

Let's Talk Peace

by Jim Glover



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Handwritten musical score for "Let's Talk Peace" by Jim Glover. The score is written on six staves with guitar chords and lyrics. The lyrics include: "Let's talk peace, come on to my house", "peace you can come to my house", "Let's talk peace can we come to your house?", "you can come to my house", "Time has come (if you need a larger space for all your mighty men)", "cameras and mikes phones so we'll remember when the world was on the brink of losing all its breed", "people of this planet will give you what you need.", "Yes we can", "peace", "Let's talk peace", "Yes we can".

AND

Chorus: Let's talk peace, come on to my house
Let's talk peace, you can come to my house
Let's talk peace can we come to your house?
You can come to my house, let's talk peace.

Verse I Time has come, it is your duty.
Time has come, come on forget that movie
We've already seen your instant fury
Fury brings fury - let's talk peace.

Bridge: If you need a larger space for all your mighty men,
Cameras and microphones so we'll remember when,
the world was on the brink of losin' all its breed,
Ask the people of this planet we'll give you what you need.

Verse II Yes we can kill, we already proved it.
And we can blow up the world as we knew it.
© 1983 Seeger We all have a dream, Now let's do it.
The day after's too late, Let's talk peace.

BOB DYLAN
ALLEN
GINSBERG
TULI
KUPFERBERG
MALVINA
REYNOLDS
ETHEL
ROSENBERG
PEGGY SEEGER
PETE SEEGER

SONGS • POEMS • ARTICLES

Broadside

The National Topical Song Magazine

BROADSIDE #155

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FROM PETE SEEGER—

[Following are some extracts from some recent letters from Pete Seeger, Broadside's most frequent correspondent.]

...I have been reading more carefully some of the recent issues, and I think perhaps you need a trained musician to check over each issue before you go to press to make sure that you have got the proper notes down because I question occasionally some of the transcriptions.

Of course it's true that the average person can't read music, and maybe you should start right now thinking, as *Sing Out!* is also thinking, of putting out a tape recording to go with each issue. People can write in for it and pay \$5 to get it. It will give them the melody of each song....

[Yes, we could use more help in getting out the issues, and yes, we could use some help in putting together a cassette every month. —Ed.]

...These songs [enclosed], are too wordy I think, but perhaps I'm wrong. I didn't want to throw them away though. I'll let you do that if you think they're not worth printing.

They are all songs which I heard at the Great Labor Song Exchange in Washington, DC on June 4th, and they are not necessarily bad songs, but they are not memorable, largely because the imagery is too scattered and they don't concentrate their poetic effect in one place. When Woody wrote "This Land is Your Land," he kept coming back to the image of the highway. (Somehow I can't repeat it too often to myself or to anybody else—it is not enough to write an editorial in rhyme. It's got to be full of imagery and a story which will grab people's hearts)....

...Woody Guthrie may not have had a large constituency when he was alive, but his song, "This Land is Your Land," is known by 240 million Americans now. [Worldwide the figure is probably close to 1 billion. —Ed.]

...I think we folkies have to face the fact that the establishment did a very slick trick in putting us in a box so that what is called "folk music" now is strictly "white folks' music," and the average black person thinks it's for the birds. They don't like folk music. They love bongo drums though. As you can see, the definition of folk music has gotten distorted. They also love rhythm and blues and jazz and they love rap music. This is just as much folk music as bluegrass or Irish music or anything else, in my opinion.

Pete Seeger

NEWS ITEMS

We appreciate having newspaper items of interest sent in to BROADSIDE. These two articles could be turned into a couple of pretty interesting songs with a little hard work (they provide the inspiration). We'll be looking for the songs in the mail soon.

CHALLENGE FACING THE LEGAL SYSTEM

Secretary Guilty of Practicing Law Without Authorization Is at Center of Dispute

By JON NORDHEIMER

Special to The New York Times

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Aug. 11—It was inevitable that the case would come to be called "Rosemary's Baby."

Now the legal fraternity in Florida and elsewhere in the nation, concerned by the far-reaching implications of the case, are looking upon it like the devil's own offspring.

Rosemary Furman, 47 years old, had been scheduled to enter the Duval County Jail this weekend to serve a 90-day term imposed by the Florida Supreme Court. The court said she had failed to abide by an earlier injunction to stop what the Florida Bar Association charged was the unauthorized practice of law.

Mrs. Furman, a former court stenographer and legal secretary, has operated a secretarial service in Jacksonville for the past decade that, for a fraction of the fees charged by lawyers, helps clients obtain uncontested divorces, adoptions and other routine court settlements.

Associate Justice Lewis F. Powell of the Supreme Court of the United States this week ordered that Mrs. Furman did not have to start serving her sentence until the full Court could decide whether to review her case.

She and her public service lawyers have appealed her conviction to the High Court on the basis that the Florida Supreme Court refused to allow her case to be heard by a jury. That, they argued, allowed lawyers and judges alone to decide how and by whom the law should be practiced.



reprinted from the SING OUT! Bulletin

- Listening to the radio station,
Stayed up all night long,
Just to hear the dedication
Of our favorite song (it goes)

I am hungry for your love so much,
Can't you feel it when we touch?
Oh my love, my darlin' (* see right
Can't you feel it when we touch?

- I have seen my generation
Go from rags to fashion jeans,
Trading in their expectations
For their once rejected dreams.

They are hungry for success, I guess
They're contented with it now.
Just the very best of food and dress
Nothing less will do somehow.

(God bless — my generation) * *

- I have seen the kings of the nations,
Faceless on the TV screen,
Threatening the whole creation,
Masters of a mad machine.

They are hungry for the guns of war,
And they always ask for more.
They are hungry for the guns of war,
Shall we feed them any more?

- I have seen the hungry faces,
Photographs in magazines,
Children from such faraway places
With the saddest eyes I've seen.



Nuclear weapons foes test resolve in jailhouse fast

By Diana Katz
News Staff Writer

They say their resolve is growing stronger as their bodies become weaker from lack of food.

The five fasting protesters, who are serving indefinite sentences in the Oakland County Jail, see each reject of food as a source of spiritual nourishment.

The two Roman Catholic nuns, a Methodist minister and their lay sisters began refusing food on July 5, the 25th day of their incarceration. They were jailed by Oakland District Judge James S. Trosman after defying a court order prohibiting protests on the property of Williams International, the Commerce Township manufacturer of cruise missile engines.



HUNGRY

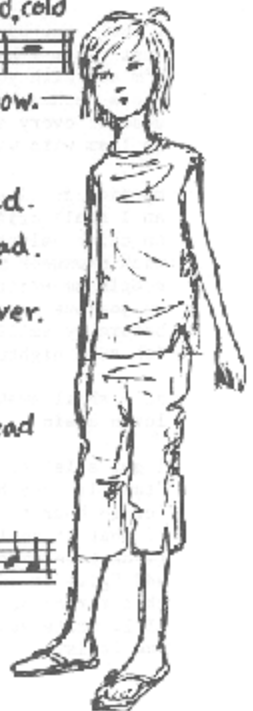
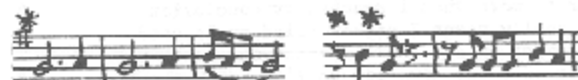
Words & music ©1982
by Joe Heukerott

1 I can't change the whole world o-ver;
should I even try?
I've got troubles of my own;
let me tell you why.
I am hungry for a cigarette, I could use one
now. 'Cause my hands are in a cold, cold
sweat just from standing here right now.

They are hungry for a piece of bread.
They want only to be fed.
They are hungry for a piece of bread.
Can we leave them there for dead?

- I can't change the whole world over.
Should I even try?
I've got troubles of my own.
Still I can't deny:

They are hungry for a piece of bread
They want only to be fed.
(repeat two or more times)



BOB DYLAN

This letter from Bob Dylan was originally in Broadside in October of 1969. This is the final installment of the reprinting of that letter which began in issue #146 and has sections also in #s 197, 198, and 199.

saw the last issue of broadside
an especially flipped out over
"talkin Merry Christmas"

I have never met Paul Wolfe but I'd like to
he has an uncanny sense of touch
as for Phil, I just can't keep up with him
an he's gettin better an better an better
(spoke with someone who was with him in Hazzard
named Hamish Sinclair...an englishman
of high virtues an common tongue)
I want to get over an see Phil's baby
I'm told the girl care about yellin about
the bomb, good girl

my novel is going noplace
absolutely noplace
like it don't even tell a story
it's about a million scenes long
an takes place on a billion scraps
of paper...certainly I can't make nothin out of
it.
(Oh I forgot,
hallelullah to you for puttin Brecht in your
same last issue, he should be as widely known as
Woody an should be as widely read as Mickey Spillone
an as widely listened to as Eisenhower.)

anyway I'm writin a play out of this here so called
novel (navel would be better I guess)
an I'm up to my belly button in it.
quite involved yes
I've discovered the power of playwriting means
as opposed to song writing means
altho both are equal, I'm wrapped in playwriting
for the minute, my songs tell only about me an how
I feel but in the play all the characters tell how
they feel, I realize that this might be more confusin
for some but in the total reality of things it might
be much better for some too. I think at best you could
say that the characters will tell in an hour
what would take me, alone, two weeks to sing about

I shall get up to see you one of these days
just cause I haven't in a while please don't think
I'm not with you. I'm with you more'n ever,
yours perhaps is the only paper that I am on the
side of every single song you print
an I am with with with you

my nite is closin again now
an I shall drift off in dreams
an climb velvet carpets up to the stars
with newweek magazines burnin an disappointin
people smoulderin an discussin tongues blazin
an jealous mongrel dogs walkin on hot coals
before my smilin unharmlful eyes
(oh such nightmares)

an I shall awake in the mornin an try to start
lovin again

I got a letter from Pete an he closed by sayin
"take it easy but take it" I thought about that
for an hour or more when I reached my conclusion
of what it really meant I either cried or laughed
(I cant remember which) I will repeat the same an
add "give it easy but give it" an I'll think about
that for an hour and at the end either cry or laugh
(I'll write you another letter an tell you which
one it is)

all right then
faretheewill
shaloom an vamoose
I'm off again
off to the hazzards an lost angels an minneapolisemen
an buss towns an burnin hams an everything else
combined an combustioned for me...
tryin to remain sane at all times

love to agnes
she is one of the true talents of the universe
I've always thought that an would like to see her
again some time

love to everybody in your house



see yuh

softly an sleepy
but ready an waitin

Bob
Dylan

FIFTY FUCKING THIRD STREET

by Jim Wilder

They killed the Man in
Dallas
when I was six months old
and doomed my generation
Murdered King and the JFK and
we grew up and watched on the television
and smiled
So they stole all the
prophet's words
-gave the drugs of the devil
to the rest
Soldiers killed four soldiers
after they let Hendrix and Janis die
sold peace to pay for their war
where are we now?
hell, I wasn't there
I just know
And they didn't finish going til they
knew how far they could go
They murdered Jara, his nation and its
dreams They murdered Lennon, then they
sold his ghost
Whose ghost haven't they sold?
Blood keeps dripping from their hands
And they made Phil Ochs take his life
I turned thirteen
my friends never heard his name, his anger or
the songs he was trying to sing
After they decided to waste our parents
Their plans for us were laid
don't complain about 1984
its been here for twenty years and more
like me
So I look at your songs and smile
But who's listening?
My friend Alex said the weatherpeople misplaced the spring.

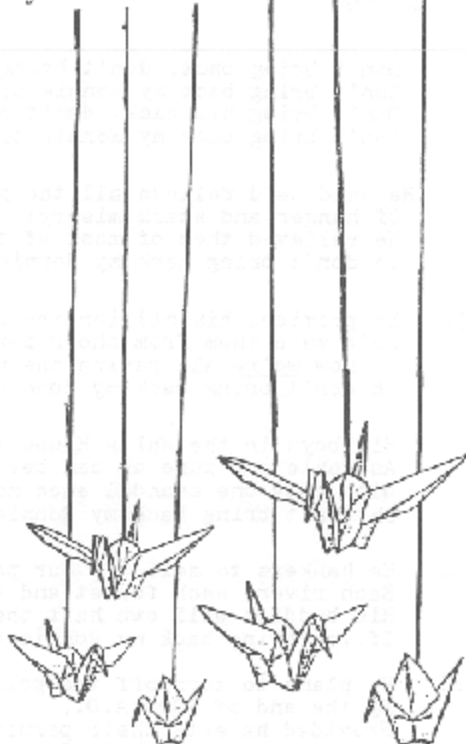


Chorus

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It consists of 18 staves of music. The lyrics are written below the notes. Chords are indicated by letters (G, Am, D, C, E7/9, Em, F#m) above the staff. The score includes a 'Chorus' label at the beginning and an 'End' label at the end. The lyrics are: 'I dreamed I saw a thousand cranes, Sweet and gentle peace, Rising in the morning mist, Sail-ing o-ver the seas. And all the chil-dren of the world Raised their eyes to see The beau-ty of their wings un-furled In per-fect u-ni-ty. And each one had a vi-sion That the mag-ic of the crane Healed all of their suffer-ing Bannished grief and pain And each one made a pro-mise, Each one said a prayer That love would spread its gen-tle wings, And free-dom fill the air. I dreamed I saw a thou-sand cranes, Sweet and gen-tle peace, Ris-ing in the morn-ing mist, Sail-ing o-ver the seas.'

I Dreamed I Saw A Thousand Cranes

by Nan Hoffman



2. And each one had a vision
That the magic of the crane
Had filled their hearts with wisdom
To live in peace again.
And each one made a promise,
Each one said a prayer
That all could be as brothers,
And broken dreams repair.

© 1982

This song is based on the true story of Sadako Suzuki, a child of Hiroshima who was two years old when the city was bombed in 1945. Ten years later she contracted leukemia as a result of her exposure to radiation. She remembered an ancient Japanese legend that cranes are magical, that they protect people, especially children, from sickness, and that if a person folds a thousand paper cranes, her wish will be granted and health restored. Sadako folded paper cranes throughout her illness, and she had completed 644 of them when she died. Her classmates finished the cranes for her, and a monument filled with paper cranes was constructed in her memory in Peace Park. On the monument these words are inscribed: "This is our cry, this is our prayer—Peace in the World."

"I Dreamed I Saw A Thousand Cranes" appears on an album by Nan Hoffman entitled, *A Thousand Cranes*, Pret 'n Fiddle, PF10011. Available for \$5.00 postpaid from Nan Hoffman, 9716 Transit Rd., East Amherst, NY 14051. Or from the Western New York Peace Center, 440 Leroy Ave., Buffalo, NY 14215. Some of the proceeds go to W.N.Y. Peace Center and to other peace, justice, and ecological organizations.

DON'T BRING BACK MY RONNIE TO ME

to the tune of, "My Bonnie
Lies Over the Ocean"

©1984 Mort Frankel

1. My Ronnie lies over the ocean,
My Ronnie lies over the sea;
He lies with the greatest devotion--
Oh don't bring back my Ronnie to me!
- CHORUS:

Don't bring back, don't bring back,
Don't bring back my Ronnie to me, to me!
Don't bring him back, don't bring him back,
Don't bring back my Ronnie to me!
2. He said he'd relieve all the poor folks
Of hunger and stark misery;
He relieved them of most of their food stamps--
Oh don't bring back my Ronnie to me!
3. He promised his millionaire cronies
He'd save them from sheer pover-tee.
So now we're all paying their taxes--
Oh don't bring back my Ronnie to me!
4. His boys in the White House are honest--
As noble and pure as can be;
With only one scandal each morning--
Oh don't bring back my Ronnie to me!
5. He hankers to sell off our park lands,
Each river, each forest and tree.
His buddies will own half the nation
If you bring back my Ronnie to me!
6. He plans to turn off the polluters
By the end of 2000 A.D.,
Provided he gets their permission--
Oh don't bring back my Ronnie to me!
7. At foreign affairs he's terrific--
All macho and hostili-ty.
While we've still got a friend in the world,
Don't bring back my Ronnie to me!
8. He's got big ideas for the future--
Excitement by air, land and sea--
He thinks Vietnam's the best answer--
Oh don't bring back my Ronnie to me!

My Ronnie

My Ronnie lies over the radio
My Ronnie lies over TV
My Ronnie lies over and over
My Ronnie lies incessantly

Take back, take back
Oh take back old smoothie from me, from me
Take back, take back
Oh take back the old gipper from me

My Ronnie fibs over the issues
My Ronnie plays tricks with the facts
My Ronnie acts so presidential
The trouble is Ronnie just acts

By Simon Schwartz

TULI KUPFERBERG

You know exactly when I was asked to participate in Don't's campaign against nuclear arms. I thought, well, hell, I realized that in the at least, this problem was of classic proportions and it really required a kind of classic solution.... So I decided to compose a song with an extended prose/novel to state the argument and then follow with an agate of six stanzas in quatrains written form --with two couplet couplets in each verse--and a somewhat modified Alexandrine parameter to finish it all off...so here goes....

GO FUCK YOURSELF (WITH YOUR ATOM BOMB)

Go fuck yourself with your atom bomb
I wdnt see no cause for alarm
If you'd jerk yourself off-- O well you know you could
Go over the hill & into the wood

You know it's not very nice--to kill so many
Will ya go away if I give you a penny?

What's botherin' you--are you some kinda nut
Hey go get layed--try the cunt or the butt

What's the matter with you--did your dad hate yr guts
Do you think yr strange--that yr some kinda nut

Do you think that money or megalopower
Will make you into the ghoul of the hour

What's botherin' you--are you some kinda nut
Hey go get layed--try the cunt or the butt

If you don't like this world--hey just leave it alone
There are still some of us--try'n to make it a home

And how did you get yr megal power
That can kill us all in 'bout half an hour

Somethin's wrong with the system--yeah I think
That can bring us all to this doomsday brink

Hey go fuck yrself with your atom bomb
Now I wdnt see no cause for alarm
If you'd go jerk yrself off--o well you know you could
Hey go over the hill and into the wood

What's botherin' you--are you some kinda nut
Hey dont you go get layed--try the cunt or the butt

Hey go fuck yrself with yr atom bomb
(fade)how I wdnt see no cause for alarm
If you'd jerk yrself off--hey now you know you cd
Hey go over the hill & into the wood...

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ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS
ONWARD AS TO WAR
KILL YOUR CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
AS YOU'VE DONE BEFORE.

AND IN JEEZ' EQUALITY
KILL YOUR SISTERS TOO
AND IN GOD'S FRATERNITY
MUSLIM, TOO, AND JEW.

AND AS GOD THE FATHER SAYS
DON'T FORGET THE KIDS: BLEEEZ!
AND ST. FRANCIS BEGS YOU: PREY:
THE CREATURES OF THE WILD: OLE!



ONWARD O'CON(NOR'S) SOLDIERS
ONWARD TO A-WAR
WITH HEAVENLY BOMBS OF NATO
A PEACE LIKE NE'ER BEFORE.

POPE'S FEACE PASSETH (UNDERSTAND?)
AS WE DIMLY SEE:

DEATH TRIUMPHANT THRU THE LANDS-
GOD'S LAST DEMOCRACY.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS
ONWARD AS TO WAR
KILL YOUR CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
AS YOU'VE DONE BEFORE.

tuli

UNIONTOWN

words and music by David Roth

INTRO

* Stride in open "C" tuning: D-G-D-G-B-D with capo on 5th fret = key of C

VERSE

1) En - ergy was get-ting scarce, pri - ces al-ways ris - ing ;
 2) In - sti-tute on Man and Science gave them in-spi - ra - tion ;
 3) etc...

busi-nesses were go-ing broke to shop-ping cen-ter mer-chan-dis-ing,
 soon-er-lap cre - a - tion of a self-suf-fi - cient town

Then one day the pa - pers all an-nounced a spe-cial meet - ing,
 this will surely be a mod - el vil-lage for our na - tion,

For - ty peo - ple came that night a brand new town was born
 En - ef - fi - cient and we'll build it from the ground... (CHORUS)

CHORUS

Un - ion - town, Un - ion - town, Here in Pen-syl-va - nia, a

so - lar vil-lage from the ground right here by the sea - town (BRIDGE)
 (Additional verses)

Energy was getting scarce, prices always rising,
 Businesses were going broke to shopping center merchandising,
 Then one day the papers all announced a special meeting,
 Forty people came that night and a brand new town was born...

The Institute on Man and Science gave them inspiration,
 Sponsoring creation of a self-sufficient town,
 This will surely be a model village for our nation,
 Energy-efficient and we'll build it from the ground...

(CHORUS)
 Uniontown, Uniontown,
 Here in Pennsylvania,
 A solar Village from the ground,
 Right here by Uniontown...

Conservation and recycling nearby waste material,
 Using slag for solar banks and smoothing out the lands,
 Breaking down the distance separating man from nature,
 Learning how to do things with their minds, their hearts, and hands..

CHORUS
 So every evening after work a group of people gathers,
 Change their clothes, take their tools and head off to the land,
 Pouring concrete, laying pipe, up and down those ladders,
 Common people dedicated to a better man...

Some are teachers, some are miners, some work in the factories,
 Salespeople, maintenance men, waitresses and secretaries,
 Doing things they've never done, environmental planning,
 Working toward a common goal and building for the Earth

CHORUS

Every evening after work, a group of people gathers,
 Change their clothes, take their tools and head off to the land,
 To build a town that they will call New Village, Pennsylvania,
 Pioneering progress for the Brotherhood of Man...

CHORUS

CHORUS

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GOING TO THE WORLD OF THE DEAD

By Allen Ginsberg

Going to the World of the Dead

(Cowbell) K K K
 Stalin & Hitler in Bed Klonk Klonk Klonk
 Gone inside of your head K K K KK
 Anybody got any bread? K K K K K K
 FBI papers to shred? K K K
 Eisenhower's ghost on a sled K K K K K K
 Going to the world of the dead KKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK
 K K K K K K K K K K
 Everybody gives you good head

Klonk Klonk Klonk

- C Millionaires of Detroit
- C Millionaires of Chicago
- F Millionaires of New York
- F Millionaires of Hollywood
- C Let Go of your money
 Ho Ho Ho
- C Let go your Big Poetry Let go Let go
 Let go of your cars Ho Ho Ho
- C Let go your Cocaine Ho Ho Ho
- F Let go your meat Let go Let go
 Let go Movie Picture Ho Ho Ho
- G Let go your Diamonds Ho Ho Ho
 Let Go your Dollars Let go yr Gold
- C Let go your Houses Your Bodies Let Go
 Let go your Souls Ho Ho Ho
- F Let Go God/Buddha Let go
 Let Go Allah Let Go Let Go
- G Let go your Armas Ho Ho Ho
 Let go your war Ho Ho Ho
- C Let go your Holy/land Let Go
 Let Go Palestine P.L.O.
- F Jews Let Go Let Go Let Go
 Let Go Israel Ho Ho Ho
- G Let Go Apocalypse Let Go Let Go
 Let go Yr Bomb Ho Ho Ho
- C Your Nuclear Bomb Ho Ho Ho
 Let go your Disaster your Death Let Go
 Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho
- F Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho
 Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho
- G Millionaires of Mexico (Ho Ho Ho)
 Millionaires of Nicaragua (Let go Let go)

Repeat Cycle: August 22, 1982
 your music Guanavate-Las Mochis Bus 6:30 PM
 your sex Past Soyá & Cotton Fields
 your cigarettes where red flags flew
 your grass ever plastic huts by highway
 your meditation side.
 your news

WILLY AND THE BOMBS

Young Willy worked at a metal trade
In the mill where bombs and shells are made
And the bombs went by on an endless chain
That drilled monotony into his brain
And he screwed each fuse with careful eye
And checked each bomb that drifted by
'Til bombs and bombs with measured tread
Were marching squads in Willy's head
They were smooth and round and nicely tooled
And sharp and accurately ruled.
He screwed each fuse for days and days
'Til bombs swam round him in a maze
And a sickly, dizzy, blinding spell
Confused his brain, and Willy fell.

When his head came clear, to his great surprise
He discovered bombs had mouths and eyes.
They stood around, a thousand or more,
Watching him lie on the factory floor.

"Get up, you lazy bum," said one,
"There's lots of blasting to be done."
"Get up, you slug," another said,
"And screw a fuse into my head."
"Get up! Get up!" their voices yelled,
"Whole towns are waiting to be shelled."

Poor Willy gazed about the place
And passed one hand across his face,
For bombs that talked and shout of war
Were bombs he'd never seen before.
And stranger still, each bomb could say
What fiendish role its iron would play.

"I'll drop," said one, "to some hotel
"And blow the occupants to hell,"

"I'll burst," another said, "on decks
"And blast the crew to mangled wrecks."
"I will," said another, "on some dark night
"Come screaming down from terrible height.
"Women will tremble, children will cry,
"As faster and faster, out of the sky,
"Louder and louder, down and down,
"I'll shriek and burst in the heart of a town.
"Ripping the earth and walls and stones,
"Strewing the wreckage with flesh and bones."

Another one jibbered, "I'll kill! I'll kill!
"I don't know who. But I will! I will!"
Their voices shrieked of terrible places,
Mangled tumors and eyeless faces,
Dark black terror and screaming fright.
And children huddled in the death-mad night,
And they laughed—they laughed insane and gied
At shell-torn flesh and brains gone mad.

And Willy crouched on the concrete floor,
"My God!" he screamed, "No more! No more!"
Bu closer and closer they leaned and yelled
Of women and children shocked and shelled,
Of the good earth torn with deafening noise
And soaked in the blood of men and boys.
"No more!" yelled Willy. "No more! No more!"
And his arms struck out at the bombs of war.

Then suddenly Willy opened his eyes.
There was the factory. There were the guys.
"Take it easy," said Bill. "You just passed out."
"What the hell is this 'no more' stuff about?"
"You yelled 'No more, No more,'" said Ed,
"And tried to clout me on the head."
"You must have had a dream," said Pete.
"Or else you're daffy with the heat."

Willy looked slowly, one to the other.
He was pale. He trembled. "Oh, Jesus, brother!
"My God, if you fellows only knew!
"If you'd only see it — this planet — this war,
"You'd rise and shake your fists and roar:
"No more of this, by God, no more!" "

— Mike Quinn

COLIN GRAY (State Department
consultant)

"With greatly increased offensive and defensive preparations the United States could hold casualties in a nuclear war to 20 million, a level compatible with survival and recovery."



AMERICAN GRANDSTAND

DAVE MARSH

LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

How you got your things together
How you got quite prepared to die
—John Fogerty,
"Bad Moon Rising"

Before ABC broadcast *The Day After* on Sunday, Nov. 20, the media and "responsible" educators warned against the TV movie because it was allegedly too graphic and terrifying in its depiction of nuclear holocaust. This was fairly crazy. I don't know about you, but I sent my kids to be scared shitless of the Bomb, since that's the only way it can be stopped — but even worse was the reaction the day after the broadcast. We were told that all that one hundred million viewers had seen was a fairly ordinary TV docudrama, and that it had made no substantive difference in the lives of those who watched.

I wish those who love this article could have been with the strangers with whom I watched, two people to whom the idea that they lack a future is new, uninterpretable and utterly, bitterly redefining. And I wish they could have been there to explain to me and the other adults present how an entire episode those kids, without meaning to the critics, murdered me: "It's going to be all right."

For those who know that it won't be unless we change the way the world currently runs, the Give Peace a Chance exhibit at Chicago's Peace Museum offers a media experience more powerful, challenging and reassuring than *The Day After*. As someone who was at the museum the day before the broadcast, it inspired what few positive thoughts I had. (The Chicago run of the exhibit may have ended by the time you read this. You need to go yourself to contact the Peace Museum at 104 W. Erie St., Chicago, IL 60610 to make sure that as the show goes on the road, it covers somewhere near your town. You might also consider sending the Museum \$8.95 for a copy of its fine catalogue, which contains some terrific photos, many in color, of some of the exhibited material, along with a number of worthwhile articles on the show and rock's relation to the peace struggle.)

Being a cynical media veteran, it hardly seemed likely that Give Peace a Chance would strike a very powerful chord with us. On the contrary, it was one of the most powerful experiences I've ever had. That's not because the displays show so many martyrs in the callously possible dream of ending war, but because they showcase peace as an over-riding, traditional theme in American popular music, from Big Bill Broonzy to Talking Heads.

The exhibit runs chronologically, from the

folk and blues protest singers of the Thirties to Stevie Nicks (Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie, Tom Lehrer, Joe McDonald) to contemporary names ranging from Jackson Browne and Stevie Wonder to Bob Marley and the Clash. (I'm not only surprised music that's represented here, either. You're as likely to hear Edwyn Sauer's "We" or Finka Payne's "Bring the Boys Home" as anything by a superstar. All of them are rendered more effective by the tapes that play as you wander through the real movement of the exhibit, not from folk to rock or from acoustic to electric, but from relatively isolated individuals to a huge

What's on display in Give Peace a Chance is irrefutable evidence that rock has helped sustain hopes of an American peace movement through one of the most apathetic periods in our culture

mass movement. That's true not only because Bob Dylan and Graham Nash speak in much larger concentrations than Seeger or Guthrie ever did, but because those lessons are over twice as aware of the importance of their role.

I realize, given the incessant drone that rock is just irrelevant "entertainment," it's enlightening to observe the development of peace-related events. Start with Woodstock ("three days of music, peace and love" remember?) where half a million hedonists loitered, and move to Peace Sunday, 1962, where twice that many showed up for an event whose focus was not pleasure but politics, a dem. nomination with fewer superstars but more clearly focused connections with the cause. What's on display in Give Peace a Chance is irrefutable evidence that rock has helped sustain any hopes of an American

peace movement through one of the most apathetic periods in our culture.

It isn't only one or two genres of music that have done the job either. In the photos near the end of the exhibit, there are pictures of Jackson Browne and Stevie Wonder pulling their heads together outside of Eric Burdon, John Hall and Peter Yarrow backstage. Given that the nonmusical organizers of events such as Peace Sunday have almost always been white, middle-class and folk-oriented, it's astounding how many other kinds of players and singers have been able to assimilate these events into the process. And then "Bring the Boys Home" award, it's aggressive how much of the best antiwar music comes from supposedly superficial quarters.

The best thing about Give Peace a Chance is that it makes you question a variety of assumptions about our culture. In fact, for me, the center of the exhibit (even the Julia Lennon material, though there is a huge volume of it, making it seem possible that he really did "leave the Beatles to join the peace movement," as someone has written). The evidence is here, not only in the many songs John wrote, but in the material from the art exhibitions, public events and benefit concerts, the newspaper stories and press conferences he and Yoko so often held. Given his career (which keeps things in proportion by placing the music guitar on which he wrote "Give Peace a Chance" in the middle of the room), Julia seems the very incarnation of what this movement's all about. It's the first message I've had with his memory in years that doesn't seem awfully sentimental.

Yet the real cutting edge of the exhibit is four corners, not by a mile, the end, featuring the work of Stevie Wonder, U2, the Clash and Bob Marley. Nothing could establish all of the antiwar movement is one that cuts across all ordinary boundaries more effectively than seeing and hearing the work of four of the most significant contemporary rock artists, put together into a space so tight that it's reminiscent of a neighborhood. I'm not ashamed to say that the night, inspired with U2's "Sunday Bloody Sunday" on the soundtrack, moved me to tears.

Give Peace a Chance won't make everything all right. Only direct action can do that. But at least it establishes that those of us who are determined to remain alive aren't a lonely minority but ultimately, a vast if unrecognized majority. It suggests we have a choice, which though a bit tough, is at least a start. □

Boraxo

Words and music by Malvina Reynolds

Chorus A

It's all right, it's all right, If you're righteous it's all right,
 Tho you've had your hands in blood up to the el-bow,
 You can always wash them clean with Bo-rax-o,
 Bo-rax-o, Bo-rax-o, Ho-rax-o, The greatest stuff of all,
 Bo-rax-o in the bathroom, de-tergents in the hall,
 Your dainty feet don't touch the street like people poor and mean,
 And your conscience is washed clean with Bo-rax-o.

End

2. The cop shot Rector on the roof,
 The cop is clear of blame,
 His uniform was spotless,
 His rifle was the same.
 The coppers carry dark wood clubs
 So blood can not be seen,
 And they always wash them clean
 With Boraxo.
3. The student is protesting,
 The copper clubs his hair,
 His head is private property
 But no one seems to care,
 The happiness he's fighting for
 Is earth and life and green,
 And it can't be scoured clean
 With Boraxo.

Cho.

Cho.

© Copyright 1969 by Schroder Music Co. (ASCAP), Berkeley, Ca. 94704

THE TALKIN' SCARED SHITLESS BLUES

Paul Borg

I read in the papers today
 there's more'n enough bombs to blow us all away
 that alone scared me enough
 but when I found out there building more of the stuff
 -it's called the arms race
 -alias the balancing of power
 -alias the continuing saga of my bombs bigger than your bomb

now politicians can tell you a thousand reasons why
 we should be calling the russians the bad guys
 they can point you out a hundred causes
 and give examples in as many places
 -most of them probably true

there are certain people who know for sure
 that they can survive a nuclear war
 they believe that by pretending they're nobles
 they can survive by crawling into holes
 -so they go out and buy custom delux, wall-to-wall carpeted
 complete with indoor swimming pool-bomb shelters

what these people don't realize
 is that they'll have to wait for the radiation to minimize
 you can tell them again and again but they never hear
 that they'll have to wait about 50,000 years
 -that's mighty long
 -better pick down some extra books
 -make sure the gas is off up at the house

there's another group who think it'll never happen
 so they just sit back a laughin'
 watching people digging holes
 watching protesters arguing with moles
 -and they laugh
 -selling their bombs
 -all the way to the bank

me, myself, and little ol' i
 we're really afraid to die
 now i don't know if there's a heaven or not
 but i know for sure that hell is hot
 -it'll come after the bomb that'll never go off
 -goes off

this song i was wrote
 mostly just to clear my throat
 and to give everyone the news
 that i've got the scared shitless blues
 -and all the ex-lax in the world won't cure
 -not even the jelly bear flavored kind

Dear Malvina

23 June 69

The woman who came up to me in tears at the end of the Regents' meeting is Dorothy Walker---Mrs Robert Walker---who is a member of the Berkeley City Planning Commission. She said she had just spoken to the governor, saying, "Let the blood of the people of Berkeley be on your hands," and that he replied, "Fine, I'll get some Boraxo to wash it off." It seems that she didn't tell other reporters about the shocking remark.

Thanks for the song, and good luck with it.

Regards,
Jim Benét

Out of the darkness

SONGS FOR SURVIVAL

Pete Seeger • Old Man Atom
 Kate Wolf • The Sun Is Burning
 Holly Near • No More Genocide
 Don Lange • Take the Children and Run
 Cris Williamson • Power
 Charlie King • Acceptable Risk
 Jesse Colin Young • Chain Reaction
 Dick Gaughan • As I Walked on the Road
 Sweet Honey in the Rock • Study War No More

OUT OF THE DARKNESS is available from
 Kaleidoscope Records, PO Box 0, El Cerrito
 CA 94530. The price is \$8.98

PETE SEEGER, RONNIE GILBERT, HOLLY NEAR, AND ARLO GUTHRIE
 TO APPEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CONCERT TOGETHER

Sounds kind of hard to believe that this incredible group is going to be in one concert, but they are doing it. There are four shows planned already, one in Minneapolis at the Northrup Auditorium on September 15th (218 373-2345), and one at the Crook Theater in Berkeley, CA. The final two concerts will be at the Universal Amphitheater in Los Angeles on September 17 and 18th. Let's hope that this show comes east in the fall.

THEY'RE SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE (GRENADA)

Dave Lippman

The other night ^{when} we were out bowlin', my buddy says to me
Hey man, what you think about Poland—a sorry sight to see. Well,
we've got to do what we can about the Trouble in Afghanistan.
Maybe we could bomb the Soviets, or better yet, let's bomb Grenada.

CHORUS: Cut off their aid (cut off their aid) cut off their trade (cut off their trade)
If that don't persuade 'em, we'll have to invade 'em, or blockade 'em and stockade 'em.
Switchblade 'em or grenade 'em. They're setting a bad example.

1. The other night when we were out bowlin', my buddy says to me
Hey man, what you think about Poland—a sorry sight to see. Well,
we've got to do what we can about the Trouble in Afghanistan,
Maybe we could bomb the Soviets, or better yet, let's bomb Grenada.

CHORUS: Cut off their aid (cut off their aid) cut off their trade (cut off their trade)
If that don't persuade 'em, we'll have to invade 'em or stockade 'em,
switchblade 'em or grenade 'em. They're setting a bad example.

2. They are nationalizing everything,
I know it would be this way
They said, if you want to make big profits
Bigger taxes you've got to pay
Well we need freedom of investment
Just like we've got in Panama
Maybe we could give Grenada
To Merrill Lynch, Pierce Fenner and Smoot
- (Chorus)
3. Well star wars are more fun
Than guerrilla wars of course,
But you know that we are Americans
And we never like to use force
We are generous to a fault
But these things tend to get out of hand
Imagine! They want to decide for themselves
Which crops to grow on their land.
- (Chorus)
4. Well the people down there don't seem to care
I was really quite shocked
They drive into town and so walk in around
Leaving their car doors unlocked
That is really communism
So let's send in the choppers and tanks
We'll bring back pluralism
A choice between the IMF and the World Bank
- (Chorus)

* This transcription is by Pete Seeger from the singing of Two Kingstons, who learned the song from Dave Lippman. The song was prophetic—written in '82

I Sliced Pastrami for the CIA and found God

by Sherwood Ross

Words and music by
Sherwood Ross
© 1982

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I ran a kosher deli Down old Vir-gin-a way
Not far from the Pentagon And the CIA An
ad-miral got heart-burn Two gen-erals passed away That's
when my coun-try called on me To trick for the U.S.A. Oh,
Oh, I sliced pas-tram-i for the CIA, The CIA, yeah! The
CIA It was Fidel dee-dee dee-dee dee all day Down
old Ha-va-na way. old Ha-va-na way.

I am proud to say, I

I ran a kosher deli
Down old Virginia way
Not far from the Pentagon
And the CIA
An Admiral got heartburn
Two generals passed away
That's when my country called on me
To trick for the U.S.A.

Oh, I was whisked to Langley
In a foreign service car
Asked to go to Cuba
Set up my deli bar
"Irving, slice the same pastrami
You fix here every day
Let's hope Big Enchilada
Is gonna come your way."

Chorus:

Oh, I sliced pastrami for the CIA
The CIA
The CIA
It was Fidel deedle deedle deedle
dee all day
Down old Havana way.

Armed with just a butcher knife
And a roll of Cuban bills
They flew me in a southeast line
They dropped me in some hills
I floated to Havana
And I am proud to say
I set up a little deli
Hoping he'd drop in someday.

One day soon it happened
In the afternoon lunch crowd
This bearded man he entered
So arrogant and proud
"I hear you got pastrami
That could give the devil fright
Don't be chintzy with the mustard
Let's see if they are right."

Now I knew he has a tough guy
The Mafia missed its turn
But where they failed with poison
I'd nail him with heartburn
They could not make his beard fall out
So that he'd look less virile
Boldly I sliced a double one
I'd freeze his Cuban smile.

Chorus

Well, Fidel took one bite from it
His sunbrowned face turned white
He began to choke and gasp
But asked for another bite
Just then the sky split open
A voice cried loud and shrill:
"Irving take back that pastrami
I said Thou Shalt Not Kill!"

Fidel, he got angry
But I was out of reach
Miraculous this hand comes down
I'm flown half price to Miami Beach
Now I'm back at my old deli
And somehow very proud
I sliced pastrami for the CIA
And that's how I found God!

Chorus

We've Always Had the Sense

Arlene Mantle ©1993

Steady, Bright

THE NEXT GENERATION WILL NOT CHARGE US FOR WHAT WE HAVE DONE. THEY WILL CHARGE US AND CONDEMN US FOR WHAT WE HAVE LEFT UNDONE.
- MOTHER JONES

Women have always been workers,
In so many different places.
Women have always been workers,
But we never saw their faces.
Not reflected in the pages of history,
In the home and in the factory.
As long as they don't acknowledge our dignity,
They can keep our value down.

There's a world of women,
But it's always been underground.
If we want it in the open,
We have to write it down.
Every woman has her story,
For all her struggles she deserves her glory.
Rewrite the pages of history,
Write what's happening now.

Women have always been caring,
And that's always been put down.
Women have always been sharing,
And the word got around.
Men have exploited us to the hilt,
Then paid us off in guilt.
No credit for what we've built,
Oh no, no credit at all.

ARLENE MANTLE

"I support the trade union movement 100%. But the unions have to stay close to their roots. And music is a very important part of those roots." So says Arlene Mantle, singer, songwriter and working mother from Toronto, Canada. Her tape, "On the Line" (\$6.50), accompanies her songbook (\$3.50), and both are selling like hotcakes throughout Canada. "We've Always Had the Sense" is one of 19 songs, all new, which appear on this tape. Here's how it came to be written:

"I was asked to do a songwriting workshop for the Women's History Course, Humber College Labour Studies Programme. There were a large number of women present and two men. We came from many different unions, public and private sector, from the Ontario Nurses' Association to the Steelworkers.
We talked about how we have to reclaim our history as women in the Labour force. We are invisible in the history books. We discussed

the fact that we have to be responsible for documenting our struggles so that in the future other women will not be robbed of their history as we have been robbed of ours.
We had a good time talking together and a lot of fun writing this song.

(ON THE LINE available from On the Line Publishing, 31 The Lindsens, 100 Bain Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M4K 1E6.)



This page contains material reprinted from TALKIN' UNION

music lore history

april 1984 issue 9

TALKIN' UNION

TALKIN' UNION presents the music, folklore and history of today's labor movement. Published 3 times a year, the magazine features stories, songs, poems, photos and cartoons home-made by America's greatest resource - it's working people. Subscription rates are \$4.50 for individuals and \$12 for unions and libraries. Editors are urged to reprint material; please credit the source. ISSN 0738-7311. Editor: Saul Schneiderman Copyright, 1984.

Poem by
Ethel Rosenberg **If We Die** Music by
Irwin Heilner

You shall know my sons, shall know
why we leave the song un-sung The book un-
read the work un-done To lie be-neath the
and Mourn no more, my sons, no more
Why the lies and spears were framed The
tears we shed the hurt we bore To all shall
be pro-claimed Earth shall smile my
sons, shall smile And green a-bove our resting
place the ill-ing and, the world re-joice in
brother-hood and peace Work and build my
sons and build a mon-ument to love and joy to
human worth, to faith we kept for our sons and yours.

This letter comes to us from Stephen Seiberry, editor of the *Songletter*, PO Box 11110, Birmingham, AL 35202

Dear Broadsideers,

May 1984

Your magazine really encourages me. Honestly, I am so discouraged lately. I think that what I really need to do is—well, who knows? *Songletter* feels static now, unexciting. The songs seem flat on the page. It's hard to know who benefits from them. Who is the *Songletter* audience?

Converting to an audio magazine via cassette tape interests me but the machinery necessary & more importantly the noise generated electricity required seem to contaminate the purity of the music. Does any one else feel this way? Living in my van I could buy a voltage converter generating electricity as I travel (and so contribute to pollution that way).

All of these feelings of guilt and isolation often catapult me into the saxons, guitar, autoharp, pennywhistle, harmonica in hand.

In spite of the fact that most people here laugh at or avoid street singers, "busking" seems to be the most sure thing I ever do. If I'm not feeling overtly paranoid (due to other factors) strutsinging makes me feel good about myself. "So here I am available to the world". When I sing the very vibrations of my voice seem to cleanse my spirit of fear and frustration. Your magazine helps me to realize that I am a part of something large and abundant and very old yet as full of future as human life itself.

Much Love,
Steve Seiberry

Composer Irwin Heilner set this poem by Ethel Rosenberg to music. His compositions have also been published in the magazine, "The Electric Chelys".

A Test

MICHAEL BARRA

This is a test
Only A Test
For the next sixty seconds
This station's conducting a test
Only a test
Of the emergency broadcasting network

I was watchin' this movie
About this computer
Takin' over the earth
Falls in love with this girl
Gives her the world
And insists that she give birth
To a Zenith TV
Or a humanoid son
She says the quality goes in
Before the name goes on
Look, I know it's trash
But it's better than test pattern one

This is a test
Only a test...

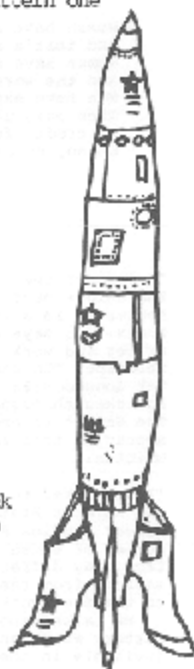
Can we pass the test
On our TV sets
Are we all nice and secure
Can I sleep tonight
Is it still alright
Are you really sure
Well enough is enough
Why's it takin' so long
Sixty seconds are up
Let's get the show back on

This is a test
Only a test...

I opened a beer
There was a blinding flash
The windows were melting
And the blue sky turned black
It was rainin' the last rain
That I'd ever see
The last words I heard
Were the ones on TV

This concludes a test
Only a test
Of the Emergency Broadcasting Network
In the event of an actual emergency
You would have been instructed
You would have been instructed
You would have been
STUCK DEAD!

©1983 Michael Barra



THE OUTSOURCE BLUES

by Edward Morin

F+
 De-troit got high on build-in' au-tos. Down we come, good
 times a wreck. Our en-gine men be gone to Tex-as—The
 Si-li-con locked up High Tech. The
 big shots go-in' for the mo-ney. They
 on-ly care a-bout the mo-ney. The
 big shots go-in' for the mo-ney. They'll
 take the mo-ney and run.

Detroit got high on buildin' autos.
Down we come--good times a wreck.
Our engine men be gone to Texas--
The Silicon locked up high tech.

CHORUS

The big shots gain' for the money,
They only care about the money.
The big shots gain' for the money,
They'll take the money and run.

They're bustin' ass to program robots
For factories turnin' foreign wheels.
When Big 3 spend big bucks on robots,
Ain't you who makes automobiles.

(Chorus)

GM makes small cars with Isuzu,
Ford outsources in Mexico,
They lay you off, but want to use you
To bring their dealerships more dough.

(Chorus)

They trade in used used up Michiganders
To buy a bigger bottom line.
Deuce don't care who make them lemons--
He's goin' for the gold this time. (Chorus)

Our work gave them their wealth and power;
The outsourcers ain't lookin' back.
Before they put us all on welfare,
Stop those bloodsuckers in their tracks.

Final Chorus

Take back the power and the money--
Yes, the power and the money.
Take back the power and the money--
Then put the big shots on the run.

copyright © 1984 by Edward Morin

Boycott Campbell's Soup!

**ECONOMIC MISERY
NEVER QUITS PURSUING ME!
HELP ME FIND A REMEDY....!**

**NEVERENDING WORKING DAY
BASED ON MELANCHOLY DAY:
ASK THE FARM WORKERS WHY THEY
BOYCOTT CAMPBELL'S SOUP!**

**WATCH TOMATO SALES DECLINE
WHEN I GRAB A PICKET SIGN --
LET THEM ROT UPON THE VINE!**

(chorus)
**FROM THE FIELDS OF OHIO ...
MICHIGAN, INDIANA TOO --
WHEN THE FARM WORKERS TRIUMPH
DAYLIGHT DAWNING FOR ME AND YOU!**

FROM NORTH BAY TO GUADALOUPE
FROM SAN JUAN TO KINGSTON THROUGH
COMES THIS JOYFUL BATTLE - WHOOP!

copyright, 1986 by Farm
Labor
Organizing
Committee

BOYCOTT CAMPBELL'S SOUP!

IT WILL MAKE YOUR SPIRITS DROOP!
IT WILL KNOCK YOU FOR A LOOP!
IT WILL MAKE YOU NINCOMPOOP!

BOYCOTT CAMPBELL'S SOUP!

(chorus)
**DRINK TEQUILA OR WHISKEY,
BRANDYWINE OR BARLEY BREW,
JUST STAY OFF CAMPBELL'S PRODUCTS!
THEY'RE NO GOOD FOR ME AND YOU!**

WORK THAT MAKES A PERSON FREE
NEEDN'T BE COMPULSORY!
WHY SHOULD WORK SUFFER POVERTY?

BOYCOTT CAMPBELL'S SOUP!

- Campbell's Soup
- Mrs. Paul's Frozen Fish
- V-8 Juice
- Prego Spaghetti Sauce
- Vlasic Pickles
- Bounty Products
- Franco-American
- Pepperidge Farm
- Swanson Frozen Dinners
- Campbell's Fresh Farm
- Recipe Pet Food
- Godiva Chocolate
- Hanover Trail
- Pietro's Gold Coast Pizza
- DomSea
- Lexington Gardens Retail Centers
- Merider Farms Gold Nugget
- Le Menu

**BARREN STRAIT TO GUADALOUPE
OLD SAN JUAN TO KINGSTON THROUGH
THEY'RE ALL JOINED IN BATTLE - WHOOP!**

BOYCOTT CAMPBELL'S SOUP!

IT WILL MAKE YOUR SPIRITS DROOP!
SWAT YOU BUMB IN ONE FELL SWOOP!
DON'T BECOME A NINCOMPOOP!

BOYCOTT CAMPBELL'S SOUP!

(chorus)
**DRINK TEQUILA OR WHISKEY,
BRANDYWINE OR BARLEY BREW,
JUST STAY OFF CAMPBELL'S PRODUCTS,
THEY'RE NO GOOD FOR ME AND YOU!**

Space Song

words by
Walter Lowenfels

music by Waldemar Hillis
- circa 10/19/65

REFRAIN: *dim* *gmi* *A7* *D* *A7*

With all of this Star-War talk and what do we
get? An-oth-er dol-lar clos-er to the holes in the
net.

Verses:

1. The "man" had a roc-ket that
2. They're build-ing space capsules with
gave the moon a jolt The day he shot me down for
lots of room to breathe, At a dirty room off South Street is my
try-ing to vote. it's har-der to get a job in the
fly-ing tra-peg. I love the free-world and I
great -- U. S. A. Then to be an as-tro-naut A
love all out-er space, And I'm god-dinx for the moon now right
mil-lion miles a-way.
in this lit-tle piece. (D.C. al fine)



Clandestine leaflet distributed in July '81 in Santiago, Chile encouraging nationwide protest on a specific day and hour. "All together! The caceroles together shall never be silenced!"

Woman Who Wrote Labor Song, Now Frail, Is Still a Fighter

By WILLIAM SERRIN
Special to The New York Times

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. — Florence Reese, who will be 84 years old next month, is a her beautiful, fragile and white. She tried to eat, but, with her stomach ailment, that seemed too much effort. She said she would probably just have coffee.

Then a visitor, Guy Carawan, a singer and folklorist, gave her two presents. One was a pot lid with, Carole had made; the other was a copy of a new record album, "They'll Never Keep Us Down." That is an important record, for it includes a recording of Mrs. Reese singing the song she wrote in 1911, "Which Side Are You On?" The song, the anthem of mining and of the American labor movement, contains this famous verse:

They say in Harlan County,
There are no neutrals there;
You'll either be a union man,
Or a thug for J. H. Blair.
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?

Mrs. Reese has always been a fighter. "I will get better," she said.
Florence Reese and her song are

part of the rich folklore of the American labor movement.
"Florence symbolizes that ordinary people out of their own life experience can capture in simple words and feelings the essence of struggle," Mr. Carawan says.

Organizing Mine Workers
In the 1930's Mrs. Reese and her husband, Sam, and their seven children lived in Harlan County, on the side of Big Black Mountain in eastern Kentucky. Sam Reese was an organizer for the United Mine Workers of America.

That was a time and a place of great coal wars, and in 1933 an especially bitter fight broke out. The operators were allied with the high sheriff, John Henry Blair; the deputies were nothing more than company policemen.

Five hundreds of deputies arrived at the Reese's home and carried Sam Reese off to jail. He was let out, but the deputies, with pistols and rifles, stalked out the Reese house. Sam knew if he came home, he would be gunned down. He stayed in the mountains.

Florence did not know where Sam was and was sick with worry. She decided to write a song, and set the words to the music of an old Baptist hymn, "Lay the Lily Low."

Oh, workers, can you stand it?
Oh, tell me how you stand
Or will you be a thug man?
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?

About 1938, Pete Seeger, an "inger young college dropout; writing to learn music songs" learned the song from Tillman Child, a coal miner then living in New York. In 1941 it was recorded by the Almanac Singers, of which Mr. Seeger was a member, and the fore-runner of the Weavers. This version made the song famous.

Born April 12, 1900, at Shreve (Hopetown), Mrs. Reese grew up in a coal camp at Fork Ridge, Tenn. She met her future husband when she was 15. Her mother opposed a wedding. Her father, a coal miner, had been killed the year before in a slate fall, and her mother said Sam Reese could not take her daughter. But that December the two crossed the state line to Kentucky, where her mother's opposition was not needed, and got married.

The two were married for 54 years, until Sam Reese died in 1973 of pancreatic cancer, or black lung. It was Mrs. Reese who in 1981 in "Against the

Current," a collection of her poems and stories, "not half long enough."

Mrs. Reese has always talked for miners, at the grocery store, the laundromat, at rallies. One of the memorable scenes in the academy-award winning documentary film, "Harlan County, U.S.A.," a study of the 1974 Braxton, Ky. coal miners' strike, was Mrs. Reese exhorting strikers and singing her song.

The new album is notable because, according to Mr. Carawan, it is the first time Mrs. Reese has been recorded singing. "Which Side Are You On?" The recording was made by Mr. and Mrs. Carawan in 1980 at Mrs. Reese's home in Fountain City, Tenn.

The songs were collected by the Carawan staff members at the Highlander Research and Education Center, in New Market, Tenn., which works for social and economic change in Appalachia.

A few days after presenting Mrs. Reese with the album at the hospital, Mr. Carawan, on the telephone, said he had good news.

Mrs. Reese, as she had said, was better and was home. She was, she said, as spry as an ever.



Florence Reese

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?
Revised by Dave Lippman

Em
Come all you good people
Bm
Good news I will confide
Bm *Em*
El Salvador is winning
Bm
And we're fighting by their
Em
Chorus:
Em *Bm* *Em*
Which side are you on?
Bm *Em*
Which side are you on? (2X)

They say that in El Salvador
There is no neutral zone
You're either with the FMLN
Or a thug for D'Abuissou

Oh workers can you stand it
Oh tell me how you can
Will you load these tools of death
Or lend us all a hand

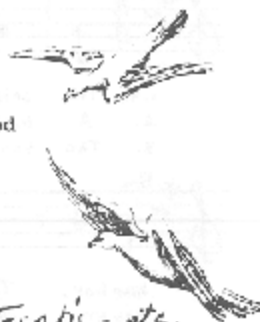
Don't listen to the President
Don't listen to his lies
We'll stop his intervention
Only if we organize
(Florence Reese/ revised)

Vengan gente buena, buenas nuevas hay
El Salvador triunfando, nosotros apoyando
Coro:
¿De que lado estas? (4X)
Que en El Salvador, no hay zona neutral
Estas con la vanguardia, o con D'Abuissou
Coro

Obreros, campesinos, no toleren mas
A la dictadura las armas tumbaren
Coro
No escuchan a Reagan, solo aliente mente
Juntos pararemos, maldita intervencion.

Climbing Jacob's Ladder

Pete Seeger

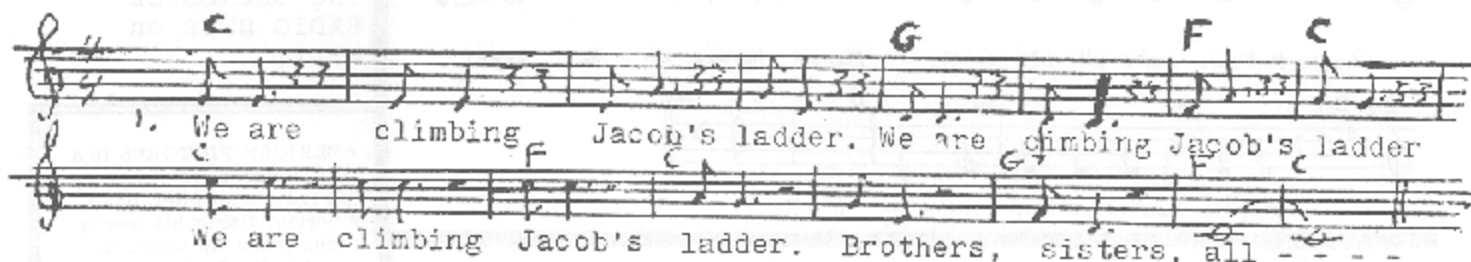


The best songwriting I was able to do in the year of '73 was to find three words which could be used for a new last line to this old Afro-American "spiritual". The older line "soldiers of the cross" is fine, but I wanted to sing it for many different kinds of people, reminding them that heaven (and revolutions) are neither achieved in one big bang, nor throwing open of gates. I give it here in the key of C, though a group of women might prefer it a shade lower. And for a crowd that is really warmed up I'd do it in D, urging all that this kind of music is ideal to learn to harmonize. After all, this is what musicians can teach the politicians: not everybody has to sing the melody.

Since I have along necked 12-string guitar tuned low, I can use a D tuning, but it sounds in C, and I start a strong rhythm on just the lowest pair:

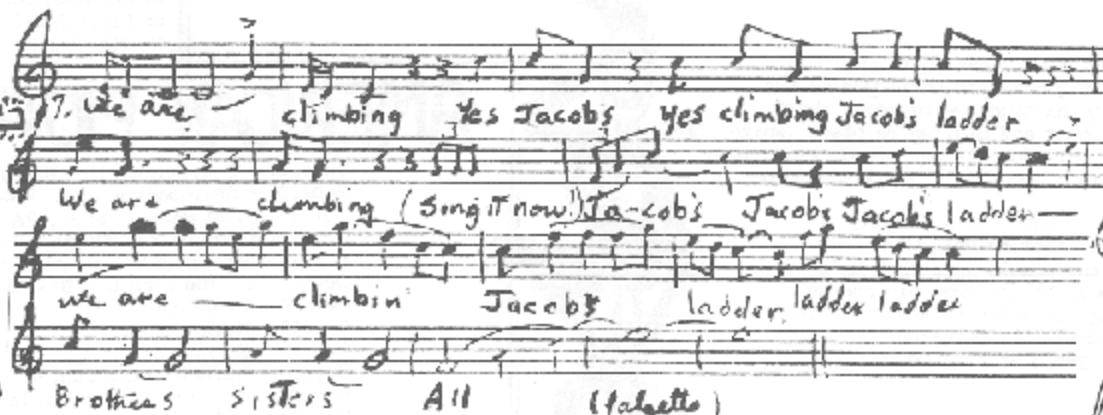


I know most songbooks give the song in 3/4 time, but 4/4 gives me a few extra seconds to feed the new words and verses, and exhort basses, altoes, etc. to all do their best. Arlo Guthrie and I often close a concert with it. Note the fancy harmony in the last two measures. Of course no two verses will have exactly the same melody, (see "variation") and verses may be added or subtracted. This is traditional. It's traditional also for tempo to stay rock steady.



- 2. Every rung goes higher, higher
Every rung goes higher, higher
Every rung goes higher, higher
Brothers, sisters, all.
- 3. Every new one makes us stronger, et
- 4. Struggles long but hope is longer
- 5. People all need jobs and justice
- 6. We are dancing Sarah's circle

(Only the first two verses here are from "The original". I and others have added the rest. Unless you have some super singing, usually five or six times through is a-plenty. I usually repeat verse 1 at the end.



Free Harbors

© COPYRIGHT 1987
BY RAY KORONA

MODERATELY



1. The ships roll out and the ships roll in and the sun shines on the
 2. A boat sails off from the cur's wing shore for a new world to dis-
 3. The sea knows more than we think she knows and her an-ger can be



harbor. They carry silk and chocolate creams and lost souls chasing
 cover where flowers bloom way out on the blue that unknown islands
 mighty. The continents will fall to her waves and dig the bombers



dreams. But
 grew. But (be-ware of the ships that would melt down the sea with
 graves. So



bombs that can make all life cease. May our harbors all be free;



May the waters always dance in peace.

SUBMITTING SONGS TO BROADSIDE IS EASY

just send in your song, along with a legible lead sheet, and it will be considered for publication. It may be given to one of our guest editors for a special issue, or it may be used for one of our regular issues. If you send in a really good quality recording we may even play it on the BROADSIDE RADIO HOUR on WBAI!

AMERICAN PICTURES is a film by Jacob Holdt about his travels through black America. Using his nearly three thousand slides he graphically depicts the slave like conditions many blacks in the south live under right now. The film has music by Phil Ochs, Hooty Near, Taj Mahal, and others also. It is a powerful and hard-hitting film narrated by Mr. Holdt who is usually on hand after screenings for questions. If it is in your area it is a must. If you would like to arrange a screening or for information contact Mr. Holdt at (212) 253-5357, 119 Ave. D, New York, NY 10009.

Ronnie Ain't

by Annie Levie and Ruth Goldbaum

to the tune of "Down By The Riverside"

Ronnie ain't my president
 He wants to raise my rent
 Take away my last red cent
 Buy himself a new trident
 Ronnie ain't my kind of guy
 Maybe cause he's so damn sly
 Ronnie ain't my president

Ronald Reagan he's a jerk
 Half the country's out of work
 Working folks are tired of it
 "So take your bull and kindly shove it"
 One more year until you're out
 Then we can all sing and shout
 Ronnie ain't my president

CHORUS

We ain't gonna rest until you're out
 We ain't gonna rest until you're out
 We're gonna sing, we're gonna shout
 We're young and old, we're black, white, brown
 Better get your ass out of our sweet town
 (We) ain't gonna rest until you're out

Roagan, Roagan, he's no good
 Send him back to Hollywood
 Cause the people know that he's
 "A sleeze he can keep his cheese"
 Working folks don't want you here
 Get yourself a new career
 Better yet just disappear

CHORUS



AMERICAN PICTURES

- Sept. 27 - Georgetown U., Washington D.C.
- Sept. 28 - Smithsonian Inst. Washington D.C.
- Oct. 4 - U. of Penn, Phila., PA
- Oct. 7 - Swarthmore College, Phila. PA
- Oct. 10 - Brandeis U., Boston, MA
- Oct. 11-12 - Harvard U., Boston, MA
- Oct. 15 - Delaware U.
- Oct. 19 - Wesleyan U.
- Oct. 25 - Cornell U.
- Oct. 26 - Buffalo Media Center
- Nov. 2 - Pittsburgh, Democratic Party
- Nov. 10 - Grinnell Coll.
- Nov. 17-18 - Walker Arts Center, Minneapolis

WOMAN FROM SACRAMENTO IN WESTCHESTER

by Ruth Lisa Schechter

she lives at the end of a grey hallway
 she lives with no dog or cat
 she lives in the Holiday Home for the Aged
 she points to a snapshot of herself
 she points to a Beauty Queen, age 18
 she wears a silver crown from Sacramento
 she sits on a faded green chair
 she strums a blue guitar
 she sweats she'll be 92 next June
 she plans to dare make more mistakes
 she plans to swim more rivers
 she plans to travel lighter next year
 she plans to march for women's rights
 she plans to march for peace
 she plans to write her memoirs in French
 she asks me to take her to a concert
 she asks me to take her out
 she smiles with the wise eyes of a child
 she whispers her name is really George Sand
 she tells me to visit soon
 she tells me she'll be in the same room.

FLIGHT 007 by Maxwell Corydon Wheat, Jr.

"Korean Air 7. Anchorage Center.
 How do you read?"

The 747 is two hundred and eighty-two nautical miles out.
 The answer is not clear.
 From the cockpit,
 The words are falling away.
 The engines drone southwest.

Neeva Checkpoint,
 Five hundred and ninety-three nautical miles farther out.
 The pilots know they are not making contact.
 They try for the higher frequency.
 The words are falling away.
 The engines drone west.

Two hundred and sixty-nine persons
 Over the missile base on Kamchatka
 Over nuclear submarines in the Sea of Okhotsk
 Over the airfield at Sakhalin

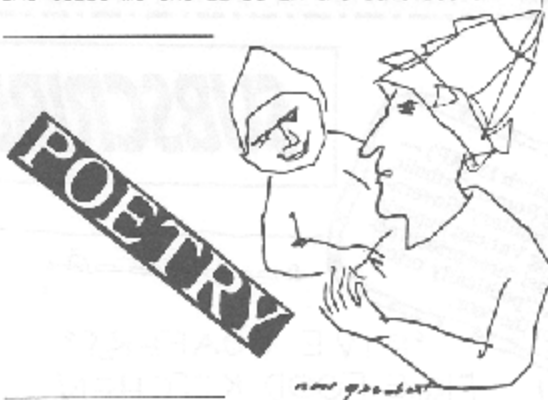
The words are falling away. *cont.*
 The engines drone on. "I'm locked onto the target!"
 No words on the Hot Line. "Go to sleep, Celita,"
 Only words between ground The three-year-old girl's
 and the gunner in the sky. parents say.
 Trained words. "We'll wake you in time."

PEACE DREAMS US AGAIN by Charles Fishman

(for Susan Blake)

Sadness, so easily we banish you
 --all our martyrs risen in our songs
 In this house the shadows are friendly
 and the fires, hopeful candles
 I remember the marches the deaths
 the defeat at each corner, but also
 euphoria in your arms, Spirit of Life
 Here, we exile bloodshed,
 ghosts of violence
 Hotel Peace is built again
 from the stones of shattered graves.

Send protest & topical poems
 to: David B. Axelrod & J. C.
 Rand, 194 Soundview Drive,
 Rocky Point, NY 11778. Always
 include a self-addressed,
 stamped envelope for reply.



BIRDS IN THE SMITHHAVEN MALL by Dora Weiss

That indoor high-vaulted rain forest
 was once alive with songs of birds
 in tall cages.
 But they were taken away one day
 to make room for more concessions.
 Now there are more exotic plants, gurgling fountains,
 but shoppers walk by listlessly,
 while the organ in the music store
 grinds out a continuum of pretty tunes.
 In the round for amusements and shows,
 children are playing.
 Some hesitate for a memory of birds,
 then forget again.

DADDY by Amy Rothholz

He whistles down the block, drops
 paper and briefcase as I
 fling my taffy-like body
 against a striped suit, dripping
 with subway smells. Though tired,
 he lifts me up. Nobody
 will ever love me more than
 he does. Graying survivor
 of London bombings, childhood
 loneliness--when you were ten
 you mistook your mother for
 a stranger. There was no blood
 to spill for wife either, back
 breaking only from the dull
 sound of my drunken tears that
cont.
 time the fateful
 thunder struck.
 How I wish my feet
 could still
 fit into your
 shirt pocket.



Irish protesters sound a discordant note, while others give the Reagans a warm welcome

Poster available from the Northland Poster Collective
 1519 E. Franklin Ave. S. Minneapolis, MN 55404
 They also have many other great poster for sale,
 including one of Woody Guthrie and his famous quote,
 "I hate a song that tells you you are not any good..."



52nd Psalm

Our president,
 Who art in office,
 holier than thou be thy name.
 Thy weapons come,
 thy will be done,
 here, as it was in Hiroshima.
 Give us this day our daily prayer,
 and forgive us for starving
 as we forgive you for feasting.
 Lead us not into peace talks,
 but deliver us to Armageddon.
 For thine is the nation,
 and the power,
 and the glory,
 for as long as we survive.
 Amen

Timothy J. Rehwaldt

Timothy, along with Ted Kesler, runs the Postcrypt Cafe. Located in the basement of St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, New York City, the Cafe is an intimate setting with a long-running tradition and free admission. Timothy and Ted produced, along with Wally Griffith, the annual Fumald Folk Fest. For information contact Ted Kessler, 210 W. 107th St., Apt. 4A, New York, NY 10025

SUBSCRIBE!

SANTIAGO, Chile, March 13 (AP) -- Chile's highest ranking Roman Catholic official accused the military Government today of ignoring the Vatican appeals by threatening to expel three priests accused of running a "politically oriented" soup kitchen for the poor.

"FIVE LOAFERS" FREE FOOD KITCHEN *MENU*

1. Left Overs
2. Red Bean Soup
3. Hippie Roll
4. Poor Boy Sandwiches
5. Mao Tre Tea
6. Crusty (à la Jean Valjean)
7. Irish (Republican) Stew
8. Water of Affliction
9. Bread of Exile
10. Cake (à la Marie Antoinette)
11. Wine of Insolence or Red Rum ("Murder" spelled backwards)

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We're proud to have you as neighbors in Dioxin Acres.
 Don't mind my slurred speech, coughs or my stammer.
 Get used to it! Soon you'll behave in the same manner.

It's a beautiful place to raise a family in Dioxin Acres.
 The bloody noses, running sores, loss of hair,
 Is never a problem. Don't worry, Don't care.

Stay with, play with us,
 but most of all pray with us
 Here in Dioxin Acres.

Anthony J Summers



Tomorrow

Words, music, Peggy Seeger
Copyright, Ewan McColl Ltd.

I know where my pleasures lie, For pleasures I have many.
Hopes and dreams that carry me through daily care and worry, But
Evry pleasure's touched with pain, Every hope blighted with sorrow.
Nightmare over - takes the dream I've lost sight of tomorrow.

I know where my pleasure lie
For pleasures I have many.
Hopes and dreams that carry me
Through daily care and worry
But every pleasure's touched with grief,
Every hope blighted with sorrow,
Nightmare overtakes the dream,
I've lost sight of tomorrow.

My spirit's dying day by day,
Murdered by warmongers.
That is why I'm here
For I can't bear it any longer.
I've not come to waste my time,
I'm not here to beg or borrow,
I'm here to demand what's mine,
I've come to claim TOMMOROW.

There it is, deep in my mind
When I wake in the morning.
I'm waiting, trembling, listening
For the dread Four Minute Warning.
When I watch the children play
And see only annihilation,
then I know fear has become
A normal part of living.

Nature trains us to survive.
Defend our children's children.
We break the first of human laws
Preparing now to kill them.
Peace is what they say we have,
It feels more like a poisoned arrow,
Striking at our dreams of dreams,
The promise of tomorrow.

You know where your pleasures lie
Will you have time to use them?
Hopes and dreams are empty joys
If we're prepared to lose them.
You who stand and shake your heads
And judge us that we act in error,
Ask yourself, deep in your heart,
"Do you, too, live in terror?"



Broadside

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