FREEDOM IS A CONSTANT STRUGGLE

Slowly, with a heavy beat

They say that Freedom is a constant struggle, They say that Freedom

is a constant struggle, They say that Freedom

is a constant struggle, O Lord we've struggled so long, We must be

Free, We must be Free.

2. They say that Freedom is a constant sorrow... O Lord we've sorrowed so long...
3... crying... cried. 4... dying... died... (Repeat 1st verse.)

©1964 by Freedom Singers

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: Songs by Malvina Reynolds, Phil Ochs, Peter Seeger, Fred Hellerman, Bill Frederick. Report on Philadelphia Folk Festival. Songs from CAN'T KEEP FROM CRYING.
ONE MORE PARADE

(by Bob Gibson & Phil Ochs)

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Hup, two, three, four marchin' down the street, Rollin' of the drums & the trampin' of the feet, The general salutes while the mothers wave & weep— Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid— The price is paid, ONE MORE PARADE. So young so strong so ready for the war, so willing to go and die up-on a foreign shore. All march together, everybody looks the same, So there is no one you can blame, don't be ashamed— Light the flame, ONE MORE PARADE.

2. Listen for the sound and listen for the noise
Listen for the thunder of the marching boys
A few years ago their guns were only toys
Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid
The price is paid, one more parade. Refrain

3. Medals on their coats and guns in their hands
All trained to kill as they're trained to stand
Ten thousand ears need only one command
Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid
The price is paid, one more parade. Refrain

4. Cold hard stares on faces so proud
Kisses from the girls and cheers from the crowd
And the widows from the last war cryin' through their shroud
Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid
The price is paid, don't be ashamed, war's a game
The world in flames— so start the parade. Refrain

Scene at 1964 Philadelphia Folk Festival, as drawn by Agnes Friesen. For report on Festival see back pages.
TOMORROW'S CHILDREN

Words: Adapted from the French of Guillevic by Walter Lowenfels
Tune: Peter Seeger

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Note:
These lyrics appeared under the title "But You Who Know Days Of A Different Kind" in Walter Lowenfel's "SONG CYCLE" -- a Broadside supplement.

1. But you—who know days of a different kind—Tomorrow's children for whom work is more play; And living is what stupid things we've done and can't forget; Nor the endless—dull
poems are for me today, A passionate utterance carefully designed.

2. Remember us—the lame, the deaf, the blind—Not for the children for whom work is more play; And living is what stupid things we've done and can't forget; Nor the endless—dull
jobs over which we all sweat—Nor all the sad chronicles that we have left behind.

3. But that we loved as much as anyone ever did, That we knew joys, the little things, the grand design, The dream of changing the world to something new. (Believe us, in our way we loved to live).

Know that many—many things we loved, And of all of these our greatest joy was opening the way for you.
Boris Vian, poet, novelist, amateur jazz trumpeter and left-wing activist, died - I believe in 1959 - at the comparatively early age of 45. His best-known works are a novel about race-prejudice, "J'Irai Cracher sur vos Tombes" (I will Spit on your Graves), from which an extremely bad movie was made just before his death, and this song, a protest against the Algerian war. It was recorded very successfully by the Algerian singer Mouloudji, but was banned by the French government and withdrawn in both printed and recorded versions; we first heard it in Sweden (translated very well, I'm told), and then on discovering its origin attempted without success to locate a copy in France, Belgium or Britain. The French text was eventually supplied to us by some pacifists in Lyons; I prepared the translation and my wife Marjorie transcribed the tune and harmonies from memory. (A slight folk process may consequently have overtaken it, but I believe not.)

-- John Brunner

THE DESERTER (LE DESERTEUR)

French words & music: Boris Vian

English version: John Brunner

This letter, gentlemen, is to you politicians,
You men in high positions - please read it when you can.
When I woke up today orders were waiting for me
To go and join the army, at once without delay.
I shall not, gentlemen! That's why I write this letter,
To say that men had better refuse to fight again.
My words are blunt, I'm sure. I don't want to upset you;
I simply want to let you know that we're sick of war.
I've seen for many years how they have killed the others,
Seen brothers snatched from brothers, and children lost in tears.
Mothers with swollen eyes weep while the rich, not hearing,
Too busy profiteering! - grow fat on crimes and lies.
I've seen the prisoners: what did they do to merit
This sapping of their spirit, this theft of what they were?
Tomorrow I'll be gone; I'll slam the door behind me
On all that might remind me of cruelty and wrong.

Then I will take my way, around the world I'll travel
To speak out against evil, and everywhere I'll say:
It's good to be alive, for all mankind are brothers,
In this land and all others, so help your brothers thrive.
If blood is to be shed, shed yours, you politicians,
You men in high positions, and be it on your head!
Pursue me if you will; call out your troops and arm them -
Tell them I will not harm them! Unarmed, I'm safe to kill.
HEALING RIVER
By Fred Hellerman & Fran Minkoff
© 1964 Appleseed Music
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1. O healing river—Send down your waters—
Send down your waters— upon this land—
O healing river—Send down your waters—
To wash the blood—From off the sand—
(To 2, below)

2. This land is parching, this land is thirsting
No seed is growing in the barren ground
This land is parching, this land is thirsting
O healing river, send your waters down.

3. Let the seed of Freedom—Awake & flourish—
Let the deep roots nourish—Let tall stalks
rise—Let the seed of Freedom—awake and
flourish—Proud leaves uncurling
against the skies.—(Repeat 1.)

DREAM ON A SUMMER NIGHT
By Bill Frederick © 1964 by author
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Jumping rope on an August evening,—
Something happened on Columbia Avenue.

"Go inside," my Mommy told me.

"Don't go out no matter what you do.—"

Mommy took her bag for shopping
She went out and then she locked the door
Left me there in the dark apartment
Left me there sitting barefoot on the floor.

After a while I started sleeping
All of a sudden all the world was bright
There was Mommy all a-smiling
Oh what a dream to dream on a summer night.

Brand new shoes to go to school in
Brand new dress, I never had one before
Things to eat I never had tasted
Mommy got them at the corner store.

Then there was a man in the doorway
Silver buttons all on a suit of blue
Took our food and shoes and my new dress
Said, "These nice things can't belong to you."

So I've got no pretty dresses
So I sit on a step in the street-lamp light
In my arms my little brown rag-doll
Here I sit and dream on a summer night.

NEWS ITEM: Philadelphia, Pa. — Windows and doors of many shops were smashed as violence continued into morning. Mothers were seen carrying out new clothes and shoes for their children. An old man with a dozen eggs said, "It's been so long since we had real eggs to eat." A small boy dragging a table along the street told a reporter, "I'm taking this home to my mother. She never had a table before."

BROADSIDE #50
A MAN AMONGST MEN

Words & Music by Big Joe Williams
©1964 Testament Music - Used by Permission

I just managed to see President Kennedy
When he rode down in Dallas town.

I saw mean old sniper When carried President
He was a man, I just saw President Kennedy and the Governor of
Texas, -- was shaking hands
He said, "If I don't get my plan through, governor,
President Johnson will be the next man."
Refrain

I went home and turned on my television and looked in Washington town
I saw six white horses carrying President Kennedy to the buryin' ground. (Ooh!)
Refrain: Won't be a man just like President Kennedy was
He was a man amongst men, he travelled four corners of the world.

Wasn't it sad when we got the news President Kennedy was dead?
Churchill done came from Europe, flying airplanes, jets over my head.
Refrain: They'll never be a man like President Kennedy was.
(Spoken: Sad, wasn't it sad, boy? I heard them church bells ringing.)
He was a man, he was a man, travelled the four corners of the world.

President Kennedy travelled by land, travelled across the sea
Helped the United States, and you know he was good to me. Refrain
(Spoken: Yeah, boy, I couldn't help from cryin')

Now you know, the rooster told the hens, "You hens oughta lay."
Said, "No, President Kennedy's dead, I got nowhere to stay." Refrain

Well, my heart struck sorrow, the tears came fallin' down
When they carried President Kennedy, and let him down in the buryin' ground. Refrain
(Spoken: Sad, wasn't it sad, about President Kennedy? There will never be another.)

A MAN FOR THE NATION

Words & Music by John Lee Granderson
©1964 Testament Music - Used by Permission

I'm gonna tell you 'bout a man -- who made
this nation rock, Yes -- I'm gonna
tell you 'bout a man who made this nation
real-ly -- did his part.

He was a man (who) worked for the nation, and his work was 100 percent
Yes, he's workin' for the nation, and his work was 100 percent
And when the people heard 'bout what happened, they was sad about the way he went.

You just wait for a little while & then you will see
Yes, just wait for a little while, then you will see
Now just wait for a little while & then you will see
Just what I mean about Mister John F. Kennedy.

He could hear the bells a-ringing; he could hear those angels moan
He could hear the bells a-ringing; he could hear those angels moan
He could hear a loud voice ringing, said, "Kennedy, you're welcome home, you're welcome home, you're welcome home, You're welcome home."

He could hear a loud voice sayin' "You're welcome home." Amen.

BROADSIDE #50
PLAYING WAR
Words & Music By MALVINA REYNOLDS
Used by permission

There's a nameless war in Vietnam, There's wars in man-y lands, And my little boy in our back yard has a tin gun in his hands; And the big toy makers in Buff-a-lo are getting my boy set to go, But I say No and the kids say No, We're playing war no more.

Today it's a plastic tank or plane, Tomorrow it's for real, Today it shoots a wooden shot, Tomorrow the bullet's steel, And the buyers in the department store Are getting my boy ready for war, But I say No and the kids say No, We're playing war no more.

Well, a little red wagon on the hill Can pull his pal along, But we want no little revolver gun To shoot his buddy down. The factories run in old New York To get him ready for the dirty work, But I say No and the kids say No, We're playing war no more.

There's many a boy like my own boy Who's lying in the mud, And his good young life was cut away While it was in the bud, So the stores that offer death for play Will have to get rich some other way, Cause I say No the kids say No, We're playing war no more.

Well the Army brass and the C.I.A. Are hardly grown up boys, And they're playing now with atom bombs As though they were plastic toys, But the life of the world is on the throw, We say no and the kids say no, We're playing war no more.

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NEW YORK POST.
SEPTEMBER 2, 1964

War on the Homefront
Has the quest for the almighty buck been so alluring that some of my countrymen have lost all sense of decency? I speak of the terrible "toy" commercials which are on our so-called kiddle shows.

These commercials aim at selling their bombs, missiles and blasters and encourage the youngsters watching to "start your own commando unit," "retaliate," "blast them." The kids are saturated with war toys, war costumes and war expressions.

It is hard to believe that the men responsible for these ads are from this planet. Have they forgotten the horrors of two world wars and Korea?

Michael ELLER
It ain't a folk song, Buddy, unless it's old and gray, found some-where,

Well I found these songs right under my head of hair. Well I am old but my songs are new, don't care what you call 'em, just sing 'em, That's all I ask of you.

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2027 Parker St., Berkeley, Calif.
JOSH DUNSON gives some of his views on topical song writing in general in the following comments on the L-P from which the two songs on the preceding page were transcribed.

The assassination of President Kennedy cut very deep into the nation. Many books, in a short space of time, have been written about the late President. Broadside received many songs, all of them trying to say something personal about the President but very few succeeding to a really meaningful degree. Efforts to express sincere grief often resulted in gross and awkward overstatement. Intellectual assessments as to the political contributions of President Kennedy sounded like crosses between Fourth of July speeches and New York Times editorials.

A great lesson can be learned, I think, from Can't Keep From Crying, Topical Blues on the Death of President Kennedy.* On this album there are eleven blues which arose from the reaction to the President's death in large sectors of the Negro community. All the singers on this record can be considered accomplished blues singers, with Joe Williams and Otis Spann members of Muddy Waters' band, professional musicians who make their living before white and Negro audiences.

I think the least effective song on this album is better than any of the best (and some were ok) of those submitted to Broadside. There is a consistency of style and frank expression of feeling mixed with the rich imagery of some of the country's most active blues singers that makes this collection of "topical blues" probably the most significant tribute the late President has yet received or will receive.

The two blues printed in this issue of Broadside, Big Joe Williams' rocking "A Man Amongst Men" and John Lee Granderson's "A Man For The Nation" are fine illustrations of the importance of style even in topical material where content is primary. President Kennedy did well because he "made the nation rock". The rooster and hen, long traditional partners in the blues, are so affected by the assassination that the hen can't lay her eggs because she has "no place to stay" since her President died.

Whether it is Joe Williams, John Lee Granderson, the Brewers (who among them have three songs on this L-P: "I Want To Know Why", "Why Did He Have To Go?", and "When We Got The Message"), or any of the other blues artists, they have enough ease in their form of expression to let their sorrow out into song without falling into sentimentality or overstatement. Topical song writers have come a long way, I think, in the last few years. Many have acquired the ability to have humor and individualism in songs that deal with mass movements. Perhaps now is the time to look at older modes of topical expression and learn from them. Can't Keep From Crying is an excellent place to start.

* Testament Records, S-01. By special arrangement with Broadside magazine, Testament is offering Can't Keep From Crying for $2.98 instead of regular list $4.98. Order from Testament Records, PO Box 1813, Chicago, Illinois 60690.

"The question of quality, of artistic skill, is a question of the life of art. How can we talk of artistic gains when the composer does not have full command of his medium? While attaching immense importance to the ideological message and content of art, we must bear in mind that no idea will ever reach the listener nor be grasped by him if it is expressed vapidly, crudely and incompetently. Having good intentions and hitting upon a good theme do not yet make for art." DMITRI SHOSTAKOVICH.
"Some years ago, I wrote the words of "The House I Live In" which Earl Robinson set to music. It won a Motion Picture Academy Award and has been recorded by a number of artists including Frank Sinatra, Connie Francis, Paul Robeson, Josh White and others. It is not a photographic picture of our country but a reminder of its democratic potential which must be protected, strengthened, deepened and made available to all people without exception. Here is a parody of the song which may have some use during the weeks prior to Election Day."

.... LEWIS ALLAN

What is America to me?
Viet Nam flim flam and Barry G.
A certain word, hypocrisy,
What is America to me?

1. The house we live in
   On segregation street,
   The racists and the bigots
   And the jingoists we meet,
   The generals and the statesmen
   Who'd drop the bomb with glee,
   Who'd rather burn the house down
   Than keep it safe and free.

2. The same old crackpots
   From those McCarthy Days
   Who simply have adapted
   And refined crude Nazi ways,
   They want to turn the clock back,
   Leave progress in the lurch,
   Goldwater is their leader
   And he's a son of a birch.

3. The things I see about me,
   And we know whom to blame,
   The cruelty and murder
   That brings our country shame,
   The blood in Mississippi,
   The tragedy and tears,
   The freedom that's been shackled
   For a hundred and eighty years.

4. The house we live in
   It won't last long this way,
   We've got to meet the challenge
   To survive from day to day,
   The roaches have come crawling,
   Each rat and every louse,
   The truth must reach the people,
   It is time to clean the house.

REPORT ON THE 1964 PHILADELPHIA FOLK FESTIVAL (compiled from notes made by Josh Dunson, Bill Martin, Agnes Friesen).

This year's Philadelphia Folk Festival continued the trend of this event being somehow qualitatively superior to Newport. The reason for this may be partly in the fact that it is much smaller and the opportunity for probing more deeply into folk music proportionately greater. The topical song workshop on Saturday morning was moderated by Ken Goldstein who took great pains to create some thought around the hows of creation and the nature of the songs sung by Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Gil Turner, Bernice Reagon, and Tommy Hughes of Philadelphia. Goldstein was generally condescending in his attitude, but did succeed in drawing out some picture of what goes on with topical songwriters. Phil Ochs commented on his use of popular type melody phrases to reach more people. Tom Paxton's reply to Ken's comment about money being a source of inspiration was to sing a new song which Tom opined would not earn him much cash. This was "The Ballad Of Beau John", which traces the Afro-American struggle for freedom from the capture of slaves in Africa down to the present day in the U.S. Phil did his "Links On The Chain" and these two songs showed in a fresh manner deep historical insight that many of the general topical songs of today do not possess... Gil Turner sang his "Carry It On" which moved a great many people. But Bernice Reagon's version of "Freedom Is A Constant Struggle" was the most moving single performance. With Gil accompanying her
with his guitar, Bernice sang with great dignity and feeling this song which has come out of Mississippi this summer... Tommy Hughes is a new young songwriter whose "Talking Anthropology" was very funny, and who shows every promise of developing into a first rate songwriter... The Saturday night concert lasted until 1:30 in the morning and was a city presentation of folk music at its best. Mississippi John Hurt was a big hit, and Doc Watson, Bill Monroe, Phil Ochs, and Koerner, Ray and Glover all got very warm receptions. Hedy West was, as usual, excellent, concentrating on what her father, Don West, describes as miners' topical songs... The big surprise of the Festival was the appearance of Son House. Son had been scheduled for Newport but was felled by illness. His performance at Philadelphia was truly amazing; he is still one of the three great Clarksdale musicians and retains that fine interpretive style and guitar rhythms... Another surprise was Seamus Ennis, with his jokes and tales, songs of Erin and the wonderful twists on those pipes. He is one of a rare race, a person who is both a great folklorist and a human being. The only really marring part of the Sat. concert was the reception part of the audience gave Bill Thatcher, the Michigan lumberjack. There was no excuse for it... The ballad session was also moderated by Ken Goldstein, was highly interesting and well done. The audience was quiet but having a good time just the same as some of the best city people (Bonnie Dobson) and country people (the Beers, Hedy West, Mississippi John Hurt) brought out the real depth of the older ballad tradition, both Negro and white. Surprises there were Harry and Jeannie West with mountain ballads, and Frank Fletcher, whose "Lang 'A Growin'" is a classic. Frank is considered by many to be the leading Scot singer resident in this country but performs rarely. His appearance was a treat!... An appreciation of the depth of the Festival would not be complete without knowing about the Children's Concert and Play Parties. The concert kept about 200 small fry captivated and singing along with the Beers, Bonnie Dobson, Davy Sears (of Buffalo Gals-Oscar Brand fame). But the greatest part was when the kids went out into the horse pasture to dance play parties and just have a good time. Folk music became alive -- really alive -- for them. The children were not putting on airs or imitating something learned in a dull classroom. They were learning from scratch, as mountain kids do, an exciting way to have fun. That is the way to grow up with folk music... The good time the kids had in the pasture was typical. The fact that the Festival is held outdoors in that beautiful country at Paoli gave it many festive aspects, and the visitors responded by having a good time in a healthy country way. Many people slept out in the open, like harvest hands in the old days. In sleeping bags, blankets, in cars pulled to one side. The horses which occupy the pasture between folk festivals had been quartered elsewhere (someone remarked that all the Festival lacked was Pete Seeger to sing "Manyah Manyah"). Sanitation men had prepared the grounds beforehand by going around the pasture removing the "Republican Platforms" left by the cows. The cows themselves were allowed to remain. They idled on the wooded hillside and came down from time to time to cool their legs by standing in the brook. Occasionally they stopped chewing their cud to stare in baffled puzzlement at the guitar-toting human beings swarming past (see drawing inside of front cover by Agnes Friesen).
LETTERS

Dear Broadside: -- Here are a few comments on Pete Seeger's article in #49, "Long Live Plagiarism."

If anyone told Pete that a carpenter working under the present system of production should be willing to build a house for nothing for the joy of it, or that a painter or potter should give his works away and ask nothing in return -- and this as a general practice or policy -- I think he would wonder at it. Even the stodgy labor movement stands by "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work", and if you think songwriters are not proletarians, you are wrong.

Rewards for the creative worker here are shamefully small, and the vultures that hang over him and grab the income when he produces something usable, are notorious. Just take a look, if you haven't lately, at a "standard songwriters contract." Although living costs (and the prices of records, which are cheap to produce and market) are rising like a rocket all the time, the songwriter still gets a penny and less per record on words and music of a song. And the publisher gets at least 50% of the song income, plus ownership of the copyright and complete control of it. And all he has to do to fulfill his part of the contract is to get out one recording of the song, even if that recording is a complete dud. Often our new young songwriters do even this part of the publisher's work, since they are first-rate songpluggers, and often record their own with a good label.

Now you would open the door for anyone to jump on his work and take it over bodily. Plagiarism doesn't mean just singing a song your own way -- it means calling it your own and taking the income when someone else produced it.

I am not talking about public domain tunes now. If the songwriters didn't take credit for them, the recording companies would keep the income allotted, and I do believe that Beethoven, Brahms, or the nameless dead and gone song makers would rather see their living colleagues have it.

I am talking about plagiarism. And I say the hell with it.

MALVINA REYNOLDS

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Dear Sis: -- Thank you very much for mentioning the article about Miss Phoebea Parsons. As you probably know, she went to Newport with me, and Ralph Rinzler said people spoke well of her. Mr. D. K. Wilgus of California asks that she and her son Roscoe and French Carpenter appear at a festival there next May.

Shortly, my third album (second one was the 1963 OLD FIDDLERS CONVENTION AT GALAX, VIRGINIA) will feature her on 7 or 8 bands. This L-P is to be OLD TIME SONGS & TUNES OF CALHOUN COUNTY, W.VA. With Phoeba will be her sister Sara, her brother Noah, Roscoe, and also 79-year-old Haude Altizer, 69-year-old General Custer Nichols, formerly of Ohio, and Holly Schertiger.

KEN DAVIDSON
(Box 5007, Charleston, W. Va.)

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Dear Broadside: -- I'd like to say a few words about Linda Lu DeLorenzo's song "So There" in Broadside #49. It's the sad truth that New York City is "just a shelter for Jim Crow." And the same thing holds for the other Northern cities. But it is also true that every American, man, woman and child, has a stake in what is happening in Mississippi and the other Southern states. You see, through the archaic seniority system backward Southern politicians head many important committees in our National Congress. Thus they influence legislation which affects us all. The
entire nation suffers. They are elected and re-elected to office by the forces which include the prowling Southern murderers who prey on the Negro people and deny them their right to vote. If our Negro citizens get to vote then we are certain to get improvements benefiting everybody, white and black, North and South. So it just may be that the direct route to getting "rid of all your Har­lems" is to win the right to vote for all the people of Mississippi.

HELEN CLOVIS, N.H.

Note: The following was sent to us by Gil Turner from Mississippi, where he took part this summer in the CARAVAN OF MUSIC. The author is a native of Mississippi, a mother, and a COFO precinct cap­tain.

"Paul B. Johnson is my shepherd, I am in want. He leadeth me in the path of discrimination, He destroyeth my faith in democ­racy. He keepeth me away from good jobs, My children out of good schools. Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Ku Klux Klan, I am not afraid.

Every day I walk in the presence of my enemies, They anoint my head with the blood of my people, My cup long ago ran over. Isn't there any goodness or jus­tice in Mississippi? Or will I have to live in the land of the Ku Klux Klan, Bigots, Police Dogs and Extremists... Forever."

Here is a song from Matt McGinn, Glasgow, words by Matt and the tune "Birmingham Jail." Background: A year or so ago a clever gang in England, using Commando precision, robbed a train of millions of dollars. Several per­sons were sent to jail, among them Charles Wilson, who got a 30-year sentence in Winson Green prison. A couple of weeks ago a number of persons broke into the jail and spirited Wilson away. British police feel he was tipped off to get ready for the break by a "personal" ad in the local paper, which began "W in W" and ended "4 roses". Some five million dollars of the loot is yet unrecovered. (For another song in this genre see Tom Paxton's "The Great Mail Robbery" in Broad­side # 28).

FOUR ROSES

Wait for me, darling, don't weep or wail. They'll never hold me in Winson Green jail.

(Chorus)

1. I woke up this morning, feeling so low, Then in the evening, I was ready to go. (Cho)

2. I looked in the paper, and what did I see, Someone was sending, four roses for me. (Cho)

3. Those roses had thorns, dear, but they were so sweet, They were the roses that unbound my feet. (Cho)

4. I hope on the outside, my story ends, With all of the love of, my millions of friends. (CHO)

5. Don't send me a letter, 'twould only distress, I didn't leave them, a forward address... (CHO)...

Don't you listen, Uncle Sam, He ain't nothin' but a ham, And he'll lead you like a lamb To the slaughter, G-O-L-D-W-A-T-E-R.

--- MATT McGINN ---

BROADSIDE # 50

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
TOPICAL SONGS AND THE PRESS -- By G.F.

Widening interest in current topical songs is reflected in several nationally distributed magazines. VOGUE of Sept. 1 has a lengthy piece: "A New Beat: Topical Folk Singers, Their Songs" subtitled "A report on the new, raw and accusing spokesmen for the young: Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, who set to music their fury, their sadness -- and their hope." VOGUE notes that topical songs "are moving across the country like a high pressure area." It quotes Phil Ochs: "We're trying to crystallize the thoughts of young people who have stopped accepting things the way they are." Nat Hentoff in the Aug. 13 THE REPORTER: "In so far as this musical editorializing has a central forum, it is Broadside, a small, lively New York based journal." Hentoff notes of the Northern folksingers who went to Mississippi to participate in the "Caravan of Music", that "beyond whatever pleasure and education may be afforded to Mississippi residents, the primary beneficiaries of the trip may well be the singers themselves, since current social problems are among their major preoccupations." After reviewing topical songwriting progress so far, he concludes: "...a few songs have been written that can be added to the legacy of Woody Guthrie, and more are likely to come. Some perhaps out of the summer in Mississippi." .... NEWSTATE of Aug. 31 has excellent coverage of the role of music, old and new, in Mississippi this summer, and in the civil rights struggle in general. It quotes Cordell Reagon, 21, one of the original Negro "Freedom Singers", as telling a meeting in Greenwood: "Without these songs, you know we wouldn't be anywhere. We'd still be chopping cotton down on Mister Charley's plantation for 30 cents a day."

The NEWSWEEK article tells the story of what happened in Mississippi with Malvina Reynolds' song "It Isn't Nice" (see Broadside # 43). Judy Collins, of New York, taught the song to 17-year-old Barbara McClintock in Clarksdale, Miss. Later, Barbara McClintock wrote to Judy Collins in New York: "'It Isn't Nice' has become very popular here...That song is going to be here forever and ever."...(The objective NEWSWEEK article on the Mississippi Caravan is the work of a new music dept. editor, and is in sharp contrast to the brutal, irresponsible hatchet job NEWSWEEK did on Bob Dylan last year. We hear that not only the previous music editor but everyone in the dept., researchers, etc., at the time the Dylan thing was done has been replaced by the magazine. It always seemed peculiar to us that those presumably checking the "rumor" that "Blowin' In The Wind" was really written by Millburn, New Jersey, highschool student Lorre C. Wyatt did not even bother to try and get in touch with Broadside -- after all, we had it in May of 1962, more than a year before it became popular. This goes not only for the "researchists" on NEWSWEEK, but the editors of the LITTLE SANDY REVIEW, who repeated the "rumor" this year while declaring piously: "We don't know the facts. We wish we did so that we could print them."

If they had come to us we would have been glad to show both the NEWSWEEK and LSR people a letter to us from Lorre Wyatt dated away back on June 5, 1963, in which he says, among other things: "...Last year I wrote a song called 'Freedom Is Blowing In The Wind'. I wrote it long before I'd ever heard of Bob Dylan's song...The lyrics are nothing whatsoever like Bob's, and the tune is also completely different.")... And finally in recent press comments about the world of topical song, Ralph Gleason suggesting improvements in the Berkeley Folk Festival writes in the San Francisco Chronicle: "There was a panel on topical song this last festival and this by definition is an important topic for discussion. Yet the people who are really concerned with topical songs -- the Malvina Reynolds, the Bob Dylans, the Sis Cunninghams -- were not present."
BROADSIDE HOOTENANNIES

BROADSIDE Magazine announces a series of informal old-style hootenannies for the 1964-65 winter season. They will be held at the VILLAGE GATE in New York City the first Sunday of each month for six months, starting Sun., November 1st. These "get togethers" will be devoted mainly to brand new topical songs. PETER SEEGER will be at the Nov. 1st and Dec. 6th ones, and at three of the four left after that. Among others to appear at various times during the series are PHIL OCHS, TOM PAXTON, BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE, LEN CHANDLER, JULIUS LESTER, PETER LA FARGE, GIL TURNER, BOB COHEN, PATRICK SKY, and ERIC ANDERSEN (see BROADSIDE for further information).

WHEN: The first Sunday of each month November through April, beginning Nov. 1st, 1964. TIME: Starting at 3 P.M. WHERE: The VILLAGE GATE in NYC, 185 Thompson St. (at Bleecker St. in Greenwich Village). Admission: $1.50.

BENEFIT: DICK GREGORY and LEN CHANDLER will appear Tues. night, 8:45 P.M., Sept. 29, 1964, in the Green Room, District 65, 13 Astor Place, New York City, (near 8th St. & Broadway), in a benefit for the CORE Mississippi Project. Donation: $2.

NOTES: "Freedom Is A Constant Struggle": One of the great songs to come out of Mississippi this summer, and now sung widely. Based on an old hymn, it began when people started singing "Freedom is a constant dying" after the murders of the three Civil Rights workers. BROADSIDE plans to devote much of its next issue to songs and material about Mississippi brought back by Northern folksingers (among those who went there this summer: Len Chandler, Julius Lester, Phil Ochs, Barbara Dane, Judy Collins, Peter La Farge, Peter Seeger, Guy Caravan, Carolyn Hester, Jackie Washington, Gil Turner, Bob Cohen, Ricky Sherover)...

Upcoming concerts in the NYC area: Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger at Town Hall Oct. 3 (this begins their month's tour of the U.S.); Theodore Bikel at Carnegie Hall Oct. 11; Pete Seeger at Carnegie Hall Dec. 26... LITTLE BOXES: Malvina Reynolds' song (see B'Side # 20) now a hit on Belgian radio, widely played on Danish radio too... PLAYING WAR: Written for the kids at Presidio Hill School in San Francisco...

THE DESERTER: Classic song in Europe, translated into many languages...

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN: Pete Seeger wrote the music for this in Leningrad during his recent world tour... HOUSE I LIVE IN: Lewis Allan a veteran songwriter with many fine songs, including "Beloved Comrade", which was one of FDR's favorites. It is a tragic commentary on our times that he has felt it necessary after all these years to write the parody of the beautiful HOUSE I LIVE IN which appears in this BROADSIDE...

BROADSIDE # 47, 48, 49: Among the 25 or so songs we had in those 3 issues only 2 songwriters appeared twice -- yet we can't find room for all the new songs we'd like to print... WOODY GUTHRIE: A set of three 12" LP's carrying three hours of songs and conversation Woody recorded in 1940 with Alan Lomax for the Library of Congress will be available in October. Can be ordered from the Guthrie Children's Trust Fund, Room 1304, 200 W. 57th St., New York City, N.Y. 10019. Price: $10.00 per set (boxed, released through Elektra Records)......

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