

# BROADSIDE #143

1980 ANNUAL . . . . . \$3.00



*Supplies for Pol Pot*



*Record Execs haggle over new talent*



*the New Talent*

# I'M NOT BROKE, ONLY BENT

Words & Music by PAUL KAPLAN  
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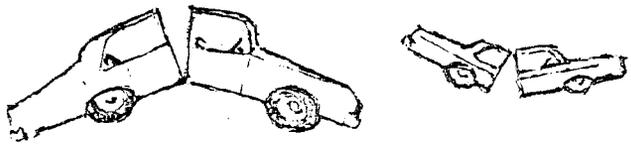
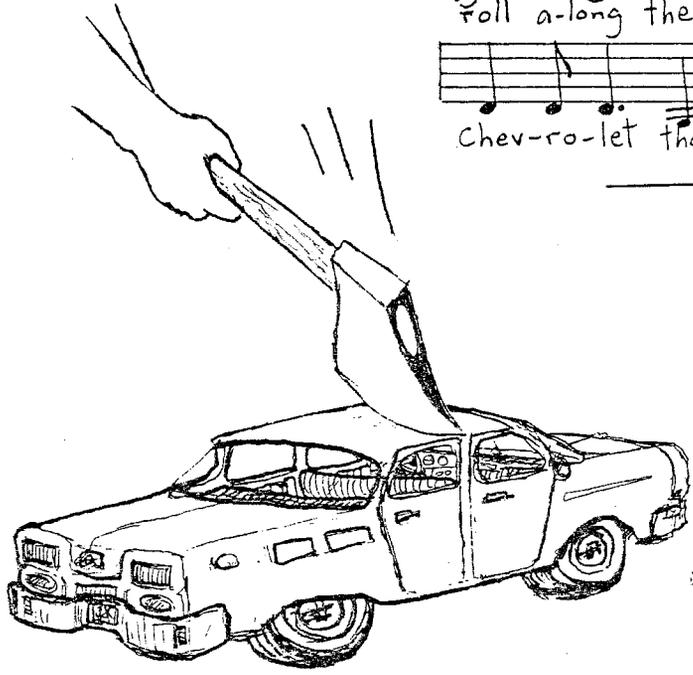
I've worked on the assembly line since 1962  
 What else could a country boy in Motor City do  
 Puttin' parts in motorcars is just like plantin' corn  
 But a corn plant can't be shut down like my plant was this morn.

CHO:  
 But I'm not broke, only bent  
 And even tho I'm feelin' low and I haven't got a cent  
 I'm not broke, only bent  
 And I'll get straightened out someday  
 And roll along the great highway  
 Just like a brand new Chevrolet that's never had a dent.

They say we can't compete with all the cars from overseas  
 But I can build a car as well as any Japanese  
 And I could have told them years ago if they had only asked  
 Just take the big gas guzzlers and cut 'em all in half.

CHO.  
 I sure have had a lot of ups & downs throughout the years  
 One thing they have taught me is how to shift my gears  
 My motor is straining as I climb another hill  
 It looks like I won't make it but I promise you, I will.  
 CHO.

I've worked on the as-sembly line since nine-teen six-ty two  
 ; what else could a coun-try boy in Mo-tor Ci-ty do  
 Put-tin' parts in mo-tor-cars is just like plant-in' corn  
 ; But a corn plant can't be shut down like  
 my plant was this morn. But I'm not broke,  
 on-ly bent; And e-ven though I'm feel-ing low and I  
 hav-en't got a cent; I'm not broke, on-ly bent;  
 And I'll get straight-ened out - some-day and  
 Roll a-long the great - high-way just like a brand new  
 Chev-ro-let that's nev-er had a dent. I'm not  
 broke on-ly bent.



# Mammary Glands

by Kristin Lems

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Introduction

3  
A.D.S. al fine  
C

Mammary Glands — wo-o-wo —

Mother nature's dairy de-light

You can't make cream or butter cause it's just a human

udder a natural mammalian sight

1) Do you want to pay to take a peek

at what drives men in-sane?

Well they're in anthro books galore and I'm just

sure that you'll adore 'em even cave women have the same two simple a

na-tu-ral mammalian sight

a na-tu-ral mammalian sight! (instr.)

C7 fine  
(instr.)

Mammary Glands, Wo Wo,  
Mother Nature's dairy delight;  
You can't make cream or butter  
Cause it's just a human udder  
And a natural mammalian sight!

Do you want to pay to take a peek  
At what drives men insane?  
Well they're in anthro books galore and  
I'm just sure that you'll adore 'em  
Even cave women have the same two simple

chorus

The men decided that a certain shape  
Stands out more than the rest;  
They made such a major issue  
Women stuff their bras with tissue,  
Throw shoulders back to look their best!  
show off their

chorus

Well if you're more than 36 you are desirable  
So don't be shy, they'll pay  
For once you finally sold out  
You may get a center foldout---  
They dig your dugs, you're on the way!  
with famous

chorus

It's a multi-million dollar enterprise  
But no one knows what it's about  
If we think before we'd try it  
We'd bust the myth, we would defy it  
And we might stand up and shout:  
they're ONLY

chorus

coda: a natural mammalian sight!

about 3 am last night i read an article in Broadside - #57 written ap 10, 1965. Gordon Friesen wrote it on the basis of a series of letters that Woody Guthrie had written to a young friend named Jolly Robinson in the late winter and early spring of 1951, only a couple years before Woody would find himself a prisoner of Huntington's. Woody was 38 at the time. He wrote of many things in these letters of how his "mainest painful trouble has always been my worries over the fact that I was not able to work at my trade and to drag in enuff greenstamp money to support my kids"..of how the editors chopped 750 pages out of Bound for Glory...and of he felt now he "had to play for keeps and for fast, and to go for broke..." Woody's years passed too soon, but he never gave up his dreams & he always went for broke. - B.D.



FLY OFF WITH YOUR DREAMS

Words & Music by BILL DORRIS  
© 1978 by Bill Dorris

Refrain: D G D

The years pass us by too soon it seems, They rise like the wind then fly

A7 D Verse: D G D

off with our dreams. I re-member the sight of a wild flowered tree,

A7 D

taking the flight of the spring bumble bees, Singing in the yard I re-

G D A7 D

member Mother smiled, We were out of tune but laughing all the while.

the creeks were rising full with the winter's flood soaking to the bone our boat's in the mud warm are the waves breaking over my back damp are the caves when the dark thunder cracks

peaches hanging ripe on the orchard hills stolen on the run eaten for the thrill hay fills the lofts of old summer barns trains shake the tracks and sparks light the corn

(Refrain. Repeat as follows:)  
the years pass us by too soon it seems so rise like the wind and fly off with your dreams

kids learning to dance in a hot crowded room our feet took the chance when our ears heard the tune

meeting the night through the northern trees smelling the pines on a dry summer's breeze  
(Refrain)

(Skip Refrain)

Transcribed by  
A. Cunningham

NEW ENGLAND IN JULY

Words & Music  
By BILL DORRIS  
© 1978 by Bill Dorris

America has a history of gold rushes, all following the same general pattern - the poor, homeless & starving are drawn in from afar by tales of opportunity, wealth or just plain old jobs only to find that nothing's changed except the location. The real wealth is owned by the same old crew and all those promises on the handbills were really only to be sure enough people showed up to get the work done cheaply - California, 1849; Alaska, 1970s; or Massachusetts around 1912.

This song is about the remnants of the Textile Mill gold rush - you can see them along any backroad near a New England mill town.

-- B.D.

Chorus: C F C

The mills lie broken by the rivers, Just another gold rush,

D7 G C F C

long a-go it died. The owners moved on in the springtime, left us alone by the

1,2,3 D7 G C G

4th of Ju-ly. Last Time D7 G C G

4th of Ju-ly. The 4th of Ju-ly.

(Note: Verse melody same as chorus.)

Bricks stand forever in towns too old to die the pane glass is crying with the sadness of the skies

Puddles line the roadside while pines are standing by flags drip from the porches of New England in July

Chorus

The maples stretch full now and the fields are reaching high but their acres are for sale and their rust fills my eyes

The ponds sit silent in their dark wayside groves the gables of the roofs look as tired as the roads

The stools in the diner are as lonely as the sky clouded with the tears of New England in July

Chorus

The steeples count off hours of the days that pass us by their windows holding plywood all peeled in our timw

The crows still feed in the tufts along the road and nest in mills left as empty as our souls

Chorus



OLD MEN SLEEPING ON THE BOWERY  
 Words & Music by WILLIE NILE  
 © 1977 Lake Victoria Music

Old men sleeping on the Bowery  
 old men lying on the ground  
 Old men sleeping on the Bowery  
 old men lying all around.

Out there sitting in the garbage  
 outside lying on a stone  
 Old men sleeping on the Bowery  
 old men lying there alone.

Two young lovers on my rooftop  
 young love taken by the hand  
 Two young lovers on my rooftop  
 up where the fields are grand

Young love rolling by the chimney  
 hear the murmur of delight  
 Two young lovers on my rooftop  
 up there laughing in the night.

Fine young lady at the preview  
 drives in a black limousine  
 Fine young lady at the preview  
 lives where the leaves are green.

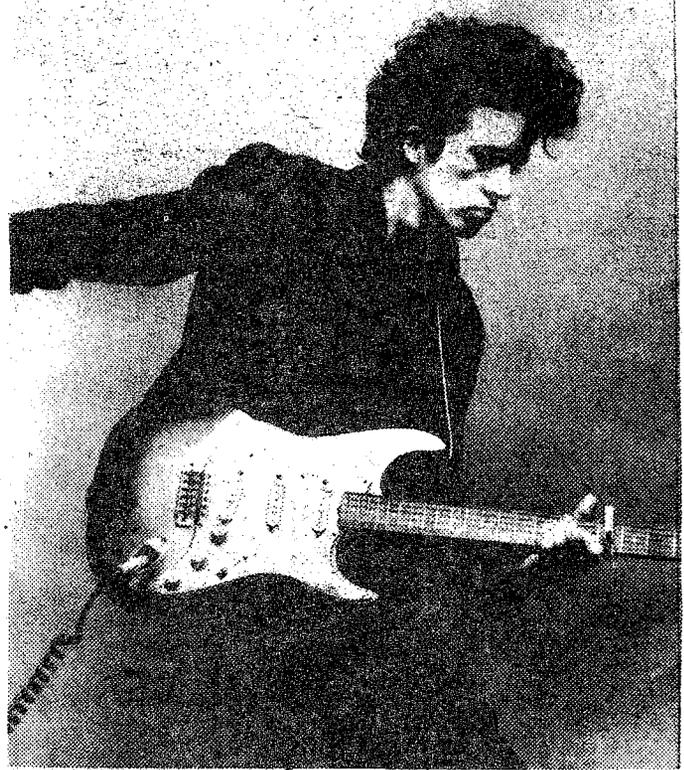
Going out late to a party  
 Studio 54  
 Fine young lady at the preview  
 young men waitin' at the door.

Old men sleeping on the Bowery  
 old men lying on the ground  
 Old men sleeping on the Bowery  
 old men lying all around.

Out there sitting in the garbage  
 outside lying on a stone  
 Old men sleeping on the Bowery  
 old men lying all alone.

These songs are from Willie's  
 debut LP Album issued by Aris-  
 ta Records. The disc is titled  
simply WILLIE NILE. Broadside  
 was the first to publish Wil-  
 lie's songs, such as NOW THAT  
THE WAR IS OVER, THE HEAP,  
THEY'LL BUILD A STATUE OF YOU.

*BROADSIDE #143*



Willie Nile

ACROSS THE RIVER  
 Words & Music by WILLIE NILE  
 © 1977 Lake Victoria Music

I saw you walking, I heard you cry  
 I saw you leave, I wonder why  
 were they all cruel to you  
 break your heart, through and through.

Put your head down in my arms  
 and tell me what went wrong.

Across the river, across the bay  
 people starving, every day  
 nearly naked, pale and wan  
 with crowds of people looking on.

Hearts are pounding, heads are still  
 as tears begin to fall, I'm dreaming.

Baby hold me, always let me know  
 Darlin' hold me, never let me go.

I saw you walking, I heard you cry  
 I saw you leave, I wondered why.

All those ages, all these years  
 as tears begin to fall, I'm dreaming.

Baby hold me, always let me know  
 Darlin' hold me, never let me go.

YOU CANNOT WIN IF  
YOU DO NOT PLAY

Words & Music by STEVE FORBERT  
© 1977 Rolling Tide Music

I was sittin' by the road,  
My head in a cloud,  
Wishin' that I had some wings;  
Wishin' for a scooter,  
A-wishin' for a train,  
Or any kind o' movin' thing.  
Well, I looked at the trees,  
I looked at the sky,  
I seen it was a lovely day.  
I looked up at the road,  
I looked at my feet,  
I picked it up an' walked away.

Well, you cannot win/  
if you do not play.  
No, you cannot win/  
if you do not play.

Well, I went to the fair,  
Lookin' for fun.  
I think the whole world was/  
there.

I saw a fat man.  
I saw a thin man.  
I saw a little teddy bear.  
Well, I said to myself,  
"I know what I want,  
I gotta get a bear some way."  
I heard a loud voice.  
It said a few words.  
It said, "You gotta take/  
a chance an' pay".

Well, you cannot win/  
if you do not play.  
No, you cannot win/  
if you do not play.



Pretty, young Pam,  
You're bringin' me down, baby.  
All ya do is make-uh me blue.  
I'm under the trees.  
I'm waiting alone,  
Tryna sing a song to you.  
Well, the night is so clear,  
The moon is so bright;  
You're wastin' it all away.  
You're up on a hill,  
I'm down here below.  
I'm tryna tell ya babe,  
it ain't okay.

Well, you cannot win/  
if you do not play.  
No, you cannot win/  
if you do not play.

Excerpted from The HATCHET (Geo. Washington U.)

The great time continued at the Bayou where Forbert played an exciting electric set with his band as well as several solo acoustic numbers.

He also had no trouble getting the audience up on their feet and keeping them there. His fans were equally happy stomping and clapping to "Say Goodbye to Little Jo" or echoing the chorus to "The Oil Song."

Although the song was written in 1977, last summer's gas lines and promised shortages of heating oil this winter make it quite timely. Forbert obviously struck a nerve with many members of the audience, who seemed to enjoy shouting the slogan "Oil sucks!" as he sang: *Don't buy it at the station/You can get it now for free/Just go on down to the shoreline/Where the water used to be.*

— Randy B. Hecht

THE OIL SONG was first printed in BROADSIDE. We followed it with GRAND CENTRAL STATION when Steve was still singing in the streets of New York. Then TONIGHT I FEEL SO FAR AWAY FROM HOME and GOIN' DOWN TO LAUREL. Meantime Steve has put 3 LPs: ALIVE ON ARRIVAL, JACKRABBIT SLIM, and his latest, LITTLE STEVIE ORBIT.

# The Damned Good Line

Words & Music by CAROL HANISCH  
Copyright © 1979 Carol Hanisch

He told me that he loved me A million times or more Faithful he swore he would be  
 wanted to be-lieve him, I took him at his word But he only talked a damn good line. A damn good  
 line, We've heard it many times But it's not at all what men do, So we'll work for the day  
 Yearn for the day, Risk for the day, Fight for the day When that damn good line comes true.

He scorned other men who  
 were unfaithful to their wives  
 Said how punished they should be  
 Then he left me for another  
 No warning did he give  
 Now I'm alone with his damned good line.

Cho.

Said he loved my strength  
 Said he loved my song  
 Said my equal partner he would be  
 But when I demanded  
 He live up to his words  
 He took off with his damned good line

Cho.

Claimed women's liberation  
 Had all his support  
 Said he wanted women to be free  
 But I would not bow down  
 To his own tyranny  
 And he left me with his damned good line.

Cho.

He talked of battered women  
 How awful were the men  
 Who would treat a woman so.  
 But the scars upon my heart say  
 He did the same to me  
 Him and his damn good line.

Cho.

One day we'll hold the power  
 In our very own hands  
 To force men to treat us right  
 I'm just waiting for the day  
 To witness the scene  
 Of him choking on his damn good line.

Cho.

(Ed. Note. Sing this one to most any  
 gathering of women and they'll be  
 thundering out on the chorus before  
 the song is half way through. A.C.)

Transcribed by  
 A. Cunningham

# Talkin' Gender Neutral Blues

by Kristin Lems  
 ©1978 Kleine Ding Music

Well I was walkin' down the street one day readin' the signs that came my way and  
 after a while I started to see that none of those words referred to me  
 God will towards men... "all men are created equal"... "Praise Him!" - we all did!

Well I asked some friends if they agreed  
 That they felt left out in the things they read;  
 They told me yes and added some more  
 And soon we all felt pretty sore...  
 Congressman....businessman...sideman....  
 But I sure never heard of a househusband!

Well some men came by and a fight began to grow;  
 "You girls are so dumb you just don't know---  
 These here are called generic words;  
 They're meant to include both the bees and the birds."  
 Well gee fellas, how am I supposed to know?  
 I certainly don't feel included!

Well then okay, said I, if that's so true,  
 I'll just use "woman" to cover the two.  
 "It don't make a difference to us," they said,  
 "If you wanna use 'woman,' go right ahead."  
 I said, thanks, that's real sisterly of you;  
 Glad to see you believe in sportswomanship.

"Now hold your horses," they started to cry.  
 "I think I'll hold my mares," said I.  
 "You're leavin all of us guys behind!"  
 Why no! We're all part of womankind!  
 So don't fret, friends...take it like a woman...  
 You'll get used to it, just like we all did!



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From the Album  
 OH MAMA! on Carol's-  
 datter Productions,  
 908 W California #3,  
 Urbana, IL 61801

# Bourbon Streetwalker

8

Words & Music by JEFF AMPOLSK  
© 1980 by Jeff Ampolsk

She's a Bourbon Street-walker and a 9th Ward slang talker, With her hair piled high and a red lipstick smile. She's a French Quarter daughter who's mem'ries have lost her In the Carousel Lounge with her tight silk skirt style. (CHO) Won't you please take her gentle who-ever you are, It ain't what you're thinkin' though she shows all the scars. Won't you please take her easy cause she just ain't that hard, Lord; She once loved a welder who worked in the shipyard.

Transcribed by A. Cunningham

She's a Bourbon Streetwalker  
And a 9th Ward slang talker  
With her hair piled high  
And a red lipstick smile.

She's a French Quarter daughter  
Who's memories have lost her  
In the Carousel Lounge  
With her tight silk skirt style.

CHO:

Won't you please take her gentle  
Whoever you are  
It ain't what you're thinkin'  
Tho she shows all the scars

Won't you please take her easy  
Cause she just ain't that hard  
She once loved a welder  
Who worked in the shipyard.

She sang almost persuaded  
Till the day she degraded  
Saint Christopher's medal  
That hung from her chest.

And she never looked downward  
Till the day she found herself  
Sittin' in bar-rooms  
Tellin' men she's the best. (CHO)

Now the years turned her older  
And the men turned her colder  
Money, make-up and booze  
Could not shield her from pain

So she closes down lounges  
While the tick-tocker  
scrounges

The little that's left  
'Till nothin' remains.

(Final chorus ending)  
...She once loved a welder  
From the AVONDALE Yard.

# Sinking of the Betty Wood

Words & Music by JEFF AMPOLSK  
© 1980 by Jeff Ampolsk

Workin' on the Mississippi cable in my hand, Tyin' up the barges that bring food to this old land. Now...

Workin' on the Mississippi  
cable in my hand  
Tyin' up the barges that bring  
food to this old land  
Now I've seen many come and go  
Many, many, Lord  
Many lose an arm or leg  
many overboard.

Tonight I tell a story though  
one that's seldom told  
About the bravest crew that ever  
pushed an old barge tow  
Was one night in late December  
rainin', it was cold  
Radar it was broken  
you couldn't see for the fog.

BROADSIDE #143

Nineteen empty barges from  
grain elevator number five  
Boat was headin' southbound  
northbound ship on the  
starboard side  
The noise cracked like thunder  
as the ship turned the tug  
on its side  
Later on that night all the  
housewives wept and cried.

Cause once you're in that river  
boy, you're as good as dead  
The water cold & current quick  
bring you to your deathbed  
Two men on the barge tow, tho,  
still had a chance to live  
But cruel old mean man Mr. Fate  
just one life jacket  
did them give.

The men they sat and pondered  
and then they flipped a coin  
The loser killed the winner  
and took the jacket  
for his own  
Now there's six men on the bottom  
dirt to dirt and dust to clay  
The seventh nightmares every night  
and dies most every day.

I guess you'll wonder how I know  
this tale, how I know  
this old stor-y  
I guess you have guessed by now  
the murderer was me  
Workin' on the Mississippi  
cable in my hand  
Still a tyin' up the barges that  
bring food to this old land.

Transcribed by A. Cunningham



Apocalypse When?

# ROCK 'N RIOT

**Fans climbed over the bodies trying to get to their seats**

**20 Hurt as Country Music Fans Riot After Concert Near Chicago**

CHICAGO, Sept. 6 (UPI) — A brawl broke out among country music fans leaving a Hank Williams Jr. concert in suburban Niles last night and expanded into what the police called an "all-out riot" in which 20 people were injured. "It was just a bloody mess," said Lieut. Frank Stankowicz of the Niles po-

lice force. "Everybody was screaming and kicking and jumping up and down, including policemen trying to stop it." He said hundreds of people were involved in the fracas.

Seven persons were taken to the Lutheran General Hospital in Park Ridge for treatment. None were believed seriously injured. More than a dozen others suffered cuts and bruises but refused hospital treatment, the authorities said.

**Youth seized in rock concert murder of girl**

## Rock fans rampage

**'I hit a cop on the head with a chair'**

By CY EGAN

THOUSANDS OF furious fans exploded in an orgy of violence when rock star Alice Cooper failed to appear for a concert in Toronto last night.

The rioting fans tossed chairs, hurled bottles, smashed stage equipment and threw punches and yelled obscenities at policemen who were sent in to control them in the Canadian National Exhibition Coliseum.

"I hit a cop on the head with a chair," one fan told a reporter.

Pinera tried to calm them by saying tickets would be refunded and by offering to put another band on stage.

The offer was met by a surge of screaming fans, hurling metal chairs, bottles and any other objects they could lay their hands on.

Damage was estimated at hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The aroma of marijuana was thick in the air and the fans — many with faces painted like Alice Cooper's — guzzled from liquor bottles and listened to The Zon, a Canadian rock group that was on the preliminary bill.

As the cops waded in with nightsticks, the crowd cheered whenever one of them was struck by a bottle or other objects.

## Bottle hurled at guitarist touches off concert melee

By LESLIE GEVIRTZ

FOURTEEN persons were injured and 160 arrested last night at a rock concert in Milwaukee, the latest in a series of bloody music riots.

The English rock band Black Sabbath had just announced a hit song when a bottle, thrown from the audience, struck bass guitarist Geezer Butler.

Butler, his head bleeding, walked off the Milwaukee Arena stage.

Lead singer Ronnie James Dio stepped up to the mike, cursed the 8000 fans in the audience and the group walked off.

"The manager came out and said, 'We really wanted to play for Milwaukee, but we won't

have stuff thrown at us,' " one concert goer said.

THE NEW YORK TIMES,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1980

When the house lights went up, the crowd started throwing chairs, bottles and firecrackers. The youths set small fires, ripped doors from their hinges, battered telephone booths and smashed windows. Outside, others scuffled with police officers, jumped on the hoods of parked cars, broke windshields, uprooted ornamental trees and hurled stones and other objects from a parking ramp at people on the sidewalks below.

### Ghost of Cincinnati Rock Tragedy Still Haunting Festival Promoters

By ROBERT PALMER

WHEN the promoter of a rock concert sells tickets for unreserved seats on a general-admission, or "festival seating," basis, the rock group's most dedicated fans arrive at the concert early, hoping to claim a seat or standing space close to the stage. Festival seating has been singled out by a number of analysts and witnesses as perhaps the most important contributing factor in the Dec. 3 tragedy in Cincinnati, when 11 young persons lost their lives while pushing into the Riverfront Coliseum for a concert by the Who.

Last December, eleven fans were trampled to death in the rush for seats at a Who concert in Cincinnati.

Rock fans at the Riverfront Stadium there crawled over the dead and dying, ignoring their screams in the stampede for the best seats in the general admissions section.

Another riot occurred at the Milwaukee arena last year when the group New Barbarians appeared.

According to Miss Infusino, "the place looked pretty like it did last year after that riot."

**Show must go on**

## Punk rock 'mystery man' sought in S.I. girl's killing

# A call for 'dope tax' on top rock groups

By CHRIS OLIVER

THE STATE'S top narcotics abuse fighter today issued an "enemies list" of rock superstars — including Mick Jagger and Paul Simon — who he says

should be taxed for promoting drug use among young children through their music.

"We are developing a legislative proposal that will tax every musician who makes money on recordings that suggest drug use," said Julio Martinez, director of the State Division of Substance Abuse Services.



PAUL SIMON  
Hit song about drugs



MICK JAGGER  
High on enemies list

## Songs tell kids drugs are hip

"I want to tax them \$1 for each and every time a record is sold and a song is aired on the radio," an angry Martinez told The Post.

Martinez said his "enemies list" includes:



BOB DYLAN  
Makes enemies list

● Paul Simon, whose current best-seller is "One Trick Pony," about smoking marijuana at a very young age.

● The Rolling Stones, "a big enemy," with such songs as "Sister Morphine" and many other suggestive hits.

● The Grateful Dead, for several songs idealizing cocaine use.

Other artists include Jackson Browne, Jefferson Starship, Lou Reed, Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton and

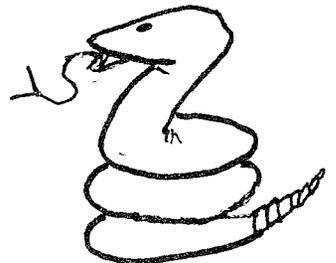
The New Riders of The Purple Sage.

"The Grateful Dead should drop dead," Martinez said. "These groups make millions of dollars on songs that are inducing young kids to get high on drugs.

"The state doesn't get any of the profits, but I have to deal with the casualties," he said.

State statistics show heroin-related overdose deaths at an all-time high and drug abuse programs throughout the state are filled to capacity.

"If these groups gave us just five concerts a year, they could immediately get those 1000 kids the desperate help they need."



NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1979

## Composer raped me

By CYNDI STIVERS

ACTRESS Carrie Snodgrass has accused a leading Hollywood film composer of raping her.

Miss Snodgrass, an Academy Award nominee for "Diary of a Mad Housewife," says Jack Nitzsche pistol-whipped her and dragged her across a room by her hair.

The 33-year-old actress then claims Nitzsche raped her with the barrel of the gun.

Nitzsche, 42, wrote the score for the Oscar award winning movie, "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Next, she said, he forced her into the bathroom, where he raped her with the barrel of the revolver.

A house guest of Miss Snodgrass, actor/director Paul Williams, fled as soon as Nitzsche showed up.

He is a former business associate of rock star Neil Young, with whom Miss Snodgrass lived for six years.

He has also played piano with the Rolling Stones on several of their American tours.

## A rose is...

BLAME it on Webster's. That's what singer Janis Ian can do, after failing to have libel charges against her dismissed. In a 1976 Times article on singer Phoebe Snow, Janis had been quoted as saying: "[Phoebe's] record company and her manager and her lawyer all screwed her at once." Steven Rand, Snow's manager, sued Ian and the Times. Claiming Rand has no triable issues, Janis — for reasons unfathomable — submitted a tape of the interview, where she actually said Snow was "f--ed over" by those parties — a quote which never found its way into the Times. Not that it matters. A judge just ruled that "Webster's dictionary has no definition of the words 'f--ed over.' In our view, the distinction between the expressions is a distinction without a difference." So back to court go Ian and the case.

Stunt backfires — 7000 fans riot

STONE, APRIL 17, 1980  
THANK YOU FOR YOUR kind mention of me and my clients, Bob Dylan, Donna Summer, Stevie Wonder and Roger McGuinn, in your Heavy Hundred.

JESUS  
Lancaster, New Hampshire

# Concert Reviews

## TOM PAXTON

"More Than Words and Music"  
May 19 at the 92 St. "Y"

He wasn't mentioned in any of the ads for the concert. His name wasn't on the ticket I paid for, but I wasn't too concerned when Oscar Brand opened the Tom Paxton concert at the 92 St. "Y" on May 19. A lesser known or less talented singer will often "warm up" an audience before the featured performer comes on stage. I began to get uncomfortable, though, after Tom Paxton did come on stage and Oscar not only stayed, but sang one song for every one of Tom's. By the end of the evening, Oscar Brand had completely taken over the Tom Paxton concert, answering questions from the audience, singing and talking, until Tom couldn't get a word or a song in edgewise.

Tom was a gentleman about it. At first he smiled while Oscar sang. He even smiled when Oscar invited an old man in

(Reprinted from the N.Y.C. Pinewoods  
Folk Music Club Newsletter)

NOTES: Oscar Brand, in a N.Y. radio talk show several years ago, claimed the major credit for writing UNION MAID. He said Woody Guthrie had come to him for help in writing a womens' song. He obliged by suggesting the tune and providing most of the lyrics. This is a little hard to figure out since UNION MAID was written in Oklahoma City in the winter of 1939-40 and Brand is a Canadian who didn't come to the States until after World War II. ... It has often been said that the India Water Torture is preferable to listening to Oscar Brand sing...

The real story of UNION MAID has lasted 40 years. It goes: Pete

a striped suit and straw hat, a comic supposed writer of political songs, up on stage to do his comedy routine. But toward the end his justifiable resentment began to show. He stopped smiling. He played his guitar softly, trying to get a song started.

From what little Oscar allowed him to sing, I could tell that Tom Paxton is as good a song writer as ever. He did some songs about nuclear power, one about the "Abscam" scandal in Washington, one about Jimmy Carter's battle with the vicious rabbit, and one about Anita Bryant and gay liberation.

I would have liked to hear more of his new songs. I would have liked to hear **some of the old ones** again.

But Oscar Brand was just too egotistical, or too jealous of Paxton's superior talent, to let Tom Paxton have the stage that was rightfully his. Tom Paxton is one of this country's greatest song writers. Perhaps some other night I will be able to enjoy hearing him. —Anne Ohayon

Seeger and Woody Guthrie stopped in at the Okla.City office of the state Communist Party, run by Bob Wood (NOT Woods, Pete) & his wife Ina. Ina challenged: "Why don't you guys ever write a song about women!" In the morning there was UNION MAID, stuck in the office typewriter, written by Woody during the night....

JOAN BAEZ AND POL POT'S SUPPLIES. A couple of years ago Baez was in the Soviet Union. She seems to have tried to organize the dissidents and was told by Moscow to get lost. Once home, she circulated a vicious petition attack on Vietnam, a Soviet ally. She spent \$33,000 spreading this slander and urging

prominent Americans to join her. Attorney William Kunstler, one of those with sense enough to decline, called her action rightly as a "cruel and wanton act." (See B'Side #142.) She began a drive to gather supplies for the suffering Cambodian people. Naturally the legitimate Cambodian government in Pnom Penh, also an ally of Vietnam, would not permit her entry via that route. Obviously and justly, they suspected her real motives. So Baez delivered the supplies to the refugee camps inside the Thai border. It so happened these camps were controlled by the infamous Pol Pot, who had butchered in every possible inhumane way between one and two million men, women and children, before being driven out by loyal Cambodian troops aided by Vietnamese volunteers. Skulls of the massacred were piled everywhere. Appropriating the supplies delivered by various groups to the refugee camps, Pol Pot mounted one more offensive into Cambodia. Again he was driven out, but not before massacring additional thousands of innocents, not counting those who died in the camps when stripped of their sustenance. It is hard to determine if Baez got involved in all this knowingly or if it simply was due to the ignorance of this once sanctimonious pacifist.

G.F.

DAVID ARKIN 1907 -- 1980

David Arkin, a longtime contributor to *BROADSIDE*, has died of cancer in Los Angeles. He wrote countless songs, often in collaboration with Wally Hille. But he is best known for a song he wrote back in 1954, which became a smash rock hit twenty years later.

The song was *BLACK AND WHITE*, with the lines:

"Nine judges all set down their names,  
To end the years and years of shame,  
And now a child can understand,  
This is the law of all the land."

He was referring, of course, to the historic 1954 Supreme Court ruling, outlawing segregation in the schools. The song immediately became a grassroots civil rights anthem. For nearly two decades an early recording by Sammy Davis, Jr. was used in the civil rights struggle and in schools, and his wife Beatrice remembers "pretty much around the world, except in such places as South Africa." Notably, the song was the musical centerpiece in an Edward R. Murrow CBS radio broadcast of 1960 called "Crossroads Africa."

But it was not until the early 70's that *BLACK AND WHITE* really took off, in a recording by the *THREE DOG NIGHT* rock group. It won an ASCAP gold medal record award for its author.

The achievement was all the greater considering that in 1952 he, like many of his fellow artists in many fields, became a blacklist victim of the Joseph McCarthy era demogogy.

Among his survivors is Alan Arkin, the actor.



**NORMAN CAZDEN 1915 - 1980**  
Norman Cazden, father of *Broadside* contributor Joanna Cazden, has died of cancer at the age of 65 in Bangor, Maine. He was widely known as a pianist, composer, musicologist and educator. A native of New York City, he received his doctorate in musicology from Harvard in 1948.

He spent years as a teacher at Vassar, the Peabody Conservatory, the Universities of Michigan and Illinois. He was also a folklorist seeking out old songs in the Adirondacks. Like so many other Americans he was subpoenaed by the U.S. House Committee on Un-American Activities to testify, but respectfully declined to do so, invoking the Fifth Amendment.

Joanna, who is a songwriter and performer, lives in Los Angeles. Her song *THE MUSICIAN'S LADY* was in B'side #136, her *ELLA ELLISON* in #137.

*BROADSIDE #143*

**NOTES.** Another scholar who stayed a while and passed on - *JOHN JACOB NILES*...and earlier, Pete Seeger's father, *CHARLES*, 92.... "I enjoy *Broadside* - read it at the Univ. of Illinois Music Library. I am friends with Joanna Cazden, was close to Malvina Reynolds, died Phil Ochs and grew up on Bob Dylan (and outgrew him!) P.S. The letter on Dylan from Jacques van Son in #142 was wonderful." - KRISTEN LEMS... Incidentally, Kristen's LP *OH MAMA!* can be had from *Sing Out Magazine's Market Place*, 505 8th Ave. NYC 10018. They also have Mike Glick, Suni Paz, Victor Jara & others.



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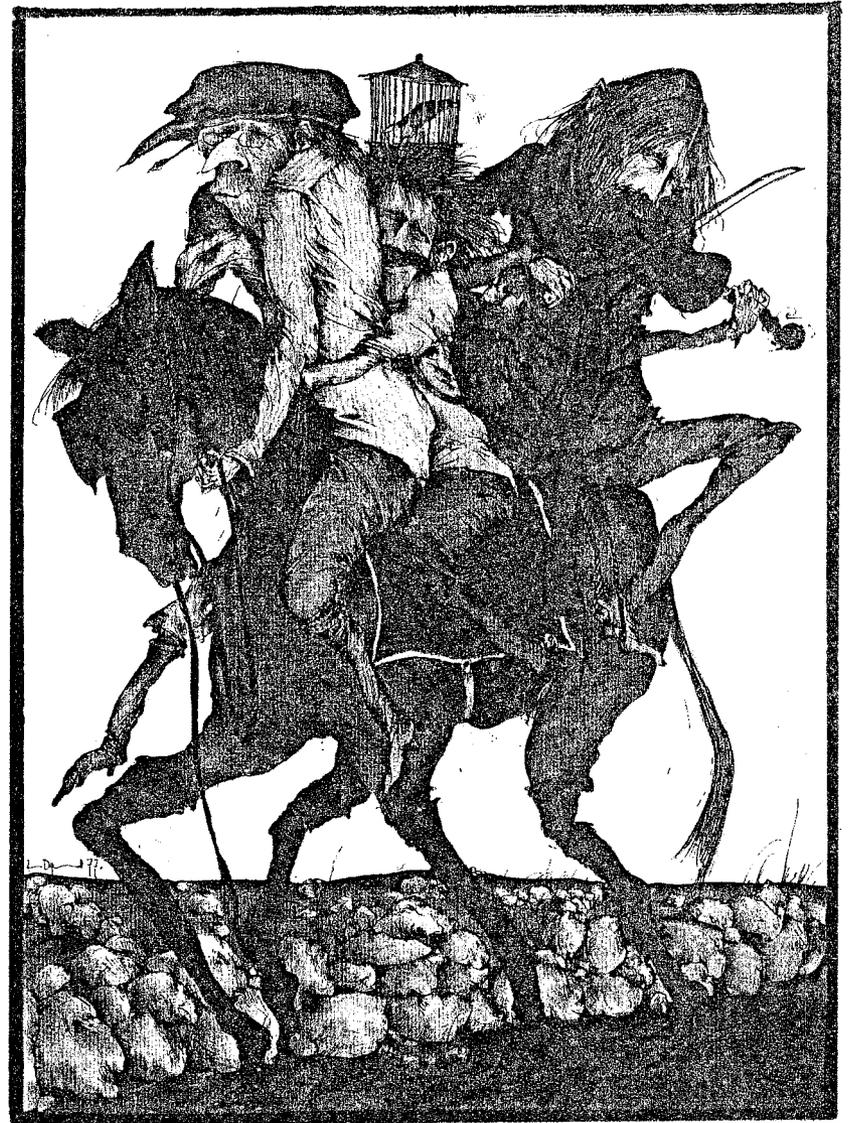
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