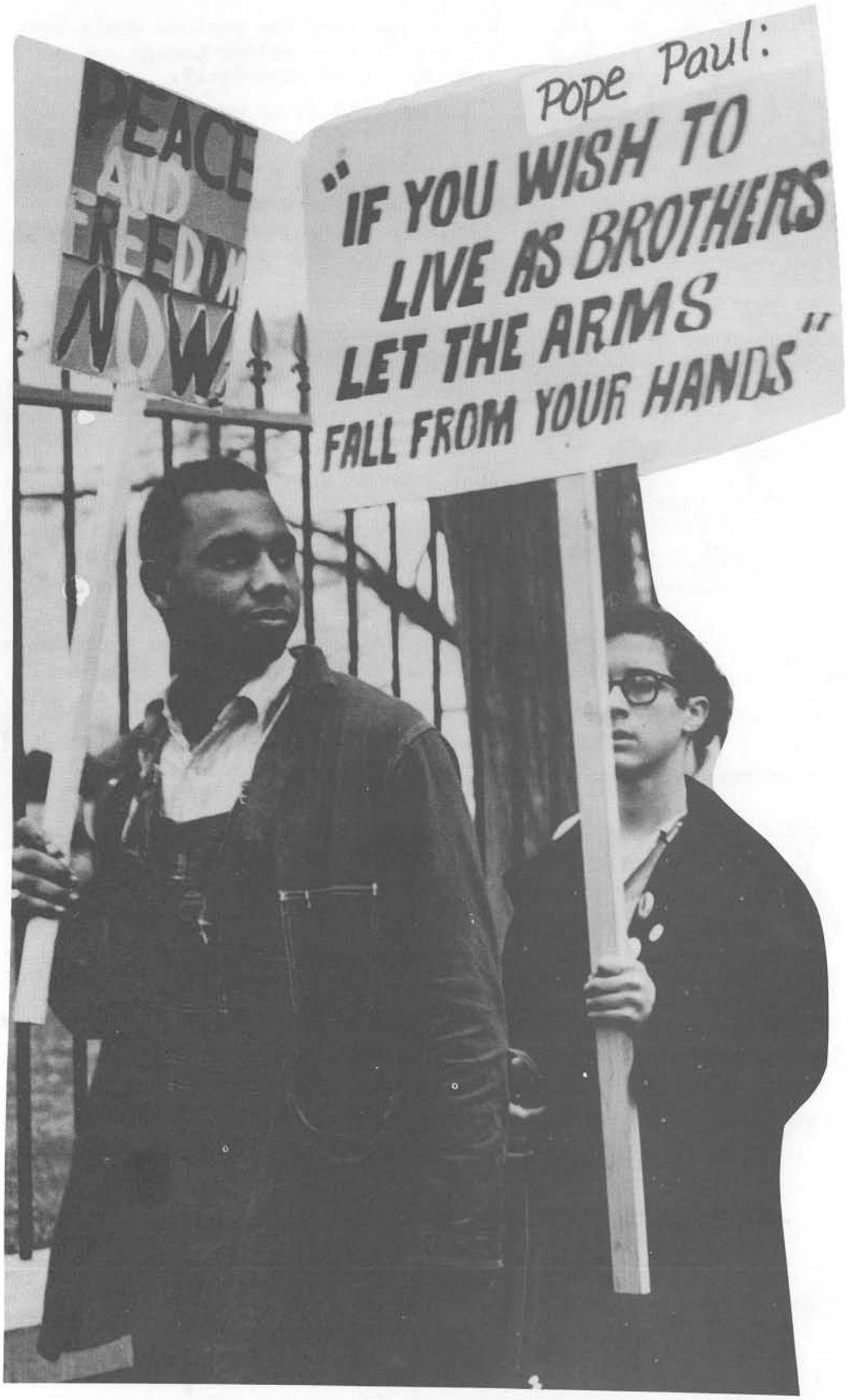
Broadside #75

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE OCTOBER 1966 PRICE -- 50¢



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NO MORE WAR

by

Jackie Sharpe

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A N D

LEN CHANDLER
MALVINA REYNOLDS
BOB WARD
ALEX COHEN
JIM GARLAND

* * * * * * * * *

T R I B U T E S
TO

PETER LA FARGE

Ain't buying high cost of dying

by Bob Ward

Art work — FRED WRIGHT

(Tune) Sweet Betsy of Pike
From the day that we're born, till that day we die,
We pay much too much for all things that we buy,
Overcharging, we know, is "our way of life" trend,
But we deeply resent getting soaked in the end.



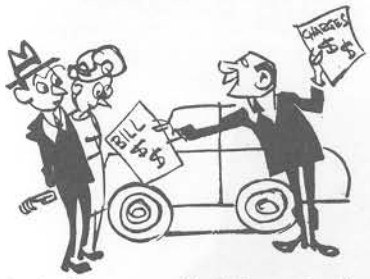
If we're buying a home, or buying a car,
High prices are higher than we think they are,
The price tag means little on a deal small or large,
Just wait till you tote up the carrying charge.



There must be an out to this horrible riddle,
We're soaked from the top and all sides and the middle,
Perhaps we should boycott all goods priced too high,
And blacklist all morgues by refusing to die.



The butcher, the baker, the candlestick man,
Their credo is charge just as much as you can,
They tell us their prices are really quite fair,
Then charge just as much as the traffic will bear.



And then to add injury to the insult,
We finally meet with the funeral cult,
They'll take your last nickel to do it up brown,
Then jack up the price as they lower you down.



(Repeat 1st Verse)

(Reprinted from the U-E Canadian News, Toronto)

TALKING HAIRCUT BLUES

By ALEX COHEN

Well I stomped into school just the other day
Come to see what the teachers could say
Put my coat in the locker, went to class
To see how long the periods would last
I really like school though . . .
Lunch period especially.

I figured I'd do my work well
But still I sat there waiting for the bell
And when it rang I jumped out the door
Saying that's one down, only 7 more
But don't misunderstand me....School is great...When you look back at it.

I struggled through two periods more
I'm telling you I was really bored
But then when I'm walking through the halls
I heard someone screaming & he did call
"Get that beatnik! ... That intellectual trouble maker...With long hair".

They took me down to the boy's dean
And I'm telling you that man was mean
He started yelling about my hair
And then he asked me how I dared
To come to school like that...
Looking for trouble.

I tried to say I didn't want no trouble
But when I spoke his anger doubled
Well he grabbed my arm & threw me out the door
Saying "Don't come back here anymore"
"Not without a haircut!...
"And a grey flannel suit".

I got a haircut & a grey flannel suit
I learned to click my heels and salute
Now I'm allowed to go back to class
But I don't know how long this will last
They'll get me for something....For being against the war....For my boots....Or for the way I talk.

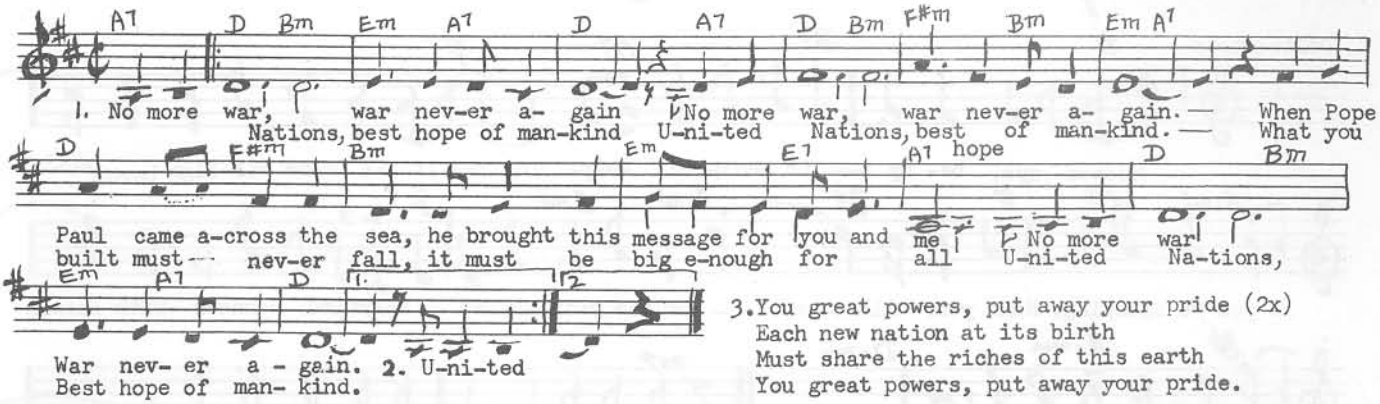
© 1966 Alex Cohen

This page paid for by
Folklore Research Films, Inc.

(advt.)

NO MORE WAR

Words & Music: Jacqueline Sharpe
Copyright 1966 by E.B.Marks,Inc.



3.You great powers, put away your pride (2x)
Each new nation at its birth
Must share the riches of this earth
You great powers, put away your pride.

4.We can't be brothers till the weapons fall from our hands (2x)
Let man be man's best friend
Let the world's long nightmare end
We can't be brothers till the weapons fall from our hands.

5. No more war, war never again! (2x)
When Pope Paul came across the sea
He spoke for you and he spoke for me
No more war, war never again!

"Here is some background on NO MORE WAR. I wrote the song the day after Pope Paul made his historic United Nations speech on Oct. 4,1965, in which he made his impassioned plea for "No more war, war never again!" I felt that these words could become a national slogan for the peace movements, and that a song essentially paraphrasing the Pope's speech might reach into areas which had not previously been reached with the message for peace.

"The song actually received its premier performance on Oct. 6,1965, when Irwin Silber and Barbara Dane played a tape of it on their WBAI late evening show.

"And then I felt that I would like to present it to Pope Paul during the Christmas season as a tribute to his leadership for peace. We -- that is, representatives of Westchester Women for Peace (which is part of Women Strike for Peace), Arts for World Unity (Quakers), the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and a number of distinguished individuals in the religious and academic communities — presented a beautiful album, designed by the artist John Urbain, to Pope Paul.

"The album was presented on Dec. 22 to the Permanent Observer of the Holy See to the United Nations, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Alberto Giovannetti, who transmitted it to the Vatican by diplomatic pouch. Included in the album were a recording of the song, which I had made; a piano arrangement by Vally Weigl; and a dedication to His Holiness signed by the people mentioned above.

"I received official acknowledgement of the gift from the Secretary of State of the Holy See, together with Pope Paul's silver medal commemorating his United Nations speech. The inscription on the medal reads: Alumna Pax Amoris (Peace is the Child of Love).
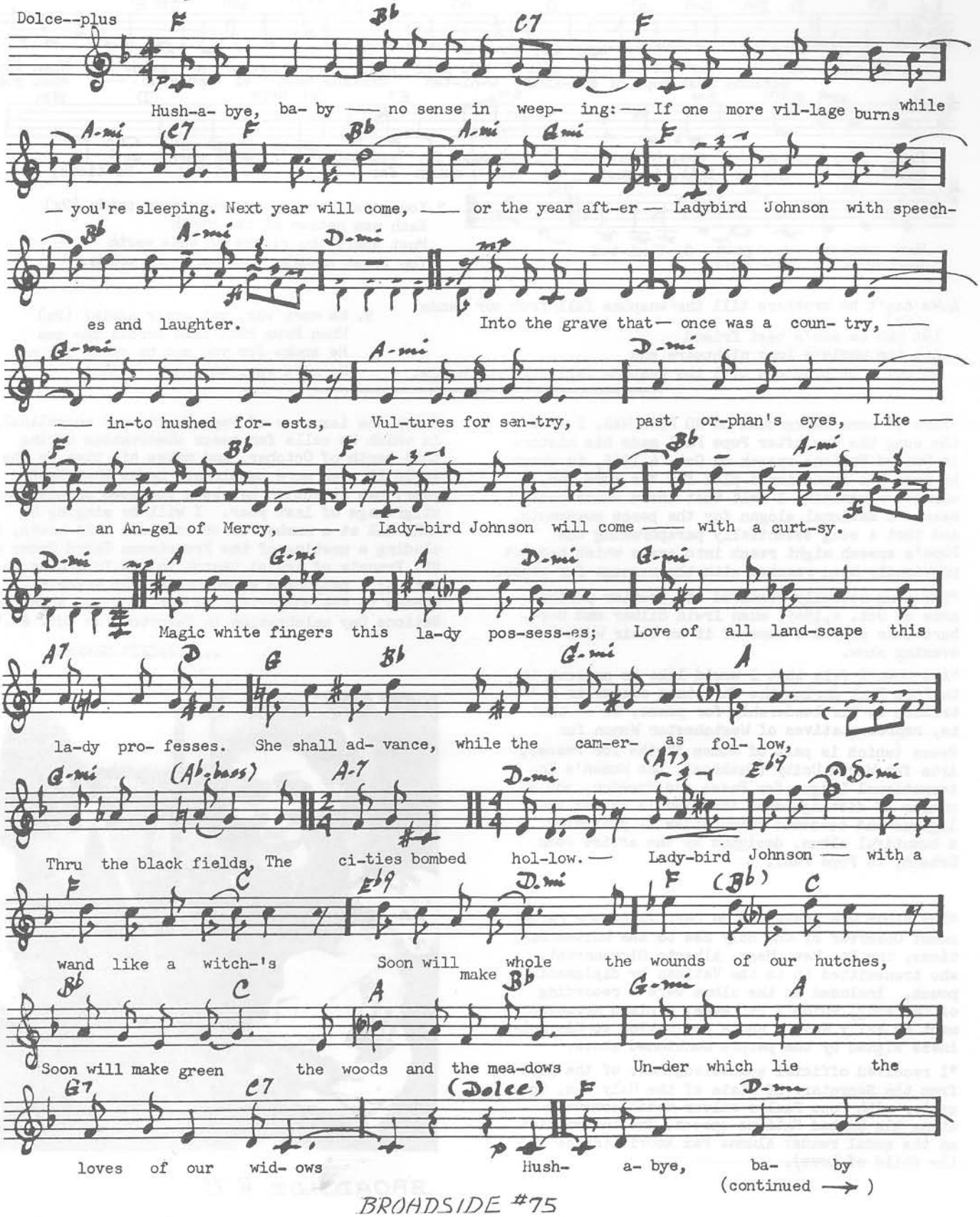
"With the issuance of Pope Paul's new encyclical, in which he calls for peace observances during this month of October, and makes his plea to the world in even more passionate terms than last year, new attention has been focussed on his peace pilgrimage of last year. I will be singing NO MORE WAR at a number of observances this month, including a meeting of the Franciscan Third Order at St. Francis of Assisi Church in New York City on Oct. 4; a projected Women Strike for Peace response to the encyclical on Oct. 16; and a United Nations Day celebration in Tarrytown on Oct. 22."

... JACKIE SHARPE

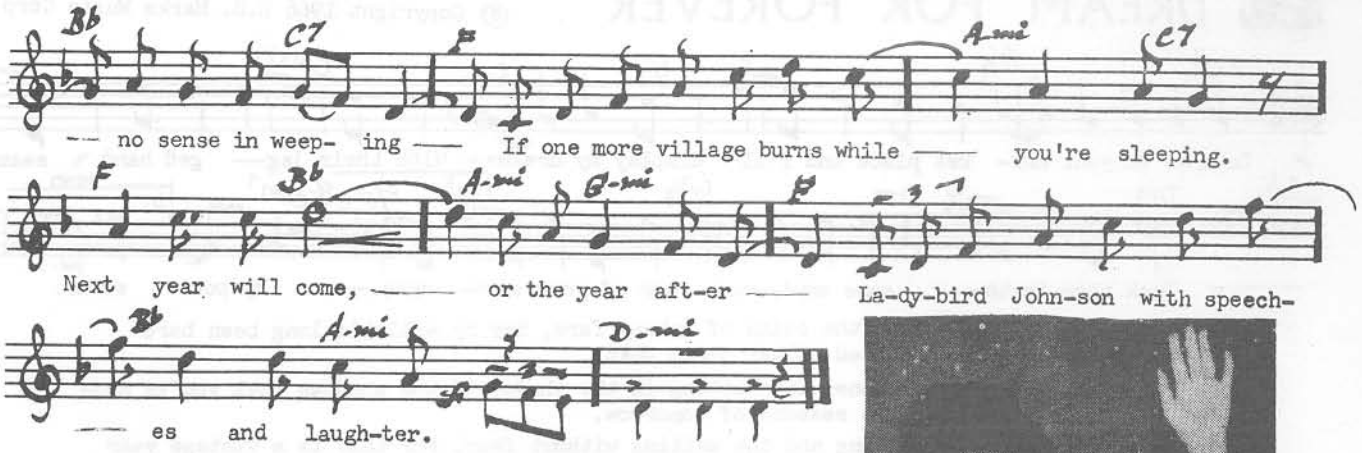


Lullaby

Lyrics: AARON KRAMER (from Four Peace Songs)
Music: WALDEMAR HILLE
© 1966 Aaron Kramer & Waldemar Hille



LULLABY - continued



NATIONAL GUARDIAN Oct. 1, 1966

OF THE PROSPEROUS bamboo-surrounded villages I had seen during my first visit almost three years previously, there was now not a trace. Not a hamlet, not a house—in the usual sense of the term—not a tree, not a buffalo. So men organized in mutual aid teams took time off, in turns, from their guerrilla activities to haul plows or to cultivate their rice fields with hoes and spades. Production had to continue. Hamlets and homes were gone but the population was still there, clinging to life and their soil.

• • • •

— Wilfred G. Burchett

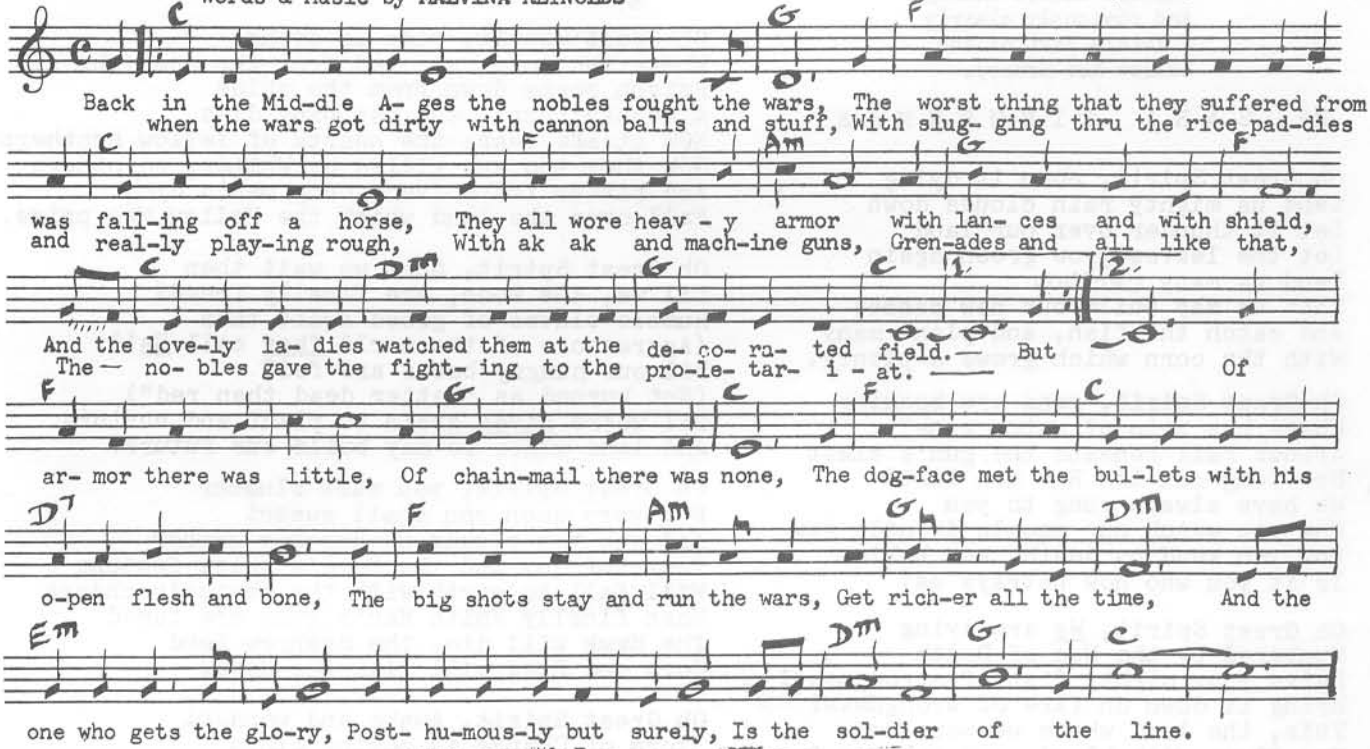


Mrs. Lyndon Johnson waves happily

A Short History of Warfare

© 1966 Schroder Music Co. (ASCAP)

Words & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS



NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1966 —

"Lately we've had quite a few casualties," Gary's letter went on, "but we have a good platoon commander and he's careful, so I don't think we have much to worry about."

Gary wrote about packing his sea bag, and how happy he was to be getting out of Viet Nam. He was to be shipped home soon.

"All we can do is wait," his letter concluded. "I've run out of words, so I'll say goodbye for now. Your son, Gary."
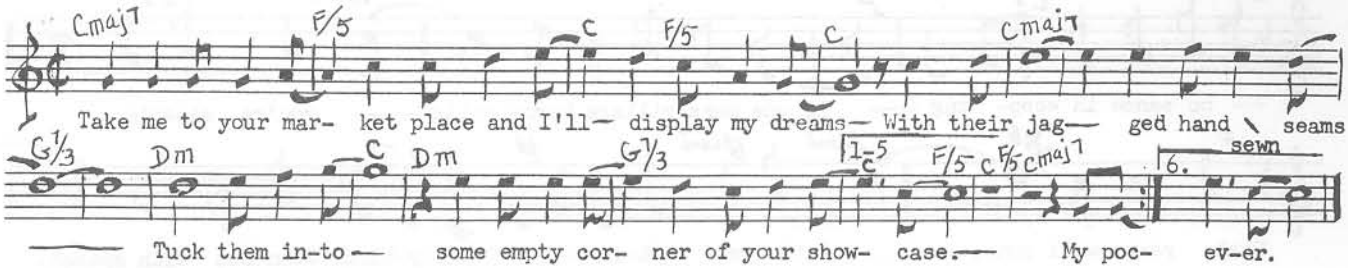
Mrs. Parsons burst into tears. It was her son's last letter.

The Parsons were informed Monday that Gary, 18, had been killed on patrol near Da Nang.

They consider themselves lucky when they look out the back door at a large tent guarded by an MP. It is the morgue. The silhouettes of three men, arms crossed over their chests, show through the rubberized body bags on the floor.

a DREAM FOR FOREVER

Words & Music: LEN CHANDLER
© Copyright 1966 E.B. Marks Music Corp.



2. My pockets are a-jingle with the coins of subway fare, Hey my wallet's long been bare
But my notebook spills unsifted silver dream dust.
3. My songs in textured umber tones lie waiting in the shade, Of the shadows that you've made
There they will season for the seasons of tomorrow.
4. So you should stand the sitting and the waiting without fear, For this is a vintage year
And the full grapes weigh the vine and hey anyway it's your vineyard.
5. My wine is only fortified with purity and grace, It just needs a little space
And a tester with a tongue that's still unjaded.
6. Unjaded as the ears and eyes of all the ageless young, It's for them my dreams are spun
And so for them I'll spin a dream that's for forever.

for PETER LA FARGE

(And to Sis, Malvina & Len
Whom I love so dearly
Who are almost nearly
And obviously clearly
A little part of the
Yellow Red Mouse).

By S A R A Z I M M E R M A N

Oh Great Spirit, corn is dying
Send us mighty rain clouds down
Let it thunder over our land
Let the leaves grow green again
Send us many Caribou
That we may build our new canoes
And catch the fish, and plant many
With the corn which grows a-plenty.

Oh Great Spirit, guns are booming
Where has rain of water gone?
Arrows fall beneath the gun's blast
How long can the Red Man last?
We have always sung to you
Now you watch our people dwindle few
Now you send us death, not babies
Is it you who now betrays us?

Oh Great Spirit, We are dying
Numbered by the Men of Death
Raise your mighty fist of strongness!
Bring it down on fire of wrongness!
This, the land where we were born
Now flows with blood, and the Red Ones mourn
And far yonder as the eye can go
Are the great white bones of Buffalo.

Oh Great Spirit, corn is dead now
Buried long by White Man's greed
We were Red and better dead
This is what these White Men said
Young braves had but a single creed--
To dare to challenge White Men's deeds
And White guns still march over these Young Braves
In the missile bases which cover their graves.

Oh Great Spirit, rice is dying
Where the rain runs red from the ones who die
Poison comes down from the skies
A mother burns, and her baby dies
NOW strife tears the hearts of Yellow Brothers
NOW they too are killed by Whites, no others
And bitter tears from young men's eyes
Fall over the land which the Yellow Men prize.

Oh Great Spirit, must we wait then
Til we, the Poor, are finally freed?
Humble slaves of greed await thus
(Aggressors of the world They call Us!)
Til our hungry babes are fed?
(Not burned as "better dead than red")
Til we're given grain to plant and nurture
And land where we may build our future?

Oh Great Spirit, you must slumber
But very soon you shall awake!
And see the clouds of Freedom gather
Tears of joy and the dove's white feather
Will fall to earth with the season's change
When finally White Man's guns are tamed
The Hawk will die, the Sparrow feed
Corn and Rice will fill the need.

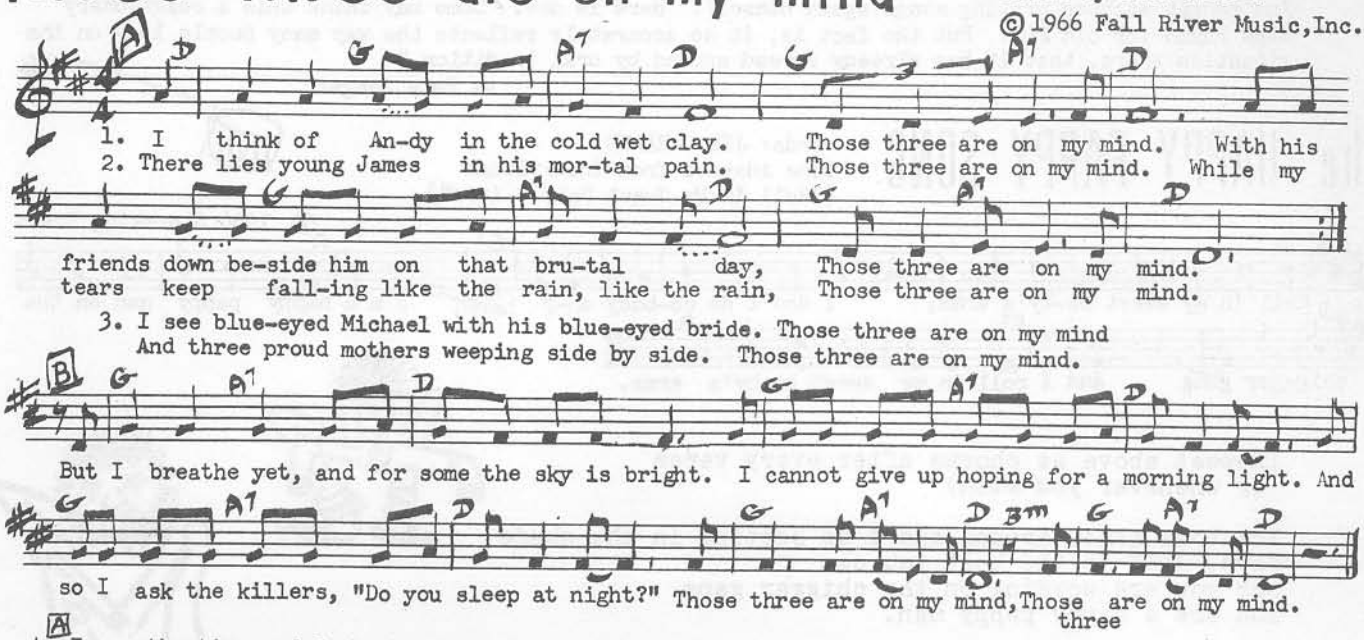
Oh Great Spirit, Awake and wonder!
Storm of Change is coming close
Tamed will be the White Man's guns
By the Black, Red and Yellow Ones
When hands have felt the plow untied
And all have learned why the Red Man died.

Remember the one in his great white house
And Why the white cat fell
To the Yellow Red Mouse.

© 1966 Sara Zimmerman

those three are on my mind

Words By FRANCES TAYLOR
Music By PETE SEEGER
©1966 Fall River Music,Inc.



A
4. I see the tin-roofed shanties where my brothers live
(Those three are on my mind)
And the burned-out churches where they sing "we forgive"
(Those three are on my mind)
B While on the backwoods road still ride the hooded bands
Poisoning the air through the good southlands
And so I ask the killers, "Can you ever wash your hands?"
Those three are on my mind; Those three are on my mind.
A
5. There sit the mighty judges handing down the law
(Those three are on my mind)
In their marble courthouse we are filled with awe
(Those three are on my mind)
B I know of Tom Paine's watered tree,
I know the price of liberty
But I must ask the question that must burn in me
Did they also burn the courthouse when they killed those three?
Those three are on my mind; Those three are on my mind;
Those three are on my mind.

(Ed. Note: Frances Taylor first write the original lyrics of this song in the form of a poem about a year ago. Last summer Pete Seeger composed a tune for the words, which underwent some revision in the process, and this is the result. Pete introduced the song on the David Susskind T-V show Oct. 2, 1966. Harry Belafonte is recording it and plans to use it as the title song for his forthcoming new L-P album).

THERE IS ONLY



ONE
NATIONAL FOLKSONG MAGAZINE

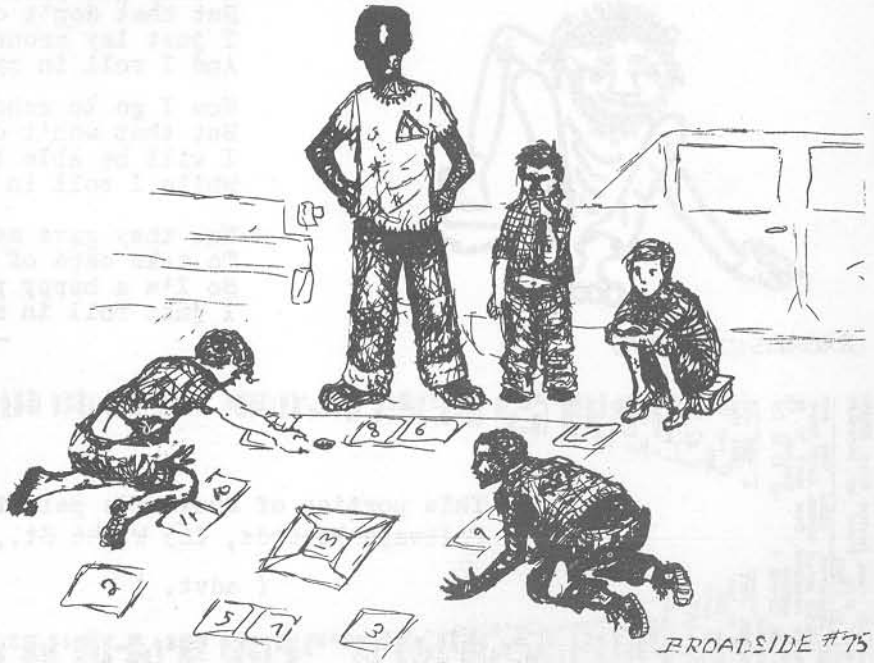
It's published six times every year. Each issue contains songs (folk, Topical, etc.) with guitar chords. There are also articles on folk music and folk musicians, informative and controversial, reviews of books and records, many provocative columns of news and opinion, our internationally-famous letters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

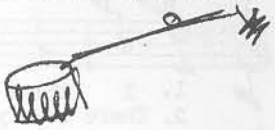
SING OUT!

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



"Jim Garland, who 35 years ago wrote 'I Don't Want Your Millions, Mister' and 'Harry Sims' has been collecting songs and stories among his old Kentucky friends and relations, for some Folkways LPs. And he got started writing songs again himself. Here is one. Some may think this a reactionary type rhyme for old Jim. But the fact is, it so accurately reflects the way many people look on the situation there, that it has already spread around by oral tradition."

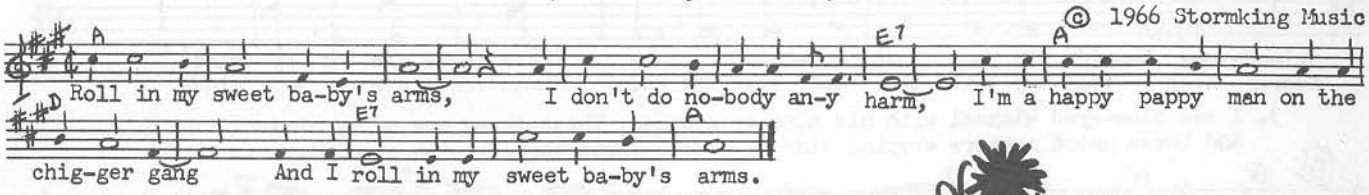
— Pete Seeger



The HAPPY PAPPY SONG

Words: JIM GARLAND
Tune Adapted from Traditional
("Roll In My Sweet Baby's Arms")

© 1966 Stormking Music





(Repeat above as chorus after every verse
or whenever you wish)

The boss comes around and I am setting in the shade
Says, just do the best you can
For you are working on the chigger gang
You are a happy pappy man.

I go along the road a-clipping them weeds
I am sure I am doing no harm
Just a happy pappy man on the chigger gang
And I roll in my sweet baby's arms.



I told my wife we need another child
And she reached over and gave me a kiss
Said, you are a happy pappy man on the chigger gang
Big boy, we can't miss.

I get them chiggers all over me
But they don't cause me much harm
I just grease all up with salty grease
And I roll in my sweet baby's arms.



I ain't going to work on the tipple
I ain't going to work on the land
I'm just going to stay on that chigger gang
And be a happy pappy man.





I only get paid once each month
But that don't cause me no alarm
I just lay around my shack until I get my check
And I roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Now I go to school twice each week
But that won't do me any harm
I will be able to read a magazine
While I roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Now they gave me a doctor card
To take care of all our harms
So I'm a happy pappy man in a happy pappy land
I just roll in my sweet baby's arms.

This portion of Broadside paid for by
Folkways Records, 165 W. 46 St., N.Y.C.

(advt.)

Dear Broadside: -- I hope that you will devote part of your October or November issue to the memory of Peter La Farge. As "Chuck" wrote so eloquently in Broadside a year ago, "Another friend is dead I never met." Peter's songs comprise about a third of my repertoire, and slowly people here in Washington are beginning to realize how beautiful his songs were. This of course is small consolation to those of you who knew him and those of us who hoped one day to meet him, but it may perhaps in some small way further the cause that he and his father fought for. I am enclosing a poem (actually a song) that I wrote on Peter's death.

GRANT CARRINGTON

L A M E N T F O R L A F A R G E

Word has come to our town
That Pete La Farge is dead
Of a stroke at thirty-four;
That's what the paper said
I can't believe it's true;
That Peter's really gone;
Who'll fight for the Indians now,
And who will sing their song?

As long as the grass shall grow
On the grave of Ira Hayes
There's a people who will remember
This boy from Sante Fe,
Cisco waits to shake his hand,
To tell him it's all right:
He fought hard and he fought well,
And it was an honest fight.

The peace pipe now is shattered;
The lance is on the wall;
The mocassins are empty;
There's no one here at all.
But though the room is empty
A song is ringing in the night;
Peter's not forgotten us
Or given up the fight.

Why did you leave us, Pete?
Why did you go?
You still had songs
To sing and write, I know.
I still sing your songs;
I always will.
Why did you leave us, Pete?
Why is your voice still?

Copyright 1966 by Grant Carrington

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

Dear Broadside: -- Have you noticed, as I have (and I'm sure many others too) the almost listless silence that is characteristic of our peace marches in New York and Washington? We march, yes. We carry signs. Occasionally someone with a lot of "chutzpa" will start a shouted slogan like "END THE WAR IN VIETNAM, BRING THE TROOPS HOME". Other people will join in for a few minutes and then everyone loses heart, and there is the silence again. Songs? Music? Well, of course, there's the good old "Down By The Riverside." But that staunch old song is longing for company.

The fact is, the peace movements need good marching songs, lots of them, stirring ones with simple structure adapted to the fashioning of new verses accprding to the circumstances. And then, we need people who will teach the new songs to the marchers.

We have seen the powerful effect of truly good songs in the Civil Rights movement. These songs are part of the blood and bones of that movement, and have given it, and the people participating in it, strength, purpose, fervor, a sense of the beauty and solemnity of their struggle together. This should be no less true of the peace movement, which involves the very survival of the human race.

What about a contest for peace songs especially suited to marches and demonstrations, a contest to be launched by Broadside? Perhaps a single issue might be devoted to the best of those sent in.

JACQUELINE SHARPE

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

DEAR BROADSIDE: -- The original seventh verse of "Mahogany Row" was left out of the version in B'Side # 74. Since it ties in so well with the clippings you used to accompany the song, here it is:

"The doctor man comes,the doctor man goes,
And soon you'll be seeing some more
little clothes
Hung on a line where the breezes may blow,
Behind a house on Mahogany Row."

I suspect that no matter how many verses to that song are ever printed, there'll always be another important one in somebody's head which wasn't included.

ERNIE MARRS

WILL SOCIETY ACCEPT "SOCIETY'S CHILD"?

Back in February Broadside printed a song by 15-year-old Janis Fink which she called "Baby, I've Been Thinking." Since then she changed her name professionally to Janis Ian and gave the song a new title: "Society's Child." But the lyrics remain the same: they tell the story of a white girl forced to relinquish her love for a Negro youth due to the pressures put on her by white society, reflected through her parents.

"Society's Child" was released last Sept. by Verve-Folkways as Janis' first single. Its controversial nature made it into a real test for the nation's disc jockeys: would they be man enough to play it, or would they chicken out? Well, the results so far indicate that the record has run up against if not exactly a wall of censorship, certainly quite a number of roadblocks of silence. One of those who suspects "Society's Child" may have been ambushed in the "shadowy corners of censorship in the pop-music field" is Robert Shelton, folk music critic of the New York Times, although he adds that it is still too early to evulate that point accurately. In his article on Janis and her recording in the Times of Sept. 25, Shelton writes:

> "The fate of Society's Child was hinted at in a cynical capsule review of the disk in the Sept. 6 issue of the Tip Sheet for disk jockeys... It said: "Magnificently done, but will probably never see the light of day. Too bad.'"

Shelton concludes his article by saying:

> "In any case, the disk has cast down a challenge to the recording, broadcasting and juke-box industries. Society's Child marks a new boldness in popular music while also proclaiming the radiant new talent, Janis Ian. Those who care about the upgrading of popular music and its freedom of expression will watch closely both Miss Ian's song and the issue of censorship it has so forthrightly raised."

We recently asked Janis to tell us something of how the record came into being, what is happening to it, and what Broadside readers could do to give it a helping hand. Here is some of her answer:

"I remember 5 months ago when I first started going around to record and music publishing companies I didn't have time to say hellow before a door slammed in my face. I must've tried at least 10 or 12 companies. Then it was 'well,you write good songs, but...' and they'd give me 10 or 12 records to show me how I should write. (I think ive collected all my records that way, so maybe it pays off in the end)...

"Finally, we cut Society's Child last June and July. We really worked hard on it a long time -- because of the content of the song the record had to be perfect musically, or as near perfect as possible. Then they couldn't have that as an excuse not to play it. Then Shadow (Morton), my producer, took it around to record companies -- it seemed all these people who refused to release the record took dubs home for their private collections. h-m-m-m-m.

Then Verve-Folkways took it and released it Sept. 12. It is getting played in Los Angeles and many other places, but not in New York yet, unless you count WOR-FM and WBAI-FM. What can people do to help it get a hearing. Well, some don't understand that you can't wait until a record is in the shops to buy it. If all the broadside readers began going into record stores and demanding it, and writing postcards to radio stations, asking them to play it, maybe....

"While i'm at it, would like to say we want to put out an album, depending how the single does, and am desperate for a title to it. So would appreciate any titles anyone can think of and send to me (c/o Broadside)." JANIS IAN

* *

"Several songs in BROADSIDE have said in effect: 'You shot Medgar Evers in the back, you son of a bitch, and his wife and children grieved.'

"So what? You surely did not expect them to laugh, did you.

"Move me, topical songwriter, get me mad, make me cry, make me laugh, but for god's sake don't bore me with facts. I know them already and have thought about them already. Your job is to prejudice my evaluation. And you gotta be good to do that!" V.A.

Walkin' In The Parlor -- Jack Guy & Tab Ward (available from Guy's Folk Toys, Beech Creek, No. Carolina -- write for information and the price). MFT 101.

Jack Guy makes folktoys and Tab Ward makes fretless banjos and is considered one of the finest banjo players in the Beech Mountain area. The two of them have gotten together to produce their own album of songs, stories, and interviews. From that standpoint alone it is an interesting recording for folklorists, and for the general listener it is just a good "fun" record. Mr. Ward's banjo picking is indeed excellent, the singing good, the interviews informative or funny, or both, and the tales concern one Liehue Yants, a central figure in all Beech Mountain lore. Mr. Ward plays two of his own compositions, one especially good -- "Tweetsie Railroad Train" in which the sliding action of the fretless is used to imitate a train. Other songs include "Cripple Creek", "Tom Doola", "Shoot Little Lular", "Beech Mountain Fox Chase", "Walkin' In The Parlor", and others. The record ends with a discussion of mountain crafts and folk toys. STU COHEN

* *

NOTES

HAPPY PAPPY: In the "War On Poverty" unemployed being "retrained" are paid a small subsistence by the gov't.Checks are based on family size. So with each new addition the sum goes up, causing the father -- we don't know the mother's reaction -- to rejoice. Anyhow, this is the way Jim Garland explains the term "happy pappy" which he says now has wide currency in Appalachia... CRUCIFIXION: (in #74) This Phil Ochs song is performed by JIM & JEAN on their new Verve-Folkways, titled with another Ochs song: CHANGES...MAHOGANY ROW: (also #74) PAT SKY's singing of this Ernie Marrs song is one of the highlights of Pat's latest Vanguard L-P, A HARVEST OF GENTLE CLANG... TOM PAXTON's latest album, containing many of his finest songs -- all new -- has been released by ELEKTRA. The title: OUTWARD BOUND... FROM OKLAHOMA: "I enjoy the lapel button illustrations you use. In keeping with that, here is a suggested "bumper sticker:"

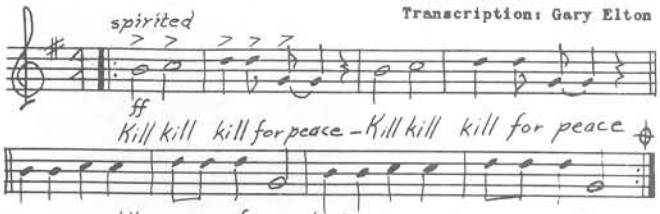
"THOU SHALL NOT KILL"
... UNLESS LBJ SAYS YOU WILL

This should be printed in "New Testament gold" or "Old Testament black." Also, it should shine in the dark, since there are so many people in the dark as to why our government has involved us in Viet Nam" J.C. .... FROM ATLANTA: "Thanks for printing some of my songs in the past year. The prospects for a real revival of folklore study in Atlanta look good -- first the Atlanta Folk Music Society and now folklore courses at Goergia State College (Atlanta) under John Burrison,who used to edit at FOLKWAYS. Plans for state folklore archives and a quarterly are afoot & I plan to help in collecting -- don't think I'll let them leave topical song in the red-headed stepchild dept., either. Keep putting them out." KAY COTHRAN.... ALSO FROM ATLANTA: "Saw Pete Seeger on Susskind's show and he was really great. I think he's written the two best songs about Vietnam: 'Bring Them Home" (B'Side # 71) and "Big Muddy" (#74)." JULIUS LESTER.... MALVINA REYNOLDS (back from England): "My very best show in England was at the JUG O PUNCH in Birmingham, with a tremendous hall full of young working people. They were very kind to me... Swinging singing audience, wonderful spirit... England is fabulous. Maybe next year I'll go back again -- I promised." MALVINA has an L-P and a new songbook in the works... PETE SEEGER concerts: At LISNER AUDITORIUM in Washington Oct. 21 & 22; at CARNEGIE HALL, N.Y.C., Dec. 23... SING OUT! (165 W. 46 St., N.Y.C. 10036): A fine article in the Nov. issue on the LA HUELGA grape strike pilgrimage in Calif. By Ed.Irwin Silber. Some songs of the marchers... WKCR-FM radio station at COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York City has a half hour folksong show Sat. evenings 7: 30 - 8 PM. Director Paul Shapiro is anxious to present new young topical song talent. Call him at MO 6-3182... MIKE KELLIN, topical songwriter ("Nervous Nellie",B'Side # 71) and veteran T-V actor ("Wackiest Ship In the Army"), now on Broadway in N.Y.C. in the stage play "The Odd Couple")...GLENN YARBROUGH, ex-Limeliter, in a solo concert in CARNEGIE HALL Dec. 2 ... Good new book BALLADS, BLUES, & THE BIG BEAT by Donald Myrus (Macmillan. Traces the development of folk into topical song in the 60's (Dylan,Ochs,Seeger,Chandler, SING OUT!, BROADSIDE, Izzy Young, Julius Lester, Tom Paxton, Baez, & so on and so forth (longer review soon) ....END NOTES.

Kill for Peace

(FUGsong No. 29)

Words: Tuli Kupferberg
Tune: Yenims
Transcription: Gary Elton



1. near or middle or very far east - far or near or very middle east

2. If you dont like a people or the way that they talk
   If you dont like their manners or the way that they walk

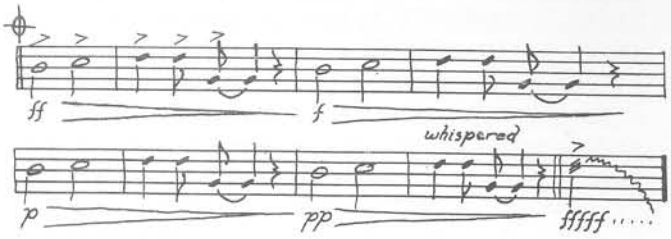
3. If you dont kill them then the Chinese will
   You dont want America to play second fiddle

4. If you let them live they may subvert the Prussians
   If you let them live they might love the Russians

5. The only Gook an American can trust
   Is a Gook what got his yellow head bust

6. Kill kill it'll feel so good
   Like my captain said it should

7. Kill it will give you the mental ease
   Kill it will give you a big release



Kill kill kill for peace
Kill kill kill for peace
Kill kill kill for peace (soft out...
Kill kill kill for peace softer)
KILL! (Huge shout-scream & then more
ad libitum kill kill kill! &cillera

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(Ed. Note: The above song is reprinted from an obscure paperback thing put out a year ago last summer by Birth Press in N.Y.'s Greenwich Village. It was edited by Fugman Tuli Kupferberg and called KILL FOR PEACE, being YEAH 10. How many people could it have possibly reached? 500 is probably an over-estimation. But then the FUGS recorded the song on their L-P album, and at last count that album had sold over 60,000 copies! Is any further comment necessary?)

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS

By Gordon Friesen

In the newest (Nov.,1966) issue of SING OUT! magazine there is a bitingly deep article by Julius Lester with the self-explanatory title of "The Angry Children Of Malcolm X". In brilliant, often fiery, prose Julius joins those fellow Negroes who have been forced by events into the conviction that they can no longer expect justice -- or anything else -- from U.S. whites, including white Liberals (or radicals?). The American Negro must simply go it alone. There is something about this viewpoint, which is not limited to Julius, that more than hints that somebody is falling into the age-old trap of "divide and conquer". The last successful practioner of that policy was Adolf Hitler. With Hitler it was knocking off first the "communists", then the socialists, the intellectuals and the trade unionists, and capping it all off with "the final solution to the Jewish problem". (There were no Negroes in Germany to speak of, but when Hitler spoke of Negroes in general he referred to them as "black apes", a phrase which he must have picked up from white Americans). Here in the U.S. in 1966 the ultra-right (unaware that history does not repeat itself) has closely studied Hitler's methods. Everything they want to exterminate is lumped into one package they call "Communism": Negro civil rightists (led by that Kremlin agent Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr.), all Negroes, all Jews, white liberals, white radicals, all progressives, members of the A.D.A., the Kennedy family, people on welfare, people getting unemployment and social security benefits, those supporting medicare, (and fluoridation), folksingers, folksong magazines, etc. ad infintum. Sticking to the Hitler formula the U.S. rightists hope to divide each from the other and knock them off (continued →)



NAPALM AT WORK:
A peasant at Song De recovers burnt body of his son, May 11, 1965

"In front of us a curious figure was standing a little crouched, legs straddled, arms held out from his sides. He had no eyes, and the whole of his body, nearly all of which was visible through tatters of burnt rags, was covered with a hard black crust speckled with yellow pus. A native woman by his side began to speak, and the interpreter said, 'He has to stand, sir, he cannot sit or lie.' He had to stand because he was no longer covered with a skin, but with a crust-like crackling which broke easily." *R. Cutforth, BBC, London*

separately -- beginning with the Negroes. When George Lincoln Rockwell tries to invade the Negro ghettoes to start a blood bath -- and many signs say this country is ready for such a blood bath -- his real aim is the Jews (Max Lerner please note)... Julius says that for some Negroes "the white man no longer exists. He is not to be lived with and he is not to be destroyed.He is simply to be ignored..." Well, the black man may want to ignore the white, but the white man isn't yet ready to ignore the black; there is still too great a demand for shoeshine boys, maids, porters, professional baseball and football players and -- above all -- for black-skinned soldiers willing to kill, and be killed, by yellow-skinned ones (as, for example, in Vietnam). America tends to depend heavily on black troopers when other colored "hostiles" need exterminating; some two score Negroes were awarded Congressional Medals of Honor in the 80's for slaughtering Indians, but Southern Congressmen saw to it that not a single Negro got the nation's "most coveted award" in World War II, which was considered essentially a white man's war. Now that Negroes are killing colored "gooks" in Vietnam the flow of Congressional Medals has started up again... No, Julius, it's not as simple as that -- U.S. whites kill Negroes to keep them in their "place", but that doesn't mean a place of their own.



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