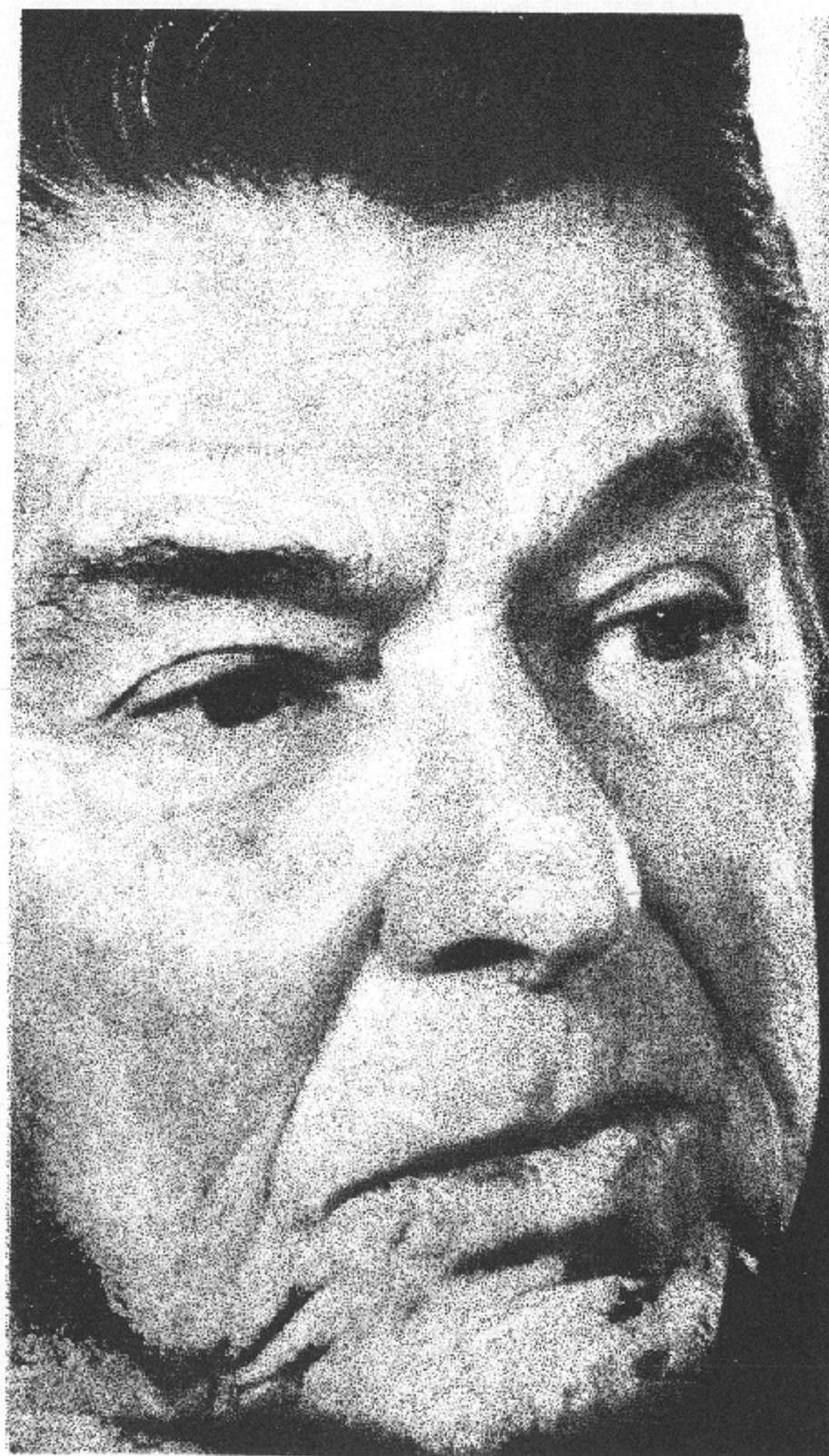


Broadside #178

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

December 1986



I could while
away the hours
conferring with
the flowers
consulting with
the rain...
with the thoughts
I'd be thinkin'
I could be
another Lincoln
If I

INSIDE:

Exclusive interview
With Ronald Reagan

Songs by
BILLY BRAGG
and much more



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It's been clear for a long time now
 that Ronald is not the smartest guy in
 the world, not really on top of it, not
 playing with a full deck, not really in
 the ball game, has got a screw loose, a
 little short on smarts etc. That really
 wasn't new to anyone. The difficult
 thing to understand is who is the smart
 guy up there? There must be someone
 who managed to engineer the incred-
 ibly complex goings-on going on up
 there.

This issue offers more new things to
 BROADSIDEers. I think it's great to
 keep putting things in the magazine
 that you won't find anywhere else. Tuli
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 just for us. So please continue to
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 Who are you dictate your friend's
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BILLY BRAGG

"Soo, what happened at the summit in Iceland? Same thing that happens everyday in Iceland. Fuck all! Nothing!"

This is just one of the ways that Billy Bragg introduces one of his many songs. At the Ritz in New York recently, Billy played to a crowd of about two thousand, and I'd like to see anyone else who bills himself as a political singer handle that crowd on their own. Billy does it with the cleverness of his jokes, the brilliance of his songs, and of course, his electric guitar. It's not something you see very much, a singer alone with an electric guitar. For some reason it seems that an acoustic is what you need if you're alone and an electric only goes with groups. This may be the case with most performers, because the electric is more difficult to control for all but the best and it's none too subtle unless you're good. Billy is good. His strumming between verses is what gets his audience going. It has the beat and punch of rock music and he shows the skill of a Pete Townshend type of guitarist and the kids can sense it. I only say kids because at the Ritz I was surrounded by a noticeably younger crowd; perhaps a crowd that always goes to the Ritz, perhaps not. But there were quite a few that looked sort of "out of the water" that must have been there just for Bragg. Anyway, Bragg played to what must have been for him, a sea of young faces looking as hip as anything that you see in New York.

Billy mixed his own songs with those of others. Leon Rosselson's "The World Turned Upside Down" was prefaced by a lengthy explanation. He knows how to explain a song in a way that makes you listen to him and want to know what the song is about. If it's important to him, which it is, then you want to know too. He sang a country song of his own, and he explained that country music is looked at in a different way in England, with a nice musical quote from Patsy Cline. Another song that he did was "Chile Your Water Runs Red Through Soweto" by Bernice Reagon, and he also told of his admiration for Sweet Honey in the Rock. This song was actually his encore, a cappella. He talked at length about his admiration for American black soul music and performed a great version of Michael Jackson's "I'll Be There." One of Billy's own songs was entitled "Levi Stubbs Tears Run Down His Face." (Levi Stubbs is one of the Four Tops.)

by Jeff Ritter

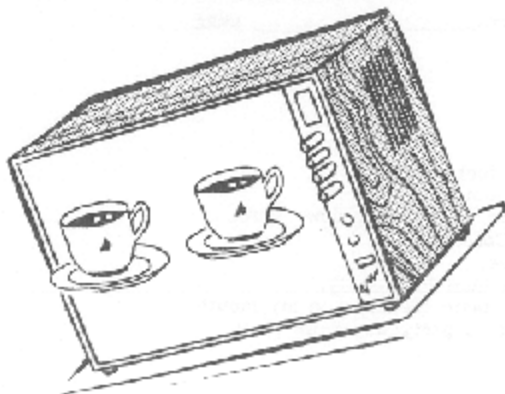
Billy Bragg has a performing quality that most political singers could learn from. Most striking of all is his humor. That may not be something one can learn but there are ways he uses it that can be learned. As he calls himself the spokesman for his generation there is a touch of irony in it; he makes fun of himself. He is aware of the audience's reaction and listens to them. These things make the audience believe in him.

Billy gave each song an introduction which the performer's handbook says shouldn't be done. He gave the political message and idea in each song and explained what the song has to say about the situation and how he feels about it. His way of doing this made each song even more compelling. The way I frequently find out about the impact of a performer is to listen to the crowd afterwards, and luckily I happened to sit in the subway near a couple of kids, about 15 or 16 years old, and one said something about Billy

Billy gave each song an introduction which the performer's handbook says shouldn't be done. He gave the political message and idea in each song and explained what the song has to say about the situation and how he feels about it. His way of doing this made each song even more compelling. The way I frequently find out about the impact of a performer is to listen to the crowd afterwards, and luckily I happened to sit in the subway near a couple of kids, about 15 or 16 years old, and one said something about Billy being "honest about his convictions."

It's easy to understand how this would make a difference to any 15 year old, or anyone for that matter, but especially to the younger person. For a teenager is not necessarily hung upon any kind of ideology or preconceived idea about political ideas. To see a talented guy on stage who has humor, a funny accent, and dresses like one of them, T-shirt, black boots, jeans, can be about the most convincing thing you ever see as a kid. For what else is there that is at all convincing or honest today that young folks are exposed to? I don't know.

Here are a couple of songs by Billy that I encourage everyone to learn and to sing; mention his name when you do it. His records are probably pretty good, he's got a few of them out. I don't have any of them but have heard a few cuts and when ever someone I know has been in England they're always talking about what they heard Billy Bragg sing for this time, what rally etc. etc. If you get a chance to see Billy Bragg, go and see him. If it's at a club or venue where there are usually young people you'll be doubly treated to a good show and what may be a transformation process going on in front of your eyes. For Billy talks about unions, apartheid, nuclear weapons, Reagan, Thatcher, the Soviet Union, and everything else in an honest and sincere way that exposes his conviction as truly heartfelt, and that is the strongest conviction of all these days: honesty.



ISLAND OF NO RETURN




DIGGING ALL DAY AND DIGGING ALL NIGHT TO
HATE THIS FLAT LAND, THERE'S NO COVER FOR

KEEP MY FOX-HOLE OUT OF SIGHT... DIGGING INTO DINNER ON A PLATE ON MY KNEES THE SMELL OF DAMP WEBBING IN THE MORNING
BREEZE
SONS AND PRAYERS AND BROTHERS AND LOVERS, I CAN TAKE THE KILLING, I CAN TAKE THE SLAUGHTER, BUT I DON'T TALK TO 'SUN' ANYMORE.

FEAR IN MY STOMACH, FEAR IN THE SKY I EAT MY DINNER WITH A WARY EYE... AFTER ALL THIS IT WON'T BE THE SAME...
I NEVER THOUGHT THAT I WOULD BE... FIGHTING FASCISTS IN THE SOUTHERN SEA... SOMEONE TO-DAY, AND IN HIS HAND WAS A

MISSING A-BOUT ON SALIS-BURY PLAIN... }
MORNING MADE IN BIRMINGHAM - HAM

PICK UP YOUR FEET, FALL IN, MOVE OUT, HERE

GOING TO A PARTY WAY DOWN SOUTH... ME AND THE CORPORAL, OUT ON A SPREE, DAMNED FROM HERE TO ETERNITY...

I CAN ALREADY TASTE THE BLOOD IN MY MOUTH... HERE

Digging all day and digging all night
to keep my foxhole out of sight
Digging into dinner on a plate on my knees
The smell of damp webbing in the morning breeze
Fear in my stomach fear in the sky
I eat my dinner with a wary eye.
After all this won't be the same
Messing about on the Salisbury Plain

Pick up your feet,
fall in, move out,
We're going to a party way down south.
Me and the Corporal,
out on a spree,
Damned from here to eternity.
I can already taste the blood in my mouth
We're going to a party way down south

GOING TO A PARTY WAY DOWN SOUTH. BRIDGE

I WISH KIPLING AND THE CAPTAIN WERE

HERE TO RECORD OUR PURSUITS FOR POSTERITY.

ME AND THE CORPORAL OUT ON A SPREE, DAMNED FROM HERE

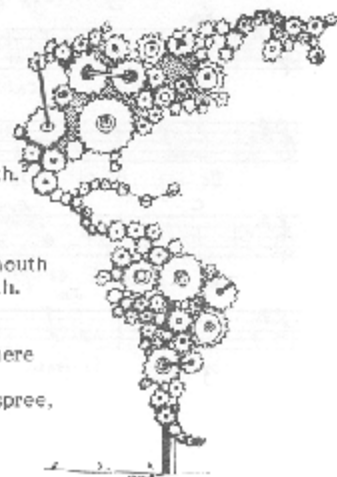
TO ETERNITY. OH.



Oh, hate this flat land
 there's no cover for sons and fathers
 and brothers and lovers.
 I can take the killing, I can take the slaughter,
 But I don't talk to 'Sun' reporters.
 I never thought that I would be
 fighting Fascists in the Southern sea.
 I saw one today and in his hand
 was a weapon that was made in Birmingham.

Pick up your feet,
 fall in, move out,
 we're going to a party way down South.
 Me and the Corporal,
 out on a spree,
 damned from here to eternity,
 I can already taste the blood in my mouth
 We're going to a party way down south.

Bridge:
 I wish Kipling and the Captain were here
 To record our pursuits for posterity,
 Me and the Corporal we're out on a spree,
 Damned from here to eternity.





BETWEEN THE WARS DAYS LIKE THESE

by BILLY BRAGG © 1985 Chappel Music

The party that became so powerful
by sinking foreign boats
is dreaming up new promises
cause promises win votes.
Being resolute in conference
the ad man's expertise.
The majority by their silence
should pay for days like these.

The right to build communities
is back behind closed doors.
Between governments and people stands
the right arm of the law.
Shame upon the patriots
and the mark of the bulldog breed
is a family without a home
and a pensioner in need.

Those whose minds who live by dogma
the waiting for a sign.
The better dead than Red brigade
the listening on the line.
And the liberal, with a small "l"
cries in front of the TV,
and another demonstration
passes on to history.

Peace, bread, work and freedom
is the best we can achieve,
and wearing badges is not enough
in days like these.

The party that be-came so power-ful
By sink-ing fo-reign boats Is dream-ing up new
pro-mi-ses cause pro-mi-ses win votes
Be-ing re-so-lute in con-fere-nce
The ad man's ex-per-tise The ma-jority
by their si-lence should pay for days like these

I was a mi-ner I was a dock-er
I was a rail-way-man be-tween the wars
I raised a fami-ly in time of au-sper-i-ty
with sweat at the foundry be-tween the wars

BETWEEN THE WARS by BILLY BRAGG

I was a miner, I was a docker,
I was a railway man between the wars.
I raised a family in times of prosperity,
with sweat at the foundry, between the wars.

I paid the union and as times got harder
I looked to the government to help the working man.
But they brought prosperity down at the armory.
We're voting for peace me boys, between the wars.

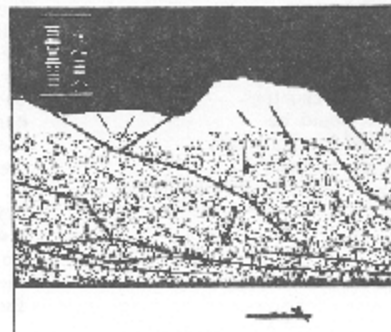
I kept the faith and I kept voting.
Not for the iron fist but for the helping hand.
For this is a land with a wall around it
and mine is a faith in my fellow man.

This is a land of hope and glory,
mine is the green field and the factory floor.
These are the skies all dark with bombers,
and mine is the peace we knew between the wars.

Call up the craftsman, bring me the draftsman,
build me a path from cradle to grave.
And I'll give my consent to any government
that does not deny a man a living wage.

Go find the young man never to fight again.
Bring up the banners of the days gone by.
Sweet moderation, heart of this nation.
Desert us not, we are between the wars.

© 1985 Chappel Music



THE FOLK SINGER'S LAMENT

WORDS BY:
BURNELL YOW!
TUNE:
THE COWBOY'S LAMENT



Musical notation for the first line of the song, including chords (D, AT, D, AT, D) and lyrics: "1. AS I WALKED THE STREETS OF D. C. ONE MORN-ING, AS I WALKED THE STREETS OF D. C. ONE DAY I SPIED AN OLD MAN ALL WRAPPED IN WHITE LIN-EN, ALL WRAPPED IN WHITE LIN-EN AS COLD AS THE CLAY."

2. "I see by your guitar, you are a folksinger,"
These words he did say as I walked slowly by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story:
I launched the first missile and now I must die."
3. "It was once in the White House, I used to go crazy.
Once in the White House, I was heard to say,
Let's knock-off those commies while they're still sleeping.
So I launched the first missile, we're all dying today."
4. "Get my top advisors to carry my coffin,
And write down my words in a sorrowful song,
Take me to Camp David and lay the sod o'er me,
For I'm an old man and I know I've done wrong."
5. I picked up my guitar and strummed a chord on it,
Picked up my guitar and said, "There'll be no song."
I lifted it o'er me and brought it down crashin'
'pon the head of the old man who'd done us all wrong.
6. As I lay down beside him, for I too was dyin'
I felt just like laughing, but I was too pissed.
For I heard the last words that ever he uttered,
He said, "You must be a goddam communist."
7. Now nobody walks in D.C. this mornin',
And nobody walks in Moscow today.
Soon the whole world will be wrapped in white linen,
All wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.



words © 1986 by Burnell Yow!

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NEWS
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SAVE THE DATE

MAY 1, 1987

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On [July 4, 1985], the FDN [the leading Contra group] attacked the cooperative [Puertas Azules, in Mirafloz, Esteli] and set fire to seventeen houses used as living quarters. ... Besides the houses, the *contras* burned the school, the health center, and an office. ... On July 4, the FDN also kidnapped six of the workers, and murdered three. ... Later on July 4, the FDN contingent also attacked the neighboring cooperative, called Oro Verde, where they burned the food supply and killed the animals. There, they tortured and almost decapitated a member of the cooperative, Candelario Espino, 76, who was too old to run.



BROADSIDE INTERVIEWS THE PRESIDENT

[While spending a few days in Washington recently I decided to take a tour of the White House with the rest of the tourists. Quite to my surprise, security was extremely lax and I was able to escape from the public areas into a restricted space, where I came upon the figure of a man slumped in his chair under a copy of "USA Today." Apparently he had fallen asleep reading it, but as I tiptoed past, he suddenly awoke. Following is a transcript of the interview that followed.]

BROADSIDE: Excuse me Mr. President. I didn't mean to disturb you.

RON: That's perfectly alright. I was just reading the comics since nothing terribly important is happening in the news these days anyway.

BR: Mr. President, I'm just a typical American boy, from a typical American town. I believe in God and Senator Dodd and keeping old Castro down. I'm wondering if I might use this opportunity to ask you a few questions.

RON: Go right ahead.

BR: Firstly, can you tell me what you think is the most important thing going on at the White House these days?

RON: At the White House these days progress is our most important product.

BR: Isn't that a rather superficial response?

RON: It's what's up front that counts.

BR: Well, can you tell me how you're doing these days on the war against drugs?

RON: Things go better with Coke.

BR: Wouldn't you agree that coke is a menace to our young people today?

RON: It's the Pepsi generation.

BR: I understand Nancy keeps a gun under her pillow. Do you have one too?

RON: You know me. I never leave home without it.

BR: So many of our top scientists say that your Star Wars plan can't work, yet you persist in spending billions of dollars on it. Do you know something they don't?

RON: The secret in the entire SDI program is Gardol. It provides an invisible shield that protects the earth from decay.

BR: Let's talk about the Iranian arms deal. Do you think the controversy will die down soon?

RON: Takes a licking and keeps on ticking.

BR: Why did you fire Oliver North if you think he's a national hero?

RON: He had ring around the collar.

BR: According to the CIA, sometimes you sent Iran Israeli weapons and sometimes you sent American weapons. How did you choose? When would you send Israeli weapons, for instance?

RON: When you care enough to send the very best.

BR: Well, let me ask you this. You claim you didn't know that the profits Israel made on the weapons sales to Iran were being siphoned off to fund the Contras in Nicaragua. What else didn't you know?

RON: Well, I didn't know that Iran would tell everyone that McFarlane was there and I didn't know that McFarlane would tell everyone that I sent him. I also didn't know that Hasenfus would be shot down. I didn't know that insisting on sending up the Challenger in time for my State of the Union speech would cause it to explode and I didn't know the secret service was going to kill John Kennedy. I didn't know that Nixon was going to erase 18 minutes from that tape and I didn't know that Pat was an alcoholic. I didn't know that Rehnquist was an anti-semitite and a racist and I didn't know that the power of the people is greater than the might of atoms magnified a thousand fold. Now, you'll have to excuse me, it's time for my Geritol.

BR: Well, Ron, so long it's been good to know you. This bullshit is a gettin' my bones and I've got to be moving along.

by Norman Ross

This Old Man



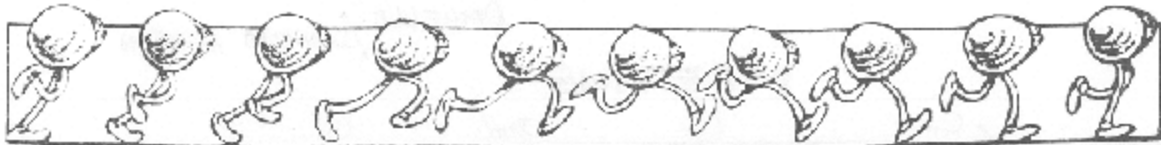
BY JERRY AND BEV PRAVER

© 1983

This old man, he played one
He cut back in Washington
With a nick-knack, paddy whack
Give a dog a bone
This old man should
Go back home!

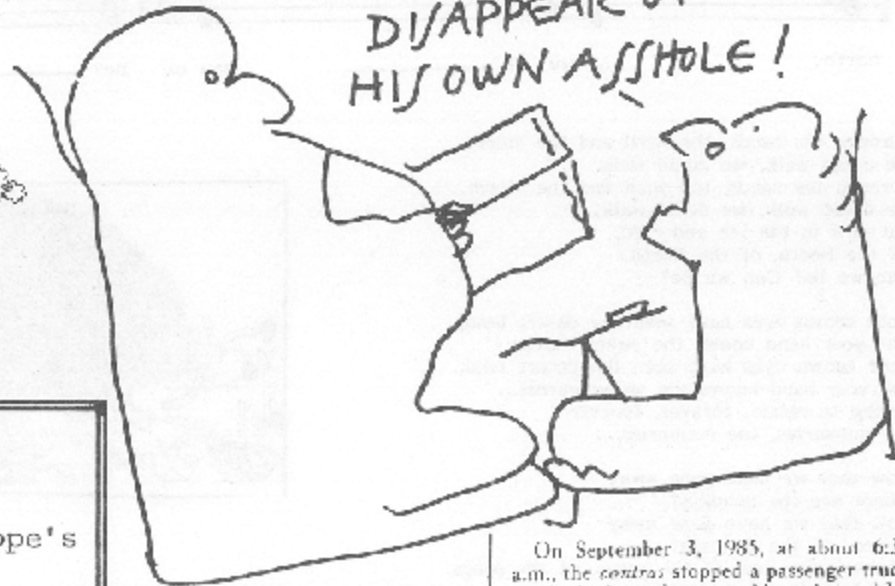
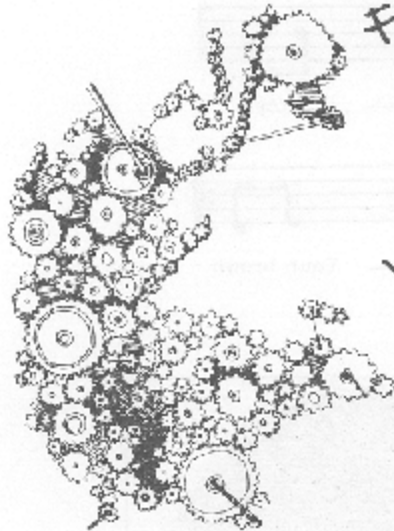
2. He's doin' it to me and you
3. He cut solar energy
4. Now we're in El Salvador
5. ERA did not survive
6. He was better in the flicks
7. Standard Oil is in hog heaven
8. Let's help Nancy decorate
9. M-X missiles all in line
10. Now he's going to run again





I HOID
THE PREZ SAY
HE WAY GONNA
FOLLER THE TRAIL
O' GUILT NO MATTER
WHERE IT LEADS...
WHAT IF IT LEADS TO...!?!

WELL THEN,
I GUESS HE'LL
DI/APPEAR UP
HIS OWN ASSHOLE!



THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

(To the tune of Bob Hope's theme song)

By Fred Horne Jr.

Thanks for the memories
That secret little war
The one we won't ignore
In Nicaragua, Guatemala, and El Salvador
We thank you, so much

Thanks for the memories
Of deficits gone wild
For every hungry child
Who fell right through your safety net
And now they're out of style
We thank you, so much

(bridge)

We thank you for James Watt and Ann Burford
For the Carter briefing papers that were pilfered
For Lebanon and Grenada, now thrilling for our side
But not so thrilling for the boys that had to die

Thanks for the memories
The Pershing and the Cruise
You really lit the fuse
When the world is blown to Kingdom come
I guess you'll take a snooze
We thank you, so much



NEWS
NEWS
NEWS

On September 3, 1985, at about 6:30 a.m., the *contras* stopped a passenger truck on the highway between Almendro and La Flor, in Zelaya. There were about sixty passengers in the truck, all civilians. The *contras* robbed everyone of their watches and money, and in some cases of their shoes. They asked everybody for IDs, and checked them thoroughly. When they discovered the identity of Reina Isabel Rocha Alvarado, they accused her of being the sister of someone they called an assassin. She said she was his cousin. Her mother tried to intervene, but she was pushed aside. Reina was taken away with Gabriel Alonso, an 18-year-old draftee serving in Juigalpa. He was in civilian clothes, but when they searched his backpack they found a radio made in Cuba. Reina was active in the Sandinista Youth and had one brother in the Army and one in the police. Neither Reina nor Gabriel have been found, but a woman who escaped from the *contras* has said that she saw Reina still alive some time after [her] capture. Gabriel is reported to have been killed.

"DANIELLA" / DANIELA ABRETA

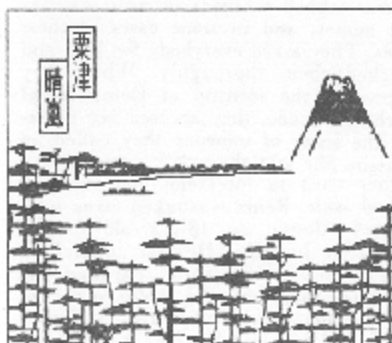
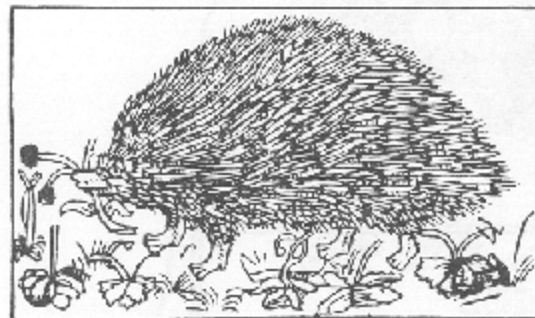
MEETING

Through the sands, the wind and the storm, we could walk, we could walk, Through the
sands, the wind and the storm, we could walk, we could walk, but
Now in the ice and the cold of the north, of the
north, can we be? can we be? Your brown

Through the sands, the wind and the storm,
We could walk, we could walk.
Through the sands, the wind and the storm,
We could walk, we could walk,
But now in the ice and cold,
Of the North, of the North,
Can we be? Can we be?

Your brown eyes have seen the desert land,
And your hand knows the sweet caress,
Your brown eyes have seen the desert land,
and your hand knows the sweet caress...
Trying to retain, forever, forever
the memories, the memories...

Now that we have gone away
Where are the Sundays?
Now that we have gone away
Where are the Sundays?
Where is the soul of the songs, of the songs,
of Andalusia, of Andalusia...



I grew up in Montmartre, Paris, during the war with Algeria. As far as French people were concerned, we were all "Norafs" (North-Africans) and I had to deal with incidents that made me understand that I was different--or thought of as being different--from everybody else. In school, the teacher would explain in front of others why my skin color was "mat" and not pink or fair, why my lips were thicker than theirs and why people who had small foreheads were not as intelligent as people who had big ones....

We lived in a one-bedroom apartment on the second floor of a building. My mother, who had spent much of her time on the sunny roofs of Casablanca, suffered greatly from the lack of sun. There is a song of Enrico Macias, a Jewish Algerian singer who performs for the North-African community in France, that says:

"I left my country, I left my house
My life, my sad life, has no reason to be...
I left my blue sea, I left my sun
That was shining on the white cities I used to love. Sun...sun of my country..."

When we could afford to go to the sea, my mother would also take me to the countryside afterwards for a few days. There, kids would see my face full of sunshine and my wild hair and they would throw stones at me, calling me "nigger...."

I would straighten my hair every evening by combing it sideways around my head and holding it together with the open end of a woman's stocking that I would wear all night long. The next morning my hair would look straight and I was rewarded by my schoolmates, who would pay me compliments on how good my hair looked that way. It was like forcing symmetry on me. With subtle make-up I could make myself look nearly French, trying to fight what was called, my "type." cont.

next page

LEGACY

Smoke drifts from my cigarette
as I sit here drinking wine.
Rain falls gently against the glass
and I wonder where truth lies.
I search for depth and freedom
love along the way,
but mostly I find shallow people
who wear masks night and day.

I travel a long and rocky road
searching for myself.
There are changes I must make
if I'm to find the peace I seek.
I want to be a free man
but freedom's not mine yet,
and I wonder if I'll ever be
master of myself.

There's a bend in the path ahead
where maybe the answer lies,
if not I'll just keep walking,
'till it comes in sight.
Inside a war is raging
while all around me I see,
so many shallow people
wrapped up in vanity,
obsessed with all the tangible things
that they think they need.

There are free rides to be had
but they're not worth the hitching.
There are mansions that house people
who aren't really living.
You were given eyes to see
so take a look around you,
you've got your highs to get you by
but are they worth the price?

We all must find our purpose
keep perspectives in our lives,
act with love and patience
listen to our own advice.
Our way is not the only way
we must keep this in mind,
our children are not our children,
they live in a different time.

We leave behind a legacy
of war and poverty,
nuclear waste is piling up
and we don't know where to store it.
We've polluted most of the rivers,
oceans, lakes, and streams,
we've stripped mined the land for fuel
and the air's not fit to breathe.
I say let us teach our children,
and may we learn from them,
it is they who hold the answers
to the problems that we leave.

The sun is setting in the west
dawn will soon be here.
Another day has come and gone,
I feel so close to death.
I want to leave my children
a home where they can dwell,
deep in the woods
far from the city,
neon lights and man.
To live in harmony
with the land and all living things,
to worship God,
whatever they conceive him to be —

Ralph Edward Butcher



ON BOMBING ABORTION CLINICS

by Don Thornton

Betting with the odds,
a fat man bombed a building.
It crumbled, weeping brick,
into the gutter.

He was on a coffee break &
scored, first time out.
This, more exciting
than watching office girls
sashay around water coolers.

In reply,
the Department of Defense
announced commendations
and mailed him, post paid,
a purple heart plus
a box of dead babies
wrapped in an American flag.

He wrote it, best-seller,
himself the protagonist
with terrorist plot &
screaming pregnant women
hanging mangled from trees.

After national interviews
on Donahue & Johnny Carson
he was cast as hero
in a World War I movie.



cont. from page 10

In Israel, the Jews of Morocco are called "Schwartzes" (blacks) and "Morocco sakin" (Moroccans with knives). They live in suburban areas with other Moroccan immigrants in such towns as Dimona, Netanya or Ashdod, where thousands of Ethiopian Jews have joined them recently. Moroccans do hard jobs that are not well paid, live in low-quality accommodations and are thought of as "primitives" by the Ashkenazis (Jews from Eastern Europe). Andre Chouraqui, the Algerian Jewish writer, says that "what used to be holy in Morocco has become profane in Israel." Indeed, many of the young women who used to be confined to their homes in Morocco, under supervision of the whole family, are prostitutes in Israel.

Years later I lived in England and began to perform. It was there that I realized that my roots were very deeply in music. The longing for my roots was meeting the longing of Jazz for roots of its own.

The resistance that I encountered in the Jewish community as a woman and a singer was the "khol icha" (woman's voice). Apparently, it is a sin for a woman to sing in public or even to be heard by a man, which is why, apart from the fact that there are no women rabbis among Sephardim, one will not hear a woman sing the hazzenout of a peyoutim. Men have monopolized the singing and forbid women to sing. I knew that I came from a very sexist culture where women live in the kitchen, are not allowed outside alone at night, and where they are even refused education. (Both my grandmothers did not know how to write.) But, to be forbidden to sing was a great shock to me because, just as an American singer can be inspired by gospel, I was influenced by the Sephardic tradition of prayer.

"Je Suis un Juif Espagnol"

The song of Enrico Macias expresses our feelings with unanimity: an anti-racist message from North-African Judaism.

I am a Spanish Jew
I am a Greek-Armenian
I am a French-Creole
We are all Parisian strangers.
I am a town of Egypt
I am a street of Roma
I am everywhere one needs to speak to someone
I am an Arab Jew
I am a Black American
I am the son of a nomad
Whatever my destiny will be, will be."

I am keeping in touch secretly with words, things, sounds, perfumes and flavors that remind me of where I come from. What is left to me is the echo of my memories and this eternal longing for the home country and for the friendship and hospitality of an African-Middle-Eastern culture. I cannot go back to Morocco, but I can speak about it and I can sing about it!

A POETRY REVIEW

by Sesshu Foster

HIGH BLOOD/PRESSURE

by Michelle T. Clinton, 1986, West End Press, PO Box 291477, Los Angeles, CA 90029. 45 pages, \$4.95 paperback.

In the harsh light of clear-eyed realism, these poems pronounce terms of resistance of the daily struggle of Black women against poverty and prejudice, for independence and health. The social lightning rod of class, race and sexual oppression is described with raw power. These poems manifest a difficult grace tender and ferocious, at the same time they are savagely funny, deeply sorrowful.

Concerning her denunciation of sexism in Black men, Clinton added an apologetic preface to the book which won't deflect real criticism. Some may attack the book because it directly confronts a woman of color's threefold oppression, and other readers may turn away because the subject may not be set up for a "pleasant read." After all, what Los Angeles poet Wanda Coleman praises in this book as "exuberance and linguistic authenticity" comes from mean streets.

From the 'linguistic authenticity' of her apt use of Black English down to concrete details such as red circled want ads in a creased and folded newspaper implying all the desperation for the unemployed poor, there's a piercing, potent apprehension of the social reality of this poet's experience of South Central Los Angeles.

In a roughly chronological progression the poems move through the "Eviction" and abuse of her mother and siblings in drunken violence in the housing projects through the growing pains in Watts of the 1960's, through disillusionment in 1970's white America, and more. Her contentious relationships with men, Black or white, are portrayed without hesitancy, reserve or self-pity. She feels the emotional pulse of the emotional strife of our time for surviving hope. Poems like "Black Rape," "Feminist Manifesto," "Star Dust," "Anti Apart Hate Art," bring us up to date on her current concerns and mature "pre"-occupations.

Clinton's poetry in it's powerful searching through the political nature of her life serves notice on those who presume to truth, personal or otherwise, while denying or ignoring this part of themselves. These poems are not "political" because they treat issues, but because they search through forces and relationships of oppression arrayed against her from the start. There's a lived poetic here, written by a young poet actively pursuing the meaning of her deepest pains and hopes.

These poems exhibit no detached bucolic aesthetic, distanced from the necessary connection between point of origin and point of view. Not sedative, laid-back poems for bed-rest entertainment, Clinton's poetry speaks, for those struggling to carry the struggle on, to the difficult necessity of developing the organic unity of all means of resistance, whether the oppression is rooted in class, race, or sex. It's a hard line to hoe, and here in the poem "Star Dust," the class/race/sex dynamic is woven in a tense fabric reflecting the harshest reality ever denied by the fine, polished premises of the corporate media:

I am a decent woman
I don't shoot dope, never had to take a righteous
uss whappin', & ain't never sold no pussy,
so I don't have to look at them. I prefer
to sit behind the haze of limp curtains
& wonder at the center of white flowers
on my broken lamp painted with red nail polish



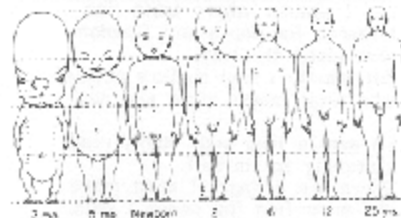
...My old man returns to me, his shoulders hunched
over the Times, his arms carrying white bags & brown bags
"Look at her red pants! I can tell she's a whore!"
"Shut up boy. That's scotch talking.
Can't you be polite?"
"You god damn whore!"
"Shut up man! I got to get along wit those hoas."
"OOOO, I'm gonna fuck you tonight, baby,
I'm gonna do it to you tonight."
As I push him though the door remembering



I am a decent woman. I listen through
the rain to their curses, I hallucinate
unwound hangers, my man brings me wounds
wound in a teat penis, the newspaper
folded & creased, with red circles around
want ads. We eat Chicken McNuggets
with our fingers, drink Jack Daniels
from the bottle."



●Kyoto Symphony Orchestra Concert
Program: J.S. Bach
3/26 (Tue) 7:00pm~
Kyoto Kaikan Daiichi Hall
Charge: (S) ¥3000 (A) ¥2600

NEWS
NEWS
NEWS

Eleuterio Matute, 41, was murdered by the FDN at his house in Cruz de Piedra, a

hamlet ten miles from Condega, Esteli, on December 27, 1985. Mr. Matute was a farmer who was very active in support of the Sandinista government. He was the coordinator of the local *Comité de Defensa Sandinista* (CDS), a health brigadier and a volunteer member of the militia. He was also a lay leader in the Roman Catholic parish. According to witnesses, the FDN came that day, around midnight, and posing as the Army, called out to Eleuterio to come out and go on watch with them. When he did not respond, the *contras* broke a window, threw a grenade through the door and opened fire into the house. Other members of the family managed to escape, but Eleuterio and a 16-year-old son, Benigno, were apprehended inside the house. Another son, 14-years-old, hid inside the house and was not noticed. The *contras* called for the older son, Guillermo, 18, who escaped. Mr. Matute's wife and the younger children, including a seven-month-old baby, who was carried out, made it out of the house and hid in a ravine, and later in a neighbor's house.



The next morning they returned, to find the corpses of Eleuterio and Benigno. According to those who examined the body, Eleuterio's abdomen had been slit open from the chest bone down; he had been punched with a knife or bayonet many times in the chest; and his tongue had been cut out. The examiner who inspected the body said the heart had been taken out. Benigno's body, found a short distance from the house, bore three bullet wounds.

cont. page 15

FOLKWAYS FATE

by Jeff Ritter

Articles and tributes to Moses Asch have been appearing everywhere. Asch, the founder of Folkways records died in October. There certainly is a great feeling of loss. Mo was a visionary man and the work of his life stands as truly monumental. While his business put on the map many names of folk music, the true legacy of Folkways is the records that never were very popular, but will remain in the heritage of the Smithsonian Institution, which has acquired Folkways.

I saw an ad in the help-wanted section of the New York Times for a marketing expert for the Smithsonian. They wanted someone with an MBA and lots of experience, particularly mass marketing through the mail. At the bottom of the ad it said that the Smith is not a government institution but that you need to fill out a wx45-745c33391*81 form to be considered for the job. Of course, there's only one place to get the above mention form, some government office.

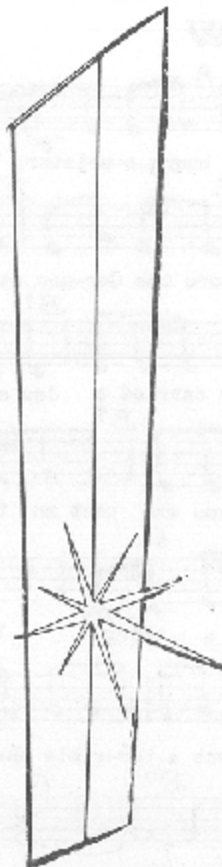
So maybe they're planning a major marketing event to sell Folkways records to the general public now and that'd be great. All of the folks who have records on Folkways would get all kinds of royalties and they'd even sell lots of the BROADSIDE RECORDS that are on Folkways and we'll get lots of new subscriptions. Of course, the marketing director that they want could be for the sales of a new World War III chess set in bronze and titanium and they are hoping to put Folkways in the basement and sell Pete Seeger records and save the rest for our ancestors. Nobody I know knows how much the government is into the Smithsonian. Maybe they're going to put Folkways in a case next to Archie Bunker's chair. All I know, is that there is a lot of material recorded by Folkways, besides the obvious anthropological and educational material, that could be considered subversive by anyone in the government and we had better keep an eye on what they do with it and let them know that we are watching them too.



**AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC
AND FOLKLORE
RECORDINGS 1985
A SELECTED LIST**

American Folklife Center

Library of Congress
Washington, D.C. 20540



A LETTER!

Dear BROADSIDE,

Recently I performed a few of my songs here at the Reading Terminal in Philadelphia.

I was one of eight area folksinger who gave a concert to welcome the great Peace March to our city. One of the singers was a young woman named Gabriella Sacks. We had never met before, and I discovered that she had learned "These Damn Topical Songs" from the pages of BROADSIDE. Needless to say, I was very pleased — for two reasons: 1) Every topical songwriter hopes that his/her songs will be liked enough to prompt someone else to learn and sing them, and 2) It said to me that BROADSIDE is doing exactly what it is designed to do, and that is to get those damn topical songs in print and out to the many singer/activists in the field, so that they can be utilized and enjoyed. Of these two reasons to be pleased, I regard the latter as the most important. Keep up the good work.

Yours,

Burnell Yow!

"I saw in the distance what looked like an animal. As I got closer I realized it was a man. When I reached him I saw he was my brother."

Cary Grant in "None But the Lonelyheart"



SONG NOTE ☉.☉.☉.☉.

I tried to get a song for BROADSIDE, and, I'm sorry everybody, I failed. Paul Simon is wrapped up in some kind of a deal with Warner Brother's, and let's all feel sorry for him folks, he has lost control or maybe he just doesn't like BROADSIDE, who knows. I wanted to put a song from his new album, Graceland, "All Around the World or the Myth of Fingerprints," in BROADSIDE, but they wouldn't let me have it after making me call and write a letter, send an issue, write another letter etc. etc. I think it's a great song and I learned it off the album. And like lots of Paul Simon's songs, I think it could enter the popular repertoire of guitar players, like "Duncan" and "Me and Julio". So they wouldn't let me print it. So all I can say is learn it off of the album if you have it and play it to other musicians. It's the best song on the album and I heard him explain what it means in an interview on the radio even though he said he knew he shouldn't explain it. But you know I'll never tell.

We Didn't Know

WORDS and MUSIC by TOM PAITON

"We didn't know", said the bourg-o-meister, "A- bout the camps on the edge of town.
 It was Hitler and his crew that tore the Ger-man na-tion down. We saw the cat - tle
 cars, it's true, And may-be they carried a Jew or two, They woke us up as they
 rattled through, But what did you ex- pect me to do?" **CHORUS** We did-n't
 know at all, We didn't see a thing. You can't hold us to blame,
 What could we do? It was a ter-rible shame But we can't bear the blame,
 Oh, no not us, we did-n't know.

Copyright 1965 Deep Fork Music, Inc.

"We didn't know", said the congregation
 Singing a hymn in their church of white
 "The Press was full of lies about us,
 Preacher told us we were right.
 The outside agitators came;
 They burned some churches and put the blame
 On decent southern people's names,
 To set our colored people aflame
 And maybe some of our boys got hot
 And a couple of niggers and reds got shot.
 They should have stayed where they belong
 And preacher would've told us if we'd done wrong."
 (Cho.)

"We didn't know", said the puzzled voter,
 Watching the President on TV
 "I guess we've got to drop those bombs
 If we're gonna keep South Asia free.
 The President's such a peaceful man,
 I guess he's got some kind of plan,
 They say we're torturing prisoners of war,
 But I don't believe that stuff no more,
 Torturing prisoners is a communist game
 And you can bet they're doing the same
 I wish this war was over and through,
 But what do you expect me to do?"
 (Cho.)

Broadside # 63

AIDS: A SHADOW IN GRAY

His face is drawn
 and thin now, more
 so than it ever was.
 The letters he writes
 to me grow shorter with
 each month; thoughts
 seem rushed, abbreviated.
 He dwells on simplistic
 ideas - the changing of
 seasons, the creatures
 he watches from the
 other side of a window.

He feigns detachment,
 (for my sake or his?),
 speaks in medical terms,
 sterile words that sound
 unnatural for an artist
 to be using. He has
 learned these words the
 hard way, learned them
 first-hand, although I
 am now learning them, too.
 It is my education at the
 cost of his suffering.

The watercolors he used to
 paint ended up all running
 together in shades of
 dismal grays, filled with
 ominous figures and
 indistinguishable shapes;
 a thousand haunting shadows
 all lined beneath the gray.
 Then the paintings ceased
 to be created; the artist's
 strength finally drained,
 the loving hand now stilled.

His voice sounds wafer
 thin. Still, I manage to
 convince myself that it is
 the long distance connection,
 the miles, the states between
 us that cause him to sound
 so far away. In my heart I
 know better.
 But the letters stop as
 his lungs begin to fill.

I go to see him, slipping
 my arms around his frailty,
 trying to hold him but not
 too tightly. He smiles at
 me, his eyes clouding over,
 his features more gaunt than
 I have anticipated.

I stay with him to care for
 him, to love him. The days
 surrounding us drift further
 away from their vibrant hues
 and capture our lives like
 unframed watercolors, colors
 smeared 'till gray, 'till
 there is nothing but the gray.

There are no strong voices
 resonating from room to room,
 only whispers that echo inside
 the vast loneliness we share
 together - reminders that we
 are apart from the living,
 that we are no longer
 one with the world.

cont.

next page



A CALL FOR SONGS

HATS OFF TO OLD FOLKS: A Celebration of Songs About Aging is currently being researched and edited by Bob Payton and Denise Dreher. They are actively soliciting books, records and songwriters for songs which reflect the positive aspects of both growing old and being old. Their books intended for use by the general public at sing-along gatherings, in senior centers, nursing homes, churches, music therapy, family support groups, aging conferences, college courses on aging, elementary and secondary schools, and most importantly, by performing musicians everywhere. The book will include chapters on ways the young look at the old, the emotional and physical experience of aging, family relationships, cultural changes; love in later life, reminiscences, issues of faith, and, finally, facing death. The editors plan to include 50 to 75 songs, both modern and traditional, humorous and serious, which will be printed with lyrics, melody line, and chords for piano and guitar. Songs with strong sing along choruses are especially sought.

Payton is a recreation therapist and folksinger who has worked as a music therapist in nursing homes for over six years. Dreher is a playwright and editor currently researching and writing about the final stages of life. Both feel a gap in our education and in the media regarding positive images of aging. "Our culture often stereotypes old people as non-productive and useless," says Payton. "This view is changing, however, as the older generation increases in number and becomes more assertive. We need positive role models, images and ideas to help foster that change. Older people can continue to learn and grow even after retirement if confined to an institution such as a nursing home, and I believe they need to be treated as such. A book of songs which expresses the good feelings and experiences of our older generation will make it easier for all of us to accept, look forward to, and celebrate aging."

Anyone who has written a song or knows of songs which should be considered for this anthology may submit a tape or the written song to Bob Payton, PO Box 7596, Minneapolis, MN 55407. The deadline for submission is June 30, 1987. All song rights will be negotiated accordingly. For more information contact Payton and Dreher at (612) 722-8951.



PEOPLE'S MUSIC NETWORK WEEKEND
FRIDAY 1/30 - SUNDAY 2/1

The dates for the People's Music Network winter meeting have been announced. They are as above. The meeting will take place in Hartford at the Greater Hartford Community College. It sounds like a great place. If you've never been to a weekend meeting you should try this one out. Lots of folks from all over show up with instruments and songs and are not too shy about sharing any of them. There are workshops on various aspects of political music and sing alongs, and a "Round Robin" where you can sing your newest song (or any song) for everyone (if you can stay up real late!) For more information call Ruth Howell (203) 527-7349 or write them at PMN/SPS 37 Bliss St., Hartford, CT 06114. Do it quickly! By the way, the fee is \$45, which includes food and housing, but if you can't swing that much they will help you out! Know anywhere else you can get a deal like that and all the songs you can stand for as long as you can stay awake?

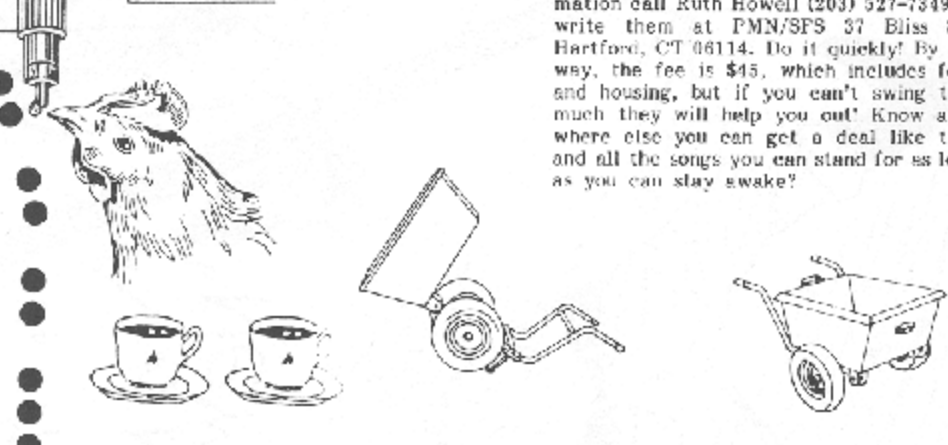


AIDS: A SHADOW IN GRAY

I stoke the fire to take away the ever-present chill, and sweep a whisp of hair from his forehead. His eyes stare into mine-burn though me - silently seeking a reason, a form of justification. His eyes, sad and tired, keep asking me, "Why?"

But there is no justification, no answer, no glory to this process of death. And, helplessly, I watch him fade like a sunset from my life.

by Marla Hohmeier



Some of the poems let you laugh at part of the pain with the rush of youth, with a sense of humor silly with a health that has not lost it's bite in spite of scars and hard knocks. With such a vital sense of humor as part of a balanced perspective, and while not yet analytical, Clinton may well develop the fine survival instincts and split-second reflexes of this first book of poems into politically deeper, more comprehensive poetics in her future work.

Sesshu Poster

Samantha Smith Book Out

MOSCOW, Dec. 6 (Reuters) — The Novosti press agency has published a book about the 1983 visit to the Soviet Union by Samatha Smith, a Maine schoolgirl. The girl, who was killed in a plane crash in August 1985 at the age of 13, is portrayed here as a national heroine.

Broadside
 P.O. Box 1464
 New York, NY 10023



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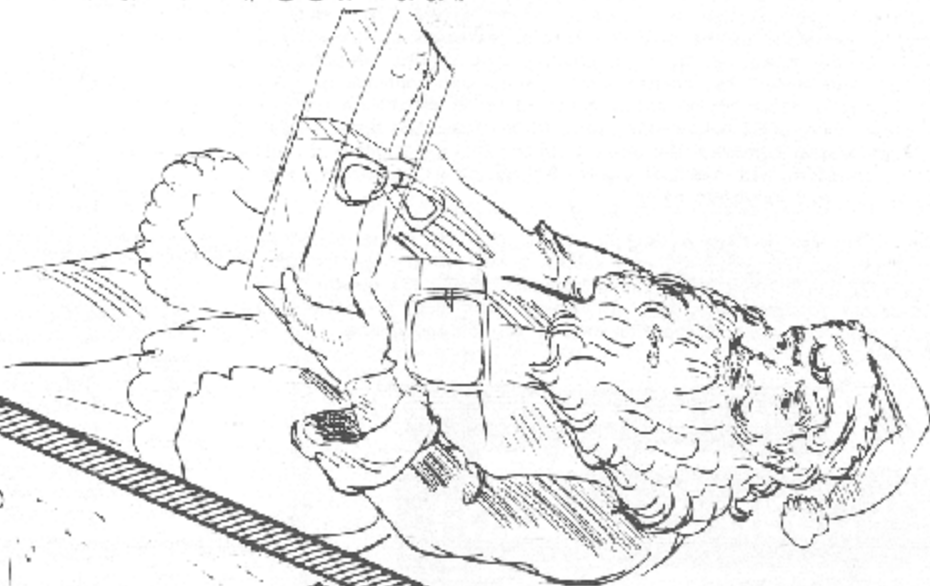
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Merry Christmas...



... AND
 A HAPPY
 NEW YEAR



M. C. ...

