



# **FAST FOLK**

M U S I C A L   M A G A Z I N E

**Volume 8, Issue 9**

# **LOCAL CHARM**

# FAST FOLK

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

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## Kerrville: A different kind of festival

Some forktailed bird is sitting on the fence post squawking at me like I'm an intruder (which of course I am). I tell him it's only temporary and they've been camping here on this ranch each year for 25 years. Then I notice the high water marks on the fence post are up to 7 feet. I thought this was a desert.

Maybe the bird knows something. He's sitting at about 6 feet (I'm 5'7" but he doesn't know about my new \$5 Walmart cowboy hat). Camp Coho is right on the edge of Pleasant Valley Ranch where the Kerrville Folk Festival takes place. Next door is a beautiful hay field with all sorts of flora and fauna a New Yorker doesn't want to think about at night in a sleeping bag.

This camp is my temporary home. At Kerrville one tends to congregate around one camp or another and chip in for food and drink (did I mention the blue Marguerittas?) and help with the cooking and cleanup. This is gourmet camping, a far cry from the franks and beans of boyscout camps. Each camp also has a real live campfire at night (and all sorts of things that couldn't happen in sue-happy New York). The music around the campfires starts each night after the formal concerts and continue until dawn. There are at least twenty-five different campfires around the ranch and other ad hoc ones that spring up on weekends.

The main stage is at the other end of the ranch: 6 or 7 acts a night on weekends and at the smaller Threadgill Theatre in the middle of the ranch for weekday concerts. The festival lasts 18 days (25 last year for their anniversary) - 3 weekends (starting Memorial Day weekend) and the weeks in between. But what makes this festival unique are the campfires. There's the Nashville one, there's the exclusive Nashville one (Camp Cuisine thinks that they have the



best music and the best food and we just let them keep thinking that). There's Camp California, Camp Stupid (self-explanatory), Camp Coho, just to name a few. I have felt most at home at Coho though I often roam to Camp California or the crows nest, and others. Camp Coho is a blend of Texans, Seattleans, Hobokans, Waterbugs, refugees from Nashville and the occasional New Yorker not so cleverly disguised in a cowboy hat.

Last year at Kerrville I played 84 different songs of mine at one campfire or another. Here there is no prejudice regarding race, creed, national, origin, or talent. There are professionals mixed in with novices and somehow it transcends egos. Perhaps it's the duration of the festival that allows you to get past the couple of songs people tend to play when they are on smooze control. Or the game of segue where one song has to follow another in topic or reference. You get to that song someone *never plays* that turns out to be a gem. Just roll out of your sleeping bag, open a beer and start playing songs in the shade somewhere. I thought I had died and gone to heaven...until...

Which brings me back to that high water mark on the fence post. A storm rolls in, the likes of which they only have in Texas (where of course everything has to be bigger). Huge fireballs of lightening, rolling thunder courtesy of the Battle of the Bulge and

### Death in Texas (blue marguerittas)

forktail sittin in a live oak tree  
I come all the way to Texas, he won't sing for me  
just sits there scoldin', has it in for me  
too much corona you get lime disease

(chorus): everything's bigger in texas  
it's known the whole world over  
everythings bigger in texas  
including this dang hangover

the biggest damn storm swept me off my feet  
or was it the senioritas  
the biggest blue moon, the biggest bazooms  
did I mention the blue marguerittas?

what's the star to the left of the moon I can see  
did I mention I was pleased to meetcha  
It's God's own cocktail barbikée  
did you try one of those blue marguerittas

(bridge): there used to be a bridge to this song  
it got washed away in the deluge  
two by two just me and you  
seeking for some refuge  
but texas songs go on too long  
'til the tears well up in a flood  
and drink that strong and up 'til dawn  
and dust turns into mud

it never fails that things get stale  
and the soft get hard and the hard get soft.  
heads or tails its the end of this trail  
and the true blue and the lost stay lost

(chorus)

© 1995 Jack Hardy

dry dessert turns into rivers, the dust into mud. It is now dark. We are huddled under Camp Coho's huge tarp trying to keep our guitars dry in garbage bags.

The water is rising (actually only about 6 inches, but I keep glancing at the fence post), and in the midst of all this chaos, some character is calmly handing out blue Marguerittas (the addition of blue Curacao gives them a slight orange taste and the color of tidy-bowl). These cocktails arrive in glasses the size of fishbowls, passed around as if nothing is out of the ordinary. He knows that by ten o'clock the next morning everything will be baked dry, but me.

I'm thinking about building an ark. I find the whole scene very absurd yet somehow endearing with my new found sodden friends, all 25 of us huddled together for warmth. I can't build an ark so I do the next best thing: I start composing a song, joining another Kerrville tradition of writing drippy sentimental songs about the Kerrville experience, proving that even if you think you're a good writer you are subject to tasteless lapses in judgment.

-Jack Hardy

## Rosalie Sorrels on Songwriting: True Engagement

-By Brother Greg Muirhead

Ask Rosalie Sorrels how she writes a song, and her first answer sounds mystical—that songs appear in her head. The words and music make their appearance simultaneously in there, where she edits them for awhile before she commits to them and performs them.

But after I talked with her for awhile, before her recent Fast Folk performance, I found a deeper, different sort of answer coming out of her regarding the question of how her songs get written. It had to do with the heartfelt interaction of an artist with her environment. By environment, I mean the times Sorrels has lived in, the time she lives in now, the social issues that have meant a lot to her for a long time, and the people that have had a lot of meaning for her in her life. That's not to mention the music she gravitates to that helps her express the meaning of her interactions.

Let me back up a little. There's song craftsmanship, and then there's song meaning. Ask Sorrels about the craft of writing a song and you'll get the usual sort of answers. Her musical style reflects what she grew up listening to, including jazz, movie scores, and songs her grandmother sang. In performance, her music spans a wide array of styles, actually. There are bluesy songs, countryesque songs, Irish songs, and songs I don't really know how to categorize other than to say they sound like traditional Euro-American folk songs in style and structure. Some of them sound "jazzy," I guess, which speaks to her jazz influences.

When she began writing songs, she wrote a lot of them for awhile to train herself in how to write songs—a process you hear a lot of good songwriters talk about. She doesn't feel many of those early songs were all that good, but she does feel it was an important process to go through. Then, after getting the hang of how songs are written, she learned to slow down and wait for songs to emerge naturally.

"Now, I write a lot less, but almost everything I write is something I can stand," she said. "I really believe less is more. I think it should be tattooed on every songwriter's forehead."

Beyond song craftsmanship, there's song meaning. This has to do with more than musical influences. Her songs convey the sensibilities of a woman from Boise, Idaho, way out there in the West. She grew up watching rodeos. She grew up with a strong feeling for the outdoors. She was fascinated with the frontier history of her grandparents. In the middle of all that, she grew up with a strong feeling for the importance of freedom and the love of traveling. In relation to that feeling, she especially loved the period of time that she considers to have been an era of special freedom and trust among many people—what began in the 50s and ended, she said, about 1976. That's the year when her son, David, committed suicide.

Picture a woman who traveled widely, and who liked to give rides to hitchhikers. She had a son who liked to hitchhike. There was a warm feeling of outdoors community. But then society seemed to change. The openness that was widespread for awhile, nurtured especially by the nation's growing opposition to the federal government's insane investment of U.S. lives and money in the Vietnam War, began to close down. Sorrels felt the closing down in her growing reluctance to pick up hitchhikers. For awhile, she continued to pick up ones who had guitars, but then she stopped after someone

## Coming in July to the Fast Folk Cafe

Thur.	7/10	Edie Carey/Gene & Mimi
Fri.	7/11	Cody Melville
Sat.	7/12	Linda Sharar/The Sloan Wainwright Band
Wed.	7/16	Pinewoods/Fast Folk monthly Traditional Music open mike
Fri.	7/25	David Brown/Corinne Curcio
Sat.	7/26	Blind Steer in a Mud Hole (w/ Steve Arkin, formerly w/ Bill Monroe, Bob Dylan, and Roger McGuinn's banjo teacher)/Laura Cantrell/Fox Hill Bluegrass Band
Wed.	7/30	New Voices Concert
Thur.	7/31	Jody Kessler/Andy Kimbel



# An Interview with TOM RUSSELL

—by David B. McConeghey

Tom Russell grew up in the L.A. area, descended from “Norwegian dirt farmers and Irish horse traders,” as his liner notes state. In his words, “We had a small ranch in Topanga Canyon in the late ’50s. Real drugstore cowboy scene up there with movie stuntmen and amateur bullriders. I stole my brother’s Tijuana gut-string guitar during the folk music boom of the ’60s and began to learn cowboy songs.”

“Later on I heard Buck Owens, Wynn Stewart and Merle Haggard out of Bakersfield. Then folk artists like Dylan and Ian & Sylvia came along and I realized people actually wrote their own songs.”

Russell came to the attention of folk and country listeners in the ’80s after touring Europe and Scandinavia with Andrew Hardin and the other members of the Tom Russell Band. He has written and sung with Ian & Sylvia, Nanci Griffith, Dave Alvin and Katy Moffatt, among many others, and his songs have been covered by Johnny Cash, Jerry Jeff Walker, Suzy Boggus, Janie Fricke and Joe Ely. He has won several awards for the songs *Gallo del Cielo*, *Navajo Rug* and *Outbound Plane*, and his albums have ended up on many best-of lists. He co-produced the highly acclaimed HighTone Records tribute to Merle Haggard, *Tulare Dust*. Fast Folk fans will remember *The Heart*, which he composed with Greg Trooper and was included in the ’95 Fast Folk Revue, as well as several of his earlier songs which were part of *Fast Folk* magazines of the ’80s.

I met Tom in a Dominican restaurant near his Park Slope home last year to talk about his career and ideas on songwriting and performing.

DM: What’s the first music you remember hearing?

TR: A combination of cowboy music from my brother who’s a bit older and played a lot of that and folk ballads. I heard old 78s by

Hank Williams, Tex Williams and Tex Ritter and also my parents played Broadway musicals. Later I went to the Ash Grove in L.A. and saw Ian & Sylvia, Ramblin’ Jack Elliott and Lightnin’ Hopkins. One night I heard Buck Owens on the radio and switched the channel and there was Bob Dylan!

DM: Did you originally want to be a writer?

TR: I got a degree eventually in Sociology and Criminology. I was interested in *street level* things, what was happening on the street and writing about that. But on the other hand, when I saw Dylan at the Hollywood Bowl singing *Desolation Row*, I thought, “That would be the best job, I’d love to do that!” I didn’t get around to doing that until much later, but to me it all started and ended with that.

I went my own way after that and ended up in Africa in ’69 or ’70 teaching school, but mostly playing guitar and saying, “I’m not gonna make it in this academic thing!” I came back and started playing bars in Vancouver, honkytonks on Skid Row, cover versions of Hank Williams and Creedence Clearwater Revival, just learning the trade from the bottom up.

DM: Did you choose to come to New York to write?

TR: It was happenstance. I was developing as a novelist and had a deal with William Morris. They picked up an early manuscript and they were enthusiastic about it, so I got here in ’80 or ’81, and began working through a second manuscript. I really got bogged down with it and didn’t play any music for a year. I ended up in Puerto Rico doing this carnival — lots of funny stories in that [which were later chronicled in *The Road to Bayamon*].

DM: Was this about the time you sang *Gallo del Cielo* for [Grateful Dead lyricist] Robert Hunter while you were driving a cab?

TR: That was out in Rockaway. That kind of turned me around, got me back into the business.

DM: How long have you known Andrew Hardin?

TR: I met him here in ’81 or ’82. He was in a band called the Dingoes, which had a record out on A&M and he had played with Harvey Brooks. We work together a lot, but we also have our

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separate interests. I work on my novels and he does record production. He also has a CD of his own out called *Coney Island Moon* on Round Tower which also features Albert Lee and Amos Garrett.

**DM:** How did your *Norwegian Connection* develop?

**TR:** Again, just dumb luck, happenstance. A very vaudeville agent walked into the old O'Lunney's on 49th and 2nd, saw Andrew and me playing and asked if we'd like to go to Norway. At the time, I don't think I even knew where it was, even though some of my ancestors were from there. A couple of months later we got off the plane and did all these local gigs, six nights a week in these very rough bars. I wrote a song called *St. Olav's Gate* which Nanci Griffith later recorded, and it became a kind of mini-hit. I developed a following from that point on. They're into Dylan and Leonard Cohen, what they call *dark lyrics*. They're not so much under the sway of what's *hip* or *now*, although that's changing as T.V. expands its influence.

I've since developed audiences in Switzerland, Austria and Germany, and lately in England, Scotland and Ireland. There are a lot of listening rooms and clubs all over. I seem to cross the line very easily between the folk-acoustic audiences and the bigger country audiences. We're able to go on stage anywhere with just our two guitars.

**DM:** What was the genesis of *Tulare Dust*?

**TR:** I was listening to Dave Alvin do *The King of California* and I said, "You know, somebody ought to do a record of Haggard covers, the California Dust Bowl type songs." He said yeah, great idea, then we went to HighTone with it and the owners were blown away by it, they were big Haggard fans. We started contacting artists and everybody said yes, they all had a favorite Merle song they wanted to do. It just happened magically.

**DM:** Was it just coincidence that *Mama's Hungry Eyes* [the Nashville-based Haggard tribute] came out at the same time?

**TR:** Yeah, but it worked to our advantage in the end. Somebody called me up a month or so into the project and said somebody else was doing the same thing in Nashville and I said, oh jeez, that's it, it's all over. I called up the other producer and he said it doesn't look like we're conflicting. Of course they came out at the same time but ours sort of *plastered* theirs. That album did tremendously well, it got me my deal with HighTone, and Iris DeMent has been working with Merle quite a bit over the past year.

**DM:** How did *The Rose of the San Joaquin* develop?

**TR:** I got interested in doing a *California* record by working with Dave Alvin, and after the Haggard tribute, I was back in that *head space* of thinking about the sounds and material I'd grown up with. I'd written a completely different album, but then I heard that old Jim Ringer tune *Tramps and Hawkers*, which has the line about the *Rose of the San Joaquin*. That was the spark, then I worked some more on it with Ian Tyson at his ranch. I'd always wanted to do a *bringing it all back home/roots* type record.

**DM:** Are you inclined at all to apply your story-telling talents to *the future* or *how we're heading into the millennium* or however you want to put it?



Tom Russell and Andrew Hardin

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**TR:** I've got an idea for a *big* record which I've had for about eight years, my little *big statement*, sort of an historical American record. I've jotted down some ideas for the songs, but I want to do it when I'm ready. Like Allen Ginsberg said about *Howl*: "When the time is right, you make your big statement." I think about that a lot, because nobody's doing it. Nobody seems to be taking any steps forward.

**DM:** Will there be an audience for your kind of acoustic/roots music in the future?

**TR:** I'm pretty happy in that I've never been on a major label like Dave Alvin or Peter Case, and I've never gotten the *major-label* treatment. My career has gone ever so slowly upward, one fan at a time, one city at a time. They're pretty loyal, you know. I sold three or four hundred CDs and cassettes in Switzerland, Austria and Germany while I was on tour with Andrew. I sign as many of them as I can each place I play and then I've got a fan for life. You've got somebody who goes out and buys all your stuff, as opposed to Prince or somebody like that who sells a million records, then four or five years later his fans are into somebody else. So that fan loyalty is strong, plus there's my ability to do what I want at any given time. HighTone doesn't have a gun to my head.

**DM:** What other advice would you have for singer/songwriters?

**TR:** First of all, you've got to have a life to write about, and don't neglect that. I tend to think the majority of the work is done on the inside, the old Gnostic principle, everything you bring out will save you, and everything you don't bring out will condemn you,

instead of thinking that as a writer you get better by attending groups or seminars or reading books.

I used to do a songwriting get-together at the old Delta 88 a while back, and it was fun. There was nothing really to tell people, it was just to get them up to sing their songs, and we tried to get some publicity for them.

I don't think you can hand anybody anything. Try to learn from people you think are good writers. Advice can be very corrupting, you know, with all the *we're all in this together*. That's very dangerous, and you end up writing rhetoric and encouraging people to think a certain way. Dylan came into that kind of scene in the '60s and just blew it apart, and they never recovered, all the *Sing Out* people. It's been shell shocked since then. But I think you can get into some things like that, learn something, then move on and learn something else.

I wrote a book with Sylvia Fricker on the subject of songwriting. It's titled: *And Then I Wrote: The Songwriter Speaks* and it's a collection of quotes about the songwriting process. It's published by Arsenal Press in Canada. You have to look around for it, but it's available.

Tom checked in by phone recently to inform me that his new HighTone CD, *The Long Way Around*, is coming out in May. It has nine tracks including duets with Dave Alvin, Iris Dement, Nanci Griffith, Jimmie Dale Gilmore, and Katy Moffatt. He also has a CD of his cowboy music called *Song of the West* coming up on HighTone's new mail-order label.

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## Memorial for E.J.S.

by Hugh Blumenfeld

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3/12/97

The Economy of Poison  
Coffee donuts cigarettes  
chocolate bars and porno mags  
Lotto tickets gasoline  
cradle to grave  
at twice the speed and half the time  
No wonder all these stores  
are called convenient.

3/13

I am digging a grave where no one will find it  
No backyard flower bed, no cellar rubble  
no roadside ditch, no greenwood sidey-o.  
I'm digging it narrow, digging it deep  
like winter sunlight, cold and oblique  
like a vein of ore that's useless  
and nobody's looking for.

And it won't be a sin  
it's my own skin

that I'm burying in the ground  
and my last breath and broken wind  
that'll bubble up to the lost and found  
these old bones will feel right at home  
with the dinosaur coal and I won't  
tilt my head anymore to listen  
for the skunk who's been living under the kitchen.

And Esau said:

I'm, swatting away hornets and wasps

but I let bees land on me  
I let 'em land on me and crawl across my eye  
Once a bee landed on my forehead and  
crawled right down my face, over this eye,  
and then just flew off.  
They land on me all the time. They're attracted  
by the color of my hair.

Yes I dug a deep hole and climbed on in  
and laid myself down and waited for the wind  
to blow these clods of dirt back down on me  
and I'll blink and spit and die by my wits  
And if my brother calls tell him I'm working  
and if my wife calls tell her I'm jerking off  
and if my dad calls tell him I'm sorry  
and if my mom calls someone's pulling your leg

3/20

Spring is here, so where the hell are you?  
Even the flowers have quit mourning  
their life under the ground  
and rise up naked and barefoot without a sound  
aren't you as brave as one of these? Spring  
is here, so where the hell are you?  
The whole world is tilting its head to the sun  
as if to listen for any word of love  
The rivers flood their banks  
and frankly, yes, it's a pain in the ass  
but who will contradict their overflow?  
Spring is here, so where the hell are you?  
The children on the street corners



waiting for the schoolbus in the morning  
refuse to wear their coats.

Ball players get up  
at the commercial break and suck up  
at mirrors whose panaches have followed them south.  
I swear I've heard the birds, the groundhog has spoken  
the ice king's spell on winter has been broken  
There's a party tonight and we've been invited  
Spring is here, so what the hell  
are you still waiting for?

3/26

And will you persist in being miserable?  
I put birds in the spruce outside your bedroom window  
I put fresh green in the tips of the cypress boughs  
I put a touch of April in the stiff March wind  
I created sheets of rain, peals of thunder  
light shafts through the clouds in late afternoon  
when the storm is over  
the loping gait of the hungry dog  
the archness of the cat  
the swayback of the horse—an invitation  
the talkative feelers of the ant  
who tills the earth  
and speaks in chemistry.

I have hammered out the ripples on the lake  
made the sun gold and the moon silver  
I have given you the crow to be black and hoarse  
and the hawk to glide and plummet like hail  
the rat to be small and furious  
the mole to be blind and industrious  
the cow to be stupid and generous  
I formed the skin of woman to be like silk and milk  
and to move along the muscles and bones beneath  
like river water over boulders  
I designed the angle of the shoulder blade  
where the cool of the back joins the heat of the neck  
the way hair falls over and around the rim of the ear  
from the sun burned top—even in winter—  
to the teat of the lobe where she gives you suck  
and will you insist on being unhappy?

The urge of lovers to sing each other's names in the dark  
the laying on of legs, the meeting of the soles  
of the feet

the ways in which the touch of a finger is sufficient  
I have given you the eye of the artist  
the ear of the musician  
the palate of the chef  
the hands and feet of labor  
the mind of science  
and all I ask in return is not gratitude,  
not even praise, for everything is praise,  
but sometimes and sometimes only, that you be  
contented

3/27

Epitaph  
called upon to laugh  
and praise creation  
he laughed at sorrow  
and praised what he could.

4/16

The first thing they do is take your clothes  
away in clear plastic shopping bags so  
everyone can see what your life has been reduced to.  
It's thought to be less humiliating if  
everyone pretends not to notice. In this enlightened age they still  
leave you in a front-loading hospital gown  
in the air-conditioned waiting room  
with crisp white paper on the hard upholstered table.

The last thing they say  
after taking down your life story (well, the words)  
is "Well, look, I may not be seeing you again.  
I wish you luck."

The intake nurse who wants you to like her  
recites from her script  
"You made a healthy decision to come in today.  
I'm glad you're letting us help you."  
and even though you hate yourself you say "You're welcome."

Between the first thing they do and the last thing they say  
the hours circle the clockface  
like water running down a drain.  
They check your insurance, alert the doctor  
whose care you are under who won't be able to fit you in  
before leaving on a two week vacation  
The balance your life hangs in measures  
fees and pharmaceuticals  
and what they want from you is a diagnosis from the DSM  
in which you will not find  
Sickness of the Soul  
World Weariness  
Terror  
Broken Heart

All the conditions we've become  
too modern to suffer from.

4/18

Edward checked in to the Chelsea Hotel  
But he never checked out  
He rattles the chains of Beauty  
it is the poet's duty  
and sings with her bit in his mouth.

## Record Review: *Country Drivin'* by Dave Elder and The Elderadoes

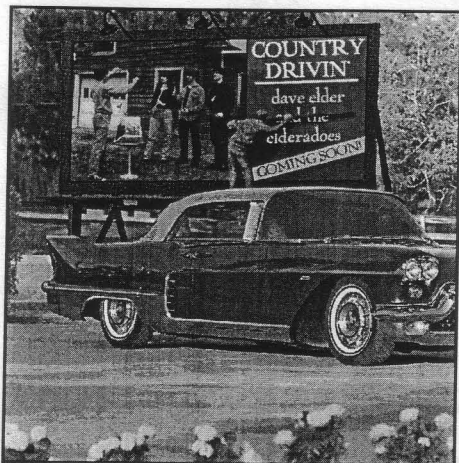
Review by Joe Canzano

*Country Drivin'* is the fine new CD by Dave Elder and The Elderadoes. Despite the Dan Quayle spelling of *Elderadoes* (does that last "e" really belong in there, Dave?), this is an impressive record which aptly showcases Elder's many talents.

Dave's music is a distinctly American blend of folk, blues, rock and country. And by the way, I'm talking about REAL country – not the freeze dried, phony cowboy crapola so popular on many pop radio stations. I'm talking about Hank Williams, Merle Haggard (who is appropriately honored on one track) and Johnny Cash, etc. This is not a slick and shiny attempt at mass idiot appeal, to be sold at local record shops along with a container of French fries. This is an honest record played by honest musicians who love what they do.

The album kicks off with *gospel*, a straightforward tune with an instantly memorable riff. This song serves as the blueprint for the recipe that follows throughout the record: heartfelt lyrics set to great melodies. No one will ever spend a lifetime contemplating what a Dave Elder song is about. This isn't to say that his lyrics are simple; they are, rather, refreshingly easy to comprehend. If you're concerned with epic, introspective soul searching or angst ridden howls of avant garde poetry, then you should probably look elsewhere. Elder's music instead paints a picture of country roads, tall grass, cool breezes and generally upbeat life in these United States.

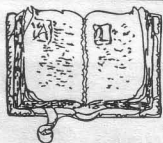
My personal favorite is *thanks a lot*, a true sounding story of love gone wrong that hilariously hits home in all the right places, as well as a few spots you wouldn't normally find mentioned in a



Garth Brook's song ("You did say how much you missed your old boyfriend even though he smoke all your pot..."). Some other outstanding stuff includes: *as long as merle is still haggard*, a song that honors the legends of country music in a worthy and entertaining manner (terrific lyrics); *just a stone*, (a cool recording of an infectious tune); *rusty chains*, a catchy song that vibrates with a relaxing vision of Americana imagery; and the touching ballad *colors of yours*. *Colors* is definitely a song I could hear on the radio – for those of you who are interested in such things – if not Dave's version, then a cover of it by some hotshot poser of pop. It's just an amazingly great little love song.

By the way, Dave Elder's also a superb guitar player. Plenty of guys in the NBA wish they could slam dunk a basketball as well as Dave plays slide guitar. Go check him out live sometime (I have). He plays some wild stuff...The rest of the band is also pretty smokin'. Robin Firestone lays down some positively ethereal flute playing that seems to spin right off the record and on into outer space. David Hamburger pops up here and there and kicks ass on peddle steel guitar, and the rest of the group puts down whatever's necessary (but no more) in a crisp and professional style.

I highly recommend this CD to anyone who wants to hear some excellent songwriting that's totally true to itself. Go out and buy a copy today. I hear Dave's still got a few left.



## BIOS

Originally from Birmingham Alabama and a resident of New York City for more than a decade, **Eddy Lawrence** now lives in the small cabin he built in the North Country of New York State near the Canadian Border. He has appeared on many *Fast Folk* recordings and has released four critically acclaimed albums, including *Used Parts* on the 1-800-PRIME CD label. You can contact Eddy at PO Box 27, Moira, NY 12957.



Eddie Lawrence

The night of December 21 1982 began as a good one for **Vince Bell**. He was on his way home from the studio after recording a demo with Stevie Ray Vaughn and Eric Johnson, when he stopped at an Austin intersection for a red light. A drunk driver traveling at 65 miles per hour broadsided Bell and sent him into a coma for a



Vince Bell

month. He awoke with significant head injuries, broken ribs, a mangled right arm and a premature death notice in the *Austin American Statesman*. Six years of intensive rehab followed. He had to learn how to walk and talk and play the guitar. Doctors used metal from joint to joint to rebuild his *bionic arm*.

Bell's debut album, *Phoenix*, has garnered rave reviews around the states and Vince has toured Europe, opening for the Jayhawks on one tour, making TV and radio appearances on both continents. Vince Bell can be contacted at 110 N. Milam #172, Fredericksburg, TX 78624 or by e mail at [vbelle@kctc.com](mailto:vbelle@kctc.com). His website address is <http://www.Instar.com/vincebell>.

**Lori B.** is in her second incarnation as a singer/songwriter. Beginning at age 14 she wrote for six years, but kept music a secret. She fell musically silent for 15 years, during which time she drove a



Lori B.

truck, danced and worked as a psychotherapist. Lori began writing and singing again in 1992. This time she wants to be heard. Lori's music is bred-in-the-bone folk. A solo artist, she counts as her heroes Joni Mitchell, Carol King, Jackson Brown and the Indigo Girls, among others. In 1996 she recorded *lucky seven*, a six-song cassette. She sees a full length CD in her future. For info write po box 11694, Berkeley, CA 94712-2694 or by e-mail at: LoBeeMe@aol.com.

**Rex Fowler** has spent a lifetime making music with the legendary folk/rock duo **Aztec Two Step** and releasing nine albums - one on Elektra and three on RCA records. Their 1986 record titled *Living in America* was cited on *Billboard's* end of the year critic's poll and won the 1987 New York Music Award for best contemporary folk album. Headliners in their own right, Aztec Two-Step also appeared in concert with notable artists like Bruce Springsteen, The Band, Donovan, Jim Croce, Judy Collins, Loggins and Messina, Richie Havens, Suzanne Vega and Randy Newman, among others. They performed worldwide, have been critically acclaimed in nearly every major US newspaper including *Rolling Stone*, and have



Rex Fowler

appeared on the Letterman Show. As lead singer/songwriter and creative force behind Aztec Two Step, Rex has earned recognition within the music industry and has established an independent fan base, on which he is building his growing solo career. Rex has recorded his first solo album titled *Dreamers Dream, Writers' Write* with producers Peter Gallway and David Seitz.

**Robert Scheffler** hails from New York City. He performs and records with A Million Pieces, the band he founded in 1993. Recently, Robert and the band performed at Hoboken's Art Music Festival, the National Songwriter's Hall of Fame performance series, and ASCAP's annual Songwriter's Workshop. A Million Pieces can be seen performing regularly at clubs in and around the NY area. A studio release and tour are planned for later this year. For more information call: (212) 673-2649.

**Bob Hillman** is a New York singer/songwriter. He is at work on his debut album with Tommy West, a producer best known for guiding Jim Croce's career. Highlights of 1997 include appearing in

Emmylou Harris, Boukman Eksperians, Bartley J. Crum, Jack Elliott, Bill Whelan & Riverdance, Sharon Shannon, Ralph McTell, Lee Murdock, Kevin Connors, Nerd Butter No Pass, Kenneth S. Galt, Vance Gilbert, Mary Karlzen, Danny Cahill, Britt, The magazine of Folk, Electric Folk, Traditional and World Music, Shinde, The Dubliners, Che, Maura O'Connell, Word of Mouth, Coast Music Awards, Richard Wood, McGuinn, Mary-Chapin Carpenter, Dirty Linen!!!

Breton, Dirty Linen has covered Joan Baez, Ani DiFranco, John Gorka, Gillian Welch, Steve Tilston, The Burns Sisters, Catie Curtis, Taj Mahal, Emmylou Harris, and many more...as well as Cajun, Celtic, blues, bluegrass, Rory McE, and Eskimo bagpipers. ebel, Kevin Burke's House, Bryndle, East Morris Dancing, Nanci Griffith, Sheila Chandra, Peter

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 The magazine of folk, electric folk, traditional and world music.  
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the Fast Folk Revue at the Bottom Line, the Northwest Music Festival in Archer City, TX, and the finals of the Tucson Folk Festival songwriting competition, and a songwriter circle with Peter Case and others at the Ash Grove in LA.



Mindy Jostyn

**Mindy Jostyn** writes, sings and plays guitar, fiddle and harmonica. She has appeared as a support musician and vocalist with Billy Joel, John Mellencamp, Joe Jackson, and Carly Simon. Jostyn has one album on 1-800-Prime CD entitled *Five Miles from Hope*.



The Wycomicos

The **Wycomicos** (why-kom-i-kos), Carmen Yates and Mike Campbell, were born and raised in Wicomico County on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Growing up listening to their parents country and bluegrass music, they later discovered rock, pop and R&B. Their musical exploration has brought them full circle to their acoustic roots, creating what *Postcrypt Bulletin* calls "Original, soulful, urban folk," and the *Charlotte Observer* calls "high energy acoustic music." They have been playing and writing together for over sixteen years, touring primarily as a duo. Now based in New York City, they perform across the country. They are now signed with Auburn

Moon agency which books colleges and festivals nationwide. Their CD titled *Carrying On* has been played on many acoustically oriented stations throughout the East Coast and is available from New Vox Productions, 40 Horatio Street, NY, NY 10014; (212) 645-0150. A video of their single *She Don't Know* is being aired by Kodak to promote a new film stock and the Wycomicos have also composed music and songs for the recently released film *Eminent Domain*.



Josh Joffen

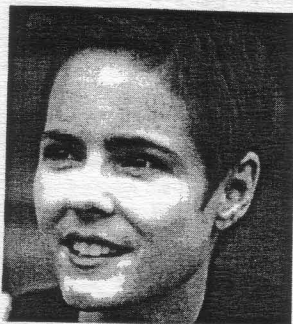
**Josh Joffen** reports "I am in the middle of moving. Or to put it more prosaically, looking for starlight through clouds of dust and memories, swapping isolation for a beautiful blonde and a couple of feline histamine inducers, our hero reflects on his journey, and regards his trophies, and ponders the modern version of a Paleolithic question, which must have gone something like: 'You're not really planning on keeping all those saber-toothed tiger bones around the cave, are you hon?'"

Josh is a two time winner of the Kerrville Folk Festival's New Folk Songwriting competition. He's played clubs, colleges and festivals all over the Northeast. His songs have been covered by performers around the country. Josh is perpetually at work on his next album. Josh hardly ever stops anymore at DRAWBRIDGE signs to whip out a pencil and paper.

Since 1993, **Tamara** has been performing at favorite NYC clubs such as the Fast Folk Cafe, The Bitter End, and CBGBs, as well as the Greenwich Village Folk Festival, the Fast Folk Revue at the Bottom Line, and a Women in Music Showcase, not to mention Nashville's famous songwriter's club The Bluebird. Tamara's song, *Two Dresses*, was featured on the *Fast Folk* October 1995 issue and *I Wish My Apartment Building Allowed Dogs* on the recent *Rebirth* CD. Most recently, SESAC selected Tamara to receive the National Academy of Popular Music's Abe Olman scholarship award in songwriting. She can be contacted at: PO Box 1392, NY, NY 10021-1041, by phone at (212) 288-6377 or by e-mail at T2Dresses@aol.com.

**Susan Firing** made her first public appearance at the age of five in Buffalo, NY before moving to Westchester. Since then she

has performed in concerts and festivals to audiences of over 25,000 as well as in theatre from Off Broadway to Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center. A trained musician, she also has several national jingles to her credit as composer and studio vocalist. Her calling led her to earn a degree as a professional recording engineer, then a move to NYC where she formed a band which traveled the US playing colleges and festivals. Simultaneously she performed or recorded with the likes of Suzanne Vega, Vince Gil, Rodney Crowell and Nanci Griffith. Susan has recorded for *Fast Folk* since 1985 and is also included on the recent *Wintertide Songwriter's Festival* CD. She now resides in Nashville where she works as a session singer and in the clubs with her band Manhattan Trailer Park, as well as continuing her work in theatre, commercials and of course songwriting. Susan can be contacted at (615) 385-9349.



Katy Clements

**Katy Clements** has been performing solo as well as with her band in New York for almost a decade. She has put out a CD on her own label, Sevenchild Records, PO Box 165 Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023.

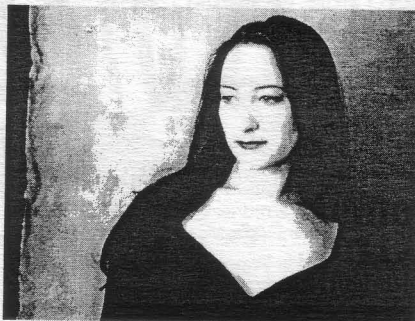


Ilene Weiss

Supplementing the still-less-than-sufficient annual income of her career as what *Chicago Magazine* described "singer/songwriter with a streak of brilliance", Ilene Weiss' flexible part-time job for

the past 5 years has been performing as Dr. Noodle, a member of the Big Apple Circus Clown Care Unit. Working with her clown doctor partners, she brings song parodies (like the current hospital hit, *Down in the Buttocks*, a lament to a coworker's flatulence) and general goofiness to children, families, and staff at hospitals around NYC. The summer of '97 will be Ilene's fourth season as clown in residence in Ashford, CT, at the Hole in the Wall Gang Camp where she is known as just plain 'Noodle'.

As a writer and performer of serious songs for *grown ups*, Ilene currently has two recordings available: *Outside and Curious* and *Obliviously*, both on the Gadfly label. A number of other artists, including Anne Hills, Deidre McCalla, Buddy Mondlock, RObin FLower and MARY Reynolds, have recorded and or performed IW songs. When fall rolls around this year, Ilene will again be traveling (newly acquired driver's license in tow at rental counters everywhere), this time to support the upcoming release of *Weiss Christmas*, an idiosyncratic collections of mostly original, nontraditional, seasonally inspired songs. For IW booking contact PO Box 59, NYC 10012-001 or by e-mail at: clamheart@aol.com.



Rachael Sage

**Rachael 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." Rachael's music explores the gap between 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 most of her time composing music for theatre, ranging from classical to Avante-Guarde Performance art pieces. She can be contacted at (212) 979-0608.

**Andrew Ratchin** is the driving force behind the Electric Bonsai Band, formerly an acoustic trio called Uncle Bonsai.

**Dan Pelletier** is developing a reputation as the O. Henry of folk music. Many of his songs have a twist or surprise ending an many others are loaded with surprises all the way through. *Three*



Dan Pelletier

*Chances* will do nothing to diminish that reputation. He has a sneaky way of faking left and going right that belies his passion for basketball. It doesn't take audiences long to know that they need to listen carefully or they risk missing out on something really fresh and different.

To contact Dan, write to: Dan Pelletier, 33 Hollowbrook Lane, Peekskill, NY 10566, or call (914) 528-7548.

## LYRICS

### How I Met My Wife

I was out drinkin' with a dead guy  
I mean he wasn't then but he is now  
We were at this little hardcore/redneck/hippie joint  
I think that it was called "The Dog's Meow"

We were there to hear Muddy Waters  
Or some other person who is dead now too  
And all of us wound up, except for Muddy Waters  
In the parking lot in nothing but our shoes

Just our shoes, just our shoes  
It was a thing a sober person wouldn't do  
All of us out there except for Muddy Waters  
In the parking lot in nothing but our shoes

She was gonna be a missionary doctor  
But all of the positions had been filled  
So she got into cultivating highest homegrown  
And gave up on the Bibles and the pills

I has seen her here and there at bars and parties  
And I guess we'd shared a joint a time or two  
But I never really noticed her until I saw her  
In a parking lot wearing nothing but her shoes

Just her shoes, just her shoes  
They were sandals and the straps were navy blue  
I never really noticed her until I saw her  
In a parking lot wearing just her shoes

I was out drinkin' with a dead guy  
No, he won't yet but soon it would be true  
The night I met my future wife outside in the parking lot  
Hanging out in nothing but our shoes

Just our shoes, just our shoes  
And here and there of course, the odd tattoo  
All of us out there, except for Muddy Waters

In a parking lot wearing just out shoes  
Words and Music © 1994 Eddy Lawrence

### Local Charm

Miles and miles of twisted trash  
Railroad tracks in all directions  
Whining dozers climb like ants  
In holes they can't get out of

Above the field so wide and deep  
Pyrites spires before the sun  
Where water taps as clear as glass  
Before it gets to here

Is it hot enough for you

Old sick fishes stunted plants  
Landscapes that defy description  
Tetrapods by the road  
You won't find in the zoo

Wafting mists of caustic acids  
Searing lungs and eyes exposed  
Caked in mud and worn like skin  
There is no place quite like home

Is it hot enough for you

Chlorofluoro carbonized  
Every moment less and less  
A forest where it never rains  
A rain you won't get out of

Make the move, pay the price  
Fix the mess at any cost  
Or cause the blue ball rocky brown  
The planet into dust

Is it hot enough for you

Is it hot enough for you

Words and Music © 1997 Vince Bell

### To Be or Not To Be

There is a girl and  
She lives in the mountains and  
Dreams of a river of gold  
Over and over  
She searches the clover  
Looking for four leaves to hold

One day at market  
A man from the next town  
Offers to give her a ride  
Outside of town, the car  
Veers all around, he laughs  
Now I will make you my bride

Face to the ground  
Choking and bound  
She whispers farewell to the world  
He leaves her for dead  
Cracked through the head  
Darkness descends on the girl

To be or not to be

Miracles happen  
Her eyes open slowly  
Moonlight makes everything glow

Pain is a symphony  
Lord only knows how she  
Drags herself back to the road  
Strangers they find here there  
Carry her with a prayer  
Speed through the dark and the cold  
Curled on the backseat  
Held by a heartbeat  
She dreams of a river of gold

To be or not to be  
©1996 Lori B.

### House

I got a house made of wood and stone  
And a whole lot of cups made of styrofoam  
Yeah – I got a house, but I don't have you

And I got a job as a soda jerk  
You can call me a slob but I love my work  
Yeah – I got a job, but I just want you

When people talk  
They're always bitching about the weather  
Now they can talk about us hitchin it up together

I got a car with a telephone  
Where I stash my guitar and my microphone  
Yeah – I got a car, but I don't have you

And I got a life and what's even worse  
Now that I got the world and the universe  
Is that I got a life, yeah but I just want you

(Chorus)

I got a house made of wood and stone  
Yeah – I got a spouse made of styrofoam  
Yeah – i got a house but I just want you  
© 1997 Rex Fowler

### Little Miracles

It's amazing  
How a handful of ordinary words  
Can linger upon the ears through which they're heard  
One day to send out a call to senses  
Leaving silence magically defenseless

(Chorus): Little miracles  
Will build a corner stone  
Next in line to these debts of mine  
Little miracles are all I own

Its amazing  
How in the blink of an eye  
A picture may fade  
But fail to say goodbye  
Presenting an act  
Of educative kindness  
Relieving a temporary blindness

(Chorus)

Rapture me  
Wrap me in your spell  
Capture me  
My will as well

So if at first you see  
A warning for trouble  
It may only be the bursting of a bubble  
Soon to turn to gold  
And finding you've struck it  
You'll say, O Lord let this be  
The drop and not the bucket

(Chorus)

words and Music © 1995 by Robert Scheffler.

### Jesus, Blood and Country Music

Out at the revival in a tent deep in the woods  
You heard the call of Jesus  
You promised to be good  
The hands upon your forehead  
We waited for a sign  
The stiff neck women craned  
And the singers passed the wine  
(Chorus): Jesus blood and country music  
The gospel choir was drunk  
Those eyes of yours could break the heart of God

Daddy earn his living saving souls of poor white trash  
Will the Circle be Unbroken and a heaping plate of cash  
I saw you in the Woolworth in your waitress uniform  
I took you for an angel about to be reborn

(Chorus)

The Blue Ridge Mountain boys and the Carter family  
Once I met Johnny Cash – a real live deity  
The music told the stories Of the wicked and the damned  
The saints and the repentant  
So we could understand

The moment you were saved I felt a sense of joy  
But then you disappeared with the Smokey Mountain Boys  
We found you in the morning in a heap beneath the stage  
An empty jug of whiskey, the kind your mother made

(Chorus)

words and music © 1996 by Bob Hillman

### Other Guys' Girls

Its spring time again  
Season of love  
They're out again  
I'm not talking about daffodils  
I'm talking about those  
I said I'm talkin' about those

Other guys girls always look so happy  
Other guys girls look satisfied  
I see them smiling, I see them laughing  
Other guys girls make me want to cry

Other guys girls never have a problem  
Other guys girls look so serene  
I see them walking down the street like they are in heaven  
Other guys girls make me want to scream

Is it you, is it me  
Is it just that we're just not meant to be  
You know I can't live without this  
I can't live with this  
There must be an answer, but I don't know what it is

Other guy's girls got some kind of secret  
I see it on their faces as they pass me by  
C'mon, you can tell me, honey, cause I can keep it  
Other guys girls just don't have the time

Other guys girls never have to ask themselves  
Why why why why do I put up with this  
Well, I guess I must be into challenges  
Or secretly I want to be in some sort of soap opera  
There must be something in one of those books  
About people like us

Is it you, is it me  
It's a case for Sherlock Holmes  
Are we on different planets  
Are we on Jenny Jones  
Is love an institution  
Is love a federal prison  
There must be a solution, but I don't know what it is

I see 'em in the street  
I see 'em in the park  
I see 'em promenading in the shopping malls  
A little too neat  
A little too sweet, a little too sparky  
They look like a squadron of Barbie dolls  
Those other guys' girls  
Other guys' girls  
I don't know what it is  
Other guys girls  
They are practically ecstatic  
Other guys' girls, they look so cute  
Look at 'em look at 'em  
Always smiling, always laughing  
Other guys girls  
They make me want to puke  
© Mindy Jostyn

### Blue Wind

What you dont know they say won't hurt you  
That you can't miss what you never had  
They say forgetting is a virtue  
Can't do a damn thing about the past  
But I keep going over in my mind  
How much we had in so little time

Blue wind  
Blue wind tonight

You left here in a hurry  
You said love didn't have a chance  
You said you didn't want to hurt me  
Well, mabe I should thank you for that  
And I know that I'll forget in time  
Just how easy you said good-bye

(Chorus)

You could waltz in here tomorrow  
Like some phantom in a dream  
Walk right up to me with some crazy sideshow  
And I'd believe

### Trinity

You feel fresh air on your skin  
You step out into the sun  
There nothing moving but the birds in the trees

You disassemble the gun

Walkin easy down the stream  
Up aheads a change of clothes  
A briefcase with your passport and cash  
Where you'll go no one knows

Not far away confusion reigns  
People run, People try  
To understand how the world can change  
Quickly as a bullet flies

Walking slowly down the trinity  
Ending of working day  
Its peaceful down by the trinity  
Ending of a working day  
Its good for getting away

You take pride in your team  
You take pride in success  
If they're half as good at putting out smoke  
No one will ever guess

You wonder how they'll work it  
You had no need to know  
They'll have to fix the body and the cops  
And that patsys got to go

To damn bad for his pretty wife  
To damn bad for his kids  
He should have known when he took the job  
Not to try what he did

Walking slowly by the trinity  
Ending of a working day  
Its peaceful down by the trinity  
Its good for getting away

You recall the terrain  
The rondsvous is near  
It's been hot work for a a November day  
You sure could use a beer

You climb up onto the bank  
Your contacts there by the car  
You don't recognize the other two  
But you know what they are

And you don't feel the shots that drive you down  
Head first by the stream  
Starring up at the open sky  
Falling into a dream

Walking slowly by the trinity  
Ending of working day  
Its peaceful down by the trinity  
Ending of a working day  
Its good for getting away

©1997 Josh Joffen

### Honey Bees

Honey bees made a hive in our house 200 years ago  
Summertime you can smell honey on the wind  
Winter time you can feel them sleeping deep within the walls

I have a sister, she had a baby  
She named her after me  
We didn't want her gettin' stung by any honey bees  
We said we'd have to smoke 'em out and tear into the wall



But we never did and she's the sweetest little kid of all  
Honey bees, honey bees, honey bee

My uncle Eddie, he was a painter  
He died in the Spanish war  
in 1937 when there were things worth fighting for  
in the attic we have his letters  
Some pictures that he drew  
With grandfathers revolver  
And his union army blues

Honey Bees, Honey bees, Honey bees

My mother writes her history in the upstairs corner room  
from the Russian revolution to the murder of the Jews  
Her mother was a Grecian gal, eyes as sad as Christ  
A crucifix, a glass of tea, a Black Sea lullaby

And August is purple, winter is white  
And spring time the orchard gets misty at night  
And one baby is sleeping  
And one baby is awake  
And the bees in their hive in our house are still safe

Honey bees made a hive in our house 200 years ago  
Summertime you can smell honey on the wind  
Winter time you can feel them sleeping deep within the walls

© Kate Jacobs

### Sarah Says

Sarah say she'll never tolerate any ambiguities  
When it comes to love  
She says shades of grey usually turn to black  
When it comes down to the midnight hour

And a man and a woman went down to the river  
To see if they could swim  
But the river was empty  
Bone dry

Sara says when the right one comes along  
She'll know 'cause there'll be a sign  
Real love comes only once in life  
And there's just no use wasting time

And a man and a woman went down to the river  
To see if they could swim  
But the river was empty  
Bone dry

Sara waits on the side of the room  
Looks like she's waiting her for some kind of angel  
She say I think I know if I stand in line maybe he'll see my point of view

And a man and a woman jump into the river  
To see if they can't swim  
And the river will flow  
The river will flow

Words and Music © 1997 by Robin Hackett

### Across the Alley

He played guitar in the window  
Across the alley from my kitchen  
And I watch him like a little spy  
'til the night had almost lifted  
And I knew he didn't notice me

Still I hoped I looked alright  
In the flicker of the refrigerator light

I ran my hand along the wall  
Along the hallway in the dark  
Over pictures of old lovers  
Where I used to hang my heart  
But I'm not thinkin about the past  
Its too late now  
The kitchen let a light in  
The kitchen window let my heart out

Needless to say my favorite room became the kitchen  
And I learned how to cook all kinds of things  
That needed lots of my attention  
I cooked for two and ate alone  
But for him across the alley  
Day an in and day out  
He kept me company

Well, I think he's working on a symphony  
Or he's some kind of foreign prince  
He got hit hard on the head  
And lost his memory ever since  
Maybe he's working on a love song for  
A girl he doesn't know  
Across that alley all the time in her kitchen window

Well, on the corner in the rain  
He didn't have the slightest clue  
When I asked him face to face- hey!  
You're my neighbor aren't you  
So I snuck under that umbrella and  
I gave it once last try  
I'm the girl across the alley  
In her kitchen window all the time  
All the time

I taught him to drive  
He tried to cut my hair  
And we bought him a pair of glasses  
So he could see me over there  
Across the alley from my kitchen  
Still sometimes its weird  
I look across the alley and  
He's not there  
He's here

Words and Music © 1997 Tamara/ SESAC

### Love can Blind A Woman

Something about his eyes reminds her  
Takes her to a Place thats strong and kind  
She's lost in time  
He pulls her close to sit beside her  
Kisses bittersweet and so sublime  
She's lost in time

(Chorus): Love will blind a woman  
Even though she knows it ain't right  
She tries, though she shouldn't  
To hold back the night  
She stays in the darkness  
Though its clearer in the light  
Love will blind a woman  
Though she knows it ain't right

He whispers words like winsome love songs

Talks of building castles by the sea  
But its not what she needs  
He'll notch the post to mark his freedom  
But deep inside he never will be free.  
She's love's refugee

(Chorus)

© 1997 Susan Firing

### Death in July

Sun light hurts me  
My eyes are sore from crying  
How dare it be so bright as he lay there dying

To breathe is difficult  
My lungs are struggling  
And my grieving heart has weakened everything

Lately I can't eat  
Food smells poisonous  
I know I need to rest but sleep us dangerous

Because I dream of you  
That you are still alive  
The pain of waking up  
The guilt that I survived

Holy water, amazing grace  
So many things so hard to face  
the block of stone unbroken ground  
The feeling I lay me down

Because I dream of you  
That you are still alive  
The pain of waking up, the guilt that I survived

Sun light hurts me  
My eyes are sore from crying  
How dare it be so bright as he lay there dying

© Katy Clements

### Nowhere with Nothing and No one

You walk stiff and tall  
Look at them  
Thinking you can handle it  
'Til another fall  
Leaving you nowhere  
With nothing  
And no one

There's plenty overdue  
Nothing they've got  
Ever happens to you  
And all the shots you blew  
Leading you nowhere  
With nothing  
And no one

Well, you were strong enough, I guess  
But you never had an easy time  
They shoot your legs and you learn to dance  
But the little voice of a big sadness  
That's the voice of the little guy  
It says,  
"The little ones never had a chance"

You've been here before  
Suspended a while

Until you spill on the floor  
Returning to your core  
The roar that goes  
Nowhere with nothing and no one  
Nowhere with nothing and no one  
Nowhere with nothing and no one  
Words and Music © 1989 by Ilene Weiss

### Sympathy Seed

Under the pressure of too much knowledge  
I splinter and shudder alone in the sun  
What should I wish for afraid of the voltage  
Under each surface a new skeleton

Life is as little as bitter belief  
And the love I dont have and the people I've missed  
All this and more is this the dream most familiar  
To those of us most misanthropic in our midst  
to the love I don't have and the love that I have missed

(Chorus): And I lie here in the dark of the daylight  
Inspid with wanting embittered with need  
I do not possess what I wish I were filled with  
Wish I were filled with the sympathy seed  
The sympathy seed

People of my kind are afraid of everything  
We fear the color of life on our skin  
I fear the yellow that insects encircle  
Sunflower golden and fragrant with sin

(Chorus)

As I lie her in the dark of the daylight  
Inspid with wanting embittered with need  
I do not possess what I wish I were filled with  
Wish I were filled with the sympathy seed

(Chorus)

© Rachael Sage

### The Belly of the Beast

I am older than my parents when I first thought they were old  
I am weaker than the weakest kid I teased  
I am keeping up appearances  
I am falling from the fold  
I am suffering from some middle age disease  
I am tired to distraction  
I am wired to the bed  
I am a part of the machinery I use  
I am old and out of fashion  
I am fat and over fed  
I am waiting for some disappointing news

I am greater than the pieces  
I am smaller than the whole  
I am less and less aware to say the least  
I am scrounging through he creases for an old remote control  
I am lounging in the belly of the beast

I am lost in these commercials  
I am plastered on these walls  
I am missing too much sleep to make a scene  
I am wrestling with inertia  
I am resting on my laurels  
I am testing no more waters in between

I am folded up and fallow  
I am cold and undefined  
I am molding this expression on my face  
I'm a little short of shallow  
I'm a coward by design  
I am taking up an awful lot of space  
I am greater than the pieces  
I am smaller than the whole  
I am less and less aware to say the least  
I am scrounging through the creases for an old remote control  
I am lounging in the belly of the beast

I am learning by attrition  
I am trying to resist  
I'm avoiding indecision  
I am always making lists  
I'm unsung and unexciting  
I am sliding into slaughter  
I'm not even writing  
I'm just putting words in order  
I am whining on the surface  
I am whining underneath  
I am a window on a soul that isn't there  
I am dying for a purpose  
I am lying through my teeth  
I am trying to remember if I care

I am greater than the pieces  
I am smaller than the whole  
I'm wondering will the wonders ever cease  
I am scrounging through the creases for an old remote control  
I am lounging in the belly of the beast

Words and Music © 1996 Andrew Ratchin

### Three Chances

I bought her candy  
I brought her flowers  
I took her dancing  
We'd talk for hours  
Then when just once when it seemed my luck was holding  
Ever word I spoke that night was golden  
Just when I thought that I'd won her over  
Just when I thought she'd be my lover  
Just when I thought how happy I'd be  
She leaned over and whispered to me  
I'll give you three chances to make me love you  
I'll give you three chances to get it right  
I'll give you three chance to make me want you  
And you are down  
You're down one tonight

I emptied my savings and my checking accounts  
Cashed in my IRA for the full amount  
Hired a pilot, rented a plane  
I flew her off to the south coast of Spain  
We walked the beaches  
We watched the bullfights  
We danced the tango  
We swam the moonlight  
And as we lay by the mediterranean tide  
I swore that I would love her until the day that I died

Just when I thought that I'd won her over  
Just when I thought she'd be my lover  
Just when I thought how happy we'd be

She leaned over and whispered to me  
I'll give you three chances to make me love you  
I'll give you three chances to get it right  
I'll give you three chances to make me want you  
and you are down one you're down two tonight

I searched my feelings, I racked my brain  
Tried to find a way to explain  
I shown her my best, she'd seen it before  
I didn't know how I could do more

I crept to her building waited til midnight  
And stone cold naked howled in the moonlight  
With a can of kerosene in the dark and haze  
I lit the street and the sidewalk ablaze  
I'd shaved my body from toe to head  
And painted all over in bright blue and red

I dipped my hands in kerosene and set them on fire  
And across the black of the night  
I wrote the one word ...DESIRE  
I climbed a high tree outside her room  
Swung my rope from the highest boom  
Leaped off the branch, cried out Geronimo  
I swung right down through her bedroom window  
Knelt down low on her bedroom floor  
I was painted and burnt, bleeding and sore  
No matter what she said to me now  
I knew I could not do more

Just when I thought that my chance was over  
Just when I thought I'd lost my lover  
Just when I thought how lonely I'd be  
She leaned over and whispered to me  
I gave you three chances to make me love you  
I gave you three chances to get it right  
I gave you three chance to make me want you  
And for what you've done tonight  
I'll give you one more chance

Words and Music © by Dan Pelletier

Whats coming up *Fast Folk*  
in the next few issues?  
*Lost in the Works Vol.3* with tunes  
by Rod MacDonald, Julie Gold,  
Buddy Montlock, Brian Rose,  
Tim Robinson, Tom Russell,  
Richard Ferriera, Judith Zwieman  
and many others...  
Another studio album featuring  
Jack Hardy and Peter Spencer...  
**AND** Our live recording from the  
15th anniversary show  
at The Bottom Line

- 1). **How I Met My Wife\*** (Eddy Lawrence) .....2:31  
Eddy Lawrence — guitar and vocal  
Chip Mergot — 2nd guitar  
Arturo Baguer — string bass
- 2). **Local Charm (Vince Bell)** .....2:53  
Vince Bell — guitar and vocal
- 3). **To Be or Not To Be (Lori B.)** .....4:06  
Lori B — guitar and vocal
- 4). **House (Rex Fowler)** .....2:32  
Rex Fowler — guitar and vocal  
Susan Firing — back up vocals
- 5). **Little Miracles (Robert Scheffler)** .....3:56  
Rob Scheffler — guitar and vocal.  
Bob Reiners — lap steel, 2nd guitar, background vocal  
J.P. Wasiko — percussion
- 6). **Jesus, Blood and Country Music (Bob Hillman)** ....3:48  
Bob Hillman — guitar and vocal
- 7). **Other Guys' Girls (Mindy Jostyn)** .....4:16  
Mindy Jostyn — guitar, harmonica, footstomps and vocals
- 8). **Blue Wind\* (Campbell/Yates/DeVage)** .....3:37  
The Wycomicos:  
Carmen Yates — guitar and lead vocal  
David Hamburger — dobro  
Mike Campbell — bass  
Bob Green — mandolin and vocal  
Tony Ungaro — percussion  
Deborah Dilorio — vocal
- 9). **Trinity (Josh Joffen)** .....4:33  
Josh Joffen — guitar and vocal
- 10). **Honey Bees (Kate Jacobs)** .....3:03  
Kate Jacobs — guitar and vocal  
Charlie Shaw — percussion and vocal  
James MacMillan — bass and vocal
- 11). **Sarah Says (Robin Hackett—Sarah Tantillo)** .....3:36  
Robin Hackett — guitar and vocal  
Jon Gordon — mandolin
- 12). **Across the Alley (Tamara)** .....3:30  
Tamara — guitar and vocal
- 13). **Love Can Blind A Woman (Susan Firing)** .....3:40  
Susan Firing — guitar and vocal
- 14). **Death in July (Katy Clements)** .....3:36  
Katy Clements — guitar and vocal
- 15). **Nowhere with Nothing and No one (Ilene Weiss)** ..2:52  
Ilene Weiss — guitar and vocal
- 16). **Sympathy Seed (Rachael Sage)** .....2:43  
Rachael Sage — piano and vocal
- 17). **Belly of the Beast (Andrew Ratchin)** .....3:28  
Andrew Ratchin — guitar and vocal
- 18). **Three Chances (Dan Pelletier)** .....5:20  
Dan Pelletier — piano and vocal  
Jean Bratman, Joe Giacoio — background vocals

All songs except \* recorded 11/96 - 2/97 for Fast Folk by David Seitz.

Produced by Richard Meyer and David Seitz, mixed by David Seitz and Richard Meyer.  
Digital editing by Mark Dann.

\*Recorded by Eric Rachel at TRAX EAST studio, NJ - 1/23/95.

\*Produced for *Fast Folk* by Jeff Tarayla.  
Front cover, back cover and page 2 photos by Dave Elder.

