

# Broadside

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1983

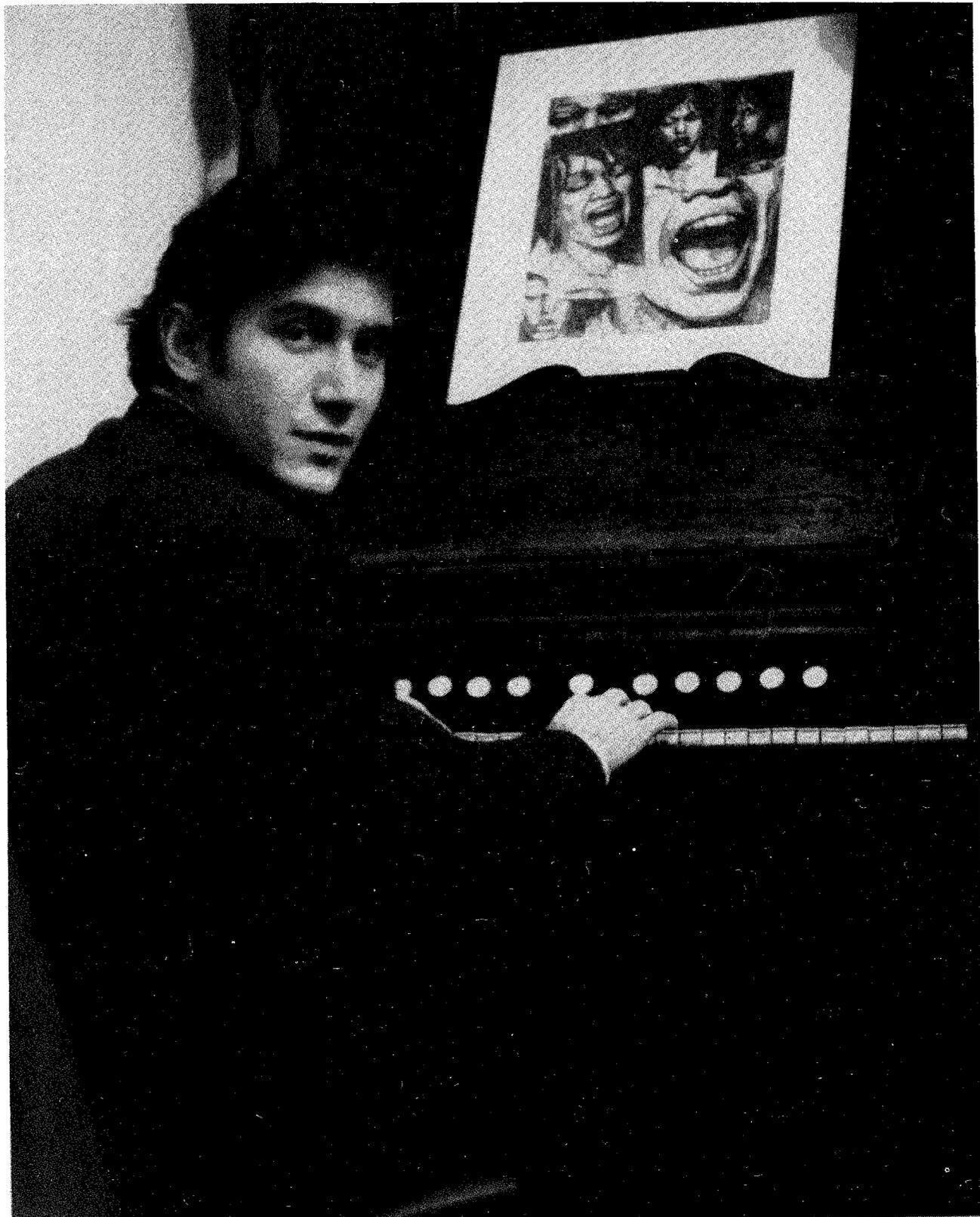


Photo by Alice Ochs

## Phil Ochs

**BROADSIDE #147**  
**The National Topical Song Magazine**

Published monthly by: Broadside, Ltd.  
 P.O. Box 1464  
 New York, NY 10023

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ISSN: 0740-7955

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## Phil

This issue of Broadside is a tribute to Phil Ochs, who would have been 43 years old on December 19th. Phil was one of Broadside's most frequent contributors over the years: the Index to Broadside lists more than 70 of Phil's songs. Furthermore, the pages of Broadside over these years were filled with items by and about Phil and with songs written by Phil's contemporaries, many of whom were inspired by Phil--as we all were. Broadside was a "home" for Phil in these years, not only a place to physically hang out, but also a place to "hang out" his songs for the world to see. Both the magazine and singer would have been successful without each other, but their successes are certainly inextricably interwoven.

This issue contains three songs written in tribute to Phil--by Tom Paxton, Sammy Walker and Vic Sadot. It also contains four of Phil's better known

works, one of which is his song about Raygun's invasion of Grenada! Finally, this issue contains six songs "written" by Phil but never previously published either in print or on a record. These songs were among 15 or more that Phil sent on tape many years ago to his long-time friend Jim Glover and which had been forgotten. Having recently rediscovered them, Jim gave copies to Broadside (with the kind cooperation and permission of Phil's brother Michael and sister Sonny).

Many thanks to everyone who helped make this issue possible, especially Tanya Herlick of Philadelphia who transcribed the songs from the tapes. [Two of Phil's unpublished songs will soon appear in Sing Out! and 6-8 more will appear in future issues of Broadside.]

## Coming

Future issues of Broadside will feature, of course, the songs of today's topical songwriters, with the occasional historical tune or reprint from past editions. We shall therefore appreciate hearing from any and all songwriters, song-collectors and others of that persuasion who would like to share good things with other people.

In addition, many future issues of Broadside will focus on a particular theme or subject, and we will be particularly appreciative of songs sent in for these special issues (see below). Furthermore, we are anxious to have guest editors from time to time and we will be pleased to share these pages with those of you who have a compatible interest and access to songs. Being a guest editor means putting together a collection of songs, including lead sheets, words and permissions. The Broadside "staff" will take care of the production details, though the "staff" is purely voluntary and more volunteers are always needed to replace those who have collapsed at the drawing board from the hard work or rubber cement fumes.

If you are sending us a song, please include words, music, copyright information and, if possible, a recording. You can even throw in a picture of yourself or an illustration. If you would like to type, cut-and-paste, transcribe songs or draw some illustrations, drop us a note and we'll contact you. And finally, if you would like to be one of our guest editors, let us know. For everyone's interest, here are some of the topics for future issues:

The '84 Election	No Nukes
Native Americans	The Environment
Children	Woody Guthrie
Technology	Women's Movement
Labor Songs	Spanish Civil War
And contemporary topical songs of--	
Nicaragua, Chile, Canada, Israel, Ireland, England, Italy, France, etc.	

Plus a special issue on "Songs of Freedom and Struggle/The Peoples' Music Network," based on the forthcoming conference to be held in Boston in January, for which Sonny Ochs will be editor and Charlie King will be pitching in.

Moderately

# LEGENDS

Words and music by  
SAMMY WALKER

Verse:

1. The first time that I called you at that old New York hotel it was  
 Hal-lo-ween all o-ver with that trick you played so well. I  
 woke you up from dream-in', sing-in' songs of yes-ter-day,  
 chorus: took a drive to New-port to hear Saint Fe-ter play.  
 Dust on your man-tel, leg-ends on your mind,  
 hang-in' out with Bo-gart in some by-gone place in time.  
 Sing me your sweet "chan-ges" when I'm feel-in' down and blue, and I'll  
 treas-ure pre-cious hours that I've stole a-way with you.



2. Oh, the muggy nights in SoHo,  
 I had so much to learn.  
 You gave me wings to fly away  
 And asked for no return.  
 Lon Chaney's ghost beside us  
 Wore the mask of Mickey Finn.  
 And I never once suspected  
 That you and he were friends. (Chorus)



3. The last time that I saw you,  
 You weren't really even there.  
 I cried when I heard you  
 Come out across the air.  
 You bid your last farewell,  
 Just like your first hello.  
 And I'll always think about you  
 When I pass thru Ohio. (Chorus)



# It's Been A Long, Long, Story

Words and Music by  
Phil Ochs

Handwritten musical score for guitar and voice. The score consists of seven staves of music in treble clef, 4/4 time. Chords are indicated by letters above the notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

It's been a long, long, long, long Story 'Bout the  
fight to make man free It's been a long, long,  
long, long, long, long story about as long as a story  
G7 C CHORUS: G F  
ought'a be so hold your hats boys hold  
the fort I'm here to make a long story short  
So it's time to sail in to the port  
Time to make a long story short



John L. Lewis

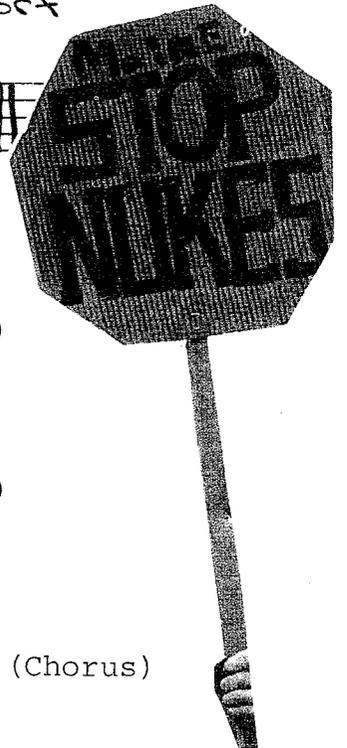
It's been...  
About the fight to make the union grow  
It's been...  
Story that's been told too slow (Chorus)

It's been...  
About the fight to ban the bomb  
It's been...  
Should've been a long time gone (Chorus)

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It's been...  
About the fight to keep the hungry lands  
It's been...  
About as long as a hungry world can stand (Chorus)



# I'm Tired

Words and Music by  
Phil Ochs

to be leisurely played

1. Some-times I feel that the world is - nit mine. It feeds on my hun - ger,

and tears on my time. And I'm tired. Yes, I'm tired. 2. Every face

on the street is as cold as the air and as hard as the pave-ment that moves neuth my

feet. And I'm tired. Yes I'm tired. Chorus: Some times I stop and ask to my-

self Oh why should I be so a - lone. It comes and it goes and

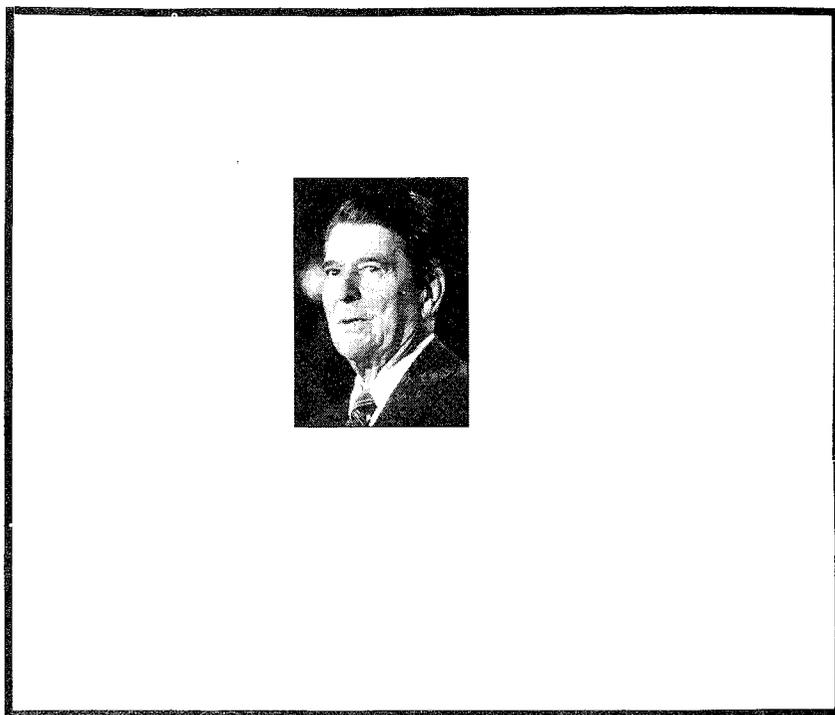
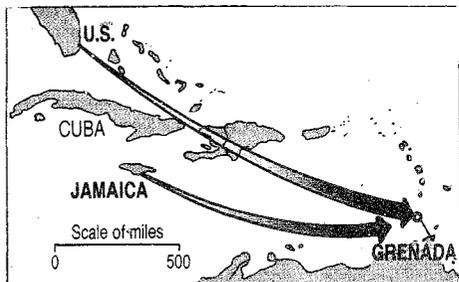
no - bo - dy knows For they're blind with a pain all their own.

3. So I start out again  
 With a smile on my face  
 To hide all the empty  
 And search for a friend  
 And I'm tired  
 Yes I'm tired.

## CHORUS

Repeat last verse

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President Raygun with the Americans whose lives were saved by the invasion of Grenada.

# Your Eyes Will Taste Of The Flowers

Words and Music By Phil Ochs

I'm leav- ing on the mor- ning rail- road in the drizz ling  
 dark ness of the rain And I hear with ev ery wheel a-  
 turn ing Sec- rets sound ing of your name And your  
 eyes will taste of the flow ers, your lips of the morn ing  
 dew And your hair will taste of the mea- dow And  
 all the world will taste of you.

1. I'm a leavin' on the morning railroad  
 In the drizzlin' darkness of the rain  
 And I hear with every wheel a turnin'  
 Secrets sounding of your name

### Chorus

And your eyes will taste of the flowers  
 Your lips of the morning dew  
 And your hair will taste of the meadow  
 And all the world will taste of you

2. I can't tell the reason why I'm leaving  
 I don't know just what I'm heading for  
 I just know with every mile I wander  
 I'm needing you another mile more

(Chorus)

3. Oh if you never get my letter  
 You know your memory will stay  
 With every song that I am singing  
 With every word that I say

(Chorus)

4. I'll carry your picture in my pocket  
 When times are good or times are bad  
 And if I chance to meet another  
 It won't take away the good times that  
 Singin' all the world will taste of you

# You Should Have Been Down In Mississippi

© Copyright 1983 Phil Ochs' Estate

words and music by  
Phil Ochs

1. *Amin* *G* *F* *C*  
 far- don me, all you peo- ple who en- joy your peace of mind  
 You say ev- ery bod- y's eq- ual Ev- ery-body is do- ing fine

*Chorus:* *F* *C*  
 You should've been down in Mis- sis- sip- pi in the sum- mer of six- ty four. If  
 you were down in Mis- sis- sip- pi you would- n't say that an- y- more.

2. Pardon me, Mr. Backlash,  
 You say you're worried about your home.  
 You say we're going too far too fast  
 You say you want to be left alone.

### CHORUS

6. repeat first verse

### CHORUS

3. Pardon me, Mr. Policeman,  
 Why're you shining up your shield  
 You say you stand for law and order  
 You wouldn't do no dirty deals.

### CHORUS

4. Pardon me, Mr. Soldier,  
 Why're you marching down the road.  
 You say you're fighting for your future  
 And the freedoms that you hold.

### CHORUS

5. Pardon me, Mr. President  
 You want your place in history  
 You say you're doing all you can do  
 To make all the people free



## PHIL OCHS NIGHT AT THE SPEAK EASY

by Sonny Ochs

The Speak Easy was packed!! People came from all over to hear Phil Ochs' songs once again! As someone said irreverently, "Phil dead draws a better crowd than most people who are alive." I'm not sure what was the most exciting part—to see and hear so many performers who felt it was important to be part of the occasion; to hear the various interpretations of Phil's songs and the breadth and depth of his writing; to see the audience reminiscing and singing along; or to have Jim Glover, Sammy Walker and Sis Cunningham in the same room together!

As emcee of the show, I made it clear from the outset that this night was not a memorial. This was a song night—a celebration of Phil's music—and I invited the audience to sing along. Setting up the show became comical when everyone wanted to sing the same songs—"I Aint Marchin Anymore," "What's that I Hear," "Draft Dodger Rag," and, the winner, "There but for Fortune," which was finally performed by the Washington Squares. The interesting part was people who knew the obscure material. I was surprised when Lydia Davis wanted to do "Hills of West Virginia" and Joe Heukerott, "The Scorpion."

In some cases I matched performers with songs. At the Clearwater Annual Meeting in September I cornered Rick Nestler and said, "I have two songs I want you to learn because they're perfect for you." Rick learned "Gas Station Women" and "Chords of Fame"—the latter was sung with Peggy Atwood and was one of the highlights of the evening. I also coerced a quartet of Sloop Singers to learn "Bracero," which also came out beautifully, thanks to the arrangement by Bobbie Wayne.

Earlier I mentioned that it was exciting to have Jim Glover, Sammy Walker and Sis Cunningham in the same room. Let me explain. Jim taught Phil how to play guitar and led him down the path to folk music. Sis Cunningham met him on that path, personally transcribed more than 60 of his songs and printed them in Broadside, starting back in the early '60s and continuing into the '70s. Sammy Walker met Phil further down the road, when Phil had stopped writing. Phil recognized Sammy's talent and was responsible for Sammy's getting a recording contract.

All in all, more than 20 people performed almost 40 of Phil's songs. There was a tremendous spirit of togetherness among the performers and the audience. Everyone seemed to enjoy being part of this special evening. Although aside from Oscar Brand there were no "big names" on the program, there was such a large turnout that many people could not get in. This was a wonderful tribute to Phil. It's nice to know that even though he's gone, there are many people who still love his songs, and his spirit is still very much alive.

[Editor's note: For every person in the audience at the Speak Easy (which holds about 80 people, uncomfortably), there must be 10,000 who wished they could have been there. Let's hope the next "Phil Ochs Night" is held in a larger hall.]

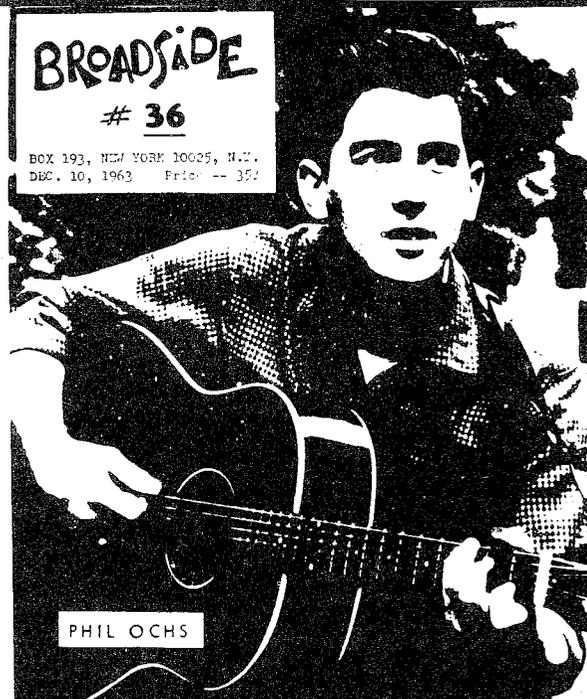
## Broadside # 63

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE JULY 15, 1965 PRICE -- 50¢



in this issue

PHIL OCHS talks about protest songs,  
BOB DYLAN, PHIL OCHS



IN THIS ISSUE: TWO SONGS BY PHIL OCHS  
"THAT WAS THE PRESIDENT"  
"IT MUST HAVE BEEN ANOTHER COUNTRY"



left to right:  
Jim Glover  
Jon Stein  
Ned Treanor  
Sonny Ochs

*Tempo: brisk and lively!*

## I AM A GREYHOUND DRIVER

Copyright, 1983 by Local 1202, Amalgamated Transit Union

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The melody is a simple, rhythmic tune. The lyrics are: "I am a Greyhound driver, I'm on the road all day, It never came in to my mind to take a cut in pay! I work at honest labor so I'm qualified to say, when it comes to slashing salaries, let management lead the way! There's a union-buster in the driver's seat, there's a weasel under Greyhound's skin, But they can't sell me that shilligalee, for the union cause will win!"

**NOTE:** This song leaped into being from amidst the picket line in New York City's Port Authority Bus Terminal during the first week of the great nationwide strike against Greyhound. Emergency lyrics are still evolving. The tune is the glorious Irish traditional, "Green on the Green" ["I am a jolly ploughboy, I plough the fields all day...."]. Some say this melody goes back more than several centuries.

No one individual dreamt up this song. To begin with, Donald said: We need a song! Next, Stan sprang the riddle of a one-syllable word for "demolish." His inspired discovery lit up the first stanza and in turn sparked the whole song into motion. Meantime, Hans (at Mike and Mike's Bus Food Bazaar) supplied us with free coffee and Penny labored over a tag for the scab baggage handlers, till the two of us solved it: Hooligan-in-training! Pete Seeger listened to it and liked it early last Sunday morning--the day he strengthened our picket line with his singing and his banjo. On Monday night the crowd at Eagle Tavern signalled acceptance and unanimous enjoyment. A critical moment came when Isabel Bishop--renowned artist, beloved human being--from her hospital bed in St. Vincent's, licensed our word shilligalee...a word that either is or isn't in the language; we haven't had time to care.

There's a Trailways garage mechanic, still anonymous as Broadside goes to press, who gave us the gift of three hours' life-sustaining sleep on that decisive Thursday morning, even favoring us with a wake-up call at 5:30 A.M. This song is dedicated to him!

...and to the memory of Raymond Phillips, striking Greyhound worker, immortal member of Amalgamated Transit Union Local 1043, Cleveland. On December 5th, 1983, Brother Phillips was run over and killed in east-central Ohio while attempting to intercept a scab-driven bus. Glory to our martyred brother! More momentum to the struggle for which he gave his life! --Lares Tresjan

I am a Greyhound driver,  
I'm on the road all day  
It never came into my mind  
to take a cut in pay!  
I work at honest labor  
so I'm qualified to say  
when it comes to slashing salaries  
let management lead the way!

**Chorus:**  
There's a unionbuster in the driver's seat.  
There's a weasel under Greyhound's skin.  
But they can't sell me that shilligalee  
for the union cause will win. (2X)

I am a baggage handler,  
working class personified.  
The corporation's profits  
are wrenched from my insides.  
Some hooligan-in-training  
replaced me yesterday  
so your luggage for Acapulco  
ended up in Thunder Bay!

(chorus, 2X)

I'm this ordinary fellow,  
wants to get to Albany,  
won't won't buy Greyhound's one-way ticket  
to twilight and misery.  
I refuse to leave the driving  
to some scabbing son-of-a-bitch.  
So you'll see me on the Thruway  
for it's safer to hike and hitch!

There's a unionbuster in the driver's seat.  
There's a bloodhound under Greyhound's skin.  
But they can't sell me that misery!  
I'm on strike until we win! (2X)

# Changes

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS

Sit by my side, come as close as the air, — Share in a memory of  
 grey, And wander in my words, and dream a-bout the Pictures that I  
 play — of chang- es.

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

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BROADSIDE #63



# Love Me I'm a Liberal

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS  
© by Phil Ochs 1965

Musical notation for the song "Love Me I'm a Liberal". The score is written on three staves with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: E, A, E, A, E, C#m, E, A, E, F#, B7, E, A, E, G#m, A, E, C#m, A, B7, E.

I cried when they shot Mad-gar Ev-ers Tears ran down my spine I cried when they  
shot Mister Ken-ne-dy as tho I'd lost a father of mine but Mal-cdm X got what was com-ing  
he got what he asked for this time so Love me, Love me, Love me I'm a Liberal!

BROADSIDE #58

I go to civil rights rallies  
And I put down the old DAR  
I love Harry and Sidney and Sammy  
I hope every colored boy becomes a star  
But don't talk about revolution  
That's going a little bit too far, So love me, etc.  
I cheered when Humphrey was chosen  
My faith in the system restored  
And I'm glad that the Commies were thrown out  
From the AFL-CIO Board  
And I love Puerto Ricans and Negroes  
As long as they don't move next door, So love me...  
Oh the people of old Mississippi  
Should all hang their heads in shame  
I can't understand how their minds work  
What's the matter don't they watch Les Crane?  
But if you ask me to bus my children  
I hope the cops take down your name, So love me...

I read New Republic and Nation  
And I've learned to take every view  
I've memorized Lerner and Golden  
I feel like I'm almost a Jew  
But when it comes to times like Korea  
There's no one more red, white and blue,  
So love me..  
I vote for the Democratic party  
They want the UN to be strong  
I attend all the Pete Seeger concerts  
He sure gets me singing those songs  
And I'll send all the money you ask for  
But don't ask me to come on along, So love me...  
Sure once I was young and impulsive  
I wore every conceivable pin  
Even went to Socialist meetings  
Learned all the old union hymns  
Ah, but I've grown older and wiser  
And that's why I'm turnin' you in, So love me...

# I'm Gonna Say It Now

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS  
© by Phil Ochs 1965

Musical notation for the song "I'm Gonna Say It Now". The score is written on three staves with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, Bm, G, D, F#m, Bm, E7, A, D, F#m, G, A, D, Bm, G, A, D.

Oh I am just a student, sir, And I on-ly want to learn But it's hard to read through the  
risin' smoke of the books that you like to burn, So I'd like to make a promise And I'd like to a  
vow, That when I've got somethin' to say, sir, I'm gon-na say it now.

There's a time you gotta study  
And a time you gotta fight  
And a time to go to college  
And learn about your rights  
And you can learn it fast or  
slow  
But learn it anyhow  
That when I've got..., etc.  
Oh you'd like to be my father  
You'd like to be my dad  
And give me kisses when I'm  
good  
And spank me when I'm bad  
But since I've left my parents  
I've forgotten how to bow  
So when I've, etc.

I wish that you'd make up your  
mind  
I wish that you'd decide  
That I should live as freely  
As those who live outside  
Cause we also are entitled  
To the right to be endowed  
And when I've, etc.  
And things they might be  
different  
If I was here alone  
But I've got a friend or two  
Who no longer live at home  
And we'll respect our elders  
Just as long as they allow  
That when, etc.

I've read of other countries  
where  
The students take a stand  
They've even helped to overthrow  
The leaders of the land  
Now I wouldn't go so far to say  
We're also learnin' how  
But when, etc.  
So keep right on a talkin'  
And tell us what to do  
But if nobody listens  
My apologies to you  
And I know that you were young-  
er once  
Cause you sure are older now  
And when, etc.  
(Repeat first verse)

# Sing Along with Me

Words and music by  
Phil Ochs

1. When times are bad and you're feel - ing sad Got more trou - bles than  
 you've ev - er had There's one sure way to make you feel glad.  
 world will come to you here's all you got - ta do. just walk right  
 through that door (play) Sing a song when things go - wrong  
 Of a tune you'll be smi - ling soon Find your - self a  
 mel - o - dy sing a long with me Sing a -  
 long with me

2. When troubles are out and you're feeling down  
 You can chase those troubles away  
 Send your blues back to yesterday  
 It doesn't matter if you're rich or poor  
 Walk right through that door

CHORUS

3. Whistle ~~~~~

4. And when your own true love is giving you pain  
 Makes you ride that lonesome train  
 Feel like you're going insane  
 Whistle that true love from your mind  
 Leave her far behind.

CHORUS



Photo by Peter Benson

# First Snow

Words and music by  
Phil Ochs

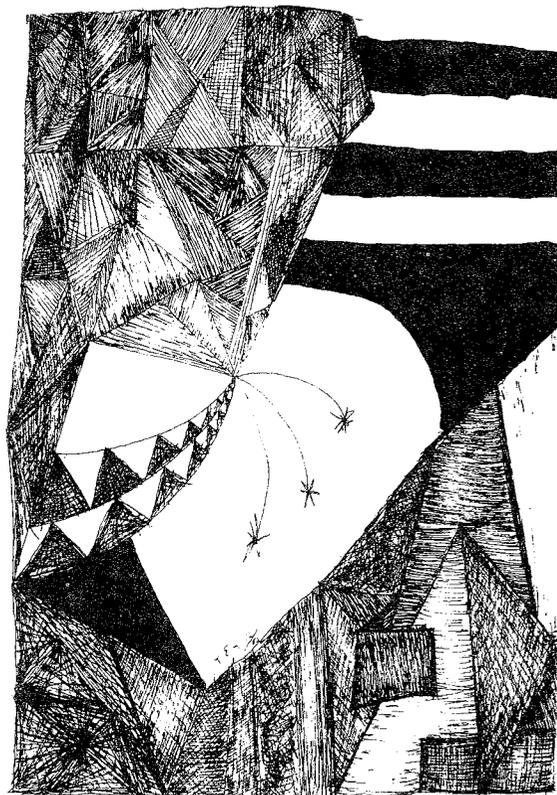
First Snow on the au-tumn ground co-vers  
grass where once she lay down. Blan-ket of white,  
grass out of sight, where did she go,  
Tell me first snow

First snow on the autumn ground  
Covers grass where she once lay down  
Blanket of white  
Grass out of sight  
Where did she go  
Tell me first snow

First snow cover my mistakes  
Cover the past with your flakes  
Perfect white sheet  
Beneath my feet  
I hurt her so  
Cleanse me first snow

First snow down you dart  
Cold as the winter  
Cold as my heart  
Fall from the sky  
Please tell me why  
I let her go  
And lost her first snow

First snow down you fall  
I feel your heartbeat  
I hear you call  
So I'll lay still  
With autumn I go  
Please hurry first snow



Words and Music by  
PHIL OCHS

# COPS of the WORLD

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Come get out of the way — boys, Quick get out of the way. — You'd better  
watch what you say — boys, Better watch what you say, We've  
rammed in your harbor — we've tied to your port, and our pistols are hungry — and our tem-pers are  
short, So bring your daughters a- round to the fort 'Cause we're the  
Cops of the World boys, We're the Cops of the World.

2. We pick and choose as we please, boys  
Pick and choose as we please  
You'd best get down on your knees, boys  
You'd best get down on your knees  
We're hairy and horny and ready to shack  
And we don't care if you're yellow or black  
Just take off your clothes and lay down on  
your back  
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys,  
we're the cops of the world.
3. Our boots are needing a shine, boys  
Our boots are needing a shine  
But our coca cola is fine, boys  
Coca cola is fine  
We've got to protect all our citizens fair  
So we'll send a battalion for everyone there  
And maybe we'll leave in a couple of years  
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys,  
we're the cops of the world.
4. And dump the Reds in a pile, boys  
Dump the Reds in a pile  
You'd better wipe off that smile, boys  
Better wipe off that smile  
We'll spit through the streets of the cities  
we wreck  
And we'll find you a leader that you can elect  
Those treaties we signed were a pain in the neck  
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys,  
we're the cops of the world.
5. And clean the johns with a rag, boys  
Clean the johns with a rag  
If you like you can use your flag, boys  
If you like you can use your flag  
We've got too much money, we're looking for toys  
Guns will be guns and boys will be boys  
But we'll gladly pay for all we've destroyed  
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys,  
we're the cops of the world.
6. And please stay off of the grass, boys  
Please stay off of the grass  
Here's a kick in the ass, boys  
Here's a kick in the ass  
We'll smash down your doors, we don't bother to  
knock  
We've done it before so why all the shock  
We're the biggest and toughest kids on the block  
'Cause we're the cops of the world boys,  
we're the cops of the world.
7. And when we've butchered your sons, boys.  
When we've butchered your sons  
Have a stick of our gum, boys  
Have a stick of our bubblegum  
We own half the world, oh say can you see  
And the name of our profits is Democracy  
So like it or not you will have to be free  
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys,  
we're the cops of the world.

BROADSIDE #70



President Raygun with  
the Americans whose  
lives were saved by the  
invasion of Grenada.

MILL TOWN

"She comes from a mill town.  
Fresh air makes her dizzy." D.A.

It's true the town's four factories,  
four kettles constantly boiling,  
must have soured the air.  
I don't remember that.

To me, the town remains luminous  
in the folds of its quiet river  
where autumn sky flowed, past  
late roses fed by backyard pumps,  
streets lit by yellow leaves  
to be rolled in, raked, finally burned.  
Memories of that time  
taste of their smoke.

True, there were difficulties:  
the brothers who hid behind shades,  
too miserly or too fearful  
to turn on their lights;  
the woman who tried to die  
on her kitchen linoleum  
between bouts of summer canning;  
the man who buried his books,  
State and Revolution, Ten Days  
that Shook the World,  
in his yard between the mock  
orange, the butterfly bush.  
That year, we wintered early,  
lived out of fruit cellars.  
Thanksgiving dumped a yard of  
snow on us.  
Streets disappeared. A fat root  
of an icicle  
split my father's head open.  
That year, life was dangerous.

"Wave to the engineer!"  
ordered my friend Connie.  
The train tracks clung to the river  
half a mile down. "Will he see us?"  
"Sure. He knows we're here. He likes  
kids  
to wave at him. Wave!"  
It was an act of faith  
like sending notes out in bottles  
or letters to Santa Claus--  
the trust that there's somebody out there  
who wants to respond.  
That's what I say now.  
Then, I just waved. We waved  
hard at his vanishing smoke.

Enid Dame

POETRY

ON THE EVE OF MY  
BECOMING A FATHER

I have turned now in the night and  
all my blown-away kisses of our  
familiar love  
with the words and sillinesses  
always thrust by nature's drive,  
lost in the loneliness of our sighs  
in the dark, in darkness even with  
blazing lights on and booze  
to slobber down our failure  
so we could turn on our pillows  
as if we did not know each other.  
We had been every place but this  
and our travel folders were worn out.  
I had been about to hang up my gun  
but the hammer shot one spark into  
the moon,  
so magnificent, it is beyond me.

Leo Connellan

WILL IT BE SOON?

Because Mom will not eat,  
they feed her for a week, until  
she refuses all food, taking only  
mouth-soothing ices (and bottled  
water  
intravenously), holding out through  
Friday, when she knows her first-born  
son will  
come from Boston, and then till Sunday  
when I, her younger son, will be  
there too.

"Will it be soon?" she asks in  
shallow breaths.  
"Yes." I walk out and in and out  
away from pain and in to be by Mom  
while, so self-possessed  
he sits with her. I go out again  
to ask "Can't anything be done?"  
"No. It will be over soon." And then  
she's dead.  
We embrace  
then close her eyes  
leave her jaw sag, realizing  
it will not stay. A damp-eyed nurse  
asking, "Would you like something--a  
valium?"  
We decline, gathering her belongings  
in a paper bag.

Adam Fisher

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Send poems together with SASE to:  
D. B. Axelrod & J. C. Hand, Poetry  
Editors, BROADSIDE, 194 Soundview Dr.,  
Rocky Point, NY 11778

# Phil

By Tom Paxton

1. I opened the paper, And there was your picture:  
 2. The phone started ringing. Had I heard about it?

1. gone, gone, gone by your own hand. I couldn't believe it,  
 2. I shook every time I heard it ring. What was my reaction?

1. The paper was shaking gone, gone, gone by your own hand. I  
 2. I put the phone down. That was the only news that was fit to sing. They

1. know I'm going to spend the rest of my life-time wondering why,  
 2. ask me about Dylan, and Mac-Dougal Street and Third.

1. You found your-self so badly hurt you had to die.  
 2. Question piled on question with each question more absurd.

1. { I opened the paper And there was your picture.  
 2. {

1. { gone, gone, gone by your own hand. 2. hand.  
 2. {

I re-mem-ber There But for Fort-une and there but for fortune you and  
 I would

go. Fortune turned its back on you, or so it must have seemed to you, and

Christ a-lone knows what was the final blow. 3. The last time I saw you

3. The last time I saw you. Bleek-er Street out-side The Oth-er

3. *Em* *B7* *C* *A*  
 I told you I'd see you. I got distracted  
 I never saw your face a gain. I heard that you were feel-  
 Strong-er ev-ry day. I heard that you were well with good things on the way.  
 Then I opened the pap-er, And there was your pict-ure. fine  
 Gone, gone, gone by your own hand. 3. hand.

I opened the paper  
 And there was your picture:  
 Gone, gone, gone by your own hand.  
 I couldn't believe it  
 The paper was shaking.  
 Gone, gone, gone by your own hand  
 I know I'm going to spend the rest  
 Of my lifetime wondering why  
 You found yourself so badly hurt  
 You had to die  
 I opened the paper  
 And there was your picture  
 Gone, gone, gone by your own hand

The last time I saw you  
 The last time I saw you  
 Bleeker Street outside the Other End  
 I told you I'd see you  
 I got distracted  
 I never saw your face again  
 I heard that you were feeling  
 Stronger everyday  
 I heard that you were well with  
 Good things on the way  
 Then I opened the paper  
 And there was your picture  
 Gone, gone, gone by your own hand

The phone started ringing  
 Had I heard about it  
 I shook everytime  
 I heard it ring  
 What was my reaction  
 I put the phone down  
 That was the only news that was fit to sing  
 They ask me about Dylan and  
 McDougal Street and Third  
 Questions piled on question  
 With each question more absurd  
 I opened the paper  
 And there was your picture  
 Gone, gone, gone by your own hand

I remember There But For Fortune  
 And there but for fortune you and I would go  
 Fortune turned its back on you  
 Or so it must have seemed to you  
 And Christ alone knows what was the final  
 blow



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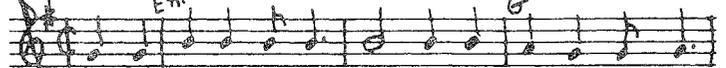
# BROADSIDE BALLADEER

By VIC SADOT © 1976 Vic Sadot

(Verse tune like "Jesse James")

1. It's been over a year since that Broadside  
Balladeer  
Took his own life away, so they say  
Now I still long to hear him singin' true  
and clear  
How I miss that Broadside Balladeer.

CHO:



So I'm goin' to say it now, I can't say it when I'm  
gone, Let us not speak falsely now For we must be movin'



on. Is there any - body home, Is there any-bo-dy  
here To be true to a Broadside Ballad-er.

2. In the dark of the night, he would stay  
awake and write  
At the rallies he would raise us with a song  
He would roam through the land, and like  
Woody he would stand  
Cause he wanted the peoples' struggles  
to be strong. (CHO)  
(Music Break)

3. Just a boy in Ohio, he grew up so he had  
to go.  
Steppin' outside of a small circle of friends  
Surely as the changes came, he would shame  
the chords of fame  
When he called on us to try and make amends.  
(CHO.)

PHIL

Sal Pelletiere

...For he took a stand as few men can  
he sang too loud for some  
But for those of us who wanted peace  
we knew he wouldn't run  
He refused to be bought or bend or crawl  
or hind between the lies  
He can always be remembered  
as a very brave man  
who tried to turn the tide

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Ronald Raygun Is Dangerous to Your Health.

JOAN BAEZ

New York's old, cavernous, Beacon Theater was the site of Joan Baez's local visit, for two nights, during her recent cross-country tour. Miss Baez has changed somewhat from the young woman who wiped her mouth with her hair while eating cantaloupe at the Newport Folk Festival in the early '60s. For one, her hair is now quite short (and has been for some time, she is quick to point out). But her style has changed as well.

It has always been a delight to watch Baez in concert, as it is to listen to her records. One never had a sense that she was uncomfortable up there, as we did with some of her contemporaries, whose live performances sometimes were stiff and almost boring. Joan has fun singing to a few thousand people, and those of us in the audience who could hear her well had fun too. Unfortunately, the audio system wasn't up to the hall, and this reviewer, sitting in the back of the balcony, missed most of the commentary until the volume was upped for the second half.

Baez has moved along with the times. Her program includes songs by the Beatles, Paul Simon and other nonfolk or semifolk material. And her back-up includes drums, electric keyboard, electric guitar and lots of green plants. She seems unrelenting in her references to Bob Dylan's apparent departure from her circle and one wonders if he hasn't become an obsession for her.

All in all, one cannot help but feel Baez is an extremely talented artist with great creativity, a wonderful voice, a serious political commitment and a great appreciation for life. And after 20 years of singing for us she is still as much appreciated now as she was then. But at the same time, when she allows her voice to wander all around the melody on such songs as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," one cannot help but wonder if she is clear as to what her purpose is: to win the audition or perform the music. It's almost as if she is playing a joke on the audience, mimicking herself and those she is entertaining. Her own songs are mildly interesting, but not the great works of such as Ochs, Dylan and the Beatles, all of whom we would prefer to hear more of from her.

--NAR

A LETTER FROM BOB DYLAN

(This letter, originally written to BROADSIDE IN 1964, is being run in this issue continued from #146, and will go on in future issues next year)

an people say "think a yourself, dylan,  
you're gonna need it someday an I say  
yeah yeah  
an I think about it for a split second  
but then the floods of vomit guilt swoop  
my drunken head an I spread forth more  
gut torn blood money from the depths  
of my forsaken pockets...  
an I whisper"ah it's so useless"  
man so many people need so many things  
an what am I anyway? some kind a messiah  
walkin' around...?  
hell no I'm not  
an I ask why don't other people with  
things give some of it away  
an I know the answer without lookin  
security security security...  
everybody wants security  
they want t be secure  
they want t be protected  
an I say protected?  
protected against what?  
protected against starvin I guess  
an power too  
an protected against the forces  
that they know will  
get them if they lose their money.  
oh why does it have t be like that?  
man why are these walls built?  
who is this god that is so feared?  
certainly not in my life this isn't  
yes I have my fears but mine are the fears  
of the mind. the fears of the head  
a lonely person with money is still  
a lonely person  
I have never had much money before  
an so it is easy for me I guess t spend it  
an overlook it  
but I'm sure that many other people could  
overlook some of theirs too  
I'm not speakin now of the century ridin  
millionares  
but rather of "get theirs and get out"  
people  
I don't understand them  
I don't understand them at all

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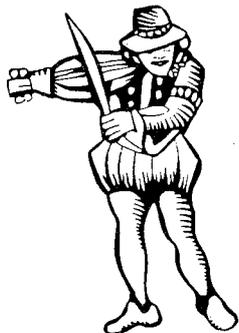
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