

GREETINGS FROM MANDELA HALL!



SONGS • POEMS • ARTICLES
... plus NYC SONGWRITERS

BROADSIDE #162

The National Topical Song Magazine

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It is certainly possible that someone could
accuse **BROADSIDE** of being New York-centric.
BROADSIDE has always published songs, poems,
and articles without consideration of regional
origin, but we did originate here, do have a lot
of subscribers here, and actually live here. So
New York is the natural place to start in offer-
ing collections of songs from specific regions
by new (and old) songwriters. Gerry Hinson,
a long time activist in the folk community,
has consented to select, collect, and detect
songs for this issue. I'm sure he had to reject
a few also.

Due to the conditions in New York and the
efforts of many, this city lives up to its rep-
utation for being the place to make it. Song-
writers have always flocked to New York and
possibly flourished. But STOP! Put down that
gig bag and don't change your subscription
addresses. I'm not advocating packing up and
moving here to make a name for yourself. (You'll
never find an apartment anyway.) Many cities
and regions have much better things to offer
to a songwriter than New York does.

Some things have made New York a good
place, though. (Some geocentrics might have
said, "Some things have made The City good.")
The folk clubs, Folk City and Speakeasy among
them, open-mike nights, the activist community,
and the efforts of Jack Hardy and the Fast Folk
Musicians' Co-Op, have all helped. Gerry Hin-
son, a well-known man in these circles, has
collected a few of the best of what has been
coming out of these writers recently and this
issue contains just a part of that collection.

All of you people fortunate enough not to
live in this mess, see if you can get together
the best of your area and write in to **BROADSIDE**.
Those of you who have noticed the crowds at
open-mike nights growing and the lines to
sing at rallies getting longer, should start
thinking about getting these people together
to submit a collection of songs (and poetry,
and articles). Seattle, Madison, Boston, Ames,
anyplace is acceptable. (Except Monsey.) Write
in to **BROADSIDE** if you think you could be
a "facilitator" for a collection from your re-
gion.

Those of you who live in New York can
see by this issue that some people can deal
with the subways and still write songs. In
the meantime, examine what effect living in
an encrusted, infested, crowded city has on
an otherwise sane songwriter.



The Fast Folk
Show at The
Bottom Line,
NYC 1985

This issue of **BROADSIDE** would not
have been possible without the help
of Ted Kesler and Tim Rehwatdt who
collected the material from the sit-in
at Columbia. Ted and Tim co-manage
the Postcrypt Coffeshouse on campus.
The section on New York City song-
writers would not have been possible
without Gerry Hinson. Also provid-
ing valuable assistance were Camilla
Saty (as always), and Judy Cohen,
ever skillful and patient proofread-
er and copy editor. Photos in this
issue are by Gerry Hinson and the
Columbia Spectator. Various drawings
by Aggie Friesen. Any songs or
poems from the April Actions out
there? Send them in soon.

the sun
still rises
on
auschwitz
by eric
andersen

From **BROADSIDE** #55, February 12, 1965

the sun still rises on auschwitz
a dawn still showers its orange
warmth
upon the skeletal remains of the
huge murder chambers;
existence (except for the grass)
is defined
as ghosts... or memories now.

Such Death has changed the faces
of our minds.
Yet when passing by, the train
never stops.

strangely, the sky is no more
bluer,
nor the sun more brighter
than they were in those
horrible times
that are now passed forever,

yet have changed
the faces
of our minds.

Timothy J. Rehwaldt, Hamilton-Mandela Blockade, April 18, 1985

On April 4, when members of the Coalition for a Free South Africa chained the doors and sat down on the steps of Hamilton Hall, (renamed Mandela Hall, after the imprisoned ANC leader, Nelson Mandela) on Columbia University's Morningside Heights campus, they did not anticipate national and worldwide press coverage, nor did they expect to find themselves in fact, as a blockade, two weeks later. But community and national support from such noted figures as Nobel Peace Prize winner Bishop Desmond Tutu, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, Abbie Hoffman, and Pete Seeger, along with students from numerous universities throughout the country, has unified the coalition and made this feat possible.

(According to a recent AP release, the Mandela Hall blockade is the longest running non-violent demonstration of its kind in American history.)

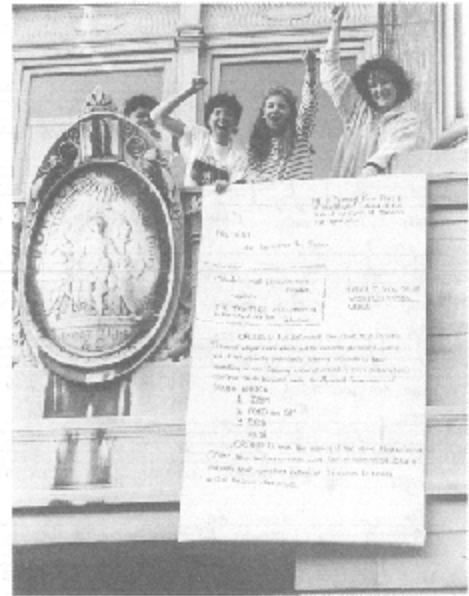
Whether or not the applied pressure of the Mandela Hall blockade, and like demonstrations around the country, (As of presstime, Princeton, Rutgers, UCTA Santa Cruz and Berkeley) will be enough to convince American corporations to divest their holdings in South Africa is not yet known. But the blockade has already succeeded in raising international consciousness on the issues of apartheid and racial injustice, giving new confidence to what is essentially a grass-roots movement.

Coalition member, Sean Dash, a senior in the college, threatened with expulsion for his participation in the blockade is witness to this new confidence:

"I have always felt that the U.S. government and corporations are too monolithic and self-perpetuating to be moved by any opinion that did not originate within their own bureaucracies. This blockade has convinced me that a grass-roots, people's movement can effect change."

Social struggle has always been one of the many inspirations for true folk arts. David Herberly-Webb, a Columbia graduate who recently returned his diploma, put it this way:

"I haven't written a song in eight months. Since the beginning of this blockade I when you are writing for a specific purpose--social struggle--creativity is a matter of necessity."



YOU CAN'T HIDE ME

By T. Sheaffer/
T. Duval

Musical score for 'YOU CAN'T HIDE ME'. It includes a key signature of one flat (Bb), a 4/4 time signature, and a tempo marking of 'STRONGLY, BUT BALANCING'. The lyrics are: 'YOU CAN'T HIDE ME I AM THE DARK SIDE OF YOUR MIND, YOU CAN'T HIDE ME I AM YOUR CONSCIENCE ON THE RISE, YOU CAN'T HIDE ME I AM THE DARK SIDE OF YOUR MIND, YOU CAN'T HIDE ME I AM YOUR CONSCIENCE ON THE RISE. YOU CAN'T HIDE ME I AM THE DARK SIDE OF YOUR MIND, YOU CAN'T HIDE ME I AM YOUR CONSCIENCE ON THE RISE. YOU CAN'T HIDE ME I AM THE DARK SIDE OF YOUR MIND, YOU CAN'T HIDE ME I AM YOUR CONSCIENCE ON THE RISE.' The score features various musical notations including chords (Bb, C, F, G), rests, and dynamic markings.

You can't hide me
I am the dark side of your mind
You can't hide me
I am your conscience on the rise

Chorus
You can hide behind your ivy walls
You can hide behind your facts and laws
You can hide the truth and think it's gone
But it's very plain to see
You can't hide me

You can't blind me
I am the vision of your eyes
You can't buy me
With your lying alibis

Chorus

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POETS IN THE RAIN

Poets in the rain will fight the revolution,
Where soldiers will fail
And politicians fall silent
Poets in the rain
Will fight.
Not with stones and balls of fire,
Not with cold wars on the wire
But with words of compassion
Stronger than the hardest steel.
Poets in the rain
Will fight.
Not with tricks of blood and torture,
Though sometimes
We are tempted.
But with words of pride and glory
That no one can resist.
Poets in the rain and musicians too,
Dancers in the wind
Will fight the revolution.
It is us that will lead the way
To a free justice and to
A just freedom.
Sculptors, painters, acrobats
Singers, poets in the rain.
We are not terrorists.
We are artists, pacifists, creationists
Humanists.
From the university essays,
To the graffiti on the wall,
We shall fight this war
With love and compassion as our
Only weapon.
But remember you out there,
That think to
Exploit and oppress and ignore,
HEED OUR WORDS.
For we shall stand through
A thousand rainy days
And the ourselves around the world
To spread our words of freedom.
If one of us should fail,
Ten shall fill the spot.
If your noose becomes so tight that
We cannot speak,
We shall beat a freedom rhythm with our hands.
BOUND OUR HANDS.
And we will scratch out our message into
The ground with the edge of our toes.
If you don't understand these words of
Poetic gibberish,
Then let me tell you plain and simple.
WE WILL NOT BE MOVED.
WE WILL OVERCOME.
WE WILL BE FREE.

St. Mikal X

MANDELA By Timothy Lea

The barricades are lined with riot squads,
Faceless men with sightless eyes. They're bulldozing out at
Crossroads, checking every body at the - bus. Bullets
crash the rising dawn, tear-gas soaks up the night - gas
Crows run headlong So - on - a - to, Children hide their heads in
fright. And Nelson's sittin' in his cell tonight
hear the lonesome cry - y - y - y. Twenty years of bread
and chains, but his head is still held high.

©1985 Timothy Lea

FENCE SITTER'S ANTHEM By David Hershey Webb

I don't got time to join the struggle. I got a paper
due but I support you. All the way I'm a
giant against apartheid too.

1. I don't got time to join the struggle
I got a paper due.
But I support you all the way
I'm against apartheid too.
2. And when at last the struggle's o'er
And the final victory's won.
They'll put you in the history books
And I'll read every one.
3. I try to learn all I can
I study day and night.
If I didn't have a paper due
I'd come and join the fight.
4. I studied all about John Brown
How courageous he had been.
If I didn't have a paper due
I'd be just like him.

©1985 David Hershey Webb

The barricades are lined with riot squads,
Faceless men with sightless eyes.
They're bulldozing out at the crossroads,
Checking everybody's alibis.
Bullets crash the rising dawn,
Tear gas soaks up the night.
Crows run head through Soosoo,
Children hide their heads in fright.

Chorus

And Nelson's sittin' in his cell tonight,
Here the lonesome cry-y-y-y.
Twenty years of bread and chains,
But his head is still held high.

The homelands are shakin' their achin' backs
Throwin' down the white man's load.
They're marchin' for the very last time,
Marchin' down freedom's road.
For so long they've been fightin'
For so long so many have died,
The lifeless slumber's ending
Bringing the death of apartheid.

Chorus

In Capetown, the foundation's crumbling.
In Jo'burg, they're startin' to burn.
In Durban, troops line the streets.
Soon every table will be turned.
We're callin' for divestment
From this livin' death machine.
Ask the ghost of Stephen Biko
We'll tell you what we mean.

We'll tolerate no more intolerance
We'll stand by and look on no more.
Respect we're talkin' to you and your kind,
Stop the blood before you start another war.

Final Chorus

So Nelson'll never sit alone again
Hang his head or cry in pain.
Strike off his chains and free his people.
Let them hold their heads up high once again.



Student Protest For Divestment at Mandela (Hamilton) Hall Columbia U., April 4-7, 1985

Rain hammers down upon garbage bags,
makeshift tarps, collects
in pools over our heads.
We have warm beds, lying
empty. Instead this rain gathers
us together, bodies huddled
for warmth, we are learning
what it is like to be homeless,
what it is like to be cold,
what it is like to confront the chill
of deaf institutions
to confront the chill
is ourselves.
This is our choice.

In South Africa people starve
for this word "choice", fight for
this word "choice"
Here our voices break
the silence of this night
one voice, over the rain
sings to sleep
those of us now too weak
to stand, who choose to starve
themselves, as the people
of South Africa starve.

The policy makers,
the politicians,
the moneychangers,
the investors listen
to this storm also,
as the rain beats down
the crocuses to a
purple stain.

Lori Stevens

SPIRITS RISING By Timothy Rehwaldt

6/8ths 2 beats sus Em Bm repeated until (verses begin)

They say in Cape Town They couldn't live for less Rich and white skinned
 Dis-regard the rest Spirit rising From the Earth rising from be-low
 spirit ris- ing re-vo- lu- tion Freedom over- flow

BRIDGE (after 3rd verse and chorus)
 CAGED E CAGED Bm CAGED Em Em Bm CAGED E D ADDED E

Em Bm ETC.

©1985 Timothy Rehwaldt

They say in Capetown they couldn't live for less
 Rich and white skinned disregard the rest.

Chorus
 Spirit rising from the earth
 Rising from below.
 Spirit rising, revolution,
 Freedom overflow.

Social order, black and government,
 Leaves the light-skinned high, the dark indignant

Chorus

Take from humans what they cannot buy.
 Corpses drawn to the bone before they die.

Chorus

Say there's no solution to this fate.
 Say there's no love but only hate.

Chorus

APARTHEID MUST GO By Lucy

Mr. Apartheid, will you get off my back
 More than enough you have got from me
 My goods, and my rights, and nearly all my mind
 Now it's past time for you to set me free

Chorus

Apartheid, I'll tell you a thing or two
 Start to pack your bags, your ruse and weapons too
 I have a dream that surely will come true
 And I can hear those death bells a-tolling for you

You give me constant pain, exploiting all along
 Your great foot is always crushing me
 Your guns, your curfews and vigils take no rest
 Now it's past time for you to set me free

Chorus

Centuries ago you began your evil reign
 I fought but didn't win, your weapons were too strong
 You plunged me in a nightmare of sweat, blood, and tears
 But soon I will be singing my freedom song

Chorus

Tyrant, apartheid, you just listen to me
 You've thrived in full by your tyranny
 It seems like fate has abandoned me
 But sometime, somehow, you'll have to set me free

Chorus

APARTHEID MUST GO By Lucy---

Mister Apartheid will you get off my back More than enough you have got from me my
 goods and my rights and near-ly all my mind Now it's past time for you to set me FREE—
 (sings)
 Apartheid I'll tell you a thing or two Start to pack your bags your ruse and weapons too
 I have a dream that surely will come true And I can hear those death bells a-tolling for you



NYC SONGWRITER FOCUS

By Gerry Hinson

When Sonny Ochs, back in 1983, suggested that I guest-edit an issue of *BROADSIDE* which could be based upon published material from the Co-op/*FAST FOLK* Music Magazine, I expressed strong doubts about what such a project could contribute to *BROADSIDE* and whether I was the person to do it best. So, I sort of filed it in my "futures" department; at the time, the musician's Cooperative at Speakeasy, was, as a body "non-political", and I was the house manager! Up to that point my interests in music had been either neo-traditional or dramatic songwriters.

However, over a period of time my exposure branched out to more performing activists and other scenes: The Clearwater Festivals, New York, New Jersey, and Brooklyn coffeehouses, Holly Near, Patsy Spicer, Suni Paz, Mike Click--to name a few! Listening to these singers and encountering them as a journalist also, I found them to be an extremely diverse collection and thus my eyes were opened to political, activist, and exciting kinds of music that is concerned. This moved me to listen to many other songwriters with a more open mind, and I have found fresh creativity from purely alert, concerned, everyday citizens--far from old conspirators preserving old relics.

Fast Folk, Jack Hardy, Joseph Zbeda, Marilyn and Robbie of Folk City, and many others have made this collection possible in *BROADSIDE*. If it weren't for them these writers would have no places to perform, hence no impetus for writing. Erik Frandsen, one of these NYC writers, once said, "If you're going to sing political songs, you'd damn well be entertaining." And I'll add my corollary: They've gotta be good! Well, the songs here qualify, and they're readily singable to boot. Furthermore, this isn't a collection of musical speeches, the songs are diverse and refreshing in approach and I hope this helps others to learn about what is being written in New York City.

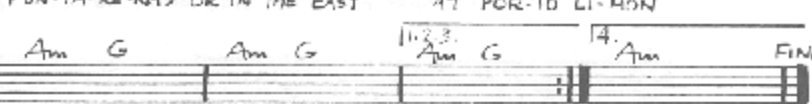
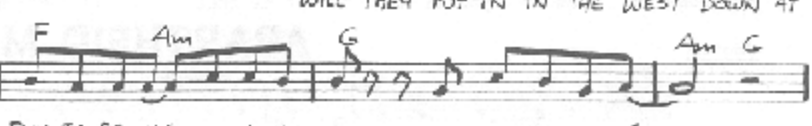
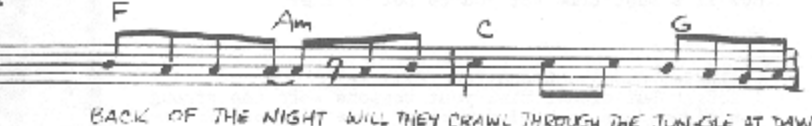


Joseph Zbeda, owner of the Speakeasy, home of the Fast Folk Musicians Co-op.

PORTO LIMÓN

WORDS & MUSIC by JACK HARDY

CAPO: 2ND FRET



© 1983 JOHN S. HARDY MUSIC, ASCAP

"OUR JOB IS TO COMFORT THE AFFLICTED AND AFFLICT THE COMFORTABLE."
- MOTHER JONES

O captain, my captain
 O who is my captain-
 can it be that nobody's at the helm
 can they dare call it reason
 in that growing treason
 that the king has somehow abdicated the realm

Chorus:

will they fall from the sky in the back of the night
 will they crawl through the jungle at dawn
 will they put in west down at Puntarenas
 or in the east at Port Limón

i signed on in my youth
 thinking there was but one truth
 that this mission was sent for a merciful good
 but when the port came in view
 came a far darker hidden truth
 that the cargo of business was understood

no they'll come through the banks
 on the right wing think tanks
 multinational only means the people they cry
 for in the face of the resper
 you know the people work cheaper
 keep a tight grip and squeeze all the freedom dry

O captain, my captain
 O who is my captain
 can it be that nobody here is my friend
 for this history lesson
 we will pay in aggression
 that in business the means justify the ends

©1983 John S. Hardy Music, ASCAP

Sonny Ochs
 and Susan
 Firing
 presenting
 a cake on
 the 3rd
 birthday
 of the
 Co-op.



Call Me The Whale

Lune: "The Greenland Whale Fisheries"

Paul Kaplan has recorded this song on his album
 "Life on This Planet," Hummingbird Records #07734.

acappella

Call me the whale for that's what I am And that's
 what I aim to be; You may call yourselves the
 Kings of the land But I am the King of the sea, brave
 boys, I am the King of the sea.

Call me the whale for that's what I am
 And that's what I aim to be
 You may call yourselves the kings of the land
 But I am the king of the sea, brave boys
 Yes I am the king of the sea

You came after me in your matchstick boats
 With your harpoons poised for the kill
 When I looked you in the eye I never saw you cry
 But I know that I gave you a chill, brave boys
 I know that I gave you a chill

by Paul Kaplan

by Paul Kaplan
 © 1980 Paul Kaplan Music
 ASCAP

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But I didn't ever mean you any harm, brave boys
 When I sent you to the bottom with my tail
 I only meant to show you that you should have been
 "at home"
 Instead of on the ocean chasing whales, brave boys
 Instead of on the ocean chasing whales

But you never got the message so more and more
 you came
 Till I ran out of places to hide
 When your boats got so big that I could not bring
 you down
 Then I knew you had turned the tide, brave boys
 I know you had turned the tide

Now you hunt me down in your factory ships
 And you never even touch me with your hands
 In the morning I am playing with my babies in the waves
 In the afternoon I'm packed into your cans, brave boys
 In the afternoon I'm packed into your cans

You've gotten so efficient with your implements of death
 That by now I'm barely alive
 But if you treat each other the way you've treated me
 I think I'm going to survive, brave boys
 Yes, I think I'm going to survive

DANCE OF THE KNEE-JERK REACTIONARIES

WORDS & MUSIC by
W. D. NEELY

WE DON'T WANT AN-OTHER
 GAY OF MISS FEL LAS WE AIN'T
 PLAY IN IN THE MI-NOR LEAGUES
 F7 G7
 THIS TIME WE BET-TER DO IT RIGHT
 F7 G7
 LAST TIME WE DID-NT DO IT RIGHT
 DO
 WE DON'T WANT AN-OTHER VI-ET-NAM ANKLE THEY
 MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF UN-CLE SAM
 F7 G7
 THIS TIME WE BET-TER DO IT RIGHT
 F7 G7
 LAST TIME WE DID-NT DO IT RIGHT
 F7 G7
 IF WE GOT-TO DO IT THEN WE GOT-TO DO IT
 RIGHT
 G7 A7#5 D9
 RHYTHM When slow
 F7 G7 F7 G7 F7
 G7 A7#5 D9
 THAT CAR REEL-BIE IN SL
 SLE-VE DOK WE'LL GO DOWN AND HELP THEM THAT'S WHAT
 D9 F7
 FRIENDS ARE FOR BUT THIS TIME WE GOT-TO DO IT
 G7 F7 G7
 RIGHT THIS TIME WE GOT-TO DO IT RIGHT
 F7 G7
 IF WE GOT-TO DO IT THEN WE GOT-TO DO IT RIGHT
 A7#5 D9 FINE

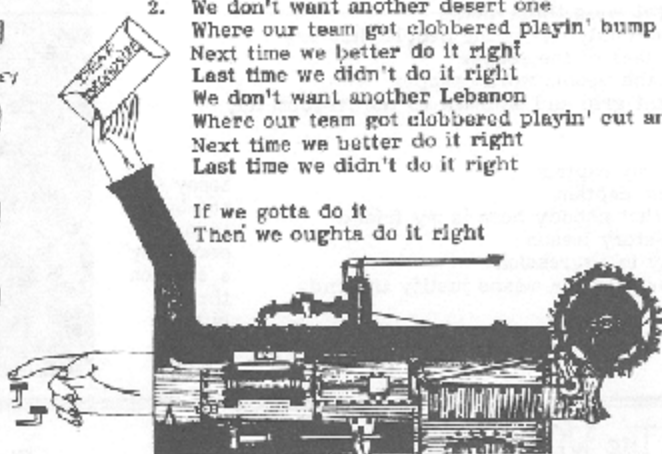
© 1964 W. D. NEELY

1. We don't want another Bay Of Pigs
 Fellas we ain't playin' in the minor leagues
 This time we better do it right
 Last time we didn't do it right
 We don't want another Vietnam
 Where they made a monkey out of Uncle Sam
 This time we better do it right
 Last time we didn't do it right
 If we gotta do it
 Then we oughta do it right

They got trouble in El Salvador
 We'll go down and help them that's what friends are for
 But this time we gotta do it right
 This time we oughta do it right
 If we gotta do it
 Then we oughta do it right

2. We don't want another desert one
 Where our team got clobbered playin' bump and run
 Next time we better do it right
 Last time we didn't do it right
 We don't want another Lebanon
 Where our team got clobbered playin' out and run
 Next time we better do it right
 Last time we didn't do it right

If we gotta do it
 Then we oughta do it right



Greenwich Village is in big trouble. New York University keeps leveling huge parts of it to make room for more dorms for freshmen and law students. Other parts of the Village are going co-op for the big money or the rents are way too high for artists to move in anyway. This gets The Washington Squares mad! The Village is the place where Seeger met Guthrie, Poe met Whitman, Kerouac met Cassidy, I met my wife!

So I re-wrote the words to OLD PAINT (Library of Congress AFS-L28 or Pete Seeger/Folkways FTS 31017) and we now perform it at every gig.

I BUY SOME OLD PAINT

© 1985 TOM (ASCAP)

- I BUY SOME OLD PAINT CHORUS DRIVE AROUND LITTLE TOURISTS
 FEEL LIKE AN OLD MAN DRIVE AROUND REAL SLOW...
 GOIN' BACK TO MY APARTMENT SEE THE LAST OF THE VILLAGERS
 JUST TO PAINT IT UP AGAIN... IT'S READY TO GO
 I WORK HARD EVERYDAY
 JUST TO MAKE ENDS MEET
 ONE SLIP OF A PAYMENT
 AND I'M OUT IN THE STREET

- POE AND WHITMAN AT PFAPP'S 3. WHEN I DIE
 DURING THE CIVIL WAR STRIFE PLEASE BURY ME DEEP
 DODGE AND REED FIGHTING CLOSE TO MY FRIENDS
 FOR WORKERS' RIGHTS... ON BLEEKER STREET...
 GUTHRIE-SEEGER, THE DRATS, WHO FED ME WHEN I'S HUNGRY
 AND THE ROCK UNDERGROUND QUENCHED ME WHEN I'S DRY
 LIVING LIFE FREEER IN THE HEART OF THE VILLAGER
 THAN THE PEOPLE UPTOWN... 'S WHERE MY RESTING PLACE LIES.
 CHORUS CHORUS

Tom Goodkind

The Ballad of Billy Evans by Hugh Blumenfeld

My name is Billy Evans, flew choppers back in Viet Nam —
 We flew in be- hind the sprayers on sup-
 ply runs west of Da Nang —
 I re-
 member the Viet Cong hid- ing though the leaves fell like
 rain — I sur- vived the mortars but came
 home a mar- tyr just the same.
 I saw the jung- le fall —
 I heard the rice wo- men call- ing out —
 I caught the ac- rid smell — even

Hell was dy- ing — You say we bore the
 olive branch, but we stripped it — of — its
 leaves — you say we rang the
 freedom — bell, but it's toll- ing out — our
 grief — and though you don't ask who —
 it's taking its toll on you.
 It's taking its toll on you
 and now the take is tell-
 ing on you, and it's taking its toll — on
 you taking its toll on you
 taking its toll on you

© 1983 Hugh Blumenfeld

My name is Billy Evans, flew choppers back in Vietnam
 We flew behind the sprayers on supply runs west of Da Nang
 I remember the Viet Cong hiding though the leaves fell like rain
 I survived the mortars but came home a martyr just the same

I saw the jungle fall
 I heard the rice women calling out
 I caught the acrid smell, even hell was dying

Now my body's just a rail, my head full of the thunder of trains
 I've tried to hold this job but the money doesn't pay for the pain
 My wife about left, can't say I blame her much
 And my daughter born helpless, seems I ruin everything I touch

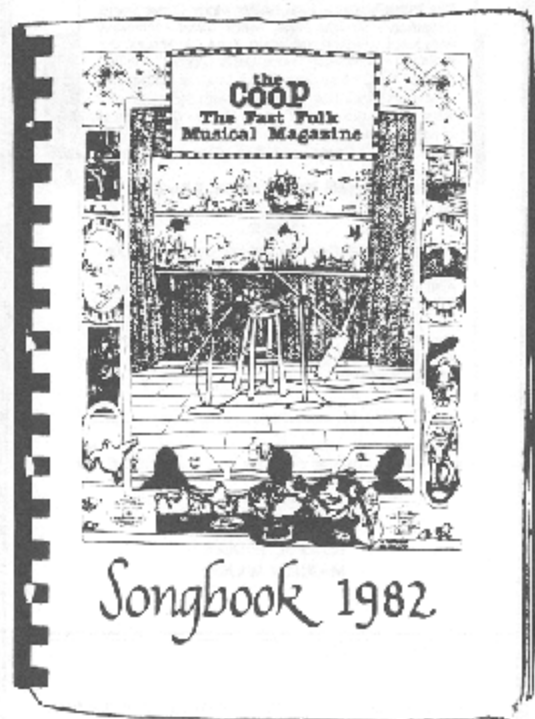
I saw the jungle fall
 I heard the rice women calling out
 I caught the acrid smell, even hell was dying

You say we bore the olive branch but we stripped it of its leaves
 You say we rang the freedom bell but it's tolling out our grief
 And though you don't ask who
 It's taking its toll on you

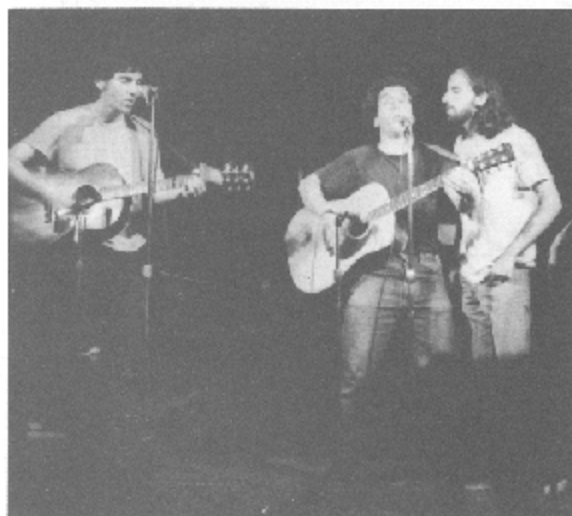
Now you still won't admit the extent of damage that you've done
 But my body lies wasted before my life is halfway begun
 You dealt me the hangman's card without showing it
 I got killed in Vietnam without knowing it

I saw the jungle fall
 I heard the rice women calling out
 I caught the acrid smell, even hell was dying

You say we bore the olive branch but we stripped it of its leaves
 You say we rang the freedom bell but it sounded more like greed
 And now the take is telling on you
 And it's taking its toll on you
 Taking its toll on you



THE SAGA OF FREDDIE AND SAM



By David Roth

Croaky
G F7 A7 D7 G

(Spoken with enthusiasm) O When you a

O boy, young Sam my love to hand those mail-order phone he was sending dough to you in white his
Syracuse
A7 D7 C B7 Em
friend was writing dough, the ti-ny lit-tle de-tails with the wigs and stripes and chaps made him
D A7 D A7 D7 C
painted make him loyal to the red, the white and blue the years went by and Sam was like a
F C A7 D
runaway to his four-year, making details, signs and stickers, all on LA times, C. O. D. NO

SPENDING, HE TRUCK TRUCK, A - HAD TO - LAW EN - FORCE OVER? was the big got really says to find it

Sammy's Sign - y... Looking at his bear one day, the Sam gave apprehension... He

hadn't thought of playing ab - so - les came in his sign, so when Sam was about wear out and pro -

duct program of person, Sam was guard on that in the job that line... G, more that

manly over that... though I had enough but I do -

covered I was low, you took my taxes all these years to pay me what you owe, gonna that

manly, gimme that dough B to A

©1983 Roth Records (ASCAP)

2. To a man who'd grown accustomed to the finer things in life
Unemployment checks just didn't seem quite fair
So Sam took off for Holland with his signs because he heard
That they had many empty windows over there...
He settled into Amsterdam, he scoured the city streets,
Counting billboards, riding buses, taking trains,
But he was sitting in a bar one night when Sammy got his answer
And he stared into his beer and racked his brains...
He said, "I've got it, all this time I had it right here in my hand,
I'll be given more than I could ever earn..."
So he kidnapped Freddie Heinaken, twelve million was the ransom,
And the note said, "NO DEPOSIT...NO RETURN..."
"Gimme that money, gimme that dough,
I thought I had enough but I discovered I was low,
Just wrap it up and send it with a six-pack to go,
Gimme that money, gimme that dough..."

Graffiti . . .

Written on the bathroom wall, McKeldin Library,
University of Maryland, 1976, anonymous.

Who was Joe Hill?
If you don't know, learn.
If you know, teach.

TAPE TALK® is a monthly talking music magazine that will cover all sides of the musical community through interviews, album reviews, and overviews of festivals. It will present new songwriters and their material, and generally look to the future of contemporary music in the United States and the world. It will not limit itself to one type of music, but will feature folk, rock, new wave, classical, jazz, blues, Cajun, Norteño, et al.

TAPE TALK™



SIDE 1

Introduction Country Joe McDonald, with background music by Miguel Ubbes

The Punk Scene—Jon Holler *Mono Threat*, Social Distortion • Straight Edge, *Mirror Threat* • Interview with Krut • *Arming the World*, Krut • In School, Die Kreuzen • *Dicks Hate Police*, Girls • *John Wayne Was A Nazi*, MDC • *Institutionalized*, Suicidal Tendencies • *The Party*, Black Flag • Interview with Steve Spink • *What Are We Gonna Do*, Code of Honor • *The American*, Mr. Avengers

Talk The Children and Run, Guy and Candle Caravan

Go F...k Yourself, JD and the Mc. E Band

SIDE 2

International Artists Special Introduction by Country Joe McDonald • *Sally Free and Easy*, To Maratoid, Alan Stivel • *Refusing*, Louie Kundt • *Lo Che Non Sono*, Edoardo Borrato • *Greenwiches*, Werner Lemmerhirt • *Computer*, Karere, Jahnzenen, Prudy's • *Mambo de Machaquay*, Los Jewes • *Mama-Mama*, Welle Kiwanek and the Schulz Brothers

Walon, Sedition

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ISSUE 3

Staff:

JOE McDONALD
RUSS SCHEIDLER
MARILYN MAJOR

For subscriptions, love letters, submissions and advice, write:

TAPE TALK, Dept. A, Box 715B, Berkeley, CA 94709

- The CIA got wind of Sam's extraordinary dealings
 So they sent a man to Holland to negotiate the hands,
 The White House feared the incident would injure global feelings
 After Sam relayed a list of his demands...
 He said, "For all these actions I must have a presidential pardon,
 Safe transport, and asylum in the Bronx,
 And I demand that money from the military budget be turned over
 Into jobs...OR FREDDIE CONKS!!!
 The Senate and the House of Reps agreed to Sammy's wishes
 So they passed a bill to get the jobs and cash,
 Establishing an agency to beautify the slums
 By putting decals over windows that were smashed...
 "Gimme that money, gimme that dough,
 I thought I had enough but I discovered I was low,
 But now my uncle's signed a contract for three hundred grand to go,
 So gimme that money, gimme that dough..."
- So when you're drivin' in your car through urban blighted ghettos
 And you notice curtains, lamps, and scenery,
 You can thank your politicians for the image of renewal
 But it's only Sammy's decals that you'll see...
 "Gimme that money, gimme that dough,
 I thought I had enough but I discovered I was low,
 I guess it only goes to show how far free enterprise can go,
 Gimme that money, gimme that dough..."

HOW'M I DOIN'?
 A Koch Song for Mark Kramer
 (Rap Style)

I'm the Mayor of New York
 & I love to eat and talk
 How'm I doin'?
 How'm I doin'?
 How'm I doin'?

I got rid of welfare loafers
 & I never eat at Stouffer's
 How'm I doin'?
 How'm I doin'?
 How'm I doin'?

Just follow trends
 Right-wing Jews-WOW what a blend!
 & I got darkies for my friends
 How'm I doin'?

All the landlords say I'm great
 & the bankers buy ten plates
 At my \$1000 fetes (pronounce: "fates")
 How'm I doin'?

I'm the latest style Pol
 Bourish, sorta dull
 But I know when my cup's full
 How'm I doin'?

Let's go forward to the rear
 Bring back 1934
 Tho the city's still full of fear
 I'm still doin'!

I'm still so All Right Jack
 If you don't like it well... Get Back!
 No one ever ever ever asked you here

How'm I doin'?
 Hey I'm doin'
 Hoy bay
 Am I doin'..
 Hey... Whadda ya say?
 Am I doin' or not?
 Huh?

Tuli Kupferberg



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The Reagan Psalms
 by John Handcox

Reagan is my shepherd,
 I am in want,
 He maketh me lie down on
 park benches,
 He leadeth me beside still
 factories,
 He destroyeth my pay check,
 and he—
 Leadeth me in the path of
 unemployment,
 for his party's sake.
 Yes, though I walk through
 the alley of darkness,
 I do not fear evil for he is
 against me.
 He annointeth my head with
 taxes until I cannot make ends
 meet, and he shaketh my
 faith in the Republican party,
 surely taxes and unemployment
 shall follow me all the
 days of the Republican party
 and I shall live in rented houses
 forever.
 Five thousand years ago, a man
 named Moses said, "Pick up your
 shovel and mount your camel or
 your ass, and I will lead you to the
 promised land".
 Five thousand years later a man
 named Roosevelt said, "Lay down
 your shovel, light up a camel, and
 sit on your ass, for this is the
 promised land."
 Now which Reagan, for he will
 take your shovel, sell your
 camel, kick you in the ass and
 tell you that there is no
 promised land.

John L. Handcox, 81, wrote
 "Raggedy" for the Southern
 Tenant Farmers Union 40 years
 ago.

THE MAJORITY AT THE MILLENIUM By Enoch Dillon

In 1984 we Americans
started feeling good about ourselves.
Extending the Presidency to five terms
we kept the sage with the grecian mane.
He no longer whispers jokes or cliches
but every morning for television
chops wood like the Kaiser at Doorn.

In the Soviet Union, Andrei Gromyko still reigns
remembering the revolution while no one else does
The Soviets try to bully Europe, the States, Latin America,
but few pay attention to drunken Reds or stoned GIs.
A Regency rules both, but not even God knows their names.
Poets and Priests have nothing to say to the Regents.

Rocky Mountain Swashbucklers
fight Gold Crested Monetarists
over silo and strip rights in the world's parks.
Half our populations work for the Military Penthouse.
And they don't make war, they just make money.
Financiers find full employment fashionable
when supported through military spending.
All nations except Iran get hand-me-down weapons
and more loans when they can't pay munitions bills.

(The spies crawl in, the spies crawl out,
The terrorists kill but a few hereabout.)

Every now and then a city is reversed
just "to keep the deterrent credible."
Last week they cancelled Louisville,
and we annulled Kiev.
Both apologized for accidents.
The Soviets blamed a mechanic who dropped a monkey wrench
down a silo in Siberia. The States blamed the low bidder
on the "no human hands fail-safe computer system."

So the Soviets evangelized against drunks,
and the States stopped Bible-reading in schools
until "plowshares" and "greed"
and a few other slips of the translators
could be exorcized from the texts.

TRUSTEE'S BLUES

By Thaddeus Jurczynski
April 14, 1985

We're tired of excuses,
Don't want to wait no more.
We want to see divestment,
Before the chains come off this door.

Chorus
They've got the blues,
Those trustees got the blues.
They've got divestment blues,
Down to the bottom of their hundred dollar shoes.

Well it gets hot here in the daytime,
And it sure gets cold at night,
But there's gonna be some changes,
Before we give up this fight.

They tell us that they're trying,
And they know apartheid's wrong.
They tell us to be patient,
But they take so goddamned long.

So long...
Lord, they take so long.
Well you know they ain't the ones that's feelin' it,
And that's why they take so long.

Been here in the sunshine,
Been here in the rain,
If you like what we're doin',
Climb aboard this freedom train.

Down in South Africa,
If you protest they will kill.
This government sends them weapons,
While Columbia foots the bill.

Now the lesson of this movement,
Is together we are strong.
If we all band together,
Those trustees they won't hold out too long.

Too long...
Lord, they take too long.
Well you know they ain't the ones that's feelin' it,
Got to change before too long.

(Play to any standard twelve-bar blues)

Rewritten from a song of the same name that was sung at Kent State in 1977 during a 64 day occupation to protest the building of a gym on the site of the Kent State Massacre in 1970.



Jam session at the sit-in, Mandela Hall, Columbia U.

REQUIEM (FOR ARCHBISHOP ROMERO)
words and music by Greg Artzner

It was a requiem Mass that he said that day for the spirit of
He raised the Crucifix high in the air for the blood of re-
demption that had paved a way — and he spoke to the people who'd gathered to
listen was for all to share. He was like a reed in the wind standing
pray — just before his sunbaked face spilled wine and blood on his
vestments were mixed as he fell. So pray for us, Father Ro-
meo — that soon this madness be done — that justice return, and that we learn
do what we learn — it's not from the end of a gun —



Pete Seeger is just one of the many notable people who came out to support the demonstrators.

© 1981 by Greg Artzner/Maggie Music

It was a requiem Mass that he said that day
For the spirit of justice had the power
And he spoke to the people who'd gathered to pray
Just before his sunbaked face spilled
"They can kill me, but the voice of justice
Will never be stifled."

He raised the crucifix high in the air
That the blood of redemption was for all to share.
He was like a reed in the wind standing there,
Then a gunshot drowned out the bells
Wine and blood on his vestments
Were mixed as he fell.

So pray for us, Father Romero
That soon this madness be done,
That justice return, and that we learn
It's not from the end of a gun.

In the still of the night, down an old farm town road,
Some soldiers disposed of a burdensome load.
In four shallow graves were the seeds that they sowed.
Four American women were found
Murdered and hidden, accusations
Lie beneath the ground.

These were our sisters who'd taken a stand
To work with the poor in a neighboring land.
And for this they were unflinched by soldiers' command
While the governments both turned away.
For the search had come too near the truth
Of what happened that day.

So tell me now, good people,
Can you stand idly by,
While the country we love donates the guns
By which so many more will die?

Which refugees tried the river to cross
Women and children, old people were tossed.
Their loved ones, their land and their peace they had lost.
Then the quivers swept down from the sky
Hundreds were shot in the water
And left there to die.

Tell me now, good people
Can you stand idly by
While the country we love donates the guns
By which so many more will die?

And pray for us, Father Romero
That soon this madness be done
That justice return, and that we learn
It's not from the end of a gun.

COMITÉ PRO MÚSICA CALLEJERA COMMITTEE FOR STREET MUSIC

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'Struggle is the highest form of song!' COMMITTEE for STREET MUSIC takes joy in outlining to you its plan to rescue from limbo and redirect to Nicaragua 400 guitars for peace.

Not less urgent --- it occurs to us --- than the Diesel tractors, horseshoe nails and antibiotics being subscribed for shipment to Nicaragua thanks to Oxfam America's Tools for Peace campaign are ... tools for song. Access to song. Guitars!

There are currently idling in a NYC warehouse several hundred Brazilian-made 'Di Giorgio' guitars, splendidly crafted in rosewood and rosewood veneer; the necks are worked in inlay; the backs display individually different rosewood grain patterns. The labels read 'Conservatorio' models '1' and '2.' (Model '1' is the more exquisite.) We find their sound to be excellent. We intend --- with your help! --- to rescue four hundred of these guitars and redirect them swiftly into the hands of the Nicaraguan people: we will give them to members of rice-growing cooperatives; to bee-keepers, coffee growers, to children in the mountainside; to men and women who work at cotton harvest as well as in farm machinery repair schools... One such guitar was recently handed over to members of a rural cooperative near León amidst such cheering and celebration.

We pledge ourselves to supply concurrently to the Nicaraguan people a quantity of French-manufacture guitar strings: 'Savarez,' high-tension nylon. Guitar-making in Nicaragua has very much come to a halt owing to lack of nylon strings.

Purchase price per guitar is approximately 45.00 U.S. currency; an unusually modest price! Strings will cost about 9.00 per packet of six. Of course the more money we subscribe, the better discounted prices we may hope to enjoy.

We call on all those inspired by a deepest wish for peace in our hemisphere; we call especially on friends of the arts, to join in active and immediate support of this project and to forward money contributions that will make it a reality. Nicaragua is a nation of poets and singers. Every farm worker, every cattle rancher is a musician! Surpassingly courageous in the face of an illegal, U.S.-funded war directed against its civilian population, Nicaraguans confront the multiple emergencies of building and defending their society with joy, heroism and ... song. And what song! Today more than ever Nicaraguan song is radiant, lit by its people's genius. Its luxuriant growth signals that its people have emerged into the daylight of history.

You who call down damnation on war and aggression, you who take Neruda at his word when he says '...tenemos que fundar... el canto, el pan y la alegría' (...we must establish ... song, bread and happiness --- join with us in this newest celebration of human solidarity! Let us remake inert warehouse inventory into a living implement for song, the one infallible weapon for intelligent happiness on this planet! We await your help! ¡NO PASARÁN!

Rompan las gaitaras libertarias y la música!
FABRICO GARCIA LORCA
Throw the key out with the door!
JAMES STEPHENS



7000 Foster
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60657 91

MOVIN' WITH THE WIND

Eric Andersen



moderately
trist.

E Bsus4 E A E E

VERSE I was in a land of
 E/B

trou-ble was in a land of scorn was the land of bit-ter
 Bsus4 B7 E

wa-ters the land where I was born Have no past to
 B7mi A

fu-ture each place is strange and foreign I travel like a
 Bsus4 B7 E

gyp-sy an or-phan in a storm **VERSE** Haunted by the
 A E/B

high-ways I know will go no-where each road is full of
 Bsus4 B7 E

sor-row each oc-ean full of tears and the eyes I see a-
 B7mi A

round me will never know my fears if you ask me I won't
 Bsus4 B7 A

tell you what I am do-in' here **CHORUS** I'll keep on-
 E Bsus4 B7 E E E

rol-ling this road will never end I'll do my
 Bsus4 B7

cry-in' in the rain I'll keep on movin' with the
 A Bsus4 B7 E E

wind with the wind
 E

wind

It was in a land of trouble, was in land of scorn
 Was the land of bitter waters, the land where I was born
 Have no past to future, each place is strange and foreign
 I travel like a gypsy, an orphan in a storm

Haunted by the highways I know will go nowhere
 Each road is full of sorrow, each ocean full of tears
 And the eyes I see around me will never know my fears
 If you ask me I won't tell you what I am doin' here

Chorus

I will keep on rollin', this road will never end
 I'll do my cryin' in the rain, I'll keep on movin' with the wind

Eric's albums, MIDNIGHT SON and TIGHT IN THE NIGHT are available on album or cassette for \$9.95 each plus \$1.00 postage and handling from Wind and Sand Records.

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You think your lives are happy, you think your lives are full
 Your lives are just as empty as any other fool
 There's a place where I am goin', there's a thing I've got to find
 And the place where I will start from is the place you left behind

MR. RONALD REAGAN'S BACK AGAIN

Words by Burnell Yow
To the tune: "Franklin
D. Roosevelt's Back Again"

Just hand me my old Martin
For soon I will be startin'
For someplace that is far enough away
Since Reagan's re-elected
The poor will be neglected
We've got Mr. Ronald Reagan back again

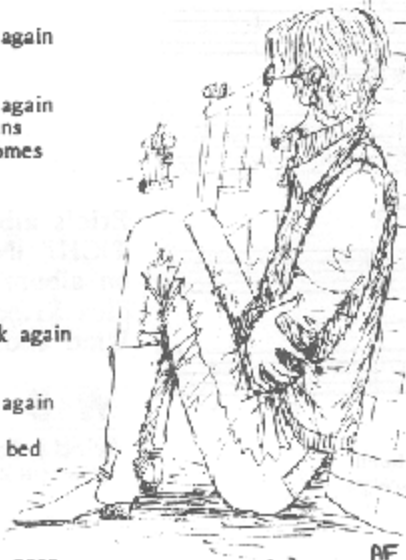
Back again, back again
We've got Mr. Ronald Reagan back again
There'll be more cuts in student loans
There'll be more hungry without homes
Mr. Ronald Reagan's back again

The death squads in El Salvador
Can go on for another four
With money from the good old USA
The contras in Honduras too
Are thanking me and thanking you
They've got Mr. Ronald Reagan back again

Back again, back again
We've got Mr. Ronald Reagan back again
"Let Nicaraguan blood be shed"
He's shouting from his White House bed
Mr. Ronald Reagan's back again

He's got a plan for me and you
That even Bush has called voodoo
Tax cuts for the rich and screw the poor
He calls his theory "trickle down"
But it's me and you gettin' trickled on
We've got Mr. Ronald Reagan back again

Back again, back again
We've got Mr. Ronald Reagan back again
And I didn't vote for the son of a bitch
Who steals from the poor and gives to the rich
Mr. Ronald Reagan's back again



©1985 Burnell Yow

FOOD By Prof. Louie

A funny thing happened it was just the other day
I was standing on the corner to pass time away
With my hands in my pockets, pockets in my pants
I was watchin' the kids do a double-dutch dance
When I realized I was hungry
And I knew I didn't have too much money
One thing about hunger I'd like to say
If you don't eat something it won't go away
My stomach was so empty he was startin' to talk
I went to take it for a little walk
I strolled to the supermarket just to look in the window
Wasn't much in my pocket
When I got there the door opened wide
What would I do? I walked inside
The joint was humungous, the atmosphere cold
Everything in the world was being sold
I took a good look so I wouldn't get lost
And I went to check what everything cost
I went up the aisle—here's what I saw
Three cucumbers—a dollar twenty-four
One avocado, a dollar sixty-three
You're supposed to just grab them off the tree
Three little tomatoes—a dollar eight
With a scale you can't see so they cheat you on the weight
A dollar twenty-four for whole wheat bread
I might as well smoke pot instead
I went to the back to look at the meat
Twelve seventy-five for a roast of pork
That's a quarter a bite when the pork is on the fork
A four-pound chicken that's three ninety-two
That's four more dollars for Frank Purdue
When the butcher said, "May I help you?"
I said, "I'm a vegetarian, I think meat is queer."
He said, "What the hell are you doin' here?"
Backed off and went around the rest of the store
Would you believe what I saw?
They had a big soda for a dollar and a quarter
That's what you pay for bubbles in water
Ninety-nine cents a quart, orange juice
I tried to change the tag but it wouldn't come loose
A gallon of milk: one ninety-nine
You might as well drink a gallon of wine
Now a TV dinner looked real good
So many ingredients I wouldn't read it if I could
It had mono-sodium glutamate, calcium pro-pri-ona-ate
Di-ethyl-methyl-benzo-ate
I would hate to see that stuff on my plate
The box showed a blonde and a sally dude
That disguised the fact it was plastic food
They had a box of potatoes made from powder
A peck of tin foil they called clam chowder
Crunchy chemicals called "Frosted Flakes"
Candy-colored purple to look like grapes
Cherry soda that had no cherries
Strawberry jam with no strawberries
Apples that had been painted red
String beans in cans that were two years dead
Powdered soup, a dollar three
Thirty-five cents for a can of food tea
"Mello Yello"—two for eighty-six
I was in a hell of a fix
When you're broke, twinkies never fail
They're all chemical and they never go stale
They cost you forty-five cents
If that's all you eat, you can still pay the rent
Now you know for sure without a doubt
They'll make every one of your teeth fall out
I was reelin' low, I couldn't feel high
Cause the twinkies were all I could afford to buy
I thought people would scream but they lost their voice
I did what I had to, I had no choice
I stuffed some spinach under my shirt
I felt like Popeye, now I couldn't get hurt
The lamb chops were greasy and full of fat
I boosted two up under my hat
I snuffed a salami six as a fox
As I eased a few slices in my socks
The fancy cheese, four ninety-two
I tipped a package in my shoe
You know I wouldn't tell you a lie

Song for a Russian Mother

I threw some apples in my fly
 Dropped a banana in my underpants
 I looked so macho I started to dance
 I danced all around I took a good look
 The coast was clear I was ready to leak
 I started to walk out slow and bold
 I was swooshin' and drippin' like I had a cold
 I thought everybody was lookin' at me
 My pants were drippin' like I was three
 I took the twinkies so I had one thing to buy
 The grocer from the lamb was runnin' in my eye
 I went to the checkout to pay my money
 The lady looked at me kind of funny
 My knees got uptight they started to knock
 She said, "I know you from around the block
 You used to mess with my little cousin
 When you got some eggs give me a dozen"
 Then she said real loud, "Forty-five cents
 If you keep eatin' twinkies your mind will get bent
 I was through the door and into the street
 The cheese was meltin' all in my feet
 I had ripped off everything but the kitchen sink
 Worse than that I had started to think:
 The farmer grows the food he can't afford to eat it
 The farm worker picks it, he can't afford to eat it
 The packer packs it, he can't afford to eat it
 The driver drives it, he can't afford to eat it
 The clerk tags it, he can't afford to eat it
 The checkout bags it, he can't afford to eat it
 Seems the more we work, the more we get beat
 And now people can't afford to eat
 I was thinkin' about the reason why
 When my sister came a walkin' by
 I gave her a little treat
 Then my friend Willie came down the street
 Right away I gave him some food
 I knew that would make his family feel good
 Then I saw Grandma with her milk box cheer
 I gave her everything then and there
 She said, "Thank you honey, get a box, sit down"
 Free food's the sweetest, pound for pound
 I wants tell you about what's comin' around
 There's only one place real food can be found
 This whole thing's about a prize of ground
 Everything of value comes from two places now
 From this earth and from the sweat of your brow
 Today this earth is owned by the big corporations
 They just about own the whole damn nation
 In the land of cement you can't feel the grass
 You wouldn't know fresh food if it bit your ass
 The most land you get is a parking space
 You got to go to the supermarket to feed your face
 Without the land we cannot eat
 The corporation always has us beat
 Grandma stopped rappin', she had wrapped it up
 I brought her water from the pump in a little cup
 We both had a drink and then I felt good
 I had fed lots of people in the neighborhood
 The twinkies were all I had left that day
 I had given everything else away
 I don't want money to make me a punk
 If I can't get food, why eat junk?
 I threw the twinkies in the sewer, I don't poison friends
 But I wish I had my forty-five cents
 Then I tightened my pants, gave my belt a pull
 And something funny happened you don't learn in school
 'Cause I had fed everybody else my own stomach felt full
 I just knew they were upstairs eatin' my food
 They gave me nourishment-encouragement
 I felt good
 I thought later someone might give me a feast
 When we share together, you feel like a man
 And not a beast.

Brooklyn, New York

Professor Louie's song, **FOOD**, is a rap song of sorts. It can be sung, chanted, or just talked with any kind of rhythmic accompaniment.

The musical score consists of ten staves of music. Each staff has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in a simple, melodic style with a consistent rhythm.

I do not know your name
 Or how you look
 Or what you might be wearing everyday
 And yet we might be friends
 If there were not an ocean and such hatred in the way
 Oh, Russian mother
 So far across the sea
 And in our children's eyes
 We see their promise while their laughter
 Echoes on the wind
 Another generation with its own dreams to begin
 The sound of children running home to suppertime
 The final bedtime story cuddled by the fireside
 The innocence of slumber on each face
 The future of the family and all the human race
 Here in our hands
 Oh I would get to know you
 And to understand the things you want of life
 And how you make them true
 Oh there is much that I would learn from you
 A recipe, a song or three
 Your favorite country walk
 Perhaps, in time, the language shared,
 We'd sip strong tea and talk about our motherhood
 About our dreams and plans
 About our children's lives
 About these crazy men who run our world around!
 How did we ever get so lost?
 How are we ever to be found?
 In family, in peace and simple living:
 In sisterhood, in loving and forgiving
 I can't help thinking
 How very similar we are.

©Holly Graham 1983 Words and Music

NOTES FROM REDWOOD RECORDS

Ronnie Gilbert's solo album is out--**THE SPIRIT IS FREE**.

Two albums by Nicaraguan musicians are due soon.

Both were produced by Jackson Browne and include some members of his band.

SI BUSCAS/IF YOU WERE LOOKING

by Guardabarranca (brother and sister duo Salvador and Katia Cardenal).

TRAGALUZ/SKYLIGHT by Salvador Bustos.

HARP (Holly, Arlo, Ronnie, and Pete) is due out this month. The album was recorded live in California.



You'd Better Wear A Dress

B^b **F⁷**

I've got a work or two that every young girl ought to know, Co-

B^b

rears are all a-voit-a-bic if you know how to go. If you want to climb

E^b **B^b** **F⁷**

high on the lad-der of suc-cess, Got to do your best, and to

B^b

pass the test, you'd bet-ter wear a dress. When the boss works

F⁷ **B^b**

by with a gleam in his eye learn to quit a work and Co and sigh and

F⁷ **B^b**

you'll get a raise and pic in the sky and your pride steps

B^b **E^b**

hav-ting by and by. It's an one-vent eas-ten you will come to

B^b **F⁷** **B^b**

bles, and I must con-fess if you haven't guessed you'd bet-ter wear a dress.

Your I.Q. is 190
You've a Harvard law degree
But, brains or legs, remember--
It's the same anatomy.
Dab some Chanel behind each ear
(It's never hurt)
Be cute and pert
Don't forget to flirt
And better wear a skirt.
(Chorus)
You may be the greatest mind
Since Woolf or Margaret Mead
But don't be shocked if you're
still tested
For your typing speed
If you want to climb high
On the ladder of success
Got to do your best
And to pass the test
You'd better wear a dress.

by Randy B. Hecht
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THE BEST OF THE REALIST

The Realist must have been a real godsend in its time. Billed as "The Sixties' most outrageously irreverent magazine" on the cover of this collection, it is an endlessly enjoyable read, and, in some ways, timeless. The book contains reprinted articles by some of the funniest writers you'll ever get a chance to read in one place: Terry Southern, Norman Mailer, Henry Morgan, Richard Pryor, Abbie Hoffman, and, mostly, Paul Krassner. (So what if it's mostly him; it was his magazine.) There are interviews with Jules Feiffer, Shel Silverstein, Joseph Heller, and many others.

The articles, interviews, and cartoons are funny. Almost always funny. If it's humor you dig, this is for you. Buy it. The only possible drawback of this book is that parts of it are like discussing issues that have already been pretty much decided. Like most vegetables are good for you. Most people know that, most will accept it as true. That part of book is very minor, though, and much of the book deals with issues that are not decided by any means. Many of the articles and cartoons are startlingly relevant and entirely topical. These point out to the reader that many of "those" issues are still around today and attitudes towards nuclear war and weapons, for instance, haven't changed that much in mainstream American Culture. Buy this book and give it to some lawyer. Try your bookstore first, or send \$9.95 + \$1.00 postage to Running Press Books, 125 South 22nd St., Phila., PA 19103

PEACE ON EARTH Country Joe McDonald

Country Joe (remember Country Joe? "Fixin' To Die Rag", right?) has a new album out on Ragbaby Records called **PEACE ON EARTH**. The first verse in one of the best songs on the album "Darlin' Dan (The Rocket Man)" is great:

My daddy lost his life flyin' jets in World War III
He logged over five million miles in the NATO Air Marines
Myself, I spent the last two years makin' interplanetary runs
But no one in my family flies a rocket like my mom

This will be a short review for I have only a few words to describe this album: marvelous musicianship, guitar playing, percussion, production, and futuristic longings expressed in beautiful settings. Look for Country Joe in your town and for info on the record, if it's not in the store, write to Ragbaby Records, Box 3216, SF, CA 94119

STEALING FIRE Bruce Cockburn

This album was introduced to me by Tim Rehwald who taught me to play "If I Had A Rocket Launcher" before I had even heard the album. This has got to be one of the most inventive, political albums any major label has had the guts to put on the market. In the overtly political realm there have been a few contenders in the mainstream market lately, but this is the only one that has created a new category of music. I would name it here but I have a fear of labeling any musician. I will say, though, that the album is catchy, sincere, and you can dance to it! With synths, drums, various percussion, and guitars, Cockburn has invented a synth/folk music that makes your ears stand up on end and your butt get up and dance. Most of the songs stem from Bruce's own experiences in Central America and the album sleeve notes the place each song was written. There is an easy intensity to the lyrics that conveys heartfelt emotion yet doesn't smother the listener. "Nicaragua" and "If I Had a Rocket Launcher" are among the best songs I've heard this year. "Lovers in a Dangerous Time" re-defines the idea of the love song by setting the emotion in a political context. (Like reality, right?) Gorgeous production and thoroughly skillful musicianship round out this near perfect album. Should be in your record store, on A&N.

CEZANNE

words and music
by Tom Meltzer

I love Cu-bi-ism It's my favorite style When I see a Cubist painting I just get to smile But there's one painter and
 I'm his big-gest fan He's the Father of Cubism and his name's Cezanne, Cezanne Cezanne Cezanne the father of Cu-
 bism (C) zanne Cezanne the original father of Cu-bism

1. I love Cubism, it's my favorite style
 When I see a Cubist painting I've just got to smile
 But there's one painter, I'm his biggest fan
 He's the father of Cubism and his name's Cezanne
 Cezanne, Cezanne, Cezanne
 The father of Cubism

2. Some people say that it was Picasso
 Some people say it was DeChirico
 Some people say it was Modigliani
 But they're all crazy it was Paul Cezanne
 Cezanne, Cezanne, Cezanne
 The father of Cubism

3. When Paul Cezanne sat down to paint a flower or a face
 He had to solve the problem of three-dimensional space
 He said, "Form is content," he smoked a Gitanne
 He was right, now he's Paul Cezanne
 Cezanne, Cezanne, Cezanne
 The father of Cubism

4. Well Cezanne's father wanted him to be "avocat"
 But Paul just looked at him and said, "No way Pa"
 "I want to be a painter, I know I can"
 Now his paintings are in the Louvre, he's Paul Cezanne
 Cezanne, Cezanne, Cezanne
 The father of Cubism

5. Well I had an aunt, she was in a coma
 So we loaded up her bed and we took her down to MOMA
 When we got through the door you wouldn't believe what began
 She sat up and started screaming, "I wanna see some Paul Cezanne"
 Cezanne, Cezanne, Cezanne
 The miraculous father of Cubism

6. Well, Paul Cezanne is famous now, I think that's really nice
 Cause his melons look like footballs, his apples look like dice
 So all you would be painters, get out your brush and can
 You may be the next Paul Cezanne
 Cezanne, Cezanne, Cezanne
 The original father of Cubism

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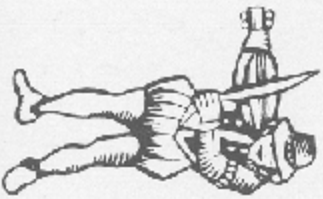
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