

# Broadside # 60

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

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NEW YORK TIMES,

JUNE 6, 1965.

Many Vietnamese—one estimate was as high as 500—were killed by the strikes. The American contention is that they were Vietcong soldiers. But three out of four patients seeking treatment in a Vietnamese hospital afterward for burns from napalm, or jellied gasoline, were village women.

## NAPALM

WORDS BY

**MALVINA REYNOLDS**

Music: Woody Guthrie's "SLIPKNOT"

Washington, June 9 (AP)—Luci Baines Johnson told almost all yesterday: She wore a disguise, she danced at the Marquette University prom, she picnicked with friends.

"I'm human, too," the President's 17-year-old daughter said yesterday. "I wanted for once to be out with my friends and have fun."

Luci Baines, did you ever see that napalm?  
Did you ever see a baby hit with napalm?  
When they try to pull it loose  
Why the flesh comes, too  
And that's the way they do with that napalm.

They have lots of funny names for that napalm  
Like escalation games, but it's napalm  
And they drop it from the sky  
And the people burn and die  
And the world is wondering why we're using  
napalm.

Well, your school is too refined  
to speak of napalm  
And the White House has no time  
to talk of napalm  
And the war is far away  
But it goes on night and day  
And it's your hand and mine  
that drops the napalm.

(Repeat first verse)

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# Soon My Work Will All Be Done

by REV. GARY DAVIS

© 1962 Folklore Productions  
(Folklore Music Division)  
176 Federal St., Boston

Soon my work will all be done. Soon my work will all be done.

Soon my work will all be done. Go-in' home to live with my lord.

2. The chariot's waitin' to carry me home (3)  
To rest forever more.
3. The angel at the gate a-waitin' for me (3)  
They're ready to welcome me in.

4. By and by I'm gonna see the King (3)  
Who bled and died for me.
  5. I have a mother waitin' for me (3)  
On Canaan's happy shore.
- (Repeat 1st verse)

As with most songs in traditional or folk style, the notation can only be a hint of how to sing and/or play such a piece. The only word of caution I would give anybody who attempts to learn the song from paper without listening to REV. DAVIS himself is this: It is not a "waltz"!

-- Manuel Greenhill

# Murder On the Road In Alabama

Words and Music by LEN H. CHANDLER Jr.  
Copyright 1965 by Fall River Music, Inc.

Oh it's murder on the road in Al-a-bama-

Oh it's murder on the road in Al - a

ba- ma, - If you're fighting what's for

right, If you're black or if you're white

You're a target in the night in Al - a

3. Oh we marched right by that spot in Alabama (2x)  
Oh we marched right by that spot where the  
coward fired the shots  
Where the Klansman fired the shots in Alabama.
4. Deep within the sovereign state of Alabama (2x)  
Deep within the sovereign state, there's a poison  
pit of hate  
And George Wallace is the heart of Alabama.
5. There's a man behind the guns of Alabama (2x)  
There's a man behind the guns, kills for hate,  
for fear, for fun  
And George Wallace is the top gun of Alabama.
6. It was Jackson on the road in Alabama  
It was Reeb on the road in Alabama  
William Moore's been dead and gone, but this  
killing still goes on  
Now Liuzzo's on the road in Alabama.
7. There's a movement on the road in Alabama (2x)  
White man, black man, Christian, Jew  
We've got to keep on marching through  
Oh, the tyrant days are few in Alabama.

8. (Repeat first verse)

(Song first appeared in Stray Notes, Atlanta, Ga.)

ba - ma. She caught two bullets in  
the brain  
Before we learned to say her  
name  
And George Wallace is the shame of Alabama.



# The World Is A Woman

Words & Music: Dr. Alex Comfort

© 1965 by Alex Comfort

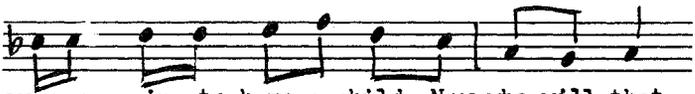
(Sing unaccompanied, or make up your own chords)



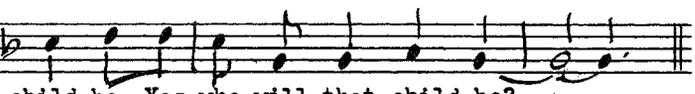
The world is a wo-man big with child, This



world is a wo-man big with child, This world is a



wo-man, going to have a child; Now who will that



child be, Yes, who will that child be?

Who's going to be father to that child ?

Yes , who was the father of that child ?

Yes , who was the father of that child ?

That could be you; that could be me.

What color will he be, that child ?

What color will he be ,that child ?

What color will he be, that little child ?

The color of man; just the color of man.

When will his birthday be, that child ?

When will his birthday be, that child ?

When will his birthday be, that little child ?

When we say so; just when we say so.

What'll he do for work, that child ?

What'll he do for work, that child ?

What'll he do for work, that little child ?

He will put down the mighty from their seats.

How long'll he live, say, that child ?

How long will he live then, that child

How long will he live, that little child ?

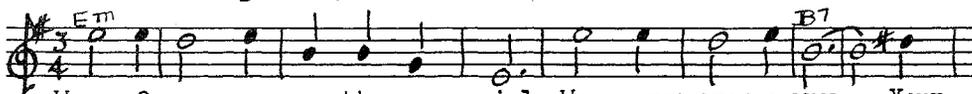
Just so long as man; just so long as man.

# Weep, O Weep

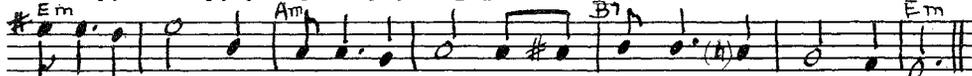
Words & Music by JULIUS LESTER

© 1965 by Julius Lester

Cho: (to be sung first)



Weep, O weep, you pretty young girl, Weep your eyes a-way. Your



lover is dead, Your lover is gone, And the soldiers have come to stay.

One day at dusk the soldiers came

They spent the night with him

Until the dawn his screams were heard

Then the birds sang from the hill. Cho.

Upon the earth, beneath the sky

In the valley on the mountain floor

He plowed the field; he gathered

the grain

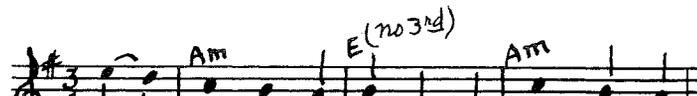
And died like those before. Cho.

# There's Rain In The Forest

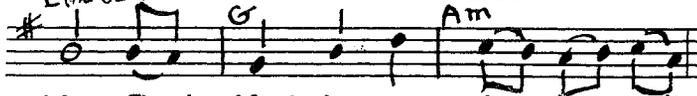
Words by DR. ALEX COMFORT

Music: The Cruel Wars

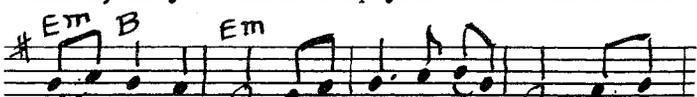
© 1965 by Alex Comfort



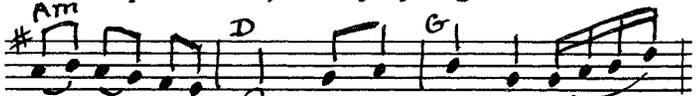
There's rain in the forest, planes in the



skies, They've blocked up your win- dows and



turned up the lies, And people go down before



gun- butt and flame For we're fighting for —



freedom in the fields of Vi- et- nam.

There's can't in the Congress and pie in the sky

There's a cool rain of Liberty

on the children that die

And one day the jackel will bed with the lamb

But it's our flames are falling

on the fields of Viet Nam.

Our badge is an eagle; our talk is a dove

But our bird is the vulture that's circling above—

Its voice is a lie, its food it is Man,

And it's your grave they're digging

in the fields of Viet Nam.

Then don't wait for clearance and don't look away

The letter's for you and its date is today

And if you won't answer, lie down with your shame—

For you can't wake the dead

from the fields of Viet Nam.

... the Dominican military regime, has been executing political prisoners on the bridge.

The man who discovered the executions told me privately:

"We found a plot eight feet by eight feet, under the bridge, all dug up. There was a noose with blood. Beside a long wire fence a fire was still burning.

"In it there were human bones — the bodies must have only recently been set on fire.

"In a shallow nearby grave there were several bodies; one arm was hanging out and all the fingers had been cut off at the joint. This is an old Dominican torture. They lay the arm down and put a tourniquet above the wrist and cut the fingers off."

# I Don't Mind Failing

Words & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS  
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Musical notation for the song "I Don't Mind Failing". It consists of five staves of music in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "I don't mind fail-ing in this world, I don't mind fail-ing in this world, Don't mind wearing the rag-ged britch-es cause those who succeed are the sons of bitch-es, I don't mind fail-ing in this world."

I don't mind failing in this world  
I don't mind failing in this world  
I'll stay down with the raggedy crew  
'Cause getting up there means stepping on you, so  
I don't mind failing in this world.

I don't mind...  
Somebody else's measuring scale  
Of win or lose doesn't tell the tale, so  
I don't mind...

I don't mind...  
Somebody else's definition  
Isn't going to measure my soul's condition,  
I don't mind...

I don't mind...  
Never mind the custom suits  
The gentle hearts wear the dusty boots, so  
I don't mind...

I don't mind...  
Some people ride in a car so fine  
Others walk on a picket line, so  
I don't mind...

I don't mind failing in this world  
I don't mind failing in this world  
Don't mind wearing the ragged britches  
'Cause those who succeed are the sons of bitches,  
I don't mind failing in this world.

# I'm So Glad I Left Puerto Rico

Words by RICHARD DANA Music by ALAN ARKIN

Musical notation for the song "I'm So Glad I Left Puerto Rico". It consists of five staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "I'm so glad I left Puerto Ri- co, I'm so glad I came to town, Living nineteen in an a-partment, With con-gestion all a-round, Yes I left the swaying palm trees, And the silv'ry tropic moon, To jam in-to the sub-way and eat malt-eds with a spoon." The notation includes various chords such as C9, Gm7, Bm, E7, Am, Abmaj7, and Dbmaj7.

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Applesseed Music Inc  
malt-eds with a spoon.

I'm so glad I left Puerto Rico  
I'm so glad I'm civilized  
All that sand and sun that stifled me  
Kept me yawning in the shade  
In New York I've learned ambition  
Learned to say "I've got it made"  
I rejoice as I clean the counter  
Where they spill their orangeade.

Then on Sundays in the summer  
There is baseball in the park  
And I have a jolly time of it  
But I leave before it's dark  
They can have Operation Bootstrap  
Build a Hilton by the sea  
But they can't be real New Yorkers  
Or ride the I.R.T.

(Repeat 1st verse)



# Little Red Hen

Words & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS  
©1965 Schroder Music Company



the Lit-tle Red Hen found a grain of wheat, said  
 this Looks good e-nough to eat, but I'll  
 plant it in- stead, and make me some bread, and she  
 said to the oth-er folks down the street, "Who will  
 help me plant this wheat!" "Not I!" said the dog and  
 cat. "Not I!" said the mouse and rat.  
 "I will, then," said the lit-tle Red Hen, and she  
 did.

Well the sun shone bright and the rain it blew  
 And the grain of wheat it grew and grew  
 It begun to sprout, and it headed out  
 Until it was ripe enough.  
 Says, "Who will help me harvest this stuff?"

"Not I!" (etc)

She lugged it to the miller to grind to flour  
 Cause the others would furnish her no manpower  
 And at baking time, they all declined  
 To help her with the job —  
 They were a dog-gone no-good mob.

"Not I!" (etc)

That bread looked good, and it smelled so fine  
 That gang came running and fell in line  
 "We'll do our part with all our heart  
 To help you eat this chow."  
 She said, "I do not need you now.

"I planted and hoed this grain of wheat  
 Them that works not shall not eat  
 That's my credo," the little bird said  
 And that's why they called her Red.

## TALKING SOCIALIZED ANTI-UNDERTAKER BLUES - by PAT SKY ©1965 by Whitfeld Music Inc. (Salty Dog Chord Progression)

Now I'm just a plain old country hick  
 And I don't mean to make you sick  
 But I've got a few words I'd like to say  
 It's about this undertaker man  
 who told me that he had a plan  
 To put me in the ground on lay-away.

Well it happened 'bout a year ago  
 When I met this doctor in Ohio  
 And he told me "Son you really got it bad"  
 He said "Your brains is turnin' blue  
 "And emphazema's a'killin' you"  
 And he said at most a year was all I had.

Well friends, as you can plainly see  
 That scared the hell right out of me  
 For a week or two I really had the blues  
 And so one day I took a look  
 and sure enough in my phone book  
 I saw this ad that said come in and chose.

"Joe's undertakers, we have lots  
 Of coffins, grass and burial plots  
 We fix faces back the way they came  
 Formaldehyde and alcohol  
 we'll pickel you in hydrachol  
 Black or white to us you're all the same.

So I went in and set right down  
 Pretty soon this man came around  
 And said "We'd like to take some measurements"  
 So I looked at him and said O.K.  
 and he started measurin' right away  
 Measured nineteen hundred dollars and  
 fifteen cents.

Now friends as you can plainly see  
 I'm healthy as any guy can be  
 And that doctor he just sits and wonders why  
 So I looked at him and I said "Doc  
 "This here may come as quite a shock  
 "But the truth is I just can't afford to die".

He says, "Damn, your Mississippi song sure knocks me out", the week that Marty Robbins has made his "Ribbon Of Darkness" (see this issue of B'Side) number one on the Country & Western charts. Then this paradoxical man picks up his two guitars and walks guiltily to the stage and wipes out another audience which could never fully realize that his stage humility was not put on at all.

Lightfoot, aside from having the greatest last real name of anybody in folk music, is destined to become a pivotal figure in bridging the gap between folk music and country & western. He can sing, play, entertain, write, put himself down with a flair that marks an original. He's the kind of guy who can work a bar and cut through the booze with honesty; there's a strange poetry that lives within the country bar crowd that demands to hear the simple truth served on a platter of realism. Ingrained in the natural Lightfoot is the same spark of human insight that carried Hank Williams, Jimmy Rogers, and Johnny Cash out of show business and into immortality.

Now everybody has his faults, and Lightfoot is no exception. He plays golf. But that can be rationalized if you consider that he really is an outdoor type, hunting and fishing, skiing, and who knows but somewhere in his past innocent years he might even have swum naked in some chilly Canadian lake. Think about that the first time you see him.

Those of us who know Lightfoot now are of course concerned that he won't fall into the well-traveled pitfall known in some circles as the success syndrome, of ignoring his responsibility to us, and writing just for himself and a few cronies, you might say.

Lightfoot (notice how many times I take advantage of that groovy sounding name) was born and copywritten on Nov. 17, 1938, in Orillia, Ontario, and rumor has it he killed himself a b'ar when he was only three (see how easy it is to start a legend, folks).

He got a professional musical degree from Westlake College in Los Angeles, and sold out for the first time when he became a studio singer for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation doing over 250 shows, mostly in choral work. Not content with selling out in one country, he went to England and did his own hour-long country show in a summer replacement and reached over four million people. At the end of the summer, not having been knighted, he left in a huff to ramble in Sweden where he married his Swedish wife, Britta (all young record buying type girls please forget you read that.) Living overseas put him through several changes and cleared up his mind to the point of definitely deciding to be a writer and so he returned to his native Canada.

His friend Ian Tyson of Ian & Sylvia became more and more impressed with his songs and finally asked one of his managers, John Court, to fly up to Toronto and watch him perform. Court sat in the shadows, puffing on his Tiparillos, and as he became convinced the chemistry of a large management office took effect: Peter, Paul & Mary's next release was Gordon Lightfoot's "For Loving Me".

The first time you see Lightfoot, if he's not singing you might walk right by him, mistaking him for a statue. He's got classic Greek features with an Argosy

magazine jawline, and long flowing blond locks of hair always neatly combed. So you see, he doesn't have to write songs, he could become a sculptor's model.

Lightfoot has established himself as a recording artist in his own rite, having had a couple of records at the top of the charts in Canada. He's also one of the major drawing cards there, and now he has to happen in the States. He'll be at the NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL in July, and will make his club debut at MOTHER BLUE'S in Chicago. I forgot to mention before, he records for Warner Bros., publishes with Witmark, and frankly his 16 month old son doesn't really dig his songs.

Gordon Lightfoot may become the greatest Country & Western writer of all time. But, on the other hand, he may become a forest ranger.

Some months ago the New York Sunday News (4 million circulation) had a 2-page spread praising the "angry young men of song", the new wave of topical songwriters. Now things have gone too far for the News, as witness another 2-page spread June 13, 1965, entitled "REVOLT ON THE CAMPUS" which ends with:

Lyndon Johnson, and before him President Kennedy, along with Peace Corps recruiters and commencement day orators, all have exhorted the young to become "committed" and "engaged." That a large number have in fact followed this advice and become activists, but in an unexpected direction, is ironic.

#### Tough Draft Law Could Be Remedy

The cure is even more obscure than the causes. The hard-nosed answer to folk singers chanting "The Draft Dodgers' Rag" and "I Ain't Marching Any More" at a teach-in is:

"There would be no problem on campus if we had a tough draft law."

A partial solution includes diverting more students to small junior colleges, easing the press of numbers at big institutions and giving the less talented students a fairer shake. Or splitting huge state universities, which now enroll 60% of the nation's students, into small galaxies of colleges.

Most observers agree that one basic reform on campus and off is a reassertion of authority by those in authority, New Left demonstrations or no. University administrators, judges, police and the lot need not be tyrants. But they must equally enforce regulations and the law.

(Ed. Note: See "The Draft Dodger Rag" by PHIL OCHS in Broadside #53, and "I Ain't Marchin Anymore", also by Phil, in Broadside #54. Also see "Daily News, Daily Blues" by Tom Paxton in B'Side # 49.

NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1965.

#### Professors' Dissent

To the Editor:

The only sound statement in H. Thomas Osborne's letter, published June 5, complaining about professors trying to influence our foreign policy, is his guess that they voted for the President last November.

That fact gives the professors a paramount right to try to stop our headlong rush to nuclear Armageddon, since the principal issue in the campaign and the one that made the Johnson-Humphrey victory margin so impressive was their statements against escalating the war in Vietnam, contrasted with Goldwater's fatuous proposal that he would merely order the generals to "win."

#### Vacuum of Leadership

When only a handful of members of Congress stand up and fight for a sane Vietnam policy, who has a better right to try to fill the vacuum of leadership than well-informed professors, expert in political science, history and philosophy, who thought they were voting for moderation and legality in our international actions?

What greater harm can be done to the cause of democracy than the present flouting of the majority will, so clearly expressed in November, by bombs dropped on Vietnam this year?

FREDERIC C. SMEDLEY  
New York, June 5, 1965

See "Barry's In The White House Just The Same" by Les Rice in Broadside # 58.

# RIBBON OF DARKNESS

By GORDON LIGHTFOOT

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*D* Moderato (in 2) *A*

1. RIB-BON OF DARK-NESS o-ver me head Since my true That kill the  
 2. Clouds a-roll-in' o'er my head

love walked out the door, day and hide the sun, That Tears I nev-er had be-fore, done, RIB-BON OF DARK-NESS o-ver me. RIB-BON OF DARK-NESS o-ver me.

3 4. Here in this Rain is fall-ing on the mead-ow Where once my Don't want to  
 love and I did lie, see no one but you, Now she is gone wish I from the could be  
 mead-ow, My love, good-bye.  
 dy-ing To for-get you.

Oh, how I wish your heart could see Where once the How mine just  
 world was young as spring, aches and breaks all day, Where flow'rs did bloom and birds did come on home and take a-sing, way RIB-BON OF DARK-NESS o-ver me. This RIB-BON OF DARK-NESS o-ver me.

## THE BALLAD OF GORDON LIGHTFOOT

By Phil Ochs

There I was in Canada, stoned out of my mind at 5:00 in the morning, swapping songs, jokes and bottles with Ronnie Hawkins, the Arkansas rock 'n roll singer who runs an out of sight bar in Toronto and Gordon Lightfoot, who is the Canadian Hank Williams.

The best music is usually done in situations like that, where there's no stage, no mike or lights, and no unnatural need to please a strange audience. You're just singing to have a good time, communicate with people who understand you, and create those mad moments that

become cherished memories when you're too old to do it anymore.

Also when you get rolling like that you can find out who has it and who doesn't because you've drunk away all your hang-ups. And as I listened to Lightfoot sing away that intoxicated morning, I knew he had it.

Every time I see Lightfoot he ends up apologizing to me because he's not writing "important" protest songs. "I'm just starting to get beneath the surface, and I know my stuff is just too trite," he told me on Wednesday night in a coffeehouse packed with people there to hear him and a long line waiting outside for the next show. (continued →)

## REPORT ON THE FIRST NEW YORK FOLK FESTIVAL (June 17-18-19-20, 1965)

On Monday, June 14, 1965, a haywagon laden with folksingers trundled away from New York City's historic Union Square (where someday a lifesize statue of famed folk musicians Huddie Ledbetter and Woody Guthrie done by cowboy singer-sculptor Harry Jackson is to stand). Nationally it was Flag Day; in New York it was the beginning of FOLK FESTIVAL WEEK proclaimed by Mayor Robert F. Wagner, Jr., shortly before he announced while dabbing away at tears that he was not going to stand for re-election. The haywagon, its riders battling against the sounds of city traffic with strumming banjos and guitars, rolled uptown to come to a stop in front of the box office of staid Carnegie Hall on West 57th Street.

The haywagon thing was the opening publicity gambit of a combination of "slick Madison Avenue" promoters to bring folk music to the heart of the nation's largest, most sophisticated city. The group was made up of Manny Fox, and John Stein, in association with Sid Bernstein and CAVALIER, a men's magazine. Mr. Fox, 30, previously was mainly in the theater, writing and acting. In producing the N.Y. Festival he was, as he said, going into "untrodden territory." All of the group learned much from Herbert Gart, manager of such folksinger-songwriters as Pat Sky, Buffy Sainte-Marie and Alix Dobkin, who served as the festival's artistic co-ordinator.

Somewhere along the line, between the planning of a public relations campaign and the actual rounding up of the performers, the health and vigour of folk music in America took over. By Friday night, at the end of the second day of the Festival, Chester Fox, the public relations director, was able to say, "It has been a great success. We will have another one in 1966."

**HIGHLIGHTS:** The first of the 11 concerts to sell out -- two weeks before the festival -- was the contemporary singer-composers for Sat. night... Johnny Cash, on stage at the Fri. aft. contemporary singer-composers' concert, saying: "The topical song movement is the greatest thing in years." And back stage: "Topical songwriting and performing is the most exciting, the most important and vital phase of the folk music scene now. And it's going to last -- it's not just a passing phase -- I feel it's just beginning to bud -- I'm amazed, and all flipped, over the amount and variety of the material these young folks are turning out..." "THE FACE OF POVERTY" seminar Fri. eve. with Archie Green, of the Univ. of Illinois, moderating. Doc Boggs and Sarah Ogan Gunning telling in song the story of poverty -- Sarah, much more assured than at Newport last summer, doing "I Hate The Company Bosses" and "I'm A Girl of Constant Sorrow" the Kentucky miners adaptation of the famous mountain song. Doc Boggs singing a song he had made by putting a tune to a poem written by an 18-year-old Utah girl telling about her father, now old and sick and gray, and the years taken from his life by his work in the mines... **SPECIAL REPORT BY PAUL WOLFE:** "The myriad currents of recent song-writing merged in the Contemporary Singer-Composer concerts -- the lyrical personal statements of Eric Andersen, the angry yet sober statements of our times by Phil Ochs, the emotionally-tinged protests of Buffy Sainte-Marie, the humorous country twangings of Billy Edd Wheeler, Patrick Sky's wry humor deeply embedded in the blues... At the first concert, most interesting numbers were Buffy Sainte-Marie's famous "Universal Soldier" and Pete La Farge's "Ira Hayes". Also poignant was Johnny Cash's "All God's Children Ain't Free," a song intertwining the fate of a sharecrop farmer with a prison convict. And further heightening of the quality of the festival was the return of Bob Gibson (who sang together in reunion with Hamilton Camp). Bob, to the accompaniment of a big 12-string, sang "That's The Way It's Gonna Be", a light but extremely loud song of hope and optimism (words, curiously enough, written by Phil Ochs). Gibson's appearance rounded out an outstanding festival, marked by diversity, freshness and vitality..."

**A SUMMING UP OF THE FIRST NEW YORK FOLK FESTIVAL BY JOSH DUNSON:** "It was started by people new in the folk field and developed into an important thing because so many good people were invited."

## RECORD REVIEWS

TODAY IS THE HIGHWAY (Eric Andersen on Vanguard) Eric Andersen's first solo record (he appeared last year on Vanguard's NEW FOLKS VOL.2) is notable largely because it marks a stage in the journey of a developing artist. Many of the songs on this new release are not now being performed by Eric, because he has written more songs and seen more things since the album was cut. But some of these earlier songs have already, in the brief span of a year or so, entered the folk tradition.

The strengths of the album are the songs and the voice. The love songs, notably Come To My Bedside, have reached people with a relevance unmatched by any other singer, save Bob Dylan. Eric's images, unlike many of Dylan's, never become incomprehensible, but add poetic beauty and clarity. The metaphors are often the basis for a song, such as Today Is The Highway and much of his more recent work. The images he uses are mostly taken from nature ("Your eyes are bluer than the mountain waters"), and, while sometimes repetitive (there are, after all, only so many ways to describe a beautiful girl) convey the meaning with beauty.

At times, especially in Time For My Returning and Everything Ain't Been Said, Eric's voice fits his music perfectly; at other times he loses his words in his breath. He is at his best singing his love songs; he gives them a unique tenderness transcending the words themselves. Much of this comes because Eric, attuned to the many sounds one can give to words, uses many poetic devices such as alliteration with telling effect. It is only on the songs that need power that he falls from his high standards. In such songs he could use some of the raw power associated with Bob Dylan.

This brings me to my main criticism of the record, which is directed at Vanguard rather than at Eric. By recording the album when they did and waiting almost forever to release it they issued a record not truly indicative of the wide range of Eric's talent. Too many of the songs are performed in the same mood; in fact there is almost nothing to break this mood anywhere in the album. It could sorely use a few of the many fine songs Eric has written in the time between the album's recording and its release. Such as his song about his imaginary bus, his "rambling song to end all rambling songs", his new freedom songs. Presumably, however, these will appear on his next album, which should be soon forthcoming if the public is to be kept abreast of Eric's rapid development.

In the meantime there is TODAY IS THE HIGHWAY. Besides the title song and the well-established Come To My Bedside, the songs Everything Ain't Been Said (a song that seems exactly "right"), Looking Glass (a sensitive ballad), Plains of Nebraska-0, and Time For My Returning all deserve to be widely heard -- and widely sung. They have a beauty that will make them live. Eric Andersen is still developing a great potential, and this record is a noteworthy (and buyworthy) step along that path.

By STEVE MAYER

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TRADITIONAL MUSIC: Or, "Little Sandy, we love you anyway"

By STU COHEN

FRANK PROFFIT (Folk-Legacy FSA-1) In the notes to this album written by Sandy Paton (he has the same problem as that noted notes writer John Cohen -- no banjo tunings included) it states, "We, of Folk-Legacy Records, consider Frank Proffitt one of this country's finest traditional artists." I could not agree with them more. This recording ranges from Child ballads to banjo tunes to Frank's own songs - all beautifully done. He sings in the simple, quiet, unornamented style usually associated with Horton Barker and his accompanied ballads are as good as those done unaccompanied by Mr. Barker. His version of "Reuben Train" is one of the best I've heard, also the most interesting. Frank gets all the sliding effects out of his fretless banjo (one of those that he makes by hand) that are possible and the result is quite different from other versions. He also does a beautiful variant of the "Butcher Boy" called "Morning Fair". Using Little Sandy

Review's "rate the records" system (developed into a high art form by Eds. Paul Nelson and John Pankake) which gives stars (from 1/2 to 5) I would have to give Frank Proffitt's album at least ten stars \* \* \* \* \*

STRING BAND PROJECT -- Various Performers (Elektra Ekl 292) It is rare these days to find a record that is constantly good and consistently enjoyable. Elektra has filled both requirements with its String Band Project. This is the third "project" album and it is also the best. It holds together where the blues and oldtime banjo "projects" did not. The varied nature of string band styles is apparent, going from the wild, anarchistic sound of Uncle Willie's Brandy Snifters (influenced by Gid Tanner & the Skillet Lickers) to the polished, closely knit playing of the Spontaneous String Band (patterned after Charlie Poole's North Carolina Ramblers). Some of the finest pieces are "Sugar Hill" (John & Penny Cohen with Bob Mamis), "Goodbye, Miss Liza Jane" and "Single Girl", both by the Spontaneous String Band (Alan Block, Richard Blaustein, and Pete Siegel). "Miss Liza Jane" is an old Charlie Poole tune, done tastefully with some good singing by Alan Block, and "Single Girl" has Blaustein's frailing (which is always good. There is even a ragtime guitar solo, "Cocaine", by Phil Boroff. While it does not belong on this record (one guitar is not a string band), Mr. Boroff does it so well it is obvious he deserves an album of his own (as do most of the other groups). One of the oddest cuts is "Jealous", by the Dry City Scat Band. It is an old jazz piece originally done by the 6 & 7/8 string band of New Orleans. On this cut the mandolin imitates the clarinet, the dobro imitates the slide trombone, etc. Once again there are excellent notes by John Cohen and once again John has failed to include most of the banjo tunings.

JOHN COHEN IS UNFAIR TO OLDTIME BANJO PICKERS!!!!

P O E T R Y   S E C T I O N

NOTES, LETTERS, SCRAPS, ET CETERA

I dreamed I died  
it was really absurd  
the Bomb Fell  
and everybody was killed  
including myself  
I went to heaven of course  
and stood before the  
Pearly Gates  
Surrounded by a vast screaming  
mob  
of priests and nuns  
and other kinds of religion fans  
who were storming God's door  
to get His autograph  
as I fought my way  
out of the crowd  
I saw Jesus  
in shades and a trenchcoat  
sneak out the sidedoor  
and ride off  
into the night  
on a golden motor scooter

By Agnes Friesen  
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FREEDOM FOLK FESTIVAL: Boston CORE is sponsoring this two-day festival July 9-10. At the Rindge Tech Auditorium near Harvard Square in Cambridge. An evening concert Fri., July 9. Afternoon and evening concerts the 10th (Sat.) Tickets \$1, \$2, and \$5 at THE PLOUGHSHARE and CORE office, 373 Blue Hill Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. They need more performers; funds raised will be used for work in the South and in Boston's Roxbury this summer. Volunteer performers as well as general public contact CORE at above address for further information. ... The MARIPOSA FOLK FESTIVAL will be held near Toronto, Ontario, on August 6-7 & 8. Featured: Ian & Sylvia, Gordon Lightfoot, Phil Ochs, John Hammond, Son House, The Country Gentleman, the Allen-Ward Trio & many others. For tickets and info contact the festival offices at 20 College Street, Suite 11, Toronto, Ontario, Canada... In NEW YORK CITY Joseph Papp, founder and producer of the SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL in Central Park, has announced a series of cultural events for Monday nights when the Festival does not perform. The Georgia SEA ISLAND SINGERS will appear the night of August 16th..... (cont.)

NOTES, ETC -- 2

Earlier, on Tues. evening, July 20, the SEA ISLAND SINGERS and GUY CARAWAN will give a concert at the Grace Methodist Church, Murdock Ave. and 200 St., St. Albans, Queens in New York. Donation \$2, with tickets available at the church and at the Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. DAVE SEAR and other guest singers will also appear on the program, which is aimed at raising funds for the voter registration drive and the families of two of the singers whose house burned down leaving 16 children homeless... ISRAEL YOUNG, who recently moved his FOLKLORE CENTER to 321 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014 (it's still in the Village) has just issued a new catalogue of the items he has for sale. It includes 225 different selections of hard and soft cover books in the folk music field -- songbooks, in both English and foreign languages, anthologies, instruction guides, and books of a general nature. He is now next door to FRETTED INSTRUMENTS, where you can buy or sell guitars and banjos, or get them repaired, and get all kinds of strings and accessories. A copy of Izzy's new catalogue can be got for the asking... MILLARD LAMPELL, a founder and songwriter for the old ALMANAC SINGERS, was one of those attending the "White House Festival of the Arts" June 14. He was invited despite the fact that he had joined in picketing the White House a month before in protest against Johnson's Vietnam war. He recalled to a N.Y. Times reporter that he had had to appear before HUAC some years ago for questioning. LAMPELL was at the Festival for a showing of a long segment of his new play "Hard Travelin". The work itself is being performed on the Arena Stage in Washington. Howard Taubman of the Times calls it "a lively theater piece, shot through with vivid memories, sardonic laughter and a bitter view of a heedless, flashy, hypocritical society"... The editor of the Berkshire Folk Music Society (Donald R. Davis, Box 94, Berkshire, Mass.) sends along a copy of BERKSHIRE BROADSIDE # 2 with a note: "Dear Sis Cunningham -- Here is the latest example of 'title plagiarism'... We plan soon to have songs and poems as well as news and articles. Your publication has been and continues to be a source of aid and inspiration."... Also received: A copy of THE DETROIT GENERAL FOLK NEWS, \$0.10¢. published by The Northwest Folklore Society, 19743 Faust, Detroit, Michigan 48219, record & concert reviews, etc... THE NEWPORT FOLK FOUNDATION has announced the alignment for the many artists who will appear at its 1965 Festival July 22-23-24-25. A few of the singers and when they will perform: Rev. Gary Davis, New Lost City Ramblers, Son House and Bob Dylan Thurs. eve.; -- Roscoe Holcomb, Mississippi John Hurt, Peter Paul & Mary, Dock Reese, Pete Seeger Fri. eve.; -- Horton Barker, Bill Monroe & the Blue Grass Boys, Odetta, A.L.Lloyd, Lightning Hopkins Sat. eve.; -- Mimi & Dick Farina, Kathy & Carol, Gordon Lightfoot, Pat Sky, Mark Spoelstra, Sun. aft.; -- Joan Baez, Len Chandler, Ronnie Gilbert, Len Chandler Sun. eve.... Workshops will be held Fri. & Sat. from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.... NEW FACE IN MANAGEMENT FIELD: For the first time in a long while a good new young manager has appeared to handle topical songwriter-performers. He is Arthur Gorson, 24, with an office at 850 Seventh Ave., Suite 1002, New York City, NY. Art's background has made him familiar with what these new songs are all about. He studied economics in college, dropped out to do political work. Active in Civil Rights demonstrations in Baltimore, he was arrested and beaten up while in jail. Later he worked with the white unemployed in Appalachia and became executive director of the Committee For Miners in Hazard, Ky., put on benefits to raise money for the Committee. He knows the mass audience. First to be represented by Art are ERIC ANDERSEN, PHIL OCHS and DAVE COHEN.... HARVARD in June held the 25th reunion of the Class of '40. Most noted graduate of that class: John F. Kennedy. Most noted dropout: Pete Seeger.

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