

HURRICANE

MUSIC BY **bob dylan**

WORDS BY BOB DYLAN

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and **jacques levy**

"PISTOL SHOTS RING OUT IN THE BAR ROOM NIGHT/ENTER PATTY VALENTINE FROM THE UPPER HALL/SHE SEES THE BARTENDER IN A POOL OF BLOOD/ CRIES OUT, "MY GOD, THEY KILLED THEM ALL!"/HERE COMES THE STORY OF THE HURRICANE/THE MAN THE AUTHORITIES CAME TO BLAME/FOR SOMETHIN' THAT HE NEVER DONE/PUT IN A PRISON CELL, BUT ONE TIME HE COULDA BEEN/THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD."



Pis-tol shots ring out in the bar - room night, -

Enter Pat - ty Val - en - tine - from the - up - per hall -

She sees the bar - tend - or in a pool of blood, -

Cries out, (my God) "They killed them all!" -

Here comes the sto - ry of the Hur - ri - cane. -

The man the au - thor - i - ties came - to blame -

For some - thin' that he nev - er done, Put in a pri - son cell, - But

one time - he could - a been The cham - pi - on of the world. -

(continued)

RUBIN HURRICANE CARTER

H U R R I C A N E

By Bob Dylan

& Jacques Levy



Guardian photo by Francie Gaines

1. Pistol shots ring out in the bar room night
Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall
She sees the bartender in a pool of blood
Cries out, "My God, they killed them all!"
Here comes the story of the Hurricane
The man the authorities came to blame
For somethin' that he never done
Put in a prison cell,
but one time he coulda been
The champion of the world
2. Three bodies lyin' there does Patty see
And another man named Bello,
movin' around mysteriously
"I didn't do it," he says,
and he throws up his hands
"I was only robbin' the register,
I hope you understand
I saw them leavin'," he says, and he stops
"One of us had better call the cops"
And so Patty calls the cops
And they arrive on the scene
with their red lights flashin'
In the hot Jersey night
3. Meanwhile, far away in another part of town
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends
are drivin' around
Number one contender for the
middleweight crown
Had no idea what kinda shit
was about to go down
When a cop pulled him over
to the side of the road
Just like the time before and the
time before that
In Patterson that's just the way things go
If you're black you might as well
not show up on the street
'Less you wanta draw the heat
4. Alfred Bello had a partner
and he had a rap for the cops
Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley
were just out prowlin' around
He said, "I saw two men runnin' out,
they looked like middleweights
They jumped into a white car
with out-of-state plates"
And Miss Patty Valentine
just nodded her head
Cop said, "Wait a minute boys,
this one's not dead"
So they took him to the infirmary
And though this man could hardly see
They told him that he could identify
the guilty man

(Continued)

"I come to you in the only manner left open to me. I've tried the courts, exhausted my life's earnings, and tortured my two loved ones with little grains and tidbits of hope that may never materialize. Now the only chance I have is in appealing directly to you, the people, and showing you the wrongs that have yet to be righted...the injustice that has been done me. For the first time in my entire existence I'm saying that I need some help. Otherwise, there will be no tomorrow for me, no more freedom.."
-- From THE SIXTEENTH ROUND
by Rubin Carter (Viking Press)

5. Four in the mornin'
 and they haul Rubin in
 Take him to the hospital
 and they bring him upstairs
 The wounded man looks up
 through his one dyin' eye
 Says, "Wha'd you bring him in for
 He ain't the guy!"
 Yes, here's the story
 of the Hurricane
 The man the authorities
 came to blame
 For somethin' that he never done
 Put in a prison cell,
 but one time he coulda been
 The champion of the world

6. Four months later
 the ghettos are in flame
 Rubin's in South America,
 fightin' for his name
 While Arthur Dexter Bradley's
 still in the robbery game
 And the cops are puttin'
 the screws to him,
 lookin' for somebody to blame
 "Remember that murder
 that happened in the bar?"
 "Remember you said
 you saw the getaway car?"
 "You think you'd like to play ball
 with the law?"
 "Think it mighta been that fighter
 that you saw runnin' that night?"
 "Don't forget that you are white"

(Below are excerpts from an interview with Hurricane in PENTHOUSE)

Penthouse: For eight years you have been imprisoned for murder. What do you believe is the real reason you're in jail?

Carter: I'm not in jail for committing murder. I'm in jail partly because I'm a black man in America, where the powers that be will only allow a black man to be an entertainer or a criminal. While I was free on the streets—with whatever limited freedom I had on the streets—as a prizefighter, I was characterized as an entertainer. As long as I stayed within that role, within that prizefighting ring, as long as that was my Mecca and I didn't step out into the civic affairs of this country, I was acceptable. But when I didn't want to see people brutalized any longer—and when I'd speak out against that brutality, no matter who committed the brutality, black people or white people—I was harassed for my beliefs.

I committed no crime; actually the crime was committed against me. All the evidence today shows that the crime was committed against me . . . and still is being committed against me. What has happened in the past and what's happening right now make it a very good bet that it may happen to you tomorrow.

Penthouse: Does Byrne know this?

Carter: Of course Byrne knows this! His pet phrase is, "It's in the courts; let the courts decide it." But the courts take years.

Recantation was the very thing that exposed Watergate. Recantation and plea bargaining. That was the only thing that uncovered Watergate—so you see exactly what recantations and plea bargaining really are. First, each of those people, Magruder and all the rest of them, said, "No, we didn't do that," but then they started saying, "Yes, we did do it." That is a recanted statement. And all the federal judges—Sirica and all the rest of them—believed the recanted statements. So why can't they believe the recanted statements here? What's good for the goose is good for the gander. And that's all I ask. I ask for a new trial. I never had a trial, because all I had was a kangaroo court, with none of my peers on the jury, with a misinformed, all-white jury that was in the heat of passion at the time. I just want a trial that is free from perjured testimony and manufactured evidence. That's all. Give me a trial and I'm willing to accept that. I don't want anything else. O+₁

7. Arthur Dexter Bradley said,
 "I'm really not sure"
 Cops said, "A poor boy like you
 could use a break
 We got you for the motel job
 and we're talkin' to your friend Bello
 Now you don't wanta
 have to go back to jail

be a nice fellow
 You'll be doin' society a favor
 That sonofabitch is brave and gettin' braver
 We want to put his ass in stir
 We want to pin this triple murder on him
 He ain't no Gentleman Jim"

(continued)

8. Rubin could take a man out
with just one punch
But he never did like to talk about it
all that much
It's my work, he'd say, and I do it for pay
And when it's over I'd just as soon
go on my way
Up to some paradise
Where trout streams flow
and the air is nice
And ride a horse along a trail
But then they took him to the jail house
Where they try to turn a man into a mouse

9. All of Rubin's cards were marked in advance
The trial was a Pig-circus,
he never had a chance
The judge made Rubin's witnesses
drunkards from the slums
To the white folks who watched
he was a revolutionary bum
And to the Black folks
he was just a crazy nigger
No one doubted that he pulled the trigger
And though they could not produce the gun
The D.A. said he was the one
who did the deed
And the all-white jury agreed

10. Rubin Carter was falsely tried
The crime was murder "one",
guess who testified?
Bello and Bradley
and they both baldly lied
And the newspapers,
they all went along for the ride
How can the life of such a man
Be in the palm of some fool's hand?
To see him obviously framed
Couldn't help but make me feel ashamed
to live in a land
Where justice is a game

11. Now all the criminals
in their coats and their ties
Are free to drink martinis
and watch the sun rise
While Rubin sits like Buddha
in a ten-foot cell
An innocent man in a living hell
That's the story of the Hurricane
But it won't be over
till they clear his name
And give him back the time he's done
Put in a prison cell,
but one time he coulda been
The champion of the world



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The Ballad of JOHNNY STROZIER

by Sammy Walker

Copyright 1975 by Sammy Walker

THE BALLAD OF JOHNNY STROZIER

Ed. Note: Hurricane Carter said recently that if he and Artis are freed they will fight to get freedom for other unjustly imprisoned Blacks. "It's this racist system that put me in this jail. How many other Blacks are rotting away in American prisons?" One of these certainly is the Georgia boy, Johnny Strozier. A "ward" of the state since he was 6, he is now 18 and is in solitary confinement for life. The warden has forbidden him to learn to read; he considers it a danger. Sammy Walker tells Johnny's story on his new Broadside LP, "Song For Patty."

In the red clay Georgia hills among the
busted whiskey stills
Lies a wretched school with barbed wire
stranded high
Where boys of every age, spend their life
inside a cage
And they never even learn the reason why.
As the twilight meets the dawn the iron bar
jail house doors are drawn
And the sound of tin cups' clangin' is in
the air,
But Johnny Strozier stays behind in his
dungeon cell confined
To unconditional twenty four hour solitair.

(Continued)

CHORUS:

Has anybody got an hour of your precious
time to spare?
Or will you hide your face pretending that it
ain't your place to care?
Are we really all so cruel?
I guess only time will tell,
For a Georgia boy who's locked up in a
lonesome Alto cell.

He ain't never used a gun and he ain't never
hurt no one
As he stares out thru the cold steel prison
bars.
Oh, the life inside his eyes is more empty
than the skys
When they're drained of all the heavens and
the stars.

Well he'd like to learn to read out of your
pretty books and things
But the warden cannot possibly allow,

For such things to take their place in the
facts of Johnny's case
So nobody's even tried to teach him how. CHO.

Sure he's taken from your store and yes he's
broken thru your door,
So you bound him with your shackle and your
chain,
And you expect this boy to pay, forever and
a day, so what right my friend do you
have to complain.

There's a wealthy man a-struttin' down
that crowded street so fine
Who makes his money stealin' from the
helpless and the blind.
But for a boy whose only crime was being
born without a dime,
It's forty years inside that prison,
Maybe even a whole lifetime. CHO.

Police murder Harlem Black

VARIETY August 13, 1975

SAMMY WALKER

Songs
43 Mins.

Folk City, N.Y.

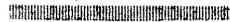
Sammy Walker, 23, of Norcross, Ga., is a folksinger in the simple traditional style, although his material is new. And he's a good one, a singer whose dry style captures auditors.

Walker, a protege of Phil Ochs, who produced his Folkways album, sings of jails, poverty and distorted justice. The close-cropped youth effectively accompanies himself on six-string acoustic guitar and mounted harmonica.

Folk City can be a noisy room, but not for Walker. He has only been in New York for about three months, a relatively short time for the impression he's making.

-Kirb.

NEW YORK POST,



* * *

Janis Ian, whose long-dormant career was resurrected by her "Between the Lines" album and the single "At Seventeen," is recording again in New York. She described her new material as "much more musical, less introspective — it's really fun." The album's title tune will be "Aftertones," done in "string quartet style. It's about what's left after the song's over . . . the feeling after a show," Janis said.

Ed Notes: Sales of Janis Ian's "Between The Lines" have passed the half million mark. Janis was "discovered" by Broadside; we invited her to sing at a Hoot when she was 13, and she got her 1st record contract as a result. Her 1st hit song is in B'side #67 under its original title, "Baby I've Been Thinking" and the author's natural name, Janis Fink. It, of course, became "Society's Child" . . . Sammy Walker has a Warner Bros. record contract. His "Song For Patty" LP and Ron Turner's album can be gotten from Folkways, 43 W. 61 St., N.Y. 10023.

Sammy Walker: "Song for Patty" (Folkways).

Walker's amazing early Dylan soundalike isn't an imitation, it's a charming tribute, and the highly recommended title cut exemplifies his (by now) all but unique fusion of novelistic eye and political heart. (Fusion, hell—I'll settle for either.)

the village VOICE

the village VOICE, July 21, 1975

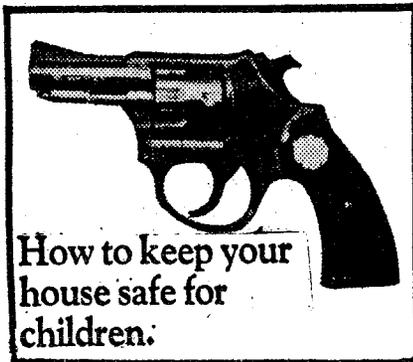
"Ron Turner"

(Folkways). This folkie throwback supports the argument that it's easier to play the outlaw if you don't need roadies with pack mules to lug your amplifiers across the wide open spaces. Armed with a 12-string and a sense of humor, Turner's imagination obviously has roots in felt experience rather than production schedules, and his monotone is often pretty droll. He makes rock and roll sound even bleaker. B.

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TIDEWATER SOUNDS

Words & Music by **mark cohen**

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The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, often beamed together. Chord symbols are placed above the staff: G, C9, D, G, C, G, C, Am7, D, D7, G, C, G, C, Am7, D, C, Am7, D, G, C9, D, G, C, G, Am7, D, D7, G, C, G. The lyrics are: Yesterday's words — echo on down the hall — Turn into less — less than nothing at all — Time — passes on — as old fables are act-ed and ended and new ones be-gun — If the future is but an echo of the past — Then all time's an illusion — into which men are cast.

1. Yesterday's words echo on down the hall
Turn into less, less than nothing at all
Time passes on
As old fables are acted and ended, and new ones begun
If the future is but an echo of the past
Then all time's an illusion into which men are cast
2. The steps are made smooth by the passing of many feet
In a gradual time, with a scarcely perceptible beat
A diluted language is over and over rehashed
A fire burns brightly but leaves only the ash
Words are sometimes much less than they seem
It's beyond the patterns that a meaning is gleaned
3. As a ferryboat cuts through the haze of the noonday sky
From the throat of a gull echoes a cry
As it blends into the days hues
Rising up out of view
Raising its voice in a clamorous din
But it's only going to where it's already been
4. Over the chasms and canyons and prairies and rivers and creeks
From the floors of the valleys on up to the loftiest peaks
How the winds blow mighty and strong
To burst with the forces of fire into song
Along the shores the tidewater slaps relentlessly
And each grain of sand speaks of the power of the sea
5. While all the earth's creatures struggle each day to survive
Men struggle each day to build empires, or just to get by
While the four cornered winds blow the thundering clouds thru the sky
The elements man seeks to control or defy
While children build piles of leaves and around them dance
Men struggle to find something more absolute than the whimsy of chance
Beyond all truths and mysteries
The only struggle there is, is for man to be free.



The Human Condition

l to r: Peter Farnese, Gene Hicks, Bev Grant, Jerry Mitnick, Mario Giacalone.

Federico Sanchez

THE HUMAN CONDITION:

The Human Condition is a group of 5 young activist/musicians from N.Y.—Beverly Grant, Peter Farnese, 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

^EIt's an early spring day in a
California town. A woman home
all alone. ^{G A}

^EThe 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 just-
fied." **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..
INEZ..

We got the right, we got the
right, we got the right to
fight! (2X)

WOMEN...got the right to fight!
WOMEN..got the right to fight...
I N E Z.....
INEZ..WOMEN..GOT THE RIGHT TO
FIGHT!



"INEZ" by Beverly Grant is from the
record album WHAT NOW, PEOPLE? put
out by Paredon Records, PO Box 889,
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202. \$5. Paredon
also has an LP WORKING PEOPLE GONNA
RISE! sung by The HUMAN CONDITION
with Beverly Grant, as well as other
recordings. Send for their catalog.

NOTES

The Rolling Stone newspaper seems to have gone out of its way to badmouth Bob Dylan's ROLLING THUNDER REVIEW, a tour he and a group made of the Northeast to publicize the Hurricane Carter case. The newsrag went into detail describing the hassling backstage among the group personnel. Ramblin' Jack Elliott is quoted as saying, "All right, all I want is some fuckin' money. I want a boat...I've wanted a boat since I was 14 years old." The inference was that Hurricane Carter -- so far as Ramblin' Jack was concerned-- could rot in jail forever as long as Jack got his fuckin' boat to play with. When Variety questioned where all the money was going Joan Baez sneered "Oh, tell them to just shove it up their asses." Presumably she meant the criticism, not the money. (When Joanie foolishly tried to warble "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" the press described it as a disaster). At one point the backstage infighting got so bad Rosalie Sorrels, generally a model of gracious propriety, was heard to scream:

// **BULLSHIT!** //

Dylan all the while kept his hands firmly on the plough, singing his Hurricane Carter song at each booking. The New York Madison Square Garden show which closed the tour was a benefit for Hurricane and raised at least \$100,000 for his defense, and that of John Artis.

COUNTRY SINGER CONDEMNS KLAN USE OF HIS SONG

Country-rock singer Charlie Daniels blasted the Ku Klux Klan Dec. 3 for using his hit record "The South's Gonna Do It Again" as background for its radio commercials.

"I'm proud of the South," said Daniels, who is white, "but I sure as hell ain't proud of the Ku Klux Klan. I'm not a prejudiced person... I wrote about the land I love and my brothers. That song ain't got nothing to do with the Ku Klux Klan."

BROADSIDE, 215 W. 98 St., N.Y.
N.Y. 10025. The National Topical
Song Magazine; Co-Editors, Agnes
Cunningham & Gordon Friesen.

Explosion at La Guardia Blast Yields No Clues

Ed.Note: In France they have found some clues as to why these explosions occur. The clues are included in a widely sung parody of a French popular song. Roughly notated and translated, here is the way it goes:



"In the big town of Paree,
In the big town of Paree
There are some well-stuffed bourgeoisie
There are some well-stuffed bourgeoisie
And there's also the poor
Hungry, and knowing the score
They know the rich can suck their blood
Oh, what a shake! Oh, what a shake!
And they know that that's no good.
(a pause here)
Oh, what a shake explosions make!

South Korea Banning Many Protest Songs

Special to The New York Times

SEOUL, South Korea, Dec. 27 —A South Korean cultural agency has begun purging the country's popular music of what it calls "decadent" foreign influences. Two blacklists containing names of 261 pieces—protest songs, folk ballads and rock and psychedelic music—were issued this month and all radio stations have been asked not to play them.

Many Songs Are American

Among the records on the blacklist are:
Subversive and antiwar: "Sometime in New York City" by John Lennon and Yoko Ono;

Leftist and violence-inducing: "Blowin' in the Wind" by Bob Dylan; "Dona, Dona, Dona" by Joan Baez; "Tom Dooley" by the Kingston Trio, and "I Shot the Sheriff" by Eric Clapton.

Mr. Cho said that all American protest songs considered revolutionary, subversive or antisocial by prevailing standards here were banned. In the subversive category are songs and ballads by Joan Baez, John Lennon and Yoko Ono, and Bob Dylan, and all records by the group known as The Fugs.

Also prohibited is "We Shall Overcome," which soared to popularity last year during anti-Government demonstrations. The ban on this song has caused criticism that there was a political motive behind the purge.



Julius Lester

Julius Lester, blues musician who put aside his banjo some years ago to become a writer and radio commentator, has decided to return to performing. He will appear at UPSALA COLLEGE, East Orange, New Jersey, on Sunday, December 21st, 8 P.M. (Students free, others \$2.00). After authoring a series of books on the status of Afro-Americans in our society, he is completing an autobiography which is to be published by William Morrow. Julius is now a professor of Afro-American Studies at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst.

**SPECIAL !!
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Don McLean and Pete Seeger: as the world churns

Old folks and new

By PATRICIA O'HAIRE

Like ol' man river, folk singer Pete Seeger just keeps rollin' along — ever upstream (as is his political wont), still contrary to the mainstream of the establishment. Even such a mecca of the establishment like Carnegie Hall isn't safe in his wake.

Friday night he filled the hall to overflowing and dipped (shall we say, 'liberally'?) into a remarkably fullsome bag of protest songs. It was a message that needed no seconding — but got it nevertheless this weekend: from young Don McLean, who came on like Seeger of the Seventies at the Bottom Line.

Politics of course, shaped both programs of plucking and preaching. The emphasis was on the latter, to be sure, but neither performer forgot that he was an entertainer first.

Seeger wisely mixed the good-time numbers in with the protest songs — following up "Wabash Cannonball" with "Cold Creek March," which he

said came out of the rebellion of Tennessee coal miners in the early part of this century. He even asked the audience to sing-along, which they did, happily, loudly, enthusiastically.

McLean delivered more of the same, demonstrating just how much of a debt he owes to Seeger. Also working with just a banjo and acoustic guitar, he went through a repertoire of songs that could only be classed as folk (yet very few of them were aged). While Seeger's most recent song was probably written during the Spanish Civil War, McLean stayed mostly with his own neo-folk compositions ("American Pie," "Vincent," "Dreidel," "And I Love You So").

Coming back-to-back, both engagements demonstrated the durability of the rebel stance — like one firebrand passing the torch to another. There aren't many weekends that fill up the generation gap that dramatically.