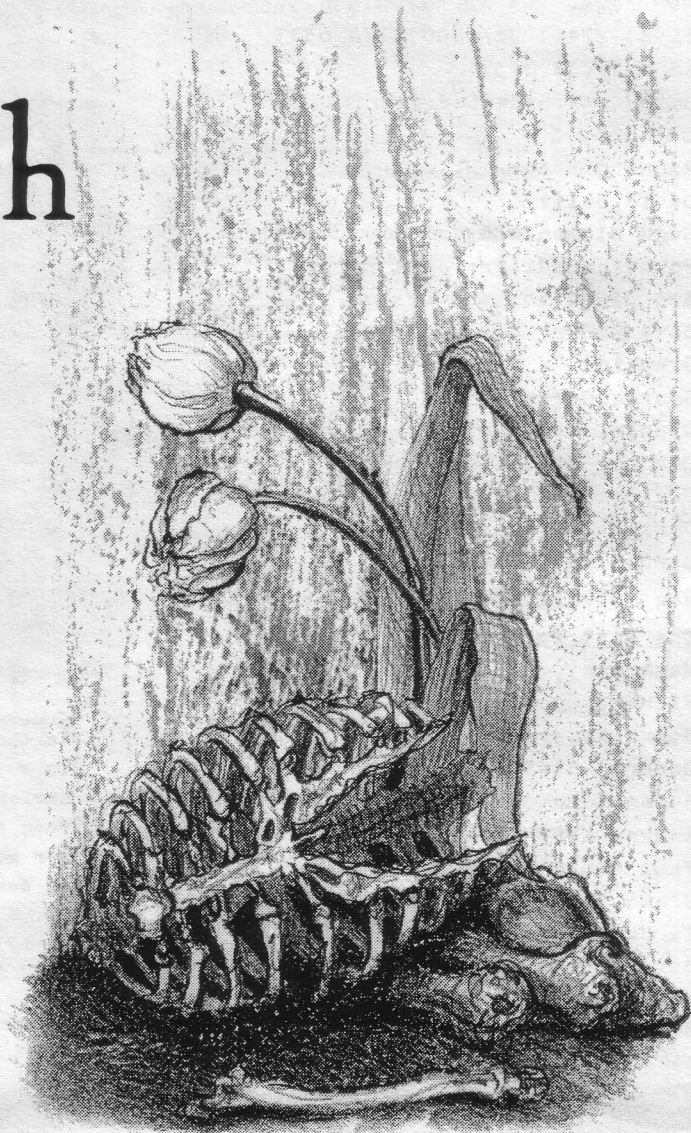


FAST FOLK

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

Rebirth

Volume 8,
Issue 7



FAST FOLK

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

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A Manifesto

The state of the singer/songwriter these days is simultaneously great and dreadful. When *Fast Folk* began in the pre-CD era, it was still unusual for artists to release their own LP records. Now any one with a guitar and a dozen songs is nearly obligated to make a slick looking CD. While the First Amendment is a thing of wonder it doesn't mean everyone is ready to issue their work. Still there are some great writers of whom you are probably not aware. *Fast Folk* intends to bring them to you. We are going to respect traditional folk and also encourage the writers we record to push the limits of their particular songwriting style.

Upon listening to a wide selection of compilations it seems to us that producers in numerous cities have put together local CDs before some of their writers have matured enough to have a shred of good material. While some good cuts do shine, the lack of a critical standard is, we feel, an important missing component. Geography is not enough of a reason to make a record. Since all CDs look the same they tend to be given equal but artificial artistic weight. Slick sound or fluent guitar playing is too often mistaken for good writing. For *Fast Folk* to have a place ahead of the contemporary community – I do not say market – we have to restate our forward thinking yet flexible artistic goals.

So where does *Fast Folk* fit in? It doesn't and shouldn't – it should stand alone. The world doesn't need another *CMJ* or *Leak* or *Certain Damage*, meaning a sampler fundamentally tied to and underwritten by a part of the commercial industry. In its first incarnation, '82-'86, *Fast Folk* provided an anchor for the New York scene and an example for other communities, primarily on the East Coast, to develop. Our next phase was to explore beyond New York to record albums out of town while continuing to find new NY based writers. Lately, we have been concentrating on establishing the increasingly popular Fast Folk Café. We had strongly contemplated declaring victory and closing down *Fast Folk*. Fifteen years is a long time in the life of an all-volunteer not-for-profit

and the effort has taken many of us away from our own work too often to mention. The only justification for the recordings, the main focus of *Fast Folk*, to continue to exist is to move beyond what has been done before. The artistic envelope needs to be stretched in whatever way an artist wants to stretch.

The early 80's Greenwich Village still retained some glow of the 1960's. The form we now think of as contemporary singer/songwriter developed in a casual atmosphere among competitive friends, not entirely driven by label deals or commercial comparisons. And some of the most important contemporary voices all happened to come to New York in the early 80's. The combination of artists drove each other to create some of the classics of that period. It was a busy fun scene, from the songwriter's exchange (then based at the Cornelia Street Cafe) to the open mikes, to late night gigs with a lot of sitting in. The annual Fast Folk Revue at the Bottom Line and the developing Greenwich Village Folk Festival brought the work to the public in great chunks. That songwriting style is now widely accepted and *Fast Folk* can rightfully claim to have been a major influence. Just listen to the range of writing on our 10th anniversary issue.

The audience and even critics don't need to be convinced any more. There are scads of compilations and a zillion 'artists' but no critical vision for the most interesting work of the cream of today's writers. To have freshness, *Fast Folk* will take more chances. We hope anyone who hears a new *Fast Folk* CD will have their ears, hearts and minds opened, and be entertained equally deeply by a beautiful traditional ballad or a 12 minute opera. Of course, not all performers have to be polished or avanté. As with our early LPs, some writers just don't sing that well but deserve to be on the disc more than a dozen pretty voices. Some singers interpret better and will continue to be encouraged to do so. We are still looking for that one great tune by a writer who has no other recording outlet.

We want to see *Fast Folk* regain its artistic stride and sense of fun, stepping ahead of the contemporary scene to influence and expand our corner of the culture while still being tuned in on

street level. If there are other artistic sides to our associated writers we will try to find outlets for that work also. When you subscribe to *Fast Folk* please give up the idea that it is a stepping stone to labels. Of course it will happen for some, and we encourage people to make a good living; but that has never been the point and does not have the least relation to the goals of *Fast Folk*. Wasting any breath on that diminishes our purpose. There are probably established label artists who can use the freedom of *FF*'s format to do what they can't do in their commercial life. We have to be tough-minded, respect each artist's vision and encourage them to go a little farther.

On this album, we have included a range of styles. You may not like them all, but these writers represent some quite different songwriting points of view. We believe that each song brings a world to life. Each one can be fundamentally different from all others and still be artistically valid. The function of imagination is to respect the rules and then stretch and break and rewrite them; and why not.

Fast Folk has had its ups and downs, but we are recommitting ourselves to you, our current and future subscribers. Within the next months you will hear new work from The Nudes, Carol Lipnik, Jane Hohenberger, Catie Curtis, Richard Shindell, Annie Gallup, Jeff Tarayla, and Lucy Kaplansky, as well as new voices Bob Hillman, Tamara and Susan McKeown, in quality studio recordings and performances drawn from our exciting live concerts here in New York. We are committing *Fast Folk* to a new life which will again redefine the work of the contemporary American singer/songwriter. *Fast Folk* thanks you for your loyalty during our difficult time but we

guarantee a brighter musical future is in store. Now press play.

-Richard Meyer

The Fast Folk Café in New York City

After a few years in New York City with no venue dedicated to acoustic music, the Fast Folk Café has begun to fill the void. The café was brought into being by Jack Hardy and a crew of volunteers: Tim Robinson repaired the tin ceiling, Richard Meyer designed the stage and benches. Many others - Nick Haber, Monty Delaney and Wendy Beckerman among them - all lent a hand, swinging sledge hammers and sheetrocking bathrooms.

Now located at 41 North Moore Street in Tribeca, the café is an inviting listening room, with convenient parking, local subway, two great restaurants on the block and a police precinct around the corner. Managed by Richard Cucarro and Steve Nemerovsky, the club has begun to bring in artists of national stature including David Mallett, Eric Andersen, Brooks Williams, The Kennedys, The Nudes, and Ralph McTell, as well as many other local and touring acts.

The club holds an open mike on Tuesday nights and a traditional series on Wednesdays. Check out the accompanying club schedule and then come on down. Artists recordings are available for sale as well as recent issues of *Fast Folk*. For information call (212) 274-1636. See page 19 for directions to the Fast Folk Café.

Fri. 12/13 Mary Ellen Bernard/Lydia Adams Davis/Petronella
Sat. 12/14 Saul Broudy/Rick Lee
Wed. 12/18 Pinewoods/FF Monthly Trad. Music Open Mike
Fri. 12/20 Vince Bell/Roger Gillen
Sat. 12/21 Amy Fix/Grant King/Jesse Hultberg
Fri. 12/27 Vance Gilbert/Richard Shindell
Sat. 12/28 Cliff Eberhardt
Fri. 1/3 Andrea Katz/Tom McCormack
Sat. 1/4 Lucy Kaplansky
Wed. 1/8 Dayna Kurtz/Jennifer Marks/Brett Perkins
Fri. 1/10 Bob Hillman/Andrew Kerr/Tim Robinson
Wed. 1/15 Pinewoods/FF Monthly Trad. Music Open Mike

Sat. 1/18 Ellis Paul
Fri. 1/24 Mike Agranoff/John Herald/Faith Petric
Thu. 1/30 Frank Tedesso
Fri. 2/8 Karen Savoca & Pete Heitzman/Sloan Wainwright Band
Wed. 2/19 Pinewoods/FF Monthly Trad. Music Open Mike
Thu. 3/14 Eddy Lawrence/Cosy Sheridan
Fri. 3/23 Bob Franke/Kevin So
Thu. 4/3 **Barry McGuire** (*Eve of Destruction*) - first NYC club date in 30 years/Terry Talbot (of Mason Proffit). Tickets now available at Fast Folk @ \$25, no telephone reservations for this show.
Fri. 4/4 Barry & Holly Tashian

THE HIDDEN PEOPLE:

The spirit of communication and "The Craic"

by Maireid Sullivan

Recently I was asked what I thought has survived of ancient Celtic tradition in the same way that Yoga and Ayurvedic medicine have survived in ancient Indian tradition and Confucian philosophy and acupuncture have survived in Chinese tradition. The first thing that came into my mind was free will/free speech: egalitarianism, personal sovereignty, free expression through language. Laughter, song and speech are fundamental healing principles in Celtic philosophy. Any other condition could be called subjection or slavery.

"The Craic" (pronounced "crack") is an Irish expression for good, fun socializing among equals – "the gift of the gab" – "the Blarney" – good story-telling and conversation with plenty of music and laughter. This is the main focus of Irish social life today and it has its roots in their most ancient Celtic ancestry and their continuing determination to maintain "inner" freedom. A person who understands and celebrates the concept of personal sovereignty as "individual freedom and responsibility for acts of free will" can become a lively communicator who knows the ecstasy of good communication: stories and experiences to share over and over, renewing the thrill of original discovery – "The Craic."

In the ancient Celtic world view, Truth is the supreme power – the word. The word is sacred and imbued with real magic power and is not to be profaned. "Truth is the foundation of speech and all words are founded on truth." Weaving the truth into mythical stories is considered a high art by the Irish.

It is interesting to observe the remnants of a joyous spirit associated with the Celts – particularly the Irish – even with the history of suffering they have experienced. As the song says, "In the lilt of Irish laughter you can hear the angels sing." The oppression of Celtic culture by various changes in the established order of their society has not squelched the individual Celt, who was brought up in an environment where personal

responsibility for the definition of reality is an innate freedom.

Let me throw a little historical perspective on the subject:

In recent years, rich archeological findings trace the people whom we call the Celts across Europe before 3000 BC. The name Celt comes from Keltori, "the hidden people." They were elusive, but we know that they had a rich and sophisticated tribal culture. They didn't have a centralized government. They were united inter-tribally by their shared language and world view/philosophy. They were not hierarchal but egalitarian. The Druids were their intellectual class incorporating all the professions. The Druids were a spiritual people, not a materialistic people.

Celtic culture successfully upheld social egalitarianism for thousands of years – their philosophy promoted the personal sovereignty of each individual based on free will. This is unique in the history of European societies. The Roman Empire-State was patriarchal, hierarchally organized and authoritarian – women were just bearers of children and objects of pleasure. Celtic society was centered on moral order with a mythical world view where men and women were equal. For the expansion of the Roman Empire, the Celtic Druids and their world view had to go.

Up until the seventeenth century, unlike the rest of Europe and England, Ireland's Bardic schools had an educational tradition outside the monastic and ecclesiastical schools which turned out poets, historians, lawyers, and doctors. Legends speak of these schools reaching back before the 1st millennium B.C. to ancient Druidic schools throughout the Celtic world. Their libraries were destroyed during the expansion of the Roman Empire and, later, by the Christians.

We know from historic documentation that a great and heated debate went on around the Catholic Church's concept of original sin and the Celtic philosophical concept of free will. The Celtic philosopher, Pelagius (c.AD 354-420), believed that the Church doctrine of original sin, expounded by Augustine of Hippo, would lead to personal irresponsibility since it was based on the theory that everything is preordained and that we are all imperfect sinners because we have inherited the original sin of Adam. This theory denied people's capacity to live openly, with courage and with free will.

The concept of sin was foreign to the Celts. Pelagius argued that through the exercise of free will, where people's choices were their own, people could be free of sin. For this heresy, St. Augustine initiated long arguments and condemnations. Pelagius was excommunicated three times, but set free each time. The

Church didn't win the debate and the Celts held their position on this central philosophical point up until the 12th century.

St. Augustine and his followers accused Pelagius of reviving the "Natural Philosophy of the Druids" which is, essentially, that when the will is free there is no sin, and that we have the power to exercise choice in any moment, no matter what context. Many writers since his time have presented the same arguments which we now call "Pelagian." A person who learns that all people are equal – all life is sacred – will exercise free will and will also exercise free speech in an environment where centralized government has no controlling influence over an individual's personal sovereignty – a free society.

The New World/America offered the first opportunity for the enshrinement of personal sovereignty – individual rights – in a centralized government. Free speech is protected from government intervention. Even the early Greeks didn't offer this breadth of personal freedom in their democracy. Socrates had to take hemlock as the remedy for the free speech of his adventurous spirit.

People today feel the need to create an intimate process of knowing. Physics has met up with religious philosophy. Personal sovereignty is based on the truth that no two people can know the same reality and that time is a subjective concept. We only can know that we are aligned with one another in the daily unfolding of our personal myth/truth. The idea that we are self-maintaining, self-renewing and self-transcending is becoming an acceptable concept. It helps us wrestle out of the two major old world experiences—the spiritual dictatorship of religious dogma and our physical entrapment in materialism.

We are looking for a conduit – ways to perceive the process of living so that we can consciously participate in the creation of new reality. We want to transcend our mundane reality and see ourselves as part of the shapeshifting. We want to return full circle back to ourselves as creatures of free will and free expression reclaiming our personal sovereignty enhanced, finally, by the egalitarian world view – that we are all created equal. Everything is in place to make the shift possible. So what are we supposed to do to be truly effective? We must look closely at our ability, acknowledge our will to choose, and then act. It's the same "old" Pelagian story that mainstream society

chose to ignore and suppress hundreds of years ago when it was highly refined by the ancient Druids.

Mature people who know the Truth and still compromise in their lives, who fluctuate and falter in their ethics, are holding back love, the most sublime manifestation of evolution. These people need energy, and creatively energetic people – especially artists and scientists – have developed the precision of originality needed to infuse this energy and awe into the sleeping masses: to wake them up to the knowledge that every person is connected to the universe and all its glory.

Through all this, laughter is the best medicine. Laughter releases healing hormones. For this we need lots of enthusiastic conversation, good music, and shared stories. We Celts call it "The Craic."

Maireid Sullivan is a singer/songwriter, poet and student of history. Her album, *Dancer*, produced by Donal Lunny, is available in mainstream and alternative music stores under Celtic/Irish in World Music, New Age or International sections. Maireid is also a featured artist on Narada Record's *Celtic Voices – Women of Song* and Hearts O'Space Record's *Celtic Twilight 3: Lullabies*. For further information see Maireid's internet page or contact Lyrebird Music.

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Tourist Attraption

by Dave Elder

Welcome to the Little Bigbore. Here on Suspenders 12, 1879, Chief Shipping Bull, leading Suit and Attaché tripe totaling some six trousers strong, deflated and whited out the Seventh Army Dumb and Bungle Corpse under General Cusser. The general, who had fought in the Idiot wars of the past decayed, had hopped to rabbitly make this the last bottle of his champagne. It was.

It was also the last grape triumph of the naives who had once ruled the North Asparagus condiment from the Outlandish to the Specific. The iron

hearse had sealed their fate. No longer could they live off the bungalow, so government dupes forced them into deprivations. Soon wagging trains of white stealers flogged to the nude land and offended it off, so the wildernice was officially clothed to make it safe for the two-car garbage and stands like this that sell hamboogers and french flies. May I take you over, please?

REVIEWS

Buffalo Return to the Plains Jimmy Lafave

by Steve Brooks

Jimmy Lafave's more a rock act than a folk one these days – he's come a long way since it was just him strumming his guitar at Chicago House in Austin – but like Springsteen or Mellencamp, he's covering much of the same populist ground folkies cover. LaFave's roots are in Oklahoma, the birthplace of the original modern singer/songwriter, Woody Guthrie.

For those new to Lafave, he's like a red dirt Van Morrison; a vocal stylist who can stretch a single syllable into a glorious epic. Like Van the Man, he owes a lot to the repetitive phrasing of old R&B singers. Jimmy's sandpaper voice, however, is distinctively his own.

LaFave seems less obsessed with highways and open spaces in *Buffalo Return to the Plains* than his last album *Highway Trance*. His third CD finds the artist emerging from that trance, realizing he is no longer young and acknowledging burnout. "I think I've been fooling myself my whole life long," he sings in the album opener, *Burden to Bear*, "living life like a one night stand."

LaFave longs to believe in the road and its mythology of redemption. *Going Home* is a sweet lullaby to a dreamer asleep in the passenger's seat as they cross the prairie. The anthemic title cut celebrates the drifters of the great depression, praying they'll survive the era of strip malls and

cable TV. That vision of renewal, however, seems hopelessly outdated in the album closer, *Worn Out American Dream*.

There are two dreams in *Buffalo Return to the Plains*, both equally American. One's the Horatio Alger ideal of upward mobility, while the other is the Kerouac/Whitman romance of downward mobility. Lafave surveys Newt Gingrich's America and realizes there's no romance left in poverty – just desperation. Same assessment goes for religion, money and politics.

The final assessment is that there is nothing left to believe in but self, and the artist is not so sure about that. LaFave is looking in as well as out when he sings, "Come on face your situation/It's just as desperate as it seems/You've got us lost inside the shuffle of /Your worn out American dream."

Musically, Lafave benefits from sticking with his own, road-hardened band instead of embellishing it with a lot of studio sideman. His Night Tribe features Rick Poss on guitars, Stewart Cochran on keyboards, Randy Glineson on bass and Chris Massey on drums. The only ringers are Debra Peters on piano and accordion and ubiquitous Austin fiddler Gene Elders.

For all its virtues, the album leaves me questioning where Lafave goes after a CD that is mostly about dead ends. His patented mix of highway anthems, longing love ballads and roadhouse rockers has held up well for three CDs, but I'm not sure how far he can keep mining the same three veins. The ballads, in particular, get to be variations on a single melody and chord progression, depending more and more on pure vocal power to put them across. Here's hoping Jimmy Lafave finds a way out of his spiritual and musical cul-de-sac, and that buffalo may again teem with the wide open spaces within.

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Talking Postmodern Banjo-Pickin' Blues

When We Were Good: The Folk Revival

by Robert Cantwell

(Harvard University Press)

Review by Hugh Blumenfeld

I finished reading Robert Cantwell's new social history of the folk revival at last winter's Folk Alliance. It seemed appropriate. They were giving lifetime achievement awards to Pete Seeger and, posthumously, Moe Asch. Mike Seeger and Ramblin' Jack Eliot made appearances. But most of the musicians hovering at the bar and ballrooms of the Renaissance Hotel in D.C. were singer/songwriters hawking elaborately produced CDs. There were very few banjos. What was our connection, I wondered, to these leaders of the quiet revolution that ushered in the legendary folk movement of the 1960's?

Cantwell's account of that earlier era combines the personal perspective of an informed participant with theory-laden explanations. The point he stresses about the revival is that it was a revival. It did not consist of folk music itself but the performance of folk music, mostly by scholars and activists who had discovered in it an enduring honesty and democratic universality. Like the nineteenth century Romantics, the revivalists and their equally privileged followers used these representations of folk music to create an ennobling idea of the "folk" and reconnect themselves to it. It was a fiction invented to transform both their individual identities and a postwar society degraded by militarism, commercialism, racism and mass culture. Cantwell attempts to show how, in shaping a new reality, the fiction became "more real than real."

Since the act of reviving folk music is itself a political act, he writes, the songs didn't have to convey any overt ideological content to work their transformative magic on his post-war generation. He credits McCarthyism with stripping away the

ideological baggage that had attached itself to folk music during the socialist and labor movements of the 30's and 40's. The oppressive political atmosphere of the 50's forced left-wing dissent underground, leaving the music pure once again for the next generation to rediscover and remake to address a different set of issues. In fact, his analysis shows how the folksong revival is in many ways a conservative movement rather than a radical one, an attempt to recover a more stable social structure and an older set of values.

Cantwell, an unrepentant amateur banjo player, writes with a deep love and passion for his subject, and this book creates an engaging and often poetic picture of a folk music revival that very few people know about. It is the movement that took place outside the limelight, growing underground through the McCarthy era, blossoming when the Kingston Trio's version of *Tom Dooley* hit the charts in 1957, and ending – not beginning – when Bob Dylan and Joan Baez appeared like Adam and Eve on the stage of the Newport Folk Festival together in 1963.

Recorded here are heroic acts left largely unexplained by other historians: the field recording trips by the Lomaxes and others that captured a rural south on the verge of disappearing, the overwhelming contributions of urban Jewish entertainers and activists, and the clandestine work of blacklisted artists like Pete Seeger who retreated to the backwaters of summer camps and private schools, like Johnny Appleseed planting the seeds for the big, "public" revival to come.

Cantwell's portraits of early folk heroes are especially memorable. Pete Seeger bears an uncanny resemblance to his totemic banjo; Mike Seeger is a mythic, Lincoln-like figure whose nobility and integrity allow him to innovate on a musical tradition without losing its essence ("Certainly no such sound was ever heard on the frontier or anywhere else; at the same time, it is impossible to say that it was not heard."); Leadbelly metaphorically lives out his gunshot wound of a name; Moe Asch personifies the entire twentieth century Jewish intellectual tradition, a living nexus where Yiddish literature, Lenin, Trotsky, Montessori, Einstein, and folk all converged. Even Harry Smith's three-disk Folkways

Anthology becomes a pivotal character: it is the folk mystic's philosopher's stone, whose grooves and liner notes are packed with arcane knowledge and occult, predictive powers. Young Dylan, of course, becomes the originator of punk and Baez is revealed as more Magdalene than Madonna. All these heroes and countless others committed themselves to conjuring up a democratic voice of indeterminate race and class that they could identify with America's soul, label it as such, and then remake themselves and the American social landscape in its image.

There is a darker side of the revival too. The book can barely overcome one searing image of impresario John Lomax leading Leadbelly around the lecture circuit, dressed in prison garb like a sideshow freak. And there is a pervasive irony in Cantwell's tale of a uniquely privileged generation that played at being world-weary working class rebels for a few years of college before entering their chosen professions. But even these facts and the acknowledgement that his folk revival soon merged into the multibillion dollar entertainment industry don't darken his memory of a brief moment when folk music was ultimately liberating and "psychosocially" transformative.

Cantwell often writes as if he – like many in the lost generation he describes – came close to chucking his academic career to roam the countryside with his beloved but neglected banjo, and the book is best when he interprets the movement's history through this personal perspective. He tells the story of how the social forces that created the folk revival created him and ultimately the contemporary postmodern world with its vestiges of feudal nobility and peasantry. He explains how this music from untutored, unlettered Southern Whites and African-Americans captured the popular imagination, largely mediated by genteel scholars and displaced Jews, and how it lent its energies first to the burgeoning labor movement and then to a counter-culture programme of introspection and self-discovery. The mystery he is trying to get to the bottom of is a shared one, and there is a generosity of spirit running through the book, directed toward those who made the music, those who revived it for their own ends, and us, his readers.

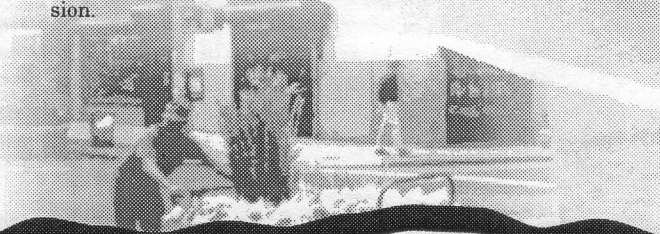
Unfortunately, Prof. Cantwell has swallowed too much badly written critical theory, and he mangles long stretches of the book with impossible paragraph-sentences and strangles its voice with overly-clever puns and academic jargon. So much of the book is marred by this dogmatic post-modern deconstructionist style that one of Cantwell's living scholar heroes admitted to me that, regrettably, he could not get through his review copy.

Cantwell is a social historian, but what really drives his argument is the possibility of a personal transformation through music. He quotes Carl Sandburg and others who claim that studying and living with folk songs long enough adds depth to one's psyche, a connection to the collective human experience of the past. Jack Elliot becomes a prime example of an urban Jew who, by playing the fantasy cowboy hero over many years, reinvented himself as one.

But the representative conversion in this book is not Elliot's but Cantwell's himself. He recalls a single evening at a Pete Seeger concert that changed his life and sent him hunting for a banjo and an audience. Young Dylan, too, had an unnerving capacity to absorb folk songs all at once. "Dylan had never sung *In My Time of Dyin'* prior to this recording session," testifies Stacey Williams in the liner notes on the back of Dylan's first album. Even if it is only another of Dylan's fabrications, these recurring anecdotes of instant assimilation seem to go against the grain of Cantwell's thesis and his idea of "folk" traditions and their role. The new consumer society with its genius for voraciousness has already gotten a hold of folk music and, as with a drug, gets a high from its raw power and what Dylan called its "emotional wallop."

When We Were Good offers a perspective on the folk revival that could not be more relevant and timely. Sadly, most of it will be incomprehensible to those who most need and want to read it.

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Bios

From her childhood in Ann Arbor, Michigan, through high school, **Annie Gallup's** main intent was to study dance. In college, she switched to metalsmithing. Then came a move to Seattle where she worked as a baker, and a cook on a yacht. She's designed custom

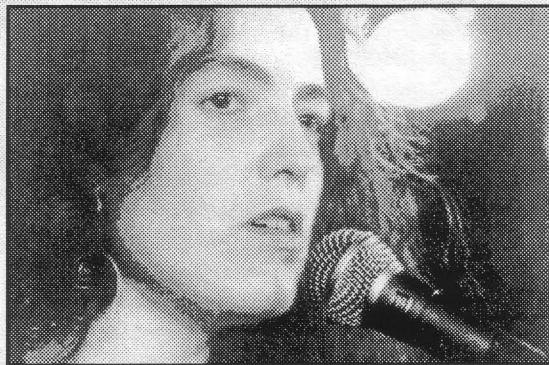


wedding rings, constructed sailboats ails, and has had a massage therapy practice. Through it all, she played her guitar, writing songs in private. In 1992, she was a finalist in the Columbia Music Festival in Spokane, WA, and in 1994, the prestigious Telluride Troubadour Contest in Colorado. Her first CD, *Cause and Effect* (1994), is now available on PRIME-CD, where you can also find her second, *Backbone* (1996), just recently released. Currently living in Asheville, NC, Annie tours ten months out of the year. Contact her at PRIME CD, (212) 366-5982.

The Nudes are the New York City-based guitar/cello duo of **Walter Parks** and **Stephanie Winters**. They have played hundreds of shows in the past two years, and are playing many more currently in support of their new CD *Velvet Sofa*. They are just as likely to perform in an art museum as a college coffeehouse, and their audiences are as varied as the venues they play. Billboard calls their music "alternative folk"; they prefer to say it's "acoustic music for the mind and body."



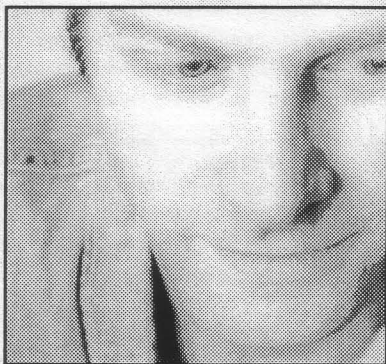
Jeff Tarayla says "for me songwriting is an explosion. Sometimes it's a direct hit, and sometimes I just end up with a bunch of debris in my yard. Either way, the bomb goes off – always unexpected, and always changing. I seem to have found a certain peace in exploring an emotion, a fear, or a quest for something bigger." His new CD, *The Wicked and the Free*, is his first release with Back Potato Records and will be out in January. To get his current CD, *A Thousand Faces*, or to get on his mailing list, write to Jeff Tarayla, POB 422, Frenchtown, NJ 08825.



Susan McKeown was invited to study opera by Ireland's leading vocal trainer when she was 16. Instead she took to busking – a popular occupation for young musicians in her native Dublin – and exploring rock, folk and jazz. *Hot Press*, the country's leading music magazine, calls her "a superb singer whose visits to this side of the Atlantic are relished by those in the know."

She has been featured on the compilations *Straight Outta Ireland*, *The Folk Next Door*, and *Oasis Acoustic II*. She has appeared on radio programs including NPR's *Mountain Stage* and Vin Scelsa's *Sunday Night*. Susan is now touring often across the United State and Europe. Her album *Bones* is available on the PRIME-CD label.

Hugh Blumenfeld came to Greenwich Village in 1982 and soon became involved in the rich songwriter scene then centering around the Speakeasy Musician's Cooperative, the Cornelia Street Songwriter's Exchange, and *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*. Hugh has released three albums on the PRIME-CD label: *The Strong in Spirit* (1988), *Barehanded* (1993), and *Mozart's Money* (1996). Over a dozen of Hugh's songs have appeared on *Fast Folk* over the years and he is represented on many other compilations including *The Folk Next Door*, Christine Lavin's *On a Winter's Night*, *Postcrypt*, and *Performing Songwriter's Editor's Choice: Top 12 DIY's, Vol. 1*. Residing in



Eastern Connecticut since 1987, Hugh was the Associate Editor of *Fast Folk* from 1986-92, and before hitting the road full time he taught writing and literature at NYU, Bard College, and the University of Connecticut. His current projects include a book on the art of reading poetry. He can be contacted through 1-800-PRIME-CD; bookings through Grace Avenue Productions at (860) 742-5135.



Photo by Jean Marie Guyaux

Poet, singer, novelist, playwright, and painter **Jane Hohenberger** pushes the limits of meaning to unravel the workings of the soul. A product of New York's suburbia who now resides in the East Village, Jane has been a performing poet in New York City since the age of eighteen. Her spoken word has been published on compilation CDs and in magazines, and Jane has authored two novellas, *A House with Clocks*, and *Nat Black Came Back*, as well as a book of her poems and paintings, *Maybe Your Tongue is a Fish*. In 1993, Jane wrote, directed, and performed the play, *Nothing Inside You*, and went on to write and co-direct *Shade Grass*. Jane began singing her work performing with the band, Vitapup. She has released a full-length cassette of songs, *Lickety Split*, and *Guilty*, a 7" on Bloodlink records, and appears on Vitapup's first album on Plump Records. Her recent-

ly released project, *Spook Engine*, on Bloodlink, features her working with 15 other artists. Contact Jane at Regolith Music, PO Box 1827, Madison Square Station, NY, NY.

Singer/songwriter **Richard Meyer** leads a double life. Since the early 1980s, Richard has been at the center of the Greenwich Village scene and was Editor of the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*, 1986-92, producing 40 albums and many



Photo by E.J. Carr

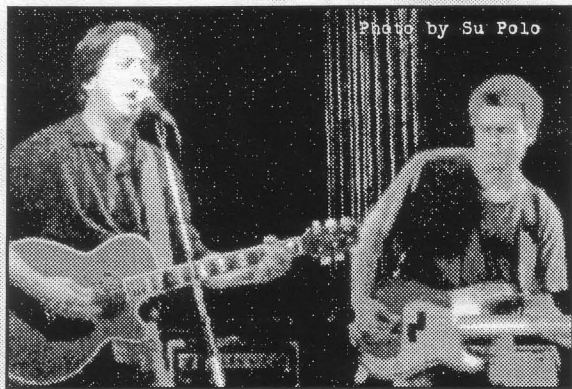
radio broadcasts and concerts by established and emerging American songwriters. His songs have been published by *Sing Out!* and he's also a contributing editor to the *All Music Guide*.

In his other life, Richard is a scenery and lighting designer for Off-Broadway and regional theatre, and has designed over 130 productions during the past decade. In the 1980s he simultaneously served as resident designer at both the Berkshire Public Theatre in Massachusetts and at East Coast Arts in New York. He has released three albums of cinematic songs. His first, *Laughing/Scared* (1986) is available on LP, and his subsequent CD's, *The Good Life!* (1991), and *A Letter From The Open Sky* (1995) are available nationally, on Shanachie Records, 37 E. Clinton Street, Newton, NJ. For bookings, call (718) 885-3268.

Carol Lipnik is a singer/songwriter from the broken heart of Coney Island, with a voice as high as the Cyclone and lyrics as mysterious as the disappearing lights of a late night subway. Her first release, *A List of Attractions*, can be purchased by sending \$12 to Mermaid Alley Music, 400 West 43rd St., Suite 20-C, NY, NY 10036. She is currently at work on her second recording entitled *Spookorama*.

Tom Meltzer and **Paul Foglino** are one half of the four member band, **5 Chinese Brothers**, a country/folk/roots band who write and perform original songs in the tradition of Gram Parsons, John Prine, and Elvis Costello. A national touring band, 5 Chinese Brothers have performed in 32 States, Canada and Europe and have recently shared stages with Gillian Welch, Iris DeMent, Beausoleil and John Prine.

The song included on this record, *Midnight at the Liberty*, will appear on their forthcoming album, *Let's Kill Saturday Night*. Five Chinese Brothers have two albums, *Singer*



Songwriter *Beggarman Thief* and *Stone Soup*, currently on the PRIME-CD label.

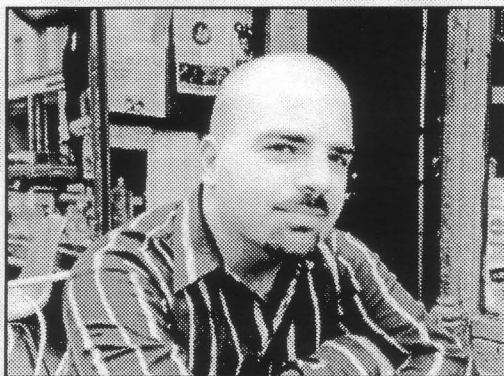
Dave's True Story is David Cantor and Kelly Flint. They became acquainted with each other through various songwriters and musicians; one drunken, snowy night in downtown Manhattan, Kelly suggested that Dave teach her one of his songs
a n d



Photo by Susan Barr

Dave's True Story was born. Their first gig was at the Postcrypt at Columbia University in September, 1992. They took the audience's appreciation as a sign that they were on to something, and their self-titled first album, *Dave's True Story* (1994), released on Bebop records, became a best-seller in the Hear Music chain. In 1994, they won the prestigious Kerrville Folk Festival's New Folk Award. Dave's original songs of love, lust and venetian blinds combine wit, insight, and late night cool—not a small feat when you consider every song is about sex. They describe their music as *Beatlounge*. Their song, *Another Hit*, opens the newly-released feature film, *The Day*. *Dave's True Story* is available by

sending \$15 for a CD, or \$10 for cassette to Flexible Man Music, PO Box 118, Radio City Station NY, NY 10019; e-mail them at Chanteuse1@aol.com. or phone at (212) 978-8740.



Jim Allen is a young singer/songwriter who has been making a name for himself on the Northeastern club circuit for several years. His songs have blues, country and soul roots, but his highly imagistic, often surreal lyrics possess a Baudelarian poetic sensibility and a dark sardonic approach akin to Mose Allison or Leonard Cohen. His debut CD, *Weeper's Stomp*, can be purchased at cool stores nationwide or by calling (800) PRIME-CD. For info, call (212) 366-5982 or write to PRIME-CD, 135 W. 26th Street, Suite #11B, NY, NY 10001 or e-mail to primecd@thoughtport.com.

Since 1993, **Tamara** has been performing at favorite NYC clubs such as the Fast Folk Café, Sin-é, the Bitter End and CBGB's, as well as the Greenwich Village Folk Festival and a Women in Music Showcase. Tamara's song *2 Dresses* was featured on the *Fast Folk* October 1995 *New Voices NYC* issue. Most recently, SESAC selected Tamara to receive the National Academy of Popular Music's Abe Olman Scholarship Award in songwriting. In January 1997 she will be performing at Nashville's Bluebird Cafe. She can be contacted at PO Box 1392, NY, NY 10021-1041, by phone at (212) 288-6377 or by email at T2Dresses@aol.com.

Born and raised in Brooklyn, **Basya** traces her musical roots to old Hasidic melodies, influenced later by trips to the Middle East, Africa, and eastern Europe. Her band includes a cellist, flautist, tabla player and electric guitarist, and they play several times a month in NY's East Village. She can be reached at (718) 486-5835 for bookings.

Richard Julian has recorded a new CD for Blackbird Records, a division of Elektra, which will be in stores in January, 1997. He has opened for Freedy Johnston and the Lemonheads, and is currently on tour in the US and Europe to support his new release. He can be contacted through Todd Alan Artist Development, 68 W. 68th St, Suite 5B, NY, NY 10023, (212) 799-8738.

David Hamburger divides his time between touring solo, doing session work and writing for *Guitar Player*, *Acoustic Guitar* and other fine publications. He can be heard most recently on Chuck Brodsky's *Letters in the Dirt*, Salamander Crossing's *Passion Train*, Dave Elder and the Elderadoes' *Country Drivin'* and his own *King of the Brooklyn Delta*, available from Chester Records, PO Box 170504, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

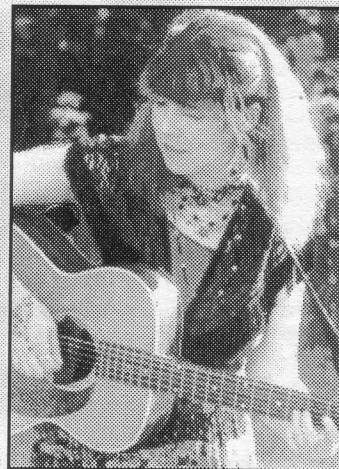
Rachel Sage is a self-taught singer/songwriter and pianist since the age of five who believes in "the inherently psychedelic nature of most things...if you squint a little." Rachel's music explores the gap between the genders with honesty, brutality and a healthy dose of cynicism. Recently she embraced elements of the Irish folk scene during a summer working at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, which heightened her passion for acoustic guitar and fiddle. She has studied dance and while at Stamford University she spent much of her time composing music for theatre, ranging from classical to avant garde performance art pieces. She can be contacted (212) 979-0608.



Originally part of the Hoboken music scene, and now living in Cold Spring, NY, **Margo Hennebach** can be heard on two PRIME-CD releases. Her self-titled debut album, *Margo Hennebach*, (1994) was hailed by CMJ as "an engaging collection of folk infused with pop smarts". A Kerrville Folk Festival finalist, Margo has been performing since age seven, winning numerous statewide competitions on her first instrument, the piano.

After graduating from Oberlin Conservatory in Ohio, she went on to earn her Masters in Music Therapy from the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. Margo states, "Growing up adopted can be very liberating. Not knowing where I come from...freed me from thinking I had to be exactly like my parents... Being adopted has opened me up to feelings of connectedness with many people, family and non-family. Performing across the country enables me to experience this first hand." Margo's second album, entitled *Michaellean*, after her adopted sister, was released in 1996. *Sing Out!* says, "Margo Hennebach...immediately captures your attention and demonstrates an amazing amount of creativity." For bookings, contact Fireflies and Windows Music, at (212) 229-7924.

Long Island native **Judith Zweiman** allegedly sang before she talked. As a singer/songwriter/guitarist/bassist she has recorded and performed both as a solo artist and with her own band, as well as with numerous other songwriters and bands, playing everything from traditional folk to jazz fusion, hardcore rock-'n'-roll, and country music. Taking a hiatus to heal her lungs from the damage caused by breathing second-hand smoke, JZ returned to school, studying video and TV production at the Center for the Media Arts, then majoring in Communication Arts at the New York Institute of Technology.



JZ is also a teacher, writer, poet, videographer and astrologer, with several book projects in progress and a magazine series, *Planets and Archetypes*, currently running in the new magazine, *Arcanum*. Having developed the art of writing about herself in the third person, JZ has returned to the acoustic scene, and her first solo album, *Look at the Moon*, is scheduled for 1997 release. For bookings, contact DEX Management, at (917) 490-8646. She can be reached at (888) 859-3119 (toll-free) for astrological consultations or recording sessions, or e-mail at jzweiman@mail.idt.net.

Lonely male singer/songwriter seeks female muse. Must be beautiful, sweet, soft-spoken, alluring, mysterious, distant, inspiring. Call Bob D. at Fast Folk, leave a message but don't tell me how to contact you.

LYRICS



Anything is Possible

It was a time when anything was possible
I took it on myself to talk you out of getting that tattoo
St. Francis of Assisi and his halo of flying birds
Although we were in San Francisco, I said "Look at you
Your perfect body. You don't even have a scar
How could you think that this tattoo
Will make you better than you already are?
And who are you to inflict this whimsy
On the man you're going to be in twenty years"
Ooh, yeah, anything is possible

Pull back the sheets in a motel room in Mississippi
Or someplace with a thick dark history
And a TV, a blower blowing cold air
Four white walls, I said "We could be anywhere"
But last night I slept in a farmhouse in Arkansas
With windows open wide, there were crickets and
barking dogs

At dawn there was a rooster and a barnyard full of
sheep
I could tell exactly where I was, but I didn't get much
sleep

Ooh, yeah, anything is possible

There was a night at the house where you were born
Your parents darkened bedroom, we tiptoed up the
stairs

Like thieves, like cats, like grown up children
Whispered in your boyhood room among the wary
glass-eyed bears

You said, "I'm like a kid with too many toys
Guess I'm still waiting for that one bright shining
choice

So clear and compelling
That it makes every other possibility irrelevant"
Ooh, yeah, anything is possible

It was a phone booth in the middle of the midwest
It was raining like the devil. I was depressed
I watched a pick-up truck slowly float by with its
hazards blinking

Windshield wipers slapping, I said "I keep thinking
If I can hold it all together just one day maybe two
It'll all make sense and I'll believe it's really true
I wish I could take comfort in this steady slow
improving

But I'm scared most of the time. I don't feel safe
Unless I'm moving"

Ooh, yeah, anything is possible

We stood on a bridge across the Tecumseh River
Sun was going down and the moon was just a sliver
Semi flying past in a dust and diesel whirlwind

You said "When I look back at all my old girlfriends
The ones I really gave my heart to are the ones
I couldn't hold

Just knowing they were going to slip away made me
passionate and bold

There are words I'll never say and questions you
can't ask

Just hold me like it was the first time
Or like it was the last"

Ooh, yeah, anything is possible.

words and music © 1996 Annie Gallup

The Flame Inside

Sweetheart I do the best that I do
Four walls would never build around you
No one sets you up to be wrong with all the answers
You say there's too much of black under my blue eyes
I need love to survive
but I don't burn the flame inside

Some days you make me feel
like I'm framed in your ambition
I'm ready to tell you to take me as I am
Oh love never comes with a reason
affection comes with pain
and you don't see enough of green in my blue eyes
I need love to survive
but I don't burn the flame inside

Don't try
you have to know what you are doing
Heaven is really something
I've died and gone before
Oh, I love you but when I don't
you're afraid of what I want
I want
love and I know how much you got
I need love to survive
but I don't burn the flame inside
I don't burn the flame inside
I don't burn the flame inside

words and music © 1996 by Walter Parks

There Goes Baby

Quarter mile from Pittsburgh
Hitchhiked all the way
Nothing much to say
She still haunts me
Had to leave another town
God help me please
'Cause nobody sees that she's for real

Chorus: There goes baby again
There goes baby again
She casts no shadow
And knows not when she'll come again
There goes baby again

I tried to touch her once
My hand passed right through

What else could I do
She was gone
I try to talk to her
She never says a word
She's quiet as a bird on my shoulder

(Chorus)

The people they all talk
They all think I'm mad
Well I may be a tad bit crazy
Some times I doubt myself
I rub my eyes
She waves goodbye
She just keeps going

(Chorus)

words and music © 1996 Jeff Tarayla/Big World Blur

Ballinaboula

Ballinaboula, home in the rain
darkness before me
behind me just the wind and the rain
The sound of horses fear in their race
My heart beating gathering apace

I don't want to see his face
I don't want to look at him now
Devil with an angel's face

He came again last night
sailing over the water on a piece of flotsam
and he had his witches with him
I saw their names all signed in blood
under the leaves they danced into the wood
I saw their names all signed in blood
Under the leaves and carved in wood

I don't want to see his face
I don't want to look at him now
Devil with an angel's face

And the air was full of them
riding out on horses under Carrick
and girls behind them all but one
and he told her he was waiting for her
He told her he would come

© 1996 Sheila-na-Gig Music IMRO (Irish Music Rights Organization)

Longhairedradicalsocialistjew

Now Jesus was a homeless lad
With an unwed mother and an absent dad
And I really don't think he would have gotten that far
If Newt, Pat and Jesse had followed that star

Refrain: So let's all sing out praises to
That long-haired radical socialist Jew

When Jesus taught the people he
Would never charge a tuition fee
He just took some fishes and some bread
And made up free school lunches instead

So let's all sing out praises to...

He healed the blind and made them see
He brought the lame folks to their feet
Rich and poor, any time, anywhere
Just pioneering that free health care

So let's all sing out praises to...

Jesus hung with a low-life crowd
But those working stiffs sure did him proud
Some were murderers, thieves and whores
But at least they didn't do it as legislators

So let's all sing out praises to...

Jesus lived in troubled times
the religious right was on the rise
Oh what could have saved him from his terrible fate?
Separation of church and state.

So let's all sing out praises to...

Sometimes I fall into deep despair
When I hear those hypocrites on the air
But every Sunday gives me hope
When pastor, deacon, priest, and pope

Are singing out their praises to
Some long-haired radical socialist Jew.
They're all singing out their praises to
Some long-haired radical socialist Jew.

© 1996 Hugh Blumenfeld

As It Comes

Call me what you will,
I am beside you
Call me what you will
That will open my eyes

Call me what you will
As I am deciding
To carry water to you
or leave you behind

Take it as it comes
Some say then hide
Take it as it comes
But carry a knife

Take it as it comes
as I am deciding to go against my will
or leave you behind

The moon is full, maybe that's the problem
or too much sugar in the blood
The dead say "play the hand that's dealt you"
But who is ever dead enough?

Listen to my heart
its in between the verses
listen to my heart
drowned out once again

Listen to my heart
the numbers you are counting
are on the bone white dice
that rattle in my hand

words and music © 1996 by Richard Meyer
Laughing/Scared Music ASCAP

The Kindness of Strangers

Yes, I believe in the kindness of strangers
So please be so kind, pour me more of the wine
We are winding up Saturday in the same bar
in the same part of town.

When lights are this low who can know what you're
after

A key or a kiss or a few strains of laughter
Now we're swaying together to the same tunes
in the same bar in the same part of town

Chorus: And all we share is circumstance
and free time at the bar
The hollowness of loneliness disappears
from where I am to where you are, stranger
It don't take much, stranger
to unite us, stranger
No stars, no bells, no wishing wells
Just the same bar in the same part of town

I left my heart on a New York airport runway
And I only arrived in this town early Monday
Now we're swaying together from the same vine
to the same tunes in the same bar in the same part
of town

(Chorus)

© 1996 Carol Lipnik/ Mermaid Alley Music - BMI

Midnight at The Liberty

Midnight at The Liberty
Jimi's playing Berkeley
but he's playing much too quiet
hope that it don't start a riot
I guess that's why the cops are here
Looks like they're decked out in riot gear
There should be a better way for folks to make buck

Chorus: We'd complain but we're too stoned
And if we leave we got to go back home
Our parents might not be asleep
So we're staying at The Liberty

Some stupid kid had no fear
Lit a joint somewhere towards the rear
Cop threw him to the ground
We were 'fraid to turn around
That kid he started gettin' mad
Said the mayor was his dad
If the movie'd been loud enough
We wouldn't have heard nothin' at all

(Chorus)

That kid he must have been no one
Or the mayor didn't like his son
'Cause the cops treated him pretty mean
From the theatre we could hear him screaming
What strikes me most in retrospect
Was nothing happened that I didn't expect
They say that movie isn't very good
But I guess I'll never know

(Chorus)

words and music © 1996 Tom Meltzer

Nirvana

Who is this clown
I seem to recognize the face
You brought her round
And carried me away without a trace
And it pulls me in
And it pulls me in
It pulls me in
I can't abide this stranger in my skin
Or is it just Nirvana setting in
I miss the pain
I miss the barstool and the smoke
I'd always liked the rain
And who are you to fix what isn't broke

And it pulls me in
And it pulls me in
It pulls me in
I'm half beside this stranger in my skin
Or is it just Nirvana setting in

Until you I could make do
With any sort of guy
I'd grin and pour the whiskey
While they lied
My heart was cool and hard as glass
Then you walked in with your sweet class
I could not forgive you if I tried

But what's done is done
As I rearrange the place
I've had my fun
And now accept my fate with quiet grace

And it pulls me in
And it pulls me in
It pulls me in
I can't deny this stranger in my skin
Or is it just Nirvana
Could it be Nirvana
I guess its just Nirvana has set in

words and music © 1996 By David Cantor

I Don't Want to Talk About Work

There's a certain kind of sadness that gets into your
head

It's not exactly living and it's not exactly dead
It wraps itself around you, it calls you by your name

Sometimes it tries disguises, but it always looks the same

Chorus: Three good wishes for the sucker washing dishes
One more for the drugstore clerk
That's enough of that, Where'd I leave my hat
I don't want to talk about work

It's a funny kind of strange, how the weather won't change

It's a struggle making any kind of sense

It's a long, long day when the clock is in the way
and you're only killing time in self-defense

(Chorus)

There's just a touch of tension but it's not enough to mention

'Cause it isn't worth the trouble that it takes
it's been driven from the door of the rich to the poor
But you feel it more when everybody aches

(Chorus)

© 1996 Jim Allen

I Wish My Apartment Allowed Dogs

I wish my apartment building allowed dogs

It would be so great to have a dog

I'd get one so ugly

he'd have to love me forever

And ever

I wish my apartment allowed dogs

Ooh, pretty poodles come and go

But my dog would be smart enough to know

It just makes no sense to run off with some bitch if
you've got me

I'm so sweet

You're an animal

Did everybody know but me?

Its phenomenal I ever gave you a key

I wish my apartment building allowed dogs

I should move where I could have a dog

He'd let me drive and wouldn't yell when I got lost
and couldn't tell

If I was running late

It'd be great

You're an animal

Did everybody know but me?

Its a miracle the doorman never called security

I wish my apartment building allowed dogs

What a life - if I could have dog

Say "Go away" he disappears, "Good boy, now come
over here"

Oh I wish, how I wish

I wish my apartment building allowed dogs

I wish my apartment building allowed dogs

words and music © 1996 Montauk Daisy Music/Tamara Feinman

Dance, Gypsy Dance

Chorus: Under the blue moon where the mountains
are see through

Dance gypsy dance gypsy dance gypsy dance
Nobody frees you and nobody pleases you
Please won't you dance with me, dance gypsy
dance

I'm just a painter who paints what he sees
as he leans on the bark of a whistling tree,
You're lazy and shifting with towering dreams
and a heart made of gold you've washed out in these
streams

You're face is the wind with the clouds hanging over
your eyes that have filled up with space
Your senses are scattered like five fingers floating
in search for the palm of your hand I'm holding

(Chorus)

Nowhere's your homeland you are everyone's guest
with the grace that just lasts you a week
which is all that I have with my oil lamp and canvas
before I'm forever and ever asleep

I'm just a painter who paints what he sees
with my oil lamp and canvas and slow disease
you'll be twenty angels in flight in the breeze
as you circle my body that fades through these leaves

words and music © 1996 Basya Schechter

Pussy Cat

pussy cat in a rocking chair

big gray eyes and a curious stare

can't get the bird on the window sill

poor pussy cat got nothin' to kill

pussy cat got nothin' to kill

see the cat chasing the air

leaping and swinging like there's something there

you can see me too when i chase after you

i'm kinda like a cat with a crazy flu

and if heaven is kind

to the meek and the blind

then the angels will be coming for me

'cause it's true

that i'm so into you

i just can't see

no i just can't see

poor pussy cat

poor pussy cat

pussy cat in a rocking chair...

little mouse he came by here

had the cat in tow and then he disappeared

and now i can see how you're playing with me

you're kinda like a mouse with a college degree

now i can see how you're playing with me

see the cat gamble when the money's tight
pussy cat vegas on a rainy night
full of the blues and i.o.u.s
and the town's as dead as howard hughes
pussy cat on a rainy night

and if hell is a fire
where lovers retire
who can't tell the skin from the soul
we better make a new plan
or we're gonna land
down in the hole
shoveling coal
poor pussy cat
poor pussy cat

pussy cat in a rocking chair...

The blues is a thing even rich men sing
it's the one-four-five when you're barely alive
it's the same three chords but you're never bored
even when you're a cat who's done it before
the blues is a thing everybody sings

so if heaven is kind
to the meek and the blind
and hell is the fire
where lovers retire
then limbo's a dance you do
with a girl like you
with a girl like you
poor pussy cat
poor pussy cat

pussy cat in a rocking chair...

© 1996 words by Richard Julian
music by David Richards & Richard Julian

Broke Down Limousine

Broke down limousine don't cost a nickel to ride
Broke down limousine don't cost a nickel to ride
When you feel like going nowhere
Feel like going nowhere
Broke down and lonesome inside
lonesome inside

Don't need no license - no ignition key
The doors are rusted shut
and it don't look like much to you maybe
but broke down limousine don't knock it 'til you tried
Feel like going nowhere
Feel like going nowhere
Man it's the perfect ride

Crawl across the shotgun seat and slide behind the
wheel

It don't make no difference
come on tell me how does it feel
Dark days don't last forever
Hey baby in the meanwhile
If you got to ride the storm out

Why don't you ride in style
Broke down limousine won't get you to paradise
Won't get you past the junkyard gates
Won't get you past the junkyard gates
But you're gonna ride all night
Ride all night

Broke down limousine don't cost a nickel to ride
Broke down limousine don't cost a nickel to ride
When you feel like going nowhere
Feel like going nowhere
Broke down and lonesome inside

© 1996 David Hamburger

The Spirit We

I could be an angel dressed in the devil's clothes
But they'll never let me in, not as long as anger grows
Are you willing to forgive what you can never forget
Where I come from is my country...and that I can't
regret

Easily you come to me,
summoning the Spirit We
Only have a minute to never grow old

You say I'm not welcome in your family's home
They are ready for divorce and they do not even know
All the ways that I behave in the safety of your heart
Not willing to receive what may be the softest part
So willing to deceive - so very in the dark

Easily you come to me,
summoning the Spirit We
Only have a minute to never grow old
Easily you climb inside hoping for a place to hide
In each other's inner cities of the soul

Oh oh I could wait for you to never come through
But oh oh I will pray for you, pray for you
To be true oh oh oh I will pray for you, I will pray for
you.

Cause you are not a plaything nor am I but a toy
You have all of my respect in this moment of rejoicing is
Never very easy in colonies of doubt.
I've been conquering my own 'cause that's what love is
about

Easily...Easily...

I could be an angel dressed in the devil's clothes
But they'll never let me in, not as long as anger grows
Are you ready to retrieve what we never can restart
I am more willing to bleed than I am to be apart

words and music © 1995 Rachel Sage

Remembering

I don't remember being born
My recollection's dim
although I often wonder
How it must have been
To finally feel the arms
Of a woman scared and brave

She handed me to others
 She could not make her own way
 I don't remember growing breasts
 One day they just appeared
 The ripening of cherries
 Caused amazement more than fear
 Except for when the stranger came
 While holding them too tight
 He said he knew I'd like it
 I was too afraid to fight
 But it never was alright
 Sweat from his face fell to mine
 I still feel it sometimes

And I'm glad I don't remember
 All the things that came before
 I prefer to listen
 To the sound of one closed door

I don't remember loving you
 I couldn't if I tried
 A kiss that lasted here to Florida
 Your burning blue-grey eyes
 I left a trail behind me
 Of the ones I left before
 Who knew that you would be the one
 To haunt me evermore
 You haunt me evermore
 Tears fall as I think of you
 Do you feel them too?

And I'm glad I don't remember
 And that you've forgotten too
 It's just another door I've shut
 I don't remember
 Ever loving you.

words and music © 1996 Margo Hennebach

Here in the Underground (Hades' Song)

There was a ghost within my heart
 It was a dream from which I never
 seemed to wake up

What drew me in was neither love
 nor was it art
 But surely it caused internal govern-
 mental shake up

Chorus: But Underground, below
 the surface, in the place
 I've come to dwell
 I have found a higher purpose
 and a story I can tell
 Here in the Underground
 Here in the Underground...

He was an orb just out of reach
 An unsolved mystery at the core of my
 confusion

I didn't desire what he came to teach
 I was drawn to the fire at the heart of the illusion
 (Chorus)

Bridge: Too many people call it love
 I had to learn to call it need
 But what the Mystics seek to rise above
 is only a different kind of greed
 No simple answers for higher minds
 No misty fantasies to follow dumb and blind
 Uncertain futures up ahead,
 I try to center in the here and now instead...

But underground, below the surface, in the place I've
 come to dwell

I have found a higher purpose and a story I can tell
 Though I wouldn't call it Heaven, only a fool would call
 it Hell

Here in the Underground, Here in the Underground...

Shedding the past like worn out skin
 I turn aside to catch my breath and count my blessings
 To quarry the wisdom of the World Within
 The material World Without, will always keep us
 guessing

But Underground, below the surface
 in the place I've come to dwell

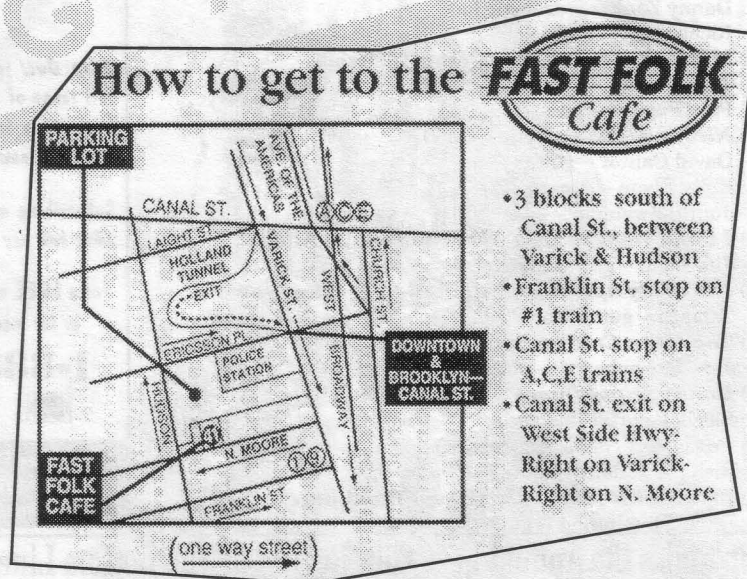
I have found a higher purpose
 and a story I can tell

There is no such thing as Heaven, but only a fool
 would call it Hell

Here in the Underground...

Here in the Underground...

words and music © 1996 Judith Zweiman



FAST FOLK
 Cafe

- 3 blocks south of Canal St., between Varick & Hudson
- Franklin St. stop on #1 train
- Canal St. stop on A,C,E trains
- Canal St. exit on West Side Hwy.
 Right on Varick.
 Right on N. Moore

- 1) *Anything is Possible* (Annie Gallup)
Annie Gallup – guitar and vocal
- 2) *The Flame Inside* (The Nudes)
Walter Parks – guitar and vocal
Stephanie Winters – cello and vocal
- 3) *There Goes Baby* (Jeff Tarayla)
Jeff Tarayla – guitar and vocal
Richard Meyer – vocal
David Hamburger – slide guitar
Judith Zweiman – bass
- 4) *Ballinaboula* (Susan McKeown)
Susan McKeown – vocal and bodhran
with members of Whirligig:
Greg Anderson – guitar
Jerry O'Sullivan – uilleann pipes
Shannon Anderson – vocal
- 5) *Longhairedradicalsocialistjew* (Hugh Blumenfeld)
Hugh Blumenfeld – guitar and vocal
with vocals by:
Josh Joffen, Judith Zweiman, Jane Hohenberger,
Richard Meyer and Carol Lipnik
- 6) *A Nightmare/The Piñata* (Jane Hohenberger)
Jane Hohenberger – vocal
- 7) *As it Comes* (Richard Meyer)
Richard Meyer – simultaneous guitars and vocal
- 8) *The Kindness of Strangers* (Carol Lipnik)
Carol Lipnik – guitar, bass drum, and vocal
Danny Zanker – acoustic bass
Richard Meyer – broom
- 9) *Midnight at the Liberty* (Tom Meltzer)
Tom Meltzer – guitar and vocal
Paul Foglino – bass
- 10) *Nirvana* (Dave's True Story)
David Cantor – guitar
Kelly Flynn – vocal
Judith Zweiman – bass
- 11) *I Don't Want to Talk About Work* (Jim Allen)
Jim Allen – guitar and vocal
- 12) *I Wish My Apartment Allowed Dogs* (Tamara)
Tamara – guitar and vocal
- 13) *The Mean Critters* (Jane Hohenberger)
Jane Hohenberger – vocal
- 14) *Dance, Gypsy Dance* (Basya)
Basya – guitar and vocal
- 15) *Pussy Cat* (Richard Julian)
Richard Julian – guitar and vocal
- 16) *Brokedown Limousine* (David Hamburger)
David Hamburger – guitars and vocal
- 17) *The Spirit, We* (Rachel Sage)
Rachel Sage – piano and vocal
- 18) *Remembering* (Margo Hennebach)
Margo Hennebach – piano and vocal
- 19) *The Hands* (Jane Hohenberger)
Jane Hohenberger – vocal
- 20) *Here in the Underground* (Judith Zweiman)
JZ – guitar, bass, and vocal
Duane Bergman – vocal

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— Utne Reader



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