

PROLOGUE
3/18/97

(The Company enters singing)

HOMEWARD NOW SHALL I JOURNEY (G)

Homeward now shall I journey
Homeward upon the rainbow
Homeward now shall I journey
Homeward upon the rainbow
To life unending and beyond it
Yea homeward now shall I journey
To joy unchanging and beyond it
Yea, homeward now shall I journey.

REPEAT WHOLE SONG
(company opens up)

KENNETH

Hello! I'm Kenneth Raphael. This is John O'Neal and this is Adella Gautier. We're from the Junebug Theater Project which is based in New Orleans, Louisiana.

KIM

This is Nancy Jeffrey Smith, that's Ron Short and I'm Kim Neal. We're a part of the Roadside Theater from the Appalachian Mountains, 'round Kentucky and Virginia.

ADELLA

So what you got here is two groups of hard headed people. Over fifteen years ago out of concern for what was happening in both of our communities, we decided, that whenever we could, we'd get together, share stages and trade audiences. Junebug would play for Roadside audiences in the mountains of Appalachia and Roadside would play for Junebug audiences in the Black Belt South. And we have had some fun. Some more fun than others. Out of these efforts to work together we created tonight's production of Junebug/Jack.

RON

What we soon found out was that the people in both our communities have a lot in common, especially music and

storytelling. Junebug slash Jack - some people spend a lifetime studying those slashes. Junebug is a mythic African American storyteller invented by young people from SNCC, the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, during the Civil Rights Movement. He represents the collective wisdom of struggling Black people. For mountain people, Jack represents the triumph of the human spirit no matter how hard the times get.

NANCY

And tonight we've all come here together to share some of our songs and stories with you.

ADELLA

See everybody has a story, their own story, (I bet you all got some pretty good stories, too). But it seems like it has come to the place where people think their stories aren't worth anything anymore.

KENNETH

Trouble is, seems like some people are always wanting to tell our story for us.

KIM

But, we got to tell it ourselves! Otherwise how we gonna know it's us.

JOHN

And if we don't listen to the stories of others how we gonna know who they are?

NANCY

Our ancestors came over to this country on big boats with big sheets on 'em looking for freedom.

KENNETH

Our ancestors came over to this country in the belly of big boats.

NANCY

They got here and lots of them got kindly wild . . .

KENNETH

Off the boats in shackles and chains they filed . . .

NANCY

Some of 'em took to running after game . . .

KENNETH

Sold off and given a white man's name . . .

NANCY

Some of 'em died out . . .

KENNETH

Some of 'em just died. . .

NANCY

But some of them kept on climbing. . .

KENNETH

Kept on climbing. . .

NANCY

A little bit further on up into our mountains.

KENNETH

Further and further away from their 'masters'.

I GOT A HOME SOMEWHERE

I've got a home somewhere, (NANCY)
I'm leaving today
I've got a home somewhere, (KENNETH joins)
I'm leaving today
I've got a home somewhere A heartbeat away (ALL)

I want to taste freedom (KENNETH)
I'm leaving today (NANCY joins)
I want to taste freedom
I'm leaving today (ALL)
I've got a home somewhere A heartbeat away (ALL)

KIM

Course now when our people got here, there were people already here. Some say 5 million people, maybe more. Already been here 10,000 years. They already knowed about this land, and how to survive on it, and our people learned from them.

KENNETH

I've got Native American blood on both sides of my family. . .

RON

Ain't a family in the mountains ain't got some Indian blood in them.

KIM

Wasn't long though some of us started acting like they weren't people at all - started calling them names - heathens, savages. Next thing you knowed we started calling each other names:

KENNETH

Red necks. . .

NANCY

Coons. . .

JOHN

Hillbillies. . .

RON

Niggers. . .

(company freeze)

KIM

Wonder why that happened?

<p>RON (B flat minor)</p> <p>Which side are you on? Which side are you on? Which side are you on?</p> <p>This is a war we're Fighting The battles not yet done We gotta stick together Until this war is won.</p>	<p>KENNETH</p> <p>We shall overcome We shall overcome We shall overcome Someday Deep in my heart I do believe We shall overcome Someday.</p>
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ADELLA

You know sometimes a story or song can start out one place and end up someplace else entirely different. (DIXIE STARTS--key D-Ron plays on fiddle) Now take We Shall Overcome. It began as a hymn in the Black church and was changed to how we know it today during the 1930's Tobacco Workers Strike in North Carolina.

KIM

Which Side Are You On come out of a coal miner's strike in Harlan Co., Kentucky. It was written by Florence Reece.

NANCY

Now that tune Ron's playing . . . You may not recognize it, but that's Dixie.

ADELLA

And some of us have real strong attitudes about it, too.

KIM

Dixie started out as an Irish dance tune,

KENNETH

Then it got "borrowed" by African slaves who used it for their own dances,

NANCY

Then it got "borrowed" by a white musician for his
minstrel show,

JOHN

Then the Confederate army took it and used it for their
own damnable purposes.

(Ron ends DIXIE and KENNETH begins JUBILO
playing the comb) KEY D

ADELLA

Hear that? Change a few notes of Dixie and make a
brand new tune. Jubilo. "Jubilo" is a song that
celebrates the "Juneteenth", the time the slaves got
the news about the Emancipation Proclamation.

JOHN

Black folks "borrowed" back the dance tune from all
them other people and used it for their own
celebration.

KENNETH

Speaking of songs with a complex history, here's one
that everybody knows . . .

JOHN HENRY

KEY D

John Henry was just a lil baby boy,
No bigger than the palm of your hand,
He picked up a hammer and a lil piece of steel,
Said "I'm gonna be a steel drivin man" Lord,
Lord, (Harmony - all)
Said "I'm gonna be a steel drivin man"!

John Henry said to the captain,
"A man ain't nothin but a man,
But before I let that steam drill drive me down,
I'm gonna die with a hammer in my hand Lord, Lord,
Die with a hammer in my hand."

Now the man that invented that steam drill,
Thought he was doing mighty fine,
John Henry drove steel 14 feet,

The steam drill only made 9, Lord, Lord
Steam drill only made 9.

John Henry hammered on the mountain,
His hammer was ringing fire,
He hammered so hard he broke his poor heart,
He lay down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord,
Lay down his hammer and he died.

Early Monday morning,
When the blue bird begins to sing,
Way up on the mountain top,
You can hear John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord,
You can hear John Henry's hammer ring.

You can hear John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord,
You can hear John Henry's hammer ring.

ADELLA

John Henry was a Black man. 'Course some people say
that John Henry was not a real person at all.

KENNETH

They'll tell you he's just a story - a legend.

ADELLA

There's nothing wrong with telling stories and legends.

KENNETH

'Course now it depends on who's telling the story and
why.

ADELLA

Now here's a fella who hails from South Mississippi and
goes by the title of

KENNETH and ADELLA

Junebug Jabbo Jones!

JUNEBUG

I am a storyteller. I say "storyteller" 'stead of liar 'cause there's a heap of difference between a storyteller and a liar. A liar, that's somebody want to cover things over - mainly for his own private benefit. But a STORYTELLER, that's somebody who'll take and UN-cover things so that everybody can get something good out of it. I'm a storyteller, storyteller. Oh, it's a heap of good meanin' to be found in a story if you got the mind to hear. . . A mind to hear.

I am not the first one to carry the title of "Junebug Jabbo Jones." Neither the onliest to have that name. The very first Junebug started out life as a Negro slave. From the time that he was big enough to see straight, his Maw took one look at him and said, "Lawd, have mercy, this here's going to be one of them bad boogers!" Booger was so bad as a child he would not take funk from a skunk. Right away his Maw seen it wasn't half a chance for him to make a full grown man 'fore the white folks to kill him.

So when he made seven years old his mother got together with an auntee - who some people say could work root - they took him down to the river and pretended that he got drowned down there.

(HUMMING from cast begins) They mourned, had a funeral and everything. Wore black clothes for three weeks! But in actual fact, they snuck around the back way, took him down to the Cypress Swamp, turned him over to Crazy Bill to raise. Now, Bill was so crazy he decided to run off and live in the swamp by hisself rather than to live his life as a slave. That's how crazy Bill was. Bill belonged to what they used to call a "good master".

ADELLA

A good what?

JUNEBUG

A "good master"! Baptist preacher. He taught Bill how to read and everything. He had every intention to make a preacher out of Bill. Bill had to run off one night during a thunderstorm because that Preacher had a fit of rage when Bill showed him where it say in the Bible

- "It's a sin 'fore God for a man to own a slave or to be a slave. It's in the Book!"

That preacher got so mad at what Bill showed him in the Bible he went to grab hisself a gun. Bill took off running in that thunderstorm. That preacher got Bill lined up dead in his sight. About to pop down on him. Bill stopped, seed where that preacher had the drop on him. Stood stark still. Threwed his hands up in the sky, hollered out something loud in African. Well, don't you know, a bolt of lightning come down out of the cloud, hit the barrel of that gun, sealed it up plum shut, knocked that preacher down on his butt and turned every hair on his body from jet black to silver white - right on the spot!

Bill came back over there, looked at that preacher all sniveling up in the mud and the rain, smiled kind of sad like to himself, and WALKED on down in that swamp. And stayed down there too.

From that night on anytime you'd pass that white haired preacher's house you could see him sitting on the porch with four or five guns beside the one that got sealed shut by that bolt of lightning.

He swore, "I'll kill any man that goes down in my swamp to get Bill before I get ready to go for him." But he ain't never went down there. And he ain't never again stood astride a pulpit nor let his shadow fall across the face of an open Bible.

There's lots of people scared to go down in that swamp. Some said they was haints, but they ain't no haints. It was that first Junebug and crazy Bill. That first Junebug stayed down there with Bill from the time he was seven years old till he became a full grown man. Many nights they sat up all night long reading, studying. Since they didn't have to spend all their time working like all the other slaves had to do they had plenty of time to think. They studied everything that went on around there. They saw everything inside of thirty or forty miles in every direction. They saw that in spite of the terrible conditions most of the colored people were living up under, in most sections it was more of them than there were white folk. If people could have just seen that, there's no telling what could have happened. (Ain't like it is up in here tonight.) Then again there was a whole bunch of white people that might as well to have been slaves for all

they could get out of life. They seed that between the colored slaves and the poor white people didn't hardly nothin' get done around there unless they were the one's to do it. They seen where people would make little stories and songs to make their days go faster and make their load seem lighter and they put secret meaning in their stories and songs. But everybody was so busy trying to keep their own heads from getting cracked, that they didn't take the time to stand back and look at the big picture that had everybody in it.

Right there, that first Junebug, and old crazy Bill, seen where there was a job that NEEDED TO BE DONE. It's a job that need to be done. They knowed it was a bunch of people that would have killed them for teaching people how to read or spreading news that they did not want spread. They knowed that. "But they was a job needed to be done. And we got to be the ones do it. We got to do it!"

As soon as that first Junebug got big enough to leave out the swamp on his own, he commenced going from plantation to plantation, living by his wit. He'd listen to what people was saying, watch what they were doing, and then, so people could get a better idea what they could do to help change things, make things better, he would tell these over here what these over here been up to. That way the people that were struggling to make things better would feel support and encouragement. And those who weren't doing all they could, maybe should, would be uncovered, and be made to feel ashamed.

Whenever that first Junebug would find somebody who looked like they might make a pretty good storyteller - he'd help them figure out how they could run away. He'd take them down in the swamp, turn them over to ole crazy Bill. Bill would teach them how to read, make their figures, everything they needed to know to be good storytellers. Before long there were a lot of them going around, watching, listening, and learning and telling stories to whosoever wanted to hear. All of them doing it under the title of. . .

ALL

"Junebug Jabbo Jones"!

KENNETH

Wait, wait, now that's not his real name. It's just a title of a job that need to be did.

JOHN

Yeah, like king.

ADELLA

Or queen.

KENNETH

Yeah! And they all don't have to be Black.

JOHN

And they definitely don't have to be men.

KIM

That's right, Junebug. There's lots of women up in the mountains like to tell stories. Good ones, too. There's one about where I come from. You see, there was this family lived way up on the side of the mountain and they lived like folks lived in that time

NANCY

Which was grubbing out a living

RON

And having younguns to help grub out that living

NANCY

Well, this family sure had a

THE THREE TELLERS

A LOT of younguns

RON

The first youngun they had they'd named Jack

KIM

A purty good name

NANCY

And after that they just named their young'uns whatever they could

KIM

Well, they got a lot of the names out of the Bible, from Abel to Zebidiah

RON

They went through the Sears Catalogue. Named one Hardware

KENNETH

That's a name to live up to!

NANCY

Then one morning they woke up and Mommy had another little baby with her

RON

Well, for the life of her she couldn't think up a new name for this little youngun

KIM

But they put their heads together and they decided to call him

THE THREE TELLERS

Jack!

NANCY

Reckon by now they'd forgotten that was their first one's name

KIM

And when they figgered out what they'd done it uz too late

RON
So they started callin the oldest boy

NANCY
Big Jack

RON
And they called the youngest boy

KIM
Little Jack

NANCY
Now Little Jack and Big Jack, they really took up with
each other

KIM
Little Jack follered Big Jack ever where he went

RON
But then Big Jack went off to work for this rich feller
down the road

NANCY
We'll just call him "King"

JOHN
"King Coal"

KIM
"King Cotton"

ALL
always a KING!

KIM
Little Jack wanted to go with Big Jack

NANCY (as Big Jack)

"No, you got to stay home."

KIM

Now there was plenty brothers and sisters for him to play with but Little Jack missed Big Jack so much

RON

Then, early one morning Little Jack seed Big Jack coming up the mountain

KIM

Little Jack was just about to give him a big bear hug

RON

But they was somethin bad wrong. Big Jack looked awful. They helped Big Jack back up to the house and put him to bed. But when they took off his shirt they seed

KIM

Three big strops of hide missing out of Big Jack's back!

RON

They doctored him best they could, but he kept on gettin worser. Finally they knowed that Big Jack was gonna have to have some medicine from the doctor if he was going to get well at all

KIM

Course, now they didn't have no money to be goin out buying medicine with, not to buy nothing with

RON

Folks just didn't need money much

THE THREE TELLERS

But doctors sure seemed to!

KIM

Well, one morning Little Jack come down to breakfast with his best little suit of clean clothes on and a little gunny sack with his working overhauls in it

RON (as Mommy)

"Just a minute. Just where do you think you're agoin'?"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"I'm heading off to work for the KING so to get some money for Big Jack to have some medicine."

RON (as Mommy)

"You're too little to be goin off to work."

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Well a man has to do what a man has to do, Mommy."

RON

And off he went.

NANCY

It didn't take Jack long to get down to that King's house. Went up and knocked on the door. King come out and Jack says,

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Excuse me King, but I was wondering, do you need any work done?"

RON (as King)

"Well, you're a mighty scrawny little rooster, but I reckon I can get my money's worth out of you. Pays a dollar a day. You interested?"

KIM

Jack was right in for that

RON (as King)

"'O, by the way, there's one more little deal... Anybody works for me goes by my rules. Whichever one of us makes the other one mad first, gets to throw that

one down, take three strips of hide out of his back. See now, if I make you mad, I get three strips of hide out of your back, and I don't have to pay you nothin."

KIM (as Little Jack)

"And if I make you mad, King, I get three strips of hide and my wages?"

RON (as King)

"Yeah. If you make me mad. I'll tell you what, Jack, I'll throw in a bushel of gold, 'cause you can't make me mad. I'm the King!"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Well, King, we'll see about that."

NANCY

Jack had come a long way and was awful hungry, but he was awful proud too and his Mommy had raised him not to beg, so he says,

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Reckon I better wash up before I eat supper."

RON (as King)

"Eat! Boy you ain't done nothin to deserve no supper!"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"But . . ."

RON (as King)

"Why, now, that don't make you mad does it?"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"No, I ain't mad. Just hungry."

RON (as King)

"Oh, good. Now you see that corn crib out there?"

KIM (as Little Jack)
"That's a corn crib?"

RON (as King)
"No. That's your hotel for tonight!"

KIM (as Little Jack)
"Now just a minute, King. I come all the way from Mommy's house, you won't give me nothin' to eat, and now you expect me to sleep THERE?!!..."

RON (as King)
"Um. . .Yeah. It doesn't make you mad, now, does it? You don't mind do ye?"

KIM (as Little Jack)
"Shucks no. I don't mind."

RON (as King)
"Oh, good. Now get. You got a hard day's work ahead of you."

NANCY
Next morning Jack went up to the King's house bright and early, but the King met him outside.

KIM (as Little Jack)
"Uhhh, King. Something smells good! What's for breakfast? I could eat a hog."

RON (as King)
"Breakfast? You just don't get it do you, boy? You ain't done nothin' to earn no breakfast."

KIM (as Little Jack)
"Look here, King, I'm getting awful hungry!"

RON (as King)
"Why, Jack, you ain't gettin mad are you?"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"No, I ain't mad! It's just low blood sugar."

NANCY

The King took Jack out to the barn. Showed him his fine flock of sheep and says,

RON (as King)

"Jack, take my sheep up to the high meador. Don't you lose a one of 'em!"

KIM

So Jack took them sheep way up in a high meadow. But he was so weak that he just layed down underneath a shade tree. Felt like his stomach was playing tag with his backbone. When this purty little lamb went skippin by, saying,

NANCY (as lamb)

"Ba,Ba,Ba . . ."

KIM

But Jack was so hungry it sounded like that little sheep was saying,

NANCY (as lamb)

"LUNCH, LUNCH, LUNCH . . ."

KIM

Jack banged him on the head, built him up a fire, and had him a fine lunch of roast mutton.

NANCY

That evening he took the rest of the sheep back to the King's house. There was the King counting the sheep. . .

RON (as King)

"996, 997, 998, 999 . . . Jack, where's my little prize lamb with the black ears?"

(to audience member) "Excuse me, have you seen my lamb?"

KIM (as Little Jack)
"Well, King, you hadn't given me nothin' to eat and I was mighty hungry, so I eat him."

RON
(as King) "You eat my lamb? That was my little prize lamb I was raising for breeding."

KIM (as Little Jack)
"Yeah, King, it was a good lamb alright, tasted mighty good."

RON (as King)
"You good for nothin' . . ."

KIM (as Little Jack)
"Why, King, are you mad?"

RON (as King)
"No. I ain't mad."

NANCY
But that night the King fed Jack a real good supper

KIM
And fed him a good breakfast the next morning, too

NANCY
Took Jack out to the field where he had a fine horse hitched up to a plow

RON (as King)
"Can you plow? I want you to plow up this patch for me. I aim to put in some turnips."

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Of course, I can plow." So Jack gettyuped that horse and set out plowing these long, straight furrows

NANCY

The King watched him, got satisfied Jack knew what he was doing, went on back to the house

KIM

About that time this old woman come down the road riding this old rickety horse

NANCY (as horse/woman)

"Rickety, rackety, humpity, bumpity"

KIM

You could hear it's bones clanking together, it was that poor.

(As Little Jack) "Hey, good morning, Moms. That shore is a mighty fine horse you got there."

NANCY (as woman)

"Why, Jack you ortn't make fun of a ole woman whose got the best she has!"

KIM (as Jack)

"Now no, I think that is a fine horse. Why, I bet the King wishes he had one like that. I don't suppose you'd be willin' to swap horses with me?"

NANCY (as woman)

"Hit's a deal." (Off she gallops.)

KIM

Jack hitched that old rickety horse to the harness and set in to plowing that field

KIM & NANCY

Just as crooked as a dog's hind leg

NANCY

When the King come back

RON (as King)

"Hey, Jack, how you doin? Wait a minute! Where's my horse?"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Right here, King. That big ole fat horse eat too much so I swapped him for this'n. This'n won't eat much."

RON (as King)

"You swapped my fine work horse for this bag of bones?"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"King, you sound mad. You ain't mad are you?"

RON (as King)

"No, I ain't mad. Low blood sugar."

NANCY

But the King decided he wasn't gonna let Jack near no more of his animals. The next morning Jack was to pick apples

RON (as King)

"You do know how to pick apples, don't you?"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Sure do."

RON (as King)

"Well, get to it."

NANCY

The King sent Jack up to the orchard with some bushel baskets and a ladder

KIM

But Jack snuck back down to the house and got a big double bit ax

NANCY

And went to cutting down them big fine apple trees

KIM (as Jack)

"TIMBER!!!"

NANCY

And then picked the apples off of the limbs once they's down on the ground

KIM

It's the modern way!

NANCY

When the King came out

RON (as King)

"Hey!! What in the devil are you doing?"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Pickin apples."

RON (as King)

"Boy, you're gonna ruin me, you big dumb hillbilly. Don't you know nothin! You don't chop down the trees. This is how you pick apples."

NANCY

And he took the ladder and set it up against one of the trees, climbed up the ladder, and went to picking apples and putting them in his sack.

KIM (as Jack)

"Well, that's one way of doin it, alright, King. But what if somebody was to come up to you and do this . . ."

NANCY

And he yanked that ladder out from under the King. The King just had time to latch his arm over a limb

RON (as King)

"Jack, you let me down. Put that ladder up here this minute!"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Uh Uhh. I don't like the way you been treating me, and I don't like the way you treated my brother. But I'll put the ladder back if you'll get your wife, the Queen, to make me a big deep-dish apple pie."

RON (as King)

"O.K., O.K. Go tell her I said to fix you one."

KIM

So Jack went running down to the house, knocked on the door and the Queen come out

NANCY (as Queen)

"Yeah, what do you want?"

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Queen, the King said for you to give me a great big . . . kiss."

NANCY (as Queen)

"In your dreams, sonny boy."

KIM (as Little Jack)

"Hey King, she says she won't do it!"

NANCY (as Queen)

"Am I supposed to do what he says?"

RON (as King)
"Yes, yes, give him what he wants right now!"

(KISS)

RON (King gets out of tree up to house!)
"Now you're gonna get it! I'm gonna bust your head wide open!"

KIM (as Little Jack)
"What's the matter, King. Are you mad?"

RON (as King)
"You're durn right I'm mad!!"

KIM
Jack throwed him down right then and there

NANCY
Cut three big strips of hide off of the King's back

KIM
Collected a bushel of gold and went on back home. He went in to where Big Jack was and seed he was bad off. Family was sure he wouldn't make it till morning. But Jack took them three strips of hide out of his pocket, washed em off real good, and laid them out on Big Jack's back. They fit real good.

NANCY(as Big Jack)
Next morning Big Jack was up eating breakfast. It wasn't long til he was up and working around the place, feelin fine

KIM
And to this day

NANCY
Big Jack

Little Jack KIM

All their children NANCY

Grandchildren KIM

And greats NANCY

Are doing well KIM & NANCY

And folks still say that that entire family has got KIM

Royal blood in their veins! (Nancy Moves chair USR) KIM & NANCY

Down On The Farm Key A

RON
Cornmeal bread and cornmeal gravy
They'll make you fat
But they won't make you lazy
Talking bout the good ole things down on the farm
Blackeyed peas and collard greens
They'll fill you up but they'll
Keep you clean
Talking bout the good ole things down on the farm

Chorus
London, England, Paris, France,
Ain't none of them places stand a chance
Talking bout good ole things down on the farm
Don't care bout Betty Crocker's Gold Medal
Ain't nothin no better than my Mama's Iron Kettle
Talkin' bout the good ole things down on the farm

ADELLA Rabbit stew and squirrel gravy
Drive you wild but it won't make you crazy
talkin bout good ole things down on the farm
Fried squash!

RON Fried 'maters!

JOHN Fried corn!

ALL Fried taters!

ALL Talkin' bout good ole things down on the farm

Chorus

NANCY Apple pie and strawberry jam
Makes me sweet as I am
Talking 'bout good ole things down on the farm
That ole Wild turkey and wild corn
Make you glad that you was born
Talkin 'bout good ole things down on the farm

Chorus

KENNETH

I live in the big city now, but I grew up in the country. My grandfather had over 800 acres of good bottom land in south Mississippi. We still own a nice little farm down the dog leg branch off from the twin oak trees on the New Caledonia Road. New Calendonia Road? That's the road that runs from Seven Waters over to Four Corners. Four Corners! Now Four Corners ain't too far from Magnolia, which is a big little town sits on old State Highway 27, about nine miles south and a little bit west from Macomb... Mississippi... I don't believe they know where that's at. You know where Jackson, Mississippi's at? Well, take that for New Orleans. And this is Jackson. My home is right there. Right there. Part of Pike County.

RON

Pike County? Pike County is in Kentucky.

KENNETH

Well, this Pike County has got to be different. You see, there used to be plenty of people up in there; it was almost enough black people for us to start our own little town but now, my brother's the only one still

got a working farm up there. (JUNEBUG REMINDS HIM ABOUT CHARLIE MOFFETT) Oh, Charlie Moffett still on county registey, but he's working two jobs in Macomb to pay rent on the land he was born on, in a house his Daddy built with his own hands.

RON

It's the same way in Pike County, Kentucky. There was a time when if you had the right to a piece of land and was willing to work you could make a living off that land. But then it got to the place where you couldn't do a thing if you didn't have money. When they brought money into the mountains to help us out, the people started moving out . . . take our land away.

JUNEBUG

There was a time when Black people gave blood, sweat, and tears to get forty acres and a mule. But now Black-owned land is being lost at the rate of about 42,000 acres a month. It's hard to see it when land is being lost 'cause the land don't go nowhere.

NANCY

Now its not that hard to see in the mountains, 'cause they'll cart off a whole mountain in the back of one of them dump trucks to make a strip mine. Still and all (cast goes to "city") when people lose their land they sort of drift off a few at a time so you don't really notice what's happening till they been gone for a while.

I don't rightly know when things started to change. They never did for me really. Saw all my younguns marry off and leave, but even 'fore then, it wasn't the same. I never liked the idea of my children moving off, nor going to work in the coal mines but they wasn't nothing I could do about it. Once they knowed about them things they didn't have, it was too late.

We worked hard and I can rightly say my younguns never went cold or hungry for lack of something to wear or food to eat. We never had much but we always had plenty. It's not what you've got, it's what you're satisfied with.

I know children are different from their parents, but they's things that they want that I don't even know about, nor care to. But I guess that's the whole thing. You know what you know. It's kinda like that little story about Adam and Eve. Hit wasn't the apple that got 'em into trouble, it was what they knowed atter they eat it. And they ain't no turning back from that.

KIM

When we went to Dayton, I was so excited about living in a big city. I was gonna get new clothes and go to the movies. I was gonna play with kids that wouldn't my cousins. But I never did fit in. I tried, but I was just too different. Mommy said it wasn't me different, it was them, but it didn't seem that way to me. I got to thinking there was something wrong with me. You know it seemed to me like going off to Dayton was like headin for the promised land... but I ended up in the wilderness, believing in nothing or nobody.

Cities of Gold
Key G Sharp (A flat)

(RON)

Tell me where do you come from
Tell me where will you go
To the mountains around you
Or the Cities of Gold

Chorus

(ALL)

Cities of Gold, Cities of Gold
Oh so lonely and so cold
You can lose your very soul
Living in Cities of Gold

(RON)

Now the people, they said to Pharoah
You better let our children go
'Cause we're tired of livin' our lives
So you can build your cities of gold

Chorus

ADELLA

Everybody in my family could sing. Our dog Red Rover you could give him a harmony part and he'd hold it. No matter how tired Momma was when she got in from work, she's a housecleaner, she cleans houses for people; she'd be in the kitchen humming to the pots and pans. After dinner, my brother, my sister, my Daddy would start harmonizing on some old church song and it'd be no telling how long before we went to bed 2-3 o'clock in a.m..

But we were not the only ones could sing. We had ourselves a powerful singing preacher at our church. Sister Reverend Gary didn't just sing, she knew how to bring the music out in people. Our whole church would be rocking. Music tied our family together, united the members of the church and community. Music was every where; revivals, funerals, weddings, or big rally of some sort marching with my Daddy in the movement. And we'd be there. . . singing.

One Sunday morning my cousin Sheila paid us a surprise visit at our church. Now before Sheila moved to Dayton, she was the best singer around. When she walked in she looked like a picture straight out of Ebony Magazine. She took her seat in the choir. A hush fell over the church. Rev. Sister Gary said, "Sheila sing us a song." Sheila stood up, cleared her throat, and cut loose. Child, three people asked to be accepted into membership before Sheila finished singing.

Sheila told me, "Girlfriend, the only reason you won't get what you want in the City is if you don't have the gumption to stoop down and pick it up!" The very next day I said, "Mamma, I'm going to Dayton where Sheila live."

Mama said, "Dayton or no Dayton, you finish high school cause I ain't gonna to take care of your children in my old age!"

NANCY

"AMEN!"

ADELLA

See how they all stick together! Well, I finished high school, mainly for her, but the ink wasn't dry on my diploma before I was on the bus heading for Dayton.

When I got to Dayton Sheila looked like a different person at the Greyhound station. Her face was all pinchy and she was coughing all the time.

This white man said, "You got your claim check?", and I said, "Yassuh, right here." Sheila said, "Girl, you better leave all that country stuff at home. You don't have to be sniffing up to no white folk here in Dayton. Here, man, just give her her stuff!" Sheila got me a job in the plant where she was working. I worked side by side with this white woman. Kim. Me and Kim hit it off pretty good. Both our hands going non-stop to keep the assembly line moving. We hit production and then some. One day we found out we knew some of the same old church songs. We just started singing together, while we worked, during break, after lunch, just for the heck of it. Course she sang like white folks sing and I sing like black folks but we ended up laughing our heads off about how it sounded when we put that together. And we found out that neither one of us was scared to speak up for our rights. We didn't take no stuff off of nobody. That's how we became union leaders.

And we seen that of all the promotions that year, not one had been a woman, a Black, or a Mexican. So we spoke up about it. Sheila coughed and said, "You better leave that crazy white girl alone. Ain't neither one of y'all got no sense." But before long a Black man got promoted.

The mess really didn't start til we seed all the supervisors and the managers walking around wearing these white protective masks over their faces when they were on the floor. Well, we didn't have masks on the line. We were the ones working right in the pollution and we didn't rate to be protected. Me and Kim said, "Hey, what's up with that?"

We went to the boss and he listened. "Um huh. Um huh. You fired. And you fired, too, Gal."

Me and Kim, we lost our jobs. Sheila kept her job and kept on working there. But Sheila never sang no more. Sheila died before she was 32.

JUNEBUG

I was eighteen years old before I got set to leave home. A lot a fellers hung around back home 'til they was big enough

NANCY

or bad enough

JUNEBUG

to go in the army. But the first one I ever remember to outright leave home with no intention to return was my friend, Philip Anthony "Po" Tatum.

KENNETH (as PO)

I'm going to the City
Where the women's really pretty
And they tell me that the money fall like rain
I'm tired of picking cotton!
Mississippi's gotten rotten
I'm gonna pack my bags and jump the quickest Northbound train.

JUNEBUG

'Fore long, everybody was singing Po's song.

CARL (as PO)

I'm going to Chicago, baby
Heading for the City
I'm going to Chicago, baby
(ALL)
Heading for the City
Chica-Chica-Chica-chica-Chica Chicago
Chica-Chica-Chica-chica-Chica Chicago
Chica-Chica-Chica-chica-Chica Chicago
I'm going to catch a northbound train.

ADELLA

"ZUDIO!"

ZUDIO

(ALL)

"Here come Zudio, Zudio, Zudio
Here come Zudio all night long
Step back, Sally, Sally, Sally
Step back, Sally, all night long

Walking down the alley, alley, alley
Walking down the alley all night long
Looking down the alley, what did I see?
A BIG, FAT man from Tennessee"

JUNEBUG

"There he is!"

ALL

"I betcha five dollars that you can't do this!
To the front, to the back, to the side, side, side!
You lean way back, then Ball the Jack!
You lean way back, you get a HUMP on you back
You lean way back, you get a HUMP on you back
You lean way back, you get a HUMP on you back
You do the CAMEL WALK, You do the CAMEL WALK
You do the CAMEL WALK!"

JUNEBUG

By the time Po got to the city there were lots of games like Zudio to be learned but Po already had his mind set on other kinds of games - games where there was money to be made. He started playing with the boys from the big time, ended up in jail. Years later, I found Po in Chicago. One of the things he was trying to do to straighten himself out, get his life back together, was making a garden in the city and organizing others to do the same. By that time he had changed his tune:

KENNETH (as PO)

I got a garden in the City
My okra's really pretty
I ain't had no greens that tastes so good since I Was home
I had to put aside my shopping
That grocery bill left me rocking
I had to leave that doggone grocery store alone

I'm living off my garden, baby
Garden in the city
I'm living off my garden, baby
Garden in the city
Diga-diga, diga-diga, diga Chicago
Diga-diga, diga-diga, diga Chicago
Diga-diga, diga-diga, diga Chicago
Trying to make myself a brand new home

JUNEBUG

Yeah, my man Po, seemed like the system just got the best of him. He went out in a blaze of glory trying to change the whole thing all by himself.

(MUSIC)

JUNEBUG AND PO

You can't judge a book by looking at the cover
You can read my letter
But I bet you can't read my mind
If you want to get down, down, down
You got to spend some time
I want to walk with you, I want to talk with you
I wanta, wanta, wanta, wanta rap with you

(PO)

When you grow up in a country
Things are hard
Times are tough

(JUNEBUG)

You growing your own food but it never seems enough
You too smart for the country

(PO)

You got to get away

(JUNEBUG)

You move to the city
Got to be a better way!

(PO)

So you move to the city
Put the country stuff behind

(JUNEBUG)

But when you hit the city

It starts to messing with your mind
You struggle and you scramble
Try to do the best you can

(PO)

You think you working for a living?
Hell, you working for The Man!
People stack like chickens on the way to meet the
Slaughter
Flopping all around the ground like fishes out of Water

(TOGETHER)

Blind man on the corner
Holding up a sign

(TOGETHER)

"No More Water, Y'all, the Fire Next Time."

RON

"AT EASE!"

KIM (Skipping rope)

G.I. Haircut
G.I. Shoes
G.I. Hard Tack
G.I. Blues
G.I. Love You
G.I. Do
G.I. Hope you love me too.

SOUND OFF

Attention!(RON)

You had a good home but you left, your right (JOHN)

you had a good home but you left, your right

Sound off: 1, 2

Sound off: 3, 4

Bring it on down

1, 2, 3, 4

1, 2, 3, 4

BROTHER TO BROTHER

KEY E flat minor

(KIM)

Now that you've gone away
The sunlit days don't seem as warm as they used to Be
Since you're not here with me
What once was clear now seems all lost in a mystery

CHORUS

(NANCY and KENNETH echo)

Brother are you safe and well
There's so much to tell
I need me someone just to talk to
Brother won't you come home soon
No one else can cheer me
No one else can chase away the gloom

Brother why'd you go away
Brother what's a hero
Leaving home makes no sense to me
Daddy said you had to go away
Tell me what you're fighting for
Brother help me understand your wars!
Brother help me understand your wars!

CHORUS

Stay safe, my brother
Hurry home, my brothers
There's someone here who needs you
And loves you

"Brother, what's a hero
And why do you have to go away to be one?"

NANCY

When my son, Luke, graduated from high school, it looked like there was no way for him to go on to college like some boys was able to do. He'd been talking to them recruiters that was always at the school telling the boys about all them military benefits. (guitar begins) Oh, he didn't want to wait, he wanted us to sign for him so he could go on in.

His Daddy wouldn't do it and I didn't want to. But he was getting into trouble pretty regular at the time, and he told us that it looked like he could go off to the service or go off to jail. Well, his Daddy said at least he'd be alive in jail, and he still wouldn't sign. Luke kept at me and kept at me, and he got into more and more trouble all the time. Finally, I signed. (music stop) He had just turned eighteen when he

finished basic and shipped out to Viet Nam. He ended up a machine gunner in the 8th Battalion Marines and was pretty much in constant combat for a year. We got letters from him. Sometimes the handwriting was so big and scrawled that he would only get about five words on a page.

(guitar)

KENNETH

When I was in Nam I laid up on a ridge looking down at this village. There was women, children, pigs, I felt like I was home. I told the captain, "The only way we gonna win this war is to kill every man, women, and child in the country."

(music stop)

JOHN (as captain)

"Well, if that's the way they want it."

(guitar intro)

VIET NAM (Am) A

I went walking one morning
The devil took me by the hand
Said, "Come on let me show you 'round my little Place
I call it Viet Nam
Ain't so much to look at
Just a quaint little jungle land
Before I'm through
It'll mean the world to you
You won't forget Viet Nam

CHORUS

Viet Nam, where the sweetest flower
Died on the vine
Viet Nam, it'll steal your heart
Steal your mind

Come all you space age children
You never gonna understand
If you want to see real living and dying
Come over to Viet Nam
Pride's the first thing to leave you
Your fear is the last thing to run
You can't see too well
Staring straight into hell

Down the barrel of a gun

CHORUS

Mama don't you know me
I'm the boy next door
Can I come home
Mama don't you know me
I'm the boy next door
Can I come home

NANCY

That year my boy was in the war I lost 40 pounds and my hair turned completely gray. Seemed like the time would never pass. The days just stood still. It was like mothers all over this country was holding their breath . . . waiting.

When he come home, I thanked God that he was safe and that we could go back to being a family. But it wasn't long 'til I could see things was different - oh, he never missed a family gathering but he always come late and left early - and when he got married, he never even told me about it until it was over and done. I tried everything I knowed to bring my family back together, but things was never the same after that.

JOHN

I was fighting in the Korean War when I found out about the lynching of Emmett Till in Money, Mississippi. (organ--"We Shall Overcome") The Korean people I knew couldn't understand why I was so upset about that one child being killed in Mississippi, when every month Korean children were dying by the hundreds. I tried to explain it, what it was.

After we fought all over the world in the name of freedom, then to have a fifteen year old boy to be lynched in the "land of the free and the home of the brave" was just too much. That's when I knew it was time for me to go home. I was fighting on the wrong side in the wrong war! (music out)

RON

I had this buddy. We was both medics. We wadn't in the fighting like them Marine and Army guys. We picked up the pieces after the fighting was over. Day after

day, the same thing, trying to save the pieces of what was left. Pretty soon you're looking for anything to talk about instead of that and somebody to talk to.

One day I heard him say he was from Washington, D.C. Most of my people had been forced to move out of the mountains back in the 50's looking for work. They ended up round northern Virginia. I told him about my people and every thing and we started talking. He told me his family was from North Carolina, but he was raised in D.C.

After that we just sorta started hanging out together. Both of us loved Muddy Waters. A lot of friendships been started on less than that. We was friends.

In April that year I got rotated back to the states. It was hard to explain, but somehow I kinda hated to leave. I remember thinking, I must be going crazy, not wanting to go home.

I went home on a 30 day leave. But I swear to God, in a week I couldn't stand it. I'd watch that television and see them pictures and it was like I'd keep looking, trying to see myself. They didn't even remind me of me.

I ended up in Greeneville, Mississippi on temporary duty. My orders go screwed up and 3 months later I was still there. Then I'll be damned if my buddy from Nam didn't show up. Oh man, we had a party! It was just like old times.

One night we decided we was gonna go into Greeneville, but there was a big football game that night and town was deserted. Somehow or another we decided to go to a movie. I don't even remember what was playing. We got our tickets and went on in, got some popcorn and Pepsi, started to go in to the movie when this woman says, "Hey you can't go in there!" I said, "Excuse me?" "Now you know better than that. He can't go in there. He has to set up there." And she pointed to the stairs going up to the balcony. I said, "We're in the service. Me and him is together, M'am." She said, "I don't care." He never said nothing the whole time. Then he just turned around and walked out. I just stood there holding a box of popcorn and a Pepsi.

We got a cab back to the base. But it never was the same after that. (MUSIC STARTS FOR "THE ONLY WAR THAT'S FAIR TO FIGHT") I ended up in Illinois. He went to California. I never saw him again.

(eventual story insert for Adella)

THE ONLY WAR THAT'S FAIR TO FIGHT

KEY E flat minor

KENNETH

The only war that's fair to fight is the

ALL

War to end oppression

KENNETH

The only war that's fair to fight is the

ALL

War to win your freedom

KENNETH

The only war that's fair to fight is the

ALL

War you fight to win your human rights

KENNETH

The only war that's fair to fight is the

ALL

War to end oppression

NANCY - REPEAT SONG WITH HARMONY ON MICHAEL'S MELODY AND UNISONS ON USUAL PARTS.

TREE OF LIFE

KEY D

CHORUS

Ain't you got a right (RON)
Ain't you got a right
Ain't you got a right
To the tree of life

Repeat Chorus (piana joins)

You may be black (SHAWN)
You may be white
Ain't you got a right
To the tree of life

Chorus

Gonna tell my brother (NANCY)
Gonna tell my sister
Ain't you got a right
To the tree of life

Chorus

You may be young, you may be old (KENNETH)
You may be hungry, you may be cold
But ain't you got a right
To the tree of life

Chorus (2X)

(audience sing along)

WHAT DID THEY DO?

KEY D

CHORUS

What did they do with what they took from you
What did they do with mine
No use complaining what they took from you

They been stealing from us all a long time.

JOHN

Ancient red man chief stand looking in grief
The damage done to mother earth
Lots of blood been shed through the years,
No pain can equal it's worth.
Can't measure the sorrow of the buffalo people
Used to dwell from shore to shore
When the pilgrims began it was the red man's land
Before they were forced to go.
Those that are left, land lost few
Forced onto reservations
Trail of tears, battles lost and won
Endless treaty manipulations
Fighting in the courts
They been using the system
Organizing a plan
Standing with their brothers and sisters
Winning back their land.

KENNETH

A lot of black people all over the world
Still fighting a terrible fight
Thinkin 'bout the past but lookin to the future
Beginning to see the light
History has proven that it's unacceptable
To keep a people down
Pain and suffering all those years
Shackled and whipped to the ground.
Families disrupted, where is the justice?
Millions gone to slave ship sea.
with faith intact they broke their backs
Three hundred years of labor for free.
Now the only request after giving their best
Was for forty acres and a mule
Asking and waiting and asking again
Still treated like a fool.
It's been a long time since 1865
Some changes are hard to see
But freedom for you and freedom for me
Everybody in equality!
CHORUS

RON

For over 100 years people in the mountains
Lived in peace and harmony

Helping one another, living on the land
They knowed what it meant to be free.
Then some men from the banks, church and government
Men from the industry
Took a look at the mountains, put their heads together
said with disbelief:
There's something wrong with this picture here
And there's gonna be hell to pay
You need money to spend, credit cards and bills
To live the American Way
You can't buy my pride, You can't sale my hope
You can't steal my identity
and when the air we breath is sold a breath at a time
hillbillies will still be free!

NANCY, ADELLA, KIM

Things have been bad for
The women of the world
Since the dawn of time began
From the Garden of Eden
To the streets at night
They blame us for original sin

KIM

Our bodies exploited for greedy gains
A way to sell and promote
We hear "Relax and enjoy it, baby"
Regardless of what we want

ADELLA

We want equal pay for equal work
Respect for our right to choose
If I want to be a mother, a wife, or a lawyer
We can do anything we want to do

NANCY

The earth is our mother
The only place that our children will know
Let's save the land, give them a future
A place where we all can grow

NANCY, ADELLA, KIM

Changes for me mean changes for you
Let's help each other all we can
There's a job to be done
A war to be won

We don't need a gun or a man

CHORUS

ADELLA

The forces of evil tryin' to keep us down
Are getting stronger every day
Between Iran Contra and Destert Storm who knows
How much we gotta pay
Millions and millions of welfare dollars
Have been spent since '33
Won't equal what they stole from the savings and loan
But here's the real tragedy

KIM

We got our people on the streets

NANCY

Crack in our schools

RON

Children living with aids,

ADELLA

And our national debt going through the roof

JOHN

Lord help you if you tell them you're Gay

ADELLA

Cause they'll try their best to take what's left
Hold on to your self pride

ALL

'Cause greed is the villain and whoever is a willing
Can join in the militant line
Don't be upset if we seem to forget
And left out your personal beef
We're all sisters and brothers if we're doing unto others
We all share the grief
The battle's not easy, the path is rough and greasy

It's gonna take a little more time
It might take some effort
But you and me together
Can get to work till we find

CHORUS AS USUAL

DANCE BREAK

(audience participation and dancing until Ron cues
cast)

ALL

(CHORUS)

LET'S GET IT ALL BACK THIS TIME!!!!
WHAT DID THEY DO UH HUH, UH HUH
WHAT DID THEY DO OH YEAH

<END>