



I WAS A VERY PREMATURE ANTI-FASCIST

My real education began when I was seven years old. I had a case of measles, not uncommon, but which was followed quickly by scarlet fever. From then on insidious complications began to take place one after the other. First a severe sore throat which would not go away, then swelling of the joints, especially the knees, until I could no longer walk. Then the strep germs ran wild, invading the valves of my heart. That was long before antibiotics; not even aspirin was available.

There was nothing left to do except for my folks to put me to bed and wait. You either toughed it out or died. Dying was hard so I spent my entire seventh year bedridden, from one fall to the next. My folks would send for Dr. Leisure only when my fever skyrocketed to 106 and 107. He was middle aged and friendly, and certainly unable to live up to his name, since he was the only doctor for miles around and illness, births and deaths knocked frequently on pioneer doors. All he could do for me was to bring my fever down with cold wet cloths and give me a physic to clean out by bowels. He did have a scientific term for my disease: Inflammatory Rheumatism which he later changed to Rheumatic Fever. After twelve long months I finally recovered, if you can call it that. I was left with St. Vitus Dance (chorea) and what doctors now call Paroxysmal Tachycardia. For a time my parents were afraid that the chorea was permanent, with all its jerking, uncontrollable flinging out of my arms and legs. But it did go away; the tachycardia never did. Its symptoms consist of a sudden increase of the heartbeat from a normal rate to a wild 200 and more beats per minute. It comes on without warning and lasts from a short while up to twelve or fifteen hours. It stops as suddenly as it begins, with a wild lurching sensation. It is scary as hell.

(During the last several years I have developed second and third heart irregularities: Atrial Extra

Systole and Ventricular Systoles. The great advance of medical science has created innumerable drugs for these conditions, but frankly they don't do much good. A doctor up at St. Lukes Hospital suggests I would be lucky to suddenly drop dead rather than undergo the extended miseries these conditions will bring about. Other doctors have told me that all these arhythmias are caused by scar tissue around my heart disrupting the electrical impulses which govern normal pulsations. I attribute these new difficulties to the strain of putting out Broadside combined with the anguish of having to leave out for lack of space the many fine songs being sent to us by our loyal contributors and trying to convince them that this country's musical world, as well as the rest of its media, is controlled by stupid and illiterate capitalist pigs.)

DICKENS AND DEBS
SAY IT AS IT IS

So what does all this have to do with a sick-wasted little kid lying under her mother's handsewn patch quilt in a homesteader's tiny house near the shifting banks of the North Canadian River in western Oklahoma? But as I said before this is where my education began. During my lucid moments my mother sat by my bedside and taught me how to read. Once I could read, I ploughed through my father's books. He had gotten a complete set of Charles Dickens by trading chickens and eggs with an itinerant booksalesman working the countryside. From Dickens I learned the obscene injustices of the world, the terrible suffering of the poor and the unending cruelties of their rich hypocritical overlords. But above all, I learned to read the Eugene Debs "Appeal To Reason" to which my father faithfully subscribed, being a true Socialist himself. From him and from Debs, I reached the conviction that humanity can be saved only by a completely socialist world, a conviction I hold stronger than ever to this very day, April 4, 1978.

CHEYENNE AUTUMN

My father was friends with several Cheyenne Indian families who had been relegated to the creeks and river bottoms (there is irony here somewhere in that our land had been taken from these same native families). It was always an exciting adventure, breaking up the monotony of my dreary confinement to bed, when these Cheyenne families would stop by our place to see how the little patient was getting along. They came into our driveway in their rickety buckboards, the men in the springseat their big black hats pulled low over their heads and their long black double-braids ending in bright red ribbons hanging down their chests. The women and children crouched under faded blankets in the wagon-bed. Their inevitable dogs trotted in the shade provided by the buckboard, their tongues lolling and dripping in the summer heat. The Indian Chiefs (I assumed at age seven that all Indian males were Chiefs) stood at my bedside and called upon their gods to make me well and healthy again. But I, in my sharp perception, concluded from the half-amused expression on their faces that they had about as much faith in their gods as my atheist father had in a white god. I later learned that one of these Cheyennes was a legitimate Chief by the name of Chief White Fool.

In the early autumn as my health improved my folks would carry me to picnics in a small grove at one corner of our farm. It was only a scrub thicket of blackjack oaks. But to a child freed from the yearlong captivity of a sick-bed God never made a lovelier tree. Nor did grass, even though drying, ever smell sweeter.

On the first of these picnics, I experienced an incredibly wonderful feeling; it was what I imagine a released prisoner must feel upon being turned free after a long and torturous incarceration. I was especially happy when our dog Midge was allowed to go along. Midge on

many nights had made it possible for me to forget my pain and fall asleep by snuggling up close to me while the rest of the house was dark and silent. The first thing Midge did upon reaching the blackjack grove was to nose out a covey of quail who took off in a tremendous burst of life

WATONGA COMES FROM THE ARAPAHO INDIAN WORD "WATANGAA" WHICH MEANS "COYOTE WHO TELLS LIES"

When I returned to school in Watonga I was considered a precocious child. My legs were still weak, and I and my brothers were conveyed the mile and a half in a rattletrap single-seat buggy -- the top long since torn away and lost in a rain-storm. The buggy was drawn by our trusty pony, Weary Willie, who shamelessly lived up to his name. My grades were always high and in high school I was editor of the school paper THE SHOTGUN. As editor I put in a lot of my own poems, articles and short stories. I attended Southwestern College at Weatherford and got a life certificate to teach in the state of Oklahoma. Although this was the hometown of my now husband, I did not meet him until '41. I taught public school music for four years and was proud of the fact that my students earned more trophies than all the athletic teams put together.

Music had been in my family ever since I can remember. My father was an "old time" fidler; his excellence and skill far surpassed any fiddling I have heard since either in personal performance or on records. And I have heard hundreds. One of the deepest disappointments of my life is that my father was never recorded. He knew at least 500 tunes which he had learned by ear and from sheet music and fiddle books (he taught himself to read notes without ever having had a lesson). He obstinately refused to teach me the fiddle; he held to the old-fashioned view that women inherently were not equipped to master the fiddle (or violin as the instrument is known in more sophisticated society). However, I did learn to play the piano at my

grandmother's house in Watonga and accompanied my father at the square dances all around the countryside where he was in great demand. A few farmers had pianos but most of them had old pump organs. I was too small to reach the peddles, so the hostess' kids crouched on the floor and pumped them with their hands while the dancers sashayed and promenaded, do-si-doed and alemanded right and left.

THEY HANGED MY ANCESTOR LIKE A COMMON HORSE THIEF

The political impact of the 30's was so tremendous and multi-faceted that it is hard to capsulize this period. There was the Great Depression, the Dust Bowl, life-destroying hunger in the Hoovervilles, and all the while war clouds loomed ominously on all sides. My own radicalization continued to grow with the unfolding of events. I quit teaching and entered Commonwealth College, a radical Labor School near Mena Arkansas. I immersed myself in Marxism and later directed radical music and drama, creating much of the material myself (you can still find some of this material in the 42nd Street Library in New York City). At Commonwealth I learned about the Haymarket martyrs, about Federal troops breaking strikes with bullets and bayonets, lynchings of hundreds of Blacks, the Palmer Raids, the frame-up deaths of Sacco and Vanzetti and other innumerable crimes against the American people by incipient native fascists.

Rebellion against injustice in the Cunningham family goes all the way back to William Wallace, the Scots patriot, who was hanged by the English over six centuries ago (there has always been a William Wallace in the Cunningham generations). My great grandfather had a station on the Underground Railroad; my grandfather, a Captain in the Union Army, fought in 27 Civil War battles. My

father, William Wallace Cunningham, was a Debs Socialist and remained so to the end of his life (on his deathbed in St. Anthony's Hospital at Oklahoma City, in his delirium he gave long speeches which he had been too shy to deliver at Socialist meetings). My late brother Bill published a novelized version of the Green Corn Rebellion wherein the Socialists in Southern Oklahoma tried to force the U.S. government to withdraw from capitalist World War I. (Oklahoma was full of Socialists at that time.) They issued a formal Declaration Of War, raised the Red Flag and began a march on Washington, hoping to gather forces along the way as was done by Coxie's Army. Thousands of anti-war Socialists were rounded up and herded into stockades, but their Declaration of War remains in force to this day. They failed in preserving the lives of thousands of American boys where Lenin succeeded in saving innumerable of his Soviet comrades from the insane capitalist slaughter pens by withdrawing his country from World War I.

MY POLITICAL EDUCATION CONTINUES

My real political education during the hectic 30's came not from reading but through indirect and direct participation, principally the latter. The story of the Bonus Marchers, where President Hoover directed Douglas McArthur and Patton to attack the veterans of World War I with tanks and machine guns, killing some and driving the rest from Washington, was told to me by a veteran who had actually been there that desperate summer of 1932. This ghastly atrocity against the men who had put their lives on the line for their country turned me into an inveterate joiner of causes for human justice. During that decade I joined, first of all, the Communist Party of the USA and its cultural arm, the John Reed Club. My father got me to join the Farmers' Union with him. I became a member of the Veterans of Industry of America, the Unemployed Council, the Workers' Alliance, League Against War and Fascism (inspired by the



Spanish Civil War), Southern Tenant Farmers Union, NAACP (I sang the beautiful Negro National Anthem with its stirring opening line, "Lift Every Voice And Sing" at many a Black meeting), Oklahoma Committee For the Defense of the Scotsboro Boys, Milo Reno's Farm Holiday Association, UCAPAWA (United Cannery Agricultural, Packing & Allied Workers of America). As the 30's ended I and nine others organized a group we called the Red Dust Players. We gave musical skits throughout southern and eastern Oklahoma to aid in the organizing drives of the STFU and the CIO Oil Workers. Earlier, in '37, I took part in a mass hunger march on Washington.

Bullring and machine-gunned to death (shades of the CIA supported Chilean Junta slaughtering Allende followers in the National Stadium). I and all Americans on the left organized many rallies in defense of the Spanish Republic. Even FDR didn't come away with clean hands from the events in Spain. All except fascist-minded Americans were shocked when he joined Great Britain and France in embargoing arms with which the legitimately elected Spanish government could have protected itself. This embargo abandoned Spain to the Franco fascists aided by Mussolini's legions of ground troops and Adolph Hitler's Luftwaffe whose most infamous crime was the destruction of Guernica.



Picasso's "Guernica."

THE THIRTIES ARE SPELLED STARVATION AND BLOOD

My radicalization was completed by the Spanish Civil War (just as a generation later young Americans were turned radical by Vietnam). It was a clearcut case of fascism overthrowing a democratically elected republic. Franco invaded Spain with his Moorish hordes to establish a fascist dictatorship patterned after those existing in Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. Naive Americans were horrified by Franco atrocities as when thousands of Spanish civilians, turned back at the Portuguese border, were herded into the Badajoz

(Picasso immortalized this atrocity in his famous painting.)

Even though we filled Madison Square Garden and many other giant halls with protesters demanding an end to this embargo, FDR refused to yield. He had earlier shown his genocidal tendencies by turning back a shipload of Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany and dooming them to Hitler's crematoriums. Even before that FDR's government joined those of Great Britain and France in approving the re-arming of Nazi Germany by allied munitions makers. It was not out of altruism but out of their assistance in rebuilding the German war machine

that Adolph Hitler awarded Iron Crosses to Henry Ford and Charles Lindburgh, praising them as "My best friends in America."

Many wise minds warned correctly that the Spanish conflict was the rehearsal for World War II. Volunteers from various countries went to fight on the side of the Republican government. I myself recruited a few such volunteers for the Eugene V. Debs Brigade which merged with the American Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

There is one point growing out of my personal experiences that I would like to make above all others: that is that from its very founding America has had its fascist-minded elements. Genocide has always played a front role. The Spanish Conquistadores massacred millions of Indians, all in the name of God.

The Pilgrims on their way to worship carried blunderbuses with which to kill Indians. Being from the Southwest, we know all about the massacre of men, women and babies at Sand Creek and General Custer's annihilation of Black Kettle's peaceful Cheyenne village on the Little Washita in Western Oklahoma. We know all about Wounded Knee, not duplicated until My Lai in Vietnam. The genocide of Blacks in America by the thousands was preceded by Hitler's extermination of the Jews.

SCOUNDREL TIME UNLIMITED

From all this it is evident that the drive toward fascism in this country did not begin in the early 1950's, as some would have us believe, nor was it instigated by one lone isolated individual, namely demented Senator McCarthy. Our reactionary elements are trying desperately, turning out reams of propaganda and spending millions of dollars to create the false picture that McCarthy was an aberration, a fanatical mutant. They are being unwittingly assisted in some cases by the very victims of McCarthyism,

blaming all their troubles and those of their friends on this one man (autobiographical books are being published encompassing this theme, invariably by "big names"--they can conveniently forget that the lives of thousands of little people, stagehands, teachers, technicians in every field, even janitors and copy boys went down the drain.)

In the 60's thousands of Black civil rights demonstrators and anti-Vietnam War activists were jailed. And only yesterday Andrew Young, U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, who himself was jailed during the civil rights struggle, pointed out that there are still thousands of political prisoners in American prisons. In Houston Texas mad-dog policemen dressed in blue are murdering Blacks and Chicanos with impunity.

There has always been scoundrel time in the United States of America. An intelligence dossier was started on my husband-to-be in 1940 simply on the basis of a letter he had written to an Oklahoma City newspaper upholding the Constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and press. I myself was hunted like a wild animal in the badlands of Oklahoma a full ten years before Joseph McCarthy appeared on the national scene. A rabid Hitler-loving Assistant County Attorney, John Eberle, raided the Party bookshop and arrested eight Communists. Four of them were later tried on charges of "Criminal Syndicalism," whatever that is. The four, Bob and Ina Wood, Eli Jaffe and Alan Shaw, were quickly found guilty by red-neck juries and sentenced to ten years on the hard rock pile at McAlister Pen. The only evidence against them was a jail cell crammed to the ceiling with books. Their convictions, due to the skilled legalistic maneuvering of two young Jewish lawyers from New York City, were later overturned by the Appeals Court. So much for "criminal syndicalism" and all hail to freedom of the press.

HUNTED IN THE BADLANDS
LIKE A WILD BEAST

On the night of the day of the arrests our little troupe returned from a rally for the striking oil workers in West Tulsa where I had sung my "Judge Denton" song to the usual vast applause. It was very late, in fact almost morning, when we got back to Oklahoma City. The condition of our director's home made us realize we were next on Mr. Eberle's list. The apartment was a shambles, in complete disarray. The papers and books which had not been confiscated were strewn over the floors and trampled upon. Those of our group who had no direct ties to Oklahoma left the state immediately never to return. I, being a loyal Oklahoman and disinclined to abandon my home state, found my way to friends living in a line shack hidden in the red hills of western

Oklahoma. I was back in the black-jack thickets. Rations were meager to say the least. Somedays we existed on a single meal consisting of fried water biscuits which had been dipped in one beaten egg; this one daily egg was divided among the seven of us. Meat in the form of jackrabbits zigzagging through the thickets and chaparral was plentiful, but we didn't even have one cartridge for our .22 calibre rifle. Many an afternoon I lay hidden in the bunch grass on a hillside watching the state troopers beating the bushes for me, .38 police specials in their hands and "Smokey the Bear" hats on their heads. Once Eberle had his pound of flesh, charges against me were dropped and I returned to my "revolutionary" activities.

--AGNES 'SIS' CUNNINGHAM

AN OIL DERRICK OUT BY WEST TULSA

By Sis Cunningham
Music: The Old Apple Tree

Oh an oil derrick out by West Tulsa
Lives in my memory
It reminds me of Judge Denton
He spent all his time inventin'
How to cheat every man he did see.
Now the Judge was a crafty old
chisler
With an anti-union policy
Well the union didn't like it
So they up and called a strike at
The Mid-Continent Refinery.
Now the Judge started herding the
scabs in
His finks and his gangsters were
there
He started shelling out the cash
To rats and thugs and all such trash
And the Tulsa Tribune got its share.
Say goodbye, say goodbye
Say goodbye to the Judge and
his gang
When the workers started chasin'
The Judge he started racin'
Cause he 'knew if they caught
him he would hang.

So they chased him right out to
the oil field
And he shouted as he climbed up
the rig
"If you hang me I will haunt you!"
They said "Sorry to disappoint you,
But we'll bury you face down and
let you dig."

So the strikers climbed up on the
crow's nest
And they captured that crafty old
bird
Then they took a rope and strung him
By the neck and then they hung him
And now no more scabs does he herd.

Say goodbye, say goodbye
We've come to the end of our
lyric
All those anti-union ginks
Had better watch their step,
by jinks.
Or they too will hang from
the derrick.

-- © 1976 Sis Cunningham

(This is one of the songs included
on my LP SUNDOWN, Broadside No. 9,
Folkways 5319.)

FIGHT ON SISTERS

Words: © 1978 Carol Hanisch

Tune: Based on "Roll On Columbia" by Woody Guthrie which was based on "Goodnight, Irene" by Huddie Ledbetter

When we started this movement 'bout

Our foremothers' visions would not let them rest. They fought for their freedom from the east to the west.

ten years ago, men laughed and said that it

They won some hard battles; we must win the rest So fight on sisters, fight on.

never would grow, But we raised up our

Telling the truth about sex, love and men We examined our lives and again and again It was male supremacy we found we must end So fight on sisters, fight on.

voices and we let 'em know. Fight on,

The bosses claim women just aren't qualified To work at the good jobs for which we applied, But we talked to each other and found out they lied. Fight on sisters, fight on.

sisters, fight on. Fight on, sisters, fight

The Miss America Pageant we did protest The curlers, the girdles, high heels and the rest That torture a woman — our real self is best. Fight on sisters, fight on.

on. Fight on, sisters, fight on. Our

We disrupted a hearing on abortion reform Telling the panel — 14 men and a nun That WE are the experts; our bodies, our own. We fight on sisters, fight on.

power will grow and our dreams will be

We know as we knew we must do it alone The war for our freedom can never be won Unless we grasp hold and make it our own. Fight on sisters, fight on.

won, If we fight on, sisters, fight

Now some say the problem is all in our head While others proclaim that our movement is dead But we'll rise up again, our anger still red And we'll fight on sisters, fight on.

on - - - -

...and other songs for liberation

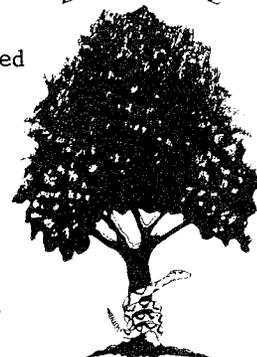
A songbook containing "Fight On Sisters" and nine more songs for women's and people's liberation by Carol Hanisch is in preparation. Tapes will also be made available, hopefully in both 8-track and cassette. If you are interested in being notified when the songbook and/or tapes are ready, drop a note to Carol Hanisch, PO Box 7, New Paltz, NY 12561.

Songs included are:

- I Gotta Learn to Sing
- Fight On Sisters
- Bedroom Backlash
- You Better Stop Blaming Women
- Match My Thunder

- Sisters of the Sun
- Not with My Life You Don't
- We'll Find A Way
- Song of the Oppressed
- What We Owe the World

LIBERTY TREE



"DON'T TREAD ON ME"

Some Houston people think that Joe
was nothin' more than a stray dog
who got killed
But against them that murdered this
brave Chicano vet
God's angry hands
will never be stilled

So reserve your greatest pity
for those who say
"We're shocked, we never knew."
Then go back to countin'
their riches
Like so many barrels of Texas crude
(Chorus)

* * * * *



Who Stole The Land ?

© 1978 by RANDY B. HECHT

Who stole the land be-neath my feet and threw me in this
jail? I've done no wrong to a-ny-one, your ex-pla-na-tions
fail. I let you share it with me and you had to take it
all. But I'll no lon-ger hide be-hind this re-ser-va-tion wall. And
so I'm tell-ing all of you I don't ac-cept your lies. You e-ven found
way to steal our clear blue o-pen skies. The trea-ties that you
gave us you took back with the same hand; but I won't rest un-
til I find the men who stole the land.

Who stole the land beneath my feet and threw me in this jail?
I've done no wrong to anyone, your explanations fail
I let you share it with me and you had to take it all
But I'll no longer hide behind this reservation wall
(CHO) And so I'm telling all of you I don't accept your lies
You even found a way to steal our clear blue open skies
The treaties that you gave us you took back with the same hand
But I won't rest until I find the men who stole the land.

Who poisoned our great rivers where they ran so cool and sweet?
Your industries are thriving on the people that they cheat
I didn't keep them clean to have you murder them for me
And when I get my rivers back I'll end your killing spree. (CHO)
Who stole my name and language in the early morning light
And herded us away from you because we aren't white?
You cut my hair, you changed my clothes, it's very well arranged
But I'll still be an Indian no matter what you change. (CHO)



Chief Joseph



Sitting Bull

LETTERS: "Remember me? I am Luigi Scotolati, the Roman who wrote to you last April while preparing his graduation thesis on Phil Ochs, BROADSIDE, and all the good work that the topical songwriters published in your magazine had done in America in the 60's. As you may recall, my good friend Alberti Musati, a steward on El Italia, came to your house and picked up a complete set of BroadSides for me. Using this set, I wrote my thesis and was able to graduate with full marks (that is 110/110 and lode). The main title of my graduation thesis was PHIL OCHS E LA CANZONE DI PROTESTA NELL' AMERICA DEGLI ANNI '60 (Phil Ochs And American Songwriting). The whole thesis came to about 730 pages. This resulted when I translated almost all the songs in your magazine into Italian (only 5 or 6 had had a previous translation in Italy). I translated from your magazine the songs not only of Phil Ochs but of Mark Spoelstra, Tom Paxton, Len Chandler, Peter La Farge, Buffy Ste-Marie, Richard Farina, Les Rice, Julius Lester, and many more. I dedicated my work to 'our magazine' Broadside. Now, an Italian editor Savelli, who published the Italian translation of Woody Guthrie's BOUND FOR GLORY, wants to publish a book based on my thesis.... I wish I could meet you some day, but as you know I have a family (Stefania, my wife, and Filippo - just like Phil - who will be two years old in June). I am now working mostly as a translator and as musical expert for the Italian National Broadcasting Company.... Perhaps you will see me enter your apartment some day saying, 'Hello, friends, I'm Luigi. What's going on in the wonderful and unique world of Broadside?' LUIGI SCOTOLATI - ROME, ITALY"..... The demand for Phil Ochs' LP REHEARSALS FOR RETIREMENT, which A&M Records has withdrawn, continues world-wide. A correspondent in Washington DC reports she has been offered a deal: a ten dollar deposit, a 3-month wait and a final payment of \$35 more will get her a copy from a New Jersey firm. This is a shame..... "Dear Broadside: Thank you very much for the complete set of your magazine which I ordered. Enclosed find a check for \$75 to pay for a second set. This second set is for Tamotsu Yazawa, one of Japan's leading authors and critics. Sincerely, Yosh Iteru Takenaka, Osaka, Japan"... Hello Broadside; I read the other day in Sweden's biggest newspaper DAGENS NYHETER on the front page, a long story about your wonderful magazine, BROADSIDE. I am interested in ordering a complete set; my interest stems from the first time I ever heard Tom Paxton and Phil Ochs in 1965. HANS EGESKOG, Sweden"... "Dear Gordon and Sis: Keep up the good work. BROADSIDE remains the most interesting documentary of the last 16 years! Sincerely, Robert W. Glenn, Associate Professor, Dept. of Speech and Theatre, University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn."... "Dear Gordon and Sis: Thanks for the recent copies of BROADSIDE which you sent. I was especially interested in the song-poem THE TORTURE GARDEN by Phil Ochs. I have always been a keen admirer of Phil's work - what a tragic loss his death has been for all of us. Jeff Stevens, Surrey, England".... "Dear Ms. Cunningham: Thank you for sending me a copy of BROADSIDE #35, with its great songs by Phil Ochs and Malvina Reynolds. I am looking forward to receiving a complete set of BROADSIDE. BROADSIDE is the only one of its type of magazine around; in fact, the only radical source of information since radio station WBAI has been silenced. Pat Klenke, New Jersey".... "Dear Folks: I spent many days here in the Wisconsin State Historical Society reading your back issues, and have purchased three of your albums - BROADSIDE REUNION, INTERVIEWS WITH PHIL OCHS, and PHIL OCHS SINGS FOR BROADSIDE - in my quest to learn more about Phil. I thank you for all this material, and for discovering Phil. Robert Allison, Madison, Wisconsin".... "Dear Sis and Gordon: If Bob Dylan doesn't stop suppressing your records I'm gonna write a song against him. Sammy Walker"(Warner Brothers Recording Star).... "Dear Gordon and Sis: I've listened to what must have been a pirated tape of BOB DYLAN VS. A.J.WEBERMAN, and think it is a fine, informative discussion. I don't see why Columbia Records is making all this fuss about it, unless Columbia's lawyers are trying to justify their retainer fees. J.L., Holland".... "Dear Sis and Gordon: I have just received the last two issues of BROADSIDE (#s 136 and 137). And as usual, they are fabulous! I loved that note on the back of #136: A Taste of Irony. This criticism of Dylan is fully justified, since he has pissed off Phil many times. It bothers me that Phil, who had the ability to analyze the world of folk music from its roots to its modern forms in a very clear way, was treated like a piece of garbage by Bob Dylan. I have the feeling that Phil's music will finally get the widespread recognition that it really deserves. Jacques van Son, The Netherlands"



"Many people living in the West are dissatisfied with their own society. They despise it."



"After the suffering of decades of violence and oppression, the American people long for things higher than those offered by today's mass living habits, introduced by the revolting invasion of publicity, by TV stupor and by intolerable music."

--ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN

Commencement Day Address, Harvard June 8.

Dear Alex: If you don't like it here in "pusillanamous" Amerika and can't stand our "intolerable" music, why in hell don't you go back to Rooshia?



ALFRED PACKER BUSY MUNCHING A SUCCULENT DEMOCRAT HAMHOCK.

(See Ochs' "Ballad Of Alfred Packer in Broadside #10)

MOSCOW (AP) — Police in Leningrad dispersed a crowd of thousands of young Soviets who refused to leave the city's central square July 4, angry at the cancellation of an advertised rock concert featuring American stars, witnesses said yesterday.

There was no official word on the incident. No violence was reported, but witnesses said 50 to 100 persons were arrested.

The crowd of an estimated 5000 to 10,000 young persons, who had come in hopes of hearing Joan Baez, the Beach Boys and Santana, apparently became angry when it discovered that the concert had been canceled, and milled about Leningrad's historic Palace Square.

After several hours, witnesses said, the crowd was broken up by uniformed police using street-washing machines and paddy wagons.

The concert was to have been in conjunction with a multimillion-dollar British-Soviet film set in the Soviet Union, but the project was canceled because of differences with the movie's Soviet backers.

(Ed. Note: AT LEAST THE "UNWASHED PROLETARIAT" GOT A GOOD BATH OUT OF THE WHOLE MISERABLE FIASCO.)

COPS ORDERED TO ARREST WIFE-BEATERS

(BOB: ONCE YOU DID "DON'T LOOK BACK." NOW IT MAY BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU LOOKED BACK OVER YOUR SHOULDER TO KEEP FROM GETTING TANGLED UP IN BLUE?)



G.S.A. Challenged for Removing Plaque Honoring 1874 Cannibal

By SETH S. KING

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9—Bob Bergland, the Secretary of Agriculture, demanded today to know what legal justification the General Services Administration had for removing the dedication plaque from the department's grill, newly named in honor of Alferd Packer, who was convicted of killing and eating five Colorado prospectors in 1874.

Secretary Bergland announced last week that the dining facility was being named in honor of the early Colorado pioneer and mountain guide because his life "exemplifies the spirit and the fare of this Agriculture Department cafeteria."

A Bipartisan Gesture

Mr. Bergland insisted that the decision to name the grill in honor of the 19th-century pioneer was a bipartisan gesture.

Packer was convicted of slaying and devouring the five prospectors, whom he was guiding over a high plateau in Hinsdale County in southwestern Colorado.

In sentencing him, Mr. Bergland said, the judge declared: "There was only six Democrats in all of Hinsdale County and you ate five of them. I sentence you to hang—as a warning against further reducing the Democratic population of this county."

THE SONIC BOOM

Grace Boomer was the favorite at a farting contest. She won first prize with the loudest fart. Then with the longest series -- 43 in all. As the judge oohed and aahed, she said, "You ain't heard nothin' yet!" Then she let out a definite tune. The judge was amazed. "Amazing, Grace," he said. Thus a new song was born.

BROADSIDE, 215 W 98 St. (4D) N.Y., N.Y. 10025. Co-Editors: Agnes Cunningham and Gordon Friesen. Complete sets of our 12 LP Records may be ordered from us for \$65. Write for a list of Broadside back issues which are still available.