

Broadside#70

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

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in this issue

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by Phil Ochs

Patrick Sky

Richard Fariña

Malvina Reynolds

Buffy Sainte-Marie

J.A.Gonzalez-Gonzalez

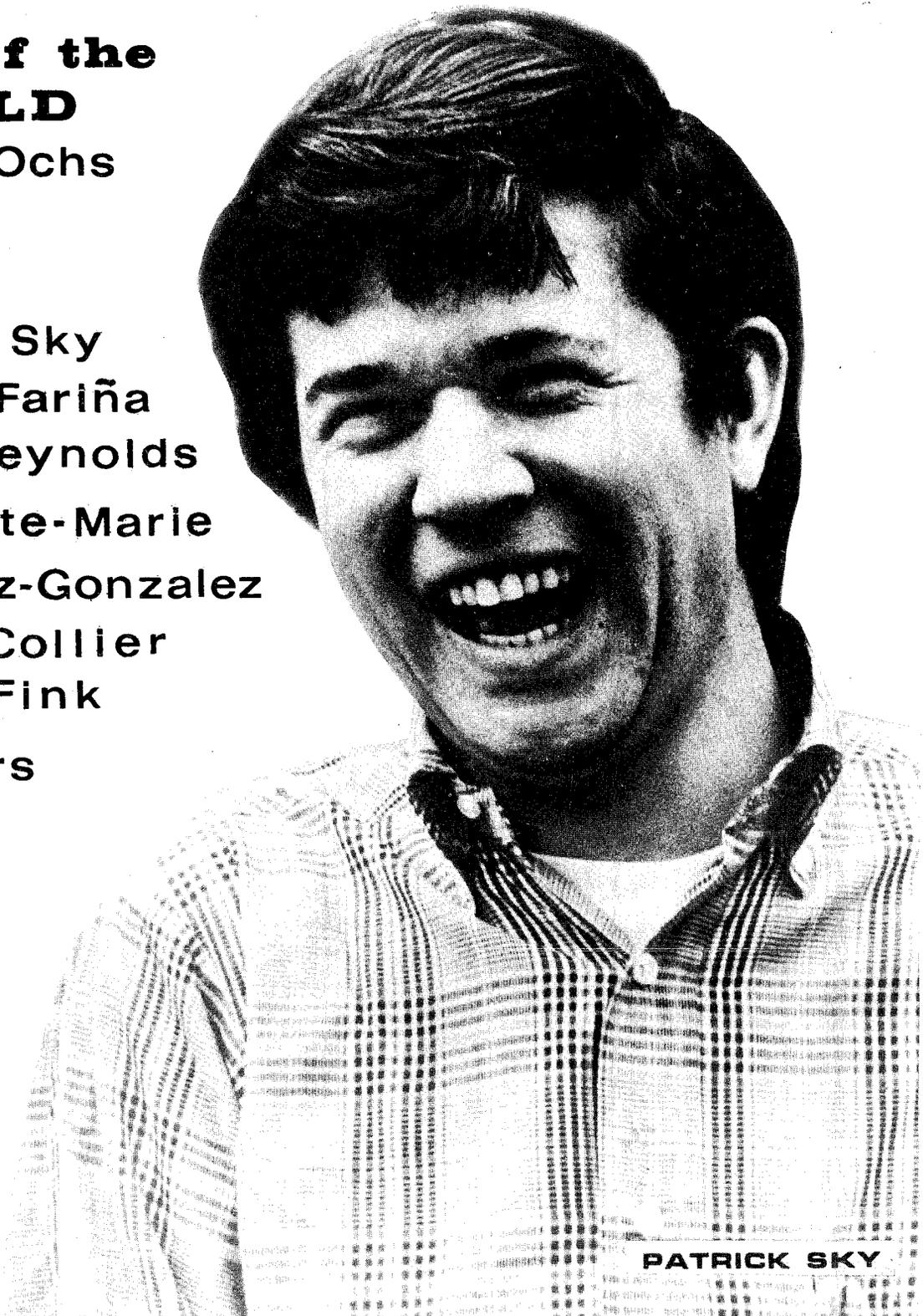
Jimmy Collier

Janis Fink

others

poems
by

Morgan
Gibson



PATRICK SKY

Keep On Walkin'

Words & Music: By PATRICK SKY

©1966 by Whitfeld Music, Inc.

1. The life I lead is a won-der-ful life, But the life I lead ain't mine;
 2. I'll nev-er forget to re-mem-ber her name, Though I just can't place her face; E-ven
 may be wrong but I'm sure not close to be right most all the time; The way I look you could
 though her face is a com-mon place, to misplace a face em-brace; If you have to go then
 write a book, and des-cribe me in one line; If you want to find out just-a where I am, then
 please don't stay e-ven though it is-n't true; My-mo-ther was one, my father was one, and
 follow the e-gress sign. (And ba-by) Keep on a-laughin' and walk-in', Say
 I'm a-gonna be one too.
 Keep on a-smilin' and talk-in', Keep on a-do-in' what doin', Gonna fall in love with you.—
 you're

WHEREIN PATRICK SKY EXPLAINS HIMSELF IN SOME DETAIL

When your girl runs away and your teeth fall out
 and the records wont play like Guinness stout
 and your toe hurts bad and you are full of grief
 and you steal from your dad and become a thief
 And Life is a joke from line to line
 and ill be yours if youll be mine
 And your dentist turns on and the needle slides
 and you miss the grove and the nurses hide
 And Johnson is sick and Humphrie is blue
 And Goldwaters fingers are made of glue
 And writers write, and lovers love
 And pacifists pass and divers dove
 And books are gone to the other side
 And your eyeball flops from side to side
 There aint no use in how you feel
 because your hair is turning wheel
 Just sit and winder
 what makes the wind blow
 cause this whole poem is innuendo.

—Patrick Sky

(Ed. Note: "Keep On Walkin'" is also innuendo -- or as Pat calls it, a nonsense song. The poem above will appear in the liner notes of Pat's next -- his 2nd -- Vanguard L-P album: "A Harvest Of Gentle Clang". It is scheduled to be released about the middle of May.)

IN THIS ISSUE

"The broad-based program includes the establishment of free-bombing zones in Vietcong areas, killing rice crops and burning all other crops and homes"-in other words, massive annihilation of all human civilization in such zones.

The AP dispatch goes on to document this scorched-earth policy in action, carried out by the 173rd Airborne Brigade:

Armed HU-1B helicopters poured 3,000 rockets into villages that used to harbor Vietcong. They burned to the ground every hut they could find. Sampans were sunk and bullock carts were smashed. The 173rd laid their base camp among the blackened frames of burning houses. Within two miles of the paratroopers' camp not a house was left standing....

Patrols burned every house they encountered to the ground.... Every cooking utensil was smashed, every banana tree severed, every mattress slashed. About 1,000 tons of rice were destroyed. Thousands of ducks and chickens were slaughtered or carried off. Dozens of pigs, water buffalo and cows were destroyed. A 20-mile stretch along the Vaico Oriental river was left scorched and barren...the men of C company found more than 60 Vietnamese women and children weeping as they lay in trenches around their devastated homes....

American advisers are divided in their opinion of the effect of breaking up Vietcong families. Some felt it was a good idea. Others felt the men would fight with greater bitterness (when the women had been placed in "relocation camps")....

U. S. troops must remain in the area, enlarging the "scorched earth" zone. They know that the Vietcong will rebuild the razed homes when they leave, make new earthenware pots and breed new chickens.

See Poetry Section, two poems by Morgan Gibson

FOLK - BLUES CONCERT

At the Westchester County Center in White Plains, N.Y. Sat. eve., May 21st, 8:30 PM.
 Stars to appear: CHUCK BERRY, MUDDY WATERS, JOHN LEE HOOKER, JUDY RODERICK, BOB GIBSON, JESSE COLIN YOUNG, The BLUES PROJECT. Tickets at the Center or Cafe Au Go Go, N.Y.C.

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Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

(As sung by Phil on his new ELEKTRA L-P "Phil Ochs In Concert")

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Barricade Music, Inc.

Come get out of the way — boys, Quick get out of the way. — You'd better
watch what you say — boys, Better watch what you say, We've
rammed in your harbor — we've tied to your port, and our pistols are hungry — and our tempers are
short, So bring your daughters a- round to the fort 'Cause we're the
Cops of the World boys, We're the Cops of the World.

2. We pick and choose as we please, boys
Pick and choose as we please
You'd best get down on your knees, boys
You'd best get down on your knees
We're hairy and horny and ready to shack
And we don't care if you're yellow or black
Just take off your clothes and lay down on
your back
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys,
we're the cops of the world.

3. Our boots are needing a shine, boys
Our boots are needing a shine
But our coca cola is fine, boys
Coca cola is fine
We've got to protect all our citizens fair
So we'll send a battalion for everyone there
And maybe we'll leave in a couple of years
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys,
we're the cops of the world.

4. And dump the Reds in a pile, boys
Dump the Reds in a pile
You'd better wipe off that smile, boys
Better wipe off that smile
We'll spit through the streets of the cities
we wreck
And we'll find you a leader that you can elect
Those treaties we signed were a pain in the neck
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys,
we're the cops of the world.

5. And clean the johns with a rag, boys
Clean the johns with a rag
If you like you can use your flag, boys
If you like you can use your flag
We've got too much money, we're looking for toys
Guns will be guns and boys will be boys
But we'll gladly pay for all we've destroyed
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys,
we're the cops of the world.

6. And please stay off of the grass, boys
Please stay off of the grass
Here's a kick in the ass, boys
Here's a kick in the ass
We'll smash down your doors, we don't bother to
knock
We've done it before so why all the shock
We're the biggest and toughest kids on the block
'Cause we're the cops of the world boys,
we're the cops of the world.

7. And when we've butchered your sons, boys
When we've butchered your sons
Have a stick of our gum, boys
Have a stick of our bubblegum
We own half the world, oh say can you see
And the name of our profits is Democracy
So like it or not you will have to be free
'Cause we're the cops of the world, boys,
we're the cops of the world.

Dominican Bootblack Killed When a GI's Rifle Discharges

Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, April 28 (Reuters)— A 12-year-old Dominican shoe-

shine boy was killed yesterday while shining the boots of an American soldier guarding the U. S. embassy. The Inter-American Peace Force called it an accident.

Child Reported Wounded
SANTO DOMINGO, April 28 (AP)—One of those wounded by American soldiers today was reported to be a 2-year-old.

A Sailor's Song

Words by RICHARD FARIÑA
Music: Traditional

SLOWLY

All the mon-u-ments stand on the grieving land — For the legions who have
marched a-way. — But the bat-tle-ships roll and the black bells toll, — And to-
mor-row—is an-oth-er day. — If you watched the sand sifting through your hand, —
And the leaves falling down from the trees; — Young A - mer - i - ca's
sons with their long range guns
Would keep roving — o'er the
sev - en seas.

Chorus

At the burial ground hear the bugles sound
For the ashes that would still remain
But the Admirals sail and the widows wail
And tomorrow it will be the same.

(Chorus)

Now the tall fires burn and the loud wheels turn
For the squadrons sleeping in the sand
But the uniforms gleam and the sirens scream
And tomorrow who will plow the land?

(Chorus)

On the sorrowing ground where the dark drums
pound
For the sailors who will sail no more
All the officers lie and the seamen die
And tomorrow we will talk of war.

(Chorus)

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Senator J. W. Fulbright warned here last night that "America is showing some signs of that fatal presumption, that overextension of power and mission, which brought ruins to ancient Athens, to Napoleonic France and to Nazi Germany."



Nuclear Neurosis Blues

Words: BOBBY EVANS
© 1965 Whitfeld Music
Traditional Yodel Tune

Now the Pres-ident he came up-on the scene, — Chief res-ident of Washington D. C. —
 Now he knew those Chinese Communists were mean, — So he figured a big hero he would be; —
 He sent soldiers by the score off to fight the Vi-et war, Now he's filled the fu-ture with un-
 certain - ty. — I got the Nu - cle-ar Neu - ro - sis Blues —
 Cause the pol-i-cy he chose is bound to lose.

2. Now we know that L.B.J. is quite a guy
 And there's nothin' in the world he wouldn't
 try
 But sometimes I get so scared I have to cry
 'Cause I'm wonderin' if sparks are gonna
 fly
 War-bombs made a wasteland vast
 Out of Hiroshima's blast
 Hey, I'm twenty-one and that's too young to
 die. (Chorus)

3. So I'm standin' here a shiverin' in my
 shoes
 While I listen to the Huntley-Brinkley
 news
 Huntley tells me of the many men we lose
 Brinkley tells me that the Viet Cong
 refuse
 To negotiate a peace
 Or let their fire cease
 So I pour myself a dozen shots of
 booze. (Chorus)

4. Now I'm layin' here upon my feather bed/And I'm singin' cause I'm stoned out of my head
 Like a loaded Legionaire that's full of dread/'Bout the loathesome leadership by whom
 So I drunkenly rejoice / I ain't got no other choice he's led
 L.B.J. has planned my future far ahead. (Chorus)

NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1966.

Statistics on Bombing

To the Editor:

The statement by Secretary McNamara that we are bombing the two Vietnams at a higher rate than we applied in the entire European and African theatres in World War II can only stagger even the most sanguine cold warrior. One would imagine the Johnson Administration would not tout such a grotesque statistic, for this mighty weight of explosives is raining down on a few thousand underarmed and uneducated peasants rather than a continent full of mighty S.S. and panzer divisions.

What Mr. McNamara's crude boast proves, of course, is that we have stumbled into the colonial wars rather late in the game. The combination of bold organization and plenty of fast-firing light weapons and mortars is proving far more potent

than the confused and fanatical gallantry of the Plains Indian, the Zulu or the Gurkha of a hundred years ago.

Far from stabilizing the world situation, President Johnson's not-so-splendid little war is teaching a compelling and dazzling lesson to potential insurgents everywhere: that modern light weapons plus the techniques mastered in underground Europe, in China, in Cuba and now in Vietnam permit almost anybody to "bake on the champ." Fortunately, Mr. McNamara is not hindered by any of that sloppy, American sentimentalism for the underdog.

Exactly how many such underdogs even a Great Society can turn into rubble remains to be seen.

HILBERT SCHENCK Jr.
 Potsdam, N. Y., April 21, 1966

BARBARIANS

The new barbarian hordes
 Again are roaming over earth
 They fly the giant birds of steel
 Loaded with death.
 They roam the oceans silently
 Inside the metal fish
 Of huge proportions
 Ready to kill and maim.
 They spit the fire as they fly
 They burn the trees
 And food and children
 To teach the others
 "Peaceful ways."
 They build the towns of steel
 Deep in the bowels of the earth
 To hide from the destruction
 They scatter in their fear.

—S. P. D.

LEAD POISON ON THE WALL

Words & Music by
JIMMY COLLIER

© 1966 by
JIMMY COLLIER

"This is a song about little children who are so hungry all the time they will chew on anything, so they eat paint that chips off their walls. We found out about thirty kids died last year in Chicago from eating illegal lead-based paint. Other children lost eyesight or suffered brain damage. We got a group of teen-agers together — kids from off the block — and

they began to cover the community taking urine samples to spot danger in time, and distributing information about lead poisoning. Then with rallies they made it a public issue.

"Eventually Mayor Daley put 300 people to work in the community on the problem, using war-on-poverty money. Earlier, when this plan had been proposed, it was turned down." — Jimmy Collier

CHORUS

Lead poison on the wall, Kills little guys and little dolls. It kills 'em big and it kills 'em small, While we stand by and watch them fall, And the landlord does a- noth-ing to stop it all, That death on the wall, That death on the wall. There's poison in the paint e- nough to make a little child faint, e-nough to blind his eye, e- nough to make him die, from that lead poi-son --

VERSE

There's plaster falling from the ceiling
Plaster falling and plaster peeling,
Doesn't the landlord have any feeling?
Someone's responsible for all that killing
From the lead poison, etc. (Cho)

Urine samples and knockin' on doors
Label of paint in all of the stores
Rally and action and you cannot ignore
There's still children dying, so we've got
to do more on that — (Cho)



'The Movement's Movin' On'

TUSKEGEE -- A traveling group called the Southern Festival of Song appeared at Tuskegee Institute last weekend before Negro and white college students.

The concert ended with a song that may symbolize the basic shift in the attitude of the civil rights movement.

Songfests like this one used to finish with the stately and patient anthem, "We Shall Overcome."

Last Friday, a folk singer from New York City, Len Chandler, said he had a new civil rights song, to the tune of "Battle Hymn of the Repub-

lic" ("Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord"). He recalled the same tune was used as "John Brown's Body," and as a marching hymn in the Civil War, and as "Solidarity Forever" in the labor union movement.

Chandler sang bitterly of "your jails full of black men" and "your courts full of white hate," and then the chorus, "Move on over or we'll move on over you, For the movement's movin' on!"

Several students there liked the song and then left the auditorium singing it together.

This clipping, sent in by Joe Bateman from Mississippi, appeared in the Southern Courier April 23, 1966. For the full text of Len Chandler's song "The Movement's Movin' On" see BROADSIDE # 69.

My Country, 'Tis of Thy People You're Dying

By BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

© 1966 Gypsy Boy Music, Inc

(Intro. Ad Lib)

Now that your big eyes are final-ly o-pened, Now that you're wond'ring "How must they
 feel?" Meaning them that you've chased 'cross A-meri-ca's movie screens. Now that you're wond'ring "How
 can it be real?" That the ones you've called col-or-ful, no-ble and proud in your school prop - a -
 gan-da, they starve in their splendor! You've asked for my com-ment, I simp-ly will rend-er:

My coun-try, 'tis of thy peo-ple you're dy - ing.
 (In Tempo - Moderately)

Verse 1: Now that our long houses breed su-per-stition, You force us to send our todd-lers away To your
 ..schools where they're taught to despise their traditions; forbid them their languages then further say
 That American history really began when Columbus set sail out of Europe! And stress
 That the nation of leeches that's conquered this land are the biggest and bravest and boldest and best!
 And yet where in the history books is the tale of the genocide basic to this country's birth?
 Of the preachers who lied? How the Bill of Rights failed? How a nation of patriots returned to their earth?
 And where will it tell of the Liberty Bell as it rang with a thud over Kinzua mud?

And of brave Uncle Sam in A- las-ka this year? My country, 'tis of thy peo-ple you're dy-ing. —

(* Repeat as needed for each verse)

2. Hear how the bargain was made for the west
 With her shivering children, in zero degrees
 "Blankets for your land" so the treaties attest;
 Now blankets for land is a bargain indeed —
 But the blankets were those Uncle Sam had
 collected
 From smallpox-diseased dying soldiers that day,
 And the tribes were wiped out and the history
 books censored!
 100 years of your statesmen have felt it's
 better this way;
 Yet a few of the conquered have somehow survived
 Their blood runs the redder though genes have
 been paled;
 From the Grand Canyon's caverns to Craven's
 sad hills
 The wounded, the losers, the robbed sing their
 tale;
 From Los Angeles County to up-state New York
 The white nation fattens while others grow lean.
 Oh, the tricked and evicted, they know what I
 mean:
 My country, 'tis of thy peo-ple you're dying!

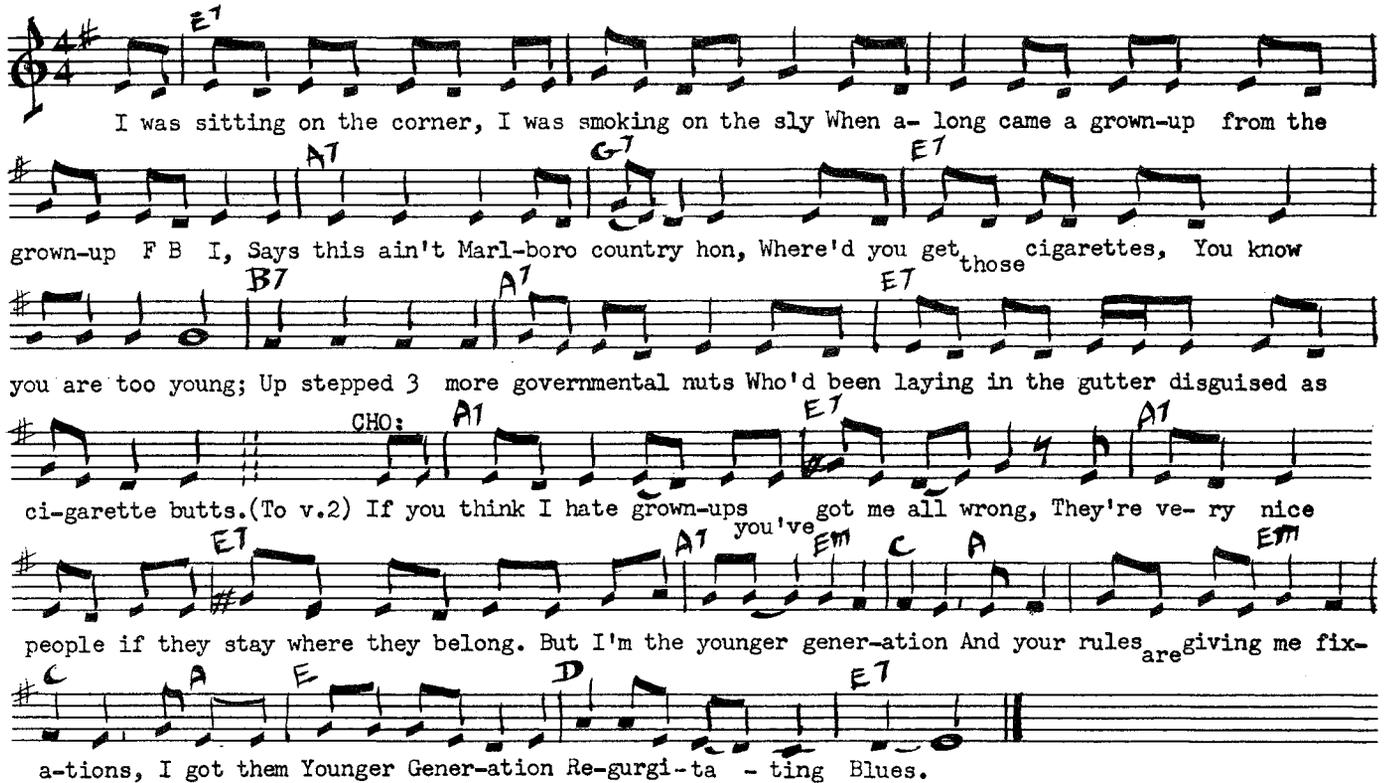
3. The past is just crumbled, the future just threatens
 Our life-blood's shut up in your chemical tanks
 And now here you come, bill of sale in your hand,
 And surprise in your eyes that we're lacking in
 thanks
 For the blessings of civilization you've brought us
 The lessons you've taught us, the ruin you've
 wrought us!
 Oh, see what our trust in America's brought us!
 My country, 'tis of thy people you're dying!

4. Now that our own chosen way is a novelty
 Hands on our hearts, we salute you your victory,
 Choke on your blue-white-and scarlet hypocrisy,
 Pitying your blindness, that you've never seen
 That the eagles of war whose wings lent you glory
 Were never no more than carrion crows;
 Pushed the wrens from their nest, stole their eggs,
 changed their story.
 The mockingbird sings it - it's all that she knows;
 "Oh what can I do?" say a powerless few,
 With a lump in your throat and a tear in your eye;
 Can't you see that their poverty's profiting you?
 My country, 'tis of thy people you're dying!

Younger generation blues

Words & Music: JANIS FINK

© 1966 by Janis Fink




2. They called up the sergeant, he rolled up in a hearse
And he called me a lousy no good juvenile pervert
He gave me a lecture on cancer of the lung
Said everyone who smokes is a low down dirty bum
Don't let me catch you smoking around again he said
And he took another drag of his cigarette. (Cho.)
3. I was going across the corner, I was going against
the light
Which had just turned green when up comes some guy
Says don't you know that's a federal offense
Seems like kids your age just ain't got no sense
Don't you know your're risking juvenile arrest
Committing suicide is punishable by death.
4. I was sitting on a park bench, reader's digest in
my hand
When down next to me sits a liberal looking man
Who says you're a cute chick I believe in being free
I swing at him with my pocketbook, don't get
natural around me
He took out a badge, put some handcuffs on my hand
You're carrying a weapon, self defense be damned. (Cho.)

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE
MAY 1, 1966

EVEN the songs the young sing for fun have little fun in them, but are mostly tragic, bitter, angry, defiant. They seem to sing them, as they do most things that they do of their own choice, as a way of shaking their fists under the noses of their elders. No fad is more sure to succeed among the young than one they think the adults won't like.

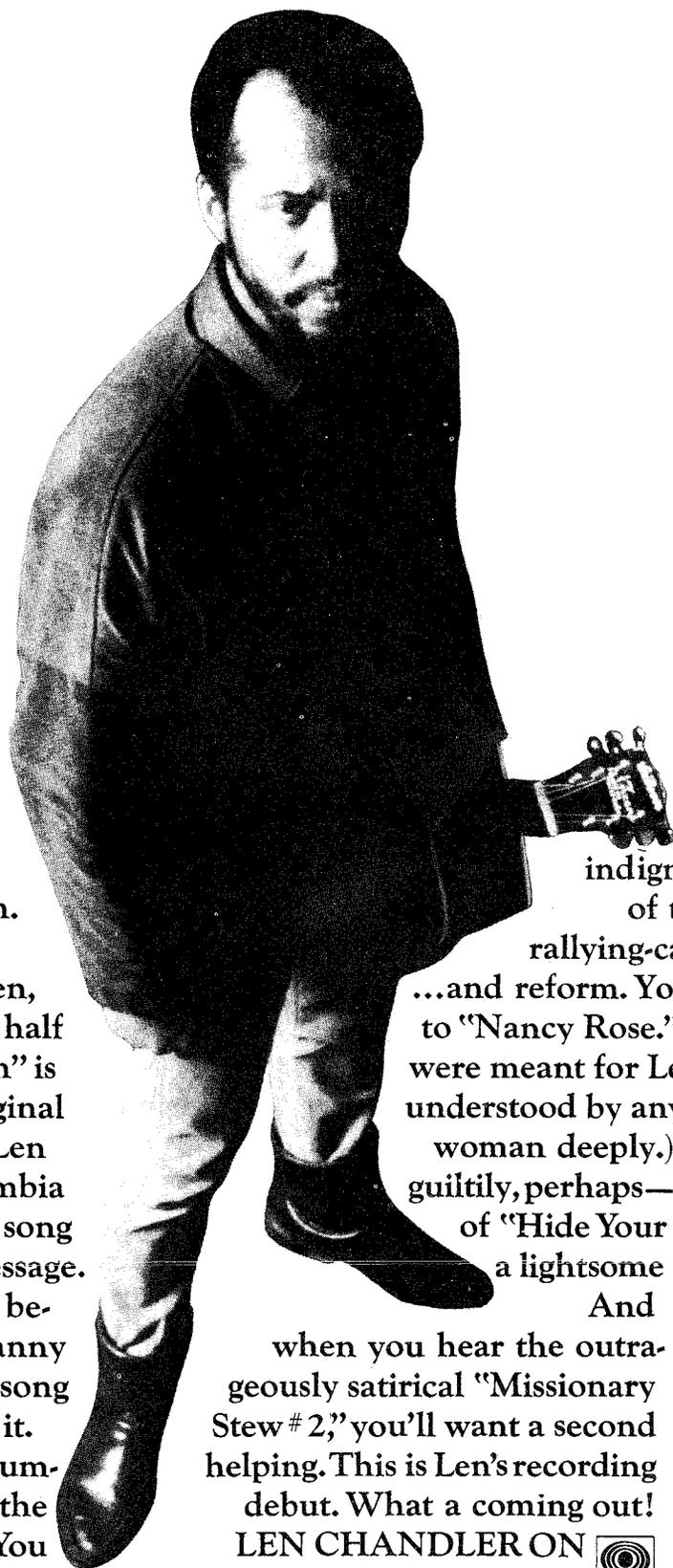
"Let's make this clear: an adult is someone over 21 -- some of my best friends are adults. Then a grown-up is a person of any age -- over ten like Rockwell, under ten like Johnson -- who is too grown to live. This song is against the grown-ups, not the adults. After all, being 15, I've got to live with my parents."

JANIS FINK

BROAD -
SIDE

70

What does it take to be a man?

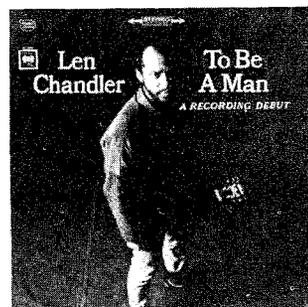


Len Chandler knows it takes more than the "half a chance" everyone's so generous with. "If you give a guy just half a chance," says Len, "he might become just half a man." "To Be a Man" is just one of twelve original compositions in this, Len Chandler's new Columbia album. It is a powerful song—a song with a vital message. You grasp its strength because Len has an uncanny way of projecting each song so that you really *feel* it. You're joggled by the rumblin' and grumblin' of the "Takin' Me Away From You Train," a song of farewell-

for-awhile. You are stirred by the indignation of the "Time of the Tiger," a fervent rallying-call for social protest...and reform. You melt as you listen to "Nancy Rose." (The tender words were meant for Len's wife, but will be understood by any man who loves his woman deeply.) You chuckle—a bit guiltily, perhaps—at the pungent lyric of "Hide Your Heart, Little Hippie," a lightsome spoof on conformity.

And when you hear the outrageously satirical "Missionary Stew # 2," you'll want a second helping. This is Len's recording debut. What a coming out!

**LEN CHANDLER ON
COLUMBIA RECORDS**



RECORD REVIEWS

The Anthology of American Folk Music Vol. 2 Social Music Folkways FA 2952

The recordings in volume two of Harry Smith's 1952 anthology can be divided roughly into two groups—dance music and sacred music. The first half of this volume is more or less dance music, mainly fiddle tunes. Beginning with "Uncle Bunt" Stephens 1926 recording of "Sail Away Ladies" (beautiful, archaic, solo fiddle) several varied fiddle styles are heard. These range from the typical southern mountain style of Jilson Setters to the fine Louisiana cajun music of Blind Uncle Gaspard. The highlight of this section is easily the "Brilliancy Medley" played by the great Eck Robertson. He is one of the greatest fiddlers on records. Many parts of his selection sound as though two fiddles are being used instead of one. There is also a group of dance tunes played on guitar, a jug band selection, and several cajun dance tunes. Each of the selections in this section is enjoyable and valuable in its own way.

The religious selections also cover a multitude of styles from the "lining hymns" of Rev. J.M. Gates to the country music sound of the Carter Family's "Little Moses". The sacred hard (shape note) style is heard in several selections (for a mine of information on sacred harp singing see George P. Jackson's White Spirituals in the Southern Uplands). There is a great deal of excitement generated by many of the cuts i.e. "Judgement" and Blind Willie Johnson's "John the Revalator" (one of finest recordings in the set). This is another of in that group of recordings that deserve to be played again and again as does the whole anthology.

Leadbelly: The Library of Congress Recordings Elektra Records EKL 301/2

This is a very difficult set to review. It is massive, exciting, and historically important. It presents some of the finest Leadbelly material ever released yet it is rough listening for even the most ardent Leadbelly fan. The recordings were made by John and Alan Lomax for the Library of Congress between 1933-1942. In those days the Archive of Folk Music was getting substantial money from the government and expanding its collection rapidly. The early recording equipment was not technically great but vast amounts of music was recorded and thus preserved. However, the old discs have been sitting down in the basement of the of the Library of Congress for many years. Sitting and rotting away. The old recording discs were never meant for long term preservation, they should all have been transferred to tapes long ago—but the money was stopped, and America's musical tradition decays into oblivion. Our country can afford billions of dollars for "defense" and space exploration but a vital part of America's history is allowed to perish for lack of funds. As each year passes the material becomes less and less listenable as these recordings will attest.

The recordings presented in this set are difficult to listen to because of the poor surface quality (cracks, chips, a high degree of surface noise, etc.), however, they are vital listening for anyone interested in Leadbelly and his effect on American music. For all their lousey sound quality they are the best recordings of him I've ever heard. Lawrence Cohn's notes and transcriptions are good, but I wish he would have given the exact date for each recording (after all they were recorded over a nine year period). The selections cover the wide range of songs that Leadbelly performed —dance tunes, topical songs, ballads, blues, and religious music. The famous songs are here—"Mr. Tom Hughes' Town", "De Kalb Blues", "Becky Dean", "Bourgeois Town", "Ella Speed" and many others. There is also some good interview material. Most of the well-known songs are performed better here than on other recordings. This is a set of records guaranteed to intrigue and anger any true lover of American folk music.

THERE IS ONLY
ONE
NATIONAL FOLKSONG MAGAZINE



It's published six times every year. Each issue contains songs (folk, Topical, etc.) with guitar chords. There are also articles on folk music and folk musicians, informative and controversial, reviews of books and records, many provocative columns of news and opinion, our internationally-famous letters to the editor, advertisements of specialized interest, and always a surprise or two.

The best writers and most knowledgeable musicians we can get hold of write for Sing Out!— people like Pete Seeger, Sam Hinton, Julius Lester, Israel Young, Barbara Dane, Tom Paxton, Tony Glover, Charles Edward Smith, and many, many more.

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BOOKS

Happy Traum, Finger Picking Styles For Guitar
Oak Publications, 64 pp. \$2.95

Happy Traum has transcribed guitar solos by acknowledged masters of finger picking. This is a boon to those who have spent long hours in front of their record players trying to figure out just exactly what John Hurt, or Sam McGhee, for instance, are doing. Also included in the book are Elizabeth Cotton, Doc Watson, Dave Van Ronk, Blind Lemon Jefferson, and Joseph Spence. Happy gives the number of the album on which the song may be heard in each case.

Cisco Houston, 900 Miles Oak 96 pp. \$1.95

This is a beautiful collection of songs by the late folksinger who was a partner of Woody Guthrie. Many fine songs and a discography.

POETRY SECTION

(Ed.Note: Below are two poems by Morgan Gibson which he read at the first mid-west read-ins against the Vietnamese War -- at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee and the University of Chicago. Morgan is Poetry Editor of ARTS IN SOCIETY, published by the University of Wisconsin Extension. His poems, fiction, and essays have appeared in numerous publications. He is co-author of OUR BEDROOM'S UNDERGROUND, poems by Morgan and Barbara Gibson, Milwaukee: The Kenwood Press, 1963, reprinted in 1964. 64 pages.)

ALL THE WAY HOME

AN OFFENSIVE POEM AGAINST LYNDON'S PEACE

Lyndon flew to Hawaii
Lady Bird stayed home
General Ky had roast Cong
Dying G.I.'s had none
we

we?

WE?

WE

all the way home

Lyndon flew to Hawaii
Listen to freedom ring
"Love your enemies,"
said Jesus
And Martin Luther King
all the way home

Lyndon talked to London
Tokyo and Canberra
Has he listened to one
Draft-card burner
all the way home

Lyndon flew to Hawaii
Pacifists went limp
On our television
Everyone is camp
all the way home

Lyndon flew to Hawaii
To beam upon General Ky
"This is my beloved Son
In Whom I am well pleased"
all the way home

Lyndon flew to Hawaii
On the LSD
Of Realpolitik
And saw Eternity
all the way home

Lyndon flew to Hawaii
So high he'll never walk
Baresoled and innocent upon
Our common soil
all the way home

Lyndon talked to London
Paris, Bonn, and Rome
Has he listened to one child
In Vietnam?
all the way home

Lyndon flew to Hawaii
An amputee flew home
We watch the war through dinner
Without shame
all the way home

Lyndon flew to Hawaii
Morse stayed home
Shouting in the Senate
Our shame
all the way home

Lyndon flew to Hawaii
V-C sharpened sticks
To fight flamethrowers
Napalm and tanks
all the way home

Lyndon flew to Hawaii
Too high for groans
Strangelove jets defend us
Children burn in the ground

we

we?

WE?

WE

all the way home

Copyright 1966
By Morgan Gibson

JELLIED GASOLINE BALLAD

Burn the kids and build them schools.
Promise freedom to the fools.
Give them a Dictator, tools
and jellied gasoline.

Burn the rice and teach them ag
How to vote and how to gag
the press. Oh wave the flag
for jellied gasoline.

Burn the fathers, rape the mothers.
Rape the fathers, burn the mothers.
No difference: all men are brothers
in jellied gasoline.

Burn atheistic Communists
and sneaky yellow Christless Buddhists.
Against their pointed sticks and fists
use jellied gasoline.

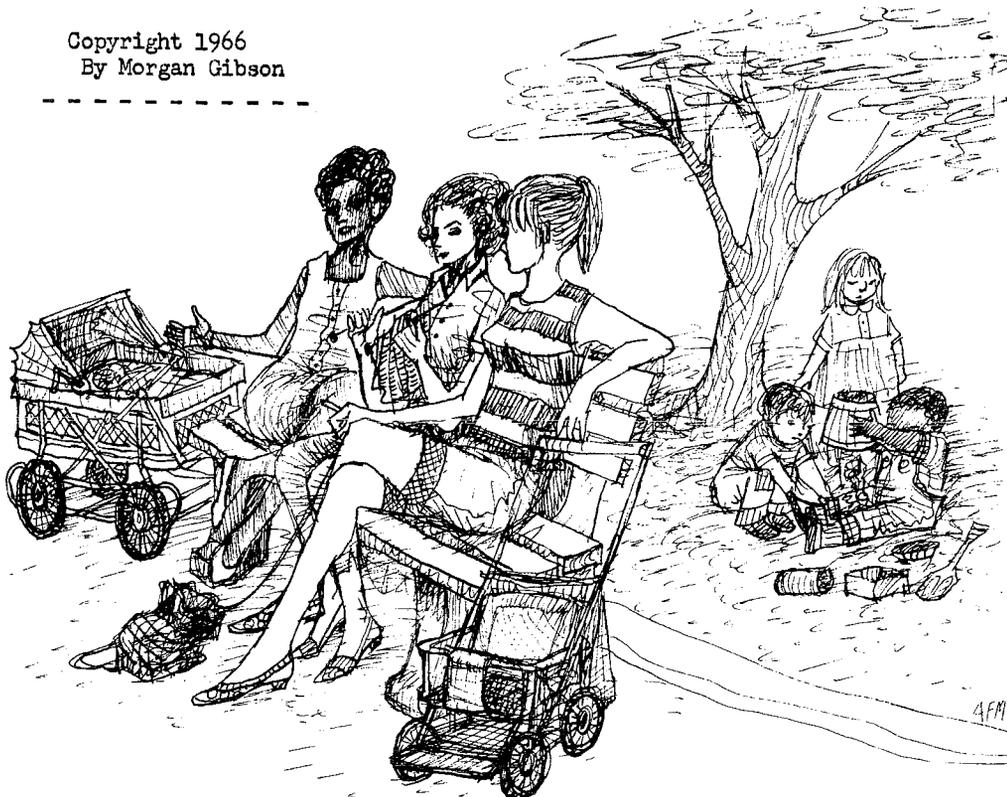
Burn Hanoi, Hon Gay, Haiphong,
Hoa Binh, Nam Dinh, Bac Ninh, Hai Duong,
and if necessary, Saigon
in jellied gasoline.

Burn, baby, burn, higher than Watts.
Then we'll burn the Hottentots.
Uncle Sam will call the shots
with jellied gasoline.

Burn, baby, burn, to China's wall
and on and on till all reds fall
at Uncle Sam's feet. He'll have a ball
with jellied gasoline.

Burn also the Geneva Agreements,
the Declaration of Independence,
and the U.N.Charter.What makes more sense
than jellied gasoline?

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RICHARD AND MIMI FARIÑA

As we were sending our copy for this issue to the printers the news reported the death of Richard Fariña in a motorcycle accident in California. He was 29 years old. The accident occurred the night of April 30 near Carmel where Dick and his wife Mimi (Joan Baez' sister) had been living for the past three years. He was killed instantly when thrown from a motorcycle driven by a friend, William Hind, 29, of Pacific Grove. Highway patrolmen said the vehicle apparently had been travelling at a "terrific" speed when it skidded off the road, sailed over a 5-foot bank and plunged through two fences. His death came only a few hours after the publication of his first novel "Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me." He had appeared at an autograph party in Carmel marking the publication of the novel that afternoon.

Richard Fariña seemed just at the beginning of a brilliant career. Within the past year he had written a score of excellent contemporary songs; his and Mimi's performance at Newport last summer was a highlight of the folk festival; he and Mimi had released two highly-acclaimed Vanguard L-P's -- "Celebrations For a Grey Day" and "Reflections In A Crystal Wind."

The photograph of Mimi and Dick Fariña on this page was taken by Diana Davies as they performed last year at a Village Gate (N.Y.) Broadside Hoot.

SOUTHERN FESTIVAL OF SONG

By Judith Addams

The town of Demopolis, Alabama, is the target of a project by the Southern Students Organizing Committee aimed at teaching the young Negroes there the things they are not finding in their present school curricula. Aside from the basic tenets of civil and human rights, you might be surprised to learn that these subjects include algebra, typing, and English. Along with learning these things the students work with or against the power structure, depending on the immediate aims. To raise money for the Project, a touring folk song program has been organized to give workshops and benefit concerts. It came to Austin, Texas, on April 19th.

Len Chandler, Bernice Reagon, Pete Seeger, Mable Hillary, Eleanor Walden, and the Rev. Pearly Brown were on the program. This group, with the exception of Pete, is touring the South in a series of one-nighters (the tour was organized by Anne Romaine). They are going through all the discomforts and miseries this kind of a

tour entails: cars breaking down, meals consisting of hot dogs grabbed on the run, performances in cowbarns transformed into concert halls. Eleanor had laryngitis when they reached Austin and was thinking about going to the doctor, but decided to make a couple of hours of sleep serve instead.

There was a workshop in the afternoon, which took the form of a discussion of the general history of music. Ballads were sung and discussed. Len sang parts of his long "Wicked Wiers", some lines of which are hilarious: "Please get another bottle of suntan oil, Len, I need another jar" -- where Len broke off to say, "Honest to God, I wouldn't have written it if she hadn't said it." ("She" being Len's wife, Nancy.) The ballads moved into work songs and spirituals, and Bernice began to sing "No More Auction Block For Me". It made everybody's goose pimples rise to hear her sing it. Rev. Brown started a song "Goodbye, Goodbye, if I never see you anymore" and Bernice echoed the second "Goodbye" like an angel floating in.

(Cont. →)

Southern Festival -- 2

They talked about the code hidden in Negro songs. How a work song would extol the power of a man's hammer, bring out the wealth of the boss, and then tell how the boss would come to stand around just to see the man work. The story was plain to the Negro worker: the white man is getting rich on your sweat and your toil. "I'm on my way to Canaan Land" sounded like another religious hymn to the white slavemaster but the Negro slaves were telling each other they were going to escape to Canada and freedom (it was the closest they could get without actually singing "Canada-land".) "Steal away", not to Jesus, but to clandestine meetings in the woods to plan revolt against the cruel white overlords or to contact "conductors" who would lead the escaping slaves northward to freedom on the Underground Railroad. Then Pete led the white audience in "Go Down, Ol' Hannah" and had the whole place moving and swaying with song, feeling it intensely. Pete told of having sung it at Huntsville Prison and of virtually re-introducing it to the men from whom it originally came.

Mabel Hillary, from the Georgia Sea Islands, has a gorgeous voice, tired or not. When she sang the whole place lit up. She's so free and easy and so damn musical. She did a "Hard Hearted Hannah" with Len backing her up that made you want to stand up and yell... Len talked about the development of freedom songs in the North and sang from his "Murder On The Road In Alabama", with the moving line in it: "She caught two bullets in the brain, before we learned to say her name." Mrs. Liuzzo, of course.

It was interesting to see the marked difference between the new songs from those of only four and five years ago. Eleanor Walden sang a song written a few years ago, and though it was good for its time and style, it came from a different approach to life than is current now. Compare the "open letter" on the cover of Pete Seeger's "Gazette Vol. II" with the words to Phil Ochs' "Love Me, I'm A Liberal" to see what I mean. We just don't seem to feel that sorry for ourselves anymore. We'd rather fight the good fight. Or at least laugh at it.

Notes

"Dear Sis: It seems that almost every group of Negroes and civil rights workers that gets together is a natural chorus (and the regular choirs are magnificent, like the one at Mrs. Hamer's church in Ruleville.) It would be great for our badly depleted finances if several groups could be organized to travel around the country singing and telling about their lives. Vivid oratory is another art very widely cultivated among the Negro people of the South. I hope this idea can get beyond the wishful thinking stage." Joe Bateman, Mississippi.... TOM PAXTON to appear in a concert at the Staples High School Auditorium, Fri., June 3rd, 8:30 PM, in Westport, Connecticut. Sponsored by the Staples Folk Music Society. All tickets \$1.50 and can be gotten from Vicki Betts, 57 Crescent Road, Westport, Conn., 06880...

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TOM PAXTON, THE PENNYWHISTLERS, JUDY COLLINS, & THEO BIKEL in a concert July 12th at Lewisohn Stadium in New York City... The Third Annual NORTHEAST FIDDLERS CONVENTION to be held May 27-28 in the school gymnasium in Hardwick, Vermont... THE MARIPOSA FOLK FESTIVAL will be held this year on August 5-6-7 just outside Toronto, Ontario, Canada... The latest "search and kill" operation by U.S. forces in Vietnam called itself OPERATION BIRMINGHAM. Birmingham, of course, is noted for its bombings, including the bomb that killed four little girls in Sunday School (see Jerry Moore's song in B'Side # 69)... BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE sings her song "My Country, 'Tis Of Thy People You're Dying" on her new VANGUARD album... NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL: If you order your tickets before May 15 you can get a 20% discount. Write to the Newport Folk Festival, Newport, Rhode Island 02840. For housing information write the Newport Chamber of Commerce. The festival will be held July 21-24.... WOODY GUTHRIE has been awarded a citation by the U.S. Interior Dept. for "his lifelong efforts to make Americans aware of their heritage and the land." The award was presented to Woody in the Brooklyn State Hospital, where he has been these many years. Woody can still see and hear, but cannot speak and is confined to a wheel chair... "Dear Sis: I just re-read Eric Andersen's 'Letter' (B'Side #68) for the 3rd or 4th or 29th time. It's so true it's amazing. He has managed to tell the real truth about 'folk-rock', something Ochs or Paxton, with their complete attack-defend, good-bad labelling, could not do." Fred Spiegel, New York...

BARRY SADLER: Here's material for another verse

Green Berets
Rake In Gold

Saigon, April 7 (UPI)—The Green Berets—the rugged U. S. special forces troops who fight the Communists in the swamps and jungle—had a good thing going. They sold bogus Viet Cong battle flags for \$25 each to ~~courtesy-hungry~~ Air Force pilots stationed in Saigon.

The Green Berets hired a little old lady in a Saigon back street to stitch up the flags and then stomped them in mud and sprinkled them with chicken blood.

But Viet Nameese police discovered 80 of the "Viet Cong" flags and arrested the seamstress. It took the embarrassed Green Berets two days to explain and get the little old lady out of jail.

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IS THIS THE ENEMY?

Kunlung Mountain (The abode of the blessed)

Rising straight into the air above the earth,
Lofty Kunlung, mistress of the world's joys
The three million jade dragons are soaring.

All the heavens are transpierced with frost.
Snow melting in summer,
And the rivers brimming over.
Men may become fishes and tortoises.
Who will judge us over a thousand autumns?
Who will confer punishments and favors?

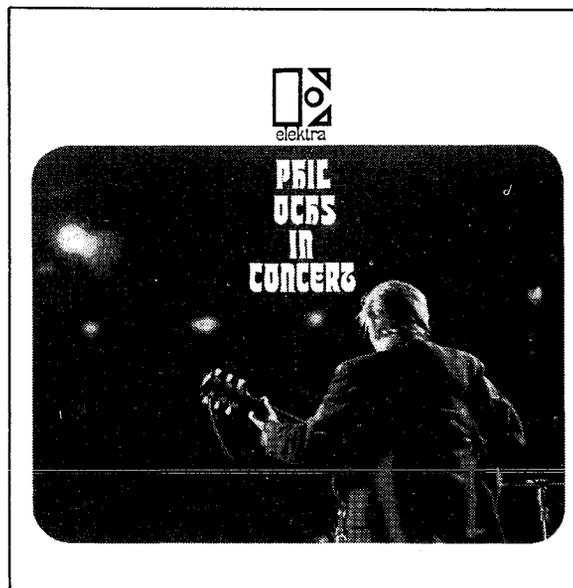
I say to the high mountains:
"Why so high? Why so much snow?"
Could I but lean on heaven and draw my precious sword,
And cut you in three pieces,
I would send one to Europe,
The second I would give to America,
The third I would keep for China.
So there would be a great peace on earth,
For all the world would share in your
Warmth and cold.

Poem by MAO TSE-TUNG

The above poem is from the jacket notes to Phil Ochs' probing new ELEKTRA album, a record which contains Phil's freshest and most pungent songs and observations.

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