

BROTHER THAT AIN'T GOOD

Words & Music By:
MATTHEW JONES & ELAINE LARON

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Matthew Jones & Elaine Laron

Musical score for 'Brother That Ain't Good'. The score is written in G major, 4/4 time, and consists of five staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (G, Am, D7, Bm, C, C#dim.) and performance directions (SLOWER, ad. lib., CHO) are included throughout the score.

WHEN ONE MAN'S GOT MILLIONS AND AN-OTHER GOT A DIME, — THATS WHEN LAW AND
 ORDER'S JUST AN-OTHER NAME FOR CRIME. AIN'T HERE'S ONE SIMPLE FACT OF LIFE THAT
 MUST BE UNDER-STOOD, — THE RICH ARE RICH BECAUSE THE POOR ARE POOR, AND
 BROTHER, THAT AIN'T GOOD. THAT AIN'T GOOD, THAT AIN'T GOOD, THAT AIN'T
 GOOD, THAT AIN'T GOOD FOR ME & MY BROTHERS, AND BROTHER THAT AIN'T GOOD.

YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO STARVE ME
 AND I'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO CRY
 YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO KILL ME
 AND I'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO DIE
 YOU SAY I MUST RESPECT YOUR RIGHTS
 I DON'T SEE HOW I COULD
 IF RIGHTS FOR YOU MEAN WRONGS FOR ME
 WELL BROTHER THAT AIN'T GOOD (CHO)

YOU TELL ME YOU'RE MY BROTHER
 AS WE JOIN HANDS AND SING
 YOU TELL ME HOW YOU'VE ALWAYS LOVED
 MARTIN LUTHER KING
 BUT YOU ARE ALSO BROTHER TO
 THE MAN WHO WEARS THE HOOD
 YOU'VE GOT TOO MANY BROTHERS, MAN
 AND BROTHER THAT AIN'T GOOD (CHO)

Final CHO:

THAT IS GOOD, THAT IS GOOD, THAT IS GOOD
 THAT IS GOOD FOR ME AND MY BROTHER
 AND BROTHER THAT IS GOOD

YOU WEAR YOUR McCARTHY BUTTONS
 AND GO MARCHING IN PEACE PARADES
 AND PLAY AT PICKING PRESIDENTS
 AND OTHER NICE CHARADES
 YOU'LL CHOOSE A MAN WHO TALKS OF PEACE
 AND LOVE AND BROTHERHOOD
 WHILE THE WEALTH AND LANDS STAY
 IN THE SAME OLD HANDS
 AND BROTHER THAT AIN'T GOOD (CHO)

ALL YOU TWO-FACED POLITICIANS
 WHO SING WE SHALL OVERCOME
 BUT SUPPORT THE INSTITUTIONS
 I NEED LIBERATION FROM
 WELL YOU AND ME AIN'T "WE" MY FRIEND
 LET THIS BE UNDERSTOOD
 IT'S YOU WHO WE SHALL OVERCOME
 AND BROTHER THAT IS GOOD

Also in this issue: Songs by STEVE SUFFET, MALVINA REYNOLDS,
 EDWARD LIPTON, MIKE O'HANLON, KAREN BELFORD, REINER ROWALD,
 H. KONIG. Reports on Newport & Philadelphia Folk Festivals.
 Letters to the Department of Dylanology.

Letters

DEPARTMENT OF DYLANOLOGY

(Ed. Note): There have been many and varied reactions to Alan Weberman's analysis of Bob Dylan's songs which appeared in the last issue of Broadside. Here are some of them):

"Dear Sirs: While I find the article on Dylanology interested, it reminded me of the speculations of medieval philosophers.

R.A.Sobieraj, New York."
* * * * *

"Dear Sis & Gordon: I received Broadside # 93 in this morning's mail. I hope it is an one-shot exception. I counted 16 pages with 5 pages of songs, the exact reverse of the intention as I understood it of Broadside, the National Topical SONG SONG SONG magazine.

More disturbing was the bit by bit analysis of Dylan's songs that took up most of the issue. It was the same kind of microscopic analysis that has distinguished the rock critics as producers of endless prose intended to delve deeply into the hidden arrangement of words when vowels and consonants are crossed under the sign of Leo.

Julius Lester, who incorrectly is cited as a Contributing Editor of Broadside, resigned that position not, as rumored, because he wanted more time to shoot white people, but because Broadside played an active part in turning a sweet bright girl named Janis Fink into a haunted successful product named Janis Ian. Bob Dylan pulled out of the success tailspin and being optimistic, I think Janis will also. Let's see Broadside pull out of the hero-study syndrome once and for all. JOSH DUNSON, Philadelphia."

* * * * *

"Dear Alan: I received my Broadside yesterday and sat up most of the night composing a letter to you. I disagree with your thesis for several reasons:

(1) I get a feeling that you are using a name to publish yourself --
And since there is a lot of magic
And a lot of mystery
You could go down in history
As the great interpreter
Who interpreted wrong
And spoiled the beauty of a song.

Ah, who are you to tamper with the perfection of a star.

(2) Do you really believe as you said 'Definitely not -- unfortunately' when you were asked if Dylan's songs were understood? Do you really believe we don't know he's protesting? Do you think we're just surface listeners just 'tiptoeing thru the tulips', as it were, and don't know where he's at? We know, but are you sure you do? Do you really believe that you're 'going to turn us on -- so we'll all know what it is all about'? Come now -- come now -- we buy Dylan and scramble in the metaphor and dig out what he's saying. You see, Dylan interprets us to us. And gives us the freedom besides of interpreting him to our own needs. He only hides exactly what he knows we are looking for.

(3) I don't like the labels you are pasting on him -- 'strongly protesting -- political -- militant -- radical -- leftist'. Do you have words for 'lover of man', 'conscience of the nation', etc? My gosh, I expect to see Dylan fighting in the streets at any moment, from your labels!

All poets protest -- there's only boredom in reverence. All poets would like reform -- why not, there's plenty that needs reforming. All poets ,

more or less, disguise what they are saying -- it's their perfected trade. Dylan is a genius -- if he doesn't want to be understood, he won't be -- even by you. But he's not a fool, and wouldn't want to be not understood (completely by some).

(4) You seem to be trying to restrict him to one use for each word -- 'lady', for oligarchy -- for example. And hidden irony in every word. By this you are trying to fit him into a pattern you have invented.

(5) It isn't necessary for Dylan -- independent and popular as he is -- to stay at Columbia Records if , as you say, they censor his material and force him to use metaphor and obscurity -- he could change companies and take us following along with him.

I collect Dylan albums and singles, and have ever since I first heard him. I have oceans of material written about him, pro and con. I agree with some, disagree with some. I admit there is a lot of mystery surrounding him, but that's half his appeal, and leaves to us the joy of finding out for ourselves what he is saying.

I think you're right that JOHN WESLEY HARDING is autobiography -- but heck, I knew that last January when I bought the album. And you're partly right on AS I WENT OUT ONE MORNING -- did you know that Tom Paine also published a pamphlet titled COMMON SENSE. How about the 'damsel' being temptation? This fits the song better and satisfies me. But I don't especially want you to agree.

I PITY THE POOR IMMIGRANT is not Viet Nam, although a line or two makes it look that way. How can you take the word 'immigrant' with the scope and width it implies and decipher it soldier -- come now, you can do better than that. THE DRIFTER'S ESCAPE I, too, connect with the motorcycle accident, but try it thinking of Judgment Day.

As for SAD-EYED LADY OF THE LOWLANDS, I have her all fitting comfortably as the Statue Of Liberty and freedom intertwined -- I'm probably wrong, but this is my Dylan.

One more thing -- I'LL BE YOUR BABY TONIGHT can't possibly be a goodbye to 'protesting, finally'. Are you trying to encourage him in this direction!

So if you are trying to write a book interpreting Dylan be prepared for a lot of protest yourself. And join my book shelf with those well known authors of a well known Dylan, the Rebekofs and Daniel Kramer -- who only deepend the mustery and din't know what they were talking about.

Good luck! (despite all my griping). I admire your fortitude. MRS. GWEN BROOKS, New Hampshire.
* * * * *

"Dear Alan: Re. your article in Broadside, I realize that you no doubt will be flooded with much too many readers' views on Dylan, what he says , blah blah, that most of them will be from rednecks, most will tear you apart, and most will be pure shit. But --

It seems you and I have reached the same conclusions on a number of songs and I was happy to see someone else for a change more or less on my wavelength, as it were.

"... he (Dylan) had his accident. And like what do you think about when you're laid up?" If you're afraid you might kick at any time, directly after the broken neck and all, and the answer could be: maybe God. Dylan's certainly found a new direction on HARDING, agreed? Try making God the landlord on DEAR LANDLORD. Throughout the entire (Cont. on back cover)

BROADSIDE SPECIAL

OH, CHICAGO TOWN

words: Mike Sherker, Wolf Lowenthal, others
tune: adapted from "Strawberry Roan"

© 1968 by Mike Sherker and Wolf Lowenthal

The musical score is written on a grand staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'C' (Crescendo) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes two first endings (1. and 2.) and a 'D.C. al' (Da Capo) instruction for verses 2 and 3. Chords are indicated by letters C, F, and G7 above the notes.

I was standing a-round pro-vok-ing a smile, Nothing else to do, Would- n't be for a
You got me wrong, pig, that ain't my style, If- I was a Yip there'd be man-y a
while, When a cop comes up and he says, " I sup-pose You're a hair - y
mile Be-tween me and you - 'Cause one thing I've learned, You stand near a
1. Yip, I can tell by your clothes. pig and you're sure to get burned. (Cho:) Oh, Chi-ca- go
2. Town, Oh, Chi-ca- go Town, Brothers and Sisters were beaten and brained, Con-vention rules
flouted with blood down the drains, And it's Oh, Chi-ca- go Town. —

I was standing around, provoking a smile
Nothing else to do, wouldn't be for a while
When a cop comes up, and he says "I suppose
You're a hairy yip, I can tell by your clothes."

You got me wrong, pig, that ain't my style
If I was a yip, there'd be many a mile
Between me and you, 'cause the one thing I've learned
You stand near a pig and you're sure to get burned.

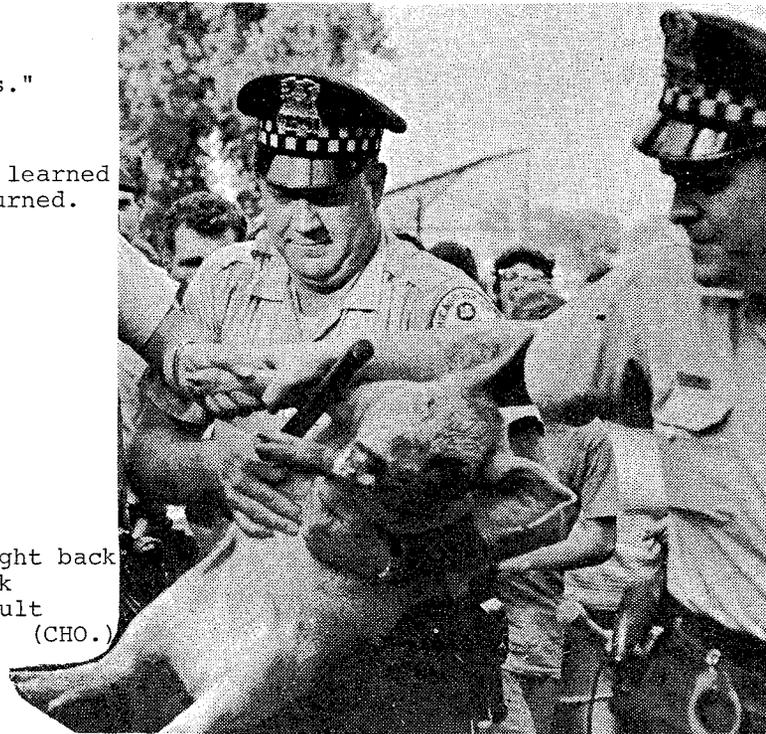
CHORUS:

Oh, Chicago town
Oh, Chicago town
Brothers and sisters
were beaten and brained
Convention rules were flouted
with blood down the drains
And it's oh, Chicago town.

He threwed me some gas, so I threwed it straight back
He said "That ain't legal" and gave me a crack
I was kicked and stomped, and clubbed to a fault
Thrown in the wagon and charged with assault. (CHO.)

They nominated their pig; we did the same
Ours was arrested, theirs grew to fame
Now we know, we've learned by this fuss
Our pig can be eaten, but theirs will eat us. (CHO.)

(Note: add your own verses.)



Chicago pigs arrest YIP presidential candidate



FOLLOW

Words & Music By JERRY MERRICK
© 1966 by UNART Music Corp., NYC

(Note: Jerry capos up 4 frets and plays in G as follows: B = G, E = C, G#m = Em, C#m = Am, F# = D.)

Let the riv-er rock you like a cra-dle Climb to the tree-top, child, if you're a-ble
 Let your hands tie a knot across the ta-ble, Come and touch the things you cannot feel.
 And close your fingertips and fly where I can't hold you, Let the sun-rain fall and let the
 dew-y clouds en-fold you, And maybe you will sing to me the words I just told you; And if all the
 things you feel ain't what they seem, Then don't mind me, 'cause I ain't nothin' But a dream.
 (last time) And you can Fol- low, You can Fol-low Fol- low. (Fade)

The mockingbird sings each different song
 Each song has wings an' won't stay long
 Do those who hear think he's doin' wrong
 While the church bell tolls its one-note song
 Hear the school bells tinklin' to the throng
 Come hear where your ears cannot hear
 And close your ears, child, and listen to what
 I tell you
 Follow in your darkest night the sounds that
 may impel you

And the song I'm singing may disturb
 or serve to quell you
 And if all the sounds you hear ain't what they
 seem
 Then don't mind me cause I ain't nothin'
 but a dream

The rising smell of fresh cut grass
 Smothered cities choke and yell with fumin' gas
 I hold some grapes up to the sun
 Their flavor breaks upon my tongue
 with eager tongues we taste our strife
 And fill our lungs with seas of life
 Come taste and smell the waters of our time
 And close your lips, child, so softly I
 might kiss you

Let your flowers perfume out and let the
 winds caress you
 As I walk on through the garden I am hoping
 I don't miss you
 And if the things you taste and smell
 ain't what they seem
 Then don't mind me cause I ain't nothin'
 but a dream

The sun and moon, both are right
 We'll see them soon through days of night
 Now silver leaves on mirrors bring de-
 light
 And the colors in your eyes are fiery
 bright
 While darkness blinds the skies with all
 its light

Come see where your eyes cannot see
 And close your eyes, child, and look at
 what I show you
 Let your mind go reelin' out and let the
 breezes blow you
 And maybe we will meet and suddenly I will
 know you
 And if all the things you see ain't what
 they seem
 Then don't mind me cause I ain't nothin'
 but a dream

And you can follow

You can follow

follow



(Note: "Follow" was written in the spring of '65 in Eustis, Florida and is one of my first songs. It was sung by Richie Havens at the Newport Folk Festival; then recorded on his first Album Mixed Bag, by Verve-Folk ways. —Jerry Merrick)

Blood on the Grapes

Words and music by
Malvina Reynolds

There's blood on the grapes, so we're not buying grapes this year. They're pretty & sweet but they're not fit to eat 'cause there's blood on the grapes this year, Blood on the grapes. Do you know how the grape pickers live?— Do you know of their hot heav-y loads? When they turn to the growers are lords on the land.— They rule o-ver grape coun-ty law. In the fields of our un- ion, the thugs run them down on the roads. Do you know of the starv - a - tion pay For state, there's no jus-tice for workers at all. The strik-ers are stand- ing their ground, The long grinding days in the sun. And when they or-gan- ize, they are growers are bru-tal with fear, And where I am concerned, I am met with the club and the gun.— hav-ing no grapes— this year.—

(Musical notation includes chords: G, D7, Em, Bm, F, Bb, D6)

400 Demonstrators Dump Grapes in Boston Harbor

BOSTON, Aug. 17 (AP)—Some 400 persons—including politicians, priests, and nuns—threw grapes into Boston Harbor at the site of the Boston Tea Party today in protest

against California grape growers' alleged refusal to grant union recognition to striking grape pickers.

Some of the marchers carried signs reading: "Don't Buy California Grapes," and "Squeeze Grapes, Not Workers."

Cesar Chavez, national chairman of the United Farmworkers Organizing Committee, said the demonstration was part of what was going to be the "biggest boycott in the history of the labor movement."

Among the marchers were City Councilman Gerry O'Leary and Thomas Boylston Adams of Lincoln, a candidate for Congress.

NEW YORK TIMES
AUGUST 18, 1968

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NEW YORK TIMES,
AUGUST 31, 1968

By J. ANTHONY LUKAS

Special to The New York Times

CHICAGO, Aug. 30—Just after 10 o'clock last night, National Guardsmen fired a new barrage of light irritant gas into demonstrators massed in Grand Park across from the Conrad Hilton Hotel.

For a moment the crowd retreated across the scarred grass. But almost immediately they began moving back around

News Analysis with a droopy mustache and a nubby blue sweat-

er who sat on a stone bench under a tree. And with the white gas still swirling in the air under the bright television lights, the youths joined the guitarist in an almost exultant chorus:

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York highlands
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

NEW YORK POST, AUGUST 30, 1968

If you could choose a time to live, asked Emerson, would you not choose a time of revolution—"when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared?"

Compared, yes. Bludgeoned and kicked and gassed, no. The young people in Chicago who fell before that phalanx of armed thugs may have been wrong-headed and foolish. Being young, they are the inheritors of this earth. How terrible that they are finding so much of it bloody. And it's their own blood.

Before the trees in Grant Park are bare, mournful ballads will be sung by long-haired lads in sandals and instant memoirs will be pressed between 50-cent paper covers, telling the world how Mayor Daley's legions kept law and order in the name of Lyndon Johnson and the machine.

* * *

It is reliably stated—and I, for one believe it—that a phone call from the President to Mayor Daley early in the week, a simple, direct, "Call off your dogs, Dick!" could have averted the piteous battles that sent hundreds of youngsters to hospitals.

If any convention voluntarily chooses to meet in Chicago after this week it can only be an assembly of Mafia hoods, Alabama state troopers or George Wallace's Independent Party.

"Chicago is fallen, is fallen, that great city," said the awful roar from the beleaguered demonstrators in Grant Park last night.

DOWN IN BIAFRA

By MIKE O'HANLON

Tune: "Mrs. Clara Sullivan's Letter." (See B'Side # 25).

I read in the papers every day
Of bloated bellies and skin turned grey
On starving children whose side is wrong
Without protein they won't starve long
The UN quibbles and leaders lie
While mothers starve and children die
Down in Biafra.

Biafra says send food by air
Nigeria says that it's unfair
Send food by land, we'll let it through
But I don't see how they're going to
Now I'll let you settle whose wrong or right
But a thousand more will die tonight
Down in Biafra.

In every war the self same way
Men get the glory while children pay
Wives get medals to help them cry
There are no medals when children die
And they're dying now on every hand
While no one seems to give a damn
Down in Biafra.

BROADSIDE #94

BALADE Vom faulenden Papper

Reprinted from "20 BALLADEN ZUM VOR und NACHDENKEN"-- Von Reiner Rowald

BALLAD OF THE ROTTEN PAPER

by REINER ROWALD © 1967 Reiner Rowald

ach wäre das papier in den wäldern doch ge- blieben, dort grün-te es, blühte es,
 wir-fe auch frucht dort knabberten hir-sche, lie-bes-paare, spechte; doch hier,
 da stinkt es sehr, wird braun und alt

O had the paper only remained in the forest
It would have turned green on the trees,
blossomed and borne fruit
Stage, lovers and woodpeckers would have
nibbled there.

But here the paper stinks, turns brown
and old.

Paper for a national press
Paper for proclamations, vegetables & fish
Paper for "Welt", "Bild", "Revue", "Quick",
"Hor zu", & others.

Even when new and hot off the press,
it stinks.

Practically the only paper you can buy is
rotten
Paper filled with lies--mean, vile & dirty.

And the truth you wanted to buy has remained
in the forest.

But be of good cheer, dear readers
This song will soon have but one verse to go!
The paper in the forest will then belong to
just one man:

He'll be your shadow, night & day, rain or
shine.

And paper will rot under a single opinion
A dozen brown sheets of lies, hatred &
bigotry.

Just remember, when paper decays,
the writing turns to poison.

(Translation by Helma Hamel, Hilde & Arthur
Kevass)

IN the downtown section of
West Berlin, about 50 yards
from the wall that divides it
from East Berlin, stands a
gleaming 19-story glass and
metal building.

Outside, guards are posted
at every door. High-intensity
speakers have been installed
to deafen attackers. Inside,
a reserve army ma-

Man for maps security
in the precautions. The
News \$20-million build-
ing is the head-
quarters of the
vast publishing empire of Axel
Caesar Springer, West
Germany's most powerful news-
paper publisher. Policemen
with submachine guns
patrolled around it. And barbed
wire fencing had been put up
to isolate the area.

Thousands of leftist
students have been laying
siege to the building since the
attempted slaying of their
leader, Rudi Dutschke, on
Thursday. The students con-
tend that the shooting was
inspired by attacks on Mr.
Dutschke and other leftist
students in the papers owned
by Mr. Springer.

ach, wäre das papier in den wäldern doch geblieben.
dort grünte es, blühte es, würfe auch frucht.
dort knabberten hirsche, liebespaare, spechte.
doch hier, da stinkt es sehr, wird braun und alt.
das papier für eine "nationale zeitung",
papier für befehle, gemüse oder fisch,
papier für "welt", "bild", "revue", "quick", "hör zu" und andere
das stinkt, auch wenn es neu ist, der druck noch frisch.
fast nur faulendes papier
gibt es jetzt noch zu kaufen hier.
papier voller lüge, gemeinheiten und schmutz,
und die wahrheit, die man kaufen wollte, die bleibt im wald.
doch freut euch, leser aller dieser schriften !
in kürze hat dieses lied eine strophe nur.
das papier aus den wäldern gehört dann einem manne,
der ist bei euch zu gast, tag und nacht, bei sonne und wind.
dann verfault das papier unter einer meinung,
die dutzend braunen blätter voller lüge, haß und farbe
sind die einzigen, die man dann kaufen kann.
doch vergeßt nicht: wenn papier fault, fault auch die schrift, die schrift wird gift.

(See B'side #87 for Reiner Rowald's comments: "A Guide To Protest")

THE NEW YORK TIMES

"All the News
That's Fit to Print"

SCHAU HER Lied von der friedlichen Welt -Text & Music: H.KONIG - ©1968 H.Konig

1. Sie wäre ein Garten mit Taubein und Wein und würde doch nie ein Schla-affen-land sein. Sie
wäre ein Garten mit bluhendem Mohn. Dar un-ter lag nie ein ge -
fal-le-ner Sohn. Schau her, schau her - - - So war die Welt war die Welt.
schau her, schau her so wär die Welt wenn Frie-den war Schau Freiden wär.

English translation by KURT
LOOK HERE { song of the
Peaceful World

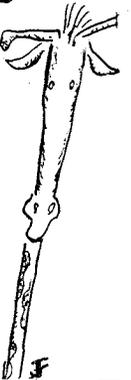
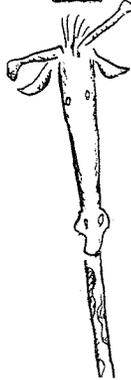
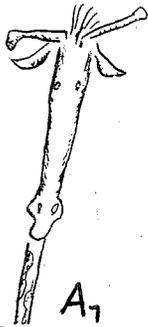
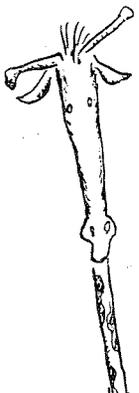
Look here, look here, so would be the world if Peace were here
You would be a garden with grapes and wine
But it would nevertheless not be a land of superfluity (loafers)
You would be a garden with blooming poppies
And underneath them lie: no fallen soldiers (the German is "son")
You would be a mountain that reaches into the skies (clouds)
But nevertheless not always full of sunshine
We wish good luck from the time of your childhood
We will carry instead of weapons, bowls of clay and our world
would be habitable
We water the garden instead of with bullete and lead
And we would sing songs from today on.

2. Sie wäre ein Berg in die Wolken hinein
und trotzdem night immer voll Sonnenschein
Es bliebe den Menschen noch vieles zu tun
Das Glück wuchse dann aus den Kinderschuhn.

3. Wir trugen starr Waffen nur Krüge aus Ton
und unsere Welt wurde wohnlich davon
Wir gossen die Garten statt Kugeln aus Blei
und sangen auch Lieder von heute dabei.

BROADSIDE #94

GIRAFFES MAKE EXCELLENT PETS



Words & Music
By
EDWARD LIPTON

Chorus: D A₇ D G D F

Gir- affes make excellent pets Be- cause they never for- gets They

never re- member, which I must ad- mit, really is why they never for- get, They're

tall and as quiet as they can be, They eat on- ly leaves off of a tree, If you

want a most excellent pet, A great big gir- affe is what you should get. I

like to ride my gir- affe to school, I like to dive off him at the pool, When-

ever I'm feeling as low as can be, He lifts up my spirits and also lifts me.

My giraffe he likes apple pie
He always gets some as he goes by
As he goes by windows forty feet high
My pet giraffe is as tall as the sky.

(Chorus)

My giraffe is a good pal to me
We are as friendly as friendly can be
He has a neck that is eighty feet tall
He puts me on his team when we play basketball.

(Chorus)

My giraffe he sleeps in my bed
There's room for his feet but not for his head
Whenever he wants to come in through the door
He has to bend till his head touches the floor.

(Chorus)

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Part One
REPORT on the NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL

By Dick Reuss

I went over to the closing Newport Festival evening to catch the tribute to Woody Guthrie. A good many young people seemed to feel that Woody and the singers on stage weren't too relevant to their lives, for a fair percentage of the audience left around halftime or just after the second half (the tribute part) started. Those who stayed saw a pretty good concert, a little more genuine and a little less highpowered than the similar concert last January at Carnegie Hall. Some of the same people were there: Pete Seeger, Arlo Guthrie, Jack Elliott; missing were most of the others from Carnegie's concert who had little or no connection with Woody in real life. On stage this time with the above were Alan Lomax, Bess, Peter and Butch Hawes, Oscar Brand, Bernice Reagon, Rev. Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick, Logan English and Lee Hays. Their performances once again were keyed to Millard Lampell's script California to the New York Island, with a few modifications.

Lee Hays and Alan Lomax read Woody's prose, most of it quite familiar by now. Neither was as polished or professional as Will Geer or Robert Ryan, January's narrators, but they did competently all the same. Bernice Reagon also did an effective rendition of Woody's sister Clara's death scene from Bound For Glory. One of the finest moments of the performance came near the beginning when a tape was played of the late Cisco Houston talking to Lee Hays about Woody during his merchant marine days. Cisco told about Woody building a wind machine which captured the curiosity of the whole ship. Pretty soon everyone was coming by to add this or that to the contraption (although nothing was said about it ever working). Sadly for all concerned, one night the wind blew the whole works away.

Most of the lead singing, fortunately, was left to Jack Elliott and Arlo Guthrie, the two best interpreters of Woody around today (Arlo when he forsakes his own songs long enough to sing his father's). This resulted in several fine duets, solos, and group songs featuring these artists: "Talking Dustbowl Blues" (Arlo), "Riding In My Car" (Arlo & Jack), "Do Re Mi" (Jack & Logan English), and "Hard Traveling" (Jack, Logan and the entire group.) Pete's performance was mixed; he sang "Pastures of Plenty" very effectively in a modal key; he also ruined a quiet sentimental lovesong "Curly Headed Baby," done with Bess Hawes, by whamming on the banjo like the song was a stomping shouting spiritual.

The Almanac Singers didn't do much. Pete sang a few songs, Bess Hawes chimed in now and then, and Pete Hawes did one verse. That was it. I was hoping there'd be some Almanac group numbers but perhaps it was just as well. Twenty-five years is a long time without a lot of rehearsal and the fountain of youth to recapture once-golden voices. I missed Sis; I'm sorry she had to cancel out because of a family emergency. And where was Arthur Stern? He should have been there. But it was good to see Lee Hays again. Lee hasn't sung publicly in quite a while that I know of, but he sounded fine to me, especially when Pete jammed that microphone in front of him during "Amazing Grace" to get that solid bass harmony across. When the group onstage missed their cue and came in too soon after Lee's part in "So Long," he just kept outsinging them all until he bulled them down.

Most pleasing in comparison to the January tribute to Woody was that the ending was not overly maudlin, gushy, and sticky sentimental. Everyone including the audience sang "This Land" very well, and quit after one final repetition of the chorus. Nobody milled around stage aimlessly, looking for hands to shake, sobbing, trying to get in on an orgy of emotion. Nobody delivered any homilies about using Woody's songs to spread the gospel and kill fascists - the extremes of the Guthrie cult were missing. Woody's songs & prose, and the generally effective presentations of the performers, were sufficient to make whatever points needed to be made. When the crowd yelled for more, Arlo came back alone and led the audience through his Motorpickle song. (He declined to yield to the chant of 9/10ths of the audience, "We want 'Alice.'" "I don't think she'd groove to having all of you," he said.) When the crowd still wanted more the cast came back on stage and, led by Jean Ritchie whose set had been curtailed earlier by rain, sang "Amazing Grace." Finis and nicely handled. (Cont'd next issue)

NOTES

Dutton has just published a new hard-cover edition of Woody Guthrie's BOUND FOR GLORY (\$6.95). Following in Woody's footsteps, the modern crop of folksingers is busy turning out books of memoirs. Joan Baez has issued DAYBREAK (Dial Press \$3.95), and a half dozen others, including Judy Collins and Jim Morrison, are writing theirs. Joan is pretty rough on the kid she used to take with her on concerts when he was starting his thing; she now calls Bob Dylan "The Dada King". "He put us all on", "a bizarre liar", "a huge transparent bubble of ego". She might have gone into greater detail in what she saw through this transparency, since Joan may be the only one with this gift of sight into the profound complexity that is Bob Dylan...

Incidentally, it was very interesting that Rev. Fred Kirkpatrick, not -- yet -- a student of Dylan, instinctively accepts FAREWELL ANGELINA as a song about the black people. "Bandits" -- white -- have stolen their wealth and "the skies are on fire" now from the burning ghettos. This interpretation follows logically when Bob's career is taken as a whole, with his many early songs reflecting deep empathy with the black people -- "Emmett Till", "Pawns", "Hattie Carroll" etc. There exists at least one person who considers DOWN ALONG THE COVE, with its use of black phrases, Bob's happy welcome to Black Power.

PHIL OCHS IN CHICAGO (as excerpted from the Village Voice): "The ever present Phil Ochs", "Then Ochs began to sing The War Is Over. When he reached the line 'Even treason might be worth a try', his audience began to applaud and cheer more loudly than it had all night. Then he went on to the next line 'This country is too young to die', and the applause transformed into stomping, rhythmic cheering... they still believed they could redeem their country, so they were transported by the single line from Ochs' song. At once, thousands of people were brought to their feet, holding their fingers high in the air in the 'V' sign that was the week's dominant symbol." "When Phil Ochs got onto the speaker's stand he almost transformed the rally in Grant's Park into the same sort of prayer session he had inspired in the Coliseum." "When Ochs began

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to sing 'I Ain't Marchin' Anymore' the demonstrators chanted 'join us' softly, as if it was a litany. 'Call it peace or call it treason, call it love or call it reason, but I ain't marchin' anymore,' Ochs sang. It was a prayer that a single soldier might be...inspired to make a decision of peace, to lay down his rifle ... The hope was a chimera. Not a single soldier crossed over."

"Hi, Broadside: I would like to see you print LENNY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE or else Phil Ochs' reason for the sudden obscurity of that song. I heard it at a Hunter College concert, and have not heard from it since, except by rumors. Please tell me what happened to it; it's a great song.

--Marc Goldstein, NY"

"Dear B'side: I have recently been trying to learn the language of some of my ancestors -- the Cherokees. It is of all languages I have ever come across the most strange and beautiful sounding, and the most staggeringly complicated.... I read Sis' brother Bill's novel, THE GREEN CORN REBELLION and really liked it.

--Joe Bateman, Okla."

COMING EVENTS: Sept. 27-29 Folk Music Workshop Weekend with Sandy & Caroline Paton, the Smith Brothers, Bernie Klay & Frank Woerner, & Dallas Cline at Camp Freedman in Falls Village, Conn. Info.: (212) Fi 3-9575... Oct. 11-13 Folk-Arts Workshop Weekend - folk dancing, folk music, square dancing & drama - same place.

NEW RADIO SHOW: "When the Spirit Says Sing..." with Bob Cohen; folk song program for young folks EVERY WEDNESDAY at 4 pm on WBAI-FM 99.5. TUNE IN !!!

A GREAT MAN IN THIS SOCIETY

By KAREN BELFORD

I'm sure you've all heard many a thing
About Abraham Lincoln and others,
Here's the story of Martin Luther King
And how he felt all men were brothers.

For human rights this great man stood
And strongly was for peace.
Now if he could he surely would
Have made all fighting cease.

To show he was non-violent
When white men came his way,
He would just stay silent,
And to his people say:

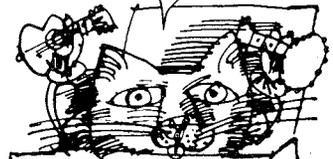
"I'm tired of shooting. I'm tired of clubs. I'm
tired of killing. I'm tired of war. And I'm not
going to use violence no matter who says so."

This was a statement that he made
Sometime before he died,
But his words will never fade.
Men repeat those words with pride.

A great leader died, a man who wanted no killing,
no violence, but was himself killed by violence.
I loved him in a different way. I saw what he saw,
loved what he loved, and wanted what he wanted. He
died. But his idea and ambitions will live on.

(Note: "A ten year old girl at Camp Emerson, Karen Belford, wrote the above and we thought you might like to throw it open to your readers to put some music to it." M. Lein, Camp Emerson, New York.)

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SOMEWHERE BETWEEN . . . Rosalie Sorrels

With "Somewhere Between" Rosalie takes another step ("If I Could Be The Rain") from collecting ("Folksongs of Idaho and Utah," "Rosalie's Songbag," "Songs of The Mormon Pioneers,") into entertainment. Many of the composers on "Somewhere Between" are Rosalie's friends. The other songs were selected because they were trusted friends of repeated appearances and told the story Rosalie wanted to tell.

"The Death of Ellenton" makes this record worthy of collection. Folk songs do not protest. This one does. There is a first cutting of Pete Seeger's "My Father's Mansion." "Mighty River" is the first publication of Murphy Dououis. This publication is the first of Bruce Phillips five new songs.

"I Saw My Country's Flag Go Down," a requiem for John F. Kennedy, is a wider requiem for every young life lost. After this summer its meaning has reached a sad intensity. "Pig Hollow" is as old as democracy and as modern as November fifth. The bouncy tune of "Judas Ram" would hide its meaning to a listener without English. If it evokes the gamboling lamb, how apt it is. "Killing Ground" will make its own way. Rosalie sings it unaccompanied. No one hears it unmoved. "Enola Gay" is Bruce Phillips writing poetry.

There are songs which have been around. Hedy West's satirical "Pale Green Disease," Guy Carawan's "Ain't You Got A Right," Travis Edmonson's "If I Were Free," and Hy Zaret and Lou Singer's "It Could Be A Wonderful World"

speak the same language, in plain lyrics.

A well-balanced Pennsylvania Dutch dinner has, for every sour, a sweet. The Shaker "Simple Gifts" and Malvina Reynold's "Magic Penny," "The Miracle," and "Somewhere Between" are in a lighter vein, but say something, simply.

Bruce blends second guitar to his songs on Rosalie's lead as if he had given her lessons before he went to Korea. The accompaniment is subdued. The guitars never dominate. The clarity of the lyrics is foremost.

The producers were amateurs. If we only tried for artistic success and if we miss commercial success happiness is "Somewhere Between."

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DEPT. OF DYLANOLOGY -- 2

album there seems to be a prevailing air of admission to the belief on Dylan's part of someone 'up there'; of the futility of us down here to try judging or grabbing for philosophizing or doing anything more than just trying to groove and help each other.

STEPHEN J. MERTZ, Illinois."

"Dear Gordon: So the N.Y. Times wonders why Bob Dylan doesn't write a song about Viet Nam. Wonder if they ever listened to Tombstone Blues on HIGHWAY 61 RE-VISITED which came out a couple of years ago.

ALEX COHEN, N.Y."

"Dear Alan:

"The King of the Philistines, his soldiers to save
Puts jawbones on their tombstones,
and flatters their graves
Puts the Pied Piper in prison
and frightens the slaves
Then sends them out to the jungle
Gypsy Davey, with a blow torch he burns
out their camps
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps
With a fantastic collection of stamps
To win friends and influence his uncle."

Don't tell me THAT'S Not Viet Nam!

Or the preceding verse with its commander-in-chief and "death to all who whimper and cry" etc etc etc.

The meaning of these lyrics from Tombstone Blues was first pointed out to me by Michael Rossman of the FSM (Free Speech Movement). Also, the FSM sang Dylan songs in Sproul Hall and today on Telegraph Avenue (the Telegraph?) they keep putting up quotes from Dylan on the tables where they are raising money for the NLF, Biafra, the Berkeley Commune, etc etc.

RALPH GLEASON, San Francisco."

"Dear Broadside: Tell Alan Weberman to take a close listen to Tombstone Blues. The "King of the Philistines" is Lyndonbird Johnson. He "flatters the graves" of his soldiers by handing out posthumous medals of honors to the families of the idiots who have allowed themselves to be shipped off to Viet Nam to be slaughtered. The "faithful slave Pedro" represents the South Vietnamese puppets corralled by the Yankee imperialists. What is the most common thing one sees on a stamp -- the heads of people, right? So the "fantastic collection of stamps" are the heads of Vietcong and other patriots the Americans and their puppets chop off and bring in to "verify" their "body counts". Dylan is being bitterly ironic when he suggests you can "win friends" this way, and dead-ly serious when he notes it will "influence his uncle" -- Uncle Sam, LBJ, the Pentagon, obscenely gloating over the rising "body counts".

RICK MONROE, Salt Lake City."

"BROADSIDE SINGERS" AT PHILADELPHIA
FOLK FESTIVAL

By Jim Buechler

Songwriters were plentiful at the Philadelphia Folk Festival this year. The singers, of whom some have appeared often in the pages of Broadside Magazine, were prominent in the Friday and Saturday evening concerts, and in their own Saturday afternoon workshop.

Of continuing amazement is the output of writers Joni Mitchell and Phil Ochs, the best received of the songwriters, who also included John Denver, Patrick Sky, Jerry Jeff Walker, Janis Ian, Lionel Kilberg, Steve Gillette, and Andy Robinson. Joni can best be described as "enchanted", to quote Philly radio announcer Gene Shay, who MC'd the concerts. What particularly captivates is the lilting quality of

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her songs - as shown by "Cactus Tree," "Circle Game," and "Clouds" - her voice seems to loft about like a balloon. I hope that she someday submits to Broadside.

While it was Joni who brought out the photographers, Phil Ochs brought down the house. His early stuff, "Changes" and "I Ain't A-Marchin' Anymore" was as exciting as the new "I Declare the War Is Over." Between songs he added claims about getting busted in Chicago along with Porkie the Pig (the Yippie candidate for President), just one day before the concert. But even with an ovation lasting for minutes, Gene Shay (who consistently used such words as "UH" and "UM" to spice up his Ed Sullivan introductions) absolutely refused Phil an encore. It is hoped that next year Philadelphia obtain an announcer with (1) tact, and (2) originality.

The other singer-songwriters were, overall, not particularly inspiring. Patrick Sky was very good (hear "Jimmy Clay"). Steve Gillette proved that he hasn't gotten tired of singing the songs he once wrote ("Darcy Farrow" and "Back on the Street Again" - both well-written). Janis Ian went from very old to very new: "Hair of Spun Gold" to "Friends Again." She still carries around her affected voice (as in "Come stay my door, baby" from "Society's Child"). If she were forced to listen to one of her albums she would probably change her tune. As for insipid John Denver (of the old Mitchell Trio), he mysteriously insisted that he is a songwriter, proudly displaying "Leaving on a Jet Plane" - albeit tuneful but meaningless. And as a singer, he would fare better with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

BROADSIDE

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