

Broadside #92



Sculpture by Jane Friesen

Photographed by Erik Falkenstein

in this issue

"Let Us Wrap You In Our Warm And Freedom Love" by FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK. "Help Your Brother's Boat Across" by JOAN COSMAN. "Sixteen Year Grudge" by ERIC ANDERSEN. Also: LARRY HANKS, PATTY ZEITLIN, DOTTIE GITTELSON and EDWARD LIPTON...JAC HOLZMAN replies to PHIL OCHS. TOSHI SEEGER and the "star system".

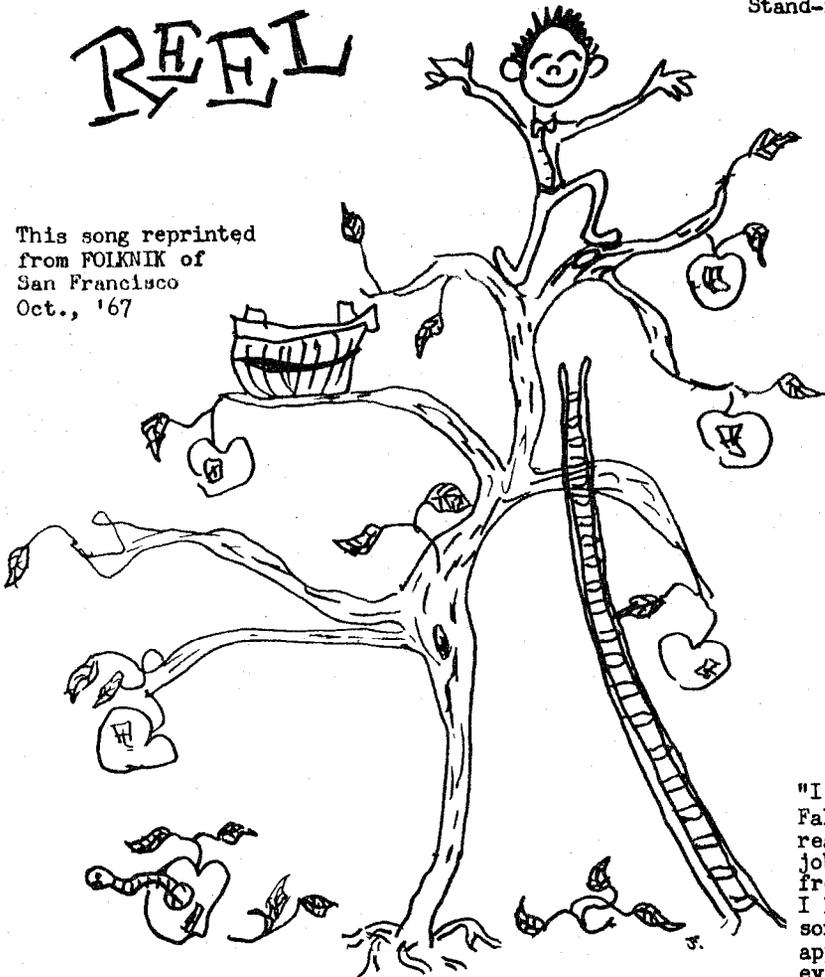
APPLE PICKER'S REEL

Words & Music
by
LARRY HANKS
© 1967 Larry Hanks

Hey, ho, makes you feel so fine, looking
out a-cross the or-ward in the bright sun-shine.

Hey, ho, you feel so free,
Stand-ing in the top of an ap-ple tree.

This song reprinted
from FOLKNIK of
San Francisco
Oct., '67



Up in the morning before the sun
I don't get home until the day is done
My pick-sack's heavy and my shoulders sore
But I'll be back tomorrow to pick some more.

Start at the bottom and you pick 'em
from the ground
And you pick that tree clean all the
way around
Then you set up your ladder and you climb
up high
And you're looking thru the leaves at the
clear blue sky.

Three-legged ladder, wobbly as hell
Reaching for an apple - woah! I almost fell
Got a 20-pound sack hanging 'round my neck
And there's 3 more apples that I can't
quite get.

Hey, ho, makes you feel so down
Pickin' up windfalls, crawling on the
ground

Hey, ho, you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

Hay, ho, you lose your mind
If you sing this song about a hundred times
Hay, ho, you feel so free
Standing in the top of an apple tree.

* * * * *

"I worked picking apples only a few weeks in the
Fall of '66, near Sebastopol, Calif., and it was
really a vacation, a new pleasure, more than a
job. It was hard work - for me - but remained
fresh, a joyful exercise. I tried to include what
I learned in a few week's work, which makes the
song somewhat narrow ("life is just a bowl of
apples"). You're welcome to add a verse or two:
everyone knows something about apples." L.Hanks

NO!

Words and Music
Glen Tomasetti

Blues type

No! we don't want a tick-et on this gov-ern-ment train,
First class express to the slaughter yards a-gain, It's
roll-ing ov-er bod-ies can't you hear the cries of pain? No, we
don't want a tick-et on this gov-ern-ment train—

No, we don't want to be conscripted to kill,
No sergeant can persuade us that killing is a thrill,
A man is not a man if you take away his will,
No, we don't want to be conscripted to kill.

We didn't bear them to carry guns,
We didn't feed them to carry guns,
We can never tell them it's fine to carry guns,
To kill somebody else's sons.

So we won't take a ticket on this government train,
First-class express to the slaughteryards again,
It's rolling over bodies, don't you hear the cries of pain?
No, we won't take a ticket on this government train.

(Reprinted from Australian TRADITION, June '66)

WARM AND FREEDOM LOVE

Words And Music By:
REV. FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK

Let us wrap you- in- our- warm and free-dom — love, Mm — Let us
wrap you - in - our - warm and free-dom love, Oh yes — We been 'buked and we been
scorned, We been liv- in' in the — slum, Let us wrap you - in - our —
warm and free- dom — love.

Copyright © 1968 by Rev. Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick.

(Spoken interlude over guitar chords):

You know. I used to talk to my old grandmother who was an ex-slave in Mississippi and Alabama. She used to stand around in the kitchen and tell me these stories about the slaves in the backwoods country. They had to work in the fields with no way to get away. There were rivers and patrols all around. Lord have mercy. She told me the story about this black lady who went to the white folks' church one Sunday mornin'. She went on in that church and walked up to the altar and looked the minister right in the eyes. "I got religion this mornin' and I want to join this church." Minister said to her "You can't join this church--this is a white church. You must go back across the railroad tracks and join your own church." She said, "No, I got religion now and I want to join this church this mornin'." He said, "I don't care what you got, you can't join this church." They kept refusin' her and she walked back down the aisle. At the door she turned and looked back at the minister and the congregation of the church and she said, "I'm goin' to tell God how you been treatin' me. I'm goin' to tell Him when I get home." My grandmother told me the old lady's name was Mary. Tears were rol'in' down her cheeks when she came outside the church. Negroes were standin' outside there, and when that old lady came out cryin' they began to sing a song: "Oh, Mary, don't you weep and Mary don't you mourn. Pharoah's army got drowned a long time ago in the Red Sea. Oh, Mary, don't you weep and don't you mourn." I wished I could have been there that mornin'. I believe I would have thrown my arms around her shoulders and I believe I would have set my eyes on the sun as it traveled across the quiverin' blue. I believe we would have looked up together and I would have sung this to her:

LET US WRAP YOU IN OUR WARM AND FREEDOM LOVE
LET US WRAP YOU IN OUR WARM AND FREEDOM LOVE
KLU KLUX KLA! CAN'T DRIVE US AWAY
WE'RE IN MISSISSIPPI HERE TO STAY
LET US WRAP YOU IN OUR WARM AND FREEDOM LOVE.

(Note: Since Dr. King was murdered Rev. Kirkpatrick sings this as a final verse:

LET US WRAP YOU IN OUR WARM AND FREEDOM
LOVE (Repeat)
EVERY TIME WE MAKE A LITTLE START
SOMEONE STAB US THROUGH OUR HEART
BUT LET US WRAP YOU IN OUR WARM AND
FREEDOM LOVE.

BROADSIDE #92



REV. FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK
Photo by Erik Falkenstein

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HELP YOUR BROTHER'S BOAT ACROSS

Words & Music by JOAN COSMAN
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Centuries a-preaching the Gos- pel of Love In the name of God and Brother- hood;
Faithful all singing and kneeling and praying From the heart of the lily- white
neighbor-hood. We had the power but we seldom had the glor-y Of our own free will to
live the Creed; "Do unto others" might've worked if we tried Less in word and more in
Chorus:
deed. Help your Brother's boat a- cross, Help your Brother's boat a-
cross, Help your Brother's boat a- cross and lo ! your own has reached the shore.

When the Pilgrims landed in America, in
gratitude
At once they fell upon their knees
Then they arose and the next day they fell
Upon the Aborigines.
Gave them religion and all the protection
Of the Great White Father's loving Hand
Gave them Happy Hunting Ground, and love
with Reservations
For they wouldn't understand.

CHORUS

Cities are a-crying and our Brother in
the ghetto
In despair begins to burn and sack
Power structure frantically looking for
the key
Without really getting off his back.
Now he's arisen without our permission
And our time is up. It's Either Or
The Answer's not a mystery --
here's all there is
There isn't any more: CHORUS

ONCE AGAIN TO THE VALLEY

Words: JOAN COSMAN
© 1968 Joan Cosman

(Tune: Red River Valley)

(slowly)

- I went back once again to the Valley
Once again, through the wild wintry blow
(I) saw the ragged buff-and-blue
'round the campfire
And the red of the blood on the snow.
- I went back once again to the Paddy,
Once again, the embattled farmers sat--
And I saw beneath the camouflage of many
Unmistakably, a three-cornered hat.

Instrumental:

Last note, on "snow", becomes
first note of a soft, slow "Yankee
Doodle"--one or two lines of it--
harshly interrupted by brassy,
aggressive rendition of two lines
of "Halls of Mon-te-zu-ma". Singer
winces this aside, sings verse 2.

Instrumental after Verse 2:

Suggest a soft repeat of the
last melody line, going into "Yan-
kee Doodle" softly and fading off
on "po-ny....."

SIXTEEN YEAR GRUDGE

Words & Music by ERIC ANDERSEN
© 1967 Deep Fork Music, Inc.
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Mother and Father they like to play Doc-tor, They ask what you're doin' that for You
 tried to be good and you did all you should But it's them who can't do it no more They
 scream and they shout, next they're kickin' you out— Expecting you to walk back thru the door—
 And they put up a show so the neighbors don't know That really you come from a morgue. —
 CHO.:
 O please I believe— I'm getting restless and I just want to leave,— Please can't you
 see,— I don't like what you're doin' to me. — I got nothin' on you, Why do you have to have
 something on me. ...something on me, something on me, something on me.

(transcribed by Victor Fink)

The government fights and if you're not very bright
 It's a matter of kill or be killed
 And you ask them what for, they've had so many wars
 Why this one could cure any ills
 But you're taught to believe that you're happy
 and free
 Like you swallow it whole like a pill
 But who wants to hate or change anyone's fate
 Enough to shoot a man over the hill? CHO.

The little boys of the class they never are last
 To make it to the football field
 Where they huddle and scheme for the cheerleader
 queen
 But all the girls know it's because of her build
 You do lousy in gym so you go with your friends
 And smoke in the halls with great skill
 And the prom you forgot 'cause you were out on
 the lot
 Turning on with the boys on the hill. CHO.

So you go find a girl to escape in her curls
 'Till finally she gives you a shove
 Sayin' "Tho I know how, we can't do it now
 Besides I was attacked at age twelve"
 So you make it for the door, you pick yourself up
 off the floor
 Trying anything just for a touch
 So she asks you again, are you really her friend
 But much more, is this really love? CHO.

(Recorded on Eric's recent Vanguard LP "More Hits
From Tin Can Alley")



BROADSIDE #92

FLOWERS IN THIS LAND

by Patty Zeitlin



FLOWERS IN THE RAIN
FLOWERS IN THE AIR
FLOWERS ON THE ARMY TRAIN
DON'T YOU SEE THEM THERE?

CHO

FLOWERS IN THE WIND
FLOWERS IN MY BED
FLOWERS IN THE OPEN FIELD
UNDERNEATH MY HEAD.

CHO

FLOWERS IN THE STARS
FLOWERS IN THE STREET
FLOWERS ON THE BATTLE-
FIELD
UNDERNEATH MY FEET.

CHO

FLOWERS THAT WE GREW
FLOWERS THAT WE GAVE
SPREAD THEM ON THE
CRADLE-BED
INSTEAD OF ON THE GRAVE.

CHO 2 times

VERSE 1 1-2-3-4 ends

WE ARE FLOW-ERS IN THIS LAND, FLOW-ERS IN THE SUN—

FLOWERS IN THE O-PEN HAND, FLOWERS EV-ERY ONE—

WALK WITH US AND SING WITH US 'TILL WE END THIS WAR—

TALK WITH US AND BRING WITH US FLOWERS MA-NY MORE—

EMPTY BOOTS - Dottie Gittelson

© 1968 DOTTIE GITTELSON

Slow, Rocking beat

Emp-ty boots stand-ing in a row, Emp-ty boots
stand-ing at Dak To, They lost their owners on Hill 8 7-5,
Two hun-dred men who used to be a-live, But don't you wor-ry, 'cause
no one e-ver shoots At lone'ly emp-ty boots!



From an item recently re-
leased by Vern Partlow of
the Los Angeles area:

Winner of the 2nd annual
William E. Oliver award, a
2-foot ceramic troubador given
by the Songmakers and the
1st Unitarian Church of LA,
is Bonnie White, daughter of
balladeer Kitty White, for
her topical song "Blackberries"
...2nd place winners were two
anti-war songs, "Flowers in
This Land" by Pat Zeitlin, &
"Empty Boots" by Dottie Git-
telson. Two honorable men-
tion awards went to composers
of songs on the plight of
minorities - E.C. Greenfield
for "Joaquin Murietta" (see
Broadside #90), and Jules L.
Ramey for "And I Can't Wait
Another Hundred Years." Hon-
orable mention awards also
went to Deborah Parducci,
Darrell Terwilliger, James
Wellman and Janet Droege.

Actor-Composer Mike Kellin,
1967 Award winner and a judge
this year, said that the con-
testants sang not only of war
and Negro problems but of "all
the oppressed, including house-
wives, Mexicans, children and
students."

Empty boots, that once were
worn by men
Empty boots, they'll never
march again, but--
The hill is ours, we've won a
victory
Our losses number less than
the enemy
And don't you worry, there's
two hundred new recruits
To fill those empty boots.

Empty lives, empty words and
empty stares
Empty rooms, empty beds and
empty chairs
"We send regrets, our heads
are humbly bowed.
They served their country; now
that should make you proud"
Had they survived, there'd be
medals for their suits
Instead of empty boots.

("Empty Boots" appeared in Bard Chord, Songmakers' Newsletter, Calif.)

I NEVER KNEW MY BROTHER

Words & Music by EDWARD LIPTON
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Chorus: G

I never knew my brother, I never knew his name, I never wanted to do him harm but I

Verse:

killed him just the same. I worked in an auto factory they gave me so much to
do I slapped cars to-gether any old way, And nobody ever knew.

Apartheid is a terrible thing
I'll hate it till the end
But I won't switch my bank accounts
At Chase Manhattan I've got a
friend. (Cho.)

I am not a killer
But the Army gave me a gun
I'll do exactly what I'm told
Until the war is won. (Cho.)

I don't hate the Viet Cong
I don't think that might makes right
But I always pay my taxes on time
So other men can fight. (Cho.)

I don't favor the rich getting richer
While the poor get only the crumbs
But I didn't march on the Negro's side
And call for an end to slums. (Cho.)

A Westchester housewife sat
one evening recently in her
sour-smelling, \$50-a-month ten-
ement flat where a washline
was stretched above the kitchen
sink.

"People who talk about the
rich, rich suburbs," she said,
"let 'em come up here."

For her and her family living
on Ferris Avenue in White
Plains, amid a suburban area
known for its affluence, and for
about 180,000 other families in
13 counties ringing New York
City, life in the suburbs has
nothing to do with backyard
barbecues, antique shows, sail-
boat races or country club so-
cials.

They are the suburban poor
and they number 800,000.

I want people all over the world
To have a living standard high
But I don't protest too long or loud
When we milk other countries dry. (Cho.)

I want people all over the world
To fulfill their fondest dreams
But I don't protest too long or loud
When we help oppressive regimes. (Cho.)

I think that it's a doggone shame
That men still starve somewhere
But how much comfort would I give up
So all could get their share. (Cho.)

Similarly, while the suburbs
are popularly thought of as
affluent, said Mr. Cabral, few
realize that the poor have no
stake in that prosperity.

"It's like," he said, searching

for an analogy "It's like if I
say Rocky and I have \$2-bil-
lion between us. He has \$1-
999,999,999 and I have \$1
That doesn't help me much.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1968

Farmers Dismayed by the Prospect of Bumper Grain Crops

Ed. Note: The above has to qualify as the "How Crazy Can You Get?" headline of the year. When half the world is hungry and in the U.S. 30,000,000 people do not have enough to eat -- and ten million of them are actually starving -- the great New York Times commiserates over the dismayed farmers who fear their crops may be too good! No wonder Prof. Marcuse says that American society is "an explosion of insanity."

WHY?

(THE KING OF LOVE IS DEAD)

by Calvin E. (Gene) Taylor

PART I

Once upon this planet earth lived a man of humble birth,
preaching love and freedom for his fellow man.
He was dreaming of the day, peace would come to earth to stay
and he spread this message all a-ross the land.

Turn the other cheek he'd plead love thy neighbor was his creed
pain humiliation, death he did not dread.
With his Bible at his side, from his foes he did not hide.
It's hard to think that this great man is dead.

Will the murders never cease?
Are they men, or are they beast?
What do they ever hope ever hope to gain
Will my country stand or fall
Is it too late for us all?
and did Martin Luther King just die in vain?

PART II

(Chorus)
'Cause he'd seen the mountain top and he knew he could not stop
Always living with the threat of death ahead
Folks you'd better stop and think 'cause we're headed for the brink
What will happen now that he is dead.

He was for equality
for all people--you and me
Full of love and goodwill; hate was not his way.
He was not a violent man.
Tell me folks--if you can.
Just why, why was he shot down the other day.

(Chorus) Because you see, he'd seen the mountain top and he knew he could not stop
Always living with the threat of death ahead
Folks you'd better stop and think and feel again for we're headed for the brink
what's gonna happen now that the king of love is dead.

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(Ed. Note: This deeply emotional tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King was recorded live by Nina Simone at a concert -- the Westbury, Long Island, Music Fair -- on Sunday, April 7th, just 48 hours after Dr. King was murdered. The composition had been written less than 24 hours before by Nina's bass player, Gene Taylor. By a sheer stroke of fate RCA-VICTOR was there to record the performance. It has now been released on a single and the listener can share the unforgettable experience.)

"Arise, You Prisoners Of Starvation"

Last night on a CBS Report called "Hunger" we all saw pictures that will linger in the mind, giving us unexpected twinges, old wounds that never heal.

Here, in—not living but deathly—color, were babies so weak from hunger they could not eat, nor even suck. Here were babies one year old weighing a little over five pounds. Even with prolonged hospital care some of the children will remain stunted, their brains permanently impaired by malnutrition.

This spring a private agency, the Citizens' Board of Inquiry, released a painstaking report on poverty in America. Its conclusion was that 30 million Americans, in the richest nation history has ever known, are living in poverty. And that ten million of these are hungry all the time.

Though middle-class residents of Washington and its suburbs have been unexpectedly generous with gifts of food and clothing to Resurrection City, a great many Americans still regard the Poor People's March as some sort of criminal conspiracy.

On last night's CBS show we met one of those overseers of the poor—a county commissioner in Texas—who said that poor children were hungry because their fathers wouldn't work. "Do you expect the taxpayers to raise the kids?" he asked.

Well, I'd rather see my taxes raise those kids than help to kill kids in Vietnam.

HARRIET VAN HORNE

A- rise, you pris'ners of star-va- tion! A- rise, you wretched of the earth. For jus-tice thunders condem-na- tion, A- better world's in birth. No more traditions shall chain bind us, A-rise, you slaves, no more in thrall. The earth shall rise on new foun- da- tions, We have been naught, we shall be all.— 'Tis the fi-nal con-flict, Let each stand in his place. The In- ter-na- tionale shall be the hu- man race! 'Tis the fi- nal con-flict, Let each stand in his place. The In- ter-na- tionale shall be the Human Race!

LA MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France a-wake to glo-ry! Hark, hark! What myriads bid rise! Your children you wives and grandsires hoar-y, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding, With hireling hosts, a ruf- fian band, Af- fright and des-o- late the land While Peace & Liberty lie bleeding? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'aveng- ing sword un-sheathe! March on, on! All hearts re- solved On lib- er-ty or death!

BROADSIDE #92

Flag Thrown Down

At the Gare de Lyon, which is Paris's largest railroad station, a small, swarthy man in a bright red sweater shinned up a flagpole, tore down the flag of France, and threw it into the gutter. Thousands of voices cheered, then joined to sing "The Internationale."

A hush fell as the man began to hoist himself up the flagpole again. He reached the top and attached the red flag to the staff. The crowd cheered again.

"Something has happened in France today, she has found her spirit again, we are French again," said a woman standing nearby. She would not give her name. "Today, I am a French woman—that's all and that's enough," she said.

Demonstrators and unlucky bystanders were surrounded by squads of angry policemen and often beaten for as long as five minutes before being dumped, limp and unconscious, into ambulances. Student stretcher-bearers with Red Cross armbands and White surgeon's smocks often braved the crossfire of rocks and tear gas grenades to pick up casualties.

A few yards from a crucifix marking the grave of the first Prussian soldiers to die in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the students sat for two hours on the ground, singing the "Internationale" and protesting in chorus against the French Government.

They carried posters with such slogans as "Down with all frontiers" and "Unite in the struggle against reactionaries everywhere."

Most of the buttons adorning the hippie-clad observers in Criminal Court today read "Strike," "Make Love, Not War" and "Peace."

There was one adornment, however, that caused many of the Columbia students on the building's 13th floor to take a double look. It was a patrolman's shield, pinned on the chest of Frank Farra, 23, an officer for slightly more than a year.

He was wearing a safari shirt, blue bell-bottom dungarees and western-style boots. He had long, blond hair with long sideburns.

For two months, Farra was a "student" at Columbia who had become a personal friend of Mark Rudd, leader of the rebellion.

Farra blew his cover at 2:43 this morning when he arrested Rudd.

a mailbox where students had plastered handwritten signs. A woman with two small children read one sign aloud to her husband.

"It is misery that pushes women to prostitution and men to the police," the housewife read slowly. She did not recognize the words of Karl Marx.

They found the student demonstrators sitting in the main floor lobby, clapping hands and singing protest songs like "The Times They Are A-Changing"—and a "new" one, "La Marseillaise." Some of the more worldly sit-ins sang the French anthem in French.

POETRY SECTION

(Ed. Note: The following is an English translation of a tribute to the murdered Che Guevara written by an Argentinian poet)

GASPING AND IN FURY

This is the way we are
 gasping
 in fury
 though this death is
 one of the predictable absurds
 we feel ashamed to look at
 the pictures
 the chairs
 the carnets
 to take a bottle out of the fridge
 to type the three universal letters of
 thy name
 on the rigid machine
 where never before
 the ribbon was so pale
 ashamed to be cold
 and move nearer the stove as usual
 to be hungry and eat
 and that very simple thing
 to switch on the record-player and listen
 in silence
 especially if it is a Mozart quartet
 we feel ashamed of comfort
 and ashamed of asthma
 when you commander are falling
 machine-gunned
 fabulous
 clear
 you are our gun-pierced conscience
 they say they burnt you
 what fire can they use
 to burn the good
 good news
 the angry tenderness
 that you brought and carried
 in your coughing
 in your dust
 they say they incinerated
 all your vocation
 but a finger
 enough to show us the way
 to accuse the monster and its cinders
 to press the triggers again
 this is the way we are
 gasping
 in fury
 yes in time the leaden
 consternation
 will wear away
 the fury shall remain
 it will be cleaner
 you are dead
 you are alive
 you are falling

you are cloud
 you are rain
 you are star
 wherever you are
 if you are
 if you are getting there
 take your time
 and breathe at ease
 to fill up your lungs with the sky
 wherever you are
 if you are
 if you are getting there
 it will be a pity if God does not exist
 but there will be others
 worthy to welcome you
 commander

MARIO BENEDETTI

A note of interest to poetry lovers:

Recently published -- English edition of
 PARIS, LOST AND FOUND by Broadside poet
 ALFRED LEVINSON -- 48 pages, illustrated,
 foreword by Norman Rosten, author of lyrics
 of "Who Killed Norma Jean" B'de #22.

From Mr. Rosten's foreword: "...Here is
 a testament to beauty, bravery, hope--
 all symbolized by a city whose images
 are inexhaustible, of ancient stone
 and modern heartbeats, and seen by a
 man with an eye for contours and a mind
 for deep feeling."

The book will not be distributed generally
 in the U.S. Available on subscription
 basis. For those in the U.S. there is an
 address that will facilitate handling:
 Poesie Vivante, 111 2nd Ave. New York, NY
 10003. Otherwise: Poesie Vivante, 11 rue
 Hoffman, 1202 Geneva, Switzerland.
 Standard edition \$1.50 ea. Numbered
 signed edition \$3. Postage included.

EMPTY BOOTS: Background for this song
 (see p.6 this issue)-- "Late in November
 of '67, if you recall, the very bloody
 battle of Hill 875 was fought in Vietnam.
 Shortly afterward there appeared in news-
 papers & magazines a press photograph show-
 ing the empty boots of those who had died
 lined up in a memorial service. It was
 quite a picture, and became not so much
 the inspiration, but the provocation for
 this song" - Dottie Gittelsohn. This song,
 & FLOWERS IN THIS LAND by Patty Zeitlin --
 along with authors' permission to print --
 were sent in by Wally Hille, whose unflinching
 interest and assistance has become indis-
 pensable to Broadside. The printing of many
 songs from the west coast area has been
 made possible through his efforts. Did
 we ever say thank you, Wally?

EDITORIAL

About a year ago Irwin Silber, then editor of SING OUT! wrote a piece in that magazine saying, among other things: "...if I were working for the CIA...and if Dr. Timothy Leary did not exist, I would recommend a grant to bring him into being." His point was that Leary was immobilizing countless potential war protesters among the youth by inducing them to "drop out" with LSD.

Irwin might have gone a little further and suggested CIA grants also for the performers, music publishers and record companies who have been deluging American youth with so-called "psychedelic" music. With a super-grant to those song-writers providing them with material. Bluntly, they have combined to commit a crime against impressionable youth comparable to that of the hustlers who peddled thalidomide. Music was used to lure countless thousands of kids down the road to degeneracy, misery, squalor, disease and death.

The Beats really started it. They glamorized the idea of dropping out of society by going on the road. It was okay for hardened cats like Kerouac and Ginsberg, et al, but it proved to be hell for the kids of 15,16,17, who couldn't take it. But the influence of the Beats was minor compared to the damage done by the vastly larger psychedelic circus. Kids as young as 12 and 13 were lured into filthy slum pads in the cities (of course, their middle class parents spurred them on by making living conditions intolerable in their suburban split level homes). In their "hippie heavens" the kids shared their squalor with roaches, bedbugs and rats while sucking on pot and gulping LSD, speed, and God knows what else. Malnutrition became widespread, even though the hippies took to begging in the streets in competition with the bums and wine-heads of the neighborhoods.

Disease ran rampant -- mononucleosis, mental collapse, gonorrhea, syphilis. exotic v.d. type ailments brought back from Vietnam by returning servicemen. The casualties were terrible, as even the hippie press began to note last fall. A leader of the Diggers was quoted as saying about the "flower people": "Hippies are living in many cases in worse conditions than the Black Hole of Calcutta. They're living with lice and filth in a total slum and no one cares." And the Boston underground paper AVATAR asked "are you aware that Haight street is just as bad as the squares say it is? Have you heard of the killings we've had on Haight street? Have you seen dozens of Hippies watching passively while some burly square beats another Hippie to a psychedelic red pulp? Have you walked down Haight street at dawn and seen and talked with the survivors?"

Dope sellers and other criminals found the young Hippies easy prey. The murders of Linda and Groovy indicated how bad things had gotten. Nor were the Hippies themselves spared from degenerating into monsters. In San Francisco three of them, two males and a 17-year-old female, were charged with kidnaping a black youth off the street, taking him into the woods, shooting him full of drugs and bullets, slicing his testicles and powdering the cuts with maggots they had brought along for this purpose.

All this happened to the crashing beat of "folk-rock, hard-rock, psychedelic rock" records poured out by the millions, literally, by the commercial music world. These records built an aura of wonderfulness and glamour around the kids as they tripped off into drug-soaked oblivion. How can it be listed otherwise than in the category of crimes against children?

There are definite signs that this nightmare is passing. One indication is the action of students at Columbia and other (cont.)

Editorial -- 2

colleges in facing up to the problems of our present society realistically instead of "turning on and dropping out". (Although the likes of Grayson Kirk would probably rather see them off on a LSD trip and never come back). When upwards of a million highschool kids organized and carried out by themselves a nationwide strike against the Vietnam war on April 26 it was something unprecedented.

These youngsters look like stronger timber and seem likely to skirt the pitiful fate that befel our unfortunate Hippies.

G.Friesen

* * * * *

EDITORIAL II: A lot of people find increasingly strange the silence in Washington regarding the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. There isn't even talk of a "Warren commission" to look into the crime.

Sen. McCarthy should announce an immediate investigation of the murder if he is elected. It would follow upon the firing of FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, which McCarthy has said would be one of his first acts. Perhaps the continued inaction on the assassination of Dr. King is connected somehow with Hoover's antagonism toward Dr. King while he was alive. For example, Hoover once called Dr. King "the most notorious liar in the country."

Such statements were used widely by hatemongering outfits like Christian Crusade and it's "folk-song expert" David Noebel, to inflame hatred against Dr. King. They helped create the climate inspiring the man with the telescopic sights. Any investigation of the King assassination should include an inquiry into the activities of these hate peddlers.

G.Friesen

* * * * *

LETTERS: Here's one addressed to our readers: "Dear Reader. I recently wrote an anti-war love song which has been praised by a most

well known folk singer. Only one problem though -- it is written in French. Would a lyricist or someone knowing of a good lyricist please come forth and help me! Knowing French is not a necessity. I can give the gist of the story or a loose translation of the French lyrics. Please write to Sarah Dite, 302 Chelton Pkwy. Cherry Hill, N.J. 08034...

DEAR BROADSIDE: "I've been reading you for a while and I think you print very nice songs. There is a song written by a very new, upcoming songwriter named Jerry Jeff Walker that should be printed. The song is Bo Jangles." Peter Berley.

DEAR BROADSIDE: "...I hope you publish more songs by such exciting writers as Leonard Cohen and Joni Mitchell. Both writers have their own album releases now."

Donna Fisher

DEAR EDITORS: I have been meaning to write to you for years to say how much I enjoy your magazine, and to ask if there is anything we can do to help each other, and to hope you are getting the financial help you need to keep going. ... I nearly put typewriter to paper when I read about your experiences at the Newport Folk Festival last year in Broadside #87. I suppose the editors of small song magazines all suffer the same way! No one ever treats us as if we were important either!

Wendy Lowenstein

Editor, Australian Tradition

NOTES: A SUNDAY AFTERNOON SING-IN AT CRANBERRY PARK IN NORWALK, CONN. SANDY & CAROLINE PATON, THE TAMARACKS, THE OTHER PEOPLE & AL BROWN.

FOLLOWED BY A BOX-SUPPER PICNIC & BIG FOOTENANNY...BRING YOUR FRIENDS AND FOUR SONGS. June 23, 2:30 PM.

Tickets \$2, \$1 for students. Write DALLAS CLINE, OLD REDDING ROAD, RIDGEFIELD, CONN. CALL 203-4382434.

* * * * *

JAC HOLZMAN, HEAD OF ELEKTRA RECORDS, ANSWERS SOME OF PHIL OCHS' COMMENTS IN BROADSIDE #91.

Dear Broadside:

In order to establish a more balanced perspective, some comments are required with regard to statements made by Phil Ochs in Part 3 of his interview with Broadside.

First, Elektra has never lost an artist that it wanted to keep. It is true that several artists have not had their contracts renewed by Elektra nor did we re-negotiate agreements with them, but the circumstance of such partings have more to do with art and economics than an artist's desire to move westward. Those of our earlier artists that we have wished to retain, such as the Butterfield Blues Band, Judy Collins, Tom Paxton, and others, have remained with Elektra for many years.

Phil is essentially correct in his feeling that California is a better place to record. We at Elektra concur and have for the past two years maintained an office in Los Angeles. Furthermore, we have just completed an Elektra owned and operated recording studio (the first of three such studios). Our belief in California as a good and fertile scene is being backed up by a substantial investment on our part. In fact, Elektra maintains a larger staff in California than any West Coast record company maintains in New York!

Phil's comments about The Doors are just so much sour grapes. How can he refer to our "reaching out for the commercial market" as if this was some sort of sin? In my eighteen years as a record executive, never has an artist checked sales figures more carefully or more frequently than Phil. I say this in no condemnation of Phil because an awareness of public acceptance is very much to be desired, but do I detect just a hint of envy? Whether Jim Morrison sheds his shirt for a color photograph has absolutely no bearing on the Doors' music, and after all, isn't it the music that really counts?

Phil should remember that it was the open-mindedness of both Vanguard and Elektra that caused him to be heard on records at all, and without censorship of any kind! Vanguard and Elektra are both enlightened record companies who, like artists, are constantly evolving and broadening. Elektra has been successful with contemporary rock because we believe in the music and have brought to the production of these records the very same standards that we have maintained in our folk recordings over the years.

Cordially, JAC HOLZMAN

STARS IN YOUR EYES: The artificial "star system" grafted by the commercializers onto the folk music world has always been rightly resented by many. It has been a contradiction too hard to bear. After all, the very word folk means a whole people and folk music is the collective product of this people. "Top recording artists", "headliners", "big hit names", do not seem out of place in the regular commercial music business; they become an anomaly in folk music.

The problem is compounded when black artists appear on the same concert with white performers who -- and this is often the case -- things being what they are -- are better known to the public. When producer Bernie Klay put out his first ads and a leaflet advertising the Broadside concert upcoming June 9th at St. Peter's church (346 W. 20 St., N.Y.C.) he gave "star billing" to Pete Seeger. That is, he placed Pete's name on top in big letters and relegated the other performers, including the black artists, to the bottom of the list in small type. (In fact, the leaflet was

(cont.)

(Ed.note: The item below is reprinted from the May 18, 1968, issue of the WEEKLY GUARDIAN, 197 E. 4 St., New York City, N.Y. 10009.)

COUNTRY AND WESTERN will be the next pop music trend according to the seers who are supposed to know such things. (For the uninitiated, the stuff is neither from the country nor the West, and, in fact, barely qualifies as music.) Actually America in 1968 deserves a full treatment of C & W. A saccharine concoction of neurotic self-pity, hand-on-the-heart patriotism, simon-pure religious fundamentalism and know-nothing machismo--the whole cynically created and manipulated by the entertainment Establishment in New York, Hollywood and Nashville-- C & W is the musical essentialization of a rotting social structure. Big city sophisticates tend to dig it as some kind of high camp, but poor dumb slobos who find their way into White Citizens Councils in the South in some desperate search for identity take it straight. A recent sampler from Columbia Records made up of cuts from some 20 recent C & W releases typifies the genre. Song after pathetic song wallows in the phony agonies of cheating hearts and paranoiac despair. "You kiss with your lips but your heart isn't there." "I see that promises, as well as hearts, were made to break." "Just take my ring off your finger when you're out running round on me." "It hurts to have you with those others, but it's better than having no love at all." "Don't call me your angel, I lost my wings last night." "If there's time before I pull this trigger, tell me what he's got that I ain't got." "I guess I'll always hate myself for the way I treated you." Etc., ad nauseum. It's no accident that almost all the prowar songs of the last few years are C & W products. The pop music of tomorrow? (It's already the pop music of today in huge areas of the country.) Could be. Sometimes the punishment fits the crime...

Pandora

THE NEW YORK TIMES,

MONDAY, MAY 20, 1968

Senator Eugene J. McCarthy was showered with enthusiasm and funds for his bid for the Democratic Presidential nomination in the political debut of the new Madison Square Garden here last night.

For more than three hours before Senator McCarthy made his entrance to the red-carpeted center stage at 10:51 P.M., a half dozen other candidates and speakers, 19 stars of the entertainment world and then the fund-raising had warmed up the audience.

Probably the greatest applause went to a shaggy, guitar-playing folk singer, Phil Ochs, for his antiwar song, "I Ain't Marchin' Any More."

(For Phil's "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore" see Broadside # 54.)

"stars" - continued

like a jimcrow train with the Rev. Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick, Elaine White and Jimmy Collier riding in the back behind all the white performers.) Toshi Seeger, Pete's wife, was quite disturbed and wrote Bernie a letter which she asked us to also print in Broadside. Here it is:

"I am very upset and Peter will be more so, that you headlined his name (for the Broadside benefit). "Alphabetical order and the same size type for all performers" is the absolute rule. Or else headline someone else's name if you must.

"To use small type for three Afro-American performers and large type for Peter is bad enough at any time. But today this just shows a basic lack of understanding. And you (and me for not insisting I see all ads and leaflets to O.K.) now have a percentage of guilt for the need of black power to protest. When will we ever learn? Today -- not tomorrow."

Sincerely, Toshi Seeger.

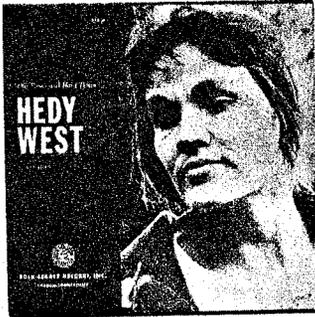
(Ed.comment: Of course, this sort of thing is not limited to Broadside. Below is the kind of ad that has been appearing around for some months now. You will note that it is connected with a big outfit like the Newport Folk Festival:

"BAEZ NEVER SOUNDED BETTER! SEEGER AND DYLAN DO THEMSELVES PROUD!"
 The Film About The
NEWPORT FOLK "FESTIVAL"
 EVERGREEN THEATER 53 East 11th Street • 533-5326
between Broadway & University Place
2, 3, 4, 5, 20, 7, 8, 40, 10, 20, 12

I haven't seen the film, but I do know that there have been black performers at Newport over the years and I gather from some of the reviews that a few of them appear in this film (one review mentioned down near the bottom that "there is a short sequence of Mississippi John Hurt.") But you wouldn't know it from this ad.

The reviews indicate that in "Festival", just as in the ads for it, the white performers hog the show. Quoting from a folk music publication (no less!): "...there is an abundance of Joan Baez and Peter Paul & Mary... Miss Baez, as well as being musically talented, is photogenic and personable. The clowning which she does with Peter Yarrow while they sing 'Go Tell Aunt Rhody' represents a delightful slice of frivolity in the film." (Personally, I can't imagine anything more revolting.) Bernie Klay's answer would probably be the same as that of Newport: How can you get customers

a note from
FOLK-LEGACY



"Old Times Hard Times"
HEDY-WEST

"This Is Easily The Best Recording
She Has Released To Date"

ED KAHN *Western Folklore*

\$4.98 postpaid,

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
Sharon, Conn. 00669

to come and pay admission to see anybody if you don't entice them with "stars"? It's going to remain a tough problem to restore folk music to the folk so long as money values rule dominant over human values. Maybe it can't be done at all under the capitalist profit motive system. It may be necessary to try socialism. Up with the red flag! G.Friesen

BROADSIDE

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