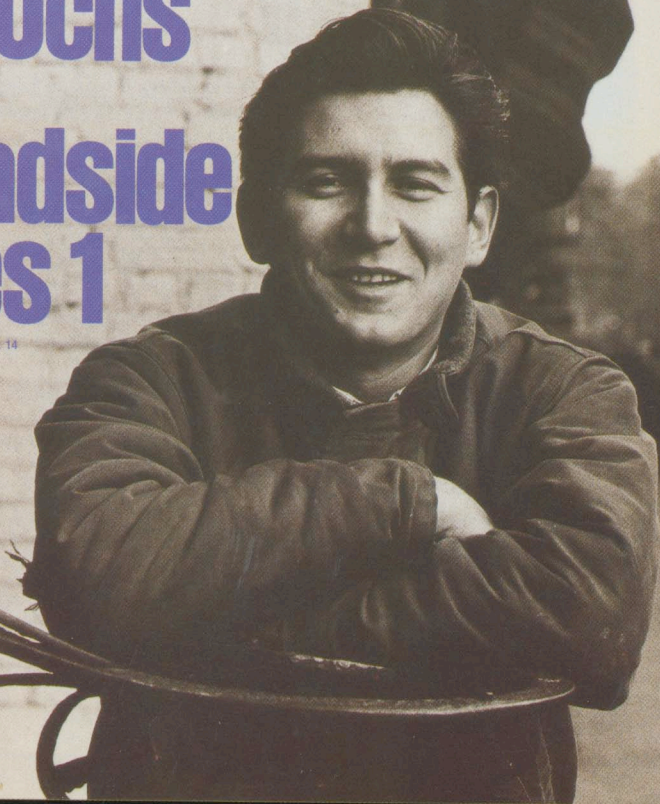


SMITHSONIAN/FOLKWAYS SF 40008

Phil Ochs

The Broadside Tapes 1

THE BROADSIDE TAPES LP NO. 14

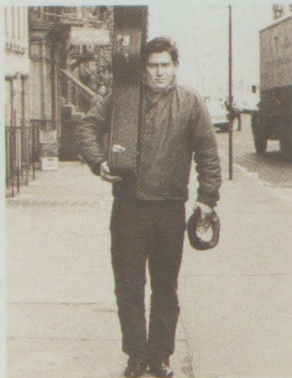


Phil Ochs**The Broadside Tapes 1**

1. **Ballad of Alferd Packer** 2:11
2. **If I Knew** 2:18
3. **Ballad of John Henry Faulk** 3:08
4. **Spaceman** 2:09
5. **On My Way** 1:40
6. **Hazard, Kentucky** 2:09
7. **The Passing of My Life** 2:21
8. **That's the Way It's Gonna Be** 2:35
9. **Rivers of The Blood** 1:59
10. **Remember Me** 2:22
11. **Talking Pay T.V.** 2:33
12. **Christine Keeler** 1:30
13. **Spanish Civil War Song** 2:11
14. **Another Country** 2:21
15. **Time Was** 1:38
16. **I Shoulda Known Better** 3:32

Produced by Paul Kaplan.
Cover photo by David Gahr.
Descriptive booklet by Jane Friesen.
Digitally remastered by Dr. Toby Mountain at Northeastern Digital
Recording, Inc.
Previous Folkways issue: FD 5362

From the tape collection of Broadside Magazine.
Co-Editors: Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen



**Smithsonian
Folkways**

Smithsonian/Folkways Records
Office of Folklife Programs
955 L'Enfant Plaza, Suite 2600
Smithsonian Institution
Washington DC 20560

Smithsonian Folkways Records

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The Smithsonian acquired Folkways in order to ensure that the sounds and the genius of the artists would continue to be available to future generations. Every title is being kept in print and new recordings are being issued. Administered by the Smithsonian's Office of Folklife Programs, Folkways Records is one of the ways the Office supports cultural conservation and continuity, integrity, and equity for traditional artists and cultures.

Several hundred Folkways recordings are distributed by Rounder Records. The rest are available on cassette by mail order from the Smithsonian Institution. For information and catalogs telephone 202/387-3262 or write Folkways, Office of Folklife Programs, 955 L'Enfant Plaza, Suite 2600, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560, U.S.A.

Phil Ochs

The Broadside Tapes 1

- | | |
|--|---|
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(Phil Ochs, Appleseed Music) | 9. Rivers of The Blood 1:59
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(Phil Ochs, Joy Music) |
| 8. That's the Way It's Gonna Be 2:35
(Phil Ochs) | 16. I Shoulda Known Better 3:32
(Lennon-McCartney, Blackwood Music) |

PHIL OCHS

The Broadside Tapes

Part I, LP No. 14



February of 1962 marked the beginning of Broadside, a magazine devoted to circulating new topical songs. From the start it was valuable, both as a source of new important music and as an impetus to songwriters to produce material that could be disseminated immediately.

The most prolific of these songwriters was Phil Ochs, who had a total of 69 songs printed in Broadside. Almost every week he would arrive at the Broadside apartment on West 104 Street in New York City, hungry and with his pockets stuffed with scribbles. After eating, he would sit down before the ancient Revere tape recorder and sing his new songs. One time he has seven of them, all composed within the previous few days. Gordon Friesen, who founded Broadside with his wife Sis Cunningham, once asked Phil where his song ideas came from. Phil pulled a Newsweek magazine from his jacket pocket and smiled, "From out of here." His musical ideas came "from Mozart." Phil's output was so great that many of his songs were "lost in the shuffle." Broadside couldn't fit them all in, and his records didn't have room for all of them. So, some songs were never heard by more than a handful of people. Until now.

This year, while rummaging through the Broadside tape collection, I found dozens of Phil Ochs songs that had never been on record. Out of these we chose 30 for remastering. These songs were originally taped solely for Sis Cunningham to transcribe and include in Broadside. So, in listening, we find that sometimes choruses are left out; Phil stops to turn over the page he's reading from; in the background a parakeet chirps furiously; a noisy typewriter bangs out the next copy of Broadside.

Obviously, these are not tapes of studio quality. But the songs are good, some of Phil's best. And the performances are powerful. All in all, Phil Ochs—The Broadside Tapes provides a stirring aural document direct from the center of the Topical Song Movement in its formative years of 1962-64. Many of the songs are just as relevant today as they were when they were written. And we need them just as much today. Listen to them. Learn them. And sing them.

NOTES:

BALLAD OF ALFERD PACKER

IF I KNEW--This song features the famous Broadside parakeet, La, on background harmonies.

BALLAD OF JOHN HENRY FAULK--In the 1950's the humorist John Henry Faulk was blacklisted from the radio-TV industry after a pamphlet linked him to a Communist conspiracy. In June of 1962 he was awarded \$550,000 in libel damages, but he only collected a little over \$75,000. His lawyer, Louis Nizer, received over \$100,000.

SPACEMAN--Our race with the Russians to put men on the moon proved the superiority of American technology. At what cost?

ON MY WAY--Phil's travelin' workin' man's song, Woody Guthrie style.

HAZARD, KENTUCKY--On several trips to the south, Phil got a first-hand look at life among the impoverished miners scratching out a living above and below the ground.

THE PASSING OF MY LIFE--Despite the poor quality of this recording, we had to include it. The words are most depressing, but the beauty of the language and the force of the performance are ultimately uplifting. "This is a song that came out of a conversation with Peter La Farge. I was talking to him, and in one of the sentences he said, 'with the passing of my life.'"

THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE--Phil Ochs at the height of his optimism. The second song referred to in Phil's introduction was "One More Parade."

RIVERS OF THE BLOOD--"Here's some songs I got together last week." Phil then taped the four songs which begin side two.

REMEMBER ME--The chorus comes from "Remember Me," a country song by T. Texas Tyler. The words were changed, of course.

TALKING PAY T.V.--Phil Ochs "sells out."

CHRISTINE KEELER--Tune: "Walk Right In." On June 5, 1963, Great Britain's Secretary of State for War, John Profumo, resigned after admitting that he had been involved with call girl Christine Keeler. The prominent osteopath, Dr. Stephen Ward, facing conviction on charges of pimping for Christine and roommate Mandy Rice-Davies, committed suicide.

ANOTHER COUNTRY--Phil wrote this song soon after the assassination of Medgar Evers in Mississippi.

TIME WAS--"I sort of consider this the only conservative song that I've written; conservative not in the sense of the clowns like Barry Goldwater but the true conservative concern for the individual. I think the closest parallel to the song I've seen is a movie called 'Lonely Are The Brave,' with Kirk Douglas." Phil ends the song with a most atypical E6 chord.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER--Many people don't realize the extent to which Phil followed and was influenced by popular culture, especially films and, of course, music (see Broadside albums vol. 11 and 13, Interviews With Phil Ochs and Broadside Interviews Phil Ochs). This song was performed with Eric Andersen in the fall of 1964, at the Broadside hoot at the Village Gate.

--Paul Kaplan

Cover photo by Dave Gahr
Transcriptions, Sis Cunningham
Booklet by Jane Friesen

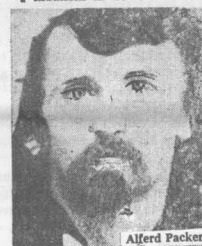
"God isn't dead--he's only missing in action."--Phil Ochs

N.Y. Post, 1977

CANNIBAL PUT-DOWN IS HARD TO SWALLOW

WASHINGTON — A plaque honoring convicted cannibal Alferd E. Packer at the Agriculture Department's newest cafeteria has been removed from the wall, and a bunch of Packer buffs are stewing over it.

The \$29 plaque, paid for through private donations, honored the early pioneer and mountain guide who was eventually paroled after being convicted on five counts of cannibalism in 1874.



Alferd Packer

Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland noted that the naming was a bipartisan gesture.

He said, "The judge who sentenced Mr. Packer allegedly said to him, 'There was only six Democrats in all of Minnsdale County, and you, you man-eating son of a bitch, you ate five of them.'

"I sentence you to hang by the neck until you're dead, dead, dead, as a warning against further reducing the Democratic population in this county."

Members of the Colorado chapter of "The Friends of Alferd E. Packer" are protesting the sign's removal.

The membership card bears a photograph of Packer captioned: "I never met a meal I didn't like."

Packer allegedly ate the men when and they became trapped in a blizzard and ran out of food.

From Combined Services

BALLAD OF ALFERD PACKER

BRISKLY Am C E7 Am

In the state of Colo-rado in the year of seventy-four They crossed San Juan

Mountains growing hungry to the core, Their guide was Alferd Packer and they

trusted him too long For his character was weak & his ap-petite was strong.

CHO: Am C E7 Am

They called him a murderer, a cannibal, a thief; It doesn't pay to eat

(Final Ending) E7 Am

anything but government inspected beef. (He'd never) heard of Duncan-Hines.

In the state of Colorado /In the year of seventy-four/They crossed the San Juan Mountains /Growing hungry to the core/Their guide was Alferd Packer/And they trusted him too long/ For his character was weak/And his appetite was strong.

Chorus:

They called him a murderer, a cannibal, a thief;
It just doesn't pay to eat anything but Government inspected beef.

Along the Gunnison River/An Indian Camp they spied/An Indian chief approached them/To stop them he did try/He warned them of the danger/In the snow that lay around/But the danger was in Packer/For his hunger knew no bound.

Two cold months went slowly by/Packer came back alone/"My comrades they all froze to death,/I'm starving," he did moan/The Indian chief knew how he lied/He spat upon the ground/For Packer's belly hung out all over his belt/He'd gained some thirty pounds

Well for nine long years he ran away/But finally he was tried/He claimed he didn't kill them/He only ate their hide/That County had six dem-o-crats/Until that man arrived/ Well only one lives on today/He ate the other five.

Eighteen years he stayed in jail/It was dreadful fate/For he suffered indigestion/Every time he ate/Still it's hard to blame this hungry guy/Who went searchin' for the mines/ For when he ate his friends/He'd never heard of Duncan Hines.

Broadside #48

Words & Music: Phil Ochs /c.1964 by Appleseed Music. Used by permission

IF I KNEW

If I knew why the sun did shine/And if I knew the taste of ancient wine/If I knew all these wonders/There's one thing more I'd know/I'd know the way we all should go.

And if I knew the deepest ocean floor/And if I knew the waves upon the shore/If I knew all these wonders/There's one thing more I'd know/I'd know the way we all should go.

And if I knew the seasons and the wisdom of the years/I'd know the reason why we're here.

And if I knew the power of the Lord/And where the gifts of heaven may be stored/Yes if I knew all these wonders/There's one thing more I'd know/I'd know the way we all should go.

By Phil Ochs/c.1964 Phil Ochs

BALLAD OF JOHN HENRY FAULK

1. Dm C A G F

I'll tell you the story of John Henry Faulk, I'll tell you of his

trials & the troubled trail he walked, And I'll tell you of the

tyrants, the ones you never see; Murder is the role they play and

hatred is their fee. (Ending, v. 5)

--there, Oh that list!

I'll tell you the story of John Henry Faulk/I'll tell you of his trials and the troubled trail he walked/And I'll tell you of the tyrants, the ones you never see/Murder is the role they play and hatred is their fee.

On the TV and the radio John Henry Faulk was known/He talked to many thousands with a mind that was his own/But he could not close his eyes when the lists were passed around/ So he tried to move the Union to tear the blacklist down.

Well his friends they tried to warn him he was headin' for a fall/If he spoke against the black-list he had no chance at all/But he laughed away their warnings and he laughed away their fears/For how could lies destroy the work of many honest years.

Then slowly, oh so slowly, his life began to change/People would avoid his eyes, his friends were actin' strange/And he finally saw the power of the hidden poison pen/When they told him that his job was through, he'd never work again.

And he could not believe what his sad eyes had found/He stared in disbelief as his world came tumblin' down/And as the noose grew tighter, at last the trap was clear/For every place he turned to go that list would soon be there--Oh, that list.

And is there any bottom to the fears that grow inside/Is there any bottom to the hate that you must hide/And is there any end to that long road of despair/Is there any end to the pain that you must bear?

His wife and children trembled, the time was runnin' short/When a man of law got on his side and dragged 'em into court/And there upon the stand they could not hide behind their lies/And the cancer of the fascist was displayed before our eyes.

Hey you blacklist, you blacklist, I've seen what you have done/I've seen the men you ruined and the lives you've tried to run/But the one thing that I've found is, the only one's you spare/Are those that do not have a brain, or those that do not care.

And you men who point your fingers and spread your lies around/You men who left your soul behind and drag us to the ground/You can put my name right down there, I will not try to hide/For if there's one man on the blacklist I'll be right there by his side.

Broadside #26/By Phil Ochs/c.1963 Phil Ochs

SPACEMAN

Way high, so high/Travelin' fast and free/Spaceman, look down/
Tell me what you see./Can you see the hunger there/Strike without a sound?/
Can you see the food you burn/As you circle round?

Way high, so high/All the world will cheer/Spaceman, look down/
Tell me what you hear./Can you hear a child cry/Body filled with pain?/
Deadly sores when cures are there/How much fuel remains?

Way high, so high/Spaceship made of steel/Spaceman, look down/
Tell me what you feel./Can you feel the money gone/As you sail through space?/
Can you feel how many die/When you win the race?

Coda: Way high, so high/Travelin' fast and free/Spaceman, look down/Tell me what you see.

By Phil Ochs/c.1964 Phil Ochs

ON MY WAY

1. G A D7 C G F

Well, sometimes I am hap-py, some-times sad, Think-in' of the

good times I have had, Think-in' of the plac-es I have

been, Some-times down, some-times up, some-times in.

On my way to an-oth-er work-in' day, On my

way and I wish that I could stay, On my way but I

have no time to play And I hope that I will see you on my way.

Well, sometimes I am happy, sometimes sad./Thinkin' of the good times I have had./ Thinkin' of the places I have been./Sometimes down, sometimes up, sometimes in.

Refrain:

On my way--to another workin' day/On my way--and I wish that I could stay./
On my way--but I have no time to play/And I hope that I will see you on my way.

And I got me a job in Buffalo/And it's cold when those chilly lake winds blow/
And it's hot when that steel furnace glows/It was dirty when that steel smoke rose.

Then California called me for a while./And the sun was shinin' every single mile/
It was gettin' so darned crowded I could cry./Crossin' land and sea and fallin' from the sky.

And I've been all along the Southern shore/And the people there were lookin' mighty
poor./They were waitin' for some factories to arrive/And some of them were fightin' to survive.

Yes, I've been all up and down the line./But somehow my money stayed behind./
A good payin' job is hard to find./And the graveyard's lookin' for another sign.

Broadside #23

Words and music by Phil Ochs/c.1963 Fall River Music, Inc.
Suite 602, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y.

HAZARD, KENTUCKY

Well, some people think that Unions are too strong./Union leaders should go back where they belong./But I wish that they could see a little more of poverty/
And they might start to sing a different song.

Chorus:

Well, minin' is a hazard in Hazard, Kentucky./And if you ain't minin' there./Well, my friends you're awful lucky./Cause if you don't get silico-sis or pay that's just atrocious./You'll be screamin' for a Union that will care./Well the Depression was ended with the war./But nobody told Kentucky, that is sure./Some are living in a sewer while jobs are getting fewer./But more coal is mined than ever before.

Well the badge of Sheriff Combs always shines./And when duty calls he seldom ever whines./Well I don't like raisin' thunder but it sort of make you wonder./When he runs the law and also runs the mines.

Well our standard of living is highest all around./But our standard of giving is the lowest when you're down./So give a yell and a whistle when they light that Union missile/
And we'll lift our feet up off the ground.

Broadside #20/By Phil Ochs/c.1963 Phil Ochs

THE PASSING OF MY LIFE

I've seen rivers red with blood/I've seen valleys filled with mud/
I've seen stormy seas that pound upon the shore/I've seen mountains strewn with bones/
I've seen people without homes/And it's all with the passing of my life.

I've seen highways headin' down/I've seen green grass turn to brown/
I've seen forests burn a couple days or more/I've seen prairies filled with holes/
I've seen good men sell their souls/And it's all with the passing of my life.

Bridge: And as I see the fury of fire and the flame/
I wonder if my children will have to see the same.

I've seen rockets all ablaze/I've seen dark and deadly days/
I've seen cities bombed and butchered to the ground/I've seen battles by the score/
I've seen ten too many wars/And it's all with the passing of my life.

By Phil Ochs/c.1963 Phil Ochs

THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE

If you say all the good times are gone/If you say this rain will keep rainin' on/
I'll walk along with my head held high/I'll find a song and I'll sing it to the sky/
I may be wrong but I'll live 'til I die/That's the way it's gonna be/Wait and see.

Even though you say hard times knock at my door/Though you say I'll never smile any more/
I just imagine that I'm ten feet tall/And if I try I can climb the highest wall/
It doesn't matter if I slip down and fall/That's the way it's gonna be/Wait and see.

Even though you say I've reached the end of my row/Though you say my times are all running low/
It's been so long since I tried to frown/That Old Man Trouble will never get me down/
It's all that easy when you know where you're bound/That's the way it's gonna be/
Wait and see.

(Repeat 1st verse. End with repeat: ["Just you] wait and see.")

By Phil Ochs/c.1964 Phil Ochs

RIVERS OF THE BLOOD

Have you seen the rivers of the blood/First a trickle, then a flood/
First the ocean's pounding roar/Then a tidal wave hits upon the shore/
Knives and arrows fell like rain/And the powder burst aflame/
And the flames they flew so high/Dropped their poison down from the sky.

In the shadow of the bygone days/Millions died in a million ways/
Now the whining of the missile's call/It's time to rise or it's time to fall/
For now one million bombs are stored/But they keep building more and more/
And you hear the warning sound/Don't you know there's time to turn around?

(Repeat 2nd verse. End with repeat of last line.)

By Phil Ochs/c.1963 Phil Ochs

REMEMBER ME

Oh, I am the Unknown Soldier who died in World War Two./I didn't want to fight, it was the only thing to do./I was the victim of a world that went insane./Will you show me that I didn't die in vain.

Chorus:

Remember me when the crosses are a burnin'./Remember me when police dogs come around./
Remember me when the tides of peace are turnin'./Remember me and please don't let me down.

On the South Pacific Islands and the Iwo Jima sands/We raised the flag of freedom over many distant lands/And every time I killed a man my own heart felt the pain/Will you show me that I didn't die in vain.

And I carried my old rifle to the European shore/And every friend that died made me die a little more/Remember all the people who rode the Fascist train/And show that I didn't die in vain.

When the Fascists started marching many millions had to pay/We saw them rise to power but we looked the other way/It happened once before and it can happen once again/Will you show me that I didn't die in vain.

Broadside #43/By Phil Ochs/c.1963 Appleseed Music, used by permission

TALKING PAY T.V.

Walkin' down to Denver town/I watched the western sun go down/
Thought that I would stop a while/Switch around my TV dial/
Got some free Tee Vee . . . Only price was a little boredom.

Well, I'm not sure about my taste/But it seemed that TV land was a waste/
I saw 30 Westerns, 30 Private Eyes/30 doctors operated before my eyes/
None of the operations was successful though . . . It's hard to operate with so much violence around.

Well, every few minutes they'd take a break/For a profound message on a stomach ache/
The sold cures for dandruff, milk from the farm/Perfume for my underarms./
I've had enough . . . I'm stickin' to greasy kid stuff.

Well, the blood and gore was upon the floor/And I couldn't hardly stand no more/
So I walked outside to get some air/A theater owner was standin' there/
Carryin' a picket sign . . . Said Pay TV was un-American.

He said "I'm against that Pay TV/I'd much rather have people pay me."/
A dollar for parking, two for the show/Three for the baby sitter, there you go!
See a wide-screen spectacular . . . Hercules meets Godzilla . . . Audience meets nausea.

Well, Pay TV is fine to see/You get much better quality/
Broadway shows, heavy-weight fights/First-run movies every night/
Viewers of Denver, unite! . . . /Nothing to lose but commercials.

Well, people are afraid of something new/They laughed at planes before they flew/
You know, you only get what you buy/So give that Pay TV a try./
Remember: . . . families that pay together stay together.

By Phil Ochs/c.1963 Phil Ochs

CHRISTINE KEELER

Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies/You're the gals for me/
Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies/I'll keep you company/
You can have your Marilyn, your Carolyn, your Jacqueline/Grace Kelly never meant that much to me/
Just give me/Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies/
You're the gals for me (I'll give you secrets)/And you're the gals for me.

Oh you get good defense from Robert McNamara/Defends us all day long/
But when Lord Profumo takes off his mascara/You know he can't go wrong/
Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Lord and Lady Astor/Everybody's gonna lose their minds/
Because of Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies/
Will you be mine, all mine (I'll take your pictures)/Will you be mine, all mine.

By Phil Ochs/c.1963 Phil Ochs

SPANISH CIVIL WAR SONG

Oh say do you remember 25 years ago/They fought the fascist army, they fought the fascist
foe/Do you remember Franco, Hitler's oldest ally/He butchered Spain's democracy, half a mil-
lion free men died.

Chorus:
Aye, aye, aye, aye/Did you wonder why?/Did you ever pause and cry?/

And don't forget the churches and the sad role that they played/They crucified their people and
worked the devil's trade/But now the wounds are healing with the passing of time/So we send
them planes and rifles and recognize their crime.

So spend your tourist dollars and turn your heads away/Forget about the slaughter, it's the
price we all must pay/For now the world's in struggle, to win we all must bend/
So dim the light in Freedom's soul, sleep well tonight, my friend.

By Phil Ochs/c.1963 Phil Ochs

IT MUST HAVE BEEN ANOTHER COUNTRY

Oh a rifle took its aim and a man fell to the ground, He
tried to stand a-again but every-body held him down; A time of
ter-ror when the bullet pierced the air -- I know that couldn't happen
here, So it must have been another country - Yes, it
must have been an-other land; That couldn't hap-pen in the
U. S. A., - - We'd nev-er treat a man that way.

Oh a rifle took its aim and a man fell to the ground,/He tried to stand again but everybody held
him down;/A time of terror when the bullet pierced the air--/I know that couldn't happen here,
so it must have been another country-- /Yes, it must have been another land;/That couldn't hap-
pen in the U.S.A./,We'd never treat a man that way.

And a man is workin' steady, it's good money he receives,/But he's thrown out of work for the
wrong things he believes,/He didn't have the thoughts most everybody shares,/I know that could-
n't happen here, so it must, etc. . . .

And a migrant worker sweats underneath the burnin' sun,/He's fallen on his knees but his work
is never done,/He begs someone to listen but nobody seems to care,/And I know that couldn't
happen here, so it must, etc. . . .

And a man is sent to prison to wait until he dies,/He fights to save his life, for years and years he
tries,/Even though he changed himself he dies upon the chair,/I know that couldn't happen here,
so it must have been another country./Yes, it must have been another land./That couldn't happen
in the U.S.A., we'd never treat a man that way.

Editor's note: Phil Ochs wrote this song several months ago, soon after an earlier assassina-
tion--that of Medgar Evers in Mississippi.

Broadside #36/By Phil Ochs/c.1963 Appleseed Music

TIME WAS

1. Time was when a man could live a-lone-- a man could build a
home, have a family of his own-- The peaceful years would flow,
He could watch his children grow-- But it was a long time a- go.
Bridge between v. 2 & 3
Time was when trou-bles were few-- When there were'nt so
many peo-ple to tell you what to do-- It was a long time a- go.

Time was when a man could live alone--/A man could build a home, have a family of his own-/
The peaceful years would flow, he could watch his children grow/But it was a long time ago.

Time was when a man could have his land/He could farm it with his hands, he was free to make
a stand/He could live a life of toil, with his future in the soil/But it was a long time ago.

Bridge: Time was when troubles were few/
When there weren't so many people to tell you what to do.

Time was when a man could have his pride/There was justice on his side, and there was no need
to hide./The world was far away, there was truth in every day./But it was a long time ago.

Broadside #19/By Phil Ochs/c.1962 by Joy Music

Additional Phil Ochs material:

The War Is Over
(A&M Cassette and CD 5215)
There But For Fortune
(Elektra LP, Cassette and CD 960832)
A Toast to the Future
(Rhino LP, Cassette and CD 70080)
Gunfight at Carnegie Hall
(Audio Fidelity CD 794)

This insert accompanies
Smithsonian/Folkways SF 40008

