False From True

Words & Music: PETER SEEGER
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When my songs turn to ashes on my tongue,
When I look in the mirror and see I'm no longer young
Then I got to start again the job of separating false from true
And then I know, I know I need the love of you.

And when I found tarnish on my brightest dreams
And when some folks I'd trusted turned out not what they seemed
Then I got to start the slow job of separating false from true
Then once more I know I need the love of you.

No song I can sing will make Governor Wallace change his mind
No song I can sing will take the gun from a hate-filled man
But I promise you, and you, brothers & sisters of every skin
I'll sing your story while I've breath within.

We got to keep on keeping on, even when the sun goes down
We got to live, live until another day comes 'round
Meanwhile, better start all over separating false from true
And more and more, I know I need the love of you.

also in this issue

NINA SIMONE
BILLY EDD WHEELER
WALDEMAR HILLE
& AARON KRAMER
ALASDAIR CLAYRE
JERRY SILVER
PATRICK SKY
NINA DUSHECK
NORMAN ROSS
JOHN McEVOY

***

50¢
FOUR WOMEN

Am Dm G7 Am
My skin is black, my arms are long, my hair is wool-y—my back is strong.

Strong enough to take the pain inflicted again and again, What do they call me?

My name is Aunt Sarah. What do they call me? My name is Peaches.

1. Who wants my arms to till the land? No one, no one, no one my love. To slice/gold from the river sand? No one, no one, no one my love. Who wants my feet to lead the sheep?

No one, no one, no one my love, to pastures where the grass grows deep? No one, no one, no one my love.

2. Who'll buy my sweat to haul the sail? No one, no one, no one, my love.

To spear and seize the mighty whale? No one, no one, no one, my love.

To bake the bread, to forge the steel? No one, no one, no one, my love.

To spin my life upon his wheel? No one, no one, no one, my love.

3. (Tune starts at sign \textsuperscript{[A]} )

Then who will tell me how to live No one, no one, no one, my love. Who have only my strength to give? No one, no one, no one, my love.

Nina Dusheck of San Francisco wrote both the words and music to this song. Joan Baez put music to two of Nina’s poems — "North" and "Saigon Bride" — and recorded them on a recent album. "But I still like BALLAD '84," Nina writes, "and would like someone to sing it. Maybe it'd be better for a man."
Words By
LANGSTON HUGHES

Music By
NINA SIMONE

THE BACKLASH BLUES

Mister Backlash, Mister Backlash, just who do you think I am? You raise my tax-es, freeze my wag-es, send my son to Vi- et Nam—

You give me second class hous-es, You give me se- cond class schools,

Do you think that colored folks are just—se- cond class fools—Mister Back- lash leave you with—THE BACK- LASH BLUES.

When I try to find a job to earn a lit- tle cash,

All you got to of- fer is your white back- lash,

But the world is big, big, bright and round, And it's full of folks like me who are Black, Yellow, Beige and Brown—Mister Backlash, leave you with THE BACKLASH BLUES

Mister Backlash, Mister Backlash, what do you think I got to lose?

I'm-gon-na leave you with THE BACKLASH BLUES You're the one will have the blues,

not me, just wait and see!

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BROADSIDE # 88

This page paid for by Folklore Research Films Inc. (advt.)
The Dance Of Death
by Patrick Sky

1. Sing to me, sing to me, a tune that's made for dancing. For I must do the dance of death for all the people watching; turn around, turn around, butchers, bakers, lawyers, coming from all walks of life, Whitmans and Tom Sawyers.

2. See the politicians grin as the dance gets wilder. His dowager mother plays for him, don't you want to hear her? Smoke rising thick as sugar as the heels go flying. Kiss them babies two by two, swing those mothers sighing.

3. Professional vampires do-si-do, suck their juices from them. Makers of this hell on earth stick red hot dollars to them. Round and round the banker's vault as the count gets higher. See the surplus alms collected, dancing in the fire.

4. King of paupers turn around, misery unending. Promenade with pestilence, rags upon you winding. Monks and preachers ridicule and curse you for your sinning. Holy fathers dance you round, say death is your beginning.

5. Queen of Fools turn around, life will be your folly. Wave your wand at those who will waste away and worry. Play them for the fools they are and make their steps up for them. A clock that's shaken hard enough, it cannot stay in rhythm.

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Words & Music: JERRY SILVER
© 1967 Jerry Silver

Fortune and Madmen Who Reign

Flood comes from the falling rain, earthquakes come and shake the plain.

Fortune and madmen who reign — Choose those who'll go and who'll remain.

Those who pass by lower their heads
For the words left to be said
For the dreams left in their beds
For the poems left to be read.

'Twas in the spring just before dawn
Then prayers were said and veils were worn
There were vows made to know what went wrong
And apologies to those who mourn.

(Repeat first verse)

BROADSIDE #88
THE MARKET

Moderato-legato

The mothers stand in the market—And weep at sons—
who are sold, Snatched up over the counter—
for praise, and a star of gold.

"And this is the price you pay us who broke ourselves at their birth, Who spent ourselves for their beauty—
is this all they are worth?"—Oh mothers, crying like children,

you wrangle to no avail.

Hang a sign in the window: OUR SONS—

AREN'T FOR SALE!
COMING of the ROADS

Words & Music by BILLY EDD WHEELER
© 1964 by Quartet Music Inc.
Butterfly Music Corp.

Oh, now that our mountain is growing with people hungry for wealth and the hillsides are stained with the

Oh, look how they cut all to pieces our ancient poplar and oak and the hillside is greased and I'm left alone by myself.

We used to That burn up the heavens with smoke.

Once you could

hunt the cool caverns curse the bold crewmen Deep in our forest of greens.

But now you've changed and the road and the taverns and you have found a new home, it seems. Oh, once you hated before.

Oh, once I thanked God for my

mountains treasure, Now just a dusty, dusty road and I can't help from blamin' your goin' on the comin' And I

of the roads.

"The story on THE COMING OF THE ROADS: Judy Collins first recorded it and did a beautiful job with it. Then I did it. Later ABC-TV of Hollywood did a film using my song as title and used the song throughout to protest the cutting up of the mountains out there by housing developers. It was a fine film and the protest was the most effective kind, one that took a positive approach, showing many good examples of how buildings can be built without destroying life around them and in fact incorporating the natural landscape into the architecture. It is one of my most requested songs when I am on tour, and I think it is my best written song. I'm hoping that the topicalness is so well integrated into the art form that it will last for the long haul. But this is asking a lot, I guess. One should be so lucky as to write a standard."

BILLY EDD WHEELER

Asheville Citizen-Times, Sun., Aug. 6, 1967

Wheeler is no hillbilly, either. Although he was born in the mine-blighted hills of West Virginia 35 years ago and knows plenty about hard times and sad places, he's put a lot of that past into songs he's been writing since he was a 17-year-old student at Warren Wilson College and he figures there are around 500 of them all told.

Some of them are sad and some of them are funny and some are both, and some have earned their author a respectable standing on the steep and slippery ladder of the music publishing business.
1. Who killed Vietnam? No not I, said Uncle Sam. Not I said the man whose planes showered down that Napalm rain. I'm a freedom lovin' guy but in every war people have to die.

Sure I didn't have to go, they'd just send someone else you know. Don't say murder, don't say kill, I was followin' orders against my will. (D.C.) Who killed Vietnam? No not I said Uncle Sam.

2. Who killed Vietnam? No not I, said Uncle Sam. Not I said the man whose ship made that long & lonesome trip across 10,000 miles of water to go there and protect our borders. We shelled their shore, yes it's true; maybe shelled some people too, but don't say murder, don't say kill, I was followin' orders against my will. Who killed Vietnam? No not I said Uncle Sam.

3. Not I said the combat soldier, he's 18 but looks much older. Sure I seen 'em face to face - them Viet Cong was all over the place. Shoot 'em, stab 'em, gouge their eyes; each dead Commie's worth a prize. But don't say murder, don't say kill, I was followin' orders (etc.)

4. Not I said Westmoreland, I only wish this war would end. I know how to end it fast, I need more bombs & planes & gas. I need more troops, yes I do, we have to see our commitments thru. But don't say murder, don't say kill, I was followin' orders (etc.)

5. Not I said Defense Secretary Bob, you know bein' a dove's real hard. I only wish this war would cease so I stay here & work for peace. I'm helping to win it, yes it's true but that's the best thing I can do. Don't say murder, don't say kill, I gave orders against my will.

6. Not I said Secretary Rusk, his face all twisted in disgust, We fought for peace and liberty to try to keep Vietnam free; So what if everybody's dead, I always said better dead than red. Don't say murder, don't say kill, I gave the orders against my will.

7. Not I said the man next door; sure I hate this stupid war, But the president knows what to do, so what if what he says ain't true. We've got to stop them across the waters, or they'll come here and rape our daughters. Don't say murder, don't say kill, we had to do it, it was God's will.

8. Not I said LBJ, I always stayed so far away; I can't stand the sight of blood or being bogged down in Asian mud. I hate war and I hate strife, I hate taking another man's life, But if any man goes against my will, I give the order to KILL KILL KILL!

WHO KILLED VIETNAM? NO NOT I, SAID UNCLE SAM.

* * * * * * * * * * *

LETTER (From "An Admirer & Friend" to Broadside Magazine with a $10 gift enclosed): "What an incredibly fantastic beautiful record! Thank you, Thank you, Thank you, for being so infinitely Great." - L.E.

* THE TIME WILL COME & OTHER BROADSIDE SONGS (Folkways Br-306).
(There is a story that Woody Guthrie wrote THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND as an answer to "God Bless America" when he grew tired of hearing Kate Smith bawling the latter song everytime someone turned on a radio. The article below goes into the background of what has become Woody's most widely-known and best-loved song. Ed. Note.)

So far as I know, the first time anyone sang all six verses of a now popular song on the air was when I sang them on KPFA-FM, in Berkeley, California, in the spring of 1960. Half of those verses were unknown to the general public, and two still haven't been printed in any publication I've seen, but from that one singing, echoes of those unprinted verses have returned to me, from coast to coast, in several variations. I like to think that these verses helped sink the spurs into the politicians' rumps and get a start made on this "poverty program" - they listen to the same stations we do, you know, and why shouldn't some of them have listened to that hour five of us spent in the studio doing Woody Guthrie's songs? If that verse of his helped set the mood to get this anti-poverty business going, he'd be proud of it, and it's high time that he got whatever credit is due to him. You be the judge.

As I've pointed out in an earlier copy of this magazine, Woody borrowed many tunes and ideas from songs he heard, as I do. When I hear a song that sounds too shallow and wishy-washy to suit me, I'm apt to re-write it for my own use, and I'm convinced that this is what Woody did when he heard Irving Berlin's new song, "God Bless America", getting overplayed. Here's what Woody wrote, from his original copy:

GOD BLESSED AMERICA FOR ME

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
God blessed America for me.

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters
God blessed America for me.

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her mineral deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
God blessed America for me.

Was a big high wall there that tried to stop me
A sign was painted, said "Private Property"
But on the back side it didn't say nothing
God blessed America for me.

As the sun came shining then I was strolling
Through wheat fields waving, and dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting, a voice came chanting
God blessed America for me.

One bright Sunday morning in the shadow of the steeple
By the relief office I saw my people
As they stood hungry, I stood there wondering
If God blessed America for me.

All you can write is what you see.

C00Dy Guthrie - Hanover House
New York, N.Y. Feb. 23, 1940
Then Woody apparently got dissatisfied with it, for he went back over that page with his pen and crossed out all of the "God blessed..." lines, from top to bottom, and wrote in instead "This land was made for you and me."

Yes, I said six verses, and that's just five and the chorus. The 6th verse comes from his mimeographed booklet, "Ten Songs For Two Bits" which he put out in 1946:

```
Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking my Freedom Highway
Nobody living can make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.
```

So there it is. The tune is a slightly altered version of the Carter Family's "My Little Darling" for obvious ironic reasons:

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...My little darling, oh, how I love you
   How I love you, none can tell
In your heart you love another
Little darling, pal of mine...
```

Howard S. Richmond, writing of THIS LAND in Sing Out! says (in part):

"...I was privileged to first hear it when Woody played it for me back in the '40's. He never intended it to belong to any one country or any one people. It might just as well have been titled 'This World Is Your World' or 'This Place Is Your Place'... I agree that much of the greatness of Woody's song rests precisely on the fact that it is not any one country's national anthem and really belongs to the people of the world... As a windup, I think part of your column was well taken, yet I hold there is room for a few facts that you didn't have and now do have in this letter."

Mr. Richmond seems to have been shy of a "few facts", too, and how many countries have a California, New York, redwoods and a Gulf Stream, and dust?

All together, I don't know of another song so full of love for these United States, recognition of the injustices in them, and determination to do something about the latter. It's a pretty good song, even though I haven't heard of anybody but me singing the whole thing, and maybe there's a reason why they don't. When I came across that page in Woody's old KFVD notebook in 1959, I made a copy of it and showed it to Pete Seeger. His comment: "They're good verses. But the short version's been around so long now, and is so well known, that nobody would believe he wrote these." Maybe you won't believe he wrote them, for you've not seen them in that odd round script with which Woody wrote, as I did. Suit yourself.         ERNIE MARRS, Atlanta, G., December 3, 1967

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THE NEW LIFE OF PAUL BUNYAN
for Woody Guthrie

10 million apple trees in the Great American Desert,
10 million songs across the walls of the Manhattan Pueblos,
the children of tomorrow using the Great Lakes as ink pots,
California Sequoias as pens inscribing their beautiful poems on the Rocky Mountains of the new United States.

By Walter Lowenfels

AS IF ARRIVING

Loving each other in the Third Inter-Glacial among Pentagonians hellbent on sharing their suicide with as many humans as they can overkill at once.

subject every instant to one warrior's favorite bacteria over some other chief's multi-nuclear deterrent

moving simultaneously with resistance battalions from Seattle Washington to the Mekong Delta

we kiss the sky's face with $E=\hbar c^2$

and tell the hot line to disaster:

our black sun is already crossing the equator of sanity and we are arriving.

It is lovely (for you)

that you are blissfully blind and that you still cannot see that your profits lie soaked in invisible blood

Diana J. Davies

NOTES: Diana should also address a copy of her letter-poem to Dr. Louis Frederick Fieser, Professor Emeritus at Harvard University. In an interview with the N.Y. Times concerning his role and subsequent responsibility in the development of napalm, Dr. Fieser said in connection with its use in Viet Nam: "I don't know enough about the situation in Vietnam. It's not my business to deal with the political or moral questions." Sounds like something Adolf Eichman was saying at his trial....

TYPO: In Woody Guthrie's song quoted a couple of pages back it should, of course, read "Private" property.... CONCERT REVIEWS:

(From N.Y.C.) Robert Shelton in the N.Y. Times of Dec. 9, 1967:
PAT SKY will appear in concert at NYC's Town Hall Fri., Feb.2, 8:30 P.M. Groundhog Day. Tickets $2.50, $3.50. Order from Town Hall box office.... Tickets to the WOODY GUTHRIE Memorial Concert at Carnegie Hall Jan.20 sold out rapidly. The fact that BOB DYLAN is to attend, emerging from his 18-month "retirement", apparently had something to do with it... LEN CHANDLER's concert at N.Y.U.'s Loeb Center, has been changed to Sat., March 2nd... The PENNYWHISTLERS at N.Y. Town Hall Sun. eve, Feb. 11th.... LOU KILLEN at Israel Young's Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave., NYC, Mon. Feb. 18.... RECORDS: Ed McCURDY is supposed to have written "Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream" as a tongue-in-cheek put on of a "folk song." Ironically, it was almost immediately accepted as the real thing and has been circling the globe since. It was #1 on the Japanese charts in 1966, and #1 on the charts in Scandinavia last year ('67).... WAIST DEEP IN THE BIG MUDDY (see B'side #74): A French adaptation of Pete Seeger's controversial song has been recorded by Graeme Allwright and will be released soon. Meanwhile, a German translation is being prepared for near future recording.... JOHN WESLEY HARDING: Bob Dylan's L-P is characterized by Bob Shelton of the N.Y. Times as "primarily a folk music album." Shelton adds: "It will be a delight to watch some of the lemmings of pop music stop short in their tracks and try to guess which way to run now. It will further amuse this observer to watch the folk reactionaries who have begrudgingly accepted rock 'n roll, now start to do philosophic pirouettes." He notes: "Nearly all the dozen songs are linked into a pageant about life's outsiders: gunmen, renegades, tenants, saints, hoboes, drifter-convicts, lovers and losers. The alienated have all gone to register with Dylan..." TOM PARROTT, whose songs appear in B'side, is completing a Folkways-Scholastic L-P. WILL MCLEAN is also doing a Folkways album.... JOAN BAEZ may take part in a rally (NY's Town Hall Feb.4) in support of Dr. Spock, Rev. Coffin and others indicted for supporting resistance to the draft. JOAN and her mother are scheduled to be released Feb.2 from Santa Rita Prison Farm at Pleasanton, Cal., where they are serving sentences for demonstrating against the draft.... ARLO GUTHRIE: The draft board is breathing down his neck. We saw in SING OUT that that magazine was refused permission by the publisher to print ARLO's "Alice's Restaurant." We think that decision was 100% wrong; especially the segment on the draft should have the widest possible dissemination. The longer the Vietnam war continues the more fascist the U.S. will become. It is possible to visualize a time when few of us will be allowed to enjoy the $'s we may have accumulated... PAUL SHAPIRO, who was also denied permission to play "Alice" when it was still in tape form, will move his KCRC-FM (Columbia University) radio show "BROADSIDES" from Fri. nights to Tuesdays, 8 PM early in February.
THE INVISIBLE BACKWARDS-FACING GROCER
WHO ROSE TO FAME

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALASDAIR CLAYRE

John Green the grocer lived a hesitant life; He kept his mother to feed and protect him; And he
would not dare to look for a wife, For he dreaded that women would all reject him:

The very next day the customers saw
The space above the counter taken
By a sheet of glass not there before;
There was no reply when they asked for bacon.
One of the regulars peer wide-eyed
But all she could see was the back of a head;
Then a hand edged out with her bacon tied
And a neatly printed card which read:

The customers talked, the press came too
They peered and wrote but they couldn't get closer
And soon the whole wondering public knew
Its invisible backwards-facing grocer:
His gentlemanly ability to hide all feeling
Made the breasts of the League of Political Women stir;
And so John Green rose via M.P.
for Ealing
To invisible backwards-facing prime minister:
Saying in Parliament and on television and
Sometimes quietly to himself;
Don't try to peer through the holes in the glass,
Speak at the opaque space provided.

2. He caught his diesel with a thoughtful air
And saw the little schoolgirls dressed in black
Crushed up on the front seat combing their hair
In the massive shadow of the driver's back.
And he thought: when those girls see my face
They giggle with a feminine tinkling sound;
I will buy a sheet of glass with an opaque space
And serve in the shop with my back turned round, saying:

Don't try to peer through the holes in the glass,
Speak at the opaque space provided.

3. The very next day the customers saw
The space above the counter taken
By a sheet of glass not there before;
There was no reply when they asked for bacon.
One of the regulars peer wide-eyed
But all she could see was the back of a head;
Then a hand edged out with her bacon tied
And a neatly printed card which read:

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Saying in Parliament and on television and
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Don't try to peer through the holes in the glass,
Speak at the opaque space provided.

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NEW YORK TIMES,
DECEMBER 10, 1967
BY TOM PHILLIPS

One of the most powerful Vietnam protest songs yet, "Uncle John," is featured on a new album by a new group, Pearls Before Swine. The album is One Nation Underground (ESP 1054 mono and stereo.) Tom Rapp, who leads this promising group, sings "Uncle John" with all the agony and ecstasy of a napalm strike; like it or not, this song can't be ignored.

Jerry Moore's new L-P, LIFE IS A CONSTANT JOURNEY HOME (ESP 1061 Stereo -- ESP-Disk, 156 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10010) is one of the finest albums to come along in recent months. Great music, great songs, great singing. Jerry singing his music put to poet Paul Laurence Dunbar's classic ANTI BELLUM SERMON produces a stunning creation. Other songs: DRUGGED, THIS IS MY TIME, LET GO REACH OUT, WINDS OF CHANGE, and BALLAD OF BIRMINGHAM, which was in Broadside # 69.

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Mister Backlash, Mister Backlash,
Just who do you think I am?
You raise my taxes, freeze my wages;
Send my son to Vietnam.

You give me second class houses,
Second class schools.
Do you think that colored folks
Are just second class fools?

When I try to find a job
To earn a little cash,
All you got to offer
Is a white backlash.

But the world is big,
Big and bright and round—
And it’s full of folks like me who are
Black, Yellow, Beige, and Brown.

Mister Backlash, Mister Backlash,
What do you think I got to lose?
I’m gonna leave you, Mister Backlash,
Singing your mean old backlash blues.

You’re the one
Will have the blues.
Not me—
Wait and see!

LANGSTON HUGHES
(See page 3 this issue)