

Broadside

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

#182



BEN LINDER, PRESENTE!

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and a whole lot more!

\$2.00

BROADSIDE No. 181

Founded in 1962 by
Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen

EDITORIAL BOARD: Judy Cohen, Sis Cunningham, Greg DeCowsky, Julius Gordon, Vic Sadot

VOLUNTEERS: Meg Davis, Ron Dressler, Marian Firmani, Tony Firmani, Amy Herman, Eileen Palley, Jeff Ritter, Lyda Shuster

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AGE AND YOUTH IN ACTION

• FROM THE EDITORS •

BROADSIDE Magazine has been hitting the stands now for a quarter of a century. This is a fine testimonial to the unflagging efforts of Broadside's founders, Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen, as well as to the publisher, editor and staff who look over operations from them about three years ago.

Now Norman Ross and Jeff Ritter are retiring as editor and publisher, and the reconstituted editorial board has had to do a lot of hard thinking about what it means to continue this long tradition. We like to think of this 25th birthday party as marking the beginning of a new era for people's music. A good start for us would be to let you, the readers and contributors to Broadside, know what we are and what we stand for, in the hopes that you will join us and help us grow for the next 25 years.

Broadside Magazine will continue to publish songs reflecting the diversity of people's culture. As an editorial board, we will select material that is multi-cultural, multi ethnic and multi-racial, representing the ages, abilities, needs and sexual orientations of people today.

We will print songs which speak to the issues of the times from a progressive point of view. We are interested in music which expresses, and assists in, the struggle for political, economic, social and cultural democracy, a democracy in which all the people participate. We all need songs to lift our spirits in times of struggle, to express our emotions and to support us during hard times.

We will publish many styles of music, including folk, nueva cancion, rap, reggae, rock and blues. We will print music by unknown writers, songs by known artists, and popular music that has a progressive spirit.

We will encourage the individuals and communities involved in people's music to do their networking and organizing through Broadside magazine. We will also print articles and columns reflecting the needs and interests of our readers.

The editors of Broadside recognize that even among progressive people there will always be differing positions on various issues. We welcome the submission of material encompassing a wide range of views within these guidelines. The Editorial Board may not endorse every viewpoint printed in Broadside, but we welcome the opportunity to present the people's music community with different points of view. We also welcome letters and other feedback.

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924 Burnet Avenue
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iPresente!

In the villages of Nicaragua, especially in the war zone, the people gather together frequently to eulogize neighbors, friends and family members killed by the *contras*. Each name is pronounced by one of those present followed by the chanting of "Presente" by all.

Words and Music by Mark Levy

©1987 Mark Levy ASCAP

CHO.

He should've known in a war zone Said the White House. Ad'm he knew full well we could not tell Said the contras. Yes, he knew it was true it was our tax-es that blew his life a-way; for his work we say "Ben Lin-der PRE-SEN-TE!"

PRE-SEN-TE! PRE-SEN-TE! PRE-SEN-TE! We land how many in his chosen field went on to work in war While Benjamin ap-plied his skills for peace Called to Ni-car-a-gua to work a-mong the poor. To bring pow-er & light to the farmers in their fight to de-fend their fam-i-lies from con-tra ter-ror (TO CHORUS)

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It includes various musical notations such as triplets, slurs, and dynamic markings. Chord symbols are provided above the staff: Em, A, Bm, F#m, A, Bm, G, F#, Bm, A, Bm, A, G, F#, F#7.

While his country sent the money to torture, kill and maim
He worked hand in hand
with campesinos
Like many North Americans
who left their homes he came
Unwilling to share the blame
for fifteen thousand slain
Whose lives were squandered
by the Yankee dollars.

CHORUS

And it's one more life now taken
by CIA-backed thugs
Who hunger for their day
of rich repression

The people of this country
must know this war is wrong
So for everyone who's gone
the more we all must carry on.

CHORUS

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1987

To the Editor:

In the continuing discussion of the life and death of Benjamin Linder in Nicaragua there is a simple, overriding fact that never seems to penetrate the understanding of correspondents like Representative Connie Mack ("Freedom and an American Death in Nicaragua," letter May 28). Benjamin Linder was a young man who put his life on the line for his beliefs. He committed his skills and efforts wholeheartedly, living with little or no material rewards with people in whom he believed

Somehow, we learn that all the self-proclaimed patriots who worked to help the contras injected themselves as highly paid operatives, whether they actually flew arms in for salaries or bonuses or were the big money generators and manipulators of Swiss bank accounts described in the Congressional hearings. This country doesn't have much better to offer than the idealism, generosity and bravery of young people like Benjamin Linder.

EDWARD HANDMAN
New York, June 1, 1987

For information on Mark Levy's records and tapes, including "Take Off Your Clothes," call or write to:

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P.O. BOX 559, FELTON, CA 95018
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Gippergate Blues (I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG)

Words and Music by Barbara Dane

© 1986 Arkoville Prod. Inc.

Gippergate Blues can be heard on Barbara Dane's 12 inch 45 rpm recording from Arkoville Records, which can be purchased by sending \$5 to: Dreamnight Music, 2122 Lake Shore Avenue #409,

Oakland, CA 94606.

DIXIELAND BLUES STYLE

I HAVE- N'T DONE A-NY-THING WRONG AND I'LL NEVER DO IT A- GAIN I HAVE- N'T DONE
A-NY-THING WRONG SINCE I CAN'T RE-MEM- BER WHEN WHAT DID I KNOW? WHEN DID I KNOW IT?
WHAT I REALLY WANNA KNOW IS HOW DID I BLON IT? I HAVE- N'T DONE A-NY-THING WRONG AND I'LL NE- VER DO IT A- GAIN

I haven't done anything wrong ...
While I was in the garden
Patting turkeys on the head
Colonel North was in the cellar
Shredding fast as he could shred.
I haven't done anything wrong ...

But I can't see
Why you think something's funny,
The contras got the guns
And the Israelis got the money.
I haven't done anything wrong ...

Why doesn't anyone
Believe what I say?
Why is my nose
Getting longer every day?
I haven't done anything wrong ...

But we've got to find the culprit
So don't call the police,
I gave the hunting license
To my pal Ed Meese
I haven't done anything wrong ...

Well they say one monkey
Don't stop no show
So hang on, shucks, baby
Please don't go!
I haven't done anything wrong ...



Greg DeCunsky

Professor Louie, New York City's progressive rapper, gives his opinion of Ronald Reagan in "Western Movie" (See PMN stories, pp. 14-15.)

Are You A Friend Of Broadside?

As always, BROADSIDE counts on its readers for crucial support. May we suggest some ways that you could help BROADSIDE to grow and thrive: (1) subscribe, (2) buy a dozen or more copies to sell to your friends or your favorite record or book store (or buy 50 or more copies at discount rates), (3) get your community or university library to subscribe, (4) organize a benefit concert in your community with local musicians, subscription promotion flyers, and copies of BROADSIDE to sell, (5) if you know DJs with radio shows that play topical songs, ask them to mention BROADSIDE and our subscription rates and address, (6) if you have other ideas, let us know about them. Your support is vital to this kind of non-profit all volunteer publication, and we will be most appreciative of any effort you can do in the friends of BROADSIDE network.



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JOHNNY PUNKINSEED

by Gordon Friesen

"THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA" . . . When I was a kid we lived in poverty and misery on a farm in western Kansas near Dodge City. Mother Nature made it hard for us. In the winter it was fierce dust storms, one summer it was a plague of grasshoppers — billions on billions of them darkened the sky, destroying our wheat crop, almost ready for harvest.

My older brother ran away from home as soon as he could make it. He lied about his age and enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps. His graduating boot camp was divided in two. One half was sent to Nicaragua to hunt and kill the "bandit" Augusto Sandino (the murder mission succeeded, but it was from this patriot that the Sandinistas got their name). The other contingent of Marines, which included my brother Eddy, was shipped to Shanghai. Arriving there they were given a briefing by the fiery Marine General Smedley Butler. "Forget all that bullshit about the glory and honor of your country," he said. "You are here for one purpose and one purpose only, and that is to guard the tanks of the Standard Oil Company."

WELCOME BACK . . . The US music world is witnessing a strong resurgence of protest songs, which flourished so widely in the 60s and early 70s. Then apathy set in and protest songwriters such as Tom Paxton and Eric Andersen had to go abroad to make a living. Sammy Walker, unable to get bookings in his native land, was reduced to clerking in an upstate New York country store. Yet he was greeted with



open arms when he made an 18-concert tour in Italy and Austria.

Now protest songs are back in full force in America. The hottest thing now is the hard-rock band U-2. For a series of four U-2 concerts, 80,000 tickets were sold out in four hours. Their hit song protests the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King. Another rock band that is hotter than a two-dollar pistol is the quintet GREEN ON RED. They, too, first found their audience in Europe. They draw their ideas from an Oklahoma friend of ours, the late novelist Jim Thompson. On a new GREEN ON RED album, "The Killer Inside Me," they tell us what "those good old days" were really like:

*Fourteen hours of hell for one day's pay
They might hang you for the color of your skin
Or if they don't like the church you're in.*

The song "Mighty Gun" details:

*The way the West was really won.
Plenty of cheap labor and the mighty gun.*

The "mighty gun" slaughtered the Indians and the buffalo.

Here is a verse to a 1930's topical song which is becoming more topical by the moment:

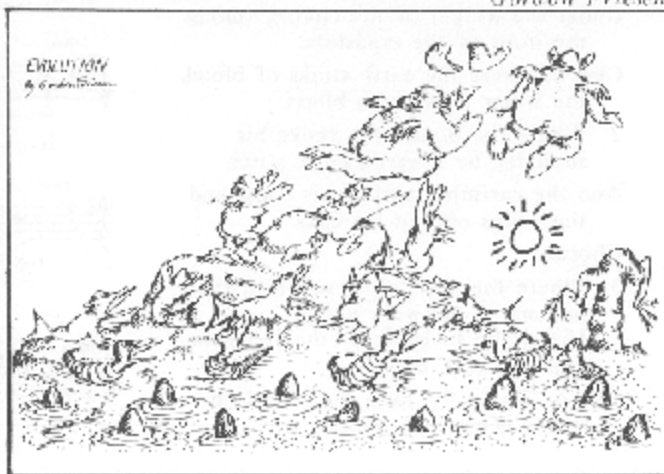
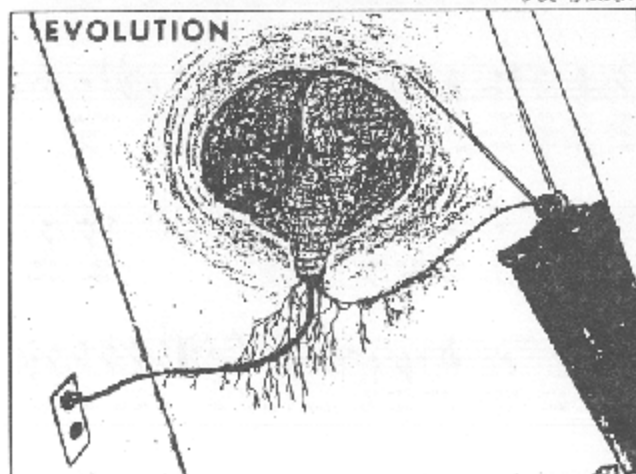
*Homeless, homeless are we
Homeless as homeless can be
We don't get nothin' for our labor
So homeless, homeless are we.*

John Handcox
Black Arkansas sharecropper

EVOLUTION: TWO VIEWS

Joe Sador

Gordon Friesen



Oubao-Moin can be heard on two recordings by Roy Brown: *Distancias*, which is devoted exclusively to the poetry of Juan Antonio Corretjer, and *Casti Alba*. It is an abridged section of a larger poem entitled *Alabanza en la Torre de Gales*.

Corretjer, poet and patriot, died in 1985 at the age of 73, having spent a lifetime in the struggle for Puerto Rican independence. He was imprisoned several times for his political activities, and Corretjer's poetry is a loud cry against all forms of tyranny.

Arboles, a recording that Roy made in Cuba with singer-composer Silvio Rodriguez and his group *Afrocuba*, was released in June of this year.

- 1 The Corozal River of the golden legend.

Chorus: The current carries gold, the current flows with blood.

- 2 The Manatuabón River has the golden legend.

Chorus.

- 3 The Cibuco River writes its name with golden letters.

Chorus.

- 4 Where the tree sinks its roots in golden earth.

Chorus: There the blood flows from the branches; the tree is filled with blood.

- 1 Where the Indian brow bent; be it earth, be it water.

Under the weight of the chains, among the irons of the ergástula.

Chorus: There the earth stinks of blood, the water flows with blood.

- 2 Where the black man broke his shoulder, be it earth, be it water.

And the carimbo marked his body, and the whips opened his back.

Chorus.

- 3 Where the poor white suffered the horrors of the work gang. Under the machete of the foreman, and the work book.

Chorus: There the land is damned, the water flows with poison.

Oubao-moin

© 1972 DISCOS LARA-YARI

Music by Roy Brown

Poem by Juan Antonio Corretjer

Moderato (♩ = ca. 66)

GUITAR INTRO

1. El río de oro en la leyenda,
2. El río de Manatuabón en la leyenda,
3. El río de Cibuco escribe su nombre
con letras de oro.
4. Donde el árbol hunde sus raíces
en la tierra de oro.

1. Donde el indio se dobla la frente,
sea tierra, sea agua.
2. Donde el negro se quebró el hombro,
sea tierra, sea agua.

1. Donde el pobre blanco sufrió
los horrores del trabajo,
bajo el machete del capataz,
y el libro de trabajo.
2. Donde el blanco pobre sufrió
los horrores del trabajo,
bajo el machete del capataz,
y el libro de trabajo.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

musical score with lyrics and performance instructions

a little slower (♩. sec. 60)

OPEN REPEAT *FINE!*

Glory to those Taino hands,
 For they labored.
 Glory to those black hands,
 For they labored.
 Glory to the white hands,
 For they labored.
 Out of these hands,
 our country was born.
 Glory to those hands,
 that they may excavate the mines.
 Glory to those hands,
 that they may care for the livestock.
 Glory to those hands, that they may
 sow tobacco, cane and coffee.
 Glory to the hands,
 may they work the roads.
 Glory to the hands,
 may they turn the wheels.
 Glory to all the hands of all the men
 and women that they may labor.
 And glory to the hands, to all the hands
 that work today, for they create.
 And from them, the new
 liberated country will arise.
 Praise, praise for the hands
 and for their country.
 Praise, praise, praise.



Carl Dean Seaver

These kids from a barrio in Managua are the "terrorists" being killed and maimed by our tax dollars in support of the Nicaraguan contras

I've Been Kissed By A Communist

Words and Music by Dave Gordon

© 1987 Kay Gordon

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols are placed above the notes. The lyrics are as follows:

1. NEV-ER SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE BUS BE- HIND AND TOOK THE BUS DOWN TOWN
 2. NEVER SHOULD HAVE D- PERED UP MY MIND AND LET MY DE- FENSE- ES

3. SHE WAS SIT-TING CROSS THE AISLE WITH A RA- DI- O THAT SAID 'BOT-TOM OF THE SEV-ENTH
 (4.) LOOKED LIKE A GIRL THAT I USED TO KNOW SO I

IN-NING 4. AND SHE ASKED HER 'HEY, WHO'S WIN-NING?' I SHOULD HAVE JUMPED OFF THE BUS
 CALLED THE FEDS WHEN SHE SIM- PLY SMILED AND SAID 'THE REDS!'

I'VE BEEN KISSED BY A COM-MUN- IST SAW HER NAME ON A GOV-ERN-MENT LIST

FEL-Low TRAV-LER AND AN AC- TI- VIST NOW HOW CAN I E- VER GO HOME? SHE WAS

KNOWN TO BE FRIEND-LY WITH A PER-SON WHO WAS FRIEND-LY WITH A PER-SON OF THE PINK PER-SUA- SION AND I

E-VEN WAS SUS-SECT-ED THAT SHE ONCE PRO- TEST-ED THE BAY OF PIGS IN WA- SHING-TON

Dave Gordon was a master of songwriting and musicianship. He was born in a small mid-Ohio town, blind from the age of three but with more vision than many can muster. His expected but no less tragic death came in 1986 at the age of thirty-four, from cancer.

Dave began his professional career twelve years ago, and recorded his first album in 1979 for an independent record company. He went on to record four more albums, and left a wealth of unreleased material, including this song. During his career, his

songs portrayed stories. Sad, funny, happy and poignant. You would be singing through tears and he would always stick in some irony or downright silliness to make you laugh. As to what he was trying to do with his music: he was trying to interweave tragic realism with a thread of hope and laughter. He was able to devote his life to his craft, never forgetting that practice is a vital part to songwriting and playing music.

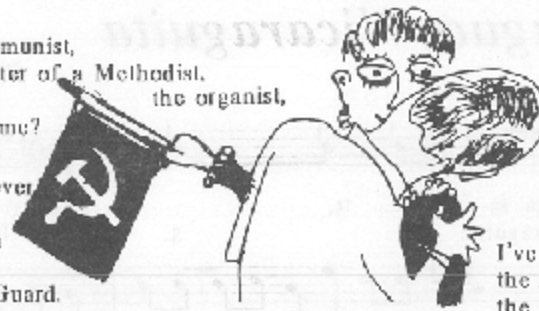
Kay Gordon

I've been kissed by a Communist,
thought she was the daughter of a Methodist,
Sunday school teacher and
now how can I ever go home?

How was I to know
that she was in disguise, never
showing her union cards?
Guess I should have known
that I'd be compromised
if I lowered my National Guard.
She said she liked to cook,
and I liked to eat,

so I followed her home to her high rise.
Sat there playing with her parakeet,
while she fixed us a couple of Mai-tais.
Then my hair stood up, my toenails curled,
when her parakeet sang "We Are The World."

I've been kissed by a Communist,
had a short wave transmitter hanging from her wrist,
Crumbled in the clutches of an anarchist,
now how can I ever go home?



Julie Gordon

It was gettin' quite distressin'
eating Russian dressin'
and I should have been
a little more leery,

She got my stomach for a start,
then she captured my heart,
and they fell like the domino theory.

I've been kissed by a Communist,
the Air Force will never let me re-enlist,
the Comrades will never let me coexist,
now how can I ever go home?

When there's a moon involved, never fall in love
without hiring a good detective,
cause you'll be spending your days
where the balalaika plays,
working on a big collective.

I've been kissed by a Communist,
saw her name on a government list,
hard as I tried I couldn't resist,
now how can I ever go home?

Means of Production

In the last column, I touched on the importance of developing a political perspective as a producer, in addition to producing political cultural events. How is it possible to incorporate such a perspective into producing an event?

The first and most important step is to clarify objectives, i.e. why are you organizing this event? While fund-raising is one important goal, I believe that cultural events have the potential to accomplish much more. They can provide an opportunity for people to appreciate the power and beauty of artistic expression; bring different communities together around a common issue; provide information and rallying support for a cause; and increase the visibility of an organization in the community.

Once you've identified your most important goals, you can plan your event accordingly. Defining what you want to do inevitably will affect how you do it. Most often you will be pursuing a combination of goals, sometimes in

conflict with each other. As an obvious example, you wouldn't produce a concert to raise funds and consciousness around anti-apartheid featuring an artist who performed in South Africa.

But suppose your production committee decides that fund-raising, networking and audience building are the most important goals of the event. Here we have the potential for a lot of conflict. Someone suggests a relatively high ticket price: "After all, it's a benefit, people will pay to support the cause." Someone else may argue that a prohibitive price will exclude a lot of the target audience.

How to decide? First, *prioritize* your goals, including short and long term objectives. If you face a deadline for raising a certain amount of money, then fund-raising is an important short term goal. Audience building and networking, on the other hand, do not happen overnight.

Be creative and think of all your options. Maybe there are other ways to generate income:

sell ads in a printed program; have a concession stand during intermission; rent tables to other organizations -- an excellent way to network and share resources.

Sliding scale admissions could be another part of the solution -- those who want to and can afford it pay more. Many will when they understand that they are contributing to making the event accessible to others less fortunate financially. Sliding scales avoid the segregation of an audience by price, in which case the rich people sit up front and poor people in the back and balcony.

Maintaining a balance between a quality cultural experience and disseminating information about an issue, cause or organization can also be a source of conflict. We have all sat through programs containing too many speakers, slide shows and a funding pitch, ending up too bored or tired to appreciate the performing artist. This is unfair to the audience and disrespectful to the artist. We often forget that an issue can be ex-

Continued on page 19

Ay Nicaragua, Nicaraguita

© 1981 Carlos Mejía Godoy

AY, NI-CA-RA-GUA, NI-CA-RA-GÜI-TA, LA FLOR MÁS LINDA DE MI OJEO-
 Ay, Nicaragua, Nicaraguita, The flower I loved the most,
 A-ED-NA-DA CON LA BEN-DI-TA, NI-CA-RA-GÜI-TA
 Nourished by the holy water, Nicaraguita,
 SAN-BRE DE DIR-IAN-SEN AY NI-CA-RA-GUA, SOS MÁS DUL-CI-TA,
 The blood of the martyr Diriangen. Ay, Nicaragua, you are sweeter
 QUE LA MIE-LI-TA DE TA-MAGAS PE-RO'A-HO-RA BUE YA SOS LI-
 than the honey of Tamagas. But now that you are free,
 BRE, NI-CA-RA-GÜI-TA TO TE QUITE-RO MU-CHO MÁS PE-RO'A-
 Nicaraguita, I love you much more.

MAS

Ay, Nicaragua, Nicaraguita,
 recibe como prenda de amor
 este ramo de siemprevivas y jilinjoches,
 que hoy florécan para vos
 Cuando yo beso tu frente pura,
 beso las perlas de tu sudor
 más dulcita que las frutitas del tigüilote
 y el jocote tronador.

Ay, Nicaragua, Nicaraguita,
 mi cogollito de pijibay
 mi pasionse enterró en el zurco
 de tu quereacia, como un
 granito de maíz.
 Es tu saliva alaste y dulcita
 como la savia del marañón
 que restana con alegría todo laos dias
 mi rebelda corazón.

Ay, Nicaragua, Nicaraguita,
 Received like a sign of love.
 This bunch of live flowers
 and jilinjoches that today blossom
 for you. When I kiss your pure forehead
 and kiss the pearl from your sweat
 sweeter than tigüilote fruit
 and the thunderous jocote.

Ay, Nicaragua, Nicaraguita,
 My little piece of pijibay.
 My passion was buried in the zurco
 of your loving, like a kernel of corn.
 Is your saliva light blue and sweet
 like the sap of marañon
 that crackles with happiness every day
 my rebel heart.

"Ay Nicaragua, Nicaraguita" is so popular that the song has attained the status of an unofficial national anthem. We reprint here some new verses Pete Seeger recently brought back from Nicaragua.

GLOSSARY

Dirianguen: a legendary Indian, killed by the Spaniards
 Tamagas: a village that which produces a special honey
 Tigüilote, Jocote, Pijibay, Zurco, Marañon: typical fruits
 of Nicaragua and Central America
 Jilinjoches: a typical Nicaraguan flower

Carlos Mejía Godoy sings this song slowly at first, with a free cadence, like an Irish ballad. Then he repeats it with a brisk rhythm. Counter-rhythms, sometimes in 3/4 and at others in 6/8 time, appear in the accompaniment. The effect is not exactly one of syncopation, yet the melodic line shifts gently back and forth across the bar lines.

Ventana: Cultural Tour of Nicaragua

by Arlene Wege

As a member of Ventana, a group committed to promoting cultural exchange between Nicaragua and the United States, as well as solidarity, I have always been deeply impressed on my visits there by the way this tiny, struggling country holds artistic expression in such high regard. Since the Sandinistas came to power in 1979, a massive effort has been undertaken to nurture a national culture that had for so long been denied by the oppressive influence of, at various times in its history, England, Spain and the United States.

Ventana regularly organizes delegations, hosted by the ASTC (Sandinista Cultural Workers Association), and during the January 1987 trip we had many opportunities to hear Nicaragua sing. The first, perhaps most intense of our experiences was a visit to an *asentimiento* (settlement camp) about a mile and a half from the Honduran border, north of the town of Esteli. The people living here are probably some of the poorest in the country and in constant danger of contra terrorism, but when they spotted a guitar in our midst they urged us to share our songs with them.

In a working class *barrio* in the capital city of Managua we attended a Campesino Mass, where joyous music is incorporated throughout the 2-1/2 hour religious service. After some popular folk songs, the congregation joined in the Spanish and English versions of "We Shall Overcome", and even a chorus of "Shalom Aleichem."

Throughout Nicaragua, 32 Centers For Popular Culture (CPC) have been established where every stratum of the population can learn various means of artistic expression. In the town of Jinotega, the head of the CPC guided us through the prison where he had been tortured by the National Guard prior to the triumph of the revolution. Later, we attempted a few steps of the mazurka which

he played simultaneously on guitar and harmonica. Then he sang a beautiful ballad about Sandino, the legendary hero of the Nicaraguan revolution.



The ASTC also arranged for one of the country's most popular musical groups -- *Igni Tawanka* -- to join us one evening at our *hostelito*. Much of their music is influenced by native Atlantic Coast culture, which includes three indigenous tribes, two English-speaking Creole nations and the Spanish-speaking Mestizos. Prior to 1979, the Atlantic Coast was harshly exploited, first by the British and then the U. S., while almost totally isolated from the larger population of western Nicaragua. Since we were scheduled to return home before their next concert, the members of *Igni Tawanka* invited us to attend a proper rehearsal. These are people serious about their music, and even after entertaining us for three hours, they wanted to be sure we saw them perform as professionals.

Carl Hornberger, of Newark, Delaware, has traveled and photographed extensively in Nicaragua and Costa Rica. He found this smiling coffee picker at the end of a hard day's work.

Of all such experiences that come to mind, one moment in particular stands out. One morning a member of our group was determined to learn the words to the Sandinista Hymn, now more popular than their national anthem. Sonia, one of the *hostelito* kitchen staff, was asked if she would help us. Without hesitation, she came to the breakfast table and sang with much feeling the song that means the most to the Nicaraguan people. This scene didn't make its full impact until one of us suggested that we imagine a busy hotel employee in America happily dropping a dishtowel and bursting into a sincere rendition of our impossible Star Spangled Banner.

The Nicaraguans are determined to sing their own song. It is worth visiting this very special country to hear them for yourself.

Arlene Wege is an actress and active member of Ventana. For more information about delegations to Nicaragua, call (212) 427-4027, or write to: Ventana, c/o NSP, 339 Lafayette Street, New York, NY 10012. □



SONG OF THE OPPRESSED

Words and Music by Hanisch
© 1978 Carol Hanisch

From our hands comes the labor that brings fruit from the earth. And when we break our chains how we fly, how we fly! And from our minds come creations that make life better for us all. And when we break our chains how we fly, how we fly! We know the strife and the dark of the night, and when we break our chains how we fly, how we fly! From our lives comes the knowledge to know where we must go, and when we break our chains how we fly, how we fly! From our necessity comes the courage to fan the winds of change, and when we break our chains how we fly, how we fly! From our anger comes the power to push our way on through, and when we break our chains how we fly, how we fly! They cannot keep us forever locked up and on our knees, and when we break our chains how we fly, how we fly! In our history is the promise that we will be free, and when we break our chains how we fly, how we fly! As we grasp the future with our hands and with our minds, and when we break our chains how we fly!

From our hands comes the labor
That brings fruit from the earth
And when we break our chains
how we fly, how we fly!
And from our minds come creations
That make life better for us all,
And when we break our chains
how we fly, how we fly!
We know the strife
And the dark of the night,
And when we break our chains
how we fly, how we fly!

From our lives comes the knowledge
To know where we must go,
And when we break our chains
how we fly, how we fly!
From our necessity comes the courage
To fan the winds of change,
And when we break our chains
how we fly, how we fly!

From our anger comes the power
To push our way on through,
And when we break our chains
how we fly, how we fly!

They cannot keep us
Forever locked up and on our knees,
And when we break our chains
how we fly, how we fly!

In our history is the promise
That we will be free,
And when we break our chains
how we fly, how we fly!

As we grasp the future
With our hands and with our minds,
And when we break our chains
how we fly!



FRANK WALKER '79

The dedication in the Redstockings book, FEMINIST REVOLUTION, inspired this one: to all the oppressed of this earth whose dynamism and strength is stolen for exploitation by others and who fly when they break their chains.
C. H.

"Song of the Oppressed" is reprinted from Carol's songbook "FIGHT ON SISTERS" -- twelve radical feminist songs, available from her at: P. O. Box 7, New Paltz, NY 12561. She also founded and edited MEETING GROUND, a feminist journal, for many years. Write for information on back issues. Look for articles on her visit to Nicaragua in future issues of Broadside.



Supreme Court Reaffirms Rejection of a Reagan Tenet

WASHINGTON

It was not only the Supreme Court's most sweeping endorsement of affirmative action after nine years of agonizing, splintering and sawing on the issue. It was also a stunning setback to the Reagan Administration's last-ditch effort to turn back the kinds of preferences for women and minorities that thousands of employers already have in place.

Last week the Supreme Court ruled against him, 6 to 3, in its first decision ever involving sex-based affirmative action. Justice William J. Brennan Jr.'s majority opinion went beyond the Court's previous approval of racial preferences as a remedy for discrimination. He made clear that for the first time employers may give preference as long as the purpose is to erase a "manifest imbalance in traditionally segregated job categories" — a common situation.

The decision, while cautioning against "blind hiring by the numbers," will protect many voluntary and nonvoluntary affirmative action plans from reverse discrimination suits. It caps a series of five decisions in a year that have shredded the arguments of the Administration, which filed a brief supporting Mr. Johnson, in favor of a "color-blind" and "sex-blind" law.

In his most scathing dissent, Justice Antonin Scalia, joined by Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist and Byron R. White, said the Court has turned Title VII into "a powerful engine of racism and sexism" — the losers being "unknown, unaffluent, unorganized" white males.

STUART TAYLOR, Jr.

BETTY FRIEDAN

All the decision did was give a signal to employers and men that despite what the Reagan Administration has been trying to do, American industry and business must continue to work on the principle of equal employment opportunity. I think it's a very, very important decision because with the Reagan Administration there has been a consistent gutting of the machinery enforcing the laws on sex discrimination in employment.

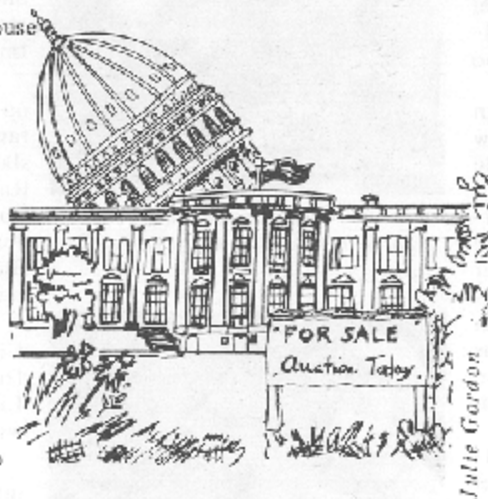
GOING, GOING GONE

© 1987 Joe Hill Music (ASCAP)
Words and Music by Si Kahn

THE SCENE WAS SO FA-MIL-IAR WITH FARM-ERS ALL A-ROUND THE AUCT-ION-GER WAS STAND-ING THERE
BROUGHT HIS HAM-MER DOWN HE START-ED OFF THE BID-DING, THE CROWD LET OUT A ROAR, 'CAUSE THEY HEARD SOME-THING ON THAT DAY
THEY'D NE-VER HEARD BE-FORE (HE SAID) WHAT AM I BID ON THE WHITE HOUSE, C'MON BOYS DON'T BE SLOW, THEY O-VER SPENT THEIR CRE-DIT SO
THEY CAN'T LEARN TO MAN-AGE, IT'S TIME THEY'RE MOV-ING ON, THE LEAD-ERS OF THIS COUN-TRY ARE
THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO GO, IF GO-ING GO-ING GONE.

CHORUS

What am I bid on the White House
Come on boys, don't be slow
They've overspent their credit
So they'll just have to go
If they can't learn to manage
It's time they're moving on
The leaders of this country
Are going, going, gone
He said, Let's start the bidding
With that Congress on the hill
They're awful good at spending
They just don't pay their bills
But with a little honest work
They'll be as good as new
I've heard they're handy
on the farm
Once you show them what to do
CHORUS



Then the crowd grew silent
You could hear a needle drop
He motioned up the White House
And put it on the block
But no one bid a nickel
They just stared so hard and cold
'Cause you can't bid on something
That's already bought and sold
CHORUS
When the sale was over
I sure did thank my luck
I paid for both my Senators
And put them in the truck
Now one has gone to milking
And one has gone to seed
By wintertime they'll understand
Just what the farmers need
CHORUS

CORRECTIONS

The following was inadvertently omitted from our last issue:

The song, "Historic Capture of Mother Jones," was inspired by a folk poem said to have been written by a man named Bill Rogers and recited at Mine Union meetings in the early part of this century. A number of verse lines - and all of the third verse - were taken from the poem.

Sis Cunningham

According to a survey by the American Bankers Association, 141,000 farms were lost in the United States in 1986 alone to bankruptcy, foreclosure or voluntary liquidation. That's 387 farms per day, or one every 7 minutes. It has been predicted that by the end of this century, all farm lands will be consolidated to 10,000 holdings, all owned by agribusiness corporations. For a study on the farm crisis, and a copy of Sen. Harkin's Family Farm Act, designed to save the family farm in this country, write to: Prairie Fire Rural Action, 550 11th Street #200, Des Moines, Iowa 50309.

PEOPLE'S MUSIC NETWORK FOR



The Disabled in Action Slagers belt out a song for the Round Robin. Left to right: Fretta Zames, Amy Emerman, Sidney Emerman, Michael Imperoli, Sam Anderson, Eric Levine, and Ann Emerman.

SONGS OF HUNGER AND HOMELESSNESS

This workshop featured loads of good songs. Six Cunningham sang her timeless ballad "How Can You Keep On Movin'?" Bev Grant and Frank Negron sang Bev's powerful song "San Antonio" about the mutual suicide of a homeless couple after the Texas oil boom ended. The note read: "We're hard-working people but there ain't no work around."

The striking diversity within the workshop pointed up how many different kinds of people are in trouble in our country. Martha Older sang of the Hopi-Navajo relocation. Bobbie Wayne jolted us with this line from her song about a determined Irish-American named Annie who must wash herself in public washrooms or not at all: "It's hard enough to look for work and harder when you stink!"

There were songs about a volunteer "social worker" for street people, about impoverished artists and gouging landlords, songs about hobo life and Heidi Muller's "Jesse's Carol," about Seattle street life at Christmas, songs about poverty in mid-nineteenth century London and New York today, and one about aging with the line, "Aging in America leaves you all alone, such a shame we have to find out on our own" (This was just a sample from my incomplete notes -- apologies to those who were not mentioned). Let's repeat this workshop every session!

Steve Sedberry



Lydia Adams Davis, leading the "Ecology" workshop, performs her song "Lake Erie."



Charlie King regales the long-lost "Humorous Songs" workshop with "Decals."

Photographs by Greg DeCowsky

More than 250 progressive players, singers, song writers and cultural workers showed up for this year's summer meeting of the People's Music Network for Songs of Freedom and Struggle at Camp Thoreau. The camp, situated near Walden, in New York's Shawangunk Mountains, brimmed over with banjos, guitars and other assorted instruments during the weekend of June 5-7.

PMN/SFS promotes the development of progressive "people's music" by providing outlets for new music and opportunities for musicians to meet, swap songs and enhance their production and business skills. Local PMN/SFS groups have come together in the New York-New Jersey area and elsewhere (if you're part of one, please send us a report!).

WORKSHOPS GALORE

Daylight hours were occupied with various workshops, focusing on new songs, musical performance, and others matters of importance for people's musicians.

Faith Nolan led the workshop on Songs of Peace and Justice, ranging from a song alerting slaves about the Underground Railroad (Old Tar River) to the true story of a young German soldier who refused to make war (Ballad of Josef Schultz) and the consequences of his decision.

Matt Jones led a workshop on Civil Rights. The origins and performance of songs such as "This Little Light of Mine" and others were discussed and demonstrated.

Ted Warmbrand was a mine of information for those interested in Concert Production. Everything from fees to sound equipment to programs to setting ticket prices was discussed in detail.

One of the highlights Sunday morning was the sight of Charlie King and Mark Levy acting as Pied Pipers for a ragged looking band of folks waiting for a workshop on humorous songs. Rain had driven them from the soccer field -- their original venue -- and they were desperate for a room somewhere, anywhere, to meet. Their patience was well rewarded.

SONGS OF FREEDOM AND STRUGGLE

Workshop organizers brilliantly solved a long-standing problem: how do you provide a place to hear those songs that just won't fit in any of the standard categories? Answer: create a workshop called "Just A Damn Good Song."

ROUND ROBIN

The Round Robin session on Saturday night - in which everyone whose name was drawn from the "hat" got a chance to perform - started at 7:30 PM, and was still going strong at 2:30 AM, when this reporter's eyes closed for the night. Two examples of the many show-stopping performances were "Presente!" (in this issue), Mark Levy's tribute to Ben Linder, and "Garbage In, Garbage Out," a high-tech, hard rock analysis of relationships by Abby Smith and friends. For nostalgia, it was hard to beat "Mama Lion," Sis Cunningham's memorial to Malvina Reynolds.

For more information on PMN/SPS, write to: PMN/SPS, 158 Cliff Street, Norwich, CT 06360.

Tapes of Round Robins and workshops from this and other weekends, as well as other rare recordings of people's music, are available from New Song Library. For availability, price and membership information, write to: New Song Library, P. O. Box 295, Northampton, MA 01601.

Greg DeCowsky
Julie Gordon

ARTISTS' THINK TANK -- THINKIN' ABOUT THE EIGHTIES

About thirty of us discussed three guiding questions: a ground-breaking cultural event we experienced in the past year, our "grand dream" of a cultural project, unrestricted by financial, time or other limits; and finally, the kind of support that would help us move toward that vision.

Many responses addressed the alienation inherent within the cultural forms in which we work. Even a sing along concert splits the audience and performer, allowing listeners to be passive. In



Sis Cunningham and Vic Sadot warm up for the Round Robin.

these mass-media numbed times, active physical involvement in the "show" seems ever more important, as does the "heart" connection and the sweetness



Betsy Rose lays down a few tracks for posterity at the "Humorous Songs" workshop.

Our visions included:

A traveling circus/medicine show which would visit county fairs, farmer's markets and political demos, and offer political entertainment, lectures and information, community rituals and

creative projects; a teenage community chorus, singing original and popular music; workshops in creativity as an alternative to concerts; creation of a community which gathers weekly to celebrate the sacred through art, theater and music -- a sort of ecumenical, non-religious "church", ministered by artists.

A common thread through the discussion was the importance of face-to-face, grass-roots contact, emphasizing that there must be intimacy between artists and audience for profound change to occur. Community-based culture was offered as more valuable than national tours of artists.

In the areas of support, we heard of different retreats and sabbaticals, and the need to live sanely so as to contribute sane art to the world. One person proposed convening a "council" of friends, to sort out decisions or get moving on a stuck project.

I will be writing other articles based on ideas that are generated in other gatherings. I have sent a questionnaire to many artists asking these and other questions. If you would like a questionnaire, or to respond to this brief report, contact me at: P. O. Box 9538, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Betsy Rose

It's A Miracle

© 1987 Peter Krug

VERSE

EAR-LY IN THE MOR-NING WHEN I O-PEN MY EYES AND I SEE THE DAWN SPREAD A-CROSS THE SKIES, THERE'S
JUST NO WAY I CAN E-VER BE- NY IT'S A MIR- A- CLE. OUT- SIDE MY WIN- DOW
BIRDS ARE SING-ING, TREE TO TREE I SEE THEM WING-ING, AND EV- ERY NEW NO- MENT IS

CHORUS

SURE TO BE BRING- ING A MIR- A- CLE. IT'S A MIR- A- CLE THAT THE FLOW- ERS GROW, IT'S A
MIR- A- CLE THAT THE BREE- ZES BLOW, IT'S A MIR- A- CLE THAT THE RI- VERS FLOW FOR
-E- VER TO THE SEA. IT'S A MIR- A- CLE THAT THE RAIN COMES DOWN. IT'S A
MIR- A- CLE THAT THE WORLD TURNS ROUND, AND THE FI- NEST MIR- A- CLE I E- VER HAVE FOUND
IS THE MIR- A- CLE OF YOU AND ME.

You can see it in the wings of butterflies,
You can see it in children's eyes,
So many little things make you realize
It's a miracle.
When summer turns to winter
and the spring rolls round
And little green things poke out of the ground
Every little piece of magic that you have ever found
Is a miracle.

CHORUS

People who run for the dollar bill,
The shiny long car or the house on the hill,
They never seem to notice that the world is filled
with miracles.
Down in you chest your heart is thumping,
Through your body your blood is pumping,
Being alive, now ain't that something?
It's a miracle.

CHORUS

Now in a world of war and hate and killing,
I can understand why some aren't willing
To look at life as a grand and thrilling miracle.
But with all the suffering and all the pain,
And all the dreams that are dreamed in vain,
People get back up and try again --
Now that's a miracle.

CHORUS

A few years ago I lived in a 10' by 12' cabin on a ridge near Occidental. On one side of my bed I had a little wood stove and on the other my electric coffee pot. On cold winter mornings I would stick one hand out of the covers and light the stove, then stick the other hand out and plug in the coffee pot. In ten minutes the coffee would be done and the cabin would be warm. I would sit up in bed and watch the morning sun touch the treetops on the ridge opposite, then creep down the hillside; and I would drink my coffee. With such a luxurious waking-up ritual, I naturally started each day feeling really great. So one morning, while thinking about how utterly marvelous life is, I wrote this song

--Peter Krug

We reprinted *It's A Miracle* from POLKNIK, which is put out every two months by volunteers from the San Francisco Polk Music Club. POLKNIK is a reliable source of good songs like this one, not to mention news of what's going on in people's music, on the West Coast and elsewhere.

You can subscribe to POLKNIK, at \$3 per year, by writing to: SFPMC DUES, 885 Clayton Street, San Francisco, CA 94117. Please include your name, address and phone number.

LONG KESH

© 1983 ASCAP

Words and Music by Matt Jones

6

The musical score for 'Long Kesh' is written in 4/4 time. It consists of four staves of music. The lyrics are: 'I WENT DOWN TO LONG KESH TO SEE BOB- BY SANDS HE WAS NOT THERE BUT HIS SPI- RIT KEEPS ON LIV- ING I CAN SEE HIS SHIN- ING FACE ON THE MEN AND ON THE WO- MEN AND THE CHILD- REN, THEY SANG FREE- DOM SONGS'. The score includes a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). There are some handwritten-style annotations below the lyrics: 'C' under 'FACE', '07' under 'ON THE', and '8' under 'AND ON THE'.

1. I went down to Long Kesh to see Bobby Sands . . .
2. I went down to Atlanta to see Martin King . . .
3. I went to New York City to see Malcolm X . . .
4. I went down to Grenada to see Maurice Bishop . . .
5. I went down to El Salvador to see Oscar Romero . . .
6. I went down to India to see Mahatma Gandhi . . .
7. I went down to Belfast to see Bernadette Devlin
She was there and her spirit keeps on living,
I can see her shining face on the men
and on the women
and the children that sing freedom songs.

Open House Coffee House every Monday, 7 PM at Advent Lutheran Church, Broadway at 93rd Street, New York City. Bring instruments. Round Robin.

The Folk Process is going on all the time every minute. And has been going on for ages. Someone makes up a song, someone else changes a line, adds a verse, improves a little on the tune. A hundred years later, this song may be quite different from the way it was in the beginning. Most likely it has branched out into a number of songs. Sometimes new verses get added right away, or within a few years. The following verses have been added to Matt Jones' "Long Kesh," and were sung at the Open House Coffee house in New York:

1. I went to see Harriet Tubman
under the Northern Star . . .
2. I went to West Virginia to see Mother Jones . . .
3. I went down to Nicaragua to see Sandino . . .
4. I went down to Bolivia to see Che Guevara . . .
5. I went back to Nicaragua to see Ben Linder . . .
6. I went down to the Grassy Waters to see Osceola
7. I went over to South Africa to see Winnie
Mandela, She was there . . .

ELIZABETH COTTON

In life or in death, the thought of Elizabeth "Libba" Cotton has the power to bring joy. True, a touch of sorrow crossed our hearts when we learned she had passed away on June 29. But it is impossible to remain sad when contemplating the triumphs that make up the life of this remarkable woman.

Born in Chapel Hill, NC in 1892, Libba was "discovered" many years later while living and working in the Seeger

household. She began performing publicly in her 60s, when she was already a grandmother. During her public career, her original songs such as "Freight Train" and "Shake Sugaree" achieved worldwide prominence. In 1985 her album of folk and blues songs, "Elizabeth Cotton Live," received a Grammy award. Her guitar picking style was instantly recognizable, for she played a conventionally strung instrument left-handed.

Libba continued to perform until just before she died, at 95. She lay down her guitar for the last time in Syracuse, NY, her home during the last years, and the city that declared her to be its first "Living Treasure."

Of course we'll grieve, and yes, we'll miss her. But while death took her body, Elizabeth Cotton's spirit lives on in her music and our minds. So it's only natural if we smile when we think of her, even now. □

DERBY DINER

© 1987 Beverly Grant

The incident described in this song really took place at the Derby Diner, in Derby, Connecticut. I was travelling with my band, The Human Condition, and we stopped there late one night on our way home from a gig. B. G.

VERSE $\frac{4}{4}$ 3 - 4 A7

1 IT'S SAT-UR-DAY NIGHT IN THE OLD DER- BY DIN- ER AND
 2 'CAUSE WHILE YOU'RE ENDING SATUR- DAY NIGHT IN THAT DI-NER.

D NO- BO-DY WANTS TO GO HOME TRY- ING TO HOLD
 KNOW- ING YOU'LL NE- VE'R GET RICH BLAY- ING THE

A OH TO A WEEK'S WORTH OF GOOD TIMES CUZ YOUR WEEK'S WORTH OF HO- NEY'S BEEN
 YAN HNC BRUSHED UP A-GAINST YOU 'CAUSE YOU CAN'T CLIMB OUT O' THAT

E BLOMY THE MAN RIGHT BE- SIDE YOU IS OR- DER- ING
 DITCH, THE MAN WHO EN- JOYS YOU IS DIN- ING IN

CDF- FEE KNOCKS IN- TO YOUR ARM, WELL SO WHAT? BUT THE
 NIGHT CLUBS WITH HO- NY THAT YOU MADE FOR HIM. AND HE'S

BUYS ARE ALL WATCH- ING YOU PUSHED BY CAD PUER-TO RI-CAN AND HE'S ALL A-
 PUT- SCORNED YOUR MIND BY PAYING YOU MORE THAN I'S PAYING THE

A LONE AND YOU'RE NOT (WHO YA PUSH-ING, SPIC?) LT E-CHOS AND CRACK-LES
 MAN WITH DARK SKIN. A7 D

THE GUYS START TO SNICK-ER AND LAUGH YOU STRIDE OUT TO THE

STREET, THIS DISPUTE TO SETTLE TO THE CRIES OF

CHORUS

A "JOE BREAK HIM IN HALF!" YOU'RE A RED BLOOD- ED FLAG WA- ING
 A FB E A A

SKIN HAT- ING WORK- ING CLASS WHITE MAN AND YOU'RE GET-TING SCREAMED

E A F#

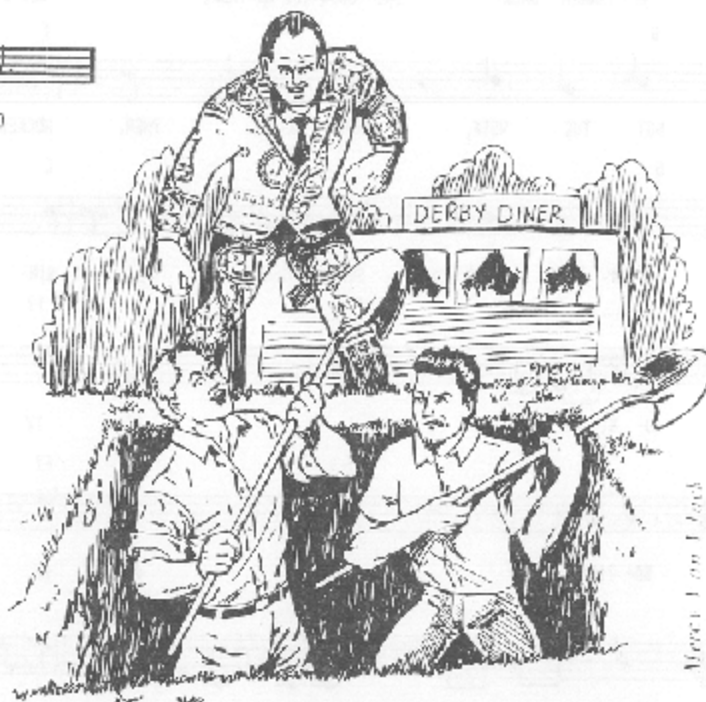
THOUGH YOUR SKIN'S THE SAME CO-LOR AS THE MAN WITH THE DOL-LAR, HE'S

E A

LAUGH-IN' WHILE YOU'RE BE-ING USED

CHORUS

You're a red-blooded, flag-waving,
 skin-hating working class white man
 and you're getting screwed.
 Though your skin's the same color
 as the man with the dollar,
 He's laughin' while you're being used.
 Though your skin's the same color
 as the man with the dollar,
 He's laughin' while you're being used.



Steve Meyers

Means of Production

continued from page 9

pressed very powerfully through song or poetry, which is why we chose a cultural event in the first place. I am not advocating abolishing speakers, etc. from events, but encouraging organizers to hal-
 ance programs to ensure a smoothly run, enjoyable cultural presentation. If you include a funding pitch, be sure it's well organized and that the speaker makes the pitch without taxing the attention span of the audience.

Remember that the first step in planning is to define what you want to accomplish with your event, and then to keep those objectives in mind as you plan all aspects of the program. If you have further thoughts or questions on this subject or others pertaining to the Means of Production, please write to me care of Broadside. □



Greg DeCawk

Despite 7-plus hours of carefully organized mass confusion on stage, the sound crew keeps everything under control during the Round Robin of the People's Music Network conference.

BROADSIDE Needs You! Here's a BROADSIDE worker's wish list. If you want to support us with a contribution beyond your subscription money and your active involvement (see "Friend of Broadside," page 4), we could use the following, or funds to get them: New or used quality portable tape recorder, electric typewriter, IBM-compatible computer, layout light tables, and a graphic arts camera.

UNITY

© 1985 L. Moore, P. Burton



C D7

WE FOUGHT BACK THE COUN-TER AT-TACK, NOW I KNOW WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK

G F

GOT THE VOTE, STUCK TO- GE- THER, ROCKED THE BOAT BEAT THE WEA- THER

G C

DIDN'T NEED MAGIC OR SOR- CER-Y JUST A SIM- PLE THING CALLED U- NI- TY

C F F7 C

U- NI- TY U- NI- TY AN AGE OLD NEW SEN-

F F7 G

SA- TION YOU AND ME IT'S A WIN- NING

C F C

COM- BI- NA- TION!

Propaganda, rhetoric, threats, deceit, treats and tricks,
 Couldn't block the goal in sight, we wouldn't balk,
 we showed our might.

I tell ya, sure feels good to me,
 the flowerin' power of UNITY.

CHORUS

UNITY, an age-old new sensation,
 You and me, it's a winning combination.

Now management's not giving up,
 bluffin', bluster, huff an' puff,
 So even though one battle's won,
 we have only just begun,
 But we won't budge a half degree,
 as long as we have UNITY.

CHORUS

For though there's still a row to hoe,
 our confidence can only grow,
 If we always keep in mind,
 that our numbers all combined,
 For any door provides the key,
 take a guess, yeah UNITY.

UNITY, unbeatable equation,
 Guaranteed to fill my heart with inspiration!
 No more need to press the point,
 'bout the lesson that I've learnt.
 "Stead of wastin' all this time,
 rackin' brain, renderin' rhyme,
 Voulez vous une grande partie,
 to celebrate our VICTORY?
 UNITY, unbeatable equation, etc.
 UNITY, an age-old new sensation, etc.

This song, along with 10 other organized labor rockers with such inspirational titles as "Retroactive Blues," "Rockin' At The Office," and "Attack of the Company Lawyers," can be heard on the tape "Working Verses," by The Dialectics.

The cassette, including printed music and lyrics for all the songs, can be obtained for a mere \$8.88 by writing c/o Larry Moore, 2195 Golden Ave., Long Beach CA 90806 (You can get the cassette alone for \$7.77). Make your checks payable to Larry.

Analysis: The Use Of Music at a Major Political Demonstration

The level of awareness towards the value and use of culture as a component of the April 25th Mobilization reveals the strong commitment established in organizing the April Actions of 1985. Still, it is apparent there is a need for more consideration in planning for future mobilization efforts.

The Mobilization gave serious thought to fundraising via artistic performance. However, the usual problems of stress and understaffing led to a late start at publicity and promotion for a major cultural event that occurred on the evening of Friday, April 24 at the Warner Theater in Washington. This event featured Peter Yarrow as emcee and opening act, internationally renowned artist Odetta, the Andean folk group Rumisonko, and the eminent bluesologist and recording artist Gil Scott Heron with his band,

Amere Jacale. The show was stirring, eclectic and dynamic in satisfying the needs of the audience for statement and entertainment.

Unfortunately, the event failed to raise the funds intended. It should be noted that the person charged with handling the fundraiser was also saddled with the very large task of coordinating the three-stage event on the Ellipse (the vast backyard of the White House) scheduled to begin early the next morning.

Saturday morning's format allotted 3-5 minutes for speakers and 10-12 minutes for performers. On an unusually cold and windy day, a persistent rain greeted every attempt by technicians and participants to proceed with the open-air event. No covered areas were designated for frozen-fingered guitar pickers to warm up. Tuning was done against a backdrop of taped music from loudspeakers. But the Mobilization carefully selected and staged the performances. Speakers and performers represented a broad range of cultures from religious, labor, ethnic and international liberation movements.

At about 12:30 the assembled masses began marching toward the Capitol, where a rally of great import took place from 2:00 to 6:00 PM, despite weather-created delays and difficulties. Although local media estimated the attendance at 75,000, at least 130,000 arrived on buses from cities, small towns and rural areas, representing a great cross-sectional participation from around the United States.

The emcees at the Capitol rally included June Jordan, Ed Asner, Ruby Dee and Lynn Cutler. The rally kicked off with Jamaican reggae artist Peter Broggs backed by the Frontyard Band. Keynote speaker Jesse Jackson, President of the Rainbow Coalition, followed gospel singer Whitney Phipps' glorious contribution. Jackson appealed to the assembly's talent, skills and spirit to be applied anew and refreshed for the victory "that

is surely ours" as we create a just world. From Brooklyn came the rap-beat group Stetsasonic. They gave a rollicking performance, transforming the overcast environment into an arena of dancing, youthful enthusiasm. Jackson Browne performed with a four-piece acoustic band of Andean and North American Native musicians, while Holly Near did a wonderful *a cappella* solo set of sing-alongs.

The April 25th Mobilization carefully considered the needs of disabled persons attending and performing in events. All stages were interpreted for the hearing impaired. The Mobilization's commitment to quality sound and stage management in support of volunteer performers was seen throughout the range of events.

Speakers chosen for the Capitol rally reflected the Mobilization's commitment to historic and current struggles for peace, liberation and self-determination throughout the world of oppressed cultures. From anti-apartheid to anti-racism in the Americas, we heard, chanted, sang along with and danced to music reflecting a vision of a united people.

While some organizational fine tuning is clearly needed by the Mobilization, the successes in meeting the challenges of the 25th convinced me that we who share that effort will meet the need. □

PEOPLE'S VOICE CAFE

September Schedule

- 12 Bev Grant and
The Human Condition
- 19 Charlie King
- 26 Jay Mankita

also

Sis Cunningham, Ron
Turner & Artie Gold

Washington Square Church
133 West 4th Street, NYC
at 8 PM



Greg DeComsky

Mark Levy's performance of "Presente!", a moving tribute to Ben Linder, the American aid worker murdered by contras in Nicaragua, was a highlight of the Round Robin at the summer gathering of the People's Music Network (song on page 3).

THE PATRICK CUDAHY STRIKE

Day One Hundred and Eighteen

by Larry Penn

On January 3, workers at Patrick Cudahy, a Wisconsin meat-packing plant, rejected management's demands for concessions and went out on strike. We asked Larry Penn, Milwaukee's best known jalk song writer, for an update on the strike and the company's attempts to beat the union. On day 118 of the strike he wrote his observations.

When the management at Patrick Cudahy (now a division of Smithfield Foods) came to the Union, demanding concessions for the third time in four years, members of Local P-40 rejected it with a strike vote of 687 to 30.

Now, one hundred and eighteen days into the strike, it is just possible that the unparalleled greed of the packing industry's savage onslaught against organized workers has come to a Waterloo. You can feel it in the mood of workers, you can see it in the Union's solidarity, you can hear it in the sympathy on the lips of even the unorganized, you can find it in small business establishments, where "Boycott" signs abound. Milwaukee's own Archbishop Weakland and a host of other clergy speak out against the moral outrage of take it or leave it bargaining, and the use of scabs (called "permanent replacements") that the company began hiring the

next day, and politicians, including a Republican or two have pronounced the tactics of C. E. O. Kapella and union buster Krukowski to be inhumane, as they play white against black and one group against another.

Best sign of all, though, is that now taxpayers are indignant over the audacity of Patrick Cudahy to apply for tax credits, which are used as an incentive to hire the unemployed. Can you believe it? Government subsidized scab!

The strike is also beginning to attract national attention. Personalities like Ed Asner, Jessie Jackson and Cesar Chavez have come here to express support for P-40.

To those who have never heard the sound of eight hundred Workin' Stiffs singing "Solidarity" in the morning, or any time of day for that matter, let me say that sex is over-rated. It has been a privilege for me to sing a number of P-40 rallies. I am not ashamed at any pride that may be evident in displaying a few of my offerings.

Woody Guthrie's "Union Maid" will always make 'em sing. I always used to sing the controversial third verse for the sake of tradition, until I saw a picture of the Woman's Auxiliary lined up on Flint Street

during the Sit-Down Strikes... each one with a two by four in her hand. I will never sing that verse again. If we are going to save the union movement, it will only be done with Union Maids of which local P-40 has some excellent examples.

You women who want
to be free
Don't listen to guys like me
Break out of the mold
We've all been sold
You've got a fighting history
Come on down today
To Patrick Cudahy
And show Kapella
he can't treat
A Union Maid that way.

* Oh, you can't scare me -

Patrick Cudahy used to have an advertising jingle that went like this:

What makes Patrick Cudahy
bacon taste so good?
Patrick Cudahy bacon smoked
with sweet apple wood.

On the picket line, you advertise too:

What makes Patrick Cudahy
bacon taste so bad?
Patrick Cudahy bacon 'cause
it's made by scabs! □

VERN PARTLOW: 1910-1987

Dad died in Los Angeles of cancer, March 1, 1987. About five years ago he mailed us each his will with a letter including his views on the ultimate event:

I note -- with some selfish alarm -- that swarms and gaggles of my fellow colleagues and world-shapers are dropping like flies, and I increasingly get more and more invitations to sing some of my nostalgic old topical songs at memorial services. I won't say that this is a major and unsupportable shock and/or surprise.

The real shock actually came when, at the ebullient and unsullied age of 5, some foul and cyni-



cal adult (whose credo was that misery loves company) informed me that I, too, would not live for-

ever. It was truly I, not those French writers, who discovered Existentialism. I was wholly and irrevocably doomed not to hang out forever -- especially to find out whether the whole damned thing will really end with a bang or a whimper.

Someday, I shall be dragged offstage for good -- kicking, perhaps screaming, but inevitably. After all, we must make room on this crowded planet for newcomers. I don't really mind too much.

Love,

Dad, Granddad, Vern, etc.

Richard, Gayle, Michael, Lian
and Megan
Gene and Joy
Eric, Margaret and Josh

People's Music Network

New York/New Jersey Gatherings

by Adelle Rolliter

During the last PMN SPS gathering of January, 1987, folks decided to meet locally in the New York/New Jersey area to see how we could become more of a supportive community on a local level.

At the first meeting I was surprised to see the huge turnout (especially since we met in NJ). I joined the group seated in a circle, sharing songs, after heaping my plate with food from our pot luck. I felt sort of shaky, but after seeing friendly faces and hearing encouraging words and songs, I offered a song and someone helped fill in the missing words.

Then we met to discuss what we were looking for in these get-togethers. General support and exchange of resources, skills and inspiration were common goals. We began to grapple with what kind of leadership and group process best fit our needs. We discussed the People's Voice Cafe, a New York-based collective, and the support it needed. We decided to focus on a topic as part of each song-sharing, with racism being the topic for the next meeting. We decided to meet monthly and to rotate facilitators for the meeting among us.

Our second meeting began with some songs and heavy hearts, as some of us had heard about the death of PMN member Chipo Wakatama. We began

the gathering by focusing on racism, sharing stories, songs, experiences and feedback. We talked about communicating our thoughts about racism more effectively through our art. When a song came up that touched on suicide, I announced the news of Chipo's suicide, and Bev Grant opened the discussion. I was happily surprised by the sensitive, searching and mutually supportive talk that followed, about Chipo and the generally painful issue of suicide. After a healing song led by Marion Wade and a good break, we went on to an exchange of resources, info on concerts and coffeehouses, etc.

Well, I've already grown and gotten so much from these local gatherings. I am proud of our process and hope that it can be used by others in organizing and supporting each other in our local communities.

If you are interested in joining the NY/NJ group or have questions about us, write: NY/NJ PMN c/o V. Rovere, War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette St. New York, NY.

Upcoming Midwest PMN Meeting

The Midwest People's Music gathering will be held in or near Minneapolis on July 17-19, 1987. The Minnesota Committee for New Song has agreed to co-host the gathering. For more information, contact Stuart Stotts at 608-241-9143.

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• AND LOTS MORE! •

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