

BARBARA DANE

*When We
Make It Through*



THIS RECORD IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
CELIA SANCHEZ MANDULEY
DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE AND WOMAN OF THE 21ST CENTURY

Child of a small town doctor, she saw the misery of the poor farmers, laborers and fisher folk who came for help. Well educated, she moved easily among people of means. Working with the 26th of July Movement, she travelled from the towns to the mountains, forging a key link between the clandestine movement and the guerrilla. She gathered money and supporters, arms and information, becoming the first woman to enter the Rebel Army herself. Until her death in January, 1980 from cancer, she brought theoretical, political and military leadership to the revolution that broke the chains of colonization for her people and opened the road out of underdevelopment.

After the triumph of the revolution, Celia extended her leadership into the continuous search for ways of raising the cultural level of the broad masses just emerging from generations of educational deprivation, illiteracy and cultural colonization in Cuba. This legacy from the past would take tact and imagination to bridge before the world's culture could be met head-on, and Celia's innovations would fill pages. Here we can detail one special project in which she was literally the heart and soul: what some have called the Park of the Future, and what Cuba named Lenin Park. Here, in a gigantic green paradise larger than Vatican City and Monte Carlo put together, one can take an initial survey from an elegantly appointed narrow-gauge train which runs throughout the park. One can stop off to visit an art gallery, a literary peña, an outdoor amphitheatre, a unique floating stage in a lake where musical and variety acts are nearly continuous, a pottery workshop, several restaurants and coffeeshops, a botanical garden, an aquarium, a zoo, an amusement park, and other attractions, all of the quality one would expect in a place specially perfected for the ruling class. The ruling class, in this case, is the working people of Cuba, and no detail has been spared to make this the best of its kind. This is no Disney land patronization of the public, but rather a popular form of presenting the highest quality of art and culture and thousands enjoy it every day, free of charge, since it belongs to them.

Her many projects in the field of culture, her role in the organization of People's Power (the assemblies through which Cuba is governed), and her work as Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party are all part of a life that has made Celia a beloved example for the women, and for the society, to come. Celia Sanchez helped to change the world forever, and for all of us. When we make it through, she will be with us.



Dear Listener,

For somewhat over 35 years I've been singing coal miner's songs from Appalachia, Afro-American inventions like "the blues" and hot jazz, kid's game songs, Woody Guthrie songs, once in a while even an old pop song. I've toured with Jack Teagarden's band and co-billed with comedian Lennie Bruce in fancy halls and clubs on one hand, and showed up as a singing organizer who performed from the top of a garbage can for antiwar GIs on the other. I've had my own television and radio series back when there was local media, and made guest appearances on national TV with Louie Armstrong, Steve Allen, Johnny Carson and such. On occasion I have been invited to sing in other countries, and this always meant an expansion of the kinds of music I tried to sing. (If you want to know more about it, there's a reference book called "Blues Who's Who" in which a detailed account appears.) I've also made a number of record albums, but never one like this before.

I'd like to share with you some of the reasons that this record is special to me. The first is that, given the state the world — and this country — is in I felt we could all use a dose of optimism. Not the kind that you put on for show after the funeral, but the kind that can help you keep on pulling even when the end of the run is the other side of the horizon. For that kind, you need to start making a serious assessment of where you are and what your assets really are.

Now, everything around us here in the USA seems to work toward making us feel alone, cast adrift on our own by vast and unnamed forces who seem to care less and less every day whether we live or die except in our role as consumers and — most important — to make sure we keep on producing. This adds up to pretty slim resources at best. But who are these folks who want me to think I have no place, no friends, no talents, and no future? Could they be the same people who want to sell me a long list of products to fill up my insecurities? Could it be someone who says "be all you can be, join the Army?" Could

it be the factory owner who says that I can work my butt off for barely enough to keep alive if I'm really willing to prove myself?

There is a system that orchestrates our alienation and despair, not out of some conscious plot but out of its internal logic which is based on pitting you against me and me against my neighbor for every job, every handout, every crumb of self-respect or security, setting us up so they can squeeze every possible dime's worth of profit from our labor. The name of this system is capitalism, and in its higher, internationalized stage it's called imperialism. On a world scale it pits nations against each other in a life and death game called war. The Reagans and the Weinbergers have been put in charge of running the show just now because the real owners of this system are not so sure they can hold on to what they have without the biggest military muscle in human history, and the only way they can get it is to make us pay. So, while the situation looks bleak, it really is an indication of how shaky their scene is in the long run

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... and how much closer we are to the day when with an organized push from the bottom it can all be brought down, opening the way to a new deal where those who produce everything society needs can dictate how society will use it for the good of all. In other words we can control our assets for our own benefit. So when we realize that the outcome will be in our favor in the long run, that's a real cause for optimism that we can afford to celebrate with a song or two!

How do I feel so sure about what I say? One good reason is that in my singing travels I have penetrated the "iron curtain," the "bamboo curtain," the "sugarcane curtain" and maybe a few other curtains I wasn't aware of. What I have seen is that people in these places which are made to seem so inaccessible and mysterious to us, places like Eastern Europe, China, Vietnam and Cuba, have set a whole new series of conditions, have created entirely different ground rules than those we're forced to play by when they got rid of the czars and emperors, dictators and landlords, and the system which perpetuated them. Has this been without set-backs and difficulties? Of course not, nor would one seriously expect that to be the case. And as long as capitalism has a bastion from which Armageddon can be launched against the world's peoples this will distort the

course of every attempt to do away with it. All we have to do is look at the death and destruction aimed at undermining the development of the Angolan economy by South Africa, the destabilization efforts aimed at Eastern Europe, Southeast Asia, Nicaragua and Cuba, the bloody dictatorships openly supported by the US in opposition to armies of peasants struggling for liberation in Central America, to see this acted out before our eyes.

This record was produced in Cuba, with the help and support of several talented musicians, engineers and technicians. It was made possible through the socialized property relations established by the revolution, which was willing to offer the country's only 16-track professional studio to help in the production of a statement which in the U.S. has a hard struggle to gain access to advanced technology, and which gains it only at tremendous expense. "We" give them an economic blockade, the "Bay of Pigs" and Dengue fever and they send us back music. They send doctors and teachers to Nicaragua, and "we" call it "arms to the rebels." I feel privileged to have been able to make this record at all, but under the circumstances it has to be understood in the larger sense of a cultural exchange, a collaboration between friends with similar needs and objectives: an end to imperialism.

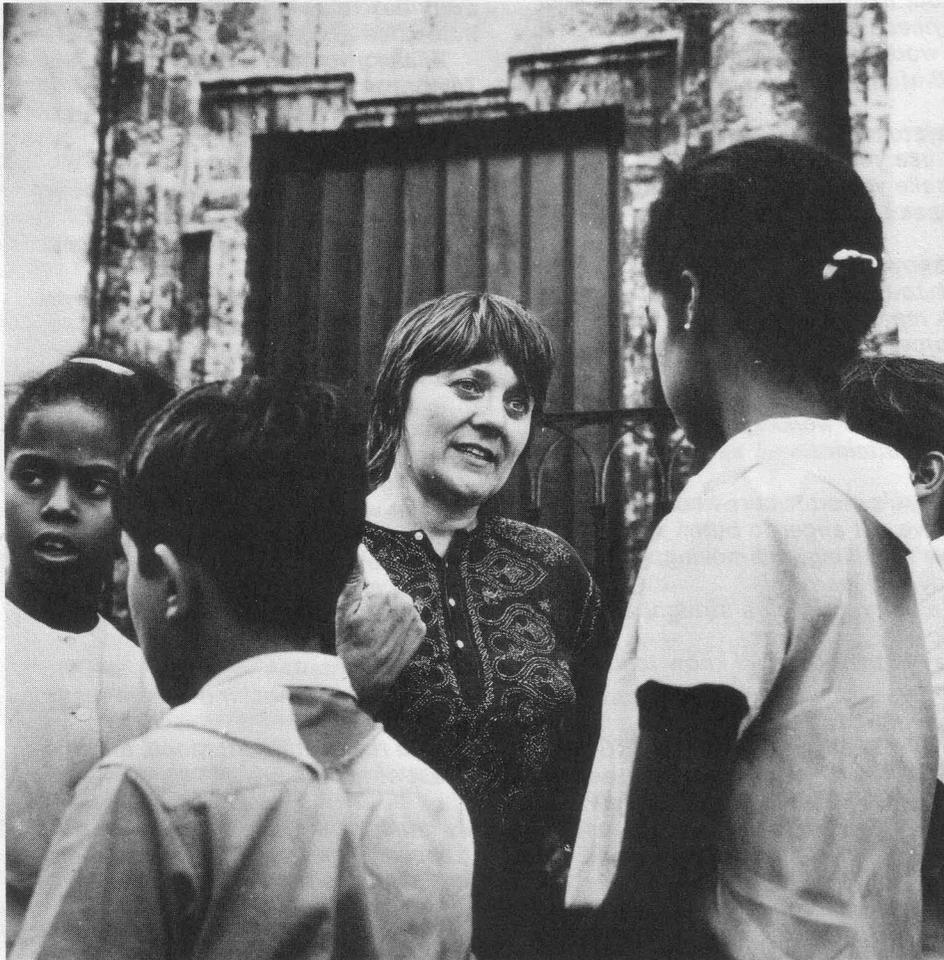
An important link in all this is my son, Pablo. He is a fine musician in his own right, an arranger and composer too. He produced this record and plays the lead guitar plus most of the other strings, sings back-up and has written most of the arrangements. When he was 14 years old he had the opportunity to study in Cuba for a year, but he found it so rewarding that he stayed on for the next 15 years. Now he talks in English with a Cuban accent and plays the *tres* like a Cuban. This doesn't prevent him from retaining a grasp of the blues harmonica and guitar, or from loving to play jazz and rock.

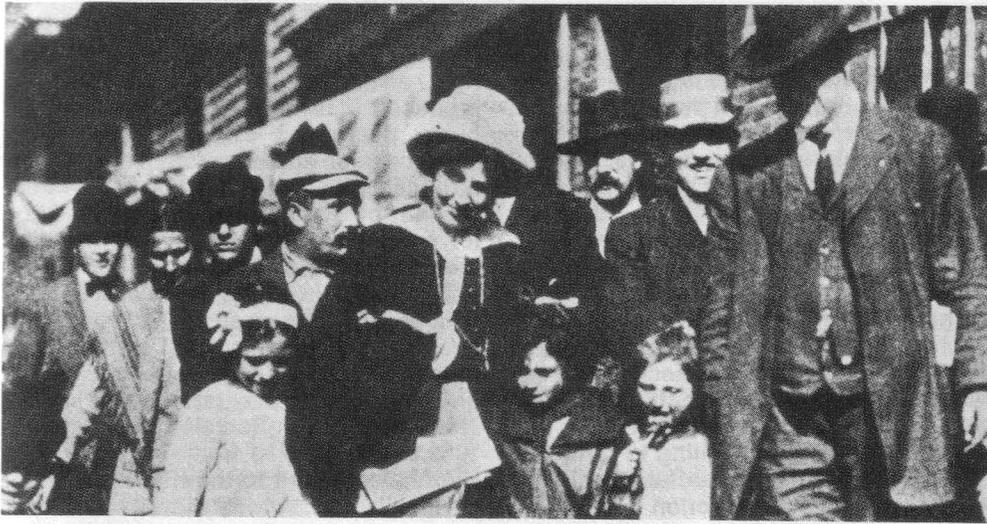
He was born in Berkeley, California, in 1952 and graduated from Garfield Junior High before going to the National School of Music and Art in Havana. He has become an important contributor to the development of the New Song Movement, working for eight years with the Grupo de Experimentación Sonora of ICAIC. He has accompanied and arranged for Silvio Rodriguez, Noel Nicola, Sara Gonzalez, Pablo Milanés and Amaury Perez, among others. He has composed original work for radio and television, and on one occasion accompanied the great Cuban *Primerissima* Ballerina Alicia Alonso. He has toured in Spain, Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Mexico and Venezuela with GES and with Grupo Síntesis.

Whenever Pablo was due for time off from his work in Cuba, he came to contribute his talents alongside me. In this way, we toured the U.S.A. several times, as well as Japan, the Philippines and Okinawa, in work related to the antiwar movement among GIs. We performed in Italy and Spain, Mexico and of course Cuba together. He makes me realize there is no point in giving up now, having come this far. When I doubt myself, he gives me courage and he makes me work hard to sound better. When I just can't do it, he makes such beautiful music that we all feel better anyway.

I am very privileged to have Pablo for a son and a working partner. Through this record we can share our vision with you of a collective struggle to achieve our collective goals: an end to this racist, warlike system. A future beyond exploitation!

— Barbara Dane





Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and "Big Bill" Haywood bringing the children back to Lawrence after the textile strike in 1912. "The women won the strike," said Haywood.

Side 1, Band 1: (5:36)

WORKING CLASS WOMAN

Words: Barbara Dane & Peter Boyd

Music: Peter Boyd © 1973

Arrangement: Robby Merkin

Musicians: Pablo Menendez, elec. guitar, synthesizers; Jorge Aragon, piano; Rafael Sanchez, bass; Frank Padilla, drums.

This song sets a context for all the rest. It's the story of millions; it could have been my life, and sometimes it was. My sister still lives it at the Detroit auto plant. A Los Angeles taxi driver wrote the music and some of the words; in a rational society he would be a full-time composer. His original words started me thinking how a woman alone with her children would grow, would evolve as she went to work where there would be other women, other people. I saw her finally coming to grips with being part of a giant historical process in which oppressed people everywhere are moving toward the center stage of history.

*Joe Workingman's wife, that's how I was defined,
As if that was my life, my hope and my mind,
But I worked in a bake-shop, did the housework at night.
There was no time to stop for a young bird in flight.*

*Well, in time there were babies, had to make us a home.
Joe was working two jobs, I was always alone.
I needed some time, and just a little control
Just to keep my right mind, just to try to stay whole.*

*I wanted a partner, to be his friend, not just his wife.
I'll work hard for my children, but they're my love, not my life!*

*Went to work in a factory, and it's rough in this world.
My kids are in high school, but the boss calls me "girl."
But the woman beside me, as we sweat out the line,
Says "Tomorrow is payday, and the next day is mine!"*

*It's a race for the strong, 'cause it'll grind up the meek,
When your money runs short, 'bout the end of the week
And your car needs some tires, and your kid needs some shoes,
For a working class woman that's an old kind of blues.*

*This system buys hands, but you must not use your head.
It'll shake you and break you, 'til all your senses are dead!*

*But I know there are answers. Got to look to the source.
I think me and this system got to get a divorce!
I can't make enough money, I can't find enough time,
But I'm a hard working woman, and the future is mine.*

*Well there's more where I come from, and we got anger to burn,
And we're talking and moving, gonna study and learn,
Build a unity train on a straight arrow line;
If today is the bosses' I know tomorrow is mine!*

*And I know it takes loving, and I know it takes time,
But I'm a working class woman, and the future is mine.
I'm a working class woman, and the future is mine!*

Side 1, Band 2: (3:24)

MILLWORKER

Words and Music: James Taylor

© 1979 Country Roads Music, BMI

Arrangement: adapted by Pablo Menendez

Musicians: Pablo Menendez, second voice, 6 & 12 string acoustic guitars, electric guitar, mandolin, synthesizers, percussion; Ele Valdez, synthesizers; Frank Padilla, drums; Leopoldo Pons, percussion.

I didn't know the author or why it was written until after I had recorded this song. One day a young Turkish woman showed up on my doorstep in New York wanting to exchange songs; she left me this on an unmarked cassette, taking away some blues and Woody Guthrie songs and the like. Özay had left her own country to live in Germany because of economic hardship and political repression. There she works as a waitress, sings in the Turkish Worker's Chorus, polishes her solo skills and sings at peace rallies and marches. I see a thread running from the woman in this song to Özay, passing through Manchester, England and on to Southern Europe, South Korea, Hong Kong, Taiwan and the Philippines, parts of Latin America, and back to Lawrence, Massachusetts, North Carolina and wherever women leave their families every day to sweat it out in the garment industries and textile mills of this world.

"Millworker" was written by James Taylor for the Broadway adaptation of Studs Terkel's book "Working" and we say "Thank you, James!"

*Grand-dad was a sailor, he blew in off the water,
My father was a farmer and I his only daughter,
And I took up with a no-good millworking man from Massachusetts,
Who dies from too much whisky
And leaves me these three faces to feed.*

*Millwork ain't easy, millwork ain't hard,
Millwork most often is a hellish awful boring job,
And I'm waiting for a daydream
To take me through the morning,
And put me in my coffee break,
Where I can have my sandwich and remember.*

(CHO)

*It's me and my machine for the rest of the morning,
For the rest of the afternoon, and the rest of my life.*

*My mind begins to wander to the days back on the farm
And I can see my father smiling at me, swingin' on his arm,
And I can hear my grand-dad's stories 'Bout the storms out on Lake Erie*

*Where vessels and cargoes and fortunes
And sailor's lives were lost.*

*Well it's my life has been wasted, and I
have been a fool,
To let this manufacturer use my body for
a tool,
Well I get to ride home in the evening,
staring at my hands
Swearing by my sorrow that a young girl
ought to stand a better chance.*

*And may I work this mill just as long as
I am able,
And never meet the man whose name is
on the label.*

*(CHO)
It's me and my machine for the rest of
the morning,
For the rest of the afternoon, oh, and
the rest of my life.*

Side 1, Band 3: (2:50)

FACTORY GIRL

Words: Irish traditional

Music: Barbara Dane © 1980

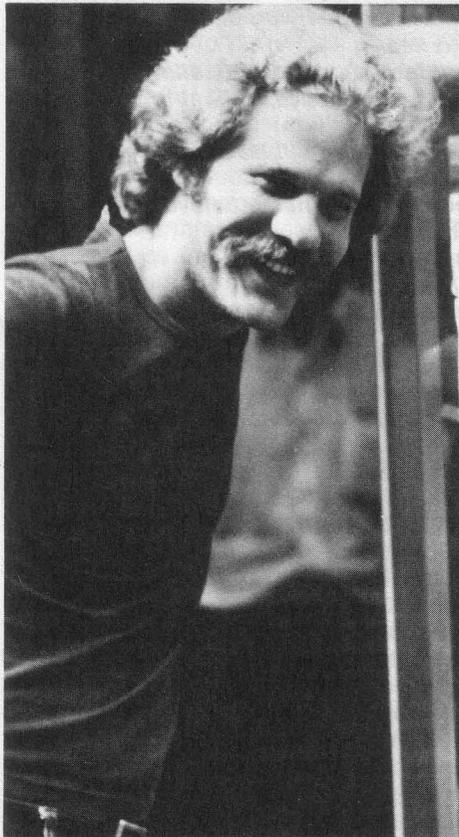
Musicians: Jorge Aragon, piano

The apocryphal "success story" for the "fair maid of humble birth" according to the ancient ballads would find her carried away on a charger by a nobleman or knight to a bright future beyond the sunset. What happens to the not-so-fair is not made clear. Enter the Industrial Revolution and a new twist finds our "fair maid" coming to terms with her own possibilities through the earning of her daily bread. This hundred year old Irish ballad has survived because it tells us what we needed to know: that freedom comes from the recognition of necessity much more reliably than it arrives on a white horse!

*As I went out walking one fine summer
morning,
The birds in the bushes did warble and
sing,
All the lads and the lasses were joking
and sporting,
Going down to the fact'ry, their work to
begin.*

*He spied one among them was fairer
than any,
Her cheeks like the red rose that blooms
in the spring,
And her hair like the wheatfields that
blow in the valley
And she but a hard-working factory girl.*

*He stepped up beside her more closely
to view her.
But on him she cast such a look of dis-
dain,
Saying, young man have manners and
do not approach me,
For although I'm a poor girl, I think it no
shame.*



*He says "I'll never scorn you, can you
see I adore you,
Just grant me one favor, say where do
you dwell?*

*Kind sir, you'll excuse me, for now I
must leave you,
For yonder's the sound of my factory
bell.*

*Now, love and sensation rule many a
nation.
Go marry a lady, and may you do well;
But I am an orphan with ne'er a relation,
And that's why I'm a hard-working
factory girl.*

*With these words she turned and she
straight away left him,
And all for her sake he has wandered
away,
To some lonesome valley where no-one
shall know him,
And he'll mourn for the love of the
factory girl.*

Side 1, Band 4: (5:01)

TRUCK DRIVING WOMAN

Words and music: Si Kahn

© Si Kahn 1973

Arrangement: Pablo Menendez

**Musicians: Pablo Menendez, 6 & 12
string acoustic guitars, harmonica, per-
cussion; Roberto Menendez, bass; Frank
Padilla, drums; Leopoldo Pons, percus-
sion.**

Here is the woman of today, out on the road with the last of the "cowboys," making her way in a rough, tough world: an independent woman, but with solid ties at home. This woman has a lot in common with the travelling musician, making her living in a world defined up to now from a masculine point of view. I felt close to her, and that's why I wanted to do this as a blues, the way I sang for years on the road. In those days I felt that hardly anyone understood what I was up against, maintaining a responsible attitude toward my family while at the same time knocking up against all the male fantasies about a woman alone, all the doors slammed when one didn't care to oblige the fantasies. These days there are millions living a new reality where a working mother (yes, all mothers are working mothers, but in this case read "outside the home") is not a novelty. This raises a lot of new problems, but the old ones are not over yet!

*When you see me on the highway,
You nearly shift your load.
Take another look, good buddy,
That's when you nearly leave the road!
Ain't you never seen a truck-driving
woman,
Ninety pounds of fire in a 5 foot frame?
You better move on over,
'Cause I'm right behind you in the left-
hand lane.
You better move on over,
'Cause I'm right behind you in the left-
hand lane!*

*When you see me in the truck stop,
My hair hanging down in curls,
Don't you try to buy my coffee,
'Cause I ain't your good-time girl,
I am a truck-driving woman,
I got my five kids waitin' when I end my
run.
And I got to keep on rollin',
Got to be in Georgia with the risin' sun.
I got to keep on rollin',
Got to be in Georgia with the risin' sun.*

*When you see me on the highway,
And you hear my diesel moan,
Don't you whistle at me, buddy,
'Cause I might not be alone,
I might have my old man beside me,
Let him shift my gears if that's the way I
feel.
And I got to keep on moving,
Night hawk out of Pittsburgh with a load
of steel.
I got to keep on moving,
Night hawk out of Pittsburgh with a load
of steel.*

*When you see me on the highway
You nearly shift your load . . .*

Side 1, Band 5: (4:27)

IN THE EARTH, IN THE GRASSES

(En la Tierra, En las Espigas)

Words: Barbara Dane

Music: Carlos Alfonso

© 1981 Dane/Alfonso

Arrangement: Carlos Alfonso

Guitar solo: Pablo Menendez

Musicians: Pablo Menendez, acoustic and electric guitars, electric bass; Juan Carlos Valladares, piano; Ele Valdez, synthesizers; Silvia Acea, string synthesizer keyboard; Frank Padilla, drums.

Carlos Alfonso wrote this song a few days after the death of Celia Sanchez (see dedication) and it took a top prize at the Guzman Festival, Cuba's annual contest for songwriters.

I started writing the English lyric shortly after numbers of either anti-social or just plain confused Cubans left for "greener pastures" which they imagined awaited them in the U.S. This exodus came to be known by its port of embarkation, Mariel, where small boats piloted by Miami carpetbaggers came to pick up their payload. Its destination, as it turned out, was a number of "glamour spots" such as Ft. Chaffee, Arkansas, where some are still detained after serving the propaganda purposes for which they had been beguiled in the first place.

In my version of the song, the little boats carry to Cuba the hundreds of thousands of supporters of the Revolution who come to visit every year, or the spirit (antheams) of those millions who lend their solidarity from all over the world but haven't the means to come in person. The word Havana also means harbor, and Havana remains a safe harbor for all those who work for a future free of exploitation. A fitting monument for a woman such as Celia is not made of stone, but of commitment and deeds. The high-flying banner of the people's courage will not desert us.

*Woman, since the dawning
I hear voices in the earth and in the
grasses,
On the roads, among the people, on the
breezes,
From the children, from these blossoms
of your morning.*

*There's a high-flying banner that refuses
to hear
Your last goodbye, ahh, ahh,
Your last goodbye, ahh, ahh . . .*

*Your image is a memory of all the days
of loving,
The way the roads of morning will recall
the rain of giving,
The way the guns of glory will recall the
pain of waiting,
The way your open doorway will recall
the pain of leaving!*

*There's a high-flying banner that refuses
to hear*

*Your last goodbye, ahh, ahh,
Your last goodbye, ahh, ahh . . .*

*Your anthems will be boats on the
water,
Bearing safely home beloved sons and
daughters,
Ahh, your wake will be our vigil in the
harbor,
Your marking stone, our love and labor,
Your marking stone, our love and labor!*

Side 2, Band 1: (3:05)

**UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION
BLUES**

Words: Les Pine

Music: traditional © Stormking Music

Arrangement: Pablo Menendez

**Musicians: Pablo Menendez, 2 electric
guitars**

This could have been written last week, but I first learned it from the People's Songs Bulletin in 1949. Since then I can't remember a period when it wouldn't have been appropriate to sing it! If you've only experienced the blues as a means of escape, you might be surprised to learn that when black people invented them it was for pure survival. Not that escape can't be a means of survival, but what I mean is that you could talk about *everything* in the blues, not only the "afterhours" stuff. So this blues gets us back on the track by detailing an experience most all of us have shared, helps us laugh a bit through our tears, and puts the fight back into us. We're not alone!

*I've got those unemployment compensa-
tion, please fill out an application
blues.*

*I've got those how much money did you
earn, stand in line and wait your turn
blues.*

*They make me feel like I'm committing a
sin*

*Just to get a little piece of what I paid
in,*

*I've got those have you had an interview,
come back in a week or two blues.*

*I've got those unemployment compensa-
tion, what was your last occupation
blues.*

*I've got those state your weekly
minimum, you don't want to work you
bum blues.*

*And when I'm through with my weekly
go-round,*

*Spend half my check tryin' to get my
poor self down,*

*I've got those tryin' to get that little
check's makin' me a nervous wreck
blues.*

*I've got those twenty-two page applica-
tion, stand in line exasperation
blues.*

*I've got those "state your granma's mid-
dle name, are those really all your
kids you claim" blues.*

*I can see my story's making you blue,
And by the look on your faces, well, you
been there too!*

*I've got those "sorry we misplaced your
file, come back in a little while" blues.*

*I've got those unemployment compensa-
tion, hardly worth the aggravation
blues.*

*I've got those "won't your wait and have
a chair," nothin' in my frigidaire blues.*

*Well I'm so tired of feelin' like a jerk,
When all I really want is a chance to
work,*

*And lose those out-of-work humiliation,
unemployment compensation blues.*

Side 2, Band 2: (2:56)

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

Words: E.Y. Harburg

Music: Jay Gorney

© 1932 (renewed) Warner Brothers

Music. All rights reserved.

Arrangement: Pablo Menendez

Soprano sax solo: Lucia Huergo

**Musicians: Pablo Menendez, guitar;
Lucia Huergo, piano & soprano sax-
ophone; Jorge Aragon, bass; Frank
Padilla, drums.**

World War I vets selling apples on streetcorners during the '30s originally inspired this song. These men had built the roads, planted the crops, erected the skyscrapers and fought in the wars only to be left in the end without a job. The system was never organized in their interests, and it ultimately deserted them.

What's the deal? Where's the justice? And if there is none, why not? The thought doesn't leave you easy, any more than does the bright cabaret tone, reminiscent of Brecht, which features the soprano sax work of Cuban jazz musician Lucia Huergo.

In 1893 Jacob Coxey led a march on Washington of unarmed and unemployed veterans, who were promptly arrested and jailed. Here's to Coxey's Army, and to James Hopkins, the Vietnam vet who led a fight in the 1980's against the Veteran's Administration's refusal to help victims of Agent Orange, a highly toxic defoliant used widely in Vietnam which seriously injures the physical and mental health of those exposed to it and causes severe birth defects in their progeny.

Hopkins, in frustration, drove his car through the plate glass window of the VA hospital in Los Angeles. Later he died in mysterious circumstances called an O.D. by the coroner but branded murder by his wife and friends, who

know just how badly he wanted to carry on the struggle. Ironically, it was Yip Harburg, who wrote the song words, who once said: "Democracy gives us a choice of which machine to vote with, or choose which brand of razor blade you'd rather cut your throat with." Another ironic footnote is that upon occasion this song is played by the Marine Corps Band!

*They used to tell me I was building a dream,
And so I followed the mob.
When there was earth to till or guns to bear,
I was always there on the job.*

*They used to tell me I was building a dream,
With peace and glory ahead.
Why should I be standing in line,
Just waiting for bread?*

(CHORUS)
*Once I built a railroad, made it run,
Made it race against time.
Once I built a railroad, now it's done,
Brother, can you spare a dime?*

*Once I built a tower to the sun,
Brick and rivet and lime,
Once I built a tower, now it's done.
Brother, can you spare a dime?*

*Once in khaki suits, boy, we looked swell,
Full of that old Yankee Doodle Dum,
Half a million boots went slogging through hell,
I was the kid with the drum!*

*Hey, don't you remember, they call me Al,
It was Al all the time.
Hey, don't you remember, I'm your pal,
Brother, can you spare a dime?*

Side 2, Band 3: (3:08)

YOU WILL BE PAID

Words: Barbara Dane (based on Portuguese original)
Music: Chico Buarque ©1975 Chico Buarque

Arrangement: based on Buarque original. Basic tracks arranged by Pablo Menendez; synthesizers, flutes and saxophones arranged by Lucia Huergo; vocal arrangement by Carlos Alfonso. **Musicians:** Pablo Menendez, voice, electric guitar, synthesizers; Lucia Huergo, piano, synthesizers, flute, soprano sax; Jose Carlos Acosta, soprano sax; Jorge Aragon, bass; Frank Padilla, drums; Leopoldo Pons, percussion. **Chorus:** Sara Gonzales, Carlos Alfonso, Ele Valdez, Lucia Huergo, Nina Menendez, Pablo Menendez, Barbara Dane.

Chico Buarque's original song is a strong indictment of Brazilian

capitalism, but the essence is the same everywhere . . . only the details are different. People are reduced to commodities, whose labor power is bought and sold, and this poisons every human relation. But this situation isn't permanent. In fact, the hell we are living through in today's world is the death-throes of this inhuman system. Those who hold our lives hostage in their desperate hope of fending off this demise will no doubt be appropriately rewarded.

Pablo took Buarque's powerful arrangement and added a more familiar beat. We sang together so both the male and female components of resistance would be apparent. We used a non-singing tone so as not to objectify the results into "song." Have we by chance stumbled onto the "new wave?" The great Cuban singer Sara Gonzalez and my daughter, Nina, came to the session to lend us both moral and vocal support, for which we thank them!

*For registration of names,
And for a corner to sleep,
For each compulsory smile
And any air we can breath,
For all the crumbs you let fall
And your permission to be,
YOU WILL BE PAID*

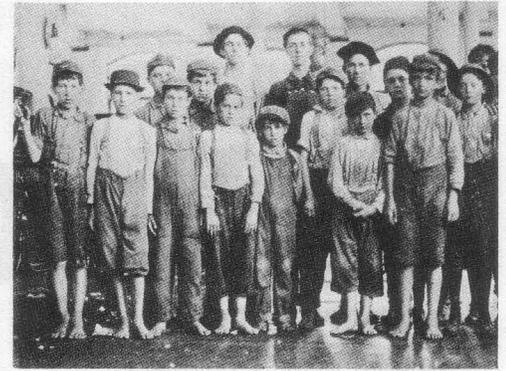
*For all your cities of pain,
For all the hate and the lies,
For dirty jokes in a bar
And every number we buy,
For Coney Islands of fear
Where we can dance 'til we die,
YOU WILL BE PAID*

*For all the Thunderbird wine
Of each impossible drink,
For every week out of work,
For all the noise and the stink,
For every scaffolded sky
Where it's illegal to think,
YOU WILL BE PAID*

*For all your beaches with walls
And all the labels that flash,
For sex that passes for love,
And love that passes for cash,
For every heroin hell
And every kid coppin' hash,
YOU WILL BE PAID*

*For every telephone tap
And every hustlin' scheme,
For every grinding of teeth
In each impossible dream,
For every hunger that cries
And your permission to scream,
YOU WILL BE PAID*

*For every banker who smiles
While turning sweat into cash,
For corporations of fear
Still riding high on the crash,
For all your idols of gold
One day we promise to smash!
YOU WILL BE PAID*



Side 2, Band 4: (4:03)

SONG TO A CHILD

Words and Music: Chris Kando Iijima
©1973

Arrangement: Pablo Menendez
Musicians: Pablo Menendez, acoustic guitar; Lucia Huergo, piano; Jorge Reyes, bass; Frank Padilla, drums

Nearly ten years ago I produced a record called "Grain of Sand" which presented Chris Iijima and Joanne Nobuko Miyamoto in the first work of its kind speaking to Asian-American identity and consciousness. Here, in just a few lines, Chris awakens the trust in the future we would wish for all children; a universal song for the universal child. He sings this song lots better than I do, but from the moment I heard it I had to try it, if only for the experience of sharing the performance with my son. When we do it together, I'm sure we are both thinking of *his* son, my grandson . . . and all the children whose world will be better and more secure than this one. Yes, the sun will rise!

*Sleepy child, you grow up fast.
I'd like to give you words to last:
Not every wrong is righted,
Some things go undecided,
The world at times will seem to you vast,
But all of this will pass.*

*Sleepy child, the day is done.
So many battles to be won.
Justice has many friends,
May sometimes pause, but never ends,
And sure as the day arrives with the sun,
A brighter new dawn will come.*

*Child of mine, work for those who labor.
Rescue those who cry from pain.
Fight for children weak from hunger,
Fight for those bound up in chains.*

*But rest your head and close your eyes,
The day will come, the sun will rise!
The night is only half the day,
It comes at night, then goes away,
And sure as the sun will light up the sky,
We'll light up the world, you and I.*

*Sure as the sun will light up the sky,
We'll light up the world, you and I.*

Side 2, Band 5: (5:26)

WHEN WE MAKE IT THROUGH

**Words and Music: Dorie Ellzey © 1975
D.C. Ellzey**

Arrangement: Pablo Menendez

**Musicians: Pablo Menendez, electric
6-string and acoustic 12-string guitars
and harmonica; Jorge Reyes, bass;
Frank Padilla, drums**

**Chorus: Pablo Menendez, Nina
Menendez, Carlos Alfonso, Ele Valdez**

The most useful songs are not necessarily written by professionals, but often by people just trying to get their concerns on the table. Dorie Ellzey is an activist, a working woman who brings a valuable perspective: things are bad, yeah, but things do change . . . for the better! It may take time, and damn sure will take some struggle, but the human race is moving in an upward spiral, not going around in circles or caught in a maze. How do we know? Well, we aren't still living in caves and eating each other's flesh. We no longer belong body and soul to the lord of the manor. Most of us can read, write and figure, we have a science for understanding society, and on every continent today there are people who are no longer locked into wage slavery but who control their national economy instead of seeing it ripped off by a military/industrial complex.

In my lifetime I've seen important changes in our own country: trade unions have changed the way a boss has to deal with his workers; the struggle against racism has dramatically

altered some of the old relationships and, together with the woman's movement, opened up new possibilities for all of us. Yes, there's still a long way to go. And the threat of nuclear war hanging over us makes the situation every day more urgent. (As some one said recently, "involved in politics or not, we are still buying 15 atom bombs a week!") People need some work, food to eat, a place to live, education and dignity; they give us record unemployment, dog food and cat-sap, impossible rents and interest rates, computer games, drugs and religion. We're supposed to scrounge our national dignity from a few space exploits and the prospect of nuclear superiority. So where's the grounds for optimism?

Right now things are worse for everybody. But the ones for whom time is running out are the exploiters. They can't manage to give us both guns and butter anymore, and even they are beginning to realize their options are more limited every day. In the long run it will be the working classes of people who will straighten out this mess, just as they have begun to do in so many places around the globe. Maybe it won't happen in my lifetime, but I'll stake all I have on the fact that this is history's agenda. We will make it through. And that's what this record is about.

— Barbara Dane

*There are times we reach the edge
Of a turning point, of breaking through,
And then we know the situation calls*

*For something new. (mmm-mmm)
There are times we cannot see
What's just ahead, but still we know
We have a course that's clear, a path to
follow,
And we must go, (and we must go)*

CHORUS:

*And the ones who've gone before us
Will show us the way,
And the ones who follow after
Will welcome the new day,
And the ones who've gone before us
Will join in the chorus when we do,
When we make it through.*

*There are times the load seems heavier
Than we can bear, still we hold on.
Because we know there is a task at
hand,
That must be done. (mmm-mmm)
There are times our problems build up
And start to shake us, threaten to break
us,
'Til we remember it's only struggling
through
That will remake us (that will remake us)
(CHO)*

*There are times it's almost easier
To despair, to close our eyes,
And then we look around and see our
numbers growing,
We're on the rise.
There are times we get so tired
Of waiting any longer, but then we
realize
We're building as we go, we're getting
stronger.
(CHO)*

PRODUCTION CREDITS

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