Broadside #82

THE TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE JULY , 1967



MATTHEW JONES & ELAINE LARON
HELL NO! I AIN'T GONNA GO

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Janis Ian
SHADY ACRES

Phil Ochs
PLEASURES of the HARBOR

Also: Songs By

TOM PARROTT
STAN JAY
ROSALIE SORRELS
& BRUCE PHILLIPS

Record reviews by JOSH DUNSON and JIM BEUCHLER.
Book Review: ELI JAFFE.

Drawing By LINDA JEAN FRAME

* * * * **50¢**

I went out to the "Support Our Boys In Vietnam" parade on Saturday, May 13th. Suzanne Nachtigal and I thought it would be tragic if the march went unprotested, and we took along a sign reading "Support Our Boys In Vietnam - Bring Them Home Now!" Half a dozen people stopped to voice their agreement, one of them, a young man with the look of a Viking, stayed nearby, and, eventually, a group of hecklers formed behind us.

It took about fifteen minutes for this group of six or eight patriots (I use the word advisedly) to talk enough fanaticism into one fifteenish boy for him to grab the sign, ripping it in half. The Viking came to our aid at that point, handing me the largest part of the sign, but it really only meant that three of us got shoved and pummeled instead of two.

The police pulled us out of there, but, after they took us across the street, they told us to take a walk. We were followed. The six or eight, I wasn't able to get a good count, brave young men made several more abortive attempts to do physical damage, with a kick in my back, and a judo throw on the Viking, but we finally got away from them, when a rookie cop let us cross the street, holding them on the other side.

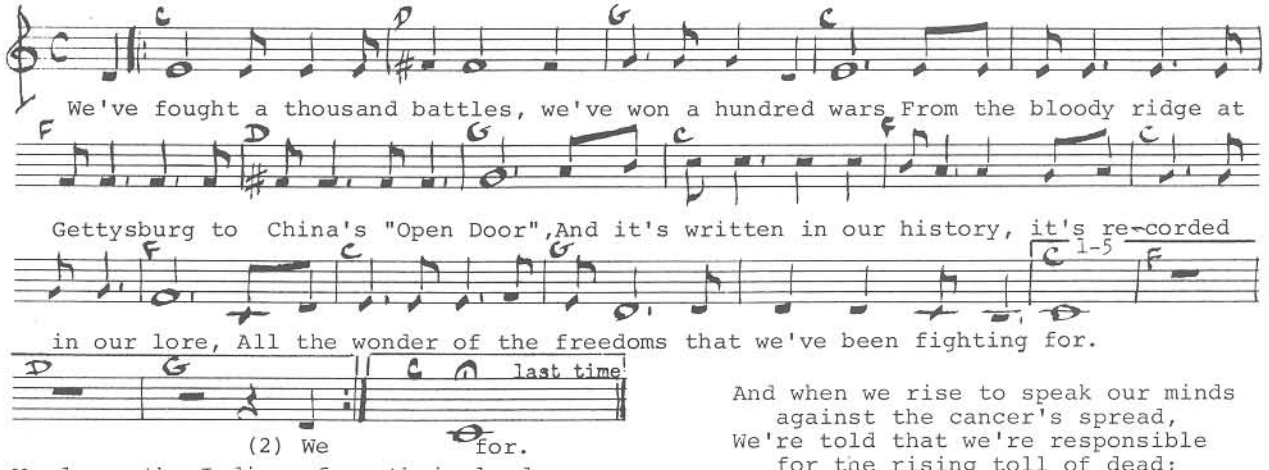
I got pretty ticked off, and wrote a song about it: "The Freedoms We've Been Fighting For."

- Tom Parrott

THE FREEDOMS WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR

Words & Music By TOM PARROTT

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We drove the Indians from their land,
their hallowed grounds to till;
And they went if they were savvy
and if they stayed they all were killed.
And it didn't matter that this land
belonged to them before;
For they were not red men's freedoms
that we were fighting for.

And when we crossed the mountains
to the California side,
And gold was found at Sutter's Mill
no force could stem the tide;
And freedom was the battle cry,
but greed was at the core;
And they were not Mexican freedoms
that we were fighting for.

And when the Civil War came
and fathers killed their sons,
Emancipation was the cause
for which it all was done;
But the slavery of two hundred years
lived another hundred more;
And they were not Negro freedoms
that we were fighting for.

And when our boys in Vietnam
drive out the Viet Cong,
Behind them come the landlords
to continue all their wrongs;
And a government of tyranny
treats it's country like a whore;
Are they Oriental freedoms
that we are fighting for?

And when we rise to speak our minds
against the cancer's spread,
We're told that we're responsible
for the rising toll of dead;
And we're battered and we're beaten
for we stand against this war;
Tell me! Where are all those freedoms
that you say we're fighting for?
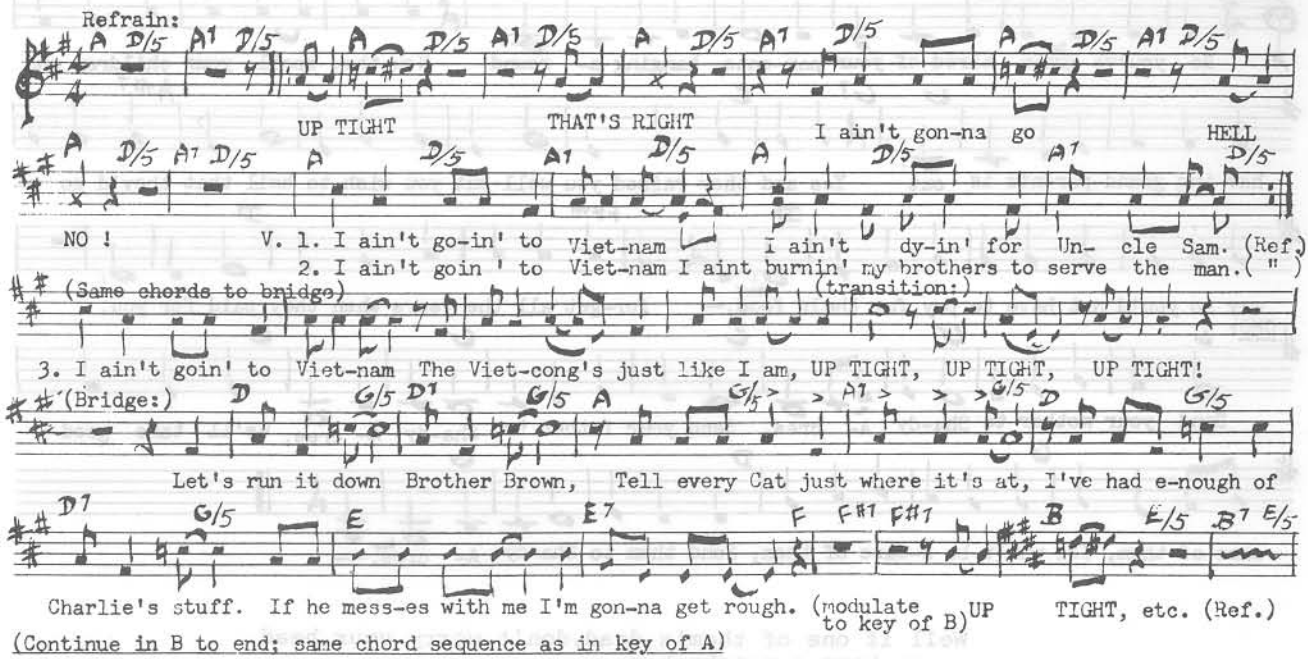


BROADSIDE # 82

HELL NO - I AINT GONNA GO!

Words & Music: MATTHEW JONES & ELAINE LARON

Copyright 1967 by Matthew Jones & Elaine Laron



(Continue in B to end; same chord sequence as in key of A)

4. I ain't going to Viet Nam
That Free World jazz is all
a sham (refrain)

5. I ain't going to Viet Nam
Cause the U.S.Army is the
Ku Klux Klan (refrain)

6. I ain't going to Viet Nam
I got business in Harlem,Watts
and Birmingham (refrain)

Severe Hunger Found in Mississippi

By NAN ROBERTSON
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, June 16 — A team of doctors who recently returned from Mississippi told Congress today that they had found hunger approaching starvation and serious untreated diseases among hundreds of Negro children there.

They described the health of the poor children there as "pitiful," "alarming," "unbelievable", and "appalling," even though Mississippi has reached a higher percentage of its poor with food programs, using Federal anti-poverty funds, than any state.

The doctors' report continued:

"We do not want to quibble over words, but 'malnutrition' is not quite what we found; the boys and girls we saw were hungry — weak, in pain, sick; their lives are being shortened . . . They are suffering from hunger and disease and directly or indirectly they are dying from them — which is exactly what 'starvation' means."



The New York Times June 17, 1967

Doctors saw severe hunger and disease among Negro children in six counties in Mississippi (shaded areas).

Clay Offers to Help Poor

Clay, who prefers the Moslem name of Muhammad Ali, told the convention that he would put his boxing title—stripped from him by boxing organizations—on the line "against anyone" this fall and that he would give all the proceeds to help feed poor, "starving" Negro children in the South.

He made the offer after Dick Gregory, the Negro comedian, had produced a copy of a study made for the Field Foundation, detailing the effects intense poverty has had on poor youngsters in the South.

By EARL CALDWELL
Special to The New York Times

OAKLAND, Calif., July 1 — In a speech filled with emotion, Floyd B. McKissick called on CORE's annual convention last night to "do something" about the antiriot legislation that is now being considered by Congress.

Mr. McKissick, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, said that the bill was "not designed to stop Stokely Carmichael but to stop black people."

He called the violence that has flared in Negro ghettos across the country not riots, but "rebellions by black people."

Then, with tears streaming down his face, Mr. McKissick shouted that "these are black people who say 'get off my neck, treat me like a man'."

Bill Expected to Pass

Mr. Gregory told the convention earlier that he planned to make a trip "around the world" to "try and beg money from other nations" to purchase food for the needy in the South. He said that he would visit every country that received aid from the United States and "every Communist country that I can get into." It was at this point that the deposed boxing champion stepped forward and made his offer.

NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1967

Rock'n'Roll Song Becoming Vietnam's Tipperary

By JONATHAN RANDAL
Special to The New York Times

SAIGON, South Vietnam, June 13—A half-forgotten rock-'n'roll song is rapidly becoming the "Tipperary" of the Vietnamese war.

Recorded almost two years ago by The Animals, a British rock 'n' roll group, it was considered a minor protest song in the United States.

In Vietnam, the song was popularized by a four-girl Filipino group called the Paulettes, which began singing it last fall for troops from one end of the country to the other.

By now, it is included in most of the repertories of entertainers booked into South Vietnam by the United Services Organization.

"If you don't know it, the G.I.'s request it," said Luzviminda, the 20-year-old leader of a Filipino singing group called The Reynettes, which had to learn the song when it arrived here in April.

Although the general context of the war rather than the undertone of protest in the familiar lyrics of the song accounts for much of its new popularity here, some new verses have been written with Vietnam in mind.

In the familiar version the lyrics went: "This land is your land, This land is my land, from California to the New York islands, girl, There's a better life for you and for me."

These lyrics used words from one folk tune and borrowed lines from another: "This Land is Your Land," by Woody Guthrie and a rock 'n' roll tune by Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil with the title, "We Got to Get Out of this Place."

One of the local variations takes this form:

"This land ain't your land, this land ain't my land, from the Mekong Delta to the Central Highlands, this land was made for Charlie, this land was for the V.C. This land was made to be free."
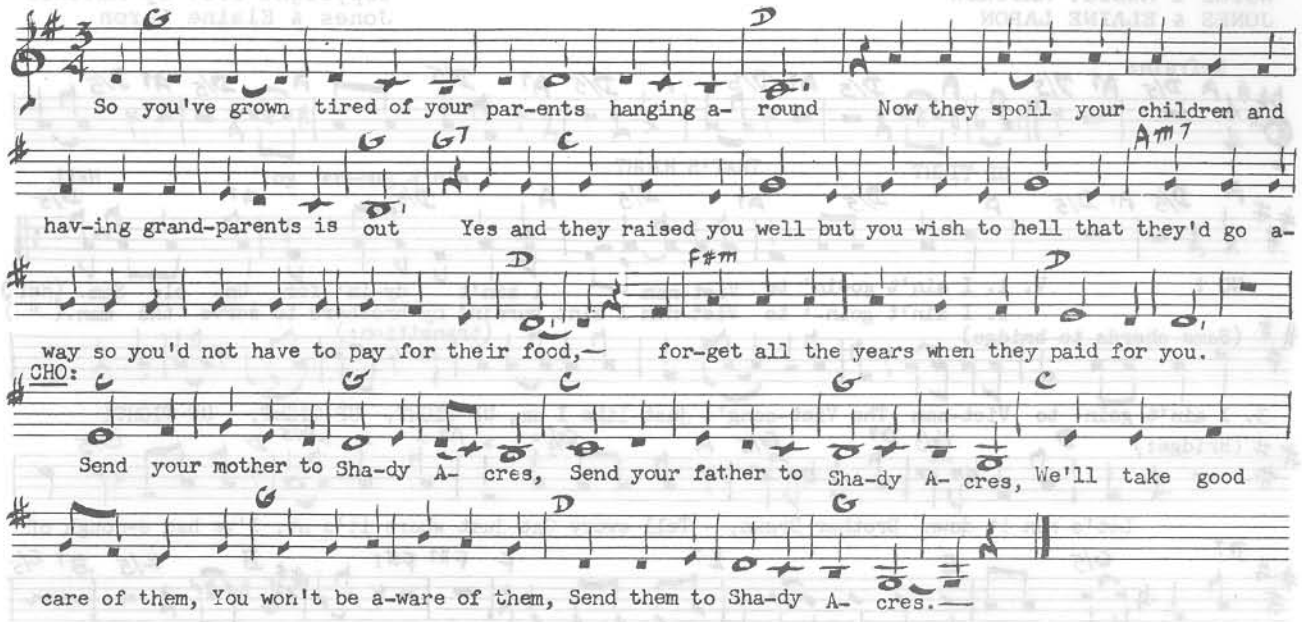
The song is especially popular with "short-timers," the servicemen who are nearing completion of their one-year tour in Vietnam, and it is sometimes called "The Short-Timers' Song."

After each verse, the troops add a chorus of "Short, short, short!".

"Everyone joins in and sings," Luzviminda said.

Shady Acres

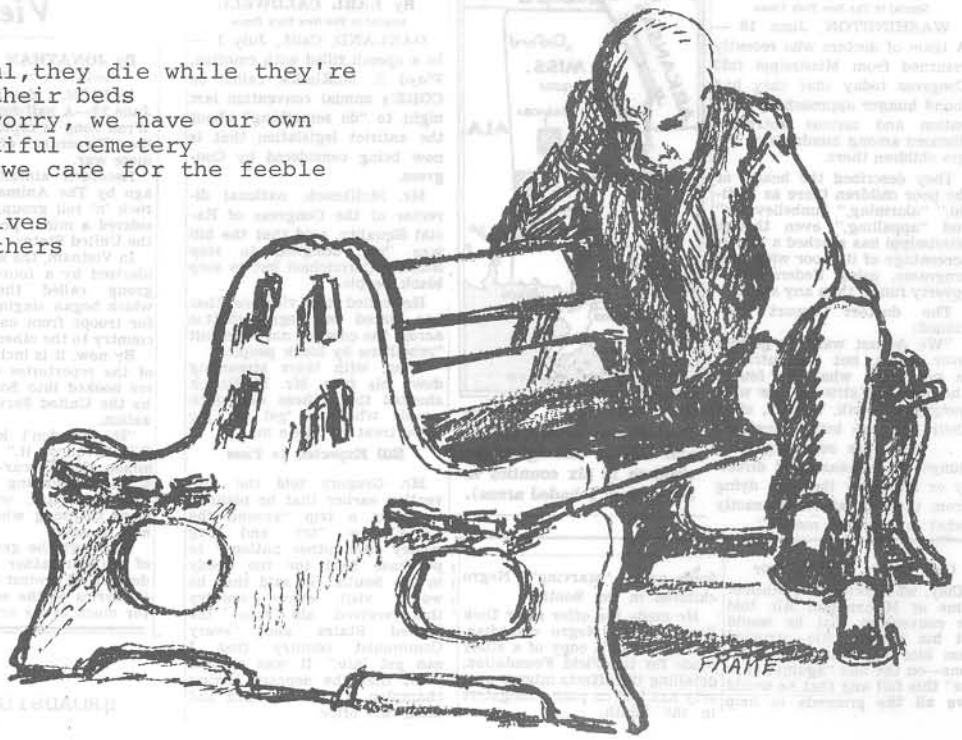
Words and Music by JANIS IAN
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Well if one of them's dead,don't worry your head,
we have a matchmaker
They can sit and kvetch on the rest home steps
while watching Green Acres
Yes if you don't want to visit,there's no requisite
We have foster sons and daughters,
to help all our boarders
Stop feeling blue
Keep the checks coming and we won't bother you.(CHO)
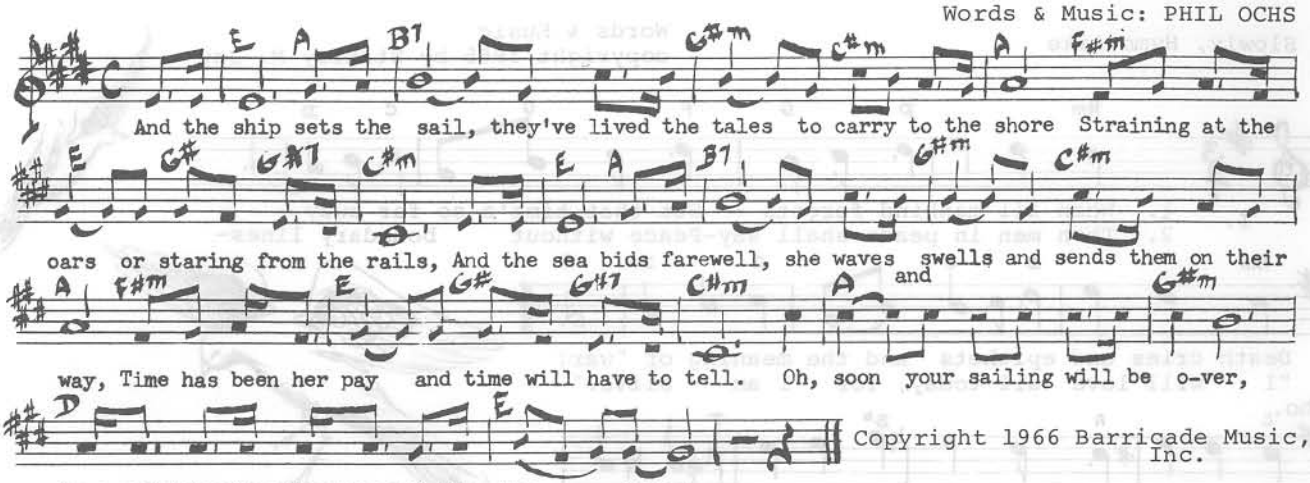
Yes here it's so peaceful,they die while they're
sleeping, right in their beds
Now there's no need to worry, we have our own
mortuary and a beautiful cemetery
Yes we are good people, we care for the feeble
We've devoted our lives
to the husbands and wives
Who don't want their fathers
around to be bothers
So send 'em,
We're respectable,
And tax deductible.

(CHORUS)



Pleasures of the Harbor

Words & Music: PHIL OCHS



Copyright 1966 Barricade Music, Inc.

2. AND THE ANCHOR HITS THE SAND, THE HUNGRY HANDS HAVE TIED THEM TO THE PORT
   THE HOUR WILL BE SHORT FOR THE LEISURE ON THE LAND
   AND THE GIRLS SCENT THE AIR THEY SEEM SO FAIR, WITH PAINT UPON THEIR FACE
   SOFT IS THEIR EMBRACE TO LEAD THEM UP THE STAIRS

Chorus: OH SOON YOUR SAILING WILL BE OVER
COME AND TAKE THE PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR

3. IN THE ROOM DARK AND DIM, THE TOUCH OF SKIN HE ASKS HER OF HER NAME
   SHE ANSWERS WITH NO SHAME AND NOT A SENSE OF SIN
   THE FINGERS DRAW THE BLIND, THE SIP OF WINE THE CIGARETTE OF DOUBT
   TILL THE CANDLE IS BLOWN OUT, THE DARKNESS IS SO KIND

Chorus

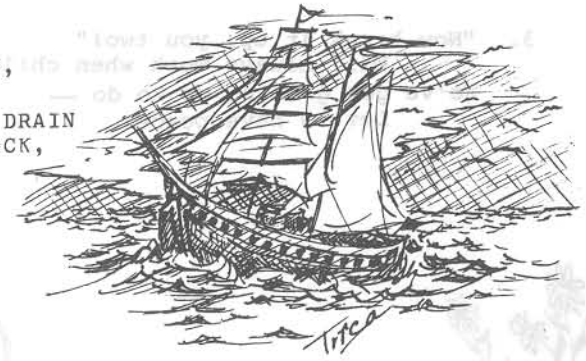
4. AND THE SHADOWS FRAME THE LIGHT, THE SAME OLD SIGHT THE THRILL HAS FLOWN AWAY
   ALL ALONE THEY LAY, TWO STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT
   THEN HIS HEART SKIPS A BEAT, HE'S ON HIS FEET TO SHIPMATES HE MUST JOIN
   SHE'S COUNTING UP THE COINS, HE SWALLOWED BY THE STREET

Chorus

5. IN THE BAR HANGS A CLOUD, THE WHISKEY'S LOUD, THERE'S LAUGHTER IN THEIR EYES
   THE LONELY IN DISGUISE ARE CLINGING TO THE CROWD
   AND THE BOTTLE FILLS THE GLASS, THE HAZE IS FAST
   HE'S TREMBLING FOR THE TASTE
   OF PASSIONS GONE TO WASTE, IN MEMORIES OF THE PAST

Chorus

6. IN THE ALLEY WET WITH RAIN, A CRY OF PAIN,
   FOR LOVE WAS BUT A SMILE
   TEASING ALL THE WHILE, NOW DANCING DOWN THE DRAIN
   TILL THE BOYS REACH THE DOCK, THEY GENTLY MOCK,
   AND LIFT HIM ON THEIR BACKS
   TO LAY HIM ON HIS RACK, TO SLEEP BENEATH
   THE CLOCK



Chorus
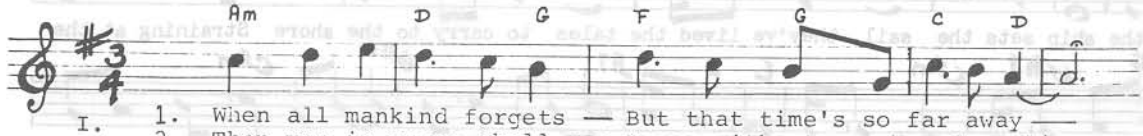
Repeat first verse

Let Us Have Peace

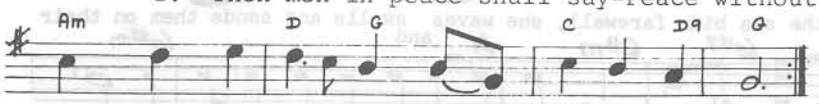


Slowly, Hymn-like

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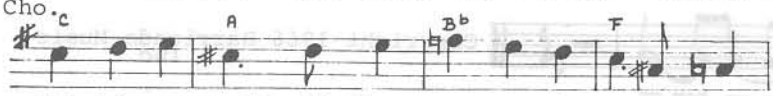


I. 1. When all mankind forgets — But that time's so far away —
2. Then men in peace shall say-Peace without boundary lines-



Death cries and epithets and the meaning of "war."
"I will love all today; for I am alive."

Cho.



But if men would all live as one why do we hate?



We, untninking, let politicians darken our fate.

3. Why fool yourselves and comment:
"Wars will end on battlefields."
We can't, with guns and bombs,
Make love, not war!

II. 1. Thousands of years have gone
(No excuses justify)
And not one thing's been done
The next to insure.

2. Let's play a game tonight
And pretend it's real, not play —
We'll bet as we switch the light
We'll again see the day.

Cho.
But if men would all live as one why do we fear?
Let's stop listening, let's start thinking —
Let's make it clear!

3. "Now break it up, you two!"
Will always work when children fight.
We've got growing up to do —
Let us have peace!

RECORD REVIEW:

IAN AND SYLVIA/SO MUCH FOR DREAMING

Vanguard VRS-9241, VSD-79241

By Jim Buechler

Ian and Sylvia's sixth Vanguard LP culminates what I first suspected after hearing their preceding record, Play One More. That is, a great deal less dependence on the intricate guitar styling that was once the hallmark of the duo, substituted by trite, vastly inferior arrangements, or orchestral accompaniment. This is unfortunate because their previous recordings were so greatly enhanced by the excellent back-up provided by John Herald and Monte Dunn, so that each play was a fresh and enjoyable experience.

Even with notable exceptions on the part of all the musicians, the overall performance of each is quite disappointing. Listen to the guitarist David Rea on "Grey Morning" (Sylvia's fine blues number), "Cutty Wren" (an ancient work dating back to pre-Christian England, and "Si Les Bateaux" (a lilting French love song), but don't bother on most of the others because he is really quite monotonous. Here again, electric bassist Robert Bushnell is excellent on "Cutty Wren" but on the other cuts is hardly inventive. And finally, on drums we have Al Rogers, who, except for his marvelous work on "Grey Morning", completely overpowers the listener with his tasteless whamming.

Ian and Sylvia's repertoire, too, has evolved considerably. While once composed of mostly traditional songs, their forte, their latest venture features five songs penned by Ian and two by Sylvia. Of particular brilliance are Ian's "So Much for Dreaming" and "Child Apart." The title tune plays upon a recurrent Tyson theme, that of unreturned love for its unremitting partner. Other compositions of this genre are, as you remember "Red Velvet," "The French Girl," and "Someday Soon." His other songs do not score so highly, though, being unsuccessful endeavors at evoking picturesque imagery. The scenes that he paints in the songs "Wild Geese," "Summer Wages," and "January Morning" are merely colorful hodgepodges of pretty nature scenes

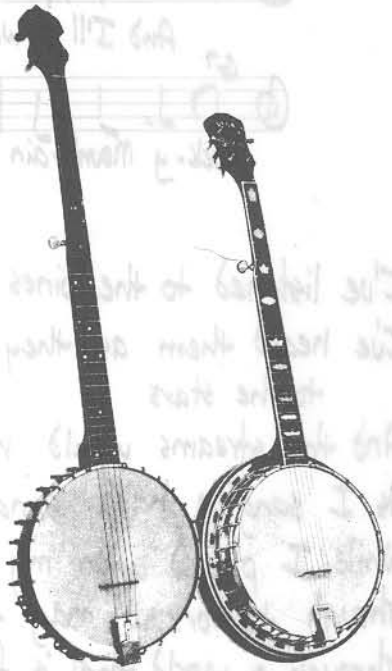
(Cont'd on page 12)

sooner or later every banjoist (and guitarist) reaches the same decision

nothing compares to a Vega

so they buy a Vega

if you haven't reached this point yet hasten the day . . . just say "Vega" to your musical instrument dealer—he will understand.
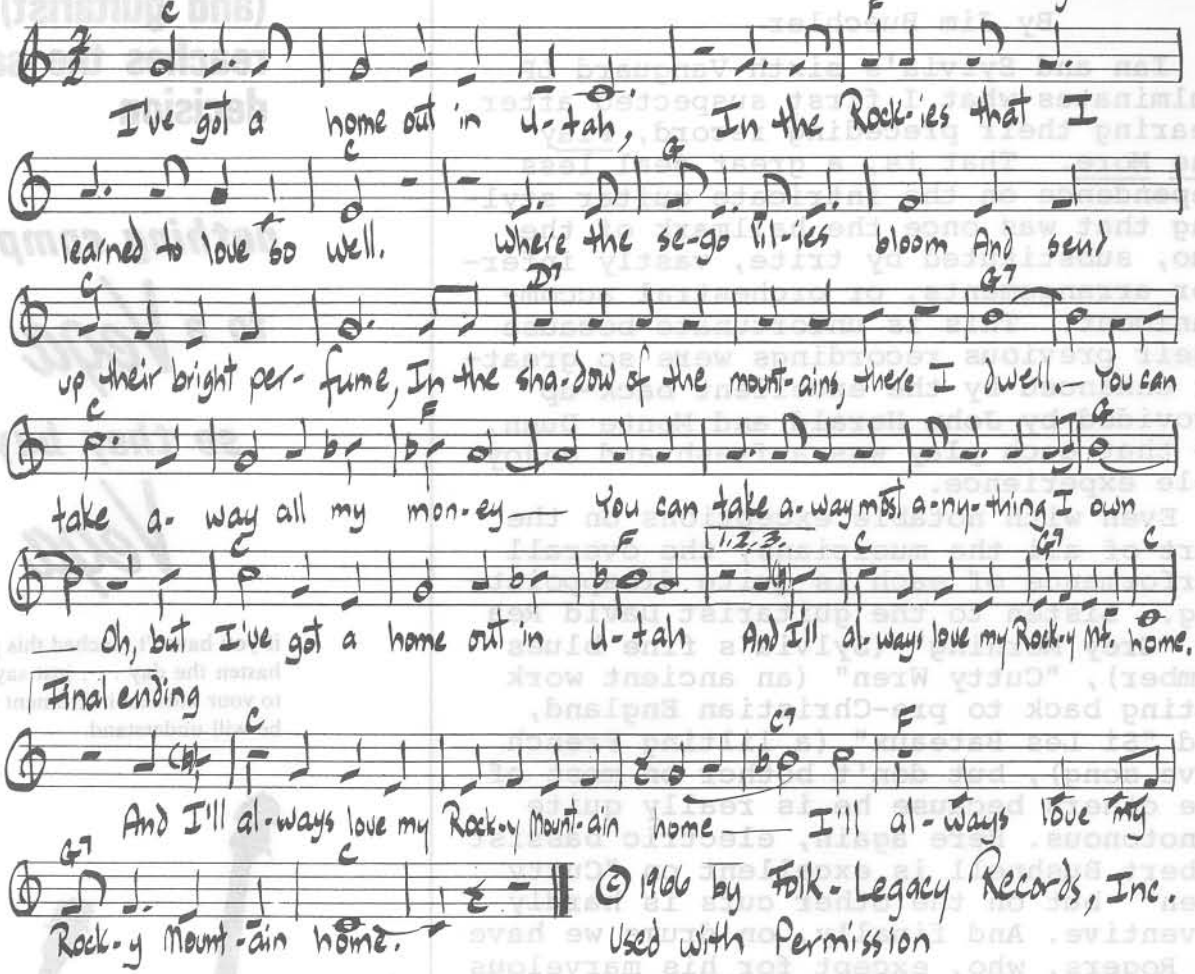


Pete Seeger, Mike Seeger, Earl Scruggs, Sonny Osborne, Allen Shelton, Eddie Peabody (virtually all top banjo performers) play Vega instruments. How about you?

VEGA INSTRUMENT CO., INC.
155 RESERVOIR ST.
NEEDHAM, MASS. 02194

I'VE GOT A HOME OUT IN UTAH

Words by Bruce Phillips
Music by Rosalie Sorrels



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I've listened to the pines in the canyons
I've heard them as they whispered
to the stars
And the streams would hum along
As I sang a happy song
While I played upon my old guitar
Though tomorrow may find me driftin'
Through a world that is friendless
and alone,
Well I've got a home out in Utah;
A place I can always call my home.

Well, I've got a man I love in Utah.
I even love the ground he walks upon.
He'll wait for me, I know,
Wherever I may go;
He'll miss me every moment that I'm gone.
I can tell by the letters that he writes me,
I don't even have to read between the lines,
that I've got a man out in Utah
Who can't wait for the minute he'll be mine.

Repeat first verse

WESTERN SUNRISE

Record Review by Josh Dunson

After the Contemporary Song Workshop of the Greater Washington Folklore Society's "Get Away" I was asked: "There seems to be many fewer topical songs being written today. Are there any new and exciting writers?" I answered: "There are two who I think are really fine, Charles O'Hegarty and Rosalie Sorrels." Charles O'Hegarty is a British expatriot whose songs are subtlety biting and superbly crafted. Rosalie Sorrels is a beautiful woman from the West whose singing is as alive as her vibrant laugh and quick wit.

Her new record, If I Could Be The Rain, (Folk-Legacy, FSI-31) I am convinced ranks with the best of all records in any music discipline. I think her singing far outdistances in skill and excitement the recorded work of most of the other female city singers. This album is a combination of the outstanding work of five very talented people, Rosalie Sorrels, Mitch Greenhill, her accompaniest, Bruce Phillips, the Salt Lake song writer with whom Sorrels collaborates, and Caroline and Sandy Paton, those in charge at Folk-Legacy.

Months before If I Could Be The Rain was released, a few tapes of the recording were circulated on the folk music underground. As a result, there were a good number of people who went wild and bombarded Folk-Legacy with "Please, get that record out!" Broadside published Bruce Phillips' "Good Bye Joe Hill" in #78, and Sing Out made the Phillips-Sorrels classic "Jesse's Corrido" its lead song in their February -March issue. Phillips-Sorrels' "I Got A Home Out in Utah" appears in this issue.

Mitch Greenhill, who was voted top instrumentalist in this year's Boston Broadside poll and who regularly makes great electric music with Jackie Washington's group plugged his acoustic guitar directly into Sorrels' singing. Mitch has a delicate touch that picks up the lilt and explores the complexities of music from the American West. His guitar is a second voice-- highlighting, but never getting in the way.

Bruce Phillips is one of, I would guess, many song writers who kept on sending his good songs in for publication, but because he was not living under the cultural boss of the world, New York City, and because sometimes it's hard to pick up songs from lead sheets, they were never printed. His skills as a poet are nurtured by the bigness of the West, the magic of wild things' freedom that made Peter La Farge find a close friend in the coyote, and by what Rosalie Sorrels describes so well in the album notes, the Rockies:

> . . . Strong, craggy, stone monuments to earthquakes, volcanos and glaciers, they are -- take your breath right away! If you go down over Galena summit on a Spring morning, you can drop down into a basin of green light. Travel on a ways, and you'll come to a place where stone pinnacles reflect like Gothic spires in the cold waters of Redfish Lake -- and you can walk through forests as cool and quiet as any house of God.

Rosalie Sorrels' feeling for the West is mixed with a remarkable ability to absorb jazz ideas into a traditional music setting. Her writing is an amazingly successful combination of sensual 20th century visions mixed with phrases of everyday things that have been everyday things in their own flaming ways since the beginning. "Up is a Nice Place to Be" starts:

> Up is a nice place to be --
> On the ceiling, or high in a tree --
> Climbing or flying around --
> Floating on fragments of sound.

(cont'd)

Caroline and Sandy Paton, the unsung heroes of those who like to get what they pay for when buying a record, have done a fine job of programming and production. The 15-page book of notes stands by itself as a literary work. It has the sharpness and movement reminiscent of many of the early New Directions booklets of poetry.

I wish I were rich so I could walk down the cities' streets giving away If I Could Be The Rain the way peace marchers gave away flowers in the Spring Mobilization. This is a record for those who love spring breezes and hate the burning of children. This is a record for those frieghtened souls who look away when offered flowers and smiles. It does not conquer but it does convince, gently.

HARD HITTING SONGS for HARD-HIT PEOPLE - Oak Publications, 701 7th Ave. N.Y.C. 10036

Book Review by Eli Jaffe

Like the tributaries of a river, the people flowed together. From Harlan, Kentucky; Birmingham, Alabama; Lowell, Massachusetts; Sallisaw, Oklahoma; Salinas, California--and hundreds of other cities and hamlets across the land--you could hear the current of their voices. Cryin' the blues. Hittin' the road. Singin' a hungry kid to sleep. Lamentin' in jail or on the chain gang. Startin' to talk Union. Maybe this wasn't the total voice of America; but if you listened closely you could hear some 50 million human beings, the "one third of the nation ill-housed, ill-clothed and ill-fed."

We've worked to build this country, mister
While you enjoyed your life of ease.
You've stolen all that we've built, mister
Now our children starve and freeze.

Despite the inhuman prisons, the flimsy shacks of tenant farmers, factory hands and the dispossessed and disinherited, they never stopped singing. John Steinbeck, whose finest writing came when he was closest to the heartbeat of the migratory workers and their "grapes of wrath", hits the nail on the head in his foreword to this hard-hitting book: "Songs are the statements of a people. You can learn more about people by listening to their songs than in any other way, for into the songs go all the hopes and hurts, the angers, fears, the wants and aspirations."

Seven cent cotton and forty cent meat,
How in the world can a poor man eat?

Many of these songs of the 20's and 30's are here in this welcome overtone of one of America's most dramatic and significant decades. In the world in which we live with Vietnam and the Middle East and the constant mushroom which shadows the lives of all of us, there is much in these songs that today's generation can learn by. For in spite of beatings and hunger, of low-down blues and terror, the people of the 30's had hope. As publisher Irwin Silber aptly indicates, "the greatest symbol of this struggle was the Union."

Come all of you good workers, good news to you I'll tell
Of how the good ol' union has come in here to dwell.
Which side are you on? Which side are you on?

The "Wobblies" (Industrial Workers of the World to the poor, and "I Won't Work" to the fatcats) had tried to tell the story about one big union before. Joe Hill had ridiculed the dream of "pie in the sky" and a scabby Casey Jones barred from heaven by the union of angels. Ralph Chaplin had poetically extolled the "Commonwealth of Toil":

When our cause is all triumphant
and we claim our mother earth
And the nightmare of the present fades away, (cont'd)

We shall live with love and laughter
We who now are little worth
And we'll not regret the price
we had to pay.

Woody Guthrie, whose voice threads this book, comments that "their song was worth about an even dozen sermons." But the Wobblies were too narrow with sectarian passion. Far more compelling was the rhythmic cadence of the burgeoning CIO:

We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll
We're gonna roll that Union on...

The people of the lonely road could hear it and respond: "Goin' down this road feelin' bad...but I ain't gonna be treated this-away." The folks in Hooverville heard it. "But after all my hard travelin' things is about comin' my way." The bo's in the jungle camp heard it as they dug into their mulligan stew; "Takes a worried man to sing a worried song...I'm worried now but I won't be worried long." (I heard a sharecropper sing it 30 years ago in Arkansas)

Trouble in mind, I'm blue
But I won't be blue always,
The sun's gonna shine in my backyard
someday.

This book, then, is a reminder and a tribute to the ever-lovin' faith of Alan Lomax, Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger, plus an"assist" by Irwin Silber.

Originally scheduled to see the light of day in 1941, Pearl Harbor and World War II forced postponment of its publication. After the war, the manuscript was lost. It wasn't until a few years ago that the pieces all came together fortuitously. Now they are all here (most of them anyway), some 150 American songs straight out of the heart and voice boxes of an embattled America of yesteryear: protest songs, blues, industrial ballads, written by sharecroppers, hobos, migrant workers, miners, sit-down strikers, union organizers and lots more.

They represent the product of a common heart: the desire to preserve the best in our tradition. Alan Lomax - and his father- gathered many of them with their keen ear and experience at recording. Pete Seeger makes them singable with his innate love of sharing music and getting people to sing. Woody Guthrie, the Walt Whitman of the 30s, gives background and dramatic personnae and meaning.

"Who touches this book touches a man", Whitman said about his "Leaves of Grass". Who touches this book indeed touches Woody for his fingerprint and intelligance can be felt on every page of this 368-page collection.

It would be criminal to forget the contribution that this curly-haired bard from Okemah, Oklahoma made to the texture of our musical life. He only wrote down his songs from 1936 to 1952 when he was felled by Huntington's Chorea and hospitalized. Yet during that time, more than 1000 songs streamed from his pen, typewriter and git-fiddle. Aunt Molly Jackson once observed: "I can sing all day and all night every day for a month and never sing the same song twict." Woody could easily have said that about his own unending flood of songs.

In his "Born to Win" (Macmillan, 1965) he gives his credo: "I sing songs that people made up to help them do more work, to get somewhere in this old world, to fall in love and get married and have kids and to have trade unions and to have the right to speak out your mind about how to make this old world a little better place to work in... I hate a song that makes you think you're not any good. I hate a song that makes you think that you are just born to lose. Bound to lose, No good to nobody. No good for nothing. Because you are either too old or too young or too fat or too slim or too ugly or too this or too that...Songs that run you down or songs that poke fun at you on account of your bad luck or hard travelin'. I am out to fight those kinds of songs to my very last breath of air and my last drop of blood..."

At a time when the answer is "blowin' in the wind", or there is a tendency to retreat into one's own private alienated world, it is heartening to remember how the individual fingers of troubled Americans tightened into a giant fist back there in the 30's.

Well, the book is here to be enjoyed--and used--by grandpappy and grandchild alike. A bit steep in price ($12.50) but worth begging, borrowing or stealing for its healthy dosage of militant affirmation.

"Pleasures of The Harbor", appearing in this issue of Broadside, is to be the title song of Phil's A&M LP, scheduled to be released early in the fall.

(Ian & Sylvia)

that result in a very incoherent picture.(Listen closely,friends!)

Sylvia's two written efforts, "Hold Tight" (a full-throated Raunchy number) and "Grey Morning" both come off well. But the same cannot be said for the treatment given to Joni Mitchell's superb "The Circle Game", because, simply, the lyrics are in part indiscernible. An equally frustrating time is also had in trying to understand the lyrics in "Child Apart".

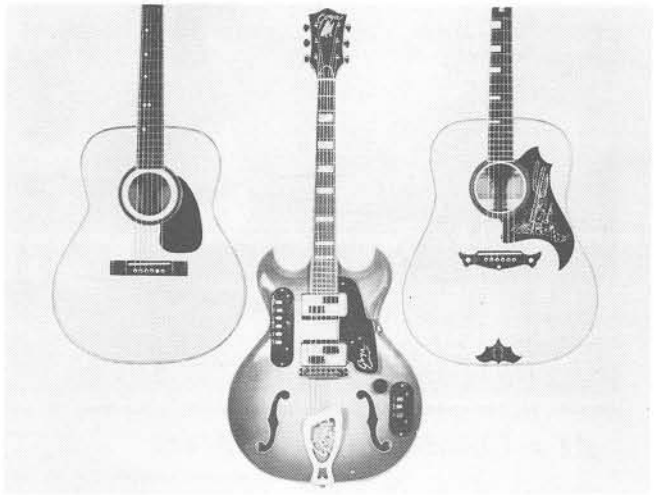
This release came as quite a shock to me because I had expected that this formerly remarkable duo would continue improving their vocal and instrumental abilities, but alas, so much for dreaming.

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(signed) PETE SEEGER"

TO LIVE AND DIE IN DIXIE by John Beecher, $2 paper-bound. (Cloth-bound edition also available at $5.) Order from Red Mountain Editions, Box 7331-A, Mountain Brook Sta. Birmingham, Ala.,35223.



Galahad, 21, who operates the East Village commune, walks along the parapet of six-story building

At a Commune for Diggers

Galahad is a 21-year-old who, until early last December, lived in Kansas City. He now lives in the East Village and operates a commune, an apartment where anyone can stay for a night, a week or as long as he likes.

Galahad, as he is usually known, is a digger; a hippie who survives with no noticeable income. Although hippies hold occasional jobs, all of the 20 to 30 people who live in the commune are diggers. The rent each month on the apartment, on 11th Street between Avenues B and C, is $36. Galahad is never quite sure how they get together the money for the rent, but somehow it is delivered to the landlord on time each month.

The commune operates on a simple basis. If a person needs a place to sleep or stay awhile, all he does is walk in and ask. The apartment belongs to anyone who is in it.

No one in Galahad's commune is sure how they get money or food, but they know they never steal and that there is always food in the refrigerator.

(Idea for a "Ballad of Galahad" ?)

Los Angeles — This is the story of STP, a potentially fatal new psychedelic drug

It was developed by Army chemical warfare scientists as an incapacitating element and

An underground manufacturer apparently found out how to make it, called it STP gave away perhaps 10,000 capsules at a June 21 hippie celebration in San Francisco.

A vast majority of users of "STP" have what are called bad trips; psychedelic visions which leave them emotionally shaken.

The antidote normally used for LSD reaction, chlorpromazine, actually intensifies the bad effects of STP, and can cause respiratory paralysis, convulsions, atropine intoxication and possibly death.

(Makes a "good trip" for the CIA , no doubt)

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M. Reynolds

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The Academie Francaise Gives Its Poetry Prize to a Balladeer

Special to The New York Times

PARIS, June 10—The Académie Française—the intellectual élite of France—has given its annual poetry prize to a popular balladeer, Georges Brassens. The event is as extraordinary as Queen Elizabeth's having bestowed honors on the Beatles.

Mr. Brassens is a rough-hewn, 45-year-old, pipe-smoking bachelor with a walrus mustache who composes his own songs—about love and death and life and violence—and accompanies himself on a guitar. In an era of screaming young pop singers he is the exception. He is an idol of French teen-agers and intellectuals alike.

He has recorded 90 songs in the last 15 years, and 15 million copies of his records have been sold. His lyrics have been published as one of a poetry series called "Poets of Today," and have sold 200,000 copies.

His songs fall into two categories—tender or against. He is against the established powers, against convention, against war. He is not, however, a protest singer.

He stirs controversy with coarse language and coarse ideas. He wrote an anti-war song, "Two Uncles," about one who liked the British and one who liked the Germans. Both uncles were killed and, as the song goes, "I who did not like anyone, I am still living." This . . . . .

Mr. Brassens performs mostly in music halls and theaters now. He walks on stage, dragging his guitar like a caveman's club. He looks older than his age. Appearing pained to be there, he props his foot on a chair, tunes up, clears his throat and, almost reluctantly, sings.

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