Broadside #71

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE JUNE 1966 PRICE -- 50¢

ARTICLE BY CAMILLA ADAMS

Woody Guthrie: Man or Myth

A CANDID WORD PORTRAIT OF THE OKLAHOMA BALLADEER IN HIS DAYS WITH THE ALMANAC SINGERS

* * * * * *

A SONG, 2 POEMS

Pete Seeger

POEM BY AL LEVINSON

SONGS BY KAY COTHRAN DICK KOHLER FRAN TAYLOR & IRMA JURIST

* * A L S O * *

Ric Masten

Mike Kellin

Len Chandler

Mark Spoelstra



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

SIGNS IN CUBA

By Alfred Levinson

1:
In Cuba
the sign HAVANA HILTON
but Havana isn't Hilton
anymore

2:
In Cuba
the sign COCA COLA

(O irony in red
the simple circle symbolizing soda
Silver dollars glazed in red
cartwheeling across the globe)

beneath it VENCEREMOS

Sweet sweet coke
torn from the chain

(What made the link go weak?
Was it carbonation that caused
the chain to break?)

And Cubanos sip
the familiar green lip
of the handy bottle
and in the fizz you hear sweet sighs:
the pause that refreshes
is nationalized.

3:
In Cuba
the sign SHELLUBRICATION
the letters SHEL rubbed out

(The Caddies and the Buicks
strewn in passing
still prowl their empty snouts
to the elephant trunks
of gas pumps
The engines must be fed
no matter who the driver is)

Tell me, friend,
can lubrication be without shel?
Can a simple change in spell-
ing change a paradise to hell?

4:
O serpent's apple red
Oil and coke
a shel
hotel

Expel
the dollars from paradise
let the greenbacks
born of forbidden fruit
go home
to breed in their two-bit
hell

leaving the mark of cane behind

By the sweat of whose brow
Shall your bread be eaten now!

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SUNDAY NEWS, MAY 29, 1966

Puts Nation on Alert

Although Castro did not refer to the note, he launched into a bellicose tirade against the U.S. on the Havana radio last night, ending by putting the island nation on a state of alert and calling up military reserves.

He said that American charges of Cuban incursions into Guantanamo were "lying and false" and were being used by Washington as a pretext for preparing an invasion of Cuba.

Castro called Americans "sons of bitches" and said Cuba would fight any invasion to the last man.

TWO POEMS BY PETER SEEGER

1. TO FIGHT, PERCHANCE TO WIN

To fight, perchance to win, aye, there's the rub
For victory brings power and prestige
And the children of the children of the fighters
Take all for granted, and, in turn, oppress

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2. GOLIATH
a nursery rhyme

Goliath, Goliath, bound in steel
Goliath, Goliath, fell in the field
A beardless boy not fully grown
Brought him down with a sling and a stone.

Goliath's mother wept and mourned
Remembering the day when he was born
Goliath's children got the blame
Goliath, Goliath, got the fame

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B E W A R E : H E R E C O M E F R I E N D S

Words: RICHARD KOHLER
Tune: "When Dolly Hear the Sound of the Drum" (Calypso)

1. When President Johnson arrive at the door
   To offer you progress, you wind up at war;
   (repeat)*
   O he gonna dance, he show you his heart
   He gonna blow your country apart.
   (repeat)*
2. Secretary McNamara's philanthropic pride
   Is the napalm bomb and the cyanide;
   O he gonna kill, murder and bomb
   Till all the people's protected from harm.
3. When Secretary Rusk get up and say
   "We have come to help", the people try
   to get away;
   O he gonna send the bulldozers 'round
   Till all of the people is ploughed underground.
4. Vice-President Humphrey is so very nice
   He smile to see the GI's burn the
   people and they rice;
   O he gonna kiss the babies, and wave;
   He gonna sing and dance on your grave.
5. When the U.S. comes into a foreign land
   The prisons and the cemeteries start to expand;
   O the U.S. gon' be like father to son
   The U.S. will free the world with the gun!

*(Follow same repeat pattern for each verse)

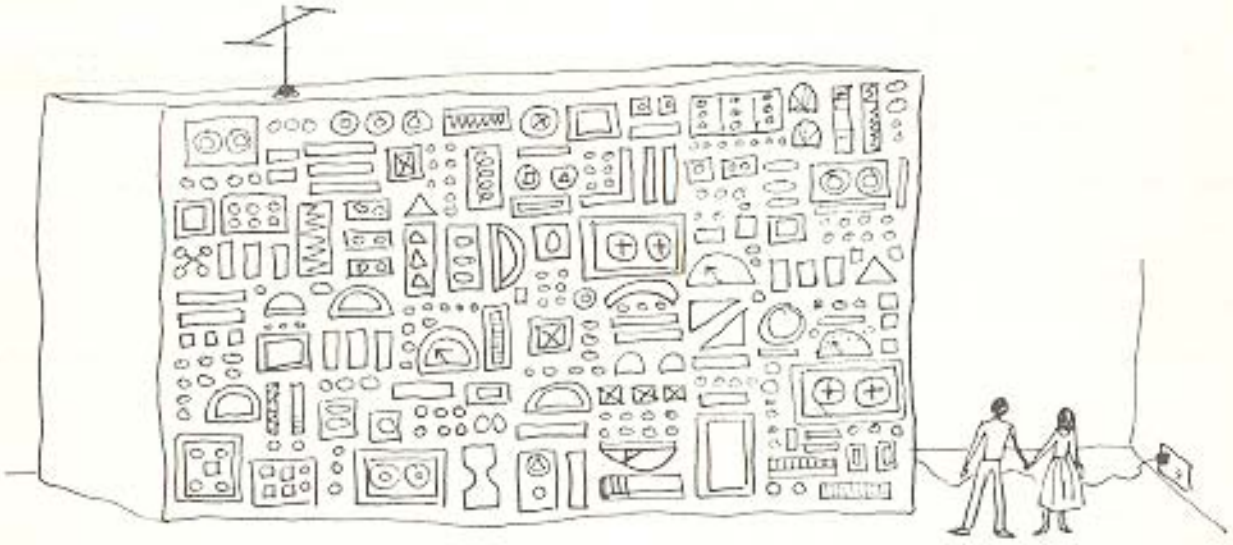
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COMPUTER Love-Song

Music: IRMA JURIST
Words: FRANCES TAYLOR
© 1966 First Born Music Co.

Lively "Rock" beat

I'm not pro-grammed for you! That's what the mate se-lect-or finds!
" " " " " dan-cin' digits prove!
Switchin' dig-its won't he - e - elp, They say we'll have to change our minds.
Bet-ter kiss me fare- we - e - ell, Before we get in - to that groove.
The way you fit in my arms my sweet Won't make our I. B. M. cards meet ---
'Coz I'm so back-ward I call your name Al- tho' our numbers are not the same ---
I'm not programmed for you! That's how the 1 4 0 1 grinds ——
" " " " " I. B. M. cards move ——
You've got background that I ain't got ( ) You like sa- lads, I like things hot, 00 -
mun- ber com- bos can't tell my need or Just how neat- ly you match my speed, 00 -
00 - - 00 - I'm not programmed for you - oo - oo - oo - oo, I guess we'll have to
00 - - 00 - Who's " " who - oo - oo - oo - oo, Let's build a new ma-
say a - dieu —— oo - oo - - oo.
chine for two —— oo - oo - - oo!
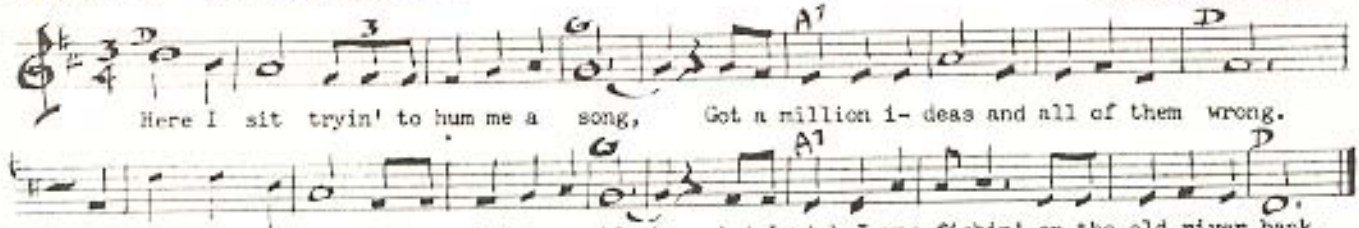


Irma Jurist, who wrote the tune to this song (which incidentally, was received with wild enthusiasm when she performed it at a Broadside Hoot this spring) is currently appearing Monday evenings here in New York at the FIVE SPOT. She will continue to appear thru the month of June and into July.

Lyric writer, Frances Taylor, has for some time worked as music columnist for a Long Island Daily newspaper. In the process of interviewing young songwriter-singers (among them Bob Dylan) for her column, she became interested in songwriting herself. We hope to print more of her songs in the near future. -- Ed.

Fishin' With Love

Words & Music: Mark Spoelstra
© 1965 by Nina Music
Division of Dyna Corp.



Can't sit on the bank and I can't lay me down
And I wish my very own flower was in town
I'm tired of people and places and things
And I'm going to buy me a couple gold rings.

The more I love her I think of the earth
All over the world it don't seem to work
Love's just a word and it don't mean a thing
But an attitude's missin' and so's the feeling.

I'm losing some old friends but makin' some new
'Cause I'm tired of people with nothing to do
They point to an old road we've been down before
That's kind of like fishing for whales from the shore.

I got me a boat and my gal's by my side
We're going out fishin' in the deep water tide
With ideas for bait and a song for a pole
And you never can tell what's in the old fishin' hole.

Those of you waving goodbye from the shore
This boat ain't a turning back any more
So have your picnic and fly your old kite
'Cause you are the one's that have given up the fight.

Your talk is so cheap and it shows what you've learned
You'd sterilize the world with a bomb full of germs
Then you'd rebuild the world with drunk butterflies
And laugh at your faith in the pentagon lies.

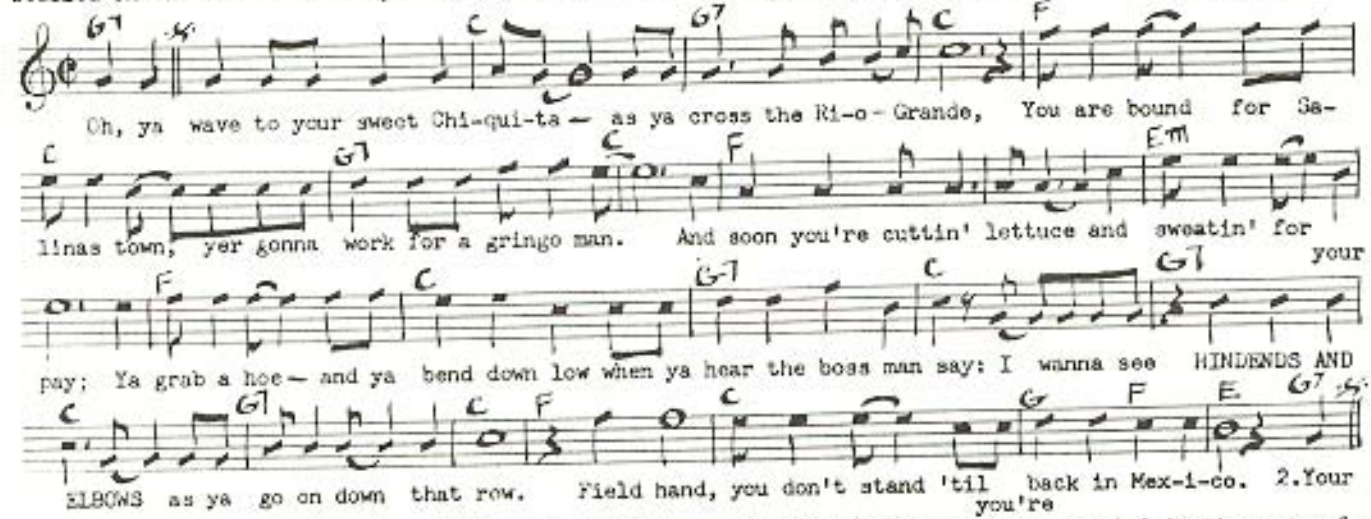
So I'm blamin' you for sittin' on your tail
You can't even see us catchin' the whale
We're fishin' with love while you sit in the mud
Thinkin' peace won't happen without the spillin' of blood.

Well it ain't gonna happen with you sittin' there
And it ain't gonna happen with me standin' here
So I'll trade you places and you sing the song
And I'll be the audience and clap all night long.

Hindends and Elbows

Words & Music: RIC MASTEN
© 1966 Mastensville Music Co.

"There was a stupid senseless truck accident in which a number of Mexican field hands were killed in Salinas a couple of years ago. They were jammed in the back of this run down truck; it stalled on the tracks and they were hit by a train. And now the junior senator from California, Mr. Murphy, is all for bringing in more cheap Mexican labor without any talk of improving the conditions in the labor camps. I wrote this song to remind the forgetful conservative." - Ric Masten
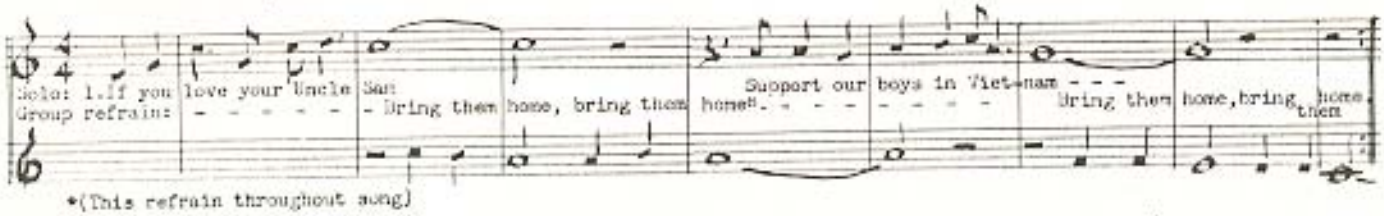


You're out in a patch of lettuce till you've never been so sore
Ya stoop and pick until you're sick and ya jus' can't pick no more
Then ya think about Chiquita who's waitin' in Juarez
Ya need the pay for your weddin' day, so ya jump when the boss man says: (Chorus)

Ya ride to the field one mornin' in the rear of a crowded truck
It overturns and then it burns, in the flamin' wreck you're stuck
Ya think about Chiquita and then they drag ya out
"This man is dead" the Padre said, but the boss man he jus' shout: (chorus)

If You Love Your Uncle Sam (Bring Them Home)

Words & Music By PETER SEEGER, Beacon,N.Y., May 1966

Copyright 1966 by Peter Seeger



*(This refrain throughout song)

2. It'll make our generals sad I know...
They want to tangle with the foe...

3. They want to test their weaponry
But here is their big fallacy

4. We hired them for our defense
They don't have the right armaments

5. Our foe is hunger and ignorance
You can't beat them with bombs & guns

6. So if you love your Uncle Sam
Support our boys in Vietnam

7. Unless you are afraid today
You'll stand with us & sing & say

8. Unless a man is full of fear
He'll defend his near & dear

9. So here we are, a solid band
To bring our message to the land

10. We may be right, we may be wrong!
But we have a right to sing this song

11. So if you love your Uncle Sam
Support our boys in Vietnam

12. Let History decide & say
Who is the patriot here today

13. Now maybe they'll throw eggs at me
Shows what they think of democracy

14. Maybe my body in jail they'll keep
But at least my conscience will
let me sleep.

(Note: Some of these verses were first written when a group of 19 peaceful pacifists were pelted with eggs in New Hampshire. But if this song catches on at all, it will have to change according to the opinions of the singers, and the circumstances.)

15. So if you love your Uncle Sam
Support our boys in Vietnam

16. Now you make think I'm a pacifist
But that's not true,I must confess

17. If an army invaded this land of mine
You'd find me out on the firing line

18. Even if they brought their planes
to bomb
Though they brought helicopters
& napalm

19. Turn - a - round
Turn - a - round

20. Too long gone & far away
Can't you hear those voices say
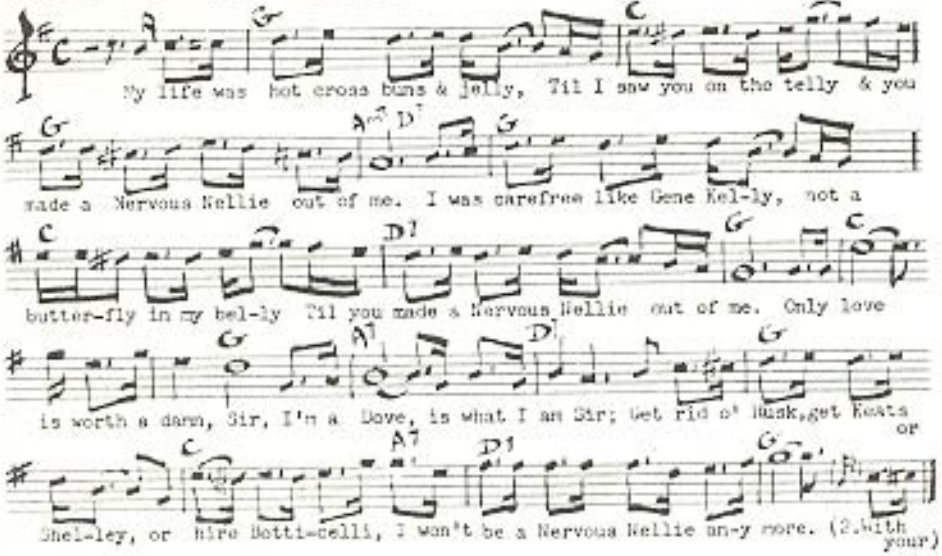
So if you love your Uncle Sam
Support our men in Vietnam
Bring them home,bring them home.

"A woman told me, 'I'm praying every night, please bring my son home safe.' I told her, 'Haven't you learned the lesson of the song WE SHALL OVERCOME? There's no solution for you or your son or me and my son unless it's a solution for all of us.It's got to be 'WE' or there's no solving the problem.' Now, I don't claim this song is as good as it should be.But I was hoping for a song which would be good for a group of people to sing over and over again, and a frame in which new verses could be improvised, and the melody and harmony developed likewise as the singers got with it." PETE SEEGER

nervous nellie

Words & Music By MIKE KELLIN

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2. With your escalating blitzes
We are scared out of our witzes,
We're a pack of Zazu Pittses,
dearie me,
I have no use for quitters,
And that Green Beret sure glitters,
But you've made a Jenny Jitters
out of me
Think of all the raw recruits
Face to face with nervous Buddhists
General Ky's your buddy, well he
isn't mine, Cause I can tell he is
a nervous-making Nellie, yessiree.

3. I elected you, not Barry,
Cause he sounded sort of scarry,
But you've made a mewling Mary out of me.
The election was a dilly, I asked,
"Will he bring peace, will he?"
But you made a trembling Tillie
out of me.
You're creating low-mouth Lillians,
Nervous Nellies by the millions,
Now the war's become your folly,
I ain't riding on your trolley,
Till you make a peaceful Polly
out of me!

Southeast Asia. One day he appeals for support of his war policies. The next day he cries impatiently for patience. One day he practices cut to be critics for understanding, and the next he lashes out at them as 'nervous Nellies' and shatters his consensus with peremptory demands for 'unity.'

Lately he has been particularly irritable and contradictory.

WHO'S NERVOUS NOW?

Rockwell Hails Vietnam G.I.'s

PORTLAND, Me., May 16 (AP)- George Lincoln Rockwell, commander of the American Nazi party, tossed a flowery wreath into the ocean here today in honor of "our fighting men in Vietnam."

He said he thought "it was about time someone demonstrated to offset the pesce creeps who are undermining our fighting men in Vietnam."

NO NERVOUS NELLIE HE.

BROADSIDE #71

B R O A D S I D E S P E C I A L

WOODY GUTHRIE IN THE DAYS OF THE ALMANAC SINGERS By Camilla Adams

(Ed.Note: It has been almost a dozen years now since Woody Guthrie was hospitalized with Huntington's Chorea, an incurable illness growing slowly but steadily and irreversibly worse. During this time his fame has flourished far and wide; he has become a legendary figure, a "folk hero" of the tallest stature, while still alive. Much of the resultant public image is quite romanticized; we have joined in creating a Woody Guthrie who is, as it were, one of the chief Gods of American folk mythology.

But what was he really like as a man, a human being, at the time he was writing the great songs on which his fame rests? Some time ago we asked Camilla Adams to write down her rememberances of Woody when she knew him back in 1941-42. Camilla, then 19 or so, was one of the volunteers helping out then at Almanac House in New York's Greenwich Village and Woody was living there as a member of the Almanac Singers. Her article follows):

For a couple of nights after I got your letter asking me to write up some of my memories of Woody, I couldn't sleep. My mind got on a weary treadmill of not remembered incidents so much as images. I didn't think I could tame these into anything suitable for publication. Why? Well, it's a personal reaction based not so much on Woody himself -- whom I've always adored and still do -- but on the effect his legend has had on the next generation of kids. In the last few years or so, fortunately, things have changed so that his hero-worshipping imitators have started being themselves and producing fine work. Jack Elliot, for example, has ceased to be a note-for-note, drawl-for-drawl carbon copy of Woody's singing and is showing his talent far better with his own interpretations which are indeed more effectively in the tradition of Woody's genius than mere imitation,however perfect. Bob Dylan is another excellent example of a young man finding himself and transcending Woody's immediate influence. Without implying any connection between Jack and Bob and what I am about to say, my resentment of the Woody oral tradition is a violent one because of this tradition's effect on the many youngsters who've tried to imitate his way of life in its worst,most anti-social aspects.

Yes, I do consider one side of Woody to have been just that: anti-social. There were at least three of him, you see. One, there was the folk-singing, writing genius who had a gigantic love of humanity. He was a rare and wonderful person who contributed much to the world. Then there was the individual as he behaved with children. The sun came out in his smile when children entered the room. He'd sing to them, talk with them (not at or down to) for hours. Roll on the floor and play with them. They were supremely happy. and so was he. Thirdly, there was the man in his personal relationships. It seems strange that anyone who "so loved the world" (yes, Woody has been called Christ-like, and not only in appearance), could apparently care so little for the people with whom he was in daily contact, could be so irresponsible, and so selfish in his personal life.Should one overlook this because he was undoubtedly a genius? I don't think so. Thus I consider that as a man he was in

(cont.)

some ways lacking much that is to be desired. He seemed to feel that it was perfectly all right for other people to support him, to see that he had whatever he wanted; and furthermore, he did not see why he in return should assume any responsibility toward others.

Of course, the Almanacs never had much money, but it was Peter Seeger who'd have to go to the Post Office to send part of it to Woody's wife Mary and the kids back in Texas. Once Pete gave the few dollars to Woody, but Woody never reached the Post Office. There were too many bars along the way. For some reason, Woody would listen to me a bit more than he would to most other people, so I got the assignment of seeing that he got to the Almanacs' bookings. Left alone, Woody got sidetracked by every ginmill he passed and, likely as not, would never make it to the place where he was supposed to appear. Somehow or other, with me dragging him, we'd get there, me with my purse full of finger picks and Woody with himself full of cheap whiskey. Then, a new problem would arise. If the audience wasn't properly respectful, if there was as much as a single distracting whisper in the house, Woody would get ready to stalk off the stage. And we'd have to coax, argue, and needle him back to work. Why bother, if things didn't suit you? There'd always be someone else to supply whatever you wanted. Woody's most frequent greeting was "Have you got a drink?" Next, "Got any dough on ya'?" "No, well -- wait while I negotiate a dollar from Bess Lomax." Somehow that dollar seemed to cover a hell of a lot of Wilson's with beer chasers. Woody seemed to live on booze, coffee, and an occasional bowl of chili, at Minerva's or that Mexican place up on 8th Avenue cattycornered from Madison Square Garden.

By listening to him you could tell how many drinks he had had. There were four or five "pet peeves", each of which he would take up in a sequence dependent on how many jiggers of Wilson's he'd consumed. And you listened. You couldn't converse with Woody in the ordinary sense anyway. You either listened, or he took off, mentally or physically. He was always the entertainer, the educator, telling you something you didn't know. And he wasn't about to waste himself listening unless you'd been somewhere he hand't or seen something he hadn't. And that was unlikely, considering all the places he'd been and all the things he'd seen.

Woody was a great creative artist -- and a fascinating person. But he was also a heavy drinker and something of a parasite. This is the part of the Woody image I dislike the younger generation absorbing. Since they rightly admire the talent, they worship what they know of the man. But the kids have a tendency to emulate his worst aspects as a way of basking in the reflected glory of his very real gifts.

Woody had tried just about everything except living what is called a "normal, healthy" life. God knows, maybe he never had the opportunity -- certainly not after the very early years of his childhood. It's true that he had seen plenty of the seamy side of life, whorehouses and jails from coast to coast.

But the important thing is -- and this is what the kids don't realize: <u>Woody also had an enormous capacity for doing his kind of work, and the ability to concentrate on it and get it done even in the midst of utter chaos</u>. When he had work to do, a song or some prose to write, something that needed to be said, there was nothing that could distract him until he'd finished it. (cont.)

It may be unfair to highlight Woody's weaknesses and failings at this time. And yet, the very one-sided picture we are getting -- and giving -- a picture only of his genius with a few eccentricities allowable to such, makes of him less a person in that it makes him seem unreal. Isn't it time for someone to write a full biography of him? Now while old friends and relatives are still available to give details. Already we've lost many of Cisco Houston's memories of Woody, and Woody's son, Bill, is no longer here to tell us of his childhood reactions to his dad. And there must be quite a number of individuals who've shared experiences with him that have not been told. I've always felt that there were very few people who ever got close to Woody and did not suffer from it. And yet he also inspired them (very literally), and they loved him in spite of everything. What Woody wanted, Woody got. Drink, women, a platform, an audience. Always it was there for him. He could walk through social fires and play with hot coals. It was his followers and friends who got burnt.

I guess I was one of the lucky ones. Perhaps because I found him bigger than life and so avoided too close a personal involvement. Thus my memories of him in the main are warm and good and, even yet, full of excitement and wonder, shaped by a feeling of the fullness of life and of living. In my memory are pictures of his innocent little-boy look when I was giving him hell for walking off wrapped in the $900 drapes from the penthouse of the New Weston Hotel; the whole room lighting up with his smile and joy when Jim Garland's kids came trooping in; of Woody making up somewhat scurrilious verses -- of the cuff -- about whomever happened to be present at a hoot. Memories of Woody and Peter playing their instruments, with Mill and Arthur Stern joining in, and the four of them singing on subway platforms and trains -- just for the fun of it -- on the way to bookings. Of meeting Woody on the street and him saying, "Hey, you should have been with us last night, we went to Hoboken and ate clams, and listen to the new song I wrote on the way back," all in one breath. Then standing on the street corner, he peeled his guitar around from off his back and sang for me the first version of "Reuben James"... Did you ever notice on some of his records where he's holding the final note of a line for a long time? He's forgotten the line and is trying to remember it; or failing that, composing a new line... Other memories: Woody coming out of his bedroom on 6th Ave. and tossing me a deck of lovely Mexican playing cards. I still have them. It was a rare thing for Woody to make such a gesture -- to please someone -- and I treasured the cards... Then there was the night I got down to W. 10th street and found that Woody had turned out a bunch of paintings. Arthur Stern had already laid claim to most of them; I traded a pint of rum for the last one. I still have it. I wonder if Arthur still has the others...

Several years ago, after a lapse of a long time, I saw Woody in Brooklyn State. Although I'd been warned, it was a shock, and heart-breaking. Back in the days of the Almanacs one never thought of Woody in terms of disease or death, or even aging. Other people, yes. But not Woody. He'd go on -- just the same -- forever. And so he will in our hearts and our minds.

How did I get tangled up with the Almanac Singers in the first place. The answer is simple: I knew how to type. I'd met Pete at the American Square (cont.)

Dance Group and volunteered typing services for the Almanacs. I wound up spending more time at Almanac House than across Washington Square park at NYU -- or, for that matter, at home. It was certainly a lot more interesting. During the week the days were fairly quiet. Bess Lomax (now Hawes) worked at the Public Library; Peter tried to be the business-man for the group; Woody was usually sleeping. Toward late afternoon signs of life would appear. Woody came downstairs looking for coffee or a drink; Peter returned from whatever errands he'd been running; Bess got back from work. Arthur and Mill would show up, along with any number of other wonderful and interesting people. There'd be be joking,kidding, and serious discussion. A good song idea would pop up, and verses to it followed in rapid-fire fashion. Sundays the place on W. 10th St. was packed; the weekday impression of bare floors,cold air, rags and mattresses on the floor would disappear in a milling throng of audience and singers. The hootenanny was being invented. You would see Josh White, and Leadbelly, Earl Robinson, Aunt Molly Jackson, Jim Garland. There was Alan Lomax, Richard Dyer-Bennett, .. Cisco Houston and his brother Slim (who became one of the first U.S. casualties in World War II when a Nazi U-Boat torpedoed his ship off Cape Cod a month or two after Pearl Harbor). Just about everybody and anybody who is now an old-timer in folk music showed up. But it wasn't long until the Almanacs were singing a new kind of song: "The Germans & The Japs", "We're Gonna Tear Hitler Down", "Taking It Easy". They and their friends went to war, vocally and then physically. It was the end of something great and unique. Folk-singers and folk music lost a home that had never existed before -- or since. Almanac House was also a beginning -- it fathered the vast popularity for folk music that was to come, and the modern social acceptability for the topical song.

As for the individual Almanacs, they were just people -- but unusually wonderful people. Each in his own or her way. Peter Seeger, sweet, kind, gentle, caring very much for everyone and letting them feel this concern. Even then, as a kid, he had that marvellous ability to reach out to an audience. Mill Lampell, quiet, serious, determined, with a sharp and not always gentle wit. Arthur Stern, usually sarcastic and ready to burst into laughter at some human fallibility -- but he could be warm and comforting too. Bess Lomax, practical, hard-working -- a mother to everyone, sweet but chastizing if the occasion demanded. Each brought a different kind of strength, talent, and thinking to the group. And tiny Sis Cunningham behind her huge accordian -- another "big" person. And the others who also belonged: Josh White, as an artist he could send chills up and down the spines of an audience; as a person he was a warm and good friend. Leadbelly, it was difficult to equate this friendly and gentle person with the scars attesting to his rough life and years in jail. Aunt Molly, you felt in contact with her the minute you met her; with her it was you who counted, all of you and your problems. Looking back now, it seems they were all giants. There was nothing mean or petty about any of them. To have known any one of them would have been a pleasure; to have known them all, individually and as a group, has been a lasting inspiration.

One final thing. It seems to me they had a sense of humor about themselves and their world that went much deeper than that of most of the present-day singer-songwriters. They could laugh, and without the bitterness of the present day kids. There's a lesson here somewhere - maybe it requires too much energy to be bitter, and that bitterness creates a negative response where this poor world needs the positive.

* * * * * * *

EXCLUSIVE ON

VANGUARD RECORDS



Buffy Sainte-Marie



Eric Andersen



Patrick Sky



Richard & Mimi Fariña



Julius Lester

VANGUARD RECORDING SOCIETY, INC.
154 WEST 14th ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10011

RIC MASTEN* WRITES: "Malvina Reynolds told me about Broadside last October and urged me to get in touch with you people. She was in Monterey singing her "Sermon From The Top 20" for the local Unitarian church. I have been doing the same thing all over Northern California for Humanist and Unitarian groups with an anti-Vietnam war rally or two thrown in. Bob O'Brian, the local Unitarian minister got the two of us together one evening. We exchanged songs and when Malvina asked what I had been doing with mine other than the 'singing sermon bit', I had to say, 'Nothing'. I told her I had been in the song racket for ten years and didn't want to have anything more to do with it. She assured me that Broadside was far from the song racket and that she felt I should at least try to share my songs with a larger audience.

I'm part of the 'Silent Generation' (younger than Seeger, older than Dylan). I blew my teens on panty raids and phone booth stuffing, spent my twenties lost in the violence on the boob-tube and was four years into my money grubbin' thirties before I asked my first question. I guess I'm a late bloomer. I had been making my way up through the pop-song pecking order, working as a publisher but mostly as a writer, rockin' an twistin' my way through ten years and some sixty record releases. Then one morning I woke as a contrack writer at Warner Bros., and I knew I'd fallen about as low as I could go; so I kicked the whole thing in the head and moved to the Big Sur country below Monterey to raise children and goats (in that order) and survey the world rather cynically from my mountain top. I pay the bills by hauling trash in my dump truck and I work part time as an offset pressman in Monterey."

* See HINDENDS AND ELBOWS, this issue.

"Dear Sis:— What the h---'s Malvina Reynolds think she's doing! The first 8th grade U.S. history textbook worth using that's come along since I've been teaching— the first one that says anything -- and her song What Have They Done To The Rain keeps it from getting adopted (at least, until after the elections)— as a matter of fact, hangs up the whole state budget! Doesn't Miss Reynolds understand that until that budget's passed those poor, tired legislators can't come home to start campaigning -- that if they don't get re-elected they may have to get out and work for a living; has Miss Reynolds no feelings!" The foregoing is the reaction of Ed Carl, of Watts, to the hassle in the California legislature over whether to adopt a new textbook "Land Of The Free". Legislators from Birch country blew their top to find a whole page devoted to Malvina's song (see Broadside # 38) but only 12 lines to the administration of Warren G. Harding (who?)... Said Assemblyman Charles J. Conrad,(R-Sherman Oaks): "That was sung by that folk singer, Joan Baez. And you'll recall she's the one who got famous because she won't pay her income taxes because she's opposed to our military." Another assemblyman objected because the book talks about W. E.B. Du Bois without identifying him as a Communist (plainly this legislator is a Communist who wants some credit for his party).



UNIVERSAL SONG: Buffy Sainte-Marie's "Universal Soldier" has hit home in one of the world's hotbeds of militarism. A West German soldat, Herr Capitan Wilhelm Richard Rote, was terribly upset by the words. He claims the lyrics are destroying the honor of a military career man (we hope this is exactly what Buffy had in mind). So he's bringing suit against Peer Music Publishers, who have the German copyright, and the singer DOMINIQUE, who had made "Universal Soldier" a hit in the late Adolf Hitler's habitat. Capt. Rote charges that the song is debasing professional soldiers.

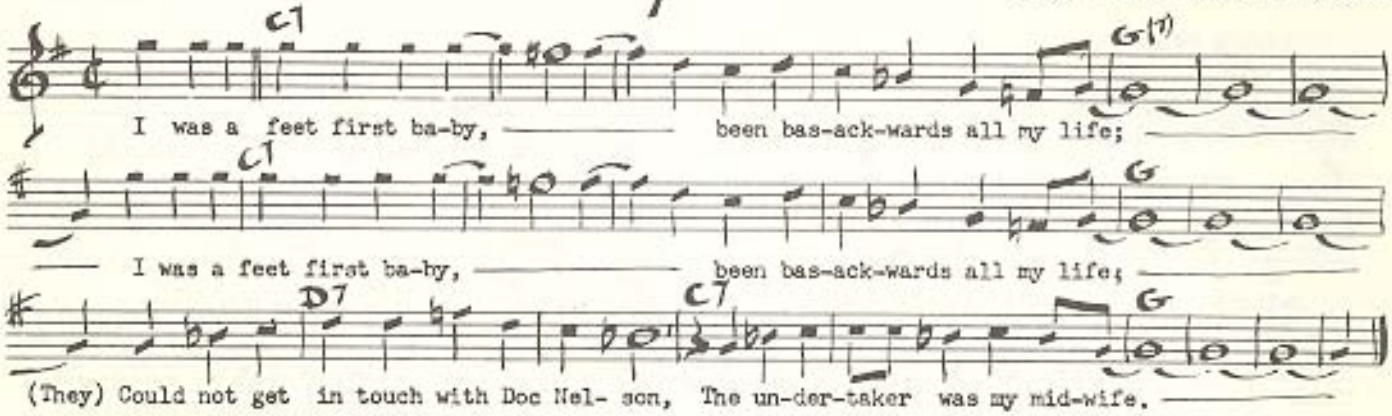
A FIX? In England, Birmingham Councillor Colin Beardwood has demanded that the British Home Secretary ban two American records -- Bob Dylan's "Rainy Day Woman" and the Byrds' " 8 Miles High". He argues that these songs encourage the taking of drugs, declaring: "Both these songs have a subtle message encouraging drug taking and I feel that it is wrong that they should be broadcast in Britain." BBC-Radio has been giving the Dylan record a big play (here in the U. S. it is now #3 on the charts for singles). Meantime a letter writer in the latest issue of SING OUT Magazine charges that some of the songs in Dylan's L-P album "Highway 61 Revisited" are "shrouded... in the translucent gauze of homosexuality...'Desolation Row' contains this element, 'Ballad Of The Thin Man' is saturated...saturated."...What is the pop world coming to! Next thing you know somebody'll charge that Nancy Sinatra's "Boots" is an appeal to sexual deviation (fetishism) -- "These boots'll walk all over you."



SLEEPING WITH COUSIN BRUCIE. The pop record industry is aiming its product at a younger and younger clientele. Last year 20% of the 45 rpm's were bought by what the industry calls "the nubes" (for nubiles), the "pre-bra set", mainly girls from 4 to 10. "They especially go for the tear-drenched ballads about unrequited love," says Time magazine. ABC dee jay Cousin Brucie has formed a club for his 8-year-old listeners who go to bed with their transistor radios under their pillows. "They used to go to bed with their teddy bears," he drools (according to Time). "Now they go to bed with me." What was it Karl Marx said about the decay of capitalist society?

feet first baby

By LEN H. CHANDLER, JR.
© 1964 Fall River Music Inc.



2. I went to the gypsy woman, boys
She washed her hands, burned the deck and threw the ashes all away. (Repeat)

2. I went to the gypsy woman, boys
She washed her hands, burned the deck and threw the ashes all away.
(Repeat)
She said "You're born for bad luck and trouble child
I wouldn't even touch your pay."

3. Here comes the Hootchy Cootchy man, Baby
Now he's the only one I trust;
(Repeat)
He stood there spitting and stammering
Kicking in the alley dust.

4. He said, "You'll never have no money,
You'll never have one minute's peace;
(Repeat)
And on the day that you get lucky,
The sun's going to set over in the East."

5. If he had a hit me with his fist, Baby
I wouldn't a cut the boy so bad;
(Repeat)
But he slapped me like I'se a woman
And it's the sound that made me so mad.

6. I had lost my razor, Baby
They took my gun when I'se in jail;
(Repeat)
Just had this itty-bitty pen knife
That I usually use to cut my nails.

7. Well, boys, I cut him and I cut him
From his A down to his Z;
(Repeat)
Now he's a walking picture puzzle
Please don't clap your hands on me.

8. I'm going down to New Orleans, Baby
Behind the rising sun;
(Repeat)
'Cause I just found out, Pretty Mama
My troubles have just begun.

9. Get me a "moe joe hand"
And a brand new chicken head;
(Repeat)
One's going to bring you to your senses
The other's gonna bring you to my bed.

\- - - - - -

"Feet First Baby" has been recorded by Len on his recently released Columbia LP, TO BE A MAN.

Words: KAY COTHRAN **I AM A TROUBLED SOLDIER** Tune: "Merry Month Of May"

One morning so early, one morning in May,
I heard a young soldier lamenting and say,
I heard a young soldier lamenting and moan,
"I am a troubled soldier, no friend and no home."

"For power and glory, my country and home,
I left my poor parents behind and alone.
I left my poor parents in sorrow to mourn.
I am a troubled soldier, no friend and no home."

"I'm troubled in trouble, I'm troubled and why?
If trouble don't kill me, I never shall die.
If someone don't hear me, I'll die all alone.
I am a troubled soldier, no friend and no home."

"Go build me a castle on yon mountain high,
Where the dove she can hear me as she does pass by.
For it's in no dark jungle I'll rest when I'm gone.
I am a troubled soldier, no friend and no home."

"Get sixteen great warships to carry me home.
Get sixteen great generals to pray o'er my bones.
Get sixteen brave citizens to cheer me below.
I am a troubled soldier, no friend and no home."

"Farewell all you people I'll nevermore see.
Farewell all you fine dreams that never shall be.
Gather the harvest the great hands have sown.
I am a troubled soldier, no friend and no home."

(Repeat first verse)

Copyright 1966 by Kay Cothran

Hilton Hotel in Chicago Accused Of Rebuff to Vietnam Wounded

50 veterans at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital charged today that the Conrad Hilton Hotel had refused to let the veterans attend an ice show - - - . . . general manager of the hotel, had rejected them on the ground that their presence would "depress paying customers."

NEGRO G.I. IS BURIED

Private Williams died fighting in Vietnam on May 19. His parents were told by officials of his home town, Wetumpka, Ala., that a pauper's grave in a segregated cemetery was the only burial space available. The ensuing dispute gained national attention.

The soldier, Pfc. Jimmy L. Williams, 19, who wore the Green Beret, was buried in Andersonville

BROADSIDE #71

Richard Fariña

(Ed.Note: Broadside has received many tributes to Richard Farina, who was killed last month in a motorcycle accident in California. David Gaines of New York sent a song "The Last Ride", set to a tune similar to Malvina Reynolds' "Turn Around". Peter Krug from the West Coast and Mr. Nicholson of Australia also sent songs, both to the tune Dick Farina used for his "Birmingham Sunday". Below are excerpts from some of the letters).

"Dick was just getting started. He had as much or more to contribute to the art of the song-poem as any songwriter in the world, even as much as Dylan perhaps... Death has cheated us out of a precious gift. Along with the loss of Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston and Leadbelly, Richard Farina's loss is a loss to the world." PETER KRUG,Calif.

"Dear Sis: I learned yesterday to my great sorrow of the tragic death of Richard Farina. I find it very difficult to express my grief at the death of one so young and talented. I appreciate how he was fighting for what he believed was right as I am fighting for what I believe is right. Here in Australia we are protesting against the U.S. and Australian involvement in Vietnam, as Richard was fighting in America for peace for white and Negro alike. My tribute to him is attached to this letter... I hope it illustrates the deep sadness I, and my friends here in Australia, feel at the death of this fine man. I salute him." NICHOLSON,Victoria,Australia.

"Dear Miss Cunningham: It is terribly ironical that a man who sang of love and deplored violence should have to die so violently; and that one who spoke so plainly of reality should be struck down by the greatest reality of all just just at a time when we were all starting to be impressed by his writing. Yesterday I was listening to his and Mimi Farina's first album, marveling at the artistry. Today I am still stunned. However, his songs will never die in the hearts of those who loved his work."DAVE LOEBEL,Ohio.

"Dear Sis: I'm very saddened by the untimely death of one of America's best new singer-songwriters. Richard Farina was exceptionally talented. The two albums he made with his wife Mimi are really fantastic,and have such a wide scope of styles and songs. Such songs as "Birmingham Sunday", "Bold Marauder", "Pack Up Your Sorrows", "Michael Andrew & James","The Falcon", "Reflections In A Crystal Wind","A Swallow Song", and "Children Of Darkness" rank with the best in folk music today. Mimi and Richard Farina made a fantastic duo and I'll treasure their records forever." DAVID DE COSTANZA, Bronx.

"Dear Broadside: Another great voice is stilled. In the past few months the folk music world has lost the vitality and truthfulness of Peter La Farge, the balladry of Frank Proffitt, and now, the pointed lyricism of Richard Farina. We are all immeasurably poorer for his death; may we do more than merely mourn." RICHARD CARTER, Calif.

LETTERS....

Dear Broadside: -- I am now listening to Phil Ochs' new "In Concert" album with a disparaging frown on my face...The best cut on Side One is enough to make me burn all Ochs' records. "Canons Of Christianity" is preceded by a Dylan-God spoof, so when Phil says "anti-hymn" one thinks that it is a joke. I will note here that I am not a religious fanatic, but I believe firmly in God and have received many years of Catholic schooling, which naturally taught me how to defend my faith. Phil here is doing what?--condemning Christianity? He might as well condemn motherhood! The very history of man is based on Christianity.Without Christianity there would be no B.C., there would be no 1966 A.D. (The A.D. stands for Anno Domini, "year of our Lord"). ... In this song Ochs says, "cleanse the world of hypocrisy." Ochs himself is such a hypocrite it is shameful. In several songs, Ochs fights for love among men and for fairness and equality... and then he comes out to condemn Christianity, whose very teachings he is supporting in the aforementioned songs... Phil seems either to be an incredible hypocrite, a poignant phony, or a very mixed-up young man. I don't care whether or not you print this but I felt I had to express my feelings to someone.

Richard J.Barrett
New Jersey

* * * * * * * * * * *

Dear Broadside: -- When Phil Ochs' "Love Me I'm A Liberal" appeared in Broadside I was indignant, but now that "The Liberal Song" and "Anti-Draft-Dodger Rag" have appeared I must speak up. I know that satire is supposed to hit its mark, and I'm grateful for the forced self-evaluation (none of us do it often enough, I suspect). But I think it is time for an answer from a "silent" liberal.

It seems that unless one runs out to every demonstration and sends money to every liberal cause, he is considered a phony.I will admit that I have never demonstrated and that I find it difficult to contradict my neighbors when they express prejudiced or violent views. As a housewife with few other chances for social contact, I would feel the loss of their friendship intensely. This does not mean, however, that I am a hypocrite. I work quietly and diligently for the things in which I believe. Where would our local "Houses For Everybody" campaign have been without those of us who quietly kept the files and typed the lists?

(continued)







OLE? UHF-TV Station WNJU in Newark, New Jersey has dropped the Pete Seeger Folk Song show which had been running every Sat. night since last fall. In its stead, WNJU-TV has added another hour of "Bullfights From Mexico", thus extending the "moment of truth" to a mere three hours. When the Seeger series began, TV critics hailed it as a bright spot among all the trash which flooded the boob tube this season. Pete managed to run up an impressive guest total of performers, traditional and topical -- Jean Ritchie, Mimi & Dick Farina, Bernice Reagon, Patrick Sky, Frank Warner, Elizabeth Cotton, The Pennywhistlers, a Cajun Band, Donovan, Rev. Gary Davis, Malvina Reynolds, Tom Paxton, Ruth Rubin and many more. It always seemed incongruous that Pete's show, it's content attuned to his humanitarian theme song title "The Rainbow Quest", was followed by the gory spectacle of the bullfights (made even gorier by the fact that Mexico's matadors seem in the main to be bumbling amateurs who could probably dispatch a bull with more "artistry" if given a sledgehammer instead of a sword.) The show was roundly condemned by animal lovers and others who saw it as an overt attempt to help introduce bullbaiting into the U.S. (as if we didn't have enough homegrown sports of this kind, for instance assaulting peace and civil rights demonstrators)... We would suggest that every reader write WNJU-TV, Newark, N. J., demanding that "The Rainbow Quest" be returned to the air and in fact syndicated all over the U.S.



SEEGER

THERE IS ONLY



ONE

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BLACKLIST. Millard Lampell, one of the founders of the Almanac Singers (see special section in this issue), has won the 1966 Emmy Award for "Outstanding Writing Achievement in Drama". (For his script "Eagle in a Cage" for the Hallmark of Fame -- it's about Napoleon). His acceptance speech during the televised ceremonies was definitely not of the usual kind. He told how he had lived on the T-V blacklist for some ten years before getting the "Eagle" assignment. How did Mill happen to wind up on TV's blacklist? "I think it was because I sang in a group called 'The Almanacs' along with Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie. After all, I'm from West Virginia, the coal-mining country. I had the music of the coal miner...You know when you're on the TV blacklist. The agents tell you, in the nicest way, but they tell you." But producer George Schaefer of the Hall of Fame series invited him back, he said, and he's on TV to stay awhile. Mill said he had written some TV scripts during the time he was blacklisted, but surreptitously under other names. Adds the New York Post: "Writer Millard Lampell, who attacked the TV blacklist on the Emmy-cast, was not the only victim of TV's political witch-hunting days to win a statuette. He himself recognized two others who similarly suffered." The story didn't say if Mill recognized any at the ceremony who had participated in blacklisting him.

BAN-THE-BOMBER MARCHES ON. Vanessa Redgrave, who used to march in London demonstrations against the atom bomb, orate for peace at Hyde Park Corner, and was arrested at various anti-war sit-ins, won the best actress award at the recent Cannes Film Festival. She was picked for her role in the British film "Morgan!" She is the daughter of veteran actor Sir Michael Redgrave, and the writer (in Broadside #42) of "Hanging On A Tree", a fine song against discrimination in South Africa which she recorded for Topic Records. (The flip side was Pete Seeger's "Where Have All The Flowers Gone).



VANESSA REDGRAVE

THE RUSSIANS LAND. The film comedy "The Russians Are Coming" has opened with raves from the critics. It's about the funny things which befall the crew of a Soviet submarine which runs aground off the New England coast. A landing party goes ashore to try to rent or steal a power boat to pull the sub back off the sand bar. Folksinger Theo Bikel plays the role of the sub captain, and Alan Arkin makes his film debut as leader of the shore party. Alan, who once tried vainly to make a living as a folksinger, is the co-author of "I'm So Glad I Left Puerto Rico" (in Broadside #60). He is the son of Dave Arkin, one of the original contributors to Broadside.



Alan Arkin makes his screen debut in "The Russians Are Coming."

LETTERS -- 2

I'm sure there are many more of us among your readership who are not flamboyant about our liberalism and yet, I believe that we are the backbone of the movement. We are the ones who welcome a Negro neighbor with a fresh-baked cake and invite his child to play in our child's sandbox...Unlike many college students who march on picket lines and then desert the causes as soon as they graduate, we carry on for years, asking not publicity but only a small hint of success as payment. I find any kind of "group think" distressing, including the liberal "think" of many Broadside songs... I don't want anyone, no matter how much I admire his courage or writing skill, to insist that I fit into a"liberal" mold or be branded a "hypocrite".

JOY WEAVER, Long Island

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

Dear Broadside: I thought you might be encouraged to hear that Phil Ochs is being seen on network T-V somewhere. He's appearing beautifully, magnificently, on Oscar Brand's show "Let's Sing Out!" here in Canada, along with Guy Carawan, Mark Spoelstra, Judy Collins, Dave von Ronk, Len Chandler, etc... Oscar has a completely free hand in choosing the people he wants for his shows.

SANDY HARKNESS, Canada

Songbook by Malvina Reynolds

...arranged for piano and guitar



$1.75 postage paid

SHRODER MUSIC CO., 2017 PARKER STREET
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

Dear Broadside: Your magazine is absolutely unique; there's nothing in the U.S. that can compare to it. The way you put those little newspaper clippings together to illuminate the truth is sometimes downright chilling. Whoever does this is a real creative artist. May Broadside continue to grow; it deserves the support of good people everywhere. H.BEALS, Ohio

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * NEWS, MONDAY, MAY 30, 1966 * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Monk 3d Viet Suicide by Fire

Saigon, Monday, May 30 (UPI)—A Buddhist monk burned himself to death today in Dalat in the third such fiery protest against the regime of Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and United States aid to his government. Two Buddhist women, a nun and a middle-aged mother of two, burned themselves to death yesterday in similar protests.

Pagoda officials said the monk, Quang-Thien — like the two women before him— poured gasoline over himself and then struck a match to it, becoming the first monk to immolate himself in the Buddhist drive to topple Ky.

The self-immolations occurred as students wrote letters to President Johnson in their own blood, and anti-government demonstrators fought South Viet Namese troops to a standoff in the streets of the city. One monk, Thich Tiao Tieng, also cut off part of his finger to dramatize the protests.

Write Letters in Blood

Just before noon, two young monks stepped into the tin-roofed pagoda here and slashed their forearms. With the blood, they penned a letter to President Johnson demanding he cease using Viet Namese as "experimental animals for slavery."

Dear Miss Cunningham: I was greatly moved by the song "Alice Was Her Name" by Ruth Jacobs in Broadside # 66. I immediately showed it to my wife and she learned it and sang it at a meeting in memory of Alice Herz here in Tokyo on May 16. Many of the leading figures of the Women's Movement Of Japan attended. Please remember me to Mrs. Jacobs.

Prof. SHINGO SHIBATA, Tokyo

(Ed.Note: Prof. Shibata has edited the new book I APPEAL IN FLAMES or PHOENIX: Mrs. Alice Herz' Letters For Peace. Readers may recall that Mrs. Herz, a refugee from Nazi Germany, burned herself to death in Detroit last year to protest U.S. involvement in Vietnam, which she compared to Hitler's aggressions during World War II.)

The wedding dress will be Luci's choice and her mother said there will be a lot of time spent on the selection.

Mrs. Johnson seemed a little sad as she commented, "I've always been impressed when a bride wore a dress worn by three generations in her family —what a feeling of continuity and roots!"

Special to The New York Times

SAIGON, Monday, May 30—

The body of the victim lay on its right side, blackened and rigid. A gasoline can stood nearby.

A crowd of several hundred people had gathered closely around the body, staring in fascination or softly chanting religious lamentations.

and a teen-age girl in Saigon committed ritual suicide by fire today.

Several score bystanders watched—but made no effort to interfere—as the girl poured gasoline from a small container over herself and touched a match to it.When she toppled over, Buddhists came forward and placed flags over her body. They also

However, one guest, Mrs. Ann Petroshius, wife of a mortician, said Luci was "just so sweet about everything. Why, she's just an ordinary girl."

--Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson says her daughter, Lynda, who has been on a number of dates recently with a young actor, "is just going through a sparkling gay time and I couldn't be happier."

Waukegan, Ill., May 29, Luci Johnson spent nearly three hours opening gifts today.

****

RECORD REVIEWS

Chicago/The Blues/Today Vanguard VRS-9216

This is the first in a series of three l-p's of recently recorded Chicago blues groups. Volume one has songs by Junior Well's Chicago Blues Band, J.B. Hutto and His Hawks, and Otis Spann. These three make for interesting and varied listening. Junior Wells is possibly the best young harp player in Chicago and he's also a fine singer. The cuts here are not really as good as good as the band usually sounds with the exception of the first song, "A Tribute to Sonny Boy Williamson." Fans of old style country blues will enjoy J.B. Hutto's group. Hutto plays (electrified) bottleneck guitar and sings fairly well. His band has a driving and insistant sound. Otis Spann is a fantastic pianist as the selections here amply demonstrate. He is accompanied by drummer S.P. Leary and together they're beautiful. Spann's singing is pretty good but anybody that plays piano that well doesn't have to do anything else.

Mance Lipscomb Volume 3 Arhoolie F1026

Very little has to be said about this album to anyone who has ever heard Mance Lipscomb. It is typically good and typically entertaining. For those who have never heard him, Mance Lipscomb is a sharecropper from Texas. He is also a musician and an embodiment of the Negro "songster" tradition. His music consists of all the various forms he has heard and enjoyed all his life, blues, gospel, ragtime, polkas, and "pop" tunes like "Shine on Harvest Moon" or "polly Wolly Doodle All Day". He performs them all with fine musicianship and a warmth that shines through each performance. These are live recordings, and the album is varied and enjoyable.

The Skillet Lickers County 506

County Records, the company responsible for reissuing a great deal of good "old timey" music, has done it again! Following their recent l-p of recordings by Charlie Poole's North Carolina Rumblers (County 505), they have released another l-p of another of the greatest old time string bands, the Skillet Lickers. These recordings date from 1927-31 when the band consisted of Clayton McMichen, Gid Tanner (fiddles), Riley Puckett (guitar), and Fate Norris (banjo). The Skillet Lickers' sound is at the opposite extreme from the polished, precise instrumentation of the Poole band. Indeed, it seems at times that only the strong guitar work by Puckett keeps the group from complete musical anarchy. Their overall sound is happy, carefree, and completely enjoyable. Riley Puckett is the most musically interesting member of the group. He is considered by many (including myself) to have been one of the most remarkable of the country guitarists to record. His backup work is the acme of skill and taste. Norm Cohen's notes are informative (for a more extended picture see his article in the July-September, 1965 issue of the Journal of American Folklore), however I wish he would have included the recording dates. In an album like this one each cut is a highlight!

By STU COHEN

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NOTES

The 9th Annual BERKELEY FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL June 30 through July 4, this year will emphasize topical and contemporary songs. plus folk-rock. Artists include PHIL OCHS, PETE SEEGER, SAM HINTON, CHARLEY MARSHALL, BESS HAWES, CHARLES SEEGER, others.There will be workshops, concerts, panels, films, cabarets, campfire sings, children's games. PETE SEEGER and PHIL OCHS are to appear on the topical song workshop. For information write ASUC Folk Festival, ASUC, Berkeley, California, 94704... PHIL OCHS is also back at the NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL (July 21-24) after having been passed over last year. We hear there was a rather heated battle amongst the Newport Festival board members on whether to invite Phil this year, with the affirmatives winning by a narrow margin... ARLO GUTHRIE, Woody's 18-year-old son, has signed with the HAROLD LEVENTHAL Management Office (200 West 57th St., New York City, N.Y. 10019). ARLO has become a folk singer-writer in his own right during the past year and has been working in the coffee-house clubs throughout the country...

RALPH J. GLEASON, folksong critic of the San Francisco Chronicle, writes: "Dear Sis: I think it is a shame, nay a pity, that the folkers like Silber lost control of the business. That's the only explanation I can figure out for their hysterical screaming a la the NYTimes letters to the ed. (See B'Side #63). It's also a little late for them to be discovering Bo Diddly." ... Other folksong events upcoming: FOLK MUSIC WORKSHOP July 3-15 (plus festival weekend July 15-17) at Idyllwild,Calif. On the staff: BESS HAWES, MARAIS & MIRANDA. For info. write U.S.C.-Isomata, Idyllwild... FOLK MUSIC WEEK Aug. 21-28, Pinewoods Camp Long Pond. SANDY & CAROLINE PATON, FRANK WARNER, CYNTHIA GOODING, JOHN A. SCOTT. Write Country Dance Society of America, 55 Christopher St., New York City 10014... TOM PAXTON will be at The MAIN POINT, Bryn Mawr, Penna.. June 30 through July 3. Under Director Bill Scarborough The MAIN POINT has become the Philadelphia area's largest coffee cabaret... LEN CHANDLER is scheduled for the BEERS FAMILY FESTIVAL, Beers' Estate, Petersburg, New York, Aug. 13-21. Others: BONNIE DOBSON, JEAN RITCHIE, THE GOLDEN RING, TOSSI & LEE AARON, TONY & IRENE SALETAN, JIMMIE DRIFTWOOD, plus many more. Write The Beers Family, RD #1, Petersburg... From Robert Alan Bass, Brooklyn: "Dear Broadside: In your #68 you had the song JESUS WAS A TEENAGER. I've heard all those verses and one more, which is also used as a chorus, in a modified form. It goes:

"Roses are reddish, Violets are bluish,
Had'na been for Jesus, We'd all be Jewish
Though he was a Jew, Jesus was a teenager too.

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