Broadside #103
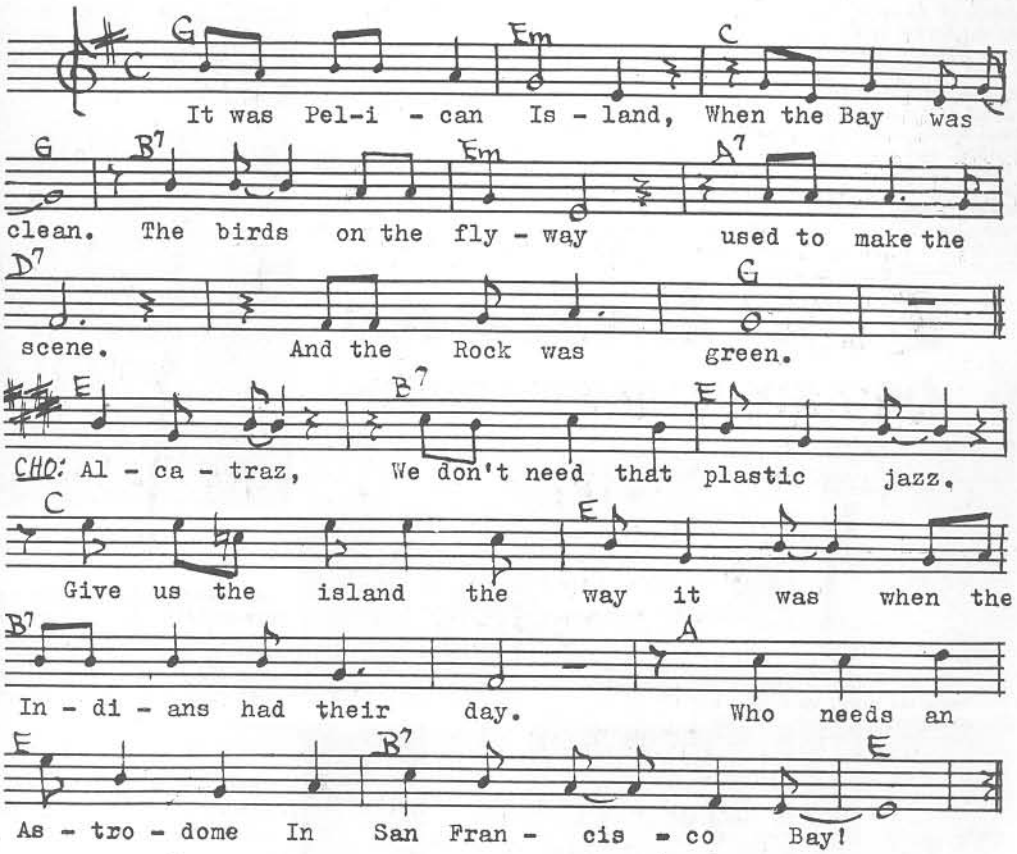
ALCATRAZ (Pelican Island)

WORDS & MUSIC BY
MALVINA REYNOLDS

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(ASCAP)



Malvina Reynolds



1.
It was Pelican Island
When the Bay was clean
The birds on the flyway
Used to make the scene
And the Rock was green.
Cho:
Alcatraz,
We don't need that plastic jazz,
Give us the Island the way it was
When the Indians had their day.
Who needs an Astrodome
In San Francisco Bay!

2.
Sad Rock, cruel Rock
To the souls of men,
Must it be a painted rock
From the five and ten,
Miserable again?
Cho.

3.
They call it real estate,
That's all they can see,
Wild creatures called it home
That's how it could be
A joy to you and me.
Cho.

4.
Do your stuff in Dallas,
New York and Abilene.
We've got hot shots of our own
Messing up the scene;
Leave our Bay serene.
Cho.

* 5.
Now the Indians claim the Rock
Just a grain of sand
To the wilds we robbed them of
Their ancestral land.
Red Brother, take your stand!

Final Cho: Alcatraz, We don't need that plastic jazz/Let's see the Island the way it was
When the Indians have their day/We'll cheer that Council Fire
In San Francisco Bay!

(*Verse & Cho. added after the Indians took over. Story of Malvina's Alcatraz Ballad, page 2)

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

"To Be Young, Gifted and Black" by Nina Simone & Weldon Irvine, Jr.; "The Massacres Of My Lai (Song My) And Truong An, March 1968" by Tom Parrott; "We'll All Be A-Doubling" by Pete Seeger.

$1000 for Indians

Malvina's Alcatraz Ballad

"Alcatraz, we don't need that plastic jazz.

"Give us the island the way it was when the Indians had their day.

"Who needs an Astrodome in San Francisco Bay?"

—From the song.

The coffers of the support fund for the Indian invaders of Alcatraz have been swelled by $1000 because Malvina Reynolds got mad at Lamar Hunt.

Miss Reynolds, the sprightly gadfly who expresses her outrage in song at just about everything, read about Texan Hunt's plans for a space needle on Alcatraz and immediately penned "Alcatraz (Pelican Island)."

The 45 r.p.m. single, on the Century City label, was released November 17.

INVASION

The Indians' invasion occurred three days later.

"Some people," Miss Reynolds said yesterday, "say my song inspired the invasion, but I don't claim that."

Miss Reynolds, who said "I love the Indians — I have all my life," asked the record company to project what her royalties as composer would be.

"They told me $1000, so I sent $1000 to the Indian Center," she said.

The record is doing "very well," Miss Reynolds said (it is, in fact, in KFRC's Top Thirty), and "lots of people have commented to me about it, and I've been on talk shows and things like that."

ORCHESTRA

The composer's first protest hit was "Ticky Tacky," a broadside at tract home construction, and more recently she trained her sights on pesticides:

"I don't need your LSD,
"Head to toe, I'm DDT.
"Don't lay that poison spray on me."

As to the Alcatraz invasion, she said yesterday:

"I think we should give the Indians a great big chunk of the Central valley, so they could work the land, and there wouldn't be all these factories and tracts.

"Alcatraz isn't good enough for them, but it certainly is a first step."

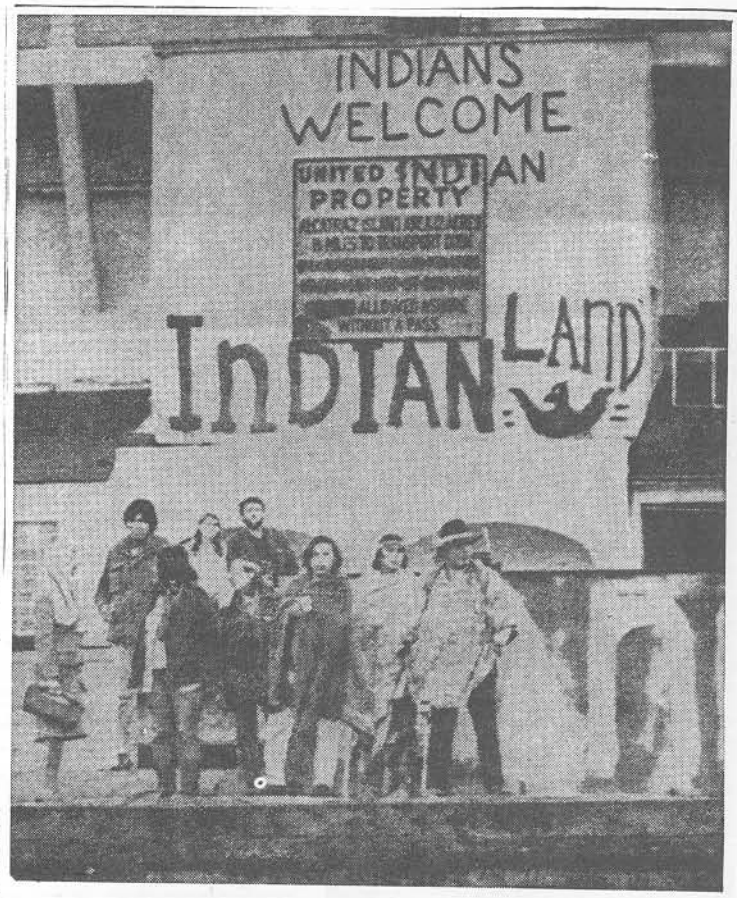
U.S. Indians
OCCUPY FORMER PRISON



PROUD SIGN — Outside the entrance to what was the prison dining room the sign "This Land Is My Land" is displayed revealing the determination the Indians have that the island be turned over to them. They claim it as abandoned federal land under an 1863 treaty. The Indians have occupied the site of the former federal maximum security prison since last November

"Dear Broadside: Perhaps you'd like to print the above photograph to show how Woody's song, in spite of the attempts to co-opt it, still represents more what Woody meant it to mean than what the Washington establishment would like it to serve as." PETE SEEGER.

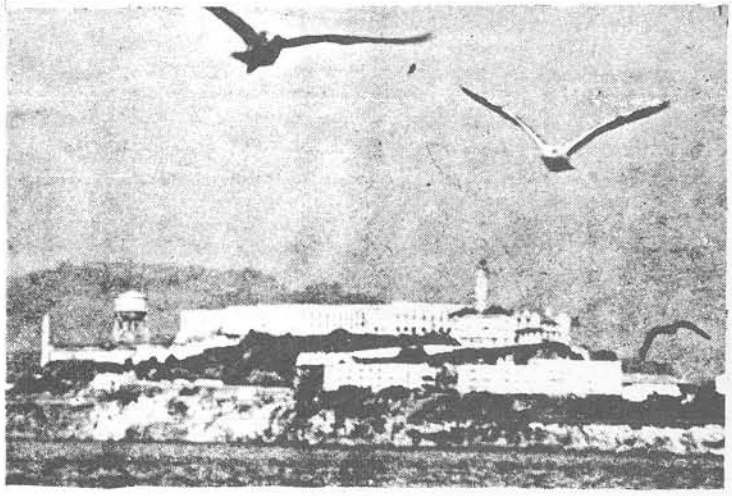
BROADSIDE #103



Still Anchored at Alcatraz

An assortment of American Indians, part of the 200 Indians currently occupying the former prison island of Alcatraz in San Francisco Bay, stand under signs painted at dockside. The word "States" has been changed to "Indian" in original sign. Man at right is a Navajo. The Indians are demanding a visit by Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel and a "pow-wow" with him over possession of the surplus mid-bay property. (AP)

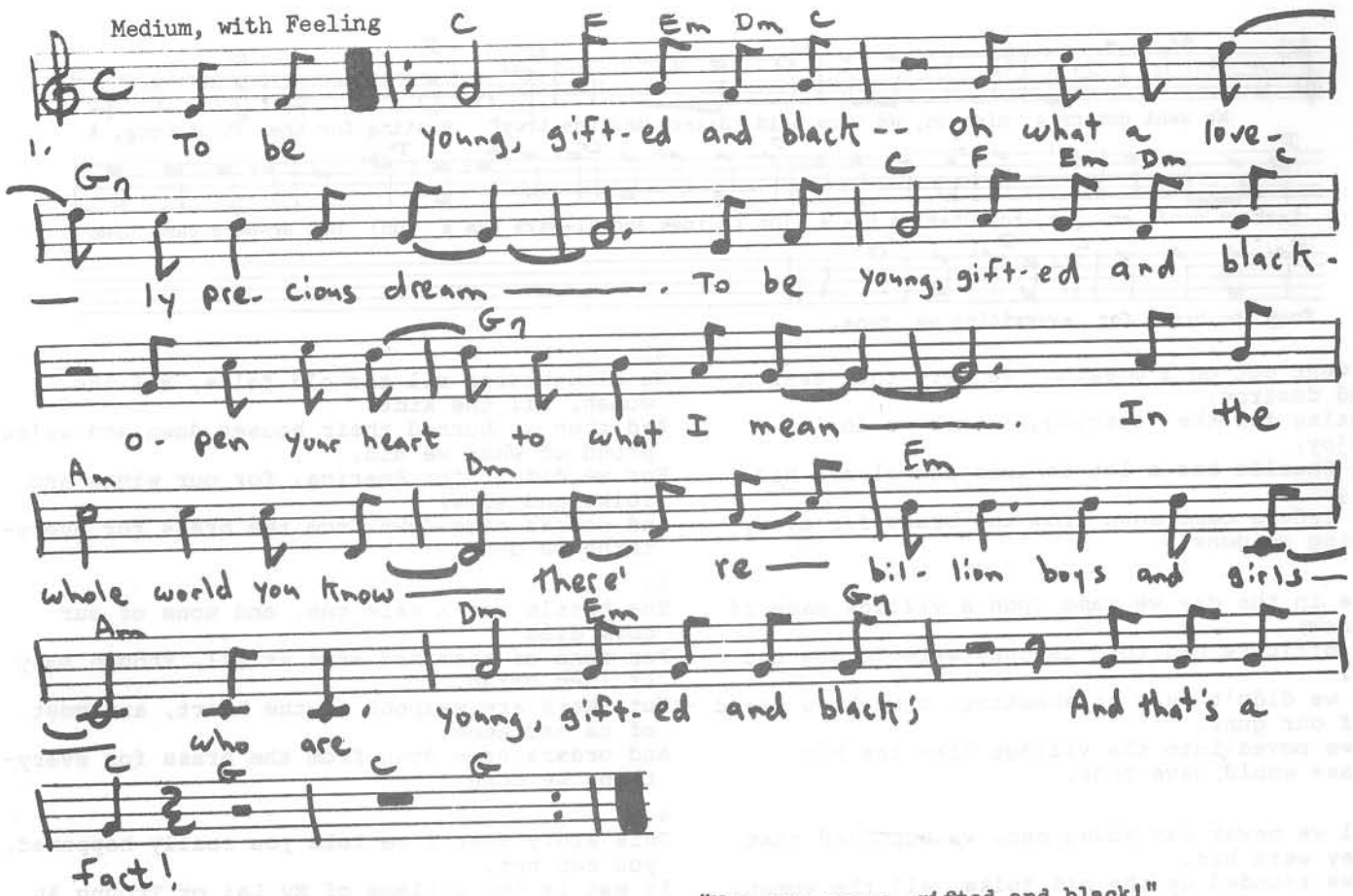
NEWS ITEM: Buffy Sainte-Marie (who is a Cree Indian) and Malvina Reynolds joined in giving a benefit concert Dec.12 for the Indians occupying Alcatraz Island in San Francisco bay. Some 1500 persons attended the concert at the Methodist Church on the Stanford University grounds, and a sum of $3,000 was raised.



TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK

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Music by NINA SIMONE
Words by Weldon Irvine, Jr.



To be young, gifted and black--
Oh what a lovely precious dream.
To be young, gifted and black--
Open your heart to what I mean.
In the whole world you know--
There're billion boys and girls-
Who are young, gifted and black;
And that's a fact!

"You are young, gifted and black!"
We must begin to tell our young,
There's a world waiting for you,
Yours is the quest that's just begun.
And if you're feeling real low
There's a great truth that you should know--
When you're young, gifted and black
Your "soul's" in tact!

To be young, gifted and black
Oh how I've longed to know the truth,
There are times when I look back
And I am haunted by my youth.
But my joy of today
Is that we can all be proud to say
To be young, gifted and black
Is where it's at!

"...though it be a thrilling and marvelous thing to be merely young and gifted in such times, it is doubly so -- doubly dynamic -- to be young, gifted and black."

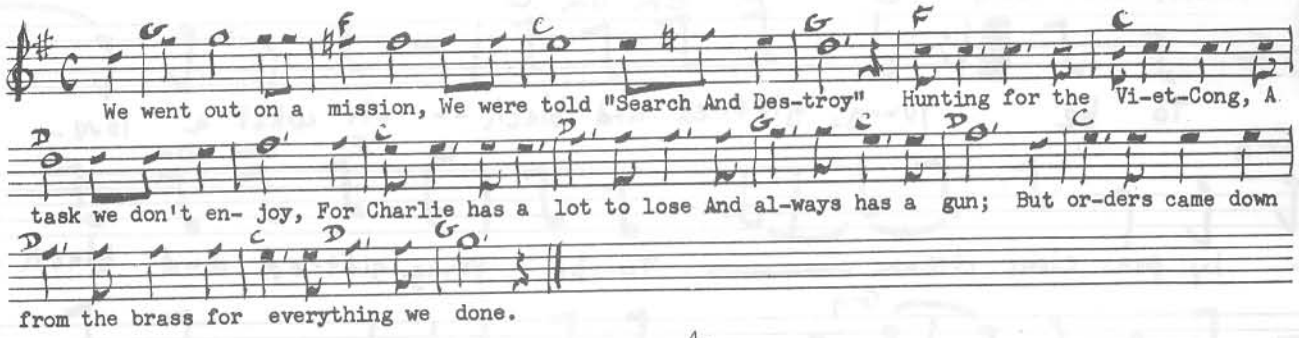
Lorraine Hansberry

The above quotation is from a speech made to the young winners of a creative writing contest sponsored by the United Negro College Fund and Readers Digest on May 1, 1964.

"To Be Young, Gifted and Black" is the title of a newly released book, published by Prentice-Hall, and of a long-running off-Broadway production. It is also the title of a song co-written by Nina Simone and Weldon Irvine and recorded by Miss Simone on RCA in tribute to the memory of a beloved friend and one of America's most talented poets and playwrights.

The Massacres Of My Lai (Song My) And Truong An, March, 1968

Words and Music by TOM PARROTT © copyright by July 21st Music



1.
We went out on a mission, we were told search and destroy,
Hunting for the Vietcong, a task we don't enjoy,
For Charlie has a lot to lose and always has a gun,
But orders came down from the brass for everything we done.

2.
Late in the day we came upon a village made of straw;
Our officers had told us they were VC one and all
But we didn't hear no shooting, though we fired off our guns,
So we moved into the village like the Big Brass would have done.

3.
Well we never saw young men, we supposed that they were hid,
So we rounded up the old folks, all the women, all the kids,
And we laughed as they were begging us, we were really having fun,
And orders came down from the brass for everything we done.

4.
We slaughtered all the old folks, all the women, all the kids,
And then we burned their houses down, and we're proud of what we did,
For we did it for America, for our wives and folks and sons,
And orders came down from the brass for everything we done.

5.
The battle was a safe one, and none of our boys died
For none of them had arms at all, though many of them cried,
But tears are weapons of the heart, and most of us had none,
And orders came down from the brass for everything we done.

6.
This story that I've told you really happened, you can bet,
It was in the village of My Lai or Troung An, I forget,
For we liberated both those towns with our freedom loving guns,
In the name of God and Country, for our wives and folks and sons,
And orders came down from the brass for everything we done.

Captain Killed Child

* * *

But I hope that after this is over, we can remember some of the words of Sgt. Michael Bernhardt, who was at Song My. "We met no resistance," he said, "and I only saw three captured weapons. We had no casualties. It was just like any other Vietnamese village—old papasans, women and kids. As a matter of fact, I don't remember seeing one military-age male in the entire place, dead or alive. The only prisoner I saw was in his 50s." Were the dead members of the Viet Cong? "Some of the people were not old enough to walk yet, so I couldn't see how they could be Viet Cong."

The "great silent majority" of Nazi Germany claimed ignorance of the atrocities perpetrated by their Government. The silent citizens of the United States will not have this excuse. From this very moment they will have to face the judgment of the world, of their children and their children's children.

"There is no single ideal to which this Administration is more firmly committed than to the enriching of a child's first five years of life."—Richard M. Nixon.

The long weekend is over now, in the nation that enriches children by machine-gunning them to death. It was a weekend when we saw photographs of a man being thrown out of a high-flying helicopter for the terrible crime of refusing to talk to foreign soldiers. I suppose he would be a hero if his people knew his name, or if there were much left of him after his body splattered into the earth in which he was born. To our brave emissaries—the men who threw him to his death—he was just "Uncle Nguyen," a "dink," a "gook," a "slope." It didn't matter. Let's get on to the next hamlet, boys: we've got some 4-year-old Viet Cong sympathizers to enrich. We're going to give them The American Way, at 17 rounds a clip.

BROADSIDE #103

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L E T T E R S A N D C O M M E N T

"Dear Broadside: I always feel Sorry for BROADSIDE when I read in it a note of hate.... In a magazine that stands up against hatred, graceless notes such as G.F.'s re: JOSH WHITE in B'Side # 101 is sad to read.... Josh White, in his own way, did give something to the World."

William Ilson

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Dear Broadside: Upon pain of being summarily labeled a racist, a dissent to Rev. Kirkpatrick's lament in Broadside #102 (p. 12) is warrented. After several readings one gets the impression that what Kirkpatrick is protesting about is an "ego trip" rather than a "snobby reaction...not experienced in...(many)...years in the South..." Illustrative is the following, "Rev. Kirkpatrick, a nationally known fighter (sic) for peace and freedom had to ride on...(Pete)...Seeger's coat tail." Perhaps, but one must keep in mind that the average college protester, let alone the average citizen, not exposed to Broadside (NYC) or even Sing Out has had little opportunity to appreciate the good reverend's "nationally known" talents. Indeed, I do not recall any mention of 'coat tails' in terms of the PETE SEEGER NOW album (Columbia CB 9717), where Rev. Kirkpatrick is included along with Bernice Reagon on Pete's LP.

Given the problems and contradictions of the times, all we now need is crys of discrimination and racism based upon program billings and the size of marquee lettering. May we respectfully suggest that the message, rather than the nationally known performer, may be more important. Perhaps one of Pete Seeger's Sing Out columns on the Cultural Guerrilla (1961) should be resurrected. Sadly, are we once again playing the "ideologically correct" versus the false position "game" every time an ego feels "exploited." Whatever happened to Oscar Brand and Burl Ives??

R. Serge Denisoff

* * * * * * * * * *

R.Serge Denisoff is a West Coast sociologist. He has written a number of papers relating to protest songs, including "Protest Movements: Class Consciousness and the Propaganda Song" published in THE SOCIOLOGICAL QUARTERLY, Summer, 1968, and"Protest Songs:Those On The Top Twenty and Those On the Streets", a paper written at California State College at Los Angeles. * * * * * * * * * *

"Dear Broadside: I think Bro. Kirkpatrick's article on Institutional Racism (102) is really something terrific, and it was great of you to publish it. Not all magazines allow such frankness, such directness. B'Side is sobeautifully political, so relevant, so much in the lead. The article raises a key problem that must be solved if we are to have the black and white unity the Peace Movement so severely needs. Rev. Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick doesn't need to ride in on anybody's coat-tail; he is so right... Also, during the holiday I went to a meeting for the G.I. coffeehouses, and I heard Pete Seeger ask the audience to write a song, The Song for today's times. In my opinion that song has already been written, by Matt Jones and Elaine Laron. It's called BROTHER THAT AIN'T GOOD and was on the cover of B'Side #94, and Rev. Kirkpatrick sings it beautifully at almost every concert. The very first line of the song "When one man's got millions, and another ain't got a dime" tells the whole story for today.SUE ORESKES,NYC

* * * * * * * * * * *

POETRY SECTION

* *

M A N S O N (S O N O F M A N)

Manson, Son of Man
Send forth yr
Cute cuddly disciples
It's so easy, little chicks --
Just crash, slash,
A million-dollar bash
... and yr. baptized
In the Blood of the Pig.
Put down yr. maybelline & clairol
and follow me
Pick up yr. pretty little
knives & guns
And I will make you
fishers of Death.

In the pigpen playpens
in the canyons
Plastic pistols for children,
grown up now.
A woman's wprk is never done,
babes,
If you was in Vietnam
you would've
got a medal.

--- yr. poet

* *

Letters & Comment -- 2

"Dear Broadside: Here's something I want you to ask Alan Weberman. If Bob Dylan remains a "radical and revolutionary" as you said in B'Side, how come he is making records and movies with Johnny Cash? Cash has become the darling of the Wallaceites, running around supporting Prez. Nixon and the slaughter in Vietnam." P.Sills, Salt Lake City.

COMMENT: There is something smelling of disgusting, arrogant racism in the action of all these American women flying about the world pressuring everywhere to know the welfare of their husbands shot down over N. Vietnam. And this right after the news of My Lai and Washington boasting of killing half a million Vietnamese men, women and children and killing more thousands each week. These women in the name of humanity should be crawling on their knees to Hanoi begging forgiveness for the death and destruction rained down by their husbands. G.F.

* * * * * * * * * * *

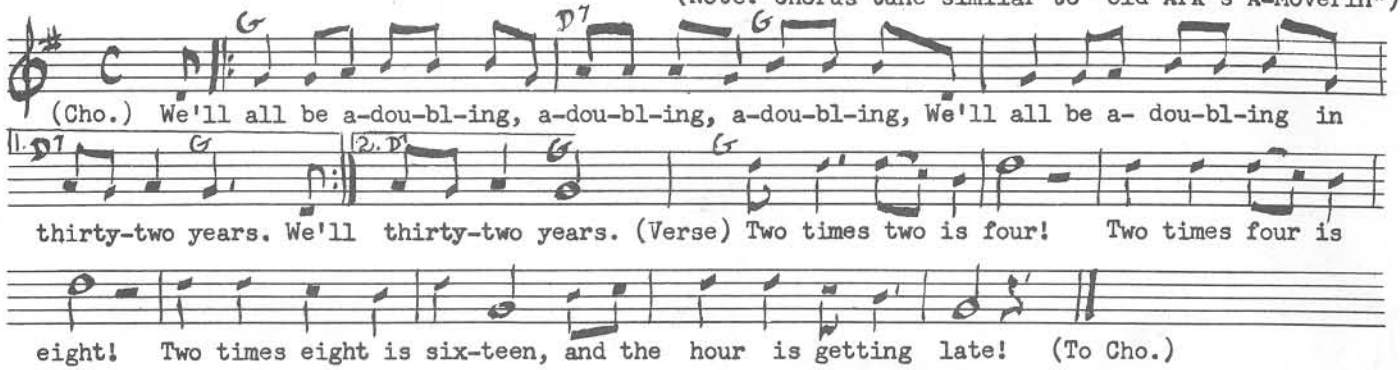
NOTES: The murdered Black Panther leader, Fred Hampton, was from Rev. Kirkpatrick's hometown of Haynesville, La., and Kirk knew Fred when the latter was a boy. Kirk's father, the Rev. J.L.Kirkpatrick,preached the funeral for Fred when his body was returned from Chicago to Haynesville for burial... NO MUSIC LOVER HE: Judge Julius Hoffman refused to let a series of folksingers sing for the defense in the Chicago conspiracy trial. He rejected JUDY COLLINS who wanted to sing "Where Have All The Flowers Gone"; he wouldn't let PHIL OCHS do "I Ain't Marching Anymore" and turned thumbs down on ARLO GUTHRIE who was ready to do "Alice's Restaurant" and stopped COUNTRY JOE McDONALD from singing "Vietnam Rag"... ERIC ANDERSEN has a new album out; so does DAVID COHEN, who has gone back to his original name, dropping DAVID BLUE...JUDY COLLINS and THEO BIKEL have resumed concert tours... MIKE MILLIUS' debut L-P, :Desperado" has been released; a number of songs on it have been in BROADSIDE.

If you're in the New York area and would like to hear MIKE -- and others -- live,there is an upcoming B'Side concert scheduled for WBAI's recently-acquired church building. LOOK -- and listen -- FOR DATE AND OTHER DETAILS.

WE'LL ALL BE A-DOUBLING

Words & Music by PETER SEEGER
© 1969 by Peter Seeger

(Note: Chorus tune similar to "Old Ark's A-Moverin")



Two times sixteen is thirty-two
Twice that is sixty-four
Next comes a hundred twenty-eight
And do you want to hear more? CHO

Next comes two hundred fifty-six
Twice that is five hundred & twelve
Next, one thousand twenty-four
Just figure it out yourself. CHO.

Next two thousand forty-eight
Then four thousand ninety-six
Eight thousand, one hundred ninety-two
Some parent is a-looking sick. CHO.

Every eight generations
Multiply a thousand times
Sixteen makes it a million
Some people don't like this rhyme.
CHO.

Give it another three hundred years
Your children number a billion
Keep doubling another millienium
You can have another quadrillion. CHO

For two thousand years we been praying
O Lord deliver me, please
The Lord helps them that helps themselves
We better get off our knees. CHO.

Either people are going to have to get smaller
Or the world's going to have to get bigger
Or there's a couple of other possibilities
I'll leave it to you to figure. CHO.

I know I shouldn't a been born
I was my mama's third child
But now I'm hollerin' 'round the world
And I drive the Birchers wild. CHO.
(Make your own verses)

Dear Sis:

Next year there are going to be some hot arguments about the whole question of population control. The establishment thinks they can divert protests from the Vietnam War to the whole ecological scene. But, they are not going to separate the two problems.

I think it important that all white people realize that there are fascist minded people in positions of leadership whose basic solution to population problems are to try and exterminate this or that dark-skinned group that they don't like. And of course we have known for generations that the rich and wealthy have thought to themselves, if they have not said it out loud, "Why don't these ignorant poor stop multiplying like rabbits." Meanwhile, they see nothing wrong with millionaires having families of four or six, or as in the case of the Kennedys, ten.

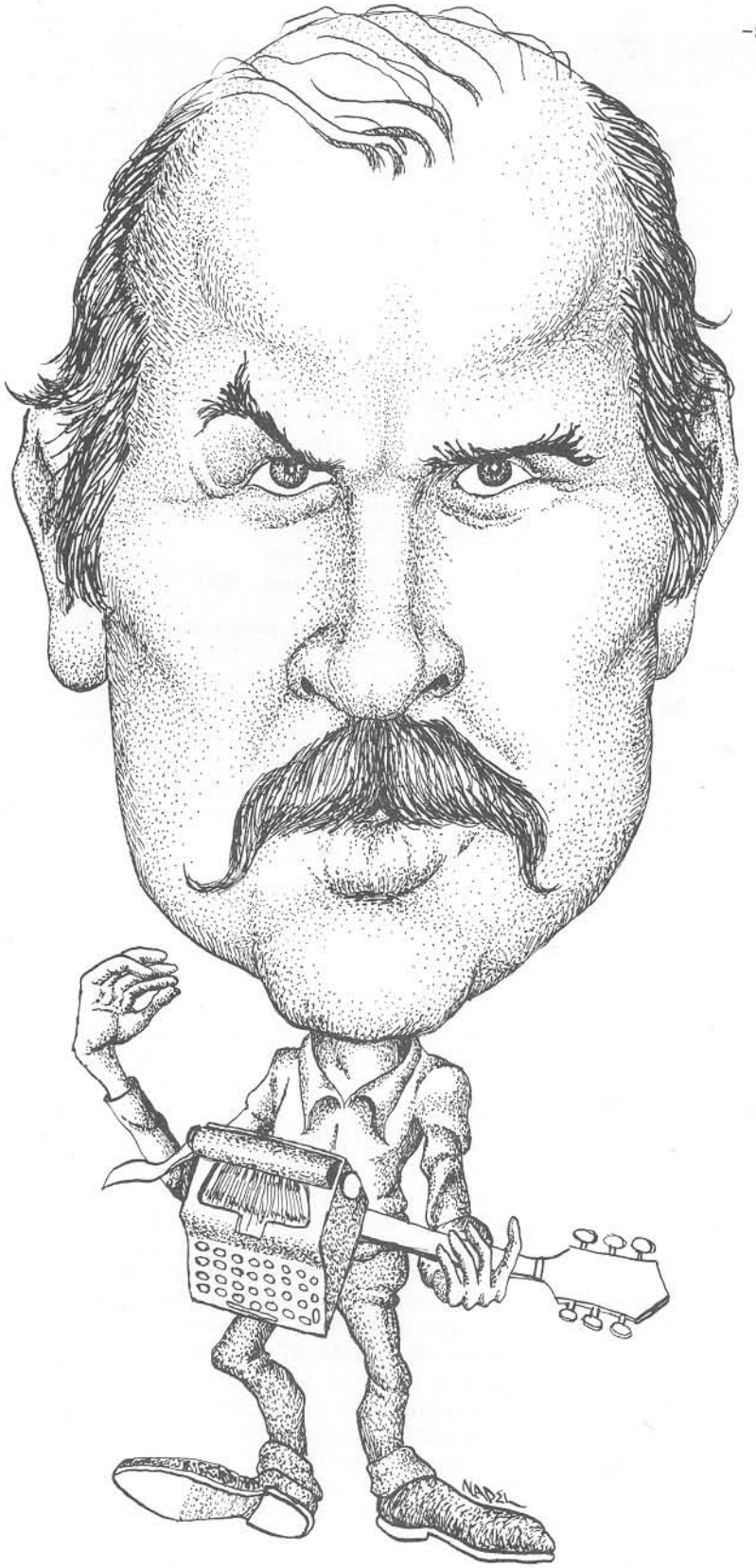
Whenever I get a chance to speak to population control people, I point out that they are not going to be able to solve the population explosion unless they solve the problem of the rich and poor and get rid of the inequality between peoples, south and north, black and white. Otherwise the poor person at the bottom of the social heap will look up and say, "So you want me to limit my family size, well goddamn you. Having babies is the only thing I'm able to do, it doesn't cost any money. You just want to exterminate me. I'm going to drown you in my babies."

Another point being made by Paul Ehrlich, the young biologist who wrote "The Population Boom", is that the addition of one million American babies causes more damage to the world's ecology than the addition of one hundred million Indian babies. The Indian baby grows up to eat a little rice and burn a little charcoal. The American baby grows up not only to live longer, but to burn up tens of thousands of gallons of gasoline and coal and oil and his industry is clogging the air and oceans with pesticides and pollutants and is chiefly responsible for the oxygen imbalance in the atmosphere which is going to be the world's biggest problem within the next few centuries. At the moment, man is already using up oxygen quicker than it is being replaced by the green world. In other words, it's the rich people of the world which must start limiting their population first of all.

All for now,

Best wishes,

Pete



R E C O R D R E V I E W

By Jaimo Buechler

"What I'm trying to do is document the times," Tom Paxton said in a recent radio ad, and that's what he has been doing for six years, of albums, concert appearances, and hard work at songwriting. Sometimes it is difficult to determine whether his most effective working machine has been his typewriter or his guitar and voice.

Tom keeps on in his newest record, The Things I Notice Now (Elektra EKS - 74043). "About the Children", acted rather than sung, is a sentimental tableside conversation between a separated couple, both of whom are stalling: "The conversation pauses/ While the waiter pours our tea/ This timely interruption/ Is a great relief to me." "The Things I Notice Now" is in a "Morning Again" vein, a clever, insightful observation of certain changes brought about when one's woman vanishes. The refrain: "...I never used to care/ It wouldn't cross my mind/ You'd be surprised, the things I notice now."

If anyone had any doubts about Paxton's skill as a word wizard up to now - which would surprise me - a few playings of "The Iron Man" would certainly erase them. It took a while to "see the forest" in this fifteen-minute suite, although I'm still waiting for an interview where Tom will hopefully clarify a few straggling details in my mind. Anyway, Scene 1 opens on a rainy battle where "we find our hero in the mud...we try as he to laugh at this/ The Iron Man, whom bullets miss." There he is, a Superman of the broken terrain, who along with countless others "strove, it hardly mattered why." After several involved flashbacks he reappears: "So, like a humble prayer of thanks/ The Iron Man goes up the ranks/ The Man Whom Bullets Miss goes far/ He wins a kiss and wears a star." The song finale which I'll save for you, nicely illustrates Tom's journalistic ability, yes indeedy.

And yet, I still miss someone. That's Barry Kornfeld, who lent his superb guitar and banjo figures to Tom's first three albums. However, his absence wouldn't be so conspicuous were it not for the schmaltzy stylized instrumental work palmed off on many of the cuts - "Wish I Had a Troubadour," "About the Children," and "I Give You the Morning" - quite irritating.

Interesting to note, perchance, is how those juicy liner notes written by Tom himself years back on his earlier LPs started dwindling at the same time that he went in for big arrangements (Morning Again) and disappeared entirely off the face of his current album. "A Letter for John Cherry" (written for the sleeve of his second album, Ain't That News!) is a magnificently subtle examination of black-white "Progress" in America, and even now is terrific. "I've gotten off my soapbox. But I'm still concerned," he stated, this time it was a magazine ad. Perhaps...perhaps.

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