Broadside #83

The Topical Song Magazine

AUGUST 1967

Paul Kaplan
I’VE BEEN TOLD

Larry Edwards
WALLS of HATE

Tom Paxton
MISTER BLUE

ALSO

PHIL OCHS MALVINA REYNOLDS
JOAN COSMAN LEN CHANDLER
ELAINE WHITE ALEX COHEN
WOLF BIERMAN IRWIN HEILNER

ARTICLES

ELAINE WHITE talks about herself and her ambitions. MALVINA REYNOLDS on the new "pop" song trend. A report on the 1967 Newport Folk Festival.

ELAINE WHITE
Photograph by DIANA J. DAVIES

50¢
MISTER BLUE

(Verse) C Em C Em

1. Good morning MISTER BLUE, we've got our eyes on you. The evidence is clear that you've been scheming.

2. Step softly "", we know what's best for you & we know where your precious dreams will take you.

C Em C Em

You'd like to steal away, and while away the day you've got a slot to fill, and fill that slot you will.

(Chor.) C Em

What will it take to whip you into line?

A Broken Heart? A Broken Head? It can be arranged!

3. Be careful, MISTER BLUE, this phase you're going through can lead you nowhere else but to disaster. Excuse us while we grin, you've worn our patience thin, it's time we showed you who's your master.

(Chor.)

4. Don't worry, MISTER BLUE, we'll take good care of you. Just think of it as sense and not surrender. But never think again or you'll get something you'll remember.

(Chor.)

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BROADSIDE #83
"I've Been Told"

They tell me how to be a great success,
Just see that I am quite correctly dressed.
Don't hit his honor with his history book,
Don't give a cop a dirty look.
Oh—, I don't know but— I've been told.

They say we've got to fight to keep men free
We're saving all the world from slavery
The people all are fighting to be slaves
That's just the way those foreigners behave
Oh I don't know, but I've been told.

They say please put your troubled mind at rest
The good Lord up in heaven knows what's best
You know if he weren't guiding things so well
We'd all be living in hell
Oh I don't know, but I've been told.

They say put down your picket sign, my son
The battles you were fighting all are won
The Test Ban Treaty outlawed World War III
The Hills of Civil Rights made all men free
Oh I don't know, but I've been told.

---

"my kinda living"

If the world of wonder words was censored, my knowing—I'd away the censors
pen And choose my kind-a growing, And choose my kind-a growing, And
choose my kind-a growing.

If every one said red was green
And questioned me to date me
I'd scream what I had seen
And let them love or hate me.
And let them love or hate me
And let them love or hate me.

Even if there's not a chance
And hopes a helpless bubble
I'll take my chances there
And choose my kind of trouble.

---

2. If it strange that I don't see
Futility in trying
Even if there's not one chance
I'll choose my kinda dying. (3)

5. Even though I risk my all
To give my kinda living,
What have I at all
But to live my kinda living. (3)
Maintaining Law and Order

The policemen of the city wear a uniform of blue, Walking within the city's border. Protecting all the people, that's what they're paid to do, Maintaining law and order.

2. You see them walking down the street, swinging around the club, Pistols hangin' loosely from the holster, And the something of the soldier in the shedding of the blood, Maintaining law and order.

3. And at the police academy Where the rookies are trainin' to be colder Learning to be as hard as the hard world they face Maintaining law and order.

4. Now in many Southern cities They don't need to use their hands Oh, they throw them roughly in the corner And tell the other prisoners "Here's a nigger-lovin' man" While maintaining law and order.

5. Now I'll be the first to tell you That their pay is not the best For they all have a wife and must support her So the gamblers and the prostitutes pay them the rest While they maintain law and order.

6. These are bitter words of warning And they have to leave you sad Cause a cop may save my life tomorrow But it's really for the good man that I'm singing about the bad Who are maintaining law and order.

7. Now they ask for greater power From the bottom to the top Their demands daily growing bolder But who maintain the police and who maintain the cops While they maintain law and order.

Transcribed by
A. Cunningham

Letter From the Draft Board

A letter has come to me, darling; I wish it was sent by you, telling me sweetly where you will meet me and what you would like us to do. But there is no love in the greeting; It's signed in a cold, clever hand, Not a young woman's but rather a summons to ravish some innocent land. (2) A letter | medal, a curse, and a stone.

2. A letter has come to me, buddy, I wish it were signed in your name Letting me know that we'll soon say hello At our favorite annual game But there is no hope in the greeting It's death with his welcoming grin More like a cannon-ball game he is playing Than baseball, and no one will win.

3. A letter has come to me, mother, I wish that the words were your own Giving me news of the fun we will lose If I let you go traveling alone But there is no heart in the greeting The words have a devilish tone I'm off on a journey that only can earn me A medal, a curse, and a stone.
The PIRATE GENERALS

Words & Music by ALEX COHEN
© 1967 by Alex Cohen

With their hands asking for the want of gold—They set sail on a pirate ship the story is told—

With their swords & guns they were so bold, No, nothing could stand in their way so they plundered.

They sailed the seas for a year or more
And the ships they sunk must have numbered three score
But still they always sought for more
So they sailed the seas and they plundered.

With their big guns they ravaged the seas
But still they could not satisfy their greed
So to their lust they did heed
The glory of going off to war.

With their well-tailored uniforms and shiny guns
They went to war to kill mother's sons
And to have more gold won
No, nothing could stand in their way so they plundered.

The guns fired and their hands twitched
The bombs screamed in a high-droned pitch
The soldiers cried and bit their lips
But for gold and power they plundered.

The fighting stopped and the war was gone
And the homecoming soldiers they sang a sad song
But the pirate generals forgot which side they were on
For all they wanted was gold and power.

The war was decried by men of great fame
And they mourned the soldiers who had died with no names
But still everything was the same
For when the generals came the people followed.

The Walls of Hate

Words & Music by LARRY EDWARDS
© 1965 by LARRY EDWARDS

If seven days of marching and a blast upon the horns,
The blood of men upon the forty years of wilderness can ease the memory
Of the pain upon a people

Ground for whom the whole world mourns
Have cracked the walls of prejudice
But they haven't brought them down,

Chorus (1 & 2) Then the marching must continue and the struggle go on
Wait for being free.

Un-till the bitter walls of hate have tumbled one by one.

(Between verses only)

If the plagues upon this nation aren't enough to make men see
That some few can't be happy when the rest aren't even free
Then a score or more of Sinals cannot last eternally

Final Chorus:
And the marching will continue
And the struggle will go on
Until the bitter walls of hate, etc.
COMMUTER-COMPUTER BLUES

Words and Music By ELAINE WHITE
Copyright 1967 by Elaine White

The wheels are in spin, they're clickin' again
Another tackle with the daily routine
They're lettin' 'em out, they're lettin' 'em in
Until they pack 'em like a can of sardines. (CHO)

It seems such a chore, a terrible bore
To see 'n hear the things that I heard before
But I can't ignore the horrible roar
Nor the hands that push me outta the door. (CHO)

Able on down to Fifth Avenue
I got to mingle with the well-to-do
Did you hear the news? You know it just ain't no use
Well now they're tryin' to compute my blues (CHO)

ABLE TO SAY NO

Words and Music By JOAN COSMAN
Copyright 1967 by Joan Cosman

2. Is there something that you still feel you must prove?
   Look into your heart 'cause It's your move
   And don't say to the symbol, 'Yes, I can'
   (Female: 'Yes, I do')
   When you really want to say 'no' to the man.
   (When I'm not really the woman you want to woo.)
   (Interlude)

3. I want you to be able to say yes
   You've got to be able to say yes
   'Cause I want to be able to be free
   From being turned down as a symbol when you love me.

(Interlude)

BRIDGE (Tune A): Walls tumblin' and lies crumblin'
And stars shinin' & thunder rumblin'
And tryin' to keep your equilibrium
Baby, you listen to me ---
Repeat 1. (Tune B)

BROADSIDE #83
And even among the kids' hit songs, while there may be no lectures, still words of peace or reconciliation are part of the basic vocabulary. Digs at the status quo, as in the Monkee's "Pleasant Valley Sunday" and the Beatles' "She's Gone Away", these are part of the basic wit.

It is stipulated, of course, that most popular songs are toys -- something for fun, for dancing, for studying by, for drinking soda pop to. I can snap on the pop stations and snap them off again nine times out of ten. But for the young people, it's their time to dance, and be in love, to gang up for fun, to eat hamburgers and listen to the juke box. It is because they are deprived of this natural life-way and of the means of growing up as functioning human beings that there are riots in Newark, and the white run-aways head for Flower City.

Friesen's introduction continues, "To my mind, 'Strangers' deals with our teenyboppers about three years later, after the psychedelic trips, the screaming stampedes after the Beatles and their imitators, the experimentations with sex, the pilgrimages to the Village, are all over, and they come down to earth to face the harsh realities of life, as they inevitably must."

Then what? Is it to grappling with the System in the New Left or in the peace movement? Many of them will come to that -- indeed, the peace theme, the brotherhood theme, is part of the Hashberry and Village mystique. But many of them see the tremendous peace demonstrations, the most tremendous this country has ever seen, organized with great effort, volunteer work and funds, and see them followed time after time only by monstrous escalation. Even the old hands get discouraged. They see politics become a farce, where a presidential candidate is elected on a peace platform and become a hawk past the wildest imaginations of his rival reactionary candidate. They see corruption in government, cynicism about the peoples' urgent needs, and a prosperity based on endless and always more terrible wars. Do you wonder that they opt out? I have, myself, the ingrained habit of fighting back whatever the odds seem to be; I can see forces of resistance developing that seem to be having no effect, but are having effect that will not be in evidence until there is a complete reversal of policy. But don't be too hard on these youngsters who withdraw from society as they find it. They may not have found a place to go, but they are electing not to accept the pre-packaged life that is offered them. And some of them are listening to songs that are saying new things, that are experimenting with ideas that have no relation to the formulas of the Establishment.

EDITORIAL -- 2 (continued from back page). But it is when Joan Baez talks about "Black Power" and Stokely Carmichael and H.Repp Brown that her lack of understanding becomes the most transparent. The N.Y. Post quotes her as saying: "I think Black Power is just as silly as any other kind of 'power'." Can she have the remotest notion of what the term Black Power means? And can she have the remotest notion of what the "other kind of power" means? The history of the world, and of our country, needs to be studied more carefully, I think. That "other kind of power" down through the years has crushed, murdered, countess millions of human beings (including non-violent Mennonites); it has laid waste whole generations of people. Call it what you wish, "money power", "capitalist power", the "white supremacist power structure", it is this same power which is today sending our boys to Vietnam to slaughter a whole little nation that wants nothing except to be free of it. Can all this be dismissed as merely "silly"? When power is wielded in such a way as to deny our millions of black citizens (and many, many poor whites, too) the barest measure of dignity can we piously term it "silly" and stop there?

Looked at calmly, it would seem perfectly natural for Black Power to take over Harlem and turn it into a Negro city, with its own mayor, government, etc. Precedent exists -- there are all-Negro towns in Oklahoma, established years ago by the slaves freed by the Indian Nations. They have their own mayor, their own school board,
Editorial — 3

their own bankers, business houses, etc. There would seem no logical reason why the Negro section of Detroit should not become a black city, like Harlem, a city within a city. There is precedent for that also. Hamtramck, founded and governed by Polish people, has long since been surrounded by Detroit proper. There is nothing "silly" about such a concept of Black Power. What is really silly is to assume that these ghettos would freely be surrendered by the white power structure which annually sucks millions of dollars of profit out of the tortured lives of those who exist there.

When asked her opinion of Stokely Carmichael and H. Rapp Brown, Joan is quoted as saying: "...they just sound... I don't know what they sound like... just insane." She should read all the books trying to prove that John Brown was an "insane demon." When Billy Sherman burned Atlanta to the ground it was not considered "insanity" but one of the great victorious blows which helped break the back of the slavery in the Civil War (my grandfather was a captain in the Union Army and several times wounded).

Silly or not, Joan Baez exercises a certain power — "star power" one might call it. What she says and does is influential. It is what brings reporters and T-V interviewers to her door in the first place. It should be used wisely, responsibly. Present-day "folk-queen stars" would do well to study one of their predecessors — a real giant — the now almost-forgotten but still living Paul Robeson. Joan, and others, were fine when they crossed and clasped hands with black brothers and sisters and sang "We Shall Overcome" with the goal of "some day" far off in the nebulous, mystical future. It's when she, and many white liberals, are faced with what Paul used to call "the nitty-gritty", the demand that the meaningless word "some day" be translated into the reality of "today", that they tend to lapse into confusion. Further along in the Post interview Joan is quoted as saying "I would like to remain rootless" and "be able to be as comfortable anywhere in the world as I am at Carmel." This may be the answer, baby — Jeannie is comfortable. Now we wouldn't deny comfort to anyone — but we would hope that those in a position of leadership — as Joan Baez is on the Vietnam and anti-draft questions — would not forget the millions of the uncomfortable, in the ghettos and slums or wherever they may be.

SIS CUNNINGHAM

A LETTER FROM ELAINE WHITE

Dear Sis & Gordon: — It was almost about this time last year when I brazenly snuck under another police barricade at another folk concert to meet two great performers I admire very much. It was also about this time last year when I, at the suggestion of one of these performers, walked into an unfamiliar apartment luging two things — a heavy guitar in its case and an imaginary trunk full of depressing cares and battered dreams. That apartment, of course, was yours. And when I walked out I felt as if I were somehow entering another existence which had meaning and incentive.

Since then many things have happened which have caused me in some ways to change my life. Yet in other ways some of the views and convictions I had about life have been strengthened. For example, it was no use kidding myself that I wanted to become a nurse, a teacher, or even a social worker. These goals I had indeed contemplated and was wholeheartedly encouraged to become. But I never remember a time when I ever really wanted to do anything else for a living other than being able to act, write, or sing. There were many times when I was discouraged from this. But regardless of the opposition from some of my puritanical teachers, "fair-weather" friends, two-faced neighbors, or my sometimes over-protective parents, I was still (as I firmly believe I always will be) determined that I would try very hard not to (continued)
Elaine White -- 2

allow myself to be forced and molded into some kind of a human puppet. This was one of the things I felt very strongly about — particularly in high school where I saw many of my friends being forced into college by tradition rather than choice.

When I graduated from Jamaica High School three years ago I think I gave my parents the shock of their lives by telling them I didn't think I wanted to go to college after all, but rather wanted just a year to think and rest while deciding for sure just exactly what I wanted to do for and with the rest of my life.

So, that first year was spent in learning how to run I.B.M. machines in a data processing school on Saturdays, working as a figure clerk for a small company which owned a chain of retail stores, and in experiencing many new things that existed outside of my academic "school-book world." Just thinking about it now, I'm realizing that I not only worked at that job for less than I was worth, but worked at it knowing that I never loathed anything more in my life.

But since I was living at home and had no heavy expenses it was quite easy for me in the evenings to attend many concerts, plays, go to a few night clubs and a lot more coffee houses. I also did considerable reading — Shakespeare, Herman Hesse, Dylan Thomas, J.D. Salinger. There is certainly a world of education to be had in a year of reading what you want, attending plays, listening to lyrics and music of good songs, and by merely sitting around talking with people you may know well or have just met. I don't think it would hurt if everyone tried it for at least a year sometime during his or her life.

I am quite aware that most of us, unfortunately, may not have the time, money, and opportunity. But it leads to what I feel is one of the most priceless things a person can possess: understanding. I deeply believe that communication between people is really impossible without understanding, and that many of our world and domestic problems could be solved if we tried applying some of it instead of billy-clubs and bombs.

I don't consider myself a pacifist. Nor do I consider myself an advocate of black nationalism. As a matter of fact, I oppose it. But of course it calls attention to many of the problems facing the Negro people. I think most whites — and many Negroes — have confused "Black Power" with the concept of black supremacy. I'll admit I was confused for some time, and the press, radio and T-V have done very little to clarify this confusion.

What I try to do in support of peace and civil rights is to write and sing songs such as "Who's Afraid To Compromise", "The Time Will Come", "There's Something In The Air", and "Autumn Time In Grenada". By writing and singing my songs I feel that I am involved in what is taking place in the world. I write and sing out of deep sincerity. If I do not believe in what I am trying to say I cannot expect anyone else to believe in or identify with what I am writing about.

I have never been in Grenada, Mississippi. I have never had to cross a picket line to go to school. I have never been beaten on any part of my body with chains, stones or clubs. But I do have two younger brothers and a nine-year-old sister. I do try to keep well informed about what is going on in this sometimes cruel and chaotic world of ours. And I do have strong feelings about and for the many unknown children — and adults — who are risking their lives for what they believe in. By taking these things into account I now hope that some people can realize a little bit clearer how I, a New Yorker who doesn't live anywhere near Mississippi, could write "Autumn Time In Grenada." It all really boils down to the same thing I said before; if I don't believe what I am saying, or even if I don't feel very strongly about it, the song just will not seem to "come to life."

(Continued in our next issue)
NEWPORT (1873) SUPPORT
WHERE WERE YOU?

Where were you—before the building burned?
Where were you—before the building burned?

You've got a lot to say—Standing o-ver ash-es cold—and gray; But yesterday—Where were you?

2. Where were you before the building burned?/
You are horrified, but where were you when the baby died
Of rat-bites? Where were you?

3. Where were you (etc./) You call the clubs and guns
To beat down our maddened sons—When they were quiet ones,
Where were you?

4. Where were you before the building burned?/
That indignant voice
Is just a lot of empty noise
Cause when you had the choice
Where were you?

Repeat 1st Verse

Das Familienbad  (The Family Bath)

From a tape made by Hedy West from a live performance

Very Fast - Light

Jeden Sonntag geht der nette fette Vater, Einen Kimer Kohlen holen, aus dem Keller 'das Bad

daß er sau, daß er sau, daß er sau-bre Kinder hat.

VERSE: In die wieflockierte Eisen-bade

wanne mit den Flecken, tut der Va-ter jeeden Sonn'amt seine Kinder stecken. Nach den Kin-

den seine Frau und er selber ist fur Sauberkriet, setze sich auch mit rein, fien fien rein.

2. Und er spielt mit seiner Frau
blumes blumes Mittelmee.
Er war in den vierzigeer
Jahren ein paar Wochen da
als Major von Adolf Hitleer
und jetzt spielt er militar
mit der Frau im Mittelmeer.

3. Plötzlich kommt ein Hai daher
pblötzlich ist die Frau nicht mehr.
Und das Badewasser rotet
sicht, wenn Vater totet.
Und am nächsten Morgen wachen
seine Kinder auf und machen
leis die Tur zum Bade auf.
Da liegt ein satter Hai
Mutter ist nicht mehr dabei
ist nicht mehr NICHT.

See BROADSIDE #83 for notes on Wolf Biermann

English translation: ERIK FALKENSTEIN

Cho: Every Saturday
the next lat father
Goes to the cellar to fetch
A bucket of coal for the bath
So that he can have clean...
can have clean...
So that he can have clean
children.

1. In the white enamelled iron
bathtub with the spots
Shoves the father every Sat-
urday night his children.
After the children his wife
and he prepare for cleanliness
sit down too, clean...
fine, fine, clean.

2. And he plays with his wife
blue, blue Mediterrenean.
In the forties he was there for
2 weeks as major for Adolf Hitler
And now he plays war with his wife
in the Mediterrenean...
Medit- Mediter- Mediterrenean.

3. Suddenly a shark comes by,
suddenly the wife is no more there.
And the bath water turns red
when father kills.
And the next morning his children
wake up and softly open
the door to the bath:
There lies a fat satisfied shark
Mother is no more there...
Is no more... no more.
AN EDITORIAL... 

Joan Baez has made a visit to this part of the country, pontificating in press interviews and during T-V appearances on various issues of the day. We have long admired Joan for her strong stand against the war in Vietnam and her role as a folk-singer spokesman for peace. In this area her position remains unchanged, and here we honor her courage and unflinching determination.

But when she got to talking to reporters and T-V people like Burke and Carson on such matters as the history of non-violence and especially "black power" she displayed an almost childish and certainly dismaying ignorance. She told a N.Y. Times man that the non-violence movement is "only 60 years old." It so happens that this writer's husband's folks are Mennonites, who have clung steadfastly to the principle of non-violence for no less than 400 years. It hasn't been easy, as their thick "Book of Martyrs" will attest. My husband recalls singing as a child an old Mennonite hymn with this haunting refrain (roughly translated into English):

"The way is red with martyrs' blood;"
"Did you think you'd walk on roses?"

A thorough study of these people could be a crushing refutation to those -- anthropologists, sociologists, plain every-politicians, etc. -- who claim that man is inherently a warring animal and "you can't change human nature.”

(continued in mimeographed section)

THE NEW YORK TIMES. TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1967

NEWPORT IS HIS JUST FOR A SONG

Arlo Guthrie Festival Hero With "Alice's Restaurant"

By JOHN S. WILSON

NATIONAL FOLK SONG MAGAZINE

SING OUT!

NEWPORT, R. I., July 17--The most unlikely song hit since "Yes, We Have No Bananas" or "Hit Foot Your Groove" swept triumphantly through the Newport Folk Festival yesterday, the festival's last day. The song, "Alice's Restaurant," was composed and sung by Arlo Guthrie, the 29-year-old son of Woody Guthrie, who is known for his Dust Bowl ballads and "This Land Is Your Land."

"Alice's Restaurant" is a simple bit of doggerel, with these lyrics:

You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant.
You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant. Just walk right in.
It's around the back, just a half-mile from the railroad track.
You can get anything you want at Alice's Restaurant.

Mr. Guthrie, a slight, wane young man who wears a huge brown fed hat with a turned-down brim, under which his long hair is exposed in front of his ears, sang the song at the beginning and the end of a 28-minute monologue. He strums the tune over and over on his guitar, while he tells why he was arrested for littering, one Thanksgiving and describes his adventures at a draft examination.

Somehow the song and the stories tie together. Mr. Guthrie's delivery was so wry and dry, his timing so keenly calculated and the simple tune so majestically memorable that it captivated one audience after another.

He sang it first to a handful of people at a workshop on "topical songs" on Saturday afternoon. He repeated it yesterday afternoon for an audience of 3,500, whose ovation was so overwhelming that George Wein, producer of the festival, immediately added him for the evening concert.

There, for an audience of 6,500, Mr. Guthrie and "Alice's Restaurant" provided a climax to the concert and to the festival, when he ended the evening by doing his song and monologue for a third time, with an all-star cast of more than 30 folk singers to help him onstage shouting out the final choruses.

(Ed. Note: For "Alice's Restaurant" see Broad-sides f's 90 & 81.)

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BROADSIDE, 215 West 98 St., New York, N. Y., 10025.
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