WANTED BY THE FBI
INCITING TO RIOT.

WANTED. The above subjects, by the Peoples' Bureau of Investigation, for inciting to murder and riot (rioting construction workers in New York City, savagely beating anti-war students, howling the names of Nixon and Agnew as their inciters). Legal experts say the case against the above may be much stronger than it was against der and riot (rioting construction workers in the back). John Stokes, 19, nine times in the back; William Wright Jr., 18, five times in the back; Sammy McCullough, no age given, twice in the back, and John Bennett, 28, once in the back.

SAIGON—The U.S. Marine Corps in South Vietnam is investigating Viet Cong charges that Marines massacred 38 civilians, including 13 children, a month ago.

In February five Marines were charged with murdering 11 children and five women.

By JOHN KIPNER
Special to The New York Times
KENT, Ohio, May 4—Four students at Kent State University, two of them women, were shot to death this afternoon by a volley of National Guard gunfire. At least 8 other students were wounded.

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

By PAUL COWAN
Former Peace Corps member; author of "The Making of an American"

I'm writing this a few hours after the Ohio National Guard murdered four students at Kent State; a few days after President Nixon incited such violence by calling students "bums." Are there words that will persuade you? That the white-collar fascists in power now hope to gain total control of this country by insulating, imprisoning and even murdering young people, black people and poor people?
Welcome Springtime, at the college on the hill, Lift your voices at the college on the hill. In the spring life blooms but the blood runs red, And the finest flowers of all are dead.

Bullets and tear gas fill the air, There's a brand new kind of learning there; And I hear the voices of history cry from their place on the library shelves. "We have seen it happen a hundred times before, We have seen it for ourselves!" But the words of the past are cold and dead; They cannot tell what lies ahead. We stumble and fall but find the way, for history is made anew each day. Welcome Springtime...

Welcome Springtime, at the college on the hill
Lift your voices at the college on the hill;
And the tears that mix with the falling rain
pray the dead shall not have died in vain.
But daily the angry voices swell,
and where are we going? Who can tell?
And who will write the books of tomorrow,
the books on the library shelves?
What will they see in a hundred years or more
that we could not see for ourselves?
But the words of the past are cold and dead,
they cannot tell what lies ahead.
Will they understand what we tried to say
when tomorrow is only yesterday?
Welcome Springtime, at the college on the hill,
Lift your voices at the college on the hill.

Yevtushenko Honors a Girl Killed at Kent State

Russian dedicates a poem, entitled "Flowers and Bullets," to student Allison Krause, one of four people killed during a demonstration at Kent State on May 4, 1970.

The five-story dormitory at Jackson State College, a predominantly Negro institution of more than 3,000 students, was riddled with gunfire from top to bottom after the clash with the police.

Allison Krause, 19, pretty and popular, frequently carried her pet kitten around the campus. On Sunday she placed a flower in a National Guardsman's rifle barrel and said, "Flowers are better than bullets." She called her parents yesterday and told them she deplored the violence on her campus. Today she is dead.

The first youth, a student at Jackson State College, was found dying in front of a women's dormitory, and the other from a Jackson high school, beside a college dining hall across the street.

SANDY SCHEUER
On the way to class.

BROADSIDE #107
SEIZE THE TIME

Bright Soul Beat

You tell me

that the sun belongs - you and should surround you

But when I

turn to look - I see they've snatched the sun from all around you -

Why you hardly seem to

want what's yours You hard-ly seem to care If you love the sun It's where you've come from Then

you had better dare To Seize the Time - The time is Now - Oh, Seize the Time and you know how -

1 You tell me that the sun belongs To you and should surround you. But, when I turn to look I see they've snatched The sun from all around you. Why you hardly seem to Want what's yours You hard-ly seem to care. If you love the sun, It's where you've come from. Then you had better dare To Seize the Time - The time is now. Oh, Seize the Time And you know how.

II You tell me that the soul is real And your soul must survive. Yet, I see they've taken liberties With your souls and your lives. Don't tell me that you lack concern For all that you must. Cause I know you know you must not be turned And I like that I can see To Seize the Time The time is now. Oh, Seize the Time And you know how.

III You worry about liberty Because you've been denied. Well, I think that you're mistaken Or then, you must have lied. Cause you do not act like those who care You've never even fought For the liberty you claim to lack Or have you never thought To Seize the Time The time is now. Oh, Seize the Time And you know how.

RECORD REVIEW
Reprinted by permission of Vault Recording Corp. Hollywood, California

SEIZE THE TIME
Vault Stereo 131
All songs sung and written by Elaine Brown Minister of Information of The Black Panther Party, Southern California District.

My information is that this record has had - in a brief time - a considerable commercial sale which is attributed to Elaine Brown's political stunts. If so, I'm all for it, just as I believe it was (and is) important for all of us to read Eldridge Cleaver's "Soil On Ice", because it reveals the depth of human feeling and understanding in this Black man; it is important and revealing to hear the songs and singing of Elaine Brown.

No. This isn't an album of sweet, or passionately crooned love songs. Elaine Brown firmly dismisses such a package. She says: "I used to write about flowers, butterflies and love, - - - but that was bullshit." Sounds somewhat shocking, doesn't it? But certainly we can understand what she means. She wants to tell it straight, to wake up her own Black people - and all people - to the power they have, and to exercise it. But with this blunt introduction to the songs and lyrics of Elaine Brown, which demand conscious listening and response, let me add that she brings a depth of feeling and sensitivity along with her strong convictions that make this LP possess great human dimensions as art as well as political savagery.

Her first song sets the tone of her present feelings and involvement:

"You better dare seize the time -
Don't tell me you lack concern.
Seize the time, the time is now
Oh, seize the time, and you know how!"

In another song she humanizes and glorifies the dedication of a Panther: "A man who'd die to get your freedom back." But most often she expresses her determination to wake up and get with it. "Some people still say - there will be peace - just you wait and see. But that's just a yearning..." As a singer she reminds us frequently of Nina Simone, but with more clear headedness, as she builds up dramatic effects with her voice and the persistent rhythm and support of her instrumental backing. There is quite a variety on her LP, so don't feel you've heard it all, after one song. She sings of a woman's love - for a "very black man":

"Just look at a man
see his very Black face.
One song addresses a child whose father has been in the struggle:
"Poppa's come home, look at him child,
Look at his handsome face."

The song entitled, The Black Panther National Anthem seems a musically both in style and content. I would judge it unsuitable to serve that purpose even though it is a good song. A national anthem should, to me, be a song for group singing and it should be a collective statement - not that of an individual. She identifies with the poor and oppressed, and sees their basic understanding of the struggle:

"Walking along a street one day...
Take it away, take it away...

Take it away from me..."

"Yes, it's time you know who you really are And not try to whitewash the truth You're a man you see And a man must be Whatever he'll be or he won't be free."

With such well-defined topics in her songs it is probably no surprise that Elaine Brown has added some cogent remarks on the cover space of her LP album.

A few samplers will suffice:
"U.S. is a dog-eat-dog society (with an exploitive system). But this is not a dog-eat-dog world. That tie-in people are NOT inevitably greedy or uncooperative with each other."

"Songs like all art forms are expression of the feelings, thoughts, desires and hopes (etc) of a people. They are no more than that. A song cannot change a situation, because a song does not live and breathe. People do. The songs make statements - people can act. They have the power. The power belongs ONLY to ALL OF US, not just some or one, but all."

To all of which I say "Amen!"

Walden Hille

Order the LP "SEIZE THE TIME" (price $3.50) from:
Ministry of Information
Box 2967 - Custom House
San Francisco, CA 94126
Me gustan los estudiantes
I like students

Words and music | Violeta Parra

Que viven los estudiantes, jardín de las alegrías
Son aves que no se asustan de animal ni policía
Caramba y zamba la cosa,
Que viva la astronomía!

Me gustan los estudiantes porque son la levadura
Del pan que saldrá del horno con toda su sabrosura
Para la boca del pobre que come con amargura
Caramba y zamba la cosa,
Viva la literatura!

Me gustan los estudiantes porque levantan el pecho
Cuando le dicen harina, sabiéndose que es afecho
Y no hacen el sordomudo cuando se presenta el hecho
Caramba y zamba la cosa,
El código del derecho!

Me gustan los estudiantes que marchan sobre la ruina
Con las banderas en alto va toda la estudiantina
Son químicos y doctores, cirujanos y dentistas
Caramba y zamba la cosa,
Vivan los especialistas!

Me gustan los estudiantes que van al laboratorio
Descubren lo que se esconde adentro del confesorio
Ya tienen un gran carro que llegó hasta el purgatorio
Caramba y zamba la cosa,
Los libros explicatorios!

Me gustan los estudiantes que con muy clara elocuencia
A la bolsa negra saca le bajó las indulgencias
Porque hasta cuando nos dura, señores, la penitencia
Caramba y zamba la cosa,
Que viva toda la ciencia!

Hurray for the students, garden of joys
They are birds that fear neither beast nor police
Bullets and barking dogs do not frighten them.
It's a hell of a thing,
Hurray for astronomy!

Hurray for the students that roar like the wind
When talk to them of cassocks or regiments,
Libertarian fledglings just like the elements.
It's a hell of a thing,
Hurray for experiments!

I like students because they are the yeast
Of the bread that will emerge from the oven with a delicious taste
For the mouth of the poor who eat with bitterness
It's a hell of a thing,
Hurray for literature!

I like students because they stick out their chests
When someone tries to put one over on them,
And they don't act deaf and dumb when the chips are down.
It's a hell of a thing,
The legal code.

I like the students that march over the ruins
With flags on high goes the whole student marching band
They're chemists and doctors, surgeons and dentists.
It's a hell of a thing,
Hurray for the specialists!

I like the students who go to the laboratory
To discover what is hidden inside the confessional;
They already have a big cart that got as far as purgatory
It's a hell of a thing,
Explanatory books!

I like the students who, with clear eloquence,
Took the starch out of the sacred black market;
Because as long as that penitence lasts, gentlemen
It's a hell of a thing,
Hurray for all science!

This song was composed by the famous Chilean folklorist Violeta Parra, who died in 1967. The interpretation which we present here is that of her son Angel Parra, also a well known composer and performer.

"The success of the above song depends upon the accompaniment combining 3/4 rhythm and 6/8 rhythm simultaneously, a typical technique in the popular folk music of Chile and Argentina. My daughter wrote the words of this song for me in 1968, but at that time it seemed wordy to me and the melody did not seem too interesting. Now that I have gradually mastered the accompaniment and gotten to understand the words better, I feel it is one of the greatest songs I've come across and I am sending a copy to you urging that you print it, even though only a small number of your readers know Spanish well enough to undertake it." - Pete Seeger

BROADSIDE #107
Woody Guthrie once said he was out to sing the songs that make you take pride in your self and in your work, and he listed some of the kinds of songs he hated.

There's a song going around now that I hate. It insults every carpenter and every carpenter's wife in the first verse, hinting that the trade is at best undignified and that no "lady" would ordinarily marry a man who did such work.

I've worked at that trade more than any other, as did a lot of my ancestors, so my first reaction was "Goddam such a snotty song." So here's a song by a carpenter, of a carpenter, and for carpenters, the guys whose thumb-ends are black from driving the wrong nail.

I'VE BEEN A CARPENTER

I've been a working carpenter for nearly thirty years.
When I hit my thumbnail, you'd better plug your ears;
And you could build a hotel big as any one that stands
With those everlasting splinters that have jabbed into my hands.

From the southern coast of Dixie to that cold Canadian line,
You've heard me tap my chisel and you've heard my sawblade whine,
And I wish I had a penny for each spike you've seen me slam
Into all those little houses for the kids of Uncle Sam.

I've straightened rainbowed lumber that was sawed from thick to thin.
You've had me saw out knotholes, and leave the wormholes in,
I stopped the nails from splitting up your twisty-grained oak floor,
And I kept the boards from squeaking when you walked up to your door.

The music of my hammer's the best song you'll hear today
As it pounds another nail into the house where you will stay,
And you'll hear it mighty often as those kegs of nails are spread
All the way from the mudsills to the shingles overhead.

Now if you think it's simple to cut a rafter true,
Suppose you take my saw and square and see how you can do,
Or try to cut this staircase — it's easy as can be,
But I aint found no college that'll teach you carpentry.

I've still got Grandpa's hammer, with the claws so short and thick,
And the home-made hickory handle that his hand wore down so slick.
I remember Grandma cooking while he made the shavings fly —
Don't say she was no lady, or I'm apt to black your eye.

Now listen, Mistress Snooty, I'll give you some advice —
If you look down on carpenters, tell that to Jesus Christ!
I've got no use for those who don't have some respect for me;
You can take your million dollars, and go live in a tree.

Stand back from the building when you see my sawdust fly;
When my nails go whistling, don't let them hit your eye.
Someone's out there waiting in the rain and snow and sun —
They need to have this home built, and I'm gonna get it done.

©1970 Fall River Music, Inc. --- ERNIE MARRS

Ernie is Broadside's "hard-hat". He writes: "Technically, I guess this song's a bit misleading — I now work in an auto parts warehouse, sometimes driving a truck and delivering to our distant customers. It's a lot steadier than construction work. Come recession, depression, or whatever, wheels will roll in this nation and cars will wear parts out. So now I'm sure of where my beans and rent will come from, which used to be a sometimes thing. But I'm still a damned good carpenter, and not ashamed of it. As ever, E.M."
Dear Broadside:

Bob Beers' response to my open letter reminds me of an anecdote from Sandburg’s "The People Yes." Sandburg quotes an old lawyer who says:

"If the law is against you, talk about the evidence. If the evidence is against you, talk about the law. And if the law and the evidence are both against you, then pound on the table and yell like hell."

My letter concerning their appearance at the White House the same week that the world learned the grisly details of Song My was, of course, written in anger. As was to be expected, Bob Beers responded in kind. But pounding on the typewriter and yelling like hell will not change either the "law" or the "evidence".

The law -- the moral law if you will -- of giving aid and comfort to the war criminals who are responsible for the murders imposed on the Vietnamese people ought to be overwhelmingly apparent. Bob Beers seems to think that "singing a fairly vague "peace" song for Mr. Nixon, some worthwhile purpose has been served. But I think it must be clear by now that neither words nor music are the way to reach Mr. Nixon's heart. An examination of the words in any of his speeches to the nation would lead one to believe that there is no stauncher champion of peace than the government of the United States of America. In fact, has there ever been an aggressor in history who was not fighting for "peace" and "freedom"?

The "evidence" is forceful. Whatever went on in their own heads, whatever mitigating statements may have been made on any occasion (and if the song lyrics quoted are an example of the message which was delivered, one might say with a degree of charity that they are little more than inoffensive), the fact is that in a time when many artists have made a public issue of their appearances before the President of the United States, the Beers chose to participate in a concert on behalf of the man who takes daily personal responsibility for the acts of genocide which the American military colossus visits on the Vietnamese people.

Reading Bob Beers' account of the agonies involved in making the decision to perform, one is tempted to simply credit Bob and Evelyne with "good intentions" and fault them only for being somewhat overly innocent in an unjust world. But such innocence itself becomes a crime when the truth is so much at hand. After all, it is something like five years since Tom Paxton wrote his all too appropriate song, "We Didn't Know," in which he made clear that just as the German burgomeister must be held responsible for the deeds of Hitler, so too must we hold ourselves responsible for the bombs dropping on Vietnam.

There is something almost pathetic in Bob Beers' suggestion that he and Evelyne went to the White House in order to "bell the cat." It would be a more credible statement if the evidence to back it up were more substantial than what has been offered. One suspects that if Mr. Nixon were indeed "belled," he could not very well have been aware of it.

Equally pathetic is the somewhat paranoid notion that I have been biding my time in order to "get something" on the Beers Family. What a burden it must be to go through life with such a disproportionate sense of one's own importance!

Well, when all is said and done, we each live with our own sense of time. For myself, I would not want to turn up in some historical footnote as a person who, in the year 1969, performed for the President of the United States. The reality of that act, no matter with what justification one might surround it, is in its servility. The alternative -- refusing to sing -- takes considerable courage. One does not lightly insult the head of a powerful state. Still, such a refusal would have been an act to inspire and encourage many thousands, American GIs, themselves daily resisting the military monolith which keeps them imprisoned, would have heard about it. Draft-resisters, deserters, peace-supporters would have been heartened by such a stand. Even embattled peasants of Vietnam and Laos might have heard of such a principled act and drawn a moment's worth of hope from the human solidarity it would have represented. "Get something" on the Beers family? No. It's just that I expected more.

-- IRWIN SILBER
Pete Seeger's reply to the OPEN LETTER to him from A. Friend in Broadside #106:

Dear Friend:

I'm sorry you don't know that I would have been at the rally to free the 21 had I known about it in time. You are quite right, the Panthers and the NLF are now at the forefront of the battle against U.S. imperialism and deserve everyone's maximum support.

But in any long drawn-out war there are many fronts to fight on, and even the front-line fighter needs rear-echelon supporters. In the U.S. today people fight for housing, for consumer rights, for rights of women and of children. And don't be misled by Nixon's lip-service to ecology. He doesn't even know what the word means. Scientists who fought against nuclear testing did not do more than dent the war machine, but they saved millions of children from Strontium 90 poisoning. The same system which creates and maintains war, poverty, and racism is also responsible for ruining the environment. To destroy this system one can attack it on many fronts.

- - - - - - - - Best wishes, PETE

Dear Broadside: I wish to object to BROADSIDE printing the criticism of Pete Seeger in your last issue. The criticism itself may not be entirely unjustified, although it is hard to believe that the man who wrote "Last Train To Nuremberg" in B'Side #104 is unaware that this country faces greater dangers right now than pollution. I happen to believe that the greatest thing Pete did in his life was to help found and support B'Side; nothing he has done or will do can surpass this. (After all, his wife said of his many recordings in SING OUT March 1965 "Taken 'll together, they form one of the most horrendously uneven bodies of recorded music that any performer could boast of, or perhaps be ashamed of.") So I just don't think it was right for BROADSIDE, of all people, to print that letter by A. Friend.

Rusty Abbott
Salt Lake City

(EDITORIAL NOTE: We have received many chastisements for putting in the above mentioned letter; from, among other people, Wally Hille and Rev. Fred D. Kirkpatrick. However, recent events have pushed the problem of cleaning up our polluted environment farther and farther into the background: the invasion of Cambodia, the murders at Jackson State and Kent State and Augusta, thousands of bloodthirsty, shouting the National Guard "should have killed them all" at Kent State, waving flags and screaming for what would be a Fascist America (as Huey Long predicted back in the 1930's "When fascism comes to this country it will come wrapped in the American flag.") We have said a number of times in past years that one of the greatest dangers of the continuance of the Vietnam war was that, since it was a fascist war, it would lead to the inevitable rise of fascism at home. Now that the U.S. is spreading the aggression in Indochina the danger is coming closer. The Black Panthers believe this is already a Fascist Amerikkka; we can understand this view from the black ghetto. We happen to hold that many Americans will resist, and there may be a Civil War in which thousands, if not millions, will die. Feeling thus, it is hard to get enthused about cleaning up the Hudson. There is a strong suspicion that Earth Day was a diversion, for at that very moment plans were being put in operation in Washington to spread death and destruction to Cambodia. It is hard to become concerned about cleaning beer cans from the Hudson when hundreds of human bodies, massacred with their hands tied behind their backs, come floating down the Mekong as far as the eye can see/"

Gordon Friesen

- - - - - - - -

Dear Friesens: I think you made a very serious mistake in running the news item about Peter Yarrow (in B'Side #106). What did you hope to accomplish by it except personal vengeance? The man is obviously sick, his career is probably down the drain already, and many people will be turned off by your pursuing the matter. Things must be tough enough for you without your making gratuitous enemies on a subject with little or no pertinence in these extraordinary times.

Yours,

MALVINA REYNOLDS
Letters -- 3

(Ed. comment: Peter Yarrow has in recent years been one of the "name" people in the Peace Movement, certainly the most pertinent struggle of our times. He lends his name widely to the cause, and PPM perform at the larger peace rallies. His behavior could offend the older middle class people in the movement; his pleading guilty shows a lack of responsibility toward this group, so essential to unity. Aside from this, it's a stiff thing that a man should be exposed to 10 years on the hard rock pile for such a peccadillo. As far as his commercial career is concerned, the young, with their greater sex permissiveness, will continue to flock to PPM concerts. Probably chanting: "More Peter Power!") * * * * * * * * *

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

If ghetto molotov flames of rebellion escapes and traps your young into a fiery death tell me, what would you do?

turn reactionary and inform on the righteous flame throwers?

after all, accidents will happen sometimes when the young die we must bear more.

if your place of business is looted to raise funds for the underground would you turn your reactionary rage on the comrades, because of your personal loss tell me, what would you do?

consider these minor things before hand. You who say that you are with us.

HABIB TI:ONI 5/16/70 New York

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BOOK REVIEW: "Songs & Sketches of the First Clearwater Crew", 2.95, Hudson River Sloop Restoration, Inc. Box 25, Cold Spring, N.Y. 10520. The copy we got should have been sent back to the printer -- the drawings by Tom Allen were reproduced so dimly one couldn't tell what the hell they were. The first song "Wreck of the John B" -- originally popularized by THE WEAVERS, has always struck us as racist. An "Amos & Andy" sketch with music. LEE HAYS claims to have written the words and music, when actually it is an old Nassau folk song. People copyrighting black folk songs used to maintain if they didn't glom onto the loot some other collector would. This excuse is no longer valid. The profits can be turned over to the black liberation struggle, say the Black Panther Defense or Bail Funds... Women's Lib probably won't like "See Rock City" by Bud Poole -- the woman in it is not only a willing sex object but allows commercials to be stamped on her behind. Otherwise a good collection and everyone should own a copy. G.F.

Dear Sir: Perhaps this deserves to be printed in the letter column. I have already heard of some people writing on the backs of their cars, "Halleluja I'm A Bum.

(Note) "Shouldn't the new campus theme song be the old 'Halleluja I'm A Bum,' maybe with some updated lyrics?--Chucky"

Pete

Halleluja, I'm A Bum! (1970)

Chorus:
Halleluja, I'm a bum
Halleluja, who are you?
Halleluja, keep on breathing
You can be a bum too!

Oh bums of the earth
You got nothin' to lose
But their chains and their tear gas
And the Dick Nixon Blues. (Cho)

When he first called us bums
Didn't see what he meant
But the Guard has defined it
On the campus at Kent. (Cho.)

Yes, I hate the system
And the system hates me
And that's why I'm fighting
For my liberty. (Cho)

-- DAWE & SILBER

"Make up more and pass it on." - Barbara

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NOTES: "Dear Broadside, Thanks for sending your special EARTH DAY SONGBOOK -- it's great! Mrs. B.A. NY." We have more of these available -- $1 each

SEAPORT DAY. Sat., June 20. A day of singing and merry-making on the South St. Seaport Pier, on the East River, foot of Fulton St., Manhattan. Afternoon concert free. Eve. concert about $2 with proceeds to the Seaport Museum and the Hudson River Sloop CLEARWATER. A crafts fair also.

ISRAEL YOUNG reads from notebooks, journals & letters. At the FOLKLORE CENTER, 321 6th Ave., N.Y.C, Tues., June 16, 8:30 PM. $5. Surprises for everyone.

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People's music isn't dead

With the once-vital folk song movement in America today either hopelessly co-opted by the marketplace or reduced to the level of a white middle class suburban hobby, the appearance in America of some committed singers from other parts of the world recently may possibly serve some useful purpose in stirring whatever smouldering embers of that earlier period still remain.

First to appear here was the Catalan singer, Raimon, who made his first American concert presented on April 18 at the Washington Square Methodist Church in New York City and attended by some hundreds of the faithful. The program of Catalan songs of resistance and life affirms it, that a truly revolutionary movement or merely a mass drug-induced aberration.

The writer of the article on the left found the once-vital folk song movement in America virtually dead, with only "smoldering embers" remaining. He notes several reasons for this, but we do not consider his list complete. We'd like to dig a little deeper into what we think has happened.

The first half of the 1960's saw a tremendous breakthrough of protest singer-songwriters in the U.S. They worked close enough to the folk idiom, especially as exemplified by Woody Guthrie, to earn the title (coined by Pete Seeger) of "Woody's Children". Then came a major development over which those guiding the fortunes of folk protest had no control; the vast explosion of rock music. The returns on the meaning of rock are not yet in; the white still rages as to whether it is a truly revolutionary movement or merely a mass drug-induced aberration.

(Continued on Page 10)

Following are the lyrics of two songs by RAIMON, "Let's Say No!" is one of his most popular with audiences. "Euskadi" is to the Basques, who have gone over into open revolt against the Fascist Franco dictatorship, thus becoming "tough red", politically speaking. Israel Young has printed up a booklet of 21 RAIMON lyrics, which can be had for the asking by sending a self-addressed envelope to Iszy at his FOLKLORE CENTER, 321 Sixth Avenue, New York City. For an article on RAIMON, see BRIDESIDE # 104.

LET'S SAY NO
Now we're together
I'll say what you and I know well.
And often forget:
We've seen how fear
Was the law for everybody.
We've seen how blood --
Which begets blood --
Was the law of the world.
No,
I say No,
Let's say No,
We do not belong to that world.
We've seen how
They locked in prison
The men who we knew were quite right.

No,
I say No,
Let's say No,
We do not belong to that world.

TO A FRIEND FROM EUSKADI
Old green, new green
Your country's on the move,
New green, old green
And we're backing it.
Let us not believe the lies
Those in power will tell,
Let us not believe the stories
That they have always told.
Old green, new green,
Your country's on the move,
New green, old green,
And we're backing it.
If you have to give your lives
It's against death you give them
When they want you to shut up
Your voices rise even higher.
Strong red, tough red
Which is now even purer,
Tough red, strong red,
There's no fear, there's no fear.

RAIMON
The Sloop Clearwater

By Bud Foots © 1970 by Bud Foots

I was sitting on my front porch as I watched the river rot thinking about the sturgeon that are gone but not forgotten and the buffalo all restless underneath the prairie sod and the smokestacks hid a sunset that would never come again when they brought the Sloop Clearwater a-sailing 'round the bend.

The captain had a mustache that was fourteen inches long and the scroll master paced the deck a-roaring out a song and the man who held the tiller wore his hair down to his knees and a hundred tons of canvas billowed out into the breeze. But Redbed trees are crashing down out on the Western coast and an angry shadowy arm follows Crazy Horse's ghost and the eagle's nest's as barren as the mountain lion's den on the day the Sloop Clearwater came sailing 'round the bend.

The ship cut through the sewage lying on the river's face and the sloop docked in the garbage that was all around the place and the smokestacks hid a sunset that would never come again when they brought the Sloop Clearwater a-sailing 'round the bend.

The mountains rang as children laughed and women raised a song the bison thunderyed down the plains a hundred thousand strong the Ghost Dance tent was raised again and the Lander wandered free and the rivers ran like silver from the mountains to the sea. There was love and joy and brotherhood and peace the world around there was life and paint and trees and taste and sound and Abyuyo danced a solemn waltz out in the fen when they brought the Sloop Clearwater a-sailing 'round the bend.

Now the sloop is gone once again I watch the river rot and someone feels the skyfire and another hags the shot and the heart of man is angry and the land of man is mad and the air of man choices on itself and the rivers all are sad.

We war against each other and we fight with our own souls and we've killed off every river and our blood is icy cold but a spark of joy jumps in my breast as I remember when they brought that Sloop Clearwater a-sailing 'round the bend.

They're scum," an elderly woman snarled. "They should have shot four or more men," a middle-aged insurance man said.

Prophetic Note

Witnessing the frenzied obsession of his hard hats with flags recall the prediction in the 1960s by the late Huys P. Long, namely: "When fascism comes to this country, it will come wrapped in the American flag."

GORDON FRIESEN.

Yesterday, a lone policeman watched an angry man attack a young girl who was part of an antiwar demonstration in front of a high school. The girl was kicked in the stomach at least twice. The policeman did nothing.

Gordon FRIESEN.

Dehumanization of Mao

Is there a difference, in dehumanization of the people, between the official killing of "gooks" in Indo-China, "niggers" at South Carolina State College, Black Panthers in Chicago and "bums" at Kent State University?

JAMES P. SEWELL.

Some days you can't help but wonder if people will ever learn. The answer is sometimes yes, sometimes no. But I don't want to think about all those "hands" copped out. The folk music clubs, mainsprings of topical vitality in Britain and other countries, here became ossified and retrogressive. Even some top "folkies," instead of concentrating on the vital issues of the day, started singing meaningless fluff about such matters as clouds, flowers, butterflies, hearts, susans, cheese, mind meadows, whispering trees and the like.

The main, and most crucial breakdown, however, occurred in the link between the serious songwriter-performers and their audience. The collapse was general, as managers, agents, record companies, folk organizations, fled their responsibilities. A key turning point downward was when Newport, which had given a boost to much new topical talent, voted in 1967 not to invite any "broad-siders" to that summer's festival. The same time, SING OUT! Magazine, which had played an important progressive role since the early 1950's, booted out its editor, Irwin Silber, who seems to have been the only member of the board with any political acumen. The sad disintegration of the magazine can be seen in recent issues, with laudatory articles about Johnny Cash, who supports Nixon's blood and slaughter, and Merle Haggard, writer of inciting Birch-type songs against working men.

Salesmen for Columbia Records, actually told wholesalers not to distribute Len Chandler's 2nd Columbia L-P (this despite Len's conscious effort to get out of "the protest bag.") And whatever became of Malvina Reynolds' 2nd Columbia album, recorded several years ago?

Managers, growing fat on established stables of lucrative "stars," have kept going their doors generally closed to new talent for years. (AI- MON, a great artist whose inspiring presence belongs on every American campus, was turned away "frigidly" from the Harold Leverthal office).

All this while the nation jungles deeper into war, at home the body count of dissenters rises almost by the day and fascism grows by leaps and bounds. We happen to believe that the new young topical songwriter-performers are our hope of being kept back — Mike Millius, Fred Kirkpatrick, Elaine White, Jimmy Collier, Tom Parrott and many others are as good, if not better, than the crop of the early 60's. We also feel the audience is there. Somehow, in some way, artist and audience must be brought together. If all "hands" work at it, vitality can be restored to the folksong movement.

- G.P.

Newport's Folk Festival

Put Off Until Next Year

NEWPORT, R.I., May 26 (AP) — The Newport Folk Festival, an annual event since 1959, will be postponed until 1971, according to George Wein, producer of the festival.

The next folk festival Mr. Wein said will not include rock and roll music and will be held in Newport or not at all. He said foundation members who worked to produce a festival in 1971 that "folk music can communicate to youth in the same way that rock music has."