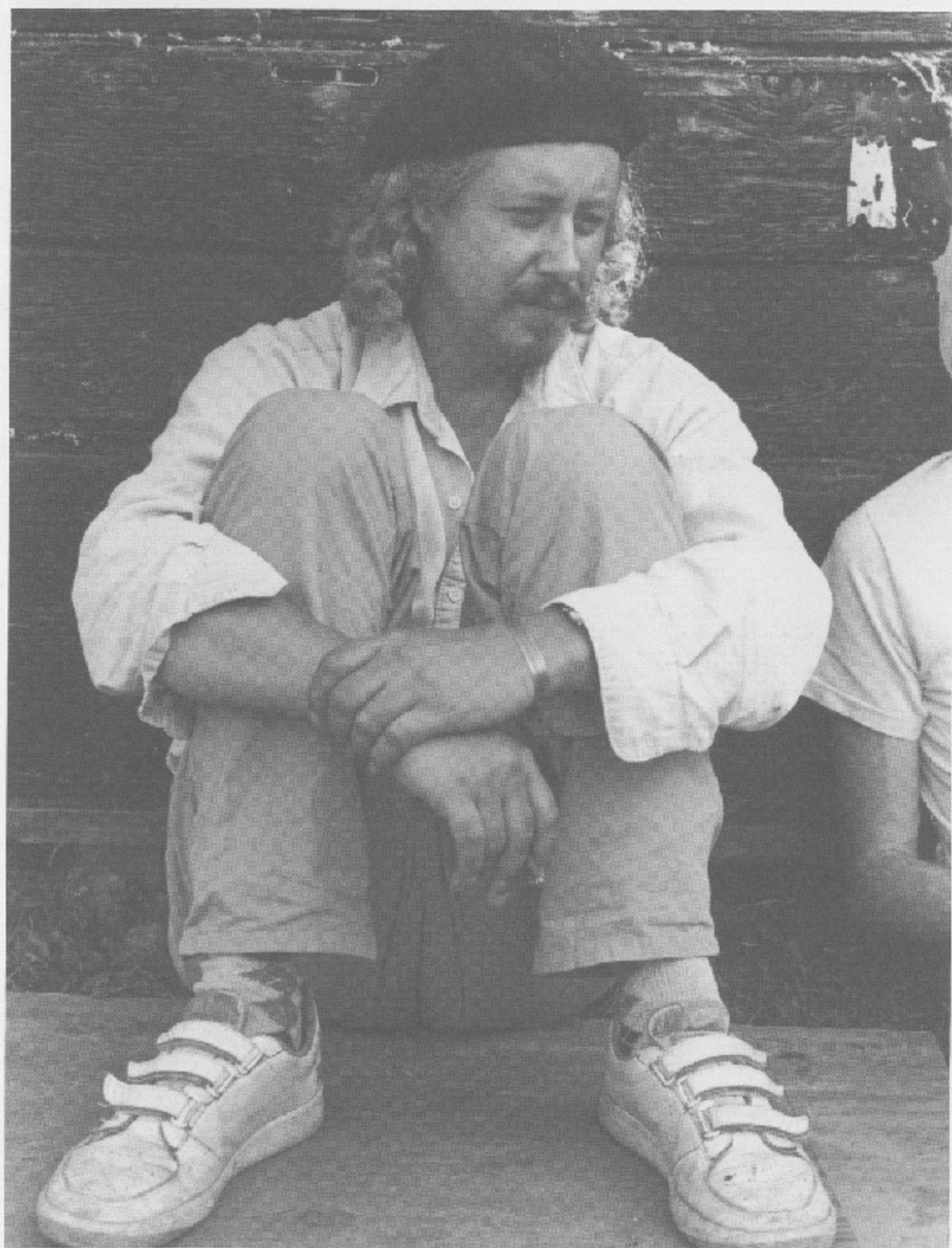


Broadside

no. 166

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1985



arlo guthrie

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BROADSIDE #166

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The New York Times/Jac A. Loefer
SPRINGSTEEN FANS CHEER HIS HOMECOMING: Bruce Spring-
 steen performing last night at Giants Stadium. It was the first of six con-
 certs in East Rutherford by the New Jersey boy who grew up to be the cur-
 rent king of rock-and-roll.

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The place was a Bowery night spot called CBGB and the crowd
 was a mixture of youths that looked about as uninterested in folk
 music as possible. Next month in BROADSIDE I will try to describe
 how the Washington Squares got the crowd to join them in singing
 "Irene Goodnight" at 3:00 AM for their final encore. (As soon as I
 figure out how they did it.)

Songwriters take note; Falwell's Apology, (as ridiculous as it
 was), would be a good title for a song.

In the wake of visiting the Newport Folk Festival this issue of
 BROADSIDE is a nostalgic and cynical look at the entire political
 song arena. "I Don't Care" by Bob Batch and "These Damn Topical
 Songs" by Bunnell Yow have an adversarial relationship in this
 issue. An old interview with Arlo Guthrie from Boston BROADSIDE
 is pitted against "All Over the World," the work of an obviously
 mature songwriter. A discussion between Pete Seeger and Oscar
 Brand taken off of an old radio show gives another viewpoint on
 the issue of what good songs can do. Two articles on Newport
 round out the argument that things aren't getting better only
 weirder.

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 feel that BROADSIDE is constantly getting better in every way.
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 you'll find nowhere else.

These Damn Topical Songs



WOOD-Y SANG THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR THE MASS-ES BUT THE COR-PO-RATE
 RICH DON'T SEEM TO A-GREE, THEY BUY AND THEY SELL, DE-STROY MOUN-TAIN AND
 PRAIR-IE AND LEAVE THEIR CHEM-I-CAL WASTE TO DE-STROY YOU AND ME.
 SO WHY DO I WRITE THESE DAMN TOP-I-CAL SONGS? DON'T I
 KNOW IT AIN'T CHANG-IN' A THING? AND WHY DO I BO-THER IF
 IT AIN'T NO USE? WHO WANTS TO HEAR THIS OLD SO-CIAL-IST SING?

WORDS & MUSIC

by BURNELL YOW ©1985 by BURNELL YOW

WOODY SANG THIS LAND WAS MADE FOR THE MASSES
 BUT THE CORPORATE RICH DON'T SEEM TO AGREE.
 THEY BUY AND THEY SELL, DESTROY MOUNTAIN AND PRAIRIE
 AND LEAVE THEIR CHEMICAL WASTE TO DESTROY YOU AND ME.
 CHO:
 SO, WHY DO I WRITE THESE DAMN TOPICAL SONGS?
 DON'T I KNOW IT AIN'T CHANGIN' A THING?
 AND WHY DO I BOTHER IF IT AIN'T NO USE?
 WHO WANTS TO HEAR THIS OLD SOCIALIST SING?

DYLAN DECIDED THAT THE TIMES AIN'T A CHANGIN'
 AND THE WHITE DOVE AIN'T EVER GONNA SLEEP IN THE SAND.
 THE WORLD IS ABSURD SO WHY KEEP THE BOAT ROCKIN'
 SO HE TURNED IN HIS ACOUSTIC FOR AN ELECTRIFIED BAND. (CHO:)

PHIL Ochs, HE TRIED BUT WHITE BOOTS ARE STILL MARCHIN'
 AND THE RINGIN' OF REVOLUTION IS STILL FAR FROM THE GATE.
 FROM THE END OF A ROPE HE SANG HIS LAST CHORUS.
 FOR HIM THE WAR'S OVER, HE JUST COULDN'T WRIT (CHO:)

A SONG CAN INSPIRE AND MOVE ONE TO ACTION;
 GIVES COURAGE TO THE STRUGGLING AND HOPE TO THE WEAK.
 WHEN OUR VOICES ARE LIFTED, UNITED WE'RE STANDING
 AND WHEN UNITED WE SING, THEN UNITED WE SPEAK.

CHO:
 AND THAT'S WHY I WRITE THESE DAMN TOPICAL SONGS
 THO' YOU SAY IT AIN'T CHANGIN' A THING
 AND THAT'S WHY I BOTHER THO' YOU SAY IT'S NO USE.
 YOU'RE GONNA HEAR THIS OLD SOCIALIST SING.

(REPEAT ABOVE CHORUS)

[Edited transcript of an interview with Oscar Brand and Pete Seeger, originally broadcast on a program apparently called "Straight Talk," and rebroadcast by Oscar Brand in 1984 on his radio program on WNYC (National Public Radio in New York City.)]

OSCAR BRAND: Do songs sometimes act as a channel for hostility, directing it away from the need of the individual to make a change in his environment?

PETE SEEGER: This is a very important point. Every time you think that perhaps a song is actually saying something and doing something, perhaps it just serves to let off steam so that something is not done. Jacques Ellul, a conservative Catholic philosopher in France, wrote a book called "The Technological Society." He said, "In the 19th century, the black slaves found themselves in a hopeless situation, and in their desperate straits they discovered jazz. This music, with its illusion of freedom, made it possible for them to survive, but while they were singing, the chains remained just as tight around their legs as ever." And he says, "it is no accident that this music—now he terms "jazz" all Afro-American music, whether it's gospel music or blues or whatever it is or rock—it's no accident that this music is now the favorite music of industrialized people throughout the world, who satisfy themselves with the illusion of freedom while the chains of technology are ever tighter around our legs.

[That's an excellent argument for stopping music and stopping song. You couldn't possibly agree with that philosophy.]* *third voice.

PETE SEEGER: I think there's enough point in it to make it worth arguing, because very often people have sublimated all their desires to improve things. They say, well, I can't do anything, but I'll tell you a story about it; I can't do anything, I'll sing about it; I can't do anything, I'll draw a picture about it. On the other hand, when people ask me, "What good do all these songs of yours do?" I say, "Well, they must do something or they wouldn't try so hard to keep them off the air!"

ONE YOUNG MAN

We get the call from David
that says you're dying.
It was just two weeks
earlier that I talked to you.
You said you'd been ill
for months but were recuperating.
I get off the phone and talk to Fritz.
We must go up and visit him, I say.
We're their only straight friends.
It must be very hard
to die of your own doing.
It must be triply difficult
to die of indulgence
when you're born a Mormon.

We drive up on Sunday.
The sun is brilliant
on the snow.
When we cross into Connecticut,
where you moved
to escape temptation,
we pass one station wagon
after another.
We drive through countryside
graced with farms by Hallmark,
those Christmas cards
I dreamed myself into
as a child.
Oh Geoff, I think,
will I be able to take this?

We stamp our way into the kitchen
David greets us,
takes our daffodils,
offers us a drink.
Geoff had a bad day
yesterday, he says.
He went into convulsions.
He sure paid for every sin.

The nurse, a white-haired
local woman,
goes upstairs to announce
our arrival.
You can come up, she calls.
Oh no, I think,
give us more time.

Before we can go in
to see you,
she gives us plastic
gloves to wear
and yellow paper gowns.
These are necessary, she says.

Your room is beautiful.
David has taken care of every
desire. Azaleas, daffodils in dirt,
giant ficus by the window
so the sunshine dapples through.
You are tiny. Shrunken
to a fifth of what we knew.
My friends, you whisper,
How I love that you are here.

You send the nurse
from the room, even though
she doesn't want to leave.
You can barely talk,
but you insist:
We try to calm you,
but you won't be.
The two of you
must take care of David,
you demand, as I lean close to hear.
You must see that he
doesn't hurt himself after
I'm gone.
We will, I promise.
Fritz doesn't speak.
I look over at him.
Tears are coming down his cheeks.

You fall asleep.
We sit in silence.
The yellow sunshine shifts
and is on your bony face.
Fritz strips off a glove.
This is crazy, he says.
He reaches out
and caresses your arm.
You sleep on.
Then you begin to cough.
I rush out and get the nurse.

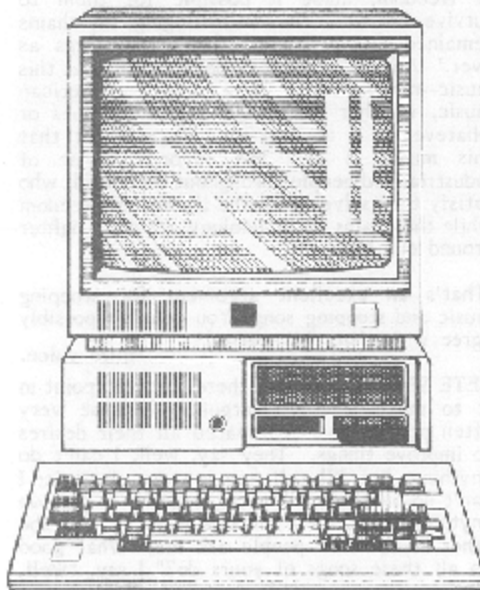
Outside your room,
Fritz can't stop his crying.
His body wracks with sobs.
I hold on to him.
I have no tears in me.
David comes upstairs.
I'm sorry, Fritz says,
I shouldn't indulge myself this way.
It's all right, David says,
his arm around Fritz's waist,
it only means you care.

I find a place for Fritz to sit
and stay with him.
As the tears subside
he says,
Geoff told me
my touch
was gentle.

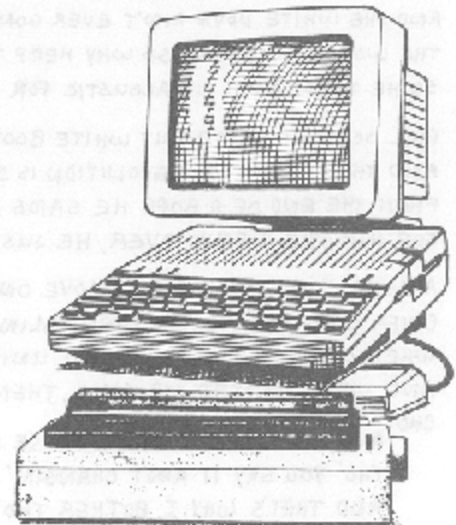
By Marnie Mueller



LEARNING TO USE THE COMPUTER



"Know that when you type, you type
into memory. The screen is a window
into memory." I read the manuals
Late, I touch the tapes, the discs
So delicately, they are so fragile,
A wrong button, the memory is
Empty, the screen blank. Look
Both ways before crossing into
The next dimension. Do not attempt
To operate under the following
Influences: Scorpio, Virgo, Aries.
Falling asleep at last, I dream
Of buttons pushing the buttons
That push my fingers, but this is
The conventional dream, the dream
On the demonstration disc. Scorpio
Lives in the disc, in the nearly
Invisible grooves. The seizures
Are caused by the simultaneous
Firing of brain cells, caused by
Rhythmic stimulation of light. Damage
is seldom permanent. Know that when
You type, you type into memory.
The screen is window.



Janet McCann

I don't care



Words and Music by Bob Batch

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BOB BATCH -

Under the marquee sign
on Seventh Avenue
With the concrete underneath
his head
A drunken bum lay down to
rest
Sleeping off a belly full of
booze
People just pass by
Nobody seems to care
What could anyone do?
That's what the world's
come to
And that's why...

I don't care if I'm lucky
I don't care if you're a
yuppie
I don't care if I have
good sex like Dr. Ruth
I don't care about Nicaragua
or if they start a war there
I won't have to go, I'm
already thirty-two
I don't care about abortion
Or media distortion
And most of all I don't
care about you

I've felt the winds of change
I've seen the hard rains fall
They tell you these are
good times at last
They'll give you a song and a
dance
'Cause news is entertainment
on TV
And while they're playing with
our lives
We'll be home watching Dynasty
Don't be too concerned
You can't take these things too
seriously
And that's why...

I don't care about Reagan
And all the bombs that he's
makin'
God knows the defense plants
put people to work
I don't care about the tax
Or which plan gets the ax
I'll never tell the government
how much I am worth
I don't care about the poor
Or how they make do
And most of all I don't
care about you

Who can you call a friend
They're hard to find these
days
Never trust a stranger
Don't show your love 'cause
there's danger
In ever letting anyone know
you care
Contemporary urban life
And the great American dream
It's help yourself and screw
your neighbor
Only do a favor for a favor
And that's why...

I don't care about lovers
And I hog all the covers
And I don't respect women
who don't respect me
I don't care about health spas
Diets and fast cars
I don't give a damn who catches
AIDS or VD
I don't care if I'm vulgar
Or what I'm not supposed to do
And most of all
I don't care about you

SAM BLOCK



Sam Block was referred to *BROADSIDE* by Pete Seeger who suggested that we might want to publish some of his work. Below is a rap song co-written with Sam by Michael J. Jones. Also, on this page and opposite, are excerpts from a newspaper article written about Sam's case earlier this year.

"I have been denied copies of my trial transcript, grand jury indictment, and all of the other court and trial proceedings. I have reason to believe that the records have been altered. I need the records to obtain proper access to the courts," he said. "I am also asking Americans who believe in freedom, justice and equality for all, to please write their Congressman and United States Senator in Washington, D.C., and the Judicial Conference of the United States, at 1520 "H" Street, N.W.,

Washington, D.C. 20006, demanding that justice prevail, and that U.S. Attorney Weintraub, and FBI agent Murray's actions be immediately investigated in this case of warped justice. Letters of support can also be sent to me: Sam Theodore Block, RN 33791-019 "H", Maxwell Federal Prison, Alabama 36112. Persons and organizations that are interested in knowing what they can do can contact: Mayor Eddie J. Carthan, Post Office Box 29, Tchula, Mississippi 38169 "

FOUR MORE

I got four more
to run the store.
This time I'm really gonna make my big score.
Gonna take my ax
and give you a whack.
Gonna cut you out
gonna cut him in
gonna cut him off
gonna do it to you again.
Just like before
I'm gonna whack you some more.
Put my whack attack on poverty
gonna cut deep into their misery.
Give them cheese for breakfast
give them cheese for lunch
give them cheese for dinner
give them cheese for brunch.
Give them some butter and let them toast it brown.
Going to keep them on this welfare merry-go-round.
Gonna start at the bottom
cut my way to the top
Got my ax swinging
and it can't be stopped.
Gonna cut the funds for education
got too many now who think they can run the nation.
Now you kids don't worry about something to do
because before too long I'll find a war for you.
I got Soviets to my left
I got Soviets to my right
I got the Russians invading my sleep at nights.
I'm not paranoid yet
but I wake up in a sweat.
Oh say can you see
let's eliminate them permanently
Testing...testing...one...two...three.
You mean to tell me I was on the air
strike that from your mind
you know it's not fair.
Don't print it
I never meant it.
I might make some blunders
in my affairs
but you put me here
so what do I care.
Now let me get my ax again
because I'm not through.
Bring me some more programs
see what else it can do.

Gonna do away with the S.B.A.
haven't read nothing that said it was here to stay.
Gonna cut into government wages
at least by five percent.
Oh, hush your mouth
it's not that big of a dent.
It's either that or you lose your job.
Put you out on the street
where life is real hard.
you must don't know who you're messing with
Ask the traffic controllers
go ahead, you have my consent.
You know, they too thought I would never try it.
Now they can tell you all about that new no money diet.
Jesse Jackson is a lucky man
I started to take my ax and cut off his hand.
So he couldn't wave it high in the air
telling all you poor folks Uncle Ronnie don't care
By the end of my term
I'll bet you'll learn
that the more fortunate
are less concerned.
I live in a house
don't pay no rent
don't spend no money
not one red cent
because I'm president...
I was good at acting
but I'm better at whacking.
In school I learned about history
was impressed by George and his cherry-tree.
So why now are you mad at me?
when I cut you out
when I cut him in
when I cut you off
gonna do it to you again.
I got to make these cuts
to make us strong
and don't need you to tell me
what I'm doing wrong.
I take all my advice from Rambo
and when I let this leak they had to let the hostages go.
I was ready to attack with my ax
now that I've got it drawn it's hard to pull back.
So bring me some more domestic squabbles
gonna hit you so hard, gonna make your knees wobble.
You farmers in the dell
it never fails
You always want me to make your bail.
Here, take a piece of cheese, now go to hell.
What did you say?
Go ahead and make my day,
you're just full of manure anyway.
I got four more to be around
this time I'm not standing on shaky ground.
I got four more to run the store
this time I'm really gonna make my big score.

SNEAKING UP ON THE DOTS

Reading Music For Those Who Don't
by Heather Wood

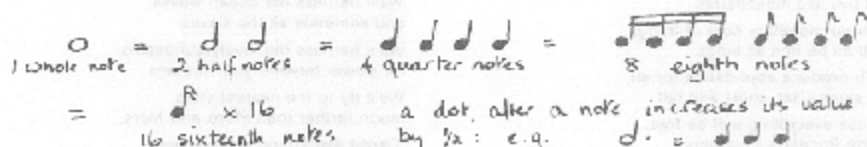
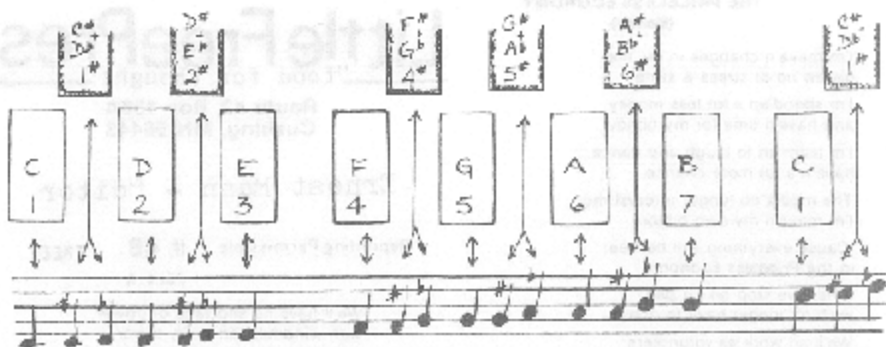
Here is a way to put technology to work. Although not an endorsement for Casio products this is a simple way to learn the melodies of songs for those who don't read music. (I know you're out there)

You will need a Casio VL-Tone, Model VL-1, currently around \$50.

1. Look at the key signature. You don't have to know what it is. Just accept that what is written there applies to the notes on that line every time they appear in the tune.

(Note: The Casio only shows sharps, written #. Using the diagram you can work it out.)

2. Write the number of each note under it.



3. With the Casio in RECORD mode, enter the numbered notes (the display will show you if you've got it right). Don't bother about the timing.

4. Using the two blue "One Key Play" buttons, with the Casio in RECORD mode, give each note its proper time value. Assuming you got it all correctly, you can now play your tune by hitting Auto Play.

You can also use the Casio to help you write out your music. Finger the notes until it all sounds right, then write down the numbers. A hint to make life easier: play the tune in a few different places on the keyboard (different keys) to find out which has the fewest black notes.

Jackson Advocate

Thursday, January 11, 1985

Mississippi's Leading Weekly Newspaper

VOLUME 62, NO. 15 35

Early Freedom Fighter Jailed In Alabama

By Charles W. Tisdale

An early Mississippi freedom fighter is himself no longer free - Sam Theodore Block, a Cleveland, Mississippi native, is incarcerated at the Maxwell Federal Prison, Alabama, where he was sentenced in 1983 for fraud associated with an offshore lending firm. Block's friends from his "movement" days - Jackson, Mississippi natives Hollis Watkins and Waxir Peacock, contend his conviction and incarceration is based on an old hatred involving a federal official, who is a native of Grenada, Mississippi. They say the official has nursed a grudge against Block for twenty years.

Block attended Mississippi Valley State University, but was ejected in 1961 by then president J.H. White

because of his civil rights activities. His parents were afraid to allow him to live in the family home and he was forced to move in with recently deceased civil rights activist Amsey Moore.

A longtime civil rights and political leader, Block is now appealing to the American public for their support in helping to obtain his immediate release from federal prison. Block is presently serving a ten year sentence on alleged mail and wire fraud charges he contends grew out of Government charges that he could not produce large sums of money he promised to lend to a group of clients. The Government charges that Block conspired with six other defendants to create a scheme to defraud persons seeking to borrow large sums

of money that did not have the needed collateral to obtain such loans from a bank.

It was proven during the trial, Block said, that he did not know the persons with whom the Government has alleged that he conspired; Four of the persons he never met, did not know or had never seen before; one (1) for only 30 seconds of introduction, another he only met for thirty (30) minutes when he paid a visit to the Atlanta office of Offshore Investments, Inc., at the request of its officials with his five clients. Block said the president of Offshore put him and his business associate in the office storage room while Offshore conducted business with the five clients.

"I am not a criminal, nor am I criminally minded," Block declared.

THE PRICELESS ECONOMY
(Ballad)

I'm makin' changes in my life,
gettin' rid of stress & strife
I'm spendin' a lot less money,
and havin' time for my honey
I'm learnin' to laugh and dance,
havin' a lot more chance
The media no longer interest me,
I'm makin' my own history
Cause everything will be free
in the Priceless Economy
When we stop takin' pay,
we'll no longer have to obey
We'll all work as volunteers,
and live like millionaires
With no monetary cost of things,
we'll all be rich as kings
We'll produce abundance for all,
the skinny, fat, short and tall
Cause everything will be free
in the Priceless Economy
We'll all take a job we like,
every Suzie, Sally & Mike
We'll produce only the best,
which will pass every test
Oh, we'll build things to last,
that'll go plenty last
We'll make 'em easy to repair,
even in your old red underwear
Cause everything will be free,
in the Priceless Economy

Little Free Press

"Food for thought"
Route #2, Box 136A
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Ernest Mann - Editor

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Part A

We'll have no shortage of power,
with windmills on every tower.
We'll harness the ocean waves,
and eliminate all the slaves.

We'll harness the lovely sunbeams,
for power beyond your dreams
we'll fly to the nearest stars,
much farther than Pluto and Mars

Cause everything will be free
in the Priceless Economy.

THIS MOMENT!

I USE IT OR LOSE IT!

We'll reclaim factory waste
and soon our rivers we can taste
Starvation will be a thing of the past,
as it was never meant to last.

There will be no reason to steal
not even a new automobile.

There'll be no Profit in War,
so we won't do that any more.

Cause everything will be free,
in the Priceless Economy

Farmers will all turn organic,
and have time to be romantic

We'll be artists at our trade,
oh, we'll really have it made

We'll all do our own drinkin',
and even most of our drinkin'

We might smoke a little pot,
but not really a lot.

Cause everything will be free,
in the Priceless Economy.

We'll be proud of what we do,
and happy to give it to you.

It's better to be a snob,
than just part of the mob.

Tell all the world's people,
from high on every stepple.

It's you and I who must fell,
the Profliteers to go to Hell

Cause everything will be free,
in the Priceless Economy.

This needs more work and a lively tune. Do it!

letter

Dear Editor,

It's been a long time since my songs were published in PEOPLES' SONGS. Some of them were performed by Pete Seeger, Lee Hays and other balladeers, including me. It seems like a millenium since five of my pro-Henry Wallace songs were recorded by CIO-PAC under the auspices of PEOPLES' SONGS. Those were the days when Waldemar Hille and other contemporary composers helped make some of my lyrics singable.

Partly because of my association with those "subversive" artists the McCarthy axe "done me in." My high school teaching career of twenty years was abruptly terminated. There followed nearly twenty years of non-teaching drudgery I was forced to endure for my family. However, I was sustained by my ability to write poetry and short stories, some of which have been printed in various respectable academic journals.

In 1967 the original Supreme Court decision against me and a number of my teaching colleagues was unanimously reversed, thanks to the untiring efforts of NECLU and conscientious attorneys. The NYC Board of Education duly apologized and I was awarded a pension...

(Incidentally, my ballad classes at Abraham Lincoln High School were the first of their kind. My English Department chairman, now deceased, Maxwell Nurnberg, set up the ballad program because of my kinship with Pete Seeger and PEOPLES' SONGS.)

I have kept my political finger active by contributing satiric and spirited verses to progressive candidates, the latest, Geraldine Ferraro, my own ex-Representative, who designated me her "ecological watchdog in the Sunnyside community."

But my real esthetic satisfaction has come from frequent poetry readings at Eldrehostels and supportive (and patient?) friends. And, as an elected member of Scientists Committee for Public Information, I was invited to read my lengthy, ecological poem over WBAL.

Now, here at long last are you, and if the blurbs accurately define you, you are following the tradition of PEOPLES' SONGS. That fact inspired the enclosed verses which, believe it or not, were written this morning at 4:00 a.m. I've many other verses already done or incubating in my esthetic womb, all of which should be of interest in this traumatized world of ours.

Fraternally,

Lou Relin

STANDING TALL AND TALKING TOUGH

Ronnie's hero was gun totin' John
But now his hero has up and gone,
It's gutsy Rambo who fills John's boots:
He never misses Reds that he shoots

Think how dull our lives would be
With nothing but peace and harmony.
We've got to have killers - just for the thrill
And movieland Rambo sure fits the bill.

Hoursy for Ronnie standing tall,
Talking tough and oozing gall.
Here's a leader with Hollywood style --
Shoots from the hip with a Hollywood smile.

Falwell, Shlafley, D'Amato and Helms
Would love to perpetuate Reaganist realms,
But we're damn scared of their doomsday course
And want no part of their man-on-the-horse.

He sleeps with the button under his finger,
Raring to launch the nuclear flinger,
He rattles his missiles with patriot pride
Knowing the Lord is allied to his side.

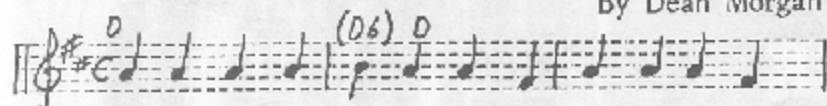
He prays every day - by golly, by gum -
For Christian salvation in Kingdom Come,
"So, come on, you Russkies, make your play.
Make your move and make my day!"

Written August 7, 1985
for BROADSIDE

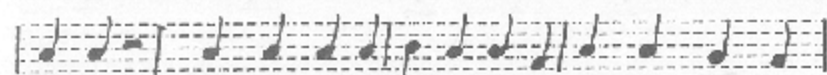
Louis Relin

Don't Let Bernard Cohen Use Your Clivus Multrum Toilet*

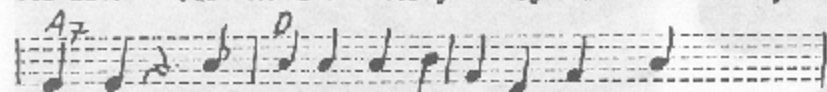
By Dean Morgan



Don't let Ber-nard Co-hen use your Cliv-us Mal-trum



tol-let. Just one sol-i-tar-y use by him would sure-ly



spoil it. Won't do no good to dis-in-fect; Won't



do no good to boil it. Don't let Ber-nard Co-hen use your



Cliv-us Mal-trum tol-let.

* a composting device for both human and vegetable waste

- 1) A man named Bernard Cohen, an atomic physicist, is building nukes, a top priority on his list he thinks that all the activists don't know from where they come and just to prove it's safe he'll even eat plutonium

CHORUS

Don't let Bernard Cohen use your Clivus Multrum toilet,
Just one solitary use by him would surely spoil it.
Won't do no good to disinfect; Won't do no good to boil it.
Don't let Bernard Cohen use your Clivus Multrum toilet.

- 2) If Bernard Cohen's at your house and says he's got to go and asks if he may use your bathroom you must tell him "no." He might get the impression that you're not the greatest host still you don't need his contribution mixed with your compost.

CHORUS

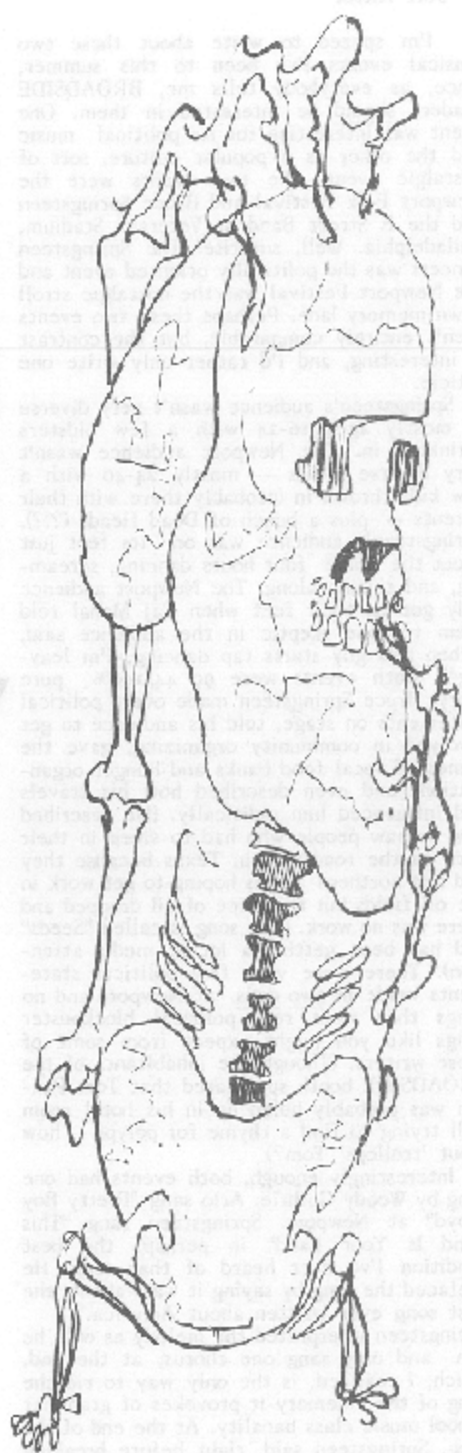
- 3) Even though your bathroom you may keep guarded with care there's still a chance that Bernard Cohen could pollute your air. So if he comes to your house, if you've really got some smarts be sure he wears a spacesuit just in case he burps or....

for goodness sake:
(sing chorus and end)

© 1982

Dean Morgan words and music

Order tapes and songbooks: 282 W. Hancock St. #3, Man. NH 03102



Dale Scott

I'm spoiled to write about these two musical events I've been to this summer, since, as everybody tells me, BROADSIDE readers should be interested in them. One event was interesting for its political music and the other as a popular culture, sort of nostalgic event. The two events were the Newport Folk Festival and Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band at Veterans Stadium, Philadelphia. Well, surprise! The Springsteen concert was the politically oriented event and the Newport Festival was the nostalgic stroll down memory lane. Perhaps these two events aren't entirely comparable, but the contrast is interesting, and I'd rather only write one article.

Springsteen's audience wasn't very diverse -- mostly ages 16-24 with a few oldsters sprinkled in. The Newport audience wasn't very diverse either -- mostly 24-40 with a few kids thrown in (probably there with their parents -- plus a bunch of Dead Heads (?!)). Springsteen's audience was on its feet just about the whole four hours dancing, screaming, and singing along. The Newport audience only got on their feet when Taj Mahal told them to (one skeptic in the audience said, "When this guy starts tap dancing, I'm leaving"). Both events were 99.44/100% pure Ivory. Bruce Springsteen made overt political statements on stage, told his audience to get involved in community organizing, gave the names of local food banks and hunger organizations and even described how his travels had influenced him politically. (He described how he saw people who had to sleep in their cars on the roadsides in Texas because they had left northern towns hoping to get work in the oil fields but the price of oil dropped and there was no work. (The song is called "Seeds" and has been getting a lot of media attention). There were very few political statements made in two days at Newport and no songs that were real political blockbuster songs like you might expect from some of those writers. (Though the inhabitants of the BROADSIDE booth speculated that Tom Paxton was probably holed up in his hotel room still trying to find a rhyme for polyps -- how 'bout 'trollops' Tom?)

Interestingly enough, both events had one song by Woody Guthrie. Arlo sang "Pretty Boy Floyd" at Newport. Springsteen sang "This Land Is Your Land" in perhaps the best rendition I've ever heard of that song. He prefaced the song by saying it was "about the best song ever written about America." Springsteen interpreted the melody as only he can and only sang one chorus, at the end, which, I realized, is the only way to rid the song of the memory it provokes of grammar school music class banality. At the end of the song, Springsteen said, right before breaking into an explosive version of "Born To Run," "No one runs unless everybody runs." Springsteen invoked his own version of "Think Globally, Act Locally" by imploring people to help make things better in their own areas by helping local hunger groups before singing his song, "Your Hometown."

Let's just say that everyone had a marvelously good time at both events and that's 'nuff said."-- but, well, it isn't. Cynics at both events wondered about what actually gets through to an audience these days. Especially here in the Summer of '85 USA where everyday is a summer festival. But the



NEWPORT



TOP: DAVID BROMBERG JOINS TAJ MAHAL
BACKING UP JOAN BAEZ

ABOVE: JUDY COLLINS

© 1985



ANOTHER ATTEMPT AT A FAMOUS FINALE PHOTOGRAPH. CAN YOU NAME EVERYONE HERE?

newest and most interesting part of the Springsteen-mania in the press is that they are actually reporting just what I'm trying to relate here, that Springsteen has a political mind and is showing that he is concerned about hunger and employment and that, while not taking sides or overtly making accusations he is willing to say what he stands for and what he thinks people should do, and he's willing to tell the thousands of people that come to see him. And that is news.

What about the future? Well Newport will probably fly again. They can certainly afford it. Look forward to another nostalgic recreation next year. I hope that next year they have more new performers like Dave Massengill, who was great at Newport. Springsteen... well, who knows? He's obviously become more political, but, the man needs a vacation. I predict that after a long, well-deserved rest he'll be found occasionally playing a benefit or two and making himself politically active.

The element that is important for both "phenomena" is RISK. Newport doesn't want to risk not selling out the festival by having more political performers but Springsteen was willing to risk boring his audience for a while to try to get some people to think and be concerned. Risk enters into all facets of everyday life if you want to try to accomplish anything beyond feeding and sheltering yourself comfortably. We had a distributor in New York who was considering putting BROADSIDE in some bookstores across the country for us but said he didn't want to cause it wasn't "sure-fire" and would take some work. Well, my friends, in the words of Body By Jake, the Hollywood muscle designer, "No pain, no gain."



DAY ONE: JOAN BAEZ, DOC & MERLE WATSON, BUSKIN & BATTEAU, RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOT, GREG BROWN, MIMI FARINA, TAJ MAHAL, BILL MORRISSEY, JIM ROONEY & BILL KEITH WITH MARK O'CONNOR & ROY HUSKEY

DAY TWO: JUDY COLLINS, ARLO GUTHRIE, BONNIE RAITT, DAVE VAN RONK, TOM PAXTON, PETER ROMAN, NEWGRASS REVIVAL, DAVID MALLETT, DAVID MASSENGILL

ALL OVER THE WORLD

I was watch-ing the news— to—night—

And all o-ver the world— Peo-ple were sing—ing and car-ry—ing signs

All o-ver the world— Ev-ry-bod-y walk-ing hand—in hand— Through

cit-ies that I've been And though I'm— not there—to—night— You know

I'll be back a—gain— I'll be back a—gain—

I'll be back a—gain—

I'm on a plane tonight for Germany
And all over the world
There are lots of people just like
you and me

All over the world
Who know the bomb must never
fall again
All over the world
And we must all learn how to live
as friends
All over the world, all over the
world, all over the world

We are making the news tonight
All over the world
Because we know that what we do
is right
All over the world
Everybody walking hand in hand
All over the world
Through the streets of Europe and
Japan
All over the world, all over the
world, all over the world

Words and Music by
ARLO GUTHRIE

©1983 by ARLOCO MUSIC INC., New York, NY
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This article is taken from a 1987 issue of 'Boston' BROADSIDE. The issue was found in a pile of mold and mildew in an upstate attic. We tried to get most of it off but couldn't.



raping with

arlo guthrie

by bobbi driscoll

"I don't really know how to play the guitar. Somebody just showed me how to play it one time and I'm still playing it." The speaker is Arlo Guthrie, and many people who recently heard him at Club 47 would disagree.

Arlo Guthrie has long curly hair and always wears a heat-up, farmer-type felt hat. He smiles like a kid looking at all those silly grown-ups. I think he was more excited than I was at getting a real interview.

He only takes life half (maybe less) seriously, but has a lot of fun doing it. He was "born on Coney Island and I went to Nathan's for six years. I still go to Nathan's and that's all I do. They write my songs and I sing them."

At Nathan's he ate hot dogs — not hamburgers, (the expensive!) — and is very grateful to them. "If I didn't eat the hot dogs I'd be dead, 'cause they were cheapest at the time."

"Alice's Restaurant," Guthrie's most popular song, has several versions,

each 30 minutes long: "Alice's Restaurant Massacree part II" about the draft; "Alice's Restaurant Multicolored Rainbow Knech," about the scientific war between Russia and the United States; and "Alice's Restaurant Around the World," which was written by five Russian scientists to subvert Americans. Unfortunately, their plan backfired. Everyone began singing the song and it spread across the oceans until it reached Russia. Thus the Russians were subverted by their own song.

The last version of "Alice" was dedicated to "London because, ya gotta feel sorry for him and I'll let it down; I've even know the war to 'Alice's Restaurant. And I'll bet none of the birds know it, either."

Guthrie isn't sure what his folk-singer father, Woody Guthrie, thought of his music but he says of his father's singing: "He did his thing and he did it well, I think."

When asked what he thought of the new folk and blues rock, Guthrie replied: "That's like asking 'What do you think of Volkswagen?' It's groovy if you go there."

"Folk music is like folks; when folks change, folk music changes," he commented about the future of the folk wave. He likes all the folk singers today "for what they do."

Arlo Guthrie will return to this area in November for club and concert appearances. His first recording, Alice's Restaurant, was released by Reprise about two weeks ago.

Normally, I wouldn't mind being fingerprinted, photographed, and interrogated under hot lights, but after all we were only trying to get into the festival.

"You want to murder Joan Baez, don't you?" asked the fat cop, spitting tobacco on our Spanish leather boots.

"You don't understand," I replied wittily, "I was invited to sing on one of the concerts last year."

"Oh yeah, then why weren't you invited this year?"

I started to say, "Perhaps it's my . . ." but was interrupted by one of the festival directors who had noticed our plight and managed to get us in after signing an affidavit swearing we weren't Jewish and didn't play electric instruments.

Once inside the barbed wire enclosure, we began to relax. On stage Joan Baez and Donovan were humming an a cappella version of John Phillip Sousa's "Hands Across the Sea."

If my memory serves me correctly, after each performer was done a cop would get on stage and announce something like "Welcome to Newport, Outsiders. I'd like to ask your cooperation in observing a few simple rules — No parking, no drinking, no smoking, no talking, no stepping on the grass, no grass, no sleeping on the benches, no sex. So enjoy yourselves, folks; it's your park."

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," I cajoled, walking past the guards into the audience. The crowd was the usual assortment of folk purists wearing faded jeans, beer guzzlers wearing faded smiles, and plain-clothesmen wearing freshly pressed jeans and carrying Harmony guitars.

Down below, in front of the stage, was a large pit, an idiot arena holding a motley crew of maniacal milling photographers who surged forward like a great army of large snapping mosquitoes whenever a celebrity appeared on stage. I was fatalistically hoping that at least one performer would throw an expensive Leica in the middle of the hungry throng and, while they were all grappling in the dust, expose himself to the audience, making them all miss the classic shot.

In 1963, there was an historic scene when Dylan, Seeger, Baez, the Freedom Singers, and Peter, Paul and Mary joined hands to sing "We Shall Overcome." In 1964, egos got out of hand and didn't realize the ritual was already old hat and leaped on stage to no avail because several of the original important people weren't there this time, so no famous photograph emerged.



Below is a list of Phil Ochs songs and what issue of BROADSIDE they were originally printed in. These back issues contain lots more interesting stuff and the Phil Ochs' songs. Order soon, \$5 each, 3 for \$12.00.

A.M.A. Song	21
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Ballad of Lou Marsh	26-27
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Billy Sol	13-27
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Cont. pg.19

The Newport

Pneumonia

Fuzz

Festival

By

Mississippi

Phil Ochs

Reprinted from The Realist
#61 August, 1965

This year the traditional last song degenerated into a "La Dolce Vita" party as several disparate performers, festival officials, audience members, and passers-by joined in a Kafkaesque song and dance exhibition. There were so many people packed on stage, there legally should have been another fire exit. Next year perhaps they will feature a Radio City Music Hall Rockette routine including janitors, drunken sailors, town prostitutes, clergy of all denominations, sanitation engineers, small time Rhode Island politicians, and a bewildered cab driver. The whole jamboree can be backed up by the beloved Mississippi John Hurt's new electric band consisting of Skip James on bass, Son House on drums and Elizabeth Cotten on vibes being hissed and booed by the now neurotic ethnic enthusiasts.

One of the highlights of the festival occurred when a workshop turned into a workout. Alan Lomax was emceeing the blues workshop and was turned off by the Paul Butterfield Jug Band and implied as much on stage. Albert Grossman was turned off by Lomax's face offstage. Heated comments were exchanged, and, before anyone could say, "festival," the two lions of the folk power structure were rolling in the dirt. They were pulled apart and immediately withdrew, Albert humming "Who Killed Davey Moore," and Lomax humming "If I Had

poetry

LYING WITH SUSAN

her thoughts too large for the bed,
we are on the floor. I rub
the base of her spine,
her back, her neck; fingers
linger under a brassiere strap,
she sighs between sentences,
smiles and asks, "who are you?"
the rhythm, the woodwind whisper
of her voice makes me forget.

I think she says "chocolates,"
but before I can ask,
her eyes close. I want
to nibble into them, discover
cherry or cream, hazel nut.

the silence sizzles, yearns
like a baby holding its breath.
once, candy was the only
craving I knew.

I put my finger to her lips,
a spack, picked up from the rug,
jolts her awake. She laughs,
pulls my hair to get even,
I tickle her shoulder, "not fair,"
we say at the same time. I reach
for a blanket to cover us,
stretching, she describes
how marshmallows melt in cocoa.

Stan Friedman

BLISTERING ROMANCE

I knew it was true love
when you dared bite my lips.
You knew it was true love
when I dared grab your hips.

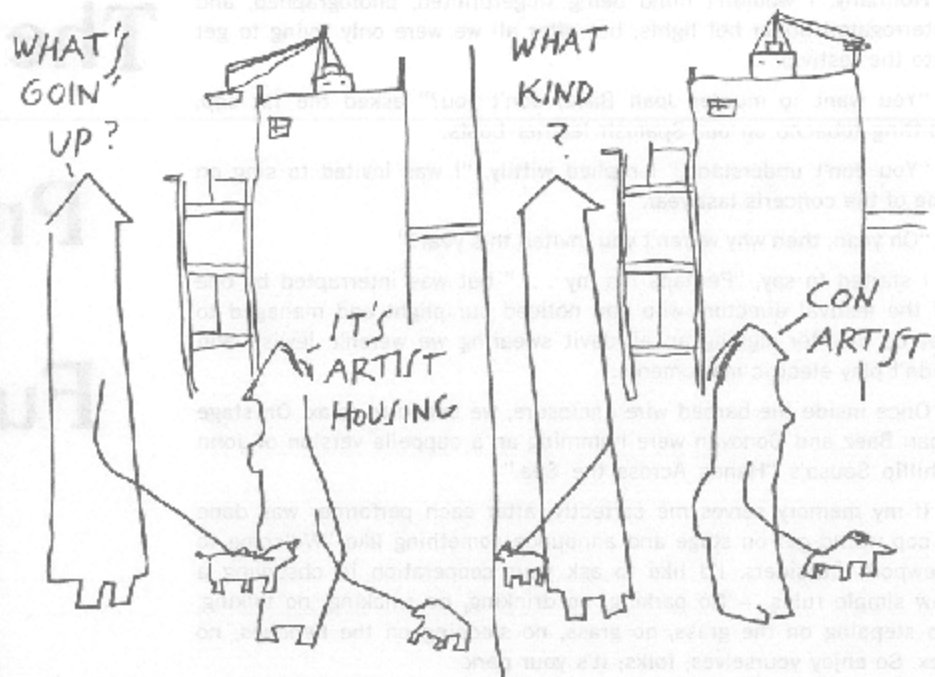
Romance advanced along,
touching the very moon.
But our heated passion
was damned to an early doom.

You leaned toward Reagan
with all your bleeding heart.
I worshipped Ferrato,
helping her from the start.

Elections are over;
ballots are in their place.
We still aren't together,
since Ronald won the race.

I'm not a sore loser;
you're not a gloating champ,
but things just aren't the same
since you voted for that scamp.

Jonas L. Goldstien



CONGRATS! MAJ. TURNER!

THEY'RE STEALIN' YR STUFF!!!

MIAMI, June 16 (UPI) — Nearly 3,400 fugitives wanted for various crimes, including murder, rape, robbery and assault, were lured out of hiding by Federal and local law officers around Florida in a secret operation that promised free trips and other prizes, officials said today.

Officials in the drive, code-named "Operation FIST" for Fugitive Investigative Strike Team, said they offered the free trips and dinners at exclusive restaurants to make fugitives identify themselves so arrests could be made.

The roundup was the biggest ever organized by the United States Marshals Service, surpassing that of 3,309 fugitives late last year in eight Northeastern states, the officials said.

"Congratulations!" "Champagne!"

The free trips had been arranged by the marshals' service in letters that began: "Congratulations! You are the winner of a weekend retreat in the Bahamas. Enclosed please find your champagne-flight boarding pass."

Various Federal agencies, the Florida Department of Law Enforcement and local police officers and sheriff's departments worked with the marshals' service in conducting the campaign.

Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d has scheduled a news conference for Wednesday morning in Miami to discuss the operation.

The officials said the 11-week operation began April 1. In all, more than 3,000 people were arrested on felony warrants, and the rest were charged with misdemeanors or traffic violations.

in the Marines!

6 Free room and board?

YES! You get free room and board. Free medical and dental care. PLUS 30 days of paid vacation every year and great year round sports facilities to help you keep fit.

7 New friends?

YES! We attract some of the finest men and women in our country today. People like you...people you'll like.

8 New adventure?

YES! Marines travel worldwide. One way or another, you'll discover new adventures as part of your work, part of your lifestyle.

9 New challenge?

YES! Challenge comes with every goal you'll undertake. Challenge is what keeps Marine spirit high—and your abilities strong.

Major Turner: I want to be a success. Please Opportunity Book and my FREE Marine Corps bumper. I understand there is no obligation.

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY U.S. MARINE CORPS

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1983

A New Magazine For Hospital Patients

Sandra N. Sullivan, an entrepreneur out of the health-care field, has raised \$1.2 million in venture capital and started a magazine called TLC, The Magazine for Recuperation and Relaxation, for distribution free to hospital patients.

And since, as most people in the cold hard world of the bottom line realize, advertisers are not interested in poor folk, 250,000 copies of TLC are being distributed only in suburban hospitals.

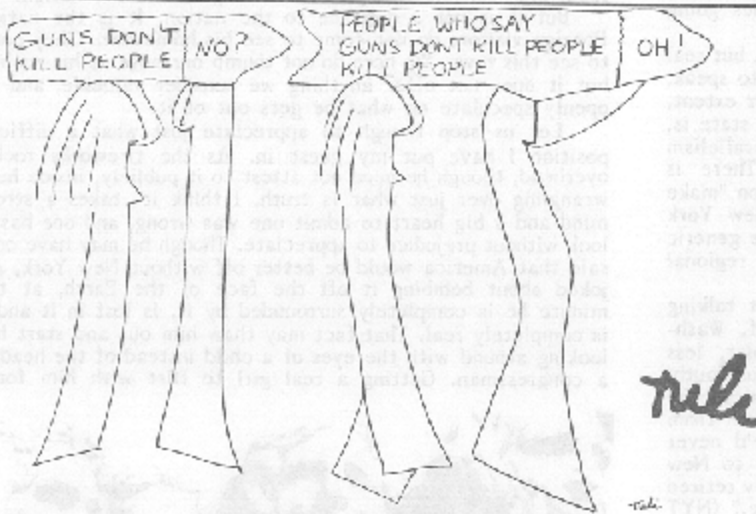
The magazine, with a six-a-year publishing frequency, is printed on heavy stock for maximum passalong, much like the legendary Con Donovan's Girl Talk, which got astounding total audience figures in beauty parlors.

Miss Sullivan, publisher, is asking \$7,710 for a black-and-white ad page and \$9,894 for a four-color.



OR: LOOKING FOR THAT NICHE

and introducing →



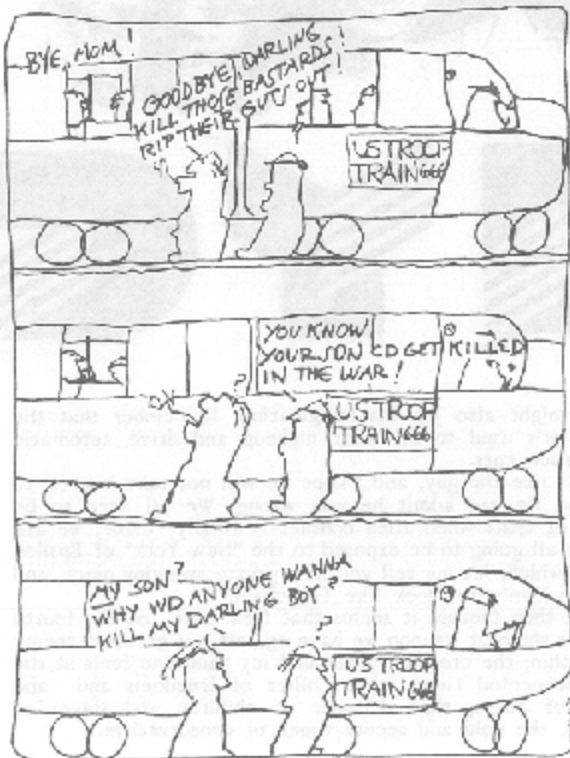
GONE...

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE NEWLY DECEASED

<p>Who's WHO IN HELL</p>	<p>What To Wear p.12</p> <p>Places to go Places to stay p.16</p> <p>Picking a time .21</p> <p>The Girl I Left Behind p.38</p> <p>Downward Mobility...</p> <p style="text-align: center;">*SPECIAL #X*</p> <p>A new guide: <small>score photos; ratings; rates; circulation</small></p>
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reli

KUPFERBERG



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FOR FOLKS WITH LONG CANCER
- LUNGER**

NO TINY FILTERS

FOR THAT SPECIAL TASTE

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 2. MOST NICOTINE
 3. EXTRA ADDED AS
 4. MORE COUGHS PER CIGARETTE
 5. INSECTIDE CONTENT IN TOP 10
 6. LOW-PREMIUM HOSPITALIZATIONS
 7. FREE BURIAL PLAN (YOU MUST DIE WITHIN 12 MONTHS) COUPON
 8. GOOD RUFF TASTE ("NOT A FAG'S SMOKE"): TRACHEOTOMY APPROVED
 9. STOPS OVEREATING, EATING ETC.
 10. PROVEN SEX SUBSTITUTE

JULY 4

by M. White

An odd thing has become apparent to me as I move around the United States. A lot of people live in different realities. I don't mean different living situations, or climates or attitudes or levels of income; I'm talking about radically different ways of understanding what is going on in the world. There are definitely a number of very different ones going down in this country.

And it's not the cliché 'each-to-his-own reality bit, but real regional differences. I find this surprising; reality so to speak, tends to exist across a whole county, and to a greater extent, extend across a whole state depending on how big the state is. There is probably something to be said for a parallelism between state of residence and state of mind. There is reinforcement. And as airplanes and telecommunication "make the world a smaller place," and editorials in the New York Times complain that every city is becoming the same generic American town, still there is this oddly unmodern regional variation.

Travellers rejoice? Well, unfortunately we're not talking about the delights of Cajun cooking, Nebraska beef, Washington salmon or Texas barbecue. It is less popular, less discussable and more sensitive divisions of North versus South, Coast versus Interior, Mountains versus Plains. I saw in the paper yesterday that in Washington a Representative from Tennessee told the Governor of New York that he'd never known anyone from Tennessee who wanted to retire to New York. Cuomo is said to have replied, "Maybe after they retired to New York they denied they were from Tennessee." (NYT July 18, 1985) Exactly.

There is a lot of bad-natured antagonism here. I myself would not mind bashing a few heads. Sure, I know we should all be exposed to each others' beliefs and learn to live together in harmony and sweetness and all that good stuff, but if someone goes trying to teach creationism to my kids, buddy, that is it. However, violence being the last resort of the incompetent, I have devised a better way. My secret weapon is the fourth of July in New York.

First of all, the fourth of July cannot be called into question. It has perfect conservative approval. No one ever could accuse it of being a pretense for subversion, yet surprisingly there could not be a better forum to show this acquaintance from one of the other realities what life is really all about. I have it all planned.

It will be hot, REALLY hot, a summer night, and there should be the usual large number of beautiful women walking around with really very little on. We sit on the roof and watch the fireworks, but the first thing this guy notices is the crowds. Just the sound is amazing. It seems like you can hear people shouting and screaming all the way from one end of the island to the other in the night air, but the fact that it's probably only the few local blocks and that makes it even more impressive. There are so many people, so many different kinds of people, all completely real, all doing their own thing. This is what he never realized back home: how totally real it is. There is so much going on on this one island that no one could ever possibly comprehend it. I bring along a radio tuned to WBAI too, just so he is aware of that dimension of activity. And I watch him carefully as he experiences the long anticipated confrontation firsthand: this is it, New York: hotbed of liberals, feminists, communists, radicals, jews, homosexuals. It cannot be expressed how thoroughly we threaten his reality.

There is the family. The good wife and the three clean cut children who always address him with 'yes sir.' He does not see them here in the streets of New York, nor in Chinatown nor in Chelsea. Good thing too, these don't look like wholesome places. How could anyone bring up children in this city? It looks far too dangerous. Perhaps that is them climbing out of a cab in front of FAO Schwartz.

Then there is the community to be considered. What must the government of New York be like that it tolerates so many long haired hippies in the streets? And these young men here are smoking marijuana! It is obvious that the law is not enforced here. Something should be done to bring this city under control again. It simply takes some strong action: he himself put in quite an effort to get that fairly fired from the local high school. This place is a disgrace to the nation.

But it is not a disgrace to the nation. It is the nation. Foreign visitors do not come to see his hometown. They come to see this town. We here do not thumb our nose at his reality, but it does not offer anything we consider valuable, and we openly speculate on what he gets out of it.

Let us stop though to appreciate just what a difficult position I have put my guest in. As the fireworks rocket overhead, though he need not attest to it publicly, inside he is wrangling over just what is truth. I think it takes a strong mind and a big heart to admit one was wrong, and one has to look without prejudice to appreciate. Though he may have once said that America would be better off without New York, and joked about bombing it off the face of the Earth, at this minute he is completely surrounded by it, is lost in it and it is completely real. That fact may thaw him out and start him looking around with the eyes of a child instead of the head of a congressman. Getting a real girl to flirt with him for a



NYC

minute might also jog his imagination. Remember that the women he's used to all wear makeup and drive automatic transmission cars.

But I like the guy, and I hope he will not take himself too seriously. He can admit he was wrong. We all need to be careful of that: when alien contact is finally made, we are probably all going to be exposed to the "New York" of Epsilon Eridani, which, let me tell you, is a pretty swinging place, and it makes Manhattan look like Tehachapi.

Until then though, it seems that New York on the fourth of July is the best weapon we have against our greatest enemy from within; the creeping ghost and icy hand one feels at the most unexpected times. That chiller of freedoms and stalker of poets, that detainer of children and slayer of romance, the cold and secure touch of conservatism.

I was playing for the people by the parking lot in the mid-December cold
 Singin' "Crucifixion",
 playing the street singer's role.
 Very few were paying attention,
 In Birmingham that's nothing new
 when along came a big, fat preacher
 looking for somebody new to screw

CHO: He was makin' big bucks off of Jesus
 Singin' his "Pie In The Sky"
 With a rotund belly and a cherub face
 he couldn't hear the people cry,
 he was singin' "Come to Jesus"
 he was singin' "Praise the Lord"
 he was singin' "We're all sinners"
 "and besides (pause) we're bored!"

I asked him if he had any re-quests,
 he said "do you know any hymns?"
 I said "here's one I wrote myself"
 and I sang about faith to him
 and when the song was over
 I asked him while he smiled,
 "Do you ever have outsiders sing at your church?"
 he said "rarely, only once in a while."

CHO: Cause he was makin' big bucks off of Jesus...
 Suddenly he stopped his shuffling
 suddenly his eyes took aim,
 "who is this hippie folksinger", he thought
 "playin' this religious game?"
 He said "Son, do you know Jesus,
 and I felt like the throat of a cannon
 being powdered and ramed with a rod.

CHO: Cause he was makin' big bucks off of Jesus
 while I was strugglin' to survive,
 He wouldn't even throw a penny,
 he didn't care if I lived or died,
 "the poor will always be with us" he thought
 and that was his excuse,
 "all good comes to those who love the Lord"
 was his last abuse.

Well, he didn't want me singin' for his little lambs;
 he didn't want me rockin' the boat.
 And how in the world can we blame him,
 it's a wonder that his ragged ship can float;
 it must be all those dollars,
 it must be all those lies
 that serve as buoys 'round the hull
 to save him from the tide.

CHO: So he can make big bucks off of Jesus
 Singin' 'bout pie in the sky....(etc.)
 ©1983, 1985 Stephen Sedberry

MAKING BIG BUCKS OFF OF JESUS

by Steve Sedberry



words and music: S. Sedberry

I was play-ing for the peo-ple by the park-ing lot in the

mid-De-ces-ber cold. Sing-in' "cru-ci-fix-ion," play-in' the street-sin-gar's

role. Very few were pay-ing at-ten-tion, in Bir-ming-ham that's noth-ing

new when a-long came a big, fat preach-er look-in' for some-bod-y

new to screw. **CHORUS** He was mak-in' big bucks off of Je-sus. Made us

think of "Pie In The Sky," with a ro-tund bel-ly and a cher-ub face, he

couldn't hear the peo-ple cry. He was sing-in' "Come to Je-sus" he was

sing-in' "Praise the Lord." He was sing-in' "We're All Sin-ners and be-

sides (pause) we're bored."

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 P.O. Box 1130, B'ham, AL 35202



IF I ONLY HAD IT ALL

I write the songs that make the whole world sink
I write the songs so you won't have to think
Pretty music and pretty lies - I write the songs,
Not the wrongs

East side, West side, all across the seas
We're fighting Communism from New Zealand to Belize
Boys and men together, me and Pinochet
Such a sight dynastic, and guess who gets to pay!
But,

Can't get through, waters blue, lost our locks what shall we do
Has anybody seen my canal?
Turned up lost, drove up cost, now she's got another boss
Has anybody seen my canal?

Oh those golden locks, and all those docks
Covered with furriners
Sugar and spice, beans and rice
Now the Soviets are winners

Could we woo, could we do, a Panama-style rescue
Has anybody seen my canal?

Home, home on the stock exchange
Where the dear and the cheap interchange
Where seldom is heard from the World that is Third
And the spies they get rowdy this way.

We see with whom you're sleeping, we know you're on the take
We know you've got the names we need, so talk or your legs
we'll break

You better watch out, you better not lie
That's my job and I'll tell you why
Just because I own the whole town

From the halls of our condominium
To the seats of our limousines
We will do aerobic exercise
So we'll fit our designer jeans
First to buy every convenience
And make use of our credit card
We might stop to notice our lousy life
But we're working much too hard

In Hollywood City where the pearls are so pretty
I first got a whiff of sweet Ronald's cologne
As he wheeled his wheelbarrow, stocked with buller and arrow
Crying cockpits and missiles alive, alive-oh

From the hills of southern Lebanon
To the shores of the China Sea
We will fight to maintain profit rates
And to strengthen our currency
First to boost our bomb production
And to keep your wages lean
We are proud you bear the sacrifice
Of a life in the war machine

Once a gun has been invented, it's sold or else it's rented
And then it plays its part
These days I make em smaller, and get paid a bigger dollar
Cause I haven't got a heart

Ah history, who needs it, I've been there before
Who wants to dwell, the truth doesn't sell
Let's make old mistakes some more

Our dollars make decisions, we purchase politicians
That's call pay-triotism
If one time we buy one and next we buy a different one
That's for sure pluralism

(with thanks and a tip of the Lippman Lip to
Carl Lansford, Clint Boswell and Kevin Pina)

Dave Lippman
P.O. Box 40800
San Francisco, CA 94140



URGENT



SONGS FROM



GEORGE SCHRUB

O bootyful for corporate skies
Amalgamated gain
For profit structures majesties
Above the workers' pain
America, America
The loophole lives by thee
To liquidate and depreciate
From sea to sheltered sea

I pledge a billion to the flag
Of the right-wing government of El Salvador
And to the death squads for which it stands
One nation, underfed, indefensible
With liberty for just us, over all

Gringo bells, gringo bells, gringos all the way
Oh what fun it is to run other countries where we stay
Gringo bells, gringo bells, gringos all the way
Oh what fun to pull a gun and tell them what to pay

Slashing through the foe, our forces on display
O'er the kids we go, laughing all the way
Dashing to and fro, to make them hear it right
Oh what fun it is to ride in the one-horse town we slay

Oh you can't scare me I'm stickin to the Empire
I'm stickin to the Empire
I'm stickin to the Empire
Oh you can't scare me I'm stickin to the Empire
The Hollywood Empire, till the day it dies

There once was an empire made
By those who weren't afraid
By goons and ginks and company finks
And the Green Berets who made the raids
We always get our way
When we go to lower your pay
And if we have objections to your elections
We send in the C.I.A.
Oh you can't scare me, I'm stickin to the empire...

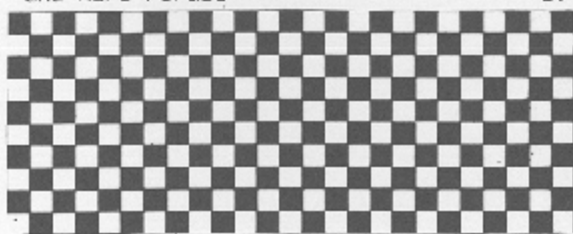
Oh where shall we fight a war if we lose El Salvador
Oh what if Grenada and Guatemala
Get funny with their money and they close the store?
If we lose our Latin colonies
There'll be no end to our miseries
So pay the mercenary
To display the military
And civilize their economies

Oh you can't scare me, I'm stickin to the Empire...



PHIL OCHS

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a Hammer." Both later denied rumors that there would be a rematch in Madison Square Garden. Later in the festival a folk group which shall remain nameless wrote a song called "Talking Alan Lomax" in which they play the guitar background for a talking blues and say nothing. If anyone has a picture of the incident, I respectfully suggest that they send it to the program directors who can use it as a dedication page for next year's program book entitled "We remember last year . . . the folk process."

Later, during an evening concert, Lomax was discussing a group of former convicts who were chopping wood and hoeing in time to work songs. In a perhaps not unsymbolic gesture, one of the hoes lost its true aim and inadvertently demolished an innocent but expensive Vanguard microphone. Perhaps they could award a posthumous medal to the brave recording engineer who, with earplugs sensitively connected to the ill-fated mike, had his impressionable eardrums tuned to the slightest deviation in sound. The audience felt great sympathy for the mishap and gave them so many encores they chopped their way through the stage and fell in a heap on the ground; whereupon Lomax raced down the stairs muttering, "I've got an axe to grind with you."

During the Sunday afternoon concert it rained so heavily that the audience came out of their polite applause lethargy and began to cheer and even dance. It kept raining, so the festival decided not to put on the Paul Butterfield Band as scheduled, for fear of someone being electrocuted. The audience was shocked, but then it's not always easy to put on folk music. One cryptic observer noted that perhaps the real reason they didn't put on the Butterfield Band was out of fear that Alan Lomax and his axe-laden convicts would be laying in wait.

In the final concert Sunday evening, Bob Dylan as usual made history without even using a helicopter. I have a theory that it was really John Lennon on stage who had entered the festival disguised as Donovan, that the Butterfield Band, who played in back of Dylan, was really the Kingston Trio getting kicks, and that Dylan's harmonica was really John Hammond.

Wearing an Audie Murphy black jacket, playing a Chuck Berry guitar, and performing his electrified alienation with passionate indifference, Dylan assassinated the audience.

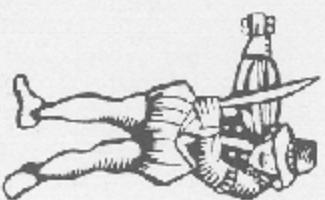
Some booed, some cried, some yelled "Take it off," but most just sat silently in a state of shock sucking on crumpled beer cups. I was expecting God to open the heavens with his wrath, but instead Peter Yarrow embarrassingly brought Dylan back, and he obligingly played two encores alone on an acoustic guitar, the band apparently having been slaughtered beneath the diamond stage by unforgiving Dylantants.

Alas, all good things must come to an end, and as we left the scenic festival grounds bouncing around in the back of the police van we had many fond memories. Dylan's lynching while admittedly unsubtle and gauche was understandable. Joan Baez's frugging on several occasions gave the festival the added flair of an Arthur Murray Dance Party. Peter, Paul and Mary certainly deserved a better fate than to have melted in the rain. The nagging question still remained — Why wasn't Regis Toomey invited?

It's probably only the beginning of a long and controversial history. Next year in order to create a carnival atmosphere they will hold the evening concerts under a large tent. The addition of Phil Spectre on the board of directors will insure that the festival will continue to mirror changing tastes. An enlarged cartoon of Batman will dominate the stage, and Andy Warhol will have exclusive rights to film his four day opus, "Assimilation."

If I'm not invited next year, I guess I'll have to write another article like this.

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



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