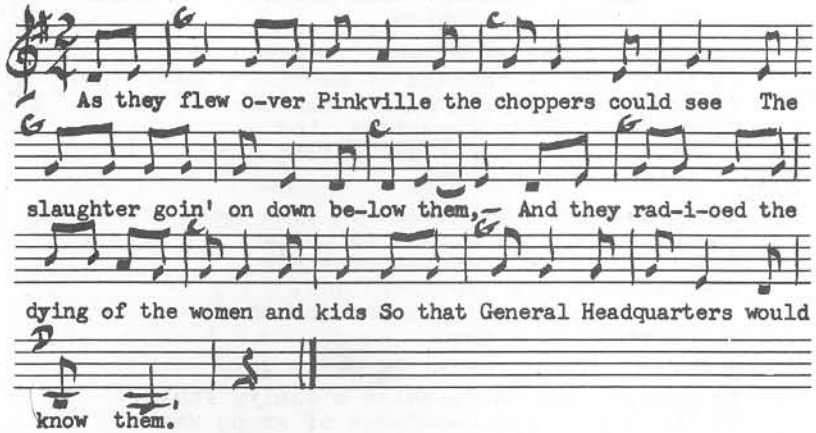
Broadside #105

PINKVILLE HELICOPTER

Words & Music by TOM PARROTT
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Then one circled down to a place on the ground,
where there were children who were wounded
or crying,
And took them in the chopper to carry them out,
so that they wouldn't be among the dying.

They were on their way out when below them they saw
a little two year old baby,
So they went down again and the pilot got out,
muttering that the world had gone crazy.

The baby was cradled in the pilot's arms,
wounded and crying and bloody,
When a lieutenant came up and said "put the kid down,
and get your chopper on out of here, buddy."

The pilot looked down at the lieutenant's gun
that was smoky and hot from the killing,
And he said "If I have to give my life for the child,
then, by God, you know that I'm willing."

Then the gunner who stood in the helicopter's door
called out to the lieutenant,
"We're calling your bluff, there's been killing enough,
if your gun starts more mine will end it."

So they flew the kids out to the medics who said,
"War is hell, even babies get wounded."
The pilot just looked at his gunner and shook,
said "To kill them was what was intended,

"The things that we've seen up in Pinkville today,
well we won't even try to describe them,
But this wasn't war, it was a pack of mad dogs
just killing to see people dying."

As they flew over Pinkville, the choppers could see
the slaughter going on down below them,
And they radioed the dying of the women and kids,
so that general headquarters would know them.


TOM PARROTT

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SIX POEMS BY
OSWALD JOSEPH MTSHALI

SONGBOOK REVIEWS

Talking Evolution Blues

By ALICE FRANCISCO
© Copyright 1969 Alice Francisco

Well, I'll sketch for you as best I can
The evolution of this thing called man
And, as preface, I believe
We should begin with Adam and Eve --
   People used to think we did, you know
   It's an interesting fable. Part of
   our cultural heritage.

The Original Sin tends to be confused
With Sin in a sense we have all heard it
         used . . . .
It is worth our while to take the time
To note the nature of that primal crime:
   Nothing worse than intellectual cur-
   iosity. Tasting the knowledge of good
   and evil.

Move on to 1859
When Darwin broke through the Bible line
A scholarly work on evolution
Became the text for revolution --
   Forget about the Fall, and dig for
   fossils. Original Sin is passe.

Now in man's descent, as in Man's Fall
There's a sort of father to us all
Anthropologists have their Adam, too--
For instance, one insect-eating shrew.
   Even a fig-leaf won't do much for an
   arboreal insectivore.

But after all, this ancient shrew
Is Papa to other primates, too
And Adam's title, some might think
Would better fit a Missing link --
   And we've got candidates for the post.
   Find yourself a Gorge and join the fun.

Well, we lost our fully opposable toes
Got keener eyes and a weaker nose
Our arms grew long, our femurs straight
We quite forgot to brachiate --
   We left the trees. And there we were,
   empty-handed.

And, being human, we soon found
Things we could do, down on the ground
A shaft, a stone, a piece of horn --
They tell how something new was born . . . .
   We call it culture. Some people even speak
   of cultural evolution.

Atlatl to Atlas is a long, long way. . . .
It took just an instant of mankind's day.
You can call it progress. Many do.
Homo called himself sapiens, too.
   The magic of names has a long and
   interesting history.

Where once through green and open lands
Extended families roamed in bands
Behold what Progress has created:
Nuclear families (incinerated).
   Oh, they'll tell you in Vietnam --
   Progress is a gas.

I shall conclude: I think we're able
To suggest the Bible tells a faulty fable.
If the fruit held knowledge of wrong and
         right
It's clear that Adam didn't bite.
   Anyway, it's not that simple.
   Amen. Class dismissed.

(Note: Mrs. Francisco teaches Anthropology at an upstate New York college.)

The Big Mistake At Songmy

By DUKE RANK
© 1970 by Duke Rank

"The big mistake at Songmy," the young
  Lieutenant said,
"Was just the way of killing them, and
  not the number dead.
We should have faked a fire fight,
  and no one would complain.
We did our job; we cleared the town;
  you would have done the same."

"The big mistake at Songmy," The Master
  Sergeant said,
"Was just the way of killing them, and
  not the number dead.
They should have had a 'copter, and
  come in from the air,
A couple Fifty Calibers, and say it was
  an error."

"The big mistake at Songmy," the Sergeant
  Major said,
"Was sending out an officer who couldn't
  use his head.
He should have had an alibi, to cover up
  the cries,
To tell his men those kids and girls
  were commies in disguise."

"The big mistake at Songmy," the Air
  Force General said,
"Was just the way of killing them, and
  not the number dead."
The body count would be the same, and
  no one would be blamed,
If bombers came from thirty thou, and
  leveled off the plain."

"The big mistake at Songmy," the Saigon
  spokesman said,
"Was not the way of killing, nor the ages
  of the dead.
There are no kids in Viet Nam, no
  civilian casualties;
If not Saigon, they are Viet Cong; only
  friends or enemies."

"The big mistake at Songmy," the bearded
  picket said,
"Was how and why and when and where we
  tallied up those dead.
We shouldn't be in Viet Nam, to fight
  for liberty,
Until we learn to treat all men with
  human dignity."

"The big mistake at Songmy," the veterans'
  leader said,
"Was letting that damn blabbermouth
  tell all about the dead.
I bet he is a communist, or hates his
  own country,
To tell such things to hurt our cause
  to make the world free."

("This broadside ballad was composed as a song for St. Cecilia's Day, Nov. 22,1969. It can be sung to several traditional ballad melodies." - Duke Rank)

BALLAD OF SONG MY

Words & Music By MIKE MILLIUS
Copyright 1970 by Mike Millius

Slowly, softly

(CHO)
Can you sing of Song My, And can you tell me why They murdered all the people there?—
Was it only Song My, And can you tell me why G I's even killed the children there?

(Emphatically)
(1) Well, you'd know why if you were there on that day; Oh the leaders and the
fathers of our country did say, They said "There's just too many young people here, We got to
send 'em somewhere to die; We'll make a war and sell lots of bullets Young soldiers have to buy—
And if the people say we lost our way, And they catch us doin' somethin' bad," They'll say,
"Have faith in your Uncle Sam" They they'll wrap up in a flag, Oh - Oh — (To Cho)

(Note: 2nd verse skips music between asterisks.)

Well, you don't even have to go outside your house to see
The President's lyin' to you on your TV
Do you know forty thousand young men died
Left their wives and loves alone
And there's forty thousand more in Canada
And they're gonna make some trouble when they get home.
CHO.

Calley Meets With Wallace and Receives Sympathy



Associated Press

George C. Wallace, left, and First Lieut. William L. Calley Jr. after they conferred in Montgomery, Ala. Mr. Wallace assailed handling by the media of the alleged massacre.

Special to The New York Times

MONTGOMERY Ala., Feb. 20 —First Lieut. William L. Calley Jr., who is awaiting court-martial on charges of murdering 102 South Vietnamese civilians, conferred for an hour today with former Gov. George C. Wallace and won a measure of sympathy.

After their meeting, Lieutenant Calley and Mr. Wallace met with newsmen. The former Governor, who did most of the talking, criticized the news media for their handling of the alleged massacre at Songmy in 1968.

Mr. Wallace, noting that he visited Vietnam last year, asserted:

"People over there were indignant over the fact that he [Lieutenant Calley] is being tried in the press, and I might add, the liberal left-wing press. They ought to wait for the facts and the evidence. If the news media would like to see pictures of a massacre, they should ask for pictures of the Tet offensive."

Mr. Wallace's visit to Vietnam took place before the

Continued on Page 9, Column 1

T. David Burns, a lawyer from Lakeland, Fla., who accompanied Lieutenant Calley to Montgomery, indicated that the meeting might have been arranged through a veterans' organization.

"Governor Wallace stands for Americanism," Mr. Burns said. "There is a rapport between the two."

(Ed.Note: See "Last Train To Nuremberg" by Pete Seeger in BROADSIDE # 104.)



"To you, it's a war. To me, it's a living."

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"I hope" says I to a lady in a mackintosh
"When we get to Glasgow the weather isn't bleak"
Says she "Have a word with the long range weatherman
You won't be seeing Glasgow any time this week." She says:

(Cho) "Hi Jack, we're turning left at Birmingham
"Hi Jack", she was speaking very plain
"Sorry" says she,"if it causes any bother
But I have a date in Cuba with the sugar cane."

© Copyright 1970 by Alec McGlynn

Fidel Castro met us in Havana
Fidel couldn't have been nicer to a toff
Rum and coffee and a lovely big banana
Then quick as a flick he gave us a kick
and says "Buzz off."

"Right" says the pilot, "We're on our way to Glasgow
By this evening you'll be sitting in your home"
But these kind words were quickly contradicted
By a North American gent with a home-made bomb

(Cho) Hi Jack, we landed in Miami
I could hear Sammy Davis Jr. sing
Hi Jack, we took aboard a laundryman
But he could only say, "Hi Jack Peking."

From Peking we travelled on to Moscow
At the request of a commissar
There we met a little Orangeman
Who wanted to go to Belfast but he had no car.

From Belfast we then moved on to Dublin
We arrived there just the other day
Now they've told us they're sending us to Israel
Unless we sign as members of the I R A.

Lovely Sis Gordon,
Hope you can make out my Scottish notation.
Just got Oct. Nov. issue.
Brilliant. All the very Best,
Matt

Editor's Note: I hope you like my notation.
Sis

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Six Poems By Oswald Joseph Mtshali

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(Editor's note: All of the blacks in South Africa must live in townships outside of the cities, completely segregated from the whites. They must carry passes to go into the city to work for the white man during the day. After ten o'clock at night, there will not be one black on the streets of Johannesburg or Capetown. The townships are ridden with poverty, disease and hunger -- worse than the worst of our own ghettos.

Oswald Joseph Mtshali (pronounced Mitshali), who is perhaps South Africa's greatest poet, lives in such a ghetto -- Soweto, and he works by day as a messenger in Johannesburg. All but one of the following poems were typed from his handwriting by a friend who brought them to the U.S. and have never been published anywhere before. It is probably needless to point out that it is extremely risky to write poetry like this in South Africa, let alone publish it.

We thought that these poems should make great songs if someone could compose fitting music for them.)

PORTRAIT OF A GHETTO

My tour starts
in the narrow streets
(or is it alleys)
of Pimville --
pot-holed, unkerbed
clogged with stools.
and excreta and urine
and sputums stained
with blood of tuberculosis

I kicked
a cat covered
with a swarm of greenflies.

I passed
carousing crowds
cuddling couples;
and steered clear
of youngsters fighting
with daggers
egged on by ululating girls.

Blood spilled
and flowed
in the murky water
of the gutter.

I heard screams
and sighs of
the last breath
before final death.

From afar
sounded shrill whistles
and ear-splitting sirens
of charging police
with guns drawn
and "Black Jacks"
their kieries ready
to strike.

I saw children
naked, semi-naked
in tattered rags
showing spindly legs
and ribs protruding
on emaciated chests.

I saw poverty
etched on a scabby face
peeling off the
cloth of malnutrition.

I heard moans
of orphanhood,
sighs of widowhood
wreaked by death.

I boarded a taxi
so tightly packed
it squeezed me
like a lemon strainer
and left me dehydrated.

NIGHTFALL IN SOWETO

Nightfall comes like
a dreaded disease
seeping through the pores
of a healthy body
and ravaging it beyond repair.

A murderer's hand,
lurking in the shadows,
clasping the death-dealing dagger
strikes down the helpless victim.

I am the victim.
I am slaughtered
every night in the streets
I am petrified by the freezing fear
gnawing at my timid heart;
In my helplessness I languish.

Man has ceased to be man
Man has become beast
Man has become prey.

I am the prey;
I am the quarry to be run down
by the marauding beast,
let loose by cruel Nightfall
from his cage of death.

Where is my refuge?
Where am I safe?
Not in my matchbox house
where I barricade myself
against Nightfall.

I tremble at his crunching footsteps
I quake at his deafening knock
at the door
"Open up!" he barks like a rabid dog
thirsty for my blood.

Nightfall! Nightfall!
You are my mortal enemy
But why were you ever created?
Why can't it be daytime?
Daytime forever more?



Bodies of some of the 83 black dead, men, women and children, lie in the streets of Sharpville, South Africa, after police machine-gunned a peaceful demonstration for African Freedom. Many were shot in the back as they tried to flee.

See Broadside # 23.

OSWALD JOSEPH MTSHALI -- 2

A SOWETO MINION'S MIEN

Don't be misled
by a mouth
that bears
a perpetual smile.

That is not happiness
Just because
his lips say
"Good morning, Sir
Yes sir, Ja baas".

That is not politeness.

Beneath
these facades
lies the heart
simmering with bitterness.

As goodwill ebbs away
like an afternoon tide
hatred flows in.

Prick the surface
covered with a veneer
of nonchalant laughter
and see the furnace
burning with the cinders
of endless insults
and daily humiliations.

ME AND MY BLACKNESS

I am black seed
spat into a black womb
through a black vagina
by a black penis
to perpetuate my blackness.

Nine months in gestation
suckling on a black breast
dandled on a black knee
swaddled in a black ox-hide.

I thrived on sour milk
in a black calabash
ladled by a black wooden spoon
in a black clay pot.

To grow in my blackness
and seek no whiteness
so ephemeral, so nebulous
so fleeting to the
black hand grasping
for Love and Truth.

I WILL TELL IT TO
MY WITCH DOCTOR

I will tell it all
to the witchdoctor,
as I sit on a mat
of woven grass and beads;
and dry monkey bones
shrink my head,
and rattle the eardrums.

I will listen to his voice
chanting incantations
like a priest giving a blessing
to a soul seeking solace.

I will ask him
to boil a pot of herbs,
and brew a Love potion
as strong as a mule's milk.

I will give it
to the world

whose eyes
are myopic with misery;
and this world
will wink a smile
and dandle me
like a devoted mother,
and smother me with affection
I have never known before.

THE BLACKHIDE DRUM

Boom! Boom! Boom!
I hear it far
in the distant north
like a rumble of thunder.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
I prick my ears
like a buck
sensing danger
ready to flee
the imminent storm.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
It rolls nearer
and nearer to the south
to hold my heart
enraptured, enchanted, expectant
as my hopes soar
to the eagle's throne.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Freedom, Freedom
is the drum
of your dormant
heart and soul
cut from a hide
of a sacrificial cow
black like your face.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Brothers! Sisters!
the drum
is the spirit
of your ancestors
lying below
in hallowed huts
forever vigilant
forever protective
forever well wishing.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Listen and be proud.
Let me tell you
of your precious heritage
of your glorious past
of your unrecorded triumphs and
victories
of your despised accomplishments.

All trampled
by the night
of the white conquerer.

All exorcised
by the zeal
of the white missionary.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
O! black seekers
of unadulterated Truth
I lay bare
to your searching mind
to your troubled heart
all declaration of deceptions
and false dogmas.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Follow the cowhide drum
leave the ginhouse
of fear and frustration
seek enlightenment
strive for self-respect
and help build
the brotherhood of mankind.

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Hear me
roar like a lion
in the Zulu dance
in the Shanghan dance.

I am the
Voice of Africa.

Mother of 8 Shops in a Dump

A lone black woman picking her way through a garbage dump alongside Pelham Bay Pkwy. has become a familiar figure to motorists bound for the suburbs. She is a Brooklyn welfare mother who scrounges through mounds of fetid litter each week in search of cast-off clothing for her eight children.

"You wash them up and iron them and they're almost as good as new," she smiles, but not cheerfully enough to convince anyone but herself.

Mrs. Doris Acree, who at age 33 has lived half of her adult life on welfare, is among a million impoverished New Yorkers quietly suffering the deprivations of last July's state-mandated cutbacks in Welfare and Medicaid.

400 8th Av. "Before these cuts, at least once a month you could put a steak on the table for your children. You could have nice pressed pants for them to wear to Sunday School. Once or twice a year you could take them to a movie.

"No more," she said, biting down hard on her lip and making a pathetic attempt to be cheerful. "You put old garbage dump clothes on their backs. You put pig feet and pig tails and neckbones on their dinner plates. You put them to sleep in a raggedy bed on a nasty mattress and try to keep the rats away from them with a baseball bat.

Evicted from a condemned tenement last October, she took refuge in the Mohawk Hotel, 379 Washington Av., Brooklyn, where the monthly rent for three rooms comes to $983.

The hotel maneger assures a reporter that the Welfare Dept. is getting a bargain. "Of course," he says, "that's $983, tax-included"

Special to The New York Times

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE, Ala., Feb. 7 — An Alabama civil rights leader asked two Federal agencies today to take steps to ban use of a fourth grade text book on Alabama history that he contended "dehumanizes Negroes" and "glorifies the Ku Klux Klan."

The text book, used in nearly all Alabama's public schools, devotes two pages to the Ku Klux Klan. One pasage reads:

"The Klan did not ride often, only when it had to. But whenever some bad thing was done by a person who thought the 'carpetbag' law would protect him, the white-robed Klan would appear on the streets. They would go to the person who had done the wrong and leave a warning. Sometimes this warning was enough, but if the person kept on doing the bad, lawles things, the Klan came back again. They held their courts in dark forests at night ,passed sentence on the criminals, and they carried out the sentence."

"Dear Broadside: There is a lot of interesting material coming out in the popular song field which neither B'side or Sing Out! mention. And we should be mentioning it in every issue. For example, is either magazine going to recognize the contribution of the musical show "Hair" to the peace movement, namely the song "Let the Sun Shine In"? This is just one little bit of it. Why is it we have never examined the lyrics of the famous Otis Redding song "Sitting On the Dock of the Bay"? I believe the American people need our magazines. I also believe we are not reaching them the way we should. It is not enough simply to get some good songs and get some good articles. I am sending along some pages torn from one of the cheap song magazines sold on the newsstands. If we can't print the whole song, at least we can mention their existence by quoting a line or two from them." - PETE SEEGER

(Ed. Note: Among the songs Pete sent us was "The Dock of the Bay" with its lyrics expressing loneliness and resignation to a dull, unchanging and barren life: "I left my home in Georgia/Headed for the Frisco Bay/ I had nothing to live for/Looks like nothing's gonna come my way" and "Looks like nothing's gonna change." Another, quite lengthly song is "Friendship Train" by Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong as recorded by Gladys Knight and the Pips. It starts out in the mood of the hit song of a few years ago "Eve Of Destruction" (even borrowing the phrase: "Calling out to everyone across the nation/Said the world is in a desperate situation/Stealing, burning, fighting, killing/Nothing but corruption/ It looks like mankind is on the eve of destruction!) The song suggests that the only way out of this miserable state of affairs is "We've got to learn to live with each other/No matter what the race,creed, or color" and this can be accomplished by getting aboard the "Friendship Train", shaking hands all around, and practicing love and understanding. Time is short. "People can't wait/'Cause another day might be too late." - G.F.)

"Dear Broadside: Enclosed is a check for $5, renewing my subscription. Also enclosed are two of my songs, "The Old Men" and "October Wind-Song," the latter requiring some explanation. I wrote "Wind-Song" on October 14th, on the eve of the first moratorium day. I started that day full of confidence that those of us pushing for change would accomplish something with our demonstrations but, by evening, became oh so depressed at the thought of those who would die in the war, those who would perish from starvation around the world, and those who would lose all hope during the winter months to come. Thus - "October Wind-Song."

None of us can afford to stay "inside where it's warm." That's why I'm sending you these songs instead of keeping them to myself, my family, my friends, as I have in the past. Your courage in speaking out has spread to me now and I feel especially indebted to Pete Seeger, Rev. Kirkpatrick and Malvina Reynolds for their forthright insistence regarding human rights. I can't tell you how it frightens me to get up in front of a group of people and sing out my feelings about things - but I simply can no longer sit back. Not with Nixon and Agnew in there. Every concerned person is needed.

Didn't mean to sermonize, but I just can't keep quiet any longer.

Tell Pete Seeger for me that his sloop Clearwater is beautiful and that I hope he and the others try again this summer. I'm working on a guitar solo which is a musical description of the Clearwater sailing the Hudson. It's coming along quite well and I'll play it every chance I get to try to help make people aware of the need to end pollution before it ends us! Keep Broadside coming! Love, Joy, Peace, Life!" - KAY CYR

"P.S. Am enclosing a long but beautiful paragraph I'm (Continued →)

setting to music from "The Magic Year" by Joachim Maass, a book I found most interesting.

"God, I know, one cannot address you. But whom shall I address in this night? Let me believe for a moment that you are -- as the most pious believed that you were, and that you might hear what I want with my whole being. I want Evil to be driven out of the world. For the sake of the good and the beautiful that is in the world, I will try to be a good man. I will increase the good. I will greatly and passionately admire, protect and keep pure the tender and the sensitive, the most inexplicable and the strongest, the delicate fiery breath of life in all creatures; I will suffer with their pain and will rejoice at their joy. God, God! Oh, that you were - as man once believed that you were! That you would bow your head in fatherly love, hear the dreams of our hearts and fulfill them - and some morning we would awake, open our eyes and gaze into a kingdom of love."

From The Magic Year by Joachim Maass
Transl'd from the German by Erika Meyer

* * * * * * * * * *

NOTES: Pinkville is the name G.I.'s in Vietnam gave to the village of My Lai, where they are charged with massacring some 700 villagers, men, women (and babies, too). The area was colored pink on the U.S. war map. Indicative that the massacres are continuing is the recent charge that five U.S. Marines butchered 16 Vietnamese women and children ranging in age from one year to 50. After the slaughter, our heroes from the Halls of Montezuma disembowled and cut off the heads of the victims. Presumably, the head of a one-year-old baby will make a great trophy to hang on the wall to represent that coonskin LBJ urged our 20th Century barbarian warriors to bring home... "THIEVES, BANDITS, CROOKS" -- that is what Clayton Riley writing in the NY Times March 8, 1970, calls white trash going around imitating Black music. The article is titled " If Aretha's Around, Who Needs Janis Joplin?". He describes Joplin's singing as "squawking" and "pitiful screeching ". Among other thieves stealing Black music to enrich themselves he lists THE BEATLES, THE ROLLING STONES, LAURA NYRON, DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, THE DOORS, THE WHO, etc...

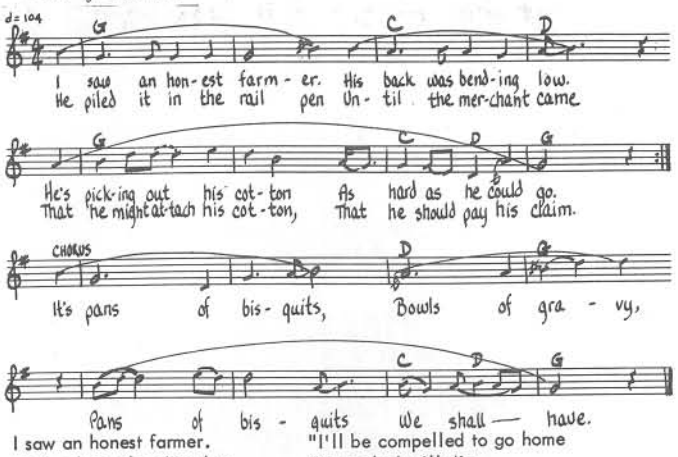
* *

* the long wait *
* waiting in the waiting rooms of the world *
* wood benches and linoleum, institutional green *
* cigarette butts and paper cups *
* waiting to be born, to die, *
* waiting to go to jail *
* (let me in! I scream to the gray bars, *
* cold teeth of that unsmiling institutional mouth) *
* the warden smiles at me, eyes like bullets *
* a puppet on tight steel strings *
* I panic, sweat, clutched in metal claws of control *
* The Mindless Machine .... *
* waiting, waiting *
* waiting in the next room *
* waiting quietly behind the toilet *
* The Bomb *
* waits *
* to liberate the rest room. *
* -- Yr poet *

* *

SONGBOOK REVIEWS

Pans of Biscuits



I saw an honest farmer.
His back was bending low.
He's picking out his cotton
As hard as he could go.

He piled it in the railpen
Until the merchant came
That he might attach his cotton
That he should pay his claim.

CHORUS:
It's pans of biscuits,
Bowls of gravy,
Pans of biscuits
We shall have.

I saw him in the evening.
His back was against a tree.
His poor old head was aching.
He rolled upon his knee.

"I'll be compelled to go home
Or surely I will die.
My head has commenced aching!"
I heard the farmer cry.

"I've toiled all my lifetime,
And still I find I'm poor,
Without an education.
My children's left my door."
I saw an honest farmer.
His back was bending low.
He's picking out his cotton
As hard as he could go.

(Ed.Note: PANS OF BISCUITS is reprinted from the new HEDY WEST Songbook.)

THE HEDY WEST SONGBOOK. Published in Germany, with some 40 of Hedy's favorite songs, in English plus German translations (for info on where the book can be gotten in this country write P.O.Box 5, Pipestem, W. Virginia 25979). Hedy lists the songs in four sections -- SONGS WE TRANSPLANTED, OUR EARLY CROP OF SONGS, OUR LATE CROP OF SONGS, and NOW.

In an autobiographical preface, Hedy discusses the commercialization of the songs of the poor:

> The music of the poor that had been sought out in rejection of the obsessive-profit-motive, became raw-material to be lucratively exploited. There was quick claim-staking. The communally developed old songs got new "writers" assigned to them on Library of Congress copyright forms. And revenue from sale and performance began to flow in to folksong "writers" and their publishers. Rarely were these new "writers" even singers from whom songs had been collected. As a rule they were urban singers or collectors.
>
> Poor-America was used to create wealth, but denied a share of it. And its cultural product, folksong, would eventually be as lightly discarded by the jobbers in the pop-world, as it first had been embraced. But not until it had been stripped of its too-rough-style, and then of its identification.
>
> For the majority public in at least North America and Europe "folksong" became practically understood as anything sung by performers who were marketed as "folksingers".
>
> Communal rural music no longer has a name. But it still exists for those who want to know it. And the positive half of the cycle remains despite its cruel half.

An introduction by Josh Dunson says in part:

> When Hedy West sings, she is talking to you. Telling you about miners' and textile mill workers' troubles and laughs, about the death of lovers, and old old tales in song that have been passed along into the tradition of her family, North Georgia farmers.

SONGS OF FAITH IN MAN. The Second Edition. Edited by Waldemar Hille, one of the founders of SING OUT! magazine. Published by the HODGIN PRESS of the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles. One Hundred and Fifty songs arranged for audience participation, mostly new songs, but also some old ones (like THE PEAT BOG SOLDIERS, O FREEDOM, LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING (often called the Negro National Anthem). The newer songs include Len Chandler's THE MOVEMENT'S MOVING ON, Pete Seeger's WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE, and Les Rice's I CAN SEE A NEW DAY.

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

MIRRORS. 25 songs by Ric Masten. $2.00. Distributed by SRL, A Free Religious Fellowship, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108. Ric Masten, of the Big Sur, has been like a journeyman singer for the Unitarian Church the past two years, singing "all over this land." He averages about 125 concerts a year, mostly at colleges and universities, from the wilds of Idaho to the affluent, sophisticated suburbs of New York City. His songs deal with immediate subjects -- from a love song to the hippies (CHRISTOPHER SUNSHINE) to loneliness and racial alienation (A HUNDRED MILLION MILES OF TABLE). Three or four of these songs have been in Broadside (for LONELINESS, with which he generally closes his concerts, see B'Side #99).

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

FLORIDA SAND: Original Songs And Stories of Florida. By Will McLean. Curry's Printing Co. 544 W. Central Blvd. Orlando, Florida 32801. $3.50. Will is one of the last, if not the last, of America's folksong creators of the old tradition. A Florida country boy who came back from World War II (where he was a waist gunner in bombers over Japan) he came home determined to write Florida history and legend into folksong. He succeeded perhaps more than he knows; his songs have a universality which he may not yet comprehend, but which future generations will. Quite a few of these songs have been in Broadside -- TATE'S HELL, OSCEOLA, CUSH HOLSTON, HOLD BACK THE WATERS, WILD HOG. G.F.

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

Repel Indians & Jane Fonda

SEATTLE (AP) — The Army has repelled a band of Indians who attempted to take over part of a fort, arresting actress Jane Fonda and about 85 other persons in the process.

Miss Fonda and 13 other pesons were seized by MPs at Fort Lewis, about 35 miles south of here, after a larger group was unsuccessful in efforts to occupy a section of 1100-acre Fort Lawton, part of which is scheduled to be made surplus by the Army and may become a park.

SACRAMENTO, Cal. (LAT)—The State Assembly voted 52-0 to approve a resolution asking the federal government to turn Alcatraz Island over to the Indians as Jane Fonda smiled her approval from the audience.

Miss Fonda and a group of Alcatraz Indians came to the Capitol yesterday to testify in favor of the resolution.

Miss Fonda spent an afternoon last weekend with Indians who have occupied Alcatraz since last fall.

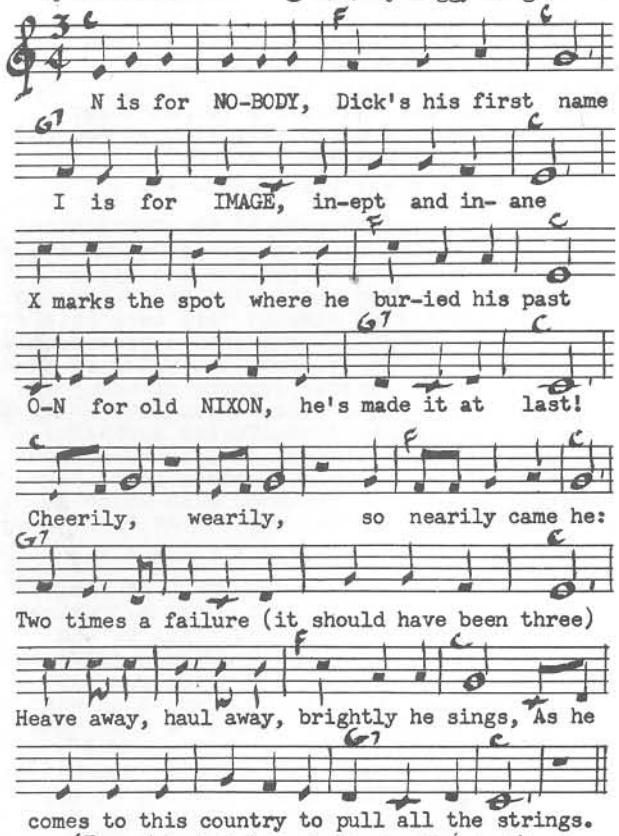


Post Photo by Vic DeLucia
JANE FONDA
Seized by MPs.

(Ed.Note: For Malvina Reynolds' song ALCATRAZ, Pelican Island, see B'Side # 103).

N IS FOR NOBODY

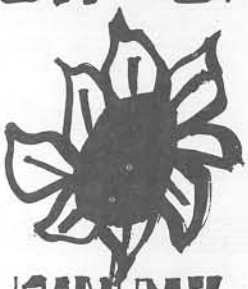
By PEGGY SEEGER © 1969 by Peggy Seeger



(Tune Adapted from Sailor's Alphabet)

(Ed. Note: The last line of the above refers, obviously, to Nixon's visit to Britain. The author lives there. We suggest you write your own last line to make a chorus pertinent to our scene. Ours is (and we have to change the next-to-last line a bit):"Heave away, haul away,brightly sings he, As he declares himself the Champion of Ec-ol-o-gy.")

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Army Now Admits Keeping Civilian File

By MORTON KONDRACKE

WASHINGTON (CS-T)—The Army has acknowledged that it maintains files on the political activities of civilians other than the computerized political data bank it told Congressmen it was closing down.

An Army spokesman confirmed that a microfilm file is kept on civilian political activity by the Counter-Intelligence Analysis Division of the office of the Army's assistant chief of staff for intelligence.

Sources who asked not to be identified affirmed that individual and organizational files number in the thousands and that they include data on such individuals as Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr., folk singers Arlo Guthrie and Phil Ochs and Georgia State Rep. Julian Bond.

NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1970

Flag Patch Costs Youth Jail Term

LEOMINSTER, Mass. (AP) — A youth who strolled through town with an American flag sewn to the seat of his pants has been sentenced to a year in jail under an 1899 state law.

The law forbids treating the flag in a contemptuous manner.

Valarie Goguen, 19 was arrested Feb. 7 after City Councilor John Erdman saw him walking through the downtown area.

A policeman testified that Goguen told him he was using the flag as a patch on his pants.

Judge Richard Comerford, who yesterday sentenced Goguen to the maximum penalty allowed by the law, said the youth's action was "in vile contempt of the symbol of the republic."

Broadside

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