

# BROADSIDE #20

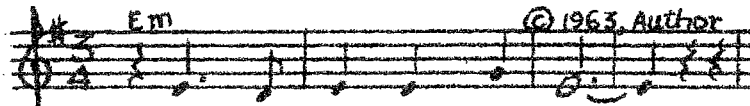
FEBRUARY, 1963  
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PO Box 193 Cathedral Sta., NY 25 NY

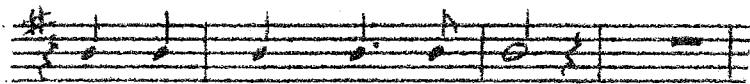
## MASTERS OF WAR

by BOB DYLAN

Illustrated by Susie Rotolo



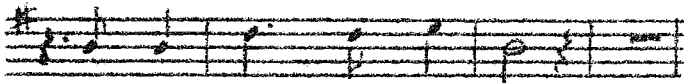
Come you masters of war — ,



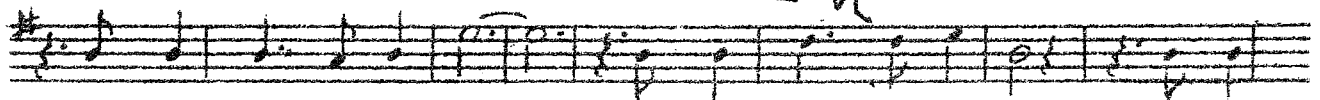
You that build all the guns



You that build the death planes —



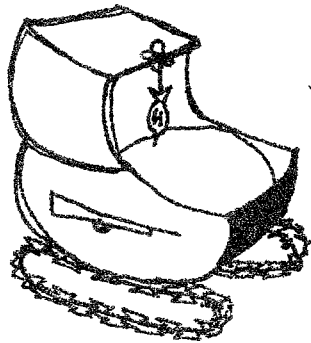
You that build the big bombs



You that hide behind walls — You that hide behind desks, I just



want you to know I can see thru your masks.



You that never 've done nothing but build to destroy  
You play with my world like it's your little toy  
You put a gun in my hand then you hide from my eyes  
And you turn and run farther when the fast bullets  
Fly.

Like Judas of old you lie and deceive  
A world war can be won you want me to believe  
But I see thru your eyes & I see thru your brain  
Like I see thru the water that runs down my drain.

CONT'D →

"Masters of War" cont'd

(Bob Dylan)

You fasten the triggers for the others to fire  
Then you sit back and watch as the death count gets higher  
You hide in your mansions as the young peoples' blood  
Flows out of their bodies and is buried in the mud.

You've thrown the worst fear that can ever be hurled  
Fear to bring children into the world  
For threatening my baby-- unborn and unnamed  
You're not worth the blood that runs in your veins.

How much do I know to speak out of turn  
You might say that I'm young, you might say I'm unlearned  
But there's one thing I know tho' I'm younger than you  
That even Jesus would never forgive what you do.

Let me ask you one question, is your money that good  
Will it buy your forgiveness, do you think that it could  
I think you will find when death takes its toll  
All the money you made'll never buy back your soul.

I hope that you die and your death will come soon  
I will follow your casket by the pale afternoon  
And I'll watch while you're lowered down to your death bed  
Then I'll stand over your grave 'till I'm sure that you're dead.

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PLAYBOYS AND PLAYGIRLS

By Bob Dylan  
© 1963 by author

The musical notation is written on three staves in G major (one sharp). The first staff contains the melody for the first line of lyrics, with chords E, A, B7, and E. The second staff continues the melody for the second line, with chords B7 and E. The third staff continues the melody for the third line, with chords A, B7, E, B7, and E. The lyrics are: "No, the playboys & playgirls ain't a-gonna run my world, Ain't a-gonna run my world, Ain't a-gonna run my world. Playboys & playgirls ain't a-gonna run my world, Not now or no- other time."

2. You fallout shelter sellers can't get in my door  
Can't get in my door, can't get in my door  
You fallout shelter sellers can't get in my door  
Not now or no other time.
3. You're cold prison walls can't change my mind, etc.
4. The laughter in the lynch mob ain't a-gonna do no more, etc.
5. Your free-takin' money-makers can't get me down, etc.
6. Oh you red-baiters & race haters can't guide my road, etc.
7. Your Jim Crow ground can't turn me around, etc.
8. You playboys & playgirls ain't a-gonna run my world, etc.

IT'S ALL RIGHT

By Bob Dylan  
© 1963 by author

There ain't no use to sit & wonder why, babe; Don't matter any-  
how. There ain't no use to sit & wonder why, babe, If you don't  
know by now— When the rooster crows at the break of dawn —,  
Look out your window & I'll be gone. Honey, oh the reason I'm  
travelin' on - Don't think twice, it's all right.

2. Well there ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe,  
The light I never knewed,  
There ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe,  
I'm on the dark side of the road.  
Still I wish there was something you would do or say  
To try to make me change my mind and stay,  
We never did much talking anyway,  
So don't think twice -- It's all right.

3. Well there ain't no use in calling out my name, babe,  
Like you never done before,  
There ain't no use in calling out my name, babe,  
I can't hear you anymore.  
I'm a thinkin' and a wonderin' all the way down the road,  
I once loved a woman, a child, I'm told,  
I gave my heart, but she wanted my soul,  
Don't think twice -- It's all right.

4. I'm going down that long lonesome road, gal,  
Where I'm bound for I can't tell,  
Goodbye's too good a word, gal,  
So I'll just say fare thee well.  
Now I ain't sayin' you treated me unkind  
You could-a done better but I don't mind,  
You just-kind-a wasted my precious time.  
Don't think twice -- It's all right,  
Don't think twice -- It's all right.

HAZARD, KENTUCKY

By Phil Ochs  
© 1963 by author

Well, some peo-ple think that Un-ions are too strong, Union

look at old Ken-tuck-y for a- while, It is

leaders should go back where they be - long; But I wish that  
hard to find a min-er who will smile; Well the con-sti-

they could see a little more of pov-er-ty & they  
tu-tion's fine but it's hard read - in' - in the mines & when  
CHO.

might start to sing a dif- 'rent song. Well lets  
wel- fare stops, trouble starts to - - - - - pile. Well,

minin' is a hazard in Hazard, Kentucky, & if you ain't minin'

there, well, my friends you're awful lucky Cause if you don't get

silicosis or pay that's just a-trocious you'll be screamin' for a

Union that will care.

Well the depression was ended with the war  
But nobody told Kentucky, that is sure  
Some are living in a sewer while jobs are  
getting fewer

But more coal is mined than ever was before. Cho.

Well the badge of Sheriff Combs always shines  
And when duty calls he seldom ever whines  
Well I don't like raisin' thunder but it sort of makes you  
When he runs the law and also runs the mines. Cho. /wonder

Well our standard of living is highest all around  
But our standard of giving is the lowest when you're down  
So give a yell and a whistle when they light that Union missile  
And we'll lift out feet up off the ground. Cho.

LITTLE BOXES

Words & Music by  
Malvina Reynolds  
© 1962 by author

Little boxes on the hillside, Little boxes made ticky tacky

Little boxes on the hillside, Little boxes all the same. There's a  
green one & a pink one & a blue one & a yellow one, And they're  
all made out of ticky tacky, and they all look just the same. And the  
boys go in-to business and they marry and raise a fam-ily in  
boxes made of ticky tacky and they all look just the same.

2. And the people in the houses all went to the University  
Where they were put in boxes and they came out all the same  
And there's doctors, and there's lawyers and there's business  
**executives**  
And they're all made out of ticky tacky and they all look just  
the same.
3. And they all play on the golf course and drink their martini dry  
And they all have pretty children and the children go to school  
And the children go to summer camp and then to the university  
Where they all are put in boxes and they come out all the same.

CODA: And the boys go into business  
(Ritard like a And they marry and raise a family  
music box In boxes made of ticky tacky  
running down) And they all look just the same.

BROADSIDE  
#20



Got up this mornin' bout half past nine, Went out to buy me a New York Times... To the newstand walkin' in the drizzle & the hail, Closed tighter 'n the City Jail... Newspaper strike. No Times... No Tribune... No News... How in the hell can I eat my breakfast?

Went down into the subway there, Takin' a ride up to old Times Square, People pushin' and shovin' in every which place... Stompin' on my feet, and starin' in my face... I stared back at 'em, They was readin' me and I was readin' them... We was readin' each other, Nothin' but bad news.

Got tired of lookin' at my travelin' friends, So I raised my eyes and Looked over their heads... There was poster signs all over the wall, Buy White Owl cigars and Robert Hall. Buy this for your pimples, It's the only answer, Help Radio Free Europe right next to Cancer... Then this blond rubbed into me... She wiggled her eyelashes, Wiggled her shoulders... Wiggled a few other things, wiggled out the door... But I couldn't tell... Guess only her hairdresser Knows for sure.

Finally got up to old Times Square, Found me a Newsstand open there, Looked on the shelf for something to read And the sight I saw made my heart bleed... There was the National Insider, The Daily Worker midweek edition... And another one I couldn't make out at all... Newsman said it was in French, but I think it was German... Cause it had a picture of Barry Goldwater On the Front Page.

Well, I took out a nickel and a dime all shiney, Closed my eyes, said eeney meeney miney... I'd a rather bought Moe, but Moe's a striker. So I ended up with the National Insider... Nothin' but the inside news, Like what's happenin' inside Liz Taylor's bedroom, And inside Richard Burton's bedroom... & inside Caroline Kennedy's Doll House... Same thing happenin'... Playin' with toys.

So here I am sittin' in the news hungry city... The publishers don't care, they ain't got no pity... Can't find me a job or a place to Stay, This lockout's took the classified away.. Spent my last cash money, a two dollar bill, Went to a folk music concert at Carnegie Hall... There was old timey singers, some blues pickin' too, A cowboy and Pete Seeger sung a song or two. It mighta been good, it mighta been swell, But I'll be darned if I can tell... Got no New York Times, Got no Bob Shelton review... got No opinion.

There's a rumor goin around, and it's pretty gory, So I'll pass it along and finish my story... It says World War Three began last Sunday, And the whole world was blown up by noon on Monday. Now the earth is completely mushroom shrouded, But New Yorkers don't know a thing about it... Some day this strike'll be over... And that'll really be the end, So I'm goin' out for coffee with my friend Bob Dylan, The only major newspaper in New York that's not on strike.

TALKING RIOT BLUES

By Albert Lannon, Jr.  
c 1963 by author

The witch-hunters came to Frisco town  
To smear and slander and hound men down.  
They came to legislate, they say,  
But they came to take our rights away,  
And we wouldn't let 'em...No Sir...We'd fight.

Are you now or have you ever been  
Associated with or implicated in?  
Did you ever walk a picket?  
Did you ever sit down?  
Did you ever get a phone call from Archie Brown?  
Okay...You've had it...Next witness.

So we gathered down at the City Hall  
To show these invaders once and all  
That we were free and free we'd stay.  
We wouldn't be happy till they went away,  
Really away...For good...Send them back to Dixie.

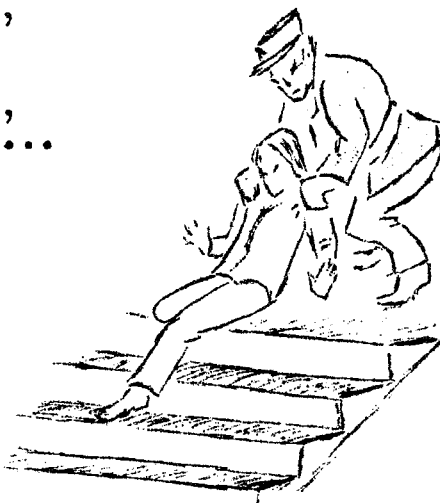
We carried our signs and marched in peace,  
Two-fifty of us, four hundred police.  
We didn't have a white card so they wouldn't let us in,  
And we sat right down and made a din,  
Singing the Star Spangled Banner...  
God Bless America...  
Other subversive songs.

Then the cops brought out their fire hose,  
Swung their clubs and tore our clothes,  
Dragged us down the cold wet stone,  
Knocked out our teeth and broke our bones,  
Preserving order...Beating pregnant women...  
Get rid of them beat-niks.

Into the wagons and off to jail,  
Rot in there till they set our bail.  
Sixty-eight arrested and we kept singing  
Till we set their hired ears to ringing.  
No food...But lots of comradeship...  
Meet some of the best people in jail.

We said we'd beat them, we'd be free,  
To keep on fighting for liberty.  
For truth and justice and all that's fine  
We'd be back on that picket line.  
And we shall not be moved...Like to proverbial tree...  
Solid, man.

We were back next day, five thousand strong.  
The Un-Americans shook when they saw our throng.  
They called us Red and screamed their bile  
But when they came out we hollered - Sieg Heil.  
Witch-hunters go home...  
And they did.



BROADSIDE #20

# THE BUG-EYED MARTIAN

Words: John Brunner

Air: Waltzing Matilda (stretched a bit)

1. Once a bug-eyed Martian, riding in a rocketship,  
Made a little pleasure-trip to Planet Three.  
Passing the Van Allen belt, when he least expected it,  
He bumped into a satellite at nineteen gee.

CHO: Bumped into a satellite! Bumped into a satellite!  
Bumped into a satellite at nineteen gee.  
Passing the Van Allen belt, when he least expected it,  
He bumped into a satellite at nineteen gee!

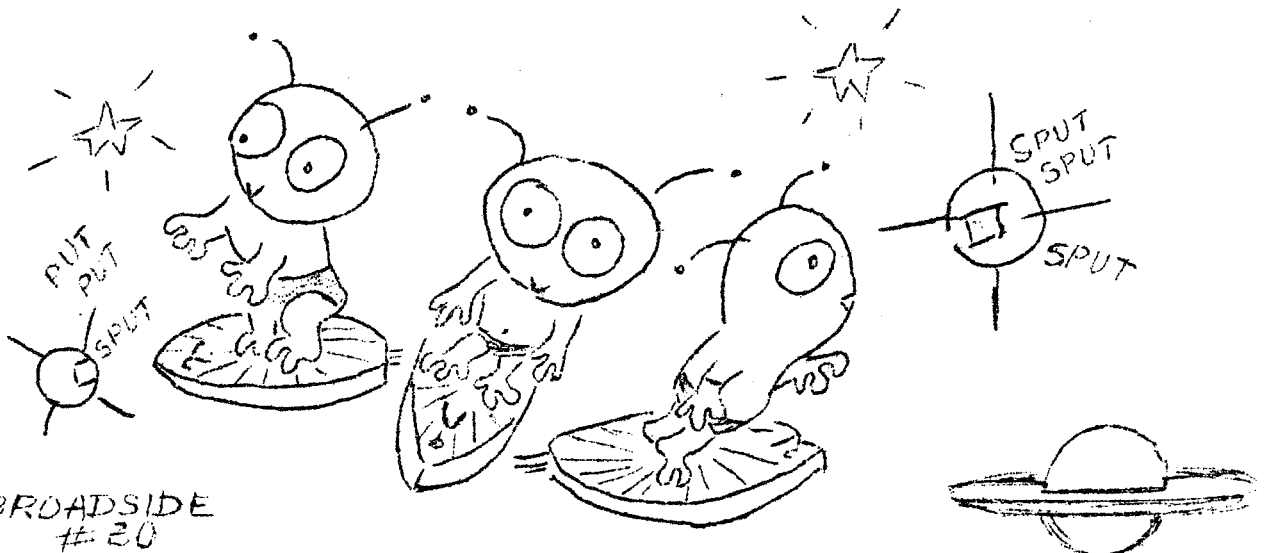
2. "What in space are Earthmen doing with a satellite?  
Earthmen haven't any right to bother me!"  
Putting on a pressure-suit, patching up his rocket-tubes,  
"I'd better go and take a look!" - said he.

CHO: (all vv. follow pattern of v. 1)

3. So the bug-eyed Martian dived into the stratosphere,  
Turning on his scanning gear and ESP,  
Went to look at Minutemen, Vostoks and Polarises,  
At Baikal, Canaveral and out at sea. (CHO.)

4. Soon the bug-eyed Martian climbed back through the  
stratosphere,  
Knowing that he needn't fear - because, you see:  
"All those great big rocketships are loaded up with  
atom bombs -  
They'll never make it alive!" said he.

CHO: They'll never ma-ake it! They'll never ma-ake it!  
They'll never make it alive, said he.  
All those great big rocketships are loaded up with  
atom bombs -  
They'll never make it alive, said he.







## B I R T H O F A B R O A D S I D E

By Josh Dunson

Broadside's home is a small little room that's got chairs and a sofa with a tape recorder finishing off the bottom wall space. First people Sis Cunningham welcomed in after me was two-thirds of the New World Singers. Gil Turner took out his 12-stringer, borrowed a flat pick, Sis took out the mike for the tape recorder, and out came a talking blues Gil just wrote about the newspaper strike that had us all quietly laughing. We didn't want to laugh louder than quietly because that might get on the tape.

Before the song's over, in walks Bob Dylan and Suzy, who sometimes illustrate's Bob's songs. The last verse that Gil was singing had how he was going to see his friend, Bob Dylan, who is a walking newspaper and will give him the lowdown on what's happening in the world. Bob thought it was a great song just from hearing the last verse.

Then, Gil took out his 6-string Gibson, handed it over to Bob Dylan saying how Bob's new song "MASTERS OF WAR" was a powerful and a great one, one of the best Bob had ever written. I kept on thinking he had written a lot of good ones, some that had real lyric poetry like "Blowin' In The Wind" and "Hard Rain's Gonna Fall" (which makes you think right away of Lorca), and I waited for the images of rain, and thunder, and lightning to come out in great spectacles. But no, this time there was a different kind of poetry, one of great anger, accusation, just saying what the masters of war are, straight forward and without compromising one inch in its short sharp direct intensity. I got a hunch this is the most difficult Dylan song for others to sing right, 'cause it can so easily be over sung, made a melodrama. But when Bob sings it, it rings honest and true. I hope a record is made of Bob singing this song and that a lot of people will listen to the quiet voice that Bob sings this song in because there is a dignity in the words that comes from when they have been thought about for a long, long time.

And right after that, not waiting for a chance to get two breaths, Bob came along with "Playboys & Playgirls Ain't Gonna Run My World," a group song that like Pete Seeger said later in the evening "is going to be sung by a million people in the next year." Its tune catches whole crowds easy, and the words come right along from the feeling, Hell man, I was born here and I live here, but I'm not goin' to let rats knock things down where I was born, where I live.

In the meantime, Phil Ochs, his sidekick, and the third third of the New World Singers, Happy Traum, came in. Boy, this room was so jammed packed with people that there was real foot and banjo and guitar shifting necessary to get Phil Ochs close enough to the mike to record his three new songs. Phil Ochs. What a guy! Quiet, soft spoken, but there with his guitar he spun some of the most real verses that's goin' to be written about the death of N.Y. Youth Board worker Louis C. Marsh and the miners striking in Hazard, Kentucky. There was an immediateness about those two songs Phil did. I got a strong feeling that his song on Hazard is going to be remembered past this strike, and be resung in many strikes to come.

Phil's last song, a fine one of hope with a great group chorus had the last half of it heard by Pete Seeger who later that night was going to sing at the Hazard strikers rally (Continued on Notes Page)

at Community Church. After hearing the tape of the songs, smiling all the way through, Pete sang a number of new songs sent him recently.

We were all out of breath without breathing hard, that feeling you get when a lot of good things happen all at once. Pete expressed it, leaning back in his chair, saying slowly in dreamy tones: "You know, in the past five months I haven't heard as many good songs and as much good music as I heard here tonight."

That's what makes Broadside, all that good singing and all that good writing, plus a lot of hard work, labor pains. In the sheets of paper there are many smiles and many glances of anger, and even more the strong hope that these songs just won't stay on the mimeograph pages, but will live and be sung.

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NOTES: Josh Dunson is a young student who writes magazine reviews and comments on folk music and topical songs. Like about a dozen other people, he is working on material about Woody Guthrie.... Six recently discovered Woody songs appear in the new issue of SING OUT (121 W. 47th St., New York, N.Y.). They are a sampling of about 140 songs Woody taped for Howie Richmond back around 1950. The tapes laid half forgotten on the shelf until a couple of months ago. SING OUT improves with each issue, and the newest one is especially excellent, with its many good articles and songs. Featured is a fine article on African freedom songs by William Rhodes, with texts of words and music of some of these songs. Pete Seeger reviews the new Leadbelly song book... BROADSIDE's friends are preparing a series of concerts in the New York City area, with the first one scheduled around the last week of Feb. These concerts will be devoted mainly to songs which have appeared in BROADSIDE, with singer-songwriters like BOB DYLAN, PHIL OCHS, MARK SPOELSTRA and others performing their own songs. Look for definite dates and places...

ERRATA: In TALKING RIOT BLUES the line should, of course, read: "Like the proverbial tree". In TAKE IT AWAY (#19) the word should be flame, singular, not plural.

BROADSIDE, P.O.Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y.  
A publication (with a twice-a-month goal) to print topical songs. Sis Cunningham, editor; Gil Turner; Pete Seeger (advisory). Rates: 1-year...\$5. Trial subscription (5 issues).....\$1.50. Single copy -- 35¢

## ***Hungry Kentucky miners***

HAZARD, KY.

4 "WHY, GODALMIGHTY, it ain't right! Man out here braggin' he made \$60,000 in 60 days, and the men that made it for him takin' home four, six dollars a day! It ain't right a man gives his kids cars to drive to school in . . . and the man that makes it for him down in the mines can't feed his kids, can't put shoes on 'em. Now we got nothin' against an operator making a profit . . . want him to. But when he does it working a man 60 hours paying him 16 dollars, then we got

something to say! And we say they ain't goin' to make no \$60,000 on non-union coal! They talk about violence. Let 'em hire all the gun thugs they want. We shut 'em down, and we'll keep 'em shut down till we get a union contract, and if they try to run that non-union coal over us there'll be blood on the roads!" (Berman Gibson as quoted in *The REPORTER Magazine*, Jan. 3, 1963)