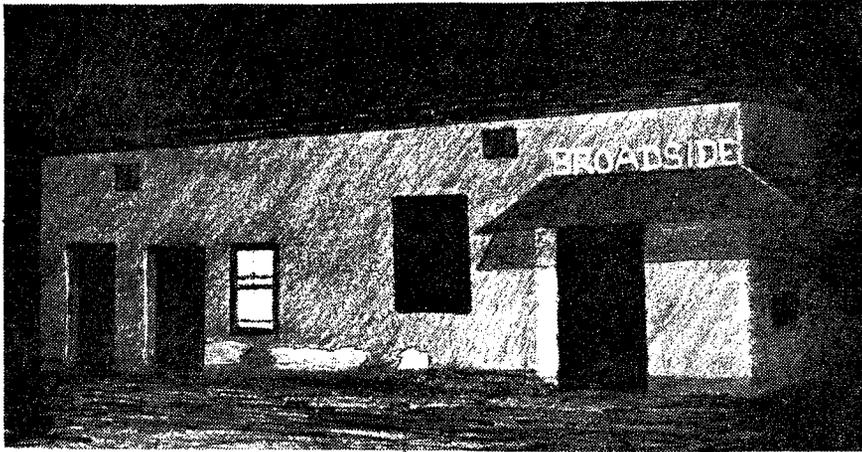


Broadside

125

NATIONAL TOPICAL SONG QUARTERLY -- FOURTH QUARTER 1973



CHANGE IN THE WEATHER

By Larry Estridge
© 1973 Larry Estridge

senator sam's talking bout burglars out flops the word
murder
on goes the laugh track st. paul is dragged back
thinking bout suicide luz screams she can't stand
the lies
killing flies with the times i peer out at the
cannibal sky
sirens shrill as dentists drills drive me from the
window sill
i'm plague crazed i got a broken gauge and a record date
that can't wait

there's a change in the weather

unemployment roaring corporate profits soaring
floods tornados forty cent tomatoes
cut backs lay offs speed up pay offs
less bread circus more high steaks gas frauds
radios playing fifties on the way in

there's a change in the weather
there's a change in the weather
there's a change in the weather
how we gonna get it together to get thru the storm

losers cheaters six time winners
hanging around the white house giving t.v. dinners
no snow methadone here comes the gestapo
buggin bombim thuggin shoulder shruggin
provocateurs no knock laws detention centers
feels like war

there's a change in the weather
conspiracies of grand juries supreme court
mostly bought
no appeal drug laws pushers in the precinct halls
still say there's justice in this country
why we even white wash the laundry
no national broadcasts while bill of rights quietly
stashed

there's a change in the weather
watergate hearings air not clearing
why done why caught mc cord broke hunt's stroke
mrs. hunt's plane crash wallace in a wheel chair
kidnapping of dita beard shots in martha mitchell's
rear
cia jfk mlk rfk say
there's a change in the weather

dick says separate powers military staff moves into
white house
chief assassin pleasn program new cia head man
richard helms watch him there bonkin gulf iran next year
mass psychosis genocide runs land office
hand maiden scientists prepare the way for the fascists
don't want to be no lampshade nor lobotomized flagwaver
this year

there's a change in the weather
there's a change in the weather
there's a change in the weather
how we gonna get it together to get thru the storm
i read til my eyes explode pick em up run out the door
among the junken blissed out i'm decadent i'm drunken
among the deadened i'm driven mad bleeding struggling
driven bad

shouting laud as i can in the din
are we indeed already become the new berlin
and i'm looking for some action

there's a change in the weather
there's a change in the weather
there's a change in the weather
how we gonna get it together to get thru the storm
to get to the dawn

* * * * *

in this plague year the catalogue of horrors
demands constant revision, as does the vision

Note: Larry Estridge and group, Elliott Randall, Steve Gadd & Tony Levin, have put out a great single (Mono) produced by Jon Fausty & Elliott Randall on NIGHTWATCH RECORDS, 231 2nd Ave., Apt 3, NYC. The lyrics to the two songs, the one above and one entitled "City Singer" are included with the record, plus the following notes:

to Lucy Vargas, Steve Ben Israel, Danny Schecter, Meher Vishner, Josh Freeman, Andy Nadelson, Bob Fass, Ellen Sanders, Naomi Page, Paul McIsaacs, Carl Ogelsby, Ken Lerner, Jimmy, Stanzi, Brent, Christina, Sal, Herman, All of The Living, Rod MacDonald, Sid, Evelyn, Dan & Ken Estridge, the folks at Broadside, WBAI, WBCN, Good Vibes, Paul Fleisher, Jon Fausty, Elliott Randall, all of the musicians, Bob Dylan for his "Subterranean Homesick Blues" & John Hammond for his version of "Mellow Down Easy"

special thanks
to those who keep the troubled watch and cry out in the night
to those who seed the storm with love & nurture it til ripe

(continued on back of magazine)

GIVE US OUR TOMORROWS

By C. Alexander Brown
© 1973 C. Alexander Brown

The monuments are standing
And the priests are still in place
But the chanters and the singers
Have all left

We're standing in the quagmire
And the catyclusms creep
As the old religions (politi-
cians) buckle
For their wars

The censers are still burning
And the congregation bows
But the gods they think they worship
Are all dead

There is hope and there is
trembling
For the dreams have come to
pass

For the universe has shifted
And the colors have all changed
Though the minds of habit
Think it's all the same

But the prophets are all dying
With their words

The old ones look behind them
And the children look before
So the memories and the visions
Never meet

The chanters and the singers
And the poets and the kids
Are exorcising hate
With songs of hope

The children do not worship
The old chrome plated gods
They go to hear the singers
In the field

The days of lies are leaving
But the weapons are in place
And the soldiers and the
salesmen
Are still strong

While underground the marshals
In their air conditioned tombs
Are grinning at the buttons
And the keys

There is hope; but there is
trembling
For much poison has been spread
And the flowers are a'dying
In the smoke

The poets and the chanters
And the young ones singing songs
Are exorcising hate
With words of love

If they have their tomorrows
Then their songs will come to life
And make a garden
Of the dreams of death

CHORUS TO END

Give us our tomorrows
And our songs will come to life
And make a garden
Of your dreams of death
Please give us our tomorrows
So our songs can come to life
And blossom on the battlements
of death.



(Continued from Broadside 124)

WE SHALL NOT BE -- BUT WE WAS -- MOVED

By Agnes Cunningham

Yes, how do you sing and lead others in singing when hunger knaws at your insides? Well, the answer may lie in the supposition that emptiness of the stomach, though fatal if endured up to a point, is not the most acute hunger suffered by human beings. That other hunger, the one reaching out for human togetherness, is satisfied when folks meet in a common cause. And they sing. There was a time I thought I would never sing again, and that was in New York during the McCarthy period and its grisly aftermath of isolation. (But I never lost the feel for the kind of expression singing brings -- hence my work on Broadside.) Then came Resurrection City in the year 1968 and there I was for a solid week helping Jimmy Collier and a group of young folks conduct daily continuous sessions of topical protest singing -- we only stopped to sleep a short while in the wee hours. Here was our common cause! Here were folks with empty stomachs meeting together!

In the summer of 1937 I took a break from organizing and taught at the Southern Labor School for Women at Asheville, N. C. Here I was able to get a respite of sorts, not in any sense a period of calm, but a change. Here I met for the first time women from the textile mills. And women rank-and-filers from the hotbed of the STFU struggle in eastern Arkansas. The floods of the St. Francis and other Delta rivers had been worse that year than for a long time and Myrtle Lawrence, in her late 40s but looking nearer 70 with her weather-worn grief-lined face, sang for us the now famous (among bonafide folksingers) "Song Of The Evicted Tenant" made up by her eleven-year-old niece, Icy Jewell. I put all the songs I could type up on stencils into a mimeoed book entitled "Songs Of The Labor Conference"; the school was the site of a region-wide meeting toward the end of the 7-week term attended by such notables as Howard Kester and H.L. Mitchell of the STFU whom I had seen in Muskogee earlier in the year. On the way home from the school a few of us detoured by way of Washington D.C. and attended a nation-wide Hunger March -- most of the marchers were from the big cities -- and after going on to give New York City a once-over, it was on back to Oklahoma.

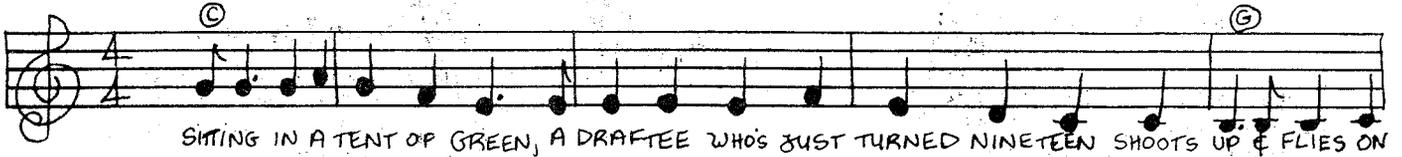
From having read Grapes of Wrath, or even being familiar with Woody Guthrie's "Tom Joad", you know that thousands of families had given up by this time to join that famous trek. Translated in terms of human misery, the statistics of this period are beyond the scope of the human imagination. Even the people who survived tell of blank spells lasting over a length of time in which they don't recall just what happened. Their minds couldn't quite deal with it. One set of statistics that sticks in my mind is the one having to do with the children. Families had an average of six kids -- I'm talking about tenant farm families. Infant mortality percent was 10.8 for whites and 20.4 for Blacks -- infants being kids under 3 years. Remember you have to just about double the government's percentages to get an accurate picture. Nothing was included about kids above the age of infancy, and I know from experience that wholesale death was not limited to babies. All of us know parents who have lost a kid. But during this period it was a very rare exception to know a family that hadn't lost at least one, and most had lost two or more. Parents died, leaving teen-agers to care for 3 or 4 smaller kids. This was not too uncommon a sight in the shacktowns.

Some of those who went to California were to come back by 1939 to appear in the ranks of the Workers' Alliance in Oklahoma City. I ran into the Purdys and three of their younger children when I went to hold a meeting in the Hooverville along the banks of the North Canadian river on the edge of the city. The estimate was that at least 3,000 people lived in this sprawling shacktown -- I never tried to count them. And dare I use the word lived? We had meetings in a small churchhouse which was the only shack I saw there with some kind of floor. Some families were living in sections of sewer pipes. The Depression had interfered with the work of laying these pipes underground, so many were available for "living" purposes. Single men had plywood boxes -- looked like what coffins come in. I met a man and his wife who had a home in a piano crate. More psychologically uplifting than a coffin crate? Hard to tell.

(continued inside of back cover)

WHY MUST I FIGHT?

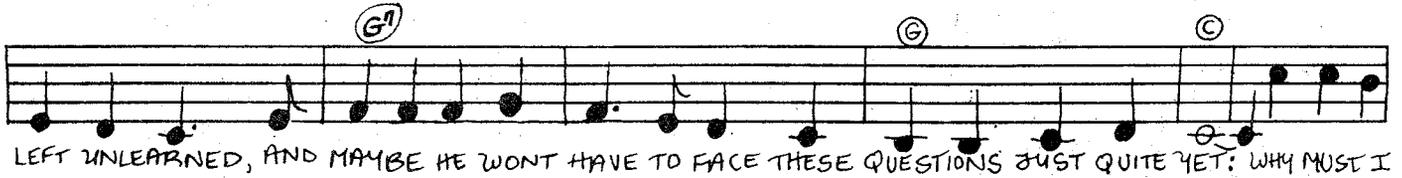
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SITTING IN A TENT OF GREEN, A DRAFTEE WHO'S JUST TURNED NINETEEN SHOOTS UP & FLIES ON



DOPE DREAMS THAT MIGHT HELP HIM TO FORGET ~ THE BABIES THAT HE'S HELPED TO BURN, THE MUSIC THAT'S BEEN



LEFT UNLEARNED, AND MAYBE HE WON'T HAVE TO FACE THESE QUESTIONS JUST QUITE YET: WHY MUST I



FIGHT FOR A CAUSE I DON'T BELIEVE IN? WHY MUST I FIGHT IN ANOTHER RICH MAN'S WAR? JUST SO



STANDARD CAN KEEP THE OIL WELLS A PUMPIN' ~ JUST WHAT THE HELL IS ALL THIS FIGHTING FOR?

2) ON 14TH STREET ONE FOGGY NIGHT, A SISTER'S FINALLY SEEN THE LIGHT,
BUT HIDES HER ANGER DEEP INSIDE A SOUL THAT'S FULL OF FEAR;
SHE'S SICK & TIRED OF BEING THE MAID, & SICKER STILL OF GETTING LAID
FOR \$ BY THEMEN THAT SHE HAS KNOWN & LOVED FOR YEARS.
WHY MUST I FIGHT TO BE TREATED LIKE A HUMAN BEING?
WHY MUST I FIGHT WHEN IT MEANS I LOSE MY MAN?
IF EQUALITY & MY HOME MUST BE TRADED FOR A LIFE ALONE,
PERHAPS I'LL KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT & GET BY THE BEST I CAN.

3) WALKING DOWN A CROWDED STREET, ONE FRIDAY NIGHT YOU'RE APT TO MEET
A YOUNG MAN THAT WILL TELL YOU OF YOUR LIFE OF SIN & DOOM;
BOW DOWN! REPENT! DON'T HESITATE! CONFESS YOUR SINS, IT'S NOT TOO LATE,
THE LORD WILL GAVE US ALL, THE JUDGEMENT DAY IS COMING SOON!
WHY MUST I FIGHT WHEN I DON'T DETERMINE MY OWN DESTINY?
WHY MUST I FIGHT WHEN I LIVE BY JESUS' NAME?
I KNOW TO YOU IT MAY SOUND ODD, BUT I LEAVE EVERYTHING TO GOD;
THAT WAY IF THINGS DON'T WORK OUT, I AM NOT THE ONE TO BLAME.

4) ON A CAMPUS THAT IS QUIET NOW, THEY ALL LAY DOWN THEIR PICKET SIGNS,
"SAY HEY! THE WAR IS OVER, LET'S GO BACK TO DRINKING BEER!"
THEY TUCK AWAY THEIR CONSCIENCE, & THEY JOIN THE NEW SORORITY,
IN SPITE OF THE WAR THAT STILL GOES ON FOR TWENTY YEARS.
WHY MUST I FIGHT? YAWNS THE GIANT FOOTBALL PLAYER.
WHY MUST I FIGHT? GRINS THE CO-ED FROM VAN NUYS.
IT'S MUCH MORE FUN TO PLAY THE DATING GAME WITH PEOPLE WHO DRESS ALL THE SAME,
I USED TO BE A HIPPIE, BUT THOSE DAYS HAVE PASSED ME BY.

5) AT SIX AM THE CLOCK GOES OFF, I HEAR THE UPSTAIRS NEIGHBOR COUGH,
THE RADIO GOES OFF & SAYS WHAT CAR IS "OUT-OF-SIGHT" -
RUSH TO WORK, MAKE THE SCENE; READ THE LATEST MAGAZINE,
EVERY OTHER COVER TRYING TO TELL ME WHAT IS RIGHT
WHY MUST I FIGHT TO MAKE MY OWN DECISIONS?
WHY MUST I FIGHT TO KEEP FROM PLAYING THE GAME?
TO REMEMBER & TO THINK FOR ME; TO LIVE THIS LIFE & STILL BE FREE,
THE LIES DON'T HAVE TO SMELL BAD TO BE WICKED JUST THE SAME.

6) HERE I SIT & WRITE THIS SONG, TELLING YOU WHAT'S RIGHT & WRONG,
WITH WOVEN WORDS & PHRASES THAT I THINK MIGHT CATCH YOUR EAR;
I FEEL NOW LIKE GOING TO BED, THE REST WILL HAVE TO GO UNSAID,
YOU CAN WRITE THE ENDING OF A SONG YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR.
WHY MUST I FIGHT? IS A QUESTION YOU MUST ANSWER.
WHY MUST I FIGHT? YOU MUST WEIGH IT FOR YOURSELF.
FOR EACH & EVERY ISSUE'S SIDE, IT'S YOU, MY FRIEND, WHO MUST DECIDE
THAT RAISING HELL IS BETTER THAN JUST STAYING PUT ON YOUR SHELF. (REPEAT LAST LINE)



News from Payolagate

THE REVEREND Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick is one of our overlooked cultural and human resources. Or perhaps we just take him for granted. We take for granted his tireless efforts to provide a series of Hey Brother coffeeshouses, each an inexpensive (free or donation) locus for interchange, self-expression, fun, a rare oasis of harmonious interracial "movement" activity—a continuance of the "old" civil rights movement of the early '60s, a movement in which Kirkpatrick himself had been so involved. We also take for granted "Kirk" as performer, perhaps since he plays free (or for a donation!) at so many community events, benefits, and so forth that he gets called a "black Pete Seeger" (and yet that, too, is a compliment). On a recent Sunday afternoon I was jolted into recognition (again) of how good a performer, and how real a person, Kirkpatrick is.

Appearing at the opener of the Studio Museum in Harlem's six-part "Recycling the Blues" series, Kirkpatrick delivered a long, impassioned autobiography (sermon, rap) before launching into his songs. Born in Louisiana, he witnessed the death of his mother at the depth of the Depression. "The doctor had said the bill would be \$19 but he came and said it was \$200." With no cash, the family had to surrender their possessions. "They took everything," Kirk recalled, "our

cow, whose calf had been promised to someone, our sacks of peas and corn, tomatoes . . . threw us off the land." Somehow Kirkpatrick, Sr., and five children managed to survive.

"I'm mad today," Kirk told the integrated audience, but Kirk spoke to us as though we were all black, or as if he were seeing only his brothers and sisters. He told of being kicked out of "bourgeois" black high schools and Grambling College, where he had taught, for portraying blues as truth-telling art. One song he sang, "Someday I Ain't Going to Worry My Mind (or Life) Anymore." He said exemplified the "cry of a people, wondering 'why?', not just a man playing a guitar," as did "Trouble in Mind" which he sang next. Farm labor and sharecroppers were at the mercy of the store, the Man, who "did the figurin' . . . you'd bring in your crop and they took it all away."

Kirk did six more songs, accompanied by Jothan Callins on bass viol, including a marvelous version of Ron Turner's "Ballad of Frank Wills" to the guard (black) whose vigilance at Watergate touched the fuse to the whole

powderkeg. For an encore Kirk sang "Can the Circle Be Unbroken" to a slow beat on his acoustic guitar, getting most of those present to join him in song

I can look on with a lot of coolness at the busting of Clive Davis. It was under his rule that I had a bitter, one-sided fight to get out of a contract with Columbia Records that prevented me from recording my songs with any other company, while permitting Columbia to hold me for six years, issuing one album in that time. I can't spare six years.

I finally broke loose when I appealed over the heads of my producer and Davis to Goddard Lieberson. That was in August '69, when I quoted Davis from one of those conventions at the Century Plaza Hotel, as reported in Billboard: Unless an artist has a realistic potential of 100,000 albums or better over a period of time, Columbia Records doesn't need that artist. But they had a contract on me, and they wouldn't let me go, me and my songs.

I've touched the industry at three points briefly in my musical life. One was Folkways Records, and who talks about that? One was Columbia; one was an outfit called Century City, part of a brain boy's structure that went bust, and I couldn't buy my own album for money. Now I issue my own, and that's nice.

MALVINA REYNOLDS
BERKELEY, CALIF.



(Ed. Note: For biography of Kirk see B'side #96. For "The Ballad Of Frank Wills" see B'side #123.)

Pop Music: By Phil Ochs, 'Nostalgic' Protest Songs

Phil Ochs appears single-handedly to be trying to keep the protest song alive, if his Wednesday performance at Max's Kansas City, Park Avenue South at 17th Street, is to be judged. And in doing so he seems to be turning it (particularly the latter-day variety) into a nostalgic form: His protestations, performed with guitar, range wide: bombing in Vietnam, right back to the Wobly days: (International Workers of the World) and the union martyr Joe Hill. Mr. Ochs turns Jesus into a Marxist with a fervent reading of Ewan MacColl's "Jesus Was a Working Man."

Indeed Mr. Ochs is fervent, redolent with sincerity, although he softens the polemic with casual asides, laced with some stringent wit.

For his encore he appeared in a gold lamé jacket, recalling the time several years ago when he was booted at Carnegie Hall for playing straightahead rock songs—the risk any folkie runs for wanting to change styles in midcareer.

He sang no rockers Wednesday, and it was perhaps a comment on this incident when Mr. Ochs said: "Colonel Parker [Elvis Presley's manager] knew more about the counterculture than most."

Patti Smith, poet, opened. In addition to reading her work, she now sings a couple of poems backed by a discreet small group, achieving an engaging similarity to some of the minor blues singers of the nineteen-twenties.

IAN DOVE

NOTES: STREAKING -- A news item tells about 200 males from Columbia - and 1 female from Barnard - streaking across Broadway. We have a themesong for them to the tune of Woody Guthrie's "Roll On, Columbia, Roll On":

"Streak on, Columbia, streak on (repeat)

Keep on streakin' on from darkness till dawn

Streak on, Columbia, streak on."

PROTEST SONGS: The latest issue of SING OUT devotes much space to songs of revolution by the peoples' musicians of Chile. An article tells how the fascist Junta murdered Victor Jara, Chile's greatest folksinger, after smashing his hands and telling him, "Now play your guitar, you son-of-a-bitch." The author, Stew Albert, says "To understand the evil committed against us all by Victor Jara being crushed out of existence, we must see and feel the same act performed on Seeger, Guthrie, Joe Hill; a poet is murdered, even stone must weep." SING OUT is published at 106 W. 28 St., NY, NY 10001, and the sub is \$6 per year..... The AP reports that the use of folksongs for political protest continues to grow in Latin America despite the fact that it has been stamped out in Chile by the brutal Chilean Junta. It cites "professional folklore groups" which have sprung up in the last 10 years in Argentina, Mexico, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, & Uruguay, many of whose protest songs have become internationally known!...

WOODY GUTHRIE THE EXORCIST: For the past several years we have been hearing reports that Hollywood is making, or planning to make, a film on the life of Woody Guthrie. If they are looking for a selling gimmick we suggest they concentrate on Woody's 2-year faith healing period in Pampa, Texas (this Hollywood selling idea is based on the tremendous success of the current movie "The Exorcist"). Woody has written about the people who came possessed by "devils and spirits" and how he fought these demons "all over the place." Such a film might be an advance over "The Exorcist" since there is no indication that Woody ever lost a battle with the demons, whereas the priest in "The Exorcist" has green slime vomited all over him and finally went out the window-- 17 stories up.....

THE SYMBIONESE LIBERATION ARMY. It tells us something about America when the Symbionese Liberation Army has to resort to kidnapping in order that the starving people of California can get something to eat. But there are millions of hungry all over the U.S. Other means of returning the riches stolen from the poor should be devised. The so-called "folk scene" could participate in this. We have a number of "folksingers", male and female, who have made a good living -- and in some cases fortunes -- on the creative work of many forgotten people who never earned a dime and died penniless. (These prospering "folksingers" do this not only by performing at concerts with high ticket prices but by manipulating the copyright law -- "adapting and arranging" etc.-- which gives them a claim to the songs of the long dead which they, our modern-day "folksingers", had absolutely nothing to do with). And what may be worse, we have had quite a few of today's songwriters, in almost all cases white, rushing in and making profits off of songs about murdered Blacks -- Emmett Till, Medgar Evers, Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, Hattie Carroll, George Jackson, etc. We would suggest that both these elements, those who have made their money off the worm-eaten bones of the many decades dead and those profiting from the murdered whose bodies have not yet finished rotting in the grave, get together and return the riches they have stolen to the hungry and the poor. We can think of names in these categories who could easily set up a fund of at least \$2,000,000 to set up depots to feed starving Americans. It is high time; time is running out....

BOB DYLAN: There are reports that Bob Dylan grossed at least \$5,000,000 on his recent concert tour. Bob sang not only his recent love songs, but dug deep into his early period with "The Rise and Fall of Hollis Brown", "Hattie Carroll" -- which Phil Ochs considers Dylan's masterpiece -- and "It's Alright, Ma" wherein he got standing ovations at the line "Even the President of the United States has to stand naked" (a reaction, we presume, to the Watergate scandal, since try as we might we cannot visualize Slippery Dick as a Streaker).

(continued on next page)

We have read thousands of words by people who covered Dylan's tour -- in such places as ROLLING STONE & The N.Y. TIMES -- which added up to zilch. Dylan still isn't telling anybody anything. The theories laid down were unbelievably ridiculous; for example, how can those who grasped at the straw that Bob's tour was designed to raise funds for the Zionists (see Nat Hentoff in the TIMES of Feb. 10) reconcile this stupid idea with the line in the chorus of Dylan's poetic masterpiece "Sad-eyed Lady Of The Lowlands": "MY ARABIAN DRUMS"? Phil Ochs, in an interview with Broadside, put forth the reasonable view that Bob by singing his early protest songs (much to the dismay of the critics who have with wishful thinking -- being hopeless reactionaries -- maintained that Bob repudiated these songs years ago) has opened the door to a new whole wave of topical protest songs. Phil, of course, based this idea on the fact that Dylan reached way back and sang "Hollis Brown", "Hattie Carroll", "Blowin' In The Wind" etc. Since we did not attend any of Dylan's concerts and were not invited to any we do not know whether he sang his 1971 song "George Jackson", the murdered Black revolutionary. We assume, however, that he did because Bob has always been 100% opposed to hypocrisy and in the song unequivocally describes George Jackson as "A MAN I REALLY LOVE."

BROTHERHOOD?: A young songwriter we know was recently asked to perform in Uptown New York. He refused when he was told there would be no fee for the gig. A few hours later they called him back and said that instead of a fee they could provide him with two young girls. Hey, brother, isn't this carrying brotherhood too far? We saw in the press that the Governor of California hoped that those accepting free food from the Symbionese Liberation Army program would be stricken by an epidemic of botulism. We suggest that the people of California have already suffered enough by being afflicted with Ronald Reagan.

RECORDS - PAT SKY, like LARRY ESTRIDGE, is putting out his own records. Pat says he's sick and tired of being screwed by the big record companies. He is selling his LPs at his gigs and recently sold sixty at one concert.... MALVINA REYNOLD'S 'Little Boxes' record on Victor Jara is available from Non-Intervention in Chile, P O Box 800, Berkeley, CA. - price \$1.75.... Recently released, Folkways FTS 33583 - RON TURNER. All eleven songs written and sung by Ron who accompanies himself solo on acoustic guitar which he plays bottle-neck style on several of the cuts; also plays harmonica. Our favorites: "Rollin' To The Border", "Annie's Alley", "Hills Of Tennessee" & "Katy", (the latter appears in B'side #121). Ron is 23 and hails from Texas. As a musician he strikes us as being genuine country -- not as in Country Western. As a writer, he is among the best to have come along recently. The brochure included with the LP is an account of Ron's own experience on the WAGON TRAIN, a hill-peoples' music festival held each year in the foothills of the Great Smokies. In the story Ron describes the people in their native setting, the special way they love and enjoy their music and their readiness to guard it with their lives if necessary against the encroachments of local police officers. Symbolically this could, and perhaps does, mean against the encroachments of commercialism.



SPECIAL OFFER

THE FIRST 12 YEARS of BROADSIDE

(NOS. 1 THRU 125 - 1962 - 1974)

FOLLOW THE
HISTORY
OF....

\$ 30.00

!... PROTEST
IN SONGS,
ARTICLES.

GLEASON

"There's a small mimeographed magazine put out in New York called Broadside which is one of the most important publications in the world of music & deserves anybody's \$30 for a set of back issues (215 W. 98 Street, 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.

DYLAN

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

B R O A D S I D E - 215 West 98 St. N.Y., N.Y 10025

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Co-Editors: Agnes Cunningham and Gordon Friesen --
assistants, Jane and Aggie.

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POSTSCRIPT to "We Shall Not Be - But We Was - Moved"

I've sketchily written down my experiences thru a 5-year period: 1936-41. It's rather pointless for anyone to say "If I could go back to those times I'd have done it differently." But I can say that I am now far enough removed from that period to be at least partially objective -- never totally so because I lived these things, therefore I was subject at the time. There is a common idea around -- and Steinbeck with his bad geography and his "tractored-out" Joads is not totally blameless -- that the Okie migration was at least partially an Act Of God. No, says Carey McWilliams*, this ugly displacement of thousands upon thousands of farm families was entirely man made. It was the result of "greed and grab" as he so aptly puts it. Even the grisly dustbowl, and the constant inner migrations of the dirt farmer from one sinkhole of poverty to another -- these resulted from "greed and grab". But to see this clearly, one must go further back into the appalling story of land in Oklahoma -- at least back to statehood in 1907, and even further to the spring of 1889 when Indian land was first opened up for homesteaders. (Incidentally, my father made the first race into what was called the "Cherokee Strip" and staked himself a claim - a quarter section of land was allowed - near what is now the little town of Okeene.)

No, "greed and grab" did not end with the bloody annihilation of the Indians and their way of life on these prairies. It was to continue relentlessly. The thing that bugs me most at the moment is this: In my subsequent reading on what happened in the central cotton growing belt a little removed from my area, I have learned that the big planters all had machine guns -- it was standard practice. Machine guns were not exclusively in the hands of "legally elected" officials. Now to touch upon the other side of the picture, some sharecroppers had 22-rifles and some had shotguns, some had both. What the Union leadership did was to go around preaching non-violence -- don't use your guns, even if nightriders machine-gun your house or set it afire or rape your wife and daughter or anything like that. A local leader in southern Arkansas urged that machine guns be supplied to sharecroppers for purposes of defense -- he was hushed. There's no record of a planter being killed during the "reign of terror" period ('35-'39), while countless tenants and croppers were killed, hundreds beaten, maimed, thousands forced into becoming seasonal laborers.

If I could go back to that time, I would at least have tried to get the folks I came in contact with to fight back. We were crushed and driven out -- might as well have died fighting for something. And the people very possibly would have won out -- if there'd been organized armed resistance to the wholesale savagery that was carried out by entrenched wealth and its armies of well-paid henchmen, with bought-off government agents either helping or hiding their eyes. That's a big thing to go up against. But the history of the Old West points to the fact that a people's victory under adverse circumstances is not inconceivable and a world might have been gained by the working farmers of the 1930s. In the Powder River range war of 1892 in Northeastern Wyoming, the homesteaders armed themselves against hordes of gunmen hired by the cattle barons. And the homesteaders won, driving the invaders out of Wyoming and holding the big ranchers in check. There was very little bloodshed-- not nearly as much as in the plantation owner's reign of terror in the 30's. The STFU policy of non-violence was ostensibly to avoid bloodshed. If they had known the true history of the dirt farmer in their own country and had acted from this knowledge instead of out of ignorance, the whole grisly picture of agriculture in the U.S. would be different today, and our inner city ghettos would not now be traumatically crowded with the children and grand children of those savagely dispossessed from the land in the 30's and 40's.

There are individuals who claim to recognize these facts of history but who rationalize their unconcern by citing the violent displacement of the Indian and the Chicano. We need no reminders of that -- we are well aware of it. And need it be said that to rationalize unconcern is to be just plain unconcerned! I write of my time and my experience -- the rationalizers rationalize, as they move their dwelling places ever farther away from "crime in the streets" and surround themselves with ever more comforts. Let them be forewarned that the time we are approaching is not their time -- they "ain't goin nowhere." -- A. C.

* "Ill Fares The Land", documentary of the 30's.

(WE SHALL NOT BE -- continued from inside front cover)

Hode Purdy was a wizened old man aged 42. His eyelids were drawn so tightly together that none of the eyeball was visible even when he faced straight at you, and you wondered if he could see at all. His right arm hung useless from its sagging shoulder socket, the result of a near fatal beating he got at Napoma, California, in a pea-pickers strike of which he had been one of the organizers. Faye was skin and bones -- husband made pitifully ill and two children murdered by the savagery of greedy men toward brothers. An infant girl, born "on the California side", had literally starved to death in a migrant camp where the Purdy family had shared a 2-room cabin with 28 other folks. (Exaggeration? Carey McWilliams documents this period and locale in his closing chapter of "Factories In The Field"). This baby girl dead, buried in Southern California. And beautiful bright little Benny, buried in a blackjack thicket in Southern Oklahoma along beside his pup Chomper. Faye had brought her family back "home." Jonathon and Darleen, the oldest daughter, were active in the Workers' Alliance and spent most of their time over in the city, bringing food to the others when they had it. They were stronger, having been good sized kids when hell hit Oklahoma. Jimmie, Hodrick and Jeanie Faye were all sickly and retarded from hunger, lack of schooling, and just plain grief.

(It was along about this time in '39 that I wrote "How Can You Keep On Movin Unless You Migrate Too", which has to date been commercially recorded twice without my name on it, most recently on an LP put out by Warner Brothers. On a sojourn to Arizona in '38 I had been to the California border and saw how Okie and Arkie families were being turned back as "unemployables." Another term used, "undesirables." I might comment here that this Northeast area of the United States where we live now is not entirely free from such sentiments towards Okies. But these parenthetical remarks, most of them, constitute a whole nother story!)

This Hooverville the Purdys lived in was known as "Community Camp" and rent was extracted from the families for the ground they built their hovels on. Relief, when it could be gotten, was two dollars per month per person. There was one water tap for the whole camp. Can the question be asked, why did the Workers' Alliance send some one out there to organize? Well, they didn't exactly. It wasn't like that. Ifor one felt that I was one of these people. My parents and Jonathon and Darleen Purdy's grandparents were virtually identical. A hair on a balance scale somewhere along the line had kept my family eating better and with a better roof over their heads, that's all. The difference was so slight as to be of no consideration whatsoever -- we were the dispossessed. We were those who had been the backbone of the economy of the State of Oklahoma, the tillers of the soil, members of pioneering families a generation or so removed from the frontier.

In the Red Dust Players which I helped to form in the fall of '39, I had stepped back from the role of organizer to that of trying to bring a little light into the lives of people in the throes of struggle. Of course, you cannot completely separate these two functions -- there is a great overlap. My physical strength was going again and I felt I had to do what I could -- fact of the matter was I needed to eat and sleep. I got a job in the city typeing envelopes. I worked at this job for quite a number of months getting paid \$11 for a 40-hour week, an income which I shared with less fortunate friends as long as the job lasted. Two or three evenings a week and on weekends I joined my guerrilla theater group to travel around the state putting on musical skits for the now sparse sharecropper and tenant farm locals, and also for the Oil Workers Union which was really beginning to get under way with their organizing drive. A strike that was to last 13 months was being fought out at the Mid-Continent Refinery of DX Oil near Tulsa. We made numerous trips from our base in Oklahoma City, traveling in two old cars with our scimp paraphernalia piled around us and a couple of bottles of cough medicine which was what we called our bootleg whisky -- we sure needed that about two o'clock in the morning driving home from our winter-time "bookings." The tenant farm skits were played outdoors weather permitting, a porch or side of a shack being the "set" with the car lights aimed toward it. If it was too cold the little church or schoolhouse was our theater with coaloil lanterns for lighting. The Oil Workers had a headquarters in an old bare warehouse kind of place about a block long which also served as strike kitchen, and we all ate together there with the strikers and their families chipping in whatever we had. A couple of times we performed in a huge abandoned operahouse-turned-movie-theater in West Tulsa; the seats were broken and the ceiling was gone exposing rafters like the gaunt ribs of some prehistoric monster. But we had electric lights and a standing room crowd of over 2 thousand cheering roaring strikers, their families and friends. Not a single person on stage or in the audience was comfortable or calm there in that powdery ruin. Those who would crush out the lives of these striking workers were the comfortable ones, comfortably fixed in their fine mansions within the city limits of Tulsa. Our skits and songs were rich in protest, our sharp political barbs were aimed at the entrails of the comfortable ones. And some of these barbs hit target. Otherwise why did they send their hired agents, their paid thugs after us in our very homes. And without the formality of legal search warrants. We came back from a weekend of performances one night to find the homes of three of our members broken into, their letters and papers strewn about their household stuff in a shambles, and books missing. I guess I was lucky to have lived in a little rented room with nothing but a suitcase in it. Some of our members who could left Oklahoma never to return. As for me, I hid out for a time in the eroded wastelands of western Oklahoma, home of the scrub oak and the jackrabbit; and I felt like my surroundings. It was later that I heard of the extent to which the Oklahoma County authorities went in their search for us. A couple of unsavory characters had come snooping around my old home town looking for Agnes Cunningham and a sister or cousin Sis Cunningham, both thought to be commewnists, definitely undesirable citizens and trouble makers. An uncle of mine still living there told me about it. They came to him several times and he finally told them he didn't have the slightest idea what they meant by "commewnists", but if they didn't stop bothering him he was pretty damn sure to become one. They left him alone after that. And they didn't find me, nor sister Sis. That was the first time I'd heard there were two of me. And the only time.

I met Gordon Friesen when he was heading up the Committee to Defend Political Prisoners in Oklahoma City. The trials, convictions on charges of Criminal Syndicalism, and the appeals of the Oklahoma Communists dragged out over a period of two years. The cases were finally thrown out of court. This is a whole nother story too. Gordon and I married and came east September of 1941.

* * * * *

(See POSTSCRIPT in mimeographed section this issue)

(The notes for:

"change in the weather" by Larry Estridge -- continued)

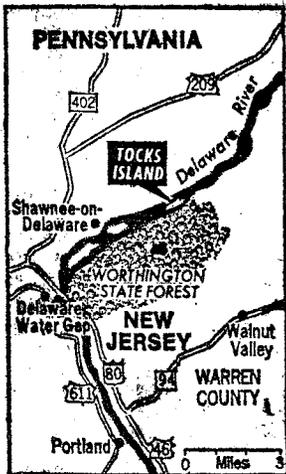
to those unwearied minstrels who always find a song
to those still restless sailors who always are at home
to those who try to make some sense where confusion rings
to those whose songs echo on long after they sing
to those who can't be satisfied yet strive and won't be bribed
to those ragged prophets who prophesy through wine
to those who take the time to notice beauty and inspire
to those who walk less travelled roads and pause beside the fire
to those whose eyes focus on that which is generally missed
to those whose open gaze greets one followed by a kiss
to those whose touch is gentle yet step is straight ahead
to those who carry those they've lost yet turn from the dead
to those whose belief is firm in people and in life
to those too wise to judge yet love and love as if unwise
to those who lend their spirit to the infinite musical sculpture
to those joy connectors, prison rejecters, rainmakers and vision projectors
to those refusing emptiness who give with open hands
to those eye lenders, pushers and benders, straight talkers and friends



These two stories tell us much about the horrors America deals out to its young and its old. We need songs about this.

— *Sis Cunningham*

Homes Razed as U.S. Evicts



The New York Times/Feb. 27, 1974

By DONALD JANSON
Special to The New York Times

SHAWNEE, Pa., Feb. 27— Armed with pistols and carrying gas canisters, 90 Federal marshals in blue jump suits evicted 65 squatters from Federal property here today in an unannounced raid that took place shortly after dawn.

Those removed from homes they have occupied for as long as four years included a girl born 10 hours earlier and her young mother. Eleven squatters who protested were trussed and held in police vans in a field for more than two hours.

Most of the squatters and their children, including sev-

eral New Yorkers and Philadelphians attracted to the casual lifestyle of the squatters' colony, were marched from bedrooms into below-freezing cold and were left on remote River Road alongside the Delaware River. Some had babies strapped to their backs and what possessions they could carry in their arms. In some cases the squatters were given time to gather their belongings; in other cases the squatters said that they had been given no time.

As soon as the wooded, five-mile stretch of riverside farmland had been cleared of occupants, the Army Corps of Engineers

The squatters said they were roughly handled, tied up and frisked, held in a police van for two hours in a field and eventually driven away only to be released on the highway.

Some Belongings Lost

An information form handed to some of the evicted squatters gave a telephone number they could call to recover their possessions and their animals. But many of the squatters' belongings were destroyed along with the houses.

the mother, Susan Mahri-smith, 21, had been ordered out of the bed in which she delivered her child last night by natural childbirth and into the street along with her infant.

With their children at their sides and with no place to go for shelter, most of the squatters spent the day at the side of River Road, sometimes hugging each other to keep warm. Some played their guitars.

The squatters, most of whom are in their twenties and thirties, began drifting into this area after the gov-

ernment condemned the moved in yellow bulldozers and smashed to rubble the 21 houses and other farm buildings in which the squatters had lived.

The Corps on Friday called four New Jersey and Pennsylvania demolition companies to stand by this morning with bulldozers. By late morning, the substantial stone houses occupied by the squatters were still burning and front-end loaders had ripped frame homes apart. The pastoral surroundings looked like a battlefield.

A Winter's Tale

Temperatures had hovered near zero for several nights in Schenectady, N.Y., when the Niagara Mohawk Power Corp. shut off the electricity, for nonpayment, in the ramshackle cottage that Frank Baker, 93, and his wife, Catherine, 92, had occupied for 57 years. Their telephone had been disconnected some time back, also for nonpayment, and the cold spell kept their arthritic daughter from walking the mile and a half from her home to theirs. So the Bakers had been without heat for four days when Basil Heise, their 20-year-old grandson, on holiday leave from the Air Force, came by on Christmas Eve with an invitation to dinner the next day. There was no answer at the door, so Heise forced it open. Inside, he found that broken windows were letting in a frigid breeze and ice had formed under the hot water heater. Huddled on the living-room floor lay the bodies of the two old people.

Elderly Couple Found Frozen

"We're running a business," a spokesman for the company said.

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