



DAISSY QUEEN

IN THIS ISSUE: "Daisy Queen" by Chris Gaylord; Eric Andersen's "Rolling Home (It's A Far Cry From Heaven)"; Phil Ochs' "Miranda"; Len Chandler's "Language Of Love"; Richard Aistle & Charles Spear. ARTICLES: Galahad in the East Village. Folksinger Theodore Bikel and SNCC. Record Reviews, etc.

4. I can't claim to know my father, I've been looking for my brother,
 and I end up just another one;
 Phantasy and prophecy, they fill my head like fallen leaves,
 While underneath I can't believe a one.
 What to do and what's been done, you can try but you can't run.
 But my love is like a stream that pours, unlike a rock that stands so sure.
 She don't try to fight no more, so she just flows
 And ain't it a fantastic feeling, when you see your lover stealing
 Close to you, what is she meaning now I'd like to know. Would she stay,
 or would she go, would she stay, I'd like to know. (TO CHORUS)

5. Sometimes I think I've seen the end, only to come back again
 And see it coming 'round the bend again
 On the altar of my prism dreams I saw what others think they've seen,
 And felt exactly what it means for them,
 You can see, but you but you can't lend, what it was you saw or what it's been.
 Still I wish I had the time to say everything about my days,
 And how I tried to find a way alone,
 The times when no one was around, the empty hours when I felt down,
 Or paint a picture of the sounds, now turned to stone,
 That haunt my soul and chill my bones, that haunt my soul and chill my bones.
 (TO CHORUS)



DAISY QUEEN

Words & Music By CHRIS GAYLORD
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Be-tween what's real and what you feel is true there is a golden platform waiting
 But you've been scared by men-tal walls and death in darkened halls into
 repeated hes-i-tat-ing, But rather than dwell in satisfied comfort I
 think you'd be far better off to try and end up failing, Daisy Queen,
 Daisy Queen. Don't look for answers in books placed on
 shelves, If you really must know then go ask yourself Says the Daisy Queen.

1. Between what's real , and what you feel is true
 There is a golden platform waiting --
 But you've been scared by mental walls
 and death in darkened halls
 Into repeated hesitating.
 But rather than dwell in satisfied comfort
 I think you'd be far better off to try --
 and end up failing,
 Daisy Queen -- Daisy Queen --
 Don't look for answers
 in books placed on shelves
 If you really must know
 then go ask yourself --
 Says the Daisy Queen.



2. A magic carpet shatters fears, and crashes
 What appears to be unchanging --
 But into super ego-self respect with truth serum
 you must inject some re-arranging.
 The farther that you go the less you'll know,
 And end up laughing while it's raining,
 Daisy Queen -- Daisy Queen
 Life's handed to you like a
 meal on a dish --
 So take what you want
 and stop where you wish --
 Says the Daisy Queen. (Continued)

3. Experience will shout screams of doubt
 As you try and run out
 Of yesterday and into tomorrow --
 But what about today, does it just slip away
 like your mind's in a cage --
 Has it too been binded, boxed-up and borrowed,
 And if that's true there's no reason why you
 Should try to be what you're not --
 or bow your head in apologetic sorrow,

Daisy Queen -- Daisy Queen
 You can eat up reality
 and never be full
 Or be jerked by its strings
 And not feel the pull --
 Says the Daisy Queen.

4. And are you aware
 That there's nothing that's fair --
 And good and bad, right and wrong,
 Are only what you make them.

And though your head's been loaded
 and filled until corroded
 With society's answers --
 If you're curious at all you must
 forsake them --
 Or would you rather not
 Come into contact
 with any food for thought
 Let your brain cells rot
 for fear you might awake them,

Daisy Queen -- Daisy Queen
 Infinite questions
 are there to be asked
 So how can you hide behind
 a closed-minded mask,
 Says the Daisy Queen.

(Written Sept. 3, 1965. Daisy Queen
 is a real person and a very beautiful
 person. She always has a daisy and you
 always have worries. She knows." C. G.

MIRANDA

Words & Music by P H I L O C H S
 Copyright 1966 by Barricade Music, Inc.

Do you have a prob-lem, would you like someone to solve them, Would you like
 someone to share in your mis-er- y Now I don't know the an- swer But I know
 a flamen-co dan- cer who will dance for you if you will dance for- me.
 Her name's Mir- an-da, She's a Rudolph Valenti-no fan And- she
 doesn't claim to under- stand, She bakes Brownies for the boys- in the band.

2. Early Sunday morning when the sermon lines are forming
 And Saturday night is the memories that it gave.
 She's busy in the pantry, far away from Elmer Gantry
 Who is busy baking souls that he may save.
 Everybody's soul but Miranda. (CHORUS)
3. The dice of death are calling, while the truck
 of time is falling by
 The thumb stuck out on the highway of the years.
 The tollgate at the turnpike is ignored
 by those who hitch-hike
 And the Howard Johnson food is made of fear
 But no Miranda. (CHORUS)
4. The sun burnt skin is peeling on the doctors who are healing
 And the license plates are laughing on the car.
 The pain is so exciting and everyone's inviting
 You to look upon their operation scars.
 But not Miranda. (CHORUS)



5. The arguments are clashing & commercial planes are crashing
 And the music of the evening is so sweet.
 Now fully in agreement, oh their feet have found the cement
 And they all believe the signs out on the street
 All except Miranda. (CHORUS)

6. In the bar we're gin and scotching while the FBI is watching
 They are tape recording every other word.
 The bartender is bleeding, pardon me I just was leaving
 As another clever voice repeats absurd
 But not Miranda. (CHORUS) (REPEAT FIRST VERSE).



the language of love

Words & Music: LEN H. CHANDLER Jr.
 © 1966 Edward B. Marks Music Corp

(Len capos on fifth fret, sings in key of F)

2. I'm healthy and grown,
 Got a job and a home,
 But I feel like a cinder
 In somebody's eye. (CHO)

3. This language is not new,
 Guess you know I speak two,
 But the one I speak to you now
 Is the first that I learned. (CHO)

LANGUAGE OF LOVE, — THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

BROADSIDE #84

What Will We Do With Our Freedom

Words: RICHARD ASTLE
Music: RICHARD ASTLE & CHARLES SPEAR

© 1967 by Richard Astle &
Charles Spear

Musical score for the song "What Will We Do With Our Freedom". The score is written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a 4/4 time signature. It includes guitar chords (Am, Dm, E, C, G, Em, A, A#, D, F, G) and lyrics. The lyrics are: "I hear a thunder rolling across the land, I hear the trampings of a hundred thousand feet, I hear the voices breaking to command, And just one question calling in the street, Just one question calling in the street. What will you do when the fighting is done, What will you do when you put down your guns, And what will you do for the men that don't come home, And what will you do with your freedom?"

1. I see a young man walking slowly from the hill
 I see a springtime morning slip towards
 a winter's night
 I see too many marchers that the war
 is going to kill
 And just one question is written on the night
 Just one question is written lightly on the
 night. (CHO.)

Nils Hammarström:

2. I feel the shaking of the time inside my brain
 I feel the fear of brave men who can't be
 wrong or right
 I feel the touch of lovers who may never meet
 again
 And just one question as a nation goes to fight
 There's just one question as a nation goes to
 fight (CHO.)

3. I can smell the bodies already rotting in the
 ground
 I can taste confusion blowing in the warlord's
 mind
 But I can't smell the springtime or hear the
 summer sounds
 And the voice that whispered warning is shouting
 out this time
 The voice that whispered warning is shouting for
 one last time (CHO.)



CHO. What will you do when the fighting is done
 What will you do, you can't put down your
 guns
 There's nothing you can do for the men that
 don't come home
 And nothing is left of your freedom

BROADSIDE #84

"...and the beast cast
out of his mouth fire
upon them who did not
worship him."

Revelation
The Holy Bible

A LETTER FROM JULIUS LESTER

Dear Broadside:-- I've been sitting here going through stacks of papers, magazines and accumulated junk and keep coming across old issues of Broadside and feeling a twinge of guilt seeing my name listed as a contributing editor when I don't contribute anything. Don't even come around anymore so thought I'd write to let you know (1) you really shouldn't list my name anymore, because it's deceiving the public and makes you liable to be sued for fraud; and (2) I'm alive and kicking and do think of you, not that my thoughts should help anyone's mental state.

I'm listening to Bach on the radio and the baby, the new one, Malcolm Coltrane who's six weeks old now and just eats and sleeps oblivious to this thing called a father that he picked out. He is sleeping peacefully, also oblivious to the fact that his father has spent a good part of the night trying to figure out how to fix a john that when flushed backs up into the bathtub and refuses to move but just sits there and I'd like to go get Gov. Rockefeller and make him fix it or at least see it, but that wouldn't make any difference, would it? Rockefeller only comes to the slums at election time and Lindsay walks through the slums a couple of times a week, but he always gets in a car and drives away and I guess that's the difference. He can leave. He never had to put a net over his baby's crib to keep the roaches off, or wake up to a smell of rats so strong it's hard to catch your breath. So it's easy for him to think that money can solve all our problems. But it was somebody's love of money that put me, Joan, Jody and Malcolm here, so money ain't gon' get us out.

I stay angry most of the time now, because it's against everything human for people to have to live with rats and roaches and not have enough to eat and to worry about being evicted and getting evicted and not being able to eat if they don't have money. And then I think about North Vietnam and Cuba and what I felt when I visited them this year and they made sense. Nobody went around worrying about money, because who needed it? It was impossible to starve. You couldn't starve if you tried. When I got to Hanoi I left my wallet on the dresser for a month and my room key in the door knowing that nothing would be touched. It's so easy to be human, you know. So damned easy, and this country works 24 hours a day at being inhuman.

At one point in my life I thought it would be enough to write and sing against all of this, but I was never satisfied just writing, just singing. Like it wasn't enough. You stand up in front of an audience and sing a song and when you're thru what happens? The audience applauds and if they applaud long enough, you find yourself getting invitations to sing for larger audiences and more applause and pretty soon you're making a living protesting. There's no better way to make a protest singer ineffectual than by applause and money. I never got much money, but I did get my share of applause. But when I walked off-stage it wasn't enough, because I was singing so that people would get up and do something about this country we live in. Instead I was applauded and that didn't make sense. Too, it never made much sense singing about my life experiences to audiences of whites. Sometimes I felt like I was getting through, but usually I was so aware that they couldn't see the images that went through my mind as I sang, that I was, in actuality, a foreigner for them. See, it's hard to know another person, to really know them, to feel and breathe as their soul does. And if one person is black and the other is white it's

almost impossible. It isn't, but I know so well about "got one mind for the Cap'n to see; got another for what I know is me." And I was so aware of the profound difference when I sang for a black audience and for a white one. For many black singers it doesn't make any difference. They view themselves differently than I do, i.e. as individuals and not as members of an ethnic minority. It's an attitude I consider a luxury now but that's an "in the family" discussion.

I understand that Woody carved "this machine kills fascists" on the top of his guitar. Maybe his did. Mine didn't. The fascists just applauded me and all the rest. We never had a Lenny Bruce of protest. They killed him, so I know he was effective. Our protest singers have been caught up in personal protest, not in a movement where a song had a role. They acted as individuals, which is why so many of them could be seduced by the applause and the money. I saw Janis Fink on T.V. tonight. She calls herself Janis Ian now. I guess that's because she couldn't make it as Fink. Ian is more romantic a name than Fink and looks better on record covers, billboards, and T.V. But I remember when she first came to a Broadside hoot back in '65 and she was 14 then and sang well as Janis Fink. Now she's on t.v. with all sorts of lights and camera angles and I just know she's not protesting anymore. She's making it and it's sad. Like there goes another one chasing that American dream of fame and money and meanwhile the kids on my block make up games using garbage can lids and stop their stickball games to kill a rat crossing the street to the juicy garbage on the other side. And I've seen so many of us--the protest singers-- get trapped the same way. How many times I stood backstage and had one ask me eagerly, "How'd I do? Huh? How'd I do?" as he came off, and I wondered what does that have to do with protest? I watched the jealousies and the competition and the constant knifing of each other. They were like little children needing to be better than the next one, needing that applause and it was hard to listen to their protest songs and believe them.

It's been 2 years since Peter La Farge died. And I guess his death did it for me. Sure, Peter wanted that fame, too. He wanted it bad, but him I believed. He would just stand in front of the mike strum on his guitar and sing. No fancy chords or rhythms or showmanship. He'd just hold himself erect and sing his songs about his people. Peter was for real. As real as they come and they killed him. Those little chats backstage before and after performances where everyone talked about their last gig or how they were off to England in a few weeks and how many records their LP has sold. They killed him telling him how he should learn to play guitar and what he should do on stage and how he really should take a few voice lessons so he'd learn to stay on pitch and how maybe he really should give up singing all together. They told him those things, and Peter would listen because they were successful. They had the press clippings to prove it and Peter didn't believe in himself enough to say, fuck you, man. Fuck you.

He was the best of the whole lot, and he died. Shortly afterward, I went back south and joined the SNCC staff and have been trying to cause as much trouble as I could since. I don't sing much now, because nothing short of destroying this country will satisfy me. I hate what happened to Peter and what's happening to Mr. Fink's daughter so much that I have to destroy everything in

Julius Lester - continued

this country. Or to put it another way, I love so intensely the beauty of humanity that I hate everything that frustrates, stifles and destroys that beauty, and I hate it so much that I will kill to see that it comes into being. To kill is often an act of love. And I learned that from a beautiful, shy young girl who is a guerilla in South Vietnam. She's killed 25 G.I.'s, and I knew when I met her that she knew about a love that I haven't experienced yet, but look forward to. I look forward to the day when I will place a person in my rifle sight, squeeze the trigger, hear the explosion and watch that person fall. And after the shooting has stopped I will continue that act of love that began when I started to hate by helping others to build a country that will exist for its people and not vice-versa.

So I guess you really should take my name off the list of editors. But don't stop sending Broadside.

Love & revolution
Julius



Julius Lester

(Ed. Note: Julius' mention of Woody Guthrie, and especially his reaction to the girl geurrilla from South Viet Nam reminded me of what I have always considered one of Woody's greatest songs of World War II, "Miss Pavlichenko". Woody's melody and words are beautiful in this tribute to an earlier girl geurrilla fighting for her homeland. What is really striking is that Woody and Julius respond in almost the same terms. Julius' geurrilla is "beautiful, shy." Woody writes, "Your smile shines as bright as my new morning sun", and "The world will love your sweet face" (although he had never met her). The irrepressible Guthrie humor comes in the final verse when he hopes he never has to meet the wrong end "of such a pretty lady's gun." "If her name was Pavlichenko and mine Three-O-One" (three-o-o have already died by her rifle. Gordon Friesen

MISS PAVILICHENKO

Words and Music
By WOODY GUTHRIE

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1. Miss Pav-ili - chen - ko's well known to fame; Rus-sia's your
coun - try, fight-ing is your game; The whole world will
love her for a long time to come, For more than three hun-dred
na-zis fell by your gun.— Fell by your gun, yes, Fell by your
gun, For more than three hun-dred na-zis fell by your gun.—

2. Miss Pavlichenko's well known to fame:
Russia's your country. fighting is your game:
Your smile shines as bright
As my new morning sun.
But more than three hundred nazidogs
Fell by your gun.

Chorus: Fell by your gun. yes. etc.
3. In your mountains and canyons
Quiet as the deer.
Down in your bigtrees knowing no fear.
You lift up your sight.
And down comes a hun:
And more than three hundred nazidogs
Fell by your gun.

Chorus: Fell by your gun. yes. etc.
4. In your hot summer's heat,
In your cold wintery snow,
In all kinds of weather you track down your foe:
This world will love your sweet face
The same way I've done,
'Cause more than three hundred nazzy hound
Fell by your gun.

Chorus: Fell by your gun. yes. etc.
5. I'd hate to drop in a parachute
And land an enemy in your land:
If your Soviet people make it so hard on invadin' men:
I wouldn't crave to meet that wrong end
Of such a pretty lady's gun
If her name was Pavlichenko, and mine Three O One.

Chorus: Fell by your gun. yes. etc.

"Miss Palichenko" reprinted from the songbook "The Nearly Complete Collection of Woody Guthrie Folk Songs" published by Ludlow Music, Inc., 10 Columbus Circle, New York City, N.Y.

LETTER FROM ELAINE WHITE (continued from August issue)

While at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, which I attended for about two years, the power of "believing" under the imaginary circumstances had to be executed each time we put on a production or else we as student actors would have failed to make the audience believe what was going on. There is a magic word that is basically used by actors when studying the character they are about to become. The word, utilized quite extensively by the "father" of all acting principles, Constantin Stanislavski, is "IF". This word has not only helped me when acting, but has also helped me a great deal when writing a song. I simply ask myself questions like, "What would I do IF this happened to me?"; "IF this character did this, what would happen?"; "What would she or he say, do, wear, go, act like...IF?" Then if I am able to answer all of these few questions and others like them, I am on the right track for creating -- be it a song or a character.

When I was writing "Autumn Time in Grenada", for example, my mood was that of mild anger (if that's possible to believe). I was stretched out in my room, fully relaxed, staring at my ceiling envisioning what it would be like if I were an uneducated, poor, middle-aged Southern Negro woman trying to raise two children without a job or father. Of course I would want my children to receive what I never had...brand new shoes, dresses, ribbons, and most of all a decent education. This means if there were the opportunity for them to receive a well-rounded education by going to a recently integrated school, I would want them to attend. So in September I do get this opportunity after all. And it is now the first day of school. My two children, Mary and Johnnie, who sleep in a rickety bunk bed are hard to wake up when it's earlier than ten o'clock in the morning. So, I have to coax them with brief swats, smiles and kisses while calling "Time to go." After giving them their usual breakfast of eggs and bread, I send them off to their new school wearing their new shoes, dress and ribbon bow, only to learn later in the day that they and others like them had been beaten with chains, clubs and stones by thirteen hooded murderers. Whatever punishment they receive for what they have done cannot bring back ever again the lives of Mary and Johnnie. Nor can it ever bring back the words I had said to them as I stood at their bunk bed and as I now stand in the cold, damp graveyard moaning, "Time to go..."

When I began singing "Autumn Time..." up at BROADSIDE and other places, I found out that it was liked by quite a lot of people, and sometimes requested. So, this made me feel that it was a good song (though I had thrown it in the waste basket at first.) Now it has become one of my favorites of all the songs I've written.

I don't know what the future holds, but I only hope I can continue writing, singing, acting, and growing with the times as I am really trying to do now. Thanks to you, I am able to do these things just a little bit better and with a little bit more confidence (which I think I still lack at times). While still hoping I can be able to meet more wonderful people in the world such as you and the ones I have met through you, I would like to close this letter by thanking you again.

As I now allow my mind's eye to wander while following all of its retrospective visions, I consciously realize that you have undoubtedly made all of my dark yesterdays and misty tomorrows forever a dream.

-- Elaine White

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BROADSIDES ON THE AIR. "Broadsides", New York's only all-topical music show, presented on Columbia University's F-M radio station WKCR (89.9 Mc.) and hosted by Paul Shapiro, moves to a new time Friday night, beginning Sept. 29. The program will be heard from 9:30 to 10 P.M. Paul plans to feature on the first show some of the as yet unrecorded songs by Gordon Lightfoot. WKCR is expanding its folk music programming to a total of 16 hours a week. In addition to "Broadsides" other highlights of the schedule include "Folk Song '67" Wed. 8:30-9:30 P.M. from the Gaslight Cafe, and "The Village Scene" from the Bitter End Fridays from 8:30 to 9:30 P.M.

* * * * *

they are to fill this role in a creditable -- and credible -- fashion. History is a hard, demanding taskmaster; no amount of breast-beating can substitute for knowledge and understanding. As Chris Gaylord says in his song, "infinite questions are there to be asked." Why not first ask some raised by the SNCC statement. If Zionist Israel is not an imperialist outpost aimed at the Arabs why is she so strongly supported by Washington, which backs anti-peoples' regimes all around the world, from S.Vietnam to Franco Spain to Guatemala? Is Washington schizophrenic? Hardly. But the big problem is here at home. An old friend of mine, Sol Devine, whose wisdom was invaluable (he died here in N.Y.C. in 1965) used to predict 25 years ago that "the American people will have to go through hell before the Negro question is resolved." We are just now entering the gates of that hell, it seems. One of the complications is the existence of Anti-Semitism in the Negro ghettos. It has been there a long time; it was there long before Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown and SNCC were born; they didn't invent it. This writer was a reporter on the police beat in Detroit during the "riot" of 1943, and saw the wrecked and looted Jewish shops and stores along Hastings street. (Molotov cocktails were not yet in evidence, but there were "snipers", in actuality armed Negroes defending their community against a blood-bath at the hands of police and state troopers; the cops charged out of the Detroit central police headquarters that morning waving their riot guns and yelling at all who would listen: "We're going to kill 400 of those black _____ - that'll put them in their place for once and all." I seriously doubt that things have changed much. It might be noted that the Detroit police force was also saturated with Anti-Semitism; those same cops were shouting. "We'll get the Hebes next!") It is plain that as the Negro people press on toward political and economic control of their neighborhoods the problem of Anti-Semitism will grow more intense. For much of the business and property in the ghettos is owned by absentee Jews. In all seriousness, there is a racism involved here to the correction of which the American Jewish community as a whole could profitably apply itself. Jewish merchants and slumlords tend to justify their selling of rotting merchandise and renting rat and cockroach infested slums to Negroes on the grounds that the black people ("die schwartzes" as they call them) are, after all, inferior beings, so why should anyone worry... One more question? Do we really want the American Negro people to admire Israel. Admiration can lead to emulation. As we recall it, the Zionists hacked out a homeland in Palestine by the use of terror, bombs, assassinations, underground guerrilla bands hitting and killing their opposition. If it was right for Israel to do it, would it not be even more right for the black people of America; after all, they already live here... Anyhow, it appears there will be more said on this in the "folk world". Pete Seeger, who visited Arab Lebanon and Israel shortly before the recent war, has written an article on his experiences and impressions for DIALOGUE MAGAZINE, 32 Union Square, New York City, N.Y. 10003, \$1 a copy. It is to appear soon. And Izzy Young of the New York Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Ave says that in his next newsletter he will "make a long personal report on the differences between SNCC and Theo Bikel," adding, "As I am American and a Jew", too. And as we finished this there came a letter from Theo Bikel. Comment next time.

Gordon Friesen

Record Review: JOAN BAEZ/~~JOAN~~ Vanguard VRS-9240, VSD-79240

My thoughts upon first playing Joan Baez' new Vanguard recording, Joan, were centered upon what kind of performance she deemed worthy of fulfilling her qualifications of "art". As I remembered in an interview published last winter in Redbook magazine, she stated her belief that "all art must elevate the spirit." Her so-called rock-n'-roll album did not, she felt, so she never released it.

Her newest venture, or adventure, has only one song that can be termed traditional, "The Greenwood Sidie". However, Edgar Allen Poe's "Annabel Lee", written in the early 1800's and here given music, might also be labeled as such. The other ten songs are modern compositions arranged and conducted by Peter Schikele. And despite the intrusion of a genuine flub ("Eleanor Rigby"), and a near miss or two, his efforts are inspiring and even majestic.

Nowhere is Schikele's talent more evident than on "La Colombe" and Tim Hardin's "The Lady Came From Baltimore". Translated from the original French, Jacques Brel's "The Dove" is magnificent in how the tragic story portrayed is heightened by the turbulence of the intense, churning strings. Her version of "The Lady Came From Baltimore" is highlighted by the imaginative bass line and solid drum slaps that give the song tremendous spirit.

A new "songwriter" emerges here, Nina Dusheck who, actually, sent two poems to Joan that the latter set to music, "North", and "Saigon Bride". "North" is a true ballad, a romantic song or poem that tells a story, having the same melody for each stanza. Its tale is of a devoted girl (we assume) who will persist until she finds the one she loves who has gone to the North. The melody reminds me very much of Donovan's "Legend of a Girl Child Linda". In the realm of the topical we have "Saigon Bride", which foretells impending horror unless the plight in Southeast Asia is eased.

What is so puzzling about this album is the inclusion of two songs, "Be Not Too Hard" and "Turquoise", since each two- or three-minute band on a recording should be regarded as priceless, and these songs are anything but that. "Be Not Too Hard" seems to excuse man for some of his greatest weaknesses, and "Turquoise" says nothing; like the title it merely sounds pretty, not meaningful.

Of course, only Joan can judge whether this album successfully met her particular requirements as "art", for in the end, as she indicated before, it is she who must be satisfied.

By Jim Buechler

Malvina Reynolds/Sings The Truth (Columbia, CL2614)

This whole matter of you-me, I am putting on a very personal basis because that's what it boils down to -- some particular lover gets jailed or concentrated in a camp, or baked in an oven... Walter Lowenfels

from Land of Roseberries

What the great poet, Walter Lowenfels, does with his brand of love in poetry, Malvina Reynolds has, at least for me, done in song. She transmits her gentleness, her humor, and anger in songs that are made for lovers who vibrate strongly with the lives of other lovers. Her singing, the little quiver in her voice that is there by age and not by intention, tells the listener: "Here is real quality." When the Womenfolk sing a Malvina Reynolds' song it is a funny song. When Malvina sings her song it is a real song. Malvina Reynolds Sings the Truth may upset some who listen for the sound rather than to the person, but for most, this record will keep spinning through generations -- as the years bring us into different relationships with the singer and her songs. Malvina sings not hopefully but knowingly of brilliant colors seen through cloudy skies. Like Walter's informal speech, she asks in natural style:

But wait! Have you tried a poem?

If Not The electronic dictionaries will curse you.

And that curse, writers of endless words, is a terrible fate,

JOSH DUNSON

OTHER L-P's: Bernice Reagon's THE SOUND OF THUNDER. Kin/Tel Corp., 1200 Spring St. N.W. Atlanta, Ga. 30309. Bernice has one of the finest voices of our time. It sends chills to hear her sing Woody's "Pastures Of Plenty"... Pete Seeger THE BIG MUDDY & other love songs. Columbia. "Big Muddy" was in B'Side # 74... Mike Kellin's debut L-P, THE TESTIMONY'S STILL COMIN' IN. Verve/Forecast Title song in B'Side # 81. SINGLES: Len Chandler's "Luvin' People". Columbia. In # 77. ... Matthew Jones' "Hell No, I Ain't Gonna Go." B'Side # 82. Historic. Get a couple hundred at .50¢ ea. and sell for \$1 to raise funds. Order from RELEVANT RECORDS, Box 81, Lenox Hill Station, NYC 10021...

NOTES (2): All "musical geurillas" with music of any kind to change things -- folk, rock, what have you -- to descend on Washington Oct. 20th to take part in giant Pentagon Peace Festival. Nerve, unconcern about commercial "fame careers", required. Next day, Oct. 21, take part in mass closedown of business at offices of INTERNATIONAL MURDER, INC., Pentagon, D.C. All interested in going contact Barbara Dane at 855-9466 or 777-9585... AT CARNEGIE HALL, NYC: Sun. Oct. 1, 8:30 p.m. PHIL OCHS.... LETTER from a PFC: "I got 12 months of distasteful duty ahead of me in Vietnam, and my Broadside will at least keep me supplied with ammunition for my Anti Barry Saddler Yellow Berets and my Love Everybody-Even VC movement."...

CONCERNING THE 1967 PHILADELPHIA FOLK FESTIVAL: "For our purposes, most prominent in the three rainy, stickywet days that were the Philly Folk Festival was the Contemporary Song Workshop. In this "one hour" (it started late and was forced to end on time) set apart within the actual 30 hours of festival, six singers -- 4 established and 2 new singer/songwriters -- were allowed to sing one song, or sometimes less than one song, each. TOM PAXTON sang 2 verses of a previous version and then his final version of "The Hooker". LEN CHANDLER was allowed 3 verses of an otherwise longer song. HEDY WEST and STEVE GILLETTE each sang one song. (New talent included TOM GHENT and JOHN BASSETTE). There was no discussion of directions in contemporary folk music; very few words were spoken by performers; and, in general, disorganization seemed the theme of this section of the festival. I, for one, would much rather have stayed home, and dry, and listened to records," STAN JAY ... ADD COMMENT (by G.F.): "Stan's reaction was shared by others in topical song; PAUL SHAPIRO of Columbia University's WKCR-FM, for instance. PHILLY, unlike NEWPORT this year, did schedule PAXTON, CHANDLER, HEDY WEST, ERIC ANDERSEN, et.al. on its regular concerts. There is something here which should be learned by all producers of "folk festivals." The topical song people, rightly or wrongly, are still considered to be FOLKsingers (even Janis Ian's records are listed as FOLK). It is through their followers that the waning interest in the real folk culture of America will be kept alive, since they will go back and listen, with respect and attention, to the old, genuine, traditional folk artists in order to probe and learn about the background from which their new heroes presumably sprang. NEWPORT this year forgot this key fact, scorned the topical singer/songwriters in general, and the result was talk that this may have been the last NP folk festival. They did have ARLO GUTHRIE, but patently mainly because he is WOODY's son; I have a feeling ARLO caught them by surprise by showing up with "Alice's Restaurant" (B'Side #'s 80 & 81)... THAT OLD BLACK BLACKLIST: When PETE SEEGER was invited on the SMOTHERS BROS. T-V show the N.Y. Times editorialized that the blacklist in the U.S. was ended. (The blacklist ended for some in suicide, and for many others driven into obscurity it will never end). But the Times forgot that there is a blacklist within the blacklist; it exists in layers. PETE was allowed to sing, but the song he considers the best he has written recently, BIG MUDDY, was blacklisted. PETE has made strong protests. We believe the producers, et cetera, are unnecessarily frightened of scarecrows from the past. When JOEY BISHOP sneaked JANIS IAN singing "Shady Acres" (B'Side # 82) onto his show the producer ran out tearing his hair. Nothing happened. Tis said Jerry Schoenbaum of Verve went into hiding for 2 wks. after releasing Janis' "Society's Child." Again, nothing of consequence transpired. Let PETE sing BIG MUDDY & to hell with it.... G. Friesen.

Dear Broadside:

While reading the July issue of Broadside, to my great surprise I discovered my friend's picture on the back cover.

I had heard of the "Great Galahad", and I know many people who stay with him. But I never realized that he was a person I knew. I met him when he first came to the Village. It was three days after the Easter Sunday Be-In in Central Park. I had met a boy that day and we were just roaming around having a good time. While walking through Washington Sq. Park, we saw 4 or 5 people playing Indian Chief in the middle of the wading pool. There was one boy who seemed to be the leader. He looked Indian and was wearing a band around his forehead. We joined the bunch and soon there were about 8 of us.

People were staring at us from all sides. They couldn't understand that we were just having fun. So we decided to make our gathering a peace love-in and give them something to look at.

After recruiting 6 or 7 more people, all of us started yelling "Peace, peace; Love, love." Some musicians joined in playing their guitars and banjos, and soon there were 25 strong. At the head of this whole demonstration was Galahad, the Indian with the head band. When we got about 35 or 40 people, we moved out of the Square two by two and proceeded towards McDougal St. Just as we got there (yelling Peace, peace -- Love, love) we met my friend Harold Chizman. Harold is one of the two Banana Kings (you might have seen him on the Alan Burke show any one of 8 times). With Harold's crowd came cries of "Bannana, bannana -- LSD not LBJ"

We were 75 strong by this time. Parading down McDougal St., we came upon a tennis court where we all joined hands and ran around in a circle

yelling "L-l-l-l O-o-o-o V-v-v-v E-e-e-e" having a wonderful time. In the center of the circle, supervising, were Galahad, Harold, my friend and me. Soon those who hadn't strayed formed lines again and started back, chanting as before. When we arrived at the Square, Galahad collected us into a bunch and yelled "When I count 3, everyone turn, kiss the person next to you and then yell 'Love'". Afterwards another circle was formed.

When it was time for me to leave, I kissed Harold and my friend goodbye and then walked up to Galahad. He thanked me for being as "crazy" as he was, and I thanked him for a wonderful afternoon -- then he kissed me goodbye. A second later all the kids yelled out at the top of their lungs "LOVE", and waved goodbye to me. That's how I knew Galahad, yet I didn't know that that was his name and that he was the famous one.

I saw him often after that, and still see him occasionally walking around in the Village. Oh, as a point of information, the following day the city put up "Unnecessary Noise Prohibited" signs on McDougal and nearby streets!!

I definitely think Galahad is a truly great person. People as outstanding as he are not around that often, and the Village is lucky to have him. I remember a few days after our first meeting, he was complaining about the New York police force. That's when I found out he was new to the City -- any big city. I bade him welcome and explained about big city police. I think he began to understand. He's very sweet and nice to most people, and he deserves a lot of praise for his commune -- a second home to most of my friends -- and for anything else he does. Galahad is a "person person", or, as Len Chandler puts it, a "luvin' people". Thanks for reading my tale of Galahad.

S.S. , Long Island

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NOTES.....

The small, gray-haired man's face could barely be seen over the green lectern.

"I wish to record the fact that my immediate family and I personally resent the use of my name in any public castigation of SNCC."

Nathan Schwerner, father of murdered civil rights worker Mickey Schwerner, had come to answer questions about the relationship between the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and American Jews. The meeting, sponsored by the Fifth Av. Vietnam Peace Parade Committee, was held at the Village Theater, 105 Second Av.



"How indecent," said Schwerner, "to cite his death to bolster their own views. They never knew how he felt."

"I did not consider it anti-Semitic, but solely anti-Zionist," he said speaking of the June/July SNCC Newsletter that assailed Israel and supported the Arabs.

Ed. Comment: The above are excerpts from a story Aug. 30, 1967, in the New York Post. One of those who acted "indecently" in citing mar-

The Time Will Come-

NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1967

The seven boys slept in their underwear. Each garment was stamped with a large red "YH," for Youth House. They were all fugitives.

Before dropping off to sleep, the seven—who were among 12 who escaped from Youth House Wednesday—tried to explain why they fled.

—President and Mrs. Johnson are going to put on an old-fashioned country fair at the White House Sept. 12 for children and grandchildren of top officials in the Government. Gay red and blue invitations with a carousel on them are going out to 500 boys and girls, aged 6 to 18, in the families of members of the Supreme Court, the Cabinet, independent Federal agencies and Congress.

Henry Rodriguez, 14, of the Bronx, said his back was cut by a block of wood. Enrique Suarez, 12, of Brooklyn, who wants to be a drummer, said his leg had been cut by a karate kick.

The bedroom of the Third Av. apartment was cluttered with the debris of a day and a night of freedom; partially eaten sandwiches, half-empty soda bottles, shredded comics.

The south lawn will be decked out in striped tents, where there will be free popcorn, cotton candy, candied apples, hot dogs, ice cream and soda pop.

Philip Ramariz, 13, who lives in Manhattan and wants to be a doctor, pointed to the red welts on his chest and said he had been beaten by a Youth House counselor Monday for "horsing around."

And there will be clowns, barkers, balloons, sack races and ring tosses to amuse the youngsters.

"There's a guard there who has a thing he calls 'Silent Sam,'" said the youth. "It's a clothes hanger and you can't hear it until it comes down on your head. You just hear the crack and sometimes you pass out."

tyred Michael Schwerner in castigating SNCC was folksinger Theodore Bikel. Bikel rushed into print and onto T-V to publicly resign from SNCC, calling SNCC's position in the newsletter "obscene".

It is, of course, a great honor to the folksinging profession that in the public's mind its practitioners automatically become oracles on world affairs. But it would seem that most folksingers could stand more study and preparation if (cont. on mimeo pages)

LETTERS.....

Dear Sis: -- I'm doing what Malvina says, sending you a buck. But don't thank me for it -- it's an honor to participate even a little in your editorial re Joan Baez in BROADSIDE # 83. Great!
Love, W.

Dear Broadside: -- Thanks so much for letting us know about Pete Seeger's concert at Abelard. Elaine White and Bob Davenport were great. Lots of good luck to you and your fine little magazine. the Cinellis

Broadside: -- Well, I guess I can spare \$1 to help keep you guys in business. I'd hate like hell not to have your mag in my mail each month chockful of songs which will probably show up in Sing Out! a few months later.
Good luck! J.D.

SINGOUT HOOTENANNY

At CARNEGIE HALL, New York City, on Fri., Sept. 22, 8:30 p.m. A stageful of singer-performers, including LEN CHANDLER, PETE SEEGER, JOHN BASSETT, TIM BUCKLEY, the STAR-SPANGLED STRING BAND, and many others. A special section of new voices from BROADSIDE Magazine: ELAINE WHITE, JANIS IAN, MATT-HEW JONES, TOM PARROTT, WILL McLEAN.

Tickets \$4, 3.50, 3., & 2.50, at box office or SING OUT Magazine, 701 7th Ave, NYC. (757-4564).

WILL McLEAN is also scheduled for a BROADSIDE HOOTENANNY Sun. Sept. 24, 2 p.m., at 215 W. 98 St., Apt. 4-D, NYC., and a concert Tues., Sept. 26, at Israel Young's FOLKLORE CENTER, 321 6th Ave., NYC, 8:30 p.m.

Also upcoming at the FOLKLORE CENTER: JONI MITCHELL, Sept. 18; STAR SPANGLED STRING BAND, Sept. 25; CYNTHIA GOODING, Oct. 2; JOHN HAMMOND Oct. 9; DES & JULIET RAINEY (from New Zealand) Oct. 16; and MATT MCGINN (Scotland) Oct. 23. AARON KRAMER will be reading his poetry at the Center Sun., Oct. 15.

BROADSIDE, 215 West 98 St., New York, N.Y. 10025. All contents copyright 1967 by Broadside Magazine. Topical song monthly. Editor: Agnes Cunningham; Advisor, Pete Seeger. Contr. Eds: Gordon Friesen, Len Chandler, Julius Lester, Josh Dunson, Phil Ochs. Subs. Rate: One Year ...\$5.00 (add 50¢ Foreign).

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