

# Broadside # 56

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

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## I N T H I S I S S U E

"Island Of Fear" by Martin Wood. Also SONGS by Janis Fink, Tom Paxton, Peter Seeger, Eric Andersen, Julius Lester, Will McClean, Tom Parrott. Bob Dylan. LETTER from Moses Asch. BOOK REVIEW of "Rebel Voices." POEMS.

# ISLAND OF FEAR

Words & Music By MARTIN WOOD  
Copyright 1965 by author

## (KITTY'S BALLAD)

It was deep in the darkness as mist drifted  
the  
down, - A girl walked the streetway of a big city  
town, - When out of an al-ley came death in the  
night, - Came murder & hatred & an unham-pered  
knife. - And ev'ry night a death and ev'ry  
day an emp-ty chair, - But what should it  
matter if you're not sitting there; - Yes  
what should it matter and why should you care

If one more goes down on the Island - of  
fear. - why should you care, (If)

And the girl was struck down  
with a blade slashing free  
And the people saw her blood,  
and the people heard her plea  
But no one would move,  
they just stood and held their breath  
For it's no one else's business  
if a young girl fears death -CHORUS-

It was down in New York City,  
where death lurks in the dark  
Where the coldness in the wind  
blows no colder than the heart  
Where there's giant lights and wires  
where a heart will never be  
Where the doorways cannot hear,  
and the windows cannot see -CHORUS-

As the city was a theater, so the street was a stage  
And from their doorways and windows,  
the spectators watched the play  
And they didn't break the silence,  
and they didn't make a sound  
And they didn't even clap as the curtain came down  
-CHORUS-

Now the people will tell you,  
the most important thing of all  
Is to mind your own business and never get involved  
And that hatred and fear are just a part of life  
But they were every one a killer  
with an unhampered knife. -CHORUS -

NEW YORK TIMES,  
JANUARY 26, 1965.

### 'Confession' Laid to Police By JACK ROTH

Two members of District Attorney Frank S. Hogan's staff blamed the police yesterday for the turn of events that resulted in the dropping of murder charges against George Whitmore Jr. in the slaying of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert.

"I am positive," said one. "that the police prepared the confession for Whitmore, just as his lawyers charged a few days ago. I am also sure that the police were the ones who gave Whitmore all the details of the killings that he recited to our office."

The other prosecutor put it this way: "Call it what you want—brain-washing, hypnosis, fright. They made him give an untrue confession.

NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 28, 1965.

Special to The New York Times  
JOHANNESBURG, South Africa, Jan. 25—Abram Fischer, a leading Johannesburg lawyer who has been appearing in court both professionally and as a defendant charged under the Suppression of Communism Act, has gone into hiding.

In a letter read to the Magistrate's Court here today, Mr. Fischer said he would remain in the country to try to "oppose its monstrous policy of apartheid" as long as he could.

The letter, written last Friday, was left on Mr. Fischer's desk and was found today. It said in part: "If in my fight I can encourage even some people to understand and to abandon policies they now so blindly follow I shall not regret any punishment I may incur."

(See letter from Moses Asch)

### Reasons Are Cited

Mr. Fischer, giving his reasons for going into hiding, said that 2,500 political prisoners being held in South Africa were not criminals but the staunchest opponents of apartheid, that discriminatory laws have multiplied each year, that bitterness and hatred of the Government was growing daily, that organizations were outlawed and their leaders banned from speaking or meeting, that the people were hounded by laws requiring them to carry passes, and that torture by solitary confinement and worse had been legalized by an elected parliament.

"Unless this whole intolerable system is changed radically and rapidly," the attorney wrote, "disaster must follow and appalling bloodshed and civil war become inevitable.

### BROADSIDE HOOTENANNY

At the VILLAGE GATE, New York City, (Thompson at Bleecker St.) Sunday Aft., April 4, 1965. 3 PM. Admission \$2. Scheduled for this Hoot: Len Chandler, Julius Lester, Janis Fink, Martin Wood, Peter Seeger, Phil Ochs, Peter La Farge, Tom Paxton, Eric Andersen, Pat Sky.

Note: Plans are to extend this series of topical song hoots to the first Sunday in May, the 2nd.

The 1965 NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL is now definitely set. It will be held July 22, 23, 24, 25 at a new site on Connell Highway in Newport, Rhode Island.

# WAVES OF FREEDOM

Words & Music by ERIC ANDERSEN  
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(Capo 5, sing in G) (\*Am/G - G in bass)

They'll say we are but strangers, that we been  
so all our lives but we've seen a lot of trou-  
ble, yes we've seen a lot of strife; and I- will  
make one pro-mise be-fore I take my leave, we'll  
ride the waves of free-dom & that you can be-  
lieve, that you can believe, that you can believe.

Now the weather will get stormy  
so the waves may see no light  
the winds they will be bending  
down with all their might  
the rains will slash in anger  
as there's soon to be a fight  
but the dawn is not far breakin'  
behind the darkest night (3x)

And the clouds will cough confusion  
then laugh in mockery  
so the waters twist and darken  
but the waves swell endlessly  
they'll brave the loudest thunders  
till the clouds fall in the sea  
and the stormy gates crash open  
and the waves they roll on free  
clear waters we shall see (2x)

For they tried in Rome of ages  
to tie and chain the sea  
Napoleon and Hitler  
yes, they fought most bitterly  
but the waves of freedom  
defied their slavery  
for on the crest was rollin'  
the tides of victory (3x)

Repeat first verse but for lines  
6 and 7 substitute:

"before we take our leave  
we'll ride the waves together"

# THE HOUSE OF GOD

Words & Music by TOM PARROTT  
c 1965 by Thomas Dawes Parrott

Lyrical, but growing

I was taught that in the house of God you  
folded your hands in prayer...Two or three would  
gather to-gether to ask for forgiveness of sins,  
And might be singing, there be preaching  
there might  
Though your book/ might be dif' rent from mine  
thought for  
I always/ that the church was meant/praying.

Some folks were taught that in the house of God  
You listen but you do not hear...  
Ten or twenty will gather together  
To make a council of war...

And they burn their crosses and use their rifles  
And throw dynamite thru the door  
Some people think that the church  
was meant for burning

Now they've taught me that the house of God  
Is built in the hearts of men...  
All of us must stand and be counted  
Or our souls will wither and die...

And there may be murder, they'll sure be trying  
But if there weren't fear, why bother to stand  
Now we know that the church was meant for building.



# OSCEOLA'S LAST WORDS

Words & Music:  
By WILL McLEAN  
Copyright 1964  
By author

In a dungeon deep at St. Au-gustine Chief  
Os-ce-ola wept, For his people & his golden  
land, His body had not slept; Then said,  
Chief I beg you go With me to stand against our  
mortal foe, But Os-ce-ola raised his / head  
high, Said, "Do this ere I die.

"Wildcat, Brother, to the grassy waters  
take the Seminole  
There no white man can invade to leave  
you lying dead and cold  
I shall not live among such evil men,  
Who mock the sign of truce, this flag  
of white  
And honor not their given, sacred word,  
My name will be the light.

"The light that burns in every warrior's soul  
in dark and hidden reaches,  
They will never drive us from our land,  
nor drain our blood like leeches  
My spirit walks with those of you who die,  
And those of you who always will remain  
Upon this bloodstained, blessed, flowered land,  
must fight and fight again."



# GOODMAN, SCHWERNER AND CHANEY

Words & Music by TOM FAXTON  
Copyright 1965 Deep Fork Music

The night air is heavy, No cool breezes blow -  
The sound of the voices is wor-ried and low -  
Desp'rately won-d'ring and Des-p'rate to  
know - A-bout Goodman and Schwerner and Chaney.

Calm desperation and flickering hope  
Reality grapples like a hand at the throat  
You live in the shadow of ten feet of rope  
When you're Goodman or Schwerner or Chaney.

The Pearl river was dragged  
and two bodies were found  
But it was a blind alley, for both men were brown  
So they all shrugged their shoulders  
and the search it went on  
For Goodman and Schwerner and Chaney

Pull out the dead bodies from the ooze of the dam  
Take the bodies to Jackson all according to plan  
With the one broken body do the best that you can  
It's the body of young James Chaney.

The nation was outraged  
and schocked through and through  
Call J. Edgar Hoover he'll know what to do  
They murdered two white men..  
and a colored boy, too  
Goodman and Schwerner and Chaney.

James Chaney, your body exploded in pain  
And the beating they gave you is pounding my brain  
And they murdered much more  
with their dark, bloody chains  
And the body of pity lies bleeding.

The pot-bellied coppers shook hands all around  
And joked with the red-necks who came into town  
They swore that the murderers soon would be found  
And they laughed as they spat their tobacco.

# HERE'S TO...

Words & Music by  
JANIS FINK

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Here's to the boys who play in the street, Here's to the life that they have to lead  
Here's to dope & to fixes galore and Here's to the stuff they buy at the store.  
Drink a toast to sla-ve-ry, clap your hands for Hol-lywood bra-ve-ry, Don't be afraid to say  
what you feel, Just make sure the Big Man don't hear.

Em A B7 Em A B7  
Em Am F G A  
Em Am F#m F C Em  
Am D F E7

Here's to the girls  
who drink under age  
To the sixteen-year-olds  
who carry babes  
Here's to schools of hypocrisy  
And to a well-planned Democracy  
CHORUS

Here's to the men that spend  
millions of bucks  
On building defense  
and pushing our luck  
And when my money is gone  
they decide  
The weapon's outmoded,  
they lay it aside  
CHORUS

Here's to a world  
where all honest men  
Will get the place back  
on its feet again  
Here's to a world  
where everyone's free  
And to the end of slavery  
LAST CHORUS:

I've been around  
nigh fourteen years  
Heard bitter laughter,  
seen happy tears  
Seen men be slaves  
To the idea they're free  
And that ain't the life  
That I'm gonna lead

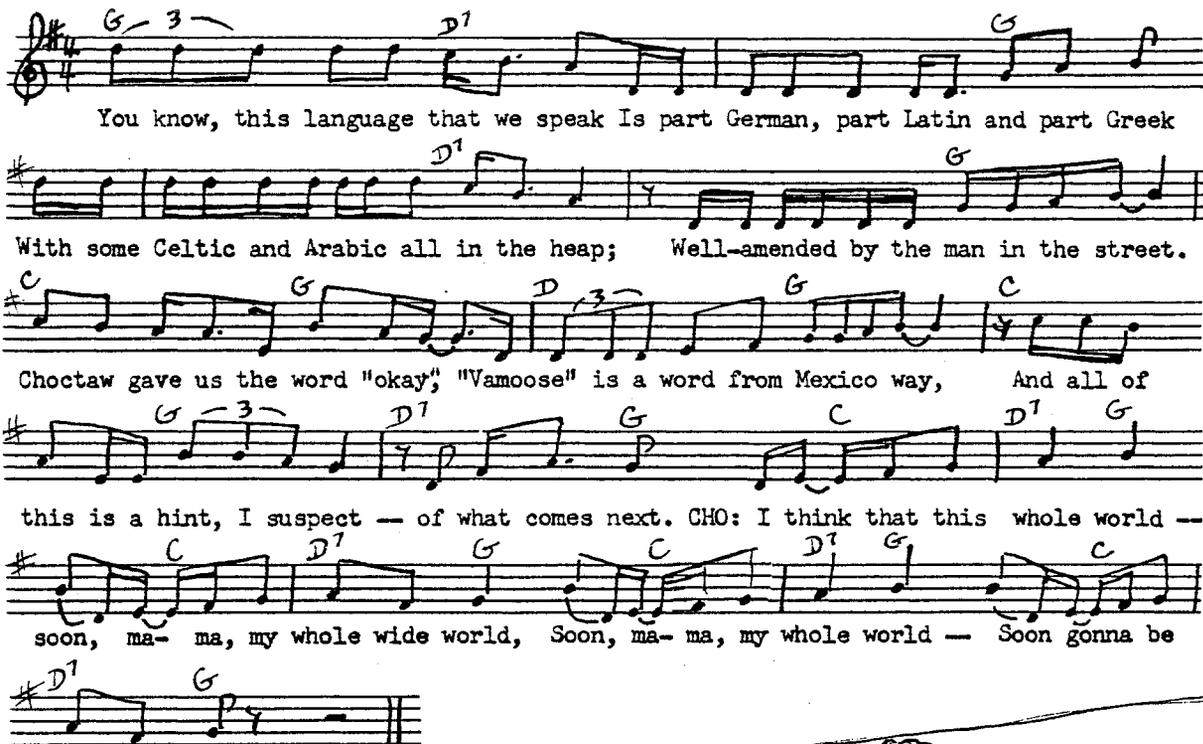


BROADSIDE #56

EL

# ALL MIXED UP

Words & Music by PETER SEEGER  
Copyright 1965 Peter Seeger  
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You know, this language that we speak Is part German, part Latin and part Greek  
With some Celtic and Arabic all in the heap; Well-amended by the man in the street.  
Choctaw gave us the word "okay"; "Vamoose" is a word from Mexico way, And all of  
this is a hint, I suspect — of what comes next. CHO: I think that this whole world —  
soon, ma- ma, my whole wide world, Soon, ma- ma, my whole world — Soon gonna be  
get mixed up.

2. I like Polish sausage, I like Spanish rice  
Pizza pie is also nice  
Corn and beans from the Indians here  
Washed down by some German beer  
Marco Polo travelled by camel and pony  
Brought to Italy the first macaroni  
And you and I, as well as we're able  
Put it all on the table.

CHORUS

3. There were no redheaded Irishmen  
Before the Vikings landed in Ireland  
How many Romans had dark curly hair  
Before they brought slaves from Africa  
No race of man is completely pure  
Nor is any man's mind and that's for sure  
The winds mix the dust of every land  
And so will man,

CHORUS

4. This doesn't mean we will all be the same  
We'll have different faces  
and different names  
Long live many different kinds of races  
And its difference of opinion  
that makes horse races  
Just remember The Rule About Rules,  
brother:  
"What's right with one  
is wrong with another"  
And take a tip from La Belle France  
"Viva La Difference"

CHORUS



BROADSIDE #56

EULOGY TO MALCOLM X

By Steven R. Strake  
Tune:- "Road To Dundee"

The crippled sparrow will look to  
the sky  
The fish in the net will dream of  
the sea  
The sailor that's grounded will  
curse the dry land  
And the wretch in a dungeon will  
fight to be free.

A puppy that's tortured and  
whipped by its master  
Will long for the day it develops  
sharp teeth  
To rip off the muzzle and leash  
that has bound him  
In sharp pains of misery and  
nightmares of grief.

There's many a boy chained by  
the dark slums  
Who looks at the puddle of mud  
in the streets  
And seeing his face grotesque  
and distorted  
Will spit on the hand of a friend  
that he meets.

Men with dead souls are living  
among us  
Their hearts have been pierced  
with daggers of hate  
They're doomed to wander the  
roads of extinction  
And wallow in quicksand until  
it's too late.

A man such as this has ended  
his travels  
And come to the dead end before  
which he stands  
But don't be so quick and so  
eager to judge him  
Just look at the dagger of hate  
in your hands.

I don't mean to say that he saw  
the world clearly  
His eyes were blinded by hot  
sands of hate  
But don't curse the cactus for  
the desert around it  
And don't blame the lizard that  
is fighting for shade.

So peace be with you, Salaam  
Alaikem  
Perhaps with his thinking you did  
not agree  
But if you were scarred by the  
scars that had marred him  
You may have reasoned the same  
way as he.

© 1965 Steven R. Strake

TWO POEMS by WM. MARTIN

1. Playroom, white horse  
white and rocking...violently  
the child's first years  
enamelled, as is the child's  
disguise  
enamelled white and rocking
2. Milk-child mask now  
earth is mocking...violently  
while crystalline tears  
unhindered flow from milk-  
child's eyes  
unhindered, earth is mocking
3. Rise now, milk-child  
go forth walking...wonderously  
wide eyes, no fears  
naked, now since shames's demise  
naked go forth walking

\* \* \* \*

most die blind  
of age or bleeding  
by fire, water or dust  
Pompeii, Rome, Sodom and Gomorrah,  
Atlantis  
and us...  
Pompeii -- can your children play  
beneath gray ash?  
Rome - to the Gauls fell  
just as well, just as well  
Sodom and Gomorrah -- surely cast  
no blame or fault  
losing conviction they fell to salt  
Atlantis -- men there had been  
warned  
they didn't hear  
their prophets scorned...  
And now Us -- we've been warned...  
but, most die blind

© 1965 Wm. Martin

\* \* \* \*

TALKING VIETNAM BLUES

By JULIUS LESTER © 1965 by Author

I guess you all heard about the Vietcong  
Who sneak around in Vietnam  
Sneak upon Americans in the dead of night  
And even if it is war, sneaking ain't  
right.

The Secretary of Defense was mad...  
Sneak attack...What'd he expect...  
Engraved announcements?

Well, the President sent planes to North  
Vietnam

Told 'em "Go up there and drop some bombs  
"We aren't spreading the war, just  
retaliatin'.

"Everybody knows we're a peace-loving  
nation."

The more peace the better...Peace for  
every man...Piece of an arm...Piece  
of a leg...Six feet apiece...for  
everybody.

Well, the President felt mighty good  
"Took care of 'em like I knew we could."  
Secretary of Defense flashed a mighty  
big grin

When in came the news. They'd done it  
again.

Blew up something else...Sneak attack..  
Sneaked by twenty-five guards, three  
30 foot barbed wire fences, 4 machine  
gun nests, 72 land mines, 6 armored  
tanks, 9 helicopters flying 3 feet a-  
bove the ground, an 8-foot wide trench  
filled with distilled nuclear fall-out  
and a picture of Hubert Humphrey, smi-  
ling...Sneaked by in broad daylight...  
With two truckloads of dynamite...It  
was our dynamite, too.

The President did the same old thing  
Sent the planes back again.  
President said "We don't want war."  
But didn't say why we're fighting so hard.

He was right, though. We don't want  
war. I just wonder about him.

The President decided to talk to Ike  
Just to see if Ike thought he was doing  
all right.

Ol' Ike came, spent two hours listening  
And when he left, he sure was grinning.

Mighty glad he wasn't president...  
What a mess...Well, Ike said, Don't do

anything...Vietnam just might go away  
...on the third green.

And as if things weren't already shaky  
Russians attacked the American Embassy,  
Indonesians burned down an American  
Library

And some Negroes wanted to blow up the  
Statue of Liberty.

What's going on, somebody?...Anti-  
intellectual Indonesians...Vietcong  
Negroes...Well, thank God for nigger  
stool pigeons...

Democrats in Congress not saying much  
But Republicans go to the White House  
for lunch

I'm not dumb, I'll tell you the truth  
But everyday I get more confused.

Johnson has a southern accent...Glad  
of that...Otherwise I'd swear Gold-  
water'd been elected.

I guess I just don't understand  
How to be peaceful and shoot a man.  
The President said, "We'll fight to the  
death."

Mr. President, speak for yourself.

I wish he'd stop saying 'We'. If he  
wants to fight, let'in go ahead.  
Fight on, Lyndon! Go get'em, Lady  
Bird! Bombs away, Luci! Go ahead  
and preserve democracy...I'm still  
looking for it.

---

IT'S ALL RIGHT MA  
IT'S LIFE AND LIFE ONLY

By BOB DYLAN © 1964 by Author

(Bob performs this song in a kind of  
chant.)

Darkness at the break of noon  
Shadows even the silver spoon  
The handmade blade, the child's balloon  
Eclipses both the sun and moon  
To understand you know too soon  
There is no sense in trying

As pointed threats, they bluff with  
scorn

Suicide remarks are torn  
From the fool's gold mouthpiece, the  
hollow horn

(cont.→)

It's all right, Ma - 2

Plays wasted words proves to warn  
That he not busy being born  
Is busy dying

Temptation's page flies out the door  
You follow, find yourself at war  
Watch waterfalls of pity roar  
You feel the moan but unlike before  
You discover that you'd just be one more  
Person crying

So don't fear if you hear  
A foreign sound to your ear  
It's all right Ma, I'm only sighing

As some warn victory, some downfall  
Private reasons great or small  
Can be seen in the eyes of those that  
call  
To make all that should be killed to  
crawl  
While others say don't hate nothing at  
all  
Except hatred

Disillusioned words like bullets bark  
As human gods aim for their mark  
Make everything from toy guns that spark  
To flesh colored Christs that glow in  
the dark

It's easy to see without looking too far  
That not much is really sacred

While preachers preach of evil fates  
Teachers teach that knowledge waits  
Can lead to hundred dollar plates  
Goodness hides behind its gates  
But even the President of the United  
States

Sometimes must have to stand naked

Though the rules of the road have  
been lodged  
It's only people's gains you've got  
to dodge  
And it's all right Ma, I can make it

Advertising signs they con  
You into thinking you're the one  
That can do what's never been done  
That can win what's never been won  
Meantime life outside goes on  
All around you

You lose yourself, you reappear  
You suddenly find you got nothing to  
fear  
Alone you stand with nobody near

When a trembling distant voice unclear  
Startles your sleeping ears to hear  
That somebody thinks they really found  
you

A question in your eyes is lit  
Yet you know there is no answer fit  
To satisfy and show you not to quit  
To keep it in your mind to not forget  
That it is not he or she or them or it  
That you belong to

But though the masters make the rules  
For the wise men and the fools  
I got nothing Ma, to live up to

For them that must bow down to authority  
That they do not respect in any degree  
Who despise their jobs, their destiny  
Speak jealously of them that are free  
Cultivate what they get to be  
Nothing more than something they invest  
in

While some on principles baptized  
To strict Party Platform ties  
Social clubs, and drag the skies  
Outside as they freely criticize  
Till nothing 'cept you to idolize  
And say God bless him

While one who sings with his tongue on  
fire  
Gargles in the rat race choir  
Bent out of shape from society's pliers  
Cares not to come up any higher  
But rather gets you down in the hole  
that he's in

But I mean no harm nor put fault  
On anyone that lives in a vault  
But it's all right Ma, if I can't  
please him

Old lady judges watch people in pairs  
Limited in sex they dare  
To tell fake morals, insult and stare  
While money doesn't talk, it swears  
Obscenity who really cares  
Propaganda all is phony

While them that defend what they cannot  
see  
With killer's pride, security  
It blows their minds most bitterly  
For them that think death's honesty

(continued →)

It's all right, Ma - 3

Won't fall upon them naturally  
Life sometimes must get lonely

My eyes collide head on with stuffed  
Graveyards, false goals, I scoff  
At pettiness which plays so rough  
Walk upside down inside handcuffs  
Kick my legs to crash it off  
Say okay I've had enough, what else can  
you show me

And if my thought dreams could be seen  
They'd probably put my head in a  
guillotine  
But it's all right Ma, it's life  
and life only.

---

P O E T R Y

BILLBOARDS

(For the too many martyrs)

Make it large  
Make it perfection  
Make them see  
Make them not forget  
so soon  
as usual

Make a billboard  
(They're trained to see it)  
Sink the supports in earth  
Ten thousand feet down  
Beach one end in Atlantic sand  
Unravel it out to Alabama Louisiana  
beyond  
A chiaroscuro - Not neon so drab  
Contract the sun, contract the sun  
They will grow accustomed

True but time will have passed  
A billboard's less final  
Less permanent less ending  
In a total sense than

The body river dead  
The dead beaten three  
The dead by bullet  
The dead in road dust  
The dead by decree  
The dead who were moments that  
grasped our attention.

- Richard H. Bellamy, © author, 1965

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they were all runnin around  
an yellin and shoutin  
an they just kept  
running

til one of em  
said i'm gonna puke  
unless I stop this  
cause it's makin me sick.  
so the rest said  
hey, man, look  
at him,  
he can't take it,  
ha, ha.  
an they pointed their  
fingers at him,  
so he sat down  
an cried,  
an the rest  
ran around  
an died

--Charlie Barasch © author, 1965

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HAZARD, KENTUCKY

Hazard, Kentucky

black as its once prosperous coal mines  
red from the blood of the living dead  
grey as the skies over the empty mines.

Hazard

on the wayside of progress' trail  
as gas replaced coal, electricity re-  
placed gas  
and atoms will replace electricity  
Hazard will replace hazards gone before.

Hell

the waste products of civilization's  
quest  
dirty, wretched, forgotten  
souls damned to charity, able souls  
damned to inaction  
a black pock mark on the face of America  
- Hazard.

-- Stu Cohen © author, 1964

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OMISSION - In Len Chandler's song "Thanks-  
giving", B'side #54, we regret that a num-  
ber of chords left off. Here are the o-  
mitted chords:

The songs we might sing in your honor today

CMaj7/5

Beside you might seem narrow, shall -

C6 C G7  
low and gray

Though the song be your own we must

CMaj7/2 C6/2 CMaj7/5  
sing our own way

C6/5 C  
For it's hopeless to try matching your  
footsteps.

LETTER TO BROADSIDE MAGAZINE  
FROM MOSES ASCH, OF FOLKWAYS

Dear Editors -- I used to have more time to write personal letters and express my thoughts on where folk music is going today. When I use the word "folk", I mean any song or music which is used by many diverse peoples to express ideas, opinions and attitudes, etc.

There used to be a time when Woody Guthrie and I would sit down, go over the latest newspapers, and pick out items which would lend themselves to folk ballad expression. Usually, these items dealt with specific pertinent happenings in America and all over the world and reflected actual attitudes created by people, not abstract ideas only. After we had agreed on a subject, whether it was a murder, a dust storm, a "will of God" accident, a train wreck, etc., Woody would gather the facts together and eventually, in about a month's time, come to the studio and put it down on tape.

I have noticed in the latest "Broadside" that the expression of the day seems to be "Love", "Moon", "Spoon", etc., although an effort is made to bring this up to date in topical form by expressing it in anger, or the twist, or in cries of loneliness.

Neither "Broadside" nor "Sing Out!" seems to understand that the true folk song or ballad deals usually with an injustice to man, and through this incorporation into song it attains a universality in which all people can share.

In recent weeks a number of happenings have occurred in New York, examples of which are shown in the clippings from the New York Times enclosed. These are of great importance in reflecting the attitudes of the people, the Police Department, and the underprivileged, and they cry for the light of day and national exposure. These clip-

pings deal primarily with the Whitmore case.

I am also enclosing a clipping which reports on a man who has principles and attitudes which are alien to certain American concepts (yet, imagine a successful lawyer in the United States being disbarred because he is anti-segregation). I wish someone would write a ballad about this man, Abram Fischer. Mr. Fischer still fights on in South Africa, knowing that any moment a bullet can destroy him.

Very truly yours,  
MOSES ASCH

(Ed. Note: See clippings Mr. Asch refers to elsewhere in this issue. We welcome comment on Mr. Asch's letter from songwriters and readers in general).

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B O O K R E V I E W

(Ed. Note: Much was contributed to the American tradition of topical and protest song by the I.W.W. Julius Lester in reviewing a new book about the "Wobblies" concentrates on the organization from which came the songs)

REBEL VOICES: AN I.W.W. ANTHOLOGY, edited, with introductions by Joyce L. Kornbluh. The University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, 1964. 419 pp. \$12.50. Illustrated.

For many the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) is a romantic movement of people who called themselves Wobblies and went around singing the songs of Joe Hill. While it is true that the Wobblies had a spirit and dignity and a willingness to suffer whatever was necessary to achieve a certain goal, this romanticism is a disservice to an organization that had an incalculable effect upon American labor, literature and folklore.

(cont. →)

"The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things in life." Thus reads the opening paragraph of the preamble of the constitution of the IWW adopted at its first convention in June, 1905. The IWW organized at a time when child labor was an accepted part of American life, when workers spent 56 to 70 hours a week at their jobs for subsistence wages, if they were lucky enough to have a job. The IWW was organized not only to combat this, but to give the thousands of unskilled workers a voice in labor. "They were united in opposition to what they called 'the American separation of labor's craft unionism, conservative leadership, and nonclass-conscious policies, and by their desire to establish an industrial labor organization that would ultimately overthrow the capitalist system and create a 'cooperative commonwealth' of workers." They wanted to create the O.B.U. -- One Big Union.

There are many parallels between the IWW and the present-day civil rights movement. The IWW was the first to employ such tactics as sit-down strikes and filling the jails. Often, the IWW was forbidden by local authorities to hold street meetings (San Diego, Seattle, and Everett, Washington, were among the notorious anti-Wobbly centers.) The IWW would send out the call for all available members to come to the particular town. Wobblies from all over the country would catch the next freight train. (This was before automobiles were mass produced and within the means of the average man. "Between 1901 and 1905 almost 24,000 trespassers were killed on the railroads and over

25,000 were injured. Still sound romantic to 'ride the rails'?) Invariably, cities had to rescind the ban on Wobbly activity because the jails became filled with more men than they could feed and prolonged imprisonment meant municipal bankruptcy.

The IWW, like the civil rights movement, left its "mark in the civil liberties field...free. speech fights...trials and persecutions by vigilante groups...aroused liberals to the need for defense organizations to protect the rights of social dissidents. Their agitation in jails against notorious prison abuses and use of prison contract labor led to public awareness which eventually brought about more humane prison conditions."

Even more important, the IWW gave American working men a consciousness, a zeal and a philosophy which they had never had before. Though the IWW failed in its ultimate goals, the working class could never again be what it had been. "...the IWW laid the groundwork for...the CIO and many AFL unions..."

Where the contribution of the IWW is most apparent is in literature and folklore. John Dos Passos, Upton Sinclair, James T. Farrell were among writers influenced by the IWW. In folklore, the name of Joe Hill is known to many who have never heard of the IWW, and many of us have lustily sung "Hallelujah, I'm A Bum" without knowing it was a Wobbly song. Like the civil rights movement, Wobblies wrote new words to familiar songs whose tunes were known to all: "Solidarity Forever", "The Popular Wobbly" (a song by T-Bone Slim which Candie Carawan rewrote in the early days of the Nashville sit-ins. See We Shall Overcome, Oak Publications, and (cont. →)

Joe Hill's great songs, "The Preacher And The Slave", "Casey Jones -- The Union Scab", and "Scissor Bill" among others. The little red song book of the I.W. was an integral part of every Wobbly's travelling gear.

Not only does Rebel Voices include many songs; it also has skits and dramas written by Wobblies in and out of jail to educate their fellow workers. Many of these are quite trenchant in their humor, particularly "Their Court And Our Class", based on the trial of 74 Wobblies for the "murder" of two vigilantes.

Rebel Voices is compiled from IWW newspapers and other material placed over the years in the famous Labadie collection of radical literature in the University of Michigan library. The book covers all phases of IWW activity: "The Tactics of Direct Action", "Riding The Rails", "Free Speech Campaigns", "Joe Hill", "Harvest Stiffs", strikes, the lumberjacks, miners, and much more up to the present (the I.W. is still in existence but bears little resemblance to the group organized in 1905). None of the suffering and persecution experienced by the Wobblies is omitted, because the Wobblies tell their own story. Included are not only Joe Hill's songs but many of his letters, and speeches by such Iww organizers as Big Bill Haywood (one of the founders), Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Arturo Giovanetti, Anna Louise Strong and Ralph Chaplin (composer of "Solidarity Forever"). Throughout the book the editor contributes excellent commentary. Included are over a hundred cartoons from I.W. newspapers, and photographs taken at strikes, free speech campaigns, etc.

Although the price is quite high for many, any sacrifice should be made to buy this book. Whether you already have an interest in the IWW doesn't matter. You will, once you begin the first chapter. It is im-

possible not to try reading this book at one sitting.

JULIUS LESTER

RECORD REVIEW

Dayle Stanley does not claim to be a "folk singer". She is an artist who is "drawn" to folk music because of the inherent truth and soulfulness of its content."

Trained in the art of the aria, Dayle has attained a pure soprano voice; she is also an expert guitarist and has developed a variety of unusual accompaniments.

Dayle is married to composer Stephen Scotti, whose songs will be widely known. Steve says of himself: "I believe that writing must come from within. I find it hard to use material that I am not personally connected with as subject matter for my music ... It takes more than logic and the juggling of propoganda." Dayle sings many of Steve's songs, both on records and in personal appearances. His beautiful love ballad "After The Snow", which gives its name to Dayle's latest album, has also been recently recorded by Bonnie Dobson on her Mercury album FOR THE LOVE OF HIM.

So far Dayle has put out two albums, both on the Squire label. The first, released last spring, is entitled CHILD OF HOLLOW TIMES and is a mixture of many moods. Topically, the strongest are "Nobody Knows That I Have A Name", "The Human Song", and "The Jolly Senator". The latter song is in my opinion one of Steve's best ("...who would be president when a senator does so well?")

AFTER THE SNOW, Dayle's second album, consists entirely of (cont.)

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Dayle Stanley --- 2

love songs. They range from the traditional "Pretty Saro" and "Come O My Love" to Peter La Farge's "Lone Night Song"; from a poem by poet-playwright Vincent Ferrini to a poem originally conceived by limerick king Edward Lear. By far the most beautiful, in my opinion, is one called "The Years". Written by Dayle when she was thirteen, it is the reflection of her first serious love affair.

What comes next for Dayle Stanley. Right now much time and energy is being devoted to arranging and selecting songs for her third LP, tentatively titled Blue Quiet Town. This should be Dayle at her best.

By Kathy Kaplan

NOTES: New LP releases: Phil Ochs "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore" (ELEKTRA). Phil sings about 14 songs, including the title song, "Here's To The State of Mississippi", "Hills of West Virginia", "The Highwayman", "Days of Decision", ect; Buffy Sainte-Marie's "Many A Mile" (VANGUARD). Title song and "Until It's Time To Go", "Piney Wood Hills", "Must I Go Bound", ect; Eric Andersen's "Today is a Highway" (VANGUARD). Title song, plus "Come To My Bedside", "Song To JC", "Time for My Returning", "Looking Glass", ect; Mark Spoelstra's "Five & Twenty Questions", (ELEKTRA)

UPCOMING CONCERTS: "Tribute To Woody Guthrie" at Town Hall the latter part of April, 1965. Old friends and associates of Woody will gather to sing an evening of his songs... "Dear Broadside: I have just received word from Guy Carawan that two of the Moving Star Hall singers (Mrs. Janie Hunter and Mrs. Mary Pinckney) along with sixteen children have been left homeless by a fire. People can help by sending a contribution or by buying the Sea Island Folk Festival record. All profits will go to Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Pinckney. Please tell your readers about this opportunity to get a great record and at the same time give some help. The record is

available from: (\$4.00)

Guy Carawan  
Rt. 1, Box 154  
Johns Island, S.C.

Yours,

Aaron Frishberg

The Moving Star Hall Singers, along with the Georgia Sea Island Singers, The Friendly Five, Guy Carawan, and Barbara Dane will be at a "Sea Island Folk Festival" in Selden Park at Brunswick, Georgia Friday eve., March 12, 1965..... ANOTHER CONCERT: Eric Andersen at KOSSUTH HALL, 346 E. 69th St., New York City, Fri. eve., March 19, 1965....the Judy Collins Show, a one-hour radio program each Monday night at 3 P.M., is being heard on station WBAI-FM in New York. She has guest artists every week and will feature discussions, live music and recordings..... HAROLD LEVENTHAL is arranging tours for PETE SEEGER, LEON BIBB and others this coming summer and fall in the Eastern European countries of Czechoslovakia, Poland, and the Soviet Union.

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