

Broadside

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

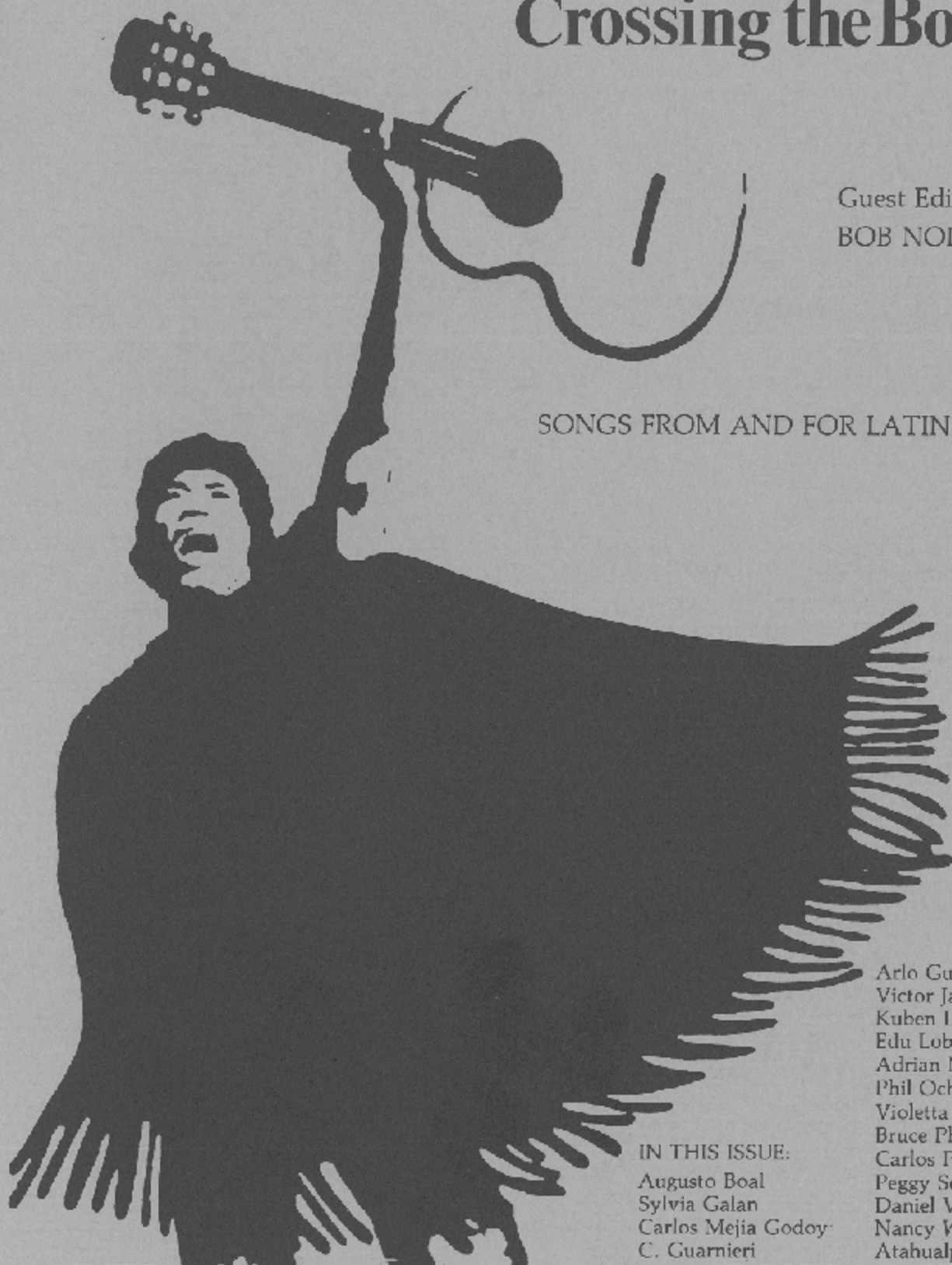
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JULY 1984

Crossing the Borders

Guest Editor
BOB NORMAN

SONGS FROM AND FOR LATIN AMERICA



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Broadside

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Volunteers!

BROADSIDE still needs people to help in the office with such things as mailings, paste-up, transcribing, and organizing. If you have some spare time during the week, write to us.

Special thanks to Abby Newton, Bernardo Palumbo, Mel Rosenthal, Jose Luis Pascual, and all the musicians and artist who contributed to this issue.

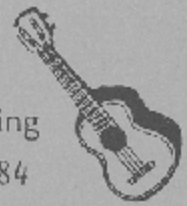
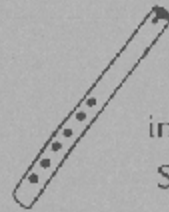
IT'S SIMPLE STEVE,
 WHY DON'T YOU
 AND YOUR BOYS
 JUST GET THE
 FUCK OUT OF
 EL SALVADOR!



BROADSIDE
 will be having a series of concerts

at
FOLK CITY

in New York starting
 September 6th, 1984



More details in the next issue.

THE BROADSIDE HOUR

WBAI - 99.5 FM

Friday, July 20th
 4 - 5:00 PM

Friday, August 17th
 4 - 5:00 PM

RESOURCES

It's best to hear the songs in this issue live or on record. There's an awful lot of paper and ink can't convey. And albums from Latin America can be hard to come by. Whenever possible, we've listed North American record sources for the songs. Two labels that regularly issue Nueva Canción albums in the U.S. are Monitor Records, 156 Fifth Ave., Rm. 1002, NYC 10010 and Paredon Records, Box 40268, San Francisco, CA 94140. The Teller Latinoamericano, 19 W. 21st, NYC 10011, sells records from Latin America by mail and in person. And in New York you might also try King Karol Records (42nd St.), Casa Moneo (14th St.) and Rizzoli's (712 Fifth Ave.). The New Song Library, PO Box 295, Northampton, MA 01061, makes available tapes and transcriptions of political songs and is sure to have some in Spanish. And for print sources, the best is Sing Out! Magazine, which has been printing Nueva Canción for years. Write Box 1071, Easton, PA 18042 for a list.

SPANISH PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

a	regalo	gor
e	te	ten
i	racimo	see
o	aromadas	oh
u	una	food
ea	Cocrea	hayonet
ia	criatura	Marla
ie	miseses	yes
lo	gorriones	yocel
ue	muerto	wet
h	Holanda	honor (h is silent)
j	dejo	hope
ñ	niño	canyon
r	racimo	"rolled in; short trill
y (alone)	y	me

que, qu, ca, co, cú: kettle

z, s, ce, ck: seat

b, v: bottle (with lips barely together)

go, ga, gu: go (hard g)

Crossing the Borders

Many of us learned of the *Nuevo Canción*, the Latin American new song movement, the hard way. On September 14, 1973, Victor Jara, perhaps the finest composer and singer of his generation, was murdered by the junta that overthrew the Chilean government of Salvador Allende. Dozens of other musicians were stranded abroad or forced into exile, bringing tragically to the world the firsthand experience of a music so potent that its mere singing could be a death sentence.

But the music of Chile was not unique. Even before 1973, for example, the rebellious, millennial rhythms of Jamaican reggae had begun to have an impact on American popular music. The Chilean new song movement was only the most politically focused expression of musical stirrings taking place in every one of the countries of the continent and the Caribbean.

Our ignorance of Latin America has not been accidental. Clearly, the businessmen and militarists who consider Latin America our "backyard" would just as soon we didn't look out the back window too often. But the upheavals in Central America have finally put the Latin nations in our daily headlines, and as the possibility of more direct involvement in a widening war increases, North Americans have become hungry to understand more.

And there's a lot to understand. "Latin America"—since it represents, and incorrectly at that, only the heritage of Spanish colonial rule—is a poor title for a diverse continent that owes just as much of its reality to the culture of Native Americans and the descendants of African slaves. An important part of the *Nuevo Canción* movement has been the discovery and revival of Latin America's true musical roots, in defiance of centuries of cultural domination, first by Europe, then by the U.S.

This issue, then, can only give you a bare sampling of the exciting music being made in Latin America today. If you don't speak Spanish (I'm not so good myself), don't be intimidated—it's like loving Levy's. You don't have to be fluent to learn a few songs, and there are few more wonderful ways to learn a language than through its music and poetry. Don't forget that Spanish-language music has been part of U.S. culture from the start. Today, Spanish is the first language of nearly one in ten U.S. citizens. If we can lay claim to a second language, Spanish is it.

We've also included in this issue several English songs by North Americans about Latin America. We believe they are part of what will someday be a hemispheric American culture—one based on respect, mutual appreciation, and peace.

Bob Norman

Bob Norman is a singer and songwriter who lives in New York and performs throughout the Northeast. He was the editor of *Sing Out!*, the folk song magazine, for many years and subsequently worked for NACLA (the North American Congress on Latin America). He writes about music for *Sing Out!*, *Broadside*, and several other publications.



Simón Bolívar

© Anonymous-Kuben Lenna
(Transcribed by Abby Newton
Reprinted from Canto Libre)

Simón Bo-lí-var, Si-món — ca-ra-
que-ño Am-er-i-ca-no — el sue-lo ven-ne-zo-
la-no — le dió la fuer-za a tu voz —
— Si-món Bo-lí-var Si-món —
na-ció de tu Ve-ne-zue-la y por todo el tiempo
vue-la co-mo can-de-la tu voz — co-mo
can-de-la que va — se-ña-lan-do un rum-bo
cier-to en es-te sue-lo cu-bier-to de muer-
tos con dig-ni-dad —

Simón Bolívar, Simón
caraqueño americano
el suelo venezolano
le dió la fuerza a tu voz.
Simón Bolívar, Simón
nació de tu Venezuela
y por todo el tiempo vuela
como candela tu voz
como candela que va
señalando un rumbo cierto
en este suelo cubierto
de muertos con dignidad.

Simón Bolívar, Simón
revivido en las memorias
que abrió otro tiempo la historia
te espera el tiempo Simón.
Simón Bolívar, razón
razón del pueblo profunda
antes que todo se hunda
vamos de nuevo Simón.

Simón Bolívar, Simón
en el sur la voz amiga
es la voz de José Artigas
que también tenía razón.

Simón Bolívar, Simón
American, Caracan
the Venezuelan soil
gave strength to your voice
Simón Bolívar, Simón
son of your Venezuela
your voice will
soar like flame forever
like a flame
lighting a true path
through this earth littered
with dead who died with dignity

Simón Bolívar, Simón
still living in the memories
history began back then-
the time awaits you, Simón
Simón Bolívar, your knowledge,
the deep knowledge of the people
before everything goes to hell
let's go again, Simón
Simón Bolívar, Simón
in the south your brother's calling
it's the voice of José Artigas
who had your knowledge, too

The former slave, Toussaint L'Ouverture, founded the first Latin American republic in 1800. In the following decades, the emerging Latin nations fought a long series of wars to gain their independence from Spain, with Simón Bolívar leading the struggle in the north, José Artigas in the south. This rousing tribute to Bolívar comes from his native Venezuela. You can hear it on the album Viva Chile! by the Chilean group Inti-Illimani, available from Monitor Records.



A La Mina No Voy

(I'M NOT GOING TO THE MINE)

A song from the black folklore of 17th century Colombia.

Aunque mi amo me mate a la mina no voy yo no quiero morir-me en un soca
vón en un soca vón yo no quiero morir-me en un soca
vón. Don Pedro esto amo el te compró Se compran los
casos a los hombres. En la mina brillá el oro
al fondo del socavón El blanco vive en su casa
de madera con balcon. cuando vuelvo de la mina
can-sado del carretón en-cuentro a mi negra tri-
ste

©

Coro:
Y aunque mi amo me mate
a la mina no voy
Yo no quiero morir-me
en un socavón

Don Pedro es tu amo
El te compró
Se compran las cosas
a los hombres no (coro)

En la mina brilla el oro
al fondo del socavón
El blanco se lleva todo
y al negro deja el dolor (coro)

El blanco vive en su casa
de madera con balcon
El negro en rancho de paja
en un solo paredón (coro)

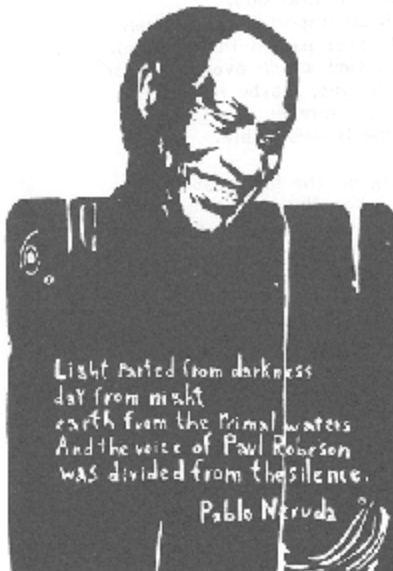
Cuando vuelve de la mina
cansado del carretón
Encuentro a mi negra triste
abandonada de Dios
y a mis negritos con hambre
¿Porqué esto? Pregunto yo (coro)

And even if my boss kills me
I'm not going to the mine
I don't want to see the end of me
in that killer mine shaft

Don Pedro is your master
He bought you
Things can be bought
but men cannot

In the mine the gold glitters
at the bottom of the tunnel
The white man takes it all
paying the black man in sorrow

When I return from the mine
tired from pushing my cart
I see the sad eyes of my woman
by God's hand never touched
and, seeing my children's hunger
I asked myself...why us?



Special thanks to Peter Tracy, who trucked in, set up and manned the BROADSIDE booth at the Hudson River Revival last month. Peter and his sons Sean and Jason gave up two days of their time to help get the message out to the thousands who visited the Revival. BROADSIDE needs more friends like Peter.





Las Preguntitas

(THE LITTLE QUESTIONS)



Words and music by
Atahualpa Yupanqui ©

un día pregunté yo a-buelo donde está dios (un) mi abuelo se puso triste y nada me respondió mi-a
-buelo murió en el campo sin rezo ni confesión y lo enterraron los indios fiarta de caña-y tambor-lo enterraron los indios fiarta
de caña y tambor.

The "parents" of the New Song movement in Latin America were Atahualpa Yupanqui of Argentina and Violeta Parra of Chile. Yupanqui was born Roberto Chavero in 1908 in Buenos Aires and grew up among the peasants and workers of the mountains of Tucuman. He took the names of the last two great Indian chiefs before the Spanish conquest to symbolize his search for an Argentinian identity in the voice of "the Gaucho and the Indian that has been in our blood since the time of our forefathers." Yupanqui worked as a journalist, a school teacher, a film projectionist, a typographer, a boxer, and a traveling musician while writing the more than 400 songs that have won him international acclaim. He made his first U.S. appearance last November at Carnegie Hall in a concert sponsored by the Taller Latinoamericano. This song can be heard on an album available from the Taller, *La Pura Verdad--Las Preguntitas*.

Un día pregunté yo:
¿Abuelo, donde está Dios?
Mi abuelo se puso triste
y nada me respondió.
Mi abuelo murió en la mina
sin rezo ni confesión
y lo enterraron los indios
fiarta de caña y tambor.

Un día yo pregunté:
¿Padre, qué sabes de Dios?
Mi padre se puso serio
y nada me respondió.
Mi padre murió en la mina
en un negro socavón
color de sangre minera
tiene el oror del patrón.

Al tiempo pregunté yo:
¿Hermano, qué sabes de Dios?
Mi hermano bajó los ojos
y nada me respondió.
Mi hermano vive en el monte
y no conoce una flor:
sudor, malaria y serpiente
es la vida del tenedor.

Y que nadie le pregunte
si sabe donde está Dios,
por su casa no ha pasado
tan importante señor.
Que Dios vela por los pobres
tal vez sí o tal vez no,
pero es seguro que almuera
en la mesa del patrón.

Yo canto por las caminos,
y cuando estoy en prisión
oigo las voces del pueblo,
que cantan mejor que yo.
Una rosa hoy en la vida
más importante que Dios:
y es que nadie escupa sangre
pa que otros vivan mejor.

One day I asked my grandfather
"Grandfather, where is God?"
My grandfather grew sad
and gave me no answer.
My grandfather died in the fields
with no prayer or confession
and the Indians buried him
with cane flutes and drums.

One day I asked my father
"Father, what do you know of God?"
My father grew serious
and gave me no answer.
My father died in the mines
deep in the dark shaft:
The gold of the mineowner
is the color of miners' blood.

Today I asked by brother
"Brother, what do you know of God?"
My brother lowered his eyes
and gave me no answer.
My brother lives in the mountains
and never sees a flower;
Sweat, malaria, snakes
are the life of a woodcutter.

And no one seemed to know
where to find God.
Such an important gentleman
had never passed their houses.
Does God watch over the poor?
Maybe yes, maybe no,
but it's sure he has lunch
at the bosses' table.

I sing on the highways
and when I'm in prison
I hear the voices of the people
who sing better than I.
One thing in life
is more important than God:
that no one spit blood
to make others richer.



Volver a los 7

(TO BE SEVENTEEN AGAIN)

Words and music by Violeta Parra
Translation by Joan Jara ©

Vol- verá los dieci- siete después de vi-
vir un siglo- es como descifrar signos
sin ser sabio competente Volver a
ser de repente tan frágil como un segundo
volver a sentir profundo como un ni-
ño frente a Dios eso es lo que siento yo en
este instante fecundo Se va en redondo en redan-
do como el muro la hiedra y va brotando, brotan-
do como el musguito en la piedra como el musguito en la pie-
dra ay si si si

Volver a los 17
después de vivir un siglo
es como descifrar signos
sin ser mago competente,
volver a ser de repente
tan frágil como un segundo
volver a sentir profundo
como un niño frente a Dios
eso es lo que siento yo
en este instante fecundo.

El amor es torbellino
de pureza original;
hasta el feroz animal
susurra su dulce trino,
detiene a los peregrinos,
libera a los prisioneros;
el amor con sus esmeros
al viejo lo vuelve niño,
y al malo solo el cariño
lo vuelve puro y sincero.

Coro:
Se va enredando, enredando
como en el muro la hiedra
y va brotando, brotando
como el musguito en la piedra
como el musguito en la piedra
ay sí, sí, sí.

Mi paso retrocedido
mientras el de ustedes avanza,
el Arca de las Alianzas
a penetrado en mi nudo;
con todo su colorido
se ha paseado por mis venas
y hasta la dura cadena
con que nos ata el destino
es como un diamante fino
que alumbró a mi alma serena.

Lo que puede el sentimiento
no lo ha podido "el saber"
ni el más claro proceder
ni el más ancho pensamiento,
todo lo cambia al momento
cual mago condescendiente;
nos aleja dulcemente
de rencores y violencias
solo el amor con su ciencia
nos vuelve tan inocentes. (Coro)

To be seventeen again
After living for a century
Is like trying to read portents
Without being a magician.
To be again suddenly
As fragile as a second,
To feel again so deeply
As a child before God.
That is how I feel now
In this fruitful moment.

Love is a whirlwind
Of original purity
Even the most ferocious animal
Whispers its soft sound
It detains pilgrims
Frees prisoners
With painstaking care
Turns an old man into a child
And only love can transform an evil man
Into one who is pure and sincere.

Chorus:
It goes creeping, creeping,
Like ivy up a wall
And keeps growing, growing,
Like the moss on a stone.
Oh, yes, yes, yes.

My steps are retreating,
While all yours are advancing
The spirit of Noah's Ark
Is pervading my nest;
With all its bright colors
It runs through my veins
And even the heavy chains
Which tie us to our destiny
It's like a fine diamond
Which lights up my calm spirit.

Emotion can do
What knowledge could never do,
Nor can the clearest conduct
nor can the greatest thought,
Everything changes from the moment
That like a king magician
It sweetly separates us
From rancour and violence.
Only love with its sure method
Can make us so innocent again. (Chorus)



"A completely unconventional woman with no regard for appearances, Violeta dressed as simply as a peasant, and at a time when other women of her class wore bouffant hairstyles, she left her hair long and almost uncombed. She was a pioneer and had spent years tramping throughout the country with her two children, Isabel and Angel, collecting folklore. She lived with the peasants or performed in the poor, ramshackle circuses that toured around during the summer months. She sang in the peasant tradition, almost monotonously, without artifice, but her guitar and her voice seemed to grow out of the earth."

-Joan Jara

The Parras opened the Peña de los Parra in Santiago in 1965, and it quickly became the center of the New Song movement in Chile. Since her death in 1967, Violeta's children and many other singers around the world have kept alive her haunting political, folkloric, and lyrical songs. This beautiful love song has been recorded in Canada by Nancy White, who sings some of the verses in English, on her album *Unexpected* (Mouton Records, 14 Ellsworth Ave., Toronto, Ont., M6G2K3). Another, "Gracias a la Vida", can be found in *Sing Out!* (22-5) and has been recorded in the U.S. by Joan Baez. Both songs are on the album *Las Últimas Composiciones de Violeta Parra*, (The Last Compositions of Violeta Parra).

North of the Border

In the past ten years the Nueva Canción has begun to find a home in the U.S. And where it's taken root, cultural ties between North and South Americans have grown. Each coast has had a pioneer: in Berkeley, the La Peña Cultural Center; in New York, the Taller Latinoamericano (Latin American Workshop).

La Peña

La Peña was founded in 1975 by Chilean exiles and sympathetic North Americans determined to keep the *peña* movement alive in the world despite its repression in Chile. It has existed for almost ten years now, on the endless work of a devoted staff and hundreds of volunteers. La Peña has gradually evolved into a more general community center, a meeting place for Bay Area activists of all persuasions (whom La Peña celebrated its fifth anniversary in 1980, Berkeley mayor Gus Newport declared June 7 "La Peña Day"). But it has kept its bilingual atmosphere and its commitment to spreading truth about Latin America.

From the start, the music room has been the center of La Peña's cultural activities, providing space for daily concerts, dances, films, puppet shows and walls for photos, weavings, paintings. At least once a week it has hosted benefits for community organizations. Most all the well-known Nueva Canción artists have visited La Peña when they've toured the U.S., and North Americans like Holly Near and the Itoya Malvinas Reynolds have been special friends.

The music room rubs elbows with the Cocina de Los Andes restaurant and with a community room for meetings, classes, and rehearsals — and a brilliant, hectic mural fronts it all on Shattuck Ave. (3105 Shattuck, call 415-849-2572).



Pete Seeger and Mercedes Sosa open the Taller Latinoamericano's Parra-Guthrie auditorium.



Taller Latinoamericano

The Taller (pronounced tie-yair) was founded in 1979. It was and remains the brainchild of Argentinian singer and songwriter Bernardo Falumbo, but like La Peña its success has been due to the hard work of devoted staff and volunteers.

In its original space on W. 19th St. in Manhattan, the Taller had room for little more than Spanish classes and an occasional concert or art show. But in 1981 its crew, along with some solidarity activists and a graphic designer, moved into a large loft on W. 21st St. and, with tortuous volunteer labor, began converting the rubble of a cavernous former workshop into a community cultural center. When the new Taller opened its doors in 1982, its decor was still *lato-marich*, but two years later it sports a gorgeous blonde dance floor and labyrinthine convent-white walls that subdivide eight offices, three classrooms, a 200-seat auditorium with a projection booth, a 16-mm film-editing room, an art gallery, and a cafe.

Starting with its innovative Spanish classes, the Taller has stressed cross-cultural communication. The new auditorium is named for Violeta Parra and Woody Guthrie. And the additional space has allowed the Taller to undertake more ambitious projects — a nine-week series by independent filmmakers, an avant-garde theater production from West Germany, a Klezmer concert and a square dance, a riotous benefit dance by Brazilian Samba artists and new-wave rockers, an art show by local outpunks.

In the last year and a half the Taller has sponsored sold-out concerts by the legendary Argentinian musicians Mercedes Sosa and Atahualpa Yupanqui (the latter at Carnegie Hall). And on October 21 it will go terrestrial with a multimedia production of the Nicaraguan *Miss Campesinas* (Peasant Mass) by Carlos Mejía Godoy — including music, dance, and video — that will be broadcast by satellite to Latin America from the giant Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

To find out more about the Taller's ever-expanding activities, contact them at 19 W. 21st St. (call 212-255-7155).





Caminando, Caminando

(WALKING, WALKING)



Words and music: by Victor Jara ©

8m

caminando caminando voy buscando libertad ojalá encuentre camino para seguir caminando ojalá
 encuentre camino para seguir caminando.



Caminando, caminando
 voy buscando libertad;
 ojalá encuentre camino
 para seguir caminando.

Walking, walking
 Searching for freedom
 If only I could find the way
 To keep on walking.

Es difícil encontrar
 en la sombra claridad
 cuando el sol que nos alumbra
 descolora la verdad.

It's hard to find clarity
 In shadows
 When the sun that lights us
 Makes truth fade

Cuánto tiempo estoy llegando,
 desde cuando me habré ido,
 cuánto tiempo caminando,
 desde cuándo caminando.

So many times, almost arriving
 So long ago I started walking
 So much time, walking
 So long ago, walking.

Caminando,
 caminando.

One of Victor Jara's simplest songs, but one of the most evocative. A hypnotic guitar part and the unresolved melody create a mood of dreamlike searching. Jara's "Te Recuerdo Amanda" can be found in Broadside No. 151.

-Broadside-137

VICTOR JARA

WORDS: ADRIAN MEXICANA
 MUSIC: VICTOR JARA
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1. Victor Jara - of Chile
 lived like a shooting star. He fought for the people of
 Chile with his songs and his guitar
 His hands were gentle, his hands were strong.

2. Victor Jara was a peasant worker from a few years old.
 He sat upon his fathers plow
 And watched the earth unfold.
 His hands were gentle his hands were strong.

3. When the neighbors had a wedding or one of their
 children died
 His mother sang all night for them
 with victor by her side
 his hands were gentle his hands were
 strong.



Victor Jara

4. He grew up to be a fighter against the
 peoples' wrongs
 He listened to their grieves and joys
 And turned them into songs
 His hands were gentle, his hands were strong.
5. He sang about the copper miners and those
 who worked the land
 He sang about the factory workers
 And they knew he was their man
 His hands were gentle, his hands were strong.
6. He campaigned for Allende working night
 and day
 He said take hold of your brother's hand
 You know the future begins today
 His hands were gentle, his hands were strong.
7. When the generals seized Chile, they
 arrested Victor then
 And caged him in a stadium
 With five thousand frightened men
 His hands were gentle, his hands were strong.
8. Victor stood in the stadium, his voice
 was brave and strong
 He sang for his fellow prisoners
 'Till the guards cut short his song
 His hands were gentle, his hands were strong.
9. They broke the bones in both his hands,
 they beat him on the head
 They tore him with electric shocks
 And then they shot him dead
 His hands were gentle, his hands were strong.
10. Victor Jara lived like a shooting star
 He fought for the people of Chile
 With his songs and his guitar
 His hands were gentle, his hands were strong.

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Desaparecidos

(THE DISAPPEARED)

Words and music by Nancy White ©

Intra and ending

ly ly ly ly ly, ly ly ly ly, ly, ly ly ly ly ly.

People in exile all over the world, Paris, Vancouver, New
 York, Montreal, Asking the question, the answer long promised,
CHORUS
 Blending their voices in one angry call: Desapare-
 ci-dos, desapare-ci dos, Thousands and thousands lost without
 trace; Where is my brother? My sister? My lover? Will the
 day come when I'll see that dear face? face? You have to
 come with us, Leave your home and your family be-hind.
 Give us the names of all the other traitors of your kind.
 If you don't talk, we have a camp where we think ^{you'll} change your mind.

Transcribed by Abby Newton

This song was written by Nancy White of Toronto in 1978, when Toronto's Chilean community staged a hunger strike to pressure the junta in Santiago to release information about Chile's "disappeared." The song is on Nancy's album, *Unexpected*, and in the U.S. it has been recorded by Priscilla Herdmann on *Seasons of Change*, available from Flying Fish Records, 304 W. Schubert, Chicago, IL, 60614. The singable Spanish translation was made by Marcelo Fuente, a Chilean who lived in Toronto and was a member of the Greek-Chilean singing group, *Compañeros*. A song on a similar theme, Holly Near's "Hay Una Mujer Desaparecida" can be found in *Sing Out!* (29-3).

People in exile all over the world
 Paris, Vancouver, New York, Montreal,
 Asking the question, the answer long-promised,
 Blending their voices in one angry call.

Chorus:
 Desaparecidos, desaparecidos,
 Thousands and thousands lost without trace,
 Where is my brother? My sister? My lover?
 Will the day come when I'll see that dear face?

Friends disappear in the dark of the night,
 Some return broken from brutality,
 But others just never come back, and I fear
 The answer lies deep in the earth and the sea.
(Chorus)

You have to come with us,
 Leave your home and your family behind,
 Give us the names
 Of all the other traitors of your kind,
 If you won't talk, we have a camp
 Where we think you'll change your mind.

(Chorus)

Pasos de exilio en cada país
 New York, Vancouver, Montreal y Paris
 Y en cada rostro la misma pregunta
 Y en cada grito la misma razón.

Coro:
 Desaparecidos, desaparecidos,
 Miles y miles, donde estarán?
 ¿Dónde está mi hermano?
 Y el ser que yo amo?
 Y el día aquel en que los vuelva a ver.

Que noche amarga los dejo al partir
 Y otros que vuelven con rabia en la piel
 Pero hay algunos que nunca vendrán
 Besos que amanecen del fondo del mar.

(Coro)

Los llevan sin piedad
 Sin importarles los hijos ni el pan
 Y en una celda habrán
 de interrogarlos como a un criminal
 Somos la ley!
 Pero jamás podrán callar lo que es verdad.

(Coro) Spanish translation by Marcus Fuente



Biographical by Polo Osterini
courtesy Center for Cuban Sr

Hasta Siempre

(FOREVER)

Words and music by Carlos Puebla ©



A-prendimos a quererte desde la histórica altura donde el sol de tu bravura
le puso cerco a la muerte. Aquí se queda la clara la entrañable transparencia de tu querida pres-
encia Comandante Che Guevara

Aprendimos a quererte desde la histórica altura, donde el sol de tu bravura le puso cerco a la muerte.

Coro:
Aquí se queda la clara, la entrañable transparencia de tu querida presencia Comandante Che Guevara.

Tu amor revolucionario te conduce a nueva empresa, donde esperan la firmeza de tu brazo libertario. (Coro)

Tu mano gloriosa y fuerte desde la historia disparó cuando todo Santa Clara se despierta para verte. (Coro)

Vienes quemando la brisa con soles de primavera para plantar la bandera con la luz de tu sonrisa. (Coro)

Seguiremos adelante como junto a ti seguimos, y con Fidel te decidimos: Hasta siempre, Comandante. (Coro)

We learned to love you from that historic height where your fierce sun laid siege to death.

Chorus:
The light remains the transparent truth of your beloved presence Comandante Che Guevara.

Your revolutionary love leads you onward where they are waiting for your valor (Chorus)

Your strong hand is still attacking since the time when all Santa Clara awoke to see you (Chorus)

You strike fire in the wind with the suns of spring, planting the flag with the light of your smile (Chorus)

We'll go forward following close behind you and with Fidel we say: "Forever, Comandante" (Chorus)

No figure in recent Latin American history has inspired as many songs as Ernesto "Che" Guevara. This famous tribute, in the traditional Cuban *guajira* style (same rhythm as "Guantanamera"), is by Carlos Puebla, one of Cuba's most prolific and popular composers.



AP/WIDE WORLD

HONDURAS, 1983: U.S. troops land for maneuvers to demonstrate American military presence.

NICARAGUA, 1929: Marines run the country during a two-decade occupation.



THE GETTY IMAGES

ADVERSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INTERVENTION.

Che Guevara

Words and music by Peggy Seeger
Copyright 1969 Shelter Music



The hunt is o-ver the hounds are wea-ry The
hun-ter's home and laid him down Wild and
free was Che Gue-va-ra Till
tom and spent they brought him to the ground

(Transcribed by Abby Newton
Reprinted from Sing Out!)

From the singing of Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger. Peggy Seeger's tune is based on a rural English folksong, "The Banks of Sweet Primroses." This song can be heard on Ewan and Peggy's album *At The Present Moment* (Rounder 4003), available from Rounder Records, 1Camp St., Cambridge, MA 02140.

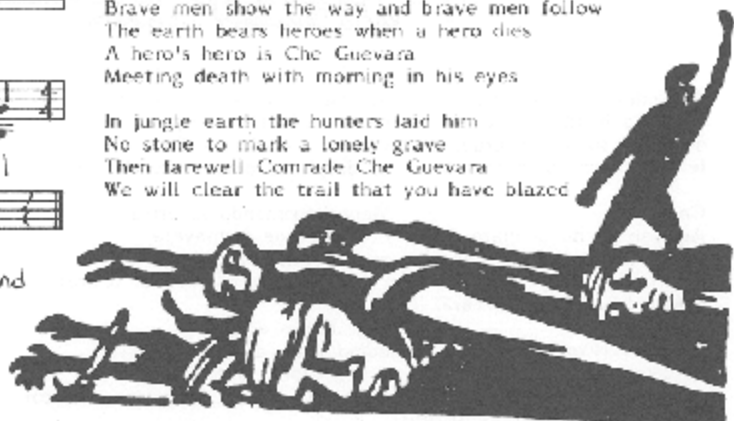
The hunt is over, the hounds are weary
The hunter's home and laid him down
Wild and free was Che Guevara
'Til tom and spent they brought him
to the ground.

Stars are lost in the fields of darkness
Hunter's moon stalks the empty night
Like a farmer walks Che Guevara
Bearing suns to sow the world with light

The way is dark and beset with danger
The road may end in a prison cell
A guiding hand is Che Guevara
To lead us past the place at which he fell

Brave men show the way and brave men follow
The earth bears heroes when a hero dies
A hero's hero is Che Guevara
Meeting death with morning in his eyes

In jungle earth the hunters laid him
No stone to mark a lonely grave
Then farewell Comrade Che Guevara
We will clear the trail that you have blazed



Santo Domingo

Words & Music: PHEL OCHS

Copyright 1965 Barricade Music, Inc.

THE CRABS ARE CRAB-BY, THEY WHITTLE BACK AND FORTH, THE SAND IS UNWINDING
AND THE FISH TAKE FLIGHT AND SCATTER WITH THE SIGHT; THEIR COLORS IS TURNING. AS THE SEA GULLS
ROOST ON THE OLD CAN-BOE KISS, THE SEA IS DUNNING, THE MARINES HAVE
LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO DO-MINGO.

- THE FISHERMEN SMACK, THEY'RE PAUSING AT
THEIR NETS
THE DAY'S A-SUNNING
AS THE WIND-SHIPS SMACK, AND TANGLES IN THE NET
LOAD IN THE MORNING.
BUT THE BOY ON THE SHORES THROWING PEBBLES
NO MORE
HE REELS A-MORNING
THAT THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES
OF SANTO DOMINGO.
- THE STRAINS ARE STILL, THERE'S SILENCE IN
THE HILLS
THE TOWN IS SLEEPING
AND THE FARMERS LAZE IN THE GREY SILVER DAWN
THE FIELDS THEY'RE KEEPING
AS THE FIRST THROPS LAND, AND SLEEP INTO THE
SAND
THE PLAZA ARE WEeping
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF
SANTO DOMINGO.
- THE UNWILLING SUN IS SHINING DOWN UPON
THE MARCHING SOLDIERS
IN THE SAND DUST WHIRL, THEY WHITTLE AT THE
GULLS
THEY'RE CATCHING BOLDS
THE OLD WOMAN SIGH, TILDA OF HENRIETTA ONE BY
THEY SHOULD THEIR SHOULDERS
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO
DOMINGO.
- LEAVE FOR THE DRINKS, THEIR BAYONETS ARE FIXED
THEY ARE HOLDING
AS THE CANNY HAVE TRACKS FAST THE TREMBLING
SANDS
WHERE FRANK'S UNFOLDING
ALL THE YOUNG WIVES, AFRAID, TURN THEIR BACKS
TO THE PARADE
WITH SILENCE THEY'RE HOLDING
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO
DOMINGO.
- A BULLET CRACKS THE SOUND, THE ARMY HITS THE GROUND
THE SNIPER'S CALLING
SO THEY OPEN UP THEIR LUNG, A THOUSAND TO ONE
NO SENSE IN STALING
HE CLUTCHES AT HIS HEAD, AND TOTTERS ON THE EDGE
LOOK, NOW HE'S FALLING
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO DOMINGO.
- IN THE RED PLAZA SQUARE, THE CROWDS COME TO STARE
THE HEAT IS LEAVING
AND THE EYES OF THE DEAD ARE TURNING EVERY HEAD
TO THE WIDOW'S SCREAMING
BUT THE SOLDIERS MAKE A DID, GIVING CANDY TO THE KIDS
THEIR TEETH ARE CLEANING
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO DOMINGO.
- UP AND DOWN THE COAST, THE GENERALS DRINK A TOAST
THE WHEEL IS SPINNING
AND THE COVARDS AND THE WEOPES ARE PEKING THROUGH THE DOORS
TO SEE WHO'S WINNING
AND THE TRAITORS WILL PHRYING IT'S GETTING NEAR THE END
WHEN IT'S BEGINNING
THE MARINES HAVE LANDED ON THE SHORES OF SANTO DOMINGO
(REPEAT FIRST VERSE).



BROADSIDE 146



Tempo De Guerra

(TIME OF WAR)

By Edu Lobo, C. Guarnieri, Augusto Boal ©



Eu sei que é pre-ciso ven-der eu sei que é pre-ciso
 sei que é pre-ciso lu-tar eu sei que é pre-ciso matar
 E um tempo de guerra e um tempo sem
 sol e um sem sol sem sol sem sol sem sol sem
 sol sem sol sem sol e um tempo de guerra E um
 tempo sem sol E vo-ce que me prosse-gue
 e vai ver feliz a tier-ra lembre sempre
 desse tempo que é um tempo que é de guerra E um

This Brazilian song combines the country's turbulent rhythms with a Portuguese text based on Bertolt Brecht's poem "To Posterity." A Spanish version can be heard on the album *Tropicos* by Uruguayan singer Daniel Viglietti, available from Monitor Records.

Portuguese:

Eu sei que é preciso vencer,
 eu sei que é preciso lutar,
 eu sei que é preciso morrer,
 eu sei que é preciso matar.

Coro:
 É um tempo de guerra,
 e um tempo sem sol,
 sem sol, sem sol, sem sol,
 sem sol, sem sol, sem sol.

E voce que me prossegue
 vai ver feliz a terra
 lembre sempre desse tempo,
 que é um tempo que é de guerra.

Seiba bem que procurando
 o caminho da amizade
 não devemos ser amigos
 ao mal, ao mal, vamos dar maldade.
 (Coro)

I know we must win
 I know we must struggle
 I know we must die
 I know we must kill

Chorus:
 It's a time of war
 It's a time with no sun

And you who follow me
 And see this land content
 Never forget this time
 This time of war

Understand that to find
 The way of peace
 We could not be peaceful
 We fought fire with fire.
 (Chorus)

YES. I ABSOLUTELY CANNOT BE WITHOUT BROADSIDE ANY LONGER. PLEASE START MY SUBSCRIPTION NOW.

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I'M PUTTING THIS CARD IN AN ENVELOPE WITH A CHECK ENCLOSED.

I DON'T HAVE AN ENVELOPE. PLEASE SEND ME A BILL.

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This is a gift subscription from: _____

Nicaragua, Nicaraguita

Words and music by Carlos Mejía Godoy
(Transcribed by Pete Seeger) ©



Ay, Nicaragua, Nicaraguita, la flor más linda de
mi querer abonada con la bendita, Nicara-
guita, sangre de Diriangen. Ay, Nicaragua sos
más dulcita que la mielita de Tamagos.
Pero ahora, que vas libre Nicaraguita,
yo te quiero mucho más Pero a - hora
que vas libre Nicaraguita, yo te quiero
mucho más

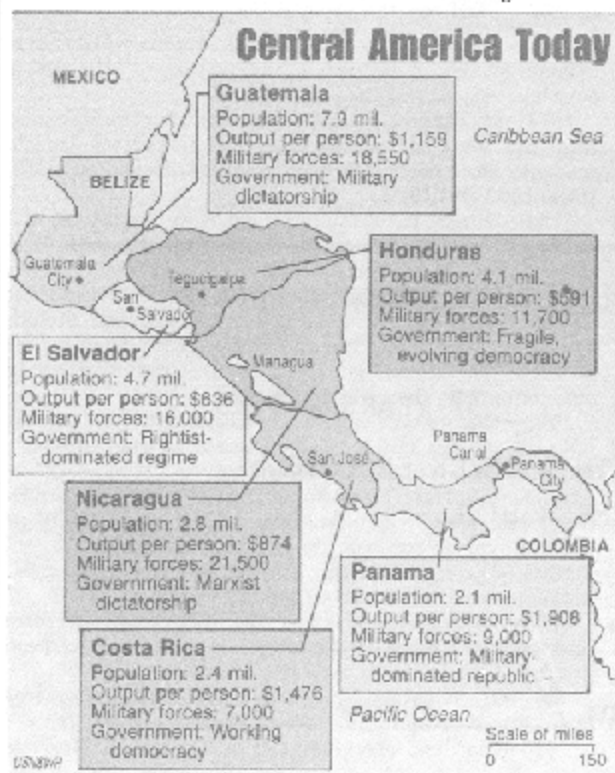
Ay, Nicaragua, Nicaraguita
la flor más linda de mi querer
abonada con la bendita,
Nicaraguita, de Diriangen

Ay, Nicaragua, sos más dulcita
que la mielita de Tamagos
Pero ahora que ya sos libre,
Nicaraguita, yo te quiero mucho más
pero ahora que ya sos libre,
Nicaraguita, yo te quiero mucho más.

Oh, Nicaragua, precious Nicaragua
The fairest flower of my affection
Fertilized by the sacred blood,
Nicaraguita, of Diriangen

Oh, Nicaragua, you are more sweet
Than the honey of Tamagos
But now, that you're free,
Nicaraguita, I love you so much more.

Carlos Mejía Godoy sings this slowly at first, with a free cadence, like an Irish ballad. Then he repeats it again with a brisk rhythm. But, as often in Latin America, one avoids the "oom-pah-pah" effect by including syncopations and counter-rhythms in the accompaniment. Sometimes one guitar will play in 6/8 time as another guitar plays in 3/4 time. And the singer creatively stretches the melody over the syncopations. Diriangen was an Indian leader killed by the Spaniards. -- Pete Seeger



by Mel Rosenthal

Toward A New Democracy of Culture

by Ernesto Cardenal

Poet and priest Ernesto Cardenal leads Nicaragua's new literary and cultural movement. The following article is excerpted from a speech he gave before UNESCO in 1981.

I founded a small community in Lake Nicaragua in the archipelago of Solentiname, isolated from the more isolated peasants. There we developed primitive printing and poetry. Later the community became involved in the struggle of the Sandinista Liberation Front. Consequently Somoza's National Guard destroyed all the community's installations. If a National Guardsman saw a painting in a hut he broke it with his bayonet.

Why am I telling this? Because I want to show it as an example of the cultural repression in Nicaragua. Literature, theater, and song were suppressed. Books were banned. First it was those books considered more dangerous, and finally it was all books. This is why we have a literature which is essentially that of protest, a political song, and a popular street theater.

Poetry workshops have been created in the popular neighborhoods and Indian communities of Managua and San Jose and in the armed forces. In the workshops police, soldiers, workers, and peasants learn how to write good poetry. The Nicaraguan writer Joseph Marie Saca has written about these workshops, "The people have become masters of poetry in Nicaragua not because they read rare cheap editions but because they produce it."

A police officer wrote this poem:

Know as the Birds

Looking through the window grilles
that are in front of my room
I see how the sun comes out
and the light strikes between the leaves of the Guanahani tree.
On the floor figueras are forced
a remote poson and sings on the branch of a Jacote tree.
I think of this bird,
in Nicaragua,
The Salvadorans, the Guatemalans, the Bolivians
all of Latin America
will be free like this bird.

Books will not be decaying during the long era of Bonafino. It was thought to be irreversibly lost. The revolution came to recover it, and in a very short time in many parts of the country there regenerated the ancient folk popular arts and also new arts.

The hammock is the cradle of the Nicaraguan. It has been woven tirelessly in bright colors in the city of Nueva over since the war ended. It has been said that it is the best hammock in the world. In Managua and Jinotega they weave a very delicate black cotton, blanketing the play with aromatic smoke. Only two families were producing it at the time of the triumph. A delicate work of filigree is the stone *placa* (gourd) that only one old woman knew how to weave. This millinery folk art we have saved by giving her students, who have learned to carve this intricate lacework of birds, butterflies, and flowers. In Yaguajay and Granada ancient wicker furniture has been revived. In the northern part of the country there is a mountain of a soft rock with varying streaks of color that the peasant population of the area converts into birds, fish, and the basic of houses. We have sent our best sculptor to give this orientation and now San Juan de Limay is a sculptor's town. Much of what they produce isn't folk art but rather modern sculpture. In the Atlantic Coast where we have our gold mines, we have revived the golden filigree, a handicraft that had been lost. Also on the Caribbean coast they make new jewelry of tortoise shell, black coral, shark's vertebrae, and pearls. The Miskitu Indians work precious woods, turning them into figures that, like their dances, represent their work, fishing, hunting, and farming.

Our song has had a social use and an aesthetic value. During the war our great composer Carlos Mejia Godoy used the *mazurka* to put words teaching how to arm and disarm a Fal or Galil machine gun. The same happened in popular theater. Without worrying about the crisis in the concepts of action, time, and space which form a big part of contemporary theater, our peasants, workers, and students bring to the stage their daily life in social and psycho-



FATHER CARDENAL



logical conflicts. In film, Nicaragua began with the war, filming on all battle fronts. After, they began presenting all aspects of our new society in the form of documentaries.

We are also beginning to change our relationship with nature. We've eliminated contraband in wild animals and indiscriminate deforestation. We're coming to learn a new harmony with nature.

This is the culture that is now being threatened because our revolution is being threatened. If the Wall Street Journal says the United States has made a business of culture and their culture into a business, we could then say that our revolution is a culture and our culture is a revolution.

Not only has the peace of Nicaragua been threatened, but all of Central America and the Caribbean, and ultimately world peace. We can't allow that there be one less planet in our solar system, converted into nothing more than small potatoes. Or let's say a black ball, not blue or pink as the astronauts have seen in outer space, without color as has been seen in the fields of Vietnam and now in certain parts of Eastern America.

The earth is round. That means that humanity as it continues to populate it more and more must come closer and closer together in order on the surface of this sphere, until humanity forms a new species, one great planetary organism.

I believe that the revolution is a triumph of love. Sardone said, "Our cause will triumph because it is justice and it is love." Have I ended up talking like a priest? The Nicaraguan revolution installed a priest as minister of culture.



Brown-Eyed Children Of the Sun

Words and music by Sylvia Galan and Daniel Valdez
Copyright 1974 Irving Music Co.

Up to Ca-li- for- nia from Mex-i- co you
— come To the Sa-c- ra- men- to val- ley to
toil in the sun Your wife and se- ven
chil- dren, they're work- ing ev- ery one And
what will you be giv- ing to your brown eyed
chil- dren of the sun

Reprinted from Sing Out!
Transcribed by Abby Newton

In 1968, Sylvia Galan was a high school student in Los Angeles, and a member of Teatro Chicano. Teatro Chicano was one of the first groups to develop in the urban areas of Southern California, using a combination of music, poetry and theater to carry the message of the Chicano cultural heritage. The theater movement grew out of the anti-war demonstrations and walkouts that swept Chicano communities in the late sixties and early seventies.

"Brown-Eyed Children of the Sun" is based on a poem written by Pedro Contreras. It was set to music by Sylvia Galan, performed by Teatro Chicano and arranged and recorded by Daniel Valdez of the Teatro Campesino on his album *Mestizo* (A & M Records, SP3622).



Photo by David Gahr

Up to California from Mexico you come
To the Sacramento Valley to toil in the
sun

Your wife and seven children, they're
working every one
And what will you be giving to your
brown-eyed children of the sun?

Your face is lined and wrinkled and your
age is forty-one
Your back is bent from picking, like
your dyin' time has come
Your children's eyes are smiling, their
lives have just begun
And what will you be giving to your
brown-eyed children of the sun?

You marched on Easter Sunday, to the
Capitol you come
You fought for union wages and your
fight has just begun
You're a proud man, you're a free man,
and this heritage is one
That you can give to your brown-eyed
children of the sun

NEW SONG FESTIVAL

By the time you read this, the Third Festival of New Song (July 7-14) in Quito, Ecuador, will already be over. The festival brought together over 100 musicians from Latin America and beyond. One result of last year's festival, which took place in Managua, Nicaragua, was the setting up of a U.S. National Committee for the New Song, which helped publicize and raise money for the current festival. From the U.S., Los Peludos, Floyd Westerman, Sweet Honey in the Rock, Pete Seeger, Grupo Raiz, Holly Near and representatives of the Highlander Folklife Center, the People's Music Network, Roadworks, Taller Latinoamericano and La Pona will take part. Next year's festival may be in Argentina. If you would like to receive the committee's newsletter, write to Gisele Mills, 1727 Delaware St., Berkeley, CA 94703.

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were still going strong.
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Gianni Marini, Hilly, Neil, Melina Reynolds, Jean
Redpath, Peggy Seeger, Harry Truman, Eric Wilson,
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Rice and Beans



Words by Bruce Phillips
Copyright On Strike/BMI

Allc - san - do has said he will run to the store and bring back to - becer and
 beer. In silence we wait for the sound of the door, for the hour of
 curfew is near. On - side I can hear the rattle of guns and the
 roar of the trucks in the street. Our lullaby ends and the dark hour
 comes and we whisper the small ones to sleep.

Music by Priscilla Herdmann
Copyright 1982/3
(Transcribed by John Wobus
Reprinted from Black Sheep Review)

Alexandro has said he will run to the store
And bring back tobacco and beer;
In silence we wait for the sound of the door
For the hour of curfew is near.
Outside I can hear the rattle of guns
And the roar of trucks in the street;
Our lullaby ends, the dark hour comes,
And we whisper the small ones to sleep.

In the morning I seek out the neighbors around.
I ask them but nobody knows.
Did he stop for the night with a friend in the town?
The doors of our friends are all closed.
The sergeant looks up at the sound of my name
And quickly his eyes turn away.
No need to answer, it's always the same:
"On the edge of the town", he will say.

Like a broken toy, he lies in the dirt
And greets me with unblinking eyes.
A blood red rose now blooms on his shirt
And he sleeps to the music of flies.
Lost in his silence, thoughtless I wait
For an angel of Christ to appear;
My heart is closed in the black hand of hate
And hatred has stolen my tears.

A bullet will open such a small wound
When our children are led to the wall
The price of life was the sun and the moon;
The price of his death was so small.
And where are the bullets to buy back the dreams
Of children who never grow old?
Why have they traded our rice and our beans
For coffee more precious than gold?

I will return to the sergeant again,
In my manner no trace of surprise;
He will look up at the sound of my name
To discover his death in my eyes.
My brothers and sisters all flee to the wild
To nurture, to council, to learn,
And you who will feast on the blood of a child,
Sleep well until we return.

MANY MANY THANKS TO ROBIN TICHO,
WITHOUT WHOM THIS ISSUE WOULD NOT
HAVE APPEARED.



photograph by Suzanne Keene
Bruce Phillips

The last issue of "Broadside" was very useful to me. It arrived shortly before I left for Tulsa and the Woody Guthrie Tribute. The tribute happened in the context of a much larger arts and crafts festival occupying the mall downtown. In the evening the singers took over the main stage for an evening show, surrounded by several thousand Tulsa citizens and 10 or 12 banks. I was able, thanks to "Broadside", to interlace my songs with remarks about Gordon F. and Sis Cunningham, and, at the finale, to tell them all about Ina Wood. Sort of bringing it back home.

Yours for the works,

Wah Phillips



The Artists Call Against U.S. Intervention in Central America began with a group of visual artists in New York City, including Village Voice art critic Lucy Lipard, working in alliance with the Institute for the Arts and Letters of El Salvador in Exile. In the past year it has not only won the support of almost all sectors of the art community, but, along with groups like the Bread and Puppet Theater, it has brought a kind of energy and expressiveness to demonstrations and other political events that hasn't been seen in years. The Artists Call's most recent project was an eight-day music festival in New York City in early June that touched almost every base—acoustic folk, new-wave rock, Brazilian jazz, avant-garde classical, salsa, P.D.Q. Bach and more. At the beginning of the festival, Artists Call issued the following statement:



We are starting down the Vietnam road again.

Thousands of U.S. troops are already on the ground in Honduras. The U.S. is escalating its intervention in El Salvador. In Nicaragua a "covert war," known to all the world to be sponsored and paid for by the U.S. government, is being waged illegally. In Guatemala a military dictatorship practiced in the genocide of its indigenous peoples is being embraced by the Reagan administration.

Thousands of visual artists, performers and cultural institutions in more than 30 cities across the U.S. and Canada have united their efforts through **ARTISTS CALL**. A series of successful cultural actions was held between January and April 1984 to protest the alarming political developments in Central America, raising both public consciousness and funds for cultural and humanitarian organizations in that region. It has been the largest outpouring of artists' energies around a single political theme in U.S. history.

The Music Festival is the second phase of the on-going **ARTISTS CALL** campaign. To make it the biggest possible success we need the support of everyone who shares our concern.

If we can witness the destruction of another culture without protest, we are sacrificing our own right to make culture.

ARTISTS CALL AGAINST U.S. INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA

339 Lafayette Street, New York NY 10012

Boycott of Coca-Cola called here

"The pause that refreshes" is contaminated with the blood of Guatemalan workers. Don't drink Coca-Cola.

New York Mobilization for Survival is asking its members to support an international boycott of Coca-Cola which began on May 7.

The boycott was called by the Geneva-based International Union of Food Workers (IUF), with which the United Food and Commercial Workers' Union in the U.S. is affiliated, to support a two-month sit-down strike by workers at the Coca-Cola bottling plant in Guatemala City. The boycott has the support of labor, religious, human rights and solidarity groups worldwide.

The 460 workers at Embotelladora Guatemalteca began their occupation Feb. 18 in response to the threatened closing of the plant because of bankruptcy. Their action is remarkable because it takes place in a country with a terrifying record of human rights abuse, where union organizers risk kidnapping, torture and death.

Union leaders at the plant do not believe the bankruptcy story and have provided evidence of financial chicanery, mismanage-



"THIS IS IT" FOR COCA-COLA: Striking workers from the Coca-Cola bottling plant in Guatemala City protest during the two-month sit-down strike called against their working conditions and violent strike-breaking tactics. A worldwide boycott of Coca-Cola products has been called in response to the strike and Coca-Cola's support of its Latin American franchisees' practices.

ment and dishonesty by the plant's managers. The workers and their supporters believe the attempted closing masks a union-breaking tactic which would be followed by the reopening of the plant with non-union workers. If this were to happen, the workers would not only lose their jobs but could ex-

pect to be targeted because of their previous activism.

Courageous History

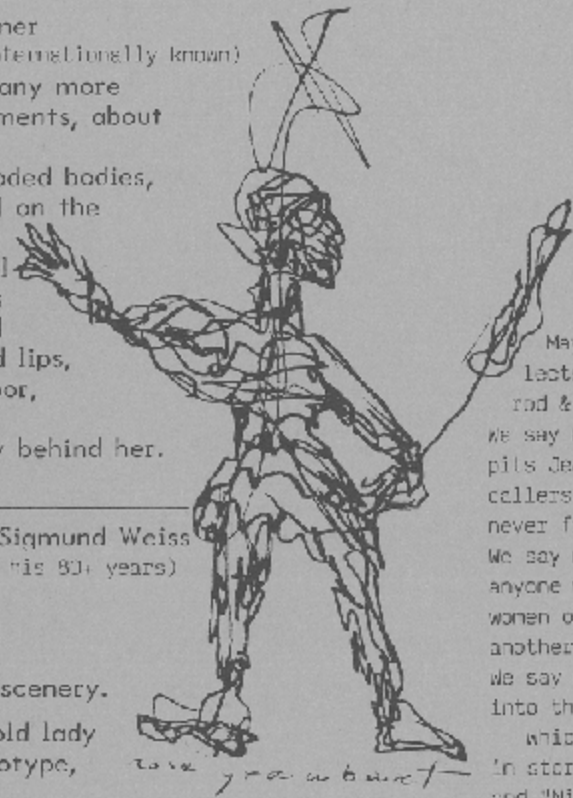
The fight to form a union at the Guatemalan plant has a long, grim and courageous history. The first attempt was

continued on page 7

A complete back run of **BROADSIDE**, issues 1-144, is available on microfiche for \$75, with a 50-page printed index. The index is available separately for \$15.

DARK AND STILL by Aaron Kramer
 (Dr. Kramer's protest songs and poems are internationally known)

For once let it be--no need to hear any more
 about the Premier's funeral arrangements, about
 his successor,
 about the search for additional exploded bodies,
 about the baby held hostage at a sill on the
 fourteenth floor;
 what you need is to lie dark and still
 ears ready for the quivering of walls
 at each coarse expletive of the wind
 macho through the forest's lungs and lips,
 eyes ready for the opening of the door,
 the play of light through blue gauze
 that instant before she shuts the day behind her.



ANSWERING BACK
 (Palestinian poems in
 May Broadside were not se-
 lected or approved by Axel-
 rod & Hand.)

We say no, to the media which
 pits Jews against Blacks. Nano-
 collers who preach hate are
 never freedom fighters.
 We say no, to Palestinians or
 anyone who subjugated their
 women or refuses to acknowledge
 another nation's right to live.
 We say no, to anyone who falls
 into the same old racist traps
 which crowned illogic king
 in stories headlined "Hymies"
 and "Niggers". No--
 there's too much work to do
 together to let a crazy few
 divide and sever our mutual
 desire to be completely free.

AN OLD WOMAN'S PASSION by Sigmund Weiss
 (Mr. Weiss has been a social activist for most of his 80+ years)

All things eye summer tenderly.
 Squirrels, rabbits & birds peer
 through grass & branches of trees at
 people moving in utter disregard of scenery.
 Sometimes, on warm calm days, an old lady
 looking like a portrait on a daguerreotype,
 with features ragged as her dress,
 sits alone on a park bench

beseeking with callus hands &
 tidbits of bread,
 timid creatures of the park,
 while passers-by stop to watch.

Her worn fingers nimbly crumb the bread.
 Her eyes smile with delight
 as if she were part of a sun-ray
 warming an audience
 where plants, beasts & people live harmonious.

But seasons change & cold days
 spread their silence through the park,
 as if it were a far-reaching desert
 swallowing the skies,
 like a door securely locked
 against an old woman's passion.

NEW MEXICO: 1980 by Joseph Bruchac
 (Mr. Bruchac, an A'beraki Indian, is editor & author)

300 YEARS SINCE THE PUEBLO REVOLT
 the poster proclaimed
 in my friend's house

red sand and grey limestone
 woman shapes in the mesas
 which curve Acoma to Laguna
 wind songs against our skin

At Newspaper Rock
 rabbit and ground squirrel
 hid like spirit talkers
 when the foreign voices
 came with videotapes and cameras

Coyote called once
 not far away
 before we heard human words

Sun headed dancers
 press hands against stone
 maps radiate out circle on circle
 as the arrow of dawn remembers

cont.
 the death of
 a distant star
 In Wuvoki ruin
 they found the
 bones
 of every animal
 which walks
 this land--
 except Coyote

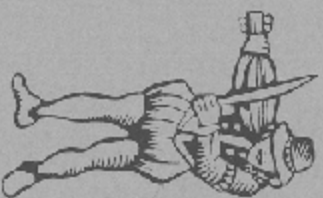
TO THE RECENT DEAD by Edwin Honig
 (Dr. Honig is a professor at Brown University)

Now nobody dies.
 Everyone is saved.
 Death is wasted.
 We laugh at it
 Killing itself.
 Don't you wish
 You were back?

POETRY

EDITORS' NOTE: AS BROADSIDE'S POETRY PAGE GROWS, IT WILL, INCREASINGLY, BE FLURISHING "PROTEST" POETRY. WHILE WE FEEL A WELL-WRITTEN POEM IS, ITSELF, A PROTEST AGAINST THE LACK OF CREATIVITY AND FEELING IN THE WORLD AT LARGE, THIS MEANS POETS SHOULD TRY TO COINCIDE WITH ANNOUNCED PROTEST THEMES &/OR SEND POEMS WHICH ARE PROTESTS. (POLITICAL, SOCIAL, ISSUES, ETC.). Send poems to: Axelrod & Hand, 194 Soundview Drive, Rocky Point, L.I., NY 11778

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