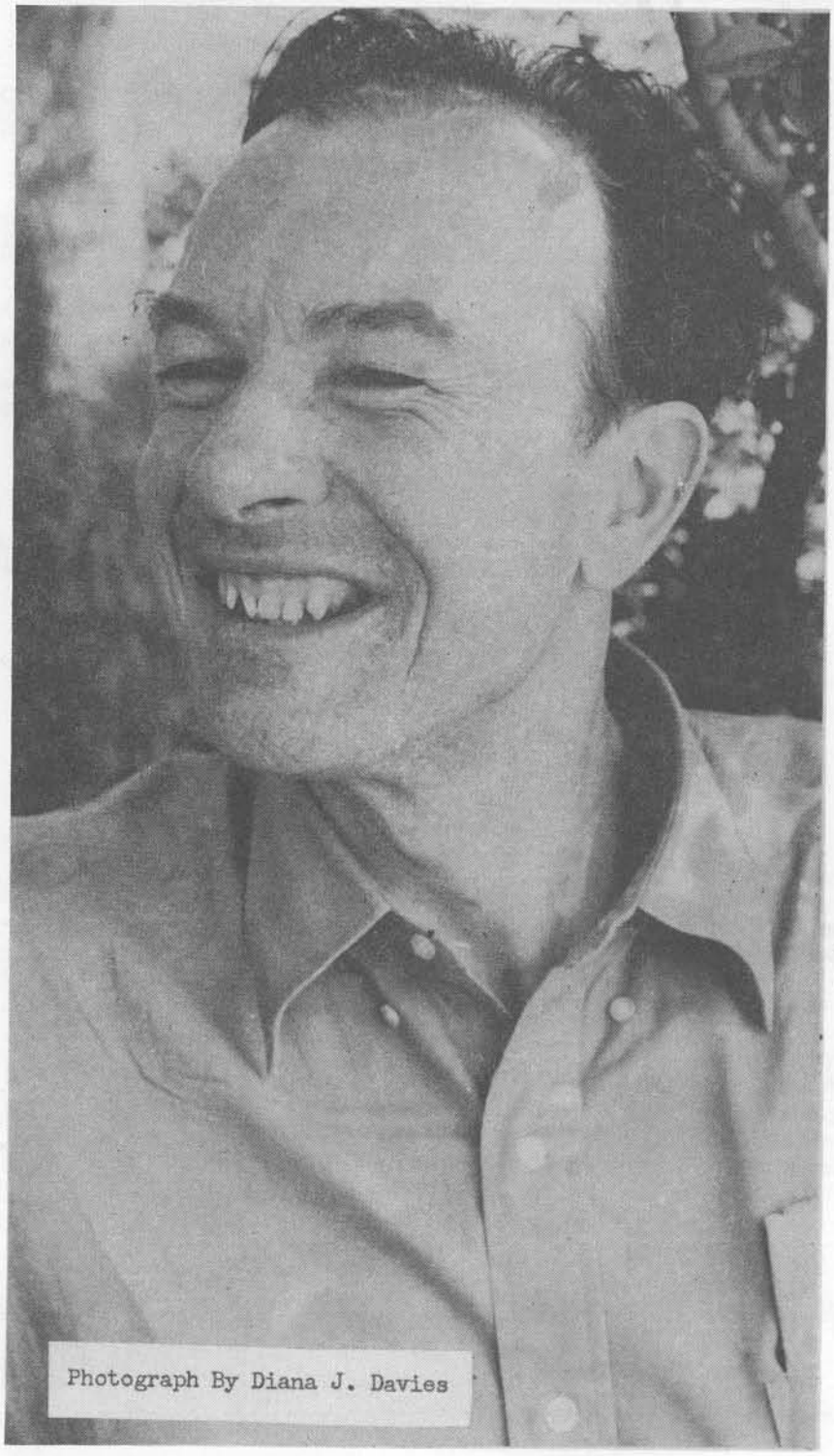
Broadside #74

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1966 PRICE -- .50¢



Photograph By Diana J. Davies

IN THIS ISSUE

* * * * * * *

two songs by
Pete Seeger
"BIG MUDDY"
&
FT. HOOD 3

* * * * * * *

MAHOGANY ROW
Ernie Marrs

* * * * * * *

Phil Ochs'
CRUCIFIXION

* * * * * * *

Matt McGinn

* * *

Alex Cohen

* * * * * * *

MARY WALLING SINGS OF HER
"NEWPORT" BLUES
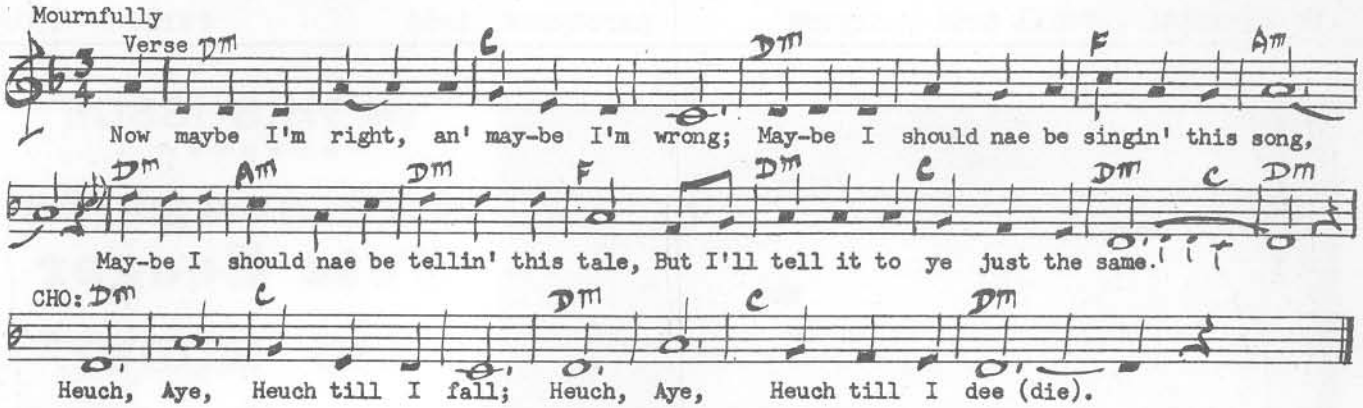
* * * * * * *

POETRY BY
JEAN BATTLO
LONESOME EXITER
RUBEN TATRO

* * * * * * *

Tom Paxton's Talking "God Is Dead" Blues

THE FOREMAN O'ROURKE

Words & Music: MATT McGINN
© 1964 by Appleseed Music



Once I had a gaffer* , his name was O'Rourke
He had a terrible passion for his work;
In miles and in tons he took all he could see
Though he was never greedy, he gave it to me.
(* gaffer: boss)

One day during work I went 'roond for a smoke
When the door burst open and there was O'Rourke;
He started to swear and he gave me his curse
He insulted me mother, and that was far worse.

He jumped for my throat an' it gave me a fright,
I was quick on my feet an' I stepped to the right;
There was nothin' to stop him, this terrible man
Till he landed, feet up, with his head in the pan.

I was tremblin' with fear as his head gave a thud
An' I looked down & saw that his clothes were all mud
Yet it wasn't his clothes was the worst of his plight
-- For his head was jammed in there -- a sorrowful sight!

I looked & I thought as I buckled my belt
And ye' never could feel the compassion I felt;
"I'll was all his clothes," were the words that I said
"Och! & while I'm about it I'll wash the man's head."

In prison I wait for the man to come 'roond
That'll open the door an' let me drop doon;
I'll pray for O'Rourke as they give me the tug
For they hang me tomorrow for pullin' the plug.

B A N T H E B E A T L E S

Words: Matt McGinn
Tune: Battle Hymn of
the Republic

CHO: Ban the Beatles from America
Ban the Beatles from America
Ban the Beatles from America
For John put Jesus at the bottom of
the poll.

John put Jesus at the bottom of the poll
John put Jesus at the bottom of the poll
John put Jesus at the bottom of the poll
For He hasn't had a record there for years.

John put the Bible in a yellow submarine
John put the Bible in a yellow submarine
John put the Bible in a yellow submarine
And he sank it to the bottom of the
eely-alley-o.

We never would have banned them if they'd
sung the seventh psalm
We never would have banned them if they'd
sung the seventh psalm
We never would have banned them if they'd
sung the seventh psalm
We'd have played it for the soldiers on
their way to Vietnam.

Jesus needs another agent
Jesus needs another agent
Jesus needs another agent
The one He's got hasn't done Him any good.

Jesus needs another manager
Jesus needs another manager
Jesus needs another manager
So we're going to make Epstein Pope.'

Copyright 1966 by Appleseed Music

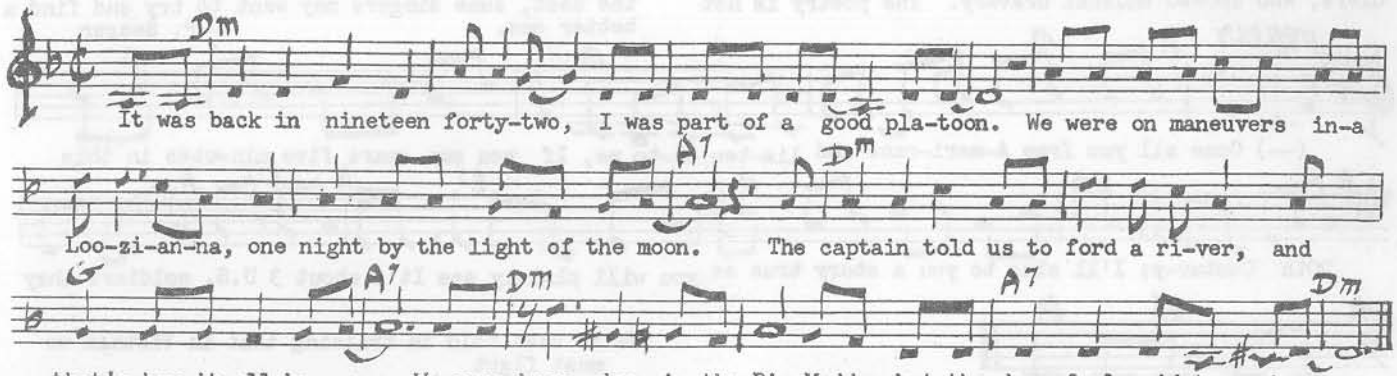
BROADSIDE #74

This page of Broadside paid for by
Jennifer Paxton

(advt.)

WAIST DEEP in the BIG MUDDY

Words & Music by PETER SEEGER © 1966 by Ludlow Music



The sergeant said, Sir, are you sure
This is the best way back to the base?
Sergeant, go on; I've forded this river
Just a mile above this place
It'll be a little soggy but just keep slogging
We'll soon be on dry ground
We were waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the damn fool said to push on.

The sergeant said, with all this equipment
No man'll be able to swim
Sergeant, don't be a nervous nellie
The captain said to him
All we need is a little determination
Men, follow me, I'll lead on
We were neck deep in the Big Muddy
And the damn fool said to push on.

All of a sudden, the moon clouded over
We heard a gurgling cry
A few seconds later, the captain's helmet
Was all that floated by
The sergeant said, turn around men
I'm in charge from now on
And we just made it out of the Big Muddy
With the captain dead and gone.

Next day from a boat we found his body
Stuck in the old quicksand
I guess he didn't know that the water was deeper
Than the place he'd once before been
Another stream had joined the Big Muddy
Just a half mile from where we'd gone
We'd been lucky to escape from the Big Muddy
When the damn fool said to push on.

Well, maybe you'd rather not draw any moral
I'll leave that to yourself
Maybe you're still walking and you're still talking
And you'd like to keep your health
But every time I read the papers
That old feeling comes on
Waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the Big Fool says to push on.

Waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the Big Fool says to push on
Waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the Big Fool says to push on
(Whistle a cadenza
to take up these two lines)
Waist deep in the BIG MUDDY!
AND THE BIG FOOL SAYS TO PUSH ON!!

John Brown

Words: ALEX COHEN ©1966 Alex Cohen
Tune: "John Hardy," also "Tom Joad"

John Brown woke up at the break of day
And then he rolled out of bed
And he looked outside to the fields he loved
Said, "Land, I'll plow you till I'm dead." (2X)

John Brown he started work early that day
And he bared his back to the sun
The sweat rolled down his face and arms
And at noon the mailman did come. (2X)

He had a letter from the government
And it said, "Dear Draftee,
Since you are an able-bodied man
We want you to fight for your country (2X)"

So John Brown went down to the draft board
And they declared him 1-A
And he was soon shipped off to training camp
Where they trained him for his fighting days (2X)

When he learned his lessons well
And he knew how to pillage and bomb
The sergeant said, "You are ready
"So we're sending you to Vietnam". (2X)

They gave him a gun and put him on a ship
And then they sent him away
And when they got to Vietnam
They said, "Fight to save the U.S.A." (2X)

John Brown he saw those bombers fly
And he saw many men killed
And he saw many a village burned
And he saw that needless blood was spilled (2X)

One day when the fighting was going hard
John Brown saw his comrades fall
And he saw the dead and wounded of the Viet Cong
But he saw no difference at all. No, he saw etc.

All he saw were young men who died too soon
And he wondered what were their names
And he cried that day for every man that died
On the bloody battlefield in Vietnam. (2X)

Next day John Brown was wounded
A bullet caught him in the chest
He was given first aid but John Brown died
And they sent his body home to rest. (2X)

But before John died he said something/It was heard by the doctor on hand
And the last thing John said to the world/Was "Lord why don't they let us plow our land"
(2X)

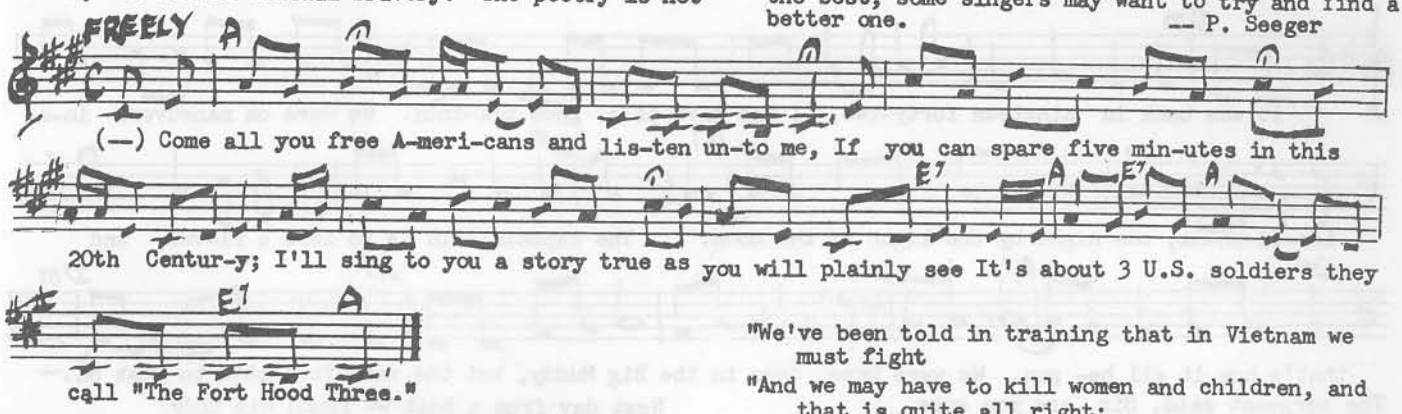


BROADSIDE #74

BALLAD of the FORT HOOD THREE

Words by PETER SEEGER
Tune traditional
("Peter Amberley")

The following verses were written August 20, 1966 right after reading the direct statements of three young soldiers, who showed unusual bravery. The poetry is not as good as it should be; I hope the folk process will improve it. If the choice of melody seems not the best, some singers may want to try and find a better one.
-- P. Seeger



First, Pvt. Dennis Mora, he hails from New York town
A good student in Spanish Harlem, and a student a while at Brown
He cast his vote for Johnson in 1964
But let me quote his own words on the subject of this war:

"I call this a war of aggression, the whole world knows it's so;
"We're supporting a dictator who holds Hitler his hero.
"There is a war we ought to fight: it's the war on poverty,
"With jobs for all, no matter who, in this democracy."

Next, Pvt. Jimmy Johnson, he comes from Harlem, too
He wanted to be a lawyer but left college before he was through;
He had to bring his family income, worked as teller in a bank,
Now listen to his own words and tell me what you think:

"I've spent a lot of time reading and discussing Vietnam,
"The government's not been honest in telling us about Saigon
"Too long I followed blindly; I had to take a stand.
"The fight for freedom can be made right here in our own land."

Next, Pvt. David Samas, a Californian
His background, Lithuanian, also Italian
The policemen told his father something quite absurd
They'd arrange for him a discharge if he'd retract these words:

"We've been told in training that in Vietnam we must fight
"And we may have to kill women and children, and that is quite all right;
"We say this war's illegal, immoral, and unjust;
"We're taking legal action, just the three of us.

"We'll report for duty but we won't go overseas.
"We're prepared to face court martial, but we won't fight for Ky.
"We three have talked it over, our decision now is clear,
"We will not go to Vietnam, we'll fight for freedom here."

The army tried cajolery, and later on came threats
They were taken into custody, told jail was what they'd get.
At the moment that I'm singing, the story's far from through;
The next verses in the ballad may be partly up to you.

Now if you don't believe me, you can read about it more,
About the Fort Hood Three who have refused to fight this war;
We can help them set our country straight on the right track again,
When a man can hold his head with pride and say, "I'm an American!"

©1966 Stormking Music, NY, NY

NEW YORK, JUNE 30 – Three soldiers who are under embarkation orders for Vietnam declared today that they would refuse to board ship on the ground that the war is "illegal, immoral and unjust."

The three men, all draftees, said they were prepared to face a court martial if the injunction is denied.

The men are: *PFC James Johnson,* 20, a native of East Harlem and a student at Bronx Community College at the time he was drafted a year ago;

PVT. Dennis Mora, 25, born in Spanish Harlem, a graduate of the City College of New York with a B. A. in history;

PVT. David Samas, 20, a native of Chicago, a student at Modesto Junior College, Modesto, Calif., when drafted. He was married this month.



Photo by Finer

Pvt. Dennis Mora, PFC James Johnson, and Pvt. David Samas at June 30th press conference

POETRY SECTION

ONE IN A MILLION

By Lonesome Exiter

Trolling along one day
I spyed a non-coherent man
Tadding
I corrected him
And we both Trolled off
The next day
I found a building that was
Frustrating
Some bricks fell on me
So, I left immediately,
And tripped,
Fell into a Legendary "A"
Suer
And was washed toward
A hole
With Manex Men
When I finally fell out
Again
I was by a hill that didn't
look right,
Away,
Furlonging
Upsidedown
A while
In illegal bliss
I
Enveloped upon an envelope
Of tiny wars going on
That just goes to show you
"how crazy sons a bitches are"
Then
I met Alix
And
We both were caught
and done in
As
One in a million.

Copyright 1966 Lonesome Exiter

- - - - - - - - - - -

WAR SONG

By Jean Battlo

SOMETHING SINGS SOFTLY
IN SOME DISTANT LAND
SOMETHING CALLS COO-KOO
MADRIGALS
AGAINST MOONSHOTS
SOMETHING WONDERS WHAT WAS
MEANT BY ALL THAT
while something just takes time
to say
goodbye to all that
and moves on death-dives
into dark nights.

(cont'd page 9)

have you heard Janis Ian sing Society's Child?

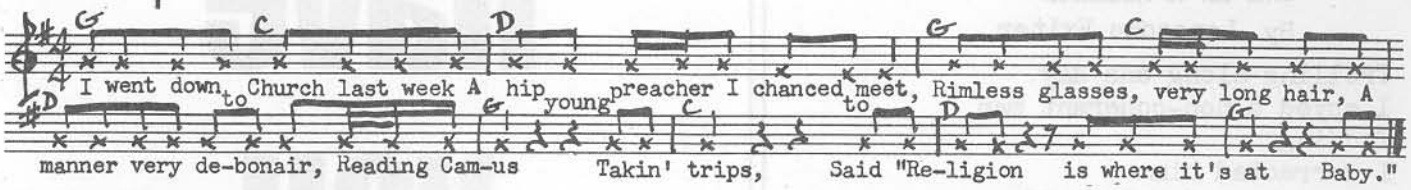
It's the important new single (KF 5027) from

Verve® FOLKWAYS

Verve/Folkways is distributed by MGM Records, a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.

Talking Death of GOD

Words & Arrangement by TOM PAXTON



2. I told him I was sick at heart
With troubles tearing me apart
With troubles growing worse each day
I felt the time had come to pray,
He said "To whom?""To God"
"Sorry. He's checked out."

3. I mean to tell you I was shook
He said,"You'll have to read my book.
It puts the whole thing where it's at,
Friend, God is dead and that is that.
I was there. I waited around for three days
and when nothing happened I spread the word."

4. He said,"You're not the only one,
You know, who's looking glum.
My troubles, Friend, are really big
It looks like I've just blown my gig,
Me and Billy Graham, Norman Vincent
Peale, Lyndon B. Johnson.

© 1966 Deep Fork Music Inc.
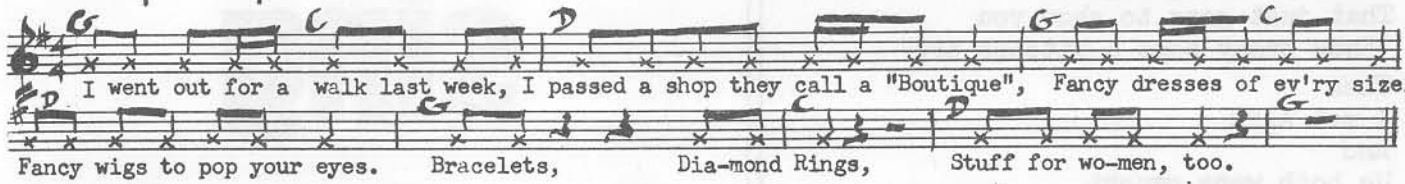
5. One question I just had to try,
"Just how exactly did He die?"
He smiled and gently raised his hand
"Some things we cannot understand.
Some mysteries are eternal...
My eyes were blinded by holy fire,
And besides, I didn't want to hang around
To meet the one that did it."

6. Well, now he had me on the ropes,
I said goodbye to all my hopes
But late that night I hit the floor
And thought that I would try once more
A voice said "Whom did you wish to speak to?"
"I'd like to speak to God."
"I'm sorry, that is not a working number".

7. Then, just as I got off my knees
A streak of lightning hit a tree
The tree knocked down a high power wire
And set the whole damn town on fire,
Blew out the church's neon sign
Then it lit back up, sayin'
"I've got you covered."

Talking Pop Art

Words & Arrangement by TOM PAXTON
© 1966 Deep Fork Music Inc.



I didn't want to see no more,
I slipped into the grocery store,
I took down a can of beans,
Pulled a dollar out of my jeans,
A fellow said "Hold it!
Where do you think you're going?
That'll be three hundred dollars."

Well, a feather could have knocked me down,
I mean, I knew this was a high-priced town
But this was getting hard to take,
I said,"What the hell do you get for steak?"
He looked surprised.
Said,"That isn't a can of beans,
It's a work of art."

Well, now I see what the poor man means,
He's proud of that little can of beans.
I didn't hear what else he said,
I had my eyes on a loaf of bread.
White bread
Four hundred dollars
Three for a thousand.
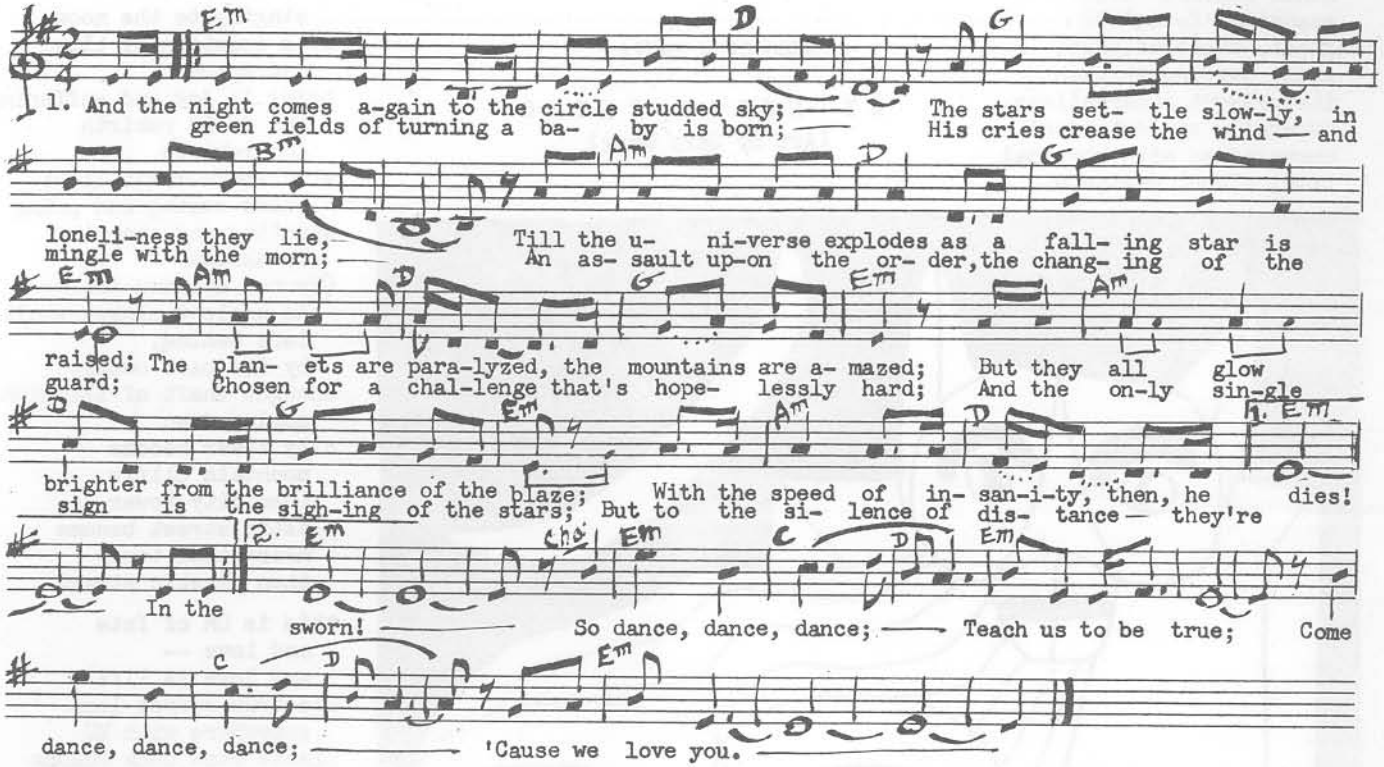
Just about then a crowd came in
And pickings must've been very slim
For in just a minute or three or four
They cleaned out that whole grocery store
They bought brooms
Fought over watermelons
One fellow put down a pickle.
said "I don't know much about art,
But I know what I like."

Well, as I stood there wondering why
Two little fellows came cruising by,
Little tight suits and little black ties,
One of 'em looked at me and said,"My,
How rustic! I'll bid a thousand."
I said, "I beg your pardon."
"It talks! , I'll bid five thousand!"

So here I stand in a superman suit
And everybody says I'm cute
I tried to tell 'em but they would not see
And they hang their hats and coats on me.
Well, I don't mind it,
Bein' a hip coat rack,
But I'd rather be Batman.

crucifixion

Words & Music by PHIL OCHS
© 1966 Barricade Music, Inc.



3.Images of innocence charge him to go on
But the decadence of history is looking for a pawn
To a nightmare of knowledge he opens up the gate
A blinding revelation is served upon his plate
That beneath the greatest love is a hurricane of hate
And God help the critic of the dawn

4.So he stands on the sea and he shouts to the shore
But the louder that he screams the longer he's ignored
For the wine of oblivion is drunk to the dregs
And the merchants of the masses almost have to be begged
Till the giant is aware that someone's pulling at his leg
And someone is tapping at the door. (Chorus).

5.Then his message gathers meaning and it spreads
across the land
The rewarding of the fame is the following of the man
But ignorance is everywhere and people have their way
And success is an enemy to the losers of the day
In the shadows of the churches who knows what they pray
And blood is the language of the band.

6.The Spanish bulls are beaten the crowd is soon beguiled
The matador is beautiful a symphony of style
Excitement is ecstatic passion places bets
Gracefully he bows to ovations that he gets
But the hands that are applauding are slippery with sweat
And saliva is falling from their smiles. (Chorus).

7.Then this overflow of life is crushed into a liar
The gentle soul is ripped apart and tossed into the fire
It's the burial of beauty it's the victory of night
Truth becomes a tragedy limping from the light
The heavens are horrified they stagger from the sight
And the cross is trembling with desire

8.They say they can't believe it,it's a sacreligious shame
Now who would want to hurt such a hero of the game
But you know I predicted it I knew he had to fall
How did it happen,I hope his suffering was small
Tell me every detail,I've got to know it all
And do you have a picture of the pain? (Chorus).

9.Time takes her toll and the memory fades
But his glory is growing
in the magic that he made
Reality is ruined
there is nothing more to fear
The drama is distorted
to what they want to hear
Swimming in their sorrow
in the twisting of a tear
As they wait for the new thrill parade

10.The eyes of the rebel
have been branded by the blind
To the safety of sterility
the threat has been refined
The child was created
to the slaughter house he's led
So good to be alive
when the eulogies are read
The climax of emotion
the worship of the dead
As the cycle of sacrifice unwinds.
(Chorus).

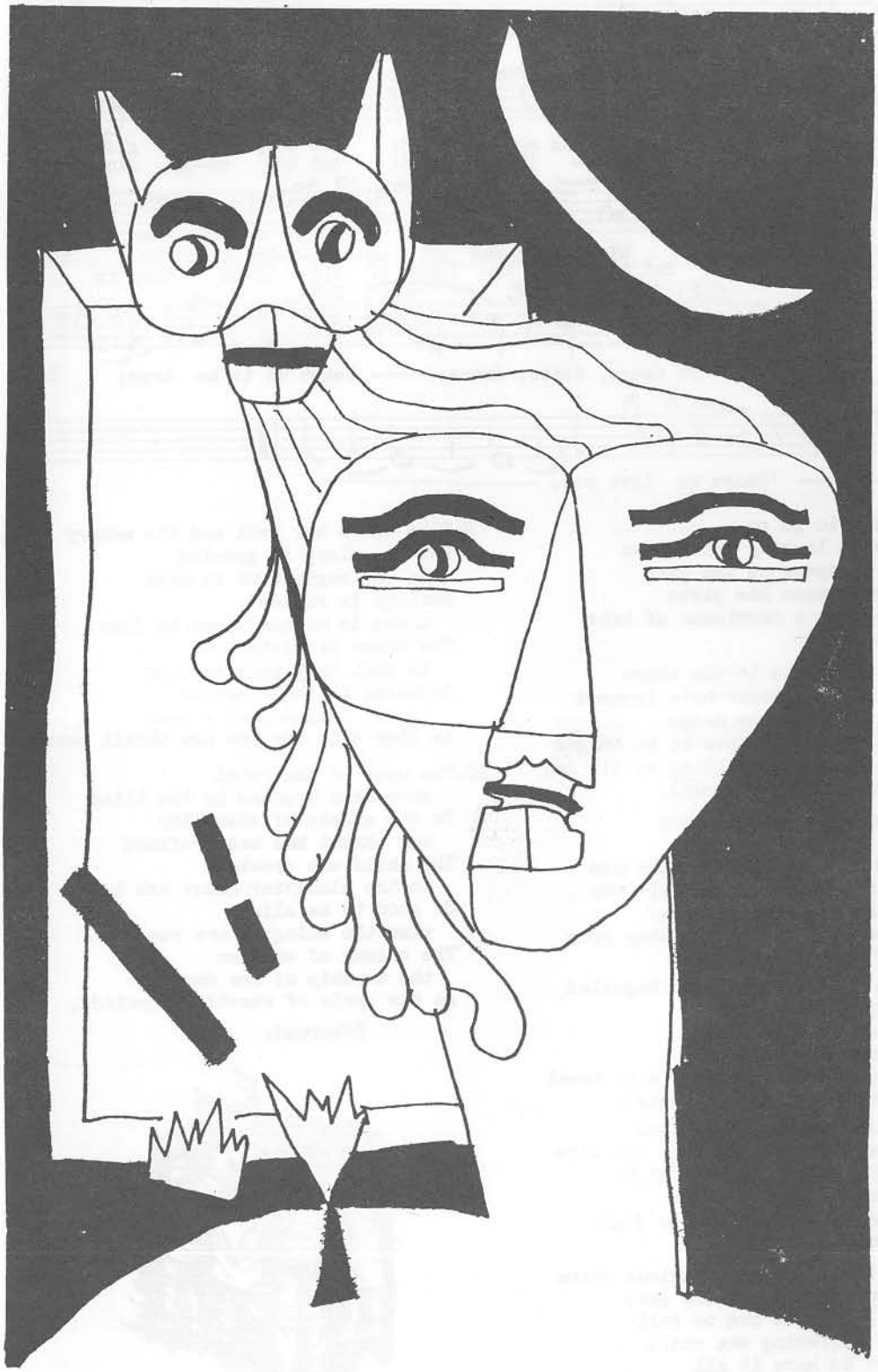


POETRY SECTION

(note: Kaula:Beings of Hindu Tantric 'Lore' assuming 'forms' of ghost, vagabond, sage, while passing through its present incarnations. Generally an 'outsider' unconcerned with physical time, place, distance.)

SONG OF A KAULA

BY RUBEN TATRO
(Art By Gary Dark)



sound is wolf
  singing to the moon
atop mountain of blue
  and space
being is joy and suffering
  and daily rebirth
  and rebirth
with space-music-light
  atoms coming and going
starting and stopping
  in Akasha
(Mental motions inside
  an ancient monkey skull
  left behind,
  by its past owner)
thought shaft of illusion
  coming down
city tower become
  mountain cliffs
  then city tower
plastic street become
  mechanical tong
  then plastic street

this is OM of fate
  and love --
  and love is life
its true secret lost
  somewhere with MU
please come back Buddha
  waiting in hidden valley
black and gray
  and white unicorns
  watching over sea of time
time is flight
  two sparkling
  yin and yang doves
moving across the fire sun
  casting a shadow here
a vast silent
  and unborn shadow

sound again
  as nirvana approaches
death atop
  white horse
  of self-knowledge
who melts
  into a pool
  of comfortable color
moving about
  inside self
crying with joy
  and sorrow
thought is a top spinning
  round and round
  inside outside
an imbecile, a madman
  damnedman, devil or saint
dancing naked
  and worshipping
  goddesses of insecurity
the Muse, LAKSHMA
  SHE rattling the moment
  of true experience

THE NEW DIRECTIONS
IN SOUNDS, SONGS AND TALENT ARE ON
Verve® FOLKWAYS
Verve/Folkways is distributed by MGM Records, a division of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.

War Song -- 2

SOMETHING SAYS GOODBYE
TO ALL THAT
AND THEN TURNS SOFTLY
SUTURED LIPS
to dead dry leaves
and kisses yesterday --
-- goodbye -- goodbye,
to all that.
SOMETHING turns its time
to moving minutes
that say only
-- silence -- silence,
and all that --
SOMETHING SEEMS SO LONG
AGO, that eves do not
remember where that time
was -- exactly.
just this:
one laughing soldier
singing madrigals
of one line
one line in the
one moment
one line only;
"I have occupied my time."

Copyright 1966 Jean Battlo

"JUST CALL ME 'MA'".
By Mary Walling

Oh once in the year
In a small seaport town
Four days in July
Pay the whole year around
For the Ma's of the manors
Whose closets sleep six
It's $7 a head
They make money for kicks.

(Chorus)
The burghers of Newport
Are filling their tills
With bright shiny coins
And green dollar bills.
The Folk Music Festival's
Come round again
So hustle those folkniks
Yes, hustle them in.

Now the porch'll hold fifty
The garage thirty eight
Bring your own mattress
We'll give you a rate.
we are centrally located
That I will vow
The workshop's tomorrow
So start walking now.

Now the Chamber of Commerce
Tney sent me a note
Saying we love good music
So glad that you wrote
Here is the name
Uf a well-known address
The beaches are out
And the park's a worse mess.

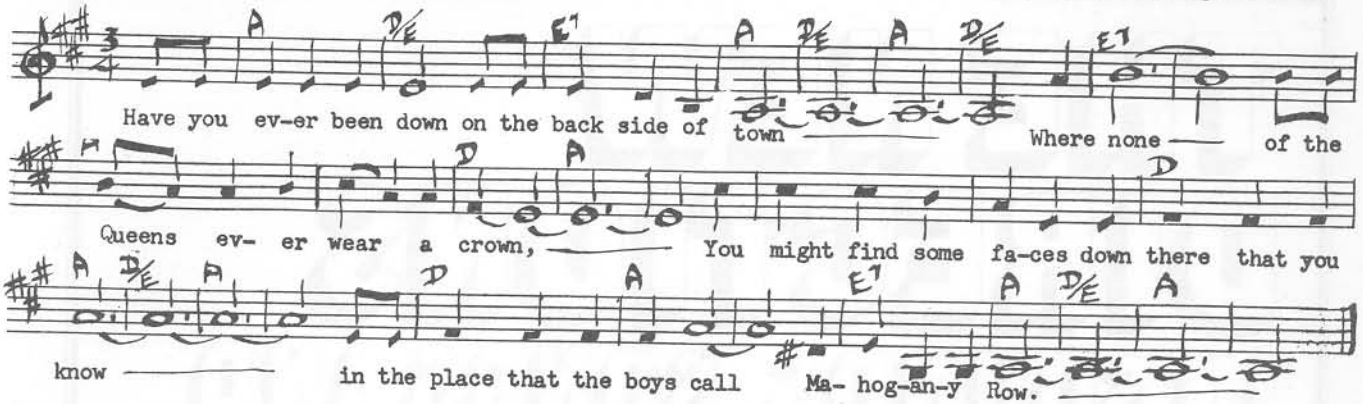
I got into town
And then walked a few miles
I asked for directions
And got only smiles.
There's only three people
Who know it you see,
The Chamber of Commerce
The old Ma and me.

I finally arrived
And was met by the Ma
She first took my money
And then laid the law.
No beer, no guitars,
Don't talk after dark
And db leave the gents
Downtown in the Park.

(cont. on page 12)

MAHOGANY ROW *

By ERNIE MARRS
© 1966 Stormking Music Inc.



Well, yonder's a stairway and yonder's a door...
Many a stranger has been there before.
Year after year, they come and they go,
They never stay long on MAHOGANY ROW.

The street is dusty, the houses are old;
Their story is one that has often been told.
Don't look for tables and chairs if you go...
The furniture's different on MAHOGANY ROW.

Up on the Main Street, away from the smells,
The sports try to date the society belles.
Maybe it's yes, and maybe it's no...
They might change their luck on MAHOGANY ROW.

Some of the customers get spots on their face,
Or else an eruption in some other place.
When they get home, they'll have something to show
In these souvenirs from MAHOGANY ROW.

There goes a girl just as cute as you've seen,
The size of a minute, and maybe fifteen...
One wise guy chuckles, and another says low,
"She's been down on MAHOGANY ROW."

Come to the meat market, get your fresh ham!
It's not been inspected by old Uncle Sam;
But some of the nicest people, you know,
Are getting their cut from MAHOGANY ROW.

Time for election; let's have a show...
Off to the jail with a dozen or so!
When jobs are scarce and the wages are low,
More talent comes to MAHOGANY ROW.

* old colloquial term for colored red light district.

The war, the flood of dollars, and the arrival of 291,000 American soldiers have provoked a very serious moral crisis in Vietnam. The picture is rather frightening: black marketeering, prostitution, corruption in even the highest levels of the Government, spectacular enrichment of the few while the mass of the people live in misery.

The Vietnamese watch with horror as all the principles on which their society is constructed crumble away. Previously, the social scale ranked the well-educated at the top, then the artisans, and finally the laborers. Today, the prostitutes are at the top, then the black marketeers, then those in transportation (because of the scarcity of taxis and trucks). . .

NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE

AUGUST 21, 1966

NEW YORK POST, TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1966

Washington.

The Senators finally got the inside view of the slums. Having heard Cabinet officers and mayors, who know the theory and the statistics, they asked for and got the facts of life from two experts who learned them at the age of six on the streets of Harlem.

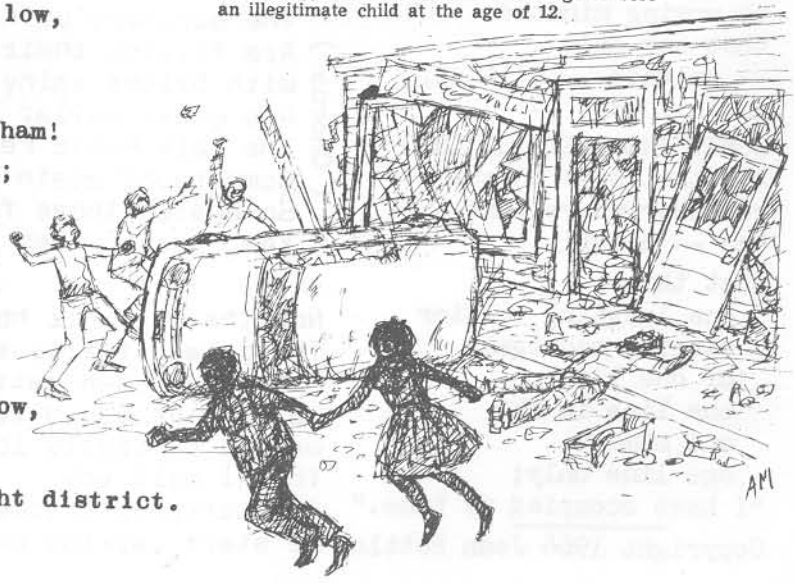
Claude Brown, brought up with - pimps, hustlers and prostitutes, is a big winner in "the war between them and us." A graduate of Howard, a law student at Rutgers, he is the author of "Manchild in the Promised Land," which critics hailed last winter as the ultimate portfolio of scenes from a ghetto childhood.

He brought with him, at his own request, "a more typical manchild," his old friend, Arthur Dunmeyer, a 30-year-old grandfather who has spent half his life in jail, but is also a winner in that he has a $100-a-week job.

They recalled willingly and volubly their family histories. Dunmeyer's mother was a prostitute. When the police came to get her, his only fear was that they might hit her on the head with their sticks.

"Otherwise," he said, with some filial pride, "she could take care of herself."

Illegitimate himself, his first child was born illegimately when he was 15. His daughter bore an illegitimate child at the age of 12.



C O N C E R T S

Here are reviews by Stu Cohen of two recent concerts presented by THE FRIENDS OF OLD TIME MUSIC at Israel Young's FOLKLORE CENTER in New York City:

1.Clark Kessinger,July 19. The Folklore Center was packed for this concert by the finest fiddler in America. Those who were lucky enough to get inside (many listened from outside on the stairs) heard some of the best traditional music ever played in New York. Mr. Kessinger was accompanied by Gene Meade on guitar and Wayne Hauser on banjo. Clark Kessinger is a completely self-taught musician. In the late 20's he and his nephew Luches Kessinger recorded over seventy instrumentals for Brunswick Records. Ken Davidson "rediscovered" him in 1965, and he has since won many first prizes at fiddlers' conventions. His playing is a masterpiece of precision, timing, and innovation. He plays with the tone and accuracy of the finest of classical violinists. Mr. Kessinger is also an entertainer in the best traditions of old time music (a tradition often overlooked by city musicians who are completely enveloped in their technique). He dances and cracks jokes with the energy of a man thirty years his junior and with a boundless, timeless good humor. Gene Meade is a fine, smooth guitarist and Wayne Hauser's banjo rounds out the trio admirably. The group may be heard on Folkways FA2336, Clark Kessinger,Fiddler.

2. Lou Killen, Aug. 26. Lou Killen is a singer from Newcastle, in the North of England. F.O.T.M. presented him at the FOLKLORE CENTER in his first American concert and it was a fine concert indeed. Lou plays the English concertina and sings a tremendous range of songs with a truly great voice.The comparison that comes most readily to mind is with Ewan MacColl. MacColl is a more polished technician; however, Lou communicates much more to his audience. Killen sang and played for two and a half hours, his vocal numbers ranging far and wide covering drinking songs like "The Wild Rover", music hall ditties like "Cushey Butterfield", hunting songs, border songs, a broadside ballad or two, and of course the national anthem "The Blaydon Races". He also played several dance tunes and slow airs on the concertina.

Lou Killen will play a return engagement at the FOLKLORE CENTER Thurs. eve. Sept. 22,1966. Buy tickets ($1.) early, for the place is sure to be jammed. The CENTER is at 321 Sixth Avenue(N.Y.C.)one flight up. Killen can be heard on the recording The Iron Muse, Elektra EKL-279 and is also to record soon for Folk-Legacy Records. Watch for the record.

ALSO AT THE FOLKLORE CENTER: F.O.T.M will present ARSENIO & QUIQUE RODRIGUEZ in a concert Mon. eve. Sept. 26. Same admission ($1.). Their Afro-Cuban music was first heard at the 1964 Newport Folk Festival (in this country, that is) and was widely appreciated.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

NOTES: ERNIE MARRS notes that the song "It Don't Mean A Thing" which we reprinted (B'Side # 73) from his column in the Atlanta Folk Music's STRAY NOTES was written by WILL BURRUSS & DAN KALAIS.... THE GAND FAMILY SINGERS (Bob Gand, his daughter Gale,9, and son Gary, 12) of Deerfield, Ill., were featured performers at the International Guitar Festival, Lake Geneva, Wis. They perform regularly in the Chicago area and as far afield as the Arkansas Folk Festival. Bob is director of the VILLAGE SCHOOL of FOLK MUSIC, 665 Timber Hill, Deerfield.. THE HOUSTON FOLKLORE SOCIETY is now putting out a news bulletin and is looking for more members. Mailing address: 1734 West Alabama, Houston, Tex. 77006 .... Interested in taped guitar lessons? Write Stefan Grossman, 32 Gramercy Park South, New York, N.Y... SOUND HOLE now has a new name, VISIONS, and will be a literary magazine with its accent on folk music. Address: 712 Leafydale Terrace, Baltimore, Md.,21208...."Dear Broadside: Read about you in Doc Billy Hargis' Rhythm,Riots & Revolution. Anything he is against I am for. Enclosed find $5 for a subscription." R.H.Tulsa. (The above is typical of a whole flood of letters we have been getting).

- - - - - - - - - - -

the ADL bulletin
PUBLISHED BY THE ANTI-DEFAMATION LEAGUE OF B'NAI B'RITH
MAY, 1966



SONGS OF THE "RAT FINKS"

THE NEW JERSEY "Rat Finks" have a name like a modern vocal group, and when they get together they like to sing, but the songs they use would never rate in a popularity poll.

Take for example the one on page three of their song book. Sung to the tune of "Jingle Bells," the lyric goes like this:

Riding through the Reich
In my Mercedes-Benz,
Shooting all the kikes
Saving all my friends.
Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat,
Mow the bastards down,
Oh what fun it is to have
The Nazis back in town.

In the information subsequently made public it was revealed that Richard F. Plechner was the leader of the "Rat Finks" and that the group was part of a national structure called "The Syndicate" which controlled Young Republicans in 35 states. A number of "Rat Finks" were also members of the rightist Young Americans for Freedom and the John Birch Society. In addition to the "Rat Finks" songbook, there was a YR songbook in which the anti-Semitic parody also appeared. Both songbooks had the following lyric to be sung to the tune of "Where Have All The Flowers Gone?"

Where has all the money gone?
Gone to taxes.
Where have all the taxes gone?
Gone to welfare.
Where has all the welfare gone?
Gone to .....
Where have all ..... gone?
Gone to Plainfield.

In the "Rat Fink" songbook, the word "niggers" appeared in the blanks.





"Let me tell you about the N-double-A-C-P," George Lincoln Rockwell was saying.

"Tell us, tell us," the man next to me in Marquette Park screamed.

"You know where they get their money?" Rockwell shouted.

"You know where? They get their money from the Jews! That's where they get it. The N-double-A-C-P was founded by 15 Jews and one white nigger! That's the truth! It's Jewish money causin' these marches! It's Jewish money backs these demonstrations!"

* * *

Every time he said the word nigger, the crowd roared. It

The crowd's most vehement shouts were aimed at a white Roman Catholic priest — Rev. James Groppi, one of the march leaders. "Lynch that priest!" one of the hecklers yelled.

The trouble here began about 3 A.M. today when a 39-year-old Negro, Lester Mitchell, was struck in the head by a shotgun blast as he swept the sidewalk in front of his apartment.

Witnesses said that Mr. Mitchell had been hit by one of three blasts fired from a moving car. Riding in the auto, witnesses said, were three white men.

Mr. Mitchell, critically injured, was taken to a hospital. He died early tonight. The authorities delayed news of his death, evidently fearing that it

EDITOR'S COMMENT: The clippings above illustrate the alarming growth in this country of what cannot realistically be described by any other term than fascism. It thrives and accelerates because the U.S. war against the Vietnamese is basically a war of fascist-type aggression (if this were not so, it would not be so fervently supported by the American Nazis and the other ultra-rightists). This development places a great obligation on the songwriters and performers on the side of peace and civil rights. That songs appealing to human decency are a powerful influence has long been recognized by the ultra-right; only recently an outfit calling itself Christian Crusade, allied with the American Nazis, the Ku Klux Klan, etc., in its belief that "peace is treason" and civil rights a Communist plot, has felt it necessary to publish a full-length book attacking current song trends... G.F.

WHITE BLACK BLUES? Can white singers creatively interpret Negro blues? Robert Shelton of the N.Y. Times is one maintaining they can, and in a recent article attacked Julius Lester, who sees such singers as little more than "whiteface minstrels" arrogantly appropriating Negro material. Shelton approvingly quotes a white blues singer as asking of Mr. Lester: "What's he doing using my alphabet?" This is a purely racist remark, reflecting abysmal ignorance. To begin with, the development of African alphabets was stamped out by white invaders. Those Africans dragged in chains to America as slaves lost their language and were permitted only a few rudimentary English words; in fact it was a crime punishable by death for slaves in the U.S. to try and learn to read and write. And where does the English alphabet really come from? Its roots go back to Rome and Greece and through Phoenicia to Egypt. And Egypt happens to be in Africa. Your alphabet indeed, Mr. White Blues Singer! .... Gordon Friesen

NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, AUGUST 14, 1966.

Once-Banned French Folk Song Becomes Vietnam War Protest

By DAVID HALBERSTAM

Special to The New York Times

PARIS, Aug. 13—A French antiwar folk song, "The Deserter," banned during the Algerian war, is rising to the top of the French hit parade as a protest against the war in Vietnam.

The song was written by the late Boris Vian in 1955 when the French war in Indochina had just ended and the Algerian war had just started. It was an immediate popular and financial success, but after about three months it was banned by the French authorities. It could not be played on the radio or sold as a record.

The song has been performed in France recently by Peter, Paul and Mary, the American folk singers. At present, it is fifth on the French hit parade.

Noting that the song is particularly moving, and welcoming its return to France, Témoignage Chrétien (Christian Witness), a leftist Catholic weekly, wrote that "happily for us the censors at the state radio and television have short, short memories, or are opportunists or hypocrites."

The song's new success in France, in the view of Marcel Mouloudji, one of the folk singers who perform it, is directly attributable to French feeling about the war in Vietnam.

"The Deserter" is a plaintive, classic folk song, in which a draftee composes a letter to the President "that perhaps you will read if you have the time."

It tells of the author's hatred for war and killing and says "I am going to desert."

Though the words are sharp and cutting, the tune is sung in a soft and moving manner.

A free translation of the sharper verses follows:

Mr. President,
I am writing you a letter
Which you will read perhaps
If you have the time.
Not to make you angry
But I must tell you
My decision is taken,
I am going to desert.
Since I was born
I have seen fathers die
I have seen brothers die
And infants weep.
The mothers have so suffered
And others figure out gimmicks
And live at their ease
Despite the gunpowder and the blood.
There are prisoners.
Their spirits have been stolen,
Their wives have been stolen
And all their cherished past.
If blood must shed,
Go and shed your own,
Mr. Good Apostle,
Mr. President.

There were two versions of the song, one by Mr. Vian and one slightly milder by Mr. Vian's friend, who is known professionally as Mouloudji.

Mouloudji is one of the beneficiaries of the new success. In an interview, the folk singer said he found the resurgence a bit absurd "because it takes no courage for a Frenchman to sing about the war in Vietnam."

"When I worked on the song and sang it, I sang against all wars, the war of the French in Indochina, and the French in Algeria," he explained. "It is a bit stupid now for the Frenchmen to sing about the Americans in Vietnam. For the Americans it is another thing."

(For this song see Broadside # 50)

"Just Call Me Ma" — 2

We're good people here
We don't want no trouble
We loaf all the year
Off our big July bubble
We love the Folk Festival
Better than Sin
So shut up you folkniks
Just pay and pile in!

Copyright 1966 by Mary Walling

NOTES:"I wrote this parody (the tune is like Only A Hobo) on my way home from Newport. It's meant as a sort of gentle dig at the ladies (all of whom request their guests to 'just call me Ma')who open their homes to lodgers of little means and considerable naivete." MARY WALLING... UPCOMING: Judy Collins concerts at the Univ. of Colorado Sept. 16 & at Colorado Springs College Sept. 17; ARLO GUTHRIE opens at the CLUB 47, Cambridge,Mass, Sept. 20, gives a concert at the Univ. of Buffalo, N.Y., Oct. 6, moves to the "7 Of Clubs" in Toronto Oct. 10th for one week. At CARNEGIE HALL (N.Y.C): MIRIAM MAKEBA Oct.14;THEO BIKEL Oct.29; JUDY COLLINS Dec.3; PETE SEEGER Dec.23rd.

GETTYSBURG (Pa.) College: PETE SEEGER Sept. 30th

THERE IS ONLY

ONE

NATIONAL FOLKSONG MAGAZINE



It's published six times every year. Each issue contains songs (folk, Topical, etc.) with guitar chords. There are also articles on folk music and folk musicians,informative and controversial, reviews of books and records, many provocative columns of news and opinion, our internationally-famous letters to the editor, advertisements of specialized interest, and always a surprise or two.

The best writers and most knowledgable musicians we can get hold of write for Sing Out! - people like Pete Seeger, Sam Hinton, Julius Lester, Israel Young, Barbara Dane, Tom Paxton, Tony Glover, Charles Edward Smith, and many, many more.

1-year subscription to SING OUT! ($5.00)

2-year subscription to SING OUT! ($8.00)

SING OUT!

165 West 46th Street / New York, New York 10036

presenting:

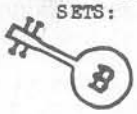
eric andersen
david blue
jim&jean
phil ochs
tom rush
judy roderick

arthur h. gorson inc.

ag artist management
850 seventh ave.
new york, 10019
212 ju6 5124

BROADSIDE SPECIAL

HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY TO COMPLETE YOUR FILE OF BROADSIDES. OR TO START BUILDING UP A COLLECTION. WE ARE OFFERING THE FIRST 70 ISSUES MADE UP INTO THREE SEPARATE SETS (WITH INDEXES). FOR $6.00 EACH YOU CAN GET ANY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING SETS:



1. Numbers 1 thru 25.
2. Numbers 26 thru 50.
3. Numbers 51 thru 70. (larger issues)

Order from Broadside , 215 West 98 St., New York, N.Y. 10025.

Also: Broadside Songbook Vol. 1 (74 songs reprinted as they appeared in the pages of the magazine) : $2.60.

"Broadside has exerted a tremendous influence on the American folk-song scene." AUSTRALIAN TRADITION.

"(it)... has a historical significance that should not be overlooked." MUSIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

BROADSIDE , 215 West 98 St.,New York, N.Y. 10025. All contents copyright 1966 by Broadside Magazine. Topical Song Monthly. Editor: Agnes Cunningham; Advisor,Pete Seeger. Contr. Eds: Josh Dunson, Julius Lester, Len Chandler, Gordon Friesen, Phil Ochs. Subs. Rate: One year (12 issues) $5.00. Single copy .50¢.