# Broadside #53

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE DECEMBER 20, 1964 PRICE -- 50¢


BY PETER LA FARGE

# RATTLESNAKE

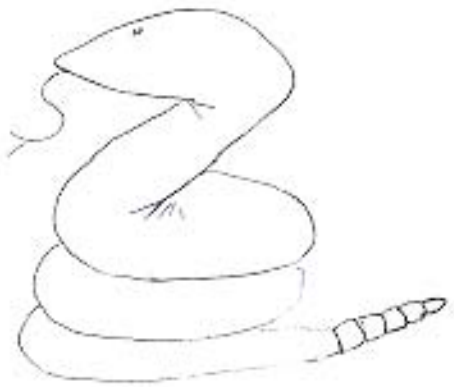
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2. I've heard it too alley's side
Where the pushers deal and the addicts glide
Heroin's quiet, it enchants the boys
But I've heard its anthem and the rattlesnake's noise
Then there's the uptown doctor with his needle clean
He's always nice and never mean
He gives them dope by another name
But I heard the rattlesnake just the same. (Chorus)

3. There's the city official 'way down low
Keepin' his pockets full of dough
If you want help don't ask his aid
There's a rattlesnake sitting in his shade
There's a politician 'way up high
Too far to hear the people cry
Passin' bills for the wealthy men
He won't explain but the rattlesnake can. (Cho.)

4. I heard it loud 'way down South
Where the rattle comes from a cracker's mouth
Laced with spittle and crammed with hate
He thought he was talking -- I heard rattlesnake
There's lots of snakes, let me tell you, Jack
There's the pygmy rattler and the diamond back
Governor Johnson says he loves us all
And the rattlesnake stings with a Southern drawl.(Cho)





## SCOUT IN A-BOMBING IS ADJUDGED INSANE

GALVESTON, Tex., Dec. 7 (UPI)—Maj. Claude R. Eatherly, 46 years old, who blamed the atom bombing of Hiroshima for his troubles, was adjudged insane today by a District Court jury.

He said he had had dreams from the bombing.

"I see great fires, boiling fires, crimson fires, closing in on me. Buildings fall, children run—living torches with their clothes aflame," he says.

See "Ballad of Major Eatherly" by Gene Hunn in B'SIDE # 45

NEW YORK TIMES

## HOUSING PROTEST ADDS LYRIC TOUCH

Housing demonstrators ended a 24-hour vigil outside Gracie Mansion at 8 A.M. yesterday not quite sure whether Mayor Wagner heard their version of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The chilled pickets sang:

Mine eyes have seen my landlord raising rents without repairs.
My ceilings all are peeling and I've got some broken stairs.
My faucets all are leaking and my window panes are cracked.
We must have action now.

Seventy pickets were present at the height of the demonstration sponsored by the Cooper Square Community Development Committee. Nineteen-year-old Sally Goldin of 249 East Broadway played the guitar as the bundled pickets put into song their demands for low-rent housing on a site at Houston and Christie Sreets, on the Lower East Side:

We must fight to keep our land from being given to the rich.
We've been promised low-rent housing and we'd rather fight than switch.
The ball game's almost over, but it's now our turn to pitch.
We must have action now.

To some, the technique was reminiscent of the political and labor protests of the nineteen-thirties, or the civil rights drive of the nineteen-fifties.

To the tune of "Frère Jacques," the pickets sang:

Are you sleeping?
Are you sleeping?
City Hall, City Hall.
Rents are on the increase
Service on the decrease.
Fix our homes. Fix our homes.

Twenty-eight pickets were on hand when the demonstration broke up.

See "Rent Strike Songs" in BROADSIDE # 42

## BROADSIDE HOOT

The third in a series of six BROADSIDE hoots will be held Sunday, Jan. 3, 1965, at 3 p.m. at the VILLAGE GATE, New York City (Thompson at Bleecker St.). TOM PAXTON will sing and m.c. Also scheduled: GIL TURNER, FRED HELLERMAN, IRMA JURIST, & THE FREEDOM SCHOOL SINGERS OF HOLLY SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI. The latter group, consisting of 19 youngsters of all ages, will be in New York to present a play about Medgar Evers. Tentatively: PETER LA FARGE, PHIL OCHS, LEN CHANDLER, ERIC ANDERSEN. The hoots will be held the first Sunday of each month now thru April. Time: 3 p.m. Admission: $2 (at door). A HOOT IN TIME SAVES NINE!



### Good Will Gone?

One of the latest toys on the market is a guillotine that adjusts to fit any head. Certainly American ingenuity can do better than that.

How about a Ku Klux Klan Kit for Kiddies that includes a hood, sheet, torch and sheriff's badge? Or else a "Fail-Safe Kit" with medium bomber, faulty radar and a family-size A-bomb.

Whatever happened to "peace on earth, good will to men"?

MICKEY LEVINE.

See "Talking Christmas" by Paul Wolfe in B'SIDE # 37

## *"Minutes By Jet"*

*"Welcome Aboard"*
*And then get set*
*For lands that are "Minutes*
*Away by Jet."*

*"Life can be gay"*
*Say the travel ads*
*For people who can*
*Afford such fads.*

*"Cruise to the South"*
*"Fly to the West"*
*The tired mind*
*Will welcome rest.*

*In the Caribbee*
*You can soak up sun*
*For someone "Somewhere*
*Winter is fun."*

*But the guy who must work*
*For the food and the rent*
*Is seldom along*
*With the pleasure bent.*

*Others may play*
*Aboard ship and on trains*
*He's plagued with the*
*Bodily aches and pains.*

*Up on your feet*
*Day after day*
*Years and decades*
*Fly away.*

*None of the scenes*
*From the travel page*
*Ever come true*
*Before his gaze.*

*Brothers and Sisters*
*I'd like to see*
*All that's good*
*For you and me.*

*All the places*
*We'd like to get*
*For they're only "Minutes*
*Away by Jet."*

Irv Lomsky,
Local 122 UAW




## Recordings

issued in conjunction with Folkways Records

BR 301 BROADSIDE, Vol. 1. Songs from the pages of Broadside Magazine sung by Pete Seeger, Peter La Farge, Happy Traum, New World Singers, Gil Turner, Matt McGinn, Blind Boy Grunt, Mark Spoelstra. Dissertation including Blowin' in the Wind, Talking Devil, I Can See A New Day, Benny Bid Farel, others.
1-12" 33-1/3 rpm LP, mono

BR 302 BROADSIDE BALLADS Vol. 2 sung by Pete Seeger. Little Boxes, I Ain't a Scared of Your Jail, Never Put's Back, Fare Thee Well, The Ballad of Lou Marsh, Song of the Dutch Press Operator, Business, William Moore the Mailman, The Travelers, Ira Hayes, Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall, What Did You Learn in School Today?, Who Killed Davey Moore?, The Willing Conscript.
1-12" 33-1/3 rpm LP, mono

BR 303 BROADSIDE, Vol. 3. More new songs from Broadside Magazine, sung by the Broadside Singers. Ain't That News, Links on the Chain, The Faucets are Dripping, Paths of Victory, My Father's Chare, Emigrante, Causes, Times I've Had, Dialogue, Rattlesnake, Carrying On, Freedom is a Constant Struggle, Strangs Fisher, More Good Men, Plains of Nebraska-O.
1-12" 33-1/3 rpm LP, mono

FA 2426 BROADSIDES Songs and Ballads sung by Pete Seeger. The Dove, The Flowers of Peace, Mack the Bootlegger, Way Up Here, Tomorrow's Children, Get Up and Go, The New York J-D Blues, Coyote, My Little Buddies, We Shall Overcome, To My Old Brown Earth.
1-12" 33-1/3 rpm LP, mono

FOLKWAYS RECORDS
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## And Now A Book

issued in conjunction with Oak Publications

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from the Pages of
Broadside Magazine

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| Don Reed | Pete Seeger |
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| Len Chandler | Nina Simone |
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| Phil Ochs | Jackie Alper |
| Ewan Maris | Agnes Friesen |
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| Hoard for Glory | Only a Pawn |
| The Boy Soldier | The People are Scratching |
| The Hula Explosion | Plains of Nebraska-O |
| Harard Kentucky | Hamelin Boy |
| I Ain't Afraid of Your Jail | The Shelter Diggers |
| I Can See A New Day | Strangers in Your Town |
| I Can't Help But Wonder Where I'm Bound | Talking Christmas |
| Links on the Chain | Talkin' Peace |
| Little Boxes | Talking Vietnam |
| | To Be A Man |
| | Unemployment Lament |

Compiled and edited by Gil Turnerglum
Illustrations by Agnes Friesen, Jane Friesen, Susan Reed and Mike Sherbert.

96 pages • $2.95

OAK PUBLICATIONS, INC.
165 West 46th Street New York 10036, N.Y.

# DRAFT DODGER RAG

by PHIL OCHS




2.
I got a dislocated disc and a racked up back
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs
And when the bombshell hits I get epileptic fits
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs
I got the weakness woes and I can't touch my toes
I can hardly reach my knees
And if the enemy came close to me I'd probably
start to sneeze. Chorus

3.
I hate Chou En Lai and I hope he dies
But I think you gotta see
That someone's gotta go over there
And that someone isn't me
So I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em hell
Yeh, kill me a thousand or so
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore
Well, I'll be the first to go. Chorus

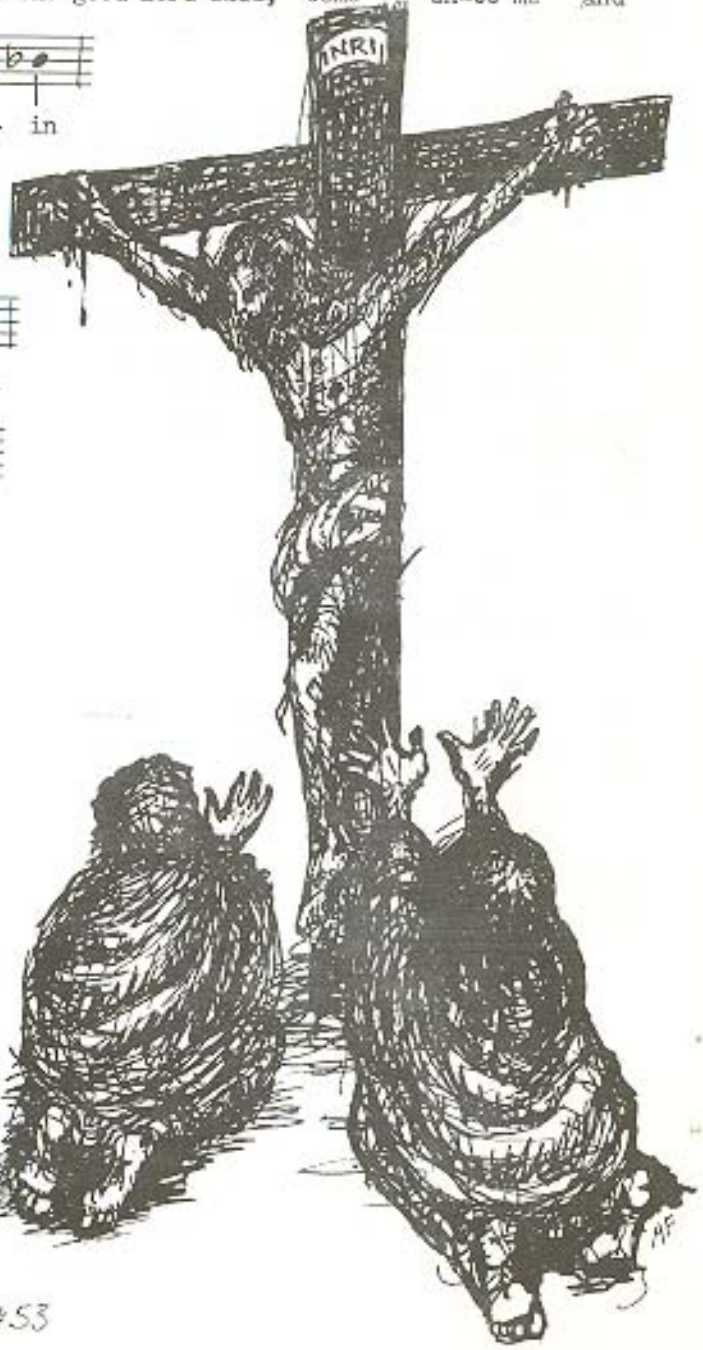
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BROADSIDE #53

# Singin Jesus

Words and music by
Malvina Reynolds




Well some men preach you a sermon,
Try to save your soul,
Listen to Singin Jesus,
Preachin with the rock and roll,
Some men preach you a sermon,
Say give away your cloak and shoes,
Listen to barefoot Jesus
Preachin with the rhythm and blues.

(Chorus)

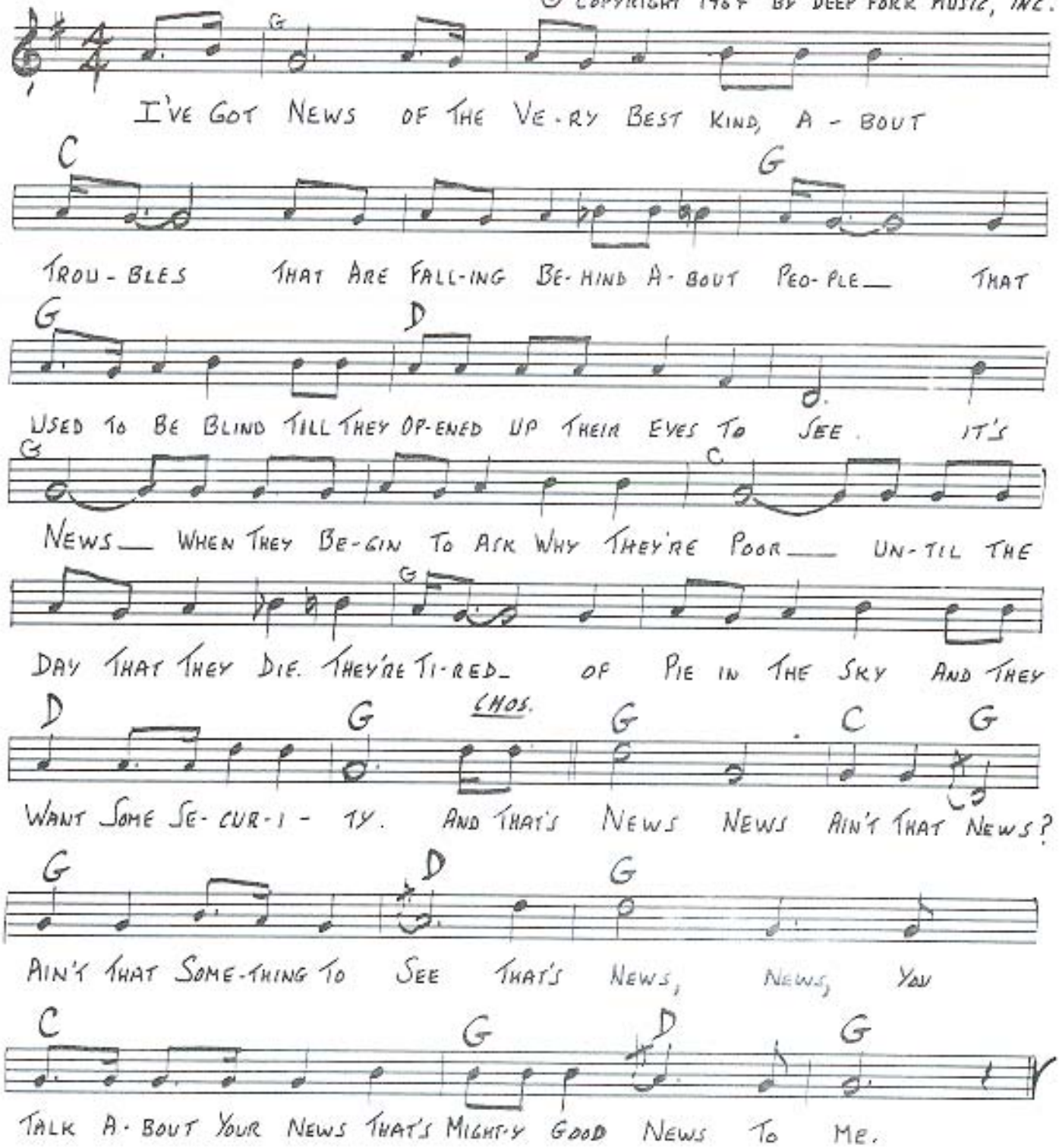
And his song said Men are brothers,
And it rang out clear and great,
And what the color of the brothers' skin
He did not stimulate,
Said Stop your feudin and fightin,
Kick those no-good wars,
Beat your swords into ploughshares
And your guns into steel guitars.

(Chorus)

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# AIN'T THAT NEWS?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY TOM PAXTON
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2.I've got news about some ordinary men
They heard it preached time and again
To be patient and grateful, A-men,
And "Don't agitate around here!"
They argued & they talked it around
And they woke up & here's what they found:
Their voices made a mighty big sound
Till they didn't know the meaning of fear.
(Chorus)

3.In Hazard they're meeting at night
Organizing, and doing it right,
And planning for a hell of a fight
And they sure don't aim to lose
In New York the tenants said, "No,
The slumlord ain't getting our dough,"
They're fed up & I want you to know
That's the very best kind of news.
(Chorus)

# GOVERNMENT SAY

Music & Lyrics - SONIA BROCK

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C F C G

Government say , we have a man , man on the moon, pretty soon.

C F C G

Government say , we must fly Stars & Stripes up in the sky,

G F G

Send him up in a rocket ship. Hope he has a

G C F

very nice trip. Boy, I'm glad it isn't me ,

C G C

going up in his - tor - y ---- , Here I am ,

C G C

Safe as a clam . Certain - ly safer , where I am.

(ENDING FOR LAST VERSE)

C F C G C

Government say here I stay, Prob-a-bly safer , any - way.



Government say, girls and boys, join the peace corps, be envoys
Government say, we should go, teach the people which row to hoe
Hope they have a very nice time, fighting malaria in a tropical clime
Boy, I'm glad it isn't I, spraying flit on the tsetse fly. CHO

President say we must have integration, I believe
President say, segregation is very bad for the state of the nation
Hope they settle everything all right, think I'll stay away from the fight
Boy, I'm glad it isn't me, livin' down in Mississippi. CHO

Government say, what I should do, what they say is probably true
Government say, where I should go and I guess they probably know
But you see, it isn't up to me, safe and sound in the penitentiary
Guess I'll be here quite a while, doin' my bit on the big rock pile.
CHO: Government say, here I stay, probably safer anyway.

BROADSIDE #53



BIRDS OF A FEATHER HOOT TOGETHER!

# WHEELS

Words by
EVE MERRIAM

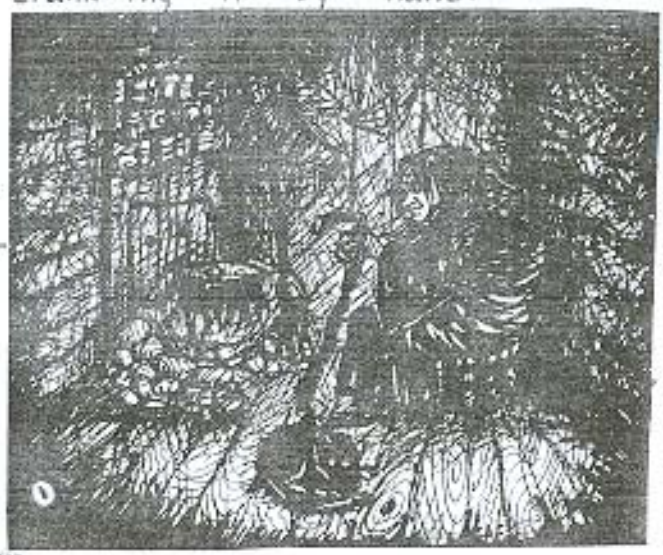
© 1964 Fall River Music, Inc.

Music by
IRMA JURIST




2. What makes the wheels of Washington go round
Washington go round, Washington go round
What makes the wheels of Washington go round
I asked that wise old widow.
"I'll tell you the secret", said the wise old crone
"'Tis wisdom makes the wheels of Washington go round
Washington go round, Washington go round
Yes, wisdom makes the wheels of Washington go round--
Wisdom and a hand in some constituent's pocket."

3. What makes the wheels of the world go round
The world go round, the world go round
What makes the wheels of the world go round
I asked that wise old widow.
"I'll tell you the secret", said the wise old crone
"'Tis heaven makes the wheels of the world go round
The world go round, the world go round
Yes, heaven makes the wheels of the world go round--
Heaven and a poor man cranking it by hand."



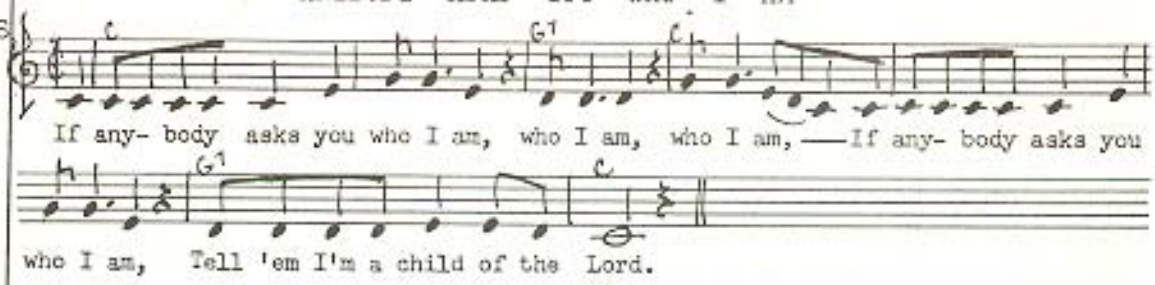
BROADSIDE #63

The following arrangements of two spirituals were made this summer by the younger teen-agers of St. John's Freedom School in Jackson, Miss. The song workshop of the School was under the direction of folk-singer Ricky Sherover, who submitted these songs to Broadside.

MAKE DONATIONS TO THE MISSISSIPPI FREEDOM SCHOOLS THROUGH YOUR LOCAL CIVIL RIGHTS ORGANIZATION OR DIRECTLY TO C.O.F.O

The address of the Council Of Federated Organizations is: 1017 Lynch St. Jackson Mississippi.

## IF ANYBODY ASKS YOU WHO I AM




2. If anybody asks you where I'm bound (3 times), Tell em I'm bound for glory.
3. .....what I want (3 times), ...I want my Freedom.
4. .....when I want it, ...I want it now.
5. .....where I want it, ...I want it here.
6. .....why I want it, ...Cause I'm a man. (Repeat 1st verse)

## W E A R E A - M A R C H I N '

Both Arrangements
© St. John's Freedom School
Jackson, Miss.




2.We are a-walkin'
3.We are a-talkin'
4.We are a-singin'
5.We are a-shoutin'
Etc., etc.

(Note: See BROADSIDE #8 for a different arrangement of this song, "Amen", sent in by Len Holt).

From Mississippi's FREEDOM DEMOCRATIC PARTY activities of the past summer comes the following -- tune, "Deep Blue Sea":

F. D. P., baby, F. D. P. (3 times)
It's for Freedom that we're fightin'
For the F. D. P.

Freedom Now, baby, Freedom Now (3X)
It's for Freedom that we're fightin'
For the F. D. P.

— submitted by Len Chandler

THE MISSISSIPPI Freedom Democratic Party Friday took a legal step to contest the seating of five Mississippi Congressmen. This predominantly Negro party instituted a statutory challenge under Title 2, Section 210, U.S. Code on the ground that almost half the eligible voters in Mississippi who are Negroes were prevented through violence and discrimination, from voting.

# A U T U M N , 1 9 6 4

By PETER LA FARGE

Sitting here in the night with darkness heaped in every corner, wondering if you can read my writing, because that's the only light I have. The morning's coming. I can hear the garbage trucks singing like city crickets, collecting the night. Thinking that of the new songwriters I'm the oldest and the most evil with my past. I have no lies to tell about my past and sometimes it strangles me like a black dog putting his foot down my throat. I am not so wild as I was once; I'm pretty good about it. I haven't gotten the rabies of shadow in my teeth except once or twice in the last six months. I always rage most at those I love, and mostly for good reasons. And to those to whom I did, my apologies. But you may have deserved it.

Someone once said to me "I envy you your heart, but I couldn't stand your hangovers." And oh, how I have fallen for you, you high-stepping, wrap-around chrome-popsickle girls. For the right pair of legs, and God save us from the probable barbed-wire of blonde hair. And I'll do it well, and if there are few men that do that any more they get oriented to be sane too soon. And it's because I am mad and can't help it.

I always love like a high jackrabbit going through a bramble. Or a hawk up there twining the world around him just before he falls to get the jack, like an eight-wheeler going through a Kansas town at midnight, with only a little boy watching from his bedroom window and riding every nonstop car out. I love like an act of nature.

Not casual, my love.
But like a tender trumpet.
Softly.
Proudly.
Loudly.
Lostly.

In the thunderheads my dark,
My love.
Not casual.

But I'm alone now, and filled with lonely pain. At Len Chandler and Nancy. At Tom Paxton and Midge. As if my galloping heart had rested far enough, and like a horse of racing love must be off again. The beauty of my friends sometimes sends me home to weep, but I don't do it loudly. But pain always sends me home to write. And driving me as the rodeo bug never chased me is a sense of history. These are the days when we are writing whole pages for scholars to dissect, and I would rather be one with my beloved Spoelstra, Chandler, Paxton, Ochs and Dylan than be the bronc-riding champion of the world. And hear me, people, hear Peter Bucking-Horse cry in the New York's dark dawn at four thirty, hear me Indian strange, and lightninged. We are comin', and we are rolling this big rock all the way to the top of this hill. And when we get it there the ages can always find a singer resting in its shadow away from the hot sun, making up a ballad just as we before him.

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## NO MYXOLYDIAN TUNING

I went to this thing they had in the Village. A hoot with the people who are writing things that get in Broadside, which is this little magazine-type affair that comes out of New York on mimeo paper and with those wild drawings. Anyhow, there were all these people lined up around the block and pouring into this dark little hole. Not too much different from the Cabale in good ol' Berkeley. Berkelier-than-thou Berkeley. The stage was normal-type except for a bulge in it that looked like a tumour and everyone stood on this tumour

and sang. Pete Seeger was there and he sang and fooled around and introduced people and was God, as usual. Right? And then everyone else sang their little things. Everyone looked pretty clean. Only two guys had hair in their eyes and only one guy sang at all like Dylan. Not too ethnic. No tradition. No grub. These are folksingers? And another thing -- the audience listened. I mean really listened and some people even sang. Never seen anything like it. Except maybe at a Pete Seeger concert, but everyone knows they're different. I mean, that's not really FOLK music -- his music is for everyone and how folk and ethnic is that?

Then two guys got up and everyone thought they were going to be very straight and they did a Beatle song. How straight is that? And people LAUGHED at them. With them, even, it sounded like. It kind of hurt me to hear all those people laughing. Where were all the clenched teeth? Not like home at all. No one there you'd want to dig, not really. Tom Paxton and Phil Ochs had their hair combed, for God's sake. And everyone had a very straight guitar or banjo. Not a single autoharp tuned in the Myxolydian mode.

And there were no songs about the bomb. Maybe it already fell in New York or something. Maybe it should. Folk music in New York seems to be in a bad way. Back to Berkeley.

By JUDITH SEEGER

Author's note: "The above is something I tried to write about the sing in the Village. I was immensely struck by the difference between New York and Berkeley in the attitudes of the singers and the audience. I tried to put down and be funny about how a dyed-in-the-wool Berkeley rebel would react to something like the Sunday afternoon do.

...and I'm serious about that autoharp -- some guy did tune his autoharp in the Myxolydian mode and demonstrated it in the Cabale one night. Charming. So constructive. Like contemplating your navel in public...

J.S.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

(Ed. note: The direction Bob Dylan has taken in his latest song writing has stirred up considerable controversy. Below is a piece on the "new" Bob Dylan by Paul Wolfe):

> Half-racked prejudice leaped forth; "Rip down all hate," I screamed,
> Lies that life is black and white, spoke from my skull, I dreamed,
> Romantic facts of musketeers, foundationed deep somehow,
> Ah, but I was so much older then,
> I'm younger than that now.
>
> --Bob Dylan, MY BACK PAGES

The Newport Folk Festival of 1964 formed an important milestone in the resurgence of topical music. It brought many of the younger performers into first contact with large segments of the folk music world; it proved that topical music, when delivered with artistry and sincerity, can be heartily appreciated by a wide and diverse audience; it outlined many of the goals toward which the various writers must strive.

But the Festival's most significant achievement was specific and twofold: it marked the emergence of Phil Ochs as the most important voice in the movement, simultaneous with the renunciation of topical music by its major prophet, Bob Dylan. It was the latter event that proved most surprising.

(cont.)

Dylan's "defection" into higher forms of art was predicted. His preference for free-verse, uninhibited poetry over topical songs has been apparent for quite a while; his dissatisfaction with concert tours and adulating fans is also no secret. But his new songs, as performed at Newport, surprised everyone, leaving the majority of the audience annoyed, some even disgusted, and, in general, scratching its collective head in disbelief. The art that had, in the past, produced towering works of power and importance, had, seemingly, degenerated into confusion and innocuousness. "Your new songs seem to be all inner-directed, inner-probing, and self-conscious," wrote Irwin Silber, editor of SING OUT!, in an open letter to Dylan. "You seem to be relating to a handful of cronies behind the scenes rather than to the rest of us out front."

And this disappointment in his new songs was heightened by their juxtaposition, on the stage of Newport, with the eloquent musical force of Phil Ochs. While Dylan was telling his perennial, anonymous girl friend, "All I really wanna do is, baby, be friends with you," Ochs was informing the leaders of the government "I ain't marchin' anymore!" While Dylan sang It Ain't Me, Babe and, in the guise of rejecting a persistent female, told his thousands of worshippers to look elsewhere for someone to walk on water, Ochs took the time to denounce the labor unions for their betrayal of the civil rights movement; in Links On The Chain -- Ochs' supreme artistic achievement -- and perhaps the most important topical song of the year -- he calls upon the "ranks of labor" to ponder their own "struggles of before" and tell, ironically, which side they now are on in the Negro struggle for equality.

Thus, the difference between the two performers became manifest: meaning vs. innocuousness, sincerity vs. utter disregard for the tastes of the audience, idealistic principle vs. self-conscious egotism. And even in his attempts at seriousness Dylan was bewildering. Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, while underlain by a beautiful poetic idea, must be termed a failure; somehow, a forced monotony of rhymes seemed much more effective in Only A Pawn In Their Game. And in his other song, Chimes Of Freedom, the bewilderment is raised to the highest degree. In this incredible jumble of confused, obscure images piled atop one another, Dylan traces the pursuit for higher forms of freedom, spanning a human lifetime, encompassing all of human life. This probing journey through anguish begins "far between sundown's finish and midnight's broken toe" and ends, some eight grueling minutes later, with the chimes of freedom flashing "for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe." The fallacy inherent in the concept of chimes flashing is annoyingly obvious. It is also obvious that Dylan was too enmeshed in his own ego and seeming adoration of words (no matter how meaningless his combinations of these words renders them) to consider the absurdity of treating a subject of such scope in a song. As Irwin Silber said, the Dylan we once knew, the author of With God On Our Side and Hattie Carroll , "never wasted our precious time". Chimes of Freedom brings to mind once again the fable of the Emperor's new clothes; and a short story entitled Face In The Crowd by Budd Schulberg (it was made into a noted movie). The protagonist of that story is a hillbilly singer who, through publicity, slick management and an overpowering ego, rises to such heighths of stardom and popularity he thinks he can get away with anything on the public.

(cont.)

The tragedy is that he cannot, and, in the end, is ruined.

Does Bob himself give a concrete reason for the emergence of the "new" Dylan? One might be found in the song My Back Pages in his latest album Another Side Of Bob Dylan. It is an intensely honest, revealing self-portrait, indeed a brutal denunciation of the "old" Dylan. It characterizes the latter as a deceived, impotent "musketeer" whose main stimuli to action were confusion and immaturity, rather than a fiery poetic spirit reacting to the injustices he saw all around him. Thus a seeming disillusionment with both himself and the ideals he fought for looms as a factor.

Other forces shaping his new posture include his own artistic drives and capabilities (which are indeed considerable) running headlong into the limitations of the musical form. As Phil Ochs said in the 1964 Newport brochure: "I think he's slowly drifting away from song-writing because he feels limited by the form. More and more of his work will probably come out in poetry and free verse, and I would not be surprised if he stopped singing altogether, considering the over-adulation of his fans and the lack of understanding of audiences that identify with him." Indeed there are reports not only that he is working on a book of his own poetry but that he plans to start up a poetry magazine (further Dylan artistic endeavors include a motion picture, which Dylan has written, is directing, and stars in himself). These varied artistic projects imply his abandonment of topical song writing; an artist must express himself through the most effective mediums at his command. But they do not explain his new songs; nor, if he is so disontented with singing, why he continues to give concerts; or why he is still cutting records. Contradictions have followed Bob Dylan from the time his folk-singing career began. Now, seemingly at the end of it, they have yet to be dissipated.

The paths of Bob Dylan bear extreme relevance to the course of today's topical songwriting. For instance, take Phil Ochs. His career is still evolving and expanding, but considering what has happened to Bob an inevitable question arises concerning Phil: will he follow in the footsteps of his predecessor? Will Phil too eventually be disillusioned, or in some other way become discontented, with his personal messages of protest, and abandon them? Only time -- of course -- can tell. But an analysis of the facts renders this unlikely. The differences between Ochs and Dylan, both as artists and personalities, are striking. Ochs is much more deeply committed to the broadside tradition. To news and politically-oriented songs, most of which are focused on specific events and do not range into the wide scope of human events and variegated problems that characterize so many of Dylan's more famous works. In addition, Dylan has undergone repeated metamorphosis as a performer; each of his four albums differs radically from the others. This has not been so with Ochs, whose second L-P (by Elektra) plainly will be a continuation of the work foundationed by his first (Ochs' 2nd L-P is scheduled for release in January). Quite to the contrary, Phil's basic melody and lyric patterns have remained constant from the very beginning; indeed many of his first songs, notably William Worthy and his talking analyses of Cuba and Viet Nam, occupy important positions in his current repertoire. Thus, the constant change of character and outlook, the reluctance to stay in one "bag" of song-writing for an extended period of time, that have engendered Dylan's renunciation of topical music, are not evidenced in

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Ochs. Nevertheless, the influences of Dylan have found their way into several of Ochs' new songs. In In The Heat Of The Summer and The Hills of West Virginia, Ochs has attempted subtlety and poetry where before he used power and irony. Thus, these two songs differ artistically from all his previous ones; indeed in the first song, dealing with the recent riots in various Negro ghettos, he goes so far as to abandon rhyme scheme altogether. It is a novel artistic experiment; but, unfortunately, this first attempt at poetry-in-song is unsuccessful; In The Heat Of The Summer emerges as little more than an exercise. But in The Hills Of West Virginia, some reflections during an automobile trip, Phil's simple, unpretentious, easy-flowing imagery, encased in what could be his most beautiful melody, weave a sharp and colorful tapestry of observation. It is certainly one of his best songs and proves Ochs doesn't have to protest to be good. It also proves that one can absorb the good influences of Dylan without being affected by the non-artistic sides of the latter's enigmatic career.

Many talented people today are writing topical songs. But, to me, Phil Ochs stands virtually alone in his field; very few writers are even close to him in quality and productivity. This is a happy fact for topical music. However, the cash registers are ringing in his ears more and more; legions of adulating fans and his identity as a "celebrity" grow larger as time goes by. Thus, one final question most be posed in connection with the path of Phil Ochs, hence the path of topical music. Can he overcome the pressures, the lures, the rewards and the egotism attached to being a celebrity? Can he maintain a sincerity of principle despite material prosperity? It is evident that he will continue writing protest songs; the question now is whether he will continue meaning them. For Phil Ochs, on whom the future of topical music rides, "these are the days of decision."

By PAUL WOLFE

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EDITORIAL COMMENT: Paul Wolfe is a songwriter and college student in New York... His article reflects the impact Bob Dylan's recent concerts and latest L-P has had on topical song followers. BROADSIDE has received many letters, with viewpoints ranging across the spectrum -- at the extremes those expressing the conviction that Bob is now "burnt out and finished" and those hailing him as a great poet soaring to brilliant, magnificent heighths in his latest songs... Editor Irwin Silber's "Open Letter" to Dylan in a recent SING OUT!, in which he implied Bob was wasting the people's time with his newest stuff, has brought Silber a flood of scorching letters condemning him as a sensational gossipmonger, peddler of hogwash, and worse... N.Y.Times folk music critic Robert Shelton, in reviewing Bob's recent Philharmonic Hall concert, noted that Bob again sang some his early great songs: "Hard Rain", "Hattie Carroll", "Times A-Changin'",etc. Shelton found Bob's new songs to be "on a very high level" while confessing that some of the symbolism "moved in and out of this listener's comprehension." Concludes Shelton: "After a half year of detours, Mr. Dylan seems to have returned his enormous musical and literary gifts to a forward course..." ... "The one unforgivable sin in the American money culture is to break through to the top rungs of success while, at the same time, spurning the power apparatus. Do that and the demons that lurk beneath the surface come up and attack you... This has been the fate of Bob Dylan..." Ralph Gleason in the San Francisco Chronicle.

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# T O  K N O W  T H E  M A N

By Josh Dunson

It's a plain fact that most people spend most of their life talking. They formulate their ideas in conversation and, sometimes, they sum them up by writing them down for newspapers, in full length books, in poems, in drawings and in songs. Woody Guthrie did all these things and did them all very well. Yet until the Guthrie Childrens' Trust Fund and Elektra Records got together and released the Woody Guthrie, Library of Congress Recordings* you could not really get the full picture of Woody Guthrie, the entire man, the entire genius. On these records there are almost three hours of Woody talking in conversation, rambling in poetry, and singing his own and favorite songs. He did all this for Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lomax in Washington, D.C., March, 1940. The three LP's are boxed with a beautiful little booklet of notes that contains an article by Robert Shelton, comments by Alan Lomax (that say a great deal more in two pages about Woody than all the lengthy conjecture written by people who knew him only in fleeting glimpses), and letters, newspaper columns and drawings by Woody himself.

Through about two thirds of the recordings Woody, age 28, talks about this life and the life of the people of the Southwest who were hit by the dust storms and traveled 66 and the other routes to California. Woody tells about the elections he witnessed in his young years and mixes fact with the exaggeration of a good story teller. He sings the songs that were important to a boy growing up in a town like his in the 1920's: the Carter Family's "Dirty Overalls" and "Worried Man Blues", and Jimmie Rodger's "California Blues", a song which, combined with the fruit growers' handbills, drew hundreds of thousands to California with the lure of promised jobs.

Woody was at his peak as a talker, song writer, and artist in the years just around 1940. He was already laying the basis for his autobiography, Bound For Glory (Dolphin .95¢), a classic of American literature. The Dust Bowl Ballads were written. His memory was very sharp, and as he describes his early experiences in making "home brew" all the humor and softness and rascality of his work shows up and relaxes its way out. Then Woody tells about the family stills that grew with prohibition and describes the rough parties that resulted from imbibing the potent stuff produced. He sings "Rye Whiskey".

In other moods, Woody pictures those who "slept under some of the best bridges in California", and looks at that state's newspapers which called people looking for work "dust bowl refugees". There are descriptions of the four hundred men, women and children who had to keep clean in a migrant camp from a stream of water no larger or more powerful than a sink faucet. Woody sings "Dust Bowl Refugee" and "Goin Down That Road Feelin Bad".

Alan Lomax was and is a close friend of Woody's. The comraderie of this friendship is a key as to why this recording is so valuable. Lomax lets Woody talk about what he has seen without any attempt to limit his comments, and with Lomax making good use of his previous talks with Woody to give many stimulating cues. Lomax and Guthrie

* Woody Guthrie, Library of Congress Recordings, three long playing records. Elektra EKL 271/272, at the low list price of $9.95.

were having a ball. The drinks were flowing and Woody's words were going.

Two pictures emerge. One of Western America in the 1930's, of men looking for work, being roughed up by railroad bulls, of square dance and country music. The other is of Woody himself just as if you had him up for dinner, and he talked about himself, sang you his songs, showed you what he had seen, and told you just what he was thinking. A person can never know Woody or fully appreciate him until he's been up for dinner. And now that these records are out, we can have Woody up for dinner every night of the week.

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NOTES: An LP titled "This Land Is Your Land" and including 19"songs of social justice" has been issued by the United Auto Workers. It has 17 folksingers and groups on it -- such artists as Joan Baez, Judy Collins, Pete Seeger, Peter Paul & Mary, the Weavers,etc. The LP sells for $2 a copy from the UAW Education Dept., 8000 E. Jefferson Ave.,Detroit 14,Michigan. Maybe the UAW will start singing again, as it did back in 1942 when 92,000 voices joined with the Almanacs in a "conversion to war production" rally in Detroit's Cadillac Square. ... Something about the rock 'n roll tune to Malvina Reynolds' song "It Isn't Nice" has bothered us from the time we first heard it. It boils down to a feeling that two lines, "They kidnapped boys in Mississippi, They shot Medgar in the back" just don't belong in rock 'n roll. For the rest of the song it's all right, but these two lines jar out of place when taken out of the context of Malvina's original dignified music... We can't think of a more inspiring way to spend part of the Christmas Season than to attend the annual JOHNS ISLAND FOLK FESTIVAL Dec. 26 & 27. Featured are the Moving Star Hall Singers (who were at Newport last summer) and Bessie Jones & The Georgia Sea Island Singers, but there's to be plenty of other music, includin New York folksingers & Southern freedom singers. For details contact Guy Carawan, Box 154, Rt. 1, Johns Island,S.Carolina... The Hodgin Press of the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles has decided to put out a second edition of SONGS OF FAITH IN MAN. They want to put a number of new songs into it and ask songwriters to submit work about Civil Rights,Peace, Freedom of Conscience. For explicit details write First Unitarian Church, % W.Hille, 2936 West 8th St.,Los Angeles 5,California... MALVINA REYNOLDS has already written a song about the great free speech struggle on the University of California Berkeley campus,where shock police forces arrested 800 students in one of the worst mass arrests in all American history. Titled "Free Speech", Mal's song is put out by Schroder Music, 2027 Parker St., Berkeley 4,Calif... Anybody interested in a HOOTENANNY CHRISTMAS DINNER? Bob Frederick sends along a page of hootenanny food recipes from the Philadelphia Bulletin. The main course is hoot 'n holler tam-olive pie, served with mountain dew mocha, greensleeves salad, and molasses banjos (5-string)...

→ Note Broadside's New Mailing Address ←

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