

Broadside #67

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"NO!"

says

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ON THE RIGHT

the new dylan



From an anonymous poet. For full effect this poem must be intoned aloud in the style of Dylan Thomas reading his poetry.

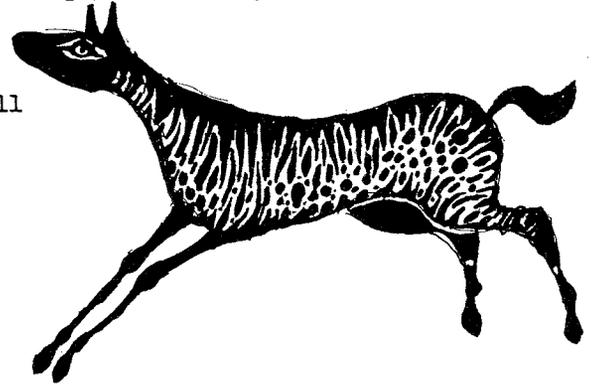
Federal prison terrorizes me, she screamed silently, tipping the night away with a prick of her lip thorn
Bemoan no more, O wondrous drink I think I speak from exhilarance; we shall seek delightedly down the high
ferry dawn and pass the noon tide daubing oils
Thither and forever my eye tries hidden windows never - Bump me not, O sickly fawn

Doon falls and I sigh dying slip past the hat of woodcutters remarks...
O too soon has the leather bedumpkin rolled and morely never I shall be die.
Foul trip-thicket — O treacherous mute minstrel, hide thee not thy sour moon-begotten clot
Fetch me now hither awaits me to try not laughing the face in mark me not!
For three-score maidens dined tonight down subway platforms' painted blast
Beware the fearful French composer who neath cries disguise his lying eyes

And long grow the whisker mustache whisks past brushing my goddam silouhette across the glass

Cavalry charging halt' the lightning thunder proves no warning dire to heed
Bravely courageous deaths demand that heroes never shun the stand-up grave
indeed
And for the last and final number, Christ, the workers' carrier flags, rests tonight in sinister slumber
mourning his lost bewildered crags

For no memory reminder can displace the woe so well
Blight, the gambling hypnotizer shelters naught the welcome bell
See the youths who clench before them
ever-nesting swarms of thrills
Satisfy, therefore surrender
of their own and final wills



SOFTLY

by mike rocosm

between childhood and manhood
if I died somewhere in between
a soft word please, to the gravedigger
who didn't bury me...
softly, please apologize, for I've made other plans
I write from life amongst blue eyes
and fain would a sigh slip by the ears of
Death's gravedigger's hands
I am sorry...
go home, rest, now old man...



There's A Difference

By Carol Racz

Part The First

There are some kids in our school.
Colored. You know.
We call them "niggers".
They have funny hair and funny lips.
They talk pretty queer too.
No one talks to them, includin' me.
They try to join in and be one of us,
But we don't let them.
We beat one up once.
Threw stones at him too.
I don't like them.



Part The Second

There's a family down the street.
They're pretty poor.
They have a girl my age.
She has shabby clothes and a dirty face.
I don't like her.
They have a real old car,
And live in a house that
doesn't have any paint on it.
I wish they would move away.

Part The Third

I had a brother.
He was retarded.
Been that way ever since he was born.
Ma made me play with him.
I didn't like to.
He always got a lot of attention.
That's not fair I said.
We took him to the park one day.
He ran in the lake.
He drowned.
Ma cried.
Pa just didn't say anything.
I laughed.

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It's Past and It's Gone

Words and Music by RICHARD KAMPF

© 1965 Richard Kampf

I don't want to re-turn but for just — one day, — Don't want to re-member but one night; —

(rit. - - - - -) (a tempo)

And another day, a yesterday, would be e-nough to clear my mind, And e-nough to dim the blindness of my sight, —

CHORUS: — But it's past and it's gone and there's no use to cry, For the ashes of a Saint you never knew; And nothin' but there's tears, and there's nothin' but pain, And nothin' but lies are true.

And cast off my ropes, My blood screams command,
 My charts have been drawn by ancient hands
 Yes and through forgotten curtains, My ship glides in a mist
 Of reflections of the diamonds of the sand. (CHO.)

Yes and though lost in beauty	Oh I shake the angel's hand
I walk through the shore	And it crumbles in my grip
My boots make no footsteps on the ground	And her eyes look through me to the sea
And my hands grip the sky	And like the dying of a dream
And my brain screams aloud	The shattered statue screams
All but the ringin' hills are silent to my sound. (CHO.)	Am I not what you believe me to be. (CHO.)

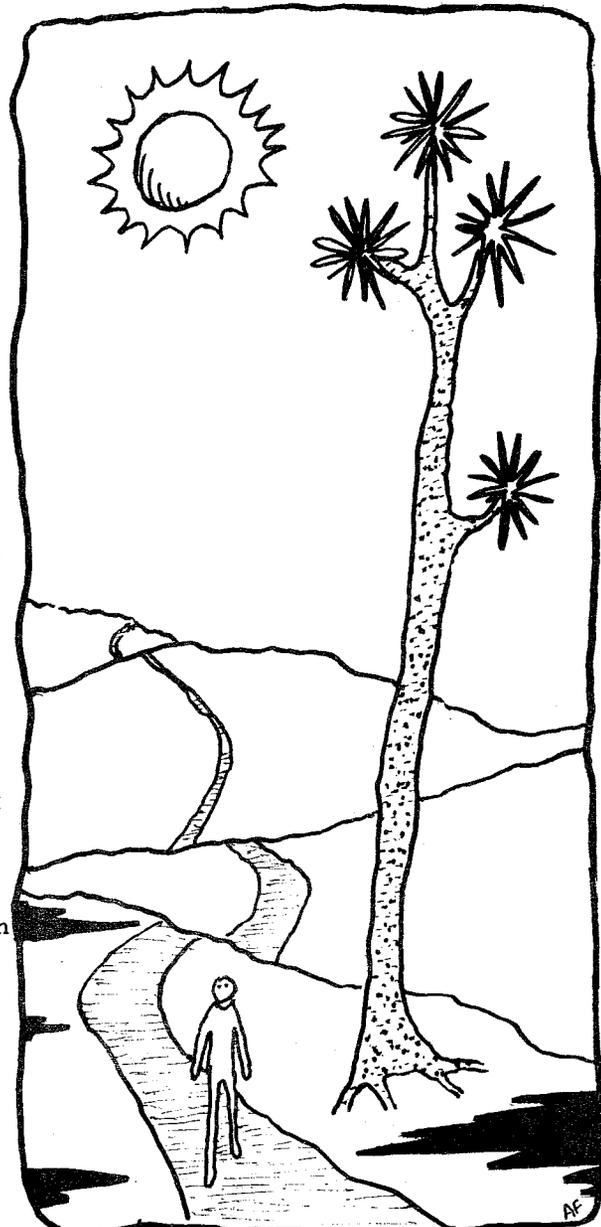
Wild Woodland Soul

SLOWLY AM G EM AM

I screamed in the dark-ness with a voice full of tears, I crouched in a cor- ner and counted my fears, I crouched in a cor- ner Be- hind my own wall, If my true love won't have me, Then my stars will fall.

By AGNES MARTIN
 © 1966 by Agnes Martin

then one day from tomorrow will my foot touch the ground
 and not until that day shall I hear any sound
 like a bird unto the wilderness I'll fly to my hole
 where my true love will shelter the wild woodland soul.



IS THERE ANYBODY HERE?

By PHIL OCHS

© 1965 BARRICADE MUSIC, INC.

Is there an-y bod-y here who'd like to change his clothes in-to a un-i-form? Is there
 an-y bod-y here who'd like to wrap the flag a-round a blood-y grave? Is there
 an-y bod-y here who thinks they're on-ly serving in a raging storm? Is there
 an-y bod-y here who thinks they're standin' tall-er on a battle wave? Is there
 an-y bod-y here with glo-ry in his eye, loy-al to the end, whose du-ty is to die? I wan-na
 an-y bod-y here who'd like to do his part, soldier of the world, a he-ro to his heart? I wan-na
 see him, I wan-na wish him luck! I wan-na shake his hand, wan-na call his name, put a medal on the
 see him, I wan-na wish him luck! I wan-na shake his hand, wan-na call his name, put a medal on the
 man! Is there Is there an-y bod-y here proud of the pa-rade who'd
 man!
 like to give a cheer, and show they're not a-fraid! I'd like to ask him what he's try-in to defend,
 I'd like to ask him what he thinks he's gon-na win! Is there an-y bod-y here who thinks that
 follow-in' the orders takes a-way the blame, Is there an-y bod-y here who wouldn't mind a
 mur-der by an- other name? Is there an-y bod-y here whose pride is on the line with the
 hon-or of the brave, and the courage of the blind? I wan-na see him, I wan-na wish him luck! I
 wan-na shake his hand, Wan-na call his name, put a med-al on the man!

• Pete Hamill in the York Gazette & Daily (Jan. 18): A U.S. Army major in Saigon: "The only way we can win is to kill all of them," he said, "kill every last VC in the country, make it impossible for him to live, make his territory a grave. Then you will win. There's no other way." A young Texan marine, when asked how many Vietnamese he had killed: "I stopped counting at 40, sir," he said. He wasn't bragging. It was just a report as if describing the number of pheasants he had bagged in the flat prairie country of west Texas."

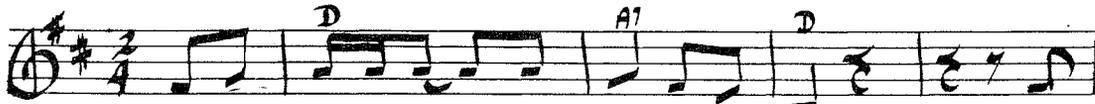
• PFC Charles C. Hobbs Jr. of Newark, in a letter to a friend: "It's no fun to have to kill a man even though I've done it several times and probably will several times more. I was on that deal where we threw four VCs out of a helicopter 800 feet up just because they wouldn't give us the information we wanted. At the time I thought it was fun but now that I think about it, it was animalistic and inhuman. You get to where you just don't care any more, after seeing your buddies face down in the mud."

And So fall the leaves

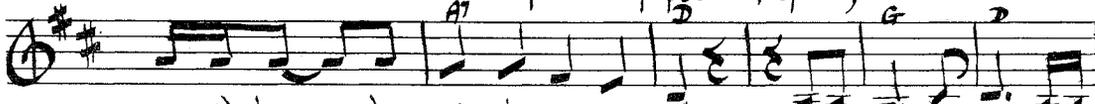
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Words and Music by JANE ROSENBERG

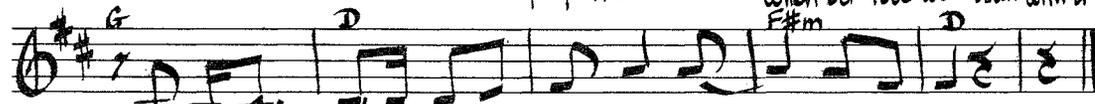
© 1966 Jane Rosenberg



1. For it's mem-o-ries of days poor-ly spent, When



we would starve and could not pay the rent.



mask of a clown, for it was on-ly to — rise a-gain.

2. Still I wonder if this whole thing is real

Is this the way I truly feel

For it must be so 'cause when you go

I am joking and cannot grieve.



And so — fall the leaves, of love — to the dust.



And so — fall I — to the one — that I trust.

3. There were times when the hard wind would rain
On us and cause great pain
When the cold would storm but we stayed warm
Together to battle the chill.

4. Lonely is a word I seldom say
As long as you're here with each new day
But the time will appear when you'll not be near
And so fall the leaves.

Repeat first verse and chorus.



HIDE YOUR HEART, LITTLE HIPPIE

By LEN H. CHANDLER, Jr.

Moderately



1. Hide your heart, lit-tle Hip-py, hide your heart, — Hide your



heart, lit - tle Hip-py, hide your heart. — Stay re-

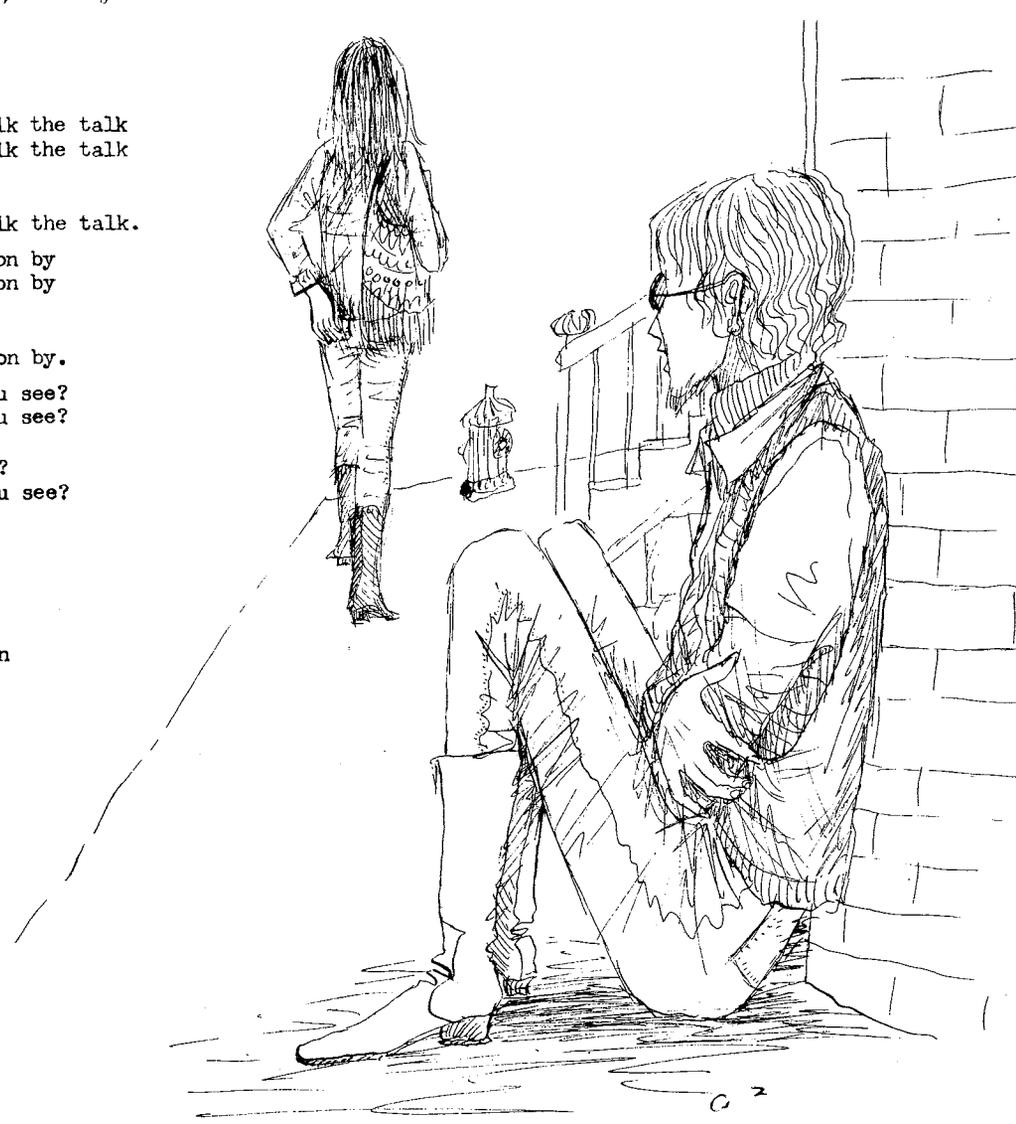


mote and un - in - volved, — Keep your prob-lems all un-solved, — Hide your



heart, lit-tle Hip-py, hide your heart. — 2. Talk the heart. —

2. Talk the talk, little Hippy, talk the talk
Talk the talk, little Hippy, talk the talk
Water down what you would say
Wrap it in some tired cliché
Talk the talk, little Hippy, talk the talk.
3. Walk on by, little Hippy, walk on by
Walk on by, little Hippy, walk on by
With your head up in the sky
Are you happy or just high
Walk on by, little Hippy, walk on by.
4. Do you see, little Hippy, do you see?
Do you see, little Hippy, do you see?
Are the shades you hide behind
Like some curtain for your mind?
Do you see, little Hippy, do you see?
5. Watch the styles, little Hippy,
watch the styles
Watch the styles, little Hippy,
watch the styles
Sandals used to cut your skin
Aren't you glad now boots are in
Watch the styles, little Hippy,
watch the styles.
6. Repeat verse 1.



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BROADSIDE #67

CANDY GUNS

Words & Music: LEN H. CHANDLER, Jr.

© 1966 Fall River Music

The musical score for 'Candy Guns' is written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with lyrics written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters C, F, and G above the staff. The lyrics are: 'You can go tell Ci-ty Hall we don't need their bread at all 'Cause the crumbs are all they're ev-er known to toss us, And we'll tell the na-tion round how old Shriver put us down When we wouldn't let the ci-ty fa-thers boss us. Chorus: And they say they're gon-na help us win the War, Then they pass out can-dy guns and bar the door.'

John Lascaras made a date nine fine mothers to debate
But perhaps he knew his candy tongue would fail
When those mothers weren't for leavin' cause the welfare folks
were grievin'
He promptly packed his problems off to jail.

CHO.

City Hall is not our ally, City Hall will pick a fall guy
Thirty pieces of our silver they will shell out
Secret meetings, power cliques are the eneny's old tricks
And an honest voice is one who dares to yell out.

CHO.

When security and greed make folks think first of their need
Like a bedbug in the night they go back-biting
The position that they crave turns the militant to slave
And that robs us of the blood we need for fighting.

CHO.

You can go tell L.B.J. that his number's up today
And his candy coated tongue he will be chewing
When the poor folks war is won L.B.J. will have to run
'Cause he knows that our success will spell his ruin.

CHO.

Crusade for Opportunity sounds like a candy gun to me
But folks from here have eyes for something bigger
In unity we'll make our choice, in unity and as one voice
We will say your candy gun now has no trigger

CHO. (as above)

Final repeat chorus:

But when the poor folks of the world have won the war
We won't need to pitch a tent at Lyndon's door.

(Note: Len Chandler made up CANDY GUNS for and sang it to the Syracuse convention of the "Poverty Warriors" -- see accompanying news story.)

NATIONAL GUARDIAN

January 29, 1966

Poverty war: The poor vs. 'city hall'

By William A. Price
Guardian staff correspondent

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

"WE THOUGHT we were going on strike against the growers," said Cesar Chavez, a leader of the California grape pickers strike. "But the very first day we found out we were striking against every group of people in that community."

Three years ago Chavez was one of three persons who founded the National Farmworkers Union to change the impoverished conditions of farm workers in the San Joaquin Valley. On Jan. 15, with 2,200 dues-paying members of his union now on strike against 37 major growers in central California, he spoke to 600 representatives of the poor who came to Syracuse, N.Y., from Northern big-city ghettos and from the terror-ridden rural South. They came from diverse communities in 20 different states, three-quarters of them Negroes. And everyone quickly understood the message brought by the Mexican-American from California.

Chavez added: "We struck against the growers, and we actually struck against the courts, against the sheriff's department, against the police department, against the district attorney and against the school board. We didn't want to strike them; we were striking the growers. But this gives you an idea of what the power complex is back there. And I suppose it's the same all over the country."

CHAVEZ SPOKE to delegates at an unusual conference, the People's Convention for the Total Participation of the Poor, attended by activists fighting poverty in neighborhoods throughout the country. The participants, who came to Syracuse in car pools, in chartered or borrowed school buses, talked for two days, Jan. 15 and 16, of their role in the federal war on poverty, through which many for the first time had glimpsed power, only to have the promise withdrawn in recent weeks. For some the question was: Is the federal anti-poverty program, as administered by the Office of Economic Opportunity, friend or enemy?

Trading experiences for the first time, most left Syracuse in a mood which left little argument with folk singer Len Chandler who said: "[President] Johnson, [Sargent] Shriver, [head of OEO], and all those people are rich, and white, and in power. And they haven't the slightest interest in you actually winning a war against poverty. They are really interested in paying off and robbing you of some of your leaders by giving them some \$150-a-week gigs."

In militant mood, the delegates set up a national steering committee to call a bigger convention by April 30. In a series of resolutions which read almost like a Bill of Rights for the poverty-stricken, they declared that "the anti-poverty program as presently constituted does not attack the basic causes of poverty nor meet the needs of poor people."

An Interview With Tom Paxton



I have a habit - the habit of sitting in Joe's on West Fourth Street or the kitchen of the Gaslight or in my genuine Danish three-gear reclining chair, trying to carry on the work that Woody began. The reference to Guthrie is no accident, for those of us who write songs today (Dylan, Chandler, Marrs, Ochs, LaFarge, Reynolds, Spoelstra, et al) owe it all to Woody. He showed us how and he told us why.

...Tom Paxton, in his introduction to his songbook, RAMELIN BOY & OTHER SONGS (Oak, 165 W. 46, New York).

(Ed. Note: Tom Paxton is one of the leading contemporary song writers. Born in Chicago, he was raised in Bristow, Oklahoma, not far from Woody Guthrie's home town of Okemah. He started writing and performing in 1960 after finishing his hitch in the Army. Since then he has written several hundred songs, has put out two L-P albums -- by Elektra -- and a songbook -- by Oak Publications. Many of these songs have appeared in Broadside. Other singers, like Pete Seeger, The Mitchell Trio, Julie Felix in Britain, have recorded quite a few of his songs -- during Pete Seeger's recent tour of the Soviet Union one of the songs frequently requested by Russian audiences was Tom's "What Did You Learn In School Today?". Recently Steve Mayer of the Broadside staff interviewed Tom, using a tape recorder. The transcript of the Mayer-Paxton interview appears below):

STEVE: You said at the Village Gate that you wanted to stay in the Pete Seeger-Woody Guthrie tradition. How do you see this tradition? What does it mean to you?

TOM: It means that I am more interested in content than in some of the other motivations that prevail nowadays. I am interested in saying things clearly, and staying within the folk tradition musically. It's easier to say I'm staying within the Seeger-Guthrie tradition than to say that what I really want is a career that matters. I don't want to write fluff. I take the world seriously even though I like to joke about it, and I'd like my writing to reflect that.

STEVE: What place does topical music have now?

TOM: The same place it's always had, to comment on the times, very pointedly. Maybe it's bigger than it used to be, actually more people are aware of it, but I think that the topical songwriters who appear in Broadside, myself included, are really a minority. We're just the ones who are getting the publicity. There are topical songwriters all over the world; a small percentage are in Broadside.

STEVE: Do you think it influences many people?

TOM: I don't think we change anybody's mind. I used to think that I was writing topical songs to change other people's minds. I haven't changed that opinion, but I've altered it. Now I'm writing songs for the fence-sitters. I am after the people sitting on the fence. The right-wingers, I write off. I want to get through to the people sitting on the fence. But basically, I'm writing for myself.

STEVE: Do you think a majority of the country are fence-sitters?

TOM: Definitely. Even in the Revolutionary War a majority were fence-sitters. They didn't want to have a thing to do with it.

STEVE: Do you see the potential, realistically, of having your songs get through mass media?

TOM: No, I don't. A couple of my love songs have big potential, but then love songs always do. They go over big with the mass. I've got a recording of

The Last Thing on my Mind, sung by the Vegetables. I think it's no. 125 on one of the charts and I'm pleased. But I don't expect one of my topical songs to reach a mass audience. For one thing, I don't think they would be programmed, and I don't think most of the people would care to listen.

STEVE: You had a lot of pointed things to say about folk rock, or folk rot, as you called it, in the last issue of SING OUT. But a lot of the commentary in the issue was written before the recording of UNIVERSAL SOLDIER.

TOM: Did you hear what the recording artist said? Glen Campbell went on record as saying that he felt that all draft-card burners should be hanged, and that anyone who wouldn't fight for his country was no real man. I think that's where it's at. I don't think that the audience that's buying the folk-rock protest knows what's happening or cares.

STEVE: Do you think that your writing has changed in style over the past few years?

TOM: I don't think it's changed a lot in style. I put a lot more thought into what I write now than I used to. I feel a responsibility to myself to think about something before I write about it. I wouldn't even say I have a responsibility to my audience, but to myself, and I know when I've blown it.

STEVE: You don't think that you're going to move out of the tradition?

TOM: There are a lot of things I want to do in addition to what I'm doing, but I like this musical form. That's why I became a folksinger in the first place, and why I started writing songs. This is the form that appeals to me. I don't care a lot for the real pop form. I am interested by show-tune form, as form, but it takes a lot of retooling to tackle a different form like that.

STEVE: But don't you think that the Guthrie-Seeger tradition has limits to approach?

TOM: No, I don't. I think the only limits are what one imposes on oneself. I want to continue to grow, and if I'm able to do this, I'm not going to worry the audience. It's either there or it's not. Every artist's first artistic responsibility is to himself, but this doesn't mean that I'm self-oriented only. An artist has to say what he thinks, which is certainly something that Woody Guthrie did.

STEVE: As you have progressed in the field, what changes have taken place in the kinds of songs you write, in your range of subject matter?

TOM: I think I've leaned a little more towards the satirical. DAILY NEWS is one, and a song I just wrote about the blackout, called WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT?. You can make a hell of a lot of points that really hurt that way. Also, LYNDON JOHNSON TOLD THE NATION, where I tried a little satire. I have more concentration on satirizing

(continued →)

something I despise, plus what I said about thinking harder about songs in general. Consequently, my rate has gone down. I'm not writing as much, but I think I'm writing better now.

STEVE: You pay more attention to the craftsmanship involved in writing?

TOM: Yes. I use a rhyming dictionary, which is probably a horrible admission, but I find it helps me a great deal to say what I'm trying to say in the first place, and say it better. I'm more interested in clarity, which is craftsmanship. I don't find that digging craftsmanship alters in any way the validity of what I'm trying to say.

STEVE: A lot of singers are trying to load their songs with imagery, to make it more poetic...

TOM: I think it's pretentious and phoney. If you forced some of these people to explain clearly and lucidly every image in their songs, on pain of five years imprisonment, you'd empty the street.

STEVE: Don't you think that imagery can make a song more effective?

TOM: Yes, if it's to the point, and if it advances the theme of the song. Only if it is indeed an image. It should reflect what the song is saying. I can sit down and write a song about watermelons, green clocks, tiptoeing through the azcap, and some nut is going to say it's a great song.

STEVE: Some songs, such as NAPALM by Malvina Reynolds, seem to me to be too straightforward and simple-minded. Sometimes points are stressed more if they are made subtly -- if you don't come out flatly and say "This is the way it is." You can express it differently.

TOM: Did you think WITH GOD ON OUR SIDE was anything less than clear and outspoken? To the point?

STEVE: Very much, Tom. There's not a thing in there that's obscure. It's all straight out -- and a great song.

TOM: So you choose to show a song that is clear, and you don't like it; and I showed you one that is clear and we both think it's great.

STEVE: How do you write?

TOM: Different ways. Every song starts a different way. Sometimes I sit down with an axe to grind, sometimes I get an idea for a phrase that turns me on to the song, sometimes I have a melodic idea. I don't have any set method, which is a handicap. It would be great if I could say, "Now is the time to write a song", push the button, and off I go. But I don't.

STEVE: Do you find that some kinds of songs come easier? Love songs, for example.

TOM: Love songs are the hardest songs in the world to write, because there has been a lot already said about it. You can almost hear the audience saying, "Oh God, not that again."

STEVE: But some of your love songs, the ones that hit me the most, are simple. Which is not to say that they are bad.

TOM: A minute ago I thought you were attacking simplicity.

STEVE: I'm just playing the role of a Devil's Advocate for a minute. But Every Time is a great song, it touches me, yet it is simple... Which of the other people writing today have influenced your writing? And where are you going?

TOM: I don't really think anyone has influenced what I am writing right now. The contemporary writer I feel I'm closest to in style is Pete Seeger. One thinks of him in

several roles besides that of a song-writer, but he's snuck a lot of good songs into his bag.

STEVE: He's had some sharp reactions to his Vietnam song. A priest led a campaign to stop him from singing at Beacon High School because of it...

TOM: I'm still writing all kinds of songs, as I've been doing all along. In the last two weeks I've written a protest song about Collie LeRoy Wilkins; I've written my first talking blues which is called Talking Football, which reflects my fanaticism about pro football and stretches the situation a little bit, all for fun; and a song about the New York power blackout, Where Were You When The Lights Went Out? I write whatever comes to mind. If I think it's a valid idea I'll work it out. It doesn't have to fit any form so long as it holds water.

STEVE: Have there been any changes in approach?

TOM: Not in my song-writing. I want to read more and I want to write more prose.

STEVE: Do you try to express yourself in other media?

TOM: Yes, I ran through several before I got into music. I used to dabble in art, to try to sketch. It took me about a month, at most, before I found out I wasn't Rembrandt. And I was in drama school for four years before I realized I'd seen better performances from a cigar store Indian. I wrote some poems. I've written a couple now that I haven't shown to anyone beside my wife, and they're pretty good, but I still don't think of myself as a poet. I have a couple of writing projects in mind I would like to tackle, and I'm sure I will. Writing, basically, is where it's at for me, writing music and writing words.

STEVE: Why don't you think that there is any potential in folk-rock, or to put it another way, in protest songs reaching the mass media?

TOM: Because the protest songs that are in the mass media aren't any damn good. They're either simple-minded or they're atrociously written, or they miss the point altogether.

STEVE: You don't think that a well-written...

TOM: Let me ask you, do you think that Lyndon Johnson Told The Nation - I don't care if the Beatles recorded it - would it be played? It wouldn't. Do you think I Ain't Marchin' Anymore could be on the hit parade here? Forget it. And the best of the topical songs -- the best -- that contain very frank and outspoken opinion combined with artistic expression...in other words, if they are good songs, they still will not be played. Only the sophomoric protest is allowed. That's all.

STEVE: What about Universal Soldier? Regardless of what the singer said?

TOM: I don't think it's a very good song.

STEVE: You don't think it hits?

TOM: It doesn't hit me, no.

STEVE: Maybe because you're already in tune with the idea?

TOM: Maybe.

STEVE: Would the kids listen to it if it was played?

TOM: No, they'd probably dance to it.

STEVE: I've seen people dancing to Blowing in the Wind. I can't wait to see dancing to the Eve of Destruction.

TOM: You know they do. They might as well, there's nothing to listen to.

STEVE: You're right. But don't you think that it could be a beginning, as Phil Ochs said in his interview in BROADSIDE?

(continued ->)

TOM: Well, I think it's a beginning and an end. For one thing, in the industry itself, it's accepted that folk-rock has had it.

STEVE: In two months?

TOM: Yes. Give or take a little. It's had it. The next fad will be something like rock-reaction. There's just as good a chance, in the top forty mentality, for a song advocating further commitment in Vietnam to get to #1. If somebody sings it like he really means it, and it rocks, and it has a hard sound, it could do the same thing.

STEVE: What is the value of you or Phil singing, say, Here's To The State Of Mississippi to people who already believe in the song's message?

TOM: Once again, you come back to my basic philosophy, which is that protest songs, at least the kind that are being written in the North, are simply self-expression. It's "Hey, here's what I think." A song should be sung at any pertinent time. Certainly, if he likes, Phil can make a trip down to Mississippi, and show up at a White Citizens' Council meeting, and sing Here's To The State Of Mississippi... He can do this if he no longer cares whether he lives or dies, and Phil realizes that that would be a pretty futile gesture.

STEVE: Is the Guthrie-Seeger tradition this way of singing for self expression? Weren't they more functional, like the old union songs, for example?

TOM: Well, the union songs were different kinds of songs, they proposed a direct course of action. Join the Union!

STEVE: Propaganda?

TOM: Yes, in the broader sense of the word. They proposed an answer. Our troubles can be solved if we will all join the union. None of the contemporary crises are quite that easily solved. They were people fighting a very real, very bitter, but a very limited war. Right there at their plant. It involved their everyday existence, which could be materially altered, right there on a grass roots level. The results were seen practically overnight, once they were organized, and struck, and won. A lot of things happened, right away. The songs reflected that.

STEVE: What about the civil rights struggle in the South?

TOM: There, the opposition to them is very diffuse, not only the Klan, and the bombers, it's even a lot of the liberals, who talk integration out of one side of their mouth, and do everything they can to block it, surreptitiously, you see. We've got a lot of civil-rights songs that don't say "Pass that damn civil-rights bill", because they would be only right for that one goal, and the bill is passed, but a lot of people are still denied their rights. It's a much broader and more complicated fight. The songs reveal that; they are saying, "We must have equality," and they must keep pounding at that. They can say "We must be brothers", but a lot of people interpret that in different ways. It's much harder to propose answers. Of course you can say, in a civil rights song, "Join this march", but it still won't have the same effect of a song saying "Every man in this plant must join the union."

STEVE: Don't the songs then have to be more complicated to reflect this situation?

TOM: No, they just have to approach it differently, attack the problem differently.

STEVE: How?

TOM: You have to make an appeal. You have to write songs that show people how their own self interest can be served by supporting integration. How they hurt themselves by in the slightest way blocking integration. In other words, in civil-rights songs, you're writing as much for the enemy as you are for yourself. That wasn't the case with the union songs. There it was a very clear-cut thing.

STEVE: So, the songs are still functional.

TOM: Yes. I'm talking about the songs that we are writing in the North. The songs that have come out of the movement spontaneously in the South -- and which, by the way, are the best on the subject -- those are very functional songs, songs you sing on the march, at demonstrations, songs you sing in jail.

STEVE: Do you think that your song, Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney would move the fence-sitters?

TOM: If it's a good song it would not move them to the Council, or the Klan. I think it would tend to pull them to our side.

STEVE: You said that if one wants to really touch people he should touch their self-interest...

TOM: Yes. When I say self-interest I mean that most people are concerned with what kind of people they are. Are they making it as people. The word "soul" comes very easily to mind. It represents concern. People care. They have an image of themselves as good people. If you can show them the way to improve that image you are getting somewhere... Once again, what I'm trying to tell you is that a man has to write for himself, he has to say what he has to say, whether it's in a song or in a letter to the editor, or in a speech at a meeting. He's got this duty to himself to say what he thinks. He's got a duty to get off the fence.

STEVE: What about issues that don't really touch the fence-sitter immediately? Like Vietnam, for instance.

TOM: Well, in the case of Vietnam you have to show him he's lucky so far that he's still got a fence to sit on, that the fence could disappear.

STEVE: He's either going to be on one side or the other.

TOM: Eventually, I think so.

STEVE: Don't you think there's a way of saying what you want to say so that more fence-sitters can hear you?

TOM: Not without diluting so much that what gets through is about as strong as aspirin. Especially on an issue like Vietnam. I don't think you can get a song through mentioning the word Vietnam and taking a position against our involvement there. I don't think you can do that, in any way, and get it through the mass media.

STEVE: Is this because of the censorship from above?

TOM: Maybe. Also because feelings are running higher and higher. When I started singing Lyndon Johnson Told The Nation -- in August when I wrote it -- it would get a lot of laughs even from people who, I could tell, were opposed to what I was saying. Now they are laughing less and less. Now and then people are walking out. Feelings are running high on both sides. And I don't think a hell of a lot of people in the upper echelons of show-business or the entertainment media agree with my point of view. They don't spend their time wondering how the other side will be heard, so they're just not going to program it, that's all.

STEVE: What if one had a song that said the same thing as I Ain't Marching Anymore but in a manner that didn't hit quite so hard as it does? But still made the point.

(continued →)

TOM: You mean a song that says, "War is Bad!" or "We must have no war!" Hell, that's what Lyndon Johnson says. It's very easy to say that.

STEVE: Then isn't what you are doing -- setting aside the motive of writing for yourself -- sort of defeatist? You don't think you can hit that many of the fence-sitters.

TOM: All right, but I can try. But you're making a basic mistake when you assume that when I tell you that I'm writing for myself I don't care about anybody but myself. That's not it at all. I'm not writing to myself. I'm writing out, not in.

STEVE: You're writing to an audience that you're not reaching.

TOM: But I am. In every audience that I sing to there are fence-sitters. With the exception of an anti-Vietnam War rally. But I'm a professional performer. I open at the Gaslight tonight. And there will damn sure be people there who think we should be in Vietnam. There will also be fence-sitters in the audience, people who maybe don't care much one way or the other. And I'm singing to them.

STEVE: Perhaps it will also move some people who already agree with you to action, move them to do something.

TOM: No. My performance definitely will not stir them to action. That will have to come from themselves, not from me.

STEVE: You don't think it will kick them to action?

TOM: No. But maybe it will cause them to think. And if they think, then maybe they'll act. But they have to think first... What I am singing to an audience is simply "Make of it what you will, here is how I feel". Now, I hope that not only does the way I feel come through, but that it comes through well, and entertainingly.

STEVE: It seems to me that a lot of protest singers have lost sight of the fact that they are entertainers.

TOM: What do you mean by entertainment? Don't you think that entertainment can be tough? Now, I happen to be entertained by Hattie Carroll.

STEVE: You're entertained in a different sense by a different song.

TOM: That's right. That's why I say I hope I can be entertaining. I hope I can take them right out of where they were a minute ago and into the song and what it is saying. That, to me, is what entertainment means. A lot of people would never think of using the word entertainment to describe what happens when they see a brilliant performance of Hamlet. It puts them through the wringer, wipes them out. But it wasn't entertainment to them, they don't use that word. But to me that's entertainment, and that's what I want to do.

STEVE: It's a synonym for communicating.

TOM: Okay.

TALKING FOOTBALL

By TOM PAXTON
©1966 Deep Fork Music, Inc

Ev'ry fall when the leaves turn brown, Friday eve-ning
 rolls a-round. I sit down- in my T V chair And my face as-umes a T V stare.
 Good-bye, world, Good-bye, fam-ily, It's Foot - ball time

It's 'Highlight Films' of last week's games,
 Commercials starring 'Big League Names',
 Analyses of all the plays...
 Pickin' the winners for Saturday,
 Interviews with the Stars...
 Interviews with the water-boy,..
 Interviews with the full-back's grandmother.

On Saturday it's do or die
 For ' Dear Old Siwash '
 We'll defy the enemy to dim our stars
 Who have their eyes on brand new cars!
 Thank God for scholarships...
 Thank God for alumni...
 Thank God for the School of Education!

Now my poor wife has got it rough
 'Cause Saturdays' would be enough
 But Sundays' a tale she knows too well
 A double-header in the N.F.L.
 She says I don't listen to her,
 Said she was going to Reno...
 Sounded to me like a new formation!

Now half-time shows of Pretty Girls,
 Little short skirts and long blond curls
 But who's got the time for Majorettes
 When NBC has got the Jets...
 And I just can't afford two sets.
 But don't fret, Jets, with four hundred thousand for
 Namath
 And two hundred thousand for Heirert
 You can spend them to death.

The terminology has given me fits,
 It's 'red-dogs'; Corner backs; Double safety; Blitz;
 Jitterbugging; Automatic Submarine; Zip;
 Zig-out; Down and out; Collar-hone and Hip,
 Listen to the 'Huddle', hear the quarterback say:
 "Tucker, just take that ball
 And run for your life...
 It's your turn to be on 'Instant-replay'."

Well, as I sat there sippin' beer,
 A shoe came whistling by my ear,
 A bullet pass, I really mean,
 It went right through the T-V screen
 My wife was laughing hysterically,
 I said: "Don't worry Honey,
 I can have it fixed by next Saturday" .

The Legendary Son House Columbia CL-2417

This album represents, for many people, the culmination of a long period of wishing, waiting, and hoping. It is the repayment of a debt to the bluesmen of the twenties and thirties who were "dead" for so long, to those who will never be rediscovered, to those untold geniuses never recorded, and also to that small persistent band of young white men who listened and finally went out looking for the men behind the voices. This record represents the first recordings by Son House since 1942 when Alan Lomax recorded him for the Library of Congress.

This record is one of the most important documents of sound to be released in the last few years. For the first time a big company has had the good sense to go out on a limb, record an old bluesman, and give the album wide distribution. It is to their credit.

The chief shortcoming of the album is that Son is better, as are most bluesmen, before a live audience than he is in a sterile recording studio. However, it is an important, enjoyable recording vital to any blues collection. Al Wilson (he plays on two of the cuts) is indeed one of "the finest white bluesmen". His addition to the album is in fine taste and he adds a great deal to the cuts in which he appears.

The Anthology of American Folk Music Vol. I-Ballads
Folkways FA 2951

After some 14 years it seems that it is again time to mention the finest compilation of true American folk music ever released. The first volume of the three volume set is concerned with ballads, both blues and traditional. Among its many great selections are "Omie Wise" by G.B. Grayson, Charlie Poole's "White House Blues", two (yes, two) songs by Kelly Harrell, two beauties by the Carolina Tar Heels, and Charlie Patton's "Boweavil Blues" (Masked Marvel). If you haven't already listened to this volume, hang your head in shame, then go get a copy!

Old Harp Singing Folkways FP 56

This is one of the oldest Folkways records. After 15 years it is still the finest, most beautiful recording of sacred harp music available.

Tom Paley and Peggy Seeger Elektra EKL 295

Here is a recording of two exceptional young musicians playing alone and together. The better pieces are those done individually (Paley's "Cuckoo" and "Pretty Polly" and Peggy's "Lass of Loch Royal" and "Englewood Mine"). It is an enjoyable album, listenable after many hours of constant play.

Instrumental Music of the Southern Appalachians
Tradition TLP 1007

A cornerstone for any good collection of southern mountain music. A fine recording with many gifted artists, such as Hobart Smith, Mrs. Etta Baker, and Richard Chase. Mrs. Baker's guitar work is wonderfully precise and pleasing (a female Blind Blake). There is more than a lifetime's worth of skill to be learned from this record by any young musician.

Relax Your Mind Jim Kweskin Vanguard VRS 9198

Some of it's great; some of it's ghastly, but it's all good fun. "Buffalo Skinners", "The Cuckoo", and "Guabi Guabi" are particularly fine cuts. Kweskin is great, Sebastian Dangerfield (Fritz Richmond) is wonderful, and Mel Lyman alternates between beauty ("My Creole Belle") and Beastliness ("I Ain't Never Been Satisfied").

Texas Hoedown County 703

As you get further into the art of the fiddle the regional differences become more and more interesting. It is an area much in need of documentation on records. This album is composed of selections by three masters of the Texas fiddle style. The finest pieces, "Lady's Fancy" and "Billy in the Lowground" are by Benny Tomasson and there is also good work by Vernon Solomon and Bartow Riley. Essential for any lover of fine fiddle music.

Old Time Music at Clarence Ashley's Vol. 2
Folkways FA 2359

A wonderfully refreshing record. Excellent musicians making the music they love best. My favorites are "Little Sadie", "Walking Boss", "Omie Wise", and "Amazing Grace", and "Lee Highway", and... Ralph Rinzler's notes are a beautiful example of folklore scholarship. Doc Watson is simply Doc Watson (one of the highest compliments I can think of).

Five and Twenty Questions Mark Spoelstra Elektra
EKL- 283

Mark Spoelstra is one of the bright stars on the topical song horizon. He combines the ability to write good lyrics, as in "White Winged Dove" (see Broadside #62), with fine melodic ability, as in "The Ballad of Twelfth Avenue". He has finally completed his alternative service, which gave the experiences that produced several of the songs on this album (i.e. "Just a Hand to Hold" see Broadside # 49), and we can expect more from him in the future. As a matter of fact, in the next issue of Broadside, this column will have a review of his new recording EKL 307.

Fleming Brown Folk-Legacy FSI-1

Fleming Brown is a fine young singer and banjo player from Chicago. Jean Ritchie has described his work as having a real "down home sound". His singing is quite good and he has a great deal of instrumental skill (although I disagree with the effectiveness of several of his accompaniments). A fine record. Highlights — "Rocky Road", "Market Square", and "Sugar Hill".

A note

Last month I reviewed the Verve/Folkways album by the New Lost City Ramblers and was rather complimentary about their bluegrass. My mistake was in comparing their style to the modern bluegrass. They are in fact trying to avoid the sounds of modern bluegrass in favor of the older style of the Stanley Brothers. Listen to some of the old Stanley Brothers records before you make up your minds. My words about John Cohen still stand. You were right Mike!

Other Excellent Recordings: The Iron Muse, British Industrial Folk Songs, Elektra EKL 279; The Music of Roscoe Holcomb & Wade Ward, Folkways FA 2363.

By STU COHEN



Baby, I've Been Thinking

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By JANIS FINK
© 1966 Janis Fink

Come to my door — ba-by — Face is clean & shining black as night, My mother went to
answer you know, & you looked so fine, — I could un-derstand tears & your shame, She called
you boy in-
stead of your name, When she wouldn't let you inside, When she turned & said but hon- ey he's
not our kind, — (She says) I can't-see- you an-y more, ba-by, — Can't see you an-y more.

Walk me down to school, baby, everybody's acting deaf
and blind
Until they turn and say why don't you stick to
your own kind
My teachers laugh, their smirking stares
Cutting deep down in our affairs
They're preaching equality
If they believe it, why won't they just
Let us be. CHO. (They say) I can't see you, etc.

They wonder why you're taking me, now wouldn't you prefer
your own kind
They say there can be just one thing on your mind
That's what they want you to do
Just so they can say they were right about you
I'm old enough to make up my mind
But they'll do the making for me
This one time.

CHO. (They say)

One of these days I'm gonna stop my listening, gonna raise my head up high
One of these days I'm gonna raise up my glistening wings and fly
But that day will have to wait for a while
Baby, I'm only society's child
When we're older things may change
But for now this is the way they
Must remain. CHO. (I say)

BROADSIDE #67

RECORD REVIEW

JUDY COLLINS' FIFTH ALBUM (Elektra EKL-300 EKS-7300).
This is a transitional album for Judy Collins, the best female singer in the business today. The change in her repertoire from the Anglo-American ballads to the contemporary folk writers is becoming more evident here. Dylan, Ochs, Richard Farina, Gil Turner, Eric Andersen, Gordon Lightfoot and Malvina Reynolds are represented here along with the curiously neglected Bill Edd Wheeler and every song is given a masterful treatment. The standout performance goes, though, to a traditional ballad, "Lord Gregory", performed in lean, stark lines with the accompaniment of a cello. The cello is completely unemotional, but it enhances the ballad without Judy's having to resort to a Joan Baez-like thrumming, throbbing climax. The ballad remains as it was intended, a narrative simply told and enriched by the incidental accompaniment of the cello. Second honors go to the sensitive Bill Edd Wheeler ballad "The Coming of the Roads". The only real failure is "Mr. Tambourine Man", possibly because all the other performances on the disc make it sound pale. One thing that annoys me is that Judy changes words, and sometimes whole verses for seemingly no reason at all. But Richard Farina, who accompanies her on two cuts, wrote exquisite liner notes which accurately describe the album as

Sounds not terribly unlike
the melodies you'd hear
if jewels like amethysts
could bloom.

By EDMUND O. WARD

"FOLK MUSIC" ON THE RIGHT

Riding through the Reich in
a Mercedes-Benz,
Shooting all the kikes, mak-
ing lots of friends.
Rat tat-tat-tat, mow the
bastards down,
Oh what fun it is to have
the Nazis back in town.

The above lyrics of a "folk song" (to the tune of Jingle Bells) were printed in the New York Times of Jan. 27, 1966, in a story telling how they had been sung at the national convention of the Young Republicans in Miami last June. This song was one of a group of Anti-Semitic and Anti-Negro songs published in a seven-page mimeographed songsheet which, according to the Times, has had wide circulation among the "Rat Finks", a rightwing faction within the Young Republicans. These vicious racist songs apparently were composed by extreme rightwing bigots in New Jersey in collaboration with Young Republicans in Arizona, Barry Goldwater's home state. According to the Times, there have been repeated charges that the "Rat Finks" have been infiltrated by the John Birch Society. The existence of these songs and the fact that they were being widely sung was brought to light when protests were launched by the Antidefamation League of B'nai B'rith. Higher ups in the Young Republican organization reportedly have deplored the songs and have promised an investigation.

Actually, the productions of the "Rat Finks" are only a small part of the picture of widespread composition and circulation of hate songs of this type in the United States today. Two main — and inter-related — developments have spurred the creation of such songs: one, resistance to the Negro freedom movement; and second, support of the U.S. war

(continued →)

"FOLK SONGS" ON THE RIGHT -- 2

in Vietnam. If the liberals view these as separate the rightists certainly do not. After all, the staunchest backers of the U.S. war against the Vietnamese are Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazis, who also advocate shipping Negroes to Africa and putting the Jewish people in gas extermination chambers. Joining the Nazis in urging ever-increasing escalation of the war -- in fact, in crying for the atomic bombing of China -- are such racist elements as the Ku Klux Klan, and powerful Senators and Congressmen from the Southern racist states.

The intermingling of pro-war and racist themes in current songs from the right is noted in a report to Broadside from R. Serge Denisoff. He writes: "While driving through Nevada and Wyoming one can hear radio programs sponsored by the radical right followed by song products of Nashville glorifying the war in Southeast Asia, and similarly in the Deep South local artists are used to present songs attacking the Civil Rights movement... In terms of songs of the right-wing there are numerous attempts both in Nashville and in local communities throughout the South such as the song NAACP Flight, where a white southern radio operator directs a plane of civil rights workers to crash into the sea. Similarly, in Nevada I caught part of a record which glorified the courage of the Marines in the Vietnam conflict and their role in 'blocking communism'"

"In the North the Anti-Communist Christian Crusade has produced a series of records billed as: 'The communists have been using folk-singing for years: Now the tables are turned; a clear message, a rich voice, wonderful music. Ideal for young people.' This collection includes such titles as Be Careful of Commie Lies, Termites, and an untitled song dealing with the need to stop the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam. Although these songs are quite primitive, they are played by some mid-western and western stations in the United States."

One of the rightwingers who has begun to use "folk music" is the Rev. Dr. Schwartz, the anti-communist crusader imported from Australia. Several years ago when he appeared in New York City he attracted enough customers to rent Madison Square Garden. Last summer it seemed he would have trouble filling a telephone booth. So he hired a female "folk singer" to entice the morons. She was a fairly good-looking chick but her guitar playing was ghastly and the lyrics she was provided with were even worse. They went something like this (to the tune of "Jimmy Crack Corn"):

"I hope you good folks realize
Washington is full of Commie spies."

The fixation of the rightwing that "folk songs" in general are part of a "Communist conspiracy" is, of course, as psychotic as their conviction that General Eisenhower is a "dedicated Communist agent". But it requires that they, while propogating their own Anti-Communist, Anti-Negro, Anti-Semitic and Pro-War material, act vigorously to suppress differing views. Barry McGuire's record of P.J.Sloan's anti-war, anti-discrimination song "Eve Of Destruction" was more widely banned than is generally realized. Also the rightists do not hesitate to use violence to achieve their ends. In Trenton, N.J., last month a radio moderator, Robert Goldman, reported he had been savagely beaten by two men who invaded his studio. Goldman had criticized rightwing extremists, including the John Birch Society, and had been threatened with bodily harm. But, he was quoted as saying, he believed that the actual attack was triggered when he interviewed Joe Frazier, a member of the Chad Mitchell Trio, on his program.

"Oh what fun it is to have
The Nazis back in town." G.F.

Upcoming concerts in the New York area: TOM PAXTON (just back from his British tour) at Town Hall Fri. eve Feb.18; DONOVAN (in his first American concert) at Carnegie Hall Sat. eve Feb. 19; The STANLEY BROS., COUSIN EMMY, ROSCOE HOLCOMB, CYP LANDRANEAU'S MAMOU PLAYBOYS (Cajun music) and the NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS in a program of old time country music Fri. eve Feb. 25 at the FASHION INST., 227 W. 27 St., N.Y.C.; PETER PAUL & MARY Fri. eve Feb.25 at Philharmonic Hall; BOB DYLAN, at Island Gardens, W.Hempstead, Long Island, Sat. eve Feb. 26....and Fri. eve March 4 PATRICK SKY at Town Hall ... NEWPORT 1966: Producer GEORGE WEIN has announced that the 1966 Newport Folk Festival will be held on the grassy slope that served for last year's festival. The dates will be JULY 28 through 31 ... LITERARY SECTION: A paperback, FOLK-ROCK: THE BOB DYLAN STORY, has just been published by Dell (price: 50¢). A "quickie" by authors SY and BARBARA RIBAKOVE, the book uses mainly existant newspaper and magazine source material in tracing BOB'S career from a runaway Minnesota boy to the stunning confrontation with the 1965 Newport audience... MACMILLAN will publish next Oct. a book for young readers about folk singing in America. Titled BALLADS, BLUES AND THE BIG BEAT, it will deal with modern topical song developments... TOPIC: We welcome the first issue of a new topical song magazine named TOPIC. The #1 has songs by PAT SKY, GIL TURNER, BIFF ROSE, and an article, "An Open Letter to Irwin Silber", by Pat Sky. TOPIC'S editor is MARK AMERLING; Asst.Ed is STEVE HOLLANDER. It's price is .40¢ per copy, and its address is 50 West 96 St., New York City, N.Y. 10025... GOING TO BRITAIN: JUDY COLLINS in March. Also to tour there: THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS, HEDY WEST, BUFFY ST.MARIE, BOB DYLAN, JACKIE WASHINGTON, THE GREENBRIAR BOYS, MISSISSIPPI JOHN HURT, and GUY CARAWAN... NEW SEEGER ALBUM: Justice William O.Douglas has written the liner notes for PETE SEEGER'S new Columbia album, "God Bless The Grass" (title from Malvina Reynolds' song -- see Broadside # 64). DOUGLAS' text deals with preserving our wilderness, the theme of the L-P... THE SAN FRANCISCO STATE FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL is set for April 15,16,17. They will have concerts of traditional music, contemporary songwriters, folk rock, and a jubilee concert with all artists participating. Also workshops. Artists who will appear: DOC WATSON, CLINT HOWARD, FRED PRICE, GUY CARAWAN & THE MOVING STAR HALL SINGERS, MARK SPOELSTRA, DICK & MIMI FARINA, MALVINA REYNOLDS and the BLUES PROJECT. For further information write the Folk Music Festival, San Francisco State College, 1600 Holloway Ave., San Francisco, Cal., 94132...

COMING IN BROADSIDE: A long "letter" by ERIC ANDERSEN; new songs by PETE SEEGER, RICHARD KAMPF, and TONY TOWNSEND, the new fine West Coast writer whose first L-P, "Time Of Reckoning" can be got from ADVENT RECORDS, 301 So. Kingsley Dr., Los Angeles, Calif. Critics have ranked his title song with the best of BOB DYLAN.

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