



Words & Music by
WILL McLEAN & PAUL CHAMPION

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Will McLean & Paul Champion

There's a wild hog in Gulf Hammock I don't wish on any man. My blood
knows his hurtful tushes Darked the brown and yellow sand.

Transcribed by
A. Cunningham

It was on a lonesome evening,
Purty near the setting sun;
Wasn't thinking, I got careless,
Didn't even tote a gun.

There he stood, his red eyes burning,
Slobber running down his jaw;
Never seen a sight so fearful,
Chilled me to my very maw.

Times at night I gits to thinking,
And the shivers colds my spine;
I walks out into the moonlight,
That old hog's still on my mind.

There's a wild hog in Gulf Hammock
I don't wish on any man;
My blood knows his hurtful tushes;
Darked the brown-and-yellow sand.

Darked the brown-and-yellow sand.
Wild Hog!

(Ed. Note: When Will McLean's friend Gamble Rogers, formerly of the Serendipity Singers, sings WILD HOG, he says he visualizes the dark evil incarnate in man. When we play the tape of Will singing it, we see a more personalized evil -- of LBJ, Dick Nixon, the Chicago pigs clubbing kids, the G.I.'s in Vietnam butchering old men, women and babies.)

"SOMETHING DARK AND BLOODY..."

DAILY NEWS

220 East 42d St.

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

(212) MU 2-1234

THE VIETNAM WAR

—tragic though it is, we think an unbiased look at the situation will reveal various things to be thankful for.

Chief among these, we believe, is President Nixon's tough refusal to be swayed by Communists, Pinks, "liberals" and innocent suckers who want the United States to pull its fighting men out of Vietnam at once, unconditionally.

No Betrayal Of an Ally

That would betray the South Vietnamese people to wholesale butcheries by Communist savages swarming down from Red North Vietnam.

NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1969

As to what happened on March 16, 1968, when American troops entered the hamlet of Quangngai, there is still no official account—at least from Washington.

But the surviving villagers of that hamlet, which is now in ruins, are not in disagreement. According to them, an estimated 567 of their townsmen were slaughtered by American soldiers.

Massacre of Civilians at Songmy

Mr. Ridenhour, a 23-year-old college student now, had been a soldier in Vietnam. His conscience and curiosity led him to unravel a chain of rumor and

nearsay that pointed to the conclusion that "something rather dark and bloody" had occurred a year earlier at Songmy in the area of Northern South Vietnam known to American troops as Pinkville.

But at the weekend, it appeared that the Calley case was only one of a string of related incidents in which a total of 567 South Vietnamese in three separate hamlets were slain. According to eyewitnesses in Quang Ngai, 40 to 50 American soldiers were implicated in the kill-

ings. And some of those eyewitnesses were reported to be Vietnamese civilians who had managed to survive the massacres because they had been fortunate enough to be shielded under piles of dead bodies.

Newsweek, November 24, 1969



(Ed. Note: This is not a G.I. in Vietnam. It is a Nazi soldier killing a Polish mother and the child in her arms during World War Two.)

The belated revelations of the massacre of Vietnamese civilians by American troops has justifiably aroused widespread indignation and horror. Why is it that so many of those people who are now so sickened by this brutality have displayed little concern while the inhabitants of so many other villages and hamlets have been slaughtered by our bombing, napalming and strafing? Is massacre from the air any less immoral than from the ground?

LEON LUSTERMAN.

FOND DU LAC, Wis.

(AP)—A former infantryman says he "witnessed many civilians being shot down like clay pigeons" while he served in the Chu Lai area of South Vietnam.

The area is about 130 miles south of My Lai,

'I Had Orders'

The broadcast of Simpson's story followed Kennedy's order. The veteran recalled that in searching one hut, he found "a woman, a man, and a child . . . I told them to stop . . . They didn't, and I had orders to shoot them down and I did this," he said. "I shot them, the lady and the little boy."

"I was reluctant, but I was following a direct order," Simpson said.

CHICAGO (CST)—A young Chicagoan who participated in the attack on the South Vietnamese village of Song My (code-named Pinkville) has told how his unit was ordered "to destroy Pinkville and every thing in it."

Charles A. West, 23, said that some of the American soldiers involved in the mission "went crazy" and slaughtered wounded villagers, including women and children.

Orders to Kill

West said he did see "yanigans" (young GIs) killing civilians indiscriminately, but he said, "You see, we had orders to kill everyone."

THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1969

Following is a transcript of an interview with Paul Meadlo, Vietnam veteran, by Mike Wallace on the Columbia Broadcasting System Radio Network last night:

Q. So you fired something like 67 shots—A. Right.

Q. And you killed how many? At that time?

A. Well, I fired them on automatic, so you can't just spray the area on them and so you can't know how many you killed 'cause they were going fast. So I might have killed ten or fifteen of them.

Q. Men, women and children? A. Men, women and children.

Q. And babies? A. And babies.

Q. Now you're rounding up more?

A. We're rounding up more, and we had about seven or eight people. And we was going to throw them in the hooch, and well, we put them in the hooch and then we dropped a hand grenade

down there with them. And somebody holed up in the ravine, and told us to bring them over to the ravine, so we took them back out, and led them over to—and by that time, we already had them over there, and they had about 70-75 people all gathered up. So we threw ours in with them and Lieutenant Calley told me, he said, Meadlo, we got another job to do. And so he walked over to the people, and he started pushing them off and started shooting . . .

Q. Started pushing them off into the ravine?

A. Off into the ravine. It was a ditch. And so we started pushing them off and we started shooting them, so altogether we just pushed them all off, and just started using automatics on them. And then—

Q. Again—men, women, children? A. Men, women and children.

Q. And babies?

A. And babies. And so we started shooting them, and

Q. You call the Vietnamese "gooks"? A. Gooks.

Q. Are they people to you? Were they people to you?

A. Well, they were people. But it was just one of them words that we just picked up over there, you know. Just any word you pick up, that's what you call people, and that's what you been called.

Q. Obviously, the thought that goes through my mind—I spent some time over there, and I killed in the second war, and so forth. But the thought that goes through your mind is, we've raised such a dickens about what the Nazis did, or what the Japanese did, but particularly what the Nazis did in the second world war, the brutalization and so forth, you know. It's hard for a good many Americans to understand that young, capable, American boys could line up old men, women and children and babies and shoot them down in cold blood. How do you explain that?

A. I wouldn't know.

Song My Atrocity

The Song My incident has convinced me even more that we must get out of Vietnam quickly—before we turn more of our young men into dehumanized killing machines and find ourselves condemned before another Nuremberg Court.

Enough of this horror!

PHYLLIS TANDLICH.

* * *

the GI coffee houses



- 1 - The Oleo Strut (Ft. Hood)
101 Avenue "D"
Killeen, Tex. 76541
(817) 634-9405
- 2 - The UFO (Ft. Jackson)
1732 Main St.
Columbia, S.C. 29202
(803) 256-9438
- 3 - Fort Dix Coffee House
P.O. Box 68
Wrightstown, N.J.
- 4 - The Shelter Half (Ft. Lewis)
P.O. Box 244
Tacoma, Washington 98409
(206) GR 5-9875
- 5 - Fort Knox Coffee House
c/o Goldsmith or James
532 N. 20th
Louisville, Ky. (502) 772-7917
- 6 - The Home Front (Ft. Carson)
318 E. Pike's Peak
Colorado Springs, Colo.
- 7 - a. The Green Machine* (Camp Pendleton)
P.O. Box 1356
Vista, Calif. 92083
(714) 724-1563
b. Duck Power* (Naval, Marine bases)
c/o San Diego Free Press
751 Turquoise St.
San Diego, Ca. 92109
(714) 488-3421

FOR MORE INFORMATION, AND TO ARRANGE BOOKINGS, PLEASE CONTACT:

UNITED STATES SERVICEMEN'S FUND
P.O. Box 3061
Oakland, Calif. 94609
(415) 653-5820

UNITED STATES SERVICEMEN'S FUND
430 W. 250th
Bronx, New York 10471
(212) TU 4-8508

* coffee house not open yet, but staff is there and working with local servicemen.

"Help our GI's who are trying to find a way out of this mess, by going to sing at some of the anti-war coffee houses. Merry Christmas to all, Peace and Freedom."

Toshi and Pete Seeger

early entry... Price for immediate...
DINNER...
RESTAURANT...
"Help our GI's who are trying to find a way out of this mess, by going to sing at some of the anti-war coffee houses. Merry Christmas to all, Peace and Freedom."
Toshi and Pete Seeger
CABARET... RESTAURANT...

Doesn't Someone Have A Plan

Words & Music by MIKE MILLIUS
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Once I passed through a crowded room, And there was stopped by a woman - She I'm sorry son, But it
seems you left too soon, You can't go through this way a- gain. She it seems like such a shame, I was
here just yesterday, Oh she spoke, she touched my tremblin hand; But me, I don't be-lieve my life

[D/3, G/3 - 3rd in bass]

should end this way ---- Doesn't someone have a plan

I was only passin' thru another part
of this town
A man on horseback did appear
He said "If you're only passing thru
Then you can spend the afternoon
Just finding your way out of here"
He said "Well, where will you go?"
I said, "I'm sure that I don't know
Oh, it's hard enough just to stand"
But I like to think I heard him say
Just before he rode away
"Doesn't someone have a plan?"

(* Music between asterisks for this final short verse)

I said "Do you really feel like this?"
He said, "Yes and if you insist
Then I'm gonna make you a very sorry man"
But I like to think I heard him say
Just before he rode away
"Doesn't someone have a plan?"

(Short instrumental same length & same chord pattern as first 2 lines of song, then repeat above 3 indented lines.)

Transcribed by
A. Cunningham

'Taterbug Mandolin Man

Words & Music by
MIKE MILLIUS & DON THOMAS
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(Intro.)
(Mandolin)

Walked into town,
Wasn't much to talk a-bout, Ran hi- 'Taterbug down And the women all followed him
out. They said I don't care what he looks like, Said I don't care what he
say; No I don't care what he's done to you Just as long as I can hear him
play. Said I long as- I- can hear him play.

Mandolin interlude
(same as Intro.) starts
at asterisk, under voice

Rains ragin' thru West
Virginia
Floodin' out the mines
Then he hit a note on his
'taterbug
And the sun began to
shine. (no cho)
Preacher leanin' out the
window
Says, Mister won't you
please come in?
I want you to play on
your 'taterbug
And help me save these
people from sin.
(Cho & Interlude)

Moses at the Red Sea
On his way to the
Promised Land
And while he was partin'
the waters
He had a 'taterbug in
his hand. (no cho)

BROADSIDE #102

They're sparin' no expense / Just to 'tect our land
But they've yet to invent the defense / Against the 'Taterbug Mandolin Man.
(Cho. Fade on mandolin instrumental)

By Aaron Kramer

Next year, darling, next year
do you know what I wish?
I wish for a car,
a strong new car
that can waft us
over the border into Mexico.

To Mexico, darling, Mexico!
And what will we do there?
Why, we'll seek out Indians
huddled in their hills,
their ultimate hills
which only a strong new car can climb.

They hide, darling, hide;
and do you know why?
Because they do not want their children,
their scrawny, naked children
to be photographed
by strangers with white round faces.

But we'll conquer them, darling,
conquer them;
and can you guess how?
By holding out brotherhood,
a hand full of brotherhood,
and in the other
chewing gum for their children.

But when they test our faces, darling,
our faces,
should we smile or weep?
If we smile, they may think us amused,
amused by the way their hut shakes;
if we weep, it may remind them
of the pillagers who came chanting pity.

And what if their mouths, darling,
their mouths
are shut, and with their eyes
they chop us up,
chop us into tiny pieces
because we are so round, so white,
and they so hungry?



(The above is reprinted from Aaron Kramer's book of poems HENRY AT THE GRATING; Poems of Nausea, published by The Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. .85¢.

Shep

Wants to Know



Have U Gone Bald Inside Your Head?

THE SONGS:

GOOD BILL STREET - A Bounce On a Bad Road

ELMO - Reaction to the President's Drug Fantasies

JEFFREY SNAKE - A Slimy Journey With a Warning or Two

HOW COME YOU'VE AGED - A Reflection

DO WHAT YOU MUST DO - Things Only Matter
As Much As You Let Them Affect You

FICKLE LITTLE PRISCILLA - I'm Not Ready For
You Yet Baby; Women Are a Groove

BALLIN THE JACK - Let Em Roll

COWBOY - An Anti-Bonanza Song

PRETTY BUTTERFLY - A Forest Love Song

EMPTY DREAMER - A Daydream

LET'S JUMP - Song For the Woodstock Festival and You

Everybody at Vanguard Likes Shep.



'Twas the Night Before Integration

By MRS. LYDIA JACKSON

'Twas the night before Integration, all
through the South
Not a creature was moving, not even a mouth
The Blacks were at home thinking to
themselves
While the honkies was worrying, what the
hell else
A Black man stood tall and cried, "Let's
celebrate"
A honky replied, "We won't tolerate"
The Blacks started yelling, "Let's go to
the tree"
A honky cried, "You're lying, you ain't
free"
So the Blacks gathered and started to sing
When a governor appeared and fired with a
bang
Some ran, cried and fell to the ground
Those dam honkies pop up from all around
A nigger turned and tried to plea
The governor and others said, "No! Hell,
you ain't free"
This "good" nigger turned and said,
"I'm lost"
The governor said, "Good! I'm your god-dam
boss"
When the trouble was over and the people
started fixing
There was no need for the honkies mixing.
(Ed. Note: The above was sent in by a
Black woman worker from North Louisiana.)
The Black teachers tried to merge with
Louisiana Racist teachers' association
Oh what a determination to crawl back
on the plantation.

... F.D.Kirkpatrick

EDITORIAL

It is no co-incidence that we put Fred Kirkpatrick's song "Long Chains" opposite to the page of clippings of the Songmy genocide in Vietnam. The U.S. has a long history of racist murder. In fact, our history began with the systematic practice of genocide against the Indians. Catholic priests accompanied the Spanish Conquistadores in the 16th Century and killed the Indian babies by taking them by the heels and bashing their brains out against rocks (baptising them first so they would go straight to heaven!). The Spanish slaughtered tens of thousands of Indian adults who resisted the Spaniard attempts to enslave them. We can all remember the drawings of Pilgrims walking to church with blunderbusses on their shoulders to kill any Indians they might meet on the way (never mind that the Pilgrims had occupied Indian lands in the New World to escape from British oppression!). And on almost any late movie we can catch white cavalrymen and civilian "Indian fighters" killing "hordes of redskins" as our Anglo-Saxon "civilization" moved westward across America in the 19th Century. It was genocide par excellence. General Custer massacred Cheyenne men, women and children at the Little Washita in Oklahoma.

300 Sioux men, women, and children were butchered by the U.S. Cavalry at Wounded Knee, So. Dakota. Another 300 were slaughtered at Sand Creek in Colorado, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, by forces led by Col. J.M. Chivington, a Reverend in private life. When his men asked if they should kill the babies too, The Rev-Col. replied "nits grow up to be lice, don't they!" A government commission report on the massacre said: "Fleeing women, holding up their hands and praying for mercy, were shot down; infants were killed and scalped in derision; men were tortured and mutilated..." Reads almsot like Songmy. Peter La Farge wrote a song about Sand Creek entitled "The Crimson Parson." It's in BROADSIDE #64. The systematic murder of black people began on the first slave ships bringing them to America: only about half survived the horrible journey. A thousand blacks annually were still being lynched in the U.S. South as late as 1900. Murders such as Fred Kirkpatrick describes in "Long Chains" are still going on. It was only a few years ago that four little black girls were blasted to death in a Birmingham church. Mike Millius in "Algiers Motel" (B'Side # 98) tells what happened to three young blacks in Detroit. Police recently killed the 27th and 28th Black Panther leaders, in Chicago. So Songmy -- Mylai -- is no surprise. GF

"But the government shouldn't get away with sentencing a handful of men, and letting the others escape. The others are not those baffled young men who were conscripted and sent to Asia. The others include everybody who had anything to do with sending them there: Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Walt Rostow, the Bundys, and all the rest. Democrats and Republicans from three different administrations, and seven Congresses. Throw in the people who make napalm, M-16s, and the other instruments of liberation, and we might have a trial that is logical and goes after the real villains. I know just the place to hold it. It's a town called Nuremberg."

Pete Hamill writing on the Songmy massacre (N.Y.POST)

ED.NOTE: Three or so long years ago BROADSIDE had a piece pointing out that since the U.S. attack on Vietnam was basically a fascist-type war of aggression its continuation inevitably meant the steady escalation of fascism both on the battlefield and at home. Troops had to be molded into fascist monsters to carry out the dark and bloody deeds needed in that kind of war. To get and maintain support Americans at home had to be pressed into the same mold. Now the tree is bearing its evil fruit. At home we have Nixon and his running dog Agnew inflaming all the reactionary elements on which fascism builds itself -- the racists, the jingoists, the Neanderthals, the "silent majority" which travels with its headlights on and the flag decals in the car windows. Nixon, Agnew, Strom Thurmond, Attorney-General Mitchell (and Mrs. Mitchell) are busily fanning hate against all dissenters, true Americans, lovers of peace and humanity, students, youth, anybody with a soul, a heart, and a conscience.... And in Vietnam, American troops at Songmy and scores of other villages are slaughtering the civilian population, old men, women, and babies, just as the Nazis did in World War Two in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Russia, and countless other places (except at Lidice in Czechoslovakia the Nazis did not even go so far as the U.S. gunmen at Songmy -- they massacred only the males)....

From time to time BROADSIDE assembles a page of news clippings to give songwriters an idea and perhaps material for a song (as Woody Guthrie used to do with the NY TIMES and the DAILY LABORER). Page 2 of this issue is such a collection -- clippings of news stories on SONGMY. We invite everyone to try their hand at writing a song about it -- although it's going to be hard, the event being so horrible and with so many ramifications. Send your song to us. We'll try to print as many of them as possible, and for the one picked as the best we'll award a prize of a bound set of the first 7 years of B'Side...

* * * * *

RECORD REVIEWS: Mike Millius' first L-P, "Desperado" is to be released early in January. By UNI Records. It is to include a number of songs that have been in BROADSIDE -- "Algiers Motel", "If Jesus Were Alive Today", "Poor Boy Michael Strange", "Doesn't Someone Have A Plan", etc. COUNTRY JOE McDONALD has done a whole album of Woody Guthrie songs: thinking of WOODY GUTHRIE (Vanguard VSD6546). Many of the old "standards" -- "Pastures Of Plenty", "So Long", "Reuben James", "Pretty Boy Floyd", "This Land Is Your Land", and so on....

N O T E S

BOOK REVIEWS: "Songs That Changed The World". Edited by Wanda Wilson Whitman, put out by Crown Publishers, N.Y. \$3.95. This new book has an amazing number of songs in it, ranging from "The World Turned Upside Down" played at the Yorktown surrender of the British to Pete Seeger's "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy", banned from U.S. television because too many bureaucrats suspected (perhaps correctly) that the BIG FOOL was LYNDON JOHNSON and the BIG MUDDY Vietnam. The songs are arranged in 13 categories, entitled respectively SONGS OF REVOLUTION ("The Internationale" etc), PATRIOTISM, WAR SONGS, WORK SONGS, SONGS OF HARD TIMES, ESCAPE, RELIGIOUS SONGS, POLITICAL SONGS, SONGS OF EMPIRE, SONGS FOR PEACE, SONGS AGAINST PREJUDICE, SONGS OF SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE (the longest section with some 50 selections) and SONGS FOR A MOVING WORLD. Although including songs from the world over, the editor pays special attention to the many songs written in the U.S. during the 60's. She points out in her introduction: "Today in America, although the great changes of our time have come with song in the crusades for civil rights and equal opportunities, a sense of the menace of modern war has changed the emphasis. As of now, the revolutionary dissent in this country stresses not armed revolt but the urgent need, in the atomic age, for permanent peace." Many of the newer songs first appeared in BROADSIDE and in fact would never had reached this collection if we had not printed them. (Miss Whitman begins her acknowledgements by saying "Special gratitude is due Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen of BROADSIDE magazine, and to Irwin Silber of Sing Out! for advice and counsel"). Songwriters include Pete Seeger, Malvina Reynolds, Janis Ian, Matt Jones & Elaine Laron, Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs, Peter La Farge, Mike Millius, Len Chandler, and others. A very important, and apparently almost complete, selection of SONGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD. G.F.

"This Is The Arlo Guthrie Book" Amsco Music Publishing Co., 33 West 60th St., New York, N.Y. 10023. There are various reports about Arlo: his movie "Alice's Restaurant" has already netted \$2,000,000, he is going to be in other films, he has cut his hair (himself), etc. In the meantime there is beautiful new book by and about Arlo, handsome pictures, articles, and the words and music of 20 of Arlo's songs, including "Alice" and "The Pause of Mister Clause."

"The Erotic Muse" edited by Ed Cray. Oak Publications, 33 West 60th St., New York 10023. \$12.50. This volume of folk art displays the widest range of bad taste I have seen this side of 42nd St. These songs seem great fun sung at a party with a 6-pack under your belt, but are shocking to look at cold sober in cold print. It's one of the most fucking disgusting books I've ever read, and I've read plenty of disgusting books. Love, Yr. Reviewer.

CONCERTS (N.Y.C.): A Concert/Rally, "F.T.A." (Freak The Army) at Manhattan Center, aft. & eve. Dec. 26th. To support & honor the anti-war guys in the military. Sponsored by UNITED STATES SERVICEMEN'S FUND.... CHILDREN'S CONCERT with ED LIPTON, Sun. Dec. 21, at St. Gregory's Church, 144 W. 90 St., 3 P.M. Cont. Adults \$2, Students \$1, kids .50¢....

The NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL this year will be shortened to one day, July 18. Due to lack of funds. Seems the treasury was drained when Newport City Dads forced the Festival last summer to lay out an extra \$25,000 for more guards and a fence (which became irrelevant when the C.D.'s also forbade the appearance of rock groups).

MORATORIUM DAY WASHINGTON

A REPORT FROM THE CROWD

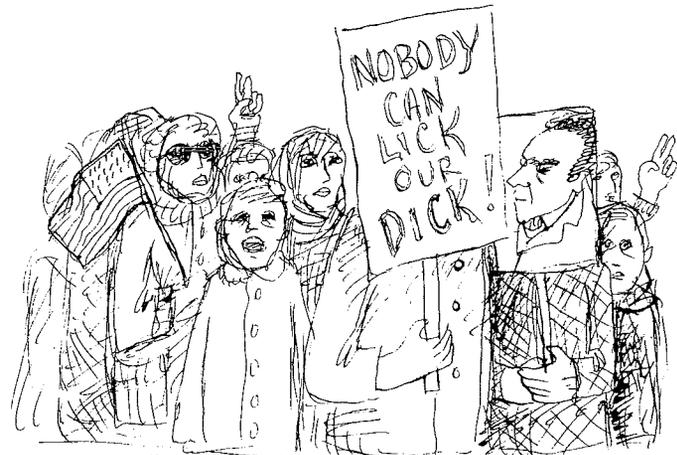
To tell you the truth, I didn't pay much attention to the rally program - I was too cold. I took one look at the stage and saw Peter Paul and Mary flipping their hair and beards around singing (what else?) 'The Times They Are A-Changin' -- and said to hell with that, same old shit. Behind me marched a solemn procession with some kind of a carcass on a stretcher half covered with army blankets - raw meat and bones gleaming in the feeble sunlight. In front of me stood a red-nosed FBI man casting surreptitious glances at the people around him. Helicopters made a continuous racket overhead. Few people came prepared for the freezing weather - bonfires of twigs and leaflets burned here and there, people shuffled to and fro wearing blankets and sleeping bags around their shoulders.

As I huddled in the press tent trying to thaw out I heard violins playing chamber music (can you believe it?) on the stage. Cobwebs of wires, audio and visual equipment festooned ground and platforms, dangled from backs and shivering shoulders - one reporter wore a white helmet on which was written PRESS-please do not HIT!

On the bus out of Washington, still mildly suffering from an accidental blast of teargas, I saw a sidewalk full of grim kids marching somewhere in the dark, across the street from them stood a line of Army men in gas masks holding rifles - the inhuman look of them in itself was terrifying. As the bus stopped between them I said Oh Lord, get me out of here so I can come back again, and He did, so I will see you all next time.

Special note to those who planned the march: You did a good job organizing, getting all those people in and out of Wash, etc., but you let us down at the rally. After all the marching, freezing, starving & waiting in line to piss, we would like to see on the stage some more feeling, some more spirit, some soul. Maybe next time you could spare us the sound & sight of violins, rock bands, and especially PP&M -- we all believe It's Time They Were A-Changin'!

Love,
Yr Reporter



At about 3:30, Pete Seeger took the stage, and first sang a Vietnam protest song entitled "Bring 'Em Home." Then, after the song, Seeger, in a twangy voice, recalled that the night before, when he had been walking from Arlington National Cemetery to the Capitol in the March Against Death, a single phrase had been running ceaselessly through his mind, words from

a song by the Beatles — "All we are saying, is give peace a chance." "And now," said Seeger, "I'd like you all to join with me in singing those words."

The music to which the words were sung was simple, almost tribal, African, like the music of "Missa Lubba." "All

we are saying, is give peace a chance," sang Seeger, and slowly, in the fading, late-afternoon sunlight, everyone across the acres and acres of lawn, all quarter of a million, began singing with him, chantingly repeating the words over and over again — "All we are saying, is give peace a chance."

Now, as if by prearranged signal, though no one had said a word, tens of thousands in the crowd raised one hand,

held up their fingers in the V sign of peace, and began swaying gently back and forth. And, while the sun went behind clouds and came out again, the words were sung scores and scores of times, a litany that lasted for perhaps 20 minutes.

ROLLING STONE

It happened at Tommy Smothers' new house in the Hollywood Hills, at a party for Donovan. A lot of his Hollywood friends were there: Cass Elliot, Eric Burdon, Johnny Rivers, Joni Mitchell, Graham Nash, Steve Stills, Carol Lynley, Mason Williams, Jennifer, Micky Dolenz, Davy Jones, Chelsea Brown, Murray Roman, and Phil Ochs among them.

Invitations to the party had been numbered and guests surrendered stubs on entering for a door prize, and it was this that provided the soiree's most unforgettable moment.

"The winning number is 401," said Murray Roman, MC for the night. "Who's got 401?"

Phil Ochs had 401, stepped forward, and took the mike. He looked at the prize — a basket of imported meats, cheeses and wines — and began, "I'm

probably drunker than anybody here, but I'm probably unhappier than anybody else." Then, mumbling something about the "corruption" present at showy parties like this, he accepted the basket and sank it in the swimming pool.

A death-like hush fell on the 200 guests. Artist Eve Babitz giggled and John Carpenter started a smattering of applause. Roman, ever the gag man, took the mike and said, "I'm Jewish, too," and made a quick speech about starving people. Then he introduced Smothers, whose face by now was nearly as long as his 40-foot pool.

"There's also a time for good times," he said quietly, and he introduced the party's guest of honor, Donovan, who was sitting cross-legged on a ramp high above the pool with Paul Horn, his accompanist at the Hollywood Bowl, sitting next to him with his flute. Donovan did 20 minutes and swan dived into the pool to applause. Then people began to drink seriously. And Ochs went back to a house in the hills almost as sumptuous as the Smothers manse, with nearly the same splendid rich view.

Dylan Returning to Concert Work

Bob Dylan is planning to return to concert appearances this fall, "possibly December," he liked "Like a Rolling Stone" best of all his recordings and he wrote "Desolation Row" in the back of a taxi in New York.

Dylan revealed this in an interview in the rock music paper Rolling Stone—the longest he has given since the Playboy interview of a few years back, though not the first since his accident.

Dylan doesn't think he has changed his singing style at all, he says, but his voice changed when he stopped smoking.

Dylan would like Elvis Presley to record his songs, he says, and the one recording by someone else of a song of his which he treasures the most is Elvis' version (on the "Kismet" album) of "Tomorrow is a Long Time" which Dylan has never recorded.

Philosophy which rings gently and amorously genuine. Asked if he felt "responsible" to those people who were "hung-up" on his work, Dylan replied: "I don't want to make anybody worry about it . . . but boy, if I could ease someone's mind, I'd be the first one to do it. I want to lighten every load. Straighten out every burden. I don't want anybody to be hung-up . . . (laughs) especially over me, or anything I do. That's not the point at all."

Rolling Stone: Jan Wenner interviews one of the least available public personalities of our time, Bob Dylan. They discuss music, the press, money and a few other things in the rambling, code-language of the rock-youth milieu and nothing very concrete emerges, which may well be the message of the medium. There is speculation that Dylan was putting on the interviewer, but there is at least one expression of personal phi-



United Press International
DOVE, one of a flock released during rally in Times Square yesterday that began second moratorium, lit on a hat held by Pete Seeger, folk singer, performing at demonstration.

Newsweek, November 24, 1969

Down Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue, the "path of Presidents," they marched in the morning chill, some 250,000 Americans come to their Capital to tell their President he was wrong.

If there was a high moment, it came when folk singer Pete Seeger stepped up to the microphone. Sporting a full beard and accompanied by the rich baritone of his Negro "brother" Fred Kirkpatrick, Seeger brought the mass to its feet with a song called "Bring Them Home." Then, as the crowd chorused, "Give peace a chance," Seeger's voice echoed over the Mall: "Are you listening, Nixon? Are you listening, Agnew?" Scores of thousands of people, their fingers thrust upward in the symbolic "V" gesture, roared their approval.

INSTITUTIONAL RACISM

This is my true feeling concerning the "entertainment" program at the March on Washington Saturday Nov. 15. To me it was a white man's show; it was a clown party. It was a promotion gimmick for known artists, promoting their next year's record sales to the youth. I was asked several weeks beforehand to come to Washington and participate in the program. In fact, I was asked to get other musicians also for the musical activities. I called and arranged for rides. But when I got there the program had already been arranged with my name nowhere on the list. When I inquired about what my posi-

tion was supposed to be nobody had heard of me and everybody acted surprised that I was there. Some lady by the name of Cora Weiss acted as though she were offended by my presence. (She was supposed to be in charge). She gave me an under-look and a snobby reaction such as I have not experienced in all my years in the South, and I mean the Deep South. In fact, she told me to get off the stage and get lost, suggesting my weight might cause the stage to collapse! (She did not ask any whites to leave the stage). I guess that if Pete Seeger had not intervened and insisted that I go on the program with him all the damn fighting that I have been doing for the past ten years would not have been represented.

It was the worst experience I have ever suffered from any kind of racist group. Rev. Kirkpatrick, a nationally-known fighter for peace and freedom, had to ride in on Seeger's coat-tail. We are completely fed up on that kind of treatment and simply won't take it anymore. I felt at that moment the blacks should have had a separate march on Washington, directed against the racism in the peace movement, especially as it was manifested there on that stage.

I don't belong on the bottom of no damn list of no people, and that includes singers Peter Paul & Mary, Paxton, whoever they are. Hell, I have earned the right to say something about how this country is going to be run from now on.

I have seen many comments regarding the fact that few black people are represented at peace rallies; it was very obvious at Washington. I want to tell the white folks in the peace movement that the racism in your hearts is responsible. We are, according to your figures, ten per cent of the population of the U.S., but we have been as high as 26 per cent of the war dead in Vietnam. Look at these figures and perhaps that alone will tell you why I was treated the way I was Nov. 15 (if the black dead was 80 or 90 per cent there would be no peace movement in America).

Sometimes your own hearts are so filled with racist trash that you cannot feel the pain of a slave who built what you are living on. Perhaps before the next march on Washington we should first stop and straighten out this problem. I feel it is so important we could leave Nixon and his bunch alone until that is taken care of. (He is at least honest about his stance and we know where he stands). No more 2nd-class mess!

REV. F.D.KIRKPATRICK

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