The Revolution Will Not Be Televised (1974) By Gil Scott-Heron

You will not be able to stay home, brother.

You will not be able to plug in, turn on and cop out. You will not be able to lose yourself on skag and skip, Skip out for beer during commercials,

Because the revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution will not be brought to you by Xerox

In 4 parts without commercial interruption. The revolution will not show you pictures of Nixon blowing a bugle and leading a charge by John Mitchell, General Abrams and Spiro Agnew to eat hog maws confiscated from a Harlem sanctuary. The revolution win not be televised.

The revolution will not be brought to you by the Schaefer Award Theatre and will not star Natalie Woods and Steve McQueen or Bullwinkle and Julia. The revolution will not give your mouth sex appeal. The revolution will not get rid of the nubs.

The revolution will not make you look five pounds

thinner, because the revolution will not be televised, Brother.

There will be no pictures of you and Willie Mays pushing that shopping cart down the block on the dead nm,

or trying to slide that color television into a stolen ambulance.

NBC will not be able predict the winner at 8:32 or report from 29 districts.

The revolution will not be televised.

There win be no pictures of pigs shooting down brothers on the instant replay.

There will be no pictures of pigs shooting down

brothers on the instant replay.

There will be no pictures of Whitney Young being run out of Harlem on a rail with a brand new process. There will be no slow motion or still life of Roy Wilkens strolling through Watts in a Red, Black and Green liberation jumpsuit that he had been saving

For just the proper occasion.

Green Acres, The Beverly Hillbillies, and Hooterville Junction will no longer be so damned relevant, and women will not care if Dick finally gets down with Jane on Search for Tomorrow because Black people will be in the street looking for a brighter day.

The revolution will not be televised.

There will be no highlights on the eleven o'clock news and no pictures of hairy armed women liberationists and Jackie Onassis blowing her nose. The theme song will not be written by Jim Webb, Francis Scott Key, nor sung by Glen Campbell, Tom

Jones, Johnny Cash, Englebert Humperdink, or the Rare Earth.

The revolution will not be televised.

The revolution win not be right back after a message about a white tornado, white lightning, or white people. You will not have to worry about a dove in your

bedt·oom, a tiger in your tank, or the giant in your toilet bowl.

The revolution will not go better with Coke.

The revolution will not fight the germs that may cause bad breath.

The revolution will put you in the driver's seat.

The revolution will not be televised, will not be televised, will not be televised, will not be televised.

The revolution will be no re-run brothers;

The revolution will be live.

Wailers (1981)

by Amiri Baraka

For Larry Neal (1937-1981) and Bob Marley (1945-1981) Wailers are we

We are Wailers. Don't get scared. Nothing happening but out and way out. Nothing happening but the positive.

(Unless you the negative.)

Wailers. We wailers. Yeh, Wailers. We wail, we wail.

We could dig Melville on his ship confronting the huge white mad beast speeding death cross the sea to we. But we whalers. We can kill whales. We could get on top of a whale

And wail. Wailers. Undersea defense hot folk

Blues babies humming when we arrive.

Boogie ladies strumming our black violet souls. Rag daddies come from the land of never say die.

Reggae worke1·s bringing the funk to the people of I. We wailers aU right.

Hail to you Bob, man! We will ask your question all our lives. Could You Be Loved? I and I understand.

We see the world. Eyes and eyes say Yes to transformation. Wailers. Aye, Wailers. Subterranean night color Magis, working inside the soul of the world Wailers. Eyes seeing the world's being.

Hey, Bob, Wail on. Rock on. Jah come into us as real vision and action (Hey, Larry, Wail on, with Lester and the Porkpie, wailing us energy for truth. We Wailers is all.

Lie on me if you want to, tell folks its yours

But for real wailing not tale telling, the sensitive know who the Wailers be. Be We. Be We. We Wailers. Blue Blowers. The Real Rhythm Kings...

We sing philosophy. Hambone precise findings. Image Masters of the syncopated. Wailers & Drummers.

Wailers & Trumpet stars. Wailers & Box cookers. Wailers & Sax flyers. Wailers & Bass thumpers.

Wailers and Hey, wail, wail. We Wailers! Trombone bende1·s. Magic singers. Ellingtonians.

The only Tranes faster than rocket ships. Shit.

Cut a rocket in our pocket and put a chord on the wall of the wind. Wailers. Can you dig Wailing?

Call Me Bud Powell. You wanna imitate this?

Listen. Spree dee deet sprree deee whee spredeee whee deee

My calling card. The dialectic of silence. The Sound approach.

Life one day will be filled even further with we numbers we song

But primitive place now, we wailing be kept underground. But keep it in mind. Call me something Dukish. Something Sassy.

Can me by my real name. When the world change

We wailing be in it, help make it, for real time.

Call Me. I call you. We call We. Say, Hey Wailers. Hey, Wailers. Hey hey hey, Wailers. Wail On!

They Feed They Lion (1972) By Philip Levine

Out of burlap sacks, out of bearing butter, Out of black bean and wet slate bread,

Out of the acids of rage, the candor of tar,

Out of creosote, gasoline, drive shafts, wooden dollies, They Lion grow.

Out of the gray hills

Of industrial barns, out of rain, out of bus ride,

West Virginia to Kiss My Ass, out of buried aunties, Mothers hardening like pounded stumps, out of stumps,

Out of the bones' need to sharpen and the muscles' to stretch, They Lion grow.

Earth is eating trees, fence posts,

Gutted cars, earth is calling in her little ones, "Come home, Come home!" From pig balls, From the ferocity of pig driven to holiness, From the furred ear and the full jowl come

The repose of the hung belly, from the purpose

They Lion grow.

From the sweet glues of the trotters

Come the sweet kinks of the fist, from the full flower

Of the hams the thorax of caves,

From "Bow Down" come "Rise Up,"

Come they Lion from the reeds of shovels, The grained arm that pulls the hands,

They Lion grow.

From my five arms and all my hands,

From all my white sins forgiven, they feed, From my car passing under the stars,

They Lion, from my children inherit,

From the oak turned to a wall, they Lion, From they sack and they belly opened

And all that was hidden burning on the oil-stained earth

They feed they Lion and he comes.