

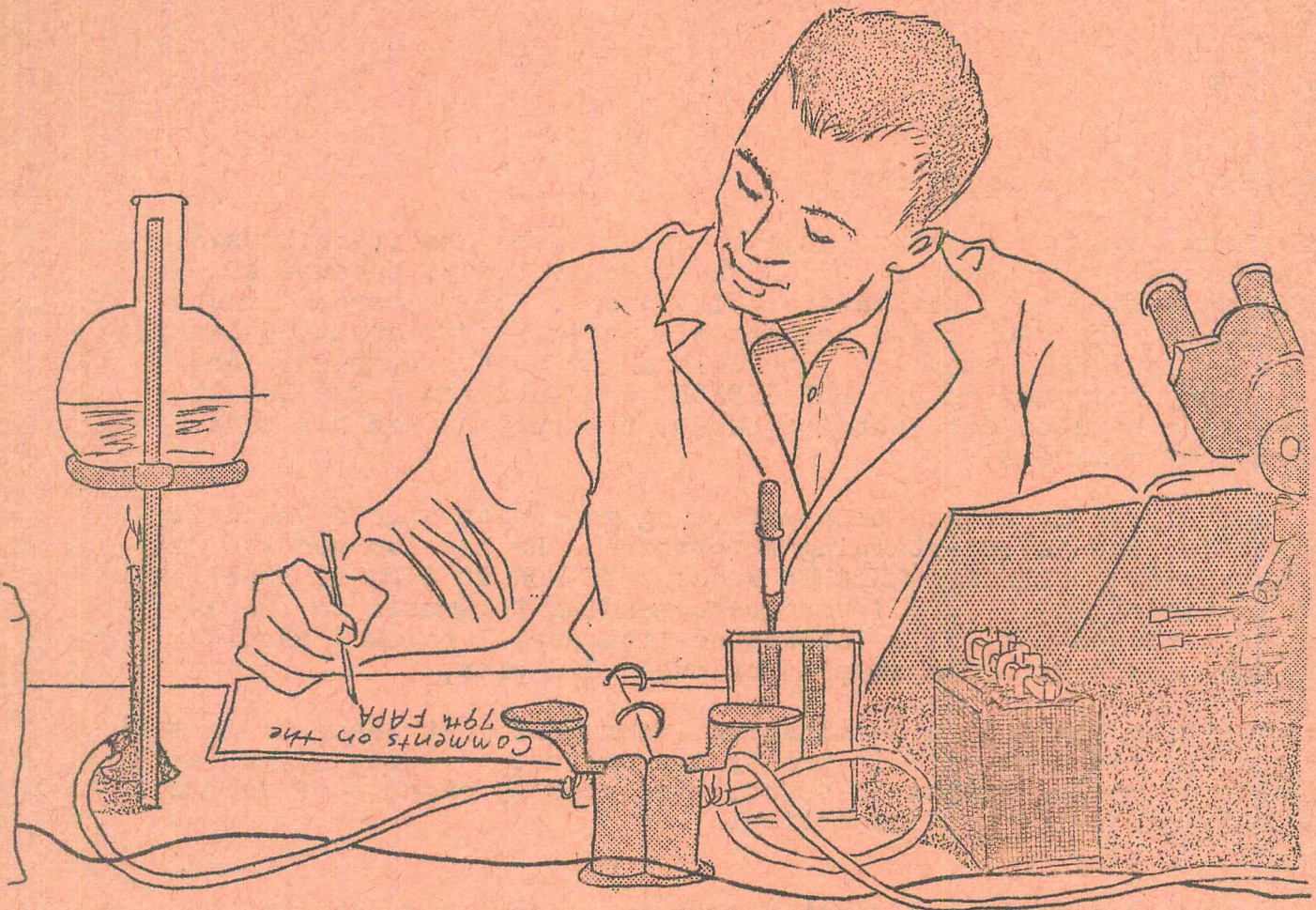
chooog 2 - 6

Special Issue Series

A FANZINE FOR
G M CARR &
BOYD RAE BURN

FAPA 80

L SHAW



This is CHOOOG 2 - 6, published for the Summer 1957 FAPA mailing, and distributed also to a few Outsiders who are for one reason or another entitled to it. Material in this issue is from various designated sources, and opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editorial staff. As usual, this issue isn't copyrighted, 1957 and has no second-class entry. Mimeography is by speedoprint, typing on an aged IBM, and paper by Masterweave. The whole thing is from L. Shaw (both of them) who have no idea as of this typing what their address will be as of the 80th mailing. Ask Eney.

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12 June 57

Lee here with the usual small talk:

Off on my favorite talking subject again, to be exact, folkmusic. I watched NBC's daytime folly, CLUB 60 on TV today, because on Wednesdays they seem to feature folksingers. By feature, I mean that during the hour (less commercials which leaves about 35 minutes of actual program) they let some folksinger do two numbers. Anyway, today they had on one BOB GIBSON, who is a young New Yorker, and a fine hand at the 5-string banjo, although he has his occasional moments of weakness.

Bob Gibson is a very pleasant young man, with a good voice for folkmusic, and an entertaining repertoire. He has two records out on Riverside: OFFBEAT FOLKSONGS and I COME FOR TO SING (I hope I have the titles right). If I were recommending folkmusic to the as-yet-uninitiated-but-still-interested-listener, I think I should include Gibson with the samples of music I'd play.

The 5-string banjo is a fascinating instrument. It seems to me that anyone who plays it well is pretty impressive. Certainly it is capable of making a mess of sound. And prob'ly capable of driving the anti-banjo-ist to distruction.

Dent and Indent: I don't forget to indent occasionally, as some people think I do. I just occasionally forget not to indent. Actually my original intention was to indent changes of subject, but not changes of paragraph within the same subject. But I get confused. I have formally given up the unindented paragraph, but I do occasionally forget that I'm no longer following that style.

I've been turning up every mossy rock I come to lately, looking for fellow-folkmusic-fans, but the only real results I've had are the Coulsons, whose very fanzine is named after Yandro of the folk-song. At least I assume that's their source. Buck writes that his favorite singers are Ed McCurdy, Cynthia Gooding, and Richard Dyer-Bennett. And that he doesn't care for Oscar Brand, and gets nauseous over Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston and Jack Elliott. That's life, I suppose.

Boyd Raeburn, on the other hand, calls this stuff square, but even if he doesn't care for it, he has an intelligent attitude toward it, and is interested in some phases of it.

Larry Stark adds tidbits of knowledge concerning folkmusic to what would seem to be a really voracious memory bank, where he keeps odds and ends of information about almost everything, like so much mental boiler plate.

Lee 13 May 57

GEMZINE: Carr - Having scanned the mailing quickly in search of reviews of my own zines, I then turn to Gemzine to begin reading. And having read, I cannot resist rising to the bait, stencil in hand, so...

First off, my opinion on the Richard Eney situation: you two people keep talking about "pro-segregation" and I don't know what you mean, because you set no limits on the word "segregation". Certainly, I know of no where in the US where 100% segregation of Negroes and whites exists. In Savannah they associate on a number of levels, shopping in many of the same stores, riding on the same busses (although at different ends) and even working in the same buildings (although at different jobs). But GMC says that she is "anti-miscegnation" (I think she says this, but I'm so confused now I don't know what she really says and what is just attributed to her). But is not "anti-miscegnation" a form of segregation? So how can a person be "anti-miscegnation" without being to some extent "pro-segregation"? I don't understand.

I hadn't noticed this change in RE's attitude. I never noticed him doing all these things he is herein accused of at all.

A lot of people "burn with deep, enraged anger" because they've spent years offering what they consider to be fine logical sound arguments, only to have them apparently roll off the back of their opponent like so much rainwater.

I am interested to learn, GM, that you have figured out the answers to your problems. You are One of the Few. Nobody else seems to have been able to work out answers for all of his problems, yhos inc. But you say, "It is entirely possible that one reason I annoy fans is that I make it necessary for them to think about what I am saying--if for no other reason than to defend their own opinion; and that, during the course of this unaccustomed cerebration, they discover that perhaps they were in error....But even so, why become so emotionally disturbed?" Theis yours. So is the grammatical error. You seem to be implying here that in every case where a fan gets angry about some statement you've made, you are right and he is wrong. Maybe it is this attitude of Holier-than-Thou which creeps into your writing so often (I don't know whether you write it in intentionally, but it is there) is one reason you anger so many fans so often. Have you ever considered that the arguments of Mr Eney which look so illogical and partial to you may to the the disinterested fan, look just as clean, clear, intelligent and logical as the arguments which you set down in defense of yourself? Maybe you are failing to put across what you mean. Certainly, I don't understand your usage of many words and phrases. Possibly there is a greater ethnic difference between this part of the country and your part than one is likely to realize. Maybe I'd understand you better if we spoke the same language.

Gemzine (2)

As to the postmailing business, I'm right curious as to who is to blame. I wonder if either of you could produce the statement in question: the one in which you either did or did not request that GZ be postmailed. As to envelopes, It is my opinion that the O-E is justified and not unprecedented in using them, regardless of the size of the postmailing, although I can't cite the precedent.

Which "certainly did not indicate either good manners nor good sportsmanship", the letter Eney re rinted, or the fact that he printed it? And why? Had you sent him the letter with an express instruction to the effect that he should not publish it?

Even if the articles in magazines EXPOSE and CONFIDENTIAL are not "indicative of its (our country's) morals" they certainly are indicative in terms of our country's taste in reading matter, and subsequently are a valid commentary on our culture.

Ar all the "outraged 'liberals'" in this country being "tolerated without molestation"?

I doubt that any one magazine, even the Saturday Evening Post, would be an absolutely accurate indication of Life in these United States, especially when unofficial sources claim that CONFIDENTIAL outsells that magazine. And God knows (if there is a God) that the fiction in the Sat EvePost is a far cry from the Life In These United States as lived by my personal friends.

LARRY STARK JR, is the father of the fan we all know. I strongly suspect that it was Larry Stark 3rd who sent you the GOYA. Didn't he put his i.d. number on it, or didn't you notice, or have you never noticed anywhere in his many fan projects that he is listed at Larry Stark III? Or was that just carelessness on your part?

Were Goya's titles in Spanish? Do you speak colloquial Spanish, or whatever the language was, so well that you can be positive that the translations in the book were slanted? I took a couple of years of high-school spanish, and learned dictionary translations for words. I thought that to learn to handle the connotations of a language so well that you can use it for propoganda in the Korzybsk manner, you had to have actual experience, living with it and the people who speak it. After all these years of English, I still don't speak it so well that I feel capable of understanding every implication in the titles of some paintings done in this country. Or did you take the word of some other translator as to Goya's meanings?

As they told Joan of Arc, it'll hurt, but it'll be over in a few minutes.

Of course, cruelty in war is Wrong.. But any true Christian who had real faith in his heart, would be delighted at the opportunity to die under any circumstances, because it would mean meeting God that much sooner, with less of this Earthly strife to toil through. And after all, it doesn't matter how one lives, as long as one dies repentant, does it?

Gemzine(3)

Do you feel that the emotions you experienced at the displays at the University of Washington Henry Art Gallery, were Right, while the emotions experienced by others which differed from your reactions were Wrong? Is the purpose of Art solely Beauty? And is Beauty an absolute, anyway?

The commercialization of Christmas does not bother me anymore than the commercialization of Passover does (Drink Cocacola, it's Kosher and Parv...) Like so many other people, I enjoy the carnival aspects of the Christmas season. Is anyone bothered by the commercialization and Paganization of Easter, which strikes me as being as worthy of Christian concern as Christmas. After all, there is more basis in the Bible for the giving of Christmas presents than for rabbits laying eggs on the day of Resurrection.

Did Christ ever write anything himself?

Having never belonged to a Labor Union, I don't really know how they work now. But it is my understanding that theoretically at least, a union is not something a man must join if he wants to work, but rather is an organization of workers (sort of a government) whereby they can act as a body in dealing with employers (who held the upper hand when workers were not organized). If a man wants to work in a particular industry, the Union may require him to join, just as if a man wants to live and work in the U.S. he is required to join it, or at least take out a work permit. That is, if he can even get in to the country. If the Unions are corrupt it is because the people let them become corrupt, not because some Dictator takes the reins. Same way with countries. Not the system that is at fault, but the people who let it fall into the hands of the unscrupulous, I think. Very few dictators since the Age of the Written Record, have risen to power without a large band of loyal followers to do their work, and a large band of apathetic people for them to dictate to.

Possibly it would be a good idea to reorganize the labor unions as an official political party rather than an unofficial political pressure group. We could have a two-party system: the Labor Party and the Capitalist Party, all the union men in one, and all the stock-holding mothers, widows and children that the NAM keeps talking about in the other. Tooth and nail.

Maybe we could figure out some laws that would prevent abuse of the working man by his employer and by his union.

I question that an Athiest would "see no distinction at all between public schools and parochial schools". He might well be as opposed to a parochial school as a Christian would be to a public school that taught athiesm.

Which reminds me that the public schools I attended all taught Christianity, even forcing the children to repeat Christian prayers. Some teachers went so far as to read bible stories to the kids.

Gemzine (4)

I thought one inspired respect, not demanded it from others.

I wonder whether Harry Warner's love life is his own private business or whether it should be subjected to CONFIDENTIAL-style public display?

Ever have any illicit love affairs, GM? Come on now, don't be shy. Or do you mind if we dig behind the polite defenses which people use to disguise their egos and rudely thrust the naked and shivering ego out where everybody can look at it?

Speaking of censorship and that sort of thing, I vote to censor pop songs, if we're going to censor anything. Look at songs with lyrics like "To spend one night with you in our old rendezvous, that's my desire". And a suggestive thing like "love me tender". Or "I wanna be loved by you." Very vile.

Was Jesus a Jew?

What distinguishes the Negro from other races. Don't tell me to look it up, either. Tell me the facts as you know them so I'll know just what you are talking about.

That's what I want to know: namely, if the American people don't want the Detroit iron, and do want the small foreign-type cars, why aren't the boys in Detroit retooling like crazy? Why?

Any "inner circle" that one can buy his way into for \$15 or any price, isn't worth a hill of beans. An "inner circle" and membership therein is a value only when it is earned.

The Government owed the people a living? I thought the government was the people. Or is that an old-fashioned concept?

GM: Have you ever read the Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens? I'd enjoy reading your comments thereupon.



Listen, Mister Bilbo

by Bob Claiborne

Chorus: Listen, Mister Bilbo, listen to me,
I'll give you a lesson in history.
Listen while I tell you that the foreigners you hate
Are the very same people made America great.

In fourteen-ninety-two, just to see what he could see,
Columbus, an Italian, looked out across the sea.
He said, Isabella, babe, the world is round,
And the U.S.A. is just a-waiting to be found.

In sixteen-o-nine on a bright summer day,
The HalfMoon anchored in New York Bay.
Henry Hudson, a Dutchman, took a good look around,
He said, boys, this is going to be a hell of a town.

Chorus:

When the King of England started pushing Yankees around,
We had a little trouble up in Boston town.
There was a brave Negro, Chrispus Attucks was the man,
The first one to fall when the fighting began.

Colin Kelly was the pilot, a-flying down low,
Levin pushed the button that let the bomb go.
They sank the Haruna to the bottom of the sea;
It was foreigners like these kept America free.

Chorus:

Now Bilbo, you're taking one heck of a chance,
Your good friends the DuPonts came over from France.
Another thing I'm certain will be news to you,
The first Mister Bilbo was a foreigner too.

You don't like Negros, you don't like Jews;
If there's anyone you do like, it sure is news.
You don't like Poles, Italians, Catholics, too.
Is it any wonder, Bilbo, that we don't like you?

Chorus:

(transcribed from the singing of Pete Seeger, on Folkways record,
FP 85/3, LOVE SONGS FOR FRIENDS & FOES.)

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It's My Union

by Bob Claiborne

When the papers run by tories
Carry terrifying stories
Of the horrid union bosses who oppress me,
They may bluster, scream and rage,
I just turn another page,
For their bedtime stories simply don't impress me.

(chorus) Because it's my Union,
 I built this union,
 If you want to know who runs it, I'm the guy;
 And no matter what they say,
 The union's here to stay,
 'Cause I'll fight for the union till I die.

When the radio commentators
Say my leaders are dictators,
When they talk of Moskow agents, reds, and such,
I ignore their indignation
And tune in some other station,
For their ravings don't convince me very much. (chorus)

When a bought-and-paid-for stool
Tries to make me out a fool,
By telling me my union should be split,
I just tell him to start walking,
It's the Boss' money talking,
And that hogwash doesn't interest me a bit. (chorus)

They can call me agitator,
They can even call me traitor,
They can tell me that my brain is off the track
But I'm smart enough to see
What the union's done for me,
So I'm rolling up my sleeve and fighting back.

 Because it's my Union,
 I built this union,
 If you want to know who runs it, I'm the guy;
 And no matter what they say,
 The union's here to stay,
 'Cause I'll fight for the union till I die.

LE MOINDRE # 7 - Your covers are excellent, particularly the front cover. I pass this old lady every time I go into Manhattan, and I glee over the cover thought.

You Le Moindred to a tape of Duke Ellington, eh? Well, I'm Chooging to a live tape of the Chas. McDevitt skiffle group, which John Brunner made up for me. Two sides of tape, the first being a survey of the skiffle movement, by John, which examples of professionally recorded stuff, and the second track is entirely "field" recordings of McDevitt. Most interesting. I wonder if skiffle might not replace calypso as the national fad (our nation at least) sometime soon.

Looking forward to seeing you in New York again soon. We should be moved back to Manhattan bytimes you get this. You can come out and I'll play you the "squarist" of my "square folkmusic" collection.

General Motors forced a '57 Pontiac off on us for the weekend, so we drove up to Boston to see the Youngs, Larry Stark and the 15" telescope. Neither Stark nor the telescope was working that weekend, so we had quite a time of it. But what I started to talk about was the Pontiac. I know nothing about how well it drove or anything like that, but I do know that hideous as it was (all red and chrime with stars on it) it didn't compare as an atrocity to the Chrysler cars this year. (We had to rough it that trip...we didn't have power windows. Had to hand crank them...)

Gee. A recipe. The Boyd Raeburn Cookbook For Fans?

Much to my amazement, I discovered that I do listen to the radio more than one half hour a week (that being WNYC's folkmusic program). We have a clock radio which we use as an alarm. And I realize that I listen to, or rather hear some half hour or so of radio every weekday morning. The program we wake up with is Bill Cullen's PULSE which is (or was, before it began to deteriorate) real newsy, with reporters in the field doing remote interviews, reports on traffic conditions and what commuter trains are late, and all that. And in between they play music (that's what I'm building up to). I'm quite sure the stuff they play is not the present Hit Parade material. But even so, it's pretty bad. In fact, now that I think of it, I think it might be worse. But what I'm working at is that even I have noticed that a great many of the supposed "calypso-music" writers, don't know what calypso is. Or else don't give a damn. Passed off as calypso, I've heard a great number of songs which are straight pop music with words that include markets, donkeys, guitars, and islands. That, alone, supposedly makes it calypso.

I hear where Ike's been sick again.

Re your comments on GEMZINE:
agree completely concer

As to Elvis, I wonder what
GM will say about the movie
now in release, "ISLAND IN
THE SUN, with Harry Bela-
fonte. I'm most interested
in her attitude toward him,
both because he is a Negro
and because he is as big a
money maker as Elvis or
Libby.

Convention banquets, I could
do without.

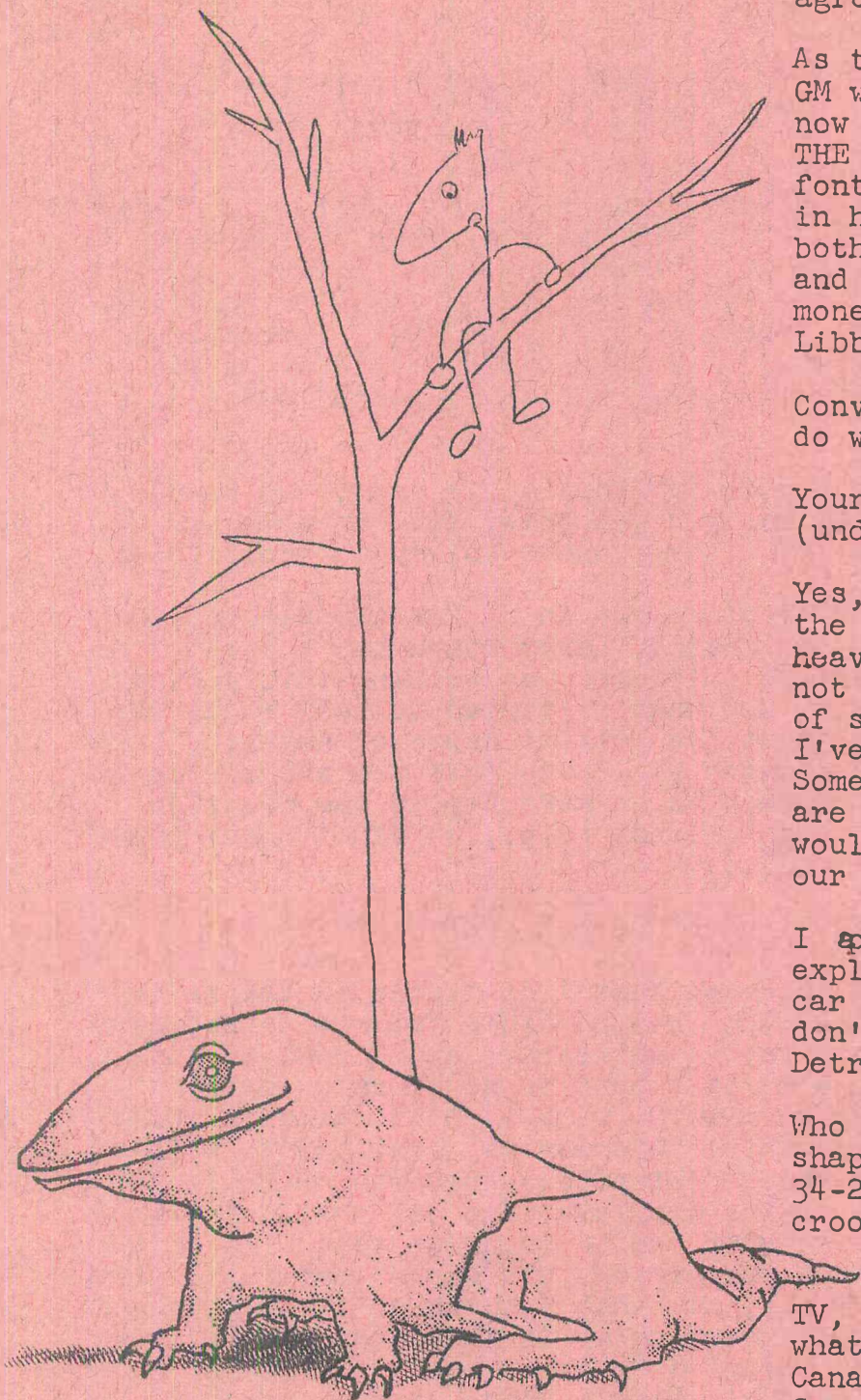
Your interlin on page ?
(under FANALYSIS) is lovely.

Yes, many of the songs on
the Bawdy Songs discs are
heavily bowdlerized, but
not so much so as versions
of some of the same songs
I've heard on other discs.
Some of the bowdlerizations
are so ridiculous that they
would seem to be satire on
our censorship system.

I appreciate all these
explanations of the small
car business. But I still
don't see the logic of the
Detroit attitude.

Who is "Blue-eyed, blonde,
shapely, and measuring
34-24-34,"? Frank or the
crook?

Speaking of
TV, particularly in Canada,
what's the latest on
Canada's answer to Davy
Crockett, Pierre Raddison?
I heard there'd be quite
a promotion once the show
got on the air.



LE MOINDRE (3)

I don't want "BIGGER BETTER" cars myself. My car, when I had a car (which was indeed a short period) was a '51 Plymouth station wagon which had room in it for a great many people, depending on whether you seated or corded them, or better'n seven bales of hay, depending on whether they were squared or rolled, and whether one had a door mirror. It was quite adequate for me.

Riding in some of the '57 tubs we've had the loan of, I am quite certain it'd take forever for me to learn to handle one of them. I'm frightened by the fender-bulk and the overhang in the rear, and all that. I'm inclined to feel that for pleasure driving a car should operate as an extension of the driver (like any good tool) and these Detroit boats strike me as too awkward and bulky. Overleveraged. Like hiking in a spacesuit or the like.

Hey, Boyd, about People's Artists and all that, as a companion piece to your comments on the subject, I am herewith presenting a pair of their songs. Sing Out, which would seem to be successor or something to People's Artists was most kind in giving me permission to reprint these items. Anyone who wants music to them, and/or more songs of the same ilk can get the two People's songbooks from them as follows, for \$1.50 each. The names of the books are...

THE PEOPLE'S SONGBOOK.

and

LIFT EVERY VOICE!

and

they

can

be

had

from

SING OUT

Rm 631

80 E. 11 th St.

NYC 3, NY



for Boyd Raeburn in particular, and the readership in general,

Songs of the People's Artists

TALKING UNION - By The Almanac Singers

Copyright 1946 by People's Songs Inc., transferred to
Sing Out Inc., 1957. Used by permission.

If you want higher wages let me tell you what to do,
You got to talk to the workers in the shop with you,
You got to build you a union, got to make it strong,
But if you all stick together, boys, it won't be long,
You get shorter hours-- Better working conditions--
Vacations with pay-- Take the kids to the sea-shore.

It ain't quite this simple so I better explain
Just why you got to ride on the union train;
Cause if you wait for the boss to raise your pay,
We'll all ne waiting till judgement day;
We'll all be buried-- gone to heaven--
Saint Peter'll be the straw boss then, boys.

Now, you know you're underpaid, but the boxx says you ain't;
He speeds up the work till you're about to faint.
You may be down and out, but you ain't beater,
You can pass out a leaflet and call a meetin'--
Talk it over-- speak your mind--
Decide to do something about it.

Course, the boss may persuade some poor damn fool
To go to your meeting and act like a stool;
But you can always tell a stool, though, that's a fact,
He's got a yellow streak a-running down his back;
He doesn't have to stool-- he'll always get along--
On what he takes out of blind men's cups.

You got a union, now, and you're sitting pretty;
Put some of the boys on the steering committee.
The boss won't listen when one guy squawks,
But he's got to listen when the union talks--
He better-- be mighty lonely--
Everybody decided to walk out on him.

(over)

Talking Union (con't)

Suppose they're working you so hard it's just outrageous,
And they're paying you all starvation wages,
You go to the boss and the boss will yell,
"Before I raise your pay I'd see you all in hell."
Well, he's puffing a big cigar and feeling mighty slick,
'Cause he thinks he's got your union licked.
He looks out the window, and what does he see
But a thousand pickets, and they all agree
He's a bastard-- unfair-- slavedriver--
Bet he beats his wife.

Now, boys, you've come to the hardest time;
The boss will try to bust your picket line;
He'll call out the police and the national guard,
They'll tell you it's a crime to have a union card.
They'll raid your meeting, and hit you on the head,
They'll call everyone of you a goddam red--
Unpatriotic-- Moscow agents-- trying to steal the atom bomb.

But out in Detroit here's what they found,
And out in Frisco here's what they found,
And out in Pittsburgh here's what they found,
And down at Bethlehem here's what they found,
That if you don't let redbaiting break you up,
And you don't let stool pigeons break you up,
And if you don't let vigilantes break you up,
And you don't let race hatred break you up--
You'll win-- what I mean, take it easy-- but take it.



Songs of the People's Artists (2)

BANKS OF MARBLE - Words and music by Les Rice
Copyright 1950 by People's Artists Inc., transferred to
SING OUT Inc., 1957. Used by permission.

I've travelled around this country, from shore to shining shore,
It really made me wonder, the things I heard and saw.

I saw the weary farmer, plowing the sod and loam;
I saw the auction hammer, a-knocking down his home.

But the banks are made of marble, with a guard at every door.
And the vaults are stuffed with silver that the farmer sweated for.

I saw the seaman standing, idly by the shore,
I heard the bosses saying, "Got no work for you no more."

But the banks are made of marble with a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver that the seaman sweated for.

I heard the weary miner scrubbing coal dust from his back,
I heard his children crying, "Got no coal to heat the shack."

But the banks are made of marble, with a guard at every door.
And the vaults are stuffed with silver that the miner sweated for.

I've seen my brothers working throughout this mighty land,
I've prayed we'd get together, and together make a stand.

Then we'd own those banks of marble, with a guard at every door.
And we'd share those vaults of silver that the workers sweated for!

