

Broadside 170

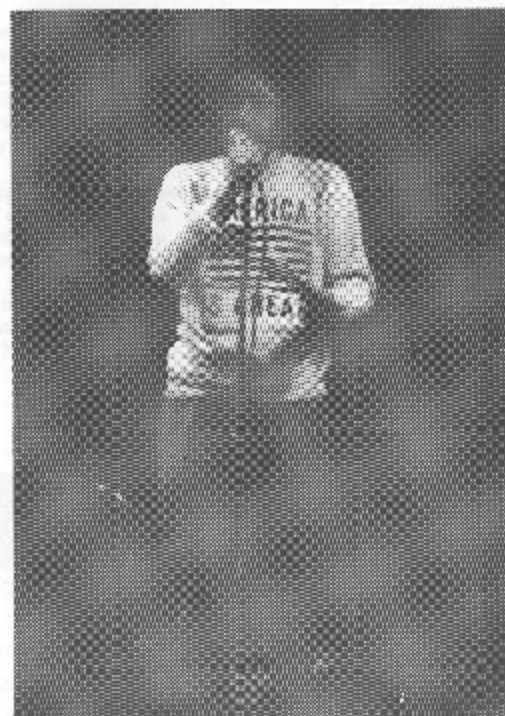
THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1986

In this issue:

Songs · Poems · Articles

Featuring



**Tuli
Kupferberg**

the
FUGGS



Ed Sanders

PROTEST & SURVIVE

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BROADSIDE # 170

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Editor's Notes

This issue of BROADSIDE features The Fugs. Two of the original Fugs, Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg, are still keeping this originally outre' group from the sixties alive and doing well. They've gotten some new musicians to back them up and collaborate on compositions. Tuli Kupferberg frequently contributes cartoons and other graphics to BROADSIDE and in this issue Ed Sanders joins him with songs and poetry from their recent concert at the Bottom Line in New York City. The song, "South Africa," in this issue is an excellent example of a protest song that is truly a quality piece of music and poetry. I urge all readers to learn this song and teach it to crowds during concerts. It is a sing-along song that gets people excited and involved. Also presented in this issue are some of the lyrics from their "Dreams of Sexual Perfection." (The music for this piece couldn't be prepared in time for this issue.) As poetry, though, the excerpts from "Dreams" are interesting on their own.

There are songs and poetry from far and near in this issue of BROADSIDE. Judy Cohen, longtime volunteer for BROADSIDE makes her appearance in this issue as concert reviewer. In this issue, Vic Sedot, a long-time contributor to BROADSIDE has an article that was originally printed in the Delaware Alternative Press. Kate Berger presents her monthly column on rock music for those of you who remain uninformed about this area of music. It is hoped that this variety of writers and contributors to BROADSIDE will keep the controversy flowing and the readers interested and informed. Anyone who has something to contribute to BROADSIDE is invited to send in a draft or proposal for articles.

An upcoming issue will include songs compiled from the People's Music Network meeting in Brooklyn. Also coming up is another "New Wave Folk" issue with songs from Phranc, the Knitters, the Washington Squares and others. These groups show one way topical and folk music is being presented to a younger generation and we should all be aware of this.

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fugs

by jeff ritter

A Fugs concert is, in a way, like a religious tent show. The High Priests are on the stage and the audience, if not already full of believers, may have been "converted" in the line waiting to go inside. It's hard to imagine many other audiences that would sing along so gleefully on "River of Shit," "Homemade Shit" or "Jackoff Blues." — but let's say we'll leave all the bodily functions songs right there and not offend too many people.

The Fugs do provide an entertaining show. The stage antics of Tuli Kupferberg provide some kind of information and excitement themselves. They are certainly a delightful counterpoint to Ed Sander's solid stoicism on the other side of the stage. Like the priest and the jester except they are really after the audience and not each other.

The most important part of the Fugs show seems to me to be that they provide ideas and encouragement to their audiences of already like-minded individualists. Last year the song "Keeping the Issues Alive" (see BROADSIDE #160) linked the myth of Prometheus to today's struggles for peace and justice. This year the song "What Would Tom Paine Do?" provided me with more material for consideration. As part of the Sanders/Taylor/Betty opera "Star Peace," "What Would Tom Paine Do?" posed a question that is provocative to consider and they give the answer too! The question is, "What is the name of the pamphlet in the age of the laser disc?" The comparison of today's struggles with the Revolutionary War is interesting enough but the real issue is communication. Tom Paine, well-known pamphleteer, is still read widely in the schools. Using the printing press to spread revolutionary ideas was novel enough in those days—what mode of communication would be best today? That is a good question. We have laser disc, cable TV, satellites, radio from coast-to-coast, and everyone has a tape deck or stereo. The first answer might be that the electronic media should be used to spread revolutionary ideas. Tom Paine used the most sophisticated means of communication at that time, right? The problem is that mass media are all completely and strictly controlled by the government either directly or indirectly. The answer is stated simply in the song:

Thou shalt pass from mouth to mouth
around the world, protest and survive.

Stated as a commandment, it makes even more sense.

Well, that's one of the ideas presented at the concert. The band was great, the songs were all really good too. "South Africa" is an especially good song and it's also in this issue. "Dreams of Sexual Perfection" is a great "Sho/stu/po" (short story poem) which is also excerpted here. Their new record "No More Slavery" comes out soon and should be in local stores 'cause they got good distribution with this one. Buy it. I hope the Fugs keep it up for many more years.

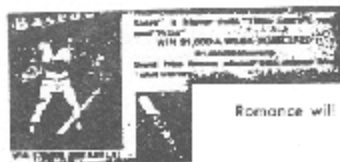
Hörst man plötzlich ein Geschrei:
„He, heraus! du Ziegen-Böckl
Schneider, Schneider,
meck, meck, meck!"



Alles was ich will schenken,
Oh mein mein Wort zu schenken;
Alles was ich will schenken,
Gib mir um die Hande hand,
So ich dir die Hande hand.



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So what?



The Fugs in Concert



Excerpts from **Dreams of Sexual Perfection**

words: Ed Sanders
music: Ed Sanders
Coby Batty
Steve Taylor

I Gratified Desire

He made love with a sheep in 1969
She slept with her guru inside a ball of twine
Murray liked to make it with kasha-covered pears
Marcy liked to get it on sliding down the stairs

And Kama Sutra Carrie who sucked a sycamore
and little liked to rub against an ornate louvered door
Love triangles love quadrangles waterbeds for five
Such an air of innocence to make you feel alive

in Paradise it looked like Paradise
it felt like Paradise it smelt like Paradise

Gratified desire
la la la la
Was all they did require
la la la la
Mile and miles of bodies
flaming on the floor

in Paradise it looked like Paradise
it felt like Paradise it smelt like Paradise

Dreams of sexual perfection
Dream Dream Dream

II

Emily Dickinson

Emily Dickinson sat alone
with 900 secret songs
For fifty years she wrote her verses
with a wild and locked-up love

Her teacher had said that fun is a word
that no young lady should use
The 19th century lit up its lawns
with the glare from Plymouth Rock

Unbraid your wild red hair
upon your shiny shoulders
untie your summer dress
and free your swaying breasts

Sweet sweet Emily
the bees buzz 'round your fingers
Spread wide your limber limbs
and let your lover in

and you sang
"Were I with thee
wild nights should be
our luxury!"

Dreams of sexual perfection --
Dream Dream Dream

SOUTH AFRICA

WORDS & MUSIC BY
ED SANDERS
STEVEN TAYLOR

THERE'LL A COME DAY - WHEN THE SHIP OF APAR - THEID SHALL SINK IN THE BAY

OH SOUTH AFRICA COME TO YOUR SEN - SES YOUR SHIP IS ON FIRE

BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE. THERE'LL COME A DAY - WHEN THE SHIP OF APAR -

THEID SHALL SINK IN THE BAY AND THE WHIP, THE SJAMBOK SHALL

CRACK NO MORE AND THE WHIP THE SJAMBOK SHALL CRACK NO MORE AND THE

WORLD WON'T ALLOW ANYMORE SLAVE SHIPS IN THE HARBOR AGAIN

SAILS OF THE SLAVE SHIP ARE BURNING IN FLAMES THERE'LL COME A DAY - WHEN THE

SHIP OF APAR - THEID SHALL SINK IN THE BAY, YOU CAN SEE SAILS IN THE

There'll come a day
when the ship of apartheid
shall sink in the bay

Oh South Africa come to your senses
Your ship is on fire
but it's not too late

There'll come a day
when the ship of apartheid
shall sink in the bay

and the whip the sjambok* shall crack no more
and the whip the sjambok shall crack no more
and the world won't allow
any more slave ships in the harbor again
and the whip the sjambok shall crack no more
and the whip the sjambok shall crack no more
and the sails of the slave ship are burning in flames

For Fugs Info write:
F.C.C.
Box 729
Woodstock, NY

Please send polite letters urging
the lifting of banning orders
against Winnie Mandela and other
South Africans to: The President of
the Republic of South Africa
c/o The Embassy of South Africa
3051 Massachusetts Avenue
NW / Washington, D.C. 20008.
Salutation is Dear Mr. President.

* pronounced
(sham bók)

Handwritten musical score for the song "Jubilation apartheid go away!". The score is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in G major (one sharp). The lyrics are written below the notes. The music consists of several lines of melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "RED RED SEA BLAZING A-WAY. SOUTH AFRICA ON THE RIVERS OF SOUTH AFRICA ON THE MOUNTAINS OF SOUTH AFRICA ON THE OF SOUTH AFRICA SHALL BE SHARED EVERY ONE - SHIP OF APAR - THEID SHALL SINK IN THE BAY JU - BI - LA - TION A - PAR - THEID GO AWAY - .". The score includes various musical notations such as chords (C, D, G), rests, and dynamic markings.

There'll come a day
when the ship of apartheid
shall sink in the bay

You can see its sails
in the red, red sea
blazing away

South Africa
oh the rivers of
South Africa
oh the mountains of
South Africa
oh the riches of
South Africa
shall be shared
by everyone

There'll come a day
when the ship of apartheid
shall sink in the bay

Oh South Africa come to your senses
Your ship is on fire
but it's not too late

There'll come a day
when the ship of apartheid
shall sink in the bay

and the whip the sjambok shall crack no more
and the whip the sjambok shall crack no more
and the world won't allow
any more slave ships in the harbor again

and the whip the sjambok shall crack no more
and the whip the sjambok shall crack no more
and the sails of the slave ship are burning in flames

There'll come a day
when the ship of apartheid
shall sink in the bay!

Jubilation
apartheid go away!
Jubilation
apartheid go away!
Jubilation
apartheid go away!!

Jubilation
apartheid go away!

America the Free

MUSIC + LYRICS BY
LENNY BERGER

ONCE UPON THE WESTERN PLAINS LIVED A NATION PROUD AND FREE...
 WHERE THE BUFFALO WOULD ALWAYS ROAM AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE...
 THE BEAUTY OF THE WILDERNESS REMAINED AS IT SHOULD BE AND
 PEACE REIGNED OVER THE LAND THEY LOVED IN AMERICA THE FREE -
CHORUS
 AMERICA THE FREE LAND OF FREEDOM FOR US ALL...
 AMERICA THE FREE LET US STAND UP PROUD AND TALL WHERE THE
 LAW PROVIDES FOR EVERYONE AND JUSTICE DOES PREVAIL BUT
 WHEN YOU'RE BORN WITH SKIN THAT'S RED JUSTICE IS SO PALE.

Once upon the Western Plains lived a nation proud and free
 Where the buffalo would always roam as far as the eye could see
 The beauty of the wilderness remained as it should be
 And peace reigned over the land they loved in America, the Free

The Redman always did respect what nature did provide
 His fondest wish was to protect the land where the fathers died
 To live with us in harmony was the Redman's creed
 He proudly put his faith and trust in America, the Free

Chorus:

America, the Free, land of freedom for us all
 America, the Free, let us stand up proud and tall
 Where the law provides for everyone and justice does prevail
 But when you're born with skin that's red, justice is so pale

Not satisfied with what we had, we became consumed with greed
 When the tribes refused to leave their land we made the Redman bleed
 We said that God had blessed our plan, this was our destiny
 It was God's will we'd rule the land in America, the Free

Chorus

We made the Redman promises, far too many to recall
 But the only promise that we kept, the only one at all
 Was the promise that we'd take his land and when we
 did succeed
 We buried our true heritage in America, the Free

Chorus

America, the Free, land of freedom for us all
 America, the Free, let us stand up proud and tall
 Where the law provides for everyone and justice does prevail
 But when you're born with skin that's red, justice is so pale
 When you're born with skin that's red, justice is so pale

Following the River Down

Chorus: Follow - ing the river down, down, down the mountain side. People running all around, round, round, the fishes ride. There's no one in the stream can hide.

Verse: And "Why, why?" I asked him, "Why are so many people sad?" He held me tighter than he had. "And when, when when will this dead-ly tension end?" He took my fists between his hands and helped my fingers to unbend.

Words and Music
Eric Dash

© Eric Dash 1974

Chorus
Following the river down
Down, down the mountainside.
People running all around
Round, round the fishes ride
There's no one in the stream can hide.

I met a man who wouldn't try
"Why, why?" I asked him why.
He looked through cold, unbending eyes
And said that dreams were meant to die.
But in his heart I heard him cry.

Chorus

I saw a nation run by men
Afraid to let the river bend.
I wondered would I ever see
A nation run by you and me
A world where nations ceased to be.

I know a man whose mouth is tight
He talks by dropping dynamite.
He murders what he cannot see
And says he is protecting me.
While this goes on I can't be free.

While swimming in this dusty creek
I met a man who couldn't speak.
He motioned with his hand to come
And held me in his gentle arms
And said more than a thousand bombs.

And "Why?" I asked him "Why are so many people sad?"
He held me tighter than he had.
And "When? When? When will this deadly tension end?"
He took my fist between his hands
And helped my fingers to unbend.

Following the river down
Down, down, the mountainside.
People running all around
Round, round the fishes ride
There's no one in the stream can hide.

by Vic Sadot

DELAWARE ALTERNATIVE PRESS

RUDE AWAKENING

The problem of sleepwalking has reached epidemic proportions in the first few months of 1982 here in the United States. According to reliable sources reporting to the Delaware Alternative Press from throughout the country, whole cities of people hustle to jobs every morning after drinking too much coffee and eating way too fast. The same sources cite the fact that they face the same rat-race traffic jam on the way home to the distracting comfort of their TV sets. Scientists working on this sleepwalking problem point out that most sleepwalkers go through the entire day without being exposed to a single jolting question about the nature and purpose of life.

The symptoms of this widespread sleepwalking phenomenon are often very difficult to discern. People who appear to be wide awake, even the young who appear to be vibrantly alert, are bumping into walls of disillusionment and bewilderment. Observers note that they "are momentarily aroused, then they are just as quickly lulled back to sleep by the omnipresent instant sedatives to consume: electronic games; sex magazines; shoot-em-out-chase-em-to-death disaster flicks; alcohol and a greater freedom of choice of drugs than is available in any other country in the world!"

This sleepwalking epidemic is so widespread that you'd think someone in a high place in government would be doing something about it. Yet our elected representatives keep mumbling the same slogans that we've heard in the past, and they do it in such reassuring tones that it seems to still have a soporific effect on the citizenry. You'd almost think that these officials see some demented advantage in leading a nation of sleepwalkers. After all, if most citizens are able to function on their jobs without questioning policies or organizing to change them, then why bother to expose them to troublesome problems like "Rising Unemployment in the U.S." or "Poverty, Rebellion and Mass Murder in El Salvador"? As long as the young are willing to accept the prevailing simple-minded mythology about America, then the Corporate Empire will remain safe and sound asleep even as we go sleepmarching off to war in the Middle East to secure "our" oil.

Believe it or not, there is some way of deriving hope from this distressing situation. According to time tested principles of historic analysis, "More and more Americans will experience a rude awakening as the contradictions between their "self-interest" and the President's "national security" policies come into material collision." Nothing seems to arouse and motivate people better than self-interest. Even the most thoroughly sedated sleepwalkers will suddenly become wide awake when they find that they can no longer afford the food, clothing, shelter, complacency, and diversions to which they have become accustomed. The real question is: How bad does it have to get before the sleepwalkers wake up and organize in sufficient numbers to effect a change that really does reflect their interests?

Shattering the prevailing mythology has been prescribed by some radical therapists. They maintain that a healthy climate of questioning could cause enough people to wake up into a new day, and thereby avoid a return to the nightmare wars and depressions of the past. Given the increasing development of technology toward destructive capabilities and the increasing inter-dependence of the world economy, a great deal is at stake in overcoming this nationwide sleepwalking epidemic that has become so acute in 1982. Hopefully, enough people will open their eyes and see through the smokescreen of Reagan's "New Federalism", see through the fog of "National Security", and see the Big Lie behind the new "trickle down theory" of "Supply Side" economics.



"Our country is facing a most serious crisis and you talk about feeding your kids..."

When Reagan says he wants to get the government off the backs of the people, and instead de-regulates the corporations and issues decrees to unleash the CIA for domestic spying (contrary to the 1947 Congressional Charter for the CIA), it's time to rouse and remind our fellow Americans of the startling revelations of CIA transgressions against American citizens exercising their inalienable rights in the 60's and 70's. We should all be sensibly alarmed that a President would lead an attack on the Freedom of Information Act, which has enabled the press and the public to better scrutinize their government's behavior.

When Reagan says he wants to cut the budget, and instead shifts the budget from social services to the military, people must be encouraged to wake up and resist the war mobilization. War is not in the self-interest or national interest of the average American or the average Russian. In fact, frantic war mobilization by the U.S. can only make the Soviet Union more afraid, and thus more dangerous, in relation to us.

continued on page 11

Fred Small in Concert by JUDY COHEN

A crowd of well over 100 people filled the People's Voice Cafe on Sunday, January 5 to hear Fred Small perform. Fred, a singer-songwriter in the tradition of Phil Ochs, has attracted increasing attention and popularity for his music. He sang his own compositions which were varied stylistically, relevant and compelling.

He opened with "The Heart of the Appaloosa," a haunting song about the fate of a Native American tribe with the coming of the whites. The audience joined in earnestly on the chorus: "Thunder rolling in the mountains, lead the people across the great divide. There's blood on the snow in the hills of Idaho, but the heart of the Appaloosa never died."

"Big Italian Rose" followed. Lighter in style, it still carried a message. It speaks to the images of women in the media, especially in advertising, through the story of one "big Italian woman." Fred reassured the audience that "this song is not intended to be oppressive to slender people." He talked about being different in this society and the negative ways people respond to anyone different. This is a theme found in several of his songs. He also sang "Talking Wheelchair Blues" and "Annie" (about a lesbian whose co-workers make the assumption that she is straight, but that she is too shy to meet men).

Fred took a gentle, loving approach to this issue with a lullaby that he wrote for a friend of his, a lesbian mother: "You can be anybody you want to be. You can love whomever you will and know I'll love you still. The only measure of your love will be the love you leave behind when you're gone."

Between songs, he shared his thoughts with the audience. He spoke about the problems which face a progressive folksinger, not only in the mainstream media, but also in folk clubs, where audiences aren't always receptive to songs with particular content. While some of his songs deal with "acceptable" political issues, he raised new, provocative ones, as well, particularly in terms of sex roles and sexuality. He said that after years of thinking that the role of non-sexist men was to share their privilege, he now realizes that men, themselves, are limited by their roles. He drew a lot of female laughter on the issue by asking, "Have you ever been in a car with a man driving and you get lost...?"

One of his most stirring songs was "Letter from May Alice Jeffers" with words taken directly from a letter to the editor that had been printed in *In These Times*. The letter recounts, simply, yet deeply, the life of a black woman from the South. Like many of Fred's songs, this one carried a lot of imagery and feeling in its simplicity. The chorus goes: "Don't blame the children, they're like the leaves on a tree, and as I grow old they shelter me." Amazingly, Fred wrote this song when he was sixteen years old.

"Letter..." which was so flowing musically, provided one of the more relaxing moments of the evening (along with "A Modest Proposal (The Long Underwear Song)"). In this concert, almost every song had a message. The lyrics were powerful and evocative, but, all in all, it provided for an exhausting evening on a certain level. Even the fun song, "The Hug," which had everyone enthusiastically joining in -- "I want a hug when we say hello, I want a hug when it's time to go..." became yet another message song recounting the story of the therapist who lost his job for hugging his clients, which was viewed as being unprofessional. It's terrific to hear so many well-written and beautifully performed songs dealing with issues that are important to us as progressive people involved in music for change. It is also important to be able to relax, and sing an old standard or a simple love song or a song that is just positive about how our lives are.

Fred closed with the exquisite "Cranes Over Hiroshima" and came back for an encore with Susan Stark who had done a guest set. Together they sang Gil Turner's "Carry It On." This was ostensibly the least polished

number in the whole show (they had agreed on it only beforehand as a song they would be able to sing together). However, it evolved into a powerful, inspiring song and was one of the real highlights of the evening. The air was charged with a spiritual intensity as the audience joined in on the chorus with a real gospel feeling.

Although a show of hands indicated that more than half the audience had never heard Fred Small live before, a lot of enthusiastic voices joined in on most of the songs. Fred Small is an enormously talented songwriter and has apparently acquired a large following of people who have only heard his music in recorded form. He has a sense of humor, as well as a sense of seriousness that, with his music, made for a moving and special evening.



FRED SMALL DISCOGRAPHY

No Limit, The Heart of the Appaloosa -- Rounder Records
Love's Gonna Carry -- Aquilet

All three discs are available from Roundup Records.



continued from page 10

When Reagan and Secretary of State/General Haig say that "our vital interests" are at stake in El Salvador or any Third World country where people are struggling for a "New Deal", we should look into the matter of "corporate interests" before sending our money and our young men to kill and die to maintain the uncivilized rule of corporate-client dictators.

One radical therapist consulted by this D.A.P. reporter went so far as to prescribe that an expanded definition of self-interest would be an effective antidote to massive outbreaks of sleep-walkers disease. Dr. Will Stigma stated his carefully reasoned position: "If our government's domestic policies cause increasing deprivation and desperation for millions of our fellow Americans, then many of them might go out on the streets some not summer day and riot their rage and frustration in the broad daylight. Some of these folks might even mug and rob some smug sleepwalker who looks like he's got a cushy job and doesn't give a damn about anyone else anyway. Furthermore, if our government's foreign policy causes increasing deprivation and desperation for millions of our fellow human beings, then they might do what we did 200 years ago and take their countries back from puppets backed by foreign arms and profit seeking enterprises. It might be as unsafe to walk the streets of foreign cities as it is in America. In other words," said Dr. Stigma, "it is in your self-interest, as well as in your national security, to help see that people are not materially and politically deprived and thereby driven to acts of desperation."

Think about it. Pleasant dreams to all. *

vi I was nine years old that awful year in
 Nineteen hun- dred ten, Li- vin' in Chi- ca- go in a brown-
 Stone te- ne- ment, At night, we'd sit out on the stoop, we'd
 won- der and we'd pray, Watch in for the Co- met
 mil- lion miles a- way It was Hal- - - - ey's Co- - - met
 Bla- zing through the sky Like a hea- ven- ly an- - - gel
 Ta- kin' us to die Some thought the lord would save us,
 Oth- ers on ly - - - - - cried Me, I - - - - - prayed that com- et - - - - - would pass
 by - - - - - we'd

by **LINDA ALLEN**

HALLEY'S COMET

I was nine years old that awful year in Nineteen hundred ten
 Living in Chicago in a brownstone tenement,
 At night we'd sit out on the stoop, we'd wonder and we'd pray,
 Watchin' for the comet a million miles away.

Chorus:

It was Halley's Comet blazing through the sky
 Like a heavenly angel takin' us to die
 Some thought the lord would save us,
 Others only cried

Me, I prayed that comet would pass by.

We'd heard the French astronomer Camille Flammarion,
 Had said the comet's tail was deadly gas, cyanogen,
 On May 18th, through Halley's tail, the Earth would surely pass,
 And every living thing on earth would be killed by the gas.

My mother stuffed the cracks in all the windows and the doors,
 We bought up lots of groceries down at the corner store.
 My aunt, she had hysterics, she cried and cried for days,
 A neighbor tried to hang himself to cheat its deadly rays.

Well, we were kind of disappointed -- nothing happened after all,
 And we all went back to livin' -- having wars and playin' ball,
 But for a while we were all neighbors on this little planet earth,
 When you think you just might lose it all, you learn how much it's worth.

I have a grandchild now, you know it makes me kind of sad,
 She worries 'bout the bomb. She has the same nightmares I had.
 We couldn't do much to stop a comet way back then,
 But not to stop this awful bomb would be a mortal sin.

Linda Allen's album, **OCTOBER ROSES**
 is distributed by Redwood Records, or
 available from Nexus Records, PO Box
 5881, Bellingham, WA 98225

More Reagan News

President Ronald Reagan has issued a challenge to Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi for a "chicken race." Aides to the President say he got the idea from the James Dean movie, "Rebel Without A Cause." "The idea is this," said the President. "Col. Qaddafi will drive his navy toward the edge of the world and I will drive my navy toward the edge of the world, and the first one to jump is a chicken." Apparently, no one has told the President that the world is round.

-Norman A. Ross

ad rates

Rates for ads in BROADSIDE are simple and uncomplicated. \$100 gets a full page and \$50 a half, \$25 a quarter and \$12.50 one eighth. Help support BROADSIDE and sell your album or cassette at the same time!

James McCandless

FAULTLINE

Another BROADSIDE subscriber has had the good sense to send me his independent album for review. Now that was a great idea. The more albums I get from subscribers, the bigger my record collection gets. But the best thing about it is that I get a better idea of what BROADSIDE subscribers are like and that gives me a better idea of what to put in the magazine.

We all know what a difficult task it is to put out an independent record of "non-commercial" music and that, even though the music is good, it's still hard to make interesting and listenable. Well, James has accomplished this difficult task in a way that has, let's say, style. The songs are there, the musicianship is there and the album is quite interesting in a variety of ways.

"Kareem and Me" has to be the best song on the album and I'm glad he wrote it. Many of us identify with various public figures, but James has articulated this identification in an amusing and actually poignant way. The song mentions Abdul-Jabbar scuffling for a loose ball. McCandless's identification with him seems to start when he noticed that Kareem, too, was balding. "I seen his shiny little noggin" was a great way to put it, too. James elaborates further on the relationship. "When he was at UCLA, I was at Wright Junior College, it's only ok with me if it's ok with A.J." believe me, this song is a winner.

Another great song is "I Am An Eagle," which has a beautiful blend of acoustic piano and guitar (a difficult pair to mix properly). The lyrics are few, but truly pleasing to hear. I have yet to figure out "Reindeer/Schwartz" but I think it's about his wife, Schwartz. It has some really well-done finger-picking guitar prominently mixed.

Randolph Got A Haircut

©1985 Kenny Young

A Randolph got a haircut and the **D** girls all fell in **A** love

A Randolph got a haircut, that pleased the **D** mayor and the **A** gov

And his **D** whole town was **A** happy.

They knew that things **D** would be restored to **A** order

And the **D** trains would run on **A** time

Now that **Bm** Randolph's hair was **A** shorter.

Randolph got a haircut and the interest rate went down
There was no more structural unemployment.
There were jobs for his whole town.
And the weather generally improved.
And the future looked less scary
And there were no more run-on sentences now that Randolph was less hairy.

Bridge:

D Randolph got his haircut. **A** **D** Randolph got his haircut. **A**

Now the seeds of prosperity **G** should be **A** sowing.

G Now that Randolph can see **A** where he's going.

G I think we've entered a **A** safe harbor

G Now that Randolph visited his **A** barber. **Bm** **D**

Randolph got a haircut and the criminals changed their ways
And there were better programs on TV and no more existential malaise
And the bureaucrats of America began performing their tasks in a hurry
And there was no more double parking
now that Randolph was less furry.

Randolph got a haircut and the bombs all disappeared
And the weird songwriters of America got their songs
played on the radio and all the people cheered.
And the many dilemmas of modern living
no longer seemed quite as big
And everyone gained confidence
now that Randolph had flipped his wig.

The title song, "Faultline," is a haunting song that compares the sinking of the Titanic and the explosion of the Hindenberg to other imminent disasters in the world, most notably the Diablo Canyon Nuke plant. Let's just say it has a surprise ending and leave it at that.

There are, of course, a couple of very funny songs on the album as is required of almost every folk/topical songwriter. "When the President Came to Town" and "You've Gone Hollywood" are two of the best.

Well, here then is another great record. Get it if you can afford it and I think it would do you well to listen to and at least get exposed to the way one guy managed to get it all down in one album, succinct, to the point and with great warmth and humor.

by Jeff Ritter

Kate Borger's



During my college days, I took a fascinating course entitled, "Sex Roles in Modern Society." The class seemed to confirm factually every intuitive suspicion I'd had about the social roots of sexism. With all that documentation, sexual equality, I imagined, was not far behind. The only problem was that 97% of the students in the class were feminist women. The other 3% were feminist men. It struck me then, as it so often does now when I am in the company of activists, that we weren't the ones who needed to be convinced. While it's certainly valuable to have one's beliefs validated by others with common values, and equally important to attain knowledge to support one's position, it doesn't do much good to exchange information in a fishbowl. Whether the medium is music, film, lecture or literature, the message quickly becomes stagnant if it is not reaching new ears.

This is where rock'n roll can be an incredibly powerful force in the education of the "non-converted." When a popular rock record has lyrics that are politically provocative, or that bring an unfamiliar name or issue to the listener's attention, it functions as an illustrative tool that can reach massive numbers of people. And so, collected before you stands the Evolution Rock list of "songs that educate."

The "Sun City" single by Artists United Against Apartheid is probably the best example presented here. This great dance record was written by Little Steven (Van Zandt) of E Street Band fame, and recorded by luminaries from the worlds of rock, rap, reggae, jazz and latin music. The Sun City single and album are not only raising money for anti-apartheid groups (proceeds go to the South Africa Fund), but they're also raising America's consciousness to the injustices of apartheid. Just imagine the millions of people throughout the U.S. and Europe, where this record has become a hit, who have been exposed to the plight of South Africans through the lyrics: "Relocation to phony homelands/ Separation of families I can't understand/23 million can't vote because they're black.... I ain't gonna play Sun City." And undeniably, there are millions who have never heard of the Sun City entertainment complex before the release of the Sun City record in October 1985.

Two more superb rock'n roll songs that have introduced millions to the struggles of South Africa are Peter Gabriel's "Biko" and the Special AKA's "Free Nelson Mandela." Both songs focus on the inspiring courage and cruel fate of these two anti-apartheid legends. "Free Nelson Mandela" presents detailed lyrics describing Mandela's confinement in contrast with an irrepressible Latin/Caribbean flavored dance beat. "Biko" is a melodically stunning dirge. Although Peter Gabriel's lyrics are not as direct as those of Tom Paxton's song about Stephen Biko, they have probably been heard by far more people who were previously unaware of Biko's story. These two songs and the Sun City album and single are educational in themselves, but it is impressive to note that each of them was released on a major label along with a detailed fact sheet about apartheid.

Evolution Rock

Many recent rock songs prove to be edifying though less specific, but equally provocative lyrics as the three songs just discussed. Billy Bragg, The Clash and the West German band, Bap, find metaphors in history. Their songs, with allusions to the St. George's Hill uprising of 1649, the Spanish Civil War and Kristalnacht, must send curious listeners running to the history books for further elucidation. Ireland's Moving Hearts provide a virtual abridged history of Ireland in the song, "Irish Ways and Irish Laws," while L.A.'s Rank and File remind us of the contributions made by the 19th-century abolitionist, John Brown.

The remaining songs of the Evolution Rock playlist are songs that deal with issues of concern to all: nuclear waste, famine in Africa, the desaparecidos of El Salvador and all oppressed countries, and the nuclear winter predicted in the aftermath of nuclear war. Pretty powerful subject matter. Put that in your jukebox and play it.

- "Sun City" - Artists United Against Apartheid
- "Free Nelson Mandela" - The Special AKA, In The Studio
- "Biko" - Peter Gabriel, Games Without Frontiers
- "John Brown" - Rank and File, Long Gone Dead
- "Los Desaparecidos" - Little Steve, Voice of America
- "Kristalnacht" - Bap, Kristalnacht
- "Spanish Bombs" - The Clash, London Calling
- "World Turned Upside Down" - Billy Bragg, Between the Wars
- "Ethiopia" - Joni Mitchell, Dog Eat Dog
- "Walima' Mabele" - Juluka, Stand Your Ground
- "I Remember the Sun" - XTC, The Big Express
- "Harrisburg" - Midnight Oil, Red Sails in the Sunset
- "Plutonium is Forever" - John Hall, No Nukes

january thaw

by Robert Taylor

Every year
this meteorological mystery.

Commuters off the Staten Island Rapid Transit
trudge down my sidewalks,
wet black from melted ice,
in the dusk,
past SIX HOUR CLEANING,
PITTSBURGH PAINTS,
BALLANTINE'S ALE,
BEN'S DELICATESSEN,
to our lonely tryst
with Walter Crookite.

Should I be teased to thoughts
of spring?
or prudently anticipate
cold mornings
still to come?

CORRECTION

The poem, "Witnesses East and West" on page 13 of BROADSIDE #168 had a line that was added to it by accident. The third line in the second stanza, "but found in my city," was not part of the original poem by poet Gregory Ryan. Our apologies for this addition.

Individual Prayer

by Kelly Averill

The Lord is not my shepherd, after all.
Sheep are too easily pleased by the dusty, trodden grass.
With lowered heads they follow the leader, follow directions,
follow the news and the names in fashion.

The man in the white robe shouts
that he has the inside scoop, the untold story on God.
He waves his staff and I cut out alone,
watch from the wooded glen as the sheep move off in lock-step,
frightened of their own shadows,
wearing the three-lettered brands of their groups
on their quality wools.

This uncharted overgrown forest is my cathedral.
I meet and share a clump of grass with others who've strayed
from the fold. There are wolves
but we are alert, aware, without the crush of the crowd, beating of hooves,
bleating of masses.
We will not be led to food,
to shelter, to shearing,
to slaughter.

The Lord is not my shepherd,
but a force behind my human point of pointless view.
This glade is the kingdom.
The storm is the power. I am living
the glory. Forever.

poetry

I Woke Up to the Sounds

by Jeff Ritter

I woke up to the sounds
of Chinese students
talking about their American English teacher
And how in four months
they had grown very close
And I, as they had,
reflected on this thought
In four months many things
can make themselves obvious
but not by necessity
only by being prepared
for
the consequences.
And the last thing
one student said
to his American English teacher
while waiking through the fog that had rolled
in during the evening was,
"And in such a heavy fog a night like
this is easy to remember"
And I say to myself
that my own fog may have lifted
just another little bit
for a story of human contact
being so simple and so strong
is easy to remember.

We're Talking Clean

by Bert Hubinger

We're talking clean here,
like sanitized life. OK?
Where everybody's color's
right man and nobody
breaks the rules.
Rule number one is trust
no one who pays taxes.
Rule two is people who
don't pay tax are shit
and the last rule is
always open door number
three where the inside is
blinding white and there
is no hair, not a follicle
in sight, we're talking
nowhere is there
Ronald McRaygun and
Eozo the Clone and
especially people made
of Jello Instant Pudding
and Pie Filling,
no illiterates making
speeches, no thin film
of oil covering all life --
Shell Motor Oil, that is,
the last refuse in the can,
the last terrifying
inhabitant loose and
far away.

Hitting Home

by Jack Garrett

Maybe if I talk like a
shopping mall runway
running the gamut
of your desires
and told you
your football will melt
50% 50% poly-cotton gone
when they make a mistake
and start dropping the bombs
Maybe if we wrote it into a soap
have sex, intrigue, and deviance
all the beautiful people
the wealth, diamonds and pearls
will deck the walls
when the blast hits -- it hits it all
make-up cases and magazines, pseudo-dolls
will scream stop this madness!
I had no idea it would be this bad
there are no buildings standing
the leaves are gone
the earth is on fire
all those tricky politicians
turned out to be nothing but liars.

Let's Talk Cheese

by Wayne Hogan

"Say cheese, please."
Chesterton said poets
have been mysteriously silent
on the subject of cheese.
Well, I think this
takes care of that.

