

BROADSIDE

#21

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TALKING

CUBAN CRISIS

By

PHIL OCHS

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It was just a little while ago
I glued my ears to the radio
The announcer was sayin' we
better beware
A crisis was hangin' in the air
...Crawlin' on the ground
...Swimmin' in the sea
...Headin' straight for me.

Well, I didn't know if I was
for or agin' it,
He was screamin' and yellin'
a mile a minute.

He said "Here comes the President!
But first this word from Pepsodent,
Have whiter teeth & cleaner breath
When you're facing nuclear death."

Then the President began to speak,
I knew right away he wouldn't be
weak,

He said he'd seen some missile
bases

And terrible smiles on Cuban faces.
...Carryin' land reform too far
...Givin' land to the U.S.S.R.

He said we mustn't be afraid
We're settin' up a little blockade,
Put our ships along the Cuban
shores

And if the Russian bear yells and
roars ...We'll let him have it.

From Turkey & Greece, Formosa
and Spain
From the peaceful West
European plain,
From Alaska & Greenland we'll
use our means
And 20,000 submarines.
...Teach 'em a lesson
...For tryin' to upset
the balance of power.

Well, most Americans stood
behind

The President and his
military minds.

Me, I stood behind the bar
Dreamin' of a spaceship
getaway car.

...Head for Mars
...Or any other planet
that has bars.

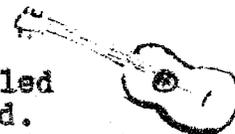
Yes, it seemed the stand
was strong and plain,
But some Republicans
were going insane.

They said our plan was just
too mild --

Spare the rod and spoil the
child.

...Sink Cuba into the sea
...Give them back democracy.

The deadline was set for ten o'clock,
The Cold War was gettin' Hot,
The Russians tried and the Russians failed
And homeward bound those missiles sailed.
...Mr. Khrushchev said "Better Red than dead!"



THE A. M. A. SONG

By PHIL OCHS

VERSE

We are the na - tion's phy - si - cians ---- We
give aid to our lob - bies ev - 'ry - where! We will
fight a - gainst dis - ease when the mon - ey comes with ease, and
when we get to - geth - er we say:

CHORUS

Hoo - ray for THE A. M. A! ----- And
for us doc - tors let's have high - er pay! If you
can't af - ford my bill, don't you tell me that you're ill, be - cause
that's the free en - ter - prise way!

VERSE 2. We've divided up the sections of the body!
Every day we specialize more and more!
But we really love to stitch the disease of the rich!
We are sure there is a clinic for the poor!

VERSE 3. And our waiting rooms are getting pretty crowded,
It is sad to see our patients sit and bleed!
But if you must use our ointment then you must have an appointment
Or who'll pay for those magazines you read?

VERSE 4. And now the government is getting too ambitious.
Yes, we know they want to socialize us all.
Well, our oath was Hippocratic, but with money we're fanatics,
So we'll see you in Canada in the fall!

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THE BALLAD OF LOU MARSH

Words & Music by
 Phil Ochs
 © 1963, by author

1. My sto-ry is a sad one --, it's ug - ly and it's
 2. There were two gangs assembled -- in Span- ish Harlem
 harsh, A- bout a so - cial worker --- his name was Lou- is
 town; The smell of blood was in the air, the challenge was laid
 Marsh. He walked our slums & al - leys and he died there
 down. With pa - tience & with reason he tried to
 in his tracks --, For one man is no ar - my - when a
 save their lives --, But they broke his peaceful bo - dy with their
 ci - ty turns its back ---: And now the streets are empty &
 fists & feet & knives ---.
 now the streets are dark, So keep an eye on shadows -- & never
 pass the park-- For the ci - ty is a jungle when the law is
 out of sight --, & death lurks in el bar - i - o with or - phans
 the

of the night ---.

3. In this city of corruption
 Other gang wars will be fought
 And as you listen to my song
 Your officials can be bought
 So don't hide behind policemen
 Or politicians' lies
 But fight 'till every dirty slum
 Is torn down before your eyes.

CHO.

Lou Marsh was a New York Youth Board worker killed a few weeks ago when he tried to stop a rumble between two rival gangs. He was a Negro, 29, and a preacher, who wanted to do something to help our troubled youth...Phil Ochs

BROADSIDE #21

LAST STOP ON THE JIM CROW TRAIN

Words by David Arkin
 Music by Waldemar Hille
 © by authors, 1962

Freely

Last stop—on the Jim Crow Train, — Now you're coming —

A7 D7 G6 REFRAIN * Leader: (Strict Tempo)

— to the end of the line. — O the Jim Crow Train,

*Audience: Leader: Am D7 Aud: Am D7

O the Jim Crow Train is a low-down train; is a low-down train,

* Leader: Em G (Leader-audience style throughout refrain) Am D7

Don't you get on board, Don't you, etc., Or you'll ride in vain, --

G Em C7 C#dim D7

Don't you get a ticket, -- Don't you pay the fare, -- 'Cause the

G Am D7 G VERSE (solo) A^b

Jim Crow Train, -- Doesn't go no- where. -- 1. Now that train

(H) E^b

stopped— In Loui-si-a-na, — And I got off to see my Han-nah —

A^b A^b6 A^bm F

— Now she said: Brother, — there's a picket line, — Come on a-

G D7 G * CODA * Leader: Audience: (gradually fading)

long — And grab a sign. Go no-where Go no-where

* or both: Am Am7 G FINE

Go no- where.

2. Now that train stopped in Alabama
 And I got off to see my mama
 Now she said, "Son,
 Don't get on that bus,
 Just come on down and
 Walk with us." (REFRAIN)

LAST STOP ON THE JIM CROW TRAIN cont'd

3. Now that train stopped
In Carolina
And I got off
Nothing could be finer
My friend says, "Hey,
Don't you be a fool
Get a load of books
And go to school!" REFRAIN

4. Now that train stopped
At Oxford College
And I got off
In search of knowledge
I saw my brother
And he said "That's great
You'll get your education
In Mississippi State."
REFRAIN - to CODA

THE HARP IN THE AIR

Words: Josh Dunson
Tune: Slowed-down "Good Ole Mountain
© 1963 by author Dew"

Dedication: To Sean O'Casey whose essay "The Harp in the Air Still Sings" captured the brilliant hopes of the world, and to Nelson Algren whose book about "This man's city" saw the "city of the broad shoulders" through its people.

CHORUS: The Harp in the air still sings
And the winds of change blow the strings
Up and down Chicago town
The Harp in the air still sings

1. Been all around this man's town
South Side, the West and the North
Well, I heard the cries, the hunger & the sighs
Of the people coming forth.

Chorus

2. Well, I asked that girl of the flashing eyes
Tell me why you sing?
Oh she told me the birds from the skies
Whisper of the Harp in the air's ring.

Chorus

3. Chicago's a town of many folks
Negro, Spanish, Polish, and Jew
And I thought if they heard the Harp in the air
There'd be no trouble getting through.

Chorus

4. Well, this man's town is this man's world
With old men and young faces too
And if they all heard the Harp in the air
The "Masters of War" would be through.

Chorus

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DINERS

Words and Music by

MALVINA REYNOLDS

Dedicated to RACHEL CARSON

There's a skull and crossbones on the can of spinach, there's a
skull and crossbones on the juicy orange, there's a
lit-tle red flag on the bread. No-body knows what happened to the diners
warning note on the fi-let. No-body knows what happened to the diners
but they're dead. There's a
but they've all passed a-way. The stocks go up on the
stock exchange from the chemical com-pan-ies, And the new brand cancer
falls like rain on the peach and the ap-ple trees. Oh the
fish are dying from the poisoned algae & the ducks are dy-ing from the
fish. But if you've got a share in Poll-u-ted Air, you can
be as rich as you wish, If you don't mind what you're eating from your
dish.

© 1963 by Malvina Reynolds

/ BROADSIDE #21 /

THE RISE AND FALL OF HOLLIS BROWN

A True Story

Words: BOB DYLAN
Tune: Traditional
(much like "Pretty Polly")
© 1962 by author

Hollis Brown he lived on the outside of town
Hollis Brown he lived on the outside of town
With his wife and five children and his cabin fallin' down.

You looked for work and money and you walked a ragged mile
You looked for work and money and you walked a ragged mile
Your children are so hungry that they don't know how to smile.

There's bedbugs on your babies and there's chinchies on your wife
There's bedbugs on your babies and there's chinchies on your wife
Gangrene snuck in your side, it's cuttin' you like a knife.

Your babies' eyes look crazy, they're a tuggin' at your sleeve
Your babies' eyes look crazy, they're a tuggin' at your sleeve
You walk the floor and wonder why with every breath you breathe.

The rats have got your flour, bad blood has got your mare
The rats have got your flour, bad blood has got your mare
If there's anyone that knows, is there anyone that cares.

You prayed to the Lord above, O please send you a friend
You prayed to the Lord above, O please send you a friend
You ain't got no money, and you ain't got no friend.

Your babies are cryin' louder now, it's a poundin' on your brain
Your babies are cryin' louder now, it's a poundin' on your brain
Your wife's screams are stabbin' you like the dirty drivin' rain.

Your grass is turnin' brown, there's no water in your well
Your grass is turnin' brown, there's no water in your well
You've spent your last lone dollar on seven shotgun shells.

Out on the mountain top a cold coyote calls
Out on the mountain a cold coyote calls
Your eyes fix on the shotgun that's a hangin' on the wall.

Your brain is a bleedin' and your legs can't seem to stand
Your brain is a bleedin' and your legs can't seem to stand
Your eyes fix on the shotgun that you're holdin' in your hand.

Seven breezes blowin' all around your cabin door
There's seven breezes blowin' all around your cabin door
Seven shots sound out like the ocean's poundin' roar.



There's seven people dead on a South Dakota farm
There's seven people dead on a South
Dakota farm
Somewhere in the distance
there's seven new people born.

BROADSIDE #21

THE H-BOMBS' THUNDER from Britain (Broadside # 19) has earned its place as one of the great topical songs of our time. We recently asked its author, John Brunner of London, to tell us something about the background of how it came to be written. Here is his article.

THE H-BOMBS' THUNDER, AND SUCHLIKE

By John Brunner

The more I think about it, the more I come to the conclusion that H-BOMBS' THUNDER was a sort of anarcho-syndicalist job. It was anarchic because it came within several hairs' breadths of not being written at all (my wife Marjorie insisted on taking me to the inaugural meeting of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in 1958, which persuaded me out of my previous rather cynical attitude regarding nuclear war, and at the time Britain was in the grip of the skiffle fad and I was spending a lot of time around the clubs and writing comments for Caravan and we heard about the first Aldermaston march and thought it might be a good idea to get some of our singing friends together and load them on a truck and go down there and the construction of this sentence is intended to reflect the thoroughly haphazard way the idea germinated).

And it was definitely syndicalist because we found that a lot of other people had had the same idea independently, and the idea grew up that we ought to have a song specially to mark the occasion, so I tried my hand. I'd never written a song before, apart from school revue numbers.

One evening, at the Princess Louise (a pub in Holborn, which was successively occupied by a number of skiffle clubs, including the Nancy Whiskey Club... ah, dear dead days!), we got together around a table and examined the draft and decided it was no damned good. John Hasted was there, a lecturer in physics at London University among other things; Fred Dallas, who wrote The Family of Man, was there, and people from the London Youth Choir and so on.

It didn't have a chorus, which was bad. The tune it was set to wasn't very marchable, which was worse. Required: one good plain tune in 4/4 time, easy to learn but not so well known that there was any risk of a majority of marchers remembering its original words and singing them instead. The talk went back and forth, and John Hasted finally proposed "Miners' Lifeguard". Excellent -- it fitted all the conditions.

So we picked some phrases out of my first draft and made a chorus, with people tossing out statements like, "It's got to have 'Ban the Bomb' in it somewhere!"

And I went home and recast the first version into three 8-line verses instead of seven 4-line verses, and there it was.

The London Youth Choir turned out en bloc for that first march. Some time around the second or third day, when the song was being sung for the fortieth time, John Holley turned to me and said, "That's the one. It says it all!"

I don't know of anything else which has excited me more. The way in which that song, over a mere forty-eight hours, became identified

H-BOMBS' THUNDER -- 2

with the march, so that when people ran out of verses they would go on whistling it, was quite amazing. It was like the way in which Gerry Holton's ND symbol - familiar the world over today, but then new and strange - caught on instantly. When we assembled for the march on Good Friday, and first saw ND "lollipops" being carried, we were demanding what the hell it meant - an atom splitting, or what? By Sunday we were tuned to its frequency, and every time a car went by with a symbol in the window we cheered our heads off.

Same with the song.

It's gone places since, and I've lost track of it. It's been translated into French, German, Italian (during the Moscow Congress last summer), Danish, and other languages. It's been recorded on Topic and Collector, it's been printed with or without music in Britain, Canada, the States, and probably lots of places I don't know about. It won't lie down. Also in Moscow last summer, I met composer Alan Bush, and when he learned who I was he immediately insisted on shaking hands because he so admired the damned thing.

It leaves me in a state of confusion. Nowadays I just sort of say, "Well - thanks!" And try to change the subject.

It's done its job. It's become the definitive marching song of anti-nuclear demonstrators - whenever someone can be found who remembers all the verses. But it's not the only good marching song we have - Marching on Trafalgar Square, which goes to "A Hundred Years on the Eastern Shore", and Ban the Bloody H-Bomb, which Alex Comfort wrote to "John Brown's Body", are just two of the fine numbers we've acquired.

There's all the difference in the world between trudging through the rain with squelching shoes and your head miserably bowed, wondering how much further there is before the tea-stop, and trudging through the rain singing at the top of your voice. I don't know why. Any psychologists in the house?

