

BROADSIDE

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38

IN THIS ISSUE:

"TIME of the TIGER"

BY
LEN CHANDLER

also songs by:

PHIL OCHS

ERNIE MARRS

TOM PAXTON

MALVINA REYNOLDS

WOODY GUTHRIE



NEW YORK TIMES, seldom have the vicious effects of poverty on the richest city in the world been better illuminated. A quarter of the families in the city live in grinding, abject, hopeless circumstances. They provide most of the grist for the juvenile courts, the family courts, the jails. They swell the relief rolls. They provide an element of social dynamite in the existing order.

JANUARY 16,
1964.

and an article by

Bob DYLAN

THE TIME OF THE TIGER

By Len Chandler
© 1963 by author

Musical score for 'The Time of the Tiger' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The first staff contains the melody with chords: Am, G, F, E7, Dm7, G7, Em, E. The second staff contains the bass line with chords: Dm7, G7, Am, F, G, Am. The lyrics are: 'This is the time of the ti-ger, - Too long has he laid with the lambs; The ti-ger is flexing his mus-cles, - The ti-ger is licking his fangs. -'

The tiger is stalking his keeper
The tiger is eager and young
The tiger's too young to remember
The hoop or the whip or the gun.

The tiger's grown hungry and bold now
The old now will follow the young
The cage has grown rusty and old now
The door of the cage has been sprung.

The tiger is loose in the streets now
Watch him approach but don't flee
The tiger's like some gentle lamb now
His belly is full and he's free.

(Repeat first verse).





Christmas Comes To the Ky. Miners

Hazard, Ky., Dec. 26 (AP)—“They don’t have Christmas in Kentucky.

“There’s no holly on a West Virginia door

“For the trees don’t twinkle when you’re hungry

“And the jingle bells don’t jingle when you’re poor.”

Some heard that carol on the sidewalks of New York and other cities, and it brought them to the snowy mountains of eastern Kentucky.

They carried gifts to the impoverished families of miners. The decline of the coal business has made this area one of the most economically depressed in the U. S.

“They just needed help desperately,” said Diane Glasser, 17, of Jamaica, Queens, a student at Hunter College.

Forty students distributed food, clothing, money and toys.

The students who collected funds at their campuses, came from New York, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania.

With them was 23-year-old Phil Ochs, a folksinger from Greenwich Village and composer of the carol which inspired the mission of mercy.

“Most of us never had come into contact with a situation like this before,” said Alma

Moy, 19, of New York City, a Barnard student.

The students used such terms as depressed and saddened. But they reported gladness at their visits.

“We have been amazed and gratified by the warmth with which we have been greeted,” said Joel Fredericson, 19, Cleveland, a Columbia student.

One woman carried a tricycle from the gifts distribution point. “She said she wished we would come again and said, ‘God bless you,’” reported Bill Wertheim, 19, of Brooklyn and Columbia.



These drawings are by Agnes Friesen. Top left obviously illustrates “Talking Christmas.” Top right might be: ...whose tongues were all broken.” Below: “It’s time for love to take a hand.”



What Have They Done to the Rain?

Words and Music by Malvina Reynolds



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF MALVINA REYNOLDS

C F C
 Just a lit-tle rain fall-ing all a - round, The
 Em G7 C
 Just a lit-tle breeze out of the sky, The
 grass lifts its head to the heav-en - ly sound,
 Am Em
 leaves pat their hands as the breeze blows by,
 Just a lit - tle rain, Just a lit - tle rain,
 Just a lit - tle breeze with some smoke in its eye,
 What have they done to the rain? Just a lit - tle boy
 What have they done to the rain?
 F C Em Dm E7 Am
 stand-ing in the rain, The gent-le rain that falls for years. And the
 F Em Dm G7
 grass is gone, And the boy dis-ap-pears, And the rain keeps fall ing like
 C A7 Dm Dm7 G
 help-less tears, And what have they done to the rain?

BROADSIDE #38

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Mail Myself to You

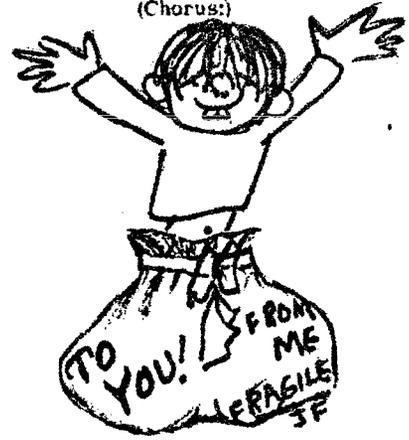
Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

Copyright 1963 by Ludlow Music Inc.

Chorus D G A7 D
 I'm gon-na wrap my - self in pa - per, I'm gon - na daub my -
 A D G A
 self with glue, Stick some stamps on top of my head: I'm gon-na mail my
 D A7 D
 self to you! — I'm a-gon-na tie me up in a red string, I'm gon-na tie blue
 A D G A7
 rib-bons, too: I'm a-gon-na climb up in my mail - box:
 D A D
 I'm gon - na mail my - self to you! —

When you see me in your mail box,
 Cut the string and let me out;
 Wash the glue off of my fingers,
 Stick some bubblegum in my mouth!
 (Chorus)

Take me out of my wrapping paper,
 Wash the stamps off of my head;
 Pour me full of ice cream sodies,
 Put me in my nice warm bed.
 (Chorus)



T W O S O N G S -- & C O M M E N T -- B Y E R N I E M A R R S

"... This one here was written the day after Christmas, after a talk with the main character. I've known him a couple of years or so, and it's seldom we sing the same songs -- he's a musician, where I'm a story-teller, a balladeer. We get along in spite of our differences. (Wish the rest of the world did.) I've tested this song on him, his woman, and a bunch of people who know us. So far, not one suggestion for any kind of change or improvement has come up. Time to turn it over to the rest of the world, I reckon. The tune I used was the variation Pete Seeger sings, not Woody's "Tom Joad" tune...."

D A N S M I T H , M . P . Tune: John Hardy

Dan Smith was a banjo-pickin' man,
Practiced on his music every day;
Taught a lot of students in Atlanta town
'Til Uncle Sammy hauled him away (he was needed),
Uncle Sammy hauled him away.

Dan was workin' up some Christmas songs,
Peaceful as he could be,
When along came Uncle Sammy and tapped him on the arm --
Says, "Danny, come along with me,
"Private Daniel Smith you're gonna be."

Dan left his Betty down in Macon town,
Left her with her Ma and Pa;
Says, "If I had a choice in the matter, gal,
"I wouldn't even go at all, God knows,
"I wouldn't even go at all."

Dan was nothin' but a raw recruit,
But the Army taught him how to drill,
Handed him a rifle and taught him how to shoot
And various other ways to kill (fellow men),
Various other ways to kill.

It was "God Bless America" with a Colt forty-five,
"The Star-Spangled Banner" with grenades,
"God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen" with a tommy gun --
It was hideous music that he made (but patriotic),
It was hideous music that he made.

At the end of basic training, they said, "Listen, Dan,
"We have to fill a vacancy;
"What we need is more policemen in the land,
"So we're gonna make you an M.P. -- aint you happy?
"We're gonna make you and M.P."

Dan's guitar and banjo are a-hangin' on the wall,
And there I reckon they'll survive;
But there's more tools for buildin' peace in the world
Than a billy-club and a forty-five (or a fire hose),
Billy-club and a forty-five.

".... There was a half-hour show on television the other night about what the shutdown of the Studebaker plant in South Bend added up to. I doubt if Barry Goldwater liked the closing comment of the show, and I'm sure he won't like the last line of this talking blues, even though it makes sense. If he was the only one who didn't like it, we'd be in fine shape someday.... This business of getting your job taken away just before your pension amounts to something worthwhile is nothing new. An oil company pulled that on an uncle of mine, and he had put in over twenty-five years for them. The oil still flows in the big steel tank, they've got money in the bank. He's white-haired, stove-up, and got no job. They ate his corn, and gave him the cob. That practice seems to be contagious, too, sort of like the Asian flu; maybe it ought to have a name, though some say it's all in the game -- I don't know what you'd call it. Leaves a man in the same shape as the grain of wheat that woke up in a biscuit yelling, "My God, I'm bread! I've been reaped!" -- there aint much left for him to do about it then. Capitalism and rheumatism don't mix so well if you get off on the wrong foot, like being born in the wrong family to get a fancy formal education, or the wrong color...."

TALKING STUDEBAKER BLUES

Back in nineteen forty nine,
I worked in a big production line,
Twistin' bolts for about eight hours
Makin' Studebaker cars.

Union job. Union pay. Not a bad deal.

But the years went by and the sales went down,
The slowdown came to South Bend town;
Had more layoffs all the time,
Couldn't hardly save a dime,
And then it happened.

Up in New York, the money men
Shut down Studebaker in South Bend
And built more cars outside the States,
Hirin' men for ten percent less --
They're patriotic. Loyal, every one of 'em --
to the last cent they can get.

I aint so young, I'm fifty-two,
My pension plan's gone up the flue;
I ask for work, they say "Too old" --
Reckon I'm out in the cold.
I stuck with Studebaker, thick and thin,
And what did it get me, in the end?
The boot, for a buck, and one priceless handshake.

Now maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me
To stabilize this industry,
The working men of every land
Should get together and join their hands --
One big union -- industrial -- international.

--- Ernie Marrs, 12/20/'63
(for a jobless old producer)

The UAW-CIO made the Union roll and go, but not far enough.

A LETTER FROM BOB DYLAN

for sis and gordon an all broads of good sizes

let me begin by not beginnin
let me start not by startin but by continuin
it sometimes gets so hard for me --
I am now famous
I am now famous by the rules of public famiosity
it snuck up on me
an pulverized me...
I never knew what was happenin
it is hard for me t walk down the same streets
I did before the same way because now
I truly dont know
who is waitin for my autograph...
I dont know if I like givin my autograph
oh yes sometimes I do...
but other times the back of my mind tells me
it is not honest... for I am just fulfillin
a myth t somebody who'd actually treasure my
handwritin more'n his own handwritin...
this gets very complicated for me
an proves t me that I am livin in a contradiction...
t quote mr froyd
I get quite paranoyd...
an I know this isn't right
it is not a useful healthy attitude for one t have
but I truly believe that everybody has their fears
everybody yes everybody...
I do not think it good anymore t overlook them
I think they ought t be admitted...
an I think that all feelings should be admitted...
people ask why do I write the way I do
how foolish
how monsterish
a question like that hits me...
it makes me think that I'm doin nothin
it makes me think that I'm not being heard
yes above all the mumble jumble an rave praises
an all the records I've sold... thru all the packed
houses I play... thru all the communication systems
an rants an bellows an yellin an clappin comes
a statement like "why do you do what you do"
what is this?
some kind of constipated idiot world?
some kind of horseshoe game we're all playin
respondin only when a ringer clangs
no no no
not my world
everybody plays in my world
aint nobody first second third or fourth
everybody shoots at the same time
an ringers dont count
an everybody wins
an nobody loses
cause everybody lives an breathes

an takes up space
 an cant be overlooked
 an I am a people too
 I cannot pretend I'm not
 an I feel guilty
 god how can I help not feel guilty
 I walk down on the bowery and give money away
 an still I feel guilty for I know I do not
 have enuff money t give away...
 an people say "think a yourself, dylan, you're
 gonna need it someday" an I say yeah yeah
 an I think maybe about it for a split second
 but then the floods of vomit guilt swoop my
 drunken head an I spread forth more gut torn
 bloody 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 dont 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,
 ah 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 isnt
 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 dont understand them
 I dont understand them at all
 there's many things I admit I dont understand
 I dont understand the blacklist
 I dont understand how people aginst it go along
 with it
 I'm talkin about the full thing
 not just a few of us refusin t be on the show
 I'm talkin about the people that stand up

against it violently an then in some way have something
t do with it...
not just the singers mind you
but the managers an agents an buyers an sellers...
they are the dishonest ones
for they are never seen
they play both sides against each other
an expect t be respected by everybody

the heroes of this battle are not me an Joan
an the Kingston Trio nor Peter Paul an Mary
for none of us need t go on that show
none of us really need that kind of dumbness
but there's some that could use it
for they could use the money
I mean people like Tom Paxton, Barbara Dane,
an Johnny Herald... they are the heroes if
such a word has t be used here
they are the ones that lose materialistically
ah yes but in their own minds they dont
an that is much more important
it means much more
we need more kind a people like that
people that cant go against their conscience
no matter what they might gain
an I've come to think that that might be the most
important thing in the whole wide world...
not going against your conscience
nor your own natural senses
for I think that that is all the truth there
is... an no more
thru all the gossip, lies, religions, cults
myths, gods, history books, social books,
all books, politics, decrees, rules, laws,
boundarie lines, bibles, legends, an bathroom
writings, there is no guidance at all except
from ones own natural senses
from being born
an it can only be exchanged
it cant be preached
nor sold
nor even understood...

my mind sometimes runs like a roll of toilet paper
an I hate like hell t see it unravel an unwind
at my empty walls
I'm movin out a here soon
yes the landlord has beaten me it hurts me t tell you.
this place I am typin in is so filthy
my clothes cover the floor an once in a while
I pick up somethin an use it for a blanket...
the damn heat goes off at ten
an dont come on til ten...
that's mornin wise
gushes of warm smelly heat always wake me up

when I sleep here
 the plaster falls constantly
 an the floor is tiltin an rottin
 but somehow there is a beauty to it
 columbia records gave me a record player
 oh the goodness of some keeps on amazin me
 an sometimes I play it,
 gettin back t the landlord tho
 he is really too much
 he owns I guess three buildings
 I pay him way too high
 an I'm gettin screwed an I know it
 an he knows it
 but I just dont have the time t go down t the
 rent control board. I been told they'd get after
 him but I'm so lazy. when sue was here he was
 gonna jack up the price cause he said I never told
 him I had a wife. you really got t see this place
 t believe it. I ought a've jacked him up a long
 time ago an used him for heat. last year he put
 in a new window (there was a god damn hole in the
 other one) man it was like I asked 'm for his blood relation
 or something. (which he'd probably give away)
 anyway the record player's on now
 an I'm listenin t Pete sing Guantanamera for
 the billionth time. I dont have many folk music
 records (I dont have many records really) but
 I do have that one of Pete's.
 god it's like I go in a trance
 he is so human I could cry
 he tells me so much
 he makes me feel so good
 it's as tho of all the things that're sold t make
 one feel better, aint none of it worth while.
 all the cars, an clothes, an trinkets an foods,
 an jewels an diamonds an lollypops an gifts of
 glad tidings, just dont do nothin for the soul.
 I believe I'd rather listen t Pete sing Guantanamera than t
 own everything there is t own...
 (that's my own private selfishness shinin thru there)
 yes for me he is truly a saint
 an I love him
 perhaps more than I could show
 (as always is the case ha)

I think of love in weird terms.
 sometimes I even feel guilty about it
 because I know I love sue
 but I should love everybody like I love sue
 an in all honesty I dont
 I just love her that way
 an I say what way?
 an a voice says "that way"
 an I get quite up tite
 an I know I have a long way t go
 when the day comes when I can love everything

that breathes the way I love sue then
I will truly be a Jesus Christ ha ha
(but I dont wanna be a Jesus Christ ha ha)
an so I am again contradictin myself
away away be gone all you demons
an just let me be me
human me
ruthless me
wild me
gentle me
all kinds of me

saw the last issue of broadside
an especially flipped out over
"talkin Merry Christmas"
I have never met Paul Wolfe but I'd like to
he has an uncanny sense of touch
as for Phil, I just cant keep up with him
an he's gettin better an better an better
(spoke with someone who was with him in Hazzard
named Hamish Sinclair... an englishman
of high virtues an common tongue)
I want t get over an see Phil's baby
I'm told the girl came out yellin about
the bomb. good girl

my novel is going noplace
absolutely noplace
like it dont even tell a story
it's about a million scenes long
an takes place on a billion scraps
of paper... certainly I cant make nothin out of
it.

(oh I forgot.
hallelullah t you for puttin Brecht in your
same last issue. he should be as widely known as
Woody an should be as widely read as Mickey Spalline
an as widely listened to as Eisenhower.)

anyway I'm writin a play out of this here so called
novel (navel would be better I guess)
an I'm up to my belly button in it.
quite involved yes
I've discovered the power of playwritiaz means
as opposed t song writing means
altho both are equal, I'm wrapped in playwriting
for the minute, my songs tell only about me an how
I feel but in the play all the characters tell how
they feel. I realize that this might be more confusin
for some but in the total reality of things it might
be much better for some too. I think at best you could
say that the characters will tell in an hour
what would take me, alone, two weeks t sing about

I shall get up t see you one of these days
just cause I haven't in a while please dont think

I'm not with you. I am with you more'n ever.
yours perhaps is the only paper that I am on the
side of every single song you print
an I am with with with you

my nite is closin again now
an I shall drift off in dreams
an climb velvet carpets up t the stars
with newsweek magazines burnin an disappointin
people smoulderin an discustin tongues blazin
an jealous mongrel dogs walkin on hot coals
before my smilin unharmlful eyes
(oh such nitemares)

an I shall wake in the mornin an try t start
lovin again

I got a letter from Pete an he closed by sayin
"take it easy but take it" I thought about that
for an hour or more when I reached my conclusion
of what it really meant I either cried or laughed
(I cant remember which) I will repeat the same an
add "give it easy but give it" an I'll think about
that for an hour an at the end either cry or laugh
(I'll write you another letter an tell you which
one it is)

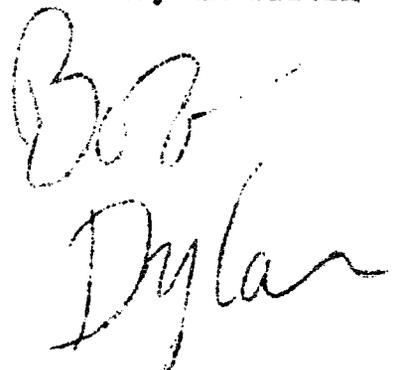
all right then
faretheewell
shaloom an vamoose
I'm off again
off t the hazzards an lost angels an minneapolicemen
an boss towns an burnin hams an everything else
combined an combustioned for me...
tryin t remain sane at all times

love t agnes
she is one of the true talents of the universe
I've always thought that an would like t see her
again some time

love t everybody in your house

see yuh

softly an sleepy
but ready an waitin

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Bob Dylan". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page, below the typed text.

PICKET LINE
 (Original lyrics, Broadside #31,
 reprinted left-hand column below)

Lyrics by Malvina Reynolds
 Tune & additional lyrics by
 Bill Frederick
 © by authors, 1963

The gray flannel suits stand out-
 side 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.

---0---

Additional verses
 The gray flannel suit says he just
 doesn't care
 If we kill unborn children and
 poison the air,
 He says he'll live forever, but
 he's rot*-ten* at the root,
 And you can't get to heaven in a
 gray flannel suit.

If you want to build a better
 world, you gotta make a fuss -
 Get out of that swivel-chair and
 march along with us.
 If you want to live secure and
 free then sing* out* good & loud
 Or your gray flannel suit will be
 a gray flannel shroud. --

--Bill Frederick

Another tune for PICKET LINE, this one sent in by Dr. Gerald D. Burt
 (© author, 1963)

EDITOR'S EXPLANATORY NOTE: Malvina Reynolds sent in
 the original two verses as lyrics looking for a tune.
 Bill Frederick not only submitted a tune but a couple of
 extra verses, feeling it otherwise was too short.

N O T E S

Len Chandler, Phil Ochs, & Dayle Stanley, taped a TV show in Boston recently for the New England Educational Network. Phil sang his VIET NAM, among others. The show was telecast in Boston Jan. 1 & 3, and then went to other cities in the area... An Ochs L-P -- "All The New Songs Fit To Sing" -- is scheduled for release by ELECTRA soon. Phil is also listed to sing four of his songs on a forthcoming VANGUARD "New Folks" L-P... Another upcoming VANGUARD release is of the topical song workshop at the 1963 Newport Festival, with songs by Phil, The Freedom Singers, Tom Paxton, Peter La Farge, and others... Three of Phil's songs are on a new CAPITOL release by the Good Time Singers, and still another is on a rock 'n roll album by the 4 Seasons. Bob Dylan's 3rd COLUMBIA album -- "The Times They Are A-Changin'" -- is scheduled for release soon... Pete Seeger appeared Dec. 27 on the Kenya (Africa) TV network. Back home, meanwhile, an excellent, comprehensive case history on the Seeger U.S.-- T.V. blacklisting is in the Dec. issue of CONCERN, published by the General Board of Christian Social Concerns of the Methodist Church. The author, A. Finley Schaef, pastor of the Grace Methodist Church, St. Albans, N.Y., concludes:

"Neither Pete Seeger nor his songs are dangerous to America. We do our society a grave disservice by demanding that he, and others like him, be political conformists. Indeed, as long as loyalty oath requirements and blacklisting exist, the very concept of a 'free society' is called into question..." We understand SING OUT Magazine plans to run the complete article in its next issue.

NO SHAME: On the Jan. 11 ABC-TV "Hootenanny" show one segment presented the four big folksongs of 1963. One of the songs was "If I Had A Hammer", another "Blowin' In The Wind". There was no hint of the fact that "Hammer" was written by Pete Seeger and Lee Hays, of the Weavers, or that their song was being sung on the very show from which both are blacklisted. Or that "Wind" is by Bob Dylan, who refused to appear on "Hootenanny" unless it ceased its blacklisting practices... Malvina Reynolds, back in California after 3 mths. in NYC, writes of her "The Boy Salutes" (B'Side # 37): "The response I've had every time I sing it is wonderful. When we took the train from NY in a snowstorm, we were sidetracked 3 hours because of a wreck. Got to singing with a bunch of young servicemen on the train, and we had a ball, until my voice absolutely gave out. One of them was particularly moved with this song, and urged me to place it with some singer. And this has been the reaction everywhere..." In a letter from Edward Schor: "I thought I'd drop a line to say how much I enjoyed Broadside # 36. I'd been waiting to see how the contributors handled the assassination of our late President, and the song by Phil Ochs ("That Was The President") was beyond my expectations"... KOSSUTH HALL in New York City (346 East 69th Street) has become the showcase for folksingers and folk-style performers in this area. They're presenting a concert almost every Friday night. The LEASEBREAKERS were there Jan. 3, LAZY KAZOO PAPA & his "mean" jug band Jan. 17, LYNN ROSNER & HERBERT HOLT Jan. 24, PETER CRAGO a return engagement Feb. 14, and GUY CARAWAN Feb. 21....

BROADSIDE, Box 193, Cathedral Sta., NYC, NY 10025. A topical song publication, about twice a month. Editor, Sis Cunningham; Contr. Editors, Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Josh Dunson; Advisory, Pete Seeger. Rates: 1-Yr (or 22 issues), \$5. 5-issue trial, \$1.50. Back issues, 35¢ each plus few ¢ postage.