

GOD BLESS THE GRASS Environmental Songs - edited by

THIS ROAD

© Ken Lonquist 1983

This road shapes tomorrow
 This road shaped yesterday
 This road that we're walking
 This road that we're walking today
 This road that we're walking today
 This road that we're walking today

People will awaken
 This road will find them someday
 People will awaken on
 Chorus

Creatures living freely
 This road will see that they stay
 Creatures living freely on
 Chorus

Sun will shine forever
 This road under its rays
 Sun will shine forever on
 Chorus

People will turn from danger
 This road will guide them away
 People will turn from danger on
 Chorus

Those in power are frightened
 This road gonna take it away
 Those in power are frightened of
 Chorus

This road leads to Point Beach
 This road gonna close it someday
 This road lead to Point Beach
 Chorus

Water sweetly flowing
 This road gonna keep it that way
 Water sweetly flowing by
 Chorus

People standing still on
 This road--get out of the way
 People standing still on
 Chorus

People can change the future
 This road will show them the way
 People can change the future
 Chorus

People will remember
 This road ages away
 People will remember
 Chorus

This road shapes tomorrow
 This road shaped yesterday
 This road that we're walking
 Chorus

Paul Kaplan

including
Oscar Brand

Bob Dylan**Lee Hays****Malvina****Reynolds****Pete Seeger****Jean Ritchie**

LYDIA DAVIS

JUDY GORMAN

-JACOBS

JOAN KOSBY

KEN LONQUIST

PAUL MERCER

RICK NESTLER

BILL OLIVER

DEBORAH

SILVERSTEIN

poems & articles**and Allen Ginsberg... p.16**

BROADSIDE #150

The National Topical Song Magazine

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BROADSIDE RADIO HOUR ON WBAI

The BROADSIDE radio hour will air this month on WBAI, 99.5FM at 4PM on Friday, April 29th. The show, produced by Gordon Grinberg, features Sonny Ochs as this month's host playing songs from BROADSIDE #149 "Songs of Freedom and Struggle".

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO THE RAIN?

There is something wrong with the rain. There is something wrong with the land, the ocean and the air. There is something wrong with the food we eat and, consequently, with our own bodies, filled with poisonous time bombs.

And there is something wrong with our leaders, who have let us eat EDB-laden foods for years after the cancer-causing effects of the chemical had been proven; and who call themselves "conservatives" even as they give away the mineral rights to our state parks for a fraction of their value.

And what is the value of this land, our mother from whom we have sprung? How can we compensate for her rape and murder? And how do we ourselves contribute to this crime? Shaving with disposable razors, using plastic-wrap on leftover food, spraying behind the sink to kill the cockroaches, flushing our toilets into the Hudson River, driving a hundred miles to sing about conservation of fuel—do we stop and think?

Well, awareness is the first step, and ever since the first Earth Day, Americans have become increasingly aware of what we can do to turn back the tide of destruction. And much has been accomplished: the Clean Air Act; improved emission standards for cars; lead-free gasoline (and paint); the banning of DDT—the victories are many, but the war goes on. It is a constant battle to discover and eliminate the poisons, from EDB to nuclear waste.

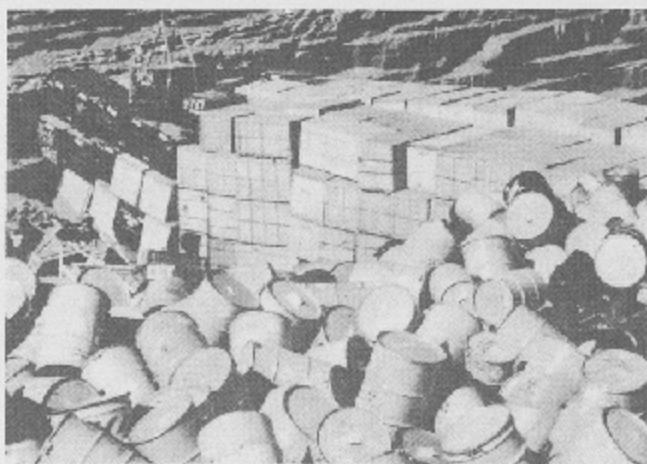
And it is a battle, like so many others, in which music has proved to be one of the most potent weapons. Songs about the environment have taken many forms, from humorous (Tom Lehrer's "Pollution," Bill Steele's "Garbage") to poignant (Malvina Reynolds' "What Have They Done to the Rain?" and "God Bless the Grass") to uplifting (Pete Seeger's "My Rainbow Race" and Bob Killian's "There'll Come a Day") to calls for action (like Rick Nestler's "Shut 'em Down"). But whatever form the songs take, they all accomplish the all-important goal of education: letting us know there is a problem, and reminding us, if only implicitly, that we can change things.

And these songs are not just being sung from big stages by believers to fellow-believers. Recent years have produced a growing number of performer/educators, such as Steve Stanne and Dave and Sarah Orleans, who are using songs in school programs to help make children aware of the fragility of our environment and to teach them to respect it. If our children, tomorrow's leaders, can learn better than we have to live in harmony with nature, then maybe this "rainbow race" will survive.

--Paul Kaplan

MARGARET MEAD

"Living in the 20th century is like a parachute jump: you have to get it right the first time."



MALVINA REYNOLDS

BOOKS & RECORDS

RECORDS

Mama Lion	Artichokes, Griddlecakes
Malvina—Held Over	Funnybugs, Giggieworms
Malvina	Magical Songs

BOOKS

The Malvina Reynolds Songbook
There's Music in the Air
Tweedles & Foodles

still available at
your local music store or from

Schroder Music Co.
1450 Sixth St.
Berkeley, CA 94710

Write for free brochure.



Lake Erie

in G position, up 2 frets

© 1983 Lydia Adams Davis

INTRO A E A E A E A E VIA E A E

It's a la-zy day in August, it is

A E A E A3 E3 A E A3 E3

qui-et all a-round. No-bod-y's cal-lin' me up with wor-ries, no-bod-y's talk-in me

A E A E A E A E A E

down. There aren't an-y street nois-es this far from the road, an'

A E A E A E A E CHORUS f#m

all the peo-ple I'm look-in' at are the peo-ple I love to hold. And I al-ways

bm E A f#m

knew life could be like a red sail sail-in' on Lake Er-ie. And I on-ly

bm E A E A E

hope life will stay like a day on Lake Er-ie

V2 A E A E A E F

I have al-ways thought that life could be hap-py, nev-er be-lieved it could

A E A E A E

on-ly be bad; some-how the peo-ple who would talk a-love me

A E A E A E F A E

nev-er con-vinced me of that. Swim-min' in blue wat-ers so much clean-er

A E A E A E F A E

than they were last time I was here Swimmin' in Lake Erie I'm a belie-er

A E A E repeat CHORUS

people will do what they need to here. And I

(for V3 and V4, use V2 melody)

V3: Mary's talkin' 'bout her friend whose cancer can't be Medicaided away; There's another friend whose operation didn't go well today. And I'm sittin' here thinkin' 'bout mortality, wonderin' 'how long?' We're not as well as we could be, but we'll keep pluggin' along, and I (chorus)

V4: See how the trees look, the wind is blowin'; I can hear voices from hist' or' past. This house is older than all my memories, all of my mem'ries go back. People who lived in the last century wouldn't believe in the world that I know. It was much quieter, was it better? Somehow I think that we know, and I (chorus 2X)

Available on her cassette album, "Gift of Story", which can be ordered from Three Features Music, 311 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11215, for \$8.00. This song also appears on Fast Folk Musical Magazine, February 1984 along with "Next Door Neighbor" by David Roth, which appeared in BROADSIDE.



For Harry Chapin

REMEMBER THE HORSE

© Oscar Brand BMI

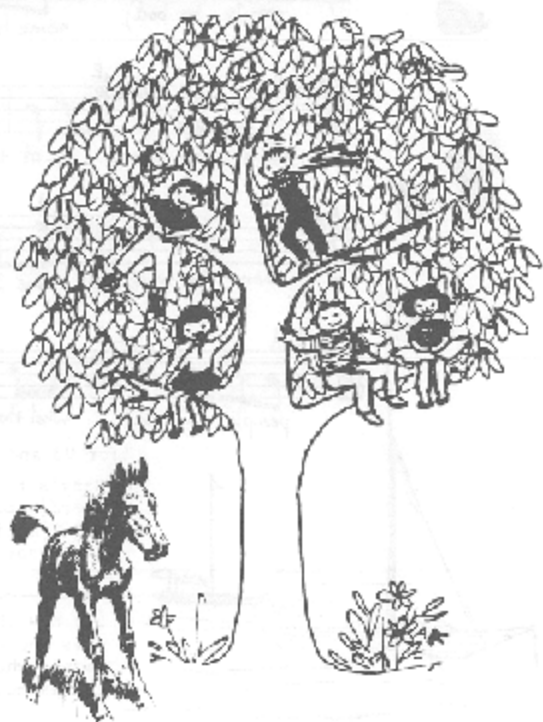
Racing

1. I'm a-hit-ting eight-y 'cause the sign says "Fif-ty and eight-y's as close as I get. Got my arm hang-ing
out of the win-dow 'cause it makes the wind whis-tle like a jet. I got one fin-ger on the steer-ing
wheel just to keep her steady, of course. I'm cutting out chunks of the L. I. E.* Does any-one re-mem-ber the
horse? Does a-ny-one re-mem-ber the horse? When you couldn't see the air and the leaves were green, and
road dust brushed off nice and clean. And may-be you got there a lit-tle late, but the folks didn't mind if they
had to wait. And if you dozed and the reins went slack, the horse knew the way and he'd bring you back... I'm a-
Racing

3. I'm a-hit-ting eight-y 'cause the truck be-hind me is blow-ing his horn and the head-lights blind me. I'm a-
rush-ing no-where and there's no one wait-ing but I can't slow down 'cause Death's tail-gait-ing. I can't slow
down 'cause I don't know how. I can't slow down. It's too late now. And I curse the car and the truck and
bus. They killed the horse and they're kill-ing us. Does a-ny-one re-mem-ber the horse? Does a-ny-one re-
-mer-ber the horse?

As recorded on "American Dreamer"
Biograph Records

1. I'm hitting eighty cause the sign says fifty and eight's as close as I get.
Got my arm hanging out of the window cause it makes the wind whistle like a jet.
I got one finger on the steering wheel just to keep her steady, of course.
I'm cutting out chunks of the L.I.E. does any one remember the horse?
Does anyone remember the horse?
When you couldn't see the air and the leaves were green, and road dust brushed off
nice and clean.
And maybe you got there a little late, but the folks didn't mind if they had to wait.
And if you dozed and the reins went slack, the horse knew the way and he'd
bring you back...
2. I'm hitting eighty cause the car can do it and no use in wasting the time.
Got my eyeballs a-fixed like a rifle sight up on the double dirty yellow line.
My headlight cutting through the gloom ahead, moving like a natural force.
I'm putting my boot to the rubber mat, does anyone remember the horse?
Does anyone remember the horse?
When you tipped your hat when a friend went by, you looked straight up and
saw the sky
The street was a place you could eat and play, the park was a place you could
sit all day.
And rain didn't rot your hat and coat. And air didn't gnaw at your nose and throat.
3. I'm a hitting eighty cause the truck behind me is blowing his horn and the headlights
blind me.
I'm a rushing nowhere and there's no one waiting, but I can't slow down cause
death's tailgating.
I can't slow down cause I don't know how. I can't slow down. It's too late now.
And I curse the car and the truck and the bus. They killed the horse and they're
killing us.
Does anyone remember the horse? Does anyone remember the horse?



This Earth

words & music by Judy Gorman-Jacobs
© 1982 One Sky Music

On the bus to Bos-ton, watch the win-ter trees, — like
feath-ers against the sky. — Brown hills long — for spring — that's
com-in' soon, — and the sing-in' black-birds fly, — and the
sing-in' black-birds fly. Peo-ple, peo-ple, don't you love this earth — we
share with ev-ry-thing that grows? — Don't you want to taste free-dom &
peace in this life? I be-lieve we can make it whole a-gain, I be-

(2)
I turn from the windows to read the paper
Of madness, new lies, old greed
And another weapon more frightening than death
When we could cherish the earth and sea,
Cherish the earth and sea.

(3)
We pass thread bare cities of fiery hopes
For this Earth, this spinning jewel
I swear that before our time's done
I want to see this whole world renewed,
I want to see this world renewed.



This song can be found on Judy's album, "Right Behind You in the Left Hand Lane," available for \$8 ppd. from One Sky Music, 129 Columbia Hgts, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

God Bless The Grass

reprinted from BROADSIDE #64
November 15, 1965

Words & Music by MALVINA REYNOLDS

1. God bless the grass that grows through the crack, They
2. God bless the truth that fights toward the sun, They
roll the concrete over it to try and keep it back. The
roll the lies over it and think that it is done. It
con-crete gets tired of what it has to do, It
moves through the ground and reaches for the air, And
breaks and it buckles and the grass grows through, And
af-ter a-while — it is growing eve-ry where, And
God bless the grass.
God bless the grass.

© 1964 SCHRODER Music Co.

3. God bless the grass that grows through cement,
It's green and it's tender and it's easily bent;
But after a while it lifts up its head
For the grass is living and the stone is dead,
And God bless the grass.
4. God bless the grass that's gentle and low,
Its roots they are deep and its will is to grow;
And God bless the truth, the friend of the poor,
And the wild grass growing at the poor man's door,
And God bless the grass.



Pete Seeger

My Rainbow Race

Chorus

One blue sky a-bove us, one o-cean, lap-ping all our shores. One earth so green and round,
 who could ask for more? And be-cause I love you I'll give it one more try to show my
 rain-bow race. It's too soon to die. 1. Some folks want to be like an os-trich: bur-y their heads in the
 sand. Some hope that plas-tic dreams can un-clench all those greed-y hands.
 2. Some hope to take the ea-sy way: Poi-sons, bombs! They think we need 'em. Don't you know you can't kill all the
 un-be-liev-ers. There's no short-cut to free-dom. 3. Go tell go tell all the lit-tle chil-dren!
 Tell all the moth-ers and fath-ers, too! Now's our last chance to learn to share what's been giv-en to me and you.
 One blue sky a-bove us, (etc)

Chorus:

One blue sky above us,
 One ocean, lapping all our shores.
 One earth so green and round,
 Who could ask for more?

And because I love you
 I'll give it one more try
 To show my rainbow race
 It's too soon to die.

1. Some folks want to be like an ostrich:
 Bury their heads in the sand.
 Some hope that plastic dreams
 Can unclench all those greedy hands.

2. Some hope to take the easy way:
 Poison, bombs! They think we need 'em.
 Don't they know you can't kill all the unbelievers.
 There's no shortcut to freedom.

Chorus

3. Go tell, go tell all the little children!
 Tell all the mothers and fathers too:
 Now's our last chance to learn to share
 What's been given to me and you.

Chorus (then finish with)

One blue sky above us,
 One ocean, lapping all our shores,
 One earth so green and round,
 Who could ask for more?

Copyright 1970 by Sanga Music, Inc.

Columbia CG31949 The World of Pete Seeger

PETE SEEGER

“Kids know, better than grown-ups, what we do is more important than what we say.”

There's an amusing story how I wrote this song. I was sitting in a motel in Hollywood, California, waiting for some other people to wake up—I often wake up early and don't know what to do with myself. I was leafing through an issue of *Variety*, the Hollywood entertainment magazine which is so disgusting that I can only read it occasionally—but I read lots of things I disagree with, to learn from them. Behold! They have an advertisement from Yamaha—some Japanese company, saying 'fill out these lines and you may win a free trip to Japan.' They were having a popular song contest and on the page were about 6 or 7 blank lines of music paper—you know, the five lines and a staff. I'd returned from a trip to Japan not too long before and I was trying to think of a song which could reach out to those people there and say something we could both agree with and I just sat down and wrote the song right on the issue of *Variety*. It turned out better than I had a right to expect. I even mailed it in. Of course, I never heard from them. I didn't win the free trip to Japan, but I got the song—so I won something. At any rate, here's the song.

I think you should print it in the key of C just for everybody's simplicity, but I often do it in A or G, putting the capo up, but more often right now I'm doing it in my usual D tuning, with the sixth pair of strings tuned a whole tone low so when I play a D chord I get a nice rich bass. Although, come to think of it, the 12-string is tuned so low I'm actually playing it in B-flat.

Holes

©Bill Oliver 1982

With a backbeat

Intro C *Verse*

Holes, holes, holes, holes, holes. They got concrete walls that are four feet thick Except for the holes, 'cept for the holes So if anything leaks it won't leak very quick Except through the holes, 'cept through the holes

Bridge

They got a They got holes in the walls where there should-n't be holes They got holes in the laws where there ought-a be laws Got a whole lotta plans for the future ahead If they think I believe 'em they got holes in their heads Holes in their heads Holes in their heads Holes holes holes, holes, holes

1. They got concrete walls that are four feet thick Except for the holes, 'cept for the holes So if anything leaks it won't leak very quick Except through the holes, 'cept through the holes
 2. They got a concrete contract we're supposed to believe But it's full of holes, it's full of holes There ain't nothing shakey, nothin up their sleeves Except for the holes, 'cept for the holes
- BRIDGE**
- They got holes in the walls where there shouldn't be holes
Got holes in the laws where there ought to be laws
Got a whole lotta plans for the future ahead
And if they think I believe 'em they got holes in their heads
Holes in their heads, holes in their heads,
holes, holes, holes, holes, holes
3. When the fuel's dug up it leaves holes in the ground
Holes in the ground, holes in the ground
And uranium tailings scattered around
Scattered around, scattered around
 4. And when it's done it's work it goes back in a hole
Back in a hole, back in a hole
And when the waste cools off ain't nobody knows
Nobody knows, nobody knows
- BRIDGE**
- There ain't nobody knows what we control
Just like nobody knows what the future will hold
There ain't nobody knows and it worries my soul
That something solid should be so full of holes
So full of holes, so full of holes,
Holes, holes, holes, holes,
Holes, holes, holes, holes,
Holes, holes, holes, holes, holes

Bill Oliver has put out a marvelous album called "Texas Oasis--Environmental Songs For Texas and the World", including "Holes", and many other songs which are pointed, entertaining, and consistently musical. It can be ordered through Live Oak Records and Tapes, 3911 Ave. G, Austin, Texas 78751.

letters

Dear BROADSIDE,

I just recieved my first two issues of BROADSIDE and I just wanted to say I'm very pleased with them.

You may be pleased to know I've begun my own "Phil Ochs" revival here. There's a radio station WUMB 91.9FM which plays contemporary folk all day long. When I first found the station they weren't that aware of Phil Ochs' music so I began calling in requests for his songs everyday. After two months this is no longer necessary, they play his songs on their own! Also I sent them tapes of Phil's music they did not have...

Anyways, here in the Boston area Phil Ochs lives on.

I'm so glad you're back in business and I wish you all well.

Eva Veilleux
Danvers, MASS

Dear Editor:

It is nice to see BROADSIDE again and I review the songs with interest.

The interview with Sis, whom I've had a chance to meet and talk to a couple of times, on songs of hard times, was very, very interesting and I also enjoyed the review of the BROADSIDE Benefit Concert, tho' I usually find this sort of review quite deadly.

And all of the poems of page 17 were good.

Now to the complaint. I find "I Need" on page 18 in the worst possible taste. Either I misunderstood this completely or the author is comparing a physically disabled person ('chronic spastic') with a number of objectionable people and events in our society. I'm really offended. If Anne Leighton was unaware, editorial judgement should certainly have kept this out of a magazine such as BROADSIDE.

If I've misunderstood, please explain what is going on in these lines.

Cordially,
Faith Petric

Dear BROADSIDE,

I attended the BROADSIDE benefit and I'm glad to see BROADSIDE magazine in such good hands.

Your January issue stated Theodore Bikel sang a "Jewish anti-war song" when in reality it was his version of "If We Only Have Love", a Jacques Brel song from "Jacques Brel is Alive and Well and Living in Paris".

How about a bi-monthly jam session somewhere in New York city?

Keep up the good work,
Peter Mannix
An interested survivor.

SHOREHAM (N.Y.)
Original Projected Cost: \$241 million
Actual Cost: \$4 billion
Status: Nine years behind schedule
DIABLO CANYON (Calif.)
Original Projected Cost: \$450 million
Actual Cost: \$4.4 billion
Status: Complete, start-up delayed

Black Waters

By Jean Ritchie

I come from the moun-tains, Ken - tuck-y's my home, — Where the
wild deer and the black bear so late - ly did roam; — By cool rush - ing
wa - ter - falls the wild flow - ers dream, — And through ev - 'ry green
val - ley there runs a clear stream. — Now there's scenes of de - struc - tion on ev - 'ry
hand, — And there's on - ly black wa - ters run down through my land. —

Chorus
Sad scenes of de - struc - tion on ev - 'ry hand, —
Black wa - ters, black wa - ters run down through the land. —

O the quail, she's a pretty bird, she sings a sweet tongue;
In the roots of tall timbers she nests with her young.
But the hillside explodes with the dynamite's roar,
And the voices of the small birds will sound there no more;
And the hillsides come a-sliding so awful and grand,
And the flooding black waters rise over my land

Chorus

Sad scenes of destruction on every hand;
Black waters, black waters run down through the land.

In the rising of the springtime we planted our corn,
In the ending of the springtime we buried a son,
In summer come a nice man, said, "Everything's fine—
My employer just requires a way to his mind"—
Then they threw down my mountain and covered my corn,
And the grave on the hillside's a mile deeper down,
And the man stands and talks with his hat in his hand
As the poisonous water spreads over my land.

Chorus

Sad scenes of destruction on every hand;
Black waters, black waters run down through the land.

Well, I ain't got no money and not much of a home;
I own my own land, but my land's not my own.
But if I had ten million—somewheres thereabouts—
I would buy Perry County and I'd run 'em all out!
Set down on the bank with my bar, in my can,
And just watch the clear waters run down through
my land!

Chorus

Well, wouldn't that be like the old Promised Land?
Black waters, black waters no more in my land!

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

From Jean Ritchie's songbook, *A Celebration Of Life*,
available from Geordie Music Publishing, 7A Locust Ave.
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050.

words, music and copyright DEBORAH SILVERSTEIN

Draglines

1. Chorus, F-A,
Just a little town, tucked too far away
For anyone to grow.
But the folks here had raised
For six generations working day by day
Trying to keep themselves a home.

CHORUS:

Draglines at my heart
They're tearing us apart
And the mountainside where we were born,
That I weep and mourn for the land
It took ten million years to form.
Now all my eyes can see are just
The bleeding scars across the mountainside,
Across the mountainside.

2. Our neighbours down the road,
They leased 12 acres, worked a heavy load,
Poor as dirt, though they tried,
Till the coal company came through,
Said, "We'll mine your land, take the burden off of you,
And we'll see that you get by." (Chorus)

3. First they tore down their home
Where their grandpa and all the kids were born,
They just breasted it all aside,
Then came the big machines,
Ripped up the trees and muddied all the streams
While the family stood and cried.

FINAL CHORUS:

Draglines at my heart,
They're tearing us apart,
And the mountainside where we were born,
O, take warning that the storm clouds will come
And block out the sun
That's shining on the folks who seek their fortunes
Off the families who have died
Trying to survive,
Across the mountainside.



CHORUS
CHORUS
CHORUS
FINAL CHORUS

Draglines are giant shovels that are used in strip mining (open cast mining) to scrape away the tops of mountains.

Recordings: 1) New Harmony Sisterhood Band - "And Ain't I a Woman?" Pardon Records P-1038, 1977. 2) Peggy Seeger - "From Where I Stand - Topical Songs From America and England" Folkways Records FW 8363, 1982. (3) It was also recorded by Guy Carawan. Publications: 1) Sing Out! (around 1978.) 2) New City Songster Vol. 17, Sept. 1981.

Shut 'em Down

© 1979, Rick Nestler

1. In the shadow of the tower, Judgement day draws near
And the information you don't give draws on people's fears
Well you found some fine locations to build your voltage vaults
In the rivers, on the seacoast, on top of earthquake faults
So shut 'em down
Shut 'em down, shut 'em down, shut 'em down well shut 'em down

2. THERE'S FLOODS DOWN IN THE SOUTH AND
TWISTERS IN THE WEST
EARTH TREMORS IN NEW ENGLAND
NATURE PUTS US TO THE TEST
THERE'S A MOUNTAIN IN THE HIGHLANDS
ABOUT TO BLOW ITS TOP
WITH ALL OF THIS GOING ON
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO STOP
AND SHUT 'EM DOWN...

3. YOU PRESSURE POWER PUSHERS
FOUNTAINS YOU CALL FRIENDS
WE'RE PUTTING YOU ON NOTICE
WE WON'T BE A MERE TO YOUR ENDS
THE CHANGE IN OUR DIRECTION
MAY BREAK UP WHAT YOU HAVE PLANNED
BUT PUT THOSE PLANTS IN YOUR BACKYARD
THEN TELL US WHERE YOU STAND
SO SHUT 'EM DOWN...

4. WE'RE PAYING FOR THE SERVICES
WITH WHICH YOU ARE SO FREE
BUT IF YOU KILL US OFF
YOU KNOW YOU WON'T COLLECT YOUR FEE
THE PIPER PLAYS A BURGE FOR YOU
AND HE WANTS TO BE PAID
BUT IN THE HANDS OF THE COMMON MAN
HIS BILL WILL BE LAID
SO SHUT 'EM DOWN...



1. In the shadow of the tower, Judgement day draws near
And the information you don't give draws on people's fears
Well you found some fine locations to build your voltage vaults
In the rivers, on the seacoast, on top of earthquake faults

Previously printed in the People's Songletter.

BEFORE THE FALL

Paul Mercer ©1982
Joan Kosby

Brown claw curl a-round the tel-e-
phone wire as the spar-row comes to rest;
north-ern sky seek-ing a sum-mer's nest.
Spring-time come you can feel it in the sun and the
brown grass turns to green; And that's a-bout the clos-est
thing to a mir-a-^{acle} that any-one has seen.
And at the green. And when the grass turns brown and the
spar-row dies tell me then what will we do? Can we af-
-ford the power at a-ny price to buy a dream that can't come
true? There is noth-ing we have built that we can-
not tear down a-gain— The time is now be-
-fore the fall to keep the spring-time green.

Brown claw curl around the telephone wire
As the sparrow comes to rest
Been flying high through a northern sky
Seeking a summer nest
Springtime come you can feel it in the sun
And the brown grass turns to green
And that's about the closest thing to a miracle
That anyone has seen

And at the power plant outside of town
The towers reach as high
Making power to build a brave new world
And a slice of pie in the sky
There's power to burn and power to turn
And power to run machines
But there's not enough power in the nuclear plant
To make the grass turn green

Bridge
And when the grass turns brown and the sparrow dies
Tell me then what we will do
Can we afford the power at any price
To buy a dream that can't come true
There is nothing we have built that we cannot tear
down again

The time is now before the fall
To keep the springtime green

And may the springtime come again
And may we live to learn
That power comes from life itself
And to life it must return
There's power in the wind and the waterfall
And the sun shining down
We can live in peace upon the earth
As the seasons turn around

Coming only two weeks after the re-
lease of the film *The China Syndrome*,
which depicted safety problems in the
nuclear industry, the T.M.I. accident
sent residents of the area fleeing for
safety. Pennsylvania Governor Richard
Thornburgh was forced to consider or-
dering a total evacuation of the region.



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Folk Music In Environmental Education: The Earthsong Movement

by David Orleans

In the years since Earth Day first elevated our collective concerns for the environment to the status of a social movement, we have seen a growing relationship between the rhetoric of environmentalism and the aesthetic of folk music. Although folk music has long been a major vehicle for advancing many social causes, the activities of groups such as the Clearwater have led the way for other folk music and environmental groups to join forces in what has become somewhat of a movement in and of itself--The Earthsong Movement, if you will.

Such a movement has recently begun to show itself in our area of New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. Many folk clubs are finding their niche in local environmental education and nature centers. Environmental groups, in turn, are finding sponsorship of folk music events to be a quite effective means for attracting new audiences to their facilities and raising funds to benefit their educational programs.

It has been very heartening to us to see a proliferation of troubadours concerned with the environment locally. In our dual roles as environmental educators and folk musicians, Sarah and I have been involved in cultivating one of society's most important resources--our children. Seeing them as the seeds for the future survival of humankind, we realize how important it is that they grow up with positive attitudes toward their environment. We have found music to be an especially valuable instrument for teaching environmental awareness and respect for our earth's resources. The ability of songs to express important ideas within the appropriate emotional context enables them to evoke powerful responses in the listeners--much more so than would occur from simple recitation of the facts of an issue.

Consider a phrase from Tom Paxton's "Whose Garden Was This?"

Whose forest was this?
Why is it empty?
You say you heard bird songs,
And squirrels in the branches?
Then why is it silent?

The emotional impact of his words, reinforced by a plaintive melody, brings us face to face with the prospect of a frightening future. At the opposite end of the spectrum of song-writing styles, Tom Lehrer's "Pollution" uses satire to make a telling commentary on the present dismal state of our urban areas:

Throw out your breakfast garbage
And I've got a hunch
That the folks downstream
Will drink it for lunch!

Both songs eloquently bring home the point that we must take a long, hard look at our actions and the effects they may have on the future of the earth.

Our Earthsong programs attempt to bring that message in a form which will involve our audiences at their own level of understanding. Since our audiences may range from pre-school-age to adult, and from educable and trainable to gifted and talented, the task can seem overwhelming at times.

For young children, we have found that the most effective songs are those which stimulate the imagination, such as Bill Staines' "All God's Critters," and Carl Martin's "Barnyard Dance," or songs which touch even the most limited experience levels, such as Malvina Reynolds' "You Can't Make a Turtle Come Out," especially when accompanied by easily mastered activities of sing-along parts. Older groups can participate in songs with more difficult choruses, and by third grade they can accomplish simple part-singing with rounds like the well known "Bottle of Pop."

Songs which express more sophisticated classroom concepts and issues can be very useful in stimulating classroom discussions. We utilize a number of thought-provoking songs to put across our message. "The People are Scratching," by Ernie Marris and Pete Seeger, addresses the problems of unanticipated side-effects of pesticides in the foodchains. Bill Steele's well known "grumble-along" song, "Garbage," introduces the issues of solid waste and air pollution, as well as more insidious forms of 'garbage.' "Paradise" is John Prine's personal statement on the effects of technological progress on the rural environment and culture.

Our programs include many original songs written with local environmental issues in mind, including "Toads on the Roads," a commentary on the escalating confrontations between man and wildlife on our highways, "Devil of the Pines," a modern retelling of the local Pine Burrens legend of the Jersey Devil, with its own unique focus on the preservation of one of the last of America's eastern wilderness areas, and "Save Some Trees," a song of hope, sung in the voices of children, asking us to "save some trees for when we grow up!"

Sarah and I feel that our most positive contribution to the environmental and "Earthsong" movements has been to help children to take the first step on the road to informed environmental activism. We must encourage children to appreciate the riches of the earth and to recognize that we belong to the earth and are dependent upon its health for our own survival. Only then will their decisions with respect to the environment be made with their hearts as well as with their minds.

Notes On The Songs

ALL GOD'S CRITTERS, words and music by Bill Staines, copyright 1979, Mineral River Music, from *Whistle of the Jay*, (FSI-70), Folk-Legacy Records, Sharon, CT, 06089

This is an excellent song to use to introduce the ideas of global understanding and the "harmony" of nature. The Girl Scouts in our area have adopted and adapted it. Some older troops have added their own personal emphasis. We've heard groups add the words, "...or fins or claws or anything they've got" to the end of the chorus, or shout on, "SOME STAY HIGHER!". Still another variation was seen with hand-motions accompanying the chorus.

For younger children, if the chorus is too hard to learn, have them clap along, and at the end of the chorus give them a chance to join in the choir with their favorite animal sounds. Then hold your ears!

BARNYARD DANCE, words and music by Carl Martin, copyright, Beachwood Music, 6250 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA, 90028. From *Barnyard Dance*, by Martin, Rogan and Armstrong, Rounder Records, The Mill Ave., Somerville, MA., 02144.

What a fun song about the night the vegetables woke up and held a dance! A good song to follow the "Garden Song" by David Mallet, to introduce a lesson on gardening or a food and nutrition unit.

Children can clap hands or play rhythm instruments to follow the beat, or you may be able to encourage them to dance like their favorite vegetable. Have children listen for the vegetables mentioned and match them with the corresponding pictures. Discuss the food value of vegetables and prepare some unusual veggies for children to taste in class.

BOTTLE OF POP, traditional round

This well-known round can be used to introduce the idea that solid waste never goes away--it always ends up somewhere. But nobody likes it when it ends up in their own backyard. Sing a capella to the rhythm of an oompah band. Have the group sing it through together to learn the song before singing it in parts. Children below third grade may have some trouble singing it as a round, but they can add their own hand-motions to accompany their unison version.

GARBAGE, words and music by Bill Steele, copyright 1969, Gings Music, Bill Steele, 1978. Assigned to Whitfield Music, Inc. From *Circles and Seasons*, by Pete Seeger, Warner Brothers Records (BSK-3329).

This is a great song to "grumble-along" with on the chorus. We first saw Pete Seeger do this song at the Philly Folk Fest, getting the crowd to grumble the word "garbage" in cadence each time he sang it in the chorus.

It is a good way to introduce the issues of solid waste and air pollution, as well as other more insidious forms of "garbage". The sophistication of the concepts in the song may limit its effectiveness for teaching below third grade.

notes cont.

PARADISE, words and music by John Prine, copyright 1971, Walden Music/Sour Grapes Music. From John Prine, Atlantic Records(SD-8295)

A Personal statement about the effects of technological progress on rural environments and cultures, this song tells the true story of the obliteration of the rural Kentucky town of Paradise to coal interests.

Use the song as a basis for discussion of the human costs of strip-mining. Compare accounts in Deborah Silverstein's "Draglines" and Jean Ritchie's "Black Waters". Have the students recall a place that was once special to them when they were younger. Have they visited it lately? How has it changed? Students can try their hand at writing a version of the chorus to fit their town's environmental issues.

THE PEOPLE ARE SCRATCHING, words by Ernie Harris, Harold Martin, music by Pete Seeger, copyright 1963, Fall River Music. From "Vod Bless The Grass". Pete Seeger, Columbia Records(CL-24327).

This is a good introduction to food-chains, pesticide issues, and to initiate discussion of environmental costs connected with uninformed environmental decision-making. After singing the simple, yet puzzling, chorus, have students make diagrams of the food chains in the song.

POLLUTION, words and music by Tom Lehrer, copyright 1954, Tom Lehrer. From "That Was The Year That Was", by Tom Lehrer, Reprise(RS-6179)

This song represents an effective use of satire to bring home the issue of urban environmental decay. Performed in a calypso beat, it suggests a travelogue-type commercial in reverse for visitors to this country. Have students accompany the song with rhythmic instruments made from discarded items.

It can be used as a springboard for discussion on urban issues, and further study of the specific types of pollution suggested in the song.

WHOSE GARDEN WAS THIS? words and music by Tom Paxton, copyright 1970, United Artists Music Co., Inc. From Elektra (EKS-74056).

A heart-rending evocation of a ravaged future environment--is this what some future children will know of our world? Use it as a discussion-starter on alternative futures for this country and the world. Show the film "1985" along with the song. Is such a vision inevitable, or can we still do something to avert an environmental holocaust?

DEVIL OF THE PINES, words and music by David Orleans, copyright 1981, David Orleans. Unrecorded.

This retelling of the New Jersey pine barrens legend of the Jersey Devil puts the creature into the role of protecting spirit of one of the few remaining wilderness areas on the northeastern U.S. Although not a sing-along, it is a great ghost story to be told around a campfire.

SAVE SOME TREES FOR ME, MISTER! words and music by David Orleans, copyright 1980, David Orleans. Unrecorded.

This song of hope was written to be sung by children to their elders to "save some world for when we grow up!" Good for singing along, it comments on trees, water and air as parts of the "great big ball of blue and green" we call earth.

ROADS ON THE ROADS, words and music by David Orleans, copyright 1980, David Orleans. Unrecorded.

This song is a caseless but true account of an encounter with some weaver amphibians on a lonely country road--a personal comment on the escalating confrontation between man and wildlife as we move into their natural habitat. Sing along on the chorus and make up your own sound effects, if you wish. This song is best suited for 5th grade and up.

YOU CAN'T MAKE A TURTLE COME OUT, words and music by Malvina Reynolds, copyright 1957, Schroder Music Co. From "A Little Book, Criddle-cakes And Other Good Things", Pacific Cascade(LP-7018)

This song is great to sing with young children to introduce the subject of caring for wild pets. Discuss with the children why wild animals should be left in the wild unless they are injured or too young to survive on their own. Discuss why a turtle has a shell. How does it help the turtle to survive? Have the children imitate the movements of a turtle. You may want to make some homemade shells from a cardboard box to be worn by the children. Discuss how the shell restricts their movements, and acts as a handicap for quick flight from enemies.

The song has a great built-in sing-along part. Have the children sing the first line of each verse with you when it is repeated. Then they can sing along on the last two lines, shouting "GO!" between them.

Resources

BOOKS:

Clearwater Songbook, ed. by Edward Henchan, G. Schirmer, N.Y., (1980). Available from Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, Inc., 112 Market St., Poughkeepsie, NY, 12601 (\$9.95).

The Interpreter's Guide, compiled by Wm. J. Krumbein, Jr., Linda Leyva, ed. By Brenda Maxwell (August, 1977), Calif. State Dept. of Parks & Recreation, Box 2390, Sacramento, CA.

Sierra Club Songbook, publ. by World Around Songs, Rt. 5, Burnsville, NC, 28714, for Northern Cal/Nevada Regional Conservation Committee, 1176 Emerson, Palo Alto, CA, 94301. Available from Sierra Club.

Songs And Sketches Of The First Clearwater Crew, compiled & ed. by Don McLean, drawings by Tom Allan, North River Press(1979), Croton-On-Hudson, NY. Available from Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, Poughkeepsie, NY.

Survival Songbook, ed. by Jim Morse & Nancy Mathews, Sierra Club, 1976, San Francisco, CA, (out of print).

Winds Of The People Songbook (no publishing data available). For information, contact Sing Out! Magazine, Box 1071, 106 N 4th St., Easton, PA, 18042.

Bottle of Pop (traditional)

As a round 1

Don't throw your junk in my back-yard, my back-yard, my back-yard; Don't throw your junk in my back yard, my back-yard's full. Fish and chips and vi-ne-gar, vi-ne-gar, vi-ne-gar; Fish and chips and vi-ne-gar vi-ne-gar and pop. One bot-tle o' pop, two bot-tle o' pop, three bot-tle o' pop, four bot-tle o' pop, five bot-tle o' pop, six bot-tle o' pop, se-ven bot-tle o' pop, pop!



resources cont.

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- Reynolds, Malvina, The Malvina Reynolds Songbook (\$5.00), There's Music In The Air (\$5.00), Fwoodies & Foodies For Young Noodies (\$3.00) Available from Schroder Music Co., 2027 Parker St., Berkeley, CA, 94704
- Seeger, Pete, The Bells Of Rhynney And Other Songs From The Singing Of Pete Seeger, Oak Publications, 33 W. 60th St., NYC, NY, 10023.
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- Wiseman, Ann, Making Musical Things, Charles Scribner's Sons, NY, (1979).
- RECORDS:**
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- Axelrod, Gerry, Turtles And Snakes and Snowstorms, Folkways Records, (FC-7608), 41 W 61st St., NYC, 10023, (1980)
- Brand, Oscar, American Dreamer, Biograph Records, Inc. (BLP-12067), 16 River St., Chatham, NY, 12017
- Brennan, Bill, Billy B. Sings About Trees, Do Dreams Music (1981), Available from National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th St., NW, Washington, DC, 20036. Sheet music available from Bill Brennan, PO Box 251, Scottsville, VA, 24590.
- Deavers, Mary Jo, For Everything, A Season, Melody House Publishing Co., (MH-81) 819 NW 92nd St., Oklahoma City, OK, 73114
- Glazer, Tom, Weather Songs, Motivation Records, (MR-0322), Argosy Music Corp., NY, (1961) out of print.
- Glazer, Tom & Evans, Hollie, Energy and Motion Songs, Motivation Records, (MR-0314), Argosy Music, NYC, (1961) out of print).
- Laing, David, Wisner, Tom, Seeger, Pete, & Guthrie, Woody, Equilibrium: National Audubon Society's Album of Songs of Nature & Humanity, Folkways Records (FWS-37305), 43 W 61st St., NYC, 10023 (1980).
- Marris & Miranda, Nature Songs, Motivation Records, Argosy Music Corp. NYC, (1961), out of print.
- Marris & Miranda, More Nature Songs, Motivation Records, Argosy Music Corp., NYC, (1961), out of print.
- Reynolds, Malvina, Malvina--Hold Over, Cassandra Records (CPS-3688) Available from Schroder Music, 2027 Parker St., Berkeley, CA., 94704.
- Reynolds, Malvina, Malvina, Cassandra Records (CPS-2807), Schroder Music, 2027 Parker St., Berkeley, CA., 94704.
- Reynolds, Malvina, Mama Lion, Cassandra Records (CR-050), Schroder Music, 2027 Parker St., Berkeley, CA., 94704.
- Reynolds, Malvina, Magical Songs (CR-040), Artichokes, Griddlecakes And Other Good Things (LPL-701B), Funny Bugs, Giggles, Worms and Other Good Friends (LPS-7025), Schroder Music Co., 2027 Parker St., Berkeley, CA., 94704.
- Seeger, Pete, Circles and Seasons, Warner Brothers Records (BSK-3329) 3300 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA., 91510.
- Seeger, Pete, God Bless The Grass, Columbia Records (CL-2432) Re-released on Folkways Records
- Seeger, Pete, Animal Folksongs: Birds, Beasts, Bugs And Little Fishes (FC-7610), Birds, Beasts, Bugs And Bigger Fishes And The Polish Frog (FC-7611), Folkways Records, 43 W. 61st St., NYC, 10023.
- Staines, Bill, Whistle Of The Jay, Folk-Legacy Records (FSI-70), Sharon, Conn., 06089
- Survivors, Caring: Songs Of Our Surroundings (45rpm), (ANN-100-S), PIT Productions, Urgency Music (1973), Available from American Association of Nurserymen, 230 Southern Blvd., 15th & H Sts., NW, Washington, DC, 20005 (81.00).

Cont. on pg. 16

SAILING UP, SAILING DOWN: The Hudson River Sloop Clearwater

by
Steve
Stanne

Mention of Hudson River Sloop Clearwater calls to a folksinger's mind many associations: hauling shanties ringing out over rolling brown waves; huge white sails framed by the New York skyline or Storm King's cliffs; music made at riverfront festivals all along the Hudson; Pete Seeger with banjo in hand. Environmental concerns are usually recognized as part of Clearwater's raison d'être but often lose definition set against the compelling vision of 4300 square feet of sail on a single tall mast.

That's too bad, because Clearwater is much more than sloop and symbol. Clearwater is Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, Inc., a non-profit membership organization which owns and operates the boat. It's a name and force to be reckoned with in bureaucratic, legislative, and legal thickets where environmental issues are debated. It's an ecology classroom where even indifferent students become excited hauling a net full of fish up from the River's seemingly dirty depths, or trying to keep a tiny, fast-moving water flea in a microscope's field of view. And it's all these things because of people: a staff that puts in the long, hard hours typical for non-profit work, and then some; a sailing crew that can explain the intricacies of SPDES (State Pollution Discharge Elimination System) permits in one moment and safely carry out a boat-jacking North River jibe the next; and most of all, the thousands of volunteers who contribute skills, scarce hours of spare time, and enthusiastic energy to make Clearwater the inspiring symbol and potent reality that she is.

Grassroots activism supports virtually all Clearwater's undertakings. Though the sloop has a full-time professional crew, its programs and the realities of handling the boat require more people. Vital support is offered by a weekly crew of volunteers - students, retired folk, doctors, mechanics - men and women who for the most part have done little sailing or teaching. Sail and teach they do, trained by the full-time crew.

When the sloop ties up to a dock, many of its needs are met by volunteers living in nearby communities. They bring down firewood for the galleys stove, take grimy crew members home for badly needed showers, and even transport full head buckets to local sewage treatment plants to be emptied and cleaned.

Some of Clearwater, Inc.'s most effective work is done by members organized in community-based sloop clubs. On a volunteer basis these folks keep an eye on local environmental concerns, sponsor waterfront festivals to get people down to the Hudson, and work to further public access to the River's recreational resources.

Volunteer activism extends to jobs at Clearwater's office and to its very administration by a board of directors elected by the membership. But by far the biggest single input of volunteer support comes at Clearwater's annual Great Hudson River Revival, a two-day folk festival held in June at Croton-on-Hudson. Nearly a thousand volunteers work together to produce this offering of crafts, music, and environmental exhibits - a celebration of the Hudson and its people that attracts an audience numbering up to twenty thousand.

So what has Clearwater - the sloop, the symbol, the formal staff and programs, and the many volunteer activists - accomplished over fifteen years? One only has to look at the Hudson, look real hard sometimes, to find out. There have been definite improvements. In the early '70s Clearwater and other environmental organizations built a surge of political support leading to passage of the Clean Water Act. One provision of the Act allotted funds to sewage treatment plant construction. As a result, one can swim in the River again, not just in dire emergency or in search of off-beat adventure, but in health department-recognized safety, from the Tappan Zee Bridge north to Saugerties.

The Clean Water Act also set up the SPDES program mentioned above. Clearwater's "People's Pipewatch" was instrumental in getting many illegal polluters along the Hudson to obtain required SPDES permits. When the permit system showed signs of becoming what cynics called a pollution licensing system, Clearwater initiated a study of the program. The investigation looked into whether the system covered all significant forms of pollution, whether monitoring of discharges was sufficient to determine compliance with the law, and whether violations were subject to enforcement procedures. It did find failures, not so much with the theory and legal framework of SPDES, but in the bureaucratic and political will necessary for strong enforcement measures. The study report was used as evidence in legislative hearings exploring administration of the program and by local groups keeping an eye on individual polluters. Facts gathered by this investigation were also the basis of Clearwater lawsuits against polluters who had consistently

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Gordon Friesen

WRITER,
RADICAL
AND EX-MENNONITE

By Allan Teichrow
Reprinted from
Mennonite Life
(Continued from
BROADSIDE #149)

But still they fight on, although now mostly in recollecting their past. I talked with them for almost six hours after having tried to do my homework on an amazing life story. I went, it should be noted, to find out about *Plametekovnyrs*, and in the process learned a great deal more. Some of the story has been hinted at in a recent biography of the folk singer Woody Guthrie by Joe Klein. More is available in a Cunningham profile done in *Ms.* magazine in 1974, plus additional material in recent issues of *Broadside* and other publications to which the pair has contributed.²

Cunningham and Friesen are unswerving radicals of pre-World War II origin. They met two years before Pearl Harbor. She was a union organizer from the small town of Wadonga, he a newspaper reporter from Weatherford outraged by the rightwing conservatism of Oklahoma politics and the Spanish Civil War. Radicalism came naturally to Sis. Her father had been a Eugene V. Debs socialist since 1912 when Oklahoma "voted red." Her brother William was both state director of the Oklahoma Writers Project (for which Friesen also wrote) and author of *The Greenback Rebellion*, a proletarian novel of anti-draft activity by blacks, Indians, and socialists in western Oklahoma during World War I. As if prodding were needed to stir her into action, the Depression provided it, and in the mid-thirties Cunningham joined an agitprop theater group named the Red Dust Players. By 1939 Sis was headlong engaged in the representation battles of both the Southern Tenant Farmers Union and the DX Oil Workers. She had met and fought for the Scottsboro Boys, been music director at the Southern Labor School for Women in Asheville, North Carolina, and marched for the unemployed in Washington, D.C. She recalls with amusement the time she spied Gordon. He and a cousin Menna, both strapping Oklahomans, arrived at the Cunningham farm home with the advance billing of being socialist itinerants from New York City. They couldn't be from there, she realized at once having visited the city and seen the two gangly Sooners' countrified

ways. New Yorkers neither came that tall nor invariably that quiet.

The second meeting between the two took place under more stringent circumstances. It was the summer of 1941, a lull before the storm for many Americans, but in an Oklahoma wracked by labor tensions and reeling from the after-shock of the Dust Bowl migration, a time of turmoil. Anti-red forces propelled by a tough local prosecutor and federal security agents were scouring the state for political dissidents. Arrests occurred, then jail sentences, some beatings, and finally book burnings, mounds of them, including Marxist literature and thirty-one copies of the Constitution, grabbed by vigilantes and put to the match in an Oklahoma City football stadium. "Oklahoma Witch Hunt," Friesen called the episode in a propaganda piece by the title. As head of the Oklahoma Committee to Defend Political Prisoners, an ad hoc branch of International Labor Defense, the legal arm of the Communist Party, he chronicled the events while Sis hid out in the western badlands. The couple was already in love and would be married within three months. "What kind of insanity is this," Gordon quoted the *Tulsa Tribune* as saying about the trial of book sellers such as Ina Wood, soon to be immortalized as the "Union Maid" of Woody Guthrie's folksong. In a masterful poetic twenty-three pages long and with a cover illustration which unfortunately misspelled his name, Friesen linked the series of injustices to a pattern of violence with deep social roots. "Now Oklahoma is a state of many fine men and women," it began. "But against their desire to be decent and human are set a number of forces. The economic system is painfully out of order."³

Friesen's own experience with economic and social dislocation was long and arduous. Once, after his father had traded their Weatherford farm for a site near Dodge City, Kansas, the family harvested a lone paltry crop out of seven years' growth. Returning to Oklahoma, as he wrote, "just in time to enter the depression and be engulfed in the Dustbowl trauma," they suffered more lean years.⁴ Conditions got so bad that his mother, sisters, and one brother had to make the Okie trek down Highway 66 to California, while back at home he was the sole means of support for a downtrodden father. "I wish I had talked more with him, he was a harassed man . . ." Friesen says, voice fading. Throughout much of the thirties it had been Gordon's work as a stringer for various area newspapers and national press services that kept food on the table. More than his own travail, however, the image that stands out is of an unemployed and penniless brother-in-law in California, waiting expectantly at a Bakersfield hospital for the birth of a child after five days without food. Another Okie, a stranger equally impoverished but with twenty-five cents to offer, emptied his pockets to give him money for a

hamburger. "This is an example of the poor helping the poor," Friesen concluded. A committed Marxist by then, one who saw in his own family's difficulties a microcosm of the class struggle, he depicted these events in an unpublished novel called "Unrest." "Steinbeck with the guts hanging out," is how a critic friend described the manuscript at the time. And indeed, Friesen's version of the Okie migration was darker by far than the *Grapes of Wrath* portrayal. The incomplete, unvarnished novel, said another critic, not knowing it would never be printed, is "one of the most powerful indictments of the folly, greed, and stupidity of modern life in America under the great depression that has yet been written."⁵

But the war intervened, and in addition to the fact that Friesen felt "Unrest" "did not hang together," he needed a job. He was also suffering from a heart condition, so a short time after their marriage in late 1941 Sis borrowed \$35 from her mother to head to New York. Medical attention was presumably obtained, while in the meantime Sis and Gordon found temporary shelter with the noted documentary photographer Sid Grossman. Novices to city life, the couple sought other radical connections, especially in the music field, and after a short stay with Grossman found suitable quarters in a communal apartment at 130 West 10th Street in Greenwich Village. The move was auspicious not only in their lives but also for folk music. Joined in a loose and ramshackle arrangement were the indisputable greats of the modern folk boom—Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Josh White, Burl Ives, Bess Lomax, Millard Lampell, Leo Hays, Peter Hawes, and Sis herself, not as well known ultimately as some of the others, but in the estimable praise of another regular, blues singer Huddie Ledbetter, "the Queen of the accordion players."

The Almanac Singers, the core group called itself, and for a year or two their rousing combination of labor songs, basic folk tunes, and anti-fascist lyrics won popular recognition. U.S.-Soviet relations were uncommonly warm because of the wartime alliance, while for its part the Communist Party under the leadership of former Kansan Earl Browder was continuing the unity campaign begun in the thirties under the "Communism is 20th-Century Americanism" banner. Union locals beckoned the group, as did civic groups, business organizations, and for a time even, before conservative pressure was applied, Decca Records and CBS Radio.⁶ As a cultural branch of the communist Party U.S.A. (CPSUA), the Almanacs operated on a wide front. Friesen was not a singer, but in the role of "head accordion carrier" in Guthrie's twitting phrase, he accompanied Sis on many of her performances and wrote occasional articles for the *Daily Worker*. One of his pieces, strangely enough, appeared square above a critic's review of a 1942 play entitled "Papa

Is All," about a dictatorial Pennsylvania Dutch Mennonite father "so demonic that he literally jails his two active and post-adolescent children in a rural replica of a museum room." The reviewer panned the

characterization—"He is surely a label on the good Mennonites and the good Pennsylvania Dutch"—but Friesen may in any case not have noticed.⁷ He was hard at work on various freelance projects, and if a later allegation by the FBI was correct, doing such things as helping to arrange a "Kansas Barn Dance for Earl Browder" at his and Sis's Greenwich Village address.⁸

There were other memorable events in their early New York sojourn. On February 14, 1942, all four radio networks featured the Almanacs on a morale boosting show called "This Is War." Just the break they had been hoping for, with prospects dangled of long-term contracts and a national tour, the dream fizzled when the press caught hold of their Communist politics.⁹ Gordon had his own fling of excitement with a still-born photojournal named *Graphic News Magazine*. As reporter on a story involving congressional investigations into fraudulent war contracts which were hampering the production of U.S. weaponry, he interviewed Missouri Senator Harry S. Truman. Friesen raised questions about the scandal and its meaning; Truman talked on about World War I and Battery D and steadily pushed hourlong. The magazine soon died, at any rate, and Friesen was left tending an undeveloped sideline in the art of caricature. A sketch artist who drew blood-curdling images of fascists and their allies, he sharpened his focus to the point that in the summer of 1942 he exhibited his cartoons in a one-man show at the

National Maritime Union. Other labor organizations requested the black-and-white anti-Nazi drawings (satisfactorily titled "The New Order," according to a contemporary biography in *WA's Who Among the Mennonites*),¹¹ but for unexplained reasons he stopped producing more. Life with the Almanacs may have been as much as could be handled. Sis sang when she could, Gordon wrote when he could, and in the quarters near them, in spacious Almanac House, Woody Guthrie as writer worked feverishly on the manuscript, *Bound for Glory*.

The stuff of legends, this book and author were, and Friesen was one of the few eyewitnesses to record their Almanac House phase. The singers' arrangement really was communal, with a shared kitty, free-floating guests, and joint meals at a central table. Interspersed with spirited, some said dogmatic, discussions about the intricacies of Communism were musical jam sessions the group called hootenannies. Invariably at the center of these affairs was the unflappable Guthrie. Sis was present at his famous pundit of Manhattan business executives at the Waldorf-Astoria ("She'll be wearin' a union button when she comes," Guthrie roared at the un-

attentive audience, to which the jaded cry rang out "Bring on the girls! Bring 'em on!"¹² and all were there when because of anti-Communist publicity the money dried up and the heat dissipated. With only an oven to warm their dwellings, windows frosted, stoves sputtered in the sinks, and "Woody, always ready to record in song what went on around him, wrote a blues, one verse of which went:

I went into the bathroom and I pulled upon the chain
Polar bears on icebergs came floating down the drain
Hey, Pretty Mama, I got those Arctic Circle blues.¹³

The Almanacs were also present the day of their eviction when, "like ants moving from an old colony to a new one," they organized a midnight foot migration of an entire household. As one stream proceeded "more or less steadily forward," loaded to the brim with second-hand paraphernalia, "it was passed by a silent file of empty-handed ants returning to Almanac House for fresh loads." Only Guthrie avoided the sidewalk expedition, typing obliviously away. "That's one way to get a book written," Friesen realized.¹⁴ As admiring as anyone of this living folk hero, Gordon could do what almost no one else dared—teak the mystic figure who posed as a roustabout when in Gordon's words "You never did a day's work in your life." "You're an intellectual, a poet," the real former farmhand and cotton picker told Guthrie. With a shrug and a smile he accepted the jest, and during the last months of the book after Gordon and Sis found their own apartment, the friendship was deepened when Guthrie joined the couple in their tiny Hudson Street domicile.¹⁵

But for the Almanacs as a group the end was near. Seeger joined the Army, Guthrie went to sea, and in 1948, perhaps as much out of a desire to unionize war-torn auto-workers as the search for employment, Gordon, Sis, and what remained of the singers moved wholesale to Detroit. Richard F. O'Hair, undercover informant for the FBI before the House Un-American Activities Committee, is most source

for the information that Sis became literature director of District 7 of the Detroit branch of the Communist Party. Other government documents indicate that Gordon and Sis attended meetings and picnics set up to hear luminaries such as party leader William Z. Foster.¹⁶ They did some factory work, although Gordon's contribution was as news reporter for the Hearst-owned *Detroit Times*. He covered the city beat, a wide one locally, garnering a banner headline on occasion, interviewing military brass, but the event that stood out was as a police reporter on the night of June 21, 1948, "Day of Infamy," he termed the experience in a retrospective

published twenty years later in the leftwing literary magazine *Mainstream*.¹⁷ The Detroit race riot, started by hostile whites who attacked black beachgoers at a public recreation area, exploded into violence such as few cities had seen. On duty when it began, Friesen was at hand on virtually every front. He saw the battered bodies of Negro factory workers whose injuries "had the fantastic appearance as if they, too, had been produced by an assembly line process," he visited precinct stations; recorded anti-black

sniper fire; observed a few acts of sacrificial heroism; and before it was over, rode with a convoy of federal troops called in to calm the disturbance.

The thesis of Friesen's article was that Detroit "fascists," a term he uses freely as a synonym, it sometimes appears, for nearly all non-Communists, had unleashed their hatred with the blessing of authorities. The hardhitting essay dealt hammer blows to the callousness of local officials. Riveted into the text as well, however, were two

subthemes important to the party as an organization and to Friesen personally. The first of these was an almost super-patriotic identification with the U.S. war effort, strange for a dissident who had opposed American involvement during the Hitler-Stalin Pact, but in keeping with the party's prowar switch after the German invasion of Russia.¹⁸ If it flowed logically from the premise that the riots in Detroit undermined the war cause, and therefore patriotism, it was also the case that Friesen and other Communists saw behind the events still a deeper betrayal. Where were the FBI, House Un-American Activities Committee and other federal intelligence-gathering agencies during the Detroit episode, Friesen asked?

Why wasn't the government investigating "real subversives," those who peddled hate and greed to the detriment of America, "while thick dossiers are compiled on progressive groups and individuals . . . at the taxpayer's expense?"¹⁹

Friesen had his own answer to this question by the time of the article, for of all the issues that molded his and Sis' life, this was premier. Twice they had tasted censorship or suppression, first in Oklahoma City, then with the Almanacs, but the third and last chapter closed their careers. The rest would be addenda. In an irony true to the Cold War, the most critical phase began in 1944 when Gordon got a job with the Office of War Information in New York. The move was a fatal one, prompting an eventual government security investigation which as a Communist he dared not challenge. He was able to find employment as a news writer for CBS radio, but with a corporate revampment in the direction of television in 1948 lost his position. He did not get another for ten years. The Cold War brush off also hurt Cunningham. Burdened with two children between 1945 and 1948, she nearly stopped performing except for benefit appearances during the presidential campaign of Henry Wallace. Those engagements she desired were either unavailing or unremunerative. Gordon got a temporary job running a sound truck for Pete Seeger during the 1948 mayoral campaign of American Labor Party candidate Vito Marcantonio, and then, nothing . . . nothing in the writing and singing fields for either of them, only menial work on occasion, some periods on welfare, and an unrelenting battle to find food, shelter, and a forum to be heard.

to be continued

Cover of a pamphlet written and illustrated by Gordon Friesen, 1941



By GORDON FRIESEN

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resources cont.

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Dave and Sarah Orleans present their "Earthsong" program in and around the Pine Barrens in southern New Jersey. They can be contacted at

120-26 Whitesbog Road
Browns Mills, N.J. 08015

SAILING UP cont.

violated the terms of their discharge permits and against whom enforcement actions had been lacking or ineffective.

Clearwater has taken on the Reagan Administration, too. One suit brought by the organization forced James Watt's Interior Department to accept a parcel of Staten Island waterfront for inclusion in Gateway National Park, a setback to his policy of not acquiring new land for the national park system. Another led the Environmental Protection Agency to reconsider and reverse an Anne Gorsuch Barford decision not to release funds authorized by Congress for cleanup of PCBs in the Hudson.

Clearwater has not acted alone in most of these undertakings. Its staff is skilled at building coalitions including other organizations, government agencies, and individuals in fighting environmental battles. And the fight will go on, for many issues still need to be addressed before the Hudson flows cleanly.

But what about music? What about Pete Seeger? Where do they fit in to all this?

While the sloop was largely the result of Pete's vision and is in his spirit, Clearwater has always been owned by its members, never by Pete or any other individual. His busy schedule and involvement with smaller sloops focusing on local issues leaves him little time even for crewing on Clearwater. But he is still, perhaps the most effective spokesperson for the cause, and his voice and banjo still ring out at community waterfront festivals throughout the Hudson Valley.

And of course, music still plays an important role, one to which Pete, the Hudson River Sloop Singers, and many other performers lend their talents. The prospect of musical entertainment draws many folks down to riverside events, and while there they hear not only the music but a message: the Hudson is productive, beautiful, getting cleaner, but still in need of their help. The songs can be fun, serious, joyful, sad, romantic, or sarcastic; like the sloop itself, they catch people's attention, turn it to the River, and build the community of concerned people actively supporting Clearwater's goals and programs.

Steve Slanic is the education director for Clearwater.



For more information about Clearwater, write to them at 112 Market St., Poughkeepsie, NY, 12501.

PUT DOWN YR CIGARETTE RAG

Don't smoke don't smoke don't smoke
 Don't smoke
 It's a one billion dollar
 Capitalist joke
 Don't smoke don't smoke don't smoke don't smoke
 Smoking makes you cough,
 you run, sing straight
 You gargle on saliva
 & vomit on your plate
 Don't smoke Don't smoke don't smoke don't
 smoke
 You smoke in bed
 You smoke on the hill
 You smoke till you're dead
 You smoke in Hell
 Don't smoke don't smoke Dope Dope
 Don't smoke
 You pull your leg
 You sink your boat
 You choke & gag
 You're full of crap
 Smoke smoke smoke smoke Don't Don't Don't
 Don't Dope Dope Don't Smoke
 You put your hand back
 You're a deathly back
 Trust your hand back
 & smoke in the sack—
 Don't Smoke Don't Smoke Nicotine Nicotine
 No Smoke Dope Dope
 255 Million in Green
 you'll Mad as a hatter gets
 a whole new measure
 & hook you, radical brain
 Don't Smoke Don't Smoke Don't Smoke Dope
 Dope Dope Dope Dope Dope Dope Dope
 Black on gold pushes dope
 Sexy chicks in cars
 America loses hope
 & smokes and drinks in bars
 Don't smoke don't smoke don't smoke don't
 smoke don't don't don't don't
 choke choke choke choke

Nine billion bucks a year
 a Southern industry
 Has Senator Joe Fear
 who runs the CIA
 Dope smokers hope smokers don't smoke don't
 smoke clink clink clink & dagger clink clink
 clink smoke smoke smoke smoke
 Nine billion bucks for dope
 approved by Time & Life
 America's last hope
 The President smokes his wife
 Don't Smoke don't smoke don't smoke don't
 smoke don't smoke dope dope dope dope
 If you will get in bed
 & give your girlfriend head
 then you won't want a leg
 Nor ever want a drug
 don't smoke don't smoke Hope Hope Hope
 Hope Don't smoke O Please
 Don't Smoke Don't Smoke
 O Please O Please O Please
 I'm calling on my knees
 Twenty four hours in bed
 & give your boyfriend head
 Put something in your mouth
 Take skin not cigarette filter
 Suck it suck it suck it suck clink suck clink
 suck clink suck prick
 but don't smoke don't smoke don't smoke
 nicotine is too obscene don't smoke nicotine
 suck clink suck clink suck clink suck clink
 but don't smoke shut rope dope dope dope
 Dope Dope Dope Dope
 Make believe yer sick
 Sit in bed and lick
 or cigarette habit greed
 one day's all you need
 In deed in deed in deed in deed smoke weed
 smoke weed but don't
 smoke smoke smoke
 don't smoke don't smoke
 hope hope hope hope Nicotine don't
 smoke hope don't don't don't
 Dope Dope Dope Dope
 (Improve further)



Hello room service? I'd like a cup of coffee made with bottled water, two eggs scrambled from chickens fed on EDB-free grain, a side of bacon with no nitrates, a glass of orange juice with no artificial color added and an MA missile. Also, would you please send up the house detective. I think there's a communist under my bed.



PALE TOMBOY

Go ahead pale tomboy
hater of broad daylight

hate me for the power I have
to knock you up

the crimson sails
at the rape of Troy

the blood from your womb
under my nails

but as dawn strikes its claws
into the flank of night

I could kill for another hour
in your room

David Rattray

IMPOSSIBLE SUICIDE

She wanted to end her life

but if by drowning

lowered among fish
the rope of her amazement
would bob her back to the shine
of lagoons

but if by burning

the inflammation
of her breath
would halo even
Novembers

but if by swallowing a pill

small as the moon at its zenith
her torso would turn into
a torch of cold, clear
understanding...

So that any old how she did herself in
promised to defeat her in puzzling ways

and she had to keep going

Diana Chang

POETRY

SITTING ALONE ON A BANK IN
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE
WATCHING THE FLOOD RECEDE

I remember your fingers reaching
to the entrance of my mouth: your car
in the empty Newark parking lot: I take
your wrist open
my mouth wider guide your long
fingers in and out a thousand
miles away you who love long
rivers:

the Cumberland loves
the knees of water-oaks
rising for the soft delta cunt
of the country, my tongue feels
your soft knuckles a thousand miles
away I salivate, fish rise you
withdraw your hand we watch
each other a thousand miles away
touch my wet knuckles
to your tongue I pull
you into my mouth again the woman
in me surrounding the man
in you a thousand miles
away: you said this is how
a man feels

Donald Junkins



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BROADSIDE, 194 Soundview Dr.,
Rocky Point, L.I., NY 11778

rose graubert

Around the World

Washington, DC: Attorney General William French Smith has announced that he will definitely appoint a special prosecutor to conduct a "comprehensive inquiry" into allegations of misconduct by presidential counsellor Edwin Meese 3rd. Some of the names thus far mentioned as candidates for the job were Anthony Alvarado, Richard Nixon, Burt Lance and Bernard Goldfine. An announcement was expected shortly.

Denver, CO: Sen. Gary Hart, stopping for a brief visit to his home state during his campaign to be the Democratic candidate in this fall's presidential election, was asked whether he was a "johnny-come-lately" to the nuclear freeze movement. He replied that he had always been a supporter of the freeze movement, but that he hadn't gone public until surveys had shown there was adequate support for the freeze among middle-income, college-educated, white-collar workers. He also indicated that he had taken positions on many other issues and would make public statements on them as soon as additional polls had been completed.

El Salvador: The head of El Salvador's treasury police denied that he had ever received money as an informant for the U.S. CIA. Col. Nicolas Carranza was responding to an article in the New York Times that quoted American officials as saying he had received \$90,000 a year for the last five or six years. Carranza admitted receiving the money "from an American wearing a felt hat, a trench coat and sunglasses," however he said "the information I gave him was marketing research data and the man was with Sears Roebuck."

New York, NY: Clarabell, formerly with the Howdy Doody Show, has announced his intention to run for president in 1984, according to Bob Smith and other aides. "If that clown can be president for four years, why not me," he said, to a throng of cheering campaign workers.

Seoul, South Korea: The agricultural attache to the U.S. Embassy here has denied reports that the CIA is looking for a second commercial pilot to stray over Russian territory, at this time.

Washington, DC: The White House admitted today that President Reagan employed a computer during his press conferences. As each question is being asked, a voice transponder "offstage" inputs it into the computer. The computer then flashes the answers on a CRT display built into the president's lectern. Stage instructions are automatically inserted at appropriate points in the text. More than one million possible questions and answers have been pre-recorded. However, the president was embarrassed by a recent exchange in which a reporter asked the president "whether he was going to a warmer climate for the winter." The president replied that "the forecast for tomorrow is cold and snowy, with a high in the mid-twenties." On the other hand, the president's aides said he did the frown at the end very well.

La Ceiba, Honduras: Captain M. Wagner, head of the U.S. frogman team stationed here, denied any U.S. involvement in the mine that recently damaged a Russian tanker on its way to nearby Nicaragua. Captain Wagner pointed out that all U.S. mines bear the inscription, "Made in USA," yet neither the Russians nor the Nicaraguans had recovered any such lettering from the detonated mine.

Chicago, IL: Walter Mondale, campaigning for the Democratic nomination for president, admitted publicly to having worked with Jimmy Carter "some years ago" and to having worked with him for a period of time, but he denied any knowledge of or involvement in the Iranian hostage crisis that sealed Carter's doom in the 1980 presidential election, and said he couldn't recall precisely where he was during the period American citizens were being held captive by the Assahola Cockamamie.

Compiled from the wire services by Norman A. Ross

Bob Dylan

continued from issue #148

my mind sometimes runs like a roll of toilet paper
as I sit like hell & see it unravel an unwind
at my empty walls
I'll wash out a here soon
yes the landlord has beaten me it hurts as I tell you
this place I am typin in is so filthy
my clothes cover the floor an once in a while
I pick up somethin an use it for a blanket...
the damn heat goes off at ten
an dont come on til ten...
that's mornin wise
nusher of warm smellly head always wake me up
when I sleep here
the plaster falls constantly
on the floor is tiltin an rollin
but somethin there is a beauty to it
columbia records gave me a record player
oh the goodness of some keeps on amazin me
an sometimes I play it.
gettin back t the landlord tho
no its really too much
he owns I guess three buildings
I pay his way too high
an I'm gettin screwed an I know it
an he knows it
but I just dont have the time t go down t the
rent control board. I been told they'd get after
him but I'm so lazy. when she was here he was
gonna jack up the price cause he said I never told
him I had a wife, you really got t see this place
t believe it. I bought a'vee junked him up a long
time ago an used him for heat. last year he put
in a new window (there was a god damn hole in the
other one) an it was like I asked "n for his blood
relation or somethin. (which he'd probably give away)
anyway the record player's an now
an I'm listenin t Pete sing Guantanamera for
the billionth time. I dont have any folk music
records (I dont have any records really) but
I do have that one of Pete's.
god it's like I go in a trance
he is so human I could cry
he tells me so much
he makes me feel so good
it's as tho of all the things that's said to make
one feel better, and some of it worth while,
all the cars, an clothes, an trinkets an foods,
an jewels an diamonds an lollypops an gifts of
glad tidings, just dont do nothin for the soul.
I believe I'd rather listenin t Pete sing Guantanamera
than t own everything there is t own...
(that's my own private selfishness shinin thro there)
yes for me he is truly a saint
an I love him
perhaps more than I could show
(an always is the case ha)
I think of love in weird terms,
sometimes I even feel guilty about it
because I know I love sus
but I should love everybody like I love sus
an in all honesty I dont
I just love her that way
an I say what way?
an a voice says "that way"
an I get quite up like
an I know I have a long way t go
when the day comes when I can love everything
that breathes the way I love sus then
I will truly be a Jesus Christ ha ha
that I dont wanna be a Jesus Christ ha ha
an so I am again contradictin myself
away away be gone all you demon
an just let me be me
humer me
ruthless me
wild me
gentle me
an kinda of me

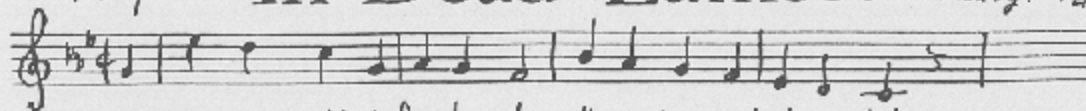


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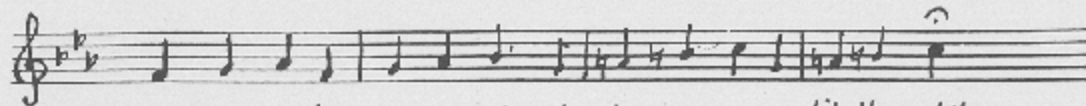
Freely

In Dead Earnest

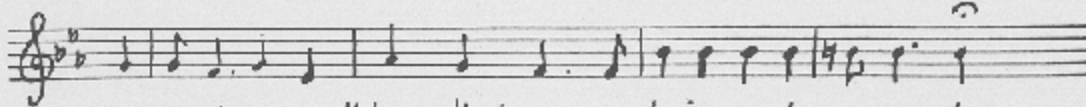
*words: Lee Hays
Melody: Pete Seeger*



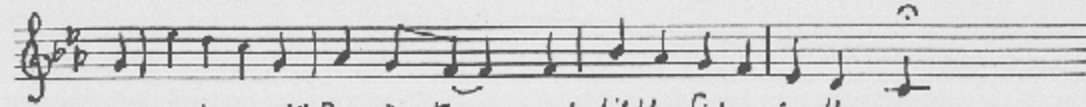
If I should die before I wake, all my bone and sinew take



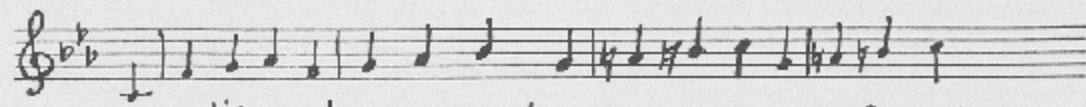
Put them in the compost pile to decompose a little while



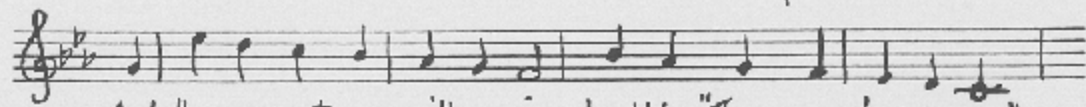
Worms, water, sun, will have their way, re-duc-ing me to common clay



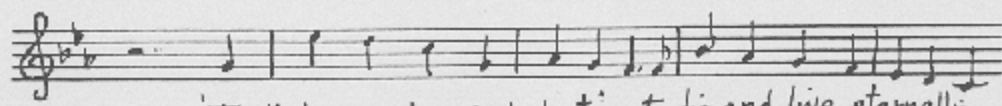
All that I am will feed the trees and little fishes in the seas.



When radishes and corn you munch, you may be having me for lunch



And then excrete me with a grin, chortling, "There goes Lee again."



'Twill be my happiest destiny to die and live eternally.



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