



## PHIL OCHS

### at the Barricade



ANNIE LEBOVITZ/CONTACT

Hasn't he suffered enough?

By CHRIS CUTLER -- LONDON, UNITED KINGDOM

#### INTRODUCTION

Phil Ochs hanged himself 5 years ago now in April 1976. Elvis was found dead in August 1977. But there is another thread winding around these two men which is worth unravelling.

1. *Elvis Presley was the King  
I was at his crowning  
A Life just flashed before my eyes,  
I must be drowning.*

Phil Ochs.  
One Way Ticket Home  
Greatest Hits 1970.

Years before his death Elvis had become just a fossil memory and a distorted one at that: hosepipe in the trousers, one inch sideburns, rubber legs and that inimitable but oft imitated sneer. Once upon a time these things had really meant something. To Mums and Dads, Clergymen and Senators, Elvis Presley had been the enemy. They hated his diction, his appearance and the black man's music he adopted (but never paid for). Everything he was and stood for was an affront to all 'decent' Americans and to their ostrich ignorance. This was early 1950 and we'd just 'won' the war - a war which made America rich and left it with 2/3 of the world its garden. Europe it had taken with a cheque book, and the rest it claimed by badge and baton - for America had now become the world's policeman.

All was not well however, and the victims of U.S. Liberty refused to slave in silence - there was a fissure opening in S.E. Asia, Central and South America and spreading slowly across Africa. In 1950 one crack erupted into open war in Korea. The stench of liberty was beginning to disturb 'the peace'.

The boiler was cracked and the cracks were beginning to show; plastering over them would not make them go away - and the pressure was building up and up. In the heartlands of America this explosive truth was felt but not confronted and for a postwar generation suffocating in affluent (if precarious) security it was, culturally, Rock and Roll which seemed - however tangentially - to come to terms with these widening cracks; and obliquely to rehearse the apocalypse that was to come.



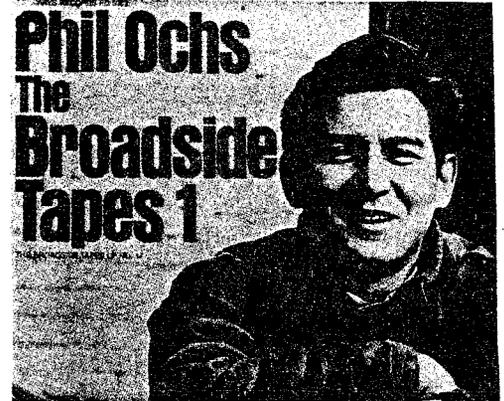
Bob's not doing well

★ **BORN-AGAIN** Christian Bob Dylan is on a big tour of Europe — to sing gospel songs.  
★ But the new music of the American rock legend is not going down so well with his old fans.

... Bob Dylan's friend pop singer Donovan is making a comeback with a British tour and an album. Donovan wants Dylan to get off his hot gospel kick and start protesting about the '80s, just like the good ol' days.



# Phil Ochs returns



by Randy B. Hecht

Phil Ochs, topical singer and songwriter, was one of the most prolific of the '60s folksingers. Although he only released eight albums on Elektra and A&M, he probably wrote enough material to produce twice that number.

Now Ochs' fans have an opportunity to enjoy some of that material. Folkways Records has released *Phil Ochs: The Broadside Tapes 1*, the first of three Ochs albums to be released within the next few months.

The "Broadside Tapes" are those collected by Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen, editors of *Broadside* magazine, which "discovered" and published the early songs of Ochs, Tom Paxton, Bob Dylan, Janis Ian and countless others.

I have been associated with the magazine for the past four years, and the albums' producers are all friends of mine. However, the strength of Ochs' material should also impress people who do not share my bias.

This album (number 14 in a series of special *Broadside* releases on Folkways) includes 15 previously unreleased Ochs songs. At least one, "That's The Way It's Gonna Be," is a folk song in the truest sense. It has been passed on by word of mouth at political rallies and Girl Scout camps.

Other songs include "The Ballad of Alferd Packer," "If I Knew," "Hazard Kentucky" and "Time Was." They are among Ochs' earlier works, not nearly as ambitious as his later efforts, but they give testimony to a complex, perceptive and highly articulate mind. The songs add another dimension to our understanding of the artist and the ideas that spilled from his brain as quickly as the tapes could record them.

This is especially true of the final song, which is the only one on the album Ochs didn't write. The song - recorded from a concert performance with Eric Andersen - is Lennon and McCartney's "I Should Have Known Better." People are often too concerned with a "purist" presentation of folk music; it's easy to forget Ochs' fascination with popular culture. But he did recognize its impact - and also enjoyed a good time.

(Continued on Page 6)

The wiser of their parents said that the Rock and Rollers were 'just letting off steam', and in this perhaps they spoke wiser than they knew, for the 'new phenomenon' had these principal attributes:

1. It was a threat to the status quo and its apologists: for Rock and Roll was a thrilling toxin which breathed life and wakefulness into the expressively dispossessed.
2. It was a socially 'useful' safety-valve, channelling the energy of incipient REVOLT into a (relatively) harmless REBELLION. Thus, what had its essence in a basic contradiction in CONTENT was diverted into a superficial expression of FORM, soon to sink into the demi-monde of fashion, where even its residual authority would be lost.

This said however, Rock and Roll did have for the youth of the 50's America a legitimate existential authority which nothing else could match - and temporal authority was disturbed and frightened by it. Somehow, Rock and Roll 'belonged' to the young and it spoke for them in a language inaccessible, even unintelligible, to their parents.

The main spokesman for this 'rebel' generation was - the King of Rock and Roll - Elvis Presley.

Commerce smelled a new market - here was, for the first time, a whole sector of the community, previously inert, which had in the new found affluence of post-war America at last acceded to the enviable status of "Market Force". Commercially, youth had come of age. Immediately the nimblest speculators of the luxuriant 'entertainment industry' slid into the breach to minister to the new consumers' needs.

Youth culture was a fresh new carcase - and Elvis its choicest cut.

It is past-History how all the vultures and Colonel Tom Parker stepped in and grasped the reins; how from being just a 'poor boy from the South who loved to sing', Elvis became first a commodity and then (with the special assistance of the U.S. Army) a magic scoop with which to pile up gold.

We need say nothing of the later life lived for him by his Parasites, but we shall say that from the day Elvis joined the U.S. Army the last vestiges of his real Authority were gone and that from this day on, History had no further use for him. He was stranded; time beached him - he was all used up.

So Presley was frozen into his own Past and a man who had once been Flesh and Blood and ready to die on stage now became a 2D self-impersonator working for the dream merchants and the secret state\*. He was contained and incorporated.

From then on it was everyone for the Money.

## II

In 1963 when Presley had just finished 'Fun in Acapulco' and 'It Happened at the Worlds Fair' and was all set to churn out a whole string of worthless money spinning movies, Phil Ochs was one of a new group of 'Folksingers' beginning to create a stir around 'BROADSIDE' (a mimeed bulletin of topical songs) in New York. This movement was the focal point of the hotter, far more political rebellion of the early 60's. The cracks of yore were no longer symbols of unrest but diagnosable realities. The new 'protest' movement arising alongside the Vietnam War, the Civil Rights Movement the Cuba Crisis and the threat of all-out Nuclear War was a rebellion into moral and political consciousness - a rebellion that said from now on young people wanted to be included IN on decision making that meant life or death.

It marked a movement from new market force to new political force for a whole generation of Western youth.

*He volunteered personally to Edgar Hoover to become an 'inside man' for the FBI and report back on pinkos and longhairs who were 'unamerican'. It is ironic to note that Phil Ochs would have been high on Elvis's "shopping" list (F.B.I. records last year).*

(continued on page 6)

NEWSWEEK

### Jackie Onassis's place on Martha's Vineyard: Heated towel racks

The latest castle to rise from the sands of Martha's Vineyard is an oversize saltbox. Set close to the crashing Atlantic surf on a 375-acre tract of dunes, moors, ponds and marshes, the interior of the two-building complex is as opulent as its surroundings are wild. Towel racks in the nine bathrooms are heated, one of the kitchens has a handy eight-burner stove, and 2,000 pounds of imported teak went into the sun decks.

Who would splurge on a \$2.5 million summer hideaway? Jackie Onassis.

### Prince Charles Grants Himself a 50% Raise

LONDON, Oct. 3 (AP) — Prince Charles has granted himself a \$4,816-a-week raise to offset the costs of married life, Buckingham Palace announced last night.

The Prince, 32 years old, who married Lady Diana Spencer on July 29, will now receive the equivalent of \$751,350 a year, tax-free, a 50 percent increase.

About half of the antiques were immediately snapped up, including the \$10,000 Chinese screen, he said. Three people wanted the \$3,750 Sheraton period work table, and there were several requests for a \$3,000 ormolu clock. The people who are refurbishing the Texas Governor's mansion in Austin were interested in the \$3,000 Regency rosewood Canterbury, a music stand/magazine rack.

#### Who's buying the antiques?

They are people "who want instant status," he added. "They have no feeling for an item except that it's an expensive piece."

NANCY Reagan, visiting town for a few days, was free yesterday to see her friends.

You won't be surprised, I'm sure, to learn that she lunched at Le Cirque.

Nancy was wearing one of Adolpho's delicious suits in a pebble brown tweed with a Prince of Wales silk top and lapels.

She left the restaurant to return to her suite at the Waldorf where Monsieur Marc arranged her hair for the Al Smith Dinner at the hotel last night.

Now, of course, there are

Mrs. Reagan's \$5,000 dresses, the President's \$1,000 cowboy boots, the \$200,000 White House china.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

NEW YORK POST

1. Your life is out of sync, Your mind is on the blink, You  
 Your Hip-pie days are through, You don't know what to do, Well  
 don't know what to think, Think mon-ey  
 here's a tip for you, Make mon-ey You  
 used to live on love when that was in fashion, But the  
 times have been a-chang-in', now there's a different passion  
 Mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey

2. Victimize the needy,  
Go ahead, be greedy,  
It won't give you V.D.,  
Money!  
Just like the politician  
Take the ethical position  
Except on one condition:  
Money!



There only is one key to a  
life of wealth and splendor;  
No matter how you get it, they  
call it legal tender. Chorus

3. What makes the world go 'round?  
What makes the lost ones found?  
What buys flesh by the pound?  
Money!  
It's your patriotic duty,  
Get filthy rich and snooty,  
To hell with truth and beauty,  
Money!



And even when your penthouse is  
filled with tons of plunder;  
You won't stop your chanting un-  
til you're six feet under. Chorus

## In the Land of Horses and Foxes, Money and Privacy

Special to The New York Times

SADDLE RIVER, N.J. — Amid spacious green lawns dressed with flowers and hedges, the Richard M. Nixons have moved into a community of prosperous executives, bankers, lawyers and brokers — mostly Republicans. It is a peaceful town — a town with no sidewalks, no street lights, no water mains, no sewers and not many children.

"We have less than one-half a school child per home, and we're going to maintain that low density,"

Mayor Duncan H. Cameron said. "We have everything the Nixons are looking for — peace, quiet and a piece of rural atmosphere."

Money is the ticket into Saddle River, which has a population of 2,900. Before the Nixon purchase in late July, the richest housing transactions were in the \$355,000 to \$470,000 range. The former President paid \$1,025,000 for a custom-built 13-year-old modern-style house assessed for real-estate tax purposes at \$362,700. It has 15 rooms, including a 1,000-bottle wine

cellar. The exterior is redwood, cedar, granite blocks and inlaid marble chips. On the four acres surrounding the home are lighted tennis courts and a big swimming pool, with cabana.

The Nixons have joined a community, like other pockets of wealth in the countryside of the New York metropolitan area.



### HENRY THE ACCOUNTANT

Tune: "JOHN HENRY"

Henry was an accountant, he worked with  
a pencil in his hand  
If you had something you needed figured  
out then  
Henry the accountant was your man (2X)  
Henry the accountant was your man  
Lord, Lord  
Henry the accountant was your man.  
When Henry was a little baby, sittin'  
on his daddy's knee  
He picked up a crayon and a little  
piece of paper, said  
"Two plus one equals three" (2X)  
(Repeat, following pattern of vs. 1)  
Well the man who bought the 1st cal-  
culator, he thought he was mighty  
fine  
He walked up to Henry with a sneer on  
his lip sayin'  
"Your job is gonna be mine" (etc).

Henry stood up and drew his weapon, said  
"A man isn't anything but a man,  
We'll have ourselves a race & I'll put  
you in your place, or I'll  
Die with a pencil in my hand" (etc).  
Each man grabbed a 50-pound ledger, and  
Henry went to work with all his might  
Tho his hand was getting cramped and  
his shirt was getting damp, still he  
Swore that he would not give up the  
fight, he swore (etc).  
After three long hours in battle, the  
man with the machine moved out  
ahead  
He had Henry beat til on the final  
sheet  
Suddenly his batteries went dead (etc).

So Henry beat that calculator, now his  
powers could never be denied  
But the terrible strain had been too  
much for his brain, so he  
Laid down his glasses & he died (etc).  
Well they buried Henry in the grave-  
yard with his trusty pencil and  
his pad  
And when their checks don't clear, they  
always shed a tear for the  
Last human being who could add (etc).

BROADSIDE #144

# Designer Jeans

By CAROL HANISCH  
© 1980 Carol Hanisch

There was a time when blue jeans were for the working class, We wore them on the job most ev'ry day. But now they're made for prancing 'round and showing off your ass, And for that you've really got to pay. (CHO) DE-SIGNER JEANS, DE-SIGNER JEANS Are what ev'ry sex-y lad and lass must wear; DE-SIGNER JEANS, DE-SIGN-ER JEANS, De-signed to sep-ar-ate the class-es and to strip your pockets bare.

My doctor wears his Jordashe  
My lawyer, Vanderbilts  
They sneer at Wranglers and at Lees.  
They want to wear our blue jeans  
But not look just like us,  
So it's labels, fancy pockets and seams.  
(Cho)

If I had the money  
I might give them a try  
To see if they would help to win his heart  
But paying more for something less  
Seems pretty dumb to me  
I hear they even sometimes fall apart.  
(Cho)

Now in my well-worn Levis  
I feel so out of place  
They seem a little baggy here and there.  
But then my girlish figure  
Has all but disappeared  
And what Calvin Kleins reveal, I wouldn't dare.  
(Cho)

There's those who put down women  
Who stick to sturdy shoes  
When hobbling high heels are all the rage.  
And there's those who put down  
workin' folks  
As just a bunch of slobs  
If for this little rip off we won't slave.  
(Cho)

*So to you manipulators  
Who came up with this scheme  
And thought your fancy britches  
were a cinch  
We'll dress you right up in 'em  
And toss you in a vat  
And as they shrink you'll be the  
one to feel the pinch.*  
(Cho)

-4-

# The Marriott Corporation Talking Blues

© 1980 Carol Hanisch

I hear they're moving in upstream  
Those folks who give me nightmare dreams  
With their big, long cadillac limosines.  
You sure better move it when they come thru  
Cause if you don't they can make it rough for you---  
Taking over the town...pushing folks around...  
Demanding tax abatements.

Now my momma's wise and she's got a good head  
But there's one thing she said always filled me with dread  
"It's just as easy to fall in love with a rich man as a  
I hope it's not true; I hope it's a myth poor one."  
Cause corruption's not what I wanna go to bed with---  
I've heard quite enough...of how a rich man...  
Treats his wife. (Remember Martha Mitchell?)

Now I wouldn't want my sister to marry one  
And I wouldn't want to live next door to one  
And I don't want my kids mixing with theirs.  
I'll keep away as far as can be  
From all their bad habits and depravities---  
Big time thieving...Corporate welfare...  
Destroying public property.

High on the mountain they're supposed to stay  
But whose to say it'll stay that way  
They take an inch and then it's the whole damned world.  
Cause they want servants to fill their needs  
Fetch their booze and bring 'em speed---  
Personal wage slaves...Public wage slaves...  
Why, they even make slaves of public officials.

And even if you never see 'em eye to eye  
Even if they stay up there in the sky  
Far from the ordinary working folks here below  
We'll all know they're up their still  
Cause a whole lot of garbage'll come down that hill---  
Polluted water...Mouldy caviar...  
Plenty of bull....

Now they say the filthy rich are the cream of the crop  
And if we worked harder we'd have what they've got  
But think of whose hands are gonna build that classy hotel  
They'd starve if their money really came from their work  
In fact it comes from our hard work---  
It's called the theory...of surplus value...  
Their surplus...from our value. (Karl Marx said that.)

They're a powerful force destroying our land  
How long will it be til we make our stand  
And remove those high class wasters right offa that hill?  
Make this land a cooperative one  
Where we all share the work and we all share the fun---  
Equally...  
People make profits...People can stop'em!



(Carol has gotten standing ovations time after time when performing her talking blues at environmental hearings and rallies in a peoples' fight to keep the giant Marriott Corporation out of Ulster County, N.Y. This big outfit, with holdings around the world, plans to take over the beautiful mountainous area around Lake Minnewaska, west of New Paltz, and make it into a super luxury playground for the very rich - condominiums, highest of high class hotels, the works!

Although Marriott seems to be making gains at present, further court actions are pending.-ED)

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THE PEOPLES' SLOGANS:

SAVE MINNEWASKA -  
MAKE IT PUBLIC PROPERTY

MARRIOTT GO HOME  
WE WANT THE LAND

**Minnewaska  
is a bit  
of heaven!**

**Marriott  
can  
go to hell!**





As we know now it was eventually Dylan who emerged from this movement as its new 'star'. Dylan because he was good media material and knew the rules. Dylan because the robe of History fell upon him and it was given him to speak for his whole generation.

It was precisely these qualities which singled him out for the laurel kiss of Death, for Dylan was not to 'keep his songs' - as Ochs wryly observed on his 'greatest hits' L.P. in 1970:

Found him by the stage last night  
breathing his last breath  
A bottle of gin and a cigarette was  
All that he had left..

Five years their junior, Ochs was at school in the blaze of Presley, Holly, Cochran and the Everlys. He had grown up with idols and now he accepted and rejected them at once.

I can see you make the music  
'Cos you carry a guitar  
But God help the troubadour  
Who tries to be a star...

He had seen Dylan, like Presley, absorbed and neutralised by the market and its insidious economic and psychological power.

So play the Chords of Love my friend  
Play the Chords of Pain  
If you want to keep your songs  
Don't, don't, don't  
Don't play the Chords of Fame.

5 years earlier Ochs had said to Dylan, "You'll never be as great as Elvis Presley."  
Dylan threw him out of the car.

"I won't be in Hawaii...." *Ochs Greatest Hits*

Back in the early 60's when they had both been learning their craft Dylan had said of Ochs. "I just can't keep up with Phil". These were prophetic words. By 1968 Dylan had burned himself out and withdrawn from the fray. He returned, retreated into mysticism and personal romances - "he babbled a green fields" or rather,

..... a cabin in Utah,  
Marry me a wife, catch rainbow trout  
Have a bunch of kids who call me 'Pa'  
That must be what it's all about.

*Dylan: New Morning 1970*

While Dylan sank, Ochs matured and improved, and he did it by keeping his work in service, by keeping it close to the concerns of radical America - because this was where the action was.

In 1968, notorious year of the Chicago Convention, while Elvis rehearsed for his big T.V. comeback and Dylan turned his back on reality for the saccharin smaltz of 'Nashville Skyline', Ochs was in Chicago with the Yippies (Youth International Party) as singer, spokesman and co-nominee of Pigasus, the Y.I.P.'s porcine counter-candidate, for unlike Presley and Dylan, Ochs never lost touch with the people he was singing for.

When the fog rolled in  
and the gas rolled out  
from Lincoln Park the dark  
was turning...

*OCHS. Wm. Butler Yeats visits  
Lincoln Park and escapes unscathed.*

In Chicago he witnessed at first hand the violence and criminality of his culture, Mayor Dayley and his 'Police Force', like the Nazis in the mid-30's, happily displayed to the world via T.V. and press that when it came to brutishness and unprincipled violence, the reality was far worse than any fantasy ('the cops have shot some girls and boys'.) This would be an end to protest and tolerance. The face had grown too bloated for the mask - and once lifted this mask could never be replaced again.

Don't expect 100-flight studio quality from this album. The songs are "homemade music" recorded in a living room in an apartment in the middle of New York City. Despite this, the words are clear, the voice is as strong as it ever was, and the quality is higher than might be expected.

(The only exception is "The Passing Of My Life," a moving song that the producers considered powerful enough to overcome recording defects. They were right; most of Ochs' work would pass such a test.)

*The Broadside Tapes 2* should be released by Folkways early next year. It will provide Ochs fans with more unreleased material written between 1962 and 1964. A third album is devoted to a 1965 interview with the singer, and additional albums of his "Broadside Tapes" may be released later.

These albums represent only some of Ochs' work that is "new" to the general public. The Folkways catalog lists others that have been collected from the *Broadside* editors' tape recorder, including interviews, folk music anthologies from the magazine's pages, and *Phil Ochs Sings For Broadside*, which includes both familiar and unreleased songs. In fact, Ochs' last work - production of *Song For Patty*, the debut album by a young songwriter named Sammy Walker - was done on the label.

In addition, the out-of-print *Rehearsals For Retirement* was remastered earlier this year and is now available on the Pickwick label. The album was originally recorded in 1969, but the songs are still powerful.

The songs' power - the violent, urgent messages and the poetry of their expression - always distinguished Phil Ochs. Other musicians had greater ability, other vocalists had greater talent, but Ochs' songs always demanded and deserved our attention.

Reprinted from THE HATCHET, George Washington University, Washington, D.C.

**The Boston Globe**

**Phil Ochs  
The Broadside Tapes I  
Folkways**

Before he died, Phil Ochs created a legacy of topical songs that recorded the political events of the '60s and early '70s and a series of introspective, personal songs, such as "When I'm Gone" and "There But For Fortune," which sprung from Ochs' sense of mission and hopes. His better-known material was collected and condensed after his death on the A&M double release "Chords of Fame"; however, even the full available Ochs catalogue fails to capture his entire career; notably, rummaging through the old Broadside tapes turned up dozens of Ochs' uncollected works dating from 1962 to 1964 - the beginnings of the Topical Song Movement in New York City. Ochs' "The Broadside Tapes I" is apparently the first of two albums showing us early Ochs. The songs reflect incidents from the early '60s, now dim in memory - the space race, pay television, the Christine Keeler scandal - and showed the beginnings of Ochs' work and the beginning of the topical song movement itself.

Ochs was there as a witness to the 'Death of America', and as an American he presented it as his own death.

On the cover of 'Rehearsals for Retirement' early in 1969, Phil placed his own tombstone and the epitaph: Phil Ochs (American), Born El Paso 1940. Died Chicago 1968. Above this inscription is a small oval photograph of Phil dressed as a frontiersman, complete with rifle and flag draped behind. This was Phil's farewell to the 'pioneering spirit' and the American Dream.

"I've always felt a contact with political reality from 1960 to '68. But after Chicago I'm totally disoriented."

Phil Ochs.  
Interview in *Broadside* 1968.

In 1970 when he appeared at the Carnegie Hall in a gold lamè suit he prefaced one song with the words, "I am America, I am Gold, I am Money, I am Hip, I am Moral, I am Everything. I own the World." Once he had sung,

Even treason may be worth a try  
This country is too young to die

Now he was more reflective,

We were born in a Revolution and  
We died in a wasted war...  
It's gone that way before.

In an interview in '68 he said, 'I've always tried to hang on to the idea of saving the country, but at this point I could be persuaded to destroy it. For the first time I feel this way.' and also, America could now be '...so far gone and decayed that there may be no way left to save it and that the only logical course for the progress of mankind is the destruction of America.'

This was the mood in which he made *Rehearsals for Retirement* and what is so extraordinary about this record is that, still, Pessimism and Despair never triumph: 'I'll pledge allegiance against the flag, And the fall for which it stands I'll raise it if I can...'

*Rehearsals for Retirement* is a bitter and visionary record and it succeeds as an extraordinary artistic whole. The language is profound and poetic; there are layers and layers and they all conspire to create a net of emotion and reason which transcends precis and which piecemeal quotation cannot convey. Of all Ochs' record I think this is the most complete.

6.

"What I do I am for that I came."

Gerard Manley Hopkins

After 1968 the Y.I.P. folded, the trials began and the political arena began to shrink. Ochs was put in an increasingly contradictory position. Until now he had always sung for people in the context of real struggles - this was his whole history from *Broadside* on. He had tapped the anger and integrity of conscious America and put it to use in the field. Now there were no more causes; he was under a radio and T.V. ban and after 'Greatest Hits' there were no more records forthcoming from A & M. All this was but some small repayment for his sticking to the truth and for maintaining his integrity - things he did to the end, perhaps in spite of himself.

7.

GREATEST HITS was Phil's last studio record, not a compilation at all but a record of all new songs. The cover was modelled on the Golden Hits Presley record and there was Phil on the front, a plumpish King of Rock and Roll complete with gold lame suit and cherry red guitar. A row of gold discs runs along above the titles and the legend '50 Phil Ochs fans can't be wrong' across the top. "Chords of Fame" is the first track on side 1 & "No more Songs" the last. This record was made in 1970 and seems to have frightened A & M right off. It took them 6 years to get around to releasing half of 'Gunfight at Carnegie Hall' and then only in Canada. These are recordings of the controversial 1970 concert at which Phil wore the gold suit - and amongst his own songs included a medley of Buddy Holly and a medley of Elvis Presley songs. Before this last he said

The *GUARDIAN*

"PHIL OCHS: The BROADSIDE TAPES 1"

By Daniel P Dern

While Phil Ochs' pop-star pretensions may be questioned and criticized, his accomplishments as a political songwriter cannot be disputed. Ochs was a committed artist whose topical tunes remain fresh and inspiring years after they were conceived -- often in response to a particular event that may itself have receded from memory. Some progressive radio stations have been playing "Draft Dodger Rag" lately, and it still sounds as good as it did 15 years ago. Ochs had his failures and follies but they do not negate his originality, his skill, his living legacy.

PHIL OCHS: The BROADSIDE TAPES 1 (Folkways 5362) contains 16 of the dozens of previously uncollected songs in *Broadside Magazine's* file of Ochs tapes. These recordings date from 1962-64, the beginning of the "protest song" movement. The tapes were intended for transcription rather than reproduction, so they sound somewhat raw and unpolished. This Album is not the place to start listening to Ochs; it is a place to continue, after "Chords of Fame," "Pleasures Of The Harbor," and "Tape From California." Included in this *Broadside* collection are "Ballad of Alfred Packer" (about a cannibalistic explorer), "Ballad of John Henry Faulk" (the story of a TV blacklisting), "Hazard Kentucky," "Rivers of Blood," "Spanish Civil War Song" & "The Passing Of My Life."

Hearing these early works, the listener is again reminded of how much was lost when Ochs committed suicide in 1976. For an all-too-brief time, Ochs managed to crystallize a sense of mass anger and resistance in a style that was both clever and honest. Although he later attempted a rather pathetic Elvis Presley impersonation, Ochs can more appropriately be remembered strumming his guitar and improvising "The Ballad Of Hubert Humphrey" in Chicago's Lincoln Park during the 1968 Democratic Convention.

JOURNAL HERALD

• *The Broadside Tapes* — Phil Ochs (Folkways) Speaking of folkies: The late Phil Ochs, forever in the shadow of Bobby the Z, has never received his due as one the best topical writers of the '60s. Ochs' hole card was that he never allowed his righteous indignation and anger to overpower his humor and tenderness. The proof of that is in the 15 originals here, a collection of songs that Ochs originally taped between '62 and '64 for use in *Broadside Magazine*. The songs comment on everything from cannibalism (*Ballad of Alfred Packer*) to the space race (*Spaceman*) to sex scandals (*Christine Keeler*) and if the recording isn't really up to snuff, the sentiments certainly are.

"As you know I died in Chicago, I lost my life, and I went to heaven. because I was very good and sang very lyrical songs and I got to talk to God and he said, 'Well, it's all over here on Earth - a couple of days left - what do you want to do? You can go back and be anyone you want. So I thought in my inner soul - who do I want to be? and I came up with the answer, the guy I wanted to be was; the man who was the King of Pop, the King of Music, the King of Showbusiness: Elvis Presley. And if there's any hope for America it lies in a Revolution and if there's any hope for a Revolution in America it relies on getting Elvis Presley to become Che Guevara. If you don't do that you're just beating your head against the wall, or the cop down the street will be beating your head against the wall. So the thing is we have to discover where he is. He, I think, is the ultimate American artist - he has the root of American music."

So here Phil presents us with the whole dilemma. He still remembers the vital, revolutionary force of encountering the early Presley. It changed his world (and our world too) - tonight Phil has become the image to cry out for the spirit. He confronts his audience with a desperate plea, iconic, wrapped in an irony.

"I am America, I am Gold..." and it is true as he speaks, he is America, he is Presley, By actually becoming them he tries to force out what he believes to be their realness. The violence and criminality of competitive individuality, the pocket mannequin with his soul stolen - these are just surface, however pervasive. Freedom and Sacrifice (in the sense of giving everything) are the truth - and they are Ochs, his life with all its contradictions.

8.

Record plants throughout U.S.A. and Europe were still blocked with Presley pressings 6 months after his death (sales are still brisk); Dead or alive Presley is still good for business!

Hardly anything marked the death of Phil Ochs some 16 months earlier; A & M put out a cash-in double compilation, the music and other papers ran mostly very short stories and he was feted for one night on the T.V. news in New York. Then all again was silence and apathy.

Yet Elvis and his work were finished long before he died, there was really only a phantom of nostalgia, an icon of social history left in his presence.

In contrast Ochs' work was vital up to the last and is still vital now. It presses urgently against the present. Its vitality consists in the Philosophy and poetry which connect what should be connected and reveal the hidden sources and unities; words which identify our enemies, and call them by their names. Its vitality persists in the fact that it remains unfinished until it has taken root in the people for whom it was written and sung - and from whom it was drawn.

"I've got something to say Sir and I'm going to say it now."

9.

I'll talk, I'll talk! They live by the sea  
Surrounded by a cemetery  
If you get tired come up for some tea  
With Bach, Beethoven, Mozart & Me.

OCHS..Greatest Hits 1970

From 1970 - 76 Phil only surfaced now and then. He was with Rubin and Hoffman in the U.K. (where he wrote an obituary for Bruce Lee in 'Time Out'). He had his throat slashed in Africa by 'muggers'. He was met at airports, imprisoned and deported (twice in Latin America). He was expelled from Ireland and from London by our Police - no reason given.

In 1974 he organised the Central Park tribute to the murdered Chilean President Allende and in 1975 the 'War is Over' concert - both these with Baez, Seeger, Dylan, Paxton and others from the old Broadside days. He 'rehearsed' with Dylan for the Rolling Thunder Revue but didn't get the gig. He toured the world.

Early in 1976 he was back in the U.S.A. and often seen hanging around in Greenwich Village drunk and stinking. His friends kept away it seems and didn't help him out. His real friends didn't know what was happening.

He was found hanged at his sister's house on April 7 1976.

"Appalachia, Appalachia,  
God shed his grace on thee..."

THE UNKNOWN POE  
City Lights  
261 Columbus Avenue  
San Francisco, CA 94133

We all know that Benjamin Franklin tried hard to make the turkey our national bird instead of the eagle. Ben lost his campaign. Less well known is the fact that Edgar Allan Poe advocated that our country be named APPALACHIA instead of AMERICA, which he felt would be much more appropriate. Here is his essay from "The Unknown Poe":

THE ADOPTION OF A NAME FOR OUR COUNTRY

It is a thousand pities that the puny witticisms of a few professional objectors should have power to prevent, even for a year, the adoption of a name for our country. At present we have, clearly none. There should be no hesitation about "Appalachia." In the first place, it is distinctive. "America" is not, and can never be made so. We may legislate as much as we please, and assume for our country whatever name we think right—but to us it will be no name, to any purpose for which a name is needed, unless we can take it away from the regions which employ it at present. South America is "America," and will insist upon remaining so. In the second place, "Appalachia" is indigenous, springing from one of the most magnificent and distinctive features of the country itself. Thirdly, in employing this word we do honor to the Aborigines, whom, hitherto, we have at all points unmercifully despoiled, assassinated, and dishonored. Fourthly, the name is the suggestion of, perhaps, the most deservedly eminent among all pioneers of American literature. It is but just that Mr. Irving should name the land for which, in letters, he first established a name. The last, and by far the most truly important consideration of all, however, is the music of "Appalachia" itself; nothing could be more sonorous, more liquid, or of fuller volume, while its length is just sufficient for dignity. How the guttural "Alleghania" could ever have been preferred for a moment is difficult to conceive. I yet hope to find "Appalachia" assumed.

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DYLAN - WHAT HAPPENED?

By Paul Williams  
Entwhistle Books  
Box 611  
Glen Ellen, CA

Williams seems to be shaken by Dylan's sudden conversion to becoming a reborn Christian. There is a contradiction here. How can Dylan be reborn as a Christian when he was born a Jew? Will this necessitate finding his fore-skin and sewing it back on again? Williams concludes that Dylan is a genius and on that basis can be whatever he wants to be, no matter how contradictory.

- - - - -

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING: PETE SEEGER

By David King Dunaway  
McGraw-Hill Book Company - New York

Dunaway in 386 pages presents a thoroughly detailed picture of Pete Seeger's life without, however, capturing the essence of the man. As the reviewer in the San Francisco Chronicle says, "Dunaway still hasn't made up his mind about the man... All is left dangling, broken strings." I think what happened was that Seeger early on saw himself as carrying on the tradition of Woody Guthrie as a militant songwriter/singer attacking the corrupt establishment at its roots. There was a period in the 60's where he used his influence to further the careers of such people as Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Peter LaFarge, Eric Andersen, Malvina Reynolds, Len Chandler, Tom Paxton and others. It is significant that he entitled them "Woody's Children." But then something went wrong, the Seeger train jumped the

The Presley machine still turns over millions but has nothing to say to us that will help us out of the cage. In droves we nod sagely at the welter of Press and Business garbage which obscures his real importance and in its place presents us with a fetish. Stupidly we endorse the existential murder of Presley by fattening his parasites.

It is different when Ochs invokes Presley. A Presley which most of his audience have already forgotten - or never knew; the dangerous Presley. Ochs always tried to pull us back into the present.

Few heard, less cared, almost none acted, but it is still not too late to understand what Ochs was saying. You have to listen to his music and think. You have to grasp too what the uncompromising, active challenge of Presley was and how it was diverted and made cardboard by impotent businessmen; how Phil, inspired by that original force, illuminated it with consciousness and humanity; how he tried to change the world and how, after years of rejection, or apathy, or misunderstanding, he tried to go back to the source - to PRESENT his unbearable concern.

If we learn nothing from this then, for us, Phil has died in vain.

Don't tell me your troubles  
No I don't have the time to spare  
But if you want to get together and fight  
Well Buddy that's what I want to hear

OCHS... "I Ain't Marching  
Any More"



# 'The World Is Going To Get Mashed Up Tonight'

## Riots in England Forecast By Rock Bands for Years

By ROBERT PALMER

Fans of recent British rock can hardly have been surprised when police and Government spokesmen described the situation in the nation's riot-torn inner cities during the past few weeks as "anarchy." As long ago as 1976, the Sex Pistols were singing a song called "Anarchy in the U.K." and voicing a deep-seated dissatisfaction in songs like "God Save the Queen," which asserted, "There is no future in England's dream."

In 1977 the Clash recorded "White Riot," which said in part: "Black people gotta lot a problems/But they don't mind throwing a brick ... Wanna riot, white riot, riot of me own."

For at least the last five years the mass media images of British life have made no sense of the inner city at all. The only

public descriptions of what it is like now to be young or black or unemployed, to be desperate or homeless or bored, have been songs and records—not only the Sex Pistols' "Anarchy in the U.K." and the Clash's "White Riot," but Misty's "How Long Jah" and Aswad's "Warrior Charge," Delta 5's "Mind Your Own Business" and the Gang of Four's "Paralyzed," Bow Wow Wow's "W-O-R-K," and Heaven 12's "(We Don't Need No) Fascist Groove Thang." In the week of the riots, the best-selling record in Britain was the Specials' "Ghost Town," a scary, shambolic account of city life as it is. The sound of the riots—doomed, two-toned party music—was being played every hour on Radio One while on the news bulletins in between the experts wondered what on earth was going on.

The Two-Tone Movement, a loose alliance of racially mixed bands that

first surfaced in 1979, attacked the present British Government directly in songs like the English Beat's "Stand Down Margaret," which urged Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher to quit. The Specials, a Two-Tone band from Coventry, painted detailed pictures of poverty, decay and festering resentments in British inner city neighborhoods in "Concrete Jungle," a 1979 English hit.

### Police Harassment Assailed

A more recent Specials hit, "Do Nothing," lashed out at police harassment. Lynval Golding, one of the two black musicians in the group, wrote the song. "Policeman comes and smacks me in my teeth," he complained. "Nothing ever change."

Black, Asian and white youths have all complained of police harassment. A particularly thorny issue is what is popularly known as "sus," a law that allows the police to stop and search anyone on "suspicion." Linton Kwesi Johnson, the popular British reggae singer and poet, included an explicit protest against the law, "Sonny's Lettah (Anti-sus poem)," on his best-selling 1979 album "Forces of Victory."



Scott-Heron:

## Gil Scott-Heron Tests His Nerve

By Thulani Davis

The thing I've always admired most about Gil Scott-Heron is his nerve. His convictions have allowed him to take risks with his talent, whether he was doing poems, novels, or music. This willingness to be caught singing with an untrained voice, or standing alone on stage at Lincoln Center condemning America, has made him pop's most consistent voice of protest. He's given out the hard news when people were buying the soft core. He's made whole albums without love songs, his self-indulgences being restricted to his idea of "positive" sentiment. He's decried poverty, racism, government waste, unemployment, preventive detention, the no-knock law, Mayor Daley, dope of all kinds, several entire administrations, Frank Rizzo, the middle class that turns its back, apartheid, atomic waste at Barnwell, phonies, the Bicentennial, the Pardon, the Karen Silkwood affair, believing in Superman, the CIA in Chile, genocide, nukes, syphilis experiments at Tuskegee, alcoholism, apathy, nostalgia, mining conditions, Attica, prison conditions in general, the oppression of aliens, Vietnam, the Shah, and The Musician's Life. He has celebrated strength and survival, freedom and revolution, and most of all black people.

Scott-Heron has taken risks with the idea that messages about these modern disasters could be popular music—sometimes putting them inside poignant narratives, sometimes making them anthems. He was right with "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised," "Home Is Where the Hatred Is," "The Bottle," "Johannesburg," and "Angel Dust."

Another reggae hit that complained of police harassment, Junior Murvin's "Police and Thieves" (1976), was revived in 1977 by the Clash, the most political of England's new wave bands.

Most reggae performers who describe inner city conditions stop short of advocating rebellion, but the Clash have consistently gone further. On their first album, "The Clash," released in 1977, they protested widespread unemployment in songs like "Career Opportunities" ("Career opportunities are the ones that never knock"), and suggested a possible response in "White Riot."

COVENTRY—First the action, then the words. For a moment, as the street fighting spread, words failed and only pictures—flaming buildings, gutted cars, layer upon layer of policemen—told the story. The words soon spewed again—"riots," "hooligans," etc.—but for that moment the shock to the British political system was tangible. Old certainties crumbled, and a new condition flickered through the smoke.

# LETTERS

(Ed Note: Michael Ochs is trying to suppress the Phil Ochs albums put out by Broadside. Despite the fact that Phil, when he made the tapes for us, gave us full authorization to use them as we wished, in Broadside, recordings etc. Here is a copy of our letter to Michael).

Sept. 16, 1981

Dear Michael:

This is in answer to your letter of the 7th.

I don't see how you can call the records "illegal" and "bootleg." To bootleg something is to do it underground. When Phil gave us permission to record these old songs he did so without reservations, and it was not only verbally. He gave permission in writing to our daughter Aggie; we have misplaced this written permission but are still looking for it. Aggie will vouch for its existence. That was six or eight years ago at the Kettle of Fish in Greenwich Village.

As for calling the records "bootleg," our names and addresses are all over them -- ours and Folkway's. This certainly does not fit the description of a "bootlegged" album.

Phil did more for us than we ever did for him, although you must remember back in 1963 when we managed to get him onto a workshop at the Newport Folk Festival at the last moment. You drove him there, with you and Mike Asch and Arlo Guthrie in the front seat of your compact and Phil, sick, lying on the back seat. Phil received a standing ovation when he sang "Birmingham Jam." He said many times that this was the key factor in starting him on his career.

I did consult with your sister about putting out the first Interviews album. She thought it was a great idea and even sent us the picture of Phil used on the cover of the album.

(Incidentally, we consider the Interviews to be our sole property).

Also, Sonny thinks the song album great -- as she perhaps has told you -- and is glad we put it out, saying how wonderful it is to hear her brother's voice when he was so young and vibrant. Then too we have a number of letters from Phil's admirers thanking us for putting together these early songs (see enclosed for an example).

We consider Phil a key figure of the 60's and there will be many books about him in the future.

The records we put out were simply -- and no more -- to do what little we could to keep Phil's name alive; it was purely a labor of love. We haven't received a red cent as yet from the last LP. Meantime, Sis and I are both in ill health with heart trouble and living on measly Social Security checks and foodstamps. Sis even was mistaken for a bag lady the other day by one of those vans that go around helping the street derelicts.

How can it be called "infringement of copyright" when we carefully put Phil's copyright notice on each and every song?

You know Moe Asch's situation as well as we do. His is a small firm with no advertising, promotion or distribution to speak of. There is no way these records will ever pay for themselves. Nor did we or Moe ever expect them to.

By the way, we hear you are dissatisfied with the Eliot book, a sentiment we share. When you accepted as true -- in the Folk Scene interview -- Eliot's assertion that he had tried many times to contact us you were passing on a complete lie. He never tried once though we were in the phone book and our address was all over Broadside. It is obvious why he avoided us. Every reference to us and Broadside is an invidious fabrication.

Various people are working on books or films about Phil. We suggest you work up a story outline for a film of his life and try to get it to Martin Sheen. He even has a striking physical resemblance to Phil. I can give you a good ending to such a film.

Also, there is one thing you can do for us -- as Phil's brother. Since he was so obsessed with the belief that the CIA and FBI were out to get him, you should write these agencies under the FREEDOM OF INFORMATION ACT for their files on him. If you do, please send us a copy of the results.

All the best,

Gordon Friesen  
Agnes Cunningham

San Carlos, CA

Hi -

Just wanted to pass along my sincere thanks to you for having released PHIL OCHS/BROADSIDE TAPES Part 1. There's a lot of memorable stuff in those grooves. Here's hoping that Part 2 and subsequent parts will follow in due time.

While we're at it, can you send along info on your complete catalog of albums. Thanks again.

- Kevin Walsh

"The Manor House"  
The Street  
Wesley, Essex  
ENGLAND

Dear Gordon & Sis:

Thanks for your continued help in sending magazines and miscellaneous information on Phil Ochs to me over the past year. It's rare indeed to find people like yourselves who take an interest in answering readers' enquiries personally. I hope you are both in the best of health and I offer my sincere good wishes.

Keep me posted as to any further articles on - or records by - Phil that you intend to publish. Long may his name and much-neglected talent flourish; and, with it Broadside Magazine!

Yours, Jeff Stevens

6 Camira St.  
Maroubra, 2035  
New South Wales  
AUSTRALIA

Dear Broadside:

I have just purchased the record PHIL OCHS SINGS FOR BROADSIDE (FD 5320). Having been a long time enthusiastic follower of Ochs, Paxton, Dylan, Andersen etc, I was very happy with the Ochs material on the record.

On the notes of the record you list all the songs Ochs contributed to Broadside throughout the years. By my count there are 28 songs that Ochs has not commercially recorded. Would it be possible to purchase a cassette or cassettes of these songs from you, as Ochs mentioned in the liner notes of FD 5320 that he had taped all these songs for Broadside over the years..... Could you please send me a catalogue of all available Folkways Records, particularly those by the immortal Woody Guthrie? Sincerely, Peter Goodsell

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Chatham NJ

Dear Agnes Cunningham:  
Things seemed to have leveled off for me and I'd like to get into N.Y. within the next few weeks. I hope the health situation for you (both) has improved. I want to let you know I'm still interested in talking to you about Phil.

Sincerely, Steve McKay

P.S. UNFORTUNATELY I READ THE BOOK DEATH OF A REBEL. I see what you mean.

157, York Road  
Maidstone,  
Kent ME15 7QX  
ENGLAND  
5th February '81

(Ed Note: A so-called "folk" magazine has published an attack on Broadside for putting out the PHIL OCHS/BROADSIDE TAPES LP. Here is the reply to that attack in a letter to the editor of that magazine from Sonny Ochs, Phil's sister).

Dear Paul,

You don't know me, but I felt compelled to write, having just acquired the Phil Ochs LP, entitled "The BROADSIDE TAPES Volume 1."

I only "discovered" Phil Ochs recordings two or three years ago, but since then have collected (I think) all of his albums.

There's so much compassion in all of Phil Ochs' writing and interpretation, and finding a whole new LO of fresh songs is an indescribable joy, and I thank you for putting this record out.

Yours sincerely  
Andrew Weskett

(Ed Note: "Paul" is Paul Kaplan who produced this LP for us, spending unpaid hours and days listening to tapes and engineering a passable product. Without him this album would not exist.)

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Eubonne, FRANCE

Dear Broadside:

I'm writing for the French magazine "BIG BEAT" an article about Phil Ochs. I think he's a very great singer and man, and we have in France tried to save his memory.

Could you help me with some information about Phil, pictures or addresses which would help me in my research?

By the way, what about Sammy Walker? I met him in Paris in 1977 at a "Tribute to Woody Guthrie." He's great too. Do you know his address?

I hope to hear from you as soon as possible, and I thank you very much.

Sincerely,  
Alain Fournier

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Avda. Donostiarra, 6  
Madrid 27  
SPAIN

Dear Friends:

Many thanks for the Broadside magazines and for the Phil Ochs records.

Please let me know whether there is any Center or Association from which I could obtain information or purchase articles written by Phil Ochs, reports on him, photos, etc.

Sincerely yours,  
Jorge Tutor

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Dear Friends,

I bought my seventh and latest Broadside record today, and I decided that it was time I wrote you to tell you how very much I have enjoyed every one. Broadside records have both introduced me to talented songwriters I had never heard before, like Peter LaFarge and Mike Milius, and filled in the gaps in my collection of favorites, such as Phil Ochs and Bob Dylan.....

In conclusion, I just want to say that you should keep printing Broadside and keep making records. Never have we needed good topical songs as much as we need them now! Sincerely yours, Kathryn Kulpa, MAINE

To the Editor:

I was appalled by Jim Capaldi's article in your publication regarding Broadside and my brother, Phil. He depicted Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen as scurrilous money grabbers out to make a fortune on Phil's name. I doubt if the amount of money made by the three albums mentioned would even come close to paying for all the hours Sis and Gordon spent transcribing Phil's songs for him and putting out the early Broadside, most of which were great publicity for Phil.

Capaldi calls some of the material mediocre and the sound quality poor. All I know is that when I first heard the album, Broadside Tapes No. One, I was so pleased with it that, rather than wait for my free copy, I ran out and bought one. One does not expect great sound quality from tapes made in a living room. It was so nice to hear Phil singing songs I had never heard him sing before. I'm sure that his fans agree with me.

The value of this old material is that, for the people who really care about Phil, it shows how his writing evolved from the beginning. So what if some of the songs aren't great, or even good. They are a part of what Phil was all about.

Capaldi uses a strange analogy comparing the use of Sis's songs without permission or recognition of authorship with the publication of tapes made in Sis's home for transcription purposes. Sis and Gordon are not claiming authorship of the songs. They merely wanted to share the tapes they own with the public. They knew that Phil's estate (over which I have no control) would not grant permission so they took a chance to share what they had.

Once again I state that the financial gain isn't even a factor. If it were, the estate would be demanding a percentage instead of demanding that all the albums in question be taken off the market immediately.

Sis and Gordon were among the few people who let Phil visit during his rough summer and fall of 1975. They were among the even fewer who ever contacted Phil while he lived with me during his last few months alive.

Capaldi calls for a boycott of the record. I say don't boycott -- run out and buy it now before legal action removes it from the record stores and it becomes unavailable.

Perhaps Sis and Gordon will lose the legal battle, but I am thankful for the new album and for what they have done for Phil all through the years. I consider them good friends and I am sorry to see them put through this horrid ordeal.

Yours truly,  
Sonny Ochs

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Allentown, PA

Dear Sis: I'm ordering a complete set of Broadside; I thoroughly enjoyed the few issues that I have seen - and the Broadside records..... Thank you for finding the old Phil Ochs tapes; they were good to hear on record. Keep up the good work. Jim Musselman Jr.

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track. Strong pressures were applied to Seeger to divert him from this dangerous direction to a course less controversial. He was induced to break the "golden thread" which had guided him. Taking advantage of his idealism, the forces applying the pressure persuaded him to undertake the construction of a sloop and set upon a campaign to "clean up" the Hudson River of its all pervading pollution. Frankly, when I first heard of this project, my immediate reaction was to recruit a pirate crew to sink the Clearwater at its moorings, and free Pete Seeger from this diversionary endeavor. (The Clearwater thing was perfectly non-controversial; everybody wants clean rivers.) As long as it was only a matter of songs and games and fishing out floating beer cans, sailing the Clearwater was fun. But once the cancerous PCBs were encountered and it was realized that this deadly, life destroying poison saturated the mud of the Hudson from Albany to New York Harbor the whole Clearwater crusade collapsed into childish futility. Something that could have been seen from the beginning.

Woody's Children are now on their own. But Woody's Children's Children need a helping hand.

- G.F.



WOODY GUTHRIE - A Life By Joe Klein. Knopf.

The author spent several years going to many sources to come up with this detailed life of Woody Guthrie. But there seems to have been a final rush to get it all into a book. For instance the painting on the book jacket of Woody seems to show a hydrocephaloid dwarf. The text does almost the same for the subject; I have a nagging impression that Woody comes out not like Tom Joad, but Jeeter Lester of "Tobacco Road." I have always felt that the true Woody emerges from this piece he wrote for "Hard-Hitting Songs":



**You Low Life Son of a Bitch**

You low life trifling bastard,  
You low life son of a bitch,  
You selfish, greedy, low down thief,  
You goddam thieving snitch.  
You yaller-back, piss-complected skunk,  
You scheming, conniving  
That's what I call a greedy rich thief,  
Now what do you think about that?  
You money changing, mangy hound,  
You profit worshipping dog,  
You home-wrecking, baby killing pimp,  
You swine, you filthy hog,  
You sissy, prissy cowardly snake,  
You whole-nog loafer wop,  
You gambling, framing, cheating cheat,  
No wait, that aint enough.

You mother-killing, baby starving,  
Grocery taking, profit making,  
Haywired, insane, organizer of death,  
You worshipper of greed and the devil,  
Who are you and where are you?  
You stool pigeon for the greedy side,  
You bodyguard of the bigshot lord,  
You worshipper of riches and greed  
You know who you are.

**WOODY GUTHRIE**

- G.F

L E T T E R S continued

Poway CA

Dear Broadside: I have bought 2 Phil Ochs albums from Folkways that were produced by you: THE BROADSIDE TAPES NO. ONE and INTERVIEWS With PHIL OCHS. Are there any more Ochs/Broadside albums? Do you have any hand-written (By Phil Ochs) music, or any autograph that you would send me. If not, I understand; if so, I would be extremely gratified as I am a great Phil Ochs fan. Sincerely,  
Greg Turkington

Reston VA

Greetings, Broadside: After five years of trying, a friend has finally turned my attention to Phil Ochs, I am finding his material so much more relevant (lo, these four years after he checked out) than the soulless Hotel California cowboy crap in the top ten....what can I say? In peace,  
Rod Morgan

Garfield Hts

Hi - Thanks for responding to my letter regarding the Phil Ochs albums. I'd like to thank you also for the article you sent me regarding the recent book on Phil. I've read that book, and though it does have some inaccurate facts (which I'm glad you cleared up for me), the book did renew my interest in Phil Ochs. This correspondence and the inspiration to write a song on Phil are the result -- so far. Thanks again. - Bill Cermak

Ithaca NY

Dear folks at Broadside: Glad to see that you are still around. Please let me know when the other Phil Ochs LPs are ready..... I would also like some back issues of Broadside; please let me know how to order them..... Can you find a photograph of Phil for me? A black & white 8x10 would be just great. I would really appreciate this very much. Best regards to Gordon  
Sincerely, Henry Zmuda

Wallington NJ

Please send info on obtaining back issues of Broadside. Also on the Broadside Tapes with Phil Ochs; I have the first one -- it's great! Thanks  
Artie Saunders

Brownwood TX

Friends: I'd like more information on your LP Albums put out through Folkways. I am really enjoying my PHIL OCHS/BROADSIDE TAPES! Thanks,  
Susan Bryan

72 Parkhill  
London SW4  
ENGLAND

Dear Gordon Friesen: Thanks for your letter. I have double checked and unfortunately they don't seem to have arrived. If it is possible to duplicate the order I will be most grateful; I really need all the material so if it's possible please photocopy the relevant Phil Ochs sections from the missing issues and tell me the cost. With thanks, Nick Hobbs

Hamilton  
Ontario CANADA

Dear Broadside: Since I bought my first Phil Ochs album "Chords Of Fame" a few months ago I have been hungry for more of an insight to the man and his music. I have the two Folkways/Broadside albums, "Phil Ochs Sings For Broadside" and the "Interviews," and have enjoyed the enclosed notes; but wish to know more. Therefore I would like to get a complete set of Broadside magazine..... Could you also inform me of any other material such as biographies, photographs or posters available on Phil. In closing I'd like to say I'm sorry I wasn't into his music when he was still alive and I often wonder what he would think or write about the sad state the world is in today. His music makes me wish I had known him always, but also makes me realize I hardly know very much about him. I do know he'll never leave the minds of anyone who had heard and understood his music. Thank you for your time. Yours truly,  
Ralph Tate

Montreal Quebec CANADA

Dear Broadside: I recently purchased one of your records, PHIL OCHS SINGS FOR BROADSIDE, and wanted to write and tell you how great it is and how glad I am you put it out. I just hope you decide to do the same with some of the other tapes you have of his material.... With many thanks....Yours very truly  
Ms. J. Saxon

LETTERS continued

Holder House Estate  
South Shields  
Tyne and Wear  
ENGLAND

Dear Broadside: I have recently purchased your No. 10 record "PHIL OCHS SINGS FOR BROADSIDE." I have noticed that in the booklet supplied with the record the numbers of your Broadside magazinewhich contain articles on Phil Ochs. As I am a keen fan of Phil Ochs material, could you please let me know the cost of purchasing these back issues..... I would also be interested in the titles of your other Broadside LPs.....Sincerely, Mr. R. Bullock:

San Diego CA

Dear Broadside: Over the past few years I have become a fervent fan of the late Phil Ochs. I say that with some shame as my political views have always been sympathetic to Phil's and, although I'm now twenty-three, I never heard of him until after his death on April 9, 1976. My Ochs' collection includes nearly every album he recorded with Elektra and A&M (at this time I'm missing "PHIL OCHS'S GREATEST HITS" with "CHORDS OF FAME" as well as the posthumous compilation called "CHORDS OF FAME). I bought the Folkways Vol. 14 edition "PHIL OCHS/THE BROADSIDE TAPES and I wish to get the INTERVIEWS albums. Also, if it's not too difficult for you, I would appreciate a list of all the articles he wrote for Broadside Magazine.....

Sincerely, Mitchell Freedman

Brooklyn NY

Dear Gordon & Sis: I would like one copy each of PHIL OCHS SINGS FOR BROADSIDE and INTERVIEWS. Very soon I will get the others, but right now these LPs will be of great importance to me. I'd like to say I'm pleased about what seems to be a re-emergence of interest in Phil. He was certainly one of the great songwriters and he had a great voice. The best thing about the renewed interest in Phil is that many of his songs (particularly on his Elektra LPs) were first printed in Broadside. - Michael Salmon

47 Nairn Road  
Ardersier  
Inverness SCOTLAND

Dear Mr. Friesen: Thank you for your letter. I was sorry to learn that BROADSIDE #13 & TAPES No. 2 have not been released. If these Phil Ochs Albums should become available at a later date I would be most grateful if you could let me know. Earlier this year I bought TAPES No. 1 - the songs on this album are so good that they could have easily found a place on Phil's first two Elektra LPs.

Yours sincerely, Rennie Pollitt

(Ed. Note: Michael Ochs has succeeded in suppressing PHIL OCHS - THE BROADSIDE TAPES No. 2; it will not be released.)

BILL DORRIS continued from p.5

Birmingham. RUC and Bull Connors were just good ole boys. Wally Feather, a Sioux Indian, was there with Kirk, representing the American Indian Movement, and like Kirk supporting the Hunger Strikers. Wally said the Indians were the Irish of America and the Irish the Indians of Ireland. Felt right at home, just like Wounded Knee. I sang a song for Kirk and he said it was "great" and spent some time to learn it. But I don't think we quite got it down to Carnegie Hall form with those Brit saracens rumbling by..... There are bright wall murals all up and down the Falls Road, over in the Ardoyne ghetto too, and I'll bet throughout the Nationalist combat zones of N. Ireland. Every night the Brit Army patrols throw paint bottles on them from their armored cars. Every morning the kids come out with their paint cans and repair them. The message is clear: You can kill the revolutionary, but not the Revolution. Violence is the Voice of the Oppressed. Or, as they say in El Salvador,

REVOLUCION O MUERTE

In a housing estate in Ardoyne, on the gable end of a long row of tenement flats, rising above the remnants of last night's bonfires, where two ghetto youth died of Brit plastic bullets, there's a bright lettered message running the length of the roofend: VICTORY BELONGS NOT TO THOSE WHO CAN INFLICT THE MOST, BUT TO THOSE WHO CAN ENDURE THE MOST. To date the 9th Hunger Striker has died in Thatcher's -- THE BEAST OF BRITAIN'S -- Hell Hole, and his bitterly oppressed nationalist community stands united across Northern Ireland. They are very much unbeaten. Enduring quite well, you might say.....

(See Bill's song in this issue)

Dear Friends at Broadside,

Havn't gotten any issues recently. Are you still publishing? I don't know if you have a particular subscription rate or not these days, but I'm including a check for \$25 to help out. I know money's tight, especially for political, folk and similar musics. I hope my contribution can help a bit.

There's lots of music going on up here. Two issues of the Panhandler's Songbook have come out- both packed with original music from Alaska's Panhandle. Plus, a 3 album set of music and history, SOUTHEAST ALASKA FOLK TRADITION, has been released on Folkways. For information on either, write Archipelago, Inc., P.O. Box 748, Douglas, Alaska 99824. I'd appreciate it if you could print a mention of this in your next issue.

In Song,

Ed Schoenfeld  
432 Gold St.  
Juneau Alaska 99801

HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR RENT STRIKE!



BOIL THEM LANDLORDS

(Tune: Boil Them Cabbage Down)  
(Words: © 1981 Bob Norman)

Those chilly winds of winter  
They're blowin' down my street  
And my landlord he's a bastard  
And he won't give us no heat

All your beggin' and your pleadin'  
They won't make him reform  
But if we put him in the boiler  
He's sure to keep us warm

Chorus:  
And it's boil them landlords down  
Bake those landlords brown  
Now the only song that I can sing  
Is boil them landlords down

Angel Figueroa  
He told me what to do  
He said: Get hold of that landlord  
And make him work for you (Chorus)

So listen all you tenants  
If you want to be warm  
Just get yourselves together  
And sing this little song

The wintertime is coming  
It's getting pretty cool  
Let's get some of those landlords  
And use 'em up for fuel (Chorus)

MAYOR Koch plans to raise the salaries of his deputy mayors, commissioners and other top aides on Jan. 1, the same day he takes a long-deferred \$20,000 pay hike to boost his annual paycheck to \$80,000.	NOV 6 1981	NEW YORK POST.
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(See Paul Kaplan's song "Money" in this issue).

BROADSIDE'S 20th ANNIVERSARY

THE YEAR 1982 WILL BE OUR 20th. DONATIONS TO MEET THE COSTS OF AN ANNIVERSARY ISSUE WILL BE MOST APPRECIATED.

The EDITORS

# - AND THEN... DEATH -



Associated Press

**LYRICIST DIES: E. Y. (Yip) Harburg** was killed in a car crash in Los Angeles. Songs included "April in Paris," "It's Only a Paper Moon" and "Over the Rainbow."

He also wrote "Brother Can You Spare A Dime" which became sort of a theme song of the Great Depression in the 30's. "Brother" has experienced a resurgence in recent times as America once again sinks into economic decline.

LEE HAYS, a co-founder of the Almanacs and the Weavers, died August 26 at the age of 67. He was born in Little Rock, Ark., the son of a Methodist minister. He became interested in folksongs at an early age, listening to Emma Dusenberry and other traditional singers of the Ozarks. He came to New York in 1940 and soon became involved in creating the Almanacs whose other original members were Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie and Millard Lampell. They wrote, sang, and recorded topical songs dealing with the issues of the times. After the war he and Seeger founded the Weavers; they became an immediate success. Their recording of a Hudie Ledbetter song "Goodnight Irene" was listed in the Guinness Book of World Records for remaining Number One on the Charts for thirteen consecutive weeks. The Weavers were soon blacklisted despite the fact that their records were selling at the rate of 4,000,000 copies each. So much for the industry's claim that "We are giving the public what it wants." Lee retired some 10 years ago to a little farm at Croton-On-Hudson. He had suffered from diabetes for many years, which finally caused both of his legs to be amputated. His friends held a Memorial Celebration for Lee October 4 at Croton.



Lee Hays



*Christ, you know it ain't easy.  
You know how hard it can be.  
The way things are going,  
They're gonna crucify me.*

FROM "BALLAD OF JOHN & YOKO"

## DEATH OF A BEATLE

PHIL OCHS in a Broadside interview (see Broadside #63) expressed the fear that Bob Dylan had worked his way so deeply into his audience's psyche that he might be assassinated. Phil's general theory was on the right track, but the ultimate victim was not Dylan, but John Lennon. It is ironical that Lennon, who fought so many hard court battles to stay in this country, failed to comprehend the prevailing terror that lurks in America's dark shadows.

## Chapman in battle over Lennon death album



By KIERAN CROWLEY

**MARK Chapman is battling a souvenir hunter for the record album that John Lennon autographed for him before the superstar was gunned down; The Post learned today.**

## Harry Chapin, 1942-1981

**VOICE**

By Michael Harrington

Six days after Harry Chapin was killed in an automobile accident on the Long Island Expressway, his life received a standing ovation in a Brooklyn Heights church.

The occasion was his music. His brothers, Tom and Steve, opened the memorial service by playing a tape of snatches of Harry singing over the years. When it was finished they said that he always loved applause. The congregation stood and clapped and whistled and stomped and cried. Pete Seeger, the older generation man who is something like Harry, was there; so were Mary Travers, Peter Yarrow, Oscar Brand, and other singers. That you would expect. The political funeral of a cultural hero has been an art form for some time, from Berlioz's last rites where the horses bolted because of the music to the moment of silence for John Lennon. And even some of the performers of the '60s and '70s who Oded from drugs or booze or both were eulogized as symbols of a lost and yearning generation.



## Grisly murder of Coasters' bassman

MODESTO, Cal. — A body found last year in a remote canyon with its hands and feet sawed off was identified today by authorities as Natahaniel Wilson, lead bass singer of the Coasters, a popular singing group of the '50s.

Wilson had disappeared in April 1980 from his Las Vegas, Nev., home while the group, known for such hit songs as "Charley Brown" and "Yakety Yak," had been performing at a nightclub there.

BROADSIDE, 215 W. 98 St. 4D, NY, NY 10025. Topical Song Magazine. Editors: Agnes Cunningham, Gordon Friesen. Send stamped envelope for information on back issues and the Broadside LP albums.

## WEATHERFORD 1912-14

One of my first lasting memories was of clinging to my father's hand and watching a sham battle at a county fair at the southeastern edge of Weatherford. It must have been about 1912 and I was 3.

It was a hot July and clouds of dust rose over the scene. The Indians (Cheyennes) hung on the outside of their ponies firing away and giving out with piercing war cries. They were riding around and around a drawn circle of covered wagons from which fire was being returned. Both sides were firing smoking blanks.

My father's smiling face assured me that there was no danger and all this was a sham. The Indians, once brave and resisting the white man's encroachment, were now only submissive clowns helping to put on a show for the white man.

Weatherford was in a state of transition. The early days were gone, the days when the Rock Island tracks reached the cornfield on which the town was platted by Beek Erick (1898). Gone were the 26 saloons which sprang up with the coming of the rails. Gone was the Weatherford where press agents brought the heir of the Anheuser-Busch Company when he asked them to take him to the wildest town in the West.

The link between the violent old and the pacified new was old Bill Weatherford, a bankrupt slaveholder from Mississippi, uprooted by the Civil War. He still stalked the streets and alleys with his frontier .45 Colt. A former Federal Marshal, sweeping the territory for outlaws, he had 14 notches on that Colt. His 15th notch reflected the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous. The story was told to me by Maud Alkire who was an 8th grader in school before I was born. A man had shot his wife to death and then tried to escape by running into the canyon at the west edge of town. Bill Weatherford, reacting to his killer instinct, went after the man with a Winchester and the whole town rushed after him, school children and all. Weatherford overtook him and picked him off with the Winchester. Maud remembered how the body was brought back to town. The spring wagon was too short and his head hung backward over the flapping endgate, blood streaming from the nose and mouth.

The man was not an outlaw, but simply a victim of a domestic crisis.

The transition of Weatherford, Oklahoma, from a wild west town to modern domesticity was not unique. How could it have been? There must have been many similar frontier towns which shared this phenomenon.

But let's stick to Weatherford. When I was a child in Weatherford the town was comparatively tame. Oklahoma by this time consisted mainly of disinherited Indians and displaced Southerners who had lost the Civil War. There was a near balance of bankrupt farmers from the North. Weatherford represented this historical development.

There was only one Jew in Weatherford, Mr. Soloway who ran the Dixie Drygoods Store on Mainstreet. He had rightly selected the name -- since the Dixiecrats in Weatherford were in the majority.

It was due to Mr. Soloway that I had my first intimation of sexuality. He would bring home the wooden boxes in which his supplies -- overalls, work-pants, work-shirts -- were shipped, and he'd pile them up behind his house which was about three houses from ours. My little girl friend, Therese Toews whose family was another close

neighbor of ours, would play house in these stacked up boxes, and in our play we felt the first stirrings of sex. It was all very innocent. "I'll let you watch me pee-pee if I can watch you." We laid naked on top of each other without knowing what it was about. We were 3 or 4 years old. Sweet Therese was killed in a car accident all of 45 years ago.

There were two Catholics in Weatherford at this time, the butcher Schultz and Mr. Avritt, the Mexican sexton boss for the Rock Island Railroad who lived with his family in his red company house on the south side of the tracks. My older brother Eddie and I were the closest friends of the Avritt boys, Louis and Lester, and played with them in the canyon that ran under the railroad grade south of town, and on into Deer Creek. (The last deer had been killed 20 years earlier.)

The town drunk was Mr. Justice, who often wandered out onto Mainstreet clad only in a short undershirt. He was sent stumbling home by the town Marshal applying a switch to his bare behind. Irreverent town wits named him "Supreme Court" Justice.

In a shack down in the canyon which bisected West Main on its way to join Mother Deer Creek lived the town witch -- we were told. She emerged only at night to scrounge for garbage in the alleys, always clothed in solid black. We would really scurry home if caught by falling dusk on the wrong side of the canyon on our way to our house on West Main.

In another canyon shack, near the home of the witch, lived Pedro (we never learned his last name), the hot tamale man who daily pushed his cart up and down Main Street. Sales of his delicious product fell off sharply when the rumor spread that someone had seen hundreds of cat heads in the weeds behind his shack.

The matter of the town whore, Mittie, is a delicate personal subject. My Uncle Dave, although he should have been wiser -- he served in the Philippines with the American troops who subdued the patriot Aguinaldo -- married her and left town to follow the wheat harvest. I still remember the commotion and the deep feeling of shame that pervaded the household when the town marshal, announcing that Mittie had engaged in another knife fight, came to Dad to bail her out of the one-cell concrete block jail that stood in the cinder-strewn alley behind the Thacker Brothers' Grocery.

It seemed that scandal was dogging our family. My mother's half-sister, Aunt Katy, participated in the theft of the first car ever stolen in Weatherford. She was only 16, innocent but easily persuaded. My parents always said, "She was talked into it." In any event, she and her boy friend stole the car and headed west. California, only 1500 miles away, was their destination. The town marshal pursued them in a horse-and-buggy and caught up with them ten miles out of town. The car was stuck on high center. Again Dad was awakened at 2 o'clock in the morning. Katy was put in his charge and the young man was forcefully told to resume his trek to California on foot. The irony of the whole mess was that the stolen car was owned by Dr. Matt Gordon who delivered me and for whom I was named.

The scourge of the small boys was the town bully, Burton Brown. When I was in kindergarten and he in an upper grade we used to chant from a safe distance, "Burton Brown/Went to town

With his britches/Upside down."

Burton Brown had an endless bag of dirty tricks he would play on the smaller boys. Almost everyone in Weatherford had a milk cow, kept in a small shed in the back yard. Boys were hired to drive the cows to

pasture grass at the edge of town. The bovines would leave what we called "cow pies" in the dirt streets. Burton would lure boys into the loft of his cowshed with the promise they would get to see a human skull he kept there. But he had a trapdoor in the loft. When the victims stepped on it Burton would pull a cord and drop them into the cow manure below. He also had this trick with the cow pies. He would locate a nice fresh one, carefully place his cap over it and then he would get some gullible little kid and tell him, "Hey, I got a bird captured under here. I'll lift up the edge of the cap and you grab under there with both hands and get the bird." The boys who did this plunged their hands into cowshit. Burton Brown did this once too often; he got hold of a kid he did not realize had been a former victim. Instead of grabbing under the cap this particular kid jumped down hard on it with both feet.

Eddie and I and the two Avritt boys built ourselves a camp on a ledge of the canyon and we had a teepee made of gunnysacks. One morning from the top of the railroad grade we saw our teepee on fire, someone had put a match to it. I forget just how we determined the culprit was Burton Brown, but we were sure of it. Louis and Eddie tried to think of a way to get some sort of revenge. They were afraid to face him, to confront him, so we all stayed safely up on the railroad grade. They decided to yell curses down at him, but they were afraid to curse him in English. Lester asked Eddie if he knew any German curse words which Burton wouldn't understand. All the curse words Eddie could think of were, "Du verdammter dumbkopf" ("You damned idiot.") So we stood up there on the grade shouting this down into the canyon for a long time until we were satisfied.

My father had a real estate office a few doors down North Broadway. He and Mr. Frank Toews, Therese's father, had in an application for the Ford Motor Car franchise. But then Mr. Toews died miserably of typhoid fever. The franchise went to the partners next in line, my father's younger brother Pete and Jake Bergman. They became the richest men in Custer County. My father moved his family to a quarter section in Ford County Kansas near Dodge City, where we were swallowed up in poverty. That was 1916.

- Gordon Friesen



Sis Cunningham et Gordon Friesen (photo Daniel Sabience)