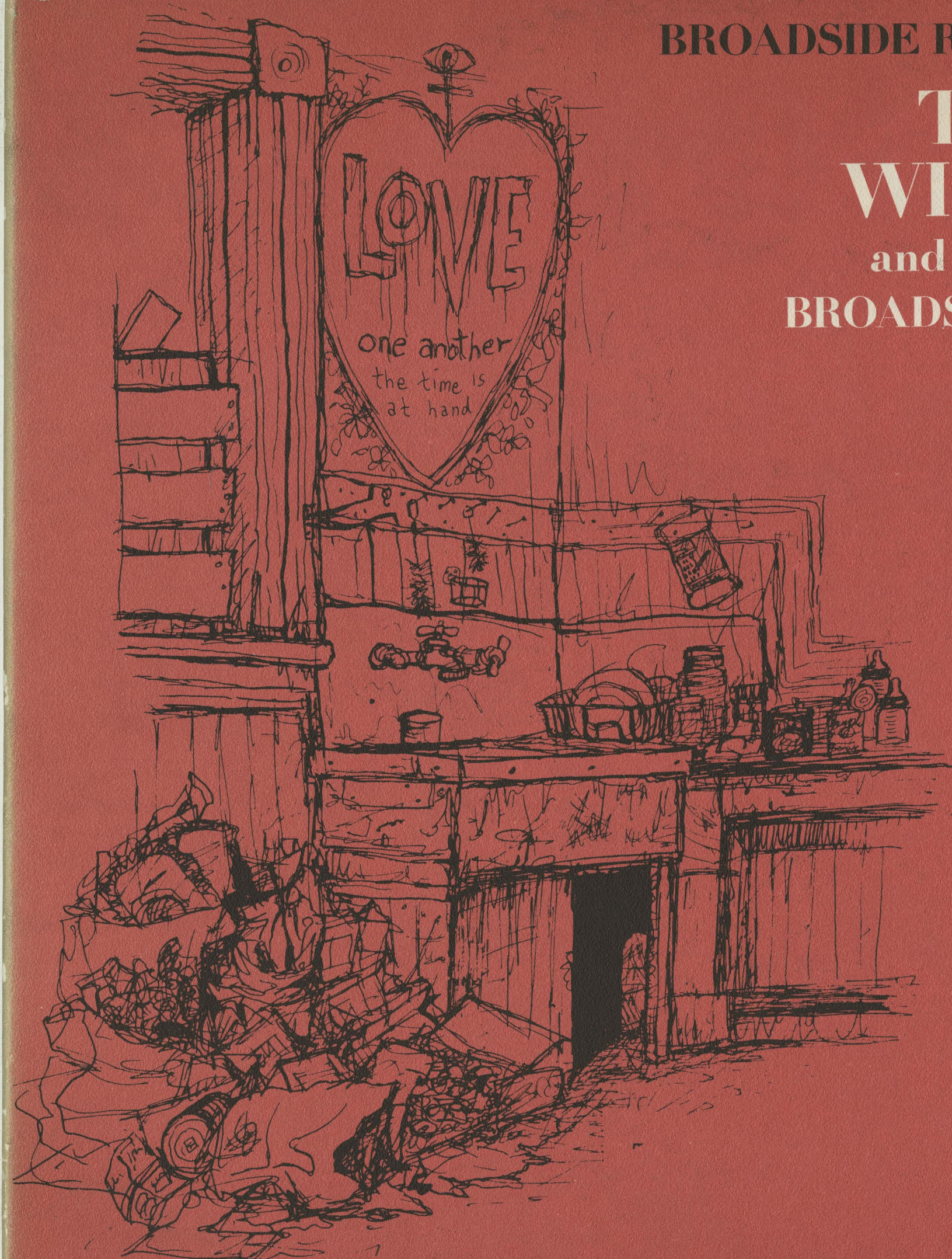


BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 306

**THE TIME
WILL COME**
and other songs from
BROADSIDE MAGAZINE



**ELAINE WHITE
WILL McLEAN
TEATRO CAMPESINO
CHRIS GAYLORD
BLIND GIRL GRUNT
PAUL KAPLAN
TOM PARROTT
ZACHARY 2
MATTHEW JONES**

BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 306

SIDE I

- Band 1. THE TIME WILL COME - Elaine White (White)
Band 2. HOLD BACK THE WATERS - Will McLean,
Paul Champion (McLean)
Band 3. THE MIGRANT'S SONG - Danny Valdez &
Agustin Lira (Peter Krug)
Band 4. DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS - Chris Gaylord
(Gaylord)

SIDE II

- Band 1. SHADY ACRES - Blind Girl Grunt (J. Ian)
Band 2. OSCEOLA - Will McLean, Paul Champion,
2nd guitar (McLean)
Band 3. I'VE BEEN TOLD - Paul Kaplan (Kaplan)
Band 4. FREEDOMS WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR -
Tom Parrott, John Mackiewicz 2nd guitar (Parrott)
Band 5. GENOCIDE - Zachary 2 & Group (Zachary)
Band 6. HELL NO, I AIN'T GONNA GO - Matthew Jones &
Group (Laron & Jones)

**THE TIME
WILL COME**
and other songs from
BROADSIDE MAGAZINE

Cover drawing, The Kitchen Sing, O'Farrell Street,
San Francisco, by Agnes Friesen

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 306

THE TIME WILL COME / AND OTHER SONGS FROM BROADSIDE MAGAZINE

BROADSIDE RECORDS BR 306

BROADSIDE *Vol. 4*

This is the fourth in a series of records put out by performer/songwriters singing songs which have been printed in Broadside Magazine of New York. The first was in 1963 and was historic in several ways. For instance, on it was the first recording of Phil Ochs, who since has made four L-P's of his own, which have been bought by thousands of people, mainly young ones. Also there was "Blowin' In The Wind" (sung by the New World Singers) which when it was done later by Peter Paul & Mary started its author, Bob Dylan up (or down) the road to fame.

The 2nd Broadside record was Pete Seeger singing solo, and there you found, for the first time, Malvina Reynolds' "Little Boxes." Vol. 3 was recorded by the "Broadside Singers", nine people singing together on songs they had had in Broadside.

Now comes No. 4, this one. It tries to stick to the idea which has been behind the whole series (and behind Broadside Magazine, for that matter). That is, to give a hearing to new songwriter/performers who are using music and lyrics to say something deep and vital and honest about the screwed-up world in which they find themselves. You may not find much "commercial slickness" (this doesn't mean you won't find good musicians and good singers scattered among these bands -- they are there, too).

This record, and each issue of Broadside, shows that topical songwriting in America retains its vitality. "Folk music" fads come and go, in cycles; rhythm & blues becomes rock'n roll, then folk rock and then psychedelic rock, and finally ends in a cataclysm of noise so violent as to threaten the equilibrium of the universe.

Topical songwriters tend to borrow from all these developments, but have a stubborn habit also of going back to basics. They are wary of and skirt the phoney and superficial, no matter how bedecked with luring dollar signs.

(It is significant that many of the new young songwriters of the 60's -- Dylan, Ochs, Paxton, La Farge, Chandler, Spoelstra, et cetera -- dismissed with disdain the whole era of the 50's -- The Weavers, the Kingston Trios, the Oscar Brands, et. al. -- and went back instinctively to Woody Guthrie for their source of inspiration and example).

It is this instinct for the real and genuine that continues to give American "folksong" its persistent vitality. Israel Young has recent-

ly been giving lectures entitled "Folk Music Is Dead." Actually it isn't. It never is. What seems to happen with deadening regularity is this: there is a folk music "boom" which the pressures of commercial success inexorably push in the direction of dilution and artificiality. The music loses its raw earthiness and becomes tinkly and pleasant; the lyrics become sweet-- and meaningless. Hundreds of records crammed with "ersatz" material flood the market; "ersatz" performers crowd the coffeehouse schedules. And Izzy Young announces in disgust that folk music is dead.

But all the while, away from the spotlights and the glare of publicity, hundreds of young Americans continue to look life in the eye and write songs about what they see as realistically as they know how. From among them emerges an almost steady stream of fresh and vigorous replacements for our weary and jaded folk music "stars" mired in the backwaters of success.

That is what Broadside Magazine is all about, and its recordings, a place where these new voices and their songs can be heard. This L-P could be the most significant of the series, coming as it does at a time when "Folk Music" is being widely pronounced dead.

LONG LIVE FOLK MUSIC!

Gordon Friesen

L-P ALBUMS OF BROADSIDE SONGS

BR 301: PHIL OCHS, PETE SEEGER, BLIND BOY GRUNT, PETER LA FARGE, HAPPY TRAUM, MATT MCGINN, GIL TURNER, NEW WORLD SINGERS, MARK SPOELSTRA.

BR 302: PETE SEEGER SINGS BROADSIDE BALLADS:
MALVINA REYNOLD'S "Little Boxes" - BOB DYLAN'S "Hard Rain" - TOM PAXTON'S "Willing Conscript" - PETER LA FARGE'S "Ira Hayes" - PHIL OCHS' "Ballad of Lou Marsh" - Freedom Songs & others.

BR 303: The BROADSIDE SINGERS singing:
BUFFY SAINTE MARIE'S "Welcome, Emigrante" - GIL TURNER'S "Carry It On" - LEN CHANDLER'S "Father's Grave" - BOB DYLAN'S "Paths of Victory" - ERIC ANDERSEN'S "Plains of Nebrasky-o" - PATRICK SKY'S "Causes" - TOM PAXTON'S "Ain't That News!" and others.

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(Agnes Cunningham, Editor)

Subscription: \$5 per year (12 issues). SPECIAL: The first 5 years of Broadside (#'s 1 thru 80), \$20.

LORD HOLD BACK THE WATERS

Words: WILL McLEAN - Music: WILL McLEAN & DASH MOORE

© 1966 Will McLean & Dash Moore

(Note: This song is written in G for space reasons on the Music Staff. Will sings it about four keys lower!)

'Twas in the late twenties that there come a big flood, — It drowned four thousand, their graves was the mud. — 'Twas nothing could withstand that great ti-dal wave, — And the ghosts of the vanished — still cry from/ grave. — Lord hold back the wa-ters of Lake O- keechobee for they're Lake O- keechobee's blue wa-ters are cold; — When wild winds are blowin a-cross O- keechobee calling and seeking for oth-er poor souls, — Oh Lake O- kee-chobee's blue waters are cold. —

The Seminole left there in haste and with speed
Their wise words of warning were given no heed
When the waters receded, Great God what a sight
Men, women and children turned black as the night. Cho.

Now Lake Okeechobee is calm and serene
The land all around it is fertile and green
But the people get fearful when the wild winds do roam
They look at the earth dam and they think of their home. Cho.

*Pronounced O-KE-CHO-BEE

Lake Okeechobee, in south central Florida just north of the Everglades, is the second largest fresh-water lake wholly within the U.S. It covers 750 square miles. On Sept. 12-17, 1928, a hurricane sweeping out of the West Indies virtually lifted the waters from the lake bed and sent them swirling down onto the adjacent countryside. 4,000 people were drowned. An economy-minded government since has thrown up protective earthen levees which few believe could withstand a hurricane of similar force should one strike again.

(Ed.Note: The "homes" at the base of the Okeechobee levees are mainly the shacks of Negro migratory workers and their families. This may help explain officialdom's lack of interest in doing anything substantial to create a real bulwark against the waters of the lake. G.F.



Some of the greatest and longest lasting folksongs of all time are ballads about specific people and specific events — such songs as "Jesse James", "The Sinking of the Titanic", "Pretty Boy Floyd" "Wreck Of The Old 97", and "Death Of Floyd Collins" come to mind. In the songs submitted to Broadside over the past year or so we have noticed a tendency by the writers to get farther and farther away from this good old tradition. The songs tend to get more and more generalized. We would like very much to see this trend reversed, and find some songs in the mail about real people and real events.

The song on this page is an example of what we have in mind. The author, Will McLean, is a Floridian who returned from World War II — where he served as a gunner on B-29's — determined to write the history and legends of his state into folksong. So far he has written some 200, with about another hundred left to go. He is also much more than a writer; Will is also simply a great singer and great musician. You can't really appreciate him until you hear him. Broadside readers should send to Wakulla Records, P.O. Box 1123, Tallahassee, Florida, for his first single — "Tate's Hell" (B'Side #55) & "Osceola's Last Words" (B'Side #56) It will be a collector's item, for we consider Will McLean as the greatest link today between America's folksong past and its present.

THE EDITORS.

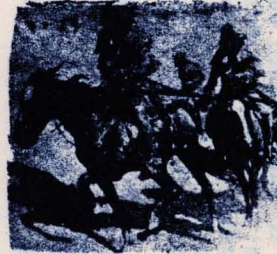
BROADSIDE #72

(Transcriptions by A.C.)

For Peter La Farge

Vietcong Captives Cheer For Indians in Movies

NUIDAT, South Vietnam, Jan. 22 (Reuters)—Captured Vietcong guerrillas cheer for the Indians during Western movies shown to them at an Australian hospital at Vungtau, an Australian intelligence



officer said here today. One guerrilla, who said he had changed his political views since his capture three months ago, gave himself away by crying at the end when the Indians lost, the officer said. He said the guerrilla would be handed over to South Vietnamese authorities tomorrow to be interned.

OSCEOLA'S LAST WORDS

Words & Music:
By WILL McLEAN

Copyright 1964
by Will McLean

In a dungeon deep at St. Au-gustine Chief
Os-ce-ola wept, For— his people & his golden land, His body had not slept; / Then said, Wildcat/ "Oh Chief I beg you go With me to stand against our mortal foe, But Os-ce-ola raised his / head high, Said, "Do this ere I die.

"Wildcat, Brother, to the grassy waters take the Seminole
There no white man can invade to leave you lying dead and cold
I shall not live among such evil men,
Who mock the sign of truce, this flag of white
And honor not their given, sacred word,
My name will be the light.

"The light that burns in every warrior's soul
in dark and hidden reaches,
They will never drive us from our land,
nor drain our blood like leeches
My spirit walks with those of you who die,
And those of you who always will remain
Upon this bloodstained, blessed, flowered land,
must fight and fight again."

OSCEOLA: Vietnam today, the Seminole war in the 1830's. Vietnamese and Seminole Indian guerillas resisting overwhelming forces trying to drive them from their "blood-stained, blessed, flowered land." Leech-like landlords following the U.S. Army in Vietnam; slave-chasers with the U.S. Army in Florida to reclaim Negro slaves finding freedom among the Seminoles. One other comparison; it was a guerrilla war the US did not win either. Will McLean wrote this song from Osceola's own words.... G.F.



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The Time Will Come

By ELAINE WHITE
©1966 by Elaine White

1. Ear - ly ris - ing strikes the dawn As your rid - dled dreams are torn From the mind that
What's done now was done be - fore Mending minds and end - ing scores, Nursing wounds of
flows in fan - ta - sy seeks re - al - i - ty The time will
those too numb to feel a tongue of steel
come, the time will come. And while those make their her - oes out of people once thought
zer - oes, The time - will sure - ly come.

(Arranged by Ysaye M. Barnwell)

THE TIME WILL COME: Elaine White asks "Who shall our great ones be?" and answers prophetically "It shall be we." This is the first recording of Elaine singing and accompanying herself on one of her own songs. We predict there will be many more. Elaine, at 20, brims with talent -- her songwriting is deep and penetrating, her lyrical voice and musical skills unbounded.

ELAINE WHITE Photo by Diana J. Davies



Early rising strikes the dawn
As your riddled dreams are torn
From the mind that flows in
fantasy
Seeks reality - The time will
come, The time will come.
What's done now was done before
Mending minds and ending scores
Nursing wounds of those too
numb to feel
A tongue of steel - The time
will come, The time will
come.
Chorus:
And while those make their
heroes
Out of people once thought
zeroes
The time will surely come.

Bearded walkers, weary-worn
Wear your tangled hair so long
And make your way while others
may look with scorn
For when you're born - The time
will come, The time will come.
Pleasure seekers search to find
Potions that may please their
minds
Panaceas that will cure all pains
But still remains - The time will
come, The time will come. **CHO.**

For those maintaining status quo
Martyrs who may come and go
You'll be swallowed up alive,
my friends
If war begins - The time will
come, The time will come.
Changes will repeat themselves
History books piled on the shelves
Students ask, "Who will our Great
Ones be?"
It shall be we - The time will
come, The time will come. **CHO.**

Don't Talk To Strangers

Words & Music By Chris Gaylord
Copyright 1967 by Chris Gaylord

The wife you did take it was all a mis-take and you're married and Je-sus it's hell You thought she was smarter so you loved her hard and then you said "but how could I tell" You did not love her but man-y times o-ver you used her and pushed her a-side And when she came to you, you screamed "What can I do, I do not want you for a bride." You told her Don't talk to strangers and I know I don't love you and don't e-ven smile 'Cause it's all your damn fault that we've got this sick child. You coughs in his room My mother was right what she said a-bout you.

(Bm/5=Fifth of chord in bass)

2. And then as she cried in your nonchalant stride
You just laughed and told her to grow up
It was not important, she'd have an abortion
Was five hundred dollars enough?
But somehow her family that you hadn't thought of
Did not feel like taking a life
The wedding was planned and you wept like a man
And she grew up and became your wife.

(CHORUS — to be sung at the end of each verse except the last):

Don't talk to strangers
And don't even smile
Cause it's all your damn fault
That we've got this sick child
You know I don't love you
And I never did
Now we're stuck livin here
With a kid
That just coughs in his room
My mother was right
what she said about you.

3. You used her some more and then finally she bore
An awakening moment of truth
Reality kills with these mountains of bills
And do you have a gun I could use
The wife you had taken now thin and misshapen
Was ugly from having your child
The ugliness spread and at last separate beds
She was lucky if you'd even smile. (CHO.)

4. The worn out excuse for your constant abuse
Is the one thing you have on your side
Your wife had been made and so many times laid
And a recommendation was tried

Your best friend of all told you she's a good ball
And the one thing that made it much worse
The son that you had that will soon call you dad
Well, you weren't even sure it was yours. (CHO.)

5. The times you had tried and could not satisfy
And your efforts you knew were in vain
And the fact that before she'd had many good scores
Was a-poundin down hard on your brain
So finally of course you asked for a divorce
But you could not get her to say yes
So you stormed out the door in search for some whore
Who could make you forget the whole mess. (CHO.)

6. So she came to me and said, "Oh, help me please
I think that you know why I'm here."
And so it was done and while you had your fun
I made love through an ocean of tears
Yes, she was with me but it's easy to see
When a woman is thinking of love
And I saw in her face during every embrace
It was you that she was thinking of. (CHO.)

7. Now I've been uh-thinkin for hours and hours
My reason for wonderin in vain
The one thing I want in this whole big old world
Is the girl that you're drivin insane
You want your freedom and I want her love
But I knew it never can be
The thing that you tell me has ruined your life
Well, God knows I wish it had happened to me.

(Last Chorus):

Cause,
She don't talk to strangers
And she never did smile
And it wasn't her fault
That you both had that child
She really did love you
I know that she did
And she loved livin there
Takin care of your kid and his cough --
If you'd a-married your mother
you'd a-been better off.



I feel that this song could mark a turning point in a certain area of modern songwriting. Chris Gaylord is 20, hair down to his shoulders in Beatle style, and for several years has been writing songs for and performing with West Coast folk-rock groups — The O.D. Corral*, Love Special Delivery, etc. Now, as he says, he has grown tired of 'the same old stuff' of the folk-rock scene, and is trying to write songs closer to reality, songs he thinks may help bridge the alienation between today's youth and the adult world; each, he says, can learn something valuable from the other. In 'Strangers' he turns away from the inanities and obscurantism increasingly characterizing folk-rock material, leaves behind its concern with murky symbolism — 'rocks', 'stones', 'strawberry fields', etc. — and grapples uncompromisingly with raw reality. To my mind, 'Strangers' deals with our teeny-boppers about three years later, after the psychedelic trips, the screaming stampedes after the Beatles and their imitators, the experimentations with sex, the pilgrimages to the Village, are all over and they come down to earth to face the harsh realities of life, as they inevitably must. And, Jesus, it's hell. Gordon Friesen

* O.D. stands for "Overdose" and are the initials scrawled on the death certificates of the all too many killed by narcotics.

Tell It as It Is

By NAT HENTOFF

It is true that, McLuhan notwithstanding, there are many teenagers who get great pleasure — atavistic kicks, he might say — from reading. And a sizable number of them do move naturally into adult fiction. But there are others who seldom read — either because their schools have effectively made reading synonymous with forced labor, or because few books they have seen sufficiently speak to their basic concerns to warrant their taking time away from listening to the Lovin' Spoonful, the Mamas and the Papas, Bob Dylan or the Beatles. The latter minnesingers do speak directly to the young, and one of the more literary of the folk rockers now predicts that the song may be the new form of the novel to come. (A development apparently unsuspected by Robbe-Grillet.)

N.Y. Times Book Review
May, 1967.

DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS: 20-year-old Chris Gaylord's is the first of the novels in song form Nat Hentoff mentions. It is in the tradition of Zola and Dreiser, and its moral theme has been compared to that of Dreiser's first great novel "Sister Carrie."



THE MIGRANT'S SONG

Up from El Cen-tro and San Ber-na-di-no, From Ba-kersfield
 One hun-dred thousand men, wo-men and chil-dren, They flow on the
 Fres-no, Ma-der-a, Mer-ced.— Sa-li-nas and Stockton, up to Sa-cra-
 highway, the old and the young.— An un-end-ing cy-cle of sow-ing and
 men-to, Santa Ro-sa and Red Bluff and on back a-gain. See
 reaping, The long valley's la-bor can ne-ver be done. See
 how the land — yields up her treasure — to man's pa-tient hand.

Up in the morning an hour before dawning,
 Stretching and yawning, rubbing sleep from their eyes,
 With the last star still quivering, the morning breeze shivering,
 And the sun is just lighting the easternmost skies;
 Soon in the big open trucks they will travel,
 Crowded together and crammed in like cattle
 Over pavement, over gravel, over dirt roll the wheels,
 Out to the orchards, the vineyards, the fields.

Chorus:
 See how the land
 Yields up her treasure
 To man's patient hand.

Soon in the long rows the swift hands are toiling
 In the day's growing heat and the dusty rows boiling
 The sun presses down like a hot heavy hand
 At the backs of the laborers working the land.
 In the shade of the oak trees by the side of the field rows,
 Dirty and shoeless the young children play
 While fathers and mothers, older sisters and brothers
 Toil on their knees in the heat of the day.

Down from the highway come men in brown uniform,
 Questioning, checking, and searching, and soon
 One or two whose papers are not in order
 Will be gone from the crew in the hot afternoon.
 But when the sun has descended and the long day is ended,
 It's back to the trucks wiping sweat from their eyes;
 Tired and weary and covered all over
 With fruit juice and brown dust, with sweat and black flies.

When there's crops in the field rows and grapes in the vineyards,
 And the limbs in the orchards bow low to the ground
 There's food on the table and clothes for the children
 And singing and dancing and joy all around.
 But with skies grey as iron and the icy winds whistling
 And frost in the fields and no work to be found
 In the cold night they huddle and with hunger they struggle
 Till spring brings back sweetness and life to the ground.

"The Migrant's Song" is reprinted from the Nov., 1965 issue of
 THE FOLKNIK, published by the San Francisco, Calif., Folk
 Music Club, 3839 Washington St., San Francisco.

BROADSIDE #66

By PETER KRUG
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"This isn't a protest song exactly, but it is a true song. I wrote it two years ago in the vineyards near Asti. The tune came wafting through the concrete walls of our bunkhouse at 4 A.M. from the Mexican cook's radio. As I listened to the music I thought of the fields I'd worked the previous weeks and the people I'd met along the valley — the Mexicans and Hillbillies, the Japanese, and the Negroes just out of the South. All trying to get together as much money as possible against the impending bleak winter... My feelings for the people I worked beside was a mixture of pity of their squalor, envy of their unrestrained joy of living and freedom, and pure love of their innocence and beauty. This song tells a little of what they and their lives are like."

PETER KRUG



EL TEATRO CAMPESINO



LUIS VALDEZ. DIRECTOR

EL CENTRO CAMPESINO CULTURAL

P.O. Box 428

Del Rey, California 93616



EL TEATRO CAMPESINO (The Farm Workers' Theater) performing in New York City, summer, 1967. Photo by Diana Davies

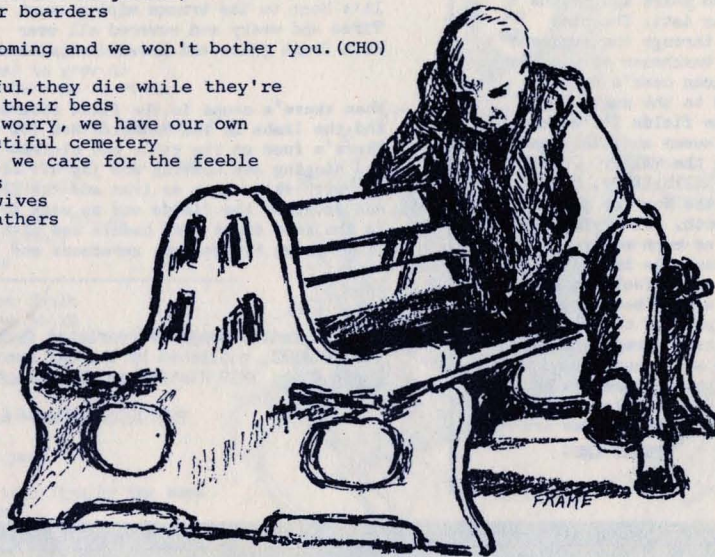
Shady Acres

Words and Music by JANIS IAN
 Copyright 1967 by Dialogue Music, Inc.
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So you've grown tired of your par-ents hang-a-round Now they spoil your children and
 hav-ing grand-parents is out Yes and they raised you well but you wish to hell that they'd go a-
 way so you'd not have to pay for their food,— for-get all the years when they paid for you.
CHO:
 Send your mother to Sha-dy A- cres, Send your father to Sha-dy A- cres, We'll take good
 care of them, You won't be a-ware of them, Send them to Sha-dy A- cres.—

Well if one of them's dead, don't worry your head,
 we have a matchmaker
 They can sit and kvetch on the rest home steps
 while watching Green Acres
 Yes if you don't want to visit, there's no requisite
 We have foster sons and daughters,
 to help all our boarders
 Stop feeling blue
 Keep the checks coming and we won't bother you. (CHO)

Yes here it's so peaceful, they die while they're
 sleeping, right in their beds
 Now there's no need to worry, we have our own
 mortuary and a beautiful cemetery
 Yes we are good people, we care for the feeble
 We've devoted our lives
 to the husbands and wives
 Who don't want their fathers
 around to be bothers
 So send 'em,
 We're respectable,
 And tax deductible.
 (CHORUS)



BROADSIDE #82

I've Been Told

Words & Music: PAUL KAPLAN
 © 1967 Paul Kaplan

They tell me how to be a great suc-cess,— Just see that I am quite correct-ly dressed,— Don't
 hit his hon-or with a his-t'ry book,— Don't give a cop a dir-ty look,— Oh,— I don't
 know but— I— I've been told.—

They tell me let them supervise the fight
 There's no one but the expert knows what's
 right
 There's no one fighting here upon our shore
 So you see you needn't worry any more
 Oh I don't know, but I've been told.

They say stay out of that bad neighborhood
 There's nothing there of any, worth or good
 The people there were born all full of hate
 It's just a matter of fate
 Oh I don't know, but I've been told.

They say we've got to fight to keep men free
 We're saving all the world from slavery
 The people all are fighting to be slaves
 That's just the way those foreigners behave
 Oh I don't know, but I've been told.

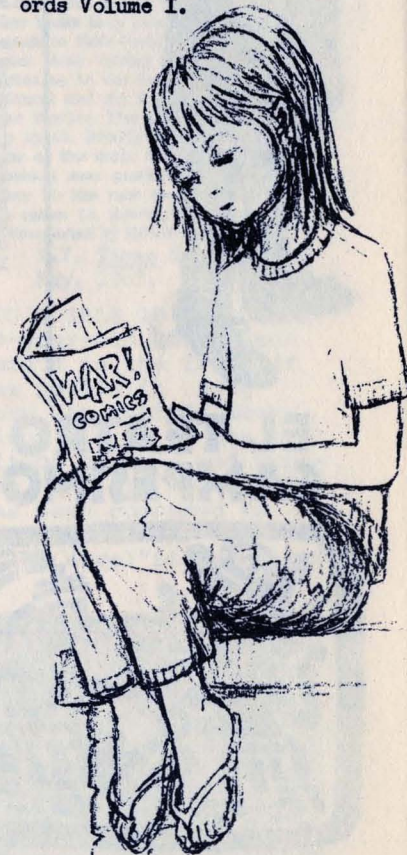
They say please put your troubled mind at rest
 The good Lord up in Heaven knows what's best
 You know if he weren't guiding things so well
 We'd all be living in Hell
 Oh I don't know, but I've been told.

They say put down your picket sign, my son
 The battles you were fighting all are won
 The Test Ban Treaty outlawed World War III
 The Bills of Civil Rights made all men free
 Oh I don't know, but I've been told.



JANIS IAN

SHADY ACRES: Janis Ian was "discovered" at a BROADSIDE Hootenanny 3 years ago at the age of 13. Her first single, "Society's Child" has sold a half million copies. Blind Girl Grunt is the sister of Blind Boy Grunt who appears on BROADSIDE Records Volume I.



I'VE BEEN TOLD: Paul Kaplan is 18, from Chicago, was raised on Pete Seeger, Weaver, and Almanac records. He began writing and singing his own songs two years ago.

I went out to the "Support Our Boys In Vietnam" parade on Saturday, May 13th. Suzanne Nachtigal and I thought it would be tragic if the march went unprotested, and we took along a sign reading "Support Our Boys In Vietnam - Bring Them Home Now!" Half a dozen people stopped to voice their agreement, one of them, a young man with the look of a Viking, stayed nearby, and, eventually, a group of hecklers formed behind us.

It took about fifteen minutes for this group of six or eight patriots (I use the word advisedly) to talk enough fanaticism into one fifteenish boy for him to grab the sign, ripping it in half. The Viking came to our aid at that point, handing me the largest

part of the sign, but it really only meant that three of us got shoved and pummeled instead of two.

The police pulled us out of there, but, after they took us across the street, they told us to take a walk. We were followed. The six or eight, I wasn't able to get a good count, brave young men made several more abortive attempts to do physical damage, with a kick in my back, and a judo throw on the Viking, but we finally got away from them, when a rookie cop let us cross the street, holding them on the other side.

I got pretty ticked off, and wrote a song about it: "The Freedoms We've Been Fighting For."
- Tom Parrott

THE FREEDOMS WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR

Words & Music By TOM PARROTT

Copyright 1967 by Tom Parrott

We've fought a thousand battles, we've won a hundred wars From the bloody ridge at Gettysburg to China's "Open Door", And it's written in our history, it's re-corded in our lore, All the wonder of the freedoms that we've been fighting for.

(2) We for.

We drove the Indians from their land, their hallowed grounds to till; And they went if they were savvy and if they stayed they all were killed. And it didn't matter that this land belonged to them before; For they were not red men's freedoms that we were fighting for.

And when we crossed the mountains to the California side, And gold was found at Sutter's Mill no force could stem the tide; And freedom was the battle cry, but greed was at the core; And they were not Mexican freedoms that we were fighting for.

And when the Civil War came and fathers killed their sons, Emancipation was the cause for which it all was done; But the slavery of two hundred years lived another hundred more; And they were not Negro freedoms that we were fighting for.

And when our boys in Vietnam drive out the Viet Cong, Behind them come the landlords to continue all their wrongs; And a government of tyranny treats it's country like a whore; Are they Oriental freedoms that we are fighting for?

And when we rise to speak our minds against the cancer's spread, We're told that we're responsible for the rising toll of dead; And we're battered and we're beaten for we stand against this war; Tell me! Where are all those freedoms that you say we're fighting for?



"... and the beast cast out of his mouth fire upon them who did not worship him."

Revelations, The Holy Bible

GENOCIDE



In Detroit, police are accused of executing Negroes in cold blood.



H. RAP BROWN (manacled after his arrest on charges of inciting to riot): "If America plays Nazi, we ain't goin' to play Jews."

EL PICKET SIGN

Vital, Earthy And Alive Theater

Ralph J. Gleason

THE FOLK SONG and satirical theatrical company of the Delano strikers, El Teatro Campesino, which gives a performance tonight at 8 o'clock at Berkeley's Hillside School and tomorrow night at the Cotati Memorial Auditorium in Cotati, is a lusty combination of music, satire and propaganda.

The company played Monday night at The Committee and it was the most revolutionary theater those walls have seen. The audience (since this was a frank fund raising event for the Delano strike as was to be expected) loved them. The gags all got laughs and the propaganda was cheered.

But the Teatro is really more than a propaganda tool for the strike and I think that comes through.

★ ★ ★

IT'S VITAL, EARTHY and vividly alive theater. The most simplistic representation of growers and scabs and strikers has a kind of reality, when the Teatro does it in their actos, as they call the skits, that professional theatrical companies cannot get. The reason is simple. It is all too real to the participants and the audience, when it sees these men on stage, knows, without thinking about it, that they come from the picket line where they have faced the violence and the terror they are talking about.

The songs of Augustin Lira, who sings several excellent solos and wrote the half dozen numbers the group sings, are good songs. He has an attractive voice and a winning manner and the ensemble songs have the kind of zest all such material naturally has if handled well.

And El Teatro handles everything well. Luis Valdez, on whose considerable talents as a spokesman, director and actor, the show really rests, has done a fine job. He combines great comic images with a running explanation in between the actos of just what the strike means.

Lira's sing, "I Am Not Afraid of Anything," which closes the show, is a very effective number. The comic talents of Felipe Cantu are particularly outstanding and underscore the point Valdez makes, which is that given the opportunity, artists and craftsmen, creative persons of all kinds can come from the farm workers' community.

It's an impressive demonstration of what can be done when men do work together in a common cause.

San Francisco CHRONICLE 5/7/66

THE PICKET SIGN: This is a beautiful song, but only if sung in the mellifluous Spanish language and Latin rythm. However, below is a rough translation in English.

THE PICKET SIGN

By Luis Valdez

From Texas to California
Farm workers are struggling
The ranchers crying and crying
They're sick and tired of Huelga

CHORUS:

The picket sign, the picket sign
I carry it all day long
The picket sign, the picket sign
It's with me all my life.

We've for more than two long years
Been fighting with this strike
One of the growers has died
Another became a grandmother. (CHO).

One of the cousins I have
Was irrigating ditches
One day for Pagarulo
Another with Zanavubitches. (CHO).

They say I am very troublesome
A loud mouth and a rable-rouser
But Juarez was my uncle
And Zapata, my father-in-law. (CHO).

And now I am out organizing
The raza in all of the fields
But many go on eating
Tortillas with pure chile. (CHO).

There are many who don't understand
Even though you give them advice
The Huelga is for the good of all
But some people just
act stupid (pendejos). (CHO).

NEW YORK POST, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1967

Second, the belief that the white man is readying concentration camps and ovens for the blacks is heard everywhere. The word "genocide" is used regularly now. "If America plays Nazi, we ain't goin' to play Jews." This is what H. Rap Brown says and many in the ghetto believe they may soon be fighting for their very lives. Detroit contributed to that feeling. The police reaction convinced many black people that whites have a will to murder them.

This remark, by a nationalist leader in Los Angeles, is typical of the many made on the question of genocide against black Americans:

"How long do you think this [white] man is going to allow black folks to burn up his cities? Isn't property more important to him than people? I can see it coming: ovens for black people."

★ ★ ★

GENOCIDE: Talk of sending America's Negroes to the gas ovens was once considered as merely part of the late George Lincoln Rockwell's lunacy (just as Hitler's first threats to exterminate the Jews were dismissed as the ravings of a lunatic). But the open housing marches in Chicago, Milwaukee, etc., have exposed the chilling depth of white America's racial hatred, and talk of genocide is now heard throughout the land. Zachary 2's song is one of the first about it, and he stresses the determination of the Negro people not to go meekly into the gas chambers as did many Jews... G.F.

★ ★ ★