

# Broadside # 51

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

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## ROLL, FREEDOM, ROLL

\*A new name starts the song over again -- "Peter", "Mary", "Lyndon you should have been there." Adapted from an old hymn.

The musical score is written on a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes. Chord symbols (E, F, B7, F#, I) are placed above the staff at various points. Performance directions like 'Leader' and 'group' are included. The lyrics are: '\*Ju- lius you should have been there, you, you, you should have been there. Ju- lius you should have been there to roll free- dom roll Leader (Come on and roll, (Roll free- dom,) Roll (Roll free- dom,) Roll free- dom roll. (Come on and roll, (Roll free- dom,) Roll, (Roll free- dom to sa- tis- fy my soul. Just roll (Roll free- dom,) Roll (Roll free- dom) Roll free- dom roll. I got to get my free- dom be- fore I die Roll, free- dom, roll. Well, well, well'

"ROLL, FREEDOM, ROLL" is one of many songs sustaining the Civil Rights movement in the South, of which NEWSWEEK has said: "History has never known a protest movement so rich in song." This BROADSIDE is sort of a Special Mississippi Issue with a number of such songs, created by the Negro people in the heat of their struggle for freedom. Also several songs by Northern songwriters Juulius Lester and Len Chandler written while they were in Mississippi last summer. And articles about the Mississippi Summer Project itself.

NEW YORK POST

Washington.

### Terror in Miss.

Bombings and burnings of Negro churches and homes in Mississippi have become epidemic, apparently in revenge against those who attempted in the long hot summer to register Negro voters.

BROADSIDE Magazine is sponsoring a series of "Hootenannies", "Hoots", "Workshops" -- or what you want to call them -- at the VILLAGE GATE in New York for the 1964-65 season. There will be six, one on the 1st Sunday of each month Nov. thru April. They will be devoted mainly to new topical songs, with each songwriter-performer challenged to bring a brand new song for each performance. A few changes since last issue: Admission each "hoot" will be \$2 (this includes tax); Also the first one, Nov. 1st, 1964, will start at 5 P.M. All others set to start at 3 P.M. Pete Seeger is to be at all except the Jan. one, God willing and the creeks don't rise. The VILLAGE GATE, 185 Thompson St. (Greenwich Village), New York City.

See announcement at right for names of performers listed for the opening Hoot of the series. These and others will appear as available during the series.

# BROADSIDE

H O O T E N A N N Y  
SUNDAY, NOV. 1, 1964 5 P.M.  
VILLAGE GATE, N.Y.C. \$ 2

P R E S E N T S

BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

LEN CHANDLER

TOM PAXTON

PETER LA FARGE

PHIL OGHS

JULIUS LESTER

ERIC ANDERSON

PETER SEEGER



## Congressman William F. Ryan

### MISSISSIPPI

On July 2 I joined President Johnson at the White House for the signing of the Civil Rights Act.

Immediately after the signing, Congressman Hawkins of California, Congressman Burton, also of

California, and I set out on a three-day tour of Mississippi to visit trouble spots and the young men and women fighting for civil rights -- and risking their lives.

We were well aware of the problems of Mississippi, but we wanted to see for ourselves the facts of the grim, grinding and often horrible struggle to start Mississippi on the way into the 20th Century.

Mississippi is unlike any other State in the Union. Its people have the lowest average annual income, the lowest average education and the least equality of opportunity.

With all this Mississippi has a continuing history of violence, enforced segregation and lynching.

The young men and women who went into Mississippi to encourage Negroes to register and vote have been risking their lives not just for Mississippi Negroes but for all of us. For history teaches that only by ensuring the freedom of all citizens today can we ensure our own freedom tomorrow.

On June 15th thirteen Congressmen had joined me in formally requesting the Attorney General to send Federal marshals into Mississippi to protect the civil rights volunteers.

In a speech on the Floor of the House I had warned of impending violence. Within a week, that warning became tragically true. Three young civil rights workers, including Andrew Goodman from Manhattan's West Side, had disappeared from Philadelphia, Mississippi.

In Mississippi, we spent three long days and nights traveling, talking, seeing and trying to understand just what was happening. I visited communities and groups of civil rights workers throughout the state, including Philadelphia, the delta area in the Northwest where almost every pickup truck seemed to have a built-in rack for rifles, and the McComb area in the Southwest.

We saw enough to shame any American, and far more than I have space to tell in this issue of Ryan Reports. We slept in a home where an armed volunteer stands watch every night. When we stopped for traffic lights, strangers furiously wrote down our car license number. As my companions told me "They call it in to some central headquarters. It's like a police state... within a state."

We were impressed with the courage and patriotism of the volunteers and staff of the Mississippi Summer Project. In the various centers

I talked with students, teachers, ministers, lawyers, and others from our 20th District who are devoting their vacation to voter registration and Freedom School programs. Their activity shows the great potential of a domestic peace corps.

On our return I again formally asked both President Johnson and the Attorney General to station at least one Federal marshal or agent with every group of civil rights workers and at every county Courthouse. Again, I warned of imminent violence and bloodshed.

Within 36 hours, that warning was fulfilled. The McComb "Freedom House" of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee was bombed. Although ten persons were sleeping in the house, no one was seriously injured.

Ironically, after I had visited that "Freedom House" in McComb, the local police chief had personally told me police had no objections to voter registration drives and would give adequate protection to the youths.

I have again called on the Federal government to station agents in Mississippi to uphold the law and to ensure the safety of both Mississippi Negroes and the summer volunteers.

And they deserve our protection. For perhaps more than any other Americans they are seeking to carry out President Johnson's call to "transform the commands of our law into the customs of our land."

*William F. Ryan*  
M.C.

Note: Bill Ryan (Dem.) is congressman for the 20th N.Y. District, on the west side of Manhattan, where BROADSIDE is also located.

# I'M GOIN' TO GET MY BABY OUTA JAIL

by Len H. Chandler

Tune: "I Had To Stand And Stare"  
(same author)

© 1964 Fall River Music

The musical notation is written on a single staff in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of four lines of music. The first line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is: C4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). The second line continues: C4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). The third line continues: C4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). The fourth line continues: C4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), B4 (quarter), C5 (quarter), B4 (quarter), A4 (quarter), G4 (quarter), F4 (quarter), E4 (quarter), D4 (quarter), C4 (quarter). Chords are indicated above the notes: C, F, C, G7, F, C, Em, F, C, G7, F, C.

Well, they phoned and said the word  
had come today / They phoned, etc.  
Now I'm meetin' all the lawyers at  
the court house right away  
Yes, I'm goin' to get my baby, etc.

The highest courts all honored her  
appeal (twice)

They said she wasn't guilty and  
she got a dirty deal  
So I'm goin' to get my baby, etc.

Every po-lice in this county knows  
her name (twice)

But I'm goin' to get my baby just  
the same  
Yes, I'm goin, etc.

My baby wouldn't let me pay her fine (twice)  
She said she wasn't guilty and she wouldn't pay one dime  
But I'm goin' to get my baby outa jail.

Only one thing more keeps workin' on  
my mind / One thing more, etc.

If high court costs and lawyers fees  
ain't something like a fine  
But I'm goin', etc.

You know I must have walked a valley on my floor (twice)  
Just waitin' for her footsteps and her knockin' at my door  
But I'm goin' to get my baby outa jail.

(Mrs. Gloria R. D. 200)

~~There~~ There was a lady -- a schoolteacher from Orangeburg, South Carolina, -- at this benefit up here, and she told about how she had gone into this white hospital waiting room when she was pregnant, and they came and arrested her because she refused to move to the Negro waiting room. This young rookie cop came and arrested her, just like off the street, without consulting the Chief or any other superiors. So when they got her in there, and saw she was pregnant, they got sort of up tight and they wanted to get rid of her because it was, you know, sort of a bad mark against them. She wasn't the usual kind of hotel guest they liked to have in the jail. And so they gave her a low bond. She was notorious in the area anyway as being a very big civil rights worker.

"But she wouldn't pay her bail. She just wouldn't pay it -- because she said that she was innocent, and refused to participate. They gave her one of those quick hokey-pokey trials and gave her like a very low fine -- five dollars or something -- just to get rid of her. So she wouldn't pay the fine. So then she was in jail, and everybody else shoved her court case up on the dockets and it went to the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, and there the decision was reversed in her favor -- they said to turn her loose, right? And so I wrote this song as if I were her husband at home waiting to come and get her.

"She, by the way, and her husband were fired from their respective jobs. She was a schoolteacher, and he was teaching at the University. They were both fired for their participation in the movement." -- Len Chandler, introducing above song on a tape recording, Sept., 1964.

UNCLE TOM'S PRAYER

By Matthew Jones © by author 1964

The musical score is written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody is as follows:

I am an uncle tom, Lord —  
 That's what the people say — But I  
 ain't no uncle tom, Lord, I'm just a  
 little a-fraid. Oh, help me, Lord, to/  
 stand  
 up and be a man, and fight segre-  
 gation— as long as I can.

2. Well, what about my house, Lord  
 You know those notes are high,  
 Well, you know I need my house,  
 Lord  
 That ain't no lie. (Chrous)
3. Oh, what about my job, Lord  
 What shall I do  
 You know if I join that line,  
 Lord  
 You know my job is through (Cho.)

A Negro in Mississippi loses his job because he dared take his child to a so-called integrated school.

What happens to his family then?

Benjamin Frank, owner of the Corduroy Corner on Lexington Av., has devised a plan to "adopt" such families until the breadwinner can find another job.

Mr. Frank has taken it on his own to conduct friends, local businessmen, and clothing dealers he trades with to send money and clothes to Miss.

"Many people here don't know how or what to do to help Southern Negroes who are victims of what I call 'economic death,'" Frank said yesterday.

For nine years in the Village and six at his present location, he has attached signs to his windows that read:

"Brotherhood Is Everybody's Business."

With a contribution box inside his shop he collects about \$20 a month, which he matches and sends to the NAACP.

In one month of "adoption" campaigning, Frank has already taken in about \$250 from business colleagues to send to two Mississippi families. A. J. Lewis of Carthage is one "adoptee"; Mrs. Dolores Hunter of Jackson is the other.

Lewis was fired from his lumber yard job when he tried to enter his daughter in an all-white school. Mrs. Hunter, mother of 10, was fired for the same reason.

AIN'T NO USE TO SIT AND WONDER WHY, CHUCK

By Len H. Chandler © by author 1964

Ain't no use to sit and wonder why, Chuck  
 If you don't know by now  
 Ain't no use to sit and wonder why, Chuck  
 That I'd rather die than bow  
 When the rooster crows at the break of dawn  
 Just look out the window, Chuck, and I'll be  
 marchin' on  
 I'll keep on marchin' till old Jim Crow's  
 gone  
 Don't think twice, we might fight.

Ain't no use in turnin' on your light,  
 Chuck  
 The light I never knowed  
 Ain't no use in turnin' on your light,  
 Chuck  
 I'm on the dark side of the road -- ('nough  
 said)  
 I wish there was somethin' you could do  
 or say  
 We never did too much successful negotiatin'  
 anyway (That's somethin', ain't it? --  
 spoken over 2-bar instrumental)  
 Don't think twice, we might fight.

Ain't no use in callin' me those names,  
 Chuck  
 Like you always did before  
 Ain't no use in callin' me those names,  
 Chuck  
 They don't hurt me any more  
 Thinkin' and wonderin' goin' all down the  
 road  
 You always called me "boy", I was a man you  
 know  
 It's about time you let me share my part of  
 the load  
 Don't think twice, we might fight.

I'm headin' down that long Freedom road,  
 Chuck  
 Where it ends no one can tell  
 You better come along with me, Chuck  
 Or you can go to hell  
 I'm not sayin' that you treated me unkind  
 You just done me terrible, Chuck, and I sure  
 do mind  
 You're not wastin' any more of my precious  
 time  
 Don't think twice, we might fight.

Editor's note: For many years Negroes have referred to the white man as "Uncle Charley." Here, reflecting changed times, Len Chandler affectionately uses the diminutive "Chuck".

# DEAD and GONE

words and music by Julius Lester  
 © by Julius Lester, 1964

Bottle neck style

CHORUS

Dead and gone ——— Oh, boy, ——— dead ——— and gone.

Dead and gone ——— Oh, boy, ——— dead and gone.

Lord, he's ly-in' ——— in his grave, Nev-er did a damn thing wrong. ——— I asked the Lord ——— Dont let Pearl Riv-er be my bu-rying ground. ——— I asked the Lord ——— Dont let Pearl Riv-er be my bu-rying ground.

Lord dont let no lynching rope bear my bo-dy down.

CHORUS

Long side the river  
 Flowers smell so sweet } 2x  
 But when you go fishing  
 Take along a winding sheet.

CHORUS

Well it's a long way to heaven } 2x  
 But a short trip to the grave }  
 less time than you can blink your eye  
 You can be on your way.

CHORUS

Note: Last summer a fisherman on the Pearl River (boundary between Mississippi and Louisiana) hooked half a human body. Parts of a second body were found a few hours later. This is not uncommon in that part of the U. S.; streams are regular dumping places for murdered and lynched Negroes (Emmett Till, Mack Parker). But interest was aroused in this instance because the search was on for the three Mississippi civil rights workers (including two white youths). This interest quickly waned when it was found that the two were not connected with the case. They were two Negroes just part of the regular toll.

Bottle neck style

# DELTA BLUES

words and music by Julius Lester  
© by Julius Lester

I'd rath-er drink mud-dy wa-ter,  
Sleep out a hol-low loq. I'd rath-er  
drink mud-dy wa-ter, Sleep out a hol-low loq.  
Than to be in Mis-sis-sip-pi,  
Liv-in' like a dir-ty loq.

It's down in the Delta,  
Cotton up to my front door } 2x  
Time the bogs and the white men get there  
It ain't surprisin' I'm poor.

Thirty cents an hour  
And I'm over twenty-one } 2x  
And you know my mother told me  
that my life had just begun

Mary had a baby  
But I don't believe it's mine } 2x  
Baby's got blue eyes  
And his hairs just just a little too fine.

## GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

(Traditional, adapted & arranged by Fanny Lou Hamer & S.N.C.C.)

Go tell it on the moun-tain,  
o-ver the hills and ev'-ry-where,  
Go tell it on moun-tain To let my people  
go! O, Paul & Si-las bound in jail,  
Let my peo-ple go! O, had no money to  
go their bail, Let my peo-ple go!

2. Who's that yonder dressed in red?  
Let my people go!  
It must be the children Bob Moses led  
Let my people go! Chorus
3. Who's that yonder dressed in black?  
It must be the Uncle Tom's turning back.  
Chorus
4. There was a book given to me  
Every page spelled victory.  
Chorus

The "freedom version of this old spiritual is a curious mixture. It is sung in two versions in the South. One is the Peter, Paul and Mary version which is sung most often by the Freedom Singers with the above verses. The other version is the above, more traditional, with PP and M overtones. This song has most often been associated with Mrs. Fanny Lou Hamer of Ruleville, Mississippi, a great singer in addition to her other fine qualities and achievements. Television viewers during the Democratic Convention saw her leading the singing of this song at a rally outside Convention Hall.

-- Julius Lester

THE MISSISSIPPI  
CARAVAN OF MUSIC

By BOB COHEN  
Director, Summer 1964

Twenty two artists participated this past summer in the MISSISSIPPI CARAVAN OF MUSIC. Those taking part were: Len Chandler, Bob Cohen, Judy Collins, Jim Crockett, Barbara Dane, Alix Dobkin, The Eastgate Singers (Adam & Paula Cochran, James Mason, Jim Cristy), Jim & Jean Glover, Carolyn Hester, Greg Hildebrand, Roger Johnson, Peter La Farge, Phil Ochs, Cordell Reagon, Pete Seeger, Ricky Sherover, Gil Turner, Jackie Washington and Don Winkelman. They came down for varying periods of time all summer long, travelling to and performing at all of the over thirty projects in Mississippi.

The Caravan is a cultural arm of the Mississippi Freedom Project -- the most ambitious civil rights project ever. Over 800 volunteers -- students and professionals -- spent the summer opening up the "closed society"-- manning freedom schools, community centers, helping to form the Freedom Democratic Party, researching Federal Programs, bringing people down to the courthouses to register to vote, answering telephones and mopping floors. Singing is the backbone and balm of this movement. Somehow you can go on in the face of violence and death, cynicism and inaction of the FBI, the indifference of the Federal government -- when you can sing with your band of brothers:

"They say that Freedom  
is a constant struggle,  
Oh Lord, we've struggled  
so long, we must be free..."

"They say that Freedom  
is a constant dying..."

or

"This may be the last time..  
may be the last time  
I don't know."

or

"This little vote of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine...  
I've got the light of freedom,  
All in the Citizens Council...  
All in Mississippi, Lord...  
All in the White House...  
Let it shine, let it shine,  
let it shine."

The first song helped many of us get over the paralyzing fear we felt when the news came of the disappearance of the three civil rights workers in Philadelphia, Mississippi. We sang it just before we left the orientation session at Oxford, Ohio, to go to the South.

But it wasn't only freedom songs that kept us going. I remember one very busy day in the office when someone started singing a Hebrew round, "Hava Na Shira" ("Sing Hallelujah") -- slowly the rest of us picked it up -- and soon three parts were going with everyone continuing about their work, phones ringing and typewriters clicking. The rest of the afternoon was spent in working and singing -- "Dona Nobis Pacem" and "Hey Ho, Nobody Home" (an old English round which was very close to Mississippi 1964 reality: "Meat nor drink nor money have I none...")

Those Caravan singers who could stay for a longer period than a week, spent two or more days at each project. Others went from place to place on a rather hectic schedule. A typical Caravan day would begin with the singers participating in a class on Negro history at the Freedom School. They showed that freedom songs were sung back in the days of slavery -- and how some songs even blueprinted the way to freedom on the underground railroad. The singers demonstrated the important contribution of Negro music in every aspect of American musical and cultural history. For children who have been educated -- or rather brainwashed -- by the public

## Mississippi Caravan -- 2

school system to accept the myth of their own inferiority this was an exhilarating revelation. For the majority of adults as well as children it was the first time they had heard of such great musical artists as Leadbelly and Big Bill Broonzy. For many the music they had learned to be ashamed of was given new stature by the visiting musicians.

Completing a program at one Freedom School the Caravan group would travel on to another, usually a trip of one or two hours. There they would hold a workshop informally with the students in the afternoon. These workshops generally wound up with whatever the singers and children were mutually most interested in -- anything from folkdancing to African rounds to English ballads to learning the guitar chords for Skip To My Lou. After time out for some dinner there would be a mass rally to sing for, or a hootenanny that might last three hours.

It seemed to me that the farther out in the country and the more ramshackle the wooden church the greater was the singing. I'm thinking particularly of a mass rally in Ruleville, home town of Mrs. Fanny Lou Hamer (more about her later), where the singing nearly blew off the roof.

I'm sure the other singers all have illuminating experiences to tell of their travels over Mississippi. One thing, I believe, we all shared. That was returning to Freedom House late at night and then singing on into the early hours of the morning with the civil rights workers who had little other opportunity just to relax and let off steam. In ways like this the Caravan, in addition to its educational and cultural work, served an important function as a morale booster for the others in the civil rights movement, both volunteers from out of state and local rights workers.

Another aspect of Caravan activities was that they sometimes stimulated local white people to participate for the first time in an integrated function (non-violently, that is!). A number of white Mississippians turned out for concerts that Julius Lester, Len Chandler and Cordell Reagon gave on the Gulf coast. When Pete Seeger sang in McComb two white college students came to hear him. Several days later they had dinner with some of the civil rights workers. Soon afterward when Pete sang in Jackson four students from Ole Miss attended. They, too, were so impressed that they showed up a few days later in the Jackson Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) office, expressing interest in the Freedom Schools. All this of course took considerable courage on the part of these white local youths. One of the main aims of the Citizens Councils and their ilk is to intimidate and terrorize local whites so that they will suppress any decent instincts and remain immobilized. You might say that the above was another example of the power of music!

My own job was to direct and coordinate throughout the summer, as well as travelling around and singing myself. The phone, a map, and a calendar were the main equipment in the Jackson office where I and my wife, Susan, were stationed. Singers came into Jackson and I would spend a few hours trying to orient them to the unreality of Mississippi -- an almost impossible but necessary effort. Then I would plan a tour for them, sending them north, south, east and west (not all at once). Everyone travelled with groups. As far as the singers went, there were only two instances of police harrassment -- one person arrested for reckless driving and the other fined for blocking traffic. This was extremely

### Mississippi Caravan -- 3

good luck, considering the amount of travelling done. Unfortunately, it was not typical for most of the other volunteers and the Negro Mississippians.

A word about Mrs. Hamer, who is not only a dynamic leader but a great singer as well. Actually there is no contradiction here. When Mrs. Hamer finishes singing a few freedom songs one is aware that he has truly heard a fine political speech, stripped of the usual rhetoric and filled with the anger and determination of the civil rights movement. And on the other hand in her speeches there is the constant thunder and drive of music. Mrs. Hamer had a job sharecropping for 18 years. She lost it immediately after attempting to register to vote. On top of losing her livelihood she was beaten almost to death. Yet her spirit is indomitable and her humor as rich as the soil of the Delta. When she was running for the U.S. Congress earlier in the year one of the verses of one of her campaign songs went: (To the tune of "Oh Mary")

"If you miss me in the Missus' kitchen,  
And you can't find me nowhere,  
Come on over to Washington,  
I'll be Congresswoman there."

And another went:

"If you miss me in the Freedom fight,  
And you can't find me nowhere,  
Come on over to the graveyard,  
I'll be buried over there."

Yes, Mrs. Fanny Lou Hamer "knows her song well."

There are many ways to contribute to this Freedom struggle -- money, food, clothing, etc. But perhaps the most important contribution is your physical presence in Mississippi. The Mississippi Freedom Project is continuing through this winter and on into next summer. Freedom

Schools and community centers continue to be open. Now, more than ever, your presence is needed, not only to contribute your talents but to help focus the attention of the nation on this truly new frontier, a frontier being carved out with the courage and lives of Negro and white people.

Take along your guitar, harmonica, banjo, broken bottle neck (for playing only), autoharp, bass, car, songs, drums (Jim Crockett brought down a whole set of drums the kids went wild over), kazoos, jugs, voices and all the other hootenannies and thingamajigs you can find -- load 'em up and head down to the Magnolia State. Leave behind the people with "barrels of money who don't know how to sing" and join hands and voices with those from whom came the songs we sing.

If this is beginning to sound like a recruiting message addressed to all of you reading this article and those you can reach with the "good news" -- well, that's exactly what it is. Once you decide on the amount of time you can spend, and when you can do it, contact WENDY HEYEL, Caravan of Music, c/o COFO, 1017 Lynch Street, Jackson, Mississippi. She will then plan out a tour for you and expect you on the day you have specified. If you're in the New York area and have more questions, call me at TR 3-9118 or Julius Lester at OR 5-8581. The struggle in Mississippi is what this great country of the United States of America is all about. It's what the songs we sing are about. If people are jailed, beaten, murdered, and their houses and churches bombed and burned, just because they wish to sing their life's song with a straight back and a strong voice, then as long as this is happening none of us are truly free to sing out, be it in nightclubs, concert halls or even in our own homes.

P O E T R Y   S E C T I O N  
RANDOM THOUGHTS ON A MISSISSIPPI  
MUDDLE

By Len H. Chandler, Jr.

The muse has put  
A fire brand in my throat  
A new kind of passion has  
Put the pen back in my hand  
Cornered now and risking all  
Counting all my empty pockets  
Cursing every pinch mouthed  
    promise  
With a gun in my pen  
And my brain on the trigger  
"Baby I'll try to tell you  
    one mo' time."

LEAVING AND ARRIVING

I left my house  
In the usual mess  
That I leave it in  
When I am leaving  
I knocked on the door  
Of the Lady next door  
To say goodbye  
To her and her children  
Johnny kissed quick  
With his eyes all a-wonder  
At my suitcase in my hand  
And guitar on my shoulder  
Ronnie all wide-eyed  
And really not knowing  
That the kiss meant goodbye  
And the guitar meant going  
Johnny who's older  
Said "where is he going?"  
To the wars said I  
And his mother together  
To the wars and we said  
    together.

I strapped on my suitcase  
And started my scooter  
I'd too little time  
To go search for a taxi  
And raced it cross town  
For my last look at Nancy  
I hope not last look  
Just last look before leaving  
I hailed me a cab  
And got caught in the traffic  
All tense now with fear  
That I'd miss my connection  
I climbed in the side  
Of a sleek silver eagle

That could pierce darkest clouds  
And could make its own thunder  
Though the patchwork quilt earth  
Is a sight worth beholding  
I dreamed on the brink  
Of the nightmare I raced to

The turbulent air tossed me  
Out of my dreaming  
I saw cloud banks that look  
Like some cruel kind of sculpture  
Where are the clouds  
With the feather soft edges  
Thunder clouds gathered  
In dread somber warning  
In pillars of black  
From the sky to swamp land  
No smoking and  
Fasten your seat belt was flashing  
I land in a land  
Just one spark from explosion  
Where freedom fired fervor  
Has just started glowing

THERE ARE MANY HERE  
AND EVERYWHERE

Who pretend to defend  
But deform the defenseless  
With the cruelty of cancer  
Lay waste to the gentle  
Who turn of deaf ear  
To the pleas of the helpless  
Who buckle their belts  
Round the throats of the hopeful  
Who hit in the heart  
With their hate fashioned hammers  
Who sign first the pledge  
And proclaim their allegiance  
Who's harvest of hate  
Bears new seeds for sowing  
Who's marshes and swamps  
Hold a triangle secret  
Who's mothers are mothers  
Of pale insurrection  
Who's offering of peace  
Are a sheath for a dagger  
Who own all the wells  
But have never drawn water  
Who scatter the pieces  
Who burn and dismember

THERE ARE MANY HERE  
AND EVERYWHERE

Who dying of thirst  
Pollute an oasis  
Who spit on the hand that is  
Held out to help them

Mississippi Middle -- 2

Who rend their last garment  
To prepare for the winter  
Who gnaw at the hurdle  
They should lightly leap over  
Who fetter the feet  
Of the swift and the eager  
Who keep for their counsel  
The leech and the carrion  
Who'd rather eat crow  
Than fly with the eagle  
Who gasping for air  
Keep their head 'neath the pillow

MAYBE THERE ARE MANY HERE  
THERE MAY BE MANY EVERYWHERE

Who long for some liquor  
To help blur the image  
Who's eyes have grown dull  
Out of fear, out of focus  
Who's brain is all scarred  
From those long psychic beatings  
Who's waiting no more  
For the reign of King Jesus  
Who's life has been labor  
To fill others coffers  
Who has but one crime  
And one transgression  
Who was born in a land  
That would give him no blessing

HERE IS ONE

Condemned to the quarry  
He's hard as rock now  
With nothing to lose  
But his body and person  
Squinting at last now to  
Focus the vision  
Seeing he'd spent  
All his life bound in prison  
Seeing now clearly  
Who'd done all the beating  
Hearing new threats from  
The bullies who'd beat him  
Saying they'd leave him there  
Dead without gender  
Knowing they would  
Not too young to remember  
The violence they'd done  
To his brain and his body  
Having learned well  
All the lessons they'd taught him  
Tempered like steel  
In the fires that had forged him  
Taking the dare now  
To get what was owed him

He joined with the others  
And heard all the speaking  
The old songs they sung now  
All had a new meaning  
The prayers they had prayed  
Were a new kind of praying  
All circled in youngsters  
The lean clean and gentle  
He heard of non-violence  
A new kind of weapon  
He knew of the weapons  
The white man was using  
He couldn't believe  
What the others were saying  
He told of the knife  
And the gun he'd been keeping  
They preached and they pleaded  
And tried to convince him  
With love he must bear  
All the blows of the brutal  
And armed without arms  
Bear his thoughts to the jackal  
Clenching his teeth  
In a vise-like unyielding  
Spitting out words  
In a stream of hot rivets  
He told them that  
All he had left was his body  
And he would give that  
In a real fight for Freedom  
But before he would fall  
He would take a great number  
They said thanks for coming  
But your gun isn't needed

He wondered how thick  
Was their old constitution  
Would it fit in a hat  
To save heads from cracking  
He's standing in wait  
On the edge of the circle  
Knowing non-violence  
Is bait for all bullies

There's no sanctuary  
Where nothing is sacred  
The pagan will piss  
On the pious priests pulpit  
He'd kill the first one  
Who laid hands on his body  
Then he'd just keep on shooting  
And cutting and shooting  
His last shot he'd save to  
Make himself brainless  
If they caught him

Mississippi Muddle -- 3

They'd burn him  
And the good death is painless

HATE HATE !! ... OR?

The white heat of hate now  
Consumes the consumer  
The hat band of hate  
Stops the flow of their thinking  
And hate is the source  
Of the greatest subversion  
And the Halls of our Congress  
Are filled with contagion  
The counterfeit king  
Holding high a brass sceptre  
The houseboy turned whore  
Writhe in counterfeit pleasure  
With charm bracelets choking  
The life from our infants  
They bargain for Brand Names  
Worth more than the garment  
What hope has the lamb  
Where the wolf is made shepherd

Will the circle  
Be unbroken

By and by!!

Ring around the rosies  
Pocket full of posies  
Ashes to ashes  
We all fall down

With hope for the future  
Should I lay my heart open  
Where hate sears the hair  
On my chin and my eyebrows  
Where it reeks now  
Of reckless  
To walk where you want to

Ring around the steak house  
Pocket full of pennies  
Bashes to crashes  
We all fall down

When the maker of whips  
Is the first to be beaten  
When I open my eyes  
And I'm glad to see morning  
When I don't fear the food  
That they set on the table  
When a knife is a tool  
Just to cut out a cancer  
When a gun is a fear  
That's been long since  
forgotten

When bomb is a bad word  
Not fit for mixed company  
When law breakers gently are  
Cared for in clinics  
When borders are not even  
Counted in crossing  
When birth is a blessing  
And babes are born smiling  
When death is quiet  
That comes to the aged  
Then MAN will be MAN  
In all UPPER CASE LETTERS.

WE SHALL OVERCOME  
July, '64

(Editor's note: Len Chandler wrote "Random Thoughts" down in Mississippi where he spent most of the summer with the CARAVAN of MUSIC. For an earlier poem by Len see Broadside #42.)

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" F R E E D O M "

By Carol Lee Alberts

Time passes by like a lonely vigil  
Marking fate when the day is done,  
And seeds of wrath sown in defiance  
Blind men's hearts, but the hour has  
come  
Not for to weep, let fall the coward;  
God knows their struggle has just begun.  
Stand high upon that white top mountain,  
Look down then tell me what you see --  
Tall oaks that will not, shall not waver,  
Dark shadows and fire midst the trees.  
Lend an ear my friend, to hear a pleading  
That, in truth, should shame both you  
and me.  
But listen he will if listen he wishes  
Yet, what care he of another's pain!  
So dark dawn falls on a country's anger  
But the wounded raven has more to gain  
Than a broken flight and empty dreaming  
As he fights and dies in freedom's name.  
No more, no less simply all our tomorrows,  
One after another, winter to spring  
Pass like the Dove of Peace on her  
journey  
To a land of hope where freedom bells  
ring.  
But where or when? Time alone holds the  
answer,  
And only God knows what tomorrow will  
bring.

SOME OF THIS AND SOME OF THAT

LETTERS

Dear Broadside & Dear Malvina:

I looked up the definition of the word plagiarism in our Webster's New World dictionary of the American language which some Peoples' Songs members were working on back in 1946, and found out that I was wrong and you were right in at least this much: I should have said "Long Live Borrowing" for I didn't intend for the borrower to claim that he had never borrowed.

I'm also with you 100% in your feeling that songwriters are not properly paid for their work. As you say, creative workers, who are usually several steps away on the economic ladder from the consumers' dollar, rarely get paid decently. And I've always known that songwriters get the shitty end of the stick. Standard songwriters' contracts are outrageous; royalties are far too low. If the day ever comes when songwriters are overpaid let the income tax pare their excess down.

But if you think that songwriters should not borrow ideas from other songs then I think you're wrong. One of the reasons why I always admired Woody so was that he hadn't the slightest compunction in taking over a half-good song and trying to make it better, whether or not he knew the song was 5 years old or 500 years old. Leadbelly did the same. Bob Dylan does the same. And frankly, I think you sometimes do the same, fortunately.

Beethoven himself said "I am a joiner". My father and some other musicologists once argued as to how much of Beethoven could be considered original and how much was borrowed from tradition or from other sources. And they finally, after several hours of discussion, analyzing melodies, harmonies, scales,

rhythms, decided that 15% of a Beethoven symphony could be called original. The rest was part of the heritage which he and all of us were given by previous generations.

Don't you agree that in this modern world there's a great deal too much made out of the cult of originality? If a product, whether it's an artistic product or any other product, is to be made better, isn't it silly for the producer to refuse to use some other person's good idea to accomplish this simply because it is not "original"? And for the life of me I can't see what difference it makes if this other person happens to be living or dead. Basically, morally, I mean. Okay, legally? Legally, we've got a copyright law, and a copyright owner can sue somebody. We have a patent law, and the owner of a patent can sue somebody. And under our present system of society this is the only way the producer can get any income. Okay, I'll go along with that. But I still say it's for the birds.

My whole article which I sent to Broadside on the spur of the moment -- on a whim -- was sparked off by a rather long article on the copyright law which my father wrote for Western Folklore a few years ago. It was called "An Answer to G. Legman". Legman had attacked Alan Lomax ferociously for copyrighting folksongs, and father tried to bring out a balance between the two, pointing out the good and the bad sides. And he had this sentence, which I think SING OUT once reprinted: "Perhaps the Russians have done right in abolishing the copyright law... after all, every folksong we know is essentially the product of plagiarism."

Sincerely, PETER SEEGER

SOME OF THIS...

Pangs Of Starvation

Tune: "Bells of Rhymney"  
Words: Steven R. Strake  
Copyright 1964 by author

Who knows we are here?  
Say the poor with a tear.  
We're not trying to be rude,  
Say the hands begging food.  
Who made the devil?  
Say the cursed men of hell.  
Who stole my bread?  
Say the babies, half fed.  
They turned us away  
Say the men old and grey.  
The whole world's full of greed,  
Say the men eating weeds.  
Even God is not fair,  
Say the blind men that stare.  
Oh, your faith is a lie,  
Say the starved as they die.

Send the fools to the tower,  
Say the stone men in power.  
All will be well if, if, if,  
Say proponents of myth.  
Why so worried, friends of life?  
Say the few who know no strife.  
Oh, who knows we are here?  
Say the poor with a tear.

The earth does not turn,  
Say the martyrs that burn.  
Oh, give me my knife,  
Say the men sick of life.  
And to hell with creation,  
Say the pangs of starvation,  
And to hell with creation,  
Say the pangs of starvation.

=====

"This is the lyrics to a song  
looking for a title & some music.  
It's my opinion of all the people  
who tell the Negro 'Wait another  
hundred years.'" Joan Pantsios.

They say "Sing softly;  
Songs are sweeter that way;  
A low, calm, whisp'ring song  
Is nicer for today."

But I can't sing softly,  
It's not my way;  
A song sung softly  
Can have no meaning for today.

They say "Speak softly,  
It's easier that way;  
If you state your thoughts  
firmly  
We all will turn away."

But I can't speak softly,  
It's not my way;  
A voice speaking softly  
Will not be heard today.  
They say "Don't fight so hard,  
Freedom will come someday.  
In the meantime, you'd better  
wait."  
That's what "good" people say.

But I'll keep fighting on,  
It's the only way;  
If everyone's to have freedom  
now,  
And not wait for someday.

=====

THE CRACKUP CANNONBALL  
Tune: "Wabash Cannonball"  
Words: Ernie Marrs  
c 1964 by author

From the coast of California  
to the Sarasota sands,  
From Boston to Seattle,  
there's tension in the land  
And the younger generation  
isn't understood at all --  
We're headed for the nuthouse  
on the Crackup Cannonball.

It's a greedy world we live in,  
it's all "hurrah for ME",  
The values we were given  
are like paint upon a tree  
Along Life's frenzied freeway  
you can hear the sirens squall --  
They're coming with white jackets  
on the Crackup Cannonball.

Listen to the jingle  
on the television set,  
Tell your psychiatrist  
what you tried to forget,  
And drink to drown the memories  
of the things that you recall--  
We're headed for the nuthouse  
on the Crackup Cannonball.

(continued)

Crackup Cannonball -- 2

How will you earn your living  
after graduation day?  
Who will hear your problems  
when your best friend goes away?  
Your parents just won't listen,  
they think they know it all --  
And yet they're fellow travelers  
on the Crackup Cannonball.

We have to study harder  
than our parents ever did,  
They've speeded up the lessons  
that they cram into each kid --  
Oh, God, why is the book so big,  
and why's the day so small?  
Well, no one checks your homework  
on the Crackup Cannonball.

When sex and liquor fail you  
and dope just isn't real,  
And no one that you know  
can understand the way you feel,  
What is left to turn to  
after all the idols fall?  
The turnstile turns quite freely  
to the Crackup Cannonball.

Our faith in God is shaken  
by the things we daily see  
As all Mankind gets mangled  
in the world's machinery;  
We cling to a plastic Jesus  
and a picture on the wall --  
While the whistle's screaming  
louder  
on the Crackup Cannonball.

They call us wartime babies,  
and this is surely true;  
One war or another  
was all we ever knew.  
The young men go to battle,  
and on the field they fall,  
They come home in little boxes  
on the Crackup Cannonball.

Our Freedom state's a dandy,  
the politicians say,  
They tell us we've got something  
that the Reds would take away  
And the Reds say we stole something  
that should belong to all --  
There's plenty of confusion  
on the Crackup Cannonball.

You hear your parents chatter  
of the wall around Berlin,  
But they don't see the walls  
they built  
to lock their children in;

Inside your mental prison,  
your mind spins like a ball --  
Or a top about to topple  
on the Crackup Cannonball.

So here's to Father Sigmund,  
and Jung and Adler too --  
The whole world's going crazy,  
except for me and you!  
There's a peaceful womb behind us,  
that's where we ought to crawl--  
Let's go backward with Barry  
on the Crackup Cannonball.

Aug. 31, 1964

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U.S. REFUSES VISA TO EWAN MacCOLL

A one-month American concert tour by British folksinger and ballad writer, Ewan MacColl, and his wife, the former Peggy Seeger, has been cancelled because the U.S. Embassy in London refused MacColl a visa.

Mr. Harold Leventhal, their manager, said in a statement:

"Mr. MacColl is Britain's outstanding folklorist and a folksinger of international reputation. In 1960 he appeared at the Newport Folk Festival and for years has been a favorite of Americans interested in folk music. The failure of Mr. MacColl to receive a visa for a concert tour which was booked in eleven cities and several college campuses is a blow to cultural freedom. I received a cable from Ewan MacColl that the U.S. Embassy in London advised him that he was considered ineligible for a visa due to some regulation regarding his 'alleged' political beliefs... I instructed my attorneys to immediately appeal this ruling. Efforts were made in Washington and at the U.S. Embassy in London to have a waiver issued but, receiving no favorable reply, I was forced to cancel the tour at a great loss to the many promoters who had already hired halls and sold tickets... I will continue to seek a reversal of this unwarranted ruling and hope that the concert tour can be rescheduled in the spring, 1965."

NOTES: A set of three 12" L-P records of WOODY GUTHRIE singing 28 of his songs and talking about his early life to ALAN LOMAX has now been released. These are the historic recordings Woody made in 1940 for the Library of Congress, and are released through ELEKTRA Records in an arrangement with the GUTHRIE CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND, Rm. 1304, 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, from which they can be ordered (\$10 for the set of three, boxed). Woody is at his best singing such songs as "Pretty Boy Floyd", "So Long", "I Ain't Got No Home In This World Anymore." In his conversation with Alan Lomax he tells about the joys and tragedies of his boyhood, dust storms, "rambling", etc... Arrangements have also been made with the N.Y. publishers, MACMILLAN, to bring out in the Fall of 1965 a book of Woody's writings, some of the voluminous Guthrie material as yet unpublished... ELEKTRA has released an L-P of TOM PAXTON singing his own songs. Title of the album: "Ramblin Boy". Incidentally, the title song has been recorded by the KINGSTON TRIO, both for their new album and as a single... PHIL OCHS is recording a 2nd L-P for ELEKTRA (to be out around the first of the year). A songbook of some 45 or 50 of Phil's songs has been issued by Appleseed Music, 200 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019... PETER LA FARGE has been asked to sing for PRESIDENT JOHNSON at a rally in Baltimore, Oct. 22nd. Peter's "Ira Hayes (Broadside # 11-12) is now No. 2 on the national "country & western" hit parade as sung by Johnny Cash. Peter also has finished recording a new album of Indian songs for FOLKWAYS... DAYLE STANLEY'S 2nd L-P, "After The Snow", is to be released in Jan. by Squire. As on her first album, "Child of Hollow Times", most of the songs will be the writing of Dayle and her husband, Steve Scotti... Several new Broadside-type song publications have made their appearance. THE BROADSIDE OF NEW BRITAIN, CONN. is put out by Bill Comeau, with a lot of his own "talking blues" commentaries on the times. ET TU, 5300 Berridge Rd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90032, 25¢ a copy, has just issued #2 with songs mainly by west coast writers (Jerry Farber, Van Tibbels, Joe McDonald, Malvina Reynolds, etc)... Meanwhile, both the BROADSIDE OF BOSTON, Box 65, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, and WASHINGTON FOLK STRUMS, 7906 Woodbury Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland, are now putting in topical songs (Ochs, Paxton, et cetera)... Concerts in the N.Y.C. area: JERRY SILVERMAN Oct. 31 at KOSSUTH HALL, 346 E. 69th St.; TONY HERBERT at Kossuth Hall Oct. 30; BOB DYLAN at PHILHARMONIC HALL Oct. 31; JUDY COLLINS at TOWN HALL Nov. 20; CLANCY BROS. & TOMMY MAKEM at CARNEGIE HALL Nov. 28; PETE SEEGER at CARNEGIE HALL Dec. 26, and at the Westchester County Center, White Plains, Dec. 27... JULIUS LESTER is now teaching guitar at the NOAH WULFE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 111 W. 48th St., N.Y.C.... BOB COHEN is teaching music at the Bank Street Elementary School... BOB DYLAN is reported to be making a movie, written, produced, directed and acted by himself... FOLKWAYS Records (165 W. 46 St., New York, N.Y. 10036) is issuing a 2nd L-P of PETE SEEGER singing Broadside songs (FA 2456). Should be out by now. This is "another side of Pete Seeger", singing quieter songs -- Malvina Reynolds' "From Way Up Here", DAVE ARKIN & WALLY HILLE's "The Dove", his own "To My Old Brown Earth" and "Flowers of Peace."

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