

## The Lazy Dog

by Malvina Reynolds

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(Cho) Well they call it the La - zy Dog, And they call it the La-zy Dog;  
(Verse) It has ten thousand slivers of steel, As - sharp as a ra-zor's edge;  
It's the name of a bomb we use in Viet Nam And they call it the La-zy Dog.  
It's dropped by the loads, And when it ex-plodes It - cuts human flesh to shreds.

## BURN, BABY, BURN

BY BILL FREDERICK

(See page 5)



There was small-arms fire after the Negro boys had thrown their bricks and they scrambled down Warwick Street screaming, "The Man is shooting." One of them collapsed in a doorway at the corner of Dumont Avenue. He was moaning and when a priest turned him over he saw a gash across the forehead from a broken bottle. As a siren ap-

proached, his friends tried to hobble him away. Cops in blue helmets piled out of the squad car and grabbed the wounded boy. Another boy started bouncing high on his toes, pointing at his head, yelling, "Hit ME, motherfucker, hit ME!" A cop threw a loose nightstick at his legs knocking him off balance, then clubbed him at the base of the neck.

### 'Death in Eyes'

Night fell on despair that progress had come too late. "Those guys out there've got death in their eyes," moaned a Negro block worker. "They tell you, 'I ain't got nothing. This system's got no place for me alive so I might as well be dead.' All they want is to take as many as they can along with them."

Well it's some kind  
of human brain  
That conceived of  
such a device.  
And it's some kind  
of brain  
That gave it a name  
So friendly and  
easy and nice.(Cho.)

Well American boys  
are told  
They are killing,  
not men but Reds,  
And all that they  
drop  
Is a Lazy Dog  
That cuts human  
flesh to shreds.

(Cho: And they call  
it the Lazy Dog, etc.)

### ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

JACKIE WASHINGTON  
LEN CHANDLER  
TERRY GOULD &  
ERIC WINTER  
ALEX CAMPBELL  
GARY SHEARSTON  
WOLF BIERMANN  
TADASHI HIDAKA  
MITCH GREENHILL  
RICARDO GAUTREAU  
IRVING LOMSKY

Reports on the U.C.  
& NEWPORT FOLK  
FESTIVALS

## IN THIS ISSUE

THE LAZY DOG (See front cover)... "Dear Sis & Gordon: A friend of mine returning from England, brought back a copy of Bertrand Russell's APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN CONSCIENCE, dated June 18 of this year. The whole thing is startling beyond description--details of the financial basis of our policy, which we all know about in general but haven't these details on; and the extreme cruelty of our methods in the war. On page three of the 14 page double-spaced letter he says:

The United States has also used weapons like the lazy dog, which is a bomb containing ten thousand slivers of razor sharp steel. These razor darts slice to ribbons the villagers upon whom these weapons of sheer evil are constantly used. In one province of North Vietnam, the most densely populated, one hundred million slivers of razor-sharp steel have fallen in a period of thirteen months.

So I wrote this song. MALVINA REYNOLDS

In charging that the American action in Vietnam involved frequent crimes against innocent victims, Mr. Stetler cited the use of "poison chemicals, gas, saturation bombing of an entire area with jelly-gasoline and phosphorus, napalm which burns until the victim is reduced to a bubbling mass, and the Lazy Dog, a new bomb containing 10,000 slivers of razor-sharp steel."

WHERE ARE YOU GOING: Ricardo Gautreau is 18 and came to New York 3 years ago from the Dominican Republic. He has already written a half dozen good songs which reflect U.S. topical and folk influences on his own background.

UNDER TOW: Len Chandler will represent topical songs at the BEERS FAMILY FESTIVAL at Petersburg, New York, Aug. 18-21. Appleseed Music is preparing a book of Len's earlier songs.

BURN BABY BURN: Bill Frederick wrote this song last year right after Watts. It has a somewhat different approach than the song with the same name by Jimmy Collier that was in B'Side #69

WHITE POWER -- A DEFINITION

Chicago, Aug. 1 (AP)—More than 3,000 angry white persons, shouting "White power" as they threw rocks and bottles, drove 350 civil rights demonstrators from an all-white neighborhood yesterday.

After the demonstrators left, whites swarmed into Marquette Park in droves of 500 to 1,000. They overturned the marchers' cars and burned them. Firemen were summoned, and were pelted with rocks and bottles by the whites.

White residents jeered and chanted as the demonstrators marched.

"White power!" was screamed from thousands of throats.

"Nigger lovers!" was thrown at the white demonstrators and police.

THE LOST SOLDIER: This Broadside is sort of an "International Issue" with songs from Japan, Britain, Germany, Australia. GARY SHEARSTON has been called the "Australian Pete Seeger." Between writing songs and making records he takes an active part in rallies for peace, trade unionism, and the rights of the Aboriginal people of his country.

IN THAT CURSED MORNING OF HIROSHIMA

From "Postscript from Hiroshima" by Rafael Steinberg (Random, \$3.95).

First came the *pika*—the flash—and a hundred thousand people perished. Then came the blast—and the city was gone. Then came the mushroom cloud, and the living dead crying for water, and the rubbery faces sloughing off like masks . . .

"I was reading the magazine Mainichi Graphic and was really shocked by some pictures of our victims, dying, lying on the streets of Hiroshima after the bomb was dropped. I had seen pictures of this kind many times before, but these were the most terrible yet. In the headline it said: 'How can we ever forget the flash(of the explosion)?' Something pushed me to write this song, in which I quote the words of the headline." TADASHI HIDAKO, Tokyo.

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# It's Enough To Be Young

By MALVINA REYNOLDS  
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It's e-nough to be young and walking two by two, — To have the cops on your neck and the  
It's e-nough to be young and walking down the block, — To have the fuzz on your back and your  
other re-spect-a-ble types, in quotes; They've got noth- ing bet-ter to do.  
face to the wall, and them at you, Slap-pin pock-ets for God knows what.  
Tax col-lec- tor rif-les the till, Tax pay- er is paying the bill, And  
May-or is caught with dough in his fist, Pol-i-tician selling stuff that doesn't exist, And  
Where are the po-lice then? They're after the skin-ny kids. It's e-  
Where are the po-lice then? They're after the skin-ny kids. It's e-  
nough to be young and hav-ing your fun to make those pig-gies weep; you walk in the park, you  
kiss in the dark, and you give those creeps the creeps. And if they don't know what else to  
do, They've got the fi-nal blast for you, Put you in un-i-form, e-rase your face, You'll be  
blown to nothing in some a-lien place, It's e-nough to be young, and that's the ul-ti-mate  
sin, And that's the rea-son the fuzz will do you in.

A subterranean cult of teen-agers has been found living in deep caves around Matlock in central England.

Known as "Troggs," from troglodyte (a person or animal who lives in a cave), "they hide away in these damp, dark caves because they feel society is against them," said Kenneth Terhoven, a religious leader working among them.

A local coal merchant and Matlock councillor, O. R. Tinti, wants a "strong line" taken against the youths.

Special to The New York Times

PROVINCETOWN, MASS., July 24 — "They're taking our town away from us," Manuel Phillips, a fisherman, said the other day. By "they" he meant what townspeople call the "beatniks."

Some people still talk about the 13 youths who slept in a chicken house and the youth who slept in an open tomb most of last summer.

At a meeting of the Board of Selectmen last month, he demanded that Chief of Police Francis Marshall throw the beatniks out of town.

**OAKLAND'S** social statistics tell the story of a great and dangerous gulf between the two worlds of the Hills and the Flatlands. The city's unemployment rate is nearly twice the national average, but this is due almost entirely to the rate of unemployment among Oakland Negroes (20 per cent). Among Negro youth in the ghetto, the most likely source of trouble, the estimates run up to an astronomical 75 per cent in some areas.



"Put you in uniform, erase your face...."

BROADSIDE #73

# LONG BLACK CADILLAC

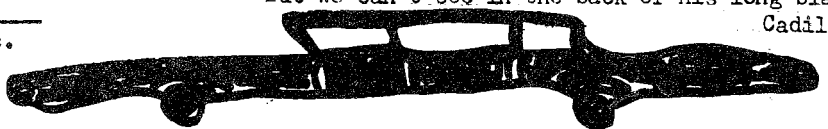
Words & Music by  
JACKIE WASHINGTON

*Moderately*

1. His folks was poor, just as poor as church mice,  
Bud-dy, he did-nit e-ven think twice a-bout pov-er-ty he could get out of it  
Some-how yeah he'd rise a-bove it and make a name  
On see-ing him folks used to chuck-le, He'd just smile and say, "My luck-'ll change some  
day, you wait and see; So go a-head and laugh at me, I'm  
bound for fame  
You can laugh at me to-day But  
fame is com-in', I'll make it come my way, And I'll  
ride in the back of a long black Cad-il-lac.

So he started diggin', scratchin', grinnin' all over  
the plot he's hatchin'  
Fame was meant for only some, and he was one  
He'd soon become an angel child.  
Now the folks who used to kid him are tickled  
to death to be seen with him  
They all crack up at his jokes and run five miles to  
fetch him cokes  
Just to make him smile  
He's ridin' on the moon  
Because he's got them dancin', they've dancin' to his tune  
And he's sittin in the back of a long black Cadillac.

Hey, but now here comes the big frustration  
Folks don't want him cause of his reputation  
Fame covers him like a big grave marker  
Makes the road he's walkin' darker  
Something's wrong  
Well, a few mistakes and they'll leave him flat  
Chase someone else and he knows that  
So nippin' on his pocket flask  
He sits alone with himself and asks  
Where do I belong?  
He knows a man ain't supposed to cry  
But the tears keep comin', fillin' up his eye  
But we can't see in the back of his long black  
Cadillac.



# BURN, BABY, BURN

- 5 -

By BILL FREDERICK  
© 1965 Bill Frederick

Back in the days of ancient Rome, Ol' Nero had a ball. Eatin' and drinkin' and  
sittin' on a throne Down at the City Hall. His belly was big and his bottom was  
wide, His mouth was wet but the city was dry. He sat on his pyre, playin' on his  
lyre While the people sang an old-time song: Burn, baby, burn. Burn, baby, burn.  
every flame breaks another chain So burn, baby, burn.

Louis was the King of France  
A long, long time ago.  
With a turkey-leg in his royal hand  
The people loved him so.  
But Marie Antoinette got them all upset.  
They had no bread to bake, she said,  
"Let them eat cake!"  
So they cooked up a meal on the old  
Bastille,  
Singin' an old-time song. Cho.

Mr. Charlie had a farm  
Back in slavery days.  
With a marble pillar on the ol' front porch  
And gentile southern ways.  
But the overseer was a little queer  
With a gun on his hip, and a big bull-whip  
But he couldn't catch a black  
boy's match  
And the people sang an old-time song.

Cho.  
The shops and stores were locked and barred  
In old Los Angeles.  
The owners slept in their downy beds  
Beneath the suburban trees.  
The wood was dry and the heat was high.  
"While the man's in bed we're gonna  
get some bread."

Charlie's cops heard the people of Watts  
Singin' an old-time song. Cho.

That's the way the money goes  
Ever since the cave-man times.  
A rich man rides on the poor men's backs  
Til they burn him for his crimes.  
So when your cash has been turned to ash  
And the cinders fall from your  
bedroom wall,  
In the far-off heat of a Harlem street  
They'll be singin' an old-time song.  
Cho.

## 'Black Power'

## -A Definition

He stopped in the street and spoke quietly and earnestly to his companion. Because the white man has power, we too want power, he said. But when a black man gets power, when he gets money, he is a great man if he is not corrupted. I have seen it often. He seeks power and money to put right what is wrong, and when he gets them, why, he enjoys the power and the money. Now he can gratify his lusts, now he can arrange ways to get white man's liquor, he can speak to thousands and hear them clap their hands. Some of us think when we have power, we shall revenge ourselves on the white man who has had power, and because our desire is corrupt, we are corrupted, and the power has no heart in it. But most white men do not know this truth about power, and they are afraid lest we get it.

He stood as though he was testing his exposition. Yes, that is right about power, he said. But there is only one thing that has power completely, and that is love. Because when a man loves, he seeks no power, and therefore he has power. I see only one hope for our country, and that is when white men and black men, desiring neither power nor money, but desiring only the good of their country, come together to work for it.

He was grave and silent, and then he said sombrely, I have one great fear in my heart, that one day when they are turned to loving, they will find we are turned to hating.

...From "Cry,  
The Beloved  
Country" by  
Alan Paton  
(1948).



BROADSIDE #73

Under-tow, have mercy on me — Under-tow don't pull me back to sea, I  
don't want to rest my bones — A- long side Da- vy Jones; Keep a kicking,  
keep a saying NO- or you'll go down, down, down with the under-tow.

THE STORM STOPPED WHEN MY FEET TOUCHED LAND  
WHEN THE WAVES STOPPED I STOOD ON SOLID LAND  
BUT THEN THE GROUND BEGAN TO TREMBLE AND SHAKE  
SO I JUMPED BACK INTO THE LAKE  
'CAUSE IT WAS MORE THAN I COULD TAKE  
IT WAS AN EARTHQUAKE

© 1966 Terry Gould  
& Eric Winter



Early in the jungle morning,  
Tired and weary, moving on,  
Searching for a land at peace,  
For lives and hopes forever gone.

(from British Folk Mag "Sing")

( advt. )

TIME, UNITS, SERVICE, ESTABLISHMENT, BAY, \$50.00  
 opportunity, Good location, No limited  
 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212nd, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312nd, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412nd, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512nd, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611st, 612nd, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 682nd, 683rd, 684th, 685th, 686th, 687th, 688th, 689th, 690th, 691st, 692nd, 693rd, 694th, 6

# BEEN ON THE ROAD SO LONG

Words & Music by  
ALEX CAMPBELL

Moderately

Well I've been on the road — so long, — Been tired and broke — so long, — I've been to the South — Where the winds they were warm, — Trav'ling the road — of no — re-turn, So — long.

(Ed. Note: Alex Campbell is one of Britain's leading songwriter-performers, with many records and a new songbook to his credit. The British folksong magazine SPIN printed this song, calling it "fine and powerful.")

And I've seen what was war  
So long  
The ruins and the scars  
So long  
The mansions of mud, the wounds and the blood  
Seen the dying of all that was good  
So long.  
This world's in a shroud  
So long  
The mushrooming cloud  
So long  
The lies and the greed of the leaders of men  
Those cheats who would take us to war again  
So long.

Yet hope lives in me  
So long  
It's love that I see  
So long  
The courage and strength of the young man's smile  
The faith that's in a little child  
So long.  
Yes, I've been on the road (etc.)  
(repeat first verse)

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## The Lost Soldier

Words: GARY SHEARSTON

Music: Adpt'd from traditional

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In De-cember nineteen six-ty four —  
In a for-foreign land there raged a war — But  
here at home a young man wed — And to Wind-sor  
town — his young wife led. (Six)

Six months did pass, 'til the month of June,  
When the bands did play a marching tune,  
From his loving wife he was forced to go,  
The reason why, he was soon to know.

A soldier boy he was to be  
In that foreign land across the sea,  
To fight a war that was not his own  
And to leave his young wife all alone.

He was soon transported o'er the sea  
And into battle went most cautiously;  
He was not afraid, he was brave and strong,  
But he hoped the war would not be long.

Then to Windsor Town there came one day,  
A photograph from far away;  
And with it, too, a message came  
And the young wife smiled as she read his name.

Then the weeks did pass and it was Spring,  
And another letter they did bring;  
But for his name she searched in vain,  
For her soldier boy was in battle slain.

Oh, in Vietnam, Ronnie Field had died,  
He was not a violent man, she cried.  
He never was a true soldier;  
And she held his picture close to her.

Although they made him carry a gun  
She knew he never could kill anyone,  
And she told us all as she closed her door  
He should never have fought in this terrible war.

Australian Tradition, March, 1966

### Anti-War Australians

In these sections of Australian society, concern over American policy in Vietnam in general and the recent escalation through bombing raids in particular is certainly widespread and increasing. Like many American academics—and perhaps even more forcefully—Australian university teachers, for example, have expressed alarm at this policy.

Much more to the point is the fact that public opinion polls have shown a majority of Australians against sending conscripts to Vietnam.

Any impression, therefore, which Prime Minister Holt may have created in America and England that he has anything like undivided backing for our abject involvement in the increasingly foolhardy American adventure in Vietnam is seriously misleading.

N. D. MCLACHLAN  
I. A. H. TURNER  
Department of History  
Monash University  
Clayton, Vic., Australia  
July 18, 1966

THE NEW YORK TIMES  
WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1966.

# SOLDAT

Fast Tempo

By WOLF BIERMANN

1. Sol-dat, Soldat in grauer Norm, Soldat, Soldat in  
un-i-form, Soldat, Soldat ihr seid zu-viel, Soldat, Soldat das  
ist kein Spiel; Soldat, Soldat ich fin-de nicht, Sol-  
dat, Soldat dein Ange-sicht, Soldaten sehn sich alle-gleich, Le-  
gendig und als Leich.

2. Soldat Soldat wo geht das hin  
Soldat Soldat wo ist der Sinn  
Soldat Soldat im nächsten Krieg  
Soldat Soldat gibt es kein Sieg  
Soldat Soldat die welt ist jung  
Soldat Soldat so jung wie du  
Die Welt hat einen tiefen Sprung  
Soldat am Rand Stehst du...

(Repeat 1st verse, and end by  
singing last 2 lines twice).

Copyright 1966 by  
Wolf Biermann

"Wolf Biermann is a German in his thirties who is a 'refugee from the West.' His barbs against war and bureaucracy have become extremely popular throughout all Germany, although recently he seems to have annoyed East German authorities also. Hedy West passed along two songs of his via a tape from a live performance. SOLDAT is an outstanding anti-war song. The 2nd Biermann composition, DAS FAMILIENBAD is a biting take-off on a little ex-Nazi burgomeister. I hope you find space to print it also -- in your next issue." JOSH DUNSON

## English translation

1. Soldier, soldier in grey standard  
Soldier, soldier in uniform  
" " you are too much  
" " this is no game  
" " I do not find  
" " your countenance (face)  
" " you look all the same  
" " living and as a corpse
2. Soldier, Soldier where does this go  
" " where is the sense  
" " in the next war  
" " there will be no victory  
" " the world is young  
" " as young as you  
The world has a deep shame  
Soldier you stand on the rim.

# In That Cursed Morning of Hiroshima

By TADASHI HIDAKA  
©1966 Tadashi Hidaka

1. Haru ni nar-u to A-ma-i ka- ze ga, A-ki ni nar-u to Tor-i no mu- re ga, Ya-ma no  
ka-na-ta e Ton-de it- ta no ni Na- ze i-ma wa na- i. Ano sen- ko ga Wasur-e rar-e  
yo- ka! A-no kin-o-ko gu-mo- ga wasur-e rar-e yo- ka! Hir-o-shim- a, no nor-o-i no as-

2. Asa ni naru to  
Akai taiyo  
Yoru ni naru to  
Ichiban boshi ga  
Higashi no so ra de  
Kagayaite ta no ni  
Naze ima wa nai.

3. Natsu ni naru to  
Niwaka ame ga  
Fuyu ni naru to  
Botan yuki ga  
Yane no kawara ni  
Futte ita no ni  
Naze ima wa nai.

4. Heiwa ni naru to  
Genbaku, misairu  
Taiho, tank ya  
Saberu, raifuru  
Suteru to chikkatta  
Ano kotobe mo  
Naze ima wa nai.

Translation  
Cho: How can we forget the flash!  
How can we forget the mushroom cloud!  
In that cursed morning of Hiroshima.

- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| 1. When spring came<br>The sweet smell of winds,<br>When autumn came<br>The flocks of birds<br>Would fly away<br>Beyond the mountains,<br>But now, why are there<br>none? | 2. When morning came<br>That red sun,<br>When evening came<br>That first star<br>In the eastern sky<br>Was shining<br>But now, why are there<br>none? | 3. When summer came<br>Those rain-showers,<br>When winter came<br>Those white snows<br>On the tiles of roofs<br>Were falling<br>But now, why are there<br>none? |
|---|---|---|
4. When peace came/Those A-bombs and missiles/And cannons and tanks  
Swords and rifles/Did we not vow/To throw them away?  
But now, where has that vow gone?

BROADSIDE # 73





# Won't You Tell Me

- 9 -

Words & Music by  
MITCH GREENHILL

BLUES



Won't you tell me, ma-ma, Won't you tell me What you want me to be.

(INSTRUMENTAL) Won't you tell me What you want me to be Rich or pretty walkin' on the sea.

2. I don't have it, mama  
I don't have it, mama  
Can't walk the sea at all  
I don't have it, can't walk the sea at all.  
I only know how to walk to keep from fallin'.
3. 'Cause there's seagulls and pigeons  
Seagulls and pigeons  
And mama birds, birds of every kind  
(--instrumental -----) birds of every kind  
Some eat to hunt, and some to keep from dyin'.



4. I'm just tryin', mama  
I'm just tryin', mama  
Tryin' to be a man  
(--instrumental--) just tryin' to be a man  
Sometimes I don't and again I think I can.

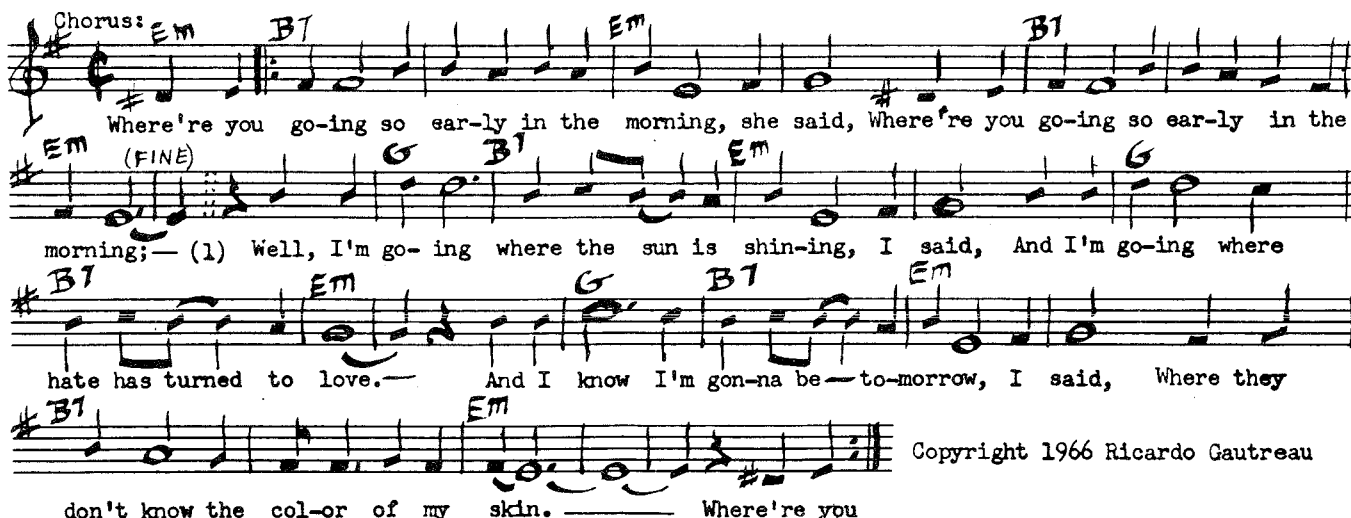
5. Well that's all you're seein', mama  
That's all you're seein', mama  
That is all I am  
That's all you're seein', that's all I am  
You can have it, if you understand.

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(Folklore Music Division)

## WHERE ARE YOU GOING

Words & Music by  
RICARDO GAUTREAU

Chorus: Em B7 Em B7



Where're you go-ing so ear-ly in the morning, she said, Where're you go-ing so ear-ly in the morning;— (1) Well, I'm go-ing where the sun is shin-ing, I said, And I'm go-ing where hate has turned to love.— And I know I'm gon-na be—to-morrow, I said, Where they don't know the col-or of my skin. — Where're you

2. Well won't you take me oh my darling, (she said)  
Where the sun shines for everyone  
'Cause I want to be with you tomorrow (she said)  
Where they don't know the color of our skin.  
(Chorus)

3. Then won't you hurry up my darling, (I said)  
And I'll take you wherever I may go  
And I know we're going to be together, (I said)  
Where they don't know the color of our skin.  
(Chorus) And we're going so early in the morning,  
My love, etc.

BROADSIDE # 73

# NEWPORT

# B E R K E L E Y

## THE HOUSE THAT DYLAN BUILT: THE BERKELEY FOLK FESTIVAL

By R. Serge Denisoff

(Ed. Note: On these pages are reports on two of the principal 1966 folk festivals in the country. The Newport report was written by STU COHEN.)

Being a working man, I didn't arrive at the Festival field until Friday evening, just in time to catch the last of that night's concert. This section featured fine, moving gospel music by the Swan Silvertones, the Dixie Hummingbirds, and Sister Dorothy Love and the Gospel Harmonettes.

The Saturday Negro Instrumental Styles workshop was really enjoyable. Howling Wolf, Skip James, Booker White, and the Preservation Hall Band were among the highlights. The piano workshop (Sat. Afternoon), hosted by George Wein, included Skip James, Jeff Gutcherson, Booker White, and Billie Pierce, who stole the show, with three encores demanded by the audience and the other performers. The topical song workshop, hosted effectively and imaginatively by Josh Dunson, conflicted with several other important events. However, I did catch the last few performers. One of them, Rosalie Sorrells, proved to be one of the most exciting newcomers I've heard in a long time. Rosalie plays guitar well and sings in a gentle manner with a strong voice. She is from Salt Lake City, and a record by her is due soon from Folk-Legacy.

The Saturday evening concert really demonstrated the chief shortcoming of the Festival: inadequate use of the genuine folk artists. To begin with, Alan Lomax wrote a "script" for the concert and the less said about that the better. Its net effect was to take away considerable time from the performers. There was also no excuse for allowing such as Judy Collins and The Loving Spoonful to go on and on for five or six songs apiece while limiting Dock Boggs, Joe Heany, Grant Rogers, the Coon Creek Girls, the Cape Breton singers, or Ed Young and the Southern Fife and Drum Corps to one song each. These last are excellent performers but you had to have been at many workshops (some conflicting in time) to have heard enough of them and get a real appreciation of their music. Also great were Howling Wolf, the Preservation Hall Band, and the Pennywhistlers (with Artie Rose, who is now a permanent member of the group). The attendance that night -- 18,000 in the park -- set a Festival record.

The ninth annual folk festival at the University of California at times resembled a convention of the mods and rockers, rather than a gathering of folk music connoisseurs. This, however, was not totally the case as the festival poster featuring a traditional fiddle player and a long-haired singer supporting an electric guitar illustrated. Ralph J. Gleason set the dominant tone for the encounter by saying "this is a moment in history when a folk festival meets the Electronic Age." The meeting for some was not a happy one. Where in past years fiddlers, banjo-pickers adorned the landscape, emulating Flatt and Struggs, this year Beatle-like young men cloistered around a tambourine singing the songs of the Lovin' Spoonful and Dylan in his post protest period. In contrast to the square dances of the days of yore a rock and roll "happening" with bumbled attempts at psychedelic lighting effects was held featuring the Jefferson Airplane and Country Joe and Fish, two Bay Area groups, who have enjoyed tremendous popularity. Symbolically, the sound system was totally unprepared for these groups. For a majority of persons attending this rite these innovations in the folk scene reflected what Phil Ochs has termed "the life force" or in hippie jargon "where it's at," commercially and popularly. Interestingly, little if any attempt was made by anyone, except a few diehards, to legitimize rock and roll in the Liverpool style as folk music. Marty Balin, leader of the Airplane, pointing to an acoustic guitar labeled the instrument "an antique."

At the other end of the spectrum many "conventional" performers were present. Pete Seeger returned to Berkeley as did Sam Hinton, Alice Stuart Thomas, Phil Ochs, Bess Hawes, and others. In the so-called "ethnic category," the Los Halcones de Salitrillos, specializing in the songs of Pancho Villa represented Mexico, while Shlomo Carlebach manifested a highly unusual presentation of Jewish material. Robert Pete Williams, a blues singer from Louisiana, served the annual function of festival country blues find of the year. Hopefully, someday, given the population shifts, the festival officials will be forced to look at urban blues musicians such as K.C. Douglas, who lives in Berkeley.

The highlights of the festival were to be found in the personages of the Greenbrair Boys, Phil Ochs, John Fahey, and the Rock groups. The Greenbrairs and Ochs, while familiar to West Coast audiences, increased their followings with excellent stage presence and material. John Herald's version of "Different Drums" and Ochs' "The Party" and "Changes" were the outstanding songs of the festival, although, this year unlike past camp-meetings no one song made the Underground Top Ten.

The most interesting of the new faces of 1966 was John Fahey who specializes in what he terms "late 19th century romantic music played with syncopation," others view his material as "head music," "psychedelic guitar" or "experimental." In fact, Fahey's pieces are an exhibition of folk patterns taken from country and western and blues structures and applied to the art music of Sibelius and von Williams. His compositions of "The Great San Bernadino Birthday Party," "The Death of the Clay Peacock," and the "Portland Cement Factory" are unique pointers toward future trends in guitar work. Stephan Grossman, once a member of the defunct Even Dozen Jug Band, also, provided examples of interesting six string work in the idiom of country blues and experimental.

The UC festival, while retaining some of its good and bad habits, has undergone extensive changes as has the entire folk music scene. The structure and the tone of the affair has in some cases been positively altered by Barry Olivier. (note Newport) The highly formal pace of last year's events was lowered to a tolerable level; the number of activities were, also, reduced to manageable portions, although the time gap this year occasionally left many with little to do for over four hours.

# LETTERS

Dear Sis: -- I'm glad to see that Broadside printed (in #72) the clipping about the death of Armistead Phipps, who died during the Mississippi voter registration march. He was a very good friend to all of us, the father of four children. Mr. Phipps was a very devout man, very well-informed, and deeply concerned not only about the rights of his people but about the part U.S. policy is playing in oppressing black, brown and yellow people in other countries.

Two days before he died Mr. Phipps voted for the first time in his life.

He had a heart condition that kept him from working for several years, and his friends were reluctant to drive him to the march, but he insisted that he just had to go. Over 300 people came to his funeral and Rev. Martin Luther King spoke. I still keep expecting him to show up at 5 in the morning as he often did to discuss whatever current affairs concerned him.

JOE BATEMAN

Marks, Mississippi

Dear Broadside: -- I learned and have been performing Mark Spoelstra's song FISHIN' WITH LOVE that was in Broadside # 71. Have you noticed how remarkably it resembles something Woody Guthrie would have written, both in words and in music. In fact, I think it is the closest to Woody of anything that has been written by the topical songwriters of the current generation. R.M., California

Dear Broadside: -- Janis Ian lashes out at conformity and hypocrisy in "platypi broadside and ID cards" in issue #72. Her style of writing, in my opinion, is unsuited to her message. It is far from original, as it is used by numerous imitators, would-be prophets, and lazy writers, as well as a very small number of top-notch poets. This lack of originality detracts from the article's statement of feelings and ideas.

Miss Ian remarks that people in the music business "sit about all day just dropping names. She talks about "gordon, sis, and pete" in a paragraph that has nothing to do with the theme of her comments.

Miss Ian says, "I'm just writing what comes into my head." Aren't Broadside readers entitled to something a bit more thought-out? Perhaps the author is trying to excuse the contradictions and the trite style of her article.

Janis Ian is a good songwriter. Why should she write her prose like the pseudo-poets and record jacket authors who produce such copious amounts of disconnected words? Miss Ian would do well to develop an effective original writing style, so that she will be able to communicate through the printed word as well as she can through song. BARRY FOGEL, Calif.

Dear Broadside: -- This is a reply to Mr. Richard Barrett's letter in B'Side #71, and to anyone else who may still be "in the dark" about Christianity. Phil Ochs in "Cannons of Christianity" (B'Side # 59) is certainly condemning Christianity as it exists today in America; also, his ideals are certainly Christian. It would seem, therefore, if his criticisms are correct, that there is some disparity between what Christians preach and what they practice. I, too, started off life as a Roman Catholic, but after years of watching raffles of television and \$500 stereo sets, and other similar manifestations of modern Christian ideals, I have slowly become disillusioned with Christianity. The final blow came recently when I went to see the pastor of my family's church to ask permission to distribute pamphlets to interested people after mass on Sunday. The pamphlets were written by two priests and express disapproval of the way the U.S. is handling the Vietnam situation (both priests are Jesuit scholars). He told me absolutely "No! -- saying first of all he was a "true patriot", and he himself had volunteered for the army (see Phil's song "Chaplain Of The War"). He also said he couldn't give permission because in this country the state doesn't interfere with religion and he had no right to speak against the government. Sounds like what people in the Third Reich must have said. He also told me he was ashamed of me when I said I was considering re-registering with the draft as a conscientious objector. At that point my stomach felt bad and I had to leave. P.H., Pa.

Letters -- 2

Dear Gordon & Sis: -- You did a mighty fine job all the way with my song "Lord Hold Back The Water" in Broadside # 72. The artistry make-up is outstanding! The historical notes are beautifully written and completely accurate. Man, you know more about Florida history than 99% of the so-called Historians. I want to tell you something about a new song I'm working on, or rather the story on which it is based. It's a great story, and it's true!! About 75 miles from Tallahassee there's a place called We-Wa-hitch-Ka. The famous Dead Lakes are there, and the surrounding country is really wild. Great, tremendous swamps for miles and miles. In this town lives a man who owns several old hound dogs and a Burro. Now the man first gives this burro  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a fifth of whiskey (the man guzzles some too, but since the burro is quite a drunkard by now he gets the bulk of the bottle). Then they all (man, dogs, & burro) go out into one of these swamps to catch wild hogs. This burro will catch a big hog (and I mean BIG, with huge tusches) in the head so the hog can't cut him. Then he'll sit on the hog until the man can come up and either kill him -- if he's too big to handle any other way -- or tie his feet. In the latter case, the burro will take the hog by the ear and drag him out of the swamp to where they pen them up. I had heard rumors about this story before but didn't pay too much attention. But now I've gone down there and checked and it's the truth!!!

WILL McLEAN, Florida

P.S. I want to congratulate Broadside for that fine ad for the Beers Family record. I know the Beers quite well, and they're really sweet people. They have made the Florida Folk Festival at White Springs several times and I believe they like my songs. I expect they'll be pleasantly surprised to find HBTW in the same B'Side as their beautiful Columbia ad. I hope the Beers' Festival turns out good (Aug. 18-21 at Petersburg, New York). I'd sure like to be there.

Will

Dear Broadside: -- # 72 -- great! -- I'm overwhelmed. Thanks. S.H., Canada

Dear Broadside: -- I understand at least two books are in preparation dealing with the topical song movement in the U.S. in the 60's. Presumably they will draw heavily on material from Broadside, which more than any other publication, here or elsewhere, has been a main inspiration of that movement. I predict that your historical significance will continue to receive widening recognition as time goes on, and people like Pete Seeger and our own West Coast Malvina Reynolds -- and your contributors in general -- will be honored for their steadfast support of your magazine perhaps above anything else they have done.

Dr. F. M.

Univ. Of California

## POETRY SECTION

### ESCALATION

By Irving Lomsky

They will remember  
My country and me  
For death that came flying  
From out on the sea.  
Rockets, blockbusters,  
With jellied napalm,  
Unspecified gasses  
The Phosphorous bomb.  
Tons of destruction  
Delivered by air  
"on special objectives  
With infinite care."  
Hamlet and harvest  
Are put to the flame  
While "search and clear" parties  
Are held in my name.  
Killing by thousands  
We keep careful count  
Even the elephants  
Swell the amount.  
Suffering Asia,  
In her agony  
Will always remember  
My country and me.

Copyright 1966, Irving Lomsky

BROADSIDE #73



PATRICK SKY CLASPS HANDS WITH LADYBIRD IN CAMPAIGN AGAINST BILLBOARDS

Dear Broadside: -- One of the vilest, rottenist, scroungiest, putrid, bad tasteful, ugly, defunctionless, idiotic, and downright unpleasing things that exists in this country today (with the exception of plastic) is the billboard. I agree 100% with LadyBird in this analysis. The billboard, ah yes the billboard, blowboard, bullboard,

buildboard, that great american institution that lines the hiways and biways of this great and sovereign nation. Cand you imagine riding, or driving, down the road and actually seeing trees and grass in place of girls oozing sex and selling soap.

I think I shall never see  
A billboard lovely as a tree  
Indeed unless the billboards fall  
I'll never see a tree at all.

Ogden Nash

But enough of this bullshit. Here's what you can do about it: -- There are several methods of destroying billboards besides sitting around waiting for them to go away or blowing them up with dynamite. First there is the defacing method, then there is the sawing them down and chopping them up into kindling method, which is illegal in some states, so we will discuss the first method first.

The simplest procedure is to fill a light bulb with a mixture of Paint, Tar & Turpentine. I sometimes think that this is what Tommy Edison really had in mind when he invented the light bulb, but people misunderstood what he was up to. Anyhow, one takes a light bulb and

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touches the bottom of it with a hot soldering iron. This will melt the solder holding the filament in place and the inside of the bulb can be removed quite easily. Next the bulb is filled with a paint mixture — black is best — and a cork inserted into the hole. The rest is quite simple: a fast automobile and you leaning out the window and about three of these Mazel tov cocktails right into the sexy chick's face, and then see if the soap she sells can wash this from her face. The only thing that I can think of that will make a worse smear is a politician.

The really best method I can think of offhand is called "Uncle J.D.'s double back twist half nelson up and stomp and glaze it all over" system. He used to get two big fine mules and leave 'em in the grass growing all around all day, and when night came he would just back 'em up against a williamboard. And—well, as the old folksong goes, You can change a fool, but a doggone mule is a mule until he dies....

PATRICK SKY

(Ed.Note: We have found it effective if you take a row of roosting birds and place them along the top rim with their north ends overhanging the billboard.)

American-style "protest song" writing is spreading all over the world. In France, the chief writer-performer of such songs, Antoine, has shot to the top in French show business faster than any artist in history.

One of his hits, *La Guerre*,

sounds like a medley of *Eve of Destruction* and *Blowin' in the Wind*:

*Our entire world is collapsing . . .  
The bomb is ready to fall, the button  
to be pushed.  
Sometimes children raise their voices  
to say  
Let us make a truce before this  
alarming future.  
But their voices fly off into the wind.*



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## LIFE AMONG THE ROCKERS

IS THE BEATLES DEAD: A drive to stamp out all traces of the BEATLES has broken out in the U.S. Bible Belt in the deep South and is spreading northward. It started when a Birmingham radio station manager, Tommy Charles, read a recent article by John Lennon, the literary Beatle. John wrote: "Christianity will go. It will vanish and shrink. Right now the Beatles are more popular than Jesus. I don't know which will go first — rock 'n roll or Christianity." Mr. Charles instantly got on the air and began to exhort all listeners to bring their Beatle records, pictures, books, magazines, buttons, sweatshirts, scraps of bedsheets Beatles slept on, up to the station for a giant bonfire. The bookburning inspiration has caught fire all through the South and even in enlightened New York and Massachusetts. One voice has come to the defense of the new Lennon; Norm Seeley of KRUX in Barry Goldwater's home town of Phoenix, Arizona, declared: "I think John Lennon is absolutely right.!!.. MEANWHILE, a London court has fined DONOVAN \$700 after a Bobby testified he entered a room and found Donovan and a chick, plus another couple, prancing around stark naked in clouds of marijuana smoke. "He jumped on my back and rode me around the room screaming obscenities," the witness said.

### IT DON'T MEAN A THING tune: "Railroad Bill"

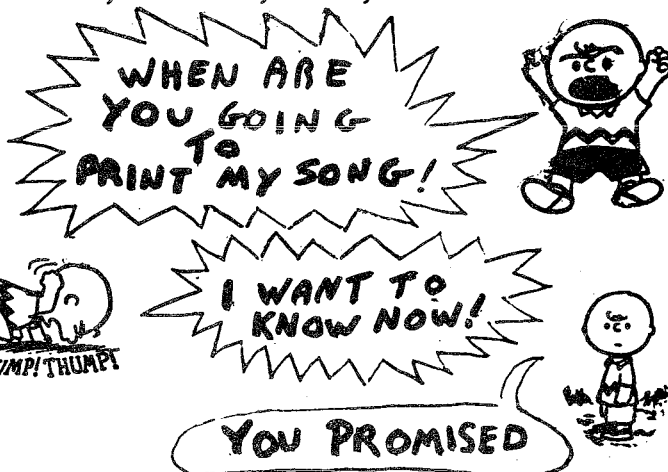
sing about your cod'ine  
your cocaine and your pot  
sing about the habit  
that you aint got  
'cause honey, it don't mean a thing  
pack your blue jeans an' your boots  
an' go roamin' all around  
in your fuel-injected sports car  
you zoom from town to town  
an' you know that it don't mean a thing  
in your coffee houses  
sing your blues and protest songs  
about man's injustices  
about his rights an' wrongs  
an' you know that it don't mean a thing

you tell me that you're hip  
an' you know what it's all about  
'cause you got 40 eleven Lomax books  
an' every copy of Sing Out  
an' you know that it don't mean a thing

sing about the wind  
sing about the rain  
imitate Zimmerman  
and Joan what's her name  
an' you know that it don't mean a thing  
(sic)

Reprinted from ERNIE MARRS' column in the July issue of STRAY NOTES, publication of the Atlanta Folk Music Soc.

TO OUR READERS: We want to apologize to the many of you who have sent us songs, letters, articles, etc., and haven't even enjoyed the courtesy of a reply. We are simply overwhelmed with work and are falling way behind. But please bear with us, and thanks, thanks, thanks.



NEWPORT -- continued.

To me the most enjoyable event of the whole festival was the Sunday morning (free!) concert of religious music. It included wonderful performances by Rev. Pearly Brown, Skip James, Son and Ev House, Bettie Mae Fikes, Kilby Snow, Sandy and Jeanie Darlington, and Fannie Lou Hamer.

Sunday afternoon's attraction was the "New Directions" concert. Hosted, badly it must be said, by Peter Yarrow, this concert purported to explore the new directions in which the renegades from the folksong army are filtering. In general, it was a bad concert. Hazel Dickens and Alice Foster, two girls under the mistaken impression that they can sing bluegrass, led off the program and set its tone. They were followed by Eric Andersen, who used to write protest songs. Eric was backed by a rock group and was fairly good, thus establishing himself as a folk-rock artist of great magnitude. Rosalie Sorrels again was wonderful. Long Gone Miles, a young blues singer, Jeff Gutcherson and Mitch Greenhill, and Sandy and Jeanie Darlington also gave reasonably good performances. Tom Rush and Tim Hardin, two new idols of the hippies, were dismally bad. Only in rare instances did the "new directions" of folk music bear any relationship to the music we purists know and love. C'est la vie.

In the words of the immortal Brooklyn Dodger fan "Wait till next year."

## Newport - 2

Newport 1966 had much of the same discomforts and tensions of previous Festivals. The food was expensive and not very good. Festival officials and police were in the main cold, irritable and offensive. Performers were pinched for time. Even nature joined in making things uncomfortable -- temperatures rose and fell between extremes. Dust drifted around almost aggressively, at times blotting out the stage areas and their contents. It all added up to make the crowds an aggravated lot. Hundreds of disregarded leaflets lay among the heaps of accumulated trash, hardly distinguishable from the lonesome, anonymous guitar pluckers huddled about in scattered clusters dodging the trampling feet of crowds scuffling back and forth. Since last year the Newport officials have added a stockade around the grounds made of boards

BERKELEY -- continued.

The major flaws of Berkeley still remain in the areas of panels and the selection of performers. The panels are frequently glorified exercises in collective ignorance with participants rarely doing their homework. Professor Aaron Wildavsky of UC totally misinterpreted Dylan's song "With God On Our Side" to support an argument he was presenting. Equally many performers, while musically knowledgeable, usually offer little information outside of realm of opinion. Marty Balin and Lou Gottlieb were two exceptions this year joining an exclusive band of performers who have something of significance to communicate. Panels may well be improved by requiring some structure and planning on the part of the participants. Also, the addition of folklorists to the panels would be of great intellectual benefit.

Overall, Olivier and his associates have in degrees improved the festival although many cliches of what is good still remains in the hands of much too limited group of gentlemen. The introduction of Fahey, Country Joe, Jim and Jean, and The Airplane did show an awareness of Ochs' social realism of the contemporary world, yet one feels that the latter performers were recruited to stand in the shoes of the "new Dylan." The Airplane and Country Joe musically are par to many of Dylan's recent works. Oh, yes! Pete Seeger deservedly received several standing ovations at the conclusion of his appearances.

about 8-feet high (to keep out the poor kids who try to sneak in without giving Caesar his due). This barrier was subjected to a test on Saturday night. Swarms of teenyboppers - 6,000 more than there was room for - showed up to hear a pop-rock, pop-art group called The Lovin' Spoonful. With no tickets left, they tried to storm the barricade. Screaming, squirming, gasping, the frantic mob managed to penetrate the inner defences before being hurled back.

Shortly after midnight about a dozen uniformed policemen (they were said not to be from Newport but from nearby towns) attacked the SNCC booth on the grounds. Shouting "we'll give you a dose of blue power!", they began clubbing the SNCC workers at the booth. Stokely Carmichael, head of SNCC, who was there, said charges are being brought against these assailants.

Apart from all this, things went fairly well. My attention was mostly on the topical songwriter-performers. Phil Ochs received the most fervent applause and recognition for anyone at the festival (he was hissed and jeered by the swaggering sailors from a closeby base who had joined the teenyboppers to hear the Lovin' Spoonful). Well...maybe Phil's reception was second to that accorded festival veteran Pete Seeger, who got a tremendous response for his new song "Bring Them Home" (B'Side # 71), with many of the audience joining in singing it.

Phil's "Cops Of The World" (B'Side # 70) was wildly received both times he sang it (except by the sailors)

The focal point of the topical song workshop was the appearance of Julius Lester and Jimmy Collier. The audience responded with great enthusiasm to Julius singing his "Talking Vietnam Blues" (B'Side # 56) and to Jimmy's "Burn, Baby, Burn", (B'Side # 69). At this stage in topical songwriting, it seems to be the Negro writers who are staying closest to reality. Jimmy's song is an example of this fact -- it comes straight out of the turmoil now gripping the Negro ghettos. The cry of "Burn, Baby, Burn" was first heard in the Watts trouble, and re-appeared in a similar outbreak against the terrible conditions in Jimmy's home city of Chicago. (That the Newport Board made a mistake in not inviting Len Chandler this year was the opinion of many, for he also stands in the forefront of those who are unswervingly hewing to the line in the modern development of topical song.)

There was among new songwriting an obvious continuation of the trend toward obscurantist drivel (even people like Phil Ochs and Eric Andersen were not guiltless in this respect.) But a lot of fine new songs nevertheless were heard.

Phil Ochs, in good form, sang a couple of new songs that got good response -- "The Party", and one about Miranda, the girl who bakes brownies for the boys in the band. Phil's beautiful folk ballad about Joe Hill (the IWW poet and songwriter who composed very strong working class songs and was framed and executed on a phoney murder charge in Utah) seemed too long for the restive audience. Eric Andersen won a good reception for

(continued ->)



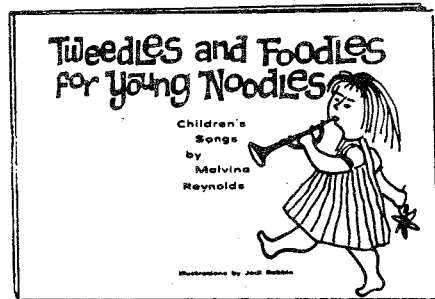
NEWPORT — continued.

a brand new song entitled something like "A Far Cry From Heaven But A Short Cry From Home." The Newport audience had the honor of being the first ever to hear it performed, since Eric had written it only the night before in the Viking Hotel where he was staying. Tom Paxton's new "Talking God Is Dead Blues" was also a hit. Among other fine new works were: Sandy and Jean Darlington's "I Don't Want To Be Jello"; Jeff Gutcheon's very funny song defending alcohol over all other forms of drugs; and Jim and Jessie's "Cotton Mill Man."

We hope to be able to have at least some of these new songs in Broadside soon. JANE FRIESEN

## Songbook by Malvina Reynolds

...arranged  
for piano  
and guitar



\$1.75 postage paid

SCHRODER MUSIC CO., 2027 PARKER STREET  
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

## notes

NEWPORT: Nothing humans do takes place in a vacuum, not even a folk festival. The dictionary describes festival as meaning "a day or special time of rejoicing, merrymaking, revelry." How can there be a time of rejoicing anywhere in this land while the forces of fascism, fattening on the escalating Viet Nam war and the resistance to Negro rights at home, grow more menacing by the day. The mood at Newport only reflected the dark clouds gathering over every American... BOB DYLAN had to cancel his Yale Bowl concert after being injured in a motorcycle accident near his place in Woodstock, N.Y., July 29. The injuries were slight and he is recovering satisfactorily. Two stitches patched up the damage... The 5th annual PHILADELPHIA FOLK FESTIVAL, Sept. 9-10-11, 1966, will be held on a different site this year — the Spring Mountain Ski Slope at Schwenksville, Pa. Conditions are much the same as at the previous location, the Paoli farm... For information on the 2nd annual GEORGIA FESTIVAL OF FOLK MUSIC, Sept. 16, 17, 18, 19, write the Atlanta Folk Music Society, P.O. Box 7813, Atlanta, Georgia 30309. This festival is at the UNICOI STATE PARK near Helen, Ga., about 100 miles north of Atlanta.

## folksingers!



JOAN BAEZ  
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JESSE FULLER  
FLATT & SCRUGGS  
and the Foggy Mountain Boys  
MITCH GREENHILL  
SPIDER JOHN KOERNER  
**THE PENNYWHISTLERS**  
THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS  
JEAN REDPATH  
TONY SALETAN  
PETE SEEGER (New England Area)  
ERIK VON SCHMIDT  
JACKIE WASHINGTON  
Doc Watson

Call or write for brochures and availabilities if you wish to arrange for concerts with these or other folksingers.

## FOLKLORE PRODUCTIONS

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