

THE FOLK SINGER

- A Tale of Men, Music & America -

Presskit

"We can rejoice in one another's sharing of pain."

- Scott Biram in THE FOLK SINGER -

Synopsis

Troubled by religious demons, anger, doubt and the need to supply for his unborn child, folk blues singer JON KONRAD embarks on a gruesome month long tour through Texas and Louisiana. Armed with nothing but a fiddle, a banjo and a beaten up suitcase, Jon hits the road. Throughout his journey he crosses paths with musical peers, Honky Tonk proprietors, country folk & religious mavericks. The road leads him from small town bars and Honky Tonks to a dismal New Orleans motel room where it comes to a final clash between JON KONRAD and his demons.

Cast

Jon Konrad.....	Jon Konrad Wert
Scott H. Biram.....	Scott Biram
Uncle Tom.....	Tom VandenAvond
The Rev.....	Reverend Davis
Reverend Deadeye.....	as himself
Miss Eliza Jane.....	Eliza Jane Smith
Drew.....	Drew Landry
Jimbo.....	Jim XXX
Big C.....	Cade Callahan
Cowboy Saint.....	Steve Dean
Ghostwriter.....	Steve Schechter
Soda.....	as himself
Jimmy Rocket.....	as himself

Crew

Writer/Producer/Director.....	M.A. Littler
Cinematography/Co-Producer.....	Philip Koepsell
Sound.....	Propaganjah
Gaffer/Grip.....	Rene Gamsa
Unit Production Manager.....	Keith Malette
Assistant Director.....	Sinead M. Gallagher
Editor.....	M.A. Littler & Alexander Schnell
Grading.....	Oliver Schuhmacher/DIE ACHT (Frankfurt)
Post- Audio.....	Frank Motnik (FMO Studios Frankfurt)

Distribution Formats

HD Cam SR, DVC Pro HD, DigiBeta, BetaSP & DVD copies are available (PAL & NTSC)

The Performers

POSSESSED BY PAUL JAMES

What may be a name unknown to most people reading this will someday go down in song writing history, mark my words. Stomping, hollering visionary Konrad Wert's music, performed under the name Possessed by Paul James, is nothing short of a miracle. The myth of his life has yet to spread, and since there are so many uncertainties about it I'll just tell you he somehow shreds on three instruments, has the voice of Satan and a priest all mixed together, and he grew up in a Mennonite Amish family. Words don't really do justice to this new voice, so I'll start by just referring you to one of his songs, "Committed."

"One-man band Konrad Wert grew up in a Mennonite family, raised by preacher father and a piano player mother, which accounts for both the baptized-in-fire-soul and musical versatility heard in his gritty Old World music. Wert's mix of blues and vintage folk howls with a sense of explosive freedom and latent rage-not unlike an Amish kid emerging from the wilderness to discover America -that instills his simple guitar/fiddle/stomp-box arrangements with unusual passion." -The Onion

SCOTT H. BIRAM

Rock 'n' Roll ain't pretty and neither is Scott H. Biram. The self proclaimed 'Dirty Old One Man Band' successfully, and sometimes violently, lashes together blues, hillbilly and country precariously to raucous punk and godless metal. Biram ain't no dour ass singer/songwriter either, sweetly strumming songs about girls with big eyes and dusty highways. HELL NO!!! His singing, yodeling, growling, leering and brash preachin' and hollerin' is accompanied by sloppy riffs and licks from his 1959 Gibson guitar and pounding backbeat brought forth by his amplified left foot. The remainder of this one-man band consists of an unwieldy combination of beat-up amplifiers and old microphones strung together by a tangled mess of guitar cables. Years of non-stop touring have honed his assault to a fine edge; his wide-eyed throw downs in the First Church of Ultimate Fanaticism routinely lead giddy followers to a fiery baptism. Scott H. Biram won't die. On May 11th, 2003, one month after being hit head-on by an 18-wheeler at 75 MPH, he took the stage at The Continental Club in Austin, TX in a wheel chair - I.V. still dangling from his arm. With 2 broken legs, a broken foot, a broken arm and 1 foot less of his lower intestine, Biram unleashed his trademark musical wrath. When Scott H. Biram took the stage at his 2004 SXSW festival showcase right after Kris Kristofferson he was quoted as growling "They said that was a hard act to follow....I'm a hard act to follow motherfuckers!" The stunned crowd looked on.

REVEREND DEADEYE

In the wake of Tom Waits and the slough of bands evoking an old-time spirit, there's Denver's Reverend Deadeye, mixing up his own brew of ministry inspired, soul-saving music. One of the things that impresses me most about Reverend Deadeye is that, for all intents and purposes, he's the real deal.

As a missionary kid, he spent most of his youth mingling with Navajos at tent revivals. His performance is less of an "act" than it is a natural manifestation of his real-life experiences. Where others are often just recapturing worlds that they learned about in books or their old Nick Cave albums, The Reverend is telling a real story that he (more or less) lived himself. Now that's something.

GHOSTWRITER

Ghostwriter was born Steve Schecter in 1976 in Friend Oregon, a rural community south of the Columbia Gorge. His first bands emerged in Portland in the early nineties at places like the Satyricon and the X-Ray Café. Upon turning 19 he hopped a train headed for Austin with a guitar and a backpack. Between 1996 and 2002 Schecter formed and fronted the bands Billy Swamp, The Standards, and End Of The West along with periodically performing acoustic under the alias Cole Stephens. In the fall of '02, at a time when his peers were consumed with careers of more supposed validity, Schecter started playing solo as Ghostwriter. Although his music has been described as bleak, self-loathing and even apocalyptic; Ghostwriter's irreverence is a welcome change to the perfected sub-genres and posturing of rock 'n roll today. In 2007 he returned to Central Oregon where he continues to tour and record.

