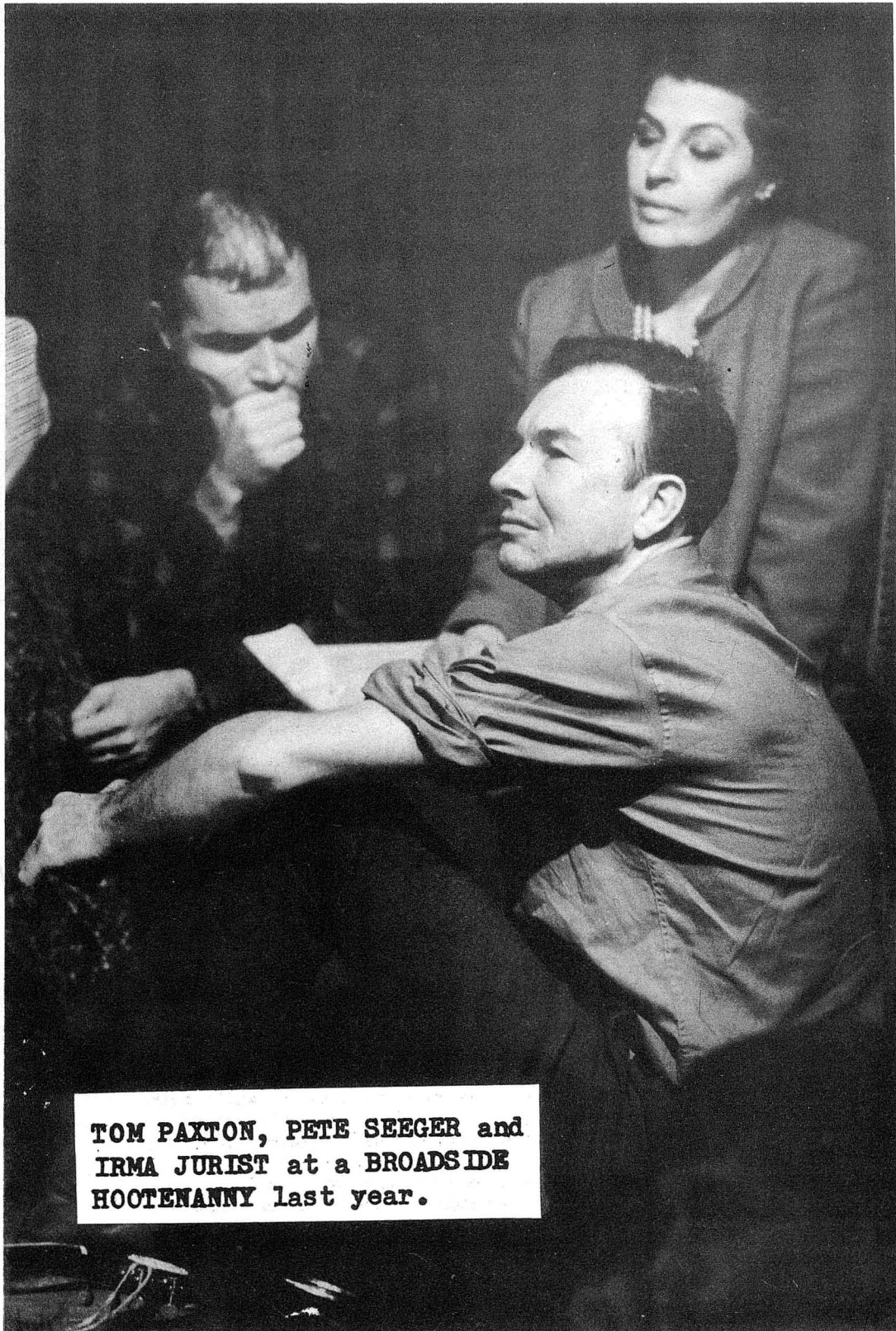


# Broadside #69

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

APRIL 1966

PRICE -- 50¢



TOM PAXTON, PETE SEEGER and IRMA JURIST at a BROADSIDE HOOTENANNY last year.

Photograph by Erik Falkenstein

## IN THIS ISSUE

Buffy  
Sainte-Marie

Tom Paxton  
Len Chandler

Phil Ochs

OTHERS

\*\*\*\*\*  
NEW SONGWRITERS  
JIMMY COLLIER  
JUDY REISMAN  
JERRY MOORE  
TONY TOWNSEND

Steve Mayer

Reviews the new

Eric  
Andersen

Record "'BOUT  
CHANGES & THINGS"

Other record re-  
views by STU COHEN.  
...Parodies by LEDA  
RANDOLPH, ANDY BER-  
MAN, JERRY FARBER,  
PAUL WOLFE... Art-  
icle:Country-West-  
ern Pro-War Songs,  
by GORDON FRIESEN.

NEW YORK POST, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1966

The emptiness of American policy in Southeast Asia was never more manifest than in President Johnson's invitation to the self-confessed admirer of Adolf Hitler, Premier Ky, to visit on American territory. The general has not only expressed admiration for the arch brute of history but he has also publicly and consistently repudiated American efforts to seek an honorable peace.

The premier should be made to understand that our people do not share his regard for

Hitler but that they do seek an end to the bloodshed in Viet Nam and the beginning of a new era of social, economic and political justice for all its people. The President's powers of persuasion could have been employed to good use in convincing Ky that what his unhappy country needs is not a Hitler but a Lincoln, not war but peace.

SAMUEL H. HOFSTADTER,  
Justice, Supreme Court of the  
State of New York.

\* \* \*

## M E N W H O D I E

Words ©1966 by Leda Randolph

Tune: "Green Berets".

"Feeling that someone just had to come up with another set of words to that song I gave it a try and wound up with the following." L.R.

Sing if you will -- to America's best  
With silver wings -- upon their chest  
Then of pris'ners -- in a torture cell  
Sing of the land -- we've made a hell.

Chorus:

On our way -- we bravely go  
Toward what end -- we little know  
War drums roll -- neath a dark'ning sky  
"Come, young men -- your turn to die."

Trained to play the super race  
Trained to scorn a darker face  
Trained in all the ways to kill  
That small nations may know our will. (Cho.)

In a hut a young wife waits  
Not knowing what has been his fate  
Not knowing if she too will live  
Where bombs are what we have to give. (Cho.)

Sing if you will in this bitter hour  
Sing of the men gone mad with power  
Then of the child, the sun, the grass  
Of better days that could come to pass.

But on our way we bravely go  
Toward what end we little know,  
And war drums roll neath dark'ning sky  
"Come, young men, your turn to die."

*"You Americans don't understand. You are making beggars of our children, prostitutes of our women, and Communists of our men."*

An American soldier was handing out candy to a bunch of kids. The man who unexpectedly spat these words out at him was not a North Vietnamese or a member of the Vietcong. He was a *South Vietnamese* schoolteacher--

## "AND MERCY WAS THE LAST THING ON MY MIND"

Words copyright 1966 by Paul Wolfe

"I've written this song-poem-whatever based on Bill Frederick's song in Broadside #55. I don't know if his tune fits, but maybe another can be found." P.W.

Through steaming jungle wastelands,  
beneath the virgin sky,  
I slashed the vines around me,  
and raised my rifle high,  
Beyond the sea-green forest, the  
golden money shined,  
And mercy was the last thing on my mind.

They shook the foreign shackles,  
they fought the tyrant's hold,  
They broke the hand that nailed them  
to a cross of blazing gold,  
But the battle that I waged was of a far,  
far different kind,  
And mercy was the last thing on my mind.  
Rifles rang and bullets sang,  
and the jungle sky grew red,  
And dusty rains fell hard upon the dark,  
the bowed, the dead,  
My bootheels thrashed the muddy path,  
I never looked behind,  
And mercy was the last thing on my mind.  
The flowers fall on muddy graves,  
the moon has turned to sand,  
But soon enough, the greenback stuff  
will lie right in my hand,  
War is war, death is death, and many  
are the chains that bind,  
And mercy was the last thing on my mind.

## "THE LIBERAL SONG"

Words ©1966 by Jerry Farber

Tune: Calypso, "Marianne"

"The Liberal Song has spread around considerably since I first wrote it several months ago. Friends of mine have heard it in San Francisco, in Selma, Alabama, and in Monroe and New Orleans, Louisiana." J.F.

Walking on the picket line,  
Carrying my freedom sign,  
When up came a liberal anxiously.  
These are the words he said to me:

(Cho) You're only hurting your cause this way.  
That's what all of us liberals say.  
Nobody likes things the way they are  
But you go too fast and you go too far.

Hebrew children by the Red Sea shore  
Walked through the water four by four  
Moses let old Pharaoh swim  
Here's what the Pharaoh said to him: (Cho)

Three wise men on camelback  
Two were white and one was black  
Freedom-riding to Bethlehem  
When somebody gave this advice to them: (Cho)

All night long they were making tea  
At the Boston Harbor jamboree  
A liberal ran to the water's side  
And he called to them across the tide: (Cho)

Frederick Douglass broke the color bar  
When he rode on a train in the white folks' car  
They said "Get up" but he would not go  
What they told him we all know: (Cho)

God gave Noah the rainbow sign  
Won't be water but the fire next time  
And when the fires are blazing away  
The liberals will look up to God and say: (Cho)

*BROADSIDE #69*

Words by DUDLEY RANDALL  
Music by JERRY MOORE

# BALLAD OF BIRMINGHAM

Copyright 1965 by  
Melody Trails, Inc.

1. (Freely) Moth-er dear may I go down-town in- stead of out to play, And  
2. (In tempo) No ba-by, no you may not go for the dogs are fierce & wild, And  
march the streets of Bir- ming- ham in a free- dom march to- day. — child. — 3. But  
moth-er I won't be a - lone, Other children will go with me And march the streets of  
4. No ba-by, no, you may not go, I fear the — guns will fire, But you may go to  
Bir- ming- ham to make our peo- ple free. — choir. — 5. (Freely) She's

(Note: Next 3 verses same tune as 1 & 2)

5. She's combed and brushed her night-dark hair, and bathed rose-petal sweet  
And drawn white gloves on small brown hands, white shoes on her feet.
6. (In Tempo) Her mother smiled to know the child was in that sacred place  
But that smile was the last smile to come to her face.
7. For when she heard the explosion her eyes grew wet and wild  
She raced through the streets of Birmingham yelling for her child.

(In tempo) 8. She dug in bits of glass and brick, then pulled out a shoe. Oh, here's the shoe my  
ba-by wore, But oh ba-by, where are you. 9. Moth-er dear, may I go down-town in- stead of out to  
play, And I'll march the streets of Bir- ming- ham in a free- dom march to- day.

One of the events of the tragic sixties in the U.S.A. that shocked humans around the world was the bombing of the 16th St. Baptist Church in Birmingham, Alabama, on Sunday morning, Sept. 15, 1963. Four young girls — Cynthia Wesley, Carol McNair, Carol Robertson, and Addie Mae Collins — were killed in the dynamite blast. It was one of more than 60 bombings in Alabama directed against the Negro people that remain "unsolved" to this day.

Reaction to the shocking murder of the four girls in Sunday school was worldwide. On the day after the bombing the people of Wales began raising money for a stained glass window for the church they knew must be rebuilt. (The window shows an agonized Negro Jesus being pounded by torrents of water from firehoses).

The first song about the bombing received by Broadside came from faraway Australia (it is in # 34). There have been many since. Richard Farina's "Birmingham Sunday" was in # 48 and has been recorded by Joan Baez.

"The Ballad Of Birmingham" on this page began as a poem by Dudley Randall. It was set to music by Jerry Moore, and is being recorded by Jerry on an L-P album he is doing for Columbia Records. We consider it a truly great song, both in words and music.

Jerry Moore is a young guitar player and singer-songwriter originally from New York. He went to Morris College in South Carolina where he sang in the choir, became active in Civil Rights, and took part in the Freedom Rides. After college he returned to New York and began singing in the Greenwich Village coffee places called "basket houses" (the performers aren't paid and must try to stay alive by passing a basket among the customers). It was there he came to the attention of Columbia, which put him under contract. Like Len Chandler, Julius Lester and other of today's song-writer-performers, Jerry is quite versatile, his songs ranging from folk to protest to blues.

BROADSIDE #69

Words & Music:  
JUDY REISMAN

# BALLAD of ANNIE HAYES

Copyright 1965  
By Judy Reisman

(For Unaccompanied Singing)

An-nie B. Hayes, Annie, Annie Hayes, How did you end your maid-en days? (Cho.)

Torn a- sunder by the great white fa-thers — One two three four. Mint ju- (FINE) (Verse)

leps, Stately plan- tation and southern tra- dition. Walk a- long, An-nie Smell that

air, Annie clap your hand and turn a- round; Such a soft yellow dress to whirl in, to

whirl and twirl and whirl in. A car's near- by An-nie — don't start to cry Annie, It's going

slow, voices you know, be po- lite, pray God that they'll go. close around now Annie, Your is

gone, Run far a- way, far a- way. Their eyes are bright, full of braver-y and might, faces red in- (Verse)

stead of white. ( to Chorus ) And off you go now, Annie, speeding a-way, breaking inside,

laughing all a-bout you, ....

Notes: 1) Continue verse lyrics below in a free style using above notation as a guide, not as a note-for-word tune as in most of our songs.  
2) The writer suggests singing the song an octave lower than written — or as if in "alto-tenor" register.

Poking good fun and teasing - nothing too bad yet  
Perhaps you'll get away lucky  
Like some of the others.  
The car has stopped and now the fun begins  
Try and pass us by, little black girl  
Don't be afraid - have a slug of gin, we're only your friends  
Knew you since you were small, good family men one and all  
(spoken) CATCH HER  
Now down you go my little girl - (yelled) YAH-HOO  
The ripping and the tearing, the crying and the pain  
The laughing and the cutting, and again - again - again. (cho.)

You're lying on the ground, Annie  
That's your own blood all around, Annie  
Your mother she is crying  
Your father carried you inside  
The clinic wouldn't help you  
The sheriff said "Get out!"  
So you died. (cho.)  
(DC al FINE)

NEW YORK TIMES,  
MARCH 29, 1966.

## Doomed Negro Loses Plea In a Florida Rape Case

WASHINGTON, March 28 (AP)—The Supreme Court denied today a hearing to a Florida Negro who said the death penalty had been used as an instrument of discrimination against members of his race convicted of raping white women.

A hearing was asked by William Benjamin Craig, convicted in the Circuit Court in Leon County, Fla., on June 27, 1963. He was sentenced to die for the rape of a white woman.

To hear just how Judy Reisman sings this song one needs her L-P record "New Sounds By Judy Reisman" (for information as to where to get it write her at 25211 Yacht Drive, Dana Point, California). The album has eleven other songs of her own composition, including "Where Freedom Ends", about the church bombing in Alabama. She has been singing them with fine response on the West Coast, at colleges, high schools, political functions, and the Ash Grove in Hollywood.

(continued →)

Judy Reisman — 2

Judy wrote "The Ballad Of Annie Hayes" one evening after reading a report of her death in the ACLU Annual Bulletin. She writes: "Frankly, after I read the account I was completely distraught and worked until 2:00 in the morning — writing and singing what I had written... The material in the song is a musical kind of reporting of the facts."

Briefly, the story of Annie B. Hayes, 16, is this: She was walking to work in Sumter County, Georgia, one summer day in July, 1963, accompanied by her 12-year-old brother. Four white men in a car pulled alongside. They dragged Annie into the car and drove away. That evening they dumped her raped, broken body out in front of her home. Refused treatment at a nearby clinic, she died two days later. Knowing the brother had recognized them, one of the men came to the Hayes home and threatened the entire family — father, mother, and seven surviving children — with death if their identity was ever revealed. But the boy did go to the county seat of Americus and tell the law the names of the four men. The law responded by making the boy get down on his knees and swear what he had said was a lie. So strong was the death threat that the family could not bring itself to co-operate with SNCC workers who tried to get action on the case. The murder of Annie Hayes remains "unsolved" to this day, along with thousands of other crimes against the Negro citizens of the American South. For contrast of how a Negro is still being treated in 1966 where he is accused of "rape" of a white woman see clipping on preceding page.

G.F.

By BEN A. FRANKLIN  
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, April 3—  
About 30 weary Mississippi  
plantation workers, forced to  
live in tents because they have  
lost their homes and jobs in  
the Delta cotton fields, pitched  
"symbolic" tents in Lafayette  
Square this afternoon and  
camped out for the night di-  
rectly across Pennsylvania  
Avenue from the White House.

MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1966.

Over a portable public ad-  
dress amplifier, Bishop Wil-  
liams repeatedly hailed Mr.  
Johnson by shouting 'Mr. Presi-  
dent, Mr. President, Mr. Presi-  
dent' across the 100-yard dis-  
tance to the White House.

"We are not asking to come  
sit at your table," he said. "We  
are just asking for the crumbs  
that fall from Mr. Sargent  
Shriver's table." Mr. Shriver is  
head of the antipoverty agency.

## Stranger To This Country

Words & Music by ERIC ANDERSEN

Copyright 1965 by Deep Fork Music, Inc.

Oh I am a stranger to this coun-try, I am a stranger to this land, —  
— And I'll go my way til my dy - in' day Al-ways lookin' for a wel-come hand, —  
— Al - ways look-in' for a wel - come land. —

2. Alone I will follow my freedom star  
Or until I hear the trumpet sound  
And I'll fight the cold  
til they lower my body  
Til my blood spills on my buryin'  
ground.
3. Here is the question we must all ask  
In this land of liberty  
How can brave men  
with cherished hope  
Ever find a way to be free?

4. So boys you soon will be men now  
And on your backs the world will fall;  
So keep clear hearts  
and your bodies strong  
For yours is the greatest call of all.

5. Someday all nations will rise to this call  
And men will join their hearts and hands;  
And we'll stop all the wars  
and the blood and the tears  
And the hungry children cryin'

BROADSIDE #69 in these lands. (Repeat first verse).



# BURN, BABY, BURN

Middle of the — sum- mer — bit-ten by flies and fleas, Sittin' in a crowd a-part-  
 — ment, A- bout a hundred and ten de- grees. I went out-side,  
 The middle of the night — All I had- a was a match in my hand, — but I  
 I wanted to fight. So I said-a burn, ba-by, burn, — Burn, baby, burn, —  
 No-where to be, — No one to see- I said-a No-where to turn, — Burn, baby, burn. —

Words and Music by

JIMMY COLLIER

© 1966 by Jimmy Collier

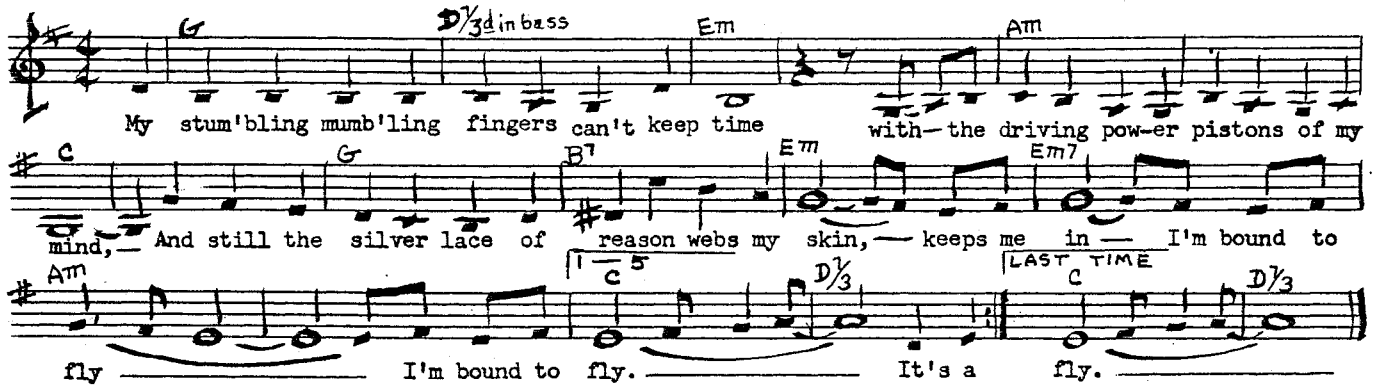
I called President Johnson on the phone,  
 The Secretary said he wasn't there.  
 I tried to get in touch with Mr. Humphrey,  
 They couldn't find him anywhere.  
 I went into the courtroom, with my poor sad face,  
 Didn't have no money, didn't have no lawyer,  
 They wouldn't plead my case, so I said - (Cho.)  
 I heard people talking about a dream, now, a dream  
 I couldn't catch,  
 I really wanted to be somebody and all I had was  
 a match.  
 Couldn't get oil from Rockefellers' wells  
 Couldn't get diamonds from the mine  
 If I can't enjoy the American Dream, won't be water  
 but fire next time,  
 So I said - (Cho.)  
 Walkin' around the west side now, lookin' mean and  
 mad  
 Deep down inside my heart, I'm feeling sorry and sad  
 Got a knife and a razor blade, everybody that I  
 know is tough,  
 But when I burned my way out of the ghetto,  
 I burned my own self up, when I said - (Cho.)  
 Learn baby, learn  
 Learn baby, learn  
 You need a concern  
 You've got money to earn  
 You've got midnight oil to burn, baby burn  
 I really want a decent education, I really want a  
 decent place to stay  
 I really want some decent clothes, now,  
 I really want a decent family  
 I really want a decent life like everybody else...



BROAD-  
SIDE  
# 69

# i'm bound to fly

Words & Music  
By  
LEN H. CHANDLER, JR.



It's a base ignoble mind and nothing more  
That can fly no higher than a bird can soar  
And when my body learns to keep up with my mind  
Then I'll be fine, then I will fly, I'm bound to fly.

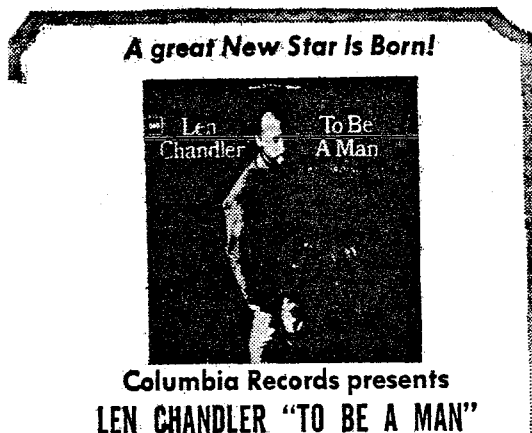
Cold uninspired equations keep me down  
It's by a graver law than gravity I'm bound  
And by escaping laws of logic I am free  
Or soon shall be....I'm bound to fly, I'm bound to fly.

It's an ostrich tutored posture you maintain  
because you have a heart of lead and a feathered brain  
And if you must keep your head down in the sand  
Let go my hand....I'm bound to fly, I'm bound to fly

Tell your jet propulsion warhawks at their play  
That they've never left the ground in any way  
And with their space dreams of a universal slave  
They're in the cave....I'm bound to fly, I'm bound  
to fly.

And it seems that I've been living out my days  
Beneath a dark and a densely evil haze  
And now I know that I've never seen the sky  
And that is why....I'm bound to fly, I'm bound to fly.

© copyright 1966 by E. B. Marks Music Corp. B.M.I.



BROADSIDE #69



**A brighter  
future?**

A young lad plays with the wind on the beach at Accra. His countrymen, apparently jubilant over the ouster of their former President, look to the new military regime for economic reforms.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR Wednesday, March 16, 1966

(Ed. Note: See 5th verse of Len's song for his assessment of what "economic reforms" or anything else of human value can be expected from "military regimes".)

# Move On Over

Tune Traditional  
John Brown's Body  
Words - Len Chandler, Jr.  
©1965 Fall River Music, Inc.

(The chorus is sung between each verse.)

Mine eyes have seen injustice in each  
city, town and state  
Your jails are filled with black men and  
your courts are white with hate  
And with every bid for freedom some-  
one whispers to us wait  
That's why we keep marching on

## Chorus

Move on over or we'll move on over you  
Move on over or we'll move on over you  
Move on over or we'll move on over you  
And the movement's moving on.

You conspire to keep us silent in the  
field and in the slum  
You promise us the vote then sing  
us We Shall Overcome  
But John Brown knew what freedom  
was and died to win us some  
That's why we keep marching on.

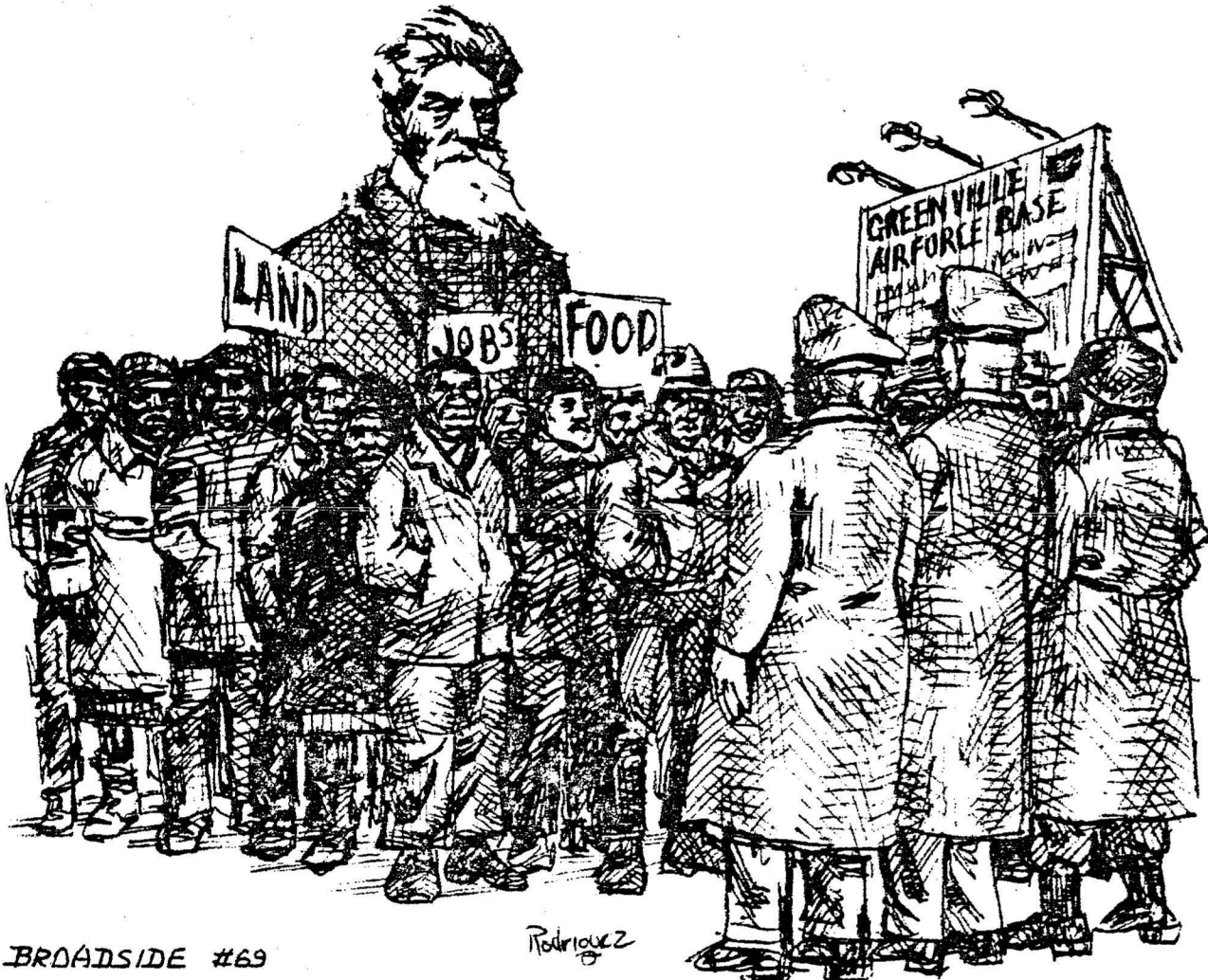
Your dove of peace with bloody beak  
sinks talons in a child  
You bend the olive branch to make a  
bow, then with a smile  
You string it with the lynch rope you've  
been hiding all the while  
That's why we keep marching on.

It is you who are subversive, you're  
the killers of the dream  
In a savage world of bandits it is you  
who are extreme  
You never take your earmuffs off nor  
listen when we scream  
That's why we keep marching on.

I declare my independence from the  
fool and from the knave  
I declare my independence from the  
coward and the slave  
I declare that I will fight for right and  
fear no jail nor grave  
That's why we keep marching on.

Many noble dreams are dreamed by  
small and voiceless men  
Many noble deeds are done the righteous  
to defend  
We're here today, John Brown, to say  
we'll triumph in the end  
That's why we keep marching on

(Reprinted from SING OUT! Magazine, April-May 1966)





By LAWRENCE E. DAVIES  
Special to The New York Times

PARLIER, Calif., March 24  
—A colorful column, banners flying, moved along back highways in the San Joaquin Valley today, past pruned vineyards, tomato and cotton fields and rich plowed land.

In the vanguard trudged the proud bearer of a silk and velvet tapestry depicting Our Lady of Guadalupe, a national and religious symbol of Mexico. On either side fellow marchers carried United States and Mexican flags.

Behind them a dozen big red banners, each decorated with a black thunderbird in a white circle, were thrust high above the shoulders of a band of pilgrims on an unusual mission.

The thunderbird is the official symbol of the National Farm Workers Union, an unaffiliated family association. The paraders were 70 or so members of the union—men and women, fat and thin, mostly Mexican-Americans, but with a sprinkling of Negroes and whites.

Some wore red ponchos, with the thunderbird and the Spanish word "Huelga," meaning "strike," inscribed across the back. All, despite blistered and aching feet, were bent on reaching the state Capitol in Sacramento on Easter Sunday, April 10, for a rally after a 300-mile trek from Delano, center of a grape pickers' strike that began on Sept. 8.

#### Party is Relaxed

This was not a taut, emotional group of singers. It was a relaxed party, reflecting patience and determination, well-ordered, quiet for the most part but occasionally chanting "Viva la huelga" [long live the strike] to the time of a guitar or accordion. Accompanying state highway patrolmen and sheriff's deputies have had nothing to do except keep the sightseers moving on Sunday.



## Huelga Huelga

(DO NOT CROSS THE LINE)

Words & Music by  
MALVINA REYNOLDS  
© 1966 Schroder  
Music Co.—ASCAP

Am 1 G

1. Huel - ga Huel - ga Leave the grapes a - lone.  
2. When we try to or-gan-ize They throw us in the pen,

Growers and dis-till-ers, They have hearts of stone. They  
If we have a un-ion We can live like men, They'd

Am B7

pay star-va-tion wa- ges, Their lives are rich and fine,  
ra-ther see us hungry While they get rich on wine,

Am B7 Emaj

Huel - ga, Huel - ga, Do not cross the line.  
Huel - ga, Huel - ga, Do not cross the line.

Don't drink Schenley's whisky or any Schenley brand,

I. W. Harper, Seager's, Ron Cruzan  
Ancient Age or Cutty Sark or Cresta Blanca Wine,  
Huelga, huelga,—Do not cross the line.

Support of our unions is everybody's task  
One forty an hour isn't much to ask;  
Make the growers understand we're going to win  
this time,  
Huelga, huelga,—Do not cross the line.

Keep away from Roma, don't drink Cook's Champagne,  
Do not buy the scabby grapes, conditions are a  
shame;  
Support Delano strikers, their cause is yours and  
mine,  
Huelga, huelga,—Do not cross the line.



As nearly 1,000 members of striking farm worker unions marched in Delano on Sunday, desperate grape growers were employing six year old strikebreakers in an attempt to stop the workers' drive for better wages and a union contract.

# Time Of Reckoning

Words & Music by TONY TOWNSEND  
© 1966 Whitfeld Music, Inc.

On the winds of change are blowing 'cross the land, Rippling the earth and the seas, And the  
foam and sand all heed the wind's command, And its mighty breath topples the trees. When the  
gi- ants speak but the trembling and the weak Don't heed their warnings with fear, Then the  
wild wind's tome as it whips through ever-y home Is "The Time Of Reckon-ing is Here."

Chorus: D<sup>no3d</sup>

From the gathering dust comes  
the reason that we must  
Now start changing our ways  
For the time is short and  
the wild wind's report  
Says fertile years, or  
deserts of days. (Cho.)

There's a cry gone out and  
it's rolling 'cross the land  
It's calling them, you and me  
To loose the reins and  
break the chains  
To rise and stretch and be  
free. (Cho)

In the years ahead let us  
not forget the dead  
Nor let the living lie  
And for those unborn who will  
come to us shorn  
Promise the best 'neath the  
sky. (Cho.)

## FREEDOM IN THEIR MINDS

Words & Music: JONATHAN KWITNY

© 1964 Jonathan Kwitny

I've seen the people sprawling be-tween our countries shores,  
I've seen them as they struggled a- gainst pri-va- tion's sores,  
They're searching for a freedom so man- y fail to find,  
When the one great freedom all men need is free- dom in their  
minds.

2. I've seen the people sprawling between our  
country's shores  
I've seen them as they struggled against  
privation's sores  
They're searching for a freedom so many fail to find  
When the one great freedom all men need is freedom in  
their minds.

3. I've seen the ugly censors blockade the thoughtful sea  
And set its waters boiling by burning books for heat  
They dream about a world where new ideas no voice can  
find  
Our great country cannot be free with chains upon its  
mind.

4.  
I've seen the mighty churches,  
their spires against the sky  
I've heard them talk of heaven  
while here the millions cry  
They keep their awesome power  
with faith, to make men blind  
I'd rather dwell in fiery hell  
than lose my own free mind.

5.  
I've seen the young girl marching  
down the southern street  
With hoses turned upon her,  
dogs snapping at her feet  
I've heard the North a-begging  
the South to her unbind  
But the South is free much less  
than she-- there's freedom  
in her mind.

6.  
So long as men are willing  
to march against the foe  
So long as men can question  
so long as men can know  
So long as tyrants cannot pierce  
the mind's own sanctity  
So long as each his thought's  
can preach, so long will men  
be free.

BROADSIDE #69

# Take It Out Of My Youth

- 11 -

Words & Music: PHIL OCHS  
© 1965 BARRICADE Music, Inc.

The young night was thirsty as I entered the back of the bar, The  
smoke held the air, as the floating tables were scarred, In back of the  
counter the man asked "What can I do?" And all I could say was "One on the  
way, And take it out of my youth."



And the voice from the juke box was singing much  
more than a song  
The magic of music picked up my mind and was gone  
Caressed by a corner I sat in the shadows of blue  
My glass quickly drained, I called out the name  
Said take it out of my youth.

My eyes were drawn to the dancers forsaking  
their days  
Swaying and swirling they shook with the passions  
of play  
In total abandon the freedom of frenzy it grew  
And just as before, I'll have one more  
And take it out of my youth.

The women were wearing the paint that covered  
their frowns  
Fluid and flowing and formed in the loose fitting  
gowns  
So I said to my friend let's do it again  
And take it out of my youth.

And the sounds were obscene as the wine-drop visions  
were blurred

As the hours escaped to dungeons of wet empty words  
My mind was swimming in a sea too familiar to fool  
So I gave him the sign, just one more time  
And take it out of my youth.

Now a toast to tomorrow as we dance on the fast roll-  
ing logs  
And a toast to today as frustration is drowned in  
the fog  
Lost to the world, lost to each other, it's true  
The signal was down, just one more round  
And take it out of my youth.

And the world disappeared as though shot with a warm  
whisky gun  
As proudly we played and frolicked in desperate fun  
The cold night was laughing and waiting outside of  
the room  
So here's where I'll stand and drink with the damned  
And take it out of my youth.

# Little Wheel Spin And Spin

By BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

© 1966 Gypsy Boy Music, Inc.

(Title song of Buffy's newly released Vanguard LP)

*Chorus: Bm*

Lit-tle wheel, spin and spin, - Big wheel turn a- round and a- round, - Lit-tle wheel spin and spin, - Big wheel turn a- round and a- round. - 1. Mer-ry Christmas, Jin-gle Bells, - Christ is born and the devil's in hell, - Hearts they shrink and pockets swell, Ev'ry-body know and

D.C.

2. "Oh, the sins of Caesar's men!"  
Cry the pious citizens  
Who petty thief the 5-and-10  
And the big wheel turn around  
and around. (Cho.)

3. Blame the angels, blame your fate  
Blame the Jews or your sister Kate  
Teach your children who to hate  
And the big wheel turn around  
(Cho.)

4. Turn your back on weeds you've hoed  
Silly, sinful sins you've sowed  
Add your straw to the camel's load  
Pray like hell when the world explode!  
(Cho.)

5. "Swing your girl", fiddler say  
"Later on the piper pay."  
Do-si-do and swing and sway  
Dead will dance on Judgement Day  
(Cho.)

## WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT

Words & Music by TOM PAXTON

© 1966 by Deep Fork Music, Inc.

1. Where were you when the lights went out? Where were you when the lights went out? I drove my tax-i far and wide, A helping hand I did provide Getting fifteen bucks a ride, When the lights went out last night.

2. Where were you when the lights went out? (2X)  
In Central Park behind a tree, to mug someone if I could see  
When suddenly somebody clobbered me when the lights went out  
last night.

3. Where were you when the lights went out? (2X)  
Somewhere up near the 35th floor, picking the lock on the bosses door  
For we couldn't have a party without something to pour when the lights went out last night.

4. Where were you when the lights went out. (2X)  
Down at Con Edison all through the night where they kept on saying things would be all right,  
But I had to wonder when they asked me for a light when the lights went out last night.

5. Where were you when the lights went out? (2X)  
From answering I must refrain, my Con Ed job's gone down the drain  
And I made a reservation on a flight to Spain when the lights went out last night.

BROADSIDE #69

Words © 1966 by Andy Berman

"Here is a parody of Phil Ochs' 'Draft Dodger Rag' that has been circulating around the SDS chapter at Queens College." A.B.

I'm just a typical radical now,  
From a typical left-wing throng,  
I believe in SNCC  
and hate Dick Nix,  
And I love the Viet Cong.  
But when it came my time to serve  
I said "better fink than clink"  
So when SDS asked about anti-draft,  
I told them what I think:

Cho:

I'm a college red, but I'm still pre-Med,  
So don't think I'm a fool.  
I'm no sap; I love ERAP,  
but I want to go to dental school.  
Sure I'll protest the war, join the peace corps,  
And I'll vote for Eric Hass.  
Don't get me wrong, my commitment's strong,  
But I'll stick around the middle class.

Well, those poor C.O.'s, they've sure got woes,  
But from them I did learn,  
So the plastic case that my draft card's in,  
Is the kind that just won't burn.  
Sure I believe in guts,  
But I'm no puttz;  
I'll stick with my 2-S.  
And when the movement grows,  
Gosh who knows,  
Maybe I'll join the rest. (Cho.)

OW, I hate LBJ, but I hope someday,  
This one thing you will see,  
If someone's gotta refuse to go over there  
That someone isn't me.  
So I wish you the best,  
This, I'll confess,  
I'm with you in spirit too,  
And if I get a ballot in the mail  
that doesn't risk jail,  
I'll check the box marked yes. (Cho.)

# B I G W I L L I E ' S B L U E S

Words: Copyright 1966 by Matt McGinn  
Tune: "St. James' Infirmary".

I went up to the Royal Infirmary  
To see Big Willie there  
I stepped up to his bedside  
And sat down on his chair.  
He didn't look too cheerful  
His face was turning blue  
I asked him how his health was  
But all that Willie said was "ooooh".  
I talked to him about racing  
Football and politics too  
I asked his opinion of the weather  
But all that Willie said was "ooooh".  
From the table he picked up a notebook  
From my pocket he pulled out a pen  
He began to scribble something  
And he lay down peacefully then.  
The sister she came running  
She laid her hand upon his head  
Her eyes were stained with sorrow  
When she said Big Willie was dead.

I pointed to that paper  
Lying on the bed  
I said "That may be important  
"For those are the last words he said."  
When the sister read that paper  
I found I'd made a boob  
It said, "Ya stupid galloot ya,  
"You're sitting on my oxygen tube,"



## R E C O R D R E V I E W

ERIC ANDERSEN: 'BOUT CHANGES & THINGS (Vanguard VRS-9206). Eric Andersen's new L-P reflects the increasing maturity of Eric both as a songwriter and as a performer. His images are sharper and clearer, and more poetic, and he is musically much more sophisticated than he was at the time he cut his first record. His songs no longer tend to be in the same bag, and his voice has more range and more depth. He can be subtle in his projection -- a talent not often found in the topical field -- but at the same time he has at his command a new sense of power which emerges in songs like "You've Been Cheating." He is capable of creating and sustaining a mood with his poetry and his voice, his guitar and harmonica, in a manner unequalled by anyone else in folk music. Perhaps this is because Eric Andersen is deeply engaged in a personal search for his words; a search that seems -- from the outside -- to be producing a highly personal but intensely developed kind of truth. In this personal view he sees situations, whether social or otherwise, in terms of their effect on people. He writes a song like "Thirsty Boots" to show the effect of the Civil Rights struggle, and similarly "Blind Fiddler" to probe the effect of poverty and hardship. He can see and grasp the complex of motivation and aspiration, feeling and thought, of all those he writes about, from Civil Rights workers and blinded coal miners to hustlers of fame and identity-seeking girls he has encountered. He penetrates their myths and pretenses in a search for the real essence. The unique thing about Eric Andersen is that he does not spare himself; one can sense all the while that his explorations of other people are at the same time explorations of his own innermost self.

Eric's poetic instincts are so basically sound that when he follows them freely the result is almost always success. It is only when he self-consciously tries to create a mood, as in the singing of "Thirsty Boots" on this album, that he fails. (He has expressed dissatisfaction with this particular cut. "I sound like I swallowed a tankful of helium," he said. But another take would have meant delaying the release of the record -- long-awaited in any event -- for some months more). It is regrettable that the only faults on this record are in two of his best songs, the overbreathy delivery of "Thirsty Boots" and the poor harmonica in "I Shall Go Unbounded" (Vanguard is the company with the overloud harmonica).

(cont.→)



Eric Andersen -- 2

But Eric is aware of the sounds and the power of words themselves, and his true artistry lies also in his writing, in the dancing metaphors of songs like "Violets Of Dawn" and the structure of simple words which creates the profound pathos of "Blind Fiddler". All of his songs have an affirmation in them, not at all a Pollyana version of the world but a deep sense of the value and joy in life existing even in adversity, be it that of an individual or a whole strata of people. In fact, he can reconcile the human desire for a universal freedom in "Thirsty Boots" with the individualistic statement of pure personal freedom expressed in "I Shall Go Unbounded". There is in his songs a sense that a love which brings on "You've Been Cheating" or "Cross Your Mind" can logically progress to "Violets Of Dawn" and "The Girl I Love." Without being maudlin or sentimental he can end his record with a song like "My Land Is A Good Land."

It is safe to say that Eric Andersen is still searching, still developing, still changing, for it is in the nature of an artist with his temperament to resist all tendencies to become static.

STEVE MAYER

#### L E T T E R S

Dear Broadside:-- The writer-critics who reject "Universal Soldier", "Eve Of Destruction", and such as worthless, must have some scale or measuring stick to evaluate protest that I don't know anything about.

The militancy of these young fellows is suspect, like that of the young people out here who call themselves I.W.W. and know a few of the old slogans but none of the actual experience of work, battle and organization that made the Wobblies a historical force in their time.

I see these songs, and a hundred more, by Ochs, Paxton, Seeger, Len Chandler, Buffy -- to mention a few -- as contributing each some thrust to the movement for peace, integration, conservation -- the pro-life movement.

None of these songs is decisive; some are more effective, some less, but we can spare few of them. We need them all, and more. Each has its own way of saying something enlightening, solid -- each plucks some special string in the mind and experience of a listener.

And don't sneer at the dancers. Dancing is pro-life; so is love. And a true word that falls into a dance beat is a true word all the same.

If you doubt the value of these songs, the pro-death people do not. They hound Pete, they hound me (it results always in a bigger concert attendance); they are terrified at the expression "folk song" even though they don't know what it means -- witness their own attempts at "writing" folk songs.

The young people of our time who buy the pop records, who scream after the Beatles and the Rolling Stones -- scorn them not. In the midst of their loving and dancing, they carry an uneasy memory of bomb drill under school desks, an uneasy consciousness of imminent draft call, a

sickness with the hypocrisy of the country's leadership which screams "aggression!" out of one side of its head and rejoices over the rise in war-based stocks out of the other; which spouts morality on the editorial page while the front page reports corruption in the centers of government as a matter of course.

Stop a second before you pass judgement on these young millions. There are thousands among them as wise, as courageous, as alert to the sounds of the times, as any of us.

Let's stop slugging each other and save our blows for the enemies of man.

MALVINA REYNOLDS

Dear Broadside:-- The caliber of one of the songs in your issue #67 was so low in comparison to the usual songs you print that I was quite surprised -- and disappointed. The song is, "Baby, I've Been Thinking" by Janis Fink.

The author couldn't have been really thinking, or if she had, she certainly arrived at incorrect conclusions. I disagree with the attitude of the entire song, but the "solutions" in the third verse outdid all other errors. The feeling of passivity expressed here is precisely one of the many that are slowing down the civil rights movement. "One of these days..." Why not now? There is no reason why people should wait for some vague future date to "stop their listening (and) raise their heads up high," to paraphrase the author's words. "Baby, I'm only society's child" is only another way of saying, in the context of this song: "Don't pick on me. It's not my fault that I act the way I do. I know it's wrong, but they made me this way..." That is just excusing oneself for the manner in which one behaves; shirking responsibility for one's own actions.

"When we're older things may change

"But for now this is the way they

"Must remain."

This is the same passive ideology, for example, that was expressed by people who were opposed to the Fair Housing Act in California. They felt the act was "moving too fast", and "civil rights can't be brought about over-night." Things will not change just because we get older. We must do something -- now -- to cause a change in the pattern of prejudice.

PINNY JACOBS

California

(Janis Fink replies: --I agree with you wholeheartedly, Pinny Jacobs. This passive ideology is holding up everything. And of course the student or adult can easily hide behind a wall of Freudian excuses for his or her actions. Along with the first copy of "Baby, I've Been Thinking" I sent a note to Broadside saying: "The point I'm trying to make is this: All through the song the girl is blaming first her parents, the school, society in general. When you reach the last verse you think: Ah-ha, she's going to see him anyway, do what she thinks is right. But in the end she retreats behind the wall of excuses she has built up, although by now she realizes that it is her fault." (cont.→)

Letters -- 2

This is why the song was written. Because of your own exact conclusions. Because too many people say "Wait a while, kid, you're going too fast." Because too many people lie around on the analyst's couch and get excused, condoned, whatnot.

You see, the song is a satire, a hurt and angry one. I took it to a music publisher and he suggested, rather timidly I must admit, that I change the idea to something like "a rich girl and a poor boy". This is the sort of thing I'm fighting against. I do not condone the actions of the girl in "Baby, I've Been Thinking". I do not condone her blaming society.

I can never condone hypocrisy, either to one's self or to another.)

Dear Broadside: -- I'd like to comment on the letter from Charles Kopp in your latest issue concerning my Huelga songs which were in Broadside # 66. Those strike songs could've been put down for many different reasons, such as poor construction, sticky lines, inferior poetry, etc.-- But to tag them HATE songs?!?

I am just too familiar with the history of the American labor movement, I guess, to spend much time writing tender little ballads in defense of strike-breakers.

Except for that big "except" the letter made sense. Sure, songs should be written evoking sympathy for the strikers in the California grapes. Huelga is not a HATE movement. It's the exact opposite.

ED CARL  
California

P.S. If Carol Racz makes a habit of writing poems like "There's A Difference" in Broadside #67 I hereby cast one vote to have more of them published in Broadside. E.C.

Dear Broadside: -- Concerning Faith Petric's comment on the drawing accompanying my "Migrant's Song" in Broadside #66: Maybe Faith works different fields than I do (Grapes are my specialty, as I come from a world famous family of wine-makers), but the mother and child in the drawing look touchingly like the many I have seen in my migrant laboring. The babe in arms looks so much like my own son Matthew that it's uncanny... Aggie's drawings are wondrous. I love them all. I want her to illustrate all of my songs you may print.

PETER KRUG  
California



Dear Broadside: -- This isn't meant to be a review, but just some thoughts on Len Chandler's album "To Be A Man". I've always liked Len as a performer because he opens up and sings. To get him down on an L-P this way is great. "To Be A Man", the title song, is one of Len's best. "Feet First Baby" could have turned out like any "rocky" song, decried by the ethnicated as crass and commercial. But it's one of the best cuts on the album. In one verse Len sings the word "piece" and draws it out until it's sending shivers up and down my spine. "Nancy Rose" is almost as nice as Nancy herself. "Bellevue" just hurts to hear; how can any society be so depraved, deprived, and just plain miserable... "Missionary Stew #2" is a gas. The verse "boys, I'm certainly glad that when you have needs you think of me" is intoned in the voice of the minister, and you crack up while listening. "Keep On Keepin' On" used to strike me as trite, but it soon catches the mind. "Shadow Dream Chaser Of Rainbows" is long and involved. I was listening to it last night while feeling blue and it seems to say just too much. "Little Hippie" is biting, but, as Len says, "lovingly so". "Roll, Turn, Spin" was put down by an acquaintance of mine because it seemingly has no ending, but then neither does life in this sense. "Time Of The Tiger" makes its point and leaves you scarey. "Takin' Me Away From You Train" is just too pretty to be an almost sad song, and "Quittin' Time" can be taken a dozen ways -- you turn a phrase and you've got a whole new song... But the main thing is Len. The accompaniments and arrangements are great. Guitars, tambourines, all add instead of detracting. There's none of a canned feeling about this record. In "Missionary Stew #2" I can just see Len laughing and in "To Be A Man" watch him twisting and turning with the sweat pouring down. Although in one or two places the sound gets decrystallized, the album is beautiful. It took Len a long time to get a recording contract, but perhaps now people will stop giving just that "half a chance" and get down to the nitty, gritty, which is simply that Len Chandler is a superb artist who may well be the best we've seen in a long time.

JANIS FINK  
New York

## RECORD REVIEWS

The Pennywhistlers Nonesuch H-2007

Every once in a long while a recording of overwhelming beauty comes along. There is some gently overpowering quality possessed by this group of seven young women. It is less a quality of the music they sing (mostly East European) than of the way they perform. When you take seven fine voices and weave them in and out of beautifully arranged harmonies the result is both exciting and musically pleasing. There is great beauty in the music too. Many languages are represented -- Nonesuch has thoughtfully included the words and the translations-- from Bulgarian to Yidd-

(cont. →)

ish to English. The most powerful song, both in style and content, is "Portland Town" (by Derroll Adams). It is as fine a plea against the insanity of war as any being written these days. Ethel Raim's solo singing is another high point of the album as is Artie Rose's beautiful, tasteful mandolin playing (not mentioned in the notes). "Ladarke", a Croatian song and the last cut on the album, is a culmination of all the musical strands in the preceding selections. Its first part is the most musically pleasing part of the entire recording. This is a record to be enjoyed over and over again.

Beech Mountain, North Carolina -2 vols.-- Folk-Legacy

Vol. I "The Older Ballads and Sacred Songs" FSA 22

Vol. II "The Later Songs and Hymns" FSA 23

If Folk-Legacy had been responsible for only these two recordings it would still be assured of a fine place in the history of recorded traditional music. This two record musical portrait of a mountain community is one of the most important and enjoyable sources of traditional music to be offered in the last several years.

The first album concentrates on the older ballads preserved on the Beech, eight of them from the Child collection, and some of the religious music. Volume two contains songs, instrumental music, and more religious music. However, there is a common thread running through both albums—"the musical culture of the community as it exists today in the homes of the people" (from Sandy Paton's notes). On the same page, Sandy makes the vital distinction between "oral transmission" and "aural transmission" which is becoming increasingly more important to modern folklorists. Both methods of transmission of folk songs are represented here because of the nature of the recordings and the common thread quoted above.

The albums are dedicated to Lee Monroe Presnell (who died in 1963), a wonderful ballad singer who is well represented on the records. His singing is, for me, the finest part of the records and I find it regrettable that more recordings of him are not available. Beyond that it is impossible to pick any highlights. Indeed, the overall high quality of the recordings is something all record producers should try to emulate. The excellent notes by Sandy Paton lack only one thing—the dates at which each piece was recorded. If you buy only two records of traditional American music this year let them be Beech Mountain, North Carolina vols. I and II! Thank you Folk-Legacy.

Death Chants, Break Downs & Military Waltzes

John Fahey Takoma C 1003

This is Fahey's second album. While it is quite good, it is not consistently good as was his third recording (reviewed here last month). He is less consistent because his experimentation was in an earlier stage. That experimentation is best illustrated by the guitar-flute piece, "The Downfall of the Adelphi Rolling Grist Mill", the most classically oriented piece Fahey has recorded. After many listenings I'm still not sure of what he is doing or how he is doing it. "America" is one of the inconsistencies. It is one of the few works by John Fahey that I reluctantly consider somewhat tasteless. There

is a difference between musical experimentation and mechanical tricks! The majority of the songs once again exhibit the many facets of Fahey's talent. My favorites are "Sunflower River Blues", "Stomping Tonight on the Pennsylvania/Alabama Border", and the beautiful "When the Springtime Comes Again". Once again the notes are a gas!

Old Time Southern Dance Music - Ballads and Songs  
Old Timey LP-102

The first reaction that this record aroused in me was, "somebody ought to put out a Grayson and Whitter album." G.B. Grayson was a fiddler and one of the earliest rural artists to record. For many years he was accompanied by Henry Whitter, a guitarist. Their recordings, some of the finest country music on records, are re-issued sporadically and this collection is notable for having three fine ones "Rose Conaley", "Little Maggie", and "Handsome Molly". These three cuts alone make the record worth owning. The overall quality of the album is good and there are many other fine cuts including "Pretty Polly" by the Coon Creek Girls and a very good "Deep Elm Blues" by the Lone Star Cowboys.

Mississippi Blues Vol. I Bukka White  
Takoma B 1001

Booker (Bukka) White is one of the great delta blues artists in the same tradition as Son House, Charlie Patton, Robert Johnson, and Skip James. Many of the songs he recorded in the thirties and forties demonstrate a poetic ability to write lyrics unmatched in the field. Listen to his "Strange Places Blues" or his "Fixin' to Die" (neither are re-recorded here). Several years ago Bukka was rediscovered by Ed Denson and John Fahey. This album was cut a while after that.

Bukka's voice has lost some of its edge over the years and his guitar playing is good but not great. However, his overall style is driving, exciting, intense, and enjoyable. Among the fine selections on this album are really solid cuts of "Aberdeen Mississippi Blues" and "Baby, Please Don't Go". Also included are two train songs (a genre for which Bukka is famous—the guitar imitates the sound of the train), several other blues and religious songs, and a spoken "Remembrance of Charlie Patton" (which may or may not be true). Bukka may have lost some of his edge but he's still up there among the great bluesmen!

The Immortal Charlie Patton No. I  
The Immortal Charlie Patton No. II Origin  
Jazz Library OJL-1, OJL-7

Trace back the history of the delta blues style and most of the trails lead to Charlie Patton. Son House, Willie Brown, Robert Johnson; they all knew him and they all learned from him. His recordings have been among the rarest treasures sought by blues collectors for many years and until recently very little was known about his life. Bernard Klatzko's notes provide a mine of biographical field work.

The two OJL reissues of Patton are among the most essential recordings for any library of blues records; they are essential to any understanding of the delta blues style. (cont.→)

Both albums are full of classic blues performances. "Moon Going Down" on Vol. I may be the greatest blues ever recorded.

It would be advisable for people whose exposure to the delta blues is limited to listen to the second album first. The recording quality is slightly better and Patton is a little easier to understand. He has a dark, heavy voice and this, combined with his thick accent and mispronunciations, makes many of his lyrics a matter of conjecture among blues fans. However, there is such intensity in his performance that emotions shine forth brilliantly from even the most incomprehensible phrases. Patton is indeed "the father of the delta blues."

By STU COHEN

\* \* \* \* \*

## NOTES

**BURN, BABY, BURN:** The author, Jimmy Collier of Chicago, writes: "I made up this song while the first riots in Watts were going on. The slogan there was 'burn, baby, burn'. I was searching for ways to try and express what I thought these fellows in Watts were trying to say by burning the town down. We are trying to work with the same type fellows here in Chicago. Most of them think the Movement is kinda square. Their attitude is 'let's tear this town up, too'. They spend part of their time beating up white people and it's bad because this violence is becoming institutionalized. It's not their fault. It's the fault of the system, because you've got Negro guys growing up now who've never had any good experience with white people, and their families have never had any good experiences with white people. But now Orange (James Orange — 6 feet, 4 inches, 280 lbs., a veteran of Alabama and other Southern movements) works out with some of them in karate and judo and he can lick them all, so they respect his ideas about non-violence. And with this song, "Burn, Baby, Burn", part way through, after they've sung it and got out some of their hate and some of their vengeance, we try to put in our own pitch about using non-violence to change things. We say you've got to learn, baby, learn, and what you really want to do is build something rather than tear down."

**ADDS GUY CARAWAN:** "Today the Civil Rights Movement in Chicago is under the banner of END THE SLUMS. A coalition of forces is quietly building a revolution in the city's West Side Negro ghetto. Rev. Martin Luther King and his staff — seasoned veterans of such Southern campaigns as Birmingham and Selma — have joined with several Chicago organizations in an effort to awaken and mobilize slum dwellers into a political force. Once again, as in the South, music and singing are giving a kind of spirit, hope and determination, to the movement. Just as the tactics used in a northern urban situation must differ from those used in the South, so the music must differ, must have a different flavor. A good number of the songs in Chicago are based on rhythm & blues and rock & roll material — especially things by Sam Cooke and The Impressions. The young people in the movement are adapting songs like "We Got The Whole World Shakin'", "Keep On Pushing", "There's A Meetin' Over Yonder", "Never Too Much Love", and "People Get Ready There's A Train A-Comin'".

(continued on Page 18)

## BOOK REVIEW (From The Catholic Worker, March, 1966)

**BORN TO WIN**, by Woody Guthrie, edited by Robert Shelton; The Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.95 paperbound, \$6.95 hardbound. Reviewed by MURPHY DOWOWIS.

Woody Guthrie has been written about, talked about, and sung about often in the past few years, all of it pale in comparison to what he wrote, said, and sang about himself. But for those who may not have been touched directly by Woody's work while he was still active, or did not get to see him and talk to him while he was rambling around the country, introductions by others who have written about him would be helpful in appreciating this book more. Pete Seeger, Alan Lomax, and Jack Elliot are good sources for those who want to know a little of what Woody was like, before listening to him talk about himself. And listen is just what one must do while reading *Born to Win*. It's best read aloud, paying attention to Woody's phonetic spelling, his simple punctuation, and his rural grammar.

I suppose Woody Guthrie was the last of the great American braggards, men like Whitman, Will Rogers, Sandburg, and all the unknown cowboys and earthy people who got drunk on the feeling of America's swift rivers running through their bloodstreams, soft waterfalls splashing in their brains, and a host of lively sounds, jingling around them. Woody bragged about himself because he felt strong, and he believed that his bragging would give strength to other good men, and also because his kind of bragging was so much fun:

And I've actually wrote up some of the longest and hottest  
Pages and stacks of pages in the forms of novels and true tales  
But there still is something too slow and too plowly and ploddy  
For me to spend my time at fooling around with long novels  
When I'd rather hear a room full of my comrades and friends  
Sing out real loud on one of my songs  
Which I've wrote, say, from start to the finish  
So before I turn out my lights here to call it a night  
Let me just leave you with this plain in your head  
That I've never heard nobody yet get a whole room full  
Of friends and enemies both  
To sing and to ring the plaster down singing out a novel  
Like I've heard them sing out my songs already.

He never stopped at bragging about himself, but always sooner or later went further and told of his debt to all of us:

"You may have been taught to call me by the name of a poet, but I am no more of a poet than you are, no better singer. The only story that I have tried to write has been you. I never wrote a ballad nor a story neither one that told all there is to tell about you. You are the poet and your everyday talk is our best poem by our best poet. All I am is just sort of a clerk and climate tester, and my workshop is the sidewalk, your

street, and your field, your highway, and your buildings. I am nothing more or less than a photographer without a camera. So let me call you the poet and you the singer, because you will read this with more song in your voice than I will."

Woody traveled for years, restlessly trying to tell people of this, the poetry within themselves. That he succeeded to some degree is proved by the extent of his influence in the song writing field. I can't think of any topical song writer of today who does not admit to Woody's touch in his work, whether it be Tom Paxton, Bob Dylan, Bruce Phillips, or Phil Ochs, and even the older song writers like Pete Seeger and Malvina Reynolds.

Woody Guthrie told the story of his growing up and going on the road in his autobiography, *Born For Glory*. Born in Oklahoma in 1912, he grew up in the area that later became the center of the American Dust Bowl (some of his best songs are about the dust storm disasters), and led a childhood filled with hardships. His mother died of the same disease which has silenced him for years, Huntington's Chorea, a hereditary nerve disorder that is incurable. Woody grew to maturity in a time and place which gave most people a "born to lose" attitude. He was a Dust Bowl refugee and like most of that displaced group he migrated to California, always singing of the little man's plight in the face of almost impossible odds, always using the power of his songs to make the big man relent a little. And even if he didn't radically change the social order that was making things so hard on the migrants, he did tell them to fight and that their strength was in unity. The labor movement in this country may owe more to Woody Guthrie than to Joe Hill.

One of Woody's literary habits was taking a word, one word, and trying in several pages to exhaust its possibilities. Less of these types of pieces and more of his lyricism might have made this book somewhat more readable to people who haven't previously been introduced to Woody in such large doses. But the combination of songs, short essays, and line drawings keeps any one section from becoming at all tiring. Many of the drawings are captioned with delightful Guthrieisms like: "Trouble ain't worth nothin', so I won't charge nothin' to fix it." Throughout his work, there is a hope of ultimate victory.

The thing that has always impressed me most about Woody has been his absolute refusal to sell out or compromise his values. He could have made a lot of money if he had accepted the offers of Madison Avenue and the tastemakers. As he said, "When it comes time for people to actually get up and go to marching, if you've been a putting on with your singing, they'll most of them up and march in the other direction."

Woody wasn't phoney, and a lot of young people are starting to march in his direction, toward radical social change. When we get there, I'll bet that the first songs we sing will be his.

## Notes - Continued

"Some of the most original songs are being written by Jimmy Collier, himself a product of the Chicago South Side. He is 21 years old and now works full-time with the end-the-slums movement, doing block organization and singing at mass meetings -- "Peoples' Conferences and Workshops", at demonstrations, and for teen-agers at week-end retreats. People are encouraging him to go to New York and cut records and get himself a manager, but he would rather stay where the action is and sing for the people who can't afford five dollar concert tickets at Orchestra Hall. Besides BURN, BABY, BURN, I hope Broadside will find room for some of his other good songs, like LEAD POISON ON THE WALL, ANOTHER DAY'S JOURNEY, etc."

Dispatch of The Times, London  
ANKARA, Turkey, March 9--  
A number of prominent leftists  
have been arrested and others  
have been interrogated by the  
police in the last two days.

Another writer, Ysahar Kenal,  
is under investigation for  
speeches he made at a folk-song  
concert in Ankara Saturday.  
Two organizers of the performance,  
Can Yuce and Ruhi Su,  
have been called for questioning.

So flourishes democracy at one anchor(a) of the great "Free World" (meanwhile, that other loyal freedom-fighter friend of the U.S., General Ky, raves about executing those Vietnamese who'd like a constitution and a few elections). Here in our own country, all the anti-democratic elements are being encouraged and strengthened by Washington's pursuit of war in Vietnam. The government must be doing nothing right if its action brings forth supporting hordes of John Birchers, Ku Kluxers, American Nazis, and their ilk. The danger alarm is ringing when these neo-fascist forces feel they can start using street violence against those opposed to the Vietnam war (as witness the mob attack on Du Bois Club members in New York -- while the police stood aside -- and the beating of pacifist youths in Boston -- and again the police gave no adequate protection.)

One might ask: and what has all this got to do with music and songs? Actually, it has a lot to do with it. Music and songs have historically played an important role in peoples' struggles during crises, even in the days before radio, records and television. An article in SING OUT! several years ago told how the French Revolution saw more than 2,000 songs created and sung in the streets of Paris. In our own history we had the great songs of the American Revolution (there is an article on these in the current SING OUT!), the Abolitionist songs of the Hutchinsons, "John Brown's Body" and the other Civil War songs, and in this century the CIO organizing drive and the Civil Rights movement songs, among others.

Those who would turn back the clocks of history also realize the importance of songs. In the Feb. issue of Broadside Tom Paxton observed that he would not be surprised if a song advocating further commitment in Vietnam got to be #1 on the lists. Even as he spoke the pro-war recruiting piece, "Green Berets" was making its way to the top of the charts. In fact, one whole segment of the music world, the Country-Western field, is now becoming permeated with jingoistic ballads. No. 6 now is thing called "Dear Uncle Sam" which is full of lines about "my favorite Uncle Sammy" who stands for "freedom" and is really "giving a fight" to a man trying to kill poor Sam with "a hammer and sickle". "Private Wilson

White" is #28 and "Keep The Flag Flying" #36. Johnny Cash has in the #8 spot his "The One On The Right Is The One On The Left", which is all about a string music folk band that breaks up because of political differences and concludes that if you want to make music keep politics out of the group. Very significant is the theme of the #26 song, "Vietnam Blues" as sung by Dave Dudley. He talks against a blues background about a visiting singer in Washington who sees all these funny looking people on the Washington Memorial Mall and they wore beards and the girls had long hair, so he went over and a man asked him to sign a petition of sympathy which he thought was to be for the parents of the GI's killed in Vietnam but he is told it is for Ho Chi Minh and at that he just had to leave because he knew if he stayed he would have to speak his mind and it would lead to a fight, so he went to the nearest bar to drink up and think about his buddy who died in Viet Nam shortly before and as he is drinking he says he knows he will be having to go over there in a few days.

The significance of this song is that it parrots, unconsciously or deliberately, the chief tactic of the pro-fascist, pro-war groupings in this country: which is to label everyone opposed to the war as an unpatriotic beatnik. "Traitor" and "Beatnik Bum" are among the most-often used epithets which American Nazi and other elements scream at peace demonstrators. Of course, the real truth is that the vast majority of the Washington marchers -- as well as peace adherents throughout the country -- are ministers of God, professionals, housewives and students. It is they who are the true patriots, trying to save their country from dishonor. It is they who are the truest lovers of God... GORDON FRIESEN

NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL: July 21 thru 24, 1966, at Newport, Rhode Island. Among the many performers this year: THEO BIKEL, OSCAR BRAND, BROWNIE MCGEE & SONNY TERRY, JUDY COLLINS, BOB DYLAN, JACK ELLIOT, MIMI & DICK FARINA, FLATT & SCRUGGS, CAROLYN HESTER, BESSIE JONES, CLARK KESSINGER, PHIL OCHS, THE PENNY WHISTLERS, JEAN RITCHIE, GRANT ROGERS, BUFFY SAINT-MARIE, JOSEPH SPENCE, and HOWLING WOLF... PHURPH: A new mimeoed magazine. Send articles and poems to Lynn Young, 38 Sherman St., Hartford, Conn. 06105... Good shows at THE MAIN POINT, 874 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Penna. ARLO GUTHRIE there April 14-17...

ERIC ANDERSEN April 21-24; SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MCGEE and DOC WATSON in May... Radio Station WEEF, Highland Park, Ill., a new Folk Song program at 5 PM Sundays, Emceed by BOB GAND... Broadside artist MICHAEL SHERKER, an exhibition Apr. 1 thru 30 at 810 W. Proctor St., Durham, N.C.... WOODY GUTHRIE: His "This Land Is My Land" now a T-V commercial for an airline... SIS CUNNINGHAM's "Fayette County" still being played on juke box, in John McFerren's cafe just outside Somerville, Fayette County, Tennessee.

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