

William F. Buckley Jr.

A LOOK AT THE GOP

WELFARE. Let's quit horsing around. The permanent denizens of the welfare rolls, as distinct from the handicapped and the helpless and the temporarily unfortunate, are moral criminals and should be treated as legal criminals too. If parents of a child born out of wedlock are unable or unwilling to care for the child, the parents should be jailed and the child should be put in an institution. For the second bastard, the parents should be sterilized.

(Ed.Note - Next: Barbed wire and barracks. Will the Buckley Corporation get the contract for the gas ovens?)



(Ed.Note: The bald eagle is becoming extinct. We suggest the above as the new symbol for Amerikkka)

The subject of their discussion was a $53,000 house in the neighborhood that was wrecked by vandals in an outburst of racial animosity.

On Wednesday night, more than 30 men and teenaged boys, with axes and picks, smashed 14 of the house's 16 windows, bending aluminum frames in half.

'We Hate Niggers'

They disintegrated a 20-pane timbered bay window and twisted iron railings off the front stoop.

They flooded the basement to a height of six feet, smashed holes in the plasterboard walls, pulled the oven from the wall and broke the furniture into piecees and hurled it through the windows.

With marking pencils they wrote "Stamp Out Niggers" and "We Hate Niggers" on the walls of the house.

On the evening of May 26 Miss Collier graduated from Drew High School, winning the school spirit award. A brief time later that night three whites (some say a fourth was in the car at the time) shot from a passing car and instantly killed her.

Broadside

#113 MAY JUNE 1971 50¢

. . . The swingingly swank Raymond & Nassir Salon in New York is proud of its J-walkers: Joan Baez and Judy Collins and screen dazzler Jill St. John go there for hairstyling needs when in town.

MARYSVILLE, Calif., May 31 — Nobody much missed the faceless men who disappeared from Lower D. And nobody much mourns them now as their hacked up bodies are dug from the soft loam of peach orchards in the outskirts of Yuba City

It took a lot of them dead in one place to make anyone notice much at all. But 23 bodies have been dug from the orchard graves

So the drifters come from all over the country, from Connecticut and Texas, from Indiana and Arkansas, try to pick up a few dollars in the orchards and fields.

" We come with the dust and we're gone with the wind."
-- Woody Guthrie in PASTURES OF PLENTY



—Gloria S. McDarrah.

A. J. WEBERMAN and the money cake

The New York Times printed documents that show that a group of fairly respectable men lied, cheated and defrauded the people who hired them. If the World Book Encyclopedia had been sold the way Johnson, McNamara, Rusk, Westmoreland, Rostow, Bundy and the rest sold Vietnam, the encyclopedia sellers would be in jail. The people who brought us Vietnam are walking around free, making money, keeping quiet. The Berrigan brothers, who tried to stop the war, are, of course, in jail.

The decisions made by these men, in that bloodless, dead-gas prose they all have mastered, killed 53,000 American soldiers. They maimed and mutilated more than 200,000 others. They sent more than $120 billion down the Asian rathole. They made a hollow mockery of the social legislation Johnson was passing while the bombs rolled off the assembly lines. They killed hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese, Laotians and Cambodians. They sent hundreds of thousands of the best young Americans into Canadian exile, into jails, into the blind prisions of drugs. They created thousands of heroin addicts in their own Army. They gave us Lt. Calley 50 years after Sgt. York. They let the cities of America rot while they built airbases and police stations and a lot of other useless junk in Asia. They are still free men. But 53,000 Americans won't read their histories.

* * *

Now it is becoming time to start drawing up indictments. If Johnson and his hirelings are allowed to live out their lives without being put in jail, then the lie of Vietnam will be covered over with larger lies until every aspect of American society is affected and the contamination is general.

SINGING AGAINST THE WAR IN WASHINGTON

May 8, 1971

Dear Gordon and Sis:

Greetings from D.C. Don't know what the papers are saying, or what anyone will be saying, about the actions down here. As for me, I'm humming "Long live the peoples' persistence." And thought I'd send you some songs that were sung down here the last days. The best of 'em may be lost, gone, or just hidden for a time, or from me, but let it not be said there was no singing out.

Besides this enclosed version of "Which Side Are You On?" there were parodies galore:

"Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy
Mind the music and the step, And with your jails (sticks,Mace) be handy."

"I wanna be ready (3X), To come to the Capitol and free the (this?) State."

"Standing down in Washington one day, Singing Hey hey hey hey."

"Hard times in the D.C. jails, Hard times, Poor Boy."

I heard a version of "I Aint Got No Home in This World Anymore" and thought of adopting one of Woody's less sung verses.

"I'm a-movin' on that road that go from sea to sea
A hundred thousand others are movin' same as me
A hundred thousand others, yes and a hundred thousand more
I aint got no home in this world anymore."

To the tune of"Raggedy Rageddy Are We":

"Onward, onward go we / Out in the land of the 'free'
And though you jail us for our labor,/ Onward, onward go we."

There was even a version of "When the Role is Called Up Yonder We'll Be There," and a fun to sing "Race you down the mountain, we'll see who gets there first" -- (sample verses: "Let's run and steal your helmet, we'll see who gets there first" or "I see the cycles comin', we'll see, etc." or "Beat and bust the medics, we'll see, etc.")

Of course more expected songs were there: "This Little Light Of Mine," "Roll the Movement On," "We Shall Not Be Moved," "One Man's Hand", "It Was Sad When That Great Ship Went Down", "Aint You Got a Right To the Tree of Life", "Power To The People", "Fixin' To Die", "Bring "Em Home", etc. And so it went (Oh, even heard "We Shall Overcome" several times).

Through cases of hepatitus, through people being turned off to bologna sandwiches for life (the now notorious prison food staple), through jail house beatings and some awful callous judicial "rulings" it went.

Guess it's "Regards from the Washington 10,000" for now. Keepin on to keep on,

TED WARMBRAND

P.S. And if you see Brother Kirk, please send my love. The outdoor singing we did at G.W.U the night of May 2 was very special. TW

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON? (New words by NEIL DOWNEY)

Oh Citizens of Washington
Tell me how you feel
When you see your sons and daughters
Crushed beneath the fascists wheel?
Which side are you on, which side are
you on?/ Which side are you on my friends
Which side are you on?

Were you in the streets of Washington
In the Spring of '71?
When the peaceful demonstration
Was met with the club and gun. Which side

Or were you in the colonies in 1771
When people screamed for justice
And were met by the sword and gun?
Which side,etc.

There were seven thousand people
Imprisoned in a square
There were mothers with young children
And the tear-gas filled the air. (Ref.)

Nixon's trained his "bulldogs"
To keep the people down
He doesn't know that one fine day
Those dogs will turn around. (Ref.)

Oh, officer, where is your badge?
Tell me, what's your name?
Are you proud of what you're doing here,
Or do you feel ashamed? (Ref.)

(continued

Which Side - continued

They'll beat us till we're bloody
But we shall shed no tears
And we'll have Peace and Freedom
If it takes a thousand years. (Ref.)

Do you think you have our leaders?
Do you think that we have failed?
Yesterday we blocked your streets,
Today we block your jails! (Ref.)

My brothers lay a wounded
My sisters are in Jail
Do you know these brave young patriots
The fascists do assail? (Ref.)

Do you know these children?
Do you know these ones?
We are a Peoples' Army
But we don't need clubs or guns. (Ref.)

The CDU* are devils, boys,
They only wish to kill
Their clubs and gas are fascist tools
Against the peoples' will. (Ref.)

You can throw us all in jail
You can even kill us all
For everyone you take away
Ten thousand hear the call! (Ref.)

We shall not stop the singing
We shall not end the song
'Till Freedom Bells are ringing
And the Nation sings along! (Ref.)

* "Civil" Disturbance Unit.

****

Dear Sis & Gordon: There was much music in D.C. May 1-5 as well as April 24. Enclosed are some of the new verses Rev. Kirkpatrick and I made up for "Everybodys Got a Right To Live": (Note: See Bkside 89)

We are down in Washington fighting an age-old sin
Nothing but mass murder done by age-old men.
CHO: Everybody's got a right to live (2X)
And before this campaign fails
We'll all go down in jail
Everybody's got a right to live.

Can't you hear the women and children over in My Lai
Lt. Wm. Calley, why do we have to die? Cho

Our brothers & our sisters are demanding that we share
Soil, rocks, minerals, the oceans and the air. Cho

No more will some be rich while others born to die
All around this old world, you can hear the people cry! Cho

Here we are in Washington, we've come in hope and pain
To see if some folks will listen, or will they turn their heads again. Cho

We haven't got much time left, the sands are running out
"Peace, Justice, Freedom", you can hear the whole world shout! Cho

PETE SEEGER

****

Book Review--FOLKSONG by Jaques Vassal. French language. Editions Albion Michel, 22, Rue Huyghens, Paris, France

It's an odd fact that the most comprehensive books dealing with the American topical song movement are being written and published abroad. This book by a 24-year-old Frenchman is one. Another was Ramon Padilla's "Canciones de Protesta", Spain, 1968. "Folksong" begins with a chapter entitled Les Indians, and that is perhaps the way any book about any aspect of American culture should begin. Peter La Farge, cultural leader and also deeply involved organizationally in the struggles of his people through F.A.I.R, figures prominently in this chapter as do Buffy Sainte-Marie and Patrick Sky. In the section on Blacks Leadbelly's story is told, his contribution to topical song documented along with general comments on Black music as a source. In connection with the Singing Civil Rights Movement Bernice and Cordell Reagon (Freedom Singers), Len Chandler, Julius Lester, Guy Carawan receive mention, as does Rev. F.D.Kirkpatrick in the part about the Poor People's Campaign. A notable omission here is Elaine Brown and her LP "Seize the Time." The "Lumpen",Black Panther group, must have arrived on the scene toolate to be included. A section entitled La Tradition Blanche includes Joe Hill and the Wobblies in the turn of the century labor movement, Aunt Molly Jackson, Jim Garland Cisco Houston &, of course, Woody,through the Great Depression and the period of the early C.I.O.

The history of Broadside is told -- how the magazine started with $45 (actually it was $40, a hand-cranked mimeo and a "portable" borrowed tape-recorder so heavy it took two guys to move it); Sis Cunningham & Gordon Friesen named as creators of the mag; Gil Turner & Pete Seeger as having assisted with the early issues, Gil bringing Dylan and Ochs to Broadside from Gerde's Folk City. All of the topical singer-songwriters appearing extensively

(continued)

Book Review - continued

in Broadside get good coverage in the book, especially Dylan, Paxton and Ochs -- and Seeger. Reynolds and Ian receive considerable attention; others--besides those mentioned heretofore--are Andersen, Spoelstra and Farina. The Broadside Singers and Broadside disques so not escape this author's careful observation, nor does Moe Asch for getting such a vast quantity of topical material recorded, nor Peoples' Songs Bulletin (Wally Hille) & Sing Out in its early days (Silber).

Since the central theme of this 313-page book seems to be the wide scope of the topical song movement and its vital influence, not only on popular music, but on changing thought and life-style in general, Woody Guthrie is given much attention as forerunner of the 60's movement. Every facet of Woody's creative period is touched upon here.

But Bob Dylan gets by far the most space. Out of the long chapter devoted to him, 3 or 4 of the pages deal with Gordon Friesen's interview with A.J. Weberman (B'side #93, July '68) which established the content of Dylan's later song-poems as revolutionary -- as well as early Dylan songs. While Masters of War, Hattie Carroll and With God On Our Side are accorded the most attention, all of the Dylan albums through John Wesley Harding are thoroughly discussed -- or it looks that way to us with our limited knowledge of French. The last 3 LP's are listed only.

Literally hundreds of people are named in this book -- singing groups from the Almanacs to Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; performers from Mississippi John Hurt to the very current James Taylor; singer-songwriters who perform only their own material & those who do not write but are fine interpreters, Simone, McDonald, Arlo Guthrie in the former category, Odetta, Baez, Havens , Collins in the latter. Foreign influence, Beatles and Stones, and revolutionary singer-writer, Raimón of Spain (who hasn't really been given a chance in this country, but just you wait! - reviewer's comment.)

We hope this book, and Padilla's are translated into English soon. -- A.C.

* *

A STORY. In an editorial in B'side #112 we called attention to the fact that a number of folksingers attained affluence during the 50's & 60's primarily from the skillful use of the vast body of public domain material. Certain collectors and compilers have also fallen into this pattern. The authors of many of the songs bringing in $$ are said to either never have been known, or they passed into oblivion long ago; some of the songs"just grew." So -- what's wrong with building one's financial security, and the security of one's family, in this manner? Well, perhaps you'll see nothing wrong with it unless you believe, as we do, that our whole system is wrong - faulty - from its very foundation up through all its varied superstructures; "the rich are rich because the poor are poor" -- this we know to be true generally, as it is specifically in the area of folksong.

It is said that one's own experience, clearly told, serves best to prove his/her point. In 1937 the writer of this piece lived in Oklahoma, place of birth. I was active in the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and was chosen by my local to attend a convention, district wide, to be held in Muscogee. The debates were hot and exciting, and I participated in them. But I came away from there most impressed by a group of singers from Arkansas who performed John Handcox's "There's Mean Things Happening In This Land" -- only they sang it "Strange Things..." Well, I sang the song to my father when I got home -- Chick (Wm.W.) Cunningham, great old-time fiddler of his day, and he began to think up verses: "Oh the farmer cannot eat/'Cause he's raised too much wheat", "Too much cotton in our sacks/So we have none on our backs", so I threw in a few: "Lots of groceries on the shelves But we have none for ourselves","Oh the rich man boasts and brags, While the poor man goes in rags". (It becomes obvious right here who was the better songwriter of the two of us!) All in all we made up about 12 verses, seven of which got widely sung and began to appear in all sorts of collections -- mimeographed, then soft-cover books, hard-cover books, copyrighted by collectors, dubbed from acetate disc to tape in the Library of Congress, and finally wound up in the monumental collection by Lomax, Seeger and Silber "Hard Hitting Songs for Hard-hit People" Oak Publ's, 1967. The first credit my father and I got for these verses was in Wanda Whitman's "Songs That Changed The World", Crown, 1969. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

(Cont'd)

Story - continued

Let's go back. The Almanac Singers (of which I was a member for a while) sang these verses on bookings, and they sang them on the radio series "School of the Air" arranged by Bess Lomax for CBS. Alan Lomax directed this particular show -- it was in '40 or '41 -- and I told him at the time that these verses were made up by my father and myself in '37. Later, around '57 or '58, I said to Pete Seeger, the most widely sung -- and most widely printed -- version of "Strange Things..." ("Mean Things...") is the one my father and I wrote. When Hard Hitting Songs first came out I again reminded Lomax that these verses were made up by my father and myself -- he didn't hear me. Recently, my husband, Gordon Friesen, wrote to Silber, once, twice about this, just in case the book ever comes into a 2nd printing. He got answered, and I quote, "Okay, done. I just don't understand why the necessity for this continual 'dog in the manger' attitude." Hard Hitting is a big thick hard-cover book priced at $12.50; so chances are it will never come into a 2nd printing. But if it does, Sis Cunningham and Chick (Wm.W.) Cunningham will be credited with having written seven verses of "Mean Things..." (Strange Things) -- and the very seven verses that they did actually write!

If my story proves nothing else, it should point up the fact that most likely this or that song did not "just grow." - A. C.

* *

NOTES: At a U.S. helicopter base in S.Vietnam surviving pilots greet replacements for those shot down by singing (tune "Camptown Races"):

"You'll go home in a body bag
Do da, do da
You'll go home in a body bag
Do da, do da, day.
Shot between the eyes
Shot between the thighs
You'll go home in a body bag
Do da, do da, day."

PROTEST ROCK: Graham Nash sings about Bobby Seale and the Chicago conspirary 7 in "Chicago": "Though your brother's bound & gagged/And they've chained him to a chair/ Won't you please come to Chicago/Just to sing." And CRAWDADDY magazine says of John Lennon's new stronger revolutionary stance: "With REVOLUTION and GIVE PEACE A CHANCE he positioned himself idealogically as a pacifist opposed to violent revolution; since then he has changed his mind... POWER TO THE PEOPLE is quite the opposite." It points out that the phrase originated in the BLACK POWER movement.... From the NY Sunday News: "The theme this year in music is ecology. A new group called TIMBER has a whole bunch of songs that deal with man's rape of his environment, and even good old Bo Diddley has a song on his new album called POLLUTION."... They better watch out - F-B-Eyes assigned to last year's EARTH DAY rallies were ordered to note down what songs the people sang.... SING OUT magazine seems to be emerging from its recent tailspin which found it promoting such warmongers as Merle Haggard and Johnny Cash. The latest issue is devoted to women topical songwriter/performers: Bernice Reagon, Rosalie Sorrels, Malvina Reynolds, Hedy West, etc. (SING OUT, $5 a yr., 595 B'way, NY,N.Y.10012). JOHN COHEN of the magazine's advisory board sees "a new folk music revival which already exists across the country." He deplores the fact that concert promoters & record companies persist in ignoring it. Cohen overlooks a depressing factor in the revival: the new material -- in sharp contrast to the militant content in the 40's, 50's & early 60's -- is in the main limp, flabby, meaningless, if not downright stupid (you'd never know there's a war on). An example: a recent Folk Music Society Newsletter describes the act of a new folksinger/writer thusly: "A master of the pun and groaner, he dispenses useless information about cows, revolving doors, cows, Indian toilets, cows, duckherds & cows." The approval by this particular folk music society of this kind of bullshit -- or is it cowshit?-- seems to be all too typical of the elements making up Cohen's new nationwide folk music revival.... BRUCE "UTAH" PHILLIPS, JANIS IAN, PATRICK SKY, PAUL SIEBEL to perform at the Philadelphia Folk Festival Aug.27-29. Write the Festival,7113 Emlen St.Phila.PA 19119 for full details....The Newport Folk Festival July 16-18, (Box 329,Newport RI 02840) will have people who are on BROADSIDE's latest LP: WENDY SMITH, MATT JONES, REV.KIRKPATRICK, JAY F. MURPHY (of the SALT). The LP ($5.95) can be got from BROADSIDE RECORDS, 701 7th Ave. New York, N.Y. 10036. TOM PARROTT, also on this LP (entitled "Time Is Running Out"), got favorable comment recently for his talent by JOHN WILSON of the New York Times.

(Protest lyrics grow stronger in rock LP's. The song below,"Dark Thursday, written by Floegel & Samuels, is on the new REDWING album - Fantasy 8409 - and tells of the murder of Jimmy Rector in the struggle around Peoples' Park in Berkeley.) © 1971 Fantasy.

It's a dark dark Thursday for mournin' on the ranch
owned by Sheriff McGowan
A shotgun was fired without warnin', Jimmy Rector
lay dead on the ground.
And the blood in his veins was runnin' from
six pellet holes in the back.
His epitaph song kept comin', says murdered for
no special act.
CHO: Tell Jimmy's kin that it's out of their hands,
It's all a part of the plan, all a part of the plan.
Wind took the blame, blew it away. Everyone knows if the man
who's to blame ever gets caught
He owns the lot, so murder it's not, he was legally shot.
(Ed. add: The lot was owned by the University of California)

"'. . . The cities have turned into jungles
And corruption is strangling the land
The police force is watching the people
And the people just can't understand'

"The title of that was 'Monster' and it was on a Steppenwolf album.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1971

Volume of Poetry by a Black Is Best Seller in South Africa

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa, June 19 (Reuters) — A slim volume of poetry by a black South African has shot unexpectedly to the top of the best-seller lists here.

The book, "Sounds of a Cowhide Drum," was written by a 31-year-old Johannesburg messenger, Oswald Joseph Mtshali. It is the first book of poetry published by a black African in South Africa for more than 20 years.

Nadine Gordimer, the editor, notes in the introduction that Mr. Mtshali writes about a "black man's world made by white men," telling tautly and often ironically of his life in the big city and his home in the sprawling township of Soweto just outside Johannesburg.

His poems are being praised by critics not only for their literary quality, but also because they are, as Miss Gordimer writes, "a new voice for Africa"—that of the poor black in the city.

Mr. Mtshali, whose book was published earlier this month, has been writing poetry only since 1967. Some of his early works appeared in anthologies and magazines, but until now he has been little known.

Running through all 61 poems is his theme of the black man's world, and his anger toward the South African policy of racial separation and toward the whites is implicit but rarely stated.

His poems describe the boss as an "air-conditioned executive" who keeps his conscience "locked safely with bonds and securities."

As an African, Mr. Mtshali must carry a passbook at all times, and he writes:

I walk into the street
To be met by a man
Who tells me to produce.
I show him
The document of my existence
To be scrutinized and given the nod.

A Zulu who was brought up in the country before coming to Soweto at the age of 18, Mr. Mtshali is one of the thousands of black workers who commute the 10 miles from the township to Johannesburg every day. Although well-read, Mr. Mtshali has no formal academic qualifications.

His verses, which are mostly epigrammatic, frequently have strong endings, but his use of irony can make a hint do the work of a statement. He writes with amusement of the "insolent birds perched on 'whites-only' benches defying all authority."

(Ed.Note: BROADSIDE MAGAZINE is the only place in the U.S. where Mr. Mtshali's poetry has appeared. We printed six of his poems, including his great "The Blackhide Drum" in B'side #105.)

NEW YORK TIMES,

TO THE EDITOR:

I take great exception to Don Heckman's negative and summary treatment of Buffy Ste. Marie in "Rock 1970: Year of the Woman?" First, if he were to take a look at her recordings he would find she is most certainly a song writer, and a damned good one at that. "Universal Soldier," "Now that the Buffalo's Gone," "My Country 'Tis of Thy People," "Little Wheel Spin and Spin" and "Until It's Time for You to Go" are just a few examples of her song-writing talents.

I really do not see how passionate documentaries on the destruction of native Americans, love songs embraced by a number of famous singing artists and songs which deal plainly, yet not blatantly, with moral problems we face as human beings could possibly be thought of as "just too small" to "hold one's feelings for very long." The combination of her passionate voice and her incredible talent as a writer has affected me deeply for years. I have never heard Buffy Ste. Marie sing anything with "bland detachment" and I hardly believe she could. Perhaps Heckman just does not understand Buffy's language.

BECKY WORKMAN
New York City

(Ed.Note: For Buffy's anti-war song MORATORIUM (Bring Our Brothers Home), see B'side #112. It's on her new Vanguard LP "She Used To Wanna Be A Ballerina")

BROADSIDE MAGAZINE, 215 W 98 St. N.Y.,N.Y. 10025. Topical Song magazine. All contents copyright © 1971 Broadside Magazine. Co-Editors: Agnes Cunningham & Gordon Friesen. Sub: 12 issues for $5. We are not so much interested in subscriptions, but we would like to sell you a set of the first 100 issues of Broadside for $20. This will help keep Broadside alive, plus give you 1000 songs and a history of the topical song movement.

On the Town

The Last Poets --A Rough Message

By John L. Wasserman

"NIGGERS ARE scared of revolution/but niggers shouldn't be scared of revolution/because revolution is nothing but change/and all niggers do is change . . .

"Niggers come in from work and change into pimping clothes/and hit the street to make some quick change/niggers change their hair from black to red to blond/and hope like hell their looks will change/niggers kill other niggers/just because one didn't receive the correct change ....."

The Last Poets played the Harding Theater over the weekend; to my knowledge their first Bay Area performance. "Niggers Are Scared of Revolution" goes on for 123 more lines and it gets rougher. It's on their first album on Douglas; an album that sold several hundred thousand copies even though—for various reasons—it received almost no air play. So they came to town, Friday and Saturday at 616 Divisadero street, splitting the bill with Hugh Masekela and his Union of South Africa.

There are and have been other black poets but the Last Poets have captured an imagination like no others. Their unrelenting hell-fire style and delivery, their ability to identify, their insistence on telling it like it is — even if the message is unpleasant, even if "like it is" is never really that simple — their pride, their aggression, their open hostility, their unbending demand that the black man accept responsibility for his own destiny . . . all these combine for exceptionally powerful theater.



THE LAST POETS tell it about the untogether bloods . . . they also tell it in general ("True blues ain't no new news 'bout who's been abused/for the blues is as old as my stolen soul") and about The Man ("Understand, said the old black man, who is the opposite of you/understand so that you will know what you have to do/understand that black is true and false is white/understand that black is right and white is wrong/understand that white is weak and black is strong").

Both these from the just-released new album, "This is Madness," both by Alfia Pudim, one-third of the Last Poets. They call themselves the Last Poets, according to some material with the first album, because "when the Revolution comes, there'll be no more rhetoric, no more excuses, no more bull —." They are, in addition to Pudim, poet Ben Hassen and conga drummer Nilija. Nilija is, if I understand correctly, an in-training Voodoo priest of the Yoruba persuasion, although he is an American. He said he was 28 and had been playing drums for 13 years. He said that the drums had far deeper powers than one might think listening to Buddy Rich or Jack Costanzo. He played like he knew what he was talking about.

★ ★ ★

NILIJA SPOKE at some length before the set began at midnight; he spoke about getting it together, and culture and heritage, and the reasons he doesn't wear the identifying robes of his Voodoo Sect . . . " when you advertise, they — with you." Not everybody in the crowded, 90 per cent black auditorium agreed. One woman — who was referred to first as "sister," then "mama," then categories less printable — took vocal exception to some of the introductory rap. As nearly as I could gather, she was saying she WAS together and didn't need nobody telling her nothin' about it.

And conventional theater people spend sleepless nights trying to figure out how to get the audience involved .....

The line for the second show had started forming about 11, and was sloshing up and down the block and into the street by 11:20. We stood outside in the crystal cold — watched laconically by the dudes standing across the street under the bubbly champagne-glass sign of the Sportsman's Inn; curiously by the slow and steady procession of cars. A couple spoke of Ike and Tina's upcoming weekend at Basin Street West. "Cost you $11 to sit down," the man said unhappily. The silver felt hat in front of me looked bored by a rather unlikely looking blond black man who was trying to entice him to participate in a playing-card version of the old Shell Game. "I don't want to bet no money," the blond kid said, "just take a free guess." At 11:50, Masekela finished his final encore and the line started moving.

Something Else

Douglas 7
This Is Madness
The Last Poets