



FAST FOLK

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Volume 8, Issue 10

LOST IN THE WORKS
VOL. 3

FAST FOLK

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

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Folk, Blues, Roots, Alternative Country...and Close Enough

By Dwight Thurston

NEW RELEASES FROM WATERBUG RECORDS:

Sam Pacetti – *Solitary Travel*

Kat Eggleston – *Outside Eden*

Susan Shore – *Book of Days*

Kate McLeod – *Constant Emotion*

Sam Pacetti is a virtuoso guitarist, a great songwriter, a fine interpreter of traditional material, and one hell of an expressive singer. According to veteran bluesman Roy Book Binder, this 23-year-old is "the future of American fingerstyle guitar." The good news is that Book Binder is only part right - Sam Pacetti is a whole lot more. His extraordinary guitar playing incorporates some of the

This 23-year-old is
"the future of American
fingerstyle guitar."

best characteristics of Martin Simpson and Leo Kottke, but is never merely flashy. Pacetti does absolutely nothing with his guitar just for show, every note and nuance is expressive and musical. His playing calls on English, Irish, and American styles, which he makes uniquely his own.

Thank God he sings, too. Too many guitar wizards don't, or don't sing well, making their recordings and performances either too homogenized, or just hard to get through. Pacetti's singing is bold, honest, and, at the same time, full of the nuances of pain and pleasure. His voice is akin to Martin Simpson's in its timbre and note bending elasticity, but no mere knock-off or affectation.

Six of the eleven tracks on *Solitary Travel* are instrumental. Of the remaining five, four are original songs - the fifth a fine rendition of Martin Simpson's arrangement of the traditional *Shawnee Town*. I wish Pacetti had included printed lyrics for the songs; his words are worth spending time with. *The Lion and the Child*, a song about a father and son's seemingly irreconcilable differences regarding manhood and sexuality, is powerful in its forthright expression of a young man's pain, and surprisingly subtle in its evenhanded treatment of the two men. Ignore this young man and his music at your own peril; at 23, he's reached levels of accomplishment and expression in playing, writing, and singing that many musicians twice his age would give anything to attain.

Kat Eggleston's pure alto, powerful conviction, and puckish humor mark her new *Outside Eden*. She's one of those rare writers who can bring mature, modern insights and feelings to traditional musical forms. Her perfect intonation and clear voice give traditional ballads like *Flower of Northumberland* the space to breathe and the feeling of time and place that they need to truly come alive.

Eggleston's songs are never tentative. She takes them where they need to go with daring images, propulsive guitar picking, and her subtle but insistent voice. The opening lines of *Brian* are risky:

...daring images, propulsive guitar picking, and [a] subtle but insistent voice.

"I dreamed I saw Brian, on an endless field/ Of something that could've been stainless steel." They catch us off guard, we wonder if this is a lame attempt. But no, Eggleston always does this sort of thing in a way that's right for the song. *Powerless* is a concise but profound vignette of the contradictions inherent in control and power, and the power that comes with loosening one's grip on life to become "blessed,/ Happy, lonely, powerless." Eggleston's perverse humor stands out in both *Brian* and *Meeting Stucky at the Gas Station*, the story of long lost war buddies who have for twenty years believed each other dead. They meet while gassing up their cars in California, saying things to each other like:

Every year, with a bottle of whisky
The boys get together and toast your memory,
But here you are, alive somehow.
What're we gonna drink to now?

Outside Eden ends with a crystalline rendition of Jano Brindisi's *Again, Again!* - the only contemporary song here that's not Eggleston's own. The choice fits perfectly with her own original songs - reflecting life's inherent contradictions, particularly the proximity of pleasure and pain, of beauty and death. Kat Eggleston is one of contemporary folk music's great under appreciated singer-songwriters, whose quiet power doesn't call attention to itself.

Susan Shore's *Book of Days* has the gentle sound of Appalachia and the somewhat toned down swagger of the American West. Mandolins and fiddles turn up in most of the arrangements.

...appealing voice and irresistibly fluid melodies convey a wide range

Shore's appealing, airy alto sounds effortless as it glides over her smoothly melodic songs. There are numerous songs here about family, some showing the warm, beautiful aspects, other showing the seamier, harsher side. *Hightailed* is a strangely uptempo song about a young wife's life with and flight from an abusive husband. *Safe Among the Family* and *My Old Man* are bittersweet reminiscences on older family members. *Joseph's Girls* is eerie for what it never quite makes clear about Joseph and his two daughters, and for its insistent, repetitive refrain: "Joseph's girls, Joseph's girls, Joseph's girls, Joseph's girls."

Several well-chosen covers are done together with their authors. Al Day's swaggering but delicate *Frank & Red* is hard to imagine in a better rendition. Two by James McCandless, *Christopher* and *Sea of Freedom*, are subtly beautiful, the former easily as good as McCandless' own recording of this profound allegorical song about the choice to intervene in a life, the responsibilities and burdens that intervening and helping can impose on the helper, and the dramatic power shifts that can occur in such relationships. Susan Shore's appealing voice and irresistibly fluid melodies convey a surprisingly wide range of life's experiences in songs that are as easy to return to as they are to hear for the first time.

All that is gold does not necessarily glitter. Kate McLeod has a voice that sounds *unschool*ed, but she is very good indeed at using it as a transmitter for information and emotion. It has an informal, homey, folk sound that is strangely rare today in so-called *folk*

...an innocent sort
of spring or bounce
that is decidedly rustic.

music. Her singing has an innocent sort of spring or bounce - even a warble - that is decidedly rustic. McLeod plays guitar, fiddle, and harmonica. Peter Rowan adds vocals to four tracks. Others on banjo,

mandolin, bouzouki, acoustic bass, dobro, drums, and tabla make for nice varied arrangements.

Like her singing, McLeod's lyrics and melodies are likewise very plain and direct, without the arty, precious quality many current writers strive for, even when trying to sound quite the opposite. She's not afraid to simply repeat lines, or to just vocalize when she's moved to do so. The effect is refreshingly unpretentious. *Adam*, the story of a religiously obsessed man who bombs a local warehouse in Utah, is told by a third person narrator, but manages to make you feel you're observing the workings of the bomber's mind. The story and music proceed with a horrific inevitability, and the horror is compounded by the almost clinical way detail is presented. McLeod does a haunting reworking of the traditional *False Knight on the Road* in her song *The Child*. She also covers Buffy Sainte Marie's *Piney Wood Hills*. *Constant Emotion* is Kate McLeod's second release on Waterbug, and a breath of fresh mountain air in a too often cramped and citified folk music scene.

TALKING WITH DAR WILLIAMS

DT: First, congratulations on a really fine new recording. *End of the Summer* (see review on next page) is extraordinary. It feels like a great new American Epic.

DW: Well, thank you; I mean, that was my dream. Listening to Paul Simon, he did some American Epic stuff. *American Tune* is something that - even for our disembodied natures - it gives us a sense of identity. Thomas Wolfe said (and I always paraphrase it badly) "I believe America is lost, but I believe it will be found" [hearty laugh]; and I love the struggle towards integration in this huge country. Having been to some foreign countries, some of which have their act together, and are smug and a bit stagnant, and some of which are discovering their blurry parts, I come back to the U.S. and I realize what we're trying to achieve, and I have abundant hope about it. I think that is what will make some of the more interesting music, that mingling of an enormous hope with a lot of scrutinizing.

DT: Several songs on the new CD use teenagers as narrators. How did you come to that?

DW: Yes, the narrator of *Road Buddy* is actually a teen, as well as the narrator of *Are You Out There*. A lot of this is about a struggle for integration and the thing about the teenagers now is that there's

Live music at the Fast Folk Café

Sat.	4/4	John Cohen (Uncle John of Uncle John's Band)/ James Reams	Fri.	5/1	Ken Schatz & The Cruel Sisters
Wed.	4/15	Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music Open Mike	Sat.	5/2	Out To Lunch
Fri.	4/17	The Jazzabels	Fri.	5/8	The Wiggins Sisters
Sat.	4/18	Acoustic Food Chain	Sat.	5/9	Bill Parsons/The Sloan Wainwright Band
Sun.	4/19	Camp Hoboken - Christian Bauman/Gregg Cagno/ Linda Sharar/ Rachel Bissex	Thu.	5/14	Double Trouble (Evy Mayer & Jean Farnworth)
Fri.	4/24	David Massengill/Lorin Rowan (of Peter Rowan & The Rowan Brothers)	Fri.	5/15	Treble
Sat.	4/25	Armand Mele	Sat.	5/16	The Singing Conquerors
			Wed.	5/20	Pinewoods-Fast Folk Monthly Traditional Music Open Mike

this incredible dose of cynicism that they have, but it frees them up to be quite innocent, and to actually have a lot of hope. I mean, they know what they're up against, so they work harder, with more perspective and with a greater sense of humor, I think. I mean, like the Ani DiFranco audiences, like they give a damn about my babysitter, right? [Williams' song *The Babysitter's Here*], but I had these pierced, buzz-cut young women who would come up to me just chirping "I had a babysitter just like that and her name was Brenda and she had big boobs and she used to take us riding on her horse..." It's like there's really quite a lot of hope and innocence among these teenagers, even though on the surface they look like a bunch of angry rebels. They're savvy to mainstream culture, and they take a stand outside of it, but that gives them a safety, so that they can be really sweet with one and other, and they're very nice to me. They ask me really interesting questions and I get the sense that they're going out into the world and do stuff that's really meaningful.

DT: Tell me about the cover photo. You're standing in the woods with mud halfway up your forearms. In a word, what's that all about?

DW: [peals of laughter] Well, you know what, in one word, I would say *context* - now that I've had a lot of people ask me that. Since I've had people say "that's not such a nice picture of you," or "that's not very pretty," I've realized that that's what I was going for - to be in the middle of something, not sitting there all static saying "here I am, looking really pretty, please buy this album." I didn't want to sell it that way. The sense of it is like I'm in the middle of a story.

DT: *End of the Summer* is such a unified whole, when you were writing these songs, did you have the sense that you were writing an album, or did they just happen to be the songs you were writing?

DW: They were definitely the songs that were just happening at the time. I really do have a muse, and I don't have such an abundance of inspiration that I can just choose how an album's going to sound. As it turns out, I wrote the songs that became the more *produced* stuff pretty much all in a row, and the stuff that's really quiet all in a row too. When I was doing the quieter stuff, I thought "Oh my god, this album is going to sound like a late night new age show or something; then when I was writing the faster-paced stuff, I thought "Oh my gosh, this is going to be a rock album, or a pop album" and that was not my intention. My intention was just to write the songs that were asking to be written. The hope is that there's enough that's thematically united in your brain that when you've written all these things over a year and a half or two there will be some kind of unity in the final album.

DT: I recently read a great quote from Chris Smither: "If you can name something, you can sell it." So, since we've been so serious here, let's end with a commonly asked, but pretty silly question, that one about what kind of music this is.

DW: You know, I have a lot of artistic control over the music and the cover art and such. Those are the artistic decisions, framing decisions. But, at the same time, the selling of the album is not my job - that I leave to my management. I just keep an eye out that I'm not being strangely exploited. It's really wonderful to just do what I do and then watch those people find an audience for it, as opposed to just stuffing it down people's throats with heavy-handed marketing so that they'll just have to pick it up. My record company will go through a number of definitions: they'll call it urban folk, they'll call it folk rock, you know, alterna-folk [heh!], singer-songwriter, and all that stuff. They know that folk is the backbone of where I come from, and that I want to be part of that community. I think folk music is often defined by its listeners, and I want to be listened to in that way. You just have to work with people who you trust, trusting that they'll *spin* it maturely.

Dwight Thurston hosts *Odds & Ends* every Monday morning from 6-9:00 on WWUH-FM 91.3, West Hartford. Other folk and roots music shows air in that time slot on the other weekdays, as well as *UH Radio Bluegrass* on Saturday from 9:00am to 1:00pm. WWUH's 8:00pm to 8:00am programming is now rebroadcast in real time on the new UConn branch station in Torrington, WAPJ-FM 89.9. WWUH is also available in RealAudio in real time on the Worldwide Web at <http://wwuh.hartford.edu/wwuh/ra.html>. Responses to this column are welcome at dwight.w.thurston@snet.net

RECORD REVIEW

Dar Williams, *End of the Summer* (Razor & Tie)

The nearly simultaneous release of the movie *Contact* and Dar Williams' *End of the Summer* CD seems too good to be true. Each asks the question "is anybody out there and how do we connect?" As *Contact* becomes a pop culture artifact, *End of the Summer* would, in a more perfect world, run a parallel course.

How to get to the **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

(one way street →)

Half-off Stale

by Dave Elder

Take disadvantage now on this once-in-a-twicetime special. One size fits small! Never need irony! Comes in sordid colors with excessories, complete destructions and a likely guarantee – if not dissatisfied, we will gladly rerun your money.

Bite now, pain later with our connivient lay-awake plan! You could be the proud ower of the new and imprudent mottle. Don't be a shrieking violin – awake your neighbors and french! We can furnace you with everything – even the bathroom stink!

Taken just at fake value, this loaded price is an inedible bargain! Don't be food by cheese imitations – our products are hand-marred by real krapmen who take pride in their worst! Don't pass this cup - quality is limited, and it's first come first disturbed, so you'd better act not!

You won't find a badder awful! It even has the Goon Spousekeeping seal of Improval. It makes your wides wider, your tights tighter – don't leave hope without it!

Perfect for the badroom, livid room, dying room – you'll wonder how you never got lost without it! It even flows up for easy sewage – out of slime, out of grime! And that's not tall – if you can find a bigger price we'll be it. We will not be under-shown!

The quality goes zip before the knave goes gone, and at General Defectives, profits is our most important product – we're the hottest stick in the sticky business. We're creating a higher standoff, cause we're a diffident kind of carnage company. And if you ever have a probably with this, call us and we'll show you what customer *circus* really means!

James Keelaghan talks about *A Recent Future*

by Jan Vanderhorst

As someone who's made a reputation for himself as a writer of historically-based songs, James Keelaghan has a vested interest in the current trend towards revising or manipulating history.

Since 1987, the Green Linnet recording artist has made a name for himself in folk music circles as a writer of finely-crafted songs, dealing with such diverse topics as the life of women during the reign of Peter the Great (*Jenny Bryce*) to the 1949 Man Gulch fire in north Montana (*Cold Missouri Waters*). But more and more these days, it's recent history and its manipulation for personal or political gains that seems to capture Keelaghan's attention. The focus of that concern is highlighted in *Lazarus*, a rollicking song from his recording *A Recent Future*. Keelaghan explains:

"Although it's inspired by Richard Nixon, and I call it *an ode to Richard Nixon* it talks about the general process of reconstruction that goes on and how people manipulate history and how we should be aware of how they manipulate history. Being a manipulator of history myself I suppose that...qualifies me to comment.

"I just sort of noticed, over the past year and a half or so, a real ugly trend towards revising history in a way I didn't particularly approve of and that I had to speak out against."

Many ways to resurrect you

History is our best sport

You won't recognize the man you were

Lazarus come forth.

"It's hard to justify sometimes something without a historical precedent. If you can then write the historical precedent to show that what you're doing is in keeping with a grand tradition that's not all that bad...then it makes what you're doing legitimate.

"I want people to be more critical in the truest sense of that word. Not in the sense of poo-poo-ing everything, but saying, 'Here's something that's been said and let's look at this critically.' Let's look at the facts here...and try to examine them, rather than trying to examine the myth."

Sing Out!

THE FOLK SONG MAGAZINE

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— Utne Reader

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We have the PR men
To brighten up your tarnished image
Make you clean again
You won't recognize yourself
What they despised now they'll adore.

Whether it be politics or the human condition in all its various facets – love, life, liberation – James Keelaghan's writing is a product of his Western Canadian upbringing. One example of this is *Sweetgrass Moon*, the first song on *A Recent Future*. The song, he says, tries to express the connection one feels towards the land around us:

"Where you're from affects the way you view things, in my particular case, more Prairie-specific. It's a big influence on the way I write and the imagery I use."

No one will ever know
No one will ever see
The lines of force that bind me
Upon this grassy sea
No one will ever know
No one can ever tell
The land it pulls you down into
A deep dark well.

"*Sweetgrass Moon* is just more of an exploration of that (connection), and in that recording of it, trying to find the actual sonic end.... It starts with that sort of whiny pedal steel, and for some reason that particular sound – I just close my eyes and I see the wide open prairies and I see the skies. So we made a more conscious effort of actually trying to capture that in the music as well as the lyrics this time."

This land my father adopted
So much a part of me

That I can't separate it
At night I long to see that
Sweetgrass Moon.

Just as James Keelaghan's historical songs are becoming more modern in subject matter, his instrumentation seems to be getting more traditional. *A Recent Future* is at times awash in Uilleann pipes, accordion, concertina, bansuri and violin.

"That for me was one of the most interesting things. Something like *Sweet Lorraine*, which has such a huge sound on it – I was listening to it going 'Lord, have we gone over the edge there?' Then I looked down the list of instruments I was listening to, and the only electric thing in there was the bass doing the solo. Kind of interesting you can get this large sound out of just acoustic instruments."

With *A Recent Future*, James Keelaghan not only seems to be putting political history, and its interpretation, under the microscope, he's examining his own musical history to find the essence of his sound.

"It was a real exploration that way, of trying to find some more of those (sonic) sounds and combinations that you don't have to electronically generate. The combination of fiddle and accordion on the album is particularly wonderful. It has some really nice tonal qualities. I like the fact we're exploring other instruments and older instruments as well."

That musical exploration continues for James with his newly released recording with Latin guitarist Oscar Lopez under the moniker of *Compadres In Concert*.

Jan Vanderhorst is a DJ on CKPC-FM in Brantford, Ontario, and is contributing a series of articles on Canadian music. His e-mail address is: jan@hyperpeople.com.

Record Review

Jim White

The Mysterious Tale of Why I Shouted "Wrong-Eyed Jesus"

Luka Bop/Warner Brothers

review by Frank Matheis

"Have you ever found yourself being swept down some mighty and invisible river in a vessel whose form is beyond your power of comprehension?" asks the artist in the twisted tale of the *Wrong Eyed Jesus* liner notes.

Just when you thought *alternative* had become an empty cliché and when the pundits try to delineate and restrict who can be in the *folk* club, along comes Jim White, an iconographic outsider, with his amazing, introspective journey into the shadows of Americana. *Wrong Eyed Jesus* draws on musically eclectic roots and eclectic poetics from deep white gospel to Tom Waits. This sonically adventurous record is not intended for the musically faint-hearted. If, however, you have a taste for the esoteric and quirky atmospheric, let White's debut record lead you on a journey down dirt roads to the end of the universe.

For the convenience sake, let's compare the trailer park mystic White's élan vital to Beck, and his lyrics to beat poets like Kerouac and Burroughs – all in the plain brown paper wrapper of deep roots folk. White is a desperate, raging genius and a suddenly relevant, true American original whose debut work is both enigmatic and crystal clear. This is a rare record of powerful artistry, supported by the diverse talents of singer Victoria Williams, longtime Tom Waits collaborator Ralph Carney and producers David Byrne and Yale Evelevy.

Lest any reader get offended by the strange name of this record and the horrible devil with the cowboy hat on the cover, White is not a heretic and there is no need to set his records on fire for blasphemy. A nutshell synopsis of White's story: *The Mysterious Story of Why I Shouted "Wrong-Eyed Jesus"* tells the true-story of White as a wayward teenager who finds himself in a desperate situation while hitchhiking. The boy, in mortal danger of being harmed by a sex-

friend, came to recall a vision of a painting of Jesus - about which he remembered thinking that whoever painted it had the eyes all wrong. So, he was compelled by a force within to call out "Wrong Eyed Jesus!" in perpetual repetition, which startled his kidnapper and saved the boy from certain harm.

This is how White came to understand the nature of divine love. Still, when he sings *Jesus Gets a Brand New Name* it won't sound like any song you'll hear on Sunday, 'cause this ain't no church music. Off-beat, White, who spent 23 years on the margins of the Pentecostal community (he refused to speak in tongues), has taken a winding road in life, bringing him back to his white gospel roots. But, while not blasphemous this is definitely not a religious record. White stretches the realm of musical boundaries beyond identification and weaves tales of personal vision, not surprisingly drenched in religious metaphors, symbolism and overt expressions of the inner conflict with his heritage and faith.

White creates sharp images with literary songs that will leave you as confused and enlightened as the twisted tale of its creator.

This guy was a fashion model in Italy, a pro-surfer and a cab driver in New York. He suffered a severe bandsaw accident that left his hand maimed, temporarily ending his musical endeavors. He ended up in a two year hermetic depression in Pensacola before getting "discovered" by Luka Bop Records from a demo-tape without even a phone number. While White was hanging on the edge of the world he created these stunning songs, which left me simply breathless, muttering "who is this guy and what is he doing with that banjo?"

Who knows where this will lead? Either White will be the new hero among the college Bohemians and the underground avant-garde and post-modernist folk/art scene, or his light will fade as quickly as it appeared. To me, he is a liberation poet, ripe and explosive. White reflects about his debut record: "There's a sweetness and a rage to it that is universal. But the way they sleep together is peculiar."

Peculiar, indeed. This guy is out there!



BIOS

Brian Rose is originally from Virginia. He has been recording for *The Coop/Fast Folk* since 1982 and has appeared with the *Fast Folk* Revue at the Bottom Line. A participant for many years in the Songwriter's Exchange during its days at the Cornelia Street Cafe, Brian is featured on the 1980 album documenting that group. He has recorded an album project produced by Suzanne Vega. Brian Rose is also a professional photographer whose work is represented in museum collections. He has traveled extensively to photograph the length of the Berlin Wall long before and then after its fall. He currently divides his time between New York and Amsterdam.



Brian Rose

Julie Gold is the New York City songwriter best known for Bette Midler's version of her song *From A Distance*, which won the Grammy Award for Song of the Year in 1990. She has also written

songs for Patti LaBelle, Patti Lupone (who used Gold's *Heaven* as the grande finale in her one woman show on Broadway), Kathy Mattea, The Byrds, Judy Collins, James Galloway, Lea Salonga, and Cliff Richards among others. Nanci Griffith (the first to record *From a Distance*) has recorded Gold's *Heaven* and *Southbound Train* and Julie appeared with



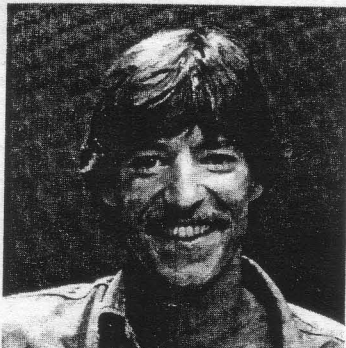
Julie Gold

her on *Austin City Limits*. She teaches songwriting classes, is on the Board of Governors for NARAS and has given motivational speeches around the country. Julie, who first recorded for *Fast Folk*, has contributed songs to the magazine on numerous occasions and has appeared at the Bottom Line with the *Fast Folk* Revue.

Richard Ferreira now makes his home in Nashville but originally hails from Connecticut where he grew up on a tobacco farm. He began songwriting at an early age and quit college to catch up on his reading and perform in folk clubs throughout New England and eventually the honky tonks of northern California. Since moving to Los Angeles in 1980 his songs have been recorded by major label artists and have appeared in feature films and on TV. He loves fly fishing, Lefty Frizzell records and listening to baseball games on the radio.

Originally from Chicago but now based in Nashville, **Buddy Mondlock** has toured the country and in Europe. He has released

two albums of his own: *On the Line* and *Buddy Mondlock*. His songs have been covered by Garth Brooks and Peter, Paul and Mary.



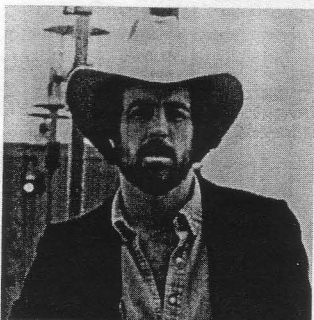
Buddy Mondlock



Peter Brown

Reeva Hunter is an adventurous songwriter. Based in Los Angeles but with connections to Nashville, Reeva is known for the poetry and directness of her lyrics in songs that stretch the bounds of country-flavored music.

Bob Hillman is not a religious fanatic. He is a New York-based songwriter making his second appearance in the *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*. Though proud of his output during the *Catholic and Western Period*, he promises that his fascination with the blood of Christ is, beyond the shadow of a doubt, ancient history.



Tom Russell

Tom Russell has released a dozen well received albums over the past 20 years on the Rounder and Hightone labels, both solo and with The Tom Russell Band, plus two albums with Barence Whitfield. His songs are known for their depth and detail. Tom has collaborated with Katy Moffat, Peter Case, Ian Tyson and Dave Alvin, and he recently produced a critically acclaimed album of Merle Haggard

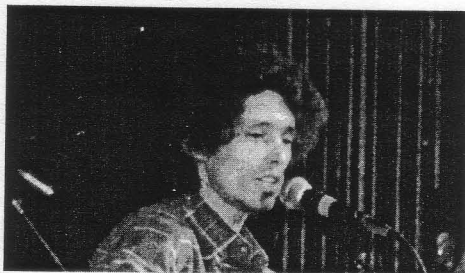
songs. His most recent release is *The Long Way Around* on Hightone Records. For information contact Tom at Box 16083, Shawnee, KS 66203, at 1-800-327-5264, or on-line at <http://www.musicvil.com> or musicvil@idir.net.

Rod MacDonald is originally from Southington, CT, but currently lives in Florida. In between, Rod resided on MacDougal Street and from there toured the US and Europe extensively, both solo and with his band. He has released half a dozen albums domestically on Shanachie and Gadfly Records and on Brambus in Europe, in addition to many contributions to past *Fast Folk* records. Contact Rod at Box 2152 Delray Beach, FL 33447 or via e-mail at rod-macd@aol.com.

Originally from New York City, **Peter Brown** now lives and performs in the San Francisco Bay Area. Peter has been a passionate

student of folk, blues, and jazz songwriting all of his life. This is his third recording for *Fast Folk*.

Richard Meyer lives a double life as a singer/songwriter and designer for the theatre. He has served as editor of *Fast Folk* off and on during its 16 years of life. In addition, he has been a contributing editor to the *All Music Guide*, led songwriting classes and panels around the country, and written incidental music for stage productions. Richard has released three albums of his own, including two on the Shanachie label. In the theatre, he has designed some 200 productions for regional theatres, Off-Broadway shows, fashion shoots and infomercials. Contact him at: 718-885-3268



Richard Meyer

Dude Stewart lives with his wife Debbie and child in Wichita, Kansas and sent in a tape he recorded there. E-mail him at: stewart@twsuvm.uc.twsu.edu



John Gorka

While living (according to legend) in the basement of Godfrey Daniels in Bethlehem PA, and after the breakup of the legendary Razyzy Dazyzy Spasm Band (also featuring Richard Shindell), **John Gorka** began to frequent the SpeakEasy and the Songwriter's Exchange in New York. His first of

many studio and live recordings was featured on the June 1983 issue of *The Coop*. Since then, he has gone on to tour the world and record many strong albums for Red House and High Street Records. His songs have been covered by Maura O'Connell and Mary Black. John has recently become a father.



Richard Shindell

Peter Case has been a prominent fixture on the American music scene since his role as leader and main songwriter of the seminal LA New Wave band the Plimsoles. Since then he has gone on to record strong solo albums featuring his distinctive blend of traditional and contemporary pop music.

Born in Montreal and part of the New York *Fast Folk* scene for several years, Nikki Matheson moved to Paris, France in 1987 to perform with French folk-group Malicorne and later with (now husband) Gabriel Yacoub, Charlie Couture, and most recently the legendary Georges Moustaki. Spending her time in studios as a

Born on the spot where the Hindenberg exploded, Richard Shindell was first featured performing *Fleur-de-Lis* on the 1989 *Human Pride* issue of *Fast Folk* with Diane Chodkowski. He has recorded three albums on Shanachie Records and has had songs covered by Joan Baez and Dar Williams.

bilingual back up singer and musician, she has also performed the musical scores of modern ballets with composers Ivan Lantos, Hugh Decourson and Breton guitarist Dan ArBras. She is currently adapting French lyrics into English for a publisher and production team (Celine Dion, Anggun Sismi, Jean Jaques Goldman) and is preparing her solo album, finally. Contact her at: 101671.1554@compuserve.com



Nikki Matheson

Judith Zweiman's musical career has been long and varied. Her list of contributions to *Fast Folk* includes the classic cover of her song *Heart on Ice* by Shawn Colvin and Lucy Kaplanski back in 1988. She has taught guitar and songwriting, and fronted several New York folk/rock bands—her band's ten-year run of popular weekly gigs at Augie's on the Upper West Side easily rivaled



Judith Zweiman

Emmylou Harris, Boukman Eksperians, Bart J. Jack Elliott, Bill Whelan & Riverdance, Sharon Shannon, Ralph McTell, Lee Murdock, Kevin Connors, Neros Butter No Parsnip, Kenneth S. G. G. Vance Gilbert, Mary Karlsen, Danny Cahill, Britt: **The magazine of Folk, Electric Folk, Traditional and World Music**, Shindell, The Traditional Family, 50,000 of Irish Music, The Dubliners, Che Maura O'Connell, Word of Mouth, Coast Music Awards, Richard W. McGuinn, Mary-Chapin Carpenter, Breto. **Dirty Linen** has covered Joan lists. ver **Baez, Ani DiFranco, John Gorka,** mer, art **Gillian Welch, Steve Tilston, The Al Burns Sisters, Catie Curtis, Taj Mahal, Emmylou Harris, and many more...as well as Cajun, Celtic, blues, bluegrass, Rory Mc and Eskimo bagpipers.** 1. Jan. zy, ebel, Kevin Burke's **Red House, Bryndie, East Morris Dancing, Na American Flute, Roger Clannad, Nanci Green, Jheila Chandra, Peter**

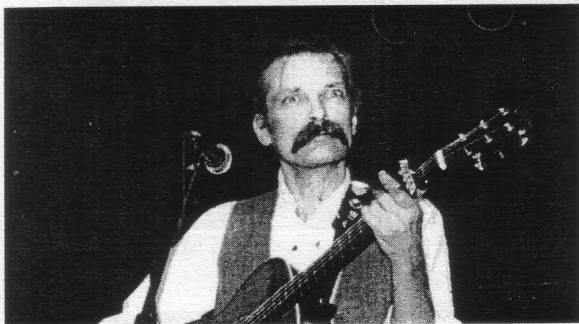


Dirty Linen

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that other weekly bar series on TV. Still in New York, Judy has recently become a videographer. Hmmm.

Tim Robinson makes his living in New York as a freelance graphic artist. He performs often in clubs around the city and was featured in the 1995 and '96 editions of the *Fast Folk Revue* at the Bottom Line. We are writing this bio for him in absentia because Tim is in Africa exploring.



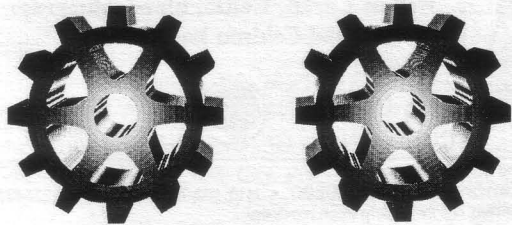
Erik Frandsen

Erik Frandsen appeared in the musical *Pump Boys and Dinettes* and recorded his *Howard Hughes Blughes* (the first of many contributions to *Fast Folk*) on the very first *CooP* LP in 1982. Since that time he co-wrote the Off Broadway hit musical *Song of Singapore*, recorded with Bob Dylan, and performed extensively around the US.



Mark Dann

(bass player and recording engineer)



LYRICS

Burn, Burn, Burn

drew a gun cold on the page
my pencil splintered with such intimate rage
curl in the corner black snake coiled
curl in the drink black midnight oil running through my veins
and now I've run away with a bottle of desire
an empty rumor that has set this world on fire
World on fire
Burn, Burn, Burn

at the wishing well I wished you well
a penny falling like an angel in hell
come back my angel bird on the loose
if we can't settle down
we'll make a truce for the sake of friends
and now I've run away with a bottle of desire
an empty rumor that has set this world on fire
World on fire
Burn, Burn, Burn

ten years tumble, your face is blurred
my friend my friend where is your nerve
moon on the river waves in the sky
ghost on the water diamonds in my eye
and I cannot cry
and now I've run away with a bottle of desire
an empty rumor that has set this world on fire
World on fire
Burn, Burn, Burn

words and music © Brian Rose

Hotel

Winter at my window summer in my heart
lately I've been feeling old
I can hear the wind blow since we've been apart
wish I had you here to hold
But I can't change what went down
even though I tried my best
Your heart was a hotel with a vacancy sign
and my heart was just a guest

What's the sense of talking words are only words
there's so little left to say
Each word is a bread crumb I throw to the birds
then I chase the birds away
'Cause I can't change what went down
even though I tried my best
Your heart was a hotel with a vacancy sign
and my heart was just a guest

I sit by the waters edge and I pass the time
every day I walk the ledge waiting for my rhyme

Take me to the mountain drop me in the sea
give me wings to fly away
Dip me in the fountain bend me at the knee
send me on my merry way
'Cause I can't change what went down
even though I tried my best
Your heart was a hotel with a vacancy sign
and my heart was just a guest

words and music © Julie Gold

Dakota Moon

Well I read it in a Dakota moon
as I drove across the Great Plains of my mind
I was doing about a hundred miles an hour
wishing I could fly
I read it in a Dakota moon
as I looked back in my rear view mirror
you were waving from a farm house on the side of the road
and your smile showed no fear
and your smile showed no fear

It was a long cold bright Dakota moon
You can leave but you must not leave too soon
It was a long cold bright Dakota moon
did you lie to me, did you, Dakota Moon
I was clear to Indiana in a shadow box
when I ran into the bad news that I feared
so I turned up the radio as loud as it could play
so I wouldn't hear the sound of my own tears

It was a long cold bright Dakota moon
You can leave but you must not leave too soon
It was a long cold bright Dakota moon
did you lie to me, did you
Dakota Moon

And I hear those powerlines buzzin'
miles and miles worth of telephone wire
and I told you I'd be coming
I told you you were my desire
and I read it in a Dakota moon
every time I lifted up my eyes

It was something that somebody once told me
You can leave but you just can't say goodbye

It was a long cold bright Dakota moon
You can leave but you must not leave too soon
It was a long cold bright Dakota moon
did you lie to me, did you
Dakota Moon
Dakota Moon

words and music © Songs of Polygram International (BMI)

What Do I Know?

I like living in a peaceful world
fell in love with a pissed off girl
oh, what do I know, thought I had it all figured out
Love blown up like a big balloon
couple sharp words and a great big boom
oh, what do I know, thought I had it all figured out

Beautiful picture in my head
woke up in this world instead
come all this way just to see your face

Red light green light stop and go
you tell me yes and it feels like no
oh, what do I know thought I had it all figured out
Big bright future staring me down
you turn away with a little frown
oh, what do I know, thought I had it all figured out
So in love and I look so sad
how come happiness feels this bad
oh, what do I know, thought I had it all figured out

Beautiful picture in my head
woke up in this world instead
I'm just a boy from outer space
come all this way just to see your face

I put a lot of miles on these two feet
walking up hill on a one-way street
oh, what do I know, thought I had it all figured out

Beautiful picture in my head
woke up in this world instead
come all this way just to see your face
I'm just a boy from outer space
come all this way just to see your face

I got a heart works a little too good
no good wishing for a heart of wood
oh, what do I know, thought I had it all figured out
oh, what do I know, thought I used to have it all figured out
oh, what do I know, I guess I'll never have it all figured out
words and music © Buddy Mondlock

EMI April Music, Inc./ Sparking Gap Music (ASCAP)

Pelicans

The pelicans were swooping down
like crazy circus clowns
they got a fierce kind of hunger
that makes them splash in the water
wild birds do what they do
They go for what they want to
I remember how you used to
love the way I wanted you

So what is it with us
why does wanting you hurt so much
and why is nothing enough
and why do you turn from my love
Just what is it with us
why why does love hurt so much
and why is nothing enough
just what is it with us

When I was five I wanted the moon
crawled out my window to the edge of the roof
I broke my arm trying to touch the light
I broke my heart a lot like that in life
but I've tried to be bold and brave
but this time the ache just won't go away
so I go down to the pelicans
to find myself again

Chorus

words and music © Reeva Hunter

The Drunken Alterboy

Once I knew a charming boy the star of Sunday school
Knew eight of ten commandments and could quote the golden rule
With youthful zest he did his best to imitate the lord
But mortal men are rarely saints and even saints get bored

Transubstantiation never seemed a wicked vice
Until the blessed day when Billy drank the blood of Christ
Bill was pure but he was sure the wine would not be missed
An hour in confession and the alterboy was pissed

Billy lost his head that day and rampaged far and wide
Barged into a wedding and he pawed the lovely bride
Madcap loon he punched the groom, chaos all around
Billy gained the pulpit and began to work the crowd

Listen up you heathen pigs, hear the righteous word
The reckless and extravagant will get what they deserve
Priggish frumps in jewels and pumps fat assed drunken louts
Money talks on earth but when you die you'll have no clout

So repudiate your heritage give away your land
I'm a messenger from Jesus you may kneel and kiss my hand
Somber mood he did conclude and staggered off in haste
Three steps from the pulpit he fell flat upon his face

Early on this Sabbath dawn the sky was clear and blue
The organ played a lilting hymn disciples filled the pews
The prelate strode in milk white robes his heart was full of grace
And then he noticed Billy in a pool of his disgrace

The Reverend felt a searing pain and cursed his God on high
This wanton lump of flesh was once the apple of his eye
Noble man he raised his hand and blessed the sleeping boy
His gesture of forgiveness drove the crowd insane with joy

The deacon dragged the reprobate into the baptistry
A splash of sacred water healed his damaged purity
One sharp slap and he was back the kid they knew and loved
One observer swore she heard a sigh from up above

Christmas Eve, St. Michaels church, Bill was back on board
Looking lean and bronzed from a month at Betty Ford
Though he fell it worked out well he faced his doom and won
Billy conquered alcohol and met Jack Nicholson
words and music © Bob Hillman

Can't Keep No Liquor

Well he drinks til he falls down
but he can't drink when he sleeps
and then I'll grab the butcher knife
and the rent check for next week
Yeah, he found the cooking sherry
I can smell it on his mouth
I guess we can't keep no liquor 'round the house

Well they call our home the heartland
of the upper Bible belt
but the heart has stopped its pumping blood
Everybody's gone to hell
we used to live off union wages
now we're living hand to mouth
and we can't keep no liquor 'round the house

Well he's alright when he's sober
but something happened last October
He said all the work was gone
all the boys are headed south
Now he sits there in the kitchen
he's lost all his ambition
and we can't keep no liquor 'round the house

We were livin' for tomorrow
now we're dying day by day
but at least my man ain't running round
or blowing folks away
Last night I woke up screaming
are you a man or are you a mouse
Why can't we keep no liquor 'round the house
chorus

words and music © Tom Russell

The Idea of a Flame

The idea of a flame burns bright in my eyes
I can see through my hand as it moves to the side
it's one of two, but not like the the other
it shines right there where my hand can't cover
I can take it away if this burning is wrong
it's one small flame in the night
though its been my best friend I can let it all end
or see through to the other side

The idea of a knife is a tool man has made
as it gathers the light it burns blue on a blade
as it carves out the stars for the winds to blow through
as it cuts through the tears my heart can't use
I can take it away if this carving is wrong
it's one small star in the night
though it's been my best friend I can let it all end
or see through to the other side

The idea of a star burns hot with desire
as it carves its own shape I can see through its fire
to a field full of life and a tree that stands tall
giving shelter to searchers who answer its call
I can take it away if this searching is wrong
it's one small tree in the night
though it's been my best friend I can let it all end
or see through to the other side

The idea of a life is a glorious thing
when you walk on the soil with the seeds of the spring
and the winds that blow cool and the earth so warm
with this song I'll travel as long as I'm born
I can take it away if this traveling is wrong
it's one small life in the night
though it's been my best friend I can let it all end
or see through to the other side

words and music © Rod MacDonald

The World of Men

She said her name is Lisa
and she comes from Iowa
that she stole her mama's VISA
and took the Greyhound bus
he says finish up your soda
and I'll introduce my friends
they are just across the street in the world of men

He tells her anything she wants
and he knows just what that is
'cause he's been around the block
and he really knows the business
sugar, you're very young and pretty
your gonna need yourself a friend
to help you find your way in the world of men

Now he is in a service trade
she could use a place to to hide away
he says come by any evening after six o'clock
tell them Ricky sent you
and show them what you got
he says you'll make a lot of money
your gonna need my help to spend
the best years of your life in the world of men

words and music © Peter Brown

The Workingman's Waltz

one worker stood by and rolled up his sleeves
occasionally checking the time
there was always more left but his punchcard was filled
he whistled and past 'round a pint

oh a man must do something with his time
this is something for a man to do
oh a man must do something with his time
this is something for a man to do

his best friend beside him also building a wall
his back bent the weight on his arms
picked up a few bricks leveled each one by hand
took a drink looked around and worked on

I'm laying these bricks one after another'
this is something for a man to do
oh a man must do something with his time
this is something for a man to do

a new face on the crew built his corner quite well
leaving spaces for the windows and doors
he measured up from the floor to the unfinished rafters
my God what am I doing this for

8:40 an hour, hour after hour
it is something for a man to do
oh a man must do something with his time
this is something for a man to do

the shadow of the foreman covered his face
and darkened the big roll of plans
he checked brick after brick and the square of the doors
took a drink and then he fired that man

this town needs more houses and a bridge pretty soon
oh a man must do something with his time
this is something for a man to do
oh a man must do something with his time
this is something for a man to do
oh a man must do something with his time
this is something for a man to do
words and music © Richard Meyer/Laughing Scared Music (ASCAP)

Waiting for the Moon

an hour of time slipping from the room
and me, I'm waiting for the moon
the world's asleep underneath the tree
the dark is deep velvet if you please

oh if you will here am I marooned
in this ink well waiting for the moon
who's silently falling through the sky
falls to me, the watcher going by

I don't care however far away
if it was you up there I would find a way
never mind all that gravity
I'd fall with you and you would fall with me
words and music © Dude Stewart

Against Hats

Well if I wore a hat my hair would be flat
and where would I be then
come on to me children step up to the building
won't you help me start again

Well if I wore a top my heart would be-bop
and skip this crazy beat
try as I might a lid is too tight
and my mind goes to sleep

Hats are for baldies and men with no brains
if you can't remember the sound of your name
for hiding the hollow for capping the numb
hats are for handbags and people who hum

If I wore a crown then I'd be unsound and play the tangerine
and take off the fruit in my old zoot suit up there on the silver
screen

I might have a go at your chapeau with my bb gun
your head's as hard as oak and you can't take a joke
won't you hold there for my fun

Chorus

if I wore a cap my thoughts would get chapped
and curb my words and deeds
Well if I wore a hat my hair would be flat
and where would I be then
come on to me children step up to the building
won't you help me start again
won't you help me start again

words and music © John Gorka

On a Sea of Fleur-de-Lis

I adore thee Mother Mary
Would you change back to a witch
and let me live in the arms of a sorry old elm
give the gypsy moths a realm of their own
for a postman's fee would I work for thee
from that tree I would swoop down and leave
a million blue eggs of eternity
and in no time you'd have your own sea
don't just stare
I mean it really
hear my prayer
I give it freely
are you there
fleur-de-lis

I adore thee Mother Mary
but would you change me back to a witch
and let me live in the arms of a willow
and fly around not wearing a stitch
for so long has this room been so hollow
we wait at the gate for an echo
in the flesh of your newly cleaned frescos
where Jesus holds John to his breast
wrapped around
and rocking slowly
no one bound to be so holy
in your gown of fleur-de-lis

I adore thee Mother Mary
would you change me back to a witch
as a witch would I love you more than any man
so give a wink, give a nod, give a damn
be a sport and don't tell dad
he need never know he's been had
and never you mind about those seven seals
'cause daddy was a one shot deal
one two three
it could be that easy
there we'd be
I with my baby
on the sea of fleur-de-lis

words and music © Richard Shindell
Shanachie Music Works

Eightball

Erie Lackawanna boxcar stranded on the side track
rusting like the sign that used to welcome you to town
fire engine moaning through the mist of early morning
and you watch the volunteers watch the hotel burning down

You're just eighteen but you seem a little older
looking down a road that always promised you the stars
tears and falling stars
a road side ain't the softest shoulder
and it's hard to catch a lift out
when there ain't no outbound cars

And some eightball in the poolhall
got careless with a match
had a laugh that turned into a fire
well it started as a joke
now it's all gone up in smoke
there's four corners blazing
and some eightball on the wire

With your thumb out in the dark
you watch the distant sparks rise downtown
and on your way out past the trailer park
you can hear the sirens scream
overheard somebody talking about the fire and the eightball

now it's blowing far and wide
as the ashes from your dreams

And you've always been the eightball
the last one to go down
wandering until the game is done
and way behind the eightball
the devil's takin' aim
and the eightball keeps on rolling
for somewhere or someone

Walk a one-lane lonely route past the closed down farms
praying for the first time that you made your big mistakes
asking for a miracle to come and see you through
and the trouble that you found now might be your saving grace

And you've always been an eightball
the last one to go down
wandering until the game is done
and way behind the eightball
the devil's takin' aim
when you've fallen in God's pocket
you don't always have to run

words and music © Peter Case

Winds of Sorrow

Time goes by so slowly when it's silent
Blazes by when we fight
All I wanted was some kind of a rhythm
And some quiet dreaming in the night
But failure exhausts me, fire burns me down
I keep fanning the embers on this quiet ground
I see circles of ashes blowing round
wait for a sign of smoke and a distant sound

chorus: Winds of sorrow, winds of joy

Opens windows closing doors
Was I just afraid of the sounds of change
as I went to seek shelter
or frightened by the flame I went to look for
Was a noisy city full of rhythm and dreams
concrete seemed to shake me in the cold and heat
It was love and hate, shame and pride
pushing and pulling me out from where I hide
Then another town that I went to find
that closes its shutters at sunset and lunchtime
noses in the air point to furtive glares
and the buildings haven't moved in years

chorus

Turned inside to see what I could find
Found my memories there hiding my own light
found a rhythm in a heart that still looks for love
and coals turning into diamonds shining in the moonlight

chorus

words and music ©1987 Nikki Matheson

Fighter Waiting in the Wings

I can't hold back from you any longer
I can feel your gaze inside me
And I realize that guile is the game you're playing
that in my heart is burnin'
I can feel it searing through me
And I feel my passion pale, and my feet turn to clay...
then the joker loudly sings
to the fighter waiting in the wings
Listen to the bell sound, listen to the bell sound
Listen to the bell sound

I can't hold back from you any longer
I can feel the spirit move me
Wanna prove the light of love sends your senses swaying
the heat in my heart is burning, burning
Can you feel it searing through you
Here I am, I'm comin' to you and now I've found the way
and the spirit loudly sings
to the fighter waiting in the wings
Listen to the bell sound, Listen to the bell sound
Listen to the bell sound

I can't hold back from you any longer
I can feel your gaze inside me
And I realize that guile is the game you're playing
the heat in my heart is burnin', burnin'
can you feel it searing through you
And I feel my passion pale, and now I've found a way...
and I'm running for the ring
I'm the fighter waiting in the wings
Listen to the bell sound, Listen to the bell sound
Listen to the bell sound

August 11, 1977

Dedicated to Harry Chapin

words and music © Judith Zweiman

In and Out of Love

when he comes he's a mountain man
here he is and he's drunk again
he gets Mad I mean the magazine
he's so bad
something in his brain
he's my man
I'm his dog
in and out of love

was I blind to fall for him
he's a man built like a gym
got a brick where his head should be

he's a jerk
jerk enough for three
he's my man
I'm his dog
in and out of love

I got dreams, even color ones
men have kids
I dont have a one
I go out and I don't come back
he's alone
well that's too bad
he's my man
I'm his dog
in and out of love

mama said it would come to this
hit and run but he'd always miss
says he cares when he cares to speak
is he dead
is he just asleep
he's my man
I'm his dog
in and out of love

words and music © Richard Goldman/Jim Dean

Deborah Ann

It's dark on a September evening
there's nothing but the sound of a fan
stark naked and waiting for dreams to come
lies desperate Deborah Ann
where's God when you need him
I need him
were none of my prayers sent along
if there's someone for everyone, why then
have I lain here alone for so long
Deborah Ann, Deborah Ann
waits in the dark for a man
or a woman—who knows?—she could love one of those
any heart with two open hands

there's a digital clock on a night stand
there's an hourglass inside her soul
and if someone would lay down beside her there
well her passions could swallow them whole
where is love when you need it
I need it

I have so much to give I could burst
if there's four billion folks on this planet
then tell me why do I feel like the first
Deborah Ann, Deborah Ann
waits in the dark for a man
or a woman—who knows?—she could love one of those
any heart with two open hands

she's not a classical beauty
no, she's not thin as a rail
she's not tan and wild and outgoing
she is shy and chubby and pale
Where's dreams when you need them
I need them
make me a blonde movie star
if you're listening find me prince charming
or princess wherever you are
if you are listening find me prince charming
or princess wherever you are

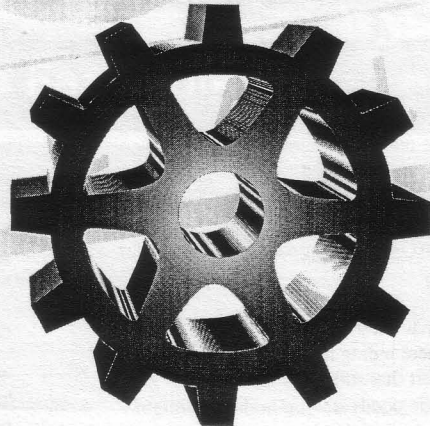
words and music © Tim Robinson

Waltz a While

Will you waltz a little longer with me
I promise I won't keep you long
Will you waltz under the old willow tree
I tell you that nothing is wrong
Ain't it just like the stars to shine so bright
and ain't it just like the time to fly
Will you waltz a little, waltz a little longer with me

Will you waltz a little little longer with me
the river is playing our tune
Will you waltz under the old willow tree
the night will be over too soon
Ain't it like the birds to sing off key
Ain't it just like the winds to blow
Will you waltz a little, waltz a little before you go

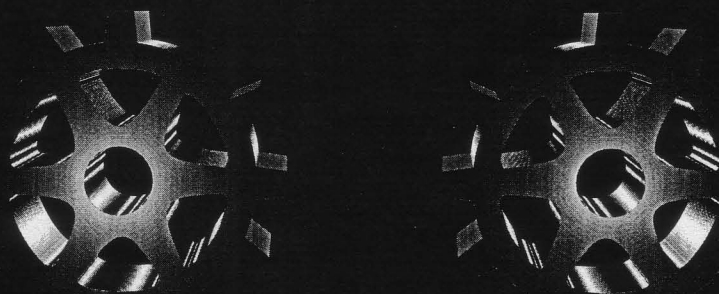
Will you waltz a little longer with me
I promise I won't keep you long
Will you waltz under the old willow tree
Ain't it like the birds to sing off key
ain't it just like the sun to rise
Will you waltz a little, waltz a little longer with me
words and music © Paul Clements



Here is volume 3 of Fast Folk's *Lost in the Works*. As longtime subscribers can testify, some times we have not been as *fast* as we'd like. At the same time however, even when production slowed, we still put recordings away for sunnier days. This album contains tracks that testify to our eternally positive frame of mind and bring to you the sound of the Greenwich Village scene at various moments over the past fifteen years, as indicated in the credits.

In addition to this occasional *series within a series* of Fast Folk releases, we intend to build a comprehensive data base, and would appreciate the help of anyone interested in archival projects. We want to compile a complete discography, correct old errors in the album credits and make safety copies of every master we have. We want to track down recording session dates and reissue our LPs on CD with appropriate additional tracks.

To make things interesting, Mark Dann (our first recording engineer), for example, has built three studios each called, with no particular distinction, Mark Dann Studio, Fast Folk Studio and World Studios, in two Manhattan locations on E. 8th Street and now on Franklin Street in Tri-beca. Of course this doesn't include the first four years of Fast Folk/CooP recordings which Mark engineered on the fourth floor of his house on Argyle Ave. in Brooklyn; it is not always easy to assume where songs were recorded. Dave Seitz has also had three studios: in Great Neck, NY; on 5th Avenue in Manhattan; and currently on 26th Street in Manhattan. The vintage tracks he cut were all done at the Great Neck location.



FAST FOLK

MUSICAL MAGAZINE

- 1) Burn, Burn, Burn Brian Rose
Guitar and vocal - Brian Rose
Recorded and produced by Mark Dann at the E. 8th Street Studio 1987.
- 2) Hotel Julie Gold
Piano and vocal - Julie Gold
Recorded 11/89 by Gary Horowitz at Sleepy Hollow Sound, Dobbs Ferry, NY, mixed 10/97 by George Tripani and Richard Meyer. Multitrack to digital transfer by George Tripani. Original session produced by Richard Meyer.
- 3) Dakota Moon Richard Ferreira
Guitar and vocal - Richard Ferreira/Bass - Denny Croy
Recorded at TMF Studio by Guy Snider 2/29/88. Session produced by Richard Meyer and Marvin Etzioni.
- 4) What Do I Know? Buddy Mondlock
Guitar and vocal - Buddy Mondlock/Additional vocals - Richard Julian, Kelly Flynt, others possible
Recorded by Mark Dann, World Studio, Franklin St., NYC spring 1992. Session produced by Richard Meyer.
- 5) Pelicans Reeva Hunter
Guitar and vocal - Reeva Hunter/2nd guitar - Richard Meyer/Percussion - Mark McColl/Bass and vocal - Judith Zweiman
Recorded by David Seitz. Produced by Richard Meyer and David Seitz.
- 6) The Drunken Alterboy Bob Hillman
Guitar and vocal - Bob Hillman/Mandolin - Jack Hardy/Bass - Robert K. Wolf
Recorded by Adam Blackburn direct to DAT at the Fast Folk Cafe, 41 N. Moore St. NYC. Original session produced by Jack Hardy.
- 7) Can't Keep No Liquor The Tom Russell Band
Guitar and vocal - Tom Russell/Electric guitar and harmony vocal - Andrew Hardin/Pedal steel - "Fats" Kaplan/
Bass - Billy Troiani/Drums and harmony vocal - Charles Calderola
Produced by Andrew Hardin. Recorded by Craig Randall at SRS studio probably summer 1988.
- 8) The Idea of a Flame Rod MacDonald
Guitar and vocal - Rod Mac Donald/Bass - Mark Dann
Produced and recorded by Mark Dann.
- 9) The World of Men Peter Brown
Guitar and vocal - Peter Brown/Lead acoustic guitar, bass, and shaker - Kevin Harris
Recorded and produced at Harwood Productions by Kevin Harris, summer 1997, San Francisco, CA.
- 10) The Workingman's Waltz Richard Meyer
Guitar and vocal - Richard Meyer/Mandolin and vocal - Jack Hardy/Vocals - Richard Cacarro, Nik Haber, Ken Koreis
Recorded at the Fast Folk Cafe Thursday night sessions.
- 11) Waiting for the Moon Dude Stewart
Recorded, Wichita, KS 1988.
- 12) Against Hats John Gorka
Guitar and vocal - John Gorka
- 13) On the Sea of Fleur de Lise Richard Shindell
Guitar and vocal - Richard Shindell/Bass - Richard Julian
Recorded and produced by David Seitz at the Operating Room, Great Neck, NY, summer 1989.
- 14) Eightball Peter Case
Guitar and vocal - Peter Case
Recorded by Mark Paladino at The Edge Studio, LA, CA 9/29/88. Session produced by Richard Meyer and Marvin Etzioni.
- 15) Winds of Sorrow Nikki Matheson
Guitar and vocals - Nikki Matheson/Violin - Lisa Gutkin
Recorded by Gary Horowitz, Sleepy Hollow Sound, Dobbs Ferry, NY 11/89. Original session produced by Richard Meyer. Mixed by Greg Anderson and Richard Meyer 10/97. Multitrack to digital transfer by George Tripani 9/97.
- 16) Fighter Waiting in the Wings Judith Zweiman
Guitars and vocals - Judith Zweiman/Drums - Mark McColl/Bass - Chris Allinger/Vibes - Mark Josephsburg/
Vocals - Duane Bergman
Recorded by Mark Dann, David Seitz at various studios. Produced by Judith Zweiman.
- 17) In and Out of Love Richard Goldman and Jim Dean
Korg and vocals by Richard Goldman and Jim Dean 5/17/90
Written, recorded, performed, and produced by Jim Dean and Richard Goldman.
- 18) Deborah Ann Tim Robinson
Guitar, harmonica and vocal - Tim Robinson/Bass - Robert K. Wolf
- 19) Waltz a While Paul Clements
Guitar and vocal - Paul Clements/Mandolin and vocal - Jack Hardy
- 20) Scary Christmas Erik Frandsen and George Gerdes
Guitar and vocal - Erik Frandsen/Vocal - George Gerdes