

Broadside #179

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1987



THE WORLD THAT GOD FORGOT

songs
*poetry * articles*

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BROADSIDE #179

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NOTES



Regular readers of BROADSIDE will probably have noticed by now that the magazine changes a little bit with each issue. This is basically because of the variety of the material that comes in the mail. Though, when a big event occurs we can usually count on getting some swift responses to it in song. Ideally we'd like to have a backlog of great material to chose from for each issue.

A protest song needs to have a couple of things to make it good. It isn't necessary to have fancy chords, elaborate structure or fanciful language. A main point is good to have, a chorus that people can sing along with and perhaps some humor. We have examples of all of these in this issue. Ray Korona's "Outer Space, Inc." is a funny song and turns on a funny concept but with the underlying serious issue of the commercialization of nature that is prevalent in our society. "Planet Rap" is a good story song, not necessarily something that others will sing, but it tells David Robinson's story of his trip to the mountains with Soviet and Swiss doctors with a good rhyme and beat. Tuli Kupferberg's "Reagan-ation" is to a well-known tune and has lines that are really funny.

So pen your song soon and send it in. As much for other readers as for your own satisfaction and for the future of BROADSIDE, send it in!!



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David Robison is a member of Physicians for Social Responsibility, North Carolina Triangle Chapter. He writes rap songs which fall in the category of what Yolanda King calls, "education."

planet rap

by David B. Robinson



中國紅包

I've got a planetary rap
And it's a story to tell
The risk of nuclear war
'What we're tryin' to quell

Yeah, we've got an idea
We went climbin' for peace
Docs from three countries
North, south, west and east

America, Switzerland,
USSR too,
Med students and doctors
We made up the crew

You see we wanted to find
Just what it is we share
Now we know we're all just people
Got no reason to be scared

Yeah, we got an idea
And we want it to spread
And get the tired ideologies
Right out of our heads

Refrain
By singin' P-L-
A-N-E-T
Yeah, we gotta share the planet
Or we're all history

We say U-S-A
U-S-S-R
We gotta work together
Or we ain't goin' far

Well the first thing we did
Ah-ha we went and shook hands
When you're makin' new friends
It's the way to begin

After doin' that
Lemme explain to you
We tried the Soviet language
And here's a word or two!

You go "ZDRAHST-vooy-tsyeh"
to say "How do you do?"
"Hello," "What's up?"
"Tell me what's new!"

You say "pah-ZHAH-loo-stah"
When you wanna say "Please"
Or even "You're welcome"
Now ain't that a tease?

Then there's "dub-avyec-DAHN-yah"
Instead of "Good-bye"
"pah-KAH" for short
No I, don't know why!!

REFRAIN

Now in the game of peace
I think we're playin' a role
I'm tellin' you about it
And I'm doin' it with soul!

We went and climbed a mountain
By the name of El 'beus
It's the highest in all Europe
and we went as a group!

Up there we buried a message
Way down in the snow
That our future generations
Are gonna come to know

We're like climbers on a mountain
Roped together real tight
If one shakes the rope
Then both drop outta sight!

Are you suspicious of me?
Am I suspicious of you?
We gotta work together
Or together we're through

Am I suspicious of you?
Are you suspicious of me?
Look me in the eye
And tell me what you see!

It's understandin' that we need
'N' friendship too
Forget the image of the enemy
Me and you

REFRAIN

We call it "citizen diplomacy"
It's up to you and me
If we assume we're all enemies
We'll never be free!

People, all nations
Creeds and colors
We got to get all together
Got to realize we're brothers

Talkin' planetary patriot
Gotta change the way we think
International madness
Has pushed us on the brink!

'See people are people
And we think we can live
Without the image of the enemy
'Got nothin' to give

No I'm not here to argue 'bout
Our different governments
A missile is a missile
Too much money bein' spent!

Yeah, we gotta make friends
My friend, don't you see?!

REFRAIN

Or else our mother the earth
'Be just a memory....



的。第一。午。下。了。一。首。歌。
。在。這。首。歌。中。有。一。句。話。
。是。這。樣。說。的。：「我。們。
。要。為。世。界。的。平。安。而。
。去。奮。鬥。」這。是。一。句。
。多。麼。好。聽。的。話。啊！
。你。聽。了。這。句。話。後。
。就。會。覺。得。心。中。有。
。一。股。熱。流。在。流。動。
。這。就。是。這。首。歌。的。
。力。量。

NO APARTHEID

WORDS & MUSIC BY
JERRY ATINSKY

E B7

LIGHT UP THE DARK-NESS, LIGHT UP THE NIGHT.

E

SHOW ME THE WAY TO JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

E7 A E

TURN OFF THE HATRED THAT LURKS IN THE MIND,

B7 E

LIGHT UP THE WAY FOR ALL HU-MAN-KIND.

E B7

REFRAIN NO A- PART- HEID, NO MORE THE SHAME,

E

NO MORE THE HUN-GER, NO MORE THE PAIN.

E7 A E

LIGHT UP THE WORLD, LIGHT UP THE FLAME.

B7 E

NO MORE A- PART- HEID, NO MORE THE SHAME.



Light up the pathway,
Light up the sun.
No more the passbook,
no more the gun.
Give me the courage
to light up the land.
No more apartheid --
give me your hand.

Refrain
No apartheid,
No more the shame,
No more the hunger,
No more the pain.
Light up the world,
Light up the flame,
No more apartheid,
No more the shame.

Light up the morning,
Light up the day.
No more the sorrow --
Freedom's on its way
Light up the candle --
No more the tear.
No more the sorrow,
no more the fear.
(refrain)

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MAN

MAN

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sometimes i think i see a heaven in my head
 i'm watching television from my bed
 what am i to do, tv, tell me who to be
 i'm absolutely tuned in
 you have control of me
 oh world i wish sometimes you'd disappear
 but when i change the channel
 you're still there

Thomas Main



Reaganation

by Tuli Kupferberg

Tune: Acres of Clams

Verse melody They tell us a story of lying
 Of lying and of murder too
 To whom is this tale mystifying
 Not 'me boys, perhaps 'tis you.

Chorus melody They're telling a story of Reagan
 Our President so bold and so true
 How can he be a false killer --
 When he's wrapped in the red, white and blue?

Vm Rapped in the red, white and blue boys
 Wrapt in the red, white and blue
 A man of the movies, a starlet
 But he's just an asshole like you.

Cm He's just an asshole like you, goys ("goys" is correct)
 Yes, he's just an asshole like you
 You 'lected him in 1980
 Dunc more in '84 too. ("Dunc" is correct)

Vm O my, o my he's a liar
 As if you didn't even know
 He's killed many people off welfare ("OIE" is correct)
 Nicaragua, Grenada, much mo'.

Cm He smiles when he gives you the shaft, me lad ("Me" is correct)
 He smiles when he gives you the shaft (ha-ha)
 If you think he cares about poor folks
 Well then I surmise that you're daft.

Vm He always finds money for wars, girls
 He always finds money for death
 He'll fight for the rights of the rich, boys
 he'll fight for them to your last breath.

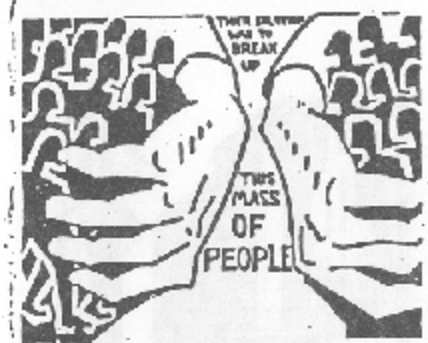
Cm So here's to President Reagan, boys
 To Ollie, to Don and to Cap
 To some they're All American Heroes
 To me they're just murderous crap.

Cm So here's to Dumbo Ron Reagan, boys
 To Ollie, to Don and to Cap
 Retard To some they're American Heroes
 To us they're American crap.



THE WAR AGAINST THE POOR... "SPATIAL DECONCENTRATION"

from New York Greens



Outer Space, Inc.

by Ray Korona

© 1985 by RAY KORONA

FAST ROCK
Verse: E

G C#m A
Got an idea whose time has come. It's a money-maker I
think. I call it Outer Space In-corporated-- that's Outer Space,
Inc. Bridge: A E
NASA says we've had enough frivolous explor-
ation. Finally, the stars are ripe for commercial exploi-
tation.

A COMMISSION WAS
SET-UP TO STUDY
THE RIOTS.



CONSISTING OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE
MILITARY, BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT

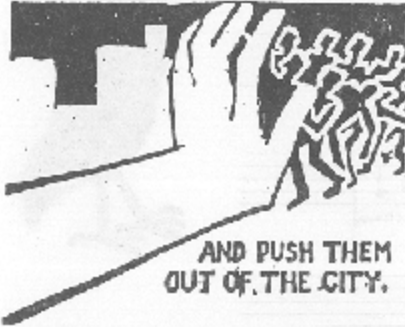


THEY DID NOT
BELIEVE THAT
POVERTY
CAUSED
THE
RIOTS



THEY
BLAME
THE RIOTS
ON THE
PEOPLE

AND PUSH THEM
OUT OF THE CITY.



THIS PLAN HAS ALREADY RESULTED IN
A WAVE OF

HOMELESSNESS



WHAT ARE PEOPLE GOING
TO DO ABOUT IT?



Got an idea whose time has come. It's a money maker I think.
I call it Outer Space Incorporated -- that's Outer Space, Inc.

You fall into a big black hole and your spaceship begins to sink.
We've got an intergalactic towing truck, call Outer Space, Inc.

You get stranded on a red hot star and you're dying to have a drink.
Don't sweat it -- there's a robot vending machine. Thank Outer Space, Inc.

Bridge: NASA says we've had enough frivolous exploration.
Finally, the stars are ripe for commercial exploitation!

Gonna grab up the sun and the moon; copyright them before you blink.
Then if you want to see them aga'in, pay Outer Space, Inc.

Say you really need to fly home fast, then let's hear those tokens clink.
We run an extra-terrestrial toll road at Outer Space, Inc.

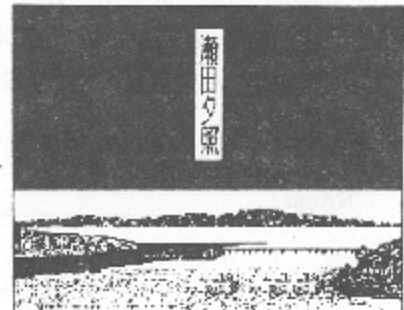
If this sounds like it's just one big joke, let me tell you we're on the brink.
You can be left out or buy stock now in Outer Space, Inc.

Bridge: We've learned back on Planet Earth you've got to get in and take your share.
Space can make us rich I'm sure or they wouldn't have put it there.

--Repeat first verse--

Chorus: (Insert where desired, same tune as verse)

Bop she bop she bop do wop wop, bop she bop she bop cash,
Bop she bop she bop do wop wop, bop she bop she bop trash!



New Underground Railroad

Handwritten musical score for guitar in G major. The score consists of five staves with lyrics written below the notes. Chords are indicated by circled letters above the staff lines.

Lyrics:
 On the New Underground Railroad running from the death squad running from, tears on the
 New Underground Railroad will they be welcome up here
 when the slaves ran North in the Civil War there was a midnight knock on a
 midnight door and a young farm family hid a runaway slave and kept her from
 early grave



by Gerry Tenney

©1985 Lost Tribe Music

Chorus:
 On the new underground railroad
 Running from the death squads, running from fear
 On the new underground railroad
 Will they be welcome up here?

When the slaves ran north in the Civil War,
 there was a midnight knock on a midnight door.
 And a young farm family hid a runaway slave,
 and kept her from an early grave.
 (chorus)

And they called it the underground railroad,
 running from her master's cold cruel hands.
 They called it the underground railroad,
 on up to Canaan's land.

When the Nazis came in the Second World War,
 there was a midnight knock on the midnight door
 And an old Polish woman on the Aryan side
 took a young Jewish boy in the cellar to hide.
 (chorus)

It was another underground railroad,
 run from the gestapo through the sewer walls.
 It was another underground railroad,
 keep moving, no time to fall.

And now war rages in El Salvador,
 you hear a midnight knock on a midnight door,
 And a church door opens in the middle of the night,
 half a family walks in their faces filled with fright.
 (chorus)



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1936 SECRET IS OUT DOCTOR SPED GEORGE V's DEATH

London, Nov. 27 -- As he lay comatose on his deathbed in 1936, King George V was injected with fatal doses of morphine and cocaine to assure him a painless death in time, according to his physician's notes, for the announcement to be carried "in the morning papers [i.e. The Times of London] rather than the less appropriate evening journals."

NY Times, Nov. 28, 1986

Hold the AIDS cure back
For the autumn season
"Why," you say, "Shd we do that?"
Viewer share's the reason.

Watson, oxytocin!
We'll make the Evening News
Here boras Jesus Christus
New King of the Jews!

"Don't you dare to end the war
Till I've boffed my date.
If they ask you why, oh why
Say, 'Affairs of State!'"

And when the Good Lord comes for you
Say: "That isn't nice. --
Cdntya please return at 'leven
After Miami Vice?"

by Tuli Kupferberg

everday by Sheryl L. Nelms



Laws and absolutions
administered reality chokes
freedom's voices,
Under the gun and
below the salt is seated
self-oppression, electing
Strife with sharpened sword
in lieu of friendlier bedfellows;
blinded justice,
attorneys-in-law, both
Grown seemingly softer-nailed with time
and too predictably passioned.



Sing Your Way To A Long Lung Life

The results of a new study suggest that the more you sing, the longer you may live, according to a recent article in *Inspiration*, a publication of the American Lung Association of Michigan.

Research of Kathleen A. McCormick, Ph.D., of the Gerontology Research Center, National Institute on Aging, and the University of Maryland in Baltimore, shows that professional opera singers have stronger chest wall muscles and that their hearts pump blood better than those of otherwise normal, nonsinging adults. This may help explain why professional singers often outlive nonsingers by 20 years or more.

Dr. McCormick examined lung and heart function during sustained deep, or abdominal, breathing in 20 members of the New York City Opera Company who were between 28 and 65 years of age. Some of the singers smoked, and some never engaged in physical conditioning exercises. Regardless of these factors, the group as a whole was able to maintain diaphragmatic breathing with large lung volumes during testing.

Throughout the tests, their hearts worked more efficiently in pumping blood and their heart rate was lower than that in a group of young nonsingers, all under 40 years of age.

Normally, heart and lung functions decline with age in most adults. This decline is accelerated in people who smoke and those who live a sedentary lifestyle. According to Dr. McCormick, the results of this study indicate that the decline can be slowed down by singing.

"Singing is a conditioning exercise of the muscles of respiration," Dr. McCormick said. "It very efficiently tones up the chest wall muscles in a manner similar to swimming, rowing, and yoga."



Acatelectic falsehoods
Expediently coalesced,
beget more paper-bellied subcommittees
to investigate our investigations
of our investigators who investigate
ourselves;
All the while disclaiming their involvement
directly, though many are admonished
indirect,
somewhat station-to-station, static/crackle
politics,
manipulations at a glance, however (not too
many, you'll go blind)
Stare and swear it
not to be our doing
our stone of Sisyphus;
Bitch and moan.

if i was you by Dave Elder

I'd keep an eye on those who lead if i was you
 I'd ask them where they're taking me if i was you
 I'm not trying to tell you what to do i'm only say-ing
 if i was you

© 1986 Dave Elder



I'd keep an eye on those who lead
 if i was you
 I'd ask them where they're taking me
 if i was you

I'm not trying to tell you
 what to do
 I'm only saying if i was you

I'd listen to that distant drum
 if i was you
 and wonder how the orders come
 if i was you
 I'm not trying to tell you what to do
 I'm only saying if i was you
 I'd want to read the bottom line
 if i was you
 before I'd sign my blood to the fight
 if i was you

I'm not trying to tell you what to do
 I'm only saying if i was you

I'd know the colors and the cause
 if i was you
 before I'd step those marches off
 if i was you

I'm not trying to tell you what to do
 I'm only saying if i was you

© 1986 Dave Elder



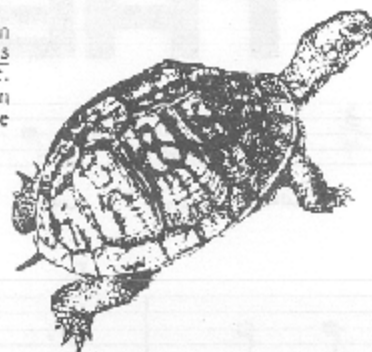
redwood records sampler

Lots of record companies used to put out what they called "sampler" albums with songs from many of their artists on them. These albums were pretty cheap and could give you a look at some music you might not listen to otherwise. That was a marketing device devised by the big record companies. Now, a small record company is following their lead. Redwood has put out "The Redwood Collection: Selected Music from Redwood Records."

This album features thirteen different artists from the Redwood list and they are all superb. The album has songs from each of the areas of Redwood's artist roster. If you know someone who likes the Weavers, there's Ronnie Gilbert singing "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" solo, and "Harriet Tubman" with Holly Near. Judy Small, Guardabarranco, Linda Tillery, Inti-Illimani, Fenton and others. There are instrumentals by Nancy Vogel, by Mary Watkins and by Inti-Illimani. It's a real good 'little-bit-of-everything' album. I would particularly recommend it as a gift for someone who likes one song/artist on the album but has never been exposed to the rest of it. Write Redwood Records, 476 MacArthur Blvd. Oakland, CA 94609. Jeff Ritter



There has been a controversy raging, involving BROADSIDE, at *Fine Times*, a magazine in Wilmington, Delaware. Vic Sadot is from around those parts and it seems that *Fine Times* writer Dale Dallabrida noted Vic's song in BROADSIDE as a big deal for March last year. This page contains both the inspiring critique and the letters that followed. If you can understand that much, then you can probably also read Mr. Dallabrida's lousy excuse for French.



FINE TIMES
Magazine

The Leading Edge in Issues,
Arts, & Entertainment

MARCH

BROADSIDE

WHAT IS THIS MAN
TRYING TO SAY?



WHY CAN'T HE SAY
IT IN ENGLISH?

**SACRE BLUES: LES
CHANSONS CRYPTIQUE
DU VIC SADOT**

In March, Newark folk-rock fixture Vic Sadot saw his face on the cover of *Broadside* magazine, the national journal of topical songwriters.

Broadside began publishing in 1962, when topical songwriters were known as protest singers. The magazine plugged then-unknowns like Janis Ian, Phil Ochs, and Bob Dylan.

The March issue singled out a Sadot composition, "Mon Haiti." The song seems to be about Haiti, but it's hard to be sure—all the lyrics are in French. For all I know, the song could be about croissants or little moustaches.

LETTERS

Sacre Bleu

To the editor:

Your look back at 1986, while tongue-in-cheek and self-ribbing, may have left a wrong impression regarding Vic Sadot, the folk-rock artist from Newark, and his song "Mon Haiti." As you noted, Vic and his song were featured in the March edition of *Broadside*. Your writer said he did not know what the song was about because it was written in French. An English translation was, in fact, published with the song. The reason it was in French is because the people of Haiti speak French, not English. Vic sang "Mon Haiti" before an appreciative crowd of 3,000 Haitians in Washington, D.C., last summer when they were demonstrating for democracy in their homeland. The song is about the Haitian yearning for freedom and homecoming from exile.

Exile's pain is familiar to Vic because his father had to flee Nazi-occupied France to join the Resistance. Your writer gave a distinct impression of ethnocentrism. Vic Sadot gives air time on his radio show, *Freewheeling Roots*, to many local artists who someday may or should be featured in *Fine Times*. He lets these developing artists speak for themselves. A guy like Vic, with his ideals and generosity, deserves more than a misleading barb in your humor section. His radio show, *Freewheeling Roots*, is on Wednesday

7-11 PM

Phillip Bannowsky
Newark, DE



To the editor:

It was good of Dale Dallabrida to focus some attention on the success of local singer-songwriter Vic Sadot, who achieved national prominence by making the cover of *Broadside* (last) year. Not so nice, however, to make snide comments about his Haiti composition, "Mon Haiti."

First off, I've heard Vic sing that song at least a half dozen times in public (I accompanied him on three of those occasions), and each time he has provided an English translation for the audience. Clearly Dale was not listening.

Second, French just happens to be the national language of Haiti, the country to which the Sadot song was dedicated, so it seems reasonable to me to set it in that tongue. Or does Dale also fault the Band for using French in "Arcadian Driftwood," or the Beatles in "Michelle Ma Belle," just two obvious examples out of many such uses of "foreign" languages.

Finally, I suspect that Dale knew damn well what the song is about—basically the hopes of the oppressed Haitian people to overthrow the remnants of the detested Duvalierist government, still in power, thanks to the encouragement and physical assistance of the good ol' freedom-loving USA, in the person of General Namphy. Given that Vic has translated the song in every public performance, it's rather cheap and sneaky of Dale to try to brush away the political content of "Mon Haiti" the way he did.

However, informed sources tell us that, more than likely, it was precisely the political message that inspired Mr. Dallabrida's irritation. What Vic has been trying to say (the question asked by the article's headline) has been apparent for years—to anyone who takes the trouble to listen. And the language is no barrier to an intelligent listener.

Julius Gordon
Newark, DE

Dale Dallabrida responds:

M. Gordon:

De grand remerciements pour vos pensées profondes—et pour liant cette article si "cheap and sneaky."

Je suis parfaitement bien ce que M. Sadot essaye de dire, merci quand même. Mais je n'écris pas pour évaluer sa vision de politique. Mes "snide comments" déviant seulement l'ironie d'un écrivain américain si prolifique qui a enfin reçu l'attention nationale avec une chanson écrite dans un langage étranger.

Aussi, vos "informed sources" anonymes sont totalement fautive. En fait, je suis la lutte contre la tyrannie partout sur notre terre, et j'espère de tout cœur que M. Sadot écrira ses chansons à venir en flamand, basque ou bantou.

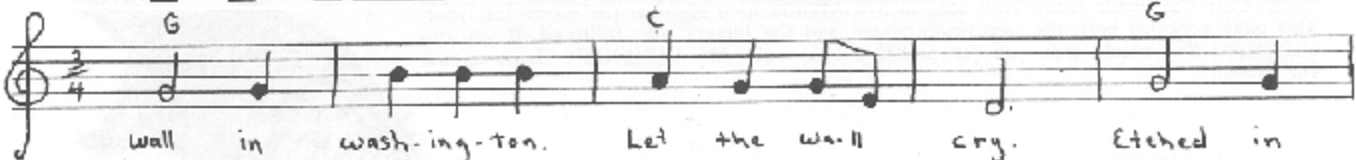
Mange un croissant pour moi.

Sincèrement,
Dale Dallabrida

THE WALL

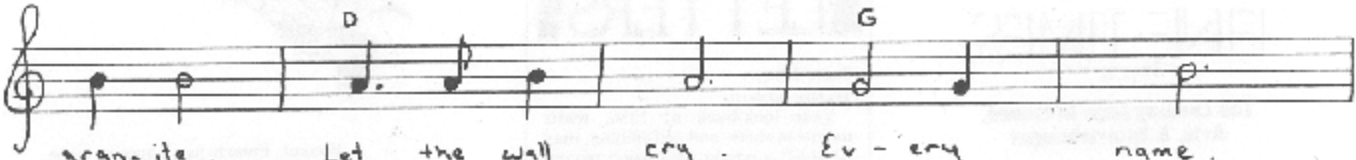
words and music by
Dan Kentak & Al Libera

G C G



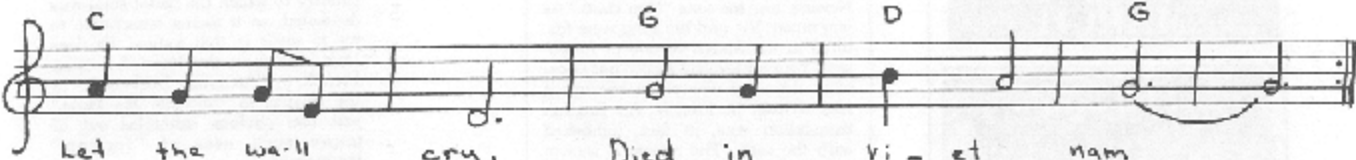
wall in wash-ing-ton. Let the wall cry. Etched in

D G



gran-ite. Let the wall cry. Ev-ery name.

C G D G



Let the wall cry. Died in vi-et nam

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PO Box 22 Pomfret Ctr., Ct. 06259

Wall in Washington
Let the Wall cry.
Etched in granite,
Let the Wall cry.
Every name,
Let the Wall cry.
Died in Vietnam.

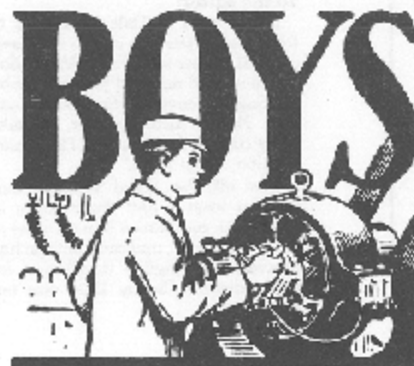
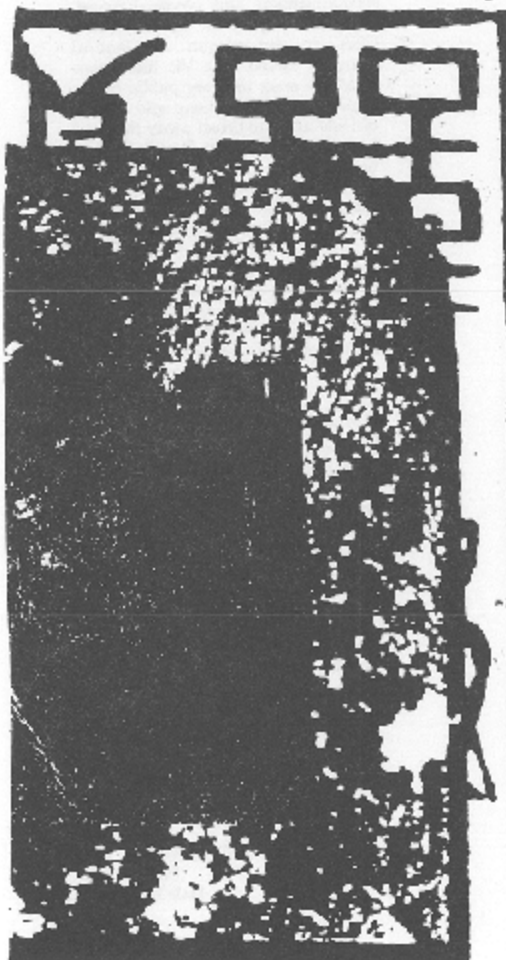
Pointed finger,
Let the Wall cry.
That was my brother,
Let the Wall cry.
That was my sister,
Let the Wall cry.
Died in Vietnam.

Some came back,
Let the Wall cry.
But didn't survive,
Let the Wall cry.
Spirits broken,
Let the Wall cry.
Broken by Vietnam.

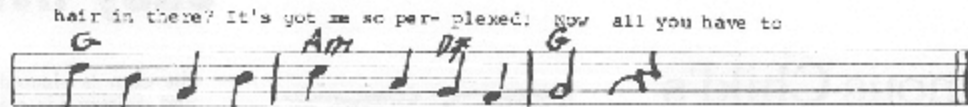
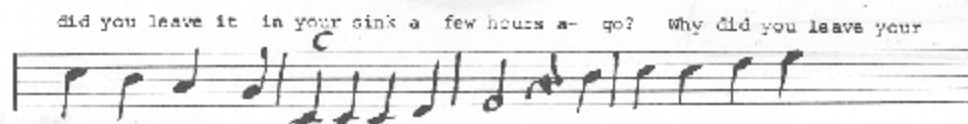
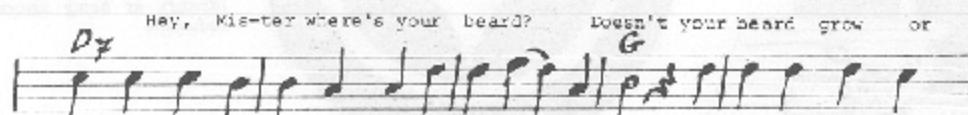
All were young,
Let the Wall cry.
So much hope,
Let the Wall cry.
Genius lost,
Let the Wall cry.
Lost in Vietnam.

End all walls,
Let the Wall cry.
No more names,
Let the Wall cry.
In all lands,
Let the Wall cry.
No more, no more.

Let the Wall cry.
Let the Wall cry.
Let the Wall cry.
It's monumental pain.
Let the Wall cry.
Let the Wall cry.
They did not die in vain.



Hey, Mister! Where's Your Beard?



show the world are nicks carved in your neck!

by Stephen Sedberry

Hey, Mister, where's your beard?
Doesn't your beard grow or
did you leave it in your sink a few hours ago?
Why did you leave your hair in there?
It's got me so perplexed!
Now all you have to show the world are nicks
carved in your neck.

Doesn't it get boring shaving everyday?
And don't all those accessories eat your cash away?
You say you're more traditional,
well isn't that a hoot!
It's a bare-faced lie with Alexander's Army*
at its root!



Have you any photographs of your great,
great grandfather
or those early graduates of your alma mater?
Have you never braved a storm
protected by your beard?
or been sheltered in the summertime
from the face-burn that you feared?

If you want a bald face,
by all means take your choice,
but keep your insults to yourself,
for my beard I rejoice!
You can be an instrument of the fickle status quo
or be the man that God made you and let your good
beard grow.

© Copyright 1985, 1986 Stephen Sedberry

*Alexander the Great forced his troops to shave so that they could not be dragged down by their beards in battle.



This lovely, ecological-looking drawing is the symbol for food which has been preserved by irradiation. Naturally, the Food and Drug Administration chose a logo which consumers would readily identify as being associated with radiation.

Famous Child's Legacy to Mother

AFTER her husband and her daughter, Samantha, were killed in a 1985 plane crash, Jane Smith knew she would survive, she says. "It was just a matter of how."

Samantha had captivated the world after writing to Yuri V. Andropov expressing fear of nuclear war. He, in turn, invited the 10 year-old and her family to the Soviet Union.

Mrs. Smith has kept busy by talking about her loss and by working at the Samantha Smith Foundation to foster international understanding through children.



I ROCK I RAN

I rock I ran
I took a walk on the desert sand
An AWACS plane flashes by
In a foxhole I would lie
The coast is clear, onward men
Also the children less than ten
Bagdad is not far to go
Eighty thousand lives you know
Religious fanaticism is so much fun
Out there in the hundred-degree sun

by Lawrence Murren



easy livin'

the corn is planted
and waiting for rain
the beans are in
the ground
and the milo
is going down

then it's flax
and oats
to cut
before another
go round of alfalfa

and somewhere in between
it's put up prairie hay
combine wheat
cull the cows
sell the feeder pigs
and lambs
at the
right time

disk and harrow

then cultivate
always cultivate
except for what we can spray
when we top dress with anhydrous
or later if it's not too expensive

and in our spare time
there's the show calves
and truck garden
to work
eggs to candle
and fences to mend

by then it will be time to plow
again

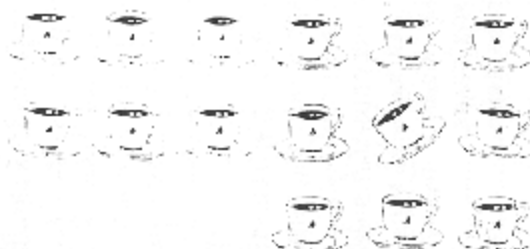
and those folks in town
think farmers
have it made

free food and all

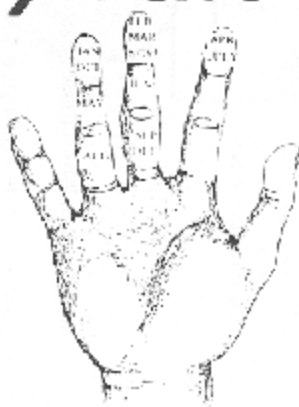
by William A. Dougherty

UPCOMING

The March issue of BROADSIDE will be about Ireland. It will include songs of the struggle for Independence, tunes for you fiddle players and penny-whistlers out there, and articles on the situation in Ireland. The issue is being guest-edited by Becky Miller, a fiddler and folklorist in New York City. Anyone with submissions for possible inclusion in the issue should send them in as soon as possible to Becky Miller, c/o BROADSIDE, PO Box 1464, NY, NY 10023.



Twenty-five years



BROADSIDE's twenty-fifth anniversary issue is coming in May. A 40-page double issue is planned and will go to all subscribers. It will also be distributed at BROADSIDE's 25th Anniversary Concert, May 1 at Town Hall in NYC. Broadside subscribers will be able to get tickets before the general public. (No tickets are available yet; don't call the box office.) Among the performers scheduled, by the way, are Sis Cunningham, Human Condition and Pete Seeger. And Oscar Brand.

For that issue of BROADSIDE we invite articles, songs or whatever that focus on the past 25 years of BROADSIDE and/or on some of the great songwriters who have passed through our pages. If you have stories about Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Malvina Reynolds, Lee Hays, Peter LaFarge or others, we encourage you to send them in. This issue is as much a tribute to BROADSIDERS of the past as it is a celebration of the songwriters who made the magazine what it was.

If you would like to earn a free ticket to the concert...we need help. Drop us a note at P.O.B. 1464, 10023, ATTN: Judy Cohen.

††† We welcome your †††

- SONGS •
- ARTICLES •
- REVIEWS •
- GRAPHICS •

For all issues of

++++ BROADSIDE ++++

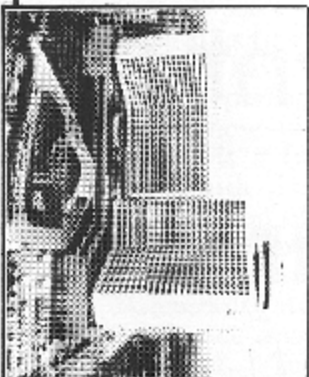


If you're sending a song, we prefer to receive both a leadsheet and a cassette, if possible, but a leadsheet is more important. Mail to: JMR, POB 1464, NY 10023.

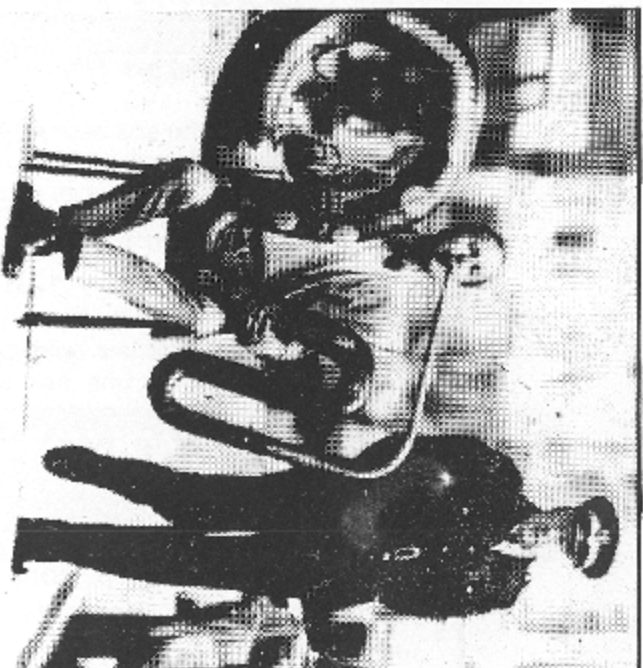
Broadside

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A traffic warden watches Andrew Van Der Beek, a professional musician from London, play the arracanda in a London street. The instrument, made around 1840, is an early version of the tuba.

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