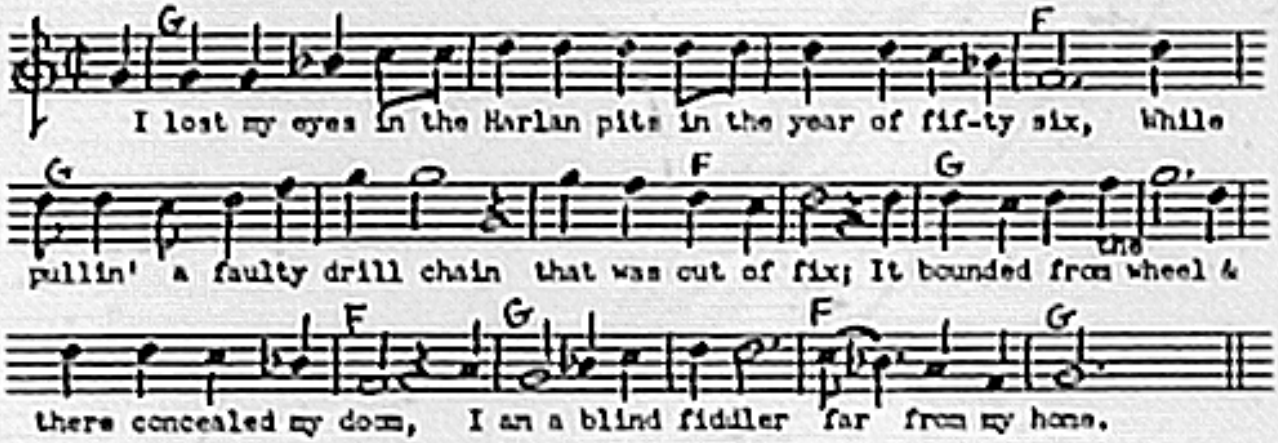
Broadside #54

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE JAN. 20, 1965 PRICE -- 50¢

BLIND FIDDLER

Words & Music: ERIC ANDERSEN
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All chords open (omit the 3rd)



I went up into Louisville
to visit Dr. Laine,
He operated on one of my eyes
still it is the same.
The Blue Ridge can't support me,
it just ain't got the room,
Would a wealthy colliery owner
like to hear a fiddler's tune?

With politics & threatening tones
the owners can control,
And the unions all have left us
a long, long time ago.
Machinery lyin scattered,
no drill sound in the mine,
For all the good a collier is
you might as well be blind.

Was a time I worked a long 14
for a short 8 bucks a day.
You're lucky if you're workin
that's what the owners say.
And if you got complainin
better aim to keep it low,
How come they cut my foodstamps,
does anybody know?

My father was a miner's son
and a miner still is he,
But his eyes have took a fever
and there's a-shakin in his knees

The holes are closing rapidly,
he cannot understand
A machine has got a bigger arm
than him or any other man.

Plastic on the windows,
cardboard for the door,
Baby's mouth is twisting
but it'll twist a little more.
They need welders in Chicago
falls hollow to the floor,
How many miners have made that trip
a thousand times before.

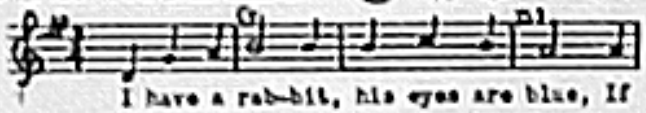
The lights are burning brightly,
there's laughter in the town,
But the streets are dark and empty,
ain't a miner to be found.
They're in some lonesome holler
where the sun refuse to shine,
A baby's cries are muffled
in the sweetness of their wine.

With a wife and four young children
dependent now on me,
Whatever can I serve them with,
My God I cannot see!
Through the Blue Ridge mountains
I am content to roam
I am a blind fiddler
far from my home.

I Have A Rabbit

(A commentary on the "population explosion".)

Words & Music: Patricia Elkran © Copyright 1964, Pantor Music



Look, Mommy, look, see what I've found
I've found a rabbit, his hair is brown

I've got 10 rabbits, 5 are all white
Mommy said if you want one, it's all right...

I'll look at my rabbits, their eyes are pink,
I count them again, there are 13 I think

I have forty rabbits, they sure are nice
If you want to buy some I'll bring down the price

I've got 600 rabbits, what will I do?
They're brown, black, gray and white
and all kinds of colors and their eyes are pink and blue...

S.F.

IN THIS ISSUE

COVER SONG

"The blind fiddler used to be a scab miner till he lost his eyes. After the accident, there wasn't no union to take care of him, no goodwill to take care of him, not even a salvation army. He tumbled down the road to his family. His people were all fiddle players from way back. He played it good, too. The only problem is that there aren't too many coffee houses in western Kentucky."

— Eric Andersen

Ed note: In this issue Messrs. Ochs, Cohen, Wolfe, Andersen & Skip N.Y. cover all "sides" of Bob Dylan and bring this discussion pretty well to a close.

Correction: On the lead sheet for the cover song in BROADSIDE #13 - "Rattlesnake" - we overlooked an error in key signature. It should be for the key of E, not A.

HOOTENANNY

SUNDAY, FEB. 7th, 1965 3-6 P.M.
AT THE VILLAGE GATE, NEW YORK CITY
(In Greenwich Village at Thompson and Bleecker Streets) $2 at-door.

This will be the fourth in a series of Broadside is sponsoring the first Sunday of each month (They last from 3 PM. to around 6:30 or so). Performers are challenged to come with a brand new topical song each time. Listed for the Feb. Hoot are:

LEN CHANDLER, TOM PAXTON, PHIL OCHS, PETER LA FARGE, JULIUS LESTER, ERIC ANDERSEN, PATRICK SKY. Also: FRAN GOLDIN & THE NEW YORK SINGING RENT STRIKERS (who have been keeping Mayor Wagner, city councilmen, and various others awake with their stinging, singing parodies).

Scheduled for the March Hoot: The McPeake Family from Belfast.

A ROLLING HOOT GATHERS NO MOSS. — But Pat Sky gathers a moose — see folklore section of this issue.



POETRY SECTION

Typewriters click
  in a room
Crowded small
  with staplers
Pictures of immortal
  moments in music
Index cards
  envelopes
waste papers with
  ink splotches
  empty coke glasses
Cigarette butts
  dusty records
  tapes
clip boards on the wall
  next to Tee squares
pencils markers stamps in
  boxes on the covered
  Tables
And in a vase towering
  over the work
  a single
    red rose.

Broadside #[illegible] is being created
to the tune of
Freedom Is
A Constant Struggle.
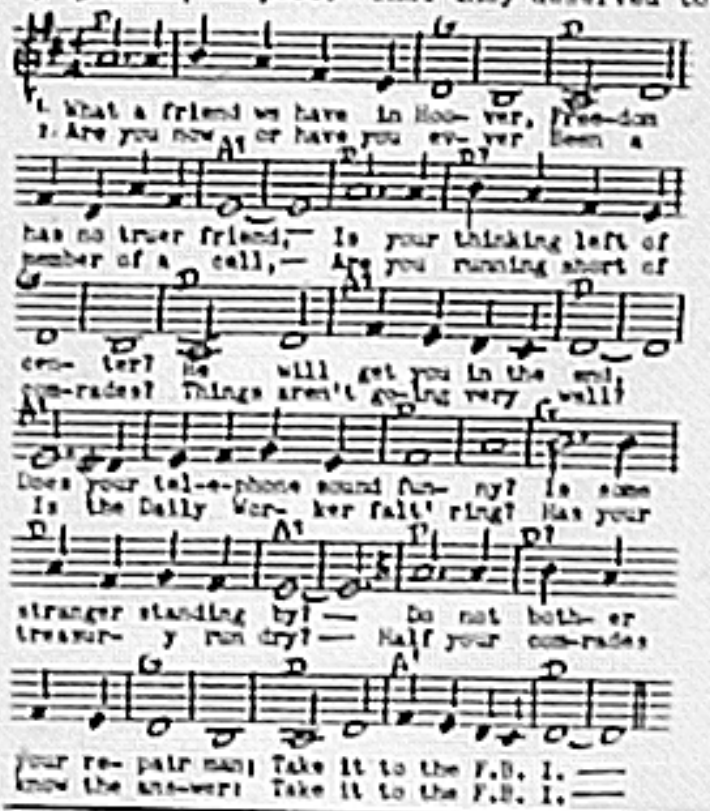
STEPHEN BEDALIS

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN HOOVER

Words by TOM PAXTON
Music, Traditional

While in Baltimore I read a condensed version of a book called The F.B.I. We Only Know by Fred Cook, and it should be required reading for all of us. The country has been hard-sold J. Edgar Hoover for so long that he really has become a hero to the bulk of the population. The role of the F.B.I. in the South is shameful (and, unfortunately, little known) and the arrest of 21 men in Mississippi is, in my opinion, suspect. That they deserved to be arrested I have no doubt; that the arrest occurred within a week of some of the strongest national criticism of the leader in a long time is a little too pat.

So here's to the largest financial supporter of Communism in America (1/5 of the Party being F.B.I. agents), John Edgar Hoover. -- Tom Paxton



3. It's purely for investigation
As all its records plainly show
And that it has no further powers
Dillinger should only know
If you're bombed in Mississippi
And the cops ride gaily by
Just find the sheriff's closest buddy
And take it to the F.B.I.

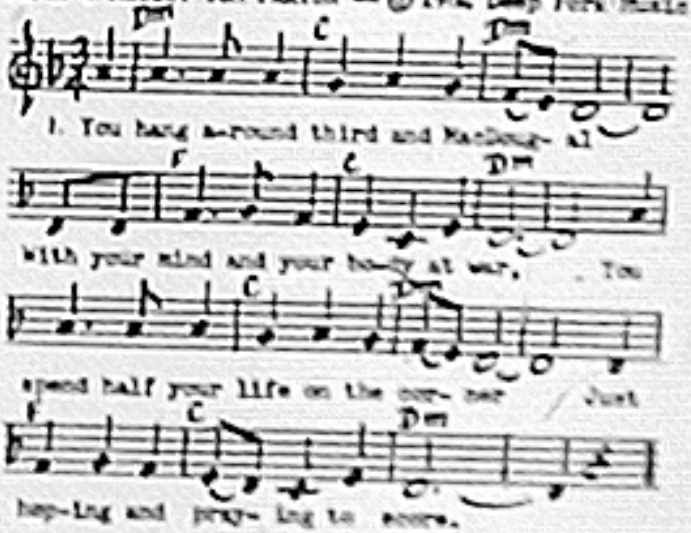
4. Martin Luther King's a liar
His movements full of shady guys
The Nobel people must be crazy
They went and handed him a prize
It's wrong to criticize the bureau
And any patriotic guy
Would round up Warren's whole committee
And take it to the F.B.I.

© 1964 by Deep Fork Music

Speaking personally, I think the thing about the hard stuff that saddens me the most is the way the users convince themselves that they're further "into" things (songs, for instance) than when they're straight. Well, maybe you are, friend, but if you are it ain't coming through to me and if communication isn't what it's all about then I miss my guess by a mile... I've seen a few friends shot down, known a few overdose cases, some fatal. I've seen them in Hiemal's, in North Beach, on Bleecker Street and on Third and MacDougal. -- TOM PAXTON

THIRD AND MACDOUGAL

Words & Music: TOM PAXTON -- © 1964 Deep Fork Music



2. You sit down by your old kitchen table
Sit down with a buddy or two.
If you don't have a hose for an arm band
It's any old necktie will do.

3. Sit down at the coffeehouse table,
Say nothing when the waitress walks by
Be sure to keep snapping your fingers
Or no one will know that you're high.

4. It's Gino has gone down to Lexy,
And Larry got caught holding high,
And Pamela o.d.'d on Cocaine,
And Marsha will hustle or die.

5. But you have your visions and wisdom,
And you have your jazz and your blues,
And you have the strength beyond doubting
To stop any time that you choose.

6. But the fire in your eye is a blue fire,
And the truth in your mind is a lie,
With a match box and a spoon on your table,
And the Glory of Hell in your eye.

(repeat first verse)

THANKSGIVING
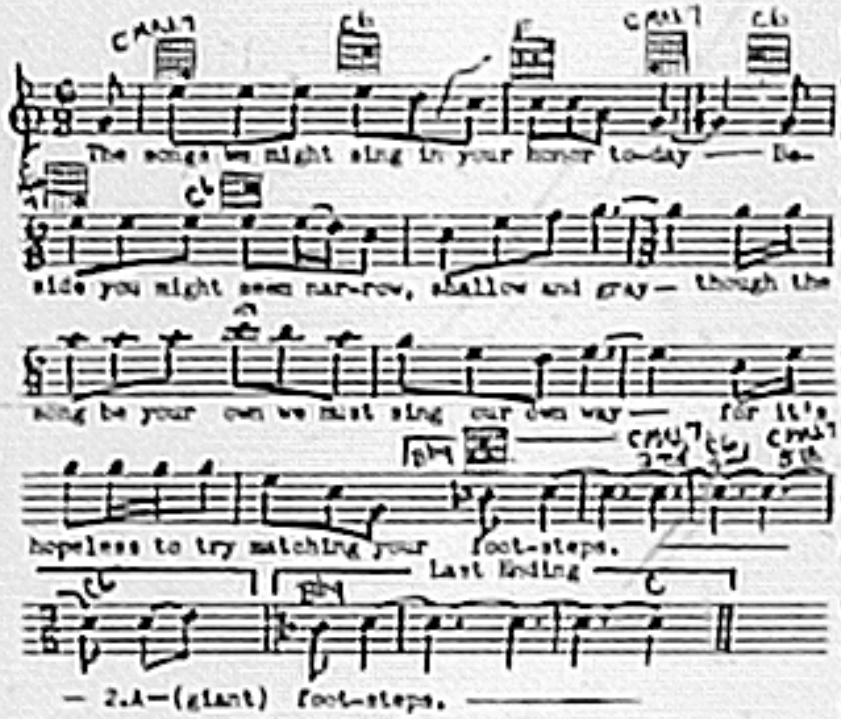
Words & Music:
LEN H. CHANDLER, JR.

© 1965 Fall River Music

OPEN C TUNING. This is a tuning that not many people in the country use. I think it's a great one. It makes a six-string sound like a twelve and a twelve sound like an orchestra.

HIGH E - same
B - up to C
G - same
D - down to C
A - down to G
LOW E - down to C

In this tuning there are three C's, two D's and one E. So you can get octaves going all over. It sounds great and it's all so very easy to play. That C MAJ.7 can be made by fingering the 4th fret on either the 2nd or the 5th strings. The number below the name of the chord will indicate which I use. If you slide the F chord up two frets it makes a G6. If you slide the G7 up two frets it becomes a C9. Have fun. — L.H.C. Jr.
P.S. Bar all over.



A giant of a man and a mountain of soul
In a world that was callous, was lonesome, was cold
You burst your brass binding and poured out pure gold
That still gleams on the walls that confined you.

That Fannin Street story that you'd tell, sing and play
But what does it matter what we do here or say
Your name's been forgotten on so many pay day
Could it be that you'd think we were funny.

The mold you were cast in was labeled great man
The calluses crusted your hard heavy hand
The ties that would bind you now lay on the sand
Forgotten like the hands that first forged them.

The roads that you rambled were the tight twisting kind
It was easy to lose both your body and mind
There were some rambled with you but most fell behind
For the high road you chose was the hardest.

Your songs they were rough and your life it was too
From a timber that tender hands never could hue
You carved out a legend and legacy too
But the foremost get few of the prizes.

How many great men have gone down knowing naught
The worth of the wonder works their hands have wrought,
But the good and the great are the last to be sought
When the money mad manage the art marts.

Like a grandpapa pine you stood straight and tall
While the forester tended the fragile and small
While the wild flowers' fragrance was charming us all
How alarmingly coarse was your whisper.

Your hoarse country holler that summoned that smiled
That rolled fierce and free with the freshness of child
How many too ragged, too wounded, too wild
Missed Lomax and died in oulivion.

You died like the rest but there's some of us knew
The wealth you were leaving, the debt you were due
On the peak of the mountain there's room for but few
Now the world knows that you've won your place there.

We're reaping the harvest from the rows that you've hown
The seeds that you planted you never saw grown
Though the soil was unfertile the seeds were your own
Did you know they could grow in a wasteland.

While running the gauntlet you sought for the grail
Did you know you could pick so much more than a bail
But Charlie had both hands and feet on the scale
And now he has only four fingers.
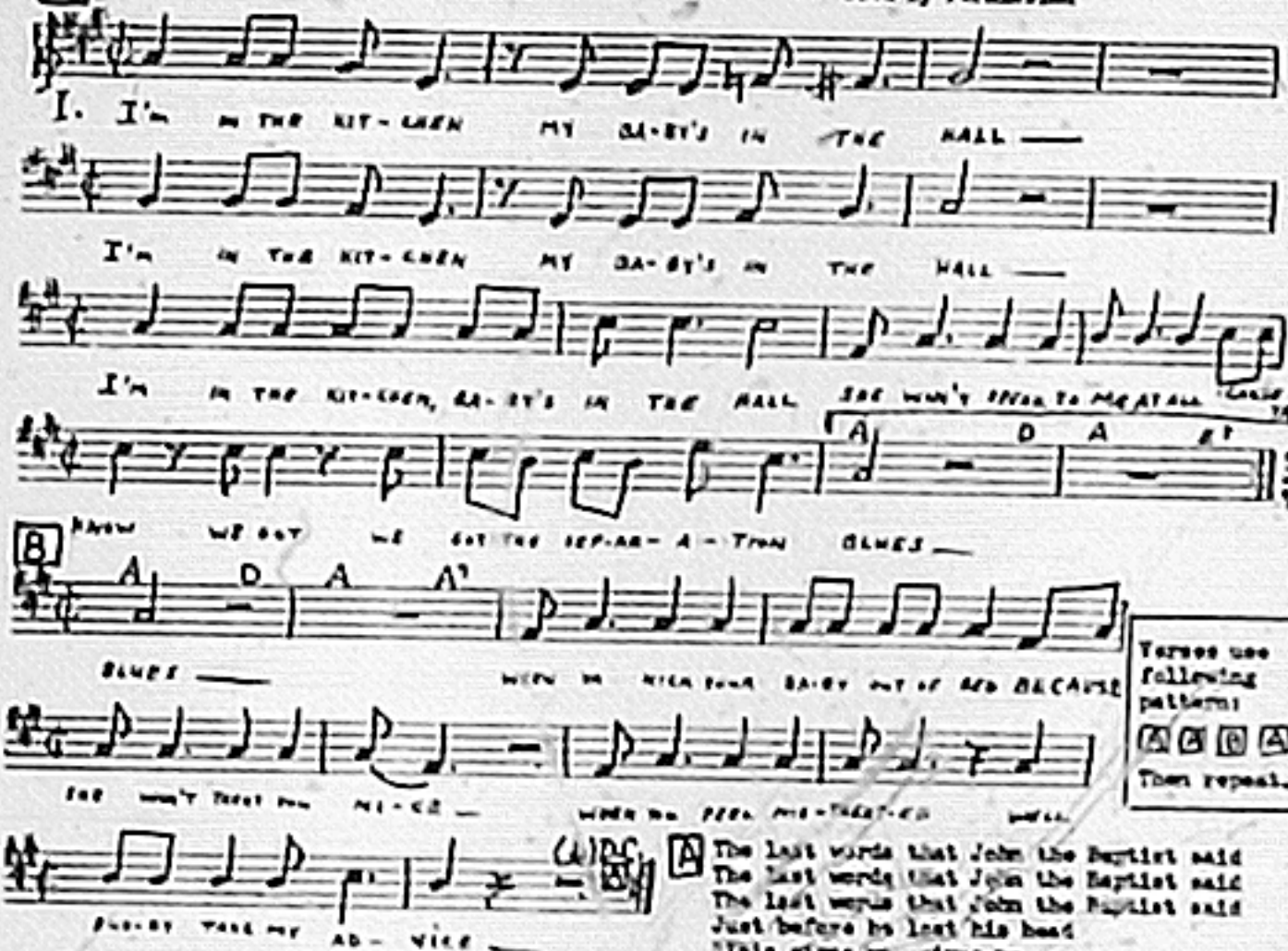
Things are some better in your bourgeois town
Some day they will all jump down turn around
We won't pick rotten cotton but we'll sure chop it down
We'll plant grain or we'll leave the fields fallow.

Your songs still are singing though your twelve string's unstring
This Thanksgiving's late but it's finally come
So when you see Silvy please tell her for me
Just remember the key to the jailhouse.

Note: Len composed this song for Town Hall concert, "Tribute to Leadbelly", Thanksgiving, 1964.

SEPARATION BLUES

Words & Music by PATRICK SKY
© 1964 by Patrick Sky
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Verses use following pattern:
A A B A
Then repeat.

I. (continued)

A See that fly, crawlin' up the wall
See that fly, crawlin' up the wall
See that fly, crawlin' up the wall
He won't speak to Miss Spider at all
'Cause you know, they got,
They got the SEPARATION BLUES.

B When you kick your baby out of bed
because she won't treat you nice
When you feel mistreated, well,
baby take my advice —

A Leave that woman & leave her quick
Leave that woman & leave her quick
Leave that woman & leave her quick
Or else she'll have you on a stick
It's better to leave
and get some SEPARATION BLUES.

(INSTRUMENTAL BREAK — OPTIONAL)

II.

A Adam ate the apple which Eve did thieve
Adam ate the apple which Eve did thieve
Adam ate the apple which Eve did thieve
The Lord said,"Adam, you got to leave'
Well, that gave him, gave him
the SEPARATION BLUES.

A The last words that John the Baptist said
The last words that John the Baptist said
The last words that John the Baptist said
Just before he lost his head
"This gives me, gives me
the SEPARATION BLUES."

B This goes to prove since time began
what these women do to men
It's better to buy than to be sold
to the guitar for a bottle of gin.

A If she don't treat you like you think she should
If she don't treat you like you think she should
If she don't treat you like you think she should
Your services ain't no longer no good
It's time you got, you got a dose
of SEPARATION BLUES.

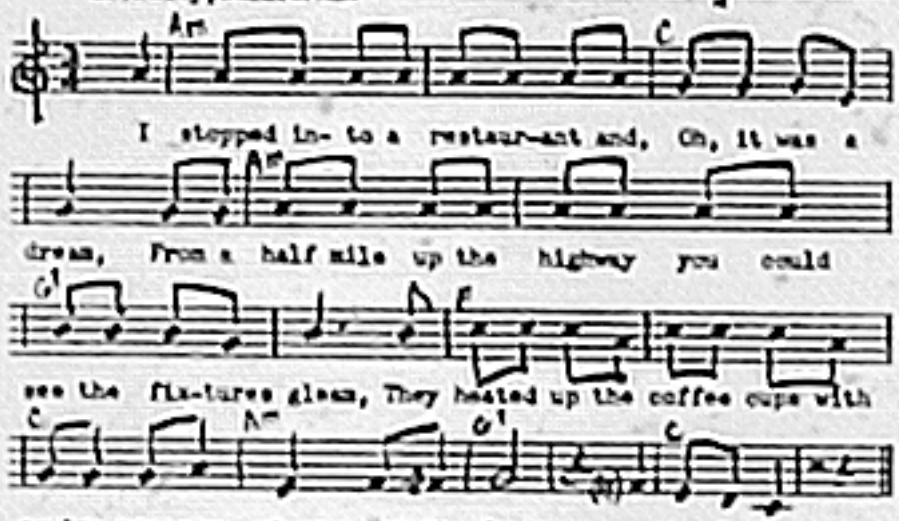
BROADSIDE # 34



The New Restaurant

© Copyright 1964 by
SCHROEDER MUSIC COMPANY
Berkeley, California

Words and music by
Malvina Reynolds



The waitresses were charming
And they had such lovely eyes,
Their smiles all matched exactly
And their uniforms likewise,
And their hair was piled as sweetly
As the topping on the pies,
But the food was terrible.

The decor was a symphony
In brown and gold and white,
The silver and the crockery
Would fill you with delight,
The menu was a masterpiece,
So witty and so bright,
But the food was terrible.

They must have spent a fortune
On the furniture and such,
On the place mats and the napkins,
Just like linen to the touch,
So the budget for the kitchen
Really wasn't much,
And the food was terrible.

In another generation
They'll forget the taste of meat,
Of tomatoes from the garden
And of bread that's made of wheat,
And they'll never even notice,
When it's plastic that they eat
That the food is terrible.

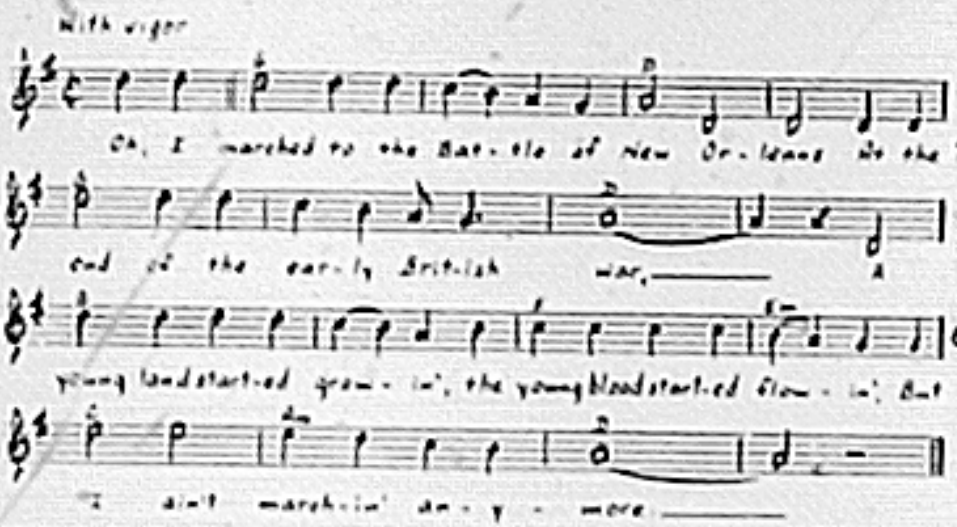
BROADSIDE # 34



ESPRESSO, CONTINENTAL PASTRIES
EXOTIC SANDWICHES, SALADS

I AIN'T MARCHIN' ANYMORE

by PHIL OCHS



2. For I killed my share of Injuns in a thousand different fights,
I was there at the Little Big Horn,
I heard many men a-dyin',
I saw many more a-dyin',
And I ain't marchin' anymore.

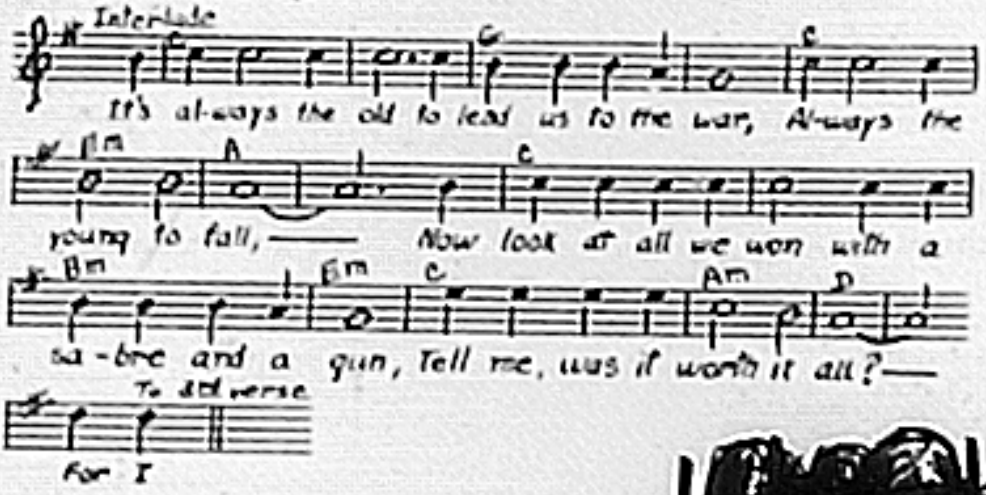
3. For I stole California
from the Mexican land,
Fought in the bloody
Civil War,
Yes, I even killed my brothers,
And so many others,
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

4. For I marched to the battles
of the German trench,
In a war that was bound
to end all wars;
I must have killed a million men
And now they want me back again,
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

(Repeat INTERLUDE)

5. For I flew the final mission
in the Japanese skies,
Set off a mighty mushroom roar,
When I saw the cities burnin',
I knew I was learnin'
That I ain't marchin' anymore.

6. Now the labor leader's screamin'
when they close the
missile plants,
United Fruit screams at the
Cuban shore,
Call it "Peace"
or call it "Treason",
Call it "Love"
or call it "Reason",
But I ain't marchin' anymore.



INTERLUDE # 2
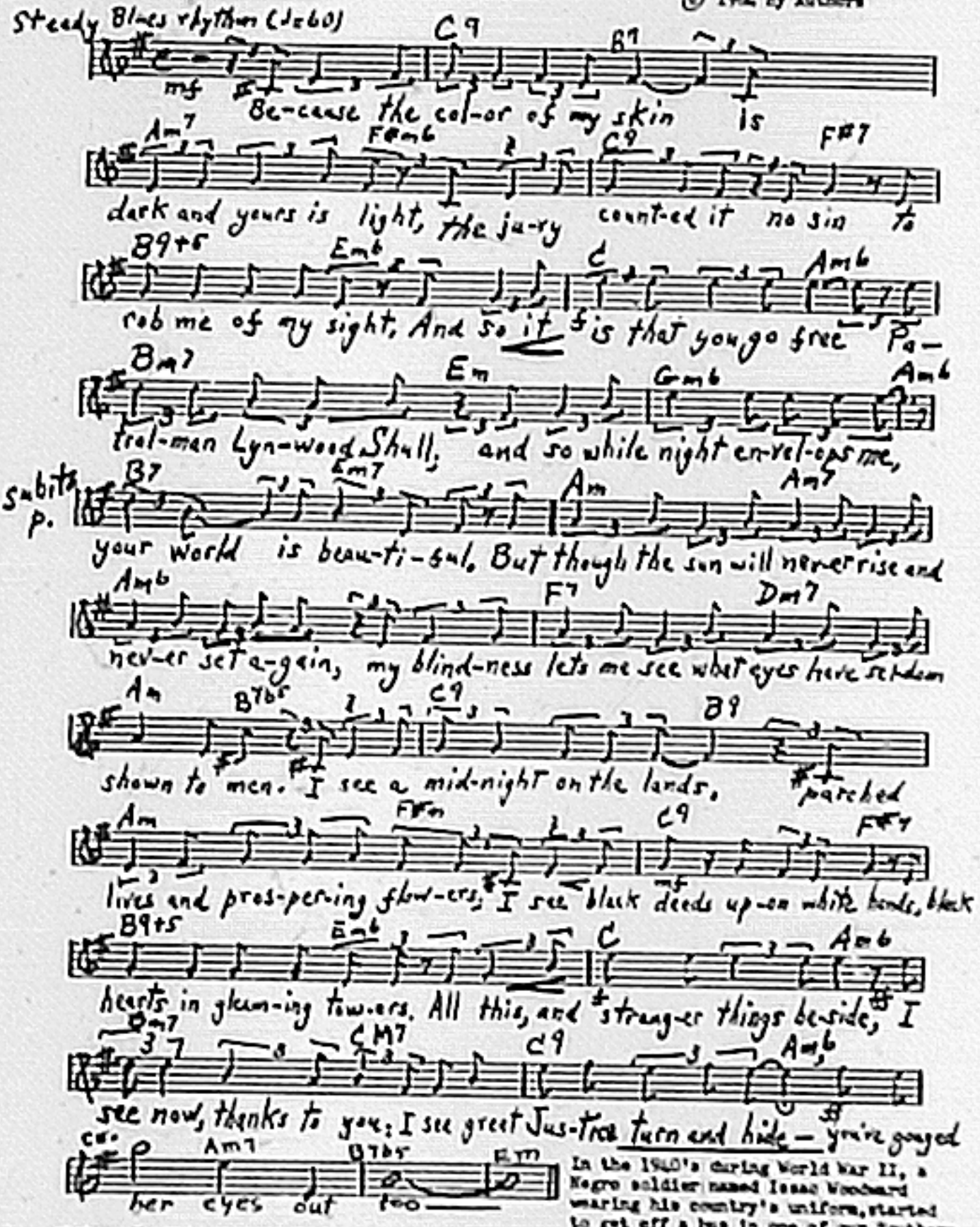


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Words by Aaron Kramer

ISAAC WOODWARD

Music by Irwin Heilner

© 1964 by Authors



In the 1940's during World War II, a Negro soldier named Isaac Woodward wearing his country's uniform, started to get off a bus in one of our Southern states. He did not move fast enough to please a white policeman standing on the corner near the bus stop. The policeman knocked Isaac Woodward down, sat on him, and with his night stick gouged out both of Isaac Woodward's eyes. Nothing was ever done to punish the policeman or to help Isaac Woodward. Everyone seemed to forget the incident except the poet, Aaron Kramer, who wrote this poem about it.

— Irwin Heilner.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM PHIL OCHS
TO IRWIN SILBER, PAUL WOLFE AND JOSEPH E. LEVINE

Just between you and me, I would like to ask you to sheath your critical swords so I can get a word in edgewise. I couldn't help but notice the frontal attack on brother Bob Dylan lately, who is being criticized a lot more than most of us thought possible.

It is as if the entire folk community was a huge biology class and Bob was a rare, prize frog. Professor Silber and student Wolfe appear to be quite annoyed that the frog keeps hopping in all different directions while they're trying to dissect him.

It seems the outrage occurred at Newport, and there are many different confusing versions of what went on. Was Dylan raped by success? Did Dylan rape his fans? Did Dylan's fans rape Elizabeth Cotton? Nobody seems to know for sure.

And so Irwin Silber wrote an open letter to Bob telling him he couldn't really write about the world honestly without writing protest songs and accused him of relating only to himself and his cronies.

I agree, and I would like to add my name to the list of accusers. I hereby publicly smack Bob's hand and demand that he be made to stand in a dark corner, preferably at Newport, and be forced to write "Forgive me, Joe Hill" at least a thousand times.

Who does Dylan think he is, anyway? When I grow used to an artist's style I darn well expect him not to disappoint me by switching it radically. My time is too precious to waste trying to change a pattern of my thought.

If you're reading this, Bob, you might as well consider this an open letter to you too. Where do you get off writing about your own experiences? Don't you realize there's a real world out there, a world of bombs, and elections, folk music critics and unemployed folksingers? Instead of writing about your changes like "My Back Pages", for example, you could write a song about Joanie called "My Back Taxes." Oh well, you'll get yours. See if they try to give you any more medals.

In order to prevent this from happening to another angry young man of song, I hereby suggest the formation of an annual prize for the most militant protester in the form of a Silber bullet, on which is inscribed "Go get 'em, kid!"

In the last issue of Broadside Paul Wolfe handed me the topical crown saying I had won it from Bob at Newport and states the future of topical music rested on me. Then he went on to attack the former champion for the low level of his new writing and his lack of consideration for the audience at Newport.

Well, I'm flattered by the compliments but I'd like to point out several misconceptions in the article. In the first place it's not really important who is the better writer and it's pointless to spend your time arguing the issue. The important thing is that there are a lot of people writing a lot of fine songs about many subjects and what concerns me is getting out the best number of good songs from the most people.

In point of fact, when Bob came to Newport he had completely changed the basic subject matter of his songs, and his only real choice as an artist was to be honest to himself and the work he was doing at the time, not how his fans would react to the change. To cater to an audience's taste is not to respect them, and if the audience doesn't understand that they don't deserve respect.

CONT.→

It didn't take any more nerve for me to go on the Newport stage and sing strong protest material since protest songs are so accepted. In reality I didn't show any more respect for the audience than Bob did, because we were really doing exactly the same thing, that is writing naturally about what was on our minds.

With so many good writers around, the future of topical music clearly rests in many hands. And if you want to give credit where credit is due, I pay the greatest homage to Guy Carawan, who not only writes songs, but devotes his full time to the civil rights movement in the South, actively working in a real struggle, promoting workshops on how to use music in the movement, and getting his banjo broken over his head on a picket line.

As for Bob's writing, I believe it is as brilliant as ever and is clearly improving all the time. On his last record, "Ballad in Plain D" and "It Ain't Me Babe" are masterpieces of personal statement that have as great a significance as any of his protest material. How can anyone be so pretentious as to set guidelines for an artist to follow?

As a matter of fact, in order to save you folks out there from needless aggravation, you may now consider me sold out, completely depraved, and happily not giving a damn about where your tastes happen to be at the moment. I am not writing out of nobility; I am only writing out of an urge to write, period.

My major concern is how honest and well-written I can make a song, not how well it can be used by the movement or how well it fits into the accepted pattern.

These rigorous requirements for songwriters could really get out of hand. Before long you may hear some enraged voice screaming backstage at a Broadside Hootenanny, "You're sorry?....You're sorry?....You wrote a non-topical song and you're sorry?"

It seems you just can't win; no matter what you do these days you're criticized. I really don't see what's so wrong with Bob and I putting all our royalty money into chemical warfare stock.

And so the question still remains. Can I withstand the pressures of fame? Will I be chewed up by the American success machine? Perhaps I might mold topical music into a significant voice in a new and revolutionary America. Or on the other hand you might pick up the Times one day and read the startling headlines: OCHS TURNS TABLES ON TOPICAL TRAITORS....UNDERGROUND FBI INFORMER ASTOUNDS FOLK WORLD BY ARRESTING DYLAN AND PAXTON AT HOOT....CITES TAPE RECORDINGS OF SECRET CONVERSATIONS AS DAMAGING EVIDENCE.

As for you, Mr. Levine, some of your movies are really quite bad.

Phil Ochs

- -

Dear Broadside: — I found Paul Wolfe's article "The New Dylan" sad and depressing. It brought me back to the old sectarian days of SING OUT! — when a song was "male chauvinist" or "racist" if it didn't bow to the left wing line. I understand from reading Pete Seeger that a topical song is not restricted to the political events of the day; but that love songs and jokey songs belong in that category too.

What is so depressing about Paul's article is that it portends to present some insight into Dylan and his work while the writer is completely ignorant on both subjects. I am no expert on the subject either but I do know that while Dylan was writing "Blowin' In The Wind" and "God On Our Side" he was also writing "If I Had To Do It All Over Again, Babe, I'd Do It All Over You" and "Dylan's Dream", neither of which is topical in the narrow political sense of the word. Why do we need to make this dichotomy? Why is it necessary to compare and pit one creative artist against another? Phil Ochs is Phil Ochs. (continued)

He as well as Dylan and all the others should be criticized constructively. It is absurd to do as Wolfe has done and say that Ochs is saying the "important"things: anti-war, etc., while Dylan deals in the "unimportant": love, philosophy,etc. These are all a part of life, part of living, part of creating — and you shouldn't pigeonhole life into sections separate from each other. This is the tragedy of our culture in which a scientist can create a bomb without making the connection to his own children; one is science — the other is personal. Wolfe's article is not criticism — it is fan magazine drivble made noble by his concerned progressive outlook. After putting down (rightfully) the adulation Dylan has received he winds up by telling us that the future of topical song rests on the shoulders of Ochs. So off we are again on a "personality Cult" jag — in a few months we shall be reading another article in which Ochs is taken to task for daring to write a personal (i.e. egotistical) song, perhaps about his child or some such "non-topical" subject.

This article as well as Irwin Silber's plays into this celebrity mystic bit. Everytime a celebrity winks his eye we think it is loaded with meaning. Dylan is first and foremost a human being — I think this is necessary to reiterate after reading all the junk written about him. Like any human being he is complicated. This does not put him or anyone else above criticism. But it must be taken into consideration. It is ridiculous to talk about a "new" Dylan. As I pointed out earlier Dylan has been writing <u>all</u> kinds of songs <u>All</u> the time. He did not all of a sudden stop one thing and begin a totally new one. As can be seen from his recent concert he is singing <u>all</u> kinds of songs.

I started off by saying Wolfe's piece reminded me of the early days of SING OUT! It also brought swiftly to memory the kind of stuff LITTLE SUNNY REVIEW used to write about Dylan — only from the opposite point of view. In other words, no one talks about the songs themselves — the music — the poetry — within the context of all of Dylan's work within the greater context of the world. All we get is "you're not writing our kind of songs anymore". I won't pretend to speak for "the rest of us out front" or for the "thousands at Newport", but only say for myself that I am affected by a myriad of things in this world including: H-Bombs, love, Cuba, sex, China, mothers, etc. And that while I do not agree with every word nor am moved by every note that Dylan writes and sings, I am deeply appreciative of a genius who so often touches brilliantly and sensitively and humorously and angrily on life — not the capital L-25¢ type or the broadside type or the sandy singout type — but on all these types and more!

Yours for a Broader Perspective — Bob Cohen.

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Dear Mr. Cohen — I did not want to write a rebuttal to your letter. Neither one of us needs this puerile exchange of charge and counter-charge of ignorance; I'd prefer that my article stood on its own, without further explanation or defense. However, this does not seem possible. In your letter you have completely misinterpreted , mis-read, and twisted what I wrote, and, therefore, a reply is necessary.

Let me begin by pointing out a basic fact which, apparently, you overlooked. I wrote the article from the point-of-view of topical (protest) music, for a magazine of topical music. In this light, I cannot see the sin I have committed in mentioning, in one breath, the names of Dylan and Ochs. They were, after all, the two main exponents of the music. Furthermore, I cannot see what sin of ignorance I have committed in asserting the fact — the objective fact — that Dylan has abandoned this type of music. It is a fact, despite what you say Mr. Cohen: Dylan himself admits this (a quote from MY BACK PAGES headed my article). To say , as you do, that he has been writing and singing "all kinds of songs all of the time", shows an ignorance on your part. I am not among the privileged "insiders":

(continued)

I do not know what Dylan sings in private to his friends. But I do know that his first Carnegie Hall concert and his album "The Times They Are A-Changin'" did not contain "all kinds of songs". With almost no exceptions the songs were topically-politically oriented. Certainly there was BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER; but even you would not offer this one song as evidence that, during the period, he was singing all kinds of songs. Now the same thing is true of his current work; he is not, at present, singing "all kinds of songs. His latest album does not contain a single topical song, and at his recent concert, in what can only be called, in all seriousness, hypocrisy, he sang several of his more famous protest songs — the very songs he ridiculed and disavowed in MY BACK PAGES! Thus, on the whole, there was little real difference between the type of songs on the album and the genre which he sang in concert. And the fact remains that he has never sung all kinds of songs at the same time.

It is at this precise point, Mr. Cohen, that you missed the beat. I did in my article, and so now, merely point out Dylan's abandonment of topical music — not criticize him for it. Indeed, I gave several factors which seemed to make this renunciation inevitable and necessary. What I am criticizing is the stuff that has replaced the "God On Our Side-Hattie Carroll" genre of song. CHIMES OF FREEDOM, ALL I REALLY WANNA DO, I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, and TO RAMONA are bad — not because they are unpolitical, not because they deal with love and philosophy; but because, pure and simple, they are atrocious songs, dribble in the pure sense of the word. It was incredibly obtuse of you to think, from reading my article, that I deemed unpolitical topics like love "unimportant" for song themes. Consider THE LAST THING ON MY MIND, by Tom Paxton, a writer of "political songs"; or NIGHT AND DAY, by Cole Porter; or, for that matter, NO REPLY, by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. Each of these songs about love is important — important because, through excellent craftsmanship, both musically and lyrically, each expresses and communicates a genuine human emotion. The fact that they are non-political does not detract from their importance; artistic quality, in the final analysis, is the sole criterion of a song's importance. By the same token there are truck-loads of songs about peace and freedom and bombs that are unimportant because, artistically, they are unsound. And by the same token Dylan's "other side" has produced works that are unimportant because, for the most part, their artistry is either outrageous (CHIMES OF FREEDOM), non-sensical and, at best, trite (I DON'T BELIEVE YOU) or non-existant (ALL I REALLY WANNA DO).

By intimating that I would take Phil Ochs "to task" if he ever "dares write" a personal, non-political song, merely shows that you didn't read the article very carefully. I cited THE HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA, a very personal, very "egotistical", and very non-political song, as Ochs' best new one; I said that Ochs "doesn't have to protest to be good." I do not object to un-topical songs, Mr. Cohen — just bad ones.

In your letter you say in reference to Dylan you are "appreciative of a genius who..." I find <u>this</u> sad and depressing. I must admit I am confused by this genius bit. It seems you can't find the name Dylan anywhere without the word "genius" tagged onto it. I resent what Dylan is doing nowadays musically; but, in the final analysis, I suppose, he can't be blamed for laughing out loud (which is certainly what he is doing) at an audience that closes its eyes and murmurs "genius" to everything he thinks, says, writes or sings. Maybe you can clear things up for me. What makes Dylan a "genius"? Is it because of his musical and poetic abilities? Is it because he "speaks for his generation"? Because Joan Baez says so? Or shall I say, as seemingly everyone else does, that he's a genius because he's Dylan, and let it go at that?

Yours for a more honest perspective — Paul Wolfe.

Dear Miss Cunningham — BROADSIDE is it for me. I dug the Dylan thing by Paul Wolfe but that's not where it's at. So he should cool it. And that song by Sonia Brock is a gas.

Skip, New York.

A closed letter to myself

the morning star is flickering over a bunch of lunch pails on their way to work . bob dylan is tucked away warm and sleeping. but the world is still staggering about its way. i look out my window and see all this. i can see clear down to the coast. i can see wide across the plain, over the hills, and deep in the woods. berman gibson is still hollerin', dodging bullets, trying to tell the miners that jobs'll come if they keep binding together and keep plugging away. i can still see sheriff rainey running around loose while a crowd of white mississippians are taking it all in like it was the ed sullivan hour. crosses are still finding wood, but no woody's. i'm still looking. down in the street there's a cop taking his ice from the number's runner. and in the ocean facing denver , the sea is filled with confused looks, disillusioned glances, messed up kids, hung-up adults, struggling famers, workers, poets, painters, people, parents, writers, sinners, lovers, haters, saints, patriarchs, and heroes alike. i look over the river. a couple of buildings are on fire; must be the sun coming up. bob dylan just got up to go to the bathroom. he stops first and looks in the mirror. "i'm an artist," he says. it's true. bob dylan is an artist and there's still problems.

sincerely mine, eric andersen

F O L K L O R E S E C T I O N

Dear Sis — You asked me to write an article. I don't know much about writing — it's all I can do to read. I was born in a house in the glorious city of Live Oak Gardens, Ga. My mother is of Creek lineage and my father was Cherokee and Irish. I guess that makes me part white. Just what percentage of blood I have is a mystery to me. I would guess 93/42nds.

I was raised in the country by a wood stove and no electricity to speak of. I went to school five miles away, which I had to walk five miles every morning. My whole family plays an instrument of some sort. Mom plays guitar, I played a banjo — four strings — and Dad played guitar also. I used to sing at dances when I was six years old, for money — two dollars, to be exact. I also sang for the Lord every Sunday at the little old Frist Christian Church; this I did for free — after all, one can't take nothing from the Lord.

The years went by and we moved all over the South, living in such detested places as Meridian, Mississippi; Monroe, Louisiana; Houston, Texas; and God knows how many other places. Finally I got old and went into the Army for a two year stretch. After I got out, I went to college for three months. I moved back to Georgia and met Ernie Marrs. I had been playing all along, but it was Ernie who got me on the road to try and make a go of it. I played pizza palaces, beer dances, fraternities (yech!), and last but not least, coffee-houses.

All my life I have been trying to learn to be a good musician and get away from my country accent and background. When I came North, everyone was trying to get a country accent and learn to play country music. Boy!, did that twist my head. I still haven't adjusted to it.

You asked about my philosophy. I guess the best thing is to tell you why I didn't vote for Goldwater. Which is the same reason my Uncle J.D. wouldn't vote for I.D.Pearly, who was running for Sheriff of Decatur County, Georgia. One day Uncle J.D. was out plowing the fields when a census taker walks up and says, "J.D., are you voting for I.D. Pearly for Sheriff?"

"Hell no," says Uncle J.D. "Don't you know he ruined my prize bull?" (cont.)

"My bull took sick and I had to take him to the vet who takes one look at the bull and says what he needs is a high colon flushing. Well," says Uncle J.D.,"I takes the bull home to try to get the job done, 'cause I don't know how to flush a bull. I looked all around the house and finally found this moose-horn that I used when I was a boy. I took the horn and the bull," says Uncle J.D.,"And we all went to the barn. I got some soapy water, inserted the horn in the bull and started to pour.

"Well, the next thing I know, the horn starts to blow and soap bubbles start to fly in all directions. It was really something to see.

"All of a sudden, this moose walks into the barn because he heard the horn a-blowing. Well, my bull takes one look at that moose and starts down the road, running like hell, with blue-green bubbles a-blowing, and the horn a-blowing, and the Moose right in behind.

"Now," says Uncle J.D., "it was I.D Pearly who ran the drawbridge that stretched over the creek. He heard that horn a-blowin' and thought it was a steamboat a-comin' up the creek. So he raised the drawbridge. My bull ran right off into the creek and broke both his front legs. It cost me a thousand dollars to get him fixed.

"To my way of thinking," says Uncle J.D., "Anybody that don't know the difference between a steamboat whistle and a bull with a mooseborn up his ass ain't got no business being Sheriff of Oconee County, Georgia."

Which is why, Sir, I didn't vote for Goldwater.

Your friend,
(Signed) PAT SKY

DO NOT "FOLD, BEND,"
MUTILATE OR SPINDLE

O, Come All Ye Mindless -- by Barry Jablon

O, come all ye mindless,
Conceptless and spineless,
Sell out your integrity
to IBM
Don't make a connection,
Strong wants a Promotion.
Do not fold or spindle
O, do not fold or spindle
O, do not fold or spindle
Or mutilate.

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Joy To U.C. — by D. Miller

Joy to UC
The word has come
Clark Kerr has called us Reds
If you are 49%
You can't work for the government
The knowledge factory
Turns out more GNP
Without your subversion
On its property.

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Silent Night — By Barry Jablon

Silent night, silent night
Nobody talks on the left or the right
Five hundred policemen armed to
the teeth,
Circle the car like a black
Christmas wreath,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

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NOTE: The above "carols" are reprinted from a songbook just put out by the students in the Free Speech Movement at the University of California at Berkeley (Songs Of, By, And For the F.S.M.)*

Through these songs the story is told of the great battle for freedom of speech which saw mass arrests of some 800 students Dec.2-3.

The editor, Lee Felsenstein, suggests the use of these songs in benefit concerts and hoots to help raise funds for the legal expenses of the arrested students. $1400 was raised (cont.)

* Copies of the songbook can be had from "Songs", Box 809, Berkeley, California. Suggested donation: .25¢



during the Christmas vacation when the Los Angeles folk music community rallied to two such concerts at Ed Pearl's ASH GROVE. Ed Pearl donated the place and his services and those of his staff. There were about a dozen performers at each show, including Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee, Sam Hinton, Hedy West, Frank Hamilton, and the Free Speech Trio, consisting of Naomi and Corey Hawes (daughters of Bess & Baldwin Hawes) and Dan Paik, backed up by a fine high school picker, Warren Stout. Dan Paik, a young Chinese-American student (he was among the jailed), has 3 or 4 songs in the new FSM songbook, including: "The Womb With A View" and "Man Going Around Taking Names". (A few words of explanation on the carols: The IBM song comments on U.C.President Clark Kerr's theory that a university should be run like any other factory with the students stuffed, molded, shaped, stamped O.K. and coming off the assembly line like so many sausages. "49%" refers to Clark's alleged statement that 49% of the student demonstrators follow the Castro-Maoist line.)

NOTES: George Wein, producer of the Newport FOLK FESTIVALS, has announced that Newport (Rhode Island) will again be host to the festival in 1965. It appears that the festival will be held on the third or fourth week-end in July. A new 35 acre site has been made available on Connell Highway. This area is considered better suited than Freebody Park; it is expected there will be generous parking areas and that with the assistance of interested local and state officials a camping site will be developed for visitors... ALAN ARKIN, son of songwriter David Arkin ("The Dove") is starring in another comedy hit on Broadway -- "Luv". His first hit was "Enter Laughing"... THEO BIKEL has been doing a guest-starring role in an upcoming episode of GUNSMOKE. He's playing the part of an ex-doctor turned singer in the script "A Song For Dying"...ROBBIE GILBERT is now studying acting in a class conducted by UTA HAGEN... FRED HELLERMAN'S song (with FRAN MINKOFF), "Healing River" has been recorded by PETE SEEGER on his new COLUMBIA LP... PAT SKY and JULIUS LESTER have been signed to do LP's for VANGUARD. Pat taped material for his LP during Christmas week. Julius is scheduled for 2 LP's of his own songs and traditional material... VANGUARD has almost completed an LP of ERIC ANDERSEN singing his own songs; should be ready for release in a few weeks. His work first appeared on VANGUARD's 1964 "New Folks" album... PHIL OCHS' (he's also on that "New Folks" album) second LP by ELEKTRA is to be released soon... A recent MIAMI HERALD had a two-page article (with color photographs) of Will McLean, Florida's "Black Hat Troubador". Will for some 26 years has been seriously engaged in writing up the legends of his state in ballad form. He figures a final total of about 350 ballads will do the job up brown, and so far, at 45, he's finished around 100. Some of his songs, like "Tate's Hell" and "The Dade Massacre" and "Blount's Fort" tell of violence and death, but there is boondocks humor in such of his words as "Goat Song", inspired by Will's boyhood observations that goats while feeding never turn their tails to the sun, for fear of sunburning their tender behinds:

"The goat feeds east to the morning sung,
The goat feeds west at the turn,
Oh, the sun never shines, on that sweet goat's behind,
For it's tender and likely to burn."

FOLK CONCERT: By Danny Kalb, at Kosuth Hall, 346 E. 69 St., New York City, Fri. Jan. 22, 1965, 8:30 P.M. All tickets: $2. Tickets at Folklore Center, N.Y.C.

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