



JEFF AMPOLSK, Louisiana street singer,
in ruins of dying New York City

Photo by
DAVID BOOKBINDER

Shootout at Antler's Bar

Words & Music by
JEFF AMPOLSK
©1976 JEFF AMPOLSK

Make it RAGTIME

Musical score for "Shootout at Antler's Bar" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols (G, D, C, G7, D7) are placed above the notes. The lyrics are:

Sundown in La-fayette Town Streets is empty and there's no one a-round
 Except Big Jim Bourgeois the dealer Holed up down at Antler's Bar— with the
 sheriff out-side in the Deputy's car.— (CHO:) And a night at Antler's is a mighty fine
 thing Where the folks still two - step to the country swing; I swear a fin-er
 time just can't be found, Let a Louis-i-an-a lady swing you round and round.

(Cont'd ->

SHOOTOUT - cont'd

Sheriff looked down, his watch said
quarter to six
Said "Deputies, you all get your
weapons fixed
On that open door down by Antler's Bar."
Said "Jim, come on out, you know you
can't get far." (CHO)

Jim leaned out, said "Sheriff, please go
on home;
You wouldn't shoot your second cousin,
that much I know."
Sheriff said "I swear by the star I wear
I'll shoot you deader than dead, you don't
come out of there." (CHO)

Sheriff yelled out "Jim Bourgeois,
On you this warrant I do serve
And if you don't come out quick
You're goin' to get what you deserve."
But his hand begun to tremble because
deep inside he knew

He couldn't shoot his second cousin
what Big Jim said was true. (CHO)

Jim decided it was time to make his move
Catch him alive was one thing they'd
never do
So he yelled "I surrender", shot the
deputy down
And a blast from the sheriff put Big
Jim on the ground. (CHO)

Now there's a message for all you
bootleggers out there
Carved into Big Jim's tombstone down
in Belle Terre
It says a dealer's life is like a
Cajun dance
If you ask a lady, you got to take a
chance. (No CHO)

Yeah, there's a message for all you
bootleggers out there
(Repeat as in above verse)
* * * * *

FORT JACKSON

There's a hot sun risin' on that
Mississippi Levee
But the moon don't shine at night
And when that red flame burns low and when
the fog rolls in
That's when the snakes begin to slither
And the bugs begin to bite

Highway 23 is long and paved
Though it used to be full of holes
Many a poor Black man disappeared
mysteriously
Where the sugar cane pours into the
orange groves.

CHO: And it's won't somebody please
Help this poor nigger
Who is down here on his knees
Fort Jackson ain't the place
For me to be livin'
It's a dungeon
And it's full of snakes
And it's full of fleas.

The soil is rich, the people is poor
The houses is up on stilts
Good Louisiana oranges grow next to
Creole tomatoes
Sun's so hot only the people there wilt.



CHO: And it's won't somebody please
Help this poor nigger
Who is down here on his own
Fort Jackson ain't the place
For me to be livin'
It's a dungeon of crumbling brick
And burning stone.

When night closes in and there's water
in the air
You can hear them monsters moan and
howl
And though he died so many years ago
The ghost of Leander Perez is still
on the prowl.

CHO: And it's won't somebody please
Help this poor nigger
Who is down here on his knees
Fort Jackson ain't the place
For me to be livin'
It's a dungeon
And I'm tired of snakes
And, baby, I'm tired of fleas.

Words & Music by JEFF AMPOLSK
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* * * * *



INAUGURAL DAY — 1977

By WILLIAM T. SLATTERY

"Oh my God, I'm cold, Larry," Pinky Carson said. "I'm so cold."

His mouth contorted in a grin that was a mask of pain. His shivering threw the thin blanket from his body.

Then his muscles relaxed, his face softened, and Pinky Carson was dead in his sub-freezing room in the Hudson Residence Hotel.

"We thought he fell asleep," Larry, who was visiting Carson when he died, said later. "He was so quiet."

"I knew he couldn't sleep there, though. It was too cold. So I called the police. They said, 'This man isn't asleep. He is dead.'"

Police last evening then began a methodical door-by-door search of the 170 rooms in the building. One floor above Carlson's they found the body of Herman Jackson—another apparent victim of the bitter cold that pervades the single room occupancy hotel at 1469 Amsterdam Av. near 141st St.

By JOHN L. MITCHELL

Her last words to her 73-year-old son were, "Lord! I'm freezing to death."

And then she did.

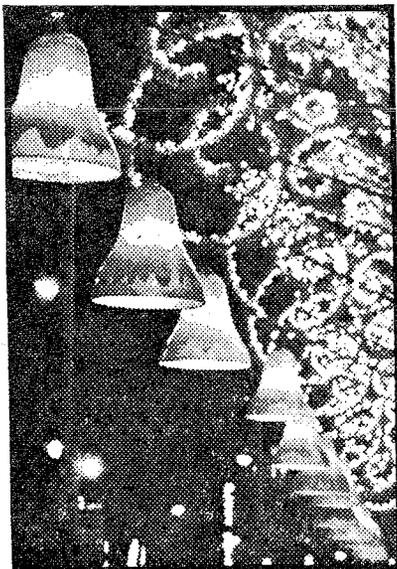


Post Photo by Arthur Pomerantz

Vagrant bundles up with his few possessions to fight effects of freezing weather outside bank at Seventh Av. and 34th St.

NEW YORK POST, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1977

Only the Dead Know Peace



New York Christmas

To the Editor:

"The hopes and fears of all the years/Are met in thee tonight." New York City this Christmas season:

Fifteen hundred cultural institutions. Fifteen hundred murders a year.

The splendor and wealth of Fifth Avenue. The South Bronx with 40 percent of the families on welfare.

Life for some New Yorkers is a fist fight, for others it is a gentle stairway of luncheons, dinners and theater.

Many of the elderly poor in the city live alone, with television as sole companion, behind triple-bolted doors. The homeless shuffle along the streets, ghostly souls with shopping bags containing their possessions. Men and women sweetly contemplating future successes, elated by life, dreaming dreams, rush past these human ruins.

Chiseling, cheating, thievery and cowardliness abound in the city.

BROADSIDE #134

1. I'm goin' to tell you all a-bout a Frame-Up, If you get framed the
 chance is that you'll die, And tho' you know and swear that you're not guilty the
 judge won't mind if witness-es all lie. It's a Frame-Up, It's a
 Frame-Up, The Govern-ment made the game up; The C.I.A. and the F. B. I. they
 know just how to make a wit-ness lie

Chords: Dm, G, Dm, Gm, F#D, Gdim, E#, Dm7, Gm, Dm, Fm7, REFRAIN, Gm7, Fm7, Gm7, Fm7, Gm7, F#6, F#6, Bm7-5, Bbm7, C#, A#7, Gm7, Dm, C/A, Dm

Away back in the witch-hunts of the 50's
 The Rosenbergs were victims of the times
 Those bad times were the mad times of the 50's
 And the Government itself committed crimes.

REFRAIN: It was a Frame-Up (Etc.,etc. Change
 "know" to "knew" in last line.)

The Rosenbergs were such a happy couple
 They loved each other dearly you could see
 They had two little children, Mike and Robby
 Their home was full of love as homes
 should be.

REFRAIN: It was a Frame-Up (Etc.)

I'm goin' to tell all about Judge Kaufman
 A Judge who had no heart and he would lie
 A Judge who had no honor or compassion
 His goal was that the Rosenbergs must die.

Roy Cohen, Assistant Government Attorney
 A Judas with a tongue that was a snake
 A creature that was lower than a toad
 A toady for the Government's evil sake.

Irving Saypol was another vile creature,
 Not human but another loathesome toad,
 Whose lying tongue was just a vicious
 serpent

To strike the Rosenbergs for the
 Death Row Road.

REFRAIN: It was a Frame-Up (Etc.)

INTERLUDE

I'm sure that you've heard about Pitts
 and Lee
 Who were kept in jail for Oh, so many
 years
 And this has happened all thru history
 Yes, we recall the Frame-Ups with our tears.

In France, a Captain Dreyfus long ago
 Was framed because the Captain was a Jew
 But famous writers came to his defence,
 Their social conscience told them what
 to do

REFRAIN: It was a Frame-Up,
 It was a Frame-Up,

The Government made the game up
 The Secret Police knew how to spy
 The Secret Police they knew just
 how to lie.

Sacco & Vanzetti too were framed
 Two poor Italians in the U.S.A.
 Supposed to be the Land of Liberty
 And they were executed on one
 dreadful day.

And then there were the Haymarket
 Martyrs
 And also poor Joe Hill, framed in
 the U.S.A.

He was a singer and composer of great
 songs
 And he was executed in the usual way.

The Scottsboro Boys were victims
 also framed
 The U.S. Government or a State knows
 what to do

Imprison victims, or don't even wait
 Just kill them and get the bloody
 murder through.

REFRAIN: It was a Frame-Up (Etc.)

Repeat first REFRAIN: It's a Frame-Up
It's a Frame-Up
 The Government made the game up
 The C.I.A. and the F.B.I.
 They know just how to make a witness
 lie.



PHIL OCHS

A R E M E M B E R A N C E

B Y

AGGIE FRIESEN

I didn't know Phil Ochs very well; I was always in the west while he was in the east, or vice versa. But I loved his songs, especially the ones on "Pleasures Of The Harbor", "Tapes From California", and "Rehearsals for Retirement", the albums he did for A & M. I've listened to these 3 records hundreds of times and I know them by heart. BROADSIDE has asked me to write a piece about them because they have listened to me listening to them over and over again and apparently expect me to have some insight by this time.

If it seems like I'm writing about Phil as though he were still alive, it's because to me he is, as are Lenny Bruce and Dylan Thomas. I used to think of myself as one of Phil's 50 or so fans, but I realize now that he had a far greater number than that of people who loved him and his songs. I'd like to think that multitudes, ever increasing, will come to comprehend what a truly great poet he was. And I am convinced that will happen.

I remember my father telling young visitors. "Don't be just a songwriter. Fill your songs full of imagery, irony, symbolism. Become a poet." I guess Phil took him to heart. Phil's later poem/songs are crammed with symbolism in every sentence, even in every word, and are replete with farout imagery. And there is irony in every song and album title.

Although I met Phil frequently at my folks' house when he would show up, hungry and ragged and his shoes full of holes but with his pockets bulging with such recently written songs as "Draft-Dodger Rag", "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore", and "Love Me, I'm a Liberal", I didn't see much of him after he departed for the West Coast and A & M Records. I never spoke to Phil about those later songs except to tell him how much I liked them and how much superior these works were to his first BROADSIDE stuff. I mentioned that I was disappointed by his "Greatest Hits". He replied that he was sorry I was disappointed; that he had been trying, he said, to capture some "Americana" and he himself thought he had been successful.

(cont.)

Americana is not one of my best subjects, so I will leave "Greatest Hits" to others.

Phil Ochs' death is still unreal to me. I wanted to meet him when I visited BROADSIDE last summer, but I missed him by a few days. He had left for California by the time I reached N.Y. and he re-appeared in N.Y. after I got back to the West Coast on the Grey Rabbit. I guess I missed seeing him forever.

I still hear him all the time, though, and I've never tired of his songs. For me, Phil's poetry continually opens new little doors and windows in the soul whose existence was undreamt before.

I first heard Phil singing "When In Rome" on the radio when it was played one night in honor of BRUCEMAS (Lenny Bruce Day) which is - or was - celebrated faithfully in Los Angeles while I was living there. This must have been in 1968. I don't know when the album "Tape From California", which contains "When In Rome", came out -- I didn't have the money for a record player never mind the records to play on it.

I didn't listen to Phil's A & M records in their entirety until I came back to N.Y. once more in 1969. My folks had a record player and treasured all of Phil's L.P.'s (beginning with "All The News"). I played the California albums constantly all day and deep into the morning hours.

I have heard people argue that Phil's "Crucifixion" was about the Jack Kennedy assassination, but I don't go along with that at all. Nor do I believe it was autobiographical. It may have carried some unconscious prophecy of Phil's ultimate fate (my father, who met Phil almost daily in that tragic winter of 1975-76, tells of Phil's Judas "friends" foll-

owing him around as though gleefully anticipating the blood that would soon flow from the spears in Phil's side.)

The song says that humanity will choose from its midst a person of exceptional qualities and perception, and make a Christ of him, then crucify him, as the "cycle of sacrifice unwinds." Going back to an earlier cycle, the Dionysian rite of sacrificing a "Harvest King" during an orgiastic festival, Phil sees the witnesses of the crucifixion as bloodthirsty spectators "whose applauding hands are slippery with sweat; and saliva is falling from their smiles." When it is all over, they wonder how it could have happened; they demand to know every detail, and they ask each other "Do you have a picture of the pain?" Phil obviously visualizes it as an endless cycle of universal proportions. The song begins beyond the sphere of our influence and ends with night coming again to the "circle-studded sky."

"When In Rome" is plainly Phil's autobiographical song. It begins with his escape from the "fire-blue forest" of his early memories -- when he was placed in a military academy and left to the mercies of the "guards of the lash." During his getaway he acts out what has been drilled into him in the militaristic surroundings. He cracks the head of the first person who shows sympathy and understanding toward him. When he reaches the City, he is beguiled by the bright lights and "a diamond is dropped from the hands of the pretty, to be so kind to him."

No, I believe "Crucifixion" was simply about religion; that Phil had deep feelings about the cruelty and hypocrisy of the Christian Church, which he had earlier expressed in "Cannons of Christianity", and I think "Crucifixion" was a continuation of this hatred.

Opposition to organized religion is -- as the saying goes -- as American as apple pie; it is embedded in our constitution. Many of our deepest thinkers saw it, and religion in general, as a brake on the flowering of our civilization, keeping us enslaved in a primitive condition inferior even to the reality reflected in an African with doctor dancing in a circle shaking his gourdful of chipped human bones. One thinks of Tom Paine, Ingersoll, Mark Twain -- whose contempt for religion knew no bounds. (Read "The Mysterious Stranger".) Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser shower their sarcasm on it. But it took the sensitive poet Phil Ochs to explore religion in all its evil ramifications and deadly effect on our once promising society.

TWO

Phil soon discovers that the glitter bestowed upon him in the City only hides and conceals dark and incredible corruption, and a vast ugliness almost beyond human comprehension. His sensitivity as a great poet impels him to strike out against what he sees. He asks for a simple light from a priest in the night and the priest attempts to set him on fire. In putting down organized religion he finds himself tangling with the entire Establishment. Its hypocritical and vicious system is destroying our children by the millions. He resents the military wallowing in an orgy of bloodshed and violence and calling it Victory Day. When he pauses in the midst of all this chaos to find answers, he finds none. Behind the glitter designed to deceive us all, lies a network of death and destruction. In his early songs Phil has indicated his male chauvinism. He blames all the evil on men circulating amongst us. So he wipes them out with the lances of his poetry; "the crown and the cross

were empty and lost, in the dark despair." He wipes out the king of crown and cross, the masculine symbol of blood and annihilation, and turns to America's women, crying "Long live the Queen."

In "Floods of Florence", which follows "Rome" on the Album, Phil is telling us that what is laid on people as Art is a shuck which is put over on the public by promoters, agents, managers, and other deceivers. Real art goes unrecognized and the true artist is destroyed. (In this conclusion Phil is joined by a lesser artist of our century, Bob Dylan.) Phil sings: "The Troubadour comes from the country, falls by the Factory, sliding on simple strings." "Armed with his anger, he sings of the danger, but he senses a stranger is in the wings." However, when the fledgling learns to fly, all the innocence leaves his eyes and the melody dies. The Killer Stranger has claimed another victim.

Phil seemed to think that he would find consitions on the West Coast better than those on the East. In the title song of "Tape", he informs us that he is fed up with New York City, where "the landlord's at my window and the burglar's at my door, I can't take it any more." Phil depicts how deeply he is repelled by the drug culture and its attempts to draw him into it. He sings: "The Flower-Power fuller brush man's farming out his friends; I stabbed him with my stems, and then I had to pose with my rose. He crawled around inside himself, now he's crawling after me, dropping acid in my tea...."

Phil is going to get away from all this and send a tape from California he is "Half A Century High" and "The War is Over." He expresses enthusiasm about L.A. when he says "Welcome to Los Angeles, City of Tomorrow." In "The World began in Eden but ended in Los Angeles. This appears on his "Rehearsals For Retirement album, " but on this L-P

he lays down so much disillusionment with the whole West Coast scene you are not sure whether he is simply indulging in sarcasm ("City of Tomorrow" may just be a twist on the old Angelino saying: L.A. is the city with no past and no future.)

In the "Doll House" Phil finds himself dancing with the dolls again: "when the ground was covered with jewels, sparkling schools of beautiful thought, the magnificent battle was fought, and the Cinderella fish was caught..." He had conquered Tinsel Town a second time and found it as empty as the first. Only this time it was peopled by dolls dancing aimlessly around in a doll house, their wind-up springs slowly running down.

There must have been some reason for Phil's fascination with Ibsen's play; it is a shame he did not meet a woman with the strength Nora portrayed. (Perhaps he did meet her and she rejected him.) At any rate his search for a woman who would give him new inspiration continued. In his real world of concerts and recording sessions he met only swarms of screaming celebrity chasers and hysterical teenyboppers gasping for a taste of sexual pleasure.

He went in 1968 to the Democratic Convention in Chicago. There he witnessed the revolution, under massive waves of Police attack, change into a nightmarish absurdity. Lincoln Park became, in the dark of W.B. Yeats poem "The Second Coming" a sinister Turning. The fair young maiden, the new revolutionary spirit of America's youth, was transformed into stone, entombed in the bullshit of American politics.

I would like to return to "Pleasures Of The Harbor" which is my favorite among Phil Och's albums. The title song is another cycle song, like "Crucifixion". It un-

folds on three distinct levels. I think he is saying that, while unutterably tired and weary of struggling, a peaceful harbor no longer exists for him. The pleasures of writing at peace in the pleasurable surroundings of a harbor will never be permitted Phil Ochs. It was not beyond possibility while he was writing his early songs pointing out the absurdities of American life. But when he wrote his savage attacks upon American imperialism, there would no longer be any rest for Phil. The "Pleasures of the Harbor" are forever closed to Phil Ochs.

THREE

In "I've Had Her", Phil is singing not about having a woman but about the illusions of fame, fortune and the inevitable success of the American Dream which are daily thrown into our faces by the media. Phil has known all these things intimately but they are as ashes in his mouth. Yet this illusion leads you on; here occurs a strange mixture of the legend of Lorelei and Phil's reactions. (Lorelei was a fairy who lived in the dangerous narrows of the Rhine River and lured sailors to their deaths by her singing.) Phil combines her with the American illusion. This illusion leads you on; she taunts you to follow her. "On the beach a lady sails a ship without a sail," a ship going no where, Phil tells you. She promises you, nevertheless, that you will not fail, calling to you through the fog. She causes you to make a fool of yourself, and as you follow her she is always one step ahead of you no matter how far and how fast you go. Finally you come to believe that you must give up your soul and your life for her. Phil sees her for what she is and warns us Americans that "she is nothing." So much for Phil's conception of Americans illusions.

Phil spoke often of death in his work, as did other great poets who found that the reality of their lives had become unbearable. In "Doesn't Lenny

Live here Anymore", Phil's hopelessness is expressed in his line, "You can't seem to run away from you." Sylvia Plath in her last book asks, "Is there no way out of the mind?" And Dylan Thomas in his 35th birthday poem "toils toward the ambush of his wounds." Phil occasionally discussed the fate of the serious artist in America. Edgar Allan Poe, an Ochs hero (Phil put Poe's "The Bells" to music), was found dying in the gutter when a fairly young man; Stephen Foster died an alcoholic in a charity ward in Bellevue, Faulker, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Sinclair Lewis drank themselves to death; Hemingway put both barrels of his shotgun in his mouth and blew off his head. This is only a partial list, and does not include

those who, as Phil says, die in America unrecognized and unknown. Phil Ochs saw these artists as individuals struggling and failing to make their way through the maze of our treacherous malignant society; the closest he came to realizing that this society must be replaced by a humane social order was in his song "Ringing Of Revolution." But he expresses final hope for himself when he says "My life is a death to me, but I'll hold it, and I'll mold it, till I'm born." Phil in his BROADSIDE/FOLKWAYS Interviews record, after seeing the movie "To Die In Madrid" asks himself, "Could I go and die like that? I'm so afraid of death -- so afraid." Yet he goes forth and meets death in its most obscene form imaginable.

I WOULD LIKE TO FINISH BY INCLUDING PHIL'S POEM FROM THE BACK COVER OF "REHEARSALS FOR RETIREMENT" IN WHICH HE TELLS MORE THAN I COULD SAY.

This then is the death of the American
imprisoned by his paranoia
and all diseases of his innocent inventions
he plunges to the drugs of the devil to find his gods
he employs the farce of force to crush his fantasies
he calls conventions of salesmen and savages
to reinforce his hopelessness
So the poet swordsmen and their lost generation
must divorce themselves from their very motherland
only for the least sensation of life or love or pain
our deepest and most religious moments
were on elevators posing as planes

Part two of this earnest epic
finds seaweed lapping against your eyes
the sailors have chosen the mystery surprise
to join the flying dutchman in his search for a green disguise
Still others invade the final colony
to present their tinted tributes to the millionaire assassin
While I stumble through this paradise
considering several suicides
for distant lavender lovers
or bless the violence of the ridiculous revolution
for self bronzing brothers
and finally turn away from the turquoise towers
of this comic civilization
my responsibilities are done let them come let them come
and I realize these last days these trials and tribulations
were after all only
our rehearsals for retirement

By PHIL OCHS

JEFF AMPOLSK, A Short Biography: Jeff, 24, grew up in Louisiana, mainly around New Orleans. He has been a musician since he was a kid singing in the streets, bars, colleges, union organizing rallies. The Cajun influence is apparent in his music. He has also worked as a woodcutter, a truck-driver and on tugboats and barge tows on the Mississippi, a seaman, a welder. His songs are drawn from life. SHOOTOUT AT ANTLER'S BAR: As all who read the papers know, organized crime rules New Orleans and southern Louisiana -- prostitution, gambling, loan sharking, drugs, the juke boxes, the law. When the youth built up a lucrative practice in marijuana the FAMILY moved in. Its first step was to murder the dealers developed among the youth. Jim Bourgeois was one of these -- the term "bootleggers" is used by the FAMILY to designate those who operate outside of organized crime. FORT JACKSON: Was built to guard the Mississippi against the British in the War of 1812. The late infamous Leander Perez used it as a personal prison to incarcerate Black agricultural workers who showed the slightest interest in Civil Rights; he owned the Plaquemine area as his personal property. Jeff says no renovations were made in Fort Jackson since 1812. He is slightly wrong, for Leander Perez made it into prison cells with heavy clanking iron doors. Perez's son has continued the brutal practices of his father. Jeff pulls no punches. He wants to see the company presidents die horrible deaths in the poisonous vinyl chloride they peddle to an unsuspecting public. He predicts the unorganized pitifully exploited woodcutters will win their union by fighting the Ku Klux Klan "with chain saws in our hands." He sneers at the manager of the paper mill in these words: "Heaviest piece of wood that he ever hauled/Is the pencil he's been usin' just to rob us all." Jeff reserves his deepest contempt, however, for those running a factory where the blind are used to make brooms and mops. He drove a truck for a year delivering their products to various state institutions and saw conditions at first hand. The blind had no protection by law, were paid on a piece-work basis rather than by wages. "The bosses walking around as though they were saviors of the blind" see their hapless workers for what they really are -- a source of "inexpensive labor." Jeff advises the blind to take a tip from him and "starve before you work in the mop factory." He has written many other songs, dealing with women, with sailors "married to the ocean," and of barge tow workers who drowned in the icy currents of the Mississippi because the owners were too stingy to provide enough life jackets. Nor is humor lacking; in GOD GUTS AND GUNS he describes how he was swept up in an American Legion parade down Bourbon Street. They are led by a white supremacist who keeps singing this ditty:

God, guts and guns made America free
At any price we must keep all three
God, guts and guns, young man, can't you see
That's the corner stone of American liberty.

The drunken Legionnaires decide to raid and destroy Pete's Gay Bar. The manager is saved a beating by singing "God, guts and guns" in his squeaky falsetto. At the trial, the judge thanks them for keeping the city clean and joins the jury in singing the theme song.

Jeff's first visit to New York started with tragedy; his fine guitar was stolen (in Folk City, of all places). He did get a contract from Moe Asch of Folkways and is now busy preparing his initial album. Many of the above mentioned songs will be on the album. - G.F.

DEATH IN DISGUISE

Music & Lyrics by FRED SMALL
©1975 Fred Small

All my life
Workin' in the factory
The pay looked mighty good to me
When my body was my own
Doctor won't look me in the eye
My youngest child asks why
I won't ever see her grown.

CHORUS:

Now I can feel the darkness
Growin' wild inside me
Catchin' my soul by surprise
You know that you've made it
You got your home, your job,
and some good times --
Then they tell you it was
Death in Disguise.



In the consultation room
They explain the X-ray slide
I stop the rising tide
Of self-pity and cold fear
Pale in the flourescent light
I find no one left to fight
And remember all my careless years.

CHORUS

Half the town works there
So people fear the truth
There's no conclusive proof
There's any danger in those fumes
The company never saw my face
There's another in my place
Another life to be consumed.

CHORUS

And the company
Says it can't make the change
It's too expensive to arrange
And no one wants to take a stand
And the poison I took in
Will be carried on the wind
To ev'ry corner of this land.

CHORUS

From the collection "Songs for the
Land and Its People" by Fred Small

(Ed Note: For a copy of the music
write Fred; address, 326 Catherine
Street, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48108.)

VINYL CHLORIDE DEATH MOAN RAG

Music & Lyrics by JEFF AMPOLSK
©1976 Jeff Ampolsk

Woke up this morning
Vinyl Chloride on my mind
Woke up this morning
Vinyl Chloride on my mind
Thinkin' about ole Charlie Arthur
Sent a chill runnin' down my spine
I was doin' the Vinyl Chloride,
doin' the Vinyl Chloride, doin' the
Vinyl Chloride Death Moan Rag.

Now ole Charlie Arthur
Used to work at the plastic factory
(repeat)
Till one day all his hair fell out
And he started developin' a shakin' in
his knee

He was doin' the Vinyl Chloride
doin' the Vinyl Chloride (etc)

You put your left foot out and you
start to tap
Get a touch of rigor mortis and roll
over on your back
Then you're doin' the Vinyl Chloride,
doin' the Vinyl Chloride (etc)

Now what's this Vinyl Chloride
That I been hearin' about (Repeat)
It's the stuff they wrap your food in
Before you put it in your mouth.
You're goin' to do the Vinyl Chloride,
do the Vinyl Chloride, (etc)

You clap your hands, then you blink
your eye
You roll right over and you start to
writhe

And then you're doin' the Vinyl
Chloride, doin' the Vinyl Chloride
(etc)

Now the plastic company
Said they didn't know
The plastic company said "Oh Gosh Golly
Jesus Lord up in Heaven, how could
we know!"
Well they've known since back in 1961
When the Russians told them so
That we was gonna do the Vinyl (etc)

I hope they take them company presidents
Tie 'em up with elastic
To the faucet in their bath-tub
And then fill it up with Plastic
Then they'll do the Vinyl Chloride (etc)

LITTLE OLD LADY

Words & Music by
Jon Deichmann
© 1976 by Jon Deichmann

Little old lady's got a runny nose
Rags on her feet and holes in her clothes
Little old man's got a bottle in his hand
And no-one 'round here seems to understand

Little old lady's got the church steps for her bed
Her coat for her blanket, no pillow for her head
Little old man's got a warm subway car
Does a whole lot of traveling, never seems to get too far

Everybody wonders where they come from, where they go
And if you were to ask them they would answer they don't know
Just victims of a life that never worked out right
Now they're all alone, nowhere to go

Little old lady's been feeling rather sick
Her feet are getting heavy, her blood is getting thick
Little old man, he's not feeling any pain
The whiskey did it's job for him again

Everybody wonders where they come from where they go
And if you were to ask them they would answer they don't know
Victims of a life that never worked out right
Now they're all alone, nowhere to go

Little old lady's been around a long, long time
Standing on the corner, begging for a dime
Never seen her smile, never seen her try
Watching as the people pass her by

Little old man finally passed away
No-one came to see him as they layed him in a grave
Guess it didn't matter, guess they didn't care
No-one came around to shed a tear

Everybody wonders where they come from, where they go
And if you were to ask them they would answer they dn't know
Just victims of a life that never worked out right
Now they're all alone nowhere to go

Life, Death And Business

MANSFIELD, Ohio (AP) — The case of an elderly customer who froze to death after his power was shut off is "a sad thing" — but it may happen again, says an Ohio electric company executive.

"Of course, we didn't know the old gentleman was ill," added Malcolm E. Cash, head of Ohio Edison operations in the Mansfield

area of north central Ohio. "If we had known, we obviously wouldn't have cut him off."

Cash said, however, that "regardless of the safeguards we try to build into the system, I don't know what kind of policy we could implement to prevent this from happening again sometime in the future."

Eugene J. Kuhn, 74, who

lived alone and had no immediate family except an infirm sister, was found dead of exposure earlier this week in bed in his home in a rundown neighborhood here.

The temperature in the house was 9 degrees.

His electricity had been cut off eight days earlier for failure to pay an \$18.38 electric bill.

There Ain't No Easy Way

words and music: Gary Green

from soon-to-be-released BROADSIDE album #12:

"Gary Green--these six strings neutralize the tools of oppression."

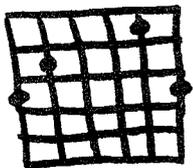
loose notation: adapt to each verse and chorus

I rolled all my clothes into the pack on my back. And I stood with my thumb on the road for three days. I breathed enough monoxide to start a bus of my own. And every word I spoke began with, "I'll be damned."

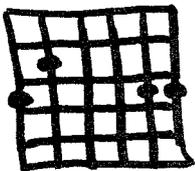
I rolled all my clothes into the pack on my back.
And I stood with my thumb on the road for three days.
I breathed enough monoxide to start a bus of my own...
And every word I spoke began with, "I'll be damned."

special chords:

G4



G II



New York City Streets turn to wood then cobblestone...
And the acid from the pits of hell as eaten all along
Where the poet stood on the corner 15 years ago
Sprinkling prophetic prayers to a world tryin' to grow,

chorus: New York City ain't no place to be
Searchin' for the Gods you'll never see
Lookin' for a dream in the devil's hide-a-way
And never knowin' "there ain't no easy way".

The junkie on the corner is starin' up at me
Beggin' me to take him for a ride.
Sidewalk speakers are blarin' a song I don't wanna hear,
And across the street blows yesterday's magazine.

Where the sidewalks turned grey with age the day they were poured,
And sisters in the night lay their bodies on the street,
There's a wide-eyed cowboy wanderin', tryin' to sing his songs...
And a spectre of tomorrow hums along.

chorus

Where the faces of the cruised meet the faces of the kings,
But neither stops to speak as they walk by.
And the cowboy's words are heard only by his boots...
And they echo, "There ain't no easy way."

RECORD REVIEW

PHIL OCHS SINGS FOR BROADSIDE
Folkways FD 5320

Dear Phil,

They say that you're dead, Phil, just as they said that Joe Hill, Woody Guthrie and Victor Jara were dead. Just as they tried to silence Harry Bridges, Paul Robeson and Pete Seeger; just as they murdered John Brown, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and Martin Luther King. What you had in common with all of those people was an awareness of the myths and realities of living in America. You saw through the lies that this "land of liberty" is based upon and exposed them to the rest of us in some of the most honest songs ever written.

Your best songs were composed in an era when American imperialism under the guise of "peace with honor", expanded rapidly. Songs like "Cops of the World", "Santo Domingo", "White Boots Marching in a Yellow Land" and "Talking Cuban Crisis" pointed out the hypocrisy of the United States pushing "democracy"-USA style on the rest of the world.

But you didn't just write about imperialism. There were songs of men of courage, such as "Lou Marsh" and "Joe Hill. There were humorous songs, always with a biting satirical edge, like "Draft Dodger Rag" and "Love Me, I'm a Liberal". You wrote inspirational songs, too, such as "I Ain't Marching Anymore", "I'm Going to Say It Now", which gave us courage. Beautiful songs, like "Changes" and "Power and the Glory".

Back in the days when you still believed that this country possessed a basic decency, you wrote "Here's to the State of Mississippi"; later, you would say, "I wrote this song hoping that Mississippi would change and become like the rest of America, instead America has be-

come like Mississippi". (You even had to update the song to "Here's to the State of Richard Nixon".)

Guess what, Phil - your old friends, Sis and Gordon of Broadside and Moe Asch of Folkways have issued a new record of you; it contains some of your most powerful songs: "Crucifixion", "Days of Decision", "Small Circle of Friends", "United Fruit" and "Ringing of Revolution". Sometimes the sound quality isn't so good, but who cares? What comes through beautifully is your spirit of truth and humor, your love of people and your hope for a better world.

Unfortunately, this hope wasn't enough to live for, in your opinion. No one will ever know why you decided to take your own life. Some blame capitalism; others, citing the murder of the Chilean folksinger, Victor Jara, point to the C.I.A. But it doesn't really matter how you died. What matters is that we will no longer have you, your quick wit, your honesty with us. Especially now as the "Ringing of Revolution" comes closer every day. But what we do have are our beautiful memories of you, along with about a hundred great songs and records such as this one. We'll miss you, Phil.

Jim Capaldi

QUOTE

"So to a great extent it is to the constant efforts of the BROADSIDE crew that one owes the birth, the coming to fame, and the evolution of a 'new generation' of contemporary folk music. To begin with, Bob Dylan himself." - From THE ELECTRIC CHILDREN, just published by Taplinger, New York.

BROADSIDE #134

Seattle's street singers

JIM PAGE is a man who battles city hall with a song.

Almost three years ago, in front of Pike Street's Elliott Hotel, Page clashed with the city. There, as he had done in New York, Boston and San Francisco, he took out his guitar, placed his hat on the sidewalk and began his song. In due time a policeman stopped and asked Page for his permit to sing on the street. Page (plying his trade at right) had no such permit and soon found out that Seattle did not offer one. A law did exist, however, that forbade solicitation of money for personal gain.

Immediately Page moved to create a law to permit street music. He began to lobby. In city councilmen, freeholders and the media he found support. In the summer of 1974, a public hearing on street music was called in the City Council chambers. As Page explains, the meeting turned out better than planned: "A wonderful meeting with cheering, booing, clapping and hissing."

The happy ending is that street music in Seattle is legal. The restrictions of not more than two performers playing, of hand-held instruments with no amplification and of 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. playing hours were all compromises that Page felt necessary.

Why do musicians play in the street? For Page, returning occasionally from his country retreat, the pull of street playing is irresistible. On the sidewalk anybody is a prospective audience. Page feels he can reach people he would never contact inside a theater or a club with his words and music. Although he now concentrates on playing private gatherings and concerts, he insists that street playing will always attract him.

Page is not alone, of course. Street musicians are found nearly everywhere in the city from Pioneer Square to the University District.

Most of the musicians express the same feelings about the ancient practice. "I play for the enjoyment of playing with other musicians," said a Pioneer square violinist, "and the pleasure of observing the world walk by."



Seattle ballad singer Jim Page told a City Council committee yesterday that singing is merely one means of talking, then strummed on his six-string guitar and sang:

"Now's the time for talking like there never was a time before

For each and all the people to stand up and take the floor

They are the voices of the future, we must listen to their call

For the progress of the people shall be the progress of us all."

Page, who has petitioned the council for legislation to permit public singing on the city streets and in parks for money, received a strong ovation from council members and the standing-room-only crowd in the council chambers for a public hearing on his request.

Balladeer Sings His Plea to City Council

The Bourgeois Blues

New Verses by JIM PAGE
Chorus & Music by
HUDDIE LEDBETTER

Come all you good people and listen to my song
I'll sing it to you right but you might think it's wrong
'bout a town called Seattle, it's a beautiful sight
but if you don't want to get stepped on you better walk right
'cause it's a bourgeois town, it's a bourgeois town

(chorus)

I got the bourgeois blues
I'm gonna spread the news around

Brother Joe was comin' in across the east bridge trail
when an unmarked car come and caught him on his tail
he made a get-away run, so the newspaper said
got a dum-dum bullet in the back of his head
and it's a bourgeois town, it's a bourgeois town

They brought in the verdict at the inquest trial
and Officer Earlywine he took it with a smile
as the judge hit the table with the flat of his fist
fined him half an hour's wages and a slap on the wrist
and it's a bourgeois town, it's a bourgeois town

The chief petty prosecutor, Christopher Bailey
he's primmed up and powdered like a little old lady
and he handles all the cases from his office suite
to round up the riff-raff and keep them off the street
and he's a bourgeois man, in a bourgeois town

The chief of police he wears a white wig hat
he don't do nothin' but sit around and get fat
while the mayor himself he don't never touch the ground
he lives out in Laurelhurst, he barely even lives in town
he's a bourgeois man, in a bourgeois town

All the slick city bankers pay their money on time
to keep the cards stacked up on the right side of the line
it don't take too much to know, it don't take too much to see
it's all stacked up in favor of the bourgeoisie
and it's a bourgeois town, it's a bourgeois town

So if you're down in the city better keep on your toes
don't get distracted or they'll lead you by your nose
it's a hard way to travel, it's a hard place to stand
but if you keep at it hard you can get the upper hand
in a bourgeois town, in a bourgeois town

(It's no wonder the mayor and the police force tried to silence
Jim Page.—Ed. note)

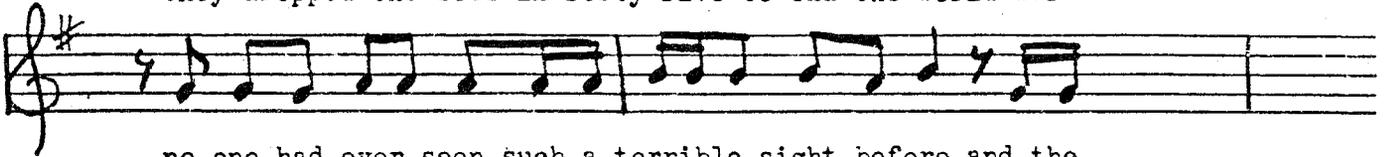
BROADSIDE #134

HIROSHIMA NAGASAKI RUSSIAN ROULETTE

Words & Music By JIM PAGE
Copyright 1976 by Jim Page



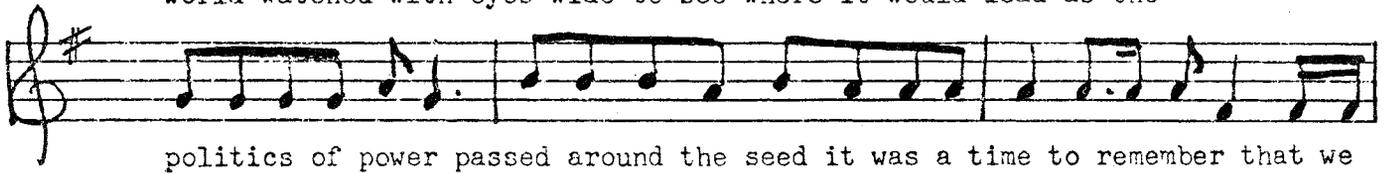
they dropped the bomb in forty five to end the world war



no one had ever seen such a terrible sight before and the



world watched with eyes wide to see where it would lead as the



politics of power passed around the seed it was a time to remember that we



never can forget they were playin' Hiroshima Nagasaki Russian Roulette

They dropped the bomb in '45 to end the world war
no one had ever seen such a terrible sight before
and the world watched with eyes wide to see where it would lead
as the politics of power passed around the seed
it was a time to remember that we never can forget
they were playin' hiroshima Nagasaki Russian roulette

The power of their progress was inspired in their blood
making nuclear explosives out of isotopic mud
to expand upon their methods, to improve and to refine
using all the mighty resource of their scientific minds
speaking always of the enemy who lurked across the seas
while moving in among us like a carrier disease

They arose like the saviors of our modern human race
with radiation halos that hung above their face
with the key to the sure cure and treatment of our ills
a hot shot of cobalt and a pocket full of pills
and the ones that died of fall-out that fell along the way
well they were too far gone, they would've died anyway

Down deep inside the bunkers of the concrete and lead
Einstein's disciples working steadily ahead
building heavy-metal power plants to fire the city lights
and all you hear is the underground humming in the night
and the walls of tight security circle all around
where they spill out all the poison and they bury it in the ground

Hiroshima Nagasaki Russian Roulette (cont.)

Holed up in the harbors, hidden secretly away
the warheads and the submarines await to make their play
and the military masterminds improve on their designs
while the soldiers get all doped up and stumble thru the lines
and the leaks in the water get carried by the tide
they call it "national security", I call it attempted homicide

Governors and statesmen on congressional pay
quick to please the hand that feeds they are careful what they say
they call out experts to assure us and to wave their magic wands
"this is the power of the future, and the future marches on!"
and they gather up their favors and political gains
while the spills fill the rivers and settle in the plains

I know the minds behind them, they are riddled full of holes
they are not to be trusted with their hands at the controls
their eyesight is twisted with the glory of their careers
and the heaped praise of flattery is music to their ears
and to listen to them talk about how it "hasn't happened yet"
is like playin' Hiroshima Nagasaki Russian Roulette

Those who wrought the deaths of millions, for it was their
stock and trade
they are afflicted with the fall-out that they themselves have made
they have sealed their own inevitable doom, and it shall surely come
and not even the moons of Jupiter will be far enough away to run
when the world that they've assaulted begins to turn around
and the unavoidable gravity pulls them to the ground

THIS IS THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE OF BROADSIDE. We couldn't have made it without a host of friends and supporters. To name a few, Moses Asch, Ed Lipton, Lewis Allan, Foy Page, Malvina Reynolds, Gary Lapow, Wendy Smith, Wes Houston, Toshi and Pete Seeger, Mike Millius, Sammy Walker, Willie Nile, Janis Ian, Rev. Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick, Wally Hille, Mark Cohen, Bill Izzillo, Jim Capaldi, Beverly Grant, Nina Simone, Pat Sky, Buffy Sainte-Marie, David Bookbinder, Bob Fass, Jimmy Collier, Mathew Jones, Mike Kellin, Julius Lester, Tom Parrott, Elaine White, Len Chandler, Nancy Chandler, Tom Paxton, Lois Morton, Ron Turner, Marilyn Eisenberg, Sing Out!, Bob Norman, Estelle Schneider, Alan Senauke, Ethel Raim, El Cid, Larry Estridge, Eric Andersen, Aggie, Jane and Ollie Friesen, Izzy Young, Ernie Marrs, Ric Masten. This is merely a partial list and we apologize to the many not appearing here, but whose help has been invaluable. We want to mention some of our friends abroad -- Matt McGinn in Scotland, John Brunner in London, Jacques Vassal in France, Ramon Padillo in Spain, Raimon in Catalonia, Dr. Alex Comfort; friends in Scandanavia, Japan and other foreign countries. We do not want to forget those who are no longer with us on this earth -- Gil Turner, Ralph Gleason, Phil Ochs, Bud Reynolds, Joan Cosman, Walter Lowenfels, and Peter La Farge, who in his frequent visits always brought Sis a dozen red roses.

THE AMERICAN HIGH-CENTENNIAL HISTORY SONG

Words & Music by G. Sparks Lunney

© 1976 by G. Sparks Lunney

Musical notation for the first line of the song, starting with a G chord and ending with a D7 chord.

How come they threw the tea in the water, perhaps you've wondered why?

Musical notation for the second line of the song, ending with a G chord.

Well, they would have taken it home with them, but they were much too high

Musical notation for the third line of the song, including G, C, D7, and G chords.

[Chorus] They were smoking wacky tobacci, wacky tobacci, everyone was good and high.

Musical notation for the fourth line of the song, including C, D7, and G chords.

They were smoking wacky tobacci, wacky tobacci, everyone was good and high.

2. How do you think they got them to wait
till they saw the whites of their eyes?
Well, the answer my friend when you look a
little closer, really isn't such a big surprise. [Chorus]
3. Washington had a hemp plantation
and he was always high.
If you wonder why he stood up in the middle
of the boat, well friends now you know why. [Chorus]
4. Well you wouldn't go out in the thunder and the rain
and watch the lightening fly,
well neither, my friend, would old Ben Franklin,
if he had not been high. [Chorus]
5. John Hancock took his pen in hand
and with giant letters he wrote,
but he wouldn't have written so damned big,
if he hadn't had that last toke. [Chorus]
6. So the next time you take a long sweet toke,
you're not just getting high.
You're preserving a tradition by your patriotic duty
that's American as apple pie. [Chorus]

(Editors note: G. Sparks Lunney first heard the term "wacky tobacci" last fall from a smokey the bear who stopped his van in Virginia. He assumes he was stopped in the first place because he was wearing a beard. Smokey looked in the back of the van and asked "you got any wacky tobacci in there?" When the answer was no, smokey waved him on with a look of disappointment. Sparky figured smokey was disappointed not because he failed to make a bust but because he had hoped for a toke.)

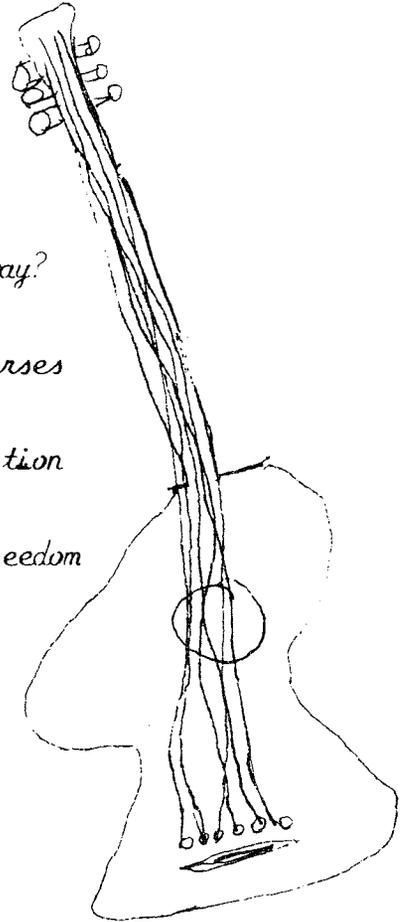
Have You Walked Along The Highway

I've been taking new directions
Seeing things through a new light
I've been walking 'round this country
And so far the road's been right
'Well I've seen our people working
And I've seen our wheatfields grow
The more I see of our land
The more I want to know.

(Refrain:) Have you walked along the highway?
Have you gazed out on the sea?
Have you watched the western horses
Running wild and flying free?
Come and watch the clouds in motion
Come and hear the eagle's cry
Then we'll learn the song of freedom
And we'll sing it til we die.

'Well I saw the rich ones' lifestyle
And I held the poor ones' hand
And we talked of things that matter
And I hoped they'd understand
Cause there's nothing more than living
And our time is quickly spent
So we learned to walk together
And I asked them as I went (Repeat refrain)

'Well I'll sing it on the harbor
And I'll sing it on the bay
And I'll sing it to the migrants
Who could soon be sent away
I'll sing it for the President
I hope he hears me, too
And if you'd like to take the time
I'll sing my song for you (Repeat refrain)



Words & Music by
Ms. RANDY HECHT
copyright 1976
by Ms. Randy Hecht

NEWARK, Ohio, Jan. 22 (UPI)—About a dozen cars of a Conrail train derailed in the village of Hanover, about seven miles east of here, and a fire resulted when one car containing vinyl chloride exploded.

About 300 residents of the central Ohio village were evacuated to a nearby high school as toxic fumes and smoke were given off by the blaze. Smoke also settled over nearby communities, posing the possibility of further evacuations. Firefighters from several nearby townships stood by as they watched the fire burn itself out.

Sgt. John Swick of the Licking County Sheriff's office said one car with vinyl chloride went over an embankment, ruptured and exploded into flames, sending flames about 250 feet into the air.

BOOK REVIEW: JUST OFF THE PRESS, a 3rd collection, HOW CAN WE KEEP FROM SINGING, published by the Hodgin Press of the First Uniterian Church of Los Angeles. Edited again by Waldemar Hille, it is a contemporary songbook for liberal churches, youth groups, fellowships, and for communal singing generally. Beautifully bound.



"Now what's this vinyl chloride That I been hearin' about?"

Cancer

By STEVE LAWRENCE

Government health and environmental officials have begun a crash monitoring program in Nassau County's Bethpage area to see if cancer-linked chemicals found so far in three industrial wells have spread to public water supplies.

The pollution checks are being done on the Bethpage, Levittown, Hicksville, Farmingdale and Plainview water systems, serving an estimated 50,000 to 60,000 persons.

Two public wells were closed Friday after vinyl chloride—a known carcinogen—was found in one of Bethpage's eight wells, and trichloroethylene —an industrial solvent—was found in one of Hicksville's 17 wells.

Three Wells Shut

Over the weekend, Nassau County, New York State and U. S. Environmental Protec-

tion Agency officials revealed that three of 14 wells at the vast Grumman Corp. complex in Bethpage had been shut down. Two were closed in August 1975, and one last month, they said.

Grumman revealed nearly two weeks ago that it had shut down five of the 14 wells on its sprawling Bethpage industrial complex because of vinyl chloride and industrial solvent contamination.

They were closed after four different chemicals—all linked to cancer in various animal studies—were found.

The chemicals are vinyl chloride—used to produce plastics—and three common solvents used in metal processing: dichloroethylene, chloroethylene and tetrachloroethylene.

The well water was used for drinking and industrial processing at the 45-plant Grumman facility which employs 22,000 people, a company spokesman said.

A new songbook of radical political music is being published by East Bay Peoples' Music. Fittingly, it begins with the most widely sung song in the world, THE INTERNATIONALE. Single copies (bulk rates are less) can be ordered at \$1.75 from East Bay Peoples' Music, 390 Alcatraz Ave., Oakland CA 94618.

BROADSIDE #134

LEADBELLY ON FOLKWAYS RECORDS

43 W. 61 St., N.Y.C. 10023

A L S O

STRUGGLE sung by Woody Guthrie. Includes "Union Burying Ground," "Ludlow Massacre," "1913 Massacre," "Lost John," "Buffalo Skinners," "Pretty Boy Floyd," & "Struggle Blues." The songs depict the struggle of working people for a place in the America they envisioned. Folkways, \$5.

STRUGGLE continues the story of the man Woody Guthrie introduced in the new film "Bound For Glory" ... "This new LP may well be the most important record release of the Bicentennial Year... Woody's songs take on a new meaning every day: listen to THERE'S A BETTER WORLD A-COMING, which can be heard on Folkways FA 2481."

-- Jim Capaldi

Recent BROADSIDE releases on the FOLKWAYS label:
"Song For Patty" by Sammy Walker
"Sundown" by Sis Cunningham
"Phil Ochs Sings for Broadside"
"Broadside Interviews Phil Ochs"

In preparation: "The Songs Of Gary Green" & "God Guts And Guns" by Jeff Ampolsk. Send to above address for complete catalog of Folkways Recordings.

E D I T O R I A L

One of Woody Guthrie's favorite jokes at concerts was about the Papa and Mama Rabbit cornered in a hollow log by raging hounds. Mama asks, "What shall we do now?" Papa replies, "Well, I reckon we'll just have to stay in here till we outnumber them." This seems to be the stage of current American music. A few commercial companies sit like fat toads exuding poison through their money-encrusted pores. But we rabbits continue to multiply by leaps and bounds. Every major city, and many small ones, now have their street musicians singing the true music of America. Small recording companies keep this tradition alive. There is, of course, the granddaddy of them all, FOLKWAYS with Moe Asch at its helm. And FOLK LEGACY in Sharon, Conn. There is Malvina Reynolds' SCHRODER MUSIC, 2027 Parker St, Berkeley, CA 94704. Also in Berkeley, KICKING MULE, Box 3233 S, 94703. In Oakland, CA at 5801 Margarido Dr. Zip 94618 is BAY RECORDS. Here in New York is PAREDON RECORDS, Box 889 Brooklyn, Zip 11202. Up in the Northwest is WHID - ISLE MUSIC, Box 615, Clinton WA 98236. The voice of the Rockies is BISCUIT CITY RECORDS, 1106-8 E. 17th Ave., Denver Colo. 80218. Let's not forget ROUNDER RECORDS, 186 Willow Ave., Somerville, Mass. 02144. PHILO RECORDS puts out an excellent line -- Utah Phillips, Rosalie Sorrels, Mary McCaslin -- but we could not find their address. New little Folk Magazines and Topical Song radio shows spring up all the time. SING OUT! Magazine, 270 Lafayette St., NYC 10012, in its 25th year is doing its readers invaluable service by bringing out the diverse and great heritage of American music created by Blacks, American Indians, women, Puerto Ricans, etc. Meanwhile the big commercial music companies pour out increasingly degenerative trash -- schlock rock, punk rock, junk rock and a new monstrosity called disco. As Woody said Great Britain and the Soviet Union took over the music industry to prevent their countries from becoming a nation of jerks. Maybe it is time for us rabbits to take over in the USA.

- G.F.

BOOK REVIEWS: Grosset & Dunlap has published a beautiful Woody Guthrie Songbook, edited by Harold Leventhal and Marjorie Guthrie. It includes many of Woody's best known songs as well as some lesser known ones, and is illustrated by a number of photos of Woody never published before. Reasonably priced at \$6.95. They could have used stronger glue to hold it together..... FOLK MUSIC - More Than A Song. Written by Kristin Baggelaar & Donald Milton and published by Crowell - price \$14.95. Invaluable for lovers and instructors of Folk Music it covers the personalities of the American folk scene literally from A to Z (there is no folk artist whose name begins with Z, so the last chapter of the book is devoted to the Zither)..... A similar book has been issued by Knopf/Oak at \$7.95. It was compiled by Larry Sandberg & Dick Weissman and entitled THE FOLK MUSIC SOURCEBOOK - The Complete Guide to North American Folk Music..... Praeger Publishers has issued at \$8.95 a truly fine volume by Hazel Arnett - I HEAR AMERICA SINGING!; Great Folk Songs from the Revolution to Rock. She includes a number of songs which first appeared in Broadside and have never been published elsewhere. Examples: Fred Kirkpatrick's "The Cities Are Burning," Marilyn Eisenberg's "Freedom Rider," and "Pinkville Helicopter" by Tom Parrott, which we consider the best song to come out of the Vietnam tragedy.

* * * * *



Letters

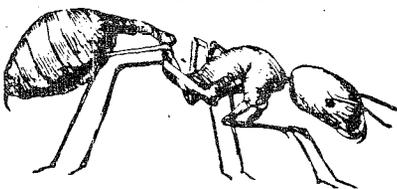
Dear Broadside: First of all, thanks for the copies of Sis' SUNDOWN L.P. I really like the record and so do the people I gave copies to... For your next record, I'd like to see an album devoted to traditional songs; "In the Merry Month of May" and "Wild Rippling Waters" were beautiful unusual versions and were performed superbly... I was very pleased to receive the new Broadside. It's a very good issue. Some of the parts I liked best were the article on the death of Phil Ochs (I should have said murder), Gary Lapow's "When I was a Boy in Brooklyn" and the review of the Phil Ochs tribute by Paul Kaplan.... To be perfectly honest, when, on one of my first visits, you suggested that Phil had been murdered by the CIA, I was skeptical. But there remain too many unanswered questions.... Gordon's article raises many intriguing points. When Phil was assaulted in Africa why did his attackers concentrate on crushing his voice box -- why not beat, shoot or knife him. All those swift deportations shows that the authorities were definitely aware of the power of his songs and were afraid to have him sing them anywhere. Phil repeatedly stated that people were out to kill him. He must have known something. - J.C., Philadelphia.... Dear folks at Broadside: I would like to make a slight criticism. Namely, you should not waste your time reviewing such ersatz stuff as the "Brown Lung Cotton Mill Blues" as you did in your last issue. These middle-class people disgust me, trying to make money off the workers' suffering. The hardest work they ever did was to mow the lawn in front of their split-level suburban homes. Forget them. There is a whole working class, women and men, who need your loyalty.- RANDY ABBOTT, Salt Lake City.....

Dear Sis: Hello, I hope all is fine with you and Broadside. I bought the Broadside set from you last October, and I want to thank you for them and your lovely letter. It's really nice when somebody goes out of their way and deals with people as human beings.

First of all the Broadsides are probably the best investment I've made in years, winning out over rent and insurance. They're all beautiful and a thrill to read. You can be proud of them. They tell the story of the 60's better than any high school "Problems of Democracy" class and CBS News could ever hope to do. Congratulations.

One of the most fascinating things that captivated me in the Broadsides was the life of Phil Ochs. When I first began to understand the folk music scene in the 60's, I was early attracted to Phil. In him, I saw the very epitome of the protest singer. I can recall the day when I saw him for the first time on the old David Frost Show. I couldn't forget him after that. I bought all of his Elektra and A & M albums, and he found a special niche in my musical world between the Beatles and The Strawberry Alarm Clock. As the years passed and rock became banal and stale, Phil sounded fresher than ever..... It's sad to say that after Phil's death I began to think about him more. His messages reached deeper meanings. I wanted to find out about the man as well as his songs. This month I did a piece for Commonwealth Magazine (Boston). It lead me to start a book on Phil. I don't want to do a tantalizing, exaggerated story, with Phil becoming the hero of America. In the many years to come Hollywood will probably see to that (if Kris Kristofferson or David Carradine haven't grown too old). I feel that Phil Ochs is very important to me, and should be profoundly important to anyone who is interested in the life of America.

MICHAEL DRUST, Maine



BROADSIDE #134

LETTERS (cont'd)..... Hello. "Phil Ochs Sings For Broadside" is a timely momento. Thank you for releasing it. - D.M., Canada..... Dear Broadside: I try not to be anti-intellectual. And do not consider Dylan less because he is obtuse. And as long as you are around we'll have our interpreter of Bob.- S. O., New York..... Great write-up on Phil Ochs -- Glad someone is writing the truth.- B.I., Virginia. I agreed with your article on the Radicalization of Bob Dylan in Broadside #128. - T.H., England..... I am presently completing my masters thesis; the subject of my study is the political protest song. After just receiving a complete set of your back issues, I have been devouring them hungrily. - C.H., N. Carolina..... I've heard of Broadside for almost all my life, but I could never get a-hold of an issue. I only half believed you really existed. - Bill M., New Jersey..... Really enjoyed issue #133. The piece on Phil Ochs' death is right on! Indeed, in terms of what really is going down in this country, it seems we may have only seen the tip of the iceberg. I am not yet a fully qualified psychologist -- but on the basis of the training I have had people who are about to take their life are not known to be energetically making plans for their future. - S.L., Graduate School, N. Y. I enjoyed your LP "Phil Ochs Sings For Broadside." It looked beautifully out of place beside the disco albums in my local record store window. - R.W., Upstate New York..... "NOW THAT THE WAR IS OVER by Willie Nile is a great song -- I'll try to do it justice." - Pete Seeger..... Pete, incidentally, is re-living his Almanac days by singing and campaigning for Ed Sadlowski, the progressive candidate for leadership of the United Steel Workers.

Buffalo was buried under another blizzard yesterday. The hapless city, which has had a total snowfall of more than 150 inches this winter, was shut down and isolated, with no trains, planes or buses going in or out.

In Buffalo, a fresh snowfall of four inches brought the total accumulation to 37 inches and clogged streets with stranded cars, trucks and buses. The season's total nowfall is now 153 inches. The National Guard had to be called out to clear routes for firemen responding to a house blaze that spread to five other homes before they got through.

Three men were found dead in stalled autos in the Buffalo area,

Buffalo was isolated by the storm, cut off from train, bus and airplane service. With 150 inches of snow so far this season, the city was experiencing the worst winter weather of its history. The temperature there has not risen above freezing since Christmas, and by last evening there were drifts in the suburbs up to four feet deep. Thousands of cars were abandoned on the roads,

See "Is It Snowing In Buffalo" by Mark Cohen in B'side 133.

BOUND FOR GLORY. In the publicity for the Woody Guthrie film the media interviewers invariably come up with the key question, "Was he or wasn't he?"...He certainly was, card carrying and all. When I knew him he was a full-fledged member of the Village branch of the Communist Cultural Section. And proud of it.

- G.F.

MALVINA REYNOLDS' OWN PREMATURE EPITAPH

A Wake For A Singer

Celebrate my death for the good times I've had,
For the work that I've done and the friends that I've made
Celebrate my death, of whom it could be said,
"She was a workingclass woman, and a red."

My man was the best, a comrade and a friend,
Fighting on the good side to the very end,
My child was a darling, merry, strong and fine,
And all the world's children were mine.

A complete set of the first 15 years of BROADSIDE (1962-77, #1-#134)...\$50. Also the first 12 Broadside LP records...\$60. Order from BROADSIDE, 215 W. 98 St. -4D, N.Y., N.Y. 10025. Broadside is co-edited by Agnes Cunningham & Gordon Friesen.