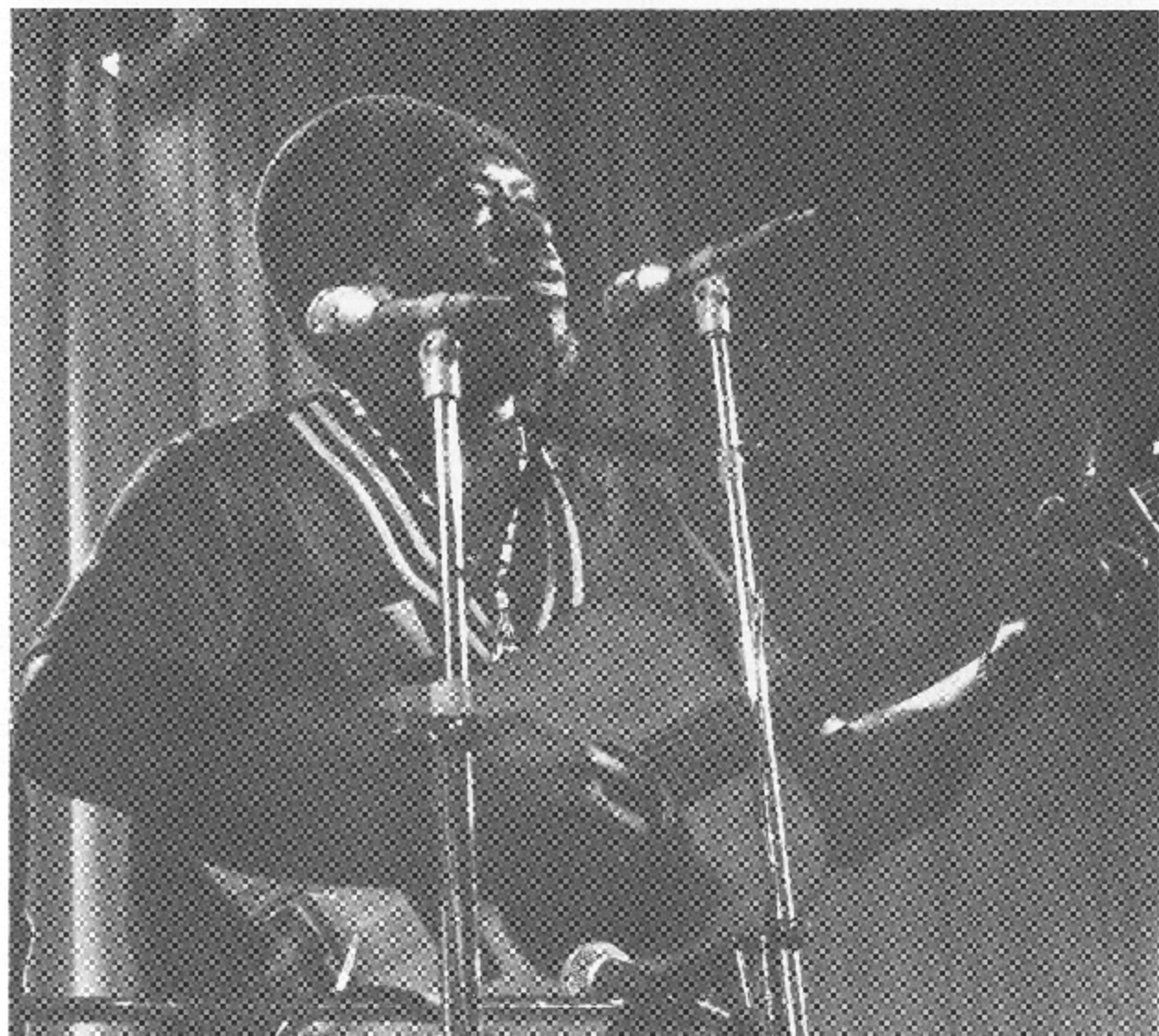


Broadside # 176

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

October 1986



In this issue...

Tuli Kupferberg
Reviews • Songs
Far East Report
and more!

Songs and memories of

Frederick Douglass

Kirkpatrick

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BROADSIDE

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 Publisher.....Norman A. Ross

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 Matt Jones pictured below
 Many thanks to Matt Jones, Judy
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Recently people have been writing to BROADSIDE about our "poor bookkeeping practices." There is only one thing I have to say about that: Sorry! But it is very difficult to keep this magazine going on nothing but cheap and old lousy shoestrings. Keep one thing in mind, though. Any time there is a problem with your subscription, a record or anything you send us, Write to us. If you're really upset we'll fix whatever's wrong really quickly. BROADSIDE is not out to screw up anybody and we're certainly not in it for the money anyway. So take heart, relax, and don't worry.

There are a few great things in this issue that deserve notice. We are really glad to have Matt Jones involved with the magazine once again. His tribute to Brother Kirk in song is great to have in the magazine and his upcoming work with young folks in New York will be chronicled in BROADSIDE. There are three of Brother Kirk's songs from past BROADSIDEs reprinted in this issue too.

Norman recently went on a business trip to the far East (for his real business). His impressions and experiences are in this issue along with a song from China and some excerpts from a Chinese newspaper.

There's also Tuli Kupferberg and some reviews and other stuff that you wouldn't find anywhere else. (Find the Reagan insult in this issue and win a trip to Moscow!

In Memoriam

MOE ASCH
1905 - 1986

Founder
Folkways Records

"THE WINDS MIX THE DUST OF EVERY LAND..."

As our plane took off from Kennedy Airport the pilot announced that our route would take us over Buffalo and Toronto, across Canada, over Anchorage and down the Pacific to Tokyo, and I could not help but think of the line from one of Pete Seeger's songs: "One blue sky above us, one ocean lapping all our shores, one world so green and bright, who could ask for more?" And as we climbed higher and higher, the words rang truer and truer. But the musical melange we later encountered reminded me of another Seeger song, "All Mixed Up," which is where the title of this article comes from: "The winds mix the dust of every land, and so will man."

I think it is (almost) always a pleasure to hear good music, regardless of where or when it was written, or by whom, and regardless of where one is at the time. Thus I greatly enjoyed listening to several selections from Wagner on the headset on the plane even though we know about Wagner's anti-semitism. However, one wonders whether there isn't something wrong with American music's ubiquitous presence throughout the world—or at least to the places we have visited, which on this trip included Japan, Hong Kong, China and Macau.

I thought BROADSIDE readers might be interested in some of these musical experiences to see the depth and breadth of America's cultural (sic) influence. For instance, in our hotel in Tokyo (where the Cable News Network is shown live from the U.S. on closed-circuit TV) we heard what sounded like Mantovani or the Hollywood strings playing "Guantanamera." I didn't mind hearing the Nutcracker Ballet, but Guantanamera on the elevator got to me!

Elsewhere in Tokyo I visited a hifi store in the mecca of hifi stores and was treated to a tape of Bob Dylan. Later there was Simon & Garfunkel in a restaurant. Then out on the street, on a monstrously large screen, I watched Michael Jackson's video, "Beat It." It must have been 20' high! Even weirder was the experience of making a phone call, being put on hold, and hearing "Camptown Races" in a thin, electronic, xylophone-like rendition. Put on hold a second time I was treated to Greensleeves. But perhaps the funniest use of music occurred each evening at the end of the convention I was attending: when they wanted us to leave at the end of each day, they played a tape of "Auld Lang Syne!"

MORE S&G

In Kyoto, in a small Japanese-style hotel called a "Ryoken," we drank tea late at night listening to a cassette of Simon and Garfunkel. Does this surprise anyone? Should it? We certainly enjoyed it, but it seemed a bit out of place. Then we went to Hong Kong where the theme music for the evening news was the same as the music used by CBS for the same purpose here in New York. Is the H.K. station part of CBS? Or is it just that CBS has found the "perfect" tune for introducing the news and the H.K. station just had to have the same?

More surprising was an extremely old, very poor, blind man we saw sitting on a stoop in H.K. playing "Oh Susanna" on a Chinese flute! Incongruous to say the least. A few days later in China we were treated to a tape of Christmas music—repeatedly. Obviously, the season was wrong but the hotel was playing "Western" music for the Western tourists. Walking in an adjacent garden we heard the strains of Brahms' Lullabye. And on TV in our room (yes, we had a TV in our hotel room in China—in every hotel we stayed in, and a refrigerator as well) we watched the "video" of "We Are The World." Very appropriate perhaps. Surprising nevertheless. Closed circuit within the hotel, by the way; not broadcast to the general population.

On the top of our hotel in Nanjing was a revolving restaurant with a Chinese band that played only Western music, to which we saw tourists from Spain, Australia, H.K., and elsewhere, dancing con gusto (while we ate ice cream sundaes, American style).

In the very touristy city of Guilin (where they serve monkey, dog and cat dishes for dinner), we passed a young Chinese man with a guitar (on which I played "Meadowlands") and a group of Italians with another guitar. On the radio, in this city roughly 400 miles from Hanoi, we heard American jazz on the Voice of America.

Back in H.K. at the end of our tour of China we took a trip over to Portuguese controlled Macau, another hodge podge of cultures, where we heard "Bridge over Troubled Water" in the original version in a Portuguese cuisine restaurant. (It was the only time in my life where every waiter in the restaurant was Chinese—but the food wasn't!)

Here and there along the way we did hear some Japanese and Chinese music, but this was usually a show for the tourists. On TV in China we saw Chinese Opera, some ballets and other examples of Chinese music. But we could never escape the west while travelling in the east. Whether this is a positive reflection of cultural exchange or a negative example of cultural imperialism I leave to the reader. Personally, although I enjoyed the glimpses of home, I was also offended by them. But if it's true that 94% of the Chinese families living in cities have TVs (according to the China Daily), then I suppose American rock music is inevitable. The same is probably true of running water and flush toilets (much harder to install than T.V.s).

The question is: will traditional Chinese music survive the onslaught of Western music rolling in on the heels of China's modernization? Perhaps the current Japanese passion for American '50s rock provides some glimpse of the unfortunate answer.

—Norman A. Ross



Let Us Unite and Strive for World Peace

by Liu Gengyin

To maintain peace is today a matter of greatest concern of all the people in the world. On the 40th anniversary of the United Nations last year, the General Assembly solemnly proclaimed 1986 the International Year of Peace. This has won warm acclaim and support from the people of all countries. In response to this call of the UN, nongovernmental organizations held an international conference—"Together for Peace"—in Geneva from January 20 to 24. It was a grand gathering..., and was attended by more than 450 people. They included representatives from 115 international organizations...and academic institutions of 39 countries....

[This excerpt is reprinted from a Chinese magazine called "Voice of Friendship," published by the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries. I thought it was interesting that the Chinese appear to be promoting this UN-sponsored Year of Peace, whereas I, for one, had never heard a word about it here in the U.S. Well, I guess we have more important things to worry about than peace! A song from the same magazine appears overleaf.]

—NAR

和平之歌

Song of Peace

— 献给国际和平年

— Dedicated to the International Year of Peace

若 蔚桐

Words by Rue Ping

田 光曲

Music by Tian Guang

进行曲速度
March Tempo

阳光灿烂, 江河欢腾, 鲜花盛开,
The sun shines bright. The ri-vers're ju-bi-lant. Flow-ers're blos-som-ing.
人类前途, 无限光明, 社会发展,
bound-lessly bright is the human fu-ture. So-cial Prog-ress e-

百鸟啼鸣。我们要珍惜这美好的时光,
Birds're Sing-ing. We must trea-sure the glorious time we are li-ving.
日益昌盛。我们要高举反侵略的旗帜,
ver flou-ri-shing. We must hold high the ban-ner of jus-tice.

[副歌]
一起来创造那幸福繁荣, 和平 和平是
Let's cre-ate happi-ness and pros-pe-ri-ty. } 和 平 和 平 是
一起来制止那侵略战争。 }
Let's check wars of a-ggres-sion on the earth. Pea-ce peace is a lot-

"For nearly four decades, the belief that the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs averted hundreds of thousands of American deaths—far more than those bombs inflicted on the Japanese—has been a part of accepted history. It was this judgment, more than any other factor, that seemed to give legitimacy to the American use of nuclear weapons. Discovering that this premise was false should help to stimulate a hard rethinking of other premises of U.S. nuclear weapons policies."

Voice of Friendship No. 16

[Last paragraph of a 20-page article entitled "Hiroshima: The Strange Myth of Half a Million American Lives Saved," by Rufus E. Miles, Jr., in *International Security*, Fall 1985.]

崇 高 的 希 望; 和 平!
 ty as - pi - re - tion; Pea - ce! Peace is the

真 理 的 呼 声。 当 世 界 人 民
 voice of shin - ing truth. When the world's peo-

携 手 前 进, 和 平 的 事 业 一 定 成 功!
 ple march hand in hand, the cause of pea - ce will pre - vail! Pea-


定 能 成 功!
 ce pea - ce will win!

THE FIRST GREAT MIDWEST
LABOR SONG EXCHANGE

You are invited to come to Chicago to attend a special conference that will bring together union members, artists and interested folksingers to seek ways of expanding the use of song, story and drama in


the everyday activities of the labor movement: November 14-16, sponsored by the Labor Heritage Foundation and the Chicago Labor Education Program of the Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations of the University of Chicago, 828 S Wolcott, Chicago, IL 60612. For additional information contact Stanley Rosen, (312) 996-2623. \$30 registration fee.

SEE FORM 10MAY 88; JAN 82; JAN 84 EDITIONS MAY BE USED; CMB APPROVAL 82-NC-0008



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Missing children prevention



In response to public concern about the problem of missing children, the New York State Division of Criminal Justice Services, with support from the New York State United Teachers union, has developed a brochure whose emphasis is on prevention. Called "How to Protect Your Child from Abduction By Strangers," the brochure provides information on necessary reporting procedures and what types of documents parents should maintain, as well as prevention strategies. Anyone interested in receiving copies, or anyone who wants information about the statewide registry for missing children that the division operates, should call, toll free, 1 800 FIND KID.

1	DATE OF BIRTH		2	SEX <input type="checkbox"/> MALE <input type="checkbox"/> FEMALE
	Name of Month Day Year of Birth _____			
4	PRINT FULL LEGAL NAME			
	Last First			
5	CURRENT MAILING ADDRESS			
	Number and Street			
	City			
6	PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS			
	Number and Street			
	City			
	State or Pz			
7	CURRENT TELEPHONE NUMBER			
	Area Code Number			
8	I AFFIRM THE FOREGOING STATEMENTS ARE TRUE			
	Today's Date	Signature of Registrant		

MEN BORN IN 1950 OR LATER AND WHO ARE AGE 18 THROUGH 28 ARE REQUIRED TO REGISTER.

"CAP & COM"

EBENEZER ELLIOTT

1781-1849

On Communists

WHAT is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings;
Idler or bungler, or both, he is willing
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.



I drink Scott Beer.

Tuli Kupferberg



TULI KUPFERBERG

1923-

On Capitalists

What is a Capitalist? One who has yearnings
For unequal division of equal earnings;
Idler or thief, or both, he is willing
To fork out his machinegun and pocket your shilling.



I drink only United Beer.

Are you ready to do things you never thought you could do?



Can you picture yourself focused intently on a radar screen, giving flight clearances to Army aviators? Have you ever imagined yourself behind the wheel of a 5-ton truck? You could be perfect for a skill you never thought you could do. Or one you never even knew existed.

The first step is to find out which Army skills are right for you. Talk with your local Army Representative. Or call toll free 1-800-USA-ARMY.

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KILL ARMY. KILL BE ALL YOU CAN BE.

APR 88, DECEMBER 88

APR 88, DECEMBER 88

REMEMBERING BROTHER KIRK

by Matt Jones

Reverend Frederick Douglas Kirkpatrick or "Brother Kirk," as he was affectionately called, was a major contributor to folk music in the 60s and an outspoken advocate of freedom and justice in America and abroad. Kirk was born in Hayneville, Louisiana on August 12, 1933, the first son of Rev. and Mrs. John L. Kirkpatrick. Before he became a minister, Kirk's father was a tenant farmer for a wicked landowner named Crump. After Kirk's mother died during childbirth, the landowner immediately confiscated the property and ordered them off the farm. "He took everything. We had no place to go," Kirk said. The pain and anguish in his face made his account so vivid that it seemed as if it had just happened. "I was just a lad of a boy at the time," Kirk told me. However, that incident was a major contributing force in the development of Kirk's fighting spirit, which we know so well.

In 1955, Kirk became an All-American fullback at Grambling College and later played professional football for the Kansas City Chiefs. As a pro-football player, Kirk found that all the positions of power and leadership were held by the whites. "It was our tenant farm all over again," said Kirk. The burning desire to free himself and his people from injustice was constantly in his mind.

Kirk was ordained by the Church of Christ in God in Jonesboro, Louisiana in 1964. He formed the Deacons for Defense, which defended the lives and homes of Jonesboro citizens on many occasions. This experience led him to join Martin Luther King Jr.'s Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC). In 1967, at Dr. King's request, Kirk came to New York to organize the Poor People's March on Washington, which aimed to unite poor whites, blacks, Indians, Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans.

I first met Kirk in 1968 at the home of Gordon Friesen and Sis Cunningham, where both Kirk and I were living. Gordon and Sis are the founders and creators of this very magazine, BROADSIDE. Hearing Kirk sing freedom songs reminded me of my experiences as the director of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee Freedom Singers. I was overjoyed to know that the work was being continued. When Kirk and I met we became brothers immediately. We sang together and had the opportunity of watching Sis and Gordon, the most important collectors of topical songs in the 1960s and 70s do their work.

Brother Kirk spread the philosophy of Dr. King throughout the East Coast and, as an outgrowth of his work, the "Hey Brother Coffeehouse" was formed at St. Gregory's Church in Manhattan. Here, hundreds of folk-singers sharpened their talents and developed their political consciousness under Kirk's direction.

He was also a leading force in the fight for justice for the Palestinian people and for the oppressed in Northern Ireland. In recent years, he dedicated his life to working with the homeless in New York City and in Philadelphia. He was also editor-in-chief of the Many Races Cultural Foundation's newsletter, *The Freedom Press*.

Brother Kirk died on Saturday morning, August 16, 1986, in New York City, after a brief illness. He had turned 53 years old on August 12. Kirk had five daughters: Camilla, Alfreda, Brunella, Freddy (deceased) of Grambling, Louisiana and Sojourner Christy Damio-Kirkpatrick of New York City.

On Monday, August 25, 1986, people gathered at St. Gregory's Church from around the country to pay tribute to Brother Kirk: Palestinians, Jews, Irish, Blacks, American Indians, Hispanics, the homeless and the elderly. They were all there. From Pete Seeger to Mother Clark. They were all there. Kwame Toure (Stokely Carmichael) and Bernadette Devlin McAliskey could not come, but sent telegrams. Kirk was my right arm. I loved him. We dreamed the same dreams and fought the same fight. I felt obligated to give this tribute to Kirk. It was a great celebration and tribute to his life and work.

Brother Kirk is dead, but his spirit lives on in each of us. He never compromised his principles, regardless of the consequences. He fought for freedom and justice at every turn. "We are all significant on God's keyboard," was his statement to the world. He believed in human-kind and never allowed anyone to denigrate any one branch. He worked for the rights of the least powerful of his comrades: the Roman Catholics in Northern Ireland and in the U.K.; the Palestinians, who have been persecuted and are now scattered all over the world; the homeless and hungry Americans who live in the alleys and gutters of our country; the freedom fighters of Soweto who now rise from the ashes of apartheid; the Native Americans who are a constant reminder of our government's most heinous crime - the extermination of a race of people for the gain of land.

Program

Welcome.....	MATTHEW JONES
Prayer.....	REV. JAMES BURRELL
Song.....	<i>The Greatest Love</i> CAMILLA KIRKPATRICK
Remembrance.....	SOJOURNER DAMIO
As I Know Him.....	MRS. ANNIE PEARL KIRKPATRICK
Freedom Songs.....	<i>Everybody's Got A Right to Live*</i> <i>This Little Light of Mine</i> MATTHEW JONES and JIM DUNNE
Ballad of Frederick Douglas Kirkpatrick.....	Composed and performed by MATTHEW JONES
In Memoriam.....	PETE SEEGER
EULOGY.....	REV. LAWRENCE LUCAS, Resurrection Church
Song.....	<i>O' Freedom</i> MATTHEW JONES, MOTHER CLARK and OTHERS
What We Must Do Now.....	REV. HERBERT DAUGHTRY, House of the Lord Church

REMEMBRANCE IN WORD & SONG (Continues after a brief intermission)



The Lord is my Light

The Lord is my light and my salvation
What shall I fear? When I'm in trouble,
He will be there. He is the strength
of my life, who shall I fear?
Love the Lord and he will take care.

*Written by F.D. Kirkpatrick

Frederick Douglas Kirkpatrick

CHORUS

FRED'RICK DOU-GLAS KIRK-PA-TRICK IS HIS NAME.-----
 FIGHT-ING FOR FREE-DOM IS HIS GAME-- HE HAS THE
 HEART OF A LION, THE TOUCH OF A LAMB. HE IS FIGHT-ING FOR
 FREE-DOM, FROM NEW YORK TO BIR-MING-HAM HE IS A MAN OF
 JUSTICE. HE IS A MAN OF PEACE. HE IS THE MAN TO BE TRUST-ED.
 HE IS THE MAN TO SEE.

© 1984 Matthew Jones



Chorus

Frederick Douglas Kirkpatrick is his name
 Fighting for freedom is his game.
 He has the heart of a lion
 the touch of a lamb.
 He is fighting for freedom
 from New York to Birmingham.

Verse 1

He is a man of Justice
 He is a man of Peace
 He is the man to be Trusted
 He is the man to See

Chorus

Verse 2

He is a natural born Preacher
 He is a natural born Friend
 He is a natural born Leader
 He is with you to the End.

Chorus

Verse 3

He is a natural born Lover
 He is a natural born King
 He will help you discover
 through the songs he will Sing.

Chorus

Kirk always said that "In freedom for all lies the freedom of the world. No one is free unless everyone is free."

TRUTH AND JUSTICE THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF LOVE EQUALS PEACE. TO BE PERSECUTED FOR FOLLOWING THIS PATH IS AN HONOR AND A PRIVILEGE.

We have lost a great man, Frederick Douglas Kirkpatrick was an inspirational and a skilled champion of his people. Like Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X, Brother Kirk will live with us forever.

A group of about 20 movement singers and poets got together after this tribute and decided to open a Truth and Justice Singing and Poetry Club that would train human rights singers and poets to write poetry and sing songs of struggle. For further information contact Matt Jones, PO Box 670, Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025. (212) 874-3423

Wisdom Train
 "get on board"

Matt Jones
 P.O. Box 670
 Cathedral Station
 New York, New York 10025

Farewell Mr. Charlie

Words: Rev. Frederick D. Kirkpatrick
Tune: Adapted from Traditional
© 1968 by F. D. Kirkpatrick

1. Bye bye, Mister Charlie, the trumpet has sounded, It was heard in the cities, they are falling to the ground. — Green trees are bonding & rocks are crying out, Bye bye Mister Charlie, your system is a pri-son and we must leave now.

2. If we don't get good appliances
we will throw them away —
No more Motorola
just R.C.A.'s.
I wouldn't call this looting,
just getting what's mine;
There is no use of weeping,
There is no use of crying,
Everything's going to be fine.

3. We made cotton king
And didn't get a thing
But poverty, brutality
And a sleep in the rain.
Now the tide is turning
And everything is flame;
Farewell, Mister Charlie,
The cities are falling
And it causes me to sing

4. The imperialists and capitelists
Are in the court yard —
Twenty thousand Black boys
Have escaped from the guard,
From a place of imprisonment
For three hundred years;
Farewell, Mister Charlie,
The sky is on fire
And we have no fears.

The Chinaberry Tree

Words & Music by Rev. Frederick D. Kirkpatrick
© 1968 by F. D. Kirkpatrick

(An explanatory note for this song: "Mr. Bub-bub-em" is an old term Southern blacks use to describe a black overseer keeping black workers in line for the white plantation owner. It carries the connotation of mingled contempt and ridicule. Many of the black colleges in the South are nothing more than intellectual plantations with the black presidents sarving as "bub-bub-ems" for Mr. Charlie. To carry out the mandates of the white power structure students and faculty are equally oppressed; priv-

ileges for either are non-existent. Teachers who try for change are arbitrarily fired by Mr. Bub-Bub-Em and others brought in to replace them, with the hope they will be satisfied to settle down under the Jim Crow setting of the institution. Symbolic of this settling down is "a seat up under the China Berry tree." The fruit of these trees is a golden-colored berry and one can, I suppose, sit under the branches and dream with the illusion that the berries one day may turn to nuggets of real gold.

F.D.K.)

CHO:
Hel-lo, Mister Bub-bubm, why did you get rid of me, — I were only tryin' to take a seat be-
neath the China Berry Tree. — (1) You had all your other boys there with Masters & P H D's, Sitting in
comfort'ble chairs and drinking liber- tea. —
(to Cho.)

2. I would go all over Baton Rouge
giving away turkeys, peas and pies,
Bowing and scraping to Mr. Charlie
and telling a pack of lies.
Chorus.

3. You got your Boys in so much debts
they don't know which way to turn,
So keep them down there scraping-
scratching on Mr. Bub-bubm's farm...
Chorus.

4. I suppose your gang laughed and grinned
and at me they did poke fun.
Why you tried to starve and kill
my wife and the four little bittie ones.
(Skip chorus.)

5. I didn't mean to hurt no feelings
or make no enmiss;
I were only trying to take a seat
up under the China Berry tree.

Last Chorus:

I hear that chime bell ringing and the
train coming down the track;
Bye, bye, Mr. Bub-bubm,
one day I will be back.

The Cities Are Burning

Words & Music by FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK
©1968 by Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick

Slow Blues — "Lightnin' Hopkins" style

Intro: (Guitar)

Chorus: Lord, you know these cities are burnin' — all over the U.S.A.
Oh — these cities are burnin' now, all over the U.S. A. Yes, you know if these white folks don't settle up soon We all gonna wake up in judgement day. (to verse 1)

Fit verses into four measures using Chords: E - E - E - E7

Intro: Lord, you know these cities are burning
All over the U.S.A. Oh ---

Cho: These cities are burning now
All over the U.S.A.
You know if these white folks don't settle
up soon
We all goin' to wake up in Judgement Day.

1. You know, God told Noah about it --
The rainbow sign
There'll be no more water
But there'll be fire the next time.

Cho: The Bible's fulfillin' now
All over the U.S.A.
And if these white folks don't settle
up soon
We all goin' to wake up in Judgement Day.

2. You know, the first was in Los Angeles
In a section they call Watts
Then Newark, Detroit, and 50 more cities
All began to rock.

Cho.: I say these cities are burning
All over the U.S.A.
Yes, you know if these white folks don't
settle up soon
We all goin' to wake up in Judgement Day.

3. You know our father which art in heaven
Mister Charley owed me a hundred dollars
And he didn't give me but seven
Hallowed be thy name now - Kingdom Come
Hadn't taken that seven
You know I wouldn't have got none.
Cho: That's why these cities are burning
All over the U.S.A.
You know the only solution I see to
this thing
Is non-violence thru Martin Luther King.

BROADSIDE #90

Broadside #96



FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK



Jimmy Collier

Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick

The CITIES ARE BURNING

Two Reviews by Craig Harris

"The Last of the True Believers"

Nanci Griffith

Although she's moved to Nashville, Texas born Nanci Griffith has retained her Lone Star State charm and her songs still recall the people and places of her past. Griffith's compositions set her apart from the typical country music vocalist. She has a knack for creating characters, setting her scenarios in a seamless blend of country and folk music. Accompanying herself on guitar and joined by a large congregation of Nashville session pickers - including Bela Fleck on banjo; Mark O'Connor on mandolin, violin and mandola; and Roy Huskey, Jr. on upright bass - Griffith has brought intelligence, strength and determination to country music. "Once in a Very Blue Moon" composer, Pat Alger, continues to play a strong role in Griffith's sound. Besides playing acoustic lead guitar and high string guitar, Alger has contributed another heartwarming tune, "Goin' Gone." Robin Batteau's chilling violin playing on "Wing and the Wheel" enhances the songs ethereal qualities.



"Living in America"

Aztec Two Step

Fifteen years after Rex Fowler met Neal Schulman in one of Boston's legendary coffeehouses, the duo (collectively known as Aztec Two Step) has released their sixth album. In the midst of pure-as-silk harmonies and tight pop-rock-folk arrangements, Rex Fowler's songs are biting commentaries of contemporary society. The opening tune, "Rabbit in the Noon" compares modern weaponry with the brutal take-over of Mexico by the Spanish conquistadors. While the title track plays into the current trend of songs about America, Fowler takes things a bit further, adding references to "the so-called 'kooks' known as 'anti-nukes'" and the "precious few working for gun control." Several songs, such as "Velvet Elvis" and Schulman's "The Girls on MTV," however, take a much lighter view. Fowler and Schulman's twin guitars are tastefully complimented by a full band, although the album retains its acoustic flavor.

Redwood Records has put out a really groovy pamphlet that has all of their artist's upcoming concert dates listed in it. Also, Redwood has five new releases that I haven't checked out yet. This is not an ad for them actually, it just looks like one. If you want to get their publicity write to Redwood at:

REDWOOD RECORDS...

FIVE NEW RELEASES!

HOLLY NEAR

5/75
8/24
9/1
9/7
9/12
9/17
9/23

10/1
10/11
10/25
11/2
1/8

HOLLY NEAR AND RONNIE GILBERT

Minneapolis, MN
Madison, WI
Chicago, IL
San Diego, CA
Columbus, MO

HOLLY NEAR AND WILLIAMSON

RONNIE GILBERT

8/1
9/1
10/18
11/2
11/8
11/9

JUDY SMALL

9/12
9/13
9/14
9/18
9/19
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9/28
9/29



Selected dates from Redwood Records

NANCY YOGI

10/16
10/17
10/18
10/23
10/24

HUNTER DAVIS

9/3
9/4
9/7
9/12
9/14
9/15
9/18
9/19

FERRON, CONNIE KALBOR &

8/20
8/27
9/1
9/2

REDWOOD RECORDS
476 W. MacArthur Blvd.
Oakland, CA 94609



I'm Scared, Mommy

© 1965
D. Gittelsohn

I'm scared, Mommy, There's a monster under my bed, I'm
scared, Mommy, I've got the covers over my head, It's
coming near, oh please come here & make it go a-way!

I'm scared, mommy,
there's a monster under my bed,
I'm scared, mommy,
I've got the covers over my head,
It's coming near,
oh please come here,
and make it go away!

I'm scared, daddy
There are shadows on the wall
I'm scared, daddy,
There are noises in the hall
Those big black cats and spooky bats
Please make them go away!

Come look, mommy,
There's a movie on TV
Come look, mommy,
Well it doesn't frighten me
Old Frankenstein's a friend of mine
But I'm glad he's gone away.

Guess what, mommy,
guess what you're gonna see
On Halloween, mommy,
That spooky thing is me
Won't it be neat to 'trick and treat'
And scare you all away! BOO!



Coming of Age on the Ocean: A Bar Mitzvah Aboard the QE2

By GEORGIA DULLEA

"This is my first floating bar mitzvah," Rabbi Arthur Schneider of the Park East Synagogue was saying Sunday night as the Queen Elizabeth 2 steamed out of New York Harbor carrying 600 formally attired guests of Gerald and Linda Guterman whose 13-year-old son, Jason, was celebrating his coming of age on the high seas.

Celebrating their bar mitzvah were Jennifer Guterman, 14, and her sister, Robin, 16, daughters of the real estate tycoon by his first marriage. And lest Jeremy, 7, feel overlooked, the Gutermans invited a few of their youngest son's friends and their parents, bringing the number of young people on board to 75 and at times turning the ship into a riotous slumber party.

Although the QE2 has been chartered for cruises by corporations, the Guterman family party was a first, a spokesman for the Cunard Line, Tim Castle, said. The family declined to discuss the cost, but a Cunard official who did not want to be named said that in the past overnight cruises, including food, have cost about half a million dollars.

Mr. Guterman, one of the first developers to sell large numbers of occupied condominiums and cooperative apartments, is head of the Hanover Companies, which owns the Stanhope Hotel and apartment buildings on Roosevelt Island, and has thousands of apartments in such buildings as the Parc Vendome and the Vermeer.

The bar mitzvah cruise began at 4 P.M. Sunday with a dockside string quartet, clowns, balloons and a banner reading: "Mazel Tov, Jennifer, Robin and Jason." Guests with garment bags and children in hand bounded up the gangway and, shortly before the 6 o'clock sailing, helicopters touched down on the sports deck to drop off late-comers including Ivan F. Boesky, the stock and investment speculator.

As the ship sailed 46 miles out into the Atlantic and back, the guests dined, danced, splashed in the pool and wagered at the gaming tables. When the party ended at 10 A.M. yesterday they descended the gangway with somewhat less alacrity than

MEESED

The Pornography Commission
is dishing

out their findings
and thankfully their views aren't binding.

They said the X-rated film, book & magazine
reduces people to sexual fiends.

They urged the public to boycott stores
So now you'll find neo-facist bores
barricading doors and beating up whores
all in the name of the Stop Smut war.

The commission's report is a moral tract
& not a document based on fact.

In '70 a presidential commission
under Nixon had an opposite opinion.

They said you could not link hardcore slime
to the execution of sexual crime

They urged repealing restrictions on buying.
I could almost hear Nixon crying.

This report will be used as the basis
to legislate against latex places.

Apparently they find a connection
linking Debbie Does Dallas with sexual aggression.

That film belongs on the garbage heap
but it didn't make me hot, just put me to sleep.

Same thing with Deep Throat and New Wave Hookers.
Just a camera aimed at lookers and big dicked fuckers.

None of those films can keep my interest.
I may as well be seeing my dentist.

Now I'm not talking about kiddie porn
Guys involved in that should have never been born

and I'm not talking about pictures showing rape
I'm just talking about wanting to rape

at a tape of sex done a zillion different ways
on my VCR (fast forward really pays)

but now due to data completely one-sided
your convenience store manager is going to be chided

to remove nude magazines from his store.
Now I totally agree that Playboy's a bore.

So is Penthouse, Playgirl, Gallery and Chic
but they'll be gone soon so you'd better sneak a peek.

While removal of these rags has some groups elated
let Amendment rights are being violated.

Know how the commission earned their wages?
By writing about porno for 2,000 pages

and not just aspects, the hot stuff's included.
We can only hope the panel was secluded

after flipping through pictures, reading and viewing
contemplating, pondering, thinking, eschewing

or they may have hit the streets as queer-bashers,
whore slashers, dick flashers, woman mashers

sex haters, children baiters, guys with gators on their shirts
kitchen help & other perverts peeling taters
doing weird stuff with the watters.

Spouse beaters, grim reapers, married cheaters, tit tweakers
Psychopathic serial killers packing heaters

No, deviates aren't made by an X-rated movie
Before they saw the movie they were already goofy.

I'll buy, rent and look at what I want in my home
and in there somewhere there's hopefully a poem.

Tim Andersen

!
?
!

An Idealist Wrote 'House I Live In'

To the Editor:

We were proud to hear our father's song "The House I Live In" sung by Frank Sinatra as part of the 100th birthday celebration for the Statue of Liberty on July 3. Our father, Abel Meeropol (he wrote under the pen name Lewis Allan) adopted us shortly after our parents, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, were executed. He lives in a nursing home near us and has been suffering from Alzheimer's disease for eight years.

A committed leftist all his life, he believed in our country's ideals. "The House I Live In" was one of the two songs he wrote of which he was most proud. Yet for over 10 years after he penned the words that capture the ideals of political freedom and diversity this nation cherishes he had to dodge subpoenas from the House Un-American Activities Committee.

He never stopped believing, though some in this country were trying to restrict the application of our political freedoms to exclude people with his views.

We hope that "The House I Live In" will serve to remind all Americans that patriotism is not limited to the right wing. We hope our father's life and work can help convince people to view with suspicion anyone who would curtail political freedom and limit the range of acceptable political debate in the name of anti-Communism, of anti-terrorism or of some "higher" morality.

MICHAEL MEEROPOL

ROBERT MEEROPOL

Springfield, Mass., July 4, 1986

This "letter to the editor" appeared in the New York Times this past July. The music to "The House I Live In" was written by Earl Robinson. The song appeared in BROADSIDE #99 and again in #119. A parody by the authors of their own song appeared in #50, and several other songs by both Lewis Allen and Earl Robinson appeared in various other issues of BROADSIDE. (We can't fault the Meerpols for failing to mention BROADSIDE in their letter; even Forgetful Reagan and Bank Sinatra forgot to mention us during their festivities.)

SAMANTHA

WORDS & MUSIC BY
JERRY ATINSKY

(SLOWLY)

SA-MAN-THA, SA-MAN-THA,
 MAN-THA, WE LOVED YOU, WE
 LOVED YOU, SA-MAN-THA, SA-
 MAN-THA, WE NEED-ED YOU, WE
 NEED-ED YOU, YOUR HEART, YOUR SMILE, YOUR FEARS,
 IT'S YOUR SONGS OF PEACE WE HEAR
 THERE'S SO MUCH TO DO, WE NEED-ED YOU,
 WE NEED-ED YOU, SA-MAN-THA



Samantha, Samantha,
 You're always here,
 you're always here,
 Samantha, Samantha,
 We shed a tear,
 We shed a tear,
 It falls upon the earth,
 the seeds will bring new birth
 There's so much to do,
 We needed you,
 We needed you, Samantha.

SAMANTHA SMITH
 FOUNDATION
 P.O. Box 60
 Manchester, ME 04351

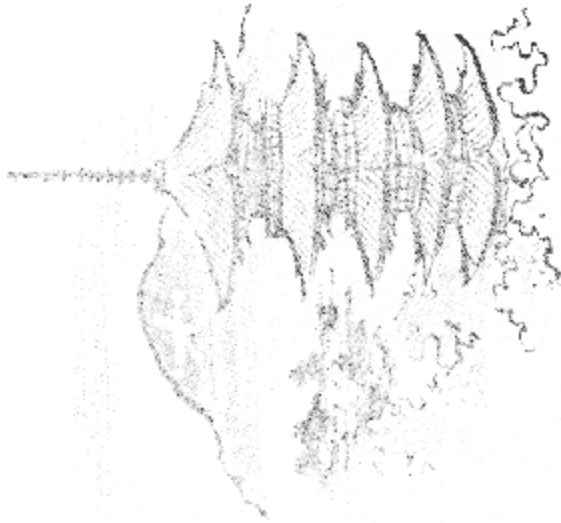
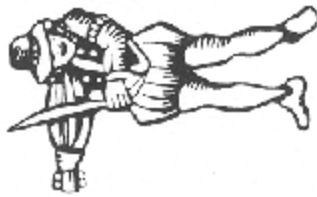
Samantha, Samantha,
 Your dream is near,
 Your dream is near
 Samantha, Samantha,
 You made it clear, you made it clear,
 We were meant to live not die
 These words we hear you cry.
 There's so much to do,
 We needed you,
 We needed you, Samantha.

This song comes from Jerry Atinsky who is involved with the Samantha Smith Foundation. Samantha Smith is the young girl who received an invitation to visit the Soviet Union after writing a letter to Brezhnev. She was killed in an airplane crash in 1985. To many, she was a symbol of international friendship. The foundation was formed by Samantha's mother as an educational and cultural exchange group. For those seeking more information the address is:

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Broadside

P.O. Box 1464
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