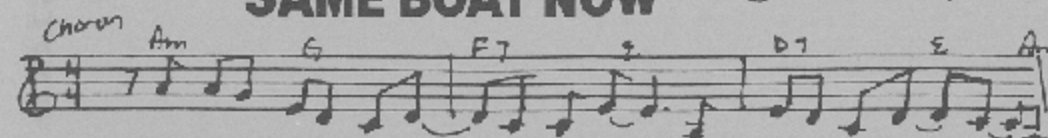


SONGS OF FREEDOM AND STRUGGLE

SAME BOAT NOW

© 1983 Betsy Rose

In this issue:



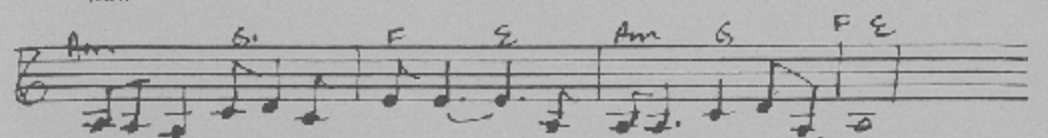
We may have come here on different ships but we're in the same boat now



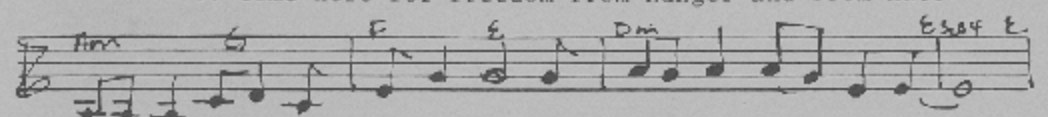
We may have come here on different ships but we're in the same boat



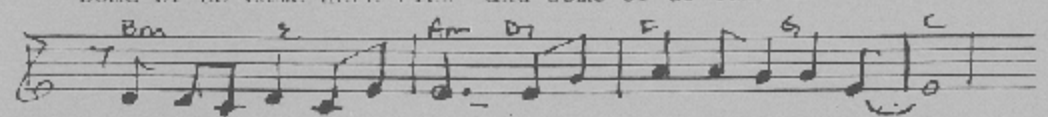
NOW



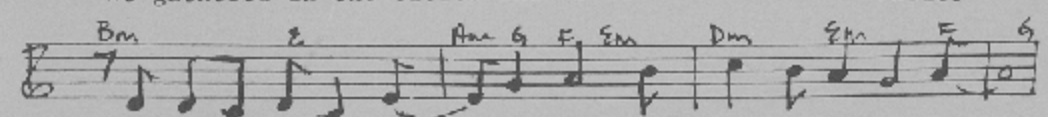
Some of us came here for freedom from hunger and from hate



Some of us came here rich and some of us came in chains



We gathered in the cities and we claimed the new frontier



We pulled the cotton from the land we watered with our tears

Some grew rich by toil and trade, some grew rich by vice
 And some grew rich in power and all of us paid the price
 And in the name of progress we so ground each other down
 But none is the winner when you're building on bloody ground
 But no one is the winner when you're building on bloody ground

CHORUS

We're a people born of many shores, our journeys so entwined
 And we'll be on a sinking ship if we leave anybody behind
 Don't want to be a melting pot, we're a rainbow family
 And it's gonna take everything we've got to set each other free

CHORUS

Words of all colors from every walk of life
 We bore the hidden burden as workers, daughters and wives
 Hired when we were needed, sent home when jobs ran down
 They think we're waiting on the shore, but we're turning the boat around

Spanish:
 Hemos llegado en diferentes barcos
 Pero estamos en el mismo bote ahora
 French:
 Nous sommes venus dans des navires différents
 Mais nous sommes dans le même bateau
 German:
 Nicht alle kamen an den selben Schiff,
 Doch jetzt sind wir in der selben Lage.
 Ladino:
 Vinimos en barcos diferentes
 Pero agora nos topamos en el mismo vapor.
 Italian:
 Forse siamo venuti qui su nave diverse
 ma siamo nella stessa barca ora.

- Susan Abod
- John Bell
- Marcie Boyd
- Rose Graubert
- Tova Green
- Johanna Halbeisen
- Ngoma Hill
- Jaribu Hill
- David Ignatow
- Yaedi Ignatow
- Howard Kaplan
- Charlie King
- Chris Mills
- Dennis Pearne
- Betsy Rose
- Roger Rosen
- Pete Seeger
- Fred Small
- Willie Sordill
- Allan Teichroew
- Cathy Winter

BROADSIDE #149
The National Topical Song Magazine

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Guest Editor of this Issue

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Editor's Notes: All of the songs in this issue were by people who attended the People's Music Network for Songs of Freedom and Struggle weekend in January and were collected by Sonny Ochs. Sonny was a participant at the weekend. She also has a radio show in the New York area twice monthly on WPMU (91.1 FM)--1st Tuesday 6-9PM, 3rd Thursday 9-12Mid.

She plays the type of music that appears in BROADSIDE. Sonny is also the emcee at the Monday night hootenannies at Folk City.

Bob Lusk has joined the staff of BROADSIDE as contributing editor and has announced cessation of People's Songletter. All People's Songletter subscribers will receive a free subscription to BROADSIDE equal to the unfilled portion of their P.S. subscription.

The Bob Dylan letter will be continued next month for you Dylan fans. It was left out this month to accommodate more songs from the PMN/SFS.

In this issue we begin reprinting an article about Gordon Friesen from Mennonite Life. The article describes Gordon's life and works.

Sammy Walker (whose song "Legends" appeared in our Phil Ochs issue) will be playing at Folk City March 31.

Please continue to send in songs, poems, drawings, and anything else that we might want to use. Keep on telling your friends that hog your issue of BROADSIDE to get their own subscription.

This issue is just the first of our special issues with guest editors and special topics. If you have something that particularly fits one of the upcoming issues, send it in at least two months prior to publication or get it to the guest editor. Here's the schedule:

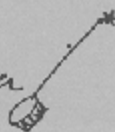
April	God Bless The Grass	Paul Kaplan
May	The Third World	Jaribu Hill
June	Native American Songs	Roland Mousaa
July	Latin America	Bob Norman
August	Topical Songs of the U.K.	
September		
October	Have Hope: The '84 Election	Oscar Brand

FACE TO FACE

The People's Music Network has established a semi-annual forum for up to 200 musicians, singers and songwriters to meet, discuss and learn songs from each other for 48 hours. The format is usually the same: on Friday evening there is informal mixing. On Saturday there's usually a series of organized seminars ("workshops"), four or five simultaneously, and a Round Robin where 42 people can each sing one song.

There are now hundreds of musicians seeking ways to use their music to help roll this world in the right direction. There are a number of small publications which help them (e.g., BROADSIDE and Sing Out!), but there's no substitute for face to face contact. People's Music Network is providing opportunities for this.

If any reader wants to attend one of the PMN/SFS weekends on either the east or west coast—or help organize one elsewhere, they should write to Charlie King, 158 Cliff St., Norwich, CT 06360.

Pete Seeger 

[See articles by Charlie King and Sonny Ochs at this issue.]

NEW SONG LIBRARY

by Johanna Hallerstein

New Song Library (NSL), a library of songs for people who use music in their work for social change, was hard at work at the People's Music Weekend (PMN). NSL staff recorded workshops and song-swaps with the help of participants. High quality equipment was used to record the Round Robin and other large group events to get the best possible sound. (Several PMN members have radio programs and will use this wealth of music on their shows—with permission.) Copies of tapes from weekend gatherings since 1977 can be ordered from NSL. For the last year and a half, John Cutro has been indexing the Round Robins on his computer so people can find out who sang what on which tape. To get a copy of the index, send \$67 and a SASE to John Cutro, 385 Morris St., #22, Albany, NY 12208.

NSL does more than record the proceedings of the PMNs. NSL is an archive, documenting and preserving contemporary social change music. Its services are for people who use such music in their work—musicians, teachers, organizers and media people. The library currently contains over 600 tapes, 600 records, 50 songbooks and other music reference books, lyric and lead sheets and record ordering information. Library members can borrow tapes and get discounts on fees for services. The research service and the NSL catalog make it easy for people to use the library by mail. Membership costs \$5. For more information, write to NSL, Box 295, Northampton, MA 01061.



BROADSIDE RADIO HOUR

WBAI, Pacifica listener-sponsored, nonprofit radio in New York (99.5 FM), has announced a major new monthly event, THE BROADSIDE RADIO HOUR, commencing in April. Produced by Gordon Grunberg and Sonny Ochs, the show will feature songs from current and past issues of BROADSIDE, as well as interviews and commentary. THEREFORE, if you are sending in your lead-sheets for publication in the magazine, send in a tape also. Check the next issue of BROADSIDE or the WBAI Folio for the exact day and time.

Share Your Load

© 1983

Willie Sordill

You walk down the road back bent in
 pain your should-ers are ach-ing but you ne-ver com-
 plain The weight that you car-ry seems yours a-
 lone But the jour-ney is short-er if you'll share your
 load Please
Chorus
 share your load share your load
 you need-n't bear it a-lone
 Share your load Share your load To-
 ge-ther we'll car-ry it home

You walk down the road, back bent in pain
 Your shoulders are aching but you never complain
 The weight that you carry seems yours alone
 But the journey is shorter if you'll share your load

Chorus

Please share your load
 Share your load
 You needn't bear it alone
 Share your load
 Share your load
 Together we'll carry it home



Grief strikes deep, like a knife in your heart
 Part of you dies when a loved one must part
 The wound that is opened won't soon be healed
 But the space is less empty when you let me come near

You're changing the world, changing yourself
 You learn what to keep and what to leave on the shelf
 The task has no end; it takes fire to root
 But sharing this work becomes its own fruit

* In Verse 1,

Celibacy

-Marae Boyd

Introduction
chords only

Ev'ry-body's al-ways say-ing love songs, but the love songs, don't seem to work.
 Ev'ry-body's al-ways say-ing or sing-ing or de-scrib-ing or the sub-ject of rain-fall-ing a ro-mance. But

have they really en-joyed it or in-pulse to re-main in control over all the world is fall-ing in a love?
Verse

There's some-thing to be said for CEL-I-BACY. It's no-thing to be dread-ed, try it and see that
 It's cer-tain-ly should-n't be con-sid-er-ed. A cer-tain kind of sex - can well be in-ter-ested
 It's not a word, CEL-I-BACY, the joys are quite un-pe-ri-ous-ly
 You're not to be a - lone with, so don't feel blue (or red) face if you're, I've thought love was for fore-tel-ling

It's a hell of a sit-u-a-tion but what a sensation from your
 It's a hell of a sit-u-a-tion but what a sensation from your
Bridge

at your wild side, or your red - red bliss, or your
 at your wild side, or your red - red bliss, or your
 at your wild side, or your red - red bliss, or your
 at your wild side, or your red - red bliss, or your

There'll be no sex-ty in - fi-ber-ly-ty, or just-ly-ty, or tear-ful fore - well-ly-ty, try CEL-I-BACY
 so may the pres-ent real-ly well-ly-ty, get well-ly-ty

In a nut - 2 Cel-e-este, don't de-lay: try CEL-I-BACY, you might be well-ly-ty, try
 CEL-I-BACY, to - day!



Copyright © 1983 by Marae Boyd.

PEOPLE'S MUSIC NETWORK

The People's Music Network for Songs of Freedom and Struggle has a membership list even longer than its name. This 750-member network was thought up on a farm, organized from a jail, currently lives in two cardboard boxes in Connecticut and for seven years has contounded the laws of gravity and entropy. We're still intact and flying, growing and changing. Here's the story.

The idea was hatched in 1977 at a rural political outpost, the Community for Nonviolent Action. Joanne McGlein, Rick Glauner, Joanne Sheehan and myself, the staff—were dreaming up programs. Joanne McGlein suggested the idea of a political music conference. Setting a tone that has lasted to this day, we all agreed it was a great idea and then proceeded to have a long fight about it. Those who have attended any of our gatherings will smile to know it was a fight about what to call the conference. We finally agreed on "The Songs of Freedom and Struggle Gathering," a title we thought would reconcile the personal with the political while avoiding the rhetoric. It worked.

I sent out the final mailing for our first conference while awaiting trial for the 1977 Seabrook Nike occupation. The response was good. Seventy people came, many from New York and New England, some from as far away as Arizona. We struggled, gabbed and gabbled Friday night away, dutifully caucused by gender on Saturday morning, spent the rest of the day in workshops that were mostly song swaps, then gathered after supper for the first evening of that now bi-annual, wonderful, impossible, eternal and unmanageable musical marathon, the Round Robin Sing: seventy-plus songs to carry us through post-dinner digestion into the pre-breakfast hungries.

Most of us had arrived saying, "I thought I was the only one doing this." We all agreed before leaving that we needed to keep in touch. So the "Gathering" became the "Network." That has remained our major goal as a group—to keep in touch, to support one another in work that is too often too competitive, to help each other and the network and the music grow. We have never generated a statement of common philosophy; we are too diverse for any party line. Oh, there is a lot of common ground. I think it is safe to say we all come down on the progressive side of things, well to the left of the political center that is galloping to the right. We all agree we need to work for change, but there is some diversity about what a changed world should look like and a whole lot of diversity about how we get from here to there. But we all agree music is a change—lifting the spirit, telling the story, holding the line. And we seem to agree that one of the first things we need to change is ourselves. So we have changed.

From the very beginning we knew we had the dreary potential of becoming an enclave of white folks. This did not look like the revolution. This did not even look like our neighborhoods! For several years running we talked and argued and planned about how the SFS Network could make itself more accessible and attractive to nonwhites. At the 1981 summer gathering we proposed a winter gathering in an urban setting as a step in that direction. Washington, D.C. hosted it. It was a big success, built around the observance of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s birthday. Out of that gathering came the People's Music Network, a separate group with considerable overlap of membership with the SFS Network. We quickly agreed to organize a weekend in New York City the following winter and almost as quickly began discussing a merger of the two networks. We failed to agree on a merger in the summer of '82, partly due to some logistical snafus, partly because we needed to deal more with the attitudes within the networks that kept us apart. The winter of '83 in N.Y.C. produced a merger proposal that was endorsed by the gathering the following summer, but with a caveat. We were talking less about how to recruit more nonwhites and talking more about how we could work to combat racism. One way is to build a united, multi-racial, multi-cultural, multi-lingual network that brings us closer to a world of justice and peace and freedom. You know, the kind of world you would like to live in! And if the gathering this winter in Boston was any indication, we are making headway: we are now one organization: PMN/SFS. And now there is another change in the wind.

After seven anarchic, ad hoc years we seem to agree we need a bit more structure (any structure at all would be a bit more). In Boston we made steps toward creating an elected steering committee with twelve members (like eggs, tribes or apostles). Half of the twelve will be third world, half will be women. The structures and ground rules, candidates and ballots have yet to be planned. Who knows where it will take us? Perhaps we will have to acquire an additional cardboard box. The goal is to find a way to effectively decide and act on things that matter. That can't hurt.

Not that things haven't been happening right along. Since 1977 our membership has grown tenfold. Network members have worked to build the New Song Library, the Peoples' Voice Cafe and our newsletter, *Sassafras*. PMN/SFS members have helped to organize regional networks—the Freedom Song Network out by San Francisco Bay, the Midwest People's Network and a Canadian group, the Music for Social Change Network. We are growing in all sorts of ways. If you read *Broadside*, you should join us. \$5 per year gets you four copies of *Sassafras*, a list of members, etc. (See Sonny Ochs' article for details.)

--Charlie King

Photographs by:
Steve Selznapp

Charlie
King



Lydia Davis Marcie Boyd & Sonny Ochs



ANNIE

Words and Music by Fred Small
© 1983 Pine Barrens Music (BMT)

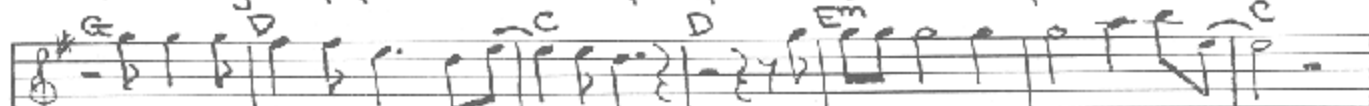
BRISKLY



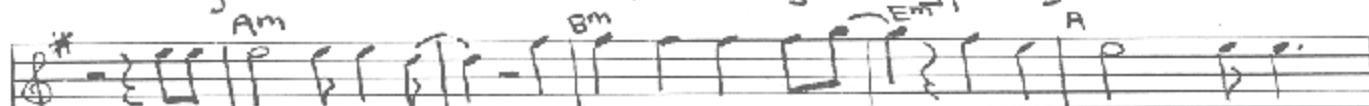
Annie's up at seven on a work-day brewing up a cup — of pep-per-mint tea



Gathering her papers and les-son plans, she grabs her keys



Teaching ar-ithmetic and Af-rica, ge-o-logy and girls' bas-ket-ball



All the kids in her class will tell you she's the best But she's heard of her



teach-ers in the hall saying, "What are we gonna do a-bout Annie?"



Pret-ty girl like her shouldn't be alone If she took our ad-vice —



dressed up real nice — She'd find a man to take her home."

Annie's up at seven on a workday, brewing up a cup of peppermint tea
Gathering her papers and lesson plans, she grabs her keys
Teaching arithmetic and Africa, geology and girls' basketball
All the kids in her class will tell you she's the best
But she's heard other teachers in the hall saying,

CHORUS:

"What are we gonna do about Annie?
Pretty girl like her shouldn't be alone
If she took our advice, dressed up real nice
She'd find a man to take her home."

Mondays come questions of couples—where and with whom did you go?
Avoiding the personal pronoun, she hopes it doesn't show
Shopping with her lover in the city, two women holding hands don't get a stare
If the kids at school know, what would they do?
Would they hate her? Why should they care? Tell me,

CEDIE'S

Never getting too close to a student, never letting out too much of her life
Keeping her delights and disappointments tucked out of sight
Annie takes herself to the Christmas party—the principal whispers with a smile
"You're vivacious and bright, if you play your cards right
There're some men here tonight worth your while." Thinking,

CEORIS

Work that you love is hard to come by, the kids she could never bear to lose
So she makes conversation out of silences and halt-cruins
But at night by the fire with her lover she looks out at the wind-driven snow
And imagines the day when she'll look in their faces
And tell everybody she knows—she'll tell 'em—

FINAL CHORUS:

Don't you worry about Annie
She don't lie awake and pine
Get love to fill her heart, flowers growing in the garden
Annie's doing just fine.

(REPEAT FINAL CHORUS)



WE WON'T GO BACK

(As done by the Red Berets)

By Chris Mills

The Right-to-lifers wan-na turn the cl-ock back to the so-called good old days,
 When a wo-man who got preg-nant had the e-xact a-mount of choice could af-
 ford to pay. If she was rich she got a doc-tor who would do any thing for greed;
 If she was poor, just a back street bu-tcher or else one more mouth to feed.

CHORUS
 Oh sis-ter mo-ther daugh-ter lo-ver, fight-ing to-ge-ther we can't lose
 And we won't go back to the back streets We do mand our right to choose.

Ask your mother, ask her mother,
 How many women have they known
 Who lost their lives or their fertility
 On a dirty kitchen table or at home alone.
 Women bleeding, women dying,
 Sister, listen to them cry.
 Well, I say any is too many
 Don't want one more woman to die.

Chorus

Well, they threaten, attack and harass us;
 They wanna run us into the ground.
 And they didn't hold life so precious
 When they set the fire that burned our women's bookstore down.*
 You know violence against women
 Has been around more years than you can count.
 If it hasn't stopped us yet,
 It sure as hell ain't gonna stop us now!

* The third verse was written after a Right-to-life fanatic set fire to a building which housed Toronto's first free-standing abortion clinic (a test case for federal law which forbids abortions outside hospitals and in strictly limited circumstances. The other tenant of the building was the Toronto Women's Bookstore which was completely gutted in the fire.)



How Many More?

By Norma and Jaribu Hill/Serious Business
©1984 Serious Business Productions

The musical score is written on ten staves. The lyrics are as follows:

SAME GAME DIFFERENT NAME SAME STORY NOTHING
CHANGED — BE - FORE CO LUM BUS SAILED THE SEA INDIANS WERE PROUD & FREE
BEFORE THE OP-PRESSORS SLAVERY — Black people used proud & free
How MANY MORE TELL ME HOW MANY MORE
Gm7 Cmaj7 (repeated each measure throughout the song)
DON'T YOU STAND ON THE SIDE LINES AND SAY YOU'RE NOT INVOLVED DON'T TRY -
TO - CON - VINCE YOURSELF THAT THESE PROBLEMS DON'T AFFECT YOU AT ALL — BECAUSE
NOW IT'S LEBANON SOUTH AFRICA — EL SALVADOR PEACE
How MANY MORE TELL ME HOW MANY MORE

Don't sit on the sidelines
and say you're not involved
Don't try to convince yourself
that these problems don't affect you at all

Because now it's Lebanon, South Africa,
El Salvador
How many more
Tell me now
How many more

Don't you sit on the sidelines
and watch your children go off to war
Don't stand back and wait for this
violence to come to your door

Because now it's Chile, Guatemala, Swazeti,
How many more
Tell me now
How many more

They look at the poor
and say that we have no rights
They steal all the wealth
with their power and military might

Because now it's Lebanon, South Africa,
El Salvador
How many more
Tell me now
How many more

They say it's for democracy
that they must intervene
We know the real story
is their power and their greed

Because now it's Chile, South Africa,
El Salvador
How many more
What are you waiting for
How many more
This violence will come to your door
How many more



DEEP BLUE SEA

music, traditional
new lyrics, John Bell, 1982 &

DEEP BLUE SEA, BABY, DEEP BLUE SEA, DEEP BLUE SEA, BABY, DEEP BLUE SEA,
 DEEP BLUE SEA BABY, DEEP BLUE SEA, NOW THERE'S PEACE IN ALL THE LANDS AND
 O'ER THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

Deep Blue Sea

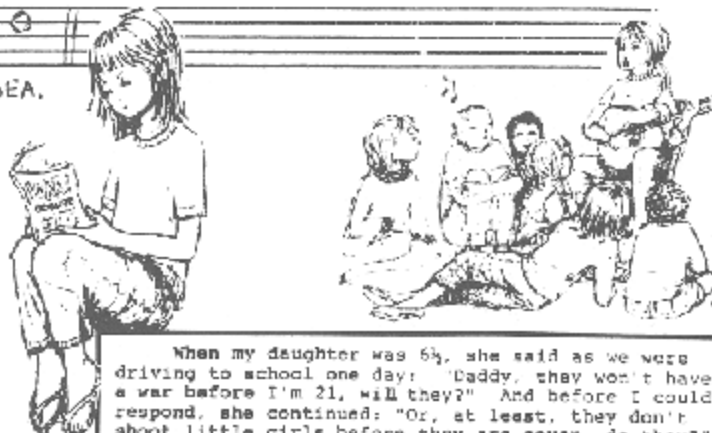
Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea.
 Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea,
 Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea.
 Now there's peace in all the lands
 And o'er the deep blue sea.

Sleep my child, you are safe and sound (3X)
 For now there's peace in all the lands
 And o'er the deep blue sea.

Just yesterday war clouds hung so low (3X)...

Love of life finally turned the tide (3X)...

Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea (3X)...



When my daughter was 6½, she said as we were driving to school one day: "Daddy, they won't have a war before I'm 21, will they?" And before I could respond, she continued: "Or, at least, they don't shoot little girls before they are seven, do they?"

Not long after this, I was singing her to sleep and found myself taking a beautiful old tune, making up new words, to form a song of reassurance that we adults can sing to the children of the world.

It is easy to teach to groups, and sounds wonderful with harmony. I simply speak the first line of each new verse before singing it.

the Washington Squares PRESENT

23RD ANNIVERSARY:
"FOLK RIOT '84"
 SUNDAY APRIL 8, 1984 - 1:00 P.M.
 WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK IN GREENWICH VILLAGE
 ALL PICKERS, STRUMMERS AND SINGERS ARE WELCOME!

WE WANT A FOLK MUSIC RE-
 DEFINITION. WE WANT THE
 KIDSWAY. WE WANT
 OVERDOME AND OTHER
 APPROPRIATE SLOGANS.

THE DAYS TAKEN WILL
 CONCLUDE WITH A PER-
 FORMANCE BY REE, MIDDY
 & SUE OF THE ORIGINAL
 FOLK RIOT AT NEARBY
 CROWNED HEAD.

BEN SHAHN

"Every great historic change has been based upon non-conformity, has been bought either with the blood or with the reputation of non-conformists."

VOLUNTEERS VOLUNTEERS VOLUNTEERS!!!
 We need help getting BROADSIDE out every month. Typing, pasting, transcribing, playing music, singing, paper airplane making and other things all need to get done to keep BROADSIDE coming out like clockwork. Write to us if you can help at all, PLEASE!

Marion Wade

Saturday, March 31st 8pm

Special guest: Bob Norman

Peoples' Voice
Cafe

at: WESTBETH GALLERY
 155 Bank Street
 (bet. Washington & West St.)

THE PROCESS SONG

--Susan
Abod

I NEVER KNEW WHAT PROCESS WAS TILL I MET YOU
BUT NOW IT SEEMS THAT PROCESSING IS
BECAUSE I
CHECK IN I SORT OUT
I'M IN TOUCH WITH
LIFE WAS SO SERIOUS BEFORE YOU CAME A
LONG NOW I'M SO DE LIRIOUS CAUSE
HOW CAN I GO WRONG WHEN I'M BEING
WITH MY FEELING
KNOW THAT'S HOW IT WAS MEANT TO BE
1. DO BABY PLEASE PROCESS IT ALL WITH
ME to BORED DEPRESSED NUMBED OUT, REAPRESSED
TIRED, FEEL WEAK, AND OVER SLEEP JUST
PRO CRESS UOE UOE UOE PRO CRESS ----
----ESS YOU CAN PROCESS IT ALL LIKE
ME!

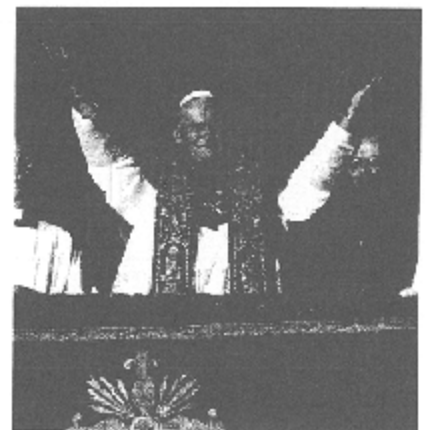
2. Give space, I touch base
I know the bottom line
She's getting to the heart
Of what her issues are
She's such an inspiration
But has she gone too far
(No) Yes I'm dealing with
my feelings
I know that's how it
was meant to be
So if you're bored,
Depressed, numbed out
Repressed, tired, feel weak,
and over sleep
Just process
You can process it all
Like me

THE MYSTERIOUS LONGHAIR



WHO IS HE?

- TULI
KUPFERBERG



TWO GOOD ARMS



WHO WILL RE-MEM-BER THE HANDS SO WHITE AND
FINE THAT TOUCHED THE FIN-EST LIN-EN THAT Poured THE
FIN-EST WINE WHO WILL RE-MEM-BER THE
GEN-TEEL WORDS THEY SPOKE TO NAME THE LIVES OF TWO GOOD MEN
A NUISANCE OR A JOKE AND ALL WHO KNOW THESE TWO GOOD ARMS
KNOW I NE-VER HAD TO ROB OR KILL I CAN LIVE BY MY
OWN TWO HANDS AND LIVE WELL AND ALL MY LIFE I HAVE
STRUG-GLED TO RID THE EARTH OF ALL SUCH CRIMES.

... Charlie King brings us the lives of Two Good Men, Sacco & Vanzetti in this song. In this frame up, Judge Webster Thayer instructed the jury, "This man [Vanzetti] may not have actually committed the crime attributed to him, [but] it is nevertheless morally culpable because he is the enemy of our existing institutions..."

TWO GOOD ARMS

Words and Music by Charlie King

Who will remember the hands so white and fine
That touched the finest linen, that poured the
finest wine

Who will remember the genteel words they spoke
To name the lives of two good men a nuisance
or a joke

Chorus:

All who know these two good arms
Know I never had to rob or kill
I can live by my own two hands and live well
And all my life I have struggled
To rid the earth of all such crimes.

Who will remember judge Webster Thayer
One hand on the gavel, the other resting
on the chair

Who will remember the hateful words he said
Speaking to the living in the language of the dead

Chorus

Who will remember the hand upon the switch
That took the lives of two good men in the service
of the rich

Who will remember the one who gave the nod
Or the chaplain standing near at hand to invoke
the name of God.

We will remember this good shoemaker
We will remember this poor fish peddler
We will remember all the strong arms and hands
That never once found justice in the hands that
rule this land.

And all who know these two good men
Knew they never had to rob or kill
Each had lived by his own two hands
And they lived well
And all their lives they had struggled
To rid the earth of all such crimes
And all our lives we must struggle
To rid the earth of all such crimes.

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BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI (executed with Nicola Sacco in Boston, 1927)

“If it had not been for these things, I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scornful men. I might have died unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph.”



Lost Voices

(SUNG ACCAPPELLA)

© CATHY WINTER 1982

Oh we are the lost ones you wish you could for-get for
 we all lost our precious lives in such untimely deaths. We're the witches burning
 at the stake and slaves in cargo holds. We're the native people of this land, our blood
 mixed a-mongst the stones.

Oh, I was from the Isle de Re, my children long were grown
 And when my husband passed away, I did the work I long had known.
 A midwife since my middle teens, I could ease both birth and death.
 I practiced well all the healing arts, some swore I was the best.

The churchman took me to the court, said the devil was my mate
 I claimed no guilt, I named no names, so they tied me to a stake.
 I felt the flames reach through the skin, and scorch my very bones.
 All my precious knowledge died with me, though I wish it were not so.

Nine million women's lives were lost upon that witches' pyre.
 Six million died in Hitler's hell, of death do you not tire?
 We saw as whites did drive the Native blood so deep into the ground.
 We hear Hiroshima burning still, in bones, that make no sound.

Can you not see the paths you walk, by the paths you leave behind?
 A weapon's ne'er been left unused, once built for cruel design.
 You hold your weapons, hold your hate, say they both are for the best
 We see you walk with pride in your country's strength,
 And our souls, they can not rest.

Oh, we are the lost ones, you wish you could forget,
 For we all lost our precious lives, in such untimely deaths,
 We're the witches burning at the stake, and slaves in cargo holds.
 We see you walk with pride in your country's strength,
 And our hearts feel no repose.



C. Winter

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CHANGED PRIORITIES AHEAD

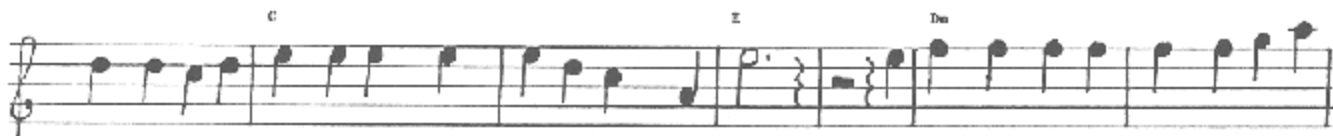


1. We were driving in - to Ply - mouth on the road from Core - hole on a
 2. Well, Eng - lish is the lang - uage that my na - - - - - ther taught me in the
 3. We saw a - noth - ar in - stance of the sign fur - ther on as I
 4. Some oth - er drivers passed me by while I was stopped, as I
 5. I tin - at - ly pro - ceed - ed to the in - - - - - ter sec - tion that had
 6. Now, we're driving to the fu - ture on a road from the post - - - - - and we

© 1983 by Howard Kaplan



Do - - - - - van Sun - day af - ter noon. We were tin - red, we were hur - gry, we had had a day of
 a - - - - - when I was still young. So Eng - land is a coun - try that I wan - ted to
 pulled the car o - ver to the side. And start - ed turning pe - gas of The High - way
 looked to see what they would do. Would they grow more care - ful as they passed the
 been marked off by the sign. Or the sur - face of the road a - head of
 how to use side - ways to steer. Changing one di - rec - tion brings us wis - dom and



near - - - - - and the eve - - - - - ning could - n't come too soon. We did - n't want a ban - quet or a
 vic - tin, for I fig - ured I could speak - - - - - the tongue. I would - n't need to learn a lot of
 Code to find out what was im - - - - - plied. But there were no ex - am - ples that re -
 sign - - - - - or would they go driv - ing straight through, 18 - car - ing the im - port - ant mes - sage
 we - - - - - was a fresh - ly pain - ed white line. Tell - ing me to give way to the
 peac - e - - - - - no - - - - - ther brings us car - roc and fear. The fu - ture won't just hap - pen, it is



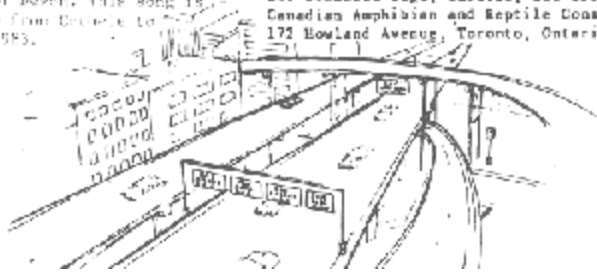
fac - to - rial, all we wan - ted was a meal and a bed. When I saw the
 fare - - - - - ion words; I could use my own words in - stead. But then what was the
 sep - a - ted the sign with its let - ter - ing white up - on red. Tell - ing all the
 pris - - - - - and there? I did - n't know quite what it said. But I knew it was im -
 cross - - - - - sine traf - fic in the lane in - - - - - which my lane fed. Hab - its of long
 something we build, and that is the rea - son that I dread A fu - ture run by



sign on the left side of the road; CHANGED PRI - OR - I - TIES A HEAD.
 mean - ing of that sign by the road; CHANGED PRI - OR - I - TIES A HEAD?
 dri - vers who came a - long the road; CHANGED PRI - OR - I - TIES A HEAD.
 par - tanc from the size of the sign; CHANGED PRI - OR - I - TIES A HEAD.
 stand - ing may re - qui - re break - ing for the; CHANGED PRI - OR - I - TIES A HEAD.
 lead - ers who can - not read the signs; CHANGED PRI - OR - I - TIES A HEAD.

In the southwest corner of England, the river Plym forms part of the boundary between the counties of Devon and Cornwall. To the west of the river, in Cornwall, as the old roads between, were little changed in the past four hundred years and now open to the public. On the east side at the mouth of the river is the city of Plymouth, very much changed in recent years, especially since the war, and located in the county of Devon. This song is the true story of a journey from Devon to Plymouth in the spring of 1983.

Howard Kaplan is a songwriter living in Toronto. He gets paid for being a statistician and systems analyst for a subsidiary of Ontario's largest democratically-controlled multiple service organization -- the Provincial government. The work he does not get paid for includes serving in various volunteer capacities for co-operatives and musical organizations, including The New Trojan Horse Cafe, a non-profit coffeehouse devoted to the development and presentation of socially-progressive music in all forms. He writes songs about disarmament, food, elections, farming, co-operatives, transportation, airplane air-sickness bags, turtles, and frogs. He is a card-carrying member of the Canadian Amphibian and Reptile Conservation Society. He can be reached at 172 Howland Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5R 3S6, 416-518-9515.



The True Story of Frank Fischer

© 1983 Dennis Pearce

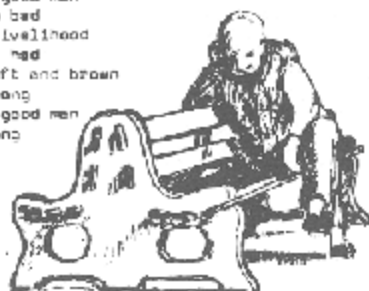
VERSE

German im-mi-grant, eight-teen sev-en-ty
 four A six year old boy in the land of op-por-tu-ni-ty
 A work-ing fam-i-ly, ev-ery body dur-ing their
 part Lit-tle Frank ran-er-rands for a print shop fac-to-ry
 And at the age of twel-ve, How could he know, as he
 served his boss and his peers, He would work in that Brook-lyn
 print shop for eight-y-four years. Frank Fischer was a good man,
 But they treated him bad They took-a-way his live-li-hood
 The on-ly one he ever had His old eyes were
 soft and brown, His old will was strong Frank Fischer was a
 good man But they did him wrong

A German immigrant, eighteen-seventy-four
 A six-year-old boy in the land of opportunity
 A working family, everybody doing their part
 Little Frank ran errands for a print shop factory
 And at the age of twelve, how could he know
 As he served his boss and his peers
 He would work in that Brooklyn print shop for eighty-four years

cho

Frank Fischer was a good man
 But they treated him bad
 They took away his livelihood
 The only one he ever had
 His old eyes were soft and brown
 His old will was strong
 Frank Fischer was a good man
 But they did him wrong



He couldn't fight in World War One cause his eyes were bad
 But he never took a sick day as he worked the paper press
 He fathered six children and the swine flu took back two
 But his hands worked steady and he felt that his life was blessed
 And he didn't say much, he made no excuses, and he always kept his word
 Helped out a friend when a few dollars he could afford

Frank lost his wife when he reached age seventy-eight
 But eight grandchildren and that job kept him sustained
 His family drew from his strength for their unity
 His chopped gruff voice, his ways so old and ingrained
 On his last birthday, he blew ninety-six candles out with just one blow
 Went back to the print shop next day to the work he did know

New owners at the print shop, and they didn't want any old man
 They laid Frank off though he still worked hard and true
 He watched TV for a week in his walk-up flat
 Then hanged himself in the privacy of his bedroom
 This world is full of great unknowns
 But there's one thing that I'm sure
 When profit is the motive then decency goes out the door

HOTEL COLONNADE SONG

©1984 by Tova Green

THIS IS A STORY 'BOUT A PHONE CALL THAT I MADE TO MISTER PHILLIPINO AT THE
 HOTEL COLONNADE I SAID "HELLO MANNAGER, THERE'S A CONFERENCE COMING
 SOON
 CALLED
 ELECTRONIC WARFARE BEING HELD IN YOUR HOTEL ROOMS
 (CHORUS) WE DON'T NEED NEW WAYS TO MARKET TOOLS OF DREAD HELP US
 BUILD (HELP US BUILD) HELP US BUILD A PEACEFUL WORLD IN-STEAD

1. This is a story about a phone call that I made
 To Mr. Phillipino at the Hotel Colonnade
 I said, "Hello Manager, there's a conference coming soon
 Called electronic warfare being held in your hotel rooms"

CHORUS
 We don't need new ways
 To market tools of dread
 Help us build
 Help us build
 Help us build a peaceful world instead

2. My phone call was just one of many he received
 A phone call every hour has kept him busy as a bee
 Mr. Phillipino heard our tears about nuclear war
 He called told his stories he had never heard before

3. Mr. Phillipino spent a week of sleepless nights
 Wrestling with his conscience debating wrongs and rights
 He called a hot shot lawyer and asked for some advice
 Then he cancelled the conference much to our delight

4. One phone call made in protest doesn't take much time
 It doesn't take much effort and it only costs a dime
 What we say can make a difference we needn't be afraid
 This is the lesson of the Hotel Colonnade



People's Music Network Of Songs of Freedom & Struggle January 27-29, 1984

The latest weekend gathering of People's Music Network of Songs of Freedom & Struggle (PMN/SFS) was held in Boston from January 27-29. The semi-annual event has become so popular that many people had to be turned away.

According to Willie Sordill, the organization of this weekend started a year ago. First there were monthly, then weekly meetings. Around 20 people were deeply involved. Among the core organizers were Martha Leader, Geoff Wilkinson, Sandy Sachs, Dennis Pearis and Willie Sordill. These people were also involved in the Mel King Mayoralty campaign in Boston. The PMN/SFS weekend was well run, which shows that all the preliminary work really paid off. The Boston people are to be congratulated for a job well done.

People attend these weekends for many reasons. My main reason for going was to gather new material for my twice-monthly radio show on WFMT (East Orange, NJ). Since the aim of my show is to give air play to political musicians, these weekends are the perfect source for new material.

I also love watching the Round Robin on Saturday night. Forty-two performers chosen by lot each perform one song. It reminds me of the old hootenannies we used to have in the sixties. One of the special treats of the Round Robin is when the audience sings along. Since the audience is comprised mainly of musicians, the singing is always done in beautiful harmonies and with lots of enthusiasm.

Another aspect of the weekend was the plethora of workshops available. Individually, they were very informative. At times however, it was frustrating because, for example, on Sunday there were as many as six workshops being offered simultaneously, on subjects ranging from "Booking, Production and Use of the Media" to "Men's Song Swap."

One of the nice things about the weekend was the sharing of the workload. It's not easy to feed so many people and to clean up after them—not to mention selling everyone's

records, tapes, magazines, calendars and other odds and ends. Therefore, people were asked to volunteer to take part in various labors.

People came from all over: Austin, Toronto, Chicago, Birmingham, Haiti, even West Germany. There was a cultural, as well as a geographic diversity. Songs were sung in many languages, including Spanish, Hebrew, German and Russian.

The Sunday afternoon plenary session should be mentioned here. Do you know how difficult it is to hold a meeting with 12 to 15 people? Well, imagine trying to hold one with over 200 people! That's what goes on in the plenary session. Steps have now been taken, however, to create a steering committee because the group has become so large. It was amazing to see so much accomplished as there was with such a large group.

There is an intensity to the weekend. Here you are, surrounded by over 200 people, most of whom you would love to sit down and talk to. Then there are the various activities going on—music, workshops, etc. Then there is the table (which gets bigger at each weekend) on which there is free literature and so many interesting items for sale. It's mind-boggling. Fortunately, New Song Library tapes the musical events, so you can buy copies when you get home, but that's not the same as watching it live.

If you are involved with music in any way, e.g., playing, writing, producing, doing radio shows, then you should seriously consider joining PMN/SFS and coming to the next weekend, which will be held June 8-10 at Camp Thoreau in upstate New York. Membership is only \$9 per year and can be sent to PMN/SFS, c/o Charlie King, 158 Cliff St., Norwich, CT 06360.

—Sonny Ochs



Delf Hohmann
& Pete Seeger



Jim Musselman
& Sonny Ochs



Vic Sadot, Robbie MacCanley,
& friends

photographs by:
Steve Schnapp

A note on the Ignatows: David Ignatow, President of the Poetry Society of America, has won Guggenheim, Shelly Memorial and National Endowment for the Arts awards among his many honors and prizes. He has been poet-in-residence at York College and professor of poetry at Columbia University. His most recent of a dozen book of verse is *Whisper to the Earth* (Atlantic/Little Brown).

Rose Granoff is a well known and prized artist whose works have been shown frequently nationally, in NYC and in such Long Island galleries as Guild Hall. She has published both prose fiction and poetry in nearly 100 periodicals including *Jewish Dialog* and *Choice*, as well as four books of prose and poetry.

Yaacov Ignatow is a frequent contributor of fiction and poetry to America's literary magazines and has most recently published her first book of poems entitled *The Flow*. Robert Bly writes of her poems: "They are remarkable!"

POETRY

David Ignatow's ONE PLUS ONE

I feel an obscure resentment
against merging two ones
into one two. How can we
possibly force two self-sufficient
wholes to lose their separate
identities, never again
to know themselves
for what they are. If this
isn't dictatorship or coercion
of some kind then I don't know
the meaning of constitutional law.

I don't, I admit; I'm no lawyer,
but I have this obscure resentment
against having to merge
one thing with another.
One plus one equals two
I just don't believe is true.

Yuedi Ignatow's THE OFFER

Shall I leave some money around the house for you?
my mother asked me over the phone.
Yes, I said, please leave some bills
scattered around the bathroom
in case I should get an urge
for currency on the toilet;
and around the livingroom,
as though money
had fallen through cracks in the roof
from the trees above the house.
Please leave the money
all over the house
as if someone had had a fancy
to dance alone with their money,
happy for the pleasure
it has brought,
raising it
above their heads.
All over the house,
hot with green dollars.

Rose Graubert's RESURRECTION

A bird hit our picture window here in East Hampton...
The glaring mid day sun reflecting its light
confused the bird... At first we thought it was a
gun shot... But there was no hole... We rushed
into the garden. Our four year old daughter
saw it first... "The bird is dead!" she
screamed... (We used to have to bring out in a
napkin any tiny ant that found its way into our
house, and put it down safely in the outdoors...)
"Maybe it's just stunned?" I said hopefully...
"Sometimes it takes a while until it gets its breath
and its strength."

"The bird is dead," she wept... "It can't get up.
It's not breathing. And it's so tiny..." My husband
comforted her: "Let's find a good place to bury it,"
he said. "We'll dig a large, deep hole and give it plenty
of room to rest in." (It wouldn't do for her to see a cat get
at it, on top of its being dead...) We stared at the little
dead bird... "Then we'll always know where it is," she said, with
the beginning of resignation... "Yes, darling. Now Mommie will
bring us two garden spades, while you choose a spot.

They were kneeling near an area with low, close bushes... A shady spot. The little bird
lay between them. "When I was a boy in Brooklyn, I, too buried a tiny bird..." he said
solemnly...



Killing Ground

©1984 by Roger Rosen

D/A = D/A major

I saw a killing tonight on the playground, there was
 nothing I could do. The dead boy was a
 friend of mine, the kid with the gun I only
 part-ly knew. Cool boy's run out of mo-ney, got a
 fever in the street paved with gold. Fortune's there for me
 hang. Jasper was fourteen years old. *♩ = 6/8 min.*
 Dream'n his dreams fab-ri-cas-tic. Boy could be a fabu-lous star
 Write powder wrapped up in plas-tic a a
 what that kid can't buy too far. It's a money trade run on
 hungry streets where the deals are made only in cash.
 Don't play games on the killing ground or your next deal could be your last
 ... your last

This song is based on a true incident which happened a few years ago in a Manhattan playground. It has been recorded by Roger Rosen and Laura Burns for an upcoming issue of The East Folk Musical Magazine.

I saw a killing tonight on the playground
 There was nothin' I could do
 The dead boy was a friend of mine
 The kid with the gun I only partly knew

Cool boy's run out of money
 Got a fever in the streets paved with gold
 Fortune's there for the taking
 Jasper was fourteen years old

Dreamin' his dreams fantastic
 Boy could be a fabulous star
 White powder wrapped up in plastic
 Is what it's that you can't buy too far

Chorus:
 It's a money trade run in hungry streets
 Where the deals are made only in cash
 Don't play games on the killing ground
 Or your next deal could be your last

You know these pick-up games start friendly
 "Hey brother, wanna go one on one?"
 But look down any street where the dealers meet
 And you know they ain't playin' for fun

The cops came and asked me "What happened?"
 But you play the fool if the truth makes you wise
 "I didn't see no light, just heard a pop in the night"
 Don't ask no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

Some get rich and some die young
 Lookin' for a second of ease
 Some get ranked and some get hung
 Tryin' to find a way to get free



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Gordon Friesen

Writer, Radical and Ex-Mennonite

by Allan Teichroew

Reprinted from MENNONITE LIFE

"For some people wars begin and end, and in the time between do not exist. For others less fortunate, there is no ending. . . ."

Flamethroes (p. 248)

I met a man recently who remembers so much that a book would hold it. Gaunt and ailing, his tired eyes set deep back in a gentle drawn face, he spoke deliberately and painfully about a life gone past. He could have been a Mennonite, I thought, a patriarch with lean, unflinching opinions, a soft friendly moustache, and uncared-for white hair. He had the diffidence of age, and when he said just one word, "Melotschna, not with the flat pronunciation most others give it, but "Molatschna," with a somewhat lifted and open-mouthed second syllable, I knew it was true. Here was *fehina* (the Low German Mennonite word for past,

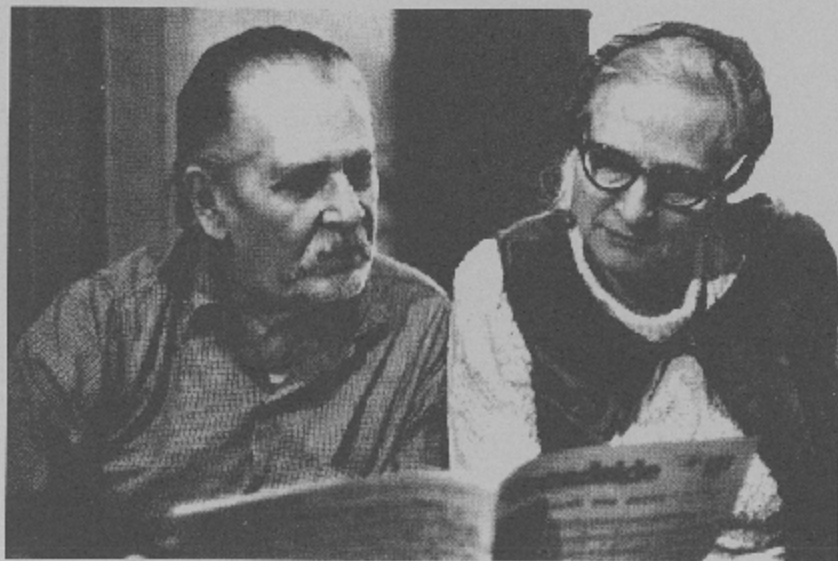
what has gone before), history before me. In my limited experience, only Russian Mennonites of another generation spoke that way, and maybe only those who really knew that river, not firsthand necessarily, but from their parents and *their* parents knew where it had led—through the Ukraine once, but then, by a leap of the mind, to America, to Kansas, The Promised Land.

Yet this was no promised land, and it was certainly not Kansas. Gordon E. Friesen, the second son of Jacob and Marie Duerksen Friesen, was born in Weatherford, Oklahoma in 1909 to Mennonite Brethren parents whose forebears had emigrated to the Krimmer village of Gnadenu, Kansas in 1874. It has been a long trek for him. The author of *Flamethroes*, the first American Mennonite to write a nov-

el about Mennonites, Friesen has not been home since World War II. After drought, poverty, and almost every conceivable deprivation, including the tyranny of a blacklist, he ekes out a living in a rundown apartment building on New York's Upper West Side. There, with his folksinger wife, Agnes "Sis" Cunningham, one of his two daughters, a grandchild, and brother Oliver, a casualty of World War II, the Friesen family has since 1962 published a magazine of protest music called *Broadside*. The topical song sheet is a hardboiled mix of folk music and commentary, harking back to the days when Friesen and Cunningham arrived fresh in New York as Communist organizers from western Oklahoma. They take pride in having been the first to publish or promote Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Janis Ian, and other folksinging greats of the 1960s, but *Broadside* as a struggling alternative press may be in its last days. Gordon is ill and rarely leaves their apartment anymore, while Sis, though she was recently honored by colleague Pete Seeger in a Carnegie Hall concert, also feels the effect of deteriorating health, the pinch of bad economic times, and what Gordon, who has seen the depths as a newspaperman—murders, suicides, fires, riots, and the horrid effects of blacklisting—calls "worse than all of this put together . . . growing old in New York City."

To be continued next issue.

Gordon Friesen and wife, Agnes "Sis" Cunningham. *



* Gordon and Sis were the founders of BROADSIDE in 1962.

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