Description of the broadcast:
afvn radio — saigon bar "love in vietnam... is fucked up... Nixon" — lesson of calculation in viêt school and jets phantom flying over — pagoda drum mixed with Johnson "peace in the world" and a prayer for peace by a monk — saigon bar "i love all people", street, siren and "i love you" — "good morning vietnam" (americans radio all over vietnam every morning) birds and artillery — highland village peace and artillery and vietcong radio in french — tanks sonar, jets, helico strike, arty calculation "one four, one five etc..." — insect, night, arty in the mountains of Khe Sanh mixed with drugs "a water pipe i bought in Singapore", echo of arty mixed with brief voice of Gis smoking pot in a bar — inside an aircraft carrier — from a transistor in Saigon vietcong broadcast, italian opera — "good morning vietnam" — bar — vietcong radio — bar — vietcong radio — bar a little daughter of a prostitute "number ten thousand" — vietcong radio — bar "number one number two" — vietcong radio — bar street prostitute — vietcong radio — street prostitutes and the bed "now give me money" laugh — funeral mourner near a body — u.s. plane take off, pilot voice, for a psychological mission over vietcong territory (same mission sometimes over surrounded base) then in the sky with huge loudspeakers the plane play this record with soundeffect, it is supposed to be the voice of a dead vietcong, a ghost who says to the vietcongs on the ground. first it is the voice of child "daddy, daddy come back to me" the dead "who called me?" my child. i come back back my dear... but i am not alive... i am dead my dearchild... i am dead, i am dead i die without explanation... when i understood it was too late, too late... my friends go back to your family before it is too late... or you'll die... go back, go bak — night in the jungle near lacs, anxious voice of the recon, children laughing — arty mixed with children combat, electronics machine guns, insect, drug heroin at Khe Sanh "my bodie is just a shadow my bodie is not here" and music pop — "deflection four eight six" — arty bird — a vietcong want to surrender with a white flag "i want another (dead) confirmed...look a white flag bullshit.. cut him down cut him down — cymbal for funeral and machine gun, machine gun and little girls singing over the body of their dead father, mourning, machine gun.

"War is not something you forget like a car crash."
Claude Johner

RADIO INFORMS AND ENTERTAINS YOU 1:20
WESTERN IN SAIGON 1:18
THE ARITHMETIC LESSON 2:18
PRAYERS FOR PEACE 4:00
EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE COUNTRY 4:30
THE WAR MACHINE IN OPERATION 4:50
THE ABSTRACT-UNIVERSE OF WAR 8:35
THE BARS, MONEY OR THE FORGETTING OF WAR 14:30
THE COST OF WAR 6:30
FIRE! 5:00

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701 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y.C., U.S.A.
There is a story behind these recordings. It was during the Tet offensive of 1968. In one of the quarters of Cholon, the battle raged, the gunships machine-gunned the market... dead... wounded... houses in flames. And in this world of destruction, from the first floor of a house that was untouched there came the sound of the scales of the piano, clear and laborious, as if the war did not exist at all. It was easy to imagine the child who was trying to do his best and whose scales reminded the last trace of life on a destroyed planet. Unfortunately, at that time the author was a photographer only and did not have a tape recorder with him. But he never forgot those scales coming from another world which at that moment conjured up that yet other world of war more powerfully than any visual image could have done.

"Good morning Vietnam" was made out of documents together adding up to 50 hours. Our chief effort has therefore been to eliminate, to reduce these 50 hours to 50 minutes, a task all the more difficult inasmuch as we had to cut all the time into the very meat of the unedited document. For these 50 hours resurrect the whole atmosphere of the war, the American war machine, robot controlled, cold, metallic, like a science fiction harvesting machine, crushing human life, a peaceful village in the High Plateaux, a school, the laughter of children symbolic of life itself. It is not a matter of a series on anecdotal reportages on the war in Vietnam but of a more generalised reportage on the war itself, with two actors - life and Death... the war machine and the Vietnamese.

Death is the abstract war machine, the reality of which is beyond the comprehension of those who direct it, like this GI in his bunker announcing the artillery coordinates - one five, one five, one four etc... figures... for him Vietnam is a General Staff map where the villages are
replaced by figures, where life is made into figures, his
dvoice as neutral as a calculating machine. This war machine...
it is also the innards of the aircraft carriers in the
Gulf of Tonkin, the metal corridors of which conjure up
a descent into hell and where, oddly enough one runs into
the voices of a Cambodian play coming over the radio.
The machine... it is the dollars spent in the bars of
Saigon, for all is for sale, love, even the friendship of a
child; and there still more accounts to be rendered.
Involved in this machine there are two American social
phenomena that the army drags in its wake - pop music
and drugs, inseparable right up to Khe Sahn in the very
midst of the shelling. Life... it is the Vietnamese, the
children who shout in order to be heard above the screaming
of the jets, the young girl prostitutes, the widows who weep,
the children who chant above the corpses of their fathers.

"Good Morning Vietnam" should be listened to as an authentic
document as a whole. Our sole effort has been directed to the
montage; the mixing is reduced to translations and to
considerations of a purely technical order dictated by
the montage itself, and in a very few places, to aesthetic
reasons, for example, the Vietcong radio mixed with the
environment of a Mekong village, or the voices of drugged
GIs mixed with the echo of artillery fire, or the funeral
cymbals overlaying the stutter of a machine-gun. In this
way, the documents preserve all of their value.

SIDE I

RADIO INFORMS AND ENTERTAINS YOU

RADIO A.V.F.N.

"This is A.F.V.N. - A M and F M in Saigon, the key station
of the American Forces Vietnam network. This is a division
of the Office of Information, Military Assistance Command
Vietnam - A.F.V.N. operating on five hundred and forty
kilowatts on A.M. Band with an authorised power of fifty
thousand watts.

Looks wearing a white flag -
(burst of fire) - him

"Studio and transmitter are located in Saigon and Camlo,
Republic of Vietnam - authorized by the U.S. Department
A M and F M Saigon provided information and entertainment
24 hours of the day to American personnel in the Republic
of Vietnam - and now another broadcasting day begins
with the national anthem of the Republic of Vietnam and
of the United States of America.

(American National Anthem)

WESTERN IN SAIGON

western music
(a Philippino orchestra in a Vietnamese
nightclub near the Tan Son Nhat
airport, reserved for GIs).

- "If you were in Vietnam, you can... take it! But you
cannot because the culture was taking off Vietnam which
say... dont like!

- I hate Vietnam!

- The thing I remember most in Vietnam?... a trip I
made to Vinh Gai
- Love in Vietnam!
- Vietnam is fucked up
- Vietnam is fucked up
- Vietnam is fucked up
- but Nixon...
- ... Nixon...

THE ARITHMETIC LESSON

vietnamese children and "Phantom" jets
(a small village near Danang - the school)

PRAYERS FOR PEACE

the gong of the An Quang Pagoda
(Call to prayer - the gongs are made out of melted American artillery shells).

Lyndon B. Johnson
1968 speech... "Peace in the World"

The monk Thich Tri Quang

"... Peace in the World
... Peace in the World
... Peace in the World

black GI in a bar

- What will they all do when they go back to the United States? I do not know what I will do. I hope I'll be able to do something. I dont want to become a criminal. I want to do my two years and then get out of it. I am not a liar.
Beside, I love everybody. That's all.

the starter
(motor cycles and sirens)

a prostitute
- "I love you."

Radio A.F.V.N.

"Good morning Vietnam..."

EVERYDAY LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

a village in the High Plateaux
(at Mytho, information from Radio Vietcong. The gongs resound day and night. They will only stop at the end of the war, following the vow of the "Monk of the Coconut Trees")
an island in the Mekong River
THE WAR MACHINE IN OPERATION

tank caterpillars
sonar (radar)
jets
machine-gun fire from helicopters
air-to-ground pilot communication
artillery coordinates

"one five - one five - one four - one
three - left one two - one three - one
three - one three -"

artillery of 175
(night in the mountains of Khe Sahn)

Radio Hanoi
"The liberation forces attacked a tank
unit of the 1st Infantry Division
14 km north-west of Laikhe..."

(Soviet anthem)

Radio A.F.V.N.
Good Morning Vietnam...

SIDE II

THE ABSTRACT UNIVERSE OF WAR

the aircraft carrier "Enterprise"
(In the Gulf of Tonkin : the interiors
of aircraft carriers)

- Aircraft carriers -

hydraulic machine chambers
catapults
arresting gear
corridor
atmospheric noises
interference

GI
"American imperialism, overlord of the imperialists"

Radio Hanoi
"American imperialism, overlord of the imperialists"

Radio Hanoi
"get off now"

(AND the reminder of reality:
Radio Hanoi)

GI
(in a bar with a child, the daughter
of a prostitute)
Radio Hanoi

- another boy friend
- you will be my friend now?
- ...
- may be?
- may be... number ten thousand
dirty swine

(laughter)
- number 10,000 - dirty swine!
He wants to screw my mother

Radio Hanoi

"This is revolutionary war, a war of liberation, the biggest and cruellest local war in the history of American imperialism, which has escalated to its greatest point, with more than half a million American and puppet and satellite troops and costing so far hundreds of billions of dollars and involving modern weapons of all kinds with the sole exception of nuclear arms."

GI and child (in the bar)
- you are number 2
- here, I'm giving you 10 piastre,
what am I now?
- give money, give money...
my two packets of cashew nuts,
O my God!...
- 160 170 180

Radio Hanoi

"... obliging the enemy to adopt a defensive strategy on all the battle fields

the bar

- "suck you"

Radio Hanoi

"... in this resistance the military line of our Party has reached a new development... the chapter of forty years of struggle and of victories by our party..."

the street of the prostitutes

- Hey! Come here, come here!
Sir, one girl! You want girl!
- Give me money now
- How much
- Two thousand
(stifled laughter)

THE COST OF THE WAR

Bien Hoa cemetery (mass burials)

amplifiers in the open sky

"altitude 500 metres - psychological warfare - records broadcast by the Americans over encircled bases"
(original record, produced by the American Army Psychological Services).

- Papa, papa, come back with me, take me along, papa, papa, papa...

- Who is that who calls me? Who calls me? It is my child...

- It is my wife - it is they who call me - I will come back, my dear ones - but I am no longer alive - I am dead, my dear ones, my dear friends - I am dead - I am dead - I am dead - I am dead - in hell - for no reason...

- But when I realised it, it was too late - it is already too late - my dear friends, you who are in the world of the living, one day you will see your families again - listen to me - go back quickly - go back quickly - before it is too late - leave everything - give up everything - otherwise you will die, like me - go back quickly or it will be too late - it will be too late - it will be too late - go back, I entreat you - go back quickly - go back - go back quickly - I beg you...

This is zero hotel
This is niver Charlie

(on the Ho Chi Minh trail - the anguish of the jungle.)

This is echo four zero over
OK Tommy nickel-nickel

FIRE!

Howitzer battery of 155

automatic weapons
quadruple machine-guns
electronic (recreation court)
mortar

Anagadavida

(Pop music of the Iron Butterflies and ravings of the heroine in the middle of the shelling)

"Your body... your body is just a shadow how much did you take? your body is just there your body is only a shadow"

"number two - one round use gunner squadron defection (?) eight-six squadron three-four-zero"

"I fired into the heap I wanted another to notch up"
Did I mess him up or did I kill him?
No, he is quite dead... Good, good work

Hey, look there! The guy with the white flag!
snofabitch of a liar!
shoot him down!

funeral cymbals

(a burial on the High Plateaux)

CLAUDE JOHNER
born on the 19th August 1939 at Chalons sur Marne
gave up law studies in 1966 to go to Vietnam
became a freelance photographer for A.P. of New York Times and Gamma Agency
has been recording since 1970 on nagra IVL with a view to making a sound play on the war in Vietnam

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