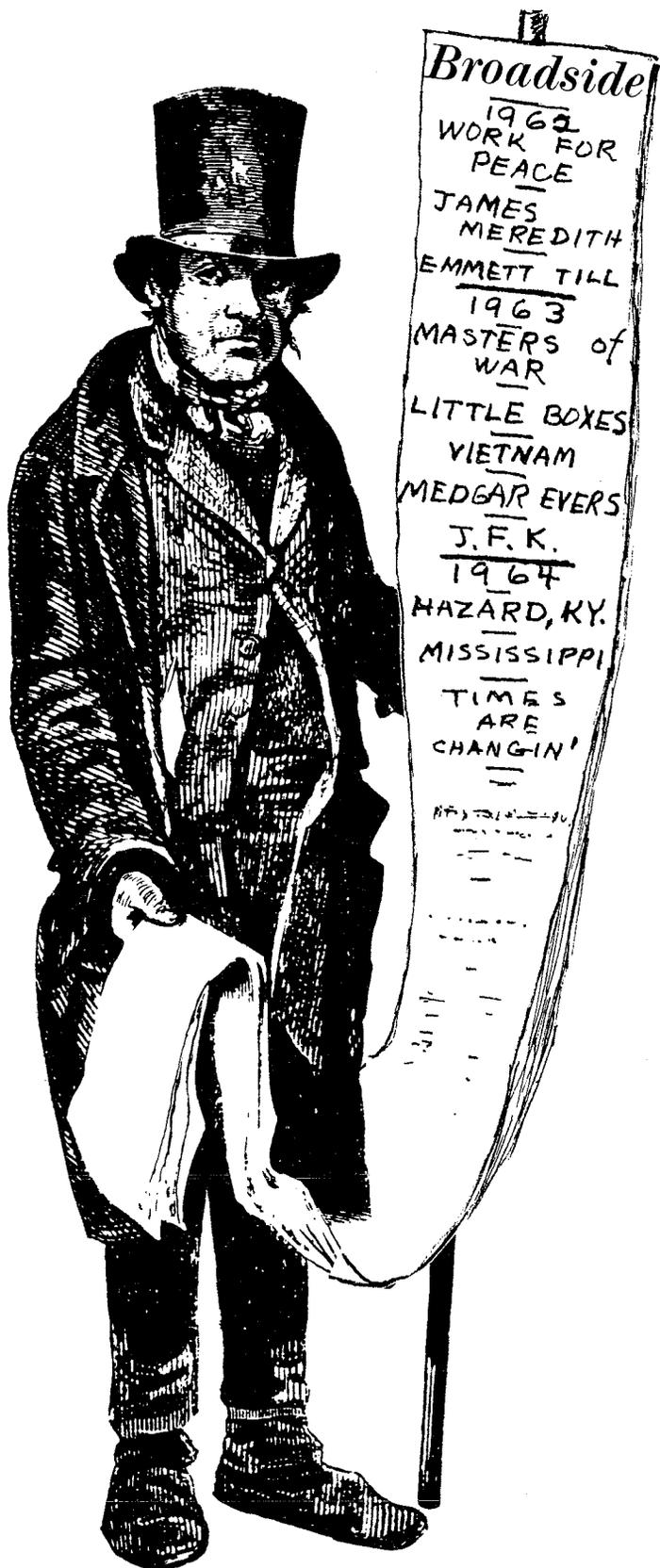


THE
NATIONAL
TOPICAL
SONG
MAGAZINE

BROADSIDE # 48

JULY 20
1964
Price
50¢



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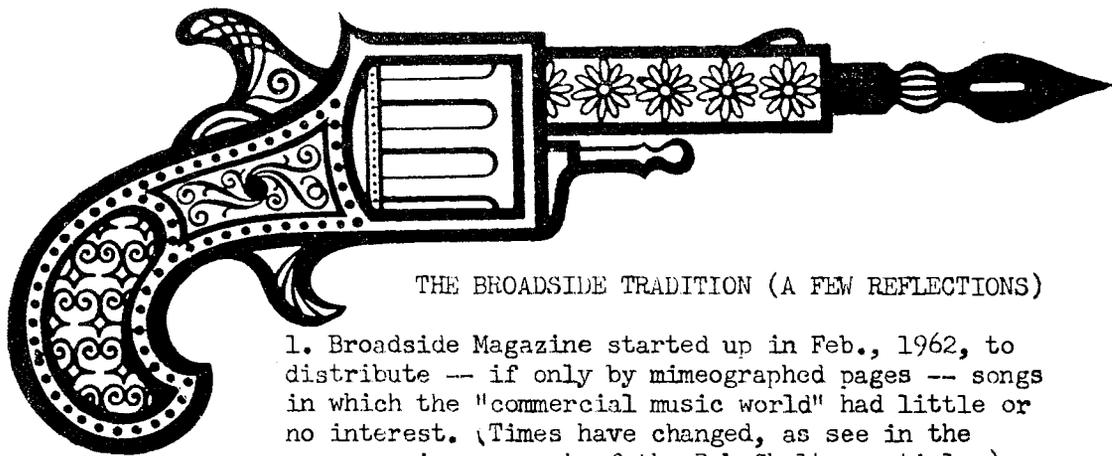
ARTICLES

THE ART OF BOB DYLAN'S "HATTIE CARROLL" --- BY PHIL OCHS

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HOMAGE TO ERIC ANDERSEN

U.C. FOLK FESTIVAL



GUTHRIE'S HEIRS

By ROBERT SHELTON

THE BROADSIDE TRADITION (A FEW REFLECTIONS)

1. Broadside Magazine started up in Feb., 1962, to distribute -- if only by mimeographed pages -- songs in which the "commercial music world" had little or no interest. (Times have changed, as see in the accompanying excerpt of the Bob Shelton article.)

We planned to continue the old broadside tradition of a wide variety of songs and have succeeded, at least partially. History moved pretty fast, however, and our songwriters, trying to deal with reality, mirrored an America becoming ever more deeply involved with the great national struggles of war or peace, civil rights, and somewhat less so, the plight of the unemployed and poor. They reflect an America of still increasing violence and death, inflicted especially on the Negro people and their white allies. The list of the "murdered and slain" grows long, and the victims range from an humble hotel maid to the President of the United States. And the end is not in sight.

2. Kenneth Goldstein writing in Hootenanny Magazine feels that the days of the broadsides are just about over, that their job is finished. We disagree; we think they'll be needed a while longer, especially after San Francisco (one thing influencing this opinion: NBC Radio interviewing a moderate Republican member of the GOP platform committee, and this delegate telling of his experience at the hands of the Goldwater majority: "It was really frightening. That crowd is utterly ruthless. This is the way fascism must have started in Hitler Germany, Mussolini Italy, Franco Spain.")

3. It is mainly co-incident that BROADSIDE's existence has paralleled the emergence of a whole school of fine topical song writers. Coming this Fall from these singer-writers: a fourth L-P by Bob Dylan; L-P's by Tom Paxton and Mark Spoelstra; two by Peter La Farge; songbooks by Paxton and Phil Ochs; a 2nd L-P for Dayle Stanley. And new young songwriters coming along: Roger Leib, Gene Hunn, Bill Frederick, Peter Krug, Dick Farina, to mention a few.

IN the apt expression "Woody's Children," the editor of Broadside, a spunky little topical-song bulletin, has characterized members of a singularly creative development in the urban folk-song movement.

Sis Cunningham, Broadside's editor, was referring to all the young song-writers she regards as the spiritual children of Woody Guthrie, the great Oklahoma ballad-maker. Guthrie has not sung or written in more than a decade. He lies ill in a Brooklyn hospital, perhaps only vaguely aware of how seminal an influence he has been on a generation of young poets, polemicists, satirists, spokesmen and journalists who have used folk song as their vehicle of expression.

Quibbling

(The quibbling over definition -- whether these are "topical songs" or "contemporary folk songs" -- seems a waste of energy. Topical song writers Tom Paxton and Bob Dylan are certainly not being "topical" in "Rambling Boy" or "Hollis Brown" but are writing of universals in a folk vein. Some of the topical songs may endure, may enter oral tradition, and are definitely written in the cadences and language of folk expression, so we'll continue to use the two terms interchangeably.)

Some recent folk recordings demonstrate how extensive the Guthrie influence has been. It is noteworthy that "protest" songs and topical commentary in a folk idiom are no longer the demesne of a few radicals or "beatnik rebels." The titles and the content of recent albums by the most prestigious and popular folk groups in the country indicate that this trend is no longer narrow.

Scheduled for
BROADSIDE: -

Mark Spoelstra's
new song "Just A
Hand To Hold."

A long poem from
Mississippi by
Len Chandler.

BROADSIDE

P.O. Box 193, Cathedral Sta. New York, N.Y. 10025

Contents copyrighted 1964 BROADSIDE MAGAZINE. Editor, Sis Cunningham; Contr. Editors: Len Chandler, Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Peter La Farge, Gil Turner, Gordon Friesen, Josh Dunson; Advisory, Pete Seeger. Topical Song Publication - Monthly. 1 year, \$5; 5-issue trial, \$2; copy, 50 cents.

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Special to The New York Times

SARAJEVO, Yugoslavia, July 11--In this Balkan land of folk heroes, John F. Kennedy has already become part of the national lore.

The President is a popular figure here.

Now, after streets and squares have been named for him and best-selling books published about him, Mr. Kennedy has become the subject of a folk ballad.

The song was composed recently by a young Bosnian named Ramo Ramovic, who works by day as a bookkeeper in the Bosnafolklor company's offices.

In the evening he sings it in the basement nightclub of the Evropa Hotel, strumming his own accompaniment on a single-stringed gusla, an ancient instrument that produces a haunting whine.

THE ART OF BOB DYLAN'S "HATTIE CARROLL"

After Judy Collins' N.Y. Town Hall concert in which she performed Bob Dylan's "Hattie Carroll" (BROADSIDE # 43), I overheard a well-known commercial folk singer criticizing it as "another one of those black and white songs." Another act I know said the song was no good because it was too preachy.

It's a sad comment on the folk community when normally intelligent people can totally misunderstand such an important work. I believe this song could add a new dimension to topical songs that has been missing too often in the past. I'd like to use the song as an example to some of the writers who contribute to BROADSIDE.

There are many pitfalls that Dylan might have fallen into while treating such a delicate and difficult subject. It would have been easy to describe the event and ask, "Wasn't that a terrible shame, don't let her die in vain", and put the usual sarcastic "land of the free" line at the end. I think this all too simple artless approach is what the LITTLE SANDY REVIEW critics are rightfully opposed to.

In line after poetic line Dylan brings out all the pathos and irony of a tragic crime. He never gets trapped trying to fit a thought into a prescribed rhyme form. What more effective beginning could he have chosen than to use the sound of the name William Zantzinger and the description of the weapon, "with a cane that he twirled round his diamond ring finger," to carry over to the man?

He gives the setting in the first verse and asks that those who would shed a tear over the murder to wait and listen to more. In the second verse he describes Zantzinger's connections with "high office relations in the politics of Maryland who reacted to his deed with a shrug of the shoulder." Once again he deftly understates the evil, never making the mistake of calling him a brute or coward and ruining the narration.

Dylan describes Hattie Carroll as a "maid of the kitchen", not a downtrodden maid or a poor

Negro woman. He brings out the pathos of her life perfectly with "she never sat once at the head of the table."

The description of the murder has to be one of the classics of American folk music: "the cane sailed through the air and came down through the room, doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle, and she never did nothing to William Zantzinger." I listened to Bob's third record with him before it was released, and the song that moved him most was Hattie Carroll.

The use of poetry is paramount to his effective narration, and one of his most important techniques is that he always avoids the obvious. Probably the main thing wrong with so many of the songs sent to BROADSIDE is that they overstate the obvious when it doesn't need to be stated at all.

In the last verse, Bob reaches new heights by describing the judge's pounding of his gavel with the following ironic points: "to show that all's equal" and that "the courts are on the level", and that "even the nobles get properly handled", "the strings in the books ain't pulled and persuaded", and the "ladder of the law has no top and no bottom". Then the judge stares at the man "who killed for no reason", "and spoke through his cloak most deep and distinguished, and handed out strongly for penalty and repentance, William Zantzinger with a six-month sentence." And the chorus ends bitterly, "Now is the time for your tears." With all this he leaves the listener stunned with a sense of injustice.

The understatement, the subtle lyric, the ironic twist, are demonstrated time and again throughout the song. There is no empty cry of shame, or bland pleas for decency. There is no justification for a bad song no matter how important the cause, and I sincerely hope some of the BROADSIDE songwriters will learn some of the lessons taught so well in "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll."

By PHIL OCHS

Note: Bob Dylan is to be at the Newport Folk Festival workshop on topical songs Fri. afternoon, July 24, along with Phil Ochs, Malvina Reynolds, Johnny Cash, Jimmy Driftwood, Frank Proffitt, the Chad Mitchell Trio, and others. Pete Seeger will host the workshop, which will deal with "Broadside" old and new.

IN MISSISSIPPI

Tune: "Wayfaring Stranger"

Words: By Eve Merriam

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Deep country roads in Mississippi,
Deep country where nobody goes;
And there are swamps in Mississippi,
Deeper than anybody knows;
The rivers flow in Mississippi,
Deep down where no daylight can show:
No man alive can tell where they flow--
And a dead man can tell no tales.

(Repeat)



BIRMINGHAM SUNDAY

By Richard Fariña
 Music: Traditional
 Used by permission

slowly

Come round by my side and I'll sing you a song,— I'll sing it so softly it'll do no one wrong.— On Birmingham Sunday the blood ran like wine, And the choirs kept singing of Freedom.—

That cold autumn morning no eyes saw the sun
 And Addie Mae Collins, her number was one
 At an old Baptist church there was no need
 to run
 And the choirs kept singing of Freedom.

The clouds they were gray and the autumn
 winds blew
 And Denise McNair brought the number to two
 The falcon of death was a creature they knew
 And the choirs kept singing of Freedom.

The church it was crowded but no one could see
 That Cynthia Wesley's dark number was three
 Her prayers and her feelings would shame you
 and me
 And the choirs kept singing of Freedom.

Young Carol Robertson entered the door
 And the number her killers had given was four
 She asked for a blessing but asked for no more
 And the choirs kept singing of Freedom.

On Birmingham Sunday a noise shook the ground
 And people all over the earth turned around
 For no one recalled a more cowardly sound
 And the choirs kept singing of Freedom.

The men in the forest they once asked of me
 How many black berries grew in the Blue sea
 And I asked them right back with a tear in my
 eye
 How many dark ships in the forest?

The Sunday has come and the Sunday has gone
 And I can't do much more than to sing you a
 song
 I'll sing it so softly, it'll do no one wrong
 And the choirs keep singing of Freedom.

--- o ---

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Rabbi and Two Youths Beaten in Mississippi

ARE YOU WALKING THERE FOR ME?

Words & Music: Malvina Reynolds
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Are you walking there for me? Are you walking there for me? When you go up to the courthouse In the town of Al-ba-ny. When you're walking up to register, A gun held at your face, Are you walking in my place to make me free.

You are far across the land
 And I cannot touch your hand,
 But the selfsame flag is flying
 At the courthouse where you stand,
 And the thug that kicks and beats you
 Also drives me to my knee,
 While you're standing there for me
 To keep me free. (CHO)

All the nation's men of law,
 They are only men of straw,
 While you're being jailed & beaten
 Cause you knock at Freedom's door,
 And my guarantees of justice
 Are a bitter mockery
 When they do not reach a hand
 To set you free. (CHO)

Would I be as brave as you?
 Would I live through what you do?
 Would I face the whip and pistol
 To make Freedom's dream come true?
 There are heroes in our country
 Great as all in history,
 And they're walking there for me,
 For you and me. (Repeat 1st verse).

Here I live in Happy Town
 With my freedoms all around,
 When I go to cast my ballot
 There is none to put me down,
 But a man in Mississippi
 He will register and die,
 And my vote's an empty lie
 While that can be. (CHO)

GOIN' DOWN TO MISSISSIPPI

Words & Music: Phil Ochs
 © 1964 Applesseed Music
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"This song is written partially for the three project workers who disappeared, partially for the rest of the students going down this summer, and partially for myself." -- Phil Ochs, July 1, 1964

The musical score is written in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, starting with a G chord and a C chord. The second staff is the guitar accompaniment, starting with a D chord and a G chord. The third staff is the bass line, starting with a D chord and a G chord. The lyrics are: "I'm go-in' down to Missis-sippi, — I'm goin' down a southern road, And if you ne-ver see me a-gain Re-member that I had to — go, Re- member that I had to go."

It's a long road down to Mississippi
 It's a short road back the other way
 If the cops pull you over to the side
 of the road
 You won't have nothing to say
 No, you won't have nothing to say.
 There's a man waitin' down in
 Mississippi
 Waitin' with a rifle in his hand
 And he's lookin' down the road
 for an out of state car
 And he thinks that he's fightin'
 for his land
 Yes, he thinks that he's fightin'
 for his land.
 And he don't know the clothes I'm
 a-wearin'
 And he don't know the name that I own
 But his gun is large & his hate is hard
 And he knows I'm comin' down the road
 Yes, he knows I'm comin' down the road.

Songs Give Them Courage
 in a Mississippi Church as
 Voter Drive Continues

It's not for the glory that I'm leavin'
 There's no trouble that I'm lookin' for
 But there's lots of good work
 that's callin' me down
 And the waiting won't do no more
 No, the waiting won't do no more.
 Don't call me the brave one for going
 Don't pin a medal to my name
 For even if there was any choice
 to make
 I'd be goin' there just the same
 I'd be goin' there just the same.
 For I'd rather take the chance in
 Mississippi
 Than never learn how to stand
 And hide my head in a television world
 And wonder what it is to be a man
 And wonder what it is to be a man.

(repeat first verse)

PHILADELPHIA, Miss., July 4 -- The Fourth of July began in heavy rain here today. Early in the morning 400 United States sailors, wet and somewhat discouraged, armed with snake-handling sticks, renewed the search for three missing integration workers in the red clay hill country of Lake County just west of here.

Two weeks have passed since three young men, two white and one Negro, set out to investigate reports that a Negro church had been burned near the Longdale community here. It was not the kind of burning that prompted an investigation by local law officers.

By DAVID HALBERSTAM

Special to The New York Times

RULEVILLE, Miss., June 28

--The meeting began with a song. At first the people arriving were tense and uneasy but the songs relaxed them and it is a fact of the mass meetings here that almost half the time is spent singing songs to give both the followers and their leaders courage.

* * *

L. A. Rainey, the 63, 240-pound Neshoba County sheriff in whose territory James Chaney, Andrew Goodman and Mickey Schwerner vanished 13 days ago, is popularly reputed to have shot four Negroes to death.

"He ran for election on a platform of 'I'll take care of the niggers,'" a veteran Southern journalist says, "and he certainly has."

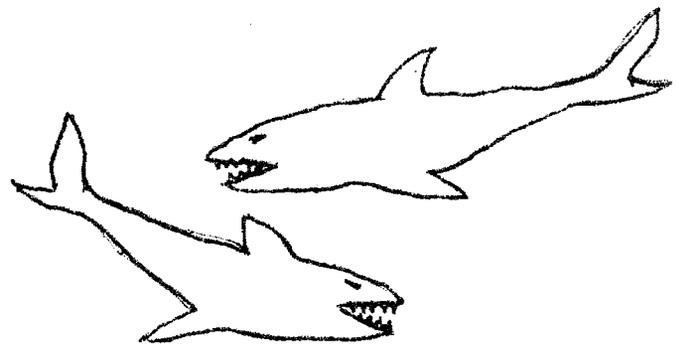
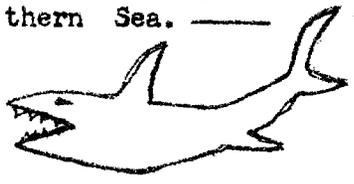


NEW TITANIC

By Jenes Cottrell
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Well, I'll tell you the story 'bout the Ti-tan-ic, Boys, (Instru.) She was sailing on the deep blue sea, (Instru.) When she struck the ice-berg that soon cut her down, Well she sank in that cold chilly water, Yes she sank in that Nor-thern Sea.

And no flowers there will ever be
Out there on that lonesome sea
Where fifteen hundred lost their lives
When she sank in that cold chilly water
When she sank in that lonesome sea



Way out there on that raging sea
With death upon its crest
Where fifteen hundred men went down
When she sank in that cold chilly water
When she sank in that lonesome sea.

Well they lowered them lifeboats
as fast as they could
For the women and the children to
save
But the men went down in their
ocean graves
When she sank in that cold chilly water
When she sank in that Northern sea.

And no markers there you will ever see
Out there on that lonesome sea
Where husbands and wives, little child-
ren lost their lives
When she sank in that cold chilly water
When she sank in that Northern sea.

Those men who looked upon death and
smiled
Out there on that ocean wild
Twelve hundred miles from home and
friends
When she sank in that cold chilly
water
When she sank in that lonesome sea.

TAKIN' ME AWAY FROM YOU TRAIN

Moderately Fast

Words & Music: Len H. Chandler, Jr.
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Put my ticket in my pocket, Took my gui- tar from the wall, Set it with my suitcase by the
I'd rather take a rattle-snake And hold him to my chest, Than to stop the singing of these
rail- ing in the hall; I hate so much this leaving you, It's taught me how to stall, If
songs that I love best, So I'll leave you when I have to And come home when I can,
I could hit it luck-y, love, I'd nev- er leave at all — To catch that Rattlin, rumblin
Just to keep on keeping on, I've got to be a man — And catch that
snortin grumbl-in Takin me away from you train -- Rattlin-rumblin-snortin-grumblin Takin me a-

Note:
C/5 - 5th
in bass.
D7/3 - 3rd
in bass.

When my job is finished/And there's Freedom in this
land *
I'll be coming home to you/The quickest way I can
The train that I'll be riding on/Will have a
sweeter sound
The sound of homesick angel wings/As back to you
I'm bound....TO CATCH THAT....
(Final chorus): Rattlin-rumblin-snortin-grumblin
Bringing me home again train. (Repeat)

way from you train.

I'm going downstairs now/To catch myself a ride
To catch me a feeling/Of lonesome inside
To catch me a hurting/That bangs around my brain
To catch myself a hurting/That's worse than any
pain...TO CATCH THAT.... (chorus)

(*Alternate line - "And my fare is in my hand" -- depending on what you're doing. L.C.)

FATHER'S GRAVE

(For Cordell Reagon)

Words & Music by
Len H. Chandler, Jr.

With my swing blade in my hand As I looked the land And
thought of all the places that I'd been, Of that old
house I called home Where I'd always a-lone And of that
that been
weed-y grave that held my clos-est kin. And as I
cut the weeds from o'er my father's grave, father's I
grave,
swore no child I bore would be a slave.

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Oh, the old house was a shell
There were weeds around the well
And I touched the rusty hinge
That held no door
And the roof was caving in
It was always sort of thin
And I found the place
Where the ash pan burned the floor. (CHO)

I thought of all the glad
And the good times that I had
With my pockets full of
Purple plums each fall
When the yard was wide and clean
And the grass was short and green
Now the underbrush has
Laid its claim to all. (CHO)

I learned of violence done
By my mother's brother's son
Was it hate or hurt that
Held the hand to knife
It was trouble in the mind
Well, guess that's the only kind
That could make my cousin
Try to take his father's life. (CHO)

It made me feel so bad
Lost the best friend that I had
And I didn't get to
Hear the preacher pray
Yes, and I was only eight
No, I can't recall the date
Nor the reason I was late
But a funeral just can't wait
And when I got to church
They were rolling him away
(Repeat 1st verse & chorus)

Suggest
repeat
3rd line
of tune
for two
extra
lines
here. Ed.

Len Chandler wrote "Takin' Me Away From You Train" before heading South (Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi). "Father's Grave" was written when Cordell Reagon of the Freedom Singers took him to visit the old Reagon home.

I SUPPORT THE BOYCOTT

Words by
PEGGY SEEGER
Brightly
Verse

Tune: Traditional U.S.A.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of ten staves of music. The first staff is the beginning of the verse, marked with a 'D' chord. The lyrics are: 'I'm just a bus-y house-wife, I cook and wash and clean, And ev - 'ry day I go to shop down at Gold-ers Green, Now, the shop keep-ers they trem-ble when I walk in-side the door, If I see the la - bel "Cape-town" they know I'm bound to roar: No! I sup-port the boy-cott, and here's the rea-son why: I — can smell a - par-theid in an Out-span lem-on pie, And I can taste Ver-woerd in the Cape-town sher-ry wine, So I sup-port the boy-cott all a-long the line.' The score includes various chords such as D, A7, and D, and features a 'Chorus' section starting with the line 'No! I sup-port the boy-cott...'. The music is a simple, rhythmic melody with a steady beat.

I went down to the grocery to buy a tin of fish
And I looked at the label when I poured it in the dish (too late!)
I saw it was South African, so I gave it to the cat instead
But he turned pale and walked away and this is what he said: (Cho)

Last week the new prime minister he asked me out to dine
He said, "Now, an apertif! How 'bout some sherry wine?"
I took a sip; "What brand?" says I. "South African," says he
I says, "Save it for the cabinet and tell them this for me: (Cho)

I went upon the nountain top to take the pleasant air
An avalanche came rolling down and left me lying there
A great big dog came lolloping up with brandy in a cask
I says, "Friend, if that's South African, just you lollop past!" (Cho)

Now, I look on all the bottles, the boxes and the tins
And I look under orange peels and under fishes' fins
On apples, fags, and tins of meat and everything they sell
And if you don't agree with me, I'll boycott you as well. (Cho)

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BROADSIDE # 48

Broadsides first began in the British Isles, some four centuries ago. Literally tens of thousands of different ones were printed up and hawked in the streets for a penny or two. In recent years the writing of modern "broadsides" has been flourishing there again. Peggy Seeger and her husband Ewan MacColl have written many, for peace marches, radio shows, rallies, etc. Others of the new school are John Brunner (also in this issue), Matt McGinn (who has a new songbook out), Fred Dallas, Sydney Carter, Alex Comfort, Johnny Handle.

WHO'S GONNA BE THERE

Words & Music: Roger K. Leib
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Tell me who's gon- na be there who's gon- na be there who's gon- na be there



when? Well who's gon- na be there who's gon- na be there who's gon- na be there



then? 1. You you're gon- na be there you're gon- na be there you're gonna be there
(2,3,4,5)*



then. turned eight- een and got your call and hur- ried in- to line. Who
*2. (Well) school was rough and liv- in' hard life's bet- ter now no doubt. But
3. (Your) train- in's pest you're in the air and fly- in' is a thrill. You're
4. (You've) dropped your bombs but start to pray for mur- der is a sin. Who
5. (The) bomb- in's stopped and si- lence reigns and ev'- ry one is gone. Now



was the sec- re- ta- ry who gave you those cards to sign? Tell me
who's the man whom you sa- lute when- ev- er there's a shout? Tell me
bom- bar- dier but who's the man who tells you when to kill? Tell me
is the pal who cries too late that nei- ther side will win? Tell me
no one's there to tell you all your life you've been a pawn? Tell me

W H O ' S W H O

Words: John Brunner Air: The Vicar of Bray
© By Author, 1964 - Used by permission

CHO: And this is how Great Britain's run down to this very hour, sir --
The plebs may vote for anyone but we'll be the people in power, sir!

1. In Queen Victoria's golden days
which brought us peace & plenty
The peasantry all knew their place
and touched their hats to gentry.
For all things bright & beautiful
the parson thanked God weekly,
And workmen kneeling dutiful
repeated "Amen" meekly. (CHO)
2. The best of all we could afford
and not have to be clever--
We had an Empire there abroad
on which the sun set never,
With Wogs, Babus & blackamoors
who all required a saviour--
And so we taught them English laws
& public school behaviour. (CHO)
3. We had some illbred Englishmen
who dipped their bread in gravy;
We used to teach them discipline
between decks in the Navy,
'And when some upstart blighter
sought to breach our Empire's
border,
We'd send them to a foreign port
to re-establish order. (CHO)
4. And when the news was brought one day
while we were shooting pheasants:
"The Empire is in disarray!--
Revolt among the peasants!
Our upper lips were stiff as boards--
we knew we were not beaten.
We made the Labour leaders lords
and sent their sons to Eton. (CHO)

ballad of ALFRED PACKER

Words & Music: Phil Ochs
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BRISKLY Am C E7 Am

In the state of Colo-rado in the year of seventy-four They crossed the San Juan Mountains growing hungry to the core, Their guide was Alfred Packer and they trusted him too long For his character was weak & his ap-petite was strong.

CHO: Am G F E Am

They called him a murderer, a cannibal, a thief; It doesn't pay to eat just anything but government inspected beef. (He'd never) heard of Duncan-Hines.

(Final Ending) E7 Am

Along the Gunnison River
 An Indian camp they spied
 An Indian chief approached them
 To stop them he did try
 He warned them of the danger
 In the snow that lay around
 But the danger was in Packer
 For his hunger knew no bound.
Cho: Yes, they --

Two cold months went slowly by
 Packer came back alone
 "My comrades they all froze to death,
 I'm starving", he did moan
 The Indian chief knew how he lied
 He spat upon the ground
 For Packer's belly hung out all
 over his belt
 He'd gained some thirty pounds.
Cho.

Well for nine long years he ran away
 But finally he was tried
 He claimed he didn't kill them
 He only ate their hide
 That County had six dem-o-crats
 Until that man arrived
 Well only one lives on today
 He ate the other five. Cho.



Alfred Packer whooping it up
 after eating five Democrats

Eighteen years he stayed in jail
 It was a dreadful fate
 For he suffered indigestion
 Every time he ate
 Still it's hard to blame this hungry guy
 Who went searchin' for the mines
 For when he ate his friends
 He'd never heard of Duncan-Hines
 (Last two lines twice. No Cho.)

TOPICAL SONGS ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

By Julius Lester

Southern politicians have long known the advantage of using music in their campaigns. Instead of using recorded jingles ("LEfkowitz, GilHOOley and FIno" blared soundtrucks during New York City's 1961 mayoralty campaign), quite a few use live traditional musicians to attract and hold the crowds (a job which the prospect of a mere speech cannot do). In Nashville, Tennessee, election time has not only seen and heard much good music, but barbecued spare-ribs and beer are handed out to one and all by mayors seeking re-election. Although plying the voter with food and drink would not be condoned in the more sophisticated Northern cities, music is occasionally used to soothe the savage and unpredictable beast, before and after the speeches.

The most recent instance of this was Bill Haddad's campaign for Congress from the 19th Congressional District in New York City. On almost any day during the closing weeks of the campaign voters heard Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Gil Turner, Happy Traum, The Eastgate Singers, Bob Cohen or this writer singing songs of peace, integration, and adapting songs on the spur of the moment to fit the area they happened to be in or a particular local issue. "Put My Name Down, Brother" became "I'm Gonna Vote For Better Housing". At other times the same song was heard as "Don't Send A Hack Back To Congress Next Year" (Haddad was trying to unseat the incumbent). Bob Dylan's "No Playboys and Playgirls" lent itself well to improvised verses (if more than Bob's own good ones were needed). In Puerto Rican neighborhoods, "Que Bonita Bandera" caused many heads to peer from windows, and crowds to gather as the soundtruck stopped at a corner.

At these street corner rallies, it was usually the children who were most open in their approval of the music. They hovered shyly around the back of the truck, asking quietly once the speeches had started, "Are you going to sing some more?" When the answer was "yes", the next question usually was: "Are you going to sing 'If I Had A Hammer'?" Quite often, adults would say that they were staying through the speeches just to hear more music.

Generally, it seemed that the music was better received in the poorer districts, where people would wave at the singers as the truck drove slowly down the street. They would shout, "Keep it up! That sounds good!" In the better areas, the reaction may have been the same, but it was not open.

The political candidates themselves were the ones to react the most enthusiastically. They listened with much appreciation, and sometimes they sang as loudly and lustily as the singers, even on such a verse as,

I've got a brother in Peking,
I thought you knowed.
I've got a brother in Peking,
Way down the road.
On some things we don't agree
But he wants peace like you and me,
He's gonna put his name down.

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Although Mr. Haddad lost, the inclusion of folk music and topical songs in his campaign was an asset that renewed an enthusiasm and spirit that has almost died out on the American political scene, especially in the North. Politics does not have to be a "dirty" business. Whether we like it or not, politics has a direct effect on almost everything we do. Using topical songs in a political campaign is one small way of directly involving people in the issues of our time. It is also one way of giving the music of the people back to the people. It wouldn't be a bad idea for every city to find its singers, put them on a soundtruck and turn them loose to drive around their town holding street-corner Hoots, at least on a weekly basis. So many speeches have been made and so many promises not kept that suspicion and distrust have become our attitudes toward politics and politicians. Let the singers have the ball for a while. "We Shall Overcome" is doing what Mr. Kennedy's fine, literary speeches could never do. A good song sung by a lot of people is a force that no evil can withstand.

Mr. Haddad may have lost an election, but I wonder how many people find themselves singing about putting their name down or about playboys and playgirls not ruling their world?

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HOMAGE TO ERIC ANDERSEN

"People have been writin your magazine & praisin Bob Dylan & a lot of other singers & I thought I'd speak for someone who I think deserves a word or two also. His name is Eric Andersen: he's a singer & folk-poet who's published a number of his songs in BROADSIDE. I know him well & so I wrote a little somethin about him that I thought I'd send your way..." BOB FOX.

I've known Eric for some time; used to sing with him & philosophize with him in our pre-college days. Music hadn't overpowered him then but the sensitivity was there, the perception, and you could see it, man, you could feel it -- the guy was an artist.

I remember when he was at Hobart he'd hop a freight train out of Geneva sometimes and come up to see me at Cornell. He was already writin songs then, developin his vision if you want to call it that, and I was thinkin "Eric, Eric, you got to go, you got to move on, cause you've got things to say and there's people got to listen." Well he left school finally cause he had too much inside him that he had to give voice to, & the urge to hit the highways, the railways, was too great to leave him content with an academic world, & so he went on out to Frisco.

Out there Eric met Tom Paxton who encouraged him & later helped him too when he went to New York to get his songs published, & J.C. Burris who taught him about the blues; he found out about a lot of things, imbibed new influences, & all the time he was writin. When I got home at Christmas last year I found him there & he sang "The Boot of Blue" for me & I nearly bawled, it struck me so deep. It was like the first time I heard him do "The Lookingglass" with its haunting beauty, or "The Road To Nothin'" that made a chill run up & down your back: I knew I was face to face with feeling. The emotion is as raw as earth in Eric's songs & yet there's a tenderness in him

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that bespeaks a great love: a love of you, of me, of the world. Because Eric cares & he wants to make the world better. He's tryin to do this thru song & if that's naive then Pete Seeger's naive, & Bob Dylan & Phil Ochs & Tom Paxton & all the others, they're naive too. It's sincerity that counts, always & above all else, & I know few singers -- nay, few people -- that's more sincere than Eric Andersen.

His songs are in BROADSIDE -- read 'em, sing & play 'em yourself. He records for Vanguard -- listen to him, or better, hear him in person. We're all of us strivin for somethin & we've all got somethin to say but can't all be heard above the tumult. So let's give ear to our prophets, let's see that they're heard: cause it's as Eric says: "Today is the highway, & tomorrow is the time."

L E T T E R S

Dear Folks: -- My name is Barry Brown and for the past 3½ years I've been singing, playing, & promoting Folk-Music. Only since Nov., 1963, have I actually been singing professionally. I was given a few of your fine magazines by our manager. I really enjoyed them. They disappeared at an all-night party at my house.

About a month or two ago on impulse I bought a recording of Phil Ochs. It was on Elektra & called "All The News That's Fit To Sing". After two days & nights I had all his songs down pat -- ready to sing them for many of my friends who had never heard them. I was entranced with Phil's work but my friends were a little complacent. I couldn't understand it. Then I played "The Power & The Glory" for them. They loved it almost as much as I did. I then played the other songs. Everyone went Ochs crazy -- but don't worry, it's not like the fad. I haven't seen my album since. I think some chick up at Michigan State has it now.

I'm now 18 & have traveled thru most of our sunny, scenic, segregated South, Canada and much of our country. On my travels I picked up many songs & now have a collection of over 1,000. Where I go I take my music and in St. Augustine, Florida, I met some picketers who re-introduced

me to BROADSIDE... Once more I say thanks to all the folks at BROADSIDE for putting out such a great publication...

Dear Sis: -- ...The discovery of Malvina Reynolds has been a major delight in my life for which I owe you thanks. Her songs have been a hit in my family and in Seattle CORE. When I got your issue with her song "It Isn't Nice", I sang it the next day on the picket line and taught it to about 30 demonstrators. We sang it all day and have sung it at all our meetings since. I imagine that Gil Turner's "Carry It On" will see service in the same way.

..... DAVID LAIB

Dear BROADSIDE -- Gordon Friesen seems to hit the nail on the head consistently. His current comments re the "good" folksingers who, nonetheless, participated in the "despicable art" of the TV "blacklist" are sharply to the point. It reminded me of an incident recently where I met and listened to one of these participators. During the entire program I was unable to expel that fact from my mind, and it definitely spoiled my appreciation and enjoyment of the singing. I also sat there every minute of the time feeling embarrassed for the singer. It is not enough that these blacklist participators may now sing for

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freedom rallies and such. After all, that is rather popular now and may even be good publicity. The point is that the TV-Hootenanny was also considered "good publicity", and a stepping stone toward fame for the small fry, just as taking a job in a mine when union men were on strike may have been thought to be a way toward ingratiation with the operators. But many of us can't stomach a scab, even if his scabbing happened a long time ago.

.... DON WEST

DEAR BROADSIDE: -- ...I am grieved to see so much space wasted (in my opinion) in issue # 46 on something that happened in Hootenanny Magazine. I find it difficult to believe that anyone who reads BROADSIDE would read Hootenanny, so why quote it extensively and then argue with the straw man -- such nonsense (as was in Hootenanny about Woody Guthrie) should not be thus dignified. Are you going to give THREE PAGES (!!!) to every piece of superstitious absurdity or trifle that comes along?... Some mighty fine songs probably went by the boards to make room for it (Gordon Friesen's article)...Woody doesn't need it, tho he might have made a passable song out of the whole thing.
P.S. The article on Freedom songs excellent & appropriate.

FAITH P., California

P O E T R Y S E C T I O N
DIXIE FOURTH OF JULY

(On seeing a Hitlerish motorized parade July 4, 1963)

Hats off! Along the street there rolls

A bunch of segregated souls,
For it's a Dixie Fourth of July --
Hats off! The flag is passing by.

Blue & crimson & white it shines,
Passing before the "white only" signs --

People cheer, & I wonder why
For they're fighting the flag
that's passing by.

Jim Crow state in a free nation,
Battling on for segregation,
How can you hold your head up high?

You're soiling the flag that's passing by.

Burning bus & burning cross,
Burning signs of a Nation's loss,
Blood on the highway, hardly dry --
They all dishonor the flag you fly.

Homes & churches explode at night,
By courtesy of the Dixie white;
The firehose, dog, & club you apply

Under the flag that's passing by.
Freedom marches & freedom rides
For equal treatment of darker hides --

You jailed those who dared to try
To free the flag that's passing by.

Sit-ins, wade-ins, kneel-ins too,
All because of the likes of you!
"Land of the free" is an outright lie,

And yet, the flag is passing by.
Jails didn't silence those freedom songs,

Sounds of struggle against old wrongs!

They tell of hope not about to die
--Nor is the flag that's passing by.

"Land of the free, home of the brave" --
Today's chains shackle yesterday's slave,

But a free day for the brave draws nigh --

It's tomorrow's flag that's passing by.

Hats off! Along the street there comes

A hypocritical string of crumbs
Who'd call me a Red, or a Yankee spy --

Hats off! My flag is passing by.

By ERNIE MARRS

REPORT ON THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA FOLK FESTIVAL

All of the artists who appeared at the U.C.Folk Festival seemed to be at their best. Many of them were at U.C.L.A. earlier, but it was as though something was lacking there. Here everyone was in fine form, right on top. Mississippi John Hurt was an especially big hit here. He sang a number of songs that were repeatedly requested, such as "Monday Morning Blues", "Candy Man", and "Coffee Blues". Local record shops were getting scalpers' prices for his albums.

The panel discussion on modern "folksong" writers rapidly became an argument about traditional versus modern performances. I'm afraid I'm a little tired of that particular argument. There was another panel dealing with modern "topical" song writing. It tried to explore the relationship between the writers and the social-political movements using the material, or how the writer relates to the movements and people about whom his songs are written. A comparison was made between present day situations and the labor movement of the 30's. The whole discussion could have been more interesting than it was, for Bess Hawes and Archie Greene were both on this panel and are certainly qualified to talk about the labor movement songs. But it seems there were too many people on the panel and not enough time to delve into any one question adequately.

One of the highlights was Alice Stuart, a young singer from Seattle, singing Tom Paxton's "I Can't Help But Wonder" at one of the noon concerts and again at the final concert (incidentally, Janet Smith sang the same song beautifully on a recent KPFA program). But the real hit of the whole U.C.Festival, in my opinion, was Mark Spoelstra's new song, "Just A Hand To Hold." He sang it one night early in the Festival and others began picking it up. At the final concert, as a surprise to Mark, Joan Baez sang it. Some people in the audience had tears rolling down their cheeks. Theo Bikel was sitting just ahead of me and he was beside himself, cheering and clapping. It's a great song, and Joan sang it marvellously.

There's one criticism I have, and it's of Festivals in general. It seems that the traditional material is mainly from the Southern Mountains. There must be good material from other sources -- logging camps, mines and miners, the poverty areas like Hazard, Kentucky, etc. It's time they were explored.

----- M.O.MOEN -----

NOTES: "Went to the Big Sur the other day for one of the most delightful, and useful folk festivals (note the small f) I've ever been part of. People selected by folksingers for folksingers in one of the most beautiful places in the world -- very remote, on a grade B road by the ocean, but 500 came for the Sunday concert anyway." Malvina Reynolds... Malvina recently was interviewed by KNX-TV in Los Angeles on the subject of the censoring of "Little Boxes" by two radio stations in that area. Seems like the John Birchers are trying to black out the song, at least in their own backyard. Their target is the recording by "The Womenfolks" which is most popular in Southern California. The commentator who did the interview summed up the whole situation when he remarked: "When we get so that we can't laugh at ourselves, we're in a pretty bad condition."

NOTES

NEWS ITEM: July 4, 1964, Atlanta, Ga. -- "While an audience of 7,000 white segregationists sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" four Negroes were clubbed savagely with metal chairs at an Independence Day rally here. Main speakers were Gov. Wallace of Alabama and former Mississippi governor Barnett. The Negroes were dragged away, blood streaming from their heads." (See Ernie Marrs' parody of "Hats Off" in this issue)...

NEW TITANIC: Jenex Cottrell sings this song of his on a new L-P he has made together with French Carpenter, "Oldtime tunes and songs from Clay County, West Virginia" (the two appeared at the 1963 Newport Folk Festival. Jenex, "The Banjo Man of Deadfall Run", and French, the "Big Otter Creek Fiddler" combine to make the record one of the best of oldtime music to come out in recent years. Their L-P can be gotten from its producer, Ken Davidson, FOLK PROMOTIONS, 1549 Lee St., Charleston, W.V. ... Phil Ochs, Len Chandler, Eric Andersen and Tom Paxton are among those scheduled to appear on the topical song workshop (called "BroadSides" this year) at the Newport, R.I. Folk Festival. This workshop is set for 1 P.M., Friday aft., July 24. Phil is also on the regular Fri. night concert; and will appear next month at this year's Philadelphia Folk Festival (which will begin Fri. eve. Aug. 28, on the Wilson farm in Paoli, near Philly). This Festival also will have a topical song workshop -- Sat. morning...

ALFRED PACKER: tells a true story of the Old West. The judge, in passing sentence, observed solemnly to Packer: "There were six Democrats in this county before you came along. Now there's only one." (Ed. note: presumably, it's Goldwater Country now)... We hit the wrong typewriter key last issue in giving the address of WASHINGTON FOLK STRUMS. Correct: 7906 Woodbury Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland. FOLK STRUMS has improved greatly since it started 4 issues ago (it's a monthly). One suggestion, though, to editor Richard L. Rodgers: put in some articles about songwriters in your area and print some of their songs. Producers, managers, agents, and even performers, almost always get their share, but songwriters are apt to get "the shitty end of the stick" (an old American folk saying that needs wider currency). You should know, Dick, being one yourself... Dick Waterman writes from Boston: "Phil Spiro, Nick Perls and I went down South on the rumor Son House had been seen in Memphis a year ago... we did a lot of leg-work, travelled 3,700 miles and finally located Son in -- of all places -- upper New York State. He hadn't played in several years... but it was wonderful to see him recapture everything that made him such a great bluesman of many years ago... He would like to get back to playing a steel-body National but these are getting very hard to find. Anyone having one for sale for a reasonable price (and in good condition) get in touch with me (through BROADSIDE)..." "Enjoy your publication immensely. I think it's one of the best around. Especially got a kick out of Ernie Marrs' "The Scruggs Picker" in # 46. Sort of reminds me of a local type," Ed Stabler... ANNOUNCEMENT: With this issue BROADSIDE goes to .50¢ a copy. Cost of materials going up steadily and no end in sight. We'll try to get a couple extra songs in each issue. We've always been monthly during summer, but are considering becoming a regular monthly in the fall. Thus we hope to have more time to give greater consideration to songs. Will have to work out something with our current subscribers.

BROADSIDE, The National Topical Song Magazine. P.O. Box 193, Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025. Editor, Sis Cunningham; Cont. Eds.: Len Chandler, Peter La Farge, Bob Dylan, Gil Turner, Bob Dylan, Josh Dunson, Gordon Friesen; Advisory, Pete Seeger. New Rates: .50¢ a copy; \$5 per year; \$2 for 5-issue trial subs.