

**POLITICS
& CIRCUMSTANCE**
with:

Charlie King ~ Pete Seeger

•
Sis Cunningham's,
"How Can You Keep On Movin'"

•
"Just Another Family Farm,"
by Kenneth Green

•
The Ballad of Ira Hayes
by Peter LaFarge

•
Tuli Kupferberg says,
"The CIA Is Here To Stay"

•
The Latest From Vic Sadot



Special Phil Ochs Section



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BROADSIDE #167

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So we had to skip a month of BROADSIDE. Don't worry, you'll all get an extra one at the end of your subscriptions (or maybe we'll sneak it in in the middle) and everything will be alright as long as no one tells the Post Office. As a result of our mailing last month we did get in some donations and subscriptions and a few compliments. But we need alot more help. We had to cut the size of the magazine this month as you'll notice, but it will go back to the full-size again soon. The things you'll get in BROADSIDE might just disappear if they don't have a place like this to go. Library Journal, a trade magazine, called BROADSIDE, "the best in American individualism." And it is. Get friends to subscribe, organizations, rich people and give gift subscriptions to lawyers.

This issue of BROADSIDE has a theme running through it that is also rather prevalent in the media these days. The FARM-AID concert, LIVE-AID concert and recent "I Ain't Gonna Play Sun City" album have brought public awareness of social issues out in the open. Is it doing anything? Who knows. But an article clipped from The Wall Street Journal in this issue discusses the idea in detail. The songs, "Just Another Family Farm," and "Crying In The Night" seem to be a part of this "trend." Of course, this "trend" has existed at BROADSIDE for more than twenty years. Two songs by an old friend of BROADSIDE, Vic Sadot, make their appearance in this issue, along with an article about his new release. "Volcano" is about the situation in South Africa and "Comrades" is about Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen. Sis has a song of hers in this issue, "How Can You Keep On Movin'" along with a statement from the first issue of BROADSIDE. There are three pages of Phil Ochs material in this issue to remind everybody what a great songwriter he was and to show that he was a very funny and wry columnist, too. Norman Ross recalls a story about Peter LaFarge and Gil Turner that is printed here with a reprint of "The Ballad of Ira Hayes." Tuli Kupferberg ends this issue with his usual caustic wit. There's lots of other interesting things in this issue even though we've cut back in pages to save money temporarily. Believe me, when we can we will bring it right back up to twenty pages. Until then everyone just send in shorter songs.

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HOW CAN YOU KEEP ON MOVIN'

Words: Agnes Cunningham
 © 1945 & 1971 by Agnes Cunningham

Tune:
 Traditional

How can you keep on mov - in' Un-less you mi-grate too; They
 tell you to keep on mov-in' But mi-grate you must not do. I'll
 tell you why I'm mov-in', The reason why I roam Is to get to a new lo-
 cation And find my-self a home.

2. I can't go back to the homestead
 My shack no longer stands
 They said I wasn't needed
 Had no claim to the land
 They said you better get movin'
 That's the only thing for you
 But how can you keep on movin'
 Unless you migrate too.
3. And if you pitch your little tent
 Along the broad highway
 The Board of Sanitation says:
 Sorry, you cannot stay
 Go on, git along, git movin'
 Is their everlasting cry
 Can't stay, can't go back, can't migrate
 So where in the hell am I.

4. The scenery by the roadside
 Is a mighty dreary sight
 If in this whole wide country
 You've got no place to light
 I never was one for ramblin'
 My folks is the settlin' kind
 Got to keep on lookin' for that home
 That I someday hope to find.
5. No, I cannot stand the miseries
 A followin' me around
 Unless I'm looking forward
 To a place I can settle down
 So I guess we ought to talk things over
 And see what we can do
 Cause how can you keep on movin'
 Unless you migrate too.

BROADSIDE #112
 By Sis Cunningham

Note: The song "How Can You Keep On Movin'" comes out of the late thirties when certain states, especially California, were posting signs at roads crossing their borders: NO MORE MIGRATION. Armed guards were stationed at these points to direct homeseekers to turn around and "keep moving."

Author Edward Higbee specializes on farm problems in the U.S. He reveals that in 1930 there were 9.6 million farms of 200 acres or less. Now such farms are virtually non-existent with more than half of the land made up of "farms" of 5000 acres or more-- many much larger. Government subsidies over the last 25 years have greatly implemented the movement of large owners toward their goal of a 100 percent takeover of the land.

Almost everyone is on welfare but the poor, Higbee says. Federal subsidies to agriculture alone, if paid to those dispossessed from the land, black and white, now stuck in the urban slums, would raise 44 percent of the poor families to the minimum \$3000 a year.....

We have a better answer than Higbee. Hopefully within the next decade the massed poor in our cities-- millions displaced from the land over the past 50 years-- will make one last move: BACK TO THE LAND. -A.C.

Introducing...

BROADSIDE #1 Feb., 1962
 Box 193 Cathedral Sta. WEC 25
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BROADSIDE

A handful of songs about our times

Topical songs have been an important part of America's music since early Colonial days. Many people throughout the country today are writing topical songs, and the only way to find out if a song is good is to give it wide circulation and let the singers and listeners decide for themselves. BROADSIDE'S aim is not so much to select and decide as to circulate as many songs as possible and get them out as quickly as possible. Our schedule calls for twice-a-month publication -- this will depend mainly on the contributing songwriters. BROADSIDE may never publish a song that could be called a "folk song." But let us remember that many of our best folk songs were topical songs at their inception. Few would deny the beauty and lasting value of some of Woody Guthrie's songs. Old or new, "a good song can only do good."

Comrades

Turn your radio to any rock n roll station and you hear a lot of the same old stuff: slick tunes without content. This summer, thanks to the new single "Good Times Delaware/Born to Win" just released by Newark native Vic Sadot and his Crazy Planet Band, progressive rock n roll fans have a listening choice.

As a founding member of the Delaware Alternative Press, Vic Sadot resigned from the paper in 1984 to concentrate on his music. Sadot has always been a grass roots activist, bringing his music to the people at events like Community Days in Newark, where he will play again September 15th. He has played progressive rock n roll everywhere from Washington, D.C. to New York City. Vic says many artists have influenced him, but none more than Phil Ochs, the legendary protest singer, Vic's deceased brother Joe and his deceased father John. "When Joe died in 1978 I dropped out of the music business for some time. During that time, I started to play more and more with my brother Rob." These were the seeds of The Crazy Planet Band.

The Crazy Planet Band has a strong lineup of talent, all of whom have played together since 1979. Paul Sliwka of Tamey Conwell and the Young Rumblers plays bass guitar, Rob Christie of the Rockadiles plays drums, Roberts Green-span does the back up vocals on "Good Times Delaware", Rob Sadot does the back up vocals and plays electric guitar on "Good Times Delaware" and Vic Sadot is the lead singer on the single.

Rob Sadot had an important role in developing the music for the new single. While Vic wrote the lyrics, Rob "helped out with the format--to get the timing right." Vic believes "everyone is responsible for everything they do. They can enjoy life and stand up for what they believe." This perspective is reflected in the mutual respect among members of the band, whom Rob and Vic repeatedly praised for their work. Mutual concern, respect and support has been instrumental in The Crazy Planet Band's success.

"Good Times Delaware/Born to Win" are non-stop rock n roll songs. "Good Times Delaware" is both a tribute to the band's home state of Delaware and a plea for action to preserve the state's beautiful coastal zone and beach environment. "The recent siding of the Federal Court with coal and shipping corporations against the state of Delaware in an effort to wipe out the Coastal Zone Act shows everyone that they can't sit back and not do something," says Vic. The last verse in "Good Times" sums up the song's message: "You got to keep the coastal zone as clean as can be, you got to stop the heavies in the Big Industry, you got to hold the shorelines for the summertime fun."

"Born to Win" is written "to apply to any Third World Country (where) the US might intervene...to protect corporate interests which are not synonymous with US citizen interests." With a timely reference to Star Wars, "Born to Win" calls on both Third World and First World peoples to jointly resist oppressive governments.

[The single is available at the following stores: I Like It Like That; Wonderland; Bert's Tape Factory; Sounds of the Sea (Rehoboth); and in Philadelphia. Vic Sadot and the Crazy Planet Band express their appreciation to Mike Fisher of White Clay Productions and all the community distributors.]

● by Ed Delate

© March 20, 1985 Vic Sadot

Instrumental

C G
From the hills of Oklahoma like that Dustbowl Balladear
F C
To the heart of New York city and the songs you helped us hear
G
When you founded Broadside magazine, and you published certain songs
F C
Of issues and of struggles, of social rights and wrongs
G7 C
So here's to you, you good ol' comrades
G7 C
Yes here's to you, you good ol' comrades

Too many don't remember what they put our people through:
When the "Great Depression" hit so hard and the Dustbowl blizzards blew
All the heartbreak and the hunger those poor people had to stand
Family farmers became wanderers when bankers stole their land
So here's to you, you good ol' comrades
Yes here's to you, you good ol' comrades

Instrumental

Am Am Dm Dm Em Dm Am Am

VOLCANO

You're so high & mighty You think you're on a mountain top You think you can use re-pression to
 make re-bell-ion stop You're so white & wealthy Got the army and the cops
 you think you can rule from up a-bove steal the la-bor and the crops No you don't know
 oh you're sittin' on a vol-can-o An' it's just a-bout to
 blow - oh you're sittin' on a vol-can-o

Words & Music
© 1985 by
Vic Sadot

Am Dm
 You're so high and mighty; you think you're on a mountain top
 Dm Dm Am
 You think you can use repression to make rebellion stop
 Am Dm
 You're so white and wealthy; Got the army and the cops
 Dm Dm Am
 You think you can rule from up above, steal the labor and the crops
 Em Dm Am Dm Am
 No, you don't know you're sittin' on a volcano
 Em Dm Am Dm Am
 It's just about to blow; you're sittin' on a volcano

You think you can imprison the leaders and the dreams
 Mortal ones fall to your guns;
 your victory bleeds and screams
 You think you can legislate away
 black people's rights
 Well, you're a sad mistaken soul,
 a prisoner of the night
 If you don't know you're sittin'
 on a volcano
 You'd better let Nelson go;
 you're sittin' on a volcano

Your passbook days are over;
 Apartheid days are though
 You're just another "native son";
 so what are you tryin' yo do?
 Need not be a Nazi; need not be
 a fool
 Need not be Christian to learn
 the "golden rule"
 Learn from Soweto; you're sittin'
 on a volcano
 Learn from Steve Biko; you're
 sittin' on a volcano

Come down from the mountain
 Myths before your myths explode
 It's happenin' all over the world;
 we're goin' down Freedom Road
 There's beauty and there's bounty.
 There's wonder for the wise
 There's wealth and health and worth
 on earth with justice on the rise
 No need to go sittin' on a volcano
 No peace to know sittin' on a
 volcano

Well, you sang with Pete and Woody when the union movement rose
 Did some time in Detroit city where the factory whistle blows
 You wrote and sang and organized, and I guess that's how it goes
 Though you gave all that you could, now nearly no one knows
 So here's to you, you good ol' comrades
 Yes here's to you, you good ol' comrades

On Civil Rights and Vietnam the songs kept comin' thru
 On Women's Liberation, Third World revolution too
 You kept a real consistency of solidarity
 And you set a fine example for those who would be free
 So here's to you, you good ol' comrades
 Yes here's to you, you good ol' comrades

Instrumental

Yes, you always stood for struggles that united black and white
 Cause you knew that ultimately it's the same class conscious fight
 Once your forum featured Dylan, Ochs and Paxton too
 And many more a troubadour who wrote a ballad true
 So here's to you, you good ol' comrades
 Yes here's to you, you good ol' comrades

You put your faith in working folks, not in some god above
 And it's clear your motivation was that freedom song of love
 Yet you had no use for sentiment with no analysis
 For the years of vital relevance, thank you Gordon and Sis
 So here's to you, you good ol' comrades
 Yes here's to you, you good ol' comrades

Instrumental fade.

A tribute to Sis Cunningham &
 Gordon Friesen.

Copyright March 20, 1985
 Vic Sadot

Vic Sadot has been making music for
 some time now and here are some of
 his latest efforts. Comrades is obvi-
 ously about Sis Cunningham and Gor-
 don Friesen and Volcano is about the
 troubles in South Africa. Vic has a
 new 45 out called Good Time Delaware
 b/w Born To Win.

C.P. Productions



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IRA, PETER AND GIL

by Norman Ross

Ira Hayes, as almost everyone (who reads Broadside) knows by now, was one of the Marines who raised the flag over Iwo Jima--and he was also an American Indian. To some, his presence symbolized the melting pot myth of American diversity; even Indians were in the Marines. To others it symbolized American hypocrisy: the Indian--the epitome of America's subjugated minorities--fighting and dying in Asia to protect the USA, while lacking the freedoms they were fighting to preserve.

Peter LaFarge was an American Indian who became a drug addict. He wrote about Ira Hayes, who died drunk in a ditch. Peter sang at some of the Broadside hootenannies in the basement of the Village Gate in 1965 and 1966. (They were held the first Sunday of each month and the admission price was \$2! Pete Seeger, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton and many others were among the regular performers.) His was not a beautiful or melodious voice, but his songs were moving and well received. Many of them appeared in Broadside over the years.

When Peter died of a drug overdose, a memorial meeting was held for him in a small hall off Union Square. Gil Turner presided. He was a big man with a big voice. At one of the annual meetings of the War Resisters League in the early '60s, he sat down with several us, who were playing our guitars and singing, and joined in with a mandolin, which seemed incongruous. We didn't know who he was, and maybe it wasn't important who he was, but since none of us were performers, when we found out that it had been Gil Turner--who had come to entertain for the week-end--we felt honored. In the morning he did a "wake-up holler" from in front of the main building. We were up on top of a hill and thought he was singing through a microphone--but he wasn't.

I read some time later that Gil had died, in California, at the age of 40, from too much alcohol (as I recall). And so it goes....

BALLAD OF IRA HAYES

words and music
by Peter La Farge

I- ra Hayes, I- ra Hayes, Call him drunken I- ra
Hayes, He won't answer an-y more; Not the whiskey drink-in'
Indian, nor the ma-rine that went to war -----.

RECITATION

1. Gather around me people, and a story I will tell
About a brave young Indian -- you should remember well,
From the tribe of Pima Indians, a proud and peaceful band,
Who farmed the Phoenix valley in Arizona land --
Down their ditches for a thousand years the sparkling water rushed,
Till the white man stole their water rights and the running water
Now Ira's folks were hungry \ hushed.
And their farm grew crops of weeds,
But when war came, he volunteered and forgot the white man's greed. (3/4 D.S.)
2. They started up Iwo Jima hill, two hundred & fifty men,
but only twenty seven lived to walk back down again;
And when the fight was over and Old Glory raised,
Among the men who held it high was the Indian Ira Hayes. (3/4 D.S.)
3. Ira Hayes returned a hero, celebrated through the land,
He was wined and speeched and honored, everybody shook his hand.
But he was just a Pima Indian -- no money, no crops, no chance;
At home nobody cared what Ira 'd done, and when do the Indians dance? (3/4 D.S.)
4. Then Ira started drinking hard, jail often was his home,
They let him raise the flag there and lower it as you'd throw a dog
He died drunk early one morning \ a bone.
Alone in the land he'd fought to save,
Two inches of water in a lonely ditch was the grave for Ira Hayes. (3/4 D.S.)
Yes, call him drunken Ira Hayes,
But his land is still as dry
And his ghost is lying thirsty in the ditch where Ira died.

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Note: This song was recorded by Peter La Farge
on the new Columbia album "Ira Hayes And Other Ballads".

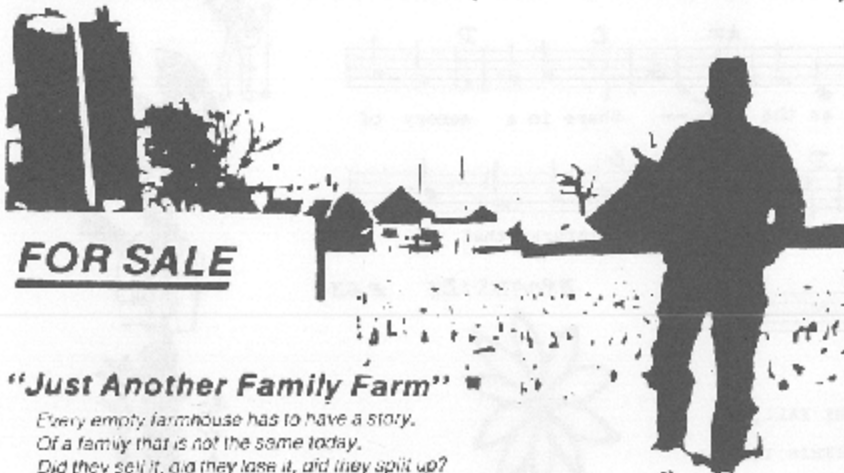
**MIXED BAG CONCERT
TO BENEFIT "A MATTER
OF STRUGGLE" WITH
AFRICA BAMBAATA
MELLE MEL
RICHIE HAVENS
ODETTA
PETE SEEGER
THE WASHINGTON SQUARES
and others**

by Jeff Ritter

**Carnegie Hall, NYC
October 31**

This is sort of a difficult situation to understand completely so I'll explain it slowly. The concert was a benefit to raise money to help get the film more widely distributed. The film, starring Richie Havens, is about politics, struggle and children, I think. I haven't actually seen the film so I can't tell you much more than that. Many of the performers in the concert said a few words about the film but not much detail. So this review doesn't include anything about the film. I will try to see it and let everyone know about it at that time. The concert, though, was quite unique. It is rare that anyone tries to fill a concert bill with the top people in very diverse kinds of music. The strategy is usually purposely avoided to get one kind of audience. This concert took what is more closely

EVERY EMPTY FARMHOUSE (HAS TO HAVE A STORY)



"Just Another Family Farm"

Every empty farmhouse has to have a story,
Of a family that is not the same today,
Did they sell it, did they lose it, did they split up?
Are they together or apart and far away?

Where's the mother who used to close the windows?
Where's the father who used to slam the door?
Where's the kids who used to play out in the farmyard?
Do they visit their parents anymore?

I wonder who owns the land it sits on?
I wonder if the folks are free from harm?
Just another empty farmhouse with a story,
'Bout what used to be another family farm.

Can't we wake up? Can't we wake up?
Did we treat these people in a way that's fair?
Have we lost them? Have we lost them?
Are the people who grow our food still there?

I wonder who owns the land it sits on?
I wonder if the folks are free from harm?
Just another empty farmhouse with a story,
'Bout what used to be another family farm.

© Copyright 1985 Kenneth W. Green

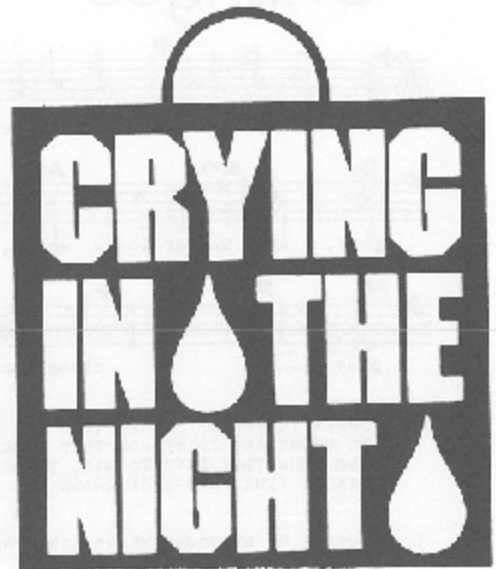
Every empty farmhouse has to have a story
Of a family that is not the same today
Did they sell it—Did they lose it—Did they split up?
Are they together or apart and far away?

I wonder who owns the land it sits on?
I wonder if the folks are free from harm?
Just another empty farmhouse with a story?
'Bout what used to be another family farm.

Bridge: Can't we wake up? - Can't we wake up?
Did we treat these people in a way that's fair?
Have we lost them? - Have we lost them?
Are the people who grow our food still there?

Copyright 1985

Kenneth Green
45 Phensant lane
St. Paul, MN 55110



Quiet was the night
Silent as a slipper
Waiting in the wings
For the drama to begin
Crashing of a trash can
Announced the curtain's rising
A hunger haunted lady
Had stepped onto the stage

C And I heard crying in the night
H Despair so deeply rooted
O I did not know it was possible
R To live with so much pain
U I heard sobbing in the stillness
S Screams bombarding streetlamps
Bouncing off of buildings
In echoing refrain.

Sleepers interrupted
Heads plunged into pillows
Roused into confusion
Intrusion upon dreams
Faces formed at windows
Shadowed irritation
Guilt channeled into anger
"Go, Be On Your Way"

CHORUS

Night melts into morning
Drama yields to daylight
The audience emerges
Scatters in the sun
Just around the corner
Head down, a woman huddles
Slowly chewing something
Fearing evening's fall.

CHORUS

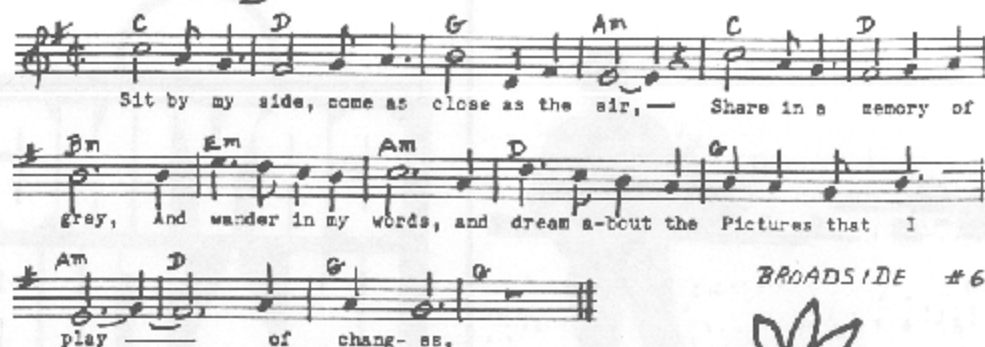
Words & Music by Mindy Meyers
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305 East 22nd Street, New York, N.Y., Tel: (212) 460-6110*



Changes

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS



BROADSIDE #63

2. GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER TURN RED IN THE FALL,
TO BROWN AND TO YELLOW THEY FADE
AND THEN THEY HAVE TO DIE, TRAPPED WITHIN THE
CIRCLE TIME PARADE OF CHANGES.
3. SCENES OF MY YOUNG YEARS WERE WARM IN MY MIND.
VISIONS OF SHADOWS THAT SHINE,
TILL ONE DAY I RETURNED, AND FOUND THEY WERE THE
VICTIMS OF THE VINES OF CHANGES.
4. THE WORLD'S SPINNING MADLY, IT DRIFTS IN THE DARK,
SWINGS THROUGH A HOLLOW OF HAZE.
A RACE AROUND THE STARS, A JOURNEY THROUGH THE
UNIVERSE ABLAZE WITH CHANGES.
5. MOMENTS OF MAGIC WILL GLOW IN THE NIGHT,
ALL YEARS OF THE FOREST ARE GONE.
BUT WHEN THE MORNING BREAKS, THEY'RE SWEEPED AWAY BY
GOLDEN DROPS OF DAWN, OF CHANGES.
6. PASSIONS WILL PART TO A STRANGE MELODY,
AS FIRES WILL SOMETIMES BURN COLD.
LIKE PETALS IN THE WIND, WE'RE PUPPETS TO THE
SILVER STRINGS OF SOULS, OF CHANGES.
7. YOUR TEARS WILL BE TREMBLING, NOW WE'RE SOMEWHERE ELSE
ONE LAST CUP OF WINE WE WILL POUR,
I'LL KISS YOU ONE MORE TIME, AND LEAVE YOU ON THE
ROLLING RIVER SHORE OF CHANGES.
8. (REPEAT FIRST VERSE).

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NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019

AN OPEN LETTER FROM PHIL OCHS TO IRWIN SILBER, PAUL WOLFE & JOSEPH E. LEVINE

Just between you and me, I would like to ask you to sheath your critical swords so I can get a word in edgewise. I couldn't help but notice the frontal attack on brother Bob Dylan lately, who is being criticized a lot more than most of us thought possible.

It is as if the entire folk community was a huge biology class and Bob was a rare, prize frog. Professor Silber and student Wolfe appear to be quite annoyed that the frog keeps hopping in all different directions while they're trying to dissect him.

It seems the outrage occurred at Newport, and there are many different confusing versions of what went on. Was Dylan raped by success? Did Dylan rape his fans? Did Dylan's fans rape Elizabeth Cotten? Nobody seems to know for sure.

And so Irwin Silber wrote an open letter to Bob telling him he couldn't really write about the world honestly without writing protest songs and accused him of relating only to himself and his cronies.

I agree, and I would like to add my name to the list of accusers. I hereby publicly smack Bob's hand and demand that he be made to stand in a dark corner, preferably at Newport, and be forced to write "Forgive me, Joe Hill" at least a thousand times.



**55,000 GIs
KILLED
IN VIETNAM**

10,000 GIs
KILLED
SINCE THE
PEACE TALKS
STARTED MAY 1968



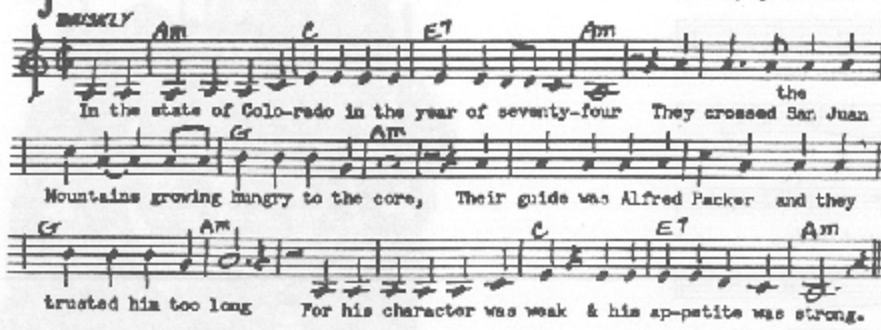
**ALFRED PACKER BUSY MUNCH-
ING A SUCCULENT DEMOCRAT
HAMMOCK.**

from BROADSIDE #54
(continued next page)

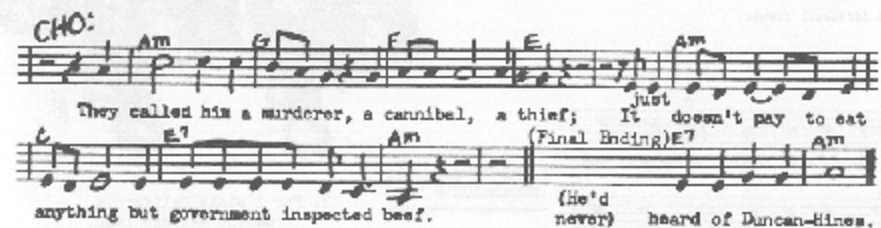
ballad of ALFRED PACKER

Words & Music: Phil Ochs
 © 1964 by Appleseed Music
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BRISKLY



CHO:



Along the Gunnison River
 An Indian camp they spied
 An Indian chief approached them
 To stop them he did try
 He warned them of the danger
 In the snow that lay around
 But the danger was in Packer
 For his hunger knew no bound.
Cho: Yes, they --

Two cold months went slowly by
 Packer came back alone
 "My comrades they all froze to death,
 I'm starving", he did moan
 The Indian chief knew how he lied
 He spat upon the ground
 For Packer's belly hung out all
 over his belt
 He'd gained some thirty pounds.
Cho.

Well for nine long years he ran away
 But finally he was tried
 He claimed he didn't kill them
 He only ate their hide
 That County had six dem-o-crats
 Until that man arrived
 Well only one lives on today
 He ate the other five. *Cho.*

Eighteen years he stayed in jail
 It was a dreadful fate
 For he suffered indigestion
 Every time he ate
 Still it's hard to blame this hungry guy
 Who went searchin' for the mines
 For when he ate his friends
 He'd never heard of Duncan-Hines
 (Last two lines twice. No *Cho.*)

BROADSIDE #48

Who does Dylan think he is, anyway? When I grow used to an artist's style I damn well expect him not to disappoint me by switching it radically. My time is too precious to waste trying to change a pattern of my thought.

If you're reading this, Bob, you might as well consider this an open letter to you too. Where do you get off writing about your own experiences? Don't you realize there's a real world out there, a world of bombs, and elections, folk music critics and unemployed folksingers? Instead of writing about your changes like "My Back Pages", for example, you could write a song about Joanie called "My Back Taxes." Oh well, you'll get yours. See if they try to give you any more medals.

In order to prevent this from happening to another angry young man of song, I hereby suggest the formation of an annual prize for the most militant protester in the form of a Silber bullet, on which is inscribed "Go get 'em, kid!"

In the last issue of Broadside Paul Wolfe handed me the topical crown saying I had won it from Bob at Newport and states the future of topical music rested on me. Then he went on to attack the former champion for the low level of his new writing and his lack of consideration for the audience at Newport.

Well, I'm flattered by the compliments but I'd like to point out several misconceptions in the article. In the first place it's not really important who is the better writer and it's pointless to spend your time arguing the issue. The important thing is that there are a lot of people writing a lot of fine songs about many subjects and what concerns me is getting out the best number of good songs from the most people.

In point of fact, when Bob came to Newport he had completely changed the basic subject matter of his songs, and his only real choice as an artist was to be honest to himself and the work he was doing at the time, not how his fans would react to the change. To cater to an audience's taste is not to respect them, and if the audience doesn't understand that they don't deserve respect.

(continued next page)

from BROADSIDE #48

Army Now Admits Keeping Civilian File

By MORTON ROSENBERG

WASHINGTON (AP)—The Army has acknowledged that it maintains files on the political activities of civilians other than the comprehensive political data bank it told Congressmen it was closing down.

An Army spokesman confirmed that a massive file is kept on civilian political activity by the Counter-Intelligence Analysis Division of the office of the Army's assistant chief of staff for intelligence.

Sources who asked not to be identified affirmed that political and organizational files number in the thousands and that they include data on such individuals as Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr., folk singers Arlo Guthrie and Phil Ochs and George Stone King, John Reed.

NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, MARCH 1, 1970

PHIL OCHS

FRIDAY, MARCH 27 AT 8 & MIDNIGHT
 CARNEGIE HALL

Tickets \$12.50, \$8.50, \$5.50, \$3.50. Also 1969 at Carnegie Hall and other New York City venues. Tickets available at Carnegie Hall, 111 W. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Tel. 212-770-7770.



Alfred Packer whooping it up after eating five Democrats

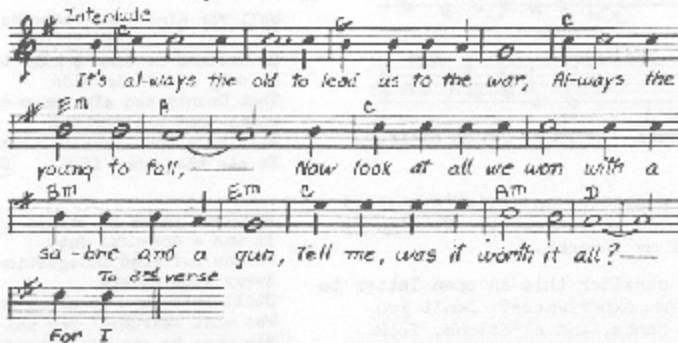
I AIN'T MARCHIN' ANYMORE

by PHIL OCHS.

With vigor



2. For I killed by shade of injura in a thousand different fights,
I was there at the little big wars;
I heard many men a-dyin',
I saw many more a-dyin',
And I ain't marchin' anymore.



It didn't take any more nerve for me to go on the Newport stage and sing strong protest material since protest songs are so accepted. In reality I didn't show any more respect for the audience than Bob did, because we were really doing exactly the same thing, that is writing naturally about what was on our minds.

With so many good writers around, the future of topical music clearly rests in many hands. And if you want to give credit where credit is due, I pay the greatest homage to Guy Carawan, who not only writes songs, but devotes his full time to the civil rights movement in the South, actively working in a real struggle, promoting workshops on how to use music in the movement, and getting his banjo broken over his head on a picket line.

As for Bob's writing, I believe it is as brilliant as ever and is clearly improving all the time. On his last record, "Ballad in Plain D" and "It Ain't Me Babe" are masterpieces of personal statement that have as great a significance as any of his protest material. How can anyone be so pretentious as to set guidelines for an artist to follow?

As a matter of fact, in order to save you folks out there from needless aggravation, you may now consider me sold out, completely depraved, and happily not giving a damn about where your tastes happen to be at the moment. I am not writing out of nobility; I am only writing out of an urge to write, period.

My major concern is how honest and well-written I can make a song, not how well it can be used by the movement or how well it fits into the accepted pattern.

These rigorous requirements for songwriters could really get out of hand. Before long you may hear some enraged voice screaming backstage at a Broadside Hootenanny, "You're sorry?....You're sorry?....You wrote a non-topical song and you're sorry?"

It seems you just can't win; no matter what you do these days you're criticized. I really don't see what's so wrong with Bob and I putting all our royalty money into chemical warfare stock.

And so the question still remains. Can I withstand the pressures of fame? Will I be chewed up by the American success machine? Perhaps I might mold topical music into a significant voice in a new and revolutionary America. Or on the other hand you might pick up the Times one day and read the startling headlines: OCHS TURNS TABLES ON TOPICAL TRAITORS....UNDERGROUND FBI INFORMER ASTOUNDS FOLK WORLD BY ARRESTING DYLAN AND PAXTON AT HOOT....CITES TAPE RECORDINGS OF SECRET CONVERSATIONS AS DAMAGING EVIDENCE.

As for you, Mr. Levine, some of your movies are really quite bad.

Phil Ochs



BROADSIDE # 54

3. For I stole California
from the Mexican land,
Fought in the bloody
Civil war,
Yes, I even killed my brothers,
And so many others,
But I ain't marchin' anymore.
4. For I marched to the battles
of the German trench,
In a war that was bound
to end all wars;
I must have killed a million men
And now they want me back again,
But I ain't marchin' anymore.
(Repeat INTERLUDE)
5. For I flew the final mission
in the Japanese skies,
Set off a mighty mushroom roar,
When I saw the cities burnin',
I knew I was learnin'
That I ain't marchin' anymore.
6. Now the labor leader's screamin'
when they close the
missile plants,
United Fruit screams at the
Cuban shore,
Call it "Peace"
or call it "Treason",
Call it "Love"
or call it "Hescon",
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

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PHIL
LIVES

BROADSIDE is on the fringe of the magazine world, but for some reason many other magazines find it necessary to send in issues to us in exchange for BROADSIDE. From now on I'll try to list in BROADSIDE the names of these magazines and what's up in them. If you're interested in BROADSIDE then you definitely might be interested in some of this other stuff (some of it is even on the fringe of the fringe!)

FORTE' is labeled "a bold, new direction in music" right on the cover so you can't miss it. The September issue features Sweet Honey in the Rock on the cover but no article inside! This is obviously a "grabber" for people into Sweet Honey, but I think the magazine is mostly given away free, so who cares. Other features of the mag are lots and lots of reviews and lots and lots of catalog pages. You can order most of the records in the catalog from Midwest Music, in Milwaukee. So, surprise! This is not a magazine but a catalog disguised as a magazine! Still, if you want to know more about "Women's" music and "New Age" music this is for you. Write to Midwest Music, 207 East Buffalo St., Suite 545, Milwaukee, WI 53202.

The November issue of National Lampoon is titled as, the "Mad As Hell Issue." One hundred and five "famous Americans" were asked to write in about what makes them mad as hell. They were paid twenty-three cents per word and were allowed to write as much as they please. Tuli Kupferberg, Paul Krassner, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Joyce Brother, Professor Irwin Corey, Phyllis Diller and dozens of others are pretty funny and many of them include Ronald Reagan (who was unable to participate) in their dislikes! Paul Krassner, besides being wildly funny and intelligent mentions that The Realist is coming back. Now you know that I am not trying to get a plug in here for NatLamp but for The Realist. For info write to P. Krassner, Box 14757, San Francisco, CA 94114.

The newest issue of The Delaware Alternative Press came this month. If you're from the area or just into alternative papers write to the D.A.P., PO Box 4592, Newark, DE 19711.

OVERTHROW, A Yippie! publication came in a couple of months ago. The summer '85 issue has lots of interesting things in it though I heard that it is all written by the same person using many funny pseudonyms. New York radical activity is covered along with national issues and lots of little things about marijuana, strikes and demonstration tactics are also covered. Write to POB 392, Canal St. Station, New York, NY 10013.

The Riff-Raff Poets came in from Great Britain and it's great. Many interesting poems and graphics. In fact, the graphics are so interesting I can't find the address in there anywhere! There's actually about fifty addresses all over the issue I've got and I don't know which one is the right one but if you want, try Freedom Press, 84B Whitechapel High Street, London E1, England.

periodically speaking

forte
a bold, new direction in music

DELAWARE
alternative
PRESS

THE MAD AS HELL ISSUE
NATIONAL LAMPOON
NOVEMBER 1985

riff raff
poets
poetry, drawings, graphics
poetry, drawings, graphics
poetry, drawings, graphics

Harper's has always been a fairly well-respected magazine and they are now printing mostly reprints from other magazines (mostly pretty obscure). The articles are quite cerebral and very well-done. The Harper's Index is also pretty good. It's a list of statistics that is just begging to be parodied but trying to make a point. Example: Budget per episode of Miami Vice: \$1,500,000. Budget of the Miami vice squad unit in 1984: \$1,161,741. On newstands.

That's all the periodical news for this month. If we don't get anything new and interesting in next month then I won't have anything to write about. So I won't. Jeff Rifter

THE BALLAD OF RAMBO AND COMPANY by Craig Silver

(To the tune of "The Ballad of the Green Beret")

The silver screen is where they're best.
These are men, put to the test
Fighting war on celluloid
The average man would avoid

Rambo and Norris are tough as nails
They go in where America fails
But underneath it's all a hoax
As real soldiers, they're a couple of jokes

'Cause real soldiers get blown apart
Shot in the head, shot in the heart
Real soldiers don't always win
Then someone must contact the next of kin

Yes, real soldiers have real lives
When they die, they leave grief-stricken wives
Husbands and fathers and mothers, too
'Cause real war ain't good for you

Well some say we lost in Vietnam
To the Vietnamese and the Vietcong
But there's a lesson we should have won:
You can't solve world problems from the end of a gun.

Now Rambo and Norris are fighting there still
Imaginary wars where no one gets killed
Where imaginary blood flies across the screen
And bodies pile up in every scene

Yes, Rambo and company, they play it rough
They make the enemy into cream puff
But ask the veteran down the street
If it's all so simple, if it's all so neat

Ask the veteran about Agent Orange
That destroys your body despite your courage
Ask about kids burned by napalm
About the mortarfire at Khe Sanh

There's something I'd like to know
Something those movie-makers don't show
If they're so in love with guns and fists
Why don't those movie-makers enlist?

Yeah, there's something I'd like to know
Something those movie-makers don't show
If they're so in love with guns and fists
Why don't those actors enlist?

'Cause the silver screen is where they're best
These are men put to the test
Fighting war on celluloid
The kind of war we should avoid

NEW GENERATION'S THEME SONG

written by Sandra Keel, age 14

Legate Allegro

The time is come and we must be mov-ing on we'd like to say good-bye
by sing-ing you this so-ong We have learned our les-son and learned it well
thank-ing all the peo-ple who have done their pe-er-ant Those who have been with us from the
And we must be mo-ving you we must be mo-ving we must be up vir-
mo-ving mo-ving on we're the ne-ew-ew gen-er-a-tion we're the ne-ew-ew
gen-er-a-tion we must be mo-ving mo-ving mo-ving on we're mo-ving on
Trou-ble mak-ers move-on ov-er you've been stand-ing our way You've been pul-ling
on our snul-der now it's time to break a-way We have learned our les-son
and learned it well We have learned our les-son and learned it well
We're mov-ing on we're mov-ing on we're mov-ing on we're mov-ing on!

The New Generation by Maria Cruz

New Generation is a group consisting of six members, Maria Cruz, Sandra Jones, Wanda Sots and Kenneth Williams. We started learning to play guitar in the 7th grade, but the group was officially started in the 9th grade when our manager and guitar teacher, Sonny Ochs, chose the best performers in the class. Now we are all attending Beach Channel High School in Rockaway Beach except for Sandy Keel who attends La Guardia High School for the Performing Arts in Manhattan.

Being in the group has been very rewarding. We have been able to perform with other groups such as The Hudson River Sloop Singers, The Human Condition and Bright Morning Star. We have also been able to perform at places such as South Street, the Hudson River Revival at Croton and the People's Music Network Weekend at Pine Bush, New York.

We really loved that weekend because we had a chance to meet some big names in political folk music, and, at the same time, be treated like "stars" ourselves.

We like the songs we perform, but we hope to be writing our own songs in the near future. Sandy Keel has already written two songs, one of which is our theme song, "New Generation." We especially enjoy that song because it is upbeat and fresh. (our word for good!)

continued from page 6

related to the BROADSIDE approach to concert production than any other concert I've ever seen. The idea is to get the best performers you can of any kind of music as long as it is high quality and socially aware.

Melle Mel, for those unaware, is one of those "rap" music people you've been hearing about that is really fantastic if you can understand the words. This concert had one of the worst sound systems in existence (at Carnegie Hall no less) so it was hard at the time to understand. Africa Bambaata was equally magnificent. The Larry Harlowe Orchestra played top-flight Salsa and the Fourth Wall Band provided backing for most of the other musicians. Richie Havens was his usual magnificent self and Gil Scott-Heron, who was supposed to be there, sent in a movie which was shown above the stage of two of his songs one of which was a very clever rap song called "Re-Ron" which was like every Ronald Reagan joke strung together to music. The only objection I could have to it was that in the movie he was surrounded by children, which is great for the atmosphere and "cute" quality of the film, but there's something I object to about it although I'm not sure what it is. It is really cute to have a bunch of kids chanting along, "it's a re-Ron" with Gil, but do they really know what he's talking about and is it fair to use the kids "cuteness" to promote the issue? Well, it's a complicated issue but should be re-considered I think. Pete Seeger also performed quite well, like usual, and tried to get the audience to sing along with him on "If I Had A Hammer" but didn't get them really involved. The problem was the audience that was there for other parts of the bill is not going to instantly accept the people they didn't come specifically to see. Lastly, The Washington Squares made their Carnegie Hall debut and were murdered by the sound system. I'm sure that a properly briefed sound person could've had them sounding as great as they usually do but this one just didn't bother and the results were very poor. It's a shame that it happened but I'm sure they'll make it back there again sometime.

I think it's great to have concerts that have the diverse musical events and issues that this one had and even if there was some propagandizing that was objectionable at least it's something interesting. The concert was very heavily promoted in New York by posterizing but not much in the media and I suspect that many fans of individuals in the concert didn't come because they weren't interested in the other kinds of music that they might have been exposed to if they went. That's too bad because they all could have learned something and helped to send a movie on it's way to the theaters.

1. When my songs turn to ash - es on my tongue,
When I look in the mir - ror and see I'm so long - er
young; Then I got to start a - gain, the job of
sep - a - rat - ing false from true,
then I know, I know I need the love of you.

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AN ORDINARY LOVE SONG

© 1977 Charlie King

I grew up on Love songs great undy-ling love songs
always thought that Love would make all things new.
Now I find that love may be hidden in the day or be quiet in the
night that I spend with you. An ordinary Love for you
No one's writing ballads for ordinary Love, I wonder if it
can be true. Still I find it grows my ordinary
love, that's why I wrote this song for you

© 1979 Charlie King

I grew up on love songs, great undying love songs
Always thought that love would make all things new
Now I find that love may be hidden in the day or
lie quiet in the night that I spend with you --
An ordinary love for you

They say love can move mountains, I'm very bad at mountains
Never felt my love could fill the earth
Instead it trickles slowly, inhabits plain and lowly
In common kitchen measures I gauge its worth
This ordinary love for you

No one's writing ballads for ordinary love
I wonder if it can be true
Still I find it grows, my ordinary love
That's why I wrote this song for you

Great lovers are romantic, I'm not very romantic
I find it hard to say what I hope you know
It's just that when you're present, it's comfortable and pleasant
I thought that it was time that I told you so
I ordinarily love you --
An ordinary love for you--

When my songs turn
to ashes on my tongue,
When I look in the mirror
and see I'm no longer young;
Then I got to start again the job
of separating false from true,
And then I know, I know
I need the love of you.

And when I found tarnish
on my brightest dreams,
And when some folk I'd trusted
turned out not what they seemed;
Then I got to start the slow job
of separating false from true,
Then once more I know
I need the love of you.

No song I can sing will make
Governor Wallace change his mind,
No song I can sing will take
the gun from a hatefilled man;
But I promise you, and you,
brothers and sisters of every skin,
I'll sing your story
while I've breath within.

We got to keep on keeping on,
even when the sun goes down,
We got to live, live, live
until another day comes 'round;
Meanwhile, better start all over,
separating false from true,
And more and more, I know
I need the love of you.

These two songs were to
appear in the "Love Song"
issue of BROADSIDE. That
issue has been postponed
for now.

FROM THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

They Sing About Famine, Joblessness, Apartheid; Madonna's Mood Change

By RICK WARTZMAN
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

So you want to be a rock 'n' roll star? You had better have a political cause.

"Whenever you sing, you've got to dig down and uncover the things that matter to you," says Jackson Browne, a leading song writer and singer.

Protest music, in fact, is beginning to pervade the pop scene much the way folk singers raised anti-Vietnam War protest songs to an art in the 1960s. But the social commitment today, following the lyrically numbing disco craze of the late 1970s, is curving an even wider swath.

"What's going on is so big," says Pete Seeger, the veteran folk singer, "you even have Michael Jackson involved."

Mr. Jackson and Lionel Richie wrote "We Are the World," which raised money for famine relief. And just about every rock star or group of any significance participated in this summer's famine-relief Live Aid concerts in Philadelphia, Britain and Australia, even some groups associated with narcissism and escapism rather than social activism.

Madonna's Turnabout

At the Philadelphia concert, pop star Madonna, turning from flirtatious to philosophical, crooned to the crowd of 30,000 that it's time "to take a stand."

Bruce Springsteen, currently on an extended anti-out "Born in the U.S.A." tour, wails about such things as unemployment in the Rust Belt ("They're closing down the textile mill across the railroad tracks"), and he donates some of the concert proceeds to local causes at each stop.

Others also are identified with specific causes. Mr. Browne, the guitar-strumming troubador, promotes peace in Nicaragua. Paul Hardcastle, a newcomer, laments the deaths of young men in Vietnam in a dance hit called "19." The age of technology and technological weapons worries the British band Dire Straits, which sings, "We are fools to make war on our brothers in arms," alluding to the Soviets.

Farm Aid Concert

And the beat goes on. A group of pop and country artists will appear Sept. 22 in a Farm Aid concert in Champaign, Ill. Organized by singer Willie Nelson, the show is expected to raise millions of dollars to help needy farmers.

An anti-apartheid song, "Sun City," written by guitarist-singer Steve Van Zandt, better known as Little Steven, is to be issued next month by Artists United Against Apartheid, a group including Mr. Springsteen, Miles Davis, Pat Benatar and more than 30 other rock, jazz and reggae musicians.

Says Mr. Van Zandt, "Now as a songwriter, you can't indulge in the rock 'n' roll clichés of drugs and escapism."

Others agree. "People are saying again that music has the power to change the world," says Jack Santino, assistant professor of pop culture at Ohio's Bowling Green State University. Dave Marsh, editor of Rock & Roll Confidential, a newsletter, says bands will "start paying a price" for not carrying a message. "It's going to be tough to be a Duran Duran on a daily basis," he says, suggesting that the popular but puerile British group one day will have to inspire people with good lyrics, not just good looks.

Still, Mr. Marsh says, not everyone is cut out to be an activist. Some performers at the Live Aid concert were clearly enticed only by the "radical chic," he suggests. And some groups openly eschew involvement. "We play pop music, not political music," says Eric Clapton, the asthenic lead singer of the Clars. "In the end, it's all the same anyway—both fade away."

Rock experts aren't sure to what extent today's musicians will motivate the masses, but so far their influence isn't on a par with that of the folk singers of the Vietnam War years. "That's what makes us

look back at the '60s with such wonder and awe," Mr. Marsh says.

After the end of the war came a time with "a definite absence of social comment in music," says Paul Grein, an editor at Billboard magazine, which publishes a record-rating service. For the most part, he says, Donna Summer, the Bee Gees and those macho men, the Village People, dominated the late 1970s with "mindless bubble-gum stuff."

Now, with the success of several famine-relief albums, record company officials embrace musicians who take a stand. Listeners—many of whom would never be exposed to the issues if they weren't taken up by the rock stars—are clamoring for the meaningful messages.

"This message makes you look at the world around you—and that's important," says Theresa Chialzi, a junior at the University of Pittsburgh.

Riliff Bratton, a graduate student at New York's Columbia University, says, "There are a lot of people out there who take heed to what musicians say. So I'm glad musicians are starting to take a little responsibility and are speaking out."

Finding Activism

And speaking out they are. Mary Travers of Peter, Paul and Mary, one of the 60s most fervent activist voices, says, "Some of these bands are doing something political for the first time . . . and that includes voting."

In many ways, the movement's scope seems limitless. U2, one of a number of Irish bands calling for world peace, is near to achieving its fourth platinum album (one million sold) since bursting on the scene a few years ago. Raspy-voiced John Cougar Mellencamp's new album concentrates on the plight of America's farmers ("The crops we grow last summer weren't enough to pay the loans").

Sing, the lead singer of the Prettes, is high on the charts with an album filled with warnings of nuclear peril ("All the weapons, all the nukes . . . All the armies, all the machines"). And Stevie Wonder's recent rock video is called "Don't Drive Drunk."

Even Judas Priest, a so-called heavy-metal band far more noted for worshipping Satan than for practicing altruism, says it wants to be involved. At the Live Aid concert, the cacophonous group, with album titles like "Hell Bent for Leather," rocked right along with Bob Dylan, Neil Young and others long renowned for their lyrical significance. "We've never done anything political before this," says K.K. Downing. Judas Priest's spike-haired, high-heeled guitarist, "People think we just pray to the devil, but we're humans, too."

A New Tune

Many musicians feel there isn't a better time or a better generation to rally through song. Mr. Browne, who participated in the recent National Town Meeting Tour in Central America along with writers and actors protesting U.S. policy in Central America, expects to release his eighth album by late fall. It will probably be his most politically oriented one.

In his home studio in the hills above Hollywood, Calif., the 36-year-old father of two leans over the control board and starts a tape of one of his new songs, "For The Children." The tiny room fills with a warbling sound dominated by a simple drum beat and an acoustic guitar. The words capture Mr. Browne's sentiments on life in the nuclear age.

When you think about the money spent
On defense by a government
And the weapons of destruction we've built

They're so sure that we need
And you think of the millions and millions
That money could feed.

Oh for the children
Who are born into hunger and of hunger
Will be
Oh for the children
Who will never grow older and never
know why.

"For the Children" lyrics and music by Jackson Browne
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MANIFESTO of CAPACITOR ARTISTS

All artists are capacitors
All artists are unified by capacitance
Regard:
A capacitor sits around the house and stores energy
Until the time when the energy is called forth in
One burst of electricity.
Regard:
An artist sits around the house or cafe and stores
Ideas until a time when the ideas are called forth
In one burst of electro-creativity.
All non-capacitor artists are a sham.
Art is only produced after long periods of watching
Television.
Art is only produced after long periods of idle time.
All artists are capacitors.



jon fabian

THE NEW YORK TIMES,
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1985

But Congress has approved \$27 million in nonmilitary, "humanitarian" aid for the rebels, and the legislation putting up that money says the aid must not be channeled through the Central Intelligence Agency or the Department of Defense. Rather, a separate entity, the Nicaraguan Humanitarian Assistance Office, has been established in the State Department to administer the aid.

Mr. Brown says he believes that the new assistance office is merely "a facade" and that "the same people, whether they are technically still in the C.I.A. or not, will do the nitty-gritty." He added that the intelligence committee has the power to demand information on possible C.I.A. involvement, but that politics would make it impossible to exercise the power.

THE C.I.A. is Here TO Stay

THE CIA WAS EATING BEANS

tune: Mademoiselle from Armentieres

New York (UPI)— . . . "For instance Technical Services Division [of the CIA] has developed an invisible itching powder that drives its victims wild for about three days," he said. "My agents used a lot of it. They went to leftist meetings and sprinkled it on the seats of toilets. . . ." —Toronto Star, July 7, 1975

The CIA was eating beans, parlez vous?
The CIA was eating beans, parlez vous?
The CIA was eating beans
And put some itchy in your jeans
Hinky stinky parlez vous.

The CIA was killing Che, parlez vous?
The CIA was killing Che, parlez vous?
The CIA was killing Che
Lumumba, Trujillo and Duvalier
Hinky stinky CIA.

The CIA was beating me, parlez vous?
The CIA was cheating you, parlez vous?
The CIA was eating Jew
Arab and Commie and Kikiyu
Hinky stinky parlez vous.

The CIA was awful mean, parlez vous?
The CIA was off its bean, parlez vous?
The CIA was quite obscene
Today . . . Today . . . Today the Congress raised its pay
Hinky stinky USA.

BLOODY SOAP COMEDY

A Great Gag!

Instead of eating about
they whip up a WHOLE
new soap—no more
foam—no suds—no suds!
You'll die laughing and
so will they when you
boil it up on the next
A barrel of spit-tinger
excitement. For this on
that when you next time
he gives you a head
time.

No 1222 Price . . . 15c

The
F B I
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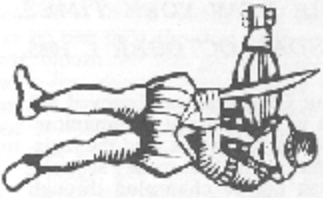
BUT REMEMBER FOLKS:

"The NY Times Doesn't Work for the
CIA — The CIA Works for the
NY Times!"

Tuli Kupferberg

Broadside

P.O. Box 1464
New York, NY 10023



CONTENTS:

Songs:	
How Can You Keep On Movin', Sis Cunningham.....	3
Comrades, Vic Sadot.....	4
Volcano, Vic Sadot.....	4
Ballad Of Ira Hayes, Peter LaFarge.....	5
Just Another Family Farm, Kenneth Green.....	6
Crying In The Night, Mindy Meyers.....	7
Changes, Phil Ochs.....	8
Ballad Of Alfred Packer, Phil Ochs.....	9
I Ain't Marchin' Anymore, Phil Ochs.....	10
The Ballad Of Rambo and Company, Craig Silver.....	11
New Generation's Theme Song, Sandra Keel.....	12
False From True, Pete Seeger.....	13
An Ordinary Love Song, Charlie King.....	13
The CIA Was Eating Beans, Tull Kupferberg.....	15
Articles & Features	
Introducing BROADSIDE, Sis Cunningham.....	3
Vic Sadot/Crazy Planet Band, Ed Delate.....	4
Ira, Peter and Gil, Norman Ross.....	6
Mixed Bag Concert Review, Jeff Ritter.....	6
An Open Letter From Phil Ochs, Phil Ochs.....	8
Periodically Speaking, Jeff Ritter.....	11
The New Generation, Maria Cruz.....	12
From The Wall Street Journal.....	14
Manifesto of Capacitor Artists, Jon Fabian.....	14
The CIA Is Here To Stay, Tull Kupferberg.....	15

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