

## REAL WORLD LOVE SONGS (FOR REAL WORLD LOVERS)



*compiled by Judy  
Gorman-Jacobs*

OVER THE HILLS  
*by Pete Seeger*

dulio, CLEO & SONIA  
*by Willie Sordill*

FINE TIME TO TELL ME  
*by Holly Near and Jeff Langley*

plus:

How To Undo A Conservative  
*by Morgan Hite* and more!

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## BROADSIDE 169

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This issue of BROADSIDE is partially dedicated to love songs of various kinds thoughtfully put together by Judy Gorman-Jacobs. It is hoped these songs will spur on people's creativity in dealing with a topic so prevalent in popular music, but in a more realistic sense. Please send in reactions and observations about these songs. They would be interesting not only for the feedback they would provide about special topics in BROADSIDE but also for the feelings these songs may evoke from readers.

Morgan Lite, who is fast becoming a regular contributor to BROADSIDE, provides an insightful look at conservatism in this issue and discusses how to affect conservatives on a personal level. I think this information could come in handy for everyone who has ever looked at a conservative and thought the situation was hopeless. If it helps you in even one "conversion" let us know. We'd all celebrate that victory. I think one thing Morgan makes clear is that it's a little harder and more challenging to be a liberal but it's always much more fun than being a conservative.

Kate Horger, also a regular contributor to BROADSIDE, has another column of Evolution Rock in this issue. This addition has had a very positive response and fits so well in BROADSIDE, it's evidence that music itself might be inherently progressive. Kate points out that rock musicians also have a great responsibility in educating people and putting topics and ideas into an emotional and even multi-sensory context that everybody can enjoy. Those of you who haven't listened to rock 'n' roll since Buddy Holly died may be surprised by some of the records Kate mentions so you should definitely give them a chance.

You may notice that BROADSIDE has finally attained the coveted second class mail status. This can be hailed as a kind of a victory for us. (See "Did You Ever Have To Deal With The Post Office" BROADSIDE #163). BROADSIDE will still come to subscribers just as quickly, but now we can mail it at a greatly reduced rate. That means that some of the fiscal pressure is off us but we're still in a pretty poor financial situation. So if you're reading a borrowed copy of BROADSIDE, consider getting your own subscription. It's nice to share, I know, but we really need the support if we're to continue publication.



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# Fine Time To Tell Me

Music: Jeff Langley  
Words: Holly Near

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of ten staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The score includes a main melody, a bridge, and a refrain. The lyrics are: "No, I'm not feeling fine. The blues have got me like a five and dime. The tank is empty and the chrome on the Chevy don't shine when love is gone from me. No, I'm not feeling fine. The day has done me and I'm on decline. The songs are sappy and the boots on baby don't shine when love is gone from me. So this would be a fine time to tell me that you love me. Yes, this would be a fine time to tell me that you love me. I feel like a wreck, I can't find my way out. I'm hungry for love but I been chewing on doubt. So this would be a fine time to tell me that you love me. I won't lead you on baby or play hard to get. I won't promise you riches or leave you in debt. I got a '54 Chevy, an Ovation guitar and I can play love me tender in the back seat of my car."

Transcribed by Andrea Minnaugh

No, I'm not feeling fine  
The blues have got me like a five and dime  
The tank is empty and the chrome on the Chevy don't  
When love is gone from me shine

No, I'm not feeling fine  
The day has done me and I'm on decline  
The songs are sappy and the boots on baby don't shine  
When love is gone from me

Refrain:  
So this would be a fine time to tell me  
That you love me  
Yes, this would be a fine time to tell me  
That you love me  
I feel like a wreck, I can't find my way out  
I'm hungry for love but I been chewing on doubt  
So this would be a fine time to tell me  
That you love me

No, I'm not feeling fine  
The sharks are biting and I'm falling behind  
The drive-in's closing and the midnight motion don't shine  
When love is gone from me

No, I'm not feeling fine  
No angel babies and it's crying time  
Shoo bop y doo wah and the harps in heaven don't shine  
When love is gone from me

Refrain:  
I won't lead you on baby or play hard to get  
I won't promise you riches or leave you in debt  
I got a '54 Chevy, an Ovation guitar  
And I can play love me tender in the back seat of my car

No, I'm not feeling fine  
The blues have got me like a five and dime  
The tank is empty and the chrome on the Chevy don't shine  
When love is gone from me

No, I'm not feeling fine  
No angel babies and it's crying time  
Heartbreak hotel has got me standing waiting in line  
When love is gone from me

Refrain

on Redwood Record's HARP album. (RR 409)

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by Judy Gorman-Jacobs

# Long Term Lovin'

Intro C X X X C

① Anytime soon you can go to the moon the future is practically here They'll freeze you to defrost you in a hundred years to see if you like it there You can re- place your heart rearrange your face Change the color of your eyes But it's long term lovin' you're lookin' for you'll find it's in short supply **Bridge** But I want years - of kisses in my hair I ain't gonna last forever Only love can laugh at time I want kisses without measure

② Microwave stoves cars with cruise control Everyone needs a computer Pills to banish the blues TV's to color the news They say that test-tube babies are cuter But all I see are hungry eyes Longing to last for pas- sion Long term lovin' in short supply but the demand is still in fashion

Long term lovin' in short supply but the demand is still in fashion

Anytime soon you can go to the moon  
The future is practically here  
They'll freeze you to defrost you in a hundred years  
To see if you like it there  
You can replace your heart, rearrange your face  
Change the color of your eyes  
But if it's long term lovin' you're lookin' for  
You'll find it's in short supply

**Bridge**

But I want years of kisses in my hair  
I ain't gonna last forever  
Only love can laugh at time  
I want kisses without measure

Microwave stoves, cars with cruise control  
Everyone needs a computer  
Pills to banish the blues  
TV's to color the news  
They say that test-tube babies are cuter  
But all I see are hungry eyes  
Longing for lasting passion  
Long term lovin' in short supply  
But the demand is still in fashion (2x)

Love in the space age, is it out of date  
Just a relic of the past  
Guess it's always been rare, I don't care  
Made up my mind and I'm holdin' fast  
Sittin' on this bar stool, flirting like a damn fool  
I dream of your mouth and sigh  
Long term lovin' is what I need  
And you know it's in short supply (2x)

Why an issue of "Real World Love Songs for Real World Lovers?" And why in BROADSIDE? In brief, the answer is that all songs are political - the question is what are the politics and are they explicit or implicit. Furthermore, the political is personal just as the personal is political. Timely and timeless songs are valuable. Lastly, we don't need fewer love songs, we need (and deserve) better ones reflecting and nourishing the rich diversity of who we are how we love.

If you were from another planet trying to picture life in the USA by listening to mainstream radio, you'd get a rather perverse image. Judging by the majority of what you'd hear (and wouldn't hear) you could assume everyone is stereotypically "male" and "female," 16 to 23 years old, English speaking and obsessively focused on "love" and "sex" in the narrowest and most superficial sense. You'd have precious little idea that most people are workers, students, unemployed or retired people connected to each other and to a complex wondrous world both natural and human-made.

For most of human history peoples' songs have reflected the whole of their concerns, activities, fears, joys, dreams and triumphs both personal and social. Understandably, topical songwriters in this tradition have written songs on themes often ignored in Top 40/Pop music. To some, commercial music has given love songs in general a bad name. Still outside (and inside) pop music are writers of real world love songs for real world lovers.

My original plan as guest editor of this issue was to include more than twice the number of songs given here. Space was not given for this and two songs were put in another issue ("False From True" by Pete Seeger and "An Ordinary Love Song" by Charlie King are in BROADSIDE #167). Offering a greater number of songs would make it possible to present a feller.

continued opposite page

# Stumble Into Me

by Patricia Shih

continued from opposite page

clearer picture of what "Real World Love Songs" are and can be. My warmest thanks to all the songwriters who agreed to contribute their work. Hopefully, this issue will further encourage readers to write, sing and celebrate such songs. Yours in song, struggle and love,

*Judy Gorman-Jacob*

for more information on Patricia Shih contact 27 Oaklnad St. Huntington, NY 11743 (516) 549-2332

Some songs that didn't fit into this issue are:

- "The Last Love Song" by Tom Paxton
- "Love Is" by Ngoma and Jaribu Hill
- "Ain't Life a Brook" by Ferron
- "Standin' by the Same Old Door" by Bonnie Raitt

Some love songs that have been in BROADSIDE in the past are:

- "Ordinary Love Song" by Charlie King (#167)
- "False From True" by Pete Seeger (#167)
- "Celibacy" by Macchi Boyd (#149)

I was looking for you in so many places but  
 I couldn't find you though I looked in all the passing faces  
 Why is it so hard to find each other?  
 Is it just the waiting that makes me ache?  
 Or is it knowing that you're there  
 And waiting too but I just don't know where?

I think I'm ready for you now -- it wasn't always so  
 I'm glad you didn't know me a year or more ago  
 You've seen a woman lose her pride  
 I almost wore a white flag waving by my side  
 But I hope you'll surrender too, when I walk near and  
 Stumble into you.

Instrumental

I thought I looked into your eyes waiting for a train in France  
 And I could have sworn in Oregon I saw you in the rain in a trance  
 Anyway I didn't stop or stay  
 Could it be I meant to run the other way?  
 And hope that you'll know what you see  
 When you walk by and stumble into me  
 You'll walk by and stumble into me.

©1979 E. Seeger

Words and Music by  
BARBARA TILSEN

$\text{♩} = 120$

1. Oh, mom-ma, so man-y kids, don't know  
how I'll re-mem-ber, what if I for-get all their names,  
Such a big build-ing, do I have to start school, may-be I should  
wait for this change. I'm kind of ex-ci-ted, and  
full of wor-ries, will I find a new friend to play with me?

Chorus  
(Well) you can trust in your-self just like you've al-ways done.  
take it a step at a time. Don't be a-raid to  
face the new, lis-ten to your feel-ings in-side. Just re-  
mem-ber who you are. Growing strong,  
al-ways reach-ing far. 2. As a ti-ny ba-by you'd  
move your hands, weav-ing a ma-gic dance of fun  
laugh-ing and grow-ing, seek-ing and know-ing, you stood on your own feet and

# CHANGES

Oh momma,  
So many kids don't know how I'll remember  
What if I forget all their names  
Such a big building, do I have to start school  
Maybe I should wait for this change.  
I'm kind of excited but full of worries  
Will I find a new friend to play with me?

CHORUS:  
Well you can trust in yourself  
just like you've always done  
and take it one step at a time  
Don't be afraid to face the new  
Listen to your feelings inside

Just remember who you are  
Growing strong always reaching far

As a tiny baby you'd move your hands  
Weaving a magic dance of fun  
Laughing and growing, seeking and knowing  
You stood on your own feet and danced in the sun

Just remember who you are  
To me you shine bright like an evening star

But momma,  
What if they ask me where do you live?  
What if I forget my address  
Will I have a place to keep all my stuff  
What if I can't find my desk.

What if I get there and lose my way  
What if I can't find my room  
What if I don't know what bus to take  
What if I can't get home.

If you've got a question and feel confused  
Just say what you need,  
someone will come help you.

CHORUS

You're a singer of songs, a spinner of tales  
You love lots of treats and adventure so wild  
Like your water colors you move and flow  
Oh laughing dancing child

Just remember who you are  
To me you shine bright like an evening star.

CHORUS

© 1983 Barbara Tilsen



A D A  
 danced in the sun. Just re- mem-ber who you are.  
 G  
 To me you shine bright like an eve- ning  
 D A G D A D  
 star.  
 D A7  
 3. But mom-ma what if they ask me where do you live  
 G A G  
 what if I for- get my ad- dress? Will I have a place to  
 D A D  
 keep all my stuff, what if I can't find my desk?  
 D A7 G  
 What if I get there and lose my way, what if I can't find my room?  
 A G D  
 What if I don't know what bus to take,  
 A D A  
 what if I can't get home? If you've got a ques- tion and  
 D G A  
 feel con- fused, just say what you need, some- one will come help you.  
 Chorus Repeats D.S.  
 4. You're a sing- er of songs, a  
 A7 G A  
 spin- ner of tales, you love lots of cre- ates and ad- ven- tures so wild.  
 G D  
 Like your wa- ter co- lors you move and flow, oh,  
 A D A  
 laugh- ing dan- cing child. Just re- mem-ber  
 who you are, To me you shine bright  
 Chorus Repeats D.S.  
 like an eve- ning star. Just re-  
 mem- ber who you are. To  
 G ma7 A D  
 me you shine bright, like an eve- ning star.

Barbara Tilsen is a songwriter from the Midwest, her music is deeply rooted in the lives and struggles of the people there. She is a staff person for the Midwest People's Music Network.

"I wrote 'Changes' to my oldest daughter when she was going to start kindergarten, she was very anxious about the whole experience and what was to come, so I took some of our conversations and set them to rhyme and music. As a good friend of mine says, 'This song can speak to the many times in our lives when we feel like we're five and it's the first day of school.'"

I play this song with a drop D (tune the 6th string down one step, and then don't play that string in the G and A chords).

© 1964 Willie Sordill

Easily A<sup>b</sup> (A<sup>b</sup>+9 A<sup>b</sup>+10 A<sup>b</sup>+9) A<sup>b</sup> (A<sup>b</sup>+9 A<sup>b</sup>+10 A<sup>b</sup>+9)

Dear  
How are you my friend?

Here is the music I promised to send you Sorry it took so long but you know it's been  
busy here and the mail is so slow Do you re-  
member that night we spent out on the street In front of your house until a quarter to three?  
You played guitar and I played the sax And all the  
neighbors came out - but they weren't mad They sang along, they all sang along  
Tell your mother hello I miss her  
cooking And the talks we had in the morning

Dear Dulio, How are you, my friend?  
Here is the music I promised to send you  
Sorry it took so long but you know  
It's been busy here and the mail is so slow  
Do you remember the night we spent out on the street  
In front of your house until a quarter to three?  
You played guitar and I played the sax  
All the neighbors came out -- but they weren't mad  
They sang along, they all sang along  
Tell your mother hello, I miss her cooking  
And the talks we had in the morning

Dear Cleo, how have you been, my sister?  
I wish I could be there to see you dance  
But by the time you receive this I'll have missed my chance  
Hope it went well, I know it went well  
I think of that restaurant in Esteli  
You sat at the table with David and me  
I still hear your laugh, it rings like a choir  
When you speak of freedom your eyes turn to fire  
Just like when you dance, like when you dance  
And by the way  
Thanks for taking my letters to Sonia

# Dulio, Cleo and Sonia

by Willie Sordill

Willie Sordill is on Folkways Records.

Dear Sonia, hola mi amor, I hope you're well  
You are my first thought when I open my eyes  
You're the last thing that I think of when I lie down at night  
And all the time in between  
And though I hold your letter still it doesn't seem real  
I touch the pink paper made brown by the fields  
I close my eyes and catch the smell of your hair  
And try to believe you once lay next to me there  
But it seems less real than a dream

Last night I read the paper as I lay in my bed  
Wide-awake nightmares circled my head  
I could see you in the dawn in the cool mountain air  
In the shadow of an airplane that shouldn't have been there  
And it's Christmas eve  
And all I want is for you to be alive for Christmas  
And I love you much more than these words can say  
Don't think it's just my Spanish



0:30 Intro

A A/G# A/G# F# G# Bm G#A/G# G#A E7

A A/G# A/G# F# G# Bm G#A/G# G#A E7

Verse 1 You knew me so well you knew I wouldn't leave when I saw you needed me that way They say that time will heal the heart with mending but I'm having trouble living day to day I've agreed to meet your happy endings Poetry is full of fools like me And just to make things right we're both pretending that I never cried and begged you "set me free" clock will live for the moment We won't look ahead or look behind The minutes make the hours the hours make the years and I'll try to take 'em one day at a time I'll try to take 'em one day at a time

Time Time Time Just like a clock you live for the moment You don't look ahead or look behind the minutes make the hours The hours make the years And I'll try to take 'em one day at a time I'll try to take 'em one day at a time I'll try to take 'em one day at a time

try to take 'em one day at a time

# decisions

by  
**Lydia Adams Davis**

You knew me so well you knew I wouldn't leave  
When I saw you needed me that way  
They say that time will heal the heart with mending  
But I'm having trouble living day to day  
I've agreed to meet your happy endings  
Poetry is full of fools like me  
And just to make things right we're both pretending  
That I never cried and begged you "set me free"

Chorus:  
And just like a clock we'll live for the moment  
We won't look ahead or behind  
The minutes make the hours, the hours make the years  
And I'll try to take 'em one day at a time  
I'll try to take 'em one day at a time

Johnny's started school he doesn't need me  
Living here at home the way I do  
I'll see him on weekends like the other folks I know  
They work it in their schedules I can too  
Teachers say he's nervous and a problem  
Playing sick to stay home missing school  
I better not move out until he's older  
Find another way to work things through

Chorus:  
And just like a clock better live for the moment  
You don't look ahead or look behind  
The minutes make the hours, the hours make the years  
And I'll try to take it one day at a time  
I'll try to take it one day at a time

Guess there never really was a right time  
There was always something I should do  
I remember years ago I had a lifetime  
Whatever came of that I never knew  
When you're young time's like an open valley  
Stretching 'neath an empty sky of blue  
You hardly notice making those decisions  
Do you spend your life regretting if you do

Chorus:  
And just like a clock do you live for the moment  
You don't look ahead or look behind  
The minutes make the hours, the hours make the years  
And I'll try to take 'em one day at a time  
I'll try to take 'em one day at a time

Chorus  
Tag  
And I'll try to take 'em one day  
I'll try to take 'em one day  
I'll try to take 'em one day at a time  
Try to take 'em one day at a time

© 1985 Lydia Adams Davis

# SONG FOR A POTTER



1 I started out the road seemed clear nothing to go wrong  
 2 I used my hands to shape and build out of what I found.  
 3 Soon I found friends, especially you, moving the same way.



Then came the night, left me alone with nothing but a song.  
 Now each day brings me beautiful things, spreading all around.  
 When we looked up we saw the stars—it felt like it was day.



I'd like to know: Can music show the way?  
 Do you think that our work can lead us home?  
 My heart told me, "You know this course is true."

I started out the road seemed clear  
 Nothing to go wrong  
 Then came the night, left me alone  
 with nothing but a song.  
 I'd like to know: Can music show the way?

I used my hands to shape and build  
 out of what I found.  
 Now each day brings me beautiful things, spreading  
 all around.  
 Do you think that our work can lead us home?

Soon I found friends, especially you,  
 moving the same way.  
 When we looked up, we saw the stars—it felt like  
 it was day.  
 My heart told me, "You know this course is true."

© 1987  
 BY RAY KORONA

## Kate Borger's

New Year's resolutions -- I've given up on the "no more sugar," "exercise at least three times a week," "finish all of Shakespeare's tragedies" variety. But the remaining resolution that demands serious attention and unfailing commitment is: try to make the earth a little better this year. Suddenly the idea of refraining from chocolate chip cookies seems the easier. Where is the courage, strength and support I felt at the a) June 12th rally b) Holly Near concert c) \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in the blank)?

Among other places it can be found on a number of fairly recent rock 'n' roll records that express ideals similar to predecessors like "If I Had A Hammer" and "We Shall Overcome." In fact, there are three albums that are entirely dedicated to songs of struggle, hope and determination, and they come in pretty handy when you need a dose of inspiration.

The Alarm, a four-piece band from North Wales, is responsible for "For Freedom," a melodic, uplifting ep (five tracks), as well as the anthemic album from 1984, Declaration. Their songs firmly declare the belief that society can improve through awareness and unity of the young and oppressed. The Alarm's impassioned vocals and ringing electrified acoustic guitars make us believe it too.

## Evolution Rock



The third record that proves to be an antidote for the apathy blues is the 1985 Internationalists from the British band, The Style Council. Paul Weller, formerly of The Jam, has taken his internationalist theory of a world community one step beyond political lyrics by infusing the band's music with eclectic influences from cap and Brazilian to jazz and Motown. The musical result is somewhat inconsistent, but the message is clear: we're all on this planet together, so let's explore our differences and share the cultural wealth.

cont. on p.11

## How To Undo a Conservative

by Morgan Hite

It is time to take a good long look at conservatives and ask ourselves what is really going on with them. It is easy to be put off by them, react with disgust or amusement, and encapsulate them as fascists, warmongers and madmen, but this tells us nothing and does little to actually change the situation. Furthermore, it alignates us from them as human beings. So how did they become the way they are?

A description of conservatism runs something as follows. Though we are accustomed to recognizing conservatives by their politics, the political elements of conservatism are just manifestations of an underlying philosophy.

### POLITICAL BEHAVIOR

a) The legalization of discrimination against homosexuals, women and minorities.

b) The illegalization of various drugs (excepting the commonly used, socially acceptable and industrially established caffeine, alcohol and tobacco), plus illegalization of abortion and prostitution.

c) Opposition to the regulation of: development, both industrial and private; handgun control; seatbelt laws; state's rights; business; nuclear energy; the military.

d) Support for the regulation of: rock and roll lyrics; movie content; school library acquisitions; public school curriculum content, including values clarification, education regarding the holocaust, etc.

### PHILOSOPHICAL ELEMENTS:

e) The archaic model of there being a Universal Right Answer (in religion for example), leading to a "We're right and they're wrong" type of view. Individuals who go through radical (and bewildering) switches of political or religious convictions betray, in their dogmatic fervor, the operation of this principle. The form remains the same and the content changes. Naturally they tend to come and roost ultimately in the political right, since a conservative philosophy is most at home in conservative politics.

f) A subservient relationship with authority; a belief that the individual is less important than the system. A predilection to preserve the status quo.

g) A general shyness, or, more malignantly, a dislike and mistrust of individual initiative outside the system: levity, dancing, innovation or change.

h) A glorification of the individual as entrepreneur exercising his options within the system. (It complements the subjugation to the system outlined above.) Liberals, by contrast, who give the system no primacy over the individual, maintain that simply because an individual's behavior is in accordance with, say, a law, it is not thereby unassailable.

i) A relationship to the new, unknown or undecided that is based more in fear than in confidence. A militance regarding foreigners and how to deal with them, an attitude that is primitive at best.

All conservative behavior, the fear of change, preservation of the status quo, discrimination, prejudice, hawkishness, repressiveness and braggadocio, can be seen as manifestations of their symbiotic relationship with the system.

How does a conservative end up this way? One can easily envision the operation of what we might call the conservativogenic family. The parents raise the children in the security of a system where all expectations are made clear, but where, conversely, once the symbolic acts of good faith have been met, the individual is more or less free to do as he or she wishes. Externally imposed discipline is habit-forming, and there are plenty of opportunities to decry people who are not subject to such ("secular humanists," we are reminded, are dangerous because they don't have to answer to God). Children develop no confidence in their ability to create structure, a fact which tells later in life when they have difficulty accepting of adapting to change. Church and social practices combine to produce a "What will people think" behavior that is as productive of clandestine transgressions as it is of public piety. Gossip is an important working element in keeping people in line, as well as a natural interest in the ongoing testing of limits. Typically, everyone transgresses the rules as adolescents, and then grows up to profess a belief in them to the next generation. An admissions officer at a southern boarding school was told by his predecessor when he took the job that when showing the parents of a prospective male student around, "You must convince the father that his son will graduate a 'man';" whereas when the prospective student was female: "You must convince the father that his daughter will graduate a virgin."

Conservatism is an efficiently functioning, self-perpetuating mental ecology, but not one well-suited for the present day, when change far outpaces the ability of conservative institutions to flow with it. The lib-

Borger, cont. from p.10

Another album to pay particular attention to is Juluka's Stand Your Ground. They certainly do and their courage is contagious. Juluka is a South African band whose members are Zulu, Jewish and Afrikaaner. They are required to get a license in order to perform, and they choose to play for mixed audiences only. If this isn't remarkable enough, Juluka is often heard singing lyrics like, "There's nowhere to hide which side you stand on" and continuing in Zulu, "Stand on your ground, for here is a matter and it speaks of freedom." The music combines upbeat western pop, a la Men At Work, with stunning Zulu influenced vocal harmonies.

These four records along with the following songs are guaranteed to provide the energy and sustain the faith one needs to take on the causes that await us in the new year.



- "Marching On" -- The Alarm, Declaration
- "For Freedom" -- The Alarm (ep)
- "Mana Lapho" (Stand Your Ground) -- Juluka Stand Your Ground
- "Walls Come Tumbling Down" -- The Style Council, Internationalists
- "Solidarity" -- Little Steven, Voice of America
- "Fascist Groove Thang" -- Heaven 17
- "Justice In The Street" -- Richard and Linda Thompson, Sunnysta
- "New Song" -- Howard Jones, Human Lib
- "One World (Not Three)" -- The Police, Ghost in the Machine
- "New Scene" -- The Fleshtones, Hexbreaker
- "One World" -- Utopia, Swing To the Right
- "World Turned Upside Down" -- Billy Bragg, Life's A Riot Etc.
- "Rise Up" -- Parachute Club, The Incredible Collection (compilation)

cont. from p.11

eralogenic" family. by contrast, attempts to produce a more complex and sophisticated individual, one whose independence and initiative are higher, and whose relationship with the system can be modified at will or indefinitely dispensed with. On the other hand, this probably fails correspondingly more of the time. On a time scale of generations there probably is a continuous exchange flow between the two groups: defection of individuals who are hopelessly limited by the structures of conservative society and transgress themselves right out of it; and the return of individuals who find in conservative life a security they lacked in their liberal upbringing. What factors determine a need of lack thereof for security in the first place is a question worthy of investigation indeed.

And so one might ask what is there to be done. There are four basic ways to deal with conservatism, strategies for bequeathing to our grandchildren a healthier society.

1) Have your own children and influence them. It's the longest term solution, but ultimately the best way to create a better tomorrow.

2) Influence someone else's children. Nasty stuff when it comes to talking about teaching sex educa-

tion, but the real influencing gets done in less dramatic situations. There is no underestimating the power of an adult role model to a child in school years. If you really want to make it count, don't do it in your enclave; for a couple of years move to a state that really needs your point of view (whether they know it or not).

Television is an undeniable source of influence, and for years the New York-centered media made this a largely liberal channel. But there is never any assurance it will arrive. "Mork and Mindy," for example, was never aired in certain parts of Alabama because it portrayed (shudder!) cohabitation.

3) Influence someone your own age. Don't shy away from discussing religion or politics just because you know there's disagreement. Be patient. After the obligatory initial fifteen minutes of reciting the cliché slogans, the persons you are talking to begin to use their heads and get to the real meat of the matter.

Kids are even more effective at this than adults are; remember your kids are primary weapons in the war for higher consciousness and take them along when you move to the hinterlands.

Don't take no for an answer. If you encounter, "I'd like to, but what will people think?" keep drilling. It may take months, but a human being is worth months.

4) Take political action. Yes, this is the stupidest, least humane way of dealing with conservatives. It has all the personal touch of a sledgehammer. But when crucial issues are at stake that might affect your children, your grandchildren and even their grandchildren you can fight politicizing with politicizing.

Political events in and of themselves have an undeniable symbolic impact, above and beyond their actual significance. In the wake of the election of a liberal candidate, liberals feel reinforced and backed up in acting liberally; a tone is set for society, as if the election is a rite which invokes a certain philosophy. Liberalism becomes the atmosphere of the time. The effect of a conservative victory is correspondingly dismal. The defeat of the ERA, for example, had a profound if subtle psychological effect in reaffirming that equal rights were not yet at hand.

But political victories do anything but uplift the vanquished, and are therefore ineffective in changing the human mind.

So next time you encounter your brother or sister conservative, stick around at the end of the shouting match to really talk about it. See if you can't find the relationship with the system that they are trying to protect. We need to learn to show them how to loosen up on it.

## MAN ON A WHITE HOUSE

(from America ex monumentis veteribus illustrata by Tom Rowley)

"The President will try to learn (it's something that he's always spurned) to ride a bike." --- And cause less tension than stabling stallions on a pension with GS-13 polymaths to sweep around the bridle paths (the Household Cavalry they're called --- all under six feet, fat and bald). A ten-speed racing Schwinn to ride will seem to show less wealthful pride than East Virginians have, who think their horse's shit don't even stink. So call his gardeners, Ching and Chavez, to re-landscape the Oval Office, tear out the bookcases, and pound a gravel freeway all around. Now Ronald Reagan puts in place his hundred-dollar-a-tooth gold plates for dinner by himself, and fills a bowl with freshly-picked green bills, pours oil and simple vinegar --- (feeling his mood a bit austere), then pulls his belly back to force it into the Presidential corset, and thus appearing harder, leaner, makes his way into the new arena. Contingency and clinaman have had their random way with him: put pancake powder inches deep

## OR: RON REAGAN'S RIDE

in every wrinkle, still there peep through it his nose and cheeks, dull red as the dyed hair atop his head. A well-proportioned six feet tall (only the head a size too small), he walks as slow and careful as a man with a knifeblade up his ass: faster would send him tottering --- no gait for an elected King (the White House band now plays "Hail to the Chief" *andante sostenuto*). A horse has four, a bicycle two --- aye, there's the rub, the tickle: with only two big wheels support, to keep your balance, nor abort. Although he'd emptied every pocket, his Spanish spurs caught in the sprocket; the slatty framework winced and lounced like one off whom a check has bounced. "It might be better, sir, to drop your right - (or left) hand riding crop, or even both," cries out his teacher, whose correspondence courses feature riding and fucking taught by mail (at this time he is out on bail). Reagan's breathing jerks the air through two nests of dirty hair. The chain gets hung, one wheel hitches; grease distains his riding breeches and bright red coat. But on he goes --- his valet can clean up the clothes --- still wishing he were rather on the back of a Harley or a Honda. A too-large pebble causes bounce; he

cont. on p.13

cont. on p.12

shifts on seat but luckily  
 though straddling crowds the sagging balls,  
 his pecker ("groin," the wise it call)'s  
 so like a drill, to tell the truth  
 it snags inside a rotten tooth  
 (the only difference, I fancy,  
 'twixt that and doing it with Nancy  
 's her cavity is somewhat wider).  
 But Ronnie always was a rider ---  
 a K-Mart cowboy, never thrown  
 by that coin-operated roan.  
 Just put your nickel in the slot,  
 and right away the beast gets hot;  
 it hums and moans and bucks and humps,  
 rattles its springs at you and jumps  
 no higher than the law allows;  
 you dream a crowd that yips and wows,  
 and then the judge's pistol fires  
 as the incentive coin expires  
 and Devil halts in mid-career,  
 turns cold again --- but leaves you here  
 triumphant, sticking to the saddle.  
 "Go places, sure," says Mom, "this lad!!!"  
 and as she bends to pick you up,  
 presents your prize, a lollipop.  
 (Waste not, want not --- learn the trick  
 of swallowing it whole, with stick;  
 grown wealthy, then you can afford  
 to give the sucked stick to the poor;  
 as for the sucker, first you glom it ---  
 and that's the source of Reaganomics.)  
 Like a child too tired for bed  
 the hound dog bends its yellow head  
 back to bite its tail, and turns  
 round and round --- it must have worms:  
 so the bike's circling never ceases,  
 and while the rider's heat increases  
 work becomes harder to extract --- it's  
 the second law of thermodynamics.  
 The whole damn thing begins to topple  
 as, on the dresser's edge, a slop-pail.  
 "Lean slightly to the left, sir!" "Never!"  
 he cried. "Free enterprise forever!"  
 as the machine gyrated down  
 and threw him on his crownless crown.  
 His head filled up with light so dim  
 it seemed like normalcy for him,  
 or shades of night already drawn  
 down all the windows of our dawn.  
 Now Reagan at Bethesda dreams  
 he's back upon "our" snot-gray screen.  
 Across frontiers twelve inches wide  
 measured diagonally, they ride  
 white horses, and he leads the mob  
 from second place --- a tiresome job,  
 if highly paid. Beyond time's raging,  
 forever young, or middle aging  
 (Though even young he was the very  
 image of galloping senility),  
 he rides along the dim gray ranges  
 immune to viewers' channel changes ---  
 for he's on every Late Late Show;  
 that's how he made his campaign dough.  
 He never wears a single chap ---  
 they hide his legs and show his lap ---  
 where cactus never stinks or stings  
 and purplay never stings or stinks,  
 powder-smoke is as white as faces,  
 the mountains black as certain races,  
 and black on white's the lonesome trail  
 of blood a-wand'ring from the male

mouth of a hero to his jawline  
 after he's been punched three times sprawling  
 and had a chair broke on his gong  
 during a fist fight three reels long.  
 (Turn the knobs over good and right,  
 and you can change the black to white.)  
 His tattered shirt is gray, and so  
 's his chest, where it's allowed to show  
 glab as spread of paper paste ---  
 he's paid to shave down to the waist.  
 That's why, an esquire without armor,  
 you'll see him when the hippodrama  
 needs a SECOND MURD --- uh, COWPOKE  
 with hat as white as horse or gunsmoke  
 and face as gray as...it is now.  
 That's him --- there! Just behind the cow.  
 Where's the rest of him? God knows.  
 In the White House, some supper ---  
 "our" mansion white as horse, o. smoke,  
 or face and hand of those who vote  
 straight G.O.P. and send the bill  
 to "People, c/o Sovereign Will."

***l'invoice***

On White House lawns he's riding still  
 greener than thousand-dollar bills,  
 using the same style as when he  
 rode into Jerusalem, D.C.,  
 sitting pretty as pretty passes  
 on the back of fifty million asses:  
 of course we know birds of a feather  
 flock and are photographed together ---  
 and that is why, we see and hear,  
 his face is toward the horse's rear.

G.N. Gabbard



by Steve Ansol from Delaware Alternative Press

## Holly Near In Concert

If you read last month's article about Holly Near and Redwood Records then all you need to know about her recent stop at the Beacon Theatre in NYC is that she completely lived up to everything she told me for that article. (If you haven't seen the article, send \$2.00 for the issue - #168, you won't regret it). Well, maybe for those of you too lazy to get that issue, I'll give a brief synopsis.

Holly described to me her ideas about playing to the "converted" and how she felt about it. Basically she feels that her audiences are pretty much "converted" so there's no need to really preach, but more of a need for encouragement and some degree of "awareness" enlightenment. By that I mean that she'll talk about some things which may not have been previously thought about by even the most politically "correct" audiences. For example, in this concert she gave a sincere pitch against buying Christmas gifts in department stores, instead she suggested buying some of the Redwood records for sale in the lobby. The reasons for this are so simple I won't even go into it, but perhaps not everybody has given it any thought before.

But on to the music. Holly was accompanied by John Bucchino on piano and Susan Freundlich singing. The arrangements were excellent and Holly's energy abounded. The songs were a mixture of old and new. A medley of "standards" was certainly the highlight of the first half including "Stormy Weather," "Me and My Gal," (with a delightful interjection of, "It's a likely story," at just the right spot) and others. One of the marvelous things about this medley is that besides showing Holly's enormous vocal talent and ability to dramatize show tunes she takes the opportunity to poke a little bit of fun at the ambiguous sexual orientation of these tunes. (Also something many folks may not have considered beforehand.)

(Other highlights of the evening were songs like, "Wouldn't You Rather Love a Great Big Woman Than Ask Your Lover To Starve Herself To Death?" which was sung along by the audience with enthusiasm, "Perfect Night," "How Was I To Know," "Simply Love," "Oh Mary, Don't You Weep," "Power" (the best song ever written about nuclear power) and "Hobo's Lullaby.")

Ronnie Gilbert joined Holly on stage near the end of the show and joined in on "Midnight Special." Tom Paxton was also there for "Singing For Our Lives," which has become a theme for Holly and her concert appearances, though for this show I think Holly's warmth and humor were more of a theme. In ending the show at what seemed to be the real high point by proclaiming that this was to be the last song, Holly rebuffed the moans and groans of the audience by mentioning that this is what performers usually do. She joked about how the audience then claps real loud and the performers come on back. She said, "We're going to do that." So no one was worried that this was truly the ending and it wasn't even close. Holly came back and performed a song entitled "Emma" which had the line "We're writing songs to wake us from the lullabies."

## AMERICA

Big Macs,  
Television,  
Some jerk in  
The White House.

by Michael Swift

by Jeff Ritter

### A NOTE TO HUGH HEFNER

Sex is not all,  
It is not meat nor drink,  
nor even a good job,  
nor a contribution toward ending  
the nuclear arms race.

Some have found it  
a small religion,  
seemingly moving the earth,  
but mostly in Spain,  
in about 1938.

Even when all the adult  
consenting partners  
attain orgasms  
of simultaneous orgasms  
certain intractable problems  
will remain.

by Robert L. Tyler

One of the most interesting aspects of this concert was noticing the way Holly's vocal talents have grown. (In the non-solo settings that we're used to seeing her in she has frequently performed her vocal tasks with perfect clarity and pitch but a lack of color.) Holly is an excellent "straight" singer but in this concert she's working at inflections and vocal colorings a little more. At times she would even recite lyrics at the beginning of song or in the middle in a chanting kind of technique reminiscent of notable poetry recitative. Holly also displayed definite jazz influences in her melodic embellishments. These techniques make a performance much more exciting as far as I'm concerned and show that Holly is interpreting each song with more than just her vocal talent but is also exploring the emotion encased in each song.

There may not be another solo tour by Holly in the near future but I'm sure that whatever performances she is involved with would be very worthwhile seeing, not only for their content alone but also for seeing the most recent development of Holly's interesting and satisfying career.



### XXX

Love is not all; it is not meat nor drink  
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain,  
Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink  
And rise and sink and rise and sink again;  
Love can not fill the thickened lung with breath,  
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone,  
Yet many a man is making friends with death  
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.  
It well may be that in a difficult hour,  
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,  
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,  
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,  
Or trade the memory of this night for food.  
It well may be, I do not think I would.

by Edna St. Vincent Millay

# Over the Hills by Pete Seeger

Over the hills, I went one day  
 A-dreaming of myself and you.  
 And the springtime of years  
 since first we met,  
 and all that we've been through.  
 May I not with delight still  
 dream of the years of the  
 summer and fall to be,  
 And the many, many verses still  
 to be sung in the ballad  
 of you and me

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