

Broadside # 96

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FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK

Photo By ERIK FALKENSTEEN

IN THIS ISSUE: "Farewell Mr. Charlie" and "The Chinaberry Tree" by F.D.Kirkpatrick. ALSO: Songs by TOM PARROTT, INEZ BAKER, ED LIPTON, LINDA JEAN FRAME, WALLY HILLE & AARON KRAMER, MICHAEL STRANGE, ROSALYN WILL, STEVE SUFFET & ADAM KREISWIRTH. Articles: "Today's Folk Rock-'N-Blues & Pop Music" by Waldemar Hille; "Rev. Kirkpatrick Vs. The White Power Structure" by G. Friesen.

THE WELFARE SONG

Words & Music By MICHAEL STRANGE
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Rock it

Well the landlord came to my house, Man, he was-n't here to groove, Said you didn't pay your rent six months, My friend, you've got to move. I pay your way But give us your digni- ty. I said What am I- en-titled to, And they gave me this re-ply, Not e- nough to live on but a little too much to die. (Spoken with a downward slur)

So I went back to my old lady
Man, I told her where I'd been
Out there giving stupid answers
To all their stupid questions
It seems they have a little
scheme
By which you might survive
Just stay within your budget
Good luck, and stay alive
But you'll need more than
luck, baby
'Cause even if you try
Not enough to live on
But a little too much to die.

Now the worker came to my house
He was counting all my clothes
He asked how many kids I have
Then he counted them by the nose
He said I'd get my check next
week
I'd get it without fail
But that, of course, depends
That it don't get lost in the
mail
I said, Does that happen often?
But he just blinked his eye
Said, Not enough to live on
But a little too much to die.

So the folks are all on line now
-They're filing out the door
The man gave me number 903
And then called forty-four
Maybe he wants me to play that
number
'Cause I just can't get by
With not enough to live on
But a little too much to die.
(Last verse music same, but
no repeat needed)

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

Words & Music: ROSALYN WILL
© 1968 by Rosalyn Will

1. One day soon - the sons of men shall reach the moon; Do we suppose that love is found up-on a
2. Here be-low - a man hates men he does not know; Does he im-a-gine, will change up there so
star? - far? - We dare to fly in-to un-charted skies But will not lis-ten
to a brother's cries. Worlds a-part - We try to change all but the heart, - And if de-bate should
fail, our guns are near at hand. - It's not too late, - The moon & stars have got to wait, - The
space be-tween us is what we must un-der-stand.



BROADSIDE #96

PEACE SHALOM
 PAX PAZ
 RHUE IRENE
 MALUHIA RONGO
 WASH-TA HUNDY-SHANTIH

From PETER & TOSHI SEEGER

THE NEW YORK...
 PEACE SHALOM
 PAX PAZ
 RHUE IRENE
 MALUHIA RONGO
 WASH-TA HUNDY-SHANTIH

Farewell Mr. Charlie

Words: Rev. Frederick D. Kirkpatrick
Tune: Adapted from Traditional
© 1968 by F. D. Kirkpatrick

1. Bye bye, Mister Charlie, the trumpet has sounded, It was heard in the cities, they are falling to the ground. — Green trees are bending & rocks are crying out, Bye bye Mister Charlie, your system is a pri-son and we must leave now.

2. If we don't get good appliances
we will throw them away --
No more Motorola
just R.C.A.'s.
I wouldn't call this looting,
just getting what's mine;
There is no use of weeping,
There is no use of crying,
Everything's going to be fine.

3. We made cotton king
And didn't get a thing
But poverty, brutality
And a sleep in the rain.
Now the tide is turning
And everything is flame;
Farewell, Mister Charlie,
The cities are falling
And it causes me to sing

4. The imperialists and capitalists
Are in the court yard --
Twenty thousand Black boys
Have escaped from the guard,
From a place of imprisonment
For three hundred years;
Farewell, Mister Charlie,
The sky is on fire
And we have no fears.

The Chinaberry Tree

Words & Music by Rev. Frederick D. Kirkpatrick
© 1968 by F. D. Kirkpatrick

(An explanatory note for this song: "Mr. Bub-bub-em" is an old term Southern blacks use to describe a black overseer keeping black workers in line for the white plantation owner. It carries the connotation of mingled contempt and ridicule. Many of the black colleges in the South are nothing more than intellectual plantations with the black presidents serving as "bub-bub-ems" for Mr. Charlie. To carry out the mandates of the white power structure students and faculty are equally oppressed; priv-

ileges for either are non-existent. Teachers who try for change are arbitrarily fired by Mr. Bub-Bub-Em and others brought in to replace them, with the hope they will be satisfied to settle down under the Jim Crow setting of the institution. Symbolic of this settling down is "a seat up under the China Berry tree." The fruit of these trees is a golden-colored berry and one can, I suppose, sit under the branches and dream with the illusion that the berries one day may turn to nuggets of real gold.

F.D.K.)

CHOR:
Hel-lo, Mister Bub-bubm, why did you get rid of me, — I were only tryin' to take a seat be-
neath the China Berry Tree. — (1) You had all your other boys there with Masters & P H D's, Sitting in
comfort'ble chairs and drinking liber- tea. —
(to Cho.)

2. I would go all over Baton Rouge
giving away turkeys, peas and pies,
Bowling and scraping to Mr. Charlie
and telling a pack of lies.
Chorus.

3. You got your Boys in so much debts
they don't know which way to turn,
So keep them down there scraping-
scratching on Mr. Bub-bubm's farm...
Chorus.

4. I suppose your gang laughed and grinned
and at me they did poke fun.
Why you tried to starve and kill
my wife and the four little bittie ones.
(Skip chorus.)

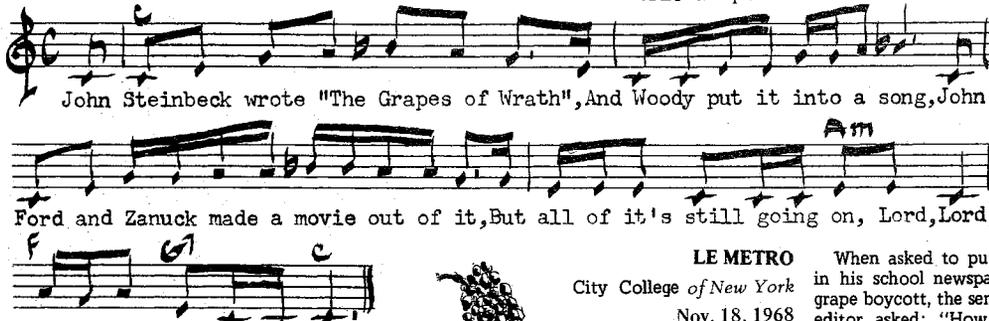
5. I didn't mean to hurt no feelings
or make no enemies;
I were only trying to take a seat
up under the China Berry tree.

Last Chorus:

I hear that chime bell ringing and the
train coming down the track;
Bye, bye, Mr. Bub-bubm,
one day I will be back.

Tom Joad, Revisited

Words by EDWARD LIPTON
Music adapt'd from Traditional



John Steinbeck wrote "The Grapes of Wrath", And Woody put it into a song, John

Ford and Zanuck made a movie out of it, But all of it's still going on, Lord, Lord,

All of it's still going on.



LE METRO
City College of New York
Nov. 18, 1968

When asked to put an article in his school newspaper on the grape boycott, the senior student editor asked: "How is this related to the students on campus?"

Three weeks ago, eleven students at Berkeley were busted for trespassing and disorderly conduct. They were demonstrating against the University's purchasing of table grapes and its failure to admit a proportionate number of Mexican-Americans to the student body. For these students, perpetuating poverty is not their bag. Unlike most people of the world, they know that human beings are forced to live in unhygienic work camps, forced to have their children work in the fields, forced to forfeit their children's education, and forced to fight for every meal.

In California, agriculture is the largest industry. Gross income from "agribusiness" in 1967 was \$4 billion - and the average farm worker's share was \$1,500 annually. The minimum wage law for farm workers, as of February, 1968, provided for a wage rate of \$1.15 per hour. There are no overtime provisions. Legally, the existence of migrant farm workers is made even more difficult, because they are excluded from a number of routine benefits, such as unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation, social security, welfare assistance, and child labor protection. For many years, they were excluded from federal minimum wage standards as well. The original National Labor Relations Act of 1935,

introduced by Senator Robert F. Wagner, included the farm workers. But the final law left them out in the cold, and their status remained unchanged until this year.

To obtain the benefits he needs to live a decent life, the farm worker has struck, is striking, and will continue to strike. But the effectiveness of his strikes in the past have been severely curtailed by Public Law 78 - the so-called "Bracero Law." This was a contract between the United States, the Mexican government, and the growers, for the importation of Mexican nationals. As many as 350,000 foreign workers (mostly Mexican nationals) were allowed into California to harvest the crops. Needless to say, the braceros always worked for less than the Americans. Union organizing was almost impossible because of the ever-present threat of strike-breaking. Finally, because of strong union, church, and civic lobbies, Congress terminated Public Law 78 in December, 1964. Soon after, Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz issued regulations making it clear that Public Law 414 (Immigration Act) was not to be used as a substitute for the bracero program. In other words, foreign workers were not to be used as strike-breakers. But the Department of Justice, the Department of Immigration, and the Border Patrol have all been remiss in enforcing these laws and regulations. Therefore, there is a plentiful supply of cheap labor greencarders who are still being used as strike-breakers in the current struggle in California.

So the farm worker has faced almost insurmountable obstacles, road blocks and pitfalls on the road to forming a strong, effective union. But, thanks to his persistence, his efforts are beginning to pay off and his union has become the "new frontier" of the labor movement. (Excerpts from an article by H. Lefkowitz and M. Moses, UFWOC)

The story of the Joads, why it took place
Some thirty odd years ago,
The movie it was made around 1940,
My, My we sure move slow, Lord, Lord,
My, My we sure move slow.

A California grape strike goin' on
Migrants fightin' for decent pay,
That's not from the book, not thirty years ago,
I'm a talkin' about today, Lord, Lord,
I'm talkin' about today.

If a migrant worked 52 weeks a year
And none of 'em ever did
He'd make twenty-four hundred dollars a year,
That's not enough for a wife and kid,
Not enough for a wife and kid.

I saw some people a-picketing a store
Begging others not to go in,
Sayin' this store is sellin' California grapes
And if you buy 'em the scabs is gonna win, Lord, Lord,
If you buy 'em the scabs is gonna win.

So many people paid no attention at all
They ignored their brother's call,
Them California grapes, they look so mighty good,
And you can't taste the sufferin' at all, Lord, Lord,
You can't taste the sufferin' at all.

People weren't being asked to give up their lives
Or even one cent in pay,
All that they was being asked to do
Was to shop at a store one block away,
Just one block away.

How many of the people who ignored that picket line
And don't care where the grapes was growed,
Have stayed up to watch the movie on TV,
And wept at the plight of the Joads, poor Ma,
Wept at the plight of the Joads.

How many who watched that strike a-bein' broke,
And Preacher Casey bein' hit on the head,
Walked through that picket line and into that store
Cause it was a movie and he ain't really dead,
A movie and he ain't really dead.

Well the landlords they still own that land
The poor travel a hot dusty road
But here in New York City, why it's none of
our concern,
The hell with Ma and Tom Joad, Lord, Lord,
The hell with Ma and Tom Joad.

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Cesar Chavez addressing a group of United Farm Workers.
Photo: Ralph Showalter



INNERS AND OUTERS

WORDS & MUSIC
BY
LINDA JEAN FRAME



LINDA JEAN FRAME

WHO IS MY BROTHER?

Linda Jean Frame is a West Coast songwriter, performer, painter, poet and artist (among her drawings we've used was the one on the cover of B'Side #82.) Her first book of poetry, WINDINGS, is being published by Windfall Press, 1814-E Norwood Street, Chicago, Ill. 60626, at the special Pre-Pub price of \$3.50. Now 25 years old, a crippling disease called Systemic Lupus Erythematosus, did not keep her from traveling, all over the U.S. Hawaii, and Canada (with her family), South America, including 4 months in Chile (alone), and last summer, 12 countries in Europe (with a companion). With a knapsack, autoharp, art materials, listening, singing, writing, and drawing.

C CHORUS F G7

The world would be a different place If we walked around with our
outsides down So the insides showed to the people we knowed A mighty strange
world in-

VERSE freely F G7

deed 1. To show your soul they all agree is a mighty fine way for a
2. I got a question just for you if your insides showed what
3. If the in-sides count so much why are people
4. If everyone was stripped and bare so we could see

men to be Every man should have a heart for this they say is the
would you do Would the man you'd like to be stand right there for
out of touch Fear is why we stand apart you can't get hurt if you've
what was there I wonder if we'd be a-fraid too high a price

very best part Makes no difference if your shell is
all to see Or would you want to try and hide the
got no heart Lot's of things to think about
might be paid To learn what men might real-ly be might

cracked and sort of looks like hell Your insides should be bright and gay
hollow - ness you are in-side It aint too late to swing a-round
problems we can all work out Take my hand look and see
be an aw-ful shock to see For the shell that covers man's insides

that is what the people say ———
the in-side out and the outside down ———
my out-sides down and this is me ———
beneath it too the evil hides ———

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THIS WORLD HAS BEEN A PRISON -Words by AARON KRAMER Music adapted to an Irish Melody by W. Hille

F C1

1. This world has been a pris- on Too long for me and mine; It's
2. My veins have nursed your meadow; My tears have washed your lawn. Too
3. I dreamt my son was break-ing His bon-dage, limb from limb; And

F C1 F

time the sun were ris- en, I mean to see it shine. One
long I thirst in shad-ow, It's time I shared the dawn. Too
soon as I a - wak-ened I taught that dream to him. This

Bb F (Dm) C (A7)

night I dreamt my daugh-ter Was just as free as you, And
long in mid-night min- ing I've coaxed your fires with coal; In-
world has been a pris- on Too long for me and mine; It's

F C1 F

when I woke I taught her To dream of free- dom too.
side me there's a pin- ing, It's time I fed my soul.
time the sun were ris- en, I mean to make it shine.

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WHAT DO THE ANIMALS DO?

By Edward Lipton ©1968 by Edward Lipton, all rights reserved.

It's five o' clock in the zoo, — It's five o'— clock in the zoo, —

What do the animals do — when it's five o' clock in the zoo? They do what other folks do — when they've worked hard all through the day — Their cages un- lock, when it's five o' clock, And they each go home their own way. —

D.C. at end



The snail he decided to walk
For he lived just on the next block
By the time he reached home the hours had flown
And he had to return to the park.

The lion he roared away
On his motorcycle each day
When he stopped for a bite at a diner one night
He frightened the customers away.

The penguin he was very nice
But he never would take good advice
He started to run cause he wanted some fun
And he slipped and he fell on the ice.

The rhinoceros boarded the plane
Which really seems quite insane
They squeezed him through the door,
but he fell through the floor
Saying next time I'm going by train.

The whale climbed into a canoe
Which wasn't the right thing to do
The boat it went down and he never found
His wallet, tie and right shoe.

The baboon he swung through the trees
All of the neighbors said please
Act more refined if you don't mind
And stop shaking down all of the leaves.

The snake drove an automobile
Whenever he visited the seal
He stepped on the gas
and sped up so fast
He has trouble controlling the
wheel.

The platypus couldn't make up
his mind
The reason is not hard
to find
Part mammal, part bird
he was so absurd
That everyone left
him behind.



The camel he wanted to hike
But he was late so he climbed
on his bike
He hit a big bump,
and fell on his hump
And said next time I'll do
what I like.

The elephant boarded the bus
Everyone made such a fuss
It seemed only fair
That he had to share
His seat with a hippopotamus.



The parrot rode home on a
horse
But she was too heavy
of course
The horse stopped to rest
Which really was best
Cause both of them knew
they were lost.



It's 5 o'clock in the
Zoo
It's 5 o'clock in the
Zoo
What do the animals do
When it's 5 o'clock
in the Zoo?

NOTES ON TODAY'S

FOLK ROCK-'N-BLUES and POP MUSIC

SUGGESTING A NEED FOR PERSPECTIVE

By WALDEMAR HILLE

"Rock music is the only constructive element in society", "Rock wants nothing of the corrupt politics of today", "It understands the Revolution instinctively", "It is an electronic theocracy", "...a universal techno-structure", "an oral exorcism", It is "Dylan's existentialist riddle-world", "It will really come into its own when Pop Music embraces Revolution".

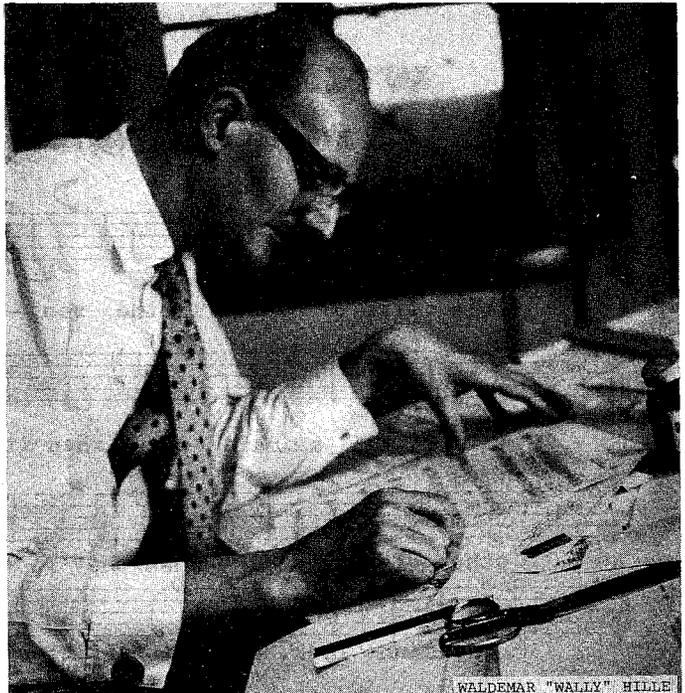
I don't know if I understand the full implications of the above selected quotes, but they are awesome, and certainly contain food for thought and some truth (or some half-truth?). If for you as for me they seem to lack perspective, then nevertheless you and I can accept or sympathize with a more modest quote: "Don't knock the Rock, its nearly all we got".

PERSPECTIVE--INVECTIVE--DIRECTIVE--COLLECTIVE!

But also, before you knock "Perspective", let's examine what it is. First of all, on a broad human scale, it is the acceptance (I hope) that we are all "social animals" by nature and not by nature isolated alien entities. Then perspective, it seems to me, must include the conviction that, though changes in society modify human nature, they do not abolish it. During a period like today with its "reevaluation of all values" there is need for the affirmation of certain standards of realism in life, the arts -- including music. Such standards would be the "sine quo non" which must be consciously or unconsciously accepted; deciding whether the intent of the music or song or art work is a flight from reality -- in a basic sense -- or a willingness to face up to it. Whether the intention is primarily one of selfish-success and opportunism; or whether there is implicit the acceptance as a member of a human community -- in which music and musicians play a role. In which they play a role, however small, toward a better life. The realization, therefore, that in any work of art, perspective is of overriding importance. An artist shows perspective by distinguishing the crucial from the episodic, the important from the superficial, etc. -- as it relates to art -- as it relates to life. An artist-musician's creative work shows perspective in being not based on understanding only day-to-day events, but on the conscious and/or un-conscious possession of a perspective independent of, and reaching beyond, his understanding of the contemporary scene. Before going on, I would like to quote from my friend Norman Cazden a comment which relates to my subject. He refers to a book in which "the American Revolution is attributed to the popularity of the quick-step (as in Yankee Doodle), the rise of Nazi-ism to the goose-step, etc." And he adds: If that all sounds childish, just consider some of the Telegraph Avenue guru-leiters who talk of overturning society with this or that rock-n-blues..."

SOME SWEEPING GENERALIZATIONS....

As a rule, I would prefer to take actual musical examples of recordings or performers for review -- and make comments on these. But, I believe, there is also a need to try to get a broader view of the present-day music scene, and to try to make general critical (positive and negative) observations. With all the "57 Varieties" of folk rock-n-blues, "soul" and



WALDEMAR "WALLY" HILLE

pop music -- not to mention the on-going stream of Jazz -- it is hazardous to make sweeping generalizations. Still, it seems worth the candle to get some perspective -- with the hope that this will help various popular-music streams to relate with more understanding to each other and life's social needs (patterns). Perspective can also be profitably brought to bear upon relations with the so-called classical "long-haired" music, and finally also to relate to the prospects and understanding (where possible) of potential future directions. For example, some people are saying that "Rock is getting Arty" or "too complicated." In Pop-and-Jazz magazine of Oct., 1968, I read that Jack Casidy, bassist of the Jefferson Airplane says: "I hope that what happened to Jazz doesn't happen to what I call Rock and Roll. I mean Jazz became very intellectual. There has to be a certain basic communication. You have to keep in touch" Or, says contributing editor Ralph Gleason of Pop-and-Jazz (ibid) "A Jazz fan today won't listen to a rock band because of the label. A rock fan won't listen to a jazz band because of the label. To some, the only music that can be taken seriously is composed, conservatory oriented music."

THE "BIG SOUND"

After that flight into the thoughts of specialists, let's get down to specifics, or some "nitty-gritty" perspective on Rock. Practically everybody talks about the BIG SOUND of electronically amplified performances. Does this physically knock you out and shatter your innards? It's supposed to, say the purveyors, producers and aficionados. This is in order to shock you into listening. This physical WHAM! gives a feeling of closeness to the group. Together, you become part of it, or if you can't take it (the physical WHAMmy) you're out. You have a touch sensation of the sound, you feel the noise. It is the pop-music sound of the present generation. It has also been said "The kids don't dig the war in Vietnam -- it isn't loud enough." This may be meant partly as a joke -- but it says a lot. It's certainly more humane to dig a BIG SOUND than a DIRTY WAR. So, if we try to get perspective on Rock and Roll Blues it doesn't mean putting it down, it means treating it as an important cultural phenomenon, which deserves attention.

COMPARISONS WITH THE CLASSICS

In comparison with rock and pop music of today, masterpieces of the past-- composed by the Beethovens, Bach, Bartok, Mozart, Debussys, etc. are on a different plane. Comparisons are of dubious value because they - the classic masterpieces and today's popular music - are really not synonymous. Yes, Pop groups are adopting and adapting themselves to string quartet sound, Indian-sitar color, Stravinsky's effects, and all the other modern "serious" composers. But this is only a sort of free-grabbing in the air. All they do is throw in a bit of imitative effect-- which is associated (by the surface listener) with these "classic" sounds and composers. It's like what a previous generation did to Schubert in "You are My Song of Love" from the Student Prince, or to Chopin in "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows". Contemporary classics-- having today's idioms will only be written when and if young talented composers involved or cognizant of present day youth-pop-rock style get over being "brash" about it. That is, these new "classics" won't come from the pen or "soul" of a brash one-year star-wonder who says: "Next I'll write a symphony and tour the country with it!"

On the other hand the leaders of our popular music need not get "humble" in a way that would make them demean the rock-and-roll or other pop products; but they should show enough perspective to be genuinely humble about great music. The music of the young writers of pop-rock-blues-western when it is good is a marvelous expression of popular feelings-- but on a different structural plane and therefore also of expressive potential. Needless to say, size itself is not the true measure of any music, but integrated content with form, when realized in such forms by one capable, talented and trained to do so-- is what we are talking about. Here some modern Jazz emsembles or orchestras are often more nearly corresponding in their repertoire and performance, and can therefore more validly be used for critical comparison. Listening to such Jazz ensembles rehearse or perform one can feel that there is probably a striking resemblance to the 18th Century Mannheim orchestra in Western Germany. This group and Joseph (Papa) Haydn are usually thought of as the builders of the classical symphony-- both as an orchestral ensemble and with suitable Symphonic music repertoire. Undoubtedly more prominent in the Jazz field are the smaller creative improvising groups, trios, Dave Brubeck quartets, Miles Davis Quintets, or the recent artists playing with John Coltrane, Coleman, Shepp, etc. which can be compared (at least in some respects) with early chamber music trios, etc. The classics of early chamber music-- and later "long-hair" division composers and performers is still going on in our concert halls with the playing of music by Ravel, Debussy, Bartok, Shostakovitch, etc. Still, the intricacies and musical sophistication of some contemporary Jazz groups-- especially in their powers of improvisation-- are a recognized challenge that even a Leonard Bernstein or a Lucas Foss (who have tried it) would give a lot to be able to "cut the mustard" in. In fact, many a classically trained musician will nowadays be found listening in awe and admiration at the achievements of such top Jazz ensembles. Here too, for those involved, it is not a question of overnight fame and financial success, but of years of apprenticeship and honest application of the best these men can give.

ADULT LISTENERS "AGENDA"

Adult listeners are often closed to reason when confronted with Folk-Rock Blues. They can be said to have a different agenda than the youth. Youth

says "The past generation was dishonest". We can, if we relax, admit that the past generation was less honest and we can see that the level of today's song lyrics are more straight-forward. Adult listeners can perhaps criticize the prevalent use of drugs (narcotics) and its association with the hippies and their happenings, love-ins, etc.; but adults have to admit complicity on their own, and have to feel a collective responsibility for the fundamentally immoral atmosphere which exists in our capitalist society today--and adults can't blame the youth and their music for that. This is of course a subject in itself. Thinking musically, however, we also know that we do not look down on or cherish the less some Jazz classics because they were achieved or developed into their greatness in the unlikely environment of New Orleans houses of prostitution. Evidently life is not and has not been a bed of roses. The last generation, and others past, had its good and honest musicians, lyricists, performers, etc, of the popular music of their day. However, today the world is in need of being saved from holocaust and today's youth is living in that qualitatively more critical knowledge. Perhaps this makes the difference. Business as usual is out. Middle-and-above adults are in many cases not geared to think in this same radical context. This part of the perspective is where the youth can teach the rest of us, and is only fully understood by the young in spirit.

TELL IT LIKE IT IS, BUT NOT JUST "OFF THE CUFF"

So I say, when the poets-lyricists of the youth movement (be they young or old) connect with a "drive toward the truth motive" and "telling it like it is" and a Bob Dylan writes "The Times They Are a-Changin'", or a Simon, of Simon and Garfunkel fame, speaks of "Dangling Conversations" while the "Borders of our lives" are in danger of destruction, etc., this is perspective. But, on the other hand, when the aficionados blithly say "Rock and Roll Blues demands complete attention, it weeds out the weak", its musicians are "the astronauts of acoustical space", then this is, I believe, a lack of perspective and lack of good judgement. On the surface and for the moment this can indeed be for the youth a great feeling of power-- like driving a super-model cadillac or a "space-ship even" for the best it can do; but it may be heading for a fall, and shouldn't be misconstrued for what it isn't. So, in such a case I would admonish: Ok, ok for advertising, for a momentary thrill, for fun & games, for a happening etc., but a little PERSPECTIVE if you please.

Waldemar "Wally" Hille plans to use the above article as an addenda to a pamphlet to be entitled REALISM IN MUSIC: WHAT IS IT? which originally ran as a series in Grass Roots Forum. Wally for a number of years has been organist and choir director of the First Unitarian Church in Los Angeles in addition to composing, arranging and writing songs. He was an early editor of Peoples' Songs Bulletin, forerunner of Sing Out Magazine, and of Sing Out itself. He edited the historic Peoples' Song Book, first published in 1948 and still in print (OAK). Previous to that he was musical director at Elmhurst (Ill.) College and while there his choir was selected as the nation's best by Fred Waring (of Pennsylvanians radio fame). Wally has been a supporter of Broadside since the magazine's inception, a fact of which we are proud. There is a concise biography of Wally in B'side 59 written by David Arkin (father of the film star). Dave says, "To this day Waldemar Hille continues with music unflinchingly with the same spirit in which he began...American music is the richer for it."

GETTING TO THE "LYRICS"

Everybody admits (friends and critics alike) that there are some weak, bad, or indifferent lyrics in today's songs. Good ones too. A little perspective will allow us to admit this of yesterday's "tin-pan alley" as well -- and of every generation ("Each generation has to remake the world." -- Camus). Each has its sound (sounds). This is not exactly a critical comment, but an observation. The lyrics CAN direct this Big Sound toward significant or insignificant content. For some creators and performers and listeners it is the hedonism of the moment -- they want to "make it with today's music." For many it is a life style which they accept -- for what it is. What it is and what it is claimed to be are not always the same thing. But in summation it would appear that the youth of today are going better with it than our previous generation ...they have more concern for humanity, for the beautiful "simple joys" of life, for brotherhood, love, peace, etc. But they should also remember or observe that no time or special group has a natural monopoly on decency, virtue, concern, etc. Let them take pride in accomplishments -- as for example in the searching Bob Dylan lyrics, their "damn real" Janis Joplin singers, etc., and go forward with more of their exemplary social criticisms of the "establishment". Let them have happenings, and at the same time let them beware lest "the medium become the only message". Let them be motivated by the "terminus ad quem" ("to what end"). And finally let them realize, as Nat Hentoff says: "We also have not yet all the vital heterogeneity available to the new pop; there are Puerto Rican and Chicano tributaries (for example) that can't be kept out much longer."

WHAT ABOUT "GRASS ROOTS INSTRUCTION"?

Should the popular music of today be taught? I would say as part of the overall Jazz development, yes; but if separately, there is a question of advisability. However, if it is studied as part of or the latest offspring of the mainstream of Jazz: slave songs, Spirituals, hollers, early blues, country blues-jazz, dixie-land style, so-called "race records", etc., this could be of value as perspective. Considerable material is available in useable form for the study of the origins of the blues, of African rhythmic and melodic and verbal idioms, along with the rural and urban accretions in the USA: in New Orleans, Memphis, Kansas City, Chicago, Harlem, etc., and in developments imported from Cuba, the Caribbeans and South America. It may be argued that all this is more for the musicologist or Jazz scholar and critic. At any rate, much of this "teaching" is going on without any formal pattern. Records, Jazz Festivals, books magazine articles all do their part. And there is no doubt that for all the separation existing today between the purveyors of Jazz and Rock, there is communication and exchange going on. The subtlety of the Count Basie's, Duke Ellingtons, a Dizzy Gillespie, the charm of Charlie Parker, the ensemble of the Miles Davis Quintet, the playing of Charlie Mingus, Ornette Coleman, Archie Shepp, John Coltrane-- to mention a few, are all highly respected-- if not fully understood or emulated by the Rock-Pop makers. The Folk-Rock-'n-Blues people do apparently feel that today's Jazz artists are often "too intellectual" and they (the Folk-Rock makers) "want to keep in touch" with a broad audience and have appeal to the youth. Their music is for, of and by the youth-- something they can dance to, be moved by and call their own. So they have found the Jazz developments of a Thelonius Monk (and after) and people like Ornette Coleman too "obscure" or complicated. It could then be pointed out that Folk-rock has succeeded and con-

tinues in favor partly because of its basic simplicity, hybrid and popular character. Branching off essentially from the folk and "race records" traditions, it took-- or added-- the "big beat", combining this with an emphasis on sophisticated and even protest lyrics (of Dylan, Donovan, Simon, the Beatles, etc.) and is now itself getting worried about coming full circle and possibly getting "too complicated" for mass popular appeal.

At present such worries seem exaggerated or premature. But formal teaching of Folk-rock, it is felt by many, would only inhibit and harm the creative spontaneity now going on. The continuation of the folk-like origins of style and the topical honesty should be encouraged-- but not by formal instruction. It has been said of a folk-song: the moment you print an "authentic" version it ceases to be a folk-song. Too well planned a program of instruction, or copying, could stultify and shame the transient wildflowers from blooming. Whereas, if left on its own, each new rock-pop variant can be an individual fleeting comment on life today... as the youth sees and feels it...some of the best coming from the relatively untrained or self-taught guitarists, etc.

AND WHAT ABOUT "THE NEW SOUND"? AND "SOUL"?

Is it as they say: the New Sound? For the in-group this is a natural affirmation. Its successful exponents become heroes, and countless accolades are strewn in their path in the daily and weekly press and magazines. But really, seriously, this is not in any case a scientific term. Everything creative is or should be "new", and to pin-point a "New-Sound" is also to stereotype it. The commercial sponsors and promoters indeed do this. It's good business; that's why there is so much uniformity in the Big Sound and the New Sound. But among the truly creative groups there are vast differences. Electrical amplification is not really a "sound" quality itself-- but basically just a louder version of same. The term "Soul" music is also more of a gimmick title than an indication of a quality of "newness". All good music can be spoken of as having "soul"-- some of it more legitimately than others-- or more on the surface-- or sleeve. The term should never be considered to be more nor less than a "poetic" or "sales pitch" terminology. It isn't sporting or correct to say that only this group has "soul", or that only the purveyors of "soul" have it. "Soul" also knows no racial barriers-- if you accept the term.

NOISE-HAPPENINGS, NATURALISM,--FUN AND GAMES

I believe it is safe to say that naturalism (imitation of motor sounds, sighs, moans, aeroplanes, sirens, waterfalls, dramatic effects, etc.) plays a larger scene in rock and pop than it does in jazz (hot or cool). This need not be taken as a criticism, but as a general observation. This does, however, indicate the usual presence of more musical realism in jazz than in folk-rock-pop. And in spite of the so-called "Big Sound", (which clouds much of what is going on) rock-pop has more interest and focus on lyrics than jazz. Since rock and roll-blues-pop has practically taken over the field (audience and record sales, etc.), jazz is now confined to a more limited "select" clientele, and hence is trying to make a virtue out of what might appear as disaster. Because jazz, a la Coltrane, Shelly Manne, Miles Davis, etc. has this more "educated" audience it is using its energies to create a more subtle and sometimes more extended form-product of larger artistic pretensions. Nat Hentoff says about this (wisely--as I see it): "I don't think that the danger to the vitality in any music comes from its becoming 'musically advanced.'" The danger is when, McLuhan notwithstanding, the medium is the only message".

THE REV. FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK

By Gordon Friesen

The white power structure more than three centuries ago determined that Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick would be born in America when its ships began bringing his African ancestors to these shores as human cargo -- slaves for the auction block. White overlords 350 years later also determined exactly where Frederick was to be born, in that part of Haynesville, Louisiana, known as the "Sawmill Quarters." For such quarters in Southern towns are that section across the railroad tracks where white supremacists force black families to live amid the noise and wastes from the sawmills. His birth date was Aug. 12, 1933, he was the first born, and his parents started him fighting for equality by naming him after the giant ex-slave who escaped North and became one of the black peoples' greatest fighters against the white power structure's slave system -- Frederick Douglass, Abolitionist orator and editor, and consultant to President Lincoln in the Civil War.

Fred began absorbing the rich musical heritage of the Southern black people at an early age, for his father was - and still is - a minister in the small churches where gospel singing is an integral part of the services. His father, Rev. J.L., also sang with three brothers in the Kirkpatrick Family Gospel Quartet, which became widely popular. When Fred was about five, his father became a tenant farmer for a white landlord on a small piece of land some 10 miles from Haynesville. Fred recalls how the family walked to this new home, leading their only possession, a cow which a friend had given them as a calf and which they had raised, at first on a bottle. By working virtually around the clock, the elder Kirkpatrick slowly added several pigs and crops of corn and peas.

Then the family learned first hand what it means to be poor and black and at the mercy of the white power structure. Mrs. Kirkpatrick died in childbirth and the landowner immediately confiscated their property - allegedly to pay the doctor bill - and ordered them off the farm by nightfall. Fred has never forgotten, nor forgiven. The man's name was Crump. "He hauled away everything," Fred recalls vividly. "The cow, which was about to have a calf, the pigs, the corn, the peas. Then he told my father to hurry up and get us off the place, and he didn't care that we had no place to go."

Frederick and his brother, Robert L., and two sisters, Lovie Leola and Mary Helen, were sent to live with grandparents. Life was cruel, and music was one of few means of relief. The children would go into the woods and hold singing services and later on perform in churches. Fred was 12 years old before the children were re-united with their father back in Haynesville. Here, for the first time in his life, he went to school, starting in the 1st grade and quickly graduating into High School. Big and fast, -- he is now 6 feet 4 and weighs 286 pounds -- he was good football material. When he made all-state he was given a scholarship to Grambling (La.) College, famed as a training ground for black football players who go on to the country's professional leagues. (Fred did play 1 year with the Dallas Texans of the American Football League after graduating from Grambling; Ernie Ladd, one of the longtime stars of the AFL, is "Kirk's" brother-in-law).

While he was going to High School Kirk became a licensed barber and earned his way by opening a barber shop. He continued barbering at Grambling, cutting customers' hair, both men and women, in his room at .50¢ a haircut.

He quit pro football because he found himself unable to put up with the injustices existing there. "The white franchise owners make tens of thousands of dollars in profits by exploiting black players but they keep the blacks down as second-class citizens. The whites control the whole thing, and all positions of leadership are held by whites -- you see no black head coaches, no black centers, no black quarterbacks on the teams. There are great black quarterbacks but they are never given a chance. It was our tenant farm all over again, white overseers using the blacks to make money and then kicking them out when they are through with them..."

Kirk became a teacher in the Louisiana public school system, teaching for 7 years in black, segregated schools, coaching sports in addition to his regular classroom duties.

(Kirkpatrick, continued)

His teams were the first from northern Louisiana ever to win state championships in either football or basketball. But the inequalities between white and black continued to rankle. "I got \$200 a year for my coaching in spite of the achievements. White coaches doing the same work were getting \$1,500 to \$2,000." Nor was it only his personal experiences that convinced him a real struggle must be made to improve conditions for the black people. "I saw no betterment in their lives the 7 years I taught school."

So he was ready to throw himself into the liberation movement in 1964 when 3 Civil Rights workers from the North came to Jonesboro, La., where he was then teaching, to set up a CORE Chapter. He joined them and has been an activist ever since. White racists began threatening his life and the lives of his family almost from the day the chapter was established. Kirk ignored the threats and led a school boycott for integration in Jonesboro. White segregationists responded by driving a 50-car cavalcade of armed Ku Klux Klansmen through the black community. "They were led by the so-called law-and-order upholding white police," Kirk remarks.

This show of force and continued white terror tactics led Kirk to believe that the blacks must organize to defend themselves. That summer he founded the Deacons For Defense And Justice in Jonesboro. Chapters were later set up in southern towns and all over the nation. "The Deacons were so-named for the purpose of camouflage," Kirk says now. "To protect ourselves from investigators and such. The powers-that-be thought we were of the church, and it worked."

But in 1965 Kirk almost lost his life when he went to Bogalooosa to organize a Deacons branch. Armed whites tried to ambush him and his co-workers as they left the town in the middle of night in a Ford station wagon. They were chased for a hundred miles at speeds of up to 110 miles an hour, up and down side roads, racing through red lights and around police blockades. "We knew if they caught us it would be Goodman, Chaney,

Schwerner all over again. But it would not happen without a fight, because we did have some guns." They finally shook off their pursuers by making it across a Mississippi River bridge.

Kirk has been in and out of many jails since he began leading equal rights campaigns. He was jailed in Homer, La., in 1966, 4 years after giving that town its first championship football team. It was another narrow escape; he was leading a get-out-the-vote march and a white couple, the man with a rifle and the wife with a shotgun, were up ahead waiting to kill him. They were arrested by the FBI just before the march reached the yard where they were waiting.

In Houston, Tex., during the 1967 trouble over the highway running through the Texas Southern University campus, Kirk was arrested by a nervous deputy sheriff who threw down on him with a shotgun. Kirk describes the scene: "He was scared; the gun was shaking, and I waited for it to go off." Kirk had gone to Houston to work on a master's in sociology after being fired from Grambling College for leading students against what he calls "the Jim Crow administration." He spoke and sang, playing his guitar, to the Texas Southern students "and pretty soon they were walking down the street with their heads held high, proud for the first time in their lives to be black." During the students' attempts to close the highway, Kirk was among those jailed. At first he was held on \$25,000 bail, but was freed when this sum was reduced to \$1,000 with the stipulation he was not to play his guitar and sing in Houston nor speak to more than 3 people at a time.

The last time he was jailed was in Washington last summer at Resurrection City during the Poor Peoples' Campaign led by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference for whom Kirk worked as a staff member over the past several years.

Several events have led Kirk to the realization of the power in song and music. One came when he led a demonstration in Birmingham demanding the release of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., head of SCLC, from jail. "He got 5 days; but when we gathered around the jail and sang loud protest songs they let him out in 3. I know the singing did it." Later he was in Dr. King's marches for open housing in Chicago, and heard Jimmy Collier singing to attentive crowds (Kirk and Jimmy joined up to become the

LETTERS, NOTES, ETC....

(Ed. Note: In B'side #95, Pete Seeger agreed with Ernie Marrs that it was "silly" to use up space trying to interpret Bob Dylan's songs. Below is some counter-comment from Wally Hille):

Dear "Sis" Cunningham: The articles in Broadside and letter in SING OUT on Bob Dylan I feel are a good thing. Bob may not be what we - as image makers - wanted him to be. But he is certainly a creative person of significant dimensions; and the interview in Sing Out of Oct-Nov 1968 has a lot of surprises for those of us who have not followed his progress... I don't believe there is any harm in the extensive treatment he has received recently, or that it is necessarily a "waste" or unwise.

Perhaps it could be these things if it had in any way changed the clear-headedness of the Broadside editors. But since I don't sense anything like that, I see it, rather, as a healthy sign of a lack of sectarian, ingrown, speaking-to-ourselves phenomenon. There is in it a recognition of the variety of cultural development relating to the youth. A variety that needs positive evaluation as well as criticism. Perhaps we can from some aloof hilltop observe the scene and remark: "This Dylan could have been a veritable giant of a progressive militant songwriter, a modern Joe Hill plus; or a Singing-Organizer of all the most militant developments today, taking over in our day the mantle or the baton of the Weavers, Almanacs, Hutchinsons."... But it appears that Bob Dylan has chosen his own destiny, and if it doesn't exactly conform to preconceived conceptions or dimensions (which are in any case hard to measure at close range), he is still identified with a very broad spectrum of today's youth and their songs. It ill behooves us to either ignore this fact or hastily throw it aside. There must be considered evaluation of just what goes on with Bob Dylan, the Simon-Garfunkels, the Beatles, the Doors, etc., and further to see how they relate to the Chandlers, Ians, Kirkpatrick's, Ochs, Reynolds, Broadside, and so on....

--- Wally Hille

CORRECTION: For Lois Morton's song "Stay A Little Longer..." in B'side #95, the chords should be: A-1 (measure), D-1, E-1, A-1, D-1, B7-1, E7-2, A-1, D-1, E-1, F#m-1, Bm-1, E7-1, A-1, F#m-1, Bm-1, E7-1, A-2.

THE UNHAPPY TRAUM - "Dear Gordon: I am glad that you are helping to publicize Izzy Young's Newsletter. I agree with you that it makes lively and informative reading. There are occasionally items, however, which contain reckless and sometimes distorted charges against his colleagues which, when taken with the usual grain of salt, (and Izzy's signature) do not cause too much damage. I was very disappointed that Broadside saw fit to reprint (and further publicize) some of the most negative and unconstructive comments of the last issue (of the Newsletter). By quoting him in the way you did, you lent credence to Izzy's charges without taking the trouble to examine the facts yourself. Especially in bad taste was the gratuitous editorial commentary which followed the out-of-context quotes. Hoping you will be more sensitive in similar future situations. Sincerely."

Happy Traum, Mgr. Ed. SING OUT

"Dear Gordon: I presume that is your cover cartoon on Broadside #95, what with the initials and all. I don't like it. It not only makes Mr. Capitalist-Imperialist look bad -- it makes Broadside look unappetizing. That's like singing a satirical song in such an awful voice you're turned off... I am writing a broadcast for my KPFA program (in Jan. it will be on prime time - 7:15 P.M.) on Who Needs Horror Pictures; there is so much horror all around, from the cops slugging kids on campuses to the destruction of children in Vietnam, with all kinds in between, like the corruption of the natural scene, and the dangers of overpopulation. Well, we always have each other to grouse at. Love,"

Malvina Reynolds

ED LIPTON will sing a number of his own topical and children's songs at his folk concert at the Hebrew Arts School For Music & Dance, 120 W. 16 St., NYC, Sunday, Jan. 19 at 4 PM, adults \$1.50, children 75¢. ...Israel Young's Folklore Center Festival: GARY WHITE & PAUL SIEBEL, Jan. 20; Rev. KIRKPATRICK, Jan. 27; HAMISH IMLACH, Feb. 3; TOM PALEY, Feb. 10. All \$2 each, 8:30 PM. at Washington Square Methodist Church, 135 W 4th St., NYC. Info: 989-8811 At McBurney YMCA, NYC: OSCAR BRAND, Jan. 19; MABEL HILLARY, Jan. 26th. 3 PM, Don. \$2.50. Social with refreshments following both concerts.

(Kirkpatrick, continued)

troubadors of the Poor People's Campaign.) "I learned, or re-learned, that songs can reach people where speeches cannot."

He learned to play the guitar from his brother, Robert, who is a successful musician in Texas playing and singing in the B.B. King style. "He is great," Kirk says. "So is my father. And my sisters have wonderful voices. I hope someday to bring the whole family together to sing." Kirk has four little children --all girls, Camilla, Elfrieda, Freddie and Brunella -- who also sing and are learning to play the guitar. The two older girls can play chords in four keys already, Kirk reports.

He is a master in three distinct styles: church songs, country blues, and the topical protest songs he has been writing the past several years, songs like those on the Broadside record "Everybody's Got A Right To Live" which he and Jimmy made last spring. Robert Shelton, folk music critic of the N.Y. Times said of a Collier-Kirkpatrick concert: "Songs with the poignancy of pleas, the immediacy of a headline, the emotional punch of a fevered cry of the oppressed." Kirk has been compared to the great Paul Robeson, and the Washington D.C. Post said of Kirk, "Raw musical poetry that recalls the great Leadbelly." In fact, a film producer interested in making a movie of Leadbelly's life has asked Kirk to consider playing the leading role. ("They should also make a movie of Kirk himself," says his wife, Anna Pearl. Others have suggested a film of Paul Robeson with Kirk playing the part).

Kirk appeared at the Newport Folk Festival last summer and since has been elected to the Newport Board. He has sung with Pete Seeger on several concerts, and has taken an active part in the struggle for school decentralization in New York City.

Mr. Crump made him a rebel against the white power structure and he has fought the battle ever since. But he still believes that the widening gap between the ordinary black and white people of America can yet be bridged, using the tool of an intermingling of cultures, especially those of musical heritages.

RECORD REVIEW

AN ALBUM OF POLITICAL PORNOGRAPHY
 Lew Irwin and the Credibility Gap
 Music by Len Chandler
 Blue Thumb Records

This might be a satirical album if the jokes were funny, but laughter never really comes, and it's not intended to; and it might be a satirical album if not for the fact that many of the cuts were put together with the intent of placing history, very recent history, in proper perspective. No, this album, satirical as it sometimes is, really has to be considered a series of essays on American life. From the Kennedy murder to the hippies fleeing into the mountains to avoid the ill effects of a careening comet; from the first cut, where, in Fraud, California, the first person to vote in the Democrat primary takes one look at the ballot and stabs himself with the stylus, to the last cut, where, in Chicago, Illinois, Hubert Humphrey's acceptance speech is interrupted by comments garnered from the street, we follow the campaign for the presidency from June to September. In the words of the commentator: "America the beautiful, 1968; a piece of her."

There are 4 songs by Len Chandler, currently the first and only singing newscaster in the country, who apparently supplies the background music as well, on drums, oboe, and guitar. "Long Lines of Mourning" commemorates the deaths of Bobby Kennedy (specifically) and all the others assassinated in this decade. "Central Park Violence" makes one of the few really humorous statements, recalling the killer on the comfort station roof from a different point of view. "Soul On Ice" is for Eldridge Cleaver and his wife Cathleen. And "The Conventional Convention": "The conventional convention's a traveling freak show; it's intentions more freakish than the freaks in its tent." I'd like to start quoting from every cut, but that would be counterproductive. The record is grim. It's occasionally funny, sort of. It's a record that everyone should get, listen to and then send to his congressman.

Tom Parrott

BOB DYLAN

POET TO A GENERATION

by RALPH J. GLEASON

More and more the conviction grows than Bob Dylan is an important American poet. This year, masters theses by the dozens are being written by young English majors and poets in the nation's universities on this subject and one is even being considered seriously for book publication by a prominent university press.

The current issue of *Broadside* (215 W. 98th St., N.Y. 10025, \$5 per year) is mainly devoted to a long interview with a young New York student of the Dylan work. His name is Alan Webberman and his research has some illuminating things to say.

"The most important thing about Dylan," Webberman believes, "is that he represents the collective unconscious of a lot of people and, being a great artist (I consider him America's greatest poet) he's able to verbalize what is going on in these many, many minds.

Dropping Out

"You have a lot of young people dropping out of our society today without clearly knowing why. They move to the East Side or Haight-Ashbury or other communes; they do it and act in certain protesting ways with clothes, drugs, a separate language, a whole different life style. But most of them are incapable of explaining coherently why they are doing it; they can't articulate what it is that's so terribly wrong with our technological society as to make them drop out of it . . . But Dylan can; he's able to verbalize all this; he's the verbalization of this collective unconscious."

Dylan, Webberman also believes, is a prophet who "points out some things years before they come to the surface." In a fascinating analysis of *Gates of Eden*, Webberman explains the song in terms of the current unrest in the universities ("the kingdoms of experience") linking Columbia and Berkeley, Dow Chemical and General Motors.

Personal Expression

Webberman believes that Dylan, far from leaving the world of political protest for personal expression, is still a revolutionary poet. He interprets one of the Dylan albums, *John Wesley Harding*, as being a personal account of this in which Dylan has left

the radical position of orthodox ideologues in order to reach young people poetically with his message.

But he refuses to identify with any organized group. "What Dylan is saying is that the days of the French Revolution — where they had guns and we had guns—are over with. It's a different scene now. He's turning away from the old towards the new, especially towards the youth. But he still considers himself a radical . . ."

One of the most interesting points Webberman makes is that Dylan is consistently ironic. In the *Newsweek* interview early this year, Webberman observes that Dylan told the interviewer "Yes, some of my songs don't mean anything, like *Restless Farewell*, for example."

And the point about that, as Webberman explains, is that *Restless Farewell* is really a protest song against mass media (including *Newsweek* which grossly maligned Dylan several years ago by printing a distorted story to "prove" he had not written *Blowin' in the Wind*). *Restless Farewell* contains the lines "the dirt of gossip blows in my face. And the dust of rumor covers me . . ."

Frankie and Judas

Another interesting interpretation is that of the song *Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest*. Webberman considers that a parable of Dylan's relationship with his manager Albert Grossman (with whom he is currently feuding) and *As I Went Out One Morning* Webberman sees as explaining the episode when Dylan appeared before the dinner of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee in New York. Several of the Dylan songs, including *The Mighty Quinn* and *I Pity the Poor Immigrant*, Webberman concludes, are directly related to the Vietnam war.

Dylan has really offered "what amounts to a complete systematized ideology, a complete world view," Webberman believes.

The concept of Dylan as a prophet and as the explicator of the future is not original. Prof. Albert Bendich at the University of California more than a year ago was pointing out the same thing, and Michael Rossman of the F.S.M. found startling parallels to the U.S. military operations in Vietnam in Dylan's lines in *Tombstone Blues*. And Allen Ginsberg, at the Big Sur Folk Festival two years ago, offered the concept that *Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands* could be interpreted as a poem about America, rather than one having a personal interpretation.

folksingers!

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Universal Records

Meanwhile, the speculation and interest in Dylan continues and his records have become as universal to this generation as the paperback copies of *Catcher in the Rye* were to its older brothers and sisters.

On Telegraph Avenue, as well as Greenwich Village and other gathering places of the young these days, lines from Dylan songs are excerpted and put on cardboard signs and tacked on the tables where the fund raising containers and the petitions and the buttons are on display.

To understand today's youth, it is more than useful to be familiar with Dylan's work, it is essential. And, as Alan Webberman points out, one should also listen to Dylan chronologically from the very first record and it helps to be a revolutionary!



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BROADSIDE #96

Joan Cosman

B - April 3, 1914

D - December 14, 1968

J O A N

THOSE LIMPID EYES, THE WINDOWS OF HER SOUL,
 ARE CLOSED IN DEATH, MANKIND'S FINAL GOAL,
 YET, WITH HER GOING SHE LEAVES BEHIND
 HER IMPRINT ON EACH HEART AND MIND
 OF US WHO FELT HER KINDLY SPELL
 AND, CONSEQUENTLY, LOVED HER WELL.

Jack VanderWoude

12/17/68

(Death comes to songwriters, too. In 1965 it was Peter La Farge, who has been sorely missed -- he checked out much too soon, for he could have played a strong role at Resurrection City in cementing unity between his redman and the poor blacks and poor whites. In 1966 it was Dick Farina. In 1967 it was Woody Guthrie, and in December of 1968 Joan Cosman. Joan first came to BROADSIDE as a volunteer typist, and only later mentioned that she also wrote songs. Her main theme was a cry for brotherhood and against injustice, as you can see from the titles of her work we printed. Dying of cancer, Joan last summer financed our Poor People's Songbook from "Restitution" money she got for the death of a relative killed by the Nazis. -- G.F.)

MAY THEIR SYSTEM SOON BE BROKEN Words: Steve Suffet & Adam Kreiswirth
 Music: Adapted from traditional.
 Copyright 1968 by Steve Suffet & Adam Kreiswirth

Chorus:

May their system soon be broken, You know
 why, friend, you know why; - There's a better
 world a-waiting, If we try, friend, If we try.

I saw the tanks a-rolling
 And I saw the red blood flow.
 I didn't know if I was in Mexico
 Or in the streets of Chicago.

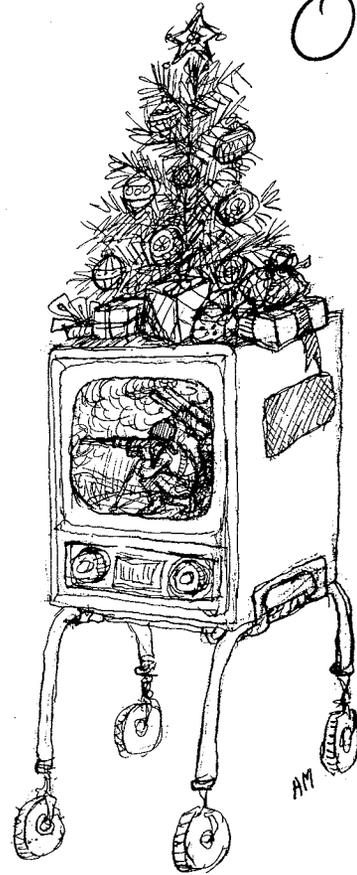
I was watching Richard Nixon
 On the T.V. the other day
 And for all his happy smiles
 I couldn't believe a word he'd say.

(Start with Chorus; repeat after each verse)

If you're sitting there dejected
 Just a-wondering what to do,
 I can only say the answer
 Remains with me and you.

I was standing in the airport
 On a cold and frosty morn
 Waiting for my brother's body
 To come home from Vietnam.

Season's Greetings



From Broadside



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