Broadside # 62

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE SEPT. 15, 1965 PRICE -- 50¢



War and Music

By BILLY EDD WHEELER

Once I thought --
Singing is for sitting
On a limb
Or in dust of road edge.

And I thought --
Songs do not come from
Gasping throats
In air astride toiling wings.

Once I thought --
Fighting is for standing
On planted feet
Nimble behind solid shields.

And I thought --
Battles do not come from
Overstuffed chairs
In the clean ordered tower.

But I think I hear --
Songs blasting as pointed hail
From gentle clouds.
Crow calls crash my ears.

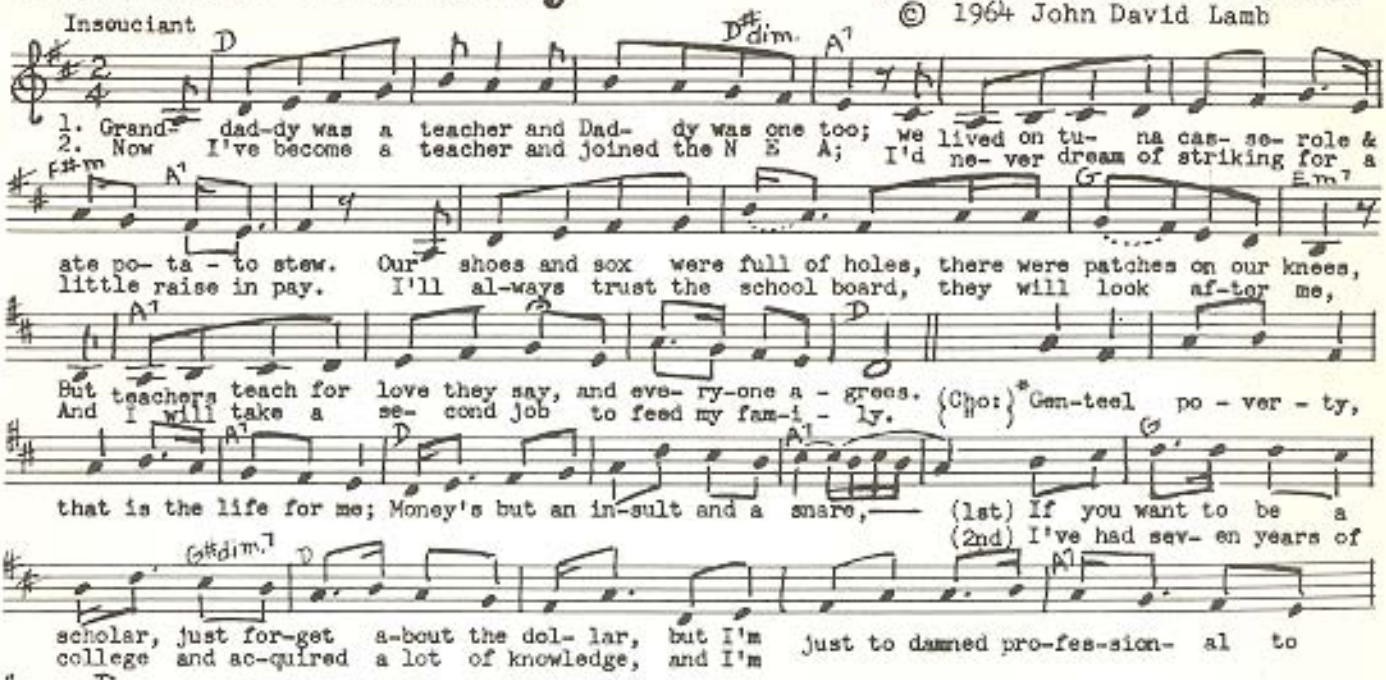
I think I see --
Wars waging from poet's desk and
Chair. Fighting and
Music from everywhere.

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IN THIS ISSUE: Songs for the SING-IN FOR PEACE at Carnegie Hall. By TOM PAXTON, MALVINA REYNOLDS, MORTIMER FRANKEL, MARK SPOELSTRA. Also "I Shall Go Unbounded" by ERIC ANDERSEN, "Nancy Rose" by LEN CHANDLER. And songs by MATT McGINN, JOHN DAVID LAMB, and ALEX COMFORT. Two songs on Watts by ED CARL. Articles on Protest and Rock-and-Roll.

Genteel Poverty

Words & Music: JOHN DAVID LAMB
© 1964 John David Lamb



(*All choruses start with same two lines.)

3. Just look at Union workers, they wear their collars blue
Although they make more money than us classroom teachers do;
But think how you're respected for wearing collars white,
And you'll enjoy your tuna casserole again tonight.

Cho: ....I don't care if I'm neglected
Just as long as I'm respected
And I'm just too damned professional to care! (about what I eat)

4. The NEA will welcome any teacher who is white,
Integration cannot be accomplished overnight;
They let the colored people form chapters of their own,
"Separate but Equal" is the doctrine they condone.

Cho:
....We are filled with indignation
At the thought of segregation
But we're just too damned
professional to care!
(about civil rights)

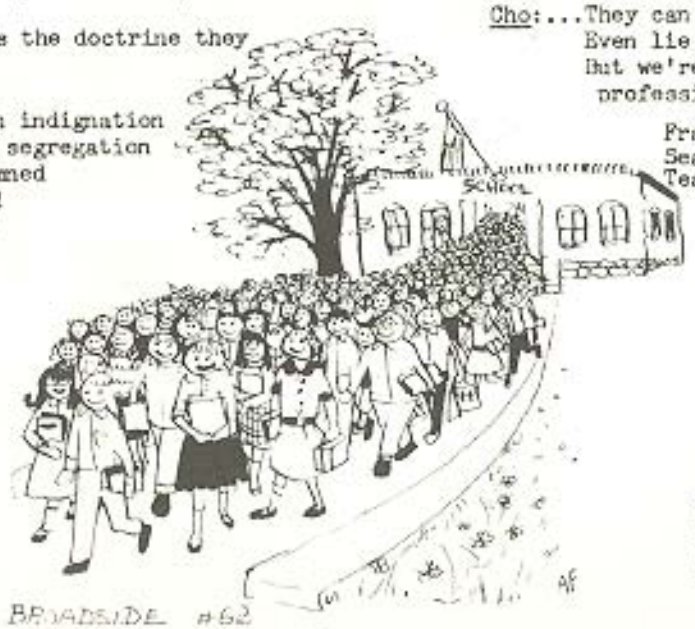
5. The NEA is careful to keep its image bright,
A controversial teacher is regarded as a blight
So even though you've paid your dues and think you're not alone,
If you get into trouble, you are strictly on your own.

Cho: ....Don't forget our reputation
To uphold the administration
And we're just too damned professional to care! (about academic freedom)

6. So join the NEA, boys, like the bosses tell you to,
And never stop to ask them what they plan to do for you;
But if you get in trouble, just take a tip from me,
And you will take your grievance to the good old AFT!

Cho:...They can starve us & mistreat us
Even lie to us & cheat us
But we're just too damned
professional to care! (period)

Fraternally dedicated to Seattle Federation of Teachers, AFT Local 200 (AFL-CIO)



BROADSIDE #62

$123 A WEEK CALLED FAMILY'S MINIMUM

WASHINGTON May 12 (UPI)—The average American worker now needs $123 a week to provide just "the necessities of life" for a family of four, the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organization said today.

A worker would need to earn $3.07 an hour to attain the figure, which comes to $6,418 a year.

"This amount is required to meet the necessities of life," the federation said, leaving nothing for luxuries or savings.

NEW YORK

NEW SCHOOL PACT AVERTS A STRIKE; TERMS APPROVED

Some of those who dissented said they thought the class sizes should have been cut more and that the beginning salary of teachers should have been raised from its $5,300 level.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1965.

ONLY A WAR

Words & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS
Copyright 1965 by Schroder Music Company



NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1965.

In another delta province there is a woman who has both arms burned off by napalm and her eyelids so badly burned that she cannot close them. When it is time for her to sleep her family puts a blanket over her head.

The woman had two of her children killed in the air strike which maimed her last April and she saw five other children die. She was quite dispassionate when she told an American "more children were killed because the children do not have so much experience and do not know how to lie down behind the paddy dikes." . . .

By JAMES RESTON

SAIGON, Sept. 2 — There comes a time in every war when men tend to become indifferent to human suffering, even to unnecessary brutality, and we may be reaching that point in Vietnam.

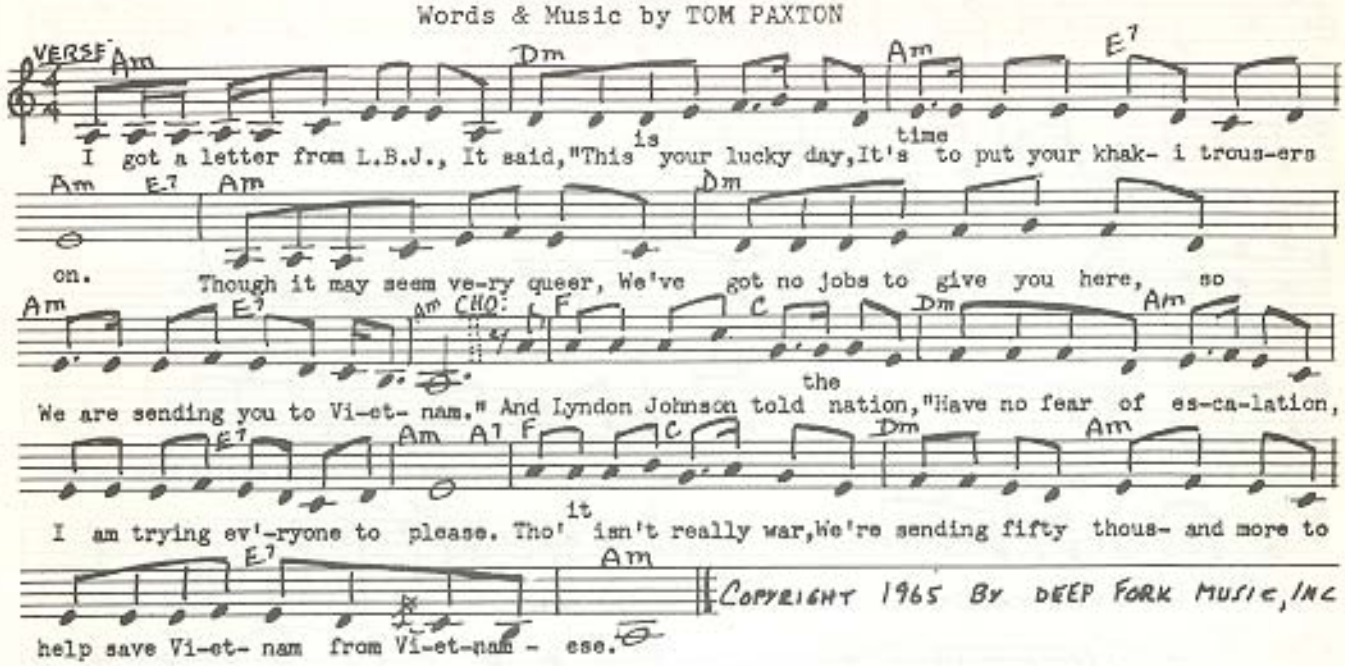
The tempo of this war is increasing. American casualty lists are growing, and the next fifteen or twenty days of bad weather will probably see more Vietcong activity and therefore more savage fighting on the ground. . . .



BROADSIDE #62

LYNDON JOHNSON TOLD THE NATION

Words & Music by TOM PAXTON



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NEW YORK TIMES, AUGUST 27, 1965.

Draft calls have more than doubled in recent months to provide the manpower for the 340,000-man increase in the military services ordered by the Administration earlier this month in connection with the Vietnam crisis.

From a monthly level of from 8,000 to 8,000 men, draft calls have jumped to 17,000 in August, 27,400 for September and 33,600 for October.

The increase in draft calls has placed a strain on some draft boards, which have found themselves forced to induct younger and younger men.

In August, for example, the average induction age fell to just below 21. It is expected that the average will shortly fall to 20, with 19-year-olds being called in some areas.

I jumped off the old troop ship,
I sank in mud up to my hips,
And cussed until the captain called me down,
"Never mind how hard it's raining,
Think of all the ground we're gaining,
Just don't take one step outside of town."
(Cho.)

Every night the local gentry
Slip out past the sleeping sentry
They go out to join the old V.C.
In their nightly little dramas,
They put on their black pajamas
And come lobbing mortar shells at me.
(Cho.)

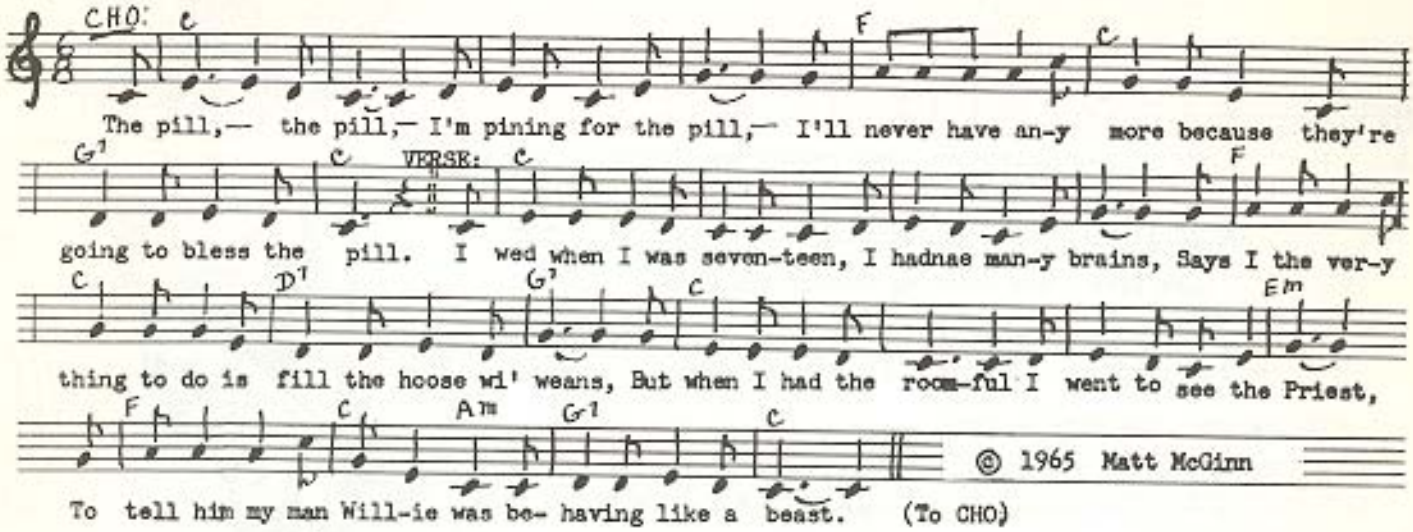
We go 'round in helicopters
Like a bunch of big grasshoppers
Searching for the Viet Cong in vain.
They left a note that they had gone,
They had to get back to Saigon,
Their government positions to maintain.
(Cho.)

Well, here I sit in this rice paddy,
Wondering about Big Daddy,
And I know that Lyndon loves me so
Yet how sadly I remember
Way back yonder in November
When he said I'd never have to go.
(Cho.)



The Pill

WORDS & MUSIC BY
MATT McGINN



© 1965 Matt McGinn

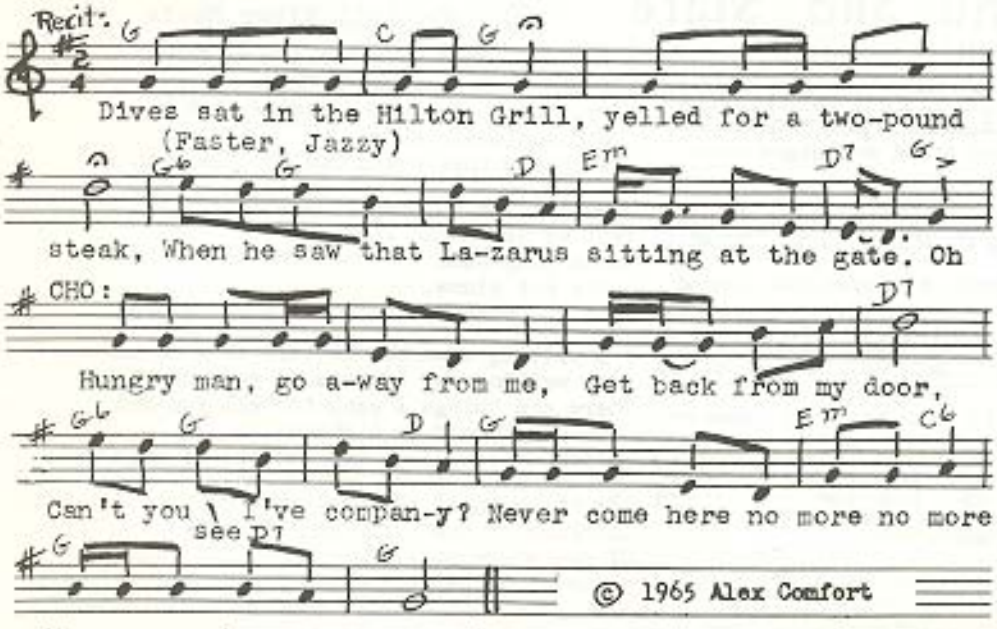
1.
He gave me such a terrible row my eyes were filled wi tears
How long have you been wed, says he, says I, this seven years
Says he, you'd better give over all your evil sinful tricks
You've been married seven years and you've only got the six. (Cho.

2.
Now I'm coming up for forty, in my faith I've aye been true
The very last time I tallied them I counted twenty-two
But now I've lost the notion for we're running short o' names
Though Willie he would welcome more -- he's fond o' having weans. (Cho.

4.
Now they're talking o' the pill, they've filled my heart wi hope
I'm sitting here and waiting on a signal frae the Pope
I went along to buy some at fifteen bob a tin
I hope we hae the Pope's OK before my man comes in. (Cho.

DIVES AND LAZARUS

Words & Music by
ALEX COMFORT



© 1965 Alex Comfort

(Sing Chorus as you see fit)

Sure I'm sad your baby died,
don't you have the dole?
You should learn to live on air
practice birth control.

I'm not greedy, I'm not bad,
I don't eat for me
My pot belly's working
for our Free Economy.

Like that cutworm on the leaf
I'm going to have my snack
Eat that surplus day by day
until my heart attack.

I'm just laying down my life
keeping business good --
You're going to die of hunger,
man, but I'm going to die
of food.

Ten long years are past and
gone, so the stories tell -
Lazarus went Communist
but Dives fried in Hell....

i shall go unbounded

Words & Music: ERIC ANDERSEN
© 1965 Deep Fork Music





You don't have to bend for me / I'm only watching but I will not blame
No, you don't have to send for me / My eyes will only mirror out your name
I would only like to show you.../ That is all and nothing more
But I will go unbounded / Looking outside your door.

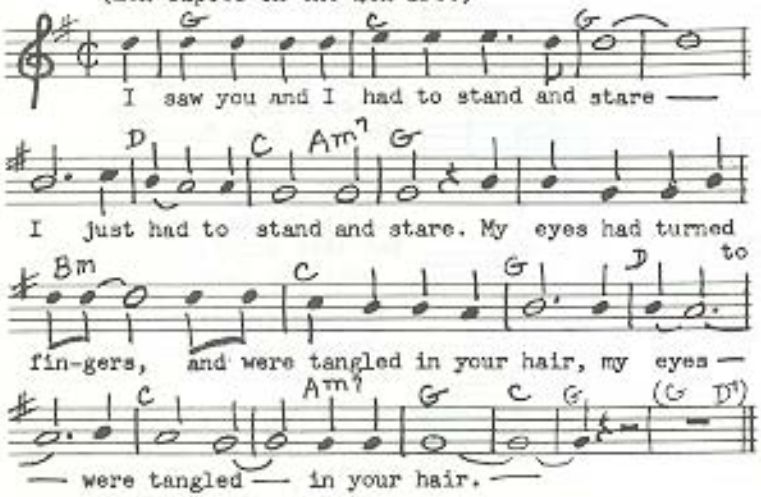
You do what you have to do / Right or wrong, weak or strong
And if you see me by the crossroads / Remember me before passing on
I would only like to tell you... / That is all and nothing more
But I will go unbounded / Listening outside of your door.

Yes, I see in your prisons / Your chains how they clamor, how they clang
Like fingers reaching through the darkness / Gripping on the bars in vain
Yes, I would only like to know you... / That is all and nothing more
But I will go unbounded / Waiting outside of your door.

I Had To Stand and Stare

Words & Music: LEN H. CHANDLER JR.
© 1964 Fall River Music

(Len capoes on the 4th fret)



Your voice I know would call the morning dove
Your voice would call the morning dove
When talking in a whisper in the afterglow of love
Your voice in the afterglow of love.

I for one could never have been free,
I could never have been free,
If you'd not broke the chains that bound
old lonliness to me,
The chains that bound old lonliness to me.

They tell me that we never can go home
That we never can go home;
It is only when I'm with you that I know
I'm not alone,
When I'm with you I know I'm not alone.

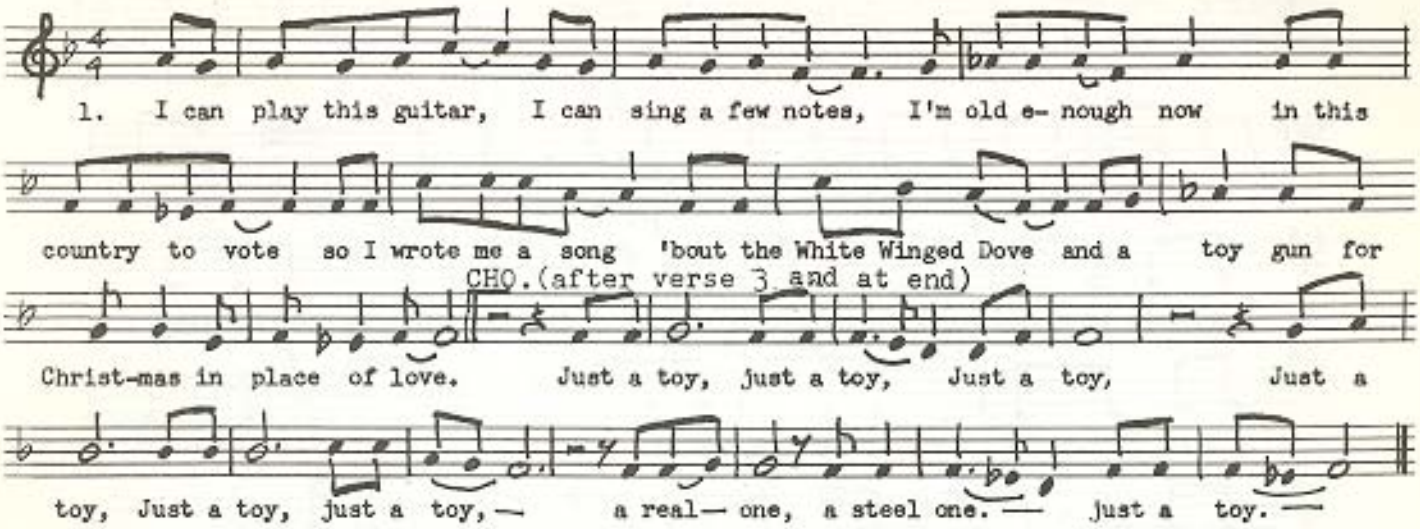
I'm writing down the letters of your name
I am writing the letters of your name
There are things I want to tell you and
to wake you'd be a shame
So I'm writing down the letters of your name.

I'm thinking of the child you'll some day bear
Thinking of the child you'll bear;
Of the songs it'll hear me singing and the
love that we will share
The child and the love that we will share.

(Repeat 1st verse)

WHITE WINGED DOVE

Words and Music by
MARK SPOELSTRA



I hear children yell with their hands on a gun
I'm better than you are 'cause I got one...
My playmates respect me, my Mommy does too
Cause she bought it for me to shoot whenever
I choose.

Sometimes I wish this gun it was real
But I can pretend that it's made out of steel.
Bullets and powder and a trigger to pull,
Then I'd be grown-up like the rest of the world. CHO.

When I grow up it will be okay
To join the army and to vote someday
Like my Mommy, my country will give me a gun
To use like I did my old toy one.

Nobody is born with the urge to kill
You learn it as you live and you live as you will
So buy your kids a toy gun so they will have the right
To kill mankind like a dove's last flight.

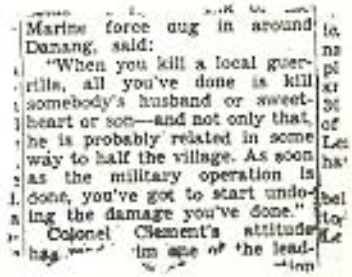
The blood of this world is mixed with tears,
Guns have been around for hundreds of years.
If that's the way you want it then that's the
way it is
'Cause the world is what you make it and we
made it blood red.

Daddy, oh Daddy, buy me some love,
I dreamed last night I killed a White Winged
Dove.
Everybody was dead except for three things --
Me, my gun and the dog-gone dream.

In my dream the dove, she tried to fly,
My toy gun killed her and I watched her die.
Then the wind sang soft like a tear from
above
Your Daddy cannot buy back the White Winged
Dove. CHO.

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Marine force dug in around Danang, said:
"When you kill a local guerrilla, all you've done is kill somebody's husband or sweetheart or son—and not only that, he is probably related in some way to half the village. As soon as the military operation is done, you've got to start undoing the damage you've done."
Colonel Clement's attitude

We Didn't Know

WORDS and MUSIC by TOM PAXTON



Copyright 1965 Deep Fork Music, Inc.

"We didn't know", said the congregation
Singing a hymn in their church of white
"The Press was full of lies about us,
Preacher told us we were right.
The outside agitators came,
They burned some churches and put the blame
On decent southern people's names,
To set our colored people aflame
And maybe some of our boys got hot
And a couple of niggers and reds got shot.
They should have stayed where they belong
And preacher would've told us if we'd done wrong."
(Cho.)

"We didn't know", said the puzzled voter,
Watching the President on TV
"I guess we've got to drop those bombs
If we're gonna keep South Asia free.
The President's such a peaceful man,
I guess he's got some kind of plan,
They say we're torturing prisoners of war,
But I don't believe that stuff no more,
Torturing prisoners is a communist game
And you can bet they're doing the same
I wish this war was over and through,
But what do you expect me to do?"
(Cho.)

THE NEW YORK TIMES

AUGUST 4, 1965.

Burning of Village Described

The correspondent, Morley Safer, said that the marines had orders, according to an officer on the operation, to burn the hamlet to the ground if fired upon.

"After surrounding the village," Mr. Safer reported, "and receiving one burst of automatic fire from an unidentified direction, the marines poured in 3.5 rocket fire, 79 grenade launchers, and heavy and light machine-gun fire. The marines then moved in, proceeding first with cigarette lighters then with flame throwers, to burn down an estimated 150 dwellings."

Mr. Safer's report, read on "Evening News With Walter Cronkite," said the marines ignored the pleas of Vietnamese to delay the burnings so that belongings could be removed.

To the Editor:

The photograph of U.S. marines burning 150 dwellings in a South Vietnam village because of a burst of sniper fire (Times, Aug. 5) makes me sick with shame for my country. Daily our bombers destroy other villages and kill the men, women and children in them on the suspicion that they harbor guerrillas. When Hitler's armies used such tactics we called them atrocities.

This kind of ruthlessness is only a particularly vivid example of the truth that for a decade our Government has been trying to impose on the South Vietnamese people a dictatorship which a great majority of them reject. It will increasingly earn for us their hatred, and the scorn of the world. It will not force our adversaries to negotiate.

BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.
Aug. 5, 1965

To the Editor:

Americans who support Washington's policy in Vietnam, and who maintain a greater application of force is a necessary prerequisite to negotiations, would do well to reflect on their response toward Nazi atrocities against civilian populations during the Second World War. At that time, according to accepted canons of international law, we denounced indiscriminate German attacks against entire French or Yugoslav towns which sheltered or tolerated small resistance groups.

Retaliation against civil populations in gross excess of any initial provocation, as the United States was recently reminded by the International Red Cross, is a violation of the "rules of war." . . .

GABRIEL KOLKO
Philadelphia, Aug. 28, 1965

The writer is Associate Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1965.

. . . .

F-101 jets pounded a thicket with napalm and high explosives.

. . . .

Marines, combing the village for inhabitants, peered into holes in the ground. Some terrified villagers were dragged out. Women wailed and clutched infants.

. . . .

. . . men and women knelt and begged for their lives.

. . . .

Three women were injured by a fragmentation grenade that a marine had dropped into a tunnel.

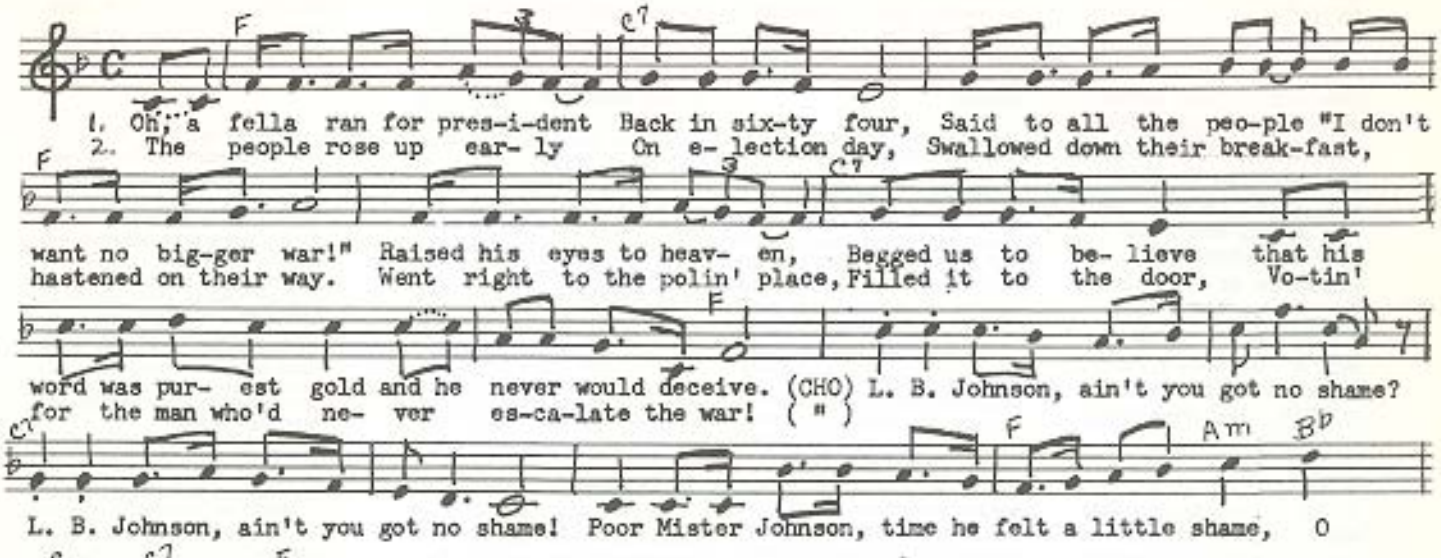
. . . .

A United States adviser said the inhabitants of the region were known as having been supporters of the guerrillas who fought the French in the French Indochina war.

BROADSIDE #12

The Ballad of LBJ

Words & Music by MORTIMER FRANKEL
© 1965 Mortimer Frankel



3. When he got elected / His memory it fled,
Couldn't just remember / A thing that he had said.
Blanked out on his promises / Broke his solemn word,
Left it dead and bleedin' / Like a butchered-up bird. (Cho.)

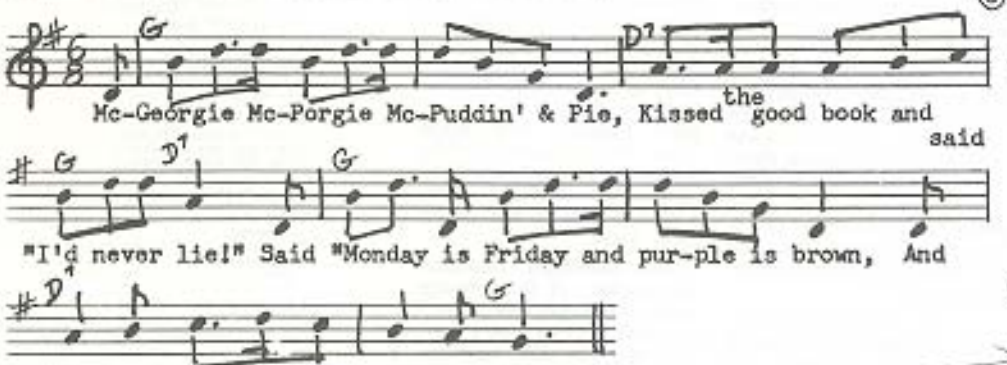
4. Then out came the tom-toms
And they began to beat,
Over at the Pentagon
They turned on the heat.
Said that we were threatened,
We were held at bay
By a ravished little nation
Ten thousand miles away. (Cho.

5. So the war got uglier
Fakery filled the air,
Navy sank some little boats
That weren't even there.
They loaded up the bombers
For reasons that were odd,
Women and children slaughtered
In the name of God. (Cho.

6. And so our peaceful leader
Has got a real big war,
And every time he mentions peace
His bombers start to roar.
It's a war on truth and decency
Just to save somebody's face
It's a war that could be fatal
To the human race. (Cho. Last time, repeat "O Shame," etc.)

McGEORGIE, McPORGIE

Words & Music by MORTIMER FRANKEL
© 1965 Mortimer Frankel



4. McGeorgie McPorgie McPuddin' and Pie
The world's gone crazy--can you tell us why?
Should a student, a scholar devote all his breath
To preachin' for war and rootin' for death?
(Optional: Repeat 1st verse)

2. McGeorgie McPorgie McPuddin' McPie
Said, "Ain't it sad all those folks got to die"
Said, "We'll protect those poor kids and their Moms,
Cover 'em up with our napalm bombs!"

3. McGeorgie McPorgie McPuddin' McPie
Thinks the best rule is an eye for an eye.
McLyndon, McDean, O McBob MacNamary
Are you bent on Victory or Hari-Kari.



(Ed.Note:Protest songs have long flourished in folk, blues, and country & western music. Now they are appearing in the rock-and-roll field. BROADSIDE presents some of the comment on this new development from the press and from its own contributors. First is an article, "Rock and Roll-Folk Music of the Teen-agers" by Ralph J. Gleason in the Aug. 8,1965, San Francisco Chronicle.)

LAST weekend down at the Big Sur Hot Springs Folk Music Festival, singer Joan Baez was asked the question directly: "Is rock and roll folk music?" And she answered with a flat unequivocal "Yes!"

Five years ago when Alan Lomax was one of the participants in the Berkeley Folk Festival the same question was asked from the audience. He said, half jokingly, "Don't bring THAT up."

Well, it's been brought up and time and history are making the answer plain. Rock and roll, i.e., the best of the pop music Top 40 discs, constitutes the contemporary folk music of America, but more than that, it constitutes the contemporary folk music of the world's teen-agers.

As we live in a world that is more and more a teen-ager's world, and as the teen-agers become more and more affluent, intelligent and hip, this music is becoming their music, in Ireland as well as Hong Kong and in Pennsylvania as well as Poland. See the lists of best selling discs in Billboard from countries around the world. The Supremes, The Beatles, Bob Dylan and the rest are the voice of the teen-ager everywhere.

Outraged Authority

Now there is little sense in adopting the attitude of Allan Sherman's funny parody on "Downtown," "Next week your mother and I will take the car and we'll go downtown and we'll dance the tango and the waltz and the foxtrot!" That cry of outraged parental authority is being heard in more than one form —in the Berkeley and the Selma courts, newspaper editorials and statements by governors and other public officials.

However, youth will have its way, as history has shown. And right now, youth is busily turning the juke boxes and the 45 rpm discs and the LPs of the popular music business into a kind of protest.

The twin themes, it strikes me, are exemplified by The Beatles and Bob Dylan. The Beatles are, when all is said and done, a roaring, raging, riotous protest in favor of life and love and laughter and the thrill of living and against pretense and pomposity and falsehood. Dylan wears more than one hat but the two which have had the biggest effect on popular music are his teen-age protest songs such as "Subterranean Homesick Blues," which, basically, says that society will blame the kids no matter what really happened, and his lyric songs of alienation with their great poetic imagery.

Following in the path of the Beatles and their refreshing honesty (completely misunderstood as dishonesty by the folk musicologists at the recent Berkeley wake) are The Rolling Stones with their current protest against advertising double talk, and the Playboy tease "Satisfaction"; the Animals (their new hit is "We Got To Get Out of This Place") and Them, with the really moving "Here Comes the Night."

Interference

There are several things which interfere with adult appreciation of the music. The first is that the kids love it. The second is the clothes, which sets up a visual barrier to hearing, if you follow me. Then there's the dancing, which poet Allen Ginsberg refers to as a revolution of the psyche and a discovery of the body antithetical to the Protestant prudery which dogs this culture. Then there is the sound itself, with the reverberating electric guitars and the yelling and screaming of the audience.

In a way this strikes me as reflecting the sound of modern society, freeways and jets, and the songs themselves, little three and four minute suspensions of disbelief. As John Sebastian's great new song, "Do You Believe in Magic" (by The Lovin' Spoonful) says "Believe in the magic (of the music), it can set you free."

Many other Top 40 hits of recent years have expressed things deep in the emotions of the young world. Take "Rat Race," which, as Tom Donahue and Bob Mitchell point out in their news letter Tempo, has a line "You've got to fight from nine to five in this steel and concrete jungle, you got to fight to stay alive . . . it's a rat race." And, as they also mention, there's "Detroit City" by Bobby Bare with "By day I make the cars, by night I make the bars" not to mention Roger Miller's "King of the Road" ("Rooms to let 50 cents, no dogs, no cats, no pets"), and the song of frustration, "On Broadway," ("But when you're walkin' down the street and you ain't had enough to eat, the glitter'll die off and you're no where." Not to mention the search for individuality in the city, "Up on the Roof," or the urban renewal song, "My Block."

Behind the Dream

What these songs are doing, it seems to me, is speaking of the realities behind the American dream, attacking the stereotype of the American Dream World of Success.

Right now Barry McGuire, formerly of the New Christy Minstrels, has a song called "Eve of Destruction" . . . "There's no runnin' away . . . if the button is pushed, there's no one to save with the world a grave" . . . "you may leave here for four days in space but when you return it's the same old place" and "the Jordan rises, the barge's floating." It ends with the line, "And you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction."

Dylan's songs of teen-age alienation, done in a sort of double-time talking blues have opened the door for others in a similar vein. Barry McGuire's "Eve of Destruction" is not unrelated to the Dylan style and Mimi and Dick Farina's new songs "One Way Ticket," "The Sell-out Agitation Waltz" and "House Un-American Blues Activity Dream" are in the same genre.

Colin MacInnes' remarkable prophecy of the teen-age world, "Absolute Beginners," said half-a-dozen years ago: "It's only you adult numbers who want to destroy one another. No one in the world under 20 is interested in that bomb of yours one little bit . . . you don't have to travel to know what it's like to be young any time, any where . . . youth is international, just like old age is. We're both very fond of life."

I submit that the teen-agers, and their music, are telling us adult numbers something. We ought to listen.

And here is an excerpt from an article by Robert Shelton in the Aug. 11, 1965, issue of the New York Times:

More is happening in rock 'n' roll than those who do not appreciate it might suspect. Perhaps most encouraging is the emergence of more meaningful lyrics, long a point of attack for hostile critics.

Although not yet reflected in Beatles records, there are more and more "message songs" in rock 'n' roll. A new recording by the British group the Animals is a cameo describing social entrapment and hope for release from the tedium of meaningless work:

In this dirty old part of the city
Where the sun refuse to shine
People tell me it ain't no use in tryin'.
My little girl, you're so young and pretty and one thing I know is true
You're gonna die before your time is due.
See my daddy in bed a-dyin', see his hair turnin' gray.

He's been workin' and slavin' his life away.
I know, he's been workin'—yeah, Everyday
Slavin' his life away. He's been workin', workin', work—work.
We gotta get out of this place
If it's the last thing we ever do.
We gotta get out of this place, girl: there's a better life for me and you . . .

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The song is by Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, a New York husband-and-wife team. They have also composed "Uptown," which finds solace in a tenement life, and "It's Gonna Be Fine," which stresses patience and hope in a problematic situation.

Also part of the trend of meaningful rock 'n' roll lyrics is "The Eve of Destruction" by P.F. Sloan, a 19-year-old West Coast writer. The song was recorded two weeks ago by Barry McGuire, formerly of the New Christy Minstrels:

The Eastern world
It is explodin'
Violence flarin'
And bullets loadin'
You're old enough to kill
But not for votin'.

Don't you understand
What I'm tryin' to say,
Can't you see the fear
That I'm feelin' today?

Marches alone
Can't bring integration
When human respect is disintegratin'.
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'

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Other songs recorded in recent weeks by Bob Dylan, the Byrds, Sonny and Cher, Jackie De Shannon, the Rolling Stones and Jody Miller examine conformity, the nature of freedom, teen-age clothes, brotherhood, recording executives and the right to wear long hair.

There is no clear-cut name for this trend, although "folk rock" or "folk pop" are frequent. Essentially, the trend is toward a marriage of the vitality and popularity of rock 'n' roll with the folk movement's general concern for saying something about reality and injustice.

The songs are sensual. In what many white teenagers might consider a crude manner, they reflect the very real fear of death and violence constantly and consistently hovering over these Negro young people and their families every hour, every day, every week, every year for all of their short and terrible existence. These songs reflect the need to live now. Teenagers in the ghettos have already lived twenty times over the worst of what teenagers in middle class homes will experience through their whole lives. Many girls in the ghettos have had their first babies at thirteen or fourteen. The state training schools are filled with teenagers serving two or three years in a miniature concentration camp. When they come out they will know the techniques of pushing dope, car theft and other crimes that are part of the daily life on the streets.

The songs, the dances, the music that is played at the plush discotheques and that give the beat for suburban record hops, provide an essential, a desperate means of escape for the Negro teenager. Whether it is a fast instrumental or a soul ballad, the music must permeate, must be so intense that he can fly with it, or so low that it can spin him to the bottom of an endless pit. After the music is over he can light a cigarette, feel loose, feel he's on top for a few minutes of what is most times "a bad day."

By contrast, the white middle class music, the Beatles, the Beach Boys, and much of the rest, sounds thin. The singers take the structure but not the substance of Negro music. The white teenager has plenty of problems. The music he listens to has a lot to do with these problems, but there is an essential difference between Bob Dylan's "Rolling Stone" and the Coasters' "Klickety Klak, Don't Talk Back" that should not be glossed over. The teenager is not an American type or a world type whose tastes can be described in the blanket term "Rock and Roll." As Ralph Gleason so excellently illustrates, teenagers' music is saying something, but what it is saying depends on to which teenagers you are listening. Some soul music has broken into the top 40, but its source is not pop music — it is part of the Negro-American popular music that has existed segregated for the last fifty years.

It is dangerous to generalize even about pop and soul music as seperate categories except to say that when things are not right this is going to come out in song. Below is a song I heard last week from a friend of its 16-year-old author. The boy who wrote it ran away from home and has been in hiding since last June. Social agency reports indicate the boy has a mental disorder, but knowing where he lives, it is a fact that he did not have to be "off" to write this song. In its terror and hopelessness it is very real for the East Harlem section of New York where I work. The boy is Italian and he used Paul Anka's "Lonely Boy" as the tune. The source of the tune is pop music, but in the hands of this trapped young man, it has entered into the oral tradition of today's killer cities.

Words: Author must remain anon.
Tune: Paul Anka's "Lonely Boy".

I'm a lonely boy
With nothin' to do.
Trying to find some work
But hard to find.

They say I'm a prison boy
Locked up in jail,
My mother's the warden
My father's the chief
Of all the prison boys.

I am a hungry boy
Trying to find some food,
If they feed me just once
That will be a shock to the world.

If you read just once
You will think
I'm havin' a ball.

"I don't agree entirely with the reviews below, but I do agree so much that I think it's worthwhile reprinting them in BROADSIDE. They will remind songwriters of the kinds of things they will have to surmount if they are to write good songs." PETE SEEGER.

Mark Spoelstra. *Five and Twenty Questions.* Accompanying himself on the 12-string guitar. Elektra EKL-283, $4.98, or Stereo EKS-7283, $5.95.
Phil Ochs. *I Ain't Marching Anymore.* Elektra EKL-287, $4.98, or Stereo EKS-7287, $5.95.

(5)THOUGH these young song writers cover most of the major problems, national and international, of our time: war, segregation, poverty, alienation—you name it—they fail to fire the righteous anger they expect because they just don't know how to write a good song. Each fails in his own way, but they share two main flaws. They preach and they generalize. As Edith Hamilton pointed out in *The Roman Way*: "When the preacher mounts the platform the poet usually goes away." The poet is mostly in absentia on these records. And when he is present he is a pretty feeble bard. Euripides wrote the greatest anti-war piece of all time—his play, *The Trojan Women*. He doesn't preach. He doesn't denounce war; he simply shows us what war is. Two of the best anti-war folk songs, *Johnny I Hardly Knew Ye* and *Mrs. McGrath*, do the same. Spoelstra's *Fife and Drum* and Ochs's *I Ain't Marching Anymore* do not move us because the lyrics don't tell us succinctly what war is and always was in terms of the individual man. Sympathy and anger are generated by identification with the particular, not the general. The mind boggles at a catalogue of ills and disasters not nailed to sharp poetic images. Instead of the rising of the hackles intended, a distinct sensation of intense ennui suffuses the hapless auditor. And the only image forcing itself upon his sensibilities is one of corrugated iron shutters clanged down at high noon in siesta countries. After the first few questions of Spoelstra's five and twenty the mind shuts off automatically; and the journalese of the Ochs songs induces the same emotional numbness as the regular reading of the daily newspapers.—A.B.-L.

American Record Guide July, 1965

Loch's Waters Radioactive

LONDON, Aug. 27 (AP)—The Ministry of Defense said today that a joint United States, British survey has found the waters of the Holy Loch in Scotland are slightly radioactive because of the presence of atomic-powered American Polaris submarines. The Holy Loch is a Polaris base, and the radioactivity was traced to the coolant discharge from the submarines' reactor plants.

SAVE WATER NOW!

A Must: The 1966 CATALOGUE & ALMANAC OF FOLK MUSIC. (See notes page). Send $1.00 to The Denver Folklore Center, 608 East 17th Ave., Denver, Colorado, 80203.

* * *

Watch for announcement of the 1965-66 BROADSIDE HOOTS. Probably start in November.

* * *

"When Dunoon folk breathe atomic dust and drink the strontium waste, they'll hae clever deils for bairnies, double-heidit, double-faced."

From the Glasgow "Ding Dong Dollar" songs, 1962. See BROADSIDES #'s 3 & 4. Also the FOLKWAYS L-P, "Ding Dong Dollar Songs."

Excerpt from an article in the New York Times August 27, 1965

Pop Singers and Song Writers Racing Down Bob Dylan's Road

Musician's 'Sound' Inspires a Variety of Entertainers in 'Folk Rock' Idiom

By ROBERT SHELTON

If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Bob Dylan must be one of the most flattered performers in American popular music today.

The singer and song-writer, who will appear tomorrow night at the Forest Hills Music Festival in Queens, has fostered a trend that music circles call "the Dylan sound."

At least three groups and one individual who consciously style their singing after Mr. Dylan are listed high on popularity charts of recordings. Sonny and Cher, the Byrds, the Turtles and Donovan all have a strong Dylanesque quality in their recordings.

Many others, from the Beatles to Johnny Cash to the song-writing team of Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, have publicly acknowledged their debt to Mr. Dylan. And John Lennon has even recorded a song in the Dylan mode.

In a telephone interview, Mr. Dylan, the often enigmatic folk performer, parried questions about his new imitators and the controversy over his fusion of folk music with rock 'n' roll, called "folk rock."

'Missing Something'

"It's all music; no more, no less," the 24-year-old musician from Hibbing, Minn., said. "I know in my own mind what I'm doing. If anyone has imagination, he'll know what I'm doing. If they can't understand my songs they're missing something. If they can't understand green clocks, wet chairs, purple lamps or hostile statues, they're missings something, too."



Bob Dylan

Many pop-music insiders regard Mr. Dylan as the most influential American performer to emerge since the rise of Elvis Presley 10 years ago. Some think he is on the brink of superstardom.

Monroe Moen's regular column "Strings & Things" in the Aug. 8, 1965, issue of the Livermore, California, Independent.

Some ten or twelve years ago, Elvis Presley lengthened the strap on his guitar so that it hung down around his hips in a most inconvenient playing position. But that stance, coupled with some erogenous antics, initiated the modern phallicism called rock and roll. It has since been expanded and polished into the orgastic grandeur of the Mersey beat.

Not long ago Les Crane had this chick on his show who creates images for rock and roll groups. She claims some impressive successes. She supervises their wardrobe, coifures, manners, and staging. She picks names for them and sees to it that they are mentioned in the papers. This process is commercial manipulation in its most obvious form.

But there is a jazz critic in the area who feels that these tinselled teen idols represent reality. He imagines that since they are "really something pretty big" (on the popularity charts), that there is a "struggle of the folk cult to deal with reality".

This year the Berkeley folk Festival included a panel discussion on "The Beatle Mystique". Feeling as I do that rock and roll has no relevance to a folk festival, I conducted a personal boycott. But the afore mentioned critic was there, and was reported to have come away fuming — apparently unhappy that the panelists would not enthusiastically embrace the Beatles as the foremost purveyors of reality in folk music. He later wrote: "A fine and valuable discussion of the Beatles could very well be produced at any folk festival, but you'd have to get someone who knew something about it."

So last weekend there was this folk festival at Big Sur Hot Springs. You'd never guess who turned up as moderator of a panel discussion on rock and roll. Check today's This World in the Chronicle to see if you guessed right.

Unlike the Berkeley festival which is "struggling with reality", the Big Sur festival evidently has found it. "One of the inescapable conclusions drawn from the panel", says its moderator, (is that) "folk music is linking up with rock and roll."

BILGE!

This conclusion is drawn from the fact that Bob Dylan and Joan Baez are leaving folk music and taking up rock and roll. They very well may take part of the "folk cult" with them, but folk music has, for centuries, survived far more serious traumata than this.

Rock and roll has brought a refreshing change to popular music during the last several years. It has done so, however, without making extravagant claims of reality. It has remained unashamedly superficial and artificial. This is not to say that it is unimportant. Culturally, rock and roll is of great importance, but its importance is more anthropological than musical. It grabs the kids right in the libido like nothing has since the forties when Frankie was the big idol. And I'm for it a couple hundred per cent. But for cryin' out loud it isn't folk music any more than the ballads were that Sinatra sang. The panel discussion that I want to hear is one where Margaret Mead is the moderator.

Musically, the stuff coming out of the New York image schools is unmitigated, tinsellized garbage. Furthermore, as Oscar Levant said of Hollywood, if you strip away all the superficial tinsel, underneath you'll find the real tinsel.

The jazz critic, it seems to me, scuttles his own argument when he says: "On the road driving home, ...it seemed like a good world. It was only after we got the evening news on the radio that we came back to reality."

QED, man, QED.

TOPICAL SONG FROM THE GHETTOS

By Josh Dunson

Ralph Gleason writes: "The Supremes, The Beatles, Bob Dylan and the rest are the voice of the teenager everywhere." Is the teenager who grows up on the welfare rolls the same as the one who has his own room and attends an academic high school? Did you ever play around with the radio dial and switch from the Top 40 ABC station to the Negro disc jockey on the local "race" station? One is the rock-and-roll stronghold of white pop music tinted with some Negro singers who broke through on their own terms; and the other is soul music, rhythm-and-blues, new Negro music that is made up on the street corners by the quartets and trios.

On the surface there are similarities, and, under the impetus of the Civil Rights movement, a few soul artists like the Supremes and Coasters have cracked into the pop white market. But the difference between the two is too large to be ignored. Pop rock-and-roll was, in the beginning, a segregated field. Bill Haley and the Comets' first hits — "Rock Around The Clock" and "See You Later Alligator" -- were lifted almost note for note from singles by the Negro R & B singer, Joe Turner. In the early 1950's, white disc jockeys were not playing Negro artists from the R & B or "race" field, and so, as had been the case with countless other Negro musicians in jazz and "race" music, a white group could and did get rich on what essentially was the created product of an excluded Negro musician.

In the isolation engendered by segregation, the Negro has produced his own music that is directly related to the life he lives. This is as true for the older forms of Afro-American music (the ring dance, field hollers, and work songs) as it is for the Negro popular music of the 20th Century (the blues, rhythm & blues, and soul music). The old country blues means little, if anything, to today's Negro teenager; there is a much wider audience for gospel and rhythm & blues as played by B.B.King, Bo Diddely, and Jimmy Reed. Soul music, dominated by quartets and trios, is the most popular.

(continued ->)

L. A. L O V E S M E

Words: By ED CARL
Tune: "Jesus Loves Me."

L.A. loves me, This I know
For Chief Parker told me so;
Black-skinned ones to Him
belong,
They are weak but He is strong.

Chorus: Yes, L.A. loves me
Yes, L.A. loves me
Yes, L.A. loves me
Chief Parker told me so.

L.A. loves us, we who died
The ghetto's gate to open wide
Ole Pat Brown helped us to win
Let the National Guard in. Cho.

L.A. loves me, loves me yet
Tho' the town I did upset
Shelters me like Ma and Pa
Protects me now by martial law.

L.A. loves me, they will stay
Right behind me all the way
Watch o'er me with loving grace
Make sure I keeps my place. Cho.

L.A. loves me, this I'm sure
All their motives simon-pure
They'll rebuild all the stores
So I can spend just like before.

L.A. loves me, for they send
Cops and troopers to defend
And just in case that doesn't do
My white friends have got shot-
guns too. Cho.

L.A. loves me, they're so sweet
Brings my babies food to eat
Parker lets the food trucks thru
Says it's feedin' time at the
zoo. Cho.

L.A. loves me, always will
From their homes atop the hill
We are very popular
Long's we stay right where
we are. Cho.

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NO GATES OUT OF THE CITY

Words: By ED CARL
Tune: "Twelve Gates To The
City". (Almost)

Chorus:
Oh, what a cold-blooded city
Oh, what a cold-hearted city
Oh, what a troublesome city
Aint no gates out of the
ghettos of L.A.

White suburbs to the north
White tract-homes to the south
White mansions on the hilltops
But no gates out of the ghettos
of L.A.

1. Who's them men all dressed in
blue?
Let our people free!
Jus' Chief Parker's demolition
crew
Ain't no gates out of the
ghettos of L.A.

2. Who's them soldiers dressed
for war?
Let our people free!
Th' Nat'nal Guard come to
kill some more.
Ain't no gates, etc.

3. Who's that man all dressed in
black?
Let our people free!
Jus' th' father of a girl
shotgunned in the back
Ain't no gates, etc.

4. Who's that man a-takin' notes
Let our people free!
Governor Brown, he wants our
votes
Ain't no gates, etc.

5. Why's them men fixin' up the
stores?
Let our people free!
That's so we can spend some
more
Ain't no gates, etc.

6. Who's them white folks bringin'
food?
Let our people free!
Do-gooders makin' sure we'll
be good
Ain't no gates, etc

7. Who's them white folks gath-
erin' round?
Let our people free!
Vigilante's who want to keep
us down
Ain't no gates, etc.

(Ed.Note: use cho. as it fits)

Copyright 1965 by Ed Carl

RECORD REVIEW: P A T S K Y O N R E C O R D By Kathy Kaplan

Perhaps the most important release this year is a Vanguard disc simply entitled PATRICK SKY. This LP presents one of the most versatile and talented singers around doing most of the better material from his repertoire. (Omitted were "For The Love Of You" and "Mahogany Row".) Despite his few years (23), Pat has achieved a maturity that few performers reach in a lifetime. His guitarwork can be compared to the best of the city or country performers and is rarely found wanting;his songs are like nothing that has come out of the revival to this day. The record opens with "Many A Mile", which is probably the best "rambling song" to date. Unlike many other songs of this genre, it ends on a note of optimism: "So fill my glass to the brim/ And through the glass the world looks dim/ I know outside there's a light somewhere/ Maybe my ramblin' will get me there." Also of a sentimental nature are "Come With Me Love", "Love Will Endure" (the title says enough!), and the best rendition of Tom Paxton's "Everytime" that I've ever heard. The best song on here is one that isn't too well known. It's called "Nectar of God" (BROADSIDE # 61) and is sort of a bluesy piece with some philosophy and irony thrown in. It's the saddest, most beautiful song I know of. ("If I should die in the gutter...at least I'd be dead.") If Pat Sky is really the "great romantic", then "Hangin' 'Round" and "Separation Blues" are hard to understand. He even turns "Rattlesnake Mountain" into a "watch out men, see what those women'll do to you" thing. Also included are "Wreck of the 97", the wackiest "Reuben" since the Holy Modal Rounders, a version of Dayle Stanley's haunting "Words Without Music" (attention pickers: use D tuning), and the by now well known "Ira Hayes". Even if you do not like folk music, buy this album anyway. The liner notes alone are worth the price. The first part, contributed by Dave and Terri Von Ronk, attempts to describe Pat. Truthfully, I don't think it's possible to capture Pat on paper. But the Von Ronks come pretty close ("...Sometimes he'll sit for hours telling the most extravagant lies he can imagine, but they're all true lies.") The second part is made up of Pat's own comments, which are generally irrelevant to the material involved. His comment on "Many A Mile" is particularly striking: "He who walks forever will get nowhere." Perhaps he is kidding, but it sure is the truth! All in all, this is the strongest debut album I've encountered. I can only make one suggestion: tape the next one "live". A studio recording can't do Pat justice.

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BOOK REVIEW: The New Lost City Ramblers Song Book. Oak Publications, 165 West 46 St., New York, N.Y. 256 pp. (illus.) $4. 50.

Since the late 1950's, the New Lost City Ramblers have succeeded in making "old time country music" come alive to modern audiences. They have given concerts, made records, written articles, recorded old time musicians, and now they have released a song book. The book consists of over 150 songs played by the NLCR's, many also recorded by them.The songs are of many types but all have been learned from traditional performers either on records or in person. Both John Cohen and Mike Seeger (two members of the Ramblers) contribute introductory articles about old time music and playing styles. The book is lavishly illustrated by good photographs, many taken by Cohen. Many of the songs were at one time topical songs; take "No Depression in Heaven" or "Franklin D. Roosevelt's Back Again". Thus, even those whose tastes run only to such songs can enjoy this book. It is a beautiful and highly informative volume well worth its price. By STU COHEN

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

Here are three more poems (see front cover) by Billy Edd Wheeler, songwriter-performer author of "The Coal Tatoo" (see B'Side # 55). Like that song, these poems come out of his mountain past and present and are written, as he says, "on Brotherhood in the coal mines and Brotherhood universal."

ANDY

Old Andy comes to me in dreams
I have of deserted mining machines
At the head of a hollow, the rust of time
Riding silent motors of the mine.
He had long whiskers, ate strong cheese,
He wore black boots that reached his knees.
Not yet American, he grunted praise
Of a country where he could work and raise
Dogs and flowers and live alone
In a camp no other Slav had known.
Where, when he died, he had no friend
To tend his grave but me and the wind.

MOVING ON

Here comes another rattling load
Out of the hollow following the road.
"Where ye goin', Ed? Don't ya know?"
Bastard won't speak. Let him go.
"Friends in Cincinnati?"
"Hell yes!"
No friends nowhere's my guess.

AN OLD MAN

Before missionaries came
As Federal planners
And men who organized
Under selfish banners
Their own gravy trains
And took us a ride,
I saw in mountain men
A little pride.
I'd rather be poor and dumb
Then see a line
Of neighbors taking free food
And licking the behind
Of politicians. God,
It can't be right
If it makes me have to lock
My barns at night.

Copyright 1965 by Billy Edd Wheeler

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LEN CHANDLER IN WASHINGTON

By Bill Frederick

(Ed.Note: Len Chandler stands out among today's topical songwriter-performers who actively participate in the struggles they write about. He has been in countless freedom demonstrations North and South, has seen the insides of both Northern and Southern jails. He was cruelly beaten by Federal marshals in a N.Y. demonstration last winter. And Ralph Gleason in a recent article says: "In the July issue of Sing Out! magazine Len Chandler has a prose-poem-folk song report on the Selma march which is the most graphic and moving of all the reportage on that subject I have seen." Len also took part, last August, in the Washington rally of "Unrepresented Peoples." Bill Frederick writes of that rally and Len's part in it in the following article).

"I may be influenced by my admiration for Len Chandler and his songs, and things were hectic, but two incidents are sharp in my mind:

"First incident: After picketing the White House Sunday afternoon there was a victory march of about a thousand people to the Washington Monument. Mainly young people, they formed a crossed-arm chain and began circling the monument, singing verse after verse of <u>We Shall Overcome</u>. So the motorcycle cops began to force the circle back, trying to break it up. Then Len starts running down the outside of the line yelling something and the circle closes, with the cops and umpteen tourists trapped inside. The circle stood on the pavement right under the monument, with everybody singing their fool heads off.

(continued →)

"Second incident: After this demonstration there was a meeting on the field behind the monument to discuss the march on the Capitol planned for Monday. As the meeting picked up steam, the sky opened up and all Hell broke loose -- thunder, lightning, buckets of rain, high wind. The people started to scatter for shelter, the nearest about a mile away. But Len Chandler jumped up on a table and began clapping and singing and calling for people to join in. Those around the table did, and soon there were a hundred, drenched to the bone, standing in the pouring rain in the middle of that field singing "Wade In The Water" at the top of their lungs, with Len dancing on the table and leading the song with sweeping orchestra-conductor gestures. Drawn by the singing, people began drifting back and in 10 or 15 minutes the meeting was on again, going full blast."

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NOTES: L.A.Loves Me. "I selected the Sunday School melody because so many of those involved in Watts were little children; some of the kids were wearing helmets, uniforms and badges with the letters L.A. P.D... One sees references to Chief Parker's close association with the John Birchers ("close association" hell! -- L.A. police write traffic tickets on the backs of pages from the "Blue Book")... And there are areas in L.A. where they think the J.Birch Society is left-wing and Ron Reagen is a wild-eyed socialist!... But it's not my intention to put L.A. down, just to help it get straightened out." ED CARL.... PRESS TELETYPE WIRE: (New York City) -- WABC-RADIO disc jockey Bob Dayton,31, was fired at the finish of a broadcast during which he played "Happy Birthday" after reminding listeners it was the 20th anniversary of the A-bombing of Hiroshima. "I couldn't believe it when I heard it,"said Walter Schwartz, vice president and general manager of the station.... Meanwhile also at WABC the rock-and-roll protest song EVE OF DESTRUCTION climbed to # 5 ("Hate your next door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace"). At WMCA, N.Y.'s other radio station which plays r-n-r around the clock, EVE was # 3. Also climbing on ABC's charts was COLOR DOESN'T MAKE A MAN ("If you color him black, he may never be free"). The "answer" to EVE, THE DAWN OF CORRECTION, wasn't getting much play. BILLBOARD in a front page headline says the new thing in pop music will be protest songs. Columnist Susan Szekely in the Sept.9,1965,NEW YORK POST : "Some people feel that the message movement will at long last bring more meaningful lyrics to our music." She quotes the song-writing team of Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, authors of "Uptown", and the currently popular "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place" and "Home Of The Brave".as saying that the new song movement "will continue to grow." CYNTHIA: "Young people were waiting for something. They were so much more aware of political events and more involved with things like civil rights than ever before." ... Attempts by reactionaries to stifle the new trend have been scattered over the country; on the West Coast, Birchers have demanded that either "Eve" be banned from the air waves or that equal time be given to what they call some "patriotic" songs... Electrified instruments and a strong r-'n-r beat seem an essential ingredient of the new songs, lyrics and music combining into what some call FOLK ROCK. The Post column quotes FRED HELLERMAN, an ex-Weaver and writer of a recent song about Appalachia called "Poverty Hill" ("The summer folk call it Paradise Mountain, but we call it Poverty Hill") as describing FOLK ROCK as the inevitable amalgam of two very strong musical currents -- rock 'n' roll and folk. Fred adds: "We've had love served up in 57 different varieties and it's nice to sing about. something else for a change."

S I N G --- I N F O R P E A C E : C A R N E G I E H A L L

"The undersigned are gathered for one purpose: to protest the immoral, irrational and irresponsible acts of war which our government carries out in Viet-Nam in our names... The artist has always been counted among the resistors of death and the celebrators of life..."

Thus says a statement drafted for the sponsoring committee of the SING-IN FOR PEACE to take place Fri. night, Sept. 24, in New York's CARNEGIE HALL, W.57th St. & 7th Ave. Many of the more than 100 on the Committee will perform in person: Eric Andersen,Theo Bikel,Len Chandler,Barbara Dane,Fannie Lou Hamer,Julius Lester,Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton,Earl Robinson,Pete Seeger,to name a few. Others,like Malvina Reynolds & Joan Baez,on tape. Also among sponsors: writers,producers, record makers,etc. Also being invited: jazz,TV,film,gospel,rock-and-roll performers. And poets.

Details: The SING-IN will be in 2 parts. The 1st beginning at 8 PM; the 2nd at 12 PM. Tickets can be gotten at Carnegie Hall: $2,2.50, for each part. At the end of the SING-IN (about 3:30 AM Sat.) a protest march to WASHINGTON SQUARE. For further information: Barbara Dane,171 W. 71st St.,N.Y.C. Telephone: 799-2295.

NOTES (Cont.): MALVINA REYNOLDS: "I was at two of the demonstrations around the troop trains in Oakland and Berkeley, but when the kids got to running two miles up the tracks and jumping back fences to outmaneuver the police, I felt my achin back would be a handicap, and took it on TV and helping with the bail fund. What the papers didn't tell you was the friendly looks on many of the soldiers looking out the train windows, and the reports that several held up signs like KEEP IT UP, YOU LUCKY CIVILIANS! It's a different war."... NEWS ITEM: There will be new days of protest Oct.15 & 16 against troop shipments in the Oakland area. Dr. Stephen Smale, a professor of mathematics at the Univ.of California and leading spirit of the protests, said there will be a peace march to the army terminal after a rally on the U.C. campus... LARRY McCOMBS (editor of FOLKIN' AROUND): "Surprising thing is that most stations have played EVE OF DESTRUCTION,though in the past they've banned such items as Phil Ochs' I AIN'T MARCHING ANYMORE and STATE OF MISSISSIPPI." Editorial and subscription office of FOLKIN' AROUND is now 428 W. Deming Pl.,Chicago,Ill, 60614... LEN CHANDLER's "I Had To Stand & Stare"(also titled "Nancy Rose")is to be on his first L-P(Columbia)scheduled for release around Nov.... Vanguard,readying a 2nd ERIC ANDERSEN L-P, may issue Eric doing his "Thirsty Boots"as a single. ..."I Shall Go Unbounded" (this B'Side) being considered as the L-P title... Eric is in 2 movies made by Pop-Artist Andy Warhol. The longer one, SPACE, to be shown at the CINEMATEQUE,Lafayette St.,N.Y.C. ... No.4 of Vol. 1 of STRAY NOTES (Atlanta Folk Music Society,Box 7813,Atlanta,Ga., -- free to members,.35¢ a copy to others, ERNIE MARRS and BUD FOOTE,co-editors) comes with a songbook, 25 songs all written in & around Atlanta. .50¢ and worth it... Editor HARRY TUFTS has turned out an excellent 1966 CATALOGUE & ALMANAC OF FOLK MUSIC. 220 pps.,all useful -- listings of records,songbooks,publications,etc. Especially important to songwriters: Information on copyrighting... JOAN BAEZ (when amazed faces greeted her announcement at the BIG SUR Folk Festival that her next L-P is to be rock-and-roll with her on the electric guitar): "I felt free, free to think Joan Baez can be electrified..."

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