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IN THIS ISSUE — THE RADICALIZATION OF BOB DYLAN

IDIOT WIND

by **BOB DYLAN**

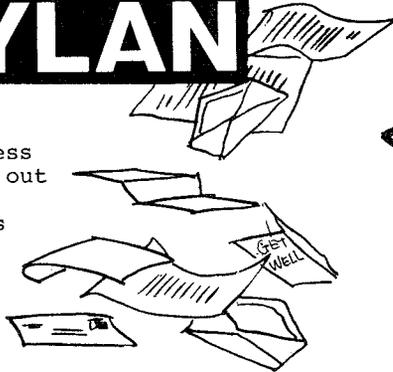
Someone's got it in for me
They're planting stories in the press
Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it out
quick

But when they will I can only guess
They say I shot a man named Gray
And took his wife to Italy
She inherited a million bucks
And when she died it came to me
I can't help it if I'm lucky
People see me all the time
And they just can't remember how to act
Their minds are filled with big ideas
Images and distorted facts
Even you yesterday
You had to ask me where it was at
I couldn't believe after all these years
You didn't know me any better than that
Sweet lady

Idiot wind
Blowing every time you move your mouth
Blowing down the backroads headin' south
Idiot wind
Blowing every time you move your teeth
You're an idiot, babe
It's a wonder that you still know how to
breathe

I ran into the fortune teller
Who said beware of lightning that might
strike
I haven't known peace and quiet
For so long I can't remember what it's like
There's a lone soldier on the cross
Smoke pourin' out of a box-car door
You didn't know it, you didn't think it
could be done
In the final end he won the war
After losin' every battle
I woke up on the roadside
Daydreamin' 'bout the way things sometimes
are
Visions of your chestnut mare
Shoot through my head and are makin' me
see stars
You hurt the ones that I love best
And cover up the truth with lies
One day you'll be in the ditch
Flies buzzin' around your eyes
Blood on your saddle

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Idiot wind
Blowing through the flowers on your tomb
Blowing through the curtains in your room
Idiot wind
Blowing every time you move your teeth
You're an idiot, babe
It's a wonder that you still know how to
breathe

It was gravity which pulled us down
And destiny which broke us apart
You tamed the lion in my cage
But it just wasn't enough to change my
heart
Now everything's a little upside down
As a matter of fact the wheels have stopped
What's good is bad, what's bad is good
You'll find out when you reach the top
You're on the bottom
I noticed at the ceremony
Your corrupt ways had finally made you
blind
I can't remember your face anymore
Your mouth is changed, your eyes don't look
into mine
The priest wore black on the seventh day
And sat stone-faced while the building
burned
I waited for you on the running boards
Near the cypress tree while the springtime
turned
Slowly into autumn

Idiot wind
Blowing like a circle around my skull
From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol
Idiot wind
Blowing every time you move your teeth
You're an idiot, babe
It's a wonder that you still know how to
breathe

continued

IDIOT WIND cont'd

I can't feel you anymore
 I can't even touch the books you've read
 Everytime I crawl past your door
 I been wishin' I was somebody else instead
 Down the highway, down the tracks
 Down the road to ecstasy
 I followed you beneath the stars
 Hounded by your memory
 And all your ragin' glory
 I been double-crossed now
 For the very last time and now I'm finally
 free
 I kissed goodbye the howling beast
 On the borderline which separated you from
 me
 You'll never know the hurt I suffered
 Nor the pain I rise above
 And I'll never know the same about you
 Your holiness or your kind of love
 And it makes me feel
 So sorry

Idiot wind
 Blowing through the buttons of our coats
 Blowing through the letters that we wrote
 Idiot wind
 Blowing through the dust upon our shelves
 We're idiots, babe
 It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves



MY OLD YEARBOOK

Words & Music by SAMMY WALKER
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Just sittin' around on a Saturday night
 With nothing at all to do
 I came across my old yearbook
 So I started flipping thru
 It took me back to the good-old days
 I'd spent up at that school
 And all the pretty little girls, over which
 I used to drool
 But then I turned white as a ghost,
 When I came to the most
 Likely to succeed, maiden and her host.
 My God it was ol' Annie May Hildigard Dupree
 And this kid named Johnny Simmons
 Who used to always pick on me
 The last I heard, he's working at the
 Pick and Pay shoestore
 And Annie's been married four times,
 But then again who's keepin' score

CHORUS:

Now the real life's much different than in
 that of a fairy tale
 Where in story land you make it,
 In reality you fail
 Life don't always turn out the way you'd
 like for things to be
 My gal dreamed about Prince Charming
 And she ended up with me.
 Well I finally turned the page, and there
 up on the stage
 Was this brunette girl named Mona, who always
 lied about her age

Well she won the royal scene, of the
 homecoming queen
 For bein' the only girl past the age of
 seventeen
 I think she married Thomas Hill
 And a queen she is still
 Back behind the counter, down at Harvy's
 Bar and Grill. Chorus

It would surely be a lie, if I attempted
 to deny
 That I came across a picture of my own self
 by and by
 There I stood so small and lean, with my
 hair dyed bluish-green
 From where I tried to turn it blond
 With a jar of Mister Clean
 Though it now seems so unkeen, in the
 prophesy forseen,
 Ambition in life, a U.S.A. marine. Chorus

My faith was then restored, and all else was
 soon ignored
 When I got up to the most important
 School yearbook award.
 Of course the couple crowned, as the
 best - all - around
 Were the most outstanding students
 That the rest of us had found
 To my joyous gay delight, it was Ralph and
 Martha Wright
 Who had married with approval on our
 graduation night
 So I put the book away, and without further
 delay,
 I watched the late night news to catch the
 happenings of the day
 The man talked of a fight, with guns and
 dynamite
 And arrested were a couple named Ralph and
 Martha Wright. Chorus

(FOR OTHER SAMMY WALKER SONGS ORDER BROADSIDES NOS. 126 & 127 -- \$3. TO GET HIS
 NEW L-P, "SONG FOR PATTY" on which he sings and plays them, send \$5 to BROADSIDE,
 215 WEST 98th STREET, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK, 10025.)

THE RADICALIZATION OF BOB DYLAN

By GORDON FRIESEN

With DAVID BOOKBINDER

Bob Dylan's LP BLOOD ON THE TRACKS marks an important, key milestone in his political development. In almost every album he issues there is a central song in which Dylan reveals his true beliefs, however metaphorically he may express them. In BLOOD ON THE TRACKS this song is IDIOT WIND. His deep-felt involvement with what he is saying comes out in the way he sings the song; he virtually snarls the lyrics with a biting, savage intensity. IDIOT WIND is plainly a total indictment of the capitalist system, and he informs us in no uncertain words that he has abandoned all hope that this monstrous aberration can any longer meet the social needs of the desperately frustrated American people.

Bob Dylan began his songwriting career as a liberal reformist. He chose Woody Guthrie for a model and seemed to consider himself a true follower of the Oklahoma balladeer. His very first protest song he entitled SONG TO WOODY. But he seems to have lacked a true understanding in depth of the real goal Guthrie was striving for--namely a Socialist/Communist world from which all vestiges of capitalism have been eradicated. Bob's conception of Woody was incomplete, to put it kindly. He visualized Guthrie as just another protest singer trying to induce the capitalist beast to abandon some of its most glaring evils.

BOB JUMPS ON THE RUNNING BOARD

So Dylan started out writing some dozens of songs pleading with the American ruling class to spruce itself up and make itself somewhat more presentable to the oppressed masses. Sometimes Bob was virtually crawling on his knees--as he confesses in IDIOT WIND--whilst begging the capitalists to please not be so outrageously cruel, abysmally ignorant and shamelessly vicious and immoral.

Dylan, in his early songs, importuned the capitalist rulers of our country to cleanse themselves of a whole list of obvious evils. Don't be such hypocrites, he pleaded in WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE; stop being such disgusting warmongers (MASTERS OF WAR); do something for the starving unemployed before they shotgun themselves and their families to death (BALLAD OF HOLLIS BROWN); make your playboys give up murdering Black kitchen maids and bring some semblance of justice to Spiro Agnew's home state of Maryland (THE LONESOME DEATH OF HATTIE CARROLL); quit butchering and mutilating young Black boys (THE DEATH OF EMMETT TILL); provide some decent care for the mentally disturbed (BALLAD OF DONALD WHITE); treat your returning war heroes as something a little better than objects of contempt (JOHN BROWN); prevent snipers from shooting Black leaders from ambush (ONLY A PAWN IN THEIR GAME); see that the unfortunate of our citizens who die untended in the gutter at least get a decent burial (ONLY A HOBO); allow Blacks a university education (OXFORD TOWN). Dylan seemed to believe that if he wrote enough of these types of protest songs and sang them widely enough, the capitalist ruling class would become ashamed of these atrocious practices and cast them aside. He

threatened these social criminals that if they didn't straighten up and walk right he would continue denouncing them (He demonstrated in PLAYBOYS AND PLAYGIRLS that he had a plentiful supply of ammunition left).

Dylan believed that the answers to the problems aggravating him were BLOWIN' IN THE WIND. Now he knows better. The wind he heard blowin' in 1962 has become a hideous IDIOT WIND. He realizes he was wasting his precious time singing to a batch of incurable idiots.

Even when Dylan was writing and singing his protest ditties--and gradually realizing the senselessness of his reformist posture--he was never about to go over to the side of the enemy. It is quite clear from some of his middle-period songs that blandishments were being made to induce him to come over to the side he was attacking. Plainly, he was being offered promises of money and honors far greater than he was accumulating, great as his earnings were. An example from JOHN WESLEY HARDING: In THE BALLAD OF FRANKIE LEE AND JUDAS PRIEST Judas places a roll of bills in front of Dylan. He threatens Bob that the money will be withdrawn very quickly unless Dylan becomes a Judas himself and renounces the beliefs he has been promulgating in his protest songs. Judas Priest assures Dylan he, Bob, will be entering virtual paradise. Dylan decides it will be more like entering a whorehouse and prefers death to selling out. And in THE WICKED MESSENGER the capitalist ruling class confronts Dylan and warns him "If you cannot bring good news, then don't bring any." Dylan remains stubborn; the threat only opens his heart to a greater outpouring of songs attacking the Establishment, only now increasingly veiling his rage and hate in poetic metaphor. For example, in ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER Bob, repulsing those who are exploiting him--record companies, publishers, agents, concert promoters and outright con men and thieves inducing him to invest his hard-earned cash in dry-hole tax refuge schemes--writes: "Businessmen, they drink my wine, plow & dig my earth, and none of them along the line know what any of it is worth." In other words, they have no appreciation or understanding of what he is doing as a creative artist. This is not a unique phenomena in America; in fact, it is the common rule in our corrupt, rapidly decaying system.

IT AIN'T ME, BABE

Actually, Dylan as early as 1964 in IT AIN'T ME, BABE told the Establishment that he would never become an apologist for the Capitalist System. He repulses the System's procurers and pimps with some of the same savagry which reappears in 1974 in IDIOT WIND. Bob tells them bluntly: "You say you're looking for someone who will promise never to part, someone to close his eyes for you, someone to close his heart, someone who will die for you an' more, but it ain't me, babe, No, no, no, it ain't me, babe, It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe."

(Dylan often--obviously in bitter sarcasm--refers to the Establishment as BABE. It is

no coincidence that in the chorus of IDIOT WIND Dylan keeps snarling "You're an idiot, babe.")

Songs continued to come from Dylan's typewriter. There were no limits to the endless stream; songs about love, grass pushers, presidents standing naked, rainy day women, landlords, drifters, ladies stretched out on big brass beds eating cake, odes to country pies, blues, dogs running free (One album, NASHVILLE SKYLINE, was a thorough fiasco and an unconscionable waste of the people's time.).

In almost every album, however, there was a masterpiece of unparalleled poetry combined with music of equal intensity. (Dylan's unique gift, unshared by any artist, is to coalesce his lyrics and his music into an artistic entity; each perfectly compliments the other.) In ANOTHER SIDE OF BOB DYLAN we have CHIMES OF FREEDOM. In BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME we have IT'S ALRIGHT, MA, and GATES OF EDEN. In HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED we have DESOLATION ROW. In these songs Bob continually affirms a deep faith in the American people; In DESOLATION ROW he tells us the working class of the United States will never accept fascism (He has T.S. Eliot, an extreme reactionary, and the avowed Fascist Ezra Pound fighting between themselves as to who will be captain of the Titanic "while fishermen hold flowers"). One whole side of BLONDE ON BLONDE is devoted to what this writer considers to be Dylan's greatest song of that period, namely SAD-EYED LADY OF THE LOWLANDS. Here he expresses in ultimate poetry his unshakeable faith in the final triumph of the American common people.

THE PEOPLE, YES!

He gives us a history of our country. He describes the overlords and rulers as Tyrants with mercury--poisonous--mouths exploiting the land and the people to fill their pockets, and in their stupidity and greed never realizing that certain retribution awaits them at the hands of the wise, unconquerable masses they have ruthlessly oppressed while despoiling our beautiful land. The second verse indicates the thrust of the song. Dylan describes the structure of the Capitalist city as sheets of metal surrounded by a "belt like lace." The sheets are the ghettos with the impoverished dwellers still possessing the strength of metal. They are encircled by their rich exploiters in the suburbs. Dylan gives two meanings to the belt of lace: lace, of course, is an adornment of the rich; but it is also flimsy and can easily be torn away. Then he reveals in symbolism how the rich ruling class has stacked the cards against the workers and the poor--"your deck of cards missing the jack and the ace." In one sentence he creates for you a picture of the workers and the poor--"And your basement clothes and your hollow face"--i.e. the poor must get their clothes in bargain basements and their hollow faces come from starvation. In spite of their encirclement and life having been stacked against them, in spite of their raggedness and misery and poverty, Dylan tells us that these victims of capitalism are indomitable. For he asks of their rich oppressors who among them "can think he could outguess you?"

The chorus of this song is especially revealing.

"Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no
man comes,
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
Should I leave them by your gate,
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?"

What is Dylan saying? To begin with, he is quite aware of the fate of the artist in America; he knows the cruelty and neglect which America has historically visited upon its best artistic minds. "No man comes" in our country--that is, no true artist reaches fulfillment. Thoreau had to publish his own books. Melville quit writing because of neglect and spent his last 30 years as an obscure clerk in a customs house. Walt Whitman had to publish "Leaves of Grass" with his own money, and was fired from his governmental clerical job when his superior found a copy while snooping through poor Walt's desk. His greatness was recognized in France while he remained unknown in his home land, kept alive by the largesse of his one friend. Edgar Allan Poe also published his poetry at his own expense and died at 40 in a Baltimore gutter, a drunkard and a dope addict. Our own great songwriter, Stephen Foster, died comparatively young in a charity ward in Bellvue; he had seven cents in his pocket and a scrap of brown wrapping paper on which he had written the title of a new song he apparently planned to write--"Dear Hearts And Gentle People." In this century the poets Hart Crane and Vachel Lindsay committed suicide. So did Jack London, with drugs and alcohol. Sinclair Lewis drank himself to death. So did Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner. Ernest Hemmingway stuck a shotgun barrel into his mouth and blew away his brains. In more recent times the photographer Diane Arbus killed herself; the novelist and poet Sylvia Plath destroyed herself by sticking her head in an oven. John Berryman, the poet, leaped to his death from a bridge; the poet Anne Sexton also took her own life. Although he was not an American, Dylan Thomas, from whom our friend Bob borrowed his name, drank himself to death at 36 in the Chelsea Hotel here in New York.

John Steinbeck in a long career wrote only one good book, GRAPES OF WRATH, and spent the rest of his life turning out pulp nonsense. He became a fanatical supporter of the American aggression in Vietnam and sent his son there with an ostentatious display of brass bands playing and old glory waving. When his disillusioned son returned smoking grass and denouncing the barbaric slaughter of men, women and babies the American troops were carrying out in Vietnam, Papa John was heartbroken. Not because of the American atrocities but because his son, in Steinbeck's disoriented view, had become a traitor. Steinbeck crawled away into a corner and died.

MANY THOUSANDS GONE

Early in the '60s a well-known folk-singer and musician who had been Dylan's traveling companion around the country committed suicide; he rigged his bathtub with electrical wiring and electrocuted himself. This is said to have affected Bob deeply.

Bob Dylan's mentor Woody Guthrie wrote 2,000 songs and hardly earned a dime from them before incurable Huntington's Chorea sent him into the hospital; money came in only after he was much too sick for it to do him any good. Woody's friend Huddie Ledbetter died in a charity ward in Bellvue six months before a song of his, GOODNIGHT IRENE, earned any money. Aunt Molly Jackson, writer of many union songs for the struggling Kentucky coal miners, died on the West Coast without a cent to her name while others profited from her works.

In 1949, Woody was present at Peekskill, New York when an attempt was made to kill his friend Paul Robeson. Fascist-minded storm-troopers, some wearing the uniforms of law enforcement officers, joined with reactionary rabble to become a howling mob. Robeson's life was saved only when lines of fighting union members repulsed the mob and sent its disorganized members scurrying back into their rat holes.

Many critics consider Robeson one of America's very finest actors and singers. This Black militant giant was driven into exile in the Soviet Union and England by our majestic U.S. government which rules over "the land of the free..." Robeson's Othello will probably never be equaled, nor will anything matching that rumbling, beautiful baritone voice ever be heard again. It is an absolutely unforgiveable crime that he was forced to spend what should have been the greatest years of his life in silence. This crime cannot be attributed solely to John Foster Dulles and Dwight David Eisenhower; all those who remained mute, or ran scared, or refused to fight back while Robeson was being victimized were accomplices.

Only God knows how many brilliant American poets, novelists, painters, musicians, songwriters and other artists die miserable and unknown or quit their art in despair.

THE MONSTER ATTACKS

During the '50s when McCarthyite persecutions were rampant the top and secondary leadership of the Communist Party was virtually destroyed. These were the people who struggled under great hardship and sacrifice to help achieve the benefits which millions of Americans now enjoy--strong unions, welfare, unemployment compensation, etc. Several thousand American Communists fought and some died in the battles to stop Hitler/Mussolini Fascism in Spain. Fifteen thousand served in the American Army in World War II. Their reward for all their supreme efforts was persecution by their own government. Scores were jailed (one of these was an honored war hero, Bob Thompson, murdered when his skull was shattered in prison). Communists actually were only a small minority of the victims of the Cold War assault upon the rights of the American people. Artists, writers, performers, educators, actors as well as thousands of less prominent workers all the way down to janitors were driven from their jobs and banished into misery and poverty. Especially hard-hit was the film industry. The careers and in some instances the lives of fine Hollywood actors and actresses were destroyed. Ten of our finest screenwriters were jailed and blacklisted when finally their sentences were completed. One of the results of this splurge of insanity has been that American films descended into trash. An

example of this trash was the flick PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID; our friend Bob Dylan somehow was suckered into playing a starring role in this incredible piece of junk.

DYLAN TRACKS THE BEAST

Of course, Bob Dylan was only a kid in his teens when these nightmarish events were taking place. However, his accumulated works show quite clearly that he did wide reading even at an early age. He adopted Dylan Thomas' given name at 18; he knows T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound and Blake; he is profoundly acquainted with the Bible, both Old and New Testaments; there seems little of Shakespeare that he has not read and digested; he has dabbled in Greek mythology (Achilles and Homer); he dreamed he saw St. Augustine; gypsies fascinate him; Bob knows that the Texas outlaw John Wesley Hardin, who killed 28 men, is not the same person as President Warren Gamaliel Harding who, so far as anyone knows, did not kill anyone but himself (he overstuffing himself with canned Alaska salmon). He has delved inside the bowels of the American beast and learned how the robber barons became rich; he is cognizant that a lot of them acquired ownership of whole cities by buying up mayors and city councils with graft money. Often, like the cheerful corruptionist Charles Tyson Yerkes, who gobbled up Chicago, they did so by stealing the city's traction lines. Dylan lets us in on the fact that he knows this quite well by such sentences in SAD-EYED LADY such as "And your streetcar visions which you place on the grass grass."

Dylan has thoroughly absorbed American history. Agnes Cunningham, co-editor of Broadside, points out that in the title song of the album HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED Dylan returns to an event that occurred in the Boot Heel of Missouri back in January 1939. Some 2,000 people, sharecroppers and their women and children evicted by the planters from their shacks and ramshackle cabins, set up improvised camps along Highway #61 running through the Boot Heel. It was a demonstration to display their misery to motorists passing by. For 150 miles their makeshift encampments stretched. It was an army in rags and tatters; an eloquent and irrefutable display of poverty and desperation. They stood there with their pitiful worldly possessions for all the world to see, and remained in the bitter cold until they were attacked and dispersed to the winds by state troopers, sheriffs and deputies in the employ of the plantation owners. Many have forgotten this blight on American history, but not Bob Dylan.

IS ANYBODY LISTENING?

In the chorus of SAD-EYED LADY Dylan is beginning to wonder if his poetic songs are not going over the heads of his audience. By now millions of people are buying his records. Even the simplest minds can understand the early straightforward protest songs like MASTERS OF WAR, GOD ON OUR SIDE, MEDGAR EVERS, HATTIE CARROLL, etc. But are they getting the drift of his message when he begins cloaking it in irony, metaphor and symbolism? He has become quite dubious. He wonders whether he should quit until the American intelligence grows mature enough to comprehend and appreciate its poets. He

asks this question in his chorus, the last three lines:

"My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
Should I leave them by your gate,
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?"

(Dylan's "warehouse eyes," of course, refers to the vast storehouse of knowledge in his brain, the accumulation of the things he has seen, read, heard and the river flow of endless ideas and decisions he has reached while prowling through this crowded warehouse.

His "Arabian drums" are his music. We leave the explanation as to why Bob chose the word Arabian to the cat who wrote a whole book claiming Dylan is a 100% Zionist and all his works promote Zionism.)

Although in SAD-EYED LADY he expresses doubt if he should go on writing his protest song/poems, he did come out with JOHN WESLEY HARDING. But in the last cut, I'LL BE YOUR BABY TONIGHT, he assures the Establishment that he will cease attacking it. From now on, he insists, he'll be the System's "Baby" and write nothing but garbage about moon and spoon in the Tin Pan Alley style. All he wants is a bottle of whiskey so he can get drunk enough to endure writing this shit.

In his next album, NASHVILLE SKYLINE, Dylan faithfully carried out the promise he had made. About the only politically significant cut on it is his duet with Johnny Cash, a man who has had the decency to refuse to sing both for R. M. Nixon and Gerald Ford. The next series of albums were of little more consequence. The LP he did for Asylum brought Dylan for the first time face-to-face with failure. Record shops sent back thousands of unsold albums. John Hammond of Columbia says there are 400,000 returned, unsold copies of this album stacked away somewhere in a Soho loft.

A MAN DYLAN REALLY LOVED
IS MURDERED

The turning point in Bob Dylan's political development came in 1971 with the release of a single honoring the Black revolutionary George Jackson, who had just been brutally murdered by guards in a California prison. The first verse of the song reads:

"I woke up this morning
There were tears in my bed
They killed a man I really loved
They shot him through the head."

I emphasize the third line; who was this man Bob Dylan "really loved?" He explains his inner-self brilliantly in SOLEDAD BROTHER--THE PRISON LETTERS OF GEORGE JACKSON. Here are some of the things he says:

"Control of the subsistence (of the people of the U.S.) and nearly every aspect of the circumstances surrounding their existence has passed into the hands of a clearly distinct and alienated oligarchy. If today's young revolutionary...seriously intend(s) to step out front and take the monster to task (he) should understand from the outset that the monster is merciless."

"Any claims that nonviolence, purely nonviolent political agitation, has served to force back the legions of capitalist expansion are false."

George Jackson describes capitalism as a "diabolical dog":

"Didn't it raise Pigs and murder Vietnamese? Didn't it glut some and starve most of us? Didn't it build housing projects that resemble prisons and luxury hotels and apartments that resemble the Hanging Gardens...Didn't it build a hospital and then a bomb? Didn't it erect a school and then open a whorehouse..."

And further:

"...We must never delude ourselves into thinking that we can seize power from a position of weakness, with half measures, polite programs, righteous indignation, loud entreaties...Capitalism is the enemy. It must be destroyed. There is no other recourse...We're going to have to start all over again. The next time around we'll let it all hang out, we'll stop betraying ourselves, and we'll add some trust and love."

And finally George Jackson sums it all up:

"I do not include (as revolutionaries) those who support capitalism in any appreciable degree or who feel they have something to lose with its destruction. They are our irreconcilable enemy...Any man who stands up to speak in defense of capitalism must be slapped down. Right now our dis-ease must be identified as capitalist man and his monstrous machine." He sums up capitalism as a terminal cancer, a suppurating malignant sore.



GEORGE JACKSON

BOB DYLAN

This, then, was George Jackson, a truly revolutionary man whom Dylan came to really love. Bob could now have only scorn for the course he had taken up to this time, expressing "righteous indignation," making "loud entreaties" for capitalism to rehabilitate itself. Crawling on his knees behind assembly halls (Washington), bearing pitiful notes about his sore feet, he now had to stand up and be a man. He could no longer serve Eli as a harbinger of appeasement; he must now become truly THE WICKED MESSENGER sent by Jeremiah to scathingly denounce the evils in the land and urge their utter and complete destruction.

THE FASCIST BEASTS MURDER
AN ENTIRE NATION

The next time Dylan took a radical political stance was when he appeared in a benefit for Chile May 9, 1974 in the Felt Forum in Madison Square Garden. This benefit was organized by Phil Ochs to raise funds for Chilean refugees who had fled their country when its constitutional government was overthrown by the Fascist Junta which murdered President Allende and thousands of his supporters. Participation in this benefit had a special significance for American protest singers because one of those killed by the Fascists was Victor Jara, Chile's foremost folksinger, who had campaigned with Allende. Jara's murder was uniquely brutal: before killing him, they smashed his fingers with their rifle butts, broke his wrists, handed him his guitar and taunted him with "Now play us a Communist song!" For Bob Dylan to honor Victor Jara was politically comparable to his writing a song for George Jackson. All the performers who took part in the Chile benefit, including Bob Dylan, may have laid their lives on the line. If Fascism ever takes over in this country, their fingers will be smashed like those of Victor Jara's.

YOU'RE AN IDIOT, BABE

In IDIOT WIND, the key song on BLOOD ON THE TRACKS, Bob Dylan ceases to be the reformer and becomes a true disciple of George Jackson. The beast must be destroyed. He does waste some time in lamentations, indulging in self-pity as to how he was misled, deceived and double-crossed not only by the corrupt Capitalist System but by the liberal chic element of the '60s. In the opening lines of IDIOT WIND Dylan again attacks what he considers his chief enemy--the American press. He accuses the press of planting false stories about him and wishes they would cut it out quick, adding: "But when they will I can only guess." He constructs a ridiculous example of the malicious lies that have been published about him--in this case, he is supposed to have shot a man named Gray and run away with his widow to Italy.

In the next nine lines he begins blasting the press in earnest, and heaping scorn on the pretentious critics who are misrepresenting him with false images and distorted facts (These illiterate termites--the press and the critics and their ilk--have constantly insulted Dylan beginning in 1963 with the hatchet job done on him by Newsweek). He first deals with them in a 1964 song, RESTLESS FAREWELL:

"Oh a false clock tries to tick out my
time
To disgrace, distract and bother me.
And the dirt of gossip blows into my
face
And the dust of rumors covers me."

In IDIOT WIND he asks with bitter sarcasm:
"I couldn't believe after all these years,
You didn't know me any better than that."

Now comes the stinger. He greatly widens the numbers of those he is castigating by snarling at the close of this first verse

the two words "Sweet lady." Lady, in Dylan's symbolism, frequently refers to America as a whole or specifically to the august U.S. government. In the first instance, see SAD-EYED LADY OF THE LOWLANDS. In HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED Lady looks out from DESOLATION ROW. In JOHN WESLEY HARDING his lady takes a position by his side. In other words, the U.S. government joins Dylan in struggling for civil rights in Cheyney County (Goodman, Schwerner and Cheyney). There is a lot of sarcasm in this song, for nothing was ever really straightened out.

In the chorus of IDIOT WIND Dylan reaches nitty-gritty. The wind in which, in 1962, he heard the answers to his questions blowin' has now become an idiot wind. Raving idiocy is all that issues forth every time a politician moves his mouth. This wind, now guiding the nation, is blowing us all "down the backroads headin' south." (Backroads are those dark places away from the main stream; it is here where most evil occurs, where assassins and rapists wait in ambush. The nation is headin' South, which has come to represent all that is reactionary in American life--the wellspring of potential Fascism. Geographically, it is the land of the Wallaces, the Eastlands, the Allens, the Maddoxes, the judges and prosecutors trying to send the victimized Joann Littles to the electric chair.) The Babe whose blandishments Dylan once more or less politely rejected he now savagely scorns as a complete idiot. The Capitalist System has sunk so deeply into hopeless stupidity and folly that Bob wonders "that you still know how to breathe."

LIKE WOODY GUTHRIE, BOB DYLAN HAS
BEEN DOIN' SOME HARD-TRAVELIN'

It is a long, disordered road that Dylan has had to travel to reach this conclusion--"I haven't known peace and quiet for so long I can't remember what it's like." It seems that Dylan's life-long worship of the revolutionary Woody Guthrie comes into play when he talks about a lone soldier on the cross (Woody's lonely battle against the evils of our land) and "smoke" (Woody's burning songs) "pouirin' out of a box-car door" (enforced means of travel). He prophesies eventual victory for Woody and all the other revolutionaries who want to see Capitalism utterly and totally destroyed and "thrown into the garbage can of history: "In the final end he won the war, After losin' every battle." One thinks of Woody--and George Jackson and Hurricane Carter--when Dylan hurls his bitterest indictment against the Capitalist rulers of America and follows it with his most savage prophesy of the fate awaiting it:

"YOU HURT THE ONES THAT I LOVE BEST
AND COVER UP THE TRUTH WITH LIES
ONE DAY YOU'LL BE IN THE DITCH
FLIES BUZZIN' AROUND YOUR EYES
BLOOD ON YOUR SADDLE."

Bob looks forward to seeing the idiot wind blowing through the flowers on the oppressors' tombs. When Dylan declares it was gravity "which pulled us down" I think he is referring to the immutable laws of Karl Marx. "And destiny which broke us apart" refers to the fact that Dylan saw his destination as reaching goals of truth and beauty and justice while the destiny

forseen by the American reactionaries is a country pulled ever downward into the jungle of chaos, brutality and idiocy, until it becomes a Fascist police state. Dylan, in writing "You tamed the lion in my cage," is indulging in sheer sarcasm, for no lion ever raged and roared like Dylan does in IDIOT WIND.

As a matter of fact, Dylan tells the Establishment that its wheels have stopped and it is now so mixed up that it thinks what is good is bad and what is bad is good. He informs its rulers that when they reach the top they'll actually be on the bottom (Nixon?). Your corrupt ways, he says, have finally made you blind. He can't remember their faces anymore, the faces he once thought he could make more human by reforming their imbecilities. Their mouths have hardened; their eyes evade him. Their religious leaders now sit stone-faced while the Capitalist structure goes up in flames.

The idiot wind now encompasses the entire nation. It blows all the way from Guthrie's Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol in Washington where the halls are swarming with cretinish presidents, vice-presidents, congressmen, senators and their cow-towing flunkies running around thinking up new schemes to rip off the American people. This is almost too much for Dylan to bear; it has all become an idiot wind blowing like a circle around his skull.

All he can feel is sickening disgust when the politicians move their mouths and show their shining teeth while spraying lies upon the American people.

DOUBLE-CROSSED FOR THE VERY
LAST TIME

He expresses hurt and disappointment that those he tried to reform in his early songs simply ignored him and became more nefarious than ever; their wickedness and villainy increased until we had Watergate. Of those he once entreated to become more like civilized human beings he now says:

"I can't feel you anymore
I can't even touch the books you've
read
Everytime I crawl past your door
I been wishin' I was somebody else
instead."

He seems pained, regretful and angry that he was duped by the American liberals and that they had taken cruel advantage of his innocence. Yet Bob indicates that he originally possessed a strong belief in the Great American Dream. He writes he followed the American ideals "Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to ecstasy." (The ecstasy presumably was to be reached when America became the perfect democratic society "with equal justice for all"--peace-loving, poverty eliminated, dignity for every citizen, illiteracy abolished, all discrimination forgotten, fair and even distribution of wealth, good housing for all the people, employment for everyone able to work and good care for the elderly and handicapped, no more crime, decent medical care for everyone, trust and brotherhood amongst the entire citizenry, plentiful food of a good quality for the hungry and poor, and much more.) Bob tries to give a push to these noble ideals in quite a few of his songs, like WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN.

Bob describes how he followed this great American dream "beneath the stars" hounded by the memory of America's great accomplishments and the radiant glory of its past, but he comes to the conclusion that he has been deceived into playing the fool. He avows "I been double-crossed now for the very last time and now I'm finally free."

NOT FROM ELI , BUT FROM JEREMIAH
COMES THE SAD-EYED PROPHET

As for the IDIOT BABE--the incurably corrupted American Capitalist System--Bob says that he has kissed goodbye to that "howling beast." It's doom is sealed.

America's ruling class should take seriously Bob Dylan's prophesy that "One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes." Quite a few of the events the SAD-EYED PROPHET has predicted came true. In THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN', written in 1963, he foretold the rebellion of American youth and warned those fathers and mothers who were dubious that: "Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command...There's a battle outside and it is ragin'. It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls." Since then, windows and walls have not only been shaken but blown to pieces by bombs. These devices of destruction were constructed and detonated by America's sons and daughters who took their group name from a line in Dylan's SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES: "You don't need a weather man to know which way the wind blows." The WEATHERMEN (now WEATHERPERSONS) believe that the Capitalist Beast can be destroyed only by force and violence; their days of rage continue.

In several songs Dylan prophesied accurately the outcome of the Vietnam war. In a basement-tape song of 1968 he tells the generals and all their war makers YOU AIN'T GOIN NOWHERE in Vietnam. In the same year, in the album JOHN WESLEY HARDING, he wrote again about Vietnam with the song I PITY THE POOR IMMIGRANT. In it he prophesies that those who instigated and escalated the aggression in Vietnam will come to regret it and wish they "would've stayed home." He predicts that those who trample through the mud and build their fortresses with blood will have their visions of victory shattered like a glass. Whatever allies they have will desert them and they will be left so alone. All of this prophesy has come to pass; even those Americans who long supported the invasion of Vietnam and the slaughter of countless thousands of Indochinese--and the deaths of 55,000 American troops--have come to regret this senseless adventure.

The only real flaw in IDIOT WIND occurs in the last chorus; Dylan unnecessarily widens the circle of idiots, dragging in those of us who are perfectly sane along with the mental basket cases he has catalogued in the preceding lyrics. As Capitalism continues to stumble onward to its total dissolution and millions more of American workers fall into the ranks of the starving unemployed (there are now 8,000,000 of us) it will be no wonder that we cannot "even feed ourselves." No, Bob, we are not responsible. You point correctly and directly at the creator of this horror:

"YOU'RE AN IDIOT, BABE."

NO REGRETS

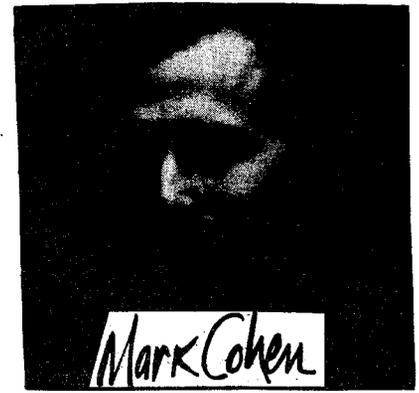
by mark cohen

Copyright 1973 By Mark Cohen

Babe, I'm moving on
 Heading for the sun
 Riding down the road that I know best
 And when we say goodbye
 I'll say it with a sigh
 But let there be no regrets

The trail goes through the mountain
 And leads to the sea
 And though sometimes we stop to take
 a rest
 The time comes to depart
 Though we might leave a part of
 our heart
 When we leave, let's leave with
 no regrets

When the hot desert sands
 Burn my feet where they stand
 I think of what's beyond
 and try to forget
 How hard the hard times are
 There's another land not very far
 When we leave the hard times behind
 let's leave them behind with
 no regrets
 There's a land, there's a land
 Lord knows, there's a land
 That sparkles like a jewel
 gleams like a gem
 On the beaches the salt waves pound
 When I get there I will kiss the
 ground
 And if my stay is only for a while
 I want to leave with no regrets.



Well to live is to take risks
 Ah, life's a trip
 A treasure, a pleasure, a wonder
 and a jest
 No greater than its sums
 Just take it as it comes
 When the winds of darkness find you
 let them find you having
 no regrets

When I think of all I've done
 Of all I've lost, of all I've won
 Of all my gambles, and all my bets
 I smile contentedly
 And I thank the Lord to be free
 I've done what I've done,
 and got no regrets.

LIKE ANTS WITHOUT ANTENNAE

by MARK COHEN
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Language is the medium in which we swim; it is basic; without language a culture would be as a being without legs: it moves us, it supports us, it is at our foundation. And to subvert it is to weaken the structure of the building. When we don't say what we mean and mean what we say, when we use, rather, words as a smoke screen to hide behind, our own language becomes like an inflated dollar, close to being worthless. The communication among insects is well known - imagine an ant colony whose communication has broken down; instead of an ordered group there would be anarchy to the point where the group could no longer exist.

Groups, tribes, societies, civilizations- all the same but for size. The rules that govern a single organism hold true for the largest cultures. There must be cooperation among its members and a means of communication that is exact.

The politician then must be a sorry character. Look at the connotation the very word has: POLITICIAN. And let's make a division here between politicians and true representatives of the people- not all the latter are the former- but the word politician being so imbued with negative feelings it seems almost a contradiction to speak of a good politician.

But in any case the politician must be a sorry figure, because he must search for words not to convey an exact feeling, meaning, or idea, but to be as obtuse as possible, to talk too much to say as little as possible, trying to touch all bases by being bland.

But words are used, too, not just to be evasive, but to lie as well, to turn around meanings, to reduce their value not just to nought, but to a negative quantity. And when you can excuse real actions by a simple change in terminology, you can do anything and get away with it, you can escape all answerability. When things are no more than what they're called, call anything what you will and you can do anything and get away with it because you won't condemn your own actions with your own words- rather you will change what you did by calling it something different. That's how important and powerful language is.

Specifically - the CIA did not break the law, according to Rockefeller- it acted "in contradiction to the statutes"; we brought "Peace with Honor" to Viet Nam when in fact we brought neither; were not in fact fighting and killing people but just gooks - see how much easier it became to do what was done.

But a rose by any other name (call it a skunk) will smell as sweet, and acts remain what they are; may there always be those to call the bluff of the emperor who wears no clothes.

A language does not lie dormant, either, it has its own natural growth and progression. See how the happenings of the last thirty years have been marked by the introduction of whole new words and terminologies, or old ones adapted to fit new meanings: the atomic age introducing radioactivity, chain reactions, fall out shelters; the word McCarthyism long outliving its donor; the space age introducing countdowns and reentries, launch windows and space shuttles and splashdowns; the civil rights movement introducing sit-ins

CONT'D →

BROADSIDE # 128

WHEN I'M GONE

by PHIL OCHS

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There's no place in the world where I'll be-long when I'm gone — And
 I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone — And you won't find me
 sing-in' on this song when I'm gone, — So I guess I'll have to do it — while I'm
 here!

2. AND I WON'T FEEL THE FLOWING OF THE TIME WHEN I'M GONE
 ALL THE PLEASURES OF LOVE WILL NOT BE MINE WHEN I'M GONE
 MY PEN WON'T POUR A LYRIC LINE WHEN I'M GONE
 SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT WHILE I'M HERE
3. AND I WON'T BREATHE THE BRANDY AIR WHEN I'M GONE
 AND I CAN'T EVEN WORRY 'BOUT MY CARES WHEN I'M GONE
 WON'T BE ASKED TO DO MY SHARE WHEN I'M GONE
 SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT WHILE I'M HERE
4. AND I WON'T BE RUNNING FROM THE RAIN WHEN I'M GONE
 AND I CAN'T EVEN SUFFER FROM THE PAIN WHEN I'M GONE
 AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN LOOSE OR I CAN GAIN WHEN I'M GONE
 SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT WHILE I'M HERE
5. WON'T SEE THE GOLDEN OF THE SUN WHEN I'M GONE
 AND THE EVENINGS AND THE MORNINGS WILL BE ONE WHEN I'M GONE
 CAN'T BE SINGING LOUDER THAN THE GUNS WHEN I'M GONE
 SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT WHILE I'M HERE
6. ALL MY DAYS WON'T BE DANCES OF DELIGHT WHEN I'M GONE
 AND THE SANDS WILL BE SHIFTING FROM MY SIGHT WHEN I'M GONE
 CAN'T ADD MY NAME INTO THE FIGHT WHEN I'M GONE
 SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT WHILE I'M HERE
7. AND I WON'T BE LAUGHING AT THE LIES WHEN I'M GONE
 AND I CAN'T QUESTION HOW OR WHEN OR WHY WHEN I'M GONE
 CAN'T LIVE PROUD ENOUGH TO DIE WHEN I'M GONE
 SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT WHILE I'M HERE



PHIL OCHS



Repeat first verse

LIKE ANTS...Continued from Page 9
 and bus boycotts, freedom rides and tokenism; the different aspects of the politics of the sixties introducing teach-ins, the movement, trips splits tokes and hassles.

There being a difference however between inventing or adapting words and terms to describe new events and phenomena, and using them to hide one's real meaning. So, for example, the term protective reaction strikes used during the war was one coined not to advance a real meaning but one rather used because the truth thereof was too dangerous or uncomfortable to tell. 1984 just came a little early. Orwell could not have foreseen the speed with which the onrush of events did move.

And does move. In Florida now a manhole cover has become a personhole cover.

Language is alive and must be treated as any living thing, with respect, lest we become like ants without antennae. Not to do so opens a Pandora's box of troubles, for the weakening of a language both notes and is part cause of a culture in decline; for if a language is weak so is the culture that surrounds it, not being able to bear the truth of its own deeds.

A SIMPLE OPERATION

words & music by Sammy Walker
Copyright 1975 by Sammy Walker

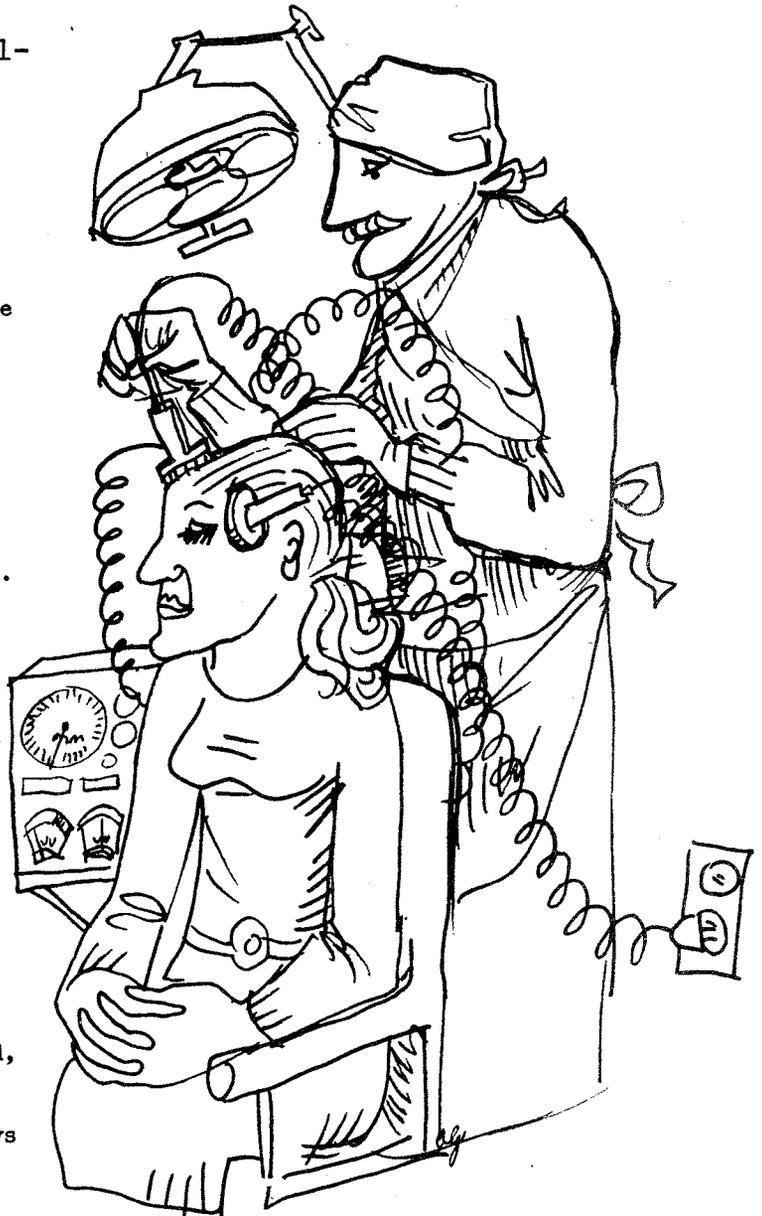
Betsy Miller got in trouble when she was just
fourteen years old
So she went down to the clinic to have her fortune
told.
She came out a virgin, she came out a queen,
With a sterilized ambition, and a bill of health
that's clean.

CHORUS:
It's just a simple hour operation.
Doctor Shockley's go the scalpel in his hand.
It'll put you on a permanent vacation.
Not even Hitler could have thought up such a plan.

Ol' Butch Russell was a wild one from the moment
of his birth
He was in and out of prison for whatever it was
worth
But now he's just as gentle as a puppy on a chain
Since they planted an electrode in the center of
his brain. **CHORUS**

My next door neighbor, Kilroy was always sort of
dumb,
He had a reputation as a no - good lousy bumb.
But now he fits right in with J. Paul Getty, you,
and me,
Since he got back from the doctor, with a scar
and P.H.D. **CHORUS**

I read about some fellow named Charlie Contraband,
They caught him pointing fingers at the leaders
of our land.
But now he's working hard with our undercover boys
To help weed out the traitors, at a job that he
enjoys. **CHORUS**



Tuli Kupferberg

2 SONGS BY

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THIS LAND IS THEIR LAND

tune: This Land Is My Land

This land is their land
This land aint my land
From California to the New York wildland
From the redwood sawdust
To the Gulf Stream oilslicks
This land aint made for you and me

As I was running that blooded highway
I saw above me that rented skyway
I saw below me that stripmined valley
This land was sold to the Company

This land is their land
This land aint our land
From California to the New York tiredland
From the sawdust forest
To the Gulf Stream derricks
This land was stole from you and me

They dealed and gambled and they haunted our footsteps
To the darkling sands of the despoiled deserts
And all around us bulldozers pounding
This land was stole for the Company

This land is their land
This land aint my land
From California to the New York wildland
From the sawdust forest.
To the Gulf Coast derricks
This land werent made for you and me →

O BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

O beautiful for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain
For purple mountains majesties
Above the fruited plain!
Armenia! Armenia!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown they good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!



RECORD REVIEWS

"SONG FOR PATTY"--SAMMY WALKER--BROADSIDE BALLADS, VOL. 8/FOLKWAYS #BR5310. If over the next few years there's to be a revival of topical songs in the folk idiom, my bet's on Sammy Walker as one of its key figures. Walker's songs are the best I've heard from a new topical singer/songwriter in at least ten years. His first album, Song For Patty, is lyrically already where Dylan was by Times They Are A-Changin'; and he is a better musician than Dylan was then, is now and, perhaps, will ever be. Walker sings accompanied only by an assortment of harmonicas and by his soft, complex fingering on the '58 Gibson he bought from an old Gospel singer.

Similarities between Walker's songs and the songs of both Woody Guthrie and early '60s Bob Dylan are easily drawn. Like Woody, he makes use of a chorus in most of his songs to drive home his central point. Walker's songs are anchored in specific topical events which he uses as springboards to a broader message, for the most part. He sets a specific scene and tells a story drawing, in songs like "The Ballad of Johnny Strozier" (a song about "a Georgia boy who's locked up in a lonesome Alto cell"), on newspaper and magazine articles for his subjects. His appreciation of Woody is indicated by his inclusion of Woody's "I Ain't Got No Home" (which he sings with Phil Ochs and Sis Cunningham) and Ochs's tribute to Woody, "Bound for Glory," in the album.

"Testimony of a Dying Lady," a song about a woman dying of cancer who is sentenced to a year in jail -- for her, a life sentence -- for failing to pay her hospital bill, uses irony and dramatic presentation to demonstrate the hypocrisy and cruelty of our "system of justice," much like Dylan's "Hattie Carroll," but from the vantage point of the victim of the courts. Like Dylan, Walker also writes poetry and sets it to music to present his message symbolically. "Closin Time," the "doomsday grand finale," draws a picture of the end of the world. Doomsday will be brought on by oppression ("Tell me who'll be left to cry/as the funeral passes by/the Statue of Liberty as she's crumblin'."), lies, and hypocrisy ("Though we know the graves are dug/it's been swept beneath the rug/but no more time will there be left to borrow.") Finally, like Woody and Dylan, Walker occasionally uses ridicule, exaggeration and satire to point out some of the more ludicrous aspects of society and human behavior in general. (Ex: "I dropped by a church where the pews were all filled,/over the face of Christ there hung a dollar bill."--"Funny Farm Blues.")

As I said, similarities are easily drawn. But it is in the differences that Walker's strengths are clearest. He is a master at creating empathy. Whereas almost inevitably, in early Dylan, the listener is made to feel Dylan's outrage at the villains, Walker's songs, more passive, evoke sympathy for the victims. He steps aside and puts you in their shoes. In "Little New Jersey Town," the best example of this technique, Walker puts the listener through a one-armed boy's persecution by his peers; through his lone-

liness; through his joy at finding an abandoned hound dog; and finally, through his crushing sadness when the dog, his only friend, dies. He does this in about four minutes, and with a strength the likes of which I have never heard before. And that's not bad for a first album.

David Bookbinder

"LIES, LIES, LIES"--BILL HOROWITZ--ESP-DISK ESP #3020 Bill Horowitz sings around New York and has appeared on Bob Fass's Radio Unnameable. This is a genuine protest record. The title cut, in which Horowitz lists all the shit the ruling class has been laying down on the American people, is his best song. He has another good song about some stupid governmental agents bulldozing down a lot of peoples' homes to make way for some sort of dam; even the motherfuckers causing all this human tragedy and destruction don't seem to have the slightest idea of the purpose of their insane project. He has a nice, catchy, funny song about Rosemary Woods, but it now seems ancient history, what with a fresh coterie of criminals like mass-murderer Colby (the Phoenix project) & FBI scoundrels taking the center of the stage. Maybe Bill will come up with a new album commenting on some of the latest imbecilities of those pretending to govern the U.S.A. There is a plethora of new material, as each daily headline informs us. Bill, we look forward to this next album with great interest. GF



Bill Horowitz

(as rendered by David Levine)

Soulcial Consciousness

While there is a long history of protest songs in black music, few of them have ever made the "hit parade. But now "What's the Word From Johannesburg?" seems destined for the top 20. Even though it may look lonely on this week's soul charts amidst dozens of tunes with the word "love" in their titles, one of the key reasons why "Johannesburg" is climbing so fast is that in spite of its mood of concern, you can really dance to it. Just like all the disco hits.

It must be a mind-blower to hear this tune on the dance floor. There you are hustling away and all of a sudden you realize that the song is about bloodshed in South Africa. The tune was written and recorded by Gil Scott-Heron, who started out as a novelist and poet at the age of 19 with the publication of books like "The Vulture" and "Small Talk at 125th Street and Lenox." Now 25, he has also established himself as a performer with four albums to his credit. "Johannesburg" is included in his latest LP, recorded in collaboration with Brian Jackson, entitled "From South Africa to South Carolina." In case you haven't heard it yet, here are lyrics to Heron's hit.

"WHAT'S THE WORD FROM JOHANNESBURG?"

What's the word? Tell me, Brother, have you heard from Johannesburg?

What's the word? Sister have you heard 'bout Johannesburg?

They tell me that our brothers over there are defyin' the man.

I don't know for sure because the news we get is unreliable, man.

Well I hate it when the blood starts flowin'.

but I'm glad to see resistance grown.

Somebody tell me what's the word?

Tell me, Brother have you heard from Johannesburg?

They tell me that our brothers over there refuse to work in the mines.

They may not get the news but they need to know we're on their side.

Now sometimes distance brings misunderstanding,

but deep in my hear I'm demanding:

Somebody tell me what's the word?

Sister-woman have you heard from Johannesburg?

I know that their strugglin' ain't gonna free me,

but we've got to start strugglin' if we wanna be free.

Don't you wanna be free?
*Lyrics copyright 1975 Cayman/Brouha Music ASCAP Used by permission.

LETTERS TO BROADSIDE

Many Races Cultural Foundation

772 West End Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10025



Telephone: (212) 666-7729

REV. F. D. KIRKPATRICK, DIRECTOR
STARTED AT RESURRECTION CITY AND
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"Everybody's got a right to live!"

SOUTHERN ADDRESS
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Brother Gordon Friesen,
Dear Gordon, thanks for a nice tape of songs. The fellow is a good musician as well as a heck of a song writer. The Patty song, I like well and will sing it, like to record it with his, Sammy Walkers, permission. The Frank Wills song is going well every where I sing it the people just go wild over it. You all are still doing good work in getting songs that people would never hear if it was not for your efforts.

I have two albums come out this month for sesame street, Pete and I did them together. I put Mike Millius song, the Ballad of Dr. King on one of the albums. I am recording again in July and would like to record Patty, with the permission of the Brother from Georgia. Do you know how I can contact him? I also would like for him to sing at Hey Brother, if he is in town. We are now located at 107 W. 96th street. We have a real good program there. I want to buy a bundle of the back issues of Broadside for the people there. I think I could get my money back from the audience any way. Do you have a phone? I will look you up in the book and come over and pick up some broadsides one day soon. I must run now. Best of luck and keep putting out those good songs
With regard, Kirk

P.S. I just returned from a month tour of the nation. I traveled some twenty five thousand miles during the month of April. I started in Philadelphia and went the intire route of the east coast, then the mid-west, the far-west including LA, San Francisco, Claremont, Oakland and two other small towns. I met a lot of people in the mid-west that reads Broadside, infact I have some contacts for you that want the back issues. They went wild over the Patty Hearst song, which Sammy Walker wrote, in California and the mid-west. They loved it every where I went, but none of my songs ever tops Frank Wills, I could have sold many, many copies if I had it on disk. I agree that we should record it. Maybe we could start a little company, it is time for the people to comeup with some leadership in this field. I saw Wendy in Chicago, she helped me with my concert there.
Take care, Kirk

Dear Ms. Cunningham:

Have no fear -- topical songwriting is alive in the midwest! I read about you in Ms Magazine and thought I'd write and send a couple of songs. I'm 29, an ex-law student turned rabble rouser. I live here in South Bend and have known and sung with many a good songwriter. I have the permission of a couple of them to disseminate their songs should I see fit. I'm sending you "They Have The Energy" which I wrote for the founding convention of the Indiana Citizens' Energy Coalition, and a version of "That's Your Baby!" I think Pete Seeger wrote the original to this one- I heard it long ago from a friend and wrote up some verses with an "energy" slant for the C.E.C convention.

Anyway -- I also have one about Joann Little which I also want to send you. I wrote it during the trial and sent it around, (must be that was why she was acquitted!), but I didn't know you were around otherwise I would have sent you a copy.

Is it true you're considering suspending publication? DON'T QUIT NOW! If there is anything I can do for you (including come and help) for heaven's sake write and tell me so. In the meantime send me some subscription prices and back issue prices and a bill, which I'll pay promptly.

About five years ago, until three years ago, I had a heavy schedule of singing around, but it died a-borning with a multitude of troubles coming down on me. Trying to keep food on the table. Trying to keep an unsuccessful marriage alive. And perhaps you heard of the group "Common People" performing in Chicago and Gary and South Bend, Indiana. I was the bass and guitar. Damn good group -- politics and jealousy messed it up, but completely. Too sad.

But our kind of music is on the way back in (as if it was ever out!) and I'd sure like to do my part to make it flourish. Give these tunes the widest circulation. Put them in Broadside if you wish. Whatever happens -- I'm glad to have found you at last, and I hope you carry the good word from coast to coast. The people need you as never before.

All love, DAVID JAMES, Indiana

Dear Broadside:

I read the article about Broadside and Sis Cunningham in the March, 1974, issue of Ms. magazine. I can only say that Sis Cunningham and all of you at Broadside must be very fine people!..... R.J.M. - Wichita Falls

Dear Sis:

I saw your magazine advertized in Sing Out. Keep up the good work. I am a music supervisor in the Elgin Public Schools..... NEVA BUCKLEY - Illinois

Dear Sis: I still have not gotten thru all of the treasure of music in the back issues of Broadside. I feel so fortunate. Womankindly,
DOROTHY

PAID MY DUES
c/o Woman's Soul Publ.
PO Box 11646
Milwaukee, WI 53211

THEY HAVE THE ENERGY, WE HAVE THE POWER

by DAVID JAMES

Copyright 1975 DAVID JAMES

cho.
 They have the Energy, but we have the Power
 If we stand together and claim what is ours
 The strength in our numbers if we organize
 They have the energy but we have the power!

Come all ye good people and I'll tell you a tale
 One that you're sure to believe
 It's a ballad of "who's got the power"
 And "who's got the tricks up their sleeve."

Now the brokers on Wall Street who own companies
 They wail and they moan of an energy squeeze
 While all the commercials on my T.V.
 Say "We can live better Electrically."

Now the men in the powerful watchdog positions
 Are tools of the owners of the energy plants
 But we'll give them a jolt of their overpriced volts
 Right in the traitorous seat of their pants.

Our air is their sewer, our rivers they ruin
 To spend on pollution they always refuse
 It's time we clamp down on the "dont's" that they're doin
 It's time we took over their big IOU's.

They Subsidize business and swindle the poor
 And nobody knows what the answer can be
 But nationalization could even the score
 And Socialization sure sounds good to me.

Winter is coming, relief is in sight
 From all of their scheming for all of my "jack"
 They may turn off my heat, they may turn off my light
 But in Winter they'll not get the sweat off my back.

Letters - 2

Dear Loving People:

Thank you for BROADSIDE Magazine and for your BROADSIDE Records. I really need those things. I would buy all your records and publications if I only could.

SAMMY WALKER IS FANTASTIC. I hope he doesn't just disappear with no further trace of his music, as has happened to so many simply beautiful songwriter/musicians in this insane society. I can't tell you how much music like Sammy Walker's means to me.

I'm sitting here in the middle of my life wanting so bad it hurts to make music of my life. How in God's name do I accomplish this? How do I do this? How did you do it? How does Sammy Walker do it? My great dream is to wander around the country making music and recording all the unknown beautiful music in the world. Just digging the highways and going down the by-was and finding the music nobody has heard except the man or woman or child who created it. That would finally make my life real to me. Is this an impossible dream, or an unreasonable one? I need to do this more than anyone knows. I know deep in my heart that that music is out there somewhere I can't tell you why I know this, only that I do know it. Is there some way I perhaps can work with you, do this search for you. I know there are many truly fine songwriters and musicians with very important things to say who would have vanished into oblivion without trace if you had not put them into BROADSIDE and if you and Moses Asch of FOLKWAYS had not recorded them.

Is there someone else who would work with me? I've got to carry out my dream somehow. I have tapes also of some of my own songs. I'm sure you would listen to them, as you must have listened to the tapes of hundreds, more likely thousands, of unknowns. I'm not asking because I want to be famous and wealthy -- BROADSIDE Records don't make you rich (Ed.Note: How could you guess!)

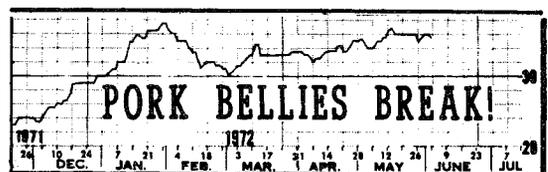
I'm satisfied to be poor, maybe a little crazy, but happy and a music maker. I want to live the "romance" of always being in touch with my real self and my music and with the valid world where raw souls are telling us the basic truth of human life through their deep probing musicianship cutting through all the massive layers of falsities and hypocrisies that are burying us.

Please believe me when I say this is not a hype. I sincerely hope you believe me and understand me. It is impossible for me to be insincere after I have made this one, hard, painful retreat over barren, rocky ground from my original dreams.

I don't know what else I can say. Tell Sammy Walker for me that he is beautiful and bound for glory. Tell him also that I'd like to play with him sometime. If you can, let me know some way I can get involved in doing the same things you are doing. In any case, be good to yourselves and keep on keepin' on until the end of time.

Yours with my travelling hat on,

GREG LINDEN, Montana



To The Noway Poor

©1974 Words by Ethel Irene Moore
Music by Pottie Giffel/son

Do you re-call the De-pression? It ne-ver stopped for we
 Poor, We sang a lit-tle verse back then That will
 help you to-day, we are sure! Oh, Use it all
 up, and wear it all out, Just make it do, or
 damn, do with-out! Use it all up and wear it all out,
 Just make it do, or damn, do with-out!

2. You can use dog food for meat loaf,
 Eat oatmeal three times a day,
 Scrounge around for cigarette butts,
 While you stiffen your lips and you say: (Chorus)
3. You can wear stuff found in garbage cans,
 Shove cardboard into your shoes,
 Steal toilet paper from public johns,
 While you sing this instead of the Blues: (chorus)
4. Ho, we're so used to indignity,
 Comes trouble, we sure can meet it,
 If we appeal to our Government,
 We know that we'll have to eat (sh)it! (Chorus)

Up Your Bootstraps ©1974

Words by Ethel Irene Moore
Music by Dottie Gittelsohn

Am G F E7 Am G

I pulled so hard on my boot- straps, I got a dis-a- bling dis-

Am G F E7 Am E7

ease, They told me I'd make it by working hard, but I hardened my art-e-

Am G F E7 Am G

ries, They said, put my shoulder to the wheel, In A- meri- ca, we are all

Am G F E7 Am E7

free, To be- come as rich as the lowest heel, But my shouldering got me T.

Am G Am

B. They said Amer- i- ca, land of the free, was where you could pick up

E7 Am G B7

gold, So I kept on pulling my 'boot- straps 'til I got pre- ma- turely

E7 Am G F E7 Am G

old! They 1. Told me to work and study and sweat, And I'd get to the top of the
2. Nothing left of my boot- straps, I've got no strength for

Am F E7 Am E7

1. ladder, So I sac-ri- ficed food and sleep and yet, I got a dis- func- tioning
2. pulling, In- stead of sac-ri- fice, strain and sweat, I should have majored in

Am G F E7 Am G

1. bladder, They said oppor- tuni- ty lay at my feet, to be- come a mil- lion-
2. bulling! And now I live in pov- er- ty, can't work or do as I

Am E7 F E7

1. aine, But I didn't know how to steal or cheat now my
2. please, I pulled so hard on my boot- straps, I

Am E7 F Am

1. ul- cers are bleeding for fair. There's
2. got a dis- a- bling dis- ease!

The Villager

GREENWICH VILLAGE,
New York

woody's children's children

By DAVID BOOKBINDER

Pete Seeger, I'm told, used to call the folk singers of the '60s "Woody's children." They were the singer/songwriters like Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Patrick Sky, Tom Paxton and Joan Baez who brought to the era, in their own ways, what Seeger and Woody Guthrie had created in their time. The new breed sang songs written in the folk idiom but with immediate relevance. As Sis Cunningham, who with her husband Gordon Friesen founded the topical-song magazine *Broadside* in '62, recalls, "We had plenty of songs to print in *Broadside* and plenty of political issues to deal with: the Viet Nam War, organizing the organized, civil rights, welfare rights, women's rights, and — perhaps basically — human rights (*Ms. Magazine*, March 1974)."

Though our times are different, most of those problems are still with us, and there is a whole crop of new injustices to protest.

phil ochs

At about 10 p.m. on Thursday, July 31, Phil Ochs mounted the stage at Folk City and told the crowd that night would be his farewell performance. He explained that he plans to stop performing for about a year. His announcement, though surprising to hear, was not completely unexpected. And it was not the first surprise of the evening.

A half-hour earlier, Ochs brought out, for the second half of his debut performance in New York, a 23-year-old singer and songwriter from Georgia, Sammy Walker. Ochs introduced him as "the best guy in the '70s, even though he's young and shy," and the audience seemed to agree with him. Walker, after playing a few songs from his just-released album, "Song for Patty," was enthusiastically applauded.

Ochs seemed that night to be handing over to a younger man the fire brand of protest he inherited from the songwriters of Woody Guthrie's generation. That he chose to do so at Folk City, where he had gotten his own start in the fall of '62, supports this contention. And that combination — Phil Ochs' last performances and Sammy Walker's debut — is just one of a staggering number of tie-ins between three generations of folk singers whose common efforts came to a head that evening.

The persons around whom the main connections revolve are: Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen, Gil Turner, Mike Porco, Bob Fass, and Moe Asch.

Sis and Gordon, coming out of a background of organizing against injustice (Sis as an organizer for the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and Gordon as the spearhead of a Oklahoma committee organized for the defense of people arrested during "a wave of fascist reaction to union organizing"), founded *Broadside*, a magazine in which the songs of the young singers of the '60s could get published. *Broadside* #1, six mimeographed pages including "Talking John Birch," the first Bob Dylan song ever published, came out in February, 1962, and *Broadside* has been a home, sometimes literally, for topical songwriters ever since. (Sis was also, with Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Bess Lomax, Millard Lampell, Lee Hays Arthur Stein, and Baldwin and Peter Hawes, one of the core members of the Almanac singers.)

Gil Turner was MC at Mike Porco's Folk City, the traditional first place young songwriters would go to when they drifted into New York. They'd play at Folk City's hootenanny, and then Turner would bring some up to

Broadside to meet Sis and Gordon.

Moe Asch, son of the Jewish writer Sholem Asch, founded both Asch Recordings, which recorded Woody Guthrie and the folk singers of his period, and Folkways.

Bob Fass' Radio Unnameable, a free-form radio program on WBAI which runs from midnight to 5 a.m. was, among other things, one of the first places Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant" was heard. Fass' program also provided the first radio exposure for singers including Phil Ochs and Tom Paxton.

Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger and Bob Dylan are presiding influences. Phil Ochs is the catalyst and Sammy Walker, in his music, in his thinking and in his movement from Georgia to New York City, is the cutting edge — the person about whom these people felt strongly enough to pull together the strands of a movement that had lost touch with itself, that until a few weeks ago seemed buried with the '60s.

sammy walker

Folk music wasn't being played on the radio down South when Sammy was a kid. If you were to learn about it at all, you had to learn about it on your own. Sammy's first contact with topical folk songs "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" by Pete Seeger. Woody Guthrie's "Dust Bowl Ballads" came next, rapidly followed by, as Sammy puts it, "just about all of Woody's records I could find every time I got some extra money."

He feels he missed out on the folk revival, being born 10 years too late. So for the next four or five years he engulfed himself in protest songs and their history, listening to Dylan, Ochs, all the people who'd been a big part of the folk music revival in the '60s, digging back to the '30's and the

'40s, to the Almanac Singers and the Weavers. "It's just an endless thing," he says. "You trace it back, just pickin' up all you can from it . . . I'd say the biggest influences on the songs I write were those early Dylan records and Woody's records and some of Pete Seeger's and Phil Ochs' early records." And it was the meaning of the songs that struck him. "It didn't make a damn whether they were missin' a chord or somethin'. You didn't care about that. What they were sayin' was important."

Sammy started performing while still in high school, and he began to write songs after he graduated. He worked menial

jobs while he performed around Atlanta for five years before deciding to come to New York. He felt, if he was "to make any half-way decent livin' or get recognized half-way," he'd have to move north, to New York. "For a folksinger, the opportunities are not there, in Atlanta or anywhere around the South," he says.

He found out about Broadside when he came across the first Broadside/Folkways LP in Atlanta's public library. "It had Phil and Bob Dylan (under the name of Blind Boy Grunt), it had Gil Turner, Peter LaFarge, Pete Seeger. All the ones whose songs had been in the first issues of Broadside. From there, I came to the conclusion Broadside was a magazine, some way or another (laughs)."

"I'd been writing songs for quite a while, but I didn't really think my songs were good enough to send to Broadside or anywhere like that, so I never bothered doin' it. Last fall, I just said, 'Why not?' so I made up a little tape of three songs and sent it out."

Gordon sent dubs of the tape to recording companies and received favorable comments but no offers. Sammy sent Broadside more songs, and Gordon sent a larger tape to Bob Fass. "Fass," says Gordon, "started playing the tapes. He played 'em nightly for weeks, and he got a lot of response."

During that time, someone had gotten a tape of Sammy's from Fass and had played it for Phil Ochs, who told Fass he'd like to get in touch with Sammy.

Sammy called Ochs and made a date for the next day at Sis and Gordon's. They spent the day together, Sis, Sammy and Ochs playing each other's songs, "and Phil," says Sammy, "decided he'd try to get me a record for Moe Asch. By the next morning, Phil already had the deal set up. By the weekend, the record was complete."

In the four or five days between the arrangement to cut the album and its recording, Phil Ochs had scheduled his farewell performances at Folk City, with Sammy Walker as one of the opening acts. Sis recalls, "Even though we had praised Sammy, that didn't make much difference with Moe. Phil Ochs went there and in one afternoon got \$1000 to produce the record. He opened the door." And Sammy walked through, to his first album and to a Wednesday-to-Sunday gig at Folk City during the second week of August.



Letters - 3

Dear Sis & All At Broadside:

WHAT A BONANZA! The \$30 I spent for the first 12 years of Broadside is one of the most important and rewarding purchases I've made in a long time! I must admit to a bit of "smugness" in that I look upon my Broadside issues as collectors' items - unmatched for their authentic portrayal of events, personalities and music of the 1960's. Speaking of collectibles, I'm enclosing my check in the amount of \$11 for Broaside LP's, Volumes 1 & 6. I hope eventually (SOON) to get all of the LP's, but definitely want these now. If my info is correct, Vols. 1 & 6 contain Blind Boy Grunt (Dylan), Paxton & Ochs. Hope to hear from you at your earliest convenience. Sincerely,

RALPH J. McGUIRE - TEXAS

Dear Sis & Gordon:

I'm so happy I could die. I was just sitting at my kitchen table saying how dull things have become when I saw the absolutely beautiful story of what the two of you have done.

Oh god, I said, they're letting the world know. And you're telling all the people what must be done and what a job it's going to be. What a job!

SUE ORESKES - N.Y.C.

Dear Gordon & Sis:

Many many thanks for Malvina Reynold's song. How great of you to tell me about it and for her to send it. Your two recent issues are up to Top Par - they got a nice mention in the latest SING OUT. I love them for it. Much love,

HELEN - New Hampshire

Dear Broadside:

Thank you for sending me issues numbers 126 & 127. I now have a complete set of Broadside. Keep up your good work.

JIM CAPALDI - Philadelphia

Gentle People:

Enclosed is a check for \$30 for a complete set of Broadsides numbers 1-128. They are to be a special Christmas gift for a very special person. All success with Broadside. I hope it sticks around for a long long time. Thank you and good vibes.
D.G.SULLIVAN - Denver

Dear Sis & Gordon:

I just realized that my last issue of Broadside was #122. Frankly, money has been very scarce out my way but there is some available now. I would like the rest of the issues I've missed. I'm enclosing \$10 - hope the little extra will help out. I have all the issues now from #1 through #122 and I would hate sure hate to miss any. They are very important to me and to my 25-year-old daughter - thanks immensely. VIRGINIA BACAK

- Pontiac, Michigan



Dear Sis:

Just came back upstairs from looking at and listing the wonderful box of books you sent. Our library is so new, and my own collection so slanted to western, cowboy and miscellaneous folk song collections that there doesn't seem to be one single solitary duplicate - and your books so round it out - giving us starts at least in important directions that I'm so pleased I just sit here grinning. I personally thank you deeply - you must feel the energy right through this scrap of paper - and will try to express the Club's thanks in the next folknik. We want to mention titles of the books you sent and also tell folks that you still have back issues of Broadside - the full set.

Thank you again for choosing us as the proper repository for books-that-want-to-be-used, and someday I'm sure we really will meet. Best until then (and after that too, of course). FAITH

(Ed. Note: Faith, you're making us blush. Faith Petric is the live-wire uno numero of that live-wire San Francisco Folk Music Club, 885 Clayton, S.F. CA 94117. Folknik is their newsletter.)



BROADSIDE #128

E D I T O R I A L

WE HAVE ALWAYS FELT UNEASY AROUND THOSE FOLKSINGERS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS, MANAGERS, ETC, WHO PROFIT AND SOMETIMES MAKE FORTUNES OFF THE SONG CREATIONS OF THE LONG DEAD. THEY ARE GHOULS WHO STINK FROM THE STENCH OF GRAVEROBBER. IN THIS VEIN, WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW ANY DECENT HUMAN BEING WOULD WANT TO PROFIT FROM WOODY GUTHRIE'S SONG THE LUDLOW MASSACRE. HERE THE GUNTHUGS OF NELSON A (FOR ATTICA) ROCKEFELLER'S FATHER SLAUGHTERED STRIKING MINERS, THEIR PREGNANT WIVES AND 13 LITTLE CHILDREN. TO MAKE PROFITS FROM SUCH A SONG IS LIKE SELLING THE CADAVERS OF THESE PITIFUL DEAD.

Notes: Shooting of a film based on the life of Woody Guthrie is scheduled to begin in California. The flick is to follow Woody's book BOUND FOR GLORY and carry his life up to the end of the book. We understand Kung Fu has been chosen to play the role of the hero..... Meanwhile, a film on the life of Huddie Ledbetter has been completed. PLAYBOY says it may be the "sleeper" of the year..... Mark Cohen who wrote the song "No Regrets" and the article "Like Ants Without Antennae" in this issue, is 28; he was born in New York City. After 4 years in Buffalo he came back to New York to teach and play in a band. While holding down various jobs he is continuing to play his music and write his songs..... PAGING PETE SEEGER: Now that the Hudson River has been prettied up somewhat through strenuous campaigns by the Sloop CLEARWATER, it has been discovered that G.E. has so polluted the river with a poison called PCB that it may never be purified. All the fish are so saturated with this poison that eating them can cause liver damage, cancer and gross reproductive failures. Among the minor illnesses it causes are nausea, dizziness, eye inflammation, nasal irritation, asthmatic bronchitis and fungus. In spite of violent howls of protest, joined in by Pete Seeger, G.E. continues daily to pour PCB into the Hudson from its two plants near Albany..... Tuli Kupferberg's songs in this issue are from his new book LISTEN TO THE MOCKINGBIRD: Satiric Songs To Tunes You Know. You can get the book by sending \$1.50 to TIMES CHANGE PRESS, Penwell Road, Washington N.J. 07882.

DEATH KEEPS CALLING: Ralph J. Gleason, 58, died of a heart attack in a Berkeley, California, hospital June 3, 1975. Ralph was one of Broadside's staunchest friends almost from the beginning. He supported us in every way. Many of the articles he did for various publications were expansions of material he found in Broadside. Broadside doesn't have all that many friends that we could afford to lose one like Ralph..... Folklorist Ben Botkin has died at his home in Croton-On-Hudson. He published FOLKSAY while on the faculty at the Univ. of Oklahoma; in it he printed the first stories of the late Bill Cunningham, brother of Broadside co-editor Agnes Cunningham..... Betty Sanders, a guitarist and folksinger who was a leading member of Peoples' Artists back in the late 40's, has died here in New York at the age of 53..... Tim Buckley has died in L.A.; the county coroner ruled Tim's death was due to a massive heroin/morphine overdose coupled with alcohol.... Walker Evans, the artist with a camera, noted for his bleak pictures of American misery during the depression, has died in Connecticut. He was 71 years old. Mainly in black-and-white and without gimmickry, Mr. Evan's photographs were of sharecroppers, automobile graveyards, ragged hungry children, western ghost towns, broken down tenement beds, faded signs over dirty factory windows. Photography, he insisted, was the art of seeing unblinkingly; he focused his camera straight on the assorted malevolence and abortive promises of American life. Some of his most famous photographs appear in James Agee's LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN; here he shows us the sick impoverished sharecroppers of the South and the degradation in which they lived. He produced hundreds of other pictures of rural American poverty, mainly for the New Deal's Farm Security Administration.

ESP-DISK'

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Gordon and Sis,

Hi ~

Beautiful meeting you people, felt
I met you in a past life in the
old west! See you Pronto,

Spencer

Thank you for the magazines -
I treasure them dearly ~ like
a beautiful horse.

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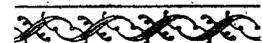
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IT HAS BEEN REPORTED THAT BOB DYLAN IS WORKING ON A LONG SONG URGING FREEDOM FOR HURRICANE CARTER, THE BLACK PRIZE FIGHTER UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED IN NEW JERSEY (THE TWO CHIEF WITNESSES AGAINST HIM HAVE ADMITTED THEY LIED). BROADSIDE HAS FOR LONG YEARS CRITICIZED TOPICAL SONGWRITERS FOR WAITING UNTIL SOMEONE IS ASSASSINATED, MURDERED OR LYNCHED BEFORE WRITING A SONG ABOUT THE VICTIM -- EXAMPLES, DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, PRESIDENT KENNEDY, SENATOR BOB KENNEDY, MEGGAR EVERS, HATTIE CARROLL, ELLA MAY WIGGINS, HARRY SIMMS, MALCOLM X, GEORGE JACKSON, EMMETT TILL, VICTOR JARA, GOODMAN CHANEY AND SCHWERNER AND COUNTLESS OTHERS GONE. MANY OF OUR READERS WERE CRITICAL OF BOB DYLAN FOR WAITING TO WRITE THE GEORGE JACKSON SONG UNTIL AFTER HE WAS SLAIN; GEORGE TOLD THE WORLD A YEAR AND A HALF BEFORE HE WAS KILLED THAT HE WAS A TARGET FOR MURDER. IF DYLAN "REALLY LOVED" GEORGE JACKSON, THESE WRITERS ASKED, WHY DID NOT DYLAN USE HIS INFLUENCE AND PRESTIGE TO TRY AND SAVE GEORGE BEFORE HE WAS SHOT DOWN? SO IT IS A VERY WELCOME DEVELOPMENT TO SEE A SONGWRITER, IN THIS CASE BOB DYLAN, HELP SAVE HURRICANE CARTER BEFORE HE, TOO, IS MURDERED AND THEY HAVE "LAID HIM IN THE GROUND." WE HOPE MANY MORE JOIN BOB IN THIS EXAMPLE.