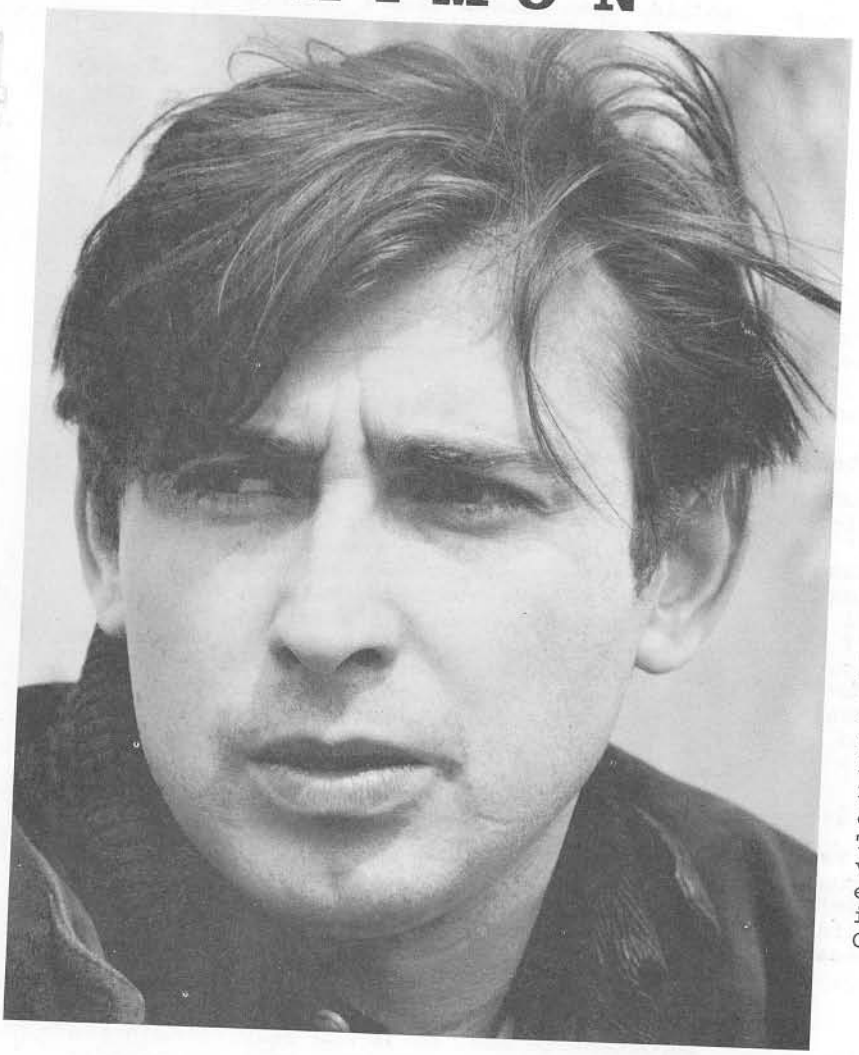
Broadside #104

RAIMÓN



FOLKSINGER UNDER THE GUNS

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

Last Train To Nuremberg

(A New Song By PETE SEEGER)

"Peace Is The Way" By TOM PARROTT

"I Have A Dream" by LOIS MORTON

(Ed.Note: Repressive governments fear the songs of the people and those who write them inariably are in the front ranks of the persecuted. The Greek composer, Mikis Theodorakis,whose music was used for the prize-winning film "Z", has been in prison many months now,his health deteriorating, his work banned in his homeland.In Brazil, the young composer and performer Geraldo Vandre, had to leave the country when his song "Caminbando" -- "Walking" -- became a great popular favorite. It spoke directly about hope and social change. "Come, let us get together now,"says the chorus,"for waiting isn't wisdom." The song is now banned.Another Brazilian,Gilberto Gil, also had to flee -- after being jailed for several months -- when he wrote a song against the generals ruling his country.

The young Catalonian songwriter Raimón is widely known throughout Europe. But his songs attack the Spanish Fascist regime and keep alive the peoples' hopes for freedom. So it is forbidden to publish them in Spain; his records cannot be sold there; he is permitted to perform only in 2 of Spain's 52 provinces, the most remote. It is as if Pete Seeger were allowed to sing only in Idaho and Alaska. The following article on Raimón was written by Ramon Padilla, author of the recent book PROTEST SONGS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN PEOPLE, which was reviewed in Broadside # 100. The first edition of the book has been sold out in Spain and is to be published soon in Cuba.)

ABOUT RAIMÓN

By RAMON PADILLA

First of all, the censors don't allow him to sing. Of 52 provinces in Spain, he may only perform in two (Tarragona and Gerona). So he sings there, and he sings for friends, and he sings for students, and he sings for the underground Workers' Commissions. For his living, he sings and records outside of Spain. It is rough going. He sings in his language, Catalán, a language that has been officially illegal since the end of the Civil War. At one time this prohibition extended to private conversation. Even now, no daily newspaper may be published in Catalán, and radio and TV may broadcast in Catalán only a half-hour per week (at 4 p.m. when nobody is home or listening.) But Raimón is from Valencia, one of the Catalán countries and, as he says, he got Catalan from his mother's breast. So he writes in Catalán, and he sings in Catalán, because by doing so he affirms his national identity, the identity

(continued on page 2)

of an oppressed nationality. Also because, as he says, if he wrote in any other language, including Castilian Spanish -- though it would be safer -- he would feel restrained as by a strait-jacket and the writing would be artificial.

And singing in Catalán he is able to move people anywhere in Spain, to make them feel together in their deepest beliefs (which are not precisely warm to Franco and his regime), and by feeling together, sometimes they feel stronger and more determined to fight.

Raimón's songs are not always broadsides, but quite often they are broadsides, powerful ones that strike at the core of prevailing injustice and oppression, of that "law and order" which has reigned in Spain for the last 30 years, the peace of the cemeteries.

They have tried to buy him off with offers of night-club singing, with offers of ban-lifting if he would sing in Castilian-Spanish. Other members of the Nova Cancó Catalana (The New Catalán Song, a movement started about 1960 by Catalán singers and poets to express themselves in their own language and about their own problems) have accepted offers of that kind and become the darlings of the Establishment. But Raimon and his friends have not accepted.

[Among Raimón's friends are the most committed people in Catalonia, poets, journalists, playwrights, members of the Workers' Commissions and of the Democratic-antiFranco left-Students' Union. And two other excellent singers, Francesc Pí de la Serra and Ovidi Montllor. Pí comes from one of Barcelona's "best" families, but he is the stray sheep, a ferocious singer much influenced in his music by jazz, by Big Bill Broonzy and by Brassens. His songs like "The Bourgeois" ("Who eats a lot and doesn't a damn good thing") is devastating, like all of his satires. Despite the ban and boycott he too suffers, he is well-known enough to be invited to events such as the 1969 African Cultural Festival in Algiers. Montllor, also a satirical singer and the youngest of the three -- he's 25, Pí 26 and Raimón 28 -- has some excellent songs to his credit, for example "Gola Seca" (Dry Throat -- a Spanish expression referring to a throat dry from fear, or "up tight")-- "either we all play the same/ or the hell with the game./Whoever remains silent is an idiot/Or has something to hide./ You say something's grey,/They call it brown,/ And first thing you know/You've nowhere to live" (a reference to the practice of "company housing" for workers who are evicted if they go on strike.)"There's no doubt/That not with words/But with the stick/We'll make things change." Montllor's humorous satire, and Pí's biting one are a perfect complement and counterpoint to Raimón's more serious approach, whether in topical or lyrical songs.]

And that's why they are not allowed to sing.

People might say (and some do), "OK, let him sing in Castilian Spanish, if he can then reach a wider public." But that's missing the point. First, he would not be allowed to say what he says in his songs, even in Castilian. But more important, language is the sinews of personality, both individual and collective, in an oppressed national minority whether in Spain or elsewhere. Singing in Catalán is a political as well as a creative act. Besides, Raimón tells how on many occasions people with unmistakably Castilian or Andalusian accents shout to him, "Right on, Raimón! Don't sell out to the rich like Serrat did!" The fact is that because so many of Raimón's songs are so totally revolutionary, and because he addresses himself to problems that he feels as a Catalán, but which affect all of us who have lived under Franco's 30 years of dictatorship, they reach practically anybody who listens to him. When Raimon gave a concert for the Democratic Students' Union at the Hall of the Political and Economic Sciences in Madrid, it was packed with thousands of Castilian-Spanish speaking students waving red flags, portraits of Che and banners reading "Students and workers together", "We want a Socialist University" "Down with Franco, long live Freedom", etc. And when the concert ended it turned into a demonstration against fascism by thousands of students.

What Raimón is doing with songs is something that in present-day Spain cannot be done in any other manner. He never thought of it when ten years ago he started to sing in Valencia for a group of friends and was invited to go to Barcelona to sing in a collective concert. He was still groping about, still much influenced by the French singers like Brassens and Ferre, by the poetry of Jacques Prevert. He soon started affirming his own personality, and wrote what is today a classic "Diguem No":-- "I have seen how fear/Was the law for everybody./I have seen how blood/-- which only begets blood--/Was the law of the world./No,/I say no,/Let's say no./We do not belong to their world./I have seen how hunger/ Was the daily bread of many people./How they have shut up/People who were saying the truth ..." Or in another minor classic:--"For life was man made,/And not for death was he made/ We do not believe in poverty/That 'necessary' poverty/According to them/Of so many people.." Soon all these songs are forbidden or cut by the censorship, and Raimón is allowed only poetry, and somebody else's poetry at that.

Even with these obstacles, Raimón continues to mature. His musical style is becoming more fluid, supporting his lyrics with increasing strength. The problem of being banned throughout most of Spain is somewhat alleviated by foreign contracts which have become very important to him. He is the only foreign singer to have had two concerts at Paris' famous Olympia. He has been interviewed on and has performed for French, Dutch and German TV. Contacts outside Spain also give him a modicum of safety, as the Government thinks twice before jailing such a well-known singer for fear of its "image" abroad.

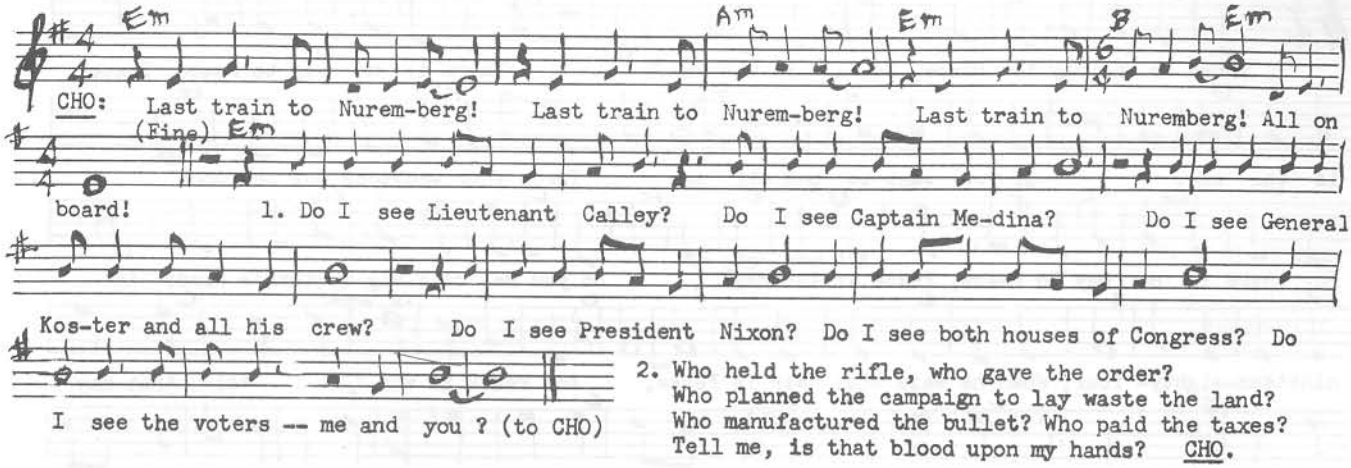
The best example of how Raimón has matured is his latest record (issued in France, of course) in which he sings to "A Friend from Euzkadi" (The Basque Country where there is a fighting armed national liberation movement): "...We do not want the lies/That about you we've been told,/We do not want the old stories/That we've always been told/...Your country is moving on/And we are with you/...If we have to give up life/It's against death we will give it/...There's no fear in us, there's no fear..."

Or like in his song about the great act of unity among all progressive forces in Catalonia, the 13th of March:-"We have gone

(Continued Page 3)

Last Train To Nuremberg

Words & Music by PETER SEEGER
© 1970 by Peter Seeger



2. Who held the rifle, who gave the order?
Who planned the campaign to lay waste the land?
Who manufactured the bullet? Who paid the taxes?
Tell me, is that blood upon my hands? CHO.

3. If five hundred thousand women went down to Washington
And said, bring all our sons home today --
Would the man they came to see say he was too busy
Would he say he had to watch a football game?
CHO.

4. Go tell all the young people; go tell all the children
Don't you get aboard this train!
See where it's come from; see where it's going
Dont, don't you ride on it again! CHO.

(Concluded from Page 2)

to the streets so often, convinced,/And every time we gave/A little more life to hopes/Felt for centuries and centuries/It doesn't only come from the earth, but also from the earth./ It's not only anger, but also it's anger/This anger more daily than bread,/Of which we are not sure now, and who knows tomorrow./It's not only anger, but also it's anger,/This strength that still keeps us fighting."

Or his song "About Peace", about the "peace" of Spain, the peace of the last and only surviving fascist dictatorship installed by Hitler and Mussolini still in power, this "peace" that Spaniards, even those in jail or in exile, those who have been kept in concentration camps or had to emigrate in order to eat, have been told about 24 hours a day 365 days a year for the last 30 years. The peace of the cemetery.

He wrote "About Peace" as a tribute to Major Ernesto Che Guevara, and in it he says" "There are times when peace/Tastes like death/ Of the dead forever/Of whom nothing remains but silence" and "There are times when peace/ Is like a desert/ Without voices or trees/Like an immense void/ Where men die" and "There are times when peace/ Is nothing but an empty word/ that means nothing."

No, Raimon "does not belong to their world" and though he may not know where his daily bread is going to come from, he is, like his songs, "Against fear, without fear."

CONTRA LA POR (Against Fear) © 1968 By RAIMÓN

Anem diguent les coses pel seu nom
Si no trenquem el silenci
Morirem en el silenci
Contra la por es la vida
Contra la por es l'amor
Contra la por som nosaltres
Contra la por sense por.

Tots els que han sofert
El pes de l'inmensa bota
I l'afilada espada
Saben el que es la por
I saben que es dificil
Dir les coses pel seu nom
Contra la por es la vida
Contra la por es l'amor
Contra la por som nosaltres
Contra la por sense por
Sense por, sense por.

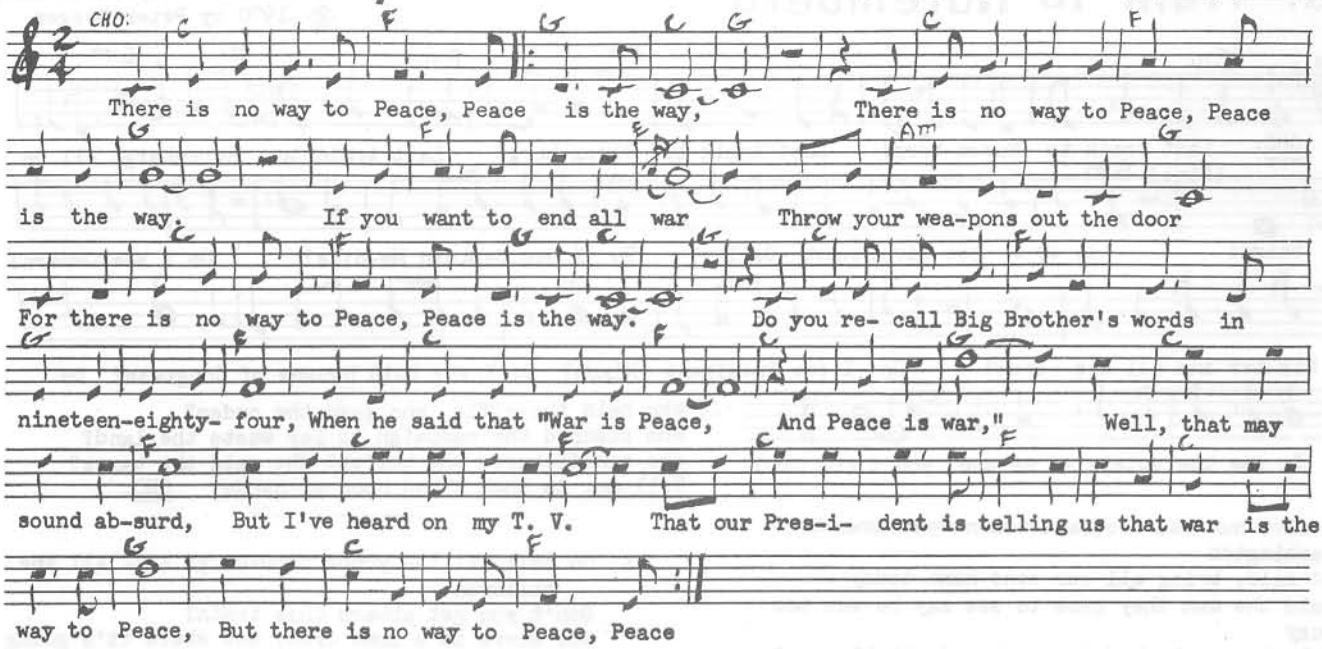
Eng.Translation by Ramon Padilla

Let's start calling things by their names
If we don't break the silence
We shall die in silence
Against fear is life
Against fear is love
Against fear are we
Against fear, without fear

All those who have suffered
The weight of the immense boot
And the sharp sword
Know what fear is
And know how difficult it is
To call things by their names
Against fear is life
Against fear is love
Against fear are we
Against fear, without fear
Without fear, without fear.

Peace Is The Way

Words & Music By TOM PARROTT
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We have talked of peace in Paris, Geneva and New York,
For no one seems to understand that peace won't come through talk;
So we talk in other cities in a voice that will not cease,
And continue with the war while we're searching for the peace,
Cho: But there is no way to peace, etc.

Peace is our profession, our Air Force proudly boasts,
As it stockpiles bombs and missiles, germs and gasses
coast to coast,
But a peaceful peasant people is strafed and bombed and gassed,
And we'll play with genocide again until we understand at last
Cho: That there is no way, etc.

War makes men, I guess you've heard, it makes them kill and die,
But we go to war regardless, we say our search for peace is why,
And we see the weeping widows, orphans starving every day,
And we say we're seeking peace and this is the only way,
Cho: But there is no way, etc.

Our president has asked us to step into line once more
While he and generals Thieu and Ky are winding down this war.
He says he's searching for the way, he's trying hard to please,
But in ten thousand years of war, war has never brought us peace,

For there is no way to peace, peace is the way;
There is no way to peace, peace is the way,
If you want to end all war
throw your weapons out the door,
For there is no way to peace, peace is the way.

By WILLIAM BEECHER
Special to The New York Times

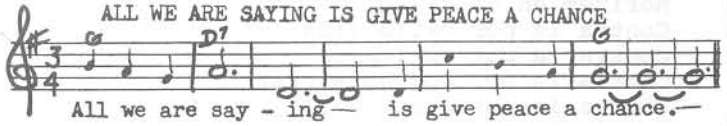
WASHINGTON, Jan. 6—The Defense Department is studying a novel technique that officials say could increase the ability of existing Minuteman missiles to survive a surprise attack.

Known variously as "wagon wheel" or "garage mobile Minuteman," the technique involves a sort of shell game, with the Minuteman taking the place of the pea.

Other Pentagon officials are less enthusiastic. Some question whether the costs may not exceed the benefits. Others wonder whether the new tack might decrease Washington's control over its array of long-range missiles.

Still another tack would put the Minuteman on large trucks that would roam the deserts of the Southwest, gaining protection from mobility. But here officials would expect to encounter stiff resistance from people in those areas because of the potential dangers involved.

"Here is that little phrase which was sung by several hundred thousand of us in Washington on November 15. It was written by John Lennon of the Beatles, but I don't think he would mind if we reprinted it."
- Pete Seeger



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AN OPEN LETTER TO BOB AND EVELYNE BEERS, FOLKSINGERS

By Irwin Silber

Dear Bob and Evelyne:

The mail just came and, as usual these days, it wasn't much. A late Christmas card, a threat from the Telephone Company, some bills, Newsweek, and an announcement of your concert at the 23rd St. Y, Jan. 18.

The news that you were giving a concert in New York immediately brought certain images to mind: the two of you with your daughter singing at a Carnegie Hall Hootenanny which I produced; a weekend up at Fox Hollow at the warm and friendly folk festival you run every summer; and records listened to, articles written, songs swapped.

But when, in the announcement of your concert, I also learned that you had just been to sing for the President of the United States in the White House, no images at all popped into my brain. I tried to imagine what it must be like to sing for the Commander In Chief of the Armed Forces of the United States in the year 1969, but I couldn't really visualize it. The President, after all, is a hard man to please, and he isn't known especially for being partial to folksingers. Just a few days before your White House appearance, in fact, on Nov. 15th, the President holed himself up watching a football game on TV while Pete Seeger, Richie Havens, Arlo Guthrie, Peter Paul and Mary and God knows how many other folksingers were performing just outside his window for half a million people or so demonstrating for peace.

So I've been sitting here wondering what it was like to sing for the President of the United States. How did it feel to be in the presence of the man who okays the flight plans for the B-52s which daily drop their load of bombs over South Vietnam?

What kinds of songs did you sing for him? Funny songs to help ease the burdens of state? Lovely old folk songs which help to provide a sense of oneness for all Americans, a feeling of pride and common inheritance? Songs of love and brotherhood, perhaps -- or possibly even of peace? Possibly some old tragic ballad of how cruel tyrants in the old days murdered and jailed the seekers of freedom -- a song which one might dedicate to Huey Newton or Bobby Seale or Eldridge Cleaver or those known as the Conspirary on trial in Chicago.

Who else was there to hear your songs? Senators? Congressmen? Industrialists? War contractors? General Westmoreland, perhaps. He's back in Washington, now, but he was still the commander in Vietnam at the time of the My Lai massacre. Was Melvin Laird there? He's the man who takes personal responsibility for the daily acts of ecological barbarism and mass murder in Southeast Asia.

What did you think about when you sang at the White House? Did you think about Fred Hampton in an Illinois grave, shot down in the urgency of his manhood by the cynical butchers of Chicago? Did you think about that child in Bolivia who will never grow up to be a teen-ager, that child whose death by starvation will just as surely be an act of genocide performed by the government of the United States as are the deaths of the one million men, women and children of Vietnam who have died from our war. Did you think about that grisly commemoration of murder, the death of the 40,000th GI in Vietnam, an unheroic event which was a part of the process of ending the decade of the sixties?

And did you think at all, even for a fleeting moment, of those singers and musicians who performed for the Nazis during World War II? Did you think of Flagstad and Gieseking and what the world thought of those who "entertained" the war criminals of another era?

Just one more question. How does it work, this matter of singing for the President? Do they send a private plane to fly you to Washington? Does the Secret Service check out your psaltery when you come up to the front door? And how much does the gig pay? Or is it enough just to do it for the honor of it all?

P O E T R Y S E C T I O N

CONSPIRACY
By Tom Conuel

There they all are sitting,
the generals at their desks
And the corpses come to the Pentagon
delivered C.O.D.
The generals wonder who is doing it
They want to catch somebody
And fix some responsibility
And,baby, that's why they've
sent for you and for me
They want to pin on us
something called conspiracy.

Oh please don't make us kill
anymore
There mist be something wrong
with people
Who make a living out of war.

The generals loved checkers,
thought it a great game
Until the checker pieces
Stopped moving on the checker board.
The generals got really puzzled
Nobody believed their word
They settled on a scapegoat --
they chose you and me
And tomorrow we'll be charged
with a conspiracy.

Oh please don't make us kill
anymore
There must be something wrong
with people
Who make a living out of war.

The bodies are still piling up
outside the Pentagon door
And rumor has it that the generals
are really getting sore
They really can't afford
to let the people be
And so tomorrow in Chicago we'll
all be charged with conspiracy.

Please don't make us kill any more
There must be something
wrong with people
Who make a living out of war.

* * * * * * * * * * *

(Author's note: "I am a 23-year-old former university student from Mass.Am especially interested in songwriting and am working on music for the above." T.C.)

(Note: It looks like writing runs in the Ochs family. Here is a poem written by Phil's 11-year-old niece, Robyn Tanzman):

THE TRAGEDY OF WAR

People screaming
Houses burning
Cities bombed
To be no more
Desperate people
Running, running
From door to door
Seeking help but getting
none
THE TRAGEDY OF WAR

Lovers seperate
Some rich, some poor
Never to meet again
Soldiers fight
Fight, then die
Tales of blood and gore
Increases daily by
THE TRAGEDY OF WAR

Why is it
That no one speaks out?
Could it be, no one cares?
Why do brothers hate?
We are all brothers
Why do you not realize
THE TRAGEDY OF WAR.

-- Robyn Tanzman

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

NOTES: PHIL OCHS is giving a concert at N.Y.'s Carnegie Hall Fri. Eve. March 27th. His new album is to be released the middle of Jan. It's called " Phil Ochs' Greatest Hits."... ARLO GUTHRIE was scheduled to leave Jan.24th for a 3-week tour of Europe which will take him to Stockholm, Amatrdam, West Berlin, Paris & London for the opening of "Alice's Restaurant" (film) in these cities. Before leaving ARLO went to Nashville to tape an appearance on the Jan. 21st JOHNNY CASH TV show. ... PETE SEEGER recently made an appearance in Otto Preminger's film"Tell Me That You Love Me Junie Moon." Pete sings the theme song he wrote for it - "Old Devil Time." Release date: March....



JOHNNY CASH
Wednesday, 9:00 p.m., Ch. 7.

Johnny Cash Film Arriving Jan. 23

A feature-length film of "Johnny Cash! The Man, His World, His Music" will arrive at New York showcase theaters Jan. 23. Appearing with him are Bob Dylan, June Carter, Mother Maybelle and the Carter Family. The film, in a shorter version, was shown on NET last spring

(7) Johnny Cash. Jose Feliciano, Bobbie Gentry, Arlo Guthrie. Color.

Rolling Stone: The Woodstock rock festival, with its gently narcoticized ambiance of massive goodwill, now fades into an innocent, almost mythic past, in the wake of the concert by Mick Jagger's Rolling Stones on a California stockcar racing track last month. The Hell's Angels, acting as "security," knifed and pummeled one man to death and slugged dozens of others, according to witnesses. Three others also died in mishaps. Hard drugs, booze and wine spread ill-will like plague and, according to Rolling Stone (the magazine, not the group), even the volunteer medics started swinging at each other. Veteran festival photographer Jim Marshall is quoted: "There was no community feeling here at all. There was more violence at this festival than all the other ones I've attended this year. And somehow it relates to the hysteria over the Stones . . ."

* * *

18 / JANUARY 17, 1970 / GUARDIAN

. . . Run-down on the "free" Rolling Stones Massacre on the West Coast in the current (Jan. 21) issue of Rolling Stone is an incredible document which may help dispel some of the lingering illusions about rock, grass and the groovy life style being the instruments of revolutionary change . . . . Pandora

NEW YORK POST, MONDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1969

A Man Called Johnny Cash

Johnny Cash knew how to talk to prisoners and to presidents. He knew, as a matter of fact, how to talk to all America.

figure so real, so heroic and so American that he could, as he did later that night, endorse Richard M. Nixon's conduct of the Vietnam war

* * *

"I'll tell you exactly how I feel about it," he announced. "This past January, we brought our whole show over to the air base at Long Binh, and a reporter asked, 'That makes you a hawk, doesn't it?' And I said, 'No, that doesn't make me a hawk, but when you watch the helicopters bringing in the wounded, that might make you a dove with claws.

the only man I can see to follow now is our President."

The ovation that filled the Garden for Johnny's Vietnam announcement lasted longer than it did for any of Johnny's songs,

* * *

Otherwise, the rebel yelps and truck-driver howls, the law-and-order ladies leaping to their feet and the graying, grey-suited men whistling through their teeth, the foot-stamping of the Wallacites and the screaming of the lesser conservatives must have been terrifying to the long-hairs who also helped fill the Garden with a record crowd of over 21,000.

The audience had come mostly from Johnny's TV fans in the suburbs, overburdening the

the village VOICE, *December* 25, 1969

My Back Pages

by Jack Newfield

PAGE TWO. A lot of us—Ralph Gleason, Nat Hentoff, and myself among others—have been guilty, I think, of glibly trying to force too close an alliance between radical politics and rock music, to view the music as a surrogate for a political movement. We have tried to leech support and significance from groups, musicians, and lyrics when none exists. Two recent events have helped illuminate the gulf between rock and revolution. First, Johnny Cash went out of his way to endorse Nixon's Vietnam policy during his Garden concert three weeks ago—and was cheered by his 21,000 fans. And then the Stones hired the Hell's Angels as a "security force" at their free concert two weeks ago in California. And the outlaw Angels, more fascist than radical, killed one freaked-out black guy, and badly beat up groupies, kids, and one member of the Jefferson Airplane, Marty Balin.

The relationship between the youth culture, rock music, drugs, and the New Left is very complex. The New Left has adopted the Stones' "Street Fighting Man" as an anthem, but have they really listened to the words? And dope is not politics. Straight, pro-war fraternity types smoke grass and Henry once dropped acid, but Time and Fortune did not change.

I remain a fan of the Stones and the Airplane, as well as of softer non-political groups like the Band and Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young. But we make a mistake when we appropriate them as political leaders, or look for programmatic content in their songs

NEW YORK POST, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1969

The Murder At the Festival

By ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ
New York Post Correspondent

SAN FRANCISCO—There it was on film, a crazed black youth moving toward the stage with what appeared to be a gun in his hand. Then you saw a Hell's Angel plunge a knife into his back. Then another. And then another.

There were five stab wounds in Meredith Hunter's body by the time he became the property of the Alameda County Coroner's office, but Meredith Hunter, 18, had not died alone out there at Mick Jagger's nimble feet.

What had died with Hunter last Dec. 6, in full view of a multitude of 300,000, was the San Francisco Underground's happy drug fanstasy of peace, freedom, truth, soul and community.

Heroes or Murderers?

Who out of all those 300,000 had the guts to go after the gunman, except the Angels?

No one knows Mick's power to incite an audience better than Mick himself, but the question being asked by San Francisco's fragmented Underground is blood and held them up in the whether the Angels were really necessary. Mick was singing a song called "Sympathy for the Devil" when Meridith Hunter was killed. Witnesses say the Angels not only stabbed him but also beat him and stomped him and then made them carry **him** the long way around to a medical tent. They smeared their hands with his blood and held them up in the spotlight toshow how serious it was.

"I can't see too well because of the lights," Mick announced, "but I think we need a doctor."

Scene Is Better Now

Ironically, the free concert was supposed to reunite San Francisco's Underground, paranoid and penniless since its wilted summer of love. The flower children have moved mostly to the north now, leaving behind the dope dealers, the hard-core freaks and a town ripped apart by violence. The tribes and families of San Francisco hardly talk to one another any more.

"Now it has ended in murder," wrote rock critic Ralph J. Gleason. "And that was a murder, not just a 'death' like the drowning or the hit-run victims. Somebody stabbed that man five times in the back. Overkill, like Pinkville. Like a Chicago cop's reaction to long hair. Is this the new community? Is this what Woodstock promised? Gathered together as a tribe, what happened? Brutality, murder, despoliation, you name it . . ."

NEWS ITEM: Would-be songwriter Charles Manson's tapes have become valuable since his arrest in the Sharon Tate murders. He plans to pay for his defense by sales of recordings.

By MURRAY SCHUMACH

Hundreds of people, most of them poor, began lining up in midtown before daybreak yesterday, waiting in vain for the arrival of Michael James Brody Jr., the 21-year-old multimillionaire who has promised to give away millions of dollars to those in need.

Mr. Brody decided suddenly to fly back to New York, to make his singing debut on the Ed Sullivan television show.

He sang "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere," an unrecorded song by Bob Dylan.

was playing a Bob Dylan tune: "Never had no money/never had a dime/but he was a friend of mine."

He "wants to be a rock star."

The Bad Trip To Suicide —Via LSD

Next entry. "32-yr.-old male folksinger, given LSD, electrocuted himself." This was not a planned trip. The leader of a folksinging group with a Ph.D. in music, who had never taken drugs was sitting with some friends. He talked, he sang, he got thirsty. His friend handed him a soft drink. Soon he started having hallucinations. The friends didn't tell him they had slipped some odorless, colorless, tasteless LSD into the soda.

He became frightened when he suddenly started hallucinating.

Four months later the musician stood in the bathtub and electrocuted himself.



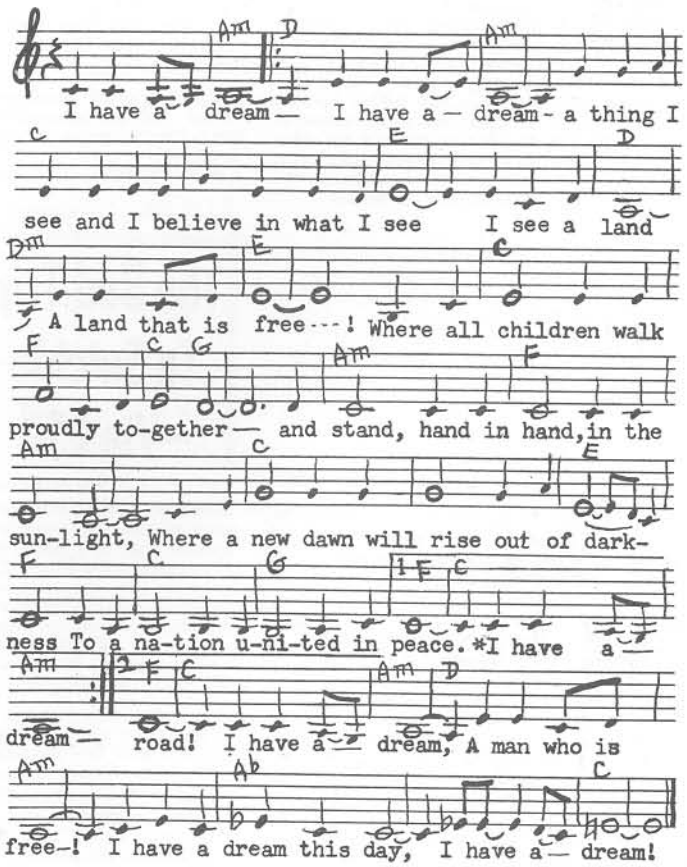
PETE SEEGER
Sunday, 12:30 p.m., Ch. 7.

On ABC-TV Jan.18 Pete Seeger sang his 2 new songs -- "Last Train to Nuremberg"(in this issue) and "We'll All Be A-Doubling" (see B'Side # 103).

BROADSIDE #104

I Have A Dream

Words & Music by
LOIS MORTON
©1968 Lois Morton



*I have a dream, I have a dream
a thing I see, and I believe in what I see.
I see a man -- A man who is free !
I am marching along on the high road
With destiny marching beside me,
and there's nobody going to turn me around
'till I come to the end of that road.

I have a dream; a man who is free !
I have a dream this day -- I have a dream !

(Ed. Note: We print this song in our January issue to honor Dr. King's birthday.

There are a number of songs around by this same title, some with arrangements for professional choirs. In a letter to Broadside, Wally Hille, choir director of the First Unitarian Church in L.A., refers to the above song as answering a need for something simpler which can be easily performed by children.

The author tells us that the song was performed by 7th and 8th graders of the Downtown Community School (N.Y.C.) with good response from the students.

Choral arrangement is available upon request.)



NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1970

In many places throughout the nation yesterday there were moving observances of the birthday of Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

But not around the White House or the Presidential refuge at Camp David.

Amid a long account of the numerous services that marked what would have been the 41st birthday of the slain civil rights leader (and Nobel Prize winner) there appeared this cold, cryptic note:

"In Washington the White House was noncommittal about the observances. Press Secretary Ronald L. Ziegler said: 'There is nothing official from the White House standpoint.'"

There was, one gathered, nothing either official or unofficial. There was deadly silence, which could only be construed as an ostentatious form of non-recognition. There was no intimation that words might be inadequate; the quiet seemed almost querulous.

* * *

It is true that J. Edgar Hoover, in one of his dreariest moments, frenziedly assailed Martin Luther King, and Mr. Nixon's hero-worship for the FBI director has been often manifested. But one hesitates to believe that a dread of Mr. Hoover's displeasure could have dictated the lamentable silence that enveloped the Administration. Nor can it even be said that any televised football game was taking place to distract and divert the Chief Executive, as one did on the day of the peace march in the capital.

And so we were left with Mr. Ziegler's hollow pronouncement that there was nothing to be said "from a White House standpoint." Rarely have so few words said so much, and seemed destined to be remembered for so long.

B O O K R E V I E W

SEARCH FOR A NEW LAND by Julius Lester
$4.95, from Dial Press, 750 3rd Ave., N.Y.

There are a lot of searchers around, searching for the New Land. If you look, you can find them everywhere - peeping, prying, listening, crashing in the underbrush, lurking in the filthy streets, bumbling up and down blind alleys, dodging bullets & clubs in the gathering dusk of tear gas and pollution that settles on our shoulders and clouds the eye.

Julius is out there somewhere, well out front on the right road, with the ones that have the brains and the guts and do the living and the dying for the rest of us that search mainly in the library and under our beds.

He doesn't think the New Land will be found in our lifetime - but when the bodies of our search party collapse to the trail for the last time we will have formed a stepping-stone, a 'base camp' for the next bunch.

Right On, Julius. It's up ahead there somewhere, that's all we need to know.

Yr Reviewer

Broadside

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