

# Broadside

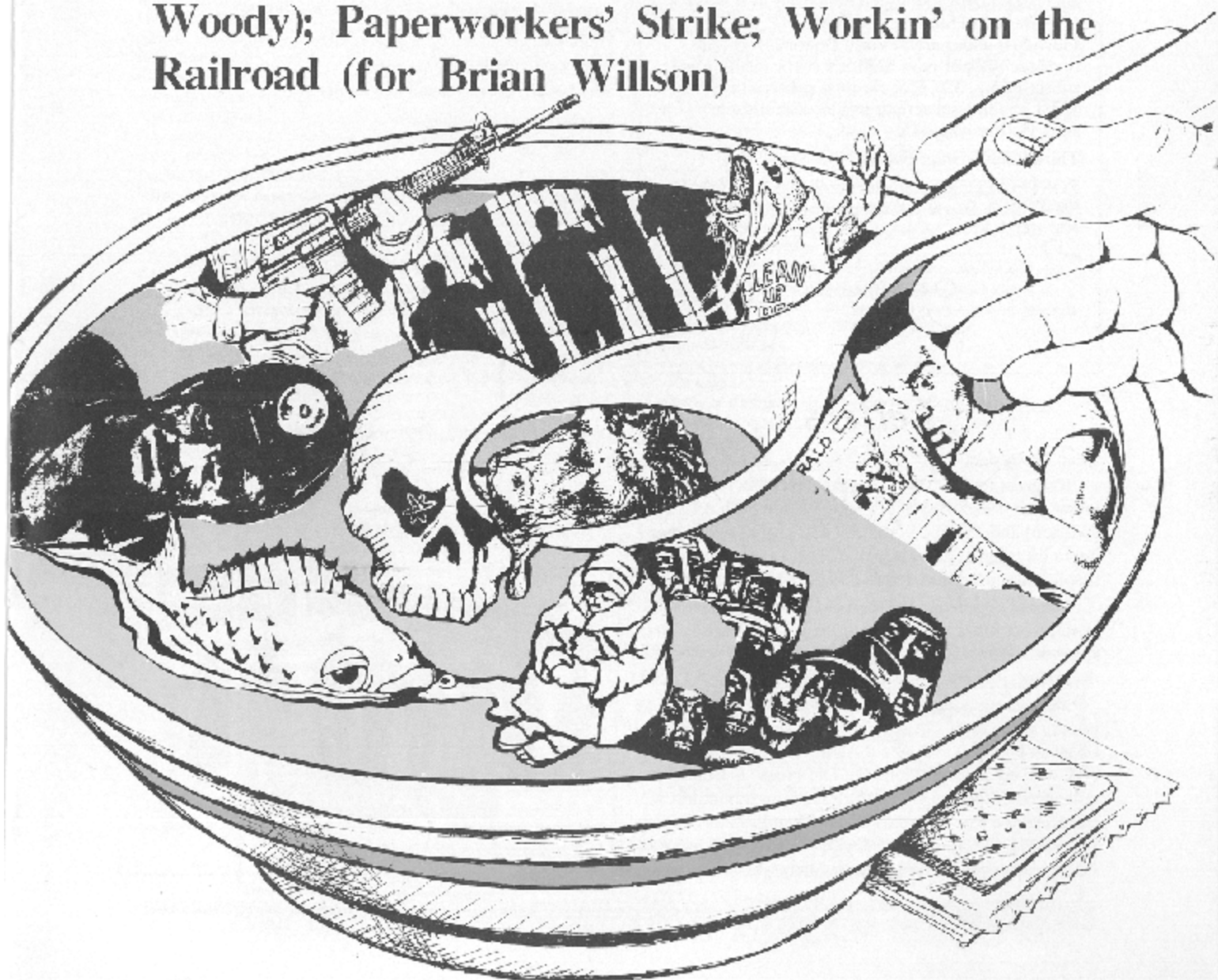
THE NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG MAGAZINE

#185

## ~\*~\*~\* Soup Kitchen ~\*~\*~\*

*Today's Specials:* \$2.00

Singing to Save the Earth: People's Music in Environmental Organizing; New Rebel Music from Ireland and Palestine; An Encounter with Woody Guthrie (and an unpublished poem by Woody); Paperworkers' Strike; Workin' on the Railroad (for Brian Willson)



## BROADSIDE No. 185

Founded in 1962 by Sis Cunningham and Gordon Friesen

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BROADSIDE is published bimonthly at P. O. Box 670, Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025.

Individual issues are \$2 each. Personal subscriptions are \$12 per year, \$22 for 2 years; institutional subscriptions, \$20, \$35; overseas subscriptions \$18, \$34; Canadian subscriptions \$15, \$28; sustainer subscriptions \$25, \$45.

Third Class postage paid at New York, NY

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

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## Letters

Dear *Broadside*:

It's great to see "Blood On the Track" in print and to know that folks may be singing it somewhere. Brian [Willson] and I talked yesterday. He said he spent many hours listening to the song while he was recuperating and that it had moved him deeply and gave him strength.

I would appreciate it if *Broadside* could correct some misinformation. I am not Australian. I was born in New Jersey and was raised in Virginia. I did spend 2-1/2 years in Australia.

Your readers may be interested to know that an 18 minute video tape, "Minefield Nicaragua," has just been released by video artist Paul Astin. The tape begins and ends with my singing "Blood On The Track" in front of the embassy in Managua, where the American community has maintained a weekly protest every Thursday morning for the past 4 years. Interspersed with the song are images of Nicaraguan children and young soldiers who are suffering

from the *contra* tactic of planting mines. The video tape itself is a powerful work and I hope many have the opportunity to view it.

Just for the record, while I am a member of the Pine-woods Club, and am pleased they have asked me to perform several times, I have no other connection.

Ken Wade

Dear *Broadside*:

Here's the Prayer Call I read over WBAI last Saturday night. I was moved by [Matt Jones] singing and rapping with Bob, so I picked up the phone and read the Call. As you'll notice, I sent it to the Times first, hoping they'd use it. Nothing has happened as of this date.

*A Call For A Meeting of Prayer For the Souls of....*

Israel/Palestinians

Iran/Iraq

Ireland/the Brits

Nicaragua/ Pres. Reagan and Congress

South Africa/ the Blacks

USSR/ Afghanistan etc., etc.

*No axes to grind ... No guns to kill ... A prayer of good will towards all people under the One and lonely and besieged flag of the human race ...*

*Pray alone, in tens, in hundreds, in thousands ... At home, church, synagogue, mosque, ashram ... Cities, town halls, parks, hills, mountains ... Rally across America ... For metamorphosis of peace ...*

*And with God's halo over use for progress, end of arms ... Now and further along into the Twenty-first Century ...*

*Amen! Shalom!*

Sidney Bernard, *Roving editor, Pulpsmith Magazine*



Cover illustration by Marian Firmani

## Striking Paperworkers Begin New Campaigns

Julie Gordon

As this issue of *Broadside* comes out, the strike of the United Paperworkers against the International Paper Company will be approaching its one-year anniversary. Although I. P. workers are paid less on average than others in the industry, and company profits were up 130 percent last year, the company demanded concessions from the workers, who voted to go out on strike rather than give back what little they were living on now. The following [excerpted] letter from Harry Dwyer of UPIU Local 14 in Jay, Maine, explains the situation.

Dear *Broadside*:

After 9 months we are still fighting and things look better as we've carried the fight out of 4 small communities and gone nationwide. We are linking up with other groups in a united front against I. P.'s assault on working men and women, aided and abetted by a corrupt Reagan administration.

More than just a union vs management fight, this is a people vs big business battle. Not only are wages, benefits, working conditions and worker dignity under assault, but families and communities and their environments and long term health as well.

A series of waste water spills and chemical accidents have occurred as I. P. tries to run the mill with untrained scabs, including the largest dumping of industrial waste ever in Maine as I. P. sent 16 million gallons into the Androscoggin River, turning the river brown and foamy for 30 miles. In February, 4000 townspeople and several schools had to be evacuated because of a chlorine dioxide disaster. I could go on in this vein for days.

We have caravans of strikers travelling in several states to spread the truth and counteract the I. P. media blitz of propaganda and outright lies.

Harry Dwyer

In Tennessee, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and Maine, I. P. has hired professional strikebreakers and surrounded its mills with 10-foot high barbed wire fences. The UPIU has organized a Corporate Campaign to put pressure on I. P.'s board through other companies and unions. Please write to obtain a "Jobs With Justice" Pledge form. The address is:

UPIU Corporate Campaign  
50 Thayer Street  
Boston, MA 02118

### I'M DREAMING OF A FAIR CONTRACT

words by Julie McCall

(Tune: *I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas*)

I'm dreaming of a fair contract  
The best agreement we have known  
One with no concessions, that we'll vote "yes" on  
A real Union milestone  
I'm dreaming of a fair contract  
With every Union card I sign  
Now we've put ourselves on the line  
And there'll be no take-aways this time.  
I'm fighting for a fair contract  
Without a cut in take-home pay  
Over-time on weekends' one thing we must win  
And all seven holidays  
I'm fighting for a fair contract  
With every picket line I walk  
Till these Union-busters are stopped  
And we make I. P. sit down and talk.  
We're fighting for a fair contract  
With our new Corporate Campaign  
Georges fills his pockets with I. P.'s profits  
But must cut workers' pay, he claims  
We're fighting for a fair contract  
With every lie that we expose  
When we hurt their stock portfolios  
Then we'll see a change in our cash-flow!

Written in support of the United Paperworkers International Union, in their struggle for fair working and living conditions.

### Non-Union Dues Rap

© 1987 Jon Fromer

Working fast food for the minimum wage  
They say we've got it good for kids our age  
They want it now, so make it quick  
You get no tips and no benefits  
Four-twenty-five an hour don't pay the bills  
And it won't buy pills when you get ill  
(when you get ill, get ill, get ill)  
You're cookin' grease in rancid oil  
Full of chemicals so the food won't spoil  
The drive-in window will drive you wack  
And the manager's always on your back  
He's paid a little more to be tyrannic  
The heat's outrageous and the pace is panic  
(The pace is panic, is panic, is panic)  
When you use the restroom you punch the clock  
Take too long and your pay is docked  
Getting fried on fries ten hours a day  
Burnt on burgers with no overtime pay  
When you're close to taking all you can take  
You think about the millions of bucks they make  
(Bucks they make, bucks they make, bucks they make)  
Didn't take me long to make up my mind  
I'm through working the fast food assembly line  
If a union job means better pay  
Health benefits and an eight hour day  
Then a union contract is what I choose  
'Cause I've paid the high cost of non-union dues  
(Non-union dues, non-union dues, non-union dues)



## Palestine Was Made For You and Me *by Laila Jammal*

*Laila Mansour Jammal is a Palestinian activist, poet and expert on Palestinian and Arab affairs and International Public Relations. Born in Acre, Palestine, she remained in her hometown after the creation of Israel in 1948. Forced to leave in August, 1967, she came to the United States as a refugee in 1970.*

This land is your land. (CHORUS)  
 Palestine is my homeland.  
 From Ras en-Naqura  
 To Gaza Coast land,  
 From the river of Jordan  
 To the Mediterranean,  
 Palestine was made  
 For you and me.

\* *Ras En-Naqura, located near the pre-1947 border of Lebanon and Palestine, is well-known for its orange orchards and vineyards.*



## The Ballad of Mordechai Vanunu

*words by Tuli Kupferberg*

*(Tune: Wayfaring Stranger)*

He worked ten years--Dimona's desert  
 To bring the desert to the Land  
 To make the Cedars burn to ashes  
 To let the Temple sink to sand.

He thought about stones in the Bible  
 He told about Bombs in the rock  
 Mossad caged him in Halevi's Eagle  
 And then they threw away the lock.

He dreamed about Adolf Eichmann  
 He who obeys is like the rest  
 Who saves one life, O Jew or Arab  
 Who saves one soul dwells with the Blest.

They called him mad, they called him venal  
 They called him traitor, apostate  
 But all he did was call, "Rachmonos" [pity]  
 All he did: defy the State.

We need more Jews like Mort Vanunu  
 We need more Arabs search their heart  
 O people will you be mere downslave?  
 Or workers will you be upstarts!

We need more brothers like Hai Vanunu  
 We need more sisters search their heart  
 O workers will you be mere downslave?  
 Or people will you be upstarts!

*Israeli atomic scientist Mordechai Vanunu defected and told a British newspaper that Israel had developed nuclear weapons. He was kidnapped by Mossad (the Israeli spy agency) in Rome, brought back to Israel, and sentenced this March to 18 years in prison for "espionage."*

*Spoken:*

One day, on a bombing attack,  
 I was awakened--  
 Discovered my land  
 By the Zionist taken.  
 They drove me out of my country,  
 Spent the rest of my life  
 In camps...hungry.  
 So my friends  
 Won't you sing with me?  
 This land is your land  
 Palestine, is my homeland.

(CHORUS)

I forgot to pray to God (SPOKEN)  
 For a while,  
 Who seemed to forget my presence.  
 The only God Whom I worshipped  
 In our holy land,  
 He taught use to believe in peace  
 The way we should,  
 The kind of peace  
 that Camp David misunderstood.  
 So my friend,  
 Won't you sing with me?  
 This land is your land  
 Palestine is my homeland.

(CHORUS)

You judged me ...  
 And your verdict was not just  
 To let me live as a refugee  
 For over forty years.  
 I'm a peaceful human being  
 Have not mistreated anyone  
 And your misjudgment  
 in the dictionary of justice  
 I could not find.  
 So my friends  
 Won't you sing with me:  
 This land is your land ...

My comrades, my friends  
 Forty years of misery  
 To suffer is enough  
 Life, to my people  
 Has been very rough  
 Your support and understanding  
 Will help us to build  
 The bridge of return  
 To Palestine  
 Our beloved homeland.  
 So my friends  
 Won't you sing with me:  
 This land is your land  
 Palestine is my homeland.



## New Directions: Profile of a Singer-Organizer by Matt Jones

To Ray, with Love:  
*On the streets of Belfast I belong  
 On Derry's walls, my Freedom song.  
 In Long Kesh no convict uniform!  
 The Brehon Laws returning.*

Matt Jones

Ray Collins is Belfast. He is its song of freedom. He speaks the language of Bobby Sands. He sings with the intensity of Victor Jara. He writes as prolifically as Woody Guthrie.

Ray is a freedom fighter whose gun is his guitar and his bullets are traditional and contemporary Irish Rebel Music. His goal in life is to change the colonial nature of Ireland. Ray wants to give a voice to people who don't have a voice and who need to be heard. Ray told me:

"My cousin spent 12 years in Long Kesh. A score of my relatives have been assassinated. I've had four attempts at my life. I've been almost blown up, shot at, beaten up and thrown into solitary confinement."

Ray takes every opportunity to tell his people's story, and counter British propaganda: "I want to show that we are not barbaric. We are people with a rich history, identity and language, which is why I sing at least one song in Gaelic at my gigs. We have a sense of humor and a love for life and other people's culture and identity."

Once upon a time there was  
 Irish ways and Irish laws,  
 Villages of Irish blood,  
 Waken to the mornings ...  
 Today the struggle carries on,  
 I wonder will I live so long  
 To see the gates being opened up  
 To a people and their freedom

Irish Rebel Music

Ray clearly expresses his philosophy: "The beauty and spirituality of life is my motivating and driving force. Otherwise, it wouldn't be worth trying to change. . . . to get rid of the chains. If we get embroiled in the darkness, the hatred, the racism, the bigotry, sectarianism and the deviousness of the English government and Margaret Thatcher, we become the objects of our own hatred. If I don't have any real feelings for the beauty that is in the world, I would become cynical and lose my direction."

Ray Collins will never lose his direction, love for his country, peace and freedom. "Even as I talk, three Irish volunteers are being executed in Gibraltar (March 3, 1988).

Nevertheless, our songs and poems must have hope. Songs raise the spirits, even in solitary confinement. When I was in

Prison in London under the Protection Against Terrorism Act, each morning I would shout out to everyone to clear their lungs; to whoop and cheer to keep their spirits up, and to sing the song 'I'll Wear No Convict's Uniform' and hang on the cells." Ray spoke with intensity of the long history of British persecution of the Irish and about British acts of terror.

"In the 17th century thirty harp players struggled to earn a living, composing tunes that you now

hear played in concert halls. They would go to the houses of the rich for patronage. The British put these harpists to death using gallows on wheels, which they rolled from execution to execution. The Irish who played pipes would be strung up and choked with the pipes hung around their necks. The dehumanization of Irish culture and identity goes right through to the English today. They shoot us like dogs. To them we don't exist as human beings."

Ray always has a story to tell or a song to sing. He walks the sidewalks of Belfast, a wealth of Irish folklore and a revolutionary spirit surpassed by none. He is a friend of Bernadette Devlin-McAliskey and the late Rev. F. D. Kirkpatrick, to whom he dedicated his last album, "Songs of Freedom": . . . to the memory of the late Rev. F. D. Kirkpatrick (1933-1986), friend, civil rights activist and singer of songs of freedom."

Ray Collins is going back to Belfast in July of this year. He feels he can be more effective there. He wants to teach guitar to the youth and promote the singing of Irish Rebel Music throughout his home land. Ray will be sending us lots of songs and stories that will show the endurance, strength and spirit of the Irish people.

I conclude with one of Ray's anecdotes on racism:

*If you tell the public that all Irish are thick-mick, rosy-cheeked terrorists, they will start to believe it. After one of my performances a man offered me a drink. I told him I didn't drink because it gets in the way of my work. He replied: "An Irishman that doesn't drink?" Then I quipped, "If I were Black would you be asking me where my watermelon was?"*



Ray Collins

*Brehon Laws: Ancient Irish laws, egalitarian and benevolent.*

# Radical Rebel Girl

© Ray Collins (ASCAP)

D G A7



1. Don't you know it was love at first sight when he saw her stand- ing

D



there with her lit-tle arm a- lite Chris-tian Di- or cow-hat jac- ket and her

G A7



vel-vet black be- ret her Fos- ter Grant sun- glass-es well she

D G B



stole his heart a- way Where would he be the sen- si- tive re- bel boy

A7 B



if it was- 'nt for the sup- port of his strong-willed pride and joy

G B



Where would he be when his mind's all in a whirl if it

A7 B (Verse 2)



was- 'nt for the love of his ra- di- cal, re- bel girl As she

(Chorus:)

Where would he be, the sensitive rebel boy  
If it wasn't for the support  
of his strong-willed pride and joy?  
Where would he be when his mind's all in a whirl  
If it wasn't for the love of his radical rebel girl?

2. As she marches up the Falls Road  
with her long golden braids  
She's the finest-looking cailin\*\* in the Easter Parade  
As she leads the color party with the flags flying high  
There's no one else can match her,  
she's the apple of my eye.

Chorus

3. No use looking in the kitchen,  
you'll be wasting your time  
She's out organizing, on the picket line  
A source of inspiration, a sister through and through  
She don't want second-best, only first-class will do.

Chorus

\* Armalite: rifle  
\*\* cailin: unmarried woman, girl (Gaelic)

# I'll Wear No Convict's Uniform


© by James Broly

C Dm G E/C



I am a proud young I- rish- man in Ul-ster's hills my life be  
But when my age was bare- ly ten my coun-try's wrongs were told a-

C Am/G F6 C/G G



gan, A hap- py boy through green fields ran and kept God's and men's laws  
gain by tens of thou- sand march- ing men, my heart stirred to the

C CHORUS C G7



call I'll wear no con- vict's u- ni- form nor meek- ly serve my time that

C F C C/G G7 C



Bri- tain might brand Ire - land's fight eight hun- dred years of crime.

2. I learned of centuries of strife  
of cruel laws, injustice rife  
I saw now in my own young life  
the fruit of foreign sway  
Protesters, threatened, tortured, maimed  
Divisions nurtured, passions flamed  
outraged, provoked, our cause defamed  
This is the conqueror's way.

**Chorus**

3. Descendants of proud Connacht Clan  
Concanon serves cruel Britain's plan  
Man's inhumanity to man  
has spawned a trusty slave.  
No stranger to these bolts and locks  
No new design this dark H-Block  
Black Cromwell lives while Prior stalks  
The bully taunts the brave.

**Chorus**

4. Does Britain need a thousand years  
of Protest, Riot, Death and Tears,  
or will this last Decade of Fears  
of eighty decades spell  
an end to Ireland's agony  
new cause for human dignity  
and will the last obscenity  
be this grim H-Block cell?



Seven Days

(Chorus:)  
I'll wear no convict's uniform  
Nor meekly serve my time  
that Britain might brand Ireland's fight  
Eight Hundred Years of Crime.



# HarvAid: Songs for a Free South Africa

February 21-22, Sanders Theater, Harvard University,  
Cambridge, Mass.

by Robyn Ochs

In an effort to "inspire" Harvard University to divest its \$245 million in South Africa related holdings, Harvard/Radcliffe Alumni/ae Against Apartheid (HRAAA) and FolkTree ConcertMakers organized a two-day mega-event hosted by Pete Seeger which brought together 18 of folk music's premier acts and a total audience of over 2,000. The result was a resounding success. Approximately \$18,000 was raised to benefit HRAAA and the Fund for a Free South Africa.

This concert was part of an ongoing effort by HRAAA and others to move Harvard to divest by electing pro-divestment candidates to the Overseers, one of Harvard's two governing boards. Harvard's administration has been resistant, arguing Harvard's governance should not be politicized. The pro-divestment argument is, of course, that failure to address the issue of divestment is itself a political statement.

Sunday night's concert was high-gloss, high-energy and tightly organized. Starting with Pete Seeger, we saw a succession of mini-concerts interspersed with a dash of a speaker here and there. Songs were highly political in

content, and included John McCutcheon singing "Ain't You Got A Right to the Tree of Life," Si Kahn's "Lady of the Harbor," Tony Bird's new "I'm Sorry Africa," Holly Near's "Unity," and an exciting set by the Persuasions.

Monday night's show was quite different. Using the round-robin format, the result was a down-homey sing-along kind of atmosphere. Highlights of this night included Pete's "Abiyoyo" (which I haven't heard in many years), Jan Sapp singing "Kumbaya," and David Massengill's "Great American Dream." The finale was a series of old classics sung by the whole group: "We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder," "All My Life's A Circle," "Lean On Me," "Wimoweh," and "This Little Light of Mine."

The message of the event was two-fold. The first message was about South Africa and Harvard's need to divest. The second was drawing connections between what is happening in South Africa with struggles in the U. S. and was best summed up by Jane Sapp who said, "We in this country need to divest ourselves of racism and of a lack of tolerance for differences."

## Pete Seeger, 13 others arrested!

Sis Cunningham

At a demonstration for Tawana Brawley at the New York State Capitol in Albany, Pete Seeger and 13 other demonstrators were arrested. Pete was representing the Mid-Hudson Coalition for Racial Justice. This is their statement of purpose:

"We are citizens of different positions and backgrounds. We believe every human being should want to see our Hudson Valley free of the poison of racism. We want to see justice in the case of Tawana Brawley. We also want to see jobs, housing and leadership open to every man and woman, young and old, whatever the color of their skin. We look forward to many people joining us."

Pete stated that this committee is an independent group, similar to "friends of the court." He went on to say, "We hope to work on other cases in our region. Out of 18 attacks on blacks, which have gained nationwide attention recently (Eleanor Bumpers, Jimmy Lee Bruce), only the Howard Beach case resulted in conviction."

At the same time the demonstrators were circling the Capitol building, a 69-year-old black woman, Earline Patrice, was being honored inside by Governor Mario Cuomo for outstanding accomplishments in civil and human rights, her special contribution having been in "feeding the poor of Dutchess County." She was given the 1988 Martin Luther King Jr. Medal of Freedom. She thanked the governor and made a statement to the effect that the nation has not yet fully realized King's dream of equality for all; the advance-

ments made in the past 20 years due to King's work have been diminished in recent months by the sexual and racial attacks on Brawley. She asked Cuomo to heed requests for a new special prosecutor. She was not satisfied with the way things are going as regards the case, but she was happy to have the opportunity to make her statement.

*Special thanks to Charlie King for a Broadside benefit concert in Newark, DE, April 14, 1988. It was great!*

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# I Ain't Gonna Piss In No Jar

© 1987 Mojo Nixon

## BOOGIE BEAT

F A E A7

I ain't gon-na pee-pee in no cup 'less' n Nan-cy Rea-gan's gon-na

Drink it up, I say Yo! Nau-cy We just say No! No!

B7 E7

No, no, no, no, NO! ... Go a- head and fire me from my job, but there's just

A7 I B7

One lit tle thing you ain't gon- na rob, that's my free-döm and my liber-

E A E

ty Well, I ain't gon- na piss in no jar

A F#7 B7

Cause them e- vil pec- ker heads they done gone way too far I wouldn't

F E A7

pee in their mouths if they was dy-in' of thirst, yeah we got- ta get rid

E B B7 E

of this e- vil curac. I'm a- live and I'm fight- ing with jive

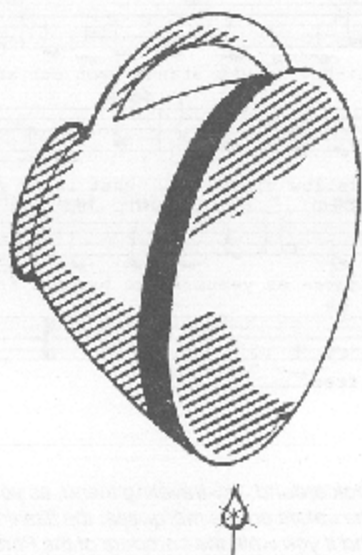
E G#m C#m E

Why is ev- ery- bo- dy so a- fraid of drugs?

G#m C#m B

May-be they're a- fraid of what the drug's gon-na do to us? (Well, I...)

Most of Mojo Nixon's music has a taste of the Anarchist in it, and this song is no exception. While the text refers to Thomas Jefferson, who said "That government is best which governs least," Mojo's approach is more direct: Hey, NANCY! Get outta my face!



Julie Gordon

*This song can be heard on Mojo Nixon's "Bow-day-shus" album from Enigma Records.*

Good to the very last drop!

Everybody should go to Washington  
 To have ourselves a little fun, you know  
 If they want our piss, I think we ought to give it to 'em  
 If we surround the White House with a urinary moat,  
 Then Ronnie and Nancy will have to float on a boat  
 To get across the stinkin', steamin' yellow pee-pee sea!  
 Well, I ain't gonna piss in no jar  
 'Cause these evil pecker-heads they done gone -  
 way too far  
 You know, Thomas Jefferson's gonna be mighty pissed  
 When he finds out - about this, I say:  
 Come back from the dead, Tom,  
 Sock 'em in the head.

Why is everybody so afraid of drugs?  
 Maybe they're afraid of what the drug's  
 Gonna do to us?  
 Well, I ain't gonna pee-pee in no cup,  
 'Less'n Nancy Reagan's gonna drink it up, I said:  
 Yo, Nancy, we just say No! No! No! No! No!  
 Well, go ahead and throw me in some jail,  
 Ram hot spikes up my tail  
 But you're not gonna get a drop of pee-pee  
 Outta me!  
 I ain't gonna piss in no jar\*

\* (repeat as often as necessary for temporary relief)

# Do You See the Huddled Masses?

(To a Typical Tourist in New York City)

© 1988 Jane Friesen and  
Sis Cunningham

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of six systems of music, each with a vocal line and a guitar accompaniment line. The lyrics are: "Welcome to New York my friend, welcome to my town, There's Times Square & Sch A-ven-ue and the subway underground. There's the Brklyn Bridge, the Empire State and Festivals galore! And don't fo- get Miss Lib-er-ty who stands upon our shore, And don't forget Miss Li-bar-ty who stands upon our shore. -ty. What! My fellow ci-ti-zen, what is it you see? Do you see the huddled Mass- es yearning to breathe free? Free? Yearning to breathe free." The guitar accompaniment includes various chords and a melodic line that complements the vocal melody.

## THE NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 9, 1987

At the Port Authority, the homeless are ubiquitous. The main concourse is lined with bloated women and hollow-eyed men.

For many visitors who have left gentler places for an outing in the big city, New York's bus and train stations are the ports of entry. In recent years, however, these transportation hubs have become unofficial barracks for the homeless, particularly when winter forces the legions of street people indoors.

The commuters who pass through these stations have developed strategies for blocking out their daily encounters with extreme poverty. They lock their eyes forward and stride purposefully to the exits, heels clicking on the marble floors.

Arriving at one of these terminals can be a jolting experience for the most intrepid traveler.

At Grand Central, the homeless congregate in a pair of waiting rooms near the entrance at 42nd Street and Park Avenue. Sometimes, they fill the scarred wooden benches with shopping carts and bundles at their feet and the litter of fast-food meals around them.

"There's no place else to sit," said Suzanne Schrag, an elderly Manhattan woman who waited, as she often does, for the arrival of her grandson on a train from Westchester. "I'm here too early, and it's bad for me to stand up too long. It's very disagreeable to think that people come here from out-of-town and this is what they find.

*Look around, my traveling friend, as you take in the sights  
The colors on the marquees, the flashing Broadway lights  
And if you walk the corridors of the Port Authority  
Can you fail to notice there, amid the day's debris  
The tired, the poor, the cast-offs who have lost identity?*

### CHORUS

*What! My fellow citizens, what is it that you see?  
Do you see the huddled masses yearning to be free?*

*As you take your evening stroll  
do you meet the outstretched hand?  
The swollen feet in bundled rags, you wonder how they stand  
Hungry children in the doorway - kids without a school  
For if they have no place to live,  
then school's against the rule (repeat last line)*

### CHORUS

*Who is he, that bent old man so tattered & distraught?  
And who is she, that woman whose life efforts came to naught  
Have you gazed upon Miss Liberty & seen her shed a tear  
For the broken hearts and the hopeless dreams  
of the homeless living here? (2X)*

### CHORUS

*Remember how/our ancestors had passed through Ellis Isle  
They came in quest of freedom from oppression and denial  
Hungry, cold and homeless, yet with hope in every heart,  
Miss Liberty had promised  
they would have a brand new start. (2X)*

*And sure enough they found a place to call their very own,  
When you were born you had it good  
and now that you are grown  
You've come to see the very place beside the Golden Door  
Where your forefathers had arrived  
so wretched and so poor. (2X)*

### CHORUS

*America is beautiful, that's what we're always told  
For the one who holds a silver spoon  
the streets are paved with gold  
A lucky star may light the way to Opportunity  
But the star might blink and cease to shine  
and there is no guarantee  
that a CARDBOARD BOX won't some day  
be a home for you or me!*

### CHORUS





Political Affairs

## Open Letter to Congress on National Homelessness Policy

In February 1987, Chris Sprowal, national president of the Philadelphia-based National Union of the Homeless (NUH), sent an open letter to Congress, containing the following statements:

"... Our reality tells us that much of the current legislation and national policy on homelessness falls far short of addressing the needs of our people for jobs, job training, permanent and affordable decent housing, and accessible, quality health care. We are concerned that current public policy is moving the nation dangerously close to the alms houses that prevailed at the turn of the century.

"We are concerned that if there is no push for a comprehensive strategy and an enlightened vision regarding a solution to homelessness, there will be a continuing and ill-advised allocation of resources to emergency shelters ... Shelters are, in our view, twentieth-century poorhouses. They are, for the most part, institutions that offer no hope ... Shelters offer a continuing dependency and despair by those who must use them ...

"We urge Congress to institute policies and legislative initiatives that reward programs that stabilize and develop people's lives... We believe that our first-hand experiences and perspectives as homeless people could do much to inform public policy decisions and choices about homelessness in America. We would certainly be willing to participate in forum you deem appropriate for that purpose. Be assured that we are speaking for ourselves, and effectively demonstrating that we are HOMELESS BUT NOT HELPLESS AND WE WILL BE HEARD."

For information about joining and/or contributing to NUH - we especially urge membership for people who have homes to live in - write to NUH, 2001 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, PA 19130, or call them at 215-751-0466.

## Workin' On The Railroad

### Being A Continuation of the Brian Willson Story

The following is taken from a piece that appeared in *The Fifth Estate*, an anarchist newspaper published in Detroit. The incident described here was not, to say the least, widely reported in the mainstream press.

On September 5, 1987, an event occurred which may signal a breakthrough for the North American anti-war movement. Forty yards of railroad tracks and ties serving the Concord Naval Weapons Station were torn up by hundreds of protesters during and after a rally at Clyde Park, adjacent to the CNWS.

The rally had been called in response to the callous maiming of ex-Air Force captain and anti-war pacifist Brian Willson, who was run over the previous Tuesday by a munitions train as he sat on the tracks to protest the shipment of munitions to war zones in Central America.

The fact was that a number of people -- anarchists, workers, veterans, homeless people, comics\*, students and community activists -- had come prepared with tools and the willingness to attempt to dismantle the tracks on county property.

As Jesse Jackson was halfway through his preach, a group of ten people, shielded by a few dozen more, constructed a plywood death-train on a section of rails near where Willson had been hit. During the next three hours, over a thousand folk of all ages, shapes, colors and sizes cheered in support, brought food and drink, sang together ("I've Been Workin' On The Railroad") and/or uprooted railspikes, unbolted tracks and plates, removed the rails, dug out and removed the wooden railroad ties. By 5:30 PM, perhaps two dozen sections of track, 40 or so railroad ties and dozens of bolts and plates had been stacked or scattered around the demolition site. A 40-yard section of the railroad which carries munitions was dismantled and made impassable.

Some people probably never felt so good and excited about getting sweaty and dirty for free.

For the complete article, or even a subscription, write to: *The Fifth Estate*, 4632 2nd Avenue, Detroit, MI 48201.



\* Use of this slang term for "communist" does not represent the policy of BROADSIDE Magazine.

## Environmental Impact Statement

This issue of *Broadside* is specially devoted to issues of "the environment." By including so many songs and articles on environmental issues we do not mean to say it is possible to separate destruction of our precious earth from any of the other important political questions. The letter from Harry Dwyer (page 2) illustrates how closely chemical pollution is tied to the vital interests of workers. The article on waste dumping in Haiti by Djoa (page 20) is a model for the intervention of industrial powers in the third world.

"Talkin' Rad-Waste Blues" (this page) cannot be read without bringing up the question, "Where does nuclear waste come from, anyway?" The answer, of course, is two major sources: nuclear power generation, as in Chernobyl

and Three Mile Island, and nuclear weapons production. But we know also that nuke power does not have any real existence apart from nuclear bombs, and that nuke weapons, far from being used as a deterrent for other super-powers, are really held in reserve to keep third world nations - such as Haiti - in line.

If you are already organizing around the environment, we urge you to work hard at tying the ecology to every issue we care about. And political organizers struggling in the areas of labor, anti-intervention, elimination of racism, social justice, etc., should keep in mind the way "environmental" issue impact on our lives and the lives of our sisters and brothers around the globe.

## RAD-WASTE WARS LOOM IN THE PLAINS

Dick Russell

An unprecedented grass-roots mobilization of citizens opposed to the siting of "low-level" radioactive waste dump is taking place in the Great Plains and surrounding states. Last March 18, at least 8,000 people jammed the roads leading into Beloit, Kansas, for a confrontation with officials of the Central Interstate Radioactive Waste Compact. Since then, angry crowds have turned out in protest in Nebraska, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Louisiana. A Central Interstate Citizens Task Force formed in June to unite their efforts. "We have an absolute determination," said Bob Bland of the Arkansas Alliance, "to stop a radioactive dump going anywhere in this region."

So when US Ecology, Inc. (developer of other waste sites notorious for leaking and contaminating groundwater supplies) made the rounds early this summer to try to

explain its plans, several hundred people in the ranching country of Alliance, Nebraska simply took over the microphone while a burly fellow sat front row center conspicuously holding a bucket of tar and feathers.

"Talkin' Rad Waste Blues," written and sung by Kansas carpenter Jeff Dewan, has been trailing US Ecology, Inc.'s spokesmen wherever they go. The song brought a wildly cheering crowd of 4,000 to its feet at a public meeting in Hays, Kansas, and radio stations across the state have been playing it ever since.

This article is excerpted from a much longer piece in *Green Letter*, a publication we heartily recommend to Green environmental activists. Subscription information can be obtained from: *Green Letter*, P. O. Box 9242, Berkeley, CA 94709

### TALKIN' RAD-WASTE BLUES

by Jeff Dewan

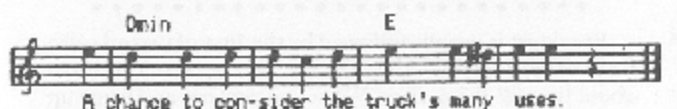
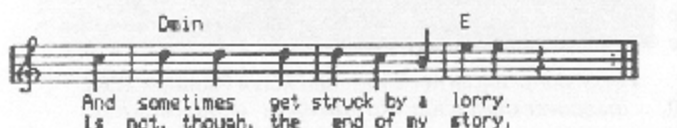
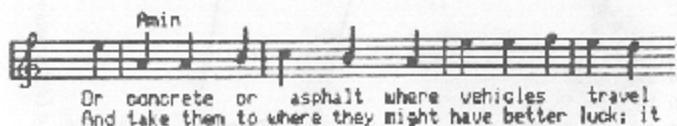
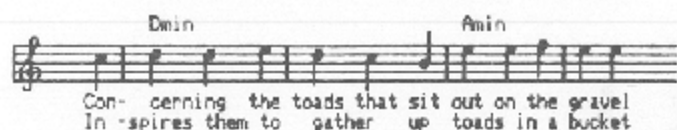
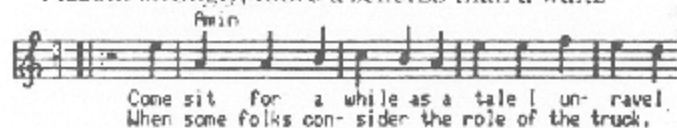
Back in 1987  
Had a little farm and I called it heaven  
Man come around in a suit an tie  
Got out of his car and I wondered why.  
He was smilin'  
Shakin' hands  
Pockets full o' money.  
Come up to my door, paper in hand  
Said he wanted to use my land.  
Only need it for thirty years,  
Then I'll get it back and have no fears  
Said it be improved,  
Glow in the dark  
Wouldn't need a night-light  
I said "Mister, where you from,  
You must think I'm pretty dumb  
That stuff you're peddlin' nuclear trash  
And I don't want your cold hard cash.  
Can't walk around on it,  
Can't eat it,  
Ain't healthy for children  
and other livin' things."

Man said, "Hey now, wait a minute,  
This here's big business and you're all in it!  
We'll build you houses, roads and schools,  
Why, if a man don't take it  
he's a goshdam fool!  
I'll just head on down the road,  
Next farm,  
Somebody's got some sense around here!"  
Well, he went through the county  
and the next one too  
All over the state, tried to talk it through  
But the folks all here, they just weren't buyin'  
'Cause they knew somebody was lyin'.  
If the stuff's so great,  
Why don't they want it  
in their own backyard?  
So I'm here today to demand apology  
From Westinghouse and US Ecology  
They thought they could buy us with all that dough  
And leave us here with a nuclear glow.  
Want to give us incentives,  
How much would it take?  
If you have to ask, you can't afford it.

## The Toads and the Truck

© 1984 by Howard L. Kaplan

Accent strongly, more a scherzo than a waltz



Perhaps it is carrying great hides of leather  
For tailors and cobblers to fasten together  
As jackets and boots to keep out the cold weather  
That comes with the storms of November.  
Now as it proceeds down the road, the truck passes  
The source of its leather where cattle eat grasses  
On fields that were drained by the land-owning classes  
In ages none here can remember.  
The pastures grew large, the Great Fen was reeeding  
And parts of six counties were lost to toads' breeding

Perhaps it is bearing a tankful of oil  
For heating the houses both common and royal  
That once would stay warm burning wood from our soil  
Before the great deforestation.  
But back when the tongue known  
to Shakespeare was spoken,  
We cut down such forest so noble and oaken  
That what is remaining is only a token  
Of that which once covered our nation.  
The woods that we cut for the forge and the smelter  
Had meadows and streams once,  
and toads could find shelter.

Perhaps it is laden with piles of lumber  
For building the houses that seem beyond number  
In new towns and suburbs where people can slumber  
Then drive to the cities' congestion.

In fields where bees once made honey and waxes  
We send in the workers with saws, picks and axes  
To push through the roadways we pay for with taxes  
On projects we too rarely question.  
The motorway lanes that we drive without stopping  
Are covering lands where the toads once were hopping.

Perhaps it is bringing transformers and cables  
To service our houses, our shops and our stables.  
The coal that we burn at the stations enables  
Us all to have access to power.

But as our good Nottingham coal oxidizes,  
The sulfur within it burns too, then it rises  
And mixed with nitrogenous oxides comprises  
That gas that has turned our rain sour.

When we know the riverbank screams with pain  
during  
Each storm, can we hope to see tadpoles maturing?

Perhaps in its rush down the road after dark it  
Is bringing up food from the south Common Market  
The greengrocer waits for the driver to park it,  
Then unloads the cabbage and marrows.  
But here, as in Europe, most men in possession  
Of land who have chosen the farming profession  
Attempt the same planting each year in succession,  
As each year their choice of seed narrows.  
Insecticides used upon plants of such breeding  
Are killing the bugs on which toads might be feeding.

Perhaps it's removing a landowner's treasure  
Collected through decades of study and leisure  
That now is donated to give us all pleasure  
At places the public can visit.  
Such antiques, mementos and artifacts sit in  
Our churches and halls, that it truly is written  
That one great museum is all of Great Britain,  
And this is our glory - or is it?

For shall we save porringers crafted of gold or  
Of tin, and lose species millennia older?

Come sit for a while as I finish this tale  
Of how these improvements to highway and rail  
May speed the dispatch of Her Majesty's Mail  
But silence the spring's early voices.

And if you see toads with their pouches inflating  
Informing the world that they're ready for mating  
But you think there's danger in their congregating  
Near trucks, then consider your choices.

And if you would move them, remember my singing:  
Fear less the truck's wheels  
than what the truck's bringing.

**NOTE:** In Great Britain, special "toad tunnels" were built under highways to prevent hordes of toads from being squished during their spring migration. Maybe Howard Kaplan thinks this action, while well intentioned, really misses the point?



## Songs, Sails and Suits: Clearwater Fights to Save a River

by Greg DeCowsky

7:00 a.m.—The sound of a mandolin drifts into the cabin, followed shortly thereafter by the mandolin player himself. *You get a bucket, I'll get a broom, honey*  
*You get a bucket, I'll get a broom, babe*  
*You get a bucket, I'll get a broom,*  
*Deck wash time is comin' soon...*

Scrubbing a floor with cold salt water isn't normally my idea of a great way to start the day. But a strolling troubador beats an electronic alarm clock any day, and when the floor is the deck of *Clearwater*, and there's a view of the fog rising to reveal the spectacular New Jersey Palisades on a September morning, the job is a lot easier to take.

*Clearwater* is a nineteen-year-old replica of a traditional Hudson River sloop, and the mandolin player/human alarm clock this morning is Josh Gordon, *Clearwater's* first mate. Deck wash is an every-morning ritual—soaking the oak deck with brine makes the wood expand and keeps the seams from leaking.

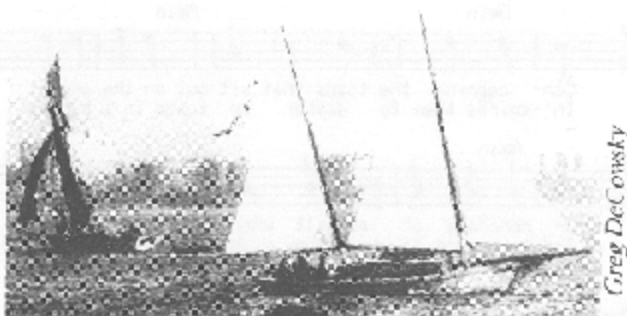
Breakfast is another morning ritual, and cook Carolyn Van Schaik is up before anybody else, stoking the galley's cantankerous wood stove to prepare enormous quantities of pancakes, eggs, homemade bread, and coffee. Sometimes it seems as if Carolyn never leaves the galley. The week on *Clearwater* would be worth it just for the food.

.....  
*Clearwater* is a sister of the boats that were the lifeline of trade on the Hudson before the railroad came in the mid-nineteenth century. The Hudson River sloops were elegantly designed especially for the river: shallow drafts with towering gaff rigs (*Clearwater's* is 108 feet tall) and gigantic mainsails (*Clearwater's* is the biggest sail in North America) to catch the breezes off the Palisades.

She was built in South Bristol, Maine, the result of an idea by Pete Seeger and a lot of hard work by hundreds of Hudson Valley residents [see sidebar]. She's dedicated to cleaning up the waters of the Hudson, once among the most polluted bodies of water in America, and the *Clearwater* organization has made a lot of progress over the years, through political action, lawsuits, and the twice-daily educational sails—"ed sails"—that are the boat's main activity during sailing season.

Music has always been a big part of *Clearwater's* life. Much of the money to build her came from benefit concerts. The annual Hudson River Revival is a two-day festival of music and environmental organizing. The fall Pumpkin Sail is a two-week series of daily concerts, a floating festival from Albany to the East Side.

Music is a big part of daily life on the boat, too, from onboard educator Travis Jeffrey's idiosyncratic renditions of sea chanteys like *In South Australia I Was Born* or *John Canackanacka Tooriay* (I'll be damned if I know if that's the right way to spell it)—with "zipper" verses added by the crew as they raise the mainsail—to evening song swaps in the cabin (Travis and Captain Al Nejmeh steal Stan Rogers's tune from *Mary Ellen Carter* to tell about Pete



Greg DeCowsky

Ferry sloop Sojourner Truth and ketch Rainbow Race maneuver during the "No Nukeport" demonstration.

Seeger sinking his sloop *Woody Guthrie* to the rousing sing-along of *All God's Critters Got a Place in the Choir* that ends an afternoon ed sail.

.....  
Breakfast is usually followed by the first of two ed sails: forty or fifty school kids with their teachers, out to learn about the still-living river. We set a trawl net and bring up a sample of the river's residents: tomcod, striped bass, the occasional blue crab, the ubiquitous tiny flounder-like fish known as hogchokers. They spend the day in an aquarium on deck, to be released in the afternoon. The kids spend the day watching them, learning about water chemistry and navigation, and steering the big sloop, three or four at a time on the tiller with a crew member. The group gathers for one of educator Brian Forist's fables about the president of General Electric (who was so rich he threw his champagne glasses away after using them once), or a skit featuring Sammy Striper and his doctor; the teachers are chuckling as the kids learn painlessly about the problems posed by the thousands of tons of PCB-laden sediments poisoning the river downstream from GE's plant. The ed sail ends with a few minutes of silence, as we try to imagine the sounds of the river in the heyday of the sloops—then one last sing-along as *Clearwater* tacks toward the dock.

.....  
November 1, 7:30 a.m.—*Clearwater* isn't tied to a narrow definition of environmental protection. The Navy wants a nuclear homeport on Staten Island, and *Clearwater's* environmental lawsuits are an important part of the campaign to keep nuclear weapons out of New York Harbor. Today there's a demonstration against the homeport, and *Clear-*

Continued on page 16

# The River that Flows Both Ways

© 1980 Rick Nestler

Once the sachems told a story of a  
land the Great Spirit blessed. And the  
people followed the legend from the  
great waters in the west. And they  
stopped where they found that the fishing was good, the  
earth it was fertile and game ran in the wood. And  
(chorus) I could be hap-py, just spending my days on the  
river that flows both way — s. Yes (repeat chor)



Greg DeCowsky

Captains Al Nejmeh and Morley Horder confer before exchanging command.

Reprinted from the *Clearwater Navigator*, March, 1981, by permission of the author.

*I first heard this song sung by the crew my next-to-last night on Clearwater. More than any article I could write, it captures the spirit of the boat, the river, and the people. Thanks to Travis Jeffrey for helping me track down Rick Nestler. It took a while, but one day in the midst of winter, I got a call from Arizona, and a few days later, the tape and lead sheet came in the mail. It really took me back to last summer.*

*The title is the native name for the Hudson; it refers to the strong tides in the estuary that reaches from the Atlantic 150 miles inland.*

Greg

2. First came the trappers, then the traders  
Their own fortunes for to find,  
And the valley treated them kindly  
So the farmer followed close behind.  
And the sloops sailed well laden 'round the Battery  
With flour from Yonkers, furs from Albany. And

**Chorus**

3. Writers and painters have shown the beauty  
In its waters, and on its shores,  
While the musicians sing its praises  
And keep alive the river's lore.  
With the sun setting golden o'er the Palisades  
The afternoon ends and the daylight fades. And

**Chorus**

4. Maybe it's the moonshine; maybe it's the starlight  
Reflected in Haverstraw Bay.  
Maybe it's the fog that rolls off the Highlands  
At the break of a brand new day.  
But apple cider and pumpkin, strawberries and corn,  
Make the people of the river glad they've been born.  
And **Chorus** (three times)

**EVENTS CALENDAR**

**May 29** Ray Collins' farewell concert and final appearance in New York. Irish Arts Center, 553 West 51st Street, NYC. For information, call 718-788-8382.

**June 3-5** People's Music Network summer gathering, Camp Thoreau, Pine Bush, NY. \$40 per adult (\$50 after May 21). Info and registration: People's Music Network, 3403A Mt. Pleasant NW, Washington, D. C. 20010.

**June 18-19** Clearwater's 11th annual Great Hudson River Revival, Westchester Community College, Valhalla, NY. Bernice Johnson Reagon, Pete Seeger, many others. Tickets/info: Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, 112 Market Street, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601. Phone: 914-454-7673.

**July 15-17** Midwest People's Music Network meeting. Unitarian Church, 133 Ridge Ave., Evanston IL. For info, call Valerie DePriest, 312-524-1625.

## Clearwater - continued from p. 14

Today is also the day after Pumpkin Sail, and South Street Seaport looks like the scene of the world's largest food fight. Bodies of the victims, including Captain Al, are sprawled across the deck and cabin top, and pumpkins, whole and in pieces, are everywhere.

The boat is clean by lunchtime, as dozens of volunteers pitch in. Al leaves for a long nap and his stint in the *Clearwater* office, and Captain Morley Horder comes aboard.

Brian climbs the rigging to put up the No Nukes banner, as a New York City Police launch motors up.

The police boat follows as we set sail for Staten Island with almost fifty people aboard. Down the harbor are the other traditional boats, *Sojourner Truth* and *Rainbow Race*, a modern sloop, and a canoe.

We squint at the horizon until we see the banners of the demonstration on shore, more than a mile away. As we approach the construction site, the four sailboats play cat and mouse with the police boat. *Clearwater* tacks toward the crane barges, then draws the police boat away to the south. *Sojourner* slips in from the north...

As we come around the circle again, bosun Nadine Bloch cheerfully suggests launching the yawl boat to put a few volunteers ashore. I'm ready to go; Morley pauses and reminds us with a conspiratorial smile, "This is a legal demonstration."

Clearly, the police are nervous; Nadine says that protesters have entered the site in canoes on several occasions. We approach the barges again, and the police boat moves directly in front of us...and stops. I move to the bow with my camera, prepared to document this egregious violation of the Rules of the Road. As the 100-ton *Clearwater* bears down on him, the police helmsman reconsiders his position and moves out of the way.

\* \* \* \* \*

*...And I could be happy just spendin' my days  
on the river that flows both ways...*

Saturday night, the end of my week aboard.--I beg Al to let me stay another night. A birthday party is in progress. Between songs, we discuss the plans made that afternoon--to charter a tall ship and sail to the Soviet Union. Somehow, after a week like this, with a crew like this, anything is possible...

\* \* \* \* \*

*For more information about Clearwater and the battle to clean up the Hudson, contact:*

Hudson River Sloop *Clearwater*, Inc.

112 Market St.

Poughkeepsie, NY 12601

(914) 454-7673

*Members receive the bimonthly Clearwater Navigator and have the opportunity to serve as volunteer crew.*

## BUILDING THE CLEARWATER

In the early 1960s, Vic Schwarz of Cold Spring, friend, commercial artist, and American history buff, told me that the Hudson once had many huge sloops, some with a boom as long as "70 feet? I can't believe that." Vic loaned me a tattered copy of *Sloops of the Hudson*, written by William Verplanck and Moses Collyer (Putnam, 1908). I read it through in a night.

*Sloops of the Hudson* ... inspired me one cold January night in 1966 to sit up until 3 a.m. typing a seven-page single-spaced letter to Vic. "Why don't we get a few hundred families together and build a life-size Hudson River sloop?" The idea was about as practical as a plan to build a canoe to paddle to Tahiti.

I'd say the rest was history, except things like this don't happen without a lot of planning, organization and commitment. And at the time, it seemed like a frivolous idea. The world was full of agony, the Vietnam conflict was starting to heat up. There we were, planning to build a sailboat. It must have been an idea that was meant to take on a life of its own.

At our second or third meeting, we met at the home of a wealthy Hudson River resident who could have paid for the entire boat himself. He studied our proposed designs and said, "It's a beautiful boat, all right. But why do you want to sail the Hudson? I sail the Virgin Islands myself."

My fingers clenched in anger, but I didn't say anything. He had just given us our best reason for building the boat.

Cleaning up a river was a cause worth fighting for. Just as absentee landlords had ruined Europe's villages, so had we allowed some people to make a profit from the Hudson, after which they went somewhere else to enjoy clear water. At the same meeting we made a decision to go public .... The *Clearwater* would be everybody's boat.

On a bright sunny day in South Bristol, Maine, the *Clearwater* was launched. Over 2,000 people crowded the Gamage Shipyard and dock on May 17, 1969. To those of us who had been raising money for three years, it seemed like a miracle. The crowd sang "This Land is Your Land" as the 100-ton hull slid into the water with a splash.

In the early morning of June 27th, Captain Allan Aunapu, together with eleven musicians, sailed with *Clearwater* down the Damariscotta River. We covered 40 ocean miles in a fog, to Portland, Maine, where we gave the first of a series of fund-raising concerts which would help us make the final payments on the cost of construction, which in the end totalled \$140,000.

Thirty-five days after leaving South Bristol, the first Hudson River sloop built in a century, we pulled into the murky waters of the East River. We tied up at South Street to the accompaniment of brass bands. *Clearwater's* Hudson River career had started.

*Pete Seeger, Beacon, New York*

From "The book that inspired the building of the sloop *Clearwater*," reprinted from *Clearwater Navigator*.



FOLKIE MONSTER

© 1984 by Nancy Schimmel

A non-ster just ate a whole folk fes-ti-val      Come from its lair in the  
 land-fill next door      Ate the round ro-bin, it ate the gui-tars      gob-bled the  
 work-shops and e-ven the stars, and now it's out look-ing for more! More! MORE!!  
 Now it's out look-ing for more      The tox-ic waste mon-ster is unal-liv-  
 cor-ro-sive and sli-my and gross, as a neigh-ber it's like a boll weevil  
 where-e-ver it is, is too close. They yack-are it up in a land-fill  
 bled it with clay round-a-bout      Like the ge-nie in-side of the bot-tle,  
 we all know it's bound to get out.

You've heard of the toxic waste monster,  
 Maybe there's one near your town,  
 Industry wants to arrange it  
 So we each can have one of our own.  
 But it's funny the way it turned up  
 Right next to the Clearwater folks.  
 I mean funny as in suspicious  
 I don't mean I'll laugh at it's jokes.  
 A monster just ate ...

There's no way to bury this monster,  
 There's no way to take it by force,  
 There's only one way to escape it,  
 That's by cutting it off at the source.  
 We can find clean ways to make things.  
 It's a challenge we cannot ignore.  
 Because after all we are Yankees,  
 And what's ingenuity for?



A monster just ate a whole folk festival,  
 'Twould make a good story except that it's true.  
 It ate the round robin, ate the guitars,  
 Gobbled the workshops and even the stars,  
 And now it's out looking for you, you YOU!  
 And now it's out looking for you.

Marian Firmani

**New site for Clearwater Revival!**

This year the 11th Annual *Clearwater's* Great Hudson River Revival, June 18-19, will be at a new site...Westchester Community College in Valhalla, NY. After careful deliberation, *Clearwater's* board of directors resolved that the 1988 Revival could not be held in Croton Point Park. The reason for the board's action is the continuing dilemma at Croton due to the state's designation of the adjacent landfill as a hazardous waste site, and the lack of sufficient data available for us at this time to be certain that it is safe to invite people to the area.

Judy Green

*Revival volunteer coordinator*

# Blue Highway

© 1983 Larry Long

Shad-ows dance on the rose trav'lin' down this win-ding road  
 to re- turn go-in' home a- long the blue high- way  
 A- long the blue high- way, my friends a-long the blue high- way  
 to re- turn back a- gain a- long the blue high- way

Blue Highway can be heard on  
 Larry Long's Flying Fish album,  
 "Run For Freedom."

3

2

Source of life, gift of love  
 to the sea she must run  
 To return from above  
 along the blue highway

(CHORUS)

Eyes of March rushing down  
 flooding out river towns  
 Life and death moves  
 'round and 'round  
 along the blue highway

(CHORUS)

4

Black and white, red and yellow  
 blue above, green below  
 All are one within her flow  
 along the blue highway

(CHORUS)

## Songbook Review

### Musical Monkeywrenching

Greg DeCowsky

No environmental group today is more controversial than Earth First! Born in the wilderness preservation battles of the American West, EF! has become a legend in its own time. Earth First!ers have stared down bulldozers and logging crews, occupied state and federal agency offices, suspended themselves from redwood trees awaiting the chainsaws. Their unashamedly rowdy, no-compromise style has been reviled by traditional environmental groups and mainline anarchist denominations who say they give environmentalism a bad name. The open advocacy of ecological sabotage (the favored term is "monkeywrenching," after Edward Abbey's *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, the book credited with inspiring EF!'s formation) among EF!ers has sparked green-baiting in surprising circles, but it has also attracted thousands of supporters and spread EF! across the country. In the process, EF! has raised the stakes of the environmental struggle. It has made the connections many environmentalists shy away from making: the connections between industrialism and ecological holocaust, rainforest destruction and the World Bank (and



- continued on page 19

# There is Power in the Earth

words by Walkin' Jim Stoltz

Tune: "There is Power in the Blood" (or Joe Hill's "There is Power in the Union"). The score shown here is from the IWW "Little Red Songbook." Jim sings the song in the key of D.

*Allegro*

Come all you folks from all o'er the land, sing  
out for the earth come make a stand. No more Love Canals and  
no more dying seas. Come on, do your share, sing with me!

**CHORUS**  
There is pow-er in a band of folks who care, when they  
stand, hand in hand. That's a pow-er must be  
heard throughout the land, for the earth we now must stand.

Have you seen enough destructions and rape,  
Of the loggers' greed there ain't no escape  
Quality of Life means a world that is clean,  
Come on help us now, keep it green!

## Chorus

Have you heard enough of this century's roar,  
Drownin' out the songs you once heard before,  
The grey wolf's howl and the grizzly's track,  
Come on, make a stand, bring them back!

## Chorus

What gives us the right to spoil and destroy?  
The Earth is a home, it isn't a toy.  
Life has no place in a stripped over land,  
Come on, do your share, lend a hand!

## Final Chorus

*This song is an example of the folk process in action. The tune is borrowed from Joe Hill, who borrowed it from the Salvation Army (as he did for many of his best-known songs). The Li'l Green Songbook itself bears a striking resemblance to the Wobblies' Little Red Songbook (IWW Songs to fan the flames of discontent), just as Earth First's style and direct-action tactics borrow heavily from the Wobs.*

## Jim:

*I never got charts from you, so the staff consensused to print this one. Hope you don't mind; you did say we could have a song. We cribbed the notes from LRS.*

Thanks!

Greg

## SONGBOOK ... continued from page 18

Burger King!), lifestyles and life itself.

Earth First! is as much a cultural phenomenon as a political one. There is no central office; it's a network of local groups held loosely together by a newspaper, *Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal*, and a decentralized array of newsletters, task forces, computers, and musicians.

The music is the soul of Earth First! There are dozens of tapes available through the *Earth First! Journal*, and EFi performers are constantly on the road, playing concerts and sit-ins, occasionally touring together as the Earth First! Road Show.

Nearly a hundred of their songs are collected in the fifth edition of *The Earth First! Li'l Green Songbook*, by Johnny Sagebrush and Friends. There are songs to be sung at parties, songs to be sung at night in the woods, songs to be sung sitting in front of bulldozers--or while pouring sand in their oil filler tubes. They are powerful, liberating songs. Many of the songs are new versions of old folk standards, meant to be sung along and to grow and evolve in the singing. As *Earth First! Journal* editor Dave Foreman (one

of this volume's co-conspirators) says in the introduction, "The singers in this book help me keep on fighting."

In addition to Johnny Sagebrush (Bart Koehler), artists represented include Cecilia Ostrow, Bill Oliver (whose *Shopping Maul* should be a hit even here in the East), Greg Keeler, and Walkin' Jim Stoltz (see his *There is Power in the Earth* in this issue). There's a section of Australian music celebrating the Earth First! connection to the Australian rainforest preservation movement.

My one gripe is that the book provides only words and chords, no scores. That's no problem with the familiar tunes; I guess I'll have to buy the tapes to learn the rest (from the samples I've heard, it will be well worth it).

*The Earth First! Li'l Green Songbook* is available (for \$5.00 at last report) from:

Earth First!  
P.O. Box 5871  
Tucson, AZ 85703

*Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal* from the same address, \$15/yr (8 issues), sample copy free. Tape info is in the back of the *Journal*.



## *Ecology and the Third World:* Toxic Wastes Worsen Haiti's Ecological Crisis

by Djoa

In February, representatives of *Greenpeace*, the crusading environmental organization, gave a press conference with the Federation of the Friends of Nature, a Haitian environmental group, in Port-Au-Prince, Haiti. The conference was called to warn the population about the dangers of toxic waste dumped from ships in the small Haitian port of Gonaives. One of the ships, the "Khang Sea," had been refused landing over 17 months in the Bahamas, Bermuda, the Dominican Republic and Honduras before secretly discharging its deadly cargo of highly toxic metallic ash in Haiti in early February. Another shipment of wastes arrived on the "Bark" on February 23. According to the *Chicago Tribune*, the disposal of these incinerator wastes from the city of Philadelphia had been approved by Jean-Claude Paul, a high-ranking military officer in the Haitian government, who is also under indictment by the U. S. government for cocaine trafficking.

Mystery and the silence of certain local authorities who acted as accomplices surrounded the unloading of the wastes. Press and popular pressure continues to grow. A council of Haitian ministers declared its intention to seek help from special UN organizations and appointed an Inquiry Commission, which many judge to be compromised by the participation of close associates of former president Jean-Claude Duvalier. Haitians demonstrated in Miami on March 19th to demand that the toxic wastes be

removed from Gonaives.

The fall of the Duvalier regime signalled the beginning of a political crisis that has rocked Haiti and kept it in the world media for the past two years. However, little information has filtered about the relationship of Haiti's social problems to the widespread ecological crisis. For years, great numbers of Haitian peasants (the most heavily taxed group in the population) have resorted to cutting down trees to make charcoal which is sold as fuel. Lack of technical support and access to water, heavy indebtedness to landlords and middlemen, and competition from United States "food aid" sold on the black market, have made food growing economically unviable. Traditional neglect of agriculture and the countryside by Haiti's governments and land dispossessions have created chronic unemployment.

Extensive deforestation has led to erosion and significant portions of land are in the process of desertification, a pattern prevalent in many of the poorest Third World countries. "Those who are poor and hungry will often destroy their immediate environment in order to survive," said Robert Mugabe, Prime Minister of Zimbabwe to the UN General Assembly in October of last year. At its press conference, Greenpeace alerted the whole Caribbean against international waste dumping, calling the Haitian incident "a dangerous precedent" for the region.

## Pathfinder Mural Update

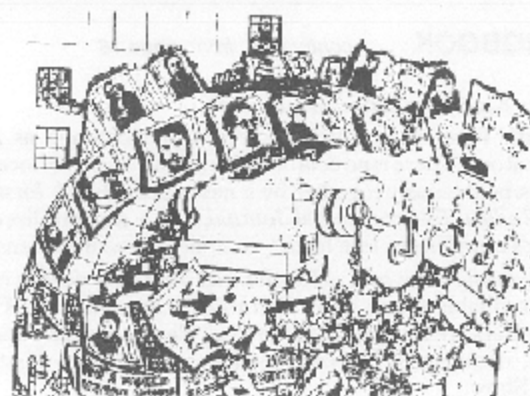
Julie Gordon

### Project Continues Despite Mayor's Harassment

The Pathfinder Mural is a six-story high painting-in-progress which will feature such revolutionary figures as Che Guevara, Mother Jones, Malcolm X, Eugene V. Debs, Nelson Mandela and Karl Marx. The mural is being painted on the side of the Pathfinder Press building at 410 West Street. The Mural Project has invited artists from around the world to contribute their work to the painting.

Earlier this year, project staffers posted leaflets (a common method of communication in New York) inviting community residents to meet award-winning Nicaraguan painter Arnaldo Guillen and view the mural in progress. New York City's Environmental Control Board responded to this hospitality by issuing 35 citations, each carrying a maximum penalty of a \$100 fine. Since no other organizations having notices posted adjacent to the Pathfinder leaflets received citations, Project members concluded they were being harassed for the political content of the mural.

A letter of protest sent to the not-so-Honorable Mayor Ed Koch elicited a further charge from Big Ed that the Project also violated the building code because of failure to obtain valid building permits. *Broadside* has obtained a copy of Building Department Permit #13653, which con-



The Pathfinder Mural

clusively demonstrates that, once again, Mayor Koch is full of hot air and other noxious substances.

The Pathfinder Mural Project is a celebration of the working-class press, conceived to inspire the reading and study of the outstanding political leaders depicted in the painting. For further information about the mural, call the Project office at (212) 741-0690.

# Styrofoam

©1984 Vicki Rovere

*This song is particularly timely after the last People's Music Network gathering. A delicious series of healthful vegetarian meals was served, but styrofoam coffee cups irked participants in the Green workshop. Du Pont, the world's leading manufacturer of*

*chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) like those used to make styrofoam, recently reversed a long-standing position, admitting that the gases do damage the ozone layer and announcing a near-total phaseout of CFC production--by the end of the century.*

Oh, I love to drink my coffee, it's good to the last drop 1  
 know that caffeine's bad don't want to worry 'bout the cup - no sty-ro  
 foam rather leave it a-lone Well, I'd

Well, I'd rather serve paper  
 But somebody else shopped -  
 Bought a load of styrofoam  
 We had to use it up  
 That styrofoam  
 Want to leave it alone.

Then Dr. Abe Levy,  
 Who works with WESPAC  
 Came to our cafe, said  
 "You'd better get back  
 From styrofoam  
 Better leave it alone

"In the New England  
 Journal of Medicine  
 There's a letter saying  
 It's a carcinogen  
 That styrofoam, better ..."

Well, I thought I'd write a leaflet  
 Quoting chapter and verse:  
 Abe says that coffee's bad  
 But tea with lemon is worse  
 In styrofoam, better ...

So I went to the library  
 The stacks I did comb  
 Looked in every index -  
 No styrofoam  
 No styrofoam  
 So I went home.

Wrote a letter to Abe, I said  
 "What do you mean, I can't  
 Find it!" He wrote back:  
 "Polystyrene -  
 That's styrofoam  
 Better leave it alone

The Feminism and Nonviolence  
 Conference was great  
 But the woman from  
 Love Canal said  
 "Why are these plates  
 Of styrofoam?  
 We've got enough of it home!"

"It pollutes you when you use it -  
 I know that is true  
 But in its manufacture  
 It's polluting us, too  
 No styrofoam  
 Let's leave it alone!"

Well I never wrote that leaflet  
 But I made up this song  
 So hum yourself a copy  
 And just pass it along  
 No styrofoam  
 Let's leave it alone!

\* Westchester People's Action Coalition

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## An Encounter With Woody Guthrie

Lester Speiser

*Twenty years after his death, Woody Guthrie is still ramblin' on, becoming something of a celebrity. On January 21 this year, Woody was inducted into - believe it or not - the "Rock and Roll Hall of Fame." And CBS will shortly be releasing an album in which Woody Guthrie songs are performed by, among others, Bruce Springsteen, John Cougar Mellencamp, U2 and Arlo Guthrie. This little memoir, sent to us by Lester Speiser, vividly recalls Woody Guthrie the human being.*

Political conditions and circumstances gave me a brief but dramatic glimpse into the world of Woody Guthrie. I was a young substitute English teacher at Abraham Lincoln High School, which borders Brighton Beach and Coney Island in Brooklyn, New York City. We were in the middle of the "McCarthyite witch hunt" of New York city teachers. One teacher at Lincoln was a victim of this witch hunt. He was fired despite his excellent record because he refused to answer questions about his activities outside of school.

This magnificent teacher had been teaching an elective English course called "Ballad English," a course which included an exploration of the folk song. Because he and I were active members of the old Teachers Union, and because I had a keen interest in folk songs, he asked that I continue his work.

With a sense of sadness and outrage I agreed to do so. One class project on which we set immediately to work was the organization and completion of an original "Ballad Book" on a particular theme. That semester's theme was "The World United In Song." Thus began our encounter with Woody Guthrie.

Woody and his family had lived in Coney Island on Mermaid Avenue and 36th Street in the mid and late 1940s. Since he had been a "local boy," the class decided to include him in our book. The student editor wrote him at an address where he was then staying, an address which reflected the color and drama of Woody. He was staying with the actor Will Geer in Topanga Canyon, California. Geer, who died a few years ago after a long and distinguished stage and screen career. You will remember Will as the grandfather of the Dalton family in the television production "Little House on the Prairie."

Woody was very generous with our class. Some weeks later a fat envelope addressed to the student editor arrived at school. It began with the music and warmth that was Woody Guthrie.

"Your good letter had to track and trail me a long, hard crooked trail to get me so far away and gone out here in this slickrock canyon place ...

"... I know I'll be bound and destined to hear plenty more good reports as you plow ahead on and prove to this world ... that all of us of all colors, creeds, flavors and kinds are one big family ... United in Song."

Woody included an original notebook of his (small sheets stapled together), and words to some of his songs, obviously typed by him and signed. Some of the sheets had his own drawings. One sheet of drawing paper contains the song "That's The Way It Happens." The words to the song are covered with a watercolor drawing of a tree and

a stick figure. At the bottom of the sheet is Woody's name, Coney Island address and the date June 23, 1949. A signature is included. As these treasures spilled out on my desk, we saw items like a signed copy, with drawing, of "Hard Traveling."

His notebook is a reflection of Woody's passionate sense of justice. One can also feel the poet always working and thinking about his next poem. Here are some excerpts:



My land needs fixing  
My world needs fixing

They took me down to the hard/rock jail  
and they turned the big key/on me

(a memo) Be sure write letter ORAN RADIO  
STATION about anti Negro song, "That's Why Darkies  
Were Born"

By far, the most dramatic manuscript we received was a long, full-page poem entitled "Just Let It Be Said." It is dated June 5, 1847. Woody and his family were living in Coney Island. Essentially, it deals with a tragic event in Woody's life, the death of his little daughter Cathy Junie (in the poem), Arlo's sister, in a house fire caused by a short in what Woody referred to as "the electric radio." Its grief, love and final affirmation of his own indomitable spirit speak for themselves in this poem, a full copy of which concludes my encounter with Woody Guthrie.

*Lester Speiser recently retired from his post as principal of Bayside High School in Queens, New York. Lester was one of the original organizers of the New York City Teachers' Union, which evolved into the present-day United Federation of Teachers. He was also director of the progressive, interracial camps Kinderland and Webatuck.*

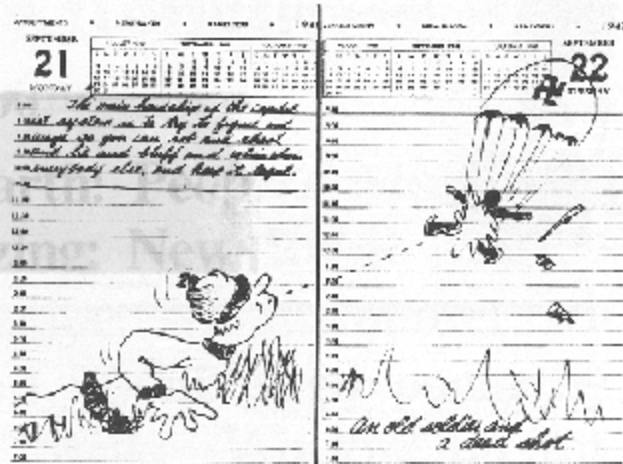
*Mr. Speiser is currently a freelance writer and poet and resides on Long Island.*



## Just Let It Be Said

Woody Guthrie

Just let it be said about me here in Brooklyn  
That you didn't see a backyard nor a frontyard with any more seeds  
Growing halfway wild up my wall and my fence  
That when you did come and dig down in these history sands  
You dug up as many sprouts and seeds and blowing leaves  
As you dug up anywhere in anybody else's dirt  
This will be all I want and all I'm asking in my yard today  
Digging this new hole to set out this old sweet potato vine  
Because this old sweet yam vine commenced to grow  
Just along about the days when Cathy Junie first looked  
At green things growing and told Marjorie and me things  
We'd ought to know about growing and greening things  
And this old sweet potato used to have greener leaves  
And windier vines and redder roots and bluer greens  
And the leaves used to be lots heavier and lots thicker  
Closer together and healthier all the way around  
Till that electric radio wire shorted out and killed little Stacky  
Our neighbor friends, mostly young kids took this young yam vine  
In their bare hands and threw it and its clear glassy vase  
Out of the burning front room into this room, Stacky's room  
And the firemen chopped and squirted and pounded and raised Cain  
In the burnt room so bad that you couldn't see anything for the smoke  
And for the ashes and for the tangled trash  
and soaked books and papers  
And for the fallen paint and plaster and for the music papers and the  
Fenegrat records and the musical notations of Marjories  
and of my own  
And we had to set this sweet spud vine in the burnt front room  
Just so that Stackytoms could see it every day and ask it to grow more  
And if I was a sweet potato root and a sweet potato shoot and leaf  
I'd shake and tremble and quiver and grunt and mumble and I'd grow  
If somebody half as pretty as Miss Stackytoms was to breathe onto me  
Her breath and speak onto me her words and shine onto me her  
hopes  
Asking me to grow up and to jump out and to get bigger  
and prettier to see  
And so you can see why this certain potato vine did jump up so big  
And why it got so pretty and so green and so nice to look at in its vase  
And you can see why the kids grabbed it first and threw it  
Here into this room that wasn't burning where I found it later on  
After the firemen had got gone and the neighbors had gone off to cry  
Found the vine and its vase here dried out and hard and crinkled  
tacky  
Wrinkled and crinkled and hot and thirsty like a hobo when he's down  
And so we took this vine and the rest of our hese here and put it back  
Into the best kind of a shape we could think up  
And if there is anybody anywhere that can think up  
a new shape for a house  
I know that person would be Marjorie,  
Marjonna the Balletina I call her



### A Page From Woody's Calendar

Because she is just about the best planner and fixer and arranger  
Of rooms, lives, ambitions, dreams, hopes, new thoughts, older things,  
That I have ever had the good pleasure of meeting up with  
And singing around the way I do for the trade union movement.  
I see many  
That are the world's best seeds and world's best planners  
And so I guess that I felt something trembling in my hand out of all  
Of these things and out of all of these people  
this morning six months later  
When Marjorie told me to carry our sweet potato vine cut and plant it  
In an little sandy hole I dug with Dinny's little toy beach shovel  
And this is why I still say that I feel good this morning mainly because  
I am not one ounce ashamed of those thirty five years  
my seeds spent blowing  
I am not one bit nor whit ashamed of my 30 some  
wild hrambling years  
I am not afraid of my tangly years of hangknot wrangling, hitching,  
Walking, talking, singing, playing, thinking, reading  
and meeting others  
As wild and not as wild as my soul had to be to go where I did go  
And looking for a woman that was hard to find  
And looking for the right earth soil to dig and plant my vine  
Till it took me from coast to coast and halfway  
around the world and back  
Right to this one little deep dry sandy spot in our jungly backyard  
On Mermaid Avenue at 36th Street her in Coney Island by the Ocean  
and the Sea.

June 5, 1947



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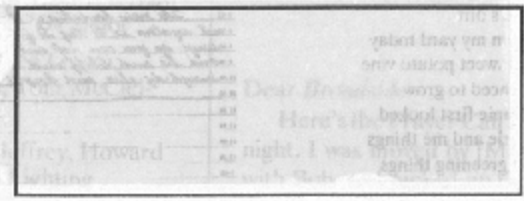
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