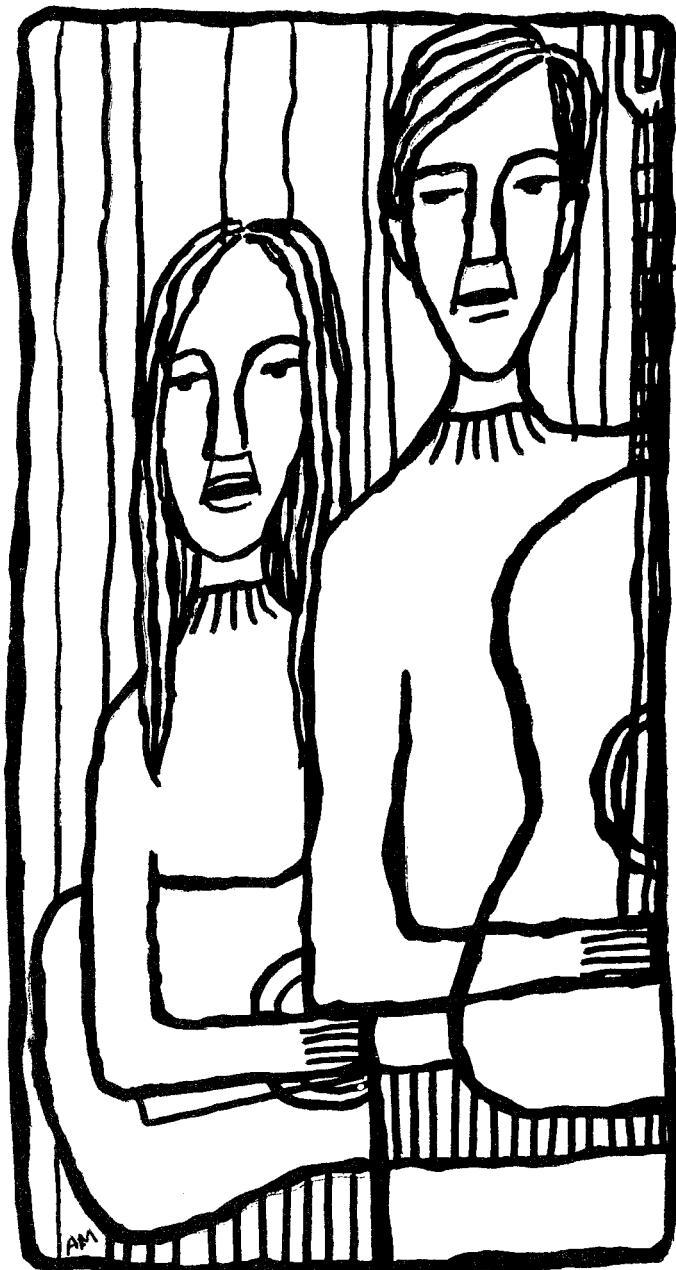


# Broadside #68

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

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## Excerpts From a Letter From ERIC ANDERSEN

(Ed. Note: Eric Andersen, now 23, reached New York City two years ago via the West Coast — he was born in a suburb of Buffalo, N.Y. Many of the songs he has written have been recorded by other artists, and his own 2nd album — "bout changes & things", Vanguard VRS 9206 — was recently released. He will give his first major solo concert April 9 at Town Hall in N.Y.C.)

Dear Gordon & Sis:

I remember when I first got off of the bus in the winter time two years ago. My head was filled with heroes' dreams, my eyes were running over with a lifetime of memories that were only six months old. The strange new day held a tomorrow of the good, the true, the beautiful. I felt I was leaving the decaying womb of something I never wanted to see again. I'd been to California, "on the road" only six months from college. And seeing New York City from the Jersey side led me to believe I was the babe of truth descending like an angel on the gigantic deathstones of a huge graveyard across the river. I thought I could turn stones and raise the dead. Time hasn't changed the place much, but I know the city better now. I can take a subway practically anywhere, can direct tourists to the world's fair on time, can hang out on 42nd street and feel like Jean Paul Genet, Walt Disney, John Wayne, or anybody else I feel like feeling like. I can be a master criminal every time I see a couple of bored cops prowl by. I can wander where I please for kicks or sorrow. Even to Cambridge and back. But my heroes don't exist anymore. My Gods of reference are too busy being people to bother or even care. A couple are even dead...and almost forgotten. The streets are the same but my eyeballs are graying at the temples. It gets sad. Hope seldom waits for anybody around the alley, under the ashcan, beneath the dirty river water. Reality has its own way of remembering things. I used to imitate people but now there are only two things to remember - life and not life. Things keep pushing themselves along. There aren't really winners. There's only a lucky few who aren't losers. For death, in the end, wins all, and only the living can claim the remains. When Kennedy died, youth died in America. It has died before. It seems to die faster than it is being born. The young still hold on to what was rebellious but a new ingredient was added. The wind was restrained. There was not just bitter, emotional outcries against injustice anymore. The young knew better.

And now they see the racism, violence, the senseless war, the hassles, as before, but most important, they see the cost! The tone is deepening. And at the recent rallies there aren't just the easily dispensed tears and cheers, but rather a quiet determination, calculated to make it. They want to see everybody make it, especially themselves...if...there'll be enough time to do it in. If the button pushers don't get panicky. If the world can somehow manage to keep its cool and not plummet into an all-or-nothing free-for-all. I know, because that's exactly how I feel right now. I get scared. And to be scared for yourself is to be scared for everybody. Because when it starts going -- it all goes. I want out. I run. I don't want to be caught in the trap that the last two generations were devoured by. And if I'm trapped it'll be by my own snarls, for my own reasons. Youth is old. Today's young have to be. They are cynical of the "way". They know they must be tough. Weakness is sin, destruction, death. And to be tough they must become old fast, to cope with all they feel they have to worry about.

They know that you can't judge the condition of the world

by the deluding measures of hope or non-hope, love or non-love, belief or non-belief, trust or non-trust. They are words that the newspapers have dropped from their vocabularies years ago. Such words just don't stop the bombs, the boredom, the frustration, the silliness of it all. For there is only life and there is death. We must make a decision. Which will it be? And if life on this planet could get over its self-pity traditions and turn to self-sympathy and self-understanding...if we could care...it could be we may not die. But perhaps we are running out of reasons to live. Maybe the guilt of global failures over the last 2,000 years has gotten to us and we've got to plunge the knife.

It's always easy to see reasons for others to live...the peasant Vietnamese, the Cubans, the Africans, the Chinese, the Negroes, the miners, the slum dwellers, the victims, the oppressed, the poor, and on, and on, and on. But do we have enough courage to find reasons for ourselves rather than hide behind the reasons of others whom we so often identify because we know we are better off than they? Because we have more we think the condition is better? It doesn't make sense. I've met Negroes in Mississippi that have a sense and grip on life that Greenwich Village would sell its soul for. It is this kind of thing that must be saved. We can give anything; it's easy to give, but it's really an easy way out of taking what's really needed to be recognized and taken from those who may have even less than us.

I can't read books, so I try to read people. But you can't always read people for too long because it sometimes just ends up by the story going in circles and circles, like being stuck in a whirlpool. I get lost and then I don't know where I'm at, in terms of myself. I'm devoured by a universe of one. It gets scary because everything inside gets so dark at times. I'm trying to learn about words, string them together and come out with something. I think about what words are -- the "is-ness" of them. Oftentimes I feel like an angry, barking seal who is helpless at the bottom of a slippery hill. No one has ever publicly denounced me for anything -- my changes, my attitudes, my "new" direction in writing. I guess I'm a small duck in the penny arcade shooting gallery. Rabbits and Indians are worth more in the short ten-cent time allowed. No one has ever become indignant or questioned my motives for why I wrote this or said that. And I wonder -- am I really that safe and secure or am I just innocuous? I scratch the itching on my brain and wonder why I write anything at all....what are the reasons for saying anything other than money or attention? Do I have any reasons of my own to say anything, or is it just for the benefit of others? I know it's really hard to help, or really change anybody. A person only changes when he has to, when he feels he has a reason to, or can get something out of it if he does. Not because there's any real good to come out of it. Usually it's other people who supply the reasons for a person's changing. He just bashes himself into enough walls of other people and he realizes he's got to do something about it.

But writing is not behavior. And the only criterion for change is your own mind. There's no one else that you can help except yourself. It's a very private affair--you're out on a limb. It's dangerous because the ones who don't like it wield axes and are always reminding you of that fact. So far my writing has been, for a large part, just emotional over-spill. I've been lucky I guess. But I get frustrated when I can't put down the clarity of an instant of something worthwhile that I heard or witnessed. I feel smothered in the haze of

(cont. on Page 11)

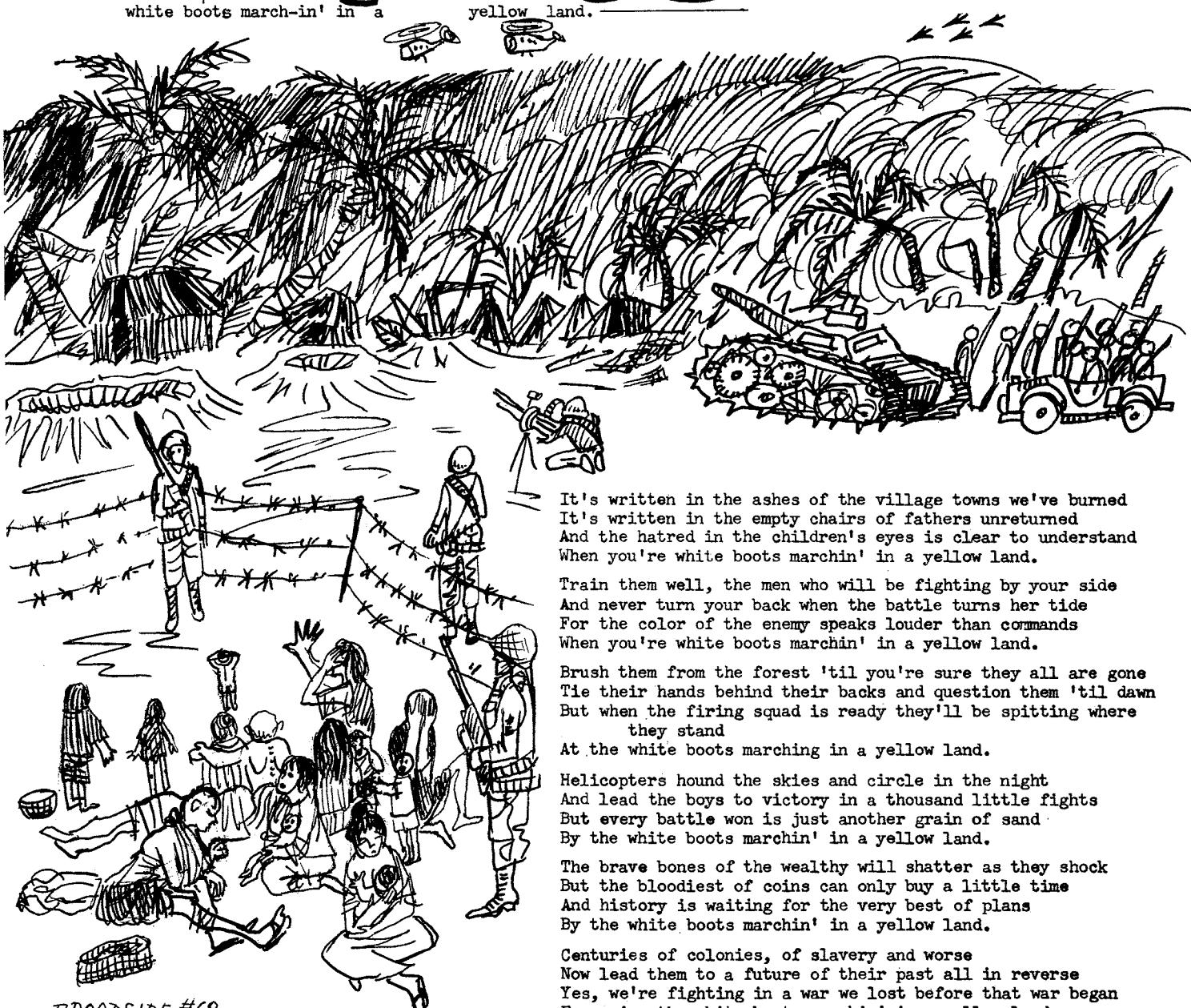
# WHITE BOOTS MARCHIN' IN A YELLOW LAND

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS

Copyright 1965 by Barricade Music

The swamps' are turning red a-long the fevered jungle days; Their casualties are in so  
many diff'rent ways, — For the killing of a soldier is the murder of a man, When you're  
white boots march-in' in a yellow land.

E G# A B E



It's written in the ashes of the village towns we've burned  
It's written in the empty chairs of fathers unreturned  
And the hatred in the children's eyes is clear to understand  
When you're white boots marchin' in a yellow land.

Train them well, the men who will be fighting by your side  
And never turn your back when the battle turns her tide  
For the color of the enemy speaks louder than commands  
When you're white boots marchin' in a yellow land.

Brush them from the forest 'til you're sure they all are gone  
Tie their hands behind their backs and question them 'til dawn  
But when the firing squad is ready they'll be spitting where  
they stand

At the white boots marching in a yellow land.

Helicopters hound the skies and circle in the night  
And lead the boys to victory in a thousand little fights  
But every battle won is just another grain of sand  
By the white boots marchin' in a yellow land.

The brave bones of the wealthy will shatter as they shock  
But the bloodiest of coins can only buy a little time  
And history is waiting for the very best of plans  
By the white boots marchin' in a yellow land.

Centuries of colonies, of slavery and worse  
Now lead them to a future of their past all in reverse  
Yes, we're fighting in a war we lost before that war began  
For we're the white boots marchin' in a yellow land.

# WALKING DOWN DEATH ROW

Words & Music By PETER SEEGER  
© 1966 by Stormking Music

Steady tempo, very free meter, use natural speech cadence. Capo up to sing in higher key.

Broad tempo, very free meter, use natural speech cadence. Capo up to sing in higher key.

**Am D Dm Em Am**

Walking down death row, — I sang for three men des-tined for the chair;

**D Dm Em Am D**

Walking down death row — I sang of lives and loves in oth-er years. Walking down death

row, I sang of hopes that used to be. Through the bars, in - to each sep'rate cell,

**Dm6 3 Dm Em 3 Em Am**

Yes, I sang to one and two and three. "If you'd on-ly stuck to-gether you'd not be here!

**Dm6 3 Dm Em 3 Em Am**

If you could have loved each other's lives, — you'd not be here! And if on-ly this

**Dm6 Em Am**

you would be lieve, — You still might, you might still be re - prieved!"

Walking down death row, I turned a corner and found to my surprise  
There were women there as well, with babies in their arms, before my eyes.  
Walking down death row, I tried once more to sing of hopes that used to be  
But the thought of that contraption down the hall, waiting for them all, one dozen, two or three:  
"If you'd not been so loyal to those damn fools, you'd not be here!  
If you could have loved another's child as well, you'd not be waiting here!  
And if only this you would believe, you still might, you might still be reprieved."

Walking down death row, I concentrated, singing to the young;  
I sang of hopes that flickered still, I tried to mouth their many sep'rate tongues.  
Walking down death row, I sang of lives and loves that still might be;  
Singing down death row to each sep'rate human cell, one billion, two, or three:  
"If you would only stick together, you'd not be here!  
If you could learn to love each other's lives, you'd not stay here!  
And if only this you would believe, you still might, might still be reprieved."

# THE MAN SAYS JUMP

Words & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS  
© 1965 SCHRODER Music Co., ASCAP

Moderato

Well the man says Jump, Every-body jump, And the man says Jump, Every-body jump, And the  
 man says Jump Every-body jump. I ain't gonna jump. It's a free country, And that I know  
 And I don't mean to jump every time I'm told. When the man is wrong, I don't go a - long  
 And I ain't gonna jump, not me.

2. The man says Go, etc.  
 The answer is No.

3. The man says Kill, etc.  
 I don't think I will.

4. The man says Die, etc.  
 But I don't know why.  
 (Add verses. Repeat  
 1st verse.)

# THE HANGIN' OF BAD BILLY

By LEN H. CHANDLER, Jr.

C F Em  
 1. They're hang-ing Bad Bil - ly, \_\_\_\_\_ They'll hang him to -  
 G F  
 day, \_\_\_\_\_ 'Cause Bil-ly's turned rob - ber And a kill-er they  
 C F Em  
 say; \_\_\_\_\_ The bank it was robbed boys \_\_\_\_\_ and it can't be de-  
 G F  
 nied \_\_\_\_\_ That Bil - ly was found \_\_\_\_\_  
 C  
 with his gun at his side. \_\_\_\_\_

Two tellers were dead, boys, it was awful to see  
And Billy was down with a ball in his knee  
A ball in his knee, boys, and a gash in his head  
The others had left him, guess they took him for dead.

But Billy wrote a letter in a hand that was bold  
Saying though I'm condemned my tale's still untold  
Yes I love to gamble and I love to fight  
I go out carousing all day and all night.

With whiskey and women, boys, I've had my fun  
But this robbing and killing I never have done  
I was drinking alone, boys, like I always do  
When I heard the report of a new thirty-two.

A new thirty-two, boys, now that's a bit strange  
That caliber's small for a man on the range  
I jumped to my feet, boys, my heart how it sank  
That gun it belonged to old Fred at the bank.

I ran till I reached the bank's front door  
Then I heard the report of an old forty-four  
That shot it was fired where some horses were tied  
I took one step backwards and caved in on my side.

That's all I remember, that's all I can say  
They didn't believe me, so I'm dying today  
They tried to hang Billy, but the tree it bent down  
'Til Billy was testing his feet on the ground.

The men all did murmur and tremble and quake  
'Cause the next time they hung him the rope it did break  
Then in came a rider with his horse all a-foam  
Saying cut down that man, boys, and leave him alone.

Cut down that man, boys, I'm glad I'm on time  
Two others confessed, confessed to this crime.  
(Pause and Vamp)

The end of my story has been a big lie  
The word came too late and Billy did die.

I just hated to tell you so I sang this old song  
I hated to see it 'cause God knows it was wrong  
Old trees don't bend down boys, strong rope it won't break  
But the wrong man can die from the jury's mistake.



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BROADSIDE #68

# small shoulders

Words & Music by FRED WARDENBURG  
Copyright 1966 by Fred Wardenburg

Put a-way your doll-y and your wag-on, Elly Mae; You must take your books and walk to a  
**D7** **F** **C**  
diff'rent school to-day. You may not want to walk a-long, you may not understand...All the hope of a  
**D7** **E7** **Am** Refrain:  
troubled land lies in your little hand. Those are **SMALL SHOULDERS** for a heav-y load. **SMALL**  
**D7** **G7** **Am** **F6**  
**SHOULDERS** for a long hot road. **SMALL SHOULDERS** with a longing to be free and they're  
**C** **F** **G7** **C**  
shoulder-ing a bur-den that was meant for me.

Walk along with your head held high  
Don't think of looking back  
The road is lined with angry men  
They hate a skin that's black  
You may not want to walk alone  
You may not understand  
All the hope of a troubled land  
Lies in your little hand. (Ref.)

When this day is over  
You can come back home to rest  
Your mother will be waiting  
And she'll hug you to her breast  
She'll dry your tears & sing you off  
To a dreamless sleep and then  
Tomorrow you must take your books  
And go back there again. (Ref.)

Say good-bye to your brothers  
And your sisters, Elly Mae  
Say good-bye to all your friends  
You will not walk their way  
You may not want to walk alone  
You may not understand  
All the hope of a troubled land  
Lies in your little hand. (Ref.)

## Bus I'm Riding

By ERIC ANDERSEN  
© 1964 Deep Fork Music, Inc.

I got a bus— it's hidden in my mind, The back seat's in the and the  
**A** **E** **A** **E** **B7** **E**  
bath-room's got no sign— I've got a thou-sand drink-ing foun-tains the water handles all turn  
**B7** **E** **A** **E**  
free— So if you want to take a drink Take a ride with me.

Who's that I see dressed in white sheets  
A choir of southern congressmen comin' up the street  
They certainly look religious, they're singin' way  
off key  
And wavin' flamin' crosses to "Nearer My God to Thee"

Here comes Governor Wallace ridin' through the night  
With a ninety-nine foot toothbrush tryin' to  
brush it white  
Excuse me, Mr. Governor, please come by my door  
'Cause my window's got a cavity and a germ upon my  
floor.

Last night I had a dream that everything was reversed  
When Barry voted last and Cassius voted first  
Now if ya want my registration, better let me roll  
the dice  
And if ya got a question, ya better ask me nice.

Now color don't mean nothin' when you buy your  
Cadillac  
Whether it's red, white, blue or a shiny midnight  
black  
How come with people, color means more than a name  
If a Cadillac's a Cadillac, won't someone please  
explain.

# I GOT A LEASE ON LIFE

**Words & Music: By BOBBY EVANS**

Copyright 1965 Whitfeld Music

Well, I'm in A-1 con-di-tion, my health is A-o-kay, so the  
 ar-my with no con-tri-tion has marked my card 1-A, but  
 I'm a peace-ful per-son, my heart ain't filled with strife, and  
 I'll be damned be-fore I kill a man 'cause I got a lease on  
 life. CHORUS: Yes, I got a lease on life and it'll take a lot to  
 break it, like I got this kid and wife, so, Sam-my I just can't  
 make it. You can call me chicken and call me a drip but  
 shoo-tin' peo-ple just ain't too hip. Put down your pis-tol, puta  
 way that knife, 'cause I got a lease on life, yes I tell you  
 now, I got a lease on life.

2. Aw, don't call me a traitor  
I love my country well  
I'm just a demonstrator  
Who believes that war is hell  
I never heard of Lenin  
Except for "English-John"  
And if he's a commie  
Then you're his mommy  
You gotta be puttin me on!  
(Chorus)

3. Didn't mean to burn my draft card  
Twas an accident — you bet  
You see I'm just a bit near-sighted  
And I missed my cigarette!  
Oh, don't throw me in prison  
In stripes I can't feel cool  
I'm a peaceful man  
Don't throw me in the can  
Save that for the fightin' fools.  
(Chorus)

# PART OF ME

Composed for, and sung at 25th Anniversary of the Civil War Round Table (Chicago, Dec. 14, 1965) by Win Stracke.

1. Part of me — was cower-ing on the bank at Pittsburg landing.<sup>(1)</sup> Part of me — fought  
2. Part of me — laid waste to Geor-gia while in Sherman's band. — Part of me — raised  
  
fiercely knowing Cleburne was commanding. Part of me, — with Thomas, storm'd up Mission-a-ry  
hell in Tenn-e-see in Hood's<sup>(5)</sup> command. Part of me — wrought havoc o- ver Al-a-ba-ma's<sup>(6)</sup>  
  
Ridge.<sup>(3)</sup> Part of me — died reck-less- ly at Burnside's blood-y bridge.<sup>(4)</sup> I've got the  
keel. Part of me — in Kear-sarge<sup>(7)</sup> brought the Re- bel ship to heel. (No Cho.)  
  
same set of guts, and the same blood in my veins, The same heartbeats per min-ute, by and  
  
large the same brains. Can I live and die with hon-or as the Blue and Grey of yore? Can I  
  
strive for Peace as brave-ly as they fought in Civ-il War?

Copyright 1965 by WIN STRACKE

Part of me turned in for sick-call when the battle started  
Part of me rushed in the breach that day the front line  
parted

Part of me skedaddled at the battle of Bull Run  
Part of me led Pickett's charge in Gettysburg's hot sun.  
(CHO.)

Part of me got plunder in Spoons Butler's occupation (8)  
Part of me paid substitutes instead of serve the nation  
Part of me died in Camp Douglas (9) from Chicago's cold  
Part of me went into Libby (10) young and came out old.

Part of me was Irish charging up Mary's dread height (11)  
Part of me was German "und mit Sigel" came to fight (12)  
Part of me invoked the name of God for Northern aid  
Part of me felt righteous when old Stonewall knelt and  
prayed. (13) (CHO.)

Part of me fought mud along the wintry Rappahannock (14)  
Part of me skulked in the hills when Stuart (15) spread  
his panic

Part of me hung innocents from lamp posts on Broadway (16)  
Part of me heard liberty had come on New Years Day (17)

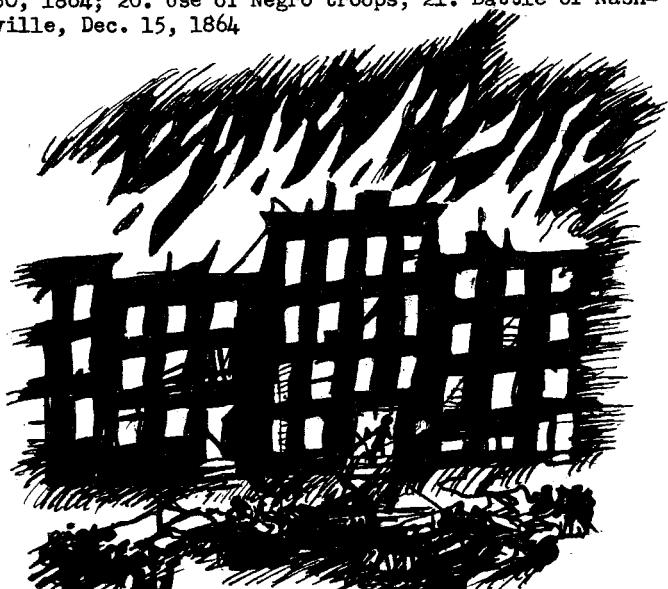
Part of me from Forest's hate live in Fort Pillows shame (18)  
Part of me fought "gallantly" when Crater's chance once  
came (19)

Part of me were soldiers at half-pay without a gun (20)  
Part of me on Steedman's left broke ranks, began to run (21).  
(CHO.)

Some of us still think that making war's a wondrous game  
Some of us think Lee, despite his protest, felt the same  
But some of us think in our grasp is life so sweet to spend  
That someday they will call a war and no one will attend

Some of us are dying in the Jungles of Viet Nam  
Some of us once more are whisp'ring "Why not use the Bomb?"  
But all of me with all my heart and mind must answer "No!"  
War's no answer, war has had it, cruel war must go. (CHO.)

built in Liverpool; 7. Union warship which sank the Alabama June 19, 1864; 8. Gen Benjamin F. Butler who commanded Union forces occupying New Orleans (nickname "Spoons" derived from his appropriation of silverware) 9. Camp holding Confederate prisoners; 10. Camp holding Union prisoners; 11. Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg Dec. 13, 1862; 12. Gen. Franz Sigel, German born Unionist who led Germans throughout war; 13. Stonewall Jackson, an elder of the Presbyterian Church; 14. The Union "mud march" after Battle of Fredericksburg; 15. James Ewell Brown "Jeb" Stuart, brilliant Confederate cavalry officer; 16. Draft riots in New York City, July, 1863. At least 18 Negroes hanged to lamp-posts by pro-Confederate mob; 17. Emancipation, effective Jan. 1, 1863; 18. "Massacre" of Negro Union soldiers, April 12, 1864; 19. Negro division at Battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864; 20. Use of Negro troops; 21. Battle of Nashville, Dec. 15, 1864



Burning of 2nd Ave. Armory in N.Y. draft riots

**GLOSSARY:** 1. Union forces at Battle of Shiloh, Apr. 6, 1862; 2. Patrick R. Cleburne, Confederate general; 3. Gen Geo. H. Thomas and Union forces Nov. 25, 1863; 4. Battle of Antietam, Sep. 15-17, 1862; 5. Confederate Gen. John B. Hood at Battles of Franklin & Nashville, Nov. 30-Dec. 15, 1864; 6. Confederate raider,

# the cockroach

Words & Music by HELEN DUNLOP

Copyright 1965 by Helen Dunlop

There once was a cockroach, a woeful little fellow, He was most unpop-u-lar but  
no one called him yellow; He was patient, he was smart, and he hid from poison sprays, He  
mul-ti-plied in the dark, and laid low — dur-ing days.

2. The humans that he bothered  
thought him a minor pest  
They took more time to fight the wars  
with which they were obsessed  
They cornered radiation  
in many different forms  
Tried it out on neighbor nations  
spilled atomic rays in swarms.

3. If six hundred roentgen rays  
dropped on the human race  
They'd soon eliminate it  
in every earthly place  
But one hundred thousand roentgens  
the cockroach never feels --  
The hardy little insect  
absorbs it like his meals.

6. "I'm not a Michelangelo, or even Soupy Sales  
"I cannot make a better world with all that it entails  
"But here I am the victor of moon and stars and earth --  
"What can I do with them? Just keep on giving birth!"

4. So the little bug was patient  
he waited many years  
While foolish human beings  
fought each other without tears  
One day he was not sprayed --  
all was quiet, no one swore  
He looked and soon discovered --  
the humans were no more.  
5. The happy little cockroach  
looked around and saw a mess  
"I've been living in the slums," he said  
"Now I can have the best."  
So uptown he travelled  
to the houses of the rich  
Settled down among the corpses  
saying "Gee, I like the switch!"

## The winner of World War III



A nuclear war, if it comes, will not be won by the Americans. It will not be won by the Russians. And although it has been so ordained by Mao Tse-tung, it will not be won by the Chinese.

The winner of World War III will be the cockroach.

"Let a man absorb 600 roentgens [of radiation] and he perishes soon and miserably," says Dr. H. Bentley Glass, a leading biologist, "but 100,000 roentgens may not discomfort an insect in the least."

"The cockroach, a venerable and hardy species, will take over the habitations of the foolish humans, and compete only with other insects or bacteria."

If the cockroaches knew what was going on in Vietnam, if they realized how close to nuclear war the foolish humans have got themselves, they would be descending on the better neighborhoods to choose from the homes that may soon become available. In the United States. In the Soviet Union. In China. In Europe.

We ask the President to stop the bombing of North Vietnam, and to negotiate with all the parties concerned, including the people we are fighting—the Vietcong. The negotiations must provide that the people of Vietnam be free to determine their own future.

Nat'l. Committee for a SANE Nuclear Policy  
17 East 45th Street, New York, 10017

—Here is \$\_\_\_\_ for your work.

—Please send me more information on SANE.

Name\_\_\_\_\_

Address\_\_\_\_\_

City\_\_\_\_\_ State\_\_\_\_\_

## "THIS IS THE FOLK SHOW"

(Ed. Note: Folk music shows on radio, once a rarity, are heard widely nowadays both on AM and FM channels, on commercial and college stations. Judith Addams, a Broadside contributor, is m.c. of such a show at the University of Texas. We asked her to write an article about her experiences, the records she plays, etc. Her piece follows):

"In 15 seconds, the correct Central Standard Time will be 8 P.M. This is KUT-FM, the radio voice of the University of Texas, 90.7 megacycles on your FM band.... Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I'm Judith Addams, and this is the Folk Show." And then the strains of Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" fill the studio, light up at least two FM sets in town, and the show is on the road until midnight.

The University of Texas is in Austin, a small, provincial town of 212,000 people. A relatively pleasant town; there is no smog, no industry, very little rush, and a dawning awareness that this is (maybe) the 20th century.

*BROADSIDE* #68

One Saturday night last spring, having nothing to do (where can you go in Austin?), my husband and I were listening to the radio, when we came across some folk music. We listened, and discovered that the University had an FM station that played three hours of folk music every Saturday night, and that the guy who ran the show couldn't pronounce names worth a damn. With my customary tact and sense for accuracy, I immediately phoned the station to tell the guy that Phil Ochs did not pronounce his name OX and that I wasn't at all sure he was fond of having other people pronounce it that way. Two weeks later, the show was mine, and I was pronouncing everyone's name wrong. It seemed that the guy doing the show had bar exams coming up and wanted out from his D-J duties. I hastened to offer my services, having spent a frightful month in December trying to interest a commercial FM station in the most stupendous idea in programming anyone had ever had (my own idea, of course), only to be told on the morning of the day my daughter went to the hospital that they were sorry but I just wasn't their type. I consoled myself by saying that any group that had the following sign on their control room door wasn't my type either: You don't bait the hook with what YOU like to eat, but what the FISH like to eat.

(continued →)

"This Is The Folk Show" - 2

So, after four hours dry run on the board, an interview with the departing host, and a week's trepidation, the show was mine. I did two shows, began to relax, looked forward to the third and last show of the season (the station, like the University, is off the air for the summer), and was told the morning of the last show there would be no last show, something called Clark Kerr and graduation exercises intervening.

Over the summer, KUT asked me to draw up a list of records I thought would comprise a basic folk library for the Radio/TV department. I said I would be glad to, which was something of a lie. It was more an exercise in sado-masochism than anything else, because there is one thing over which I am absolutely fanatic, and that is records. There is very little I will not do (or at least think of doing) to get a record to add to my collection. Twice in my life I have had either all or a major portion of my record library stolen, and I am now like the miser who keeps all in the cellar, drooling by the light of a flickering candle. As compensation for this compilation, I get to play the records, and receive \$1.00 an hour for doing so. Without having to audition them. As it turned out, although I don't really know all that much about folk music, I had trust in the right record companies. Not to mention the Library of Congress, whose works now adorn the shelves. (It was a gas to find out that the Lib. of Cong. records are a bright red — has anyone investigated?)

And the response to all this collection? It's hard to say. The six nights of the week that I'm not on the air, Station X runs a 2½ hour folk show, and they have been adding material to their play list that wasn't there before. The Ramblers have a "hit" on their Station (Station X's) Top Ten of Folk for the week. And Buffy Sainte-Marie gets a tremendous amount of play, which is probably entirely co-incidental -- even though I think I was about the first to play her records here last spring. It's co-incidental, as I say, because Buffy has been becoming more and more well-known, needing no help from small-town D.J.'s. At any rate, there's an audience here for good folk music. Station X ran a postcard survey and Pete Seeger's "Turn, Turn, Turn" was first.

The show should really be called the Judith Addams show, as I'm merciless about baiting the hook with what I like to eat. Early in the year I defined folk music as I saw it, and said that this included rock and roll, and did not include the New Christy Minstrels, the Sarah Nippity Singers, or groups of that ilk. I also went out on a limb one night trying to answer a woman who called up to ask why I never played any jingly-jangly songs on the first half hour of the show, which I've set aside as the Children's Hour. I said that I played ballads and traditional songs rather than songs which were specifically marked as children's because I felt that children had such strong imaginations that they worked better on the ballads than on songs in which all the settings and happenings and noises and so on were carefully identified. (I also have a horror of adults making fools of themselves in the name of entertaining children). Another call came in to say I was right. And when I've played the field recordings, I've had people call up to ask how they could get hold of them. People are really and truly nice.

The best thing about the show, from my side of the mike, is the freedom. As an educational FM station, there are no commercials, and no sponsors' toes to avoid. I may play what I want and say what I want. I'm told the

Regents listen occasionally, but I think they do something else on Saturday night. In the fall they have football to keep them busy. Which I think keeps them busy the rest of the year as well. Since four hours is a long stretch, I use the last hour to play a whole album. This prompted the program director to call one night while the show was on and suggest cutting it back an hour. I played 7 minutes of Dylan and talked him out of it. But not before he'd suggested my doing the show from ten to twelve Mondays, Wednesdays, and Friday nights. I said that if he would come over to my house on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings to house-keep that I would consider the change. Then there was the night I'd played nearly a solid hour of Bob Dylan and a guy phoned up to ask me if I liked Dylan, as I'd "never said, one way or the other." And I've been told I have the best-programmed show in Austin. That's because I play the Beatles. And then there was the night I had such a bad cold I could hardly speak and a guy phoned up to say how fabulous he thought my voice was. My cold cleared up, and I bet he hasn't listened since.

But I've been lucky. The only people who call up are the ones who 1) want to know the football scores 2) want to know what program is now on the educational TV channel -- easy to answer, as it doesn't broadcast on the weekends 3) want to say they've enjoyed listening to me and are now moving to Switzerland.

And I get fan mail from monks.

But there's always the music and its beauty. I can never speak for a few seconds after listening to Doc Watson and C.T. Ashley and Jean Ritchie and friends sing "Amazing Grace". And the exhilaration of good bluegrass just can't be matched. Along with Jim Kweskin and Pat Sky's "Separation Blues". Or Dave Cohen (is he now Dave Blue?) singing "I Like to Sleep Late in the Morning". My God, there is so much beautiful music in this world!

JUDITH ADDAMS  
KUT-FM  
Austin, Texas

#### RECORD REVIEW

MIMI & RICHARD FARINA: REFLECTIONS IN A CRYSTAL WIND (Vanguard VRS9204 VSD 79204). This is the kind of album I would like to write about groove by groove. It contains some of the best music I've ever heard and it has some songs with masterful lyrics. It also has some obvious defects. The major defect is an oversupply of sidemen. They tend to obscure the words on some cuts and John Hammond's harmonica in particular intrudes at the wrong times. The songs themselves are mostly of the same high quality as those on the Farinas' previous album CELEBRATIONS FOR A GREY DAY. One song, "Children of Darkness" is a masterpiece, the like of which has not been seen in today's contemporary folk writing. It is sensitively sung and Charles Small's celesta seems to cast a magic web over the whole composition. "Hard Loving Loser" is a guy we have all heard about and would kind of like to be to a certain degree. There are two repeats from the SINGER-SONGWRITER PROJECT on Elektra -- "Bold Marauder" and "House Un-American Blues Activity Dream" -- both hurt by the preponderance of sidemen, both fine songs. As on their last album, the only real failure is a pseudo-raga of a kind only Sandy Bull can do well. All in all, this is a worthy follow-up to this team's recording debut of a few months ago.

EDMUND O. WARD

myself. But I also know instinctively that there is no bodily escape. To run means only that the haze goes too. The days of the wandering poet minstrel bard...Blind Boy Grunt, and his successors Paxton, Ochs, and Homer are over. People aren't interested in the child gypsy clown that blew in off from nowhere anymore. The curtain has fallen on the hero, the fire-spitting gods, the princess of poverty. The fear and anger of the song movement have been replaced by sounds, new sounds, new experiments in music and words. Some of the words have been put there, the tone has been set. And it looks now as if the music is catching up. The Drifters may have brought the violins but the Beatles have brought the Sitar, the beat, Chicago and Detroit and Nashville with them. It's all music. And now the child is growing up. It took England to make us look around at things it has been looking at for years. And the lid is off for expansion and new horizons in poetic and musical creativity. New musical awareness and need for wider musical understanding and knowledge has dawned on the song writing movement. As musical creators we are not so pat and secure. There's a lot of things to know. Along with Child ballads was Baroque music, along with John Hurt was Muddy Waters and Jelly Roll Morton, along with Leadbelly was Billy Holiday and Gershwin, along with Woody Guthrie was Elvis Presley and Buddy Holly. They may have looked on different watches but it was still the same time. A lot of people have resented this. And they felt that they should step out and defend the truth. They think they own the truth and that the changes have been indicative of the American Enterprise Decadence. Last spring and summer I sort of watched the bitter exchanges with amusement. I saw people taking sides. Broadside became a small arena of High-Almighty gladiators, or better, a Clay-Patterson fight. There were thrusts and counter-thrusts. Attacks and rebuffs. The Electric Sell-Out! The whole issue began to take on hysterically funny proportions. I read things, watched things, heard things. Paul Wolfe unwittingly played God and anointed brows, placed wreaths, and crushed crowns. Others wanted to play God. Would the real God please stand up and sing Thirsty Boots! (My Ego).

Paxton received his "Who-ey" award From Cavalier defiantly saying he was not in show-biz and never intended to be, but rather he was in the traditions of Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger. He was dead serious. A few who witnessed it snickered. But I wondered about this. How could he put down commercialism? I never heard Carolyn Hester singing any of Woody Guthrie's tunes for a Polaroid commercial. I never saw Pete Seeger shave with a gillette on television. I never heard kids learn a Guthrie song off a Rival dogfood ad. I wasn't at Newport last year but people who were back stage told me that after Bob Dylan got booted off the stage two people cried...Pete Seeger and Dylan, both for totally different reasons. Seeger because Dylan had "sold out", and Dylan because he thought the kids didn't like him anymore. They were at opposite ends of the stage, both crying at the same time. It must have looked ridiculous.

Then I went to a panel discussion on "folk-rock" last fall at the Village Vanguard. The stars on the panel were all squeezed into the end of the boot-shaped room. Since the room was very small, their heads looked very large in the bright lights located above them. They looked like grotesque figures in a wax museum exhibit. Paul Krassner of the Realist, Irwin Silber of Sing And/Or Shout, Murray The K of Murray The K, Bob Shelton of the New York Times and Tom Paxton of Harder Times. And what I thought was to be an informative discussion turned into a Silber/Sade play on the Grand Inquisitor. Then it began to be interesting. It was like seeing them in a shower room but each too embarrassed to undress even though the water was falling all

over them. And all they could do was giggle and give nervous glances to see that nobody was looking at them. It was great. I could see what they had to defend; and what each had at stake began to unravel. I stared at their egos and the more I stared the more I laughed. They sat and played the critics game of what had value and what didn't have value.

Even Eve Of Destruction was played to make the comedy seem a little more serious. They showed the emotions of unconvincing actors. The stage blushed...an amateur performance for \$1.50 admission. They attempted genuine anger, disturbance, concern, compassion, care, frowns, wincing, sneers, and wit as they tried to capture and nail down the delicate electric butterfly with all the finesse and accuracy of a Spanish Civil War cannon. The sell-out issue even reached the sacred altar of the FOLKLORE CENTER -- home of the vagabond Spring of Eternal Change. Izzy Young, its guiding hand, told me that he was threatening to expose the whole hypocrisy of people like me in the next issue of Sing-Out and that I'd better read it. I asked him if it was published by the same people who publish Marvel Comics. He said he didn't know. I said if it wasn't I probably wouldn't read it. I said I thought the whole matter sounded like bad fiction. I told him I thought that Irwin Silber was a frustrated top-forty disc jockey who in turn was a frustrated Terry Southern. He said Negro music was being cheated. I said I'd do a free Andy Warhol cover for his next article or get a picket sign hand-painted by one of the WMCA good-guys. He said that Negro music was being cheated. I said I had to go now. He said that 90% of all folk music put out by Vanguard and Elektra was useless and tasteless. I said he was right about the Negroes. He said I was a hypocrite. I said I hoped everything would pull together and everybody'd stop being so up-tight about everybody and sneeze (or something) and relieve themselves of their agony and self-disgust. Because if people start taking sides seriously the music will become a bogged-down swamp so evil and ingrown there'll be no dry ground left on which to stand. The world is sinking too fast for that as it is. And if the movement means to shut all the windows and rot together in a pile then nobody'll be able to breathe, let alone move!

But there is fresh air coming through. Have you heard Phil's song "Nobody's Buying Flowers From The Flower Lady"? Or any of David Blu's latest songs like "So Easy She Goes By" or "The Grand Hotel" or "The Street"? Have you heard "Rubber Soul", the Beatles' latest album? Great title, RUBBER SOUL! There's a lot of truth and commentary on the film scene, too. Like Polanski's "Repulsion"; Richardson's and Southern's "The Loved One", dealing with the hypocrisy of death and the funeral home racket. Fellini's telling it how he sees it; even "Thunderball" and "Tickle Me" were in a groove.

And Dylan, the young American Millionaire, who has no circulation problems, still prowls the streets like a ragged priest in pursuit of a sight, a soul, or a sentence. About all he has to show for it are the strains of a rugged concert schedule, a couple new polk-a-dot shirts, and tables of empty and half empty glasses of drinks he's boughten for people. The rest is for stash, hid somewhere for the jealous ones to worry about. He is still after only one thing, and he pursues it like it was God...the next best thing...his words. The only thing all his critics have in common is their jealousy. And if they don't try to burn him for one thing, they'll crucify him for another. But people have killed for less. What they don't realize is that he is a very religious person and hunts himself like a saint. His only temple of worship is his words and songs. And those critics who don't believe in him but still buy his records, they should stop and not attend. They should turn away to building their own churches and believing in them. Or become episcopalians.

ERIC ANDERSEN

Many songs which were first printed in Broadside continue to appear on records. Below are listed the songs on four new LP albums we plan to review soon. The asterisks -- 33 we count -- represent songs which originally appeared in Broadside.

1. LEN CHANDLER, "To Be A Man" (Columbia):

To Be A Man.\*  
Feet First Baby.  
Nancy Rose.\*  
Bellevue.\*  
Missionary Stew.  
Keep On Keepin' On.\*  
Shadow Dream Chaser Of Rainbows.\*  
Hide Your Heart,Little Hippy.\*  
Roll, Turn, Soin. \*  
Time Of The Tiger.\*  
Takin' Me Away From You Train.\*  
Quittin' Time.\*

2. PETE SEEGER, "God Bless The Grass" (Columbia):

The Power & The Glory.\*  
Pretty Saro.  
70 Miles.\*  
The Faucets Are Dripping.\*  
Cement Octopus.\*  
God Bless The Grass.\*  
Quiet Joys Of Brotherhood.  
Coal Creek March.  
The Girl I Left Behind.  
I Have A Rabbit.\*  
People Are Scratching.\*  
Coyote,My Little Brother.\*  
Preserven El Parque Elysian.  
My Dirty Stream.\*  
Johnny Riley.  
Barbara Allen.  
From Way Up Here.\*  
My Land Is A Good Land.\*

3. ERIC ANDERSEN, "Bout Changes & Things", (Vanguard):

Violets Of Dawn.\*  
The Girl I Love.  
That's Alright Mama.  
Thirsty Boots.\*  
The Hustler.  
Cross Your Mind.  
I Shall Go Unbounded.\*  
Champion At Keepin' Them Rollin'.  
You Been Cheatin'.  
Blind Fiddler.\*  
Close The Door.  
My Land Is A Good Land.\*

4. PHIL OCHS, "Phil Ochs In Concert", (Elektra, release date: March 15):

I'm Going To Say It Now,  
(The Berkeley song). \*  
Bracero.\*  
Ringing of Revolution.\*  
Is There Anybody Here.\*  
Cannons of Christianity.\*  
There But For Fortune.  
Cops Of The World.  
Santo Domingo.\*  
Changes.\*  
Love Me I'm A Liberal.\*  
When I'm Gone.

## LETTERS

Dear Broadside: -- I have some objections to the fruit-strike songs which appeared recently in your magazine...Most important is the way the songs are written, especially the use of the word "scabber"... Such words are the objects of HATE. It's relatively difficult to hate something you don't have a name for -- so people coin words like these to simplify matters. If, as you say, the strikers and their families have been treated unfairly, then it seems to me that you have an ideal situation to write a song evoking sympathy for the strikers instead of HATE for the employers. And no matter what is happening down there -- they could be machine-gunning strikers-- and according to the ideas Broadside has expressed, we would still want to evoke hatred. Hatred is the real enemy -- not the employers or "scabbers", as you call them.

Charles Kopp  
California

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Dear Broadside: -- We're glad you liked Pete Krug's "The Migrant's Song" and printed it (B'Side # 66). But there's a notation error: the 5th bar, second line (Stockton up) should go F sharp,G,A, the same as the 2nd bar of first line. Pete frequently sings "and" on G before the chorus ("And see now..!"). Your illustration is most unfortunate. Anything looking less like any migratory agricultural worker in these parts would be hard to imagine.

Faith Petric  
S.F. Folk Music Club.

(Ed. answer: The choice of the picture shows our age. We are "Okies" out of the "Grapes Of Wrath" and find it hard to keep up with modern times).

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Dear Broadside: -- In a collection of reprints from your magazine I found a greater number of well-written, up-to-date protest songs than I have ever seen in one place before. Most of the songs have not only excellent lyrics, but also music that is in the spirit of folk music... When performers and writers are "selling out" left and right it's great to see songs which still say something, and say it in a beautiful and appropriate way... My only regret is that I did not find out about your magazine sooner.

Barry Fogel  
California

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Dear Broadside: -- I believe SING OUT! should be congratulated on its "Super" edition... but we certainly need the more immediate "Topical" songs which Broadside can give us. So, I hope you can keep it up, and grow in circulation... Also, a thank you to your artist, A.F. Her designs and illustrations have become a part and parcel of the character and personality of Broadside -- They give it a warmth and intimacy, and therefore dimension.

Wally Hille  
California

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Dear Sis & Gordon: -- Just got Broadside #64..I haven't sung any of the songs yet... The words are still too strong inside me, and besides I see Peter La Farge has been dead for a quarter of a year and I didn't have the slightest idea. I was teaching others his songs only yesterday not knowing. Another friend is dead I never met. It is more important than ever that Broadside not stop. For when so many die it is more and more placed on those who remain the responsibility to make a world more like it could be and less as we see it now... I take a long drink from my bottle and wait for my personal call of Uhuru which is Aug. 14,1968, unless Mac and the boys in that building in Arlington County decide they have bigger, better plans for me... I'm with you and all the others, even at a distance of thousands of miles and the uniform which hangs on me.

Chuck  
Overseas

Letters -- 2

Dear Broadside: -- Recently I came with a friend to your office to get some music... One of the issues I bought (B'Side # 49) contained what I consider to be one of the most beautiful songs ever written -- "Just A Hand To Hold" by Mark Spoelstra. On my way home I stopped off and bought his record "Five And Twenty Questions", a great album. When I got into my living room I put on the record and read the notes he has on "Just A Hand" in B'Side. As the album played the tears flowed down my cheeks. I just want to sat that if little David's killer could hear this song just once, and if he had only half a heart, this would be the most penetrating punishment ever conceived... I'm listening to the song again as I'm writing this letter and my eyes are beginning to water once more. Let me close by saying that I hope there will always be an outstretched hand to a little voice that asks, "Will you hold my hand?" Congratulations, Mr. Spoelstra! You've really got it.

Elyse Kateman

New York

TWO POEMS BY JOHN BARTON

Emperor Johnson

Lordliest of presidents, LBJ  
Sits in the White House the livelong day  
While out in Vietnam the doughboys go  
Sloshing in mud bravissimo.

Safe in the White House the Presidents sends  
Emissaries abroad to disguise his ends  
And over on Wall Street financiers dicker  
To get a war contract and make money quicker.

On his Texas ranch the President thrives  
And entertains diplomats and diplomats wives  
And tells other rulers to help him restore  
Freedom for Wall Street in the Vietnam War.

He hopes for surrender from Ho Chi Minh  
And schemes to drag Cambodia in  
But in the rice paddies GI's are wondering  
Whether the President isn't blundering.

Yes, He Did

A warhawk named Wm. P. Bundy  
Went to Tokyo one fine Sunday  
To tell Japanese  
To kill Vietnamese  
And then he flew back home on  
Monday.

HUSH, LITTLE KLANSMAN

Words: L.Douglas DeNike      Tune: "Hush Little Baby" (Traditional)  
© 1966 L.Douglas DeNike

Hush, little Klansman, don't you cry  
We've got friends in the F.B.I.  
And if that F.B.I. turns red  
We'll join the Minutemen instead  
And if those Minutemen don't fight  
We'll drive to Mississippi and then turn right  
And if those colored folks don't see our way  
We'll sail to Cuba with the C.I.A.  
And if they'd rather not be free  
We'll join the Birch Society  
And if our birching proves a bore  
We'll go tote rifles in Johnson's War  
And if Saigon seems losing, too  
We'll organize the next right-wing coup  
And if those commies win, I fear  
We'll have to join Rockwell's Nazis here  
And though it's hard to wear a swastika around  
We'll be the only real Americans in town.

Dear Broadsides: -- On Feb. 8, 1966, President Johnson destroyed Vietnam. He sacrificed a proud nation to the gods of war and greed, in the name of "social progress", "American commitment", and "peace and freedom". He met with his "friends from Saigon" at a conference table in Honolulu, and he bought an extension of misery for millions of people and hundreds of thousands of American soldiers now in Southeast Asia. For the modern equivalent of thirty pieces of silver he has purchased the invitation to a nuclear death chamber. The Honolulu Conference will go down in history as a monument to Neo-Fascism.

Rick Carter  
California

Peace Isn't Treason!

NATIONAL GUARDIAN

February 19, 1966



THE BBC DOESN'T LIKE THE BEAT WHEN THESE LADS SING ABOUT VIETNAM  
From left: Mike Vickers, Thomas McGuinness, Paul Jones, Manfred Mann and Mike Hugg

**Paul's Dream**

England, too, seems to be having trouble with its official stand (or lean) on Vietnam. Five members of the unsilent generation there, the Manfred Mann rock 'n' roll group, proposed a Vietnam protest song for their performance last New Year's eve on the government-operated BBC and were turned down. The song, declared a spokesman for the BBC, was not "light-hearted" enough for the "Gadzooks" program.

Paul Jones, lead singer for the group, wrote the song, "Paul's Dream," because, he said, he wanted "to help end the Vietnam war."

In an interview with the London Daily Worker, Jones compared the BBC action with the Christmas Eve message broadcast by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Arthur Ramsey, in which Ramsey said that the people of Moscow "have all the material things, but you know, they're not free." Paul's response: "Not like we are, eh?"

He went on to say that "the kind of double-talk used by the archbishop" fosters misunderstanding, tension, national hatred and, "of course, the Cold War."

Double-talk was also the subject of his song:

I dreamed I said to President Johnson  
Now listen me, man,  
That's a good line in double-talk  
You've got in Vietnam.  
And don't think I don't know  
Who's causing all this fuss  
Cos every time you say them  
I know you mean us.

CHORUS:

It was a dream, a dream I had  
last night,  
I dreamed I solved all the  
problems  
And set the world to rights.

I dreamed I told Mr. Wilson  
You heard what I said to him  
Well don't think you're excluded  
Because I count you in.  
Before you got in power  
You said the States had caused  
this war

But now you need their money  
And you don't say that any more.

CHORUS:

It was a dream . . .

Then in chimed Ho Chi Minh to  
say

You guys you needn't fight  
There's only one way to do this  
thing

And do it right  
That's get out of my country  
Leave it for my people and me  
And while you are about it take  
your little Hitler friend  
And drop him in the sea.

CHORUS:

## FOLKLORE SECTION

(Ed. Note: We present the following for the benefit mainly of professional folklorists, musicology professors, etc. "Jesus Was A Teenager Too" -- like an earlier song in a similar genre: "Plastic Jesus" -- seems to fit their criteria for a bonafide folksong. That is -- so far as we have been able to ascertain at least -- its author is unknown, it has existed only in the oral tradition for a number of years, and so on. We have been told it first appeared in about 1958, that it is widely sung all over the country, principally by highschool and young college students. There are said to be hundreds of verses, with new ones appearing all the time. Below are two versions.)

## "JESUS WAS A TEENAGER TOO"

(This version was "collected" by Lew Hyde, a student at the University of Minnesota).

Say your prayers every night, Go to church every  
Sunday, You'll get to heaven — Not now but one day. — Al-  
though he was a Jew, Je-sus was a Teenager — too. —  
Oh-h O - ho. (So) there: Mm Mm - m Rosar-y O-ho.

So do all your schoolwork  
And be kind to your teachers  
And pay close attention  
To policemen & preachers  
He's watching over you  
Yes, He was a teenager, too.

And when you're at the drag race  
You better race fa-air  
You're not alone  
Big Jesus is the-ere  
Watching over you  
Cause He was a teenager too.

SPOKEN: Now Jesus didn't go to  
drag races  
And he didn't spend hours on  
the phone  
And when he went to drive-ins,  
you know  
He always went alone.

SUNG: He's watching over you  
Yes, He was a teenager, too  
Rosary, oh-ho, Mm-Mm

The Father, the Son & the Holy  
Gho-ost  
A real swinging trio, they're  
the mo-ost  
Watching over you  
Well, He was a teenager, too

SPOKEN: Let's hear it one more  
time. There may be a soul out  
there who is not saved.

Now the Virgin Mary was quite  
a pru-uude  
'Til she met God, Mm-mm-mm-mm  
Then- she --  
Was a teenager, too.  
Rosary, oh-ho, etc.

(The 2nd version was sent in by Edmund O. Ward of Princeton, who writes:

"I collected this from a girl named Shelley Moore of Scarsdale, New York, two years ago -- Oct. 4, 1964, to be exact. She didn't tell me where she had got it from, but I've never heard another version like it. I usually leave out the Virgin Mary verse, because it spoils the fine piece of contemporary theology that this song is.")

## "JESUS WAS A TEENAGER TOO" (Version 2)

Prayers ev'ry ni-light, Church ev'ry Sunday, You'll  
heaven, Not now but someday; Just like me and you, Jesus  
(Ad lib falsetto & verses such as "Ring around the Rosary", "He died for you, yeah.")

You're at a da-ance  
In the high school gy-yym  
You're dancing with To-om  
But you're thinking of Hi-im  
He's watching you  
Jesus was a teenager, too  
SPOKEN:  
Jesus never went to drive-in movies  
Or spent long hours on the phone

Jesus never even went steady  
He spent His life all alone.  
You're at the dragstrip  
Big Jesus is there  
His eye is on you  
So you'd better drag fa-air  
He died for you  
Jesus was a teenager, too.



R E C O R D   R E V I E W S

State of Mind Mark Spoelstra Elektra EKL 307  
Mark Spoelstra has come down some since his last recording. This new one contains only two exceptional songs, "Play Run Run", and "Bubble Gum Song". Several others are fairly good but the majority are poorly written and in some cases ("Soulless Blues") poorly performed. The peace songs are characterized by a naive addiction for the all black-all white type of phrase. Mark seems to be in a frantic rush to make up for the time he lost in Alternative Service. He is capable of much better than this.

Chicago Blues- The Early 1950's Blues Classics BG-8

The early 1950's (actually 1947-55) was an exceedingly important period in the development of Chicago style R & B. These were the years when singers were making the transition from the old rural songs and styles to the more modern "city" sound. All this can be clearly seen in Chris Strachwitz's marvelous collection. There are the older songs in the country blues tradition (Boll Weevil, Rollin' and Tumblin'), there are the songs about the old life (Homesick, Muscadine) and, of course, there are the songs about the new environment (Stockyard Blues). Robert Night-hawks' "Kansas City Blues" is a fantastic cut! This is an enjoyable, swinging album.

Howie Mitchell Folk Legacy FSI-2

There is a particularly beautiful and haunting quality associated with the dulcimer. Ordinarily, however, the nature of the instrument imposes large limitations upon the performer. Howie Mitchell has stretched those limits further than any performer I've ever heard. He has invented and built many varied types of dulcimers and has found the music best suited to each. The result is a beautiful, gentle, yet highly exciting album covering a wide range of material. Mr. Mitchell's singing is another fine aspect of the recordings, as gentle as the sound of his dulcimers. A wonderful album, fine notes by Sandy Paton.

Sam Collins Origin Jazz Library OJL-10

Sam Collins is another singer who, like Charlie Patton, is at the center of the delta blues style. He is also one of the most extensively recorded of the bluesmen. Here, in volume 10 of its continuing series of great reissues, OJL has released 14 of Collins' best sides and two by King Solomon Hill (the Hill sides are included because there is a deep controversy raging over Hill's true identity--I agree with Boston's Phil Spiro who believes that Collins and Hill are separate individuals). As for Collins two points are essential. "Riverside Blues" is the last selection on side one, not the first. Yes, Collins is always out of tune but in the immortal words of John Fahey, "...it doesn't really matter." Collins was called "Crying Sam" because of his high pitched voice. The 14 cuts here are fine ones, the best being "Yellow Dog Blues" and "I'm Still Sitting On Top of the World". A valuable and worthwhile album.

Negro Folklore From Texas State Prisons Elektra EKL 296

This is the first prison record to emphasize the varied nature of the folklore that can be found there. Usually prison recordings concentrate on blues, work-songs and some spirituals. This album, recorded by Bruce Jackson, has the above forms and others (including a rare cante-fable, a preaching parody, and two toasts). The cante-fable is a folktale form in which the narration is interspersed with song. Some

authorities believe this to be the form that all serious tales originally took.

The toast is a verse narrative form, widespread but badly documented because they are usually obscene (see Roger Abrahams, "The Toast" in Horace Beck's Folklore In Action).

This recording also demonstrates the effect that modern styles have had on the younger convicts (compare the similar worksongs "Raise 'Em Up Higher" and "Forty-Four Hammers"). The singing is, in all cases, excellent and powerful. For one of the best examples see the topical/spiritual "Assassination of the President". There are really no highlights in a recording like this one, it is uniformly great! Fine notes and word transcriptions by Bruce Jackson.

Skip James Melodeon MLP 7322

This is an unfortunate album for all concerned. Unfortunate because Skip James is the greatest musical genius to come out of the Mississippi Delta. He was and still is a brilliant and intensely moving performer. This album does not even come close to revealing Skip's genius. It was recorded just after he was released from the Washington D. C. Hospital Center following a major operation. He was tired and his doctor had ordered him not to play for a while. However, when you need money to support a family you do things anyway. This record reflects all that; it should never have been released. If you can't hold out, remember all of the above when listening to the record ("Washington D.C. Hospital Center Blues" is a pretty good cut of a fine song). In a few months Vanguard will be releasing a Skip James album that will be one of the greatest blues l-p's ever made! Get that one and try to hear Skip in person whenever you can.

Dance of Death and Other Plantation Favorites John Fahey Vol. 3 Takoma C 1004 (available from Takoma Records Box 2233 Berkeley, Calif. \$5 post-paid)

This is the latest recording by a young guitarist who is a legend in Boston and on the West Coast. New York is unfortunate in not having heard more from and of him. Fahey is a highly skilled musician who is experimenting with fusing folk and classical styles. He has succeeded in constructing some beautiful and exciting masterpieces like "Wine and Roses", "Revelation on the Banks of the Pawtuxent", "Variations on the Cocoo", and "Dance of Death". In the last piece especially, there is a tremendous interplay of musical forms from classical to ragtime to Indian ragas to delta blues. This is the type of recording that deserves many listenings because each one brings to the listener another facet of Fahey's particular genius. The notes are guaranteed to blow the most stable of minds!

Other Recordings Received

The Stanley Brothers Melodeon MLP 7323 great!  
The Holy Modal Rounders Prestige 7410 sheer insanity.  
Mark Spoelstra Verve/Folkways FV 9018 good early stuff.  
Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry Verve/Folkways FV 9019

By STU COHEN

BROADSIDE Magazine will present its first HOOT of the season Sun. Aft., March 20, 1966, 3 PM to 6 PM, at the VILLAGE GATE, Thompson & Bleeker Sts., New York City. Admission: \$2.50. Performers: TOM PAXTON, PAT SKY, PHIL OCHS, JANIS FINK, Others. Whether there will be other Hoots depends on how this one goes.

ERIC ANDERSEN'S 1st solo CONCERT: April 9, 1966, at 8:30 PM, in TOWN HALL, N.Y.C. Tickets at Hall box-office or Art Gorson's, 850 7th Ave., N.Y. C.

## STORM OVER MANHATTAN

A battle over the merits and antecedents of folk-rock music has broken out among critics in New York City. Weapons -- so far at least -- have consisted mainly of smoking typewriters; threats of libel suits have been heard; one critic is said to be trying to get another delivered into the hands of the headshrinkers. A long-smouldering situation burst into flame with a symposium in the New York Times of Feb. 20 entitled "Is Folk Rock Really 'White Rock'?" (the tie-in ginger ale ad was on page 602).

In the symposium Irwin Silber, veteran editor of the magazine SING OUT!, found himself outnumbered, 3 to 1, against Robert Shelton, folk music critic of the Times, Nat Hentoff of Hi-Fi Stereo Review, and a onetime Silber employee, Paul Nelson. Silber noted that folk rock essentially had its roots in contemporary Negro rhythm-and-blues, and that the whites -- following their normal custom of stealing Negro music -- have taken it over for money-making purposes. "What could have been a vital musical integration in keeping with the spirit of the civil rights revolution has turned into just another Tin Pan Alley gimmick."

Shelton replied by accusing Silber of trying to throw a monkey wrench into the development of a folk music avant-garde. He traced this to what he called Silber's veneration of "the simplistic old view of the world that says: The good guys vs. the bad guys, the progressives vs. the reactionaries, the blacks vs. the whites."

Nat Hentoff, moving with obvious caution, did not think that things were really so bad. He was cheered by "the growing presence of Negro singer-composers who have pridefully absorbed their full musical heritage while focusing in their lyrics on the naked lunch at the end of most American's forks. (Performers like Len Chandler and Julius Lester, for example)."

Paul Nelson, however, charged into the fray against his old boss with all the fury and sense of direction of a Minnesota tornado. He described Silber as a man haunted by nightmares of "Cash Registers, Success Syndromes, Machines and Systems" which keep Silber from dreaming of "gods and devils", this in turn preventing him from "contemplating Mankind and its Problems".

Leaving poor Irwin enmeshed in this Dali-esque dilemma Nelson went on ahead up the trail to see how the folk-rockers were faring. He found them bravely forging on. Their message, he learned, is "not simply to accept chaos. It is to accept chaos and advance from there." Just where they are advancing to he neglected to say. Had Silber been allowed a rebuttal, he undoubtedly would have observed they were marching to the nearest Cash Register to collect their loot.

If the august Times thought they were going to get away unscathed with this gang-up on the editor of SING OUT!, they must have forgotten the existence of Israel Young, peppery proprietor of the New York Folklore Center. From his fort in the Village, Izzy has opened heavy fire with letters defending Silber and severely chastizing the Times, Shelton, Hentoff, Nelson and company. Izzy's main target was Shelton, and the latter has deemed it necessary to draft a strong counter-letter.

Right now the furore is so heated that the combatants would hardly notice it were the lunatics in Washington to escalate Vietnam into World War III and the H-Bombs start falling. Which brings us in all seriousness to the over-riding issue of our time on which all else depends: if the U.S. Establishment continues on its present course in foreign policy there will inevitably follow a suppression -- by mob rule as well as official decree -- of freedoms at home. This will include the freedom to create meaningful songs. And the freedom to sit around and write and talk about the artistic merits or demerits of such songs, or argue about where their roots lie. Everyone in the entertainment business knows that a heluva lot of censorship already exists (see the interview with Tom Paxton in Broadside # 67). (And note "Paul's Dream" in this issue to see that the infection has spread to great Britain). There are songs you are not allowed to sing on TV or radio no matter what music the words are put to -- whether you use a 10-cent mouth harp or \$6,000 worth of amplified electronic folk rock instruments.

The participants in the N.Y. hassle are basically allies. All have made great contributions in the past in keeping open the paths to the current development of folk and topical song creation. The fact that Irwin Silber and his colleagues stood up to HUAC in the 50's and kept SING OUT! going made possible the climate in which Chandler, Ochs, Dylan, Paxton, and many more, could work in the 60's. Shelton's many articles in the Times gave needed encouragement to a host of beginning topical song-writers and provided them with a much wider audience that they otherwise would have had. Hentoff's passionate writings against the TV blacklisting of Pete Seeger were historic. Izzy Young's Folklore Center has served as an indispensable haven for many a young topical songwriter-performer coming to New York for the first time. Even Bob Dylan found Izzy's a place where he could get his bearings before assaulting the battlements of the Big City.

By all that is natural the present antagonists should join forces. Let them pool their talents and resources to mount a counter-attack against creeping censorship. They could begin by demanding that network TV give Pete Seeger a hearing (his banishment from this media at the height of his career is a national crime).

But never mind Pete Seeger. What about Phil Ochs, whose records now sell by the thousands but who is never seen on network TV? And then there's Bob Dylan -- let's try to find out why he is still denied a place on TV. He currently is being acclaimed on all sides as the most important figure in show business today. Yet while the TV screen is cluttered for hours night after night with banal 3rd and 4th rate performers, many with shows of their own, one never sees Dylan. Why? Is it because he once wrote "With God On Our Side" and "Masters Of War"?

Gordon Friesen

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