

BOX 193
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25
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BROADSIDE

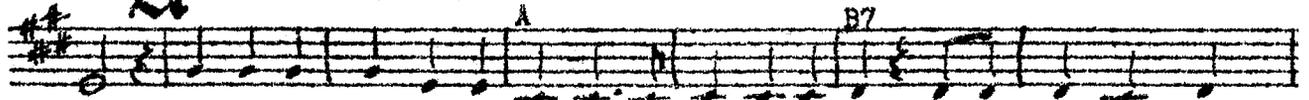
31
SEPTEMBER
1963
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FOLKSINGER'S ALPHABET

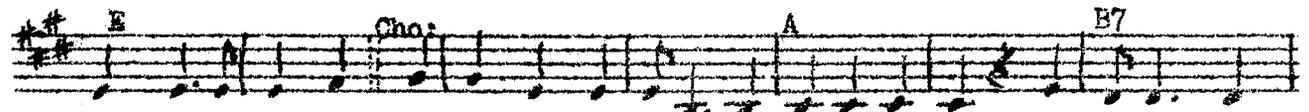
By Gil Turner
© 1963 by author



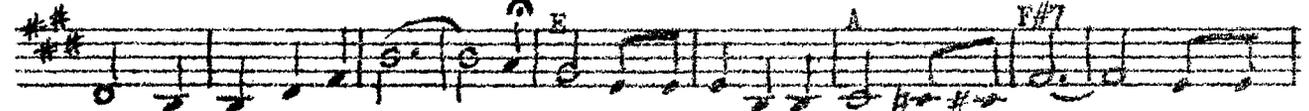
A is the Alley Cat, possum and coon, B is the Banjo that's never in



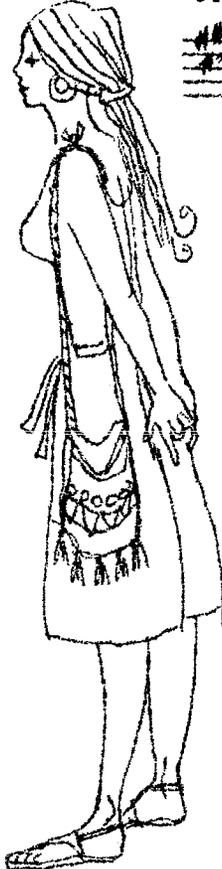
tune, C is for Child & his ballad collection & D is the Dam-sel who



weeps for affection - So merry, so merry, so merry are we, No-body on



earth so happy as we -- De- i-derry, O-derry, I- dar-ry down, Hear the



Folksinger's Alphabet all o-ver town. --

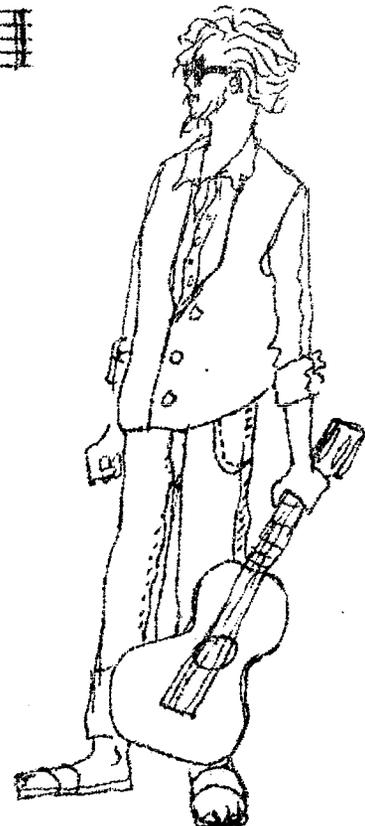
E is the expert takin notes while I sing
F is the Folks who started this thing.
G is the gallows for poor Tom Dooley
And H --- (Spoken rhythmically): H is a
great big convention of folksingers and
ballad slingers; bluegrass pickers and
crabgrass trickers; songs about sailin,
frailin, trailin, jailin and bailin ---
With the audience joinin in on the
wailin --- (Sung): Called a Hootenanny.

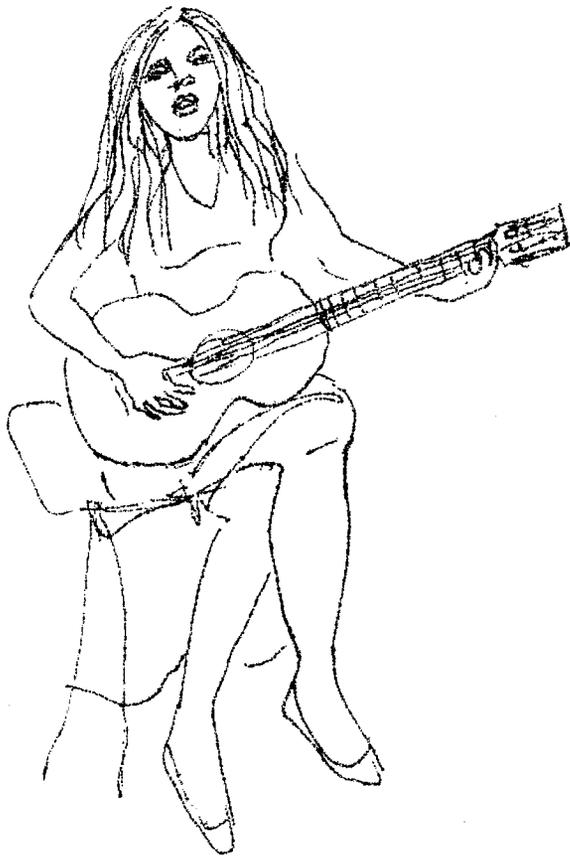
CHO: ... (Last line changes to): Hear the
banjos a-ringin all over the town.

I is the itch to be where I aint
J is John Henry, our first patron saint
K is for kisses sweeter than wine
And L --- and you're bound to catch L
if you try to kiss mine.

CHO: ... (Last line): Hear (see) the
fiddlers a-fiddlin all over the town.

CONT'D →





FOLKSINGER'S ALPHABET — 2

M is for Michael a-rowin ashore
 N is the knowledge we learn from folklore
 O is for old which a folksong must be
 And P's for the poet who wrote one last
 CHO: ... (Last line): Hear (see) the ¹/_{week}
 gitters a-gittin all over the town.
 Q is a quart of that good mountain dew
 R is the rhythm for pickin the blues
 S is the sadness of a maiden done wrong
 And T is the time I killed singin this song.
 CHO: ... (Last line): Hear (see) the steel
 strings a-stealin all over the town.
 U is the umptillion folk songs there are
 V is my voice growin weaker each bar
 W is the wooden guitar on the shelf
 And X --- (Spoken): That's about all the
 verses of this Alphabet Song I know ---
 If you want any for X-Y-Z, (Sung): You
 can sing em yourself.
 CHO: ... (Last line): Hear (see) the min-
 strels a-mincin all over the town.

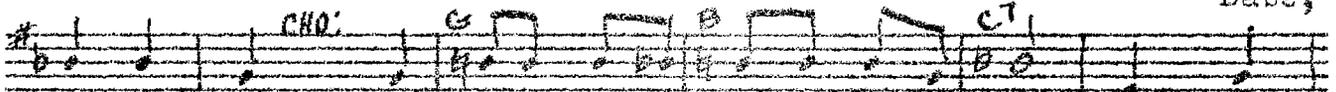
MOVE OVER, GRAB A-HOLT & COME ALONG

By Peter La Farge (ASCAP)
 © 1963, by author

LIVELY SWING



"I'll take you with me if my en-gine runs, But don't bother me, Babe, if



you can't come. Move over, grab a-holt & come a- long, Babe; Move



over, grab a-holt & come a- long!

BROADSIDE #31

I'm a movin man with the necessary surge
 Daylight's free, so is the freedom urge. Cho
 Plane or bus, train or car
 Wherever it is, it aint too far. Cho
 Come on baby and take my hand
 Those who are scared are the also rans. Cho
 There's a whole world to make out there
 Let's go see it and find out where. Cho

The end might be early
 and it might be late
 But it aint gonna come
 if we sit and wait. Cho
 With Bobby and Joannie
 a-singin so bright
 We don't need a compass
 with all that light. Cho

TWO SONGS BY TOM PAXTON

DEATH OF MEDGAR EVERS

Tom Paxton

© 1963 by Deep Fork Music Inc.

The country is mourning the death of a soldier, The death of a
 soldier who carried no gun. --- A courageous soldier who died on his
 door-step, --- A soldier too brave to turn coward and run. --- He
 nev-er quit fighting, He nev-er quit trying, He nev-er lost courage and
 nev-er laid down. He nev-er lost hope and he nev-er feared dy - ing and
 Now they have laid him in Arling-ton ground. ---

The White Council boys made their
 black ugly phone calls,
 Threatening his wife and his chil-
 dren with death.
 He spoke to his wife in the dark
 of their bedroom
 And decided to fight them till
 his dying breath.

The warnings increased and the
 threats they grew harsher
 And once in the evening a fire
 bomb came,
 His wife put it out and nobody
 was injured
 And the fire-bombers laughed at
 their hideous game.

Then young Medgar Evers instructed
 his children
 And told them in case of a violent
 sound
 They were not to run to see what
 was the matter
 But instantly throw themselves
 down to the ground.

The threats drew the man and his wife
 close together
 In his arms she would lie in the dark
 of the night.
 And though she was frightened for her
 husband's safety
 She never would ask him to give up
 the fight.
 One night he came home to the point of
 exhaustion
 The porchlight was cheerfully brightening
 the night,
 He walked up the steps as the sniper
 was aiming
 The sniper who had him in his rifle
 sights.

The bullet struck home and the sniper
 went flying
 And Medgar's young children, they ran to
 the door,
 His wife tried to stop them but they saw
 their dad dying,
 They saw their dad dying on the living
 room floor.

CONT'D →

Death of Medgar Evers (conclusion)

Paxton

Then sleep, Medgar Evers, your struggle is over,
They thought they could kill you but we know they were wrong,
They might lay you down in the quiet of Arlington
But while we're living the fight will go on. (Cho.)

Note: Chorus may be sung after each verse or intermittently, as preferred.

THE TRAIN FOR AUSCHWITZ

By Tom Paxton
© 1963 by Cherry Lane Music

I see a long train comin' -- a- cross the Polish plains,
The passengers it carries -- aint comin' back -- a - gain.--

This train is bound for Auschwitz
Like many another one,
The passengers condemned to die,
But no crime have they done.

They are jammed into the boxcars
So tight against the wall
And in those cars the dead men
stand,
There is no room to fall.

Now the reason they are dying
I will explain to you,
Adolf Hitler has decided
To exterminate the Jew.

He ships them off to Auschwitz
The train unloads them there,
And standing by the railroad track
They take their last breath
of fresh air.

The S.S. troopers herd them
Right down a wall worn path
Into a hall where they are told
They are to take a bath.

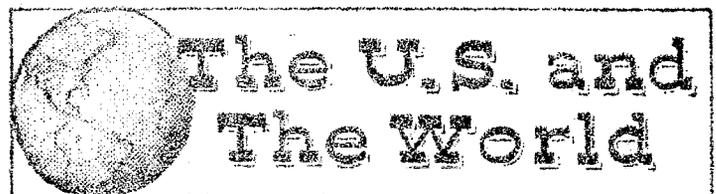
When they're undressed they're
led inside
A giant shower room.
The door is sealed behind them,
And it also seals their doom.

Inside the room there drops
a bomb
Of Nazi poison gas,
And not one soul is left alive
When fifteen minutes pass.

Now the men who did these awful crimes
They wish they'd murdered more,
The only thing they're sorry for
Is that they lost the war.

And hundreds of these murderers
Still walk the earth today
Just hoping for a chance to kill
The ones that got away.

NEW YORK POST, MONDAY, AUGUST 26, 1963



Hitler Photos Tacked Up in West Berlin

Four photographs of Adolf Hitler stared down from the walls of the Jewish Community House in Berlin for a few hours yesterday until West German police removed them. Under the photos were slogans in English reading "Despite Jewish Lies Hitler Was Right"—and there was also an address of the National Socialist Movement in London. The same thing happened in Frankfurt two weeks ago. A London Nazi confirmed his group has shipped 10,000 anti-Semitic leaflets to Germany this summer and that more are to come from the movement's international headquarters in Arlington, Va.

BROADSIDE

#31

FREEDOM TODAY!

-By
BILL
OLIVER

C F C C7

1. I've been wait-ing too long to meet my
 2. I've been hear-ing a lot a -bout my
 3. I've been read-ing a lot a -bout my
 4. Time to walk out and stand up for my

F F7 Bb F

broth - er, I've been wait-ing too long to take his
 broth - er, I've been hear-ing of how they broke his
 broth - er, I've been read-ing how Lin - coln made him
 broth - er, Time to walk out and join him on his

F C F G C C7 F F7

hand, I've been stand-ing in- stead of de -
 chains, I've been see - ing that all this talk of
 free, I've been learn-ing Jim - Crow needs ov - er -
 way, Time for say - ing there'll be no more de -

C F G7 C E7 Ami (G)

mand-ing The things that be - long to him In
 free-ing Means noth-ing if the cold, cold iron On his
 turn-ing In a land where the rope still hangs On the
 lay - ing, 'Cause my broth - er's got to have His

F G F C Ending for 1, 2 and 3

this fair land!
 heart re - mains!
 same dark tree!

Free-dom To -// (to last time ending)

F C F G7 C E7 Ami C F G7 C

(Last time)
 day, Yes, my broth - er's going to get His Free - dom To - day!

A world of his own

FROM MINNESOTA two years ago decamped a roughneck rebel poet and dreamer named Bob Dylan, then 20, packing his guitar and songs, bound-for-glory to New York where he settled unquietly on the Lower East Side and set about to dismember the Establishment, limb by limb.

"Slush in my boots all winter long wandering around the Village. Cold winter—snow that high," he gestured during an interview, arms describing the biggest snowbank since the blizzard of '58. "Worked all day in a Greenwich Village coffee house blowing harmonica behind some guy for one or two dollars a day—had to eat."

Bob Dylan has come a long way in two years. Known today as the "most prolific young songwriter in America," his topical protest songs are heard at integration and peace rallies, on records, radio and in concert across the nation. His particular concerns are war, discrimination, capital punishment and exploitation, and his poems and songs reflect implacable anger at warmongers, racists, brutal police and the wealthy—all of whom, he says in a recent song, "ain't a-gonna run my world."

Motivated by a strong desire to run his own world, Dylan utilizes the most trenchant weapons at his command—a poetic imagination and contempt for injustice—to denounce those who want to run it for him, whether they hide behind a KKK hood or a stock market ticker.

CLAD IN WORN BOOTS, rough black trousers and a rumpled work shirt, Dylan's slight frame presents itself as a challenge to all that is comfortable and complacent in American life. His singing is uncontrived and forceful. His language is a combination



"Saw a roomful of men with their hammers a-bleeding..."

of working class Minnesota, uncompromised by rules of grammar, and the hip jargon of Harlem and the Village.

"I don't think when I write," he said. "I just react and put it down on paper. I'm serious about everything I write. For instance, I get mad when I see friends of mine sitting in Southern jails, getting their heads beat in. What comes out in my music is a call for action."

Dylan has often been compared with Woody Guthrie, whom he reveres, and with Bertolt Brecht, his favorite poet. There are elements of both in his songs and even in his general conversation. Describing the misery brought on the workers of his native state by Eastern mining interests—personalizing the latter with the pronoun "he," Dylan "talked" a song of exploitation and rebellion:

"You should've seen what he did to the town I was raised in—seen how he left it. He sucked up my town. It's too late now for the people—they're lost. When will it be too late for him?"

"The same guy who sucked up my town wants to bomb Cuba, but he don't want to do it himself—send the kids. He made all this money, but what does he do to earn it? Take away his money and he'd die. Punch him in the gut enough times and he'd die. He's a criminal, a crook, a murderer."

DYLAN'S SONGS ARE ATTEMPTS to punch "him" in the gut. Beyond this he does not profess any social or political philosophy other than the desire for a world in which "everybody can just walk around without anybody bothering them." His rebellion is personal, directed against repressive anti-life forces in general, rather than to specifics such as economics and politics.

Capitalism?—"Well I object to somebody riding around in a Cadillac when somebody else is lying in the gutter."

Socialism?—"I'd like to visit Russia someday; see what it's like, maybe meet a Russian girl."

United States?—"Ain't nobody can say anything honest in the United States. Every place you look is cluttered with phoney and lies." Kennedy? — "He's all right but he's phoney, pretending all the time."

Politics?—"No, I'm not gonna vote because there's nobody to vote for; nobody that looks like me, the way I feel . . . I'd like to see a government made up of people like Bertrand Russell, Jim Forman (of SNCC), Marlon Brando and people like that."

Dylan returned recently from the South where he sang during a Negro voter registration drive. He plans to go back soon. In Mississippi, he says, "there's a feeling in the air. More people are willing to say, 'To hell with my security, I want my rights.' I want to help them if I can. They really dig my music down there, too."

One of Dylan's most popular songs, "Blowin' in the Wind," reflects the "feeling" in Mississippi and, indeed, throughout the nation: "How many roads must a man walk down before he's called a man? How many seas must a white dove sail before he sleeps in the sand? How many times must the cannon balls fly before they're forever banned? The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind . . ."

—Jack A. Smith

P -- FOR -- POMPASSINITY

JON: "So things are getting you down and you're about in the notion to haul off and write a whole passel of Protest Songs against it all. What are you, Paul, some kind of a nut! Now take me, I'm staying loyal to the LITTLE SANDY REVIEW, and here is what I always say about Protest Song writers:

"Let those who would change our nuclear policy, those who would work for greater social justice, get themselves a background in political science, or sociology, or some other field with intellectual meat to it. Let them work and think and study. Let them seek employment in fields where they can effect some changes -- government, business, journalism, broadcasting, education. Let them prove the honesty of their concern by working in a less puerile manner to effect changes which they consider necessary."

PAUL: "I reckon you're right. It's just a cry-in shame the LITTLE SANDY REVIEW wasn't around to give Woody Guthrie sound advice like that."

JON: "There's still Bob Dylan."

PAUL: "And all them Negro Freedom Marchers with all them Protest Songs -- don't they ever read the LITTLE SANDY REVIEW!"



By Josh Dunson

The heart of the 1963 Newport Folk Festival was in the workshops. The night concerts that attracted audiences of over 13,000 each were simply too gigantic for the presentation of folk music, which needs a special environment. Most in the audiences were too far away from the singers to see more than bare outlines of human figures, guitars and banjos. All they could do was listen to the loud speakers, out of which blared over-amplified voices and music.

The workshops were an altogether different story. Here was the kind of setting folk music requires. Audiences were no more than 500 or 600 at a session, virtually sitting -- on the grass or the wooden porch -- at the feet of the performers. The workshops were like informal jam sessions and in this atmosphere a lot of good music was made. There were Docs Boggs and Watson, Tom Ashley with oldtime banjo picking. Mississippi John Hurt, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, and young John Hammond with the blues. A highlight of the entire Festival was Bob Dylan and Joan Baez joining to sing Bob's "With God On Your Side" at the ballad workshop.

The topical song workshop made its own place as one of the most important events of the Newport Festival. Under Pete Seeger's agile direction the definition of topical song was broadened to include songs of specific incidents in a "folk's" life. The new generation of young topical songwriters was well represented: Dylan, Peter La Farge, Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs. There was also the great blues singer, Mississippi John Hurt, whose songs are derived from experiences carrying deep social content. The history of abiding humor in topical music was well represented by Dorsey Dixon's "Intoxicated Rat", a song the Dixon Brothers recorded for John Lomax's "Smokey Mt. Ballads" on Victor in the 1930's. After the rat gets drunk:

And he didn't go back to his hole that time,
But he stayed by the puddle of gin
And he said, doggone my pop-eyed soul
I'm gonna get drunk again.

Well he washed his face with his front feet,
And on his hind legs sat,
And with a twisted smile and a half closed eye
Said: Where's that doggone cat?

There were so many standout performances that it is impossible to talk about them all. Peter La Farge came on the stage with the Albuquerque Inter-Tribal dancers to sing "Ira Hayes"; he dared the audience to look into the Indians' eyes as he sang his song symbolical of the wrongs that have been done -- and are being done -- to his Indian people. "Never mind the bright costumes," La Farge said. "Just look at their eyes." When he finished Alan Lomax, deeply stirred, came up to congratulate him, and one of the Indian performers lifted off Peter's cowboy hat and replaced it with his own head-dress of many feathers.

The Freedom Singers, who had held even the immense crowd at the Friday night concert by their powerful gospel style singing of today's integration songs, received a tremendous ovation. Here again is topical music that has developed traditionally. The gospel songs were a natural part of the life of the Southern Negro, and when the Freedom movement became a mass struggle it was only natural to use the gospel tunes with new words for new times. Traditional music's influence on topical music was exemplified at the very beginning of the workshop when Aunt Molly Jackson's brother, Jim Garland, led things off with his now classic composition, "I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister."

The city bred music of Phil Ochs drew the only standing ovation of the workshop, a real tribute to this talented young writer. He had been ill for several

weeks with severe headaches and dizziness, and his first song, "Medgar Evers", though well received, lacked his usual power of delivery. However, every line of his second song, "Talking Birmingham Jam", came out strong. Phil's humor struck deep. One by one and then in waves the crowd rose from the grass, first clapping, then yelling for more.

When Bob Dylan's voice ranged over the loud speaker people came flocking from all areas of the Festival park. There were few in the largely youthful crowd who had not heard Bob before. They seemed to like him not only for his poetry and song but also as the uncombed ramblin' kid who embodies many of the anti-material values his young audience is reaching for. They yelled for him before he walked up and yelled twice as hard when he finished up the workshop with Pete Seeger, the two of them singing Bob's "Playboys and Playgirls" (Broadside # 20). Topical music had shown its range and depth at Newport.

A FAREWELL TO FISH & WILDLIFE By Earl T. Walker, c 1963 by author
(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Along the coasts both East & West
They're dredging fit to kill.
In places it's for channels
And in others just for fill.
Yes, they're building oil refineries
And new houses more and more.
But where will all our fishes go
When there aint no friendly shore.

In the shallow inshore waters
The young fishes grow and grow
But the suction dredge and dragline
Leave no place for them to go.
Yes, the oysters, clams and scallops
They are covered up with silt,
There go our seafood dinners
When the makings are all killed.

The waters of our Nation
Once flowed so clean and pure,
Now the roily, oily billows
Have an odor of manure.
Mine-acid wastes and effluents
From industry and home
Are covered as they putrefy
With a thick detergent foam.

Yes, they're filling up the marshes
In spreading garbage dumps
And our estuaries and rivers
Are just smelly sewage sumps.
They're draining all our wetlands
And they're filling all the swamps,
Yes, our waterfowl will soon be gone
When they've lost their marshy haunts.

Soon with Government assistance
All the potholes will be drained
Then thruout the great Dakotas
You would never know it rained.
Tho it once raised ducks by millions,
And the flocks just filled the sky,
In the name of glorious progress
We may see the last duck die.

If you want to leave your children
Some remnant of the past
Just a little sad reminder
Of resources once so vast,
Don't let them drain the marshes
Don't let them ruin the shore
Let's keep some fish and wildlife
For our children evermore.

The song above is reminiscent of Woody Guthrie's Columbia River songs. In fact, the author has much of Woody's rich facility in the use of words... We predict that the special August, 1963, Woody Guthrie issue of the magazine MAINSTREAM will quickly become a collector's item. Among its contents are a series of "Woody Sez" articles Woody wrote for a N.Y. newspaper in 1939, reprinted now for the first time, a long poem "My Freedom Fire" Woody wrote in 1951 and published now for the first time, several articles on Woody by Pete Seeger and others who knew him, etc. Send .50¢ to MAINSTREAM, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N.Y.

ANNUAL SING OUT! HOOTENANNY -- CARNEGIE HALL, SATURDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 21, 1963

Len Chandler	Dave Von Ronk & His Jug Stompers	Peter La Farge
Jean Redpath	Down State Rebels	Tony Saletan
Dick Glass	Red Allen & His Kentuckians	John Hammond, Jr.
John Winn	Jim Kweskin & His Jug Band	Hedy West
Phil Ochs	Charles River Valley Boys	Buffy Sainte-Marie
	Even Dozen Jug Band	

NOTES: Here's a short set of lyrics by Malvina Reynolds needing a tune --

P I C K E T L I N E

The gray flannel suits stand outside the door,
The picket line passes saying, "Fallout No More!"
The flannel suits smile at the signs passing by,
While unseen caesium falls from the sky.

A mother and a grandpa walk in the line,
Two little toddlers carry a sign,
Big time lunch-timers too polite to hoot,
And fallout doesn't show on a gray flannel suit.

And the impetuous Dr. Stephen Ward has forced Richard L. Rodgers to add another
verse to the Rodgers' song in Broadside #29 --

New Doctor Ward has skipped this world
But his legend will live on
A "sacrifice to vultures" so we hear
Oh, his trial was a dandy
And we'll vote for Chris and Mandy,
Everybody's playmates of the year.

BROADSIDE RECORD # 2: Look for the release by FOLKWAYS of the 2nd L-P of songs from Broadside: "PETE SEEGER SINGS BROADSIDE SONGS"... The Pete Seeger family left in August for a working trip around the world. Travelling westward they will visit Australia, Japan, India, Africa and Europe, and are not scheduled to return to these shores until June, 1964. Pete promised to look for some topical songs and send us whatever he finds... We are glad to report that Len Chandler's hand is healing nicely and should soon be OK. The injury resulted from a wrist wound, not a head blow. He does not feel that the incident had racial overtones... Editor Lynn Musgrave continues the fight against the TV BLACKLIST in the BOSTON BROADSIDE (375 Harvard St., Cambridge, Mass.) Blacklisting and loyalty oaths, she writes, are "not consistent with the important American ideal of equity in the area of mass media communication." In an excellent article in the same (Aug. 21, 1963) issue Peter La Farge writes: "It was interesting at the Newport Festival to see the fear in the faces and bodies of those people who refused to sign the postcards protesting the blacklist as evidenced by the exclusion of Pete Seeger and The Weavers from the Hootenanny TV show. It was very sad. Reach out and grab a song, it'll lift you up. Stop wearing your own death mask before qualifying for it."... LITTLE SANDY REVIEW: a magazine purporting to review recordings. Apparently not enough new records are being released to keep the editors occupied, and as the old folk saying goes "the Devil finds work for idle hands". So they are campaigning against topical song writing, which has been going on in this country for only about 300 years. They know as well as the man in the street that political feeling, color of skin, and just plain lack of jobs, etc; keeps thousands and millions of Americans out of "journalism, education, government, business" etc.

BROADSIDE, Box 193, Cathedral Sta., New York 25, N.Y. A topical song publication; twice monthly; Editor, Sis Cunningham; Contr. Editors, Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan; Advisory, Pete Seeger. Rates: 1-yr (22 issues)... \$5. 5-issue trial... \$1.50. Back issues (#'s 1 thru 30)... 35¢ each.