

ANAKREON

#47, APA-Filk Mailing #47

1 August 1990

THE DIPLOMAT'S RAG

by Harold Groot, to the tune "Draft Dodger's Rag", reprinted from Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978. "NMR", for "No Moves Received", is a common complaint in postal war-gaming, and the subject of bitter recriminations from allies.

Well, I'm just a typical Diplomat
In a postal Diplomacy game.
I sing the blues 'cause when I lose
My allies are to blame.
A stab in the back, a surprise attack,
Well, those are the tools of the trade.
You've probably heard that I've broken
my word
In every treaty that I've ever made.

I've lured and I've been barred
From alliances with honorable men,
But they are few and, with postage due,
I signed a treaty again.
A build or two, and then he's due
To find me where I shouldn't be.
He'll ask me why 'fore he says goodbye
As his centers go to me.

IF I HAD A MIMEO

by Roy Smith, to the tune "If I Had a Hammer", reprinted from Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978

If I had a mimeo,
I'd publish in the mo-or-ning,
I'd publish in the ev-en-ing:
A Diplomacy 'zine!
I'd write about Dippy,
I'd write about D&D,
I'd write about the feuds **between**
the Liptons and the Sackses
In my Diplomacy 'zi-i-ine.

If I had a xerox,
I'd publish in the mo-or-ning,
I'd publish in the ev-en-ing:
A Diplomacy 'zine!
I'd write about A-H
I'd write about S. P. I.
I'd write about the feuds between
the Rowlands and the Gibsons
In my Diplomacy 'zi-i-ine.

If I had a ditto,
I'd publish in the mo-or-ning,
I'd publish in the ev-en-ing:
A Diplomacy 'zine!
I'd write about SF
I'd write about Di-ip-Con,
I'd write about the feuds between
the Oaklyns and the Walkers
In my Diplomacy 'zi-i-ine.

Well, I've got a mimeo,
My college has a ditto,
And there are stores to xerox
Diplomacy 'zines!
So I write about Dip World!
And I write Ta-ac-tics,
And I write about the feuds between
the Boardmans and Lakofkas
In my Diplomacy 'zi-i-ine!

These, and other filksongs of postal war-gaming fandom, surfaced in old postal Diplomacy 'zines when I was cleaning out my workroom. Mixumaxu Gazette was published by Bob Lipton, founder of APA-Filk. A-H (Avaloi -Hill) and S. P. I. (Simulations Publications Inc.) were the two leading war-game publishers of the period.

WE THREE KINGS OF DIPLOMACY ARE

by Carol Ann Buchanan, to the tune "We Three Kings of Orient Are", reprinted from Naorg-Olipid, V. 1, #3, a subzine of Hoosier Archives #43, 23 October 1971. (A subzine is a phenomenon of postal wargaming 'zines, a smaller 'zine attached to a larger one and distributed with it.) The song refers to another postal Diplomacy 'zine which depicted, as "the three kings of Diplomacy", Rod Walker, Hal Naus, and Charles Reinsel. These, together with Carol Ann and Walter Buchanan, who were some of the dedicated and at times vicious feudists who afflicted the early years of this hobby. All are gone now except Walker, and we don't miss them a bit. I was pleasantly surprised to find that Carol Ann Buchanan was capable of this relatively mild folksong, which limits itself to the altogether expectable feuds and double-crosses that take place in the course of a Diplomacy game.

ALL:

We three kings of Diplomacy are,
Baring our knives we traveled so far,
Kiel and Serbia,
Spain and Ankara,
Our enemies' plans to mar.

REFRAIN:

O, stab of wonder, stab of might,
Stab with knife blades flashing bright,
Onward leading,
Still proceeding,
Guide us in the bloody fight!

REINSEL:

Letters are mine; their bitter replies
Tell the day the firty dog dies;
Gaspng, crying,
Bleeding, dying,
Stabbed in the back he lies.

REFRAIN:

NAUS:

Budapest to offer have I,

Stolen from Hungary on the sly,
Enemies dazing,
Armies raising,
See me now, King Most High.

REFRAIN:

WALKER:

Hailed the God of Diplomacy now;
At my feet all subjects must bow,
God forever,
Quitting? Never!
King of the Bloody Row!

REFRAIN:

ALL:

Glorious now behold us arise,
Strewing our trail with packs of lies;
Facts and treaties
Filled with "Give me"-ties
We're shooting for the skies!

REFRAIN:

PARADICE IGNORED

by Adam Kasanof, reprinted from Urf Durfal, Grandson of Pouch #34-35, which in turn reprinted it from a defunct amateur war-gaming 'zine Der Fliegende Hollander. The attribution to Kasanof is doubtful, since no name is given with this song, though Kasanof's name is on the one that immediately precedes it. Urf Durfal was published by Greg Costikyan, then a student at Brown University, and now a war-game designer of major accomplishments. "Then" is uncertain, though my copy is postmarked 20 September 1978. Urf Durfal is a small town somewhere in Mongolia or Manchuria, which a group of young New York City play-testers discovered on the board of a game placed in that part of the world, which S. P. I. was then working on. The name appealed to them, and became a running gag at S. P. I., eventually becoming a typical sword-and-sorcery Great Wicked City in a fantasy role-playing board game that

S. P. I. published. Pouch was an earlier 'zine put out by a member of this group, most of whom are mentioned in the song. The names of Ray Heuer and John Vanible are well-known to New York area science-fiction fans. The presence of Patty Hearst, who was on the run from the law for 19 months in the mid-1970s and by this time was serving a sentence for bank robbery, was just wishful thinking. No tune is provided by the author.

It was a night of champing cold, with rain did blast the storm
 A group repaired to Grossman's house, to keep both dry and warm.
 Of varying degrees they were, they ranked from best to worst,
 Comprising Grossman, Vanible, Matt Diller, Patty Hearst,
 Gil Neiger, Scott Rosengurg, Ray Heuer and some more
 Had, self-invited, sprawled themselves across chairs and couch and floor.

They called for Coke, they called for wine, they called as well for brew.
 They yelled for ice, potato chips, hashish and pretzels too.
 Grossman brought them their repasts, his anger it did fire;
 He saw the guests would soon consume his larderfull entire.

Quoth he: "I beg to tell you all, the food is running low,
 "You'll either have to fast a bit, or else you'll have to go."

"What can we do?" Matt Diller asked, "if we do not munch?
 "I myself am starvelling, for I have had no lunch."
 "I tell you all," said Grossman stern, "that as I breathe and live,
 "Though you may wish to stuff yourselves, to find some alternative."

"Diplomacy," cried Neiger, but all the rest called "Boo!"
 "Why don't we play D&D?", but they decried this too.

"What game can we play without munchies?" Heuer began to say,
 "If we can't chew as we play them, games are no fun to play."

"I have a suggestion," said Patty, "to all of you physical wrecks,
 "Since it does comprise good exercise."
 "Third Reich?" Neiger asked. "No, no, SEX!"

Patty's proposal, as may be surmised, met with much assent.
 Persons present grooved their minds to orgiastic bent.
 A roar of acclamation quickly shook the guest-filled house,
 As Patty Hearst undid the upper button on her blouse.

The others shouted accolade, their screams began to flow
 The second one undone she said, "Two down and three to go."
 Oh, will this poem now become, as Donald Wileman said,
 High quality erotica, or tasteless smut instead?

There's more to this, oh reader mine, as well you might infer.
 To see it all you'll have to read Der Fliegende Hollander.

Some of the postal Diplomacy filksongs refer to specific events and positions on the Diplomacy board, which is a map of the Europe of 1914, as the game simulates the political and military setting of World War I. The major European powers of the time, each one taken by a player, are England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Turkey, so the players represent themselves as the sovereigns or high officials of those nations. Supply centers are the economic basis of the game, and to

YESTERFILK

XX. Yankee Doodle, Save Your Hide!

In recent Mailings of APA-Filk there has been some discussion of the original song "Yankee Doodle", which existed before the familiar version beginning "Yankee Doodle went to town..." was written. So I have extracted the original 15 verses from Songs Every Child Should Know (ed. Dolores Bacon, New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1906), a book sent me a few years ago by Dave Schwartz, who found it somewhere in New Jersey. In those days it was apparently considered appropriate to expose the kiddies to some fairly adult material, and so the book also includes "The Vicar of Bray", the treasonous "Maryland, My Maryland" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag", and a cleaned-up version of the old German folk-tune "The Landlady's Daughter" that in a few years was to become "Mademoiselle from Armentieres". While some of the songs praise the glories of war, others tell what is likely to happen to the poor fellow who falls for such nonsense.

One of these songs, you may be surprised to learn, is the original "Yankee Doodle". These words, the first to that title, date back beyond the American Revolution to that conflict which is called the French and Indian War in North America and the Seven Years' War everywhere else. Bacon quotes Moor's Encyclopedia as citing the tune as an old Spanish air, and these words as being written by a British military surgeon named Dr. Schackburg. The occasion for Dr. Schackburg's mirth was a militia muster in 1755 near Albany, of troops being organized for defense against the French and Indians. The author describes the muster from the point of view of a poor farmer, who has never seen military paraphernalia before, and is worried that it may literally be the death of him. Nobody seems to know who added the comments on General Washington, but they obviously refer to the mutual shock that must have taken place when this cultured Virginia aristocrat came north to take command of a volunteer army of rowdy, undisciplined, white and black New England workingmen.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Goodin',
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

CHORUS: Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men
As rich as squire David,
And what they wasted every day
I wish it could be saved.

CHORUS:

The 'lasses they eat every day
Would keep a house a winter;
They have so much, that I'll be bound
They eat it when they've mind ter.

CHORUS:

And there I see a swamping gun
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

CHORUS:

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

CHORUS:

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's inderpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

CHORUS:

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shrinked it off
And hung by father's pocket.

CHORUS:

And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

CHORUS:

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason,
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

CHORUS:

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather;
They knocked on it with little clubs
And called the folks together.

CHORUS:

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

CHORUS:

He got him on his meeting clothes
Upon a slapping stallion;

He sat the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

CHORUS:

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine, ah,
I wanted dreadfully to get
To give to my Jemima.

CHORUS:

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves they told me,
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

CHORUS:

It scared me so, I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

CHORUS:

This version has the authentic 18th-century flavor, including such period adjectives of **size or quantity** as "'tarnal" ("eternal"), "nation" (for "tarnation" or the forbidden word "damnation"), "slapping", "swamping", and "tearing". The pronunciation of "saved" in two syllables is a period usage; referring to his early 19th-century New England childhood, Thomas Bailey Aldrich (of those Aldriches) said that an elderly great-aunt was in the habit of reading aloud and pronouncing all the "-ed" endings as separate syllables. The "pumpkin shell" was probably a mortar gun or a large grenade. What is meant by "Josiah's inderpinning" is unclear, though "underpinning" was a slang term for legs. It may be Dr. Schackberg's reference to some unusually thin local character. Possibly some local historian in the Albany region might be able to identify "Cap'n Goodin'", "Squire David", "Cap'n Davis", and the proud commander whose role was later taken by "Cap'n Washington".

GETTING CAUGHT UP

The 46th Mailing was indeed a lean one, with only 21 pages, the Windbourne ad franked through, and the cover that Mark Blackman got for us. This present 47th Mailing will be better. I have already done up a cover suitable for both APA-Filk and APA-Q, which will be collated at the same time. It will be the front cover of either or both if nothing else comes in, and the back cover otherwise. There is even a filksong on it, which remains controversial three centuries after it was written. Obscure topical references in it will be discussed elsewhere, under "Graceless Notes".

Observations from a Filk Virgin (Agranoff): I gave you some copies of APA-Filk at one of your gigs at the Good Coffeehouse. However, I don't know whether they were the first you'd ever seen.

We're glad you enjoyed your first s-f/fantasy convention filksinging session. We hope you can get to many more of them. You have put your finger right on the difficulties of running a Bardic Circle, but Carol Kabakjian indeed handled that one very well.

Singspiel #46 (Blackman): I dunno that the Calvin of Calvin

This is

O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflamm
O Optic
N Nerves

1618

and Hobbes has been given a last name in that strip.

There have been a number of filks observing that the militancy of the early days has gone out of the trade union movement. The IWW's original 'When the union's inspiration through the worker's blood shall run...' has been parodied as "When the workers' inspiration through the union's blood shall run..." by those who feel that ordinary members are, or should be, upset at the inaction of their unions on matters of concern to them. The lines to the right, to the tune of "The Red Flag", express the same lack of union solidarity.

"The working class can kiss my ass -
I've got the foreman's job at last..."

Andrea Codrescu, a commentator for National Public Radio, had a few things to say about how his native Romania is reacting to what American editorial pages call the restoration of freedom. On "All Things Considered" of 30 July, he told about a recent visit to the town where he had been born. After a warm, friendly village feast he got into conversation with a local folksinger who asked him why he had ever left Romania in the first place. Before Codrescu, who is part Jewish, could reply, the singer struck up a series of old songs which had been forbidden under the Communist regime but could now be sung freely again - songs that celebrated the glories of Transylvania, and said how wonderful things would be when all the Hungarians, Germans, Jews, and Gypsies were kicked out.

So "Bush compared the Panama invasion in importance to the battles of Yorktown and Gettysburg"? I had another battle in mind, in which planes of a nation with which we were at peace struck without warning and killed hundreds of people. You will find the same sentiments in Charles Burrell's article in Newsday of 29 July, in which he draws many disquieting parallels between Pearl Harbor and Panama City. "Both attackers said they were protecting their own people and striking blows against evil aggressors...The difference reflects in part the ability of the victim to fight back, not the relative morality of the attacks...History may remember both as acts of strategic self-interest...Both were also acts of mass murder by the state, committed in the name of justice and thereby supported by the aggressor's own people, and both were abhorred by civilization as a whole."

The parallel is not yet complete. The Panamanians have not yet done to Bush what the Americans did to Tojo.

D. C. al Fine #3 (Stein): You seem to have proven, to your own easily obtained satisfaction, that opponents of the U. S. attack on Panama are militarists. I eagerly await the corollary, which I expect to see in this Mailing, proving that a supporter of the U. S. attack on Panama is a pacifist.

And I have encountered the "What would you do if Hitler..." and "What would you do if Stalin..." arguments so frequently that I know how to deal with them. My response is: "He's dead." But people who make the "What would you do if..." statements are seldom willing to accept this, and I have to refer them to various standard reference works which will assure them that Hitler and Stalin are indeed dead. I will do this for you if you need it.

I am not surprised that an entire set can be done with cat filk. Perhaps you might give us an appropriate play list. Cats are good pets for bookish people, as most fans are, and they are so common that invitations to parties at fans' homes must routinely include warnings for cat-allergic people.

I have also had some problems with bronchitis lately. They have been complicated by various physicians whom I am humoring in their delusion that something can be done about bronchitis. I have given up on being cured, a word that does not seem to be in the vocabulary of contemporary physicians, and am settling for palliatives. One of the best I have discovered myself - sourballs or lifesavers. I am using the medically prescribed remedies instead, only because I am tired of the inside of my mouth tasting like the bottom of a sugar sack.

As a further complication, my cough apparently sounds like smoker's hack, and physicians are asking me to stop smoking. I have the suspicion that the current one thinks I am lying when I tell her that I've never smoked.

Filkers Do It Till Dawn #somethingorother (Groot): Best of luck with Windbourne. Based on what I've already heard of Eric Bogle's works, I am looking forward to more

in the same vein.

ANAKREIN #46 (me): I will have a collage cover for APA-Filk's 48th Mailing, which will be published on Thursday 1 November 1990. It is assembled already, and is appropriate to the season.

Father Ritter has since been removed as director of Covenant House, and replaced by a middle-aged nun. This means that the young run-aways are less likely to be sexually victimized, but with things the way they are I'm not taking any bets.

"There's a hole in the middle of it all..", several people have informed me, is the first line of Frank Hayes's "Cosmos".

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

I have several back issues of APA-Filk available, and will send them for postage costs to anyone who wants them. If you already have a postage account with APA-Filk, the money can come from it. In the list below, the first number is the issue number of the Mailing, and the second is the number of copies of that Mailing which are available as of 30 July 1990.

16 - 4	27 - 1	35 - 14	41 - 10
17 - 2	28 - 2	36 - 11	42 - 9
18 - 7	30 - 5	37 - 17	43 - 17
19 - 2	31 - 9	38 - 18	44 - 18
20 - 5	32 - 15	39 - 17	45 - 19
22 - 1	33 - 14	40 - 10	46 - 29
26 - 1	34 - 16		

APA-Filk, a quarterly amateur press association for filksinging, was founded in 1979 by Robert Bryan Lipton. APA-Filk is collated and distributed on the first days of August, November, February, and May by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302. ANAKREON is my own contribution to APA-Filk, and also goes free to anyone who gets DAGON, my science-fiction/fantasy/comic art fanzine. (I am the author of anything in ANAKREON which is not attributed to anyone else.) Anyone who sends a few dollars for postage and envelopes (25¢) will get APA-Filk as long as the funds hold out. Account balances as of 30 July 1990 are:

Mark Blackman	\$12.06	J. Spencer Love	\$6.97	Glenn Simser	\$3.76
Steve Brinich	\$16.90	Lois Mangan	\$4.54	Beverly Slayton	\$10.49
Harold Groot	\$8.93	Margaret Middleton	\$1.61	Mike Stein	\$5.56
Cecilia Hatlestad	\$3.00	Doreen Miller	\$5.01	Peter Thiesen	\$19.27
Jordin Kare	\$2.35	Pete Seeger	\$3.80	Sol Weber	\$3.89
Cheryl Lloyd	\$8.07	Karen Shaub	52¢		

Mike Agranoff and Roberta Rogow receive complimentary copies of APA-Filk. The postage and packing accounts of Bob Lipton, Jeff Poretsky, and Jane Sibley are combined with those for the s-f amateur press association APA-Q, which is published every fourth Saturday. As of this present 47th Mailing, the balance in your account is given in the space to the right. Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Mistie Joyce	\$6.86	Michael Rubin	-82¢
Greg Baker	-91¢	Leslie Lyons	-49¢	Kathy Sands	-12¢
Sally & Barry Childs-Helton	-74¢	Randall McDougall	-65¢	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Sean Cleary	-38¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢	Nick Simichich	-69¢
Gerald Collins	-10¢	Deirdre & Jim Rittenhouse	-15¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
Paul Doerr	-50¢			Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Bob Fitch	50¢			Paul Willett	-\$1.23

A FEW SONS OF HARMONY SENT A PETITION

"MRS. TEASDALE: When the clock on the wall strikes ten,
All you loyal ladies and you patriotic men,
We'll sing the National Anthem when
The clock on the wall strikes ten." - Bert Kalmar and
Harry Ruby, Duck Soup, 1933

Our unsingable National Anthem is in the news again. That 18th-century drinking song*, rebuilt into a tribute to the U. S. flag's endurance during the War of 1812, and made the National Anthem in 1931 by a President Hoover desperate for something that would make him look good, was recently at the center of a controversy. It began when the popular Roseanne Barr, heroine of the top-rated ABC domestic comedy Roseanne, sang it at the beginning of a doubleheader on 25 July 1990 in San Diego. It has become fashionable to open sporting events with the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner", and very often the singers have been chosen more for fame than for a good singing voice. (It could be worse. In the south, athletic events are sometimes opened with prayer.)

"Rosie loves to sing, but she's not a good singer," her husband said afterwards. I can recognize and sympathize with that, as I suffer from the same afflictions. This became evident when she was just a few notes into the song, and the crowd started booing her. As Russell Baker put it in the New York Times a week later, the song's "difficulties might test the powers of Joan Sutherland." The catcalls upset Barr, and she concluded the song with a few rowdy baseball player gestures. Apparently the San Diego Padres were not too upset by Barr's singing, which was the idea of their new owner, Roseanne producer Tom Werner. They went on to sweep a doubleheader from the Cincinnati Reds, who were presumably demoralized by the recent appearance of those Robert Mapplethorpe photographs in a Cincinnati museum.

The next day the furor began. The Padres management called it "undignified", but Barr herself quite rightly refused to apologize. "I am an American," she told a news conference the next day, "and it's my national anthem, too." ABC, on which her show has been a top audience grabber for a couple of years, quite properly said, "We believe and understand that Roseanne meant no disrespect for our National Anthem."

And then President Bush injected himself into the matter. If a chief of state is supposed to aspire to divine qualities, he has at least one - nothing, no matter how trivial, escapes his notice. He called her attempts at the Anthem "disgraceful". This was probably not a word that President Bush should have brought into the discussion. He, after all, is the man who in 1981 praised the dedication of Ferdinand Marcos towards liberty, and in 1988 ran against civil liberties. The man who ordered the unlawful and unwarranted air strike on Panama City last December is in no position to call anyone else's actions "disgraceful". We may marvel that he now has the insolence to attack Iraq for doing to Kuwait what he did to Panama last December.

This farce got space in the New York City newspapers right alongside something that normal people would regard as much more serious and worthy of concern. In the past two weeks, four small children, one less than a year old, have been killed by gunfire intended for adult members of their families, and connected with disputes over the illegal drug business. However, on 1 August, a New York Post columnist managed to link up these two stories. Who bears some of the responsibility for the murders of these four infants? Why, it's Roseanne Barr!

I assure you that I am not making this up. The columnist is Ray Kerrison, a fellow Australian who was brought into the paper by former owner Rupert Murdoch; presumably Americans are less willing now to write the sort of things that Murdoch wanted written. Kerrison put it this way:

* - Originally entitled "To Anakreon in Heaven", the song was frequently filked, though Francis Scott Key's version is the best known. About 10 or 12 years ago a few of my friends re-formed it into a drinking song again, entitled "To John Boardman in Brooklyn".

"The prime causes, I believe, are the collapse of family life with the loss of all its values, restraints, and bonds, and modern society's devaluation of life itself...Why do so many people resort to drugs? Why do so many carry guns? Why do so many arguments end in gunfire or stabbings? Why is there such a profound lack of civility in modern life?"

"In the past 20 years, we've seen society unravel at an alarming rate...We make superstars of vulgarians like Roseanne Barr and Madonna."

I am not sure how Kerrison would build a chain of causality from Roseanne Barr's less than perfect singing of the National Anthem, to the murders of four children on the other side of the continent a few days later. Presumably several drug dealers, watching her performance on the news on the next day, said: "Hey - they isn't any moral standards any more! That means we can blow away anybody we don't like, and their whole family, too!"

On the same day, also in the Post, Patrick J. Buchanan connected the Barr attempt at the National Anthem with the general moral decay of our society, though he tied it to modern art rather than to killings by drug dealers. Buchanan and Bush are old colleagues from the Reagan White House, when Bush was Vice President and Buchanan was Reagan's principal speech-writer. "The booing at Jack Murphy Stadium," Buchanan concluded, "spoke not only for the president, who found her conduct outrageous, but for the country."

Buchanan spent the rest of his column fuming about modern art, claiming that it has "become the purveyor ((sic)) of a destructive, ugly, pornographic, Marxist, anti-American ideology." He apparently seems out to match the record of the late George Dondero, a Michigan Republican representative who during the 1950s continually bored his colleagues about modern art being a communistic plot.

The people who think that Barr's poor singing voice was all a plot to cast ridicule on the National Anthem have begun a petition campaign to get her show off ABC, or failing that to boycott its sponsors. This is, of course, doomed to failure. If the people who have made "patriotism" a dirty word couldn't do anything about halting the career of Jane Fonda, they are not going to be able to do anything to Roseanne Barr. And ABC knows this, too. Her show of 24 July, the day before she sung in San Diego, led the ratings with a 14.6 and 26% of the audience. A week later, after all the flap, she won her time slot again very handily, with a 13.0 and 22%. (The slight drop was due to competition from a popular CBS miniseries, Murder Ordained.) All these shows were re-runs. By the time the new shows begin in the fall, the entire flap including the stupid show of high moral indignation by President Bush will be forgotten.

The most sensible remarks about the whole controversy were written by Cynthia Janovy in the New York Times of 1 August:

"Ms. Barr sang the National Anthem at least as well as a group of veterans who got lots of laughs on 'America's Funniest Home Videos' the following Sunday night. The raging furor over Ms. Barr's version is a disturbing example of the strange preference for symbols of liberty over actual liberties."

The flag once stood for freedom of speech and of political expression. Its protection is now being presented as a justification for limiting this freedom. The National Anthem was once an expression of allegiance to a system of political and artistic freedom, but now you better not sing it if your voice is not up to at least glee club standards. If your religion forbids idolatry, you'd better make an exception for pieces of suitably colored cloth, or you'll be in big trouble. The 13th Amendment may forbid slavery, but it doesn't apply if your slavemaster happens to wear peculiarly shaped pieces of metal on his shoulders. The President who is supposed to guard our constitutional guarantees runs for office by promising to suppress them. "If any form of pleasure is exhibited," sang Groucho Marx in Duck Soup, "report to me and it will be prohibited. That is the way that it's going to be - This is the Land of the Freeee!"

WAR-GAMERS' FILKSONGS (continued from p. 3)

win you must safeguard your own and take those of other players - a matter frequently accomplished by violating your treaty obligations. Supply centers mentioned in the following songs include Naples, Venice, and Marseilles; other areas such as Burgundy, Apulia, and the Aegean Sea also figure in the game.

THE MINISTER OF WAR

by Harold Groot, to the tune "I Am the Captain of the Pinafore",
reprinted from Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978

I am the Sultan when I send my moves,
But I'm the Minister of War to you.
I'm exceedingly polite when I don't
want to fight,

And I'm nasty when I do.

I'm never known to quail at bad news
in the mail,

Whatever the emergency.

I always keep my word, no matter what
you've heard

I will never, ever lie to thee.

What, never?

No, never.

What, never?

Well, hardly ever!

I will hardly ever lie to thee, so

Give three cheers and one cheer more

For the Sultan's loyal Minister of War.

Give three cheers and one cheer more,

For the loyal Minister of War!

I always send some moves by return mail,
For I know they can be changed;

Then, next, I send a note to a neighbor
with a boat

For a convoy to be arranged.

In Diplomacy it is good strategy

If allied to me you are.

I'll never make a move of which you
won't approve,

And I'll never have an NMR!

What, never?

No, never!

What, never?

Well, hardly ever!

Hardly every have an NMR, so

Give three cheers and one cheer more

For the Sultan's timely Minister of War.

Give three cheers and one cheer more,

For the timely Minister of War!

IN THE YEAR 1901

by Harold Groot, to the tune "In the Year 2525", reprinted from
Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978

In the year 1901
The war had just begun.
It was a lot of fun
To grab centers....

In the year 1902
My list of allies included you.
You sent a letter where you said
you'd fight,
And our future was looking bright.

In the year 1903
I asked "What is your strategy?"
You told me where to attack and when,
And I committed all my men.

In the year 1904
I was bogged down in a three-front war.
I sent a letter and I asked for aid.

I needed a shield, but I saw your
blade, woe-oh!

In the year 1905
Not all my units could survive.
They started back the way they came,
And you're the one to blame.

In the year 1906
I was really in an awful fix.
My Fleet Aegean had to retreat or die.
I watched my units homeward fly, woe-oh!

Now my army's in retreat,
Plodding home on weary feet.
The gob was in his bunk
When my fleet was sunk

But, though to me you've lied,

Next game we'll be allied,
 And for revenge I'll thirst.
 Maybe I'll get to backstab first.

In the year 1901
 The war had just begun....

YOU'RE SO VAIN

by Harold Groot, to the tune "You're So Vain", reprinted from
Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978

You walked right into Venice
 Like you were boarding a champagne flight,
 Your fleet strategically placed to give
 support, (1)
 And spoiling for a fight.
 All of your foes dreamed that they'd be
 your partner,
 They'd be your partner and

CHORUS: You're so vain, you probably think
 this song is about you.
 You're so vain, you probably think
 this song is about you,
 Don't you? Don't you?

Well, you had me several years ago,
 when I was still quite naive,
 when you said we made such a pretty pair,

(1) - Insert here the lines:

He has one eye on Apulia as
 You conquered all in sight.

And that you would never leave,
 But you turned your back on all your
 friends,
 And one of them was me.
 I had some dreams, they were clouds in
 my coffee,
 Clouds in my coffee and

CHORUS:

Well, you sent your troops to Burgundy
 And your forces naturally won;
 Then you sent your 6th fleet to the
 shores of Marseilles,
 So they could lay about in the sun.
 Now you're where you should be all the
 time,
 And if you're not, you're with some
 underworld spy,
 Just to arrange a backstab,
 Arrange a backstab and

CHORUS

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE TURKS

by Ronald Foster, to the tune "The Battle Hymn of the Republic",
 reprinted from Mixumaxu Gazette #90, 10 December 1978

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the capture of Naples,
 We have tramped through the vineyard where the wines of Venice are staples,
 We are marching on Rome to end the rule that's papal:
 Our armies are moving on!

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

We have even got Apulia!

Turkey's won the game, and it's Austria-Hungary's blame,
 Since he NMRed once again!

MY ALLY

by Harold Groot, to the tune "Three Blind Mice", also from this source

My ally,
 My ally,
 He NMRed,
 He NMRed.

I planned so carefully and attacked,
 My enemies would surely have cracked,
 Instead, my capital has been sacked,
 He NMRed.

SAURON'S DWIMMERLAIK

by Scott Rosenberg

Tune: "Johnson's Motor Car", reprinted from GIGO ("Garbage In, Garbage Out") #4, 21 September 1975

Oh, down by Nen Hithoel
One morning I did stray.
I met a fellow Nazgul
And to me he did say,
"We've orders from the Witch King
Towards Orthanc haste to make,
But how are we to get there
Without a Dwimmerlaik?"

"Oh, Rider dear, be of good cheer
I'll tell ye my black plan.
We'll travel through the Marshes
He'er to be stopped by man.
Through Dagorlad we'll hasten
And when with mud we're caked
We'll wish we'd died or had a ride
On Sauron's Dwimmerlaik.

When we approach the Morannon
We'll give the lads a shout,
We'll tell them all to hurry,
And what it's all about.
We'll send Lugburz a message:
"Prepare, for Morgoth's sake,
A steed for us to ride on -
Like one o' your Dwimmerlaik."

And once we've got our flier
We'll make haste to Orthanc.
And when that Sharkey's done with,
Our masters we will thank.
Over the fields of Gondor
A little ride we'll take,
And we'll give those there a bloody bad
scare
On Sauron's Dwimmerlaik.

This originally Irish tune far antedates the motor car, and I suspect that it originally may have referred to a horse-drawn vehicle. As for the words, Rosenberg is uncertain as to whether the word dwimmerlaik, which appears only once in Lord of the Rings, refers to the Lord of the Nazgul or to the flying monster on which he was mounted at the Battle of the Pelennor Fields. Rosenberg thinks it belongs to the monstrous steed, to which Tolkien's description gives us the impression of a huge pterodactyl. He supports this by quoting Eowyn, who warns the steed and rider away from the newly slain body of her royal uncle with the words: "Begone, foul dwimmerlaik, lord of carrion! Leave the dead in peace!" A "lord of carrion", he feels, is more likely to be a beast. However, though you can sing this song from that interpretation, I would go along with the other interpretation. "Dwimmerlaik" is one of those words, like "dwarrowdelf" and "holbytla", which Tolkien devised on the assumption that a word had remained in English, rather than being deleted in favor of a French import. (Compare the perfectly good old English word "bantling", which as a consequence of the Norman Conquest was replaced by "bastard".) "Laik" is the now obsolete English word "lych", which is cognate with the German Leich and like it means "corpse". "Dwimmer" is what modern English would have made of the Old High German word demar, "darkness", cognate with modern English "dim" and German Dämmer, "twilight". (If the German translator of Lord of the Rings was as well up on philology as Tolkien himself was, this word should have been rendered as Dämmerleich.)

It must be recalled that J. R. R. Tolkien, CBE, was first and foremost a philologist. The languages of Lord of the Rings came first in his mind, and then the peoples to speak them, and then a history for these peoples to explain changes in the languages, and then the engraftment of elements from old Norse and German myth, including a fateful Ring.

Still, the Nazguls' mounts are described by Tolkien as beasts which even then belonged in a distant and savage past. If their riders are dead men animated by Sauron's magic to serve his will, their mounts could be regarded as dead beasts, similarly reanimated. The word "dwimmerlaik" could then be applicable to steed and rider alike, thus making Rosenberg's point.

CASEY STEINBRENNER

by Howard G. Goldberg

The recent removal of George Steinbrenner as "general partner" of the New York Yankees left baseball fans in general, and the dwindling number of Yankee fans in particular, with feelings of relief. The harsh penalty dictated under the great powers of the Commissioner's office was probably due as much to Steinbrenner's general obnoxiousness over the years as it was to the specific action for which Steinbrenner was canned - his gift of \$40,000 to a well-known gambler. As senior editor of the New York Times "Op-Ed" page, Goldberg gets to do with it as he pleases, and on 1 August 1990 he pleased to write this:

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Yankee nine that day:
They were anchored in last place, with less than half the season to play.
As their errors, losses, throwaways grew far to numerous to name,
A menacing silence fell upon the veteran patrons of the game.

A few, amid deep despair, turned to the New York Mets. The rest
Clung to the hope that springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought, if only George would go, after 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ long years,
They'd bet even money that there'd be no need for further tears.

Eighteen times managers came and went; 13 times general managers, too;
Lemon, Berra, Dent, Green, Piniella - so what else is now?
Ruth-less feuds with Reggie, with Dave, so endless and so mean,
Couldn't help but demoralize the formerly Mantled team.

"Fraud!" the upper deck cried out; the box seats echoed, "Fraud!"
But the usual scornful look from George - and all the fans were awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they sensed that Billy Martin was destined to be fired - again.

Then one day as gambler Howard Spira crouched behind the plate
Steinbrenner uncorked a \$40,000 pitch - one that sealed his fate.
What's fair is fair, the rules say, but what's foul is also foul:
When you throw an underhanded spitter, you better throw in the towel.

The sneer's gone from George's lips, his teeth are clenched in stress.
Now's the bottom of the ninth at Fay Vincent's Park Avenue address.
Now the Commissioner's made his ruling, now he lets it go,
And now the air is splintered by the force of its legal blow.

Oh, everywhere in the Big Apple the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing for diehard fans, and many hearts are light.
In sports bars they are laughing, and the Little Leaguers shout.
Joy reigns especially in the Bronx - mighty George has been thrown out.

It is fairly obvious that Goldberg was not made senior editor for his poetic abilities. And he may not be all that good a prophet, either. George Steinbrenner will indeed turn over management of the Yankees - to his son Hank. Technically, ol' George's role will be less "general" and more "partner", but he is still trying to ease his way around Commissioner Vincent's decision. Numerous sequels by lesser hands to "Casey at the Bat" have the Mighty Casey getting his revenge in a subsequent game, and by the next issue of ANAKREION we may have to report a similar sequel about George Steinbrenner.

GRACELESS NOTES

I should like once again to caution contributors to APA-Filk that contributions should be sent in uncollated. It is easier to collate a Mailing if we don't have to work through a large lump of already collated material. And if you print out your contribution on a computer printer, detach the pages from one another before sending them.

The copy count for APA-Filk remains 60. If you send copies beyond that, they will be returned to you unless you request otherwise.

The next Mailing of APA-Filk, #48, has its deadline on Thursday 1 November 1990. (Don't count on it's being assembled the following Saturday, either; my teaching schedule this fall may allow it to be put together on the deadline date.) That will be the issue of ANAKREON which will include the year's collection of newly written or newly discovered verses that the Neo-Pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion". I have recently discovered some verses that were sent in to me years ago and lost sight of, and any more that you can come up with by then will be appreciated.

So far, ANAKREON has published 640 verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion", though I am told that some are near-duplicates of others. We are thus approaching the allegedly mysterious number "666", though I am not as impressed by this fact as some ANAKREON readers are. The allegedly Satanic connections of "666" come from the Christian scriptures and are the Christians' problem, not the Neo-Pagans' or mine.

ANAKREON #6 was the first issue in which verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion" were collected; there were supplements of widely varying size and quality in #8, 10, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, 32, 36, 40, and 44. ANAKREON #6 is now unavailable, but all the supplements are available for postage money - just charge it to your APA-Filk or APA-Q account if you have one.

*

The cover of this Mailing of APA-Filk has the text of a song which was very much a part of the events commemorated on 12 July - the 300th anniversary of the defeat by British forces of the Irish auxiliaries who were then assisting a French attempt to conquer Ireland in the name of suppressing the reformed faith and restoring a fugitive Catholic king, James II. The Battle of the Boyne and subsequent battles put an end to this dream, and to the hopes of restoring the worthless Stuart dynasty to the British throne.

The refrain: "Lilliburlero, bullen a-la" dates to an event still very much in everyone's mind in 1690. In 1641 Catholic Ulsterman had committed a merciless massacre upon their Protestant neighbors; a story had it at the time that one overly fat Protestant had been rendered into soap. Cromwell's invasion of Ireland was partly for the purpose of punishing the fomentors of this massacre. And the watchword of the killers is said to have been: "Lilliberlero bullen a-la." A Dr. Charles Mackay, cited in the Dolores Bacon book - I have already mentioned on p. 4, claims that it is really "Li! Lil! Beur! Lear-a! Buille na la!", meaning "Light! Light on the sea beyond the promontory! 'Tis the stroke of the morning!"

Fears of a repetition of this massacre were in everyone's mind in 1690, and this song was the result. It represents two Catholic Irishmen, repeating the watchword of 1641, and rejoicing that the Protestants were about to be slaughtered again. The dialect is the stage Irish accent of the day, with "d" for "th" and "sh" for "s". The song's particular villain is Richard Talbot, made Lord Tyrconnel by James II, and given the rule of Ireland with instructions to enforce his master's anti-Protestant policies. "Ireland shall be ruled by...a dog" refers to the ancient hound badge of the Talbots. Talbot undertook his task with so many deceptions that any particularly obvious lie was called "one of Dick Talbot's truths". "Tyburn" refers to the famous London location of public executions, usually by hanging. A "Protestant wind" is one which blows from east to west, bringing troops from England to Ireland; note that, as in many old hymns, "wind" is made to rhyme with "behind". "Commissions" could refer to commissions as military officers or as Justices of the Peace, which had hitherto been forbidden to Catholics, but which King James was going to hand out to his suppor-

ters for the execution of his plans.

In British slang, "bog" can mean a swamp, but it can also mean a privy. If this usage goes as far back as 1690, it adds a double meaning to "There was an old prophesy found in a bog." As for the references to France, it was not only the source of the men, munitions, and money which were designed to restore King James to the throne, but just five years earlier France had driven out all its Protestants. The line therefore quickly became "Dat dey will have no protestants dere." Similarly, Talbot was soon further demoted, from "dog" to "hog".

The song had an instant popularity among all the Protestants of all the British kingdoms. It was said that, before his flight, the very guards in front of King James's palace were in the habit of whistling it. Henry Purcell, whose name is usually associated with more formal, classical compositions, is supposed to have remarked that he "sang a king out of three kingdoms with it".

The song retained its popularity for many years, and is of course still sung by the unworthy heirs of Ulster's Protestants. It was filked for numerous purposes, and may be found in John Gay's The Beggar's Opera. As late as 1861, a satirical song against Jefferson Davis and the secessionists was sung to this tune.

Much to my pleased surprise, there were no outbreaks in Ulster on the 300th anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. If our luck is in, the ancient antagonism displayed in both the writing and the singing of "Lilliberlero" may at least be dying down.

*

Several previous issues of ANAKREON have taken up the controversy that developed during the 1980s in Maryland over its state song, "Maryland, My Maryland". This song was written in 1861 by a Marylander then teaching in Louisiana, who was heart and soul with the pro-slavery traitors, and who felt high moral indignation over the fact that President Lincoln actually dared to march federal troops through Baltimore on the way to protect the national capital and suppress the rebellion. Furthermore, when these troops (who were from New York and Massachusetts) were attacked by pro-slavery mobs in Baltimore, they actually dared to fire back! This was the last straw for James Ryder Randall, who to the music of the old German folk tune Tannenbaum dashed off nine verses of rebel vitriol, the first of which is printed to the right.

But Maryland schoolteachers were having a little trouble explaining to the schoolchildren of the 1980s that the "despot" assailed by Randall was actually President Abraham Lincoln, the most revered man in our nation's history. And so, in 1984, one of these teachers rewrote the state song without such macabre words.

This did not meet the approval of another of Maryland's "exiled sons", a Charles C. Rettberg Jr. in Shaker Heights, Ohio. In a letter to the New York Times (26 March 1984) this Rettberg expressed his "indignation (at)...legislative efforts to supplant the state's hallowed song with a schoolteacher's puerile pap." Rettberg then set off on a long indictment of President Lincoln, beginning with the fact that he suspended habeas corpus, which under the Constitution he was fully entitled to do in the case of rebellion. "Any one of these acts," he fulminated, "if committed today by Ronald Reagan, would lead to a drumhead media trial followed by demands for impeachment", a matter on which I would like the opinions of the people of Grenada, Lebanon, and Libya.

I am not aware of the present state of Maryland's state song, though not replacing Randall's words is equivalent to teaching that rebellion and slavery are positive goods. But I have five grandchildren growing up in Maryland, and I am not anxious to have them taught that Abraham Lincoln was a despot and that rebellion in the cause of slavery was a good, proper, and even in our time defensible thing.

Or perhaps Rettberg might want to translate Randall's words into Spanish, and send the song to Panama.

*

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Oh Maryland, my Maryland!

I seem to have misprinted Scott Rosenberg's name, on one though not all of the pages on which it has already been printed. More to the point, I would appreciate it if people in the know could give me the addresses of a number of those whose works appear in this issue, so I can send them copies. This may in some cases be difficult to establish, since some of the songs reprinted in this issue of ANAKREON were first published in amateur 'zines during the 1970s.

*

Believe it or not, rock artists are actually having to testify in court about those silly "backward masking" rumors. As far as I am aware, these began about 18 or 20 years ago in the notorious "Paul McCartney Death Hoax". According to this rumor, which had the same currency in its day that the "Elvis Lives" hoax does now, asserts that Paul McCartney died and that the other Beatles got a substitute, but recorded backwards on one of their records the words "I buried Paul."

Now let's back up and take a close look at all this. There are record players that will play records backwards, but they are very rare, and usually owned by the really enthusiastic collectors of old records, since some early records were made so that the needle started towards the center and worked its way outward as the record played. Do you know anyone who has a record player that will play records backwards? I thought not. Nor do most of the teen-agers at whom, according to these same rumors, the sinister backwards Satanic messages on the records are aimed.

Well, what about tapes? Tape players were quite rare when these "Paul McCartney Death Hoax" stories started to circulate. And how would you go about playing these alleged Satanic messages backwards on a tape player, anyhow? Tape players will play backwards only at very high speeds - who would want them to do this at low speeds? And everything comes through as a high-pitched gabble under those conditions.

Nevertheless, there is actually a court case in progress in Nevada, which presumably does not have laws against barratry. The rock band Judas Priest is being sued by the families of two young men who consummated a suicide pact that, it is actually being claimed, was set in motion by "subliminal messages" in Judas Priest's album Stained Class. Ron Halford, lead singer for Judas Priest, actually had to go to Nevada to testify. He had admittedly, as an experiment, recorded one line "backward" and played it simultaneously with the same words recorded forward." (New York Times, 1 August 1990) The line was, "In the dead of the night, love bites" -, scarcely an invitation to suicide. This is the only time this has ever been done by Judas Priest in all their 14 records. The alleged "do it" sounds, which the youths' families claim impelled their sons to kill themselves, are actually just "an exhalation of breath and a combination of drums, guitars and vocals."

This whole mess comes clear when you realize that the people promoting this myth about "backward masking" also believe that virgins can have children, that dead men can come back to life, and that humans are no kin to other animals.

ANAKREON #47

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F I R S T C L A S S M A I L

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