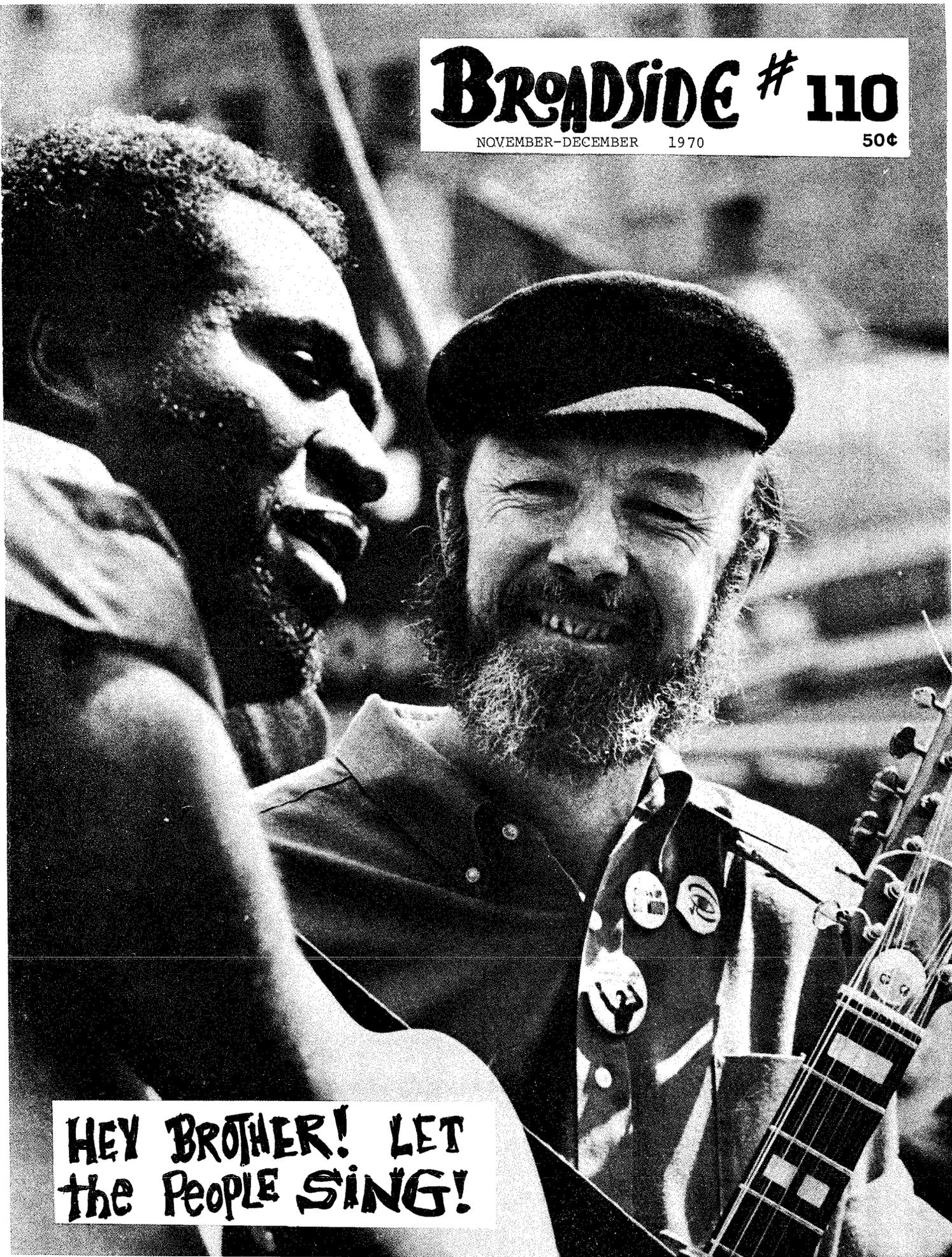


# BROADSIDE # 110

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1970

50¢



HEY BROTHER! LET  
THE PEOPLE SING!

# CIRCUS SONG

MOD. 4 (FOLK)

**A** Eb Db Eb F- Bb7 Bb7(4) Bb7 E7/Bb Bb7 Eb

1- COT- TON CAN- DY, TWO FOR A QUAR-TER, SEE IF THE FAT MAN CAN GUESS YOUR WEIGHT, A  
 2- ROL- LER COAST- ERS MAKE ME DIZ- ZY, EOT TON CAN- DY MAKES ME SICK, I

Big STUFFED Ti- GER is WHAT I BOUGHTHER, AND I'M GO- IN' HOME 'CAUSE IT'S LATE.  
 WISH I HAD SOME BRO- MO- FIZ- ZY, THAT WOULD DO THE TRICK.

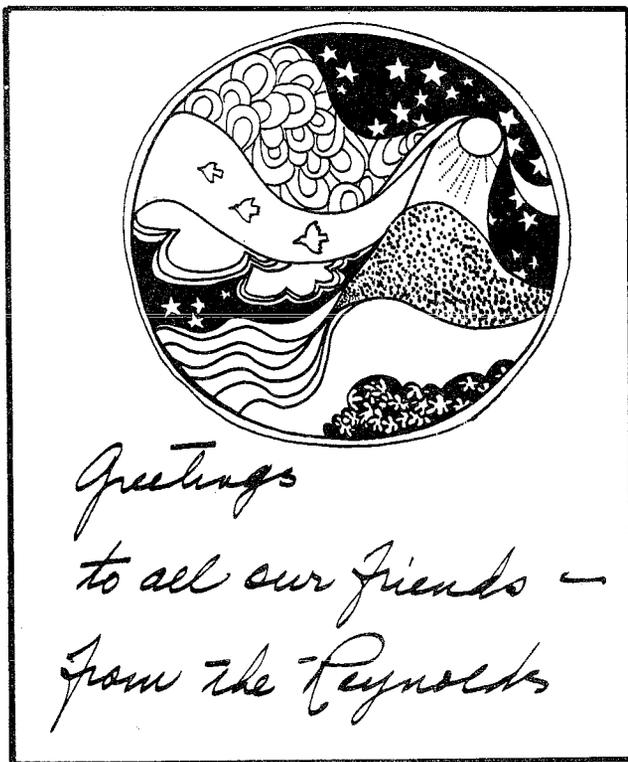
**B** Ab Bb7 G- Eb7 Ab Bb7 Eb Eb7

EV- 'RY- ONE KNOWS THAT THE CLOWNS AREN'T HAP- PY, AND EV- 'RY- ONE KNOWS THAT THE PEO- PLE DON'T CARE;

Ab Bb7 Eb C-7 F7 Bb Bb7 Bb7 Bb7

WISH I COULD LAUGH AT THE WAY THAT THEY'RE ACT- ING, BUT I'M SO SICK I JUST DON'T DARE TO:

3. (A) HIGH WIRE DANCERS KICK AND BALANCE,  
 WHITE SILK HORSES STEP IN TIME,  
 THE TATTOOED MAN DISPLAYS HIS TALENTS,  
 I'M NOT THE TALENTED KIND.
4. (B) I ALWAYS GO TO THE CIRCUS ON SUNDAY,  
 AND THERE I CAN LAUGH AT THE PEOPLE I SEE;  
 BUT WHEN I LEAVE HOME IN THE MORNING ON MONDAY,  
 EVERYBODY LAUGHS AT ME.
5. (A) I MAKE OTHER PEOPLE NERVOUS,  
 I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY LAUGH AT ME,  
 BUT TO ME MY LIFE IS JUST A CIRCUS  
 AND I CAN SEE IT FOR FREE.
6. (B) HAVE YOU SEEN MY WIFE ELVIRA?  
 SHE CAN TAME A LION, YOU KNOW;  
 I ONCE HAD A BUSHY MANE  
 BUT THAT WAS SO DAMN LONG AGO!
7. (A) WHITE COLLAR CLOWNS IN PLASTIC BUILDINGS  
 HAVE HAPPY FAMILIES AS THEIR FATE,  
 HAPPY JOBS AND HAPPY CLUBS  
 AND HAPPY PEOPLE THEY HATE.
8. (B) EVERYONE'S JUGGLING AND EVERYONE'S ACTING,  
 WITH SMILES OF GREASEPAINT THREE FEET WIDE  
 EVERYONE'S CAUGHT ON A CAROUSEL PONY  
 ONE TIME AROUND IS A LIFETIME RIDE.



## Film:

### 'Homer' Opposes War and Plays Guitar

Homer is a decent, inarticulate American farm boy who has a friend named Hector, a girl named Laurie, a passion for respectable rock, and trouble communicating with his parents. His parents are decent, inarticulate people who have trouble communicating with Homer. Part of the reason is that Homer, when he is not playing his guitar or his stereo, walks around listening to his transistor radio through an ear plug.

Homer is also sensitive. When his best friend, Eddie, comes home from Vietnam in a flag-draped box, Homer paints a placard ("Down With Death/End War!") and chains himself to a parking meter in front of the local V.F.W. club. While the gentlemen inside try to concentrate on the Saturday afternoon football game on TV, Homer plays the guitar and sings "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" When his father asks him why, all that Homer can say is "You don't understand, Pop. This is just something I have to do."

## Jane in Benefit For Soledad 3

Entertainers including Jane Fonda, Harry Belafonte, Elliot Gould and the local singing group "Listen My Brother," performed for about 750 persons at a benefit concert last night for the Soledad Three, accused of killing a guard in the Soledad, Calif., prison.

Proceeds from the performance, held in the Hunter College Auditorium at E. 68th St. between Lexington and Park Aves., go to the legal defense fund of three Soledad convicts accused of the slaying.

One defendant is George Jackson, brother of Jonathan Jackson who was killed in a shoot-out with police while trying to free a prisoner from the San Rafael, Calif., courthouse Aug. 7.

Angela Davis, former university professor, is fighting extradition from New York City to California for trial on charges of supplying weapons for the attempted break in San Rafael.

## HEY BROTHER! LET THE PEOPLE SING

Here in the beginning of the 1970's the task of creating peoples music -- protest, topical, contemporary song, whatever you want to call it -- has reverted back to the people in the streets. This is the conviction of Rev. Fred Kirkpatrick, and is the belief on which he has launched his HEY BROTHER! Coffee House movement in New York City.

A capsule history of such song during the past 20 years would indicate why he has reached this conclusion. Folk music, often considered -- perhaps mystically -- as the wellspring of peoples' song, was led down a deadend alley in the 50's by The Weavers. The young topical songwriters of the early 60's -- Dylan, Ochs, Paxton, etc. -- had to ignore this period and go back to Woody Guthrie for inspiration and example.

In the middle 60's the torch was taken up by the rock writers. Many had been "folkniks" and were influenced by Dylan, Ochs, Paxton. As John Kay, lead singer of Steppenwolf, said in a recent interview "... I had my ideas about the system, politics, and so on. It was people like Tom Paxton and Phil Ochs and Len Chandler and Bob Dylan and Buffy St. Marie and countless others... Like, they were our spokesmen." (It's hard to believe that The Jefferson Airplane, laying down lyrics like "We are forces of chaos and anarchy, Everything they say we are, we are" hasn't also read Franz Fanon). Following the lead of Dylan, many rock writers cloaked their revolutionary ideas in poetic metaphor and symbolism. This has not kept them from coming under crushing attack by the forces of censorship, led by the Federal Government itself, through its spokesman Spiro Agnew. A top recording company has dropped 18 rock groups, motivated by Agnew's spurious charge many rock lyrics push drugs.

A more devastating force has been commercialism, capitalistic pigs -- promoters, agents, managers, producers -- rushing in to gorge themselves on the profits from rock popularity, dehumanizing everything they touch. (Their pressure has been so intense that some individual stars -- like Jimi Hendrix & Janis Joplin -- have bowed out rather than go on with this shit.) The NY POST has discovered that the promoters of the Powder Ridge Festival were Mafia; it is common knowledge, or at least belief, in the music world that one of the leading record and festival film makers is owned by The Mob.

In the meantime, what of our top "folk stars"? They, too, have been busy grubbing for gold, exploiting the peoples' music for their own aggrandizement -- stuffing their loot into already fat bank accounts (one leading "folk star" is already said to have a cool million in personal fortune and real estate).

So we go back to the streets, back to the common people, that everlasting source of meaningful, relevant song. Again, as so often in the past, it is the creativity of the Black people that is in the vanguard -- as witness the songs in the Black Panther and End Genocide movements.

Rev. Kirkpatrick came North 2 years ago remembering all the great but neglected music in the backwoods of his native South. He was sure the same thing existed in big city neighborhoods, waiting to be found. He discussed his idea with Pete Seeger at Resurrection City; Newport gave him a \$4,000 grant, and, perhaps just as importantly, BROADSIDE provided him with an office, a base on Manhattan's West Side. Last summer he opened his first HEY BROTHER Coffee House at St. Gregory's Church, 144 W. 90th St (every Sat. nite, everybody welcome). Recently a 2nd one, at 235 W. 85th St. NYC. (Wed. nites). Six others are lined up, as far west as Omaha, Neb. "The outpouring of music is tremendous," he says. "Protest, folk, blues, what have you." Anyone interested in opening a HEY BROTHER anywhere can write Kirk for details at our address. G.F.

FIGHTING SONGS In The MOVEMENT To END U.S. GENOCIDE AGAINST BLACK PEOPLE

**Editor's Note:** The following songs are another example of the continuing use of music as an integral part in a peoples' struggle for justice. Like the HEY BROTHER movement, the drive against genocide had its origins in Resurrection City. Its main organizer has been James Bevel, a former aide in the Southern Christian Leadership Conference which established the Washington hunger city in the spring of 1968. When Resurrection City was razed and destroyed by the capital police and its starving residents scattered to the winds, Bevel and some 40 or 50 others went to Baltimore and set up a commune. After long planning, they marched to New York City last summer to demand United Nations action to stop U.S. genocide against its black citizens. A series of preparatory meetings were held in Harlem, and on Nov. 21 they held a big demonstration in front of the U.N. The songs that follow are a few of the dozens that were composed (many by Tom Nelson) and sung during the Baltimore-New York march and the Harlem rallies. Note how they require almost complete audience participation (L. standing for "leader" and R standing for "response.")

GOOD NEWS (harmony in 4 parts if feasible)

Sopranos (or L.): There are some honest folk in this world. Aint a that good news

R: Aint a that good news (repeat)

All: We're going to go out and help them fight against genocide

There are some honest folk in this world  
Aint that a good news (repeat)

Tenors (or L.) There's a Revolution a coming, Aint a that good news

R: Aint a that good news -- There's a Revolution a coming, Aint a that good news, Aint a that good news.

All: We're goin to fight here side by side  
But first we have to organize  
There's a Revolution a coming, Aint a that good news (repeat)

Altos: We have to love our brothers and sisters, Aint a that good news

R: Aint a that good news  
We have to love our brothers & sisters  
Aint a that good news (repeat)

\*All: Will you lay down your life for what you know is right?  
We have to love our brothers & sisters  
Aint a that good news (repeat)

Good news, good news, good news!  
Aint a that good news! Good news, good news,  
Aint a that good news!

(Repeat from \* and fade)

WAR

War Goldseeker Nixon Agnew, What are they good for? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING (2x)  
I'm tired, I'm tired, I'm tired of this war  
I'm tired of Nixon lying  
The undertaker's profit goes up because my brothers are dying

BUT WE SAY

War Goldseeker Nixon Agnew, What are they good for? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING (2x)

L: Good for the undertaker (2x)

We all got to love each other as best we can  
And stop being frigid and be a beautiful man.

So Brothers, stick together arm in arm  
And tell ol' crazy Nixon stop killing in Vietnam

So we say -- (Repeat 1st 2 lines. End)

THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME

CHO: This may be the last time  
This may be the last time, brother  
This may be the last time

It may be the last time, I don't know.

L, or lead group: Well it may be the last time we sing together

R: May be the last time, I don't know

L: Well it may be the last time we cling together

R: May be the last time, I don't know.  
Oh . . . (cho)

L: Well it may be the last time we git together

R: May be the last time, I don't know

L: Well it may be the last time we sit together

R: May be the last time, I don't know.  
Oh . . . (cho)

L: Well it may be the last time we walk together

R: May be the last time, I don't know

L: Well it may be the last time we talk together

R: May be the last time, I don't know  
Oh . . . (cho)

L: Well it may be the last time we love each other

R: May be the last time, I don't know

L: Well it may be the last time we hug each other

R: May be the last time, I don't know.  
Oh . . . (cho)

(See next page →)

CERTAINLY Y'ALL

L: Do you love everybody? R: Yes we do!  
 L: Do you love everybody? R: Yes we do!  
 L: Do you love everybody? R: Yes we do!  
 All: Yes we! Yes we! Yes we do!  
 L: We will end genocide! R: Yes we will!  
 (3 times)  
 All: Yes we! Yes we! Yes we will!  
 L: How will we fight it?  
 R: Brotherhood, Brotherhood, Brotherhood!  
 All: Brotherhood (3 X)  
 L: What do you do? R: Organize! (3 X)  
 All: Loving, loving all the time!

WHY WAS A BLACK MAN BORN

L: Mommy, oh Mommy, Echo: Mommy, oh Mommy.  
 All: Why was a Black Man born?  
 Why was a Black Man born?

1. Somebody had to pick the cotton  
 Somebody had to bale that hay  
 Somebody had to build a great nation  
 That's why a Black Man was born  
 That's why a Black Man was born. (Cho.)
2. Somebody had to be a love animal  
 Somebody had to have a brotherhood  
 Somebody had to end genocide  
 That's why a Black Man was born  
 That's why a Black Man was born. (Cho)
3. Somebody had to be a Martin King  
 Somebody had to be a Nat Turner  
 Somebody had to be a Featherstone  
 Somebody had to be a Rap Brown  
 Somebody had to be a Huey Newton  
 Somebody had to be a Bobby Seale  
 ...Eldridge Cleaver...Soledad Brother...  
 (Name of any Black Man in group or audience)  
 That's why a Black Man was born  
 That's why a Black Man was born. (Cho)

TIME IS WINDING UP

Time, oh time, oh time is winding up  
 Time, oh time, oh time is winding up  
 Because corruption in the land  
 Brothers, take a stand  
 Time is winding up.  
 Go tell Nixon that time is winding up (2X)  
 Because corruption in the land  
 Brothers, take a stand -- Time (etc)  
 Go tell Agnew that (etc)...Go tell HEW...  
 Go tell HUD...Go tell the Senators...Go  
 tell the Senators...Congressmen...U.S.(etc)  
 (Repeat: Time, oh time, oh time, etc)

\*\*\*\*\*

POETRY

JIMI AND JANIS

Outside my back door  
 only the hills are real  
 and the wind that swoops down --  
 a sigh released  
 from the cage of bones ...  
 the hills are our homes ...  
 and only the rocks are real.  
 Rocks grey on the long plain  
 under a sky that's silently crashing  
 its lights and shadows  
 behind the bellowing clouds.  
 Is it true, then, that only  
 Hard Rocks are real?

It was a sad summer, so sad  
 Spring fell on us and crushed us --  
 summer couldn't bring us  
 out from under  
 and fall was when all God's fireworks  
 went off at once  
 and left us standing in the dark.

-- A. Friesen

ONE TWO THE COMMITTEE

I am dead, I am resting. Don't bother me  
 none. I give you an extra E for Effort,  
 for Expenditure of Energy - P for Piss  
 and Procrastination  
 Hang on to your paper star --  
 soon you'll have nothing else  
 (it will protect you  
 from Alpha rays.)

I remember when you held out a hand to  
 help me, while your other hand snatched  
 the ground from under my feet  
 -- you wonder why I don't fall  
 (I stay suspended in Space  
 a stoned motherfucker)  
 You try so hard to find out  
 why people become Viet Cong  
 and what goes on in Huey P. Newton's head  
 You TRY SO HARD !

Up against the wall, my eyes are bullets  
 aimed at your heart.  
 (You step back !  
 You step back again !)  
 "Up against the wall!" I scream, laughing  
 because there ARE NO WALLS.  
 Back you go, back back into the endless  
 convolutions of your madness  
 (Hung up on the differentiations  
 between infinitesimal nuances of  
 feeling in your  
 Sensitive, Sensitive Soul!)

(Cont'd next page)

If you all lived in one room in Harlem with  
rats and roaches  
You would know what WALLS are --  
but you don't even have that.  
I give you N for Nothing.

-- A. Friesen

TO THE COMMITTEE II

Great Grey Institutions  
Reach out to swallow me  
Their bars are smiling teeth  
Grinning at me  
Their drugs are waiting to take me  
Metal hands leave black and blue  
fingerprints  
on my soft thighs  
and you wonder why  
I never come out of my room.  
When my kids were crying with hunger  
In rich fat white America  
I decided that it would be better  
to feed them than shoot them  
And my gun went to the pawnshop  
So you may as well  
leave me alone --  
I've told you that I'll help  
Tear down the House of D  
with my bare hands  
But I won't go  
to any more of your stupid meetings.

-- A. Friesen

(Ed. Note: Pete Seeger is currently reciting  
the following poem at his concerts)

NO MONEY, NO WAR  
Government anarchy prolongs illegal planet  
war

Over decades in Vietnam  
Federal anarchy plunges U.S. Cities into  
violent chaos  
Conscientious objection to war-tax payment  
is a refusal to subsidize mass murder abroad  
and consequent ecological disaster at home.  
This refusal will save lives and labor and  
is the gentlest means of political revolution.

If money talks, hundreds of thousands of  
citizens refusing war-tax payments can short  
circuit the nerve system of our electronic  
bureaucracy.

No money, no war.

--Allen Ginsberg

T H E F O L K P R O C E S S :  
STAGGALÉE COMES TO HARLEM

Ed. Note: Staggalee is, of course, one of  
our great old folk songs (the original is

all about Staggalee offing Billy Lyons in  
a fuss over a 10-dollar Stetson hat).  
There have been many versions through the  
years. Back in 1966 Julius Lester did a  
cosmic rewrite which he sings on his 1st  
Vanguard L-P. It was printed in B'side  
#66. Now a young Harlem writer calling  
himself El-Cid has transplanted the old  
folk hero and his .44 into New York in the  
version below. We reprint it from a maga-  
zine put out by a couple of dozen Black  
and Puerto Rican poets & writers through  
the EAST HARLEM YOUTH EMPLOYMENT SERVICES,  
2037 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10029.

In 1940 when times were bad a fucked up  
coat and a .44 was all I had.  
I went home one day and found my clothes  
out doors.

I said bitch what's the matter she said  
Stagg I don't love you no more.  
I was so confused I didn't know what to do.  
I climbed through 3 inches of water and 4  
inches of mud till I got to this place  
called the Bucket of Blood.

Went in asked for some food and all I got  
was some moldy ass meat.

I said Mother fucker you know who I am?  
He said frankly speaking I don't give a  
good God damn.

He started to say some more that's when I  
lit him up with my .44.

In walked this big blond bitch.

She said could you tell me where my son  
the bartender is please.

I said there he lies with his mind at ease.

She said you must be Stagg from down the  
track but you better not be here when  
BILLY LYONS gets back.

And then she said Stagg why don't you stop  
at my house at EIGHT.

I went there Fucked her on the bed Fucked  
her on the floor slide down the bannister  
where we started from before.

All of a sudden it was quiet as a mouse.

That's when Billy Lyons was in the house.  
He said who's the murderer of my son.

Might be me I jumped back put my dick in  
my pants and said me MOTHER FUCKER STAGG-  
ALEE.

He pull out his tommy gun and said Stagg  
before I shoot I'll give you a chance to  
run.  
(cont'd next page)

And some punk behind Bill said somebody call the law.  
 Billy turned around and shot him in the jaw  
 Some faggot behind me said "Billy please."  
 I spun around double cocked and shot him in the knees.  
 Billy got happy and shot out the lights, it was too late then I had him in my sights.  
 I lit up his chest with my 44.  
 And the law came in the door.  
 The man said sorry ma'm we'll do our best.  
 Looked at me and said come on downtown and let His Honor do the motherfuckin rest.  
 We went in court from six to ten and in walked 12 ugly fuckin ~~was~~.  
 His Honor said has the jury reached its verdict it damn sure did.  
 They had 6 by hanging and 6 by gas.  
 IF THAT DON'T KILL A MOTHERFUCKER  
 YOU CAN KISS MY ASS.

El-Cid

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LETTERS

Dear Broadside:  
 It's been a very long time since I sent you any of my songs, or acknowledged the regular and welcome receipt of the magazine, which continues to maintain a remarkably high standard. I've been doing what I can to support the various causes I believe in, albeit in prose rather than song. Your readers might care to know that my "Max Curfew" series of spy-thrillers is doing rather well; I just signed the contract for the third today. The first appeared in the States from Pyramid (under a title I didn't like, BLACKLASH), and they will also publish the second, GOOD MEN DO NOTHING. Max is a black West Indian expatriate, who specialises in screwing up oppressive regimes; so far, he's frustrated an attempted Rhodesia-style UDI in an imaginary African country, and managed to arrange a mass escape from a Greek prison island. The third, which I haven't written yet, is to be called HONKY IN THE WOODPILE, and will be set on an imaginary Caribbean island.

JOHN BRUNNER

(See PAKISTAN FLOOD in B'side #109)

Dear Sis & Gordon: Though I don't see you often, I do deeply admire your work and feel grateful for people like yourselves who struggle to keep worthwhile and beauti-

ful institutions alive. Hope this is but one of many small but well-meant expressions of admiration and support. Love and Peace ---

RALPH RINZLER  
 Smithsonian Institution

Dear Broadside: Thanks for referring my song ONCE THERE WAS (B'side 106) to Jim Morse who is including it in his Sierra Club Book. Also received payment from Rev. Tony Newman for use of the song in his book --- he also got it out of Broadside. I'm still lapping up every bit of your magazine! Peace, love, good things and THANKS AGAIN.

DOTTIE GITTELSON  
 Ed. Bard Chord (L.A.)

(BROADSIDE also has been the source of 3 recordings of RIC MASTEN's "Loneliness" --- see B'Side #99 --- and 1 of "Are You Bombing With Me, Jesus?" written by Shirli Grant --- see B'Side # 98.)

DEAR BROADSIDE: Could you please tell me why I have not received a copy since #107? Please tell me what the problem is -- I miss you! BARBARA AMMAN, N.Y.

(B'Side has been in what are called "serious financial difficulties" these past 6 months or so. We hope to keep coming out, though, what with so much good peoples music being created.)

Dear Sis & Gordon: Enclosed is a protest round HEY THERE for 3 voices unaccompanied....also enclosed is a check for \$10. Aaron Kramer just told me that Broadside is in serious financial difficulties. I still disagree with some of its editorial policies and think Broadside should print more music and have less criticism of people who are on our side, like Pete Seeger. On the other hand, Broadside is a very important publication and I wouldn't like to see it die out so I hope my contribution will help keep it alive. With all good wishes.

IRWIN HEILNER

\*\*\*\*\*  
 IZZY YOUNG needs financial contributions to help him keep going with the excellent folk music concerts at the N.Y.FOLKLORE CENTER and the nearby Washington Square Methodist Church. Probably no one in America is doing more to present folk musicians at this time. For many young people Izzy's concerts are their first NYC appearance. Send contributions to Israel Young, 321 6th Ave.NYC,NY 10014.

# "BROADSIDE MAKES HISTORY"

Bob Shelton

"Broadside Magazine helped to change the face of world popular music during the 1960's. Although modest in format, small in circulation and humble in approach, Broadside formed a nucleus of stimulation for putting substance into song. The efforts of Broadside first stimulated the folk music movement and then moved out into the broader area of popular music. Certainly, one of its proudest products was a former contributing editor of the magazine, Bob Dylan. But dozens of others, from Pete Seeger to Malvina Reynolds, to Phil Ochs, Len Chandler, Tom Paxton, Julius Lester, Eric Andersen, Janis Ian and countless other song-writers owe a large debt to Broadside.

The collected editions of Broadside belong bound and available in every library of the English-speaking world. Schools and colleges, especially, would find the study of Broadside, its songs, its commentators, its interviews and its analyses of musical trends, a valuable social document in American studies, sociology, music and popular culture.

Broadside recorded socio-musical history from 1962 to date. Further, Broadside made and makes history, and it should be widely recognized and studied.

ROB SHELTON

(Robert Shelton was folk-music critic of the New York Times from 1958 to 1968. He was an editor of Cavalier and Hootenanny magazines and contributed to scores of national magazines on the subject of folk, pop, and country music. He is the author of a biography of Josh White, "The Country Music Story," "The Face Of Folk Music" — with photographs by David Gahr. He is at work on a major study of the life and work and times of Bob Dylan.)

TWO RECENT BOOKS DRAWING HEAVILY ON BROADSIDE

# SONGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Edited by Wanda Willson Whitman

CROWN PUBLISHERS, INC., NEW YORK

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Special gratitude is due Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen of *Broadside* magazine, and to Irwin Silber of *Sing Out!* for advice and counsel; and also to Sis Cunningham for her transcriptions of songs first appearing in *Broadside*.

RAMON PADILLA

## CANCIONES DE PROTESTA

DEL PUEBLO NORTEAMERICANO  
EDICIONES DE CULTURA POPULAR, S. A.

BARCELONA

*To Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen,  
who made so many songs possible and  
who taught me so much about them  
and their significance,  
Affectionately, "Ramon Padilla"*

The back issues I received helped bring the wholly changed, but in many ways still the same, idiom into proper perspective. What excellent, informative and thoroughly digestible articles, second only to the quality, musically and emotionally, of the songs. How awesomely appropriate they are, four years later! FRED FRIEDRICH, CALIF... Dear Miss Cunningham: The University of Arkansas Library is presently receiving a subscription to *Broadside*. This material is used extensively and as a result is quite tattered by the time it gets to our Binding Department. We would greatly appreciate receiving a second subscription so that the title would be readily available to our students at all times. RICHARD H. REID... I have had a really fascinating time going through your back issues. Indeed they contain a wealth of information and songs, something I will treasure for a long time. DICK PLEASANTS, WCIB-FM, MASS.

**BROADSIDE** MAGAZINE was founded in 1962 to provide a hearing to then unknown topical songwriters working in the tradition of Woody Guthrie, the Almanacs, etc. It continues publishing the songs of fine new writers whose work reflects the deepening crisis in America. Pertinent articles & editorials. Poetry. Partly mimeographed.

Co-Editors: Agnes Cunningham & Gordon Friesen. Sub.: \$5 for 12 issues.

## SPECIAL — ISSUES NOS. 1-100

THE FIRST 100 HISTORIC ISSUES OF *BROADSIDE* - \$20.00 (With mimeoed indexes for binding into 4 volumes.) Sets of back issues: 1 thru 25, 26 thru 50, 51 thru 75, 76 thru 100 - \$6.00 a set, each with index.

### ORDER FORM

BROADSIDE, 215 West 98th St., New York, NY 10025. Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for which please send me  a Set of Back Issues Nos. 1-100.  Sub. (12 issues). Sets:  1-25;  26-50;  51-75;  76-100.

NAME (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



IN PROTEST—The Message as it is carried in a topical song magazine.

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

Five L-P albums by *Broadside* performers-songwriters are available. Write to BROADSIDE RECORDS, 701 Seventh Ave. New York NY 10036.

To Broadside: I've just received Pete Seeger's annual request for financial aid to Broadside Magazine. Pete is a hard man for me to turn down -- and sending a small contribution to Broadside each year has become practically an unquestioned habit for me -- but this year I've had to ask some questions about the magazine's validity and purpose.

The main cause of my doubts is the July-August editorial. This included harsh criticism of the presentation of the Woody Guthrie Cantata for the Committee to Combat Huntington's Disease (\*) and also a venomous attack on Joan Baez. Not only do you put her down for her "simpering pacifism" but most ironically for her "commercialism".

These charges are highly irresponsible and do not themselves merit a reply. But I would like to call attention to Broadside readers (who might think that Broadside's editorials are the products of a thorough group debate) that all unsigned editorials are the opinions and observations of Gordon Friesen and/or Agnes Cunningham only. Joan's credentials are such that I doubt the editorial would find support by any appreciable number.

But I did finally decide to enclose the requested contribution. The continued existence of Broadside is more important than its occasional questionable journalism. It fulfills a valuable function; I hope we can keep its owners from destroying it.

Yours for Peace and Brotherhood and -- oh yes, -- Solidarity,

MANUEL GREENHILL

Editorial reply to Manuel Greenhill: Thank you very much for your contribution of \$20. Also for calling our attention to the fact that through an oversight the editorial to which you refer was not signed with the usual "G.F." or "A.C." Even though, as you must have noticed, we dropped the other names on our listing of staff some time ago, we should make doubly sure that folks understand that editorials are written by one or the other of the co-editors.

To keep this reply as brief as possible, we will attempt to discuss only two aspects of your letter. Among the questions you have asked yourself is one as to the "validity and purpose" of Broadside. Our purpose is quite clear and no questions should have to be asked oneself about that. But we'll state it here just to make sure. We'll fight the Establishment whenever and wherever and by whatever means we deem necessary. As to "validity", this depends upon point of view. To persons who still cling to the life style which requires accumulation of property and wealth Broadside cannot possibly have "validity." Indeed we would be contradicting ourselves if we tried to be "valid" from this point of view.

Now to get to the part where you say you "hope we can keep its (Broadside's) owners from destroying it." It would be very difficult for us to destroy something that does not actually exist except as an illusory concept in your mind. Your idea of Broadside has not the faintest essence of reality, and for its "owners" to "destroy it" is a bigger job than we are capable of, I'm afraid. That's for you to do. To speak of Gordon Friesen and Agnes Cunningham as "owners" is in itself an illusion because we own nothing.

In conclusion, allow me to borrow a couple of terms from Soledad Brother - The Prison Letters of George Jackson. We believe it to be an "existential impossibility" for you to grasp what we are saying. How can you possibly "know how it has been" with Broadside.

-- A, C.

(\*The criticism was of a broader nature than here stated. See B'side #106. - Ed.)

Dear Manny: I happen to believe that when Joan Baez scuffles around the country blasting Black and student militants she might as well be sharing the platform with Spiro Agnew, certainly no believer in non-violence. I am especially bugged on pacifism, since I come from people, the Mennonites, who have adhered to it for almost 450 years. The insoluble contradiction of the "non-violent" is that they do not hesitate to enjoy the fruits of violence. The Mennonites migrated to southern Russia in the 1790's to grow rich farming lands seized from the Turks in a bloody war. When the Czar abrogated their privileges - exemption from military service & crown taxes - they came to America to prosper on land still drenched with Indian blood. In the same way Joan Baez can tool along in her Jaguar luxuriating in the beauties of the Big Sur only because Indian mothers and their babies perished in the snows of the High Sierras pursued by U.S. Cavalry.

- Gordon Friesen