

REVOLUTIONARY SONGS  
OF THE ITALIAN WORKING CLASS

# ITALY Avanti Popolo! Forward, People!

sung by Ciccio Busacca, a Sicilian street singer  
Giovanna Daffini, former ricefield worker and street singer  
the community of Filo D'Argenta  
rice harvesters of Reggio Emilia  
Tomasso D'Agostino, construction worker from Calabria  
Ines Serventi, rice harvester from Cremona  
women working in a factory in Milan  
the women's chorus of the Cappuccini Rice Worker's Cooperative  
shepherds and farmers of Sardinia  
partisan song sung by Il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano  
the Canzoniere Popolare Veneto from Venice  
Rudi Assuntino, Fausto Amodè, Ivan Della Mea, Gualtiero Bertelli  
Alfredo Bandelli, Paolo Pietrangeli, Giovanna Marini, and others

Recorded in Italy  
Edited with documentary notes by Sandro Portelli



This photograph shows the residents of Magliana, a working-class district of Rome, engaged in their long battle with speculators and corrupt politicians. Through their unity in the Comitato di Quartiere di Magliana they won the right to reduce their rents, halt further flimsy construction, and even challenge the idea of private ownership of the land.

## Traditional Political Music in Italy

Not long ago, 250,000 people marched through the streets of Rome singing an old traditional song. They were the metal workers, engaged in a struggle for a better work contract. They were singing the most popular Italian political song, "Bandiera Rossa", (Song of the Red Flag) which calls on all workers to unite and fight for the world which is rightfully theirs.

Traditional culture infused the entire demonstration. All the contingents were led by steel drum bands utilizing the metal cans and tools of their work. An old Sicilian song was heard with new words made for the occasion: "Sign the contract, you spineless bosses!" A traditional street theatre performed by Fiat workers from Turin depicted robots with signs saying "This is the way Agnelli (Fiat's owner) wants us!" Another group from Napoli staged the boss's mock funeral and the hanging of Prime Minister Andreotti, starring the folk-theatre character Pulcinella.

Italy is enormously rich in "folklore". The "big ballads", work songs, religious songs, pre-Christian rituals, poetic and musical forms ranging from the 2,000 year old Sardinian choral style (using ancient folk instruments like the "launeddas" still found on the island) to contemporary topical songs, still thrive everywhere. As Alan Lomax discovered when he led the first intensive field research in the mid-50's, Italy is a gold mine of living tradition.

On the other hand, no such creation as "the folk" exists in Italy. The fascist's attempts to speak of a "common national heritage" failed, because people in Italy were aware that their working-class culture does not belong to everyone. The rich tradition of "high culture" has tended to obscure the fact that peasants in the countryside, and later urban laborers, have continued to cherish and develop a culture of their own, quite individual and apart from the official one. Class divisions in Italy have always been very sharp and open, making efforts to appropriate the people's culture unworkable.

The survival of the ancient style of group singing in Sardinia is a case in point. The official explanation for its persistence was that the people of Barbagia, the most secluded part of the island, were simply not influenced from the outside because of their geographical isolation. Then one day Gianni Bosio, one of the founders of the Italian folk revival, recorded a song in the oldest Sardinian form, in which the former shepherd Giuseppe Maretto sang:

Pro meritu	Because of the merits
'e Lenin,	of Lenin,
Todas las na-	every nation
ziones chere	wants
comunismu	communism
inalzare a sa	raised to
gloria.	glory.
Pro meritu	Because of the merits
'e Lenin,	of Lenin,
tenzana sa	may victory go
vitoria	
sas forzas de	to the forces of
Ho Chi Minh.	Ho Chi Minh.

The shepherds of Barbagia were clearly well acquainted with events in the rest of the world. They knew the side of events with which they identified, and it was clearly not the side of the ruling class.

Other Italian workers have also made songs about Vietnam. For example, a group called The Aggias sing, "In Vietnam our comrades are fighting for their freedom." Two days after the invasion of Cambodia by U.S. troops, I was collecting songs in the hill country south of Rome. One singer improvised the verse, "President of the United States, who comes on the evening news, when you have run out of factories you will have to lose this war." It wasn't a very good verse, and later he improved it when he and a friend traded verses for over an hour about the struggle in Indochina and its link with the coming local elections. What was important about his first rough attempt was that this man was expressing his reactions, in a traditional form, to events which he had not actually experienced personally but had learned about on the T.V. evening news. The fashionable theory that "true folklore" survives best

when in isolation from TV and radio, like some relic of the quaint past, denies the reality that people's culture is a living force, rooted in conditions and experiences of daily life.

Contemporary Italian working-class culture is open to influences far beyond the limited horizon of its community, and when people have been able to use their own forms for something more than reminiscing, the traditional forms such as ballads and ritual songs have grown and developed best. One traditional "big ballad" (similar to the English and Scottish ballads anthologized by Francis Child) called "The Mother's Curse", describes a girl who leaves home to follow a man, haunted by her mother's condemnation. She eventually drowns in the sea, and the man turns out to be the devil. The ballad was changed when millions of Italian peasants began emigrating to the United States:

Mamma mia,	Mother dear, give me
dammi cento	100 lira
liro	
che in America	for I would go to
voglio andar.	America.
Cento lira io	I will give you 100
te le do,	lira,
ma in America	but I won't let you
no o e poi no.	go to America.

The old curse engendered by the desertion of the family and the breach of sexual customs became transformed into a comment on the fact that, by emigrating, people were solving their problems individually rather than staying to struggle with the rest of the community.

Another illustration is the somber, tragic ballad called "Fior di Tomba" (Flower of the Tomb). This ballad of unrequited love, similar to "Barbara Allen" where people pass the lovers' graves to see the roses entwining and to make pitying remarks in the final verses, found a new life during the anti-fascist resistance war of 1943-45. This time, the final verses gave rise to the best-known of all the partisan songs, "Bella Ciao" (see song texts). Later, the rice harvesters of the Piedmont paddies changed the song again. This time it became one of

the finest songs of women workers  
in our tradition:

Alla mattina,        Every morning when  
appena alzata      I get up,  
o bella ciao...    o bella ciao...  
in risaia mi        I have to go to  
tocca andar.        the ricefields.

E fra gli in-      And there with the  
setti e le zan-    bees and mosquitos  
zare  
o bella ciao...    o bella ciao...  
un dur lavoro      I have to work  
mi tocca far.       very hard.

The transformation from lovers to  
freedom fighters to workers is a  
common trend. So now, "Fior di  
Tomba" is almost forgotten, while  
the variant "Bella Ciao" is sung all  
over the world, with new verses being  
added every day.

Innovation and change are essen-  
tial qualities of "folk" music, and  
they are strong in Italian people's  
culture. The worker's songs have  
not dwelt on their musty past, but  
have changed with history and the  
daily news. The classic song of the  
eight-hour day movement has reflected  
the growth of the worldwide revolu-  
tionary movement in its new verses.  
The oldest verses said:

Se otto ore vi      If eight hours  
sembran poche     don't seem enough  
                          to you,  
provate voi a      why not work them  
lavorar             yourself  
e capirete la      and you will see  
differenza         the difference  
tra comandare e    between giving or-  
lavorar.            ders and working.

In 1917, new verses were added about  
the Russian revolution which was suc-  
ceeding; in 1949, the rice-harvesters  
added their admiration of the Chinese  
revolution (see song texts).

This is not the only instance  
where Mao Tse-tung has entered Ital-  
ian folksong. In 1971, I recorded  
a three-hour improvised singing con-  
test between a sharecropper and a  
construction worker in Rome on the  
subject of who they liked best, Lenin  
or Mao. Contemporary Italian folk  
music has a well-developed world view,  
and it is the sentimental narrative  
and religious song which are disap-  
pearing from tradition because of

competition from pop songs on the  
radio and the decline of religious  
feeling. Political-traditional  
music is as lively as ever, because  
it is the one body of song that still  
serves a basic need of the masses  
of people: the expression of pol-  
itical and class struggle.

Culture is not something that  
the workers have invented simply to  
escape their problems or prettify  
their daily lives, but rather it is  
a tool with which they continue to  
change society, to organize, and to  
communicate news and slogans. This  
is why a strong working-class move-  
ment is a guarantee that folk music  
and related arts will be kept alive,  
changing and growing. The Italian  
folk music revival of the early six-  
ties was seen by its founders as a  
way of supporting workers' movements.  
Today, "urban folksingers" write and

sing almost nothing but political  
material, and some of their songs  
such as Fausto Amodei's "Per i morti  
di Reggio Emilia" and Paolo Pietran-  
geli's "Contessa" become part of the  
living oral tradition of the working  
class. Worker's songs and street  
theatre form part of a cultural al-  
ternative to the values and concepts  
pushed in the culture of the ruling  
class. Through cultural means, the  
Italian working class is constantly  
challenging the ruling class in the  
factories, schools and streets, and  
its presence is felt in every aspect  
of life. The strength of this cul-  
ture helps demystify the bourgeoisie,  
to show that it is far from invinci-  
ble, and helps demonstrate that the  
present ruling class and system is  
hardly the only choice open to the  
Italian people.

-Sandro Portelli



## A Few Words From the Editor of the Record:

This record is intended as a communication between the working class of Italy and the working class of the U.S.A. It includes some of the best traditional and contemporary political songs to come from the class struggle over the past 70 years, documenting the degree of political development among the advanced workers and revolutionary intellectuals. Their artistic value makes them more effective politically, but the reverse is also true. These songs have become so strong, so clear, so deep and so beautiful because they come from a high degree of political awareness.

During several visits I made to the United States in the 60's, I saw that with the Black liberation movement and Vietnam war resistance mounting, few American militants were occupied with European events. Most people knew little about our worker's movement, and I remember an American friend's amazement at seeing "Italian faces that are on our side!" while on a visit to my country.

On returning to the U.S. in 1973, I found a different climate. The left seemed smaller, but it was beginning to develop a Marxist analysis. The essential role of the working class in effecting any changes, which seemed so under-estimated in the 60's, was beginning to be better understood. This, in turn, meant that more Americans were interested in hearing about the experiences of the most advanced working class movement in the capitalist west. People asked me about Antonio Gramsci, Italy's principle contributor to Marxist theory; they seemed to be informed about the role of the Communist Party in Italy; and many knew about the major revolutionary groups such as Lotta Continua and

Il Manifesto. I was amazed to discover that the Manifesto's political positions, for instance, had been translated and circulated, not only by national magazines but also by local groups in Appalachia and elsewhere.

This record is an answer, in part, to some of the questions. It is not my work alone. The songs included were collected or written during more than a score of years by singers, militants, and researchers who work with Il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano (The New Italian Song), which was the first politically-oriented group to research, sing and record the songs of the Italian working class and to use them as cultural tools in the revolutionary struggle.

Il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano is today perhaps the only organization which bridges the entire spectrum of the left, thus providing a forum for provocative confrontation. Totally self-financed, it has been instrumental in developing an awareness of people's culture in Italy, and is still the vanguard organization in this field. Through its research institute, Istituto Ernesto de Martino, it has collected the greatest wealth of this type of materials in Europe. Its record label, I Dischi del Sole, has the largest and most qualified catalog of folk music and political song in Europe. The best new political songs by revolutionary intellectuals have been written within this framework, beginning in the late '50's with Ivan Della Mea, who was encouraged from the start by Gianni Bosio, founder of I Dischi del Sole. Through this work, a whole body of poetry and music has been added to the culture of the left.

There is one thing that distinguishes all of these songs: none of them is mere propaganda for a specific group or party. All of them are tools for communicating ideas which can help build toward unity on the left and in the whole working class, from the bottom up. All of them offer the protagonists a chance to speak for themselves. It is in this spirit that they are offered to a new audience in the U.S.A. I hope they prove useful.

-Sandro Portelli

Side 1, Band 1:

## Lamentu ppi la Morti di Turiddu Carnivali *Lament for the Murder of Turiddu Carnivali*

This long ballad was written by a Sicilian poet, Ignazio Buttitta, about the murder of Salvatore Carnevali, a leader of the farm workers' union. Carnevali was killed on May 16, 1955 by the mafia, the repressive paramilitary organization of the lumpen proletariat which serves the big Sicilian landowners.\*

Christian Democrat governments which have ruled Italy with U.S. backing since the end of World War II, have subjected to armed repression poor peasants and farm workers fighting for better pay and conditions, and for the right to own the land on which they work. The most infamous of these crimes was the massacre of Communist peasants by armed bands, supported by police and landowners and led by the outlaw Salvatore Giuliano, at Portella della Ginestra, Sicily, in 1947. These crimes have continued against the Southern workers as they try to take over the lands promised them by the agrarian reform.

Cicciu Busacca, one of the greatest Sicilian street singers, sings and tells the story of the death of farm-worker leader Salvatore Carnevali. Continuing in a strong tradition of Sicilian folk music, theater, and puppetry, street singers like Busacca display on their many-colored placards scenes of crimes and important current events. These placards combine the styles of self-taught painters and avant-garde cartoonists in a rough but articulate audiovisual technique. Cicciu Busacca himself is young, aggressive, filled with the "devilish sacred fire" which Garcia Lorca calls "duende". A perfect figure of a Mediterranean, Busacca infuses his gestures and voice with a burning passion, stronger than any law. His repertoire is based on certain 'classic' texts, which are the foundations of his fame. Always in touch with current events, the street-singer brings his texts up to date on the latest style of crime. Inevitably, he deals with the crimes of the mafia,

and with stories of ruthless political struggle.\*\* Busacca, who is from Paterno Catania, Sicily, now lives in Milan. He is active in the revolutionary left, for which he sings at demonstrations and at cultural events, as well as continuing to sing for a general street audience

Here comes Ciccio Busacca to sing for you  
 the story of Turiddu Carnivali,  
 the socialist who died at Sciara,  
 killed by the Mafia.  
 For him weeps his mother,  
 and for him weep all the poor people of  
 Sicily,  
 because Turiddu Carnivali was murdered  
 for defending the bread of the poor.  
 And now, hear, because there is much to  
 hear,  
 in the story of Turiddu Carnivali. The  
 story says:  
 He was an angel, yet he had no wings.  
 He was not a saint, and yet he wrought  
 miracles.  
 He climbed to heaven without ropes or  
 ladders,  
 and came back down without any support.  
 Love was his capital, and he shared his  
 wealth with all.  
 Turiddu Carnivali was his name,  
 and like Christ, his death was a murder!

As a child, he never knew his dear  
 father,  
 and his unfortunate mother stood be-  
 side him  
 sharing his sorrows and his grief,  
 and sharing his hard-sweated black  
 bread.  
 Christ from heaven blessed him,  
 and told him, "Son, you shall be killed  
 At Sciara, the bosses, those souls of  
 hell,  
 kill those who want freedom."

Sciara, for those of you who don't know,  
 is a small town in the province of  
 Palermo,  
 where the Mafia still wields power to-  
 day.  
 Therefore, Turiddu's days were numbered.  
 But he saw death and laughed in it's  
 face,  
 because he saw also his suffering bro-  
 thers,  
 trodden by the foot of tyranny,  
 their flesh wasted by toil,  
 placed on the torture block,  
 and he could not stand the lawless rule  
 of the land barons and the Mafia...

as a way of making his living.

\* "Canzoniere del Lavoro", edited  
 by Il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano,  
 supplement to the magazine "Vie  
 Nuove" #7, April 23, 1965.

\*\* Roberto Leydi, "I Cantastorie  
 Siciliani", in La Piazza, Milan,  
 Edizioni Avanti, 1959, p. 370.

E' arrivato Ciccio Busacca per farvi  
 sentire  
 la storia di Turiddu Carnivali,  
 lu socialista che morì a Sciara  
 Ammazzato dalla mafia.  
 Ppi Turiddu Carnivali chianci so' matri  
 e chiancinu tutti li puvureddi nella  
 Sicilia  
 perché Turiddu Carnivali morì ammazzato  
 ppe divendè lu pane de li puvureddi.  
 Ed ora sentirì perche c'e di sentirì  
 nella storia di Turiddu Carnivali.  
 La storia vi dici:

Ancilu era e nun aveva ali  
 nun era santu e miracoli facià,  
 'n cielu acchianava senza cordi e scali  
 e senza appidamenti nni scinnia;  
 era l'amuri lu so' capitali  
 e 'sta ricchizza a tutti la spartìa;  
 Turiddu Carnivali nnuminatu  
 ca comu Cristu nni muriu ammazzatu.

Di nicu lu patruzzu nun canuscìu,  
 appi la matri svinturata a latu  
 cumpagna a lu duluri e a lu pinlu  
 ed a lu pani mivuru scuttatu;  
 Cristu di 'n cielu lu binidiciu  
 ci dissi: "Figghiu, tu mori ammazzatu  
 a Sciara li patruna, armi addannati,  
 ammazzanu a cui voli libirtati."

Sciara per qualcuno che non lo sa  
 È un paese della provincia di Palermo  
 dove ancora oggi regna e comanda la  
 mafia.

Quindi, Turiddu aveva li jorna cuntati  
 ma 'ncuntrava la morti e ci ridia  
 ca videvi li frati cunnannati  
 sutta li pedi di la tirannia  
 li carni di travagghiu macinati  
 supra lu cippu a furinni tumla  
 e suppartari nun putìa l'abbusu  
 di li baruni e di lu mafiusu...



(NOTE: Due to time limitations, the re-  
 cord band ends here. A summary of the  
 balance of the song, which runs some  
 twenty verses more with long spoken in-  
 tervals, follows here:)

So he bravely gathered the poor, he ga-  
 thered the bare-earth sleepers, the  
 trident-faced, the breathless non-eat-  
 ers, and he made a league and a force  
 of this flesh. He made it a weapon with  
 which to fight the mighty in that for-  
 lorn dark village where history had  
 found a wall. He told the field-hand:  
 "You are naked, and the earth is dres-  
 sed in great pomp. You sweat on it  
 like a mule, and you stand straight and  
 skinny. And when the harvest comes, the  
 boss grabs it all, while you open your  
 hands and fill them with tears. But  
 don't be afraid. The day draws near and  
 the Messiah comes: socialism, with its  
 cloak of wings that carry bread, peace  
 and poetry. Come if you will, if you  
 are holy, if you are an enemy to the  
 tyrants, embrace this faith and this  
 school which gives love and makes men  
 happy. Socialism lifts men from the  
 ground and raises them high. It runs  
 like fresh spring water and makes all  
 whole where it passes. And it says:  
 :The flesh is not alone. We are all  
 equal. Work for each other, since bread  
 must be worked and sweated for." He  
 told the field hands, "You sleep in  
 dens, on the bare ground like rats in  
 the sewage. You feed on beans and apple  
 cores. Octover leaves you dry-lipped,  
 and June leaves you with debts and cal-  
 louses. Only the twig of the olive is  
 left to you, and only the straw of the

wheat." He said, "The earth belongs to those who work on it. Take up your flags and hoes!" and before the sun was up, they made rows and ditches, and the earth looked like a table all decorated and alive, made of flesh like a person. and beneath the reddening of those flags every field hand looked like a giant. The carabinieri ran quickly to where he was, with guns and chains. But he told them: "Stand back! There are no thieves, no murderers here. Here you will find only the sorrowful workers. If you are looking for robbers and bandits, you will find them in the palace with their lovers." The marshall stepped forward and said, "The law does not allow this!" But Turiddu answered boldly: "This is the law of oppression. There is a law which does not err or lie, and it says: bread for empty bellies, clothing for the naked, water to the thirsty, and honor and freedom for the working man." But the Mafia used guns instead of reason, because the bosses did not like this law. They were like mad dogs against the poor workers. One night, as Turiddu came home, he was threatened by the Mafia: "watch what you are doing. We have warned you so many times!" He came home with these words on his mind, and could not eat the soup his mother had prepared for him, nor would he speak to her. and the next morning, the Mafia kept its promise. As he went to work, he was killed, shot twice in the face. we will never forget that morning, May 16, 1956. The dawn glistened in the sky, and the high castle walls of Sciarra looked down at the sea like an altar over a coffin. Between the castle and the sea, a great cross was seen in the clear morning air, a dead man at its feet. The song of the birds mixed with the broken cries of the poor. His mother was warned by a neighbor. She dressed herself in a hurry and ran to the police station to see her son. But they wouldn't let her touch him. "Before the night is over," she said, "I will find the murderer and I'll pull out his heart with my own hands! My dear son, if it were not for the faith in socialism which you taught me, and which now opens my arms and gives me courage, I would lose my mind. You spoke to me like a confessor, and I to you like a penitent. and now, undone with so much sorrow, I want to speak out those commandments. I want to die with those same feelings. Son, I have stolen your flag. I am your mother and your true comrade."

Side 1, Band 2:  
**Bandiera Rossa**  
*The Red Flag*

This is the most important fighting song of the Italian working class. The melody is reminiscent of several traditional and patriotic songs of the mid-1800's, although no written documentation exists from before World War I. An apparently republican version from the 1800's has been found among Italian emigrants in Bosnia, Yugoslavia.

There are hundreds of verses, but the most popular ones are:

Avanti popolo tuona il cannone rivoluzione vogliamo far. Vogliamo le fabbriche, vogliamo la terra e non più guerra si vincera.	Forward, workers, The cannon roars, and revolution is what we want! We want the factories, we want the land, and no more war; Thus, we shall win.
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E se la Russia ci dá il fucile, guerra civile, guerra civile. E se la Russia ci dá il fucile, guerra civile vogliamo far.	And if Russia gives us the guns, then civil war, then civil war! And if Russia gives us the guns, then civil war is what we want!
--	--

This version was recorded by Franco Coggiola in the town square of Filo D'Argenta (province of Ferrara, Emilia), during the May Day festivities in 1965. The song is played, as is often the case, by a brass band. These lively bands are numerous, especially in Emilia where there is a strong tradition of folk music as well as a popular interest in opera and other classical forms. This particular band is from Conselice (province of Ravenna), and is directed by M. Corrado Zaccari. The whole community of Filo d'Argenta - a very small town with extraordinary traditions of class struggle and anti-fascist resistance - joins in.



Forward workers, on to victory.  
The red flag, the red flag  
Forward workers, on to victory.  
The red flag shall win.

The red flag shall win.  
The red flag shall win.  
The red flag shall win.  
Up with communism and liberty.

Avanti popolo, alla riscossa.  
Bandiera rossa, bandiera rossa  
Avanti popolo, alla riscossa.  
Bandiera rossa trionferà.

Bandiera rossa la trionferà.  
Bandiera rossa la trionferà.  
Bandiera rossa la trionferà.  
Evviva il comunismo e la libertà.

(verse and chorus are repeated twice)

**Sacco e Vanzetti**

***Sacco and Vanzetti***

This song was sung by street-singers all over Italy in the twenties, when facism had already effectively stifled most of the people's music and poetry. It was not suppressed because Mussolini took up, for nationalist reasons, the case of Sacco and Vanzetti as "persecuted Italians". In 1927, Mussolini wrote the U.S. ambassador in Rome: "I hope Governor Fuller will provide an example of humanity, which will show the difference between the methods of bolshevism and those of the great democratic American republic; at the same time, it will take a cause for agitation away from the hands of the subversives."\* A fascist paper "La Tribuna" summarized this position: "Does it matter that Sacco and Vanzetti, in their destructive subversivism, have renounced their own country? Wherever there are Italians, there is Italy."\*\* Of course, in the minds of the people, Sacco and Vanzetti were never viewed apart from their revolutionary faith. The song itself, which originally ended with "long live the King", was later changed in oral tradition to "Down with the King".

Giovanna Daffini, who sings the song to the violin of her husband Vittorio Carpi, was perhaps the greatest Italian traditional singer. A rice-harvester in her youth, and later a street-singer, she joined Il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano (New Italian Song, a politically oriented cultural organization) and contributed her wide repertoire of traditional, political, and work songs. Her proletarian culture and experiences strengthen her unique musical style, which blends the aggressive singing of the rice fields, the sophisticated traditions of dance and opera music, and the popular songs that she sang at parties and weddings to her last days.

\* quote from Sacco e Vanzetti, I Documenti Terribili, edited by Carla Stampa, Milan, Mondadori, 1974, p. 68.

\*\* ibid., p. 134

On the twenty-third of August,  
in Boston in America,  
Sacco and Vanzetti  
went to the electric chair.  
And with a shot of electricity,  
they were sent to the next world.

At about eleven thirty,  
the judge and the high court  
walked into the death cell.  
"Sacco and Vanzetti, listen now,  
tell us if you have anything more  
to say."

Sacco and Vanzetti, calm and serene,  
"We are innocent. Open up your jail."  
But they replied, "There is no mercy.  
You must go to your death."

Then the good father confessor  
comes into their cell,  
offering them holy religion.  
Sacco and Vanzetti, with deep  
feeling,  
"we will die without any religion."

And the whole world proclaims  
their innocence.  
But President Fuller\*, he gave no  
clemency.  
"I don't care what country they  
come from,  
we are killing them. And we have  
the right!"

"Goodbye dear wife and son, and to  
you sister dear.  
The coffins have been prepared for  
us both.  
Farewell, friends, we keep faith in  
our hearts.  
Up with Italy, and down with the  
king!"(zx)

\* ("President" Fuller in the song  
was the governor of Massachusetts  
in 1927.)

Il ventitre agosto,  
a Boston in America,  
Sacco e Vanzetti  
sopra la sedia elettrica.  
E con un colpo di elettricità  
all 'altro mondo li vollero mandar.

Circa le undici e mezzo,  
guidice e la gran corte  
entrano poi tutti quanti  
nella cella della morte.  
"Sacco e Vanzetti, state a sentir,  
dite se avete da raccontar."

Sacco e Vanzetti, tranquilli e sereni:  
"Noi siamo innocenti. Aprite le  
galere."  
Ma lor risposero, "Non c'è pietà.  
Voi alla morte dovete andar."

Entra poi nella cella il bravo con-  
fessore,  
domanda a tutti e due la santa re-  
ligion.  
Sacco e Vanzetti, con grande espres-  
sion:  
"Noi moriremo senza religion!"

E tutto il mondo intero reclama la  
loro innocenza.  
Il presidente Fuller non evve più  
clemenza.  
"Siano pure di qualunque nazione.  
Noi li uccidiamo con grande ragione."

"Addio moglie e figlio, e te sorel-  
la cara.  
E noi per tutti e due  
c'è pronta già la bara.  
Addio amici, in cuor la fé.  
Viva l'Italia e abbasso il re!"(zx)

Side 1, Band 4:

## Se Otto Ore Son Troppo Poche If Eight Hours are Not Enough

The "Eight Hour Song" has become one of the standard fighting songs of the Italian working class because it is easy to adapt to new conditions. This version of the song probably originated during the eight-hour struggles in 1905-6, among the agricultural workers of the Northern Po Valley. Earlier versions varied according to the development of the fight for a shorter work day, with the number of hours corresponding to the demands. The song kept growing with later struggles, and verses were added about the Russian and Chinese revolution.

The singers here are a group of rice-harvesters from Novellara, (province of Reggio Emilia), the Italian region with the oldest socialist agricultural background. Rice-harvesters, mostly women, have a great tradition of folk song and political militancy which evolved during the struggles of the migrant seasonal workers from Emilia and the Piedmont who were in turn strongly influenced by the militancy and organization of the auto workers and others in nearby industrial Turin. Although their numbers have diminished in recent times, the rice-harvesters are always prominent at party activities and women's demonstrations.

Italian rice areas are mostly in the provinces of Turin, Vercelli, and Novara, in Piedmont. The living conditions of the rice-harvesters facilitate political unity and cultural communication since they live for forty days, at harvest time, in large dormitories isolated from the nearby towns. As agricultural wage-workers organized in a semi-industrial manner working in groups, they can easily sing together on the job. The militant folk tradition of the rice-harvesters is similar to that of North American and British miners, in that it lies between traditional agricultural folklore and the new industrial working class culture.

Mario Scelba, mentioned in the song, was minister of interior in the years from 1947 to 1954. He was very active in repressing people's

movements and organizing special anti-strike police units. His name is found in many folk songs which express

popular hatred for him. Piazzale Loreto is a square in Milan, where Mussolini was hanged in 1945 by the Italian masses.

If eight hours are not enough,  
why don't you do the work yourselves?  
Then you will see the difference  
Between giving orders  
and doing the work. (2x)

O Mario Scelba, if you don't stop  
arresting the workers,  
We will do like we did to the Duce  
And kill you at Piazza Loreto. (2x)

And we will do like China,  
and we will ring our bells.  
We will raise hammer and sickle  
and sing "Long live Mao Tse-tung!" (2x)

and we will do like Russia,  
and we will ring our bells.  
We will raise hammer and sickle  
and sing, "Long live Stalin!" (2x)

Se otto ore son troppo poche  
provate voi a lavorare  
E troverete la differenza  
Di lavorare e di comandar. (2x)

O Mario Scelba se non la smetti  
di arrestare i lavoratori  
Noi ti faremo come al Duce  
Piazza Loreta t'ammazzerem. (2x)

E noi faremo come la Cina  
suoneremo il campanello.  
Innalzeremo falce e martello  
E griderem, "Viva Mao Tse-tung!" (2x)

E noi faremo come la Russia  
suoneremo il campanello.  
Innalzeremo falce e martello  
E grideremo, "Viva Stalin!" (2x)

Side 1, Band 5:

## Tarantella dei Baraccati Squatters' Tarantella

This song was collected in Rome, on the night between March 14 and 15, 1970. A group of about 120 families from several Roman ghettos occupied a new luxury apartment house from which they were kicked out two days later by the police. As a sign of protest, and as a way of continuing their struggle for decent housing, the squatters camped for five nights on Capitol Square (the old monumental square built by Michaelangelo on the site of the foundation of Rome, where the city government now sits.) They tried to build fires to warm themselves against the cold spring night, but the police prohibited them. Some squatters brought out tambourines and harmonicas to accompany a student supporter who played his guitar, and they started dancing the tarantella in a big circle in the square to keep from

freezing. It was a good example of the completely material way culture is created and used by the working class.

Later in the evening, a group beneath the historical pillars started making up verses to old tunes about their struggle. "Five nights" refers to the duration of their action. "Beneath the horse" refers to the ancient mounted statue of Emperor Marcus Aurelius, which stands in the middle of the square.

The singer (who also plays harmonica and tambourine) is from Polistena (province of Reggio Calabria), the Southern-most part of the peninsula. His Southern origin influenced his verses, e.g. the "horns" in the second verse refer to the worst sexual fear of men from the South - that they will be betrayed



by their women. That he'll resist even though he might get horns on his head is an indication of his will to fight. The fourth verse is traditional, and mentions emigration to America, an extremely common theme all over the South. The final verse mentions the "storelli" (a form of song) which was often used for romantic serenades, but this time he is serenading Mr. Clelio Darida, the Christian Democrat mayor of Rome!

Certain tones and images in the improvised verses are reminiscent of a religious ritual which is deeply imbedded in Southern Italian culture, the communal mass religious pilgrimages which many families undertake at least once a year to shrines in the South. Part of the ritual consists in spending the night in the open air outside of the shrines singing and playing. This singer draws from his cultural background while encamped in front of City Hall. His declaration - "I'm not going until I get what I want" - is akin to the songs at the shrines: "Io non mi movo di ca se la grazia Maria non mi fa" (I'm not going away if Mary doesn't grant me what I'm asking for".) In fact, on another occasion, this singer performed a pilgrimage song in which the worshipper threatens to withdraw his support from God if God doesn't behave (implying, of course, that God exists because the worshipper supports Him).

By using these religious symbols to describe the current struggle, the Calabrese immigrants who squatted in the houses and in the Capitol Square created a new, fighting context deeply rooted in their cultural heritage. In traditional Southern culture, the pilgrimage is the means used to obtain a solution to material problems (health, harvests, etc.) through prayer, humility, sacrifice, penitence, as well as insult and threat. The solution is sought from the power of God, which is strange, unknown, uncontrolled, certainly hostile - but which, by the very fact of being power, is the only force that can grant the "grace". That is, only God can make an exception to His own rules, and make allowances for what is ordinarily denied.

This old "pilgrimage spirit"

has been utilized by the reformist parties which take people from the slums - in this same ritualistic, exorcistic, conciliatory spirit - to talk to mayors and city councilmen. The power - still hostile, strange, unknown - is the same one which day by day denies them a house and decent living conditions; but it alone is perceived as having the possibility of giving what it has so far denied.

The performer here alludes to the traditional wakes at the shrine to express a new fighting consciousness. He uses the aspects of his culture which teach him that his material needs must be reaffirmed with strength and decision. His traditional cultural tools, through which he attains autonomy of thought and action, come in handy - this time against the power of the State instead of the power of God.\*

\* from booklet accompanying the record Roma, la Borgata e la Lotta per la Casa, Istituto Ernesto de Martino, Archivi Sonori SDL/AS/10 edited by Sandro Portelli.

I've been here all night,  
I'll stay here tonight too.  
and I'm only going away  
if they take me off to jail! (2x)

You'll find me at the Capitol.  
I've been here five days.  
And I'm not going away  
even if horns grow on my head! (2x)

I've been here five days.  
You'll find me under this horse.  
And I'm only going to leave  
if the marshal arrests me! (2x)

My uncle in America  
wanted to shave his beard.  
He didn't have any soap,  
so he used macaroni sauce. (2x)

Wake up, pretty girl!  
Darida, Darida, where are you now?

etc...(verses can be invented endlessly)



Stanotte ci so' stato  
Domani notte pur.  
Io mi 'ndi vaju quando  
mi portano allo scuru. (2x)

Io mi trovo al Campidoju  
'n capo di cinque giorno  
Io mi 'ndi vaju mancu  
se me spuntano le corna! (2x)

E io so' cinque giorni  
Che mi trovo sotto'u cavallo  
E tanto mi 'udi vaju  
Se m'arresta 'o maresciallo! (2x)

Lo zio mio 'America  
vulla la barba fatta.  
pe' mancanza di sapuni  
s'a fici co'brodo dei maccaruni. (2x)

E svejati bella!  
Darida, Darida, addò stai accà?

(etcetera ad infinitum)

Side 1, Band 6:

## Guarda giu' dalla Pianura

### Look Down the Plain

This song probably grew from the textile strikes in Valsesia (Northern Piedmont) in 1897 in the struggle for the ten-hour day. Another later version in the Piedmontese dialect was found among industrial workers in Turin. This version became part of the rice-harvesters' repertoire (the singer is a rice-harvester from the province of Cremona, Lombardia). The last verse, which takes up the familiar "Bandiera Rossa" refrain, is a later addition. The song expresses clearly the anti-capitalist consciousness of the organized Italian working class.

Look down the plain:  
the smokestacks don't smoke anymore!  
The bosses are so afraid  
that they're protected by carabinieri.

Hundreds of workers have left their  
jobs,  
and they've taken up a great fight  
to defeat the capitalists.

Black faces (black faces),  
Calloused hands (calloused hands),  
These are the emblems (these are the  
emblems)  
of the workers.  
In the mines (in the mines)  
we dig out the gold (we dig out the  
gold),  
While in our shacks (while in our  
shacks)  
we have no bread.  
Hurry up (hurry up), with this revolution.  
We are tired of suffering (tired of  
suffering).

Forward workers,  
on to victory!  
The red flag is going to win.  
The red flag is going to win.  
Long live the socialists and liberty!



Guarda giù dalla pianura:  
le ciminiere non fanno più fumo!  
I padroni dalla paura  
son compagnati dai carabinieri (dai  
carabinieri)  
A centinaia ne sono usciti  
gli operai dal loro lavor (dal loro  
lavor)  
e hanno ingaggiato una gran battaglia  
ma per configgere il capital (il  
capital).

Facce nere (facce nere),  
Mani callose (mani callose),  
son gli stemma (son gli stemma)  
degli operai  
nelle miniere (nelle miniere),  
scaviamo l'oro (scaviamo l'oro)  
nelle soffitte (nelle soffitte)  
ci manca il pan  
fate in fretta (fate in fretta)  
'sta rivoluzione (rivoluzione),  
che noi siam stanchi ma di soffrir  
(ma di soffrir).

Avanti o popolo all riscossa  
Bandiera rossa trionferà  
Bandiera rossa trionferà  
Evviva i socialisti e la libertà.

Side 1, Band 7:

## Noi Vogliamo L'Uguaglianza

### We Want Equality

Women were a large part of the labor force in early Italian industrialisation. Rice-harvesters, mostly women, developed a strong tradition of militant singing. Women textile workers were also reputed for their militant songs and independent spirit, but their repertoire reflects the fact that most of the textile industry was located in traditionally "white", Church-dominated areas: Therefore the textile workers' tradition is less politically oriented than the rice-harvesters, though equally militant.

Most of the women workers' songs had their masculine counterparts. The first verse of this song, for example, awkwardly transforms words like "malfattore" and "lavoratore" (rascal, worker) into feminine form, showing that this verse probably originated in a men's song. Very few songs express a special consciousness of women's condition. (This consciousness is more typical of the textile workers than among rice-harvesters because textile workers identified themselves with the general class struggle, in which the special oppression of women was recognized.) Therefore, the second and third verse of this song are particularly significant because the workers speak clearly as working women. All these verses are "floaters" migrating from one song to another, and sung to several different tunes. The line "sebben che siamo donne" (although we are women) has become a standard with the women's movement and is the name of a militant Communist women's magazine.

This recording was made at a Folk Festival in Turin in 1965, the first organized in Italy. (The second and final festival was held the next year.) The singers are members of a rice-harvesters' co-op called "Cap-puccini". They are often invited to sing at Communist Party activities.

We want equality,  
and they've called us trouble-makers.  
But we are working women  
who want no more bosses!  
(Chorus)

Down with slavery, we want freedom!  
We are workers! We are workers!  
Down with slavery, we want freedom!  
We are workers, we want freedom!

And we women will raise  
the blood-stained banners,  
and we will build the barricades  
for true freedom!  
Down with slavery...

And although we are women,  
we are not afraid!  
For the love of our children,  
We are joining the league!  
Down with slavery...

Noi vogliamo l'uguaglianza,  
ci han chiamati malfattori.  
E noi siam lavoratori  
che i padroni non vogliam.  
(Chorus)  
E giù la schiavitù, vogliam la liber-  
tà!  
Siam lavoratori! Siam lavoratori!  
E giù la schiavitù, vogliam la liber-  
tà!  
Siam lavoratori, vogliamo la libertà!

E noi donne sventoliamo  
le bandiere insanguinate,  
e farem le barricate  
per la vera libertà!  
(Chorus)

Ancor ben che siamo donne,  
noi paura non abbiám! I  
per amor dei nostri figli,  
noi in lega ci mettiamo.  
(Chorus)

Side 1, Band 8:

## E Noi Che Siamo Donne

### *We Who Are Women*

Do factory workers and other city people of the working class have a traditional culture in any way comparable to the agricultural workers who produced most of the music on the first side of this record? This question is being debated in Italy today by radical researchers of popular culture as well as by academicians in the field. The implications of a negative answer are clear: if urban workers have no culture of their own, all people's culture is traceable to an agrarian past. Flowing from this, intellectual bureaucrats could justify the monopoly of leadership at least in the field of culture. Denial of a cultural past opens the door to usurpation of the rightful vanguard role of the working class in the struggle against capitalism. For example, some young rock and progressive musicians take the position that they will make music to fill the vacuum, even though they have no experience playing their music for the working class or working militantly with it.

An aspect of this is that very little investigation has been done on which to base such conclusions, and

the assumptions are being made "over the heads" of the people directly concerned. (Rural folk music was pronounced dead twenty years ago because no-one had bothered to look for it. Alan Lomax and Diego Carpitella, in their historic field work of 1954-55, exposed to an astonished academic world a rich and vital Italian rural culture.) As a matter of fact, no scholar has taken the trouble to look for urban working-class music before pronouncing it non-existent.

These songs are made in the course of struggle against capitalism, and when people are busy fighting and organizing they are unlikely to document themselves with tape machine and notebook, or to let outsiders near the action even for ethnological purposes. Where the relationship between researcher and worker is one of common cause, unexpected gems emerge. For example, the Tarantella of the squatters on this record was collected along with a great deal of other material resulting from a housing struggle being waged by the recently urbanized workers, because the researcher was also one of the militant organizers of the movement and therefore able to make the singers understand the political purposes to which the recordings were to be put.

Another example of the unity

between folklorist and worker is a recording of songs and sayings of women working at the Crouzet factory in Milan, in which the worker's Council directed the entire process. It would be safe to say that no matter how politically-oriented or honest the folklorist, he or she would be barred from direct access to the would-be sources without an active working relationship in which the workers could see the connection to their struggle of the work being done to document it.

The present song is a good example of the new role of the folk process in urban environment. It is a traditional song of farm-working women of the early part of the century which already has experienced many changes. (Noi Vogliamo L'Uguaglianza is another version on this record.) The Crouzet workers are, however, not singing a version they learned from oral tradition but from a recording made in the early '60s by Il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano. This group has been successful in encouraging the revival of many working-class songs of the past which have now taken their place in contemporary struggles.

The Crouzet workers have also made many new songs themselves, using familiar tunes. In this song, a significant change is from the original "even though we are women" to the stronger "we who are women." At the factory, the struggle originated as resistance to a plan to relocate the factory to the outskirts of town, a move which would have created many difficulties for the workers and a loss of work for some. It grew to encompass all of the problems of women workers, and engendered a rapid growth of their political awareness.

One of the leaders of their Workers' Council said the following about their struggle: "The most important thing we achieved was unity among the workers and organization in the factory. Every attempt of the bosses to speed up production was met with organized resistance and defeated. The boss didn't like this at all, so he tried to move the plant to zingonia... Production and office workers decided to extend the struggle, because they knew that otherwise they couldn't win. Sympathetic students and members of other factory work

councils supported and joined our picketlines. First, we stopped the goods from leaving the factory. Then we had a slow-down, with two full hours a day on strike. During the first week we had two sit-ins, staying in the plant all night. And on Sunday, we marched through the office area, sweeping it clean of the office workers who were scabbing inside."

After several months of harassment by police and attempts to isolate the strikers from other factories and trade union support, the Crouzet workers were successful in winning their demands.

And we who are women,  
We are not afraid.  
We have perfectly good tongues  
We have perfectly good tongues

And we who are women,  
We are not afraid.  
We have perfectly good tongues  
and we can defend ourselves!

(Chorus)  
Oilà oilà oilà,  
and we will build the league!  
We too are workers,  
and we want freedom!

Freedom doesn't exist  
because we're not united.  
The scabs and the boss,  
the scabs and the boss,

Liberty doesn't exist  
because we're not united.  
The scabs and the boss  
should all be killed!

And all of you rich folks  
who are so full of pride,  
take your airs one peg down,  
take your airs one peg down.

And all of you rich folks  
who are so full of pride,  
take your airs one peg down  
and open up your wallet!  
(Chorus)

E noi che siamo donne  
paura non abbiamo.  
abbiam' delle belle buone lingue,  
abbiam' delle belle buone lingue,

E noi che siamo donne  
paura non abbiamo.  
abbiam' delle belle buone lingue,  
e ben ci difendiamo!

(Chorus)  
oilà oilà oilà  
e la lega si farà  
noialtri lavoratori  
vogliamo la libertà.

La libertà non c'è  
perché non c'è l'unione.  
Crumiri col padrone,  
crumiri col padrone,

La libertà non c'è  
perché non c'è l'unione.  
Crumiri col padrone  
son tutti da ammazzar!

E voi altri signoroni  
che avete tanto orgoglio  
abbassate la superbia  
abbassate la superbia

e voi altri signoroni  
che avete tanto orgoglio  
abbassate la superbia  
e aprite il portafoglio.  
(Chorus)



Side 1, Band 9:

**Quadernos Iscrittos**

**Notebooks Written**

Photo above shows Italian Communist delegation presenting flag of the No. 144 Garibaldi Brigade, one of the most valiant during WWII Resistance in Italy, to a crack North Vietnamese anti-aircraft unit which had just shot down 47 U.S. planes within two days. (June, 1965)

The part of Sardinia from which this music comes is known as Barbagia, and its center is Orgosolo (province of Nuovo). Barbagia has long been a key area for ethnological studies. Many traditional practices like the extended family, community enforcement of the law, and family feuds have survived in this secluded region maintained by a pastoral economy. Orgosolo is known for its people's militant struggle against the attempted takeover of their pasture lands by the army for a maneuvering ground.

Orgosolo and the neighboring villages were also renowned for banditry. Many of the outlaws were products of the miserable social and political conditions of the region. The people's lives have been subject to poverty, military repression, the absolute power of the great land owners, and disregard of the local culture by continental authorities who imposed laws on the Sardinian people without even understanding their language. (The Sardinian languages are not dialects of Italian, but autonomous neo-Latin languages, closely related to Latin, Italian, and Spanish.)

Pasquale Tanteddu, an "outlaw", wrote: "I was working with my older brother Pietro. We had a herd of sheep of our own, and also took care of a few orchards. My brother had been a partisan, and had understood the real conditions of exploitation and oppression which the rich carried out against us poor. Our consciousness of this enraged the landlords and their spies in our town. Since 1949, we had been sentenced to internment, through a fascist law still in effect which provides for politically

objectionable people to be sent without trial to far off places for "security" reasons. We tried to escape, because we knew we were innocent. But when they saw we had run off, the police, supported by the rich, tried to add to our names every crime that happened....I hate the life of the outlaw, but I would rather die a hundred times than go to jail. My head hurts me very much if I am locked inside, and I am sure I would die. My only wish is to see the end of internment, ransoms, unemployment, exploitation of workers, and to see our poor land move on toward serene peace and civilized progress."\*

A feature of traditional Sardinian culture that has attracted attention is the ancient polyphonic singing style of Barbagia. This style is perhaps the most archaic in all of Europe and the Mediterranean. The traditional Barbagia quartet is composed of four voices. The lead singer "sa boghe" improvises a text "muttettu" on a traditional air, while the choir harmonizes on the standard "meaningless" syllables. The "muttettu" is composed of four lines; each of them is then repeated as the first line of a new verse. In theory - and in the practice of very expert singers - the single lines should make sense when repeated as part of the new verses. (This doesn't always happen in the "muttettui" used in this record. An exception is the last verse, where the line "because of Lenin" fits very well with the words on imperialism.)

The "muttettui" presented on this record are extremely important for these reasons: they show in fact that Barbagia is not just an archaic, isolated, feudal community. Its people have heard of Ho Chi Minh, Lenin, and Gramsci\*, who was from Sardinia. (The first verses refer to his classic Prison Notebooks.) Here is a "pure" example of folk singing in a very archaic style, with content demonstrating that the artists are aware of current events, read books and newspapers, and are political and union activists. Because of this, they have made their style of singing lively and useful, rather than a remnant of the past to be used for museum purposes.

The lead singer and composer of the verses, Peppino Marotto, is head of the local farm-workers union, and has been a community leader for many years. All well-informed books and articles about Orgosolo mention his name. For twenty years he has been writing songs and poems about the struggles of the Sardinian people,

Notebooks written  
in a dark cell  
by a wise man  
give light to the world.  
(Chorus response)  
Notebooks written.

Life is too hard  
because the exploited people  
don't fight all the way  
for their sacred rights.  
(Chorus response)  
In a dark cell,  
the exploited people  
don't fight all the way  
for their sacred rights.  
Life is too hard.  
(Chorus response)

Gramsci has left  
his mother in Sardinia,  
his teacher in Turin,  
his bride in Russia.  
(Chorus response)  
Gramsci has left  
with immortal flame,  
more than any star,  
may it grow ever brighter,  
"L'Unità"\* which he founded.  
(Chorus response)

His mother in Sardinia,  
more than any star,  
may it grow ever brighter,  
L'Unita, which he founded,  
and with immortal flame.  
(Chorus response)

Because of Lenin's wisdom,  
every nation  
wants communism  
to raise it to glory.  
(Chorus response)  
Because of Lenin's wisdom,  
against the aggression  
of imperialism  
may victory go  
to the forces of Ho-chi-Minh.  
(Chorus response)

\*L'Unita (Unity) is the Communist  
Party newspaper.

and about the class struggle in the rest of the world.

\* Letter of Pasquale Tanteddu, pub. in F. Cagnetta, "Inchiesta su Orgosolo" article in magazine "Nuovi Argomenti", Sept.-Oct. 1954, p. 209-11.

Quadernos iscrittos  
in d'una cella oscura  
da unu sapiente  
illuminan su mundu.  
(Chorus response)  
Quadernos iscrittos

Sa vida es galu dura  
ca s'isfruttada zente  
non lotta fino in fundu  
pro sos sacros dirittos.  
(Chorus response)  
In d'una cella oscura  
Ca s'isfruttada zente  
non lotta fino in fundu  
pro sos sacros dirittos.  
sa vida es galu dura.  
(Chorus response)

Gramsci ha lassadu  
in Sardigna sa mama  
a Torino su mastru  
in Russia s'isposa.  
(Chorus response)  
Gramsci ha lassadu  
Cun immortale vamma  
piur de ogni astru  
divente luminosa  
s'Unità\* chi ha fundadu.  
(Chorus response)

In Sardigna sa mama  
Piur de ogni astru  
divente luminosa  
s'Unità chi ha fundadu  
e con immortale vamma.  
(Chorus response)

Pro meritu 'e Lenin  
d'ognia nazione  
chere su comunismu  
innalzare a sa gloria.  
(Chorus response)  
Pro meritu 'e Lenin  
Contra s'aggressione  
de s'imperialismo  
tenzana sa vittoria  
sas forzas de Ho-chi-Minh.  
(Chorus response)

Side 1, Band 10:

## Bella Ciao

### Goodbye, Dear

This famous song may have originated during the partisan struggle of which it speaks, and with which it has become identified. It probably originated soon after the war, and quickly spread among partisan and Communist organizations. There are several versions, most notable of which is the beautiful new text made by rice-harvesters in Emilia. "Bella Ciao" was the name of the ground breaking folksong and theater production which Il Nuovo Canzoniere presented at the Festival of Two Worlds, Spoleto, 1964. (This was the first major presentation of Italian

"Bella Ciao" -----  
English lyric © 1973 Barbara Dane

One morning early  
we heard the rifles,  
Oh bella ciao, bella ciao,  
bella ciao, ciao, ciao,  
One morning early  
we heard the rifles,  
we knew the enemy was here.

Oh partigiani,  
oh freedom fighters,  
Oh bella ciao...  
we must resist or we will die!

Oh we will join you  
and fight together,  
Oh bella ciao...  
for if we don't we'll die alone.

And oh my brothers,  
if they should kill me,  
Oh bella ciao...  
And oh my sisters,  
if they should kill me,  
take up my rifle in your hand.

And leave my body  
upon the mountain,  
Oh bella ciao...  
and when the people pass they'll  
say:

The finest flower  
on all this mountain,  
Oh bella ciao...  
is one who died to make us free!

people's culture at a "high culture" festival; it was so incendiary that some of the singers were arrested on the spot for singing anti-military songs.)

The origin of the music, with its minor modes and the unusual hand-clapping, is traced by Roberto Leydi\* to a children's ring game song from Trento, in the far Northeast corner of the country. Leydi traces the text back to a traditional ballad, "Fior di Tomba" which is widely known in Italy and in other European countries. (See introductory article.) Thus, although the song is not the best representative of a resistance song, it is a very interesting case of folk creativity. This recording was made by the singers of the "Bella Ciao" production in Spoleto.

\* Roberto Leydi, *I Canti Popolari Italiani*, Milano, Mondadori, 1973, p. 51.

Sta mattina,  
mi sono alzato,  
O bella ciao, bella ciao,  
bella ciao, ciao, ciao,  
Sta mattina,  
mi sono alzato  
e ho trovato l'invasor.

O partigiano,  
portami via,  
O bella ciao...  
che mi sento di morir.

E se muoio  
da partigiano,  
O bella ciao...  
tu mi devi seppellir.

E seppellire  
lassù in montagna,  
O bella ciao...  
sotto l'ombra di un bel fior.

E le genti  
che passeranno,  
O bella ciao...  
mi diranno che bel fior.

Questo è il fiore  
del partigiano,  
O bella ciao...  
morto per la libertà!

Side 2, Band 1:

## Le Basi Americane

### The American Bases

After World War II, Italy was briefly ruled by a coalition government of Resistance forces, including Socialists and Communists. The coalition dissolved in 1947 when Prime Minister Alcide de Gasperi (Christian Democrat) returned from a visit to the U.S. with promises of economic support under the Marshall Plan in exchange for Italy's complete alignment with the Truman doctrine and U.S. cold war policies. This resulted in a fierce anti-communist campaign in which many former partisans were arrested (3,500 arrests occurred in the province of Modena alone between April 1948 and October 1949).\* Amnesty and encouragement were granted to fascists.

A split in the unions was effected, financed by the AFL and CIO, and it is only now being healed. Workers accused of left sympathies were fired. Open attempts were made to modify the Constitution in authoritarian and dictatorial terms. A new doctrine, "continuity of the state", claimed that the new democratic republic was a continuation of the old fascist state, and fascist laws were kept on the books to be used against workers and militants. Fascist judges, generals, and bureaucrats were given back their positions in the state machine.

U.S. imperialism has assured Christian Democrat Party rule for 30 years. U.S. bases were established in many parts of Italy, used openly to support American aggression in Lebanon in 1958, but more covertly used during the Vietnam war. Entire regions, such as Friuli and Sardinia were doomed to economic depression because of the central role played by the U.S. military in the local economies (Friuli is near the Yugoslavian border and Sardinia is in a strategic position in the middle of the Mediterranean). This policy of U.S. support is still enforced today. The U.S. promised more economic aid to Italy's crisis-ridden economy during President Giovanni Leone's visit in September, 1974, in exchange for renewed pledges of anti-Communism and subordination.

The practice of giving up national territory for U.S. imperialist purposes in the Mediterranean is not a thing of the past. In 1972, the island of Maddalena, near Sardinia, was turned into a nuclear submarine base. After Greece withdrew from NATO in 1974, many U.S. forces were moved to Sicily and Sardinia, and the southernmost Italian island of Pantelleria was transformed into a new U.S. base.

The Christian Democrat Party is an international agent of U.S. ideological and political rule. For example, it is widely known that the Italian Christian Democrats channelled funds to the Chilean Christian Democrats to subvert the Chilean economy and pave the way for the coup of 1973.

Rudi Assuntino's song, written in the early 60's is rooted in the struggle against U.S. imperialism. It protests a fatalistic attitude

The most painful thing  
in days like these  
is to see among you  
the same old faces.  
And yet everyone's history  
is changing every day  
as great events  
teach us a lesson.  
(Chorus)

Let's dump the American bases  
into the sea!  
Let's stop being partners to the  
murderers!  
Let's turn a page that's 20 years old!  
Let's go on to conquer our own  
liberty!

Caught in a web  
of day-to-day living,  
we have forgotten  
that we are comrades.  
But in the world there's a struggle  
which has never stopped.  
Let's break our old habits  
and go back to being men.  
Let's dump the American bases...

There's no use in asking  
if we can really make it.  
Let's leave off with words.  
We have no time to wait!  
Or are we perhaps just waiting  
for "red providence",  
so that others will decide  
while we patiently wait?  
Let's dump the American bases...

in the left which had developed after many years of unsuccessful struggle against U.S. imperialism and Christian Democratic rule. Assuntino's work was influenced by the American urban folk singers and protest singers. He translated "Eve of Destruction" and "Masters of War", adding new, more militant words. His style was influenced by rock and roll, but he was aware of the limitations of the style. He also was opposed to what he saw as "the general, paternalistic, apolitical approach of most American folk singers."\*\* After working several years with one of the minor Maoist groups, Rudi Assuntino recently joined the Communist Party. No longer a political singer, he has turned to research in folklore and cinema.

\* Pietro Secchia, *La Resistenza accusa*, Milano, Mazzotta, 1973, p. 72.

\*\* "Il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano", #7-8, page 38.

La cosa più penosa  
in giorni come questi  
è di trovar tra voi  
le facce di sempre.  
E invece sta cambiando  
la storia di ciascuno  
perché dai grandi fatti  
matura una lezione.  
(Tutti:)

Buttiamo a mare  
le basi americane!  
Cessiamo di fare da spalla agli  
assassini!  
Giriamo una pagina lunga di vent'anni  
Andiamo a guadagnare la nostra  
libertà!

In una ragnatela  
di fatti quotidiani  
abbiam dimenticato  
di essere compagni.  
Nel mondo c'è una lotta  
che non si è mai placata  
rompiamo le abitudini  
torniamo ad esser uomini.  
Buttiamo a mare...

Non serve domandare  
se poi ce la faremo  
lasciamo alle parole  
il tempo di aspettare.  
O forse qui se aspetta  
la rossa provvidenza  
per cui gli altri decidono  
e noi portiam pazienza.  
Buttiamo a mare...

Side 2, Band 2:

Per I Morti Di Reggio Emilia

*For The Martyrs of Reggio Emilia*

The "continuity" of fascism in Italy was illustrated in April, 1960, when Christian Democratic Prime Minister Fernando Tambroni formed a government openly supported by the Movimento Sociale Italiano (MSI), Italy's largest neo-fascist party. A mass mobilization forced Tambroni to resign on July 19, after several workers were killed by the police at anti-fascist demonstrations. This song is dedicated to five who died in Reggio Emilia on July 7, 1960; the next day, four more workers were killed in Palermo.

The message of the song is that the time for militant, anti-fascist resistance has come again. Therefore, there are many references to persons and episodes of the first resistance of 1943-5 and to partisan songs. For example, the last two lines of the first verse reflect a partisan song, "Fischia il Vento" (The Wind Blows). The same song is quoted in the last line of the fourth verse. Duccio Galimberti, mentioned in the second verse, was an anti-fascist lawyer and one of the founders of the armed resistance in Northern Italy. He was a leader of the Partito d'Azione, a progressive non-Marxist party which dissolved after the war, and a guerrilla organizer in Piedmont. Galimberti was killed by the fascists in the Fall of 1944. The seven Cervi brothers, mentioned in the third verse, were young peasants active in the Resistance who were executed by the fascists on December 27, 1943. The sacrifice by this large family, as well as the moral strength of the father, Alcide Cervi (who became a monument of the Communist Party until his recent death), turned the Cervi brothers into a legend.

Fausto Amodei, an architect from Turin, wrote this song immediately after the July, 1960, events. It was one of the first protest songs written by a young singer of intellectual background which became so popular among the working class that it can be considered a "folk song". He helped found the new

Italian song movement. In the late 50's he joined Cantacronache, a group in which young musicians and singers put music to poetry of the leading Italian writers (Italo Calvino, Franco Fortini, and others). Later Amodei joined Il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano and participated in its productions and recordings. Influenced by folk styles, his songs also reflect an intelligent, humorous and satirical tone, and a brilliant didactic technique. In this sense, "Per I Morti di Reggio Emilia" is quite an exception in his repertoire. Amodei was a militant of the Partito Socialista di Unita Proletaria (a left-wing splinter of the Socialist Party created after the Socialists joined the Christian Democrats in the first center-left coalition in 1963). He was unexpectedly elected to Parliament in 1968, when the PSIUP doubled its votes in Turin due to its involvement with the student movements and in organization at the Fiat plant. Amodei was the first and only singing congressman, and has written many songs which brilliantly satirize bureaucratic institutions. After the PSIUP was defeated in the elections of 1972, it dissolved and Amodei joined the Communist Party, in which he is currently active.



Italian partisans returning from the mountains after World War II. Woman with one leg paces line of march.

Comrade citizen,  
brother partisan,  
take my hand  
in these days of sadness.  
Once more in Reggio Emilia,  
once more down in Sicily,  
comrades have died  
at the hands of the fascists.  
Once more, as it once was  
all over Italy,  
the wind screams and the storm blows.

At nineteen years  
Ovidio Franchi died,  
for those who are too tired  
or are as yet uncertain.  
Lauro Farioli died  
to atone for the sin  
of those who no longer remember  
Duccio Galimberti.  
They died while in their twenties  
for our tomorrow.  
They died like old partisans.

Marino Serri died,  
and Afro Tondelli too,  
but the eyes of their brothers  
continue to be dry.  
Comrades, let it be clear  
that this bitter blood  
they shed at Reggio Emilia  
belongs to all of us.  
It is the blood of our blood,  
flesh of our flesh,  
like that of the Cervi brothers.

The only true friend we have  
still on our side  
is the same one who was with us  
when we were in the mountains.  
And the enemy of today  
is still the same one  
we fought in our mountains  
and also in Spain.  
The song we have to sing  
is still the same:  
Broken shoes,  
but we must march on!

Comrade Ovidio Franchi,  
Comrade Afro Tondelli,  
and you, Marino Serri,  
Reverberi and Farioli,  
from now on you'll go with us,  
you'll stay by our side,  
and you won't leave us alone.  
Dead of Reggio Emilia,  
rise from your grave.  
Come out with us to sing:  
"Bandiera Rossa!"

Compagno cittadino,  
fratello partigiano,  
teniamoci per mano  
in quieti giorni tristi.  
Di nuovo a Reggio Emilia,  
di nuovo là in Sicilia  
son morti dei compagni  
per mano dei fascisti.  
Di nuovo come un tempo  
sopra l'Italia intera  
fischia il vento e soffia la bufera.

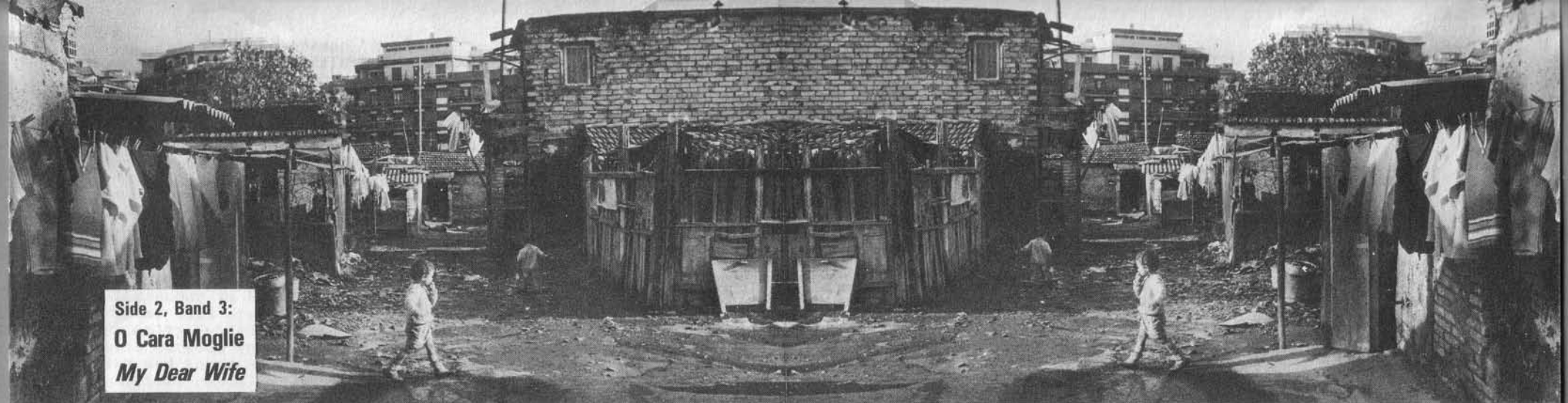
A diciannove anni  
è morto Ovidio Franchi  
per quelli che son stanchi  
o sono ancora incerti.  
Lauro Farioli è morto  
per riparare il torto  
di chi s'è già scordato  
di Duccio Galimberti.  
Son morti sui vent'anni  
per il nostro domani.  
Son morti come vecchi partigiani.

Marino Serri è morto,  
è morto Afro Tondelli,  
ma gli occhi dei fratelli  
si son tenuti asciutti.  
compagni, sia ben chiaro  
che questo sangue amaro  
versato a Reggio Emilia  
è sangue di noi tutti.  
Sangue del nostro sangue,  
nervi dei nostri nervi,  
come fu quello dei fratelli Cervi.

Il solo vero amico  
che abbiamo al fianco adesso  
e sempre quello stesso  
che fu con noi in montagna  
ed il nemico attuale  
è sempre ancora uguale  
a quel che combattemmo  
sui nostri monti e in Spagna.  
Uguale è la canzone  
che abbiamo da cantare:  
Scarpe rotte,  
eppur bisogna andare!

Compagno Ovidio Franchi,  
Compagno Afro Tondelli,  
e voi Marino Serri,  
Reverberi e Farioli,  
dovremo tutti quanti aver d'ora in avanti,  
voialtri al nostro fianco  
per non sentirci soli.  
Morti di Reggio Emilia,  
uscite dalla fossa.  
Fuori a cantar con noi,  
"Bandiera Rossa!"





Side 2, Band 3:  
**O Cara Moglie**  
*My Dear Wife*

This song is very popular among workers and students. Ivan Della Mea, the composer, is perhaps the best known political song writer in Italy. In the early 60's he wrote a series of songs about Italian political history since 1948, as seen through the eyes of a child in a working class family.

Born in Lucca (Tuscany) and brought up in Milan, Ivan Della Mea uses the Milan dialect for most of his songs, which describe current events, repression, and imperialism without sloganeering or oversimplifying reality. His best songs try to stimulate reflection and debate through conflict. Unlike most young political singers, Della Mea does not claim to speak in the workers' name, although he is probably closer in origin and experience to the working-class than most singers. Della Mea links his Communist militancy to his personal experiences. In "O Cara Moglie" he relates episodes and stories about his militancy at the factory gates in the late sixties. His new songs stress the need for united militant working class action, and criticize sectarianism of all kinds, including that of the Communist Party. He was very close to the revolutionary group Lotta Continua, "Fight On" for several years. Recently he rejoined the Communist Party, with which he has had on-again, off-again relations for some time.

My dear wife, tonight please  
tell our son to go to sleep  
because the things I have to tell you  
are things he mustn't hear.

This very morning, out on the job,  
with a smile from my shop chief,  
I received my severance pay.  
I've been fired without any mercy.

And the reason is that I struck  
for the defense of our rights,  
for the defense of my union,  
for my job and for freedom.

When we all unite in struggle,  
your boss, you know, has to give in.  
And if he wins, it's because of scabs  
who give him strength he doesn't have.

I saw this at our factory gates:  
We called our comrades to strike,  
but the boss comes, nods and calls,  
and one by one they start walking in.

Dear wife, you should have seen them!  
They came forward all stooped and bent,  
and we shouted, "Scabs! Blacklegs!"  
while they walked on not looking.

Those poor guys were a pity to see.  
But just behind them in the doorway  
the filthy boss was happily laughing.  
That's when I cursed them without mercy.

My dear wife, I was wrong before.  
Tell our son to come and listen.  
He must know what it will be like  
when he fights for his freedom.  
(repeat last verse)

O cara moglie stasera ti prego  
dì a mio figlio che vada a dormire  
perché le cose che io ho da dire  
non sono cose che deve sentir.

Proprio stamane là sul lavoro  
con il sorriso del caposezione  
m'è arrivata la liquidazione  
m'han licenziato senza pietà.

E la ragione è perché ho scioperato  
per la difesa dei nostri diritti  
per la difesa del mio sindacato  
del mio lavoro e della libertà.

Quando la lotta è di tutti per tutti  
il tuo padrone, vedrai, cederà  
se invece vince è perché i crumiri  
gli dan la forza che lui non ha.

Questo si è visto davanti ai cancelli.  
Noi si chiamava i compagni alla lotta.  
Ecco il padrone fa un cenno,  
una mossa  
un dopo l'altro cominciano a entrar.

O cara moglie dovevi vederli!  
Venire avanti curvati e piegati  
e noi gridare "crumiri, venduti"  
e loro dritti senza guardar.

Quei poveretti facevano pena.  
Ma dietro a loro là sul portone  
rideva allegro il porco padrone  
li ho maledetti senza pietà!

O cara moglie, io prima ho sbagliato.  
Dì a mio figlio che venga a sentire  
che ha da capire che cosa vuol dire  
lottare per la libertà.

## Gli Ingranaggi

### Machinery

Gualtiero Bertelli, an elementary school teacher from Venice, is among the best song-writers connected with Il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano. Formerly a leader of the Communist Party in Venice, he later joined the Manifesto. When the Manifesto merged with the left-wing splinter of the PSIUP to form the new PDUP (Partito di Unità Proletaria per il Comunismo), Bertelli also joined.

His songs have been as organic to Venice as Della Mea's to Milan. Through his sensitive use of the Venetian dialect he describes the human and political condition of the Venetian proletariat, gradually being deprived of their livelihood by huge industrial settlements being built on the mainland near the laguna. These plants pollute the water and the air to such an extent that Montedison workers in Marghera are forced to wear gas masks on the job all the time.

This song contains some of the themes of working class struggles during the late 60's. The workers' exposure of old myths such as tradesmanship, professional careers and specialization, was part of an attack launched against the capitalist conception of the organization of labor in the factory, which had been the issue at stake since 1969, when the bosses forcefully asserted their intention to organize production as they pleased.

The "red autumn" of 1969 reorganized work at the shop level. Workers eliminated top-down union control and organized their workplace around their own needs. Many new forms of struggle were invented. In an "articulated" strike, for instance, only one major shop would shut down, thereby stopping the whole production process while only a handful of workers were officially on strike.

This not only irritated the bosses, but also worried union leaders who could not control small, militant, rank and file strikes. Reduc-

tion of productivity was another method of protesting speedups. This was called "body skipping" in the auto industry. Each worker on the assembly line occasionally skipped one car body. The disruption of production achieved by body-skipping was so immense that a complete car was rarely issued from the lines, since the workers never skipped the same body.

Mother, my dearest mother,  
they say the worst hasn't come yet.  
But I can't remember  
when I ever suffered like this.

Three years in jail,  
or living like animals,  
is better than the pain  
that I have felt inside.

When I was sixteen years old,  
they hired me in the factory.  
I was lost and forsaken.  
They settled me in a job.

Shortly they built for me  
a whole brand new life.  
I was a man with a trade,  
like those who go to school.

I felt like a new person,  
with a straight path ahead.  
The factory has turned me  
into a modern machine.

A dream with eyes open,  
now drained to the end.  
and it leaves my throat dry  
after the little taste I had.

I went on strike with the others.  
It was for my own rights.  
It was for my interest.  
They said that it was wrong.

They said I have no rights,  
and that you are not my mother.  
The factory has made me,  
and the boss is my creator.

Once I was not yet a man.  
Now I am like a screw.  
If I strike, I stop  
and then must be replaced.

We are like machinery,  
cheaply bought and paid for.  
And with this kind of blackmail,  
they can throw us away.

Workers' consciousness about problems of health and working conditions increased radically. Workers began to refuse extra pay for breathing poisonous fumes or for working at dangerous sites, and demanded that these conditions be changed.

These new objectives, methods of struggle and forms of organization illustrate the ideological, political, and cultural consciousness of Italian workers.

Mamma mia cara mamma  
il peggio non è morto  
ma io non mi ricordo  
d'aver mai così penà.

Tre anni di galera  
o viver d'animali  
e meglio della pena  
che dentro mi son trovà.

Avevo sedici anni  
che sono stato assunto  
ero un derelitto  
e m'hanno sistemà.

In poco m'hanno fatto  
tutta una vita nuova.  
Sono un qualificato  
come chi ha studià.

Io mi sentivo un altro  
dritto per la mia strada.  
'na macchina moderna  
'sta fabbrica m'ha formà.

Un sogno ad occhi aperti  
che adesso mi si scola  
e già mi secca in gola  
quel poco che ho gustà.

Ho scioperato anch'io  
erano i miei diritti  
erano i miei interessi  
m'han detto che ho sbaglià.

Che io non ho diritti,  
e non sei tu mia madre.  
La fabbrica m'ha fatto.  
Il padrone mi ha creà.

Prima non ero un uomo.  
Ora sono una vita.  
Se sciopero me fermo,  
mi devono cambiar.

Siamo degli ingranaggi,  
pagati a poco prezzo.  
Che con questo ricatto  
si possono buttar.

Squeezed like slaves,  
servants of their system,  
if you are once fired  
you'll never find another job.

Side 2, Band 5:

## Ballata della Fiat

### Ballad of Fiat

Alfredo Bandelli, the composer of this song, comes from the ranks of the working class. A railroad station worker in Pisa (Tuscany) who worked at many manual jobs and even emigrated to Germany at one point, he was always a political militant. His songs were popularized by the group "Canzoniere Pisano", and then by other political artists (notably Pino Masi) who recorded for the Lotta Continua label without, however, mentioning his name. Bandelli is still a political activist, although his relationship to Lotta Continua has lessened.

The "Ballad of the Fiat" exemplifies Italian revolutionary thought in 1969 and early 1970, the peak period of workers' militancy in factories. Equal raises for all and abolition of ranks and categories, the egalitarian objectives of the struggle, became the goals of revolutionary groups who used their strength - gained from the great wave of student struggle of 1968 - to organize the factories and to prepare for the "red autumn" of 1969. (See previous notes.) One important political objective mentioned in the song, which is common to revolutionary and union strategy, is the extension of militant activism from the workplace to the rest of society in order to tackle bad living conditions in the working class quarters of towns, rising prices, inflation, worsening services, poor health, and bad schools.

The anti-union theme in the song, the idea that shop stewards were invented by the bosses to control working class militancy, has been abandoned by most major groups, including Lotta Continua, which saw unions as basically enemies of the working class. After 1969, however, unions increasingly advocated speeding up production in the factories in exchange for reforms in

Spremuti come schiavi,  
servi del suo sistema,  
se vieni licenziato  
non trovi da lavorar.

housing, health, services, schools, transportation, and in the fiscal system, all of which was to be negotiated with the government. The left argued that a suspension of the struggle in the workplace would inevitably strengthen the bourgeoisie, who would never permit such reforms to be made. Unions and the reformist Communist Party gave priority to top-level government talks before strikes, in pursuit of social reforms. None of these reforms have been achieved to date.

In the Fall of 1974, rank-and-file discord against the growing cost of public services (mainly transportation and electricity) led to the practice of "self-reduction" in Turin and other areas. This meant that whenever rates increased, workers payed their unions instead of the billing companies. The unions,

Mister Boss, this time  
things won't go so nice for you.  
We are tired of waiting  
for you to get us killed.

We keep on working,  
and the union keeps saying  
that we must wait,  
and no one ever talks of struggle.

Mister Boss, we have awakened,  
and this time the fight is on.  
And this time how we must fight  
we will decide for ourselves.  
See how the scabs are running!  
Hear the silence in the factory!  
Maybe tomorrow the only sound  
you'll hear  
will be machine guns!

Mister Boss, this time  
things won't go so nice for you.  
From now on, if you want to negotiate  
you will have to deal with no one  
but us.  
And you can't buy us this time  
with a raise of five lire.  
If you offer ten, we want a hundred.  
If you offer a hundred,  
we want a thousand.

in turn, forced the companies to accept the payments at the old price. This method was opposed by the Communist Party leadership, and by some local unions, and it was met with a cry of "civil disobedience and disruption of the state" by the bourgeoisie. Direct action by rank and file succeeded, however, in most cases, even in the face of repressive acts which culminated in the arrest of three left-wing union leaders in Venice. In December, 1974, the government agreed to withdraw the expected increases in electric power prices.

The last verse describes an event in Turin on July 3, 1970, when for three consecutive days an entire working class neighborhood fought police out of their quarter in protest against rising rents and prices. The revolutionary left considers this event the most outstanding example of militant working class response to exploitation and police repression in recent years.

Mirafiori, mentioned in the song, is the seat of the largest Fiat works.

Signor padrone, questa volta  
per te andr  di certo male.  
Siamo stanchi di aspettare  
che tu ci faccia ammazzare.  
Noi si continua a lavorare,  
e i sindacati vengono a dire  
che bisogna aspettare  
e di lottare non si parla mai.

Signor padrone, ci siam svegliati,  
e questa volta si d  battaglia.  
E questa volta come lottare  
Io decidiamo soltanto noi.  
Vedi il crumiro che se la sguaglia!  
Senti il silenzio nelle officine!  
Forse domani solo il rumore  
della mitraglia tu sentirai!

Signor padrone, questa volta  
per te andr  di certo male.  
D'ora in poi se vuoi trattare  
dovrai accorgerti che non si pu .  
E questa volta non ci compri  
con le cinque lire dell'aumento  
se offri dieci vogliamo cento  
se offri cento, mille noi vogliam.

Mister Boss, you didn't fool us  
with your clever tricks,  
with your company unions!  
Your projects have all gone up in  
smoke.  
Now the fight is against you.  
Qualifications and categories,  
we want them abolished.  
Divisions are ended.  
On the assembly line we are all equals.

Mister Boss, this time  
we've learned to fight if need be.  
We demonstrated it at Mirafiori.  
We will show it all over Italy!  
When we took to the streets,  
you were waiting for a funeral.  
But it didn't go so well  
for those who would put us to sleep.

We saw many, many cops  
with clubs and roman shields,  
but we also saw so many hands  
reaching down for stones  
and ready to go!  
All the proletariat of Torino  
to the violence of the police  
reply now, without fear:  
We'll fight by any means!

No! to bureaucrats, and  
No! to the bosses.  
What do we want?  
We want everything!  
Fight on, at the workplace  
and on the outside,  
and communism is sure to win!  
(repeat last verse)

Signor padrone, non ci hai fregati  
con le invenzioni, coi sindacati,  
i tuoi progetti sono sfumati  
ora si lotta contro di te.  
E le qualifiche, le categorie  
noi le vogliamo tutte abolite  
le divisioni sono finite  
alla catena siam tutti uguali.

Signor padrone, questa volta  
ormai a lottare si è imparato  
a Mirafiori s'e dimostrato  
in tutta Italia si dimostrerà.  
E quando siamo scesi in piazza  
tu ti aspettavi un funerale  
ma è andata proprio male  
per chi voleva farci addormentaro.

Ne abbiamo visiti davvero tanti  
di manganelli e scudi romani  
però si è visto anche tante mani  
che a cercar pietre cominciano a  
andar.

Tutta Torino proletaria  
alla violenza della questura  
risponde ora senza paura  
la lotta dura bisogna far.

No ai burocrati e ai padroni  
cosa vogliamo? Vogliamo tutto.  
Lotta continua in fabbrica e fuori  
e il comunismo trionferà.  
E no ai burocrati e ai padroni  
Cosa vogliamo? Vogliamo tutto!  
Lotta continua in fabbrica e fuori  
e il comunismo trionferà  
(repeat last verse)

Side 2, Band 6:

**Povero Pinelli**

*Poor Pinelli*

The reaction of the bourgeoisie  
to the worker and student militancy  
of 1968-9 took the form of police  
repression, political maneuvering  
and legal frame-ups. On December 12,  
1969, a bomb placed in a bank in  
Milan killed 14 people most of whom

were farmers. The police immediately  
started looking for the murderer  
among the revolutionary left, and  
arrested anarchist Pietro Valpreda.  
On December 16, another anarchist,  
a railroad worker named Giuseppe  
Pinelli, "plunged" to his death  
from a fourth story window at the  
police headquarters, where he was  
under interrogation about the mas-  
sacre.

These events initiated a period  
of repression against the left known  
as the "strategy of tension". Workers  
and Unionists involved in the 1969  
"red autumn" activities were arbit-  
rarily arrested. A union document  
stated that at least 14,000 workers  
and unionists had either been arrested  
or placed on trial by the winter  
following the massacre and the sign-  
ing of the metal workers' national  
contract.

The revolutionary left began to  
raise doubts about the official  
version of the massacre and about  
Pinelli's death. (The Communist Party  
initially accepted the official in-  
vestigation report.) Lotta Con-  
tinua waged a campaign to prove that  
Pinelli had not committed suicide,  
but had been murdered. When the  
police chief, Luigi Calabresi, whom  
Lotta Continua accused of killing  
Pinelli, finally sued the organiza-  
tion, the trial revealed such enor-  
mous contradictions between the  
stories of the police that the  
thesis of murder appeared probable.  
Not surprisingly, the trial was  
interrupted at the point of victory  
by a maneuver of Calabresi's fascist  
lawyer in complicity with the court.

Pietro Valpreda's innocence of  
the bank bombing became clearer and  
clearer. Another investigation by  
a judge in Padova proved that a  
nazi-fascist group from Padova had  
bought and placed the bomb in Milan.  
The Secret Services and the Ministry  
of Interior had evidence against them  
but had either ignored or suppressed  
it, while busily fabricating evidence  
against the left. This exposed  
a fact which everyone in the left  
knew: the state had organized the  
massacre through its secret police  
organizations in which they used the  
fascists as spies and infiltrators.

More evidence emerged about the  
so-called "black plot". It was



proved through an investigation that the coup attempted by a former Fascist military chief, Prince Junio Valerio Borghese, in December, 1971, was known in advance by the Ministry of Interior and the Secret Service. No attempt was made to prevent it. The former Army Chief of Staff, General Miceli is now in jail for complicity in the coup and for organizing fascist cells in the Army with a view to overthrowing the Constitutional system. Secret fascist organizations among the military were discovered, with links to the Padova group which had organized the Milan massacre. More massacres in Bologna and Brescia, in August and May, 1974, killed six and eight people respectively. The murderers have not been found, and were not actively sought.

Fascist complicity in the legal and administrative branches of the state is constantly being uncovered, while many leading Christian Democrat and Social Democrat politicians are either actively or passively supporting the "black plot". These leaders were appointed and kept in office by Christian Democratic ministers. It was proved that the same capitalists who illegally financed the Christian Democrats and their allies in exchange for political favors also financed the organized fascist faction in the army and paid off the Padova nazis.

The picture of a deeply rooted fascist organization in the army, police, and secret services is clearly taking shape. The threat of a military coup has frightened the Communist Party and unions into a position of moderation and complacency, and has spread a feeling of insecurity and the need for law and order throughout the country. The high court has, for the fourth time, postponed the trial of Pietro Valpreda in fear that the truth will be revealed there.

This song tells the truth about the "state massacre". The melody and part of the words are based on an older song about another "state murder", the killing of the Socialist member of Parliament, Giacomo Matteotti, by Mussolini's secret services in 1924. It is sung by Luisa Ronchini and the group Canzoniere Popolare Veneto.

Poor Pinelli,  
they really did you wrong,  
and your very life  
has all been destroyed.

Anonymous and innocent,  
you loved anarchy.  
That's why they came for you  
and carried you away.

In a dark room  
They interrogated you,  
and then from the fourth floor  
you were "suicided."

And while you were dying,  
they were afraid  
that you would shout out loud:  
"the cops have pushed me."

You were dead on the ground  
when they tied up your mouth.  
and later, at the courthouse,  
they filed you away.

But the time will come  
When we will make them pay.  
Anarchist Pinelli,  
we will revenge you.

Povero Pinelli,  
te l'hanno fatta brutta  
e la tua vita  
te l'han tutta distrutta.

Anonimo e innocente,  
amavi l'anarchia.  
Per questo t'hanno preso  
e t'han portato via.

In una stanza nera  
ti hanno interrogato,  
e poi dal quarto piano  
ti hanno "suicidato."

E mentre che morivi  
avevano paura  
che tu gridassi forte:  
"M'ha spinto la questura."

Già morto nel cortile  
la bocca t'han bendato.  
E dopo in tribunale  
ti hanno archiviato.

Verrà il momento  
gliela farem pagare.  
Anarchico Pinelli,  
ti sapremo vendicare.



**Contessa**

**Countess**

This song means 1968-1969 for everyone in Italy. Its rousing chorus has become so familiar that it is almost a household tune. Its continual performance at demonstrations and political/musical programs has become such a ritual that it sometimes seems to lose its very important meaning: that "the ideas of revolt have never died", and that only a class traitor could deny this truth.

Paolo Pietrangeli, the composer, is a Roman filmmaker and Communist Party activist. His recent documentary on neo-fascism is a brilliant denunciation of this phenomenon. Pietrangeli has written several beautiful revolutionary songs during the peak of recent struggles. Currently, he writes ironic, satiric, but very sensitive songs about the disillusionment and anguish of many revolutionaries, whose struggles in the late 1960's failed to bring about the hoped-for revolutionary change. Pietrangeli's songs are based on personal experiences, and refrain from using slogans and cliches, while some songs have become cliches in themselves due to their effectiveness and popularity.

The verses describe a conversation which the author may have heard. They reveal the revolutionary consciousness in people who, like Paolo Pietrangeli and many other young militants today, are not necessarily of working class origins. This consciousness embodies a hatred for the rich and the bourgeoisie, for their stupidity and their hypocrisy. Pietrangeli's sincerity, not as a pretended proletarian but as a revolutionary intellectual who rejects his own class, explains why the anger expressed in the chorus is so effective. Typical is the two-part division of "Contessa" which reflects Pietrangeli's love for musical forms derived from the folk tradition, cabaret, musical theatre, and all sorts of other musical experiences. This is how the Italian people's culture has acquired a new beautiful hymn, the "Bandiera Rossa" of the new revolutionary generations.

(solo)  
"Have you heard, Countess,  
about Aldo's factory?  
A few fools in there  
made a strike.  
They wanted to have  
their salary raised.  
They were saying, imagine,  
that they were exploited!  
And when the police arrived,  
those few idiots  
shouted even louder.  
They stained the floors  
and the doors  
with blood.  
It may take some time  
to clean it up."

(chorus)  
Comrades, from the fields  
and the factories,  
Take up your sickles,  
and carry the hammers!  
Take to the streets,  
hammer it down!  
Take to the streets,  
Bury the system!

You "decent people"  
who call for peace  
so you can go on doing  
whatever you please,  
If this is the price,  
we prefer war!  
We want to see you  
all in your graves.  
If this is the price,  
we've paid it already.  
No one in this world may be  
exploited anymore.

(solo)  
"Imagine, Countess,  
what I found out  
from my relative  
about the factory occupation.  
Those people  
locked inside  
were actually professing  
"free love!"  
After all, my dear,  
it's really no wonder.  
These days even workers  
want their sons to be doctors!  
Imagine what it would be like  
if that came to be!  
There are no more morals,  
Countess!"

(solo)  
"Che roba, contessa,  
all' industria di Aldo?  
Han fatto uno sciopero  
quei quattro ignoranti.  
Volevano avere  
i salari aumentati  
dicevano, pensi,  
di essere sfrutatti.  
E quando è arrivata  
la polizia,  
quei quattro straccioni  
han gridato più forte.  
Di sangue han sporcato  
i cortili e le porte.  
Chissà quanto tempo  
ci vorrà per pulire."

(tutti)  
Compagni dai campi  
e dalle officine  
prendete la falce  
e portate il martello.  
Scendete giù in piazza  
e picchiate con quello!  
Scendete giù in piazza,  
affossate il sistema!

Voi gente per bene  
che pace cercate,  
la pace per far  
quello che voi volete,  
ma se questo è il prezzo,  
vogliamo la guerra,  
vogliamo vedervi  
finir sottoterra.  
Ma se questo è il prezzo  
l'abbiamo pagato.  
Nessuno più al mondo  
dev' essere sfruttato.

(solo)  
"Sapesse, contessa,  
che cosa mi ha detto  
un caro parente  
dell' occupazione,  
che quella gentaglia  
rinchiusa là dentro  
di libero amore  
facea professione.  
Del resto, mia cara,  
di che si stupisce  
anche l'operaio  
vuole il figlio dottore  
e pensi che ambiente  
ne può venir fuori  
non c'è più morale,  
contessa."

(chorus)  
If the wind blew before,  
now it blows harder.  
The idea of revolt  
has never died.  
If anyone says it has,  
don't listen to him.  
He who wants that  
is a traitor!  
If someone says that,  
Spit in his face.  
He has thrown the red flag  
into the ditch.

You "decent people"  
who call for peace...

(tutti)  
Se il vento fischiava  
ora fischia più forte!  
Le idee di rivolta  
non sono mai morte.  
Se c'è chi lo afferma  
non state a sentire  
è uno che vuole  
soltanto tradire.  
Se c'è chi lo afferma  
sputategli\* addosso,  
La bandiera rossa  
ha gettato in un fosso.

Voi gente per bene  
che pace cercate...

\*often sung "sparategli"  
or "shoot him".

## Song Credits:

### Side 1:

#### 1. Lamentu ppi la Morti di Turiddu Carnivali

##### *Lament for the Murder of Turiddu Carnivali*

Sicilian street ballad sung by Cicciu Busacca, street singer from Paterno (Catania Province, Sicily)

#### 2. Bandiera Rossa/The Red Flag

Proletarian anthem, played by the Brass Band of Conselice (town in Ravenna Province, Emilia); sung by the community of Filo d'argenta (Ferrara, Emilia) and recorded in the field by Franco Coggiola at Filo d'Argenta May 1, 1965.

#### 3. Sacco e Vanzetti/Sacco and Vanzetti

Northern street ballad sung by Giovanna Daffini, street singer and former ricefield worker with guitar; accompanied by Vittorio Carpi, street musician, on violin. (Both are from Gualtieri, Reggio Emilia Province, Emilia.)

#### 4. Se Otto Ore Son Troppo Poche

##### *If Eight Hours are Not Enough*

Political song sung by ricefield workers Aldina Mazzi, Palmira Orsini, Luigia Spaggiari, Luciana Contini, Gina Orsini, Carmen Bellesia, Fanny Folloni, Giuseppina Mariani Cerati (All from Novellara, Reggio Emilia, Emilia.) Recorded in the field by Bruno Andreoli, Franco Coggiola, and Gianni Bosio at Novellara, April 4, 1967.

#### 5. Tarantella die Baraccati/Squatters' Tarantella

Dance and improvised verses (stor-nelli) sung by Tommaso D'Agostino, a construction worker from Polistena (Reggio Calabria, Calabria) with his harmonica and tambourine and unidentified guitar player. Recorded in the field by Sandro Portelli in Rome, March 14, 1970.

#### 6. Guarda Giu' dalla Pianura/Look Down the Plain

Political song sung by Ines Ser-venti, a ricefield worker from Cremona, (Cremona, Lombardia) recorded in the field by Gianni Bosio in Cremona, 1967.

#### 7. Noi Vogliamo L'Uguaglianza/We Want Equality

Political verses sung by the women's chorus of the Cappuccini Rice worker's Cooperative in Vercelli (Vercelli, Piedmont).

#### 8. E Noi Che Siamo Donne/We Who Are Women

Political verses sung by a group of women factory workers from Milan (Milan, Lombardia) recorded in the field by Franco Coggiola in 1972.

#### 9. Quadernos Iscrittos/Notebooks Written

"Mutettos" sung by Peppino Marotto (lead), Umberto Goddi, Sebastiano Pi-ras, Pasquale Marotto, all shepherds and farmworkers from Orgosolo (Nuoro, Sardinia).

#### 10. Bella Ciao/Goodbye, Dear

Partisan song, sung and played by Il Nuovo Canzoniere Italiano.

### Side 2:

#### 1. Le Basi Americane/The American Bases

Written and sung by Rudi Assuntino with chorus.

#### 2. Per I Morti Di Reggio Emilia

##### *For the Martyrs of Reggio Emilia*

Written and sung by Fausto Amodei with chorus.

#### 3. O Cara Moglie/My Dear Wife

Written and sung by Ivan Della Mea accompanied by A. Ciarchi, P. Ciarchi, and M. Buffa.

#### 4. Gli Ingranaggi/Machinery

Written and sung by Gualtiero Bertelli.

#### 5. Ballata della Fiat/Ballad of Fiat

Written and sung by Alfredo Bandedelli.

#### 6. Povero Pinelli/Poor Pinelli

Written by Luisa Ronchini to a traditional melody; sung by the Canzoniere Popolare Veneto which is made up of Gualtiero Bertelli, Renzo Bonometto, Alberto D'Amico, Luisa Ronchini, etc.

#### 7. Contessa/Countess

Written and sung by Paolo Pietrangeli, with Giovanna Marini on guitar and vocal harmony.

## Production Credits:

Edited with introductory notes, translations, and foreword by Sandro Portelli

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