

# BROADSIDE # 49

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IN THIS ISSUE

SONGS BY:

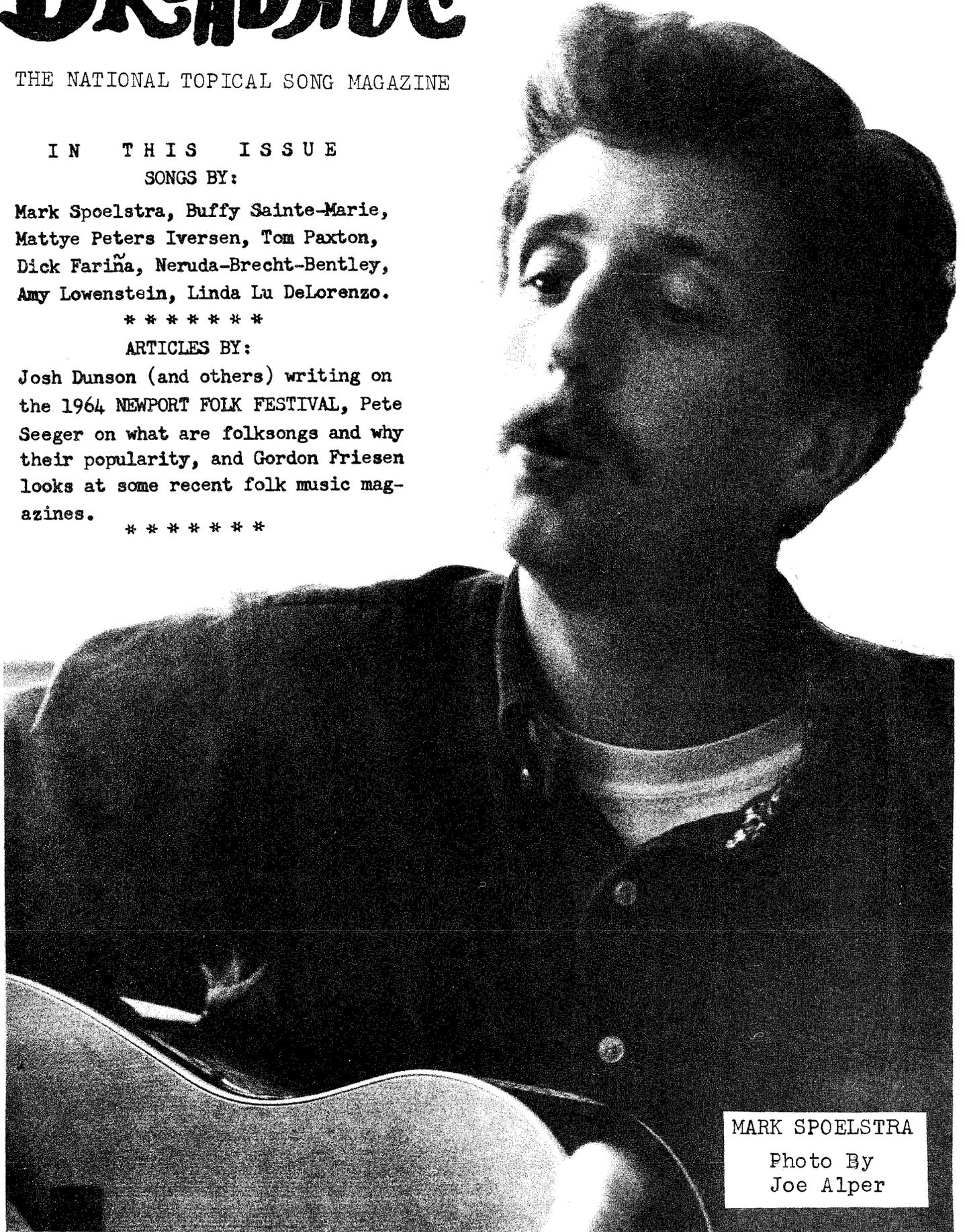
Mark Spoelstra, Buffy Sainte-Marie,  
Matty Peters Iversen, Tom Paxton,  
Dick Fariña, Neruda-Brecht-Bentley,  
Amy Lowenstein, Linda Lu DeLorenzo.

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ARTICLES BY:

Josh Dunson (and others) writing on  
the 1964 NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL, Pete  
Seeger on what are folksongs and why  
their popularity, and Gordon Friesen  
looks at some recent folk music mag-  
azines.

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MARK SPOELSTRA  
Photo By  
Joe Alper

# THE FALCON

Words & Music by Richard Farina

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Slowly

Am

F

1. Oh the fal-con was a pret - ty bird, she wan-dered  
as she flew. she danced a - round, and  
pranced a - round, wher - ev - er the warm winds blew.

2. The falcon was a pretty bird,  
Her voice was always still.  
But men with drums & men with guns  
Have taught her how to kill.
3. Her eyes are always hooded,  
Her claws are sharp as steel.  
We teach her not to see too much,  
We teach her not to feel.
4. Her eye is on the sparrow,  
Her mind is on the dove.  
And no one cares & no one dares  
To speak to her of love.
5. Oh the falcon was a pretty bird,  
She wandered as she flew.  
But men with fears & men with spears  
They taught her what they knew.

6. Go build you a log cabin,  
On a mountain so high.  
And hear the feathered warbird's yell  
As she goes flying by.
7. She'll tease you, she'll please you,  
She'll satisfy your needs.  
But sometime she might turn around  
And maul the hand that feeds.
8. Your hours might be numbered,  
Your end might come someday.  
Go break her chain, & free her brain,  
And let her on her way.
9. Oh the falcon's a funny bird,  
She plunders as she flies.  
She asks us simple questions,  
We tell her easy lies.



NEW YORK POST.

JULY 26, 1964

**ANYTHING GOES: THE WORLD OF POPULAR MUSIC.** By David Dachs. Bobbs: 256 pp. \$5.

A rapid, scorching review of the popular music field, which the author describes as chaotic, unproductive of anything worth listening to, and "tigerishly competitive." The trouble is, he says, the new popular music is being written only for the "backward"

market of teenagers or subteens and its quality is further lowered by payola, timidity and lack of creativity, slick packaging methods, and high-pressure distribution techniques. The field has its notorious criminal side, too, in piracy, counterfeiting and racketeering in the jukebox industry. Interviews with writers, recorders, publishers, arrangers and disk jockeys buttress this interesting, if depressing, analysis.

See (in this issue of BROADSIDE) Pete Seeger's article and why people turn to folk music.

## ABOUT SOME AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

"BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE writes and sings like a female Bob Dylan," Leslie Fish... Of American Indian descent, Buffy is 21. "Buffalo" is one of 13 songs she sings on her new Vanguard L-P, IT'S MY WAY! (VRS-9142)... MATTYE PETERS is one of the famous Peters Sisters singing in Europe the past 20 years or more. Of "Brother", Pete Seeger says, "I don't know how it will be as a solo, but it's a wonderful song for quartets and groups."... MARK SPOELSTRA, as an alternative to military service, is working with Negro migratory families near Fresno, California. The death of one of the children inspired JUST A HAND. Mark is to have an L-P out this fall (Elektra); other singers, we hear, are recording his "My Love Is Like A Dewdrop" (Belafonte), and "Times I've Had."

## BROADSIDE

P. O. Box 193, Cathedral Station  
New York, N.Y. 10025

Contents copyrighted 1964 by BROADSIDE MAGAZINE. The National Topical Song Monthly. Editor: Sis Cunningham; Contributing Editors: Len Chandler, Gil Turner, Phil Ochs, Bob Dylan, Peter La Farge, Josh Dunson, Gordon Friesen. Advisory: Pete Seeger.

# JUST A HAND TO HOLD *by* MARK SPOELSTRA

He was, — He was — a friend of mine — He was, — He was —  
 a friend of mine — Now he's dead and gone. — This morning my best  
 friend Lay still in his bed, — His face — like a jewel —  
 and he was dead. (Instru.)

"When I heard the women wailing I looked down the street and saw a crowd gathering. Somebody called that a boy had been hit. John and I grabbed a blanket and ran to the scene. It was little David Anthony Lee, a boy in our pre-school program -- so little. He had lost a great deal of blood and was lying in it -- half on the pavement and half in the dirt. There was a large hole in his head with three or four pieces of skull embedded in it. His cap was in the middle of the street. A large elderly woman (his grandmother) dropped by his side wailing -- almost as a threat -- "So young." A few women collapsed and had to be helped away. And then everything was quiet, except for occasional sobs. It had been a hit and run murder.

"Now there is another little boy who comes to the Center, Timmy Chapel. And Timmy is the one who gave me the incentive to write JUST A HAND TO HOLD. I tried to write a song about David Anthony but I couldn't. But the feeling I have about David is in the song. You see, it is Timmy who always wanted to walk with me and hold my hand and be pushed on the merry-go-round. His is the face that is like a jewel -- and HE IS THE ONE WHO HAS ABOUT AS MUCH CHANCE TO MAKE IT IN THIS WORLD AS DID DAVID ANTHONY LEE. In some weird way I thought that by writing this song it might help give him the chance David Anthony did not have."

Mark Spoelstra

He was, he was only six years old  
 He was, he was only six years old  
 So I'd been told  
 He liked to play games  
 Push me on the swings  
 Push me on the merry-go-round  
 Go round and round.

Swing me, oh, swing me  
 swing me all up and down  
 Spin me, oh, spin me  
 spin me around and around  
 Till my feet touch the ground  
 He never was afraid  
 Cause he was brave and bold  
 And the only thing he ever asked for  
 Was a hand to hold.

It makes no difference where  
 he's from or where he's bound  
 And it makes less difference if  
 he's lost or been found.  
 He's dead and gone.  
 But there is no power  
 Anywhere in this land  
 Like the voice that used to say  
 Will you hold my hand.

There is a voice that rings  
 loud throughout this land  
 There is a voice that speaks  
 for the black and the tan,  
 And for all of man  
 It's young and it's old  
 It's brave and it's bold  
 And it can't be bought or be sold  
 -- Just a hand to hold.

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# DAILY NEWS, DAILY BLUES

Words & Music by Tom Paxton

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Civil rights leaders are a pain in the neck  
Ban - the - bombers are afraid of a fight  
Can't hold a can - dle to Chiang Kai Shek  
Peace hurts - business and that ain't right  
How do I know? I read it in the Daily News  
read it in the Daily News. **CHO:** Dail - y News,  
Daily Blues, Pick up a copy any time choose  
you  
Seven little pennies in the news - hand & boy's you  
ride right along to never never land.  
**LAST TIME**  
ride right along to never nev - er land.

We've got to bomb Castro, bomb him flat  
He's too damn successful and we can't risk that  
How do I know? I read it in the Daily News.  
There's millions of commies in the freedom fight  
Yellin for Lenin and civil rights  
How do I know? I read it in the Daily News.

Chorus

It seems like the whole damn world's gone wrong  
Saint Joe McCarthy is dead and gone  
How do I know? I read it in the Daily News  
Don't try to change my mind with facts  
To hell with the graduated income tax  
How do I know? I read it in the Daily News

Chorus

You know, John Paul Getty is just plain folks  
The UN charter is a cruel hoax  
How do I know? I read it in the Daily News.  
J. Edgar Hoover is the Man of the Hour  
All that he needs is just a little more power  
How do I know? I read it in the Daily News

Chorus

BROADSIDE #49

# PEACE SONG

Words: Neruda-Brecht-Bentley; Music: Hanns Eisler

© 1964, Eric Bentley - Used by permission

Note: The starting point of this song is a Spanish lyric by Neruda. This was rendered into German by Brecht. The English words are E. Bentley's, the music is Eisler's and is sung and played by Eric Bentley on a new Folkways release, Songs of Hanns Eisler.

Peace to the house that is your house,  
Peace to the house that is mine; Peace to the  
peaceful neighbor, Peace to mine & thine;  
both  
Peace to Kor-e-an children, Peace to workers  
to  
on the Ruhr; Peace to New York truck drivers,  
to  
Peace to coolies in Singa-pore. Peace to men  
to the  
to the women; Peace to the old, to the small,  
the  
Peace to the land, to the o-ccean That may  
they  
serve us all.

Phil Ochs' replacement for the last verse of his GOIN' DOWN TO MISSISSIPPI (Broadside # 48):

"For someone's got to go to Mississippi,  
Just as sure as there's a right  
and there's a wrong.  
And even though you say, that the time  
will change,  
That time is just too long."  
(repeat first verse)

Heard at Newport: The Chad Mitchell Trio may record Phil's "Draft Dodger Rag".

# NOW THAT THE BUFFALO'S GONE

Words & Music by Buffy Sainte-Marie  
 © by author, 1964, Used by permission

# THE DEVIL'S NEW SUIT

By Amy Lowenstein © by author, 1964  
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Moderately

1. Can you remember the times That you have  
 held your head high And told all your  
 friends of your In-di-an claims, Proud,  
 lady, and proud, good man. Your great great  
 fa-ther from In-dian blood sprang And you  
 feel in your heart / these ones. (2) Oh it's  
 man Now that the buf-fa-lo's gone.

2. Oh, it's written in books and in songs  
 That we've been mistreated and wronged  
 Well, over and over I hear the same words  
 From you, good lady, from you, good man  
 Well listen to me if you care where we stand  
 And you feel you're a part of these ones.
3. When a war between nations is lost  
 The loser we know pays the cost  
 But even when Germany fell to your hands  
 Consider, dear lady, consider, dear man.  
 You left them their pride and you left them  
 their land  
 And what have you done to these ones.
4. Has a change come about, Uncle Sam  
 Or are you still taking our land  
 A treaty forever, George Washington signed  
 He did, dear lady, he did, dear man  
 And the treaty's being broken by Kingua Dam  
 And what will you do for these ones?
5. Oh, it's all in the past you can say  
 But it's still going on till today  
 The government now wants the Iroquois land  
 That of the Seneca and the Cheyenne  
 It's here and it's now you must help us,  
 dear man  
 Now that the buffalo's gone.

1. (2,4) There's ma-ny a lad in this country  
 Who doesn't need twice to be told That  
 De-vil took off his suit of Red And he  
 put on one of Gold. 3. They say money's  
 root of all e-vil, And now I'll be-lieve  
 that it's true; Gold money, gold dresses, gold  
 hair & gold shoes, And even Goldwater now too.

2. The heat's turnin' on in this country  
 While everyone's heart's turnin' cold  
 Cause the Devil took off his suit of Red  
 And he put on one of Gold.
3. They say money's the root of all evil  
 And now I believe that it's true:  
 Gold money, gold dresses, gold hair and gold  
 shoes  
 And even Goldwater now, too.
4. Well, hell isn't far from our country  
 As we go from our mid-age to old  
 For the Devil took off his suit of Red  
 And he put on one of Gold  
 Yes, the Devil took off his suit of Red  
 And he put on one of Gold.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, AUGUST 17, 1964.

**Goldwater Questioned**  
 TO THE EDITORS:  
 Republicans and Democrats alike  
 are entitled to a precise explanation  
 by Senator Goldwater of the follow-  
 ing statement made by him yester-  
 day and quoted in The Times of  
 Aug. 13:  
 "I think that Germany originated  
 the modern concept of peace  
 through strength."  
 Was it the Kaiser and his Prus-  
 sian officers that saved peace

through strength in 1914? Was it  
 Hitler and his storm troopers that  
 saved peace through strength in  
 1939?

Everyone who remembers either  
 or both World Wars, and who  
 understands their origins and the  
 reasons why the United States was  
 eventually drawn into them, will  
 want to know precisely what Sena-  
 tor Goldwater meant.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.  
 New York, Aug. 13, 1964.

BROADSIDE #49

# GET A MOVE ON, BROTHER

Words & Music by  
 Mattye Peters Iversen  
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**CHORUS**

Get a move on, Brother, Get a move on, Brother, Get a move on Brother, you

Chords: C6, Dm, C, Em, G7, C7

must come on if you're gonna catch this train. Get a move on (Group repeats, lead answers)

VERSE

(1) Yes, the  
 (2) Yes, we're

Chords: F, Fm, C, Dm, G7, C7

Freedom train is coming It doesn't stop here long So  
 In this world we live in—There's too much lack of trust And

Chord: C7

if you're coming, Brother, you'd better hurry, hurry, hurry a-long  
 if you want to set it right, you'd better follow, follow, follow—us

Chords: C6, F, C6

(us) Get a move on (war) Get a move on, Brother, Get a move on, Brother,

TO CHORUS. LAST VERSE ENDING TO LAST CHO.

Chords: F, Fm, C6, Em

Make a out under sun for ev'ry-one to live, live in Har-mo-ny.  
 place the

Chords: G7, C7, C, Bdim, Am, Dm, D7(b9), C6

Verse 2  
 Yes, we're going to teach the children  
 How to understand  
 Teach them while they're still young  
 To learn to love their fellow man

Gonna find the peace road  
 It's not very far  
 If we go together  
 There never will be a war.

BROADSIDE #449

' L O N G   L I V E   P L A G I A R I S M " By Pete Seeger

We all know there has been a flood of songwriting in the USA these last couple of years. And my guess is that there will be a similar flood in many countries of the world, if there hasn't been already. People have discovered that this short form known as a "song" is ideal for saying some of the things that they most want to say. It is short (unlike novels, operas), it does not always have the contemplative advantages of the printed page, nor the impact of the professional theatre, but it is flexible, and can go from person to person uncensored, and across borders without passports. It can get its brief but often deep message across without the author needing to be burdened with huge material problems, such as publishers, theatres, galleries, etc.

I think too much time has been wasted in arguing whether or not these new songs are folksongs. Obviously there are several definitions of folksongs floating around the world, and these songs might fit one, but certainly wouldn't fit another. (1. "A folksong is an old song of anonymous authorship known in different versions by a large body of working people." 2. "A folksong is any song so much in the tradition of such songs that it might be mistaken for one, if it wasn't obviously of such recent origin").

Obviously the second definition opens the door to a lot of arguments. But I would like to ask a new question here: why do some think it so important that these new songs be called folksongs? I'll tell you why: because many singers (and listeners) had become disgusted with the inadequacies of popular songs, and the intricacies of composed songs, and decided that folksongs were the only good songs in the world. So a great aura of respectability now surrounded the word "folk music". If it was a folksong it was a good song. No wonder a teacher of music who liked some new song would strive to call it a folksong. It was the only way he could get permission from his supervisor to teach it in his class.

But if you agree that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, you could agree that in every individual's opinion there are good and bad folksongs. A song popular with a whole group of folk may be not only a boring song, but even a hateful song, to almost all the rest of the world. Stop and think for a moment of the old ballads like "The Jews Daughter", or more recently the southern ditties of the 19th century which cruelly ridiculed Negroes. The most common type of bad folksong I can think of are those which one group uses to ridicule and lie about their hardworking neighbors.

I have often tried to brush away arguments whether or not the new songs I sing are folksongs by saying something like this "the best of the new songs will be remembered, and passed from singer to singer, gaining improvements and additions. And a century from now some folklorist can come along and call them folksongs if he wants. Our dust will not object."

But that is a hundred years in the future. Can we call them folksongs now? Are Woody Guthrie's songs folksongs? Yes, say many. Bob Dylan's? Yes, say fewer. How about Malvina Reynolds' songs, or Earl Robinson's, or mine? Yes, say still fewer. I think there is just one honest advantage in trying to get them called folksongs: it implies that they are open to improvement by additions and changes made by

(cont'd →)

many other singers. That is important. For we have labored too long under the Cult of Originality, and the cult of genius. Shakespeare may have been saved from too many changes by reverence for his original printed pages, but many a half good poem has been prevented from becoming a better poem because literary folk thought it improper to plagiarize.(I personally think Shakespeare is improved by cutting. He's too wordy).

One of my main ambitions as a musician is to write better songs. And if someone asks me if these are folksongs I can only say no, because I borrow not only from older folk music but from many other sources such as pop and classical music as well. But I will say this: that I am not ashamed to swipe from any source, sacred or profane, and I would be proud if any future singer would feel like swiping from my song to help create one of his own. He can change my song, jazz it up or slow it down, complicate it or simplify it. I probably wouldn't like the majority of his changes... but some of them I bet I will like.

And I have enough faith in the folk process to believe that over a long enough period of time the good changes will be remembered and the bad changes forgotten. I do not believe a Gresham's Law applies here -- the bad will not always drive out the good (this may happen temporarily but not in the long run.)

Long live anonymity. Long Live Plagiarism. Long Live People.  
=====

NEWS ITEM: Paterson, N.J., Aug. 1964 -- "You hear that?" asked a Negro leader as jeering and chanting young Negroes faced helmeted Paterson police. "That's the sound of pain. That's not rioting, that's a call for help, and nobody understands it."

S O T H E R E ! By Linda Lu and Frank DeLorenzo  
Tune: "East Virginia". ©1964 authors

"Being a transplanted Southerner (from Mississippi to New Jersey) I have plenty of strong feelings about the outbursts against Mississippi. ... When I suggested singing this song at Palisades Park my friends said 'no', I 'might get in trouble'. Why is that?" Linda Lu DeLorenzo.

Born and raised in Mississippi	A word to all New Yorkers
New York I then came	I want you all to know
And I found that segregation	Your big and famous city
Is really 'bout the same.	Is a shelter for Jim Crow.
We don't want your educators	So keep on, you Northern people
You can use them more than us	Raving at the "Southern scum"
If you'll only look around you	And be blind to all the evils
You'll find you're just as	In a ghetto and a slum.
prejudice	Turn your eyes from Mississippi
I read in your newspapers	And stop shooting off your mouth
A bunch of built up lies	Get rid of all your Harlems
It's easy to have a scapegoat	Then worry about the South.
To cover what's before your eyes.	

NEWS ITEM: Jackson, Mississippi, Aug., 1964 -- "The jaw was shattered; the left shoulder and upper arm reduced to a pulp; the skull bones were broken and pushed in towards the brain. ... these injuries could only be the result of an extremely severe beating with either a blunt instrument or a chain... I have never witnessed bones so severely shattered except in tremendously high-speed accidents such as airplane crashes." From the report on the autopsy of 21-year-old James Chaney, one of three young Civil Rights workers murdered near Philadelphia, Miss.

NEWPORT: TWO WORKSHOPS OF OUR TIMES -- Part One

At the 1964 Newport Folk Festival the Topical Song workshop (broad-sides) ran right on into the workshop of Freedom Songs. Both were rich in talent and in meaning, but the freedom singers had the advantage of a planned program that consciously and at the same time spontaneously drew the audience into participation. Pete Seeger, the host at the Topical Song workshop, was saddled with the problem -- and this is a serious problem -- of having too many wonderful singers and songwriters to program within the limited time allotted. Since this particular development in song has continued to grow and broaden, involving so many songwriter-singers and a widening audience, perhaps it might be well to consider lengthening the time given to such workshops in the future.

Pete was forced to limit each artist to two and sometimes three songs, just enough to show that the artist had something exciting to offer but not enough really for the audience and artist to make significant contact. The effect was much like riding down a city street, seeing a pretty girl and catching her eye. Just as she begins to smile the light turns green and the traffic cop waves you firmly on.

Despite this limitation, one's appetite was whetted for the great variety of topical song styles presented. Bob Dylan's "Tambourine Man", Phil Ochs' "I'll Not Go Marching Anymore", and Tom Paxton's "Daily News Song" (this issue) clearly indicated that Broadside writers of last year's workshop had not rested on their laurels. Len Chandler's sensitive song about Cordell Reagon's family, "My Father's Grave" (Broadside # 48), created one of the most beautiful moments of the Festival for me. Malvina Reynolds' "It Isn't Nice" (Broadside #43) received large applause as the sharp verses of the song were well blended with Mal's relaxed, talkitive and downright friendly delivery.

Unlike last year's workshop, the most striking performances, the ones that created the most excitement, this year were generally those of the traditional topical singers and in particular the Rodriguez brothers. Arsenio and Quique Rodriguez were born in the mountains of Matanza Province, Cuba. There, African musical influence is still very strong, blending in the Rodriguez brothers' music a striking mixture of complex rhythms on drums played by Quique and clear, precise and beautiful melody lines created by Arsenio on the tres, a six-stringed instrument similar to the guitar that is tuned to three notes, two strings to each note. Their music reflected the history of race prejudice in Cuba, fermented by a slave system centuries old before it was finally abolished after much struggle in 1886. One song especially, "Soy Negro" (I am a black man), was a deeply passionate and moving claim for dignity and treatment as a human being.

Memorable also was Bill Thatcher, the Michigan lumberjack discovered by Gil Turner who recalled in story and song the wild and tough days when the Industrial Workers of the World were trying to organize the lumber camps. (Bill Thatcher will appear at the Philadelphia Folk Festival -- with Gil Turner and Phil Ochs -- on Aug. 29th-30th at Paoli, Pa. Well worth the trip.) Sarah Gunning's song of the mine camps in the 1930's, "I Am A Girl of Constant Sorrow"; Seamus Ennis' wanderings on the Irish countryside; Hedy West's miners' songs and "Anger In The Land"; Frank Proffit and his home-made banjo from the North Carolina mountains -- these were the people who virtually dominated the Newport Topical Song workshop.

(continued)

It is difficult even to generalize as to why this happened, especially when a highly commercial group, The Chad Mitchell Trio, received some of the best applause of the workshop. Perhaps, keeping in mind the limitation of songs per singer, a partial answer can be in the fact that the new songwriters have to a certain extent become "entertainers". And that in order for their work to be successful each singer would need adequate time for introductions and "patter" to build a significant relationship with his audience. As Ewan MacColl points out in his excellent SING OUT! article: (September, p.19)

The entertainer is required to put himself, or herself, over to the audience; the traditional singer is concerned with putting the songs over. (Emphasis MacColl's)

I do not think, however, that the answer lies completely in style. The warmest response the Chad Mitchell Trio got was for their song "Barry's Boys", a pasted-together spoof on Barry Goldwater which plainly touched a spot very close to the worried audience's hearts. This contrasted to what seems to me to have been the tendency among established Broadside writers this past year to lean toward writing generalized songs as opposed to ballads about specific situations.

Last year, Phil Ochs's "Talking Birmingham Jam" was the most important song at the Newport workshop for it took the most moving events of the summer and commented on them with critical and bright humor. This year there was no song, for instance, about the so-called "white backlash" in the North, the Harlem riots, et cetera. There were, however, many good songs on related topics. I am thinking of Malvina Reynolds' "Are You Walking There For Me" and Tom Paxton's "Daily News". Fine statements both, but it struck me that neither these nor any of the other similar ones applied the sharp scalpel of topical song to the racial hatred festering in the land. At the 1964 Newport topical song workshop there was no direct confrontation with the most disturbing and meaningful events of this "long hot summer".

By JOSH DUNSON

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NEWPORT (Notes): The Newport City Council has voted against the use of Freebody Park for any further festivals. But anxious to keep the jazz and folk festivals in the general area Newport and other officials in that neighborhood are looking for an alternate site for next year. Gov. Notte of Rhode Island attended a conference early in August with Mayor Hambly of Newport and city officials from nearby Middletown and Portsmouth to look into the problem. As a result of this conference a committee was appointed to seek a festival site on Aquidneck Island in Narragansett Bay. The committee -- one of its members is the wife of Senator Claiborne Pell -- hopes to report back in a month. If a site can be found on the island there is talk of building a permanent music shell, which would cost about a million dollars. Reason for the ban on Freebody Park was that the festival crowds have just become too large. Some 70,000 persons attended this year's Folk Festival, almost twice the attendance last year and far surpassing the 46,000 record of the Jazz Festival.... The cold, rainy weather at this year's folk get-together was a factor in the decision of the Newport city dads. Thousands who had planned to sleep on the beach were driven to hunt shelter elsewhere. It seems that many of these young people penetrated into residential areas, slept uninvited on porches and woke up citizens at all hours of the night asking to use

the bathroom... The crowds, however, were in the main orderly, well-behaved, amiable. Among them were quite a few whole families, making a little vacation of it -- father, mother, and a couple of kids in a station wagon. According to the Newport police some 220 persons, mostly teen-agers, were arrested, for drinking and disorderly conduct. There was a report that the Jim Kweskin Jug Band was robbed of upward of one thousand hard-earned dollars. A young man, apparently inspired by the festival to become a folksinger too, but short on cash, was arrested for stealing a guitar... But said the Providence Bulletin: "There were youthful instances of bad behavior, but they were far outweighed by the general decorum of the young fans. They could take an example from the festival participants themselves. After one of the workshop sessions, the wife of Pete Seeger -- the No. 1 hero of folk music fans -- gathered a group of performers and their 'kin'. Under Mrs. Seeger's direction, all walked about the school grounds, picking up litter and depositing it in containers." ... A Providence paper did have one complaint: it thought Pete could have found some subject to sing about other than Matt McGinn's "Manurah Manyah" (note by G.F., even Pete and Matt McGinn combined will probably never succeed in having the horse replace the automobile, but the song does bring a flood of nostalgia to old timers who were kids when the T-Bone Ford was contesting the horse for mastery of the country roads. Walking home from rural school we boys had many a small battle using "road apples" for ammunition)...

SHORT TAKES FROM NEWPORT (Compiled from notes made by Howard Poch, A & J Friesen, Bill Martin): "I liked the Swan Silvertones, they were very, very good. Phil Ochs, too. Len Chandler was great, and I also liked his hat which he calls a 'plantation' hat. Mike Seeger was fine on the fiddle and mandolin but I'm sure he won't feel bad if I say the best fiddler at the festival -- and maybe in the whole country -- was Clayton McMichen. The little 7-year-old boy at the fiddlers' workshop -- I didn't get his name -- will be heard from. As Jimmy Driftwood said of him, 'In case there's anyone worrying we won't have any oldtime fiddling 20 years from now, just listen to him and you can stop worrying.' Jose Feliciano is great," Jane Friesen... Pete Seeger had 20 artists at the broadside workshop with only 90 minutes to present them in. He felt the session was more of an abbreviated concert rather than a real workshop where ideas of music for and writing of modern broadsides could be exchanged... "If you do not have a ticket stay out of Newport" read a sign at the ticket booth until Saturday evening when city officials, thinking the wording too harsh, removed it... BROADSIDE shared a booth with Boston SNCC and got to hear the interesting conversation when three folk music lovers from Mississippi visited the SNCC workers... "The most beautiful sight during the Festival was from a third-story hotel window overlooking the beach. At one a.m. thousands of candles lit up the guitar players and beer drinkers. Another interesting sight: Joan Baez (wearing her 'Bury Goldwater' button) and Mary Travers twisting at a Friday night party for performers," Howard Poch... Many visitors felt that Phil Ochs rivals Bob Dylan as a topical songwriter, especially after Friday night's concert where Phil sang his "I'll Not Go Marching Anymore", "The Draft Dodger", "Links On A Chain" and -- after strong audience cheers -- "Talking Vietnam." Sharing this opinion: Bob Shelton who had fine coverage of the Festival in his newspaper, the N.Y. Times... Overall impression of the 1964 Newport Folk Festival: simply great, wonderful, historic.

SING OUT! (165 W. 46 St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copy .75¢; 1 year \$3). The September issue continues the high standard of this pioneer among folk music magazines. Editor Irwin Silber examines the effect of the "success syndrome" on this kind of music, doesn't particularly like it, but concludes: "... folk music will, I believe, survive success -- just as it has survived war, depression, prohibition, the Un-American Activities Committee, and a score of other major and minor calamities." We don't know about folksongs per se, but we'd like to observe that the creation and singing of songs in the "folk medium" does not necessarily "survive" crises; in fact it actually is brought forth by troubled conditions. Witness the high tides of such song production during Negro slavery days, the Chartist movement in Britain, the hard times of our Great Depression (wouldn't Woody Guthrie have been a different writer had he not been blown along by the great dust storms?), the various upsurges of the labor struggle, and in our times the massive drive of the Negro people for their freedom. We admit that "commercial success" seems to be a horse of another color... The Sept. SING OUT! has the usual good balance of old and new songs, some 16 in all. Among the latter: "Sad Day In Texas", Hedy West's "Anger In The Land", "Green, Green Rocky Road" by Len Chandler and Bob Kaufman, and Peter La Farge's "I Will Bring You Flowers" from his new L-P, PETER LA FARGE SINGS WOMEN BLUES (Folkways FA 2534). There are articles about Hedy West and Elizabeth Cotton; Sidney Finkelstein reviews John Greenway's "The Inevitable Americans"... In the letters columns someone complains about Bob Dylan's old clothes, but another letter writer is offended because he got himself a new guitar. Bob plainly is doing things exactly backwards; he should have got new clothes and kept his old guitar... Also in the new SING OUT! Julius Lester comes close to equating today's white city singers of Negro blues with the oldtime "blackface" white minstrels in his article "The View From The Other Side Of The Tracks". We sometimes feel that the debate on this subject is getting so ensnarled because so many people (especially the editors and reviewers for the LITTLE SANDY REVIEW) are reading too many things into this situation which aren't really there at all. Perhaps new clarity could be found if we simply recognized the white singers as regular actors acting out a role. Perhaps they actually belong to the field of drama. In the theatrical world Mr. Holbrook dresses himself to look like Mark Twain and tours the country reading Twain's lectures in the voice and manner Twain used. There is no confusion in the minds of the audience (or the critics); they know he is only playing a role, is not competing with Twain but merely interpreting him; knowing this, the audience can sit back and enjoy the evening. Why not, for instance, introduce John Hammond, Jr. thusly: "Mr. Hammond, although white, will now endeavor to act out in musical style and intonation of voice the role of Blind Lemon Jefferson." The same with the other white city singers of Negro blues. Then they could simply be judged on how good -- or how bad -- they are as actors. This could also be applied to city singers in other areas: the jug bands could be accepted as troupes of actors showing us how this kind of music was done in times past; same for the NLCR's; Jack Elliot could be presented something like this: "An Evening With Woody Guthrie, as portrayed in song, voice inflection, and guitar style by Jack Elliott." We somehow feel this is a logical and mature solution to the problem which would markedly benefit both performers and audiences by bringing them closer to reality.

Folk Music Publications -- 2

FOLK MUSIC (799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003. .50¢ a single copy, \$3 a yr.). The August issue indicates editors Joe Wyson and Herb Dexter are following somewhat the path of SING OUT! but without using songs. Several SING OUT! contributors appear in its pages -- Ruth Rubin with an excellent article on "Yiddish Folk Songs in America" and Henrietta Yurchenco recalling a "Sentimental Journey to Slovakia", where she found not only old folk songs but many post-1948 songs dealing with contemporary themes written by workers, peasants and urban songwriters... Future material is scheduled from Gil Turner, Josh Dunson, Phil Ochs -- among others -- and it is reported that Mill Lampell, one of the original Almanac Singers is preparing a lengthy piece on that group... This issue of FOLK MUSIC also has the final instalment of a story about the martyred Wobbly poet-organizer-songwriter Joe Hill, written by Barrie Stavis... Folksinger Jo Mapes has a piece she calls "Bigotry in Folk Music". One passage caught our eye: "They are out to pick your brains, steal your pick, copy your chords and memorize your melody. Some even bring pencil and paper to jot it down." We thought for a minute she was quoting a southern mountaineer describing collectors from the city come to gather the material on which the careers of so many urban singers in Miss Mapes' field are based. We checked back to find Miss Mapes is only complaining about the kids who sit in the front row at her concerts. She also finds deplorable that these youthful ticket buyers "...expect to hear only freedom songs, protest songs, and Appalachian dirges." We suggest more patience; this problem will go away by itself once we have freedom for all, including our Negro citizens, and there is a firm peace, and work for every hand, and the kids in Appalachia have something in their bellies... FOLK MUSIC reprints an old CARAVAN article about "hillbilly" music in which it is mentioned that the word "hillbilly" was thought to be degrading by many. The author notes that Bradley Kincaid was one of those campaigning against its use. His opinion certainly was worthy of more respect than it obviously received. Bradley Kincaid was one of the first real popularizers of American folksongs on radio. Broadcasting over a Chicago station with his "Hound Dog" guitar he introduced thousands of Americans to this kind of music some years before the Lomaxes. Actually the word "hillbilly" and the image it presents flourished like so many other degrading stereotypes because there was no organized protest. The southern rural dweller was isolated and mainly inarticulate. More importantly, he had no physical access to the "Li'l Abner" and Esquire outhouse cartoon creators -- nor to the "Professor of American Folklore" safe behind cloistered university walls. This writer recalls as a reporter in Detroit during World War II the regular arrival at Receiving Hospital of broken heads whose owners had foolishly called somebody a "hillbilly". There was a story about one of the tens of thousands of workers who came up from Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, etc., to work in the warplants. On his first day on the assembly line the foreman greeted him by yelling: "Look, another hillbilly." The newcomer turned slowly, looked him straight in the eye, and drawled: "Yeah, they told me when I was coming here that Detroit was half hillbillies and half sons-a-bitches. Which are you?"

LETTERS: "Enclosed find \$5 for a year's subscription to BROADSIDE. I do not care for the songs you print nor your articles. But I do enjoy the notes page at the back of the magazine." D.H., California... "I can't ever tell you what a great job you're doing. My favorite writers are Phil Ochs and Tom Paxton -- they seem to put things down just right... I hope you can convey the following message to your readers: with Miss Dayle Stanley's permission I'm trying to organize a fan club for her. I'd like any interested reader to contact me (through Broadside). I'm sure many aficionados of the topical song would appreciate some of the songs she and her husband, Stephen Scotti, wrote (such as A CHILD OF HOLLOW TIMES, NOBODY KNOWS THAT I HAVE A NAME, THE HUMAN SONG, and THE JOLLY SENATOR.) Thank you, and keep up the Excellent work." Kay Kaplan, Long Island, N.Y. (Ed. Note: Dayle and Stephen are getting together a second L-P for this fall to follow her first album A CHILD OF HOLLOW TIMES)... SONG IDEA: (which might begin with the lines: "I was born in West Virginia, To New York City I did come"): Ken Davidson of FOLK PROMOTIONS (1549 Lee Street, Charleston, W.V.) who has put out the fine L-P of oldtime music by Jenes Cottrell and French Carpenter, sends along a clipping from the Charleston Gazette: "A Calhoun County folk singer was forced to cancel a scheduled appearance at the U.S. Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. West Virginia officials gave 'the hook' to 55-year-old balladeer and banjo picker Phoebe Parsons after one song because, they said, 'she did not depict the type of image that West Virginia wanted to create in the public eye at the World's Fair.'" Apparently the well-paid West Virginia public relations staff prefers to "create in the public eye" the "image" of a state which pushes its lady banjo players around. (Maryland, plainly more on the ball, quickly grabbed the opportunity and invited Miss Parsons to come over and sing and play at its Fair Pavilion)... THE ICE HOUSE (24 N. Mentor Ave, Pasadena, California) continues to put on some of the most exciting folk-song entertainment on the West Coast. They'll have a teen-age HOOT Sun. aft., Aug. 23rd. Scheduled to begin the next day is the Elisabeth Waldo Folklórico Company performing exotic music of South and Central America by a troupe of nine musicians, singers and dancers... CHICAGO: Pete Welding has put out a whole L-P of Negro blues singers doing songs composed at the death of President Kennedy, CAN'T KEEP FROM CRYING (see Josh Dunson's article in the Sept. SING OUT!). By special arrangement BROADSIDE readers can get this L-P for \$2.98 (list price \$4.98). Send check or money order payable to TESTAMENT RECORDS, P.O. Box 1813, Chicago, Ill. 60690... NEW YORK: Alan Arkin, son of Broad side songwriter Dave Arkin, is appearing in a revue of topical skits at SECOND CITY, Square East, 15 W. 4th St. ("First Rate!" N.Y. Times). CALIFORNIA: Kevin Langdon's BALLADS AND BULL (823 Idylberry Road, San Rafael, Calif., .25¢ single copy, 5 issues for \$1) continues to improve with each issue. #3 (July, 1964) has some fine songs in it, THE UNICORN by Janet Smith, THE BLIND WHITE SPIDERS by Ray Nelson, GOING BACK TO BERKELEY by Pete Krug, TALKING INDIAN by Anne Bredon, etc.

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