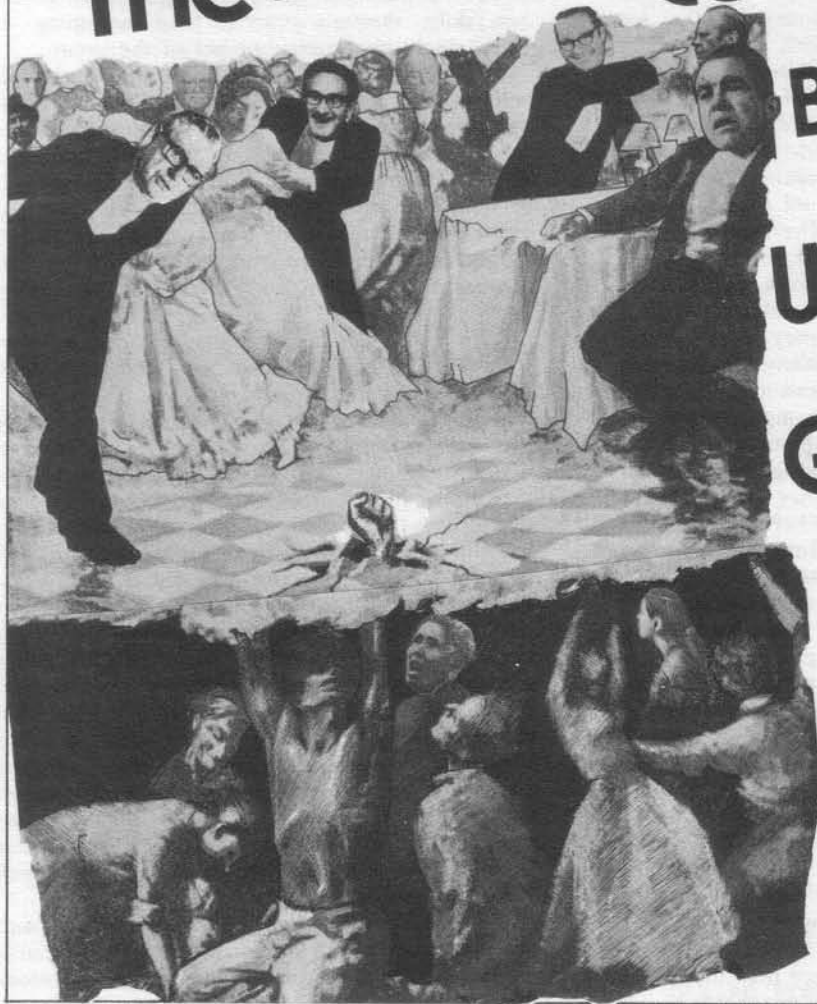


PAREDON P-1024 Stereo

# The Human Condition

with  
Beverly  
Grant

## Working People Gonna Rise!



©PAREDON RECORDS / PO BOX 889 / BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11202

## WHY IS THIS RECORD DANGEROUS?

As long as there is a split between the people who make the world go around with their labor and those who profit from it, there will be two kinds of cultural expression. The radio and record shops flood the air with artists who seem to have never heard of unemployment, high prices, racist schools or crooked politicians. Those who produce these artists often seem as if they have hardly ever heard of women. And when they do try to sound as if they are dealing with our problems, we look a little deeper and find that they are only describing what we can already see with our own eyes. No solutions are offered, and no reasons given, and this leaves us feeling defeated and frustrated. On the other hand, people have always created songs for themselves which grew out of their experiences in trying to solve their problems. The real history of working people is written in their songs.

This is what the Human Condition is doing. They want to know who is really responsible for what's wrong, and when they find out, they point fingers. They want to tell us about the many other people who have begun to understand, and to help us find ways of uniting with them to bring about some changes. This is why we need them.

Their songs are crafted well enough to be played on anybody's radio but probably they will only make it as far as you help them go. Why? Because they challenge the basis from which all the biggest radio station revenues flow: commercials buying air time for nationally-advertised brands, products made by the giant monopoly corporations. And because they refuse to play the game, choosing to live and work like people in any other industry rather than as seemingly privileged puppets kept apart from the very people they sing for, they challenge the basis of this commodity culture: the star as product. That is why the people who run "show business" might feel they can't use them.

We feel proud to help give you and The Human Condition a way to get together. They are part of a growing movement of artists all over this country who want to serve their audience with songs created out of what all of us are learning through our daily struggles to survive, but to do more than that. This is a new kind of cultural revolution, one that is based on working and struggling together, studying to find the tools which can free us from our ignorance and oppression, calling on us to unite with people all over the world who face the same enemy called imperialism, calling on all of us to be wise, organize, and move together to make a better future.

### PAREDON RECORDS



du/bul p. 73

## WHAT IS THE HUMAN CONDITION?

On the initiative of Beverly Grant, who already was known as a singer/songwriter, The Human Condition was formed almost two years ago. Mario joined us nine months later, although he had worked with Gene and Jerry in the past on his own material. Peter joined about a year ago, had to drop out for a time, but is now a regular member. Gail has been the sound technician from the beginning, learning her skills through practice and becoming an increasingly important member of the group.

We (Beverly, Jerry, Gene, Gail and Mario) live collectively with several other people we love and struggle with in upstate New York. Since the band is our major source of income, we have little choice but to pool our resources, but in addition to the economic advantages we have found it a rewarding experience in terms of the quality of our lives. It has taught us a collective ethic with which we can combat the isolation and alienation the system imposes on people. We are eight adults and two children, with another on the way, and anywhere from three to ten dogs, a cat, and a boa constrictor who is looking for a new home.

Before moving upstate, the band was based primarily in Brooklyn. Since the move, we work at many kinds of gigs, but our main interest is in playing to audiences who have not yet been exposed to music that deals with reality as we see it. We play for and are supported by a lot of organizations working for social change but we feel it is important to reach beyond that. So we play frequently in bars and clubs upstate, in New York, and in New Haven, Conn., anywhere we can find work. As we improve musically, our message gets across clearer, and we find that everywhere people are eager to hear what we are saying. We do the same kind of songs wherever we play, and happily we find that everywhere people are concerned about Clifford Glover, for example, or they know someone like Uncle Sam, or some of the women have just left their husbands and can find identity and strength with Janie, and on and on.

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. We hope we are helping to redefine that struggle, and that we can help to give strength, sustenance, and pride to all who recognize that something is wrong and are trying to do something about it. We try to make clear in our songs what we think the enemy really is. We think it is the system we live in, with its tremendous economic inequities which force people to fight for the crumbs at the bottom while men like Rockefeller, whose wealth comes from our labor, can give \$500,000 gifts to his 'friends.' We think that day by day people are becoming more aware of where the problems lie, and of what is possible. That is why we usually close our performances with "Working People are Gonna Rise!"

### THE HUMAN CONDITION



Photo: Federico Sanchez

*l to r: Peter, Gene, Bev, Jerry, Mario*

## WHO ARE WE?

**PETER JOSEPH FARNESE** plays drums.

"I was born in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1945, into a small community of first and second generation Italian-Americans. My father was the oldest male child of five children, who had to leave school to go to work and help support the family. Ironically, he delivered bread, but there was very little for the family itself. Since it was a close-knit community, families made it through the toughest years with each other's help. My father continued to work all his life, and now is employed at a large textile plant.

"My mother has been a working woman all her life, except for her child-raising years when she worked at home. She works in an office now, out of necessity. There were two children, me and my younger brother, Donald. I began to take drum lessons in grade school, at about eight years of age. I was part of the high school orchestra for most of my four years there, but afterward I went to work for a large trucking company, for which I had to give up musical life. During the five years I spent this way, I felt more and more frustrated with my work and the need to express myself musically kept growing. Finally, I quit my job, bought a set of drums and began to study again.

"I was able to work with a very accomplished jazz drummer, Ronnie Shane, and this time I took things more seriously. I began playing locally with various groups, including my brother Donald's band. Don is

an excellent guitarist, and has been a constant inspiration to me. With the Human Condition, I can combine my musical and political interests, with hopes that my contribution will help bring freedom to the working people of the world.

**MARIO GIACALONE** plays guitar and sings lead and back-up vocals.

"I was born to Italian immigrant parents in 1948, and raised in Bensonhurst, a working-class district of Brooklyn, New York. My father's father brought him over from Sicily when he was a boy, but then soon died. My father was forced to go to work along with his two brothers to help support his mother and sister. First he worked as a butcher's apprentice, then as a baker, and finally as a machine operator in the garment district. My mother also came from Sicily, first to visit her sisters who were already working here, and later to enter the garment factory herself as a machine operator. With so many other responsibilities, my parents married late and there is only an older sister besides me.

"Somehow between every thing else my father learned to play the saxophone and clarinet, working part-time as a musician during the big band era. Later, he had to give this up to attend night school, where he achieved a real estate and insurance broker's license. Then my family lived behind the store where my father had his insurance office.

"I always wanted to sing, and my father always encouraged me. I sang in the high school chorus,



and on the street corners after school. Later, I went to work, until the threat of the draft made me enter college in order to stay out of the Vietnam war. There I worked with a band called the Communications Workshop and became aware of political ideas. After college I combined working, drawing unemployment, and playing music. It seems sometimes you have to be willing to starve in this country just to get a chance to play music. Many clubs try to make you feel they are doing you a favor to let you play at all, and this way they don't have to pay you anything. Then suddenly you can become a super-star and make outrageous sums of money.

"For the past year I have been working with the Human Condition, which I feel has meant real growth as a musician and in my political awareness. I feel that most people are disgusted with the glitter of rockdom and are waiting for songs that will tell the truth about their lives. Working and living with the group has strengthened my faith in the future so much that soon I will become a father. I feel that it is really important to be able to be a musician and at the same time have a family, especially seeing the way the music industry does not encourage people to live rounded lives. The industry gives attention mainly to single, career-minded people rather than those with families and political convictions. Working with the Human Condition, on the other hand, gives me the opportunity to write and sing about what is affecting the lives of ordinary people, things that are really relevant. This means that I can continue to be part of . . . the human condition."

**BEVERLY GRANT** plays guitar and sings lead and back-up vocals.

"I was born in 1942, the third child of six. I was raised in Portland, Oregon. My father was a second-generation German Jew, and my mother a second-generation Swedish Protestant who adopted Judaism. My father was an unsuccessful businessman, whose physical handicap often kept him from work. My mother worked her ass off with so many kids and so little financial security.

"I sang with my two older sisters in a trio for three or four years. After high school I quit singing, married a jazz musician, and worked as a secretary for the next seven years to support him and later another musician I lived with after divorcing the first. After I left the second musician in 1967, I began to be aware of much that was happening in the country which was relevant to my life and experiences. Consciousness of my oppression as a woman began to develop, and this put me in touch with other contradictions in the society such as racism, the exploitation of people all over the world, and how this all adds up to profits and advantages for the few and poverty, degradation, and hard work for the many.

"For four years, I worked with a film making group called Newsreel which was making documentary films about these questions. I also began making music and writing songs that expressed these ideas. I left the film group to do full time work on music about three years ago, and to

have a baby—now two years old—named Leticia. The baby's father is Puerto Rican, and through my relationship with him I have come to know the racism and cultural chauvinism of this system from the inside, which has further strengthened my resolve to fight against it in every possible way.

**GENE HICKS** plays keyboards and violin, and sings back-up vocals.

"I was born in 1951 to an Italian-American mother who had been a concert pianist until her three children came along. She continued to teach in public schools and privately over the years. My father, who is English-American, has held many jobs, driving a bus and a cab, repairing washing machines, and now is teaching driving lessons and doing some writing. I was raised in a non-religious atmosphere, except for a few years of Ethical Culture Society, which I ultimately rejected. I have always felt funny saying 'one nation under God' because that idea had no place in my life.

"I began to play the piano by ear when I was three, picking up pointers from my mother as I went along, with a few formal lessons at around nine years. I studied violin for six years, beginning at age eleven. I wanted to broaden my experience, so I played all over the parks and street-corners of New York City with a jug band. In 1969 I went out to Berkeley, to see some of the community developments I had heard about at first hand. I came right back home to quit high school. It seemed like I had gone from nursery school to grade school to high school with only a few weekends here and there when we were together as a family. My parents were always working. I had learned in school how to read and write, and how to tie my shoe (a big thing in my life!), but I felt that what society was preparing me for was destructive to my personal freedom. I wanted to look for alternatives.

"My parents were very supportive, and gradually I began to be involved with music as a trade, gigging with several rock bands and recently doing some studio work with John Paul Jones of Led Zeppelin, and others. I have glimpsed the world of super-stardom briefly, where I saw that the racism and decadence, and the lack of respect for working people that is characteristic of that life-style, was taking the music I was creating in a direction that I did not like. In The Human Condition we are not trying to be super-stars, but just working people doing a job. We want to avoid any mystique around our work, so that people can relate to us as other people. This way I feel much better about performing. This is the direction in which I want to travel."

**GAIL MITNICK** is the sound technician.

"I was born in Brooklyn, in 1949. My grandparents fled to this country from Poland and Russia because of religious persecution. I was aware as I grew up of my parents' struggle to make ends meet. In school, secretarial studies was all that seemed to be offered, and I could not visualize myself in that world of business. This made me feel

confused about what to do with my life. I eventually became a sportswear buyer in the garment district, but became alienated from this when I realized that the owners were getting rich while I, like my parents before me, had to struggle just to make ends meet. Later, I worked with retarded children in the ghetto, which gave me a sense of fulfillment.

"When The Human Condition was formed, I became interested in the music as well as the lyrics. I discovered that the group needed someone to operate the controls of the soundboard and balance their musical sound. Wanting to play a part in their work that was concrete, I volunteered myself although at the time I knew nothing about it. I have learned a lot through our work, and after almost 2 years feel competent enough to say that I add to the sound of The Human Condition, although there is still lots to learn. I hope I can be an inspiration to other women who might tend to shy away from the challenge of learning something like this."

**JERRY MITNICK** plays bass and sings lead and back-up vocals.

"I was born in 1948 to first-generation Jewish-American parents. My father's parents came from Russia and my mother's from Poland. My father was a cutter in the garment district who tried many times to go into business for himself. When I was about 13, he and two partners took over a factory in Pennsylvania. During the following years, he broke his back trying to make it work, but when I was 17 he died of a heart attack brought about by the severe economic pressures.

"During those years he would be away from home three or four days a week, which created tensions at home. Although he continued to rule with an iron hand, he became practically a stranger to the family. When he died, my mother and her sister took over the business, although they had no previous experience of that kind, and to this day she is able to make a living from it.

"I grew up in Brownsville, in Brooklyn, New York, until I was 12, when the family moved to Canarsie. My sister Karen, who has been my first political influence, left home when she was 21. She wrote the words to the "Father" song on this album. Looking back on it, our family was a lot tighter when we lived in Brownsville, a neighborhood of apartment buildings, than after we moved to Canarsie with its private houses and feeling of suburbia.

"I tried various colleges for about 3½ years, mostly to stay out of the draft, and played music in between. I quit school to play full-time, but since it is hard to make a living that way I worked at a variety of subsistence jobs such as plumber, cab driver, music store clerk and so on. I have worked the bar scene playing with various groups, and found it disgusting. The Human Condition is the first group I have played with where we could transcend the "star" image and get down to playing people's music."

Photos: Beverly Grant



Side 1, Band 1:

THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE (4:08)

words and music: Mario Giacalone ©1974 by author

The so-called "energy crisis in the winter of 1973-74 helped raise the profits of the oil companies by unprecedented amounts, with Texaco alone showing a 500% rise. The people, however, suffered variously according to where they lived. In the cities, we waited in long lines to buy a limited amount of gasoline. As we watched the Exxon commercials tell us on TV that they are "going around the globe" to get us oil, and the U.S. Steel commercials assuring us of how "involved" they are in working for our welfare, we learned to bear up through the winter watching our breath-frost in the air of our own homes because we couldn't afford the soaring prices of heating oil.

In spite of the hardships, something good came of it. People began to see what was happening, and to join in the fight to take the riches out of the hands of the few and put them into the hands of the many.

vocal: Beverly, Jerry, Mario

tambourine: Beverly

1. <sup>E7</sup> Things ain't what they used to be <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> There's not much oil they say <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> They're raising all the prices <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> But they ain't gonna raise my pay. <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> And I'm freezing in my living room <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> I got a blanket wrapped around <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> Try to keep my spirits up <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> 'cause ain't no use in getting down. <sup>A7</sup>

CHORUS:

<sup>A7</sup> And I need some money  
<sup>A7</sup> 'cause I can't afford to live. <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>A7</sup> Hey, Rockefeller, <sup>E7</sup>  
<sup>C7</sup> How would you like to give <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>B7</sup> 'cause I know you got enough money <sup>A</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> to go around and around <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> and around and around <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> and around and around <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>A7</sup> and around and around <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> and you better come clean quick <sup>A7</sup>  
<sup>E7</sup> 'cause your empire's falling down. <sup>E</sup>

2.

Things ain't what they used to be  
The large eggs now are small  
And soon we'll all be lucky  
If we can buy an egg at all.  
The baby's got a fever  
I hope she ain't too sick  
'cause for us to pay the doctor bill  
It's gonna take some fancy trick.  
I need some money  
'cause I can't afford to live.  
Hey, General Motors,  
How would you like to give?  
'cause I know you got enough money  
To go around and around  
and around and around  
and around and around  
and around and around  
And you better watch your step  
We're gettin' mad, we're gonna shut  
you down.

3.

Things ain't what they used to be  
The government's in a mess  
There ain't gonna be no president  
Gonna get us out of this.  
We're gonna have to get together  
And take care of our needs  
Gonna have to put an end  
To all of the greed.

You know we need each other  
If we expect to live  
Ain't gonna be no good  
If we're separated  
But together we're gonna make it so  
There's gonna be enough to go  
around and around  
and around and around  
and around and around  
and around and around  
And together we'll have strength  
And we'll rise up instead of  
falling down.

We got enough to go around (4X)  
Make the money go 'round (4X)  
Yeah!

Side 1, Band 2:

JANIE'S JANIE (3:10)

words by Beverly Grant, music by Laura Lieben ©1972 by authors

People have told us they liked the fact that we tell "both sides of the story." In addition to talking about the oppression of women, we address ourselves to the oppression of men and try to show how both flow out of social conditions. You may be interested to know that this song was written some years before the following one, "Charlie's Song," which indicates something of the process through which the author has been going.

vocal: Beverly  
acoustic guitar: Beverly  
electric guitar: Laura Lieben



JANIE

1) Well, I'd be up at six and my work  
begun

Cooking and cleaning had to give

Mom a hand

Then off to school and a job part-  
time,

I never had a minute I could say  
was mine.

No time for friends or learning

'bout things.

I could never talk back cause my  
Daddy, he was king.

2) Marriage was the answer,  
Out the house and on my own  
But though the master changed  
I got the same old bone  
More cooking and cleaning and  
babies being born  
Charlie's out drinking. Janie's  
nerves are getting worn.  
No time for friends, or learning  
'bout things  
I could never talk back 'cause  
Charlie he was king.

Threw the bone out the window

and Charlie out the door,

Though the load ain't any lighter

I ain't slavin' any more.

Since Charlie ain't around

Tellin' me what to do

Well I got some time to think.

I got my own point of view.

And I been takin' a long look  
around me now.

And I'll tell you, tell you what

I see.

I see a whole lot of different kind  
of women

Waking up strong now, finding out  
who they can be.

(Chorus)

My name is Janie. yeah that's me

But I ain't like I used to be

I'm Janie's Janie and I feel free,

Not Daddy's Janie, not Charlie's

Janie,

I'm Janie's Janie.

Side 1, Band 3:

CHARLIE'S SONG (4:05)

words and music by Beverly Grant ©1973 by author

vocal: Jerry

violin: Gene

He didn't know what to do

When she said "We're through "

He was certain he had done all he  
could.

He worked hard every day,

Gave her his pay.

And on Saturday night his manhood.

(Chorus)

Charlie's all alone, Janie took

the kids.

Well he never could stand the noise,

But he asks himself now just what

Janie did

While he was out drinkin' with  
the boys.

2)

He's a hard workin' man.

Why, she just don't understand

How it feels making someone else  
rich

He was too tired to explain

All the hurt and pain

After working a twelve hour shift.

# WHO ARE WE?

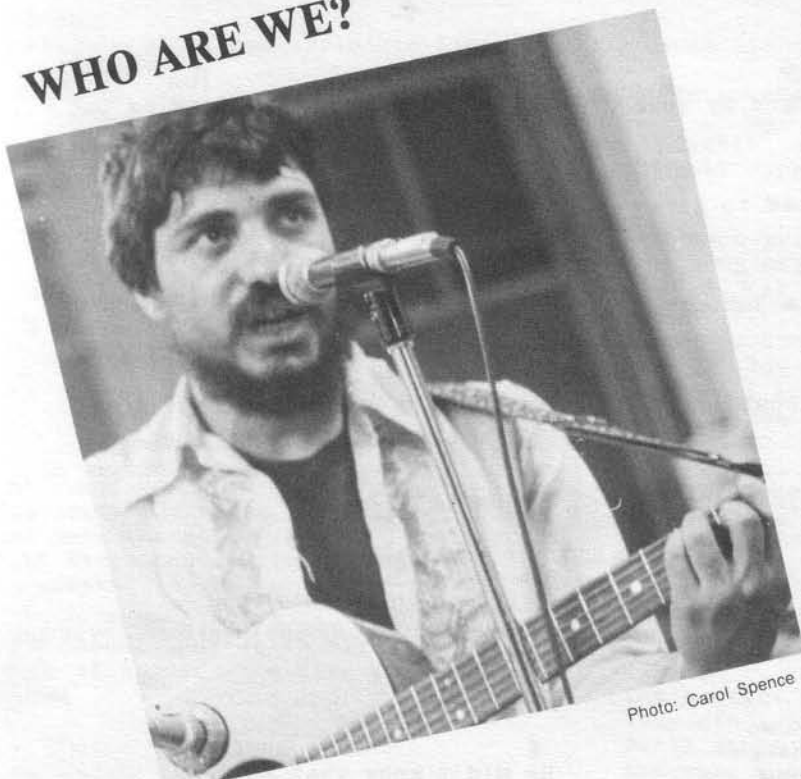


Photo: Carol Spence

Mario



Leticia and Bever

# WHAT IS THE HUMAN CONDITION?



Photo: White Lightning

Gail

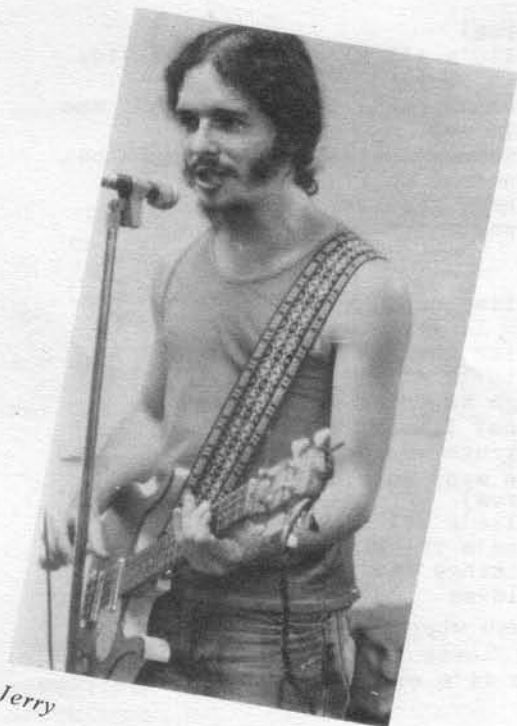


Peter and Gene





Photo: Carol Spence



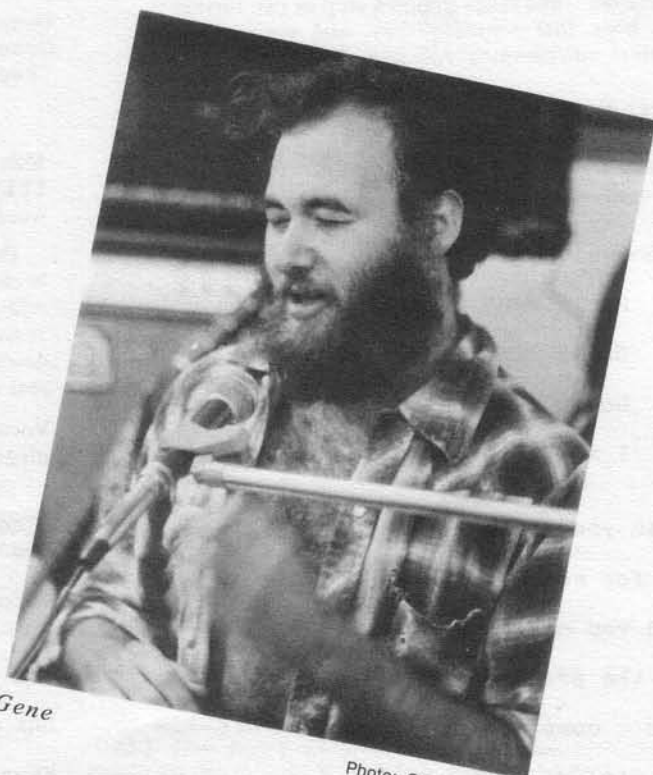
*Jerry*

Photo: Carol Spence

# WHY IS THIS RECORD DANGEROUS?



Photo: Federico Sanchez



*Gene*

Photo: Carol Spence

(Chorus)  
 Charlie's all alone, tryin' to hide  
 his hurt  
 'Cause he can't let his friends see  
 him cry.  
 And he curses the iron as he ruins  
 another shirt,  
 But he's starting to ask himself  
 "Why?"

3)  
 Charlie thinks about power  
 Every lonely hour  
 Knowing that he's never had it in  
 his life  
 Though he tried everything  
 To feel like a king  
 The truth would hit him every time  
 he went outside.

(Chorus)  
 Charlie's all alone  
 But he's thinking Jane was right.  
 That kings can't exist without  
 slaves  
 'Cause when they've had enough  
 And choose instead to fight.  
 When it's over, the king always pays.

Side 1, Band 4:

CHAIN REACTION (4:45)

words and music by Beverly Grant ©1972 by author

This song is usually performed after "Janie" and "Charlie," and takes things a step or two further in the hope that someday they, and we, can unite against our common enemy.

vocal: Beverly  
 electric guitar: Mario  
 acoustic guitar: Alan Freedman  
 Hammond organ: Gene

(Chorus)

<sup>A7</sup>  
 Don't want no chain reaction.  
 Don't take it out on <sup>D</sup> me.  
 Don't want no chain reaction,  
 I ain't your enemy <sup>E7</sup>

1) <sup>A7</sup>  
 When you go to work and you slave  
 for some boss <sup>D</sup>  
 And you come home to me, to find <sup>A7</sup>  
 the pride you have lost, <sup>E7</sup>  
 Don't come barkin' at me. threat- <sup>A7</sup>  
 nin' me with your hand, <sup>D</sup>

'Cause ain't no <sup>A7</sup> satisfaction <sup>D</sup> comin'  
 to no chain-reaction woman- <sup>B7</sup> <sup>E7</sup>  
 lashin' man. <sup>A</sup>  
 (Repeat chorus)

2)  
 Now when prices go up  
 And your paycheck comes down  
 And you can't quit your job  
 'cause ain't no others around  
 When you come home at night  
 Feelin' low-down and mean  
 You won't get satisfaction comin'  
 From no chain-reaction woman lashin'  
 scene.

So listen to what I got to say:  
 Together we can build a new day.  
 Just look for the man  
 Who holds the chain in his hand  
 And start a chain reaction headin'  
 his way

(Tag:)  
 Let's start a chain reaction  
 This ain't no chain of fools.  
 We'll start a chain reaction  
 And make a new set of rules  
 Come join our chain reaction  
 What have we got to lose?  
 We'll get real satisfaction  
 Breakin' up those chains  
 And goin' for our pay-back dues

Gonna start a chain reaction  
 Come on and join a chain reaction  
 (Repeat)

Side 1, Band 5:  
 FEEL GOOD (3:04)

words and music by Beverly Grant ©1972 by author

This has been a really important song for us because everyone in the audience can and does relate to it. People usually sing along with us, sometimes continuing the chorus after we have put down our instruments. What the song says is very real and very important to all of us.

Vocal: Beverly  
 electric guitar: Mario

(Chorus:)  
 You've got to feel good about yourself <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 Before you can feel good about me (2X) <sup>F</sup> <sup>G7</sup>

1. <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
 You say that you love me  
 But all I can feel is pain. <sup>F</sup> <sup>G7</sup>  
 When the sun's out there shining <sup>C</sup> <sup>Am</sup>

You're talkin' 'bout looks like rain. <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Well I know you ain't happy, <sup>F</sup> <sup>E</sup>

It's so plain to see. (chorus) <sup>F</sup> <sup>G</sup>

2)

If you ain't doin' nothin'  
for yourself  
To bring peace of mind  
And you spend your life cryin'  
'Bout how you wasted time,  
You won't find the answer  
In just loving me, (Chorus)

(Spoken:)

One thing I learned <sup>F</sup>  
Through lovin' and being hurt <sup>C</sup>  
Is that you can't build your life <sup>D1</sup>  
around someone else

And not expect to be treated <sup>G</sup>  
like dirt.

You gotta go out there and find <sup>F</sup>  
yourself,

And build your own identity. <sup>E</sup> <sup>Am</sup>

You gotta feel good, <sup>D1</sup>

Feel good about yourself,

Or you'll never feel good <sup>G7</sup>

about me.

3)

All that I'm saying  
Is when you put yourself down  
It hurts me so much  
I just can't stick around.  
I ain't got the answer  
For your misery (chorus)

Side 2, Band 1:

FATHER (3:23)

words and music by Karen and Jerry Mitnick

©1974 by authors

Looking back at our childhood we realized that we, like many people, felt somehow responsible for the lack of communication between our parents and ourselves. The pressures of sheer survival had created an atmosphere of conflict between our parents, as well as for us, and we had to grow up to understand how much an unfulfilling and hard day's work can destroy the expression of human feelings which was so important. (Karen and Jerry are brother and sister.)

Vocal: Jerry

(Intro:)

My father was a man <sup>Am</sup>

I tried to understand

But I was too young when he died. <sup>dm</sup>

I thought he was a man <sup>Am</sup>

Who couldn't see eye to eye

No matter how hard he tried. <sup>dm</sup>

I remember him at night <sup>Am</sup>

Sitting huge in his seat <sup>Em</sup>

Snoring at the TV <sup>Am</sup>

Like a man who had been beat <sup>Em</sup>

But I was far too young to under- <sup>Dm</sup> <sup>Am</sup>  
stand his way

To know the pain he felt, or the <sup>Dm</sup>  
price he had to pay <sup>Am</sup> <sup>Em7</sup>

(Chorus)

A working man's daughter <sup>G</sup>

A working man's son <sup>Am</sup>

Often don't understand <sup>Bm</sup>

Til the working man's done. <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>

1)

And his eyes looked so tired <sup>Am</sup>

From a working man's day

If there once was any humor <sup>Bm</sup>

It got eaten away. <sup>C</sup> <sup>D</sup>

(Chorus)

'Cause the bosses they yell  
From nine until five  
They yell every day  
That my father's alive.

2)

Now he's gone from this earth  
And my heart fills with hate  
When I think of how many men  
Meet the same fate.

(Chorus)

They work every day  
Making nickles and dimes  
While the rich bosses tell them  
There'll be better times



(Chorus)

A working man's daughter  
A working man's son  
Often don't understand  
Til the working man's done (2x)

Side 2, Band 2:

MAMA, I REMEMBER (5:08)

words and music by Beverly Grant ©1973 by author

Like "Father," this song is an attempt to see our parents as people who have struggled long and hard, who were confused, weak sometimes, but strong in their will to survive and to make a better life for their children. We who have rebelled against our parents sometimes lose sight of them as many-sided human beings from whom we have much to learn.

vocal: Beverly

electric guitar: Mario

acoustic guitar: Beverly

Wurlitzer electric piano: Gene

1) Fm

Mama, I remember

How you told me life was hard, <sup>B<sup>b</sup>m</sup>

As I watched you hang the laundry <sup>C7</sup>

On the line above the yard <sup>Fm</sup>

Your muscles would be bulging

From the weight of seven kids, <sup>B<sup>b</sup>m</sup>

And your eyes had lost their luster <sup>C7</sup>

As they peered from weary lids. <sup>Fm</sup>

We'd sit <sup>B<sup>b</sup>m</sup> down after dinner

And the dishes had been done <sup>Fm</sup>

And try to find a channel <sup>B<sup>b</sup>m</sup>

That would satisfy everyone. <sup>C7</sup>

The only thing that mattered <sup>Fm</sup>

As we watched the TV screen <sup>B<sup>b</sup>m</sup>

Was the perfect lives it showed us <sup>C7</sup>

In a make-believin' dream. <sup>Fm</sup>

Mama I remember. <sup>B<sup>b</sup>m</sup>

And it hurts me now Ive seen <sup>Fm</sup>

That I blamed you and Daddy <sup>C7</sup>

For not giving me that dream. <sup>Fm</sup>

2)

So many times I wondered  
As you sewed a dress I tore.  
Why I couldn't buy a new one.  
why it was we were so poor.  
I know you meant the best for me,  
when you made me go to school,  
Where they said success was yours  
and mine,

if we followed all their rules.

But then I'd see our Daddy

After working every day

Tryin' to please the boss,

he'd toe the line

Just to get his measly pay

He never really made it.

Though he broke his back to try.

And the pain of knowing h

he had failed

Was what finally made him die.

Mama, I remember,

And it hurts me now I've seen

That you and Daddy had no chance

To ever catch that dream.

3)

Growing up is painful

And the truth is hard to see,

But TV shows and get rich quick

Just don't mean much to me

You may think I'm crazy,

But Mama, look next door.

Our neighbors work as hard as us,

And they are just as poor.

I know you always taught me

Never to complain.

But I refuse to just give up

And suffer the same pain.

So many people like us

Gettin' nowhere fast,

And so few gettin' rich..

You know a thing like that

can't last.

Mama, I remember,

And it hurts me now I've seen

That you and Daddy could have fought

For more than you had dreamed.

4)

Well your life may be over,

But mine has just begun,

I've put aside those useless rules

And dreams that can't be won.

They try hard to confuse us

By trying to fix the blame

On someone who's got less than us

Or whose skin don't look the same

But now I know the difference.

Ain't nowhere they can hide.

They can't resist our strength

Cause we've got justice on our side.

The road may be a hard one,

But Mama one thing's clear

When you ain't got nothin' to lose.

You ain't got much to fear.

Mama, I remember

But now I've finally seen

That you and Daddy taught me more

Than you had ever dreamed.

Side 2, Band 3:

UNCLE SAM (5:03)

words by Beverly Grant, music by Gene Hicks  
©1973 by authors

It isn't worth risking your life for property, especially if it is someone else's. The system tries to make us all like Uncle Sam, and then pays us off (if we are lucky) with a gold watch when we retire. But they can't paper over the fact that more and more people can't afford to eat the very food they sell, or to wear the clothes they make.

vocal: Jerry

acoustic guitar: Mario

guiro: Beverly

1) <sup>F#7</sup> Uncle Sam was a company man,  
<sup>F#7</sup> 14 years on the check-out stand  
<sup>F#7</sup> Company profits don't get him a cent  
<sup>F#7</sup> 'Cept a check-out man's salary  
<sup>B7</sup> to cover his rent.  
<sup>E7</sup> If he sees someone steal,  
<sup>E7</sup> He's the first one to squeal.  
<sup>E7</sup> But he's gettin' robbed blind  
<sup>E7</sup> By the boss all the time.

(Chorus)

<sup>A</sup> Uncle Sam, can't you see  
<sup>A</sup> They control you and me  
<sup>A</sup> I can't get a job so I rob  
<sup>F#7</sup> But you think you're makin' it!

2) Uncle Sam goes to work each day  
 Hoping maybe this week  
 they might raise his pay.  
 And he feels disgust for the food  
 stamp plan  
 Cause since he's not on welfare  
 he's more of a man.  
 Yet his eyes look with fear  
 On hungry faces that leer  
 At the food on the shelf  
 Sam can't buy for himself.

(Chorus)

<sup>A</sup> Uncle Sam can't you see  
<sup>A</sup> They control you and me  
<sup>A</sup> I can't get a job so I rob  
<sup>F#7</sup> But you think you're makin' it.

3)

Uncle Sam went to work last week  
 He was stacking some porkchops  
 to make 'em look neat.  
 When he noticed a man slip a steak  
 in his bag  
 So Sam played the hero, hping later  
 to brag  
 You know, that man pulled a knife  
 Sam payed with his life  
 For some meat on a bone  
 That he didn't own.

(Chorus)

<sup>A</sup> Uncle Sam can't you see  
<sup>A</sup> They control you and me  
<sup>A</sup> I can't get a job so I rob  
<sup>F#7</sup> But you think you're makin' it

4)

Uncle Sam had a poor man's grave  
 A condolence was all that the  
 company gave  
 And since only one worker got  
 time off to attend  
 His funeral was far from a  
 heró's end.  
 And his co-workers said,  
 "Why that man's been long dead  
 'Cause the company stole  
 That poor working man's soul  
 Yeah the company stole  
 That man's soul long ago."

(Chorus)

<sup>B</sup> Uncle Sam can't you see  
<sup>B</sup> They control you and me  
<sup>A</sup> Uncle Sam can't you see  
<sup>A</sup> They control you and me  
<sup>G</sup> Uncle Sam can't you see  
<sup>G</sup> Can't you see

Side 2, Band 4:

CLIFFORD GLOVER (5:11)

words and music by Beverly Grant ©1974 by author

We hear a lot about violence from the media. We see it in the newspapers, and at the movies and on TV. At election time, the candidates of "law and order" make an issue of it. It's everywhere. Naturally, after all this, many people are afraid to walk the streets of our cities at night. They are confused about why all this is happening. The fear gets twisted around by those who would play on race hatred, and we hear phrases like, "Those people will shoot you down for nothing."

We need to take a closer look at the sources of violence. In this country, there is a history of atrocities against people, beginning with the

genocidal campaign which stole the land away from the Indians. African people were kidnapped and brought here for slave labor. When working people began to organize themselves into unions for protection, powerful bosses hired bands of thugs to intimidate, beat, and even kill them. The National Guard has been used as an army to break strikes, and against other people's movements as, for example, at Kent State and Jackson State, they were ordered to shoot into demonstrations when the people attempted to make their wishes known. All this has been done in the name of things like democracy or progress, but in plain words, it was all done for profit, for the few who want to stay in power.

Thousands of young people, with a heavy percentage of Black and Latin, were drafted into a war against the so-called "gook," while their families at home lived in broken-down housing the landlords refused to repair. The violence being done to these young people continues, through the heroin and methadone traffic publicly condemned but secretly encouraged by our governments in ghetto communities. The heroin is grown in Turkey, refined in France, and is easily traceable. Why isn't it stopped? Methadone programs, set up by local governments to "cure heroin addiction" have spread a new epidemic of drugs, and more addicts die today from methadone than from heroin.

The violence continues as the rate of unemployment rises, as people become poorer. It's difficult for everyone to get work, but twice as hard for minorities, young people, women and veterans. Unemployment insurance and welfare payments are insufficient for people to live on, even the top unemployment benefit rate of \$95 for people who were formerly employed in high-paying jobs. The real violence in America is that all this goes on daily, and that people are taught to turn against each other, to blame each other instead of those who profit from their misery. Racism is used, and people made to think that they are better than someone else, erupting in situations like Boston, where low-income whites attacked buses carrying children from low-income Black families to school. Racism creates people like Thomas Shea, who work for the police department where their power mixes with their hatred, where organized secret fascist cells are allowed to penetrate the ranks with their poisonous attitudes.

Thomas Shea was not the last policeman to shoot and kill a young Black boy, and Clifford Glover was not the first victim of race hatred. Young white rookies are still being placed in Black communities alien to them, where the fear and hostility towards them as representatives of a repressive system combine with their fears and helps their racism flourish.

It was this kind of fear that made Clifford Glover, walking to work with his stepfather in the still-dark morning streets, turn and run when Shea appeared out of his unmarked police car with his gun drawn. And it was this kind of hostility that made Shea fire into the back of the ten-year-old, skinny little boy.

Sometimes people are upset after hearing this song because we talk about fighting back against this type of violence. But we believe that people have to defend themselves. If the agents of the system are U.S. soldiers in Vietnam, or C.I.A. personnel in Latin America, or police officers in our ghettos, and they oppress us through the use of force, then we believe the people have the right to defend themselves.

At the same time, racism has to be combated in ourselves, so that our self-defense is not perverted into real violence against each other. Together with all oppressed people we must seek out the real enemy and destroy it.

vocal: Beverly

acoustic guitars: Beverly, Bill Horwitz

electric guitar: Mario

Fender-Rhodes: Gene

1) <sup>Am</sup>

6:30 AM on that fateful day

Two white men totin' guns,

One's name was <sup>A</sup>Shea,

Were cruising in their unmarked <sup>D</sup>car <sup>G</sup>  
<sup>F</sup>fightin' <sup>E</sup>crime, in their prime

They got a line on their radio

That if two big black men should

show

They could be suspects in a robbery. <sup>Am</sup>

2)

Now Clifford Glover who was only  
ten years old

His stepfather Armsted and him,  
we're told

Were tryin' to get to work on time  
that day

But on their way, they met Shea  
who pulled his gun on them

He hollered "halt",

They turned and ran

While Clifford died the neighbors

Heard the other white man say:

(Chorus)

<sup>Am</sup>  
"Die nigger die,

If s

If somebody wants to question why,

We will tell them that you had a gun. <sup>Dm</sup>

Too bad you were so young <sup>Am</sup>

But after all its just another <sup>Em</sup> lousy

Nigger <sup>Am</sup> dead."



3)  
 Now Clifford's father  
 ran to find a cop.  
 He didn't know his son  
 had just been shot.  
 He didn't know the man  
 who shot at him  
 Served the law what he saw  
 Was a drawn gun nothing else  
 in sight.  
 No badge or warning in their flight,  
 Just centuries of stories of black  
 people being lynched.

4)  
 In the neighborhood  
 where Clifford died,  
 People demanded that Shea be tried  
 They said for murder in the first  
 degree  
 They could see  
 Through his pl

Through his plea of innocence  
 But the jury came to his defense  
 When he said "All black people  
 look alike to me "  
 (Chorus)

5)  
 Now there are some who think  
 it justice done,  
 That it was Clifford's crime  
 to turn and run  
 She testified the boy had turned  
 in an attack,  
 Shea shot him in the back  
 Which is a fact the court ignored  
 Whose justice so few can afford  
 And Shea is free to kill again  
 and serve the rich man's law.

6)  
 Now if you hear a cop  
 got shot today,  
 Don't be surprised  
 if his name is Shea.  
 "Cause when the people feel  
 they've had enough,  
 Things get rough,  
 And it may be tough at first  
 to understand  
 That to drive the devil  
 from this land  
 There's gonna be a lot of us  
 determined when we say:  
 (Chorus)  
 Die devil, die!  
 If somebody wants to question why,  
 You can tell them that I had a gun  
 Your killin' days are done  
 I ain't gonna be just another lousy  
 nigger dead (Repeat)

(Tag) Am<sup>7</sup>  
 Every time I see a cop,  
 I think of Clifford Glover,  
 Every time I see a cop

I think of Thomas Shea.  
 Every time I see a cop  
 I have to think it over.  
 Who you gonna shoot,  
 Who you gonna shoot  
 Who you gonna shoot today?

Side 2, Band 5:  
**WORKING PEOPLE GONNA RISE (4:51)**  
 words and music by Mario Giacalone  
 ©1974 by author

Unless we are Native Americans, all of us are transplanted people. Our ancestors either came here as a result of economic, religious, or political repression in the old world in hopes of finding a better future in the new, or were kidnapped and brought here in bondage. There has been a transformation in this land, from a place where the Indians and the land were as one with their spiritual beliefs which called for reverence toward their fellow humans and all living things, to a place where a person's worth and dignity are measured by the amount of money one has, money which takes its value from natural resources hoarded here and abroad for the profit of the few and turned into products by low-paid workers with no voice in the process.

We feel we have a duty to help others see the problem as it really is, so that we can work together toward the day when all people will be of one class, when we can share what is here in plenty for all of us.

vocal: Mario  
 tambourine: Beverly

1) E  
 In the land across the sea  
 B  
 They say a land of opportunity  
 A  
 They say a land where G people  
 E - G A  
 can be free  
 E  
 From Italy my people came  
 B  
 Across the sea to make a claim  
 A  
 And to build a life  
 G  
 In the land across the sea. E - G A

2)  
 Well many years have passed since  
 then,  
 And I have grown into a man  
 Living in the land across the sea  
 Where freedom is a much-used word  
 But how they use it is quite absurd  
 When there's so many people  
 struggling to be free.

(Chorus)

<sup>B</sup> They tell you freedom is yours  
to find <sup>A</sup>  
<sup>G</sup> But try and find it, they don't  
<sup>E</sup> like your kind <sup>G-A</sup> (repeat)

3)  
In the land across the sea  
Where the Red Man once ran free.  
In a land that was graced by God's  
beauty.  
Before the air was turned to gas  
Before the mountains became a high-  
way pass,  
When people worshipped God instead  
of money.

(Chorus)  
You rob some money, they call  
you a thief  
Steal a nation, you're a king'  
(repeat)

4.  
In the land of opportunity  
Where the rich man owns it all  
tax free,  
While the working people struggling  
for our suppers  
And they try to manipulate all the  
people so we hate each other,  
Divide and conquer, it's the same  
old plan.

(Chorus)  
We pay our taxes to the king  
They blame our problems on people  
with different colored skins.  
(repeat)

(Tag)  
In the land of opportunity  
Where the rich man owns it all  
tax free,  
While the working people struggling  
for our suppers  
<sup>E</sup> But the working people are gonna rise,  
<sup>A</sup> We're gonna <sup>G</sup> open up our eyes! <sup>E</sup> (repeat)

unless otherwise listed,  
acoustic guitars: Beverly Grant, Mario  
Giacalone  
piano: Gene Hicks  
fender bass: Jerry Mitnick  
drums: Peter Farnese  
back-up voices: Beverly, Jerry, Mario, Gene

guests:  
Bill Horwitz, guitar on "Clifford Glover"  
Laura Lieben, electric guitar on "Janie's Janie"  
Alan Freedman, guitar on "Chain Reaction"

## OTHER PAREDON RELEASES

**P-1023 THE RED STAR SINGERS:** The Force of Life and other songs of our time written and sung by the popular Berkeley singing group. Songs incl. Belly of the Monster, Still Ain't Satisfied, Vietnam Will Win, Can't Be Free Till Everybody Else Is, etc. With complete song lyrics and notes.

1-12" LP ..... \$5.00

**P-1019 CHILE: THE SIEGE OF SANTA MARIA DE IQUIQUE,** a People's Cantata sung by **QUILAPAYUN.** Recorded in Chile before the coup of September 1973 by the most popular singing group of the Popular Unity movement. Words and music by Luis Advis based on an actual event in Chile's history. Sung in Spanish. Complete text and English translation in accompanying booklet.

1-12" LP ..... \$5.00

**P-1021 GREECE: MIKIS THEODORAKIS - NEW SONGS** by the composer of the music of "Z" "State of Siege" "Serpico" etc. Created 1968-69 in Vrachati and Zatouna while Theodorakis was under house arrest by the military junta. Performed with piano and vocals by the composer for the first time on record.

2-12" LPs ..... \$10.00

**P-1022 PALESTINE LIVES!** Songs of national liberation from the struggle of the people of Palestine. The most popular fighting songs of the liberation movement created by Palestine liberation fighters in the refugee and training camps and sung by a chorus of guerilla fighters accompanied with traditional instruments. Recorded by Al Fatah. Accompanying booklet includes full texts in Arabic and English translations.

1-12" LP ..... \$5.00

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

1-12" LP ..... \$5.00

Order from and make checks payable to:

**PAREDON RECORDS /**  
**PO BOX 889 / BKLYN, NY 11202**