

SUNDOWN

BY agnes cunningham

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Down in the cotton row- pickin in the sun Wishin to the Lord that the day was
done Sack gettin heavy -- Sun gettin hot I'm wishin for a little what the boss has
got A dipper a-water -- fresh from the well A patch a-shade to sit for a
spell Down in the cotton row- bendin low Think I'm goin where cot-ton don't
grow. (CHO) Get a- way from here Get a- way --- Get a- way. (continued)



"Sharecropper's Family, Hale County, Alabama, March, 1936," by WALKER EVANS

Down in the cotton row pickin in the sun
Wishin to the Lord that the day was done
Sack gettin heavy, sun gettin hot
I'm wishin for a little what the boss
has got

A dipper of water fresh from the well
A patch a shade to sit for a spell
Down in the cotton row, bendin low
Think I'm goin where cotton don't grow.

CHO: Get away from here
Get away, get away

Hurry, hurry, thru the long long days,
And a fightin the knats from outa my face
Boss he says, when the crop's all in
Don't owe us nothin, but we owes him
When we pays him off at 40 percent
Our share a the cotton done came and went
We's livin in slavery, but a-thinkin free
Goin to find us a better place to be (CHO)

Down in the cotton row, snappin bolls
Nothin to show but shoes full-a holes
Bollies gettin thin -- everyday less
Can't even earn me a cotton dress
See the little kids up and down that row
Mean old chilly wind a-startin to blow
Rags is a-flappin like an old scarecrow
Winter's comin and we just gotta go (CHO)

Travelin North, snow is a-blowin
Travelin South, more cotton growin
Travelin East, same old thing
Pickin in the fall and a-choppin in the spring
Travelin West, ain't nothin worse
All them Okies got there first
Season's slack, work's all done
Told us all, get on back home (CHO)

Back in cottonland, livin in a tent
Car broke down, and money spent
Preacher says pray for your lives
Union man says "Organize"
Well the very first meetin we did call
Them bullets came through the churchhouse wall
Planters don't 'llow no Union here
Machine gun's speakin it mighty clear (CHO)

(Cont'd next page)

PHILADELPHIA— In the pre-dawn murk, the workers—mostly men and women in their 50s and 60s who learned to farm as the children of Southern sharecroppers—munch sausage sandwiches or crumbly pastry. They gather in large groups on the desolate street.

The wet turnip stalks kept brushing across one's mouth, one's nose, one's eyes. Last spring they were sprayed with tons of pesticide, organophosphates which have replaced DDT and which were initially created by the military for chemical warfare.

When I "revisited" Highway 61 in Broadside #128, I remembered this old song of mine. The basic version of the song was written in 1937, more than a year before the Highway 61 Demonstration in the Missouri Bootheel. I wrote it for the field hands of the Mississippi Delta region -- especially for the women -- the folks I got to know at the Muskogee STFU Convention & at the Labor School in N.C. where I was music director.

In almost any of today's papers you can see described similar conditions and you note how much the plight of many farm workers remains the same. - A.C.

NOVEMBER 26, 1975.

By MIKE SILVERBERG
Guardian Bureau

Ventura County, Calif.
400 farm workers here face eviction from their homes because of their outspoken support for the United Farm Workers union (UFW).

The threatened workers are lemon pickers for S&P Growers in Ventura County, about 25 miles north of Los Angeles.

S & P built a labor housing camp called Cabrillo Village on its property during the 1930s for use by its workers. Some of the present 400 residents of Cabrillo have lived there since the camp was constructed.

BELLE GLADE, Fla.

The cane cutters in this labor camp are packed into bare wooden structures that have no toilets or running water. The communal toilet is more than 100 yards away.

"We are pigs," the first cane cutter said. "They take us for nothing but pigs, these great men, these sugar planters."

Underemployment, malnutrition and illiteracy are chronic among the peasants, while corruption and repression constantly weaken their ability to organize economically or politically.

The farmer didn't make drinking water available, though that is required by federal law. Nor were there any sanitary facilities though that, too, is a violation of government legislation. Most of the workers took

They shot my brother,
 They jailed my man
 Run my family off the land
 But one thing sure, we ain't alone
 So we keep on hangin' on
 No more croppin'
 Just workin' by the day
 Kids don't eat
 When their daddy's away
 So here I am with a goddam hoe
 Thinkin' I'm goin'
 Where cotton don't grow. (CHO.)

This old cotton row
 Looks seven miles long
 Seven verses to this song
 I pick up my hoe
 And start to chop
 And I know this ain't the boss's crop
 Belongs to the people
 That works this ground
 And we don't need no boss around
 If we can use a hoe
 We can use a gun
 Now, boss, it's time
 For you to run. (CHO.)

14th ANNIVERSARY OF BROADSIDE

THIS IS THE FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF BROADSIDE MAGAZINE, WHICH FIRST PUBLISHED THE SONGS OF BOB DYLAN, PHIL OCHS, JANIS IAN, SAMMY WALKER & MANY OTHERS. HERE IS A STORY ABOUT BROADSIDE & ITS CO-EDITORS.

the Westsider Couple publishes protest

148 WEST 24 STREET NEW YORK 10011

By DAVID BOOKBINDER

"On a Saturday afternoon up along a couple of blocks of Broadway here, you can see three or four people lying completely drunk, destroyed by alcohol, which was fed to them purposely. What concerns me the most is, when you see them lying along the storefronts, they've pissed in their pants, they've shit in their pants, vomit is dripping out of their mouths... Nobody pays any attention. That's what bothers me the most. Why doesn't somebody stop?"

The speaker is Gordon Friesen. I am sitting in the living room of his home, a large, old apartment on Broadway and 98th Street, talking with him and his wife, Sis Cunningham.

"Since childhood," says Gordon, "we have never accepted what was happening to us. We were always protesting in one form or another. It reached a point where, after Woody (Guthrie) and Peter Seeger... they were an inspiration... it reached a point where we realized one way to protest these conditions was through music. And that's how come we established Broadside, and continued it. It's a little guerilla skirmish on the outskirts of the main battle."

As far back as 1965, Broadside was being written up as the Bible of the topical song world. A partly-mimeographed newsletter, songbook and magazine put out by Sis and Gordon from their home, Broadside has published nearly 1000 songs and about 150 articles and poems written by the leading edge of the protest song movement.

Sis and Gordon have extended a first helping hand to dozens of young singer/songwriters who might otherwise never have been recognized. And they are still, despite hardships, working to perpetuate the

movement they helped bring into being. They are people who have spent their lives "doing something," part of a tiny majority who were brought up caring and who continue to care, who are not afraid to face the sometimes harsh consequences of acting on their beliefs.

It's as if it was in their blood. Sis's great-grandfather was a fierce abolitionist who ran an underground railroad station on the Ohio River; her grandfather volunteered early in the Union army and served throughout the Civil War. Gordon's folks were Mennonites. "They're complete pacifists," says Gordon. "They will not carry arms, they will not fight even to protect themselves, and they have been that way ever since they were first originated in 1525."

Sis's grandfather homesteaded in Oklahoma on what had been known as the Cheyenne and Arapaho reservations. Gordon's father and grandfather did the same.

Gordon was born in Weatherford, Oklahoma. His family moved to Kansas when he was 7, where they lived in extreme poverty on a quarter section (160 acres), for seven years, until his uncle brought the whole family back to Weatherford. During the early Depression and Dustbowl period, Gordon wrote short articles for daily newspapers and the wire services in the midwest. For a while, his earnings were the only cash income his family had. In 1936, he wrote the first of several novels he was to write, the only one, ultimately, to be published.

In the late summer of 1940, the FBI and local authorities raided the Communist Party's bookstore in Oklahoma City and arrested six people, four of whom

BROADSIDE #130

were put on trial. There was a mass book-burning in the football stadium. Gordon wrote to the Oklahoma Times and denounced the raid as a breach of freedom of speech. On the basis of his letters, Bob Wood, head of the Oklahoma branch of the Communist Party asked him to become chairman of the Oklahoma Political Prisoners' Defense Committee. The committee established an office in Oklahoma City, and it was there that he met Sis Cunningham.

Sis grew up on a small farm outside Oklahoma City which her father, a Debs socialist, farmed with a team of horses until he lost out to the mortgage company in the late '30s.

In Commonwealth College, an unaccredited, radical school in Arkansas (where she went for theoretical training in the radical politics that had been in her family all along), she began to write songs. In 1937, she became an organizer for the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, organized to lobby (unsuccessfully) for a bill to enable tenants to get loans to buy land.

In 1939 and '40, while she worked typing envelopes for \$11-a-week, she played with the Red Dust Players, an independent theatrical group, and traveled around Oklahoma performing for what was left of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and for the Auto Workers' Union, which was just beginning to organize. "One night," says Sis, "we came home (to Oklahoma City) and the homes of the director and several of the members of the group had been broken into. Everything was torn up. They were looking for papers, papers and books." It was part of the same witch hunt that had spurred the raid on the Communists' bookstore. "My family happened to live out on a little acreage there," Sis recalls, "so they didn't get down to our place. But they were after us." She hid out in the "badlands" until she was sure she wouldn't be arrested, then returned to Oklahoma City, where she met Gordon. Three months later, they married.

In the early fall of 1941, Sis and Gordon headed for New York City, Gordon with his typewriter and the manuscript of his second novel, Sis with her accordian and hopes of meeting up with Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger, whom she had gotten to know in Oklahoma. They had \$18 and one suitcase between them when they got to New York, and nothing left in Oklahoma to go back to.

For about a year, they lived with Pete and Woody and the rest of the Almanac Singers, young radicals who felt that by singing ideas straightforwardly, they could get more said in five minutes than in hours or days of talking.

In December of '42, they moved to Detroit and got jobs in war plants. Gordon soon left the war plant and worked as a reporter for the Detroit Times, then applied for a job with the Office of War Information (OWI) in New York. He was accepted, and they came back to New York in 1944. And it was in New York that Gordon was blacklisted.

Sis recalls, "He couldn't get any kind of news job. He was having trouble before that, but he was finally screened out completely in the fall of '48. I was pregnant with Jane, Gordon was blacklisted. So there we were. The only thing we could do was to go on welfare. We went through absolute hell, just the worst kind of hell."

"Soon as I got able to work, then I would get a job and he would get a job. We were never able to earn more than about \$50 or \$60 a week. One of us had to

take care of the kids while the other one worked, then the other one took care of the kids . . . We were going through something pretty awful then . . ."

"The next big thing to happen to us was Broadside."

Malvina Reynolds (who wrote "Little Boxes") had been talking about starting a topical song magazine, but she preferred to put her energy into songs instead. When it was obvious Malvina didn't want to do the magazine, Sis and Gordon decided they did.

In February, 1962, they were living in the Frederick Douglass Housing Projects on 104th Street. "That's where we had our original Broadside meetings to choose songs and decide on policy," says Gordon. "We had one every month. Bob Dylan always came, Phil Ochs always came, Pete Seeger always came, and Gil Turner, who helped us create Broadside. He was MC at Folk City. All these cats who would drift into New York City would come there first; the next step was, he would bring them up to Broadside."

For the past 13 years, Broadside's policy has been to look out for new young people who write topical protest material and give them whatever boost they could. Broadside was the first to publish Bob Dylan's early songs. Sis and Gordon got Phil Ochs on at the Newport Folk Festival, which launched his career. They got Pat Sky, Mimi and Dick Farina, Julius Lester, Janis Ian and Eric Andersen, who lived with them for six months while he was getting started, their first record contracts. Scores of songs first published in Broadside continued, printing the songs and sending out the tapes of young topical-song writers, doing all they could to open doors for them.

"One of our greatest disappointments," says Gordon, "has been the fact that we had this whole new young crop of excellent people in the folk idiom, who we considered as good songwriters and as good musicians as that early bunch we published, and rock swamped these people. They're still out trying to make a living."

Yet, there is hope and a feeling of accomplishment.

(A complete set of back issues of Broadside, 7's through 127, is available from Sis and Gordon. Write: Broadside, 215 W. 98th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10025. To my way of thinking, it's worth anybody's \$35.)

Capitalist Buys Rights To the Socialist Anthem

MUNICH, West Germany, Aug. 9 (Reuters) — Every time "the Internationale" is sung or played in East Germany in the future, a capitalist publisher will reap the royalties.

A Munich music publisher, Hans Beierlein, paid \$4,000 to the French holders of the German-language rights to the socialist anthem. He can now collect royalties from West and East Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

Mr. Beierlein, who has written to the state-run music publishers in East Germany, easily his best market, said that they are willing to pay him.

The Plutonium Song

Words and music by
Malvina Reynolds

Plu-tonium is a business, The business people say. A cupful of Pluton-i-um could sweep the world a-way. But at-om plants are business with Plu-tonium on the side, And business will keep going Although all the world has died.

Chorus:
Make way for business, They go where they will go. If business wants Plu-ton-i-um, Who's going to say them no. Somebod-y's got to stop them. Children, that's me and you, And if some of us go down fighting, If some of us go down fighting, If some of us go down fighting, That's a cleaner way to go.

Last Cho.

2.

The A E C announces
A Pluto-economy,
Plutonium on railroad cars
And on the ships at sea.
Railroad cars they jump the tracks
And freighters, they collide,
And business will keep going
Although all the world has died.

Chorus

3.

There never was Plutonium
Since all the world began,
But now it's a by-product
Of the cleverness of Man.
Half-life twenty thousand years
And there's no place to hide,
And business will keep going
Although all the world has died.

Chorus

4. A whiff of that Plutonium
No city can survive,
But P.R. men can make it smell
Like Chanel Number Five.
I sing this song to warn us all
While we still move around,
Cause business goes the way it goes
Unless we cut them down.

Last chorus:

Somebody's got to stop them,
Children, that's me and you
And if some of us go down fighting,
If some of us go down fighting,
If some of us go down fighting,
That's a cleaner way to go.

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SCHRODER MUSIC CO. (ASCAP)

BROADSIDE #130

TEFLON

by **mark cohen**

Where we are now is not where we were this morning, and we shall be later at a place other than where we are now, the definitive point, movable and moving on a line drawn from and to the farthest reaches of foreverness.

And we look each way with our vision to where we were and to where we will be headed, from where we are.

And there being no spontaneous generation, the whole history of the world is in our blood. Our geneology has not changed, those little codes within those little cells combining to work the functionings of the bigger system being handed down through generations, thousands, the seed giving life to the next from the first, still in the blood. Additions or modifications? - only the chemicals and contaminations brought from outside the natural ecological network, from industry, from carelessness being not caring - the Minomoto factory in Japan whose mercury discharges into the waters caused the most grotesque deformities in thousands of newborn children, whose families received an APOLOGY and compensatory payment, but what monies could compensate? Do the people know that 80% of all cancers are environmentally caused?

So where have we come in all this time, what has mankind wrought in its sojourn upon this earth? Has it learned anything? Look at the globe and see the divisions being more than surveyed boundary lines: Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland; Jews and Arabs in the Middle East; Christians and Moslems in Lebanon; Moslems and Hindus in India-Pakistan; Angola torn by factions; China and Russia eyeing each other and looking to the United States to maintain a balance (what an irony is there); Portugal unsettled; Italy ungoverned; England broke; New York City, one of the great cities of the world, broken.

With the cost always and most highly paid by the poor and the innocent, the pawns easily sacrificed and forgotten, the foot soldiers, the victims of the manipulators.

We've reached the moon and we've split the atom. What greatness is there in the mind of man. And to what purpose, how does it filter down to something tangible, something concrete to improve the lot of us down here?: teflon frying pans so your eggs won't stick and microwave ovens that leak radiation.

Media bombardment, created needs, all sorts of energies being channeled to such ridiculous ends. Remember Ronald Reagan?: "Progress is our most important product." But measured by whom?

But we do progress, move forward in any case as this planet and sun and system hurtle through space. Headed for where? Nuclear weapons proliferate, and the turmoil of the times is not yet ended. Perhaps, headed to a new beginning.

Where is the sun?

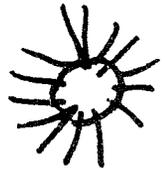
Words & Music By LEON ROSSELSON
Copyright 1974 Leon Rosselson

This win-ter land is a bar-ren land And the walls are a wil-der-ness
high. And hard and hea-vy is the wind And tow-ers tear the
sky. The sun, the sun, oh where is the sun The sky is cold as
clay. And who is the de-vil who came from the dark And
stole the sun a-way

Once blackbirds sang in the trees and the grass
And wild grew the rose,
Now no birds sing and the broken glass
Is all that ever grows.

CHORUS: The sun, the sun, oh where is the sun?
The sky is cold as clay.
And who is the devil who came from the dark
And stole the sun away?

The cat that on the waste land lies
Is stiff as any stone,
The rats are gathering to gnaw at its eyes
And pick it to the bone.

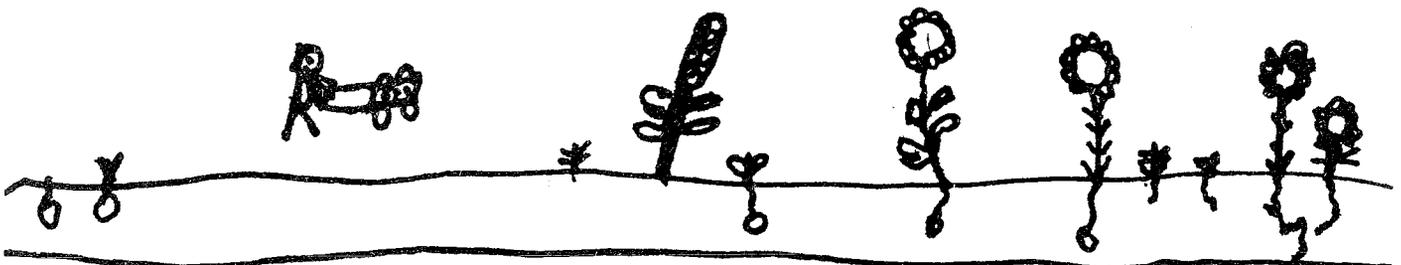


CHORUS: The sun, the sun, oh where is the sun?
The sky is cold as clay.
And who is the devil who came from the dark
And stole the sun away?

Of iron and stone the cage is made
And golden is the key,
Iron and stone will never fade,
Oh who will set us free?



CHORUS: The sun, the sun, oh where is the sun?
The sky is cold as clay.
And who is the devil who came from the dark
And stole the sun away?



LITTLE NEW JERSEY TOWN

words & music by Sammy Walker
Copyright 1975 by Sammy Walker

~Somewhere up in New Jersey there's a little ol'
sleepy town,
That goes to bed and rises with the sun
The highway cuts it's way, thru the hollows and
the hay fields
And thru the town the whispering cars have spun.
There's a little boy who lives just a half a mile
away, who walks along the highway every day
A couple of years ago, away from home the young
boy strayed,
And he lost his arm unto a trapper's blade.

CHORUS:

Have you seen a young blue hound?
Have you seen the boy around?
Have you driven thru a little ol' Jersey town?

Well the day finally came, as to all kids does
the same
That the boy would start up at the red-brick
school,
But the other kids made fun, without knowing
what they'd done
So he quickly learned about the Golden Rule. CHO.

Deep down in the woods, where the lonesome boy
had stood,
He saw a hound dog shivering in the snow.
The path did stretch and wind, as the hound dog
tagged behind,
So on the way to home the two did go. CHO.

The young boy and the hound, took the blessing
that they'd found
And washed away the sadness and the gloom.
Their love grew deep and wide as they combed
the country side
And all around the happiness did bloom. CHO.

The hound would always wait at the rusty old
school gate
For his pal to finish up the day.
Til one day the boy did find, how the world was
so unkind,
And in the road his only friend did lay. CHORUS
TWICE

Other Sammy Walker songs appear in
Broadside Nos. 126-27-28-29. A re-
print of an article about Sammy,
entitled Woody's Childrens' Child-
ren is in Broadside #128. To get
his LP, "Song For Patty" on which
he sings and plays 12 songs, 10 of
them his own, send \$5.00 to Broad-
side, 215 W. 98 St., New York, New
York 10025.

BROADSIDE #130

TESTIMONY OF A DYING LADY

words & music by Sammy Walker
Copyright 1975 by Sammy Walker

Your honor sir, I'm dying, that's the reason that
I'm here
The cancer's got my body, I'll be dead within a
year.
I'll be dead within a year.

Tell me more good lady, don't leave out a single
word
For I'll come to my decision from the testimony
heard.
From the testimony heard.

My husband passed away no more than a year ago,
But every penny that he left me,
To the banker we did owe.
To the banker we did owe.

When I first was feelin' ill, they said I'd be OK
But they'd need to run some tests and take a
simple X - ray.
Just a simple X - ray.

Again and again they called me, for more tests
they'd need to run
And to exterminate the cancer with their radiation
gun
With their radiation gun.

But I never got no better as I'm standing here
today
And they left me with this statement that I can't
afford to pay
That I can't afford to pay.

Well what about your jewelry and your lovely
house and home
Could you not have made a sacrifice, to step down
from your throne.
To step down from your throne.

Sir, I never had the fancy things that you and
yours have known
And we never owned the shackled house I used to
call my home.
I used to call my home.

Well I'm sorry for your trouble, and I'm sorry'
that your ill,
But it's my duty to up hold the law,
Up hold the law I will, up hold the law I will.

For your failure to meet the judgement of this
court and pay the fee,
I sentence you to twelve months in the penitentiary
In the penitentiary.

In this system of justice, of opportunity, and
grief,
It's one thing to make a living,
Another to be a thief.
Another to be a thief.

Letters:

Dear Sister Cunningham,

Peace be unto you and I hope that you are in accurate health, happy, and enjoy-
ing life. For myself, I am okay health-wise and barely hanging on situation-wise.

I am a self-accomplished, creative-minded musician (arranger, writer and player).
I am presently incarcerated, where I have successfully arranged and written three
musical books and between sixty and seventy songs. I have been trying unsuccess-
fully to contact someone through corresponding that could and would help to sell
or have my books published, and to sell or have some of my songs recorded.

All of my book arrangements are intended to make music in general and how to
pick or play the guitar in particular easier, especially for the semi-educated
individual. My first book is intended to show a complete technical chord
knowledge. My second book is intended to show individuals who possess only about
a third-grade education how to practice and completely master the guitar. My
third book is specifically written for my fellow inmates, who love to sit around
arguing over the construction of musical chords, scales, etc.

If this third book is published as I want it (printed in pocket-size and
advertised in various prisons), I know it will sell good, and fast. And of course,
I am very confident that the other two will sell good. All I need is someone that
I can trust to assist me.

I hope that I will at least have the use of a typewriter by the time you reply
to this letter, so I can send you copies of my three books.

-ELIATH (L.B.) CHATMAN

(Editor's Note: Anyone who would like to contact Eliath Chatman concerning his
books and songs should write to: Box #B-31336, Tamal, California 94964)

* * * * *

Dear Sis: I was invited to the Helsinki Song Festival, their first I believe, and
while previous committments made it necessary for me to leave before it was over,
I had a wonderful time and was very well received. It was excellently organized,
and there were singers and groups there from many countries -- from East and West
Germany, Cuba, Chile-in-exile, Mexico and Italy and Portugal, Czechoslovakia, and
of course the Scandinavian countries. The concerts were held in concert halls and
student and general clubs, and in other Finnish cities besides Helsinki -- I myself
was flown to Vaasa, about 400 miles north, to take part in a concert, beside the
halls and clubs I appeared in in Helsinki. Dates of the festival were November 9
through 16. My fare and housing were provided and I had a translator-companion
with me most of the time. I made friends with many of the fine people active in
culture and progressive politics. The affairs were very well attended, the aud-
iences joyfully responsive.

I do hope to get to Helsinki again, either for a festival or for any other
occasion.....

Yours as always, MALVINA REYNOLDS

* * * * *

FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON LIBRARY. Sirs: The latest issue we've received of
Broadside is number 127. We assume that is the latest out. If not, please send
subsequent issues.

Equally important, we owe you money, but won't pay it till you send us a bill
since our record system requires a bill from you. We've subscribed for years.
The last time we paid was for "1971" on your bill dated Jan 13, 1971. We paid \$5.
That order was also to be a standing order with you billing us in the future when
renewal times came up. We have gotten all issues but have gotten no bill that we
know of. Please send (with 2 carbons) a bill for 1972 through 1976. We shall be
glad to pay it. I imagine it would amount to about \$25.

(Editor's Note: It seems that Broadside is running its business about the way
G. Ford is running the country.)

* * * * *

Dear People: I've just finished reading Broadside #128. It is really great. The
Dylan thing is the best I've ever read, and I've read plenty about him, books,
articles, etc. A.F., California

NOTES: An advance screening of the new Paramount film "LEADBELLY", based on the life of the late Black folksinger Huddie Ledbetter, is scheduled for Jan 28 here in New York. Roger E. Mosley plays the title role; the film co-stars Paul Benjamin, Madge Sinclair, Alan Manson, Albert P. Hall and introduces Art Evans. The screenplay was written by Ernest Kinoy. Marc Merson produced the film, which was directed by Gordon Parks. The vocals are performed by HiTide Harris.....JANIS IAN's new LP "Aftertones" has been released. A letter writer to the N.Y. Village Voice describes Janis as "a first-rate pianist, guitarist, arranger and singer who makes many of her peers from the folk/rock generation look like refugees from amateur night."....JOHN ARTIS and HURRICANE CARTER have made their plea for a new trial before the New Jersey Supreme Court. A decision is expected in about a month....Out in California an appeals court has overturned the murder conviction of INEZ GARCIA (see B'side #129). A new trial will be held. (Correction: In the last verse of the song "Inez" it should, of course, read "After all, they were just trying to show her a good time." Not here. We thank the many readers who have pointed this out). (Also in #129, in "The Ballad of Johnny Strozier", ALTO is the Georgia prison where young people are locked away)....ROB WILLIAMS was extradited to North Carolina last Dec 16 from Baldwin, Michigan. William Kunstler is his defense attorney. A "Rob Williams Defense Fund" committee has been organized; write to Gary Green, PO Box 16190, Charlotte, N.C. 28216, for further information. (B'side #5 of May 1962 has a long ballad on this case, "The Story Of Old Monroe", written by Pete Seeger & Malvina Reynolds. Pete sings the song on BROADSIDE LP Vol. 1)....COME FOR TO SING, published quarterly in Chicago by the Old Town School Of Folk Music, 909 W. Armitage, Chicago, Ill. 60614, has just put out its 1st Anniversary issue (\$1.00). Edited by EMILY FRIEDMAN, it is devoted to topical songs. Interviews with TOM PAXTON, ROSALIE SORRELS & UTAH PHILLIPS. An excellent issue.....The new issue of SING OUT (106 W 28 St. NY, NY 10001 - \$1.25) features an article "Stand Up, Stand Up For -- ?" by LEON ROSSELSON, the prolific British songwriter whose song "Where Is The Sun?" in this Broadside is reprinted from his songbook That's Not The Way It's Got To Be (SING, 36 Tunley Road, London SW17-1 lb.). He attacks the political sterility of present day folk clubs; while writing mainly of the British scene, his comments apply just as well to the U.S.A. Here are a few excerpts:

The failure of folk clubs is a failure of political consciousness, a failure to recognise and question the kind of world we are living in. The social conditions that created many folksongs have gone forever. More than that, the kind of community in which song and dance played a functional and therapeutic part no longer exists. Where folksong was once a natural accompaniment to work, to play, to the everyday activities of life, it has now become an artificial, one-night-a-week escape compartment. That doesn't invalidate folk clubs; but it does suggest that, to break down this artificiality, what happens in a folk club should be related as far as possible to the kind of lives that most people live most of the time. It suggests that songs should be relevant and that they should be given

a context in which their contemporary meanings can grow.....

The choice, finally, is not between politics and non-politics but between two sorts of politics: one which uses folksong for a weekly wallow in nostalgia, suppressing its relevance for the present, leaving our perception of the society we live in unchanged; and one which sees folksong as a useful everyday tool which can shape and change and allow us to express our perception of this society. What John Berger has written of art applies equally to folksong: "The real question is: to whom does the meaning of the art of the past properly belong? To those who can apply it to their own lives or to a cultural hierarchy of relic specialists?" ●

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