

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1968

.50¢

KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
KILL!



See COME ON OVER TO YOUR OWN SIDE by MATT JONES & ELAINE LARON. Other Songs by MAL REYNOLDS, EMILIE GEORGE, DENNIS CAMPAGNA, DON McLEAN, BERNICE REAGON, LOIS MORTON.

BOB DYLAN

An Interpretation of Bob's songs
DEAR LANDLORD, ALL ALONG THE WATCH-
TOWER and THE WICKED MESSENGER.

ALAN WEBERMAN

Interprets John Lennon's FOOL ON THE
HILL and Jim Morrison's LOVE STREET
from The Doors' Waiting For The Sun.

(Ed. Note: Alan Weberman, who is writing a book interpreting Bob Dylan's lyrics, did a long piece on this "Dylanology" in B'Side # 93. It aroused widespread interest. Below Alan explores some of the similar radical ideology he finds in the songs of the BEATLES and JIM MORRISON of The Doors; Alan considers Jim second only to Dylan as a creator of revolutionary rock lyrics).

THE GATES OF LENNON & OPENING THE DOORS

By Alan J. Weberman

• I DIG ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC

PAUL STOOKEY
JAMES MASON
DAVE DIXON

(As recorded by Peter, Paul & Mary/Warner Bros.)

I dig rock 'n' roll music
I could really get it on in that scene
I think I could say sumthin'
If you know what I mean
But if I really say it the radio won't
play it
Unless I lay it between the lines.

© Copyright 1967 by Pepamar Music Corp. Used by permission.

Bob Dylan's SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES will probably go down in pop history as the most important single of the 60's. This 2 minute-17 second re-working of Chuck Berry's TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS was the first so-called "protest song" with a hard rock beat and fairly obscure lyrics to go anywhere on the national charts. Now, almost 4 years later, we find that many other rock performers are into similar bags.

Dig John Lennon -- Lennon has always been somewhat more radical than the railroad mass media performer. For example, in a Playboy interview, he once made the statement that the Beatles were more popular than Christ. This was too much for a lot of Americans and many Southern radio stations held Beatles record bonfires and there was even talk of a blanket air play ban on their discs. Lennon must have learned what Dylan had learned when he wasn't allowed to sing TALKIN' JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY BLUES on The Ed Sullivan show. Namely, that although Americans are guaranteed freedom of speech in the Bill of Rights, when it comes to the corporate owned and sponsored mass media they have to cool themselves out. So John modified his contention -- saying he really meant that rocknroll was more popular than Christ -- and was allowed to continue to do his thing with only an occasional censorship hassle. DAY IN THE LIFE (Sergeant Pepper's) was banned by the BBC.)

But as Lennon made the transition from song-writer to poet, he, like Dylan, found he could say things in his new songs which he couldn't even dream of saying in interviews or in his earlier, more literal, songs, since his lyrics now had become too far removed from prose for the disc-jockeys and station programmers to "get into".

Take FOOL ON THE HILL.* I think this poem is about Vietnam. Dig it, instead of drawing allusions from the Bible and Greek mythology as many of the more academically oriented poets of the past did, Lennon's symbolism often comes from the Pop Culture. I think the Fool is the same Fool who appeared in Pete Seeger's THE BIG MUDDY, an anti-war song literal enough to get it banned from the Smothers Bros. on CBS, and which contained the lines "We were neck deep in the big muddy/ But the big FOOL said to push on." Normally I wouldn't use so esoteric a reference when dealing with a pop phenomenon but when CBS banned the song a hassle ensued which received international publicity in the music world.

*I know some Beatle songs are listed as by LENNON-McCARTNEY but their styles are different and I think this is Lennon's work. AJW).

So Lennon's Fool is either -- depending on its context -- LBJ or a U.S. soldier in Vietnam, and the Hill is either Capitol Hill in Washington or a hill in Vietnam which has been turned into a battleground. "Day after day" (as long as the war drags on), "alone on a hill" (somewhere in Vietnam) "the man with a foolish grin" (a soldier who mistakenly thinks he has the situation in hand) "is keeping perfectly still" (isn't making a sound while waiting to ambush Charlie). "But nobody wants to know him" (know in this context is sarcastic, since if a member of the NLF 'knows' a G.I. he will probably get shot) but "they can see that he's just a fool" (although he's not making a sound the Cong can see their enemy) "and he never gives an answer" (he never gets a chance to answer the Cong's fire if they come upon him first). "But the fool on the hill" (but LBJ) "sees the sun going down" (see's life being taken wholesale and hope for mankind disappearing) "And the eyes in his' head see the world spinning 'round" (along with the possibility of nuclear war and yet he continues to act out his insanity).

Verse 2: "Well on his way" (almost dead), "head in a cloud" (delirious), "The man with a thousand voices" (the universal soldier, although incoherent), "is talking perfectly loud" (is making it known that he is dying and needs help). "But nobody ever hears him" (but neither Washington, which shipped him to Vietnam, or the Cong will help him) "or the sound he appears to make" (since the amorality of war has made him something less than human) "and he never seems to notice" (since his attention is consumed by the fear of instant death).

In the next two verses the fool on the hill becomes The Fool on the Hill (capitalized) so I think Lennon is now referring exclusively to LBJ.

Verse 3: "And nobody seems to like him" (LBJ is a very unpopular president) "They can tell what he wants to do" (plunge the world into war) "And he never shows his feelings" (and he doesn't seem to care).

Verse 4: "He never listens to them" (his critics) "He knows that they're the fools" (he labels them as 'peaceniks' and dismisses their arguments) "They don't like him" (as arguments against his person vis a vis his policy).

(Keep in mind while considering this interpretation that John Lennon starred in the anti-war flick HOW I WON THE WAR and dig the use of flutes and martial rhythms in the music refrains for THE FOOL ON THE HILL).

To the left of Lennon we find Jim Morrison of The Doors who writes both literal (e.g., THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER -- a 45 whose release had to be held up until a few months after the Tet Offensive) and figurative (e.g., LOVE STREET) anti-Establishment, pro-life poems. He is the only cat who "talks about destruction" and who has "a mind that hates" the power structure whose singles and LP's go to number one on the charts.

(cont. on Page 11)

PERILS OF SHOW BUSINESS, PART 7: The Beatles and the Rolling Stones are both supposedly having trouble with censors over the album covers on their new LPs (or is it just another "controversy" dreamed up by an astute PR man?) Beatles disc "Yellow Submarine" reportedly has a picture of John Lennon and his current girlfriend, Japanese experimental film-maker Yoko Ono, full-front in the altogether. Stones

platter, "Beggar's Banquet," shows a toilet (shades of Lenny Bruce!) with graffiti on the bathroom wall. The "graffiti" is a cop-out, though. Only slogans sans four-letter words or sexual references. Decca, which distributes the Stones, has turned down the cover. The Beatles have more control of their product since they now have their own label, Apple.

(Pandora in the Oct. 26, 1968 GUARDIAN, 197 E. 4th St., NYC, NY, 10009)

Come On Over To Your Own Side

Words & Music By MATTHEW JONES & ELAINE LARON © 1967 by Matthew Jones & Elaine Laron

Come on o-ver to your own side, Come on o-ver, Come on o-ver, Come on o-ver to your
 own side (clap,clap, clap) This aint your war, Come on over to your own side, Who's it for?
 own side, You're just a tool, " " " " " " " " For those that rule
 (Ref) Come on o-ver to your — ...own side. (Cho) Come on o-ver, — Come on o-ver, — Come on o-ver
 to your own side (Clap,clap, Clap) 2. How many heads of banks, (Ref)

Come on over to your own side!
 Come on over to your own side!
 Come on over, Come on over,
 Come on over to your own side!
 (Clap hands 3 times)

This ain't your war,
 Come on over to your own side!
 Who's it for?
 Come on over to your own side!
 You're just a tool,
 Come on over to your own side!
 For those that rule,
 Come on over to your own side!

CHO: Come on over, come on over
 Come on over to your own side!
 (Clap 3 times)

(Repeat refrain after each line,
 Repeat Cho. after each stanza)

How many heads of banks
 Are in your ranks?
 You carry guns
 For rich men's sons!

Hey brother, can't you see
 Your enemy?
 It's those up high
 For whom you die!

You spill your blood
 In the mud
 While Johnson's friends
 Get dividends!

Why should you lose your
 soul
 For Johnson's goal?
 He has no right --
 Just appetite!

LBJ to hell
 A. W. O. L.
 Black and white
 Refuse to fight!

Black and white
 Refuse to fight!
 Black and white
 Refuse to fight!

Antiwar Coffeehouses Delight G.I.'s but Not Army

By DONALD JANSON

Special to The New York Times

COLUMBIA, S. C. — There was a hush, followed by sustained applause, when the folk singer Barbara Dane finished the antiwar "Ballad of Richard Campos" one night recently. The clapping was more prolonged when she put down her guitar after delivering the bitter words of Bob Dylan's protest called "Masters at War."

The trappings at the U.F.O. coffeehouse, from dim lights and red tablecloths to psychedelic posters, were no different from those in similar establishments in New York's Greenwich Village or Chicago's Old Town. But the atmosphere in the smoky room was decidedly antiwar, and many of the 65 patrons in the capacity crowd were soldiers of the United States Army.

This was by design. The U.F.O. was opened earlier this year by New Left activists who oppose the war in Vietnam. They opened it as a means of quickening dissent on Vietnam among G.I.'s leery of going there.

About 23,000 soldiers are stationed at Fort Jackson on the outskirts of Columbia. Many are draftees here for basic training.

Success in the coffeehouse effort has worried the Army and prompted intensive investigations.

Similar enterprises have been opened in Waynesville, Mo., near Fort Leonard Wood; Killeen, Tex., near Fort Hood, and Tacoma, Wash., near Fort Lewis.

Mr. Snipes said that the arrested youth, a civilian, wore a goatee and that the sleeves of his blue denim jacket were cut off at the shoulders.

To make matters worse, he said, the accused was in the company of an off-duty soldier who wore a pink shirt and a flower.

"We think these coffeehouses are a Communist front," Mr. Snipes said.

"Ninety-five per cent of the people in the barracks hate the Army and oppose the war," said Craig Jonson, 21-year-old Seattle airman who recently drove 45 miles from the Shaw Air Force Base to the U.F.O.

"I can express nothing but hostility for the military," said Sgt. William Tolan of Central Islip, L. I., also of Shaw. "The U.F.O. is an oasis."

WILL THE BE-IN really make it onto the army base? Efforts to hip-up servicemen are spreading—like those chains of off-base coffee shops in army base towns. Now there are mutterings and whisperings of be-ins right on the bases. It's hard to tell if it will really happen, but the first one is supposed to occur at Fort Dix on November 3.

"The multiple wounds — the face, the arms, the legs — are the worst. My God, they're bad. I had no idea what it would be like when I got here. Somehow you don't expect to see an arm or a leg dangling. It's terrible, but you get used to it. You don't see this in a John Wayne movie, do you?"

"So many guys I know have been killed there," said the young officer. "Guys I knew from school went over there and came back in boxes. And for what?"


By The Associated Press

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14 — The Army and the Marine Corps are now sending thousands of men back for involuntary second tours of duty in Vietnam. The Army plans to return about 18,000 this year; the Marines plan to return about 6,000.



(Ed. Note: This, apparently, is what delights the army)

Moderate Cha. C




The first staff of music is written on a five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef, a common time signature 'C', and a tempo marking 'Moderate'. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of the following notes: C4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), Bb4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). The staff ends with a double bar line.

goes thru the side of an ar-my tank as tho it were a paper card

If you want to rule the world, Never mind wrong or right,
all you got to have is tungsten wol-fram-ite.

On-ly one thing in all this world Hard as tungsten steel,

That's the heart of a finan - cier Working on a tungsten deal

Op-ly one thing in all this world Hard as the tungsten kind, It's a

 diplo -mat with tungsten on his mind.

Here is one quotation from a speech by President Eisenhower to the United States Governors Conference on August 4, 1953:

"Now let us assume that we lost Indochina. If Indochina goes, several things happen right away. The Malayan Peninsula, that last bit of land hanging on down there, would be scarcely defensible, and the tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming."

Once an Aroostook farmer sat by his potato
patch

Counting his pennies one, two, three
When along came Edmund and told him of the
sugar beet
Saying "Vahlsing will build it for you and
for me."

CHO: Vahlsing will build it
Vahlsing will build it, etc.

Down in Augusta Vahlsing told the governor
"There's a little matter of Prestile* stream"
And the boys in the Legislature sang as they
declassified,
"Vahlsing pollutes it for you and for me.

CHO: Vahlsing pollutes it,
Vahlsing pollutes it, etc.

(*Pronounced "Presteel)

Oh the sugar beet refinery is going like a
house afire
The culch from the French Fries fills the
stream
And the people down in Mars Hill and across
the line in Centerville
Sing "Vahlsing pollutes it for you & for me."
CHO: "Vahlsing pollutes it, etc."
(new line:) We can grow sugar beets right in
our new sewage plant, Vahlsing, etc.

All will be well by 19 hundred seventy-six
Meanwhile the smell helps to keep Maine green
And the people down in Centerville have built
themselves a swimming pool
Since Vahlsing's potato pollution is clean.
CHO: Vahlsing's pollution, etc.

© 1968 by SANDY IVES

"Prof. Sandy Ives, Maine folklorist, sends in this. A true story about a present day pollution battle; tune, of course, 'Waltzing Matilda.'" - Pete Seeger

[illegible]

THIS PAGE PAID FOR BY PETE & TOSHI

(Advt.)

the Vampire Bat

Words & Music by EMILIE GEORGE
© 1968 by Emilie George

There was once an al-bi-no vam-pire bat who thought he was un-
ique, with his pure white fur and sharp curved claws Didn't know he was a
freak. He lived in a dark and under-ground cave and hung by his feet all
Day. With his head hung down + his bot-tom end up his thoughts went a bit A-
stray. Watch out for the vam-pire bat, he lives on blood a-
lone. He is bro-ther to the rat - the worst scourge man has known.

He was blind by day and blind by night
But knew how to stalk his prey,
He needed warm blood to grow big and strong
And live in the vampire way.

He's a creature of the night
And since he's rarely seen
Some say that he's extinct
They say he's just a dream. Refrain

They have no song, but just a scream
That echoes through the night,
They scavenge to increase their breed
Like harpies in their flight.

There are still albino vampire bats
In the caverns of the mind
That in their blindness lurk
And feed upon mankind. Refrain

the Sniper

Words & Music by DENNIS B. CAMPAGNA

I don't want to speak my mind in the land of the free And thus fall vic-tim to the
ven-om of the vi- per.

3. Medgar Evers, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King,
Lincoln and John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

4. America, America, God shed his grace on
thee
The bell of freedom cannot ring over the
grave of Liberty.

5. Oh the home of the brave and the land of
the free
Where they shoot you in the back if you
dare to disagree.

2. I don't want to stand for nothing in the home
of the brave
'Cause if I do then I'll be murdered by the
sniper.

6. Are you safe to speak your mind in the
land of the free
And thus fall victim to the venom of the
viper?

7. Can you dare to stand for something in
the home of the brave?
If you do, then you'll be murdered by
the sniper.

© 1968 by Dennis B. Campagna

MR. SHADOW

-6-

Words & Music by DON McLEAN
© 1968 by Touchstone Music Inc.
Used by permission

A7

1. LIT-TLE HIGH SCHOOL CHICK HAS GOT A MON-KEY ON HER BACK SHE
2. SHAD-OW COMES A- RUN-NING FOR THE () FIVE-FOR-TY TRAIN HE'S GOT A

GOES TO CHURCH ON SUN-DAY AND SHE'S DRESS'D ALL IN BLACK SHE
RAIN-COAT IN HIS POK-ET JUST IN CASE IT STARTS TO RAIN HE

TACET 1ST + 4TH MEAS

A7

CALLS HIS WIFE TO TELL HER THAT HE'D BE A LIT-TLE LATE BUT HE'S

MEET-ING WITH HIS GIRL FRIEND WHO CAME IN FROM OUT-OF-STATE THE

D7

HEADS OUT FOR THE EX-IT WHEN THE CHOIR STARTS TO SING SHE'S GOT A
TRAIN IT STARTS A-ROL-LING AND IT WHIST-LES DOWN THE TRACK ()

A7

POUND-ING IN HER STOM-ACH AND HER EARS START TO RING SHE
HE CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THAT GIRL WITH THE MON-KEY ON HER BACK THEY

E7

CAN-NOT UN-DER-STAND JUST HOW SHE TOOK THE WRONG WAY OUT BUT SHE
MEET AT FOR-TY-SEV-ENTH STREET AND THEN THE POUND-ING STOPS () BE

A7

KNOWS THAT SHE'S IN TROU-BLE AND OF THAT THERE IS NO DOUBT.
CARE-FUL MIS-TER SHAD-OW YOU'LL HAVE TROU-BLE WITH THE COPS.

3. There's a struggle in the moonlight
You can hear the frightened screams
The people just walk right on by
They can't neglect their dreams;
Next morning in the paper
They are sad to read the news
That a high school girl was murdered
And there aren't any clues;
They haven't found the killer
And the murder is unsolved
All because the witnesses
Refused to get involved;
Sermons preached on Sunday
Fall on Christians without ears

And the tragedies of life are seen
Through eyes that shed no tears.

4. And the parents go to church and pray
Their daughter will be saved
But they don't know the times their daughter
Sat in church and craved;
The shadow from her coffin
Streams across the parlor floor
And the people, just like shadows,
Filter through the parlor door;
They blend into the darkness
And they clutch the gifts they bring:
Some flowers and some sadness --
And a monkey on a string.

The CIRCLE

Words & Music: BERNICE REAGON

© 1968 by Bernice Reagon

Slow, Chant-like

(Chord arrangement only suggested. Bernice sings this accomp'd by African drum)

slow, chant-like

Black people taken from an an- cient land, Suffered trials by cruel white hands, But in the

Cir- cle there's got-ta be room for them, Move on o- ver, make a little room for them —

*Repeat melodic theme between asterisks as needed.

Transcribed by
A. Cunningham

Black people taken from an ancient land
Suffered trials by cruel white hands
CHO:
But in the Circle there's gotta be room
for them
Move on over, make a little room for them
We're in trouble, there's no room for them
- - Room for them.

Little brown, with straight black hair
In India land there's no food there.
CHO:
He can't make it, there's no room for him
Move on over, make a little room for him
There'll be trouble, there's no room for
him - - Room for him.

Vietnamese with slanted eyes
Fighting for their land, not standing by
CHO:
We're in trouble cause there's no room
for them
They can't make it if there's no room
for them
In the Circle there's gotta be room for
them
Move on over, make a little room for
them -- Room for them.

Black Hawk, Cheyenne, Cherokee
Seneca, Choctaw, noble Creeks
CHO:
They can't make it, there's no room for
them

In the Circle there's gotta be room for
them

Move on over, make a little room for them
There'll be trouble, there's no room for
them - - Room for them.

White man, we know you don't know how
To save the Circle, we tell you now:

CHO:
Loose your hold, make a little room for all
Circle break now, there's no room for all
Move on over, make a little room for all
It won't hurt you, make a little room for all
There'll be trouble, there's no room for
all
In this world now, there's gotta be room
for all
We can't make it if there's no room for all
In this world now, there's gotta be room
for all (2X)
In this Circle, gotta be room for all (2X)
- - Room for all.

NEW YORK POST.

Lead Poison Cases Rising In the Slums

OCTOBER 22, 1968

By JOSEPH KAHN

Lead poisoning cases among children in poverty areas are increasing at an "alarming" rate, latest city Health Dept. figures show.

In the past, about 500 cases had been reported annually, but in July and August alone 200 cases were discovered.

Lead poisoning, which can be fatal and is often crippling, is

a disease usually acquired by children who eat peeling plaster and paint.

The Health Dept. estimated that throughout the city there are as many as 18,000 undetected cases. A child may have lead in its body and still appear healthy, according to health authorities.

Because parents may not suspect lead poisoning, a child

might not be given medical attention. If the child survives, there is a good chance he may be mentally retarded or blind for life, the Health Dept. said.

On a recent radio broadcast Paul De Brul, housing director for University Settlement House, accused the city of "waging genocide" against Negro and Puerto Rican children.

He blamed the city administration for allowing slum conditions to get worse and for not supplying enough new public housing.

(See "Lead Poison
On The Wall" by
JIMMY COLLIER in
Broadside # 70.)

BROADSIDE # 95

This Page Paid For By

P I O N E E R R E C O R D S A L E S, I N C.

701 Seventh Ave.

New York, N.Y. 10036

(advt.)

RESTAURANT
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave. 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

DINER
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

RESTAURANT
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

DINER
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

RESTAURANT
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

DINER
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

This Page Paid For By

PIONEER RECORD SALES, INC.

701 Seventh Ave.

New York, N.Y. 10036

(advt.)

RESTAURANT
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

DINER
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

RESTAURANT
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

DINER
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

RESTAURANT
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

DINER
 1000 annual volume. Good operator. \$4000. Cornish Ave.

Resurrection City

Words & Music by LOIS MORTON
© 1968 by Lois Morton

CHO: A E7 A

(Verse: A7 Oh, you La- dy of Li- ber-ty, A Oh, you La- E7 dy, etc.)

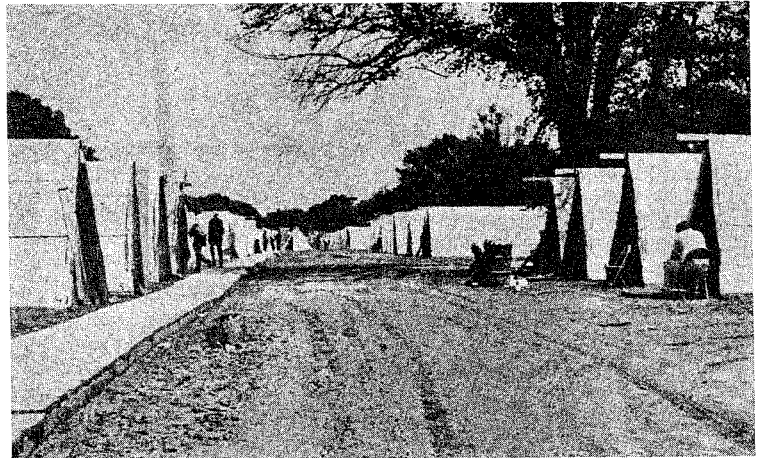
Re-sur-rection Ci-ty's gon-na rise a-gain, Re-sur-rection Ci-ty's gon-na rise a- gain,
Re-sur-rection Ci-ty's gonna rise a-gain Cause a man with right on his side doesn't rest un-til he
tries a- gain.

Oh you Lady of Liberty, Oh you Lady of Liberty
Turn your eyes from the open sea
Take a look at the land of the brave and the free.

Oh this land is rich indeed, Oh this land is rich
indeed, Yes, this land is rich indeed
Why are there so many people who can't have
what they need? CHO: Oh Resurrection City, etc.

Oh the shame and the pity (3X)
When they smashed all the hope that was Resurrec-
tion City. CHO: But Resurrection City, etc.

Oh you men who hold the power (3X)
The time is near at hand when the poor will have
their hour. CHO: And Resurrection City, etc.



Stay a Little Longer Where It's Warm

Words & Music by LOIS MORTON
© 1968 by Lois Morton

A D A D B7 E7

I don't know ex- actly where I'm go- ing, And I can't quite re-mem-ber where I've been -

A F#m E7 (Bm) E7 A

But I saw your light from the road as I passed, And it looked so nice I thought I'd come in, -

Bm E7 A

Well it looked so nice I thought I'd come in.

It's a long time I've been traveling
With no friend but the wind and the storm
You've been so kind, that if you don't mind
I'd like to stay a little longer where it's
warm,
I'd like to stay a little longer where it's
warm.

There is something familiar about the place
Many things that I seem to know
Like I might have been...Well you know
what I mean
Like I saw it all a long time ago,
Like I saw it all a long time ago.

I have no need to travel on
Here is where I want to stay
And if you feel too the way that I do
I've come home and I'll never go away
I've come home and I'll never go away.

"Sometimes a beautiful turn of phrase suggests a song,
and this was the case with Stay A Little Longer. In the
book Slouching Towards Bethlehem, author Joan Didion
describes a session at Joan Baez's Workshop for Non-
Violence. As the sky turns dark in the late afternoon,
the students are all 'reluctant about gathering up their
books, magazines and records, about finding their car
keys and ending the day....' They would like to stay
'just a little while longer where it is warm.'"

-- LOIS MORTON

Ed. Note: Broadside is proud to print the following songs which have grown directly out of our own neighborhood struggle for decentralization of schools. They were written (and are being vigorously sung!) by the teachers, pupils & friends of Joan of Arc J.H.S., together with Rev. Kirkpatrick who conducts the community song workshop. We print two songs in their complete form. If you'd like all the lyrics to the others, write Joan of Arc JHS, 154 W. 93 St. NYC.

COME TO SCHOOL

Tune: This Little Light of Mine

Everybody come to school, Joan of Arc is open, (3X)

Cho: Come to school, come to school, come to school.

Children eating in the dining hall, Joan of Arc is open (3X) CHO.

Teachers giving out home work, Joan of Arc. is open, (3X) CHO.

Parents bringing their kids in, etc.

Custodians cleaning the building, etc.

Erasers being dusted...

Smoke coming out of incinerators...

Walk right by that picket line...

Keep it open, gonna keep it open...

Biscuits are rising & the bacon's frying

No matter what the "union" says...

U.F.T. better get out of the way...

Don't you want to dig those books?...

We are open seven days...

This is where it's really at...

This is why we sing this song...

So everybody come to school...

* * * * *

IT'S A BOURGEOIS SCHOOL

Tune: Bourgeois Blues

Lord, it's a bourgeois school...OOOH

It's a bourgeois school

I got the Bourgeois Blues

I'm gonna spread the news all around.

Hey Brother Shanker, you must think we are fools/to keep sending our children to your bourgeois schools. Lord, It's a, etc

We are tired of Dick, we are tired of Jane Little Sally Walker and all those other things. Lord, It's a bourgeois, etc.

You know, you wrote the script; you know, you wrote the book

When we get your education, man, we are took. Lord, it's a bourgeois, etc.

Forget about your tenure and your pension plan/ Think about the children in the turned off land. It's a bourgeois, etc.

You can sit in your office and smoke your long cigars/ But when you look out the window there we are. We got your bourgeois school, etc.

* * * * *

FIVE BOROUGHS IN THE CITY (in part)

Tune: Twelve Gates To The City

CHO: Oh what a troublesome city (3X)

Five boroughs in the city, Hallelu

Bronx is in the North, Brooklyn in the South, Queens in the East, Manhattan & Staten in the West -- Makes 5 boroughs in the City, Hallelu Hallelu. CHO.

Who are those children outside the school 5 boroughs in the City, etc.

They must be the children that Shanker fooled -- 5 boroughs, etc. CHO.

Where are those teachers children love so well...UFT has them down in hell... CHO.

Who are those people teaching right from wrong...Must be parents trying to bring things on ... CHO.

* * * * *

HE'S GOT THE WHOLE WORLD IN HIS HANDS

He's got the U.F.T. in his hands (3X)

But brother, he ain't got me

He's got the bourgeoisie in his hands, etc.

He's got Mayor Lindsey, etc...The Wallace supporters...the little bittie students...troublesome teachers... whole sad mess... (end each: Brother he ain't got me.)

* * * * *

CHILDREN, SING THIS SONG

Tune: Oh Mary, Don't You Weep

CHO: Come on children won't you sing along

Come on children won't you sing along

UFT got drowned, Children, sing this song.

Shanker stood by the school house door

Telling children don't come back no more

UFT got drowned, etc.

Teachers yell about due process law

But they don't come around here any more...

One o these mornings 'bout four o'clock City system gonna reel and rock....

If I could I surely would

Stand on the rock where Rhody stood....

* * * * *

There are others--many more. We wish we had room for all of them. Incidentally, these songs are handled in the traditional good old "broadside" manner in that they are mimeographed by the workshop members and gotten out in the neighborhood within an hour or so after they are written.-- Ed.

LETTERS & NOTES

"Dear Pete (Seeger): I see about six pages of interpretation of Dylan's songs in Broadside #93. When songs have to be interpreted, they've already missed their mark as a medium of communication, and are merely sounds. I'm glad that Woody was never so vague." ERNIE MARRS

"Dear Ernie: I tend to agree with you that it is silly to spend so many pages in B'side trying to interpret Bob Dylan's songs. However, I don't think it's entirely the song's fault, it's just the writer's short sightedness in thinking that songs have any one set of meanings as tho they were a code that had to be translated. The reason these songs are so great for me, and why I can listen to them over and over again, is that they take on flashes of new meaning with every new hearing. I do agree with you in that I think a song ought to have an immediate meaning to help the listener get with it. Thus, JOHN HENRY BARBARA ALLEN, GO TELL AUNT EHODY, all have immediate meanings although one can also listen to them hundreds of times and still get other meanings later on."

PETE SEEGER

Ed. Comment: Writing songs in code to evade censorship, or worse, is nothing new. During Henry the 8th's rule several writer's made the mistake of attacking that tough old bastard straightaway in street song. The result was they found themselves drawn & quartered (that is chopped into four quarters like a broiling chicken). The pieces were spiked onto the four corners of London Bridge as a warning to other singing critics. From then on writing was done so disguisedly that the songs have come down to us as Childrens' rhymes (Mother Goose). Arthur Stern, onetime Almanac, sent us a whole article on this months ago and we still want to get it in when we have room. The Arthur Sterns or Alan Webersmans of the future may one day have to point out that Pete Seeger's BIG MUDDY was not really only a song about some maneuvers in Louisiana in 1941....

Speaking of Bob Dylan, there is a strange communication going on in his music and that of Tim Buckley....

Izzy Young's Newsletter gets more interesting all the while. In his newest, he again demands an explanation of Tom Paxton, Peter Paul & Mary, Judy Collins & Theodore Bikel (a lily white bunch), as to why they

allowed themselves to be advertised as Soul Folk in a recent N.Y. newspaper ad... Izzy is also "sick & tired" of Happy Traum, SING OUT Magazine's new editor, calling him, Izzy, "Bob Dylan's big, bad, bitter enemy. He should distinguish the difference between a critic who has the right to speak (me) and a scared resident of Woodstock (him)..." It seems Happy lives up around Woodstock, N.Y., within a stone's throw of Bob's cabin. Izzy further expresses disgust with the interview in SING OUT between Happy, Bob, & John Cohen, calling it unhealthy, and the babbling of kids... You should subscribe to Izzy's newsletter. It is free. Just write to: Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave., NYC, N.Y. Along with Izzy's views, you get listings of upcoming people at his FOLKLORE CENTER FOLK FESTIVAL. For example, he's having:

THE YOUNG TRADITIONS -- Nov 18
STEVE GILLETTE -- Nov 19
THE PENNYWHISTLERS -- Nov 25
STEFAN GROSSMAN -- Dec 2
WINNIE WINSTON & DAVE BROMBERG -- Dec 9
BOB COHEN -- Dec 11
LOU KILLEN -- Dec 16
All at 8:30 pm, Adm - \$2.

Other Coming Concerts:

SANDY & CAROLINE PATON, McBurney YMCA
7th Ave at 23rd, NYC, 3pm, Nov 17. \$2.
To be preceded by a childrens' concert at 1 pm -- \$1.25.

PAT SKY & THE SMITH BROS., McBurney Y
Nov 24, 2pm - \$2. FRANK WARNER, Dec 8
2pm at Seamens' Institute, NYC - \$2.
These 3 concerts are presented by Bernie Klay. Info, CH3-1982 or 343-9575.

In BOSTON:

JACKIE WASHINGTON, Nov 22, Jordan Hall
ENRICO MACIAS, Dec 1, Symphony Hall
JUDY COLLINS, Dec 8, Symphony Hall
ARLO GUTHRIE, Jan 17, Symphony Hall

These concerts are sponsored by Manny Greenhill's FOLKLORE PRODUCTIONS, 176 Federal St., Boston, Mass. 02130. Ph 482-1827.

CHICAGO: PETE SEEGER & REV. KIRKPATRICK,
Orchestra Hall, Nov 22 & 23. PETE and KIRK will also be at N.Y.U., NYC, Dec 14.

DON McLEAN "The Hudson Troubador" (see his song in this issue), under the sponsorship of the New York Council on the Arts, met people of more than 30 Hudson communities this summer on his tour of the Hudson Valley. ... Singer-songwriter Don is 22. He says: "NYSCA has allowed me to sing almost anything I can find if I make it relative to the HUDSON and its problems."

Look at LOVE STREET on the Doors' latest LP , Waiting For The Sun. "She lives on Love Street" -- let's start with the hypothesis that "She" is the federal government and "Love Street" is the U.S.A. So "She" -- the federal government -- "lives" (in the parasitical sense) "on Love Street" -- on the people of America. "Lingers long on Love Street" (continues to hang on the moribund and very close to death). "She has a house and garden" (the White House and the Rose Garden). "I'd like to see what happens" (with-out "her" -- when "she" has been overthrown).

Verse 2: "She has robes" (judges), "and she has monkeys" (pigs), "lazy diamond-studded flunkies" (corrupted bureaucrats). "She has wisdom (technology), "and knows what to do" (develops weapons and elaborate systems of repression), so therefore "She has me and she has you".

"I see you live on Love Street" (I see you are a citizen of the United States). "There's the store where the creatures meet" (there's the Hall of Injustice where the robes and pigs -- creatures since they are less than human -- mete out sentences). "I wonder what they do in there" (Sarcastic; I wonder how they determine who gets what sentence). "summer Sunday" (freedom) "and a year" (behind bars). "Guess I like it fine: (Morrison will only commit acts which get him fined), "so far" (but if conditions worsen he will become more radical).

NOT SO REVOLUTIONARY

The new Beatles song REVOLUTION requires no interpretation but it does merit a few comments. In verse #2 when Lennon-McCartney write "You ask me for a contribution/ Well you know/ We're all doing what we can " they ain't just whistlin' dixie -- the profits from the exclusive U.S. screening of the Beatles T-V film MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR went to Liberation News Service. But when they tell us in Verse #3 that changing the political infrastructure isn't going to bring about revolution -- "You say it's in the constitution/ Well you know/ We all wanna change your head" and that attacking the projections of this infrastructure (e.g. the Police) isn't going to have any effect either -- "You tell me its the institution/ Well you know/ You better free your mind instead" -- I'd like to know what is going to have an effect? Meditating under the guidance of that old fakir the Mahari\$shi?

(Of course, there's the possibility when the Beatles say "change your head", "free your mind", they mean get you high, turn you on).

PART TWO: Street Fighting Man by the STONES sounds like a very radical song at times, since it contains lines like "I'll shout and scream/ I'll kill the King/ I'll rail at all his servants". But I have my doubts about the Stones' sincerity. It seems very strange that they should suddenly emerge as the Robespierres of Rock since I am unable to find any political content in their previous songs. (They have written "protest songs" but these have dealt largely with "social issues" such as the use of tranquilizers by the middle class -- MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER). The closest thing to a political song I can find appears on the SATANIC MAJESTIES REQUEST album -- "The Citadel." But the only trouble with my interpretation of this song is that I have to make the assumption that the STONES knew about the Tet Offensive months before General Westmoreland did -- dig it!! "Candy and Taffy hope you both are well" (this is the Cong sarcastically addressing two GI's). "Please come see me in The Citadel" (the walled city of Hue where a small band of Cong managed to hold out for weeks against an entire battalion of US Marines).

So it looks to me as if STREET FIGHTING MAN might be another extension of the good-guys/bad-guys game which the STONES have been playing with the BEATLES since the two groups emerged as rock superstars. Like I hope I am paranoid and that the STONES are brothers and have been radicalized by the shit that has been going down lately under the euphemism of "law and order"... Their next album -- THE BEGGARS BANQUET -- (whose cover has been censored by London Records) will probably clarify the situation...

Author's note: I'd like to thank everyone who wrote to me c/o BROADSIDE in response to my interview on Dylan in B'Side # 93. I would also like to remind those who had uncomplimentary things to say, that after the revolution they will be given jobs laboring in the Dylan Archives!.... Don't miss the interview with Dylan in the current issue of SING OUT and please continue sending me your reactions to my words... Maintain thy cools!

A.J.WEBERMAN

BETWEEN THE LINES: PART TWO

By Gordon Friesen

I've been following Alan Webberman's advice in B'Side # 93 to replay Bob Dylan's L-P's but find myself concentrating mainly on JOHN WESLEY HARDING. The reasons for this are not complex: Alan's interpretation of this album is the most complete; and much of its autobiographical content covers the period when B'Side was attending Bob's career more closely than -- I must confess -- it did later on. I recall talking to someone the day after the Tom Paine award affair Dylan tells about in AS I WENT OUT ONE MORNING. He had been at the dinner and described how shocked he and the other guests had been at Bob's little speech. Some of the "bald heads" Bob seemingly disparaged had been prosecuted and jailed in the 50's for their libertarian activities. I remember that my first reaction was "they should never have asked Bob to speak -- but only to sing." Bob says much of the same in a 5-page, legal-sized, single-spaced "Message" he sent afterward to the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee which sponsored that Bill of Rights dinner Oct.13,1963:

"I am a writer an a singer of the words I write

I am no speaker nor any politician
an my songs speak for me..."

One thing that comes out in the song and of which I was unaware is that the Old Left apparently offered him some kind of a functionary job to send him South to campaign for black equal rights -- "She pleaded from the corners of her mouth/ I will secretly accept you/ And together we'll fly South." Bob, of course, is saved from what he considered shackles on his intellectual freedom by the very idea of Tom Paine -- the AGE OF REASON man -- himself.

In ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER Dylan takes up that stage in his career where he switched from blunt, straightforward lyrics to complex poetic metaphor (see the Webberman interview in B'Side # 93). Confusion resulted on several levels, from which Bob still hasn't got any relief. I think the dialogue between the joker and the thief is an exchange between two sides of Bob Dylan (remember "Another Side..."). The "joker" is Dylan the put-on artist (I think this song and DEAR LANDLORD indicate he feels now he has overdone this sort of thing, that he overestimated the ability of the American public to see through it); the "thief" is the Dylan who widely borrowed folk tunes to accompany his lyrics -- even the anti-Vietnam war song on JWH, "I Pity The Poor Immi-

grant" uses the old folk tune PETER AMBERLY. In WATCHTOWER, the "joker" complains that "Business men" (e.g. the commercial music world, managers, agents, recording companies) "they drink my wine, plow and dig my earth" (exploit Dylan and his songs and get rich). "None of them along the line/Know what any of it is worth" (these gross men haven't the slightest idea of the artistic value, or even the meaning, of Dylan's work, and are only interested in translating it into cash).

Nor did Bob get much more satisfaction from those he must feel were in a better position to appreciate the New Dylan -- critics and general listeners, followers. Here he encountered some like Irwin Silber, then editor of SING OUT! magazine, who charged Dylan with abandoning a purposeful social outlook and joining those who see life as a meaningless absurdity. Dylan denies this; he has the WATCHTOWER "thief" reply: "There are many here among us/Who feel that life is but a joke/ But you and I we've been through that/ And this is not our fate." (My emphasis). "So let's not talk falsely now/The hour is getting late." (Here Dylan expresses a sense of urgency that people finally start really digging his message).

But he knows that the oligarchy, the American ruling class, wants to maintain this "confusion", wants to keep him imprisoned -- "All along the watchtower/ Princes kept the view", guarding against those who might rescue (e.g. honestly interpret his songs to the people) him. But the people are waking up; in the darkness A Wildcat growls. Two riders (writers) are seen approaching, presumably to set him "free". Like Alan, I am baffled as to who these writers may be -- although one of them might very well be Alan.

I think it more likely that Alan Weberman could be the interpreter Dylan is addressing as DEAR LANDLORD in the song by that name. Here Bob in both words and urgency in his voice virtually pleads for interpretation. "Please don't put a price on my soul" -- don't view him only as a commercial product, a fast buck maker, but accept him as a serious, sincere artist. "I'm going to give you all I've got to give" -- he's not going to hold anything back. (His promise to co-operate to the best of his ability, to hold still, finally, for an interpretation of his work, re-appears in the lines "I'm not about to argue/ I'm not about to move to no other place.")

"I know you've suffered much" -- a lot of people have got headaches trying to figure out just what in the hell Dylan is saying in his songs. "But in this you are not so unique" -- very few, if any, have been able to achieve a full understanding of Dylan. But "Please don't dismiss my case" -- don't give up trying, the answer is still there for you to find. Dylan describes the separate roles of the artist and the critic-interpreter: "Anyone can fill up his life with things he can see but just cannot touch" -- we can all appreciate and draw sustenance from works of art without necessarily being able to duplicate them; "Each has his own special gift" -- the artist to create, the interpreter to interpret.

THE WICKED MESSENGER: Alan Weberman says in Broadside # 93 that "This song is a very short history of Dylan's career from a radical standpoint." (This piece of mine is, of course, based on that ground-breaking article of Alan's, and on other hints from him). Dylan is the wicked messenger as he begins his career with hard-hitting protest songs telling America the ugly truth about itself -- it nourishes and protects murdering racists ("Hattie Carroll"), it

is warmongering ("Masters Of War"), it is disgustingly hypocritical ("God On Our Side" and other songs), et cetera. "From Eli he did come" -- Bob emphasizing that he comes from the Jewish people, who have produced so many other prophets. "With a mind that multiplied the smallest matter" -- Bob, for example, could take a brief newspaper item, like a mention of the Hattie Carroll case, and magnify it into a full-fledged work of art. He is questioned as to had "sent for him" (it is significant that Bob says "questioned", as though he were some sort of criminal -- a bitter comment on how America's decadent, corrupted bourgeois society mistreats its artists).

Bob can only gesture mutely over his shoulder, "for his tongue it could not speak but only blather." Here again Bob indicates his seemingly inherent incapability of articulating the meaning of his work. It seems to go very deep. Dylan has up to now, at least, always insisted that his writing and songs must speak for him. His only recorded public speech, so far as I know, was the historic one at the Tom Paine affair, which resulted in a fiasco. His interviews are generally unproductive and sterile, as witness his latest in the current (Oct.-Nov.) issue of SING OUT! magazine. It runs a number of pages without really producing any illumination. But Bob does say of DEAR LANDLORD: "you always have to consider that I wrote it for somebody else." (For Alan Weberman?). And this exchange is significant: John Cohen: "... at the moment, your songs aren't as socially or politically applicable as they were earlier." DYLAN: "As they were earlier? Could it be that they are just as social and political, only that no one cares to --- "

Bob leaves it hanging in the air; he never finishes the statement. Could he have been trying to say "only that no one cares to really interpret and understand them."?

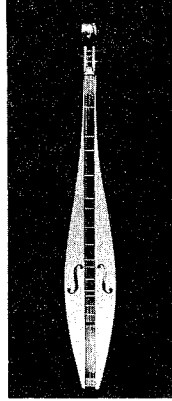
Back to THE WICKED MESSENGER: He stays behind the assembly hall -- it is there that he makes his bid. "Assembly hall" -- union hall. Dylan when he first started his career tried to emulate his then idol, Woody Guthrie, who sang and wrote many union songs. But the union -- progressive? -- movement is disinterested in Dylan, though he returns often. He remains very persistent, however, and gives up only when the soles of his feet start burning. I think Bob is fudging a little bit here; he himself recognized at the time that the American labor movement had become reactionary by the early 60's and a Woody Guthrie was no longer welcome; in the album notes for THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANG-ING (1964), Bob writes:

"...I too wished I'd lived in the hungry thirties an blew in like Woody t New York City... an (made) the rounds t the union halls ... (but) they've changed... the cio an the nm, come now! can you see em needin me for a song."

Anyhow, the wicked messenger turns commercial and really makes it big; the very seas part for him. But Bob is told in these few words which opened up his heart (literally cut his heart open): "If you can't bring good news, then don't bring any" -- he is told to stop writing protest or stop writing altogether. But Dylan outfoxed the Establishment by continuing to bring "bad news" to America, but obscuring it in metaphor, "laying it between the lines" ("Desolation Row", "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands", et cetera).

ED.COMMENT: Irwin Silber has an article in the Sept. 28 GUARDIAN headlined "The Topical Song 'Revolution' and How It Fizzled Out." We wonder about this assumption; protest songs will continue so long as there are social and political ills to write and sing them about. New peoples' movements seem to create their own songwriter-singers. The Civil Rights songs have waned (although "We Shall Overcome" still is heard everywhere), But the grapeworkers' strike in California has its own songsmiths; the Poor Peoples' campaign came up with Rev. Kirkpatrick and Jimmy Collier. In New York City the school struggle has brought wide use of songs new and old (I saw Tom Paxton's "What Did You Learn In School Today" among a sheaf of hexographed songsheets put out by non-striking teachers and their pupils). Among individuals, the past year saw Janis Ian rise to fame on the strength of her "Society's Child"; one of Pete Seeger's biggest hits was his anti-Vietnam war parable "The Big Muddy"; uncompromising Malvina Reynolds is enjoying the greatest popularity of her career as she approaches 70. The more abstract protesters are flying high; Bob Dylan's JOHN WESLEY HARDING was his quickest million record seller; elsewhere in this issue see news about John Lennon and Jim Morrison. In the purely pop field, HARPER VALLEY PTA by Tom Hall sung by Jeannie C. Riley has sold 3,000,000 copies and is to be made into a movie. It attacks the hypocrisies of American suburban life (businessmen drink like fish and impregnate their secretaries while their wives dally with other men back in their split-level homes). A much stronger indictment of decaying capitalism is Ray Stevens' MR. BUSINESSMAN which he recorded for Monument, with lines like "Tuesday evenings with your harlot/

And on Wednesdays its your Charlatan analyst." Stevens' despicable subject squanders his life struggling for "Bigger cars, bigger houses", "Placing value on the worthless", stealing what he cannot get by wheeling and dealing with other businessmen. "Eighty-six proof anesthetic crutches/ Prop you to the top/ Where the smiles are all synthetic/ And the ulcers never stop." The song is, all in all, a bitterly scathing indictment of the "American Way Of Life"... Irwin Silber lists Phil Ochs as one whose songs "are not nearly as topical as they once where." Yet Phil was one of the biggest things last August in Chicago singing for the demonstrators against the Death Convention (it is true he sang his older songs -- "I Ain't Marching Anymore" and "The War Is Over".) G.F.



DULCET DULCIMERS

EASY TO PLAY
BEAUTIFUL WOODS

Write for FREE catalogue
ALPINE DULCIMER CO.
Box 566BR, Boulder, Colo. 80302

Danang Restriction Imposed by the Navy After Racial Unrest

DANANG, South Vietnam, Oct. 20 (UPI)—Racial incidents have led the United States Navy to impose restrictions in the Danang area, it was disclosed today.

In 1966, a riot broke out in the enlisted man's club at the camp following an argument between whites and Negroes over whether country and Western music or "soul" music should be played on the jukebox.

*Mother land,
My bones will sculpt
your future
And my blood will be made
the mass wind of war.
All my exclamations are
words of farewell.
All my friends have scattered.
All the trees seek calm
though the wind persists
in rustling them.
The nightmare of my people
is modest destiny.
This festival night with
bones, flesh and brains,
please applaud in unison
As we shout:
"This suffering Vietnam."
—From "Ballad of War," by
Trinh Cong Son, the most
popular young poet and folk
singer in Vietnam.*

WE NEED HOUSING (Tune:Alouette)

Cho: Public housing, we need public housing
Public housing, that's what we need.
Verse: We need housing at low rents
We need housing at low rents
At low rents, at low rents, Oh...CHO
We need housing with no leaks (2X)
With no leaks, with no leaks.
At low rents, at low rents, Oh...CHO
We need housing we control....etc.
We need housing integrated
We need housing family size
We need housing with hot water
We need housing without rats
We need housing with no cracks
We need housing that is painted
(make up your own indefinitely)

(Sung at a Metropolitan Council on Housing rally and march to Gracie Mansion held in Sept. Sent in by Fran Goldin via Nancy Chandler. See B'side #42 for other housing songs)

(By an anonymous IWW Apr 14, 1917)

I love my flag, I do, I do
Which floats upon the breeze
I also love my arms and legs
And neck and nose and knees
One little shell might spoil them all
Or give them such a twist
They would be of no use to me
I guess I won't enlist.
I love my country, yes, I do
I hope her folks do well
Without our arms and legs and things
I think we'd look like hell
Young men with faces half shot off
Are unfit to be kissed
I've read in books it spoils their looks
I guess I won't enlist.
(from "The Wobblies" by Patrick Renshaw. Doubleday, 1967)

HELP !

If you cannot make a straight donation (sizeable) to keep BROADSIDE going, here is another way you can help: Order from us a complete set of the first 7 years of B'side and present it to your local library--public, highschool, college, etc. (We continually get letters from students who need it for research for theses on topical song history in America).

We have a goodly number of such sets, (B'side Nos. 1 thru 95) available at the very special price of \$25.00.

PETE SEEGER NOW—Columbia CS 9717

Pete Seeger's latest album is comprised mostly of songs dealing with man's unwillingness and/or inability to be decent to his fellow man. As a whole, either in the songs' lyrics or in Seeger's delivery of them, the album affirms life and man's potential for goodness, as Seeger himself has done all his life. Three of the songs on the set are Seeger's own compositions (a fourth is a co-cleffing). Featured on the LP are freedom singers Bernice Reagon and the Rev. Frederick Kirkpatrick.

from CASHBOX

WE HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

BROADSIDE, Vol. 2 \$2.95

Edited by Sis Cunningham

OAK PUBLICATIONS
33 West 60th Street
New York, N. Y. 10023

CASSANDRA RECORDS

(that's MAL and BUD REYNOLDS)

OFFERS ITS FIRST --

Two 45's for kids, each with 3 songs:

YOU CAN'T MAKE A TURTLE COME OUT - \$1.00

MORNINGTOWN RIDE - \$1.00

Sung by the Little Singers of Mt. Roskill School, New Zealand

Also for youngsters

A book of Malvina's songs arranged for guitar or piano:

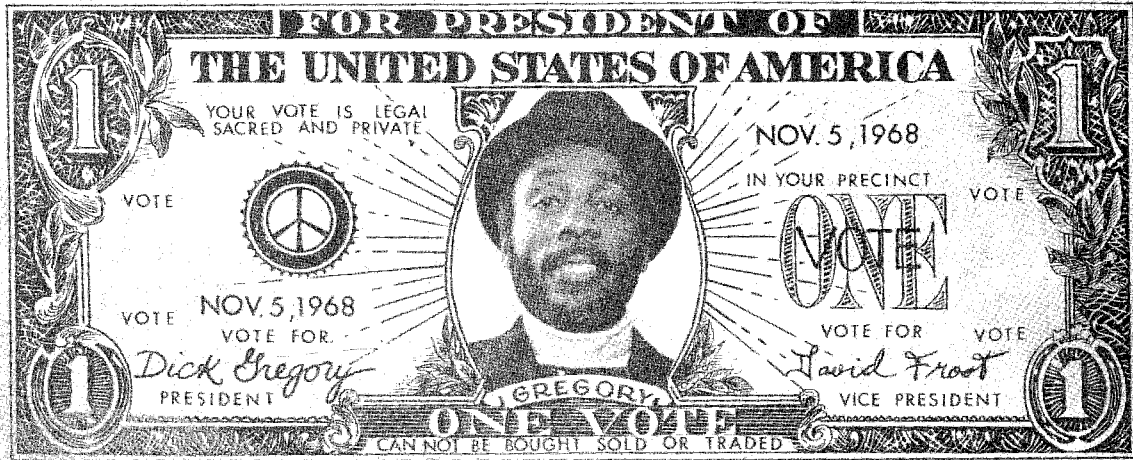
TWEEDLES and FOODLES For YOUNG NOODLES

\$1.75

(tax and postage prepaid)



2027 PARKER STREET BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94704



PHILADELPHIA Evening Bulletin October 18, 1968

THE NATION'S first and only singing newscaster arrived at The Main Point in Bryn Mawr last night.

There, Len Chandler will only be singing folk songs during a four-day engagement that gives him a brief leave of absence from his broadcasting chores with radio station KRLA in Pasadena, Calif.



Len Chandler

The popular folk music performer has been writing and singing special ballads to fit the news for this station since last June, is heard Monday through Friday and has helped to make it one of the three top radio outlets among the 61 in the Los Angeles area.

Now the "staff poet-composer" of KRLA, Chandler the folk singer has been appearing regularly at The Point for the past four years. He'll fly back to the Coast on Sunday night to get back to the news.

That, we can assume, will prompt some blues. As he has said: "I read the news every morning and I sing the blues every day."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23 (UPI)—Dick Gregory, the Negro comedian running for President, ran afoul of the Treasury Department today because his campaign handbills look too much like dollar bills. Complaints had been received that some of the money-sized handbills were showing up in auto-

matic money-changing machines.

"There's no question in my mind that it has been seized because it is definitely dangerous to the machine," said Mr. Gregory who is running on the ticket of the Freedom and Peace party. He indicated he was talking about a political machine.

BROADSIDE

BROADSIDE, 215 West 98 St., New York, N.Y. 10025.

Topical song monthly. All contents copyright

1968 by Broadside Magazine. Editor: Agnes

Cunningham; Advisor, Pete Seeger; Contributing

Editors: Len Chandler, Julius Lester, Gordon

Friesen, Josh Dunson, Phil Ochs; Art & Layout,

Jane Friesen. Subscription: One year (12 is-

suues) \$5.00 (Add \$1 foreign) Single copy .50¢.

SPECIAL OFFER: Sets of back issues Nos. 1 thru

25, 26 thru 50, 51 thru 75 -- \$6.00 Each. In-

dex, .25¢.