WHAT IS A SONG MAGAZINE ON A RECORD?

A wise Chinese poet once said that a song is not a song until it reaches the ear of a listener. This new song magazine is an attempt to help liberate the songs we need from the printed page. Every day people are making songs full of information, hope, joy, healthy criticism, unity and love, and we want to help those songs become more easily available to other people.

We are surrounded by an electronic media system that is owned and managed by the very same corporations which squeeze our energy out of us at work and our dollars out of us over the counter every day. It is in their interests to suck us dry of our own culture, reshape and repackage it, and sell it back to us. They make a lot of money that way. But even more important from their point of view is the fact that they are able to keep us feeling sort of satisfied, in the same way eating a loaf of Wonder Bread would keep you from feeling starved but still let your body destroy itself if that was your daily diet.

Is it any surprise that what passes for social commentary in the songs we hear over the media fails to suggest any sources of the problems or (perish the thought) suggest any solutions? Can we expect Columbia Records to advertise and educate us toward its own doom? This is the reason “their” songs add up to a feeling of despair, frustration, defeat and decay, on those few occasions when
they are capable of making us feel anything at all.
And so, here is one antidote to that kind of poison.
Here are singers from people's movements all over the country who have something to say to you. And
here also are some words from professional singers
who sometimes sing songs too truthful, and
therefore too dangerous, for the music monopoly
labels to use. There are also some songs from people
who don't think of themselves as singers or
songwriters at all, but merely people with something
on their minds bursting to be said.

HOW OFTEN WILL W.N.P.? APPEAR? That
depends on how quickly we can gather together
enough good new material. A letter has been sent
out to as many singers as we could locate, which has
also been reproduced in several alternative
newspapers. In it, we asked people to send us
cassettes of songs, and names and addresses of
other singers. We also pledged ourselves to do our
best to "eliminate the trite, rhetorical, or mediocre
songs, and the singers who are mainly interested in
seeking status or exposure." We urge you to help us
locate other people who should receive the invitation
to participate, and to make any other suggestions
which will help us do a better job.

This whole project is possible only because the
singers freely offer their work, and because
countless hours of volunteer labor are put into
coordinating, editing, contacting, etc. by Kathy
Jarvis and others. Further, some of the workers
whose contact with Paredon has been in the normal
course of their employment have gone far beyond
what is usually expected because they felt that
WHAT NOW, PEOPLE? and Paredon had
something to do with them.

As you can see by this issue, we won't print the
music to the songs, but will depend on your ears to
give you that. What we have done is to place the
chord changes for guitar (or whatever instrument
you play) right over the syllable where it should be
made. There is one caution: if you are learning the
songs this way, try to get away from the record as
quickly as you can. Find your own way of performing
the song. Nothing compromises the impact of your
communication more than coming out sounding like
an imitation of someone else!

WHAT HOLDS IT ALL TOGETHER? As you
listen to the record, you will hear a variety of musical
approaches, accents from all over the country, and
points of view that may seem even further-flung.
But there is a thread of consistency, a standard by
which we have chosen the songs and singers who
participated in this record. Let me tell you about
some of the singers.

For example, when I was travelling around a few
years back, working as a singing organizer for the GI
movement, I met Jim Schaffer and the Covered Wag-
on Musicians. Later, when I was asked to put
together a cultural program for the 25th Anniversary
of the Guardian, I invited them to come to New York
to sing at the event. I helped work out a tour with
stops all along the way, where they could sing for
local community organizing groups, meet other
singers, help cover their expenses, and break out of
the sense of isolation they were feeling out there in
Idaho. Two days before they were to leave, the
house which served as their organizing center
burned—or was burned—to the ground. This meant
an enormous setback for their work, but they
insisted on keeping their commitments and making
the trip. Their songs were a real high-point of the
Guardian evening, and next day we recorded them
for what was originally intended to be a one-record
roundup of singer-activists. Their musical work is
totally integrated with their organizing work, in a
way few groups are able to achieve.

I first heard Al Riate sing as he stood with two
other former POWs on the platform of a rally for
amnesty in Washington, D.C. He was simply
glowing with the joy of finally being there, saying
what he had to say. I immediately asked him if he
would record one of the Vietnamese songs for this
series. At the rally, Al and the others confirmed the
fact that far more fellow POWs felt as they did than
identified with the officers who had kept themselves
apart in sour disdain of the Vietnamese, with their
sights on their future military careers. In a later
issue we will include a song Al learned while he was
doing KP with the Vietnamese cooks in the early
morning hours.

Bernice Reagan says that her songs came out of a
situation where many friends, having come through
separate kinds of political development and social
practice, not always having agreed on fundamentals
let alone the tactics, finally came together to achieve
a common goal. I believe it could become an anthem
for many similar situations which, hopefully, will
begin to occur all around us. As a Black woman with
a rich voice and powerful stage presence, Bernice
has been in line for co-optive offers coming in a
variety of forms during the recent fashion for token-
izing. With two children to support, she must have
been tempted a number of times. But let it here be
said that she continues to "keep her eyes on the
prize" or in the words of a song by the Red Star
Singers, "Don't want no crumbs. We want the
whole meal!"

I met Charlie King on top of a sound truck in front
of the Internal Revenue Service, on April 15. We
were both singing at a rally organized by War Tax
Resistors, and his straightforward style and pointed
song had drawn a good crowd. A later issue will
include his CIA song, and we hope that he will be a
frequent contributor. His "beat" is currently New
York's lower east side.

The group called Redwing has been making music
for people's causes in Milwaukee for several years.
They are generous about giving their time to help
organize events where other performers can get a
hearing, and have a policy of doing a certain number
of benefits every month no matter what other
musical matters occupy their time. They also work at
jobs, raise families, and do other kinds of political
work.

Chris Iijima was part of a trio with Nobuko
(Joanne) Miyamoto and "Charlie" Chin, who gave
the first musical voice to Asian-American political
movements a couple of years back. But when they recorded an album on Paredon called "A Grain of Sand," they were careful to subtitle it "music for the struggle by Asians in America," for that is precisely what they had in mind. These days, Chris is so busy with community organizing and keeping the rent paid that he hardly has time to write songs, but when he does, they are consistently as perfectly constructed and as moving as the contribution he made to this record.

It would be unthinkable to begin this magazine without Pete Seeger. He has blazed the trail ahead for so many of us that we would surely have come out at some different place if he hadn't shown us the way. He was a founder of the Almanac Singers in the late 30's and early 40's, conceived as a cultural tool for the wave of union organizing spreading over the land at the time. He created a newsletter called The People's Songs Bulletin, designed to spread the kind of songs he saw as useful in that movement, and was a founder of Sing Out! magazine to continue and expand on what the PSB had started. He still serves on its editorial board. He gave inspiration and financial support to Broadside Magazine when Sing Out! couldn't print the most current songs of "protest" fast enough. He has been the Johnny Appleseed of songs to millions, and one of the best-loved people ever to be held in contempt of Congress (during the McCarthy era witch-hunts by the House Un-American Committee). He belongs with us now and forever. When we asked him to contribute, he dropped over to the studio in his usual understated way and in about 45 minutes gave us a half-dozen wonderful songs to sprinkle through the next few issues.

IN SHORT, THERE'S A GOOD BUNCH of people's artists on this record, coming from a wide spread of geographical and ideological places. Some might call themselves basically pacifists or anarchists or feminists or socialists, while others might reject the idea of classification at all. But the unifying thread is that they all share a distaste for the brand of imperialism, racism and sexism that is identified by liberation forces everywhere (and not without deadly reasons) as American. Some of the singers see themselves as extensions of political communities, some as individual artists making their living at music, and others are forging new combinations of cultural/political activity, one time outlaw and another time mainstream, as they respond to tactical considerations. heir statements range from "turn this country around" to "tear this system down." But here on the record/magazine, as at a rally for farmworkers or political prisoners, or a benefit for Vietnam or Chile, we are most aware of what unites the singers and the songs, not what sets them apart from one another. They are angry and loving Americans trying to help set things right in our country.

IN EACH ISSUE WE HOPE TO HAVE ONE article which will raise some questions to think about in the cultural/political area. The article in this first issue is by Irwin Silber, one of the co-founders of Paredon Records and Executive Editor of the Guardian. People who read the Guardian—and if you don't, you should, since it's the oldest and best independent radical weekly newspaper we've got—know that Irwin has a thoughtful and provocative point of view on cultural matters. Others may know Irwin from his many years of work in the people's songs movement as the one who produced the hootenannies of the fifties (long before the commercial craze when the NY Times wouldn't even allow the word "hootenanny" to be used in its pages because it had "subversive" connotations) or as the editor—for 17 years—of Sing Out! magazine. He is also a veteran of the wars that radicals of the fifties conducted with the House UnAmerican Committee, having been hauled before that august body in 1958. His views in this article will help you to see why so many people in power have gotten mad at him over the years.

WHY DOES A SINGER GET INVOLVED WITH TRYING TO RUN A RECORD LABEL? Paredon Records was founded in 1970, because we saw that the best of people's culture (as opposed to that stuff circulated by and for the ruling class) lacked ways of reaching out beyond a local audience. Outside the U.S.A., extraordinarily creative music was coming out of Latin American, Asian and African liberation struggle, and in this country the tremendous flow of counter-culture energy, quickly being turned back on itself, seemed to fill up the air so that people couldn't hear it.

As a people's singer in the U.S.A., I was experiencing serious problems reaching even those around me because the music coming from the "company store", the electronic media, was constantly interrupting normal cultural exchanges in our communities, creating a confused set of values and expectations. Neighbors weren't getting together and singing any more. And, by extension, people with similar ideas and cultural needs were not always neighbors anymore.

Another major problem has been the present lack of a coherent center among organizations of the left, or even a coalition of forces among broader groups. The present conditions of rampant sectarianism make it very difficult for cultural workers to find their audiences. If groups can't even agree among themselves, then how can they agree on which songs and which singers will best reflect their struggles and their goals? And yet, communities of interest do exist on the people's side, just as they so obviously do on the side of those who presently hold the power and, through their unity, rule our lives. It seems clear that a strong people's unity must be built as our first line of defense in the face of a crumbling domestic and foreign economy, the aftermath of Watergate, and the shift in foreign policies with the ending of the wars in Southeast Asia. The songs and the singers can be a help in building that unity."

—Barbara Dane
LEAVING THE SIXTIES BEHIND

For a brief moment in the 1960s, an illusion seemed to be on the verge of turning into a reality. Rebellion swept the land in those years. If it was not the “Revolution” some of its adherents imagined, neither was it the latter day version of youthful hijinks with which some paternalistic observers dismissed it.

At first the rebellion came from the dashed expectations of the freedom marches and the lunch counter sit-ins which won some gains. Later it was the shock of America’s longest, ugliest and most unjust war. But even these major social phenomena were themselves the symptoms of something more fundamental—the qualitative deterioration of a system seemingly so towering it could not see the ground beneath its feet turning into quicksand.

Out of this maelstrom of social collapse and a rising spirit of rebelliousness emerged a cultural expression so at odds with all that had preceded it that it seemed to many as if the anthems of a new age were being written. Even more astounding, the songs, the literature, the plays, the films—far from being confined to esoteric oases of “enlightenment” in an otherwise barren cultural landscape—became the very heart’s blood of popular culture.

Once-brave proclamations on the possibilities of “the people capturing the media” suddenly seemed to move from the realm of rhetoric to reality. Dissent—that elusive pariah of the 50s—became a readily merchandisable commodity of the 60s. A music store proprietor in Newport, Rhode Island summed up the moment as well as anyone could have: “Protest is selling well this year,” he said in 1967 while Newark was burning.

It didn’t start that way. It started with a handful of people—and this writer was among them—who believed that the creation and distribution of “people’s songs” would help working people develop the fighting spirit and class unity needed in the struggle for survival and revolutionary change.

And a movement did grow—and did sing. But the years of repression took their toll. The movement shivered. Many who had fought hard for workers’ rights in the early years settled for “careers” in the very unions whose founding required a fierce struggle. Similarly musicians and writers who had aspired to creating a people’s culture settled for the security of providing the system with its pretensions to “enlightenment.” The left lost not only its roots; it lost communication with a generation. And what wasn’t suppressed or destroyed was all-too-frequently lost through error and short-sightedness.

By the sixties, the songs that had once stirred the minds of a generation had become artifacts of militant nostalgia, suitable for entertainment at parties designed to recall the good old days before everything went flat—just as the movement which had given them birth became only a hollow echo of what it once had been.

And then came the new songs—and the new singers. They burst upon America as the musical accompaniment to the New Left—brash, iconoclastic, alienated, yearning to reclaim a vision of what they had been told America might have been. At their best—and one speaks here both of the music and the politics—they were frighteningly original, vertically insightful and fearless. They were unpredictable and challenged the authority not
only of their rulers and their elders, but the very modes of behavior which time and tradition had encrusted into something called “morality.”

They challenged the institutions of white racism with a fervor that was not always matched by their comprehension; they challenged a president (and helped drive him from office) because in pursuing a genocidal war in Vietnam he made a mockery of the very pretensions the country had lived by; and they provided the shock troops for that resistance which eventually comprised a second front behind the lines.

This much they did—and more. But for all their personal liberation, they were still a generation imprisoned by a social, economic, political and military apparatus that they understood imperfectly, at best. All too often they thought their enemy was ‘straight’ America, when in reality it was imperialist America. The failure to understand that difference kept them isolated from the great majority of working people.

Spectacular though their decade was, there was little to show for it when it was over. They created no new permanent forms of political organization. And of the handful of songs they left behind—some now seem pathetically naive while others, it can now be seen, aspired alternately to human celebration or social despair, but lapsed instead into self-indulgence.

It would be unjust to fault the singers and the writers for failing to build a movement that would go beyond the moment. Such a task is not theirs in the first place. Largely left to their own devices, they saw no contradiction between their politics and their careers. At least that is what they said—and so their careers rather than their politics were always in command. Their songs were on the lips of millions and perhaps it is understandable that they should imagine they had a power they never had. If the songs and the singers were commodities, well that’s the way politics is sold in America, isn’t it?

Or is it?
The point must be conceded. Traditional American politics is merely the sound and fury that accompanies the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, even when the guard is occasionally permitted to carry a banner (or a banjo).

But there is another kind of politics. It is a politics which sees the institutions of America as the pillars of a social system which has become as outmoded as it is voracious.

This is a politics which does not believe that the world will be changed by some magic act of personal purification—no matter how widely proclaimed. It is a politics of struggle, of belief that the masses of working people have both the capacity to organize society in a more rational way and the power to seize society from those who hold it in thrall.

This is a politics which believes in organization, discipline, comradeship, political study, internationalism and the creative potential of the people as a whole.

The songs of the sixties are largely irrelevant to such a politics, although many of the songs of earlier times can still inspire it.

But it is a politics requiring a new song and a different kind of singer, one who will be able to see through the illusions that monopoly capitalism renews each day in the minds of its cultural workers.

This new recorded song magazine is an attempt to link up the political demands of this time with what should be its natural musical expression.

IRWIN SILBER

SINGERS ON THIS RECORD WHO HAVE COMPLETE LP’S AVAILABLE FROM PAREDON:

P-1028 GIVE YOUR HANDS TO STRUGGLE: The Evolution of a Freedom Singer. Bernice Reagon, a founder of the Freedom Singers of SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee), sings all four voices of this “female vocal quartet,” and has composed nearly all of the songs. Included are “Joann Little,” “Had, Took and Misled” (taken from a speech of Malcolm X), “There’s a New World Coming” (written on the day of the Vietnamese victory) and others which will become people’s classics for future struggles. Her first record after a break of several years.

1-12” LP .................................. $5.00

P-1024 WORKING PEOPLE GONNA RISE! Sung by The Human Condition with Beverly Grant. Recently released first album by one of the most exciting contemporary political-music groups includes: Janie’s Janie, Charlie’s Song, Mama, I Remember and Working People Gonna Rise.

1-12” LP .................................. $5.00

P-1020 A GRAIN OF SAND: Music for the Struggle by Asians in America, sung by Chris Kando Iijima, Joanne Nobuko Miyamoto, and Charlie Chin. 12 original songs, incl. Yellow Pearl, Wandering Chinaman, We Are the Children, War of the Flea, etc.

1-12” LP .................................. $5.00

P-1015 WE SAY NO TO YOUR WAR! Antiwar and protest songs written and sung by The Covered Wagon Musicians, active-duty Air Force people, Mountain Home Air Force Base, Idaho, including “Children of the Delta,” AAThe People’s Thank You” and 11 other original songs; with complete texts and notes on the songs and the GI movement.

1-12” LP .................................. $5.00

P-1014 I HATE THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM. Songs of the American working class and the struggle against oppression sung by Barbara Dane. Songs of miners, auto workers, migrant workers, antiwar GIs, student protesters, etc. including Ludlow Massacre, I Hate the Capitalist System, Lonesome Jailhouse Blues, Speed-Up Song, Working Class Woman, others. With complete song texts and documentary notes.

1-12” LP .................................. $5.00
MULTI-NATIONAL CORPORATION MAN
Words and music: Bill Horwitz
© 1974 Lox and Hegel's Music
(chorus)

G Who owns Exxon?
C C D G
Who owns ITT?

Who makes the world go 'round,

A Who keeps it safe and free?

G E m
Who sells us processed food

C C D G
TV's, cars and sex?

It's the Multi-National

D Corporation Man.

C C F G
He always knows what's best.

He's really a magician
He sells us gasoline
That turns to poison in the air
He fills our cities with his
monuments of power
He's the multi-national
corporation man
He can rent you out by the hour.
(chorus)

He picks our wars for us.
Tells us who is right.
And when one ends
He's always got several more to
fight
But he's so benevolent
Cause he'll take care of his poor
If the multi-national corporation
man
Feels danger at his door.
(chorus)

You think I'm foolin'
You think he isn't real
You think I'm handing you
Some old communist appeal
Well I might be a red
But you might be a fool
If the multi-national corporation
man
Keeps making up your rules.
(chorus)
BILL HORWITZ:
I was born in Boston, but have lived in New Haven for nearly eight years, first in a collective and now with a friend and her six-year-old daughter. My father went to law school on the GI bill. He was very poor and very determined. He often talked about being scared of starving during the Depression. My mother worked at various odd jobs. She was a communist, and the daughter of a salesman.

We moved to Brooklyn, then to the Bronx, and then Manhattan. They got wealthy. I took piano lessons at the age of eight, and kept it up until I was fifteen. I learned the banjo and guitar “on my own” from various pickers, Happy Traum and Barry Kornfeld among them. I’ve always done a lot of thinking (perhaps too much) and so I guess I’ve always been concerned with politics.

This song was written a couple of years ago, and I recorded it only recently. In between, it has gone through a change in the balance between music and words. But then, so have I. Looks like the song will still be timely for a while yet, unfortunately.

-Bill Horwitz

HOLLY NEAR:
When we asked for some biographical notes, Holly said she would prefer to print the following statement:

“The essence of struggle is recorded by natural poets and balladeers. A Vietnamese woman sings about her imprisoned sister in the South. Married couples live out poems of disenchantment. A worker finds the will to live in the rhythm of the labor. A child dances as if no one is watching. It is with proud acknowledgement of these people that I choose to be a cultural worker.”

IT COULD HAVE BEEN ME:
The song started out to be just about the killings at Kent State (see note). I was asked by Dean Kahler (one of the students who was shot but survived) to write a song to be sung at a large memorial event on May 4, 1974. Thus the first verse and the chorus got written. But that same week, a friend returned from a fact-finding trip to Chile (post-coup). He told me about a singer who had been one of the thousands murdered during the take-over. I felt a great need to speak to that singer, to tell him I felt stronger than ever because of his courage in the face of death. The chorus of the Kent song kept invading my mind... it could have been me. Verse two.

The third verse happened as the plane landed in Ohio. Necessarily so, it was about a woman, Vietnamese in my mind. But there are jungles all over the world. So the song had grown, and it seemed logical that the song included struggles against a common enemy.

Comment to singers: Since the writing of the song, people have criticized the fact that I mention only the killings of the white students at Kent and not those of Black students at Jackson State, which happened at about the same time. The first line of verse one can be changed to acknowledge this.

-Holly Near

Holly Near’s records “Hang in There” and “Holly Near—A Live Album” can be ordered from Redwood Records, 565 Doolin Canyon, Ukiah, Calif. 15482 for $4.50 per record. The “Hang in THERE” songbook which contains a melody line of the above song plus 14 others, can be ordered for $2.50. Jeffrey Langley is Holly’s accompanist.

Notes about the events at Kent State:
On May 4, 1970, during a student demonstration against the U.S. invasion of Cambodia, fifteen students were shot by the Ohio National Guard on the campus of Kent State U. Four of the students, Allison Krause, Geoffrey Miller, Bill Schroeder, and Sandra Scheuer, died of their wounds and others have lifetime disabilities as a result.

Rather than launch an investigation into why the Guard was using lethal ammunition or who gave the order to shoot, the state indicted twenty-five students and one teacher for “inciting to riot.” Most of them were found not guilty after a lengthy and costly trial. William Saxbe was U.S. senator from Ohio at the time, and since then his career has taken a decided turn for the better.

The U.S. Justice Department under John Mitchell (later convicted of Watergate crimes and sentenced to jail) and under Richard Kleindeinst, has been sued by the survivors and parents of the murdered students to try to force a new investigation. Up to now the department has steadfastly refused. The Guardsmen involved were sued for damages, and eight were indicted but later found not guilty. At this writing (1975) a suit for civil damages of $48 million has been lodged by the parents and survivors against former Ohio Governor Rhodes. He was in office at the time of the massacre, later thrown out of office for bribery and other crimes against the state, and recently re-elected (!).

-Editor
freedom, freedom, freedom,  
G\(^7\)  freedom,  
Gm\(^7\)  Gm\(^7/C\)
If you can work* for freedom  
F  I can too.  
(verse #1)

Gm  F
Students in Ohio  
Gm  F
Two hundred yards away  
Gm  F
Shot down by nameless fire one  
Gb  C\(^7\) (sus)  
early day in May,  
F
Some people cried out angry
You should have shot more of them down  
Gm\(^7\)  Bb  But you can’t bury youth my
friends  
Gm\(^7\)  F
Youth grows the whole world  
round.
And it could have been me  
(chorus #2 replace "*work" with "die")

(verse #2)
The junta took the fingers  
From Victor Jara’s hands
They said to the gentle poet
Play your guitar now if you can
Well, Victor started singing
Until they shot his body down
You can kill a man but not a song
When it’s sung the whole world round.
(chorus #3 replace "*work" with "sing")

(verse #3)
A woman in the jungle
So many wars away
Studies late into the night
Defends a village in the day
Although her skin is golden
Like mine will never be
Her song is heard, I know the words
And I’ll sing them ’til she is free.
(chorus #4 replace "*work" with "live")
 Covered Wagon Musicians (l to r) Carolyn, Nancy, Vic, Patrick, Dennis, Jimmy, Dusty

COVERED WAGON MUSICIANS:
The group came into being in June of 1971, during the escalation of technological warfare by the Air Force, as just one of the voices of GI resistance at Mountain Home Air Force Base, Idaho. Two of the GIs against imperialism in the short—and long—one of the civilian organizers, Mark Lane, wrote the first original Wagon song, "Silver Bird" (about the awesome B-52s and the resistance of the GIs who work on them). Since then, hundreds of GIs, both enlisted and commissioned women and men, together with their civilian friends, have shaped the experiences of the Covered Wagon.

Our songs have been sung everywhere on the base: in the barracks, on the flight line, in the planes, in the maintenance shops, in the chow hall, off the base at the project, after a collective meal, a newspaper planning meeting, beer blasts, study groups and all over Idaho at rallies, on TV, in demonstrations, always spreading the word of GI resistance. Theingers and others were organizing GIs against imperialism in the short and in the long range, and building unity around GI demands for their immediate needs: better working and living conditions and freedom from racism, sexism and militarism within the armed forces. In short, we were "making our songs louder than the sounds of the bombs," as the Vietnamese say.

The music on this album was performed by several ex-GIs and military dependents who have worked—or are still working—at the Covered Wagon GI project in Mountain Home, Idaho.

-Jim Schaffer

RED DAWN:
On more than one occasion, GIs and civilian organizers from the Covered Wagon went to Wounded Knee and the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota to assist the American Indian Movement and the Wounded Knee Legal Defense/Offense Committee during the 1973 occupation and siege.

This song, written by Mark Lane and myself when we were living there, is an attempt to summarize some reflections, images and concerns of the life one leads while on the Pine Ridge Reservation.

I am singing lead vocal and playing acoustic guitar. Vic Paciaia, Patrick Henry, Nancy Rhodes and Dusty Rhodes are also singing, and Dennis Smith adds the eerie, powerful harmonica.

JIM SCHAFFER

Side 1, Band 3: [5:10]
RED DAWN
Words: Mark Lane. Music: Jim Schaffer
©1973 Lane-Schaffer

\[\text{Am} \]
I feel the plains are singing
\[\text{Am} \]
And rolling in the sun
\[\text{Am} \]
Sandy creeks are humming
\[\text{Am} \]
And the earth, the sky are one.

The Badlands smile and call to me,
And shadows dance at dawn
Ancient carvings are in the land
But ancient dreams are gone.

(continued on next page)
(chorus)
Red dawn, red sand, red woman,
Red man.

Now it's time to think of sisters
And of brothers from the land
Whose dreams once filled this
empty place
Whose bones rest in the sand.
(chorus)

I breathe the pure and sparkling
air
Of a thousand years ago.
I hear the rushing sound of water
And I see the bubbling, crystal
flow.
(chorus)

I see the massive, endless herds.
I sense the peace of harmony,
Of creatures that crawl and fly
and walk,
With the plains and the grass
and the sun and the sea.
(chorus)

Oh, come and take this land again
The earth you loved must now be
free
Give this whole land peace and
hope again,
Stand as you stood at Wounded Knee.

AL RIADE:
I joined the U.S. Marine Corps in 1964, at the age
of 19. The reason I joined was because I wanted a
change of pace in my life. Before that, I belonged to
a very poor family. My father had come from the
Philippines and was working here in the United
States as a farm worker, and my mother is a
full-blooded Indian from Northern California. I left
home at 15, and since that time I worked, went to
high school, and graduated. Searching for
something different, and feeling patriotic, I joined
the Marines in December of 1964. I went through
basic training and then spent 16 months at Long
Beach Marine Barracks as an MP.

I requested duty twice for Vietnam. The first time,
I was rejected because my brother was over there
and I was the sole surviving son in the U.S. If he had
been killed, I would have never gone over, for sure.
But I volunteered a second time, was accepted, and
got to Vietnam. When I landed on the battlefield, I
was really shocked because I didn't expect to see
whole families on the field. I began to realize too
what my background was. I was Asian, and these
people I was killing were Asians too. I saw this was
the wrong thing and I began to have anti-war
feelings. After six months on the battlefield, I was
captured. During six years of captivity I learned
about the Vietnamese people, their cultural
traditions and their 4000 years of history.

-Al Riate

PLAY YOUR GUITARS, AMERICAN FRIENDS:
This song was composed in Hanoi in December,
1969, by one of North Vietnam's leading songwriters,
after hearing the news of massive demonstrations in
Washington, D.C. and all over the U.S.A. by people
against the U.S. war of aggression. On a visit to
Vietnam in the winter of 1974-75, Barbara Dane
reported that this song was known all along her
journey, from Hanoi to Quang Tri, and was the first
song presented by the young Vietnamese singers in
their cultural exchanges with her.

"The Ballad of Ho Chi Minh" refers to the song
composed in 1954, after the Battle of Dien Bien Phu,
by British singer/composer Ewan McColl. It was
widely sung by the American anti-war movement, and has also been translated and sung in Vietnamese by a leading cultural worker of the North, Quang Hung. It may be found in the Vietnam Songbook, edited and published by Barbara Dane and Irwin Silber, available from Paredon Records. What follows below is a literal translation waiting for someone to rewrite it into singable lyrics to fit the music. If you accomplish this feat, please send it in!
—Ed.

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Side 1, Band 4: [1:45]
PLAY YOUR GUITARS, AMERICAN FRIENDS
Words and music: Pham Tuyen
©1969 Pham Tuyen DRV

“My name is Alphonso Ray Riate. I have served 6 years as an American prisoner of war in Vietnam. During my time in captivity I have learned to sing several songs in Vietnamese. I am going to sing a song that was made for the American people in the year of 1971 about the American people who are working for peace and to resolve the war in Vietnam.”

GAY DAN LEN, HOI NGUOI BAN MY!
Oa-sinh-ton dem nay
Lua tranh dau dang luc chay,
Nghe tieng hat anh vang moi noi,
Chan ly dang toa sang ngoi.
Song Po-to-mac ngay dem
Da in bonh ann dep thay,
Tay gay dan, mieng hat vang,
Di giu lay cuoc doi!

Gay dan len di, ban oi!
Cho tieng ca cang vang.
Cho soi len trong mau
Quyet tam giu lay Mua Xuan,
Cho khap noi xuong duong di
Trong khoc ca ket doan.

Cung hat len nhiet tinh
Bai Ca Ho Chi Minh!
Anh nghie chang dem nay
Ca nuoc My dang suc soi,
Oi thong thiet chuong ngan nha tho,
Giu giao bao nguoi xuong duong,
Anh nghie chang ben Viet nam
Co bao buoc chan cung di,
Ngan ban tay quan sat nhan
Di giu gin Hoa Binh.

Gay dan len di, ban oi!
Theo tieng sung Mien Nam

Di len! Nhan dan My,
Chung ta hay xiet chat tay,
Cung dau tranh cho Hoa binh,
Diet chien tranh xam luoc.
Cung hat len nhiet tinh
Bai ca dau tranh!

---

Barbara Dane and Al Riate

Today in Washington, the fire of struggle is burning.
People everywhere can hear your songs, and the truth shines through brightly.
The Potomac River has reflected your beautiful image by day and by night.
Playing your guitars and singing out loud, you march for life.

Play your guitars, my friends,
Let the singing resound all the louder.

So that it fills your hearts with determination to defend the spring,
So that everywhere people will march to your ballad of unity

Let us sing the ballad of commitment
The Ballad of Ho Chi Minh!

Have you heard that the whole United States is standing up with you?
The church bells are ringing with compassion, urging the people to march.
Have you heard that Vietnam is also on the move,
Holding back the hands of the murderers, defending the peace?

Play your guitars, my friends,
To the tempo of the gunfire in South Vietnam.

March, American people, and we join hands and march with you,
In the struggle for peace, to destroy aggressive war.

Let us sing the ballad of our commitment
The ballad of struggle.
OSCAR BRAND:

He is a singer who has been around for a long time, and his voice is quite familiar to us. His involvement in the arts during the past 30 years has been extensive, ranging from hosting innumerable folk song programs to creating music and lyrics for Broadway musicals or writing Cheerios commercials. He is vice president of the Songwriters’ Hall of Fame, author of ten books and manuals of music, and has recorded 55 LP’s. His most recent work has been that of writer-director of “The High Road” at Kennedy Center in New York.

A VERY NICE COUNTRY:

“In the mid-60’s, I was singing at the Mariposa Festival in Toronto when a small contingent of eager young men asked me for the music and lyrics to my Canadian anthem, ‘Something To Sing About’. They explained that they were Americans-in-exile, as opposed to the Vietnam War as I was, but suffering because they were still of draft age. They intended to sing the song until they felt at home in Canada... but were not too optimistic about it.

I thought I’d better write a song about them. By now a lot of those young Americans up there may prefer to stay... It doesn’t make any difference, the choice should be theirs.”

-Oscar Brand

A DRAFT RESISTER ON AMNESTY:

Which country is “my” country, and what does that mean? Which side am I on? Amnesty is about these important questions in our recent past, and also our long-term future as Americans. Some think of the need for amnesty only in terms of exiles, like the author of this song. Exiles are a romantic novelty. But most of the people who need amnesty are less dramatic and less visible. They are the veterans with the less-than-honorable discharges. Lost among the more than ten million jobless here at home.

Bad discharges keep veterans out of VA hospitals and other programs they badly need. The military gave them these life sentences as punishment for saying no to war crimes, and to military repression and racism. Amnesty means winning back for them a chance at life. A problem for the military system is that amnesty would legitimize all forms of popular resistance to our government’s imperialist wars. Winning amnesty can help prepare our people—especially the young—to be able to answer the question of the future: which side are you on?

-Dee Knight

(Dee Knight went to Canada in 1968 in order to resist the U.S. war of aggression in Indochina. The draft evasion charges against him were dropped by the state in 1972. He was an editor of AMEX/CANADA magazine, “published by Americans exiled in Canada”, until his return to the U.S. in the fall of 1974. He now represents the exile community on the National Council for Universal and Unconditional Amnesty.)

Side 1, Band 5: [4:05]
A VERY NICE COUNTRY
Words and music: Oscar Brand
©1973 Gypsy Hill Music BMI

I was born in Philadelphia,
Not too far from Rittenhouse Square
Maybe you pass by the place

sometime,

My family still lives there.
But please don’t ask them about me

Especially not my Dad
Far as he’s concerned,
I’m just another bit of
Good luck that went bad.

(continued on next page)
Chorus:
And so I'm living up here in
Canada,
Living here all alone.
A very nice country,
But not my own.

Funny thing about the people here
They're just like the people back home
And the buildings look a lot alike
Not much of that New York chrome
The streets are a little bit cleaner
And every one has its sign,
Printed very neatly
Half a million streets,
Not one of them mine.
(chorus)

I keep writing lots of letters home
I get answers once in a while.
Saying things like, "Please don't catch a cold."
My Mom always makes me smile.
They never mention my brother
Or what he intends to be
Guess they're all afraid
If we got too friendly
He'll turn out like me.
(chorus)

Funny thing, the war is over now.
They're not making anyone go.
Seems as if they just got tired of it.
And they used to love it so.
You'd think they'd say, we're sorry now,
And maybe you were right.
But they won't let us back.
They say it isn't fair
To the kids they forced to fight.
(chorus)

There are lots of others living here,
Twenty, thirty thousand or so,
Some of them say they would rather stay,
But I sure would like to go.
And now they're talking amnesty.
Just as in Lincoln's times
We could make a deal
Let us back and we'll help clean up all their crimes.
(chorus)
THE HUMAN CONDITION:
The Human Condition is a group of 5 young activist/musicians from N.Y.—Beverly Grant, Peter Farmese, Mario Giacalone, Gene Hicks, and Jerry Mitnick. Coming from white working-class backgrounds, they bring to their music a strong sense of alienation from the economic and social system of this country, and a determination to do something about it. "We would like to see ourselves become more and more integrated with organized struggle, because we feel that cultural tools will play a more and more important role in the people's efforts to change things in this country". Their album "Working People Gonna Rise" is available from Paredon Records.

INEZ:
Inez Garcia was raped on March 19, 1974, in Soledad, California. On October 4 of the same year, she was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to five years to life because she shot and killed one of the men who helped rape her. The man who actually raped her was the star witness for the prosecution, and he walked away a free man.

The original trial lasted six weeks, and an appeal is now in preparation. Inez Garcia’s action and the subsequent trial has raised for many women the question of our right to self-defense, and a defense committee has formed on her behalf. Her appeal is based on the judge’s refusal to allow the fact of rape to be introduced into the murder trial as justification for what followed. The song is a re-inactment of what took place, and the words are those of the people involved. Poetic license is exercised here and there to make those words rhyme.

Inez Garcia’s case brings to mind Joann Little, who is a Black woman on trial in North Carolina for killing a white prison guard who had entered her cell in order to rape her. The guard was found dead on the floor of her cell, naked from the waist down, with semen on his leg, and Little is being persecuted for refusing to be a passive victim. There are those in our society who consider a woman who defends herself some kind of animal. "We got the right to fight!"

BEVERLY GRANT

SIDE 1, BAND 6: [3:00]
INEZ
Words and music: Beverly Grant
©1975 B. Grant

It's an early spring day in a California town. A woman home all alone. G A

The doorbell rings, she lets two men in who want to wait 'til her friend gets home. D A

Well, time drags on, they're drinking beer, next thing you

(continued on next page)
know they're gettin' out of line.

Then her friend shows, they get to trading blows.

The odds are two to one and one's behind.

INEZ - jumped up and screamed: "Get out of my house!" And went out to make sure they'd gone.

INEZ - but they waited for her and raped her and beat her right there on the ground.

INEZ - In a state of rage she went for her .22 and then went out to track them down.

INEZ - Shot the 300 lb. man who helped rape her and he fell dead on the ground.

A (BRIDGE:)

After a while they brought her to trial for murder in the first degree.

B The man who had raped her testified against her and naturally got off scot free.

E The defense said: "Your honor, this woman was raped. It's clear that her crime's justified." G A

E The judge said: "We're not here to judge an alleged rape. It's murder for which she's being tried." D A

The D.A. said: "Inez, did you take off your panties? Were you wearing a bra? Did you like it?"

Inez screamed: "I KILLED HIM AND I'M GLAD THAT I DID. If the other man died, I'd feel fine."

(A man on the jury said: "After all, they were just trying to show here a good time.")

INEZ...INEZ...INEZ...INEZ...INEZ...
BERNICE REAGON:
I was born in Albany, Georgia, and grew up in the Baptist Church where my father, Reverend Jessie Johnson, was minister. I have linked political struggle with music since 1961, when I joined the Albany Movement in Georgia. It was there as a song leader that I saw first-hand how Black culture has always supported people involved in struggle.

I left home and school in 1962, to sing with the original SNCC Freedom Singers. Later, I moved from the songs of the Movement to the larger area of Black oral culture. Recently, I have received my Ph.D. in Oral History from Howard University. I live in Washington, D.C., with my two children, Toshi and Kwan, where I continue to sing, teach, research, compose, and organize.

WE’VE COME A LONG WAY:
I worked with an independent school in Atlanta, Georgia. In 1969 we tried to evolve an alternative to Christmas and came up with a family celebration. Because music was so important for Christmas, this was one of the few times I sat down and tried to write a song for a specific occasion.

The song’s basic comment is that in this country, the Black community is plagued with splits and divisions. Any time we find the means to come together and function as a group, we are moving against a history that has hindered our development toward unity. We should look closely at such times and document them. And we should celebrate.

-W Bernice Reagon

Pete Seeger:
Pete is probably America’s best-known folk singer. As a young man with a rich musical background (his entire family is made up of professional musicians and his father Charles is a founding father of the science of investigating a people through its folk song), he travelled the country picking up tunes from everywhere. He teamed up at various times with other singers like Woody Guthrie, Millard Lampell, Will Gear, etc., in the song groups known as the Almanacs and the Weavers. His concert stage has ranged from factory gate to Carnegie Hall. Though blacklisted from the commercial media, he continued singing and bringing his gift of courage to many through the difficult years of McCarthyism. Pete’s seemingly endless repertoire reflects a continuing concern for all people and their struggles for a better world. It is fitting that he should be represented on this first issue of “What Now, People?” since he was a founder of the People’s Songs Bulletin, Sing Out! Magazine, and a sponsor of Broadside magazine, thereby taking a decisive role in the dissemination of political/cultural materials.

-HOW ABOUT YOU?:
This song was composed and sung by Jim Garland, a Kentucky coal miner, in 1932. The reason for this song was that after working in the mines for six months he hadn’t been able to buy his wife a pair of slippers. He went on strike with the miners and has got an injunction signed by the President... against Jim Garland and others, saying that he would have to face the Federal Courts and probably have his furniture thrown onto the highway. Jim says that this was the reason he composed this song from his own feelings.

-Woody Guthrie, from “Hard Hitting Songs.”
HOW ABOUT YOU?
Words and music: Jim Garland
©1966 Stormking Music, Inc.

How well do I remember
How class struggle brought me through
I went out on strike in thirty-two.
They brought the thugs against me,
And the state militia too.
And they kicked me in the gutter.
How about you?

(chorus)
How about you?
How about you?
Can't you see this system's rotten through and through?
It gives millions to the bosses,
The capitalistic few,
But enslaves the toiling masses.
Like me and you.

We know the boss won't like it,
To work like me and you,
But there's one thing he can always do,
He can jump in the lake if he wants to,
And break himself in two,
But he cannot rob us workers,
Like me and you.

(chorus)

REDWING:
We are a group of four people who perform music and poetry to help the poor and oppressed people's struggle for change. The group includes an engine-lathe operator who is the mother of five children, a printer, a former professional musician now trained as a turret-lathe operator, and a woman born into a high-ranking military family who is now entering industrial training. In the two years of the group's existence, we have come from an anarchist to a Marxist perspective. We have performed in many prisons, on picket lines, at rallies for political prisoners, at benefits for community groups, and at anti-imperialist events.

Musically, we are heavily influenced by traditional folk and country music. We use banjos, guitar, autoharp, kazoo, tambourine, and often the high type of harmony associated with country music. The bulk of our material comes from outside sources, but we also perform some original music and poetry.

Cultural work is not our major political activity. Our jobs and the struggles there are our main focus; but we do believe that cultural work is (continued on next page)
an essential part of the struggle for revolution, and we try to participate and learn in this area as well. In the future, we see Redwing being more flexible, performing in different combinations and as individuals, and working more with others in cultural areas.

THE ALLEN-BRADLEY CLOCK:

Approaching Milwaukee from any direction, the “world’s largest” four-faced clock stands out over the skyline of the city, on the top of a tower over the Allen-Bradley factory. It was built in 1962, with a penthouse directly below it in the tower, where the “tired executives” could stay if they didn’t feel up to making the drive out to their estates in the countryside. (The penthouse has since been converted into a restaurant.)

The clock can be seen for miles, and is fully lit during the night. It is a fascinating attraction to tourists, but to the workers in the factory it symbolizes a time that is coming... a new time, the workers’ time. There was a militant strike at the plant in the late sixties, but it was sold out by union bureaucrats. A little later, the Latin community where the factory is located staged strong protests over the discriminatory hiring practices of the company. This was met with a token affirmative program, but today few Latins work at Allen-Bradley.

All the details in the song are true to life. The company makes stationary electronic parts: transistors, capacitors, resistors, etc. It has plants all over the world. This song was written after meeting workers from the company, who told us how irrelevant to them and their problems the landmark status of the clock is. Indeed, to them it feels like a bad joke, one that is on its way to back-firing. It’s the people’s time, you know.

On the south side of Milwaukee, factory smoke in the air
The world’s largest four-faced clock hovers everywhere
It’s the Allen-Bradley factory clock
Its hands order out the time
But it’s the hands of the workers in the factory below
That move the line

Seven thousand people a day work in the factory
The clock calls out the hours of their paid slavery
A strong hand grabs the paycheck that’s supposed to make ends meet
The cost of living rises again and the clock keeps the beat.

The Bradley family and their kind like king and queen of old
Send poor people to the hardest jobs while they count the gold
We’re drafted in their armies, have to work in their factories
Since the beginning of time they’ve owned the line and never met our needs.

Now they’re moving to Mexico to exploit the workers there
South Africa, England, Japan, the clock is everywhere
But workers around the world are starting to tell the time
We know our freedom can only come when we all own that line.

From the south side of Milwaukee to the hills of Vietnam
Poor people banding together are defeating the bosses’ bombs
The workers are an army, the bosses are the foe
A new day is coming, it’s the people’s time, you know
It’s the people’s time, you know It’s the people’s time, you know!"
HERE'S A GIFT FROM ROCKY
Words and music: Charlie King
©1974 C. King

Am
We've seen the gifts flow down,
from Rockefeller's vault.
Pm
He tells us that he's generous,
E7
but never to a fault.
Am
He's on the give, not on the take,
Pm
well, if you think that's true,
E7
Let's take a look at what he gives
Am
and who he gives it to. Hey,
Chorus:
Am
Here's a gift from Rocky, it's
E7
the answer to your prayer.
Am
He heard you were in trouble
E7
and he always does his share.
Pm
Just think of him as Robin Hood,
Am
with one important hitch,
E7
He's robbin' from the poor
Am
folks and he's givin' to the
rich.

Here's to William Ronan, a half
a mill and more,
For takin' care of business on
the New York-Jersey shore.
I think of poor Bill Ronan, and
I shed a salty tear,
It's hard these days to make ends
meet on eighty grand a year.
So,
(chorus)
Here's a gift from Rocky, it's
the answer to your prayer..
(balance of chorus optional)

Ah, but New York welfare mothers
were livin' much too high.
They needed fiscal discipline
and Rocky's just the guy.
So when the unemployment rate
and the cost of living soared,
He cut back ADC 15% across the
board. Sayin'
(chorus)  (continued on next page)

CHARLIE KING:
About me. . . I'm living on the Lower East Side of
Manhattan, getting an education there. I've been
singing around New York in coffee houses and Irish
blue collar bars, on marches and rallies for about
four years now, and wrote most of my songs in the
last year. I characterize most of my music as
"Fabian Anarchist", whatever that means. I most
like to see people building small, decentralized
alternatives to the Death system we live in; the
wobblies called it building a new society within
the shell of the old. I'm most grateful for my
political/musical education to folks at the United
Farm Workers, the Catholic Worker and the IWW,
which is alive and well, and to the great singers of
broadside, blues and ballads that have always
sustained the spirit of resistance in this country. It's
my ambition to stay in that tradition.

HERE'S A GIFT FROM ROCKY:
About the song. . . I got pretty angry listening to
Rocky at the Senate VP confirmation hearings. I
mean madder than usual. Here he was baldly saying
that all the money he threw around to political
cronies and camp followers was done out of a spirit
of friendship and love. It was purely coincidence of
course that the recipients were all either powerful
political figures or crooks—the distinction is a very
fuzzy one—all in a position to do him some good in
his political and economic empire building. People
here in New York are familiar with the kind of gifts
Rocky dishes out to common folk, and now everyone
will get a chance to experience his largesse. Good
luck! I play it with a capo on the fifth fret, and
angrily.

-Charlie King
Here's to Henry Kissinger, in
friendship and in love,
A fifty thousand dollar check
descending from above,
Expecting nothing in return,
so Henry, off your knees.
Just think of good old Rocky
as you travel overseas. And,
(chorus)
Subway fares keep risin',
whoever we elect
From men who ride in limousines,
well what can we expect?
With David's transportation bonds
and Nelson's corporate flair,
Another upstate highway and a
half a dollar fare. Sayin'
(chorus)

For white folks in South Africa
it seems there is no peace,
Apartheid is expensive, some-
one's gotta pay the police.
With UN sanctions hurting trade,
they sure know who to thank,
When generous investments flow
from Chase Manhattan Bank.
Sayin'
(chorus)

Riots up in Attica, hostages and
all.
They want him to negotiate, they
got a lot of galls.
And Rocky, he spared no expense
on the answer to their call,
Delivered when the troopers opened
fire from the wall. Sayin'
(chorus)

Fuel was short last winter, this
year could be worse.
But you learn to live with crises
when they always line your
purse.
And if the Arabs cut us off will
Rocky find us more? Sure!
A good supply of costly crude
from Venezuela's shore. Sayin'
(chorus)

Gas is up; welfare's down: the
prisons under siege.
We're doin' good if we survive
his damned noblesse oblige.
And the biggest gift is yet to
come,
Oh won't we all be floored
When Rocky, our vice-president,
should say to Gerry Ford...
Gerry!

Here's your gift from Rocky, I
know you won't refuse,
You'll head the list of all my
friends, what have you got
to lose?
Just think of me as Santa Claus.
but let's get one thing clear.
You don't elect a Santa, it's
the same one every year.

(note to singers: If you have
a live audience joining you,
you'll probably want to use
the entire chorus.)

BARBARA DANE:
Barbara still sings the songs she first sang in front
of factory gates in the 40's—expressions of the
struggles going on around her during that period. In
recent years she has added songs of liberation
struggles all over the world. And all the while, she
has sung the blues, learning from and building on
the strength of women like Ma Rainey, Ida Cox, and
Bessie Smith.
As a blues singer, Barbara was headed for the big
time. Having taken to commerical work after the
collapse of the left in the 50's, she worked with Jack
Teagarden, Louis Armstrong, and Muddy Waters.
But when the sit-in movement, begun by southern
Black students in 1960, signalled a new awakening
of the American left, she chose another course. By
1964 Barbara had left the clubs and coffeehouses to
take part in the Mississippi Freedom Summer, and
later the anti-war movement. She sang at most of
the big rallies, but feels she learned the most from
her day-to-day work with the GI resistance
movement, acting as a singing organizer at bases all
over the U.S. and overseas "wherever the stars and
stripes were flying."
In 1966, Barbara was invited to Cuba as the first
U.S. people's singer to tour that country. In 1974 she
sang in Vietnam, from Hanoi down to the liberated
areas of Quang Tri. Since 1970 she has devoted
much of her time and energy to developing Paredon
records, which she sees as an extension of her work
as a singer trying to help Americans know about
people's movements everywhere.

-BARBARA DANE-

-BALLAD OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER:
This song, sent to me in 1969 by Peggy Seeger
from England, was written by a weekly visitor to the
Singers Club where she and Ewan McColl sing. He
had seen a short item in the Manchester Guardian
about an American GI who was found dead behind
enemy lines dressed in sandals and black pajamas.
Jack Warshaw, an American draft resister living in
England, cut Shearman's epic-length version down
to seven verses. Some GIs heard it, took it to
Vietnam, and six months later it travelled back to
England in its present form.

-BALLAD OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER-

Gas is up; welfare's down: the
prisons under siege.
We're doin' good if we survive
his damned noblesse oblige.
And the biggest gift is yet to
come,
Oh won't we all be floored
When Rocky, our vice-president,
should say to Gerry Ford...
Gerry!
When I visited Cuba in 1966, I spoke with Huynh Van Ba, the Provisional Revolutionary Government’s representative in Havana. He told me that many such cases were known. I was dubious at first, but since his job before coming to this part of the world was caring for American POWs in the South, it had me wondering. Then came this song, and later—in the early 70’s—the New York Times carried stories about a team known as Salt and Pepper (one Black and one white soldier) and another man called Porkchop, who became legendary for their capacity to be “everywhere” among the patriotic forces.

Some day I hope the complete stories will be told in this country, as examples of the highest form of proletarian internationalism, of Americans who understood before most of us that the people’s real enemy was never the peasant boys and girls in sandals and pajamas but rather the invisible businessmen and bankers hiding behind Wall Street’s towers.

This song was actually taped back in about 1970, and I want to thank my son, Pablo Menendez, for playing lead guitar on it.

-B. Dane

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Side 2, Band 5: 4:25

THE BALLAD OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
Words and music: Rod Shearman
© 1969 R. Shearman

G D

Come and listen to a story I will
G tell

C Of a young GI you will remember
G well.

C G C He died in Vietnam, in the Mekong
G Delta land.

G He had sandals on his feet and a
G rifle in his hand.

(chorus)

G D G G7 I wonder what was his name?
C

G I wonder from which town he
G came?

C G I wonder if his children un-
G derstand the reason why
D Of the way he had to fight
G

And the way he had to die.

They say that December ’65
Was the last time he was ever
seen alive.
It was U.S. Army lies that
caused him to decide
To leave his old top sergeant
and fight on the other side.

(chorus)

Was he lonesome for his home-
land far away?
Fighting with his new compan-
ions night and day?
In the base and jungle camps
they tell about a man
Sharing hardships with his
comrades
Fighting on the other side.

(chorus)

It was in the month of April ’68
In the Delta land he met a sol-
dier’s fate.
He fought to his last breath.
And he died a hero’s death.
And he wore the black breath of
the people’s NLF.

(chorus)

Well, it’s now that poor sol-
dier’s dead and gone.
His comrades and his friends
are fighting on.
And when the people win,
Of their heroes they will sing.
And his name will be remembered
with the name of Ho Chi Minh.

(chorus)
CHRIS KANDO IIJIMA:

Born December 19, 1948, in New York City, Chris went to Music and Art High School in New York. He learned French horn there, and also learned the limitations of a career in music for a Japanese-American. Chris has worked in various organizations in NYC, including Asians in the Spirit of the Indo-Chinese (ASI), and United Asians Communities Center. He appears on the album "A Grain of Sand - music for the struggle by Asians in America" along with Joanne Nobuko Miyamoto and "Charlie" Chin, available from Paredon Records.

SONG FOR A CHILD:
The song speaks for itself and we think it will become a classic of its kind.

-Ed.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

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P-1031 HAITI: WHAT IS TO BE DONE? [Ki Sa Pou-n Fe?]. Sung by Atis Indepandant, these songs help provide some answers to Lenin’s famous question in relation to the liberation of Haiti. Here is the expressive music which springs from the most brutally oppressed people in the Caribbean, with words that the tourist could never imagine. “My Father Left on a Boat,” “Misery,” “Darling,” “Look What’s Going On,” “Singing of My Country,” and other songs dealing with racism, sexism, the Tonton Macoute, voodoo superstition, and the dedication to struggle. The title song says, “The future of our country depends on us. No big neighbors will change things for us. The country belongs to us. We ourselves have to put it in order.” Sung in Creole. Accompanying booklet includes full texts and translations.
1-12” LP ....................................... $5.00

P-1032 SOMETHING IS BURNING OUT THERE [Algo se quema alla afuera], Estrella Artua sings of Puerto Rico, but also of other oppressed peoples in the Caribbean and Latin America. Her texts are taken from the Cuban poet Nicolas Guillen, Dominican poet Pedro Mir, Argentine poet Atahualpa Yupanqui, and Puerto Rican poet Noel Hernandez, but most of them are her own. Includes songs dedicated to martyred Chilean poet Victor Jara, Puerto Rican political prisoner Lolita Lebron, and a recently martyred Dominican woman, Mama Tingo. Booklet includes complete Spanish texts of songs with English translations.
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P-1018 CUBA: SONGS FOR OUR AMERICA by Carlos Puebla and his Tradicionales. A message from Cuba to the peoples of the western hemisphere, including the people of the U.S. Includes “Guajira for Lolita Lebron,” “Ya Te Veremos Libre,” (We Will See You Free), “Canto a Puerto Rico,” and “Yankee, Go Home!” Puebla is the father of Cuban protest song, and this set also contains his credo, “Soy del Pueblo” (I am of the People). Booklet includes complete Spanish texts and English translations plus biography.
1-12” LP ....................................... $5.00

P-1027 ARGENTINA: POR EL FUSIL Y LA FLOR/BY THE FLOWER AND THE GUN sung by Bernardo Palombo and Cantaclaro. The title song is one of the best known of its kind in Argentina. Also includes “Cuando Tengo la Tierra” (When I Have the Land), “Cancion para Gabriela” (Song for Gabriela), “Te Digo, Hermano, Que es Tiempo” (I Tell You, Brother, It’s Time) and eight others. Complete booklet includes Spanish texts, translations and a brief political history of Argentina with bibliography prepared by N.A.C.L.A.
1-12” LP ....................................... $5.00
P-1001 CANCION PROTESTA. Protest song of Latin America as performed by revolutionary artists of Argentina, Chile, Cuba, Peru and Uruguay. Recorded in Cuba during the historic meeting of singers from every continent in July, 1967. Accompanying illustrated booklet includes full texts of all songs in Spanish and English.
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