

Broadside #81

The Topical
Song Magazine

JUNE, 1967

Arlo Guthrie
**"Alice's
Restaurant
Massacree"**

ELAINE WHITE
**"ABUSED-
MISUSED BLUES"**

also

MIKE KELLIN
JANIS IAN
LEN CHANDLER
RICH ASTLE

Article

by

Malvina Reynolds



ARLO GUTHRIE

50¢

ALICE'S RESTAURANT MASSACREE

Words and Music by Arlo Guthrie
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(Ed. Note: In our last issue -- #80 -- we presented a section of the long musical monologues Arlo Guthrie performs under the overall title of "Alice's Restaurant". It told of the adventures of a draftee reporting to the N.Y.C. induction center. Below is another segment, with which Arlo actually began "Alice". The "song" is proving extremely popular, especially among young people. Radio Station WBAI in N.Y.C. in its recent fund drive got pledges of some \$10,000 by playing a tape of the 2 segments, each time \$1,000 was pledged. B'SIDE donated 50 copies of #80 to WBAI which were sold for \$2 each. Arlow now has a 3rd "chapter" in which every person in the world is asked to sing "Alice" at a certain time so that the whole world will sing it in unison.)

You can get an-y-thing you want at Al-ice's Restau-
 rant; You can get an-y-thing you want at Al-ic-e's
 Restau-rant. Walk right in it's around the back,
 Just a half mile from the railroad track, You can
 get an- y-thing you want at Al-ice's Restau-rant.

Chord markings: C, A1, D1, G7, F1, F#o, C.

This song is called Alice's Restaurant, it's about Alice, and her restaurant. But Alice's Restaurant is not the name of the restaurant, it's just the name of the song. That's why I call the song Alice's Restaurant. Now the story I'm gonna sing you tonight is called the Alice's Restaurant Massacree, Part II. Now that's not part II of the Massacree, it's just part II of the restaurant.

Now it all started two Thanksgivings ago, that's two years ago on Thanksgiving, when my friend and I went up to visit Alice and her husband Ray. They live in a church in Great Barrington, Mass. They live in the belltower of the church there, and Alice has a restaurant outside there. And I want to tell you, living in the church like that, they got plenty of room; where the pews used to be, seein' as how they took out the pews. And when we got up there we found that having all that room, that Ray and Alice decided that they didn't have to take out the garbage for a long time. And we decided it'd be a nice gesture, you know, as company and stuff like that, to take the garbage, there was a half a ton, to the city dump. So we put the half a ton of garbage into the back of a red V.W. micro-bus and headed down the road. But when we got to the city dump we found there was a sign across it, and a chain too, saying "closed on Thanksgiving." We never heard of a dump closed on Thanksgiving before, so with tears in our eyes we turned around and drove off into the sunset to try and find another place to put the garbage.

We didn't find one, till we came to a side road, and off the side of the side road there was a 15 foot cliff, and off the side of the 15 foot cliff, was another pile of garbage. And we decided that one pile of garbage was better than two, and rather than bring that one up, we was gonna throw ours down.

That's what we did, then drove back to the church, had a Thanksgiving dinner, went to sleep, and didn't get up till the next morning, when we got a phone call from the friendly policeman, name of Obie. That's not his real name, we just called him Obie, that's why I call him Obie. Obie got on the phone, and he said "Kid..., we found your name on a envelope at the bottom of a half ton of garbage" and I said "Yessir, officer Obie, I... I cannot tell a lie; I put that envelope under that garbage." After talking 45 minutes on the phone with Obie, Obie finally arrived at the truth of the matter, the truth of the massacree. And he said we had to go down and have a talk with him, and then go pick up the garbage. Now friends, we got into the red V.W. micro-bus with shovels and rakes and other implements of destruction and headed on toward the police station. And there was only one or two things that we thought Obie was gonna do, and the first possibility that occurred to us was that he might give us a medal for being so brave and honest on the telephone (but we didn't expect it: it wasn't very likely), and the other possibility was that he could have told us never to be seen driving garbage around the vicinity ever again (it was more like what we expected to happen). But when we got to the police officers' station, there was a third possibility we discovered, that we hadn't even counted on.

We were both immediately arrested and handcuffed, and I said "But Obie, I can't pick up the garbage with these cuffs on." He said "Shut up kid, and get in the back of the patrol car." And friends, we got into the back of the patrol car and drove to the quote scene-of-the-crime un-quote.

Now I wanna tell you about this town of Stockbridge, it's got three stop signs, two police officers, and one police car, but when we got to the scene of the crime there was five police officers and two police cars, this being the biggest crime of the last 50 years, and they all wanted to get into the newspaper stories about it.

And they were using up all kinds of police cop equipment that they had hanging around the station there that they never even used before. They were taking plaster tire tracks, foot prints, dog smelling prints and they took twenty-seven eight by ten full color glossy pictures with circles and arrows and a paragraph on the back of each one explaining what it was: the approach, the get-away, the northwest corner, the southwest corner, of the garbage, and that's not to mention the airial photography. (Cont. ->)

ALICE'S RESTAURANT MASSACREE -- 2

After the ordeal at the scene-of-the-crime, we headed back toward the jail house and Obie said he was gonna put us in the cell and he said: "Kid... I want your wallet and your belt." And I said: "I can understand you wanting my belt, Obie, so I don't have any money to spend in the cell, but how come you want my belt?" He said: "Kid... we don't want any hangings." I said: "Did you think I was gonna hang myself for littering?" Obie said he wasn't taking any chances and, friends, he wasn't, cause he took out the toilet seat so I couldn't hit myself over the head and drown, and he took out the toilet paper, so we couldn't bend the bars, roll it out the window, slide down the roll and escape.

It was about this time, a few hours later, and Alice (Remember Alice? This is a song about Alice -- it's called Alice's Restaurant?? Groovy!) and like I was saying, it was Alice who came down with a few nasty words to Obie on the side, got us out, bailed. So we went back to the church, had another good dinner, went to sleep, and didn't get up till the next morning, when we all had to go to court. We all walked in, sat down, and

Obie came in with twenty-seven eight by ten full color glossy photos with the circles and arrows and paragraphs on the back explaining what each one was, to be used in evidence against us, and sat down. A man came in, said "All rise." We all stood up. The judge walked in with a seeing-eye dog, sat down, we all sat down. Obie looked at the seeing-eye dog, and then at the 27 eight by ten full color glossy photos, and began to cry.

ten full color glossy photos with the circles & arrows and the paragraph on the back of each one explaining what it was, then looked at the seeing-eye dog, then looked at the 27 eight by ten full color glossy photos, and began to cry. Obie came to the sudden realization that it was another typical case of American blind justice. That the judge was blind, he couldn't look at the evidence. Obie put his head down and tears messed up the circles and the arrows and the paragraphs on the back... Needless to say, while Obie was crying we were fined \$50, and had to pick up the garbage -- in the snow. And we had to pick up the other pile, too.

(Sing the little musical part).

By MERRILL FOLSOM
Special to The New York Times
WHITE PLAINS, May 6—
The idea of shipping large bundles of compacted garbage out of Westchester by train is gaining attention as a possible remedy for the county's garbage

San Francisco and other cities are studying similar plans. Mr. Harding nothed. One site considered for the dumping of San Francisco garbage, he said, is 450 miles from the city. Places far beyond Albany could be suitable for dumping Westchester's garbage, he said.

dump, on the Hudson River south of Peekskill. It has been used for 40 years by most of the communities in the county, some of them trucking garbage 25 miles to it. Now the swampy area has been filled and the county intends to build a golf course or some other recreational facility on it.

NEW YORK TIMES,

The city is investigating the possibility of hauling its garbage hundreds of miles out of town by railroad in an effort to keep up with the growing refuse load, Sanitation Commissioner Samuel J. Kearing Jr. said yesterday.

The Reading plans to dump the garbage in abandoned strip mines, which have scarred the land in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania. "If [the strip mines] were filled in, using sanitary landfill techniques, that would be a real improvement of the countryside," Commissioner Kearing

CALIFORNIA'S SHIP OF STATE

Words & Music: WOODY WRIGHT
© 1967 by Woody Wright

Musical score for "California's Ship of State" with lyrics: Cal-i-fornia's ship of state out from San Francisco Bay To the bottom of the sea it went, Cause ev'ry one heard Reagan's words, when he launched that ship of state, Were "Cut off that bottom ten per cent. Say, don't you know, Ronald Reagan, All the intellects are leavin' Have you lost your e-ver lovin' singin' dancin' mind. Mis-sis-sip-pi led the way, Al-a-bam-a said hurray! Now Cal-i-fornia's follow-ing be-hind.

3. Oh Reagan loved our forests wide but underneath his simple soul He heard the sound of duty call And now we have our industry, smog and smells of misery 'Cause "when you've seen one tree you've seen them all!"
Cho.

4. Clark Kerr was Berkeley's president, they threw him out without consent How could anybody be more mean? But Reagan says without alarm, "I didn't twist a single arm, I only was one vote out of 14!"
Cho.

5. When melodramas come to town to the theater you must go And pay for watching the absurdity But California has a star in his greatest role by far And we can sit and watch it all for free.
Cho.

BRAIN BRUISER

Words & Music: LEN H. CHANDLER, Jr.

Listen Mister of-ficer now I believe I've got the right — to ^{have} my baby arrested just for
 what she did to me last night — The charge I want to ^{press} on her is first degree felonious assault
 With ma-lice of forethought and damag-ing re-sult — My baby is a brain — bruise-
 er, a- bu-ses me A brain bruise- er, don't you see, She's a — brain — bruise-
 er, My ba-by blows my mind. (2) She rais-es

She raises Cain when she is able, and officer she's never sick
 Last night she hit me with a ton of jagged word bricks
 I got some ear plugs, officer, but that's when things got worse
 She took up sign language then tried to make me watch her curse

Cho.

I left her neighborhood and got a custom built soundproof fort
 I wrote a happy condolence card and mailed it from a foreign port
 I won't hurt your side walk but you say that you've seen no offense
 I've got to open up my head now so you can see the evidence

Cho.

She puts ice cubes in her mouth and kisses me to see me blow my cool
 Then she does three mental backflips, that's an exercise she learned
 in school
 It's best that you arrest her but I'll tell you 'cause it's
 only fair
 I insist on a solitary padded cell that we can share

Cho.

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NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1967

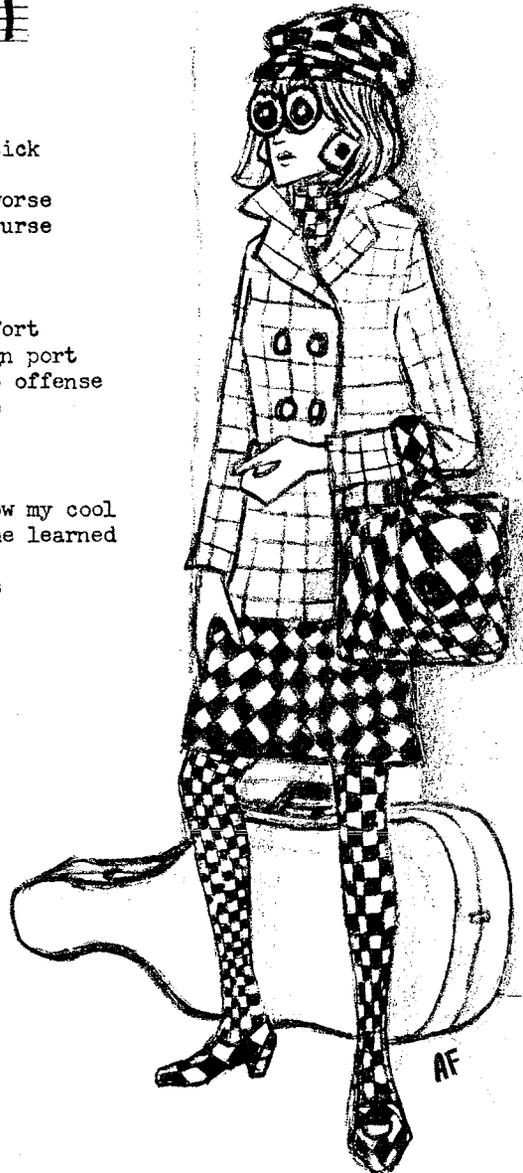
LEN CHANDLER SINGS AT HUNTER COLLEGE

Len Chandler's program of his own songs at Hunter College Playhouse Saturday night was of great interest.

Mr. Chandler is growing on several levels. His melodies, arrangements and lyrics have new subtleties and polish. The mature fusion of words, music line and guitar work have put him far beyond his folk-topical-blues past. The poetry of his lyrics is also being honed into artful statement.

In dozens of aphoristic lines, such as "You can't change the weather, but you can change the sail," a sensitive and concerned consciousness comes through. In such songs as "Hide Your Heart, Little Hip-psy" he gently chides the young for their immaturity. In "Touch Talk," "The Naked Fool," "I Have Real Eyes" and other new songs, Mr. Chandler gave more than the promise of finally evolving into a strong, intensely imaginative and original songwriter.

ROBERT SHELTON.



BROADSIDE # 81

The Autumn Wind

Words & Music by RICH ASTLE

© 1967 by Rich Astle

This is a peaceful song. It should be played and sung softly.

60, Dm, 3, Am, Dm, Am, Dm, Am (*)

No one lives at the borders of this land, The concrete watchtower has tumbled down, No one is left in the center to defend, The dead king wears a hollow crown. So take my hand, It's hard to stand, This was my land, All that remains is the Autumn wind.

(* Repeat as necessary for each verse)

2. No one runs through the cornfields anymore
No one rides the mountain peaks
No one's eyes are stretching seaward from this shore
Lord, there's nothing left to seek.
So look away / We cannot stay
We cannot pray / This is the day / Of the autumn wind.
3. The day is dark and the night is full of fire
The black beach rocks give a bitter shine
This is the place of an earlier desire
This is the land of a broken mind.
It is so strange / How things can change
An empty plain / Dead mountain range
All that remains / With the autumn wind.

4. No one waits for a further feared command
No one stares at the deadly sky
The barbed wire fence has rusted to the sand
There's nothing left but the question "Why?"
We thought we knew / That time's far through
We've left that zoo / Just me and you
The feeling's plain / All that remains
Is the autumn wind.
5. No one lives on the borders of this land
The missile silo gives a hollow sound
No love is left in the center to defend
The dead king wears a spider's crown
So take my hand / I cannot stand
This was my land / All that remains
Is the autumn wind.

Lover Be Kindly

Words & Music: JANIS IAN

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D, E7, D, F#m, D, E7, D, D, F#m, D, E7, D, A

I walk in a gutter love all up and down
Little drop of water's all it takes to bring me down I
might not be here next time you look around So be kind
to the swal-low hov-ring at your brow If my ene-mies don't
get me — my friends'll know how — Hey love be
kind I'm too-old-to die I'm too young to cry —
Love love love love love lover be kind. (2) Why
(* D in bass)

2) Why did you give your feelings
if you didn't want the same
Forgive me if I'm feeble but
I'm rather new at your game
And now you ask for my number
to call and to play
You'll have to buy me a phone
and write down the number babe
I won't be responsible
for letting you in again. (cho.)

3) Is it a joke for the insane,
you call and you ask how I'm
I've put my bubble gum away,
and changed to a rhyme
got my bell around my neck
in case I go blind
Don't worry I'll get my neck from
your twine if you'll
Please get your cut throat
off my knife. (cho.)
...hey but love love love love-
please don't be mine.

"This un is my song for the music business;
the boy in the song is all the dj's, the
mafia managers. I wouldn't be in this dirty
soul scraping business if I didn't love
singing-- that doesn't mean I have to like
what goes with it." -- Janis

Dear Broadside: It surprises me that I should have to be speaking at this late date for a more liberal attitude in matters of love and sex, and especially in behalf of open discussion and acceptance of new ways.

I'm not surprised when I read a letter in Abigail Van Buren's column (San Francisco Chronicle 4/5/67) from a mother who is outraged because her son, returning from Viet Nam, wants two days and nights alone with his wife, and asks his mother to take care of their youngsters for the time. The mother says, "After this disgusting two-day sex orgy, the children and I will be allowed to greet him!" After all, this woman is probably from my generation, when the word sex was automatically equated with dirty.

I'm not even surprised at the page ad in BILLBOARD recently from the radio chain that expresses itself as being frankly tired of popular songs with "raunchy" lyrics; saying that "in the past month, six records which were on the national charts far overstepped (their emphasis) the boundaries of good taste." I would wager that the major obscenity of our time, the war our country is waging against a determined peasant people on the other side of the world, doesn't bother that radio chain at all.

All of this does not surprise me. But I find that some of our otherwise most enlightened people are objecting to the new songs that have moved, with the new generation, into an attitude toward sex that is without hypocrisy. With gentle humor, the Beatles tell of a young man who spends the night with a sophisticated Norwegian girl, and "goes off to sleep in the bath" to the sound of her laughter. Ruby Tuesday is a girl you won't find in the songs of my generation. "Don't question why she needs to be free/ She'll tell you it's the only way to be" -- she's a girl you can't hang a name on...independent, strange, changeable, asking and giving nothing...

There is nothing "raunchy" about the Rolling Stones' "Let's Spend the Night Together." The song is straightforward, no snickering and no nudges. That's the way it is. So Ed Sullivan wouldn't allow

it on his show without changes.

At 15, Janis Ian, in her remarkable songs, speaks more directly about love relationships and such matters as prostitution than I would have at 30 -- and I was a comparatively emancipated woman at that time. Many of her new songs openly assume a love relationship without marriage being indicated -- a fact of life that is very old, but has, till now, never been fairly faced and accepted in such a medium.

There was some criticism of BROADSIDE for publishing songs like those of Janis Ian, and Chris Gaylord's "Don't Talk To Strangers" (B'SIDE # 79).

When every aspect of art -- literature, the theater, films, etc., has moved into a new era, rejecting the puritanism that scarred the lives of so many of us -- should the songs still retain Ed Sullivan's standards of "good taste"?

I think "Don't Talk To Strangers" is a powerful vivid song -- a presentation of life as it is lived behind many doors. It does not indulge in the syrup sweetness of the usual pop song and Doris Day movie; it presents the bitter reality that comes into so many young lives.

I admire the songs of the new pop groups -- songs that are not at all "raunchy", but merely realistic in the best sense, accepting a new status for women and a new reality in sex relationships. "Eleanor Rigby", "Janey", "Ruby Tuesday", and the little girl in Chris Gaylord's song, are real people. They have been overlooked and neglected far too long.

MALVINA REYNOLDS

WOODY GUTHRIE'S OKEMAH: A POSTSCRIPT

As my article "Woody Guthrie's Okemah Revisited" in BROADSIDE # 80 was going to press, word came that the proposed Woody Guthrie Day in Okemah, Oklahoma, had been cancelled. The reasons for this action were not immediately clear and there was only time to insert the somewhat ambiguous next-to-last paragraph indicating some late indecision on the part of the townspeople as to whether to honor Woody at this time or not. Although a variety of official explanations were offered, reliable sources now indicate that the

local American Legion was responsible for killing plans for the Day by attaching the Communist label to Woody's name (citing columns he wrote for the Daily Worker and People's World as "evidence"). At any rate, many Okemahns have been scared and are now unwilling to talk about Woody. Yet in spite of this setback Woody still has friends and supporters in his old hometown, and observers are confident that Okemah will one day, perhaps not too far in the future, recognize the contribution of its native son to our American heritage.

DICK REUSS

REPORT FROM THE BIG SUR

The countryside is filling up with people, refugees from society, tents and shacks springing up like weeds every where -- the chicks wear long dresses and big mountain boots. People sit around the fire every night playing drums, guitars, flutes, gourds, kyotos, all kinds of instruments. Valleys resound with wails of clarinet, saxophone, etc. Of course no one here has any bread -- people that come up here bring care packages, 50-pound sacks of rice and flour. We make cauldrons of soup from wild stuff and things from our gardens; we dive for abalone, which is an expensive delicacy elsewhere in the world. People seem to be getting along well with each other and in working together -- we dug an irrigation system and were planting a huge garden when this old guy came up screaming that he didn't want any dirty beatniks on his land. Actually, nobody really knows who owns that land, the ten acres or so with a house on it. The land is worthless to "straight" people anyway -- it is total wilderness, no gold, no oil, no good for farming or raising livestock or for anything but just enjoying the wildness and the sea and the mountains, playing the trumpet, beating on the drums, or whatever. We have been informed that everything west of the San Andreas fault will be heaved into the ocean this year (we hear this every year) -- so we may form a caravan and go to the Grand Canyon next month....

there's going to be some kind of a big psychedelic thing there with the Indians. Five hundred thousand people or some such. A whole bunch of people from the San Francisco and Los Angeles "Oracles" (hippy newspapers) who are living here at the ranch say we're all going to become Indians and take the land back. California seems to be drastically splitting into opposite directions, and the young hippies seem to be steadily gaining on the Birch-er-Reagon supporters -- many changes are taking place and startling things are happening.

A.M.

FROM PRISON

The thought of knowing someone like you was interested in my songs was in itself a great inspiration. I sometimes write 5 or 6 of them a day.... WALLA WALLA

Dear Sis Cunningham: You have an excellent topical song magazine. And I believe that BROADSIDES are the best thing that could ever be read by a folk musician like myself. I am in prison and have no way to hear the new songs or to go ask someone how they are played -- so you can see what a shining light your periodical is. I wish you a hearty congratulations on your 5th anniversary -- trust you have 50 more. MILAN, MICH.

OTHER LETTERS

"I came home tonight, found the new Broadside in the mail and sat down to read it. I read through the whole thing before I could stop and take my coat off. The 'Alice's Restaurant' piece was great. Also read about Bill Cunningham, and from the brief notes I felt sorry I never knew him. How could I not renew my sub?"

NORMAN A. ROSS

"FREEDOM NOW -- From Nationalistic Oppression -- That is my suggestion for a lapel button.

What has become of our hero PHIL OCHS? Has he deserted the cause? There is a greater need now for his songs than ever before."

J.C., Oklahoma City

Dear Broadside: Please send me the issues of your magazine containing "Letter From Vietnam" and "Alice Was Her Name", by Ruth Jacobs. At a recent Folk Week-End at Camp Freedman, Conn., I had the good fortune to hear this charming and talented young lady sing "Letter From Vietnam", perhaps the most timely and meaningful of all contemporary protest songs. It seems to me that it is songs such as these which give folk music its true fibre, its raison d'etre. Both these songs deserve wider exposure than they're getting. They are an important part of the small voice of conscience being drowned in the raucous cacophony of high explosives in Viet Nam and chauvinistic hypocrisy at home. I, for one, intend to sing out their message wherever and whenever the opportunity presents itself. I hope an increasing number of others will feel the same way...

RAYMOND BRIED, Conn.

Dear Broadside: I thoroughly enjoy your magazine and have noticed that it seems to have gone to a bi-monthly basis recently. If finances is the reason, did you ever think of appealing for contributions from your readers as monthly publication kept more in touch with current trends and movements? I'm sure that other Broadside readers like myself would gladly kick in some extra money in order to keep your important magazine on a monthly basis... Keep up the good and vital work.

JIM CHAMBERS, Ohio

Editor's Note: Dear Jim -- you guessed it. We would indeed be extremely grateful for sustaining funds on a regular monthly basis, from individuals or groups banded together for this purpose. In the latter case, perhaps they could give Hoots to raise money for Broadside. We have never made any money; our sense of accomplishment has come from a source in which every supporter of Broadside can share, namely the encouragement of young "unknowns" when such a boost is vital. Many now well-known artists had their first songs printed in Broadside. One could begin with Bob Dylan (he was

in B'SIDE # 1) who credits Broadside with giving him his start when no one else was interested in his material. And come up to date with ELAINE WHITE and JANIS IAN. In a recent full page story about Janis (who has just turned 16) in the Chicago Daily News:

"She sent the song (her first: "Hair Of Spun Gold") to Broadside Magazine, a publication that... provided first publication for many songs by such then-unknown performer-composers as Dylan, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton and many others. As a result, Janis was invited along with other new Broadside composers to a hoot at the Village Gate (in N.Y.C.).

"The charming little girl with the bluesy voice wowed the audience... A recording company executive was impressed by her and her reception, and her career was launched. That was two years ago."

(Ed. Note: Incidentally, despite our double-monthing some issues, all subscribers will get twelve issues on a "year's" subscription).

NOTES: The photo of ARLO GUTHRIE on the cover is by DIANA J. DAVIES. The excellent photo on the cover of # 80 (of MALVINA REYNOLDS) was by Mal's sister, ELEANOR LAWRENCE (as was the little photo on #78... PHIL OCHS may join Sen. Bobby Kennedy's campaign apparatus... JANIS IAN's debut L-P is appearing on the charts, as is her first single, "Society's Child")... WOMEN'S STRIKE FOR PEACE is readying an L-P of peace songs for release soon (songs by JOAN BAEZ, JUDY COLLINS, THE PENNYWHISTLERS etc)... Upcoming concerts at Forest Hills, N.Y.: JOAN BAEZ, Aug. 5; JUDY COLLINS, June 24; SIMON & GARFUNKEL, Aug/ 12; TOM PAXTON to be at Syosset High School (Long Island, New York) June 2... SONGMAKERS OF CALIFORNIA has started a newsletter and seeks new members; write BERNARD SOLOMON, P.O.Box 101, Camoga Park, Calif. 91305.... THE TEXAS FOLKLORE SOCIETY also seeking new members; write WILSON, Texas Folklore Society, Univ. Station, Austin, Tex. 78712 THE PINWOODS FOLK MUSIC CLUB will host a Folk Music Week Aug. 20-27 at Long Pond, Mass. For info write C.D.S., 55 Christopher St., N.Y.C., 10014... JANIS IAN at the Philharmonic, N.Y.C., early in Dec...

SONG WITHOUT MUSIC (a number of tunes, even Jesse James, might fit.)

T O M O R R O W

There are firearms for sale
in the streets of every city
There are bombs that any government
can buy,
And the people and the governments
that lay their money down
Don't give a damn how many children die.

CHO: And the wars go on and on forever
And the hunger and the killing
never end
For the hatred and the fear that
we give to all our children
Will come back to destroy us again.

There are soldiers asleep
on the mountains of tomorrow
And every man is loyal strong & brave,
But we sound the battle cry
and hundreds more must die
And their dreams are buried with them
in the grave. (Chorus)

There are fires that burn
in the valley by the river
And the flames are shining brighter
than the sun,
And the children will remember --
tomorrow and tomorrow
When the village of their fathers
will be gone. (Chorus)

-- By JOHN STEVENS

Copyright 1967 by John Stevens

FORTY COUNTRIES OR MORE

Words: Elizabeth McMaster; Tune: Traditional ("Widdecombe Fair")

Copyright 1967 Elizabeth McMaster

(Author's note: "I have underlined certain syllables where accent should be.")

Dean Rusk, Dean Rusk, we wish you would bare
All along down along over the sea --
The treaty commitments you wish us to share
Bilateral, multilateral, regional
Reciprocal, collective. You say,
"We'll help forty countries or more
"We'll help them if they are at war."

Which are the 40 insured by this plan?

All along down along over the sea --
Pakistan, Turkey, Liberia, Japan,
The Philippines, New Zealand, South Korea,
Spain, Iran, Formosa, Australia,

We'll help forty countries or more
We'll help them if they are at war.

Twenty One countries are in O.A.S.

All along down along over the sea --
Fifteen in NATO and - I would guess -
Eight in SEATO, with a protocol, for Laos
And South Vietnam, Cambodia, oh yes,
We'll help forty countries or more
We'll help them if they are at war.

Dear Dean, I thank you, but still I
don't see --

All along down along under the sun --
How we can honor real treaties when we
Can't defend a small place that
we don't even

Have a pact with, just a protocol, yet
you say,
"We'll help forty countries or more,
"We'll help them if they are at war."

I've answered your question and now
I am through

All along down along over the sea --
You don't need to know any more than
you do

About NATO, and SEATO, and RIO
And ANZUS; only this, that we've swore
We'll help forty countries or more
We'll help them if they are at war.

When I am lying at night in my bed
All along down along over the sea --
I wonder and shiver as round in my head
Run NATO, and SEATO, and RIO,
The Philippines, Anzus, New Zealand,
Japan and Formosa, South Korea,
Australia, Liberia, and Spain
Pakistan, Turkey, Iran,
And with them these words that I dread,
We'll help forty countries or more
We'll help them if they are at war.

Two verses from TALKING FLAG BURNING
BLUES

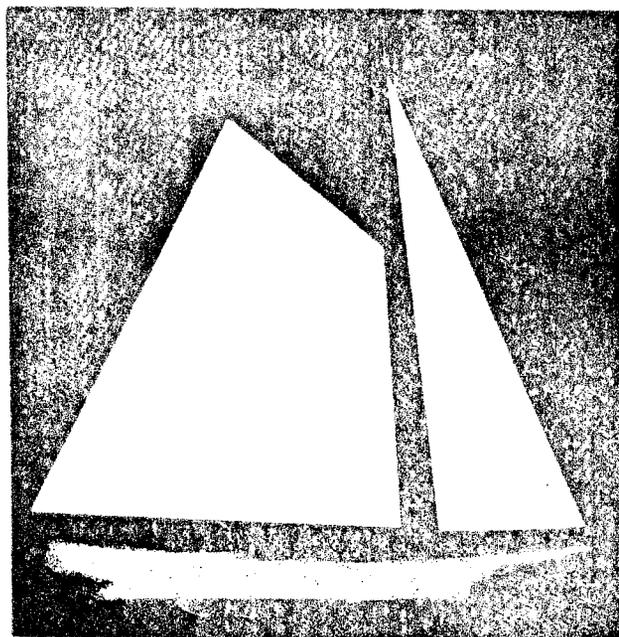
- By SKIP STOREY

1. L. Mendel Rivers has sponsored a bill
Cost ya \$10,000 and five years in jail
If you defile, mutilate, or desecrate
The flag of these United States, Old Glory
The Red, White, and Blue
Forever in War may she wave.

5. Old Rep. Rivers, please hear my plea
Propose one more bill for me
Make it against the laws of the State
To defile, mutilate, or desecrate children...
Vietnamese, Negroes... in South Carolina...

Come One, Come All, To The...

HUDSON VALLEY FOLK PICNIC



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And The Testimony's Still Comin' In

Words & Music by MIKE KELLIN
© 1966 Schroder Music Co.

1. I have seen what I've seen & I've heard what I've heard & I've med-i-tated o-ver ev'ry sound 'n ev'ry
 CHO: word, And I know what I know & I'm learnin' as I go, And the testi-mo-ny's still com-in' in. (to v.2)



Mike Kellin

2. Now the learning isn't easy, there are ways of getting burnt
 And I've learned a few of those and I've paid for what I've learnt.
 Cho: But I know what I know, etc.
3. I have walked on the line, signed my name when I've been mad
 And the company I keep is the best I've ever had (Cho)
4. I see black folk all around, just like you, just like me
 And I see 'em being treated like no man ought to be (Cho)
5. I see young folk in the land and they need to be of use
 And I see 'em bein' played with in a way that's fast 'n' loose (Cho)
6. I see my native land, and it's wild and it's green
 And I see it gettin' chopped up in a money-mad machine (Cho)
7. I see folks in other places, far away across the sea
 Being slaughtered while they're workin' out their own destiny (Cho)
8. Do you see it too, my friend? Can you hear the bells a-ringin'?
 Are you workin' for the plowshares while the swords go on swingin'?
 (Last Cho.) Do you know what you know, are you learnin' as you go?
 'Cause that testimony's still comin' in.

(Ed. Note: The above song is one of a group of Mike Kellin songs which recently won the William E. Oliver Award sponsored by the Songmakers of California. Other songs in the group have already appeared in the pages of Broadside. Mike performs his own songs and plans to bring out an LP one of these days. He is currently starred in "The Odd Couple" on Broadway.)

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

© (M) JANIS IAN: *Janis Ian*. Janis Ian (vocals, guitar, organ, harpsichord, siren, tambourine); Artie Butler (harpsichord, piano, organ); Vinnie Bell, Al Gorgoni, and Sal de Troio (guitars); Joe Mack (bass); Artie Kaplan (flute); Buddy Saltzman (drums). *Hair of Spun Gold; I'll Give You a Stone If You'll Throw It; Society's Child*; and eight others. VERVE/FOLKWAYS FTS 3017 \$4.79, FT 3017 \$3.79.

Performance: Impressively original
 Recording: Very good
 Stereo Quality: Excellent

This bristlingly independent fifteen-year-old girl first became widely known when her single recording of *Society's Child*, the tale of an interracial love affair ended by parental and social pressure, was banned by some radio stations. Now, in her first album, she reveals compositional and performing talents that should assure her a remarkable career. As a writer, Miss Ian falls into none of the easy and fashionable protest or psychedelic bags. Her lyrics tell of the generation gap, of her fantasies, of an unloved child, of a prostitute, in imagery and cadences that are her own. Acutely perceptive, often sardonic, and yet still open to tenderness, she makes one look forward to her work at twenty and twenty-five. Her singing is firm and resilient,

although occasionally there is a touch of a whine in her voice. The backgrounds by Artie Kaplan and Miss Ian are sensitively and imaginatively varied to suit the widely different contexts of her songs. I am not saying that each of these compositions is a perdurable gem, but there is so much real talent at playful work in the album that one gratefully salutes the arrival of that rare phenomenon, an original. N. H.

HIFI/STEREO REVIEW JUNE 1967

RECORDING OF SPECIAL MERIT

© (M) MALVINA REYNOLDS: *Sings the Truth*. Malvina Reynolds (vocals, guitar). *Little Boxes; I Don't Mind Failing; The Bloody Neat; Bitter Rain*; and nine others. COLUMBIA CS 9414 \$4.79, CL 2614 \$3.79.

Performance: Persuasive and engaging
 Recording: Excellent
 Stereo Quality: Very good

Malvina Reynolds, of Berkeley, California, has been writing songs for twenty of her sixty-six years, but has been a public performer of those songs only for the past six years. A unique force in the folk music world, her compositions have been recorded by Joan Baez, Pete Seeger, and Harry Belafonte, among others. Some of them have become anthems for the rebellious young, notably *What Have They Done to the Rain?* and *Little Boxes*. As a performer, she sounds,

as she puts it, as if she has a semi-permanent frog in her throat. And yet she is a delight to hear because she is so honest in her feelings and so wryly skillful a singing dramatist. Her quintessential qualities as singer and composer have been best summarized as "dry intelligence, a warm heart, and a sly and ferocious humor." She goes deeper than topical protest to universal concerns and ambiguities. Not all of her songs are memorable, but *she* certainly is. For this disc, congratulations are due Columbia Records and producer John Hammond, a person who, like Miss Reynolds, has refused to let time freeze his feelings and ideas. N. H.



NEW VERSION

MILWAUKEE, Wis. (AP) — Miss Kathleen Thews said her kindergarten class at Washington Elementary School was singing "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum" while rehearsing for a Christmas play.

A six-year-old boy had his own version which he delivered lustily: "Atomic Bomb, O Atomic Bomb."

ALEX COHEN, junior at Jamaica High School, N. Y. C. For his songs, see B'SIDE #'s 74, 75.

BROADSIDE #81

YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY AND TAKES YOUR CHOICE....

1. New York Daily News:

By MICHAEL IACHETTA

(© 1967 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

WOODSTOCK, N. Y., May 7 (Special)—For the first time since the motorcycle accident that almost cost him his life more than nine months ago, folk music's emotionally and physically scarred Bob Dylan spoke out yesterday about life since his crackup.

"But songs are in my head like they always are," said Dylan. "And they're not goin' to get written down until some things are evened up. Not until some people come forth and make up for some of the things that have happened."

As he talked, his slender fingers rubbed the new beard and mustache that make his face look strangely sensitive. A blue bandanna covered the top of his head — "Some scars on my face from the accident," he explained offhandedly.

His words indicated that the record world has left him with a few scars too.

He Has to Get Better Before He Sings Again

"Somethin' has got to be evened up is all I'm going to say," Dylan drawled. "Meanwhile, whatever is happenin' in the world is happenin' just fine without me, and I'm going to just have to get better before I do any singin' on records, but the time is right for a new record."

2. The San Francisco Chronicle

Ralph J. Gleason

THE RUMORS continue to fly concerning Bob Dylan. Latest stems from an interview in the New York Daily News which says the poet-singer-composer was "scarred" by his motorcycle accident last summer.

In San Francisco this week, Albert Grossman, Dylan's manager, friend and neighbor, said that Dylan was putting on the Daily News reporter and that Dylan is well, absolutely unscarred and is planning possible concerts this fall.

NEW YORK TIMES, FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1967

British Coal Official Concedes Neglect in the Aberfan Disaster



Bob Dylan before accident scarred his face and he grew beard.

LONDON, April 20 — Lord Robens, chairman of the National Coal Board, conceded today that the Aberfan mine disaster in which 144 people, including 115 children, were killed would probably not have happened if known safety techniques had been properly employed.

The Coal Board chairman testified on the 70th day of an inquiry into the disaster in October, when the top of a great slag heap—called a tip—in the little Welsh mining town suddenly shifted and destroyed houses and an elementary school.

See BROADSIDE # 76 for "The Aberfan Coal Tip Tragedy" by TOM PARROTT.

Dear Readers:



Why not make your next host a rent party for Broadside?

It needs it and deserves it — two good reasons.

M. Reynolds

advt.

The Guitar's Revenge

London, March 23 (AP)—Writing in the magazine Medical World, British physician Arnand Dalal reports an affliction he says is peculiar to young pop guitarists—"a soreness around the navel" caused by tightness of trousers and aggravated, in a case he described, by a guitar clutched too closely.

Dr. Dalal said antibiotics cleared up the infection, and he warned the patient to slacken his pants and relax the guitar grip.

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