

A Dollar An Hour

Words & Music by RON TURNER

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The call went out a-long the ri-ver towns, the call to harvest the land, From
Mex-i-co to Tex-as I swam in the night, to the jobs a-cross the Ri-o Grande. I
pick out the cot-ton, dig ditches for the line, work sun to sun to survive, My
life is lived on a-n other man's land, where in this am I to find my pride? For a
dol-lar an hour, for a dol-lar an hour, I am called a wet-back to my face, My
earn-ings are lit-tle, my sa-vings are less, for this I am called a dis-grace.

I pick out the cotton, dig ditches
for the lines
Work sun to sun to survive
My life is lived on other men's land
Where in this am I to find my pride.

For a dollar an hour, for a dollar an hour
I am called a wetback to my face
My earnings are little and my savings are less
For this I am called a disgrace.

I have no union, I have no legal deeds
I'm protected by no government power
If I complain about conditions I'll be
woken in the night
And dragged off by a hand on my collar.

My dying day will come, in a pauper's grave
I'll be

It's a grave without headstone or flowers
For who could afford such luxuries
Who could squander on a dollar an hour?

For a dollar an hour, for a dollar an hour
Enough to barely survive
It is not to myself but to unwritten laws
That I find I am made to abide.

I went to the boss, said "My brother needs
a job
He needs some work real bad
He's been out a searching for many a day
Worse luck my brother never has had."

Boss says, "He works for me, and he's gonna
work real hard,
I don't want to hear complaints or a holler;
He's here like you, and you're against the law
He'll be gettin' fifty cents an hour."

Fifty cents an hour, fifty cents an hour,
That's less than the minutes in an hour;
But in the face of starvation, my brother
will be
Happy for his fifty cents an hour.

A favorite subject of many a man
Is his failures, worries and needs
But you won't hear wasted words from a
working man
With himself and a family to feed.

(continued on Page 2)



The skeleton at the plough

KATY

Some said that I was brave, oth-ers I'm a fool, For leaving home so young when I ought to be in school, But down to the tracks I rode where the Ka-ty runs at nine, And waited in the ri-ver bed under-neath the Ka-ty line. (2) In the - dreams & a gunny sack.

CHO: Oh the Ka-ty she's a la-dy who's treated me just fine, I'm a waiting for the day when she'll car-ry me down her line, There's no better, don't sweat her, rolls like the tide a coming in, In the east, out to the west, she's treated me just like the best.

2. In the slash pines there were hoboes
 cookin' up their food
 In the depot was the brakeman
 lightin' up his stooge
 The yardman was so ploughed
 he couldn't walk the tracks
 And I caught that train a-runnin'
 with my dreams and a gunny sack

CHO.

3. I was on the train that carried gold
 from Denver to Kentucky
 I've been on the cars where the steel
 slabs are straight to New York City
 I've slept with cattle and dined with
 ladies who filled me full of gin
 When they mistook my pin for a diamond
 and thought me a gamblin man.

4. In the Black Hills of Dakota sun was
 sinkin low
 On the green banks of the Missouri
 trees were lettin go
 In the blue grass of Kentucky six
 white horses raced the train
 And I heard ship bells a clangin on
 the grey grey coast of Maine.

CHO.

5. Many a time I've rode that line from
 K.C. to San Antone
 I'm sixty-one and have just begun the
 last journey to my home
 I'll be the first to admit that hoppin
 freights is lots of fun
 But once you let it in your blood your
 ramblin days begun.

CHO.

(CONT. FROM PAGE ONE)

Every day I look around and I see men
 scratching dirt
 Just trying to earn a dime,
 In the land of plenty there are plenty of
 poor
 And the numbers are growing all the time.
 For a dollar an hour, for a dollar an hour,
 It is all for my work I am paid.
 I work for the rich and I live with the poor,
 When was it I became enslaved.

Boycott Lettuce. 

ICEBERG LETTUCE

"The Skeleton at the Plow" is from a one-hundred-year-old British song as published in THE PAINFUL PLOW (Cambridge University Press, 1973). An excerpt from the foreword to the song shows how little times have changed:

"Those who owned and held the land believed that the land belonged to the rich man only, that the poor man had no part nor lot in it, and had no sort of claim on society. They thought that when a labourer could no longer work, he had lost the right to live. Work was all they wanted from him."

BROADSIDE # 121

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(Advt.)

ANY...
 BROADSIDE # 121
 CASH...
 DIRT...
 EASY...
 FINE...
 GOOD...
 GREAT...
 HIGH...
 LOW...
 MEDIUM...
 NEW...
 OLD...
 RECENT...
 SPECIAL...
 USED...
 VINTAGE...
 YOUNG...
 ZEPHYRUS...
 101 SEVENTH AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
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Let there be no mistake about it
 let there be no mistake at all
 Though many hardy nations nations have risen
 then also fall
 You know some have tried to drag down the
 whole world in their death throes
 None may try as hard as an unchanging America
 And none may come as close as America



Just look at that little girl
 she is running down the road
 She is screaming for her life
 and she is tearing off her clothes
 Her back it is melting like an ice cream cone
 Just some napalm bombs they
 went a little wrong
 went a little wrong

CHORUS

But it's just the war
 and it's just the war
 We've all heard about such things before
 It's just the war
 and it's just the war
 We've all seen such things before

Well I didn't grow on any farm
 but I love the land
 I've even scraped and worked to grow
 a few things here and there
 But I know about our policies in Vietnam
 Where destroying the soil is but
 one part of the plan
 one part of the plan

CHORUS

We've made a land
 where things just will not grow
 We've made a land
 where babies are born each day deformed
 Well I know we've been told
 we have to stop those communist beasts
 And that the ending is always
 just out of reach
 just out of reach

CHORUS

We've all seen magazines
 movies and picture books
 We are familiar with those tortured
 asian looks
 But I've got to admit it still gets me
 a little bit shook
 To hear my countrymen bragging about
 killing gooks
 just killing gooks

But it's just the war
 and it's just the war
 We've all heard about such things before
 It's just the war
 and it's just the war
 So much easier said when it's
 ten thousand miles from your shore
 (Repeat first verse)

WE WHO

by LARRY ESTRIDGE
© 1972 Larry Estridge

CHORUS:

We who are the spirits of the revolution
 we will not fit in
 and we will not give in
 We who are the spirits of the revolution
 we will not fit in
 and we will not give in

We who are coming to understand
 more of the horrors
 we will not fit in
 and we will not give in
 We who are indelibly bourgeois and refuse to
 be so are increasingly aware
 We who are unleashing powers
 move toward life
 We who experience tragedy
 in the unending cycles of destruction
 We who gamble with our lives

CHORUS

We who believe in the flowering of freedom
 we will not fit in
 and we will not give in
 We who are thirsty for greater knowledge
 We who walk the night
 this side of desperation
 We who are thirsty and looking for
 better ways to proceed
 We who tremble then proceed

CHORUS

We who are wise enough to continue learning
 we will not fit in
 and we will not give in
 We who find brothers and sisters in the
 struggling peoples of this earth
 We who are coming to understand
 more of the mysteries
 We who are coming to see more of the reality
 We who have met the beast within ourselves

CHORUS

We who are able to go beyond our anger
 we will not fit in
 and we will not give in
 We who are able to go beyond our awe
 We who are not content to admit despair
 We who care, we who burn, we who struggle
 With the knowledge that the path is long

CHORUS

We whose radiance is a wonder in life
 we will not fit in
 and we will not give in
 We whose anger cannot be conquered
 We whose love cannot be bound
 We who are singers of the new morning
 We whose tears have freely flowed

CHORUS

We who have come to understand
 something of the horrors
 we will not fit in
 (repeat rest of first verse)

CHORUS (repeat last 2 lines)

"Every young person in America should read the book LABOR'S UNTOLD STORY"
- Bernadette Devlin

B I G B I L L

Words and Music by
JUDY & DANNY ROSE-REDWOOD

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Judy & Danny Rose-Redwood



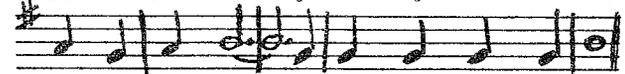
Here's to Big Bill Haywood here's to a mining man here's to



those who gave their lives as this century began the history



books won't tell you they don't want you to know there was hell



in the Rockies, a thousand feet below.

2. Big Bill was 6-foot-2, and he weighed 225
Wheeling rock in a mining shaft where a man is half alive
And when they formed the Union Bill was on the line
Traveling thru the Western states going from mine to mine.

3. Wall Street owned Colorado, Rockefeller and all
Didn't give a damn on who the chips did fall
The miners had to struggle against big money and guns
But if anyone could hold their ground the miners were the ones.

4. Big Bill had a mangled hand, and only one good eye
But when a poem moved him, you know the man could cry
And when the miners heard him, they knew he spoke for them
Any time you're feeling low just remember Bill again.

(Repeat first verse)

*Co-authors of
"Labor's Untold
Story," R. Boyer
& H. Morais.

La Lucha Continuará (The Struggle Goes On)
by Judy & Danny Rose-Redwood

© 1972 by Judy & Danny
Rose-Redwood

They called her Morning Glory
She was eighteen years and strong
She died in the early Florida
morning

Some lives are real but aren't long

CHO. And it's Huelga, Huelga, Huelga, Huelga

CHO: And it's Huelga, Huelga, Huelga
En el corazón de America
La lucha continuará
La lucha continuará
Huelga, Huelga, Huelga
Deep in the heart of America
The struggle goes on and on (2x)

While most of us were sleeping
Her day had already begun
Talking to the truckers
Working with the strikers
Waiting for the rising of the sun
Waiting for the rising of the sun.

Now the man who owns the
canefields in Belle Glade
Same man he owns the sugar mill
Thinks he even owns the sugar workers
And he believes he always will. CHO.

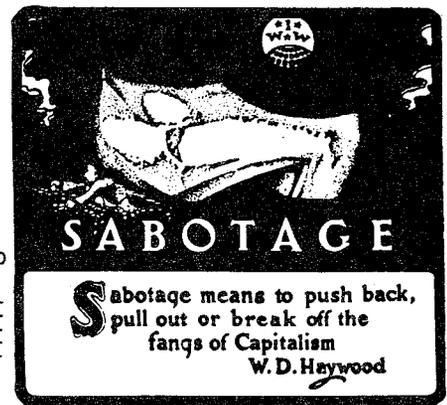
She was my sister
And a sister of the Black Eagle too
And now the fieldworkers who used
to be forgotten
Have a union that's for the many,
not just the few.

Some lives are measured out in
silver
Others are measured out in gold
But the lives that are given out
in sharing
These are the richest ones I know.
CHO.

(Notes on above songs. **BIG BILL** - in memory of the fighting spirit of Big Bill Haywood, an organizer for the Western Federation of Miners in the early part of this century. The Wobblies live on! **La Lucha Continuará** (The Struggle Goes On) - another memorial, this one for Nan Freeman, whose friends called her "Morning Glory" for the joy she brought to others. She was killed accidentally by a truck while on a picket line in Belle Glade, Florida in Jan. '72. During a sugar strike at the Talisman Sugar Co., Nan was on the picket line at 3:30 AM, talking to the truck drivers who were delivering sugar from the field to the plant. - D & J.) ED. NOTE: For a beautiful recording of the latter song - plus 3 others (see B'side #120) - send \$1.35 to TALLER GRAFICO, United Farm Workers, PO Box 62, Keene, CA 93531. All proceeds to UFW.

*BROADSIDE - Dear Folks: We think of you often and it's past time to say hello again. It's springtime here, blossoms on so many trees. There's a kind of magnolia with thick, orchid-like petals on its blossoms, that is just incredible.

BROADSIDE #121



Feels like our journey is continuing. Even though we're "settled" in our own apartment, it continues because we're really busy, so many places to play. Running around from here to there! Many house meetings & benefits for the Farmworkers' Union. Also been working on an initiative campaign in Palo Alto to give \$50,000 to rebuild Bach Mai Hospital. Wrote a song about Palo Alto, The war, & Bach Mai. Singing it all around, even at a city council meeting. The Council didn't like the idea too much. It's illegal you know (as they say) to give money from government funds for such purposes. Plenty legal to do the destruction in the first place, however. Legality can be a really funny thing -- takes a morbid sense of humor.

We're doing 1 side of a 45 rpm benefit record for Medical Aid to Indo-China - doing the song we just mentioned called "White Blossom" (Bach Mai). Other side will be Ewan McColl-Peggy Seeger's "Brother Did You Weep." We did the taping and aim to have the discs ready by April. We'll send you a few copies.

Saw the article about Broadside in Sing Out and it made us want to send you all our love; we don't think its author captured Broadside's essence, to say the least.

We're having someplace to sing every night - tonight before a talk by Ramsey Clark at Stanford, tomorrow a fundraiser for Farmworkers, next singing before a talk by Dan Ellsberg. Did four radio shows in the past 10 days, and we help the Farmworkers Boycott Staff at schools etc. We had the great good fortune to be approached by a friend who's on the board of a Foundation which funds government projects in the Bay Area, and we've been given a grant which should hold us till maybe July. With some of the financial pressure relieved we have more time & space to grow in.

Hope that the new year brings good changes for all of us, especially you folks - Sis, Gordon, Aggie - who deserve so much for all the good energy you've put out, and keep putting out. Peace be with you all. - Danny & Judy
PS-Enclosed is a small donation.

Folkways Records

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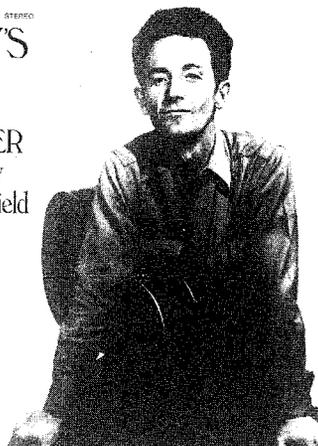
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NEW RELEASES - SPRING 1973

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2930 STEREO

WOODY'S STORY

As told by
WILL GEER
& sung by
Dick Wingfield



FA 2930 WOODY'S STORY: A two record set conceived and narrated by Will Geer. Songs sung by Dick Wingfield. Covers Woody Guthrie's early life and continues to his travels and sickness. Complete notes. 2-12" LP \$11.96 Stereo

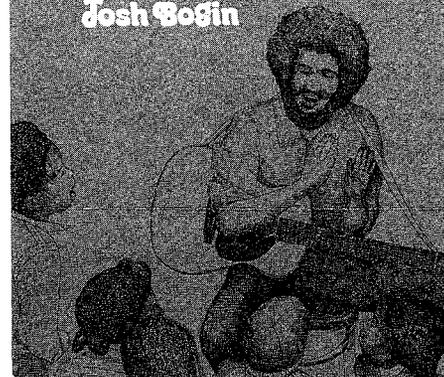
Mark B. McKinley



FX 6275 CRYBaBY: An Analysis of the Cry-Language of Infants. Five of a baby's most important and expressive cries, including: birth cry, hunger cry, pain cry, fatigue cry, and fretful cry. These cries are universal, and careful study, with proper attention and responses to them, will enable parents to raise healthier, happier children. Produced by Mark B. McKinley, Professor of Psychology, Lorain County Community College. Text with analysis of the cries enclosed. 1-12" LP \$5.98

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7550

More Good Time Music Josh Bogin



FC 7550 MORE GOOD TIME MUSIC: 11 participation game songs for children, sung by Josh Bogin and children from the Durham Child Development Center, capturing their spontaneous excitement in the classroom. Songs include: "This Little Light of Mine," "Corrina, Corrina," "Hey Lollie," "When I First Came to This Land." Complete text. 1-12" LP \$5.98 Stereo

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FJ 2850

THE ORIGINAL

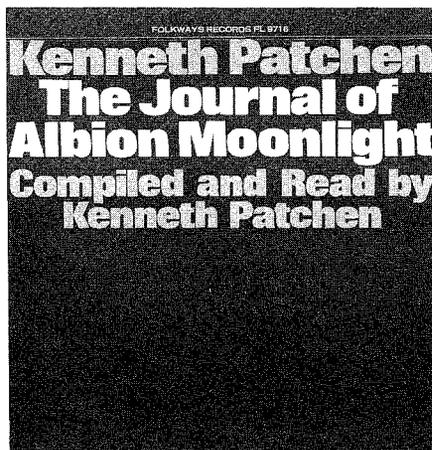
Produced by David A. Jansen
Mastered by Moses Asch
Played by James P. Johnson
Quartet recorded by Moses Asch
NEVER PREVIOUSLY RELEASED



FJ 2850 JAMES P. JOHNSON, Piano solos: Compiled by David A. Jansen from original never before released masters recorded by Moses Asch. 16 selections include Snowy Morning Blues, Jungle Drums, Euphonic Sounds, Twilight Rag. Notes 1-12" LP \$5.98

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9716

Kenneth Patchen The Journal of Albion Moonlight Compiled and Read by Kenneth Patchen



FL 9716 THE JOURNAL OF ALBION MOONLIGHT BY KENNETH PATCHEN: Kenneth Patchen reads selections from his greatest work, compared to "Moby Dick" and other achievements in American literature. "The Journal" is both a history of the plague-summer of 1940, when hatred and madness had turned Europe into a hell, and the history of one man's fight to preserve all that is noble in Man. 1-12" LP \$6.50

Folksongs of the Midwest



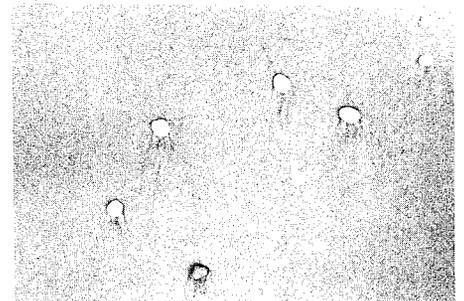
Loman D. Cansler

FS 5330 SONGS OF THE MIDWEST: Compiled and sung by Loman D. Cansler. Traditional songs and ballads of a family collection living in the great Midwest of the USA for over a century. Includes Little Dame Crump, Birdie Darling, The Revolutionary Tea, Will the Weaver and many more. Text. 1-12" LP \$5.98

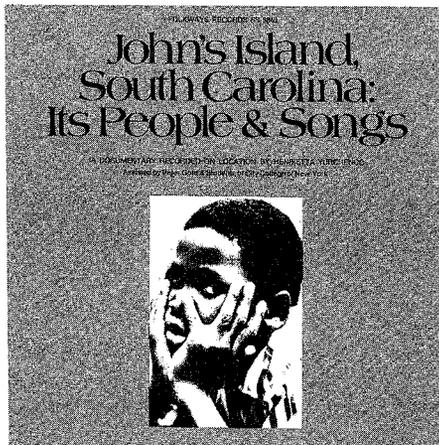


FW 8736 FOLKWAYS CONTEMPORARY SONGS BY EWAN MACCOLL & PEGGY SEEGER: 16 songs written and sung by the two leading figures in the traditional and contemporary folk-music revival in England. The music blends their mastery of traditional forms with humorous and serious commentary on the contemporary scene. Text. 1-12" LP \$5.98 Stereo

POEMS BY W.B. YEATS
 spoken according to his own directions
 by V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, Jill Balcon & Marjorie Westbury
 & POEMS FOR SEVERAL VOICES



FL 9894 POEMS BY W. B. YEATS and POEMS FOR SEVERAL VOICES: 9 poems by Yeats, read according to his own direction, and 7 poems by Thomas Hardy, Robert Graves, C. Day Lewis, Walter de la Mare, and Gerard Manley Hopkins. Readers include V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, Jill Balcon, Marjorie Westbury, and others. Recorded in England. A Jupiter Recording. 1-12" LP \$6.50



FS 3840 JOHN'S ISLAND, South Carolina, ITS PEOPLE AND SONGS: A documentary recorded by Henrietta Yurchenco and a group of her students on St. John's Island. Recording of children's play songs, blues and religious songs including members of a congregation. Text. 1-12" LP \$5.98

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 New Releases**

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1-12" LP \$5.98
- ... FA 2436 BERKELEY FARMS
1-12" LP \$5.98 Stereo
- ... FA 2694 ROOTS OF BLACK
MUSIC IN AMERICA
2-12" LP \$11.96
- ... FJ 2850 JAMES P. JOHNSON
1-12" LP \$5.98
- ... FA 2930 WOODY'S STORY
2-12" LP \$11.96 Stereo
- ... FS 3840 JOHN'S ISLAND, South
Carolina, ITS PEOPLE AND
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HULA AND LOVE DANCE
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- ... FC 7550 MORE GOOD TIME
MUSIC
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- ... FL 9710 "BOSS SOUL"
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- ... FW 8736 FOLKWAYS CONTEM-
PORARY SONGS BY EWAN
MACCOLL & PEGGY SEEGER
1-12" LP \$5.98 Stereo
- ... FL 9716 THE JOURNAL OF
ALBION MOONLIGHT BY
KENNETH PATCHEN
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and POEMS FOR SEVERAL
VOICES
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- ... FR 35502 READINGS FROM THE
BIBLE
2-12" LP \$11.96

INITIATION
OR A HUICHOL RITUAL

(For Ramon Medina Silva, Huichol
Artist and Mara 'akáme)

Blindfolded
in the sacred peyote desert
the water is poured over the head

walking so many miles
to meet peyote pilgrims
O Watakame (clearer of the brush)

help us to see the arrow
with feathers and the
number five

help us to see the deer
that will take us into
the sacred mundane world

Let me chew datora now
I will not vomit like greedy
gringos who eat too much
and enter into the tomb
of the dead

It is strong and bitter
and I see beautiful flowers
but when one has enough
one leaves

Why take all?
if you do elder brother
will withdraw all his
flowers his flesh

I must stay up all night
to find my life

I greet you the North/
South/above and down below/
I have eaten the foam of
the sea/ no one can sing
louder than me

Great Elder Brother Walak 'tari
says "follow the direction of
the deer's horns, his tracks
and you will find peyote
and maize."

And peyote is a
five pointed deer shot
with four arrows
(I cut with care the
flesh from the roots)

And the Mara 'akáme says
"eat your flesh, your body
my brother, then you will
rise again. Eat it, it is

your life. in this way you
will live and live."

And I'm singing that
"I've eaten the foam and
flowers and waves of the sea,
who knows better how to
play music, think, make
designs of yarn, it is I."

The Mara 'akáme and I are
both crying as we depart from
each other

HABIB TIWONI
San Luis Potosi, Mexico

(Note: The above poem will be in Tiwoni's
next book of poetry "What Time Is The
Sun".)

EVEN IF THE SEA CHAFES

(For Brother Dudley Archer)

Ship sail, ship sail
how many men on deck?
(A Caribbean Childrens' game)

Don't turn
your back on her
promise me
you'll return to the sea
(most vibrant woman of all)

at the apex
of this chantey
she waits
for
seaman you, seaman I
...gifted from birth with
sun skin

salt skin
we've both studied the tapestry
of the sea that rocks on
white legs

of sand...
(The swaying of her swollen stomach
as she tosses back her seaweed hair)
Concerto waves of her voice thundering
(come to sea

come to stare
into the blue eyes of the sea)
...forget lan' brudder man
Ah sea wife waits
fo' yew an' me

HABIB TIWONI

New York

out in america

By RON TURNER © 1972 by Ron Turner

harvest time all around
the cotton country
from the hobo jungle
at the railroad's curve
i could see a green tractor
drivin slow thru the brown fields
tickin off the cotton bolls
spittin em thru a long green chute
into the screen wagon behind when
the train stopped
i clumb up onto a freight car
hid beneath the rubber tires
of the trailer on top
nobody knew what i was doing
except me

in san antone near the
freight yards
the barber stood by the
front door of his shop
and tole me the true
story of the fight between
mexicans and texans
nobody believed it except me

for one dollar
the sign said
see hank williams' cadillac
sunday afternoon cowboys
reached for their beer money
everyone headed inside except me

vicksburg highway has
long lonesome curves
the beams of auto headlights
swept around the guardrails
and shone in my face
if i died there
no one would know except me

hot streets of houston
shoppers ran from door
to door
the blind saxophone player
raised his silver horn to
his lips and
blew for the street
nobody followed him except me

fourteen years old and pregnant
the gravedigger's wife
had never been
out of town
her dreams were
blonde and beautiful
nobody listened to her voice except me

rain fell for seven minutes
on the red clay of georgia
mist rose among the peach trees
as i walked thru the scrub
playing my harmonica
nobody heard it except me

FOR SIX LONG YEARS I'VE RAMBLED
THIS COUNTRY SO WIDE
OVER HILLS AND MOUNTAINS
CROSS PRAIRIES AND PLAINS
MANY PLACES AND PEOPLE
I'VE MET AND I'VE TOUCHED
NOW I STOP TO BEHOLD THE TIMES
I'VE GRASPED IN MY CLUTCH

the battle fields of virginia
are surrounded by crosstie fences
stone bridge over bull run
soldiers died
their blood ran down the poles and bricks
nobody saw it except me

in the hills of tennessee
four farmers
drank beer and asked me if i was
a hippie
on my guitar i played mountain tunes
all young people were hippies except me

on seventh and d
near the d.c. slums
in thick glasses and overcoat
an old negro played her
guitar in winter
and nobody put their last dollar
into her cup
nobody except me

lovers of the lord sang hymns
on the mansion floor in the
hollywood hills
five girls and six boys
the preacher and his wife
everyone had a revelation except me

for a poet they held a banquet
if he had been alive
i dont think he would have come
and everyone was let into the library
except me

too dark and too few cars to get a ride
in the grass between two knoxville highways
i walked to a tree
and there i lay down in the cold night
nobody slept there except me

in the lobby of the peabody hotel
the delta ends
and the queen of beale street
sat on a folding chair
with her hand in the air
she didnt advise anybody to
go down
except me

in a neuva laredo whorehouse
a one legged desert rat
opened his overcoat
battery box round his waist
two electrodes in hand
how long can you take the juice
nobody had a quarter except me

UP ON THE TRESTLE
THE ENGINES DO ROAR
AND SHAKE DOWN THE SNOW
AT WINTER'S STEEL DOOR
AND THE COLD LONESOME HIGHWAY
WELCOMES IT'S OLD FRIEND
AS IT WINDS EVER OUTWARD
OVER ME WHICH TO SEND

the salvation army
is open
in greeneville mississippi
cold beans coffee and bread
for supper
everyone ate it except me

(cont'd on next page)



apaches gathered around
the living room
the winchesters were in
the corner and the pipe
was lit
everyone was invited to smoke except me

the tracks ran ten feet
from the barroom wall
and the engineer looked down
into my face
play the wreck of the ole 97
and nobody could play it except me

MY PACK HAS GROWN LIGHTER
THERE IS LITTLE TO TAKE
MY SHOULDERS ARE BALANCED
WITH SUCCESS AND MISTAKE
THE GEESE ARE FLYING HOMEWARD
IN THE SCREAMING HIGH WIND
AND CALL CRIES OF COMFORT
AS THEY PASS RAMBLING MEN

(deceived by no stranger
led by no friend
i set out to be blown around by
the country's cold wind)

AF

POETRY SECTION -- 2

LA PLAYA DE MAZATLAN

Fascinated by fire
we ate our last supper
on la playa de Mazatlan
to the sound of the restless sea
our candle
dripping hot tears
cried
in the arms of a white wine
bottle
one foot away
a green wine bottle
embraced a white candle
as it dropped it's last tear
sea shells
whistled our last good-bye
as my love and I departed
the candles struck twelve

H. Tiwoni
8/21/71
Mazatlan, Sinaloa

LA CAFETERIA O UNA NINA

Look at her
this girl with the
malnutritioned skin
and the
fly-catching mouth
(a beggar from birth)
as she moves
from table to table
chained in the cheapest
of rubber shoes
to the gleeful
"Oh no's" of the middle class
how many times a day/night
has her lips uttered the words
"dame un veinte?"

H. Tiwoni
8/5/71
Mexico City
(written in the cafeteria
Facultad de Filosofia y Letras, en
Universidad Nacional Autonoma
de Mexico)

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1972

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa—A few weeks ago South African censors banned a T-shirt bearing the legend, "Help Cure Virginity."

At the same time as T-shirts are being banned, Faulkner is no longer illicit reading, and writers darkly await the censors' new ways of dealing with their work, the quiet phenomenon of new black poets—and publishers ready to risk publishing them—continues in Johannesburg.

Why this upsurge of poetry under censorship?

It began last year with the publication of Oswald Mtshali's "Sounds of A Cowhide Drum," also published in New York. Fourteen thousand copies were sold in South Africa; a wide readership for any poet, anywhere.

(Mtshali's poetry first appeared in the US in BROADSIDE #105 -- Feb-Mar., 1970)

Nelson Gets St. Louis Blues

ST. LOUIS—GOV. NELSON ROCKEFELLER, THE man responsible for the murder of 32 prisoners at Attica came here on Sept. 13, the anniversary of the Attica massacre. He was scheduled to speak at a \$100-a-couple Republican fund-raising dinner. Seventy demonstrators met him and the other Republican big-wigs with chants of, "No matter how you figure, Rocky pulled the trigger." Attica means Fight Back!"; Hitler, rose, Hitler fell, fac-ist Rocky go to hell!"; and "Black, brown, yellow, white; workers and students must unite!"

* * *
PLUG CITY: Malachy McCourt, who does a telephone talk show on WMCA, has been pushing Dan Cassidy's anti-war song, "We Are The Children" on his weekend shows. The song hasn't caught on yet at any of the other stations, and McCourt says he is going to keep playing it until it does.



Malvina is pleased to report that she now has a supply of both her recent albums, "Malvina Reynolds" on Century City, and "Malvina" on Cass-andra. If you can't get them elsewhere, send \$4.75 each (this includes postage and handling) to Schroder Music, 2027 Parker st., Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

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