

THAT MUSIC

There's More To It Than Meets The Ear

by

Gary Allen

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■ ALL across America parents are throwing up their hands in exasperation and despair — the universal complaint being that they are unable to communicate with their teenage sons and daughters. One reason they are finding it so difficult to get through to the “turned-on” generation is that today's young people so often have a blaring transistor radio plugged into one of their ears. Such electronic paraphernalia seems, alas, to have become a part of the teenage anatomy. No wonder our teenyboppers appear so vacuous — they are in shell-shock from having tuned in the local rock-music stations blasting out the latest revolutionary horrors on the “Top Forty.”

While the youngsters groove on the cool sounds, parents avoid such rock music — considering it a cacophony of piercing sounds, and screeching, garbled voices, guaranteed to send anyone over thirty scrambling for the Excedrin. Besides, the lyrics often feature words and references no more meaningful to the Geritol set than a lecture on Homer in

Swahili. Should they “tune-in” and listen, however, parents might learn why the generation gap is fast becoming an unbridgeable canyon.

Rock music, universally in high regard among a whole generation of adolescents, has somehow evolved as one of the major influences on our children — and, through them, on our nation's future. Rock singers are in constant communication with our teenagers — promoting attitudes and ideas which, if they were aware of the message, would blow the minds of most parents. The adulation by young people of rock bands and singers has reached fanaticism, and is fed by a bevy of magazines aimed at teenagers which cover the lives, promote the attitudes, and sell the radical political views of the new “gods” in hoary detail.

Mere goldfish swallowing?

Hardly.

Turn on your radio, tune in a rock station, and listen to The Beatles' new hit about how great it is to be out of America and “Back In The U.S.S.R.” The lyrics, glorifying the nation we spend \$70 billion a year to defend ourselves against, go like this:

Been away so long I hardly knew the place;

Gee it's good to be back home.

Leave it till tomorrow to unpack my case,

Honey disconnect the phone,

I'm back in the U.S.S.R.

You don't know how lucky you are boy,

*Back in the U.S., back in the U.S.,
back in the U.S.S.R.*

*Well the Ukraine girls really knock me
out,
They leave the West behind;
And Moscow girls make me sing and
shout
That Georgia's always on my mind.
I'm back in the U.S.S.R.
You don't know how lucky you are
boys,
Back in the U.S.S.R.*

*Show me round your snow-peaked
mountains way down south,
Take me to your daddy's farm;
Let me hear your balalaikas ring out,
Come and keep your Comrade warm.
I'm back in the U.S.S.R.
You don't know how lucky you are
boys,
Back in the U.S.S.R.*

Pretty crimson propaganda to be coming from Capitol Records, isn't it? Still, if that little ditty leaves you "uptight," and you vent your displeasure about it to your local mod squad, a dime will get you a dollar that the song will be defended and your complaints made the object of ridicule. That's the degeneration gap, Baby, and it's no accident. Paul Cantor, of the wildly popular acid-rock group called The Jefferson Airplane,* admitted recently on the Les Crane television show that the new rock music is *intended* to broaden the generation gap, alienate parents from their children, and prepare young people for revolution. Clarifying this, the "underground" *San Francisco Express Times* carried in its issue for November 13, 1968 a "White Panther Manifesto" which declared:

With our music and our economic genius we plunder the unsuspecting straight world for money and the means to carry out our program and revolutionize its children at the same time. And with our entrance in the straight media we have demonstrated to the

*hunkeys that anything they do to f*** with us we will expose to their children. You don't need to get rid of all the hunkeys, you just rob them of their replacements and let the breed atrophy and die out, with its heirs cheering triumphantly all around it.†*

Of course, "Liberals" become giddy sniffing the fumes of such glue. *McCalls* magazine, for example, enthused in its issue of November, 1967:

*Pop is music to be alive by, right now. It's music to make the mind and/or the body dance. It's the cutting edge of today's youth culture, the beat of the Sixties, the new language of the contemporary state of mind. It contains freedom, participation, energy, love, sexuality, honesty and rebellion. It scorns convention, pretense, sentimentality and false patriotism.**

The *Saturday Review* (of Leftwing Literature) registered even more moisture over the new revolutionary music in its issue of August 26, 1967:

Music and songs are the new youth's primary tools and means of

*The Jefferson Airplane takes you on a "trip," i.e. it simulates a drug experience.

†Editor of the *Express Times* is Marvin Garson, one of the originals from the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley. Marvin is married to Barbara Garson, author of a scabrous play called *MacBird!* — the story of a smalltown boy who made good by murdering his way to the Presidency.

**McCalls* is owned by Hunt Foods (no connection with H.L. Hunt) which recently bought a vast store of vegetable oil from the Soviet Union. The magazine came out editorially, in its issue of July 1968, for World Government. President of Hunt Foods is Leftist Norton Simon, a member of the Board of Regents of the University of California who has consistently supported appeasement of revolution on California's campuses.

expression . . . The drive is away from a general sense of hypocrisy in diverse areas of life – a separation from older values. Existing circumstances are source material for comment. The threat of the Bomb and fighting unnecessary wars to stalemate, keeping us constantly on the precipice of disaster, fan the flames.

Of course, the announcements of the Far Left that music is being used as a powerful political weapon hardly amount to the revelation of a new concept. The culturally sagacious have for centuries recognized that as music can be used to produce a powerful effect on the emotions, it can be a powerful propaganda agent.

Music is both an art and a science. Eugene Helms noted in *The Scientific American* of December 1967:

What is seldom appreciated, even in the musical world, is that the roots of the relation between music and mathematics stem deep into antiquity. The roots of these relationships were understood by the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Babylonians and the Chinese. The rules of harmonic proportions were worked out by Pythagoras.

And, it was Pythagoras who first noted that music was an exact science which could be used to produce profound and disturbing atonal effects. Plato went farther in *The Republic* and warned that “the introduction of a new kind of music must be shunned as imperiling the whole State; since styles of music are never disturbed without affecting the most important political institutions.” Emil Neuman, in his *History of Music*, summarizes Plato’s ideas concerning music this way: “He insisted it was the paramount duty of the Legislature to suppress all music of an effeminate and lascivious character, and to encourage only that

which was pure and dignified . . .” Many philosophers have shared this opinion. Henry David Thoreau prophesied in *Walden*, more than a hundred years before The Beatles made their first record: “Even music may be intoxicating. Such apparently slight causes destroyed Greece and Rome, and will destroy England and America.”

When words are combined with music the emotional and political effect may be heightened. As Andrew Fletcher observed:

I knew a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. And we find that most of the ancient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric and sometimes of a dramatic poet.

One would have to be naive in the extreme to think that the Communists, master propagandists that they are, could ignore a field with so much influence as music. They haven’t. Vladimir Lenin, speaking to the Third All-Russian Congress of the Young Communist League on October 2, 1920, informed the assembled young Comrades that they must “rework culture” — that only by so doing could they hope to build “a proletarian (Communist) culture.” A part of that “reworking” was the subversion of music.

By 1929 the Russian Association of Proletarian Musicians had been formed. Its purpose, according to Nicholas Slonimsky in *Music Since 1900*, was the “extension of the proletarian Communist influence to the musical masses, re-education and reorganization of these masses in order to direct their work and creative talents toward . . . ultimate victory of the proletariat as builder of Communist society.”

Sidney Finkelstein, described by the

House Committee on Un-American Activities as "the cultural spokesman for the Communist Conspiracy" in the United States, made Lenin's "rework culture" speech the theme of his book, *How Music Expresses Ideas*. Finkelstein called for breaking down the barrier between classical music and "popular" music. Realizing that the proper sort of music could be used to sell a revolutionary message in the same manner that a singing commercial sells soap, Finkelstein called for the replacement of classic symphonic music by revolutionary music with a jungle beat.

The Communists have made extensive use of such music in America, where they were early successful in the field of folk music. (See Jere Real's *Folk Music*, AMERICAN OPINION, December 1964.) Such talented Communists as Pete Seeger, Leadbelly, Malvina Reynolds, and Woody Guthrie, popularized songs of class warfare and subversion for millions. Now, the New Left crowd has taken folk music, combined it with rock and roll, and turned it into folk-rock — with revolutionaries like Phil Ochs and Bobby Dylan projecting the philosophy and songs of Communist Woody Guthrie into the protest music of the Sixties.

Writing in the Communist *Mainstream*, Comrade Ochs has noted: "I have run across some people who seem to consider Guthrie solely a writer of great camp songs. They cannot fathom or don't want to fathom the political significance of a great part of his work." We should certainly not have too difficult a time "fathoming" the significance of *Och's* work. One of his latest albums features poetry by Mao Tse-tung on the back cover.

Phil Ochs' newest hit is called "Rhythms of Revolution" (*Only the dead are forgiven as they crumbled inside the rhythms of revolution*). He is, however, more famous for "I Ain't Marchin' Anymore" (*Call it "Peace" or call it "Treason," Call it "Love" or call it "Reason,"*

But I ain't marchin' anymore), and the "Draft Dodger Rag" (*If you ever get a war without blood and gore, Well, I'll be the first to go*).

Anti-war songs, aimed at helping to defeat our men fighting and dying in Vietnam, are Comrade Ochs' bag. Declaring "The Vietcong are right . . . We should support Ho Chi Minh," he has created such popular horrors as: "White Boots Marchin' In A Yellow Land" (*We're fighting in a war we lost before the war began. We're the white boots marchin' in a yellow land*); and, "Cops [Soldiers] Of The World" (*We've rammed-in your harbor and tied to your port, and our pistols are hungry and our tempers are short. So bring your daughters around to the fort, 'Cause we're the cops of the world*); and, "The War Is Over" (*Serve your country in her suicide; Find a flag so you can wave good-bye. But, just before the end, even treason might be worth a try . . .*). As Phil's songs all follow the same theme on the Vietnam War, they are obviously very big with that great poet, Chairman Mao. Unfortunately, they are now also very big with America's teenagers.

While Phil Ochs specializes in the mad-dog approach, Bob Dylan is smoother and even more influential. *Look* magazine has said of the latter that "Dylan is unchallenged as the teen and college crowd's Absolute Hipster, their own 'hung up' idol, the singing analyst of a jingle-jangle reality that makes more sense to them than any square, whitewashed American dream."* *Look* also tells us that Dylan's heroes are "Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly, and Pete Seeger." The *Look* editors, of course, forgot to mention that Dylan's trinity of favorites are all Communists.

*This about a creature who told another national magazine: "I want my woman dirty, looking as though I'd just found her in some alley. Dirt is very attractive. It triggers animal emotion. I want dirty long hair hanging all over the place." Bobby's thousands of fans among adolescent females no doubt took notice.

The Establishment's other mass slicks have gotten into the act of promoting Dylan. *Life* calls him "a major poet of his generation," and the *Saturday Evening Post* says that he is "probably the most influential voice in contemporary music." Even two years ago it was estimated that over 10 million Dylan records had been sold.

What were the songs which made this crimson troll the "spokesman for his generation"? One of his first hits was "Masters Of War," an attack on general officers and those who manufacture our nation's defense equipment. Even more potent was "Blowin' In The Wind" (*How many times must the cannon balls fly, Before they're forever banned . . . ? How many years can some people exist, Before they're allowed to be free? Yes, 'n how many times can a man turn his head, Pretending he just doesn't see? The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind. The answer is blowin' in the wind*). The latter song became an unofficial anthem of the Communists' "Peace" Movement, and the answer that was blowin' in the wind was Revolution and support of the Vietcong. Fifty-eight different versions of this tune have now been recorded.

Since the revolutionary Bob Dylan is the "certified spokesman" for his generation, it is not surprising that his "The Times They Are A-Changin'" has become a sort of theme song on the road to the generation gap. One verse goes like this:

*Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land,
And don't criticize
What you can't understand.
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command;
Your old road is rapidly agin'.
Please get out of the new one
If you can't lend your hand,
For the times they are a-changin' . . .*

*The line it is drawn,
The curse it is cast.*

*The slow one now
Will later be fast;
As the present now
Will later be past,
The order is rapidly fadin'.
And the first one now
Will later be last,
For the times they are a-changin'.*

No wonder the Communists' *People's World* and *The Worker* and *The Guardian* have called Dylan "America's greatest poet," and the Communist Party has given him a "Tom Paine" Award, and published one of his "poems" in a revolutionary anthology. He has, after all, become the most successful proponent of the new class war: Youth versus Age. Of course, Dylan has become a millionaire while singing about the poor overthrowing the rich ("the first one now will later be last").

Bob began at the top, with Columbia records, where the godfather of his career was one John Hammond, an extreme Leftist who just happens to have regularly stumbled into a number of officially cited Communist Fronts. Yes, Dylan got off to a flying start, thanks to Hammond and an expensive Establishment promotion job. Promoter Hammond, who has been affiliated with the Communists' notorious Highlander Center, also served as the producer of Communist Pete Seeger's albums.

Isn't it a small world!

Since it is now against the law of the land to discriminate because of sex, I am required to mention at least one of the female revolutionary singers — someone like Judy Collins. Miss Collins was named as a member of the Communist DuBois Clubs at a special workshop on the arts during the D.B.C.'s summer 1966 convention. An activist in "Civil Rights" and "Peace" demonstrations, Judy sings one of the most violent of the hard-core songs, called "Marat/Sade" — a popular contemporary shriek about the glories of the French Revolution. The content of

the lyrics makes it obvious that it is a call for a repetition within our own country of that bloody Revolution. Part of this one goes as follows:

*String-up every aristocrat,
Jail all the priests and let them live on
their fat . . .*

*Down with the ruling class,
Throw all the generals out on their
a**;
Why do they have the power?*

*Why do they have the friends at the
top?*

*We've got nothing, always had nothing,
Living in holes, dying in holes;
Holes in our bellies and holes in our
clothes.*

*Marat, we are poor and the poor stay
poor;
Marat don't make us wait anymore.
We want our rights and we want them
now,
And we don't care how,
We want our revolution now.*

*Fighting all the gentry, fighting for
some meat;
Fighting all the businessmen, the
bourgeois and the military beast.
Marat, you're always ready to stifle
every scheme
Of the sons of the a** licking, dying
regime . . .*

*Jail them or give them all the axe,
Screaming in a language that no one
understands;*

*For the rights that we grab with our
own bleeding hands,
When we've wiped out the bosses and
stormed through the walls,
Of the prison they told us would
outlast us all . . .*

*We want our rights and we don't care
how;
We want our revolution now.*

As the pop cycle has evolved from folk-rock to the hippy-oriented *acid-rock*, the theme of revolution has evolved with it and is now accompanied by the piercing twang of amplified electric guitars. To start the new year right "The Lovin' Spoonful,"* a group heard thousands of times a day on rock radio across the nation, has released an album entitled *Revolution '69*. The lyrics to the title song are reprinted on the back of the album lest anyone miss them in the din of the screaming electrified instruments. Some go as follows:

*And no one dares to ask them what
they do after dark,
And the prize they give to men who
kill is a statue in the park.
Don't let them cut your wings dear
ones before you learn to fly,
Too soon the game will seem too real
and then no one will ask why
I'm scared to start, but can't stop my
heart, now I want the Revo-
lution . . .*

*Let's hang together then good friends,
or you know we'll hang alone;
And the hawks that fly will tear your
eyes and rip the skin clean off your
bones.*

*I'm afraid to die, but I'm a man inside,
and I need the Revolution;
And I'm crying watching brothers of
mine doing time for making those
waves,*

*About evil men sittin' an' then
laughin,' lovin' the system they've
saved.*

*All those heavy-handed, hit-down-hard
arms have pushed me to this fight,
And I'm tired of seeing our name done
wrong when it's us who gives 'em
the right.*

*And if looks can tell, sure as hell,
we're gonna have our Revolution.*

*A spoon is used to cook heroin or to mix amphetamines with water before "shooting" them into the vein.

While revolution* is a favorite theme of the rock-music groups, it is by no means the only one. The theme most often heard, outside the wide range of songs which deal with boy-girl love, is that of *drugs*. Drug lyrics are a mystery to most adults because of the Aesopian language used by the singers. Teenagers have always seemed to have a code language all their own, and no adult can hope to understand the lyrics on the "Top Forty" unless he is familiar with that jargon. The current adolescent vernacular, however, is simply incredible. Only if you have served time in a state penitentiary, or been a prostitute or a junky, would you fail to need an interpreter. For, alas, it is just such an underworld which is the source of most of the current hippy language.†

Youngsters pick up the meaning of the argot through disc jockeys, conversation with their peers, and the teenage and "underground" newspapers and magazines. The hippy vocabulary allows verbal communication in code and separates those who are hip from the squares. Our teenagers, not wanting to feel isolated from their fellows, pick up and use the hip vocabulary. The result is more generation gaposis between parents and their children: Youth versus Age.

*Other contemporary popular songs having to do with revolution include: "My Back Pages," The Byrds; "Chimes Of Freedom" and "My Generation," The Who; "The Cities Are Burning," Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick; "War Blues," Ronnie Petersen; "Burn, Baby, Burn," Bill Frederick; "Hell No I Ain't Gonna Go!," Matthew Jones and Elaine Laron; "My Country, 'Tis Of Thy People You're Dying," Buffie Saint-Marie; "The Time Will Come," Elaine White; "Sounds of War," Ricardo Gautreau; "I've Got To Have Peace On My Mind," The Outlaw Blues Band; "There's A War On," The Rainbow Press; "Street Fighting Man," The Rolling Stones; and, "Ballad Of Ho Chi Minh," Ewan MacCall.

†Those interested in an instant Berlitz-style course in the hippy idiom may wish to study the *Hippy Glossary* prepared by Ken Granger. It is available for fifteen cents from T.A.C.T., P.O. Box 8352, San Marino, California 91108.

As New York music critic Richard Goldstein has observed: "Rock lyricists today try to invest their slang with a depth of ambiguity that allows the words to be heard equally well on all levels right down to the [revolutionary] underground. No one doubts that the purpose of so-called psychedelic rock is to reconstruct an actual drug experience." That is why it is often called "acid-rock." *Acid* is slang for LSD. By making the lyrics deliberately ambiguous and couching references to drugs in code and double-entendres, it is generally possible for the musicians and the radio stations to avoid complaints from irate parents. The evil, they piously maintain, is in the ear of the listener.

When Gordon McLendon, owner of thirteen radio stations, tried a while back to eliminate the playing of the drug-cult music on his network he was subjected to national ridicule (including a blast from *Newsweek*, which has often run articles downgrading the harmful effects of marijuana). McLendon nonetheless had the courage to object to the "songs that glorified dope addiction . . .," and raised the question nationally. Bill Young, program director at Mr. McLendon's radio station KILT in Houston, remarked: "The hippies know what they are saying on these records, but old John Q. Public doesn't. We're tired of them putting it over on John Q."

The intent of the lyrics of acid-rock is carefully obscure — often bathed in the mysticism associated with Zen, Hinduism, and other Eastern religions which have been affected by the followers of the drug culture. Few of the young people understand all of the lyrics to the songs played on the rock stations, of course. Indeed, some of the lyrics are so obscure as to defy interpretation by anyone this side of the Himalayas.

One can conjecture that many of these songs are written under the influence of drugs, as has admittedly been done on a number of occasions by The

Beatles.* The carefully coded promotion of narcotics in The Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit" is all too typical:

*One pill makes you larger, and one pill
makes you smaller;†*

*See Hunter Davies, *The Beatles*, Page 268.

†The pill that makes you larger is an amphetamine or "upper" (a stimulant), and the pill that makes you smaller is a barbiturate or "downer" (a depressant).

*Marijuana is sometimes smoked through a water pipe.

‡Drug users refer to taking drugs as "feeding your head."

+A "trip" to your local record shop will reveal that there are now literally hundreds of songs designed to be interpreted by those who speak the language as promoting the use of drugs. A sample includes: "Colored Rain" (methadrine), The Wichita Falls; "Mary Jane" (marijuana), Willie and the Rubber Band; "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (when methadrine, taken intravenously, hits the brain it is known as a "flash"); "Lady Jane" (marijuana), "You Turn Me On," "Eight Miles High," and "You've Got Me High" — all by The Rolling Stones; "Rainy Day Woman" (a marijuana cigarette), and "Mr. Tambourine Man" (drug peddler), Bob Dylan; "Mainline Prosperity Blues" ("mainlining" is shooting drugs directly into the vein), Richard Farina; "Puff The Magic Dragon" (smoke marijuana) by Peter, Paul, and Mary; "You Turn Me On" by Ian Whitcomb; "Yellow Balloon" (drugs are often carried in a balloon so that they may be swallowed and later retrieved in the event of imminent arrest) by The Yellow Balloon; "Up, Up And Away" (which sold 875,000 copies, won a Grammie Award, and was adopted by Trans World Airlines as its theme song) by The Fifth Dimension; "Along Came Mary" (marijuana) by The Association; "Bend Me, Shape Me" by The American Breed; "Acapulco Gold" (a particularly fine grade of marijuana) by The Rainy Daze; "Get On Up" by The Esquires; "Full Measure" by the Lovin' Spoonful; "Express To Your Head," Soul Survivors; "I Had Too Much To Dream," The Electric Prunes; "Faster Than The Speed [methadrine] Of Life," "Magic Carpet Ride" by Steppenwolf; "Journey To The Center Of The Mind," Amboy Dukes; "Connection" (drug peddler), "She's A Rainbow" (Rainbows are nembutals or seconals), "2000 Light Years From Here" by The Rolling Stones; "Merry-Go-Round," The Youngbloods; "Rose Colored Glasses," Lothar and The Hand People; and, "Buy For Me The Rain" (methadrine) by The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band.

*And the ones that mother gives you
don't do anything at all.*

*Go ask Alice when she's ten feet tall,
And if you go chasing rabbits, and you
know you're going to fall,
Tell 'em a hooka-smoking caterpillar‡
has given you the call . . .*

Feed your head, feed your head. ‡

The Beatles are still the Number One pop group. According to their authorized biography, by Hunter Davies, they started using drugs at the beginning of their career together. They have during the past two years popularized many songs which have been interpreted by young people as dealing with drugs. For example, *Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds* is advertised on posters with the letters *L,S,D* underlined. While The Beatles have dismissed charges that the song deals with drugs, teenagers who buy the record know better — claiming that the lyrics don't make sense unless one interprets the imagery as a "trip" on LSD.+

"Yellow Submarine" has been one of The Beatles' biggest hits and has been called by *National Review* "a beautiful children's song." Those who are a little more hip than the crew at *Buckley Review* know that in drug terminology a "yellow jacket" is a submarine-shaped barbiturate, seconal, or "downer" (a "downer" submerges you). Among other Beatle songs generally interpreted as referring to drugs are "Norwegian Wood" (British teenagers' term for marijuana), "Strawberry Fields Forever" (marijuana is often planted in strawberry fields, in order to avoid detection, because the plants are similar in appearance), and "Magical Mystery Tour" (*Roll up, roll up [your sleeve] for the mystery tour . . . The Magical Mystery Tour is waiting to take you away*), and "A Day In The Life" (*I'd love to turn you on*).

The music reviewer for *Holiday* magazine in its issue for October of 1966 deals with whether all of these lyrics promoting use of narcotics have been sneaked on to

the records because those in the business are naive:

Is it possible that record producers have been fooled by the jargon of the songs – have put out such discs not knowing what they mean? It is unlikely because it is impossible to be in the music business long without seeing pot smoked. The terminology of narcotics is widely known and understood in the industry, both by artists, recorders and producers. Some publishers shrug off the drug songs by saying, "These songs are a reflection of our times," ignoring the fact that 12 year olds are listening to them. In songs meant for children of 12 or even younger they proclaim that it is wise and hip and inside to dissolve your responsibilities and problems of a difficult world into the mists of marijuana, LSD or heroin.

No, Virginia, it is not an accident that a generation of young Americans is being pushed toward drugs.

A third major category of songs (beside drugs and revolution) has to do with glorifying sexual union between teenagers. Just as the songs of revolution have served to mentally condition many young people to accept the ravings of the New Left, and the myriad drug songs are doubtless a factor in the skyrocketing use of narcotics by teenagers, so the open exhortations to indulge in illicit sex acts are also a factor in the demoralization of youth – helping to produce unprecedented numbers of illegitimate children and an unparalleled rise in venereal disease among teenagers.

As with the drug songs, some of the sex songs are blatant, but most are couched in ambiguous double-entendres. Music critic Richard Goldstein puts it this way: "Rock and roll has always been raunchy. That's what it's all about. It's

got a special code and a lot of kids understand it. It's made for that purpose."

Many would dismiss the importance of sneaking raw lyrics into popular songs on the basis that it has been going on for years. Admittedly it has, but fifteen years ago songs like "Work With Me Annie" and "Light My Fire" were heard on "rhythm and blues" stations by a comparatively small number of young people, most of them over sixteen. Today, however, the audience is at least fifty times as large, with children as young as eight becoming regular listeners. Today some \$60 million worth of such recordings are sold yearly – with the biggest group of purchasers being girls from nine to thirteen years of age.

With this enormous audience of highly impressionable young people, it is not surprising that the Far Left has been so successful in selling the line of a number of contemporary songs directly promoting alienation between young people and their parents. This theme, as I have noted, is often found woven through the lyrics of songs about drugs and revolution. Some come right out and urge teens to run away from home to join the New Left. The Beatles' hit "She's Leaving Home" (*She is having fun; Fun is the one thing that money can't buy; Something inside that was always denied for so many years. Bye-Bye! She's leaving home. Bye-Bye.*) may have been instrumental in causing many a youngster to run away to the hells of Hippieland.

But, for sheer gall and a solid one-two punch, you can't beat Scott McKenzie's "What's The Difference," with "San Francisco" on the flip side. These tunes were at the top of the hit parade last year for nearly six months. One side tells the young person to run away, and the other side tells him where to go. Unlike many of the acid-rock records in which the words are badly garbled, both of these are very plainly enunciated. The words to "What's The Difference" go like this:

*Hey Friend, wake up, I'm throwing
rocks at your windowpane.
Get out of bed, I got somethin' to say.
Pick up a toothbrush, sneak down the
stairway,
You've got no reason you should stay.
Hey what's the difference if we don't
come back
Who's going to miss us in a year or so?
Nobody knows us or the things we've
been thinkin'
So what's the difference if we go?*

Now, once you have run away, you've got to have some place to go. You can, of course, join the hippies and New Leftists who have headed for "San Francisco":

*If you're going to San Francisco
Be sure to wear some flowers in your
hair.
If you're going to San Francisco
You're gonna meet some gentle people
there.
For those who come to San Francisco,
Summertime will be a love-in there.
In the streets of San Francisco,
Gentle people with flowers in their hair.*

Other examples of generation-gap music are those songs which depict adults, particularly businessmen, as shallow hypocrites. Probably the most vicious in this category is Ray Stevens' "Mr. Businessman," which contains the following lyrics:

*Itemize the things you covet as you
squander through your life,
Bigger cars, bigger houses, term
insurance for your wife.
Tuesday evenings with your harlot,
and on Wednesday it's your
charlatan analyst,
He's high up on your list . . .*

*Spending counterfeit incentive,
wasting precious time and health,
Placing value on the worthless, disre-
garding priceless wealth,*

*You can wheel and deal with the best
of them and steal it from the rest of
them.
You know the score, their ethics are a
bore.*

While the lyrics of these songs speak for themselves, the music is at least as important as the words. Practically anyone can deduce the significance of the lyrics, while only those trained in music will understand the significance of the contemporary use of rhythms.

Cheetah, one of the burgeoning magazines aimed at teenagers, quotes a New York musician as noting: "If the establishment knew what today's popular music really is saying, not what the words are saying, but what the music itself is saying, then they wouldn't just turn thumbs down on it. They'd ban it, they'd smash all the records, and they'd arrest anyone who tried to play it."

Frank Zappa, leader of a rock group called Mothers Of Invention, adds: "The loud sounds and bright lights of today are tremendous indoctrination tools. Is it possible to modify the human chemical structure with the right combination of frequencies? . . . If the right kind of beat makes you tap your foot, what kind of beat makes you curl your fist and strike?" Zappa, whose group has recorded some lollapaloozas in the fields of sex, drugs, and revolution, knows what he is talking about. Despite the mangy beard, long hair, and hippie costume, Frank has a Master's Degree in music.

Possibly the country's Number One expert on musical subversion is Joseph Crow of Seattle, who lectures extensively on the subject. Dr. Crow, who now operates a custom jewelry business and is an Associate Professor of Sociology at Pacific Western College, was a professional trumpet player for fifteen years — during which he did a stint with the famous Stan Kenton Band. He also studied music composition at the University of Washington and the

Westlake College of Modern Music in Hollywood. Professor Crow explained it to me this way:

The harmonic and rhythmic fabrics of rock music are critically important. Only someone trained in music can fully comprehend the import of this music, but it is not necessary to understand the intricacies of music to understand what is being done with it. You can understand the impact of television without completely comprehending the laws of physics involved.

In relating his education in music to what is going on today, Professor Crow says: "When I was studying composition we learned almost mathematically to utilize orchestration, sound, and timbre to really give foundation to a concept. You can write music to tell a story with it. Ferde Grofé's "Grand Canyon Suite" is a beautiful example. With rock music they are using a musical and lyrical formula for selling ideas. With the right musical background the lyrics take on more profound meaning."

The changes in rhythm and other musical techniques used to sell attitudes and concepts are not unrelated to brainwashing. As Dr. Crow informs us:

Many of Pavlov's experiments were conducted with a metronome to research the effects of rhythms as a conditioning agent. His famous experiment done with lights, controlling the salivating of a dog, was repeated with metronomes. A dog was conditioned only to eat his food when the metronome was playing at 60 beats per minute, and not to eat his food when the metronome was set for 120 beats per minute. By switching back and forth, or playing both rhythms simultaneously, an artificial neurosis was created.

By changing the rhythm within a musical piece you can have a strong impact on the listener and the subliminal effect is to push the "message" much more strongly. Some people actually have a physiological response when, for instance, a beat is switched from three-four time to five-four time. Pop music now does this type of poly-rhythms all the time, because it accentuates the message. We were taught never to do this in music school, but we were not trying to use music for mind conditioning.

As has been noted again and again by scientists and psychologists, the use of a rhythmic beat is also related to hypnotism. "All you have to do is attend a rock dance and watch the people to observe that they are in an almost hypnotic trance while the music is playing," notes Dr. Crow. He continues, "A young person may hear the same song hundreds of times. As Madison Avenue has proved, that constant repetition sells products. Repetition is the basis of hypnosis. When a person is under hypnosis, or something approaching it, he is highly suggestible. This means that the message contained in the lyrics is recorded deep in the listener's subconscious mind. He may not even be aware of it. If I asked you to write down the words to 'Little Brown Jug' you probably couldn't do it; but if I played the music you could recall the words. Everything you hear is stored in the memory banks inside your brain and may be brought out under proper stimulus — which is why this music is dangerous whether the young person fully understands the words or not."

Music can stimulate the emotions and penetrate the mind in ways that seem incredible. Famous composer-conductor Dimitri Tiomkin puts it this way:

The fact that music can both

excite and incite has been known from time immemorial. That was perhaps its chief function in pre-history, and it remains so in the primitive societies which still exist in the far reaches of the world. In civilized countries, music became more and more a means of communicating pleasurable emotions, not creating havoc.

Now, in our popular music, at least, we seem to be reverting to savagery. And the most dramatic indication of this is the number of occasions in recent years when so-called concerts of rock 'n roll have erupted into riots.

Those riots, however, are only the obvious manifestations of what I mean. More to the point is the fact that youngsters who listen constantly to this sort of sound are thrust into turmoil. They are no longer relaxed, normal kids.

They will tell you they get a "charge" out of rock 'n roll. So do the kids who smoke marijuana and shoot H [heroin].

Professor Crow believes that without question the most important group now setting the trends in pop music is The Beatles. They began with standard Elvis Presley-style rock and roll and evolved into presenting drug and other message-lyrics in a highly sophisticated way. The Beatles have even changed their appearance, from smiling mop-tops to serious, bearded, and mustachioed hippies. They deny that they have used drugs since adopting Buddhism, but Beatle John Lennon was recently arrested along with his mistress, Japanese film star Yoko Ono, for possession of marijuana.

The song at the top of the hit parade as this is written is The Beatles' "Hey Jude," which is widely interpreted as being a song about methadrene (*The minute you let her under your skin, then you begin to make it better So let it out and let it*

in The song reaches crescendo with great screaming as the drug produces a "flash"). On the flip side of the single is a little ditty called "Revolution," which has been widely misinterpreted — and nowhere more grossly than by the *National Review Bulletin* of November 12, 1968:

*The International Communist enterprise may at last have met its match: The Beatles. Radical sorts anxious to preempt the Beatles' creative and immensely popular music for the Left have found little or nothing in it to comfort them over the years.**

The *coup de grace*, according to the swingers at *National Review*, is that "Revolution" puts down the Maoists. In this one, of course, The Beatles are simply telling the Maoists that Fabian gradualism is working, and that the Maoists might blow it all by getting the public excited before things are ready for "Revolution." The song makes it perfectly clear that The Beatles are on the side of, and working for, "Revolution" — and that their war is going to be successful (*it's gonna be alright*). In short, "Revolution" takes the Moscow line against Trotskyites and the Progressive Labor Party, based on Lenin's *Leftwing Extremism: An Infantile Disorder*.

The new Beatles album, containing "Revolution" and "Back In The U.S.S.R.," is according to a Capitol Records spokesman "the fastest selling record in the history of the record industry." No wonder the Communists have had some very good things to say about The Beatles, who rated a feature article in Volume 1, Number 1, of *Insurgent* — the Communist DuBois Clubs' official magazine. It was there that Communist Carl Bloice wrote: "If we are

*Will someone please play "Back In The U.S.S.R." for the Billyboppers?

to be partisans of our generation in this chaotic world we can only cheer four guys from Liverpool who made it to the top and made so many of us feel more alive in the process."

Among themselves, the young Reds tell it like it is. After attending a workshop on the arts conducted by *Insurgent's* managing editor Celia Rosebury, Chicago Police Department undercover operative David Gumaer reported to his superiors:

It was mentioned that the reason the Beatles and other folk-rock groups received such success in the music field was because they were backed by the Entertainment Section of the Communist Party, and that music was a weapon used to win children and young adults to Marxism. It was also stated that Paul McCartney of the Beatles was a member of the Young Communist League.

McCartney is credited with being the co-author along with Lennon of both "Revolution" and "Back In The U.S.S.R." Professor Crow told me, however, that he has serious doubts that The Beatles really do write all their own songs, as is claimed. Speaking frankly, he explained:

Some of the newer Beatles songs are the same simple types they were doing four years ago, but other songs are of a very high quality and show an acute awareness of the principles of rhythm and brainwashing. Neither Lennon nor McCartney were world-beaters in school, nor have they had technical training in music. For them to have written some of their songs is like someone who has not had physics or math inventing the A-bomb. It's possible, but not very probable. Because of its technical excellence it is possible that this music is put

together by behavioral scientists in some "think tank."

I know from personal experience that it takes a great deal of time to create complicated music and lyrics, and I don't know when The Beatles would have the time to put this kind of stuff together. They are always on tour, vacationing, or making a movie. The puppy-love songs go together pretty rapidly, but not the kind of intricate songs they have been coming out with lately.

Another important point concerning The Beatles, according to Crow, is the technical excellence they have developed and the phenomenal care taken in the production of their records. He notes:

In the last two years The Beatles and many other groups have evolved from being technically awful to being very good. It has been published that they spent \$50,000 on engineering for the Sergeant Peppers album alone. That's a lot of bread. Most people wouldn't have been able to tell the difference if they had spent half that much, but someone feels that it is important to have the message presented perfectly.

The Beatles are no longer just four kids thumping away on their instruments. In "Eleanor Rigby" (which is about the death of the Church) they used a string quartet; and, on their newer records, a 120-piece band.

The high quality of their recent recording almost scientifically creates a mood for them to push home the message in their songs. I have no idea whether The Beatles know what they are doing or whether they are being used by some enormously sophisticated people, but it really doesn't make

any difference. It's results that count, and The Beatles are the leading pied pipers creating promiscuity, an epidemic of drugs, youth class-consciousness, and an atmosphere for social revolution. What The Beatles begin is imitated, and often expanded upon, by literally hundreds of other groups who in turn reach tens of millions of young people.

Clearly, the generation gap has now been magnified and distorted into class warfare in the Marxist mould. Youth versus Age, along with Black versus White, has largely superceded Labor versus Management as the premier target of Leftist propaganda.

It would be ludicrous to contend that Communists, Fabian socialists, or Establishment *Insiders* (who manipulate the aforementioned groups) invented the tensions between parent and teenage off-spring. Such pressures have always existed. But, much of what we call the generation gap *has* been manufactured in an attempt to exploit natural problems. Today, it is considered "hip" for a young person to be disillusioned, lost, confused, and bitter. There have always been such disturbed teenagers, but never before have the Establishment media extolled them and cast such outcasts as models to be imitated. Never before has the Establishment sought to make idols of the pathetic worst of a whole generation.

Music is now the primary weapon used to make the perverse seem glamorous, exciting, and appealing. Music is used to ridicule religion, morality, patriotism, and productivity — while glorifying drugs, destruction, revolution, and sexual promiscuity.

Youth believes it is rebelling against the Establishment. Yet the Establishment

*While some of the rock groups appear on lesser labels, many of the smaller recording companies are subsidiaries of the major recording firms.

owns and operates the radio and TV stations, the mass magazines and the record companies, that have made rock music and its performing artists into a powerful force in American life. Without the Establishment media, the Beatles would still be twanging away in some dingy Liverpool cellar, and their hundreds of imitators would be students, workers, or legitimate artists.

Without the Establishment's mass media, LSD would be just three random letters in the alphabet to most people, and marijuana would be a problem confined to jazz musicians and criminals instead of a national campus fad. Does it not seem strange that the same Establishment which has used the mass media to ridicule and denigrate the anti-Communist movement should open its door to those who think they are the Establishment's enemy?

It is the major Establishment record companies which have merchandised acid-rock music to millions of teenagers.* And, it is the full-page ads from these recording giants which keep many of the so-called "underground" newspapers financially solvent. It is now usual to find squeezed between the pornography, drug pushing, and shouts for revolution found in the "undergrounders," the full-page spreads purchased by Capitol Records, M.G.M., R.C.A. Victor (the holding company for N.B.C.), Columbia Records (owned by C.B.S.), and A.B.C. records (owned by the American Broadcasting Company). These vicious anti-American "underground" newspapers, in short, are financed by the Establishment they claim to be attacking. And, they are so financed to sell the music of illicit sex, drugs, and revolution.

Our teenagers would do well to ask why the Establishment would finance those claiming to seek its own demise? — unless what is happening is all part of a single revolutionary thrust, of which America's youth is to be the ultimate victim. ■ ■