BROADSIDE

FOLK COUNTERCULTURE

FOLKIVAL

THE WASHINGTON SQUARES'

2 DOLLARS

APRIL 1985

NO. 161

The Last Campaign JOHN



JOHN STEWART

first met Robert Kennedy when he was Attorney General and I was a member of The Kingston Trio. We stayed in contact over the years and I was proud to be one of those who campaigned with him when he ran for President in 1968. Buffy and I travelled with the campaign and sang on the backs of trains, flat-bed trucks, town squares and high school auditoriums. I wrote songs as we went and the images of the people who loved him and believed in what he told them has been the inspiration for other songs, years after it was over.

This album is a collection of new recordings of these songs and I hope a musical movie of those magical days in 1968. I miss him. The memories will always live on. I dare say we won't see his like again.

-John Stewart

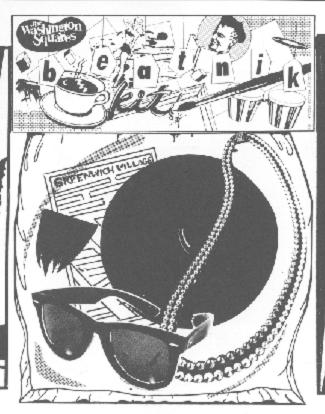
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exclusive,
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one time
only!
"true
to the
tradition"
-Lawrence
Ferlinghetti





BROADSIDE

THE FOLK COUNTERCULTURE

The new international folk scene is covered from London to Los Angeles . . . folk is being revamped to the beat of a new generation.

FOLK CALENDAR

Tour schedules for April '85 of some of America's favorite folksingers.

WHITHER THE BEATS

First emerging in North Beach and Greenwich Village in the late forties, find out where this band of nogoodniks is presently situated.

THE NEW BROADSIDER

Sure, Pete Seeger is the greatest. But what about Grandmaster Flash and the Clash? This essay calls for a pondering over of funk and punk broadsiding.

IN VERSUS OUT

What happens when garbage becomes fashion and fashion becomes garbage? Should I be digging Dave Guard or Kierkegaard? Our BROADSIDE analyst points out how these and other probing points can be solved.

TOP FIVE ALBUMS/CAN FOLK MAKE IT?

If Burl Ives, Tommy Makem, Alex Hassilev, Dave Guard, John Stewart, Bob Gibson and Tom Paxton were stuck on a desert island (individually of course), which records would they take? Also some current record executives answer an important question.

BROADSIDE REVISITED

Look at these covers! The hip origins of Broadside tradition.

TRADITIONAL FOLKSONGS

Peppering this issue will be the lyrics to some old folk favorites . . . we encourage you to break out your guitar or banjo and give them a try.

POLITICS IN '85

Washington lawyer and political advisor David Sobel notes hotbeds of political activity to be watched this year.

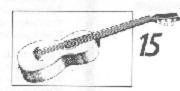


















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ART DIRECTOR MARLENE WEISMAN

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The National Topical Song Magazine

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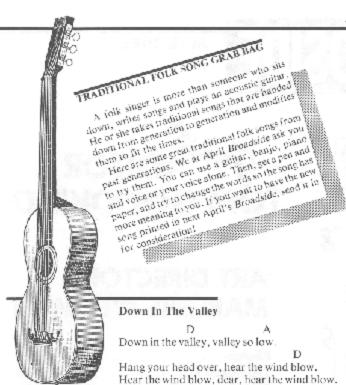
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Individuals: \$20/year in the USA Cover photo of Washington Squares Lauren Agnelli by J.L. Goodkind.



If you don't love me, love whom you please Throw your arms round me, give my heart ease. Give my heart ease love, give my heart ease Throw your arms round me, give my heart case.

Hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew

Angels in heaven, know I love you. Know I love you dear, know I love you Angels in heaven, know I love you.

Write me a letter, send it by mail Send it in care of Birmingham jail. Birmingham jail love, Birmingham jail Send it in care of Birmingham jail.

Santy Anno



Chorus: G Em So heave her up and away we'll go, of D GC

Heave away, Santy Anno; Heave her up and away we'll go, EmAll on the plains of Mexico.

When Zachary Taylor gained the day, Heave away, Santy Anno, He made poor Santy run away, All on the plains of Mexico.

General Scott and Taylor, too, Heave away, Santy Anno, Made poor Santy meet his Waterloo, All on the plains of Mexico.

Santy Anno was a good old man, Heave away, Santy Anno, Till he got into war with your Uncle Sam, All on the plains of Mexico.

Study War No More

C

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield, Down by the river side,

G

Down by the river side, \mathbf{C}

Down by the river side,

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield Down by the river side,

Dm Ci. Gonna study war no more

Chorus:

 \mathbf{F} I ain't gonna study war no more

C I ain't gonna study war no more,

G I ain't gonna study war no more, Lain't gonna study war no more, I ain't gonna study war no more, I ain't gonna study war no more,

Yes, I'm a'gonna shake hands around the world, Down by the riverside, (3 times) I'm gonna shake hands around the world, Down by the riverside, And study war no more.

The Cruel War Is Raging

C Am Dm Em E The cruel war is raging and Johnny has to fight, Din CF I want to be with him from morning til night. I want to be with him, it grieves my heart so,

Oh, let me go with you; no, my love, no. I'd go to your captain, get down upon my knees, Ten thousand gold guineas I would give for your release;

Ten thousand gold guineas, it grieves my heart so,

Won't you let me go with you?-no, my love, no. Your waist is too slender, your fingers are too small, Your cheeks are too rosy to face the cannon ball; Your cheeks are too rosy, it grieves my heart so, Won't you let me go with you? - no, my love, no.

Wayfaring Stranger

Am Dm Am I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger, A-traveling through this world of woe; But there's no sickness no toil nor danger, E Dm A111

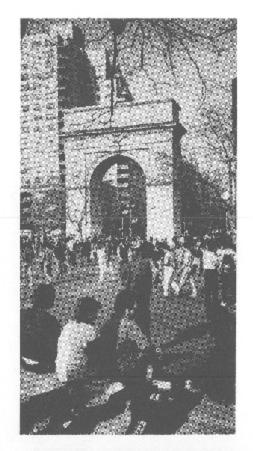
In that bright world to which I go.

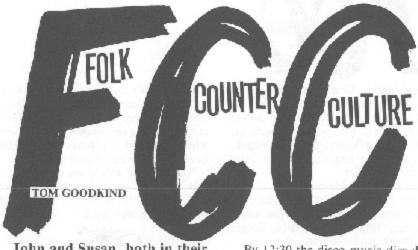
I'm going there to see my father,

I'm going there no more to roam, Dm

I'm just a-going over Jordan, I'm just a-going over home.







John and Susan, both in their early twenties, are getting ready for a night out. Susan walks over to her record player, thoughtfully asks John what he wants to hear, searches through some albums, and puts one on. Lou Reed's Berlin fills the small apartment.

Now animated, the two hustle for clothes; stalking and grabbing anything that's black. They thickly grease their hair, carefully check their mirrored attitude and painfully push crushed bills into their pants pockets.

John vells, "Come on! We've got to get out of here! It's 9:30!"

John locks the apartment door, John and Susan run down the stairs and hail a cab. When they arrive at their destination, there is a long line outside. It's cold, but Susan insists that it's worth the wait on line to see this concert. They join the line, now starting to squeeze one by one into the smokey venue. The shuffling concert-goers vacantly stare, faces pale and drawn, at the smoke in front of them as they pay and stand, waiting.

By 12:30 the disco music dies down and the club's spotlights hit the stage. Bursting out of their quiet anticipation, the hundreds of faces start cheering. The band strikes up its first tune. It is "The Rock Island Line."

The folk group is the Washington Squares, the Knitters or even the Violent Femmes. The venue is Danceteria in New York, Club Lingeric in Los Angeles or even Tut's in Chicago. The scene is known as the folk counterculture.



The folk counterculture not only finds the new wave punk searching for folk sounds at his or her local hangout, but also finds the punk finding a home in a quiet cafe or performance space. There, for the first time in this generation, he or she can conduct important political and social discussions between sets of poetry and folk music.

The folk counterculture (FCC) seems to hold court every time a punk lyricist. writes some poetry and every time a new wave band goes acoustic.

Reagan has a lot to do with this movement. When he stood before a thousand clean-cut marching band kids during his inauguration and called the kids "America's youth," he wasn't referring to the FCC. When, like a restrictive parent, Reagan says, "You're grounded! (anti-abortion &-ERA), "No more money!" (anti-social spending), and "We're watching you!" (promilitary &-CIA), he is fueling the FCC.

To pinpoint the FCC in different areas, we will start on the east coast, touch base in London, hear news from Milwaukee, and finish with the thriving

L.A. scene.



Violent Femmes - Milwaukee's #1 band has brought its new wave-falk sounds to sell-out crowds throughout the U.S. and Europe.

cont p.6



New York's Greenwich Village has always been #1 for counterculture. The capital of counterculture now boasts bistros such as the Judson Church, St. Marks Poetry Project, P.S. 122, Speakeasy, the Great Jones Cafe, Cafe Orlin and the Life Cafe.

The Village Voice centerfold is your best bet for filling your week with antiestablishment stuff. It'll tell you where Ginsberg, Kaye, the Squares, Seeger and others can be found.

Unfortunately, the Voice is from the Village as is most of the best talent. Except for Betsy, a D.C. girl group, the rest of the east coast is in its infant stages.

Boston, with its big yuppie population, is stuck in a pointless middle-aged revival mode.

Athens-Atlanta had folksinger Peter Holsapple opening for rockers R.E.M.

D.C., with Reagan and the Library of Congress Folk Archives, is a city to watch. Radio personalities Dick Cerri and Mary Cliff are great folk d.j.'s and Dody Bower's 9:30 Club is always packed.

Philly isn't far behind D.C. with radio hosts Terri Gross and Gene Shay. But its folk festival is a major drag! It's controlled by a neo-conservative lawyer who gets yuppie headaches whenever he hears anything anti-establishment.

None of the east coast cities has a folk radio show with a high market share, except for WNEW-FM's Mixed Bag Show in New York.



Then there's swinging England. In 1982 Malcolm McLaren, former punker, had a huge dance hit with a scratch mix of "Buffalo Gals!" And London's new wave folksinger Billy Bragg was just in Greenwich Village trying to find the street where Dylan's Freewheelin' cover photo was shot so Bragg could do a similar shot.

Bragg told April Broadside reporter, Larry Sloman, that the London folk countercultural scene is strong. "I'm the most mobile component of it. That's why I'm in America before the rest of them. There are the Redskins and the Skinheads, who are members of the Socialist Workers Party, 'Let's Kick Over The Statues' is a great song by them. Then there's the Free Johns who describe themselves as confused Marxists, and the Syd Presley Experience who have an anti-heroin stance.

"When punk rock was current there was a million people on the dole in the U.K. Now there's four million. It's more important today that we have something to say; that music becomes important."





Billy Bragg — seen here in London. He's the first in a long line of London countercultural folkles to hit Yankee shares.



The Washington Squares — America's newest folkniks visiting the Washington home of public anomy #1. Rolling Stone magazine calls the Squares "the hippest thing shaking in New York."



Malcolm McLaren — created the Sex Pistals. Bow Wow Wow . . . played Pistals punk to Appalachian hillbilly laikies through his ghetto blaster. Made "Bulfalo Gals" a dance club hit. A true inspiration, McLaren's Duck Rock album is one of the most ambitious talk records of all time.





Milwaukee is probably known more for its beer and string cheese than for its folk scene. But Ken Finkle of the Robert Kenny Agency, which runs the show for such folk innovators as Skyline and Touchstone out of Milwaukee, is quick to differ. Through Ken's power base, a performer can play the Milwaukee Performing Arts Center, perform on the Studs Terkel show in Chicago, and go on to be interviewed by and play for the hippest of the midwest folk crowds.

The Milwaukee group, The Violent Femmes are the kings of teen folk. Playing acoustic instruments, voicing discontent over the complacency of America's youth in terms of political opposition to Reagan, and being joined onstage by top folk musicians such as banjo picker Tony Trishka, the Violent Femmes have sold out huge rock halls internationally with little commercial airplay. The Femmes are not to be taken lightly.

Commenting on the Milwaukee FCC, Femmes bass player Brian Richie recommends the St. Michaels Waiting Room for good food, art and poetry. Richie also recommends three other local acts: Brennan Cornwell, Paul Cebar's Milwaukeeans (formerly of the new wave band, the R&B Cadets), and Drake Scott of the Twa Diss.

Of course there's more to the midwest than Milwaukee. In Tulsa, Oklahoma Bill Munger and Mark Johnson have been trying to push a new folk scene for years. There are small, newstyled folk scenes emerging in Grand Rapids and Minneapolis, Minnesota. And from Houston, Texas to Albuquerque, New Mexico there have been reports of new wavers going acoustic.



In Los Angeles, what started as a side project for the "X-Blasters" (John Doe, Exene, D.J. Bonebrake, Dave Alvin, plus former Red Devils bassist Johnny Ray Bartel) has taken on a life of its own as the folk group, the Knitters. Named and styled after the Weavers. The Knitters, who often headline over the poetry of L.A. visionary Chris-D., have attracted large crowds of curious rock fans up and down the west coast. The other star of the FCC in Los Angeles is Phranc who calls herself an "average Jewish lesbian folksinger!" As far back as 1982, Phrane, who does an incredible version of Dylan's "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll,' was organizing new wave folk nights at the Whiskey A Go-Go.

The two acts featured above are part of a new wave folk scene that can only be rivaled by New York's. The scene has already produced two compilation records on Jem-PVC.

cont p.8



San Francisco, although not yet having an FCC of its own, is, without doubt, the scene that most welcomes this new style of culture. North Beach with its beatnik communities intact and the Haight with its new wave clubs taking in FCC acts, make for the hippest hangouts west of Greenwich Village. And although originating from Omaha, Nehraska, punk-folkers the Muskrats have relocated to this Mecca.



The Muskrats - living in San Francisco perform There's A Maetin' Here Tonight, and many other hip folk standards.

To feel the necessity for the folk counterculture is easy. Go to Washington Square Park, City Lights Bookstore or any countercultural monument near you and have a seat. Feel the spirit of Whitman, Joe Hill, John Reed, Maybel Dodge, John Sloan, Seeger, Guthrie, the beats, the hippies, the punks. Then pick up a newspaper. Freedom must be won again by every generation and this generation's time has come.



BEST OF FRIENDS (BOB GIBSON, ANNE HILLS, TOM PAXTON)

-Washington, D.C. 4/12; Holderness. N.H. 4/13

THEODORE BIKEL

Hofstra, N.Y. 4/14; Middelbury, Conn. 4/20; New Orleans, La. 4/21; Binghampton, N.Y. 4/25; Los Angeles, Ca. 4/28

OSCAR BRAND

—Huntington, N.Y. 4/12; Yardley, Pa. 4/13; East Hempstead, N.Y. 4/14

ARLO GUTHRIE

- Valley Forge, Pa. 4/20 (with PETE SEEGER)

THE LIMELITER'S

—Washington, D.C. 4/30—5/5.

PETER, PAUL & MARY — Clearwater, Fla. 4/14; Sunrise, Fla. 4/12 & 13; Orlando, Fla. 4/14; Norfolk, Va. 4/18; Charlotte, N.C. 4/19; Greensboro, N.C. 4/20; Charleston, W. Va. 4/21

PETE SEEGER

—Valley Forge, Pa. 4/20 (with ARLO) GUTHRIE); Kalamazoo, Mich 4/25; Detroit, Mich. 4/26

SUZANNE VEGA

 N. Hampton, Mass 4/13; Cambridge, Mass. 4/26

VIOLENT FEMMES

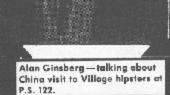
-France 4/7; Spain 4/9-13; Italy 4/15-16; Switzerland 4/21

WASHINGTON SQUARES

-Columbus, Oh. 4/12; Minneapolis, Minn, 4/20; Denver, Co. 4/26

WHITHER THE BEATS





IRA SILVERBERG

Jack Kerouac's On The Road may not have been a work of fine literature but it made the best-seller lists and brought the public's attention to a small, but ever-expanding, sub-culture - The Beats. Centering around an avant-garde clique of writers, artists and musicians, while being comprised mostly of dazed groupies clad in black clothing and berets, The Beat movement was once America's most important counterculture. Long forgotten after giving way to hippies, yippies, the radical chic and yuppies, The Beats of vore have made a minor comeback recently.

The summer of 1982 found Boulder. Colorado in turmoil as closet beatniks from around the world attended The Naropa Institute's Jack Kerouac Conference commemorating the twentyfifth anniversary of the publication of On The Road. The summer writing workshops have long been a stronghold of Beat scholars (a dwindling breed) but the turnout for the 1982 Kerouac Conference was not to be believed. Endowed with a hefty grant from Jerry Garcia, Naropa played host to everyone who ever had anything to do with Kerouac and accepted donations from the thousands who were apparently, interested.

Scheduled full of seminars like "Kerouae and Women, The Beats and Women" (a bizarre debate among middle-aged beatniks cum housewives about who had slept with Jack first)

and "Kerouac, Catholicism and Buddhism" (Jack was a guilt-ridden Catholic trying to find enlightenment through Buddhism. Ultimately, alcoholism won our.), the conference Kerou-whacked the observers with a barrage of trivia that won't stop appearing in a never-ending stream of biographics and films. So enough about Kerouac, was the general sentiment at the end of one week of 'Poetry, Performances, Exhibits, Workshops, Panels, Lectures, Film and Jazz." What about the rest of the Beats? Here's a rundown on at least a few of them:

Francisco in Front of his City

Lights Bookstore

David Amram—Once performing jazzpoetry readings with Kerouac, he now continues to play jazz clubs and folk concerts while being the first composerin-residence at the New York Philharmonic.

Ted Berrigan—Eulogized last year at St. Mark's Church where he taught the now legendary workshops.

William S. Burroughs—A victim of guilt by association, America's foremost, ground-breaking author was never a Beatnik. Rather, he was the "Eminence Grise" of the Beat generation. This American Academy of Arts & Letters member now makes his home in Kansas where he is working on The Western Lands (Viking 1986), the final volume in the Cities of the Red Night,

The Place of Dead Roads trilogy. Burroughs recently signed an impressive contract with Viking/Penguin who will publish seven titles in the next five years. The critically acclaimed documentary Burroughs will soon be available on video from Giorno Poetry Systems, 222 Bowery, NYC 10012.

Gregory Corso—Certainly the most extravagant and unique pillar of Beat generation non-ideologists. Corso (last spotted in New York at Saks Fifth Avenue buying suede pants with yet another female "patron's" charge plate) seems to be back in San Francisco sans patron but with great threads.

Robert Creeley—Black Mountain. What more can one say? Now reaches at SUNY at Buffalo.

Dianne diPrima—Living in San Francisco where she continues working on her poems and Eidolon Editions as well as teaching at New College. Probably didn't sleep with Kerouae as she wasn't part of the "Kerouae and Women" seminar.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti—Poet, painter, filmmaker, and still publisher of City Lights Editions in San Francisco. Published Allen Ginsberg until recently (see Ginsberg).

Robert Frank—Filmmaker/ Photographer with the hest Beat generation

p.16

Whiskey In The Jar

Am As I was a-goin' over Gilgary Mountain, F I met Colonel Pepper and his money he was countin' Am

I drew forth my pistol and I rattled out my sabre saying. Am

"Stand and deliver for I am a bold deceiver."

Chorus:

Mush-a-rig-gum dur-um dye

Whack fol di dad-dy-o,

Whack fol di dad-dy-o. C

There's whiskey in the jar.

Those gold and silver coins they sure did look inviting: So I picked up the money and I took it home to Molly. She promised and she swore that she never would deceive me: But the Devil's in the women and they never can be easy.

When I awoke, 'twas between six and seven, The guards they were around me, in numbers odd and even, I sprang for my pistol, but alas I was mistaken: For Molly took my pistols and prisoner I was taken.

They threw me in jail, without a judge or writin', For robbin' Colonel Pepper on that damn Gilgary Mountain. But they didn't take my fists, so I knocked the sentry down, And bid a fond farewell to that jail in Salem town.

Take This Hammer

Take this hammer, carry it to the captain Take this hammer, carry it to the captain, Take this hammer, carry it to the captain G D

Tell him I'm a-gone, tell him I'm gone.

If he asks you, was I running (3 times) Tell him I was flying.

If he asks you, was I laughing (3 times) Tell him I was crying.

I don't want no combread and 'lasses (3 times) It hurts my pride.



My horses ain't hungry, they won't eay your hay. C G

So fare you well Polly, I'm going away, Em G

Your parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor.

They say I'm not worthy to enter your door.

My parents don't like you, you're poor I am told, But it's your love I'm wanting, not silver or gold. Then come with me Polly, we'll ride till we come To some little cabin, we'll call it our home.



TRADITIONAL FOLK SONG GRAB BAG A folk singer is more than someone who sitdown, writes songs and plays an acoustic guitar. He or she takes traditional songs that are handed down from generation in generation and modifies

Here are some great traditional folk songs from past generations. We at April Broadside ask you them to fit the times. to try them. You can use a guitar, banju, planti out voice of your voice alone. Then, got a pen and parer, and try to change the words so the song has incremeating to you. If you want to have the new song printed in next April's Broadside, send it in

fer consideration!

Spanish Is The Loving Tongue

D Spanish is the loving tongue,

Soft as music, light as spray; D

'was a girl I learned it from, C#m E Living down Senora way

D I don't look much like a lover,

D Yet I say her love words over, DA

Often when I'm all alone-C#m Bm D A "Mi amor, mi corazón."

Nights when she knew where I'd ride She would listen for my spurs, Fling the big door open wide, Raise them laughin' eyes of hers; And my heart would nigh stop beating. When I heard her tender greeting, Whispered soft for me alone "Mi amor, mi corazón,"

But one time I had to fly For a foolish gamblin' fight. And we said a swift goodbye In that black unlucky night. When I'd loosed her arms from clingin' With her words the hoofs kept ringin As I galloped north alone— "Adios, mi corazón."

Never seen her since that night-I can't cross the line, you know. She was "Mex" and I was white; Like as not it's better so. Yet I've always sort of missed her Since that last wild night I kissed her; Left her heart and lost my own

'Adios, mi corazón.'











_ 1

Bm A
A-las my love, you do me wrong,
G F#
To cast me off discourtensly;

Bm A
And I have loved you so long,

And I have loved you so long, Delighting in your company.

Chorus:

D A
Greensleeves was all my joy
Bm F#

Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
Bm F# Bm
And who but my lady Greensleeves.

I Ride An Old Paint

G Em G Em I ride an old paint and I lead an old Dan,

I'm goin' to Montana to throw the Hoolian,
D G

They feed 'em in the coulees, they water in the draw,

D G
Their tails are all matted, their backs are all raw.

Chorus:

D

Ride around little dogies, G

Ride around them slow,

For the fiery and snuffy

Are raring to go.

Old Bill Jones had a daughter and a son,
Son went to college and the daughter went wrong,
His wife got killed in a pool-room fight,
Still he keeps singing from morning till night.

When I die take my saddle from the wall, Put it on my pony, lead him out of his stall, Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to the west, And we'll ride the prairie that we love the best.

The Water Is Wide

D G D
The water is wide, I cannot get over,
Bm Em A
And neither have I wings to fly.

F#m Bm Give me a boat that can carry two,

D G L

And both shall row, my love and I.

A ship there is and she sails the sen, She's loaded deep as deep can be. But not so deep as the love I'm in, And I know not how I sink or swim.



Barbara Allen Chiid Ballad 84

C G C In Scarlet Town where I was born,

G C

There was a fair maid dwelling, C Am

Made many a youth cry well a day,

CGC

Her name was Barbara Allen.

It was in the merry month of May When green buds they were swelling; Sweet William came from the west country And he courted Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant unto her To the place where she was dwelling; Said my master's sick, bids me call for you If your name be Barbara Allen.

Well, slowly, slowly got she up And slowly went she nigh him; But all she said as she passed his bed 'Young man I think you're dying.

O, mother, mother go make my bed And make it long and narrow; Sweet William died for me today I'll die for him tomorrow.

They buried Barbara in the old church yard They buried Sweet William beside her; Our of his grave grew a red, red rose And out of hers a brian.

They grew and grew up the old church wall. Till they could grow no higher;
And at the top twined in a lovers' knot. The red rose and the brian.



D A D A
As I was a-walking one morning for pleasure,

Bm Em D A
I spied a cowpuncher a-riding along:

His hat was throwed back and his spurs were a-jinglin',

D G A D

As he approached me singin' this song:

Chorus:

I

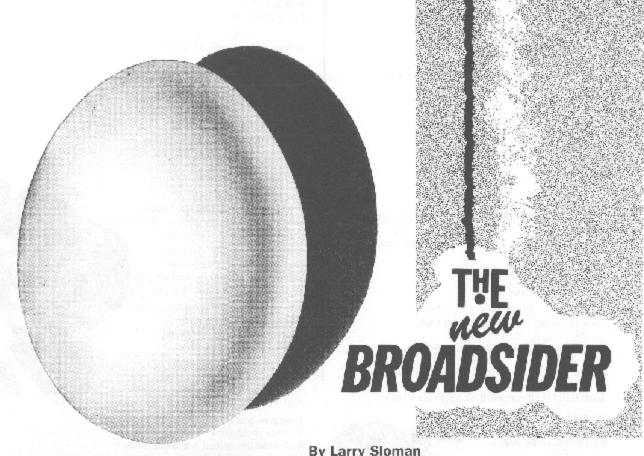
Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies, It's your misfortune and none of my own; Whoopee ti yi yo, git along, little dogies, For you know Wyoming will be your new home.

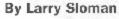
Early in the springtime we'll round up the dogies, Slap on their braids and bob off their tails; Round up our horses, load up the chuck wagon, Then throw those dogies upon the trail.

It's whooping and yelling and driving the dogies, Oh, how I wish you would go on. It's whooping and punching and go on, little dogies, For you know Wyoming will be your new home.



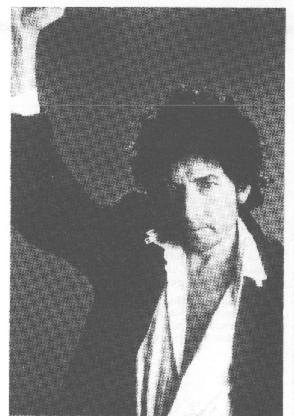
30 - 13 - 15





I was walking down West Broadway in Soho the other day when my progress was impeded by a massive crowd that had blocked the sidewalk. They were watching four small black kids breakdancing to the latest hip hop that was booming out of their third world attache case.

I had to literally walk into the street to make my way up the block. When I got back onto pavement, I heard some music that was competing with the blaring B-boy beat. There was this skinny girl playing an amplified Ovation and singing in a Joan Baez fashion through a tiny space-age microphone that was fastened around her neck. There were maybe one or two people who had stopped to hear her song. I guess the times are a-changing.



Bob Dylan — his 1983 song "License To Kill" is as powerful as anything else written this decade.



TIME MARCHES ON!





The Clash — after ten years of screaming for the youth of the world to join the socialist revolt, this innovative punk group has changed members rather than direction.







IN RESPONSE TO MANY INTERESTING INQUIRIES BY NOVICE AND PROFESSIONAL FOLKIES OF THE 1980'S, APRIL BROADSIDE DECIDED TO ASK THE PEOPLE WHO COULD REALLY MAKE A DIFFERENCE THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION ON THE FOLK COMMUNITY'S COLL ECTIVE MIND: "CANFOLK MAKE IT?"

WE DECIDED TO SURVEY A&R EXECUTIVES WITH A HISTORY OF SUCCESSFUL SIGNINGS TO MAJOR LABELS. THE EX-ECUTIVES ASKED WERE: NANCY JEFFRIES OF A&M RECORDS. MICHAEL BARACKMAN OF ARISTA RECORDS, ANDREW FUHRMAN OF CAPITOL RECORDS, MICKEY EICHNER OF COLUMBIA RECORDS: HOWARD THOMPSON OF ELECTRA/ ASYLUM RECORDS, DICK WINGATE OF EPIC RECORDS, DANNY HEAPS OF GEFFEN RECORDS, MICHAEL ROSENBLATT OF MCA RECORDS. DEREK SHULMAN OF POLYGRAM RECORDS, GREG GELLER OF RCA RECORDS, AND KAREN BERG OF WARNER BROTHERS RECORDS.

THE QUESTION ASKED WAS, "CAN FOLK MAKE IT?"

THE ANSWER GIVEN TO EVERY IN-QUIRY WAS AS FOLLOWS: "I AM SORRY, BUT HE (OR SHE) IS BUSY IN A MEETING RIGHT NOW, MAY I HAVE YOUR NAME AND NUMBER AND I'LL MAKE SURE HE'LL (SHE'LL) GET BACK TO YOU."

OVER A PERIOD OF FOUR WEEKS AND THREE REPEAT CALLS PER EX-ECUTIVE, THE ANSWER REMAINED CONSTANT. WE AT *BROADSIDE* FEEL THAT THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST CONCLUSIVE SURVEY STUDIES EVER CONDUCTED.



We at Broadside—this month—asked some of our favorite source folksingers what their favorite source and not so source folk albums were. If they were stuck on an island with only food and a record player, which five albums would they bring?

TOM PAXTON

- 1. The Weavers at Carnegie Hall The Weavers
- 2. We Shall Overcome Pete Seeger
- 3. Library of Congress Recordings Woody Guthrie
- 4. Wayfaring Stranger Burl Ives
- 5. Everything else

TOMMY MAKEM (CLANCY BROTHERS)

- 1. Precious Friends Pete Seeger and Arla Guthrie
- Sings the Woody Guthrle Songbag—Logan English
- Strings and Things Corey
- 4. The Man With a Rhyme Archie Fischer
- 5. The Singer's House David Hammond

ALEX HASSILEV (THE LIMELITERS)

- 1. Classic Scots Ballads Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger
- 2. Kisses Sweeter Than Wine The Weavers (78 rpm)
- 3. Banks of the Ohio Bob Gibson (the album with that song)
- 4. The Weavers at Carnegie Hall The Weavers
- Instrumental Banjo Record—Eric Weissberg and Marshall Brickman

DAVE GUARD (KINGSTON TRIO)

- 1. Music of the Bahamas Joseph Spense
- Uncloudy Days—Staple Singers
- 3. Below the Salt Steeleye Span
- 4. Greatest Hits (MCA Decca) The Weavers
- 5. 5—The Chieftains

JOHN STEWART (KINGSTON TRIO)

- 1. The Weavers at Carnegie Hall The Weavers
- 2. 5th Judy Collins
- The Kingston Trio (Mono) [Note: With Dave Guard—John replaced Dave]
- 4. Parcel of Rogues Steeleye Span
- 5. Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme Simon and Garfunkel

BOB GIBSON

- 1. Darlin' Corey 10"-Pete Seeger
- Live From Newport—Ray Charles
- 3. 17-Janis Ian
- 4. Music of the South Alan Lomax
- 5. Anthology of American Folk Music (Folkways)

BURL IVES

"I don't really care for folk music on record. If I want a folk song, why, I'll simply play it!"

CONTINUED FROM P. 9

documentation to date. Still in New York where he's been showing his most recent film of — guess what? — The Kerouac Conference.

Allen Ginsberg—Probably the most important American poet since Whitman and certainly the most press-conscious. Recently published his mammoth Collected Works to rave reviews—the first volume to come from his major Harper & Row deal. Recent photo show at Holly Solomon netted even more press. The outspoken, well-traveled poet recently returned from China, with pockets full of press clippings, to his East Village tenement. Biography and documentary in the works.

John Clellon Holmes—His 1952 New York Times Magazine article, "This is the Beat Generation," started the press on the Beat movement. Currently teaches English at the University of Arkansas.

Hubert Huncke—Archetype Beat in novels by Burroughs, Holmes, and Kerouac. Huncke (the junkie) lives in Brooklyn.

Ken Kesey—Post-Beat generation writer lives on a milk farm in Oregon.

Tim Leary—Did LSD with Kerouae. Last time he was at Naropa he and Burroughs walked out of a reading being given by Gary Snyder. Lives in Los Angeles with his wife and two computers.

Michael McClure—Teaching at the Oakland College of Arts.

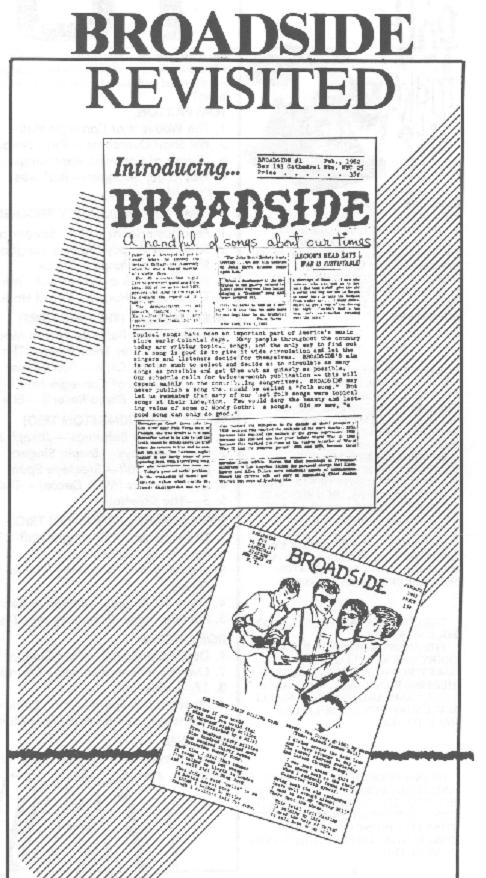
Peter Orlovsky—Don't ask, because most of the stories are true.

Jack Micheline—Still around somewhere.

Gary Snyder—When he reads poetry people like Burroughs and Leary leave (see Leary). Lives in Northern California where he makes his own soy sauce and then writes poems about it. No wonder they left, Beyond Whole Earth.

John Tytell—Recently published the worst article ever written on the Beats (in Vanity Fair, of course).

Anne Waldman—The beautiful poet, too young to have slept with Kerouac (we hope), lives in Boulder where she is the director of the Kerouac School, which she co-founded with Ginsberg. It a Silverberg, once referred to as the publicist for the Beats (or what's left of them) by a New York gossip columnist, is actually a publicist for Rogers & Cowan. He has worked with William Burroughs Communications for the past four years.



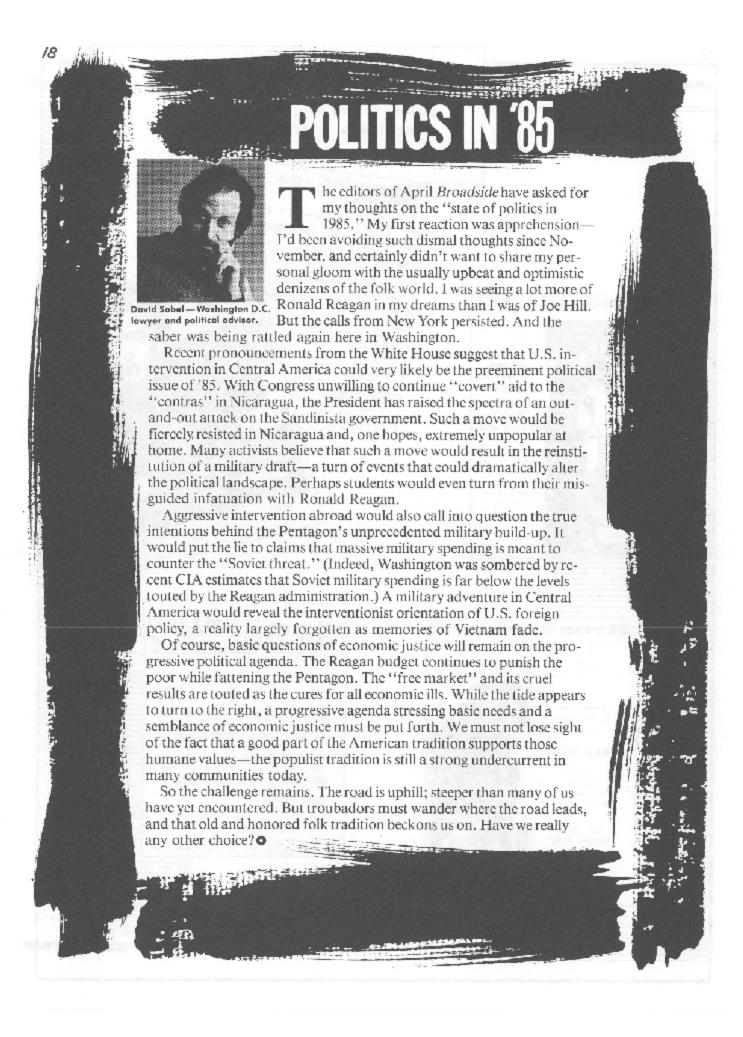
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