

BROADSIDE

41

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MY LAND IS A GOOD LAND

Words & music by Eric Andersen

"This is a song I wrote to Woody Guthrie, who knew the land could bleed, too."

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Eric Andersen

CHORUS:

My land is a good land, its grass is made of rainbow blades, Its
fields and its rivers were blessed by God, It's a good land, so they
say -- It's a good land, so they say. (FINAL ENDING: Repeat again, It's a good land etc.)

THE NEW YORK TIMES,
FEBRUARY 21, 1964.

Eric Andersen Writes His Own Folk Tunes

By ROBERT SHELTON

Here is one antidote to the Beatles: a sensitive, very musical 20-year-old with long hair and a lean and esthetic face who is quietly making his New York nightclub debut.

Eric Andersen came to town a few weeks ago without any money, without a press agent. A song-writer friend, Tom Paxton, introduced him to a few people. Now, Mr. Andersen has a recording contract, a rash of new admirers, a music publisher. After making his nightclub debut at Gerde's Folk City, he has moved on to the Gaslight Cafe, 116 MacDougall Street.

Has Something to Say

Mentioning Mr. Andersen in the same breath as the Beatles may seem invidious. But it is consoling that the folk revival is continuing to develop first-rate performers and song-writers with something to say. Mr. Andersen has written more than 40 songs in the last year, which bear little resemblance to Tin Pan Alley tunes.

The young song writer is tall and rangy, shy and bumbling on stage. It takes a discerning ear only a few moments to sense that despite his inexperience he has the magical element called star quality. His voice is a

beautiful, vibrato-thick light baritone that echoes the style of Mr. Paxton and Bob Dylan and is occasionally reminiscent of the softer side of Elvis Presley.

He writes songs "in spurts, like a volcano, when there's something I've got to say." Occasionally topical, most of them dwell on love, in a blisteringly frank and penetrating vein. The influence of the blues is strong, but his style is essentially lyric.

"Old Smoky" is a reworking of the folk tune with some of the narrative of "The Wagoner's Lad," a timeless story about parental disapproval of a suitor. "Come to My Bedside" is a forthright statement of passion. "Boot of Blue" retells a Negro folk legend in tender terms. "The Bumblebee" is a light, playful children's song. Love in a more generic sense is the theme of "My Land is a Good Land," a Woody Guthrie-like evocation of America's riches, and a love of people is in "The Rambler's Lament."

Collegian on the Road

Mr. Andersen typifies the very prevalent young middle-class collegian who goes on the road to complete his education.

"I'm just learning about music and about life," he says modestly.

He left Hobart College last June and his home near Buffalo and dropped, for a while, his interest in classical piano and reading everything he could get his hands on, from E. E. Cummings to Turgenev.

He has ridden freight cars, rambled to the West Coast and back, gone voluntarily without money. Now, he is, it seems, at the start of a glowing career.

(Verses same tune as chorus)

My land is a rich land
Its hills and its valleys abound
Its highways go to many good places
Where many good people are found.

My land is a sweet land
Its a sweet land, so I've heard
Its song is made up of many men's hands
And a throat of a humming bird. (CHO)

My land is a free land
Its a free land, so I've been told
I know freedom is a thing money can't buy
And its worth even more than gold.

My land is my homeland
My homeland is a strong land, too
It starts where the sun is born each morn
And it ends where the skies are blue. (CHO)



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THE BOOT of BLUE

Words & Music by Eric Andersen
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"This is a song called 'The Boot of Blue' which is based on an old Negro myth I bet Sam Charters never heard of even -- 'Boot of Blue'. J.C. Burris told me about it. J.C. Burris used to sing on the streets with his harmonica, and I used to listen, and play with him -- he's Sonny Terry's nephew -- and he's sort of down and out now. Well, he told me a lot of stories, and he taught me to do the hand jive, and told me stories about the farm and all -- sort of made-up stories about how the animals would come around and he'd play his harmonica, and he'd tell the cows to go get milked, y' know, and they wouldn't because they wanted to hear J.C. play so much -- it's an ego type thing -- and their ears would go out and they'd stand around and all that -- it was really funny.

"Well, he told me that in Negro folklore there's this thing called 'The Boot of Blue', that if a baby's born with a little bootie of blue on its foot -- it's a kind of myth-- he's born with the blues and he's going to see trouble all his days. And a Negro, a blues singer especially, he doesn't think there's anything wrong with him, like us whites, we always get analytical and Freudian about everything and think my life's wrong because I did this or that when I was a child and it's all my fault -- very existential and all -- while he thinks, if he gets in trouble over a woman or gets shot or gets in jail over drinking or something, it's not his fault, he just walked up the street, see, and trouble came his way. And when trouble comes his way he always wants to go home, because that's sort of his ideal. And so I wrote a song about that."

-- Eric Andersen

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with lyrics written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters above the staff: D, F#m, Bm, G, Em, A7, Bm, E, A, Em, A7, D, Bm, G, A7, D, G, A7, D. The score includes a double bar line with a '15.' marking, indicating a 15-measure repeat. The lyrics are: 'It's been many a mile that I've roamed and now I think I'm comin' home; If the train she run far, I'll be back with the mornin' star - Back to the place where I was born, Back to the place where I was born. (Last time:) Back to the place where I was born.'

I know love doesn't mean a man belongs
But I always knew my rights from my
 wrongs;
I thought you loved me best
And I guess you know the rest
And all the reasons why I'm gone.(twice)

Now I ain't sayin' you are to blame
I'll forget you on that evenin' train;
Though my love for you was true
I was born with a boot of blue,
And I'll ride them rails back from where
 I came. (twice)

I've kept travellin' on from place to
 place

And I know I'm still lookin' for your
 face;

I once knew where I was bound
A true love I never found,

I guess my life has only been a waste.
 (twice)

It's been many a mile that I've roamed
And now I think I'm comin' home;
If the train she run far
I'll be back with the mornin' star
Back to the place where I was born.(twice)

AFRICA BELONGS TO THE LION

Medium Calypso Beat

Long a-go the li-on he wore the crown as gold-en as the sun, Till
 Li-on's teeth are big & sharp, he kills the deer & lamb, But
 Ad-am's son came a-swallowing & he aimed his shooting gun, He
 Man is gen-tle & good & kind & he loves his fel-low man, Now the
 took the li-on's great do-main, he made the king bow down, And
 li-on has soft pad-ding paws, he stalks by hills & streams, While
 on the lit-tle woman's head he placed the li-on's crown. But
 Man just runs stra-te-gic facts thru I. B. M. mach-ines. But
 A-frica belongs to the li-on & the li-on-ess is queen, For the
 circle ends where it begins & the jungle will grow green. The -green.

3. Lion purrs just like a cat,
 He sleeps beneath the palms,
 While man keeps playing anagrams
 With alphabetic bombs.
 Now the lion has a thunder voice,
 And he will roar "Fare-well",
 When Adam's son grows smart enough
 To blow himself to Hell. Oh -- (CHO)

Words by Gwen Mather
 Music by Sebastian Temple
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TO MY OLD BROWN EARTH

(Funeral Song)

Words and Music by
Peter Seeger

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FREELY!

To my old brown earth and to my old blue sky I'll now give these few molecules—
last
— of "I"— And you who sing and you who stand nearby I do— charge you not to
cry— Guard well our human chain Watch well you keep it strong As long as sun— will
shine And this our home keep pure, sweet, green For now I'm yours, you are also mine.
(Used by permission)

TO MY COUNTRYMEN

By Bertolt Brecht

English words by Eric Bentley, © 1963 E. Bentley. Music: Stephen Scotti, © 1964 S. Scotti

With a heavy beat, not too fast

1. You who live on in towns that passed a-way Now show your-
2. You men reach for the trow-el not the knife, To-day you'd
3. You children that you all may stay a- live, Your fa- thers
selves some mer- cy I im- plore Do not— go marching in-to some new
have a roof a-bove your head - But that- you gambled on the knife in-
and your mo-thers you must wa- ken - And if— in ruins you not sur-
war - As if the old wars had not had their day - But show your-
stead - And with a roof one has a bet- ter life - You men reach
vive - — Tell them you not take what they have taken- You child-ren
selves some mer- cy I im- plore.
for the trow-el not the knife.
that you all may stay a- live.
(Used by permission)

4. You mothers from whom all men
take their breath
A war is yours to give or not to give
I beg you mothers let your children live
Let them owe you their birth
but not their death
I beg you mothers let your children live.

S. Scotti has written this music for
the Brecht poem TO MY COUNTRYMEN
which we published in Broadside # 37.
See NOTES in this issue.

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IT'S NOT ALRIGHT WITH ME!

By Eleanor Wallace
©1963 by author
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Syncopated rhythm -- strum scratch style

I know it ain't no use to wonder why boy, I knowed that long a-go; But
I'm the type to sit and wonder why -- boy, It'll never do e-ven so. I
can't help wond'rin what your sto-ry will be When they all find out what you
did to me; You're travlin on and all the world can see that It's not alright
with
me. me, boy, It's al-right with me.

Verse 2:

You wanted my love and understanding;
I gave it, I was kind,
But my kind of love and understanding
Wasn't what you had in mind.
The heart that you gave wasn't worth the price
Of the soul that you wanted me to sacrifice
That's not very nice!
I don't have to think twice
It's not alright with me.

3. No use turning on my light, boy; The light you never knowed,
I think you're going to find it mighty cold, boy, On the dark side of the road,
You didn't want to see the light you never knew,
Cause you were too darned busy thinking only of you,
Now maybe you think that's the right thing to do -- But it's not alright with me.
4. So good-bye, lots of luck to you, boy, You'll need it where you're bound
Good-bye and lots of luck to you, boy, It's a one way road going down.
Now I'm not sayin' you're black and I'm white, My own light keeps me awake at night
Sayin' if you want to come back it's alright, It's alright with me, boy,
It's alright with me.

FIREHOUSE THIRTY-- FIVE

By Phil Ochs
© 1964 by author
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I've of-ten wondered why as a fireman races by, How often have I
said why are fire engines red - Just ask the boys in firehouse thirty-
five. Oh it's firehouse thirty-five, firehouse thirty-five; In be-
tween all the fires They're quenchin' their de-sires - There's a
hot time in fire-house thirty five.

It's a sin & it's a shame,
I thought checkers was
their game,
But I found to my surprise,
Why there's fire in
their eyes,
Just ask the boys in
Firehouse 35. (CHO)

It's a fire marshall's dream,
They blow away their steam,
But to make them leave
their charms,
You need 4 or 5 alarms,
Just ask the boys in
Firehouse 35. (CHO)

So here's a root & a toot
For the gals of ill reputé,
At last it can be told
Why they're racin up
those poles,
Just asks the boys in
Firehouse 35. (CHO)

As red-faced as one of his newest pumpers,
Fire Commissioner Edward Thompson late yesterday
disclosed a painful situation in his department-

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Suspend Five In a Sex Ring At Firehouse

WAY OF THE DINOSAUR

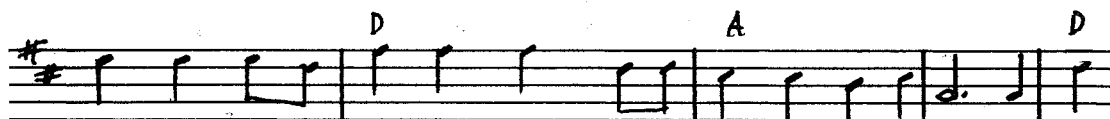
Words & music by Bill Frederick

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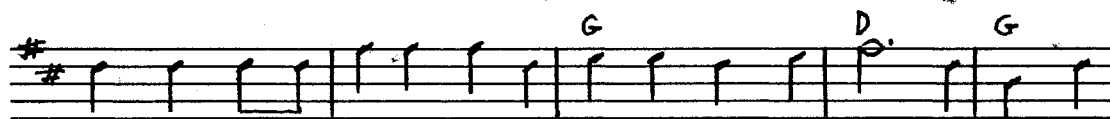
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Puff, the Magic Dragon, used to live by the sea. But the sea



dried up, and the weather changed, & along came you & me. We took



the place of the dying race because we knew the score. & Puff the



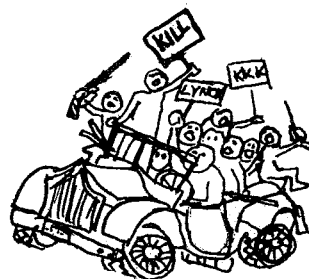
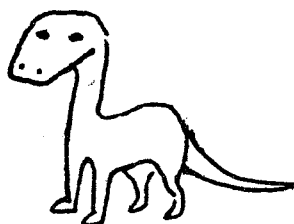
Magic Dragon went the way of the Dinosaur. Dinosaur's outdated, he



don't live here anymore. The good old days are goin' the way of the



Dinosaur.

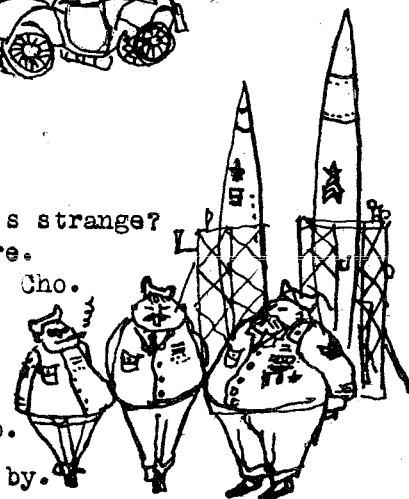


All throughout the ages people lived in slavery.
Then came the revolution; now we fight for liberty.
The day is done when we would run or cower on the floor.
Uncle Tom's already gone the way of the Dinosaur. Cho.

In every day, some people say that people never change.
You can't change that old status quo, but don't you think it's strange?
The Dinosaur said the same damn thing, & he's not here anymore.
Them that can't change peacefully go the way of the Dinosaur. Cho.

People starving everywhere, we got silos full of grain.
People dying everywhere, we got medicine & brains.
People crying everywhere, we got missiles ready for war.
We're all dried up & fossilized, the way of the Dinosaur. Cho.

There's time to start a-changin' 'fore the world can pass us by.
There's time to feed a hungry world before the missiles fly.
There's time to build a new world, put an end to hate and war.
There's time to think before we're extinct, the way of the Dinosaur. Cho.



A L E T T E R F R O M D O C K B O G G S

The University of Chicago Folk Festival in its fourth year still stands as the finest assemblage of traditional singers and lecturers on traditional material in the country. At the last Chicago Festival, held Jan. 31--Feb. 2, 1964, I had the privilege of talking with one of our finest old country musicians, Dock Boggs, after hearing him perform. In our several conversations during that hectic week-end, Dock started talking about many things, about his experiences in the mines, the strong influence that American Negro music has had on his style, his recording sessions in the 1920's, and what had happened to him between that time and his fairly recent "rediscovery". And from this amazingly articulate and stimulating individual a living picture emerged, of the coal towns and a coal miner's hard existence, of the music that has been so vital a part of the finest traditional topical material in America, of the meaning of Jim Garland and Aunt Molly Jackson, of Dock Boggs himself, a man of great intensity and feeling whose 41 years in the mines have penetrated every aspect of his life, shaped every aspect of his music. I asked Dock if he would be kind enough to write Broadside a letter describing his life in the mines and his music. He has done so and has managed to catch on paper through the history of his own life something of the human background which is in many ways the basis for the topical songs even of today. Below is the letter Dock Boggs wrote. JOSH DUNSON.

Dear Josh: -- I will attempt to give you some of the information you asked for. The phonograph record about President Kennedy's death that Phil Ochs' song reminded me of is on a label I'd never seen before, Clinch Field Records. The record is called "A Sunny Day In Dallas" and is made by the Honorable Bob Peters, former state senator of Tennessee. I am sure you can write him at Kingsport, Tenn., and get a copy of it for \$1.00.

I worked for 41 years in the mines, and started at a very early age, 12 years, when little boys could go into the mines and help their fathers load coal. That was back in 1910. Me being the youngest of ten children, I had a brother and two sisters that had children as old as me and older. My father was born in Lee County, Virginia, on back water in 1849 so you see he was getting along in years when I came along.

My father and mother were hard-working, God-fearing people. I was reared in a Christian home. My father was a finish carpenter and gunsmith back before factory guns. He would take a piece of steel and drill a hole through it and make any size calibre he wanted, and then put files on the barrel and make the sights. The head and stock he would make out of beech or birch or walnut. He had tools he made himself to decorate the stock with. He also made copper ball pistols. There are still a few of these old guns around.

In my family there were 5 girls and 5 boys. Four of the boys lived to be grown and all the girls did. I am now the only boy living, and 2 of my sisters are still alive. Way back, when I went

into the mines, we didn't have any compensation law, and men had very little protection. Bad ventilation, bad air some called it. They shot the coal on the solid -- didn't have any electricity or coal cutting machines. To cut the coal they had what they called an air shaft built of lumber. A box about 14 by 14 feet, built straight up in the air 40 feet, and there was a fire built in that at the mouth of the air course to draw out the smoke. They shot the coal to prepare it loose, so they could load it with the black powder. But the coal having slips and breakers in it, this caused it not to come out like it should. So the coal loader used to have to dig quite a bit with his pick.

Of course things have changed now and they have all kinds of machinery with which to load the coal. Back in those days they pulled all their coal with mules and drivers. A man driver on a mule for \$1.45 per ten hours shift. I seen little boys 8 or 9 years old helping their fathers in the mines. My wages for flagging or dropping paid 7¢ an hour, adding up to 70¢ for a 10-hour day. Finally, they got a motor to tram the coal from the drift to the mouth of the mine. My oldest brother used to run that motor. Of course, in later years they began gathering the coal straight from the face with motors.

I was working on a coal cutting machine at Pardee, Virginia, with a fellow named Emmitt Fletcher for Blackwood Coal & Coke Co. when I got my first chance to record music. There was two men from New York, one I remember named James O'Keefe, and a man from Ashland, Kentucky by the name of Carter. He ran a music store there at that time. That was in 1927, and a friend of mine, Hughie Rollen, then living at Dorchester, Va., asked me why I didn't try out. I told him there was plenty of musicians who didn't do anything but make music, and I figured they would take them if they signed anyone to go make records. But my friend insisted I try out and got me to borrow a banjo from a music store. So I went up to the ballroom of the Norton Hotel. There was a gang on hand. I about lost my nerve, but they had listened to all the others before I got there. I started to play a piece, "Country Blues" -- it really was "Hustling Gambler". I seen all three men mark "good" at the end of the title I gave them. They would just let me start and then stop me because they were in a hurry. So I started to play "Down South Blues" which I learnt from a coloured girl who had an Ace piano.

I had never heard any man play any kind of blues on a banjo. About all of the banjo players played the knock-down way, or whatever you want to call it. But I had seen two coloured men who picked the banjo with one finger and a thumb, or with two fingers. I said to myself never telling anyone, that was the way I was going to learn. I started to learn when I was 12 or 13 years of age. My oldest brother could play the clawhammer style long before I could play anything. He kept a fiddle and banjo ever since I can remember. He could play both, and I had an older sister who could play the banjo before I ever learned.

I just took up my own style. I never tried to copy anyone, and I still have a style by myself. There are a few who have copied me. But I think most everybody wants to learn the Scruggs way, the Bluegrass way. At the first music festival I attended Mike Seeger

DOCK BOGGS -- 3

discovered me, or found me. I met Alan Lomax of New York and he knows old time music. He asked me where I had been. Said he thought I was dead, and I told him I had been in Kentucky and Virginia. I worked 20 years for the Elk Horn Coal Corp. and retired from there on miner's pension and social security. Mr. Lomax said, Dock, did you know you were the only man in the United States who plays like you do -- then he changed it and said the only one in the world.

I was sitting around not able to work. I should have been out of the mines before the mines worked out, on account of my health. So I had been idle for nine years. Mike Seeger asked would I like to play again? I told him it had been my heart's desire to put my old songs on records so the younger generation could learn them if they wanted to. And I could make a little extra cash, as my pension and social security isn't too much. So I have an LP album coming out soon made by the Folkways Recording Company of New York.

When I quit before I had two contracts to make 24 songs for Brunswick Balk Calender Co. of New York. My wife thought it more honorable to work in the mines at hard manual labor than to play music. So I let a friend of mine have my banjo. He was a single man then, and when I retired from the mines and went to get my banjo back 25 years later he was a grandfather.

My wife has belonged to the church for 35 years. I also belong to the church and feel I am prepared to meet my maker in peace. But some of the church people think I am comitting sin because I play folk music -- something I've been 50 or 53 years learning, and plenty of the younger generation wants to learn. I feel I am doing something worthwhile for my country, so as long as the Lord gives me strength and health and people want to hear me and I can make a little money, I intend to give it to them. I know I'm not able to go regular, but I can go ever now and then. I had an old model car and I came home and bought me a new one -- the first new car I ever owned. So Mr. Dunson, I will stop here, and if you put this in Broadside, please send me some copies. Hoping to hear from you soon.

..... DOCK BOGGS
Norton, Virginia

A L E T T E R F R O M J O H N N Y C A S H

HI BROADSIDE: I got hung, but didn't choke... Bob Dylan slung his rope. I sat down and listened quick... Gravy from that brain is thick. He began by startin' alright... But the place he started...

Was way ahead, out of sight!

In the night there's a light.

A lamp is burning in all our dark...But...We must open our eyes to see it...As he listened for the wind...To hear it.

Near my shores of mental dying, Grasping straws and twigs,
and drowning, Worthless I, But crying loudest, Came a Poet Troubadour,
Singing fine familiar things.

Sang a hundred thousand lyrics, Right as Rain, Sweet as Sleep,
Words to thrill you...And to kill you.

Don't bad-mouth him, till you hear him,

Let him start by continuing, He's almost brand new,

SHUT UP! ... AND LET HIM SING!

..... JOHNNY CASH

P L A S T I C J E S U S : P A R T T W O

DEAR MISS CUNNINGHAM: -- While leafing through your publication in City Lights bookstore (as far as I can discover, the only San Francisco establishment that carries BROADSIDE) I came upon "Plastic Jesus...No one knows the author." Ah Ha! The skies burst asunder... Plastic Jesus and I have been inseparable for the last two years or so and in my heart of hearts I know that damned song will follow me to the grave.

THE STORY

My singing partner, George Cromarty and I -- collectively "The Goldcoast Singers" -- began singing "Plastic Jesus" in January of 1962 at the Purple Onion in San Francisco. After getting the words, rather awkwardly phrased, from a Cal co-ed of our acquaintance, we put them into meter, set them to an innocuous (?) melody and surrounded them with dialogue reminiscent of a radio station in Del Rio, Texas (transmitter 250,000 watts, thank you, across the border in Mexico) that I remembered listening to on my shortwave radio as a small adolescent in Fresno, California. We recorded our version of the song at the San Francisco State College Folk Festival in April of 1962 (this recording is on our first album, "Here They Are, The Goldcoast Singers", World Pacific Records, 1806 (release number). Eventually, "Plastic Jesus" became our most called for song and the major selling point of the album. It was played on radio stations (mostly F-M) all over the country -- much to the chagrin of a lot of people out in radioland and particularly radio station owners. The latter forced several crusading diskjockies off the air -- among them a big gun in the Chicago record market, who quit (according to reports) rather than stop playing "Plastic Jesus", and another dj who allegedly belted the engineer with his crutch (temporary broken leg) when the wicked engineer cut him off the air in the middle of "P.J." because a stockholder was on the telephone raising hell. At one point a tipsy lady came after me with an empty Hieniken's beer bottle while we were singing the song in a Portland, Oregon, saloon. Things like this were common during two years of singing "Plastic Jesus" to the unwashed in posh folk clubs and sleazy coffeehouses all over the western U.S. and Canada. Alas, George was drafted into the army and I've gone back to school and the "Goldcoast Singers" are temporarily no more (I say temporarily, because I'm working out a new "Goldcoast Singers" now), but in our small way (Ha!) perhaps we contributed to the folklore of America (Ha! Ho!), pretentious as that may sound.

Folklore-wise, I've discovered that the song was originally a Negro camp meeting (if there was such a thing) song that went:

"I don't care if it rains or freezes,

Leaning on the arms of Jesus..."

and was the theme of a religious, or quasi-religious, radio show from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in the 1940's. On hearing this, some wag changed the words and twenty years later they ended up in my hands...

All pleasantries aside, I'm interested in back copies of BROADSIDE (and future copies, too)... You seem to publish the best efforts of New York songwriters and actually are the only source of this sort of thing on the West Coast... I hope that I've helped you in your quest for the real "Plastic Jesus" -- you have an estimable publication -- the best of luck to you.

..... ED RUSH

GAY: -- WHEREVER YOU ARE, AND WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING,
PETER LOVES YOU PETER LA FARGE.

P L A S T I C J E S U S : P A R T T H R E E

DEAR SIS: -- Your attempts to track down "Plastic Jesus" are interesting. I don't know if this will help you much, but maybe it will add one more piece to the puzzle.

From what I can judge, the song has had two distinct forms, the first of which went more or less to the effect

I don't care if it rains or freezes,
I am safe in the hands of Jesus,
I am Jesus' little lamb,
Yes, by Jesus Christ I am!

There are six texts in the folklore archives at Indiana University which were collected at Michigan State in the early 1950's, the above text being collected in 1952.

Some years later, the song took on the "plastic Jesus" theme which has seemingly supplanted the original (?) lyrics. It is a very widely known song in the repertoire of the college student and indeed may be said to be part of oral tradition. I recently collected this version:

I don't care if it rains or freezes,
Long as I got my plastic Jesus
Sitting on the dashboard of my car;
I don't care if it's dark and scary
Long as I got my magnet Mary
Sitting on the dashboard of my car.

(Chorus) City cop, state cop, county sheriff...

The informants didn't remember the rest. This is the most complete traditional version I've run across...

The 6-page Bob Dylan letter you printed in #38 was one of the most moving pieces I've read in a long time. There are a fair number of people who have bought the PP & M "In The Wind" album not because they liked PP & M, but because Dylan wrote the liner notes. Can't say I blame them...

... DICK REUSS

NOTE: From the FOLK MUSIC YEARBOOK 1964 (Box 186, Fairfax, Virginia): In an article on the 1963 Newport Folk Festival. After discussing the fine performances and fine reception of the traditional folk singers such as Dock Boggs and Doc Watson, the article continues:

"If the presence of these old-timers represented a growing trend toward country music on the national scene, the appearance of another group indicates what may be an even stronger movement. I refer to the new topical songwriters. These are the people -- among them Tom Paxton, Peter La Farge, Phil Ochs and, of course, Bob Dylan -- who sparked the most excited reaction at the Festival. Their songs attempt to demolish, through satire and irony, all the bugaboos of modern existence. They seem able to articulate many of the things members of the audience cannot express themselves. The emergence of these young protestants is hailed as a great renaissance of topical commentary popular in the 1930's."

FROM A LETTER FROM BOB BLACKMAR: "... After seeing and hearing Buffy Sainte-Marie at the ASH GROVE out here and listening to her VANGUARD album, I certainly feel her songs are worth the status given to Reynolds, La Farge, Paxton, Dylan, etc."

NOTES

IT'S NOT ALRIGHT WITH ME has an alternate title, namely "Answer To Bob Dylan." Writes author Eleanor Wallace: "His songs are just begging for answers -- his typically masculine point of view needs to be counter-balanced by the feminine..." Ed. note: this song would make a great record, obviously done by a woman -- or girl -- singer... STEPHEN SCOTT: "I have a strong feeling on how Brecht's words should be set to music and have given these words the style of this music! The meter is irregular (passing in and out of 5/4 and 3/4 time) because I feel the sentence beats to be quite the same way." ... TO MY OLD BROWN EARTH: Pete Seeger sang this new song of his recently in a ceremony at the grave in Ghana of W.E.B. Du Bois, considered by many to be the father of the Negro Civil Rights struggle. Dr. Du Bois died in Ghana last year around the time of the great march on Washington... ODETTA several weeks ago after hearing Len Chandler perform at the Gaslight in New York took a napkin and wrote onto it the titles of three of Len's songs -- "To Be A Man", "Secret Songs" and "Keep On Keepin On". Then she wrote beneath them "These are classics" and passed the napkin up to Len... In Len's song "Quitting Time" in BROADSIDE # 40, the choruses following the 2nd and 3rd verses should begin: "Come quitting time..." GWEN MATHER and SEBASTIAN TEMPLE have written a number of songs together, several of which have been recorded by Lawrence Welk... RONNIE GILBERT is now performing as a soloist since the dissolving of THE WEAVERS... Someone should write a book or something analyzing the career of THE WEAVERS, and their influence on the folk music revival in the U.S. Most of what they did undoubtedly was for the good, but there must be reasons why the current young songwriters skip back over them to get their inspiration from WOODY GUTHRIE. A clue might lie in what THE WEAVERS did to WOODY'S "So Long, It's Been Good To Know Ya'", emasculating it for the sake of quick profits. For that they probably never will be forgiven!... LEON BIBB at the end of March will make his first concert tour in several years of the West, after winding up his present jaunt through Illinois and Texas. His concerts are mainly for college audiences... The ROBERT DeCORMIER FOLKSINGERS have also begun a national concert tour which will see them play before audiences in over 60 cities throughout the country, from the New York Island to the Redwood Forests... THEODORE BIKEL returns at the end of April to the Broadway (N.Y.) stage, where he last played opposite Mary Martin in "The Sound Of Music." His new show is also a musical, "Cafe Crown" and he will co-star with Sam Levene... PETER LA FARGE will be presented by Producer Norman J. Seaman in a concert at N.Y.'s Town Hall on Wed. Eve., March 25, 1964. Meanwhile, Peter's 4th and 5th L-P albums by Folkways Records are scheduled for release -- "Peter La Farge Sings Of The Women" for spring and "Peter La Farge Sings For Children" for summer, 1964... MIKE SHERKER will appear in a concert of traditional folk music Sat. Eve. Mar. 14, 1964, at N.Y.'s KOSSUTH HALL, 346 East 69th St. (all seats \$2.)... Also at KOSSUTH HALL, Mar. 15: Ana Perez of N.Y. singing traditional songs and ballads. Seats: same price; time: 5.00 P.M. And at the same place, same price, Mar. 20: Diana DAVIES, folksinger-songwriter.

BROADSIDE

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