

Broadside #163

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

JUNE 1985



BILLY BRAGG

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BROADSIDE #163

The National Topical Song Magazine

Publisher Norman A. Ross

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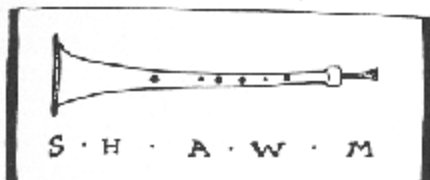
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A few topics have been suggested for **BROADSIDE** to devote entire issues to and some guest editors have surfaced. Judy Gorman-Jacobs will be guest editing an issue of **BROADSIDE** tentatively titled, "Real World Love Songs For Real World Lovers." The premise of the issue is that the major music industry does not have a corner on love songs and many people are writing love songs that don't focus on the exploitive, sexist aspects of relationships that we repeatedly get from the radio. (With exceptions, of course.) Anyone with suggestions or actual material for that issue, send it in!

Jan Hillegas of Jackson, Mississippi has answered the call, through Dave Lipman, for someone with experience and knowledge enough to preside over an issue devoted to the "Mississippi Summer" of 1964. She has been living there since 1964. Songs related to that struggle (then and now) should be sent in to **BROADSIDE**. Anyone with recollections or other stories to tell should also contact us.

Another suggestion that has been made for an issue is something on Vietnam. If anyone has ideas or suggestions for that, let us know.



K. F. V.

This issue
of **BROAD-
SIDE** was
made possible
through the
volunteerism
of the
following
persons:
S.J.Nelson
A.Mimnaugh
J.Cohen
C.Kuhle

To praise our own concert in the pages of **BROAD-
SIDE** would certainly be self-indulgent, gaudious,
and probably the worst kind of biased journalism
seen since, well...I guess since now because most
journalism is all of the above adjectives. So,
anyway, how about just an account of what went on
plus a grateful acknowledgment of all the people
who made it possible?

Perhaps it would have been better, Job Gibson
said at our concert in the winter of 1983 to "let
folks in for free and charge all the performers ten
bucks apiece." The crowd, while not sprawling, was
enthusiastic and responsive.

It would take up too much space here to mention
what everybody sang and how good they were. If
you were there, then you know. If not, you'll have
to wait for the record to come out. This might be
released as the next **BROADSIDE** record on Folk-
ways Records. Stay tuned for details.

Big thanks go to everybody listed below for
helping to create a very notable musical event.

Tom Meltzer and Wally
Paul Kaplan
Bob Norman
Tom Goodkind
Second Chance
WOMANSONG
Judy Gorman-Jacobs
Robbie and Marilyn
Eric Anderson
Sandy Simon

Folk City
Sonny Ochs
Susan Firing
Ivice
Billy Bragg
Prof. Louie
Ted Kessler
Tim Rehwaldt
The Muskrats

COVER PHOTO.....J.L.GOODKIND



JON FABIAN (left) provided the
musical instrument drawings seen
throughout this issue. Any graphic
artists who wish to contribute
works to **BROADSIDE** please send
in samples of your work.

U.S. \$TEAL SONG

In the film, "The Business of America," after damning revelations of a corporate sellout of the industry by U.S. Steel, a Wall St. analyst observed that U.S. Steel is not in the business of making steel, they're in the business of making money. Sez I, why don't they call themselves U.S. Money, then? Hence, the following parody.

The U.S. \$teal Song (We're Changing Our Name To Money) - a parody by Charlie King. Adapted from I'M CHANGING MY NAME TO CHRYSLER by Tom Paxton © 1980 Accabonic Music

Oh the price of steel is rising out of sight
 And the industry's in sorry shape tonight.
 Though our mills are cold and quiet
 Still our profits are the highest
 Here at U.S. Steel, I think we've seen the light.
 Making money, and not steel is our forte,
 So our monicker's become a bit passe.
 Some folks take our name in vain, an' some folks spell it with an A
 So our title has been changed as of today.

Chorus:

We are changing our name to Money
 We are moving out of Steeltown (pulling out of Pittsburgh; getting out of Gary; yachting out of Youngstown) right away (?Steeltown USA?)
 We will have some corporate lackey
 blame it all on Kawasaki
 As we skim the cream and throw the milk away.
 We are changing our name to Money,
 We are topple-ing the ovens, stacks and towers.
 And with every mill that closes,
 we come out smelling like roses,
 Yes sir, We Got Ours.

When the rank and file come screaming for their jobs
 We will say we don't negotiate with mobs.
 If they send a delegation, we'll deny each accusation
 And remind them not to bite the hand that robs.
 They must lobby so our taxes will abate,
 As their steel mills rapidly depreciate.
 Then we ask them, why don't they go to Tierra del Fuego
 'Cuz that's where we plan to reincorporate.

Chorus

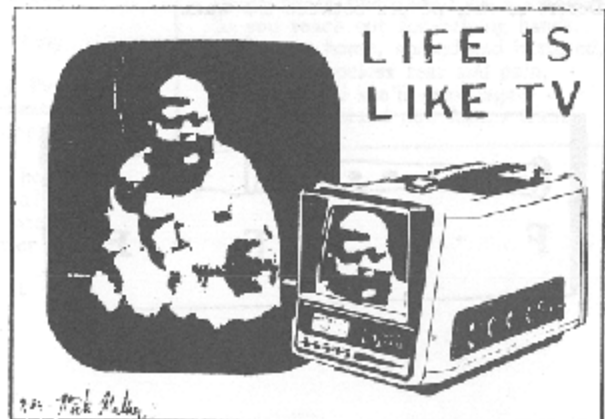
I'm David Roderick, chairman of the board
 And I fear that we no longer can afford
 To restore some BOPshop caster
 If the profits roll in faster
 When the world north of the Sunbelt is ignored.
 Once we thought your hometown jobs could still be saved
 With the hard work and concessions that you gave,
 But when six billion dollars rolled in,
 We bought Marathon Petroleum.
 As the mills go down the tubes, we smile and wave.

Chorus

Since the first amphibian crawled out of the slime,
 We've been struggling in an unrelenting climb.
 We were hardly up and walking
 before money started talking
 And it said that failure is an awful crime.
 But in business all too often crime will pay.
 It's an ill wind that blows no one good, they say.
 If you're a corporate chameleon, with a heart that's Machavelian
 You'll clean up on every shutdown when you say Hey! Hey!

Chorus

South Venice Billboard Corroction Committee



MATHER

BETWEEN THE WARS

BROADSIDE #163

BILLY BRAGG

I was a min-er I was a dock-er
 I was a rail-way-man between the wars
 I raised a family in time of au-ster-i-ty
 with sweat at the found-ry Between the wars

BETWEEN THE WARS by BILLY BRAGG ©1985 Chappel Music

I was a miner, I was a docker,
 I was a railway man between the wars.
 I raised a family in times of prosperity,
 with sweat at the foundry, between the wars.

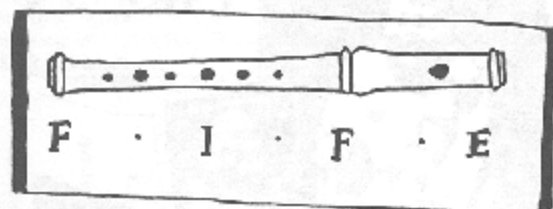
I paid the union and as times got harder
 I looked to the government to help the working man.
 But they brought prosperity down at the armory.
 We're voting for peace me boys, between the wars.

I kept the faith and I kept voting.
 Not for the iron fist but for the helping hand.
 For this is a land with a wall around it
 and mine is a faith in my fellow man.

This is a land of hope and glory,
 mine is the green field and the factory floor.
 These are the skies all dark with bombers,
 and mine is the peace we knew between the wars.

Call up the craftsman, bring me the draftsman,
 build me a path from cradle to grave.
 And I'll give my consent to any government
 that does not deny a man a living wage.

Go find the young man never to fight again.
 Bring up the banners of the days gone by.
 Sweet moderation, heart of this nation.
 Desert us not, we are between the wars.



A. F. Hill



WHO IN THE NAME OF 'HILL' IS BILLY BRAGG?

By Tom Goodkind

In his native England, Billy Bragg is a hero of the working class and a champion of the Labour Party. They even announce the dates of his British tours from the floor of Parliament. So who is this British broadsiding folksinger no one in the US has heard of?

He's someone who's selling records in the UK into the hundreds of thousands. His new EP, "Between The Wars" has a re-written version of Florence Reese's "Which Side Are You On?" adapted for the British coal miners. Before being placed on vinyl, this song was sung many times for the miners themselves. Yes, Bragg is the real thing. His songs are often as true as any that Phil Ochs, Joe Hill, or Woody Guthrie have written. The music magazine in England, "Melody Maker," has called him "A modern Woody Guthrie." This is a comparison that few magazines or critics have ever dared to make.

Bragg happened to be in NYC for the latest BROADSIDE concert at Folk City, hence the appearance of these songs in BROADSIDE. But will Bragg turn his pen westward as well as his voice? For now he seems content to stick to London's familiar turf, although he is inspired by recent anti-apartheid uprisings at North American universities.

Bragg is currently on tour in the US. Catch him if you can. Play his songs that are printed here, and buy his albums. There hasn't been anyone like this around in a long time.

Discography:

LIFE'S A RIOT WITH SPY VS. SPY (1983)
 BREWING UP WITH BILLY BRAGG (1984)

BETWEEN THE WARS (1985)

All albums are on C.D. Records of San Francisco, CA

UPCOMING ISSUES

DAYS LIKE THESE

by BILLY BRAGG © 1985 Chappel Music

The party that be-came so power-ful
 By sink-ing fo-reign boats Is dream-ing up new
 pro-mi-ses cause pro-mi-ses win votes
 De-ing re-so lute in con-fere-nce
 The ad man's ex-per-tise The ma-jor-i-ty
 by their si-lence should pay for days like these

The party that became so powerful
 by sinking foreign boats
 is dreaming up new promises
 cause promises win votes.
 Being resolute in conference
 the ad man's expertise.
 The majority by their silence
 should pay for days like these.

The right to build communities
 is back behind closed doors.
 Between governments and people stands
 the right arm of the law.
 Shame upon the patriots
 and the mark of the bulldog breed
 is a family without a home
 and a pensioner in need.

Those whose minds who live by dogma
 the waiting for a sign.
 The better dead than Red brigade
 the listening on the line.
 And the liberal, with a small "l"
 cries in front of the TV,
 and another demonstration
 passes on to history.

Peace, bread, work and freedom
 is the best we can achieve,
 and wearing badges is not enough
 in days like these.

folk process

Songwriters have been adding to other people's songs forever. That is essentially what the "folk" process is to songwriting; The changing and rearranging of songs to fit the occasion of mind of the current singer. Today there are so many good songs around that people are constantly adding their own verses and viewpoints or whatever they think the songwriter just plain forgot. This verse to "Harriet Tubman", by Walter Robinson, was sent in to Bob Lusk of "PEOPLE'S SONGLETTER" by Suzanne Langille. It is reprinted here with her preface.

I see the work we are doing today to shelter El Salvadoran refugees and also the battered woman next door to us—as a continuation of the struggle of Harriet Tubman and the other "drivers" of the Underground Railroad. I wrote this third verse to express our union with her efforts:

Dear Broadside,

"If anyone should ask you who wrote this song, tell 'em it was me and I sing it all day long."

A friend just loaned me BROADSIDE #158 and I'm going to enjoy digging in this song-sack for sure.

For the record, I'd be interested in Faith Petric's entry, page 3. I've tried to track that song down a while now. The Pacific Northwest's Bruce Kokopeli I thought was the first to sing, "Don't put your base in my backyard," tho' who really knows.

Minneapolis folks started to sing the version closest to yours here (that I know) at the founding of the Northern Sun Alliance, '78ish?...The distinguishing features were the additions of the two parts that are not "Bottle of Pop", i.e. "The nukes make me puke" and "the power is ours!"

I was there and I thought I made them up along with the rest of the song—never having heard any version of the song before—no nukes style.

Ah, that old folk process has me in its spell.

Anyway, keep up the good work.

Ted Warmbrand

El Salvador is deep in slavery,
 Terror and fear throughout the land.
 Death nears when you take a stand —
 So you reach out for helping hands.
 Women at home, abused and battered,
 Living in hopeless fear and pain,
 Call now and she'll come again —
 Get on the brand new Moses train!

by Pat Wynne © 1985

BITBURG

BLUES

Steady Rhythmic Guitar Background

Intro: Eb C7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb C7 Fm7 Bb7

verse Eb C7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb C7 Fm7 Bb7

1. Flowers were seen today on those S.S. graves in Bitburg. It was
 Sunny and clear today over the S.S. graves in Bitburg. The
 6th Panzer Corps, the Waffen S.S. are sleepin' like babies, thru all this mess, and

Chorus Fm7 Bb7 Eb C7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb

Reagan's got the Bitburg Blues, Down to his shoes, Reagan's got the Bitburg Blues.

Flowers were seen over the SS graves in Bitburg.
 It was sunny and clear today over those SS graves in Bitburg.
 The 6th Panzer Corps, the Waffen SS,
 Are sleepin' like babies thru' all this mess.

CHORUS

And Reagan's got the Bitburg blues,
 Down to his shoes.
 Reagan's got the Bitburg blues.

Ronnie was in uniform during World War II.
 He made those training films for me and you, during World War II.
 But now he's not sure who was who.
 Were the victims the Nazis or the Jews?

Chorus

The American Legion and the Jews are singing in harmony.
 (It's a first!)
 The Jews and the Legionnaires are singing airs in harmony.
 (They say) Ronnie don't go!
 Don't be a shmoe!
 Those Nazi tombs can do without this show!

Chorus

Mr. Chancellor Kohl has an election coming up this year.
 Mr. Chancellor Kohl has an election coming up this year.
 (He says Ronnie) We can't back down!
 We've got to go to that town!
 Besides, the German voters might vote me down!

Chorus

(Hum, scat sing, do a little tap dance -- whenever Reagan
 looks bad it is an occasion for fun and revelry)

Ronnie talked to God and now the trip is "morally right."
 Since only God can judge anything, this trip is "morally right."
 The polls say that most Americans don't care if he goes to Bits,
 Besides, wasn't it the Jews and Blacks who voted for Fritz?

Chorus

Both of these songs on Bitburg were noticed on Robert Knight's show on WBAI, EARTHWATCH. Many thanks go out to him for playing the tapes he gets in the mail.



DAY FOR OUTINGS AND REFLECTION: Visitors to Liberty State Park in Jersey City stopping to view Nathan Radoport's "Liberation," depicting U.S. soldier carrying a Holocaust survivor.

BITBURG

words and music by Bob Miles

Mister Reagan here's a thought about a war that's long been fought a lot of people cried a lot of people died And you said hello to the SS guards the ones who kicked their boots in the faces of old men

lot of people died And you said hello to the SS guards the ones who tore babies apart the ones who kept people like animals in pens

kicked their boots in the faces of old men If you met an old S-S I bet he would confess If he had the chance he'd do it all over a-gain

Chorus
If you met an old SS I bet he would confess If he had the chance he'd do it all over again

1. Mister Reagan here's a thought about a war that's long been fought a lot of people cried a lot of people died And you said hello to the SS guards the ones who kicked their boots in the faces of old men

Chorus
If you met an old SS I bet he would confess If he had the chance he'd do it all over again

2. To Bitburg you did go it's all part of the show hostilities must end the Germans are our friends So you said hello to the SS guards the ones who tore babies apart the ones who kept people like animals in pens

Chorus

3. While you were in Germany in Bergen-Belsen you did see outside Bitburg Park there's six million graves unmarked then you said hello to the SS guards who tore babies apart who butchered just for fun on the weekends

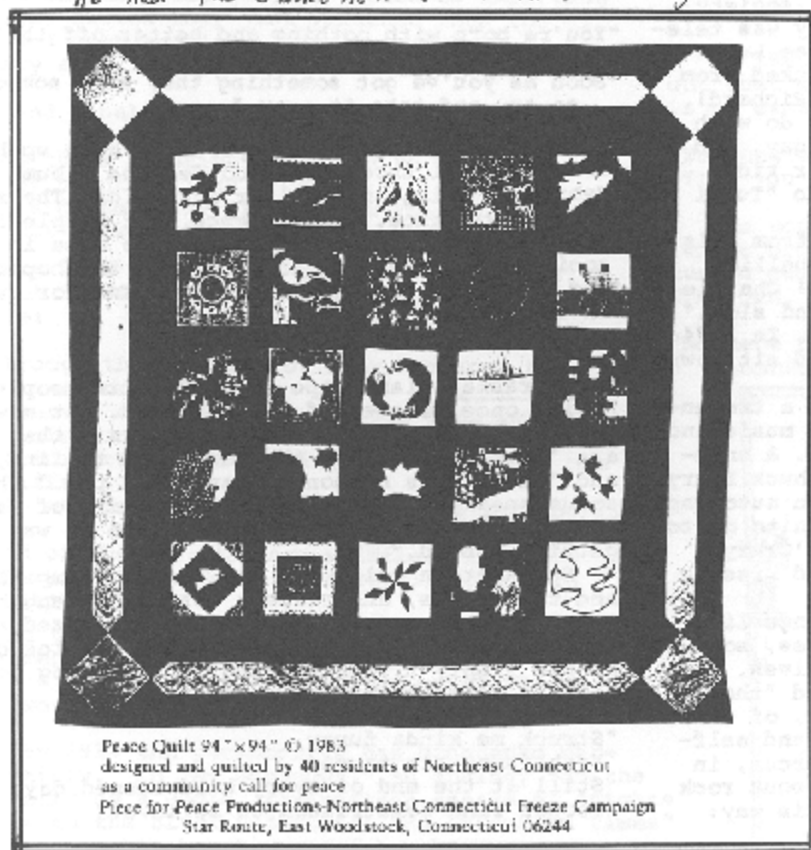
Chorus

4. Mister Reagan if you please in the interest of world peace will you visit everyone who died planning genocide? Like the graves of the SS guards who tore babies apart the ones who turned on the gas and lit the ovens

5. So then why do you choose to do what you do to rewrite history with insensitivity? To say hello to the SS guards who tore babies apart the ones who murdered with no mercy to the end.

Final Chorus

If you met an old SS I bet he would confess if he had the chance he'd do it all over again if he had the chance he'd do it all over again if he had the chance he's do it all over again



BY DON CRAIG

"Hey ho rock and roll, deliver me from nowhere."
- Bruce Springsteen

House lights dim. A drum wallop rocks the arena. Fifteen thousand people leap to their feet, dancing in the dark. The words they hear are these:

"Born down in a dead man's town,
First kick I took was when I hit the ground.
End up like a dog that's been beat too much,
Spend half your life just covering up,
Born in the USA."

The music of Bruce Springsteen, delivered powerfully and brilliantly by the best rock and roll band in the world, evokes the strength, the resiliency, the tenacity, the very heart and soul of working class America. The characters populating his songs are working men and women and their children. The lyrics tell of struggle, of making it, somehow, to the next day.

Springsteen's music, born in the USA, derives its exuberant life from the best of rock and roll traditions. But in the 30-year history of popular rock and roll music there has never been anyone quite like him. No one's even been close.

When the movie Blackboard Jungle was released in 1955, "Rock Around the Clock" by Bill Haley & his Comets was its theme song. With this event rock and roll arrived as a statement of rebellion -- teenage rebellion against parents, society, authority. Remember that Elvis Presley was televised only from the waist up. Jerry Lee Lewis' "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" was yanked from radio airplay as obscene. And Little Richard! Oh my soul! No one knew quite what to do with Little Richard. He was black, he was gay, and while proper white folks gasped, their kids, good golly Miss Molly, jitterbugged to "Tutti Frutti."

Springsteen's early music emerged from this rock and roll tradition of teenage rebellion without a cause. In 1957 the Coasters' Charlie Brown "walked in the classroom cool and slow," calling the English teacher "Daddy-O". In 1974 Springsteen exclaimed: "When they said sit down, I stood up!"

But there is, and always has been, a tremendous difference between Springsteen's music and that of every rocker who preceded him. A snapshot comparison is revealing: While Chuck Berry's 'sweet little sixteen' is chasing down autographs and begging Mom and Dad for permission to go to the rock and roll show, Springsteen's 'Crazy Janey' is "making love in the dirt and kissing like only a lonely angel can."

For the people in Springsteen's songs life is not a bed of roses. There are traces, sometimes gobs, of desperation in these lives. The reason has to do with something called "the American Dream" -- a dream of freedom, of equality, of possibility, of dignity and self-respect -- and its betrayal. Greil Marcus, in Mystery Train, his magnificent book about rock and roll music and America, put it this way:

BRUCE Born in the USA

"The promise of American life... is expressed so completely -- by billboards, by our movies, by Chuck Berry's refusal to put the slightest irony into 'Back in the USA', by the way we try to live our lives -- that we hardly know how to talk about the resentment and fear that lie beneath that promise. To be an American is to feel the promise as a birthright, and to feel alone and haunted when that promise fails."

From his first album Springsteen has eloquently described that haunted loneliness. Above all, he is an observer of life in the USA. His songs tell of people with "dreams that are torn" who "hate for just being born", those who used to wait for their Romeos but who now "wait on that welfare check and all the pretty things you can't ever have." The conclusion is one of bitterness:

"You're born with nothing and better off that way;
Soon as you've got something they send someone to try and take it away."

In 1982 Springsteen temporarily hung up his rock and roll shoes and recorded the album Nebraska, using only guitar and voice. The songs reek of violence. The violence that people do to other people. But also the violence done in this society to our spirit and soul, to the hopes and dreams we have for ourselves, and for our children.

Nebraska's landscape is stark, its people having once dreamed of better times. But now they strive for "brand new used cars," they are "looking for jobs that are hard to find," and "have debts no honest man could pay." The songs speak of auto plant closings and of farm prices dropping "till it looked like we was getting robbed."

Springsteen tells his stories with empathy and tenderness, and respect for the strength it takes to carry on. In the end he is amazed at what he sees. For concluding these stories of people simply trying to hang on is a song containing this chorus:

"Struck me kinda funny,
Yeah funny sir to me,
Still at the end of every hard earned day
People find some reason to believe."

This page contains
material reprinted from

SPRINGSTEEN

• Talkin' Union
Box 5349
Takoma Park, Md.
20912

With each passing album Springsteen's awareness (and thus portrayal) of the devastating effects of the "working life" on working class people has zoomed into sharper focus. A comparison of three sets of songs makes clear his change of understanding and outlook.

The most poignant comparison is found in coupling 1975's "Thunder Road" with 1980's "The River." In the earlier song:

"Mary's dress waves
Like a vision she dances across the porch
As the radio plays..."

And then onto these wonderful, joyous lines:

"So you're scared and you're thinking
That maybe we ain't that young anymore,
Show a little faith, there's magic in the night,
You ain't a beauty but hey you're alright
Oh and that's alright with me."

And off they go, on two lanes that'll take 'em
anywhere, with one last chance to make it real,
off to case the promised land.

But five years later, when Springsteen picks
up the story in "The River," we find that Mary
got pregnant, they had to get married, he got a
construction job,

"But lately there ain't been much work
on account of the economy.
Now all them things that seemed so important
Well, mister they just vanished into the air
Now I just act like I don't remember
Mary acts like she don't care..."

And finally this horrible thought settles in:

"Now those memories come back to haunt me
They haunt me like a curse;
Is a dream a lie if it don't come true,
Or is it something worse?"

In 1978 Springsteen recorded "Factory", in
which he offers these thoughts on the working
life:

"Through the mansions of fear, through the
mansions of pain
I see my daddy walking through them factory
gates in the rain,
Factory takes his hearing, factory gives him
life,
The working, the working, just the working life.

End of the day, factory whistle cries,
Men walk through these gates with death in
their eyes.

And you just better believe, boy,
Somebody's gonna get hurt tonight,
It's the working, the working, just the
working life."

By 1984 the perspective has broadened perceptibly. In "My Hometown," an analogy for the country as a whole, Springsteen speaks of "fights between the black and white" and "troubled times" coming to his hometown, and he observes:

"Now Main Street's whitewashed windows
And vacant stores
Seems like there ain't nobody
Wants to come down here no more
They're closing down the textile mill
Across the railroad tracks
Foreman says these jobs are going, boys
And they ain't coming back
To your hometown."

The singer "takes a good look around" and he isn't sure at all that he likes what he sees.

Now we arrive at the most epic journey of all, that of from "Born to Run" to "Born in the USA." In 1975 Springsteen knew something was amiss. But at least he had youth on his side and if he could find a "love that's wild", together they could escape the trap that was crushing all around him. Listen:

"In the day we sweat it out in the streets of
a runaway American dream
At night we ride through mansions of glory in
suicide machines...
Baby this town rips the bones from your back
It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap
We gotta get out while we're young
'Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to
run...
Someday girl, I don't know when,
we're gonna get to that place
Where we really want to go
And we'll walk in the sun."

By 1984, in "Born in the USA" we have found out that we all are, well, born in the USA. There is no escape.

"You end up like a dog that's been beat too much
Till you spend half your life just covering up."

The song describes a Vietnam war veteran (whose brother was killed in that war) being turned away by "the hiring man," then by "the V.A. man." The vet ends with the cry:

"Nowhere to run, ain't got nowhere to go."
continued next issue

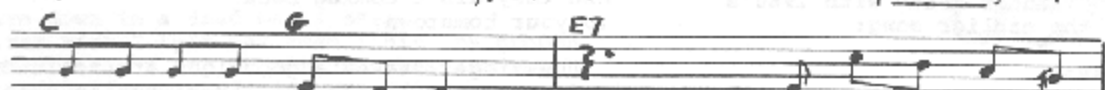


CHIEF BROMDEN'S SONG

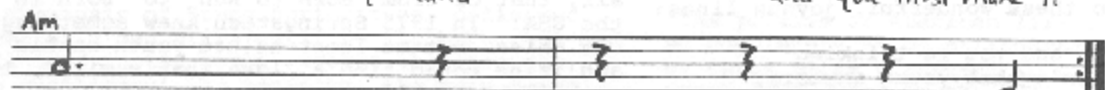
Words and music
by J. Barrett Wolf



1) Fa-ther was an In-di-an and I am an Indi-an's son _____, I
2) gave us our own place to live, said "You are free to stay" _____, on



was con-tent to hunt and fish and then the white man
use less bar-ren rock-y land and you must make it



come _____)
pay _____)

2) he
3) my

My father was an Indian
and I am an Indian's son.
I was content to hunt and fish
and then the white man come.

And I don't submit so easily
to what you say you give.
I'd rather die a free man
than do what you call live.

I watched you take a sane man
and you tried to make him pay.
And when he did refuse you,
you took his mind away.

He gave us our own place to live
said, "You are free to stay."
On useless, barren, rocky land,
and you must make it pay.

And you feed me all your liquor
and you hope that I will drink.
Cause firewater calms them,
and doesn't let them think.

I helped him join my father,
it was all that I could do.
Cause what that man had taught me,
I could never learn from you.

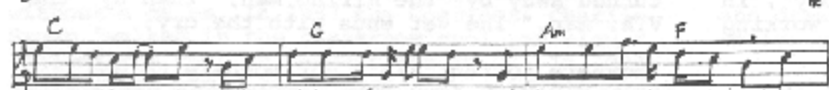
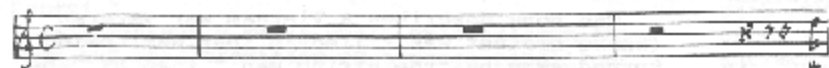
My father could not bear it
to look me in the face.
I was almost grateful when he died
but now I take his place.

Then you say that I am crazy,
and you're putting me away.
And I might have even stayed there,
but then there came the day.

He taught me how to love life,
how to live it like a man.
And now I'm breaking down your walls,
because I know I can.

© 1985 J. Barrett Wolf

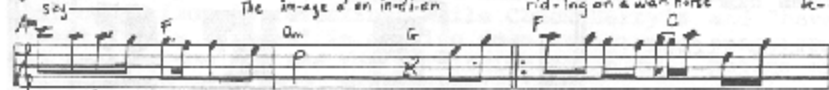
CRAZY HORSE



looks up at the moun-tain in the still-ness of the morn-ing, and framed there by the tree-tops and the



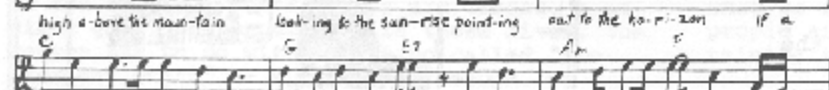
sky the im-age of an in-dian rid-ing on a war-horse



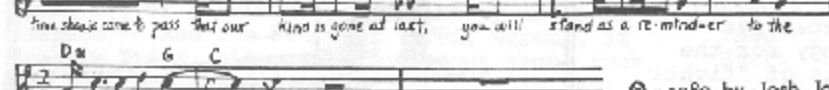
begins to form within the dream-er's eye. One day (s) horse I want to see you rid-ing



high a-bove the moun-tain look-ing to the sun-rise point-ing out to the ho-ri-zon if a



time should come to pass that our kind is gone at last, you will stand as a re-mind-er to the



spirit of a man.

© 1980 by Josh Joffen

My father was an Indian
and I am an Indian's son.
I was content to hunt and fish
and then the white man come.

Chief Bromden is one of the
characters in Ken Kesey's
'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's
Nest'.

He looks up at the mountain
in the stillness of the morning
and framed there
by the treetops and the sky,
the image of an Indian
riding on a war-horse
begins to form within
the dreamer's eye.

Chorus

Crazy Horse, I want to see you
riding high above the mountain,
looking to the sunrise,
pointing out to the horizon.
If a time should come to pass
when our kind is gone at last,
you will stand as a reminder
to the spirit of a man.

When the sacred lands were trampled, and the treaties all were torn up, he
 led his people's fight against the tide. Till the Sioux were finally broken, then be-
 trayed unto the white man, he was fighting for his freedom when he died. Now a
 sculptor from the cities has come west to carve a statue, a memorial to that warrior of
 fame. And the people down in Custer, they don't like to be reminded of the
 way it was before the white man came. Crazy
 man carves a man out of a mountain. And the mountain pulls a mountain from the man.
 Day by day, clay working clay, you understand—
 you understand— thirty years are but a moment. when they're
 set against a mountain, but it's different when they're
 set against a mountain, but it's different when they're measured by a man. And he's
 happy with his bargain, but he's feeling just like Moses, 'cause he knows he'll never reach his promised
 land. Crazy Horse, I want to see you, riding high upon the mountain. I have
 poured my life in to you, you'll be here when I'm forgotten. If a time should come to pass that our
 kind is gone at last, you will stand as a reminder to the spirit of a man. If a
 spirit of a man.

When the sacred land was trampled, and the treaties were all torn up, he led his people's fight against the tide. Till the Sioux were finally broken, then betrayed unto the white man, he was fighting for his freedom when he died. Now a sculptor from the cities has come west to carve a statue, a memorial to that warrior of fame. And the people down in Custer they don't like to be reminded of the way it was before the white man came.

Chorus

Bridge

A man carves a man out of a mountain and the mountain pulls a mountain from the man. Day by day, clay working clay, you understand, you understand. Thirty years are but a moment when they're set against a mountain, but it's different when they're set against a man. And he's happy with his bargain but he's feeling just like Moses, cause he knows he'll never reach his promised land.

FINAL CHORUS

Crazy Horse, I want to see you riding high up on the mountain. I have poured my life into you, you'll be here when I'm forgotten. If a time should come to pass that our kind is gone at last, you will stand as a reminder to the spirit of a man. If a time should come to pass that our kind is gone at last, you will stand as a reminder to the spirit of a man.



Now that the buffalo's gone...



BROADSIDE still has plenty of issue #152, "Now That the Buffalo's Gone..." left. They are available for \$2.00 each. The issue contains songs by Floyd Westernman, Buffy Saint-Marie, Peter LaFarge and others along with traditional Native American tunes.

Open the Door Again

Words and music by
Betsy Rose

Open D (dropped bass E) tuning
Capo 2nd fret

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a guitar accompaniment with various chords and a vocal line. The lyrics are: "Welcome cross the border all you weary freedom fighters oh my country born in freedom's name open the door a-gain To the children of our faded dream Keepers of the flame we must not refuse the gifts they bring open the doors again. Welcome Margarita and your children shining bright smuggled in a pickup truck under the rifles of the right your crime was teaching women how to read and how to write and you and your husband disappeared one summer night well our broken other doors pulled the children from the altar nothing is sacred any-more so".

© 1985 Betsy Rose

Chorus:
Welcome cross the borders all
the weary freedom fighters
Oh my country born in free-
dom's name
Open the door again
To the children of our faded
dream
Keepers of the flame
We must not refuse the gifts
they bring
Open the door again

Welcome Margarita with your
children shining bright
Smuggled in a pickup truck
under the rifles of the right
Your crime was teaching
women how to read and write
And your husband disappeared
one summer night
Our winters are much colder
here, the food is not your
own
Our place of worship all we
have to give you for a home
And we cannot promise safe-
ty, they have broken other
doors
Pulled the children from the
altar, nothing is sacred any-
more

Chorus

And we've never seen such
children with their dark and
sparkling eyes
Who've seen what we cannot
conceive, have witnessed and
survived
Now they play among these
evergreens, chase the birds
away
And they serve the wine and
bread on our holy day
We're the ones who have
gone childless, we've cut the
family cord
We give our lives to work
and prayer and the hearing of
God's word
Now there's laughter in our
chapel, your language fills
our prayers
You have taught us faith
walks hand in hand with fear

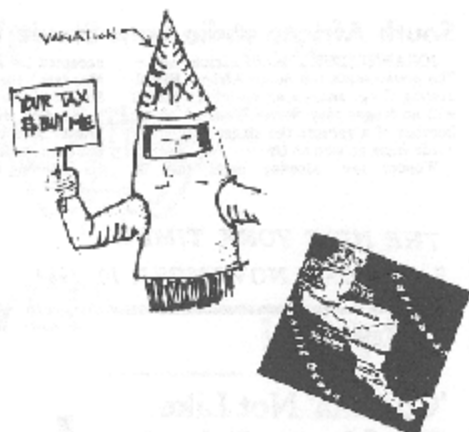
Chorus

You worshipped in your vil-
lage, heard the bible truth
The words of liberation given
by a martyred Jew
And you see your daily struggle
in every line you read
How the poor shall be uplifted,
the oppressed shall lead
And we once thought we
could teach you with salva-
tion for a prize
Now our hearts are humbled
daily by the wisdom in your
eyes
Your simple acts of courage
the faith that lights your
days
You have sanctified and
blessed our ancient ways

So welcome...

Unlock the border, light the
fire
And open the door again

CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE



CULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE,
305 WEST END AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10024

Rock & Roll Politics Down Under

One of the latest bands from down under, to let the U.S. has an aspiring senator in its midst. Midnight Oil, which rode into the States early last year on a wave of publicity with its first American release, "10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1," has been repeatedly likened to the Clash. But Midnight Oil's lead singer and lyricist, Peter Garrett, has taken his politically loaded lyrics one step further by tossing his hat into the electoral arena. In Australia's parliamentary elections last December, the skin-donned six-foot-six lawyer-turned-musician narrowly lost a bid for one of the 14 federal seats from the state of New South Wales.

Political observers credit Garrett's high-visibility candidacy for the one senate seat that his Nuclear Disarmament party did take—and for pushing leftward the increasingly conservative youth vote. "At first everyone thought, Ah, he's just a rock star, what does he know," says Greg McDonald, a Disarmament party switcher who lives near Sydney. "Next thing we knew he was debating the foreign minister on national TV." Garrett now pops up regularly on the telly, without his band, commenting on the Anzus treaty (the mutual defense pact between Australia, New Zealand, and the United States), U.S. MX testing in Australia, and other politically charged subjects.

Meanwhile, Garrett and Midnight Oil, which was a struggling bar band in 1977 and is now one of Australia's biggest draws, continue to play benefits for downtrodden fellow Aussies, ranging from women prisoners to workers



Australia's Garrett is big on the charts and in the voting booths.

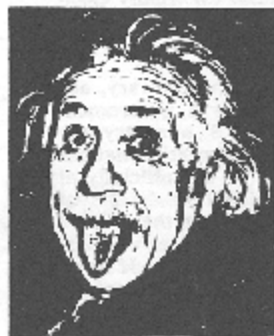
on the role. The band, whose vitriolic lyrics often touch on American foreign policy, nuclear weaponry, militarism, Vietnam, and middle-class anxiety, drew critical acclaim here for "10 to 1," but reaction to its subsequent U.S. tour was not always as positive. "Maybe America just isn't the most fertile ground for a band whose power and passion is its disapproval of things American," sneered *Billboard* magazine after a show at The Palace in Los Angeles. "We're not anti-American," countered Garrett, who is the first to admit that the band's lyrical messages are not currently in vogue. "America has the seed for answers to a lot of the severe problems we face."

What does draw Garrett's ire is public passivity. "People seem to believe that they can't make any difference," sighed Garrett when we caught him in Sydney just before he left for a peace conference in Japan. "Simply not agreeing with something isn't going to stop the momentum. I didn't feel that the stage was the place to try and debate the comprehensive test ban treaty." Garrett, who is expected to run again in three years, adds, "Politics

and life are indistinguishable." *Midnight Oil's* latest album, *Red Sails in the Sunset*, was recently released by Columbia in the United States. The band plans to embark on an American tour this summer.

—Kathryn Olin

I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER & MY CONCLUSION:
GO FUCK YOURSELF
WITH YOUR ATOM BOMB



SEE THEM LAUGH, PLAY AND TICKLE BABIES
WHILE THEY PLAN MASS MURDER.

CBS VIDEO LIBRARY

Box Set \$19.95, Single \$11.95

South African radio bans Stevie Wonder songs

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa (AP) — The government-run South African Broadcasting Corp. announced yesterday that it will no longer play Stevie Wonder's music because of a remark the singer-songwriter made when he won an Oscar.

Wonder said Monday night that he

accepted the award "in the name of Nelson Mandela," the best-known black prisoner of South Africa's apartheid system.

Mandela, 66, is a onetime Johannesburg lawyer who became a black-rights leader and was sentenced to life in prison in 1964 for planning sabotage.

THE NEW YORK TIMES
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1984

Letters

'Contras' Not Like The Lincoln Brigade

To the Editor:

As a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, I resent President Reagan's attempt to equate us with the "contras" trying to overthrow the Nicaraguan Government ("Reagan Said to Back Americans' Joining Rebels in Nicaragua," Oct. 27).

We who defended the Spanish Republic were the first Americans to fire a shot against international fascism. We defended the legally elected, democratic government of the Spanish people against Hitler, Mussolini and Franco.

The contras, on the contrary, are trying to overthrow a government recognized by the U.S., a country with which we have diplomatic relations and with which we are officially at peace. The President's endorsement of these efforts and of the C.I.A.'s covert activities are in open violation of international law and should be repudiated by the American people.

The Abraham Lincoln Brigade fought alongside the Spanish people for Spain's freedom. The contras are fighting to restore the privilege of the exploiters and oppressors of the Nicaraguan people. If Hitler, Mussolini and Franco were alive today, they would give the contras their enthusiastic support.

CHARLES NUSSER
New York, Oct. 30, 1984

I read the news today oh boy...

2-Ton Air-Conditioner Drops 29 Stories Near Wall Street

By The Associated Press

A lifting boom snapped as it hoisted a 4,000-pound air-conditioner to the roof of a 29-story Wall Street building yesterday, and the unit plummeted to the street below, damaging four vehicles parked on Front Street, the police said.

The police and the Emergency Medical Service said one man was slightly injured in the incident at 100 Wall Street. His identity was not immediately available.

The boom broke at about 9:35 A.M. as the air-conditioner neared the top of the building at the northwest corner of Wall and Front Streets.

Reagan Terms Nicaraguan Rebels 'Moral Equal of Founding Fathers'

GEORGE (INDIAN KILLER) WASHINGTON OWNED 216 SLAVES;
PATRICK ("GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH") HENRY OWNED 65 SLAVES; THOMAS (PURSUIT OF LIFE LIBERTY & HAPPINESS: 185 SLAVES); JAMES MADISON: 116 SLAVES;
ALEXANDER ("THE FEW & THE MANY") HAMILTON: SLAVEOWNER;
ANDREW (INDIAN KILLER) JACKSON: 160 SLAVES); ZACH TAYLOR, JOHN TYLER, JAMES K. POLK, ANDREW JOHNSON, ALL US PRESIDENTS WERE SLAVEOWNERS;
U.S. GRANT: LINCOLN-LIBERATOR OWNED 4 SLAVES (ONE WAS A WEDDING PRESENT). THEY WERE LATER FREED.
WHEN, LORD, WILL WE BE FREE OF RANK AMERICAN RHETORIC?

Singing 'Bout The Pope

New York Times, May 21 1985

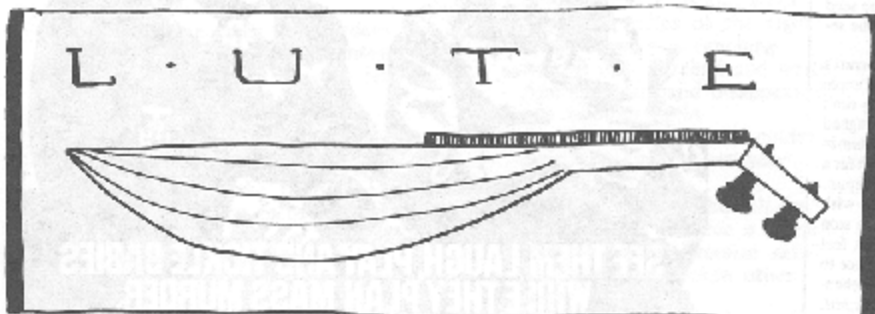
What stunned and outraged some Vatican officials even more than principled opposition was the willfulness of some Dutch to heap ridicule on the head of the 800-million-member Roman Catholic Church.

There was a comic book depicting the Pope as fat and hypocritical. A popular television show ran slapstick routines making fun of this traveling Pope. And the most startling departure from the kind of grooving he is accustomed to was a song called, "Pope Yopie," itself a term of derision. The tune climbed to near the top of the charts in the Netherlands, and this was one of the verses:

My name is Popie Yopie
I happily travel 'round
And always when I arrive
I spontaneously kiss the ground

It is not known whether John Paul ever heard the song. But it would probably do little to enhance his already dim view of rock music, which he seemed to be attacking on Saturday when he warned youth against "thought-destroying noise."

But would he like BROADSIDE?



h. r. c.

Shortly after the "new" BROADSIDE began appearing (winter, 1983), we applied to the Post Office for Second Class mailing privileges. Approval would cut our postage costs by about 80% and would shorten the delay in the mails from several weeks, to a few days. What could be better?

However, it costs \$160 to apply, nonrefundable. On the other hand, if you're approved you can save that in 6-8 months, so it seemed like it was worth the risk. But it takes a considerable amount of work and time. Nevertheless, we decided to proceed.

On the first phone call we were told that we couldn't possibly qualify because we have advertising! (What about Time?) On the second call we were told we couldn't qualify because we don't have advertising! On the third call it was more bullshit. So we went there in person and got the name of someone who could read and write. Then we completed the forms and sent them in. Then the trouble began.

They came and did an audit of our records and complained that Jeff's handwriting was sloppy. They also noticed that someone was getting the magazine free and someone who had paid wasn't getting it at all--so at least they were helpful. Finally they said everything was fine and we'd probably hear from them in a few weeks, but we did have to change our address from a P.O. box to a street address on the form. Six months later they told us that we'd have to do the same in the magazine--but it took them six months to tell us. It also took three months for the man who did the audit here in New York to mail the fucking thing to Washington.

In between he assured us that everything was fine, but he did have one question. That happened three times. Then in October there was a fire at the Post Office in Washington and the only thing that burned was our application! Well, not really, but the fire didn't help. Finally in November they said we were fine, but they had one more question. Then in January they said we were fine, but they had one more question--which was: what have you done with the extra copies of the (Paul Kaplan) issue that were left over after all the subscriptions were filled, etc. (The audit only dealt with that one issue.) And we replied, "We just mailed them out as free samples to libraries."

Then in February they told us by phone that we would not qualify because of the fact that the number of free copies "in circulation" now exceeded the number of paid, and that we would have to start all over with a new audit--as soon as we got official notification in the mail.

And as soon as the person in Washington learns how to read and write, I'm sure she will send the damn letter to New York. [The one hopeful sign about the next audit is that the man at the Post Office in New York has promised to ask two questions at a time during the second year of waiting.]

--Circulation Manager

DID YOU
EVER HAVE
TO DEAL
WITH
THE
POST OFFICE?



record reviews

<p>PERCY FAITH LOVE THEME FROM "ROMBO & JULIE" COLUMBIA 3 MORE</p>	<p>EUGENE ORNANOV EUGENE ORNANOV COLUMBIA 3 MORE</p>	<p>Sergio Mendez & Brasil '66 Original Edition The Best of the Day Polygram 3 MORE</p>	<p>BOB DYLAN Nashville Skyline Capitol 3 MORE</p>	<p>BEST OF BEE DEES Massachusetts 11 MORE</p>	<p>JUDY COLLINS Judy Early Morning Rain 3 MORE</p>
<p>JENNIE S. RILEY HARPER VALLEY RCA 3 MORE</p>	<p>LAUGH IN Original Cast 3 MORE</p>				

Redwood Records is expanding and now produces and distributes some of the best records on the folk scene. Holly Near, Judy Small, Linda Allen and Linda Hirschhorn are some of the people you can hear on Redwood, not to mention Ronnie Gilbert on her first solo album in 20 years!

Another commendable undertaking is Redwood's cross-cultural endeavor, which includes Roy Brown's "Nuyol" and Inti Illimani--the Chilean exiles who have toured with Holly Near. The most recent releases include two albums featuring Nicaraguan performers. The albums are "Tragaluz" (Skylight) by Salvador Bustos, and "Si Buscabas" (If You Were Looking) by Guardabarranco, a brother-sister duo. Both albums were produced by Jackson Browne, who plays guitar on one cut of the Guardabarranco album called "Guerrero Del Amor."

When you listen to "Tragaluz" you hear a clear tenor voice accompanied by a beautiful classical guitar style. The lyrics to all of the songs are on the record sleeve in both Spanish and English. The words are surprisingly gentle and, even when referring to the political troubles of the area, are not accusatory or propagandistic.

I personally prefer the Guardabarranco album because I love harmony, and the voices of Katia and Salvador Cardena blend beautifully. The lyrics are so poetic. One example is:

"He is like rain, falling in a time of drought.
He waters my desire for life to keep on blooming."
(from "El Es")

My biggest regret is that I don't speak Spanish--but I am learning. It is nice to sit and read the words while I listen to the lovely renditions of beautiful melodies. It creates a peaceful moment for me in my harried life.

It is interesting to note that Katia and Salvador have joined the Sandinista Association of Cultural Workers, (which gives Salvador Bustos a stipend that has allowed him to dedicate all his time to his music). Is this the enemy that Reagan says must be defeated?

--Sonny Ochs

BERNHARD GOETZ

by Bruce Abramson

A poem about vigilantism, with special thanks to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and apologies to the fine people of Xanadu.

In New York town did Bernhard Goetz
A war on criminals decree
Where junkies, thugs and wins ran
Begging money from their fellow man
Of getting quite pushy.
And in the subways, underground
More than elsewhere did these crimes abound.

And here were people who could not pay their bills
For rent, heat, food, clothes, or electricity.
And here were some rich folk, wallets all filled
Ignoring the beggars' heart-wrenching pleas.

But the economy? Ah, well, it was slanted
Away from the poor who tried to discover
A better way of life, so highly coveted,
That those with one could rarely be seen, as if daunted
By armed gangs seeking to work them over.
And beneath the street, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if the city in fast thick pants were breathing,
In a subway train four youths tried to force
A rich looking man to give them his purse.
Then their voices cried and their faces paled
For this man did not want them put in jail
As 'mid amazed folks, shocked now more than ever
The four youths suddenly began to quiver.
Their target, it seems, had a curious notion.
There in the hand of that rich looking man
Was a gun, purchased as part of a plan
To avenge himself of any illegal motion.
And of this, cries went out from near and far
Citizens crying for anti-crime war!

Results, a vigilantes measure
Began making major waves;
Cries of both disgust and pleasure
About punishing the knave.
It was a news item of rare device,
A subway gunman who folks thought was nice!

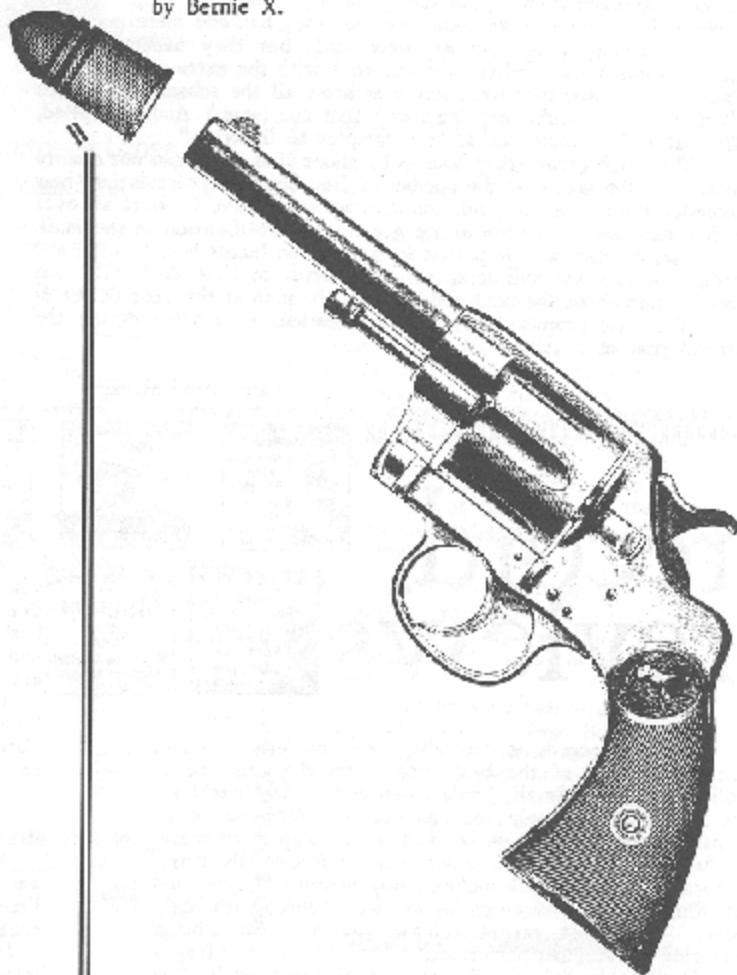
A black man with a kettle drum
On the subway once I saw.
It was for donations that he prayed,
And on his kettle drum he played,
Begging for but a quarter.
Could I revive within me
Some sympathy for long,
For so delighted would this man be
That for playing but a song,
I would come enough to care
To give him money! To be nice!
But all who heard and saw him there,
Cried out in fear, Beware! Beware!
He may be armed, so have a care!
Glare at him with heart of ice,
And draw a gun and shoot him dead,
For he on welfare funds hath fed,
And yet drinks beer despite the price!

poetry

HONESTLY

Just stay up late
It's the best time to absorb.
That's what I do.
Absorb.
Everything.
The airways offer everything.
The biased,
The slanted,
and prejudiced.
Just try to find an honest voice,
And you'll be forced to realise,
That you're not even honest
with yourself.

by Bernie X.



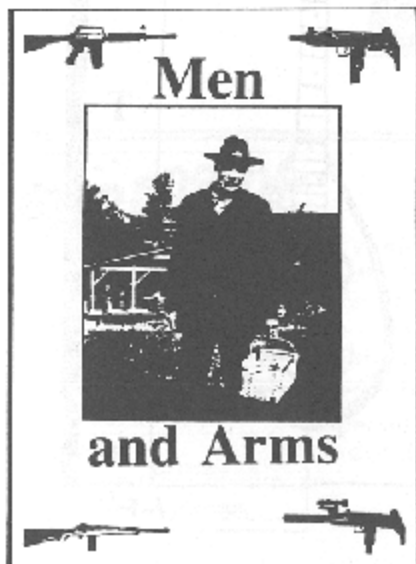
MY DAUGHTER DREAMS OF THE BOMB

When she wakes in the night
and calls me,
her blankets are worked
into a feverish knot,
her face, a soft rose of moistness.
She describes a flower of fire
that sprang from the earth
and ruptured the sky,
how dust webbed and blotted the windows,
red, like the skin of a hand
held up to the light
Then the sky darkened
and nothing clucked or flew
and whatever she touched bloomed neon.
Telling me this, her hands
twist into tight buds.

I want to tell her,
"Close your eyes, slip back
to the warmth of milk tooth dreams."
I want to say, "everything's all right,
don't be afraid,"
but this is not the shapeless troll
under every child's dream swept bed.
This is the inverted dream,
the one we share,
alive and real as the night
that closes around us
like black amanita gills.

The hands I reach out to her
are shaking and cold;
they need comfort,
and the warm words my mother
once bathed me in.
In her window, one star hangs
like a naked bulb,
and beyond, marbled
in the limbs of trees,
the spore filled wind passes.
And the moon is a dead light burning,
cold as a spider's eye.

Dixie Lane



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.

These two last strophes of Enoch Dillon's poem,
"The Majority at the Millenium" were accidentally
left out of last month's issue of BROADSIDE.
They are printed here with apologies to the poet.

Of course there's a little radiation sickness
among some food stamp recipients,
and every other week a twelve-year old Irani,
hurls himself against modern technology.

But most of us are all right. It'll be four years
before another city goes—and, well,
as I overheard the Great Gnome of Geneva
in his box at the Horse Opera
"Them that gets bad luck deserves bad luck."

Enoch Dillon
8-6-84

letters

Howdy,

You should soon be receiving some fishbait titled, "Drowned in Papers" with obvious omissions, designed to be a teaching tool and get more people involved. No one or ten people can possibly create all of the good songs we need to make this a better world. The solution is to give them the tools and the know-how of building and plenty of elbowroom.

If you don't get 200 to 500 toilet paper verses in the month after publishing my initial twenty and chorus, then "I don't know Arkansas," as the duke told the king on Huck Finn's raft. Whether good or bad verses immaterial. We will have many more writers started and on our side. (As J.C. told Pete and Andy, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." He was a punster too.)

I forbid budding songwriters from a certain topic, it is in very bad taste, and out of season. The Honorable Professor, coops, he might not want to be named, rag-timed "The Happy Farmer" and called the result, "The Once-A-Month Rag". No puns shall be made about this. Period.

"Plastic Jesus" brought me a lot of curses along with the applause, and I managed to dodge most of the brickbats and rotten eggs and beer bottles. The Goldcoast Singers, Ed Rush, and George Cromarty, deserve to know the final chapter (?) of that story, which I thought had ended and concluded in my article "Plastic Jesus Investigated". (Sing Out!, Vol.14, No.5, Nov.1964 pp 55-53.) That article brought me the first ten bucks I ever got from that magazine, the song paid nothing. I spent the ten bucks on groceries.

There was ten-dollar check in the mail the other day. Some young gal wanted a copy of the words to that blasted albatross which was hung on my neck. I figured out what to do with the first damn dime I ever got from that song, which has been booked and magazined and exploited all over the landscape.

I donated that first ten bucks from that song to an old friend who was in trouble. I wanted that ten to go toward a sack of beans to help keep the soupline going for hard-hit people.

I believe that Jerusalem Slim is getting a laugh out of this. I just wish that all the folks who liked that song would donate a few dimes to help keep the Atlanta Union Mission. In this way the lampoon of hypocrites will be put to work and the critics silenced. All revenue from the song, "Plastic Jesus" which might come my way is to be paid to the Atlanta Union Mission instead.

I think Jerusalem Slim would approve of this plastic disposal.

Stand by for more verse, and may I hear from you oftener, the Post Office permitting and perhaps delivering. It is time to go to work.

Respectfully,
Ernie Marrs

Dear Sirs,

Enclosed is a copy of my poem, "Bernhard Goetz", [see poetry section] about the "gentleman" who promises to bring vigilantism and lynch mobs back into vogue.

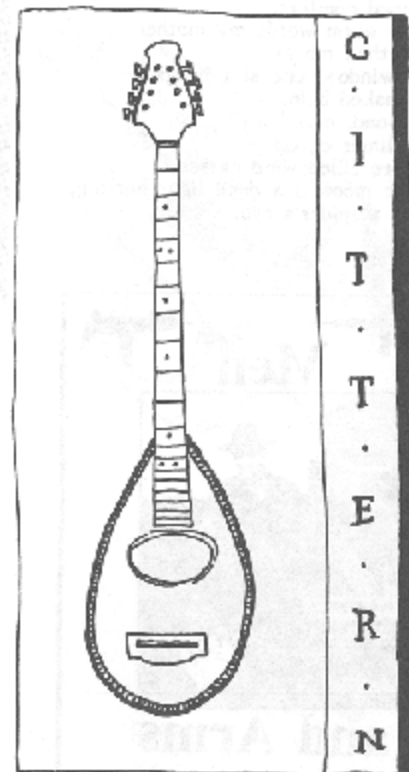
With the recent flurry of antiapartheid activism, and the increased furor over Reagan's embargo of Nicaragua and visit to Bitburg cemetery, Mr. Goetz has been more or less lost in the shuffle. However, despite the weeks I spent camping out on the steps of Mandela Hall, I have not forgotten the problems at home, and I hope no one else has either. The songs written at the blockade, (including many of the ones that appeared in your May issue), and the hours I spent at your benefit concert at Folk City, however, spurred me to return to my creative mode. I hope that you can use the poem, and that Coleridge and Kubla Kahn can somehow forgive me.

Bruce Abramson

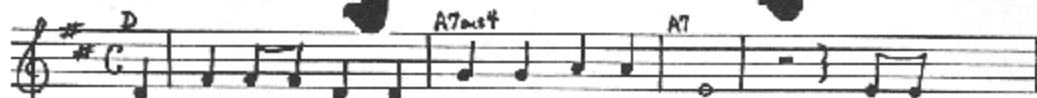
Dear Friend and Fellow Bitch Chic,
Soothsayers, cultural prognosticators,

I used to kid around about punk-folk but am glad to see that you are taking the phenomenon seriously! Does this mean I should send in "Roadburn," "Late Model Clone," "I Cut My Hair For You," and other un-met classics? Frustration T. Barking Bach!

Steve Sedberry,
Birmingham, Alabama



maybe you're



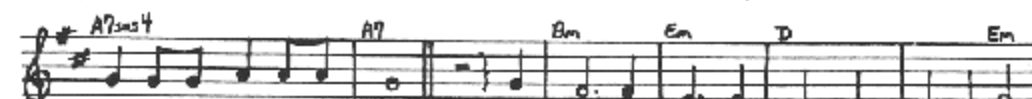
1. Do you get turned on when old brick gets ex-posed? Does it
 2. Does Sunday morning mean brunch with brocc'li quiche? Did you
 3. Does your unique t-shirt pass you on the street? Does it
 4. Does restoration work prove you've earned your place? Though they're



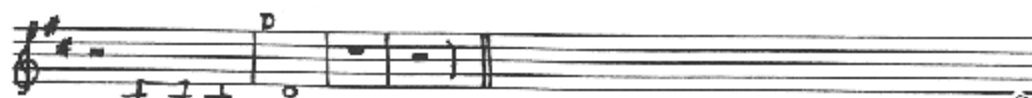
give you a thrill when a co-op or condo gets flipped? Do a- partment prices
 cheer when Joe's diner turned into Chez Joseph's Gour- met? Does it take clean red brick,
 seem that your neighbors all think an awful lot like you? Do the high rents make you
 compromises like an air conditioner or two? Are you sad for tenants



more you more than the home team's final score? Would you drool if you saw a mar-
 plants and wood for a restirant to be good? Will an art print decar raise the
 ill at ease when the old stores get the squeeze? But you stop in a new one to
 from be- fore, too poor to live here any- more? As you order a Medico



hogany door being stripped? } Then maybe you're a Yuppia. Yup, YUP, YUP
 Price that you would smugly pay? }
 buy some good cheese to make do... }
 lock for the door (or a few)-- }



--you're a Yup- pie.

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