

# Broadside 175

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

august-september '86



**RICHARD  
FARIÑA**



**TOM  
PAXTON**

review:

**BRUCE  
COCKBURN  
LIVE!**

**NEW AGE MAN**

by Joanna Cazden

**PHILADELPHIA FOLK FESTIVAL**

*songs*

*poetry \* articles*

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Editor.....Jeff Ritter

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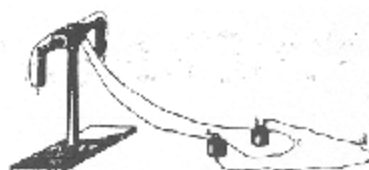
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Being a folksinger is a dangerous affair. Many, many come and go and most never attain anything but a small bit of satisfaction that perhaps they entertained and educated a few people. Tom Paxton is one of the few that have had a lasting presence and written songs that endure. The article about him in this issue by Craig Harris gives us some insight into the man and his writing.

Richard Farina is a different story. The victim of a tragic motorcycle accident, he is still cherished by a few and some of his songs have made a lasting impression, but his character remains enigmatic. Bill Flanagan is trying to put together a biography and gives us a first glimpse at what he has found.

The songs and poetry in this issue reflect the growing number of songs that are coming in to BROADSIDE that are of a high quality.

Finally, we offer the reader a chance to tell us a few things. The reader's poll on the last page of this issue is meant to be cutout and sent in. Please include any comments you wish. It is a bit of a marketing survey and a bit of request for suggestions. BROADSIDE is still on the fringes of survival and needs help to find out what people want.

Also, big thanks go to the Syracuse Peace Council Press for the care they put into printing BROADSIDE. It has never looked better.



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# NEW AGE MAN



\* capo up 3 frets or so?

Handwritten musical score for the song "New Age Man". The score is written on six staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. The chords are indicated by letters above the notes. The lyrics are:

1. He wears socks & Birkenstocks, Plays an acoustic guitar He  
 Never eats meat, says he doesn't feel macho, even grimy underneath his car He  
 runs a little business that puttlers a-long while he keeps peace & love on the  
 brain But you don't have to spy to see a twinkle in his eye that would  
 put Casanova to shame He's a New Age Man Come shake his hand  
 He's long on hope And short on fans He's a New Age Man  
 And he sings this song: "I'm lonely now, But I won't be lonely long!"



words + music by  
 Joanna Cazden  
 © 1986

He wears socks and Birkenstocks  
 Plays an acoustic guitar  
 Never eats meat, says he doesn't feel macho  
 Even grimy underneath his car  
 He runs a little business that puttlers along  
 While he keeps Peace and Love on the brain  
 But you don't have to spy to see a twinkle in his eye  
 That would put Casanova to shame

Chorus:  
 He's a New Age Man — come shake his hand  
 He's long on hope — and short on fans  
 He's a New Age Man and he sings this song,  
 "I'm lonely now, but I won't be lonely long!"

He's the one who clears the dishes when the potluck's finished  
 He can hug without being afraid  
 He likes kids and cats more than fixing flats  
 His bed is (probably) made  
 He intends to be a friend to women and to men  
 Without losing his place in The Scheme  
 And he looks so innocent, flirting with disarmament  
 They all just gasp and dream

Chorus:  
 Of the New Age Man...

He can tell you how he feels, he can honestly deal  
 In a Revised American Way  
 He gets twinges of guilt if his mood should tilt  
 But he's centered again the next day  
 He's got smarts and wits, his embroidered shirt fits  
 He never trips on the word "Sisterhood"  
 But he allows himself just enough plain old lust  
 To do a liberated lady's heart good

Chorus:  
 He's a New Age Man...



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# BEEN GONE SO LONG

by William N. Flanagan



## The Life of Richard Farina

When I tell people that I am working on a biography of Richard Farina, they often say something like, "Yeah, he's the guy who wrote that book, uh, 'I've Been Up So Long...uh, no, I mean, 'Been Gone So Long...uh...'" Some just say, "Been Down So Long." One can find as many variants of the title of his novel, "Been Down So Long Looks Like Up To Me." as sources for it; some will ask if the title doesn't come from the Doors or from Crosby, Stills and Nash tunes. I tell them, well, it's an old blues line that's been around but he probably got it from "Stick with Me Baby" which was on an album he recorded with Eric Von Schmidt, Ethan Signer and Bob "Blind Boy Grunt" Dylan:

I've been down so long  
it seem like up to me  
Gal I love, she got a heart  
like a rock in the sea.

But it's hard to be sure. Likewise, the title to the posthumous collection of Farina's work is difficult for some people to get straight. "Long Time Coming and a Long Time Gone" is also taken from a song, the one that comes to mind is Dylan's but Mimi Farina simply attributes it to an old blues song, so again one can't be certain.

Other people, of course, are more familiar with the music Farina wrote and recorded. His dulcimer playing was exciting and innovative and has inspired many players since; there is even a dulcimer instruction book dedicated to him. The Broadside reviewer of Richard and Mimi Farina's second album, "Celebration for a Grey Day," cited Farina as "just about the best singer/songwriter on the contemporary folk scene" and said that Farina's first record was "the kind of album I would like to write about groove by groove." Their best known song is probably "Pack Up Your Sorrows" which Richard wrote with Mimi's sister, Pauline. This song was recorded by such singers as Judy Collins and Peter, Paul and Mary; the Farinas, in fact, recorded it several times. Farina changed the words to the verses of the song almost every time he performed or recorded it which has made it hard, for me at least, to keep them straight, so I usually end up singing a different version altogether, combining parts of each.

It is not uncommon for people who know Farina for his prose to be unfamiliar with his music and vice versa. This is especially true for those now approaching his work for the first time. At Cornell University, where Farina was an undergraduate, his novel has been assigned for a course on literature and is studied along with the novel *Y*, by Farina's close friend and classmate, Thomas Pynchon. I was asked to give a lecture for last semester's class of eighty and started things off by playing a tape of "Pack Up Your Sorrows" and "House Un-American Blues Activity Dream" which is the song that comes the closest to capturing the spirit of Richard's novel. The students responded favorably to the music which few of them had heard before, though I did get some interesting reactions from the group of ROTC's. Oh! In my lecture I read from extracts of interviews and articles about Farina which helped give a broader perspective to some aspects of his novel. The questions asked afterwards were as much concerned with finding out more about Farina as they were with his work.

Farina certainly drew from his own experiences when writing, though he changed things around a bit. For example, in the novel there is a story that the protagonist tells about staying in a cabin out in the snowy woods of upstate New York. At one point he starts tracking a wolf into the forest which is gathering darkness. He becomes lost and realizes that he might be in trouble if he has to spend the night out in the cold. He has wounded the animal but it would now come after him while he sleeps. He ends up being found by his girlfriend who has followed the sounds of his shotgun. Farina has another version of this as a short story which has a different, darker emphasis. Mimi Farina says, "Dick did go off into the mountains and ended up chasing a wolf, and, again, I don't know where the reality stopped and the fantasy began."

This is an aspect of Farina's life which makes it hard for someone trying to write accurately about him. For example, Farina spent time off and on in Ireland with his mother's family and he may have been in some way involved with the IRA. Eric Von Schmidt recalls Farina's saying that he carried a gun with him for a while because of trouble he had in Ireland. Mimi used to say that Richard had been deported from Ireland for activities with the IRA. But his father didn't think this happened, so one must express uncertainty. Farina himself wrote a short story concerning a young American's involvement with the IRA. The character volunteers to plant explosives on a British patrol boat and three soldiers are killed in the subsequent blast. The American becomes disillusioned by the reality of his action and questions his original motives. How much of this had to do with Farina is hard to say, but the story is characteristic of Farina's ability to examine the violence in our world and in ourselves in a thoughtful and provocative way.



## FROM VIETNAM TO DEATH ROW

Wayne Fel-de gradu-ated from high school back in six-ty seven

He did-nit have the mon-ey for col-lege though he

dreamed of be-coming a veter-i-nar-i-an So he

joined the ar-m-y and vol-un-tered for Vi-et-nam

Served a year as a ma-chine gun-ner and "tun-nel rat" in the

mount-ains and jun-gles of Kon-tum

Writ-ten by Tom Mc-Clelland  
© 1986 Tom Mc-Clelland

Wayne Felde graduated from high school back in '67  
He didn't have the money for college though he dreamed of becoming a veterinarian So he joined the army and volunteered for Vietnam  
Served a year as a machine-gunner and "tunnel rat" in the mountains and jungles of Kontum

He told of his first firefight, "We had to pick up pieces of our guys to send home"  
All bloody and burned up from the napalm bombs I cried for guys I didn't even know, I thought of their moms and my mom And someone offered me some reefer, I never smoked it before  
But I smoked it from then on.

Upon his return from the war he had flashbacks and nightmares and he talked in his sleep  
was nervous and twitchy and started to drink  
His mom tried desperately to get him psychiatric help  
But Wayne was afraid they would think he was crazy and have him committed to a mental hospital

So he wandered from job to job quit college and quit tech school  
Got arrested several times for driving under the influence of alcohol  
His marriage fell apart and he wound up in a Maryland prison with a 12 year sentence - chance for parole denied  
Three years later he escaped down to where his mom lived in Louisiana then she got sick and died

A week after his mom died he took to drinking in a bar  
Two Shreveport policemen came to take him away in one of their patrol cars  
When they searched him they didn't notice the gun that was hidden in his pants  
Then the rookie cop drove him off and Wayne recalled, "I heard the sound of rifle and mortar fire and began seeing the fire flashes."

The rookie cop died and Wayne was gunned down with a shotgun at point blank range  
He lost a kidney, part of his liver and intestines, and was permanently crippled in his right leg  
In the electric chair at Angola Prison, Wayne Felde's been sentenced to die He believed he was doing the right thing by volunteering for Vietnam and putting his life on the line.

June 8, 1986

Wayne Felde wrote a letter to President Reagan and went 58 days on a hunger strike because he never received treatment for Post Traumatic Stress he suffered through after the war. Finally, last week, an organization for disabled veterans said they would support him 100 percent and Wayne went off his fast.  
Tom McClelland

LOCKHEED

JESUS THE ANSWER  
ARE YOU BOMBING  
WITH ME JESUS?

G.I.'s Score  
Big Victory



# Guadalupe Ruis is Dead

Moderately  $G$

The musical score is written in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of nine staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "I - magine a yellow bus is making its way down a gravel road, your daughter rides in that bus she has volunteered to help with the coffee har- vest shes sitting in the fourth row back from the front her hair is black her eyes like coal you have told her a hundred times she has her mothers eye and hair Gua- de- lupe your as beauti- ful as the gulf of Fonse- ca as the evening sun goes molten over it smirg in - to the pa - ci - fi - c She The - ic Gua- de - lup - e Ruis is Dead". The score includes various chords (G, C, D, F#m) and musical notations like "1. 2." and "1. 3.". The piece ends with the copyright notice "© 1984 Topshelf Songs".

Words and Music by  
Dan Kantak & Al Libero

## Guadalupe Ruis is Dead

Imagine that a yellow bus is making its way down a gravel road. Your daughter rides in that bus. She has volunteered to help with the coffee harvest. She is sitting in the fourth row back from the front. Her hair is long and black. Her eyes are like coal. You have told her a hundred times that she has her mother's eyes and hair.

"Guadalupe, you are as beautiful as the gulf of Fonseca when the evening sun goes molten over it sinking into the Pacific."

She thinks of you as she slips her hand out the window. Her friends are laughing. She turns her head enjoying their joke. The heat of midday begins to rise as the bus rattles down the narrow road.

The bus draws abreast of a group of men who are leaning against a fence. They are dressed in green camouflage fatigues with rosaries and crucifixes on their belts. Guadalupe raises her hand in a gesture of greeting. Three of the men raise their hands with a greeting of grenades which roll beside the bus like bouncing gourds. Guadalupe feels the warmth of blood fill her hair. The boy beside her holds her body in his arms.

Daniel Kantak



## Bringing it all Back Home

by Robbie Woliver

This book traces the history of Folk City from the beginning of time to it's present dilemma of not having a home. There's plenty of pictures and anecdotes galore. There's even anecdotes about anecdotes. An interesting book for those interested in a bit of cultural history combined with musical stories. \$13.95 by Pantheon Books (Jeff)

## Diet of a Madman

gin  
and  
promises.

Sean A. Lawrence



## marie

the story of a young woman and how she wanted to go to the prom with her friend (female) and how the stupid authorities wouldn't let her but she got to go with her friend eventually (a happy ending)

1. she stands in her room — she looks in the mirror and tries the gown  
 on — This one is special — the one she picked out for the  
 senior prom — But there won't be a boy on her arm — takin'  
 her out to dance — Her ticket is one in a million and she's  
 takin' the chance — waltz her a- round the floor — Ma-  
 rie — you're dancing for all that you be- lieve  
 The judge says your pre- sence won't harm all the others who stand on the  
 side- lines to see — so — waltz her a- round the floor — oh — Ma- rie  
 2. Two young we- men com- pan- ions took their case from the Sa- li- nas  
 High school to court — re- la- ted their sto- ry and wait- ed for the  
 judge's re- port — He said this tick- et's for  
 cou- ples and as far's I can see — a cou- ple's two peo- ple and we  
 don't chuk I — so go on to your class, let the school deal with me.  
 Take her on out — Ma- rie. — waltz her a- round and a-  
 round and a- round waltz her a- round and a- round and a- round you'll win all the  
 dance con- tests take her on out — Ma- rie



# marie

She stands in her room, she looks in the mirror, and tries the gown on  
 This one is special, the one she picked out for the senior prom  
 But there won't be a boy on her arm taking her out to the dance  
 Her ticket is one in a million, and she's taking the chance

Chorus:

Waltz her around the room, Marie.  
 You're dancing for all that you believe,  
 The judge says your presence won't harm all the others  
 Who stand on the sidelines to see  
 So waltz her around the floor Marie.

Two young women companions took their case from the Salinas  
 High School to court.  
 Related their story and waited for the judge's report.  
 He said, "This ticket's for couples and as far as I can see  
 A couple's two people and we don't check I.D.  
 So go on to your dance, let the school deal with me,  
 Take her on out, Marie."

Chorus

Well, the crepe paper's hung and the music's begun, and the crowd's coming in  
 Two people walk in arm in arm down the path to the gym  
 And they walk through the door just as proud as can be,  
 (Steph in a gown and a tux on Marie)  
 And they both wear an orchid, and they know they'll both lead  
 Steppin' out, Stephanie and Marie.

Final Chorus:

Waltz her around the floor, Marie  
 You're dancing for all you believe  
 You know that your presence may raise a few eyebrows  
 But the smiles will be loving, you'll see, so  
 Waltz her around and around,  
 Waltz her around and around,  
 You'll win all the contests, take her on out, Marie.

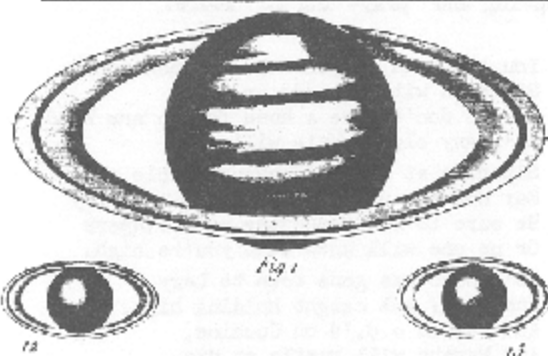


# Some PHILLY FOLK FESTIVAL NOTES:

by Jeff Ritter

Some Philly Folk Festival Notes for the review that never got written because this time of year really just encourages you to walk out on the roof and observe the traffic that is making it's last escape and then to try not to imagine yourself in that jam as the horns are jammed and the wheels are beginning to smell like burning fish instead of rubber which they really aren't anyway and then comes...the songwriters workshop and the great New Yorker in the middle of the woods singing American Jerusalem, Rod McDonald with the best song I've heard in a longtime with another stinking American theme but luckily the Polish American String Band comes on the stage and says that they are happy to play here for the next hour and many faces not just mine wince at the hour-thought. Particularly Gamble Rogers saved us in more ways than one with his preaching and outrageous stories told in the fashion of as many words as possible but really made you laugh a serious heartyness comes into play with bellies that were there anyway. It doesn't matter that Doc Watson had to put up with a bit of incompetence on the part of the sound crew, luckily (our hero) Tom Chapin saved the day and jumped in as the lifeguard to save the drowning guitar. Janis Ian was replaced by L. Wainwright III and asked the pertinent questions of the day such as how many different colors of brown can you find on the streets of our town and he was referring to dogshit at the time and then proceeded to contrast himself with

continued page 12



## democracy

Ruling the people  
 with smiles and

a pollster with his  
 finger up the blind beast's  
 ass just your

anal checkup to see  
 if the course is clear

for another election.

K. Hanly



## And... For All

The walrus bark loud,  
 Spewing forth the sacred word.  
 Blindly we obey.

Thomas J. Gombar

# Have You Heard From Tom Paxton Lately?

by Craig Harris

Since emerging as an active and influential folk performer in the early 1960s, 46 year old singer-songwriter-guitarist Tom Paxton has chronicled the growth and development of the American society. His well-crafted original songs, such as "Ramblin' Boy," "The Last Thing On My Mind," and "Whose Garden Was This?" have placed him consistently at the forefront of folk and acoustic music.

While best known as a veteran of the Greenwich Village scene, Paxton was born in Chicago and spent the first decade of his life living on the city's tough South Side. "It was a real neighborhood kind of life," he remembered during a telephone interview from his home in East Hampton on New York's Long Island. "My horizons took in only one block. It was a big deal to walk to school by myself."

Shortly after his 10th birthday, the Paxton family moved to a small town in Oklahoma. "It was very traumatic," he recalls. "Within three months after we moved, my father died. It was a nasty thing. It's hard to lose a father at such a young age."

The loss of his father left a void in the youngster's life. He found solace, however, in his involvement with drama at school. "I enjoyed doing plays," he says. "I loved the applause, the attention. I didn't get much attention otherwise."

Although he continued to study theater in college, he had always felt pulled towards music. "I wanted to be an actor," he explains, "until I discovered that I could sing. It was like finding gold. It was too good to be true."

Paxton had been playing string instruments since receiving a ukelele in his early teens. Having graduated to guitar, he would play songs like "Streets of Laredo" and other traditional folk songs. "Folk music meant something special to me," he reflects. "They were songs that had something of interest to say. It fed into my love of history. They were like little time capsules."

After graduating from college with a BFA, the budding folksinger joined the army reserves. Sent to the Army information school in New Rochelle, New York (and later to Fort Dix in New Jersey), he found it a short ride into Manhattan and the Village. At the time, the area was a mecca for folk music and musicians. "[The Village] was where it was going on," Paxton recalls. "I liked the excitement, the poetry, the flamenco guitars."

Before long, he had moved from simply coming into town carrying a guitar case to playing guest sets in the folk music coffeehouses that were, then, scattered throughout the Village. "I was always careful not to overstep my welcome," he says. "I would play two or three songs and be out of there."

By that time he had finished his six-month responsibility to the Army and had moved, officially, to the Village. He knew his way around and found the transition from military life to full-time performing easy.

In the fall of 1960, Paxton auditioned for the popular collegiate folk group, The Chad Mitchell Trio. Although he passed the audition successfully, his voice didn't blend with the other group members and he left the trio after one week.

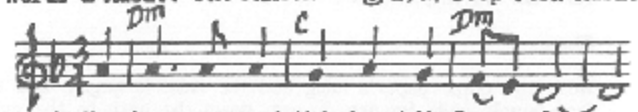
He missed his chance to sing with the group, but he had caught the ear of their music director, Milt Okun. Impressed by Paxton's abilities as a songwriter, Okun agreed to publish his songs. Paxton's compositions were, subsequently, covered by Peter, Paul and Mary; John Denver; The Kingston Trio; and Judy Collins. There was even a rock version of "Mr. Blue" by a San Francisco band, Clear Light, in 1967.

Vintage

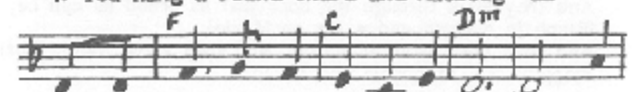
BROADSIDE #54

## THIRD AND MACDOUGAL

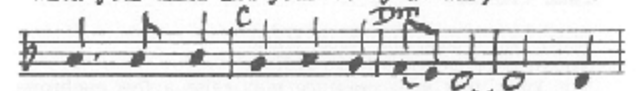
Words & Music: TOM PAXTON -- ©1964 Deep Fork Music



1. You hang a-round third and MacDoug- al



With your mind and your ho-dy at war, You



spend half your life on the cor- ner Just



hop-ing and pray-ing to score.

2. You sit down by your old kitchen table  
Sit down with a buddy or two.  
If you don't have a boss for an arm band  
It's any old necktie will do.

3. Sit down at the coffeehouse table,  
Say nothing when the waitress walks by  
Be sure to keep snapping your fingers  
Or no one will know that you're high.

4. It's Gino has gone down to Lexy,  
And Larry got caught holding high,  
And Pamela o.d.'d on Cocaine,  
And Marsha will hustle or die.

5. But you have your visions and wisdom,  
And you have your jazz and your blues,  
And you have the strength beyond doubting  
To stop any time that you choose.

6. But the fire in your eye is a blue fire,  
And the truth in your mind is a lie.  
With a match box and a spoon on your table,  
And the Glory of Hell in your eye.

(repeat first verse)

BROADSIDE #54

Speaking personally, I think the thing about the hard stuff that saddens me the most is the way the users convince themselves that they're further "into" things (songs, for instance) than when they're straight. Well, maybe you are, friend, but if you are it ain't coming through to me and if communication isn't what it's all about then I miss my guess by a mile... I've seen a few friends shot down, known a few overdose cases, some fatal. I've seen them in Rizenl's, in North Beach, on Bleecker Street and on Third and MacDougal. -- TOM PAXTON

Paxton's biggest break came when his song, "Ramblin' Boy" was performed at Carnegie Hall by Pete Seeger and the Weavers at their well-publicized reunion in 1963. When the album version of the concert was released, it proved to be the turning point in Paxton's career. Seeger continued to sing the song around the world.

Although his first album was not a commercial success -- released by the folk club, Gaslight, on its own label, only 2000 copies were printed -- his manager, Harold Leventhal (who also managed The Weavers and Pete Seeger) set up an audition with Jac Holzman who ran Elektra Records. "[Holzman] offered me his standard contract," Paxton remembers. "He let me do a three-hour recording session and told me that if it didn't pan out, then, I would be given the tapes to do whatever I could with them."

The completed tapes were, however, accepted for release by Elektra. Over the next six years, Paxton released seven albums on the label.

While the first Elektra release, "Ramblin' Boy," featured warm, romantic songs ("The Last Thing On My Mind" and "Outward Bound" for example), Paxton's second album "Ain't That News" established him as a leading writer of topical political songs. "It was a very tumultuous time," he recalls. "The Vietnam War was kicking off, the civil rights movement was moving past passive non-violent resistance.

Paxton has maintained a steady flow of new recordings, alternating between albums of topical material and albums of well-written ballads of love and peace. Since 1983, the Chicago-based independent label, Flying Fish, has released and/or distributed three new recordings.

The thread of consistency since the late 70s has been Paxton's collaboration with folksinger and record producer, Bob Gibson. "I've known him for twenty-five years," Paxton explains. "He's got a great ear and a tremendous empathy for the music. He knows me as a friend and as a musician."

Paxton has performed occasionally as a member of a trio with Gibson and Anne Hills. However, he confesses, "We couldn't get it going financially. I couldn't afford to pay dues all over again."

Paxton's most recent album, "One Million Lawyers and Other Disasters" is one of his most political releases. Poking fun at yuppies, lawyers, the Olympics, computers and overspending by the Pentagon, Paxton has the unique ability to aim right at the core of contemporary America. He's able to get us to see ourselves through laughter and heart-warming sing-alongs.

"The process of songwriting," he says, "is better learned by doing than by trying to explain it. But, over the years, I've learned that the more I can hush the tumult of the mind, the more receptive to ideas I become."

While in Baltimore I read a condensed version of a book called The F.B.I. Nobody Knows by Fred Cook, and it should be required reading for all of us. The country has been hard-sold J. Edgar Hoover for so long that he really has become a hero to the bulk of the population. The role of the F.B.I. in the South is shameful (and, unfortunately, little known) and the arrest of 21 men in Mississippi is, in my opinion, suspect. That they deserved to be arrested I have no doubt; that the arrest occurred within a week of some of the strongest national criticism of the leader in a long time is a little too pat.

FLYING FISH has two albums scheduled to be released. The near-legendary children's album that was released in the mid-70's will finally be available in the U.S.

"The English label has been very slow in getting the artwork together," Paxton explains. "The album is completely orchestrated and a very complete sound."

An album of ballads is forthcoming. "There's a wonderful guitarist from Chicago, Billy Panda, on it," Paxton boasts. "He adds alot to the sound."

# WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN HOOVER

Words by  
TOM PAXTON  
Music,  
Traditional

1. What a friend we have in Hoo-ver, Free-dom  
2. Are you now or have you ev-ver Been a  
has no truer friend, Is your thinking left of  
member of a cell, Are you running short of  
cen-ter? he will get you in the end.  
com-ra-des? Things aren't going very well?  
Does your tel-e-phones sound fun-ny? Is some  
Is the Daily Wor-ker falt' ring? Has your  
stranger standing by? Do not both-er  
treasur-y run dry? Half your com-ra-des  
your re-pair man; Take it to the F.B. I. —  
know the ans-wer: Take it to the F.B. I. —

- It's purely for investigation  
As all its records plainly show  
And that it has no further powers  
Dillinger should only know  
If you're bombed in Mississippi  
And the cops ride gaily by  
Just find the sheriff's closest  
buddy  
And take it to the F.B.I.
- Martin Luther King's a liar  
His movements full of shady guys  
The Nobel people must be crazy  
They went and handed him a prize  
It's wrong to criticize the  
bureau  
And any patriotic guy  
Would round up Warren's whole  
committee  
And take it to the F.B.I.

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BROADSIDE #54

So here's to the largest financial supporter of Communism in America (1/5 of the Party being F.B.I. agents) John Edgar Hoover. -- Tom Paxton

# MELTDOWN

At the grocery store we talk of pollution and the second coming of Christ in the same breath. Just idle talk to pass the cardboard seconds, tin-canned smiles, the hamburger that stars under a neon light, the ground-up cow that once had a beating heart and big brown eyes, believe it or not. Someone examines a plump, rose-colored leg of lamb on a styrofoam slab. It appears singular and odd. Are the other three legs at a different store? And there, just beyond a rump roast, a package of brains—a real bargain at ninety-nine cents ladies and gents!

"What are we doing here, anyway?" I ask.

"I don't know," she answers, picking up a frozen fish dinner with a sexy picture on the wrapper.

We wait in line and make cheap guesses about people, based on the contents of their carts. The cashiers are dressed in red, white name tags pinned over their hearts like chunks of fat cut in perfect squares by the butcher with the blood smears on his white smock. These women are working to put food on the table.

The headline on the ragpaper reads: "Teen Gives Birth to Christ!"

"What will they think of next?" she asks.

"Probably Christ on a stick" I answer. "This is America. This is America on a stick. The whole popsicle thing, no doubt an American invention. This is freedom. Freedom of choice. Which do you want, maxi- or mini-pads?"

We carry our brown-bagged burdens to our cars like the worn and tired disciples of some forgotten dream. (What was that dream, again?) This is the real, the melt-down world of the parking lot.

The cars are parked like red, white and blue "Rocket Pops" all ready to take off for the sky like misguided missiles. If my car starts, will it stop? Or, will it melt like slush and leave me licking the stick of the American highway, again.

by Julia Van Middlesworth

from page 9



the rest of the day by singing about the tough day on the planet along with the suggestion that after we blow it up as it is now the next bunch of folks aren't going to do much differently that sure did bring us down and that wasn't helped much but it was alot by Mike Cross who is really a joy in being a great country boy in overalls and fiddle and talk of college and relatives and moonshine and then he sang about a Kentucky Morning that almost made me forget what L.W.Ill brought to mind and we was saved from that fate for the day and then that night before the rain and after good ol' Tom Paxton and lovely, frail Libba Cotten sang for what she says was her last time at a festival and gave her granddaughter a look that was worth many words and instead of feeling bad that a bunch of authenticity nuts brought this fine old woman out of her home for their own pleasure she revealed to us her own joy in giving us her music, and that made it all alright and we stood for her many times. Later that night after the rain I went and stayed with my old man and had many thoughts of that great Steve Goodman song on the subject and thought of the guy who wasn't there on night duty checking them out and checking them in at the prison and using the regard he has left for human beings in the way he knows how after seeing everything he has after all the years of being taken in and trying to change various systems he has to deal with to do what he does best and the next morning I got back out there and tried to think about it lest I don't remember anything else that went on but I couldn't so I checked out myself and the best I could do was to pick up a young hitcher and give him a hand and we caught up to his ride and talked about the whole thing and the festival and security and bluegrass and rock and roll and the drugs in North Jersey and the suburban kids who are taking crack now and you can tell they are because they can't even hold a normal conversation and well, that's the end of the summer I guess and it's cooling off now and that's all I have to say for now. Jeff. thanks for listening.

## ARTISTS OF AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC

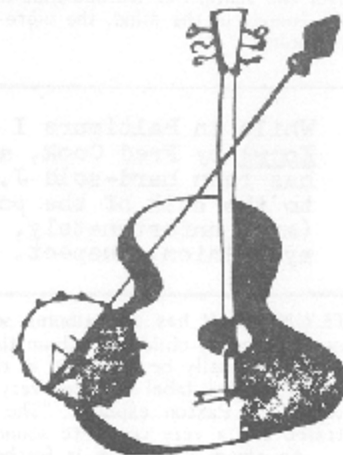
Edited by Phil Hood

If you're a reader of either *Guitar Player* or *Frets* magazine, then you're aware that many of the greatest talents in folk music occasionally show up in their pages and reveal some of their most closely held secrets. Both of those magazines are for real serious players. Folks who want to know about model numbers, string gauges and pick choices (or choice picks) love these interviews for their facts and tips.

*Artists of American Folk Music* is a collection of interviews from the magazines. And the people included in this book are great. From Dave Van Ronk, Pete Seeger, Peggy Seeger, Bob Dylan, to David Grisman, Tom Paxton, Odetta, Jean Ritchie and many others. There is something in this collection for everyone who likes any aspect of folk music, traditional or modern.

One of the best things about this book is the amount of information and the anecdotes. There are anecdotes about anecdotes in here. If you never reveal your source, your friends will think you're a real connoisseur of arcane knowledge if you liberally sprinkle these anecdotes into your conversation!

Seriously though, this is a valuable book. (For learning more about music and musicians having anything loosely connected to "folk" this is a real find. Published by *Guitar Player* and *Frets* only \$12.95. (Jeff)



Great North Carolina Drought and Farming Disaster, 1986 by Bruce Rephoss

It ain't rained a drop now in this - ty sev - en days and the  
 tem - per - a - ture keeps top - pin out at near one hun - dred de - grees It's  
 too dry to grow weeds and the cows are on their knees and the  
 chic - kens are droop - in' off like fleas And I got  
 three hun - gry lit - tle mouths to feed On a  
 white - ville North Car - o - lin - a farm - er's sala - ry.



It ain't rained a drop now in 37 days  
 And the temperature keeps toppin out at near 100 degrees  
 It's too dry to grow weeds  
 And the cows are on their knees  
 And the chickens are droppin' off like fleas  
 And I got three hungry little mouths to feed  
 On a Whiteville, N.C. farmer's salary

Now they're airlifting hay in from the Midwest  
 And the well diggers are diggin' their very best  
 But the water table's low  
 Ain't no rain, the crops are slow  
 And the farmers ain't got nowhere left to go  
 And I got three hungry little mouths to feed  
 On a Whiteville, N.C. farmer's salary

And the Feds sent a man down here today  
 But he didn't have an awful lot to say  
 'Cept the farmers gotta wait  
 While the 100 dollar plates  
 Are filled with the crops the farmers grewed  
 And I got three hungry little mouths to feed  
 On a Whiteville, N.C. farmer's salary.



Deaths From Heroin Soar



CAPITALISM:  
 The big cancer



The Great Drought of '86 /  
 Hard Times in the Country

"Marijuana scarcity hits early"  
 cranky old heads bitchy and irritable  
 "North Coast sensimilla is already scarce"  
 calling all their friends  
 "I've never seen it this bad this soon"  
 see if the kid's friends know of any  
 "A dealer described the situation as serious"  
 smoking my god for nearly twenty years now  
 "817,000 pounds of dope were destroyed in 1985"  
 it helps release the poems, he sd.

Brian Boldt

# contra talking blues

by Tim Feller

**C** Often times we have been told  
**C** That **D** instead of accusations bold  
**G** Adhere to fact and **C** objective proof  
**D** And rather than lie, best tell the truth  
**G** Don't engage in too much fiction  
**D** And try to avoid those **G** contradictions

Now the President, I regret to say  
 Demands his own peculiar way  
 He has some rather singular views  
 on most foreign policy issues  
 He says we might need a little intervention  
 and forget about public apprehension  
 Bout a place called Vietnam

To stop the arms flow, he insists  
 We must send arms to terrorists  
 though with U.S. forces we'll never resort  
 except to mine Nicaragua ports  
 Or maybe just invade Nicaragua

Now the contras are the moral equivalents  
 to the guys on the Declaration of Independence  
 They love freedom, justice, liberty  
 as well as plunder and atrocity  
 But, hell, nobody's perfect

Foreign elections can't be respected  
 when someone we don't like's been elected  
 Forget about all those other nations  
 We'll make peace through confrontations  
 'Cause everybody knows people too busy  
 killing each other can't make war

In congress we got a sorry situation  
 because all debate is simply red manipulation  
 There's money for contras at home, though funds are few  
 Now Reagan says he's a contra too  
 You know, I finally believe him

It seems you can go down to Washington  
 pick up some bombs and some guns  
 Kill women, kids, docters, preachers,  
 old folks and of course some teachers  
 Call yourself an anti-communist freedom fighter

Now here's what we all gotta say  
 No money for contras, no how, no way  
 Tell your congressmen they better not shirk  
 or they're gonna find themselves out of work  
 and unemployment's been rising lately

The Nicaraguans they struggle on  
 they won't give up what they've rightly won  
 Throughout their land, one can hear Nicaragua  
 Nicaragua libre, vencer o morir  
 You know, I believe they mean it.

## It's OK To Wave Back

Emily Post should've said that if somebody  
 waves at you from a train it's O.K.  
 to wave back, unless you're in a plane.

Wayne Hogan

## Soft Southern Vapors

Past moonrappers, skyscrapers,  
 three doors down, left at the stairs,  
 past iconoclast, past turn-off  
 all two-way radios, blast,  
 past dopped oaks, soft southern  
 vapors.

Wayne Hogan

## Buddy Holly's Holly

suddenly notice  
 the berries on the bush  
 how blinded  
 not to see before

sharp autumn sun catches them red  
 handed among the green sticklebacks

finches whizzing  
 past my window

radio waves this very moment  
 thumping up the stairs  
 fall upon the typing keys  
 'that'll be the day  
 ooooo hooooo...'

what pain real pain  
 even to imagine  
 that this should end  
 the lovely bush  
 cat on the grassy dew  
 bird on the wing  
 flooding sun

this morning -  
 tomorrow?

when the radios sound  
 to martial music  
 'that'll be the day-hey-hey  
 when i die'

by Jeff Cloves

## BRUCE COCKBURN IN CONCERT by Jeff Ritter

"This crowd looks like they came in from Oregon," was what one concert goer said at the recent Bruce Cockburn show at Town Hall in New York City. And it was an unusual crowd. Not the Pete Seeger crowd, or the Holly Near set. It didn't look like the Croton River Revival either or the old Folk City on a good night. God knows what it was, but crowd watching is part of a review and I had to give it a try. Maybe a cross between an Andreas Vollenwieder concert and a Philly Folk Festival crowd?

Anyway, Bruce Cockburn has been in obscurity long enough. The only way I heard of him for a longtime was from a friend finger-picker who would show up with some amazing intricate tune he ripped-off of a Cockburn album. Then came Stealing Fire and Cockburn got major label distribution and promotion and I finally heard about him for real. That was funny, in a way, because it was probably his most "political" album of all, but it had good "radio" songs on it. The single, "If I Had A Rocket Launcher" was a dance tune and even had a video, I hear.

Cockburn's got a new album called World Of Wonders, and isn't it though? Along with Joe Jackson's Big World he seems to be countering the USA-centric tendencies on albums that have been coming out since Born In The USA. These folks are obviously on the right track, and though I've never mentioned Joe Jackson's album in BROADSIDE, it is great. Both of these fellows have taken music beyond our stupid borders.

The Cockburn concert was a great collection of his music with a great band: one fellow playing both keyboard and fiddle, a drummer, a percussionist, one fellow who played the Stick (a unique instrument combining guitar and bass and played by striking the fretboard) and one man who played the trumpet, the flugelhorn and a shell that looked like a conch. There was also a female backup singer. Bruce dominated on stage and played some of his old songs. The only one I knew was "Thinking 'Bout Eternity," but there were howls of recognition at the beginning of most every song.

Most interesting in his comments were what he said about "If I Had a Rocket Launcher." (Any relation to "If I Had A Hammer?") When he said afterwards "I hope I don't ever feel that way again," I think it was an effective way of countering the criticism I've heard of that song that says that he reduces himself to the same violent level of his enemies in that song. He translates his rage into violent action in that song and, actually, that is what happens in a violent revolution, right? Anyway, I think it's a good song that paints a vivid picture of the reality both he and the Nicaraguans he visited have to live in. ("And you can dance to it," that great American answer to everything with a beat.)

Actually, Cockburn spoke a whole lot during the concert on issues like the FBI searches of churches, and about Native American issues, (a new song called "Stolen Land"). Most of the music he sang that night was based on political issues, though I don't know if he always was like that.

The band's brilliant musicality was definitely one of the main features of the concert. The Stick player only played one solo, but was very good. Cockburn's highly unique guitar playing was featured the most though. He played electric guitars mostly (Stratocasters) very processed and through a Fender Vintage amp. He fingerpicks everything too, without fingerpicks either. The guitar playing was very exciting throughout the concert and his personality and singing were also engaging. I highly recommend this show if it comes to your town or even close. I'm sure the album's great too, maybe I'll get it soon.



### Reader's POLL?

Rather than do a spoof on reader's polls as I am terribly tempted to do, I ask those of you who have this magazine in hand to take a few minutes to answer a few questions for the purpose of having BROADSIDE meet your needs more directly. Please mail this in and get a free gift!

I prefer to see in BROADSIDE:

- More songs
- More articles
- More reviews
- Less songs
- Less articles
- Less poetry

I got this issue of BROADSIDE:

- In the mail
- at a bookstore
- at a music store
- off a friend
- stole it from the library
- stole it from my mother

I learn songs that are in BROADSIDE:

- Often
- Once in a while
- Never
- There are songs in BROADSIDE?

I think BROADSIDE should be:

- Cheaper
- Larger
- Smaller
- Banned

I think BROADSIDE could get

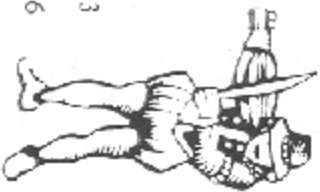
- more subscribers by:
- Advertising more
- making it cheaper
- Giving it away

Please feel free to attach other comments and send to: BROADSIDE, PO Box 1464, New York, NY 10023. Filling out this survey entitles you to a free "Native American Issues" issue of BROADSIDE.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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# Broadside

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Marc Glassman  
Kibbutz Gvoftiv  
D. N. Hevel Eilat  
08 825 ISRAEL

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