Broadside #58

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE — MAY 15, 1956 — PRICE -- 50¢

Barry's in the Whitehouse Just the Same

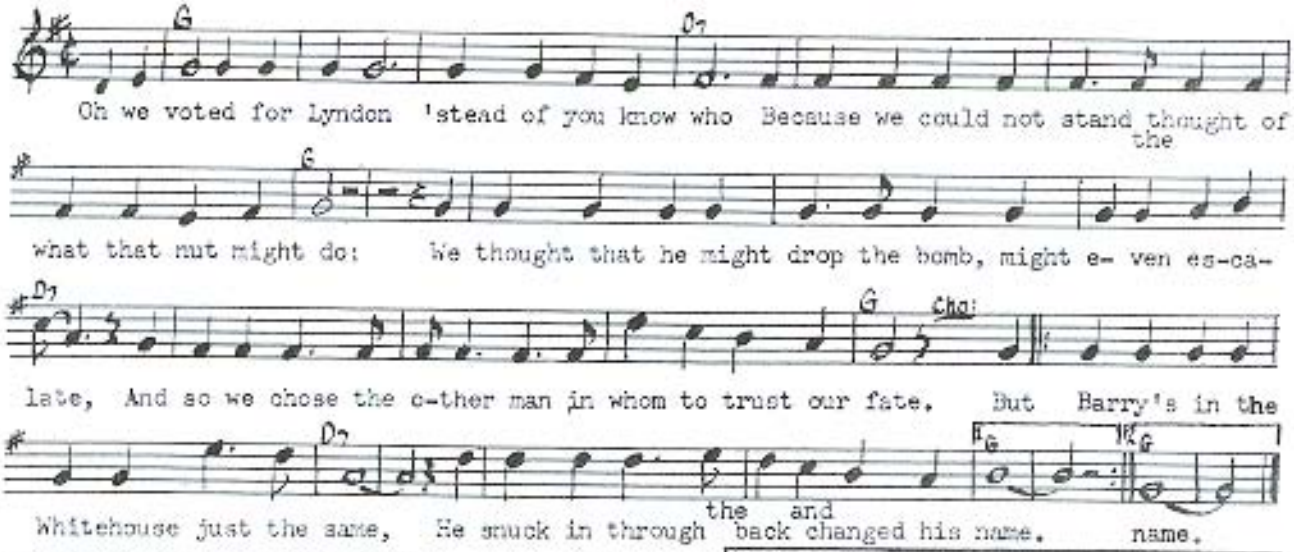
or

Ev Dirksen's Revenge



Words & Music: By LES RICE

Copyright 1965 by Les Rice



2. Oh there's Rusk and there's Bundy,
   Maxwell Taylor too.
   Do you think that Barry
   Could pick a better crew?
   If you have any doubts at all
   Here comes Mac' the Knife
   To beat the Reds he hates so much
   He'd sacrifice your life. (Cho)

3. Yes we voted for Lyndon
   But who is this I see
   Comin' out the Whitehouse door,
   Smilin' happily,
   It's oily Evvie Dirksen,
   He's having quite a day,
   He started up another show
   Called "Me and L.B.J." (Cho)

4. Oh it's pleasant to be living
   In the Great Society
   With just-plain-bombs & napalm bombs
   And gas to keep us free.
   We'll barbecue the whole damn world
   Have a picnic Texas style
   And you won't have to worry, friends,
   About elections for a while. (No Cho)



GOLDWATER HAILS VIETNAM POLICIES

Special to The New York Times

PARIS, April 27—Barry Goldwater, the Republican candidate

NEW YORK TIMES,

Goldwater For 'Big Stick'

MADRID, April 30 (UPI)—Former Senator Barry Goldwater said today that he approved of President Johnson's decision to send the Marines into Santo Domingo.

At a news conference, the former Republican Presidential candidate said: "Yes, I approve the landing of the Marines in Santo Domingo for the protection of American lives and property."

Asked if that meant he favored "big stick" diplomacy in Latin America, Mr. Goldwater said the Dominican operation was not an example of "big stick" diplomacy.

"We don't call it that," he said. "But I like that idea of the big stick. It's always worked. I'm glad the President has changed his tactics."
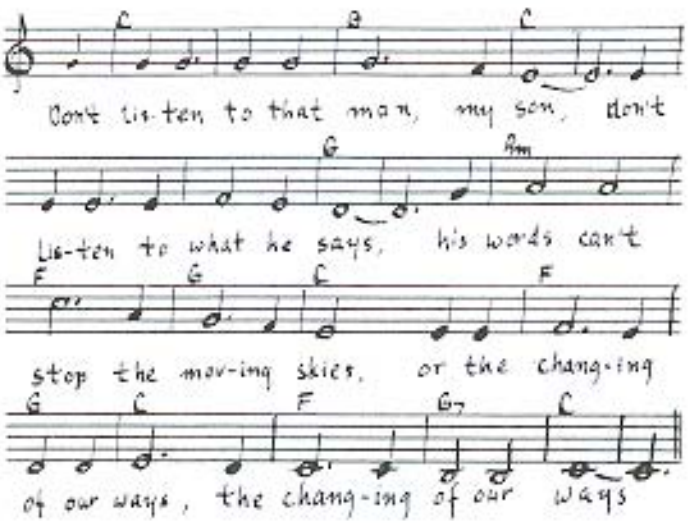
Mr. Goldwater, on vacation here since Wednesday, appeared at the International Press Club. Asked his opinion about the best way to fight Communism, he replied: "Ask another Spaniard. We don't seem to know too much about it in our country."

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

"Love Me I'm A Liberal" and "I'm Gonna Say It Now" by PHIL OCHS -- "And Freedom Too" by BILL FREDERICK -- also songs by CARL WATANABE, TOM PARROTT, PETE SEEGER, PETER LA FARGE, MALVINA REYNOLDS, SUZETTE ELGIN

Don't Listen To That Man

Words and Music by CARL WATANABE
© Carl Watanabe 1964



He does not know just what he says
these things he cannot see
that when you can hold your head up high
than he too can be free.

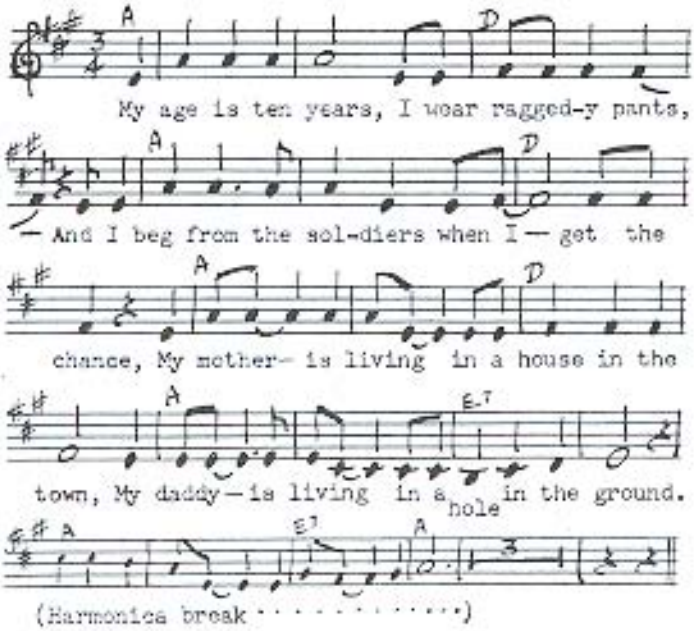
Don't listen to that man, my son
don't you pay him no mind
just keep on walking straight ahead
he'll soon be left behind
he'll soon be left behind.

So remember when he screams and shouts
remember when he curses too
it's just his way of telling us
that he's afraid of you
that he's afraid of you.
(Repeat 1st verse)

"Berkeley, 1964: A carload of white high school kids yelling 'nigger' at a boy who couldn't have been more than five. 'Sticks and stones...'"
— Carl Watanabe

Hole in the Ground

Words and Music by TOM PARROTT
© BY Tom Parrott, 1965



The soldiers are friendly, the soldiers are fun,
I play with the soldiers, I field strip their guns,
I tell them I live with my mother in town
But that my daddy lives in a hole in the ground.

The soldiers are nice men, yes they are my friends,
And they feed me candy without any end.
They say they are new here, could I show them around
Could I show them where my daddy lives in a
hole in the ground.

I show all the soldiers what they want to see,
Because they are good men and so nice to me.
That night there's a booming from outside of town
Where my daddy lives in a hole in the ground.

The next day I go to visit my daddy
I walk and I look all across the rice paddy,
But I can't find my daddy,
there's no one around,
And I can't find the hole where he lived in the ground.

BROADSIDE #58

Boy, 10, Leads Viets To Father's Hideout

Saigon, Dec. 18 (AP)—A 10-year-old boy disclosed the hideout of his father and 15 other Vietcong guerrillas for candy yesterday.

The child's father was one of the 16 Vietcong fighters whose bodies were found in an intricate tunnel network that was blown up 15 miles north of Saigon. More guerrillas were believed buried in the tunnels.

Fed candy bars by a U. S. Army adviser, the boy guided government troops to an entrance to the tunnels stretching under the jungle terrain for hundreds of yards. The Vietcong were using them as hiding places.

Demolition teams moved in and blew up each entrance with high explosives.

It was the most successful operation held so far against a tunnel area in Vietnam.

The boy wandered into the government troops operating near the village of Paris Tan Quy Wednesday evening. The operation was about to end, but the boy, happily sucking on a candy bar given to him by a U. S. adviser, began telling Vietnamese officers how he could dismantle a machine gun.

He gave them a practical demonstration, taking an American M1 carbine apart and putting it together again.

He also said the Vietcong paid him 25 piasters (about 50 cents) a month for making grenades.

The boy then started talking about the tunnels in the area where he lived. He said his father lived in them. Next morning, given more candy bars, he showed the troops where his father lived.

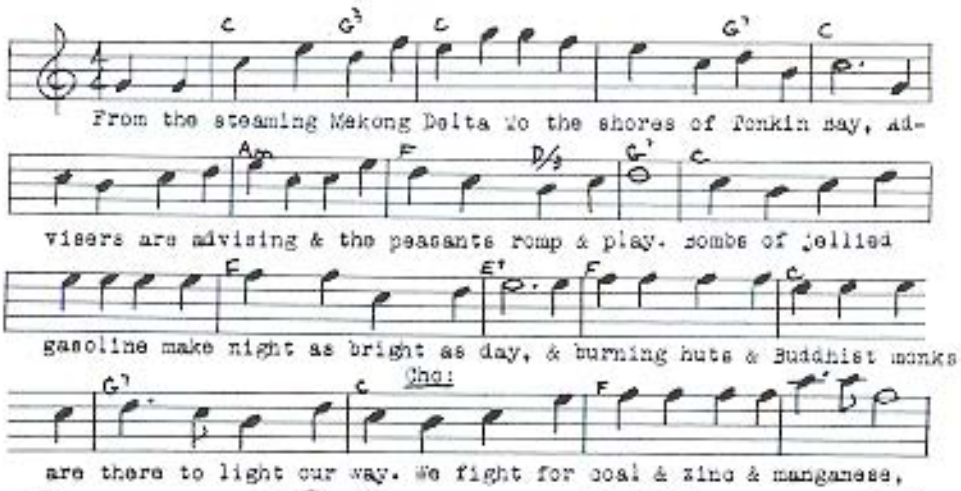
They didn't tell him later that his father was dead.

And Freedom Too

Words and Music by BILL FREDERICK
© by Bill Frederick 1965

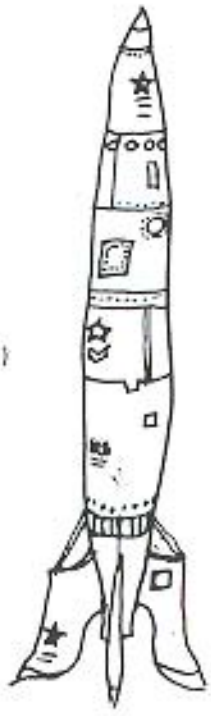
"Now let us assume that we lost Indo-China. If Indo-China goes, several things happen right away. The peninsula, the last bit of land hanging on down there, would be scarcely defensible. The tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming.... So when the U.S. votes $400,000,000 to help that war, we are not voting a giveaway program. We are voting for the cheapest way that we can to prevent the occurrence of something that would be of a most terrible significance to the U.S.A., our security, our power and ability to get certain things we need from the riches of the Indo-Chinese territory and from Southeast Asia."

President Dwight D. Eisenhower at a Governors' Conference
August 4, 1953



Oh listen to the screaming
Across the jungle floor.
I hear the people shouting
"Oh what a lovely war!"
We're testing our new weapons
And we're learning quite a lot.
And as they say in Washington,
"It's the only war we've got." (Chorus)

It's often I have wondered
As I marched to the war,
What is the use of dying,
What are we fighting for?
But Eisenhower said it,
I saw him on T. V.
When we took over from the French
In 1953. (Chorus)



We're fighting wars on poverty
Throughout the world today.
We're killing off poor people
In a most efficient way.
We can't lose Southeast Asia
So we'll bomb it 'til it's bare,
And then I'll start a tungsten mine
And become a millionaire. (Chorus)



BROADSIDE #58

PHILADELPHIA EVENING BULLETIN
4/8/'65 Page 1

2,000 Attend Teach-Ins Critical of Viet Nam Policy

More than 2,000 students and faculty members staged teach-ins last night at Temple University, Swarthmore College and the University of Pennsylvania.

The demonstrations in protest of the United States policy in Viet Nam began at 8 P. M. with folk singing on the three campuses. They went on with lectures and discussions, ending about 2.30 A. M. today.

The only time out in the six-and-a-half-hour stretch was to listen to President Johnson's television talk on the Vietnamese situation.

'—and Freedom, Too'

At Penn about 700 students and teachers gathered in the Irvine Auditorium and listened first as William Frederick, 22, Penn student and folk-song writer, sang these words:

"We fight for coal and zinc and manganese, lumber, fruits and rice, rubber, pepper, iron ore, kapok, tea and spice.

"We fight for tin and tungsten—and freedom, too."

Later in the Penn teach-in, Rep. George E. Brown, Jr. (D-Calif) called the U. S. policy in Viet Nam "wrong," and said that the President can't go before the American people and admit it's wrong because "it's contrary to American policy to say we are wrong."

Urges Pull-Out

Brown said, "We have no business being in Viet Nam and we ought to pull out."

He said the Vietnamese rebellion against France after World War II was "indigenous and na-

Continued on Page 36, Col. 5

Laugh At President

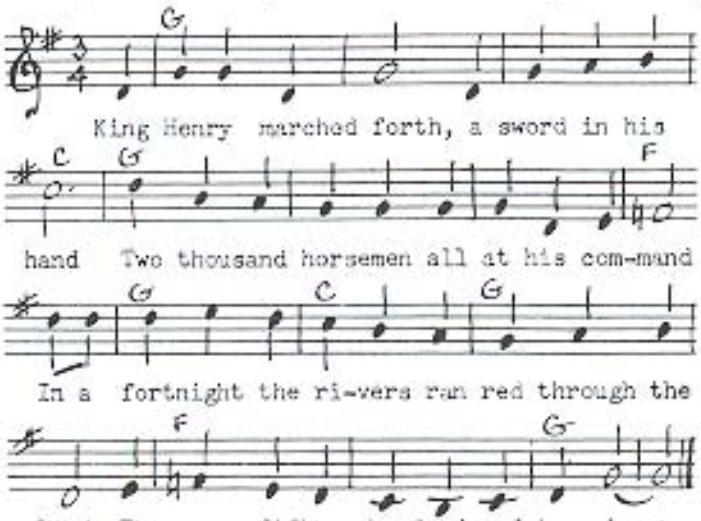
During the President's message some of the students laughed at certain statements.

Dr. Clair Wilcox, professor of economics at Swarthmore, criticized the students.

"The man's speech is corny to we who are sophisticated, but

I Mind My Own Business

Words by PETER SEEGER Tune: Old Ballad Melody
© 1965 by Peter Seeger
(Chords only suggested. We believe you will like to try this unaccompanied--Old Ballad style. -Ed.)



The year is now nineteen sixty five
It's easier far, to stay alive
Just keep your mouth shut while the planes
zoom and dive
Ten thousand miles over the ocean.

Simon was drafted in 'sixty three
In sixty four, sent over the sea
Last month this letter he sent to me
He said, you won't like what I'm saying.

He said, we've no friends here, no hardly a one
We've got a few generals who just want our guns
But it'll take more than them if we're ever
to win
Why, we'll have to flatten the country.

It's my own troops I have to watch out for,
he said
I sleep with a pistol right under my head
He wrote this last month; last week he was
dead
And Simon came home in a casket.

I mind my own business, I watch my TV
Complain about taxes, but pay anyway
In a civilized manner my forefathers betray
Who long ago struggled for freedom.

But each day a new headline screams at my
bluff
On TV some General says "We must be tough"
In my dreams...I stare at this family I
love
All gutted and spattered with napalm.
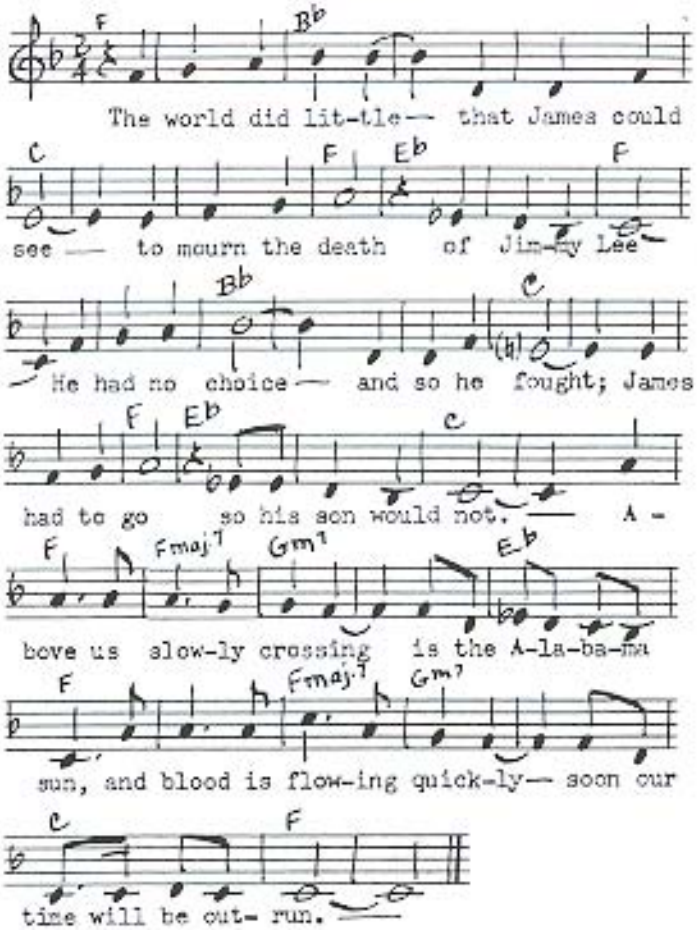
(Repeat first two verses)

Author's note: The quote in the 5th verse is from an actual letter from a US 'adviser' to his wife, a week before he was killed in Viet Nam.

James and Jimmy Lee

Words & Music
by
CARL WATANABE

© 1965 by Carl Watanabe



So James did die that day in spring
And gave his voice so Jimmy could sing
We closed our ears to the angry rain
So the weak could kill and the brave were slain.

There's hardly words, there's hardly tears
For men cut down in their summer years
They carried signs not to be read
By we who live, 'til they were dead.
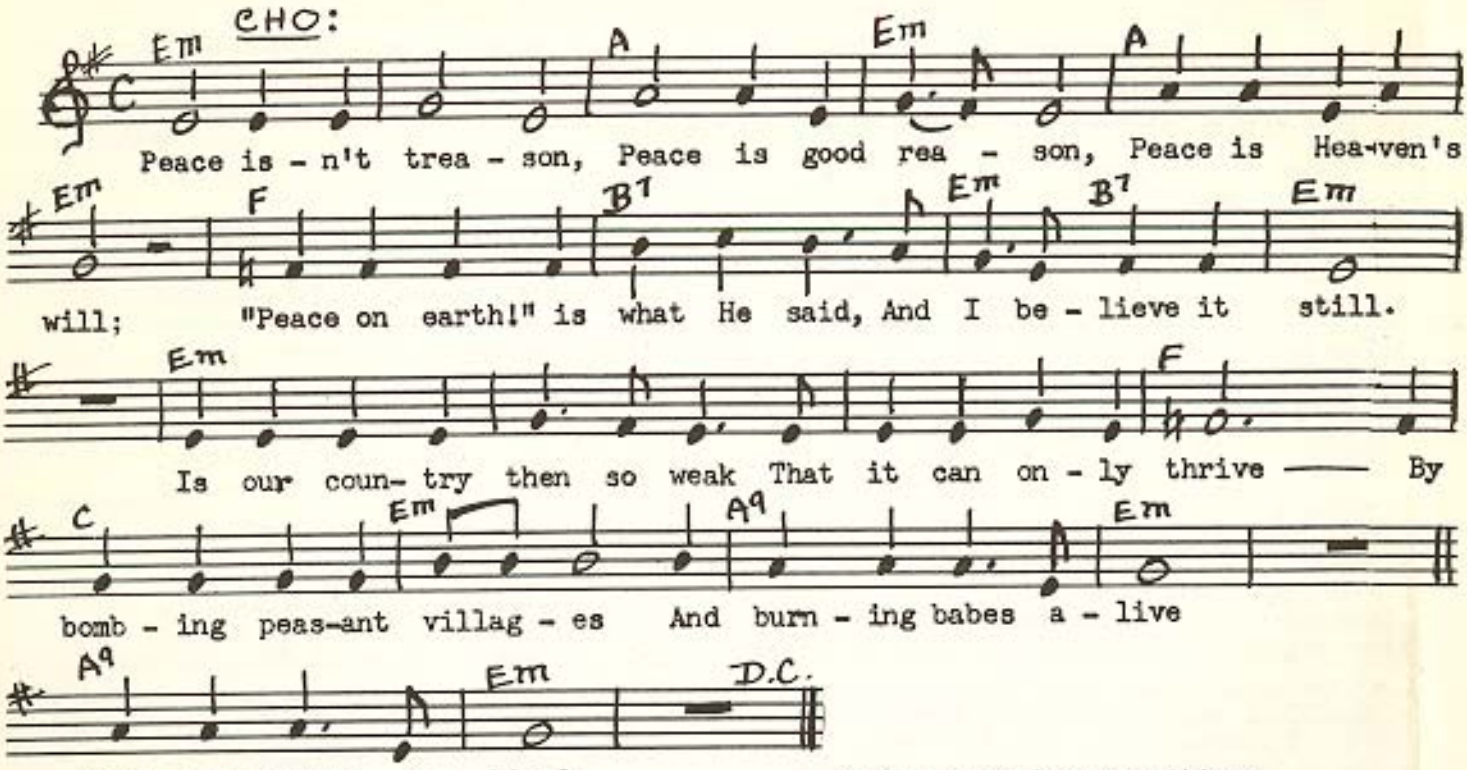
And we who mourn and gather 'round
To write in song of those gone down
Do we not fear to write again
A song like theirs 'bout other men.

At a recent rally in Boston one of the speakers said "Even in death we're a racist America". He was commenting on Jimmy Lee Jackson's death going relatively unnoticed 'til James Reeb died. In fact if James Reeb hadn't gone down partly because of Jimmy's death he might still be forgotten. That kind of stuck in my mind and then I put it all down.

— Carl Watanabe

Peace Isn't Treason

Words and Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS



Rich we are in everything,
Rich and strong and proud,
For our kings the GNP,
For our sons, the shroud,
For our sons, the shroud. Cho.

Wars there have always been,
We walk the same old way,
We walk the road our father's went
When they have gone astray,
When they have gone astray. Cho.

Tho the voice of reason speaks,
Unreasoned voices rage,
And so we add another line
To history's bloody page,
History's bloody page. Cho.

We must learn to live with peace
And take it as our friend,
We must learn to live with peace,
Or all the world will end,
All the world will end. Cho.
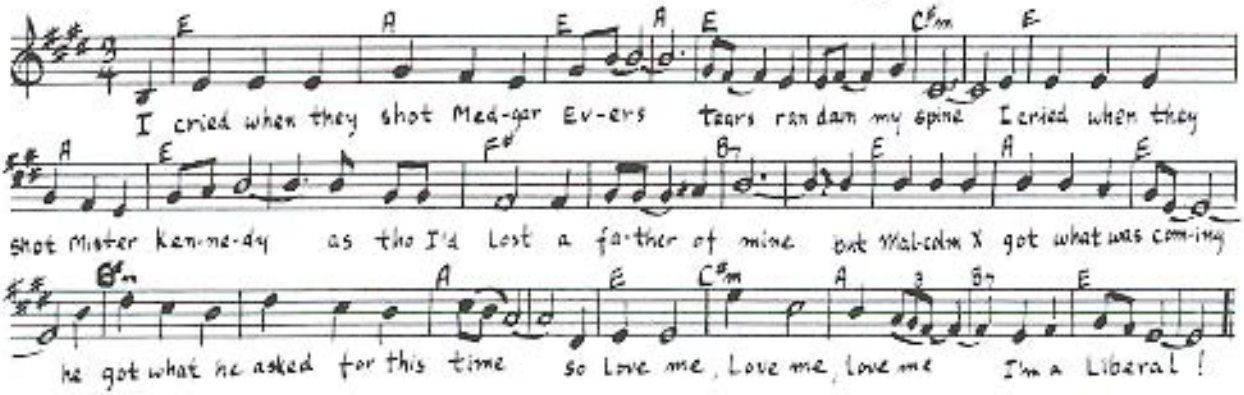


BROADSIDE #58

© 1965 by Schroder Music Company

Love Me I'm a Liberal

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS
© by Phil Ochs 1965



I go to civil rights rallies
And I put down the old DAR
I love Harry and Sidney and Sammy
I hope every colored boy becomes a star
But don't talk about revolution
That's going a little bit too far, So love me, etc.

I cheered when Humphrey was chosen
My faith in the system restored
And I'm glad that the Commies were thrown out
From the AFL-CIO Board
And I love Puerto Ricans and Negroes
As long as they don't move next door, So love me...

Oh the people of old Mississippi
Should all hang their heads in shame
I can't understand how their minds work
What's the matter don't they watch Les Crane?
But if you ask me to bus my children
I hope the cops take down your name, So love me...
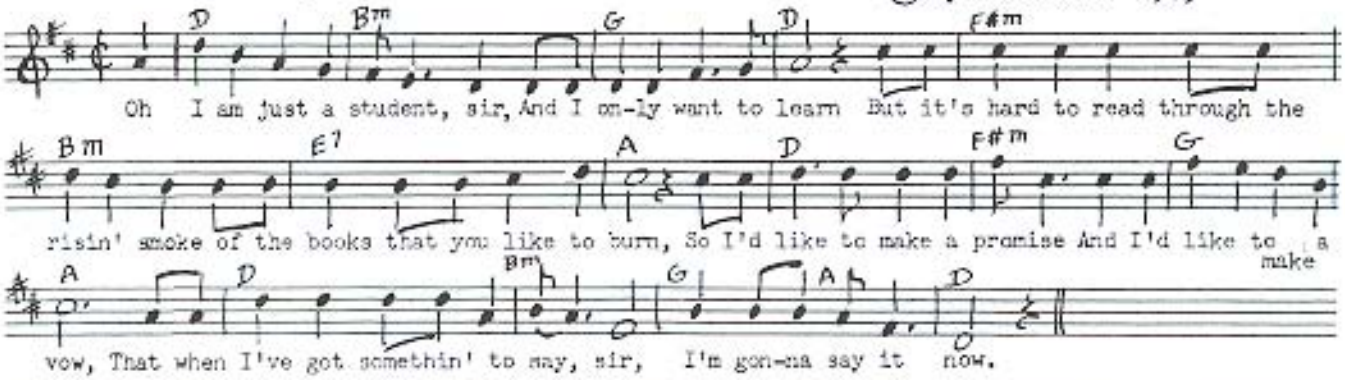
I read New Republic and Nation
And I've learned to take every view
I've memorized Lerner and Golden
I feel like I'm almost a Jew
But when it comes to times like Korea
There's no one more red, white and blue,
So love me..

I vote for the Democratic party
They want the UN to be strong
I attend all the Pete Seeger concerts
He sure gets me singing those songs
And I'll send all the money you ask for
But don't ask me to come on along, So love me...

Sure once I was young and impulsive
I wore every conceivable pin
Even went to Socialist meetings
Learned all the old union hymns
Ah, but I've grown older and wiser
And that's why I'm turnin' you in, So love me...

I'm Gonna Say It Now

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS
© by Phil Ochs 1965



There's a time you gotta study
And a time you gotta fight
And a time to go to college
And learn about your rights
And you can learn it fast or slow
But learn it anyhow
That when I've got..., etc.

Oh you'd like to be my father
You'd like to be my dad
And give me kisses when I'm good
And spank me when I'm bad
But since I've left my parents
I've forgotten how to bow
So when I've, etc.

I wish that you'd make up your mind
I wish that you'd decide
That I should live as freely
As those who live outside
Cause we also are entitled
To the right to be endowed
And when I've, etc.
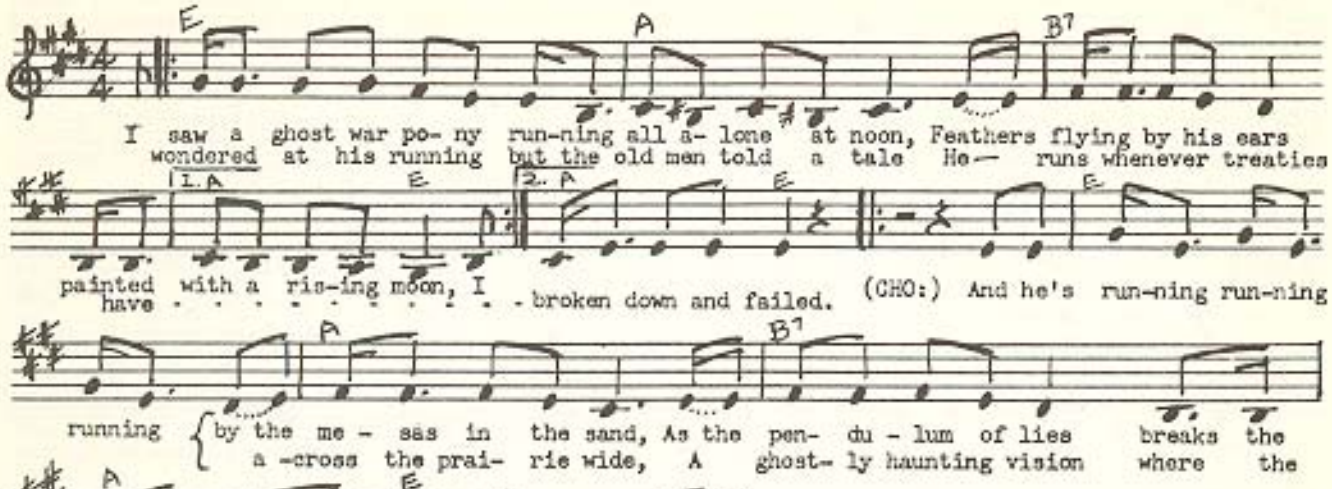
And things they might be different
If I was here alone
But I've got a friend or two
Who no longer live at home
And we'll respect our elders
Just as long as they allow
That when, etc.

I've read of other countries where
The students take a stand
They've even helped to overthrow
The leaders of the land
Now I wouldn't go so far to say
We're also learnin' how
But when, etc.

So keep right on a talkin'
And tell us what to do
But if nobody listens
My apologies to you
And I know that you were younger once
Cause you sure are older now
And when, etc.
(Repeat first verse)

Ghost War Pony

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PETER LA FARGE
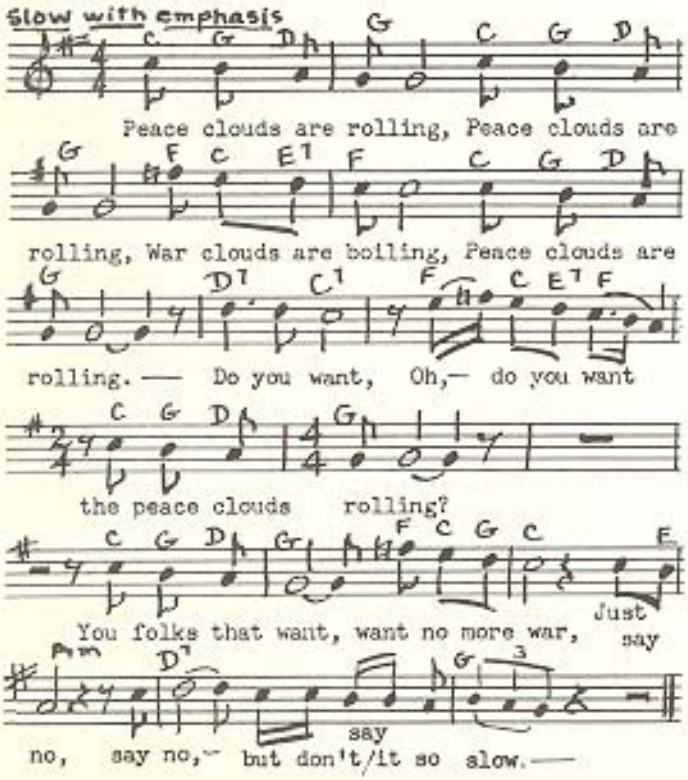




©1965 WPVC Music Co.
New York

2. He's running for the Cherokee
And for the Seminole
And he ran when Sitting Bull
Was murdered in the cold
Now he runs for Kinzoa dam
The latest treaty gone
Followed by Sorrow's echo
And Geronimo's Death Song. (cho)

3. Perhaps it's not important
But his footstep's getting loud
He's heard across the ocean
Where Uncle Sam's so proud
Now how can others trust us
When we cannot trust our own
You cannot buy an Indian's soul
By giving him a loan. (cho)

Don't Say It So Slow

WORDS AND MUSIC by MARK SPOELSTRA
© by MARK SPOELSTRA 1963
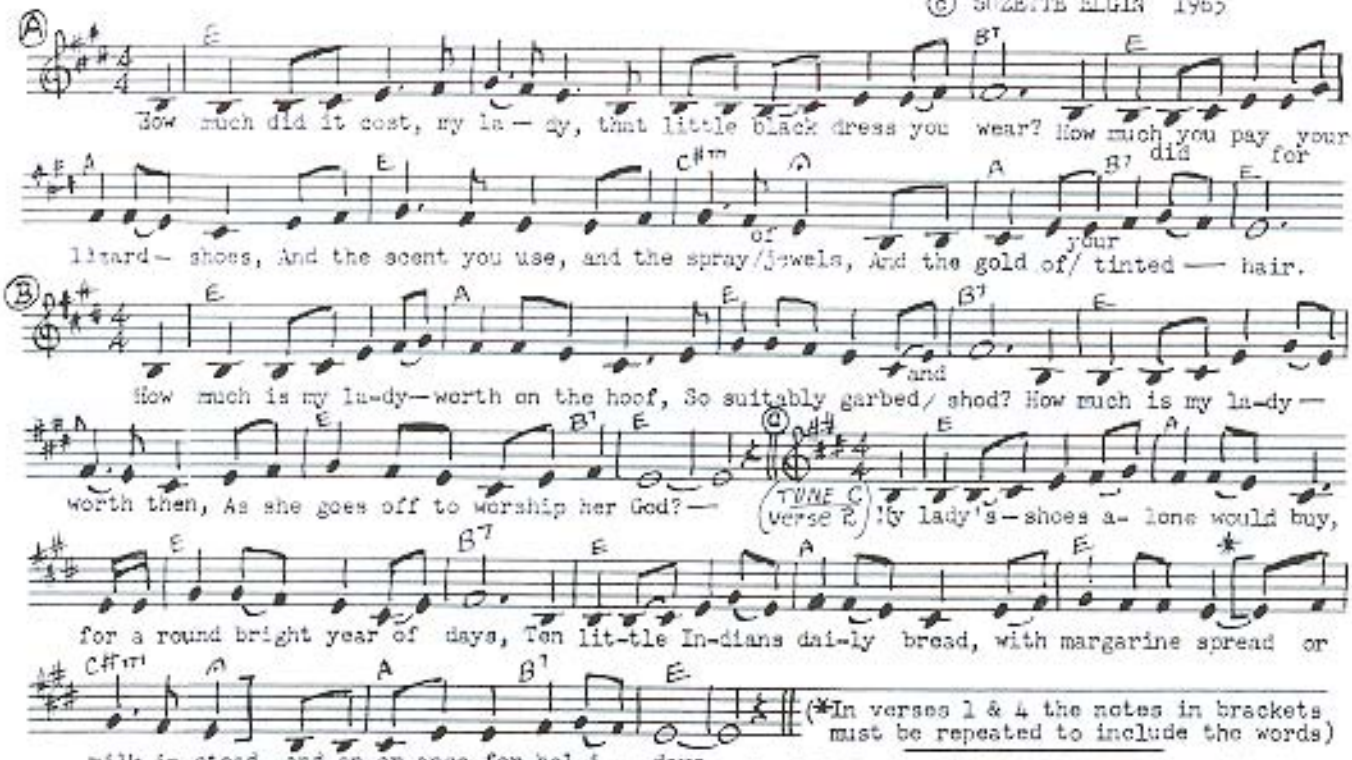


I see you sleeping, I hear you moaning
You have no footsteps, you're good at groaning
All the while, oh, all the while
War clouds are boiling
Your brain must hurt from righteous vows
Your vows mean nothing, speak loud and stop the war cloud.

Plains of Montana, swamps of Louisiana
Sand dunes of Pismo, desert of New Mexico
People say ,"God will save the day,
God will save the day"
Don't leave it to God, please not this time
It's your turn, and mine- don't let us burn.

Stop blaming "them" for what you've done
Indifferent minds are worse than guns
Say no, say no right now
Time will allow
You folks that want, want no more war
Please say no, say no, but don't say it so slow.

A SYSTEM of VALUES

Words and Music by SUZETTE ELGIN
© SUZETTE ELGIN 1965



(*In verses 1 & 4 the notes in brackets must be repeated to include the words)

Tune C

1. My lady's dress is worth the cost
of two hundred little coats
made of a simple warming wool
with a belt to pull
round a stomach full
of air, of air
and a collar round hungry throats.
(see music notes for verse 2)

3. The scent my lady wears so well
and sprays behind her ear
is worth a boat piled high with
seed for a farmer's need
or the rice to feed
a Chinese child for a year.

4. My lady's jewels are exceedingly fine
and mittens and scarves they'd buy
for a thousand small and chilly boys
whose time for toys
and childhood joys
is past, is past
and they only elbow high.

5. My lady's golden hair is worth
a newborn baby's bed
or a plow of a suitable strength
and size or a dog whose eyes
are a blind man's prize
all heaped on her well-groomed
head.

Tune B

And that's all my lady is worth on the hoof
and that is the price she'd bring
as she orders a toothbrush trimmed in mink
for a man who has everything.

BROADSIDE #58

Sarah Hudson, a child of Harlem, has a special educational problem: anxious though she is for an education, she drowses in class. So do her sisters.

Four of them sleep in the same bed, and the stirrings of one usually awakens the others.

The circumstances of Sarah Hudson's family—rats, 6 people in two small rooms, skimping along on welfare subsistance—are the kind of problems that ultimately deaden all hope.

Valerie, 7, sometimes wakes up screaming. "Mommy, there's a rat in bed."

Figures just compiled by the Welfare Department indicate that the cycle of inherited want in this city is becoming a disastrous upward spiral. The number of children growing up on the public relief rolls has risen from 128,556 to 276,179 in the last ten years.

A diamond ring sold for $160,000 to one of two jewlers competing for it provided the high point of an auction yesterday at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Avenue.

The ring was the grand piece of more than 500 jewels in the collection of Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice that are being auctioned.

Mrs. Rice's collection, the largest from a single owner ever to be auctioned in this country, may turn out to be the most valuable. Yesterday's receipts were $704,855.

Princess Benedikte of Denmark ended her first full day in New York dancing sedately.

During the day, the Princess consumed a variety of foods and beverages. She had tea for breakfast. Her lunch consisted of a shrimp cocktail, chicken soufflé, three kinds of ice cream and vin rosé. Dinner included Consommé Florida, which had sherry and bits of turtle in it, filet of sole with grapes, roast beef, Salad Copenhagen (tossed greens with oil and vinegar dressing) and more ice cream.

The Princess also drank Schweppes Bitter Lemon at the Danish Consulate and during the reception before dinner, tea at Georg Jensen's, one sip of champagne and a glass of orange juice at Mayor Wagner's, and at least some of the sherry, the Chablis, the Beaujolais and the Cherry Heering placed before her during dinner. And she smoked whenever she had the chance.

Even with the earnings of his wife and children thrown in, the family income for the average farm laborer comes to only $1,432 a year. This is the family's reward for toiling from sunup to sundown at stoop labor in the fields, subsisting in hovels with primitive sanitary facilities and suffering the deprivations of the nomad without roots or hope: a wage less

The four girls share one bed; their mother and the baby, Randolph, 3, use a couch—borrowed after Mrs. Hudson suffered double pneumonia last winter because she was sleeping on the floor.

Mrs. Rice, who lives in semi-retirement on Fifth Avenue, attended by 12 servants, has a house in Paris and an estate in Newport, R. I.

THE NEW "MacNAMARA'S" BAND

(This song is the collective effort of six young people on the train to Washington for the peace march on April 17. It is to the tune of MacNamara's Band.)

Oh, my name is MacNamara,
I'm the leader of the band;
I've organized an army
that's the terror of the land;
Its leaders are like puppets
that move at my command;
It costs a lot of money
but the show is really grand.

Our bombs explode as they unload
upon that distant land;
We kill a few and torture too
and then extend our hand;
We have come to save their freedom
so we do not understand
Why marchers down in Washington
want MacNamara banned.

Oh, the flames grow higher
from napalm fire,
we set the world aglow;
We watch with satisfaction as the
cause of freedom grows;
We fly the stars and stripes aloft,
oh we would swell with pride
But it's hard to see the flag we love
with tear gas in our eyes.

The Vietnamese we do not please
as we unfold our plan,
To send in our advisors with
a gun for every man;
The natives are resentful
since they've come to understand,
That they are only instruments
in MacNamara's Band.

Bomb all the way with LBJ
is now our battle cry;
With napalm and with rockets
to Hanoi we will fly;
Is our cause just if bomb we must
for peace throughout the land?
Let's end the war and play no more
with MacNamara's Band !

By: Judy Halperin, Joan Halperin, Susan Perkis, Susan Warshau, George Phillips and Happy Traum

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MacNAMARA THE KNIFE

"Here is I believe a swell lyric for today. It was sent to me by an old friend, a pro in this field who, sadly for our times, still didn't want his name used. He says 'Tell people it was dropped by one of Picasso's doves.'" -E. Robinson

MacNamara
MacNamara
He defends us every day
In a war now
At our door now -
Seven thousand miles away.

North Vietnam -
South Vietnam -
Have their troubles like the rest -
Must we be there?
Why are we there?
MacNamara, he knows best.

Who's aggressing?
Who is messing
In another country's life?
Not Hanoi, friend -
It's our boy friend
MacNamara- Mac the Knife.

It's been noted
If they voted
They'd be one land strong and proud
North Vietnam
South Vietnam
Free from MacNam and his crowd.

Escalation -
Saturation -
Defoliation--that's his text
Those insane words
Mean in plain words
Now it's Vietnam! China next!

So we're hated,
Isolated
Got the whole world on our back
Will this keep on?
Will we sleep on?
Or will we yell "Whoa there, Mac!"

Stop the bombs now -
Stop the war now -
Shout it out with one accord.
Give the people
Back their country ——
(Give) MacNamara back to Ford !

- Sent in by Earl Robinson

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

POETRY SECTION

THE COLOR LINE

By CAROL LEE ALBERTS

What is "America" but an empty word
If freedom's a voice you may never
have heard
Tell me, where lies peace in this
mighty land?
For hate is an evil I'll never
understand.

I have heard you cry and I've felt
your pain
Though I be white and know not
your name
Still I've seen you fall 'neath your
heavy load
And the shame in my heart you
will never know.

I have sung your songs and I've
shed your tears
Wondering who will right the wrongs
of a hundred years
For what reason have I in
being free
If freedom is not for both you
and me.

In another age, in another
lifetime
My skin could have been yours if
the Master designed
And the sorrows that destiny willed
you to bear
Could also have been my sorrows
to share.

But destiny's child is a
child of "light"
And my skin, like his, is as
fair and as white
But he measures man's worth by
the cruel color line
For destiny's child is no
child of mine!

© 1965 Carol Lee Alberts

First class, second class
And the kids sleep in the rain
That's the way at Newport
And I'll never go there again.

-- Malvina Reynolds

Poem by CHARLIE BARASCH

there was a girl laughing
there was a girl crying
the boys walked on
they all scorned each other
as they walked by the pillbox
and they all died and fell.
they rotted away
and the whole world cried.

©1965 Charlie Barasch

NGO BIEN

By Stu Cohen

Ngo Bien: a simple man, ignorant, old
his memory goes full back one hundred
years
a little more rice one year, a little
less the next
one day is as another; timeless
Ngo Bien

Once, far back
he and many others
worked long hours, long days long
months
dragging heavy wood while engineers
planned and built

A simple bridge, small
but the river was easier crossed
crossing it his mind
went back; earlier times -
walking ten miles
to wade the shallow water

Ngo Bien: a simple man, ignorant, old
his memory goes full back one hundred
years
work, a bridge, a war
his mind dwells on these as he
walks up river, to wade
the shallow water

©1965 Stu Cohen

BOOK REVIEW

by JOSH DUNSON

There are songwriters who also write poetry. Sometimes, the best comments on oneself come from a poetical rather than a musical pen. Look at Len Chandler's piece of autobiography in prose-poetry (B'Side #42) or Bob Dylan's "letter" (#38),

(cont.)

There are a few songwriters whose reliance on poetry is especially great. Walter Lowenfels, editor of the new anthology, Poets of Today*, sensed this when he selected Bob Dylan's "Hard Rain" and Peter La Farge's "Vision of a Past Warrior" for inclusion in this exciting book. Bob and Peter stand tall among such established poets as Langston Hughes, Denise Levertov, and Leroi Jones. Both are fine poets as well as song-writers.

The poetry in this anthology ranges widely, from expressions of personal grief to commentaries on the FBI, Hiroshima, and "The Plot to Assassinate the Chase Manhattan Bank." There is humor, wonderment, anger -- in short, pretty much the same ingredients you'll find in Broadside. The essential difference is the form of expression. The poet has his own way of reaching into language, of assuming knowledge, of abstracting emotion;

> She looked up
> to see the whole sky explode
> into shattering orange.
> The color of goldfish,
> she said it was.

Poets of Today is a classic. With its 85 contributors it presents a brilliant selection of American writers of all ages and races who express themselves both through social commitment and an ability to write.

*Poets of Today, A New American Anthology, edited by Walter Lowenfels, International Publishers, 381 Park Avenue South, cloth $5, New World Paperback, $1.95.

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A REPLY TO PHIL OCHS

By Steve Mayer

Phil Ochs' article Son Of My Back Pages (in B'Side # 57) merits some response. I agree completely with Phil that topical music, like all other art forms, must have critical comment if it is to survive. This criticism must not be approached from a doctrinaire position as some have done; the comment should be tailored to the work. I also agree that a clever phrase or rhyme is not enough. But I think, however, that Phil seriously missed a key point about the Broadside Hoots, namely that one of the best things about them was that they provided the performers with a chance to develop, to progress from the trite to the significant. It is vitally important that the new songwriter-singers get the opportunity to display their work to an audience and thereby to grow as artists. For another example of what I mean, look at the work Edward Albee has done to encourage young playwrights by showing their work to the critics and audiences in the Village. While the critical response to the plays differed, everyone agreed that their showing was, by itself, good.

At the Broadside Hoots we saw several faces of considerable promise emerge -- Janis Fink, Carl Watanabe, Bill Frederick, to name a few. In a media that stresses communication it is a serious wrong to deny the validity of a talent showplace. While working on a song a writer-performer is much better off if he or she can test the work on an audience. Some artists become so involved in their work that it is almost impossible for them to judge it objectively. This is what, I think, one of the aspects of the Hoots was basically about.

Implied in Phil's article was another serious point: the growth of cults that accept a performer's work blindly, without regard to its merits or demerits but solely because it is the work of the current cult hero. This kind of thing also disrupts in a medium whose base is communication, for this hero worship only obscures whatever meaning the songwriter is trying to get across. From the standpoint of the artist's pocketbook this may be good; it is well known that this is the mystique that sells records and fills concert halls. But it puts the artist in a bind; he is caught between a desire for success and a desire to seriously and honestly communicate. Here, I think, is where the responsibility of the audience comes in. It is up to us; we must be serious listeners, and convey to the artist our evaluation of his or her work, encourage the appraisal now going on. By doing this we do service to the topical song movement.

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LOVE ME I'M A LIBERAL GOES TO WASHINGTON

The April 17th March on Washington to End the War in Vietnam brought 25,000 people together in the nation's capital to denounce what will probably be recorded as one of the most shameful pages in American history. The March proved that a large segment of the American public is opposed to the war.

It fell to a topical song to spark the realization, however, that there exists a great qualitative difference between the liberal and radical opposition to this war. The song was Phil Ochs' "Love Me I'm A Liberal" which the author sang at Washington.

Phil's song received a positive response from the demonstrators. But its digs were quite disturbing to the speaker who followed its singing. This was I.F. Stone, publisher of a weekly newsletter in Washington and in many ways representative of a certain breed of liberalism. Stone was in fact so much disturbed by the song that he changed a significant portion of his speech to deal with it and its implications.

Stone said that the demonstrators were too harsh in judging the liberals. After all, he claimed, the liberals' record is quite good when one considers "the Marxist-Leninists" who recanted their philosophy and "even became FBI informers".

However, "Love Me I'm A Liberal" goes far beyond any comparison of how many liberals and how many radicals turned informer. But Stone seemed to lack any grasp of its real significance. Later in his speech he became almost like the liberal Phil sings about when he warned the demonstrators to go slow. He told them they were sometimes "as militant as the war hawks". And cautioned that they should not go back to their home communities with an attitude that would, in Stone's mind, create more hostility against them than positive action against the war.

Phil's "Love Me I'm A Liberal" created an emotional reaction in Stone that brought his position clearly into the open. It crystalized for the demonstrators an understanding of some of the basic flaws in liberal thinking. It did so at a key moment in the peace movement, a time when the marchers and thinkers in that movement can be seen in action throughout the nation (as witness the many "teach-ins" and such activity as the some 500 faculty members in New England colleges and universities joining in a demand this week that the bombing of North Vietnam be stopped and a peace negotiated). ... Josh Dunson

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Dear BROADSIDE:

We are old because we have seen
too many crises.
When we were young, each seemed like
the final conflict.
And when the crucial one comes,
we will not know it
Because it will look and sound like
all the rest.
And it will be all the rest.

I was moved to this by a visit from three young people from the Campus who started on their own to plan a 24-hour Town Meeting protest on U.S. Vietnam policy -- a new, effective protest, with the country's greatest folk singers there, and the most outstanding people in all professions and activities. I did everything I could think of to help them; they had already secured the support of Ralph Gleason and Art Hoppe of the Chronicle, and Enrico Banducci, and were going hell bent to see everyone.

They believe that this may stop the war. And it may. And it may help. And we are doing everything we can to work with them, because we must do everything we can to stop this horrible slaughter, this stupid mess. One other small thing -- they will be using my song "Peace Isn't Treason". So my word will be there, too.

Malvina Reynolds
Berkeley, California

OMISSION: Julius Lester's "Springtime Of The Year", Broadside #57 - this note should have appeared: "I've found that the best accompaniment for this song is playing the melody. I play it mostly on the G string."- J. Lester

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POETRY SECTION -- PART 2

TWO SONGS WITHOUT MUSIC CONCERNING U.S. FOREIGN POLICY: SPRING, 1965

By Bob Rogers

Without a Single Bleat

Just now die Vietnamese
But soon we'll die like fleas
From off the backs of brass
While Johnson's kissin' sass
Serves well to sermonize
To help deverminize
The world of all that's red
Or white or black instead,
Once useful builders run
From fallout shelters done
Where Johnson and his staff
May wheel and deal and laugh
And save us all with death
At last to save his breath
From calling murder aid
Or lethal bombing raid
Sincere desire for peace.
There are no world police
So might and madness reign
While all do goodness feign.
How loathsome are you all
Who nice things murder call.
How pitiful the sheep
That to their doom do creep
Without a single bleat....
Without a single bleat.

Santo Domingo

Did eagle strike in Santo Domingo?
No, just a carrion crow.
Marines did save those of our lingo!
No, only some of our dough.

A mighty country are we not
Since we can make another rot?
We pay their scoundrels well to bleed
Their land of all that suits their greed
And if these hirelings don't succeed
We send in troops to meet their need
To have those thankless people shot
Who dare to try to raise the lot
Of common folk who walk the street
And might desire a share of meat
We buy from them so wondrous cheap
While children do from hunger weep.

Did eagle strike in Santo Domingo?
No, just a carrion crow.
Our heroes stopped a communist ring, oh!
No, just a movement to grow.

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LETTERS

Dear Friends: — ...You might be interested to know that we're using copies of BROADSIDE as a springboard for the music classes at our SNCC Freedom Center. (4212 South Cottage Grove, Chicago 60653)

... Beth Joffe

Dear Broadside -- ...We use your publication for many of our folk music activities. (1), Village School of Folk Music. I teach many songs from Broadside(classes are held at the Deerfield American Legion Hall -- 849 Waukegan Road. Visitors always welcome! (2) "Folk Song Workshop", North Shore Unitarian Church uses your articles and songs for discussion and playing/singing. Keep up the good work.

... Bob Gand,Village School of Folk Music, 665 Timber Hill, Deerfield, Illinois.

Dear Sis: -- ...Thanks so much for the copies of the Mississippi issue of Broadside... It is a beautiful issue and will be put to good use in the Freedom Schools.

... Wendy Heyel,COFO
1017 Lynch Street
Jackson, Mississippi

Dear Sis: -- You might be interested in seeing the enclosed program of a recent service at the Chattanooga,Tenn., Unitarian Church (including the recorded selection "I Can See A New Day" by Les Rice, Pete Seeger soloist).

... Nancy Rice
Newburgh,New York

BROADSIDE: -- Thanks so much for being the only magazine left that is interested in presenting good folk music to its readers and doesn't attempt to make movie heroes out of performers.

... Janie Nelson,Chicago

Dear Sis: -- I just received the first 52 issues of Broadside and spent nearly five hours reading -- great, great stuff! The pulse of the real American way is here in the songs...Bill Comeau, Conn.

Young Marine 'Sorry' After Killing Viet Cong

By PETER ARNETT

Hoi Vuc, Viet Nam, April 30 — (AP) — The sweat-soaked young leatherneck; with mixed emotions flitting across his face, stood over the torn body of a Viet Cong guerilla.

For Cpl. Pitas David, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., it was a day he would never forget. David had just killed his first man.

"I felt kind of sorry for him as I stood there," said David, a lanky 19-year-old who entered the U. S. Marine Corps after he left high school last year.

"And he didn't even have a weapon," he added.

* * * *

The man had been hit in the back. No weapons were found with him, but under the harsh rules of the war in Viet Nam, you don't run when challenged. The Vietnamese people living in Hoi Vuc said they had never seen the man before.

See "The Willing Conscript" by Tom Paxton (B'SIDE # 28)

Latest agricultural report on rainmaking and new seeding techniques as used on U.S. Far East plantation.

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Spray of Projectiles

A new technique employed by United States aircraft is the use of the "lazy dog" canister. Exploded at an altitude of several thousand feet, the canisters release a spray of finned projectiles that fall like rain. A projectile can hit a man with the impact of a .45-caliber slug and can penetrate vehicles and lightly built structures.

Another technique is "seeding." Hundreds of delayed-action bombs are dropped on what is believed to be a Viet-cong encampment area. The bombs explode from two hours to two days later. Seeding has been carried out extensively recently in the central highlands near the Laotian border, where units of the regular 325th North Vietnamese Division may have infiltrated.

DAILY NEWS
220 East 42d St. NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER (212) MU 2-1234

TREACHERY ON CAMPUS

Alarmed by agitation in some colleges against the Johnson Administration's South Viet Nam policy, the State Department plans to send speakers to the more restless campuses to explain that policy.

And if we could swiftly amend the Constitution to define treason as giving aid and comfort to the enemy in war hot or war cold, the Justice Department could stage, say, a half-dozen treason trials which should clear the air markedly and threw the fear of God into home-front traitors.

See "Daily News, Daily Blues" by Tom Paxton in BROADSIDE # 49

1. Headline: LBJ SENDS U.S.MARINES TO DOMINICAN REPUBLIC TO SAVE HUMAN LIVES.

2. New York Times from Santo Domingo, May 1, 1965:

A 5-year-old child became the first victim of the situation that forced the presence here of United States troops.

Cease-Fire Effort Made

The child was killed by a grenade hurled by a United States marine at a house from which snipers were firing at the American troops. The marine brought the child back to the embassy compound, hoping for medical aid, but the child died before it could be obtained.

Manhattan: From its conception, the President's "anti-poverty war" had the same smelly overtones associated with our foreign aid disasters. The bug-eyed, glue-fingered politicians already are throat-cutting over their personal shares of this billion-dollar gravy train. This Great Society experiment will end normally: the rich will stay rich; the poor, poor.

GEORGE LEVINE.

See "A System Of Values", this issue.

Viets Kill Yank Giving Candy

Saigon, May 8—A U. S. Marine was killed today when Viet Cong guerrillas fired on a group of Leathernecks handing out chewing gum, candy and school books in a village just outside Da Nang.

See "A Hole In The Ground", this issue.

N O T E S

A SYSTEM OF VALUES: "There are plenty of protest songs being written these days against narcotics, segregation, bombs, war, political groups, educational institutions, and the Beatles; but it seems to me not enough people are writing songs protesting a situation and society that encourages women to pay $50 for a pair of shoes or a bottle of perfume while little children all over the world die of starvation and neglect. This is my attempt to supply such a song — I should very much like to see others on the same subject... As for biographical information, I am a 29 year old folk singer, working in California. I sing at the Penny University in San Bernardino, have worked various folk houses in the area, teach guitar, write songs and take care of a large group of kids — my own. In 1957-58 I held a Saxton Fellowship in poetry, and I have a book of collected poems coming out shortly".-SUZETTE HADEN ELGIN... JOAN BAEZ, as reported by the UPI from California, has again refused to pay 60 per cent of her income tax to protest the use of Federal money for armaments. She told the Internal Revenue Service: "This country has gone mad. But I will not go mad with it. I will not pay for organized murder. I will not pay for the war in Vietnam." In previous years the Government has placed liens on her income and property. The latest liens, issued last January, amounted to more than $50,000... RONNIE GILBERT and FRED HELLERMAN are scheduled to leave May 28th for Tel Aviv to begin a three week concert tour in Israel... In France, the ACADEMIE CHARLES CROS has named PETE SEEGER the best foreign singer of the year on the basis of his FOLKWAYS recordings... PETE is booked for a three weeks tour next October in SIBERIAN cities of the SOVIET UNION. He also is to give a concert in Paris that month... BILL FAIER will bring his folk songs and 5-string banjo to KOSSUTH HALL the evening of Fri., May 28. The HALL is located at 346 East 69th St. in N.Y.C. Sat. eve., May 15, THE SCHWANNBERG BROTHERS, are at KOSSUTH HALL. This is a Bluegrass group consisting of Linda Jacobson, mandolin; Dave Markowitz, banjo & dobro; Lou Sellinger, fiddle; Pete Egan, washtub bass; Gene Kettlehohn, guitar; and Paul Martin, backup guitar. The KOSSUTH HALL concerts begin at 8:30 P.M. and tickets are $2...

AND FREEDOM TOO: The author, BILL FREDERICK, sang this song at the recent Washington March. Among those who asked him for copies afterward was Senator Greuning of Alaska... LOVE ME I'M A LIBERAL: PHIL OCHS' song points up a real American tragedy, typified by Ed Murrow, who died recently. Murrow was a proud, respected man until he agreed to try and peddle the anti-Communist line Washington had taken over from the late Herr Dr. Joseph Goebels, and Goebels' mentor, Adolf Hitler... This writer was at the United Nations when Adlai Stevenson sat there desperately lying on the day of the BAY OF PIGS while the news tickers exposed his lies almost as he spoke them. Enemies as well as friends were deeply discomfited to watch this seemingly great man crumble before their eyes... Adlai was a sharp contrast to his U.N. predecessor Henry Cabot Lodge. Lodge was a real hatchet man who enjoyed what he was doing... G.F.

DYLAN: Hero or Villian

By R. SERGE DENISOFF

The plethora of open letters appearing in Sing Out and Broadside and the ensuing polemic between anti-Dylanites and pro-Dylanites seems to miss several underlying factors upon which much of this debate is based. The basic factor being ignored is the transition of what is nebulously called "folk music." As the readers of these pages know, "folk music" in the last twenty years has transcended the goals and aspirations of many of its mentors who brought the music to the attention of the city folk. The music is no longer the general possession of the sectarian left or that of the labor movement or any other group (the freedom of civil rights movement is a partial qualification). Indeed, the music has transcended the coffee house cliques of various Bohemias throughout the country. One of the major results of the transition has been the growth of the star system in folk music. Formerly the music was the important thing; presently the performer of the music frequently is as important as the music itself. In this context, Dylan has become one of the "people's heroes" both amongst the serious followers of folk music and the fadists. Therefore, what Dylan does or does not do has become important and occasionally beyond his significance as a performer. The present controversy only confirms this point.

Dylan, as his records and personal appearances over the last several years indicate, has changed. He has, as Silber and Wolfe have suggested, abandoned topical and other forms of folk song for poetry with a folk guitar accompaniment. This, however, is not the general direction folk music is taking today. Songs dealing with the civil rights movement and other topical issues are the vogue today, as well as blues — rural and urban — traditional songs, etc. In short, Dylan is leaving the fold. This change has, to put it mildly, upset some people who feel it is the responsibility of folk singers to deal with contemporary social ills and problems. Dylan because of his commercial and aesthetic successes is viewed as especially important since he has been a symbol for many of the dissenters of this generation. Whether or not this choice of a symbol was correct is questionable. The question then arises "is Dylan the avant garde or is he a good old-fashioned deviationist?" The latter appears to be the case. Dylan, at least at this writing, appears to be leaving the protective fold of the "folk scene" and expanding his horizons. The economic rewards of the star system have made this possible. The mass exposure afforded the music has created a national audience, therefore a few artists are independent of the caprices of various intellectual cliques in folk music as was the case in the thirties or forties. The present revival has provided many benefits to the folk oriented individuals, however, as most realize there have been shortcomings or negative effects, i.e., the star system and commercialism existing in folk music.

Another question here arises: "is this good or bad?" Only the reader can make this decision. If the reader feels that major purpose of folk music is social change then Dylan is clearly a renouncer of all that is good and true. Conversely, if the reader feels Dylan is a genius moving on to new intellectual and literary heights then his growth is all to the good. As Dylan suggests in "The Times They are A-Changin'", not all persons are aware of the social trends in society and the changes there occurring. Here we concur with Bob Cohen that some of the "tastemakers" in folk music still judge performers by their social significance rather than by their art. Other artists surely will follow in Dylan's footsteps. For example, many performers today are doing things that can only broadly and frequently only kindly be called in the folk idiom.

N O T E S

... The SAN FRANCISCO FOLK MUSIC CLUB will have an OLDTIME CAMP MEETING & REVIVAL at ROCK HAVEN May 29,30,31. On the "Staff" are MARK SPOELSTRA and MALVINA REYNOLDS... The first NEW YORK FOLK FESTIVAL (at CARNEGIE HALL June 17,18,19,20) will be highlighted by the premiere of "Carl Sandburg's American Songbag" on Sun. evening, June 20th. Many of the folksongs in Sandburg's historic book will be sung by such artists as Billy Ed Wheeler, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Mississippi John Hurt, the Greenbriar Boys.



A.F.

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