



NUKES: danger

The FBI ruined
Jean Seberg

**P H I L
L I V E S**

**Steve Forbert
Plays To Win**

**Joan Baez's 'Cruel
and Wanton Act'**

No Nukes in the Garden

**Feds shut down A-plant
after uranium vanishes**

DEDICATED TO
TULI KUPFERBERG



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N

Many Dylan freaks have gone to cast their orbs on Bob's \$1,000,000 curiosity. They say it resembles nothing so much as an abandoned railroad station. Since there are no tracks leading to the Dylan depot, the Jesus freaks have to get their LP's at local record shops.

NOTES & COMMENT. A friend has suggested we add to the above: "SLOW TRAIN has sold many a thousand. It will sell a-many more thousand, etc." This is a dubious conclusion, since the business sections of our newspapers are filled with the financial beating the record companies are taking. Millions of unsold records are being returned. Hardest hit is Columbia Records who put out the Dylan discs..... JULIUS LESTER seems to need some real help. He wrote an article in the Village Voice which was reprinted by some reactionary outfit as an advertisement. In it he calls the Blacks of America "good Germans" because they do not support Israelite atrocities against Palestinian refugees in Lebanon. Nowhere does he object to Israel's use of American-provided war planes to shower napalm and anti-personnel bombs indiscriminately upon the men, women and children in the Palestinian camps (the napalm and fragmentation bombs, which are designed to be used against civilians, were also provided by the US Military). How can Lester label as "good Germans" the SCLC and by inference Rev. Jesse Jackson and other American Blacks who denounce these Nazi-like atrocities? With his background as a fighter for Black civil rights in America, we feel that Julius Lester should also join hands with Yasir Arafat in singing "We Shall Overcome."

There's a SLOW TRAIN COMING.
I wonder what it's carrying.
A second-hand Jesus or the
ten thousandth anti-Christ.

"I see a SLOW TRAIN
COMING
I see a SLOW TRAIN
COMING
I see a SLOW TRAIN
COMING

Get on board, chillun,
get on board.

It has carried many a
thousand

It has carried many a
thousand

It has carried many a
thousand

Get on board,
get on board.

It will carry many more
thousand

It will carry many more
thousand

It will carry many more
thousand

Get on board,
get on board.

This train is bound for
glory

This train is bound for
glory

This train is bound for
glory

Get on board,
get on board.

You must buy many a
record

You must buy many a
record

You must buy many a
record

Get in line, get in line"

come on, Julius

“come on

board,

come on board”



FREE PALESTINE NOW

By RUTHIE GORTON
Copyright © 1978 Ruthie Gorton

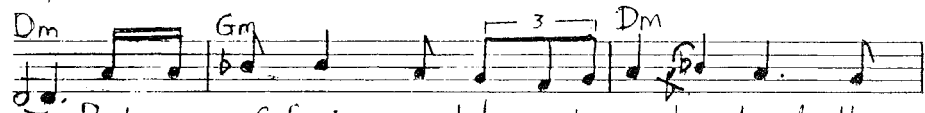
Introduction to FREE PALESTINE NOW



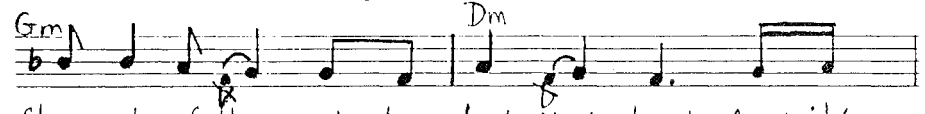
Four thousand years of per-se-cu-tion. That's our his-to-



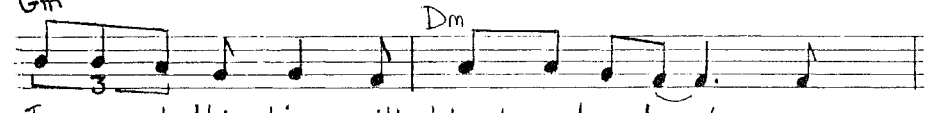
ry, Op-pres-sion al-ways breeds rev-o-lu-tion. That's no mys-te-



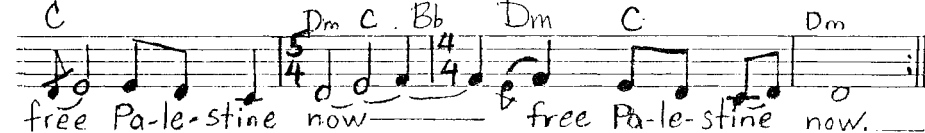
ry. But our suf-fering can help us to un-der-stand the



strug-gle of those who have lost their land, And it's



Is-ra-el this time with blood on her hands, so



free Pa-le-stine now free Pa-le-stine now.

It is one of history's most bitter lessons that the oppressed can become the oppressor. The past sufferings of a people can never be used to justify the persecution of another people. We must be able to draw the necessary lessons from our own history which will ensure our continued resistance to oppression and injustice.

As a Jew and a U.S. citizen, I feel a special responsibility to speak out against the atrocities being committed in my name and to state clearly what is in the hearts of so many others who have not yet found the courage or the means to make their voices heard. We must expose the twin lies that to oppose Zionism is to be anti-Semitic and that Zionism is in the best interests of the Jewish people. Zionism is our enemy too, for we know that the survival of all working people depends on our unity against anti-Semitism (against Jews or Arabs), Zionism and imperialism.

-- R.G.

Billy Carter Is Quoted On 'Zionist Campaign'

KUWAIT, Sept. 14 (AP)—Billy Carter was quoted today as having said that he would continue to support the Arab cause despite what he called a Zionist campaign against him.

"I am determined not to surrender to any threats and will not back down whatever the cost may be, because I believe in the justice of the Arab cause and receive support for my views from an increasing number of Americans," the President's brother was quoted as having said in an interview published simultaneously today in the magazines Al Nahdha and Al Yaqza.

2.
You're betraying the dreams of the brave ones who died
Is it for this we've journeyed so far,
How can you be so blinded by your arrogant pride
How can you forget who we are?
The pogroms and the ghettos may have changed their names
But fascists and Zionists sure act the same,
Don't let them use us for pawns in their game,
But free Palestine now, free Palestine now.

3.
Brothers and sisters, I'm singing to you
I'll try to be simple and clear
To fight against injustice is to be a Jew
So let the cry for freedom reach your ear;
Our history can teach us if we will learn
It's to others who are struggling that we must turn
Only our unity will let the lamp of freedom burn
And free Palestine now, free Palestine now,
free Palestine now.

Black Group Invites Arafat to U.S. And All Sing 'We Shall Overcome'



Yasir Arafat, leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization, embracing Elaine Tomkins of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference yesterday at P.L.O. headquarters in Beirut, Lebanon.

The American delegation's meeting with Mr. Arafat opened with the P.L.O. leader embracing and kissing his visitors, and it ended with all singing the civil rights anthem "We Shall Overcome." The delegation began its tour of Lebanon on Monday, visiting refugee camps and southern villages scarred by shelling and bombing. The delegation members took notes and collected fragments of American-made shells used by Israeli forces and their Lebanese Christian allies.

Joan Baez's 'Cruel and Wanton Act'

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NEW YORK POST,
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1979

Boat people

EVERYONE now weeps for the boat people. But did anyone speak up when Nixon and Kissinger were as ruthless as Hitler when they bombed Cambodia several years back?

THOMAS HAYES
Brooklyn

Progressive Attorney William Kuntzler accurately describes Joan Baez' recent petition attack on Vietnam as a cruel and wanton act. It comes after China's invasion of Vietnam during which the hospitals and schools overlooked by the bombs of the Pentagon's B-52's were destroyed. Although her propaganda was based on unsubstantiated rumors Baez managed to trick a few poor misguided fools into signing her stupid petition.

Others -- like Jane Fonda for instance -- were too smart to be sucked in. If Baez had a stronger grip on reality and wanted to strike a real blow for humanity in Indochina she would circulate a petition demanding that Washington carry out its promise to provide Vietnam with the two billion dollars to help repair the incalculable war damages inflicted on that region by the US military (this promise was included in the pact for which Dr. Henry Kissinger received the Nobel Peace Prize; he accepted it with great breast-beating). It is too early in history to forget the utter devastation visited on North and South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia by all the war technology at the command of the Pentagon. Between one and two million Indochinese men, women and children were slaughtered. The repeated bombing left the terrain resembling the cratered landscape of the moon. Agent Orange left hundreds of square miles so defoliated nothing would grow and deformed the unborn. Hospitals in Hanoi were bombed into rubble as fast as they could be rebuilt. Cambodia is of special interest to Baez; Americans planes cascaded more bombs on Cambodia alone than the US used in all of World War II. Cambodia was once described as a wonderful beautiful and peaceful country. That was before the American bombers came and the CIA began manipulating its governments leading finally to the infamous Pol Pot regime and a barren land of death, starvation and unimaginable misery (while Baez is licking stamps and spending \$33,000 advertising her insulting petition Vietnam heroes are putting their lives on the line aiding the progressive forces of Cambodia in their efforts to restore human rights to that land). If Baez really wants to go into the petition business let her circulate one insisting that the surviving war criminals responsible for the horror in Indochina be brought to justice before a Nuremberg-type war crimes tribunal having the power to hand down death sentences. We propose that the list of those to be indicted should be led by Richard Nixon, Henry Kissinger, and CIA Wm. Colby who still boasts that in his Operation Phoenix he succeeded in assassinating 20,000 Vietnamese.

Finally, why doesn't Baez come closer to home? There's plenty for her to do here. If she is really interested in boat people, why not take up the case of those from Haiti who struggle to reach Florida and then are unceremoniously dumped by the US government back into their country to be imprisoned, killed or -- if they are lucky -- left to starve. And what about the Mexicans who come into the land they once owned, are arrested, beaten and dumped back across the border.

(Kuntzler indicates that Baez is playing a divisive role just when the progressive forces active in the civil rights and anti-Vietnam War struggles are coming together around the anti-nuclear issue. It remains whether Baez is doing this deliberately or out of ignorance. My wife's father had an old saying: "They shit on you and then kick you for stinking." Baez definitely has become a "kicker.")

-- G.F.

protest comes of age

It was only a short time ago that protest music in the US was almost universally scorned and denigrated. Only a small but faithful number of performers appeared at civil rights and anti-Vietnam War rallies. You could virtually name them on one hand -- Peter Paul & Mary, Pete Seeger, Joan Baez, the late Phil Ochs. It was a cliché of the bulk of musicians to sneer "If I have a message I'll send it by Western Union" (as if this statement itself was not an obvious message).

Nowadays there's hardly a stage large enough to accommodate the musicians aligning themselves with the massive protest against nuclear power. Three Madison Square Garden concerts September 19, 20 & 21, presented by Muse (Musicians United for Safe Energy Inc.), were completely sold out. Among the artists participating were such names as Jackson Browne, Ry Cooder, Chaka Kahn, Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band, Sweet Honey & The Rock, Jesse Colin Young, the Doobie Brothers, John Hall, Carly Simon, Bonnie Raitt, Graham Nash, Holly Near, James Taylor, Joy Ryder and Avis Davis (who've recorded their fabulous punk rock single "No More Nukes" which they performed). \$750,000 was realized, which is to be distributed to anti-nuke contingents all over this land.

The three concerts were followed on Sunday by a giant rally at Battery Park on the southern tip of Manhattan. Performances were interspersed with speeches by such anti-nuke crusaders as Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden. Some 200,000 attended, by far the largest rally of this kind ever.



IT'S A MELTDOWN

By RICHARD SHULBERG

(Tune: "That's Amore")

Intro: In Harrisburg in early spring,
When boy meets girl here's what they sing:

When the core heat is high and you can't see the sky
It's a meltdown
When you walk down the street and you can't stand the heat
It's a meltdown
Bells will ring ting-a-ling as the gamma rays sing
In a countdown
Birds will fry in the sky as they plummet and die
To the scorched ground.
When you're losing your hair in the ionized air
It's a meltdown
But it's safe there you know cause the NRC says
That it's so,
Folks will flee one two three from the burning debris
As it floats down,
But it may be too late for us all to escape
From a meltdown.
When you're caught in the haze of a nuclear blaze
It's a meltdown,
Turning night into day in the glowing display
Of a meltdown,
Folks will flee one two three from the burning debris
As it floats down,
When the atoms get mad it will make us all sad
It's a meltdown.
When you read by the light of your body at night
It's a meltdown,
When you can't stand the taste of the nuclear waste
From above,
And no humans dare go down where nothing will grow
For a long time,
But it may be too late for us all to escape
From a meltdown (From a meltdown) From a meltdown.

Words © 1979 Richard Shulberg

Sung by CITIZEN KAFKA SINGERS on a 45 rpm stereo single (#45003) - BEET RECORDS, GPO Box 2026, NYC 10001. \$2 ea. plus 50¢ postage & handling (1st class mail).

GOIN' DOWN TO LAUREL

Words and Music
By STEVE FORBERT
Copyright © 1976
By ROLLING TIDE MUSIC

Ev'rybody here seems to like to laugh.
Look at Johnny jivin' 'cross the floor.
He can play the fool an' make a few mistakes,
but all the same he'll never be a bore.
I'm glad to be so young, talkin' with my tongue,
Glad to be so careless in my way.
Glad to take a chance an' play against the odds.
Glad to be so crazy in my day.

Well, I'm goin' down to Laurel.
It's a dirty, stinkin' town,
but me I know exactly what I'm gone to find...
Little girl I'm gone to see,
she's a fool for lovin' me,
but she's in love an' love's a funny state of mind.

What was that you said when you had a tear
rollin' down your cheek the other night?
I couldn't catch it all. Was somethin' goin' wrong?
I hope you got it straightened out allright.
Ev'rything's so loud an' ev'rything's so fast.
I hear your brother married once again.
Baby, best of luck an' all an' try to have some fun.
They tell me this great life can always end.

I'm smilin' from a car. I'm goin' for a drive.
Feel a whistle-blowin' breeze gone flyin' by.
Mirrors on the moon echo in the sun.
See just a touch of madness in my eye.
Please don't mention rain. Please don't talk of trains.
Please don't mention buildings burning down.
Ev'rybody here seems to like to laugh.
Either step in time or just don't hang aroun'.

(Ed. Note: Steve has made some changes/additions to his THE OIL SONG. The first six verses remain as they appear on the cover of BROADSIDE 135, except that the chorus begins each time with the word "Just..."). The concluding four verses now read:

"One of these ships was the Olympic Games,
The Argo Merchant was the other one's name,
Well, it's sad, but it's true,
things got worse for the seas,
I aint even mentioned the Amoco Cadiz....

Amoco Cadiz between England & France
The big supertanker out takin' a chance
With its one hundred thousand black tons
of the slime
Amoco Cadiz spilt the most of all time. (Cho: An'..etc.)

Now down in the Gulf east of Mexico way,
There's something gone wrong so the papers all say,
A Mexican oil well is leaking its goo,
They say it's the worst things have ever come to.

It's gallons of sludge, sixty million and more,
It's cruisin' and oozin' towards many a shore,
Yes, things have got bad, but they'll prob'ably
get worse,
If you can't drink the oil you might
die of thirst! (Cho: 'Cuz, it's oil...Etc.)"

By STEVE FORBERT. © 1979 by ROLLING TIDE MUSIC
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(Ed. Note 2: Steve didn't manage to get the OIL SONG onto his first L-P album, "Alive On Arrival". But he hopes to get it recorded next time. However, GOIN' DOWN TO LAUREL and TONIGHT I FEEL SO FAR AWAY FROM HOME (B'Side #140) plus GRAND CENTRAL STATION (B'Side #139 are on "Alive On Arrival".)



VOICE DECEMBER 25, 1978

By Tom Carson

Steve Forbert, a 23-year-old folkie out of Mississippi, has acquired a fair-sized following and quite a bit of insiders' advance hype over the past couple of years in New York, but when I saw him recently, he was off his adopted turf, opening for Tom Rush in a collegey club in Bryn Mawr. Alone on stage, without the band that backs him on his new album, *Alive on Arrival*, he looked younger than most of his audience: a scrawny kid, overloaded by his acoustic guitar and the harmonica brace around his neck. His face screwed up tight, eyes squeezed shut when he sang, one foot insistently pounding out a metronomic beat, he was as awkwardly intense as a high-school sophomore auditioning for the talent show.

The image is half Memphis rockabilly, half Folk City circa 1962. It's a costume part that goes all the way back to Balzac—the young kid determined to make it to the big time. But Forbert seems perfectly aware of that. His youthful drive isn't faked, but he lays it out for his audience with the cunning of a born entertainer. His songs are cast in a familiar, vulnerable-yet-hard-bitten mold, and they don't hold any musical surprises. What makes them sound fresh is the self-conscious assertiveness and spunk Forbert brings to his own role. He gains our confidence by being willing, even eager, to present himself in such stereotyped trappings.

Forbert glories in the challenge of it all, and also in the artifice of the challenge. From *Alive on Arrival's* opening declaration—"I'm glad to be so young/And play against the odds/Glad to be so crazy in my day"—to its closing track, the free-wheeling "You Cannot Win If You Do Not Play," he never lets you lose sight of the image of himself as a contender who's coming into the arena and determined to make his mark, or at least a good impression. His lyrics are packed tight, as if he's trying to cram as much as he can think of into every line; his cracked, hoarse voice sounds like it's straining to be bigger than his chest, injecting drama wherever he can find room for it, and even where he can't.

NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1978

P EOPLE who like to be in at the beginning of things must have enjoyed themselves at the Other End Wednesday night, when Steve Forbert played the first two sets of a two-night run. Not that Mr. Forbert is entirely unknown here. But he has just put out his first record, which seems to be doing very nicely. And never before was his obvious potential for stardom more apparent. Mr. Forbert is 23 years old and came to New York from Meridian, Miss., in 1976. He was immediately labeled "a folk musician," because most people who work alone with a guitar and a harmonica are so named. But actually Mr. Forbert had come here first to work with a rock band, and did most of his early "folk singing" in that den of punk rock, CBGB's.

He eventually gravitated to more appropriate haunts, such as Kenny's Castaways and Folk City. But even there his solo performances suggested a wider range than the pious intimacies of folk. Mr. Forbert's early performances were marked by a restless vitality to his songs, his raspy, intensely personal tenor and phrasing (teasing little hesitations being his trademark) and a rocker's confidence and stance.



Nicholas Ray

Nicholas Ray has died of cancer at the age of 66. Ray was music director of the Almanac Singers in the old days and often came around Almanac House. During World War II he worked for the Office of War Information. After the war he went to Hollywood to become a film director. He made about a dozen films, most of them trash, including a couple of junky westerns -- "Run For Cover" and "Johnny Guitar." Ray did make one classic-- "The Savage Innocents", the inspiration for Bob Dylan's MI-GHTY QUINN. His "Rebel Without A Cause", filmed in the middle 50's, despite its phony ending, was the first recognition that American youth was rejecting the banal, empty life style of its middle-class parents. "Rebel's" protagonist, James Dean -- who died in a car crash before the film could be released-- became a cult hero. Early in the 60's Ray dropped from sight. The reason has never been clear, although he is quoted as say he refused to be a "whore" for Hollywood any longer. The years leading to his death were a barren, painful wasteland. He let his health and possessions slip away, losing an eye and his teeth and everything he owned. He got a job at Harpur College in Binghamton, New York, and tried endlessly to put together deeply personal and involuted avant garde film. According to the N.Y. VILLAGE VOICE one of his girl students prostituted herself and gave Ray the \$75 she earned. Ray accepted it while knowing where it came from. A young girl attending Harpur who visited BROADSIDE around that time told us a number of his girl students were helping Ray finance his film in this manner and he actually encouraged the practice.

Says the VOICE: "The man who saw himself as a whore in Hollywood now saw himself as a whoremaster."

REBEL has a lot to do with kids struggling against being called chicken. There was a time when Nick Ray turned chicken. Pete Seeger had been discharged from the Army at the end of the war. He and his wife Toshi were in Hollywood and Pete phoned Ray as an old friend. Ray, scared shitless of what a visit from the Seegers might do to his budding film career, screamed: "For God's sake, don't come anywhere near my place!"

Poor Nicholas Ray, another victim of America's destruction of its artists. - G.F.

OH, OUR "BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE."



A bloodied Christian Houtenbous outside Studio 54

I was beaten up by Studio 54 bouncer, charges newsman

A JOURNALIST working for a leading European magazine was beaten up by a doorman early today when he tried to get into Studio 54's wild anniversary party.

ED.NOTE: N.Y.'s STUDIO 54 IS THE DISCO NEST WHERE OUR SO-CALLED "BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE" GATHER NIGHTLY TO CAVORT AND WRITHE AND SNIFF COCAINE. BIGSHOT POLITICIANS, PROFESSIONALS, CELEBRITIES, THE SOCIALLY ELITE. THE WHOLE SCENE INCREASINGLY MIRRORS THE DECADENCE OF WEIMAR GERMANY. STUDIO 54 IS THE 42nd STREET OF THE RICH AND POWERFUL.

Judy Collins turns her back on folk

Or, as Billy Carter would say: "You can kiss my sweet ass."



The famous Scavullo shot the pictures for the album entitled *Hard Times for Lovers*, and Judy says from her West Side apartment that "I'm very happy with it."

"What I wanted was a full frontal nude, and I had

the picture picked out and it was great, but the record company said that they really would never be able to rack it and nobody would ever see it."

Please, Mr. Record Company, let Judy show us her FULL frontal view.

ELVIS

Torment and Drugs Marked Final Months

MEMPHIS, Sept. 22 — Accounts of Elvis Presley's final year form a mosaic of torment.

¶Had more than 5,000 doses of stimulants, depressants and pain-killing drugs prescribed for him in the seven months immediately preceding his death.

As an example, the board cites a prescription on Feb. 5, 1977, for 100 doses of Quaalude, which was followed two days later by prescriptions for 24 doses of Dilaudid, a pain reliever usually given terminal cancer patients, and for six vials of one form of Amytal and six of another. Two days later there were prescriptions for 100 doses of Biphedamine, 25 of Amytal, 100 of Quaalude, 100 of one form of Dexedrine, 100 of another form of Dexedrine, 100 of Carbrital and 100 of Placidyl. And two days after that, Dr. Nichopoulos prescribed 24 doses of Percodan and 24 of Dilaudid.

(AND ANOTHER VICTIM.)

G.F.

DEAR BROADSIDE: I'm trying to write a review of Marc Elliot's "biography" of Phil Ochs, Death of A Rebel. Though I much admired Phil's music I knew little about him other than what was on the liner notes of his albums, and a short interview I helped with during his McGovern tour. I remember reading somewhere that BROADSIDE had published a critique of what was false in the book. Could you please send me a copy?

What I really need to know, as does anyone who reads it, is the Elliot book at all accurate. Is the book only a conglomerate of mis-interpretations or is it a total distortion. I have no illusions of Phil being a saint, but I'm quite upset that one of the few modern popular figures with good, sound politics is being portrayed as such an evil character.

I know that you are very busy, but I'd very much appreciate any facts from you that I could include in my review.

You might be interested in my latest major project. Since my involvement with the FRICTION IN THE SYSTEM and SING ABOUT IT songbooks, I began putting together an album of labor songs of the 70's, based on some radio programs I did a while back. I'll keep you informed.

In Song,
Ed Schoenfeld
Juneau, Alaska.

ANS.: From our perspective the book is a complete fake. Each and every reference to Broadside is false. Let's look at a couple of examples. The conversation on page 250 between Sis and Phil is entirely fictitious. To begin with there is no Broadside Record office -- our records are put out by Folkways. We had known Sammy Walker a year before we brought him and Phil together. Another fabrication is the "scathing review" of Phil's PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR which appears on page 141 and which the author attributes to Broadside. We have never been able to find out

where this piece came from. It definitely never appeared in Broadside. We thought at first that the author had counterfeited it but the writing is so superior to the author's own stuff that we dismissed this idea. Requests to the author and to Doubleday as to where it came from have brought only dead silence (probably on the advice of their attorneys). There has been an awful lot of lying going on around this "book." In an interview in a folksong magazine, the interviewee claims Eliot told him he tried a dozen times to get in touch with Broadside. This is an absolute lie; he never tried once. We've been at this same place for fifteen years and our address appears in every issue of Broadside. Knowing that the contents of the book involving us personally are 100 percent untruthful we cannot help but wonder about the validity of the rest of the book.

Our main objection to the book, however, was the callous treatment of a desperately ill man. The increasingly severe symptoms of Phil's disease, manic depression, are inhumanely portrayed as personality flaws.

The fall/winter 1978 issue of the STANFORD MAGAZINE (Stanford University, Calif.) includes an excellent article on manic depression, the illness from which Phil suffered. It estimates that from 4.5 to 7.5 million individuals in the U.S. are currently suffering the psychic pain, life disruptions and risk of suicide associated with this sickness. It points out that the relationship between depressive illness and suicide is quite clear. One out of six patients admitted for suicidal depression eventually kills himself or herself. As a mental disorder the symptoms include loss of the ability to feel pleasure, pessimism, guilt, changing in thinking, thoughts of death and suicide. This is called by the medical profession the "depression syndrome."

(cont. on next page)

my sweet lafayette

Words & Music by LUCINDA WILLIAMS
© 1978 Lucinda Williams

(lucinda sings this an octave lower)

Oh my sweet Lafay-ette — How — I'm gonna miss you, You feel so good — Lafay-ette —
Now I've come to greet you And tell all my friends I've come back a-gain, I couldn't stay a-
way, — And I was gone on-ly a day But I'm comin' back — to my sweet Lafayette. —

I'm goin' down to Lafayette
I don't care how long I'm gone
It's so hard to leave you Lafayette
Now I know where I belong
When that sweet fiddle sounds and Clifton gets down
And the music sounds so good to me
And I just might dance until three
And I got to get back to my sweet Lafayette.

Oh those boys in Lafayette
Smiling so pretty
Those sweet boys in Lafayette
They sure do look good to me
We dance all night long to a sweet Cajun song
Drinkin' and jivin' till dawn
I could dance on and on
Doin' the 2-step in my sweet Lafayette.



Take me back, Lafayette
Way down on the Bayou
I'm your girl, Lafayette
And I'm gonna hang around you
Eat that gumbo and roll and tumble
Do crazy things every night
Soon I'll be feelin' all right
When I get back to my sweet Lafayette
When I get back to my sweet Lafayette.

* * * *

Lucinda Williams has recently recorded an album of blues in the tradition of Memphis Minnie and folk music from the Carter family and Hank Williams, accompanying herself on guitar. Folkways FTS 31066 LUCINDA: RAMBLIN' ON MY MIND. 12" LP with complete text. "Indeed a rare treat of songs of the South."

It Really Wasn't Time For You To Go

Your music often spoke to just what was on our minds In ways that threw
light upon the path; You caught the edge of his-to-ry As it was be-ing
made And it really wasn't time for you to go. 2. You... go. Now the
tone has gone to mellow, The times have gotten hard, You should be here
singin' in the Changin' of the guard. Some... go.

2. You called the names of our enemies
You told what they had done
You helped us to face
The awful truth
As we tried so hard to ring
The revolution in
I know it wasn't time for you to go.
BRIDGE

3. Some say you were outdated
Your time had slipped away
Yet what you wrote and sang about
Is just as true today
Another name, a different place
But the meaning's still the same
And it really wasn't time for you to go.
NO BRIDGE

4. You wouldn't close your eyes
As you peered in the abyss
And what you saw you warned us of
So much has gone amiss
The empty days of deathliness
Have come upon us now
But it really wasn't time for you
to go. BRIDGE
5. I know you had to act
You had to stop the pain
Stop the screaming demons
That were swirling through your brain
And though you climbed into the noose
Who was it put you there?
For it really wasn't time for you
to go.
6. I wish you hadn't left us
I wish we'd helped you stay
The past just doesn't come again
For what we learn too late
But we'll build all that you gave us
Into our best dreams
And know it wasn't time for you
to go.

(BRIDGE may be added as a CODA, re-peating last line and ending with a D chord.)

(LETTERS continued from previous page)

Here are excerpts from the Stanford article:

Mania

Most patients with the depression syndrome have single or repeated episodes of depressive illness. Certain patients, however, have episodes of both depression and mania. Mania is a severe emotional disorder that superficially appears to be the opposite of depression. The symptoms of mania can be divided into changes in mood, thought, motor activity, and behavior. Manic individuals are often elated (sometimes even euphoric), confident, or carefree. They are optimistic and may feel particularly attractive, desirable, efficient, and alert. However, their mood is often brittle, yielding readily to irritability if they are frustrated. The thought patterns of manics are disturbed. They have "flights of ideas," flitting rapidly from one thought to another, and inflated beliefs in potency,

knowledge, and special abilities. Motor activity is accelerated; manics are restless and work energetically, although they may move from project to project, unable to complete one. Manic patients may sleep little and eat less, so that, like patients with severe depression, they tend to lose weight.

Depression

Hospitalization is also an important treatment for victims of affective disorders. Hospitalization of severely depressed patients can prevent suicidal behavior; hospitalization of manic patients can prevent them from committing foolish or irresponsible actions that would cause them problems after recovery. Removing a patient from the home environment also removes him or her from the social or interpersonal stress that may have contributed to the onset of the illness.



'Romain Gary now says the F.B.I. destroyed her life.'

Jean Seberg

Seberg Unavenged

To the Editor:

In this country, deliberate slander leads to trial and penalties. J. Edgar Hoover and other F.B.I. officials in 1970 scurrilously libeled Jean Seberg with a clear intent to defame her.

Now William H. Webster merely announces that fact, with names deleted. There is no apology, no compensation, no penalty for those apparent criminals. Mr. Webster may regret that Miss Seberg and her unborn child are dead as a result. But he won't do anything about it.

Now surely this will not do in a decent society. If the officials of the "new" F.B.I. will not see to it that the guilty officials in Los Angeles are made known and punished, then they too are tainted in just another cover-up of F.B.I. felons. Mr. Webster can show a little integrity and fair play by bringing the miscreants to account. What he does, or does not do, will tell us about moral and legal standards at the reborn F.B.I. WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
Ann Arbor, Mich., Sept. 15, 1979

The ultimate problem was, and is, that there is no law that tells when to draw the line. Lacking any clear definition of its duties, over the years, the F.B.I. devised its own. Finally, after Watergate, Attorneys General Levi and Bell developed much stronger rules. And the F.B.I.'s discretion has become exemplary. "I owe it to the post-Watergate F.B.I.," Mr. Gary said. "If they had not issued a confirmation, to this day I would have been considered a mythomaniac."

F.B.I. Admits Planting a Rumor To Discredit Jean Seberg in 1970

NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1979

It began in 1970 when the bureau sought to discredit the actress because she supported the black nationalist movement. It leaked information it knew to be false: that she was pregnant by a leading Black Panther. When she saw the report in print, Miss Seberg became agitated, went into premature labor and delivered a baby girl who died soon after. By one account, she took the body home to Iowa in a glass coffin, so all could see that the dead infant was white. Romain Gary, her husband, says the actress attempted suicide on each anniversary of the baby's death. Last week, she was found dead of an overdose of barbiturates.

There are still some naive people who, despite all the accumulating evidence, cannot accept the fact that Phil Ochs was driven to his death by the FBI and the CIA. Perhaps the recent suicide of the actress Jean Seberg will convince them. It took her husband Romain Gary many long years, finally using the Freedom of Information Act, to force the FBI into confessing that they had destroyed the life of Jean Seberg. The New York Times says that 2,300 similar FBI atrocities are still to be exposed. We believe Phil Ochs is one of these. Meantime, we remain one of Mr. Gary's mythomaniacs.

Kristin Lems

FARMER

I AM A FAR - MER BEEN ONE ALL MY LIFE — CALL ME A
 FAR - MER NOT A FARMER'S WIFE — THE PLOUGH AND HOE LEFT THEIR PATTERN ON MY
 HAND — AND NOW THEY TELL ME THIS IS NOT MY LAND — THIS IS MY LAND —

1. I am a farmer, been one all my life.
 Call me a farmer not a farmer's wife.
 The plough and hoe left their pattern on my hand
 And now they tell me this is not my land.
2. We raised two children; they are farmers too.
 A crop and garden every year we grew.
 Two hundred acres ain't no easy haul
 But it's a good life, no regrets at all.
3. When Joe turned 50, his back was acting up.
 We three took over, so's he could rest up;
 My Joe was buried where his daddy lies
 And soon some men came, askin' for my price.
4. I said, I live here, here I'm gonna stay
 What makes you think I wanna move away?
 They smiled real sly, said "Now your farmer's
 dead;
 The farm ain't yours 'til you pay the overhead."
5. I know we women ain't been in the know
 But we're no fools as far as farmin' goes.
 The crop don't know no woman's work or man's
 There ain't no law can take me from my land.
6. Cause I'm a farmer, been one all my life.
 Call me a farmer, not a farmer's wife.
 The plough and hoe left their patterns on my
 hand.
 No one can tell me this is not my land.
 This is my land.

Copyright 1979, Kristin Lems,
 author.
 Kleine Ding Music

Many farm states still have laws stating that a woman must pay a crippling inheritance tax to keep the farm if her husband dies. No such problem exists for the man should she die. If there were ever a true partnership of equals, it's in farming! Farm women in the Midwest have taught us all a great deal -- this song is a tribute to them and their sometimes unconscious feminism, and to the ongoing urgency for the Equal Rights Amendment in the face of so many discriminatory laws!

This song is from the album *Oh Mama!* by Kristin Lems, Carolsdatter Productions, 908 W. California, Urbana, Illinois 61801.



John T. Reynolds

RECORDS

Dear Broadside: I am writing a review of Bob Dylan's new album SLOW TRAIN. It is difficult for me to reach a conclusive opinion about this strange disc. There is something so seductive in its erotic, priestly way that it requires a truly sour mentality to remain angry with it for any length of time. What is it that induces Dylan to try and enter the doorway of Christianity accompanied by his electric guitar? Does he really want us to follow him there, or is the whole thing a put-on? Or does he simply want to become a new Billy Graham commercially peddling Biblical products? (I've read that Graham has accumulated some 27 million dollars in profits from this racket.) The music on SLOW TRAIN seems to fit this picture -- slick, smooth, produced by a thoroughly experienced snake-oil salesman. It completely lacks the rough, shaggy, true to life quality, for instance, of STREET LEGAL.

I find a repulsive ugliness about the ideas Dylan is attempting to sell us on SLOW TRAIN. It is true that Dylan always has been influenced -- or pretended to be so -- by religious and mystic subjects. First there was all this business about his Jewishness. He drew on the Old Testament -- "From Eli I did come", etc. All kinds of weird rumors floated around -- he had gone to Israel and was subsidizing a Kibbutz there. He was taking Hebrew instruction, taking a course on how to become a rabbi. In fact, a character on the U.S. West Coast was so taken in by all this fol de rol that he published no less than five books seeking to prove that Dylan is a modern Jewish prophet. Then Dylan made a play -- unsuccessfully -- for the Country Western audience with NASHVILLE SKYLINE.

Christ has always intrigued him. In the early 60's Dylan had already written "Jesus would never forgive what you do". Later, he wrote "They took my crown of thorns", "I said they refused Jesus too." It is not surprising that Dylan compares the evil and corrupt world with "the strength in the things that remain." Yet I believe there is a sharp difference in what he said then and what he says in SLOW TRAIN.

In GATES OF EDEN the evil world is given some chance of redemption; In SLOW TRAIN that world is sentenced to perdition without even the semblance of a trial. SLOW TRAIN is utterly without humor. In my mind real humor is a synthesis of joy and pain. Dylan displays it in BLOOD ON THE TRACKS and STREET LEGAL, but never on SLOW TRAIN. Although Dylan is singing about the Savior, the Light, the Savior is a cruel tyrant and the smallest shaft of light is lacking. Dylan speaks instead for the Vineyard Christian Fellowship. The ideas of this outfit are fanatic to the extreme, sometimes even fascistic. Their leader, their pastor, the Rev. Kenn Gulliksen, is a sort of Billy Graham imitator, selling his business well.

Dylan vibrates with bitterness toward everything not in accordance with Jesus' ideology. Not only Marx has to suffer for it, but Buddha, Mohammed; also the world of science, economy, progress. Only Jesus has the answer. Dylan, as a spokesman for the Vineyard Christianity Fellowship, will create some lousy Christians if he manages to net some converts. He comes down too heavy with fire and brimstone; He is too fucking serious for his own good. Just listen to this depressing album, if you can steal a copy. There is no way out; accept Jesus or he will beat the shit out of you. The "darkness that will descend from high" will engulf you.

Most of us spent our childhood in mortal terror of phrases like that; one nocturnal emission and you'll be thrown headlong into the Lake of Fire. Some of us feel like heroes for having put that kind of Christian fear behind us. We can't allow Dylan to bring back all that ugly superstition and make us prisoners of dubious sects. Dylan even says that "all kinds of philosophies have polluted your mind". This means he wants us to abandon rationality. This is a sure disaster in which we will all get lost. In a definite sense it leads to Jonestown. At least to Hitler who said: "Ihr solit nicht denken, der Fuhrer denkt fur euch." (You must not think, I will do the thinking for you.) Dylan's imaginary world has run amok. Dylan screams "I am too blind to see!" Indeed, Bob, we are beginning to be certain about that.

Jacques van Son,
The Netherlands

BROWN WATER AND BLOOD

Jeff Ampolsk

(In October of 1976 near Luling, Louisiana on the Mississippi River the ferryboat George Prince rammed into a ship. The George Prince flipped over on its side and went down. In the muddy brown and bloody water 64 men, women and children were drowned.)

Brown water and blood was all you could see
Sixty four was the number that drowned
Brown water and blood was all you could see
The day that the George Prince went down

On a Monday morning at the end of October
Mississippi river all covered with fog
The George Prince was leaving to take them across
Children to school and working men to their jobs.

© 1978 by Jeff Ampolsk

Now up in the wheelhouse the pilot was drinkin'
Old muscatel was his morning routine
And out on the deck the deckhand was thinkin'
Not a damned thing exciting ever happens
it seems

The air it was cold, the water was colder
The children on board never grew older
And the husbands still support their
poor families
Still commuting to work from far down under
the sea.

This is the title song of Jeff's 2nd FOLKWAYS LP. His 1st album was "God Guts and Guns."

BROADSIDE BALLADEERS IN FOLK CITY CONCERT

Reprinted from
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October, 1979

By Linda Berryhill,
WXDR General Manager

Amid the dim nostalgic photos of folk song heroes, where Bob Dylan first appeared in New York City, and Phil Ochs sang the truth with an incisive wit, where the memories of many strong ambitions linger; rang a revival celebration by a new generation of folksingers acknowledging their roots in a benefit concert for Broadside magazine, "The National Topical Song Quarterly".

Broadside's first issue published songs by Bob Dylan, and went on to print the likes of Tom Paxton, Arlo Guthrie, Janis Ian, Eric Anderson, Buffy Saint-Marie, Malvina Reynolds, Rev. F.D. Kirkpatrick, Patrick Sky, and most memorably Phil Ochs.

Songs were sung in tribute to Sis Cunningham and Gordon Freisen, the originators of Broadside. The performers of this concert have all been published in Broadside, and Sis, who drew them together, also graced the stage with her long white braids and, at the age of 70, a remarkably clear, strong voice. She accompanied herself on the accordion. Her two grandchildren joined her on stage for several songs.

From Newark, Delaware, Vic Sadot and C.P. Swampgrass brought their music and friends to Gerde's Folk City in Greenwich Village. C.P. Swampgrass was one of 8 songwriter/performers to enliven Folk City with the innocense and candor characteristic of topical songwriting.

Mark Cohen opened with "Working People" and gave his perception of the working class as "a collective craft of neighbors" with the unity of "a common bond that will forever persevere." Carol Hanisch on banjo, with Sis accompanying, sang of the sometimes confusing newfound strength of women asserting their freedom, "Match my lightning with your lightning, match my thunder with your own." In "Song for the Oppressed" she sang of freedom for the working class, "for in our history is the promise that we'll get free, and as we break our chains, how we fly..."

C.P. (Crazy Planet) Swampgrass was one of two electric performers, featuring Vic Sadot on vocals and acoustic guitar, Rob Sadot on electric guitar, and Doug Montgomery on electric bass. This added a touch of up tempo energy to the mostly acoustic concert. Vic's "No Nuke Blues", protesting the debacle of nuclear radiation at Three Mile Island rang out with an intensity that proclaimed that "there shall be a reaction and the chain of links will grow," and demanded that people "get fired up...cause it's time to choose...refuse to lose!" An energy of conviction spread through Folk City reviving any failing spirits and awakening compassionate rage.

Other performers included Randy Hecht singing about the American Indian and one quick light tune about job discrimination, "You can bet, you might have guessed, if you want to get a job, then you better wear a dress." Paul Kaplan sang "We Shall Stay Here" about Broadside Magazine. Ron Turner played electric blues and slide guitar, and Jeff Ampolsk, funning with the stigma of the "average American", sang, "I Wrote a Song That's Dumb Enough for You" indicating that making millions in the commercial market requires lyrical banality. Closing the first show, Sammy Walker for the first time in over a year, performed songs from his three albums.

In the second show came a surprise performance by Steve Forbert, whose album "Alive on Arrival" is a current success story. His talent and sincerity were revealed particularly by a song called "Oil", which calls on the listener to "come down to the shoreline" where you can get your oil for free. From his first album Steve sang "Steve Forbert's Midsummer Night's Toast", a melodic heartwrenching song about the struggling working class and their rainbow dreams: "Here's to all you filthy rich, I wish you well...here's to two-bit guarantees and other lies...here's to money in my hand and where it went." The everyday struggle of working people and how their hopes carry them through are apparent: "See my sister with a drag job, oh man, she feels like she's a hundred years ago...and here's to people living lives that they regret, work your fingers to the bone and sink in debt. I'm trying to get over where the wall breaks down, holding my head up with my thin tired arms and all my rainbow dreams."

There rings within the desperation of some topical songs the encouragement to unite and lift up the people, to rise above the feeling of helplessness and find a power in collective action.

That Phil Ochs was a hero to these topical folksingers was apparent as it was a major theme through much of the music. Many songs that night were sung in tribute to Ochs, who's inspiration and dedication has fed the fire of many young troubadors. Vic Sadot sang "Broadside Balladeer", a song about the life and songs of Ochs. It includes many lines from Ochs' songs and says "He wanted people's struggles to be strong." Carol, with vocal accompaniment from Sis, sang a song that she wrote to Phil after his suicide, "you looked into the abyss and kept your eyes wide, you caught the edge of history. Now the tone has gone to mellow, the times have gotten hard, you should be here singing in the changing of the guard."

The Folk City Broadside benefit concert on August 23, 1979 was a worthy tribute to the topical folksong movement fostered by Sis and Gordon over the past 17 years. Perhaps, we will find it will be a fitting source of inspiration for music for the 1980's.

Kissinger

There is no doubt that my Vietnam policies needlessly extended the war and that my secret bombing and invasion of Cambodia resulted in the brutal destruction of that country; the blood of millions of innocent Asian men, women, and children is on my hands. . . . I ordered wiretaps on my subordinates primarily to achieve sexual release, secondarily to ensure their intimidated compliance with my policies. . . . The "tilt" to Pakistan was motivated by the necessity to get the President to Peking; had the visit been cancelled, I would have been fired. . . . For my holdings in ITT to retain their value, it was essential that Allende be liquidated. . . .

I have long suffered from a disease of the mind, an insatiable lust for power and prestige. My most severe critics have not guessed the depths of my depravity—the ambition, the greed, the connivings and betrayals, the brute callousness unto genocide, the lies and hypocrisy I let fester beneath my jovial and witty "nice guy" masquerade, the design and implementation of a foreign policy I knew from the beginning was in every instance dangerously undermining of the moral stamina of the American people and the best interests of my adopted country. . . .

Although my crimes, I now know, are beyond mortal forgiveness, I yet pray that this book, this accounting and confession, may offer some amends. I must, however, impart a warning. I am not yet wholly "cured." In spite of my best efforts in moments of lucidity, this book cannot be trusted in its entirety; candor is no doubt occasionally self-serving, truth distorted. I therefore urge my betters, the reviewers, to be suspicious of every interpretation, to check each fact and reference, and to make plain to whoever chooses to buy and read my book that the evil side of me wrote it to enhance yet further an ersatz reputation and an already considerable personal fortune."

(The above is what the Village Voice says Henry Kissinger would have written if he had been honest in his autobiography. This German is America's first verifiable war criminal.)

NOTES: Did Bob Dylan by calling his LP SLOW TRAIN COMING try to make up for his mistreatment of Phil Ochs? Phil during his last tragic months used the name Lute TRAIN. The flaw here is that Phil was not a slow Train, but a fast express racing into eternity..... When Steve Forbert calls Laurel, Mississippi, a stinking town, it revives old memories. Laurel was where a young Black man, Willie McGhee, back in the early 50's, was charged with raping a white woman. It was the old familiar story. She had formed a liason with Willie. Caught, she put up the old cry, "I was being raped." He was sentenced to death. World-wide demonstrations, in which we participated by marching in Harlem, failed to stop his execution. Laurel, Mississippi, will forever be a "stinking town."Mark Cohen has released his 2nd Folkways album titled PLU-TONIUM. Mark is not a mere didactic protester. His anti-nuke songs ring with deep and profound poetry..... Jan. 30 thru Feb. 3, 1980, Washington will be the location of a National Working Conference VOICES OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT, co-sponsored by the Smithsonian Institution and Howard University, the Convenor to be Dr. Bernice Johnson Reagon, Director of the Program in Black American Culture. At the songleaders workshop there will appear, for the 1st time since 1965, 25 songleaders who will recreate the songs and explore the role of music in the Civil Rights Movement. Among these songleaders will be such familiar names as Jimmy Collier, Rutha Harris, Cordell Reagon, Betty Mae Fikes, Matt Jones, Rev. Frederick Douglas Kirkpatrick, Charles Neblett, Willie Peacock. For info write to the Program in Black American Culture, Smithsonian Performing Arts, Washington D.C. 20560.

Broadside is now in its 18th year. During this time we have recorded the history of the 60's & 70's in song and comment. We have done this with love & tenderness, yet with hard-hitting honesty.

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Co-Editors: Agnes Cunningham and Gordon Friesen.