

**WHAT  
NOW,  
PEOPLE?**



**KRISTIN LEMS**  
Ballad of the E.R.A.

**PETE SEEGER**  
As the Sun

**DORIE ELLZEY**  
Don't Shoot the Shadow

**SI KAHN/CHARLOTTE BRODY**  
Boxes of Bobbins/Time to Organize

**LUCHA**  
Sisters, Spring of Vietnam

**ROGER BRYANT**  
Goin' to Kentucky to Stop the Flow of Coal

**RUTHIE GORTON**  
Free Palestine Now

**PAT DeCOU & TEX La MOUNTAIN**  
No Nukes (Hangin' Tree)

**MALVINA REYNOLDS**  
The Judge Said

**NOEL HERNANDEZ**  
Cinco Hermanos Presos (Five Jailed Comrades)

**KATHY KAHN**  
Balled of Joe Coors

**RED SHADOW**  
Gone, Gone, Gone

**CINDY MAPES**  
Buffalo Holler

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**3**

This issue of WHAT NOW, PEOPLE? was gathered together in a little over 6 months' time, in spite of the fact that when we first sat down in January 1978 to begin the planning we didn't think we had much to start with. Somehow the bitter cold and isolation of a hard New York winter had given us the impression that not a lot was going on out there, but only a few phone calls around the country to singers and we were fired up with enthusiasm and warmed to the work. Within a remarkably short time, the tapes and discs and written material started rolling in, resulting in what we think is a very exciting collection!

Three important currents have emerged in this issue of WNP?. First, new songs about important labor struggles are springing up all over the country. The militant and bitterly fought coal miner's strike of this winter pointed out the fact that the system has launched an all-out roll-back, give-back on the living standards and working conditions of most workers, and singers have stepped right up to underline the issues. The coal companies wanted to take back a union-run health system which had provided decent care at a bearable price for what has otherwise become one of our most expensive "commodities;" they tried to undermine safety practices already existing and deny new ones; most importantly, they tried to rule out the most effective tool for holding the line or improving the situation on any issue: the right to strike. The giant J.P. Stevens textile combine in the south, along with the Coors Brewery dynasty in the west, are symbols of corporate refusal to recognize unions after workers have voted for them, and corporate will to roll wages

and conditions back to the scandalous level of pre-union days. In fact, they lead the way in trying to get rid of unions altogether. Both Coors and J.P. Stevens are at the top of the "DO BOYCOTT" lists all over the country. Yes, struggles are being waged, people are joining in with their support, and we've got the songs to prove it.

Secondly, while it was something of a job to find enough women's songs for #1 and #2, it looked for a while as if it would be hard to balance #3 the other way! This time, there was no problem at all in rounding up a sizable number of fine songs on a wide variety of subjects, reflecting the fact that women are making their presence felt in all sorts of important political arenas, and with a greater sense than ever before that they have a right and a duty to help set an ideological tone. Women haven't confined themselves to the self-made ghetto of narrowly feminist concerns, as one finds all too often on so-called "women's" records. Judging by the songs on this record, this hasn't meant that a strong feminist point of view doesn't emerge right along with ideas on nuclear proliferation, union organizing, and imperialism, to mention a few.

Thirdly, nuclear power and the abuses of it seems to be on the minds of most every singer. This has emerged so clearly as a vital current that we have decided to launch a search for the best of these songs, to be issued as a special "EXTRA" of WHAT NOW, PEOPLE?. So, we invite every reader and listener to help us in this effort by sending us the songs you'd like to see included and by helping us make contact with the singers and songwriters who have the songs. Several alternate radio stations have reported that they have established

the practice of playing straight through issues of WNP? from time to time, so think what a good strong NO NUKES EXTRA could mean!

If you'd like to take part in the search, or think you have the songs which ought to appear on a regular issue of WNP?, here is how to submit them:

- 1) on cassette, record, or open-reel tape (in that order of preference)
- 2) only 5-6 songs at a time, please
- 3) typed texts should accompany all songs to help us cut down the auditing time

People should not expect to get the materials back, nor should they hold their breaths until a letter is received in answer. Our small volunteer force just can't handle more than getting out the issues at present, although our intentions are to eventually be in touch with everyone who takes the trouble to contact us. We will, however, give careful consideration to everything that comes in, and will pass songs on to singers we think might like to know about them.

After songs are selected, we will be in touch by letter and/or phone to make arrangements for professional quality recordings, the notes which go into the booklet, and permissions to use them. We want to see this magazine grow into a national network which will help circulate the songs, put the singers in contact with each other, and help the potential audience know where to find them. The only way this can happen is with the help of everyone who thinks this might be an important thing to do. We'd also welcome feedback about this record. This is intended as a collection of PEOPLE's songs, directly related to PEOPLE's lives, so let's hear from all you PEOPLE out there!

—Barbara Dane





# "Ballad of the E.R.A." Kristin Lems



The Equal Rights Amendment has become the sacrificial lamb of the born-again far-right-wing "God squad" in the past two or three years. Crying out that the E.R.A. will "cause problems" that have been realities in this country for many years (the move away from full-time housework, fundamentalist religious beliefs and the nuclear-family-at-all-costs) while at the same time denying the existence of discrimination against women (a tough task with the realities of HEW statistics, huge backlogs in EEOC and FEPC as well as the civil courts, the announcement during International Women's Year that the Carter administration itself has located 2,500 sexist laws, and one's own senses), they have stalled the ratification of the Amendment three states short of the March 1979 deadline. The E.R.A. was first written by Alice Paul and other suffragists who fought the crushing weight of male privilege and from it won the vote—but nothing more. Only a Constitutional Amendment will write in the principle of equality for both sexes which our highest legal document now lacks, leaving laws and court decisions subject to the caprices and menses of male-dominated power cliques.

What you hear at the beginning of the song is the actual text of the Amendment. It has been sung at rallies in the author's home state of Illinois and elsewhere in unratified states. It has proved to be a great energy and consciousness-raiser, which is what every good song should do!

Kristin Lems is in the process of producing her first album of original material on her own label, Carolsdatter Productions, named for her mother, pianist Carol Lems-

Dworkin. Her songs are getting national exposure at rallies, concerts, benefits, and on community radio stations. Among them are "Farmer," "I Wasn't Surprised," Song to Dhofar," "The Fifties Sound," and the ever popular "Mammary Glands." Kristin believes in directing her outreach to the politically curious but not necessarily converted listener, and sings songs of women's growth, satires on contemporary culture, and narratives of people struggling all over the world. Her performances with partner Tim Vear involve a great deal of humor, featuring original material and songs in several other languages.

Kristin Lems can be reached through Carolsdatter Productions, 908 W. California #2, Urbana, Illinois 61801, where you can also order her records.

**Side 1, Band 1: (4:09)**  
**BALLAD OF THE E.R.A.**  
**Words and Music: Kristin Lems**  
**© 1977 Carolsdatter Productions**  
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*It was <sup>Am</sup>fifty years ago  
 An <sup>Dm</sup>Amendment was <sup>Em</sup>proposed  
 To <sup>Am</sup>make the law state  
 Men <sup>Dm</sup>and <sup>Em</sup>women <sup>Am</sup>equal.  
 But <sup>Am</sup>little did we know*

*Just how <sup>Dm</sup>long the fight would <sup>Em</sup>go,  
 And <sup>Am</sup>even now we're  
 Working <sup>Dm</sup>on <sup>Em</sup>its <sup>Am</sup>sequel.*

(Chorus)

*So <sup>Am</sup>no more <sup>Em</sup>debate,  
 Because <sup>D</sup>we can't <sup>G</sup>wait.  
 We <sup>Am</sup>demand <sup>D</sup>equality <sup>Bm</sup>today!  
 And <sup>Am</sup>its <sup>Em</sup>fight we must,  
 To <sup>D</sup>make the law <sup>G</sup>just.  
 E.R.A., <sup>Am</sup>E.R.A., <sup>Em</sup>E.R.A. (2x)  
 (Last chord: A)  
 "Well, I'm only Adam's rib,  
 Keep me safe within my crib!"  
 Ms. Shifty cries while  
 Working women labor.  
 "Any girl who needs to work  
 Should find a man or she's a jerk,  
 And if she don't know her place  
 Who cares what they pay her?" We do!*

(Repeat Chorus)

*Said the man who's been laid off,  
 "How can I support this stuff?  
 The boss tells me you'll  
 Make more competition."  
 She said, "Find work if you can,  
 But not just 'cause you're a man.  
 Let's work side by side  
 In factory and kitchen!"*

(Repeat Chorus)

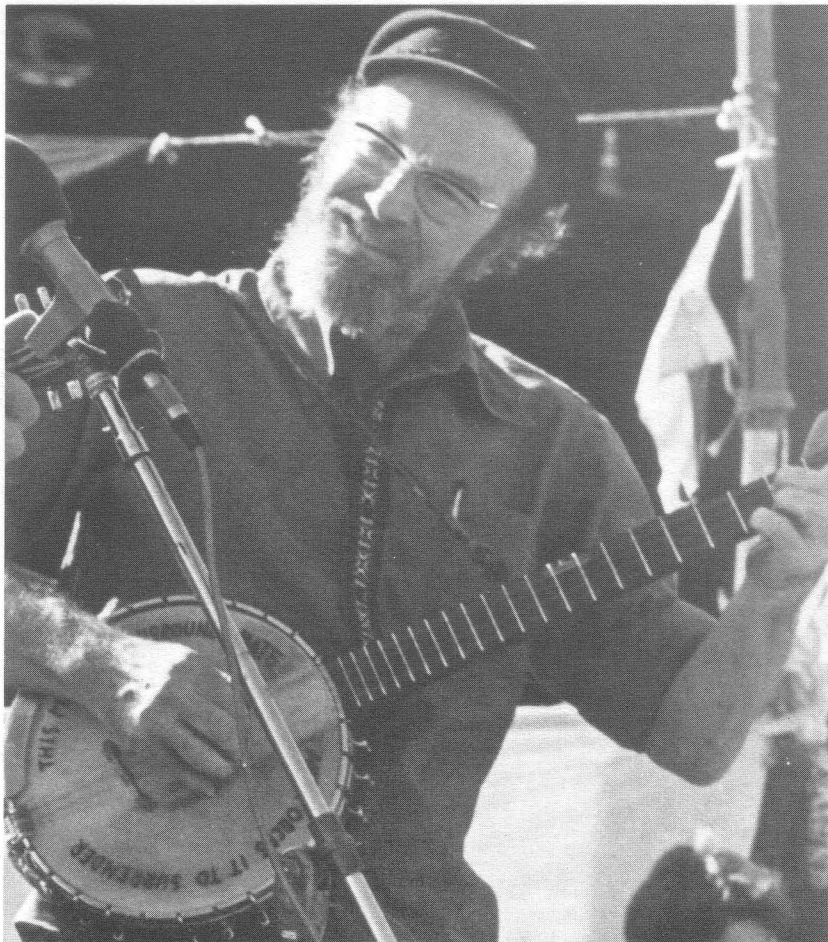
*Said the sergeant with a sneer,  
 "Well then, tell me something, dear,  
 Are you willing to be  
 Drafted with the others?"  
 She answered, "Yes, and more.  
 I will not support your war,  
 I will resist and fight beside my  
 brothers!"*

(Repeat Chorus)

*Now the day is close at hand  
 That across this lovely land  
 Those who try to keep us down  
 Will be defeated!  
 So help us speed the day;  
 Shout the word, it's "E.R.A.!"  
 Till the era of equality is greeted!*

(Last Chorus)

*So no more debate,  
 Because we won't wait...  
 (Last chord is A major)*



# “As the Sun”

## Pete Seeger

### WHODUNIT:

People who worked on this issue include (order alphabetical): Barbara Dane, Kathy Jarvis, Lou Jones, Tim Patterson. The engineering was done by many people in far-scattered places, and some are unknown to us. Engineering on “AS THE SUN” and “FREE PALESTINE NOW” as well as the final assembly, master tape, equalization, and tape to disc mastering was by Jonathan Thayer. Typesetting was by WIN Magazine. All mail should be addressed to: Kathy Jarvis, c/o Paredon Records, Box 889, New York, N.Y. 11202.

Pete says that if it helps any songwriters to know, the melody and guitar part of this song were made up long before he had any words for it. While walking along a cobblestone street in England one day during a visit, looking at antiquity while inwardly “wrestling with the contemporary world,” these words came to mind.

Since both WNP? #1 and #2 have biographical notes on Pete, we decided you could find out what you’d want to know about his life. His work is handled through Harold Leventhal, 250 W. 57th St., NYC, NY 10019.

Side 1, Band 2: (3:55)

AS THE SUN

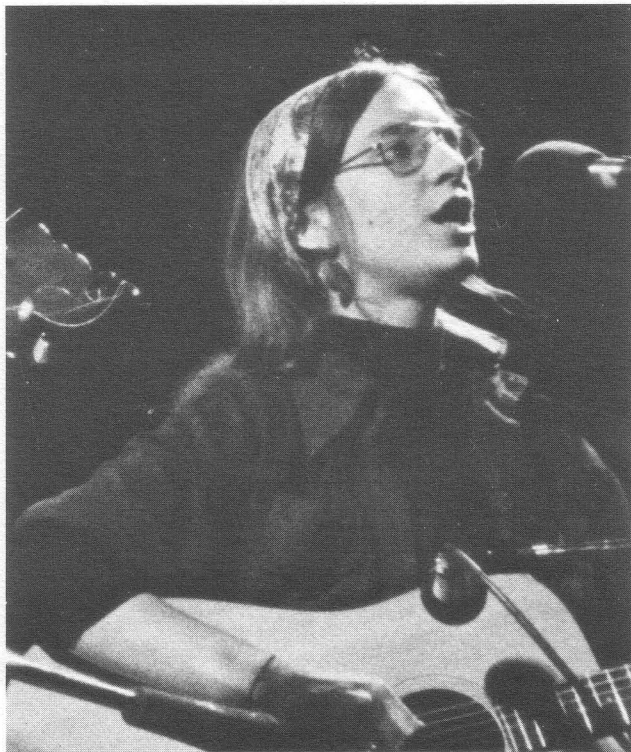
Words and Music: Pete Seeger

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*As the sun* <sup>Dm</sup>  
*Rose on the rim of eastern sky* <sup>Gm Am<sup>7</sup> Dm</sup>  
*And the one* <sup>Dm</sup>  
*World that we knew was trying to die,* <sup>Gm Am<sup>7</sup> Dm</sup>  
*We said, “Stand* <sup>F</sup>  
*and sing out for a brand new day, oh* <sup>C A (single note)</sup>  
*Your child may be the one to exclaim:* <sup>(Gacir)</sup>  
*The emperor’s naked today—oh.”* <sup>Dm</sup>

*Four winds that blow,  
Four thousand tongues with a word,  
“survive.”  
Four billion souls,  
Striving today to stay alive.  
We say, “Stand  
And sing out for a brand new day, oh.  
Why don’t we be the ones to exclaim:  
The emperor’s naked today—oh.”*  
*Men have failed.  
Power has failed with papered gold.  
Shalom, saalam,  
Will yet be a word where slaves were sold.  
We say, “Stand,  
And sing out for a brand new day—oh.  
Why don’t we be the ones to exclaim:  
The system is naked today—oh!”*





## Dorie Ellzey

# "Don't Shoot the Shadow"

Dorie Ellzey can also be heard on WNP? #2, where you will find her biography. She is still very much involved in political activity, having most recently sung with a Washington, D.C. based group at African Liberation Support Committee activities linking the day-to-day struggles in the U.S. with those abroad. She is also active in building support for trade union activity in her area. At this writing she is 25 years old. She has this to say about her song:

"Don't Shoot the Shadow" was a concept of Amílcar Cabral's, who stressed the importance of distinguishing friends from enemies in determining the path to liberation. (Cabral was one of the most important theoreticians of the African movements, who was assassinated on the eve of the liberation of Guinea-Bissau.) For our own movement this lesson is especially impor-

tant because we are conditioned to compete fiercely and then blame each other for the scarcity of jobs, decent health care, food, housing, etc. What we are **not** taught is how it is possible for a small minority of people to amass great wealth while the rest are not able to count on even the necessities of life for ourselves and coming generations.

Another part of our conditioning has been fear of people from other countries and backgrounds, as if their interests are opposed to or threaten ours. This song reminds us that the web of imperialism puts the majority of the world in the same bag, on one side against those who control the earth's riches at present. When we direct our tremendous united force against the common enemy of the imperialist system, we can't miss.

### ERATA:

In WNP? #2 you will find the song "I'm Glad I'm Prepared for the Recession" by Fast Flying Vestibule. We neglected to tell you that their album entitled "Union Station" can be ordered from Rolling Donut Records, 1846 Ingleside Terrace NW, Washington, D.C. 20010.

In the same issue we neglected to add that the American Indian Movement anthem was performed by Greg Borst and others who can be reached through the Native American Education Program, 10 E. 38th St., New York, N.Y. 10016 Phone: (212) 683-8535.

Side 1, Band 3: (3:05)

## DON'T SHOOT THE SHADOW

Words and Music: Dorie Ellzey

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In the streets of our cities,

The people actin' like they already lost

They're forced to take from one another,

Turn against each other,

End up monkeyin' the crimes

of the boss!

Wake up! you people of the cities,

You know the power is in your hands.

You're the ones who keep

America's machinery movin',

You're the key to turnin' over this land.

(Chorus)

Don't shoot the shadow!

Don't be blinded by the ugly face

Of the system that keeps us

Fighting each other

Just because of sex or race.

Why should we end up

Competing for survival

In this rich and wealthy land?

We do his job killin' off each other

Instead of together aimin' for the Man.

You see the face of oppression

And you call it the enemy.

But the base of exploitation

Is the part you fail to see.

You see the symptoms of the sickness,

You try to call the demon out by name.

But to really root it out

And prevent it from comin' back

We've got to be careful where we aim.

(Repeat Chorus)

Don't forget, we're not alone now,

There's people fightin' all over the map.

To rid their countries of the arms

And the legs of the monster

While we're sitting right here in its lap!

You know the Third World people are risin'

Like a rainbow archin' cross the sun

As we link arms in struggle,

Give that monster 'double-trouble'

We'll know the new world has begun.

(Repeat Chorus)

# **“Boxes of Bobbins” & “Time to Organize”**



Lucy Taylor, president of the Roanoke Rapids Chapter of the Carolina Brown Lung Association, with Charlotte Brody, right.

**“Bobbins” sung  
by  
Si Kahn**

**“Organize” sung  
by  
Charlotte  
Brody  
& Friends**



**Side 1, Band 4: (1:32/2:21, total: 3:53)  
BOXES OF BOBBINS  
Words and Music: Charlotte Brody  
© 1975 Charlotte Brody  
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*Sometimes I think the  
Noise of the spinning room's the  
Only sound I hear.  
Sometimes I think that  
Spindles of spinning yarn's the  
Only thing I see.  
Eight hours a day,  
Six days a week,  
Thirty-seven years.  
Sometimes I think that  
Boxes of bobbins are the  
Only thing that's me.*

*I used to think that  
One day I'd leave this place and  
Start my life again.  
But thirty years of  
Staring at spinning thread has  
Made all my dreams dead.  
Eight hours a day,  
Six days a week,  
Thirty-seven years.  
Sometimes I think that  
All my heart's feeling has been  
Tied with cotton thread.*

*Now when I dream  
There's still the scene  
Of these mill room walls.  
It don't seem right to  
Spend a life dying from the  
Sameness of it all.*

“Boxes of Bobbins” and “Time to Organize” were written as organizing tools for the campaign to unionize J.P. Stevens, one of the country's largest textile corporations. Stevens has put up a fierce resistance to the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers (ACTWU), relying on every anti-union trick in the book, and done it so blatantly that the National Labor Relations Board has cited the company repeatedly for unfair labor practices.

Fighting to organize J.P. Stevens is more than a struggle for higher wages and longer vacations—it's a matter of life and death for the mill workers who suffer from “brown lung,” the deadly respiratory condition that comes from the choking clouds of cotton dust that swirl around the mills. Charlotte Brody, who wrote these two songs, and her husband Si Kahn, who also sings on them,

are both full-time organizers for the Carolina Brown Lung Association. Both songs were written in the midst of trying to pull together all of the textile songs that they or anyone else had ever heard of. Apart from her work with the CBLA, Charlotte is a registered nurse, and the mother of two children with another on the way.

For more information about the Brown Lung movement, write to the Carolina Brown Lung Association, P.O. Box 1101, Roanoke Rapids, N.C. 27870. For more songs about life in the mills yesterday and today, get a copy of “Brown Lung Cotton Mill Blues,” by Si Kahn and the Mountain Musicians Co-operative, available for \$5.50 postpaid from June Appal Recordings, Box 743, Whitesburg, KY 41858. And for a list of J.P. Stevens products, which are being boycotted across the country in support of the Stevens workers, look across the page.



# Boycott J.P. STEVENS PRODUCTS



## SHEETS & PILLOWCASES

Beauti-Blend  
Beauticale  
Fine Arts  
Peanuts  
(comic strip figures)  
Tastemaker  
Utica  
Utica & Mohawk  
Designer Labels:  
Yves St. Laurent  
Angelo Donghia



TOWELS  
Fine Arts  
Tastemaker  
Utica

BLANKETS  
Forstmann  
Utica

CARPETS  
Contender  
Gulistan  
Merryweather  
Tastemaker

TABLE LINEN  
Simtex

HOSIERY  
Big Mama  
Finesse  
Hip-Lets  
Spirit

DRAPERIES  
J.P. Stevens

## "Sisters, Spring of Vietnam"

## Lucha



### TIME TO ORGANIZE

*Grandma taught me to act real nice,  
To talk politely and hide my eyes  
Whenever angry thought came  
to my mind.*

*Grandma did what she had to do,  
But times have changed and I'm  
telling you  
The time has come for us to  
draw the line.*

(Chorus)

*Don't wait—too late,  
Open up your eyes.  
Talk back, fight back,  
Time to organize.*

*Floor boss is the boss' son.  
He thinks that he owns everyone,  
Just like his daddy owned us all before.  
I don't care about his college degree.  
The man ain't one bit better than me.  
And I ain't gonna take his lip no more!*

(Repeat Chorus)

*Grandma worked in the weaving room.  
She coughed politely and watched her  
loom.*

*Her paycheck bought her soul and  
cost her life.*

*Well I work hard to get my pay.  
I never sold my rights away.  
I'm standin' up for Grandma  
and my pride.*

(Repeat Chorus)

First sung in 1975 at a Montreal conference when U.S. women—Native American, Black, Puerto Rican, Asian-American and white—were invited to meet with Vietnamese women in solidarity, one verse originally made reference to this gathering as a positive step toward understanding. The second verse we now sing was written for a 1977 New York presentation in solidarity with the women of Chile, on the anniversary of the coup of 1973. I wrote it **a capella** because this simplest form of music is often the most universal and emotionally strong. The melody is inspired by my roots, mostly English, Scottish (and hopefully a bit of Irish).

My identification with the Vietnamese struggle, and most particularly the women, came after I moved to Washington, D.C. in 1969 as a young Army wife with my drafted student husband. That was where I first knew what it was like to have basic life choices denied. Today, as an unmarried woman, my life continues to be deeply and irrevocably shaped by the women of Vietnam and their sustaining example of courage and determination.

The members of LUCHA (Diane de Grafenreid, Patty Huntington, Jeb Mays, and Mary Risacher) are from the U.S.A., and we come from very different backgrounds. Each of us has experienced working and living in various Latin American countries such as Colombia, Chile, Brazil, and Cuba. We draw on the affirming energies of the U.S. womens' movements and make music that speaks particularly to the active involvement of women in advancing ongoing struggles. We also try to reflect the rare but real moments of beauty that spring from the lives of poor and working people. We want to make our music a bridge between struggling people all over the world, and particularly here on this continent.

—Patty Huntington

Side 1, Band 5: (3:35)

### SISTERS, SPRING OF VIETNAM

(Sisters, You Keep Me Fighting)

Words and Music: Patty Huntington

© 1975 Patty Huntington  
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(Chorus)

*Sisters, you keep me fighting,  
you keep me strong  
The struggle we are waging  
is gonna take our whole lives long  
But as I look around and see your faces,  
feel the fire behind those eyes  
I know it's a battle we will stand and win,  
for freedom voices never die.*

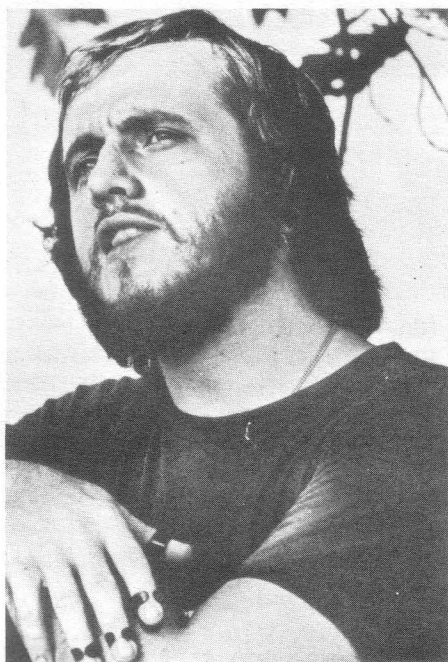
*Many miles away from us sisters  
speak a different tongue  
But words passed behind those prison  
walls in our hearts were always one  
Heroic daughters, spring of Vietnam,  
your will has persevered  
Your tears have washed on the enemy's  
soil to reverse the tide of years.*

*And farther to the south of us  
sisters' cries are muffled still  
But freedom's rising song has been  
heard on the wings of the  
people's will  
Courageous daughters, Chile's  
bravest ones, from those prison  
doors you'll fly  
As we speed our victory forward,  
Vietnam's lessons on our side.*

## Roger Bryant

(Goin' to Kentucky to)

# "Stop the Flow of Coal"



Side 1, Band 6: (3:00)  
(Goin' to Kentucky to)  
**STOP THE FLOW OF COAL**  
Words and Music: Roger Bryant  
© 1978 Roger Bryant (BMI)  
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*It's winter in the mountains,  
And it's also contract time,  
But the only shift I'll pull  
Is picketin' the mine.  
My wife and kids are sick,  
And I'm so troubled I could cry,  
But I'll stay out if takes 'til July.*

(Chorus)  
*I'm goin' to Kentucky*

*To stop the flow of coal.  
Goin' to Kentucky,  
Don't let the big trucks roll.*

*You can't fire those power plants  
On non-union coal.  
I'm goin' to Kentucky  
To stop the flow of coal.  
(ending: G-A)  
The comp'nies they won't bargain  
And I won't get on my knees.  
So 'til we get a contract  
It's just walk and wait and freeze.  
But pretty soon I won't be  
The only one that's cold.  
Those big old power plants  
Can't get no non-union coal.*

(Repeat Chorus)

*The talks are off in Washington,  
And the pension fund's gone dry.  
They took our welfare cards,  
And I can't afford to die.  
They've repossessed my car,  
So now it's hitch and hike.  
But they can't take away  
My natural right to strike.*

(Repeat Chorus)

## "Free Palestine Now"

Ruthie Gorton



Roger Bryant has lived in the mountains of West Virginia all his life, and has worked in virtually every phase of the music industry—singing and performing, recording and producing records, and songwriting for some of the bigger names in Nashville. Music and coal mining both run in his family: his grandmother, "Aunt" Jenny Wilson, is a well-known traditional banjo picker, and his grandfather was an early member of the United Mine Workers, who was killed in a slate fall in Peach Creek, W. VA. in 1938. Besides playing country music road shows, radio, tv, coffeehouses and fairs, Roger has performed at benefits in the coalfields for victims of Black Lung and the Buffalo Creek flood, and his "Stop the Flow of Coal" was one of the best of the many songs that came out of the hard-fought 1977-78 coal strike.

Contact Roger Bryant at General Delivery, Davis, West Virginia 26260. He can be reached by phone at: 304/463-4424 or 259-5225. He can also be reached through Jimmy Helms, Music Pioneers of America, suite 205, 55 Music Square West, Nashville, Tenn. 37203, telephone 615/256-8707. Contact Music Pioneers of America for further information about his other recordings.

It is one of history's most bitter lessons that the oppressed can become the oppressor. But the past sufferings of a people can never be used to justify the persecution of another people. We must learn from our own history that which will ensure our continued identification with resistance to oppression and injustice against any people. As a Jew and a U.S. citizen, I feel a special responsibility to speak out about the atrocities being committed against the Palestinian people in my name. I want to state clearly what I believe to be in the hearts of so many others who have not yet found the means to make their voices heard, and to help expose the twin lies which tell us 1) that opposition to Zionism is anti-Semitic, and 2) that Zionism is in the interests of the Jewish people. The survival of all working people depends on our unity against anti-Semitism, whether it is directed at Jews or Arabs. The interests of working people must be defended against Zionism and all other forms of imperialism. Anything that serves to divide this struggle is not in our interests. I hope the song helps to make people think about these things more carefully, and to



overcome the irrationality which often accompanies a purely emotional approach to the question.

—Ruthie Gorton

Ruthie Gorton began singing as a result of her involvement in the civil rights movement of the early sixties. Since 1970, she has travelled all over (at times with groups such as the San Francisco Mime Troup and the Provisional Theatre) singing, writing and learning songs from people in struggle in every part of the world. At home in Los Angeles, she is involved in many aspects of political organizing in addition to her work in the area of people's culture.

**Side 1, Band 7: (2:32)**

**FREE PALESTINE NOW**

**Words and Music: Ruthie Gorton**

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*Four thousand years of persecution,  
That's our history,  
Oppression always breeds revolution,  
that's no mystery,  
But our suffering can help us  
To understand  
The struggle of those  
Who have lost their land,  
And it's Israel this time  
With blood on her hands,  
So free Palestine now,  
Free Palestine now.*

*You're betraying the dreams  
Of the brave ones who died,  
Is it for this we've journeyed so far?  
How can you be so blinded  
By your arrogant pride,  
How can you forget who we are?  
The pogroms and the ghettos  
May have changed their names,  
But Fascists and Zionists  
Sure act the same,  
So don't let them use us  
For pawns in their game,  
But free Palestine now,  
Free Palestine now.*

*Brothers and sisters,  
I'm singing to you,  
I'll try to be simple and clear,  
To fight against injustice  
Is to be a Jew,  
So let them cry for freedom  
Reach your ear,  
Our history can teach us  
If we will learn,  
It's to others who are struggling  
That we must turn,  
Only our unity will let  
The lamp of freedom burn,  
And free Palestine now,  
Free Palestine now,  
Free Palestine now.*



**Pat de Cou  
and**

**Tex LaMountain**

## **"No Nukes" (Hangin' Tree)**

Pat DeCou and Tex LaMountain were among 1,414 demonstrators arrested in the non-violent occupation of the Seabrook, N.H. nuclear power station site in May, 1977. Even before the occupation by the Clamshell Alliance, "No Nukes (Hanging Tree)" was already on its way to becoming one of the anthems of the growing anti-nuclear movement.

The Clamshell Alliance, headquartered in Portsmouth, N.H., with branches all over New England, is the leading organization in the country in the fight to halt the spread of unsafe nuclear power, and it has been a model for the creation of similar alliances in other regions.

Nuclear power is frighteningly dangerous; the safety technology to prevent radiation leaks isn't even on the drawing boards; nobody has yet figured out how to store plutonium wastes safely for the 250,000 years they will remain hazardous. Nukes are also expensive, a profit bonanza for utility monopolies, and their construction provides many fewer jobs in the long run than any of the available energy alternatives—solar power, or even coal mining. Nukes threaten what's left of the natural environment in the U.S. There are differences of opinion about whether nuclear power might someday be developed safely under popular control, but

all the forces in the anti-nuke movement at least agree that the growth of nuclear power for private profit just might be the growth of a "Hanging Tree" for all of us.

In the year since the first massive occupation, the Clam has gradually worked to broaden its base of support, reaching out more consciously to community and labor groups. On June 24, 1978, the Clams came back to Seabrook stronger than ever, and the demonstration on the site that weekend proved to be the largest of its kind in history.

Tex used to play with the country/rock band Clean Living, which has two albums on Vanguard, and Pat has lately been pursuing music as her "work," writing songs about personal/political struggles and women's issues. They both live in Leverett, Massachusetts, within the shadow of the proposed twin-reactor site in Montague. "No Nukes" was originally released by them as a single record, backed with "Karen Silkwood," a song about the "mysterious" death of an Oklahoma woman in 1974 who knew a little too much about nuclear hazards.

Clamshell Alliance can be reached at 62 Congress St., Portsmouth, N.H. 03801. Clamshell Media can be reached at 31 Chestnut St., Amherst, Mass. 01002, telephone: 413/549-4801. Funds for their ongoing work and your participation will be gratefully accepted. Rainbow Snake Music, Pat DeCou and Tex LaMountain can be reached at 94 N. Leverett Road, Leverett, Mass. 01054, telephone: 413/367-2872.

**Side 2, Band 1: (3:00)**

**NO NUKES (HANGIN' TREE)**

**Words: Patricia R. DeCou**

**Music: "Tex" LaMountain**

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(Chorus)

<sup>A</sup> No Nukes <sup>E</sup> for me, <sup>Bm</sup> cause I want

<sup>F#m</sup> My air to be

<sup>A</sup> Free from radiation poison

<sup>E</sup> Falling over me

<sup>Bm</sup> These reactors that they're building

<sup>F#m</sup> Are a giant hanging tree

<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>F#m</sup> <sup>Bm</sup> <sup>F#m</sup> Hanging tree, hanging tree

<sup>Bm</sup> <sup>F#m</sup> Don't you build a hanging tree over me.

<sup>A</sup> Look across the sky from your home

See the tower blinking while you

Sit a spell alone

<sup>D</sup> Can you see the branches growing,

<sup>A</sup> Can you feel the awesome power,

<sup>Bm</sup> Can you sense its evil purpose

<sup>E</sup> And its doom?

*It grows in ways we all can understand  
And its limbs are spreading  
All across the land  
The leaves they look like dollars  
And the sap it ain't so sweet  
It rests upon the profits  
Hungry people cannot eat.*

(Bridge)

*With its promises of quiet,  
Comfort and peace  
The hanging tree can  
Lure you to its side  
But the darkness of its shadow  
Gives us warning of the greed  
That tries to sell us more  
Electric power than we need.*

(Repeat Chorus)

*The people soon will  
Stop this money tree  
And we'll stop it hanging  
People you and me  
And if we struggle on together  
All the powers that be  
Will go down with  
Their own hanging tree.*

(Bridge II)

*And out of this struggle  
We can plant a seedling tree  
A tree that lets the  
Sunlight share its space  
A tree in tune with living  
Whose branches lift the soul,  
When you're watching from a distance  
And you're sitting all alone.*

(Repeat Chorus)

#### News Bulletin:

President Carter says cost of "excessive" environmental controls is inflationary, thereby weakening limitations on cotton dust allowable in the work environment of U.S. mills. Company figures belie this argument, showing expenditures for "pollution abatement" to average 5.2% of the total in 1973, jumping to a high of 5.8% in 1975 (because of an air quality deadline that year) and falling to 5.6% in 1976 and 5.1% in 1977, with an expected 4.7% for 1978. (The decline in the last three years was not only in percentages but in real expenditures when adjusted for inflation.)



Phiz Mezey

## Malvina Reynolds "The Judge Said"

In the spring of 1978, just as the hard winter was rewarding us with the rebirth of spring, the death of Malvina Reynolds from kidney failure came as a rude shock to all who knew her. In the back of our minds we knew that she was on the far side of 75, but her boundless vitality and commitment had us fooled into thinking that she would always be with us. I met Mal around the time my first son was born, so that would make it almost 30 years ago. In fact, she and Bud invited my then-husband Rolf and me to visit them for a few weeks in Long Beach, I believe it was, which turned out to be baby Nick's first trip anywhere. She said she wanted to get better acquainted and swap songs and ideas, but looking back on it I'm pretty sure it was also because she knew we had no place else to go at the time. It was the pre-Korean war depression, and we had no jobs and no home, and damn little hope except in the larger sense.

Now that I'm at the age she was at then, neighborhood of 50, I am profoundly impressed by the fact that she was just then beginning to take herself seriously as a song writer and making plans to launch her work in earnest. How many people make the as-

sumption that they are all played out at about that age! The first songs I remember were warm and encouraging for the listener: "Sing Along" (cause when we sing together we'll be heard!), "Magic Penny" (love is something if you give it away, you end up having more.), and humorously ironic, like "Bury Me In My Overalls" (this suit cost me two weeks pay, so let it live another day.). They were also biting, like "Don't Talk to Me of Love" (cut out the heartache, make mine a beefsteak) and full of courage, like "Love Song for an Insomniac" (day is fit to meet head-on... day is a fighter's pay).

We both belonged to the People's Songs Los Angeles Chapter at the time, and I still think she wrote some of her best songs then. Absolutely the most useful to me, however, was the one she wrote while she was taking part in the sit-in to help integrate the Palace Hotel in San Francisco called: "It Isn't Nice." I changed the tune and the beat, and took it with me to Mississippi in 1964, where it became one of the most popular new songs of the Freedom Schools for a time. I took it to Cuba in 1966 where it summed up



for them the militant spirit of the U.S. youth of the civil rights and anti-war days. This year it served again at Kent State when the students rallied to commemorate the murdered victims of the Nixon-Mitchell-Rhodes cabal and to protest the building of a gym over the site of the massacre, as well as in D.C. at the "Beat Back Bakke" rally.

Here is the way Mal described herself in her last letter to us: "I think it is incorrect to characterize me as a folk singer or a protest singer. I am a writer and singer of popular songs. Some, but not all, are social commentary...My parents were proverbially poor radical tailors, who put us through college with great difficulty and the help of scholarships. I was blacklisted (from teaching) because of my politics, and never did teach college, I worked at many trades, from milliner and steelworker to news reporter. I was married for forty years, and until he died, to Bud Reynolds, a working carpenter and militant labor organizer... and I am a working militant songwriter. I make a modest income at that trade, and never "made it big" because I write what I damn well want to."

We'll miss you, Mal.

—:—:—:—

Malvina was on tour and booked into Madison, Wisconsin, shortly after Judge Archie Simonson handed down his infamous decision exonerating three boys who gang-raped a girl in a Madison high school stair well (her cries were covered by nearby band practice) on the grounds that general

sexual permissiveness and girls' dress and behavior provoked the boys' action and that "they were only behaving naturally." There was an immediate movement to recall the judge. Malvina wrote "The Judge Said" while she was in Madison, the song appeared in a story on the front page city section of the Madison Capitol City Times, and she sang it for the local radio, which played it all during the successful recall campaign. With the help of Steve Goodman, she issued it as a single record, from which this is taken. Information about Malvina, and her records and songbooks, can be obtained by writing to Ruth Bernstein, 2027 Parker St., Berkeley, CA 94704.

## Side 2, Band 2: (2:42)

### THE JUDGE SAID

Words and Music: Malvina Reynolds

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The Judge said "Screw 'em,  
Boys, you're only human.  
They brought it on themselves  
By being born a woman!  
Like a mountain's there to climb  
And food's there to be eaten,  
Woman's there to rape,  
To be shoved around and beaten."

(Chorus)

The Judge took his position,  
The Judge, he wouldn't budge,  
So we've got out this petition,  
And we're gonna screw the Judge.

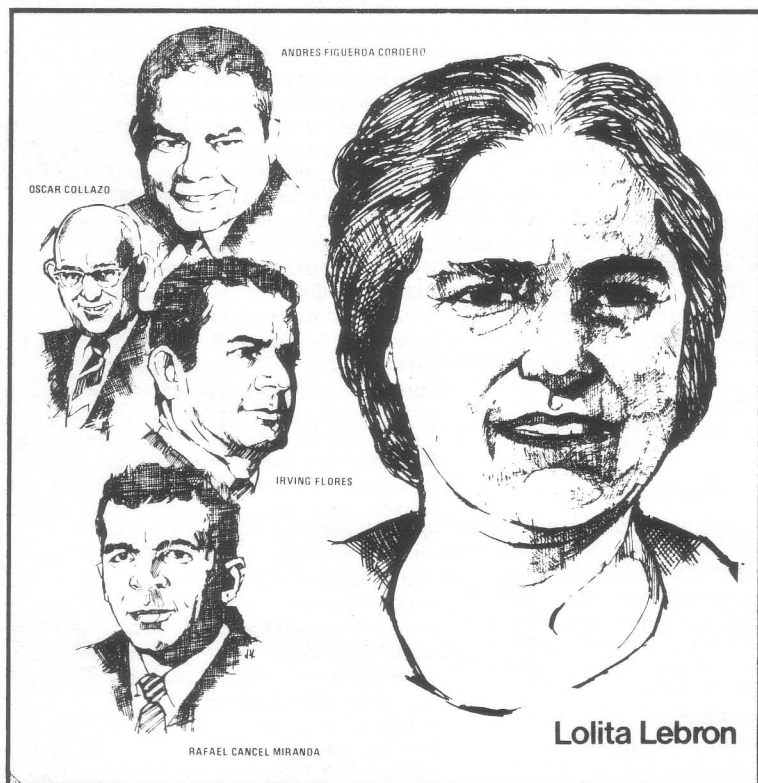
Now if you beat a horse or dog  
Or violate a bank  
Simonson will haul you in  
And throw you in the clink,  
But violate a woman,  
Your equal and your peer,  
The judge will slap you on the wrist  
And lay the blame on her.

(Repeat Chorus)

To draw a conclusion  
From what Simonson has said,  
Woman has to live in fear  
And cover up her head,  
She has to dress in purdah  
And lock herself in cages,  
And this kinky judge in Madison  
Is from the Middle Ages.

(Last Chorus)

The judge took his position  
The judge he wouldn't budge  
So we've got out this petition  
And we're gonna dump the judge.



## Noel Hernandez "Cinco Hermanos Presos"

One of the founding members of Grupo Taone and Disco Libre, Noel was born and raised in Puerto Rico. At present he lives and works in a squatter's area outside San Juan, called Trujillo Alto (Via Margarita del Parque B64 is the address), which looks like what it is: a homemade exurban "development." He has identified himself with the independence movement since he began singing.

Grupo Taone was for several years the principle vehicle for bringing the culture of struggle to the Puerto Rican people, and since they were denied the use of radio and television much of this was done by singing from the top of a truck and gathering crowds in the streets. The songs which came out of this intense activity have become engraved on the present-day culture of Puerto Rico, and will always be a part of it even though

some of the singers have turned to other work. This song, written by Noel during one of the periodic drives to call attention to the situation of the five political prisoners (Lolita Lebron, Irving Flores, Rafael Cancel Miranda, Andres Figueroa Cordera, and Oscar Collazo), is one of these.

The five are literally the longest-held political prisoners in the Western Hemisphere. They were jailed in the 1950's when they undertook desperate armed assaults upon the Presidency and the Congress of the U.S. as a way of calling attention to what they felt was an urgent need for Puerto Rican independence. They hadn't planned to actually wound anyone, but hoped to get headlines which would awaken the American people to the fact of the dire situation in the colony, and to protest the idea of a proposed "Commonwealth" under U.S. jurisdiction. When asked by the press to explain such acts of violence, Lolita gave this reply: "The U.S. established itself by force of arms in the Puerto Rican nation as a conqueror of our lands, hearts and minds... We are called "terrorists" by the U.S. government, but I tell you, U.S.A., look inside your heart and see your atomic terror... We have been the most peaceful nation on earth, or as much as any people on earth can be peaceful. Puerto Rico confronted its enemy in the only way it could have been done, because the enemy has no ears to hear. We do hope we won't have to open again the ears of the monster with guns."

In the fall of 1978, Paredon is issuing an anthology of the best songs of the Puerto Rican independence struggle, titled, "Viva Puerto Rico Libre." It can be ordered from Box 889/Brooklyn, NY 11202 for \$6.00 plus .50¢ postage and handling.

## Side 2, Band 3: (3:05) CINCO HERMANOS PRESOS

(Five Jailed Comrades)

Words and Music: Noel Hernandez

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*Luchando por sus derechos  
Hoy el pueblo se levanta,  
Mientras por alla en Kansas  
Hay cinco Nacionalistas presos.*

*Rafael Cancel Miranda,  
Irving Flores, Andres Figueroa  
Cordero  
Nunca doblaron rodillas,  
La patria siempre fue primero.*

*Y a la mitad del camino,  
Ya dentro del Congreso,  
Por la libertad de esta tierra  
Estan cinco companeros presos.*

*(La voz de Albizu Campos  
hablando en Lares:)  
"No es facil pronunciar un discurso  
Cuando tenemos la madre tendida*

*Sobre el lecho y en acecho  
De su vida un asesino.  
Tal es la situacion de presente  
De nuestra patria, nuestra madre  
Puerto Rico. El asesino es  
El poder..."*

*Concenados por el mero hecho  
De defender esta tierra,  
Por amarla, por quererla,  
Hay cinco hermanos presos.*

*Son revolucionarios,  
El yanqui les ato la vida  
En el corazon de este pueblo.*

*Lolita Lebron, nuestra madre,  
Don Pedro, nuestro maestro,  
Por la libertad de esta tierra  
Esta Oscar Collazo preso.*

*Fighting for their rights  
Today the people rise up.*

*Meanwhile in Kansas  
There are five nationalist prisoners.*

*Rafael Cancel Miranda,  
Irving Flores, Andres Figueroa Cordero,  
They were never on their knees,  
Their country always came first.*

*In the middle of their lives,  
Inside the Congress,  
For the freedom of this land  
Five comrades were taken prisoner.*

*(The voice of Albizu Campos  
speaking at Lares:)  
"It isn't easy to make a speech  
When your mother is laid out  
On her death bed  
With an assassin after her.  
This is the situation today  
Of our motherland,  
Our Puerto Rico.  
The assassin is powerful..."*

*Found guilty of the simple act  
Of defending this land,  
For loving it,  
Five comrades are in prison.*

*They are revolutionaries  
The Yankee chained their lives,  
And they are living in tears  
In the hearts of our people.*

*Lolita Lebron our mother,  
Don Pedro our teacher,  
For the freedom of this land  
Oscar Collazo is in prison.*



**Kathy Kahn**

## "Ballad of Joe Coors"

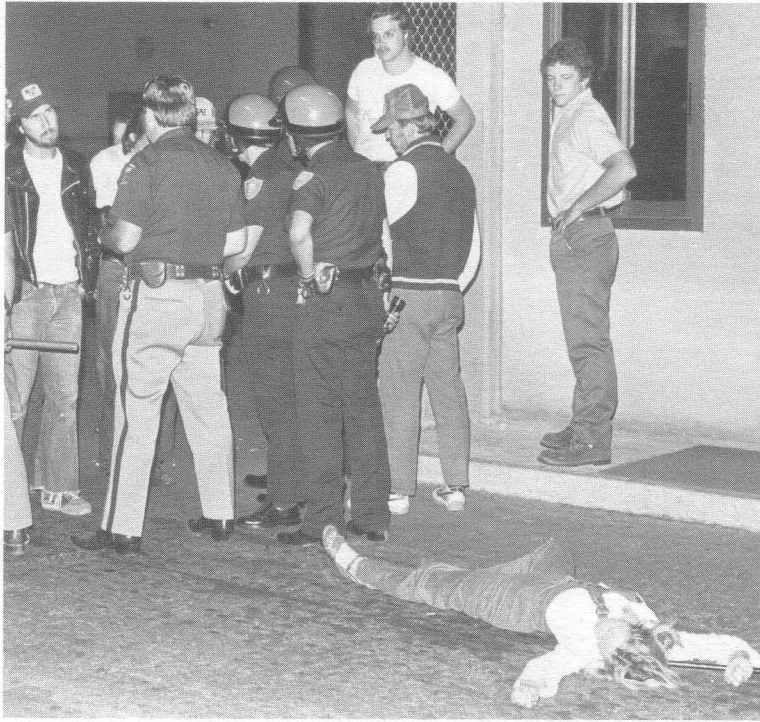
Kathy Kahn sings folk songs, works in the labor movement, and tends bar in a cab drivers' union hall. She sings on picket lines, in concert, behind the bar and, if necessary, in jail.

And it may be necessary again, since Kahn has been arrested twice on the picket line at the Coors brewery strike in Golden, Colorado. She was acquitted along with the rest of the "Golden Four" on trespass and resisting arrest charges, but now she faces criminal trespass charges a second time.

The strike at Coors, the nation's fifth-largest brewery, started in March, 1977, when the company refused to bargain with Brewery Workers Local 336 about the semi-feudal working conditions (workers could be dismissed for violating "community morality," for example) and hiring practices that blatantly discriminate against Chicanos, Blacks and women. Union leadership of the strike has been weak and ineffective, and there is a good chance that company-inspired moves to decertify the union altogether as the workers' bargaining agent will succeed soon. The Coors brothers, Joe and Bill (like their father Adolph), are big-money supporters of a long string of right-wing causes, and have defended their private empire with the generous use of armed guards, police and scabs to attack strikers and picketers. The boycott is still on, and Coors admits that it is hurting business. But even if Coors manages to win this round, the strike has done more to unify the labor movement in Colorado and the West than any strike since Ludlow.

Like a lot of good picket-line songs, this one brings new words to an old familiar tune: "The Ballad of Joe Coors" picks up





where "John Hardy" left off. But the events described are thoroughly up-to-date; there is a verse about the polygraph, a reference to the Coors practice of requiring employees to submit to lie-detector tests in order to find out just where they stand on the union.

Says Kahn, "The union leaders misled the workers down the deceptive path of a 'non-violent, peaceful strike,' claiming that a boycott by itself would win. But even though the boycott has grown all over the country, Joe Coors just keeps on making scab beer. The strikers and their supporters tried to stop production, to shut the brewery down, but they were violently attacked by armed guards, police and scabs. Without their leaders behind them, their union is being busted wide open and most of the strikers have abandoned this struggle. But one thing is certain; the next one will be led by people who understand what it means to be out on strike, and it will be won!"

Side 2, Band 4: (3:22)  
**BALLAD OF JOE COORS**  
 Words: Kathy Kahn  
 Music: traditional ("John Hardy")  
 © 1977 Kathy Kahn.  
 Date to Struggle Records  
 used by permission

Joe Coors went down  
 To the Golden Brewery  
 And there he found a surprise  
 One thousand brewery workers  
 On a long picket line.

Joe Coors could not believe his eyes, no  
 Joe Coors could not believe his eyes.

He said you monkeys get in there to work  
 Quit standing out here in the street.  
 Get into the brewery  
 And bottle up that beer  
 We got a production to meet,  
 (Today,)  
 We got a production to meet.

The people just laughed  
 Right in old Joe's face.  
 They said we're holdin' this line.  
 We're tired of bein' treated  
 With human disgrace  
 We're givin' up our beer  
 For sweeter win, Joe,  
 We're givin' up our beer for sweeter  
 wine.

Well, Joe he just grinned his nazi grin  
 And let out a fascist laugh.  
 He said, "I'll bust your union  
 With my scabs and thugs  
 And I got you on the polygraph,  
 (You suckers,)  
 Down on the polygraph.

As the weeks passed by  
 And the beer began to flow  
 That brewery had an awful stink.  
 Coors scab beer  
 Barrelled through the picket line.  
 But that beer it wasn't fit to drink,  
 (By a human)  
 That beer it wasn't fit to drink.

The word got around out in California  
 And down San Antonio way  
 Even bars in Ogden, Utah

Turned out their Coors lights  
 What would Uncle Adolph say,  
 (Worried Joe,)  
 Whatever would Uncle Adolph say?

Joe Coors strung a ring  
 Of guards around his house  
 Armed with guns they walked the wall.  
 And while guarding the bed of tyranny  
 One clumsy guard took a fall,  
 (Served him right,)  
 He fell off that fifteen foot wall.

The scabs drove their cars  
 Through the picket line  
 Movin' at a mighty fast speed  
 They knocked an old man down  
 Into the ground  
 They left him to lay and bleed,  
 (Scab labor,)  
 Left him to lay there and bleed.  
 Now good old boys and good old girls  
 Are changin' their brand of beer  
 To help bring an end to the Coors dynasty  
 And run Adolph's army out of here,  
 (Good riddance,)  
 Run Adolph's army out of here.

So whenever you see a bottle of Coors,  
 Beware of what's inside.  
 The Rocky Mountain springs  
 Are red with workers' blood  
 Joe Coors' got a whole lot to hide,  
 (Yes he does,)  
 Joe Coors got a whole lot to hide.

Ask him if he'll take a lie detector test  
 Or retire on chicken feed.  
 Ask him if he'll work  
 When he's feeling sick,  
 He'll answer, "I'm only made of greed,"  
 (That's all he knows,)  
 He'll answer, "I'm only made of greed."

And if you think these scabs need  
 The jobs they steal  
 Think about the folks on the line  
 Who gave all their years  
 To the Coors Brewery  
 Now Joe Coors don't care if they die  
 (On welfare,)  
 Joe Coors don't care how they die.

So raise your glass in a victory toast,  
 To the cause of human dignity,  
 And the workers who stand up  
 To old Joe Coors  
 We will put an end to the Coors dynasty,  
 (Yes we will,)  
 We'll put an end to the Coors dynasty.

(Note: Strikeforce chorus is usually  
 done here as: "Scabs in the Brewery"  
 to the tune of "Skip to My Lou").



## Red Shadow "Gone, Gone, Gone"

### *Firm Would Prefer Employees to Keep Song in Their Hearts*

\* \* \*

### *Workers' Humming Irritates Management That Doesn't Care to Hear Union Tunes*

By a WALL STREET JOURNAL Staff Reporter

MEMPHIS—Whistling while you work apparently isn't a big hit with management of W.F. Hall Printing Co.'s West Tennessee plant—at least not when the tunes are old labor union fight songs.

The National Labor Relations Board said it found merit in a union's charge that workers were unlawfully ordered by a plant supervisor "not to whistle, hum or sing" after they were found humming union songs.

The estimated 525 workers at Hall's plant are the object of an organizing campaign by the Graphic Arts International Union, which filed a complaint with the NLRB alleging 10 instances of harassment.

Unionization elections usually are postponed when complaints are pending, but the NLRB said the union waived the postponement, and an election is slated for later this week.

"Solidarity Forever," the tune in question, was taken from an AFL-CIO songbook, said Don Moeller, an organizer with the AFL-CIO's industrial union department in Charlotte, N.C.

The song is sung to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and apparently is part of what Mr. Moeller called "a couple of innovations that seems to have got to Hall's management."

It also got to Judy Blankenship, an employee, who said she likes a little vocal accompaniment while she's unpacking boxes at the plant.

"It is easier to work while singing," said the woman, one of those involved in the incident. "We had been allowed to bring in radios and tape recorders, and we would sometimes sing along. We were singing the song, then we would hum it and another girl would whistle."

Hall's plant manager, Chuck McDonald, described the union's allegations as "trumped up" and said they were filed to drum up publicity and excite employees into voting for unionization in the coming election:

Raymond Jacobson, the NLRB director in Memphis who drafted the complaint, scheduled for a hearing in October, isn't amused. He said the humming incident apparently has been plucked for its humorous value from a document alleging weightier violations, including the surveillance of certain employees and separation of others from working together.

"This humming on the job thing is driving me nuts," said Mr. Jacobson, referring to several queries he's had about that part of the complaint.

Said Mr. Jacobson: "it seems so funny that the U.S. government, with all of its power, should have to say to a company: Let your people sing."

Here is an encore from the ever-popular RED SHADOW, THE ECONOMICS ROCK AND ROLL BAND. Featured on WNP#2 with their big hit "Anything Good", here they are again from the Panacea Hilton bringing you their comment on reality as seen through the eyes of three PhD economists and some friends in M.I.T.-land. Further information about their work and copies of their album "Live at the Panacea Hilton" can be secured by writing:

The Physical World  
Box 125  
Cambridge, Mass. 02140

Side 2, Band 5: (2:20)  
GONE, GONE, GONE  
Words: © 1975 Firebreather Music  
Music: Bleach Boys

When a crisis rocks the system you can  
see 'em come to patch up the holes, now,  
(they patch up the holes now,  
they patch up the holes)  
And they're always pushin' policies that  
work out right for ruling class goals, now,  
(their ruling class goals,  
their ruling class goals)  
When the panic comes to Wall Street  
you can hear 'em stress  
the need for controls, now,  
(the need for controls,  
the need for controls)  
But they'll be gone, gone, gone when the  
people take their power away.  
For workin' out of Washington they're  
drawin' up a federal plan, now,  
Then its off to Santa Monica to  
spend some time workin' for Rand, now,  
When they try to dream up ways to hide  
the rising cost of bombing Vietnam, now,  
But they'll be gone, gone, gone when the  
people take their power away.  
They can't see the oppression 'cause they  
spend their time just  
shootin' the bull, now,  
And they give a speech on hunger but they  
do it while their bellies are full, now,  
And they say it's gettin' better but it  
looks like they're just  
pullin' the wool, now,  
But they'll be gone, gone, gone when the  
workers take their power away.



# "Buffalo Holler"

Sung by  
Cindy Mapes

Buffalo Hollow, along Buffalo Creek in Logan County, West Virginia, used to have ten towns spread along it. In February, 1972, a giant coal waste dam broke, sending 130 million gallons of water roaring down the hollow, killing 150 people and leaving 4,000 homeless. The companies that own the mines and run the hollow (Pittston Coal,

Island Creek, Buffalo Mining Corporation) have stalled efforts by the devastated mining families to gain compensation ever since. There are dozens of coal slate dams, like the one that used to stand at the head of Buffalo Creek, which still threaten tens of thousands of lives in the hills of West Virginia and Kentucky.



Cindy Mapes, who sings the song, is a full-time pre-school teacher nine months of the year and a part-time musician all twelve. At age 11 she started playing the guitar and became interested in folksongs. At age 25 she plays banjo and dulcimer as well. In 1972, she became involved with the United Farmworkers boycott in Cleveland, Ohio, where she used her songs and also began seeking out other songs of working people both here and in England, where she spent a year. Recently she has concentrated on traditional and contemporary songs about women, their history of oppression, their work, their strength and hopes. She would like to try her hand soon at writing about today's struggles. At Yellow Springs, Ohio, near Dayton and Cincinnati, she plays often at benefits, rallies, and on local community radio. Recently she sang "Union Maids" along with other local musicians in the fine documentary of the same name about women organizing in the 1930's.

Peggy Seeger, who wrote this song, was born in New York City in 1935, into the family which includes her father Charles, her mother Ruth Crawford Seeger, her brothers Pete and Mike, and her sister Penny. Educated at Radcliffe in harmony, theory and orchestration, she travelled the world with her rich baggage of traditional songs, playing a full range of stringed folk instruments with such excellence that she has inspired many a woman to confront the enormous social pressures against this which affect even our so-called enlightened age and take up the pursuit seriously. On one journey abroad, she met and married the great Scottish ballad singer, songwriter and dramatist Ewan MacColl, with whom she collaborates in performing; writing songs, editing anthologies, producing radio ballads, and raising a family among other things.

Peggy and Ewan publish a song magazine called "The New City Songster," which can be ordered direct from them at 35 Stanley Ave., Beckenham, Kent, England.

Side 2, Band 6: (3:10)

## BUFFALO HOLLER

Words and Music: Peggy Seeger

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<sup>A</sup> Born in West Virginia,  
<sup>D</sup> I've been here all my life;

<sup>E</sup> Sixteen years a miner's daughter,  
<sup>A</sup> Then a miner's wife.

<sup>D</sup> Raised in Logan County

<sup>E</sup> When the creeks they all ran clear,  
<sup>A</sup> And Buffalo Holler's been my home

<sup>D</sup> For more than fifty year.

I remember when Staviski came,  
The one they called 'the Pole,'  
And the Johnsons, up from Georgia,  
Their skins were black as coal;  
Even the Italians came  
Because the mines were here.  
They've been my friends in Buffalo Creek  
For more than fifty year.

Hunger took my baby girl  
In nineteen forty-one.  
Black lung took my husband,  
The army took my son;  
But of all the sorrows I have seen,  
The worst time I have known  
Was the day the towns were washed away,  
When the old slate dam came down.

If your house was down the creek,  
You had time to get away;  
But if you lived up by the dam,  
You only had time to pray.  
It only took one hour  
Of the water rushing through  
To wipe out everything I had,  
Most everyone I knew.

In '65 they warned us,  
Nobody made a will.  
But all the folks with money  
Moved high up on the hill;  
It was only poor coal miners  
Who died that Saturday,  
They can get plenty more like us to come,  
Most any working day.

Experts said the dam would go  
If we had a heavy rain,  
The Bureau of Mines they wrote it down,  
And filed it down the drain;  
The Governor made promises  
The year the elections ran,  
Pittston called it an "act of God,"  
I call it an act of man!

Don't wait for compensation,  
Don't wait for them to care,  
'Cause if you can't make that dollar sign,  
They don't even know you're there;  
But I can't forget my Billy,  
Who died in Vietnam,  
Fighting for the system  
That made that old slate dam.

A year and a half after we first got together, we've come a lot farther than even we expected. Since all of us are mostly occupied with making a living and doing other political work, we've had to cope with the frustrations of being a very part-time band. Fortunately for us, the Boston area is—comparatively—full of “semi-pro” cultural workers, and we were particularly inspired by the example of the New Harmony Sisterhood Band (“...And Ain't I a Woman?”, Paredon P-1038), who showed us that part-time doesn't have to mean second-rate.

We make use of a variety of styles of acoustic string band music—bluegrass, blues, country, folk—and draw material from a lot of different sources, including several original songs. Within the limitations of time we're obviously stuck with, we aim at producing the most professional music we can: sloppy music is bad politics.

A couple of months after we declared ourselves a band, and still knew about six songs we played for 1,000 people at a spirited union rally, ending with 1,005 of us joining in on a rousing “Solidarity Forever.” On the way home in the car, Andy, our fiddler, said, “Do you realize the power we could have?” We have all come to appreciate the special rapport that exists between musicians and an audience when political unity takes cultural form. In the past year we've played at about a dozen benefits and demonstrations, a couple of “benefits” for ourselves (to buy a sound system), and even managed to make it onto tv one evening when we were playing in the Boston subway. (We knew we were really “people's musicians” when we played at a warehouse-warming for a recycling cooperative, passed the hat for contributions, and wound up with \$26 and two \$1 food stamps!)

Since we recorded this song, we've added a sixth member: Laura Burns, who sings and plays bass, another reason we're looking forward to Countrydiction's future.

(In case you're still wondering, “Countrydiction” is short for “Primary Country-diction.”)

One principle we all share is an aversion to “singing leaflets,” songs that bury the artistic impulse in a rhetorical coffin. That doesn't mean we have to settle for liberal politics; it just means that the music and songwriting has to be authentic, has to move people emotionally and intellectually, not just lecture them with slogans. “Who's Crazy?” is a call to revolution and a polemic against political defeatism, but cast in a against political defeatism, but cast in a personal mold and admitting the ambivalence any committed activist feels from time to time.

The song tries to capture some of the “group autobiography” of the New Left generation that threw itself into political struggles in the 1960's, a period of massive demonstrations, widespread militance, and a visibility for “the movement” that isn't so clear any mre. But at the same time, the veterans of those years, now headed into their thirties, have matured politically and sharpened their insights and their skills. If you rely on your local newspaper's headlines, the left is dead, and we're all headed back to the 1950's. Well, look again!

Members of the band are: Tim Patterson, vocal and banjo; Roger Rosen, fingerpicked



Eric Levinson

# “Who's Crazy?”

## Tim Patterson

guitar; Frank Bove, flatpicked guitar; Andy Barlow, fiddle; Michael Macy, mandolin. We also want to thank Eric Levinson for the tasty acoustic bass played on the tape, and for the photograph of the band. Thanks too to Steve Blake at Creative Recordings in Westwood, Mass., for recording and mixing.

—Tim Patterson

Side 2, Band 7: (4:55)

WHO'S CRAZY?

Words and Music: Tim Patterson

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A C#7  
Sometimes I feel  
Like I've come out of a dream,  
D A E  
Hazy memories in my mind;  
A C#7  
Fifteen years of work and sweat,  
D A  
Nothing to show it seems.  
G D E  
Maybe I'm wasting time,  
G D E  
Just might be too steep a climb,  
G D  
And maybe trying to make  
B E  
Revolution is crazy.

Now and then I take a look  
At my friends from all these years,  
Some of them burned out years ago;  
Some of them got scared away,  
Some gave up in tears.  
A few of them turned to Christ,  
A few of them sell brown rice,  
And some of us still keep on fighting.

Nineteen sixty-three  
We headed South for civil rights,

Then we marched for years  
to end the war.

People rose up everywhere  
In a thousand different fights,  
But guess who's still on top?  
The system hasn't come to a stop,  
And I wonder where the  
Hell we go from here.

Then I stop and think,  
Clear the cobwebs from my head;  
Something tells me  
That we're not alone.  
Every day I see the world  
Growing a deeper red:  
Cuba now is free,  
Vietnam is free,  
Angola is free,  
Zimbabwe soon be free,  
All these people say to me,  
I'm not crazy.

Then I take a second look,  
Right here close at hand,  
I can see a change a-coming on.  
For every comrade fallen,  
Two more rise and take a stand.  
Hang together today,  
Hang together today,  
Or we'll all hang separately tomorrow.

Every time I think it's only  
Windmills in the sky,  
I recall the ones who've gone before.  
People called them dreamers,  
But that dream will never die.  
There's a new world to be won,  
The struggle has been won,  
The struggle has begun,  
And if you think it's done,  
I think you're crazy.