

Dear Broadside:

I liked your polemical editorial on Woody Guthrie though I disagree with a part of which you wrote. Consciously or not, you have voiced some of my own ideas first expressed in Broadside going on two years ago (B'side #97 or 100, or some such). I have long since taken a strong dislike to the many big-time stars who did nothing for Woody, and precious little more for his ideals, who have wrapped themselves in his mantle while many of the important people and principles he knew and stood for have gone ignored. I do think that raising money to find a cure for Huntington's Disease is a very worthwhile cause, but agree that this is begging the issue in terms of what would be "really a tribute to Woody Guthrie."

Best,
DICK REUSS

P.S. Tribute to Broadside in Woody Guthrie's name. Yes!

Tribute to Moe Asch. Definitely!!

Dear Broadside:

It's plain that some of the so-called "folk stars" who used to warble "The Banks Of Marble" are now busy stuffing their own vaults with silver. A classmate once recited something Woody Guthrie wrote about the greedy rich in general. It was dynamite. Has it ever been printed? If so, would you reprint it?

RUSTY ABBOTT
Salt Lake City

(Ed.Note: It is on Page 343 of "Hard-Hitting Songs for Hard-Hit People." Even they chickened out -- "Low Life" is an euphemism for what Woody actually wrote. Today he would probably have said "You Mother-Fucking Son of a Bitch." We reprint it below):

You Low Life Son of a Bitch

You low life trifling bastard,
You low life son of a bitch,
You selfish, greedy, low down thief,
You goddam thieving snitch.
You yaller-back, piss-complected skunk,
You scheming, conniving
That's what I call a greedy rich thief,
Now what do you think about that?
You money changing, mangy hound,
You profit worshipping dog,
You home-wrecking, baby killing pimp,
You swine, you filthy hog,
You sissy, prissy cowardly snake,
You whole-hog loafer worf,
You gambling, framing, cheating cheat,
No wait, that aint enough.

You mother-killing, baby starving,
Grocery taking, profit making,
Haywired, insane, organizer of death,
You worshipper of greed and the devil.
Who are you and where are you?
You stool pigeon for the greedy side,
You bodyguard of the bigshot lord,
You worshipper of riches and greed
You know who you are.

WOODY GUTHRIE

(Ed.Note: We trust that this is recited at the next "Tribute" for Woody).

Dear Broadside,

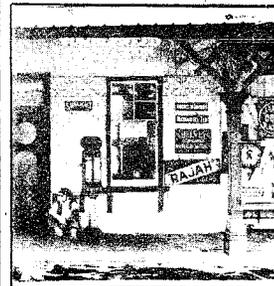
I often find things in your pages I disagree with. Such as the editorial in #108, which says that Woody Guthrie "was one of the first to advocate the offing of pigs." My own most careful reading fails to turn up such a generalized hate-blanket in his songs. True, some officers get the rough end of events there, but always for their own personal misdoings -- for failing to live up to what they should have been; for dishonoring the badge, not for wearing it.

The deputy in "Tom Joad" was a murderer. The one in "Pretty Boy Floyd" uses vulgar words (like the underground press, maybe?)*, and gets laid down with a log chain -- not necessarily killed. How about Earl J. Vaughn? "This cop goes down in my history, for arresting Sacco & Vanzetti that day," Woody says -- and no more. He's harder on "Old Judge Thayer", who was in a position to right any injustices in that case; Vaughn only did the job he swore to do, and had no other honest choice. (I could give more examples, but this page is short.)

As I started to say, I don't agree with all you print, and this is good. It exercises my mind, and keeps it from getting rusty. I don't know of another publication in the country where so many widely-differing views can be freely expressed. Put all of your past writers in one room, and they'd be at each other's throats inside of an hour; but on your pages, they have a chance to get their words heard without being shouted down. So here's a small contribution to help you keep up your good work.

As ever,
ERNIE MARRS

*(Or like Woody used, maybe? See below.)



Tumbleweed Connection
Elton John
Uni 73096

The violent theme serves as the conclusion of the album as well.

Here he seems to be vaguely echoing the sentiments of revolution although the historical context established in so many other songs on the album is no longer clearly present.

Bring your family down to the riverside
Look to the east to see where the fat stock hide
Behind four walls of stone the rich man sleeps
It's time we put the flame torch to their keep
Burn down the mission
If we're gonna stay alive
Watch the black smoke fly to heaven
See the red flame light the sky.



DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI -(a new version for ANGELA DAVIS)

This adaptation for ANGELA DAVIS is by WALDEMAR HILLE & ARTHUR KEVSS

G D7 G

1. Die Ge - dan - ken sind frei, Her thoughts free-ly flow - er, Die Ge-

G D7 G

dan - ken sind frei, Her thoughts give us pow - er, No

D7 G B7 Emi

schol - ar can map them, No hunt - er can trap them, "Free

C G D7 G

An-ge-la" we cry, Die Ge - dan - ken sind frei. "Free

D7 G C G D7 G

An-ge-la" we cry, Die Ge - dan - ken sind frei.

She thinks as she pleases
And this gives us pleasure,
Her conscience decrees
This right she must treasure
Her thoughts will not cater
To judge or dictator
"FREE ANGELA" we cry,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

If tyrants say she
Must suffer in prison,
Her thoughts will burst free
Like blossoms in season,
Foundations will crumble
The structure will tumble
"She's free now" we'll cry
Die Gedanken sind frei!
(Repeat last 2 lines)

(Note: "Die Gedanken sind frei" translates into "Thoughts are free." Original English version is copyrighted 1950 by River Bend Music, Inc.)

(NOTE: The original of this revolutionary folk song goes back to the time of Martin Luther. Arthur Kevess made the English version, and it appears in his book GERMAN FOLK SONGS published by OAK, 33 W.60th St. New York, NY 10023. \$2.95.)

DIE GEDANKEN SIND FREI (My Thoughts are Free). As sung by H.K. This German students' song was first printed in "Songs of the Brienzer Girls," Berne, Switzerland, between 1810-20. The text alone had appeared in Silesian and Hessian broadsides, 1780-1820. Schiller included it in one of his plays, and the student movement took it up. German immigrants brought the song with them when they came to this continent. Very popular in pre-Hitler Germany, it was also widely (but secretly) sung by prisoners in the concentration camps.

Some researchers claim the song stems from an earlier one dating back to the Peasants War (1524-26), when the oppressed peasants revolted against

increased exploitation by the nobles. Lending credence to this view is the fact that, by 1229, the root idea--thoughts are free--had already been expressed by two German poets and an Austrian minnesinger. . . . An old German proverb has it that "Thoughts are toll-free, but not hell-free" ("Gedanken sind zollfrei, aber nicht Höllenfrei").

In latter days, this is echoed in R.G. Ingersoll's "You have no right to erect your toll-gate upon the highways of thought" (in "The Ghosts"). Another by Ingersoll: "Every man who expresses an honest thought is a soldier in the army of intellectual liberty," Ralph Waldo Emerson; "So far as a man thinks, he is free," Bertrand Russell: "It is clear

that thought is not free if the profession of certain opinions makes it impossible to earn a living."

Poet Aaron Kramer helped with criticism of the first draft. The song was first published in Sing Out! in 1950. Soon after, Earl Robinson introduced it on the West Coast. Reprinted in several collections; recorded by Pete Seeger and the Limeliters since its original recording by Ernie Sheldon for Hootenanny Records around 1952.

Angela Davis speaks

My decision to join the Communist party emanated from my belief that the only true path of liberation for black people is the one that leads towards a complete and total overthrow of the capitalist class in this country and all its manifold institutional appendages which insure its ability to exploit the masses and enslave black people. Convinced of the need to employ Marxist-Leninist principles in the struggle for liberation, I joined the Che-Lumumba Club, which is a militant, all-black collective of the Communist party in Los Angeles committed to the task of rendering Marxism-Leninism relevant to black people. But mindful of the fact that once we as black people set out to destroy the capitalist system we would be heading in a suicidal direction if we attempted to go at it alone. The whole question of allies was crucial. And furthermore aside from students, we need important allies at the point of production. I do

not feel that all white workers are going to be inveterate conservatives. Black leadership in working class struggles is needed to radicalize necessary sectors of the working class.

No one can deny that the genesis of U.S. capitalism was inextricably bound up with the exploitation of slave labor. Black people created the basis for all the wealth and riches accumulated in the hands of a few, powerful families in this country today. We therefore have a right to this wealth. Therefore, our fundamental strategy ought to consist not in destroying this wealth, but rather in abolishing the property relations which allow those few to hoard wealth while the masses of black people eke out their existence at an extremely low economic level.



Angela Davis

BROADSIDE #111

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2412, Bell, J.
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"And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven and unto the earth: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit.

2. And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit.

3. And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth: and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power.

4. And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree; but only those men which have not the seal of God in their foreheads.

5. And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months: and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man.

6. And in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it: and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them.

7. And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men."

REVELATION 9

* * * *

"Bob Dylan is the greatest poet ever to appear in America; he may well be one of the great poets of all history." BROADSIDE Magazine.

* * * *

"... you have a million fucking dollars, man... In times like this if people have a million dollars in this society, man, it means that other people don't have it... Don't you dig what I mean, nobody should have a million dollars, man. Nobody should be allowed to accumulate that much

wealth, that much surplus wealth, when people, when there are other people that don't have shit." A.J. Weberman, talking to Bob Dylan, as reported in ROLLING STONE.

* * * *

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FOLKSINGERS GONE? THE ONES WHO USED TO SING PIOUSLY ABOUT WANTING TO SHARE THEIR FATE "WITH THE HUMBLE OF THE EARTH"? THEY'VE GONE TO THE BANK, EVERY ONE, TO OPEN NEW SAVINGS ACCOUNTS. LONG TIME CASHING.

* * * *

"The time has come for the oppressive chains of the Mafia and the avaricious managers to be broken. The slime that has been pimping off entertainers must be exposed to the people and dealt with. The people are on the move and the reactionary bootlickers will be one of the first targets. So to you, it's either or... serve the people or you'll soon find yourselves walking out on the stages around the world and the audience will greet you with bullets instead of applause."

Bill Calhoun of THE LUMPEN.

* * * *

"The DLF (Dylan Liberation Front) is a group formed to return the money and energy of the young back to the young and not the hip capitalists of the record industry. Many of us were influenced (and are still being influenced) by the biting words of Bob Dylan. Many were inspired by Bob Dylan and other rock performers to move against this inhumane system they so clearly described. But Dylan is now content to sit at home with his dope and his five million dollars hoping the rest of the world will just fuck off. In this time of trouble Dylan is too busy checking his record sales to worry about the murders at Kent State or the railroading of Bobby Seale. We don't want to shake you up BOB, but about that HARD RAIN you talked about, well it's starting to drizzle." From a manifesto by the DLF, Yippie, State Univ. of Buffalo, Mike Drobenaire, Norton Union, Rm. 311, Buffalo, NY 14214.

OPEN LETTER BAG:

TO AND FROM A BLACK AND WHITE RECORD PLAYER

From RED ON RED who flashes by at the speed of an electronic orgone - catch them! Hold out the empty hands of children. mars and venus flash on every streetcorner, desires and temptations give me a one-way headache as saturn rings the warning bell ...

CHRONOS HAS FLIPPED! (flipside)

Mighty Jupiter as an implacable rock of gasss Take a toke of Coke the Real Thing breakfast in bed and wake up screaming) Lunch lurches in on a silver tray with a gold spoon in his hand he has no clothes on, he's wearing earphones and dancing in his seat - one flash from the Hotline launches him into a boiling waterbed where some stranger's Bride with a nauseous face like a seasick byrd (gulls muttering on foggy beach) staggers past with a green tureen of pepper soup and a gallon jug of lemons SHE'S stoned she spent the whole night drinking tequila and eating ROCK SALT (he's stoned too)

The SUN crashes through Los Angeles barefoot in a Moon Buggy across miles of burning sand into the icy gnashing gears of the inscrutable sea - the final plunge shocks his Dismal Spectator into bone-shattering vibrations of electric reality -- I thought they Did It with gas here I didn't realize I was in sing-sing...

A soggy necktie drips from the neck of the Reckless Ghost, he's trying to concentrate on the road he's driving a 24 speed quadruplex transmission oil rig to the disaster indians of Utah and his old lady, Jane Grey, is screaming in his ear it's Morning turn off your headlights - he can't hear his head is swathed in bandages he just got out of Walt Disney Memorial Hospital with a fractured occipit (the bandages are red orange pink gold green and baby blue)

The seagulls are now having a mysterious feast in the sky with their own rock band (Mission Control Houston Vandenberg Kennedy knows and he won't tell ME) I walked for miles at midnight but I couldn't find the party I couldn't crash it ...

POST: NO BILLS.

Pelicans are coughing and choking having swallowed a hot fish quite by accident (that's what they get for fighting over little bits of food, right?) JOHN, tell me the truth right NOW I want to know did you let them out of that Cage or did IBM?

Cage he just laughs and punches out a couple of sonic booms on his keyboard BOOM for Howard Beach and BOOM for Jane whose truck-driver makes a supersonic U turn and roars back to Reno to try and win back what he lost (he can't remember exactly what it was but it must have been something important) his bottle is empty but his gun is still loaded he's crazy he thinks he's a continental bus driver with 49 dead passengers for Market street (it's not really market street, only 3rd and main.)

The Last Sojourner, a small creep in shades and a trenchcoat, HE knows the Bus Driver, they were stuck together in a disastrous blizzard outside of Truckee for 8 days eating paperback novels and drinking Tokay old red mountain Napa juice with Connie from the Amp Palace ...

LETTER BAG, CONTINUED:

CONNIE is screaming WHO COPPED OUT? The driver can't hear so Jane passes the buck to Donna who is on parole for murder but the pass is intercepted by Rabbit Ears who can't see and has to be led around on a leash by Shadow Nose and we all know HE has no taste at all. NOW the bus driver drives himself and the bus drives itself - terror and Love keep them in their straight and narrow supersonic path (BOOM for Connie, she got dumped in Lake Taco and captured by MUDDY FOOT, bogged down again) ... Their Enemies are trying to grab them by the lungs, they carry their enemies with them always like a portable torture chamber, high atmospheric pressures force them to swallow shit... Connie don't care, she's got a water demon behind her eyes and her dropper is loaded with hydroflouric acid which eats through metal to turn YOU on she's back in Reno with Belle and Frank & Jessie they're all playing poke her with tarot cards... Sagittarius just sits and grins he enjoys watching Mommy and Daddy fight like dogs for custody of the unknown unborn and unwanted child - nobody wins, the child was copped by Texas Tornado who always shoots from the hip and writes his own songs he can't stop travelling because he doesn't believe he's already been fucked...

SCOREBOARD:

Strike One; A shooting STAR through galaxies of greyhound stations with JANE who thinks the moon is a silver dollar she's heading for Las Vegas ... Dixie Angel takes off after STAR screaming I BEEN ROBBED and immediately gets a flat - when he jacks up his car his transmission falls out...
STRIKE TWO: The Okie from Muskogee tries to hold back the waters of Lake Okechobee as Osceola laughs (a chilling sound) ... HOW can you LAUGH at a time like this? sobs Okie, frying eggs in the skillet of his skull, Can't you SEE we're FREE? NO ONE IS WATCHING! His head turns into a fishbowl, moony fisheyes gobble up the silence, Osceola's orphans weave webs for the tourist trade.
STRIKE THREE: The bleachers explode - what comes down looks like confetti but it's not, it's only frozen chips of light. NAKED EYE turns blue he's been watching he looks like he's cold but he's only shivering -- he's got red paint on his hands and is trying to arrange the chips (one letter each) to spell out THE COMPLETE WORKS OF BILL SHAKESPEARE for his fans - he's nervous - Blind Boy Bleep is laughing in the dugout and somebody's trying to burn down the Grand Slam for a JOKE? But NAKED ain't worried HE knows the supersonic chess player gets a one-way ticket to Nogales where there are too many women who needs them anyway when nobody's hungry?
YOUR OUT is alive & well & under a truck waiting and not worrying about choppers and cleavers and steak knives and salad forks and Spoon, who is still playing Freak and still losing. Connie from Chicago tells me that the Cosmic belly dancer got hit with a mousetrap backstage while she was puttin on her makeup she got drafted and works for the Post Office. POST NO BILLS is up against some wall somewhere waiting for Crystal Queen to stop the S&D missions - he's lost - we all know the score.

love forever, see ya sometime,
LoAnn Beeholde

Ballad of The WALDORF ASTORIA

By HOPE LIZ CASE / © 1971 H. L. Case

Tune: Ballad of the Boll Weevil

It was such a long time since I had
A place to lay my head
They sent me here and they sent me there
It's a wonder I'm not dead
Just lookin for a home
Just lookin for a home.

We had a nice room at the Waldorf
About seventy dollars a day
But along come Mayor Lindsay
Said "Sorry you can't stay
Start lookin for a home
Start lookin for a home.

Well, I said to the Mayor
Mr. Lindsay, you look grand
He said "I just came from Bermuda
Been layin' there on the sand
I've got three homes
I've got three homes.

Then he showed me a piece of paper
You've got to move, said he
I just fired your case-worker
And your super-vi-sor-y
For gettin' you a home (2X)

I said, Now Mister Lindsay
The last place I was sent
It cost the same as the Waldorf
But the roaches paid no rent
They had a home (2X)

The Mayor said, It's not the cost
I came here to discuss
It's the Poor gettin' the notion
That you can live like us
And have a home (2X)

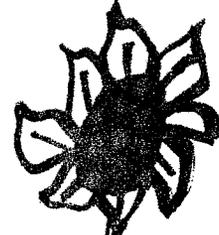
Well, the Mayor he was very kind
He helped me with my coat
He kissed my youngest kis and said
"Remember me when you vote."
Then he went on home (2X)

We met a dude in the lobby
He was clipping his coupons
He said, Woman get yourself
Some tax-free Municipal Bonds
You'll have a home (2X)

Me and my kids in the Waldorf
We stayed there forty-eight hours
But we didn't get Room Service
Nor any bouquet of flowers
Now we're lookin' for a home (2X)

Next time I see my case-worker
I'll say, "How do you do,
I'll move over in the welfare line
To make a place for you."
He's lookin' for a home (2X)

FOLKSINGERS!



JOAN BAEZ
CHARLES RIVER VALLEY BOYS
REV. GARY DAVIS JESSE FULLER
BILL MONROE & THE BLUE GRASS BOYS "SPIDER"
JOHN KOERNER DOC WATSON
JOHNNY HAMMOND FLATT & SCRUGGS
TONY SALETAN PETE SEEGER
MIKE SEEGER JACKIE WASHINGTON
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Mayor Lindsay on Sunday prohibited the further placement of welfare families in hotels except in extreme

Some of the welfare families who end up in hotels have been evicted for failure to pay their rents, for example. Others

The disclosure that one welfare family spent two nights in the Waldorf-Astoria has accomplished what thousands of families living for months, even years, in squalid, crumbling, addict-infested "welfare hotels" failed to do — prompt Mayor Lindsay to declare all hotels

water and her four children into the Waldorf for two days last week at a cost of \$72 a day plus tax.

The city, though not yet filing formal charges against Henderson, said he failed to call all "approved" hotels before contacting the Waldorf.

emergencies. As housing conditions in the city have worsened, emergencies have become more common.

There is almost no place for many of them to go. New York is in the midst of an epidemic of decay and abandonment of sound housing, a rampant deterioration that has shrunk the supply of decent apartments, forcing thousands of poor to live without heat, sometimes without water, occasionally without electricity.

For families on welfare, the options are cut even more. Many landlords regard them as the tenants of last resort.

BROADSIDE

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