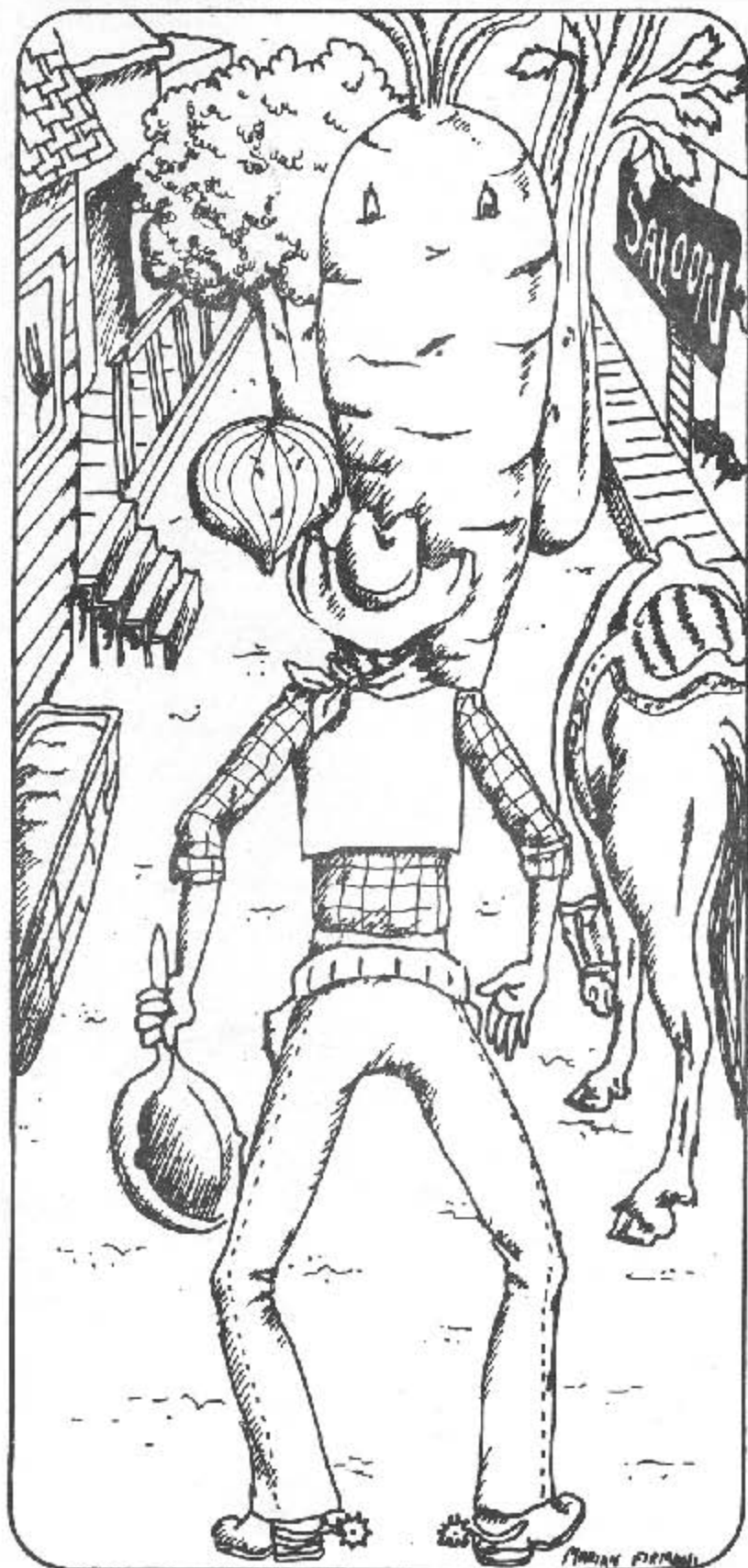


Broadside

THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE #183



In This Issue:

SONGS BY:

Tom McClelland, Betsy Rose, Greg DeCowsky, Patricia Shih, Jay Mankita, Marion Wade, Eric Levine, Julie McCall, Mark Levy, Matt Jones

ARTICLES

& FEATURES:

New Directions; Johnny Punkinseed; Pathfinder Mural Project; Philly Folk; A Progressive British Music Mag; Record Review

and a whole lot more!

— \$2.00 —

← Vegetable Killer
Page 9

• FROM THE EDITORS •

The printing costs of this issue of Broadside were paid for by long-time friend Jonathan Kwitny, journalist and author of a number of highly informative documentary books. Quoting the New York Times Book Review of September 6th, his most recent book, *The Crimes of Patriots*, "is an indictment of a gung-ho foreign policy that allows a mob of military and intelligence veterans to storm about the globe breaking laws and making money in pursuit of an extra-constitutional conception of the national interest." This illustrated 424 page book is published by W. W. Norton & Co., New York.

Jon's generous donation to Broadside is a source of great encouragement to our staff and we are inexpressibly grateful to him (see Jon's note on our letters page).

We would also like to thank all of you who sent in 10, 20 and 50 dollar donations. The response to our appeal was wonderful and your continued interest and sponsorship will keep *Broadside* coming to you. The help of volunteers in the work of putting out the magazine is also very important to us.

If you would like us to acknowledge your future donations, we will place a decorative streamer across the bottom of a page, with the words "THIS PAGE PAID FOR BY . . ." In the old days, *Broadside* was kept alive for a long period of time by friends, including among others Moe Asch, Manny Greenhill (Folklore Productions Cat-In-The-Box), Harold Leventhal, Malvina Reynolds and Pete and Toshi Seeger, taking out these and smaller "personal ads." Given the not-for-profit nature of our magazine, this kind of advertising makes a publication like *Broadside* possible. The price of a "This Page Paid For" ad is only \$75, and a small personal box ad is \$12.

Keep sending us letters. We welcome your comments, thanks again!

The Editors

We would like to express our joy in the rebirth of Broadside, a magazine created by Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen who, inspired by the struggles of oppressed peoples, dedicated their lives to the publication of topical songs about the national and international struggles for truth and justice. Our goals are the same. We would like to make Broadside the topical song magazine it was in the sixties, and to expand its readership to include these people we write songs about. Most important would be the experience of publishing the songs of many races. With the experience of our dedicated staff, the guidance of Sis and Gordon, and your support, we will drive away the evils of fascism and racism with the power of song. Let your little light shine.

Matt Jones

The cover drawing, by Marian Firmani, was inspired by the line from Jay Mankita's song: "If you see me coming better step aside. A lot of vegetables didn't and . . ."

On November 7th a concert was held in New York to benefit three projects: *Broadside*, the New York Green Network and the Open House Coffee House. On the program as solo vocalists were (in alphabetical order): Sis Cunningham, Roy Godes, Marshall Jones, Matt Jones, Eric Levine, Joseph Lewis (who also emceed), Tom McClelland. Ronald Hicks was back-up vocalist. Special mention goes to Eric, a member of Disabled In Action (DIA) Singers, a songwriter (see his song this issue) and superb guitarist! Interspersed with the singers were beautiful performances by the Good News Band, whose singing and playing by my standards are unsurpassed. The band includes Louise Axelrod, soprano extraordinary, Jim Egan, Roy Godes, Marshall and Matt Jones (who also arranges for the band). Special thanks for helping put the concert together to: Joanne Bibb, coordinator for Open House, Anthony Cristello, Jane Friesen, Roland Hicks, Shelly Jones, Joe Lewis, Fred Lipschitz, the Advent Lutheran Church, and Matt Jones as principal organizer. Many thanks to DIA for the use of their sound equipment. A video tape of the performances, made by Willie Horace, is available through *Broadside*. Watch for profiles of Good News Band members in future issues.

Yr. Reviewer

BROADSIDE No. 183

Founded in 1962 by
Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen

EDITORIAL BOARD: Sis Cunningham, Greg DeCowsky, Marian Firmani, Jane Friesen, Gordon Friesen, Julius Gordon, Matt Jones, Vic Sadot

VOLUNTEERS: Joanne Bibb, Artie Gold, Shelley B. Jones, Ted Kessler, Eric Levine, Jay Mankita, Sharon Marmon, Tom McClelland, Ron Turner

SPECIAL THANKS TO: Jim Collier, Oliver Friesen, Carol Hanisch, Jonathan Kwitny, Harriet Maler, Nancy Rice, Earl Robinson, Herbert Robinson, Marti Rogers, Izzy Young

ADVISORY BOARD: Charlie King, Gisele Mills, Luci Murphy, Sonny Ochs, Bernardo Pulombo, Pete Seeger, Marion Wade.

BROADSIDE is published bimonthly. P. O. Box 670, Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025. Individual issues \$2 each. Personal subscriptions \$12 per year, \$22 for 2 years; institutional subscriptions, \$20, \$35; overseas subscriptions \$18, \$34; Canadian subscriptions \$15, \$28; sustainer subscriptions \$25, \$45.

POSTMASTER:

Send address change to BROADSIDE, P. O. Box 670, Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025.

© 1987 Broadside

LETTERS

Dear *Broadside* Folks:

My suggestion for raising funds would be a concert including any of the many songwriters whose songs have been printed over the years. We can also push subs here on the west coast through the Freedom Song Network.

Issue #182 is the best I've seen in recent years. Keep up the great work. And thanks for printing "Presente!"

Mark Levy
Felton, CA

Dear Sis, Gordon & Broadside:

If there is anybody I need to help it is *Broadside*. Please accept this check -- use \$12 for my sub and the rest for what you want. Can't send you much else but love -- I have a lot of that and it comes to you free of charge. Keep 'em comin'. I love you.

Earl Robinson
Santa Barbara, CA

To: Sis Cunningham and the Editorial Board of *Broadside* Magazine

Dear Friends and Colleagues:

I thought you might be interested in the enclosed tape, even if you can't use any of the stuff on it. It was sent me by Jesse Lemisch, who teaches at Columbia, I believe, and who interestingly enough wrote the article in the *Nation* Magazine, which was construed by many to be attacking me and Si Kahn. It was actually, I believe, a shrewd ploy by the editor of the *Nation* to instigate some letters in support of me and Si, which they printed a month or so later. This was last winter sometime around January and February.

At any rate, I send the tape to you partly because I think you'd be interested to hear it and partly also in support of an idea which I've long thought *Broadside* might be interested in considering, and that is printing one old song in each issue as a kind of standard for new songs to measure up to. It might be centuries old or only a few years old. It might be an exceedingly well known song, something that is available on recordings and so on. But I think it would be worthwhile *Broadside* printing it anyway if it related to the newer songs in the issue.

I really do hope that *Broadside* will have a new lease on life and grow and once again attain the stature that it had back in the 1960s. I believe this can happen, but it will take a number of people willing to work together. I don't think any one person is going to be able to do it, and I rather suspect it will take a group of people willing to live with each other's differences of opinion. They will not agree 100 percent any more than the Great Peace March did, which crossed the country last year. They got to Washington after 3,000 miles by agreeing to disagree on a number of matters so that they could concentrate on a few main ones. I called it the Salad Dressing Coalition.

All for now.

With much love,
Pete Seeger
Beacon, NY

Broadside has given me and others a great deal over the years and I am pleased to be able to pay a small amount back.

Jon Kwitny

Broadside:

I love *Broadside* and was so happy to see Carol Hanisch's song published in it. She has written many other good ones! Adelante!

Carol Giardina
Gainesville, FL

Dear Sis:

Having heard rumors of the impending demise of *Broadside*, I am delighted to find it alive and well, flourishing in fact. The new layout, with clear and accessible information, appropriate illustrations and excellent lead sheets is a real joy. The song selections are relevant to a broad readership/singership.

Thanks for including Pete Krug's "Miracle," a most favorite song of mine, and also for the nice words about the folknik. I was able to recommend *Broadside* to folknik readers in a recent edition.

My personal thanks for keeping up years of vital work. Peace.

Faith Petric
San Francisco, CA

Dear Sis:

I liked the look of the new *Broadside*. The higgledy-piggledy format of the last year or so drove me crazy!

Nancy Schimmel
Berkeley, CA

Dear *Broadside*:

I am writing to you concerning a strike that has been in progress against International Paper Co. for several months. I am a member of Paperworkers Local 14 in Jay, Maine. Here, and at 3 other mills in the U. S., we are resisting demands by IP management that are both unreasonable and unnecessary. Management attitudes haven't changed much since the days when the Almanac Singers and Woody Guthrie sang about people and unions.

Here in Jay we have a rally every Wednesday. At these rallies we get information on any developments concerning the strike, members of other unions and others speak and offer support and we sing.

We sing songs written by local members and we sing labor and morale boosting songs. Many of these songs were written by Woody Guthrie.

This singing is very good for the people's spirits. It helps them resist the continuous onslaught of intimidating propaganda that flows from management.

Sincerely,

Harry Dwyer
P. O. Box 227
Jay, ME 04239



New Directions

Matt Jones

The following article was taken from a position paper originally presented at a planning meeting of the Newport Folk Festival. The object of the paper was to stress the clear lack of representation of minority performers and the overlooking of singer-organizers in the festival planning.

In the 60s and early 70s the Newport Folk Festival was a pilgrimage made once a year by people who wanted to hear their brand of Folk music and their brand of Folk singers. This was a time when the Festival gave the Civil Rights movement a home. It gave a forum to singer-organizers like The Freedom Singers (1963). That action endeared the Festival to the members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. The Festival gained the respect of the student movement of the South by that one act! This music and its message was heard around the world.

But in subsequent years, that idea was not developed and the Festival died. Instead of continuing to be the people's voice, the Festival, and much of folk music, yielded to commercialism. Now singers who, if left untouched, would have transformed the apathy of the world, were made into "pop images".

As the Festival and the folk culture network lost touch with their earlier roots, they also made some decisions about how "the people" were to be represented in music. Artists were, and still are, chosen for performance by the variety of content and style in their music -- as long as they are white. But in choosing other artists, these rules don't apply any more. Now we are told: "we already have one black women's group" or "one male black singer." Why is this happening? This is racism and robs audiences from hearing the variety of content and style found in every group, regardless of race, creed or color.

We must bring back the intensity of that earlier time.

We must find singers who live and write the struggles of their people, singers like Woodie Guthrie, Victor Jara and Bob Marley. We must find singer-songwriter-organizers who know their mandate and don't water down their messages because of ambitions for a successful career.

I am proud to follow that great tradition, along with people like the late Rev. F. D. Kirkpatrick, Luci Murphy, Willie Peacock, Hollis Watkins, Irish revolutionary singer Ray Collins, Serious Bizness, Palestinian folk singer Mu'taz-Dajani, and many, many more.

Thousands of young people filled the audiences of Folk artists in the '60s to hear their issues raised. Today young people fill the halls to hear their issues raised by Punk and Reggae artists. There are similarities that are not evident on the surface but that we must explore. We must become a forum for the young people of this nation or have our ideas die with us!

We must come back from the dead and rise with a new consciousness.

We need to open the Festival doors to unknown singers who speak the language of today.

We need to open the Festival doors to the youth and recognize their music as valid expressions to be understood by everyone.

We need to address the racism that so subtly destroys us all. We must demand that artists be chosen by the content and style of their work and not by their race.

May the words of Victor Jara guide us:

I don't sing for love of singing
or to show off my voice,
I sing because my guitar
has both feeling and reason . . .

My guitar is not for the rich
nor for those who conspire with them.
My song is of the scaffolding
we are building to reach the stars . . .

Victor Jara, Manifesto (1973)



David Mills

MARIAN HILLE

I met Marian Hille in 1931 at Commonwealth College, a labor school located in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas. We were students and we worked together in the music and drama activities which consisted primarily of skits, songs and short plays for the workers and farmers in the region. She was a beautiful person and great to work with. Her favorite song was Emma Dusenberry's "Dodger Song." She was the sister of organist and songwriter Wakkemar Hille, and they were among the very earliest and most steadfast supporters of Broadside. It is with deepest sorrow that we announce her death.

Sis Cunningham

Jerry Atinsky Sends us the following In Memoriam

SHE LOVED BROADSIDE
SHE LOVED PEOPLE'S
SONGWRITERS
AND WE LOVED HER

CHILDREN OF THE DUST

© 1986 Patricia Shih
Fragile Glass Music Publishing

This song talks about the experience of children whose mothers are Vietnamese and whose fathers are U. S. servicemen. Many of these children are ostracized from their own communities. The song, performed at the Winter 1986-87 meeting of the People's Music Network in Hartford, Conn., uses a melodic statement that reminds the listener of Asiatic themes.

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of six staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chord symbols (E, A, B, G#m, D) are placed above the notes. The lyrics are: PA-PA YOU MUST BE BIG, PA-PA YOU MUST BE TALL, DO YOU WON- DER WHO I AM AT ALL, A- PART? MA- MA SAID YOU CAME WITH WAR, WITH U- NI-FORM AND GUN TO HELP US IN A DES- PERATE FIGHT THAT NEV- ER SHOULD HAVE BE- GUN DID YOU LOOK WITH PRIDE IN- TO THE BLUE EYES OF YOUR NEW- BORN SON? DID I MAKE YOU FEEL, NO MAT- TER WHAT, NON?

CHORUS:

Papa, you must be big,
Papa, you must be tall.
Do you wonder who I am at all?
Papa, you're in my dreams,
Papa, you're in my heart,
Do you want to keep our lives apart?

Mama said you came with war, with uniform and gun
To help us in a desperate fight
that never should have begun
Did you look with pride into the blue eyes
of your new born son?
Did I make you feel, no matter what, you'd won?

CHORUS

Then one day you went away
with the bombs and battle songs
And I grew up just like you,
though probably not as strong.
And papa, people spit at me and say I don't belong,
Did you mean to take me with you, all along?

CHORUS

So Mama said she's sending me
to a strange and far off land
She wiped her tears with a cloth;
for mine she used her hand
"Son, keep this cloth until the day you die American
They won't refuse you in your fatherland."

CHORUS

Papa, it's so hard to wait, although I know I must.
I know that you will claim me still,
for you are great and wise and just.
There's so many others like me,
we're called children of the dust,
Still waiting on the promise that we trust.

CHORUS

JOHNNY PUNKINSEED

- by Gordon Friesen

Book
Burning

This article was written about a real event, one that took place nearly a half-century ago. Yet this subject is far from dated. Judge Bork's opinions on the Bill of Rights, and the rash of books removed from the shelves of schools and libraries throughout the country, show that the book burners are alive and well in the USA!

In the home state of Woody Guthrie, and of myself, and my wife Sis Cunningham--

A PUBLIC BOOK BURNING: On a night in June, 1940, in Oklahoma City, a match was applied to a heap of books in the Oklahoma City stadium. Consumed in the fire were thirty one copies of the Constitution of the United States. Among other items burned were books by Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Paine, Jack London, Karl Marx, William Foster, Leo Tolstoy, Theodore Dreiser, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin; progressive magazines: The Nation, the New Republic, New Masses; countless papers and documents. The books were the very same burned by "Doctor" Goebbels of the Nazi Reich.

What immediately preceded this action? Over Radio Station KOMA in Oklahoma City comes the voice of a "preacher" ranting against "Communists." You feel like checking your radio set to see if something has gone wrong and this is Berlin coming in. But it is "Dr." Webber of our city.

On Grand Avenue, upstairs at 129 1/2, Robert Wood, Communist State Secretary, has for a number of years been proprietor of the Progressive Bookstore. One night a muttering gang appears at the foot of the stairs leading in from the street. For some time they mill around, about a dozen men, gathering courage to commit a crime. Finally they advance up the stairs. Ina, Robert Woods young wife, blocks their path by grasping the railings on each side. They surge against her, she holds tight but at last her hands are torn loose and she is thrown roughly to one side. But the men go away.

On another night they return. The bookstore is broken into and



Gordon Friesen

wrecked. The marauders cram books and literature into gunnysacks and flee.

Over the radio the triumphant voice of "Dr." Webber announces a "special treat" for his listeners. Communist literature has come into his possession, no matter how. There will be a public book burning!

BOOKS "ARRESTED": On August 17, 1940, a storm against the liberties of Oklahoma's people, a storm that had been brewing for months, broke into full fury. Following orders of the Oklahoma County Attorney's office, the police went forth bearing illegal search warrants to which had been added the words "and books and papers and other records which are evidence of the crime of Criminal Syndicalism or any other crime against the State of Oklahoma or the laws of the United States."

They burst into the Progressive Bookstore and without discrimination arrested everyone present, and visitors who came in later. They pillaged the store and carried away some 10,000 books, papers and pamphlets. It was perhaps the first time in American jurisprudence that completely unrestricted police power was used to confiscate an entire, legal

going business concern. Five homes were invaded and all present, whether they resided at these homes or were merely casual visitors, were arrested. The victims were spirited away and hidden from friends and relatives by aliases given them by the police; they were held incommunicado. Inquiries to determine why they were being held were answered with coarse threats and such statements as: "We could kill you like we would rattlesnakes."

Only later, when the prisoners were brought before a justice of the peace, did they and their attorneys learn that they were being held under a law passed in 1919 to deal with striking coal miners at Wilburton: the Criminal Syndicalism law.

There was no real evidence against a single one of the accused! Not then, or ever later, did the County Attorney, or his assistant, accuse a single one of the defendants of ever using or personally advocating the use of force and violence.

Who then, or what then, was accused?

Books!

Books, and the right to own them, read them, sell them.

To be continued

HONK IF YOU LOVE AMERICA

© 1985 Greg DeCowsky



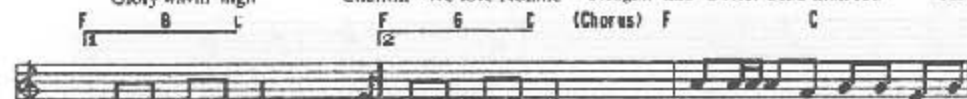
Like so many other topical songs, this one was inspired by personal experience: Greg was organizing against the US illegal proxy war against Nicaragua, using the Recruiting Station as a focal point. Suddenly, some frat boys came by...



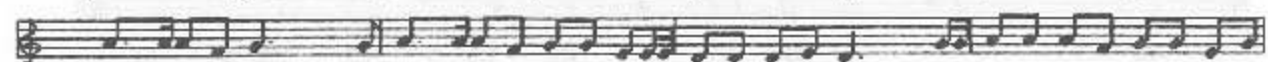
1. As I was walkin' down the street one afternoon so fine I chanced that day some friends to meet
2. Then up there came some frat boys all full of apple pie With banners made from bedsheets and Old



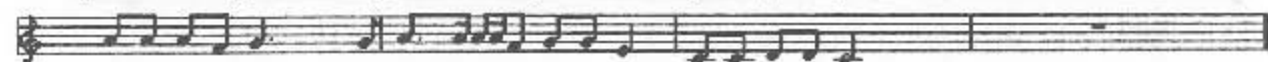
on the picket line. At Uncle Sam's recruiter on the Main Street of our town They're takin' on the war machine and they're
Glory wavin' high Chantin' "We love Ronnie Reagan" and "Better dead than red" As the TV cameras followed them,



BOM-NA SHUT IT DOWN. THEN THIS IS WHAT THEY SAID: HONK IF YOU LOVE A-NE-RI-CA, THAT'S



WHAT THE SIGNS ALL SAY THREE CHEERS FOR NOM AND AP-PL-E PIE AND THE GOOD OLD U.S.A. THOUGH WE'RE SHOO-TIM' IN EL SALVADOR AND



STAR-VIN' IN THE STREET THAT OLD A-NE-RI-CAN WAY OF LIFE STILL JUST CAN'T BE BEAT.

Now, I grew up in this country
and followed every rule
And pledged allegiance to the flag
each mornin' at my school
Liberty and justice
were more than words to me
I dreamed about the day when
a soldier I could be.

Then as I grew older
I began to see the light
With a jungle war on TV
over dinner every night
In Selma, Boston, Wilmington,
justice was a lie
While Malcolm, Martin
and many more
for freedom had to die.

And as I read the papers,
it came to me more clear
For liberty and justice
I'd have to fight right here
So when they called me for Vietnam,
I told them all "Hell, no!
It's 'cause I love America
that I ain't gonna go."

CHORUS:

Honk if you love America...
Though they're bombin' Nicaragua
and starvin' in the street
That old American way of life
still just can't be beat.

I saw the President last night
talkin' on TV
We got to stop them Commies
to keep our country free
Though plants are closin' right & left
and times are gettin' hard
We got to stop them Commies,
'cause they're right in our back yard.
Well, I looked out my window
to see if it was true
But there was no one out there, tho'
I watched the whole night through.
Sometimes the President sees things
that normal folks can't see
Like how killin' off our neighbors
is goin' to make them free.

CHORUS

Honk if you love America...
Now me, I love everyone,
leave no one off the list
I just don't hate the right folks...
must be a Communist.
Now when you love your children
you've got to help them grow
And when you love your country
you've got to tell it "No!"
When kids are playin' with fire,
you take the match away
When our country's killin' children,
it's time for us to say
"I grew up in this country
and I'll die here in this land
So when my country's doin' wrong,
I've got to take a stand
And if I won't stand for murder
wrapped in red, white, and blue
It's 'cause I love America;
it's my country, too."

CHORUS

Honk if you love America...
... still just can't be beat.

SIXTY PERCENT

Words and music © 1949 Les Rice, N.Y. State Farmer

Parity was a system of government regulation of farm commodity prices, supposedly to stabilize the economy while keeping farmers' income from falling. One hundred percent parity would have raised farm income to the level of non-farm folks.

Sixty percent of parity, the level proposed in 1949, seemed like a bad joke to hard-pressed farmers, many of whom were losing their farms. This song was sung at meetings of the Farmers' Union at a time when many farm families were struggling to keep a roof over their heads.

Nancy Rice

6 D7

I'M SIX- TY PER CENT AN A- MER-I- CAN I'M

SIX- TY PER- CENT A MAN THAT'S WHAT

D7

PA- RI- TY SAYS I AM THAT'S THE LAW OF THE

6 D7

LARD NOW DO I WORK SIX- TY PER- CENT OF THE

6

DAY? EAT SIX- TY PER- CENT OF MY MEALS? AND

D7

DOES MY TRUCK TAKE ME IN- TO TOWN ON SIX- TY PER-

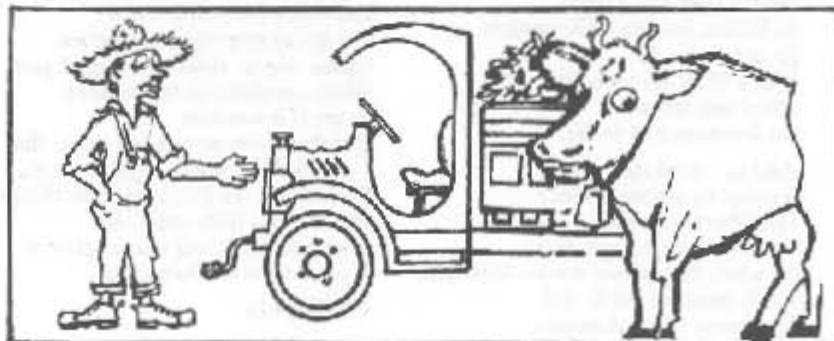
6

CENT OF ITS WHEELS?

Which sixty percent of my clothes should I wear?
 Which sixty percent should I choose?
 Should I go round with no pants on
 Or do I look best without shoes?
 Will the dealer take sixty percent of the bill
 For all my farm supplies?
 And will they cut my taxes down
 To sixty percent of their size?

Now will my chicks be content to eat
 Just 60% of their mash
 And will the middleman give my throat
 Just sixty percent of a slash?
 Oh, "sixty percent is enough for him"
 My congressman rants and raves
 And when I die, they'll bury me
 In sixty percent of a grave.

Now all you workers in city and town
 I know your budget's a mess
 But when you get down to that last lousy buck
 Remember I've forty cents less!



David Mills

Vegetable Killer

© 1987 Jay Mankita

Medium tempo blues feel
with a heavy down beat.

Jay Mankita is a singert songwriter and political activist living and performing in the New York area. He has written over 50 songs, about half of which are political, the rest wonderfully funny fantasies [sic] like "Vegetable Killer."

CHORUS: Don't eat no meat [Aud. Rep.] Don't eat no fish [Aud. Rep.] Don't want no fowl [Aud. Rep.] Upon my dish [Aud. Rep.] I told you once [Aud. Rep.] I'll tell you a gain [Aud. Rep.] I'm a [Aud. Rep.] Veg-e-tar-i-an I eat tofu, tomatoes and tangerines, Pasta, potatoes and pinto beans, Apples and oranges, onions and oats, Garlic & grapefruits and green beans & groats. You can eat vegetables if you choose Instead of makin' the animals Sing the blues. Don't eat no..

CHORUS:

Don't eat no meat, don't eat no fish
Don't want no fowl upon my dish
I told you once, I'll tell you again
I'm a vegetarian.

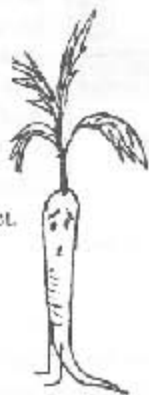
I drink peppermint tea for passing the time.
I eat lettuce and licorice, lemon and lime,
Parsley and pineapple, peppers and peas
Syrup from sap and honey from the bees,
If God had meant for me to eat meat
I'd have claws on my hands and pads on my feet.

CHORUS

I eat basil, bananas, broccoli and beets,
Water chestnuts and walnuts and wheat,
Cabbage and cauliflower, carrots and kale,
Various vines that you find on the trail
If you see me comin' you'd better step aside,
A lot of vegetables didn't and they all got fried.

CHORUS

I eat spinach and salad and soups and seaweed,
My cereal looks like some rabbit feed,
Sour kraut, snow peas and sunflower seeds,
Vegetables satisfy all of my needs,
Oh baby, it's going to drive me insane
But the vegetable kingdom is my domain.



Illustrations by Jane Friesen

SONGS FOR THE PICKETLINE

Popular Songs Rewritten for Labor by Julie McCall

THE PICKET BOOGIE

(Tune: "The Hokey Pokey")

They take some raises out
They put some cutbacks in
The offer that they're making
is a crying sin
But we'll do the PICKET BOOGIE
And we'll turn it all around
And that's what it's all about
The language they put in
Takes job security out
We look at their proposals
And we want to shout
Let's do the PICKET BOOGIE
And we'll turn it all around
And that's what it's all about

They take the profits in
Until their pockets bulge out
Then they say our kids and
families can do without
So we'll do the PICKET BOOGIE
And we'll turn it all around
And that's what it's all about
We're all joining in
To keep concessions out
We're stickin' with the Union
And there is no doubt
We'll do the PICKET BOOGIE
And we'll turn it all around
And that's what it's all about

(From "Boycott Hormel Live from Austin" - Waterfront Records)

According to Pete Seeger, Julie McCall is one of the best writers of Union songs in the country. We agree! She works as a unit clerk in a Washington, DC hospital, and is a member of the Service Employee's Union Local 722. Saul Schneiderman of TALKIN' UNION Magazine had this to say about Julie: "Neither Ron Reagan nor the hospital management can escape the wrath of her songs and skits."

WE'RE ALL BOYCOTTING SHELL

(Tune: "The Farmer in the Delf")

We're all boycotting Shell
We're all boycotting Shell
Hi ho, let Botha know
We're all boycotting Shell
He's outlawed human rights
Let's all take up the fight
Hi ho, let Botha know
Let's all take up the fight
Mandela must be freed
His people he must lead
Hi ho, let Botha know
Mandela must be freed

YOU CAN'T SELL THOSE GIVEBACKS TO ME

(Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

Chorus:

Givebacks, givebacks, you can't sell those givebacks to me, to me
Givebacks, givebacks, you can't sell those givebacks to me

Alternate Chorus:

Bring back, bring back, bring back a contract to me
They've come up with brand new job titles, so we can all work for less pay
But they'll never get what they're asking, cause they can't sell us those take-aways
They want us to give up our wages, seniority and overtime
Now they say that these aren't concessions, and we say we'll stay on the line

ITFA THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR

After the song "That's What Friends Are For" by Burt Bacharach and Carol Sover

I know I'll always feel this way
The respect that we have earned
I'm glad I had the chance to stand
for the things I believe in
And there's hard times along the way
That's the price we'll gladly pay
To feel the power within us rise
When our strength comes from each other.

CHORUS:

Keep fighting, uniting, we can reach
the vision we have seen -- our dream
That's what Union means
Through good times, through bad times
And through all the struggles in between
That's what Union means.

And I hope you'll feel this way
Where our Union is concerned
We're glad you've had the chance to show
It's a struggle you believe in
And you know the spirit you convey
Will give us the strength to stay
And help us bind our hands and hearts
To our sisters and our brothers.

CHORUS

What A Day of Victory!

Marion Wade

This is the title song from Marion's 1983 album, subtitled "Singing For Survival."

TRADITIONAL HYMN

CHORUS

WHAT A DAY OF VIC-TO-RY VIC-TO-RY VIC- TO-RY WHAT A DAY OF VIC-TO-RY THAT WILL

BE WHEN HO-SAN-NAHE GLAD WE SING, BELLS OF PEACE AND FREE-DOm RING WHAT A DAY OF VIC-TO-RY THAT WILL

VERSE

BE WHEN THERE'S A ROOF & THERE'S A BED AND THE HUN-GRY HAVE BEEN FED, WHAT A DAY OF VIC-TO-RY THAT WILL

BE WHEN MEN & WOM-EN TAKE THEIR PEACE ONE MUL-TI-COL-ORED HU-MAN RACE, WHAT A DAY OF VIC-TO-RY THAT WILL BE!

CHORUS:

What a day of victory, victory, victory
 What a day of victory that will be,
 When hosannahs glad we sing
 Bells of peace and freedom ring,
 What a day of victory that will be!

CHORUS

When non-violence
 brings forth reason
 And not jail or shouts of treason,
 What a day . . .
 When capital punishment is done,
 When worldwide amnesty
 has been won, What a day . . .

CHORUS

No nukes or neutron bombs that day,
 No way to peace, peace IS the way,
 What a day . . .
 Arms in museums where they belong
 And it's love will make us strong,
 What a day of victory that will be.

CHORUS

Marion Wade is a powerful voice in people's music and was in fact involved in organizing the People's Music Network, People's Voice and Pinewoods. Her album "What A Day of Victory" can be obtained by writing to her at 3555 73 St. #402, Jackson Heights, NY 11372.

It's really easy to add verses, for your own idea of victories. Here's one I often use between verses 1 and 2.

To bear a child
 each woman's choice,
 In her own 'destiny' a voice,
 What a day . . .
 Respected equally at last,
 Whatever color, creed or class,
 What a day of victory . . .

In any case, take time to teach the chorus and even line out some of it the first time if it's not a real singing crowd. They'll join in like crazy if you do it right!



8,000 TONS OF POTATOES

The article on the following page, excerpted from the New York Times, illustrates how Matt Jones and Tom McClelland went about converting a current event into this topical song. To show the connection with the song, we italicized pertinent parts of the text.

© 1987 Tom McClelland
and Matt Jones

The musical score is written in 3/4 time and features a melody with various chords (C, G7, F) and triplets. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes a first ending (V. 2) and a decorative graphic element consisting of a series of stylized, overlapping shapes.

Down in Ma-na-gua Ni-ca-ra-gua we had a po-ta-to fes-ti-val Af-ter
two East Ger-man freight-ers car-ry-ing eight thou-sand tons of po-ta-toes Ar-
rived in-to the Port of Cor-in-to In
Ni-ca-ra-gua we like our rice and beans But our food is all gone due to
war with the Con-tras Now we will eat eight thou-sand tons of po-ta-toes
We'll have

Down in Managua, Nicaragua we had a potato festival
After two East German freighters
carrying 8,000 tons of potatoes
Arrived into the Port of Corinto

CHORUS

In Nicaragua we like our rice and beans
But our food is all gone due to war with the contras
Now we will eat 8,000 tons of potatoes

We'll have potato tortillas, potato cheese fritters,
potatoes, steamed in beer
Diced potatoes drenched in rich red fruit sauce
Fried, mashed, scalloped and potato meat balls

CHORUS

Eating potatoes has changed eating habits
all over the country
Malnutrition was an epidemic
until the government bought
All these potatoes on credit

CHORUS

At five cents a pound, two pounds of french fries
for the price of one
We Nicaraguans are free to eat as much as we want

CHORUS

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

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1987

By STEPHEN KINZER

Special to The New York Times

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, July 1 — Several thousand Nicaraguans spent part of Saturday doing something that Nicaraguans don't often do. They ate potatoes.

At Managua's first-ever potato festival, culinary imagination ran wild. Older people suspiciously nibbled at potato *torillas*, while young men lined up to buy potatoes steamed in beer. Children piled their plates with diced potatoes drenched in rich red fruit sauce. A European diplomat ate several potato-cheese fritters. "They are actually quite good," he said with a trace of surprise.

Shipment From East Germany

Last month the Government, in its biggest food purchase ever, bought 8,000 tons of potatoes on credit from East Germany. The festival Saturday was part of a national campaign to persuade people to eat them.

The potato shipment has, at least temporarily, changed the eating habits of people all over the country. Its importance reflects the crucial importance of foreign aid in modern Nicaragua. For the last month, Nicaragua has been caught up in a potato orgy. Officials say more potatoes have been consumed over the last four weeks than in any comparable period in Nicaraguan history.

Rice From Vietnam

Keeping Nicaragua supplied with food has been a continuing challenge to the Sandinista leaders. They have even received rice from impoverished Vietnam.

"I am a Nicaraguan, which means I like my rice and beans," said Julio Carcache, a Government administrator who brought his wife and two young daughters to the festival. "Now it seems that we're going to be eating more potatoes, and I'd say that's fine with me."

In a recent speech, Agriculture Minister Jaime Wheelock Roman said food shortages were a result of the continuing war against United States-backed rebels, which has made some fertile parts of the country too dangerous to cultivate.

"This year, we are going to have less production," Mr. Wheelock told a Sandinista audience in Managua. "The general situation of malnutrition in Nicaragua is deplorable."

But Nicaraguans who like potatoes, or who can learn to like them, will not go hungry anytime soon.

Two giant freighters brought the East German potatoes into the Nicaraguan port of Corinto, the first landing May 17 and the second 10 days later.

5 Cents A Pound

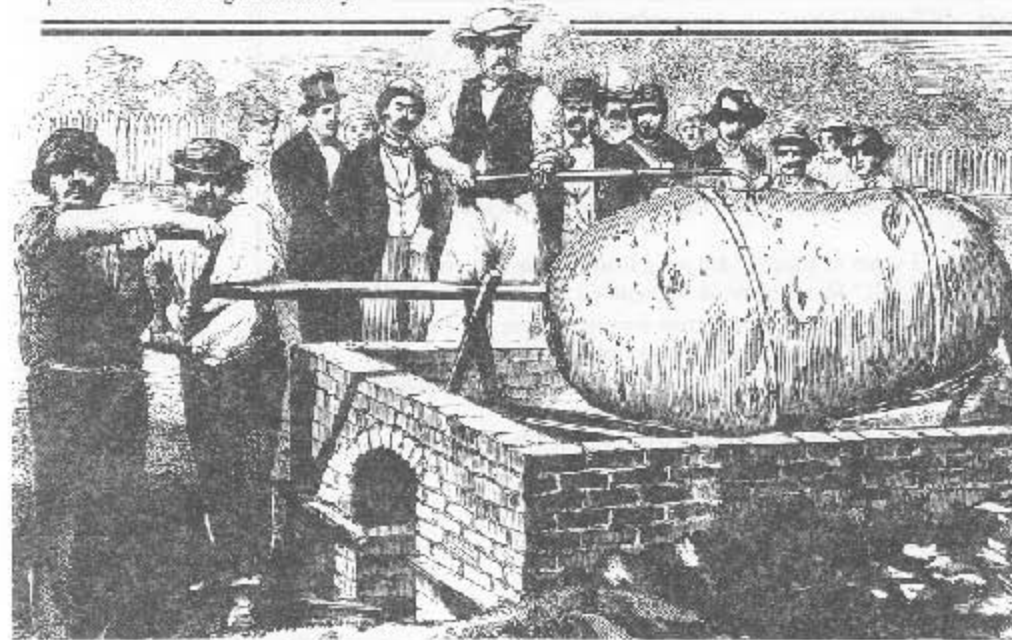
To encourage people to use the East German potatoes quickly, the Government fixed a low price, equivalent to about 5 cents a pound, and permitted consumers to buy all they wanted. Domestic potatoes are sold at about three times that price, and often in limited quantities.

According to Norman Jiron, an official of the Government agency that oversees distribution of perishable goods, East Germany gave Nicaragua a long-term credit worth \$1 million to buy the two shipments of potatoes.

Some Nicaraguan restaurants have been offering unusual potato dishes in recent weeks. At one Government-run fast-food outlet, two bags of french fries are being sold for the price of one. Television commercials praising the potato are broadcast daily.

Potato Meatballs?

Some of the dishes at the festival Saturday, like scalloped potatoes and potato croquets, were familiar to foreigners. Others, such as potato pudding and potato meatballs, were more unusual.



Staff photo

At a Potato Festival just outside of Managua, Nicaraguan campesinos roast one of the many potatoes shipped to them by the dauntless farmers of the German Democratic Republic. The potato shown here is but one of shipments totalling 8,000 tons.

CANTO DE LIBERACIÓN NICARAGÜENSE

Nicaraguan Freedom Chant

This chant was brought to the Open House Coffee House by a *brigadista* who heard it while picking cotton in the fields of Nicaragua. She dedicates the chant to all people who have gone to Nicaragua in peace. I met a person who heard it spoken in Guatemala right after the Nicaraguan revolution triumphed.

She said, "I heard the workers chanting in the fields." It was adopted and later sung in all of the surrounding countries. Mark Levy told me that the Freedom Song Network contributed to the chant. If anyone has a complete history of it, let us know. *Matt Jones*

SI NI- CA- RA- GUA VEN- CIO EL SAL- VA- DOR VEN- CE- RA
 IF NI- CA- RA- GUA NON - EL SAL- VA- DOR WILL CE- WIN RA

SE- RA LI- DRE SE- RA BE- RA LI- BRE
 SHE WILL BE FREE SHE WILL, SHE WILL BE FREE

CON EL A- PO- YO DE TO- DO EL MUN- DO
 WITH THE SUP- PORT OF ALL THE PEOP- LE

If Nicaragua won, Guatemala will win.
 She will be free, She will be free.
 With the support of all the people.

If Nicaragua won, Honduras will win.
 She will be free, She will be free.
 With the support of all the people.

From Nicaragua, a musical experience

Paul Kantner, a founder of the '60s rock group *The Jefferson Airplane*, says a visit to Nicaragua in July is his most important musical experience.

At a coffee plantation, he and Kris Kristofferson sang the Airplane's protest song "Volunteers of America," which includes the lines "Look what's happening out in the streets. Gotta revolution, got to revolution."

"After 15 years of playing that song from Woodstock to Daytona. I was a bit jaded to it," Kantner wrote in Sunday's *San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle*. "But there in the Nicaraguan jungle, singing to a bunch of revolutionary *campesinos*, it never seemed more relevant."

Kantner said he is often asked for his most memorable musical moment.

"I never had an answer before. 1963 through 1987 is a swirl, a fast-speed tapestry to me... a delicious dance and progression of amazing times, people and places," he said.

"The answer, for me, lies in a small coffee plantation, 15 kilometers north of Matagalpa in a revolutionary country besieged by *Contras*."



You Can't Move That Train

© 1987 Mark Levy ASCAP

On September 1, 1987, Brian Willson, a Vietnam veteran and peace activist, stepped onto the railroad tracks at Concord Naval Weapons Station. His action was part of a non-violent demonstration protesting the United States' war policies in Central America. To prepare himself to face the power of the speeding locomotive, he said, "You can't move that train without moving my body."

Dedicated to Brian Willson and all those who struggle to end U. S. intervention in Central America.

Musical notation for the song "You Can't Move That Train" in G major, 4/4 time. The score includes guitar chords (G, C, Am, D, Em, D, G, B7, Am, D, Em) and lyrics: "Born on the 4th of July to Mom and God and ap-ple pie, I did ev'ry thing my coun-try said was right. That's when I still be-lieved like many friends who were de-ceived. So young and na-ive when we got the call to fight. You can't move that train (syncopated) You can't move that train. You can't move that train with-out movin' my bo dy (2x) (our bo-dies)".



Marian Firmani

CHORUS:

You can't move that train
 You can't move that train
 You can't move that train
 without movin' my body.

I was the all-American kid,
 but all the right things that I did
 couldn't have prepared me for Vietnam.
 That's when I began to doubt
 and question what the war was all about,
 counting bodies in the burned out villages we bombed.

CHORUS

Down in Nicaragua
 and El Salvador
 bombs rain down once more to kill and maim.
 This time I say No!
 This time I just have to go
 to try to stop the train that carries murder in my name.

CHORUS

You can't move that train (3X)
 without movin' our bodies.
 No pasaran! No pasaran! No pasaran!
 without movin' our bodies.
 We can stop that train (3X)
 by movin' our bodies.

TO SAIL ACROSS THE SEA

© 1987 Eric Levine

THE BALLAD OF JIM DICKSON

On August 4, 1987, a sightless sailor named Jim Dickson set out to sail across the Atlantic. He hit a tropical system and was forced to detour to Bermuda. He had made history, because this was the first time a blind sailor had made such a solo voyage. The flabbergasted press converged on him in Bermuda. Columnist William F. Buckley condemned Dickson in the National Observer, saying that only the sighted had a right to sail. Buckley and Dickson debated on ABC's Nightline. After hearing the song, you determine the winner.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a grand staff. It consists of 12 staves of music. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words hyphenated across lines. Chord symbols (C, F, Dm, E, Am) are placed above the staff at various points. The music is in a simple, folk-like style with a steady rhythm.

TO SAIL A-CROSS THE SEA ON A BOAT AT YOUR COM-
MAND, TO SAIL A-CROSS THE SEA AND SAY GOOD-BYE TO
LAND. JIM DICK- SON WAS HIS NAME AND HIS EYES THEY COULD NOT
SEE BUT HIS MES- SAGE FO- CUSED CLEAR- LY AS HE SAILED
A- CROSS THE SEA THE BOAT WAS NAHED EYE
O-PEN-ER THE VOY- AGE PUR- POSE CLEAR TO SAIL A BOAT THROUGH
PRE- JU- DICE TO SPIT TO THE WINDS OF FEAR THE SEA WAS VE-RY
STORM- Y THE SEA WAS VER- Y ROUGH HE COULD NOT MAKE IT TO
PLY-MOUTH BUT BER-MU- DA WAS E- NOUGH WHEN HE GOT IN- TO THE
HAR- BOR THE PRESS WAS ALL A- ROUND THE I- SEA OF A SIGHT- LESS
SAIL- OR THEIR MINDS IT BID CON- FOUND DID YOU REAL- LY THINK YOU COULD

C Am

DO IT AND DICK-SON DID RE-PLY I GOT THROUGH ONE OF THE

Dm C Dm CHORUS

TOUGH-ER STORMS IN FACT I AM A- LIVE

CHORUS

To sail across the sea
in a boat at your command
To sail across the sea

and say goodbye to land.

Jim Dickson was his name
and his eyes they could not see
but his message focused clearly
as he sailed across the sea.

The boat was named Eye Opener
the voyage's purpose clear
to sail a boat through prejudice
to spit to the winds of fear.

The sea was very stormy
the sea was very rough,
he could not make it to Plymouth
but Bermuda was enough

When he got into the harbor
the press was all around,
the idea of a sightless sailor
their minds it did confound.

Did you really think you could do it?

And Dickson did reply
I got through one of the tougher
storms, In fact I am alive.

CHORUS

Then from the Ivy Leagues of Yale
Bill Buckley lifted his pen

A jolly neofascist
right wing American
He said that Dickson never could
appreciate the sea

"Without the eyes that I have
how can you do like me?"
Jim Dickson responded to Buckley
oh, who are you to say
what I can and can't appreciate
as I travel on my way.

You may have twenty twenty,
your rods and cones all fine
But your vision of the future
is not half as keen as mine.

CHORUS

Some people see the sea with eyes
some people hear the waves
We all perceive the world around
in many different ways.

In Buckley's world are barriers
that anchor you in sand
But they couldn't keep Jim Dickson
malingering on land.

The whole thing went on Nightline
the Dickson-Buckley debate
Buckley said that the blind could not
appreciate ballet

And as we watched we couldn't help
but hear the words they say
As Buckley pontificated in
a patronizing way.

CHORUS

Eric Levine is a member of Disabled In Action Singers and of the Open House Coffee House in New York City.



David Mills

LET HER GO

*This haunting song was written
after the death of Betsy's sister.*

© 1984 Betsy Rose

IF I COULD LIFT MY EYES FOR JUST A MOMENT
SWEAR I'D SEE YOUR WINGS A GAINST THE SKY BUT I'VE BEEN
STUDY-ING MY HANDS SO HELP-LESS AND SO NOW THEY
COULD NOT TOUCH THE FEV-ER IN YOUR EYES STILL I
CAN-NOT HELP BUT REACH AF-TER YOUR FAD-ING FORM OR
STUDY YOUR PIC-TURE FOR A CLUE OH, THESE BOO-IES HAVE THEIR
LI-KITS THEY'RE A TEN-PO-RE- Y HOME AND YOURS HAS DONE ITS
DU-TY AND IS GONE SO LET HER GO
SHE'S A FER- THEN IN THE MIND SHE'S GONE BACK TO WHERE
EV-ER LIFE BE-GINS AND FOR ALL THE LOVE WE



Photo © Susan Brown

The wonder of new life, birth into sunlight
 And who remembers where we were before?
 It fades back into darkness
 as we make this world our home
 But always something beckons from a far off shore
 My heart forever hungry for a bigger sky
 For a truth drawn large before the human eye.
 Oh these senses have their limits
 They fly within a cage,
 Regretfully I bow before an empty page.
 So let her go
 She's a feather in the wind
 And she's gone back to wherever life begins
 And for all the love we know
 We are only here on loan in flesh and bone
 So let her go.

We've scaled the highest peaks, plundered the ocean
 And made machines to measure stars and dust
 But I've been studying my heart
 in a different kind of mirror
 Since you've gone I have been driven into trust.
 Like a field beneath the plow my heart is broken
 The words that might have healed could not be spoken.
 Oh these words they have their limits
 They're clutching at the air
 Still I sing my song believing you are there.
 And I let it go
 It's a feather in the wind
 And it all goes back wherever life begins
 And for all the love we know
 We are only here on loan in flesh and bone
 So let it go.

You can hear the music of Betsy Rose on Paper Crane records.
 For more information, write to P. O. Box 9538, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Record Review

by Vic Sadot

Dave Lippman of Berkeley, California has just released his first album, *Shoot From The Lipp*. It is a powerful tour of images, satire, and political analysis delivered in a very entertaining manner.

The recording is of first rate professional quality. It was done at San Francisco's Mobius Music, and it features the San Francisco Mime Troupe's horn section. Dave called on nineteen musician friends to back him up, and the result is as pleasing to the ear as it is to the funny bone. The music varies from piano based parodies to finger picked guitar to jazz trio to Latin influenced folk-rock. It's sure to baffle those looking for a convenient category to file it away under.

"Nice Car" targets apathy with a wonderful chorus between verses filled with everyday travesties and tragedies: "I've got a Nice Car and troubles of my own. And I just ain't got the time. Somebody else will do it.

I won't think about it. Maybe it will go away."

"We Like Our Coffee Sweet" stands out in its deceptively simple expose of North-South economic contradictions that are the real source of revolution in Third World countries. "We like our country rich. We want the best for our sons. Profits were stable this year. Too bad these natives all have guns." "Patch My Pockets" and "Do We Know" are engaging rock songs that deserve lots of radio air play.

Here is an album that is truly in the Broadside tradition, reminiscent of the biting humor of Phil Ochs, with a thoroughly modern sound. Highly recommended and available on record or tape for \$8 plus postage/handling (and sales tax where applicable) from Urgent Records, P.O. Box 7621, Berkeley, CA 94707.

This very well could be the best topical album of the year.

A Straight Shooter With Humor



DON'T BE TOO POLITE

Pete Seeger sent in this rousing woman's labor song. He doesn't know its origins, except that his copy came from an Australian book called the "Builder Labourer's Songbook." If you have any information about the song or the book, we'd be glad to know.

D G A7 B Bb A7

OH, DON'T BE TOO PO-LITE GIRLS, DON'T BE TOO PO-LITE, JUST SHOW A LIT-TLE FIGHT GIRLS SHOW A LIT-TLE FIGHT DON'T

D Bb G A7 D G A7 D

BE FEAR-FUL OF DE-FEND-ING IN CASE YOU GET THE SACK JUST REC-OG-NIZE YOUR VAL-UE AND WE WON'T LOOK BACK

I sew up shirts and trousers in the clothing trade,
Since men don't do the job I can't ask for higher pay,
The people at the top seldom offer something more
Unless the people underneath are walking out the door.

CHORUS (as above)

They say a man needs more to feed
his children and his wife
Well, what are the needs of a woman
who leads a double working life?
When the whistle blows for knockoff,
it's not her time for fun,
She goes home to start the job
that's never paid and never done.

CHORUS:

Don't be too afraid, girls, don't be too afraid,
We're clearly underpaid girls, clearly underpaid.
Though equal pay in principle is every woman's right
To turn that into practice we must show a little fight.
We can't afford to pay you, say the masters in their wrath,
But woman says "Just cut your
throat according to the cloth,
If the economy won't stand it then here's your answer boys
Cut out the wild extravagance on the new war toys."

CHORUS:

All among the bull, girls, all among the bull
Keep your hearts full, girls, keep your hearts full.
What good is a man as a doormat, or following at heel?
It's not their balls we're after, it's a fair square deal.

PATHFINDER MURAL

Artist's sketch of the Pathfinder Mural



Work has begun on a gigantic artistic and political landmark in Manhattan. The Pathfinder Mural will celebrate the role of the working-class press in the great social struggles of yesterday and today. The project will involve artists and fighters from across the country and around the world. Six stories high, the mural will cover one side of the Pathfinder Building at the corner of Charles and West Streets in Manhattan.

To help support this historic project, Steve Clark, Director of Pathfinder Press, is sponsoring an evening with Arnaldo Guillen, one of Nicaragua's foremost artists and a leader of the Sandinista Cultural Worker's Association. Arnaldo is the first of many international artists who will work on the Pathfinder Mural. This event, including music and refreshments, will take place on Saturday, November 21 at 7:30 PM, at the Pathfinder Bookstore, 79 Leonard Street (5 blocks south of Canal, near Broadway). A donation of \$5 or more will be accepted in support of the mural. For information about the event, the project or artists' tours, call Cappy Kidd at 212-741-0690.

HELP CREATE A NEW ARTISTIC AND POLITICAL LANDMARK



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 thrive: • subscribe • buy a dozen or more copies to sell to your friends or favorite record or book store (buy 50 or more at discount rates) • get your community or university library to subscribe • organize a benefit concert in your community with local musicians, subscription flyers and BROADSIDEs to sell • ask radio DJ's that play topical songs to mention BROADSIDE and our sub rates and address • use your imagination (tell us your ideas!). Your support is vital to our non-profit all-volunteer publication, and we really appreciate your efforts in the Friends of BROADSIDE Network.

DON'T YOU WORRY MISTER

(dedicated to the Life and Work of Marion Wade who is always singing for survival.)

by Matthew Jones © 1983

ASCAP

E⁶ A⁶ B⁷
 I SAW A MAN IN AN AL- LEY IN NINE-TEEN THIR- TY
 E⁶ A⁶ B⁷
 THREE, HE SAID TO ME I'M HUN- GRY, I HAVEN'T HAD E- NOUGH TO
 E⁶ B E⁶
 EAT I SAID DON'T YOU WOR- RY MIS- TER, WE LIVE IN A LAND THAT'S
 B⁷ E⁶ A⁶ B⁷ E⁶
 FREE IT WON'T TAKE VER-Y MUCH TIME FOR YOU TO GET E-NOUGH TO EAT

I saw a man in an alley
in nineteen thirty-three.
He said to me, I'm hungry
I haven't had enough to eat.
I said, "Don't you worry Mister
we live in a land that's Free.
It won't take very much time for you
to get enough to eat."

I saw a man on a dark road
in nineteen forty-three.
Some men were about to lynch him
this I could plainly see.
I said, "Don't you worry Mister
we live in a land that's Free.
It won't take very much time
to end all Bigotry."

I saw a man in a jail house
in nineteen fifty three.

He said: "I was called a Communist
by a government committee."
I said, "Don't you worry Mister
we live in a land that's Free.
It won't take very much time
to end all Secrecy."

I saw a man on a picket line
in nineteen sixty-three. He said:
"I'm fighting for my civil rights
Down with White supremacy."
I said, "Don't you worry Mister
we live in a land that's Free.
It won't take very much time
to end all Misery."

I saw a man in a uniform
in nineteen seventy-three.
He said: "I'm fighting an unjust war
for the aristocracy."

I said, "Don't you worry Mister
we live in a land that's Free.
It won't take very much time
to end all Piracy."

I saw a man in an alley
in nineteen eighty-three.
He said: "I'm hungry
I haven't had enough to eat." I said,
"Too many years of Hunger.
Too many years of death.
We are not getting any younger,
We are taking our last breath."

CODA

We need years of Justice.
We need years of Peace.
We need years of Harmony.
We need wars to cease.

THE 1987 PHILADELPHIA FOLK FESTIVAL

Progressive Politics at Philly Folk Fest

by Vic Sadot

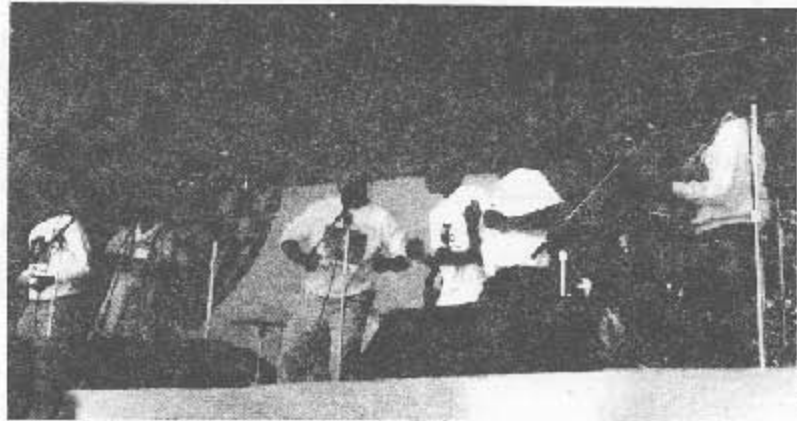
Every year in late August the Philadelphia Folksong Society showcases new and established folk talents at the Philadelphia Folk Festival, in the rolling hills of Schwenksville, PA.

This year, the Saturday afternoon concert was unusually and overtly political for the Philly Folk Fest. This may reflect just how frighteningly far to the right the Reagan regime has led the country. I think the concert is testimony to the fine work of a fairly new Philly folk group called "Swords Into Plowshares." Their concerts in various locations and their Blushing Zebra Coffeehouse in Germantown have proven what *Broadside* readers know all along -- that there is a large audience for intelligent, progressive and original topical music.

At any rate, the Saturday concert took on the air of a political rally with Holly Near and the South African group Sechaba peppering their songs of struggle with trenchant commentary.

Sechaba, the cultural group of the African National Congress of South Africa, was formed by exiles in New York City in the aftermath of the Soweto uprisings. They sang exuberant liberation songs in South African languages, dedicating and explaining each song with introductions in English, for example: "The next item is dedicated to the youth of our country who are today laced with bullets, guns . . . they are daily imprisoned for their opposition to this neo-Nazi system of Apartheid. And it says that any nation that does not respect its youth is not worthy of being called a nation."

Another song was dedicated to the "Frontline states in southern Africa, the countries of Mozambique, Zimbabwe, Lesotho, Zambia . . . all of these countries have been subjected to this internationally proclaimed crime against humanity by the



Mervin Firmani

Sechaba singing South African songs of liberation

Apartheid regime. It says that the people of the Frontline States shall not forsake their international obligation of fighting against neo-Nazism."

Sechaba performed "Limpopo," (published in *Broadside* #181), as part of a eulogy for Chipso Wakatama of The Human Condition. Chipso originally learned the song from Sechaba. Said one of the singers, "Limpopo is the last river on the African continent that has to be crossed before the whole African continent is free from the shackles of colonialism. With the freedom of South Africa the whole continent will now be able to direct its resources toward the improvement of all the people of Africa."

Holly Near performed "Watch Out!", which she wrote with John McCutcheon. The chorus goes, "And with a man like that you never know just where or when. He's gone . . . gone and sent in the marines again."

She announced demonstrations against contra aid and in support of gay and lesbian rights. "You don't have to be gay to go. I go to a lot of marches to oppose racism and I'm not black. You can oppose homophobia and still be straight. I hope you'll be there to get the government to help us

stop AIDS." Holly sang Charlie King's "Two Good Arms," about Sacco and Vanzetti, the Italian immigrants who were electrocuted as a result of a judicial frame-up. She delivered a powerful rendition of Walter Robinson's "Lifeline," about Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad.

Holly very skillfully mixed in some warm and insightful love songs as well. Her most recent album is made up entirely of such real world love songs done in a polished and professional manner.

The talent selection committee of the Philly Folk Fest deserves a lot of credit for including such topical singers as these, for they have the special ability to inspire as well as critique through the medium of song.



Leaning To The Left

by Sharon Marmon

British Magazine Examines Politics and Music

Britain has a new left wing, pro-Labor political/music mag with the thought tickling name, **WELL RED**.

The mag's goal to prove "that politics doesn't have to be boring" and to reach the same audience as that of "the teeny pop magazines," "the music press tabloids," and "the nation's political magazines" is reflected in the content of its second issue. Containing articles on Northern Ireland, South Africa, and vivisection, as well as a number of music and art pieces, the overall impression is of a well written, well done, promising addition to the world of progressive magazines and journals.

One pleasant, if mixed, surprise, is **WELL RED**'s series on the development of Black music in the United States since the fifties. The article in the second issue concentrates on the seventies and provides a readable, clear accounting of the complex changes in Black music during that period. Unfortunately, the article does little more than that. There is no in-depth discussion of the relationship between black music and politics. As a result, music which celebrated black power is lumped together with the sound tracks to films like "Shaft" and "Superfly," two highly commercialized films which made big bucks out of the

racist stereotype of black men as macho studs and black women as either emasculating or totally self-effacing.

A large portion of the article is appropriately dedicated to Gil Scott Heron and his willingness to take risks with the subject matter of his songs. This would have been an ideal spot to compare Heron's musical attacks on the destruction of black people and black hopes by alcoholism and drug addiction with "Superfly's" cinematic and musical celebration of the pusher as the ghetto's answer to Dale Carnegie.

WELL RED is still worth subscribing to and is looking for reader input. To subscribe and make suggestions, write to

Well Red
Red Wedge
150 Walworth Road
London SE17 1JT
United Kingdom

No information as to subscription price, but each issue is about \$1 US.

Sharon Marmon is a political scientist whose main interest is in the effects of oppression, and especially the relationship between oppression and progressive thought and culture.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- Women's Night(s) at the Post Crypt, Nov. 20 and 21, St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University campus, near 117th St. and Columbus Ave. Call 212-222-4593.
- Peoples Voice Cafe, Washington Square Church, 133 West 4th St., New York City. Call 212-777-2528 for Nov.-Dec. calendar.
- Bob Norman appears Dec. 11 at the Blushing Zebra, 7167 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia. For information call 215-242-2221.
- Phil Ochs memorial concert, Dec. 3 at the Bottom Line in New York City. Sammy Walker and others. Sonny Ochs MC. Call 212-228-6300.
- A Broadside Benefit is planned for the last weekend in January at St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University. We'll report details in the January *Broadside*.

A memorial concert was held October 10 at Symphony Space in New York for Moses Asch, founder of Folkways Records. Many friends participated, too many to name them all here.



Broadside
 P. O. Box 670
 Cathedral Station
 New York, NY 10025

BULK RATE
 U.S. POSTAGE
 PAID
 New York, N.Y.
 Permit No. 6958



ZONE 1 EXPIRES: 999
 ROSS, Norman A.
 392 Central Park West
 New York, NY 10025

CONTENTS

Songs

- 5 Children of the Dust
- 7 Honk If You Love America
- 8 Sixty Percent
- 9 Vegetable Killer
- 10 Songs for the Picket Line
- 11 What A Day of Victory!
- 12 8,000 Tons of Potatoes
- 14 Canto de Liberacion Nicaraguense
- 15 You Can't Move That Train
- 16 To Sail Across The Sea
- 18 Let Her Go
- 20 Don't Be Too Polite
- 21 Don't You Worry Mister

- Patricia Shih
- Greg DeCowsky
- Les Rice
- Jay Mankita
- Julie McCall
- Marion Wade

Tom McClelland and Matt Jones

- Mark Levy
- Eric Levine
- Betsy Rose

Articles

- 4 Marian Hille -- Obituary
- 13 8,000 Tons of Potatoes
- 17 Record Review
- 20 Pathfinder Mural Project
- 22 1987 Philly Folk Fest

- Sis Cunningham
- S. Kinzer
- Vic Sadot
- Vic Sadot

Columns

- 2 Letters to Broadside
- 4 New Directions
- 6 Johnny Punksseed
- 23 Leaning to the Left
- 23 Calendar of Events

- Matt Jones
- Gordon Friesen
- Sharon Marmon

JOIN THE CHORUS! HELP US START OUR SECOND 25 YEARS!

◆ **SUBSCRIBE TO BROADSIDE NOW.**

 HERE'S MY CHECK FOR A SUBSCRIPTION TO BROADSIDE

(Six Issues Per Year) New Sub Renewal

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

NOTE: Does Your Label Say
 "Expires #183"?
 PLEASE SEND IN YOUR
 RENEWAL TODAY!

	<u>Individual</u>	<u>Institution</u>	<u>Sustainer</u>
One Year Sub:	\$12	\$20	\$25
Two Year Sub:	\$22	\$35	\$45
Three Year:	\$30	\$45	\$60
Prisoners:	\$5 per year		
Overseas:	Add \$6 per year Canada: Add \$3 per year		

SEND TO: BROADSIDE, P. O. BOX 670 CATHEDRAL STATION NEW YORK, NY 10025