SIDE 1
1. SUNDOWN
2. HOW CAN YOU KEEP ON MOVIN'
3. EVICTED TENANT — Icie J. Lawrence
   The next four songs were written
   by Sis for the Red Dust Players.
4. OIL DERRICK BY WEST TULSA
5. MISTER CONGRESSMAN
6. NO MORE STORE BOUGHT TEETH
7. STRANGE THINGS HAPPENIN'
8. IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY — Trad.
   (With Mike Millius, vocal;
    Wes Houston, guitar & harmonica)

SIDE 2
1. WILD RIPPLING WATERS — Trad.
   (Sis & Mark Cohen, guitar;
    Paul Kaplan, harmonica)
2. MY OKLAHOMA HOME — Sis & Bill Cunningham
3. JAY GOULD'S DAUGHTER — Traditional
   (With Wes Houston & Mike Millius)
4. SEND WORD TO THE PILOT
   (With Mark Cohen)
5. FAYETTE COUNTY
   (With Mark Cohen & Paul Kaplan
6. BUT IF I ASK THEM
   (With Mark Cohen)
7. GREAT DUST STORM — Woody Guthrie

All songs on this album written by
Sis Cunningham unless otherwise
indicated. Also indicated is when
other musicians accompany her singing.

“My Oklahoma Home” ©1961 Fall River Music
“Fayette County” ©1961 Stormking Music
“Great Dust Storm” ©1963 Ludlow Music

SUNDOWN is the 9th LP Album issued by
Moses Asch of Folkways for Broadside
Magazine, Broadside, co-edited by Agnes
Cunningham & Gordon Friesen, is now in
its 15th year. Its main purpose has always
been to publish new young topical
songwriters — its latest “discoveries”
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COVER PHOTO BY DAVID BOOKBINDER

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THIS ALBUM WAS CO-PRODUCED BY PAUL KAPLAN AND GORDON FRIESEN, WHO TOOK OVER FROM PHIL OCHS.
WHEN PHIL WAS PRODUCING SAMMY WALKER'S "SONG FOR PATTY" FOLKWAYS/BROADSIDE VOL. 8) HE TOLD
SIS "THE NEXT RECORD I'M GOING TO PRODUCE WILL BE YOURS." HE SUGGESTED A NUMBER OF SONGS
SHE SHOULD PUT ON THE ALBUM. "I'M GOING ON TOUR" PHIL SAID. "AS SOON AS I GET BACK WE'RE
STARTING ON YOUR L-P." WE ALL KNOW NOW HOW PHIL'S LAST "TOUR" ENDED.
SUNDOWN

BY agnes cunningham

Copyright © 1975 Agnes Cunningham

Down in the cotton row - pickin' in the sun Wishin' to the Lord that the day was done Sack gettin' heavy -- Sun gettin' hot I'm wishin' for a little what the boss has got A dipper a-water -- fresh from the well A patch a-shade to sit for a spell Down in the cotton row - bendin' low Think I'm goin' where cotton don't grow. (CHO) Get a-way from here Get a-way --- Get a-way. (continued)

"Sharecropper's Family, Hale County, Alabama, March, 1936," By WALKER EVANS

(This Brochure designed & prepared by A.Cunningham & G.Friesen, Editors of BROADSIDE.)
SUNDOWN -- 2

Hurry, hurry, thru the long long days,
And a fightin' the knats from outa my face.
Boss he says, when the crop's all in,
Don't owe us nothin', but we owes him.
When we pays him off at 40 percent
Our share a the cotton done came and went.
We's livin in slavery, but a-thinkin' free
Goin' to find us a better place to be (CHO.

Down the cotton row, snappin' bolls,
Nothin' to show but shoes full-a holes.
Bollies gettin' thin -- everyday less
Can't even earn me a cotton dress.
See the little kids up and down that row
Mean old chilly wind a-startin' to blow.
Rags is a-flappin' like an old scarecrow
Winter's comin' and we just gotta go.

Travelin' north, snow is a-blowin'
Travelin' south, more cotton grown.
Travelin' east, same old thing.
Pickin' in the fall and a-choppin' in the spring.
Travelin' west, ain't nothin' worse.
Tell us all, get on back home (CHO)
Back in cottonland, livin' in a tent.
Car broke down, and money spent.
Preacher says pray for your lives.
Union man says, "Organize!"

Well the very first meetin' we did call
Them bullets came through the churchhouse wall.
All them Okies got there first.
Season's slack, work's all done.

They shot my brother, they jailed my man
Run my family off the land.
But one thing sure we ain't alone
So we keep on hangin' on.
No more croppin', just workin' by the day.
Kids don't eat when their Daddy's away.
So here I am with a goddam hoe.
Thinkin' I'm goin' where cotton don't grow.

This old cotton row looks seven miles long
Seven verses to this song.
I pick up my hoe and I start to chop.
And I know this ain't the bosses crop.
Belongs to the people that works this ground.
And we don't need no boss around.
If we can use a hoe, we can use a gun.
Now, boss, it's time for you to run. (CHO)

“How can you keep on movin'”

Words & Music: Agnes Cunningham - © 1945 & 1971 Agnes Cunningham

They can't keep no home.
They can't keep no land.
They can't keep no young man.
They can't keep no women.
They can't keep no boys.
They can't keep no girls.
They can't keep no Negro.
They can't keep no white.

2. I can't go back to the homestead.
My shack no longer stands.
They said I wasn't wanted.
Had no claim to the land.
They said you better get movin'.
That's the only thing for you.
But how can you keep on movin'?
Unless you migrate too.

3. And if you pitch your little tent.
Along the broad highway.
The Board of Sanitation says:
Sorry, you can't stay.
Go on, git along, git movin'.
Is their everlasting cry.
Can't stay, can't go back, can't migrate.
So where in the hell am I.

4. The scenery by the roadside
Is a mighty dreary sight.
If in this whole wide country
You've got no place to light
I never was one for ramblin':
My folks is the settlin' kind.
Get to keep on lookin' for that home.
That I someday hope to find.

5. No, I cannot stand the miseries
A followin' me around.
Unless I'm lookin' forward
To a place I can settle down.
So I guess we ought to talk things over.
And see what we can do.
All how can you keep on movin'?
Unless you migrate too.

Note: The song “How Can You Keep On Movin'” comes out of the late thirties when certain states, especially California, were posting signs at roads crossing their borders: NO MIGRATION. Armed guards were stationed at these points to direct homeseekers to turn around and “keep moving.”
AN OIL DERRICK OUT BY WEST TULSA
By Sis Cunningham - © 1976 Sis Cunningham

Oh an oil derrick out by West Tulsa
Lives in my memory
It reminds me of Judge Denton
He spent all his time inventin'
How to cheat every man he did see.

Now the Judge was a crafty old chisler
With an anti-union policy
Well the Union didn't like it
So they up and called a strike at
The Mid-Continent Refinery.

Now the Judge started herding the scabs in
His finks and his gangsters were there
He started shelling out the cash
To rats and thugs and all such trash
And the Tulsa Tribune got its share.

Say goodbye, say goodbye
Say goodbye to the Judge and his gang
When the workers started chasin'
The Judge he started racin'
Cause he knew is they caught him he
would hang.

So they chased him right out to the oil field
And he shouted as he climbed up the rig
"If you hang me I will haunt you!"
They said "Sorry to disappoint you,
But we'll bury you face down and let you dig."

So the strikers climbed up on the crow's nest
And they captured that crafty old bird
Then they took a rope and strung him
By the neck and then they hung him
And now no more scabs does he herd.

Say goodbye, say goodbye
We've come to the end of our lyric
All those anti-union ginks
Had better watch their step, by jinks,
Or they too will hang from the derrick.

NO MORE STORE-BOUGHT TEETH
(The Medical Care Song)
By Sis Cunningham - © 1976 Sis Cunningham

No more store-bought teeth
That fall out when you spit
The dentist took our measurements
And made us a pair that fit.

Grandma, she was deaf
So we had to shout and cuss
But since she got her hearing aid
She cusses back at us.

Uncle Ned sat in his chair
Because of poor eyesight
But now he's got his glasses
He goes courting every night.

Ma, she was so lame
She'd hobble and she'd fall
But since she got her braces
She can outrun us all.

No more dizzy spells
No spots before the eyes
We got ourselves a doctor
Since the Union put us wise
Oh the Union put us wise
The Union put us wise
We got ourselves a doctor
Since the Union put us wise.

MISTER CONGRESSMAN

This interesting though perhaps overoptimistic threat to the men who under the constitutional balance of powers claim to represent the grass roots was written by Agnes (Sis) Cunningham, editor of Broadside, to fit "Little Brown Jug."

FROM SONGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Congressman, Mr. Congressman
Sittin up there in Washington
If you don't listen to our song
You aint a-gonna be in Congress long.

Cho:
No, no, no, no-sir-ee
In Washington you will not be
If you don't listen to our song
You ain't gonna be in Congress long.

Poor folks croppin' on the shares
The boss takes his & mine & theirs
Now get us a good Farm-Labor Bill
Or you won't be on Capitol Hill.

Cho.
Are you goin' to listen to what we say
Or let the big boys have their way?
Better get the poor folks point of view.
Or we're damn sure not a-goin' to vote for you. Cho.

We're hungry and we're fightin' mad
The landhog's done took all we had
Better stop helpin' him kick us around
Or you won't be in Washington. Cho.

Goats eat grass and so do I
Since the price of grits has gone so high
You better do something to bring it down
Or get a one-way ticket to your home town.

Cho.
The Tenant Union is here to stay
We don't care what the landhogs say
Now get us help and get it fast
Or your job, it will not last.

Cho.

THERE ARE STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING

In Arkansas, dispossessed sharecroppers bore the brunt of the hard times. John Hancock, an organizer for the union, wrote the song that tells of their plight. With this version by Chick and Sis Cunningham, published in Hard Hitting Songs for Hard Hit People, Used by permission.

© 1976 Sis Cunningham

There are strange things happening in this land (repeat)
Oh, the rich man boasts and brags
While the poor man goes in rags
There are strange things happening in this land.

There are strange things happening in this land (repeat)
Oh, the farmer cannot eat 'cause he's raised too much wheat
There are strange things happening in this land.

(Cont'd next page)
Strange Things—Cont’d

There are strange things happening in this land (repeat)
Too much cotton in our sacks
So we have none on our backs
There are strange things happening in this land.

There are strange things happening in this land (repeat)
Lots of groceries on the shelves
But we have none for ourselves
There are strange things happening in this land.

There are strange things happening in this land (repeat)
Oh, we’ll have even less to eat
When the drums commence to beat
There are strange things happening in this land.

There are strange things happening in this land (repeat)
But when working men refuse to put on their old war shoes
There’ll be good things happening in this land.

There’ll be good things happening in this land (repeat)
When the drums commence to beat
There are strange things happening in this land.

There are strange things happening in this land (repeat)
When the workers take a stand and unite in a solid band
There’ll be good things happening in this land.

(The above additional lyrics, these 7 verses to the John Handcox classic, were made up by my father and me in ’37, shortly after I met Handcox at the Muskogee STFU Convention. These lyrics have been printed dozens of times, recorded, sung on nation-wide TV, used in labor musicals, & performed at who knows how many rallies & concerts. Only once did we get credit for them that I know of: Wanda Whitman’s collection SONGS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD. Credit for the great sing-along chorus goes to John Handcox! - SC)

Calls for an Honest Square Dance

If you don’t know this dance already, look it over a couple of times and you’ll catch on. Many’s the night I didn’t bat an eye at square dances all over the country. Many a blister I wore on my fingers a takin’ my turn on the fiddle, guitar, and mandolin. I’ve Hollered loud enough to scare half the bankers plumb out of the country, and heard folks laugh so much the sheriff couldn’t stop ’em.

I ain’t a gettin’ a divorce from them good times, either. And I ain’t forgettin’ the good, honest, natural fun that folks can have when you give ’em half a chance -- I mean when they’re workin’ and a prosperin’ and a gettin’ by.

People is the gladdest, saddest, and sometimes the maddest things you ever seen. But in their square dances, they’re at their gladdest and when you get it into your head, big boy, that you can take everything away from us, and all of our good honest fun, and laughin’ and music and dancing -- you just naturally got another thought a comin’.

These here honest square dance calls was figured out by a mighty pretty Oklahoma girl, call her Agnes Cunningham -- with Oklahoma’s pride and joy, the RED DUST PLAYERS.

EVERYBODY HERE IS UNION MADE — © 1976 Sis Cunningham

Calls:
1st couple balance and swing,
Down the center and divide the ring.
Down the center and cast off six,
The tenant farmer’s in an awful fix.

Swing at the head and the foot couples too,
Side four go right and left through.
Beans all gone, there aint no more,
Down the center and cast off four.

Swing at the head and the foot couples too,
Side four go right and left through.
What the heck can a poor man do?

Home you are and everybody swing,
Alemande left, go around the ring.
Eight millions acres of company land,
Partner by the right, and right and left grand.

Meet your partner, promenade:
Join the union, don’t be afraid!

2nd couple balance and swing,
Down the center and divide the ring.
Gent to the left and lady to the right,
The tenant union’s gonna put up a fight.

Swing at the head and the foot couples too,
Side four go right and left through.
Monty you are and everybody swing,
Alemande left and go round the ring.

Half the land is all dried out,
Ant the rest is up the landhog’s snout.

(Pictures on this page are by FSA photographer, Russell Lee.)

Sis singing at a benefit for Oil Workers in Oklahoma in 1940, DX strike sticker on her accordion.

(This shack in Oklahoma is reminiscent of the ones we gave Red Dust Player performances. Forches such as this were stages, however if the porch sagged as much as this one, we did the square dance -- which was our finale -- in the dusty weedy yard. Below we reprint the "Everybody Here Is Union Made" square dance from the book Hard Hitting Songs, Oak Publications, NY. The fine introduction was written by old friend and fellow Almanac, Woody Guthrie. — SC)
Meet your partner, promenade!
Join the union, don’t be afraid!
3rd couple balance and do the same,
We ain’t playin’ til’ they change the game.
Down the center and cast off six,
The union’s gonna see that they change it quick.
Swing at the head and the foot couple too,
Side four right and left go through.
Cast off two and before we’re through,
We’re gonna cast off the landhog, too.
Home you are and everybody swing,
Alemande left and go round the ring.
Billions of dollars the oil man’s makin’
While the Tax is added to the price of bacon.
This sorta thing has got to stop.
Grab your partner and promenade,
Grab your partner and hippity hop.
Everybody here is a union made.

---

IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY
Adapted from traditional. Arranged, and with new lyrics added by Sis Cunningham.
© 1976 Sis Cunningham

It was in the merry month of May
When I chanced to hear a lone cowboy say
I left my home many years ago
To ride the trail to Mexico
It was in the year of ’83
A man from Texas hired me
He said: Young man I want you to go
And follow my herd to Mexico
I left my darlin’ girl behind
She said her heart was only mine
Her caresses so soft, her kisses so sweet
Said we’ll be married next time we meet
Oh it was early in the year
When I started out to drive those steers
Thru sleet and snow, t’was a lonesome go
As the herd rolled on to Mexico
When I arrived in Mexico
I thought of my home but I could not go
I wrote a letter to my dear
But not a word from her did I hear
Many years had past when I reached my home
I enquired for the girl I’d called my own
They said she’d married a richer life
Therefore, wild cowboy, seek another wife
Oh buddy O buddy, please stay at home
Don’t be forever on the room
There’s many another girl more true than I
So pray don’t go where the bullets fly
Oh curse your gold and your silver too
God pity a girl that won’t prove true
I’ll travel high and I’ll travel low
And I’ll stay on the trail to Mexico

---

"Croppin’ On The Shares"
Drawing by Agnes Friesen

WILD RIPPLIN’ WATERS
As I was a-walkin’ and a-ramblin’ one day
I spied a young couple a-comin’ my way
One was a lady and a fair one was she
The other a cowboy and a brave one were he.
(Repeat last line)

Said, "Where are you goin’ my pretty young maid"
"Just down by the river, just down by the shade
Just down by the river in the beautiful spring
See the wild ripplin’ waters, hear the nightingale sing" (2X)

They had not been there but an hour or so
When he took from his satchel his fiddle and bow
He tuned up his fiddle all on the high string
And he played this tune over and over again (2X)

"Now," said the cowboy, "I should have been gone"
"No, no," said the maiden, "please play one more song
For I’d rather hear the fiddle just played on one string
Than to see the wild waters, hear the nightingale sing" (2X)

So he tuned up his fiddle and resined his bow
And he played her a lecture before he did go
He played her a lecture, made the whole valley ring
"Hark, hark," said the maiden, "hear the nightingale sing" (2X)

"Oh," said the maiden, "will you marry me?"
"No, no," said the cowboy, "that never could be
For I’ve a wife in Arizona and a lady is she
And one wife on a cow ranch is a-plenty for me"

(2X)

"Then I’ll go to Mexico and stay ’bout a year
I’ll drink lots of sweet wine, I’ll drink lots of beer
And if I come back it will be in the spring
See the wild ripplin’ waters, hear the nightingale sing" (2X)

"Oh, come all you maidens and listen to me
Don’t place your affection on a cowboy so free
For he’ll up and leave you like mine done to me
Leave you to rock cradles, sing bye-o baby" (2X)

(Words from Library of Congress recordings: Alex Moore and E. N. Bowan. Tune tampered with by Sis Cunningham.)
My Oklahoma Home

By Sis & Bill Cunningham ©1961 Fall River Music, Inc

Have you heard the old timer, the story that he tells
How he dreamed of a place to call his own

Said I rode across the plains and I staked me our a claim
And I settled down along the Cimarron.

It blew away, it blew away

My Oklahoma home blew away

It looked so green and fair when I build my shanty there

But my Oklahoma home it blew away.

I planted wheat and oats, got chickens and some hogs
There's nothing I like better 'n ham-and-eggs

Got a mule to pull the plow, got an old red muley cow
And I got a fancy mortgage on the place.

It blew away, it blew away

All the crops I planted blew away

You can't grow any grain in Oklahoma any rain

All except the mortgage blew away.

It blew away my rooster, it blew away my hens

The pigs and the cattle went astray

All the crops I sowed went a-foggin' down the road
When my Oklahoma home it blew away.

It blew away, it blew away

Everything I owned blew away

I hollered and I cursed when my land went up in dust
When my Oklahoma farm it blew away.

It looked so green and fair when I build my shanty there

I figured that was set for life

I put on my Sunday best, shiny shoes and checkeder vest
And I went to town and picked me out a wife.

She blew away, she blew away

My Oklahoma woman blew away

Just as I bent and kissed her she was picked up by twister

My Oklahoma woman blew away.

Then I was left alone a-listennin' to the moan
Of the wind around the corners of my shack

So I took off down the road when the south wind blew
A-travelin' with the wind at my back.

I blew away, I blew away

Chasin' a dust cloud up ahead

Once it looked so green and fair

Now it's up there in the air

My Oklahoma home is overhead.

Now no matter where I'm bound, my home is all around

For Oklahoma dust is everywhere

Makes no difference where I'm walkin' I can hear my chickens squawkin'

I can hear my wife a-talkin' in the air.

It blew away, it blew away

On the wind as the dust come a-rollin by

But my home is always near, it's in the atmosphere
And it may be that I'll go there when I die

And stake me out a new claim in the sky.

Sister Molly Jackson was a woman of the working class in every sense of the word—a fighter in deed and song for humanity. The month of September 1976 will be the 15th anniversary of her death, penniless and exploited. She tells it best herself in her last letter printed in SONGS OUT magazine back in 1960:

"Irwin Silber, my friend: I am sending you this letter as I have learned a lot about you...Not everyone knows it but I am a poet. I compose a lot of songs that teach people right from wrong. But I am a Kentucky mountain woman. I have outlived most of my relations...I am a coal miner's daughter & coal miner's wife...lived in Kentucky until I was 51 years old. I was one of them union loaders that the coal operators had their gun-thugs to chase away in '31. I believe I have seen more poverty & suffering than any other poor woman that has ever lived in under the sun...I live alone, a widow. I am over 3,000 miles away from my old Kentucky home. Barley existing along on the old age pension. Nobody seems to pay me any attention. Only the folk song collectors that want me to teach them the songs I learned from my Kentucky ancestors 72 years ago. But if I ask them where I can get a few pennies for the songs I teach them, they just don't know....I have had the songs I composed translated in 5 different languages & records made of my songs, but I have never received one cent from anyone out of all the protest songs I have composed. Now all I can do any more is to write true stories & compose true songs that will teach the people right from wrong, and if you can read my writing I will compose a nice union song & send it to you...Some of the people that is putting out records & using my songs think I am dead & I am forgotten. But I am not. All said and done, I am still standing by my unions, one for all and all for one, even if I am almost eighty-no..."
SEND WORD TO THE PILOT

Words: The NEW YORK TIMES Music: AGNES CUNNIGHAM © 1971 Agnes Cunningham

The State Department asked the Czechoslovak Embassy in Washington to ask the Swiss Embassy in Havana to send word to the pilot to take the Cubans home. (Chorus)
The tower brought them in, the tower brought them in, but please send word to the pilot to take the Cubans home a-gain.

(Repeat Introduction here as an Interlude or at the end of song)

Verse 2
Houston notified the Senate Department at 6:15 A.M.
The Department asked the Swiss in Havana to find out what was going on.

The Swiss checked and they reported that the facts simply were not known, but please send word to the pilot to take the Cubans home. (Chorus)

FAYETTE COUNTY in Tennessee in the winter of 1960-61 was where the Black people made their first modern militant stand for the right to register and vote. It was the beginning of a long and bitter struggle which now finds millions of Blacks en-rolled and voting in the once all-white Southern polls.

JAY GOULD'S DAUGHTER is an old folksong about the infamous robber baron who grew rich selling defective rifles to the Union Army and watering his livestock just before crocking the buyers' scales. He organized thugs to capture the N.Y. Central Railroad. The "blinds" were a space behind the coal tender where hoboes rode. Forced to "ride the rods" underneath the boxcars many died when torn to pieces by strands of barbed wire entangled in the road bed.

AND IN FAVOR OF THINKING

By AGNES CUNNIGHAM

©1976 agnes cunningham

What lies in the zinc coffin
Has agitated the life of many things:
For eating-your-ill
For a roof-over-your-head
For feeding-your-children
For holding-out-for-the-last-penny
For solidarity with all
The oppressed who are like you
And in favor of thinking.

---From BERTHOLT 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, uninsured against the insults of want.

My husband, Gordon, and I re-member this great dust storm very well. We were in the middle of it. - SC

The Great Dust Storm


On the fourteenth day of April in nineteen thirty five, There struck the worst of dust storms that ever filled the sky; You could see that dust storm coming, it looked so awful, And through our little city, it left a dreadful track.

From Oklahoma City to the Arizona line,
From Old Dodge City, Kansas, the dust had rung their knell,
And a few more comrades sleeping on top of old Boot Hill.

The radio reported, we listened with alarm,

The wild and windy actions of this great mysterious storm;

The family was crowded into the parlor room,

They thought that they could hold out, but didn't know how long.

Without avarice without superstition without

Our relatives were huddled in their oil boom shacks,

The children they were crying as it whistled through the cracks.

They thought the Lord was a coming, they thought it was their doom.

This storm took place at sundown and lasted through the night,

We saw outside our windows where wheat fields once had grown

Was now a rippling ocean of dust the wind had blown.

We covered up our fences, we covered up our barns,

They covered up their tractors in this wild and windy storm.

We loaded our jalopies and piled our families in.

We rattled down the highway to never come back again.

---7---
AND IN FAVOR OF THINKING -- Page 2

For you, pondering Alternatives, historical Truth flows 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.

2.
Not so for the Aboriginal who
-- standing on ground black and rich with
spilled ancestral blood
fully belongs as a link in a chain reaching
infinitely backward
he whose moocassins whispered through tall grasses
arrows of the eye toward sky meets earth;
whose dark arms lifted to transcribe the
and
look to the rain and the snows coming from above
thereby with her Brave to choose a
(Twentieth Century American Indiana
Twentieth Century rising up from Nineteenth
Century Wounded
-- for sustenance, or death--
takeover Wounded Knee South Dakota
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 American
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 the veil revealed only to the utterly
microwaved
the used-as-things-are-used.
The sound of your hammer blows in has in it
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
there may
the Apocalyptical

4.
Chicanos march over vast distances
gathering numbers as they go;
their line of march is a lance labeled
Solidaridad
spear-end forward
sliced 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,
cheated and spit out by the obscene machine
wung of life fluid and left to dry rot
slowly to die
with the others of the dispossessed
the NoOwners:
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
sunday one pound of meat breaded out to feed
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 Unities redefined
(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, countersignalled?
Chippy? Hooker?
Scrubperson -- sudblishstered and varicossed?
Correlated fully? (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 nameless one in the world's tale
as now told 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 truth fails full upon her.

6.
You, pondering Alternatives,
-- and for whom school is never out --
-- if you've seen that road
a smooth superhighway through futility
to nowhere
and you know those traveling on it had passed the
point of no return then you sensed there was 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 turned backward.
Architects of Change must engineer upheaval or cast aside
writing boards
and study the blueprints of the nakedly angry.

Some of you
looking down the whole way to Down
where the Sun 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
Wall Street
courthouses, managerial offices, a state dept.,
the White House (etc).
Glutton old men sit in upholstered watchtowers
remote controlling annihilation warfare half a
world 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
and hope in have come
and washed them away were it not for the pray-
or Unification and buses 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 vestage of new
nails by the desperate
patching lost paradises.

7.
Detail no more evil the farthing 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 examining or why When Where
must lead to the How transposing That-Which-Is
into That-Which-Is-For-Us.

(Eds: We dedicate this poem to PHIL OCHS.)

the prisoners
by RIC MASTEN

tho

i have seen the photographs
of those ragged

weary men

still i think i envy them

the prisoners

captured in a
and holy war
which every war has been
captured and denounced
by an obviously evil enemy
left to rot in some forgotten prison camp
stubbornly clinging
to secret information
for which i'd rather die

still surviving in a roach

and rat infested cell

my eye fixed on that thin sliver of hope
at the edge of the door

the crack of light

that keeps us alive

in our solitary confinement

yes

there have been times

i've wished it were

a simpler prison

for out here

in this open field of sunshine

it is far

far more difficult
to plan

the great escape

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"SUNDOWN" is beautiful. It is
one of the finest songs you have ever put in BROADSIDE.

PETE SEEGER.

"The time for writing vistful
songs is past. We must now
write songs which teach people
how to fight..."  Pete Seeger