

LUIS VALDEZ

EL PICKET SIGN

By LUIS VALDEZ

© 1967 Luis Valdez

SOLO:

Desde Texas a California, Campesinos estan lu-
chando (GROUP:) Desde Texas a California, Campe-
sinos estan lu-chando Los rancheros ha llore ye
llore, De huelga ya estan bien pandos. (CHO) El
Picket Sign, El Picket Sign, Lo llevo por todo el
dia; El Picket Sign, El Picket Sign, — Con
mi-go to-do la vida (2) Ya ten(emos)
Ending of Repeat Cho.

Transcribed by A. Cunningham

(Continued, with English translation, on Page 2.)

A L S O

joan cosman

ric masten

norman ross

malvina
reynolds

HELEN DUNLOP'S
"Mocking Bird"

"The Grrreat
Society."

Kay Cothran on
the burning of
Atlanta.

photograph by Diana Davies

- 2 -

One of the cousins of mine
Was irrigating ditches
One day for Pagarulo
Another with Zanavubitches. Cho.

They say I am very troublesome
A loud-mouth & a rabble-rouser
But Juarez was my uncle
And Zapata my father-in-law. Cho

And now I am out organizing
The raza in all of the fields
But many go on eating
Tortillas with pure chile. Cho

For more than two long years
We've been fighting with this strike
One of the growers has died
Another became a grandmother. Cho

There are many who don't under-
stand
Even tho' you give them advice
Huelga is for the good of all
But some people just act stupid
Cho (pendejos)

(Continued on Mimeo pages)

This page of Broadside paid for by
 FOLKWAYS RECORDS, 701 7th Ave. N.Y.C.

MANY MANSIONS

by Joan Cosman

© 1966 by Joan Cosman.

Intro: A

In my Father's house In my Father's house Many mansions — Many mansions. 1. In the splendor of love In the splendor of love, Many faces — Many faces. The face of the Mother, the face of the Child, The faces of Brotherhood un-defiled; The face of the Bene-dict, Joy and pride When Joy her- self is his radiant bride. — In the manifold faces of love unfurled Is the holi-est meaning of Joy to the world! — In my Father's house In my Father's house Many mansions, Many mansions, Many mansions.

A Verse: A

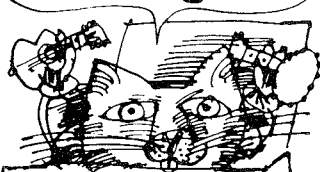
2 In the cry for Peace
Crying Peace on Earth
Many voices,
Many voices.

The voice from the paddy,
The voice from the corn,
The voice from the Manger
The day He was born.

The voice from the ghetto
In hate confined
By the ghetto of cities
And ghetto of mind.
In the manifold voices
Of peace unfurled
Is the holiest meaning
Of Joy to the World!

In my Father's house,
In my Father's house,
Many mansions
Many mansions
Many mansions.

folksingers!



JOAN BAEZ
CHARLES RIVER VALLEY BOYS
REV. GARY DAVIS
JESSE FULLER
MITCH GREENHILL
FLATT & SCRUGGS
and the Foggy Mountain Boys
JOHNNY HAMMOND
SPIDER JOHN KOERNER
THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS
THE PENNYWHISTLERS
JEAN REDPATH
TONY SALETAN
PETE SEEGER (New England Area)
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ERIC VON SCHMIDT
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PARODY ON "HUSH LITTLE BABY"

By Helen Dunlop

Hush, little baby, don't say a word
Mamma's going to buy you a mocking bird
And if that mocking bird don't sing
Mama's going to buy you a diamond ring.

(change key)

Daddy, Daddy, have you heard?
Mamma's going to buy me a mocking bird
I don't want such a silly thing
I bet you got toys that swing!

(change key)

Hush little baby, don't you fret
Daddy's going to buy you a fighter jet
And if that fighter jet don't fly
A tear-gas pistol you'll get by and by
And if that pistol doesn't shoot
A little mortar will substitute
And if that mortar fails, don't whine
'Cause Daddy's going to buy you a real
land mine

And if that land mine doesn't kill
A Napalm set will give you a thrill
And if that napalm is no good
Baby, don't feel misunderstood
'Cause Daddy's got a missile tucked away
To keep you happy on a rainy day
So hush, little baby, don't you see
A future President you're going to be!

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LETTER FROM NORTH VIETNAM

By NORMAN A. ROSS

© 1967 by Norman A. Ross

- 4 -

The bombers come all day, the bombers
come all night, They drop leaflets ev'ry
where; They drop toys for the children
They drop bombs for the men, And then they
dis-appear. It's toys for the children
and bombs for the men, And the leaflets
blame it all on Ho Chi Minh; But the bombs
hit our huts and men and children die, And
we are wond'ring why.

We live off the soil, we toil on the land
we plant food to grow.
The planes dropped their bombs and killed all our rice
but we have more seeds to sow.

It's toys for the children and bombs for the men
and the leaflets blame it all on Ho Chi Minh.
But the bombs hit our huts and men and children die
and we are wondering why.

We built a school so the children could learn
and grow up to be wiser men.
The firebombs came and destroyed our school
but we'll build it up again.

The hospital had a cross on top
it was built for the injured and the sick.
Day after day the bombers came
did they think the red cross was a trick?

It's toys for the children and bombs for the men
and the leaflets blame it all on Ho Chi Minh.
But the mobs hit our huts and men and children die
and we are asking why.

The cross on high was a symbol of Christ.
Now the church is gone.
The Americans came in the middle of the day
with a peace and freedom bomb.

Clothes and shoes and books and food
used to come from the factory.
Now the job's being done by people young and old
who are fighting to be free.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk was so impressed by a letter he received this week from a Vietnam GI that he sent it to the President. The GI wrote that he had never met a single U. S. soldier who said, "Get out of Vietnam."

Perhaps Secretary Rusk would also like to call the President's attention to a letter which was sent to the Akron (Ohio) Beacon-Journal by the father of another soldier. The father said, "My son enlisted in the army, asked to be sent to Vietnam, and backed the government's strong policy toward the war in Vietnam—at least he did when he left this country last November ... here are portions of a letter from him."

* * *

"Dear Mom and Dad—Today we went on a mission and I'm not very proud of myself, my friends, or my country. We burned every hut in sight. It was a small rural network of villages and the people were incredibly poor. My unit burned and plundered their meager possessions.

"When the ten helicopters landed this morning, in the midst of these huts, and six men jumped out of each 'chopper,' we were firing the moment we hit the ground. We fired into all the huts we could. It is then that we burn these huts and take all men old enough to carry a weapon. And the 'choppers' come and get them (they take them to a collection point a few miles away for interrogation). The families don't understand this. The Viet Cong fill their minds with tales saying the GIs kill all their men.

"So, everyone is crying, begging and praying that we don't separate them and their husbands and fathers, sons and grandfathers. The women wail and moan. Then they watch in terror as we burn their homes, personal possessions and food. Yes, we burn all rice and shoot all livestock,

"Some of the guys are so careless. Today a buddy of mine called "La dai" ("Come here") into a hut and an old man came out of the bomb shelter. My buddy told the old man to get away from the hut and since we have to move quickly on a sweep, just threw a hand grenade into the shelter.

"As he pulled the pin, the old man got excited and started jabbering and running toward my buddy and the hut. A GI, not understanding, stopped the old man with a football tackle just as my buddy threw the grenade into the shelter. (There is a 4-second delay on a hand grenade).

"After he threw it, and was running for cover (during this 4-second delay) we all heard a baby crying from inside the shelter. There was nothing we could do.

"After the explosion we found the mother, two children and an almost newborn baby. That is what the old man was trying to tell us. The shelter was small and narrow. They were all huddled together. The three of us dragged out the bodies onto the floor of the hut. It was horrible. The children's fragile bodies were torn apart, literally mutilated. We looked at each other and burned the hut. The old man was just whimpering in disbelief outside the burning hut. We walked away and left him there.

"Well, Dad, you wanted to know what it's like here. Does this give you an idea? ... Your Son."

* * *

Secretary Rusk said he "drew much inspiration" from the letter he got this week, but the father of the Akron boy sadly observed that "the American people should understand what they mean when they advocate a continuation of our war effort in Vietnam."

Instant Sentence or: Talking Law and Order Blues

Words & Music By MALVINA REYNOLDS © 1967 Schroder Music Co.

Spoken

Well the boy won't move, And the
The cops in a line, And they

E7

girl won't move, And they holler and they shout, And they
look so fine, With helmets on top of

E7

push and they shove, And they cry Hell No We ain't gonna go.
ev' ry cop, And a kid throws a can at a po - lice - man.

(Sung)

Instant sentence, Instant sentence, Instant sentence

(Spoken) *E7*

Bust their heads o - pen.

3. They sit in a door
To protest the war,
They get in a crowd
And they say it out loud,
Don't want to be drafted,
Don't want to be shafted--
Instant sentence, Instant
sentence, Instant sentence,
Bust their head open.

4. Don't matter who,
Any head will do
We try to be kind
But you just won't mind,
We tell you to disperse
And you shout and curse,
Instant sentence, Instant
sentence, Instant sentence,
Bust their head open.

5. Well somebody threw,
It could have been you,
You had the nearest head
So you'll do instead,
Anyway you're here,
And what you doin here?
Instant sentence, Instant
sentence, Instant sentence,
Bust their head open.

6. Have your day in court,
But your shrift is short,
You got hit
So you're guilty, kid,
The policeman
Does the best he can --
Instant sentence, Instant
sentence, Instant sentence,
Bust their head open.

Dissent is through! Resistance
is here!

The last day of dissent in the
history of peace activities in
America may have taken place in
Oakland, Monday, Oct. 15, 1967,
when 124 persons were arrested
for sitting in the doorways of the
Induction Center.

Among those arrested were Joan
Baez, her mother, and her sister.
Joan told BARB: "I am going to
try and talk with the young men
going in, talk with them against
all wars."

The worst thing is to see the
billy clubs rise and fall time and
again over the body of a fallen
protestor.

Maralyn is only five feet two
inches tall, and in the swirl of
the crowd she became separated
from her boyfriend.

"The crowd turned me around...
I tried to push back and then it
happened. I was hit very hard in
the back of my head ... I first
didn't even feel the pain ... Then
I fell. I was scratched, and kicked
I think ... I was afraid of being
trampled ... The people were
running and the cops chasing
them ... I sat on the ground crying.

TV watchers Tuesday night got
another example of Oakland police
brutality over Channel 4, as
they saw two cops hold the arms
of a youth and another cop ram
his club into his gut.

It seems that those sitting down
were the real victims of the tout.
A blonde youth, for instance, with
bruises rapidly swelling around
both streaming eyes, said he'd
been sitting in the induction center
doorway, only to be literally
"torn out" by the fuzz, kicked,
prodded in the eyes with clubs,
gassed and yelled at to move on.

I saw a man, Herbert Jensen,
get his head split open with one
blow from a night stick. He was
not even a war protester; but he
refused to be pushed out of a
phone booth where he was making
a call. He had thought that he
lived in a free country.

I got him a doctor, and he told
me, "I fought in Korea and against
the Germans. I got wounded in the
hip and in the neck. I got three
medals. Now you answer this question
for me: What the hell did I
fight for?"

The President and Mrs. Johnson
escorted her and Lord Snowdon
to the great entrance hall.
Suddenly Lord Snowdon grabbed
Mrs. Johnson around the waist
and began to twirl to the strains
of the tune "Just in Time." Mr.

Only now do I understand the
Black Power men who say "guns,
not words" -- they've had to put
up with this club-swinging bull-
shit all their lives.

Then there was the young Black
woman who stumbled inside the
doorway of the induction center.
She screamed, over and over,
"Just let me get up! Just let me
get up."

Each time she would make it to
her knees, they would kick and
club her back to the ground. When
she stopped moving, they walked
on.

This reporter saw cops repeatedly
smack boys and girls on the
side of the head as they were
running AWAY from the police;
in one instance, a cop actually
picked up a girl and threw her
onto the sidewalk.

And not a flicker of emotion
crossed the cops' faces. Not a
flicker of hate or of laughter or of
contempt. They would have beaten
their wives and mothers-and children
without even knowing.

She put her hand on an officer's
shoulder and said, "We're human
beings, we just want peace, why
are you doing this?"

Johnson followed suit with Margaret,
who kept on smiling.
With a couple of taps on the
back, the President escorted
them through the doors of the
north portico to their Rolls-
Royce.



NEW YORK TIMES,
MONDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1967

Reston finds it difficult to report
publicly the provocative acts of the
militants, but he has no qualms at
reporting the ugly and vulgar and what
may well be called obscene actions of
the United States in Vietnam. It is
indeed strange to flinch at verbal
crudities in the midst of napalm
and fragmentation bombing.



Joan Baez sings outside induction center

"Peace! Peace!" a priest was
imploping the students. Standing
between them and a solid phalanx
of Oakland Police Tuesday morning
at the Induction Center at
Oakland, he asked the students to
speak of love.

"You mean we got to love these
bastards?" a student asked.

If you were on the Pentagon
steps blinded by tear gas, sick-
ened by the federal marshals'
nightsticks thumping against the
scalps of painted hippies, then
you felt you had seen the face
of fascism.

DEAD HAND at the TILLER

- 6 -

Words & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS
© 1967 Schroder Music Co. (ASCAP)

1. There's a dead hand at the tiller of this ship, There's a dead hand at the
2. tiller of this ship. The man up there, you think he steers, But
There is a man up on the bridge, But
he's been dead for a thousand years, There's a dead hand at the tiller of
he don't know what time it is,
this ship.

3. There's a dead hand at the tiller of this ship //
Don't know the time, don't see the clocks
And we are headed for the rocks, There's a (etc)

4. There's a dead hand (etc), Go grab the wheel and pull her round
Or we will all be dead and drowned

Repeat 1st verse.

PICO BLANCO

words & music by Ric Masten
© 1966 Mastensville Music Publ.

How long did it take the good Lord to make Pi-co Blanco. It must-a took some
time to make a mountain as fine as Pi-co Blanco. But graspin' men's/ do itch when a
lime-stone mine can make 'em rich, and Pi-co Blan-co — is just money in the
bank - o.

2. The Spanish, they came and gave her the name Pico Blanco.
So struck by the sight of a mountain as white as Pico Blanco
But graspin' mens eyes are blind
They can't see the mountain for the dollar sign.
Ol' Pico Blanco, is jes' money in the bank-o.

3. It's the lair of the fox and the big cat walks on Pico Blanco
The deer and the quail are at home on the trails of Pico Blanco.
But graspin' men got no soul,
They'll grind a mountain right down to a hole
'Cause Pico Blanco is jes' money in the bank-o.

4. When the lime's in the sack there'll be no puttin' back Pico Blanco.
And my heart's gonna bust at the first smell a dust from Pico Blanco.
And might I add that it won't stop
Till the earth is as flat as a table top!
If Pico Blanco, is jes' money in the bank-o.

A Grrreat Society

- 7 -

On the verge of discovery
I ponder
Where is it at?

I see you America
I see my neighbors
I see those I love
the users and the used
And those I hate
the users and the used

I see America tonight
I see superhighways and shanties
I see Fifth Avenue and Harlem's alleys
And Sheriff Rainey and Jesus
(Who was a subversive Un-Roman agitator Jew
If there ever was one
And wore a beard to boot)

I see raggedy black children picking cotton
And runny-nosed anemic babies sucking
Sowbelly in Kentucky
And I see other babies brown babies
Burnt black with napalm
To make them safe for democracy

I see Bobby Kennedy being Senator Kennedy II
Thanks to the Negro Bloc Vote
And I see the wino laying in the snow
In the alley behind the bank

And I see Billy Graham crying "Come to Jesus"
But America you killed Jesus in Birmingham
Along with a few little colored girls
Who nobody remembers the name of

I see tenaments and penthouses
And able-bodied men hobbling
"Technologically unemployed"
And Jimmy Hoffa playing golf with
Dwight D. Eisenhower or
Somebody like that

And I see a pellagra-ridden white man
Who draws his undernourished bones
Together
And says Nigger Nigger Nigger
All the way home feeling proud and righteous
But hungry



WASHINGTON.

Because the greatest obstacle to racial peace is the communications barrier, it is vital to keep the lines open between the white majority and Negro minority. This advice came from one of the nation's most outspoken Negro firebrands, Ernie Chambers, a bearded, bushy-haired Omaha barber specializing in Afro cuts and civil rights agitation, who sounded off behind closed doors before the President's Commission on Civil Disorders.

In a voice charged with emotion, Chambers told the commission fiercely: "We have marched, we have cried, we have prayed, we have voted, we have petitioned, we have been good little boys and girls. We have done every possible thing to make this white man recognize us as human beings. And he refuses . . .

"You can understand why Jews who were burned by the Nazis hate Germans, but you can't understand why black people who have been systematically murdered by the government and its agents—by private citizens, by the police departments—you can't understand why they hate white people . . .

"A policeman is an object of contempt. A policeman is a paid and hired murderer. And you never find the policeman guilty of a crime, no matter what violence he commits against a black person. In Detroit, you were shooting 'snipers.' So you mounted a .50 caliber machine gun on a tank and shot into an apartment and killed a 4-year-old 'sniper.'"

* * *

Chambers kept talking: "Black people doing ordinary, reasonable, peaceful things in this country are attacked by the police, and the police are praised for it. And you talk about giving the police more money and more power . . .
"You will appropriate all kinds of money, to

give the National Guard increased training in how to wipe us out. And it's a funny thing that in all these so-called riots the police and National Guard kill far more people than the so-called rioters. And as for the sniping, don't you believe that. Why are no cops killed? They ought to be killed. I think the cops should be killed. I believe the National Guard should be fought like they are telling us we should fight in Vietnam . . .

"A Grrreat Society" is reprinted from The NEW SOUTH STUDENT, Oct. 1967 issue. A fine magazine, it is published monthly during the school year by the Southern Student Organizing Committee. Editor is DAVID NOLAN. Ass't Ed: EARL WILSON. Subs. is \$4 a year. Address: Box 6403, Nashville, Tennessee, 37212.

And I see a magic doll on teevee
Named El Beejay
Or somesuch
Who can say "Presto!"
And you vote for it and have a
Civil Rights Law and a War on Poverty
And a War on Vietnam and a
Grrrreat Society
But I know there's a catch somewhere.

Let's go back America to one-seven-seven-six
When you said "Up yours King"
And take in those you forgot
And think about what it all came to
In the end
And try again

Think about what you said America
When you were subversive and Un-English
What was that jazz about
All men are created equal
With certain inalienable rights--
Or were you just signifying?

I'll fix your hypocrite ass America
If you aren't straight with me

You told me America
About Valley Forge
And Molly Pitcher and "Don't tread on me"
And old Patrick Henry
Who said "Give me liberty or give me death"
And cussed the King in Public
And owned seventy-three slaves in Private

I can't divorce you America
You spawned me
And nurtured me
Raised me up a man
And proud and tough
So I love you
Goddamn your eyes
But I'm sharpening my razor
You bitch you better get ready
For some cutting.

"We are being forced by police misconduct to get together to fight the police. You know when I'll believe that singing 'We Shall Overcome' is an effective way to fight the police? When I see you send your Marines, your airmen and your infantrymen into Vietnam led by the Mormon Tabernacle Choir . . .

"We are going to fight your people like you fight us. And don't say I'm revealing too much, because if something happens to me, there are other people who come up. They killed Malcolm X and produced Stokely [Carmichael] and Rap [Brown]. You kill Rap; he will multiply . . .

"Here is what you are going to give my child. I am going to send him to school and teach him to respect authority. So here is a cracker teacher standing in front of my child making him listen to 'Little Black Sambo' . . .

"You are looking at somebody who is more rational than any of you—or some of you—because some of you support the war in Vietnam, but you wouldn't support us if we burned down Omaha."

THREE MEMORIAL TRIBUTES TO WOODY GUTHRIE

The worst thing that can
happen to you is to cut
yourself loose from people.
And the best thing is to sort
of vaccinate yourself right
into the the big stream and
blood of the people.
To feel like you know the
best and the worst of folks
that you see everywhere and
never to feel weak, or lost,
or even lonesome anywhere.
There is just one thing that
can cut you to drifting from
the people, and that's any
brand or style of greed.
There is just one way to
save yourself, and that's to
get together and work and
fight for everybody.

Woody Guthrie

From PETE & TOSHI SEEGER

"California, Arizona, I've
worked on your crops,
Then north up to Oregon
to gather your hops,
Dig beets from your ground,
I cut grapes from your vines
To set on your tables
that light sparkling wine.

"Green pastures of plenty
from dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee dam
where the waters run down
Every state in the Union
us migrants have been
We come with the dust
and we're gone with the wind.

"It's always we ramble
that river and I
All along your green valleys
I'll work till I die
My land I'll defend
with my life if it be
'Cause my pastures of plenty
must always be free."

From the WILLIAM E. OLIVER
Awards Committee of the
SONGMAKERS of CALIFORNIA,
Los Angeles

Davida Franchi, Nancy Westley,
Waldemar Hille, William Wolff,
Dorian Keyser, Howard Larmen,
David Arkin, Edwin Hughes and
Van Tibbels

(Below is an excerpt from a letter to a friend written by Woody in June, 1955,
near the beginning of his many years of hospitalization from which he was to
be released only by death. Reprinted from B'Side #57 - April, 1965.)

"... my last look at you was when me and Petey Seeger walked along
with you in that year's laborydaye parade here in New Jerky Titty
Towne... If my damd damd old chorea stuff has already knocked me
down too damd dizzy in my body to pace along any more good fine
laborey daye parades with all my best best bestest union men, and
my union maides, well, my heart and my mind and my spirit and my
strength and my everliving love will go on stepping it on down
along past by here... with alla my only people that love on this
earth, my union hearted army."

GORDON & AGNES FRIESEN
& Broadside Magazine

Woody Guthrie

El Teatro Campesino - continued from page 2

Others, all versatile, are Kerry and Agustin Lira, Lorie Huerta, Joe Otero, Felipe Cantu, Doug Rippey and Danny Valdez. Donna Haber and Norma Whittaker take care of things while the group is on tour, seeing that they eat - however irregularly - and looking after guitars, props, etc.

We have received word that they are to perform for the Tijerino group in New Mexico this month. To quote from a recent letter: "The old men of the Tijerino group have written some great corridos about the whole land grant thing, but were reluctant to sing them into the tape recorder of an Anglo -- if only we had a recorder we could get them for you..." Broadside readers, can anyone help with this problem? Recent word also has it that another eastern tour is planned for spring. Any kind of assistance will be welcome. Write your suggestions to any of the above named persons, address:

El Centro del Campesino

Box 428

Del Rey, California 93616

Ph: (209) 888-2337

Let's get El Teatro Campesino on that cross-country road again!

- Sis Cunningham

Postscript: About La Huelga, it's still going on. Union representatives now working to carry out the Boycott in New York, report that strike activity has been concentrated during the past 3 months on the Guimarra Vineyard Corp., owners of 12,000 acres near Delano, most of it in grapes. Boycott teams sent out by the strike committee are currently working in about 20 major cities of the U.S. and Canada. The New York team reports the going rough with many weary hours of picketing required, but they are having success with some of the bigger chains. They say they'll stay till the job is done. They report that Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Employees Union has given them the most active support and aid during their stay here.

PPS: While on their eastern tour last August, El Teatro visited the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Migratory Labor. When asked whether they were going to perform or testify, the reply was, "We'll perform -- our performance is testimony."

Dear Broadside: -- Re the editorial in B'Side # 83 -- It may be my Cracker blood boiling, but I fail to see anything especially noble about "Billy" Sherman's destruction of Atlanta. It was just another act of war, and war is hell, in Atlanta, Vietnam, or Detroit, and don't you forget it... It takes a pretty bizarre set of ethics to get steamed up over LBJ's practice of making cannon-fodder of American GI's and Viet civilians, and then to cheer when Stokely and Rap encourage their people to kill, be killed, and hate. They are shoving their people into the gas chambers and then making shocked noises (not to mention lots of nice propaganda) when some fascist-minded oaf turns on the gas. It flat stinks. It is insane, and unless your almighty ideology has strangled your humanity and logic, I don't see what else you can call it... I don't intend to choose between hate and hate, and apparently neither does Joan Baez, which to me is a large mark in her favor... I know, I'm just a secretly bigoted southern liberal (read not prepared to commit hara-kiri for the sin of being white and/or not about to say anything a black man does is good simply because he is black), so maybe I'm too damn ignorant to talk. But before you start printing anti-Israel songs and other such line-bound trash, just forget the whole thing -- especially my subscription.

Kay L. Cothran, Atlanta, Georgia.

The Editor, BROADSIDE: -- In your August issue you refer in an editorial to the burning of Atlanta by "Billy" Sherman. To satisfy my own personal curiosity I would like to know if you approve of such a barbaric act, taking into account the fact that your ancestor fought for the Union Army -- possibly even for General Sherman.

Thomas Zimmerman, Houston, Texas

LETTERS -- 2

Dear BROADSIDE: --- I have just purchased the new Phil Ochs' album. All but two of the songs on it have appeared in BROADSIDE. They are "Cross My Heart" & "I've Had Her." I would like very much to see these printed in your magazine. One comment about the new Ochs album: If nothing else, at least you can say that Ochs didn't go electric. He went much further!... While some of your songs are good, some of your articles are pretty bad. About the worst I've seen to date is the letter from Julius Lester in issue # 84. Quote, "I look forward to the day when I will place a person in my rifle sight, squeeze the trigger, hear the explosion and watch that person fall." Suggestion: Why doesn't he use a pistol instead of a rifle and point it at his own head? I sincerely hope you have taken his suggestion and removed his name from your list of contributing editors.

Ed Applegate, Toms River, New Jersey

(Ed. reply: Phil Ochs' "Cross My Heart" is in Broadside # 85.)

Dear Broadside: -- #1. Gordon Friesen's editorial in the October issue (#85) was dis-gusting. It's not the Jews fault that the "little Negro children run pitifully in the streets begging for money." Why should they have to pay just because the Negroes who do have money don't help those who don't? You seem to enjoy stereotyping the Jew as a hardnosed, money-grubbing, money-lender. They help themselves -- do the Negroes? Beware of too much pity, People.

2. Try to get Phil Ochs' "Small Circle of Friends."

Russell Miller, Morristown, New Jersey

(Ed. reply: "A Small Circle of Friends" is in BROADSIDE # 77.)

Dear Sis & Gordon: -- ...Received this month's B'Side and liked Gordon's editorial. He's right!

Elaine White, Jamaica, New York

N O T E S

The mystery of what it was that Bobby Gentry and Billy Joe threw off the Tallahatchie bridge in "Ode To Billy Joe" continues to puzzle some people. Editor Dave Wilson of the Boston Broadside suggests it was a foetus. More likely possibilities are:

Dave Wilson.

Bobby Zimmerman's electronic guitar.

Billy Joe's priceless collection of old Little Sandy Reviews.

Galahad.

Peter Paul & Mary.

Billy Joe's induction notice.

Phil Ochs' latest record.

A copy of Izzy Young's lecture on "Folk Music Is Dead."

The board that runs SING OUT!

Billy Joe's supply of pot. (He jumped in later after it.)

JUDITH ADDAMS OF AUSTIN, TEXAS. THE SERIES WILL BE BROADCAST ON PARTICIPATING EDUCATIONAL STATIONS FROM JANUARY THROUGH MARCH, 1968. LOOK FOR IT.

RECORDS: Janis Ian has a new single out, released by Verve/Forecast. "Sanity Comes Quietly to the Structured Mind." Flip side: "Sunflakes Fall, Snowrays Call." Her second L-P is scheduled for release in about 2 weeks. On it will be some of the 50 or so new songs Janis has written recently which her publisher, Kelly Ross (of Dialogue Music, Inc.) describes as "simply fabulous." ... "JANIS" is the title of the new single by Country Joe & The Fish which VANGUARD RECORDS is rushing into release by the end of November. It has nothing to do with Janis Ian, we are told. It is a tune made up by Country Joe (Joe McDonald) for Janis Joplin of Big Brother Holding Company, & will be featured on C. Joe & The Fish's 2nd Vanguard Album, "I Feel Like I'm Fixin' To Die", to be released at the end of Nov.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL RADIO HAS ACCEPTED A 13-WEEK SERIES OF SHOWS ON WOODY GUTHRIE CALLED "HARD TRAVELIN'" WRITTEN BY

ALSO FROM VANGUARD (71 West 23rd St., N.Y.C. 10010): Two new L-P's. (1) CIRCUS MAXIMUS, the debut on Vanguard of five talented performers from Dallas. They have been working as the house band at New York's newest psychedelic rock club, the Electric Circus. VRS-9260 (mono) VSD-79260 (stereo). (2) JONATHAN & LEIGH-(THIRD & MAIN.) Two young and wide-eyed people with voices that blend nicely. Singing mostly their own songs, and Phil Ochs' "Changes". VRS 9257 (mono) VSD 79257 (stereo)... Ryerson Music Publishers, a division of Vanguard, is issuing a new Joan Baez songbook -- "'NOEL' - JOAN BAEZ CHRISTMAS SONGBOOK." Illustrated by Eric Von Schmidt and edited by Vanguard President Maynard Solomon, advance orders are already at the phenomenal 100,000 figure, and may surpass the first "Joan Baez Songbook" issued in 1964 which has already sold some 300,000 copies.... UPCOMING CONCERTS: At Israel Young's FOLK-LORE CENTER, 321 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. -- MATT McGINN, Nov. 11 -- MICHAEL COONEY, Nov. 13 -- FRANK FLETCHER, Scots Ballad Singer, and PATRICK NOLAN, Poet, Nov. 17 -- JOE HEANEY, Ireland's Greatest Singer, Nov. 18 -- DON VARELLA, Bagpipes, Nov. 20 -- STEVE GILLETTE, Nov. 27... THE MAIN POINT, 874 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.: LEN CHANDLER, Nov. 16-19 -- TOM RUSH, Nov. 22-26 -- STEVE GILLETTE, Nov. 30-Dec. 3 -- JOSH WHITE, SR., Dec. 7-10 -- DOC WATSON, Dec. 14-17 -- MICHAEL COONEY, Dec. 20-23 and 27-31... ERIC ANDERSEN & his band at Haverford College, Dec. 2. ... PATRICK SKY at Jordan Hall, Boston, Dec. 2. ... JOHN COHEN Nov. 30 at P.S. 74, 210 St. & L.I. Expressway, Bayside, N.Y. ... THEODORE BIKEL at Carnegie Hall, N.Y.C., Nov. 25... PETE SEEGER'S annual Holiday concert at Carnegie Hall, N.Y.C., Dec. 23rd... FESTIVAL: The long-awaited film of NEWPORT'S Folk Festivals is now at The Little Carnegie, N.Y.C. Covering four years of festivals, it shows scores of performers as they appeared at Newport... Another movie currently showing, "Don't Look Back", a documentary of a Bob Dylan trip to England a couple years back. Notable for its scenes of Dylan putting down the press and his mgr... Al Grossman, dealing with British producers....

MACHINES (Electronic) TAKING OVER IN MUSIC? Various articles recently in the press -- N.Y. Times, Sat. Review, Village Voice, Berkeley Barb -- have raised the question as to who should get the final credit for many of today's recordings, the performers or the engineers who put them together using all the gadgets now available? How much is left of the importance of the song composer's pitiful lyrics and melody line once the engineers, sitting in studios crammed with electronic gear and running a board that looks like a jet liner's panel of controls, finishes running all the music through twelve tracks and out of the mixer? Who gets the real credit for the success of, say, "Society's Child" -- Janis Ian or the engineer-arrangers who created the musical effects and directions surrounding her voice and words? Melvin Greenberg in the N.Y. Village Voice says, "what exists in the rock field is a situation in which the music is merely a means to explore the imaginative utilization of manipulated sound without regard for musical content." Meanwhile, those who have been analyzing and probing rock music -- Crawdaddy, Paul Nelson, et al -- and finding all kinds of profound meanings in it, may actually be in the pos-

ition of the people in "The Emperor's New Clothes", oo-ing and ah-ing and marvelling over something that was never really there.

ACADEMIC? The above may be only academic if it proves true -- as the Establishment hopes, -- that the "hippie" movement is dead. A whole wave of articles, in LIFE, the N.Y. TIMES magazine section, the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, expresses this hope. It extends even to the "underground" press -- AVATAR of Boston attacks those, like TIM LEARY, who sucked youth into the drug-oriented "hippie" movement and then abandoned them. If "hippiedom" died when Groovy Hutchinson and Linda Fitzpatrick were murdered in the East Village then what becomes of all the psychedelic rock records? Who needs the records if the audience is gone -- might as well sail them into the East River.

ANOTHER TRAGEDY: In Arkansas, James and Bing Driftwood, 28 and 24, were found dead last month of gunshot wounds. They were the sons of Jimmy Driftwood, folksinger, whose big hit of a couple years back was "Battle of New Orleans." Jimmy was on a world tour when it happened.

BROADSIDE

VOL. 4

THE TIME WILL COME & Other Songs From BROADSIDE

Introducing another L-P album of new songwriter/performers singing their songs from the magazine. Contents: "The Time Will Come" by ELAINE WHITE: "Hold Back The Waters", WILL McLEAN (guitar acc. PAUL CHAMPION): "The Migrants' Song" (Péter Krug), DANNY VALDEZ & AGUSTIN LIRA of El Teatro Campesino; "Don't Talk To Strangers", CHRIS GAYLORD: "Shady Acres", BLIND GIRL GRUNT: "Osceola", WILL McLEAN (acc. PAUL CHAMPION); "I've Been Told", PAUL KAPLAN; "Freedoms We've Been Fighting For", TOM PARROTT (2nd guitar JOHN MACKIEWICZ); "Genocide", ZACHAEY 2 & Group; "El Picket Sign", LUIS VALDEZ & group from El Teatro Campesino. BR 306- 1-12" 33-1/3 rpm, notes \$5.79

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1-12" 33-1/3 rpm, notes \$5.79

B r o a d s i d e R e c o r d s

701 7th Ave. New York, N. Y. 10036

NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1967

LONDON—A family rift between Yehudi Menuhin and his 74-year-old father Moshe Menuhin will be healed when the 51-year-old Jewish violinist plays in a London charity concert next week to help poverty-stricken Arabs.

Father and son fell out last month when the virtuoso went to the U.S. to give a series of concerts for the Israel emergency fund.

Menuhin Sr., who lives in California, refused to go to any of them. It was the first time he had ever missed a concert given by his son in America.

"He wept when I told him I could not attend the concerts as a matter of principle," said the elder Menuhin.

"I made this decision because of those poor miserable Arabs who have been chased out by the Jews in a war of aggression."

Moshe Menuhin was raised in Palestine among Arabs before he left for America in 1913. He deplures what he calls Jewish nationalism and the "new spect men of fighting Jew."

Read JEW AND ARAB: I LOVE THEM BOTH by Pete Seeger in the Autumn, 1967, issue of American Dialog. 32 Union Square, Rm. 804, New York, N.Y. 10003. .75¢

From Cheetah, in an article on "The New Heroes." November, 1967.

Bob Dylan Dylan, like Pete Seeger, has his own hero, Woody Guthrie, although he sings more like Hank Williams. With Dylan there's the hair bag, the protest bag. But like Guthrie, he is a strange creature—vintage backwoods American. The Virginia frontiersman who supported the radical policies of Thomas Jefferson, the Pennsylvania backwoodsman who rioted in the Whiskey Rebellion. Sam Bowie and Davy Crockett were all dirty, hairy, antiauthoritarian yowlers and whiners. So is Dylan. He's the closest thing to an old-fashioned American in the present pantheon. He has nothing to do with the James Dean myth. He's Davy Crockett lately on a Harley-Davidson. He isn't overindulged sensitivity. His cult? Primarily younger, virile kids who intend to grow up and build the country, maybe as civil engineers.

November, 1967! It seems like nothing really happened, Mr. Jones, and it isn't over after all, is it, Baby Blue?

CHEETAH

Janis was 13 when her first song was published. *Hair of Spun Gold* appeared in *Broadside*, the song magazine that first published Bob Dylan. This led to invitations to sing at Village hoots and to being spotted by a manager and signed by a record company (Verve/Folkways). She'd written more songs, evolving her own style of topical folk ballad.



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M. Reynolds

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HILLSIDE, N.J. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1967

Army Pfc. Jeffrey C. Light, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Light, 22 Quabek Ave., died in Viet Nam last Wednesday as he was fording a river with Co. A., Second Battalion, Third Infantry Division.

Pfc. Light drowned while crossing a river during a com-

bat operation. His father said that the young infantryman was an excellent swimmer, but had complained "my boots keep getting stuck in the mud." According to his father, the boy had crossed a dozen rivers in the 2-1/2 weeks that he had been in Viet Nam.

(See "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy" by PETE SEEGER in *Broadside* # 74)

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