ragamuffin minstrel boy

(Repeat melody line 4 times)

There's mountains in the rocky west that stand above us strong
And waves that rush on sandy shores where only wrecks belong,
Men who lift a thousand pounds and build up great stone walls
And highways stretchin' from Mexico to the hills of old Saint Paul.

But there's one whose words are strong enough to change the seasons 'round
That rag-a-muffin minstrel boy from a little ol' minin' town.

2. Standin' on a high wire three days at a time
   Cannot match that minstrel and his haunting sense of rhyme
   Tunnels pass through solid rock and under salty bays
   But his tunes will still blow in the wind when the tunnel wall decays
   His leaves will still hang bright and green when the rest have all turned brown
   That ragamuffin minstrel boy from a little ol' minin' town.

3. He's walked down the back road and through the velvet walls
   And he's walked beside the poor man when he heard those helpless calls
   Blind eyes have been opened and deaf ears now can hear
   From the words that he's sung out over lands far and near
   When all comrades lay down their hand, you'll find him with the crown
   That ragamuffin minstrel boy from a little ol' minin' town.
To those of us who grew up with it, rock 'n' roll was more than music. It was an attitude, a lifestyle, the cornerstone of an "alternate culture" that seemed to challenge long-accepted social values. Yet, by all rights, rock 'n' roll should never have happened. It was crude, loud, simplistic music with an almost monotonous beat and lyrics that bordered on gibberish much of the time. Moreover, it was a fusion of black rhythm & blues and watered-down Appalachian country, thriving in the heart of white, middle-class suburbia.

What made rock happen had nothing to do with music per se, but rather the fact that it belonged to teenagers. To a clearly adult society, adolescent values were of little significance. Teenagers were tolerated, but not included in the American Dream. But unlike acne, the prom and hot rods, rock 'n' roll was not easily dismissed. It was, in fact, to become a new American Dream from which adults were to be excluded.

In rock 'n' roll, teenagers found THEIR Promised Land, complete with language, costumes, and customs -- and a vast network of enterprises promoted this new tribal identity. Radio stations switched from "Hit Parade" to "Rockin' Robin" and a baby-faced kid named Dick Clark conquered prime time television. Rock publications popped up like mushrooms, and rock stars surrendered their privacy to hungry fans.

It was the era of instant fame: every boy next door had a chance (whether he could sing or not). "One hit" bands came and went in rapid succession, but no one seemed to notice. No one cried for the losers--there were always new stars to replace the old.

There we were, cruising along in our shiny new Peace-Love-Sexual Revolution, celebrating our liberation and getting high on our HIGH ENERGY music--when the bottom fell out. The "Revolution" never came off. Altamont obliterated our illusions of Brotherhood, and drugs began to kill off our friends in ever-increasing numbers. In the end, we fell victim to our own hype. We failed to recognize the rock culture for what it was: a brutal microcosm of the society we had rejected. Our "revolutionary" goals--pursuit of social, economic and political power--were only slight modifications of the same old American Dream.

It is hardly surprising that women suffered most under the new patriarchy. The principle of male supremacy had been ruthlessly amplified, trapping us between conventional roles as sweethearts, wives, and mothers, and a new role as "liberated chicks" whose sole purpose was to gratify the demands of any and all men. Rock not only perpetuated old stereotypes, but created new, less "respectable" ones as well. Nevertheless, it took us awhile to realize that rock was not "our" culture. Except for token stereotypes--trios of girl singers, rock singers--women had no part in creating the music. Although times have changed, the attitude of rock hasn't. Instrumentalists like Bonnie Raitt, Ellen McIlwane, Carole King, April Lawton, Fanny and Birta are still relatively scarce, and have never achieved the recognition they deserve. For the most part, rock is still written, produced, packaged and sold by men who regard women (on or off stage) as exploitable, expendable commodities.

Our begrudging acceptance of rock as "a man's world" has cost us more than we realize. While thousands of women have struggled for a small place in that culture, our casualty rate has been tragically high. Out of hundreds of excellent women's bands alone, only TWO have achieved recognition within the rock industry.

We have lost far too many artists to that struggle. No one supported or encouraged them. They passed by, unseen and unheard, and no one cried for them. To appreciate our "successes," we must first understand the price we've paid for them--measured in shattered hopes and dreams of musicians like Nancy Caponi, Lois Farris, Diane Plemons and Jean MacEachern, known collectively as Pride of Women.

Detroit, Michigan, is the home of several patriarchal institutions: General Motors, Motown, Rock 'n' Roll, to name a few. What is most important has also produced some of the finest women musicians in the country. It was here that Pride of Women (POW) was born in late 1969.

POW didn't happen overnight. It took months for the women to find one another and weeks of steady rehearsals to create and polish their distinctive style. It was not until early 1970 that the band was ready to trade hometown success for a grueling tour of obscure bars and clubs. And it was on the road that the women first encountered the impersonal brutality of the rock business.

Like all musicians, the members of Pride were at the mercy of agents, unions, bar owners, promoters and drunks--all of whom dictated what they should wear, what they should play, how long, how loud, etc. When the women "failed" to meet these demands, the drunks booted agents and promoters threatened, club owners broke contracts, and the union did nothing at all.

Despite the triumphs--standing ovations, encore, rave reviews--there was always the threat of violence. That threat became reality in a Louisville, Ky. bar when an irate owner attacked POW's road crew, riddled their truck with bullets, and had the women framed and arrested on drug charges. His reason? The women failed to conform to his concept of "an all-girl band".

(Cont'd inside of back cover)
Cho. It's time-o, time-o, time-o, time that we are changing; 
            It's time-o, time-o, time-o, time we're moving on. 
Repeat

It used to be a woman's place, right inside her kitchen, 
Caring for a throng of kids, to teach them right and wrong -
But now the world is very full, we can't have all those babies, 
To add to the problem, we're living twice as long.

It used to be a woman's place to cheer on her soldier, 
While men went off to battlefields and courts to plan the war, 
We're tired of all the bombs and guns, the burned earth and killing -
To hell with all that cheering, and down with the courts of war.

It used to be a woman's place to inspire great songs of beauty, 
And paintings rare and poems of love - art of every kind -
But give me paint and canvas - a pen and ink for writing -
Move over now, Picasso, dear, make room for womankind.

It used to be a woman's place to do what others told her, 
Pappa, mamma, husband, boss - all in an endless line -
I hate to break with precedent, but I hear a voice inside me, 
And if they have to rule some life, hell, no, it won't be mine.

It used to be a woman's place to cry when folks were starving -
To wring her hands and gather cans to send across the town, 
Yet folks of wealth all wine and dine and wheat lies a rotting, 
The devil take those foolish laws - let's pass the food around.
Chorus: Well, we might come in a-fighting, cause there's lots that needs a-righting, And we've learned a lot from living never taught to us in schools. If they say come in like a man, well they must not understand, When we enter in the game we're gonna change the god-damned rules.

Well, if you enter in a man's world, there's got to be a boss. Someone a-giving orders, or it'll end in a total loss; But we know just from living that all folks got stuff for giving, And those hard lines of authority we're bound to step across.

There somehow is this feeling we've got to work from nine to five - Cause that's what makes a person worthy to be alive, Yet most of what they're doin' is bringing the world to ruin We're gonna speed up with the living and slow down on the drive.

Well, I want it on the record that I think that something's wrong When some folks live in mansions, yet the poor work just as long; Well, we're here a-realizing, that there's lots of equalizing A-due in this world and we will help to move it on.

Well we say there's nothing more worthy than the caring for our young, Yet after we bear and raise them they will tell us one by one - Well, you can't come in expecting all the things a man is getting, Cause a-looking at your record, there's nothing you have done.

Now what is more important in the life of anyone, A-talking with some friends or all the memoos we have run That are knee-deep you know where the forests used to grow - Now the making of more garbage just ain't worth a-being done.
If we want equal rights
here's what we got to do:

We got to change a lot of things
and a lot of minds too,

(Got to) realize our sisterhood
make it strong,

All stick together
and it won't be long --

We'll get equal wages and benefits...

Maternity leave with pay... have your

kid and go back to your job.

Now it's not very easy,
so I'd better explain
Why we've got to ride
that Feminist train:
The world can ignore it
when one woman balks
But things are gonna change
when sisterhood talks;
There's strength in what's right...
Of course, it doesn't hurt that we're
over half the population.

She learns her place
with little girl toys,
Learns to read
with books about boys;
Sports for boys
got 'most all the money --

Watch the game and
cheer 'em on, honey!
Competing is masculine... Besides
muscles would ruin those pretty legs.

Kitchen and bedroom,
apple pie and motherhood:
These are the things
supposed to be good;
Stay-at-home wife and mom
are expected
Yet they never seem to
get respected:
Do you work? No...all I do is take
care of the house and kids and man
sixteen hours a day...every day.

By JUDITH SUPNICK
© Copyright 1974 Judith Supnick

Times were hard
and times were lean
'Til the miracle
of the sewing machine
Revolutionized
industry,
Giving women jobs
and the right to be
Stuck in sweat shops...long hours...
for peanuts.

Seamstress, babysitter,
secretary, maid:
Jobs for women
at woman's pay;
Then another problem
we've got to address
Is that in 'most ANY job
we're gonna get less.
A woman's a cook (but) ...
call it chef, raise the pay, then...
hire a man.

There's much to be done
from the way it looks,
Put HERstory into (the)
HISTORY books,
Get woman into the
human race,
Make the world
a PEOPLE's place,
Not just for WOMankind...
and craftsman, craftsmen,
doormen and foremen and amen.

Got to stand together,
find ways to fight,
Got to stand strong
'cause we know we're right.
Arm in arm
got to join the line
'Til all our daughters
know it's FUDE...(break in music)
-- to be a woman.

* * * * * * * * * *
STREAKING SONG  © Dottie Gittelison 1974

Years ago they were swallow-ing gold-fish, Or-
stuff-ing a tel-e-phone booth, But now the fashion is
forty yard dash-in'while bar-ing the raw na-ked truth! (whooosh)

There goes a-noth-er wild streaker, Who it is, no
body quite knows, But just open your eyes and you'll
soon re-al-ize, you're seeing the Em-peror's new clothes!

2. They're appearing in theatre and campus
Taking off, and putting us on,
In the altogether in all kinds of weather,
A flash of the flesh, and they're gone! (Chorus)

3. Is there reason behind this behavior,
Can it be just one more passing fad,
Or a way to refrain from going insane
In a world that has slowly gone mad! (Chorus)
Music theory for guitar...traditional techniques and sophisticated super-modern concepts...this exciting new book, the Cool Guitar System! What has previously been taught only in college level courses—and then only with piano application—is now adapted for guitar. Plus, modern experimental techniques of notation and theory that you can put to great practical use in composing and arranging. Any guitarist will find in this book exciting new ways of thinking about the instrument.

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What’s it about?

The Cool Guitar System is about music notation. Notation—the basis for communication among musicians, the technique for musical analysis and composition, the permanent written record of musical ideas. The old methods of notation have served artists for hundreds of years, but the guitar is a peculiar instrument... it demands new approaches, new ways of thinking about musical organization.

What is the System about? Notes and numbers. A fast and effective tablature for chords is one of its innovations... Also, the topic of chord abbreviation is systematically approached... Plus, the chromatic ledger, music charts, the bass figured chords, and clock intervals. Clock intervals, a dramatic concept simple enough to be understood by a child; a direct, effective way of analyzing tonal centers and intervallic structures.

Besides these ultra-modern approaches, the old traditional techniques are included as well. Players who never before applied themselves to making original compositions or arrangements, and anybody else who enjoys a well written book about a fascinating topic, will be enthusiastic about the Cool Guitar System.

Is this a beginner’s book?

This book is not intended for the complete novice. Although beginners could make great use of it, they would probably want to augment their study with some other simple book or lessons from a teacher. It’s meant to be read starting from the beginning because it uses terms that don’t appear in other texts; however, a guitarist with even a little experience will understand its practical significance. Only careful reflection and an open mind is expected of the reader.

If you’re in a high school or college level music course, the Cool Guitar System will help you contribute to the topics that will be discussed. If you’re a teacher, you should consider using the book, or parts of it, in your program. If you’re an amateur or professional, you’ll be surprised by a practical idea or two that we’re sure you’ve never seen before. But, if you’re an expert—if you already know everything there is to learn about the guitar—there’s nothing we can do for you!
WHY BROADSIDE?
by: Gary Green

All over the campus here at the University of Tennessee there are posters tryin' to bring student support to TENN-PIRG (Tennessee Public Interest Research Group). The first line of their posters tell is that "the naive days of song-singing and sign-carrying are over". Instead they propose to us "professional citizens" to deal with government.

In the March 1974 issue of MS., I read the article about Sis Cunningham that said that unless some young people come along, BROADSIDE may be just about through.

NO, the song-singing days are NOT over, and BROADSIDE CAN NOT STOP!!! I hope that I can explain why to you.

Last summer here at UT I held a demonstration against the selection process of the new chancellor. A woman walked up to me and said, "I've been in school for two years and this is the first one of these things I've ever seen--just what do you do anyway?"

Epworth Church near campus invited Sara Cunning, Nemrod Workman and a handful of others for a festival last year. There was STANDING ROOM ONLY in an audience of students who had never before heard of these people...nor their struggles.

New trends in the "youth market" of capitalist music are toward a "country" sound. The rock musicians (like Leon Russell, etc.) although not political, have toned down to a much more simple style...which attracts many people. This makes alot of people search for the music that these "rockites" copy...and if they do any looking at all, they can't help but run into topical songs.

I wrote a song last summer about the president of this university, which I picked on the banjo to the tune of Tom Dooley. The local ROCK radio station wanted me to tape it for them. I've got an old fretless banjo (handed down through my wife's family for about 102 or 3 years we figure) and anytime that I pull it out, I find "rock-fans" all around me wanting to sing along.

These people are all products of a different time than most of us. They don't feel the threat of a draft or Vietnam hanging over them. Racial oppression is less blatant. So they have trouble to identify with things not affecting them, and the new struggles seem far away (like Cesar Chevez).

Yet at the same time, there is a huge interest in the past, in the things that we have done and in the songs that we sang. They reap the harvest of our struggles and want to know how and why. Many want to hear our stories and songs.

This then is a cry for BROADSIDE to take up the leading role in this "education" about the past. Wasn't it Woody Guthrie that said something like, "One good song is worth 10,000 of the best speeches."? Then here is a cry for BROADSIDE TO GROW!!!

But there is too another cry...another call.

A few weeks ago in Knoxville, the utilities board (KUB) hiked their rates (again). A thousand or more HOME OWNERS took to the streets in a march. And if you don't think they were zippin' off songs--just ask me.

When the truckers shut down a couple of months back, a group of them were meeting in a truck stop near here. After every meeting, they'd sing their songs.

Last spring we went to Atlanta for the strike at the KISS department store. We marched through the streets toward the jail where 30 of our people were being held. They heard our SONGS blocks before they could see us. They climbed the bars, and the bars and yelled and sang back!

SONGS WERE SUNG by groups of people that never before used our methods...by people who fought against these methods five years ago. In a sense then, TENN-PIRG is right--things have changed! Remember the meat boycott and who was in it (my 635,000 a year next door neighbor for one).

Another cry for BROADSIDE: to carry the messages of the new struggles; the "energy crisis", inflation, "impeachment" movements, the farm workers, the women's movement grows every day...the new struggles issue a cry to BROADSIDE!

No, it is not all over. It is NOT time for BROADSIDE to fall into the nostalgia of Rose Parks, and the CND, Newport 1963, and "boycott Hootenanny" and "The Great Folk Revival"

No, it IS time for BROADSIDE to GROW...to answer the new calls--to carry the voice of the new struggles and to paint a picture of the old ones. This is the NEED for BROADSIDE!!! And, Sis Cunningham: don't worry--young people have come along!
The women returned home, badly shaken by the growing awareness of their powerlessness. As women operating in a man's world, they had few options: quit, conform or try to break out of the bar circuit. As artists, they had but one choice. get them out of bars and into the studio.

Under pressure from all sides—men casting them as "chick musicians" and "feminists" trying to force them into equally uncomfortable "political" roles—POW's solidarity began to crumble. While Barry negotiated with RCA, the band returned to bars, playing conventional Top 40 tunes. By the time RCA was ready to sign, it was too late. Tired and disillusioned, Jean quit POW to become a folk soloist. To reach women outside the feminist movement, women whose lives are still governed by the rock patriarchy, we must also work within the industry. And even that is not enough.

For too long, we have taken our artists for granted. All too often, we reject their endeavors as "non-political", without realizing that these women have been forced to compromise their integrity and their art in order to survive. To build a woman's culture which is truly supportive of all women, it takes all of us, encouraging and supporting every woman artist. For every artist who loses, by surrendering to terms that degrade her humanity and her art, our culture and our movement also lose. Haven't we cried enough?

#Barry Kraemer, POW's manager for a time.

Cheryl Helm is a free-lance writer and musician from Columbus, Ohio. She is a former road manager and friend of Pride of Women.

**LETTERS**

My Friends: You cannot imagine how pleased I was to see GIVE US OUR TOMORROWS in BROADSIDE #125. The "song as a social commentary" has been a long tradition in all the world. But in the English speaking world today, it is under massive assault from the commercialism—commercialism—that has taken over music. No longer are trends allowed to develop naturally, to live and wind like rivers through time and the community of man. They are "created", then extinguished in a continuous search for the "next great thing," the next bigger buck. The selfishness that infects every fiber of the music business today is disheartening. Even performers from whom, listening to their words, one would expect conscience and humanity of action are caught in the quagmire. There is no sharing. Singers, already rich enough so that even their grandchildren will be among the wealthy of the world a hundred years from now, do not sing songs written by other people, including older musicians and writers from whom they got their inspiration, and in some cases "borrowed" material. They mouth all sorts of "artistic" reasons, but the real reason is selfishness and greed. Many of them have allowed their agents and managers and the people they hire to take care of Publishing Rights, to influence them to too great an extent with the non-ethics and no-conscience of the marketplace. Love.

Alex Brown, Canada

Dear Sis: Your story was much read—your involvement has been long and sustained. ...I especially appreciated hearing about your involvement with other women in getting food for people back in the '60s. That's a struggle that it's hard to imagine ending. I'm really hopeful that the women's movement will bring in the revolutionary changes that are so needed concerning the use & control & distribution of the earth's resources.

- Carolyn, Maine

**Reprinted from MS. Magazine June, 1974.**

"There is no question about the importance of preserving our oral traditions"
El Cortito

Words and music by Malvina Reynolds

It's the short hoe, It's the short hoe,
Jesus Serrato tells us, That

Field workers call it El Cortito, There's only four states that all
during his working time He walked bent over like a

low it And Cali - for - mia is one. It's

sad Go - rilla, Not like the human kind. The

Reagan's Industrial Safety Board Goes hand in hand with the
back hurts, the neck hurts, muscles in the leg are

big landlord, So the field workers stop For an eight hour day,
sore. Before you are fifty, You're all done in And

Under the burning sun. Bend down, Ronnie Handsome, And
you can't work a ny more.

man - i - cure the land, Bend down, Mister

Gov - ern - or, How I'd love to see you bend,

Moving a long the end - less rows with the twelve inch

how in your hand.

(Repeat 1st verse & chorus)

(Note: The above song & notes appeared in the
Jan/Feb '74 issue of FOLKNIK, 885 Clayton St.
San Francisco, CA 94117)

ROADSIDE #126