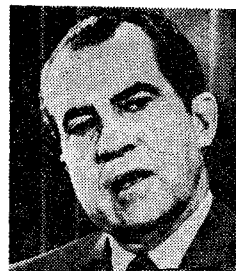


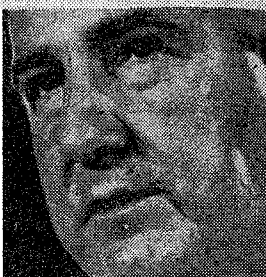
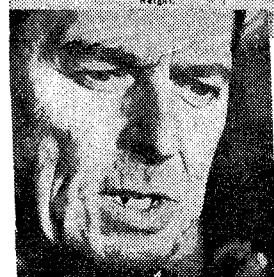
## WANTED BY THE FBI

INCITING TO RIOT.



### DESCRIPTION

Age: 30-40; Height: 5'8"; Weight: 170 lbs.; Eyes: Brown; Hair: Dark; Build: Medium.



Seeks "bloodbath" of students.

Spreads paranoia.

"We can, however, afford to separate them [student radicals] from our society—with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel."—Oct. 30, 1969.

**SPIRO AGNEW**

**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, howled 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 the Chicago Eight (U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell, sworn to uphold the laws of the land, should note). Subjects may be paranoid. Extremely dangerous. Approach with caution.

"When you call campus dissenters 'bums' as Nixon did the other day, you should not be surprised when they are shot through the head and chest by National Guardsmen. Nixon is as responsible for the Kent State slaughter as he and the rest of his bloodless gang of corporation men were for the anti-integration violence in Lamar, and for the pillage and murder that is taking place in the name of democracy in Cambodia . . . At Kent State, two boys and two girls were shot to death by men unleashed by a President's slovenly rhetoric. If that's the brave new America, to hell with it."

We must start with one basic proposition: There is nothing very brave or very marvelous or very exhilarating about five grown men punching, kicking and stomping a 127-pound high school student. This is the work of cowards, of men who have so forgotten what they once were or where they came from that they can act like animals and call it patriotism.

But there are several other factors involved. One is Vice President Agnew, who has spent the last seven or eight months going up and down the land, feeding hatred instead of trying to assuage it, creating paranoia about the media and inflaming passions that did not need much to ignite them.

If the President feels that he must prove his manhood or power by committing violence, we should not be surprised when construction workers agree with him. **PETE HAMILL, N.Y. Post**

## THE BODY COUNT

### 6 DEAD IN AUGUSTA Shot in Back

The coroner's report said Mack Wilson, 45 years old, had been shot once in the back; Charley Mack Murphey, 39, seven times 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.

Special to The New York Times

**JACKSON, Miss., Friday, May 15**—Two persons were killed and 12 wounded early today after the police opened fire on a women's dormitory at Jackson State College here.

When the shooting ended yesterday morning, the black youngsters could hear a Highway Patrol officer in charge pick up his radio and say, "Send out an ambulance — we've killed two niggers."

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

By **JOHN KIFNER**

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

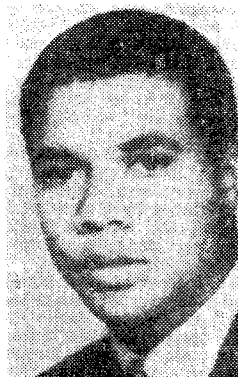
By **PAUL COWAN**

Former Peace Corps member; author of "The Making of an Un-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 insulting, imprisoning and even murdering young people, black people and poor people?



**SOUTHERN STRATEGY.** Black Augusta, Ga., youth lies murdered, shot in the back, over a 10¢ bag of potato chips. Who are the real "criminally insane", Mr. Agnew?



Associated Press

**Phillip L. Gibbs, a student at Jackson State College was one of the two victims**



Allison Krause  
A victim at Kent State



The blood of a student killed in Monday's disturbance stains Kent State's campus

"BUMS," Mr. NIXON?  
"MISFITS"? "ROTTEN APPLES," Mr. AGNEW?

# the college on the hill

Words & Music by LOIS MORTON

© 1970 Lois Morton

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 his-t'ry cry from their place on the li-bra-ry shelves..."We have seen it hap-pen a  
 hundred times be-fore, We have seen it for our-selves!" But the words of the past are cold and  
 dead; They can-not tell what lies a-head. We stumble and fall but find the way, for hist'ry is  
 made a-new each day. Welcome Springtime... ... hill

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.



**SANDY SCHEUER**  
On the way to class.

## Yevtushenko Honors a Girl Killed at Kent State

Special to The New York Times

MOSCOW, May 18 — Yev-  
 geny Yevtushenko, one of the  
 Soviet Union's leading poets,  
 published today a long poem  
 dedicated to Allison Krause,  
 a 19-year-old girl from Pittsburgh  
 who was one of the four stu-  
 dents killed at Kent State Col-  
 lege in Ohio May 4 when Na-  
 tional Guardsmen opened fire  
 during a demonstration.  
 The poem, "Flowers and Bul-  
 lets," was printed in Pravda,  
 the Communist party news-  
 paper. Its theme was based on  
 the report that the day before  
 her death Miss Krause had put a  
 flower in the muzzle of a Na-  
 tional Guardsman's rifle and  
 said, "Flowers are better than  
 bullets."

Mr. Yevtushenko, from time  
 to time criticized here for his  
 views on Soviet society, has  
 long been enraged by the Am-  
 erican intervention in Southeast  
 Asia and has been critical of  
 American society since the as-  
 sassination of Robert F. Ken-

### Russian Dedicates a Poem, Entitled 'Flowers and Bullets,' to Student

nedy in 1968. Excerpts from  
 the poem, as translated by The  
 New York Times, follow:

Anyone who loves flowers  
 is naturally not liked by bullets.  
 Bullets are jealous ladies.  
 Con one expect kindness!  
 Nineteen-year-old Allison Krause,  
 You were killed because  
 You loved flowers.  
 It was—  
 An expression of purest hopes  
 in the split second  
 when defenseless as the thin  
 pulse of conscience  
 You placed a flower  
 in the barrel of the guards-  
 man's rifle.  
 And said:  
 "Flowers are better than  
 bullets."  
 Don't give a gift of flowers to a  
 state where truth is punished.  
 The response of such a state is  
 cynical and cruel,  
 And that's what the response was

to you, Allison Krause,  
 Bullets,  
 Pushing out the flower. . .  
 As the President said about you,  
 You are a "bum."  
 Every dead person is a bum,  
 But this is not his fault. . .  
 Rise up, girls of Tokyo,  
 Boys of Rome,  
 Gather flowers  
 Against the evil enemy of all,  
 Blow together on all the dande-  
 lions of the world—  
 Oh what a great storm there will  
 be!  
 Flowers, gather for war!  
 Punish the oppressors!  
 One tulip after another  
 One daisy after another  
 Burst forth in anger  
 From tidy gardens,  
 Stuff with earthy roots  
 The throats of all hypocrites.  
 You, the jasmine, clog  
 The propellers of minelayers.  
 You, the nettles, stick firmly to  
 the lenses covering up the gun  
 sights.  
 Get up lilies of the Ganges  
 And the Lotus of the Nile—  
 And block the props of airplanes,  
 Pregnant with death of chil-  
 dren.  
 Young America,  
 Tie up the hands of the  
 killers . . .

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

The five-story dormitory at  
 Jackson State College, a pre-  
 dominantly 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 popu-  
 lar, frequently carried her pet kitten  
 around the campus. On Sunday she  
 placed a flower in a National Guards-  
 man'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.

BROADSIDE #107

# SEIZE THE TIME

-3-

Words and Music by ELAINE BROWN  
© 1970 Vault Publ. Co./Elaine Brown Publ. Co  
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Hollywood, Cal.

Bright Soul Beat

*Bm Bm/A Bm6 Bm/F# Em Bm Bm/A Bm6/G#*

You tell me that the sun belongs- to you and should surround you But when I

*Bm Bm/A Bm6/G# Bm/F# Em Bm Bm/A Bm6/G# Em*

turn to look- I see they've snatched the sun from all a- round you- Why you hardly seem to

*F# Bm Em Bm Em*

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

*Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em Bm Em EMaj: Bm F#1 Bm*

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

- I 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 hardly 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 be,  
'Cause I know you know you must not be turned  
And I know that you 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 from Grass Roots Forum, 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 status. 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 "Soul 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 & 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 savvy.

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 admonitions to us 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 misnomer 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 topicality in her songs it is probably no surprise that Elaine Brown has added some cogent remarks on the cover space of her LP album.

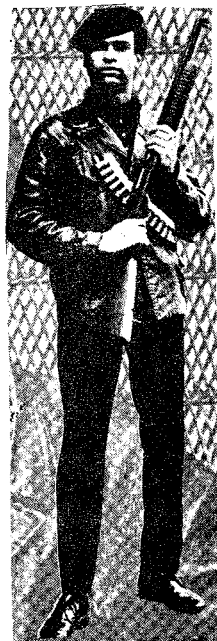
A few samplers will suffice:

"U.S. is a dog-eat-dog society (with an exploitive system). But this is not a dog-eat-dog world. That is--men are NOT innately greedy or uncooperative with each other."

"Songs like all art forms are an 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!"

Waldemar Hille



Order the LP "SEIZE THE TIME" (price \$3.50) from:  
Ministry of Information  
Box 2967 - Custom House  
San Francisco, CA 94126

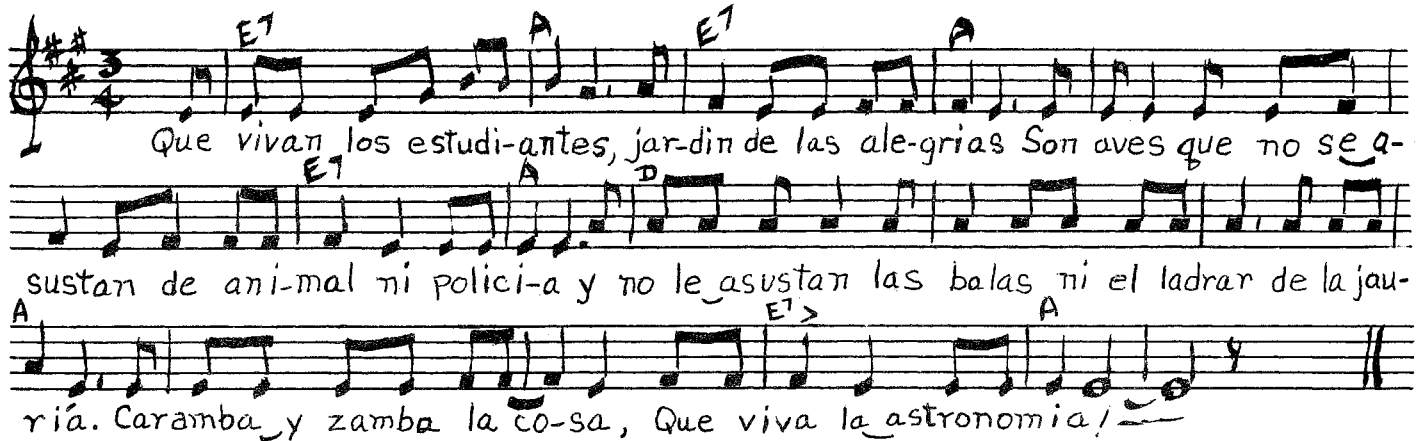


# Me gustan los estudiantes I like students

© 1967  
CHILE

Words and music | Violeta Parra

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.



Que vivan los estudiantes, jardín de las alegrías  
Son aves que no se asustan de animal ni policía  
Y no le asustan las balas ni el ladrar de la jauría.  
Caramba y zamba la cosa,  
Que viva la astronomía!

Que vivan los estudiantes que rugen como los vientos  
Cuando meten al oído, sotanas o regimientos  
Pajarillos libertarios igual que los elementos  
Caramba y zamba la cosa,  
Que vivan lo' experimentos!

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 afrecho  
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 carrito 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 sacra 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!

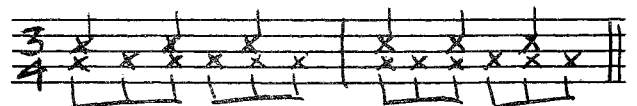
I like students because they are the yeast  
Of the bread that will emerge from the oven with a delicious taste  
For the mouth of the poor who eat with bitterness  
It's a hell of a thing,  
Hurray for literature!

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 penitance lasts, gentlemen  
It's a hell of a thing,  
Hurray for all science!



"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 folkmusic of Chile and Argentina. My daughter wrote out 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

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 ' V E    B E E N    A    C A R P E N T E R

Tune: "Grand Coulee Dam"

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.

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-- 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."

## LETTERS

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 all 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 Indo-China the danger is coming icily close. 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 a 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

(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 TIMONI 5/16/70 New York

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 folksong. People copyrighting black folksongs 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.... Womens' Lib probably won't like "See Rock City" by Bud Foote -- 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 Sis: 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

# HALLELUHA, 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 teargas  
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)

-- DANE & SILBER

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

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 <sup>his</sup> notebooks, journals & letters. At the FOLKLORE CENTER, 321 6th Ave., NYC, Tues., June 16, 8:30 PM. .50¢. Surprises for everyone.

\* \* \* \* \*



# People's music isn't dead



Raimon.

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 smoldering embers of that earlier period still remain.

First to appear here was the Catalan singer, Raimon, who just made it out of Barcelona three steps ahead of Franco's police after appearing in a concert on behalf of striking electrical workers. His first American concert was presented on April 18 at the Washington Square Methodist Church in New York City and attended by some 200 people. If ever a justification was needed for the work of Israel Young, who has made of the "Peace" Church an alternative culture center, Raimon's program of Catalan songs of resistance and life affirms it.

Under other circumstances, even in an earlier time, Raimon might have performed at Carnegie Hall. A well-heeled producer would have presented the program, the establishment critics would have come and everyone would have scored a few points. Perhaps it's just as well. Raimon is too good for Carnegie Hall; his songs come from too profound a commitment to the cause of liberation to serve as the vehicle for the system coining a little more profit.

Two weeks after Raimon's concert, Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger came to these shores from England to embark on a seven-city concert tour which brought them to New York, appropriately enough, on May Day. Unlike Raimon, MacColl and Seeger are somewhat known in these parts and so their concert here was at Town Hall. But that's about all that producer Harold Leventhal did for them. His few ads (all in the Village Voice) gave no indication of who or what these singers were. In fact, the one descriptive phrase, "first time in America," wasn't even true, since they had performed here both individually and together on other occasions. As a result, only a few hundred of the faithful came.

When MacColl first came to the States in 1959, his Carnegie Hall concert was one of the social highlights of the season for that rapidly-growing corps of professional singers who became the household names of the 1960s and their assorted commercial entourage. At Town Hall in 1970, hardly any of the entrepreneurs were to be seen, while almost all of their peers among the American musicians had more important things to do than attend the MacColl-Seeger concert.

At the very least, one might have expected some lingering sense of internationalism to have brought out some of those who had learned so much from MacColl and Seeger. Others who have earned commercial success by singing their songs might likewise have been expected in attendance. But beyond these considerations, one hoped that American singers who have made of the protest game a fairly rewarding career would have had the opportunity to see for themselves once more what the song movement really was about in the first place — and what, when real artists of the people are at work, it still can be.

## EDITORIAL

The writer of the article on the left finds the once-vital folksong 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 debate 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 Izzy at his FOLKLORE CENTER, 321 Sixth Avenue, New York City. For an article on RAIMON, see BROADSIDE # 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 hunger  
Was bread for the workers.  
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

We print the following to commemorate the centenary of the birth of V. I. Lenin. It is said to have been his favorite song.

### OH, TORTURED AND BROKEN IN PRISON

Lively; not dirge-like

Author unknown

Oh, tortured and broken in pri-son You met death glor-ious-ly, In fighting for the work-ers' Cause, You died vic-tor-ious-ly, You died, you died — vic-tor-ious-ly.

The sorrow lay dark on our souls  
The tears welled in our eyes  
We gathered new courage from the  
grave where our brave comrade lies  
Comrade lies  
Where our brave comrade lies.

Like you our great task is to  
show  
The workers how to be free  
And firmly united in our great  
cause we'll fight on to victory  
Victory  
We'll fight on to victory.

(Editor's Note: Why did Lenin love this song, which to us may sound as tho it has to be sung as a dirge? Because Lenin was so close to many young men and women who died as political prisoners. He was only 17 when his older brother, a student at the time, was imprisoned and murdered by the Czarist Establishment.)

# THE SLOOP CLEARWATER

By BUD FOOTE © 1970 by Bud Foote



I was sitting on my front porch as I watched the river rot  
thinking about the sturgeon that are gone but not forgot  
and the buffalo all restless underneath the prairie sod  
and the smoke stacked up to heaven so's it hid the face of God  
There were soldiers marching by my door and a tap  
upon my phone  
and a freeway inching toward me that would someday eat my home  
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 shanty 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 Redwood trees are crashing down out on the Western coast  
and an angry shadowy army 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 crew struck up a hornpipe and the boots rang on the wood  
and the sound fell on the river and the river found it good.

But there's lightning in the Asian sky and thunder in the slums  
you can hear the Indians tuning up their long forgotten drums  
children clap their hands and laugh as men are killing men  
on the day the Sloop Clearwater came a-sailing 'round the bend.

I said you people all are fools to laugh and sing and shout  
when your ship's so deep in liquid shit it never will get out  
when children cry from hunger and grown men get mean from shame  
and a war rages in every heart and the very ground's in flame.

You sail your dirty river and you sing your little songs  
you dance your pretty dances and recite your petty wrongs  
don't you know that Abiyoyo's making footprints in the fen  
while you bring your Sloop Clearwater a-sailing 'round the bend.

The crew just laughed and danced some more and the beads began to fling  
and beards were lifted to the skies as the crew began to sing  
a black man rose upon the deck and he preached a sermon there  
and a crewman capered on the mast like a dancing grizzly bear.

I said you people all are fools but I guess I am one too  
and it seems the guns went quiet then and the river all was new  
the smoke clouds cleared and I almost wept to see the skies again  
as they brought that Sloop Clearwater a-sailing 'round the bend.

The mountains rang as children laughed and women raised a song  
the bison thundered down the plains a hundred thousand strong  
the Ghost Dance tent was raised again and the Lion 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 energy and trees and taste and sound  
and Abiyoyo danced a solemn waltz out in the fen  
when they brought the Sloop Clearwater a-sailing 'round the bend.

Now the sloop is gone and once again I watch the river rot  
and someone feels the skyfire and another hugs the shot  
and the heart of man is angry and the land of man is mad  
and the air of man chokes 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.

He described a cartoon by Herbblock of The Washington Post that showed a National Guardsman at Kent State University in Ohio with bullets labelled with excerpts from statements by the President and the Vice President. The statements included Mr. Nixon's reference to some campus dissenters as "bums."

A London cartoon had Nixon standing over four graves marked Kent State and saying, "I hope that taught you bums a lesson."

"They're scum," an elderly woman snarled.

"They should have shot four or 40 more," a middle-aged insurance man said.

## Prophetic Note?

Witnessing the frenzied obsession of the hard hats with flags recalls the prediction in the 1930s of the late Huey 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 local bank. She was kicked in the stomach at least twice. The policeman did nothing.

## Dehumanization of Man

Is there a difference, in dehumanizing all of us, between the official killing of "gooks" in Indochina, "niggers" at South Carolina State College, Black Panthers in Chicago and "bums" at Kent State University?

JAMES P. SEWELL.

## Editorial -- 2

But that is far from the whole story. As Phil Ochs wrote in B'Side #54 (1965) "...the future of topical music clearly rests in many hands." And all too many of these "hands" copped out. The folk music clubs, mainsprings of topical vitality in Britain and other countries, here became flaccid and retrogressive. Even some top "folksingers", instead of concentrating on the vital issues of the day, started singing meaningless fluff about such matters as clouds, flowers, butterflies, hearts, suzannes, 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. Near 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 war dissenters.

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 their doors generally closed to new talent for some years. (RAIMON, a great artist whose inspiring presence belongs on every American campus, was turned away "frigidly" from the Harold Leventhal office).

All this while the nation lunges 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 around now and being kept back -- Mike Millius, Fred Kirkpatrick, Elaine White, Jimmy Collier, Tom Parrott, and more -- 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.F.

## 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 festivals.

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

## BROADSIDE

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