

Broadside 174

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

june-july '86



JOADY GUTHRIE

two songs by

Holly
Near

plus more...

• GEOFF MORGAN

• MARATHON DYLAN MAN

• PEOPLE'S MUSIC NETWORK

• HANDS ACROSS THE STREET

songs
*poetry * articles*

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BROADSIDE #174

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If you are a subscriber, you may have noticed that for the last three issues the mailing label on the back cover has looked slightly different. That's because we are now borrowing time on someone's computer and doing the labels ourselves instead of having them run off by a service bureau. The main differences are (1) we have much better control over the system; (2) the label indicates the last issue you are supposed to receive (according to our records); (3) it also tells us what postal zone you are in for 2nd class sorting; (4) it tells us if you have been getting a complimentary subscription for some reason (999 on first line).

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— Norman A. Ross, Publisher

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HANDS ACROSS THE STREET

by Jeff Ritter

It looks like the season is upon us. It's not Christmas or Chanukah or Valentine's Day or anything else that has any kind of tradition. It's the "Aid" season and the shoppers are out in droves. What are they buying? I suppose it's a little piece of mind, whoops, I mean peace of mind. Well, maybe both. With radios blaring the incomprehensible song, the folks are singing along on the parts that are easy, "And when he laughs, I laugh, and when he cries, I cry." I'm just glad that "Hands Across America" did not take off like "We Are the World" did. At least "We Are the World" had the marvelous presence of Bob Dylan, who was kind of like the spiritual father of the whole magilla. So there I am, on the George Washington Bridge off ramp to Riverside Drive and there are droves of folks all trying to sing along. "We Are the World" got a pretty good response, but this "Hands Across America" bullshit just never seemed to make it. Next came "God Bless America" and who even knows any of the words to that song. The really interesting thing is that the focus of the hand-holding was music, sing-along music no less. Sappy, sippy, even creepy sing-along music.

There's also a "Sports Aid" event of some kind, though I haven't been able to find anyone who could explain it to me, and I'm back in the house fresh off the bridge for about five minutes and I hear a new song with Springsteen, Clarence Clemons, Nils Lofgren, and the rest of the Jersey rock mafia and this one is supposed to benefit local food banks. I know this is true because Southside Johnny Lyons explained it to me. He said this single is going to be sold all over the country and the proceeds will benefit food banks in the state that it is sold in.

It's probably impossible to completely explain what the hell is going on here right now. Maybe in a couple of years we'll be able to look back on all of this stuff and be able to say it was the beginning of a "new age." (I've actually heard a few people say that on mainstream radio) But as of now, it's good to see that during almost any event there are dissenters present putting forth their point of view. Of course they don't get the same publicity, but they are trying. At least it gives some of the people who are participating the chance to see that everyone doesn't agree. At the off-ramp where I was hanging out there were some folks handing out leaflets that said, "It takes more than standing in line to abolish hunger in the US," and I hope a few people at least read about that viewpoint.

I'm no pollster, but I had to get some opinions while I was out there and what I heard was not too surprising. The response to, "There are homeless and hungry people right in this neighborhood," was, "I've seen this woman, she's drunk all the time, she doesn't even want to help herself." It only got worse after that and I was thrown out of that section of the line as an agitator.



I'm sure by now everyone around the world has heard of Amy Sherwood. She is the little girl who was the first person in line at Battery Park in NYC. I heard her on the radio and she's really happy that she's famous now. She and her family used to live in a welfare hotel and now they live in Brooklyn. The publicizing of this family and their new-found home is a calculated, pre-meditated manipulation on the part of the media to present a positive image in the midst of the incredibly depressing facts and statistics. It is nothing more and nothing less. The media do not usually present anything that has a bad image of "America" especially on this day of celebration(?).

So while Reagan was on his White House lawn mumbling along to "We Are the World," a lot of people got to feel good about themselves. I heard a father say to his kid on the line, "Do you feel the energy?" The energy exists to do something, I suppose, to help homeless and hungry people in this country and the world, but what would happen if you asked anyone to give up their incredibly consumptive and wasteful lifestyle? Don't worry, at the Fourth of July celebration next month which will be a kind of Reagan adoration rally there won't be any mention of the refugees that get sent back to El Salvador or of the cutbacks in federal programs for the poor or of the increasingly growing and spending war machine or chemical weapons. We'll just all bask in the light and be glad we were born in the USA.

© 1986 Deborah Silverstein

Walk away from the battleground, Lend a deaf ear to those (capo up 4 frets)
angry sounds; Turn around and walk out through the door, 'Country' style

Tell him he can't hurt you anymore. Walk away from the battleground, CHORUS 2

No more trying to turn him around, No more lying about battle scars,

No use dying in his arms (to V 1) No use dying in his arms

1. All those nights alone, listening for the phone, wondering if he's at the bar,
2. Every time he flew into a rage, he promised it would be his last,

Waking from your dreams, Trying not to scream When you see him stagger
Isn't it a cry - ing shame how hard you

from the car, (to CH 2)
fell for that? (to CH 1 and CH 2 plus tag)



FEMININE



MASCULINE



NEUTER

by Deborah Silverstein

WALK AWAY FROM THE BATTLEGROUND

Chorus:

Walk away from the battleground,
Lend a deaf ear to those angry sounds;
Turn around and walk through the door,
Tell him he can't hurt you anymore.
Walk away from the battleground,
No more trying to turn him around
No more lying about battle scars,
No use dying in his arms.
No use dying in his arms.

1. All those nights alone,
listening for the phone,
wondering if he's at the bar,
Waking from your dreams,
trying not to scream
When you see him stagger from the car.
2. Every time he flew into a rage,
He promised it would be his last
Isn't it a crying shame
How hard you fell for that?

PHIL OCHS: Ten Years Gone (But His Songs Live On)

by Stephen Sedberry

On April 9, 1986, it will be ten full years since Phil Ochs hung himself. Ochs was for most of the 1960's the second hottest protest or topical singer in America, but in 1968 his heart was broken by the head busting in Chicago at the Democratic National Convention. His next album was called, "Rehearsals For Retirement" and pictured his own tombstone on the cover with his death set in 1968, 28 years after his birth. Later while walking on a beach in Africa he was strangled by an 'unknown' mugger the result of which was permanent damage to his colorful although unusual voice. His spirit grew weak and he allowed himself to fall under the wheels of destiny. His magic lives on without his flesh through the songs which continue to be recorded, played and sung across the world. It is not unusual to hear street singers perform his songs even here in Birmingham. Charlie King, a national artist who occasionally plays locally, recorded a wonderful version of Phil's "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore" in a medley with other anti-war material. Broadside Magazine out of New York either mentions or prints a song by Phil every other issue or so. Like Woody Guthrie before him, Phil's name is bandied about in conversation with folk and politically oriented musicians frequently and his influence continues to be felt both here and abroad. Sing on, brothers and sisters!

Originally printed in "Fun, Food & Other Stuff," in Birmingham, Alabama. I guess this is "Other Stuff." JR

Evolution



Rocks, primal soul → Funky W. Shouts → Primitive → Nuclear → Physics → Rocks again

REGIONALIZE! by Jeff Ritter

This has really been my dream for the music business for some time now. It's quite obvious that the concept of having national markets for commercial markets doesn't do much except create a couple of giants and leave everybody else scrambling for anything they can get. That is to say, that the current method of national marketing of popular music has no room for "local heroes" and the only chance any local band has of getting signed is by either being, 1) Incredibly fantastic, or, 2) Bland enough to appeal to many, many people across the country.

It is finally happening, slowly, but surely, that smaller parts of the country, and other countries are trying to market the music from their own area within their own area; the logical best market. Now here are two examples that don't fit perfectly in the scheme, but they are trying.

CANADISC is a catalog that contains all different kinds of music that is all originally made in Canada, and if you don't think Canada has reggae, you're wrong. There are all kinds of music available in this catalog from traditional fiddle tunes to new music, jazz, and rockabilly. Strangely enough, the biggest market for this may be in the US where it can be viewed as a kind of an oddity, but I hope that it is also being well received in our great northern neighbor. The address for this interesting catalog is: CANADISC, Paul Comeau, PO Box 142, Saulnierville, Nova Scotia, CANADA BOW 2Z0 (the land of strange zip codes).

ALASKA HIT SINGLES is kind of in the same situation except that it is just one album of all different kinds of music all recorded made and produced in Alaska. This album holds my interest and has great production and really good liner notes. It is available for \$10.00 from: Alaska Hit Singles, Box 707, Juneau, Alaska 99802. Be sure to also ask for the little blue booklet they have describing how the album was made. It'll have you packed and ready to go in no time flat.

by Kathryn Takara

Georgia O'Keefe

Georgia O'Keefe,
Most famous and financially successful
woman painter in America
First to support herself
through her very art.

O'Keefe
Born in Wisconsin
living on untamed land
crossed by railroad tracks
looking like fragile threads
on tapestry of vastness
Moved to Texas.

O'Keefe travelled
from violent Texas plains
and provincial school
to glittering Manhattan
Fled to Steiglitz
her mentor and lover
promoter, protector
husband and friend.

O'Keefe
Remembered
Recognized importance of art and beauty
in impossibly harsh cities
and prairies
in hard and impoverished-lived-lives
of humanity.

O'Keefe
Received motivation
in pictures and words
like Steiglitz saying,
"Through fulfillment of individual arts
the truth will emerge."

She asked herself,
"How to survive with self's task
and spiritual?"
Her task:
To create a woman viable
one soul awake.

She was a woman illusive
To whom the wind and stars beckoned
familiar like nostalgia.

One soul climbed a mountain alone
with the night
Perhaps she had carried it down in her womb
early on at sunrise
after the darkness and night's solitude.

O'Keefe
Wore black like a ritual
with occasional lace trim
Until later on, she wore silk blouses
white for contrast
and Steiglitz's photography
And finally, with Hamilton,
the younger,
She dared wear turquoises
and other bright colors.

continued pg.7

O'Keeffe
 Travelled regularly
 from New York's Intimate Gallery
 and giant flowers of erotic colors
 metaphor of woman's sensuality to Maine, the ocean
 introducing into her canvass
 a softening of colors
 like deserted rocky blues.

O'Keeffe
 Moved from lake George and Toomer,
 Steiglitz's friends,
 To Taos
 Once again home
 in New Mexico sunlight
 so fierce that mesas and desert cliffs
 appeared more radiating
 than light at Ghost Ranch.

Her soul
 Seemed to recognize
 the necessity to probe
 the discipline
 while moving to new edges of consciousness
 striving to make the unknown known
 to keep another unknown
 always beyond the horizon
 the shadows
 to catch and crystalize the vision
 in painting
 in pottery
 in poetry.

Her vision
 Included flowers, bones and clouds.
 Intuition led to silence
 the path ahead,
 a place called home.
 Inspiration encouraged a stillness
 a crisp blue clarity,
 a meditation in her art.

Again she travelled
 Her soul awakened on voyages
 Bermuda, Hawaii
 toy-like islands of glassy blue transparency of sea
 where colors unveiled like turquoise, jade
 and phallic red flowers.

After the travels,
 O'Keeffe tended her herb garden
 honed her culinary skills to art forms
 practiced and watched.
 Her soul awakened more fully
 under Steiglitz's "divine right of artists
 to self-expression."

Evenings,
 Sitting alone
 under giant bowl of sky
 Thoughts became colors like daylight
 or words to the poet:
 eloquence of lines, masses, symbols and colors.

Georgia O'Keeffe
 a momentary part of the sun-drenched desert
 the crystal air painted from eagle perspective.

O'Keeffe
 Watching hues and tonalities
 moonshine and shadows
 Waiting for pictures in her mind's eye
 to germinate, to blossom,
 Before going to the canvass.

On the Assassination of Olaf Palme

by Robert Darling

A sudden shot on a Stockholm street: one man
 Seeks shadows while another dies:
 A nation's bloodied by an unknown hand
 And from slain dreams new hatreds rise.

Born into an aristocracy,
 The benefits of noble birth,
 And early in life he came to see
 The poor do not inherit the earth.

And when he travelled to the United States
 In its unbridled prosperity
 He saw, behind the myths we celebrate
 Great wealth breeds greater poverty,

That stronger nations subjugate the weak
 Both democrat and communist
 That havoc even free republics wreak,
 How power breeds the terrorist,

He tried to reach beyond his country's shores,
 Unarmed against the arsenal;
 He scorned great nations scooped to petty wars,
 But he was doomed, of course, to fail;

It's easier to drop a bomb and claim
 We hope for a time when war will cease,
 Cloaked in false piety to say our aim
 In building bombs is to bring peace

For those without belief are never wrong,
 Are spared the asinine remark
 Such as, "Peace in our time"; those who daylong
 Have roused themselves to curse the dark

Prove right with time. Now from some pulpits rant
 High priests who make their hate a creed,
 Who seek for salvation through armaments
 And preach the world has no reprieve

From futile deaths, more futile death-in-life
 For heathens facing the abyss,
 And so the Palme's fall, the Reagans thrive
 And war proceeds from armistice,

And we who seek to wage no holy war,
 Who share this fragile rock in space,
 Pray to a different god, are asking for
 More light, a more abiding grace.

O'Keeffe's themes
 Reappear like spirals
 coming back differently
 déjà vu of keys, of flowers, of nature...

Nature, the metaphor for freedom
 the lodestone between realism and abstraction
 representation and fantasy.

Nature,
 Whimsical
 bringing to question
 existence of ontology
 of absolute truth,
 or absolute anything...for that matter...
 on the level of earth.

Marathon Dylan Man laughing

by Michael Andrews

I started the whole thing off by setting up a tape deck and calling everyone I knew who might be at all interested. Some were excited and some said, "So what?" but I thought that a 45-hour special celebration for Bob Dylan's birthday would be great. [And since it was WBAI doing it, which had early connections to "Bobby's," (as they all used to call him) career], I knew that there were going to be some unique things coming up.

For a little information, WBAI is the Pacifica outlet in New York City. Pacifica is a foundation that owns several radio stations throughout the U.S. These stations aren't really commercial or public. They're listener-sponsored, so they have no ties to either private foundations (except their own, a frequently overlooked point) or to the government. This provides for what they like to think of as "free-speech" radio. [Also sometimes known as "para-professional."] These are points that could be discussed for hours and hours and often are, right on the air. But the point is that this was a celebration of Bob Dylan and, since I was glued to the radio, or present at the station for most of it, I can tell you, it was great.

I think the first song was a version of "Mr. Tambourine Man" that I had never heard before, with a lot of flutes and stuff. It was really nice and from then on nothing really happened as you'd expect. It wasn't a case of just plain old songs from the records-for-45-hours as some people may have hoped for. There was more of an air of casualness, and conversation, and interesting talk. There were a lot of people calling and giving their birthday wishes to Bob on the air and at first I was thinking that if maybe Bob was in New York, hell, he might even be listening. Then it was revealed: Bob was in Southern California and they would call him later on the air.

It took about thirty seconds to realize that there were going to be no revelations from this "interview." After greetings and hellos were exchanged by the folks in the studio (Bob Fass, Robert Knight, and Steve Ben-Israel), someone asked Bob the first question. Perhaps expecting some kind of new religious tract in response, someone said, "So, Bob, what's going on?" Bob replies, "What's going with you guys?" Hmm, kind of makes you think, right?

Well, it wasn't all like that, and as Bob Fass pointed out to me later, some of his answers were really interesting and pretty well thought out actually. A New York City songwriter called up when they were taking calls for Dylan while he was on the phone. It was David Indian. And as he commented later, it was really difficult not to be too overwhelmed and very hard to say something coherent, so he didn't. But after his phone call, one of the hosts told Dylan that the guy who was just on the air has written a song called "Nuclear Free Harbor" about the task force the Navy wants to put in New York harbor and Bob hesitated and then said, "Hmm." Or almost more like, "Hmph." Then another pause and a "well..." and finally the answer, the gospel, the wisdom and everything else came out and he said, "Well, maybe I'll get to hear it sometime." Great answer!!! Huh?!

Everything laughs -
stones laugh
the wind, the sea
and garbage cans laugh
and pencils and paper
molecules and galaxies.
Some things laugh
and don't know they're laughing.
Some people laugh
and don't know they're laughing.
When Dylan Thomas
drank himself to death
that was laughing.
Neruda laughed at the generals.
Christ laughed on the cross.
The nails laughed in his hands.
Socrates laughed
when they handed him the cup.
Lao Tzu laughed
when he rode through the gate.
When a child starves to death
once every three minutes
it is one more ripple of laughter
in the way of things....

We laugh at funny things
at thumbtacks on chairs
at Nixon on his estate.
We laugh when we are free
or when we are slaves.
They can't take it away from us.
They fear it more than guns
more than bombs
or tears
or being broke.
Laughter
is what you do
when there is nothing else
you can do.
It's what you do
when someone steals
your 63 Volkswagen
when you lose your woman
or go to jail.

So listen -
words are a blanket that's too short.
When you pull it over your shoulders
your feet freeze.
So if you want to make it
day to day
tell them anything
but keep the laughter.
Like when
they took Galileo
down into the basement
and showed him the thumbscrews
and the rack
and he repented
and said
"Oh yeah -
the sun goes round the earth" -
now that
was laughing.



continued pg.17

High Risk

by Geof Morgan

Everyday of my life,
I've lived with the fear that
somebody'd find out
That I'm not who they thought I was,
some whisper would confirm their doubts
I've had to sit in silence
and hear the hate, the fear, the lies.
But that seems so unimportant now
To the death that waits and hides

Refrain:

And it's a high risk waking up each morning
A high risk walking out my door
A high risk knowing I could carry
A death that others can ignore

Everytime I touch my love,
I know the chance we take
But it's his touch that keeps me alive,
what other choice can I make.
I live each day now by the minute,
and I try not to think too much
If it was anyone else's disease,
would there be funding to discuss?

I lay here and tremble for the love that I feel
And rage at a world that uses disease
to decide whose life to steal.
The fear is unrelenting,
the waves never leave the shore alone.
Everyday I hold you closer,
everyday it feels closer to home.

Last night I had a nightmare,
I got sick and my sister found out
She refused to let me see my niece again,
from her home she shut me out.
It's not only the death that's killing,
it's the silence and the fear.
Everyday my brothers are dying,
and it seems nobody cares.

Geof Morgan

by Michael Kimmel

Disography:

It Comes With the Plumbing (Nexus)
Finally Letting It Go (Flying Fish)
At The Edge (Flying Fish)

© 1985

Geof Morgan is perhaps the best-known of a new group of pro-feminist male singer-songwriters, who are to the fledgling anti-sexist men's movement, what Holly Near and Cris Williamson are to the women's movement. Morgan's well-crafted country-folk tunes - he used to make his living writing songs for country stars in Nashville - are invariably vehicles for political slogans. But Morgan doesn't fall into that folkie trap in which politics simply masquerade as art; his tunes express a lyrical and melodic range, and his pose is so naturally unassuming that he remains effective.

On his three records and in concert, Morgan can be delightfully silly, revealing an impish humor that pokes fun at his own foibles as well as those of his listeners. On "It Comes With the Plumbing," the title song to his first album, Morgan confesses that though he's not "the strong silent type/ with a Muscle Beach body and Wheatina on my mind" he still flexes "instinctively" before the mirror, stares at a beautiful woman, and competes to be the most liberated man on the block.

But Morgan can also be angry at the damage sexism has done to women as well as men. Many of his songs describe women's experience of rape, battery, and abortion - not from an arrogant pretense of speaking for women, but speaking to men about what he has learned from women. This is most effective on "How Could I Hurt the One I Love" from Finally Letting It Go, his second record, a painfully sad song about a man coming to understand how his violence has caused the acrimonious breakup of his marriage.

Morgan can also express a deeply gentle and caring side, singing about how masculinity can cease to be a badge worn proudly and become instead a painful burden to gentle men. "Goodbye John Wayne" and "The Matador" bid farewell to those old heroes, even if there are no new ones to take their place yet. And his newest song, "High Risk" attempts to comprehend the pain and terror of AIDS among gay men, especially in a society that denies gays and lesbians full citizenship. It is a most powerful song, from a most gentle and compassionate man.

Joady Guthrie by Louise Hoffman

When asked about his album, "Spys on Wall Street," Joady Guthrie cracks one of his rare smiles.

"It probably won't get anywhere," jokes Woody's surprisingly serious, soft-spoken 37-year-old son. "After all, it's folk music."

The album was produced by Joady's friend, Country Joe McDonald, with whom he performed at Clearwater's Hudson River Revival in Croton last month. "Spys" was released on Rag Baby Records last summer and Joady says it is enjoying moderate success in folk circles, particularly in San Francisco, where he has lived for more than 15 years.

After working as a carpenter and teaching guitar to inner-city children through a special program for more than a decade, Joady figured it was time to try for a music career of his own. Admittedly, folk doesn't make Billboard's Hot 100 list in the 1980's, but it's still the kind of music that gets people to think, and that's what Joady says has kept him interested, even if commercial success isn't on the immediate horizon.

"I care about justice and I think I can speak for people who consider bureaucracy a pain in the butt," he says, with a voice that carries quite a bit of his native Brooklyn in it, despite his time on the West Coast. "I want to promote tolerance of other people's goals."

In "Let Them In," the people that Joady sings about are refugees seeking a better and safer life in the U.S. He also praises the many church groups that - in spite of Federal policies - are offering sanctuary to those escaping persecution from places like El Salvador.

"West Bank Blues" is about the Middle east, an area in which Joady feels this country doesn't belong. "It shouldn't be another place for war by proxy," he points out. "Although my (maternal) grandparents were Zionists, I don't support the closing of the West bank."

Some of the album's other songs are more personal, including a children's tune called "Rainbow" that Joady wrote with his 6-year-old son, Damon. Joady's experiences at his progressive, left-of-center high school in Greenwich Village are chronicled in "Red Diapers."

Joady says he has not done a great deal of touring to promote the album. He has played around San Francisco and at that city's folk festival, but he acknowledges that he is still somewhat shy and nervous on stage. His sometimes shaky performances on stage at Croton were evidence that he is not, as yet, very comfortable in front of large audiences. However, if his obvious talent for writing, glimpses of wit and clear voice are good indications, experience and persistence should help him lose the jitters.

He says he marvels at his brother Arlo's ability to captivate crowds with his rambling monologues. But unlike Arlo, who is celebrating his 25th anniversary in the music business this year, Joady doesn't sing their father's songs or talk about him onstage. Joady was 18 when Woody died from Huntington's chorea in 1967. Arlo was a year older and their sister, Nora, who teaches dance in New York City, was 17.

Joady, who was slightly annoyed during a segment at Croton called "Woody's Children" where several young folk singers talked about how Woody influenced them, views his father as more of a tragic figure than a legend.

Woody wasn't the great prophet that he was made out to be," he said. "He didn't have all of the answers and he didn't know how to take care of himself while he was writing all of those songs."

People's Music Network Weekend

by Judy Cohen

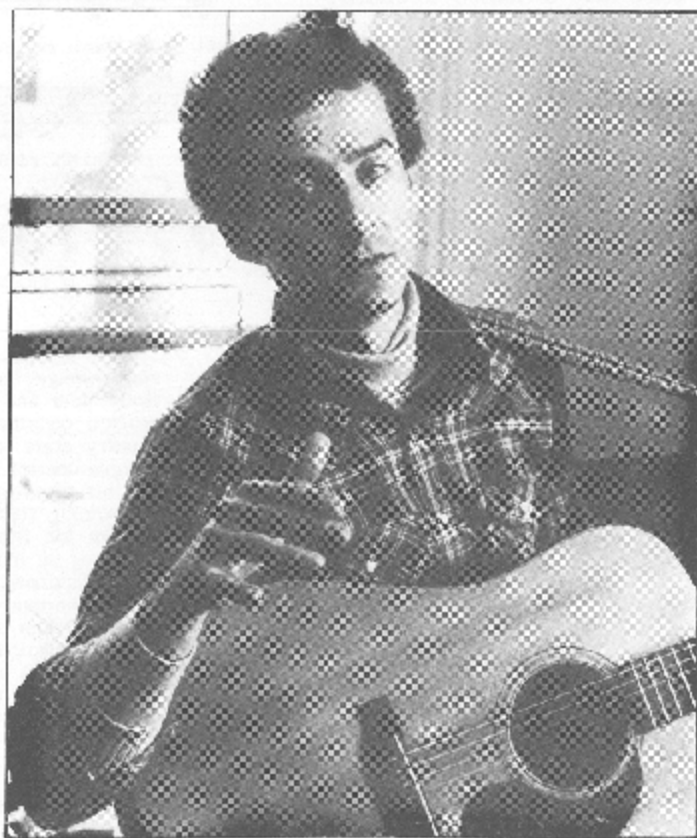
"I heard about this place, but I thought it was a fable," so said one of the many terrific singer/songwriters I heard at the People's Music Network (PMN) summer gathering, June 6-8. Two hundred fifty people, involved with progressive people's music come together twice a year to share music and more.

The summer gathering is at Camp Thoreau in Pine Bush, New York. Participants tent or stay in cabins. All participants do one hour of work in the kitchen, at child care or at the record and magazine tables. Meals are in a big dining hall - just like summer camp! There are workshops during the day and a round robin at night. And, in between, there is so much wonderful music sharing that if you could be anywhere on earth at that moment, you would stay right there!

The feeling at this gathering, was friendly and comfortable. Although I didn't meet too many new people (maybe three, not counting other parents), it was an atmosphere where you didn't feel sad and lonely and uncomfortable if you didn't know anyone. (Well, maybe a little sad and lonely.) A lot of people seemed to be there on their own and many came from distant places.

On Saturday and Sunday there were workshops. Some of the workshops were discussions. "Overcoming Isolation as a Musician," "Songwriting," and "Sassafras" (the PMN newsletter) were some of the topics. Most of the workshops were songswaps covering topics from International Songs to Nueva Cancion to Women's Songs.... well, you get the picture.

continued pg.16



Joady, who Woody named after Tom Joad in John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" is doing a lot of writing on his own these days. Another album is in the works, but Joady isn't sure of a release date yet.

Let Them In

by Joady Guthrie

We have refu-gees in all our cities
 We were refu-gees all the same But when the immi-
 gration man comes round he's gonna send some people down to where the
 National Guards been taking aim Down in EL-
 Salvador where they been fightin' a civil war Now they're come knockin' on
 our back door Let them in let them in *chorus:* Let them in let them
 in Let them in let them in Let them in let them
 in Let them in let them in
Bridge: We've been taking in the hungry we've been taking in the poor
 I won't be sittin' on Sunday Wonderin' what the Seamon was for
 Church people been workin' hard to let them in to our back yard
 So let's not have our doors barred Let them in let them in *chorus:*

"Let The In" is on Joady's upcoming
 second album on Rag baby Records

(I Got) Trouble

Words and Music by
HOLLY NEAR

Swing (♩ = ♩)

E♭/C Dm/G E♭/C Dm/G E♭/C Dm/G E♭/C Dm/G

I've been laid off, trouble got trou-ble I've been laid off, trouble to night.

C7 C7/G C7 F7 Dm Dm/G

First I want to talk a-bout it. Then I want to fight. Then I want to make love to you all night.

E♭/C Dm/G E♭/C Dm/G E♭/C Dm/G E♭/C Dm/G

I've been laid off, trouble got trou-ble I've been laid off, trouble to night. 1. You
2. I
3. They

C F/C C7/G F/G C F/C C7/E

know we need the mon-ey, we need it bad. The
same home on - ary, I let it show I
hire a com-put-er, hire a ma-chine, And

F7 E♭/C Dm/G

mon-ey I was mak-ing is the last that we had to do the
did - n't mean to blame it on the best friend I know. I love you.
then they call the prod-uct the "A-mer-i-can Dream" And it ain't

E♭/C Dm/G E♭/C Dm/G E♭/C Dm/G E♭/C Dm/G

feed-ing, feed-ing. Our kids need clothes. Feed-ing, feed-ing. Payment on the loan.
dar - lin', dar - lin'. Let's sleep in late. Come to-mor-row, I'll go out and ag-i-tate.
work-ing, work-ing. It's no sur-pise. When you ain't working, time to or-ganize.

*Omit last time.

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"This is a new lyric to an old song. The original version can be found on A Live Album where it is titled 'Laid Off' and is also available in the Words and Music Songbook. I re-wrote the lyrics because I wanted to see if the heroine could get angry and active rather than be a victim of circumstance. I think she did fine!" HN

In Contemplation of Three Mile Island, The Shuttle Challenger and Strategic Defense Initiatives

By Matt Meyers

The cannon at Gettysburg
Could not be heard
In nearby Harrisburg
Those frightful days in July,
When civil war spilled blood
On the innocent summer countryside.

The noise of tumbling drums
Severed from soldiers' dying,
Could not be broadcast or instantly replayed
For the civilians of nearby Middletown, Pa.

Catastrophe was much more slow and personal then.
Each mini ball had its own shape and texture,
And could not range beyond the farm house or cow pasture.

Today, there is no more safety behind trees.
There will be no need for nursing after Star Wars,
For we will be surprised in such a swift, large fireball,
That even grief will be made obsolete.

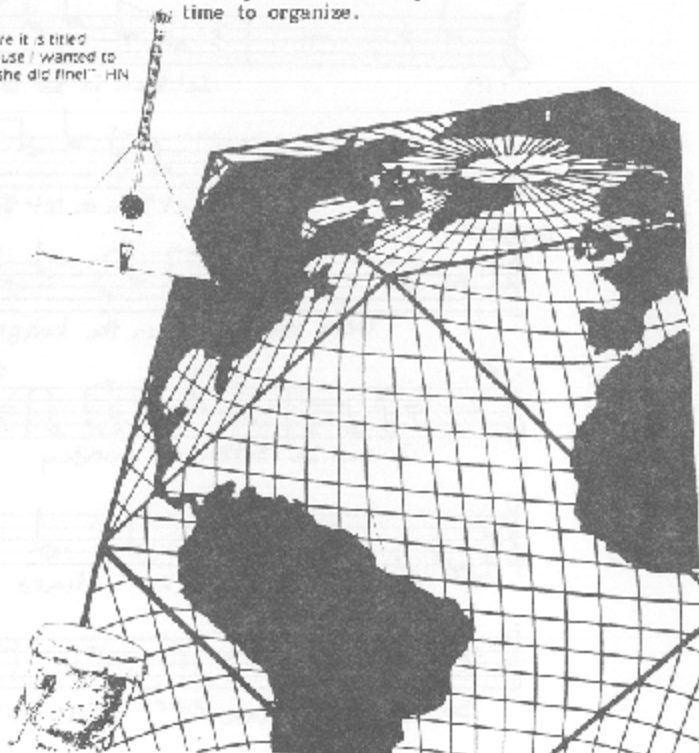
I Got Trouble words and music by Holly Near

I've been laid off,
trouble, got trouble.
I've been laid off,
trouble tonight.
First I want to talk about it.
Then I want to fight.
Then I want to make love,
to you all night.
I've been laid off, trouble, got trouble.
I've been laid off,
trouble tonight.

You know we need the money,
we need it bad.
The money I was making
is the last that we had
to do the feeding, feeding.
Our kids need clothes.
Feeding, feeding.
Payment on the loan.

I came home angry,
I let it show.
I didn't mean to blame it on
the best friend I know.
I love you,
darlin', darlin',
Let's sleep in late.
Come tomorrow,
I'll go out and agitate.

They hire a computer,
hire a machine,
And then they call the product
the "American Dream."
And it ain't working, working.
It's no surprise.
When you ain't working,
time to organize.



I Have Peace

Words and music
by Roz Schaul

1. I have peace, when the sun's be- hind the clouds, when the
2. I have peace, as I say good-bye to loved ones

rain in- sists on pour- in', when I'm feel- in' down and out
wel- come in some new friends, I've been wait- ing all my life

I have peace, as bright co- lours turn to grey ones, when my
I have peace, in the good times and the bad times, know- ing

dreams seem like they're fa- ding, I ne- ver feel dis- mayed. } Yes the
all things have a place, a space that is di- vine.

peace that comes from feel- in' wide o- pen spac- es, from

re- cog- ni- zing, change for what it is Mov- ing

on, shift- ing free, find- ing out who is me and

mak- in' an al- li- ance with the wind, wind. Yes, the

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I HAVE PEACE Words and Music by Roz Schaul

I have peace, when the sun's behind the clouds,
when the rain insists on pourin',
when I'm feelin' down and out,
I have peace, as bright colors turn to grey ones,
when my dreams seem like they're fading,
I never feel dismayed.

Yes, the peace that comes from feelin' wide open spaces,
from recognizing change for what it is,
Moving on, shifting free, finding out who is me,
and makin' an alliance with the wind.

I have peace as I say goodbye to loved ones
and welcome in some new friends,
I've been waiting all my life.
I have peace in the good times
and the bad times,
knowing all things have a place,
a space that is divine.

The Homeless Man

No one was there
when he died
Beneath the entrance ramp
To the bridge,
In the nowhere space,
Amidst the forgotten
Bins and dumpsters,
The sparse yellowed weeds
And rusting remnants of
Long-ago schemes
Of city construction.

In the New York freezing night,
Eyes half-shut,
Clothes stuffed with newspapers,
He sat, knees drawn up,
Within a cardboard box;
Scavenging for warmth,
And life, still precious;
Silent, in the shadows
Of the paint worn girders.

As a child
On every birthday,
His mother and father
Would take him to
Rockaway Beach,
Together,
They would laugh in the sun
By the summer sea
Until twilight,
Then ride the bus home
In contented silence.

Inside the city
In the wind-whistled
Darkness,
The mist of memories faded
Into the sea-scented night,
And the homeless man grew
Still,
As traffic passed mechanically
Above.

John O'Brien



WHILE COOKING SCRAMBLED EGGS

by Joanne M. Marinelli

I scorched my arm on the frying pan,
a little red half-moon kiss
like one you never gave me
but why think of unrequited love
while I put breakfast on the table
and spread butter on the burn.

Mountain Song

Words and Music by
HOLLY NEAR

a cappella



MOUNTAIN SONG by Holly Near

I have dreamed on this mountain
since first I was
my mother's daughter;
and you can't just
take my dreams away,
not with me watching.
You may drive a big machine,
but I was born a great big woman;
and you can't just take
my dreams away
without me fighting.
This old mountain
raised my many daughters;
some died young,
some are living.
If you come here
for to take our mountain,
well, we ain't come here
to give it.
I have dreamed on this mountain
since first I was
my mother's daughter;
and you can't just take
my dreams away,
not with me watching.
No, you can't just take
my dreams away
without me fighting.
No, you can't just take
my dreams away.
But here bright ads
tell you that's what life's for
When you've quite enough
you have got to want more.



I am a graduate student from the People's Republic of China, studying music at the University of Illinois at Urbana. When I arrived at UI, I was very worried about being so far away from home. But the UI soon became my second home. I have been taken care of in both studying and living by teachers and classmates. Coming to the University of Illinois has turned out to be a crucial point in my life. The people I meet, the things I see and hear, and the ideas I discuss have influenced me more than I can ever imagine. I am happy that I am able to discover and learn these things at the UI.

According to my experience, I think "family spirit" should be energetically encouraged throughout the world. For a long time I have strongly desired to write a song to extol "family spirits" and the friendships among the students all over the world.

Susan, who is an American graduate student in Library Science wrote the poem "Families Are Meant to Be," which has given me inspiration to compose this song.

This is the first song in English I have composed, but it has seemed to be welcomed by more and more people....

Shihong Chen

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Each songswap was facilitated by a different person. The first one I went to was "Picket Line Songs." Participants shared songs they had written, as well as starting us off on old standards (with participants kicking in a lot of new verses). Those who had instruments joined in: fiddle, harmonica, guitar and (need I mention?) everyone else sang along. Original songs were on topics like the Hormel strike, Givebacks, and Four more years. There was song called "Unemployee" to the tune of "Deportee." We sang "Come and Go With Me" and "Oh, Freedom" with new lines added: No more givebacks, There'll be child care, Bread and roses, Honor labor.

The Peace and Justice songswap was led by Rox Schaul, who opened it with her beautiful song, "I Have Peace." (In this issue!) A lot of us first heard this song at the January, 1986 PMN gathering and by the time we heard it again in June, it seemed like everyone knew it. Many participants were taping these songswaps. It was inspiring to imagine people learning these songs, incorporating new lines to old songs (In "Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream," I heard, for the first time, "...the room filled with women and men.") and passing them on. Not all of the people who shared songs in the songswaps were musicians; a few weren't really even singers, but many just began a familiar song and everyone else joined in. The songswaps are taped and are available through the New Song Library.

There was all-day and into-the-night child care (with paid child-care workers), but kids were around a lot during the regular activities and were a regular part of things with older kids even participating in the songswaps. One young boy read "The Landlord's Lament" right out of BROADSIDE during the round robin. We need a children's presence in our gatherings.

At the PMN weekend, children weren't just a logistical issue, they were an integral part, in their own way, of the time were sharing.

If people's music, with a political orientation, is an important part of your life and work, you will want to join the People's Music Network for Songs of Freedom and Struggle and to attend their twice yearly gatherings: to learn, to teach, to get ideas, to raise your spirits. Dues are \$10-\$50, sliding scale. Attendance at the weekends is extra, about \$40, which includes everything. For more information, or to join, write: PMN SFS, 9 Sunset St. #2, Boston, Mass, 02120.

The Silent Stars

© 1986
Bill Fearnham



The stars can burn for end-less years They
burn far more than human tears But they can not cry they
feel no pain They can not live or die in vain They
can not hate they can not love They can not count the
stars in space Or wish upon the light they'd see For
together can or cannot be But no one's right and
no one's wrong For life's too short and the road's too long to the
shining stars that would light the land For all the world to
see As the sil-ent stars look
on

continued from pg. 8

Well, I don't want to dwell on the trivialities of the talk but really wanted to relay that story and the feeling of the whole thing. Later Dylan did talk about all kinds of things with cheap abandon and I'm sure lots of people have tapes of it if you're interested.

One thing I really liked about the whole thing was the songs that I hadn't heard before that really knocked me out. "Man Gave Names To All the Animals" was one of the oddest and "Lenny Bruce" one of the best. There were also lots of "cover" versions. (Dylan songs done by others.) Many versions of "Blowin' in the Wind"; even one by Duke Ellington's orchestra. Sometimes these got out of hand in terms of hokum and some listeners complained and were rebuffed for having no sense of humor, but the covers were interesting at least. I'm sure, that since there were so many songs that nobody but a fanatic could have known them all, that everyone had to have learned something from the event. One of the most interesting questions that Dylan actually answered was about his favorite album of his own. Take a guess and you'll never get it in a million years. Well, it's "Shot of Love" and I'm probably going to go buy it when I'm done writing this. It has the song "Lenny Bruce" on it, which I really liked when I first heard it yesterday. It will be interesting to listen to the album in the context of its being his favorite album. Right now mine is "Planet Waves."



THE SILENT STARS

The stars can burn for endless years
They number more than human tears
But they cannot cry, they feel no pain
They cannot live or die in vain
They cannot hate, they cannot love
They cannot count the stars above
Or wish upon a light they'd see
For things that can or cannot be
But no one's right and no one's wrong
Cause life's too short and the road's too long
To the shining truth that would light the land
For all the world to understand
As the silent stars look on

Can it truly be that we're alone
In this boundless space and time unknown
And the light that fills the blackened skies
Is never seen by other eyes?
And should this world be doomed to die
Will there be no one to wonder why
We could have lived to touch the stars
But died instead in bloody wars?
Yet no one's right and no one's wrong
Cause life's too short and the road's too long
To the shining truth that would light the land
For all the world to understand
As the silent stars look on

If we cannot bring peace to our home
Then should the stars be ours to roam
For shall we be like some disease
That carries death upon the breeze?
In the stillest of the starry nights
Gazing at the ancient lights
That have travelled from so far away
Sometimes they almost seem to say
Is no one right, is no one wrong
Is life too short and the road too long
To the shining truth that would light the land
For all the world to understand
That the silent stars look on?

by Bill Flanagan

Thanks to my trusty assistant Gordon Grinberg and forethought of presence and presents of mind, I will be seeing Bob Dylan with Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers in Madison Square Garden in July and you can be sure I will review, preview, and describe in detail the concert in these pages. Last year I compared the Bruce Springsteen concert with the Newport Folk Festival here. Perhaps this year I will compare the Bob Dylan concert with the Clearwater Revival or whatever else occurs in the same month.

One thing about Dylan's songs is that you have to constantly look back on them for their current meanings. When "Like A Rolling Stone" came out, it was probably seen as an insulting song to some woman friend of his, or something like that. (I wasn't too aware at that point, so I can't tell you what the prevailing line was). But it's really interesting to look at it today in terms of homelessness. Go listen to it right now and see if you don't think so.

Perhaps the most important thing mentioned by anyone during the radio celebration was that we are fortunate to be living in the same age as an artist who may be remembered in the future as one of the greatest poets and musicians of the century. You'll have to decide for yourself right now (right now!) because we cannot know the view that folks in the future will take. All I know is that sometimes it's really hard to remember which phrases that rattle around in my mind he made up and which ones he stole from someone else, and which ones are just plain old folk sayings. Who'll ever know anyway? As for me, right now, it's time for my boot heels to be wanderin', so take it easy, but take it.

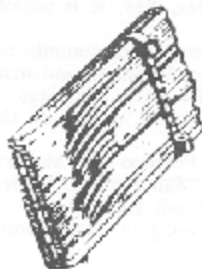


The Secret of Bob Dylan

by Larry "Al" Fresco

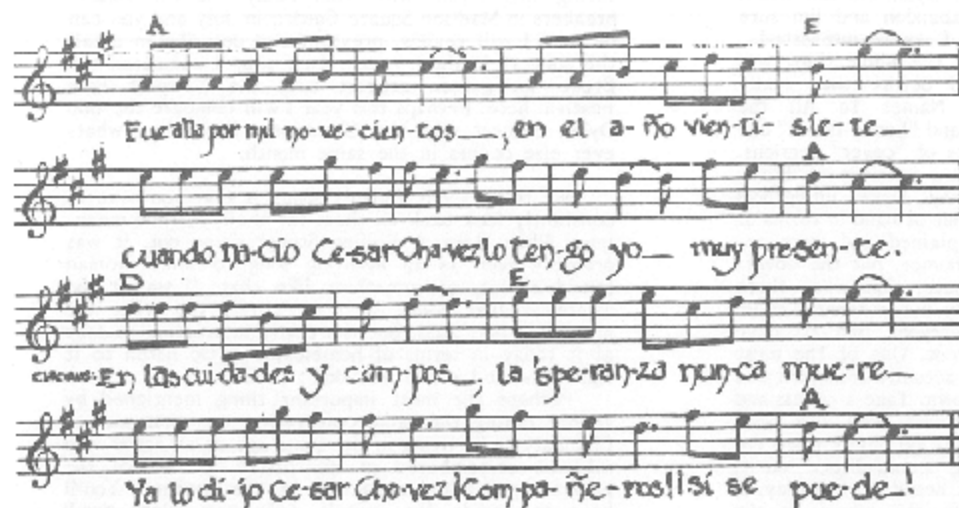
Ok, are you ready? I'm going to tell you right now. As a folklorist-linguist-outdoor-eating specialist (a very specialized field) I am about to reveal the secret to the language of Bob Dylan in short sentences.

The secret is he writes alot of phrases and titles and entire songs that sound like you've heard them already. The term "blowin' in the wind" existed before he used it, right? But every song is filled with them. "Don't Think Twice, It's Alright," "It Ain't Me Babe," "License To Kill," and on, and on. Of course you have heard many of these sentences and phrases before because he steals them like there's no tomorrow. That's what gives him that folksy sound and the ring of truth to his lyrics no matter what kind of music he puts to it. (Of course the story with the music is pretty much the same). But he does invent alot of these phrases. That's what is truly amazing and hard to do. So all of you songwriters out there, start incorporating overheard things in your songs and start listening to everyone's speech. "Gross me out!" and "What's your sign?" haven't been used hardly at all yet! So keep your ears open and get to work!



CESAR CHAVEZ

by Jose-Luis Orozco



One of the most important political movements of Hispanic people on the West Coast, the Farmworkers movement, is the subject of this song by Jose-Luis Orozco. Mr. Orozco has published many books and recorded several records of Mexican songs; his concerts for children are well loved in the Bay Area where he lives and works.

Fue alla por mil novacientos,
en el año vientesiete,
cuando nació Cesar Chavez;
lo tengo yo muy presente.

Cerca de Yuma, Arizona,
así lo quiso destino;
la tierra de Cesar Chavez;
líder de los campesinos

(Coro)
En las ciudades y campos,
la esperanza nunca muere;
ya lo dijo Cesar Chavez
Campañeros! Si se pueda!

En huelgas, boicots y marchas,
los campesinos se entregan;
levantan banderas rojas
y con el águila negra.

Delano, Fresno, and Madera
Merced, Manteca y Modesto,
y Cesar pide justicia
al llegar a Sacramento

Coro

Dicen los trabajadores,
hay que unirse pa' luchar,
con Cesar Chavez de líder,
nuestras vidas cambiarán.

Hombres, mujeres y niños,
de ellos tu eres la esperanza.
Que vivan los campesinos
la huelga y también la causa!

In 1927 Cesar Chavez was born.
He's always present on my mind

Near Yuma, Arizona,
as destiny had it,
this was the land of Cesar Chavez
Leader of the farmworkers.

Chorus:
In the cities and the countryside
hope never dies.
As Cesar Chavez said
"Comrades, Yes, it is possible!"

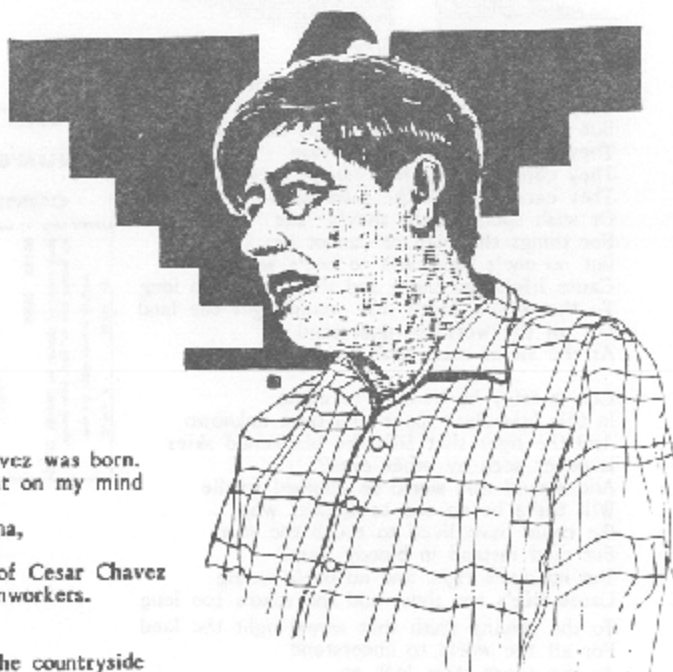
The farmworkers commit themselves
in strikes, boycotts and marches.
They raise their red flags
with the black eagles on them.

Delano, Fresno and Madera
Merced, Manteca and Modesto,
Cesar pleads for justice
upon arriving in Sacramento.

Chorus

The workers say
you have to unite to fight,
with Cesar Chavez as leader
our lives will change.

You, Cesar, you are the hope
of men, women and children.
Long live the farmworkers
the strike and the cause.



Proud Father With Buried Son

By Judd Alleen

A thousand pardons
Mister campesino
I hadn't known your son
Lost in the contra war
I can only imagine that
His was a face like yours
and that his eyes were like your eyes
and that he too had strong arms
like your strong arms
bronzed by sunny days of farming
We might have talked
your son and I
He, in his broken English
And I through the few Spanish phrases that I know
I think I would have liked your son
As you tell it.
He loved his family and his country
I too love my family
And news of your son's death
makes me weep for my country

Intricate times
Call for intricate lies,
An art form rediscovered.

DW Moore

DEAR TENANT tune: Dear Landlord

Dear tenant
Please don't try to cut the price
of your hole
My taxes are heavy
My mortgages beyond control.
When that increase whistle blows,
You gonna give me all you got to give
And I do hope you will give it well,
Dependin on the style you feel you
got to live.

Dear tenant
Please heed the words that I speak.
I know that you've paid too much
But in this you are not so unique.
All of us, at times, we might work
too hard
To have it too fast and too much,
And any shmuck can fill his life up
With things he can see and things that he can touch.

Dear tenant
Please don't appeal my case.
I'm not about to argue,
I'm just about to kick you outa your place.
Now, each of us has his own special shuck
And you know this was meant to be true
And if you don't overfornicate me,
I'm still gonna fuck over you!

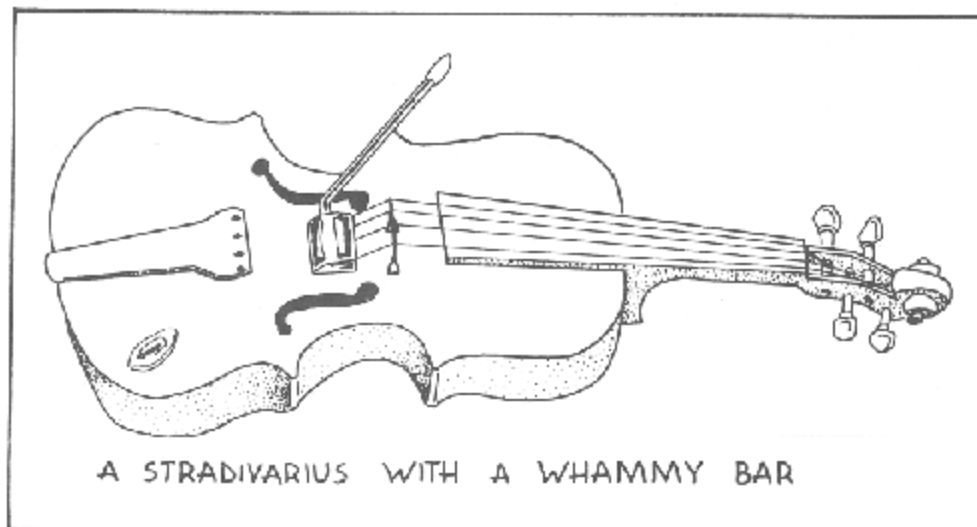


Upstairs, downstairs: two
Victorian artists' views.

PORK BELLIES BREAK!

1971 1972
DEC. JAN. FEB. MAR. APR. MAY JUNE JUL.

Tuli Kupferberg

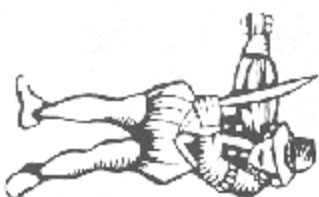


A STRADIVARIUS WITH A WHAMMY BAR

Broadside

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