WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR AND NO ONE CAME?
by JONNA GAULT

THE WAR IS OVER

PHIL OCHS

February - March, 1968

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50¢
WHAT IF THEY GAVE A WAR AND NO ONE CAME?

Words & Music

By JONNA GAULT

It's a truism in the music industry that "Nobody around here can read music." That ability alone would set Jonna Gault apart.

On top of that, though, the petite UCLA drop-out has written a powerful, where-it's-at topical song which distills the feelings of her generation—"What If They Gave A War and No One Came?"

Now a major RCA Victor release, the record is superbly sung, brilliantly arranged, and masterfully produced—all by Jonna Gault.

She's even developed her own original style—exploring the potential of pop in depth, using traditional concert instruments and the approach of serious classical music. It's a style that will fascinate FM buffs as well as the transistor addicts. She calls it "Symphonopop"—a term she coined herself because there was no other word around to describe it accurately. Trend-watchers think it may be the next major force in popular music.

Now living in Beverly Hills, Jonna divides her time between working the recording studio, writing songs, and studying the complex field of orchestration. Those who've heard "What If They Gave A War and No One Came" suspect that Jonna Gault may be initiating the next major trend in pop music. Those who have heard her other records are convinced of it.
Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

THE WAR IS OVER

Silent soldiers on a silver screen; Framed in fantasies and
drugged in dreams; Un-paid actors of the mystery,
The mad director knows that freedom will not make you free,— And what's this got to do with me?— I declare— THE WAR IS OVER. It's over— It's

3. All the children play with gatling guns
   tattooed mothers with their tattooed sons
   the strong will wonder if they're surely strong
   it doesn't matter lately whether we are
   right or wrong
   but surely we've gone on too long
   I declare.....

4. Angry artists painting angry signs
   use their vision just to blind the blind
   poisoned players of a grisly game
   one is guilty and the other gets to point the blame
   pardon me if I refrain
   I declare.....

5. Drums are drizzling on a grain of sand
   fading rhythms of a fading land
   prove your courage in the proud parade
   trust your leaders where mistakes are almost never made
   and they're afraid that I'm afraid
   yes, I'm afraid the war is over.

6. But at least we're working building tanks & planes
   and a raise is coming so we can't complain
   the master of the march has lost his mind
   perhaps some other war this fabled farce would all be fine
   but now we're running out of time
   I declare.....

7. So do your duty boys and join with pride
   serve your country in her suicide
   find a flag so you can wave good-bye
   but just before the end even treason might be worth a try
   this country is too young to die
   I declare.....

8. One-legged veterans will greet the dawn
   and they're whistling marches as they mow the lawn
   and the gargoyles only sit and grieve
   the gypsy fortuneteller told me we've been deceived
   you only are what you believe
   and I believe the war is over, it's over.

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The long, slow slide into barbarism of the Western world seems to have quickened.
GRAHAM GREENE

The extensive bombing, and perhaps even more, the revolting inhumanities towards captives...have chilled the hearts of many.
ANTHONY EDEN

Men are not our enemies.
if we kill men, with whom shall we live.
From a poem by Thich Nhat Hanh

Americans! Americans! What has happened to you in Vietnam?
FELIX GREENE
Author/Journalist

All we say and do must be informed by our awareness that this horror is partly our responsibility: not just a nation's responsibility, but yours and mine...We are all participants.
SEN. ROBERT F. KENNEDY

--- BROADSIDE #89
I've a feeling
I'll not see
the summertime
Ice is in my heart
and winter's in
my mind
I watch the snow
upon my blind,
While people waltz
in shorts and sandals
everywhere outside,
Lonely, forever hiding,
Caught in the icy
path of
early winter
Outside it's warm
and sunshine
glitters,
And it's (Cho.)

All my days are
marked by
winter's time
The spring
or summer
calendars are
easier to mind,
And with my heart
the seasons
never coincide,
Sometimes I hate
and curse
the world for
making winter
mine,
Lonely, forever dreamin'
I wish that I
could see the
seasons change,
But in my heart
the ice remains,
Haze has formed
around my eyes,
Seasonal hearts
don't coincide
And it's (Cho.)
UNCLE JOHN
Tom Rapp

The wind winds the platform
blows thru your suit creases
you want us to crucify the enemy
for Jesus
with your Chamber-of-Commerce soul
you talk of war so bold
God is on our side, but
He's lost in your wallet-fold.

CHO: And the widows a-sighin
the children a-cryin
the screams of the dyin
say you are lying
Uncle John.

You pull out your Sunday-God
and hold Him up so proud
and say He is with us
to the applauding crowd
but the burn-blackened place
the shredded disfigured face
don't say that God is Love
they say that you are Hate. CHO.

You stand up on the platform
with the Flag wrapped all around you
You tell us that the Bible says
to fight for it we're bound to
But the red's for the blood we lose
the white's for the gauze they use
to cover burned out, blackened men
the rest is for the bodies
numb and blue. CHO.

UNCLE JOHN & DROP OUT by Tom Rapp are both © 1967 by United International Copyright Representatives, Ltd.

DROP OUT! BY TOM RAPP
Drop out with me
And just live your life
Behind your eyes
Your own skies
Your own tomorrows
Just be yourself
And no one can step
Inside your mind
From behind
If you just walk out

They made the rules
And they laid it
On us all
Don't you fall
Cause then they own you

They're using you
To kill all the echoes still
Around
From the sound
Of calendars crumbling

They made the Bomb
Would they drop it
On us all?
Great and small.
But must we follow
Drop out with me.

As long as the U.S. is involved in Vietnam we believe in fulfilling our responsibility to this national commitment of a democratic society. Napalm is highly effective in certain specific combat situations encountered in Vietnam.

HERBERT D. DOWN, PRES.
DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
(See "A Letter To Dow Chemical" by Diana J. Davies in Broadside #88.)

(Ed. Note: The two songs on this page, UNCLE JOHN and DROP OUT, are from the ESP record ONE NATION UNDERGROUND by the group PEARLS BEFORE SWINE (ESP-1054). There's no music with them, for to get the full impact you should buy the record and listen especially to Tom Rapp singing "Uncle John."
Words & Music: REV. FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK

1. We don't mind people laughin' at the worn out clothes we wear, We got ev'rything when we got freedom And you're just a laughin' fool.
2. You may laugh at our bushy hair And the worn out clothes we wear, We got ev'rything when we got freedom And you're just a laughin' fool.

3. Oh you may laugh at the holes in my pants But financially I haven't had a chance We got everything, etc.
4. You may laugh at the holes in my shoes You may buy clothes & shoes brand new We got everything, etc.

(Somewhat different pattern follows)
5. You may laugh at us inside When you see us goin' by (Cho. But you're enjoyin' some of the benefits that we have died for -- Oh yes.
6. Medgar Evers and Emmett Till Were true examples of courage and will They had everything when they, etc.

SOLO: You know they stabbed Doctor King, burned up his house and ev'ry thing

I heard him say, you know it's true, Forgive them Je-sus For they know not what they do—He had ev'ry-thing when he had freedom And you're just a laughin' fool.

7. When the segregation is broken down Then you will see every Tom in town (Cho. Sittin' at lunch counters smokin' big cigars
2x) (And sayin') Look what we have done. Try to take the credit from dead heroes Moldin' in the ground.
8. Oh but they laugh at our bushy hair And the worn out clothes we wear We got everything, etc.

Below is a variation of the same basic tune but an important one, we think.—Ed.

Rev. Kirkpatrick is a singing and song-writing associate of Jimmy Collier (*Burn, Baby, Burn*, B'side #69). See our notes page for more about them and their songs. — Ed.
Words: CAMPAPELLIS  -  Music: MIKIS THEODORAKIS
© 1967 Campanellis & Mikis Theodorakis
English Translation: RICHERRLE DASSIN

Antonis

Words & Music:
REv. FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK
© 1968 Frederick D. Kirkpatrick

1. Do not mourn for me when I am dead
But come with me now when I'm walking
And if you want to sing my song
Add your voice and it is yours, now
To sing though the season is bitter
To sing through the highway of horror
To sing to the end of your anger
To sing to the end of the winter

2. Each step forward that you take
Keeps your heart out of prison
Each day that you go on
Keeps your dream in the sun now
Do not stop here, my brother
We have no place for sorrow
One foot in front of the other
We will be laughing tomorrow

3. Friend, if I should fall down / Tell my name to your brother
Tell him my name is freedom / Tell him to walk and remember
To walk though the season is bitter / To walk through the highway of horror
To walk to the end of his anger / To walk to the end of the winter.

Everybody's got a right to live

Chorus:
Ev'rybody's got a right to live, - Ev'rybody's got a right to live -
And before this campaign fails, we'll all go down in jail Ev'rybody's got a right to live.

Verse:
On my way to Washington feelin' awful sad
Thinkin' 'bout an income that I nev-er had.

Black man picked the cotton
A long time ago
He has been a victim
Since they brought him to this shore.(No Cho.)

3.
Black man dug the pipeline
Hewed down the pines
Gave his troubles to Jesus
Kept on toeing the line.
(Cho.)

Black man dug the ditches
Both night and day
Black man did the work
While the white man got the pay.(No cho.)

5.
Now look a-here, Congress
This is a brand new day
No more full-time work
And part-time pay. (Cho.)

6.
I want my share of silver
I want my share of gold
I want my share of justice
To save my dying soul.
(Cho.)
"THE BODY COUNT"

Drawing by Gordon Friesen
Groovy & Linda

Words & Music by TOM PARROTT
© 1968 by Tom Parrott

1. Groovy was a rambling boy who came to Tompkins Square; Who sometimes had a crash pad, anyone was welcome there; And he helped a thousand people, He'd have helped a million more; But they found his broken body on the bloody basement floor; And Groovy was a free man, so beautiful to see.

2. Linda was a young girl— who painted with her soul; Who lived a life of luxur y til she just had to go; And she loved all of her people un—

3. And Jesus was a drifter who went from town to town, And all the evil, up—tite people knew when he was around, For he showed us what we ought to be, till they nailed him on the cross, Tho they knew somewhere within their hearts, they paid too high a cost; For Jesus was a free man, so beautiful to see, With a love for everybody that was there for all to see.

4. And those who've tasted Groovy's love, and Linda's quite the same, Have also known of Jesus' love, tho they shun the Christian name; For they had love that so few people ever understand; The love of those who give themselves to help their fellow man; So let us all be free men, then, so beautiful to see, With a love for everybody that is here for all to see.

Hippos in the East Village asked this question last night about 72 hours after the brutal bludgeoning to death of a hippie. James Hutchinson (called Groovy) and his girlfriend Linda Fitzpatrick, the daughter of a wealthy Connecticut merchant, were killed in their apartment at 46 E. 11th Street, where the youth lived for a time. Earlier in the summer a 17-year-old hippie from Forest Hills was brutally beaten and his 15-year-old "flower bride," who knew him only as "The Poet," was raped as they slept in Central Park.

The dual slay—ing hit the hippies particularly hard, because Groovy was somewhat of a folk hero, a cheerful, tattooed, wild-haired young man who roused the community to cheer up those who were down, took care of newcomers and found them "crash pads.

"Groovy was just... groovy," the hippies said over and over. "He was a beautiful person.

A leader of the Diggers pleaded for help for the flower children. He said, "Hippos are living in many cases in worse conditions than in the Black Hole of Calcutta. They're living with insects and filth, in a total slum and no one cares. People think, well, these kids will go back home. But they aren't going to, They're here to stay, and they need help.

A few weeks ago, another young hippie, Walter Coey, was stabbed to death on the steps of a dilapidated building at 632 E. 11th Street, where the youth lived for a time. Earlier in the summer a 17-year-old hippie from Forest Hills was brutally beaten and his 15-year-old "flower bride," who knew him only as "The Poet," was raped as they slept in Central Park.

And why hasn't the man who really did it to us done something about the problem he has created? Why doesn't Doctor Timothy Leary help the Diggers? He's now at work on yet another Psychedelic Circus at $3.50 a head, presumably to raise enough cash to keep himself out of jail, and there isn't even a rumour that he's contributed any of the fortune he made with the last circus toward alleviating the misery of the psychedelic he created.

Are you aware that Haight Street is just as bad as the squares say it is? Have you heard of the killings we've had on Haight Street? Have you seen dozens of hippies watching passively while some barely square beats another hippie to a psychedelic red pulp? Have you walked down Haight Street at dawn and seen and talked with the survivors? The trouble is probably that the hip shopkeepers have believed their own bullshit lies. They believe that acid is the answer and neither know nor care what the question is. They think that peace is the easy road to God.

Linda Fitzpatrick at 17 wore her hair long.

"Have you been raped?" they say. "Take acid and everything will be groovy." "Are you ill? Take acid and find inner health."
WOODY GUTHRIE / A REMEMBRANCE

Dear Friend Who Couldn’t Attend
the January 20th Musical Tribute:

They buried Woody Guthrie at Carnegie Hall; and
it was just the kind of funeral he would have enjoyed -- people singing his songs, not shedding their tears.

It was an unusual requiem, for at the end, 6,000 friends (in 2 sessions), in standing ovation for five minutes, joyously overtone Woody's last will and testament of faith in the people of America: "ribbon of highway... endless skyway... golden valley... sparkling sands of her diamond deserts... this land was made for you and me."

Woody trod this earth for 55 years and the rich legacy he bequeathed it was dramatically underscored from the moment the entire company came onstage singing, "this train is bound for glory -- this train." For here were his sons and daughters -- Bob Dylan, Judy Collins, Richie Havens, Jack Elliot, Odetta, Tom Paxton, his own physical son Arlo, and Pete Seeger (more the brother than progeny.) Each of them had drunk deeply of the Woody Guthrie reservoir of love and replenished it with their own. What they have done and are doing to keep the metabolism of America's dispossessed and disadvantaged (fancy words for the poor, the mistreated and unemployed) is the supreme example of all that Woody stood for.

As he wrote (BORN TO WIN, 3/8/48), "I love to protest about things that I see need protesting against, like all the sorry sad situations I can plainly see, like mobbing, and lynching, and bombing, and burning and killing, all of which are caused when you let yourself get afraid of any shape, any form, any flavor, any kind of racial hatred. I never would have been able to write songs, anyhow, if I'd not been able to tell you what I think is wrong with the world we're living in."

Woody's songs of the depression days and of World War II when his guitar case bore the slogan "This Machine Kills Fascists" were given new life by the singers at Carnegie. Odetta made the Hall reverberate with her full-bodied Ramblin' Around Your City and John Hardy, Tom Paxton, himself a son of the Sooner State and University of Oklahoma, lyrically expressed Woody's feeling for the migratory worker in Pastures Of Plenty. Judy Collins, lovely and strong, Hauntingly reminded us of BLOWIN' IN THE WIND, and Jack Elliot and Arlo Guthrie recalled the pain and hope of the Dust Bowl days when thousands were Goin' Down That Road feeling bad.

Pete Seeger was rather quiet, as though his web of memories were too thick to cut easily through; or perhaps he was resolved to let the new generation of Woody's children pay their respects, as Pete has been doing ever since Woody was silenced by Huntington's Chorea back in 1954-55. However, when Pete sang Reuben James the audience responded with a fervor and Insistence that was itself a tribute not only
to Woody but also to the lanky folk-singer who has probably done more than any man in America to make folk-singing alive and living throughout the breadth of our land.

When Judy Collins joined Pete in singing Union Maid it summoned up a personal remembrance of Woody as a man and poet-singer. Back in the late 30's and early 40's I was an organizer for the Workers Alliance in Oklahoma City. Our members were farmers tractored or blown off the land, oil field workers dispossessed from job and home, and others in a similar plight. Most of them lived in a section of Oklahoma City called "Graybells" well-named for it was indeed a gray belt of poverty and hunger (though night and day, they could hear the oil wells nearby pumping for the "fat-cats")! One night a meeting it was called in the Workers Alliance hall near Reno street (3 doughnuts and coffee for a nickel in those days, but where could you find a nickel? The meeting was in support of the Tenant Farmers Union. ("You know what it means to sharecrop?" a Negro sharecropper once asked me. "It means that Monday and Tuesday you give to the man who owns the land. January, February, March and April you give him and the rest of the year for yourself. If you work for that man 30 years, you give him 10 years of your life.")

Pete Seeger and Woody had showed up in Oklahoma City a few days before and we asked them to come sing at our meeting. Just as it was getting started the hall was invaded by a bunch of 99 and 41/100 percent pure patriotic Legion boys and goons and finks. They were threatening and ugly, bent on starting a fight and busting up the meeting. But when Woody and Pete sang their songs it seemed to soothe the savage breasts. The invaders stood and listened and never got around to doing what they came for. Maybe it was the songs, and maybe it was the song coupled with the determined faces of our union men and union maids.

Afterward, we were sitting around and Woody remembered an old song, Redwing. It was about an Indian maid who lay in her teepee weeping while her warrior bold was off somewhere getting clobbered by the U.S. Cavalry. What happened later Woody tells in BORN TO WIN: "I sat up most of the night using Ma (Ina) Wood's little portable typewriter and I wrote this song (Union Maid), and later I've seen several million men, women, and boys and girls march in labor strikes and parades while they sang it." (Ed.note: I consider it another typical example of how Woody would take an old song full of sentimentality and even despair and transform it into a positive statement evoking courage, affirmation and a will to action. G.F.)

And so, in the final analysis, this musical tribune in Carnegie Hall was a deep and heartfelt thank-you to the man Alan Lomax called "the best ballad maker to come down the American pike, and in many ways the most truthful and most talented man of his generation." So deeply had Woody woven his pattern into the fabric of American life that even the Olympian New York Times observed: "(It) was a sentimental journey of the sort not often encountered in a concert hall. Eight of our best folk singers and an audience of 6,000 paid homage to a great folk poet who was profoundly committed to humanism."

For me, it cut deeper than that. This was a joyous requiem to a radical who never catered to "the smile of the world"; who believed in a rainbow for people far higher than the Rainbow Room of Rockefeller Center; who was as true to his nature as the red clay and heart-beat of his native Oklahoma; who created and sang songs to make people proud of their own individuality and potential; and, above all, a man who truly believed that "there's a better world a-comin'."

So long, Woody, it's been good to know you.

ELI JAFFE

Phil Ochs -- Part 1

(Ed.note: In the Oct., 1965, Broadside -- #63 -- we published an interview with Phil Ochs in which he surveyed the song field as it was then, did some analysis, made a few prognostications. Phil was in New York recently from the West Coast -- where he is mainly based nowadays, recording for A & M Records -- and we asked him to bring us up to date. We asked him to give his ideas on what had happened in the last year or so, how he now looked on Bob Dylan -- whom he discussed at length in that previous interview -- what he thought the future held for American songwriting, how he had reacted to the Woody Guthrie Memorial concert, etc. Then we handed him a microphone and taped his response. He talked for about an hour and a half. Transcribed below is Part I of what Phil said. We hope to have the rest in our next issue).

PHIL OCHS: Since that 1965 interview there have been a lot of developments, some of them very important. At that time, as you may remember, I was quite optimistic about the future of songwriting. I felt that the increased literacy of songwriting would play a big part in bringing standards in the market and the pop part of it in general. But I think what has happened since then has been a steady decline.

1965 was the high esthetic mark, I think, because it was the perfect meeting point and fruition of folk and rock, as symbolized by Bob Dylan's "Highway 61". Then started a gradual decline. I think there is a direct correlation between what happened to music and what happened to the country as a whole. In terms of the war and the general deterioration of standards everywhere. I don't think, for example, that Dylan, after "Highway 61" and into "Blonde On Blonde" moved any higher. In fact, there was a definite drop in quality. I think where in "Highway 61" he had complete control of his images and was reaching for almost impossible philosophical points -- in terms of the scope of songwriting that could be covered in one song -- by his next album he had lost control of his images. He had just over-extended himself -- the writing was still there in the next album, but Dylan had lost control of his writing, you see. And this I think holds true of all the people who were around then. For instance, Donovan, since "Sunshine Superman", which was his high point, I think, hasn't come near that again. Or Tim Hardin -- when he came...
out with his first work of songs, like "Misty Roses", hasn't equalled that again, with the exception of "If I Were A Carpenter". And it's been a general thing.

Going back to somewhere near the beginning, I believe that when the folk people emerged they had an unbelievable high quality, that later formed the roots of the pop revolution, personified by The Byrds, The Mamas & The Papas, and so forth. They came out through the path opened for them by folk music. Those days, really, were great. You could walk around and there was a great energy force on the streets. Anywhere you went you could feel the excitement, and when a new performer came to town you could expect that he'd be good, if not great. And people who never really made it, like John Koerner, for example, still were great performers. Even the people who weren't quite in the spotlight were still very good. I'm talking, of course, about the period, as I said before, when folk merged into pop rock.

In contrast, the new people coming on today seem to have, for some reason, a whole different esthetic. It seems to be lower. It seems to me to be more physical and less mental, seems to be more superficial. There was something very together, and there was a whole feeling of real community among all the writers of their folk period. That went out in the early rock period. Say in the days when The Byrds had "Tambourine Man" as a hit. There was a huge excitement, a huge positivism. Everywhere. Mostly this happened in New York City, beginning when the midwestern writers came here to launch the folk revival. When that revival reached its peak and spread across the country, it went out to California and important things happened there. Like The Beach Boys taking the whole idea of the record as an art form as compared to the song as an art form, or just the singer as an artist. The Beach Boys reached their peak with "Good Vibrations", "California Girls", "God Only Knows", etc. After that, they got into this present state of confusion, and disarray, that has struck both coasts now. And since '65 there has been a whole bunch of new people coming out, mostly in the form of groups, using what I guess is the most publicized version of the new music -- the "San Francisco Sound". The San Francisco movement, I think, was very short-lived. When that came together last summer in the Monterey Pop Festival there were a lot of drugs around, and it was a very drug-influenced music. In a sense, on the surface at least, it was a more communal music. But I think there was a certain thing lacking there, from the beginning.

First of all, the value of it was the spirit -- there was a great spirit, you know, whether it was drug or not -- a band would get up and work themselves into a frenzy, but a communal frenzy. They were working together, with each other -- they'd be very conscious of the crowd in a very positive fashion. It was a very together type of movement, and it broke down some of the barriers of say, theater, almost in the sense that Pete Seeger used to talk about, when Pete Seeger at Newport was worried that folk music was becoming too theater-oriented, and the stage was a barrier -- you know with the performer on one side and the audience on the other. Pete was worried about that because he viewed folk music as a very close, singing over a table with beer thing, back and forth, very human, very close. Song-swapping. And human contact. In a real sense, I think this happened in San Francisco, with this kind of open-ness. It happened on a certain level, and it happened strongly.

What then was lacking? Why did it last so short a time, only a matter of months. For an answer I'd like to return to the New York scene. Here, that period, ultimately, was still the most important development in this whole picture. Because I think in any art form, finally, you have to go to the individual, you have to go to the personality, the unique personality that creates a certain amount of output out of his own brain pattern. His own thought processes, and, if you will, out of his own selfishness even ultimately, it has to be the private agony of the artist. And in San Francisco they tried to create a form of communal art. This really worked better alive than on records. I don't think a recording will ever recapture the spirit of what happened there. Which is unfair. Especially to the great thing that happened on a certain level, and it happened at love-ins, where there was no money factor to intervene -- the bands were unpaid. Even the big bands, like the Jefferson Airplane, would play for nothing and do fantastic, energy-arousing sets. Almost involving a climax with the whole audience -- very sexual overtones for the whole thing. This deteriorated, almost immediately. Unlike the slow deterioration of the New York scene, the San Francisco thing just dropped like a huge bring-down as soon as the summer ended. And it had all the elements of a drug bring-down -- the heights were the drug heights and the depths were the drug depths and they went off into amphetamine -- speed -- and other surefire highs. To cover their depression, essentially. Which was the thing that kept going -- still going on that way. And so the drugs, on one level, were a temporary positive factor and seem to be now, at this point, a longer negative factor. In terms of creativity, in terms of the music scene in general.

But it's not only on the West Coast -- the whole music scene in America is now in a state of total confusion. You see, there's a general pattern in what happens with the music industry; there's much historical precedent for what has taken place since 1965. For example, let's go back to 1955, and see what happened to Elvis Presley, the Everly brothers, Chuck Berry and their "success story". Certain unique individuals, usually from country backgrounds, created a music so vital and so exciting that they essentially destroyed the big bands. They were absorbed by big city commercialism and took over the market. And when it became quite apparent that the industry could make literally a million dollars by finding a guy who had a "sound" -- or rather, "marketing" such a man -- the profiteers came swarming in. That was around 1958. They took over and literally de-
trayed this new music, by aping it with guys like Fabian, Frankie Avalon, and so forth. They got them on television, made the deals -- T-V was involved, radio was involved, agencies were involved, and a whole business syndrome emerged where they just sold the pre-fabricated products which looked like the real thing. They sold the music and money as the real thing, usually only temporarily, but that didn't matter because you had your profits made. You manufactured your "hit" and sent your performer around. So the radio, which was the music teacher to a lot of people, you know, died. And I think this was one of the factors that led to folk music becoming so big around 1958. Because then the existent become so rank and so ridiculous so fast that people just turned away from that -- they still danced to it, but they weren't alive with it. And so folk music provided the perfect antidote, in terms of very human, very simple, very real, contact. Plus the emergence of certain key individuals, like those in the Kingston Trio. The King- 

sted Trio in the Early Village served like the gurus of folk music for the college crowd.

They were the translators that took the folk idiom, wore their striped shirts, and went to the colleges and made collateral damage, but then they stole their songs and used them to break through that way. Then Joan Baez, having the unique and great voice, came off and served as the translator of the more traditional idiom. With a very, almost surreal beauty -- an unearthly, very ancient quality in her voice. So all this set the stage for the New York songwriters -- I say that for lack of a better term -- the Midwestern-New York folk writers who came together and formed their movement -- and this brings in the birth of Broadside as the voice of their movement, the "protest song" movement. Then followed the shift into more lyrical songs, more philosophical, self-searching songs. But always, always, with a high regard for words, a high regard for songs as words plus music, not just music. And then merging with folk rock and trying to find ways to communicate in that way, with a combination of musical sounds, instrumental sounds, and rhythm and words. And this culminated, like I said, in 1965. And once more it seems to me what happened, the second time in a row, history repeating itself, very rapidly. Seeing the fantastic success of a Dylan, or of The Byrds, specifically, in terms of doing a good and logical musical step, immediately the companies have stepped in. And again done them one better, went out to find their guys, or manufacture their guys, and to make their deals, line up television and radio stations, make records, and market their product. Once again, it has been at the expense of the radio as a teacher. So right now, here at the beginning of 1968, we are in the middle of that. The country has been buried by layers of publicity about the "San Francisco Sound", which is now totally degenerate.

This brings in the new people, who are here now. They don't give off a sense of lasting value, like the older people did, for the reason I gave earlier -- that real innovation is rare. There were exciting groups which temporarily came together, and on a certain cut of one of their records you can find it, like "White Rabbit" in the Jefferson Airplane -- that is a cut that will last. Or them singing, "Don't You Want Somebody To Love You." But their new album, and their whole direction, and this is true also of The Grateful Dead, and so many more of these groups, they don't have an artistic leg to stand on. Generally, their own standards are lower, and what they try to put out, when they get right down to it and say, we've got a new album to put out, and they ask each other, what songs are we going to sing, what kind of thing, and how are we going to do it, why then they face the limitations that should have been solved in the first place, before they became famous -- you know this is a very common problem in America, to become successful and famous with no talent, and then try to figure out how to salvage your fame by other means.

One of the things misunderstood by the general public is the "psychedelic sound," It never was really that important. In the psychedelic revolution there never was any good or valid music. Which adds to what I've said before and leaves me with the conclusion that the entire state of music today is entirely confused, and I think that where as before you could look at ten, 15, 20, 25 exciting influences or people -- personali- 

ties of doing that work -- I think the scene is virtually an uninhabited desert. The people are still operating off the old flames, the energy they have left over, like the Beatles, who are managing to keep up a high level, and the Stones. But the new people -- I think we are just in danger of bringing down a lot of minds by publicizing them. Like The Doors, who started off being mildly interesting, hit Number One, and just failed, like all the other new groups, to produce real quality. Because they just started with nothing.

I think Bob Dylan is now operating on a lower level of literacy, that the real contribution that was made by "Mr. Tambourine Man", "Like A Rolling Stone", "Ballad of a Thin Man", "Desolation Row", and "Hattie Carroll", and so forth, is not in evidence now, has not been equalled, never mind surpassed. And since he was the great standard setter, you can see that the present does not make for a happy picture.

When I say that what has happened to music is a general reflection of what has happened to the whole country, there are key examples of what I mean about the country. For example, in watching an old John Wayne-John Ford western movie, "Rio Grande" recently, and thinking about Wayne's new movie about to come out called "The Green Berets", it occurred to me that the contrast between these two films was making a similar comment, in some sense, to mine, in that here we have John Wayne, who was a major artistic and psychological figure on the American scene, since he was a very great film star widely popular, who at one point used to make movies of a certain level of literacy, that the real contribution, that they were based on a certain view of nobility, a certain sense of honor what the soldier-hero was doing. Even if it was about what the soldier-hero was doing. Even if it was a cavalry movie doing a historically dishonorable thing to the Indians, even so there was a feeling of what it meant to be a man, what it meant to have some sense of duty, let us say. Now today we have the same actor making his new war movie in a war so hopelessly corrupt that without seeing the movie I'm
sure it is perfectly safe to say that it will be an almost technically-robot-view of soldiers, just by definition of how the whole country has deteriorated. And I think it would make a very interesting double feature to show a good old Wayne movie like, say "She wore A Yellow Ribbon" with "The Green Berets." Because that would make a very striking comment on what has happened to America in general.

Also, I think the death of the three astronaut being burned alive is very significant in much the same sense again. Because here again. you've got something having gone mad, and mad for profit, in this case the space race. Even in a space craft the workmanship is allowed to become sloppy because the need to make money, fast, fast, fast, is pressed forward so rapidly that those in power are willing to sacrifice their own self-proclaimed high ideals. So they take a man like Virgil Grissom and say, here's the man we'd like every American to be, and then they kill him. And so the very thought of science becomes corrupted. Which I think is very like what's happening in music now--it correlates to all the country's values. And standards, or lack of.

And the climate for creating sinks lower and lower by the day.

PHIL OCHS

* * * * *

NOTES We've encountered mixed reactions to the WOODY GUTHRIE MEMORIAL CONCERT staged at Carnegie Hall last month. Izzy Young, we understand, was very upset, and has said he will give his reasons in his next newsletter. There were others who felt the people really connected with Woody -- like Alan Lomax, for instance -- were slighted, and the spotlight given to people who never had anything to do with the Oklahoma folk bard. There was some feeling that Woody himself might have walked out on the whole proceedings, in the sense that the ESTABLISHMENT, which he had resisted with all his strength while he was able, took him over when he was dead and couldn't do a thing about it. We remembered from the Almanac Singer days how Woody used to clash with Mill Lampell, who scripted the Carnegie Hall show... One of the positive aspects of the Memorial Tribute was that not a few thousands of young people, who came to see Bob Dylan, were introduced thoroughly to Woody Guthrie for probably the first time, and will never forget Woody. Some of the controversy, we thought, resulted from clashing conceptions of what the concert should have been. Actually, what the dissenters visualized would make a second good concert, which would feature the work of the new songwriters inspired by Woody's example.

On such a program could be Bob Dylan singing his "Letter To Woody" and even the title song of his new L-P, "John Wesley Harding," which can be interpreted as Bob competing with Woody's outlaw ballad "Pretty Boy Floyd" (with Bobby, incidentally, coming off second best). Tom Paxton could sing his great song "Farwell To Cisco" (Tom's tribute to Woody's longtime partner, Cisco Houston). Let Phil Ochs sing his "Bound For Glory," which has not only incisive lyrics about what Woody stood for but is one of the most musical songs Phil has written. And bring Mark Spoelstra back to New York to sing his "Fishing With Love," which we still feel is the closest thing to a Guthrie song that anybody has ever written. Len Chandler, who really knows what Woody was all about, could probably write a fine song tribute, as he did for Leadbelly at the Leadbelly tribute concert a few years back. Call on Pat Sky, Ernie Marrs -- the field is big and wide. Pete Seeger should put into a song what Woody meant to him. And so on. It should make for a great concert.

Upcoming Concerts: At Israel Young's Folklore Center, 321 6th Ave., N.Y.C.: LIBBA COTTEN Feb. 12th; LOU KILLEN Feb. 19... PETE SEEGER will be at the Walt Whitman Aud., Brooklyn College, Feb. 22... LEN CHANDLER at the NYU Loeb Center Mar. 2 CLANCY BROS. & TOMMYMAKE It at Carnegie Hall, N.Y., March 9th... At the Main Point, Philly: JOHN HARTFORD & THE BLUE MTN. BOYS Feb. 15-18; JOHN HAMMOND & DON SANDERS Feb. 22-25; GOOD & PLENTY & ROBBY ROBINSON Feb. 29 thru Mar. 3rd; LEN CHANDLER & JAMIE BROCKETT Mar. 7-10; MICHAEL COONEY & TIM MOORE Mar. 14-17; JAKE HOLMES & BILL STAINES Mar. 21-24; and ODETTA & JIM CROCE Mar. 28-31. All these at the Main Point, Phila. ... JUDY COLLINS will be at the N.Y. State University at Stony Brook, Long Island, Feb. 24, and the University of Rochester, N.Y. Feb. 29th.
When I was a child in a country wild
Where the ducks flew fast and free,
I spent my days learning Nature's ways,
And a woodsman I came to be.

Now in the gloom of a city room,
As traffic roars below,
I scratch my head at things we did
In the days of long ago.

There's a hill I see up in Tennessee
Where never a tree is seen.
On its slopes you'll pass not a blade of grass,
Nor one single thing that's green.
For the wastes that pour from the copper ore
Forbid green things to grow,
So we don't see what used to be
In the days of long ago.

There's a little creek where I used to peek
At many a frog and snake,
At the dragon fly that was buzzing by,
And the fish that ignored my bait.
But it's not the same, for a factory came
Its blessings to bestow,
And their sewer runs where the fish were once
In the days of long ago.

I well recall when I was small
And lived in the mountain West,
Out on the flat a prairie dog sat
With his paws held to his chest;
But ranchers grim soon poisoned him,
And the coyotes ate him, so
The coyotes went where he was sent
In the days of long ago.

In the winter nights when the Northern Lights
 Went streaking down the sky,
I would stand and stare at the stars up there
With a telescope to my eye;
But now I gaze at a murky haze
Which reflects the city's glow,
For the sky was shamed with industrial smoke
In the days of long ago.

The ground is hard in my back yard,
But there an ornamental grove,
It began its climb in Franklin's time,
And its centuries were nearly two.
A landlord cut it at the butt,
And there's just a stump to show
What a mighty oak went up in smoke
In the days of long ago.

With a greedy hand we loot the land,
And lose before we learn,
But yet there may come a better day
For things that can return.
There's a squirrel still on my window sill,
Frisking to and fro,
Haunting me with a memory
Of the days of long ago.

* * * * * * * * *
The Villain Is War at B'way Rally

By ARTHUR GREENSPAN

Barbra Streisand sang the anti-war song, Leonard Bernstein, who composed music and accompanied her.

The scene was Philharmonic Hall last night and some 2,500 filled every seat, at prices up to $50 a ticket, to register their protest against the Vietnam War.

The show was called Broadway for Peace 1968: co-host Paul Newman estimated that some 500,000 was raised, and the money will go for those congressional campaigns where members of Congress who have opposed the Vietnam War are facing rigorous battles this year.

There was anti-war humor, songs of protest and just plain entertainment, but the key came from Sen. George McGovern (D.-Alaska), who told the audience (Phil Ochs also sang at the B'Way for Peace rally. "It was the first time I ever sang in a tuxedo," Phil said.)

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Greetings from folklore production inc. boston, mass.

Joan Baez
Ralph Rinzler
Dennis
Dave Brubeck
Ralph J. Koerner
The New Lost City Ramblers
The Pennywhistles
Jean Redpath
Mae Seeger
Pete Seeger
Eno Von Schmidt
Jackie Washington
Doo Wason

Call or write for brochures and availability of loose sets for concerts with these or other folk groups.

FOLKLORE PRODUCTIONS
15 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass. Tel: RUB 4-6595
Manager: Arthur Gabel, Associate

Acknowledgements: To the BUFALO CHIP, 1942 S.10th St., Omaha, Nebr., for the quotes used with "The War Is Over." And the Dow "ad"... "The New South Student," Box 6403, Nashville, Tenn. 37212 for the drawing with "Laughin' Fool." THE APPALACHIAN SOUTHERN, Box 4104, Charleston, W.Va. for the Lincoln drawing with "Everybody's Got A Right To Live," which is the "theme song" of the Poor People's movement... The quote from AVATAR with "Linda & Groovy" was reprinted from the UNDERGROUND DIGEST, Box 211, Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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My son who valiantly flies the sky,
Has killed eleven men,
And he will leave the earth at dawn
To fly and kill again.

The neighbors say that he will get
A shining cross to wear.
They talk as if eleven men
Weren't cross enough to bear.

-Anon

The Appalachian South

THEODORAKIS OUT OF GREEK PRISON

Composer—Politician Freed After Serving 5 Months

(Shaw in The New York Times

ATHENS, Jan. 27 — Mikis Theodorakis, the leftist politician and celebrated Greek composer, was freed from prison today under a political amnesty. He promised to devote himself to his family and his music.

The 42-year-old composer of the music for the film "Zorba the Greek" said he would make no statements "for the time being."

"I am free and I am going home," he said. "Tonight is the night of George and Margarita," he added, referring to his two children.

The Greek military regime declared that the 10-month ban on Mr. Theodorakis's music would be lifted. The Press Under Secretary, Michael Sideratos, after seeing the composer, said that a special committee would screen his songs and prohibit only those that had a political character.

(Note: See song "Antonis" in this issue.)

Deer Sis Cunningham:

Writing these few lines to ask you if you know of anyone who would donate guitar strings for our guitar classes because we are getting more people every day who want to take guitar classes but we don't have enough strings. We want for everyone to take these classes because it is something to do for the people.

The CENTRO is doing a lot of things, but we want to do more than we are doing right now. Because these people are our own people, the "RAZA."

If you can, will you please send me a list of names of persons who would be able to donate strings? If they don't have any use for them.

THANK YOU.

Sincerely,

Ruben Rodriquez

(Ed Note: If ever there was a need that deserves to be filled, this is it. We hope you respond and these folks get as many guitar strings as they can possibly use.)

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