MATTHEW JONES
&
ELAINE LARON
HELL NO!
I AIN'T
GONNA GO

* * * * *

Janis Ian
SHADY ACRES

Phil Ochs
PLEASURES
of the
HARBOR

Also: Songs By

TOM PARROTT
STAN JAY
ROSALIE SORRELS
& BRUCE PHILLIPS

Record reviews by JOSH
DUNSON and JIM BEUCHLER.
Book Review: ELI JAFFE.

Drawing By LINDA JEAN FRAME

* * * * 50¢
I went out to the "Support Our Boys In Vietnam" parade on Saturday, May 13th. Suzanne Nachtigal and I thought it would be tragic if the march went unprotested, and we took along a sign reading "Support Our Boys In Vietnam - Bring Them Home Now!" Half a dozen people stopped to voice their agreement, one of them, a young man with the look of a Viking, stayed nearby, and, eventually, a group of hecklers formed behind us.

It took about fifteen minutes for this group of six or eight patriots (I use the word advisedly) to talk enough fanaticism into one fifteenish joy for him to grab the sign, ripping it in half. The Viking came to our aid at that point, handing me the largest part of the sign, but it really only meant that three of us got shoved and pummeled instead of two.

The police pulled us out of there, but, after they took us across the street, they told us to take a walk. We were followed. The six or eight, I wasn't able to get a good count, brave young men made several more abortive attempts to do physical damage, with a kick in my back, and a judo throw on the Viking, but we finally got away from them, when a rookie cop let us cross the street, holding them on the other side.

I got pretty ticked off, and wrote a song about it: "The Freedoms We've Been Fighting For."  

- Tom Parrott

**THE FREEDOMS WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR**

Words & Music By TOM PARROTT  

Copyright 1967 by Tom Parrott

We've fought a thousand battles, we've won a hundred wars From the bloody ridge at Gettysburg to China's "Open Door", And it's written in our history, it's recorded in our lore, All the wonder of the freedoms that we've been fighting for.

And when we rise to speak our minds against the cancer's spread,  
We're told that we're responsible for the rising toll of dead;  
And we're battered and we're beaten for we stand against this war;  
Tell me! Where are all those freedoms that you say we're fighting for?

We drove the Indians from their land, their hallowed grounds to till;  
And they went if they were savvy and if they stayed they all were killed.  
And it didn't matter that this land belonged to them before;  
For they were not red men's freedoms that we were fighting for.

And when we crossed the mountains to the California side,  
And gold was found at Sutter's Mill no force could stem the tide;  
And freedom was the battle cry, but greed was at the core;  
And they were not Mexican freedoms that we were fighting for.

And when the Civil War came and fathers killed their sons,  
Emancipation was the cause for which it all was done;  
But the slavery of two hundred years lived another hundred more;  
And they were not Negro freedoms that we were fighting for.

And when our boys in Vietnam drive out the Viet Cong,  
Behind them come the landlords to continue all their wrongs;  
And a government of tyranny treats it's country like a whore;  
Are they Oriental freedoms that we are fighting for?
Severe Hunger Found in Mississippi

By NAN ROBERTSON

WASHINGTON, June 16 — A team of doctors who recently returned from Mississippi told Congress today that they had found hunger approaching starvation and serious untreated diseases among hundreds of Negro children there.

They described the health of the poor children there as "pitiful," "alarmingly unbelievable," and "apalling," even though Mississippi has reached a higher percentage of its poor with food programs, using Federal anti-poverty funds, than any state.

The doctors' report continued:

"We do not wish to quibble over words, but malnutrition is not quite what we found: the boys and girls we saw were hungry — weak. In pain, sick; their lives are being shortened...

...They are suffering from hunger and disease and directly or indirectly they are dying from them — which is exactly what 'starvation' means."

**By EARL CALDWELL**

Special to The New York Times

OAKLAND, Calif. July 9 — In a speech filled with emotion, Floyd B. McKissick called on CORE's annual convention last night to "do something" about the antitrust legislation that is now being considered by Congress.

Mr. McKissick, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, said that the bill was "not designed to stop Shollyt Carmichael but to stop black people."

He called the violence that has flared in Negro ghettos across the country not riots, but "rebellions by black people."

The doctors' report continued:

"We do not wish to quibble over words, but malnutrition is not quite what we found: the boys and girls we saw were hungry — weak. In pain, sick; their lives are being shortened...

...They are suffering from hunger and disease and directly or indirectly they are dying from them — which is exactly what 'starvation' means."

**By JONATHAN RANDAL**

Special to The New York Times

SAIGON, South Vietnam, June 13 — A half-forgotten rock-'n-roll song is rapidly becoming the Tipperary of the Vietnamese war.

Recorded almost two years ago by The Animals, a British rock 'n roll group, it was considered a minor protest song in the United States.

In Vietnam, the song was popularized by a four-girl Filipino group called the Pallorose, which began singing it last fall for troops from one end of the country to the other.

By now, it is included in most of the repertoires of entertainers booked into South Vietnam by the United Services Organization.

"If you don't know it, the G.I.'s request it," said Luzviminda, the 20-year-old leader of a Filipino singing group called the Pallorose, which has been singing it for troops in the Northern Highlands.

Mr. Gregorj called on the convention earlier that he planned to make a trip "around the world" to "find and beg money from other nations" to purchase food for the needy that received aid from the United States and "every Communist country that I can get to," adding that this trip was at this point that the deposed boxing champion stepped forward and made his offer.
Shady Acres

Words and Music by JANIS IAN
Copyright 1967 by Dialogue Music, Inc.
Used with permission

So you've grown tired of your parents hanging around. Now they spoil your children and having grandparents is out. Yes and they raised you well but you wish to hell that they'd go away so you'd not have to pay for their food—forget all the years when they paid for you.

Send your mother to Shady Acres, Send your father to Shady Acres, We'll take good care of them. You won't be aware of them. Send them to Shady Acres.

Well if one of them's dead, don't worry your head, we have a matchmaker. They can sit and kvetch on the rest home steps while watching Green Acres. Yes if you don't want to visit, there's no requisite. We have foster sons and daughters, to help all our boarders. Stop feeling blue. Keep the checks coming and we won't bother you. (CHO)

Yes here it's so peaceful, they die while they're sleeping, right in their beds. Now there's no need to worry, we have our own mortuary and a beautiful cemetery. Yes we are good people, we care for the feeble. We've devoted our lives to the husbands and wives who don't want their fathers around to be bothers. So send 'em, We're respectable, And tax deductible. (CHORUS)

BROADSIDE #82
Pleasures of the Harbor

Words & Music: PHIL OCHS

And the ship sets the sail, they've lived the tales to carry to the shore. Straining at the oars or staring from the rails, And the sea bids farewell, she waves swell and sends them on their way. Time has been her pay and time will have to tell. Oh, soon your sailing will be over, come and take the pleasures of the Harbor.

Copyright 1966 Barricade Music, Inc.


Chorus: OH SOON YOUR SAILING WILL BE OVER COME AND TAKE THE PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR


Chorus

4. AND THE SHADOWS FRAME THE LIGHT, THE SAME OLD SIGHT THE THRILL HAS FLOWN AWAY ALL ALONE THEY LAY, TWO STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT THEN HIS HEART SKIPS A BEAT, HE'S ON HIS FEET TO SHIPMATES HE MUST JOIN SHE'S COUNTING UP THE COINS, HE SWALLOWED BY THE STREET

Chorus

5. IN THE BAR HANGS A CLOUD, THE WHISKEY'S LOUD, THERE'S LAUGHTER IN THEIR EYES THE LONELY IN DISGUISE ARE CLINGING TO THE CROWD AND THE BOTTLE FILLS THE GLASS, THE HAZE IS FAST HE'S TREMBLING FOR THE TASTE OF PASSIONS GONE TO WASTE, IN MEMORIES OF THE PAST

Chorus

6. IN THE ALLEY WET WITH RAIN, A CRY OF PAIN, FOR LOVE WAS BUT A SMILE TEASING ALL THE WHILE, NOW DANCING DOWN THE DRAIN TILL THE BOYS REACH THE DOCK, THEY GENTLY MOCK, AND LIFT HIM ON THEIR BACKS TO LAY HIM ON HIS RACK, TO SLEEP BENEATH THE CLOCK

Chorus

Repeat first verse

BROADSIDE #82
Let Us Have Peace

Slowly, Hymn-like

Words & Music
copyright 1965 by Stanley M. Jay

I. 1. When all mankind forgets — But that time's so far away —
2. Then men in peace shall say — Peace without boundary lines—

Death cries and epithets and the meaning of "war:" "I will love all today; for I am alive."

But if men would all live as one why do we hate?

Cho.

3. Why fool yourselves and comment:
"Wars will end on battlefields."
We can't, with guns and bombs,
Make love, not war!

II. 1. Thousands of years have gone
(No excuses justify)
And not one thing's been done
The next to insure.

2. Let's play a game tonight
And pretend it's real, not play —
We'll bet as we switch the light
We'll again see the day.

Cho.

But if men would all live as one why do we fear?
Let's stop listening, let's start thinking —
Let's make it clear!

3. "Now break it up, you two!"
Will always work when children fight.
We've got growing up to do —
Let us have peace!
RECORD REVIEW:
IAN AND SYLVIA/SO MUCH FOR DREAMING
Vanguard VRS-9241, VSD-79241
By Jim Buechler

Ian and Sylvia's sixth Vanguard LP culminates what I first suspected after hearing their preceding record, Play One More. That is, a great deal less dependence on the intricate guitar styling that was once the hallmark of the duo, substituted by trite, vastly inferior arrangements, or orchestral accompaniment. This is unfortunate because their previous recordings were so greatly enhanced by the excellent back-up provided by John Herald and Monte Dunn, so that each play was a fresh and enjoyable experience.

Even with notable exceptions on the part of all the musicians, the overall performance of each is quite disappointing. Listen to the guitarist David Rea on "Grey Morning" (Sylvia's fine blues number), "Cutty Wren" (an ancient work dating back to pre-Christian England, and "Si Les Bateaux" (a lilting French love song), but don't bother on most of the others because he is really quite monotonous. Here again, electric bassist Robert Bushnell is excellent on "Cutty Wren" but on the other cuts is hardly inventive. And finally, on drums we have Al Rogers, who, except for his marvelous work on "Grey Morning", completely overpowers the listener with his tasteless whamming.

Ian and Sylvia's repertoire, too, has evolved considerably. While once composed of mostly traditional songs, their forte, their latest venture features five songs penned by Ian and two by Sylvia. Of particular brilliance are Ian's "So Much for Dreaming" and "Child Apart." The title tune plays upon a recurrent Tyson theme, that of unreturned love for its unremitting partner. Other compositions of this genre are, as you remember "Red Velvet," "The French Girl," and "Someday Soon." His other songs do not score so highly, though, being unsuccessful endeavors at evoking picturesque imagery. The scenes that he paints in the songs "Wild Geese," "Summer Wages," and "January Morning" are merely colorful hodgepogdes of pretty nature scenes (Cont'd on page 12)

sooner or later
every banjoist
(and guitarist)
reaches the same
decision

nothing compares
to a Vega
so they buy a Vega

if you haven't reached this point yet hasten the day . . . just say "Vega" to your musical instrument dealer—he will understand.
I'VE GOT A HOME OUT IN UTAH

I've got a home out in Utah, In the Rockies that I learned to love so well, where the se-go sil-ies bloom and send up their bright perfume, In the shadow of the mount-ain, there I dwell. You can take a-way all my mon-ey—You can take a-way all a-ny thing I own—Oh, but I've got a home out in Utah And I'll al-ways love my Rock-y Mount-ain home.

And I'll al-ways love my Rock-y Mount-ain home— I'll al-ways love my Rock-y Mount-ain home.

I've listened to the pines in the can-yons I've heard them as they whispered to the stars And the streams would hum along As I sang a happy song while I played upon my old guitar though to-mor-row may find me driftin' through a world that is friend-less and alone, well I've got a home out in Utah; a place I can al-ways call my home.

Well, I've got a man I love in Utah I even love the ground he walks upon. He'll wait for me, I know, wherever I may go; He'll miss me ev-ery mo-ment that I'm gone. I can tell by the letters that he writes me, I don't even have to read between the lines, that I've got a man out in Utah who can't wait for the min-ute he'll be mine. Repeat first verse.
After the Contemporary Song Workshop of the Greater Washington Folklore Society's "Get Away" I was asked: "There seems to be many fewer topical songs being written today. Are there any new and exciting writers?" I answered: "There are two who I think are really fine, Charles O'Hegarty and Rosalie Sorrels." Charles O'Hegarty is a British expatriot whose songs are subtlety biting and superbly crafted. Rosalie Sorrels is a beautiful woman from the West whose singing is as alive as her vibrant laugh and quick wit.

Her new record, If I Could Be The Rain, (Folk-Legacy, 751-3) I am convinced ranks with the best of all records in any music discipline. I think her singing far outdistances in skill and excitement the recorded work of most of the other female city singers. This album is a combination of the outstanding work of five very talented people, Rosalie Sorrels, Mitch Greenhill, her accompanist, Bruce Phillips, the Salt Lake song writer with whom Sorrels collaborates, and Caroline and Sandy Paton, those in charge at Folk-Legacy.

Months before If I Could Be The Rain was released, a few tapes of the recording were circulated on the folk music underground. As a result, there were a good number of people who went wild and bombarded Folk-Legacy with "Please, get that record out!" Broadside published Bruce Phillips' "Good Bye Joe Hill" in #73, and Sing Out made the Phillips-Sorrels classic "Jesse's Corrido" its lead song in their February-March issue. Phillips-Sorrels' "I Got A Home Out in Utah" appears in this issue.

Mitch Greenhill, who was voted top instrumentalist in this year's Boston Broadside poll and who regularly makes great electric music with Jackie Washington's group plugged his acoustic guitar directly into Sorrels' singing. Mitch has a delicate touch that picks up the lilt and explores the complexities of music from the American West. His guitar is a second voice-- highlighting, but never getting in the way.

Bruce Phillips is one of, I would guess, many song writers who kept on sending his good songs in for publication, but because he was not living under the cultural boss of the world, New York City, and because sometimes it's hard to pick up songs from lead sheets, they were never printed. His skills as a poet are nurtured by the bigness of the West, the magic of wild things' freedom that made Peter La Farge find a close friend in the coyote, and by what Rosalie Sorrels describes so well in the album notes, the Rockies:

... Strong, craggy, stone monuments to earthquakes, volcanos and glaciers, they are -- take your breath right away! If you go down over Galena summit on a Spring morning, you can drop down into a basin of green light. Travel on a ways, and you'll come to a place where stone pinnacles reflect like Gothic spires in the cold waters of Redfish Lake -- and you can walk through forests as cool and quiet as any house of God.

Rosalie Sorrels' feeling for the West is mixed with a remarkable ability to absorb jazz ideas into a traditional music setting. Her writing is an amazingly successful combination of sensual 20th century visions mixed with phrases of everyday things that have been everyday things in their own flaming ways since the beginning. "Up is a Nice Place to Be" starts: Up is a nice place to be --

On the ceiling, or high in a tree --
Climbing or flying around --
Floating on fragments of sound.

(cont'd)
Caroline and Sandy Paton, the unsung heroes of those who like to get what they pay for when buying a record, have done a fine job of programming and production. The 15-page book of notes stands by itself as a literary work. It has the sharpness and movement reminiscent of many of the early New Directions booklets of poetry.

I wish I were rich so I could walk down the cities' streets giving away If I Could Be The Rain the way peace marchers gave away flowers in the Spring Mobilization. This is a record for those who love spring breezes and hate the burning of children. This is a record for those frightened souls who look away when offered flowers and smiles. It does not conquer but it does convince, gently.

HARD HITTING SONGS for HARD-HIT PEOPLE - Oak Publications, 701 7th Ave.

Book Review by Eli Jaffe

Like the tributaries of a river, the people flowed together. From Harlan, Kentucky; Birmingham, Alabama; Lowell, Massachusetts; Sallisaw, Oklahoma; Salinas, California—and hundreds of other cities and hamlets across the land—you could hear the current of their voices. Cryin' the blues. Hittin' the road. Singin' a hungry kid to sleep. Lamentin' in jail or on the chain gang. Startin' to talk Union. Maybe this wasn't the total voice of America; but if you listened closely you could hear some 50 million human beings, the "one third of the nation ill-housed, ill-clothed and ill-fed."

We've worked to build this country, mister
While you enjoyed your life of ease.
You've stolen all that we've built, mister
Now our children starve and freeze.

Despite the inhuman prisons, the flimsy shacks of tenant farmers, factory hands and the dispossessed and disinherited, they never stopped singing. John Steinbeck, whose finest writing came when he was closest to the heartbeat of the migratory workers and their "grapes of wrath", hits the nail on the head in his foreword to this hard-hitting book: "Songs are the statements of a people. You can learn more about people by listening to their songs than in any other way, for into the songs go all the hopes and hurts, the angers, fears, the wants and aspirations."

Seven cent cotton and forty cent meat,
How in the world can a poor man eat?

Many of these songs of the 20's and 30's are here in this welcome overture of one of America's most dramatic and significant decades. In the world in which we live with Vietnam and the Middle East and the constant mushroom which shadows the lives of all of us, there is much in these songs that today's generation can learn by. For in spite of beatings and hunger, of low-down blues and terror, the people of the 30's had hope. As publisher Irwin Silber aptly indicates, "the greatest symbol of this struggle was the Union."

Come all of you good workers, good news to you I'll tell
Of how the good ol' union has come in here to dwell.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on?
The "Wobblies" (Industrial Workers of the World to the poor, and "I Won't Work" to the fatcats) had tried to tell the story about one big union before. Joe Hill had ridiculed the dream of "pie in the sky" and a scabby Casey Jones barred from heaven by the union of angels. Ralph Chaplin had poetically extolled the "Commonwealth of Toil":
When our cause is all triumphant
and we claim our mother earth
And the nightmare of the present fades away, (cont'd)
We shall live with love and laughter
We who now are little worth
And we'll not regret the price
we had to pay.

Woody Guthrie, whose voice threads this book, comments that "their song was worth about an even dozen sermons." But the Wobblies were too narrow with sectarian passion. Far more compelling was the rhythmic cadence of the burgeoning CIO:

"We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll
We're gonna roll that Union on...

The people of the lonely road could hear it and respond: "Goin' down this road feelin' bad...but I ain't gonna be treated this away." The folks in Hooverville heard it. "But after all my hard travelin' things is about comin' my way." The bo's in the jungle camp heard it as they dug into their mulligan stew; "Takes a worried man to sing a worried song...I'm worried now but I won't be worried long." (I heard a sharecropper sing it 30 years ago in Arkansas)

Trouble in mind, I'm blue
But I won't be blue always,
The sun's gonna shine in my backyard someday.

This book, then, is a reminder and a tribute to the ever-lovin' faith of Alan Lomax, Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger, plus an "assist" by Irwin Silber.

Originally scheduled to see the light of day in 1941, Pearl Harbor and World War II forced postponement of its publication. After the war, the manuscript was lost. It wasn't until a few years ago that the pieces all came together fortuitously. Now they are all here (most of them anyway), some 150 American songs straight out of the heart and voice boxes of an embattled America of yesteryear: protest songs, blues, industrial ballads, written by sharecroppers, hobos, migrant workers, miners, sit-down strikers, union organizers and lots more.

They represent the product of a common heart: the desire to preserve the best in our tradition. Alan Lomax - and his father-gathered many of them with their keen ear and experience at recording. Pete Seeger makes them singable with his innate love of sharing music and getting people to sing. Woody Guthrie, the Walt Whitman of the 30s, gives background and dramatic personae and meaning.

"Who touches this book touches a man," Whitman said about his "Leaves of Grass". Who touches this book indeed touches Woody for his fingerprint and intelligence can be felt on every page of this 368-page collection.

It would be criminal to forget the contribution that this curly-haired bard from Okemah, Oklahoma made to the texture of our musical life. He only wrote down his songs from 1936 to 1952 when he was felled by Huntington's Chorea and hospitalized. Yet during that time, more than 1000 songs streamed from his pen, typewriter and guitar/fiddle. Aunt Molly Jackson once observed: "I can sing all day and all night every day for a month and never sing the same song twist." Woody could easily have said that about his own unending flood of songs.

In his "Born to Win" (Macmillan, 1965) he gives his credo: "I sing songs that people made up to help them do more work, to get somewhere in this old world, to fall in love and get married and have kids and to have trade unions and to have the right to speak out your mind about how to make this old world a little better place to work in... I hate a song that makes you think you're not any good. I hate a song that makes you think that you are just born to lose. Bound to lose, No good to nobody. No good for nothing. Because you are either too old or too young or too fat or too slim or too ugly or too this or too that...Songs that run you down or songs that poke fun at you on account of your bad luck or hard travelin'. I am out to fight those kinds of songs to my very last breath of air and my last drop of blood..."

At a time when the answer is "blowin' in the wind", or there is a tendency to retreat into one's own private alienated world, it is heartening to remember how the individual fingers of troubled Americans tightened into a giant fist back there in the 30's.

Well, the book is here to be enjoyed--and used--by grandpappy and grandchild alike. A bit steep in price ($12.50) but worth begging, borrowing or stealing for its healthy dosage of militant affirmation.

"Pleasures of The Harbor", appearing in this issue of Broadside, is to be the title song of Phil's A&M LP, scheduled to be released early in the fall.
that result in a very incoherent picture. (Listen closely, friends!) Sylvia's two written efforts, "Hold Tight" (a full-throated Raunchy number) and "Grey Morn-ing" both come off well. But the same cannot be said for the treat-ment given to Joni Mitchell's superb "The Circle Game", because, simply, the lyrics are in part indiscernible. An equally frus-trating time is also had in try-ing to understand the lyrics in "Child Apart".

This release came as quite a shock to me because I had expect-ed that this formerly remarkable duo would continue improving their vocal and instrumental abilities, but alas, so much for dreaming.

TO LIVE AND DIE IN DIXIE

"John Beecher's TO LIVE AND DIE IN DIXIE is a great book. I've never before picked up a volume of poetry and not been able to lay it down before I'd finished it. I know it is only a matter of time before it becomes, as they say, a 'best seller', but in or-der to hasten that day and because there is always the chance that Armageddon might get here first I suggest that everyone who reads these words send their two bucks RIGHT NOW to get a copy (you won't get off so easy -- within a few days, like me, you'll send more dough, for more copies to give your friends.)

(signed) PETE SEEGER"

TO LIVE AND DIE IN DIXIE by John Beecher, $2 paper-bound. (Cloth-bound edition also available at $5.) Order from Red Mountain Ed-itions, Box 7331-A, Mountain Brook Sta. Birmingham, Ala., 35223.
At a Commune for Diggers

Galadad, 21, who operates the East Village commune, walks along the parapet of six-story building on 11th Street between Avenues B and C. He is 15. Galadad is known to be a drug user who occasionally uses mescaline. He has used it to make the rounds of the communemen. He is also known to be a part-time worker who earns $25 a week for his work.

At a Commune for Diggers

Galadad is a 21-year-old who until early last December lived in Kansas City. He now lives in the East Village and operates a commune, an apartment where anyone can stay for a week or as long as he likes.

Galadad, as he is usually known, is a hippie; a hippie who survives with no noticeable income. Although hippies hold occasional jobs, all of the 20 to 30 people who live in the commune are diggers. The rent, each month on the apartment, is always food.

Idea for a "Ballad of Galadad"?

Los Angeles - This is the story of STP, a potentially fatal new psychedelic drug. It was developed by chemical warfare scientists as an incapacitating element.

The commune operates on a simple basis. If a person needs a place to sleep or stay awhile, he does it walk in and ask. The apartment belongs to anyone who is in it.

No one in Galadad's commune is sure how they get money or food, but they know they never steal and that they always food in the refrigerator.

(Makes a "good trip" for the CIA, no doubt)

InSight

photographic association, inc.

Minoru Aoki
Karl Bissinger
Diana J. Davies
Glen Craig
Willi Percival
Francine Winham
Robert Basman (Art Director)

THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE-GIVES ITS POETRY PRIZE TO A BALLADEER

PARIS, June 10 - The Academy Francaise—the intellectual guardian of the French language—has given its annual poetry prize to a popular balladeer, Georges Brassens. The event is an extraordinary one in the annals of French letters and literature.

The prize, an important one, was awarded to Mr. Brassens, a 45-year-old, pipe-smoking bard with a warius mustache who composes his own songs about love and death and life and violence—and accompanies himself on a guitar. In an era of screaming young pop singers he is the exception. He is an idol of French youth and intellectuals alike.

Mr. Brassens performs mostly in music halls and theaters. He is the King of France, and his songs have sold more than 20 million copies in France. He is a protest singer. His songs fall into two categories—against convention, against war. He is not, however, a protest singer. His songs are not attempts at stirring controversy with coarse language and coarse ideas. He is an anti-war song, "Two Uncle's," about one who died and the one who didn't. He is the exception. He is an idol of French youth and intellectuals alike.

Mr. Brassens performs mostly in music halls and theaters. He is the King of France, and his songs have sold more than 20 million copies in France. He is a protest singer. His songs fall into two categories—against convention, against war. He is not, however, a protest singer. His songs are not attempts at stirring controversy with coarse language and coarse ideas. He is an anti-war song, "Two Uncle's," about one who died and the one who didn't. He is the exception. He is an idol of French youth and intellectuals alike.

Mr. Brassens performs mostly in music halls and theaters. He is the King of France, and his songs have sold more than 20 million copies in France. He is a protest singer. His songs fall into two categories—against convention, against war. He is not, however, a protest singer. His songs are not attempts at stirring controversy with coarse language and coarse ideas. He is an anti-war song, "Two Uncle's," about one who died and the one who didn't. He is the exception. He is an idol of French youth and intellectuals alike.

InSight

photographic association, inc.

Minoru Aoki
Karl Bissinger
Diana J. Davies
Glen Craig
Willi Percival
Francine Winham
Robert Basman (Art Director)