

Broadside

154

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1984



PEGGY SEEGER & EWAN MacCOLL

BROADSIDE, LTD. • P.O. Box 1464 • New York, NY 10023 • USA

\$2

A FEW LITTLE COMMENTS ABOUT THIS ISSUE AND ABOUT BROADSIDE IN GENERAL.

Among the most prolific songwriters around these days and for many years past are Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl. What's more, their songs are good music and have a cutting edge. Their performances, both in concert and on records, make their music come alive.

Peggy and Ewan live in England. From this side of the Atlantic, they certainly appear to have provided a key element of whatever it has been that has sustained the topical song movement in England for the last few decades. One of the things they have been doing since 1971 has been to publish what one might call a British counterpart to *Broadside*, known as the New City Songster. Published irregularly as a labor of love, the NCS prints nearly 25 new songs per issue, many by Peggy and Ewan (together or separately), and many by other songwriters from all over the world.

This issue is a tribute, of sorts, to Peggy and Ewan, and contains reprints of 18 songs that first appeared in the NCS—with permission. Some are quite recent, while others date over the years. The topics are British and American and otherwise. The illustrations and occasional commentary also come from the NCS. (See below for information on how to "subscribe.") Thank you, Ewan and Peggy, for making all of this available to us at *Broadside* and for having written, sung and published these songs in the first place.

Also in this issue is a page from Tuli Kupferberg, the irreverent cartoonist, poet and songwriter, with drinkings especially for this issue, perhaps as a summary of all that is England in 1987. You will also find a page of poems and the final portion of an article by Allan Teichrow on the life of Gordon Frieson, one of the founders of *Broadside* (with his wife, Sis Cunningham). There's also a listing of the 12 *Broadside* record albums, which can be ordered as per the instructions on p. 13.

SUBMITTING SONGS: If you're sending us a song for a future issue, the best thing to do is to enclose a really neatly written lead sheet, a typewritten set of the lyrics and a cassette of somebody singing it. Please keep it political as well as musical. Any topic will do, but you might check to see which special issues are coming up to be more timely, and you can mark the envelope accordingly. If you want the tape back after we've listened to it, please send a stamped self-addressed envelope, otherwise we might take the liberty of holding onto it (and playing it on the air if we publish your song) or forwarding it to some other folkie kind of place, like the New Song Library or the PBL.

SUBMITTING POEMS: Similar rules as above: keep it political and poetic (even if you have noticed a certain lack of political poems this past year; sorry). An *SASS* will help get it back when we're through. Send your poems to the address on the poetry page.

DO YOU HAVE ANY FRIENDS? Our circulation is up to almost 600, including subscriptions, newsstand sales and a few treebies. If you are a subscriber, try to think of a friend whose birthday is coming soon, and order a gift subscription. Or, if you have any rich friends, suggest they pay for their own. If each subscriber could find us one additional subscriber, our financial security would be assured. Wouldn't that make you feel good?

COMING SOON

The July issue was really late. Sorry. The August issue is not as late, but still late, sorry. We were catching up this spring, but then fell behind. We hope to be on time this fall. The September issue will be one of the more familiar "new song" issues, like in the old days: no special theme; just a selection of recent arrivals, etc. The October issue, with guest editor Oscar Brand, will be on the upcoming election, and it's a month too late to send material. Guest editor for our November issue will be Doris Kaplan, formerly a member of that wonderful group, The Babysitters, and the issue will be devoted to the memory—the life and work, really—of another member of the Babysitters, Lee Hays. (We'll all be singing "H I had a Hammer" long after Ronnie Raygun can no longer move his lips.) And the December issue will be devoted to children's songs, with guest editor Lydia Davis putting on the wrappings.

Next year there'll be more "new song" issues, plus more special themes, including the Middle East, Italy, Women and "Too Many Marryrs," which will be an issue dedicated to the memory of such Americans as Joe Hill, Sacco and Vanzetti, Ethel & Julius Rosenberg and... If you have any songs on these—or any other topics—or if you would like to volunteer to put together an issue, please let us know.

EDITORIAL

Reprinted from NCS

ECONOMY OF EXPRESSION

A GOOD SONG, LIKE ANY WORK OF ART, IS THE END PRODUCT OF A DISTILLATION PROCESS. THE MAKER DISTILLS HIS EXPERIENCE AND CHOOSES WHAT TO EXPRESS. TO A CERTAIN EXTENT HE ALSO LIMITS HIMSELF WITHIN THE MEDIA HE HAS CHOSEN. WHAT HE WINNOS OUT IS AS IMPORTANT AS WHAT HE LEAVES IN. A SONG IS A POEM MERGED WITH MUSIC, AND POETRY IS A HIGHLY-CHARGED MEDIUM, ONE WHICH OWES ITS IDENTITY TO THE USE OF HIGHLY EVOCATIVE LANGUAGE FORMS AND RHYTHMIC PATTERNS. UNLIKE PROSE, THE CHOICE AND ARRANGMENT OF WORDS IS OF PARAMOUNT STRUCTURAL IMPORTANCE.

WE WOULD LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THE CHOICE OF WORDS AT THIS POINT, THEIR QUANTITY (NOT THEIR QUALITY): IF THE POET TELLS US EVERYTHING, THERE IS NOTHING LEFT FOR THE READER BUT TO SAY "YES". SUCH POETRY NEITHER STIMULATES THE IMAGINATION NOR TAKES HUMAN CULTURE A STEP FURTHER. IF THE MAID IS LOVELY, FAIR, BEAUTIFUL, BLUE-EYED, CHERRY-LIPPED, SLENDER-WAISTED, GENTLE AND KIND (ALL IN ONE VERSE) THE POET IS BUT A PHOTOGRAPHER. THE BROADSIDE BALLADS, WHICH WERE SOLD ON LONG SHEETS IN THE STREETS, HAD A GOOD REASON FOR BEING WORDY: THEY WERE SOLD BY FOOTAGE. THEY DESCRIBED IN (UNNECESSARY) DETAIL THE MOST COMPLEX STORIES AS WELL AS THE MOST SIMPLE ONES. WE HAVE RECEIVED A NUMBER OF THIS TYPE OF SONG THIS YEAR.

THE OLDER FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS SET A GOOD EXAMPLE: THE MAID IS FAIR OR YOUNG, OCCASIONALLY SHE IS BOTH BUT RARELY MORE. THE MORNING IS BRIGHT AND MAY AND THE LISTENER IS GIVEN CREDIT FOR HAVING EXPERIENCED AND APPRECIATED ALL THE OTHER THINGS IMPLIED IN THE PHRASE BRIGHT, MAY MORNING.

POETRY AT ITS BEST IS MEMORABLE IDEAS EXPRESSED IN MEMORABLE LANGUAGE, AND MOST GOOD SONGS HAVE KEY PHRASES WHICH STICK IN THE MIND, GEMS OF ECONOMY AND INVENTIVENESS. KNOW WHEN TO STOP.

New City Songster

is not

A folk magazine with articles, chat, reviews, traditional songs.

is

Strictly devoted to the circulation of new songs generally in the folk idiom: songs for TODAY and TOMORROW, written TODAY and YESTERDAY.

NCS

Appears whenever there are enough songs for an issue. Songs about love, work, politics, pollution, tenants and landlords, inflation, wages, and prices, women's lib, children, sailors, apples, heroes, stockbrokers, promise breakers, instant economists, communism, budget fakers — and all the funny little men who tell us how lucky we are to be allowed to go on living in this best of all possible worlds.

THE WHOLE MOSAIC OF THE 1980's

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.....

Name & address
 Please print clearly

Send to: 30 Southern Avenue, Brookline, Mass. 01906

agent orange song

© Vietnam Veterans Against the War, Inc.
words and music Muriel Hogen

NOT TOO FAST

I was sev-en, ten a great big kid the year that I enlisted I
can't re-call just why I did, my mom says I resisted. I had some
strange i-deas then Uncle Sam was right well mom-ma
cried, she signed the card and I went off to fight. But I
just found out this morn-ing, The doc-tor told me so
They killed me in Viet-nam I didn't even know.

1. Well, I was sevanteen, a great big kid, the year that I enlisted
I can't recall just why I did, my mom says I insisted.
Well, I had some strange idea then that Uncle Sam was right,
Well, Momma cried, but she signed the card, and I went off
to fight.

2. Got off the plane in Vietnam, it didn't seem like war;
With all I saw, I started wondering what we came there for;
The officers got drunk at night, cheated on their wives,
Those peasants on the other side were struggling for their lives.
3. You know, the Army tried some fancy stuff to bring them to
their knees,
Like Agent Orange defoliants to clear the brush and trees,
We'd fly all day above the trails through clouds of poison spray,
But they never said that chemical would hurt my health in any

CHORUS:

Because I got the news this morning,
The doctor told me so,
They killed me in Vietnam and I didn't even know.

4. I tried hard to forget that war like everybody else did,
I settled down with Kathy, we tried to have some kids
But our little boy had birth defects, the doctors had their doubts.
They never guessed what caused it, but I think I just found out.
(chorus)
5. This Agent Orange from Vietnam, we carry with us still,
It stays inside for years and years, it does its best to kill,
You might get cancer of the liver, might get cancer of the skin,
Might get a VA disability you might not live to win.
6. The doctor said I've got some time, he was trying to be kind,
You know, I've never been a radical, but this has changed my
mind.
Now I'd be so proud to hear my sons say, "Hell, no, we won't go!
Because you killed our dad in Vietnam and he didn't even know."
(chorus)

NOTE: This song was based on the last words of Paul Rueterhan of Norwalk, Connecticut, who died of stomach cancer in December, 1978, ten years after his tour of duty as helicopter crewman in Vietnam. He was 27. The song reflects the experiences of many Vietnam vets and is not a strictly biographical account of Rueterhan's life. He spent his last days organizing and publicizing the cause of his fatal illness and his fighting spirit deserves commemoration.



reprinted from
New City
Bonaster vol. 16
Oct. 1980

letter

Dear Editors:

I was excited to get issue #146 as I'd requested with my subscription: but had to look three times to recognize my song: I have never titled it "save the Children" !!! Title has always been "The Lefthanded Song for Human Rights" and that's how my audiences know & ask for it. I'm surprised...and hope readers haven't been confused...and that you're more accurate in the future. Otherwise...keep up the good work.

JOANNA CAZDEN

YOU BETTER WATCH WHERE YOU PARK IT



ANATOLE FRANCE
"Neither rich . . ."

THE Supreme Court has approved the government's ban on overnight sleeping in the national parks in Washington, D.C.

This recalls French writer Anatole France's sardonic comment: "The law in its majestic equality forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread."

S. NORMAN GOURSE
Manhattan

BALLAD OF THE BIG CIGARS

words & music: Ewan MacColl
© Ewan MacColl Ltd.

CHEERFULLY

There's a little sun-drenched island in the Caribbean Sea, it used to be like
paradise, all fun and gaiety, you could take a plane from Florida, just ninety
miles away, and live there like an Emperor for fifty bucks a day. *CHORUS*
Happy days - at an end - on the same spot as old Sam got a friend!

There's a little sun-drenched island in the Caribbean Sea,
It used to be like paradise, all fun and gaiety,
You could take a plane from Florida, just ninety miles away,
And live there like an Emperor for fifty bucks a day.

chorus
Happy days, at an end
Uncle Sam, the poor old sod, ain't got a friend.

There were servants - cheap and plentiful, the natives were in debt,
But got sportsmen on vacation there was fun and gaiety,
And if you fancied other sport you flashed a dollar bill
And regiments of whores were there your pleasures to fulfill.
(chorus)

The government took orders from the local CIA,
And always served the interests of the good old USA,
The natives they all knew their place and did what they were told,
Hotels were air-conditioned and the beer was always cold.
(chorus)

One day in nineteen-fifty-six, the year was almost run,
Ten thousand US citizens lay brooding in the sun,
When a certain hour Cuban, regardless of the rank,
Lit a big cigar and burnt those US noses to a crisp.
(chorus)

Well, the gangsters and the bankers, all the con-men and the crims,
The corporation lawyers, all the holy-boys and perps,
Shouting "Freedom" and "Democracy" and other thrilling cries
Flew back to God's own country like ten-thousand blue-arsed flies.
(chorus)

One by one, Batista's outposts were attacked and overrun,
By a band of compañeros led by him they call 'The Man',
He lit a big Havana as they rested at the halt,
Then through Oriente Province went just like a dose of salts,
(chorus)

Fidel pulled a king-sized Uppmann and Las Villas province fell,
He lit a Montecristo and Batista ran like hell,
Then he lit a Simón Bolívar and overran the south
And Big Daddy in the White House started foaming at the mouth,
(chorus)

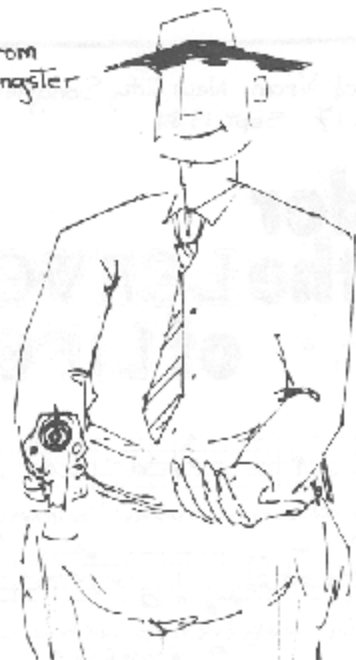
So the pimps and exiled gangsters who had run the gambling rigs,
Early on a summers' morning landed at the Bay of Pigs,
Fidel puffed a big Partagas, and then he shouted, 'Scram!',
And he carved 'em up the way you carve a smoked Virginia ham.
(chorus)

Now that little sun-drenched island's full of folks who smoke cigars,
You can smell the fine aroma in Peru and Panama,
And when miners in Bolivia rise up to claim their rights,
You can bet your life that Fidel's big Havana's burning bright.
(chorus)

When he lights a Liarranagos, Guatemalan workers rise,
When he puffs a Castenado, Venezuelans organise,
And Colombian guerrillas in their jungle bivouac
Use the glow of his Corona as the signal to attack.
(chorus)

But the wind that blows from Cuba's cold in Washington, D.C.,
Where Big Daddy's in the White House, sick with insecurity,
And every night he dreams he's coasting on a funeral pyre,
While Fidel's Ramona Allones sets the USA on fire,
(chorus)

reprinted from
New City Songster
Vol. 1



Recorded on Rounder 4003, disc entitled 'At the Present Moment'

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MAGAZINE

WHERE IS your daddy son?

Words, music & © Ewan MacColl. Available on HOT BLAST (BR 1059) from Blackthorne Records

reprinted From
New City Songster
vol. 15 Oct 1979

Blackthorne operates chiefly on a mail order basis, with limited shop distribution. If you wish to be put on our mailing list or would like our current catalogue, send a SAE to:

BLACKTHORNE RECORDS
35 Stanley Avenue
Beckenham, Kent
BR3 2PU, ENGLAND

*slightly irregular
yet flowing*

Where is your daddy, son? Where has your daddy gone? Why
doesn't he live at home? Why did he go away? Why does he
stay away? Why does he leave you and your mammy alone?

- Where is your daddy, son?
Where has your daddy gone?
Why doesn't he live at home?
Why did he go away?
Why does he stay away?
Why does he leave you and your mammy alone?
- Maybe he's down a mine,
Or building a railway line,
Maybe he's hauling stone,
Maybe within a year
They'll let him come back here,
Give him a permit to visit his home.
- How will he know you, son?
You've been a growing son,
He's been away so long,
So long since he's seen you,
They've bulldozed our lean-to
So how will he know where you've gone?
- How will you know him, son?
You've been a growing son,
He's been away so long,
He's poor and he's black,
And the clothes on his back
And the pass in his pocket is all that he owns.
- Maybe he'll never come
Maybe he's on the run,
Maybe he's lost his pass
Maybe he's gone so ground
Hid in some shanty town
Waiting to earn enough cash.
- Maybe they picked him up,
Questioned him, beat him up,
Then sent him on his way,
Maybe they weren't satisfied
Maybe they thought he lied
Maybe they put him away.
- Maybe he got colour blind,
Maybe he spoke his mind,
Maybe he didn't say PLEASE
Maybe he saw the light,
Better to stand and fight
Than live all your life on your knees.
- Maybe he's lying dead
Hanged or shot through the head,
Killed in a prison cell,
Maybe he's fighting back
Gone over to the attack,
Maybe he's learned to rebel.
- Where is your daddy, son?
Where has your daddy gone?
Why doesn't he live at home?
He's learning to fight for
All black people's rights
And he'll never let up till we've won.

reprinted From New City Songster
Vol. 17 Sept. 1981

under the LEAVES of LIFE...

words, music, ©
JOHN POLE

freely

UNDER THE LEAVES OF LIFE TWO LOVERS PLAY LOST IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS ONE
GOLDEN DAY DEEP IN THE VALLEY OF LOVE THEY LIE UNDER THE HILL LARKS SING HIGH IN
*verse 6, line 4
THE SKY, AND THE TREES STAND STILL. WE MAY BE STRIKE A CROSS THE BORDER

- Under the leaves of life two lovers play,
Lost in each other's arms one golden day;
Deep in the valley of love they lie under the hill,
Larks sing high in the sky and the trees stand still.
- Thousands of miles away on a cold machine
Symbols flicker and fade on an echoing screen,
And a message is passed, and an instant order,
Pre-emptive strike across the border.
- Calm intelligent men who love their wives
Aim death and terror and pain at a million lives,
A cloud of poisonous fire conceals the sky
Under a leafless stump, two lovers lie.



Please Mr. Reagan

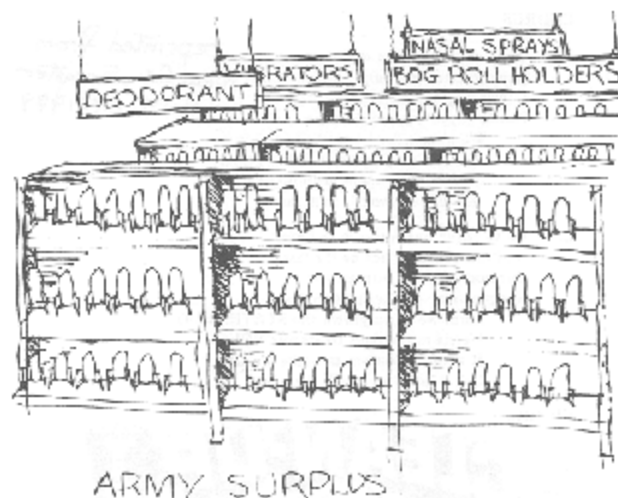
reprinted from
New City Songster
vol. 18 Nov, 1982

© Ewan MacColl, Ltd
words and music, Peggy Seeger

cheerfully

If you go to Little Bookham, go beyond the Rose & Crown,
Take a left, the second right, until the road goes down a little hill
And then turn left a gain beyond the willow tree, there's a
house, a dog, a cat, 2 kids and my old man and me.

CHORUS



- If you go through Little Bookham, go past the ROSE AND CROWN,
Take a left, the second right, until the road goes down
A little hill and then turn left again, just by the willow tree,
There's a house, a dog, a cat, two kids and my old man and me.
 - I saw it in the paper an I know it must be true—
They've got more bombs than targets and they don't know what to do,
here's SS-20s aimed at Ypsowil and at Clonmel in the SAs,
But no one nowhere's ever a mung anything at me.
- CHORUS* So please Mr. Reagan, I'm in song all the time,
The other players in the game move pieces, I've got none,
I don't want to live beyond my time, be left here all alone,
Please let me have a little mistle of my own.
- It must be great to live in London, in Hamburg, or in Cannes
You know how many bombs you'll get and what you've got in hand,
I think the great atomic deals should be held for at least a kind,
And Little Bookham's very, very, very far behind.
 - I feel so insignificant: it's just like I was poor,
Even Dallas cannot raise my spirits any more,
I've got a dandy little shield and a great survival kit,
But with a shield, without a sword, how can I do my bit? (*CHORUS*)
 - If I had a missile I could hold it in my lap,
And someone on the other side would put me on their map
And I'd be a part of our defenses, I could please my partner too
Then I'd be as good as them, and half as good as you.
 - Now I come to think of it, one is not enough,
The enemy is all around, about to cut my butt!
So please, Mr. Reagan, would you send me two?
One to aim at Thatcher and the other at you!



The idea was taken from an article in THE GUARDIAN, Dec. 13, 1981, claiming that "by the end of the decade there will be about 20,000 nuclear warheads in the great arsenal, aimed at virtually every town in the Northern Hemisphere... but there are simply not enough military targets to match the number of warheads."

(9150... Peggy Seeger, FROM WHERE I STAND, FW 8563)

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RECLAIM THE NIGHT

Words & music Peggy Seeger
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Some what free

Though Eve was made from Adam's rib, Nine months he lay within her crib -
How can a man of woman born There-after use her sex with scorn? For
Though we bear the human race to us it's given but second place, And some
men place us lower still, By using us against our will. RE-
CLAIM THE NIGHT & WIN THE DAY - WE WANT THE RIGHT THAT SHOULD
BE OUR OWN, A FREEDOM WOMEN HAVE SELDOM KNOWN - THE
RIGHT TO LIVE, THE RIGHT TO WALK ALONE WITH-OUT FEAR.

1. Though Eve was made from Adam's rib,
Nine months he lay within her crib.
How can a man of woman born
Thereafter use her sex with scorn?
For though we bear the human race
To us it's given but second place -
And some men place us lower still
By using us against our will.

CHOICE OF WORDS

We have touched on this matter several times in N.C.S. We try to publish new songs in the folk idiom, hoping the songs will spread and survive as folk songs have. Folksongs have a unique approach to language, which is why they are so difficult to translate into other languages. The innocuous, implications, subtleties may actually translate, but they never mean exactly the same. A good idea, a happy phrase, nice sounds - they do not necessarily help the song along. It is impossible to speak in a vacuum about choice of words so let us take RECLAIM THE NIGHT (Vol 15) and examine the first draft compared with the final which was printed.

- V. 1, lines 7 & 8 Another in street or marriage bed
Some walk in fear & some in dread,
V. 2, lines 1 & 2 Walking to work or walking home
A woman dare not walk alone,
line 3 To add insult to injury,
V. 3, line 1 A man possesses marriage rights,
V. 4, lines 1-4 If a grown man rapes a child
'Tis not because his nature's wild,
Tradition gives him this excuse:
Defenceless folk are his to use.
V. 5, lines 1-4 If women held an equal place,
Men could feel us face to face;
But woman's always at command,
Beside, behind, beneath a man,
V. 6, lines 1 & 2 We rocked the cradle yesterday,
but we will rock the world today -

2. If we choose to walk alone
For us there is no safety zone
If we're attacked, we bear the blame
They say that we began the game
And though you prove your injury
The judge may set the rapist free
Therefore the victim is to blame
Call it "nature", but rape's the name.

CHORUS: RECLAIM THE NIGHT AND WIN THE DAY
WE WANT THE RIGHT THAT SHOULD BE OUR OWN
A FREEDOM WOMEN HAVE SELDOM KNOWN
THE RIGHT TO LIVE, THE RIGHT TO WALK ALONE
WITHOUT FEAR.

3. A husband has his lawful rights
Can take his wife where'er he likes,
And courts uphold, time after time,
That rape in marriage is no crime.
The choice is hers and hers alone,
Submit or lose your kids and home.
When love becomes a legal claim,
Call it "duty," but rape's the name.
4. And if a man should rape a child
It's not because his spirit's wild.
Our system gives the prize to all
Who trample on the weak and small.
When fathers rape, they surely know
Their kids have nowhere else to go.
Try to forget. Don't ask us to
Forgive them! They know what they do.

CHORUS

5. When exploitation is the norm
Rape is found in many forms
Lower wages, meaner tasks,
Poorer schooling, second class.
We serve our own, and like the men
We serve employers, it follows then
That body's rape is nothing new
But just a servant's final due.
6. We've raised our voices in the past
And this time will not be the last
Our bodies' gift is ours to give
Not payment for the right to live.
Since we've outgrown the STATUS QUO,
We claim the right to answer NO!
If without consent he stake a claim,
Call it rape, for rape's the name.

CHORUS



Those who are really interested in songwriting will try and substitute these lines into the final text. A number of the lines are quite strong but in the context of the rest of the song they are stilted, lead to ill conclusions, are presumptuous or hostile to half the human race. A great deal of work went into eliminating non-sequiturs and pretentious expressions. 'Defenceless folk' sounds quaint; 'weak and small' is simple and exact. Verse 5 becomes stronger when examples of practical exploitation replace abstract ideas of exploitation. Throughout the references to men have been made more specific so that all men do not seem to be prospective rapists. All these changes involved choice & re-arrangement of words. Without them, the intention of the song might have been mis-leading and the singing of it more difficult.

reprinted from
New City Songster
vol. 15 Oct. 1979

THE SONGS of DEATH

both songs reprinted from
New City Songster
Vol. 19 March 1984

slowly f (ENGLAND)

Death crept on the battle-field, A million men lay dying
Broth-er killing broth-er, Poli-ticians ly-ing. War-
mong-ers may hawk their wares, The tunes of death may
peddle, Every-body won the war, Give them all a medal

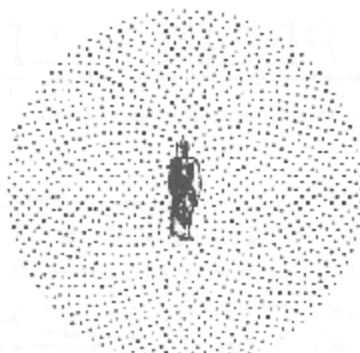
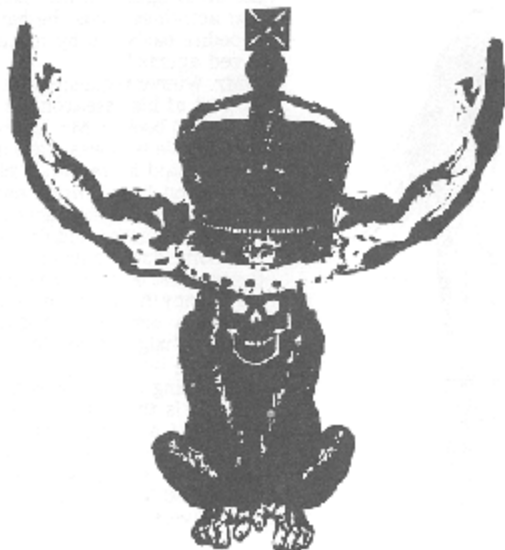
Words and music Jack Purdon
© Pi Lamp Press
Available on Pitwork, Politics and Poetry,
(£3.70), 21 Glenavon Avenue, Chester-le-Street,
Co. Durham, England

Death crept on the battlefield
A million men lay dying,
Brother killing brother,
Politicians lying.
Warmongers may hawk their wares,
The tunes of death may peddle,
Everybody won the war,
Give them all a medal.
Everybody won the war,
Give them all a medal.

His mother wore the widow's black
For lost love, lost forever,
For bitter years, the bitter tears
Of sorrow filled the river.
Warmongers ever hawk their wares,
The tunes of death may peddle,
Everybody wins the war. } repeat
Do you want a medal?

The orphan for his father asks,
Is told the old old story,
Daddy was a hero,
In battle died in glory.
Warmongers may hawk their wares,
The tunes of death may peddle,
Everybody won the war. } repeat
His father got a medal.

The hounds of war, we hear them still
Fangs bared for the killing,
The orphan grew, he was a man
For ways of war not willing.
Warmongers hawking still their wares
They shot him as a rebel
For saying, 'No one wins the war. } repeat
Go stuff your bloody medal!



THE AVERAGE NUMBER OF BULLETS (1,000) RE-
QUIRED TO KILL A SOLDIER DURING THE FRANCO-
PRUSSIAN WAR.

The men who make the MISSILES

(England)

slightly free

How can I lay my job on the line?
Think of this mortgage, this family of mine?
Can I go home in the evening and say, 'I gave up
work today?' then were the men making the missiles

Words and music, Kevin Littlewood
© Rosy Future Press

- How can I lay my job on the line?
Think of this mortgage, this family of mine,
Can I go home in the evening and say,
'I gave up work today?'
- So many people out looking for work
Round the desks at the Job Centre they lurk,
Desperation is etched on their face
NO qualms about taking my place.

CHORUS:
John over there, he puts in the fuse,
Peter stands next to him, tightening screws.
I check the buttons, the switches and dials.
We're the men making the missiles.

- Sure, there could be better ends to these means.
Invalid carriages, kidney machines;
We tell the boss and he nods and he smiles
And we carry on making missiles.
- We'd go out on strike, but they'd soon drag us back.
They pick out our militants, give them the sack,
Official Secrets Acts strangle us all,
And we work with our backs to the wall. (chorus)
- Super technology, highly skilled hands,
I dare not contemplate where these things land,
This one might fall on a far factory,
Killing those who make missiles, like me.
- Carry on spouting with your high ideals,
Will you pay my wages, will you buy my meals?
Go on, convince me that morality's more
Than the bailiff's sharp knock on the door. (chorus)
- I'd rather give life than take it away,
I sit in the park and I watch the kids play,
They ask what I do, and their smiles make me freeze,
And I turn and I gaze at the trees. (chorus)

NICE PEOPLE LIKE US

reprinted from
New City Songster
Vol. 18 Nov 1982

©, words and melody: Sam Richards 1982

FLIPPANT

We don't like the screw-ers, the no-goods and long-ers The
idle, the punk-rock-ers, bad eggs + scruffs, life's not for enjoyment they
could find employment The fact is that they just don't look hard enough
So now in the name of jus-tice and pur-ity, Cut off their dole + their
so-cial se-cu-rity, Goals + in-cent-ive makes hu-mans in-ven-tive So
Down with All HAND-OUTS + meas-ures pre-ven-tive And

MAKE THEM NICE PEOPLE LIKE US.

- 1 We don't like the screwers, the no-goods and loungers,
The idle, the punk rockers, bad eggs and scruffs,
Life's not for enjoyment, they could find employment,
The fact is that they just don't look hard enough.
So now in the name of justice and purity,
Cut off their dole and their social security,
Goals and incentive make humans inventive,
So down with all handouts and measures preventive,
And make them nice people like us.
- 2 The young of this nation have more education,
Than we ever had in the days of our youth;
But still they're not grateful, their language is hateful,
A cut or two there ought to ram home the truth.
So now in the name of building good character,
Staying power, enterprise, backbone and stamina,
Cut out this fooling with softy-type schooling,
Let's give 'em hard labour, their energies pooling.
- 3 In the days when the story of our Empire's glory
Well guided the masses, made savages tame,
All others respected the rate God elected
To stand at the wicket and umpire the game:
We think that it's time to return to that state again,
Here's our prescription to make Britain great again:
Hang 'em and flog 'em, chuck CS Gas on 'em,
For obviously that is the best way to stop 'em
And make 'em nice people like us.
- 4 And as for the Asians, the blacks and Jamaicans,
Our brethren from Trinidad, Toxteth or Brum—
It's not that we're prejudiced, in fact we'll grant you this
Some of our shares are as sugar and rum.
But it's no use pretending the difference is hazy,
The heat and the sun made their grandfathers lazy;
Though we tried to give 'em a sense of tradition,
The ungrateful buggers just end up as muggers
And turn a nice people like us.

5 Trade Unions and workers are natural born shirkers
And sometimes we're sure they're just there for the pavs,
They act just like yobs and they don't like their jobs and
Yet hear them complain when we take them away!
So striking and pickets will have to be ended,
And as for the law we can easily amend it —
So when they start raving and gross misbehaving,
We'll grab all their funds and their union savings
And spend them on people like us.

6 The Women's Lib cause contravenes all God's laws
For women are mothers for Nature is such;
Unless they've the money to pay for a Nanny
(In which case it's doesn't quite matter so much).
So downgrade their jobs by upgrading all others,
And that'll convince 'em that sisters aren't brothers,
And that ought to shake 'em, and if it won't break 'em,
They'll know their position and that ought to make 'em
Well-balanced people like us.

7 So when we're fulminating and pontificating
With nice David Jacobs or with Robin Day,
Don't sit there and simmer or spoil your dinner
For once every five years you have your say.
But once we're elected then, damn, we are landed,
Though millions of people still don't understand it
That you have to do what we want you to do,
Yes, and even if that means to blow us in two
(Repeat previous 2 lines of melody for next 2 lines of words)
Because when it is finished there'll be no more you
And the only survivors, the privileged few,
Will all be nice people like us.



THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1984

Inquiry on Lennon Disclosed

LOS ANGELES, June 25 (UPI) — The Central Intelligence Agency joined the Federal Bureau of Investigation in gathering intelligence on John Lennon because the agencies feared he would disrupt the 1972 Republican National Convention, according to a historian who has written about Mr. Lennon. The intelligence agency asked the

bureau for information about Mr. Lennon's ties to a group that was planning demonstrations at the convention, the historian, Jon Wiener, said Friday. He cited previously classified documents he obtained under the Freedom of Information Act.

Mr. Wiener said that in one of five heavily censored documents released by the intelligence agency, J. Edgar Hoover, the F.B.I. Director, wrote that the investigation of Mr. Lennon's anti-war activities "must be handled on an expedite basis and by mature, experienced agents."

Mr. Wiener requested the documents as part of his research for a recently published book on Mr. Lennon, the former Beatle who was slain in 1980. Mr. Wiener said he received 26 pounds of F.B.I. and Immigration and Naturalization Service documents last year.

But Mr. Wiener said the bureau withheld some documents in the Lennon file for national security reasons. He sued the agency in 1983 for release of materials. At a hearing in March, Federal District Judge Robert M. Takasugi ordered the bureau to justify why it was withholding any Lennon material.

"This is the first acknowledgement by the C.I.A. that the agency also participated in the Nixon era campaign to neutralize Lennon's antiwar activities," said Mr. Wiener, a professor at the University of California, Irvine.



legal



reprinted from *New City Songster*
Vol. 14 Aug. 1978

words, music © Ewan MacColl

moderately

Every time you pick up a news-paper Every time you switch

on the T.V. You can bet your old boots that at some point you'll

see A high-ranking copper or else an M.P. Calling on

all who are British + free To stand up + de-fend LAW + OR-DER.

* last voice only

twisters, the tak-ers, the con-men, the fak-ers the whole bloody gang of (etc.)

Every time you pick up a newspaper
Every time you switch on the TV,
You can bet your old boots that at some point you'll see
A high-ranking copper or else an M.P.
Calling on all who are British and free
To stand up and defend LAW and ORDER.

It's illegal to rip-off a payroll,
It's illegal to hold up a train.
But it's legal to rip-off a million or two
That comes from the labour that other folk do,
To plunder the many on behalf of the few
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.

It's illegal to kill off a landlord,
Or to trespass upon his estate.
But to charge a high rent for a slum is OK
To condemn two adults and three children to stay
In a hovel that's rotten with damp and decay
Is a thing that is perfectly legal.

If your job turns you into a zombie,
It's legal to feel some despair,
But don't be aggressive, that is if you're smart
And for Christ's sake don't upset the old apple cart,
Remember the boss has your interest at heart -
And it grieves him to see you unhappy.

If you fashion a bomb in the kitchen,
You're guilty of breaking the law,
But a bloody great nuclear plant is OK
Though plutonium poisoning hastens the day
When this tight little Isle may be blasted away.
Nonetheless it is perfectly legal.

It's illegal if you are a gypsy
To camp by the side of the road,
But it's proper and right for the rich and the great
To live in a mansion and own an estate
That was got from the people by pillage and rape!
That's what they call a tradition.

It's illegal to carve up your missus,
Or put poison in your old man's tea,
But poison the rivers, the seas and the skies,
And poison the mind of a nation with lies:
If it's done in the interest of FREE ENTERPRISE
Then it's proper and perfectly legal.

It's legal to join a trade union,
And to picket is one of your rights,
But don't be offensive when scabs cross the line,
Be nice to the coppers and keep this in mind:
To picket effectively that is a crime,
Worse than if you had murdered your mother.

It's legal to sing on the telly,
But they make bloody sure that you don't
If you sing about racists and fascists and creeps
And thieves in high places who live off the weak,
And those who are selling us right up the creek
The twisters, the takers
The con-men, the fak-ers,
The whole bloody gang of exploiters!!

reprinted from *New City Songster*
Vol. 13 Oct. 1977

song of the IMMIGRANT

words, music © CHRIS ROGER

Very free

LANCED IN ENGLAND JUST 10 YEARS AGO. LEAVING MY (THE SUN)
FOR THE RAIN & THE SNOW LEAVING MY FRIENDS & RELATIONS BE
HIND. CAME TO THE MID-LANDES EMPLOYMENT IS FIND.

Landed in England just ten years ago,
Leaving the sun for the rain and the snow,
Leaving my friends and relations behind,
Came to the Midlands, employment to find.

Tried to find office-work, sold food and clear
NOTHING FOR YOU, THERE'S NO BLACKS WANTED HERE,
Soon realized that my search was in vain,
A black can have brains but he can't have a brain.

Saved what I could for a house of my own,
No chance of getting a mortgage or loan,
Prices too high on the outskirts of town,
You can't pick and choose if your skin's black or brown.

And when times get harder, it's always the same,
The cry is then heard, IT'S THE BLACKS ARE TO BLAME,
THEY'RE FLOODING OUR CITIES AND STEALING OUR JOBS,
THEY'RE SQUEEZING THE COUNTRY FOR EVERY LAST JOB.

The prophets of doom a bleak future they sell,
With stories of Antani in "Four-Star" hotels;
Of "Unarmed Invaders" from over the sea,
Of mugging and violence of every degree.

By day I'm insulted, at night walk in fear,
The echoes of Notting Hill ring in my ears;
A murder in Mauthall, the flame starts to grow,
The cry is DARK DOWN AND A MILLION TO GO.

I've laboured in sweatshops for 12 hours a day,
In foundry and forge I've worked hard for my pay,
To scrape a bare living, I've toiled through the night,
But still I'm a BLACK in a country that's WHITE.

LAI D OFF //

words and ©
ALAN LAVERCOMBE
tune: Traditional

cheerfully?

It's going back a year or so when I first lost my job, me mates called me a skiver an' a dosser & a yob, but now that times are changed I shoud' be overjoyed, It's quite the height of fashion to be un-emp-loyed

CHORUS

'CAUSE I WAS LAID OFF, LAID OFF, SLUNG OUT OF ME SODS, GOT NO CHANCE TO EARN AN' NON-EST BOB, BUT (as in verse)

1. It's been about a year or so since first I lost my job,
My mates called me a skiver and a dosser and a yob;
But now that times have changed I s'pose I should be overjoyed
Now it's quite the height of fashion to be UN-EMPLOYED.

CHORUS:

'Cos I was laid off, laid off, slung out of my job,
I've got no chance to earn an' non-est bob;
With so many out o' work I s'pose I should be overjoyed,
Now it's quite the height of fashion to be UN-EMPLOYED.

2. I served a long apprenticeship so I could learn my trade
With my GCE's and CSE's I thought I 'ad it made;
But I should've studied gardenin', 'cos that's all I ever do,
And waitin' for the postman when my Giro's due. (chorus)
3. It used to be a social stigma, bein' out o' work,
And everybody did their best to make yer feel a berk,
But most o' me mates 'ave changed their minds, they feel the way I
way I do,
'Cos the ones that are still workin' are so bloody few! (chorus)
4. We 'ad to flog the Rolls, which leaves us just the Jag-u-ar,
And it's been about a week now since we last 'ad caviare,
My cellarful of Chateau-Neuf-du-Pape ran out today,
And they've refused to post my Giros on to San-Tro-Pay. (chorus)



misfit's story

words, music, ©
Yan Sharangpani

half; skip (repeat top line of music until final verse line comes)

WELL I WAS WALKING ONE DAY IN THE EAST END OF TOWN
SOME GUY WITH SHORT HAIR (etc.)

FIRST LINE ONLY

YOU BETTER SHOOT ON OUT, 'CAUSE YOUR SKIN'S TOO BROWN!

1. Well, I was walking one day in the east end of town
Some guy with short hair, he gave me a frown,
He says, "Hey mate! Where'd you think you're going?
'Cause sooner or later you're gonna be knowin'
That you ain't the right colour to be in this part of town.
You better shoot on out, 'cause you're skin's too brown."
2. Well, I told him where to go 'cause he was smaller than me,
But five minutes later, I nearly did scream,
He came running round the corner, must've been a dream,
There was over (well, at least) fifty of him.

3. Well, they came up to me and called me all sorts of names,
And I was quite astonished, they looked almost the same,
DAGO - YID - PAK and SPIC,
Well, I didn't know what to do and I felt a kick.
4. Well, I dropped down, onto the ground,
And a few seconds later they was all around,
I look up at them in their Harringtons and jeans
I saw their boots, they looked pretty mean,
I closed my eyes, I seemed totally alone,
I felt like an android being beaten up by clones.
5. Well, I woke up in a hospital bed,
And a pretty young nurse came up to me and said,
"Hello there, hope you're feeling fine,
You've been insensible for quite a long time."
6. Well, a week after than I was in Brixton town,
When I heard a voice say, "He's too light to be around!"
Next thing I knew I was surrounded by men,
And I thought to myself, here I go again.
7. Well, I woke up in the same hospital bed,
And the very same nurse she came up to me and said,
"You're getting to be a regular and I don't mind at all
But the places you can go 'round here are getting pretty small."
8. Now, I still don't hold a grudge against anyone,
But I really would like it for my son
To be able to travel without hoping for luck
That he won't be noticed and he won't get beaten up.

(Note: Harringtons are the jackets that skinheads wear. The style of singing is a mix of the spoken word - in verses 1 and 6, the singer takes on the accents of East London and of West-Indian-Caribbean.)

both songs reprinted from *New City Songster* Vol 17 Sept 81

Uni~Multi~ ~Factors interNATIONAL

words and copyright by Paul Wilson
& Marilyn Tucker
tune - Paul Wilson

mel. first

Now I am just a work-ing girl from near Oke-hamp-ton town, And you take what
jobs you can get round here, there's not much work a-round. But one day I got
lucky, yes, and so did lit-tle Sal, we both clocked on at the factory
door and soon we're best of pals.

1. Now I am just a working girl from near Okehampton town
And you take what jobs you can get round here, there's not much
work around
But one day I got lucky, yes, and so did little Sal
We both clocked in at the factory door and soon we're best of pals.
2. The workshop was a shoddy place, full of grime and dust
There was ninety in there with no proper fresh air and the drinks
machine was bust,
But a job's a job and pay 's pay and "I've just found out", says Sal
"It's owned by uni-multi-factors-international."
3. The first few weeks we drew our pay as happy as could be,
But then one Monday afternoon they called us together at tea.
The manager says, "I'm sorry to say this week will be your last -
The bottom's dropped out of the market and we've got to sell up fast."
4. So the week after that and the week after that and the week after that
as well
We got some money from social and we thought of things to sell;
We hadn't enough to pay the rent, "No-one's to blame," says Sal,
"Except for uni-multi-factors-international."

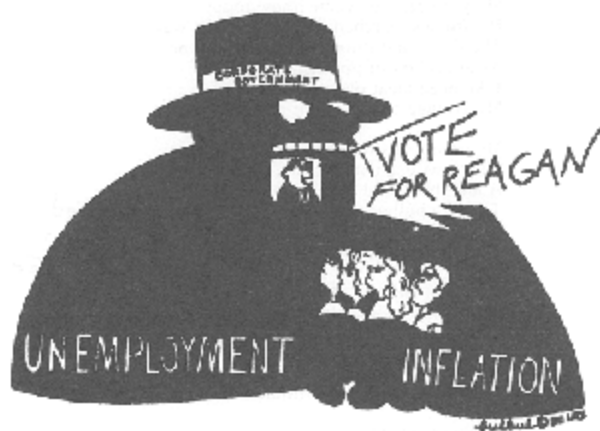
5. Then one bright morning it came in the post, an offer right out of the
blue
Saying "Would you work for a brand new firm with style and status too?
We've stopped right in to save your jobs" - "I'll lay a bet" says Sal
"They're owned by uni-multi-factors-international."
6. We walked back in the factory through the same old battered door,
The same old bench, the same old places we had had before.
I said to Sal, "Now spot the difference, spot it if you can -
The only thing that's changed in here is the time-and-motion man"
7. Well, time-and-motion misery-guts he bent the bosses' ear,
Who then turned round and said "We'll have to lay some off,
that's clear."
"You can't do that! This time we'll get the Union in", says Sal,
"And take on uni-multi-factors-international."
8. But they upped the managers salary while our wages stayed the same.
Then a coat of paint, a new strip light and a brand new trendy name,
A different shade of toilet roll, "But don't forget", says Sal,
"Still owned by uni-multi-factors-international."
9. Well they're closing and opening and messing about and then it's us
they blame
But whatever they do, the manager's name it always sounds the same.
He talks to us as if he were God, "But don't forget", says Sal,
"He's owned by uni-multi-factors-international."
10. I'd like to take that efficiency man and smash his watch to hell -
I'd tell the manager where to get off and wouldn't I do it well!
For while they're shifting their money about so big concerns can thrive,
They're playing at bloody Monopoly, and they're playing it with
our lives.

The song was written about Jaeger's factory in Okehampton - some people call it "The Jaeger Song". The experience is so typical, though, that someone from Birmingham called it the "Bennetts" song, being the name of the factory where he worked. Additional copies of the song are available on a broadsheet with graphics, (15 for £1) from Paul Wilson, 30 Old Tiverton Road, Exeter, Devon.



OSCAR WILDE

- “It is through disobedience that progress is made.” *The Soul of Man under Socialism*
- “As long as war is regarded as wicked it will always have its fascinations. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.” *Intentions*



reprinted from New City Songster
Vol 17 Sept 1981

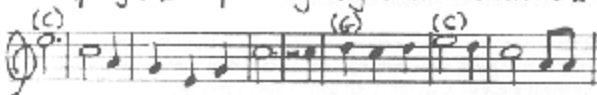
THE ECONOMY GAME

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Aug. 1978

words ©
DAVID EVERETT
tunes: traditional



Oh I'm just a teacher but my story is true - It's a boot ad-u-



ca-tion + what we must do To help the poor government in the



face of their shame And be proud part of the Economy Game.

- Oh! I'm just a teacher,
But my story is true
It's about education,
And what we must do,
To help the poor government
In the face of their shame
And be a proud part of
The Economy Game.
- Oh! the children will suffer
But they'll have to learn
One work book, one pencil
Per pupil, per term
And next term the story
Will be just the same,
We must all play our part in
The Economy Game.
- Your child is a victim
Of this terrible farce
He's just one of 35
Kids in my class
And I'm sorry if I can't
Remember his name
The rules are quite tough in
The Economy Game.
- They've ordered the cleaners
To out down their time
And the children must work
In the muck and the grime
And the money they're saving
They proudly proclaim
Will all help to win us
The Economy Game.
- We can turn down the heating
Or switch off the power
And think of the money
We'll save by the hour,
And if the kids shiver,
They'll shiver in vain
For the kids are just pawns in
The Economy Game.
- School dinners are lovely
I'll have you all know
They're cheap and nutritious,
The computer says so,
But if you don't agree then
The answer's quite plain
You move back one space in
The Economy Game.
- They subtract from us teachers
Whilst the kids multiply
And the classes get bigger
And they still can't see why
There's literacy problems
And guess who'll they'll blame
When the going gets rough in
The Economy Game.
- The more we accept them
The more cuts they'll make
So we must oppose them
For everyone's sake,
Let's take on the government
AND PUT THEM TO SHAME
For it's time we got out of
The Economy Game.



BELFAST SONG

words, music and ©
ERIC BOGLE



My young-est son came home to-day -
His friends marched with him all the way - The flutes and drums beat



out the line As in his box of polished pine Like dead meat on a butcher's



tray - My young-est son came home to-day. And this here, his home to stay.

My youngest son came home today
His friends marched with him all the way;
The flutes and drums beat out the time
As in his box of polished pine
Like dead meat on a butcher's tray,
My youngest son came home today.

My youngest son was a fine young man,
With a wife, a daughter, and a son -
A man he would have lived and died
Till by a bullet sanctified,
Now he's a saint (or so they say),
They brought their saint home today.

Above the narrow Belfast streets
An Irish sky looks down and weeps,
On Irish blood in gutters spilled,
In dreams of freedom unfulfilled,
As part of freedom's price to pay
My youngest son came home today.

(repeat verse 1)

reprinted
From New
City Songster
Vol. 12
Nov. 1976

Gordon Friesen

WRITER,
RADICAL,
AND EX-MENNONITE

by Allan Teichrow
Reprinted from
Mennonite Life

There is a folksong, Sis has written, which has the culminating line "Not enough to live on but a little too much to die." The phrase, she says, epitomizes their blacklisting. "We came to the conclusion that there was little or no difference between killing people and not allowing them to live. We were not being allowed to live. We were a man, a woman, and two children—a family in the good old American sense—condemned not to live."²⁰

Throughout the ordeal, their commitment to Marxist principles remained strong and confirmed. They were no longer active in any organized sense, but did march on behalf of the Rosenbergs, and in 1958, when the opportunity arose, Gordon took a minor position with the Polish News Service. Finally in 1962 Pete Seeger helped them found *Broadside*. Very much in the Guthrie tradition, the topical song magazine offered both a reprieve from enforced silence and a sounding board for pent-up views. They think of the sheet with its spinoff recording albums as their greatest contribution, and indeed, in its early years certainly, the mimeographed and now photocopied magazine was a wallpaper for young rebel artists seeking a voice. Bob Dylan was little more than an underground cult figure striking self-conscious poses in the Guthrie mold when his first published song, "Singing John Birch Society Blues," appeared in *Broadside's* opening issue. Other major artists such as Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton, Buffy St. Marie, and Arlo Guthrie were also among the legion of singers befriended or printed by *Broadside*. More have joined since, although commercial stardom and political variances have depleted the circle as well as the quality. Dylan, for instance, has been attacked recently by Friesen and Cunningham. They criticize him not only because of his apolitical money-making, but also for breaking the ranks with a putative conversion to Christian fundamentalism. Additional targets include political writers who see McCarthyism as a short-term aberration, plus nonviolent liberals such as Joan Baez, who is accused among other things of pandering to anti-Communist sentiment through her support of Russian dissidents.²¹

Oddly enough, it is the mention of Baez which brings us full circle to the theme foreshadowed at the beginning of this article. Thus far, Friesen's Mennonite past has barely been intimated, to the consternation of the reader perhaps, but for a reason which seems fitting. If the normal approach to a life or event is to treat it linearly, from start

to finish, the story of Friesen and his origins suggests a reverse typology. He himself is in the process of remembering and describing a remarkable progression that had two distinct segments. Near the end of his productive life, he is able to analyze both partitions from the after-perspective of his latest experiences. How, he seems to be asking among other things (for he and Sis are working on a joint autobiography), did an Oklahoma Mennonite Brethren farm boy get wrenched from the countryside and converted to radicalism? What was the connection, and of almost equal interest, how does he view his Mennonite upbringing through the filter of his subsequent departure?

A clue to the latter question can be found in a 1967 commentary published in *Broadside*. In an editorial attack by Cunningham on the anti-black power opinions expressed by Baez, the singer was quoted from press notices as saying that non-violence as a movement was "only 50 years old." The statement was false. Cunningham retorted, for her own husband's people had been steadfast pacifists for over four hundred years. They had suffered dearly on account of this principle, "as their thick 'Book of Martyrs' will attest." and when Gordon was a boy he sometimes sang the "haunting refrain (roughly translated into English):"

The way is red with martyrs' blood.
Did you think you'd walk on roses?

The stanza, said Cunningham, reminded her that if scholars today studied these people, they would find "a crushing refutation to those—anthropologists, sociologists, plain every politician, etc.—who claim that man is inherently a warring animal and you can't change human nature." Did the comment mean that she and Friesen identified with Mennonite pacifism? Or that they identified the refrain as a fitting description of their own thorny pilgrimage? Actually, not. Baez had stated that "Black Power is just as silly as any other kind of 'power'." To Cunningham and Friesen, however, "that other kind of power," which through the centuries "has crushed, murdered countless millions of human beings (including nonviolent Mennonites)," could only be opposed by a better, more militant power, be it downtrodden minorities asserting their rights or angry citizens fighting capitalist imperialism.²²

radical originally as a peasants' land revolt. He is at once critical and proud of the economic wonders achieved by Russian Mennonites. Their excellence in wheat set the world's standards, yet here and in Russia they exploited others while talking of peace. Through oral tradition he tells stories of Russia: how an addled step grandfather, from the old country believing himself still in the Ukraine, was ready with a whip "to lash Russians with"; and how a once young aunt, when she took pity on South Russian laborers and gave them dinner



Agnes "Sis" Cunningham playing for the United Canning, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers of America meeting at Bristol, Okla., Feb. 1940.

sections of this article not dealing directly with BROADSIDE were deleted.

for a meal instead of sour slubber milk, was reproved by her parents for "spoiling" the workers. Mennonites are "the world's worst hypocrites," he has written in *Broadside*, "always renouncing war, they were doubly quick in taking advantage of others' wars. In Russia they grew rich off land seized from the Turks by force of arms. In Kansas they prospered from soil still soaked with the blood of Indians. If honest, they would return this land to the Indians on this very day."

Friesen's current explanation of his family members' agony was that they, like he, were shared victims of "an anarchistic system." He reached this conclusion through Marxist-Leninism. Lenin, it is said, thought the most interesting question in life was "who whom? Who exploits whom? Who sentences whom to death?"²³ In the tangled history of twentieth-century American socialist movements, few if any individuals took the question more personally than Friesen and Cunningham. Say what one will about Friesen, that he overthrew one perceived dogma for a more rigid system, that some of his beliefs are disagreeable, upholding as they seem to a myth about Communism that has long been exploded, his concerns were honest ones. He saw poverty plenty—and hated it. He observed Okla-

homa vigilantism—and fought back. The saddest chapter for him and Sis was their blacklisting. Unacceptable as some of their views would seem to have been, for Stalinism and its variants are as indefensible as fascism, it was never said that they were Stalinists. And even if they had been, their beliefs were opinions which should have been honestly rebutted without persecution.

Cunningham and Friesen have kept up their vigil. In an old apartment on the West End of Manhattan, they relive Oklahoma, never having left it in spirit, determined from their enclave to advance the message of a socialist brotherhood. Their receptive audience is small now, especially compared to the 1980s, and they must feel in one respect like Isaac Liese with his printing press that their words fall wastefully on barren soil. They acknowledge that conditions for them have changed for the worse, but still they speak. Despite many bleak experiences going back the decades of a lifetime, Gordon exalts as his hero the protest singer Guthrie. He was positive, effervescent, not just a doomayer. He fought in song and in deed for a more just society. A tune the editors of *Broadside* like to repeat had the following stanza:

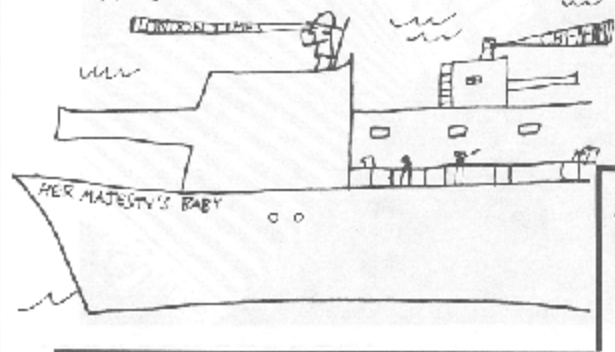
There's a better world a-comin',
Can't you see, see,
There's a better world a-comin',
Can't you see?²⁴

Therein lies Gordon Friesen's hope, and also his belief.

(TO THE TUNE OF "TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING!")

FALK, FALK, FALK, THE FALKLAND ISLANDS!
WE'RE HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL SHEEP
AND AT NIGHT WE PRAY TO GOD
MAGGIE WON'T STAY HER STAFF & ROD
SO SHEEP AGAIN MAY SAFELY GRAZE & SLEEP.

BOMB, BOMB, BOMB THEM FUCK'N GREASERS!
ARGENTINEAN WOGS: ALL CREEPS!
GTOP THEM LOWER FASCIST PIGS
LET THE HIGHER BOURGEOIS PRIGS
TAKE BACK THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE ATOP THE HEAP!



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A SCIENTIST SAYS:
"Roast beef made England
what she is today"



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NEW YORK POST, FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1983

Thatcher wipes the floor with opposition in British election

IT'S MAGGIE BY A LANDSLIDE!

4/10/83
TO: PRODUCER, "CBS
EVENING NEWS":

Last night on your show I heard, according to Dan Rather & Tom Fenton, 4X that the Conservatives had won "by a landslide."

Four times: "Landslide"! In this morning's NY Times I learned that the Conservative got 43% of the popular vote & that their opponents got 57%, a majority! Is that a Tory landslide? They were also running 4% behind their % in the last election. Is that a landslide, too?

Of course due to the rigged nonproportional system, they easily take power: "LANDSLIDE ASSHOLES TO POWER!"

This makes you either, 1) liars, 2) stupid assholes, or 3) stupid lying assholes. What's it gonna be? P.S. I'm not smiling with both breath.

FIGURES DONT LIE~BUT LIARS FIGURE

FUGS REVIVE

By Donald Lev

"The Fugs came to tell the truth that was only dreamy till they opened their mouths for Whitmanic orgy yawp!" declared Allen Ginsberg's liner notes to the Fugs' 1968 ESP-DISK. Now when we probably need them most Sanders, Kupferberg and company are reappearing for four performances in two days, Friday and Saturday, June 8th and 9th, at the Bottom Line, 15 West 4th Street, New York City. Performances both days will be at 9 p.m. and Midnight. Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg will be joined by some of the Fugs of yesteryear such as guitar players Pete Keamey and Vinny Leary as well as other musicians like Steve Taylor who plays guitar in Allen Ginsberg's group. Among the old Fugs who will not be appearing with the group in June is Ken Weaver who is rumored to be applying for a job as a Russian translator with the CIA. ■

BROTHER SISTER CHILL

We Irish men and Irish women reach
out to you our thoughts our fing-
ers the light rivers of our hands and hands
until they touch you like the gift of tears

we send you the bread of our burning hearts
food which no khaki mouth can gobble

they have cut off your music at the wrist
use ours! we will sing for you the deep
undying anthem of freedom

They have gagged your voice
--take ours instead! we
will speak for you will cry
across the world at your suffering
will scream out for the beaten the
prisoners in kennel cells we
will mourn for the dead for
families that have become our families
will rummage with you for missing lives
will howl with anger at the torturers at
the money monsters from nowhere

listen and you will hear our sound
both old and young enough to echo echo
even into the raw of curfew streets
look carefully and you will see a line of light
round the copper door of the prison they have made of
your country

our love like a patch of sky

OH HANDSOME STEED by Megan Boyd

(Ms. Boyd lives in Mouse Hole,
Cornwall, England)

Oh! Handsome steed
an intimate offer -

steaming in the yard,
stamping.

Like a Morris dancer,
the bells of your hooves
against cobblestone.

Pungent hay, leathern sweat,
sweet citronella steams.

I curry-comb and stroke,
send dust clouds round your dance.

About that great chest
buckled to the spine
bronze amount:

It is my charge.

I mount your chestnut crest,
this boom of ribs between my knees.

Now! break into a canter
from the cobbled passage -

Two poems by Irish poet, Desmond Egan,
whose *Collected Poems* have just been
published in America. Mr. Egan lives in
County Kildaire and publishes the magazine
SRA and Goldsmith Press.

LISTENING TO JOHN MC CORMACK

(John Mc Cormack, the Irish tenor, was born one
hundred years ago in Athlone, where Desmond Egan
also makes his home.)

like anything human music has
body as well as soul in it so
listening to him singing I hear not only
the pure lyric note that note

but with the exile's ear I can also
find our shared Athlone
a flash of the Shannon down Friary Hill
the streets the midland spires the faces the narrow
laneways into the heart

and feel his live words cutting
the tragic gloom of what is past

recover briefly my parents this side of history
my mother sitting in a boat to her island schoolhouse
across the morning of Lough Ree
or my father in his thirties cap
arm - I know it! - out the window as he drives
Mc Cormack himself going whispering to his concert
with Archbishop Curley and the Blacksmith of Ballenalee

it strikes like light along the river
below the Matthew Hall the old Promenade

where his bronze looks homeward

MY JUNK BOX by Tom Stook

Sometimes I dip into my junk box,
fingering saved nuggets with
memories attached
or just nice shapes--
trying to decide if I still
want them.

These are my things, and I
have them

In my junk box, safe from
the real junk outside.

Send protest & topical poems
to David B. Ancelet & J. C.
Band, 154 Soundview Drive,
Rocky Point, NY 11778

cont.

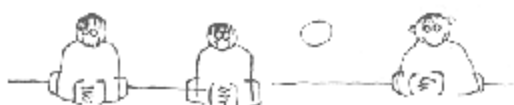
stone, brick mud of ancient paths resound
beat and beat
by our center
from beneath the ordinary road

WORKER'S CONTROL SONG

© words and music CLEM PARKINSON

SINGLY FREE **CHORUS USES THE SAME TUNE AS VERSE**

Well, the times were getting hard and the boss was getting tough,
And no matter how we slaved, still he said "IT'S NOT ENOUGH!"
Every week the axe would fall, blokes were sacked on every hand
Till there came a fateful day when the fellas made a stand.



1 Well, the times were getting hard and the boss was getting tough;
And no matter how we slaved, still he said "IT'S NOT ENOUGH!"
Every week the axe would fall, blokes were sacked on every hand
Till there came a fateful day when the fellas made a stand.

CHORUS:

O, he treated us like serfs and he acted like a squire,
Now he's lost his cushy job and the right to hire and fire.
For he thought that we'd give in and the boys would scrape and bow,
But the workers took control and he's on the sussa* now.

2 O, we handed him his hat and we showed him to the door,
And we told him with a grin, "YOU'RE NOT NEEDED ANY MORE.
AND WE'RE NOT PREPARED TO SAY THAT WE HATE TO SEE YOU GO,
FOR WE DO THE BLOODY WORK, SO WE'LL RUN THE BLOODY SHOW."
(CHORUS)

3 There's some women down the street toiling in the clothing trade;
Things were crook* a while ago, now they've really got it made;
For they had a little chat and decided what to do -
Then they fronts up to their boss and they send him packing too.
(CHORUS)

4 And it's only just a start, for it's spreading every day.
Yes, it's really catching on so I guess it's here to stay.
There's no need to fear the sack, or to work until we drop
All we need to do is fire all the dumb-hands at the top.

reprinted
from New
City Songster
Vol. 18
Nov. 1982

*crook: Aussie word for bad.

*Sussa is sustenance money handed out to the unemployed.

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Singers, Peter LaFarge

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Danny Valdez, Augustin Lira, Chris Gaylord,
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return with Sis Cunningham.

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Songs by Larry Estridge, Gary Paris, Paul Kaplan,
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Strange Things Happenin', In The Merry Month
Of May, Wild Rippling Waters, My Oklahoma
Home, Jay Gould's Daughter, But If I Ask Them,
The Great Dust Storm

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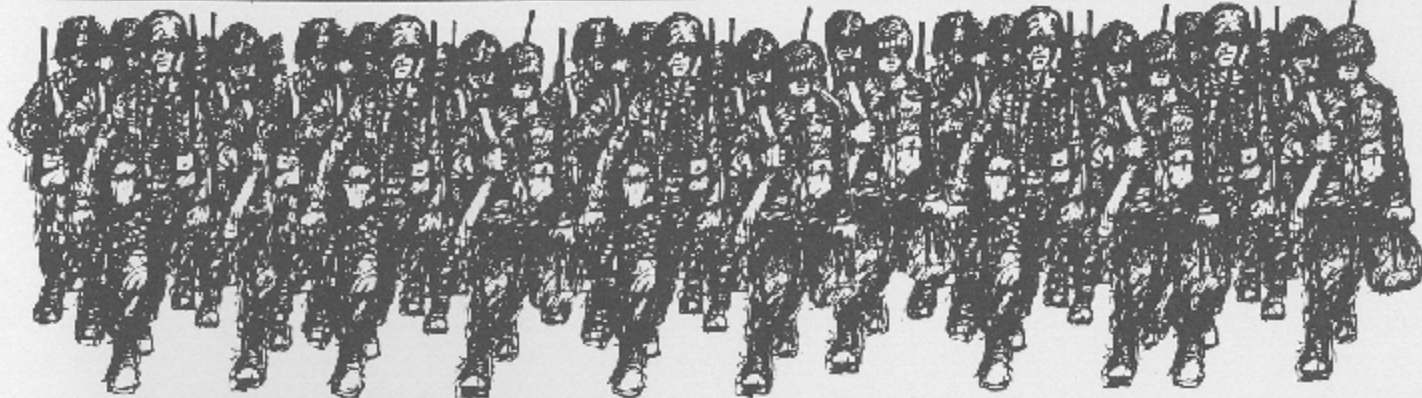
contains: Pleasures Of The Harbor, That's What
I Want To Hear, I'M Gonna Say It Now, Changes,
On Her Hand A Golden Ring, Days Of Decision,
Santo Domingo, United Fruit, Crucifixion, Small
Circle Of Friends, What Are You Fighting For?,
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editors of BROADSIDE. Phil talks about the
record industry, Bob Dylan and more.

Volume Twelve - God, Guts, and Guns, Jeff Ampolsk

All songs of Jeff Ampolsk, including: Basketball
Hero, Johnny Cash's Father, Alcohol Heaven,
and God, Guts, and Guns



Drawing by Aggie Houston

THE BAND played waltzing matilda

reprinted from
New City Songster
vol. 13 Oct 1977

words, music, ©
ERIC HODGE

thoughtfully

NOW, WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN, I CHECKED ME FROM AROUND THE
FROM THE MURRAY'S GREEN BE. SO TO THE DUSTY OUT-BACK I WENT TO TRY

THE LIFE OF A ROVER, THEN IN NINE-TEEN-FIFTEEN, THE COUNTRY WAS "SONNY'S"
THEY SAID ALL D-ERS.

THEY STOPPED RAMBLING-THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE. SO THEY GAVE ME A TEN HAT AND THEY

GAVE ME A GUN AND SENT ME A-WAY TO THE WAR. AND THE BAND PLAYED

WALTZING-MATILDA AS THE SHIP PULLED AWAY FROM THE QUAY. AND WERE ALL THE BOYS

BE FIGHTING AND TEARS— WE SAILED OFF TO GALI-PO-LI.

Now I was a young man, I carried a pack
I lived the free life of a rover;
From the Murray's green basin to the dusty Outback
I waltzed my Matilda all over.
Then in 1915, the country said, "Son,
It's time you stopped rambling, there's work to be done."
So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun
And sent me away to the war.

CHORUS:

AND THE BAND PLAYED "WALTZING MATILDA"
AS THE SHIP PULLED AWAY FROM THE QUAY,
SO WEDST ALL THE CHEERS, THE FLAG-WAVING AND TEARS,
WE SAILED OFF TO GALLIPOLI.

Now well I remember that terrible day
How our blood stained the sand and the water,
And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.
Johnny Turk he was waltzing, he'd primed himself well,
He showered us with bullets and rained us with shell
And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell,
Nearly blew us right back to Australia.

CHORUS:

AND THE BAND PLAYED "WALTZING MATILDA"
WHEN WE STOPPED TO BURY THE DEAD,
WE BURIED OURS, THE TURKS BURIED THEIRS
THEN WE STARTED ALL OVER AGAIN.

Those that were left, well, we tried to survive
In a sad world of blood, death and fire,
And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive
Though around me the corpses piled higher.
Then a big Turkish shell knocked me away over head
And when I woke up in the hospital bed
I saw what it had done, and wished I was dead -
Never knew there was worse things than dyin'.

CHORUS:

FOR I'VE GO NO MORE WALTZING MATILDA
AROUND THE GREEN BUSH FAR AND FREE -
TO HUNT TURT AND PEGS A MAN NEEDS BOTS LEGS
NO MORE WALTZING MATILDA FOR ME.

Then they gathered the crippled, the wounded and maimed
And they shipped us back home to Australia,
The legless, the armless, the blind and lame,
The brave wounded heroes of Suvla.
And when our ship pulled into Circular Quay,
I looked at the place where my legs used to be,
And thanked Christ there was nobody waiting for me,
To grieve and to mourn - and to pity.

CHORUS:

AND THE BAND PLAYED "WALTZING MATILDA"
AS THEY CARRIED US DOWN THE GANGWAY,
BUT NOBODY CHEERED, THEY JUST STOOD AND STARED,
THEN THEY TURNED ALL THEIR FACES AWAY.

And now every April I sit on my porch
and watch the parade pass before me.
I see my old comrades, how proudly they march,
Revising old dreams and past glory.
The old men march slowly, old hands stiff and numb
Tired old men from a forgotten war;
Then young people ask, "What are they marching for?"
- And I ask myself the same question.

CHORUS:

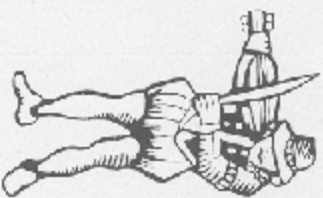
BUT THE BAND PLAYS "WALTZING MATILDA"
AND THE OLD MEN ANEWER THE CALL,
BUT YEAR BY YEAR, MORE OLD MEN DISAPPEAR,
SOMEDAY NO-ONE WILL MARCH THERE AT ALL.

(sung to traditional tune)

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?
And their graces may be heard as you pass by that Lillibong
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me?



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