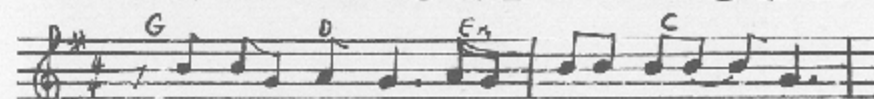
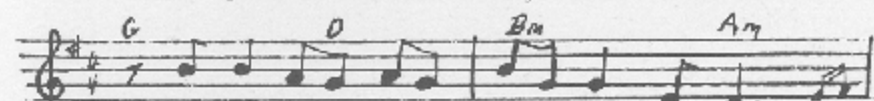


SONG FOR VIRGIL

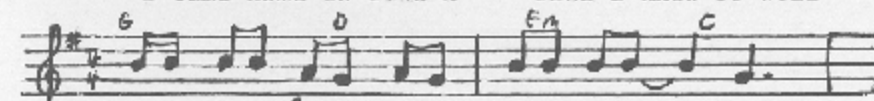
by Tom McGhee



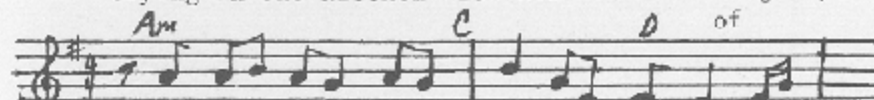
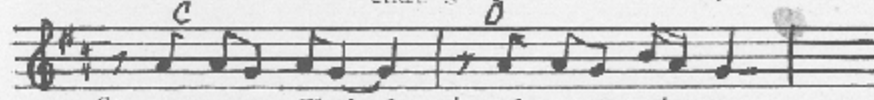
We got the news on a day when the snow fell



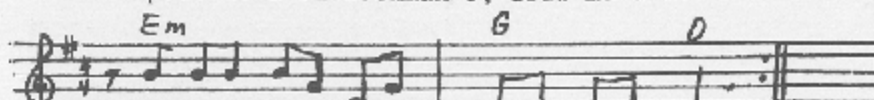
I came home to find a face I knew so well



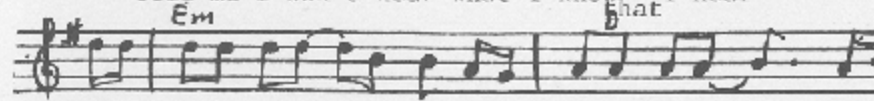
crying in the kitchen with her hands full glory

Believe me buddy not all to the story
that's

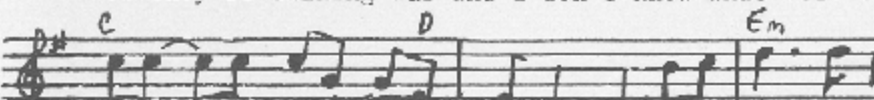
So pour me a Fleischman's, draw me a beer



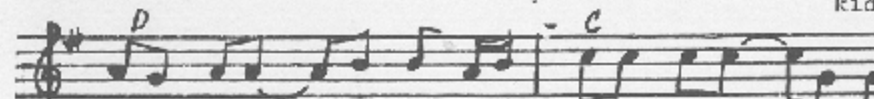
tell me I don't hear what I know I hear



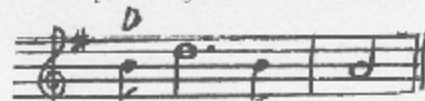
Now they're talking war and I don't know what for on an



island that's so far a way and I see those as they



pass by the door I don't like what I'm hearing to



day

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I remember the last time we saw him
Home on leave with his whole life
there before him
He told us all how he love to fly
A chopper pilot on the day that he
died
And those kids on the TV raising so
much hell
He didn't understand and it was so easy
to tell
CHORUS
Learned some lessons in the days
since we lost him
A bit too late to save what it cost him
Is what they're saying the truth or
a lie
It's so damned easy to send someone
to die
And those boys shooting pool
'Bout eighteen years old
All grown up and ready to go
CHORUS
Thirteen years since I read his
last letter
God I wish that I had known him better
And all the reasons they just slip
through my hands
And leave me wondering what the hell
they've got planned
So pour me a Flieshman's etc.

IN THIS ISSUE:

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PAUL KAPLAN

TULI

KUPFERBERG

ROBERT SCULLIN

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CAROLE ROSE LIVINGSTON

TOM GOODKIND

DAVID ROTH

SONGS · POEMS · ARTICLES

BROADSIDE #148
The National Topical Song Magazine

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 Gordon Friesen

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MISSING



SAM TODD

AGE: 24, 5'11", SLIM, 135 lbs. LIGHT BROWN HAIR
 BLUE EYES, DARK FRAME GLASSES



Disappeared
 January 1st
 2:00 A.M.
 Nr. Mulberry
 & Houston

May have
 lost memory

Any info
 please call
 374-6913

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

This issue of BROADSIDE is dated January-February solely in order to give us a chance to catch up on the dates--i.e., so the March issue can be published in February and the April issue in March. Just like Life. However, all subscriptions will be adjusted so as to include 12 issues.

This issue of BROADSIDE contains songs from various sources and songwriters, both old and new. Peggy Seeger sent her song from England (along with a few others that will appear in future issues). Another previously unpublished Phil Ochs song appears in this issue, with more to come soon. Paul Kaplan's song Phil which was inadvertently left out of the December issue (sorry Paul), is included this month. Tuli Kupferberg sent in a large supply of songs, cartoons and things, which we will be drawing on for many issues to come. Tom Goodkind, of the near-famous Washington Squares, sent in a few songs, one of which is in this issue. One of the best songs at the BROADSIDE benefit concert, by David Roth, Next Door Neighbor, is included in this issue. Robert Scullin has another song in this month (his Ellis Island was in #146). Ray Korona sent in The Job Song, and the letter from Bob Dylan continues to amaze. Sun Power, Wind Power, a beautiful chant-like song, comes from Carole Rose Livingston. Song For Virgil came in on a tape from Tom McGhee in Brooklyn and went straight to the cover. We look forward to more songs from him.

Please keep the songs and poems coming. Send us anything you think we should know about or publish. Tell your friends to send in things. Tell them to subscribe. Give a gift subscription.

We are pleased to announce a number of special issues of BROADSIDE, to be edited by a number of special people. If you have written songs or poems that would fit, please send them in at least two months before publication date. Here's the schedule:

March	Songs of Freedom & Struggle	Sonny Ochs, ed.
April	God Bless the Grass	Paul Kaplan, ed.
May	The Third World	Jaribu Hill, ed.
June	As Long as the Grass Shall Grow	Roland Moussa, ed.
July	Topical Songs of Great Britain	
August		
September		
October	Have Hope: The '84 Election	Oscar Brand, ed.



The Black Sheep Review

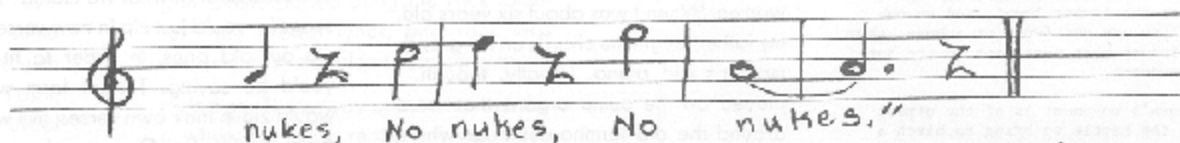
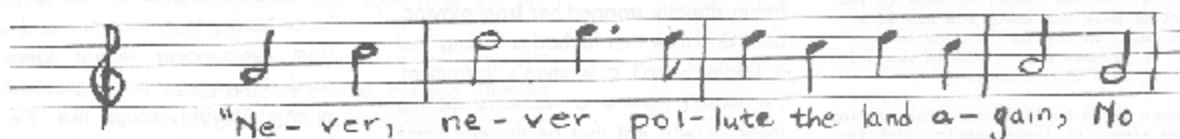
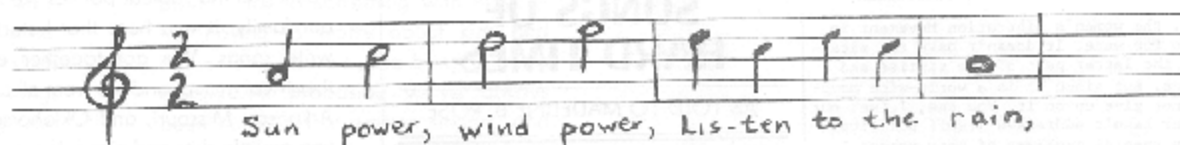
is a bi-monthly magazine written by and for the folk music community in New England and the Northeast. With features on musical performers--along with music lyrics and tablature, tips for working musicians and articles of special interest--the Review seeks to encourage participation in and spread information on folk and acoustic music, folk art and folk life.

One year's subscription (5 issues) is \$10.00. The subscription year runs from Sept./Oct. to May/June (with no issue for July/August). Back issues are sent to late subscribers upon request. Make check or money order for \$10.00 payable to The Black Sheep Review and mail to:

Kari Estrin
 The Black Sheep Review
 One Camp Street
 Cambridge, MA 02140
 (617) 491-4435

Phone or write for distribution information

SUN POWER, WIND POWER



words & music by
Carole Rose Livingston
© 1981

Sun power, wind power, listen to the rain,
Voices of the earth are sweeping down the plain,
"Never, never pollute the land again,
No nukes, no nukes, no nukes."

Voices of the earth are calling everywhere,
Listen to the thunder, listen to the air,
"Treasures of the earth are here for all to share,
No nukes, no nukes, no nukes."

Voices of the earth are singing in the trees,
Listen to the night owl, listen to the breeze,
"Children of the earth must learn to walk in peace,
"No nukes, no nukes, no nukes."

Sun power, wind power, water, earth, and fire,
"Children of the earth, what is your desire?
She will be your mother or your funeral pyre,
No nukes, no nukes, no nukes."

Sun power, wind power, water, earth, fire, (3X)
No nukes, no nukes, no nukes.

Dedicated to the Native Americans
of South Dakota and New Mexico



(The following appeared in the original transcription of the taped Ms story but was left out of the published version. I was asked to give my views on the current Woman's Liberation movement.)

--Sis Cunningham)

As I see it, the women's Liberation Movement in the U.S. is on the wane. It doesn't have the vitality it had in the latter part of the sixties and early seventies. But since it is a world-wide movement we must not give up on it. You see, I feel our movement so far hasn't addressed itself politically to the very special problems of poor women: domestic workers, factory workers, mothers of migrant families, salesclerks, conners and packers, cleaning women in office buildings. It hasn't reached these women; it hasn't provided them with the needed information as to its program and its aims. In other words, what it is all about and where it belongs in the overall struggle to throw capitalism off our backs. Most of my life I have been among these women; I am one of them. We are all tired, almost desperate. We all need to have some control over our lives. We need to recognize the fact of male supremacy and how it affects us in the home, in the work place, in our social life -- if we have any -- and in the union if we are working in a closed shop.

If the movement is to build a mass organization it must concern itself at least partly, with issues such as welfare rights, guaranteed health care, raising of the minimum wage, day care, unemployment at the lowest level, and so on, even though these are not feminist issues; they are peoples' issues most pertinent to the survival of poor women.

A strong women's movement is of the utmost importance in the battle to bring to birth a new world. The two, women's liberation and working class liberation, go hand in hand. Neither will get very far without the other in a country such as ours with its highly developed technology.

I, for one, would like to see some really militant women in the top leadership of the W.M. -- women who are fighters and who are of radical persuasion, that is who want to do away with capitalism! I would like to see a national central governing body made up of such women who will then draw up a definite, clear cut program and plan of action.

When We Know The Land's Our Own

Sis Cunningham

Oh, it's good to be living and working
when we know the land's our own
To know that we have got a right to
all the crops we've grown

There ain't no more of working our
fingers to the bone

Raising cotton for the banker on the
land that ain't our own

Oh, it's good to wake up in the
morning a-feeling fresh and fine
To stand outside the kitchen door
when the sun begins to shine

And see the green things growing
from the seeds our hands have
sown

Oh, it's good to be living and working
when we know the land's our own.

SIS CUNNINGHAM: SONGS OF HARD TIMES

AS TOLD TO MADELINE B. ROSE

Both my mother and father were interested in the fiddle from way back when they were very young people. But I never, from the time I was little, saw my mother pick up the fiddle and play. She played before she married my father, but not again afterward. I don't think my father directly stopped her from playing, but I do know that he had a feeling that a fiddle wasn't a woman's instrument. He wasn't against a woman's making music, it was just that he thought some instruments were for men, some for women. When I was about six years old, my father taught me chords on my grandmother's old piano. Usually, though, I played on the pump organs that were around the old farmhouses near where we lived, in Blaine County, Oklahoma.

I never heard my mother talk too much about politics in the specific way my father, a socialist and follower of labor organizer Eugene V. Debs, did. But her politics came out in the way she'd talk about how difficult her life was and how she wished there was some way it could be better. My father had a small farm, mortgaged to the hilt, which he farmed with a team of horses right up to the time he lost out to the mortgage company in the late thirties. When he needed replacements for his farm implements, he'd have to go to the bank. Sometimes he was able to get a loan and sometimes he wasn't. It was a very hard thing to have to go to the bank, and I could always tell when it was time to go, because tensions would really increase between my mother and father.

I went all the way through high school in a little town a mile and a half away from where our farm was. Then I went to a teachers' college where I worked as a waitress to pay expenses. And I taught in Oklahoma for four years. After that I went to Commonwealth College, an unaccredited radical school in Arkan-

sas. My older brother was a teacher there, and I felt a need to get theatrical training in the radical politics we had in our family. It was here that I started to write songs. We got together a little theatrical group, and we went all around Arkansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma putting on little skits and plays. If a piano or pump organ was available, I'd play that. If not, I'd just sing unaccompanied along with all the others.

I taught music during the summer of 1937 in the Southern Labor School for Women near Asheville, North Carolina. It was a socialist school set up to teach labor history to mill women and women from surrounding tenant farms. We handed out a lot of mimeographed music, a lot of Wobbly songs, like "Pie in the Sky," "Casey Jones, the Union Scab." We used a lot of what we called "zipper songs" -- you'd just zip in new verses and zip out old ones, in order to fit what you'd be saying. Tenant farm women would zip in their own verses, mill women theirs, and so on. One song I remember especially was "Song of the Evicted Tenant," written by an 11-year-old niece of one of the tenant farm women. It began:

Way down in old St. Francis bottom
Where they call it

the devil's den

Where many a poor tenant

has lost their home

And me, O God, I'm one.

When I got back to Oklahoma at the end of the summer, I became an organizer for the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. We had formed this union to lobby for the passage of the Bankhead-Jones Home-Ownership Bill that would enable tenants to get loans to buy land. In 1939 and 1940 some of us formed the Red Dust Players as an independent group that did topical skits and songs. We wanted especially to raise morale among the tenant farmers whose lobby didn't turn out successfully. We weren't subsidized; all of us had regular nine-to-five jobs. Wherever we performed we ate, when there was food, and wherever there was room for us when we traveled on weekends, we slept. But the sharecroppers lived mostly at starvation level, so when we could, we usually brought along whatever we needed to live on.

It was during the time I was with the Red Dust Players that a wave of fascist reaction to union organizing hit Oklahoma City. FBI agents and local authorities started entering the homes of Tenant Union people and also of the Red Dust Players. They were after me, and I hid out in the badlands of western Oklahoma for a while. Government agents took books out of bookstores and burned them. Gordon Friesen, the man I was to marry, became the spearhead of a committee organized in Oklahoma City for the defense of people arrested during this witch-hunt. He came to stay with my family while he worked on the committee, and three months after I met him we were married. That was the summer of 1941.

We decided to go to New York right away because a friend in Oklahoma said Gordon could get some decent medical care there for his heart condition, so I borrowed \$35 from my mother and we headed east. Almost as soon as we arrived I became a member of the Almanac Singers. We [Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Bess Lomax, Millard Lampell, Lee Hays, Arthur Stein, and Baldwin and Peter Hawes] were young radicals who felt that by singing ideas straight forwardly we could get more said in five minutes than in hours, or days, of talking. We sang at union gatherings and fund-raisers and on CBS Radio. We lived, including Gordon, in the same house in New York in 1941 and 1942 and wrote our material together—that is, most of the songs were group creations and we put them mostly to old familiar folk tunes. Most of us played folk instruments. The Almanacs stayed together until the end of the war—then we went our separate ways.

During all this time I mainly held low-paying, mundane office jobs. But I did get some work teaching dramatics in community centers where I could use my music. Aggie, our first child, was born in 1945, and Jane four years later. Having children really kind of knocked both Gordon and me out of the political battleground for a bit. We always shared caring for the children and doing the housework pretty much. I would say Gordon is a bit unusual in that respect.

Though I continued to go out on bookings and get groups together for onetime things through the fifties, the next big thing that happened to us was *Broadside*. Malvina Reynolds, one of the great folksingers, had been talking about starting a topical song magazine—songs written in the folk idiom but having relevance now—and she wrote about her idea to Pete Seeger. Gordon and I were transcribing Pete's correspondence (he dictated his answers, and we typed them), and we came upon Malvina's letter. By then she had decided she wanted to devote herself to writing, singing, and recording more than to a magazine. When it was obvious she didn't want to do the magazine, I decided I did. I had always felt not enough attention had been paid to topical songs.

Gordon and I couldn't do it ourselves, we needed help from Pete and Toshi Seeger (his wife) and we needed some young people to come and work with us. Gil Turner was one of those. Toshi, Pete, Gordon, Gil, and I held the initial meeting, and Gil brought Bob Dylan to the next one. We scrounged around and got enough money to send out copies of *Broadside* #1 in February, 1962, to 300 people on a list we compiled, mostly contacts of Pete's and Toshi's.

So, there it was, the first copy of *Broadside*—six mimeographed pages including "Talking John Birch," the first Bob Dylan song ever published. We didn't get very many subscriptions from the mailings, but we did get letters showing interest. Pete and Toshi gave us just enough financial support to keep us going, and I worked in child-care centers, singing for the children, making music, doing everything. We had plenty of songs to print in *Broadside* and plenty of political issues to deal with: the Vietnam war, organizing the organized, civil rights, welfare rights, women's rights, and—perhaps basically—human rights.

Broadside really reached its peak in the middle 1960s. And we did help a lot of folksingers. Bob Dylan says that *Broadside* really encouraged him. And I think we gave Phil Ochs a chance. Through Seeger we got him on at the Newport Folk Festival, in a topical song workshop, in the summer of 1963. When Phil sang he got a standing ovation, and that did it for him.

I have to say that folk music, like everything else, has always been male-dominated. Men are always in the best position to do something with music—not having to worry about kids and housework, and ways to bring in extra dollars. At *Broadside* we've always been conscious of women singers, and we've tried our best to promote women. For example, when we had *Broadside* concerts, I would always insist we have women singers. Janis Ian came to *Broadside* when she was 13 years old—with her mother and father. She had some pretty good songs, and we put them in the magazine, and soon after she just took off.

Music has changed a lot since the sixties and, of course, this has affected *Broadside*. Bob Dylan started using rock music as a background for his poetry, and others started using the rock idiom for their protest lyrics, and rock was beyond us. We couldn't keep up with the melodies. There was protest in rock for a while, but there really isn't any now. There is, of course, folk rock, but it's still not quite right for us. We want to keep on doing topical songs in the folk idiom—in the good old Woody Guthrie tradition—that everybody can sing, and not just listen to.

Broadside really is a whole-family enterprise, especially now that my daughters Jane and Aggie are living with us and able to help out—to the extent they can, since they have their babies to take care of. At this point, we need women's songs, poems; we need money to keep going; and we desperately need people to help us sell back issues. And our piano just fell apart completely and was carted off. That's a tremendous loss for all of us. Right now Gordon and I feel that unless some young people come along, and get excited about continuing *Broadside*, we don't know how much longer we can keep on going. If people do come along, Gordon and I would be delighted to just step back and be advisers. First thing we'd do then is take a rest. Knowing the two of us, though, we'd probably just go on and get involved in something else and work until the last breath we draw. But right now it seems like it would feel good to have a rest—maybe just a little rest.

JUST LIKE RON REAGAN'S BLUES

To the tune of "Just Like Tom
Thumb's Blues"

When you're lost in the dust in Beirut
And it's 'lection time
And your rating's fallin'
And union-busting don't pull you through
Don't put on any airs
When you're down on Pennsylvania Avenue
They got some hungry politicians there
And they really make a mess outa you.

Now if you see David Rockefeller
Please tell him thanks alot
I cannot move my Marines
They are all tied up in a knot
I don't even have the strength
To get up and fire another shot
And my best Mr. Kissinger
Won't even say what it is we've got.

Sweet Grenada
The pussants call be the island of doom
She speaks good english
And she invites you down into your tomb
And you're so kind and careful
Not to go to her or leave her too soon
And then she takes your paratroopers
And leaves them howling at the moon.

Up on Governor-General's Hill
It's either fortune or ill-fame
You must pick one or the other
Though neither of them are to be what they claim
If you're looking to get prickly
You better go back to from where you came
Because the natives don't want you
And man they eat you up all the same.

Now all the authorities
They just stand around and boast
How they CIA'd the General
And nailed Maurice Bishop to a post
And picking up Mmc Charles who
Just arrived here from the Gold Coast
Who looked so fine at first
But left looking just like a ghost.

O I started out on light artillery
But soon hit the harder stuff
Everybody said they'd stand behind me
When the the going got so tough
But the joke was on me
There were thousands there to push me off the bluff
Well I'm going back to DC City
I do believe I've had enough.

Copyright 1984 By Tuli Kupferberg



COMMISSAR

Here is yet another Phil Ochs song
made available to us by Phil's
longtime friend Jim Glover.

(to the tune of: Nobody knows You When
You're Down and Out)

Well once I lived the life of a Commissar
Ran and collected, drove a state-owned car
Taking my comrades to the Kremlin bar
Buyin' that high-priced vodka, caviar.

Then I began to fall so low
Tried and convicted out in ole' Moscow
If I ever get my hands on the party again
I'm gonna hold on to it just like East Berlin.

CHORUS:

Because, nobody knows you
When you're purged and out
In my pocket
not a five-year plan
I'd better join all those
students over in Japan.

But if I ever get back on
my own two feet again
Gonna purge all those comrades
that turned me in
It's mighty strange with out a doubt
Nobody knows you when you're purged and out.

CHORUS (with last two lines changed to:)

It's mighty strange now that I recall
Sure getting tired of this Berlin Wall

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BUSINESSMAN'S JAIL

Moderately Words and Music by Tom Goodkind

1. N. B. C. is R. C. A. I want to be in bus-ness-man's jail,
 2. If you're doub' you'll never have fun and you'll ne-ver be in bus-ness-man's jail,

the for-der I'm playin' is a C. B. S. I want to be in bus-ness-man's jail,
 you can work all day long and fi-gure out these songs but you'll ne-ver be in bus-ness-man's jail,

why I'm down? I don't know, I'm a Har-mal pre-med, but if I don't get in - there's star-
 jail, jail, it's not how much you make, it's how much you take - and when you're on the witness stand it's

va-tion a-head, why not live for to-day? I'll get an M. B. A., and
 help with you fake, ten-nis, steak and whores - who could ask for more? I

wad up in a bus-ness-man's jail,
 want to be in bus-ness-man's jail, jail, jail,

1. I want to be in bus-ness-man's jail.
 2. I want to be in bus-ness-man's jail.

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And Here Comes 1984

At last, the dreaded year is at hand

THE JOB SONG

© Copyright 1984

Words and music by Ray Korona

CHORUS E A6
Find your place in the system get a job. Hold your head
E B7 E A6
high and know you're free. Work from dawn 'til dusk and then you'll see,
B7 E 14. Fine 11, 2, 3. E
You'll be so hap-py in your job. 1. There's a job two hours a-
A6 E
way -- sounds just great! Takes longer on the bus, don't be late. They
A6 E B7
do want you there by seven a. m., but you can take off ev-ry other week-
A6
end -- If your sen-i-or-it-y en-ti-tles you, of course, and you've
E
proved that you can work like a horse. So do what you're told if you want to
A6 E B7 E
climb and lucky you might even get over-time.

1. There's a job two hours away; sounds just great
Takes longer on the bus, don't be late.
They do want you there by seven a.m.,
But you can take off every other weekend
If your seniority entitles you, of course,
And you've proved that you can work like a horse.
So do what you're told if you want to climb
And lucky you might even get overtime.

2. Here's a job with travel and education.
The Army's like a big vacation!
See Lebanon, Grenada and more.
Go anywhere as long as there's a war.
So much excitement, feel your heartbeat quicken
How can you say "no" unless you're chicken.
If you get shot or if your plane should crash,
They've got a special hospital like on M*A*S*H.

Chorus:

Find your place in the system, get a job.
Hold your head high and know you're free.
Work from dawn to dusk and then you'll see,
You'll be so happy in your job.

3. Grab a job where you get a limousine,
A waiting room so big--it's obscene.
Diplomas from top schools won't do alone,
You've got to be a leader like Al Capone.
If the stress gets high, you must fight back.
Give one of your aides the heart attack.
Just never sleep for it could mean your death;
Remember what they did to General MacBeth.

JAY GOULD (RAILROAD SPECULATOR)

"I can hire one-half the working class to kill the other half."

IT COULD HAVE BEEN ME

Reprinted from BARRICADA INTERNACIONAL
International weekly of the PSLN NOV. 12 Songbook

Students in Ohio and down at
Jackson State
Shot down by a vicious fire
one early day in May
Some people cried out angry,
"You should have shot more of
them down."
But you can't bury youth my
friend, youth grows the whole
world round.

It could have been me but
instead it was you
So I'll keep doing the work you
were doing as if I were too.
I'll be a student of life,
a singer of songs, a farmer of
food, and a righter of wrongs.
It could have been me but
instead it was you.
And it may be me dear sisters
and brothers before we are through.
But if you can die for freedom,
I can too.

The junta took the fingers
from Victor Jara's hands.
They said to the gentle poet,
"Play your guitar now if you
can."
Well, Victor started singing
until they shot his body down.
You can kill a man but not
a song when it's sung the
whole world round.

A woman in the jungle so many
wars away,
Studies late into the night,
defends a village in the day.
Although her life and struggle
are miles away from me.
She sings a song and I know the words
and I'll sing them till she's free.

One night in Oklahoma,
Karen Silkwood died,
because she had some secrets
big companies wanted to hide.
Well they talk of nuclear
safety, they talk of national pride.
Because we all know it's a death machine,
and that's why Karen died.

Our sisters are in struggle,
from Viet Nam to Wounded Knee.
From Mozambique to Puerto Rico,
and they look to you and me.
To fight against the system
that kills them off and takes
their land.
It's our fight too if we're gonna win,
we've got to do it hand in hand.
It's gonna be me and it's
gonna be you,
so we'll keep doing the work we've been...
We'll be students of life...
Farmers of food, and fighters
so strong.
It's gonna be me and..
But it will be us dear sisters and
brothers...
Cuz if you can fight for freedom...
we can too.



BROADSIDE BENEFIT CONCERT

Wednesday, December 7th, 1983--the 42nd anniversary of the invasion of Grenada by hostile forces--was the date of the Broadside Benefit Concert at the Speak Easy in New York's Greenwich Village. Ned Treanor deserves the credit for organizing the event, which was emceed by Sonny Ochs.

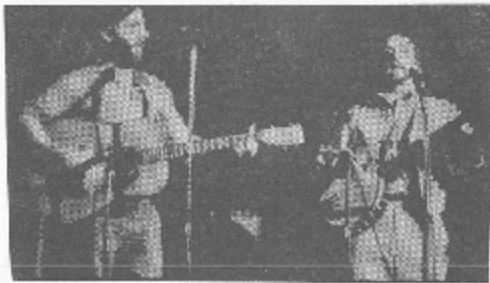
The evening began with Sis Cunningham, founder of Broadside, singing one of her own hard-hitting songs, "How can you keep from moving?" She fairly well brought down the house. Even though her voice is no longer what it was when she sang with the Almanac Singers, she has an electric quality about her that captured the entire audience.

A number of well-known performers contributed their talents, including Tom Paxton, Eric Anderson, Oscar Brand and Dave Van Ronk. The surprise appearance of the night was by Theodore Bikel, who borrowed someone's guitar to sing his own composition, a Hebrew anti-war song, and Phil Ochs' "Power and the Glory." Another surprise performance was by Bob Gibson, who flew in from Chicago to join Tom Paxton and to do a few solos as well. Vic Sadot came up from Delaware and Jim Glover came down from Middleburgh. Paul Kaplan and Bob Norman came down from the Upper West Side and Lydia Davis came in from Brooklyn. Dozens of others came in from the cold.

Over 50 performers came and went during the evening, which lasted from about 8 PM until sometime around 3 AM. At one point early in the evening there were more than 225 people sitting, standing, singing or drinking, and nearly a thousand dollars was raised for the magazine. Half the money was given to Sis Cunningham and her husband Gordon in recognition of the debt we all owe to them and as a small contribution toward their mounting medical expenses.

Many of the performers were singer/writers who had been associated with Broadside for a good part of the last 20 years, and many kind words were said about Gordon and Sis and the Magazine. Eric Anderson spoke eloquently about staying in the "Broadside apartment" when he was flat broke--and he wasn't the only one to do so.

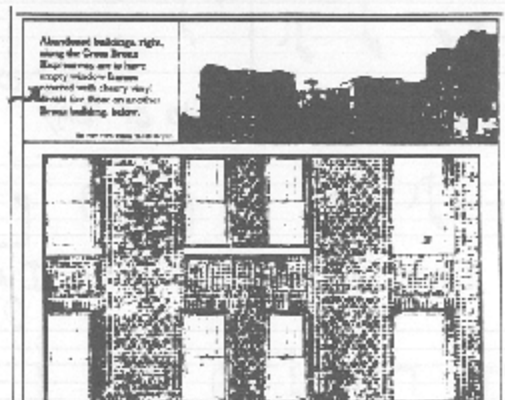
The editors of BROADSIDE wish to thank all those who donated their talents and time and all those who contributed their hard-earned bucks. We hope to have more benefit concerts in time, not only to raise money, but also to bring us together to share new songs. The 1965-66 BROADSIDE benefit concerts--first Sunday of every month in the basement of the Village Gate--were an unforgettable experience. We can't bring those days back again, but perhaps we can emulate them and create anew.



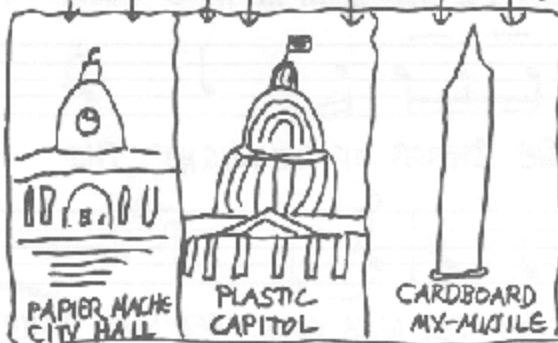


On vacations, the President stays in shape clearing limbs from his California ranch.

Drawing by Tolt Kupferberg
 Photographs by Robin Ticho



SOME OTHER SUGGESTIONS



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is worth more to this humanly race than any thousand tons of other dreamy, dopey junk dished out from the trees & forests along every Broadway in this world."

Woody Guthrie said that over 30 years ago, and we're still going strong!

We're now a quarterly... with at least 15 songs per issue, by people like Tom Paxton, Joe Heaney, Gil Scott Heron, Holy Near, Malvina Reynolds, Jean Redpath, Peggy Seeger, Happy Traum, Doc Watson, & countless others. And regular columns: Pete Seeger's "Applesseeds" and Bob Blackman's "Songfinder."

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EL SALVADOR

By Robert Scullin S.J.

(INSTRUMENTAL)

1. LET IT BE NO MORE THAN JUST A PASSING STORM THAT
HIDES THE SUN THAT MAKES ME RUN FOR COVER FROM A REIGN OF
TERROR I WILL RE-COVER ALL THE FRIGHTENED IN THESE
MOUNTAINS I WILL HIDE THEM FROM THE GUNS

2. LET IT BE NO MORE THE FEARFUL QUIET AT THE END OF DAY
THAT STILLS MY VOICE FROM SING-ING, LOVE SONGS FOR THE MISSING I WILL BE-
COVER ALL THEIR MUSIC IN THESE MOUNTAINS I WILL TEACH THE HILLS THEIR SONG

3. LET IT BE NO MORE THE TERROR OF THE NIGHT, THE
BLOOD-Y SEARCH THE DOLLARS SENT FOR WEAPONS, PEASANT BISHOP

C_m G
 VICTIMS I WILL RE-COVER ALL THEIR STORIES IN THESE
 C D⁷sus⁴ D⁷ G
 MOUNTAINS I WILL GIVE THE HILLS THEIR NAMES LET IT BE NO MORE
 C_m G G₇⁹
 THE HORROR BEYOND WORDS OF BLOOD-RED LIMBS AND SEVER'D HEADS
 C C_m
 THAT STARE IN ANGUISH - HUMBLE PEOPLE VANISH I WILL RE -
 G C
 COVER ALL THEIR FEATURES IN THESE MOUNTAINS I WILL SHAPE THEM WITH MY
 D⁷sus⁴ D⁷ Em
 SONG THE MOUNTAINS HIDE ME, THE TREES BESIDE ME TEACH ME
 C Em
 SILENCE THE CHILDREN GUIDE ME THEIR FACES FROZEN FROM THE
 C G G₇⁹
 MADNESS OH GOD LET JUSTICE GROW IN THESE YOUNG LIMBS AND
 Am G G₇⁹
 BRING TO FLOWER THE SEED OF MARTYRS FALLEN IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE
 C D⁷sus⁴ D⁷
 JESUS EL SALVA-DOR EL SALVA-DOR. [REPEAT 3 MEASURE INTRODUCTION]

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR

Copyright 1984
Words and Music
By David Roth

The

D *(Db)* *(D sus)* *Adim*

1) mov- ing vans were pul- ling in to town last
2) neigh- bors, they are gov- ern- ment sub- part- _____ (ed)
3) not un- sym- pa- thet- ic to the home- _____ (less)

A7

week _____, load- ed with one hun- dred brand new
-ed _____, ever- y thing they need they get far
-less _____, so if we've got to have them here at

D *Eb4m* *Em7* *A7* *D*

friends _____, They've been lock- ing for a
free _____, I might re- mind you all that
all _____, Mis- ter Dri- ver take your

Adim *A7*

place to live for quite some time, but just
we're the ones a- day- _____ -in, for Mis- ter
mov- ing van to Main _____ street, _____ and

D *(Eb4m)*

where they'll set- tle down, that all de- pends _____
M X and his Miss- es mis- er- ies _____
park those sack- ers right by Cit- y Hall _____ (TO CHORUS)

1) The prob- lem is they have been known to be ex-
2) they used to say our lit- tle cit- y was a

Adim *A7*

plu- melt- ing sive, they cause con- no- tion an- y
not _____, a shi- ning mod- el

D *Eb4m* *Em7* *A7*

ho- bur of the day _____, well if Mis- ter
of de- moc- ra- cy _____, the new

D *Adim*

Ma- yor, won't you call our near- est Con- gress
neigh- bors have an ar- gu- ment, we're all in- (volved)



DWIGHT EISENHOWER

“Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired, signifies in a final sense a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and not clothed.”

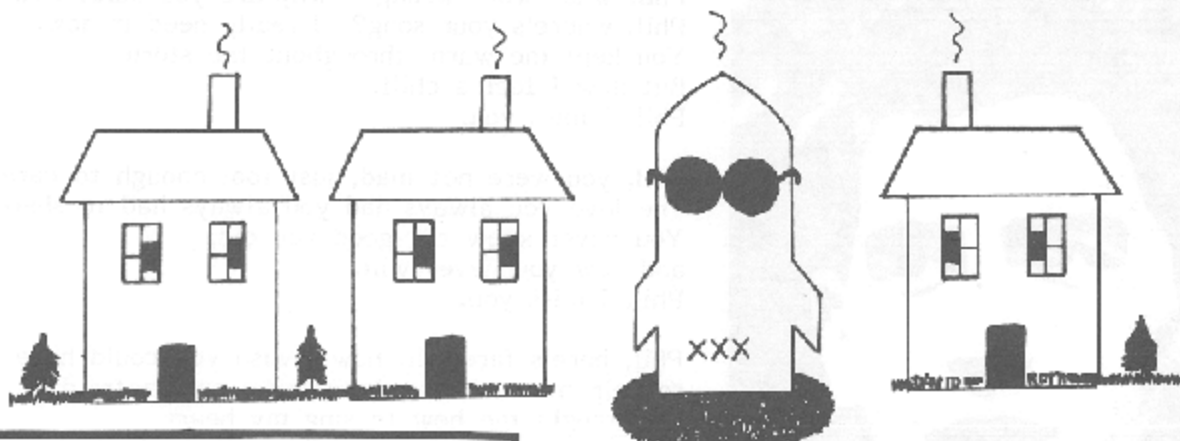
1) per- son, cause I don't think we ought to let 'em
 2) -volved and a melt-ing not's ex- act- ly what we'll
 stay _____, Don't want a mis-sile to
 be _____.

be my next door neigh-bor _____.

I don't know of an- y one who would _____.

They're mes-sy, they stay un- all night, they're
 nois- y and if they come there
 goes the neigh- bar- hood _____.

3) Now I am
 2) Our new
 If they come there goes the neigh-bor-hood _____.



DR. JAMES MULLER

“During a 10 month period, North American Defense Command had 151 false alarms due to mechanical and human errors which could have resulted in a nuclear catastrophe.”

Many thanks go out to the patient and charming Regina Spiegel of Trenton, N.J. for her help in transcribing the music for this issue.

PHIL

1. Phil what went wrong? Why are you quiet
now? Phil where's your song? I
real-ly need it now You kept me warm through-
out the storm But now I feel a chill Phil
I miss you



Phil, what went wrong? Why are you quiet now?
Phil, where's your song? I really need it now.
You kept me warm throughout the storm
But now I feel a chill.
Phil, I miss you.

Phil, you were not mad, just fool enough to care.
The love you always had you always had to share.
You never knew the good you did,
and now you never will.
Phil, I miss you.

Phil, here's farewell, how I wish you could have stayed
to help me understand, to make me unafraid.
You taught me how to sing my heart
and now you teach me still.
Phil, I miss you.

words & music by Paul Kaplan
copyright 1983 by Paul Kaplan Music, ASCAP

AUNT ELIZABETH

Tanta Lena, was Tanta Lena.
Tanta Sadie, a Tanta too,
but Aunt Elizabeth was never
the type to be a Tanta.
Aunt Elizabeth, (extend the aaahw),
of Albemarle Avenue, of sachet-scented
closets, powder-puff white cheeks,
and relentless hauteur, was too fancy
to be a Tanta. She was Aunt Elizabeth,
and she was always, always,
dying.

Only in her disorders was Aunt Elizabeth
democratic. She saw herself in everyone's
ailments. She too had the same
aches and rashes, same
pains and fevers. Her
heart skipped beats, her
stomach gurgled and churned. Her
plumbing needed purges. Even
her arches needed support.
She said her vision was fuzzy-double,
her hearing; monaural, and obviously,
she couldn't be expected
to do for herself.
So Tanta Lena tended
and Tanta Sadie shlepped
to save poor Aunt Elizabeth
from the lavender satin lined
coffin, she said she wanted, when...
They succeeded so well,
she outlived them both.

Then, appalled by such Tanta-ish
succumbing to death, irate
at such lack of consideration,
left shlepperless, tenderless, and scared;
she could really die --
(and be mistaken for a Tantal),
Aunt Elizabeth traded her keveching
for a juicer, became a vegetarian,
consumed meta-vitamins, took up yoga,
and sold her cemetery plot.
The money she used to go to Bermuda.
She could be cremated, she said,
if she died.

Frane L. Helner

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Send poems together with SASE to:
D. B. Axelrod & J. C. Hand, Poetry
Editors, BROADSIDE, 194 Soundview Dr.,
Rocky Point, NY 11778

POETRY

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY
(IF I HAD ONE)

friday
i woke up too early
i put on my
blackest cloak and my
bleakest stare
and strode forth to my
gig uptown
i
played folk oboe
in a progressive
bluegrass band
we played at yankee
stadium between seasons.
i loved the morning chill
and the
morning drizzle and the
morning
i am president
of the mourners club
we meet
at a different cemetery
each weekend
we mourn
everything

Donald Lev

THE VIETNAM WAR
MEMORIAL

A wall
that's all
the mother and daughter
stood before.
Dropping a rose
to the ground
she said to the child
"There's Daddy's name."

Fred L. Byrnes



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Songs by Larry Estridge, Gary Paris, Paul Kaplan, Danny and Judy Rose-Redwood, and Ron Turner

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All songs of Jeff Appolsk, including: Basketball Hero, Johnny Cash's Father, Alcohol Heaven, and God, Guts, and Guns

Bob Dylan

(From BROADSIDE October 1964)

Continued from BROADSIDE #147

there's many things I admit I don't understand
I don't understand the blacklist
I don't understand how people against it go along
with it

I'm talkin about the full thing
not just a few of us refusin to be on the show
I'm talkin about the people that stand up
against it violently and then in some way have something
to do with it...

not just the singers mind you
but the managers an agents an buyers an sellers...
they are the dishonest ones
for they are never seen
they play both sides against each other
an expect to be respected by everybody

the heroes of this battle are not me an Joan
and the Kingston Trio nor Peter Paul and Mary
for none of us need to go on that show
none of us really need that kind of dumbness
but there's one that could use it

for they could use the money
I mean people could use the money
I mean people like Tom Paxton, Barbara Dane,
an Johnny Herald... they are the heroes if

such a word has to be used here
they are the one that lose materialistically
ah yes but in their own minds they don't
an that is much more important

it means much more
we need more kind a people like that
people that can't go against their conscience
no matter what they might gain

an I've come to think that that might be the most
important thing in the whole wide world...
not going against your conscience
nor your own natural senses

for I think that that is all the truth there
is... an no more
thru all the gossip, lies, religions, cults
myths, gods, history books, social books,

all books, politics, decrees, rules, laws,
boundarie lines, bibles, legends, an bathroom
writings, there is no guidance at all except
from ones own natural senses

from being born
an it can only be exchanged
it cant be preached
nor said
nor even understood...

Continued next issue

I Need...

I NEED...

Like a chronic spastic on the Taconic-
Ultra-sonic Economics,
Super-sonic Ray-gun-omics,
I need a tonic but no atomics-
I'm sick sick sick sick I'm sick of sick
Like a chronic spastic on the Taconic-
Ultra-sonic Economics,
Super-sonic Ray-gun-omics,
I need a tonic but no atomics.
I need atomic cocaine and no more tonic.

Anne Leighton
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

I Need...

I Need...

CARRY GREENHAM HOME

words, music, Peggy Seeger
copyright, Ewan MacColl, Ltd

Hand in hand the line ex-tends, all a-round the 9-mile fence, Thir-ty thou-sand
wom-en chant, BRING THE MES-SAGE HOME, Car-ry Green-ham home, yes, Near-er home and
far a-way Car-ry Green-ham home.

Handwritten notes: marching tempo, C, Dm, F, G, C, Dm, F, G, chorus F, Em, Dm, G, C, G7, C

HAND IN HAND, THE LINE EXTENDS
ALL AROUND THE NINE-MILE FENCE,
THIRTY-THOUSAND WOMEN CHANT
BRING THE MESSAGE HOME.

Chorus: CARRY GREENHAM HOME, YES,
NEARER HOME AND FAR AWAY
CARRY GREENHAM HOME.

SINGING VOICES, RISING HIGHER
WEAVE A DOVE INTO THE WIRE
IN OUR HEARTS A BLAZING FIRE,
BRING THE MESSAGE HOME (chorus)

NO-ONE ASKED US IF WE CARED
IF CRUISE SHOULD BE STATIONED THERE
NOW WE'VE GOT THEM RUNNING SCARED
BRING THE MESSAGE HOME (chorus)

HERE WE SIT, HERE WE STAND,
HERE WE CLAIM THE COMMON LAND,
NUCLEAR ARMS SHALL NOT COMMAND,
BRING THE MESSAGE HOME. (Chorus)

NOT THE NIGHTMARE, NOT THE SCREAM,
JUST THE LOVING, HUMAN DREAM
OF PEACE, THE EVERFLOWING STREAM,
BRING THE MESSAGE HOME (chorus)

WOMAN TIGER, WOMAN DOVE,
HELP TO SAVE THE WORLD WE LOVE,
VELVET FIST IN IRON GLOVE,
BRING THE MESSAGE HOME (chorus)

SINGING VOICES, SING AGAIN,
TO THE CHILDREN, TO THE MEN,
FROM THE CHANNEL TO THE GLENS
BRING THE MESSAGE HOME. (Chorus)

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