

Broadside

109

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1970

50¢



A group called The Lumpen, after the Marxian term Lumpenproletariat, sang songs that included the lyrics, "We must kill those who stop us from being free . . . There's bullets in the air, snipers everywhere, a pig's blood is in the streets . . . children throwing Molotovs . . ."

(See essay by Habib Tiwoni on page 3)

A L S O I N T H I S I S S U E

THE PAKISTAN FLOOD by John Brunner.
TIME IS RUNNING OUT by Wendy Smith.
HARRIET TUBMAN by Fred Kirkpatrick.
FIGHTING INFLATION by Maurice Sugar.

Steady Stare. What happened next? asked Daniel. "Calley and Meadlo got on line and fired directly into the people." What were the people doing? "They screamed and yelled. Some tried to get up. There were lots of heads and pieces of heads shot off and flesh flew off the sides and arms and legs."

(See clippings page)

HARRIET TUBMAN

Words & Music
REV. FRED D. KIRKPATRICK
© 1970 F. D. Kirkpatrick

1. I am Har-ri-et Tub-man, people, I am Har-ri-et the slave I am Har-ri-et, a
free woman, free within my grave. (CHO:) How far the road to Can-a-da How far do I have to
go? How far is the road to Mar'-land And the hatred that I know — How
far the road to Mary-land and the hatred that I know. —

I stabbed that overseer
I took his rusty knife
I killed that overseer
I took his low-down dirty life

CHORUS (How far the road to Canada...)

For three long years I hated him
For three years I kept my hate
It took me three long years of killing
Three years I had to wait

CHORUS (How far the road to Canada)

I have shook the dust of Maryland
From my weary feet
I'm on my way to Canada
To freedom's golden street

CHORUS

* I've come through swamps and mountains
I waded many creeks
Please tell my brothers yonder
No more auction block for me.
Please tell my brothers yonder
No more auction block for me
Please tell my brothers yonder
No more auction block for me.*

CHORUS

I ran the underground railroad
To set my people free
I never lost a passenger
I never charged a fee

(Repeat part between asterisks. End)

Ed.Note: "Harriet Tubman" is one of ten original BALLADS OF BLACK AMERICA "Kirk" has written and recorded for Media Projects Inc., 159 W. 53rd St. New York, NY 10019. They are on 8" LP plastic records, and each unit has an informational booklet plus a large poster of the words and music for "sing along" use. Write to MPI for further information, price, etc.

The other ballads tell the stories of Benjamin Banneker (the Black architect and scientist who laid out Washington, DC.), Sojourner Truth, Frederick Douglass, Dr. King, Leroy "Satchel" Paige, and the Deacons For Defense, which Kirk helped organize. Musical accompaniment is by Pete Seeger, Jeanne Humphries, and Wayne Grice.

TIME IS RUNNING OUT

Words & Music by WENDY SMITH
© 1970 Wendy Smith

TIME IS RUNNING OUT
TIME IS RUNNING OUT
THERE IS THUNDER IN THE AIR
I CAN HEAR THE VOICES SHOUT
THE FOUNDATION IS CRUMBLING
AND THE PEOPLE ARE RUNNING
OUT... LA, LA, LA

TIME IS RUNNING THIN
TIME IS RUNNING THIN
THE STONE-DEAF STATUES
ON THE TOP
DON'T KNOW WHAT SHAPE
THEY'RE IN

THERE'S A DIFFERENT BAND
A-PLAYING
AND THE MUSIC WILL SOON BEGIN
LA, LA, LA

TIME IS RUNNING SHORT
TIME IS RUNNING SHORT
THE ONES WHO WERE DOWN & POOR
HAVE GUNS AIMED AT YOUR HEART
THE DOORS OF REVOLUTION
THROWN OPEN
WITH THE RUSHING TIDE

THE KINGS & QUEENS ARE BROKEN
ONLY THE DEAD ARE LEFT BEHIND
WITH NO TIME.

Wendy Smith's "Time Is Running Out" is the title song of our newest BROADSIDE LP, just released. With Jimmy Collier singing his PICK-AXE & A STONE ("The Universal Guerilla") and Kirk his NOTHING BUT HIS BLOOD, we consider it the most significant of the 5 LP's Moses Asch has put out for us. \$5.95. Order from BROADSIDE RECORDS, 701 7th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036

THE PAKISTAN FLOOD

(Guitar or accordion chords indicated)

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Words by JOHN BRUNNER
Music adapted from the traditional (THE TITANIC)

On the isle of Ma-na-pu-ra one dark and stormy night We a-
wake to sounds of thun-der and a flash of brilliant light And the
o-cean came a-shore and the vil-lage was no more And our
dead can-not be coun-ted or the cost! Count the cost-of the
lost! A hun-dred thou-sand dead be-fore the dawn! Hus-bands a wives lit-tle
chil-dren lost their lives And the suf-fer-ing goes on and on and on!

On the isle of Manapura one dark and stormy night
We awoke to sounds of thunder and a flash of brilliant light

And the ocean came ashore and the village was no more -
And our dead cannot be counted, or the cost!

CHO. (New third line each time)

Count the cost - of the lost!

A hundred thousand dead before the dawn!

Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives
And the suffering goes on and on and on!

Well the radio had told us there were gales upon the way
So we stored our bit of rice, shut our buffaloes away
But the warning didn't save people from the tidal wave -
And our dead cannot be counted, or the cost!

CHO. Count the cost, etc

Hunger and cold, they are killing young and old
And the suffering, etc.

At the mouth of Mother Gunga the holy waters flow
And the land is rich and fertile and the rice and
cattle grow

But now Moslems and Hindus lie as corpses in the ooze
And our dead cannot be counted, or the cost!

CHO.....Mourning and prayer echo through the stinking air

Now our rice is foul and rotten, our cattle have all died
There is cholera and smallpox, and dysentery beside
All our homes were made of clay and the storm washed them
away

And the dead cannot be counted, or the cost!

CHO....Ev'ry new day takes a thousand more away...

Well the British were our rulers, about two hundred years
So we asked for help from London as we shed our useless
tears

They send less than what they pay for their weapons
ev'ry day

But our dead cannot be counted, or the cost!

CHO....Money to kill, nothing for the helpless ill...

You are spending by the million on bombs and guns and arms
We have pennies to protect us from cyclones & from storms
But the ones we loved are dead, so there's no more to be
said

When our dead cannot be counted, or the cost!

CHO....The rich, the poor, they are dead in the war
And the suffering goes on and on and on!

Screaming for Food

In a village about eight miles south of the town of Bhola, at the northern end of the island, hundreds of peasants surrounded a pickup truck, screaming for food.

"We have had no rations for two days," cried one man in tatters. "We don't have any clothes. Nothing has come."

The truck was carrying five-gallon tins of biscuits. As few of the tins were given out, the peasants surged against the truck, their hands clawing for the tins. The frightened driver started pulling out and the peasants clung to the back of the truck as long as they could.

PAKISTAN RELIEF IS NEEDED BADLY

Many Survivors of Cyclone Believed to Be Near Death

By SYDNEY H. SCHANBERG
Special to The New York Times

BHOLA ISLAND, Pakistan, Nov. 21.—If relief supplies are not airdropped soon to the coastal areas of East Pakistan cut off by last week's cyclone and tidal wave, many of the survivors probably will die of starvation, disease and exposure.

In a two-day tour of accessible parts of this large island, where officials say at least 200,000 persons died, the correspondent found that survivors even in some areas that are not isolated are frenzied for food and other supplies.

On every mud road and lane, people are begging and crying out for help. As they walk they hold clothes to their faces to try to keep out the odor of the decaying bodies.

BROADSIDE #109

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DISTRIBUTORS OF ASCH, BROADSIDE, & RBF RECORDS

(adv.)

Advertisement for Pioneer Record Sales, Inc. featuring a grid of small text boxes with various business and service listings, including 'SANTAY', 'RESTAURANT', and 'CATERING'.

WE MUST CREATE MUSIC THAT WILL MAKE PEOPLE DANCE ON THE
ASHES OF THE REACTIONARY DEAD

By Habib Tiwoni



THE LUMPEN performing at
a Black Panther rally.

Photo by Tommy Jagar

It is the dawning of the revolution in the bowels of Babylon, and what has to be done by all young entertainers, especially Black, is simply to raise their consciousness to a higher political level. After so doing, the artists can then proceed to using their art form to serve the oppressed masses.

Without a high political consciousness, an artist cannot even begin to think of creating any works of art that inspire the masses to move against the oppressor and his oppressive system. We can agree with the fact that any artist who sings, writes or paints about a subject which he or she knows absolutely nothing about is a fool. In the same manner, any artist who creates any work of art which he or she cannot put into practice and physically defend is also a fool or a coward. Since music is said to be the most abstract of the arts, then one would come to the conclusion that in order for the oppressed masses to really reap the benefit of the revolutionary essence of a song written in their behalf, the musical abstraction would have to be stripped away and the song made more explicit and related to objective reality.


One singing group comes to mind at this time in Babylon, the "Lumpen." This group of revolutionary musicians are members of the Black Panther Party and they've dedicated themselves and their creative talents to serving the masses of the people. They are great artists in the true sense of the word, because they are revolutionary artists. There's a great difference between revolutionary artists and bullshit "reactionary" artists. The bullshit "reactionary" artists believe first and foremost in bullshitting the masses who have been made asses by the oppressor and his capitalistic machinations. Their prime interest is money and more money per performance.

Their choice of songs are not those that can damage the eardrums of the oppressor nor cause him to have mighty nightmares. Neither is their choice of songs those that can incite and excite the masses to move in a "by any means necessary" manner towards their liberation. No, they're more interested in how many TV appearances and wealth they can amass. Even the free concerts they might be encouraged to do have a double meaning to them; such acts please their own ego and at the same time serve to put the slavemaster at peace with his capitalistic conscience. Many of these reactionary artists outrightly refuse to see that the four-hundred-old blues songs of our oppression is but a redundant chronicle that has merely explained our slave situation. At the present time in history we don't need any warped minded, sadistic bullshit "reactionary" artists who revel in singing about why our so-called sister loves, wives and mothers just upped and left us one day and never returned. We already know why and where she went, and the brainwasher and his brainwash that caused -- and is still causing -- that criminal condition to persist.


Any artist with a speck of humanism in his soul will realize and understand that the revolutionary thing to do at this time in our struggle for true liberation is to create songs that will make the people dance on the ashes of the reactionary dead. Again we use THE LUMPEN as an example; this group typifies real revolutionary art. Their work is at a very high level of working class consciousness; it is a logical advance on Elaine Brown's SEIZE THE TIME; THE LUMPEN's songs are created from the experiences and rhythms of the people in the streets.

"We must kill those who stop us
from being free....
There's bullets in the air,
Snipers everywhere,
A pig's blood is in the streets
...Children throwing Molotovs."

THE LUMPEN are fighters for peoples' power, with a key message for oppressed people, "Dare to Struggle, Dare to Win." They're saying that if you don't dare to struggle, you don't deserve to win. They tell you from the "git-go" that there "Ain't no words to this song, You get a gun and hum along." (Continued on Page 7)



PEOPLE'S COFFEE HOUSE



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EDITORS' NOTE: "Fighting Inflation" (see below) is a new song by Maurice Sugar, onetime auto worker, author of "The Soup Song" widely sung back in the days of the Great Depression and the union organizing drives which created the CIO.

When you're working part time and your pay's on the skids And you can't figure
 how you'll keep feeding the kids, Re-- member your role in a grand in-no-va-tion You
 really are helping to battle in-fla- tion.

FIGHTING INFLATION

Words & Music by MAURICE SUGAR - © 1970 Maurice Sugar

When you're working part time and your pay's on the skids
 And you can't figure how you'll keep feeding the kids
 Remember your role in a grand innovation
 You really are helping to battle inflation.

When you're out of a job and you're hungry as hell
 And you can't buy the things that they're trying to sell
 Remember it's all for the good of the nation
 You really are helping to battle inflation.

When you run out of fuel and you're left without heat
 And you can't pay the rent and you're out on the street
 Remember there's always that soothing sedation
 You really are helping to battle inflation.

Oh, it's just a slight drop or it's just a slight lag
 Or it's just a slight dip or it's just a slight sag
 And before you pass out you can cry with elation:
 "I made the supreme sacrifice fighting inflation."

HOW TO CHANGE THE U.S.A.

(A Found Poem from an interview with Harry Edwards in the New York Times Magazine, May 12, 1968, Found by Walter Lowenfels.)

For openers, the Federal Government
 the honkies, the pigs in blue
 Must go down South
 and take those crackers out of bed,
 the crackers who blew up
 those four little girls
 in that Birmingham church,
 those crackers who murdered

Medgar Evers and killed
 the three civil rights workers ---
 they must pull them out of bed
 and kill them with axes
 in the middle of the street.
 Chop them up with dull axes
 Slowly.

At high noon,
 with everybody watching
 on television,
 Just as a gesture
 of good faith.

Vets Telling of Atrocities

FORT BENNING, GA. (CDN)—Lt. William L. Calley Jr. has been jolted by testimony that he fired his M-16 rifle for an hour at civilians who were led to their slaughter in small groups.

and said that he had seen First Lieutenant William L. Calley Jr. pour automatic rifle fire into a ditch full of people and "blow the head off" a woman who tried to rise from a pile of corpses.

Calley "blew the head off" the priest, then grabbed and "flung the child into a ditch" full of corpses and "shot it."

Lieutenant Calley, who is accused of premeditated murder in the slaughter of 102 civilians, glared at the witness.

The last Government witness was a burly native of Brooklyn who said he had seen a soldier distribute C-ration candy to small children among a group of civilian prisoners sitting alongside a trail just before Lieutenant Calley strode up and ordered the soldier to shoot the entire group, including women and children.

MEANWHILE, BACK HOME IN AMERIKKA . . .

NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1970

Grand Jury Clears Patrolman in Slaying of Diseased Vagrant

By RICHARD SEVERO

A Brooklyn grand jury has found no cause for criminal action against a policeman who shot a disease-ridden vagrant to death with eight bullets last May 1.

The man who was shot to death was James Parris, 43 years old. An independent investigation into the facts surrounding the case by The New York Times showed that Mr. Parris suffered from chorea, a disease that attacks the brain and nervous system. It is inherited and there is no known cure for it. Doctors say it is inevitably fatal.

As early as April 23, 1968, doctors at Kings County Hospital diagnosed the disease in Mr. Parris. As it progressed, it gave him an unsteady gait, a strange, involuntary grin, weakness, a lack of coordination, and an inability to speak clearly.

To the best of anyone's knowledge, Mr. Parris received no sustained treatment for the chorea. Talks with neighbors, friends and relatives turned up evidence that the disease had turned him from a gregarious, alert individual to a beggar

who slept in the streets and lived on handouts.

According to the police Teletype report, Patrolman Duryea had been informed by an unidentified woman that a man was throwing rocks in front of 388 Parkside Avenue, a tree-lined middle-class street in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. The report said that when Patrolman Duryea got there, a man later identified as Mr. Parris "cursed" at him "and produced a clasp knife from the waist area."

Then, according to the Teletype report, Patrolman Duryea drew his service revolver and fired six shots into the oncoming Mr. Parris. Since a police revolver holds only six shots, Mr. Duryea, while retreating, reloaded and shot Mr. Parris two more times, according to the official police account.

After the shooting, some residents of the neighborhood challenged the police report and expressed their doubt that Mr. Parris could have attacked anyone or even cursed clearly, since his speech was so blurred few people—except those who knew him very well—knew what he was talking about.

(Ed. Comment: That's capitalism's cure for chorea -- a heavy dose of bullets. A more civilized approach is the effort of Marjorie Guthrie and others to raise research funds with the hope of finding a cure. Send contributions to THE COMMITTEE TO COMBAT HUNTINGTON'S DISEASE, 200 W. 57 St. New York NY 10019. It is said that when Woody Guthrie first became seriously ill of the disease New Jersey police threw him in the drunk tank and let him lay there a week.)

what the eye-witness accounts are intended to show, the official went on to say, is that the incident at My Lai was just a part of a pattern of atrocities that occur, perhaps on a smaller, less publicized scale, on an almost daily basis in Vietnam.

Saigon, a Lieutenant ordered him "to cut the arteries of four wounded Viet Cong prisoners to increase the unit's body count."

Patton's unit, he continued, was so obsessed with fulfilling body count that the chaplain delivered a prayer one night before a seek-and-destroy mission for "a big body count."

He quoted it verbatim: "Help us, O Lord, to fulfill the standing order of this regiment."

(Ed. Note: See Pete Seeger's LAST TRAIN TO NUREMBERG, B'Side # 104.)

SCHWEINFURT, West Germany — "They keep asking, 'What's the problem, what's the problem?'" Sgt. James Anthony, a 20-year-old black, exclaimed bitterly at the mention of a Pentagon team investigating racial disorders among American soldiers in West Germany.

"Hell," he said, referring to the white man in general, "he knows the problem! He is the problem!"

He said he witnessed the attachment of electric wires to testes of men and nipples of women to elicit information. He said six-inch dowels are driven into prisoner's ears "and then tapped through to the brain in a slow, methodical process to elicit information."

They gang-raped a young mother, murdered five innocent civilians (including an infant, who was pummeled with a rifle butt.)

year-old officer had ordered him to load his machine gun and fire into the ditch filled with women, infants and old men.

G.I.'s were allowed to wear Viet Cong ears around their necks as trophies, and how, in general indiscriminate killings of civilians were overlooked or simply disregarded.

Their discussion was prompted by younger soldiers, black and white, dancing with young German girls while a popular song, "War," played on the jukebox.

The lights flashed and the music blared and the recorded voices shouted: "War! Good God! y'all—what is it good for? Absolutely nothing—nothing. Say it again now!"

"The Army's changed," the black sergeant said, sipping his wine.

BROADSIDE #109

LUMPEN (con't from page 3)

They say, "Revolution is the only solution to the pigs' pollution of the people's institutions. We're calling for a socialistic redistribution of the means of production." True, songs by themselves cannot change a situation, but they can surely inspire people to do destructive and constructive acts against the enemies of the people. Their music is created from the experiences and rhythms of the people; it arouses the emotion and sensibility of any potential revolutionary to get up and compose an even better song of liberation with a staccato of machine gun rhythms. The blues songs of our four hundred years of slavery, deceit and death could never leave the listener so full of inspiration. Why? Because revolutionary music is unlike any other; it can not only make you kill, but dance on the ashes of the reactionary dead,

***** H.T. NYC *****

The following is based on Woody's song to Earl Browder who was in the Atlanta pen for a time back then. Music can be found under the title of HENRY STREET JAIL in the book "Woody Guthrie Folk Songs" by Ludlow Music, 10 Columbus Circle, NYC. These verses are suggested only. Write your own -- it's a great tune. Adapt'd by A. Cunningham.

WE'LL TURN THE IRON KEY

Dear Angela, as I write my letter
My comradely greetings I send
We'll finish this job that you started
We soon hope to see you again.

CHO: Jails like the San Rafael jail
Jails like the San Rafael jail
We'll turn the iron key
That sets all prisoners free
From jails like the San Rafael jail.

Dear Bobby, etc. CHO: ...New Haven jail.
Dear George. CHO...San Quentin or Soledad.
Dear Cesar, CHO ... Salinas jail.
(Name of any person, in any jail)

Last verse:
The big crime is that you are in there
This all of us must understand
Then we'll turn the iron key
That sets all prisoners free
From the jails all over this land.

Last CHO:
Jails all over this land
Jails all over this land
We'll turn the iron key (etc.)

Dear Sis: Here are some interesting verses to Which Side Are You On. Sounds like it was written by a soldier. It was handed to me at one of my concerts. Pete Seeger

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON 1970

Which side are you on, which side are you on (Repeat)

My Daddy was a soldier
And I'm a soldier's son
But I'll be damned if I'll sign up
To carry Nixon's gun. Which side etc.

Since this war was started
Thousands have been killed
And while I sing this song to you
Another grave's been filled. Which side..

Are you ready to be a soldier
And take your orders fast
Are you ready to be a soldier
And kiss your sergeant's ass. Which side..

You've got to make your choices
You've got to take a stand
Will you be a soldier boy
Or will you be a man? Which side...

I will not join your army
I want to make this clear
I will not fight in Vietnam
I'll fight for freedom here. Which side..

Don't listen to Mr. Nixon
Don't listen to his lies
This old world hasn't got a chance
Unless we organize. Which side...

A Recently Released LP

MALVINA REYNOLDS - Century City Records
"Great lady, 70 years old, lover of life, Malvina Reynolds, never needing the glory of fame, has always been satisfied to hear her songs sung by others, like Pete Seeger, Glenn Yarbrough, Judy Collins and Harry Belafonte...But her concerts and personal appearances draw a following nevertheless simply because she sings the truth, and beautifully." - From the Liner Notes.
On this record Malvina is backed by her own and other guitars, drums, harmonica, bass, piano and organ plus background vocals. A number of the songs have appeared in Broadside such as "From Way Up Here," "No Hole In My Head", "It Isn't Nice," "We Hate To See Them Go," "Boraxo." Others include Malvina's famous "Moringtown Ride" "The World's Gone Beautiful," "Daddy's In The Jail." Order from City Century Re'ords 1801 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 1000, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067.

NEWPORT-1970



Broadside Magazine
215 W. 98 St.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Editor,

In reference to your reprint of a May 26th New York Times article, I would like to correct some misinformation credited to George Wein, or miscollected by the New York Times.

** Broadside
omitted the
Paragraph*

* Rock music had absolutely nothing to do with the Newport Folk Foundation's decision to not haad a festival this summer. There was no rock music at the 1969 Folk Festival, and hence 'could not have drawn "record crowds" to "swamp facilities" or "disturb Newport residents."

Due to the [redacted] paying for one-half of a \$25,000 hurricane fence at the city's request after the jazz festival (where the above might have happened), an enormous bill for required police protection, and smaller attendance than usual, Newport Folk Festival is penniless.

Without capital we tried..First, the board decided that they wished a new site where they would not be encumbered with huge, unnecessary "protection" expenses. Also, they were interested in a location more suited to a folk festival; one with a less formal atmosphere, camping, lower prices, trees, and grass to sit on. We searched and could not come up with suitable grounds which would not be a financial risk. We conceivably could have gone back to Newport, but voted to not go back, and to postpone the Newport Folk Festival until 1971. This would give us enough time to raise money for operating expenses and to find a new location.

The following resolution was passed on May 13 by the Board of Directors to be used as a concept for 1971 and as a statement to the press explaining the reasons for cancelling the 1970 festival:

" We see this as a dangerous time. The same forces which have led us to the destruction of all forms of life in areas of Southeast Asia lie behind the racism which exploits millions of Americans. Everybody must stand up against this threat. We must stand for the celebration of life. Nobody can get away with evading the issues. Our festival must support our audiences in their active concern. We as artists, must be responsible to society."

cc: to Directors
Newport Folk Foundation
George Wein
New York Times

Sincerely,
Toshi Seeger
Toshi Seeger
(one director of the
Newport Folk Foundation)

TOSHI & PETER SEEGER

BOX 431 BEACON, N. Y. 12508

The clarifying letter to the right explains why there was no Newport Folk Festival last summer.

One part of the letter is a bit mystifying. We don't understand how the resolution adopted by the Board of Directors can be part of an explanation for cancelling the Festival.

It is a truly great statement of principles (we hope it permeates the entire "folk world"). Its sense of crisis and urgency is so strong it should logically have led its adherents to hold a Festival come hell or high water. As you can see, it was adopted several months before the usual July Festival date.

Perhaps the Board should have sought financial backing from some of the now wealthy FOLK STARS catapulted to fame and fortune by Newport -- Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, Phil Ochs, Arlo Guthrie, to name a few.

* * * * *
NEWPORT-1971

We understand that the Board of Directors has voted to hold the 1971 concert at Newport on schedule. It seems that the Newport business moguls finally realized that bankrupting the Folk Festival was killing a goose which was laying them a hefty golden egg. So they've promised not to repeat the 1969 holdup.

We hear the Newport city dads have gone so far as to permit kids sleeping on the beach, although this is strictly not to be publicly announced

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES

Tune Traditional ("Turkey In The Straw") Words collected by Jerry Merrick from his grandfather in upstate New York. Copyright 1970 by Jerry Merrick.

Well little Johnny Jones wanted to go to a dance So he went downtown and bought a new pair of pants But the pants were too long so he went to see his aunt To cut three inches off the bottom of his pants. His auntie said "Oh, Johnny Dear, why did you bring your trousers here?"

It's your mother's place, it ain't your aunt's To cut three inches off the bottom of your pants."

Well, Mother said "Oh me, oh my. I am so busy I could almost die. Go see your sister Sue for I won't have a chance To cut three inches off the bottom of your pants." So he went in to see his sister Sue, she replied like the other two.

Seemed poor Johnny didn't stand a chance Of gettin three inches off the bottom of his pants.

Sister Sue felt sorry for what she'd said So she went up and found John's trousers on the bed She figured as long as she had a chance She'd cut three inches off the bottom of his pants. Mother too, her work was through.

She didn't know that sister Sue Had fixed John's trousers for the dance So she cut three inches off the bottom of his pants.

Well, auntie felt sorry for what she'd done Didn't want little Johnny missin' any fun She said "I'll be like other aunts!" And she cut three inches off the bottom of his pants. They each met Johnny one by one Told him that his pants was done He hurried up to dress for the dance And found nine inches off the bottom of his pants.

Well, Johnny's grown now with a house full of joys And he longs for a night out with the boys But he doesn't go to dances or a party or a ball You know he's lucky to have a pair of pants at all.



Karl Marx and Frederick Engels addressing the bourgeoisie in the COMMUNIST MANIFESTO (1848):

You are horrified at our intending to do away with private property. But in your existing society, private property is already done away with for nine-tenths of the population; its existence for the few is solely due to its non-existence in the hands of those nine-tenths. You reproach us, therefore, with intending to do away with a form of property, the necessary condition for whose existence is the non-existence of any property for the immense majority of society.

In one word, you reproach us with intending to do away with your property. Precisely so; that is just what we intend.

Reprinted from SOLEDAD BROTHER - PRISON LETTERS OF GEORGE JACKSON. An excerpt from a letter to his mother, June 1968:

When the peasant revolts, the student demonstrates, the slum dweller riots, the robber robs, he is reacting to a feeling of insecurity, an atavistic throwback to the territorial imperative, a reaction to the fact that he has lost control of the circumstances surrounding his life. Whether he knows it or not, it is all the same. This system, its economics, its politics, were formed around an age that is past. It was inadequate even then. Men can no longer stake out land or section off a part of the earth and say to themselves, "I will use this as a guarantee," mainly because of the monopolistic stranglehold of those who have already

FOLKSINGERS!

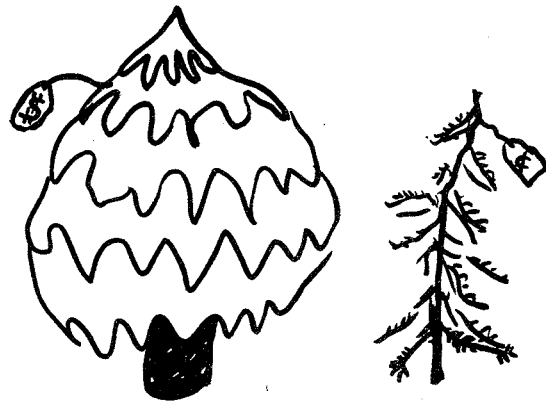


JOAN BAET
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established themselves and who pretend to know what is best for the rest of the world. Wealth is land. By having only labor without land and its potential products, we lose independence. We must sell our labor. Then because of today's specialization and complicated division of labor, it follows that the only way man's natural urges and the modern industrial society can be brought into agreement is by all people possessing everything in common through a representative government. Only in this way can all men satisfy the ungovernable urge to secure things and control their existence.

Spoken by Eugene V. Debs during his war-time trial (WW I):

"While there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

BROADSIDE

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