Broadside # 88

THE TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE JANUARY, 1968

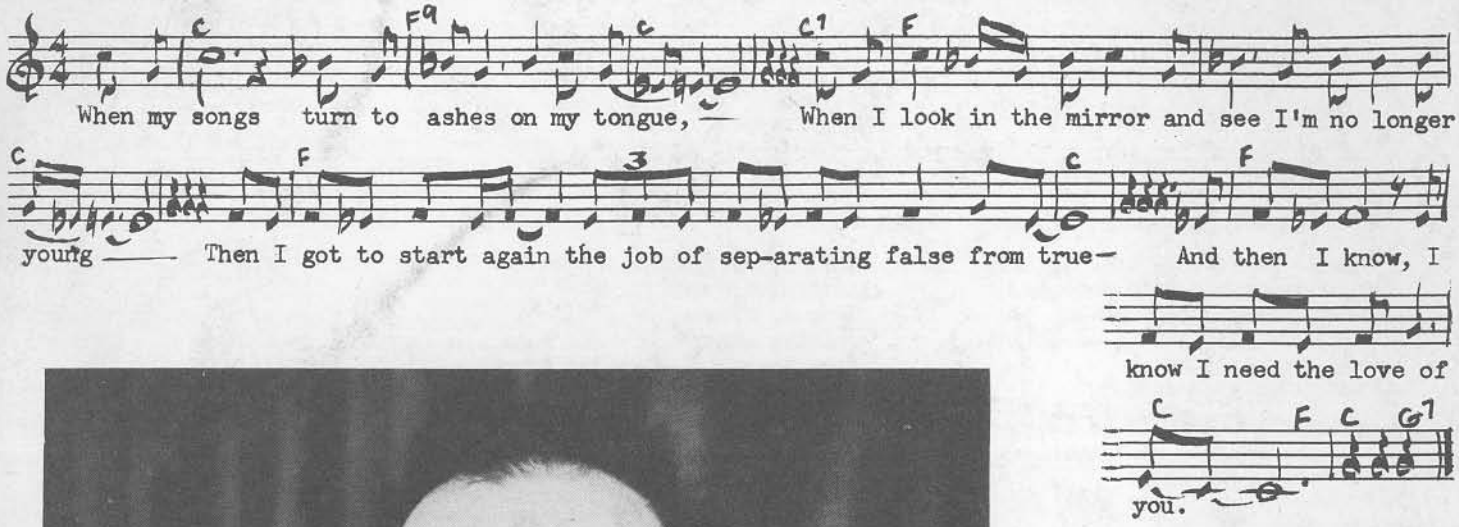
280 WARNER AVE. ROSLYN HEIGHTS, N.Y. 11577

False From True

Words & Music: PETER SEEGER

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PETE SEEGER

Photo by DIANA DAVIES

And when I found tarnish
on my brightest dreams
And when some folks I'd
trusted turned out not
what they seemed
Then I got to start the
slow job of separating
false from true
Then once more I know I
need the love of you.

No song I can sing
will make Governor
Wallace change his mind
No song I can sing will
take the gun from a
hate-filled man
But I promise you, and
you, brothers & sisters
of every skin
I'll sing your story
while I've breath
within.

We got to keep on keep-
ing on, even when the
sun goes down
We got to live, live
live until another day
comes 'round
Meanwhile, better start
all over separating
false from true
And more and more, I
know I need the love
of you.

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also in this issue
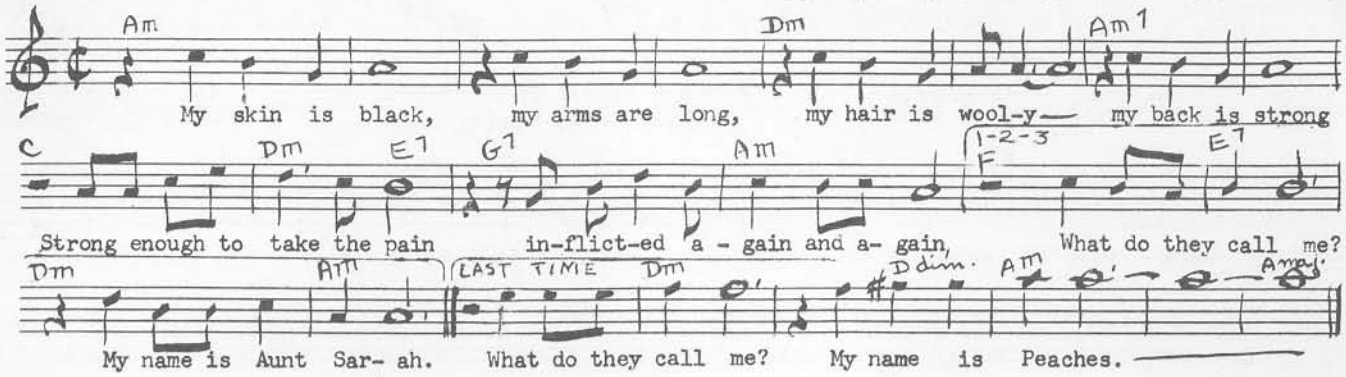
NINA SIMONE
BILLY EDD WHEELER
WALDEMAR HILLE
& AARON KRAMER
ALASDAIR CLAYRE
JERRY SILVER
PATRICK SKY
NINA DUSHECK
NORMAN ROSS
JOHN McEVOY

* * * **50¢**

FOUR WOMEN

Words & Music by NINA SIMONE (ASCAP)

Copyright © 1966 by Rolls Royce Music Co.



2. My skin is yellow, my hair is long,
Between two worlds I do belong,
My father was rich and white,
He forced my mother late one night,
What do they call me?
My name is "Safronia."

3. My skin is tan, my hair is fine,
My hips invite you, my mouth like wine,
Who's little girl am I?
Anyone who has money to buy,
What do they call me?
My name is "Sweet Thing."

4. My skin is brown, my manner tough,
I'll kill the first mother I see,
My life has been rough,
I'm awfully bitter these days
Because my parents were slaves,
What do they call me?
My name is "Peaches."

NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 31, 1967
John S. Wilson writing about Nina Simone...

"All my life," she said, "I've wanted to shout out my feeling of being imprisoned. I've known about the silence that makes that prison, as any Negro does. But something happened to me that day those four little girls got killed in Birmingham—the four little girls in the Sunday School bombing."

That day she went up in her "Tree House," a small apartment over the garage at her home in Mount Vernon which she uses as a personal isolation ward. She spent three days there, brooding, fuming. Once she came down to ask her husband, who had been a sergeant of detectives before their marriage, to teach her how to make a zip gun.

When she finally returned from the Tree House, she poured her feelings into her first protest song, "Mississippi Goddam." Although the song stemmed from Birmingham, James Meredith was shot in Mississippi while she was working on it and so its geography spread:

"Alabama's got me so upset;
Tennessee made me lose my rest;
And everybody knows about Mississippi—Goddam!"

© Sam Fox Publishing Co., Inc.

Since then she has written "Four Women," biting vignettes in which the circumstances and outlooks of four women are related to gradations of skin color. She has set to music Langston Hughes' last poem, "Backlash Blues."

NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 8, 1968
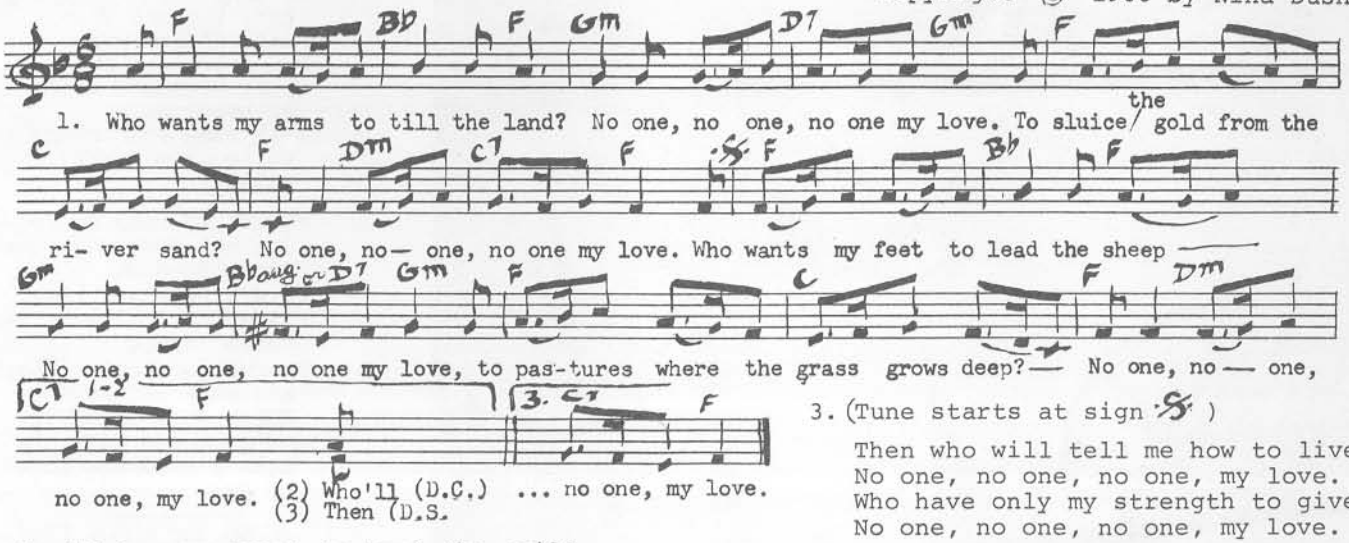
Nina Simone reigned at Carnegie Hall Saturday night before a cheering, unquenchably enthusiastic audience that packed the hall and filled every chair on the stage.

She moved into her protest songs with "Backlash Blues" and "Turning Point," and a powerfully developed treatment of "Strange Fruit."

BALLAD '84

Words & Music by NINA DUSHECK

Copyright © 1966 by Nina Dusheck



2. Who'll buy my sweat to haul the sail?
No one,no one, no one, my love.
To spear and seize the mighty whale?
No one, no one, no one, my love.
To bake the bread, to forge the steel?
No one, no one, no one, my love.
To spin my life upon his wheel?
No one, no one, no one, my love.
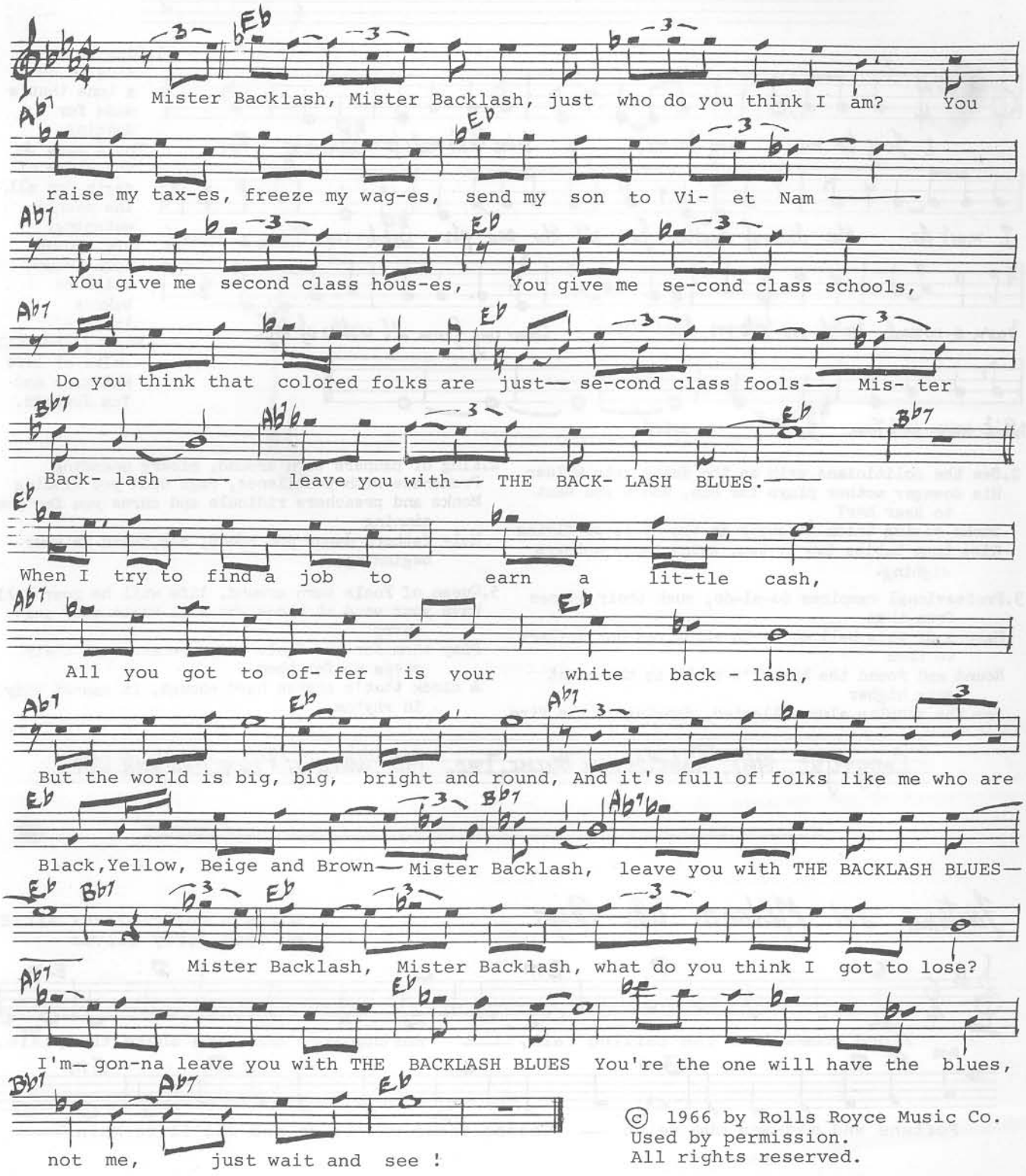
3. (Tune starts at sign 𝄋)
Then who will tell me how to live
No one, no one, no one, my love.
Who have only my strength to give?
No one, no one, no one, my love.

Nina Dusheck of San Francisco wrote both the words and music to this song. Joan Baez put music to two of Nina's poems -- "North" and "Saigon Bride" -- and recorded them on a recent album. "But I still like BALLAD '84," Nina writes, "and would like someone to sing it. Maybe it'd be better for a man."

Words By
LANGSTON HUGHES

THE BACKLASH BLUES

Music By
NINA SIMONE

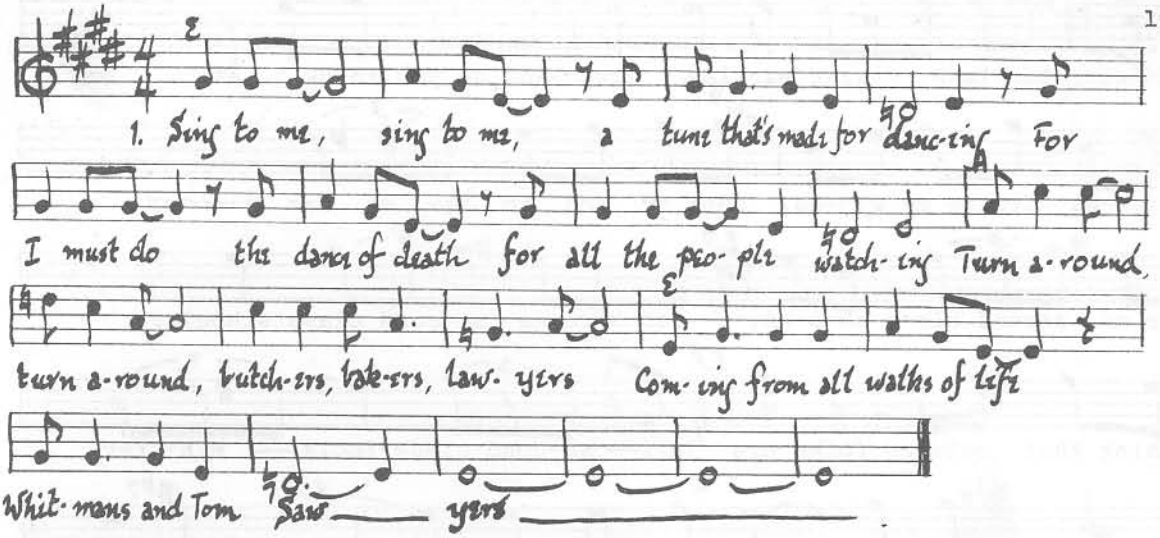


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(advt.)

The Dance Of Death

by Patrick Sky



1. Sing to me
sing to me
a tune that's
made for
dancing
For I must do
the dance of
death for all
the people
watching;
Turn around
turn around
butchers
bakers
lawyers
Coming from all
walks of life
Whitmans and
Tom Sawyers.

2. See the politicians grin as the dance gets wilder
His dowager mother plays for him, don't you want to hear her?
Smoke rising thick as sugar as the heels go flying
Kiss them babies two by two, swing those mothers sighing.

3. Professional vampires do-si-do, suck their juices from them
Makers of this hell on earth stick red hot dollars to them
Round and round the banker's vault as the count gets higher
See the surplus alms collected, dancing in the fire.

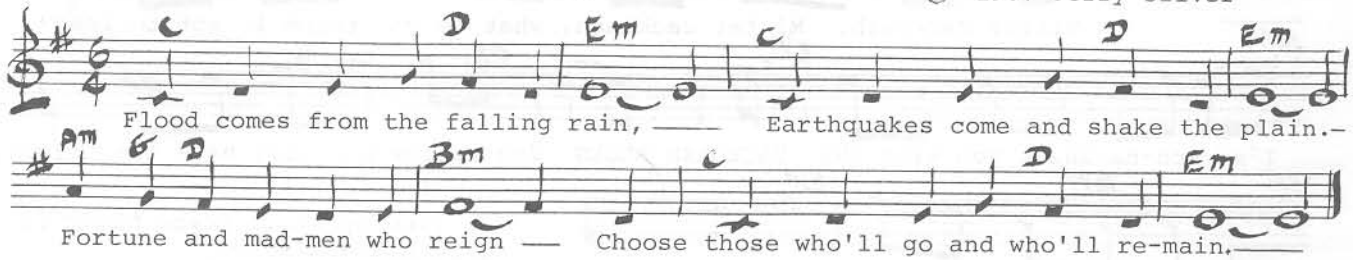
4. King of paupers turn around, misery unending
Promenade with pestilence, rags upon you winding
Monks and preachers ridicule and curse you for your sinning
Holy fathers dance you round, say death is your beginning.

5. Queen of Fools turn around, life will be your folly
Wave your wand at those who will waste away and worry
Play them for the fools they are and make their steps up for them
A clock that's shaken hard enough, it cannot stay in rhythm.

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Fortune and Madmen Who Reign

Words & Music: JERRY SILVER
© 1967 Jerry Silver



Those who pass by lower their heads
For the words left to be said
For the dreams left in their beds
For the poems left to be read.

'Twas in the spring just before dawn
Then prayers were said and veils were worn
There were vows made to know what went wrong
And apologies to those who mourn.

(Repeat first verse)

THE MARKET

Poetry: AARON KRAMER - Music: WALDEMAR HILLE
(from FOUR PEACE SONGS)

©1966 Aaron Kramer & Waldemar Hille

Moderato-legato

The moth- ers stand in the mar- ket And weep at sons
who are sold, Snatched up o-ver the coun- ter
for praise, and a star of gold. (agitato)
"And this is the price you pay us who broke ourselves at their birth, Who spent ourselves for their beau- ty;
is this all they are worth?" O moth- ers, crying like children,
you wrang - le to no a- vail.
Hang a sign in the win- dow: OUR SONS
ARE NOT FOR SALE!
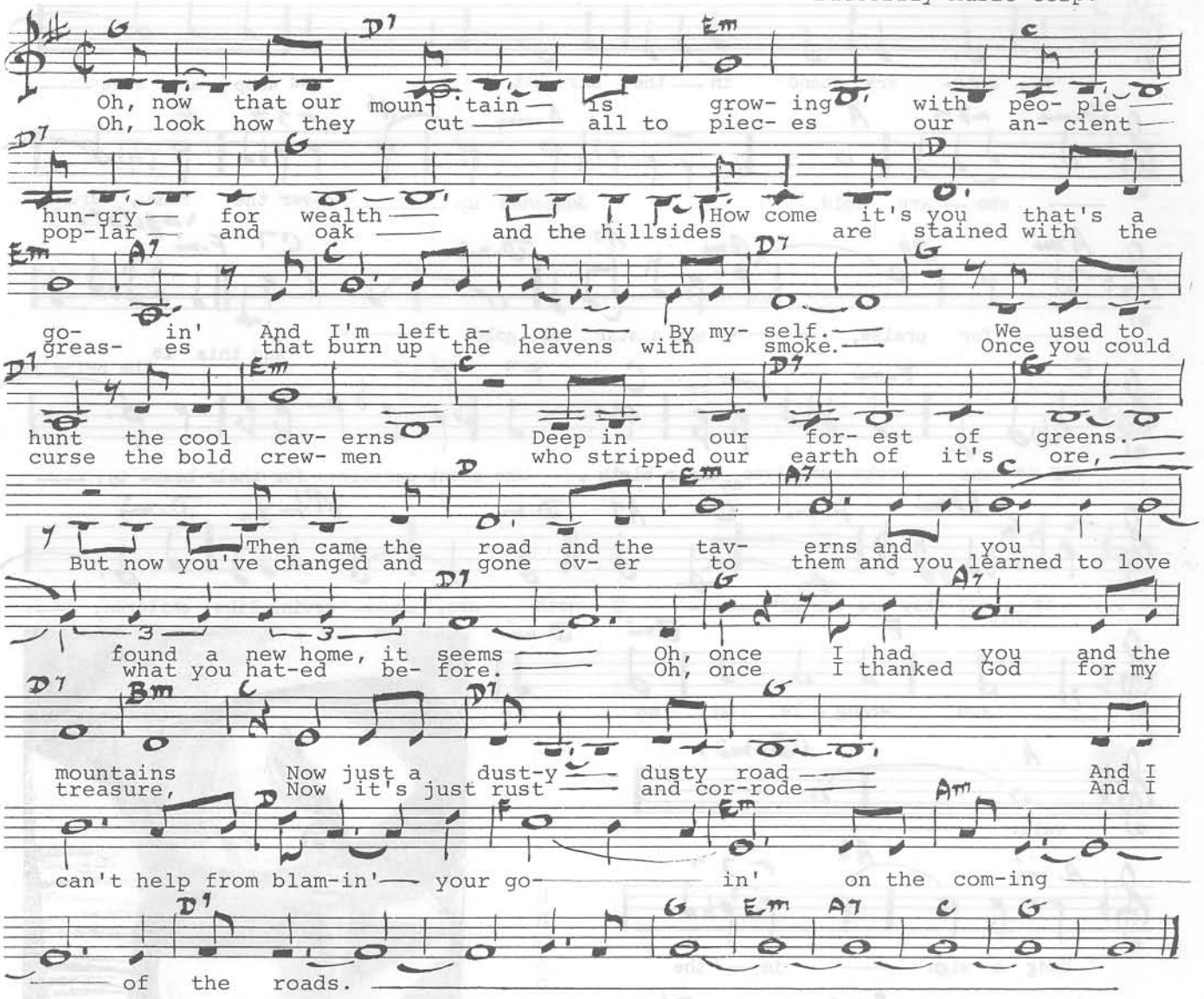


BROADSIDE #88

This page of BROADSIDE paid for by
FOLKWAYS RECORDS, 701 7th Ave., N.Y.C.

(advt.)

COMING of the ROADS

Words & Music by BILLY EDD WHEELER
© 1964 by Quartet Music Inc.
Butterfly Music Corp.



"The story on THE COMING OF THE ROADS: Judy Collins first recorded it and did a beautiful job with it. Then I did it. Later ABC-TV of Hollywood did a film using my song as title and used the song throughout to protest the cutting up of the mountains out there by housing developers. It was a fine film and the protest was the most effective kind, one that took a positive approach, showing many good examples of how buildings can be built without destroying life around them and in fact incorporating the natural landscape into the architecture. It is one of my most requested songs when I am on tour, and I think it is my best written song. I'm hoping that the topicalness is so well integrated into the art form that it will last for the long haul. But this is asking a lot, I guess. One should be so lucky as to write a standard!"

BILLY EDD WHEELER



BILLY EDD WHEELER

ASHEVILLE CITIZEN-TIMES,
Sun., Aug. 6, 1967

Wheeler is no city-billy.

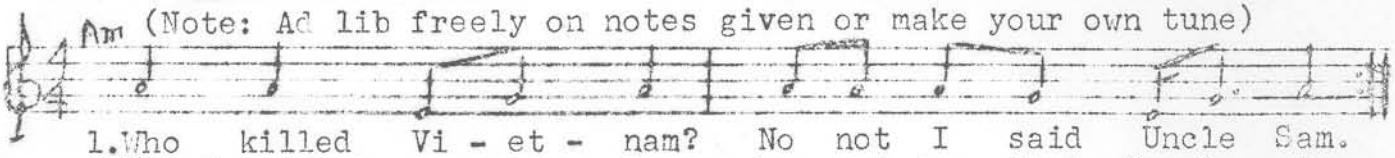
He's not a hillbilly, either, although he was born in the mine-blighted hills of West Virginia 35 years ago and knows plenty about hard times and sad places.

He's put a lot of that past into songs he's been writing since he was a 17-year-old student at Warren Wilson College and he figures there are around 300 of them all told.

Some of them are sad and some of them are funny and some are both, and some have earned their author a respectable standing on the steep and slippery ladder of the music publishing business.

200 WARNER AVE.
ROSLYN HEIGHTS, N.Y. 11577

WHO KILLED VIETNAM? ©1968 by NORMAN A. ROSS



1. Who killed Vi - et - nam? No not I said Uncle Sam.
Not I said the man whose planes showered down that Napalm rain.
I'm a freedom lo- vin' guy but in every war people have to die.



Sure I didn't have to go, they'd just send someone else you know.
Don't say murder,don't say kill,I was 

following orders against my will.

(D.C.) Who killed Vietnam? No not I said Uncle Sam.

2. Who killed Vietnam? No not I, said Uncle Sam.
Not I said the man whose ship made that long & lonesome trip
Crossed 10,000 miles of water to go there and protect our borders
We shelled their shore, yes it's true; maybe shelled some people too,
But don't say murder,don't say kill, I was followin' orders against my will.
Who killed Vietnam? No not I said Uncle Sam.

3. Not I said the combat soldier, he's 18 but looks much older,
Sure I seen 'em face to face - them Viet Cong was all over the place.
Shoot 'em, stab 'em, gouge their eyes; each dead Commie's worth a prize
But don't say murder,don't say kill, I was followin' orders (etc.)

4. Not I said Westmoreland, I only wish this war would end.
I know how to end it fast, I need more bombs & planes & gas.
I need more troops, yes I do, we have to see our committments thru
But don't say murder, don't say kill, I was followin' orders (etc.)

5. Not I said Defense Secretary Bob, you know bein' a dove's real hard job.
I only wish this war would cease so I stay here & work for peace.
I'm helping to win it, yes it's true but that's the best thing I can do.
Don't say murder,don't say kill, I gave orders against my will.

6. Not I said Secretary Rusk, his face all twisted in disgust,
We fought for peace and liberty to try to keep Vietnam free;
So what if everybody's dead, I always said better dead than red.
Don't say murder, don't say kill, I gave the orders against my will.

7. Not I said the man next door; sure I hate this stupid war,
But the president knows what to do, so what if what he says ain't true.
We've got to stop them across the waters, or they'll come here and rape our daughters.
Don't say murder,don't say kill, we had to do it, it was God's will.

8. Not I said LBJ, I always stayed so far away;
I can't stand the sight of blood or being bogged down in Asian mud.
I hate war and I hate strife, I hate taking another man's life,
But if any man goes against my will, I give the order to KILL KILL KILL !
WHO KILLED VIETNAM? NO NOT I, SAID UNCLE SAM.

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

LETTER (From "An Admirer & Friend" to Broadside Magazine with a $10 gift enclosed): "What an incredibly fantastic beautiful record!* Thank you, Thank you, Thank you, for being so infinitely Great" L.E.

* THE TIME WILL COME & OTHER BROADSIDE SONGS (Folkways Br-306).

T H E R E S T O F T H E S O N G By Ernie Marrs

(There is a story that Woody Guthrie wrote THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND as an answer to "God Bless America" when he grew tired of hearing Kate Smith bawling the latter song everytime someone turned on a radio. The article below goes into the background of what has become Woody's most widely-known and best-loved song. Ed. Note.)

So far as I know, the first time anyone sang all six verses of a now popular song on the air was when I sang them on KPFA-FM, in Berkeley, California, in the spring of 1960. Half of those verses were unknown to the general public, and two still haven't been printed in any publication I've seen; but from that one singing, echoes of those unprinted verses have returned to me, from coast to coast, in several variations. I like to think that these verses helped sink the spurs into the politicians' rumps and get a start made on this "poverty program" -- they listen to the same stations we do, you know, and why shouldn't some of them have listened to that hour five of us spent in the studio doing Woody Guthrie's songs? If that verse of his helped set the mood to get this anti-poverty business going, he'd be proud of it, and it's high time that he got whatever credit is due to him. You be the judge.

As I've pointed out in an earlier copy of this magazine, Woody borrowed many tunes and ideas from songs he heard, as I do. When I hear a song that sounds too shallow and wishy-washy to suit me, I'm apt to re-write it for my own use, and I'm convinced that this is what Woody did when he heard Irving Berlin's new song, "God Bless America", getting overplayed. Here's what Woody wrote, from his original copy:

GOD BLESSED AMERICA FOR ME

As I was walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
God blessed America for me.

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters
God blessed America for me.

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her mineral deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
God blessed America for me.

Was a big high wall there that tried to stop me
A sign was painted, said "Privare Property"
But on the back side it didn't say nothing
God blessed America for me.

As the sun came shining then I was strolling
Through wheat fields waving, and dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting, a voice came chanting
God blessed America for me.

One bright Sunday morning in the shadow of the steeple
By the relief office I saw my people
As they stood, hungry, I stood there wondering
If God blessed America for me.

WOODY GUTHRIE - Hanover House
New York, N.Y. Feb. 23,1940

All you can write is what you see.

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

Then Woody apparently got dissatisfied with it, for he went back over that page with his pen and crossed out all of the "God blessed..." lines, from top to bottom, and wrote in instead "This land was made for you and me."
Yes, I said six verses, and that's just five and the chorus. The 6th verse comes from his mimeographed booklet, "Ten Songs For Two Bits" which he put out in 1946:

Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking my Freedom Highway
Nobody living can make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.

So there it is. The tune is a slightly altered version of the Carter Family's "My Little Darling", for obvious ironic reasons:

"...My little darling, oh, how I love you
How I love you, none can tell
In your heart you love another
Little darling, pal of mine..."

Howard S. Richmond, writing of THIS LAND in Sing Out! says(in part):

"... I was privileged to first hear it when Woody played it for me back in the '40's. He never intended it to belong to any one country or any one people. It might just as well have been titled 'This World Is Your World" or "This Place Is Your Place"... I agree that much of the greatness of Woody's song rests precisely on the fact that it is not any one country's national anthem and really belongs to the people of the world... As a windup, I think part of your column was well taken, yet I hold there is room for a few facts that you didn't have and now do have in this letter."

Mr. Richmond seems to have been shy of a "few facts", too, and how many countries have a California, New York, redwoods and a Gulf Stream, and dust?

All together, I don't know of another song so full of love for these United States, recognition of the injustices in them, and determination to do something about the latter. It's a pretty good song, even though I haven't heard of anybody but me singing the whole thing, and maybe there's a reason why they don't. When I came across that page in Woody's old KFVD notebook in 1959, I made a copy of it and showed it to Pete Seeger. His comment: "They're good verses. But the short version's been around so long now, and is so well known, that nobody would believe he wrote these." Maybe you won't believe he wrote them, for you've not seen them in that odd round script with which Woody wrote, as I did. Suit yourself.

ERNIE MARRS, Atlanta, G., December 3, 1967

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

THE NEW LIFE OF PAUL BUNYAN
for Woody Guthrie

10 million apple trees in the Great American Desert,
10 million songs across the walls of the Manhattan Pueblos,
the children of tomorrow using the Great Lakes as ink pots, (cont.)

Poetry-2

California Sequoias as pens
inscribing their beautiful poems
on the Rocky Mountains
of the new United States.

By
Walter
Lowenfels

* * * * * * * * *

AS IF ARRIVING

Loving each other in the Third Inter-Glacial
among Pentagonians hellbent on sharing
their suicide with as many humans
as they can overkill at once.

subject every instant to one warrior's
favorite bacteria over some other chief's
multi-nuclear deterrent
moving
simultaneously with resistance batallions
from Seattle Washington to the Mekong Delta

we kiss the sky's face with $E= MC^2$
and tell the hot line to disaster:
our black sun
is already crossing the equator of sanity
and we are arriving.

By
Walter
Lowenfels

* * * * * * * * *

A LETTER TO DOW CHEMICAL - MAKERS OF SARAN WRAP AND NAPALM

Dear Dow,

It is lucky (for you)
that you do not have to explain
to the tear-streaked face
that your whole part in the deal
was just business

It is fortunate (for you)
that you do not have to look at
the vacant scarred corpse of a
child
and say to its mother
sorry ma'am

It is good (for you)
that you have to recite
the intricacies of napalm
the chemical composition
of napalm
to none but its
purchasers

It is very nice (for you)
that your family is not
underneath the plane
when its bowels open
to spew gaseous fire on top of
tender bodies

It is lovely (for you)
that you are blissfully blind
and that you still cannot see
that your profits lie soaked in
invisible blood

Diana J. Davies

* * * * * * * * *

NOTES: Diana should also address a copy of her letter-poem to Dr. Louis Frederick Fieser, Professor Emeritus at Harvard University. In an interview with the N.Y. Times concerning his role and subsequent responsibility in the development of napalm, Dr. Fieser said in connection with its use in Viet Nam: "I don't know enough about the situation in Vietnam. It's not my business to deal with the political or moral questions." Sounds like something Adolf Eichman was saying at his trial .... TYPO: In Woody Guthrie's song quoted a couple of pages back it should, of course, read" "Private" property.... CONCERT REVIEWS : (From N.Y.C.) Robert Shelton in the N.Y. Times of Dec.9, 1967:
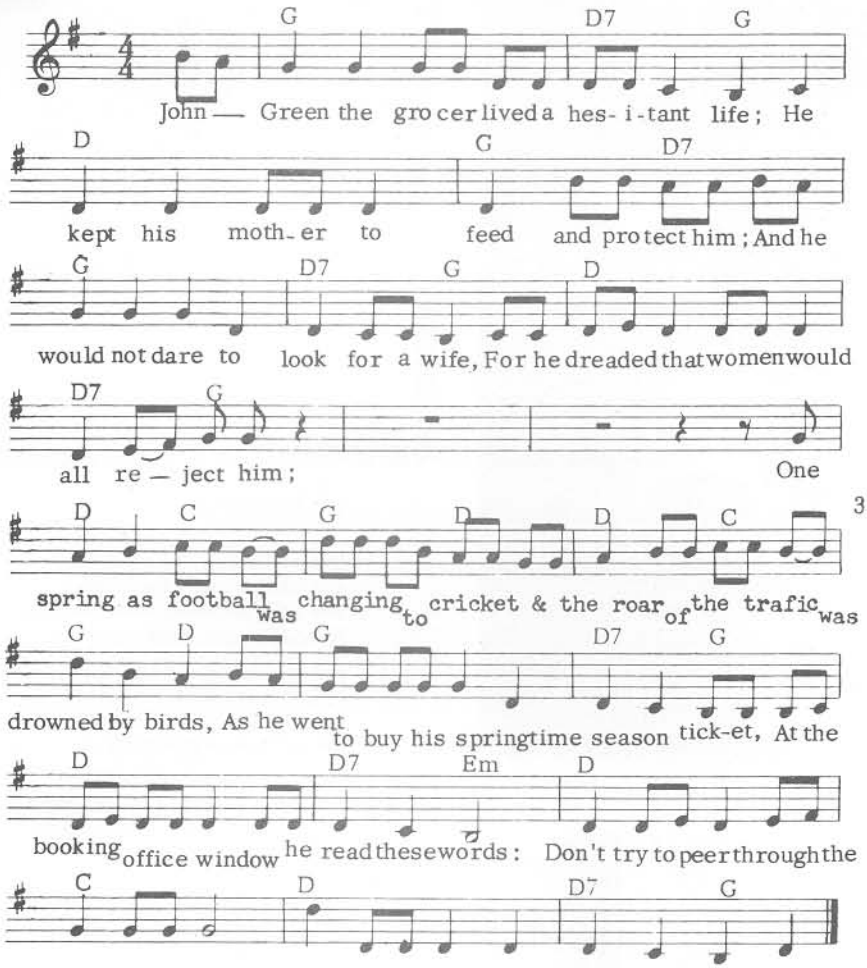
NOTES-(2) "Janis Ian, the 16-year-old singer and songwriter, brought the insight and the performing poise of a professional twice her age to Philharmonic Hall last night... One can still feel a bit of awe in the face of such a prodigious talent..."FALSE FROM TRUE: In reviewing Pete Seeger's annual Christmas season Carnegie Hall (NYC) concert of Sat., Dec. 23rd, the Jan. 1968 Pinewoods Folkmusic Club Newslatter (ed., Bernie Klay, 254-26 75 Ave, Glen Oaks, NY) says: "Pete seemed somehow older, more subdued, less robust than in years past... At the core Pete seemed troubled and saddened, and his next to the last song of the evening (not quoted verbatim) gave poignant expression to what seemed to be the current content of his thought:

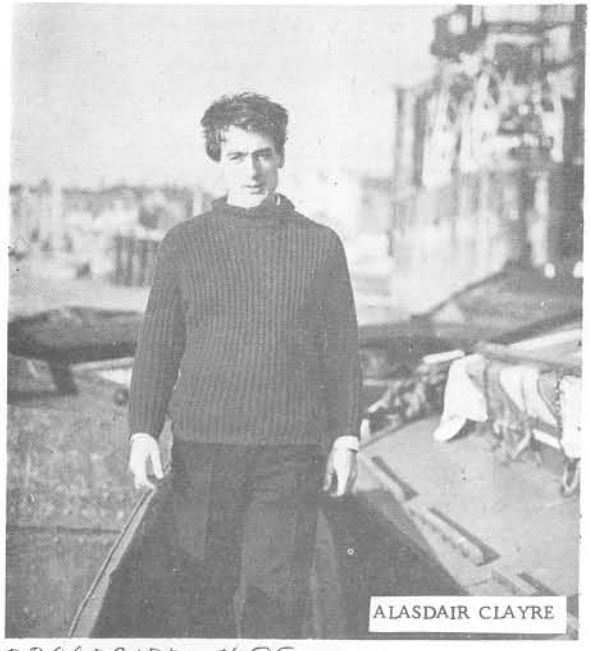
"When you look in the mirror, and see that you're no longer young,
Then you have to start anew, to separate the false from true..."

PAT SKY will appear in concert at NYC's Town Hall Fri., Feb.2, 8:30 P.M, Groundhog Day. Tickets $2.50, $3.50. Order from Town Hall box Office.... Tickets to the WOODY GUTHRIE Memorial Concert at Carnegie Hall Jan.20 sold out rapidly. The fact that BOB DYLAN is to attend, emerging from his 18-month "retirement", apparently had something to do with it.. ...LEN CHANDLER's concert at N.Y.U.'s Loeb Center, has been changed to Sat.,March 2nd....The PENNYWHISTLERS at N.Y. Town Hall Sun. eve, Feb. 11th....LOU KILLEN at Israel Young's Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave.NYC, Mon. Feb. 18.... RECORDS: Ed McCURDY is supposed to have written "Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream" as a tongue-in-cheek put on of a "folk song." Ironically, it was almost immediately accepted as the real thing and has been circling the globe since. It was #1 on the Japanese charts in 1966, and #1 on the charts in Scandanavia last year ('67).... WAIST DEEP IN THE BIG MUDDY (see B'side #74): A French adaptation of Pete Seeger's controversial song has been recorded by Graeme Allwright and will be released soon. Meanwhile, a German translation is being prepared for near future recording.... JOHN WESLEY HARDING: Bob Dylan's L-P is characterized by Bob Shelton of the N.Y. Times as "primarily a folk music album." Shelton adds:"It will be a delight to watch some of the lemmings of pop music stop short in their tracks and try to guess which way to run now. It will further amuse this observer to watch the folk reactionaries who have begrudgingly accepted rock 'n roll, now start to do philosophic pirouettes." He notes: "Nearly all the dozen songs are linked into a pageant about life's outsiders: gunmen, renegades, tenants, saints, hoboes, drifter-convicts, lovers and losers. The alienated have all gone to register with Dylan..." TOM PARROTT, whose songs appear in B'side, is completing a Folkways-Scholastic L-P. WILL McLEAN is also doing a Folkways album.... JOAN BAEZ may take part in a rally (NY's Town Hall Feb.4) in support of Dr. Spock, Rev. Coffin and others indicted for supporting resistance to the draft. JOAN and her mother are scheduled to be released Feb.2 from Santa Rita Prison Farm at Pleasanton, Cal., where they are serving sentences for demonstrating against the draft....ARLO GUTHRIE: The draft board is breathing down his neck. We saw in SING OUT that that magazine was refused permission by the publisher to print ARLO's "Alice's Restaurant." We think that decision was 100% wrong; especially the segment on the draft should have the widest possible dissemination. The longer the Vietnam war continues the more fascistic the U.S. will become. It is possible to visualize a time when few of us will be allowed to enjoy the $'s we may have accumulated... PAUL SHAPIRO, who was also denied permission to play "Alice" when it was still in tape form, will move his KCRC-FM (Columbia University) radio show "BROADSIDES" from Fri. nights to Tuesdays, 8 PM early in February.

THE INVISIBLE BACKWARDS-FACING GROCER WHO ROSE TO FAME

WORDS AND MUSIC BY ALASDAIR CLAYRE





BROADSIDE # 86

2. He caught his diesel with a thoughtful air
And saw the little schoolgirls dressed in black
Crushed up on the front seat combing their hair
In the massive shadow of the driver's back.
And he thought: when those girls see my face
They giggle with a feminine tinkling sound;
I will buy a sheet of glass with an opaque space
And serve in the shop with my back turned round, saying:

Don't try to peer through the holes in the glass,
Speak at the opaque space provided.

3. The very next day the customers saw
The space above the counter taken
By a sheet of glass not there before;
There was no reply when they asked for bacon.
One of the regulars peered wide-eyed
But all she could see was the back of a head;
Then a hand edged out with her bacon tied
And a neatly printed card which read:
Don't try to peer through the holes in the glass,
Speak at the opaque space provided.

4. The customers talked, the press came too
They peered and wrote but they couldn't get closer
And soon the whole wondering public knew
Its invisible backwards-facing grocer
His gentlemanly ability to hide all feeling
Made the breasts of the League of Political Women stir;
And so John Green rose via M.P. for Ealing
To invisible backwards-facing prime minister:
Saying in Parliament and on television and
Sometimes quietly to himself:
Don't try to peer through the holes in the glass,
Speak at the opaque space provided.

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BROADSHEETS
"words and music of twelve songs"

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GUITAR WORKSHOP
280 WARNER AVE.



NEW YORK TIMES,

DECEMBER 10, 1967

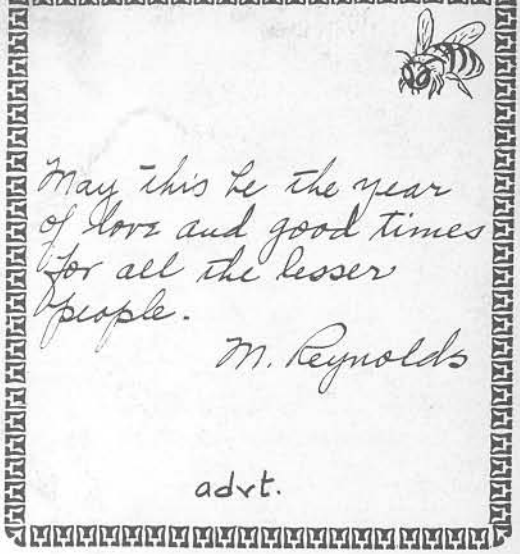
By TOM PHILLIPS

One of the most powerful Vietnam protest songs yet, "Uncle John," is featured on a new album by a new group, Pearls Before Swine. The album is **One Nation Underground** (ESP 1054 mono and stereo.) Tom Rapp, who leads this promising group, sings "Uncle John" with all the agony and ecstacy of a napalm strike. Like it or not, this song can't be ignored.

Jerry Moore's new L-P, LIFE IS A CONSTANT JOURNEY HOME (ESP 1061 Stereo -- ESP-Disk, 156 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10010) is one of the finest albums to come along in recent months. Great music, great songs, great singing. Jerry singing his music put to poet Paul Laurence Dunbar's classic ANTI BELLUM SERMON produces a stunning creation. Other songs: DRUGGED, THIS IS MY TIME, LET GO REACH OUT, WINDS OF CHANGE, and BALLAD OF BIRMINGHAM, which was in Broadside # 69.



LANGSTON HUGHES
1902 - 1967



THE BACKLASH BLUES

Mister Backlash, Mister Backlash,
Just who do you think I am?
You raise my taxes, freeze my wages,
Send my son to Vietnam..

You give me second class houses,
Second class schools.
Do you think that colored folks
Are just second class fools?

When I try to find a job
To earn a little cash,
All you got to offer
Is a white backlash.

But the world is big,
Big and bright and round—
And it's full of folks like me who are
Black, Yellow, Beige, and Brown.

Mister Backlash, Mister Backlash,
What do you think I got to lose?
I'm gonna leave you, Mister Backlash,
Singing your mean old backlash blues.

You're the one
Will have the blues.
Not me—
Wait and see!

LANGSTON HUGHES

(See page 3 this issue)

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SPECIAL!

Sets of back issues of Broadside:
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Index for above..25¢
Also: Broadside songbook Vol. 1 (songs by Len Chandler, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Pete Seeger, Malvina Reynolds, etc $2.60

