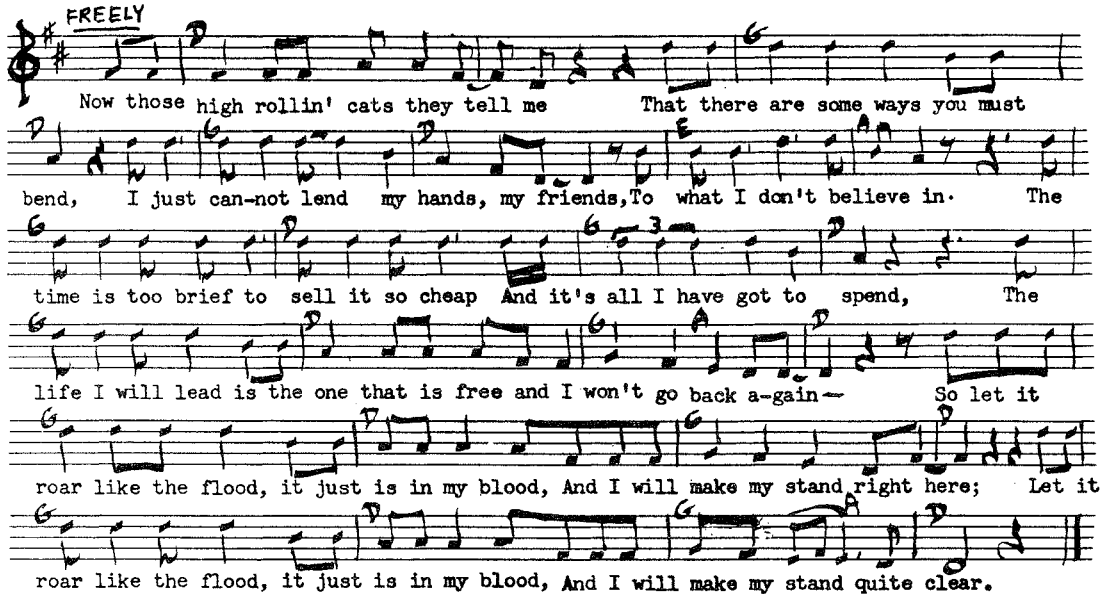


LET IT ROAR LIKE THE FLOOD

Words & Music by LARRY ESTRIDGE

Copyright 1973 Larry Estridge

FREELY



Now those high rollin' cats they tell me That there are some ways you must
bend, I just can-not lend my hands, my friends, To what I don't believe in. The
time is too brief to sell it so cheap And it's all I have got to spend, The
life I will lead is the one that is free and I won't go back a-gain- So let it
roar like the flood, it just is in my blood, And I will make my stand right here; Let it
roar like the flood, it just is in my blood, And I will make my stand quite clear.

Now those high rollin' cats they tell me
That there are some ways you must bend
I just cannot lend my hands, my friends
To what I don't believe in
The time is too brief to sell it so cheap
And it's all I have got to spend
The life I will lead is the one that is free
And I won't go back again.

So let it roar like the flood, it just is in my blood
And I will make my stand right here
Let it roar like the flood, it just is in my blood
And I will make my stand quite clear.

Now, I ain't no ruler or master
And I ain't no jack of spades
And I ain't no card for anyone
Who would call me by a different name
And I cannot be your tom-boy
And I can't be no one's god
And I cannot be your servant
And I will not be your thug.

So let it roar like the flood, it just is in my blood
And I will make my stand quite clear
Let them raise up the winds until I am pinned
I will make my stand right here. (Cont'd on next page)

LARRY ESTRIDGE

ROLLING STONE/APRIL 26, 1973

So the Boarding House was packed last Tuesday night, calls came in asking if John Lennon was there, and people waited through sets by Linda Lewis and Dr. John, dressed in tinsel and looking like the Aluminum Christmas Tree Monster in the land of Oz. Lots of rolling gumbo/rock music, but no Beatles. Probably the most exciting thing going that night was in soundman Maple's apartment upstairs at the Boarding House, where the Doctor and several other people gathered around writer Ellen Sander and listened to a cassette tape she had of Bob Dylan singing four new tunes, recorded, just him, guitar and harmonica, last December. Reported one listener, "It was the old Dylan, not country, not Doug Sahm stuff, but like the second album. There was even an anti-war song, and one that commented about Joni Mitchell. Nobody knows what the songs are for; maybe a songwriting thing, 'cause it was rough—but clear. It was his old voice, and it was just incredible stuff."

ROLLING STONE/JUNE 7, 1973

Three issues ago we ran an item here about the night a couple of Beatles might show up at the Boarding House in San Francisco. We reported that the most interesting thing that actually happened that night was a tape of four new Dylan songs being played on a cassette machine in a room upstairs from the club. Now it turns out that the night the Beatles didn't play the Boarding House, the tapes of Dylan weren't by Dylan.

The tapes were the work of Larry Estridge, a writer/singer who, while at Harvard University, played with the Revolutionary Music Collective, which also featured Bonnie Raitt. "That music comes out of my blood and my struggle," Estridge commented on the tapes recorded in New York last December. "I don't think they're about the kind of things Dylan is into anymore." The songs, "Let It Roar Like The Flood," "Just A War," "Contradiction No. 1" and "City Singer," are about the kind of things that Dylan was into when he was freewheeling. And Estridge's voice is too much like Bob's for his own good.



ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

WATERGATE

"MEET ME AT THE WATERGATE"

By

MALVINA REYNOLDS

"The BALLAD OF FRANK WILLS"

By

RON TURNER

(Ed. Note: Re. LARRY ESTRIDGE. "Let It Roar Like The Flood" and several other Estridge songs are scheduled to be on the new BROADSIDE LP which we are now putting together. We've had a number of Larry's songs in BROADSIDE -- see B'sides #'s 117 & 121. Correction: In #121, the song should read "Just A War", not "Just The War".)

[illegible]

MEET ME AT THE

WATERGATE

WORDS & MUSIC BY

Malvina Reynolds

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SCHRODER MUSIC COMPANY
(ASCAP)

Chorus A

Meet me at the water-gate, the water - gate, the
water - gate, Meet me at the water - gate, We'll tap a couple of
lines. *Verse* We'll put on our dark glasses and our
most in - genuous smiles, We'll bug the walls and furn - i - ture and
raid the private files. We'll up exiled Cubans and an
other five or ten, And we'll fix up our dear
Presi - dent so he'll never run a - gain.

2. We'll send some dirty letters
Over someone else's name,
We'll run their weakest candidate
And the Left will get the blame,
We'll peek into the doctor's file
For something good and low,
And we'll fix up our dear President
So he'll have to feed on crow.

Cho.

3. The President has robbed the poor,
The lame, the halt, the blind,
So there'll be plenty millions
For the cloak and dagger kind.
For you and me, I.T. and T.
There'll always be enough,

Cause those who backed the President
Are lousy with the stuff.

4. *Cho.*
If something happens to go wrong
As we go round and round,
We know our loyal President
Will never let us down,
And as for us, we'll never talk,
We'll do each other good,
For each gave each at Watergate
The kiss of brotherhood.

Meet me at the watergate,
The watergate, the watergate,
Meet me at the watergate,
We'll tap a couple of lines.

Dear Sis:

Of course everyone
has been asking me whether
I'd written a song about
Watergate, and I said no;
it's impossible to distance
a running fiasco, to satirize
a caricature of the
whole system.

Yet I found myself
writing a song in spite of
myself. It will probably
be dated by new disclosures
by the time you get it, but
it may have historic interest.

Best,

Malvina

One measure of the President's trouble was that he had to sacrifice some of his closest associates merely to buy some time for himself. With manifest pain, he collected the resignations of his two top staffers, H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, both of whom had come under suspicion in the scandal. He fired his staff counsel, John W. Dean III, who had been implicated and was threatening to drag down his superiors with him. He replaced Attorney General Richard Kleindienst with Secretary of Defense Elliot Richardson, and empowered Richardson to put...

'Son of Checkers'

But the speech seemed far from an adequate answer to the crisis. Its tone was threaded through with self-pity—"Son of Checkers," scoffed one Republican professional—and its content was less remarkable for what it said than for what it left unsaid. The President named no names and ventured...

NEW YORK TIMES.

Kleindienst Sees a Halt To Wave of Lawlessness

WASHINGTON, May 1 (UPI)—Richard G. Kleindienst, who resigned yesterday as Attorney General, said today that a national wave of lawlessness has been broken during the Nixon Administration.

"In 1972, for the first time in 17 years, crime in the United States decreased," he said, "again, by 1972 there were relatively few attempts at mob violence and the rash of civil disorders had clearly subsided."

In remarks prepared for a Law Day ceremony of the District of Columbia Bar Association, Mr. Kleindienst said:

"In short, what seemed to be the growing popularity of lawlessness, where Americans put themselves above or outside of the law, has been halted."

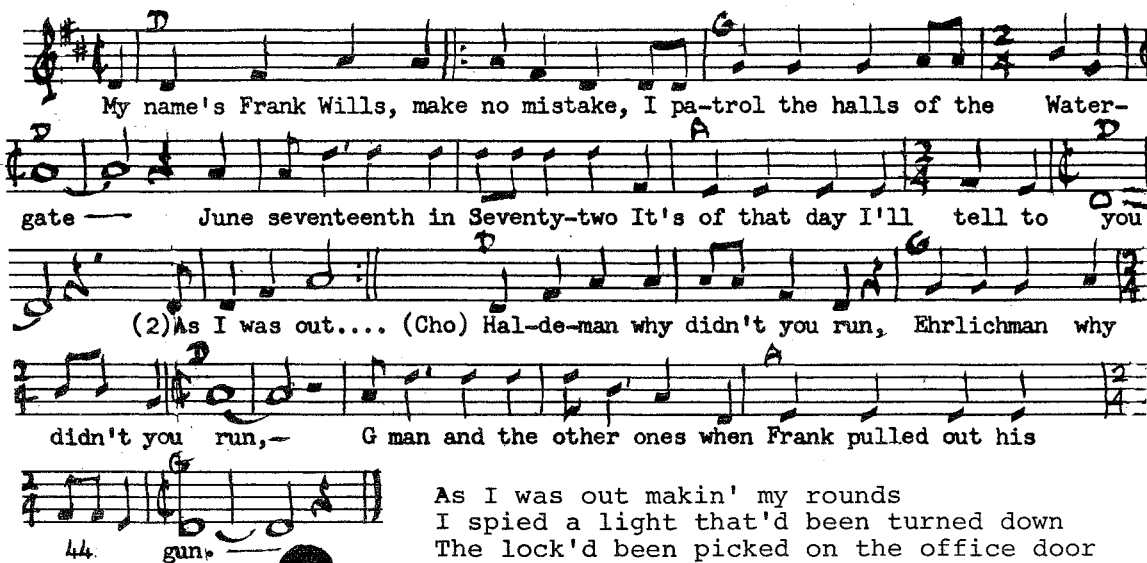
BROADSIDE
#123

THE BALLAD of FRANK WILLS

Watergate
Produces

Words & Music by
RON TURNER

Copyright 1973 by
RON TURNER



Frank Wills

As I was out makin' my rounds
I spied a light that'd been turned down
The lock'd been picked on the office door
And I heard men walkin' across the floor

I pulled out my gun and stepped inside
Said "Freeze where you are and hold 'em high.
I represent the law of the United States
If you wanna, try and make a break." CHO.

One Hero

"Officer, you've made a mistake,
We're the President's Counsel to the United States."
And I said, "I'm the President's son,
One false move and I use my gun."

Took out my cuffs, they flashed and shined
Linked their hands all down the line
"Look lively now and march outside,
You're goin' for a little ride."

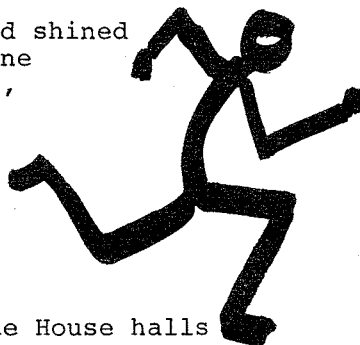
Down Independence Avenue
'Cross Pennsylvania too
Up Constitution Boulevard
Straight into the police yard.

Each man made his one phone call
Phones started ringin' in the White House halls
Word came down from Number One
"Cover up everything you've done." CHO.

When caught red handed, one and all
Each one was afraid to fall
When pointin' out who's in command
They each pointed to a different man

Mitchell I'm told, was the smartest one
When the story broke, away he run
When I get my cuffs around him too
No more lawyerin' will he do

"I know who's guilty," said John Dean
Speakin' from his bended knees
"Everything I know I'll gladly tell
Just keep me out of that jailhouse cell."



The Watergate Winner

WASHINGTON (WP) — Frank Wills, the \$80-a-week security guard whose alertness led to the discovery of the Watergate break-in, has hired a lawyer and is charging "honorariums" for interviews.

Wills hired Dorsey Evans, a Washington lawyer, to represent him in negotiations with news organizations. So far, Evans said yesterday, Wills has collected more than \$800 in return for granting interviews and allowing his picture to be taken.

Wills, 25, a native of South Carolina, was working as a security guard at the Watergate last June 17 when he noticed that two doors would not lock when closed. He called Metropolitan police, who discovered five men wearing surgical gloves inside the Democratic national headquarters. Thus began the Watergate scandal.

Wills is still a security guard, now earning \$85 a week.

Too bad 'bout Mr. FBI
To help his friends so he tried
Took his orders, did as he's told
Didn't you see that grey head roll?

Had no faces, had no names
Felt no guilt, felt no shame
Now we know them very well
But I'm lookin' at seven empty cells. CHO.

headquarters. Eventually, someone whispered over the walkie-talkie: "They've got us." The next thing he knew, Hunt stormed into the room, made a hurried trip to the bathroom, then darted out again, shouting to Baldwin to pick up the electronic equipment and the logs of the tapes and run. Baldwin called after the fleeing Hunt: "Does this mean I won't be going to [the convention in] Miami?"

Haldeman and Ehrlichman Roles in Break-In

— NEW YORK TIMES

THE BALLAD of FRANK CLEARWATER

Words & Music by RON TURNER

© 1973 Ron Turner

Frank Clearwater was shot in the head, One Apache who longed to be free. He dared to raise his voice and his hand - Bury him at Wounded Knee. (Cho) For a man that lives with death all around Knows his own days are numbered and few; Frank Clearwater cried out with his voice To be heard by me and you.

Starve them or shoot them was just policy/Set by the government
The Indians were forced inside a church/Word came that food would be sent

But the food to come would not feed his heart/Frank Clearwater held his head high
He stood for the innocent and spoke for the brave/As bitterness burned in his eyes

"We are not free to choose our own men/To speak for us and the land
The courts provide for the enemy outside/But there are no courts for Indians

Look to the hills, our enemy surrounds/Like vultures who wait for the kill
And all of this land, and all of its wealth/Could never their hunger fill

Im sick of the lies, I'm sick of the deeds/You'd have to be blind to not see
A great tribe of Sioux was once slaughtered here/Is there no death with dignity

Men counsel us with peace on their lips/But their words are heavy with lies
The treaties to which our red hand is forced/To us say 'Surrender or die.'

When all confusion has cleared from the plains/And the soldiers have pulled out
And the sound of battle fades in the sun/And the smoke of the guns drifts about

We must not be forgotten here/One thing must not fail
Someone will rise to stand in my place/And bear the truth of our tale."

The face of his wife and the child that she bore/Caused him to catch his breath
For troubled in sleep he'd seen in a dream/The coming of his death

Cho. For a man that lives....

Across the sky, two planes were seen/Food and supplies were dropped down
One helicopter, an angel of death/Hovered over the ground

One eye sighted through the scope of a gun/At the figure outside the door
One bullet was fired and true to its mark/Frank Clearwater'd live no more

As the crack of the rifle died in the wind/A death wail was heard overhead
And the child inside a young mother's womb/Would be born to a father who's dead

As his blood mixed with the bones in the ground/Frank Clearwater lifted his eye
A crazy horse reared on its legs/And pawed at the clouds in the sky

Cho. For a man that lives.....

His wife came running and tore at her hair/Trembling as she cried
To die on one's feet or live on one's knees/For this Frank Clearwater died

Wild coyotes howl in the night/All across the lone prairie
Frank Clearwater was gathered away/By the wind that sweeps Wounded Knee

For a man that lives with death all around/Knows his own days are numbered
and few
Frank Clearwater cried out with his voice/Who'll cry out for me and you.

Wounded Knee

The second battle of Wounded Knee has ended in an historic victory for the Native American peoples of this continent.

This small South Dakota town has been a symbol of the infamy of U.S. extermination of the Indian peoples—ever since the brutal murder of 300 Indians by the U.S. cavalry 80 years ago.

But today, Wounded Knee is known throughout the world as a symbol of anti-imperialist resistance. The staunchness and heroism of the 200 Native Americans who occupied the town of Wounded Knee for 70 days in the face of the armed might of the U.S. military machine was a living message of solidarity from the heartland of U.S. imperialism to all peoples throughout the world struggling for independence and liberation.

In describing the outcome of this struggle as a "victory," neither we nor the Native American movement have any illusion that the demands of the Indian peoples have been won. Indeed, the demands of the Indians for elementary justice touch on so many fundamental questions of property, exploitation and racism that they cannot be achieved separately from a socialist revolution in the United States.

TRIUMPH

But the ability of those who occupied Wounded Knee to defy the U.S. government for more than two months in the face of the fiercest kinds of threats, intimidations and murderous assaults must be seen as a triumph of the growing movement of Native Americans for liberation.

What stayed the hand of Nixon and the military machine? Surely, they could have murdered the 200 Indians in Wounded Knee if they had chosen to do so.

What held them back was the memory of Attica, of Kent State, of My Lai. The outrage of the world and the heightened anti-imperialist consciousness of the American people as the result of those massacres were a high price that the imperialists paid when they used the naked armed power of their state to repress the legitimate resistance of the people.

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1973

PINE RIDGE, S.D., April 29—Government negotiators met with Indian factions tonight to try to relieve a crisis created by attempts of the American Indian Movement to bury a slain Apache on sacred Sioux ground.

The dead Apache, Frank Clearwater, died Wednesday after being hit by a bullet in a gun battle between United States marshals and 200 militants holding Wounded Knee.

Leaders of the American Indian Movement—one of the groups that seized the historic Indian village on Feb. 27—said they were determined to bury Mr. Clearwater at Wounded Knee over the objections of the Oglala Sioux, on whose reservation the village sits.

then the soldier guard, Private William Gentles, thrust his bayonet deep into Crazy Horse's abdomen.

Crazy Horse died that night, September 5, 1877, at the age of thirty-five. At dawn the next day the soldiers presented the dead chief to his father and mother.

Through the crisp dry autumn of 1877, long lines of exiled Indians driven by soldiers marched northeastward toward the barren land. Along the way, several bands slipped away from the column and turned northwestward, determined to escape to Canada and join Sitting Bull. With them went the father and mother of Crazy Horse, carrying the heart and bones of their son. At a place known only to them they buried Crazy Horse somewhere near Chantkpe Opi Wakpala, the creek called Wounded Knee.

A LONG TIME AGO

Words & Music by MARK COHEN

© 1973 Mark Cohen



Now Sodom was a city in some foreign desert place
A sign of caution hung above its gates
Reading: "Enter with caution, leave with haste (boy)"
God said, "Yeah, I'll spare it for some righteous men,
I'll spare it if you can find me ten
Or of my temper, they'll just get a taste"
They searched around, both high and low
What a pyrotechnic show
But that was all a long, long time ago.

Ole Pharoah was a high and mighty king
A thousand servants answered to his ring
(Labor's cheap when you're not paying anything)
Yeah, sitting on his cushioned throne
Watching all his cities growing
Listening to his lovely ladies sing
But it was blown by, wouldn't y'know
Some wise guy sayin', "Let my people go"
But that was all a long, long time ago.

Young Salome was a maiden fair
Stories of her beauty spread far 'round everywhere
That no finer looking woman lived, men did swear
She shook her hips beneath her veils
At her request the king turned pale
But to refuse he wouldn't think to dare
So in the torches flickering glow
The baptists head he did bestow
But that was all a long, long time ago.

Now Barabbas was a man who'd steal and kill
Released from out behind the prison grill
They let him go to keep the people still
Who yelled when Pilate asked them why
"With him we can identify"



WGC
GUTHRIE

PAUL ROBESON

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1973

Only Paul Robeson's famous bass-baritone voice was present (on tape) yesterday at Carnegie Hall. Its owner, in impaired health, had stayed at home in Philadelphia. But despite his absence, a crowd nearly filled the hall, assembled for a "cultural celebration" of the black actor-singer's 75th birthday.

To start with, they heard tributes from blacks prominent in every aspect of American life. Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr. said Paul Robeson had been "buried alive" because, earlier than her husband, he had "tapped the same wells of latent militancy" among blacks. Mayor Richard G. Hatcher of Gary, Ind., called the actor-singer and political activist of a generation ago "our own black prince and prophet."

Dizzy Gillespie said that "Paul Robeson was my personal champion." Odetta, Leon Bibb, Pete Seeger and Harry Belafonte paid tribute to him as an artist and an Afro-American before offering their own songs in his honor, and Sidney Poitier said that "before him, no black man or woman had been portrayed in American movies as anything but a racist stereotype."

Home in Philadelphia

But when Angela Davis called the man who was denied a United States passport from 1950 to 1958 for his refusal to sign a non-Communist affidavit "not only a creative genius" but also "a partisan of the Socialist world" and "above all, a revolutionary," there was only light applause among the well-dressed, racially mixed and largely middle-aged audience.

Pilate turned and muttered, "As you will—
I don't want to do it, though,
But I'll be damned, I can't say no"
But that was all a long, long time ago.

Well, a thousand years have passed, and even more
Now things are better than they ever were before
Yeah, these modern times are something else, for sure
Yeah, to live today is a relief
Before it mighta brought some grief
With there strange barbaric codes and laws
Once the world was filled with foes
Once the world was filled with woe
But that was all a long, long time ago.

BROADSIDE #123

BROADSIDE'S BACK PAGES

Rolling Stone/June 7, 1973

By Ralph J. Gleason

There's a small mimeographed quarterly put out in New York called Broadside Magazine which is one of the most important publications in the world of music and deserves anybody's three bucks for a subscription (215 West 98th St., NYC).

Not only does Broadside publish original topical songs in every issue, but it frequently publishes information ignored or forgotten by the mass media publications and which is invaluable.

Broadside was one of the first—if not the first—publication to herald the importance of Bob Dylan and his first songs were printed there, as well as some of his early writing which was not song lyrics.

Meanwhile, Broadside continues publishing interesting little bits like Lewis Allan's letter, as well as a huge number of original ballads on topical subjects, from the Vietnam War to the Watergate and Martha Mitchell, interspersed with such things as occasional contributions from people like Phil Ochs (one of the most fascinating analyses of Dylan was done by Ochs in Broadside), Dylan and others.

It's a valuable publication, put out as a labor of love with no possibility of ever making a dime by Agnes Cunningham and Gil Friesen. And it deserves all our support.

(Ralph Gleason, reviewing Bob Dylan's new book -- a collection of Bob's lyrics and other writings -- in ROLLING STONE, June 21, 1973.):

Missing from the collection are the two contributions to Broadside, the letter to Tony Glover and the letter to Agnes Cunningham, Broadside's editor.

"Dear Sis & Broadside:

I am with you more'n ever. Yours/perhaps is the only paper that I am on the side of every single song you print. An I am with with with you." Bob Dylan

"Dear Broadside: Thank you very much for making a set of the first ten years of BROADSIDE available to the people. PEACE." -- PAT WALKER, U. S. Coast Guard

"Dear Sis: Yesterday I received my set of BROADSIDES. Its arrival was a welcome sight indeed since I was feeling pretty miserable. Rarely have I had a day brighten for me so quickly. Thank you again."-- KEN JOHNSON, Mass.

"Dear Sis: I was listening to my BROADSIDE LP's when your set of back issues came. I have all seven of your records. You should tell people about them too since they are great." -- SALLY ORTON, New York.

(Editor's Note: These LP's can be gotten from us at \$3.50 each.)

"Dear Broadside: It's the best \$25 I ever spent!!" -- S. WAGONER, Michigan.

SPECIAL OFFER: THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF BROADSIDE
(ISSUES #1 - #121) -- \$25.00

ORDER FROM BROADSIDE, 215 West 98th Street (4D), New York, N.Y. 10025

Music

18 - GUARDIAN - MAY 16, 1973

The public death agony of counter-culture over the last three years reflects the inevitable floundering of cultural tendencies not anchored in a coherent politics.

The ties between rock music and Columbia Records have proved stronger than the ties between rock and the left, and mainstream rock has largely degenerated into the super-sexism of the Rolling Stones and the ersatz fascism of "performances" by Alice Cooper. The dissociation between raising the decibel level and upping the level of struggle has become painfully apparent.

Much recent rock, in addition to its explicit political bankruptcy, has become contrived and artificial. The rock audience, which once seemed capable of buying anything, begun casting around for something to fill the cultural void.

The Music Goes Round

The multibillion-dollar recording industry has braced itself for a major payola investigation by the Federal government in the wake of CBS's abrupt firing of Columbia Records Group president Clive Davis for alleged misuse of company funds. NEWSWEEK revealed last week that Davis and two other Columbia Record employees had been called to testify before a Newark Federal grand jury about cash payoffs, money machinations and possible organized-crime influence in the record business. The investigation is certain to be widened to include virtually the whole industry. "Subpoenas will be going out like a blizzard for the next few months," says a source close to the investigation. "It's going to result in a mess of indictments."

them up." Employees at two other record companies were convinced their phones were being monitored. "Right now," says one record-company official, "everyone who has ever had a dope budget for artists and deejays is desperately trying to juggle the books."

as well as the use of drugs in the industry. NEWSWEEK learned that in Los Angeles, for example, one record company promotion man spends \$2,400 a week to buy two ounces of cocaine that he cuts into grams and sells to other record-company promotion people. Deals for the drugs are made at a record-industry hangout, a popular

Italian restaurant. The coke buyers then turn in expense accounts for the purchase in the form of receipts from an instrument-rental store. Two grams of cocaine translate, for expense account purposes, to "one bass guitar rental, \$100."

Schlock Rock's Godzilla

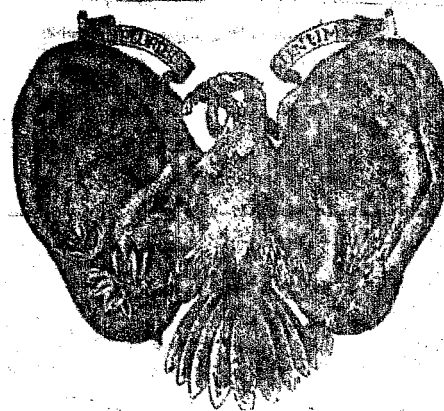
Alice Cooper is Vincent Furnier, actually a fairly square preacher's son who delights in home cooking and wearing Levi's, but onstage as Alice he is the king, queen, unicorn and Godzilla of schlock rock. His show is a grotesquerie of sick sex, gory violence and ear-splitting cacophony.

She said she hoped "events in the long run will put my father's Administration in perspective and he will be remembered because of the climate of peace he has brought."

As blinding strobe lights flashed, Alice strutted around the stage like Tiny Tim impersonating the Marquis de Sade. He stabbed a life-sized doll; that drew a loud roar of approval. Then Alice allowed his pet boa constrictor to slither down his body and protrude its head between his legs. More roars.

SPOT NEWS: The rumors are hot that there'll be widespread firings in most record companies following the CBS disaster. (Major companies deny that they are involved) ...

SECRET STUFF: Nearly all the big record companies supplied drugs and dames to their rock stars ... Not only young rockers, but also a world famous music personality received drugs from a record company ...



Met Furutawa, New York Times

The White House has revealed an additional \$43,100 in federal expenditures for President Nixon's San Clemente property.

\$12,964

for erecting a glass screen between the beach and the pool, \$11,561 for erecting a fence between the railroad tracks and the house and

for fire alarm intrusion devices and connection of an emergency power system.

\$23,000 for an interior sprinkler system in the walls of the Nixon home.

\$1700 for conversion of an existing workshop into a Secret Service ready room.

\$6642 for renovation of a gazebo into a security post.

\$1500 for road access from the government compound outside the property into the residence.

\$1650 more for construction of three guardhouses and gate house than the \$22,000 reported Wednesday.



"WHAT, ME WORRY?"

TO A PROFESSIONAL REVOLUTIONARY
ZAYD MALIK SHAKUR

To those of us who have dedicated our lives to the liberation of Black People, who have dared to say, "We shall have our freedom or the earth will be levelled by our attempts to gain it", death is a common occurrence. It is something we had to accept, for we knew that in waging struggle to free ourselves from the chains of slavery our choices are small, either to be jailed or assassinated - but we had nothing to lose and everything to gain.

We know that where there is struggle there's sacrifice. The death of ZAYD MALIK SHAKUR was a sacrifice, for in our struggle some deaths are lighter than a feather and others are as weighty as a mountain. The death of ZAYD MALIK SHAKUR was -- as is the death of all revolutionaries and freedom fighters -- weightier than a mountain, for Zayd not only practiced the principles of revolutionary warfare - he taught others to do the same.

Zayd used to say, "A revolutionary is a professional, so you must be a professional revolutionary." In his life and death Zayd said:

I may - if you wish - lose my livelihood,
I may sell my shirt and bed,
I may work as a stone cutter,
A street sweeper, a porter.
I may clean your stores
Or rummage your garbage for food.
I may lay down hungry,
O enemy of the Sun,
But
I shall not compromise
And to the last pulse in my veins
I shall resist.

You may take the last strip of my land,
Feed my youth to prison cells.
You may plunder my heritage.
You may burn my books, my poems
Or feed my flesh to the dogs.
You may spread a web of terror
On the roofs of my village,
O Enemy of the Sun,
But
I shall not compromise
And to the last pulse in my veins
I shall resist.

You may put out the light in my eyes.
You may deprive me of my mother's kisses.
You may curse my father, my People.
You may distort my history,
You may deprive my children of a smile
And of life's necessities.
You may fool my friends with a borrowed
face.
You may build walls of hatred around me.

You may glue my eyes to humiliations,
O Enemy of the Sun,
But
I shall not compromise
And to the last pulse in my veins
I shall resist.
O Enemy of the Sun
The decorations are raised at the port.
The ejaculations fill the air,
A glow in the hearts,
And in the horizon
A sail is seen
Challenging the wind
And the depths.
It is Field Marshall Dedan Kamathi (Mau
Mau)
Returning home
From the sea of loss
It is the return of the Sun,
Of my exiled ones
And for her sake, and his
I swear
I shall not compromise
And to the last pulse in my veins
I shall resist,
Resist -- and resist.

ZAYD MALIK SHAKUR
A SPARK IN THE PRAIRIE FIRE

BLACK PANTHER PARTY

(Editor's Note: The above poem and introduction was put out on a mimeographed sheet by friends of the slain Black poet ZAYD MALIK SHAKUR. ZAYD was gunned down earlier this year by New Jersey state troopers who ambushed him at night along a New Jersey highway.)

LETTERS: Dear Sis - Thanks for the copies of Broadside. I am enclosing my considered opinion of LADY SINGS THE BLUES in which I thought you might be interested..... In Variety of November 29, '72, Paul A. Gardner wrote to the Editor: "...First time I met Billie Holiday, at Jimmy Ryan's on 52nd St., I asked her to sing 'Strange Fruit'. She did, then came back almost in tears. 'Did you hear that bartender ringing the cash register all through?' she said. 'He always does that when I sing it.'" I saw LADY SINGS THE BLUES. I would call it a thoroughly slick commercial film. The use of film technique was fine. The acting was fine, and I thought Diana Ross was fine. Unfortunately, the film was a distortion of Billie Holiday's tragic life for the purpose of shock value. Shabby, cheap values were substituted for the truth and facts of her life. The cloyingly sweet romance between Holiday and her husband-manager, as I have read somewhere, is completely untrue. It was not the white musician who introduced Holiday to the needle. It was her manager who became her husband. In fact, the whites in the film are purposely portrayed to invite the anger and hostility of Black audiences. As one who understands and justifies the Black hostility to white America, I have no resentment against the anger of Black audiences, but I am indignant at the complete commercialization of Billie Holiday's life purely for profit at the cost of the truth. The true story of Billie Holiday's life might have been an important and tragic film for both Blacks and whites. -- LEWIS ALLAN

Dear Sis: Yesterday I received my set of Broadsides which I ordered from you a few weeks ago. Its arrival was a welcome sight indeed since I was home sick at the time & feeling pretty miserable. Rarely have I had a day brightened for me so quickly. Since I spent most of the day looking through them I was able to determine one unfortunate fact: issues #31 & #100 were not included. I would appreciate it very much if you could send me those 2 issues at your convenience. Thank you again! Yours, KEN JOHNSON (Ed. Note: We sent them.)

Dear Miss Cunningham: I just subscribed to Sing Out! & my 1st issue was the Gary Davis issue with the article about Broadside. I have read Broadside from time to time & I have liked it. The article said that if people sent \$25 you would send them all the old issues of Broadside. I wish I had known this earlier. I hope you haven't sold or gotten rid of all the issues. I have scraped together the \$25 and I hope it's not too late. If you don't have all the issues don't worry -- keep the money.... Thanks a lot - I hope things get better. ---TONY, Wilmington College, Ohio.

Broadside Magazine: Peace. When you receive this small letter of S.O.S. I hope it finds all the Bro/Sis there in the best of health. Would you please send us (1,640 Political Prisoners) some old, new Broadsides so we can see what you're into, and we can put our orders in! Please reply soon! -POLITICAL PRISONERS, BRO. RALPH BALDWIN, State Correctional Institution at Graterford (Pennsylvania).

Dear friends: I recently read Gleason's column in Rolling Stone. Enclosed is a check -- Please establish a subscription in my name for a 2-year period. I was attracted to the remarks that BROADSIDE had run articles by Phil Ochs concerning Bob Dylan. If you have back issues on that subject, I would like to purchase them. Can you possibly place me in contact with any Seattle area subscribers so I can attempt to contact other persons with back issues of BROADSIDE? Thank you. ROBERT G. SENIOR

Dear friends: I wish to start an immediate subscription to BROADSIDE, and would also like to obtain past issues in which Bob Dylan &/or his songs were featured - especially the 1st issues "heralding his importance" & the issue which has the true story about the N.J. high school student (that Newsweek tried to pawn off as the author of "Blowin' In The Wind."). I would like info on the other issues -- if and hopefully you have those back issues, I'll gladly pay a good price for them. Thank you, fine friends. Sincerely, BOB PLEAK

CORRECTION: On the fourth page of B'side #121, next to last paragraph of the good letter from Judy and Dan Rose-Redwood, the word "government" should have been "movement". The part of the sentence should read "...a Foundation which funds movement projects in the Bay Area..." We apologize!

AND IN FAVOR OF THINKING

By AGNES CUNNINGHAM

What lies in the zinc coffin/Has agitated in favor of many things:
For eating-your-fill/ For a-roof-over-your-head
For feeding-your-children/ For holding-out-for-the-last-penny
And for solidarity with all/ The oppressed who are like you
And in favor of thinking. -- From BERTOLT BRECHT's "Burial of The
Agitator In A Zinc Coffin."

1.

Without avarice without superstition without
barbarisms of any sort
insured against the insults of want
unmaimed by grief (yours being preabsorbed)
you live your life in a state of civilization
questionless
chin cocked above blame;
looking straight along eye-level
you proclaim instantly organizable love and
voice parables on it.
But your directional vision has zeroed in on
a common mirage
now be advised to look Down
look to the concrete look to the valley floor
or if you've climbed a mountain to the rock
on which you stand.
Removing your shades
you may be able to see your once artfully
assembled answers
jigsawed at your feet
to be forgotten as you would forget dust.
But keep looking.

You there --

hurrying in hurrying out stomping about
eyes upcast mouth agape and slaving
hands cupped to catch fake manna like confetti
-- you trampled something dear you can't
resuscitate.

And you up there,

borne along on your swansdown of cloud
(a high degree of civilized you say),
neither do you float free nor are those clouds.
When your props walk away
how long will your epicurean flesh be held up
by strands of tinsel.
Will you then look down? It's no use
your view is bound to be cockeyed
and answers don't reassemble themselves
to climb crooked beanstalks
what a shame.

For you, pondering Alternatives,

Historical Truth comes from Down.
Not so for the wretchedly poor who
-- for sustenance, or death --
look to the rain and the snows coming from above
and the light of sun moon stars
seeking no answers asking nothing giving all
minds blanked by needs of the body.

2.

Not so for the Aborigine who
-- standing on ground black and rich with
spilled ancestral blood --
fully belongs as a link in a chain reaching
infinitely backward:
he whose moccasins whispered through tall grasses
arrows of the eye toward sky meets earth;
she whose dark arms lifted to transcribe the
firmament,
and all things of nature around her,
thereby with her Brave to choose a name for
their newborn

He she they

live with sky with earth you cannot.

(He she they Twentieth Century American Indians

Twentieth Century rising up from Nineteenth
Century Wounded Knee note takeover Alcatraz note
takeover Bureau Indian Affairs Washington note
takeover Wounded Knee South Dakota note.....)

3.

Black people drive steel wedges
into the soft fetid substances of middle and
upper society.

You, the Black Americans --

descendants of those brought unasked to these
shores
from the great civilizations and wilds of their
homelands
beaten chained dragged screaming in varied tongues
Death deliver us
-- know truths revealed only to the utterly
misconsidered

the used-as-things-are-used.

The sound of your hammer blows has in it yet
the pulsebeat of necessity
as white men yet parlay into corporate profits
their ultimatum to Blacks: be servile or be shot.

The days of the trilogy the time of the triad
and your composite hammer is held poised
over a nation white hot on the anvil. No longer
the sound of many hammers
arhythmically beating out urgency beating out
defiance. There is a lull
the silence is fraught
as though -- behind the facade of quiet --
the Apocalyptic Storm gathers strength; and,
like the approach of tornadoes on the great plains,
there may
or may not be
a forewarning of thunder

No more turn turn turn a time to every purpose
under heaven

but taking no purpose of yours into account
-- not any of the poor of this earth into account.
Yours the season yours to set the rules yours to
call the shots
together the thrust together the tallying-up.

4.

Chicanos march over vast distances
gathering numbers as they go;
their line of march is a lance labeled
Solidaridad
spear-end forward
aimed straight into the grinding gears
of an obscene machine labeled Legality.

Chicanos --

original Americans on land they cannot claim
as theirs
(thick slice of the Southwest fruity and
stolen)

Mexican-Americans who did not come from Mexico
they've always been in Mexico --
and their parents, and their parents' parents,
chewed and spit out by the obscene machine
wrung of life fluid and left to dry rot
slowly to die with the others of the dispossessed

the NonOwners:

tens of millions the number and growing
their color from midnight to dawn to midday
born beyond hope, awakening in blindness
a shack to call home a room in a slum
pot of beans on the table if table there be

(Cont'd on back cover)

("And In Favor Of Thinking" cont'd.)

sunday one pound of meat breaded out to feed
 nine
hunger the feel in the body
numb the feel of the brain
love/hate the feel in the heart.

But the human spirit dies with death
and hope in rebirth does not die
neither an Identity rediscovered
nor a Unitedness realized
(and in a big northern city a group of Puerto
Rican Young Lords laid their lives on the line
for the right to feed hungry school children
in the basement of a church).

5.

The woman the human female in our culture
measured for cup size (nice knees)
this one passes fly her to Jamaica.

The woman:

Wife -- childbound and cabin-fevered?
Girl friday -- curfewed, countersignaled?
Chippy? Hooker?
Scrubperson -- sudsblistered and varicosed?
Corralled filly? (No, no, they name hurricanes
after her).

At any rate the other half of the whole
why not simply half?
Ah, that is the question asked by her --
the man does not ask it he being protagonist
 in the world's tale
as now told. But there have been times --
and there will again be a time --
protagonist be damned tales be damned reality
 taking over

when the woman will come forward
and it will be seen by the whole to be
a superior arrangement. (Yes it's been
demonstrated that she knows the burden of
proof falls full upon her.

6.

You, pondering Alternatives,
-- and for whom school is never out --
if you've seen that road
a glassy smooth superhighway through futility
 to nowhere
and you knew those traveling on it had passed
 the point of no return
then you sensed there is only one Alternative
and that it justifies no further pondering --
the time for Knowing is at hand
the time not to be fooled
by the surging forward of a Process with such
 speed as to seem
-- like stagecoach wheels in movies --
to be turning backward.
Architects of Change must engineer upheaval
or cast aside drawing boards
and study the blueprints of the nakedly angry.

Some of you --

looking down all the way to Down
where blood has dripped from the fingers
of generations clawing survival from stone
-- have achieved a breakthrough.
For in surveying the scene you found that
 there is no Down

not really
but the beginnings of a Foundation laid on
 bedrock.

Millions know nothing of this --
even some of those involved in its formation
do not recognize it nor claim it as their own;
yet here it is solid beautiful planned
its emergence nearly obscured by a rubbish heap
a kind of structured putrescence
extending all the way to Up where teeter seats
 of government

courthouses, managerial offices, a state dept.,
 a pentagon, a White House (etc).
Glutted old men sit in upholstered watchtowers
remote controlling annihilation warfare half a
 globe away
turning to ashes and gray-mould the soil and
 skin of a People
and directing boys to go to their deaths
across bridges with decayed underpinnings set
 in sand.
Flash floods of mothers' tears would long ago
 have come
and washed them away were it not for the pray-
 and-abide syndrome
drying up the source of flow.

You see it now: the razing.
And fire this time a clean job of it.
Leave no rotten boards for the wastage of new
 nails by the desperate
patching lost paradises.

7.

Detail no more evil the farflung the turned
 inward
they are one and the same;
nor of the future the beautiful possibilities
lest the poem become an essay.

Emergence is studied, yet sudden. Emergence
is a mastering of the derivation of Power
then begins the Long March.

Knowledge of what came and comes to pass
and examination of Why When Where
must lead to the How transposing That-Which-Is
into
That-Which-Is-For-Us.

Sound

CHICAGO TRIBUNE Arts & Fun-
MARCH 25, 1973

SOME OF THE BEST and most enduring of the contemporary folk music came out of the early 1960s, those years of seemingly clearcut issues in black and white and of troubadours to chronicle the changing times in song. Folkways' "Broadside Reunion" is a great collection of songs taped by some of the best of the early singer-songwriters—Bob Dylan, Eric Andersen, Phil Ochs, Tom Paxton. Recorded mostly from tapes made during the folk renaissance in the apartment headquarters of Broadside magazine, the songs have never been released [tho at least one of the Dylan ones later turned up on a bootleg].

"Reunion" was recorded under less than optimum conditions, but it's full of really beautiful things: Eric Andersen (his name, curiously, misspelled in inch-high type on the album cover) singing "Long Troubled Road;" Dylan, under the name Blind Boy Grunt, doing the ballads of Emmett Till and Donald White, victim of the society he victimized; and Peter LaFarge's "Drums." Other performers include Mike Millius, Len Chandler, and Sis Cunningham.

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side Magazine. Published Quarterly. Co-
Editors: Agnes Cunningham and Gordon
Friesen; Assistants: Jane and Aggie.
Sub rate - \$3 a year, single copy, 75¢.
