

Q432 – Political Skits and Music in Jonestown

Jonestown Residents Present Skits and Music in Jonestown

Transcript

Male 1: A song that's important to all of us. Very basis of our education regarding how to *live*. Being true comrades in communist *truth*, we learn this song. Arise ye prisoners of starvation. Everyone join in and sing two verses of that song, *remembering* where we came from.

(Sings song: Adaptation of "The Internationale")

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation

Arise, ye wretched of the earth

For justice thunders condemnation

A better world's in birth

No more traditions' chains shall bind you

Arise ye slaves, no more in thrall

The world's rising on new foundations

You have been naught, you shall be all.

You have been naught, you shall be all.

You have been naught, you shall be all.

(Speaks) Thank you, comrades, I love you!

Crowd: (Applause)

Male 2: And now we're going to go into our play, "The House That I Live In."

Female 1: (Dramatic tone) More importantly, what is the house of your fellow man like? Is it a house filled with love, or hate? And is there food aplenty, or starvation? And what about the burdens? Are they light, or are they heavy? And is there caring and sensitivity, or

apathy and indifference? I'm sure that at some time in our lives, each of us has lived in a house similar to the ones that we see portrayed here tonight. There's *still* a lot of suffering in this world, many frustrations born of the unfulfilled promises of freedom. And *too* many people giving their lives as the result of the tortures that we are having in our prisons, mental institutions, nursing care homes for the aged and in places like South Africa, Chile, and the underdeveloped countries of the Third World. But through *all* this, there is a common cry, a cry of a people who want only to be free, with the assurance of the very, very bare necessities of life: food, clothing, shelter. Is *this* too much for the people to ask? I don't think so.

(Sings) What does your house look like, Anna?

Describe it to us

So we can bring news

Of your husband, to your children.

Jose Simon: (speaks in native tongue)

Male 3: He said when (unintelligible word) the white oppressors comes to take his land away, he saw many of his people go down. And this makes for a heavy burden in all people who are oppressed. Now, he will sing one of his native songs.

Simon: (Sings song, while clapping beat. At least one other male singing with him)

Crowd: (Applause)

Female 2: (Sings) There's a house over there

On the edge of nobody's world

In South Africa, Rhodesia, Katanga.

Male 3: I came to this city for medical attention, having the fear of black lung disease that kills most miners in their mid-forties. It cost a lot of money for doctors, and us miners still can't get insurance. I've worked in the mines all my life, some 20 odd years. My family lives in fear every day that when I would go to work in that dark, dirty, three-by-five foot mine that I might never return home alive again. My dad *didn't* one day. *I* still miss the old home

place, because the city's sure no easy place to earn a living. Especially when you're like me, all I know to do is work in the mines and even that's sure no easy job. Poor working conditions, why, I couldn't- couldn't even eat breakfast in the morning because I'd just vomit it up from laying on my back and crawling on my knees in that dark, dirty mine. We walked out on strike, protesting poor working conditions, no insurance benefits, and low pay, but with no help from the union and our families facing starvation, we were forced to return to the mines. I wonder where it will all end. When will people start caring for one another? I believe that's the answer.

Crowd: (Applause)

Female 1: (sings) What does your house look like, Anna?

Describe it to us

So we can bring news

Of your husband, to your children

Male 4: (Sings adaptation of "A Change Is Gonna Come" by Sam Cooke)

I was born by the river in a little tent

And just like that river, I been running every since

You stand alone, a long time coming

But I know change is going to come

When I go to my brother

And say brother, help me please

And he wind up

My brother, he'd wind up knocking me

Till I fell on my knees

Ohh, there been times that I've thought I couldn't last

I couldn't last too long

It's been a long, a long time coming

But I know change is gonna come

Male 5: A knock comes to the door, and I am given the command that I must go and kill the enemy, who turns out to be human like you and me, and I'm bitter. I am bitter as I search for answers to what we were really fighting for. Each day my bitterness grows deeper and deeper. I volunteered my life to fight a war that was supposed to guarantee freedom for my people here at home so that they could have a better life, and I'm *bitter* today. I'm *bitter* as I asked myself, *who* we were really fighting for. For you see, it was *not* the Vietnamese, it was not the Japanese, it was not the communists who pulled a gun on my mother because she was one minute late for work in the fields. Hell, she had a sick baby to care for, and I'm bitter today.

Crowd: (Applause)

[The selection presented here represents approximately 12 minutes of tape Q432.]