

Broadside #90



Jimmy
Collier

Frederick Douglass
Kirkpatrick

The **CITIES ARE BURNING**

A L S O I N T H I S I S S U E

"Joaquin Murieta" by E.C.GREENFIELD. MALVINA REYNOLDS, PETER IRSAY, JONATHAN KWITNY, EDWARD DI GANGI, SUE SCHWARTZ. Part 2 of an interview with PHIL OCHS. Cuba visit by IRWIN SILBER.

WHILE WALKING TOWARD STONE HUNTING HOUSE

Words & Music
By EDWARD JAMES Di GANGI
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There is a place along a New Jersey hiking trail where the path crosses a quiet, but constantly flowing, brook. At this crossing is a natural shelter formed by a large, overhanging boulder. This shelter, known as Stone Hunting House, was long ago used by the Indians that inhabited the area. In the early eighteen hundreds, it was also used by a man named Cisco who had deserted from an American regiment in the War of 1812. Whenever his cabin was visited by soldiers looking for him, hoping to take him back, he would leave his normal home and hide in the Stone Hunting House. Eventually, Cisco totally disassociated himself from all the local people: having no need of a forever climbing and "striving" society. Cisco reminds me of people I have read, people I have listened to and of people I have seen. Cisco precedes them all and this is a song about the place, the person and where he was going.

- E.J. Di Gangi

1. While walking toward Stone Hunt-ing House I
 thought I saw Cis-co run-ning Down a twist-ing
 forest path, His long black hair a- flowing.

2. From his cabin in clovered fields
Seeking refuge in the woods
From the soldiers at his house
Waiting to take him back.
3. To where there was nothing to be
found
Where men looked to kill each other
And profit from another's loss
Though knowing he was a brother.
4. From this killing and absence of
love
I thought I saw Cisco running
To his shelter in the woods
Near which a stream was flowing.
5. I quickened my pace as I grew near
I thought I smelled food cooking
And in the air a happy tune
I thought I heard him whistling.
6. Whistling happily 'cause he was
free
Free as the stream a flowing
Living peacefully in the woods
Mindful of where he was going.
(Repeat 1st Verse)

FOR GROOVY

Words & Music by SUE SCHWARTZ
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Dear Broadside: -- Today I received your issue #89 and found it rather good. I was so happy you printed "I Declare the War Is Over" by Phil Ochs. Yet, I was very much disturbed by the Tom Parrott song "Linda & Groovy". Perhaps it's just my feelings -- because I knew Groovy -- but I felt a telling of the incident isn't enough. Even the connection with religion and love isn't. A while back (about a week after what my friends call "the accident"), I wrote a song to Groovy, explaining his point of view on life -- not really mine. It's my interpretation of Groovy's thoughts, and I think that the beauty and love that was inside him has come out in this, my most loved song. I sincerely hope that you will print "For Groovy" not only for my sake but for Groovy and all of us who knew him. SUE SCHWARTZ



C2 Slow, with feeling
 Life- hard to face, hard to find Seems my mind can't care about
 time; Death e'vrywhere, e'vry hour And it's hard to think of
 those we love, Hard to care. An-y-one you loved, you loved-
 Giving of a life-long love that never falls is never false.

* Between verses 2 & 3

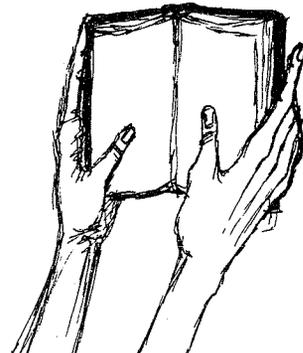
Life - hard to face, hard to find
Seems my mind can't care about time
Death - everywhere, every hour
And it's hard to think of those we
love - hard to care.

Fear has a cruel way to stand
It can penetrate hearts of man
Only the brave never fall
When the light is shone and
man's alone - we won't fall.

Giving of a lifelong love that
never falls - is never false.

Strange happy times - happy hours
Remember love has a power
'happy peculiar' but sad
And given meaning all its own
- when you're gone.

Only a smile and a tear
Can remove all trace of fear
Only a kind-hearted word
Could take the place of anyone
- anyone you loved - you loved.



JOAQUIN MURIETA

Words & Music by
E. C. GREENFIELD
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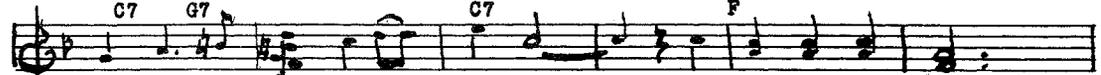
INTRO. *moderato*



1. From the Ri - o Grand, in Mex - i - co land, a rid - ing came Joaquin Mur-i
2. They tied Joa-quin hand and foot to a tree & ravished his lov-ly Ro---



et - a, and his lov-ly young bride, so close by his side the-----
si - ta. He tracked them all down, and one af - ter one, faced the



beau-ti-ful live-ly Ro - si - ta, to find a new hearth
guns of Joa-quin Mur - i - et - a So then on his head,



Where the good earth meets the banks of the blue Sac - re - men-to -----
a - live or dead, a re - ward to hunt down Mur - i - et - a. -----



Refrain *Bb* *C7* *Bb* *F* *C7*
When glit-tering gold was dis-covered near by Where Joaquin had staked his
A cow-ard-ly man whose life Joaquin once saved, for sil-ver and gold be-



claim. With eyes full of greed, the--- claim jum-pers came and
trayed. He--- led boun-ty hun - ters to Joa-quin's hide out and



robbed Joa-quin Mur - i - et - a.
killed Joa-quin Mur - i - et - a.

(This song is reprinted from the
Songmakers Newsletter, Los Angeles)

Verse 3:
Each night
his ghost rides
The lonely
hillsides
And valleys
Of gringo invaders
Where
his comrados
By the light
of the moon
Are pursuing
The murdering
marauders
Down long
mountain trails
Borne on the wind
Murieta's
ghost sings
This corrido.

Refrain:
You murdered
my people
And you raped
our wives
And you drove us
From our lands
I can hear
my vaqueros
A-singing
on high
Vi Va
Joaquin Murieta.

NOTE: In 1849, after the first gold rush, thousands of people came to California from all over the world. Among them were many Chileans, coming like the rest to prospect for gold. A large number of them settled in a quarter of San Francisco that came to be named "Chilecito" (little Chile). Like most other newcomers, they suffered the exactions of "the hounds" (vigilantes). Unlike many others, they resisted persistently, fighting back repeatedly. The "hounds" decided to make an example of them, and on the night of July 15, 1849, attacked Chilecito en masse. The Chileans repelled the assault. A campaign was launched to inflame public opinion against them (see "Alta Californian", July 18, 1849). In a subsequent raid Joaquin Murieta's wife, Teresa, was raped and murdered by "the hounds". Murieta gathered a band of other wronged settlers -- Chileans and Mexicans -- and for four years led them in successful raids against their persecutors. Betrayed by an informer, he was finally caught July 24, 1853, and murdered by his captors. The authorities who had so many times before claimed he had been killed only to see their claims exposed as false by new raids by Murieta and his "guerilla" band, now chopped off his head and exhibited it to the public.

California authorities called him a bandit, but to the common people of Latin America he has always been a heroic fighter against Yankee injustice (a Che Guevera of his time). Murieta (or Murrieta) is claimed both by Chile and Mexico. The great Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda, wrote a play about Murieta, presenting him as a Chilean and an avenger of the exploited Spanish-speaking minority in the U.S., an early fighter against imperialism.

WILL BE EXHIBITED FOR ONE DAY ONLY!
AT THE STOCKTON HOUSE!
THIS DAY, AUG. 12, FROM 9 A. M. UNTIL 4 P. M.
THE HEAD
Of the renowned Bandit!
JOAQUIN!
AND THE
HAND OF THREE FINGERED JACK!
THE NOTORIOUS BANDIT AND SEPARATIST

The first known poster advertising the exhibition, in Stockton, California, August 12, 1853, of the bandit's remains.



Miss Julie Andrews in the Robert Wise's 20th Century-Fox Production of "The Sound of Music"

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Like the Miller Grinds the Wheat

Words & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS

Moderate Am E Am

We don't touch that ma- chine cause once you get your finger in It will swallow you com-
 plete, It will strip you to the skin, It will grind you like the miller grinds the wheat, Like the
 (Last time): As of
 mil-ler, And it turns you out a corpse, Or a killer.
 old, And the corps-es are of cold sol-id gold.

Get that draft card in your hand
 And you've started down the chute
 That will change you from a man
 To a nothing in a suit
 It will grind you . . .

It's a well made machine
 And it works with magic skill
 To make glowing human souls
 Into plastic set to kill
 It will grind you . . .

It is run for the rich
 And it swallows up the poor
 And it turns them into contracts
 With the dividends secure
 And it grinds you like the miller
 grinds the wheat - As of old
 And the corpses are of cold
 Solid gold.

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UNTITLED

Words & Music by PETER IRSAY

© 1968 by Peter Irsay

FREELY

Oh daughter, oh daughter, her father he did say, — You've done me wrong and now you have to
 pay;— You've slept with a married man and now punishment is due.— Come with us to a lonely place and
 bring your own dog with you.— (2) Oh.. desert sun beat heavy on her as she fell to die.—

Oh, daughter, oh, daughter, her father
 he did say
 You've done me wrong and now you have to pay
 You've slept with a married man and now
 punishment is due
 Come with us to a lonely place and bring
 your own dog with you.

Oh, father, oh, father, please no more pain
 To have me kill my own dog is punishment
 in vain
 Have you no eyes, must you torture me this way
 For the sin I have committed must he also
 have to pay.

Oh, that desert air hung heavy where the
 four of them did stand
 She stood with unending fear, the pistol
 in her hand
 The finger pulled the trigger and the
 bullet it did fly
 And the desert sun beat heavy on her as she
 fell to die.

Daughter's Suicide

PHOENIX, Ariz. (AP)—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ault remained in jail today after being arrested on a charge of involuntary manslaughter in connection with the suicide death of their daughter, Linda.

The 21-year-old Arizona State University coed died early Monday morning in a Phoenix hospital after she shot herself in the head Sunday rather than kill her pet dog.

The shooting of the animal was ordered by her parents as punishment because the girl had spent the night with an Air Force officer, authorities said.

An inquest was held Wednesday and the parents testified they wanted Linda, a divorcee, to be "sorrowful" for her night with the Air Force lieutenant.

Both testified they felt Linda did not know the gun was loaded when she put the barrel to her temple, instead of slaying the dog.



INTERVIEW WITH PHIL OCHS (Part 2)

(Ed. Note: In our last issue Phil Ochs described the confusion that has overtaken American music and related it to the deleterious impact of the Vietnam war on the country's life as a whole. Phil continues):

As I said before, when I looked around in 1965 I felt that everywhere a positive thing was happening. But that really wasn't valid historically or politically really, considering that this was after the assassination of President Kennedy and the first great escalation of the war. But still, musically there was enough happening to allow one to feel an artistic climate. I keep talking about music because I consider this to be very important; I consider music and recordings to be in the vanguard of communication. And you must bear in mind that from 63 to 65 there was the focusing of many eyes on music, and this still pertains even now. Music is an art form that is basic to new ideas. And you must also keep in mind the relative freedom that's innate to the recording industry, and the economics of it -- you can make a record and get it distributed very cheaply in comparison to the cost of movies, and even books. A record can affect people's thinking -- a song can get to people more than a book can, if you do it well enough and it gets around. And it is very difficult to block the distribution of a record as they've been able to do, for example, movies like "The Battle Of Algiers", which if shown nationally might have a direct influence on ending the war in Vietnam.

I'd like to comment, if briefly, on the role of critics in the song art form. There has been a peculiar lack of intelligent and constructive criticism in this field; I think it's a definite failure on the part of a lot of people on two levels. First of all, the older

critics, the people who were around when it was happening, became mere chroniclers, Bob Shelton of the N.Y. Times being the classic case, becoming essentially a friend of the crowd who said "Here's a new guy who looks interesting, and here's another new guy who looks interesting" and stopping right there. There was a brief period a year or two ago when it looked like some interesting criticism was going to develop on the part of Richard Goldstein and Crawdaddy, and the others around that scene, who sort of merged with the Little Sandy Review people. But this whole new school of criticism has rapidly deteriorated. You can find a classic study of this deterioration in following Richard Goldstein with THE DOORS. Goldstein is constantly raving about THE

DOORS, finding things that aren't even there, and saying THE DOORS are a valid intellectual idea and therefore they're great, meantime overlooking the fact that all we really have is a lot of bad music and a lyric content that is horrible. Goldstein and Crawdaddy are ever moving closer to each other; to pick up an issue of Crawdaddy today is to read almost the same kind of publicising, about one group after another. Some of these people who set themselves up as super critics become performers themselves; they're literally cult builders for those who mistake adjectives for logic, and in the process become fellow cult members. Richard Goldstein very consciously becomes a star himself, and the net result of this, again, is the lack of any real thought.

GORDON: One might observe here that lacking a responsible body of criticism to help guide them, the country's songwriters depend on themselves. And they haven't done so badly. In fact, I can't imagine Bob Dylan bothering to listen to any critic outside of his own intellect. After mentioning him,

I recall that in the 1965 interview in Broadside you expressed the hope Dylan would not cut himself off from his earlier songwriting. His new album, "John Wesley Harding" has been described as at least a partial return to his earlier days. Do you think he may go all the way and start writing political songs again, say a great song about the Vietnam war?

PHIL: Well, I refuse to tie Dylan to political songs. Once again, it doesn't matter to me. Political songs are in a sense a misnomer, because the Vietnamese war reflects a spiritual crisis here at home, and Dylan, after renouncing so-called political songs, was writing newer songs that reflected the same spiritual crisis. In, for example, "Mr. Jones" in that sense was certainly responding in a very valid artistic sense as a writer. But in retrospect now, in that 65 interview I was approaching a form of hero worship of Dylan, which I would say I'm over now. I was in it because I was constantly amazed by his growth pattern, essentially; I was constantly amazed that he started out so great and kept getting better. And now, I'm sorrowed by what I consider a drop in the life force behind his songs. I mean, in the term of the critics we talked about before, it was a shame, I think, that "Blonde On Blonde" was so accepted, after "Highway 61". That people at that point were very afraid to talk, Dylan having slipped. In "Blonde On Blonde" he stood like the emperor without his clothes, over-extended, and nobody said anything. All the reviewers said here's another new, great Dylan album. And they're doing the same thing with "Harding," which is a better album as an album - at least it fits together very neatly and he sings great on it. But still, I get the sense again that the life force isn't there. And once again, Goldstein, in his Village Voice

review, seems to be afraid to say anything definite. In his whole review he seems to say nothing, as if the last thing he could afford would be to say something. He refuses to say anything about Dylan; in his whole review he refuses either to praise the new album or condemn it. I would say this is probably because he doesn't understand it. If he believes it to be a bad record, he's still afraid to attack it.

I think people are blinded by the Dylan legend. I think also that Dylan, in a sense, has been betrayed. In 65 when he was at the top, artistically and commercially, he was betrayed. I don't know who did it, or why, but it seems there was a sudden drop, in everything surrounding him. You see, my theory is that Dylan fell before the motorcycle accident; I feel that way about it. I don't believe, I don't accept the story that he had a motorcycle accident and left the scene because of that. I think something else happened. I don't know what but I don't think he was handled well, at the top. Which is quite understandable, considering that is a very precarious place to be. But I think Dylan has gone around a very wide curve, which I now think is turning upward again. I think he will come back in the classic case of sadder but wiser. What I will be looking for, hoping for, is the old fire, the old fantastic scope of meaning. He seems to have a new positivism, a new positive outlook, philosophically, and I hope he can again match the scope of a "Desolation Row". The point of all this is that I don't think it's being kind to Dylan to praise his lesser work. It's not kind to say to him, "Boy, you're being great" again and again, when he's not. Songwriters, as any writers, can only grow when they have an understanding of reality, of where they are at.

CUBA REVISITED

By Irwin Silber

Recently back from Cuba where Barbara Dane and I were delegates to the Cultural Congress of Havana. This was a meeting of intellectuals from some 70 countries called to consider the problems and role of the intellectual (artist, scientist, teacher, etc.) in the so-called "Third World." I wish it were possible for many of our young song-writers and radical artists to visit Cuba and to participate in such conferences. We Americans really have a narrower, more provincial view of the world than almost every other people. We think that "what's happening" is either right here or an extension of our own interests. But what's really happening, and especially in that seething neo-colonial, on-the-verge-of-revolution third world is the growing physical and ideological isolation of the United States. The world out there is changing, drastically, despite us, in fact, against us -- and as a result, the real creativity and imagination that will shape the future is developing in places like Algeria, Haiti, Tanzania, Morocco, Vietnam and Cuba. It is, in fact, in Vietnam and Cuba especially that the New Man, the man of the 21st Century, is already coming into being.

When I came back to the U.S.A. and picked up a copy of TIME, I read that the Cultural Congress had been a "flop". I admit there was a time when that would have bothered me. I might have decided there was something wrong with the type of "public relations" the Cubans had developed -- understanding that TIME was not going to be sympathetic to such a Conference in the first place. But now I just laugh. And do you know why? It doesn't make any difference any more (if it ever did) what TIME says. And of course, this isn't just true of TIME. It's the whole country from the President on down and up. There is no credibility gap. The entire system is a lie. And no one is proving it more clearly than the Vietnamese.

I think that "public relations" is a big part of our problem here. We've all been infected by that psychology which tells us "the bigger the better." It's better to reach 5 million people with one decent song about peace or civil rights than preach basic social change to 10 thousand.

I used to think so myself, but I've come to the conclusion that that kind of thinking is really a trap which enables an anti-human, destructive, oppressive system to co-opt the genuinely creative, socially committed minds and neutralize their force. (Well, that's a long and involved discussion we ought to hold in a serious way sometime. I just happen to think that Pete Seeger was a more effective revolutionary force before he started recording for Columbia Records.)

In Havana today, they have set up the Institute of Protest Song (Cancion Protesta) This is a center for the collection and dissemination of songs of protest from all over the world. They have already issued a two-record LP containing more than 25 songs from Latin America, Western Europe, Vietnam, Spain, U.S.A. (Barbara Dane and Julius Lester) and others. I don't know how Americans can get a copy, frankly, because of the U.S. blockade of Cuba, but if any Broadside readers have friends in Canada --(or if indeed you live in Canada)-- you may be able to order it and just hope that U.S. Customs doesn't get too nosy. The address: CANCION PROTESTA, Casa de las Americas, Tercera y G, Vedado, La Habana, Cuba. The Institute is also beginning publication of a regular bi-monthly magazine, also called Cancion Protesta, which will be available by subscription all over the world. Incidentally, both the magazine and the booklet of lyrics and notes accompanying the record album appear in Spanish, French and English.

The Cancion Protesta was established last summer when the first International Festival of Protest Song was held in Cuba with participants from 16 countries. (People came from Chile, Italy, Australia, Vietnam, England, Spain, etc.) The next such Festival and Conference will be held in the summer of 1969, and the Cubans are already making plans to enable even more people to participate. I don't know what the travel and passport situation is going to be by that time, but I hope that some of our "engaged" American singers will make it their business to go. It can certainly be at least as mind-expanding a trip as some others that some of them have taken.

Naturally, we told the Cancion Protesta people all about Broadside and left them a few copies and a copy of the Broadside

(Cuba continued)

book. But if you have a complete set of back numbers that you can spare, they sure could make good use of them. And set up a continuing exchange subscription with them. You see, they're getting inquiries and contributions from every corner of the world, and, of course, there is tremendous interest in the songs of "the other America." And that's really what we are, isn't it?

Dear Broadside:

In reference to Phil Ochs' song "The War Is Over" in #89, I wish I had Phil's confidence that I could merely tell the war to go away. Latest developments, with a revolt in the Senate against the President's policies, might indicate that he is right, but you will pardon me if I believe that the "angry artists", the draft resisters, the demonstrators, the "ones that point the blame", including Fulbright and Mansfield and Morse, who spoke up when nobody else would, had considerable effect.

In Norman Mailer's book-sized article called "The Steps of the Pentagon" (well worth reading--it will be out as a book) in the March Harper's, he describes the ritual of the Fugs and others in exorcizing the war. "...the papers had made much of the permit requested by a hippie leader named Abbie Hoffman to encircle the Pentagon with 12 hundred men in order to form a ring of exorcism sufficiently powerful to raise the Pentagon 3 hundred feet. In the air the Pentagon would then, went the presumption, turn orange and vibrate until all evil emissions had fled this levitation. At that point the war in Vietnam would end." Mailer describes the whole thing straight, and even enjoyed shouting, "Out, demons, out!" with the rest of the crowd. This was all, of course, during the Oct 21 demonstration against the war.

I suggest that Phil do his thing, whatever that may be, and the Fugs do theirs, and I'll do mine and so on. But don't knock the others -- everything is to the good. You declare the war over, and I'll dream out loud about the bankers and the diplomats going in the army, and I'll go to Washington with the Jeanette Rankin Brigade, or whatever is my style.

-- MALVINA REYNOLDS

NOTES

Magazines have reported that PETE SEEGER is doing the music for a movie sponsored by the Mexican Olympic Committee. Pete says it ain't so - not exactly. He was asked to write and sing one song on the theme-- Peace. He said he'd try. If it's good enough, it will be included in the movie which will be released in late summer. The film represents a dialogue between various laymen and an anthropologist who disabuses them of the idea that war is inherent in human nature. It is an invention of civilization. The task now: to invent peace. Incidentally, Pete is also a strong supporter of the refusal of U.S. black athletes to participate in the games to provide a liberal face for white America.

(..A last word on the above is that Pete has the song finished and we will try to print it in Broadside #91)...ARLO GUTHRIE'S "Alice's Restaurant" is to be made into a movie. ARLO is to appear in the film, which is to be directed by the same man who made "Bonnie & Clyde"...JOAN BAEZ, 27, and DAVE HARRIS, 22, former Stanford University student and a draft resister, have announced that they will wed before the end of the month...

Rev. F.D. Kirkpatrick and Jimmy Collier are scheduled to make a record for Moe Asch's Broadside series... A book on protest songs in America, drawing considerable material from Broadside magazine, is ready for simultaneous publication in Spain and France. The author is negotiating for an English translation in this country.... Among the Washington Gridiron Club's political lampoonery was this song: (to the tune of "Davy Crockett")

"Born in a cabin on the brown prairie,
Learned Texas politics at Sam's knee,
Got him a medal for one Navy spree,
Built himself a fortune through the
F.C.C.

Lyndon, Lyndon Johnson, the buckskin
buccaneer."

PHIL OCHS has volunteered to organize for the "Yippie" revolution to bring two million kids to Chicago in August to counteract the Democratic Party's DEATH CONVENTION. A columnist says PHIL will also campaign for BOBBY KENNEDY... PETE SEEGER taped for the LES CRANE show. Kirkpatrick and Collier asked to be on the Dave Susskind Show.....

Steve's Ballad

Words & Music: JONATHAN KWITNY
Copyright © 1968 by Jonathan Kwitny

Oh, Steven was a student at the Uni-versity To learn to be a teacher in the homeland of the free, — He
studied math & pol-i-tics & lit'ra-ture & song, They said when he was finished he'd go fight the Viet Cong, Oh and it's so.

Oh Steven was a student at the university
To learn to be a teacher in the homeland of
the free
He studied math and politics and lit'rature
and song
They said when he was finished he'd go fight
the Viet Cong. Oh, and it's so.

Then one day came to campus dressed in
clothes from Brothers Brooks
A man who had a better way to straighten out
the "gooks"
He said you don't need guns and bombs to
cleanse the world of sin
Just join up with the Peace Corps where
idealism's in. Oh, and it's so.

They sent Steve to a training camp there
for a time to dwell
They trained him in the Ibo tongue and
said he knew it well
They gave him calisthenics and some talks
on liberty
Then said, "Now Steve, go out and end
disease and poverty. Oh, and it's so.

The plane set down in Africa, the heat was
hard to bear
And when they lost his luggage Steven
knew that he was there
They drove him through the forrest to the
the village where he'd stay
And gave to him a classroom and one
stick of chalk per day. Oh, and it's so.

Now Steve was giving water where there was
no thirst to quench
But lo, in just one year he had those
students speaking French
And when he wasn't lecturing on nouns
and nasal tone
He tended to the inmates of a nearby
mental home. Oh, and it's so.

Now one might think that Steve had done
the job the best he could
But no, a new emotion crept into his
young man's blood
For then one day the Peace Corps placed
eight miles across the dirt
Another volunteer, who dressed in lip-
stick and a skirt. Oh, and it's so.

Now the people long had pitied Steve
his isolated life
They said, "Now we're so happy they have
given you a wife."
They wined and dined the couple 'till the
smell of all the fun
Got caught up in the blue nose of a nearby
Irish nun. Oh, and it's so.

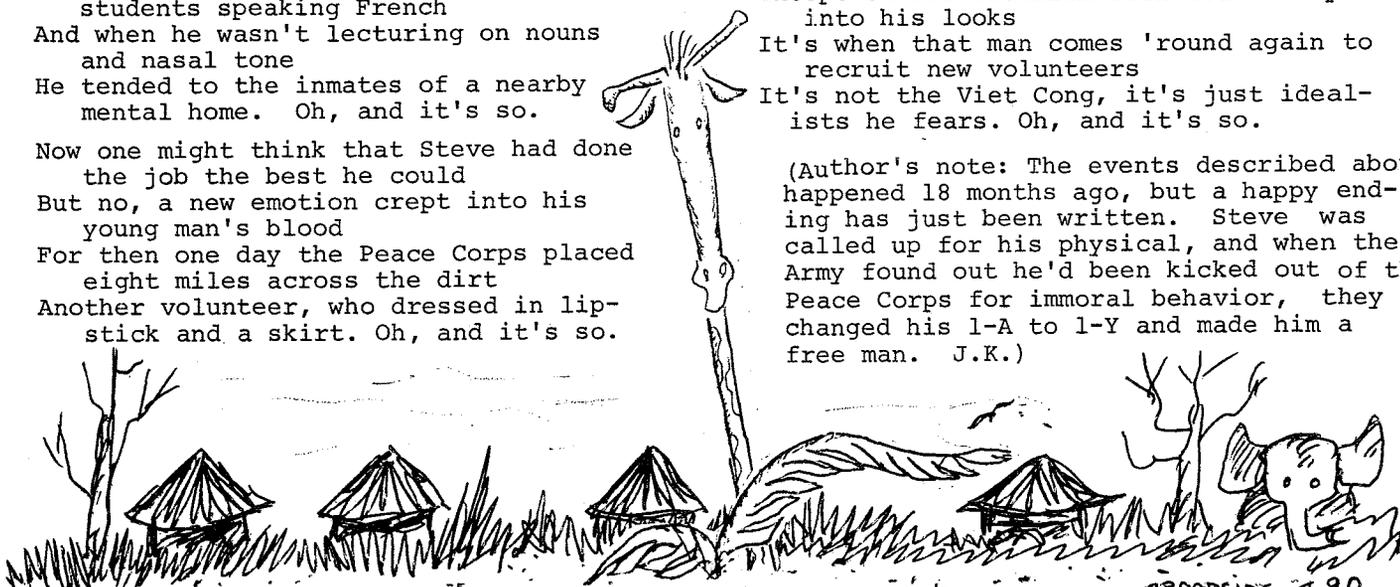
Now this nun for thirty years in Africa
was chastitied
While the Irish priests were paying local
girls to do the deed
And when she saw our couple join the peo-
ple in their fun
She said, "This happiness must stop or I
will write to Washington. Oh, and it's so.

Now the head of all the Peace Corps tore his
hair in great distress
He said, "If Congress hears of this, we'll
have an awful mess
This nun has never been satisfied, 'twill be
my only goal
I'm sorry, but the heads of those two
volunteers must roll." Oh, and it's so.

"Put Steven on an airplane, send him wing-
ing home today.
We'll say that we don't know him, and his
fare he'll have to pay.
And since his girl's been having sex with-
out a wedding vow
We'll send her to the psycho ward, she
must be insane now." Oh, and it's so.

Well, Steven's back on campus where he's
happy with his books
Except on one occasion when fear creeps
into his looks
It's when that man comes 'round again to
recruit new volunteers
It's not the Viet Cong, it's just ideal-
ists he fears. Oh, and it's so.

(Author's note: The events described above
happened 18 months ago, but a happy end-
ing has just been written. Steve was
called up for his physical, and when the
Army found out he'd been kicked out of the
Peace Corps for immoral behavior, they
changed his 1-A to 1-Y and made him a
free man. J.K.)



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By ALVIN SHUSTER
Special to The New York Times

LONDON, March 17—Police-
men on horseback and on foot
shoved back thousands of pro-
testing youths who had tried
to charge toward the United
States Embassy today in pro-
test against the war in Vietnam.

The speakers included Van-
essa Redgrave, the actress, who
read a letter she had written
to Ambassador Bruce. She said
the only path to peace was for
the United States to withdraw
immediately from Vietnam.

Later she led the marchers,
wearing, as did others, a white
crepe headband, the Vietna-
mese sign of mourning, to the
embassy.

(NOTE: See "Hanging On A
Tree" in Broadside # 42.)



JOAQUIN MURIETA

(NOTE: See Page 4.)

WAR RESISTANCE SONG - By Bill Kehoe
(Tune: Wearin' Of The Green)

Oh Lyndon dear, and did you hear?
The news that's going 'round?
We're not for your goddam war
And we will stand our ground.

NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1968

2 RIGHTS ACTIVISTS GIVE CONCERT HERE

The use of music as a weapon
of ideas was the dominating
note of last night's program at
Carnegie Recital Hall. Two
Southern civil-rights activists,
the Rev. Frederick Douglass
Kirkpatrick and Jimmy Collier,
were the featured performers.
A full house of about 300 peo-
ple attended.

Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Col-
lier are on the staff of the
Southern Christian Leadership
Conference. They are in New
York to whip up support and
interest for the "nonviolent

poor people's march on Wash-
ington," which begins April 22.
They are doing their proselyting
with voices, guitars, freedom
songs and marching anthems.

Their songs have the poign-
ancy of pleas, the immediacy
of a headline and the emotional
punch of a fevered cry from
the oppressed.

The "freedom song" boom of
a few years ago has somewhat
cooled in the North, but these
two impassioned singers and
songwriters could bring it back
to life. They are impressive
stage figures with the charisma
that such organizers need, and
they know how to stir the con-
gregation. ROBERT SHELTON.

(NOTE: See "You're Just A Laughin' Fool" and
"Everybody's Got A Right To Live" in Broad-
side # 89, and "The Cities Are Burning" in
this issue.)

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