Broadsie #90

The CITIES ARE BURNING

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE
"Joaquin Murieta" by E.C. GREENFIELD. MALVINA REYNOLDS, PETER IRSAY, JONATHAN KWITNY, EDWARD DI GANGI, SUE SCHWARTZ. Part 2 of an interview with PHIL OCHS. Cuba visit by IRWIN SILBER.

April-1968
There is a place along a New Jersey hiking trail where the path crosses a quiet, but constantly flowing, brook. At this crossing is a natural shelter formed by a large, overhanging boulder. This shelter, known as Stone Hunting House, was long ago used by the Indians that inhabited the area. In the early eighteen hundreds, it was also used by a man named Cisco who had deserted from an American regiment in the War of 1812. Whenever his cabin was visited by soldiers looking for him, hoping to take him back, he would leave his normal home and hide in the Stone Hunting House. Eventually, Cisco totally disassociated himself from all the local people: having no need of a forever climbing and "striving" society. Cisco reminds me of people I have read, people I have listened to and of From this killing and absence of himself from all the local people: having no need of a Though knowing he was a brother. forever climbing and back, he would leave his normal home and hide in the wood path, His long black hair a-flowing.

FOR GROOVY

Words & Music by SUSIE SCHWARTZ
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Dear Broadside; — Today I received your issue #69 and found it rather good. I was so happy you printed "I Declare the War Is Over" by Phil Ochs. Yet, I was very much disturbed by the Tom Parrott song "Linda & Groovy". Perhaps it's just my feelings — because I knew Groovy — but I felt a telling of the incident isn't enough. Even the connection with religion and love isn't. A while back (about a week after what my friends call "the accident"), I wrote a song to Groovy, explaining his point of view on life — not really mine. It's my interpretation of Groovy's thoughts, and I think that the beauty and love that was inside him has come out in this, my most loved song. I sincerely hope that you will print "For Groovy" not only for my sake but for Groovy and all of us who knew him. SUSIE SCHWARTZ

Life — hard to face, hard to find
Seems my mind can't care about
Life — hard to face, hard to find
Seems my mind can't care about

Giving of a life-long love that never falls is never false.
Intro: Lord, you know these cities are burning
All over the U.S.A. Oh ---
Cho: These cities are burning now
All over the U.S.A.
You know if these white folks don't settle up soon
We all gonna wake up in Judgement Day.

1. You know, God told Noah about it --
The rainbow sign
There'll be no more water
But there'll be fire the next time.
Cho: The Bible's fulfillin' now
All over the U.S.A.
And if these white folks don't settle up soon
We all gonna wake up in Judgement Day.

2. You know, the first was in Los Angeles
In a section they call Watts
Then Newark, Detroit, and 50 more cities
All began to rock.

Cho: I say these cities are burning
All over the U.S.A.
Yes, you know if these white folks don't settle up soon
We all goin' to wake up in Judgement Day.

3. You know our father which art in heaven
Mister Charley owed me a hundred dollars
And he didn't give me but seven
Hallowed be thy name now - Kingdom Come
Hadhn't taken that seven
You know I wouldn't have got none.
Cho: That's why these cities are burning
All over the U.S.A.
You know the only solution I see to this thing
Is non-violence thru Martin Luther King.

BROADSIDE #90
Words & Music by
E. C. GREENFIELD
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Verse 3:
Each night
his ghost rides
The lonely
hillsides
And valleys
Of gringo invaders
Where
his comradery
By the light
of the moon
Are pursuing
The murdering
marauders
Down long
mountain trails
Borne on the wind
Murieta’s
ghost sings
This corrido.

Refrain:
You murdered
my people
And you raped
our wives
And you drove us
From our lands
I can hear
my vaqueros
A-singing
on high
Vi Va
Joaquin Murieta.

NOTE: In 1849, after the first gold rush, thousands of people
came to California from all over the world. Among them were many
Chileans, coming like the rest to prospect for gold. A large num-ner of them settled in a quarter of San Francisco that came to be
named “Chilecito” (little Chile). Like most other newcomers, they
suffered the exactions of “the hounds” (vigilantes). Unlike many
others, they resisted persistently, fighting back repeatedly. The
“hounds” decided to make an example of them, and on the night of
July 15, 1849, attacked Chilecito en masse. The Chileans repelled
the assault. A campaign was launched to inflame public opinion
against them (see "Alta Californian," July 18, 1849). In a sub-
sequent raid Joaquin Murieta’s wife, Teresa, was raped and mur-
dered by “the hounds.” Murieta gathered a band of other wronged
settlers -- Chileans and Mexicans -- and for four years led them
in successful raids against their persecutors. Betrayed by an in-
former, he was finally caught July 24, 1853, and murdered by his
captors. The authorities who had so many times before claimed
he had been killed only to see their claims exposed as false
by new raids by Murieta and his “guerilla” band, now chopped
off his head and exhibited it to the public.

California authorities called him a bandit, but to the common peo-
ple of Latin America he has always been a heroic fighter against
Yankee injustice (a Che Guevara of his time). Murieta (or Murrieta)
is claimed both by Chile and Mexico. The great Chilean poet, Pablo
Neruda, wrote a play about Murieta, presenting him as a Chilean and
an avenger of the exploited Spanish-speaking minority in the U.S.,
an early fighter against imperialism.
You are looking at the one guitar in the world with a beautiful white alp spruce top.

The beginner and the seasoned performer can share something in guitars — the artistry of Goya.

The Goya Classic Guitar, with its distinguished White Alp Spruce top, has long been a favorite of serious guitarists the world over, whether performing folk, flamenco, or classic renditions. Examine its perfect detail. Listen to the mellow sound of the Goya Classic, and you'll know why it's still considered the world's finest acoustical instrument.

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Like the Miller Grinds the Wheat

Words & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS

We don't touch that machine cause once you get your finger in
It will swallow you complete, It will strip you to the skin, It will grind you like the miller grinds the wheat, Like the old, And the corpses are of cold solid gold.

Get that draft card in your hand
And you've started down the chute
That will change you from a man
To a nothing in a suit
It will grind you...

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UNTITLED

Words & Music by PETER IRSAY
© 1968 by Peter Irsay

Oh daughter, oh daughter, her father he did say,
You've done me wrong and now you have to pay;
You've slept with a married man and now punishment is due.
Come with us to a lonely place and bring your own dog with you.

Oh, daughter, oh, daughter, her father he did say
You've done me wrong and now you have to pay
You've slept with a married man and now punishment is due.
Come with us to a lonely place and bring your own dog with you.

Oh, father, oh, father, please no more pain
To have me kill my own dog is punishment in vain
Have you no eyes, must you torture me this way
For the sin I have committed must he also have to pay.

Oh, that desert air hung heavy where the four of them did stand
She stood with unending fear, the pistol in her hand
The finger pulled the trigger and the bullet it did fly
And the desert sun beat heavy on her as she fell to die.

Daughter's Suicide

PHOENIX, Ariz. (AP) — Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ault remained in jail today after being arrested on a charge of involuntary manslaughter in connection with the suicide death of their daughter, Linda.

The 21-year-old Arizona State University coed died early Monday morning in a Phoenix hospital after she shot herself in the head Sunday rather than kill her pet dog.

An inquest was held Wednesday and the parents testified they wanted Linda, a divorcee, to have the gun loaded when she put the barrel to her temple, instead of slaying the dog.
As I said before, when I looked around in 1965 I felt that everywhere a positive thing was happening. But that really wasn't valid historically or politically really, considering that this was after the assassination of President Kennedy and the first great escalation of the war. But still, musically there was enough happening to allow one to feel an artistic climate. I keep talking about music because I consider this to be very important; I consider music and recordings to be in the vanguard of communication. And you must bear in mind that from 63 to 65 there was the focusing of many eyes on music, and this still pertains even now. Music is an art form that is basic to new ideas. And you must also keep in mind the relative freedom that's innate to the recording industry, and the economics of it — you can make a record and get it distributed very cheaply in comparison to the cost of movies, and even books. A record can affect people's thinking — a song can get to people more than a book can, if you do it well enough and it gets around. And it is very difficult to block the distribution of a record as they've been able to do, for example, movies like "The Battle Of Algiers", which if shown nationally might have a direct influence on ending the war in Vietnam.

I'd like to comment, if briefly, on the role of critics in the song art form. There has been a peculiar lack of intelligent and constructive criticism in this field; I think it's a definite failure on the part of a lot of people on two levels. First of all, the older critics, the people who were around when it was happening, became mere chroniclers, Bob Shelton of the N.Y. Times being the classic case, becoming essentially a friend of the crowd who said "Here's a new guy who looks interesting, and here's another new guy who looks interesting" and stopping right there. There was a brief period a year or two ago when it looked like some interesting criticism was going to develop on the part of Richard Goldstein and Crawdaddy, and the others around that scene, who sort of merged with the Little Sandy Review people. But this whole new school of criticism has rapidly deteriorated. You can find a classic study of this deterioration in following Richard Goldstein with THE DOORS. Goldstein is constantly raving about THE DOORS, finding things that aren't even there, and saying THE DOORS are a valid intellectual idea and therefore they're great, meantime overlooking the fact that all we really have is a lot of bad music and a lyric content that is horrible. Goldstein and Crawdaddy are ever moving closer to each other; to pick up an issue of Crawdaddy today is to read almost the same kind of publicising, about one group after another. Some of these people who set themselves up as supe critics become performers themselves; they're literally cult builders for those who mistake adjectives for logic, and in the process become fellow cult members. Richard Goldstein very consciously becomes a star himself, and the net result of this, again, is the lack of any real thought.

GORDON: One might observe here that lacking a responsible body of criticism to help guide them, the country's songwriters depend on themselves. And they haven't done so badly. In fact, I can't imagine Bob Dylan bothering to listen to any critic outside of his own intellect. After mentioning him,
I recall that in the 1965 interview in Broadside you expressed the hope Dylan would not cut himself off from his earlier songwriting. His new album, "John Wesley Harding" has been described as at least a partial return to his earlier days. Do you think he may go all the way and start writing political songs again, say a great song about the Vietnam war?

PHIL: Well, I refuse to tie Dylan to political songs. Once again, it doesn't matter to me. Political songs are in a sense a misnomer, because the Vietnamese war reflects a spiritual crisis here at home, and Dylan, after renouncing so-called political songs, was writing newer songs that reflected the same spiritual crisis. In, for example, "Mr. Jones" in that sense was certainly responding in a very valid artistic sense as a writer. But in retrospect now, in that 65 interview I was approaching a form of hero worship of Dylan, which I would say I'm over now. I was in it because I was constantly amazed by his growth pattern, essentially; I was constantly amazed that he started out so great and kept getting better. And now, I'm sorrowed by what I consider a drop in the life force behind his songs. I mean, in the term of the critics we talked about before, it was a shame, I think, that "Blonde On Blonde" was so accepted, after "Highway 61". That people at that point were very afraid to talk, Dylan having slipped. In "Blonde On Blonde" he stood like the emperor without his clothes, over-extended, and nobody said anything. All the reviewers said here's another new, great Dylan album. And they're doing the same thing with "Harding," which is a better album as an album - at least it fits together very neatly and he sings great on it. But still, I get the sense again that the life force isn't there. And once again, Goldstein, in his Village Voice review, seems to be afraid to say anything definite. In his whole review he seems to say nothing, as if the last thing he could afford would be to say something. He refuses to say anything about Dylan; in his whole review he refuses either to praise the new album or condemn it. I would say this is probably because he doesn't understand it. If he believes it to be a bad record, he's still afraid to attack it.

I think people are blinded by the Dylan legend. I think also that Dylan, in a sense, has been betrayed. In 65 when he was at the top, artistically and commercially, he was betrayed. I don't know who did it, or why, but it seems there was a sudden drop, in everything surrounding him. You see, my theory is that Dylan fell before the motorcycle accident; I feel that way about it. I don't believe, I don't accept the story that he had a motorcycle accident and left the scene because of that. I think something else happened. I don't know what but I don't think he was handled well, at the top. Which is quite understandable, considering that is a very precarious place to be. But I think Dylan has gone around a very wide curve, which I now think is turning upward again. I think he will come back in the classic case of sadder but wiser. What I will be looking for, hoping for, is the old fire, the old fantastic scope of meaning. He seems to have a new positivism, a new positive outlook, philosophically, and I hope he can again match the scope of a "Desolation Row". The point of all this is that I don't think it's being kind to Dylan to praise his lesser work. It's not kind to say to him, "Boy, you're being great" again and again, when he's not. Songwriters, as any writers, can only grow when they have an understanding of reality, of where they are at.
CUBA REVISITED
By Irwin Silber

Recently back from Cuba where Barbara Dane and I were delegates to the Cultural Congress of Havana. This was a meeting of intellectuals from some 70 countries called to consider the problems and role of the intellectual (artist, scientist, teacher, etc.) in the so-called "Third World." I wish it were possible for many of our young song-writers and radical artists to visit Cuba and to participate in such conferences. We Americans really have a narrower, more provincial view of the world than almost every other people. We think that "what's happening" is either right here or an extension of our own interests. But what's really happening, and especially in that seething neo-colonial, on-the-verge-of-revolution third world is the growing physical and ideological isolation of the United States. The world out there is changing, drastically, despite us, in fact, against us -- and as a result, the real creativity and imagination that will shape the future is developing in places like Algeria, Haiti, Tanzania, Morocco, Vietnam and Cuba. It is, in fact, in Vietnam and Cuba especially that the "New Man, the man of the 21st Century, is already coming into being.

When I came back to the U.S.A. and picked up a copy of TIME, I read that the Cultural Congress had been a "flop". I admit there was a time when that would have bothered me. I might have decided there was something wrong with the type of "public relations" the Cubans had developed -- understanding that TIME was not going to be sympathetic to such a Conference in the first place. But now I just laugh. And do you know why? It doesn't make any difference any more (if it ever did) what TIME says. And of course, this isn't just true of TIME. It's the whole country from the President on down and up. There is no credibility gap. The entire system is a lie. And no one is proving it more clearly than the Vietnamese.

I think that "public relations" is a big part of our problem here. We've all been infected by that psychology which tells us "the bigger the better." It's better to reach 5 million people with one decent song about peace or civil rights than preach basic social change to 10 thousand. I used to think so myself, but I've come to the conclusion that that kind of thinking is really a trap which enables an anti-human, destructive, oppressive system to co-opt the genuinely creative, socially committed minds and neutralize their force. (Well, that's a long and involved discussion we ought to hold in a serious way sometime. I just happen to think that Pete Seeger was a more effective Revolutionary force before he started recording for Columbia Records.)

In Havana today, they have set up the Institute of Protest Song (Cancion Protesta). This is a center for the collection and dissemination of songs of protest from all over the world. They have already issued a two-record LP containing more than 25 songs from Latin America, Western Europe, Vietnam, Spain, U.S.A. (Barbara Dane and Julius Lester) and others. I don't know how Americans can get a copy, frankly, because of the U.S. blockade of Cuba, but if any Broadside readers have friends in Canada --(or if indeed you live in Canada)-- you may be able to order it and just hope that U.S. Customs doesn't get too nosy. The address: CANCION PROTESTA, Casa de las Americas, Tercera y G, Vedado, La Habana, Cuba. The Institute is also beginning publication of a regular bi-monthly magazine, also called Cancion Protesta, which will be available by subscription all over the world. Incidentally, both the magazine and the booklet of lyrics and notes accompanying the record album appear in Spanish, French and English.

The Cancion Protesta was established last summer when the First International Festival of Protest Song was held in Cuba with participants from 16 countries. (People came from Chile, Italy, Australia, Vietnam, England, Spain, etc.) The next such Festival and Conference will be held in the summer of 1969, and the Cubans are already making plans to enable even more people to participate. I don't know what the travel and passport situation is going to be by that time, but I hope that some of our "engaged" American singers will make it their business to go. It can certainly be at least as mind-expanding a trip as some others that some of them have taken.

Naturally, we told the Cancion Protesta people all about Broadside and left them a few copies and a copy of the Broadside
Dear Broadside:

In reference to Phil Ochs' song "The War Is Over" in #89, I wish I had Phil's confidence that I could merely tell the war to go away. Latest developments, with a revolt in the Senate against the President's policies, might indicate that he is right, but you will pardon me if I believe that the "angry artists", the draft resisters, the demonstrators, the "ones that point the blame", including Fulbright and Mansfield and Morse, who spoke up when nobody else would, had considerable effect.

In Norman Mailer's book-sized article called "The Steps of the Pentagon" (well worth reading—it will be out as a book) in the March Harper's, he describes the ritual of the Fugs and others in exorcizing the war. "...the papers had made much of the permit requested by a hippie leader named Abbie Hoffman to encircle the Pentagon with 12 hundred men in order to form a ring of exorcism sufficiently powerful to raise the Pentagon 3 hundred feet. In the air the Pentagon would then, went the presumption, turn orange and vibrate until all evil emissions had fled this levitation. At that point the war in Vietnam would end," Mailer describes the whole thing straight, and even enjoyed shouting, "Out, demons, out!" with the rest of the crowd. This was all, of course, during the Oct 21 demonstration against the war.

I suggest that Phil do his thing, whatever that may be, and the Fugs do theirs, and I'll do mine and so on. But don't knock the others—everything is to the good. You declare the war over, and I'll dream out loud about the bankers and the diplomats going in the army, and I'll go to Washington with the Jeanette Rankin Brigade, or whatever is my style.

-- MALVINA REYNOLDS

Notes

Magazines have reported that PETE SEEGER is doing the music for a movie sponsored by the Mexican Olympic Committee. Pete says it ain't so—not exactly. He was asked to write and sing one song on the theme—Peace. He said he'd try. If it is good enough, it will be included in the movie which will be released in late summer. The film represents a dialogue between various laymen and an anthropologist who disabuses them of the idea that war is inherent in human nature. It is an invention of civilization. The task now: to invent peace. Incidentally, Pete is also a strong supporter of the refusal of U.S. black athletes to participate in the games to provide a liberal face for white America.

(A last word on the above is that Pete has the song finished and we will try to print it in Broadside #91)...ARLO GUTHRIE'S "Alice's Restaurant" is to be made into a movie. ARLO is to appear in the film, which is to be directed by the same man who made "Bonnie & Clyde"...JOAN BAEZ, 27, and DAVE HARRIES, 22, former Stanford University student and a draft resister, have announced that they will wed before the end of the month... Rev. F.D. Kirkpatrick and Jimmy Collier are scheduled to make a record for Nee Asch's Broadside series...A book on protest songs in America, drawing considerable material from Broadside magazine, is ready for simultaneous publication in Spain and France. The author is negotiating for an English translation in this country.... Among the Washington Gridiron Club's political lampoonery was this song: (to the tune of "Davy Crockett")

"Born in a cabin on the brown prairie,
Learned Texas politics at Sam's knee,
Got him a medal for one Navy spree,
Built himself a fortune through the F.O.C.

Lyndon, Lyndon Johnson, the buckskin buccaneer."

PHIL OCHS has volunteered to organize for the "Yippie" revolution to bring two million kids to Chicago in August to counteract the Democratic Party's DEATH CONVENTION. A columnist says PHIL will also campaign for BOBBY KENNEDY...PETE SEEGER taped for the LES CRANE show, Kirkpatrick and Collier asked to be on the Dave Susskind Show................................
Steve's Ballad

Words & Music: JONATHAN KWITNY
Copyright © 1968 by Jonathan Kwitny

Oh Steven was a student at the university
To learn to be a teacher in the homeland of the free
He studied math and politics and literature and song
They said when he was finished he'd go fight the Viet Cong. Oh and it's so.

Now the people long had pitied Steve
his isolated life
They said, "Now we're so happy they have given you a wife."
They winched and dined the couple 'till the smell of all the fun
Got caught up in the blue nose of a nearby Irish nun. Oh, and it's so.

Now this nun for thirty years in Africa was chastised
While the Irish priests were paying local girls to do the deed
And when she saw our couple join the people in their fun
She said, "This happiness must stop or I will write to Washington. Oh, and it's so.

Now the head of all the Peace Corps tore his hair in great distress
He said, "If Congress hears of this, we'll have an awful mess
This nun has never been satisfied, 'twill be my only goal
I'm sorry, but the heads of those two volunteers must roll." Oh, and it's so.

"Put Steven on an airplane, send him winging home today.
We'll say that we don't know him, and his fare he'll have to pay.
And since his girl's been having sex without a wedding vow
We'll send her to the psycho ward, she must be insane now." Oh, and it's so.

Well, Steven's back on campus where he's happy with his books
Except on one occasion when fear creeps into his looks
It's when that man comes 'round again to recruit new volunteers
It's not the Viet Cong, it's just idealists he fears. Oh, and it's so.

(Author's note: The events described above happened 15 months ago, but a happy ending has just been written. Steve was called up for his physical, and when the Army found out he'd been kicked out of the Peace Corps for immoral behavior, they changed his l-A to l-Y and made him a free man. J.K.)
ATTENTION CALIFORNIA!

MARY ANN POLLAR Presents A

BROADSIDE CELEBRATION

With

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GIL TURNER
MALVINA REYNOLDS
MARK SPOELSTRA
WILL GEER, M.C.

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WAR RESISTANCE SONG - By Bill Kehoe
(Tune: Wearin' Of The Green)

Oh Lyndon dear, and did you hear?
The news that's going 'round?
We're not for your goddam war
And we will stand our ground.

NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1968

2 RIGHTS ACTIVISTS
GIVE CONCERT HERE

The use of music as a weapon
of ideas was the dominating
note of last night's program at
Carnegie Recital Hall. Two
Southern civil-rights activists,
the Rev. Frederick Douglass
Kirkpatrick and Jimly Collier,
were the featured performers.
A full house of about 300 peo-
ple attended.

Mr. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Col-
lier are on the staff of the
Southern Christian Leadership
Conference. They are in New
York to whip up support and
interest for the "nonviolent
poor people's march on Wash-
ington," which begins April 22.
They are doing their proselyti-
ing with voices, guitars, freedom
songs and marching anthems.
Their songs have the poign-
ancy of pleas, the immediacy
of a headline and the emotional
punch of a fevered cry from
the oppressed.

The "freedom song" boom of
a few years ago has somewhat
cooled in the North, but these
two impassioned singers and
songwriters could bring it back
to life. They are impressive
stage figures with the charisma
that such organizers need, and
they know how to stir the con-
gregation.

ROBERT SHELTON.

(Note: See "You're Just A Laughin' Fool" and
"Everybody's Got A Right To Live" in Broad-
side # 89, and "The Cities Are Burning" in
this issue.)

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Seeger, Malvina Reynolds,
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