

Broadside #101

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER 1969



Hey, MR. Rockefeller

"COPS BROKE MY DOOR DOWN, I CAN'T LOCK IT
ARMY MAN GONNA HIT ME WITH A ROCKET,
ROCKEFELLER GOT A HAND IN MY POCKET,
ROCKEFELLER GOT A HAND IN MY POCKET."

By Mike Millius--see page 2.



ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: PHILIP HAYNES, GRANT CARRINGTON, MALVINA REYNOLDS, HABIB TIWONI, TODD GITLIN, JANIS IAN, AARON KRAMER, IRVING LOMSKY, EDITH WATERHOUSE, DICK REUSS, Newport & Philly Festival Reports by ELAINE WHITE & JIAMO BUECHLER.

50¢

NOBODY CARES

Words & Music by MIKE MILLIUS
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SLOWLY (Rock beat)

CHO: G F C G

(Instrumental) No-body's list'- nin' If no-body's there,—

And ba-by, all the bad things are Just bound to get worse, Oh, if no-body cares.

Verse: G F C G

(1) Gotta make my way to the embass-y, I feel just like I'm lost in the foreign land. I said to the offi-cer in charge, "Won't you help me please?" He said "Oh yes, won't you let me cuff your hand." Then I heard a la-dy scream all the way out from Chi-ca-go, There's blood runnin in the street out there. Down in Dal-las ev' ry - body heard a shot top a grass-y knoll, But no, No- bod-y cares. (To Cho.)

11th Suicide In Prison — A Youth

By STEVEN MARCUS

A 17-year-old youth was found hanging by his belt today in his cell at the Adolescent Remand Shelter on Rikers Island. It was the 11th suicide of a prisoner this year in city institutions.

Authorities withheld the name of the youth pending notification of next-of-kin. They said he was a Negro who had been admitted to the shelter July 25 to await grand jury action on a robbery charge.

Nelson said the youth apparently had no history of drug use. Many of the other suicides involved Puerto Ricans, some of them drug addicts.

Since early February, the State Senate Committee on Penal Institutions has been investigating the more than 200 deaths that have taken place in the city's prisons in the last five years for "causes unknown."

Nelson said the latest victim hanged himself with his belt from the grillwork of a light fixture in his cell.

He said guards were on constant patrol in the cellblock during the night, but pointed out that there were only two officers assigned to the dead youth's block, which contains 379 inmates.

The incident was reported to police and Bronx District Attorney Roberts.

2. Young man he just hung himself in a prison cell
 Much rather than spend another night in there
 And the guard didn't even look up from a checker game
 But he said, Say, nobody care.
 Here's to the heroes trick'n trav'lin' way thru space, oh
 I smelled them flyin' thru the air
 'Cause all that really didn't do too much
 For the ten million starvin' bellies
 Take a look up, see, nobody cares. Cho.

3. Ten thousand children just pulled into town
 Much rather than spend another night out there
 And everybody let 'em starve and sleep right there on the
 Oh, oh --- nobody cares. ground
 I'm gonna trade in my hat for an overcoat
 I'm gonna put the collar way up around my ear
 I'm diggin' the greyhound callin' me, checkin' you out
 Oh --- but nobody cares. Cho.

4. (Shortened verse)
 I'm lookin' out the back window now, of my get-a-way car
 It's painfully plain enough to see
 And everybody's gone turned their backs an' there's many old
 men talkin' in bars (this line more spoken than sung)
 Oh, oh, they must all want some agony. Cho.

Fort Dix Suicide

By BERNARD D. NOSSITER

WASHINGTON — "The day after I cut my wrists and had stitches put in," Pvt. David L. Swanson wrote from Fort Dix on Aug. 24, "they made me do push-ups and other exercises . . . the other day I couldn't move my fingers at all. They told me to stop bluffing or they'll put an electrode on my arm and give me a good shock to wake it and me up . . . I know I'll try to kill myself again if this keeps up. I just don't care anymore. And this time I'll make sure I don't fail."

He said he had slashed his wrists with a razor blade. "I can't sleep and I can't stand all this harassment . . . I hate it here and will do anything to get out . . . I can't run and my heart keeps skipping beats and I fall and they keep yelling at me to get up and stop bluffing. Please help me . . ."

A few days later, Swanson slashed his wrists again and wrote that he had been given an Article 15, punishment by the company commander, for his attempt.

Last Sunday, Swanson, 21, was found dead in bed at home in New Britain, Conn. He had taken an overdose of sleeping pills.

His father, Arvid, a tool and die maker, spoke over the telephone yesterday in a hoarse and shaky voice:

"Somebody's got to answer for this . . . we begged every-

body for help, the Red Cross, his company commander, Congressman Meskill . . . all we were looking for was someone to take care of this boy."

At Fort Dix, Major George E. Chase, said the command was satisfied that Swanson's case had been correctly handled

MESSAGE TO MAJOR KASSLER (who "probably inflicted more damage in No.Vietnam than any other U.S. pilot." -- New York Times.)

TO A DARK=SKINNED PEOPLE

Down at last you come, great flier,
broken-winged; yet you speak
to the helicopter choir
who, in frenzy circling, seek

ways to pull you from the tangle
of your target, while around
your detested eyes the jungle
curls its claws, keeps you aground.

In my soul I cannot raise you
from the brambles of revenge,
find no cause for which to praise you
or lament your sudden plunge.

Never more, oh keen-eyed falcon,
may your wings in thunder sweep!
no more leave a trail of broken
valleys and of hills that weep!

You are the latest on a list of shame
that shadows me: a dark inheritance
since first the European cast his glance
westward, and gave his greed a lofty name.
Cloven the footprint of his proud advance;
rabid his torch that fouled the nights with flame;
the soil was rich enough before he came,
but with the flesh of tribes he fed his plants.

Roll him aside! Aye, send him reeling home,
and let his hot mouth know for once the taste
of ruin! Though the Pequot long is dumb,
the Mexic towers long toppled, and erased
the Tagal might--through me those radiant ghosts
beg vengeance of you, bless you at your posts.

(ED.NOTE: The two poems above are by AARON KRAMER. They are taken from his book of poems "Henry At The Grating" published by The Folklore Center, 321 Sixth Avenue, New York City 10014. Price .85¢).

Shaving the Turkey

Don't kid yourself
Reality is their excuse
For anything unpleasant

for war
and hate
and riots
and newark

Go out and hop a train
Pay your dues
Thirsty boots
Oh for the glory of a depression

when everyone lived the dream
of better days to come

Affluent is what we are
Rich as hell and probably
We'll die that way
With a little luck
I'll go to heaven
and start a rebellion

or possibly they, too, have a statute
forbidding advocating the
violent overthrow of
government
I wonder if God has any
interior motive

Everything is realized in the night these days
The day succeeds the night

which succeeds in
making a fool of itself
And I myself succeed the day
ha
ha
I'm drowning

(This poem by Janis Ian, from her new book "Who Really Cares" published by Dial Press, 750 Third Avenue, N.Y. 10017. Price -- \$3.95)



(TO A BLACK REACTIONARY)

BROTHER MY ASS

by Habib Tiwoni

What do you mean you're my brother?
is Tshombe, the murderer of Lumumba,
or the black assassins of Malcolm X
my brothers?
You're wrong again man
the black Hitler of Haiti, the Black
exploiter of Guyana, the black enslaver
of Trinidad, the ruler - terrorist of Santo
Domingo, could never be my brothers.
Neither can the sick lion of Judah, nor
the exploitive American Muslim slave
maker, nor the mulatto reactionary of
the Jamaican government, nor the black
reactionaries of the world can ever be
my brothers. so, what do you mean, you're
my brother?

Winter '68

ISLAND NATIVES

Listen yankees!
we're more than happy
natives who dance and
carry gossip, we're
much more than calypsonians,
big black tropical dicks
natives grinning like
dead dogs, yes, we're
not all deep-sea divers
for yankee money. and
one day soon, you'll
hear our battle cry,
all the way to the
pentagon.

Winter '68

BROADSIDE #101

ST. THOMAS YOUNG BLOODS

By Habib Tiwoni

On this island
 I dare you to call me nigger
 and walk away untouched
 the young bloods will stomp
 you to death
 I've seen it happen
 On this island
 we belong to another culture
 which really believes in the
 dignity of the human being
 and real brotherhood of man
 pigish attitudes aren't accepted here
 On this island
 I dare you to come and get me
 after I've gotten the young bloods
 together. for they will surely get
 you, without fail.
 I've seen it happen.

St. Thomas, V.I.
 4/26/69

RIGHT ON!

Be not afraid of them
 they cannot rip us all off
 they ripped off Malcolm
 and up sprang Huey
 they ripped off Che
 and up sprang Yasir Arafat
 be not afraid of them
 they ripped off Fabricio Ojeda
 and up sprang Tiwoni
 they ripped off Don Pedro Albizu Campos
 and up sprang Pelegrin Garcia
 they cannot rip us all off
 they ripped off Little Bobby
 and up sprang Joudan Ford
 they ripped off Jose Marti
 and up sprang Fidel Castro Ruz
 be not afraid of them
 they ripped off Garcia Lorca
 and up sprang Nicolas Guillen
 they ripped off Coco Paredo
 and up sprang Inti Paredo
 so don't you ever be afraid of them
 because they really can't rip us all off.
 Habib Tiwoni - Spring, '68

BEACHCOMBER By Irving Lomsky

One day each year I comb the beach,
 Abandon family, spurn all tasks.
 Lie for hours on warming sand
 Watching clouds and sunlight duel.
 Loafing sailboats dip, then rise
 Gently in a rolling swell.
 Hovering seagulls plummet down,
 Plaintive mewling rides the breeze.
 Endless breakers run their course,
 Threshing, threshing in my ears.
 Yet, other echoes crowd the mind
 With thoughts of distant, criminal war
 Where screaming eagles thunder down
 Incinerating men alive.
 All going up in thick brown clouds,
 While I lie sunning on the beach.

SONG FOR ELDRIDGE CLEAVER & OTHERS
or, The Feeling of Noontime Next Wednesday

By TODD GITLIN

© 1969 by Todd Gitlin

The sun's spitting razors,
 peroxidized ladies in tweeds
 Squinting through blue-tinted shades
 and reciting their creeds
 Drifting by shops as they whisper
 the list of their needs
 Soothsayers panhandle, watchmen retire, and
 bankers expecting the flash of a knife
 And suddenly thousands are craning their heads
 for a look at the hole in the sky
 Giving up lunch, forming lines
 down a new one-way street
 Keep lookout, they're taking the sun
 Keep on the run

The shoeshine boy he's gone suddenly deaf
 Pocketbook matrons are trapping the thief
 And selling him Asia in bottles of grief--
 In Woolworth's the lady with lead
 in her eyes is crossing herself
 And somebody's burning up cellophane flags
 they passed out a moment ago
 And chromeplated tumbrils are rumbling
 down Montgomery Street--
 Keep lookout, they're taking the sun
 Keep on the run

Spectators climb into seats by the Bay
 Buying kids peanuts, a glad holiday
 The spectacle it's rated G so the kids are OK
 And lift up their heavy-lid eyes
 to the black-dagger comet on high
 Sucked by impossible laws to the mouth
 of the unspotted sun
 The fans hold their breath as they wonder
 if comets really return
 And the parents explain to the kids that the
 country was reared on a wreck
 A rabble of victims, the fuel for an engine
 that smokes up the town
 They want you to think it's the sun
 and the kids wonder why
 Keep lookout, they're taking the sun
 Keep on the run

Plenty of doors but there's nowhere to stand
 So everyone sits on the next person's hand
 And listens to longplaying records
 by some famous band
 Hangmen have come and nice men have gone
 and there's rust on the land
 And the victims swap stories in corners
 while tommyguns riddle their minds--
 The grandstand gets quiet,
 the patrons are turning to go
 Asking if anyone's driving the way
 that they're bound
 Keep lookout, they're taking the sun
 Keep on the run

THE GUITTARO

By MRS. EDITH WATERHOUSE

(To be sung to the tune of Pete Seeger's "The Big Muddy").

NEWPORT
FOLK
FESTIVAL

JULY 1969

A Report By

ELAINE WHITE

1. It was back in the spring of '69
In San Francisco Bay
When the submarine Guittaro
Was gettin' ready to sail away.
To the half of the crew in the stern of
The captain said, "Come on!" /the ship
But the men in the other end of the ship
Didn't know what was goin' on.
2. "Come on and fill the ballast tanks,"
The captain told his men,
"Bring her down in the stern for a test."
"Then we'll bring her up again." he said
The workmen in the bow of the ship
Said, "Let's pump in some more.
We've got to keep her level."
But they didn't know the score.
3. The workmen in the bow of the ship
Got hungry and went out to lunch,
But the workmen in the stern of the ship
Were not such a hungry bunch.
The captain said to his hard-working men,
"What are we waiting for?
Let's empty the water from this end."
But he didn't know the score.
4. This caused the bow to go under
And tons of water poured in
To the end of the ship that those workmen
Had tried so hard to keep trim.
And of course you know what happened
But I'll sing it again once more
This ballad about the hard-working men
Who didn't know the score.
5. The construction hatch was open
Near the bow in the starboard side
And the luckless men couldn't close it
No matter how hard they tried
And a ship with a crew divided
Will sail the seas no more
Somebody's gotta talk and somebody listen
Or nobody'll know the score.
6. She had her hatch wide open.
Said the captain, "All is well!"
His crewmen didn't give him the word
And the story's a sad one to tell.
They were manning the pumps with might and
But they didn't know what for /and main
Like the many people in our land
Who don't seem to know the score.
7. And of course you know what happened
On that terrible fateful day
The submarine Guittaro
Sank to the bottom of the bay
And all the investigators
Couldn't figure out what for
Except that the men in one end of the ship
Didn't know the score.
8. Maybe you'd rather not draw a moral
I'll leave that to yourself
Maybe you're still walkin' and you're still
And you'd like to keep your health
But every time I read the papers
And I hear the news some more
I think of the men in our Ship of State
Who don't seem to know the score.

Dear Sis and Gordon-

Now that the Newport Folk Festival has been carefully observed, absorbed and silently tucked away and put under wraps along with all my other countless summer experiences and memories, I must write and tell you how significant it was to me and what impressions I am now left with. (Since this was my first time at Newport my comments will have to be merely "first impression" comments).

For the most part, Newport to me was like a good old-fashioned revival meeting. This was not because I spent a good deal of time watching great gospel singers such as the Cook County Singing Convention or the B.C. Harmonizers, or grooving along with blues-singer Big Mama Thornton while she wailed songs such as "You Ain't Nothin' But a Hound Dog." But it was because I found white contemporary singers and singer-songwriters also including or leaning heavily towards gospel or gospel-blues type sounds - and doing them, surprisingly enough, with a great deal more ease and believability. This in itself to me was a triumph over hearing their same Muddy-Waters-influenced guitar runs or their usual aesthetically inspiring but not quite gutsy enough little folk or folk-type ballads. In addition I felt that we who were in the audience watching the workshops and/or evening concerts were not merely responding enthusiastically to

were not merely responding enthusiastically to the almighty power of "the favorite song with message" plus "the favorite artist with voice" charisma. But that we were responding to a certain something much more potent - which I believe had touched us all way down deep within our souls and would probably be an unfading memory. That intangible something seemed to be the almost unbelievable honesty and sincerity which went along with each song and delivery of it that brought about much more of a rapport between the audiences and the artists. And since this seemed to be the case, it was no wonder to me that Newport's Prince Arlo could inspire me just as much by singing in his own way, "Amazing Grace" at the Sunday night finale concert as could Rev. Kirkpatrick by singing one of Mike Millius' tunes, "If Jesus Were Alive Today," at the Sunday morning religious concert.

Len Chandler, who is an old-hand and master of truly captivating his audiences with his inexhaustable talent and trigger-sharp mind, would be another example of how an artist with deep sincerity could certainly have the strength to unify people and help them see, hear, and ultimately know the truth - the truth meaning that which the good topical song always endows and endures. And his are good examples. For at the Friday afternoon Topical Song Workshop Len's songs such as "Move On Over", "Lovin' People", or "Black Magician" (which was one of my favorites) were able to hold just as much nitty-gritty truth and weight as the powerful Muddy Waters Blues Band could hold, who performed simultaneously across the field, "I Got My Mo-Jo Workin'".

(NEWPORT - 2)

And those of us who were either ambling around the field trying to catch fragments of each event, or those who were trying to escape their being wounded by the scorching rays of the mid-afternoon sun, could only then witness The Beautiful Discovery: the almost equal distribution of persons who were either sitting down uncomfortably grooving and sweltering on the blazing-hot wooden chairs while listening to a gas of a blues workshop program - or those who were sitting down on the equally as flaming grass listening to a really great topical song workshop program. (Of course there were other momentous events scattered across the field. But those two events on that particular day stood out as being the most significant to me.)

So, the obvious question now comes to mind: Why was it that a twice-banned Topical Workshop program was once again able to successfully gain and serve a meaningful place and purpose in the '69 Festival? Could it have been the workings of some strange new stroke of psychic lunar-power that had made it once again become successful? Or was it really because the topical song and its CREATORS are very much 'still alive and well and living in America'? Obviously one didn't have to go to Newport to know the answer. But those of us who did witness the Topical Song, Songs of Liberation, or final Saturday night program(s) were reassured in knowing that truth and honesty has had many violent attempts made at suppressing their existence in an untruthful and dishonest country - but they're not dead yet.

For at the final Sunday night concert it was raining quite heavily. And many people who had previously occupied box seats now had gone back down to their Scarsdale or Great Neck ghettos to tell the unaffected people next door of how electrifying artists like Bernice Reagon, Jimmy Collier and Pete Seeger were.

But those few who stayed on, or those who had just come up to see the last concert, sat or stood drenched while listening intensely to always warm and dedicated Jessie Fuller, who sang his own "San Francisco Bay Blues" or Jack Elliot who sang "Reason to Believe."

And as the rains came tumbling down, and our voices came knowingly around - singing "Good Night Irene" - at the close of the inspirational "Leadbelly Legacy" finale I ambled out, looking back at Festival Field humming, "Oh, HAPPY DAY."

THE JOURNEY OF THE APOLLO 11

Words: Dick Reuss 7/12/69
Tune: Adapted from the traditional ("The Greenland Whale Fisheries").

Copyright 1969 by Dick Reuss

It was in nineteen hundred and sixty-nine
On the sixteenth morning of July,
That our gallant ship sailed
upon the sea of space
And sped for the dark and endless skies,
brave boys,
The dark and endless skies.

It's a long, long journey out across
the stars
Till a new world hovers into view
And it's down to the surface where
no man has been before
And a look across the future, too,
brave boys,
Across the future, too.

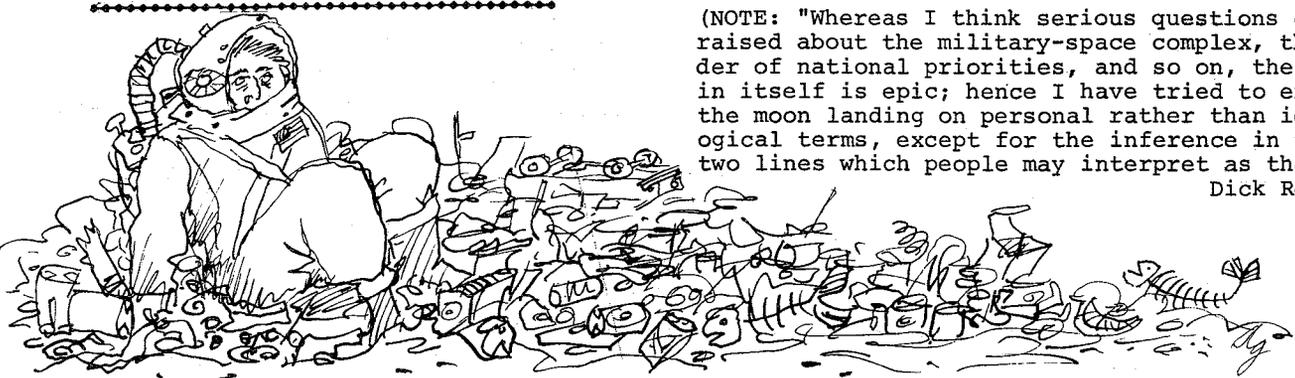
Oh the rocks are jagged and the craters wide,
And the mountains soar against the sky,
And it's black and it's cold and it's
always deathly still
In a world that long ago has died,
brave boys,
In a world that long ago died.

And it's now we're done and we are
homeward bound
So farewell to the moon's cold glow;
And it's chart our course back a quarter
million miles
To the good earth down below, brave boys,
The good earth down below.

Here's a health to Christopher Columbus, sir,
And a health to Magellan's fine crew,
And a health to travelers in every
distant land,
And to those at home a-waiting, too,
brave boys,
At home a-waiting, too.

Oh the moon's a deadly cold and
barren place
Where no life nor living thing will grow,
And the earth is torn with hate
and lust and war,
But no more a-roving we will go,
brave boys,
No more a-roving go.

(NOTE: "Whereas I think serious questions can be raised about the military-space complex, the order of national priorities, and so on, the moment in itself is epic; hence I have tried to express the moon landing on personal rather than idealogical terms, except for the inference in the last two lines which people may interpret as they wish."
Dick Reuss)



Come join us

SING-IN

for
Peace and Brotherhood

with

Reverend Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick

Matt Jones

Ed Lipton

Fred Sterner

Shulamith Chernick

and others

SUNDAY, NOV. 9 3 P.M.

ST. GREGORY'S CHURCH

144 W. 90 STREET

CONTRIBUTION:

ADULTS - \$2

STUDENTS - \$1

CHILDREN - 50 cents
(under 12)

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L E T T E R S

Dear Broadside:

An example of how a song, a magnificent song, can be prostituted is what happened recently on the Johnny Cash Show on ABC-TV (of infamous 'Hootenanny' memory). Cash, who seemed to be one of the most honest C&W singers, used Woody Guthrie's "This Land Is Your Land" in a bland, patrioteering manner which had nothing to do with Woody's meaning. Specifically, where in all versions of the song Woody stressed that this land belongs to the people who live in it, Cash turned it into a melifluous super-patriotic production -- dripping milk and honey in a land of bloody Chicago, Black Panthers in jail and death in the People's Park, not to mention devastating poverty in its ghettos and Appalachias and the unchecked pollution of its streams and air. Cash made everything into beautiful pictures of flowers, clear water, clouds, birds -- but no people! When the hell did Woody Guthrie ever write a song that was not basically about and for people? Johnny Cash turned this song into a squishy flag-waving statement lacking only the slogan "Hell, Yes, people are made to go."

Maybe, like Mr. Cash and his ABC-TV partner sang, "That's why they like the South" -- a South without "darkies" and widespread misery, just good meals of country ham and fried chicken, beautiful scenery and, of all things, "union towns" (!). How far can you get? Will Woody Guthrie be turned into the author of a "Ballad of Col. Rheault?" I hope you can say something about this in your mag. As ever, R.PADILLA.

Dear BROADSIDE: Popular music can only become more spirited, meaningful and expressive as the Steve Lawrences, Edie Gormays, Mel Tormays, & Robert Goulays get listed among the casualties. And as the news agencies get more and more selective censor-conscious and deceitful about the news they release to the (uninformed) public, topical songs can only flourish. There isn't one part of government bureaucracy that isn't unwittingly inciting revolution by its very existence. And I mean all the way down from the Prez -- who's new and squirms in his seat -- to the policeman in blue -- who gets his graft on his beat.

And as I sit here half-watching a late nite talk show, I find it really offensive that a UPI White House correspondent -- a brown nose of the first order by the name of Merriman -- is telling the American public that despite Prez. Nixon spending uncounted thousands of dollars on his California hideout, he (the prez) doesn't use the Presidential Yacht as often as did Preses. Kennedy and Johnson. What a petty, pitiful piece of shit for the UPI White House correspondent to run down to us.

How can we have faith in a country whose leaders keep back-pedaling away from a promise of equality to a race of people whom it kidnapped from their homes 350 years ago for the sole purpose of making them into slaves? And when that country has never made amends to the original inhabitants for stealing the very land it calls its own? My Black brothers have an important lesson to learn from the American Indian. A lesson that should be applied whenever they're told to "be patient", "wait", "it takes time.:

Eagle, Eagle, flying proud
Eagle soaring thru the cloud
Eagle land, Eagle culture
I can smell up close
That you're a vulture.

MIKE MILLIUS

Dear Broadside: "I subscribed to BROADSIDE last year but was so disappointed with my first issue I wrote to cancel my subscription. You sent my check back but through some bookkeeping lapse you continued sending the magazine. It grew on me and now I simply feel I could not live without it." J.R., Delaware... "I've enjoyed all 100 issues of your magazine. Keep up the great work. One thing, though -- In #100 you listed people who helped keep you going but neglected to mention one who has contributed many songs and articles, namely ERNIE MARRS. Matter of fact, I think it would be a great idea to have an article on Ernie." Fritz Schuler, Milwaukee. (Ed. Note: We were so rushed we forgot many other names we should have mentioned. Perhaps a pageful of them, really. Why don't you do us an article on Ernie, Fritz?).... "Phil (OCHS) sort of dropped out for a while, but is starting to write again and should have a new LP together shortly. In fact, it is due in January." Mike Ochs, California.... "Of course, it's hard to judge the contents of current issues with the old ones (after all, they haven't had the chance to become folk standards such as BLOWIN IN THE WIND, etc, but PETER IRSAY'S "Till Morning Comes Again" is one of the most beautiful things you've ever printed. In #98. Anyway, you certainly can be proud of BROADSIDE'S achievements in seven years." Grant Carrington, Florida.... "The quality of the appearance of BROADSIDE has improved. I, for one, would prefer to see it stay as is, rather than turning into something like the old SING OUT, for example." G.C. ... "I understand your magazine features folksongs with a message. I have never seen a copy of it. But if your magazine has something constructive to offer in ending this war of no defined purpose, I am all for it. We must get to the people and the best way is the song that says what the heart feels." PFC J.S., Vietnam "Enclosed is \$5 for a 12-issue subscription to BROADSIDE. Begin with the issue following that which had the photo of Dr. King on the cover. It was somewhere between March & June and came to me while I was in Basic Training. My duty station now is the Canal Zone & one has a hard time believing the lack of sane reading material down here. BROADSIDE is a touch with the WORLD and a small bit of reality." J.C. "Dear Sis: Hooray for the 100th issue! I know I'm putting my money where it belongs. Love from all of us. Marjorie Guthrie... "Enclosed find a check for \$25.00 as a contribution from Nina Simone and myself. Keep sending BROADSIDE. We love it." Andy Stroud..... * * * * *

NOTES: Analysts are still attempting to get at the true significance of the tremendous outpouring of youth to last summer's big rock festivals -- 400,000 at Woodstock, 150,000 in Texas, 200,000 to hear Bob Dylan in Britain. The main question: were these kids revolutionaries? Someone in the N.Y. VILLAGE VOICE thought so, but was challenged by a letter-writer who pointed out that at Woodstock (Bethel) a young cat who tried to introduce a revolutionary direction was booted off the stage and booed by the crowd. "One gets the uneasy feeling," he wrote, "that if they start marching certain people off to the in-reserve concentration camps (like the Panthers and the Conspiracy) the vast majority of these allegedly "new revolutionaries" would pay little or no attention and not move a muscle to intervene." ... Indicative of the apathy into which the folk world has fallen were the obituaries in its organs (that we saw) of the late Josh White. "Many will feel his loss," said the newsletter of the PHILADELPHIA FOLK SONG SOCIETY. "The world is lonelier now," FOLK FORUM, Baltimore. Actually, the world became lonelier when Josh White crawled at the feet of the House Un-American Activities Committee back in the 50's. He not only degraded himself but denounced such real men as the great PAUL ROBESON, whose shoes he was not fit to shine. As one columnist put it then "He toadied to men with the racist ideas of Jeff Davis and Herman Talmadge." G.F.

We Hate To See Them Go

Words and Music by Malvina Reynolds
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Introduction G D7 G G7

Last night I had a love-ly dream, I
saw a big par-ade with tick-er tape gal-ore, And
men were march-ing there the like I'd nev-er seen be-fore. Oh, the
ban-kers and the dip-lo-mats are go-ing in the Ar-my, Oh,
hap-py day, I'd give my pay to see them on pa-rade. — Their
paunch-es at at-ten-tion and their strip-ed pants at ease, — They've
got-ten pa-tri-ot-ic and they're go-ing o-ver seas. — We'll
have to do the best we can and brave-ly car-ry on, — So
we'll just keep the la-dies here to man-age while they're gone. —

Refrain

Oh, — oh. — we hate to see them go, — The
gen-tle-men of dis-tinc-tion in the Ar-my.

The bankers and the diplomats are going in the army, It seemed too bad to keep them from the wars they love to plan, We're all of us contented that they'll fight a dandy war, They don't need propaganda, they know what they're fighting for. They'll march away with dignity and in the best of form, And we'll just keep the laddies here to keep the lassies warm. (Refrain)

The bankers and the diplomats are going in the army, We're going to make things easy cause it's all so new and strange; We'll give them silver shovels when they have to dig a hole, And they can sing in harmony when answering the roll, They'll eat their old K-rations from a hand-embroidered box, And when they die, we'll bring them home, and bury them in Fort Knox, (Refrain)

(Ed.Note: The song above is reprinted from Malvina Reynolds songbook LITTLE BOXES AND OTHER HANDMADE SONGS. She has since published another book of songs THE MUSE OF PARKER STREET. Both are put out by OAK PUBLICATIONS, 33 West 60th St. New York, N.Y. 10023, and sell for \$2.45 each. Malvina herself recorded "We Hate To See Them Go" on her Folkways album "Another County Heard From." It has also been recently recorded by Mike Cooney on his first album "The Cheese Stands Alone" -- Folk-Legacy FSI-35).

(Ed.Note: The great importance to the struggle for peace of Pete Seeger's songs against the Vietnam war is evidenced in the deep imprint they have made on the nation's consciousness. The songs and the ideas expressed in them spread ever wider. G.I.'s dolefully sang "Where Have All The Flowers Gone?" before marching out to senseless death on Vietnam's Hamburger Hills and Rock Piles. For a more recent use of "Flowers", and other Pete Seeger images, see clippings below)

FUNERAL MASS

Song Used to Express Loss of GI

MANCHESTER, N.H. (AP)

—The words of the melancholy folk song "Where Have All The Flowers Gone" filled the church as the simple casket of one of five national guardsmen from this town killed in Vietnam lay before the altar.

It was a funeral Mass Monday for Army Spec. 5 Richard E. Genest, who died with four others from his battalion last week when their truck hit a land mine.

The song was sung by Thomas Bartlett, a boy-

hood friend of Spec. Genest's; Tina Genest; a cousin, and Jill Cavanaugh, his sister-in-law.

The Very Rev. Monsignor Philip Kenney, pastor of St. Catherine's Roman Catholic church where the Mass was held, said the song expresses "the mentality of this generation."

"It is an affirmation of life and rejection of anything that violates life."

One of the verses of the song goes: "Where have all the soldiers gone? Gone to graveyards every one."

There were no military overtones to the funeral. No flag draped the coffin and the traditional "Taps" was omitted at the grave.

Those who died with him, like him all members of Manchester's French-American community, are to be buried today.

Their names: Spec. 4 Roger E. Robinson, 24; S. Sgt. Richard P. Raymond, 27; Spec. 4 Guy A. Blanchette, 22, and Spec. 4 Gaston J. Beaudoin, 20.

(Ed.Note: This story omits that Mrs. Genest bitterly rejected a military funeral because she felt her husband had died needlessly in an immoral war.)

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1969

By TOM WICKER

WASHINGTON, Sept. 10—When the leaders of the Nixon Administration gather around the President on Friday to review with him the over-all situation in Vietnam, they will be playing out a long-familiar script. And even with Ho Chi Minh in his grave, there appears to be little reason to expect that the ending will be changed.

This is because Mr. Nixon is still looking not so much for an end to the war as for an "honorable solution"—not so much for an end to the waste of

lives and money as for some way to achieve at the conference table what American military power has been unable to win in the jungles and rice paddies.

An ironic new consideration has even been added to all those that have kept both the Johnson and Nixon Administrations pushing on, even though waist deep in the Big Muddy. Now it is believed here that Mr. Nixon's hope for a "lower posture" in Asia, after the war ends, is dependent on keeping the American commitment in South Vietnam.

(See Pete Seeger's "Waist Deep In The Big Muddy" in B'Side # 74.)

NEW YORK POST, MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1969

Since the times are undeniably grim, there ought to be a good bit of first-class gallows humor—black comedy, if you will—in evidence. Certainly wartime produces its own special humor. Even occupied countries maintain a sort of black market in jokes. But where are the jokes to come from in a world where taxes are suddenly being referred to as "the bill for the burning of the children in Vietnam"?

(See Pete Seeger's "The Calendar" in B'Side # 97).

8th Annual Philly Folk Festival

HAPPY NEWS ABOUT RECENT RECORDS
By JOSH DUNSON

By JAIMO BUECHLER

I made it to my fifth Philadelphia Folk Festival the last week-end in August, feeling less excitement as I was leaving New York City than in the past because of the absence of some of my favorite folks. Like Phil Ochs, who received the ovation of the week-end last year, was not there. Nor were the Young Tradition, Gordon Bok, and Judy Collins, well-remembered from previous festivals. Oh yes, and someone making off with my sleeping bag Friday nite didn't add any to the situation. (The next two nights were spent in front of campfires and with a shared sleeping bag. Woodstock lives!).

I studied the singer-songwriters, and left with this thought: self-professed songsters are still appearing, like captive swimmers from the ocean floor whose weights have been released. They think they can write original material; comparatively few actually do. There must be big demand.

Andy Robinson's songs, except "Provider" are bland. It's a shame too, because he loves playing. Maybe he'll find himself in the material of others, as he did by singing Dylan's "I Threw It All Away." Two writers of considerable esteem -- Tom Paxton and Eric Andersen -- really threw it all away. Paxton and his new back-up group were befitting a nightclub; his performance was so low-key and restrained that it seemed a contrived act. And Eric Andersen, judging from the singer-songwriter workshop, has nothing new to write about these days.

While being a very powerful singer, Chris Smithers at this point remains an unimpressive writer, though growing, particularly with his "anti-'Don't Think Twice' song", "I Feel the Same". "It's not one that says, 'So long bitch, it's all your fault'", he said.

Providing solace for me though, were two newcomers, Paul Siebel and Paul Geremia, and "old-timers" Jerry Jeff Walker and Pat Sky. Siebel, with a soon-to-be-released Elektra album, sang a very memorable country tune, "Bride, 1945", that characterizes the mothers of today (and maybe why they are the way they are). Bits of Pat Sky and Dave Van Ronk compose Paul Geremia, who plays old blues material and his own original compositions, with the grace of a water buffalo. That means he'd sort of uncontrolled on stage, which adds to his good-timey style very positively. Jerry Jeff and Pat displayed the kind of audience handling of ease-and-yet-vibrancy that makes them great. It's their ability to put across a feeling of meaning and involvement with what they do that I hope more pick up on.



Rosalie Sorrels recently weaved her special magic for the Philadelphia Folksong Society. Rarely is a singer so fine in person as she is on record, and this woman's Folk-Legacy record If I Could Be The Rain (FSL-31) is still a phenomenal experience. The "Nashville Sound" is "big" now and just this past April the East Coast had a rare treat of a real Western singer. Rosalie Sorrels does best what appeals most in the Nashville influenced folk revival.

Rosalie's latest record is bothersome in some ways as, along with absolutely brilliant cuts and the great songs of U. Utah Phillips, there are dull pretty tracks which were placed on Somewhere Between at the insistence of some friendly Unitarians who thought, I guess, it would be nice to have something nice on the recording. Somewhere Between is well worth the price (\$5.00 postpaid to Boise Unitarian Universalist Fellowship, Box 605, Boise, Idaho 83702) as what other recording has had three songs taken from it for publication in the leading folk magazines? ("Pig Hollow" in Broadside #93, and "Killing Ground" and "Death of Ellentown" in Sing Out! Aug/Sept '68 and Dec/Jan '69). What other recording has some of the best singing of a lady who just may be the best woman singer in the folk revival? Buy it!

Another record which will yield a variety of songs by a singer traveling the express on the folk underground is The Cheese Stands Alone (Folk-Legacy FSL-35), Mike Cooney's first album. For those who have, like myself, flipped over Mike in person, this record, on first listening, may be a disappointment. I suggest that you listen to Side 2 first. "Nu Grape" will grab you, Larry Hank's "Apple Picker's Reel" will twirl you around (B'side #92), "That Crazy War" will give you a fine old timey peace rally song, "Red Cross Blues" will remind you never, never, never give to the Red Cross, and then what has to be one of the greatest renditions of a Malvina Reynolds' song "We Hate To See Them Go" (this issue of B'side), which also must be one of Malvina's best songs, will make you say: "A fantastic album. Neat!" Side 1 will grow on you with time. All in all, there's one hell of a lot of good music that's been put on record in the last 12 months. Some changes are for the better.

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