

Broadside 172

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

APRIL 1986

G.I. Songs of the Vietnam War



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BROADSIDE 172

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A WORD OR TWO BEFORE I GO.... by Norman Ross, publisher

"I have done the state some service, and they know it," said Othello. BROADSIDE has done the community some service, we believe—the folk community. Does it know it? For more than 20 years we have been publishing the new and the iconoclastic. We have been publishing great works and crap. But there has been art and there has been brilliance.

And who knew then, when Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen were struggling to publish the works of such as Bob Dylan, Tom Paxton and Phil Ochs—who knew that these songs were art? Sis and Gordon apparently had some inkling. But would we have known, those of us in the folk community—would we have known without BROADSIDE? How many hundreds of fabulous songs by much less famous folk than these three have appeared in BROADSIDE over the years? We don't have a precise number. But the answer is "many."

BROADSIDE has been an integral part of the topical song movement since 1962. The current editors of BROADSIDE have only made a small contribution. But we are struggling to continue the tradition and to fill the role played by BROADSIDE in our folk community. We are an integral part of the political scene as well, publishing the protest songs we have all sung at demonstrations, songs which are powerful tools in our struggle for peace and justice in America and the world. But the struggle to keep the magazine alive is overwhelming and we are frankly fearful that BROADSIDE may succumb. Now is the time to do something.

We don't want to toot our own horns; we'll let you be the judge of how well we are succeeding at providing a forum and meeting place for the topical song movement. But we can tell you that we no longer have a horn to toot: we had to sell it to pay for the last issue! That's where it's at. We are almost depleted. For better or for worse, our money and energy are running low. WE NEED HELP.

Every songwriter and poet likes to see his/her work in print. But now is the time: do not ask what BROADSIDE can do for you; ask what you can do for BROADSIDE. So, from BROADSIDE, a word or two before I go.... Please help. Think of something—a contribution, a friend who will subscribe, whatever. Do you know someone who is commercially successful who ought to be a subscriber? Perhaps the really successful ones could help by becoming sustainers. They could also help by acknowledging BROADSIDE as a source for songs they sing on their records and in concerts. They could also contribute songs to the magazine that would help us get wider recognition.

This maybe our last monthly issue for the foreseeable future. Starting next month we will be bi-monthly. If things don't improve after that, we'll probably fall back on a quarterly schedule. After that, who knows? If you are currently a subscriber, think of who you know who ought to subscribe. If you are not a subscriber, send in \$10 (if you can't afford \$20). We need the money to advertise and build up our circulation. We need the money to keep going (to pay the printer and the Post Office).

We thank you and trust you will thank yourself when BROADSIDE keeps coming.

SONGS OF THE VIETNAM WAR

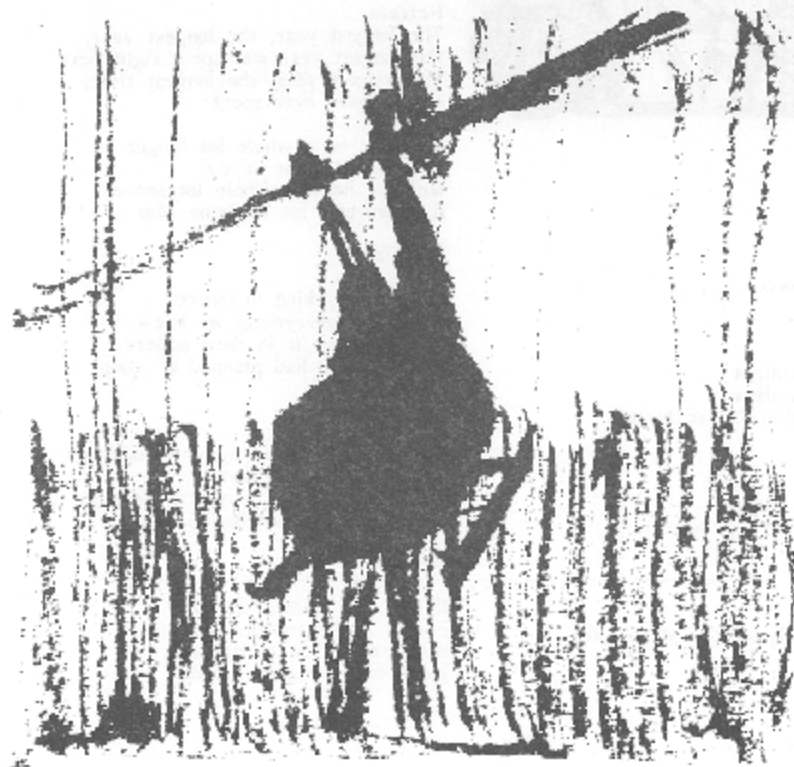
by Jeff Ritter

A folklorist looks at the artifacts of a community and comes up with ideas about how that community lived their lives, believed in their lives and thought about their lives. The songs that a group of people hold as their own show all of these things; more than just what they want to sing about. The songs that are regularly in BROADSIDE, for example, reflect a sub-culture (still) in the United States that participates in making its own music and putting its beliefs about society and politics in that music. Any people that belong to a community will eventually come up with their own music. Children do it, primitive cultures do it, and we persist in doing it. This was also true for the soldiers of the Vietnam war, even though they didn't have many musical instruments with them in the jungles. Rather than write new melodies, they used tunes familiar to most of us and wrote parodies. The composers of the songs remain unknown; undoubtedly most were written by more than one person and there was probably more than one version of every song. (Pete Seeger tells the story that on the line of March from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama in the 60s he asked a woman, "What are the words to that song?" She replied, "There are no words!" He then asked her, "What are some words to that song?" and she sang a dozen verses.) I can just imagine the GIs singing these songs in Vietnam; the images are quite clear, even to someone who not only was never there, but who was only 12 years old when the war ended.



BROADSIDE obtained copies of these songs from the documentary evidence submitted in the libel trial of General Westmoreland v. CBS! What the songs might have proved is hard to tell. Most likely they wound up in the exhibits by accident, but perhaps some smart attorney knew something we don't. You will recall that Westmoreland contended that CBS had libelled him by saying that he had intentionally understated enemy troop strength in order to prolong the war. Obviously, he was out to prove in his suit that he had not misled anyone. (Clearly, if he had lied, and prolonged the war, one might project that many of the dead of the war, from both sides, have him to thank. We all know that this couldn't be true!) CBS wanted to show that he had lied. The CBS lawyers apparently came across these songs somewhere. (I have hints that they were in the US Embassy. Maybe there was a folklorist in the jungle who collected them.) I'm sure CBS would have used them if the trial had not been settled out of court. (I can just picture Mike Wallace singing them in court!) Or perhaps they would have gotten some respected folklorist on the stand who would quote from Richard Dorson on the validity of the collective viewpoint expressed in folksongs. I'm sure he or she would have described what I have stated above: that the songs of a community accurately reflect what the community holds as a true belief. These songs definitely show that in the early days of the war, the soldiers felt that they were being deceived; the songs would not have survived if they didn't believe this to be true.

How are these songs useful today? Well, they are definitive historical documents. I think they should be spread around as examples of the way that the young men in the jungles and hamlets thought about their roles in Vietnam and how young men might feel today in the jungles of Nicaragua. There are examples of corruption and degradation in the songs that show that the pressure of the war had an impact on these young people. There are examples of soldiers making fun of their own roles in Vietnam and their leaders and the things those leaders told them. Perhaps someday a folklorist will do a definitive study on these songs and expose the message that exists here. As of now they are hidden in an obscure court record that will probably end up in many a law school library basement. Well, again, here's something in BROADSIDE that may never be found or exposed anywhere else. Spread the news, tell your friends. This is a story that needs to be told.



The Yellow Rose of Saigon

She's the yellow rose of Saigon
and I think she's banned the twist
But she's a real cute little dolly
She's one I think I've missed.
You can talk about the president
Or about his brother Nhu
But don't talk about my yellow rose
if you know what's good for you

She's angry at the Buddhists
And she hates the New York Times
Because they always rib her
and accuse her of some crimes.
What's a little joke about cook-outs
Or imported gasoline?
Why it's really exaggeration
She's really not that mean.

Yes my little rose of Saigon
Is just a refugee
She fled down from Hanoi
To make jobs for you and me.
She's snowed old Maxwell Taylor
and Ambassador Nolting too
Now JFK's her buddy
and gives her money too!

So my yellow rose of Saigon
Stays off of Tu Do street
She doesn't go for loving
but at intrigue she can't be beat
I look for many changes
When she meets with Mr. Lodge
Cause it's said that he's a sucker
For eastern camouflage.

Yes my little rose of Saigon
Is a veteran through and through
She's careful with her money
In case there is a coup.
She's bound to salvage something
For all her enterprise
Before the VC lose their fight
Or America gets wise.

Arrivederci Saigon

Saigon, we hope you win your war
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore

The Vietcong steal our weapons
The Vietcong hold them tight
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets
Wonder where the Ban An and the Ban Va are tonight

There are the special forces
They're not on our frontier
They are beaming up the nuns and houses
That's the reason for the shooting that you hear

They send us lots of colonels
With chickens on their necks
They are working in coordination
They are making plans to win the war on top of the Rex

Repeat first verse

Ghost Advisors

(Embassy's cleaned up version)

Some Yanks went out advising down in Southern Vietnam
While countering Ho's insurgency they encountered the Madame
It was frequently confusing in the land where plastic flies
Just which ones were the VC, and whom they should advise

Chieu Hoi! Chi Hi! (rhymes with by)
Ghost advisors bye and bye

They built strategic hamlets and they gave out USCN aid
The convinced the Montagnards that they really had it made
They defoliated jungles and pulled up VC rice
They swatted the mosquitos and they searched for body lice

WE ARE WINNING (To the tune "Rock of Ages")

We are winning, this we know
General Narking tells us so
Though in the Delta things are tough
And in the highlands very rough
But the VC soon will go,
Mr. Cabot tells us so
If you doubt them who are you
McNamara says so too.



The Longest Year

There are boys from Special Forces
There are lads from USCN too
And the guys that fly the choppers
And of course there's me and you

Refrain
The longest year, the longest year,
the longest year was spent right here
The longest year, the longest time,
That I have ever spent

It's gone on a whole lot longer
Than we thought in '62
We'd be home a whole lot sooner
If it weren't for Madame Nhu

Refrain

We were working in liaison
told them everything we knew
And they put it in their papers
Said that we had planned a coup

Refrain

If they weren't out burning Buddhists
Or scaling pagoda walls
They were finding ways to cheat us
'cause the load we had to haul

Refrain

If you ever come to Saigon
Follow my instructions kid
Buy a ticket on to Bangkok
you'll be very glad you did

I've Stayed Too Long

(tune "I Wonder Why")

We don't need MAAG advisors
 We just take tranquilizers
 We've been here long enough to know
 We don't need fertilizers
 We don't need supervisors
 We just need to go from here.

We can hardly wait
 to get through that airport gate
 We're not chicken, we're all through
 I hear VC, but there's no one there
 I find leaflets underneath my chair
 I've got hash marks on my underwear
 I've stayed too long, I've stayed too long

I count hamlets in my dreams at night
 too much nucc mam's spoiled my appetite
 I'm just one big mosquito bite
 I guess I've lost the fight, I've stayed too long

**Strategic Hamlet Song**

(To the tune of "Don't Fence Me In")

Give me wire, lots of wire, under starry skies above
 Please fence me in!
 Wrap it round, wrap it round, wrap it all the way around
 Please fence me in!
 I've got the house and gilets and the pump protected
 felt secure till the OG defected!
 Give me more aid and I'll feel protected
 Please fence me in!
 Give me lemonade, band-aid, USCN aid, any US aid,
 I asked for fertilizer pig pens bulghar wheat
 and haven't got it yet
 So I'll bark at the moon til they burn my fences
 Stay in my hamlet til I lose my senses
 Bury my shotgun cause I've got no defenses
 Please fence me in!

The Streets of Saigon

(Coup-time)

(To the tune of "Streets of Laredo")

As I walked down the streets of Saigon
 As I walked down Le Loi one day
 I spied a coup president all wrapped in white linen
 All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay

"I can see by your uniform that you're an advisor"
 The words he said as I slowly walked by
 "Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story"
 "I'm shot in the head and I'm sure to die"

"It was once I ruled wisely, once I ruled strongly
 And loved my sister, so they did say,
 But I kept my brother and so I ruled wrongly
 For the buddhists gone burning I know I must pray."

"Have sixteen dancers to carry my coffin
 Have the girls down at Tu Bo sing a love song
 Take me down to Na Loi and lay the sod over me
 Now that USIS has scorned me I know I've done wrong

Oh blow the pipes slowly and beat the drum loudly
 Play a slow twist as you carry my pall
 Put Dalat roses all over my coffin
 To soften the tears of the press as they fall

Sorry About That

You're working very hard at JACV
 Ten hours a day
 For three months you've been on a project
 With no extra pay
 You finally turn it in on time
 To hear the general say
 The project's cancel'ed, we don't need it
 Throw that junk away!

-Chorus-

Sorry about that!

You're transfered into the Delta
 hamlets to defend
 You reinforce your garrison
 For fight to the bitter end
 J-2 has a said VC will tonight attack your town
 Instead by dang they hit Nha Trang
 And burned it to the ground

-Chorus-

Next day you're patrolling
 When a land mine lays you low
 A Huey takes you to Saigon
 Your leg wound up to sew
 They wheel you into surgery
 And of this there is no doubt
 The dirty carts mixed up the charts
 They took your appendix out

-Chorus-

WE CAN STOP REAGAN IN NICARAGUA

by Norman Ross

In 1964, my friend Mike and I, under the aegis of the War Resisters League and working with some of their key organizers, including the indomitable Dave McReynolds, organized the Committee of Public Conscience, otherwise known, (to its members) as the Picket-of-the-Month Club. We had decided that there were enough "minor" battles that were going on around the world that were escaping the attention of the major peace, civil rights and civil liberties groups, that we could find one a month deserving our attention.

So each month we selected one of these issues and organized a demonstration around it. For instance, we picketed outside the Italian Mission to the United Nations, here in New York, in support of Danilo Dolci (the Ghandi of Italy), who was fasting in Sicily in an effort to get the government to do something about the hunger and unemployment there. At the time he was trying to get a dam built. Our demonstration was covered by the Italian press, even though we were only 15-20 people. On other day (in another month) we marched up and down Madison Avenue with placards depicting the advertising world as a bunch of whores for selling cigarettes and tourism to Franco Spain. (The New York Times covered this one.)

But the most significant demonstration, I think, was the one we held in December, 1964, just south of Washington Square Park. I believe it may have been the first demonstration against the war in Vietnam. Norman Thomas and A.J. Muste, both of whom must have been in their late '70s by then, climbed to the top of our rented sound truck and spoke forcefully about the dangers of escalation. I don't remember who else spoke, but Phil Ochs had agreed to sing, and he did his "Talking Vietnam," which we all thought was incredible.

For me, it was very special day, partly because Phil was late and Mike and I did a few songs ourselves to fill time. What an honor to follow Thomas and Muste to the podium and to "open" for Phil! I still remember that one of the songs we did was, "Step by step, the longest march, can be won, can be won. Many stones can form an arch, singly none, singly none. And by union what we will, can be accomplished still. Drops of water turn a mill, singly none, singly none." Our demonstration was one step for the 75-100 people who showed up, perhaps it was the first for the anti-war movement. And I think that those of us who were there—not only Muste, Thomas and Ochs, but all of us—were what Phil later called "Links on the Chain."

Every four years the politicians tell us not to believe that our "one little vote" doesn't count. We know they're wrong. Voting is a waste of time. But one little song, one little demonstration, one more person on a picket line, can make a difference. If you haven't done anything yet about Nicaragua, it's not too late.

Don't Take My Counterpart Away

(To the tune of "You are my Sunshine")

In Southeast Asia, here in Vietnam
What kind of war no one can say
Some say insurgent, some say psycholog
Please don't take my counterpart away

Down in the Delta we have VC who came
here from the North of Hue
Some say guerilla, some next door neighbor
Please don't take my counterpart away

The other night there, out in the hamlet
I dreamed I held you in my arms
When I awoke dear it was the VC
So I shut him down and I cried

Montagnard Sergeant

(To the tune of "My Bonnie")

My mother's a Montagnard Sergeant
She draws jump pay and quarters to boot
She lives in Saigon on per diem
And always has plenty of loot

Chorus:

Stay here, oh stay here
Oh don't let the programs go down, go down,
Stay here, stay here,
Cause Saigon's a real swinging town

He gives all the ARVN a fit
By selling for twenty piasters
A do it yourself ambush kit

My sisters all work in the taverns
they encourage the soldiers to roam
Drink up cause you'll soon leave your loved spot
And back to your wives back at home

My brother's a poor missionary
and he saves all the girls from sin
He'll save you a girl for five dollars
My god how the money rolls in

Rolls in, rolls in
My god how the money rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in
My god how the money rolls in

My grandpaw sells cheap prophylactics
He pictures the head with a pin
While grandmaw grows rich on abortions
My god how the money rolls in



— Peter Jackson, Houston, Texas

TAPE TALK TM 

The idea for this issue of BROADSIDE came partially from the newest edition of "Tape Talk," the audio magazine on cassette put out by Rag Baby Records. The newest issue (#4) has two themes (one per side), "The Music of Vietnam Veterans" and "Women's Music." The Vietnam side is narrated by Country Joe McDonald and the Women's Music side by Holly Near. Some of the songs in this issue of BROADSIDE are actually from the tape.

Country Joe McDonald started "Tape Talk" in 1982 and has covered music as divergent as "thrash" and non-english pop. This one may be the first totally politically oriented issue and it really hits home. The Vietnam songs are all quite good and Joe's commentary points out the subtleties. Likewise for Holly Near on the other side. The "Women's Music" side includes music from Holly, Ferron, Sweet Honey in the Rock and Linda Tillery. I have listened to both sides several times and have yet to tire of them as I expected. The music is good and the commentary doesn't get in the way even after you've heard it before.

It's actually pretty interesting that this exists at all. Apparently it is doing pretty well and that shows that there is an interest in this "kind" of music. We've fielded the suggestion several times that BROADSIDE put out a tape with each issue with songs on it, but I've always felt that the music in the magazine is to play not to listen to. But apparently there's a market for both listeners and players. If you're a listener and a player, get both BROADSIDE and "Tape Talk."

Write to Rag baby records, PO Box 3316, San Francisco, CA 94119



**Ron's
IMAGINE**

Imagine there's no earth
It's easy if you try
Just Hell below us
Above us mushroom sky
Imagine zero people
Dyin' all today
Aye.....
Imagine there's no cities
It isn't hard to do
None left to kill of cry for
And no Atheism too

Imagine there's no people
Atom Death means peace
You-you may say I'm a schemer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And Armageddon will be won.

Imagine my possessions
I wonder if you can
No greed for love so tender
"A" netherhood of Man
Imagine zero people
Offin' all the world
You you may say I'm a schemer
But I'm not the only one
I know someday you'll join us
and the World will die as one....

Tuli Kupstberg

SIDE 1

THE MUSIC OF VIETNAM VETERANS

- Introduced by Country Joe McDonald
- Who Are the Names on the Wall** Michael Martin and Tim Holiday
- Sergeant Willie** Rick Duvall
- Quang Tri City** Bill Homans
- Agent Orange Song** Kate Wolf
- Hurting More** Jim Wachtendock
- The Girl Next Door** Country Joe McDonald
- Luang Prabang** Patrick Sky

SIDE 2

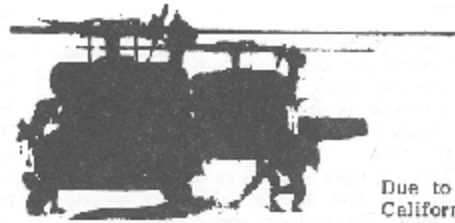
WOMEN'S MUSIC

- Presented by Holly Near
- Seven Principles** Sweet Honey in the Rock
- Sister** Chris Williamson
- Morning Song** Meg Christian
- Secrets** Linda Tillery
- It Won't Take Long** Ferron
- Dancing Bird** Holly Near

"We've got lots of new technologies that look very good for being able to pick off the other fellow's missile, before they can deploy it," says Richard D. DeLauer, former undersecretary of Defense who was the Defense Department's top scientist. "Don't forget that for every countermeasure, there's a counter-countermeasure."

Star Wars

AND FOR EVERY COUNTER-COUNTER MEASURE THERE'S A COUNTER-COUNTER-COUNTER MEASURE & DONT FORGET THAT FOR EVERY COUNTER-COUNTER-COUNTER MEASURE THERE'S A COUNTER-COUNTER-COUNTER-COUNTER MEASURE & FOR EVERY COUNTER-COUNTER-COUNTER-COUNTER MEASURE THERE'S A COUNTER-COUNTER-COUNTER-COUNTER MEASURE & DONT FORGET: **ALL MANHES!**



So long, Sonny Terry

Due to a serious flood in Guerneville, California which wiped out Rick Duvall he wasn't able to get the music for "Sgt. Willie" or "Missing" in to BROADSIDE in time for this issue. Anyone interested in getting his tape can write to him. Rick Duvall, 18844 Watson Rd. Guerneville, CA 95446

SGT. WILLIE

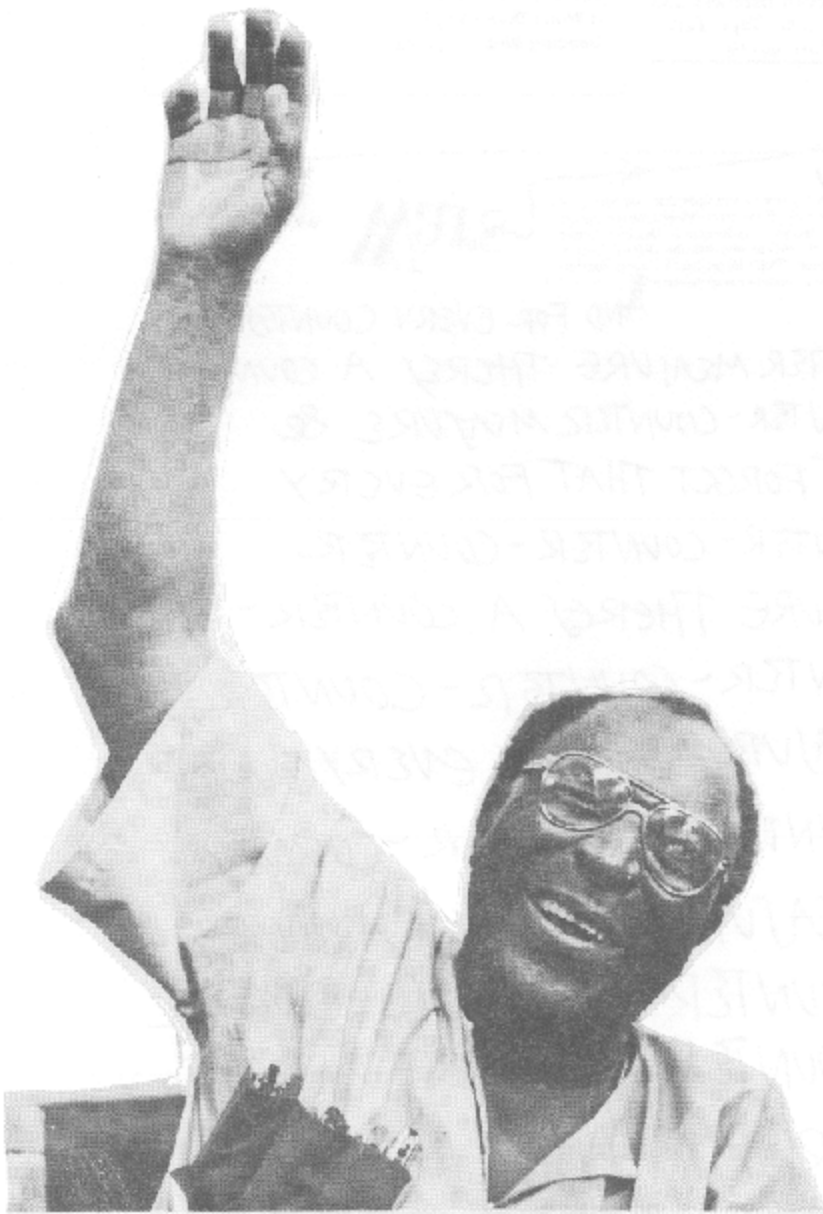
1. Willie was a friend of mine
 fought beside me many times
 he could shoot the hair right off your hide
 Willie had the only gun
 that I thought could outdo my own
 I was glad to have him by my side
 He was there when I got there
 And he taught me how to handle bein' scared
 And he was the first to turn me on
 to that marijuana mama-sahn
 that helps me still to drive on through despair
 And I wonder where I'd be
 if it weren't for Willie.

2. Willie came back home before
 he could ever be through with the war
 some thing in his eyes had gone away.
 His family and his friends agree
 that Nam had claimed his sanity
 And he's in combat to this very day.
 The government had trained him well
 to fight the fight then die and go to hell.
 But he fooled them all and he came home
 to his own demilitarized zone,
 a broken-bodied, mind blown, empty shell,
 Now I wonder what he sees
 Sergeant Willie.

bridge

In my dreams I see him take the fall again;
 Ever bleeding, ever screaming in my hollow ear,
 Though his body works, his brain is not so well,
 From the things he says I can tell
 that he's not even here, he's nowhere near.

3. Willie's got the uniform
 all bloody stained and bullet-torn
 he even puts it on from time to time.
 He'll show you if you want to see
 his artificial, plastic knee.
 but the real wound is deep within his mind.
 I love to think he'll come around,
 strike a match and burn those memories down,
 but the flame he holds beneath a spoon
 he dipped into his red balloon;
 it'll take him down soon
 to the ground.
 He's civilian infantry,
 Sergeant Willie.
 He's a post-war casualty,
 Sergeant Willie
 Sergeant Willie.



FOR VIETNAM VETS AND ANYBODY ELSE WHO CARES

Airing sometime either on or around May 26 is a special on your local PBS affiliate called, "For Vietnam Vets and Anybody Else Who Cares." I only have sketchy information about it right now but apparently it's a show by and for vets and includes some of the music in this issue of BROADSIDE. Rick Duvall and his son will be prominently featured in the show and it's being hosted by Charles Haid of Hill St. Blues fame. Sounds like it should be good.



Jim Walktendonk is also in the PBS show, "For Vietnam Vets and Anybody Else Who Cares." Jim has songs dealing with all aspects of the Vietnam War including Agent Orange which has affected him and his two children. His cassette, "Incoming" is available for \$8.00 and his Songs For America songbook is also \$8.00. Write to Jim Walktendonk, PO Box 3472, Madison, WI 53704

VIETNAM VETERAN ARTISTS

This group has apparently put out a few records that we weren't able to get hold of in time for this issue. Anyone interested should write: Vietnam Veteran Artists, PO Box 1248, Boston, MA 02205



NOT SOLDIERING

Be
a civilian,
Suffer
with it,
Make
a million.



MISSING

By Brad L. Smith

Well, you know I'd come right back to you mama
You know I would, but you see, I'm still missing,
I'd be there if I could

And you know I'd come right back to you girl
You know I would, but you see, I'm still missing,
I'd be there if I could.

Sometimes I'm in the jungle, no daisies on my grave
And sometimes I'm in Bangkok,
with a needle sticking out of my veins,
And sometimes I'm in the paddies,
picking rice by hand
And sometimes I'm in Cambodia,
watching myself become an old man.

Well you know I'd come right back to you daddy
You know I would, but you see, I am still missing
Much longer than I should.

And you know, I'd come right back to you sister,
You know I would, but you see I am still missing, brother,
I'd be there if I could.

Sometimes I'm in the heartland of America, USA
You speak my name, you know my face,
but we still don't have much to say.
And sometimes, I've been your lover,
and you wondered where I've gone,
It's just that I ran into a place they call Vietnam

You know I'd come right back to you people
You know I would
But you see I am still missing
I'd be there if I could.

POP-CULTURE AND THE LESSONS OF 'NAM

by John Levine

continued from BROADSIDE #171

One reviewer, reflecting on the controversy surrounding Born in the USA, suggested that with a minor change in lyric it could become the new army recruitment jingle. If the possibility of turning Springsteen's angst-filled

anthem to the Viet-vet on its head isn't obvious, let's examine a similar case: on a recent episode of CBS's Scarecrow & Mrs King (one of tv's only detective genre shows that doesn't have a Vietnam Rites-of-Passage undertheme) the young suburban widow spy, Amanda King, hitches a ride on a semi after her station wagon gets totalled by marauding Soviet agents. She asks the trucker if he can raise the FBI or CIA on his CB. "Are those jokera who wrecked your car commies?" he asks as he pops a cartridge into the eight-track. Downshifting into the chase, he grins "I love the smell of diesel in the morning," sniffing the exhaust fumes as "The Ride of the Valkyrie" blasts from the speakers. Is this Saturday morning cartoon treatment the way Coppola's haunting imagery from Apocalypse Now is to be remembered by our children?

If we're to build a broad anti-war movement (whether it's based on the "Vietnam scenario" or not) our first task is to go toe-to-toe, combatting the various wrong views of that war. The Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) is making one good step in that direction by taking their stories, their military experience to the kids in high schools around the New York area. These are the kids who're lapping up the newly sterilized image of the Vietnam war. And they are the ones who'll be sent to fight and die for imperialism next.

This approach to building public awareness is important in contrast to the "Used Once - Then Thrown Away" slogan that VVAW raised some years back. We've all just seen the righteous anger of vets at being abandoned, once they finished fighting --Black vets had fought (and often died) for "democracy", but couldn't find any themselves back home-- turned into its opposite by cynical PR men for the Pentagon. On April 7th, when General Westmoreland hugged former grunts and begged for news cameras, the most contemptuous abuse of 'Nam vets was being perpetrated on us. The Next Time, Let Us Win crowd may have no grasp of the history which led to the United States' military defeat, but if there's any truth to their paranoid ideologist fantasy of organized sabotage of the war effort, the finger has to be pointed at Westmoreland. His libel suit against CBS served no purpose, if not to hide his conscious, and maybe criminal, misrepresentation of Army Intelligence studies on opposition strength.

While historians rewrite, military strategists study, Pentagon boobahs scheme, and leftists consider the long range implications and legacy of the Vietnam War, most of us --in our idealism-- ignore the key element: What is the popular conception of that war? The jury isn't in yet, Vietnam is still an open question in most folks' minds. Although the immediate post-Vietnam period saw the likes of M*A*S*H reflect America's skepticism of foreign adventures, in the wake of the Reagan's re-election, Hollywood has assumed a general rightward shift in people's consciousness, and has altered its summation of the war to fit.

FRED SMALL SONGBOOK

A new song book arrived in the mail recently and it was a bit of a surprise. In purple and white and looking back, (or sort of sideways) was Fred Small on the cover! Here it is, *Breaking From the Line*, the songs of Fred Small in a beautiful, glossy paperback. The book includes 35 of his songs with all of the lyrics, music and chords to go with them. The book also is a short history of Fred's life, really, with an introduction to each song and a forward by Fred. The book also has some great pictures of Fred in his high school football uniform and early shots of him with his guitar. There is also a resource directory that was obviously well-thought out (BROADSIDE is included).

The publication of a songbook like this is a really good sign for the topical song movement. Obviously Fred has seen a demand for this or he probably wouldn't have done it. I'm sure that after his concerts the people in the audience are all to glad to be able to buy his records and now they can buy the music for his songs and play them themselves. This is truly great for a songwriter like Fred Small whose songs touch everyone who hears them because now they'll get into the guitar playing public in a big way. They'll surely creep slowly into that realm of music that people learn from someone else who learned it from the book eventually totally obscuring the origin of the song.

The songbook is available from Yellow Moon Press for \$12.95. P.O. Box 1316 Cambridge, MA. 02238

news item

She accidentally dropped her baby on the stairs and was so shaken she ran to her room and jumped out the window to her death.

The baby was uninjured.

Austin Straus

Not in Our Town

by Bob Blue

© 1935

Introduction G C

The egg-to-gon need-ed a sin-er-ous
 side to get-ting a vest dead-ly sin-er-ous
 The sound of those maps of the land are just
 right - A year known as North Cam-bridge, Mass.

Verse one: G C

For Cam-bridge is known as "no such thing"
 with high tech go-lets and great lab all a-
 round. The fact they are fast and the fact of a
 skin but you can they are fast in they do not
 know in the test they had started with out much a-
 do. The fact they were written in the year 1935
 how they were written in the year 1935 and got it
 out of the test of world wide and you get it out

Chorus: G C

Not in our town! If you put the stone up, we'll
 for the past years. Just sit and sit and sit
 never be found and as long as we breathe, we'll stay
 Not in our town!

NOT IN OUR TOWN By Bob Blue

The Pentagon needed a suitable site,
for testing a most deadly gas.
They scanned all their maps till they found one just right
A place known as North Cambridge, Mass.

For Cambridge is known as a researching town,
With high tech galore and great labs all around.
It's true they protest, and they put on a show,
but how can they protest if they do not know?
So the testing was started without much ado.
Precautions were taken to be sure no one knew.
For they knew fully well if word got around.
That the people would fuss and say, "Not in our town!"

Chorus:

Not in our town! Not in our town!
If you put the place up, we will tear the place down!
Our spirits are free, and can never be bound,
And as long as we breathe, we'll cry, "Not in our town!"

The truth soon got out, as the truth often will.
ADL was researching a gas that can kill.
ADL soon confessed, "Yes, dear friends, it is true,
But the gas just kills enemies. It won't kill you,
For we keep it quite safe in a most secure vault.
If it ever gets out, it will not be our fault."
The people who heard them replied with a frown,
"Go test your gas someplace else, not in our town!"

Chorus

A committee in Cambridge, called Toxic Alert
Decided to move before someone got hurt.
They gathered their facts, and they thought their case through,
And they called all their neighbors to report what they knew.
As little by little their case became clear,
The people of Cambridge asked, "Why test it here?"
And when they heard all the committee had found,
They answered resoundingly, "Not in our town!"

Chorus

A corporate image is hard to maintain,
When the people ask questions you've got to explain.
So when all was done, ADL thought it best
To continue their research somewhere in the West.
I hope they discover wherever they go
That they have to move on, cause the people say, "No!"
And I hope weapon-makers, the whole world around
Find that people, united, say, "Not in our town!"

Chorus

WOMEN IN FOLK MUSIC

A day of making and sharing music:
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Ronnie Gilbert
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Christine Lavin
Sonny Ochs

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Jewish Currents

Jewish Currents had a special section celebrating Jewish Music Month in March and Irwin Heilner, a BROADSIDE subscriber and occasional contributor, was kind enough to write a very good piece about BROADSIDE's Songs for Peace and Justice in the Middle East issue. Unfortunately, 1.) We are sold out of that issue, and, 2.) He didn't mention the address of the magazine in the article. Well, we've rectified the second situation with the editors and they should print our address for their readers next month, but we're still out of that issue.

This does, however, point out one thing readers can do to help BROADSIDE. Publicize! Within your political group or any organization you are involved with are people who would love BROADSIDE if only they knew about it! Anyone who has access to some kind of media can help get the word about BROADSIDE out. Drop us a note if you want some advice on how you can become a publicity person for BROADSIDE.

The Children of Bhopal

Childish games has stilled
where dust swirled about brown feet;
sacred cows rustled hay in the starlit night
far across the sea.

In the shadow of sprawling tanks
ghostly white arms extending
fires were lit in small throats
in huts propped up by stunted trees.

Fumes pushed into open doorways--
deadly snake unseeable, untouchable.
They rushed through the darkness in terror
ragged possessions clutched to heaving chests
seeking breath, screaming filled with agony.
It was forever night to the children.

Little mocha bodies,
blinded eyes washed with tears--sad raindrops,
tiny faces hidden in saris
like field mice beneath a sheltering leaf.

They returned to
empty pads in huts
fresh mounds of earth
the children of Bhopal.

Helen E. Rilling

HILL 6-0



1. He was left upon a hill someone checked him said that he'd been killed
 so they pulled back from the fire but the man had not expired, no
 the man had not expired

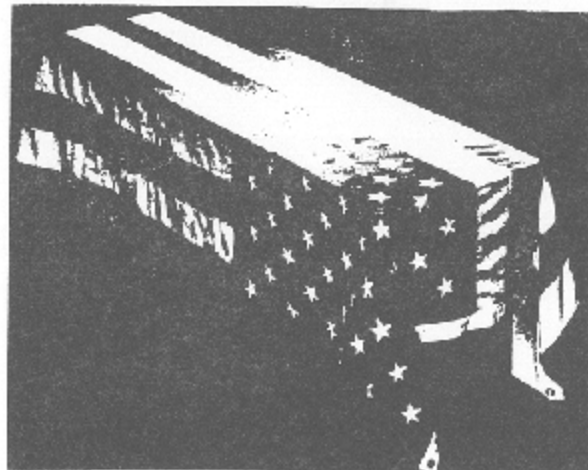
2. Yes he was left upon that hill a-
 live with a war he lay wounded, back in the world in the news that night heard propa-
 ganda of the Vietnam fight, heard propaganda of the Vietnam fight

Chorus, WO

3. As his blood saturated the ground, ground
 He heard the whirl of a chopper sound.
 There's no lesson like the big red wound
 Or the farm you might buy soon
 Or the farm you might buy soon.
4. Yes he was left upon that hill
 Twelve years and he's up there still.
 Another bodycount had been set
 For you to see on your TV set
 That's why we won't forgive and we can't forget
 Won't forgive...And we can't forget.



© 1994 Jim Wachendank



OLD MAN

By what dodges has that old geezer
 skulked into handsome and healthy
 old age? By what subterfuges, cowardice,
 cop outs, avoidances, lies? That tanned and
 hearty old fucker! He looks so comfortable,
 peaceful, self-satisfied, calm. He'll
 no doubt die in his sleep, without pain,
 surrounded by beautiful, sincerely weeping
 loved ones, dozens of 'em

What a rat, what a fool, what a supremely
 tricky bastard, to have survived
 and to look so goddamn happy about it!

Austin Straus

KAREEM & ME

from the album "Faultline"

©1985 - James McCandless

Kareem and me - goin' bald together,
it stings a little less when I think of it in
that regard;
So hair, farewell, up to heaven,
I'm in good company, Abdul-Jabbar.

Abdul-Jabbar went diving after a loose
ball,
Nearly forty years old, crashing into the
first row of chairs;
And while he was down I just couldn't help
but notice,
His shiny little noggin' pokin' through a
hole in his hair.

Abdul-Jabbar is the Hank Aaron of basket-
ball,
Gordie Howe, Muhammed Ali and Walter
Payton rolled into one star;
And if there's anyone in sports who's
earned the right to go completely hairless,
It's the big guy in the middle, Kareem
Abdul-Jabbar.

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Kareem Abdul-
Jabbar.

Last night after work we all went to a
restaurant,
I ordered my usual BLT and fries;
And while I was hunched over, my friend
Jerry put on his sunglasses,
He said the glare off my skull was hurting
his eyes.

I mentioned Kareem diving after that loose
ball,
I said "we sorta came up together, and we
can both still get out there and play;
When he was at U.C.L.A. I was at Wright
Junior College,
It's only O.K. with me if it's O.K. with
A.J."

Kareem and me - goin' bald together,
It's almost an honor when I think of it in
that regard;
So hair, farewell, up to heaven,
I'm in good company, Abdul-Jabbar,
I'm in the very best company, Abdul-
Jabbar.

"Faultline"
James McCandless

St. Christopher Publishing
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Growing Up Different

The musical score is written on a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. It includes guitar chords (C, Em, Am, G) and lyrics. The lyrics are: "We can teach, and we can heal, and we can break away. Watch the wound you can't conceal grow cleaner, cleaner, watch it grow cleaner everyday. A baby boy, a baby girl feed at their mother's breast. No pretenses, no lace no curls equal in innocence. But as they grow the distance widens, pushed into patterns of pink and blue. This world is so misguided, Don't let it, don't let it, Please don't let it get to you. I don't wanna let them through. We can teach, etc. Chorus: A teenage boy, a teenage girl At a teenage dance. She has eyes for lace and pearls and he for tight-assed pants. Someone notices, they can't hide it. The fingers point and rumors spread. These folks are so misguided. Don't let 'em, don't let 'em, please don't let 'em make you bleed. I don't wanna see you bleed. Last chorus: You can teach, and you can heal and you can break away. Watch the wound you still conceal. Grow deeper, deeper, watch it grow deeper every day. Don't let it grow that way. Repeat chorus as first end with: Help it grow cleaner everyday."

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We can teach and we can heal
and we can break away.
Watch the wound you can't conceal
grow cleaner, cleaner,
watch it grow cleaner everyday.

A baby boy, a baby girl
feed at their mother's breast
No pretenses, no lace no curls
equal in innocence.
But as they grow the distance widens,
pushed into patterns of pink and blue.
This world is so misguided,
Don't let it, don't let it,
Please don't let it get to you.

A little boy, a little girl
Playing in their rooms.
Papa comes in from the working world
and mama's in the cooking room.

Talk about a house divided,
You best be careful what you do.
This world's so damn misguided,
Don't let it, don't let it,
Please don't let it get to you.
I don't wanna let them through.

Chorus

A teenage boy, a teenage girl
At a teenage dance.
She has eyes for lace and pearls
and he for tight-assed pants.

Someone notices, they can't hide it
The fingers point and rumors spread
These folks are so misguided
Don't let 'em, don't let 'em,
please don't let 'em make you bleed.
I don't wanna see you bleed.

Last chorus

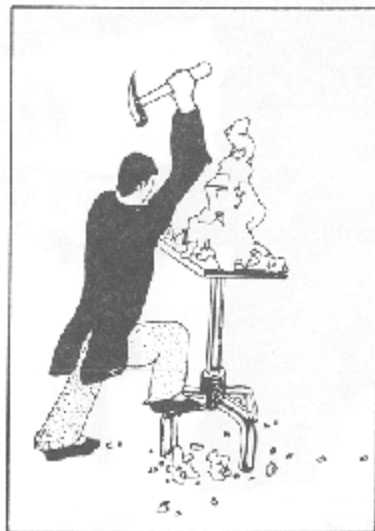
You can teach, and you can heal
and you can break away.
Watch the wound you still conceal
Grow deeper, deeper,
watch it grow deeper every day.
Don't let it grow that way.

Repeat chorus as first
end with:
Help it grow cleaner everyday.

Dear Friends at BROADSIDE,

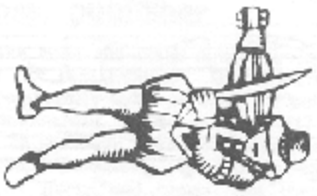
When I was on the coffee picking brigades in Nicaragua last month someone gave me BROADSIDE #153. Thank you, our group enjoyed it. I brought it home and am working on learning NICARAGUA, NICARAGUITA..... Thanks for the music!

Betty



Broadside

P.O. Box 1464
New York, NY 10023



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