

Broadside # 61

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IN THIS ISSUE: "Mississippi" by Charyn Sutton. "Nectar Of God" by Patrick Sky. "Seventy Miles" by Malvina Reynolds. Also songs by Pat Lanigan, Tim Ryan, Les Rice, Steve Meltzer, Bill Frederick and Milton Heimlich. Poems: Bob Rogers and Arthur Levinson. Reports: the San Francisco, Berkeley and Newport Folk Festivals.

MISSISSIPPI

Words & Music by CHARYN SUTTON

Copyright 1965 by Charyn Sutton

Refrain

Too many people have hung from the trees of — Missis-sippi — Missis-sippi.
Too many people have died in the swamps of — Missis-sippi — Missis-sippi.

Too many people have fled to the ghettos of the North from Missis-sippi Missis-sippi

1, 2 & 3 Last time FINE Verse 1

sip-pi -sippi, Mississip-pi, Mississip-pi, Mississip-pi. Take a walk down to
Greenwood, Missis-sippi, Down in the Del-ta land Where a Ne- gro can't vote or get/
de-cent ed-u-cation and he's not e-ven called a man, Where sharecrops for un- der three
dollars a day and he has to be an Un-cle Tom; If he doesn't "Yes, Sir, Mis-ter
Charlie" all his life, then he fears the Klan and the — bomb. (To Refrain)

[Transcribed by Agnes Cunningham]

Then go down to Jackson, Mississippi
But not if your skin is brown
'Cause even though it's a pretty big city
Thinks like a Southern town
And if you're a so-called white agitator
Then all you'll meet is hate
'Cause they think you're a nigger-lovin'
Yankee invader
Come to wreck their sovereign state.

Refrain

Then go down to Neshoba, Mississippi
Where the Klansmen rule by fear
And if two dead hadn't been white in
Philadelphia
Then the world would never hear
For who knows how many have died in the
Delta
And how many lives have been lost
Only the people who live in Mississippi
By the light of the flaming cross.

Refrain

"'Mississippi' has already gained a fair amount of fame in Boston, Philadelphia and Washington. Phil Ochs heard it when he was at Brandeis and suggested I send it to you. I am 18, went to Brandeis for a year. I've sung at hoots at Cholmondeley's, at the Gilded Cage in Philly, and on numerous demonstrations. There are no chords on the song because I do not -- as yet -- play any instrument. I make the rhythmic sound with whatever is handy, usually two sticks of some kind." Charyn Sutton.

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Nectar of God

Words & Music by PATRICK SKY
 © 1965 Ravenswood Music

"Nectar Of God" is sung by Pat Sky on his new Vanguard LP, PATRICK SKY.

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 3/4. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the guitar accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the melody. Chord symbols are placed above the guitar staff. The score includes the following lyrics and chords:

1. It's a dirty old world, It'll make a man cry, — All ^{the} do nothings live
 God a-mighty now, And the good people die. — 2. Well
 4 & 9. Late in the eye-ning and early in the morn — The mist on Dog
 mountain hangs low, — And the voice of my mo-ther rides
 in on the down wind — saying, Son, don't stay too long. —

Chord symbols: E (no 3rd), D, A9, E (no 3rd), D, E maj., D, E (no 3rd), D, E (no 3rd).

(* Tune for verses 1 thru 3 & 5 thru 8)

2. Well when I left home
 My mother said, son
 Go into the world
 God a-mighty now
 But don't go wrong.
3. And so here I sit
 In a world without pain
 While the Nectar of God
 God a-mighty now
 Well it flows in my veins.
4. (see music)
5. Well the green leaves of autumn
 They fall from the floor
 And inside is outside
 God a-mighty now
 And I can't find the door.
6. Well you ask what's a blues
 Well I'll tell you if I can
 It's a ten dollar woman
 God a-mighty now
 And a five dollar man
7. I got the blues in my coffee
 And I got the blues in my head
 If I die in the gutter
 God a-mighty now
 Well at least I'd be dead
8. Well I don't like living
 But I don't want to die
 Cause if I was dead
 God a-mighty now
 Well I'd miss gettin' high.
9. (see music)



HITLER AINT DEAD

Words & Music by BILL FREDERICK

NEW YORK TIMES,

JULY 6, 1965.

Lyndon says it's fine and grand to see the flag of our country in a foreign land. The people applaud, the mandate is clear; Didn't Ger-man-y die to the sound of a cheer? Hitler ain't dead, Hitler ain't dead, Hit-ler ain't dead, that's the rumor I hear.

Vietnamese Torture

To the Editor:
A particularly disturbing aspect of our Vietnam policy is the torturing of prisoners by the Vietnamese with the acceptance and tacit approval of the United States "advisers." Various reports indicate that such torture is common if not routine, and occurs with the full knowledge and in the presence of American officers, who do not protest.

To my knowledge, the regular use of torture in the interrogation of prisoners has not been a part of American policy in any previous war. The American people have not been asked whether they wish to break with our previous tradition of abstaining from such procedures.

German Observation

A German friend, after reading a detailed report of such a torture (heavy needle under thumbnail, in presence of American officer) in a widely read and responsible German news magazine (Der Spiegel, June 16) said to me "Now perhaps the Americans will stop talking about what we did." What answer could I give him, except the very lame one that the atrocities being committed under our aegis are thus far on a smaller scale than the Nazi crimes.

Gas in the jungle, gas on the street,
Shot by a soldier or a cop on the beat.
Saigon to Selma to City Hall
With his hand on the dollar & his
back to the wall,
Hitler ain't dead (3X), he just talks
with a drawl.

There's an army marchin' in the world
today,
Fightin' civilized wars in a civilized
way.
Christian & pure, fresh & clean,
Washed by the priests with Listerine,
Hitler ain't dead (3X), he just joined
the Marines.

Dance to the tune of a civilized hate,
Just a few more Reds to exterminate.
Business, labor & Congress agree
Just like they used to in Germany.
Hitler ain't dead (3X), it just
smells that way.

Just a few more countries we have
to invade,
A few more dollars that have to be made,
A few more people that have to be sprayed,
Then we'll all drink Freedom Lemonade.
Hitler ain't dead (3X), he's just a
little decayed.

There's people marchin' in the world
tonight,
Ain't scared of a jail, ain't scared
of a fight.

With bamboo spears & antique guns,
Singin' freedom songs to the sound
of a drum, sayin'
Hitler ain't dead (3X), but his
time has come.

Repeat 1st verse.

Copyright 1965 by Bill Frederick

He Recites From Memory

And then the President recited from memory a passage from a speech he had learned for a recitation contest at the age of 8 or 9:
"I have seen the glories of art and architecture, and mountain and river; I have seen the sunset on the Jungfrau, and the full moon rise over Mont Blanc. But the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land."

"We are not interveners in the Dominican Republic," he said. "The people who are, are the people who were trained on the outside, who came in to overthrow that Government and have a Communist seizure."
Freedom is under attack and at stake in both the Dominican Republic and Vietnam, he said.
"The actually thought pressure on an American President would get so great that he'd pull out of Vietnam," the President asserted.

NEW YORK TIMES, MAY 4, 1965.

The acceptance by our Government of the use of torture in the conduct of the Vietnam war tells much about our policy. If our cause were just and our purposes realistic we would not need or use such means.

WINSLOW HUNT
New York, June 22, 1965

BROTHER HOLD MY HAND

Words: MILTON HEIMLICH
Tune: "No More Auction Block For Me."

© 1965 Milton Heimlich

Rivers Flowing To The Sea
Freedom Freedom
Flowing Down For You And Me
Brother Hold My Hand

Narrow Roads For Weary Feet
Freedom Freedom
Leading Up The Freedom Street
Brother Hold My Hand

Black And White And You And Me
Freedom Freedom
For A Land Of Liberty
Brother Hold My Hand

We Will March Until We See
Freedom Freedom
And An End To Slavery
Brother Hold My Hand

Now The Heart Will Have Its Day
Freedom Freedom
People We Are On Our Way
Brother Hold My Hand

Sky Above So Clear And Bright
Freedom Freedom
Turning Darkness Into Light
Brother Hold My Hand

Hear The Far Off Trumpets Say
Freedom Freedom
Now The Hour And Now The Day
Brother Hold My Hand



SEVENTY MILES

Words by MALVINA REYNOLDS
Music by PETER SEEGER

CHO: 3 A D C A A

Seven-ty miles of wind and spray, Seven-ty miles of wa-ter,

3 A D E7 (TAC.) A

Seven-ty miles of o - pen bay, It's a gar-bage dump.

A VERSE Ab

What's that stinky creek out there, Down behind the slums back stair,

A Em 6 3

slud-gy puddle, sad and gray? Why man, that's San Francisco Bay! Seventy

Big Solano and the Montecell'
Ferry boats, they knew me well
Creak and groan in their muddy graves
Remembering San Francisco Bay.

Cho.

Joe Ortego and the Spanish crew
Sailed across the ovean blue
Came into this mighty Bay
Stood on the decks and cried "Olé!"

Cho.

Fill it there, fill it here
Docks and tidelands disappear
Shaky houses on the quakey ground
The builder, he's Las Vegas bound.

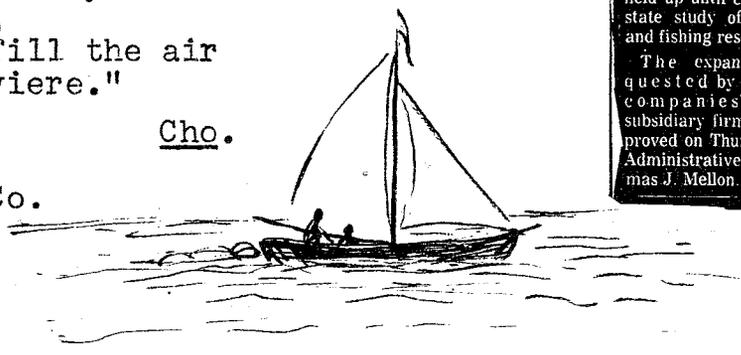
Cho.

"Dump the garbage in the Bay?"
City fathers say "Okay,
When cries of anguish fill the air
We'll be off on the Riviere."

Cho.

© 1965 Abigail Music Co.

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Chronicle, March 20, 1965

Civic Group Raps Dump Fill Plan

E. Robert Scrofani, vice president of the Citizens' Planning Committee, a civic group, yesterday criticized City Hall for approving a plan to fill 135

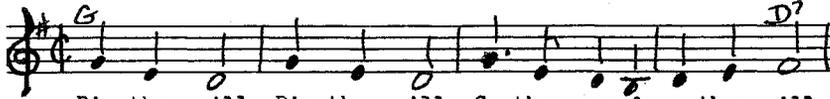
additional acres of bay at the San Francisco dump. The filling operation would extend southward from the present cover-and-fill operation east of Bayshore Freeway just south of Candlestick Park.

"How can we talk beautification for the entrance to San Francisco if we continue to make it nothing more than one continuous dump?" Scrofani asked. He urged compliance with a State Fish and Game Department request that the dump expansion be held up until completion of a state study of tidelands fill and fishing resources.

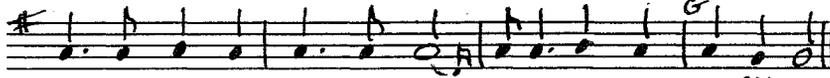
The expansion was requested by the scavenger companies' fill-and-cover subsidiary firm, and was approved on Thursday by Chief Administrative Officer Thomas J. Mellon.

Cow Ed

Words & Music by LES RICE
© 1965 Les Rice



Dig they will, Dig they will, So they say & so they will;



Blast the mountain, Blast the sky, Gotta keep those profits high.

1. Make a buck, a lousy buck, you don't need brains and you don't need luck
All you need is friends, you see, in a Federal Agency.
2. F P C, F P C, friend of the Private Company
Always fair, always wise, and always for the other guys.
3. Scenery, scenery, who gives a damn for the scenery
All the green they want to see is the dough they squeeze from you and me.
4. Dollar sign, dollar sign, all across this land of mine
Sell the future, sell the past, rake it in while the suckers last.
5. Civilized man, civilized man, makes the world his garbage can
Pile it everywhere, pile it high - leave it to your children when you die.

NEW YORK TIMES, JULY 26, 1965.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., July 25—A Congressional subcommittee was exposed for six hours today to what one of their guides called "the horrors of the Hudson." Oil slicks, dead fish, garbage, detergent bubbles, beer cans and other debris rode the majestic bosom of the river as seven members of the National Parks and Recreation Subcommittee of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs boarded the power cruiser Firefly here this morning.

Lawmakers, looking either to port or starboard, saw shorelines defiled by gas tanks, shabby marinas, grim factories, scabrous quarries and power plants.

Across the river loomed the monstrous atomic-powered electricity plant of Consolidated Edison, where according to Representative Ottinger, there was a wholesale slaughter of fish sucked into the plant's intake. Now the plant has a screen to keep out fish, but Mr. Ottinger said that fish eggs and fingerlings were still passing through the mesh so that the fish population was being reduced.

Ben Frazier of Garrison, a World War II correspondent for Yank, a service magazine, who now spends all his time fighting to conserve the river, was kept busy pointing out eyesores.

Oil companies are rich enough, Mr. Frazier said, to screen their shoreline tanks with weeping willows. And why do power plants have to be built on conspicuous points, he asked, when they could just as well be hidden in coves.

A tug went by towing several barges laden with trap rock and crushed stone. "There goes one of our mountains," Mr. Frazier mourned.

The Congressmen were told that Consolidated Edison's plan to build a huge power plant on Storm King Mountain on the west bank and a proposal by Central Hudson Gas and Electric Company to build a power plant on Breakneck Mountain on the east bank, would ruin what Theodore Roosevelt called the northern gateway to New York.

Around noon, the Firefly fetched up off one of Newburgh's biggest sewers.

"The milky white water is pure sewage," said Mr. Kitzmiller. The Congressmen sniffed cautiously.

"Please, not while I'm passing the meatballs," cried a secretary holding an hors d'oeuvre tray.

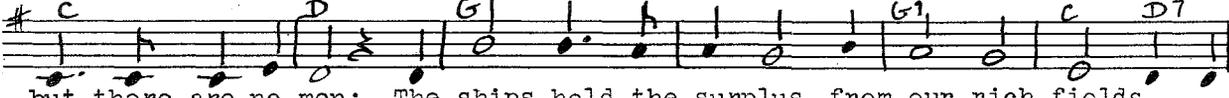
The tour ended at Garrison and the committee drove

JUST A CAPTAIN AT THE WHEEL

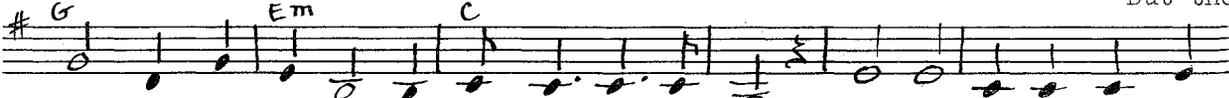
Words & Music by STEVE MELTZER
© 1965 by Steve Meltzer



Up the Hud-son Ri-ver, five miles or maybe ten There is a convoy



but there are no men; The ships hold the surplus from our rich fields But the



ships have no captains to take them by the wheel, Not one captain at the



wheel. wheel.

In the hills of West Virginia where the tourists never go
A hungry miner's family goes barefoot in the snow
Their lives are but surplus, the mines provide no meals
And so the miners have to wait for a Captain at the wheel -- Just a Captain at the wheel.
Did you ever see a little child begging in the street,
And did you turn your head when your eyes did meet
And you saw the look of death and hunger all too real
But it could be different with a Captain at the wheel -- Just a Captain at the wheel.

In this land we call our own where we live and die
A mother puts her child to sleep and hears its hungry cry
Perhaps you know this mother; tell me, how does it feel
To know it could be different with a Captain at the wheel - Just a Captain at the wheel.
So tell me of the economy and of your high finance
But I would send the surplus if I only had the chance
And all the people would shout and sing and bells would loudly peel
And each ship going down the river would have a Captain at the wheel, -- a Captain at the wheel.

HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD, ALABAMA

Words & Music By PAT LANIGAN

This song is dedicated to the good people of Alabama who don't need to follow it's advice. May their numbers increase.

Burden (funeral march tempo)

Em A Em
HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD, AL-A-BAM-A, I
A Em
don't want to hear your name, So
G F
hide your face, And take your place
Em B7 Em
sip-pi in a his-to-ry of shame.

Verse

Em D Em
1. Some men of God a-march-in', For the
D Em
rights of God to men, When a
G F
club in the night, Kills an - oth - er
Em Am B7 Em
right, And goes free to kill a - gain.

(Repeat Burden)

2. Drivin' down a highway,
Toward a new and better land,
Then, shots of strife;
And another life
Slips away, like a grain of sand.

(Repeat Burden)

3. Some kids in church, a-prayin',
For the way things were meant to be;
An explosion's roar,
And another war,
Is lost for you and me.

(Repeat Burden)

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BALLAD of BIRMINGHAM

Words & Music by TIM RYAN

Copyright 1965 by Tim Ryan

C G7
They went to church on a bright Sun-
C F
day, Those lit-tle children to sing &
C F
pray. The place was Bir-ming-ham, down
Am G7
in the South, And the word soon spread
C
— from mouth to mouth.

That in the night a man had come
And under the steps placed a home-made
bomb

Under the steps of the Baptist Church
And it waited there to do its work.

The children sat in the Bible class
And four of them never heard the blast
The cross of Christ toppled to the ground
And four children died cause their skin
was brown.

And then the cops they looked around
But the killer of children was never
found

For life is cheap in the old South-land
Especially for folks with dark colored
skin.

And through the land the shocked asked
why

For they never knew that people die
Because of their skins or the color of
their hands

Except in those far-off evil lands.

But now it's done and many are dead
And the people can't get it through
their heads

It wasn't because a man needed to kill
But because you and I, we stand so still.

BROADSIDE #61

SOUTH AFRICANS CURB RIGHTS SONG

Seize 'We Shall Overcome' Disks but Don't Ban Them

By JOSEPH LELYVELD
Special to The New York Times

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa, July 30—"We Shall Overcome," the American civil rights hymn, has been almost entirely suppressed in South Africa without ever having been officially banned.

The song was popular among folk singers here for some time. Most of them apparently were unaware that it was thought of as a "freedom song" in the United States. "I just thought that it was an expression of faith in mankind—a kind of pacifist faith," one singer explained.

Then, on April 1, the song was sung on the gallows of the Pretoria Central Prison by John Harris just before he was hanged for having planted a bomb on the concourse of the Johannesburg railway station the previous July. The explosion killed an elderly woman.

Soon after the execution, a number of Johannesburg's leading record shops were visited by men identifying themselves as agents of the Special Branch, the South African security police. They were especially interested in one version of "We Shall Overcome" that had been recorded by the American folk singer Pete Seeger.

It contained a verse with the words "We shall all be free," which, according to reports, was one of those sung by Harris.

Last month the visits were repeated. This time some records were seized. Although it had never been listed in the Government gazette, a step required for banning, the Pete Seeger disk was removed from the shelves of all the record shops in Johannesburg.

Coffee-House Verses

Now there is some confusion as to whether the Special Branch was actually involved in the raids. This week record shops and distributors have been getting calls from the agency telling them that their earlier visitors were imposters.

Most folk singers now refuse to sing "We Shall Overcome" in public. But at one coffee house here, The Troubadour, it is always the last song of the evening, when the audience is generally small and friendly.

The other night, before it was time to sing "We Shall Overcome," these rather more abrasive lyrics were heard, touching on the Special Branch, Minister of Justice Balthazar J. Vorster, the 90-day detention law and the Harris bombing at the train station:

When I walk down the street
I must remember not to greet
People of a different pigmentation
In case someone should suspect
Or the Special Branch detect
A dark affiliation with a Communist organization.
Now I must not sing much more
The Special Branch is at the door
And Mr. Vorster's busy passing
legislation
So that chaps like me
Can for all eternity
Stay under 90 days' detention
Away from civilization, the big
bad United Nations
And away from Joburg station and
all other treasurable temptations.

It seemed that every white racist in Pike County had come to stand outside the police station and watch us taken in. Big fellows, red-necked, from the country saying, just loud enough for us to hear as we were marched by, what they would do to us if they ever had the good fortune to lay their hands on our God-damned hides.

It was time for my first face-to-face talk with a Mississippi policeman. He was fat, bullish in manner, and he lounged, chewing a great wad

of tobacco, his hand never very far from the shiny .38 at his side. The so-called interview amounted to my being asked again and again if I was a "Goddamned Communist." At the end he said: "You got no business down here, boy, trying to interfere with our way of life, exciting the niggers. I'm gonna do my darndest to send you down to the County Farm (work prison) and then see if I can't get your visa revoked."

Almost every civil rights worker in Mississippi has been to jail. Veteran workers dis-

See "Delta Bum" by Eric Andersen, B'SIDE #55

POLICEWATCH PICKET IN GEORGIA BEATEN

Special to The New York Times

NEWTON, GA., July 21—Charles Sherrod, a worker for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, was beaten today on the courthouse square.

Mr. Sherrod, a leader in the organization since its earliest days, is directing its voter-registration efforts in Baker County, a rural part of the state of which Newton is the county seat.

He and a group working with the committee were picketing on the courthouse square when whites blocked their way. Mr.

Sherrod said he asked the local police to remove them and got no response.

One white man then struck a local Negro leader, Jack Holt, with a pistol, Sherrod said. Another struck Mr. Sherrod and attacked him again moments later, the picket workers reported.

No arrests were made. Mr. Sherrod and other committee spokesmen said that James Holt, the Police Chief of Newton, had observed the incident. Chief Holt could not be reached for comment, but Frank Jones, a Newton officer, confirmed that there had been no arrests. He said it was "just a fight between the civilians and the colored."

See "Nothing But A Soldier" by Charles Sherrod, BROADSIDE #46.

Negro Woman Wins Right To Buy a White Poodle

DETROIT — The Michigan Civil Rights Commission has won a new type of case against discrimination. Can a Negro buy a white dog?

When a Negro woman went to an animal protection agency and tried to buy a dog, she chose a

snow-white French poodle, but the agency refused to sell her the dog because "it did not like Negroes."

She took her case to the CRC. The dog salesman was hauled in. He could produce no proof that the poodle "didn't like Negroes."

"My dog's whiter than your dog..."

The inhuman burning of the two villages followed the indiscriminate slaughter of 25 villagers in Chanson, which is 10 miles south of Danang, site of a huge U.S. air base. As the U.S. Marines moved into the village, an officer was heard to shout:

"Kill them! I don't want anyone moving!"

A marine took the officer at his word. He dropped a hand grenade into a hole, after it had been sprayed with a burst of automatic gunfire, and then exclaimed gleefully:

"I got me a VG man. I got at least two of them bastards."

A Vietnamese puppet soldier was ordered by the U.S. Marines to go down into the blasted hole to pull out the "bastards."

What he brought to the surface were three children, aged 11 to 14, their bodies riddled with bullets.

Altogether, at least five women and children were slaughtered, and five more wounded by the U.S. Marines.

The burning of the villages and the orders issued by the Pentagon to raze to the ground South Vietnam villages recalls the bitter memories of Lidice, Czechoslovakia, in June, 1942 which the brutalized Nazis erased from the earth, after executing the

A Fall From a Helicopter

With a greater United States participation in the war, brutality has begun to occur among the American troops as well.

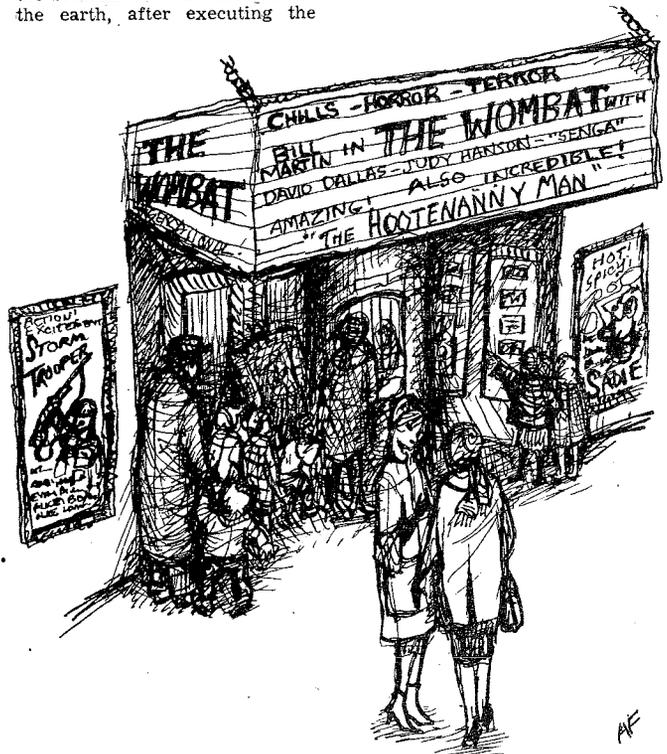
One American helicopter crewman returned to his base in the central highlands last week without a fierce young prisoner entrusted to him. He told friends that he had become infuriated by the youth and had pushed him out of the helicopter at about 1,000 feet.

When a superior warned him that he would be court-martialed, the crewman changed his story. He said that the prisoner had attacked him and had fallen accidentally.

What has concerned some United States commanders more than such isolated actions, however, has been the decision during the last six months to bomb heavily throughout South Vietnam.

"I don't like to hit a village," said one American pilot in his mid-20's, who has flown more than 100 missions. "You know you're hitting women and children, too. But you've got to decide that your cause is noble and that the work has to be done."

See "Hitler Ain't Dead" by Bill Frederick in this issue.



P O E T R Y S E C T I O N

G. WASHINGTON

By Richard J. Rogers

George Washington Did tote a gun And led his men On hill, through glen, In pattern for Guerilla war To win the right To sleep at night On land their own Without a throne To drain them dry To say they lie Should they complain Of thirst or pain, And rip their tongues Or stop their lungs Like peasants get When fate has let Them be the props Of <u>store-bought cops,</u>	Our Vietnamese Who us to please Do grimly reap To earn their keep From soldiers true Red, white and blue Of this great land, Our helpful hand Does broil the child And mother mild Whose brothers dared To not be scared Of tyrants near Or far from here And live as men Who fight back when The times are ones Like Washington's. Thus Ho Chi Minh Did lead men in The glen and hill To die or kill.
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© 1965 R. J. Rogers

THREE POEMS FROM Cricket In The Mill

By Alfred Levinson

CRICKET IN THE MILL

Like a crevice in the mass of noise
watch for the sudden still:
while diesels whir and slag-cars stir:
a cricket sings in the mill.

Though the pores of the wind be clogged
with dust
and grease to the blue sky clings,
though grass grows afar and earth reeks
with tar:
somewhere a cricket sings.

A man up high like a bug in the flame
of the furnace door's red snout
pokes steel from its bed and cocks his
head
as the cricket's song breaks out.

And the steel like liquid sunlight pours
into the ingot molds
the gray walls quake, the crane hooks
shake:
and the man's song too unfolds.

Deep in the heart of the mass of noise
like a jewel in the dark of the mill
the work-song flows, the man's voice glows
and a cricket sings in the mill.

Copyright 1965 by Alfred Levinson

1.

Two oceans buffer your flanks,
o America,
unrolling to the ever receding
horizon,
strapped to the yoke of the moon.
Two nations on your borders stitched
by greenback threads to Washington
and Wall Street's catacombs.
With metal wings the sky is choked
to guard you. Wingtips end to end
from icy Greenland to Iran.
And under seven seas your sub
marines churn the weedy valleys
and chase the fish to calmer ponds.
Your gut is thick with bombs, your
fist
unrolls a belt of studded guns
and the earth seems like your marble.
Yet uneasy winds crawl
in your heart, my America
and in Wall Street's caves
an avalanche prepares.

2:

This is the time of the looking glass
the time when chaos becomes order
when right is wrong
life is death
and reason the gibberish of the mad.

This is the time of humpty dumpty
when all the king's men plaster
the pieces together with gladrag
words
and Wall Street is lined with plush
and labeled "For Eternity, Inc."

This is the time of window-hoppers
of statesmen who to the nearest
pavement
leap from their own created horror.

This is the topsy-turvy time
the wonderlands of upside-down
Alice had nothing on us.

4:

For a moment, mother, silence: listen...
Your child laughs in the playground
a squirrel clatters on a tree trunk
a golden leaf sighs down to earth.
Now listen closely, listen...
to the undertow in the sea of air:

A bomber circles the laughing swing
a gun-hammer clicks at your breast
and somewhere the war rats grind their
teeth.

For a moment, mother...listen...

RECORD REVIEW: VANGUARD AT NEWPORT 1964

VRS 9180 THE BLUES AT NEWPORT, 1964, PART I
VRS 9181 THE BLUES AT NEWPORT, 1964, PART II
VRS 9182 TRADITIONAL MUSIC AT NEWPORT, 1964, PART I
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VRS 9184 EVENING CONCERTS AT NEWPORT, 1964, VOL. I
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The 1964 Newport Folk Festival was a mammoth affair; four days of music with over 70,000 listeners attending. It was large, diverse, and, on the whole, highly enjoyable. Unfortunately, the same is not completely true of Vanguard's massive distillation process. The records maintain the diversity that was the festival's point of success; however, they do not come off as well.

The only possible reaction to the recordings is ambivalence. Much, indeed most, of the music is excellent (especially the blues recordings). Yet something is lacking. For want of a better word, call it "depth". What emerges is a large "folk music sampler". It is next to impossible to get into what Hamza El Din or the Rodriguez Brothers are trying to do by listening to the one selection allowed each. This is not merely because they are not from the U.S. Look at parts 1 and 2 of the traditional music: The Georgia Sea Island Singers are "represented" by one selection, as are Almeda Riddle (a fine singer of unaccompanied ballads), Bill Thatcher (who had a bag full of wonderful songs), and Sarah Gunning (a topical songwriter, union organizer and sister of Jim Garland and Aunt Molly Jackson). Robert Pete Williams' sensitive, beautiful "Bulldog Blues" is followed by Seamus Ennis. Ennis is grand but by the time you shake yourself out of the mood Williams has set up you've lost half the beauty of Seamus' songs. This is repeated when the jovial, high-spirited Cajun Band is followed by Willy Doss' "Catfish Blues". The three recordings from the evening concerts are done in the same manner: one beautiful song, "Desse Bar-ama" by Hamza El Din separates Theodore Bikel from the Greenbriar Boys; one song by Sleepy John Estes comes between Pete Seeger and Buffy Sainte-Marie. Some of the music is simply not good. Joan Baez's "Pilgrim Of Sorrow" is a ghastly example of what happens when a piece of music is prostituted to the vanity of style; the Greenbriar Boys' "Sleepy Eyed John" is a distasteful bluegrass roadrace which, happily, is not typical of their usual work; and even three-fourths of Frank Proffitt's selections are not as good as he can and has done them previously (though the other one-fourth, "Poor Man", accompanied by dulcimer, is one of the best pieces of traditional music on the record).

Probably the most exciting event of the '64 Festival was the blues workshop. The performers included both white and Negro bluesmen, both young and old. Yet the day clearly belonged to the older bluesmen. When Robert Pete Williams or Skip James sang there was a sort of magic in the air between them and the audience. From the tapes of this workshop Vanguard has released two of the most important blues recordings to come from them in a long while (VRS 9180 & 9181). Most of the performers have at least three selections which gives the listener a better, though still small, chance to appreciate their artistry. Part I has Fred MacDowell, Doc Reese, Sleepy John Estes and Robert Pete Williams. All are excellent; the most enjoyable moments are Doc Reese's "Old Hannah" (and his introduction to the song), Robert Pete Williams' "Levee Camp Blues", and Fred MacDowell's "Highway 61". Part II has John Hurt, Skip James, Rev. Robert Wilkins, Elizabeth Cotton, and Willy Doss. Skip James walks away with this album, as he walked away with the workshop. It is hard to explain what happened; you had to be there to understand it. Rev. Wilkins' lengthy "Prodigal Son" is a wonderful piece of gospel-folk-blues. John Hurt is typically himself, and Willy Doss is also quite good. Elizabeth Cotton was bothered by a throat ailment. On the whole the NEWPORT 1964 adds up to, as I said, a good sampler. The blues recordings are the eminent exceptions; they are gems well worth the owning.

By STU COHEN

FOLK FESTIVALS 1965: REPORTS FROM SAN FRANCISCO, BERKELEY & NEWPORT

San Francisco Festival: A Pace Setter: The San Francisco State College Folk Festival presented a new set of extremes to west coast festival goers. A new level of excellence was established in the workshop on "Broadside and Topical Songs". It included two active and talented writers and singers of topical songs: Malvina Reynolds and Mark Spoelstra. The songs of the Freedom Movement were represented by Guy Carawan. Dr. Neil Snortum presented some of the songs from the early labor movement and was a competent and unobtrusive moderator.

The theme of the discussion was established by Dr. Snortum's opening question: "Are your songs effective and how do you know if songs are effective." Guy Carawan related examples of communities where the voter registration drive met with timidity among people apprehensive of retaliation. "But", he said, "the songs got the movement over the hump." And "once moving, many people have found " substance and sustenance in the freedom songs."

Mrs. Reynolds pointed with noticeable pride to the strong opposition some of her songs have evoked. In Oregon recently, after singing about the destruction of the giant redwoods, she was approached by two PR men from the lumber companies. Since she had done her homework well, she felt she had more than held her own in the discussion. She mentioned, too, the fact that KPFA was threatened with suit by the Pacific Gas & Electric Co. if the station did not stop broadcasting her song against PG&E's proposed nuclear power reactor at Bodega Bay (right smack on top of the west coast's worst earthquake fault). Both popularity charts and many real estate ads have indicated that her "Little Boxes" struck a responsive chord. "Ticky tacky" has become part of the vocabulary in the housing business. This response, she suggests, clearly indicates that her songs are getting a message across.

Throughout this discussion, interspersed with singing, there were cameras clicking and the general shuffling associated with informal panels. But from the moment Mark Spoelstra began to sing his "White Winged Dove" there wasn't another sound in the room. No cameras clicked; no feet moved; no pencils fell. (I doubt that anyone would have noticed if a truck had driven into the room.) For a moment after he finished the hush remained. Then, spontaneously, the applause reupted -- the first applause of the session. Is that song effective? No one asked.

The topical song workshop was treated with honesty and dignity. The panelists were knowledgeable and articulate. We contrast this to UCLA where the subject of topical songs has been religiously avoided; and to Berkeley where, thus far, it has received only half-hearted token treatment by panelists unable to present it fairly and with any great degree of understanding...

Unquestionably, the warmest and most enthusiastic reponse at the SRSC festival went to Mark Spoelstra. In addition to the workshop he appeared in two of the concerts. He sang several of his best songs, such as "Ballad of Twelfth Avenue" and "Just A Hand To Hold", and also a number of delightful children's songs. Mark's are more than just "issue" songs; they are songs about people and show an insight and sensitivity unmatched by his contemporaries. His 12-string guitar accompaniment is exceptionally smooth and tastefully subordinate to the vocal line... The unexpected appearance of Phil Ochs added another moment of excitement to the festival. The teach-in on Vietnam at UC was the occasion that prompted Phil's first trip to the west coast. He sang some of the songs that have motivated some people to proclaim him Bob Dylan's successor: "Love Me, I'm A Liberal", "Power & The Glory", and "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore." He also sang a beautiful song of special interest to Californians -- "Bracero". This trip, I suspect, was quite an educational experience for Phil. "Do you get BROADSIDE way out here?" he asked when I mentioned that it was through this publication that I was introduced to his songs. We hope he can come to California again soon and get to know us a little better. I think he'd find that the civilized world doesn't end at the Hudson River.

By MONROE "MO" MOEN

An Anglophile Sampler at the University of California: The UC Folk Festival commenced with a march led by a solitary Scottish bagpiper, who proved to be symbolic of the five day rite. The festival could be generally described as an Anglophile sampler in that the dominant theme was comprised of the "from England and Scotland to the Southern states to the folk festival" triple play combination. The isle of Britain was more than adequately represented by Jean Redpath and Charles O'Hegarty, an English pub singer who transcends his environment. Both exhibited a wide repertoire from traditional to rock and roll, and an experienced stage presence which many of the native American performers sorely needed. O'Hegarty, if given the proper exposure, may become the best known English minstrel since the discovery of Ewan MacColl by American audiences. The Southern tradition was transmitted or mistransmitted, depending on the artist, by Mike Seeger, Kathy and Carol, Jean Ritchie, the Hackberry Ramblers and Fred McDowell. Seeger as usual, was artistically superb; however, the absence of the MLGRs, especially John Cohen, greatly affects Mike's ability to positively communicate with an audience. Kathy and Carol, the "Bobbsey Twins of folk music", did not meet the expectations created by their rendition of "A Hand To Hold" performed at the last UC festival. The Hackberry Ramblers, interpreters of Cajun music or as one observer commented "French bluegrass", and country bluesman Fred McDowell were at their best. Sam Hinton, now a festival institution after eight consecutive appearances, entertained in the manner of most institutions, efficiently yet sanctimonious and at times dull.

The outstanding performance given at the festival was by Tom Paxton, an intense yet lighthearted city-billy not affected by fame. Paxton's straightforward responses at workshops -- in contrast to others -- was paralleled by his mixture of children's songs, love ballads, and topical ditties. His song "We Didn't Know," which equates the apathy and inaction of Nazi Germany and Southern whites toward the atrocities in their scope of influence with the present American national inertia toward the Johnson policies in Vietnam, was generally the best received at the folk music conclave. Merritt Herring's "Talking Protest Song Blues" and Jean Ritchie's "Blue Diamond Mine" and "The L.&N. Doesn't Stop Here Anymore" were close seconds.

The imbalance and bureaucratic operation characteristic of the University of California administration, as demonstrated by the handling of the FSM, has permeated the festival. Barry Olivier and his associates -- "Barry's Boys" -- frequently treated customers and events in a manner more symptomatic of a penal institution than a folk festival. Workshops and panels, usually either too general or too esoteric, were frequently ended before any adequate discussion had begun or any questions dealt with. Spontaneity and flexibility are vital to a successful festival operation, as the directors of the Newport ritual are slowly realizing. Unfortunately, Olivier's penchant for time schedules limits meaningful discussion. Imbalance, as Irwin Silber, Ralph Gleason, and Roy Trumbull have suggested, was the rule rather than the exception at panels and workshops. We agree with Mr. Silber that it would have contributed more to public knowledge by having a panel discussing the role of topical song comprised of Mr. Silber, Bess Hawes, and Professors Bluestein and Dundes.

The 1965 festival has ignored past criticism that there is more to folk music than the Anglophile tradition and southern blues. Fortunately, Paxton, Redpath, O'Hegarty, and Chris Strachwitz's discoveries, the Hackberry Ramblers and McDowell, overcame the structure of the festival and made the event worth the \$22.50 rather than three cups of coffee at a local coffeehouse.

By R. SERGE DENISOFF

NEWPORT: THE SHORT HOT SUMMER

PHIL OCHS: "The trouble with Newport 65 was that too many people forgot that it was supposed to be a festival. The cops were ridiculously harsh and rude. Many city performers were up tight about how well they would do professionally. And juvenile gossip seemed to be on too many peoples' tongues. It should have been called the Newport Fuzz Festival. If people don't take it so seriously next year it should turn out to be a whole lot better."

NEWS REPORT: This year's Newport Folk Festival was the biggest ever with 77,000 paid admissions. Festival officials plan to have next summer's affair run a full week.

CARYL MIRKEN (Broadside reporter): "Fanatic screaming erupted when Bob Dylan appeared on stage Sunday night. His black leather sports jacket, red shirt, tapered black slacks and electric guitar startled some in the audience and dismayed many. Sight of the Butterfield Band backing him up deepened their dismay. By his third -- and most 'radically' rock and roll -- song, there was loud jeering and cat-calls from some parts of the audience. Then a regular battle between boos and cheers. Bob was obviously quite perturbed, the first time I have seen him so in front of an audience. (It must be said that he had rehearsed with the band for only an hour the night before and the poorly-balanced sound system made what could have been a great sound messy). Bob dismissed the band, exchanged his electronic guitar for his more familiar acoustic one. When a cry arose for him to sing Mr. Tambourine Man he responded almost apologetically 'Okay, if you want me to.' And he did, and then once again he had the oldtime thunderous near-unanimous applause. All in all, it was a dramatic confrontation.

"During intermission I got this varied reaction: JACK SOLOMAN (manager): 'Dylan was out of his own element. Butterfield isn't a performer. He just lays down music.' JOAN BLEZ (performer): 'Tonight Bob was in a mess. He's really very good. People just don't understand his writing.' CAROL ADLER (copywriter): 'This is the most hostile audience I've ever seen. I don't understand it. Dylan completely knocked them out wherever he went in England.' THEODORE BIKEL (performer): 'You don't whistle in church -- you don't play rock and roll at a folk festival.'"

NEW YORK TIMES (Robert Shelton): "While the fresh, enthusiastic thousands of teenagers in the audiences comported themselves in a fashion that pleased Newport and festival officials, the conduct of older members of the folk leadership left much to be desired... A folklorist and a personal manager scuffled on the ground over a fine point of courtesy in the folklorist's introduction."

ALAN LOMAX (folklorist): "I had been on stage for over three hours and I was hot and tired. At this point I wasn't emceeing -- I was talking about the blues. When I came off stage there was Al Grossman and he said to me 'That was the worst job of emceeing I've ever heard in my life.' And I said 'It was no worse than some of the things you've done in your life.' Then he said something like 'I ought to belt you in the nose.' I pushed my chest up against his and invited him to try it. I don't remember swinging but there he was stretched out on the ground. Then he jumped up and grappled me around the waist and we were both down, rolling around. By that time people pulled us apart. That's all there was to it. It couldn't have lasted more than 30 seconds. But I suppose it's already becoming a folk legend." (Ed, note: The artist who apparently got a somewhat less than perfect introduction from Mr. Lomax belongs to Mr. Grossman's stable).

CARYL MIRKEN (after the dust settled): "The contemporary songs workshop was a high point of the festival, or could have been. It was the most eagerly awaited event and best attended. Large crowds jammed into the area the instant the gates were opened. Co-Host Peter Yarrow in a little speech said the contemporary writers are rightfully folksong writers because the whole folk tradition is with them. But although this was by far the workshop attracting the greatest interest the Newport Board this year seemed deliberately de-emphasizing contemporary songs and their writers. Most conspicuous by his absence from the program was Phil Ochs... Also

absent were such of the country's leading topical songwriters as Tom Paxton and Eric Andersen... Also memorable at Newport 65: Joan Baez saluting 'Johnson's marvelous foreign policy' by singing Stop, In The Name Of Love... Another side of Pete Seeger: Pete managing to hang in while backing Spokes Mashiyane, the amazing South African pennywhistle jazzman (his music is really called Kwela but the closest term we have for it is jazz), along with Chicago blues piano player Lafayette Lee and bassist Willie Dixon. Spokes, who along with Mimi and Dick Farina was probably the most brilliant performer at this year's festival was brought to Newport largely through the efforts of Pete Seeger, who discovered him on his world tour a year or so ago... Fannie Lou Hamer: A great human being and a wondrous singer ('Mississippi, land of the tree and home of the grave')... Dick & Mimi Farina holding an enthusiastic audience Sunday afternoon despite a sudden downpour as they sang their "House Un-American Blues Activity Dream"... Mark Spoelstra's new songs... Donovan the import from Britain is certainly much more than just an 'imitation of Bob Dylan'. Donovan has his own style; his imagery is clear and meaningful without any trace of Dylan's semantic obscurity. Aside from his music Donovan is the sweetest, most 'natural' guy going... John Koerner's parody of the gambler-sheriff song,"

NOTES: Apropos Dylan's great experiment at Newport (that is, can folk festival followers dig rock-an-roll) Malvina Reynolds has just sent along an article by Ralph J. Gleason from the Aug. 8 San Francisco Chronicle. The article begins: "Last weekend down at the Big Sur Hot Springs Folk Music Festival, singer Joan Baez was asked the question directly: 'Is rock and roll folk music?' and she answered with a flat unequivocal 'Yes!'" Gleason agrees fully with Miss Baez, going on to say "Rock and Roll, i.e., the best of the pop music Top 40 discs, constitutes the contemporary folk music of America..." And: "...right now, youth is busily turning the juke boxes and the 45 rpm discs and the LPs of the popular music business into a kind of protest." Gleason sees these songs as following twin themes, the one theme (represented by Dylan) as we understand it rejecting the hypocritical adults who have brought this world into a state of near horror; and the other (represented by the Beatles) reaffirming the basic goodness of life. "The Beatles are, when all is said and done, a roaring, raging, riotous protest in favor of life and love and laughter and the thrill of living and against pretense and pomposity and falsehood." At Malvina's suggestion, we hope to print this article in its entirety in the next issue of BROADSIDE... The September 1965 SING OUT magazine (165 W. 46 St., New York, N.Y. 10036) has an important symposium on "Topical Songs and Folksinging". Seven writers contribute: Don West, Ewan MacColl, Phil Ochs, Chad Mitchell, John Cohen, Moses Asch and Josh... Dunson. Mr. Asch makes the key point that today's contemporary song writers must adopt a more positive attitude, must be "for-something", rather than merely "against" the things they see wrong. Perhaps the most cogent statement is John Cohen's: "Folk music is a way of coming to grips with reality, and there are many forms this can take."... The Newport 65 Board rejected an article Phil Ochs had written for their Festival brochure; probably thought it would offend that "little old lady in Dubuque."... Len Chandler has cut an LP for Columbia... ET TU, A Folk Song Magazine, has put out issue No. 4. Songs, poems, articles. (\$2 per year -- 6 issues -- 2944 Grove, Berkeley, Calif. 94703 -- editor: Joe McDonald)... Tim Ryan ("Ballad of Birmingham") is the son of veteran movie actor Robert Ryan... Change: Peter La Farge's "Stampede" in B'Side #59 is copyright by Marks Music, not Hopi. It is recorded by Johnny Cash on his "True West" LP... A new magazine: The SOUND HOLE Of Baltimore (inquiries go to Michael Shulman, 712 Leafydale Terrace, Baltimore, Md., 21208.) first issue: songs by and an interview with Phil Ochs.... FANTASY RECORDS has issued a single of Malvina Reynolds' "Seventy Miles" (see this issue). THE COACHMEN singing it...

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