure out how I'm acting and what it means. It [takes] quite awhile to write. You want things to rhyme. That part is a little bit tricky. You want to get your idea out and not make a tacky rhyme. It shouldn't be any harder than anything else, just living it is what's hard."

Using one's own struggles in life as a starting point to create a song which everyone can identify with is, according to Ferron, the goal of all songwriters.

"That's great when it happens, and

worst what happens is nobody identifies with it, but you've got a song and something changed in yourself. One of the things is finding out there's something blocked that you don't have any way to get to except in a song. All of a sudden you're writing a line in a song and you think, 'Oh I had no idea I cared about this, but here it is and I really care about it, look at me.'"

"So that's one of the things that I learned that might hopefully be reflected in *Driver* is that there is no right way. With that in mind, we're just trying to bring the poetic and the symbolic and the actual all together in our lives.

"Boy, that's what I'm trying to do!"

## In brief: Heritage and The Young Fogies

by Dorissa Bolinski

Fans of traditional folk music should take note of two recent releases: *The Young Fogies*, a compilation on Rounder Records and *Tell Tae Me* by a Scottish band called Heritage on Flying Fish Records. Both collections feature some great timeless music that sounds like it could have been written today or generations ago.

More than a hundred musicians from all over the United States are included in *The Young Fogies*. The album is a homage to the old-time music originally played by rural folks in the '20s and '30s. The compilation takes the listener on a musical journey from the '50s, when musicians first took an interest in reviving and preserving old-time music, to the present. The compilation begins with the New Lost City Ramblers and ends with some of today's brightest groups, encompassing traditional Appalachian, Cajun, French Canadian, bluegrass and country styles.

Celtic music is celebrated on *Tell Tae Me*. Heritage is a seven-piece band that plays great traditionally inspired music, unfettered by any overly modern embellishments. Instruments on *Tell Tae Me* include the familiar guitar, fiddle and banjo as well as the more exotic bombarde, musette and hammered dulcimer. Most of their tunes are instrumentals with a haunting, poetic quality.

These two CDs evoke images of a gentler, pastoral world and offer a retreat into another time. The music of past generations is still fresh and important. It lingers like a memory in the minds of many modern musicians and is still influential.

# A snapshot of where Garnet Rogers is now

*His new album, Summer Lightning, is a live collection drawn from last year's concerts*

interview by Jan Vanderhorst

Canadian singer-songwriter Garnet Rogers has recently released his sixth album *Summer Lightning*. Recorded live at concerts in Southern Ontario, Rogers is accompanied by Doug Long on violin. In the ten years since his first release, *Garnet Rogers*, Garnet has progressed from a singer of other's songs to an accomplished wordsmith, creating lasting vignettes of life's struggles and achievements.

Following a Western Canadian tour, Garnet spoke with Jan Vanderhorst of CKPC-FM. Jan is the host of a weekly folk music show on the Brantford station, just east of Garnet's home of Dundas, Ontario.

*JV: You must be pleased with the way things worked out with the concerts in London and Maryhill, because here we are with the CD.*

GR: Oh, absolutely...I wouldn't have released it otherwise. It was just an odd experiment. I thought I would just record a studio album. But given that people had been asking for a live album for so long, I thought this might be the opportunity to accomplish that and also get some new material. Sort of kill two birds with one stone.

*JV: That always seems to be the way things are with a live album. It ends up being sort of a "greatest hits" package. But this is different, because there are five new songs.*

GR: It's just kind of a snapshot of...where I am now. I was talking with some people out West when I was out there a couple of weeks ago. They were talking about the fact Van Morrison does a live album every ten years just to let you see how far things have gone along. It's not necessarily a retrospective, it's just kind of whatever he's doing at that moment. I don't really see myself in the same light, but if you compare it with other things I've done in the past and look at my other five albums, I think maybe you'll see a little bit of growth. Hopefully.

*JV: There's absolutely growth in your songwriting. Taking a song like, "Summer Lightning", the lyrics you've come up with are really wonderful. Things like, "Who scattered these diamonds through the vault of heaven", that's lovely.*

GR: Oh thanks. I was pleased with that one, it was kind of a long time coming.

*JV: In the past you've used other people's songs to show the various sides of yourself. Using Lui Collins' song "The Enfolding" to show the sensitive, romantic side of you, but now you're writing those songs yourself.*

GR: You keep looking for the right song to express a certain thing and I still do other people's material obviously, but it got to the point where I was going for a long time without hearing anything that I really wanted to ... cover myself, in terms of expressing a certain idea I thought was worth expressing. It doesn't necessarily need me to express that thought, as long as somebody expresses it, that's fine with me. But after a long drought of not finding a lot of songs that I was getting worked up about, I figured I better buckle down to it and do my own.

*JV: One thing that people who have been to your concerts know about, is your sense of humor. It's nice to see that sense of humor coming through in your songs, like "What's Wrong With This Picture" and "Let Me Count The Ways".*

**'If you compare it with other things I've done and look at my other five albums, I think maybe you'll see a little bit of growth. Hopefully.'**

GR: Well luckily people are laughing when they're supposed to be there. That was a new experience for me, just writing something that was intended to be funny. You never know whether people are going to take it the right way...but luckily people are laughing in the appropriate places. Whether they're laughing with me or at me, I don't know...but I'm happy to have that humorous side coming out as well. I think it's important to let the audience know that it's not all doom and gloom.

*JV: Exactly. A line like, "I love the way she does a cannonball when I'm trying to have my bath", brings up a mind picture that's very vivid.*

GR: Pretty embarrassing for my wife [Gail] though.

*JV: I'm sure she's an understanding woman.*

GR: That's kind of a given...given the territory she has to live with here. Still she didn't actually even

get to hear that song until I was playing it in public. She heard it for the first time I was playing it on the radio in Boston. She wasn't angry or anything, but she was a little bit shaken.

*JV: How much attention has been brought to the song "Frankie and Johnny", because it's a wonderful, masterful song? It really gets to the heart of anyone who listens to it.*

GR: The obvious and easy assumption to make, is that it's about me and my brother Stan. Obviously it's something I know about. I know certain elements of what goes on in a situation like that and I can write about it from my own perspective. It's been an unfortunate mistake to make that assumption, because it's not about Stan. Stan was nothing like that person in the song and I'm not like the person in the song. It was someone else's situation that kind of jogged me to write about that. I had a friend who was in a similar situation a few years ago. More than anything else, writing the song was kind of a setting up of some guideposts for him, 'Watch out for this situation, watch out for that situation, don't beat yourself up over this or that as it comes along.'

I wrote the song very quickly, but it took a little bit of time to nerve myself up to sing it in public...I knew people would just assume it was about Stan. I didn't want that to happen and no matter how many disclaimers I give people during a concert they still come up to me at the end of the concert and say, "Gee I love that song about your brother", obviously they're not listening.

In spite of that I felt that it was worth saying and I wasn't going to start censoring myself just because of other people's assumptions. It's important to me to write the songs and kind of make sense of what's going on around me. If nobody else can make sense of the song, then maybe I should reexamine the song. I thought it was worth doing anyway.

*JV: At the concert in Maryhill, I liked the way you introduced it. You quoted Mary Chapin Carpenter saying, "It's an autobiographical song...it's just not about me".*

GR: Yeah, like I say, there are things I understand, there's a kind of a little parallel universe maybe that you're looking at. It's not about me, it's not about Stan, it's about something I understand. The real crux of the song is not about two brothers, it's not about a brother dying...it's about how poorly people, particularly men, communicate and how you can live your whole life without saying the things that really matter. That's what the song's about.

The fact that one of the brothers dies and one is left behind is...the line that I hang my laundry on. What it's about is people's inability to communicate and that seems to really be what's informing most of my writings in the last couple of years, is trying to understand why it is people can't say the things they really need to say.

*JV: That's something I've noticed with "Frankie and Johnny", "Summer Lightning", even with "Let Me Count The Ways". It's the ability to say "I love you", to a brother, a wife, or whomever.*

GR: I think what was pointing to this direction was the last album I did "At A High Window" the title tune, the one person's left, after the relationship is over, trying to come to grips with the fact it is over and you're sort of haunted by all the things you wished you could have said. I sort of brushed up against that theme briefly in that song, but it became more of a subtext to most of the things I was writing after that. If there's any kind of theme to the new album, it's that theme of trying to communicate when it really is necessary.

*JV: You do a lot of touring over the year, do you worry about writing "road songs"? Some songwriters have definite ideas about it.*

GR: Yeah, I definitely can't see any point in writing sort of a Bob Seger song about "Here I am on the road and here I am in my lonely hotel". Who wants to hear you complaining about that?

(chuckle) I mean really, I'm up to my hind legs in front of audiences every night and I get paid to do it, I get applause, I get attention, I get immediate gratification, people telling me how much they love what I'm doing, nobody else gets that it their jobs. You might get the odd letter in your job, or people might call up and say "good show", "bad show" or "why did you say that?" You don't get three or four hundred phone calls at the end of your program of people phoning you up and applauding into the phone. So who wants to hear about my problems; they're pretty small. Give it a rest. (chuckle)

So no, I'm not going to write those either; it's just not valid. If you're complaining about it, then shut up, get off the stage and go home (chuckle), don't bore the audience.

*JV: Do you get a chance to talk with other performers, as far as philosophy, approach to songwriting, exchanging influences as it were?*

GR: Not enough. I very rarely get to see other performers. Usually it's only the opening act, and often times, it's kind of an uncomfortable situation where the opening act is looking at you in a hero-worship kind of thing. That's very awkward and I try to defuse that as much as I can. But in terms of friends of mine who write, it's something I do like to discuss, but I just don't see people enough. When I do get a chance to talk about it, I usually get some new ideas, 'cause you're always trying some new approach.

## 'The Quivering Grind': a bird of a different color

Austin singer-songwriter Breck Alan offers an album full of strangely off-kilter delights

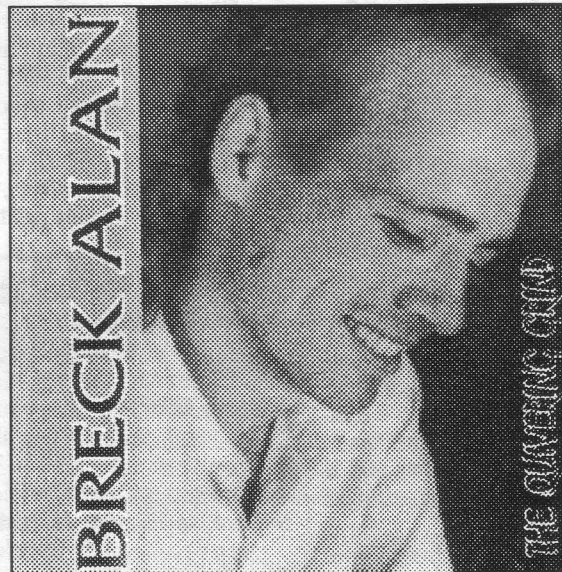
by Jim Allen

Listening to this collection of songs by Austin's Breck Alan is like buying a ticket to an aviary sideshow. Birds of unusual colors file through, with wings sticking out in all the wrong places and beaks so strangely formed that they produce sounds with only the slightest resemblance to an ordinary chirp or tweet, each one retreating in short order to make way for an equally odd cousin.

The parallel universe Alan describes and claims for his own on *The Quivering Grind* is slightly surreal, but still fully realized, the narrator perhaps somewhat stoned, but still at the height of his linguistic powers.

Everything from cats to bears to sexism to spiritual rebirth is covered here with a winning combination of wit, honest emotion and a flair for the absurd. Alan's idiosyncrasies extend to his musical arrangements as well; utilizing mostly acoustic instruments, with no percussion to speak of, and a sparse population of supporting musicians, Alan nevertheless creates a fully realized musical environment perfectly suited to his skewed compositional sensibilities, but quite unlike any album you've heard before.

On Breck Alan's side of the mirror everything works just a little bit differently, as if he grew up listening to music on a defective stereo system, the sonic frequencies just slightly out of sync. Slide guitars and mandolins leap out from behind bushes to prance around in an odd manner and then depart just as suddenly. Voices drop down from above and spring up from below to



accompany Alan's vocal in something slightly to the left of what most think of as harmony.

Alan tackles loaded subjects that might bog down a less sprightly talent, winning the listener over with his unexpected observations and offhand humor. On the title song he looks at the existential dilemma from an admirably fresh perspective; "I call it the snivelling snovelling grovelling, I call it the stumbling blind/ It does appear I'll make the same mistakes forever, I call it the quivering grind"

On "Proof" Alan offers an equally unconventional perspective on the timeworn topics of faith and love; "Once I heard a story there was a final truth/ Probably was my downfall that I needed proof/ Luckily my downfall was you and that's the only proof I need"

The one false note is "Top 40 Man", a wry sendup of contemporary hitmakers. While the song has its fair share of clever moments, it smacks too strongly of sour grapes and self-righteous elitism, unintentionally casting Alan in the light of unappreciated artiste, scornful of those that overlook him. The songs that follow this solitary misstep would be in danger of discoloration in the wake of Alan's gaffe, were it not for one thing: He really is too talented and original to be ignored. Buy *The Quivering Grind* so that you and Breck Alan can snicker happily ever after.

Note: *The Quivering Grind* is available by mailorder. Call (512)441-1036 or send a check or money order to Breck Alan for \$15 plus \$2 postage to: 1342 Lamar Square Dr/Austin, TX 78704.

# Mystery, meaning and the ukulele as oracle

*Al Schere and his uke – so square, they're hip. Hear all about it on his new record, Holding On*  
by Frank Tedesso

"...So much of what we really believe is hidden from us because of the nature of the unconscious, certain defenses or blocks that get in the way of what we really feel. But with writing there is this surge that pulls truth from behind those filters. It comes in a gush and all of the sudden there is all this stuff that you're looking at and you see a deeper truth..."

Al Schere is speaking in his methodical way where the clinical becomes almost poetic "surges of truth" and songs become "mythical roads that take us to the best aspects of ourselves". His songs and conversation share common themes: The exploration of the unseen that so shapes who we are; and the quest to try to hear our truest self speaking from within the endless moan of the human machinery.

Spending time with Al Schere is downright therapeutic and that's no accident because he is a trained psychologist and a licensed therapist, a consulting detective of the mind.

Part of the charm of Al Schere is that he plays the parts of both Holmes and Watson. He believes there are many realities, all at play at the same time. A symphony of oboe lines rising over violin phrases and long ago childhood traumas and hand me down beliefs, mysteries, and twitches. Life is one big Eugene O'Neil play to him, jam-packed with refracting and conflicting meanings.

"There's so much verbiage and general human honking that tend to distance us from the totality of ourselves and other people. We wind up with these abstractions that seem profound but are really not about life at all. they are a complex and intricate network of defenses, worthy of Attila The Hun or General Patton.

"But they're not much use in getting us closer to what we really feel beneath all the grand gestures. They obscure, they fascinate, but we get lost in the overtones and the undertows and it becomes a form or conversation that is like a maze. It leads us round and round but never out.

"But a song; a song speaks to some essential place inside you. It takes you somewhere you intrinsically need to go. There is a power that cuts through the endless clutter of our psyches. A song has magic, an essential truth that makes you feel more alive. In the end what makes you feel more alive is the road to take. Those are the roads we must follow."

Al Schere's traveling companion down these roads is his trusty ukulele. It's disconcerting at first, even funny. All this psychological geometry and philosophical insight teetering on a kind of reggae stutter step that Al chunks out on his ukulele. And I almost "laughed when I saw him in spite of myself." For Al Schere conjures up the image of Santa Claus's younger brother earnestly carrying on the family business of benevolence. But it is this very earnestness and benevolence that put it over. In the end Al and his Uke are so square as to almost be hip. Frank



Zappa would smile.

After many years of writing songs and poems Al Schere decided to make a record.

"I felt this need to share. I'm not looking to crash the big time. I wanted to frame my art with musical settings that communicate more than I do by myself with just the ukulele. The songs are like small stories. But the record is like a movie that was made from the book of those stories. This was a project that was beyond my own ability. So I sought out a couple of musicians whose work I admired and who could help me translate things to a broader canvas.

"I feel that David Lawrence is a sound poet who brings out the eloquence and simple beauty of small acoustic settings. Richard Julian on the other hand is plugged into now. He understands that urgency is everything in an electric guitar solo. So I feel I have the best of all words with Dave and Richard as my producers."

For the near future Al Schere is concentrating on getting some attention for his new record (to order: SoHo Sound/SoHo Business Center, 500 Broome St., New York, NY 10014). He is also kicking around

the notion of putting together a travelling repertory group of songwriters.

And as always, "Fishing inside myself to discover the meaning of what I believe about me, about the world. The truths that exist, that really matter, are not to be found outside..."

## Letter to the editor

Dear Fast Folks,

Last night I attended your twelfth annual revue at The Bottom Line [January 28, 1995]. Good show!

Every time I've seen your earlier shows (I've only missed two, by the way), the host has always taken a moment to explain what your musical magazine is. This year this information was only in the printed program, which some audience members did not receive, and others did not read thoroughly.

As a result, many people I spoke with did not have a clue as to what Fast Folk is, and were understandably confused when the host referred to your subscribers.

Another omission was the fact that individual copies were available for cash at the show. I am afraid that these oversights have resulted in missed opportunities for your organization, as well as your audience.

One more comment, this one specifically relating to the actual music. In the past some of your best shows occurred when the house band included a violin player. I believe this instrument can provide just the right "edge" (when in the right hands) to songs on the slow side. If Lucinda and Loudon are not on tour, maybe David Mansfield will be available for the 1996 revue.

See you at N. Moore Street in Tribeca.

Jonathan Milenko



# Lyrics

## 1. Waiting

*Barb Schloff*

Waiting for you  
I think I'm overdue  
for some attention  
Call it what you will  
Call me if you still  
think that we can make it

I'm waiting  
always waiting for you  
Waiting  
I'm always waiting for you

I'm standing at the dock  
staring at the clock  
I'd like it to be a hand  
'cause it's moving  
Something's gotta break  
Things are gonna shake up  
I can feel it

And I'm waiting  
I'm still waiting for you  
Waiting  
I'm still waiting for you

Seems to be the only thing I can do  
Only way to really get through  
Don't you know by now that it's true?  
I only want to be with you  
I only want to be with you

So give me something small  
Anything at all  
Just to keep me going  
Show me that you care  
Let me know you're there  
Let me know that it matters

I'll be waiting  
I'll be waiting for you  
Waiting  
I'll be waiting for you.

©1989 Barb Schloff

## 2. A Little Empty

*Jeff Olson and Donna Anthony Olson*

Well, I woke up late this morning  
so I switched on GMA  
and the world came crashing in  
and destroyed my sleepy vision  
now I feel a little empty today

There were women scared and hopeless  
and those children with their eyes  
so like my son's  
were all loaded into trucks  
like a frightened herd of cattle  
in a scene straight out of 1941

Can't give blood  
Can't send money  
No way to save them  
they've all run out of time  
And there's no way left to me  
To express my indignation  
'Cept to feel a little empty today

Well I guess if no one's listening  
I could turn my back and look the other way  
But as long as someone cares  
Maybe they won't be forgotten  
So I'll feel a little empty today

Can't send hope  
Can't send freedom  
Can't send those children  
A place to run and play  
So I'm sending them my prayers  
With a vow to keep a vigil  
And to feel a little empty everyday  
Gonna feel a little empty everyday  
Feel a little empty...

©1994 Wire and Wood Works Publishing

## 3. In Lieu of You

*Leo Tremblay*

Don't know what to do  
I just can't fill your shoes  
Well, nothing's the same since you've gone  
Can't get me no sleep  
I've tried counting sheep  
Oh, but I'm still not sleeping at dawn

Been a long time now  
I'll replace you somehow  
Got this bottle of beer  
In lieu of you

To tell you the truth  
There's no substitute  
Just this emptiness deep in my soul  
Been feelin' so strange  
But I can't interchange  
All these parts of my life as a whole

The curtain's been drawn  
But the show must go on  
With someone else playing your role  
In lieu of you

Wonder if you're alone  
Or with someone I've known  
Ya know, all's fair in love and war  
Though time has gone by  
I still ask myself why  
Though I don't know what I'm asking it for

Try to socialize  
With some of the guys  
They tell me I'm not quite the same  
I'm beginning to doubt  
That the fire's gone out  
'Cause I can still feel the flame  
She just can't take your place

When I look in her face  
I call her by your name  
In lieu of you, in lieu of you, in lieu of you  
©1992, Music of Leo Tremblay

## 4. Open Fields

*Mary Day*

What's that my darling?  
Now, don't you cry  
The rumors you're hearing  
Are all just a lie  
Oh, can't you feel it?  
Can't you see it in my eyes?  
Without you, darling  
I could never survive

*Chorus:* Let's make believe  
The world doesn't exist  
In my arms I'll hold you,  
Yeah, I'll hold you  
We'll pledge our love  
And seal it with a kiss  
And I will tell you  
Yeah, I'll tell you  
That I love you

Hush now, my darling  
It'll be all right  
Why don't you just lie down  
And stay with me tonight  
Where I can hold you  
And dry up all your tears  
While our bodies are bonded  
I'll take away your fears

Wake up, my darling  
It's time you get on home  
Seems you've been dreaming  
Of that house of our own  
We'll move out to the country  
And buy ourselves some land  
And in the open fields, in private  
I can hold your hand.

©1994, Mary Day

## 5. Fist

Jeff Cannon

Fist  
Held up to the sky  
Nothing bad is getting through  
And nothing is coming in  
With anger in your home  
What can you win?

1, 2, 3, 4 –  
If you make a fist it don't matter  
What you're fightin' for

Friends  
And all of your best plans  
I watched you make them one by one  
And chase them all away  
Pretending it's a plan  
What is your game?

Last night  
The target was your heart  
I watched a dagger cutting through  
And I was you just then  
I saw you make a fist  
Beginning the end

1, 2, 3, 4 –  
If you make a fist it don't matter  
What you're fightin' for

©1994, Jeff Cannon Music (ASCAP)

## 6. The Providence Waltz

Jon Campbell

You can see us all steppin'  
At the Mudhole downtown  
Or down to Westminster Mall  
We're all shufflin' around  
You take a step forward  
Then you take a few back  
You do the Providence Waltz  
Like a migraine attack

*Chorus:*  
You kind of know me  
And I kind of know you  
We're mostly hangin' around  
Don't have a whole lot to do  
Ah, but I'm here and you're here  
And for all of our faults  
I guess we might just as well  
Do the Providence Waltz

Not for nuttin' was he doin'  
The Providence Waltz

You can Providence Waltz  
When you're out there on bail  
Running for mayor  
Or just chasing your tail  
You can waltz on the Plaza  
Or up on the hill  
You know we all say we're leavin'  
But we're waltzin' here still

You know I've seen you before  
And you've probably seen me  
We might have waltzed once or twice  
Down where the Met used to be  
And you might be my cousin  
Or lived with my friend  
And if we waltzed once before  
I guess we're waltzin' again

I lost my heart when I was doin'  
The Providence Waltz.

You can waltz with that bug  
Up on Route Ninety-Five  
Or when you're at the end  
Of the registry line  
Just get three all the way  
With celery salt  
And you can eat while you're dancing  
To the Providence Waltz.

*Repeat chorus*

And that's one-two-tree, one-two-tree  
The Providence Waltz  
Have a Gansett while you dance it  
The Providence Waltz

©1994, Jon Campbell

## 7. Take Me to Madeket

Marcia Taylor

This town is too big and my life is too  
small  
Lately it seems like nothing fits me at all  
I don't like my days and I like my nights  
less  
Everyone's worried about me, I guess...  
So I've canceled work and I've taken a  
shower  
Now I'm doing 70 miles an hour  
If I get myself to the ferry at nine  
I'll be on Nantucket in two hours time

*Chorus:*  
Oh, take me to Madeket, ocean of salt;  
When love is gone, it's nobody's fault  
Just set me down in the sand by the bay  
Take me up Hither Creek, sail me away...

Isn't it strange how we city folks live;  
It's all for the taking and none for the give  
Everything's fast and it's coming on strong  
Does anyone feel like they really belong?  
Hiding behind all the answering machines  
Telephones, datebooks, appointments and  
schemes

To make money, make love, on your  
mark, get set, go;  
Get it over quick and they will never know.

*Repeat chorus*

I need the smell of sea in my nose  
I need to feel the sand under my toes  
I need to walk where the waves crash and  
foam

And fill up my pockets with seashells and  
stones  
I want to know when the tide's coming in  
I want the taste of the salt on my skin  
I want the seagulls, their wheel and their  
cry  
To drown out the memories and the  
wondering why

*Repeat chorus*

Out on Nantucket, the sky is so wide  
You can let your heart go and just run  
with the tide  
Out on Nantucket, you're all of a piece  
And if you should cry, that's just sorrow's  
release  
It's an ocean of salt, it's a sea full of tears  
Lovers will cry in it year after year  
It's how to get holy, it's how to get healed  
It's how to let go of your stony old shield

*Repeat chorus*

© Marcia Taylor, 1994

## 8. Factory Girl

Mickey Scotia

I see her every morning as she comes  
walking down the street  
Pieces of old newspaper blowing around  
the sidewalk by her feet  
She keeps her eyes to the ground as she  
goes walking by  
Every now and then she'll look up and  
smile and say hi.

*Chorus:*

And I don't even know her name  
I don't know from where she came  
She to me was such a pearl  
And I am mystified by the factory girl

These old mill houses stand like  
tombstones from some bygone day  
Bricks all black with soot and the  
concrete all old and gray  
And you wonder how any kind of dream  
could survive in such a place  
But she stands there like a flower in her  
dignity and her grace

*Repeat chorus*

When she walks into the millyard, the old  
ladies surround her like their queen  
And if one of them casts their glance at  
you, you know just what they mean  
To them her youth is sacred and there's  
nothing you can say  
Because they know how youth and inno-  
cence seem to get lost along the way

*Repeat chorus*

©1993, Mickey Scotia

## 9. Wine in a Bottle

*Jim Warren*

I went to the store and bought some red wine  
My friends who came over didn't want none  
I guess this four-liter jug is all mine  
It's a good thing I only bought one.

*Chorus:*

'Cause I love that wine in a bottle  
Whether it's a little or a lottle  
When there's wine inside the glass  
I love to make it last  
When there's more inside the flask  
You know I'm gonna ask  
Can I please...  
Can I please have some more wine?  
From the fancy French imported to the Mad Dog  
The good and bad years are all the same  
On Christmas Eve they like to drink funny egg nog  
But you'll probably find me with my old flame

*Repeat chorus*

Some people like hitting on the whiskey  
Some people like hitting on the wine  
Either one can be a little risky  
But if the choice is mine, I choose the wine  
I love the spell and I can tell  
When I'm under the spell

©1994, Jim Warren

## 10. She Don't Cry No More

*William H. Petterson*

Missing letter in a motel sign  
Going to tell just the same  
Broken promises and broken dreams  
Nobody using their name

Was a time when she felt so safe  
It was a long time ago  
If he comes home in anger  
You never know

*Chorus:* She don't cry no more  
She don't cry no more  
She don't cry no more  
She don't cry no

Little mention on the second page  
Better seen by the way  
No foot lights on an empty stage  
I heard the officer say

*Repeat chorus*

If there's a place for hiding  
Where there's no cause for lying  
Her heart's just not behind it  
Prays to God she's going to find it  
But now there's no escaping  
Everyone can tell she's faking

Going to lose the battle at last  
Got to feel like she's going to lose it all

Past the hallway to the clean white lights  
With her partners in pain  
No promise here to get it right  
I heard the officer say

*Repeat chorus*

©1994, Fine Print Music

## 11. March On

*John W. Fuzek and Mary Ann Rossoni*

My name is Chico Mendes  
Please listen to me  
This is not the way it's supposed to be  
They came and paved our forests  
Slashed down our trees  
Are their needs as crucial  
As our need to breathe?

*Chorus:* There was once a virgin forest  
Raped by the spoils of man  
Please help me save her, take my hand  
And march on

I once tapped this forest  
Like my father before me  
Seringuieros from the cradle to our grave  
Then came cattle ranchers and  
They moved into our land  
Turning all that was green and lush to sand

*Repeat chorus*

Now the timber is all taken  
The rain has washed away  
The balance of nature now betrayed  
My body has been cut down and  
My spirit roams free  
Spare the forest the same destiny

*Repeat chorus*

©1994, John W. Fuzek & Mary Ann Rossoni

## 12. Bluesman

*Stephanie Turner*

You sing better with whiskey on your breath  
But you don't know that it'll be your death  
You've got to have a certain lifestyle to sing the blues  
Make sure your pockets are empty  
And your belly's full of booze  
Bluesman, singing the blues

You play better when you've had some rum  
You feel better when you're feelin' kinda numb  
You know you look like you haven't shaved in a week  
But when you sing those blues, my knees get weak  
Bluesman, singing the blues

You look natural with a beer in your hand  
But I don't think that you're my kind of man

You know you sleep all day and you're up all night  
And when they call last call, you put up a fight  
Bluesman, singing the blues

Hey bluesman, you're a mystery to me  
Love is blind but I can see  
You know I might be stupid but I ain't dumb  
'Cause when I smell trouble I'm gonna run  
From that bluesman, giving me the blues

©1994, Stephanie Taylor

## 13. Anniversary

*Dorothy "Hurricane" Hodge*

I don't need silken shirts or fancy high-heeled shoes  
I won't demand a Cadillac or Virgin Island cruise  
But one thing I know for sure, that in this world  
The most I need is you.

I may never know the fears of East Side revenues  
May never know the services that most those rich folks do  
But one thing I know for sure, that in this world  
The most I need is you.

But you can give me starry eyes or a second harmony  
Give me one look in those laughing eyes  
'Cause it's all I'll ever need to remind me  
That this is what it means to be free

*Chorus:* Today's the anniversary  
Of the day you gave your love to me  
I raise my eyes to God above  
For being tangled in your love  
Today's the anniversary  
Of the meeting of two destinies  
I raise my eyes to God above  
For being tangled in your love

You'll never need to send my mail to a New York avenue  
'Cause I may never reach the point where I am well-to-do  
But one thing I know for sure, that in this world  
The most I need is you.

Still you can give me starry eyes or a second harmony  
Give me one look in those laughing eyes  
'Cause it's all I'll ever need to remind me  
That this is what it means to be free

*Repeat chorus*

©1994, Dorothy Hodge

**14. Mama**

*Kim Trusty*

Grew up in a small town in Pennsylvania  
With eight brothers and sisters, and one  
woman to care for us all  
She was always there to make sure we  
wouldn't fall  
The woman is on the ball

As a baby, I was left on her doorstep  
With no information at all, not even a  
phone number to call  
And she took me in as if I were one of  
her own

Never to leave me alone

Chorus: No one loves me like Mama  
No one treats me like she does  
No one loves me like my Mama  
No one treats me like she does  
No one loves me 0000 - like my Mama  
No one treats me like Mama  
No one loves me like Mama

Mama always wore a scarf on her head  
She'd read me a story before she put me  
to bed  
She'd lean over to give me a kiss on my  
cheek  
She'd whisper in my ear  
Baby, have a good night's sleep.

*Repeat chorus*

©1994, *Kim Trusty*

**15. Jazz Ohdat Jazz**

*Derick Prosper*

Woke up this morning feeling totally  
jazzed out!

I threw on my jazz hat  
Reached for my jazz shirt  
Slid into my comfortable jazz slacks  
And a day just ain't a day without a sweet  
ol' jazz sax

Charlie Parker on alto!  
Pharoah Sanders on soprano!  
John Coltrane on tenor!  
Or just Thelonius on the piano

Jazz, ohdat jazz, can play as long and  
deep as a jade stem  
And as warm and satisfying as a celestial  
palace.

Jazz, ohdat jazz, has been around longer  
than the distance to Dallas.

Jazz, ohdat jazz, is instruments making  
love beyond love!

Ooh, right there, don't stop relaxing yet  
climaxing

To multiple, quadruple ear-gasm  
Yeah, we just be jazzing  
Sounds sweeter than the scent of jasmine

Boy, stop talking all that jazz!

Ohdat jazz is the music of the thinker.

The intellectual!  
Perpetual listenin' is mandatory  
Exceptional surely  
Yet purely metaphysical, spiritual.

Knock, knock! Who is it?  
My love. My love who?  
My love is insatiable  
For the jazz irreplaceable

Jazz, ohdat jazz, is a blossoming flower  
Grow, grow, grow, I say  
In a way we give it eternal life  
When we all give it a listen.  
Down in the deep jazz sound  
Replica to aqua  
Both the souls of our daughters  
And our sons  
We give jazz death if we give posterity  
none

Jazz, ohdat jazz, another pro-black creation  
Let us give tribute to jazz innovation  
Jazz libation to Sun Ra, Bird and Trane  
Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, Lester Young

Jazz, ohdat jazz, is out of this world  
Probably the planet called Jazziter  
The largest planet in the solar system  
Of sound

Jazz, ohdat jazz, the profound musical art  
form

Jazz, a takeup by storm  
Oh, ya happen to ask today's forecast?  
Oh, it'll be raining cats and jazz  
Sugar plums, would you mind lending  
your umbrella  
To a classy, jazzy fella?

To think about the world without jazz, man!  
That's as hard as the pavement!  
Jazz, ohdat jazz, is the African-American's  
classical arrangement

©1994, *Derick Prosper*

**16. Carol's Lament**

*Mary Wheelan*

This is Carol's lament  
During the worst, the worst of torment  
"I don't mind a mustache,  
But I hate a hot flash."

Menopause, menopause is a drag  
Even though you're off the rag  
Your hormones get their way  
You get the blues everyday.

Menopause, menopause is a bitch  
It will turn you, turn you into a witch  
You will cry, you will holler  
And you can bet your last dollar  
You're going to dry up.

©1993, *Mary Wheelan*

**17. Green Eyes**

*Kari Tieger*

Green eyes, in the glass,  
Staring back that way:  
Calm, assured, unafraid;  
You seem much older today.

It's as if something young,  
Hovering deep inside,  
Had at long last begun  
To show strength that I hide.

And that chin, jutting out,  
Critical 'neath a quizzical stare;  
Defying fear, destroying doubt.  
Time for a change: that's what you declare

Green eyes, in the glass,  
blinking back at me:  
Do you see what I see:  
Come a new reflection of me?

And that chin, jutting out,  
Critical 'neath a quizzical stare  
Defying fear, destroying doubt  
Change has come; you're well aware

Green eyes, shining in the glass,  
Winking back that way:  
You do see what I see -  
A new reflection today.

©1987, *Kari Tieger*

**18. Valley of Love**

*Mark Cutler*

Love's sweet, but it's so discrete  
I can't seem to get it  
When I need it most  
I'm so lonely and I'm in a crowded room.

Pretty Mary, she's not my type  
I don't know who is  
When I find her  
You know I'll hold on tight  
Hold on tight to a good thing

Check the scene to see what's happening  
Doesn't seem to be  
Anything happening at all  
There's nothing shaking  
In the valley of love tonight

They're all dancing  
But it's not moving me  
I wished I'd wake up  
From this bad dream

It's so dark in here  
I can't see too clear  
Come in the light  
Let me see your face  
Let me hear your voice  
In a quiet place  
If it's right  
You know I'll hold on tight.

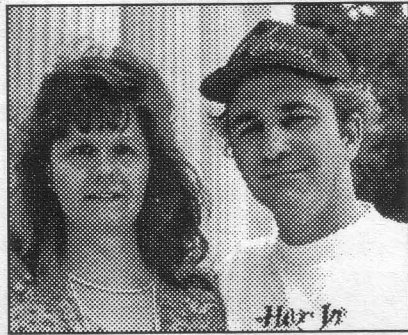
©1992, *Mark Cutler*

# Bios in order of appearance

**Barb Schloff** is a singer-songwriter living in Newport, R.I. She has lived and toured extensively throughout the United States and Europe and has three independent recordings to her credit: Barb Schloff, *Live at the Underground*, and her most recent, *A Million Miles Away*. Over the past 10 years, Barb has garnered much critical acclaim and continues to establish a very devoted audience which is reeled in by her sense of humor and hooked by her emotional power. Info: P.O. Box 1263, Newport, RI 02840; for bookings, call (401) 849-5725.



**Donna Anthony Olson** and **Jeff Olson** write and perform as **Wire and Wood**. They chose the name to emphasize both the natural, acoustic quality of their sound and the melding of two very different styles and backgrounds. Donna is a trained vocalist with musical theater and choral experience, while Jeff developed his skills playing



rock, folk and bluegrass. They began writing songs together in 1988, but didn't begin performing until 1993. With the encouragement of RISA, they ventured into the local acoustic scene and have been a regular attraction at such venues as CAV, 729 Hope St., AS220 and Hayscales. They regularly host the open mikes at CAV and 729 Hope.

Their songs are simply stated to directly convey a story or image. Their themes include personal experiences and their observations on the human condition. They try to avoid overt politics or preaching, preferring to let the listeners draw their own conclusions. They have released a five-song cassette, *We Could Fly*.

About "A Little Empty": On a cold, gray winter morning, Donna awoke from a restless sleep and, as usual, turned on the TV. This particular day, it was *Good Morning, America*. Generally, the TV acts more as a perpetual snooze alarm than a source of information or entertainment. On this day, however, the ugliness which flashed across the screen demanded her attention. The scene was Bosnia. The death and despair of the women and children hit terrifyingly close to home. Are we really so different? Could this one day happen to us or our children? And, most pointedly: Why doesn't someone stop this madness? The lack of an answer led Donna to write this song.

**Leo Tremblay's** interest in music and songwriting began at the tender age of 16. A Providence native, he came from a music lovin' family of 15 children. This festival was and is a favorite place to play for Leo. He is active in RISA. At the RISA open mikes, he enjoys doing songs that parallel experiences of his life with others'.

CAV, 729 Hope, Cavie's Pellum Newport, Creative TV of Rhode Island and J. Elliot's have hosted Leo and his music on various occasions. His songs vary from the mind-



grabbing "In Lieu of You" to the dance-inspiring "Diction Without Conviction." He vows to go as far as the music will take him. For info: (401) 823-4353, or write 16 Meadow Lane, Coventry, RI 02816.

"I wrote 'In Lieu of You' to express an experience I had of a void that couldn't be filled after a not-so-successful relationship ended."

Consisting of **Mary Day** (guitar and vocals), **Fred Miller** (bass and vocals) and **Terry Wood** (keyboards and vocals), **Mary, Fred and Terry** have been together for 10 years. Starting out as a five-piece band, they stripped down to a trio about six years ago. In July of 1993 they released their 10-song recording *Second Wind*. The title song was chosen best local song and the trio best local folk act in the 1994 Best Phoenix Music Poll.



In 1994, they released the song "St. Michael by Your Side," inspired by the death of their friend Sgt. Steven Shaw of the Providence Police.

**Jeff Cannon** grew up in New York City, where his roots in acoustic music were established early, watching as his father conceived and founded the renowned Postcrypt Coffeehouse at Columbia University. Jeff's sound combines a smooth and resonant voice with a powerful sense of melody and a gift for lyrical imagery. Jeff was one of two winners in the 1994 Rhode Island Songwriters' competition.



In a startlingly short time, Jeff has been embraced by the Boston acoustic scene, as evidenced by the impressive supporting cast on his debut CD, *True*. Included are Johnny Cunningham, Greg Greenway, Patty Griffin, Barbara Kessler, Raymond Gonzales and Amy Malkoff, Seth Connelly, Alan Williams and Adam Steinberg. The buzz is on about this wonderfully rich album. Info: P.O. Box 390977, Cambridge, MA 02139.

**Jon Campbell** is a prolific composer with five independent cassette releases to his credit. He is most notorious for his satirical and humorous songs, typical subjects being the yachtsmen, tourists, fishermen, Block Island, regional cuisine and other identifiably Rhode Island subjects.



Various of his songs have been performed and recorded by regional groups such as Pendragon, Wickford Express, Short Sisters, Boarding Party and Katzberg-Snyder. One is on Tommy Makem's recent *Live* album on Shanachie. In addition to the bouzouki and guitar he uses in performance with the duet, he is proficient on Uilleann pipes, tin whistle, flute, tenor banjo and mandolin.

Along with Everett Brown, he has been a contributor on five releases on the North Star label, most notably New England Christmastide, Volumes 1 and 2, and Wind in the Rigging.

Everett Brown, who plays accordion, fiddle, mandolin and piano, the other half of the present duet, is ever the essential sideman. He has

performed with Wickford Express for 11 years and has been a featured session musician on recordings by Charlie King, Jeff Wilkinson and Atwater-Donnelly. He is also the director of the Carolina Free Baptist Children's Choir.

"Since this song was first made up, I have encouraged people to contribute verses, but so far, no takers. However, they lyric changes frequently to include current events of a local nature, although like Providence, it's the same old song. I hope I've captured the ennui and malaise that results from a tenure in Providence."

For more info, contact: Jon Campbell, 123 Stony Lane, Exeter, RI 02822; (401) 295-7712.

Living in such places as the Soviet Union, West Germany and Canada, Marcia Taylor grew up with a sense that our planet is very small and must be shared and the inhabitants respected. Music has always been a part of her life - singing in the church choir at 9 and learning the guitar at 13. She earned a bachelors' degree in music at Hartt College of Music in Hartford. In 1980 she joined Bright Morning Star, the popular topical/cabaret folk ensemble. She has numerous albums to her credit, including two of her original material. When not on the road, Marcia teaches guitar and voice and conducts workshops on "Successful Self-Employment" and "Feeling the Creative Spark."



Says Mickey Scotia: "Me, I just write songs. I've done it since I was a kid and I'll probably do it until I die, so we won't waste space on that subject. My official name is Remus M. Saccoccio, but I've always been Mickey and the Blue Pelican named me Scotia because they couldn't deal with the whole thing."

"'Factory Girl' is a kind of photograph song for me. I grew up in and around the factories in Providence. My father is in the casting business. And if you travel through New England, you'll notice that almost every town has a factory complex that was once the very reason for that town's existence. But that was a long time ago. Now they're struggling for their own existence. The people I grew up with in these buildings are working people. They have their homes and their families and they come to work everyday and for the most part accept their position in the world. They are good people."



"Every once in a while you'll come across a beautiful girl who stands above the crowd. She's the pearl and everyone loves her and secretly wishes that she will be able to rise above the situation and get a chance at fulfilling her dreams."

"In olden days, a country girl who came to work in the mills was fair game for a wily millowner's son. There are tragic stories about these young girls getting into trouble. But that's whole thing unto itself. This song is just one observation of the world I grew up in."

"Performing with me on this cut is my favorite eccentric genius and fiddle player extraordinaire Alan Fontana."

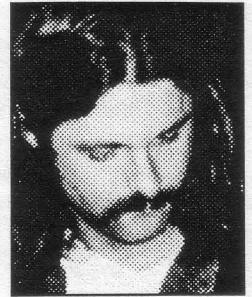
**The Flying Ditchdiggers:** a swampy stew of acoustic and electric, roots rhythm and rock 'n' roll at club dates and town fairs. A guest harmonica or fiddle player is always a welcome addition to the mix.

Songwriter **Jim Warren**, while living in Florida, has written several songs performed and recorded by the ditchdiggers. Jim played banjo on the band's first (1991) release, *Still a Kid at Heart*.

The current lineup includes **Juxo** on vocals, guitar and accordion;

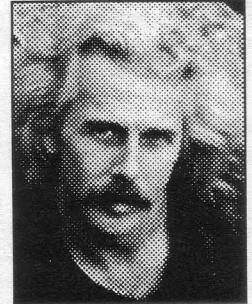
**Craig Howell** on vocals and electric guitar; **Johnny Provost** on vocals and acoustic guitar; **Steve Lepper** on vocals, bass and harmonica; **John Cote** and **Mike D'Albergaria** on drums. (John and Mike were not present for the recording here.)

The Ditchdiggers' arrangement of "Wine in a Bottle" recorded here varies a bit from Jim Warren's "official" lyrics as printed herein. Hey - all music is an interpretation of one sort or another.



**Bill Petterson** appears throughout New England performing music he has written in a contemporary folk style often fringed with a healthy dose of blues, rock, country or comedy. He was nominated for best local folk act in the 1994 Phoenix poll. His album *This Guy Walks Into a Bar...* was released in 1992. A song from that record was featured in the film *In A Dark Corner*. He won American Song Festival regional awards in 1981, '84 and '87. In the '80s he was lead guitarist and vocalist for the band Next Exit, which shared stages with Bob Weir, NRBQ and Roomful of Blues, among others.

"'She Don't Cry No More' tries to deal with the unpleasant but all-too-common problem of abuse. The fear and horror some women must deal with day in and day out is absurd in today's society. By the end of the song, she cries no more because abuse has taken her life."



**Fuzek • Rossoni** (John Fuzek and Mary Ann Rossoni) have entertained audiences around the Northeast at coffeehouses, festivals, nightclubs and colleges for nearly five years. Their songs, which speak of relationships, politics and the environment, give a soft-rock edge to the introspection of the best folk music. Their distinctive vocal harmonies and guitar stylings have won much acclaim. They won five awards in the 1991 Phoenix poll, including best cassette (*Living With the Fury and the Fire*). They were nominated for best folk act in 1992.

"'March On' was written about Chico Mendes, a South American rubber tapper who tried to stop the clearing of rain forests by ranchers. In his efforts to save the forests and the only way of life he and others knew, he was killed, allegedly by ranchers. This song was suggested by an article Mary Ann's roommate, Sue Apshaga, found. 'March On' is our way of continuing the message of Chico Mendes."

**Stephanie Turner** bought her first guitar in college while studying the art of procrastination. Since then, she's played most of the open mikes in Rhode Island and currently reigns as the Open Mike Queen at the Custom House Tavern in Providence every Wednesday night. In 1991, she took her act on the road, or rather, to the streets of Europe, to finance a backpacking tour of 14 cities. A combination of itchy feet and gypsy blood is leading her across the country to settle in Portland, Ore., "because it's there."



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Hurricane, also known as Dorothy Hodge, has been actively performing for the past 20 years. She has appeared in concert with such major-label artists as Reba MacIntire, Waylon Jennings, Ronnie Milsap, Warren Zevon and Tom Wopat.

Hurricane placed first in the regional True Value Country Music Showdown in 1991 and 1992. Her CD, *Hurricane: The Calm at the Eye of the Storm*, was released last year.



Singer-songwriter Kim Trusty is one of nine children, born and bred in Media, Pa. She started singing at the age of 5 in local choirs. In school, she was known as "The Girl with the Golden Voice." In 1979, Kim was awarded the prestigious International Thespian Society's award for composition and performance for a musical one-act. Prior to her acceptance at Berklee School of Music, she was awarded a publishing contract from Art Audio Publishing Company of Detroit. In 1993, she was included on Fast Folk Issue 704, recorded at the Old Vienna Kaffeehaus. Last year, she provided vocals for Vance Gilbert's debut CD on Philo. She also wrote and recorded the song "The Barefoot Smell of Love," included on the Big Noise Records' CD *First Night '94*, performed with the group Big Nazo. Kim won first place in RISA's 1994 songwriters' competition.



"Master MIND" is the acronym for Messenger Informing Necessary Data. I, Derick Prosper, aka Master MIND, do not consider myself a rapper. The true rhapsodist in our society is seldom respected or viewed as a bona fide artist. In order to abolish this stereotypical myth, I prefer to be called either a lyrical artist, a ghetto poet or a neo-renascent. I am 19, and for the past seven years, I have been writing poetry. At an early age, as a West Indian-American child, I was introduced to the arts. I consumed everything from Bob Marley to Langston Hughes and from Gil-Scott Heron to Maya Angelou. As a result of listening to and reading works of these artists, a flower blossomed, 'A Love Supreme,' and a deep appreciation inwardly for all arts. Poetic expression opened up new avenues of communication. It



offered opportunities for sharing sorrow, pain, love, etc. I still write poetry, though it has evolved into what the world knows as Hip Hop - Black America's prominent voice. The speech that becomes a window into the personality of a speaker."

Mary Wheelan is the founder of the Rhode Island Songwriters' Association, which sponsored this festival and the present recording. She has appeared in many RISA-sponsored showcases and has performed at many of the Women's Coffeehouses held at AS220 in Providence. She has also appeared at 729 Hope St. and at the annual talent show put on by the University of Rhode Island's music department. Mary has been writing songs for many years.



Kari Tieger has been writing songs since age 15 in a variety of styles, primarily about spiritual growth. Her compositions range from music for children's fairy tale theater productions and instructional pieces for the piano to the theme song for a WPRO talk show. An award-winning member of ASCAP, this singer/songwriter has appeared on "Just Plain Folk" and numerous area coffeehouses.



Her other recordings include a self-titled cassette single (May '94), a cut on the Big Noise *First Night '95* CD (November '94) and four songs on the *Digital Mystery Tour* CD.

Kari has a rare vision of life as it can be, distinct from the world as we know it. She shares her insights in thoughtfully crafted songs which reflect that optimism, through haunting melodies and dynamic rhythms - all with a quietly compelling voice. "Green Eyes" explores what happens when we look into and beyond the image reflected in the mirror. What we see there may surprise and delight us...

Mark Cutler has performed both locally and nationally for the past decade. Formerly a member of both The Schemers and The Raindogs, he has several singles and CDs to his credit. When last we spoke, his new band, 37 Miles, was at work on their debut CD. Mark can be seen with several questionable characters playing at the Met Cafe on Tuesday nights.



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**Sat 6/3 Paul Geremia plus Paul Sachs**

Paul G.'s new album, *Self-Portrait in Blues*, is on Red House Records.

**Sat 6/10 Anne Hills & Michael Smith plus Brian Rose**

Michael wrote the much-beloved "The Dutchman" and "Last Days of Pompeii."  
Anne's last solo album, *October Child*, was a collection of Michael's songs.

**Sat 6/17 Steve Gillette & Cindy Mangsen plus Camille West**

Steve co-wrote the immortal "Darcy Farrow" and many other lovely ballads.  
Cindy's new duet album with Anne Hills, *Never Grow Old* is on Flying Fish.

**Sat 6/24 Rhode Island Songwriters' Association**

These artists are featured on the issue you hold in your hands.

**Sat 7/1 David Massengill plus Tim Robinson**

David is a master of dulcimers and author of the classic "My Name Joe."

# Credits

Fast Folk Volume 8, Number 3  
May 1995  
Hear In Rhode Island

**1. Waiting**

(Barb Schloff)

Barb Schloff: vocal and guitar

**2. A Little Empty**

(Jeff Olson and Donna Anthony Olson)

Performed by Wire and Wood  
Jeff Olson: vocal and guitar  
Donna Olson: vocal and guitar

**3. In Lieu of You**

(Leo Tremblay)

Leo Tremblay: vocal and guitar

**4. Open Fields**

(Mary Day)

Performed by Mary, Fred and Terry  
Mary Day: vocal and guitar  
Fred Miller: vocal and bass  
Terry Wood: vocal and keyboard

**5. Fist**

(Jeff Cannon)

Jeff Cannon: vocal and guitar

**6. The Providence Waltz**

(Jon Campbell)

Jon Campbell: vocal and bouzouki  
Everett Brown: mandolin

**7. Take Me to Madeket**

(Marcia Taylor)

Marcia Taylor: vocal and guitar

**8. Factory Girl**

(Mickey Scotia)

Mickey Scotia: vocal and guitar  
Alan Fontana: fiddle

**9. Wine in a Bottle**

(Jim Warren)

Performed by The Flying Ditchdiggers  
Juxo: vocal and accordion  
Craig Howell: vocal and electric guitar  
Johnny Provost: vocal and guitar  
Steve Lepper: vocal and bass

**10. She Don't Cry No More**

(Bill Petterson)

Bill Petterson: vocal and guitar

**11. March On**

(John W. Fuzek and Mary Ann Rossoni)

Performed by Fuzek•Rossoni  
John Fuzek: vocal and guitar  
Mary Ann Rossoni: vocal and guitar  
Fred Miller: bass

**12. Bluesman**

(Stephanie Turner)

Stephanie Turner: vocal and guitar

**13. Anniversary**

(Dorothy "Hurricane" Hodge)

Hurricane: lead vocal and guitar  
Fred Miller: backing vocal and bass  
Mary Ann Rossoni:  
backing vocal and lead guitar

**14. Mama**

(Kim Trusty)

Kim Trusty: vocal and guitar

**15. Jazz Ohdat Jazz**

(Derick Prosper)

Derick Prosper: vocal  
Daniel Mercedes: saxophone

**16. Carol's Lament**

(Mary Wheelan)

Mary Wheelan: vocal and guitar  
Jeff Olson: guitar

**17. Green Eyes**

(Kari Tieger)

Kari Tieger: vocal and keyboard

**18. Valley of Love**

(Mark Cutler)

Mark Cutler: vocal and guitar  
Juxo: accordion  
Alan Fontana: fiddle

Producer: John Fuzek

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