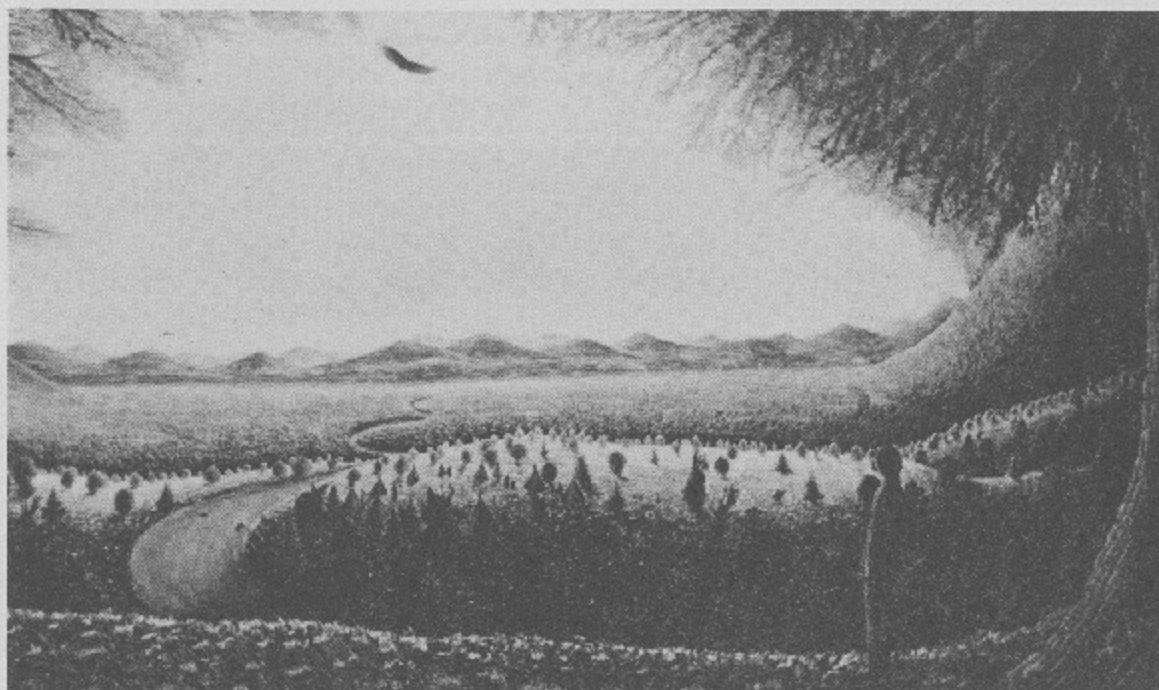


Now that the buffalo's gone...



"One does not sell the earth upon which the people walk."

—TASHUNKA WITKO (Crazy Horse), Sioux

IN THIS ISSUE:

DAVID AMRAM
JIMMY CURTIS
JARIBU & NGOMA HILL
PETER LaFARGE
ROLAND MOUSAA
RICK NESTLER

TOM PACHECO
BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE
JON STEIN
JOHN TRUDELL
FLOYD WESTERMAN

Guest Editor:
ROLAND MOUSAA

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The National Topical Song Magazine

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4:00 P.M.

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WITH GORDON GRINBERG

This issue of **BROADSIDE**, devoted to songs of Native Americans, is timed to coincide with the Great Hudson River Revival on June 16 & 17 as described below. The focus of the festival this year is Native Americans, and many of the performers are also appearing in this issue. Roland Mousaa (who is this month's guest editor with the assistance of Susan Avery), David Amram, Serious Bizness (AKA Ngoma & Jaribu Hill), Floyd Westerman, and others, all have songs in this issue.

Next month's issue is on Latin America, a pressing topic at this time, and Oscar Brand's issue on the upcoming election is going to be in October, in time for our readers to learn a lot of great songs to help keep Reagan from getting re-elected. Lydia Davis will be doing an issue on children's songs in December. Articles from the past will still be continued later in the year and we still need volunteers to help with office chores and other interesting stuff, especially during these summer months. So please write if you think you can spare some time to help keep **BROADSIDE** running smoothly this summer.

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Revival
 1984





Classic System/Cleveland
reprinted from
"Talkin' Union"

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Mimbres Pottery Design 1000-1200 AD



"The sun has been very hot on my head and made me as in a fire; my blood was on fire, but now I have come into this valley and drunk of these waters and washed myself in them and they have cooled me. Now that I am cool I have come with my hands open to you to live in peace with you. I speak straight and do not wish to deceive or be deceived. I want a good, strong, and lasting peace. When God made the world he gave one part to the white man and another to the Apache. Why is it? Why did they come together? Now that I am to speak, the sun, the moon, the earth, the air, the waters, the birds and beasts, even the children unborn shall rejoice at my words."

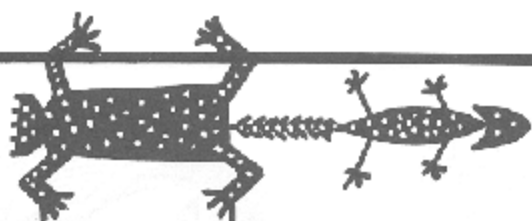
Cochise of the Chiricahua Apaches

This issue of BROADSIDE is dedicated to the songs of the Native Americans. Included here are traditional American Indian songs, recently written songs by Native Americans, and songs by non-Indians who mourn the destruction of the Native American way of life.

The guest editor is Roland Mousaa, an artist and musician of Northern Apache descent from New Mexico, who is currently recording his first record album. The Circle Of Red Nations (CORN), assisted in gathering material for this issue. SING OUT! magazine also provided some of the material appearing here. Special thanks to them both, and also to Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen. Except where otherwise noted, all illustrations in this issue are based on American Indian cave drawings. Cover painting, "Before the Migration," by Roland Mousaa.

CORN





There once was a lake in Warren, Pennsylvania. The land around it belonged to the Seneca Indians, and George Washington had written a treaty to their Chief Complanter saying, "You can have this reservation as long as the grass shall grow." But in 1966 the Kinsua Dam was built and the whole reservation, including the Indians' sacred burial ground, was flooded. The grass no longer grew. Today the Indians call it Lake Perfidy. --R.M.



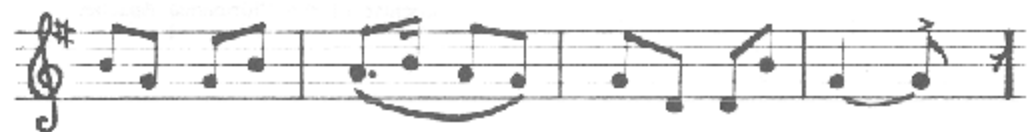
The Seneca Canoe song is a traditional Indian song that was taught to Pete Seeger in 1952 by Ray Fadden (Tehantorens), a Mohawk, who learned the song from Jesse Complanter, a Seneca. Anthropologist Anthony Seeger later reported that the song was sweeping through the entire Xingu region of Brazil, where the Suyá Indians had learned it from tapes and from each other. (Reprinted from *Sing Out!*)

SENECA CANOE SONG

TRADITIONAL



KA-YO-WA-JI NEH, YO HO - HEY - YO HO -



KAY-YO-WA-JI NEH, KA-YO-WA-JI-NEH-EH



KA-YO-WA-JI-NEH YO HO - HEY -



KA-YO-WA-JI-NEH KA-YO-WA-JI-NEH-EH



The contest of the future is between a return to the castle or the tipi." --Vine Deloria, Jr., "We Talk, You Listen"

DAVID AMRAM has composed over 100 orchestral and chamber works, two operas and numerous scores for theater and film. He plays French horn, piano, guitar, many kinds of flutes and whistles, and folkloric instruments from 25 countries. His work is heavily influenced by Native American music, and he often performs with Floyd Westerman. Here is one American Indian tune that Amram arranged for orchestra that has been performed with David conducting.

SANTEE SIOUX RABBIT DANCE

traditional



"The whites were always trying to make the Indians give up their life and live like white men - go to farming, work hard and do as they did and the Indians did not know how to do that, and did not want to anyway....If the Indians had tried to make the whites live like them, the whites would have resisted, and it was the same with many Indians." - Wamditanka (Big Eagle) of the Santee Sioux



"I did not know then how much was ended. When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered all along the crooked gulch as plain as when I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see that something else died there in the bloodied mud and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream ...the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead."

- Black Elk, Sioux

This is a traditional Cheyenne war song adapted by the American Indian Movement (AIM) to be sung at gatherings, rallies, and demonstrations. Following the traditional form of Plains war dances, it is sung around the big drum. (Reprinted from SING OUT!)

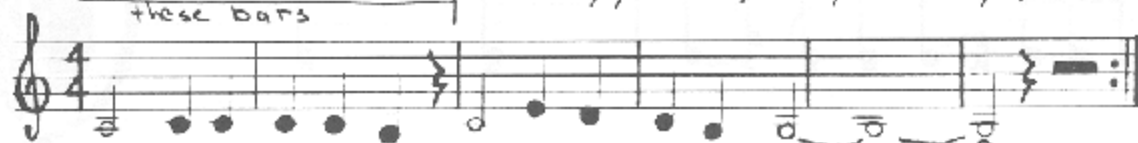
AIM NATIONAL ANTHEM



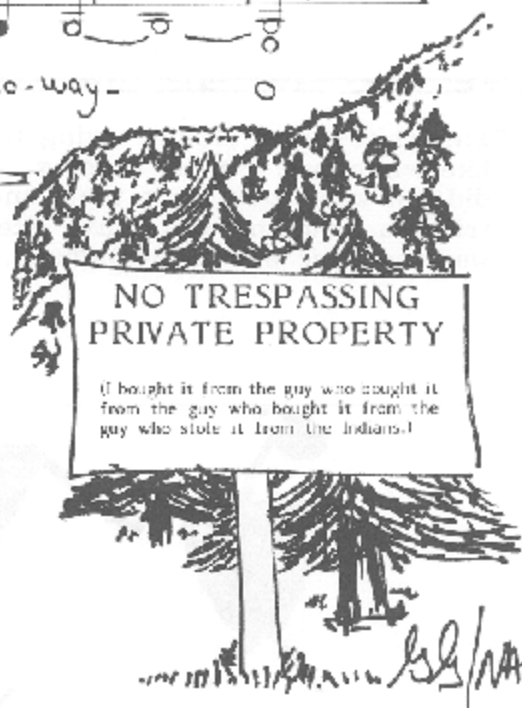
YA-AH ————— WAY YA WAY ————— YA
 (Group) | honoring beats within



WAY-AH YA ————— YA-hey-ya ya-way-ha-a-ay-ya
 these bars



Ya-way-ha Ya-hey-a Ya-way-ha Ya-ho-way-



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Buffy Sainte-Marie, a Native American from Canada, gained worldwide recognition in the early '60s with such songs as "The Universal Soldier."

NOW THAT THE BUFFALO'S GONE

Words & Music by Buffy Sainte-Marie
© by author, 1964, Used by permission

Moderately

1. Can you remember the times That you have
held your head high And told all your
friends of your In-dian claims, Proud,
lady, and proud, good man, great great
Your 1,2,3,4 grand-
fa-ther from In-dian blood sprang And you
feel in your heart / these ones. (2) Oh it's
15. for
man Now that the buf-fa-lo's gone.

2. Oh, it's written in books and in songs
That we've been mistreated and wronged
Well, over and over I hear the same words
From you, good lady, from you, good man
Well listen to me if you care where we stand
And you feel you're a part of these ones.
3. When a war between nations is lost
The loser we know pays the cost
But even when Germany fell to your hands
Consider, dear lady, consider, dear man.
You left them their pride and you left them
their land
And what have you done to these ones.
4. Has a change come about, Uncle Sam
Or are you still taking our land
A treaty forever, George Washington signed
He did, dear lady, he did, dear man
And the treaty's being broken by Kingua Dam
And what will you do for these ones?
5. Oh, it's all in the past you can say
But it's still going on till today
The government now wants the Iroquois land
That of the Seneca and the Cheyenne
It's here and it's now you must help us,
dear man
Now that the buffalo's gone.

reprinted from BROADSIDE #49

"There was no hope on earth, and God seemed to have forgotten us. Some said they saw the son of God; others did not see him. If He had come, He would do some great things as He had done before. We doubted it because we had seen neither Him nor His works."

Red Cloud, Sioux



"The Earth was created by the existence of the sun, and it should be left as it was.... The country was made without lines of demarcation, and it is no man's business to divide it."

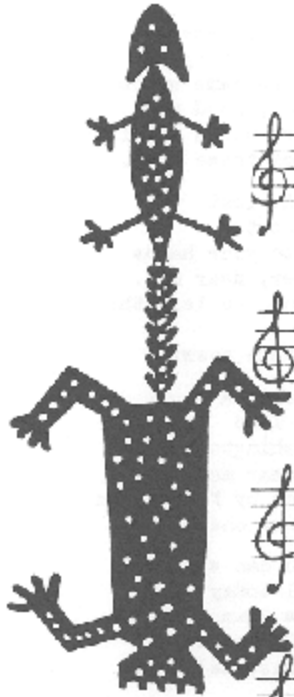
--Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés



Floyd Westerman, a Sisseton Sioux, calls himself "a country ballad expressionist." Journalist Richard LaCourse has written, "...with the experience of many hectic and turbulent years of new Indian history in his mind, Westerman is staying plugged into the Indian scene... and turning it into music." The words of this song, which appears on his album "Custer Died for Your Sins," are based on the book of the same name by Vine Deloria, Jr.

CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS

words & music
by Jimmy Curtiss
& Floyd Westerman
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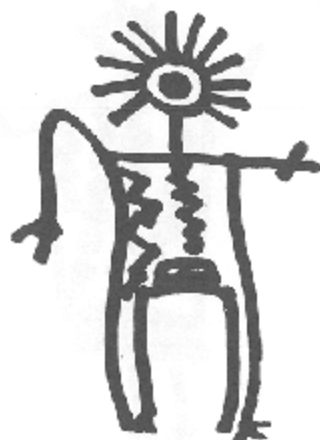


For the lies that were spoken, for the blood we have spilled,
For the treaties that were broken, for the leaders you have killed,
Custer died for your sins, Custer died for your sins,
now a new day must begin, Custer died for your sins.

2 For the tribes you terminated,
for the myths you kept alive,
for the land you confiscated,
for our freedom you deprived.

Custer died for your sins,
Custer died for your sins,
Now a new day must begin,
Custer died for your sins.

3 For the truths you pollute,
for the life that you have cost,
for the good you prostitute,
for all that we have lost.



"I know what you are doing on this road. You scare all the buffalo away. I want to hunt in this place. I want you to turn back from here. If you don't, I will fight you again. I want you to leave what you have got here, and turn back from here. I am your friend."

Sitting Bull, Sioux



THE CRIMSON PARSON



Words and Music
by PETER LA FARGE

Introduction

They called him the Crimson Parson, the Rev'rend Chivington; Hist'ry don't recommend him for the trouble he be-gun. "Kill and scalp all Indians big & little", was his cry; "Wits make lice, Kill the ba-bies too; Let ev'ry Indian die!"

Oh the Rev'rend Colonel Chivington with his bible by his side, Oh the Rev'rend Colonel Chivington he took a bloody ride; And when he'd done, ridin' from Hell's bel-ly hate was tore, Oh the Rev'rend Colonel Chivington started up a mighty war.

(* Use same melody for both)

- In the valley of the Sand Creeks lived a peaceful dreaming tribe Chivington knew them for peaceful, but glory was his pride In the middle of the night he fell upon the place Three hundred Indians died, at once a victory in disgrace.
- Fifteen were warriors, the rest woman and child They scalped and massacred them all, Colonel Chivington went wild The Arapaho and the Cheyenne, they'd been talking peace, Died that night at Sand Creek, so they would not increase.

CHORUS

- (Spoken) Broken, bad hurt and outraged, north the survivors marched Picking up recruits as they went, for revenge their throats were parched They cut the overland stage route, struck down the telegraph poles They killed more whites than Chivington reds, and they took an unbibled toll.
- (Sung) All the way up to Sitting Bull they told their bloody tale And warpaths smoked as they hadn't smoked since they cut the Oregon Trail Indian war for just twelve years scattered all about the land And the Reverend Colonel Chivington did it all with his little band.

CHORUS

(Ed. Note: When Rev. Chivington's troopers ran out of bullets in 1864, they clubbed the Indian mothers and their babies to death with rifle butts. "Amid much profanity and laughter", says one account. Scientific warfare advances and 1. 1965 Americans turn Vietnamese women and their children into burned and mangled flesh by pushing buttons in bomber and fighter planes. Except at Da Nang where U.S. Marines scored a "glorious victory" for their country by killing undernourished 12-year-old Vietnamese boys in hand-to-hand combat.

"The Crimson Parson" was one of the last of Peter La Farge's many Indian songs which he began with "Ira Hayes". Peter died alone in his N.Y.C. apartment Wed., Oct. 27, 1965, at the age of 36. Cause of death was not immediately determined, although he was under medical care. He sings this song on his last FOLKWAYS L-P, PETER LA FARGE ON THE WARPATH (FW2535).... G.P.)

Gordon Friesen

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reprinted from BROADSIDE #64

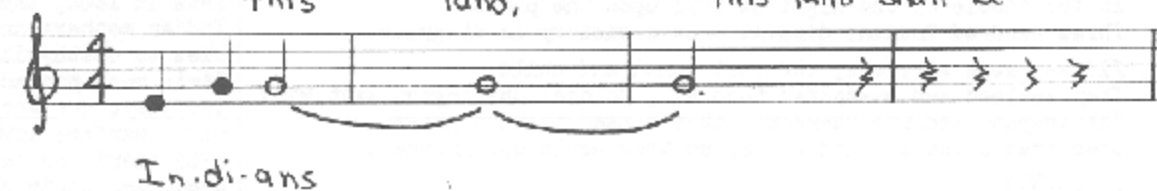
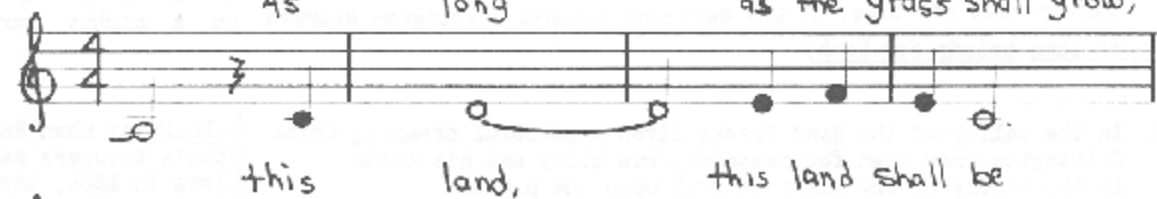
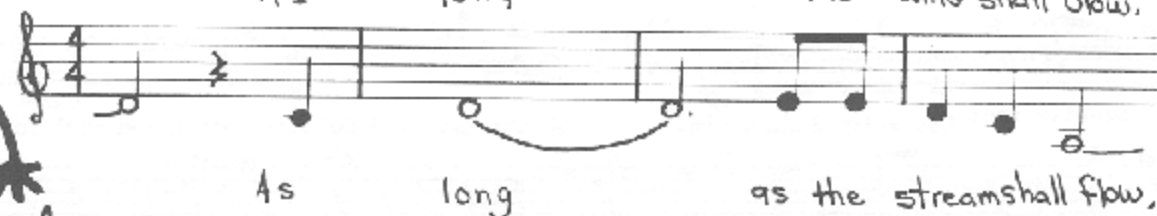
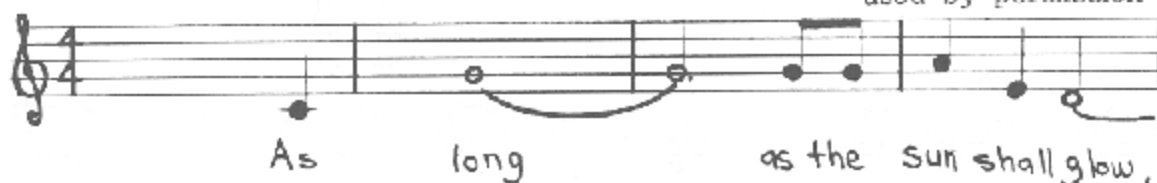
THE INDIAN PRAYER

by Roland Mousaa

& Tom Pacheco

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2. As long as the bird shall sing,
As long as the deer shall spring,
As long as the whale is king,
As long as their life shall bring,
this land, this land, shall be
the Indian's

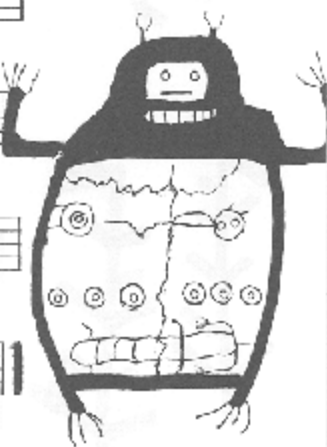
3. As long as the babe is small,
As long as the boy grows tall,
As long as the man shall crawl,
As long as the earth's a ball,
this land, this land, shall be
everyone's and the Indian's

RETRIBUTION RED

words & music
Rick Nestler
© 1982



E min G
 IN TWO HUN-DRED YEARS HAVE YOU NOT LEARNED FROM THE
 D A min E min
 ASH-ES OF YOUR PRO-MIS-ES THAT YOU HAVE BURNED YOU CAN
 G
 ON- LY PUSH YOUR P@-DY TO A CER-TAIN POINT BE-
 D A min E min
 CHORUS: FOR E YOUR DRAWN AND QUA-TERED YOUR LIMBS HANG-ING OUT OF JOINT
 G D E min
 WHERE IS YOUR E - QUA - LI - TY FOR THE
 G D E min
 NA-TIVES OF THE HOME OF THE BRAVE AND THE LAND OF THE FREE YOUR
 C D E min
 HIGH MIND-ED PHIL - O - SO - PHIES ARE
 C D E min
 WRIT-EN IN BLOOD AT PINE RIDGE AND WOUND-ED KNEE
 C D E min
 Ooo - oo - oo - oo - ooo



When you landed on the shoreline
you were barely alive.
He taught you how to hunt, to fish, and farm,
he taught you how to survive.
You brought your petty properties,
with mirrors, clothes, and beads,
and pushed him a little inland,
when it satisfied your needs.

CHORUS

Where is your equality for the natives
of the land home of the brave and land of the free,
Your high minded philosophies are written in blood,
at Pine Ridge and Wounded Knee

Your Conestoga wagons,
pulled out to westward ho.
You pushed your brother farther west,
til there was no place to go.
You raped the woman, killed the child,
took away the land,
and cut him down with your sabers,
when he tried to make a stand.

CHORUS

Where is your apology...?

You called him the noble savage.
Taken all he's had.
You kept what it was you thought was good,
gave him back what you thought bad.
But from the sacred Black Hills,
A warrior's wind blows free.
So if he has to break you or he has to die,
he'll have his sovereignty.

CHORUS

Where is your democracy...?



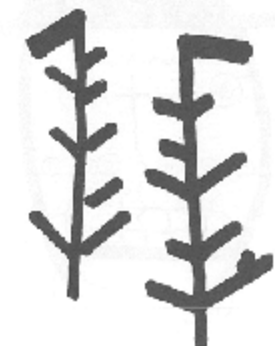
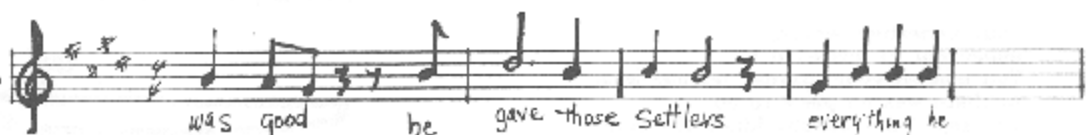
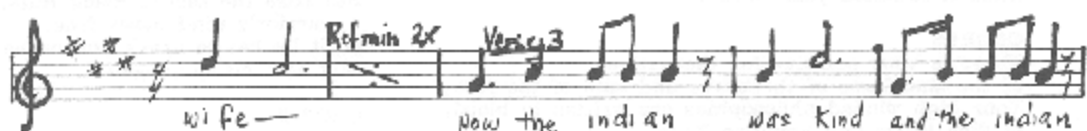
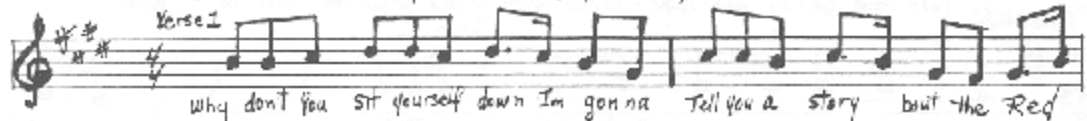
"Where today are the Pequot? Where are the Narragansett, the Mohican, the Pokanoket, and the many other once powerful tribes of our people? They have vanished before the avarice and the oppression of the White man, as snow before a summer sun."

Tecumseh of the Shawnees



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE RED MAN?

Lyrics + Music by Jaribu & Ngoma Hill - Serious Bizness © 1982



could show me how to plow the land how to till the soil, He

gave them a helping hand many years ago

Refrain 2X

VERSE *f*
what did these settlers have to say when they came on their

boats from so very far a way; We want to be friends with you

We want to be neighbors too We want to learn from you we want to

CIVILIZE you; Give us your silver Turquoise and Drums, We get cheap

La bar We can mine them We want to be friends with you, We want to be

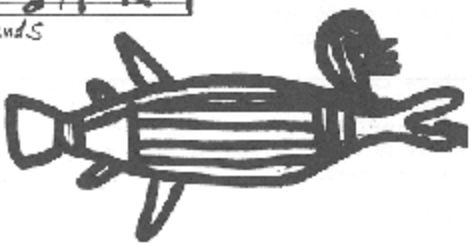
neighbors too, We want to learn from you We want to CIVILIZE

you, Now This is a story 'bout the rich and greedy, How they

stole the land with a phony treaty, how they stole the land

from the Red Man and there's blood all over their hands

Refrain



This song is available on Folkways record FW5520
 Serious Bizness: For Your Immediate Attention

Capo - 2nd fret**NATIVE AMERICAN**WORDS AND MUSIC by
JON STEIN
© 1982 by JON STEIN

Em
Have you heard drums a - long the ri - ver

Have you seen fi - re in the sand

Am Em
Can you tell me where they have go - ne to

B7 Em fine
Na - tive A - mer - i - can

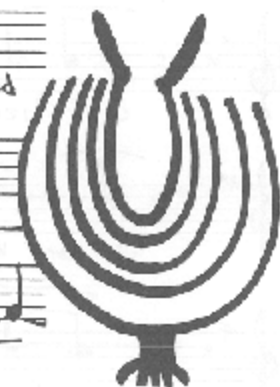
7/8 Am Em
where are the mo - thers who gave life to the land

Am
where are the fa - thers who watched

Em Am
o - ver each band where are the

Em B7
chil - dren who - nour - ished the earth. Na - tive

Em
A - mer - i - can.

**CHORUS**

Have you heard drums along the river,
Have you seen fire in the sand,
Can you tell me where they have gone to,
Native American?

Where are the mothers who gave life to the land,
Where are the fathers who watched over each band,
Where are the children who nourished the earth,
Native American?

The long hunt is over, grass has gone brown.
Rumbling herds have vanished. Railroads and towns,
have stripped away the lifeblood of the pipe and feathered crown.
Native American?

Where are the heroes who worshipped the land?
Brought power to the people from the sun, moon,
and sand?
Where is the heartbeat of that glory,
Native American?

CHORUS

LOOK AT US by John Trudell

At times they were kind,
 They were polite in their sophistication,
 Smiling, but never too loudly,
 Acting in a civilized manner in illusion of gentleness,
 Always fighting to get their way,
 While the people see,
 The people know,
 The people wait,
 The people say:
 "The closing of your doors will never shut us out...
 The closing of your doors can only shut you in."
 We know the predator; We see them feed on us.
 We are aware that to starve the beast is our destiny.
 The times they were kind,
 They were polite but never honest.
 We see your technological society devour you before our very eyes.
 We hear your anguished cries exhaling greed through progress,
 While you seek material advances,
 The sound of flowers dying carrying messages through the wind,
 Trying to tell you about the balance and your safety.
 But your minds are chained to your machines,
 And the strings dangling from your puppeteers hands,
 Turning you,
 Twisting you into forms and confusions beyond your control.
 Your mind for a job,
 Your mind for a TV,
 Your mind for a hairdryer,
 Your mind for confusion,
 With your atom bombs, your material bombs, your drug bombs,
 your racial bombs, your class bombs, your sexist bombs, your agist bombs
 Devastating your natural shelters,
 Making you homeless on earth, chasing you into illusions, fooling you,
 Making you pretend you can runaway from the ravashing of your spirit,
 While the sound of flowers dying carries messages through the wind,
 Trying to tell you about balance and your safety.

Trying to isolate us in a dimension called loneliness....
 Economic diety siezing power through illusions,
 Created armies are justified,
 Class systems are democracy,
 Godless is to warmongers' prayers,
 Tyranny is here, divide and conquer.
 Trying to isolate us in a dimension called loneliness....
 Greed apparent, insecurity the happiness companion,
 Genocide conceived in sophistication.
 Technologic material a civilization rationalization,
 Replacing a way to live,
 Trying to isolate us in a dimension called loneliness....

The rest of this poem, along with seven others by John Trudell, can be heard on his tape, "Tribal Voice," available from the North American Water Office, 1519A Franklin Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55406.



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THE LONGEST RUN

honoring Olympic hero

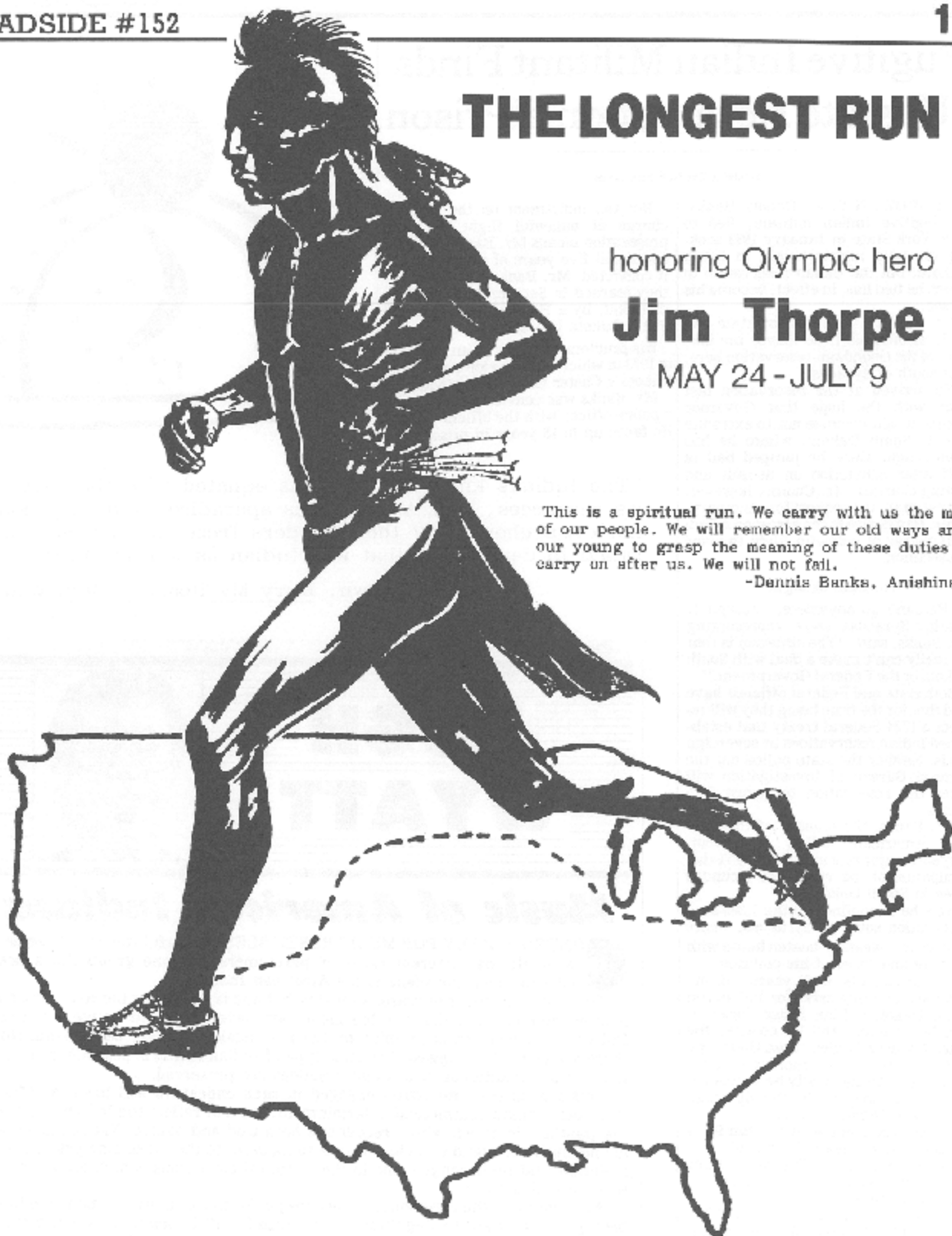
Jim Thorpe

MAY 24 - JULY 9

This is a spiritual run. We carry with us the medicine of our people. We will remember our old ways and ask our young to grasp the meaning of these duties and carry on after us. We will not fail.

-Dennis Banks, Anishinabe

Drawing by Chief Oren Lyons, Onondaga - Iatoh Keeper



On May 24 sixteen runners set out from a pow-wow in New York City, beginning the first leg of a 53-day cross-country run honoring the 1912 Olympiad champion, Jim Thorpe--a Native American considered one of the world's greatest athletes. Thousands of Indians, from North and South America, will join in the run at various intervals throughout the journey. On July 19, the runners will arrive in Los Angeles for a six-day pow-wow and the Jim Thorpe Memorial La Crosse Games, an event sponsored by the International Olympic Committee.

Fugitive Indian Militant Finds Upstate Reservation a Prison

Special to The New York Times

NEDROW, N.Y. — Dennis Banks, the fugitive Indian militant, fled to New York State in January 1983 seeking to avoid imprisonment in South Dakota. But the Indian reservation to which he fled has, in effect, become his prison.

Mr. Banks risks arrest by state and Federal officials if he leaves the borders of the Onondaga reservation here, just south of Syracuse.

He arrived at the reservation last year with the hope that Governor Cuomo would promise not to extradite him to South Dakota, where he has been sought since he jumped bail in 1975 after conviction on assault and rioting charges. Mr. Cuomo, however, did not grant the request for sanctuary.

Mr. Banks also faces arrest on a Federal charge of unlawful flight to avoid prosecution.

No Deal in Sight

"He can't go anywhere," Joseph J. Heath, a Syracuse lawyer representing Mr. Banks, said. "The situation is that we really can't make a deal with South Dakota or the Federal Government."

Both state and Federal officials have said that for the time being they will respect a 1794 Federal treaty that established Indian reservations as sovereign lands. Neither the state police nor the Federal Bureau of Investigation will enter the reservation to arrest Mr. Banks.

Mr. Banks, the founder of the militant American Indian Movement, played a major role in 1973 in the 71-day occupation of the village of Wounded Knee in South Dakota.

Now he is confined to the 7,300-acre reservation south of Syracuse, where he lives in a weather-beaten house with his wife and three of his children.

Mr. Banks, who is 53 years old, organized a clothing drive for Indians on South Dakota's Pine Ridge Reservation last winter, and he coaches the Cross Country Eagles of the Onondaga Nation, a 60-member running club for youngsters. Occasionally he writes letters to newspapers in the Syracuse area about Indian affairs.

"Wherever I am with my family, I accept it as my home," he said.

But Mr. Heath said that both he and Mr. Banks were unhappy about the legal stalemate.

"Dennis is frustrated, clearly," Mr. Heath said. "He has a lot of visitors and a lot of support. He's relatively comfortable where he is, but it's not what he wants to be doing."

Mr. Banks's frustration is not likely to end soon, Mr. Heath said.

Lawyers representing the Indian leader believed they were close to persuading the authorities in South Dakota to agree to a minimum or alternative sentence for Mr. Banks during negotiations last summer, he said.

But the indictment on the Federal charge of unlawful flight to avoid prosecution means Mr. Banks faces an additional five years of imprisonment if convicted. Mr. Banks's lawyers say they learned in September of that indictment, by a Federal grand jury in South Dakota last summer.

His problems stem from an incident in 1973 in which Indians rioted at South Dakota's Custer County Courthouse.

Mr. Banks was convicted of striking a police officer with the officer's club. He faces up to 15 years in prison.



"The Indians knew that life was equated with the earth and its resources, that America was a paradise, and they could not comprehend why the intruders from the east were determined to destroy all that was Indian as well as America itself."

Dec Brown, *Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee*



17 Friday

Music of American Indians

CONTEMPORARY POP MUSIC RESEMBLES a colorful rainbow these days with all the different races of performers, but one group that's been missing from the scene is the American Indian.

There are a number of reasons for this, but one is the strong ties to ceremonial healing and religion that for the most part have prevented native American Indian performers from jumping on the pop music crossover bandwagon. Now there are signs that suggest that some type of Indian fusion is possible, provided that certain traditional values and practices are preserved.

This means that the artists engaged in such endeavors will have to refrain from performing commercial entertainment, but will reflect the Indian's view of the pantheistic creed, which recognizes both God and nature. Native American musicians understand this view, and as such, defer to their medicine priests, who maintain that their songs come to them from their dreams, which are endowed with special powers.

Also, many of the ceremonial songs are performed only by the men who have been given the right to sing them. It's not true for all Indian nations, but most of them have long cycles of song, which describe the deeds of mystical figures, among other things. Usually the singers surround the drum and are then encircled by the dancers.

Today, most of the musicians beginning to play "Indian fusion," if you will, are "city Indians"; many of them already perform such contemporary pop music styles as jazz or rock. These artists feel that now is the time for them to incorporate their own musical idioms into the various styles of music because their chants, rhythms and other musical ingredients were partially responsible for the creation of most American music styles.

from the Daily News

Special thanks to Hugh Wyatt, Cherokee

"I give myself up to you, do with me what you please. I surrender to you. Once I moved like the wind. Now I surrender to you and that is all."

--Goyathlay (Geronimo) Chiricahua, Apache

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THE RUSSELL MOORE MEMORIAL

Famous Native American jazz musician Russell "Big Chief" Moore died December 15, 1983 at the age of 70. In late January, a heavily attended memorial for Moore (sponsored by CORN) was held at St. Peter's Church in N.Y.C. Performers included both jazz musicians and Native American musicians, and the performance was so filled with life that the reverend of the church suggested that the Russell Moore Memorial should become an annual event.

For more information about American Indian music and events, contact CORN. Also, a comprehensive, 346-page Native American Dictionary, listing organizations, media, tribal offices, art galleries and Indian stores throughout North America is available from National Native American Co-Operative, P.O.B. 5006, San Carlos AZ 85550-0301.

More than 500,000 pages of original source materials on Native American claims over shady deals made by the U.S. Government during the 19th century are available on microfilm (\$10,000) from Clearwater Publishing Company, Inc., 1995 Broadway, New York, NY 10023. Virtually every tribe in the U.S. is dealt with. Also available on microfilm are several hundred American Indian periodicals dating from the 19th and 20th centuries (\$5,000).



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ABOUT CORN

The CIRCLE OF RED NATIONS is an inter-tribal cultural and service organization based in New York City. It was founded in 1982 by a handful of Native Americans—Onondaga, Seneca, Algonquin, Ojibway, Cherokee, Winnebago, Mohawk, Taino—with common frustrations and a common goal: "Self-sufficiency...without outside governance of any kind." Current and planned activities include a messenger service, temporary/freelance workers, a speakers' bureau, sales of Native American artistry and sponsorship of various cultural events, such as the Russell Moore Memorial in January and a recent Native American art exhibit at the Queens Museum. (CORN also assisted in gathering material for this issue of BROADSIDE.) CORN is located at 948 Columbus Ave., New York, NY 10025, 212-866-7018.

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