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Mit freundlicher Unterstützung der ÖH Fakultätsvertretung
Kultur- und Gesellschaftswissenschaft
Danke an Sarah Herbe für die deutsche Übersetzung
Eine Veranstaltung des Soli.Cafe

Marx, Engels, and Manifestos

Der Fortschritt der Industrie, dessen willenloser und widerstandsloser Träger die Bourgeoisie ist, setzt an die Stelle der Isolierung der Arbeiter durch die Konkurrenz ihre revolutionäre Vereinigung durch die Assoziation. Mit der Entwicklung der großen Industrie wird also unter den Füßen der Bourgeoisie die Grundlage selbst hinweggezogen, worauf sie produziert und die Produkte sich aneignet. Sie produziert vor allem ihren eigenen Totengräber. Ihr Untergang und der Sieg des Proletariats sind gleich unvermeidlich.

The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of the labourers, due to competition, by the revolutionary combination, due to association. The development of Modern Industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet the very foundation on which the bourgeoisie produces and appropriates products. What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own grave-diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable.

Links on the Chain

Come you ranks of labor, come you union core,
And see if you remember the struggles of before,
When you were standing helpless on the outside of the door
And you started building links on the Chain, on the Chain,
You started building links on the chain

When the police on the horses were waitin' on demand,
Ridin' through the strike with the pistols in their hands,
Swingin' at the skulls of many a union man,
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,
As you built one more link on the chain.

Then the army of the fascists tried to put you on the run,
but the army of the union, they did what could be done,
Oh, the power of the factory was greater than the gun,
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,
As you built one more link on the chain.

And then in 1954, decisions finally made,
The black man was a-risin' fast and racin' from the shade,
And your union took no stand and your union was betrayed,
As you lost yourself a link on the chain, on the chain,
As you lost yourself a link on the chain

And then there came the boycotts , then the freedom rides,
Forgetting what you stood for, you tried to block the tide,
Oh, the automation bosses were laughin' on the side,
As they watched you lose a link on the chain, on the chain,
As they watched you lose your link on the chain.

When they block your trucks boys, by layin' on the road,
All that they are doin' is all that you have showed,
You gotta strike, you gotta fight to get what you are owed,
When you're building all the links on the chain, on the chain,
When you're building all your links on the chain.

For now the times are tellin' you the times are rollin' on,
you're fighting for the same thing, the jobs that will be gone,
Now it's only fair to ask you boys, which side are you on?
As you build another link on the Chain, on the chain,
As you build another link on the chain

~ <http://www.sonnyochs.com/philbio.html>

~ <http://web.cecs.pdx.edu/~trent/ochs/>



„Dein für die Freiheit von Mann, Frau und Kind,
unabhängig von Glaube, Rasse oder Farbe“

*“Yours for the liberty of man, woman, and child
regardless of creed, race, or color”*



Eugene V. Debs

Solange es eine Unterschicht gibt, bin ich darin,
solange es ein kriminelles Element gibt, bin ich Teil
davon, und solange auch nur eine Seele im Gefängnis
sitzt, bin ich nicht frei.

*While there is a lower class, I am in it, while there is a
criminal element, I am of It, and while there is a soul
in prison, I am not free.*



Sojourner Truth

Das Leben ist sowieso ein harter Kampf. Wenn wir
lachen und ein bisschen singen, während wir den
guten Kampf der Freiheit kämpfen, wird alles
leichter. Ich werde nicht zulassen, dass das Licht
meines Lebens von der Dunkelheit um mich
herum bestimmt wird.

*Life is a hard battle anyway. If we laugh and sing a
little as we fight the good fight of freedom, it makes it
all go easier. I will not allow my life's light to be deter-
mined by the darkness around me.*



Emma Goldman

Ich glaubte nicht, dass eine Sache, die für ein schönes Ideal stand, für Anarchismus, für Befreiung und Freiheit von Konventionen und Vorurteilen, die Verleugnung von Leben und Glück verlangen sollte. Ich beharrte darauf, dass unsere Sache nicht von mir erwarten könnte, eine Nonne zu werden, und dass unsere Bewegung sich nicht in ein Kloster wandeln sollte. Wenn es das hieß, dann wollte ich es nicht. „Ich will Freiheit, das Recht auf Selbst-

verwirklichung, das Recht aller auf schöne, strahlende Dinge!“ Anarchismus bedeutete das für mich, und ich würde es leben, ungeachtet aller Welt - Gefängnisse, Verfolgung, alles. Ja, selbst ungeachtet der Verdammung durch meine Kameraden würde ich mein schönes Ideal leben.

I did not believe that a Cause which stood for a beautiful ideal, for anarchism, for release and freedom from conventions and prejudice, should demand the denial of life and joy. I insisted that our Cause could not expect me to become a nun and that the movement should not be turned into a cloister. If it meant that, I did not want it. „I want freedom, the right to self-expression, everybody's right to beautiful, radiant things.“ Anarchism meant that to me, and I would live it in spite of the whole world-prisons, persecution, everything. Yes, even in spite of the condemnation of my own comrades I would live my beautiful ideal.

SOLI.café

Vereinslokal gesucht

Wir suchen ein Vereinslokal zur Miete, es soll ein gemütlicher Ort sein in dem wir unsere Vereinstreffen abhalten, aber auch Vorträge, Lesungen, etc. veranstalten können.

WC, Waschgelegenheit evt. eine kleine Küche wird benötigt. Nähere Infos zu den beiden Kulturvereinen können sie gerne im Internet nachlesen:

Soli.Cafe: <https://soli.cafe/>

Mosaik: <https://www.mosaikzeitschrift.at/>

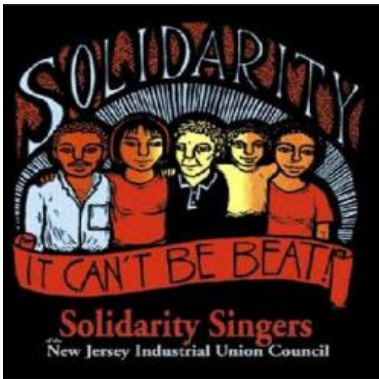
Wenn Sie ein geeignetes Lokal haben, wenden Sie sich bitten an: info@soli.cafe 0677/62576589

Drei Kernfunktionen von Protestliedern



Das Gefühl der eigenen Identität der Protestierenden zum Ausdruck bringen, und die Würde und Hingabe, die ihre Arbeit ausstrahlt (insbesondere in der Musik der Arbeiter- und Bürgerrechtsbewegung)

Express a sense of protestors' own identities and the dignity and passion that emanates from their work [especially in labor and civil rights music]



Das Artikulieren spezieller politischer Ideologien und die Analyse grundlegender Konflikte, die der Bewegung häufig einen moralischen Rahmen oder eine Mission geben

Articulate particular political ideologies and analyze basic conflicts, often giving movement a moral framework or mission



Die Entwicklung von Solidarität, und das Überkommen von Eigenheiten der Identitäten, seien diese individueller, „rassischer“, ethnischer oder geschlechtlicher Natur, um in der Praxis das Gefühl einer großen Verbindung oder Bewegung zu schaffen.

To develop solidarity and transcend the vagaries of individual, racial, ethnic and gender identities to create in practice a sense of "one big union or one big movement"

Dark as a Dungeon

Come all you young miners so fair and so fine
And seek not your fortune way down in the mine
It will form like a habit and seep in your soul
Till the blood in your veins runs as black as the coal

Chorus

It's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew
Where the danger is doubled and the pleasures are few
Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mine

There's many a man I have known in my day
Who lived just to labor his whole life away
Like the fiend with his dope and the drunkard his wine
A man must have a lust for the lure of the mine

Chorus

Oh when I die and the ages shall roll
My body will blacken and turn into coal
Then I'll look down from my heavenly home
And pity the poor miner a-digging my bones



möchte herausfinden, wie solidarischer Handel – bei größtmöglicher Transparenz für alle Beteiligten – in der Praxis aussehen kann.

Gemeinsam verabschieden wir uns damit aus der Konkurrenz- und Profitlogik konventioneller Handelsbeziehungen.



Aunt Molly Jackson

„Als sie sah, wie diese kleinen Babys verhungerten, wie Fliegen um sie herum starben, fing Aunt Molly an, sich für gute Löhne für ihre Väter zu interessieren. Sie stand vor den Bergarbeitern auf, sang ihnen Lieder vor, hielt Reden, schrie sie an, ihr Werkzeug nieder zu legen und zu warten, bis der Chef ihre Bezahlung erhöhe. Sie erzählt von den Treffen, die sie hatten. Wie einem die Winchester-Gewehrku-
geln den Kies ins Gesicht schossen, während man Gespräche über die reichen Kohlegrubenbetreiber und die armen hungrigen Bergarbeiter hatte. In einem Jahr erzählte Tante Molly mehr Wahrheit, als

die Politiker ertragen konnten, also wurde es in Kentucky zu heiß für sie. „

“When she saw these little babies starving to death like flies all around her, aunt molly got interested in good wages for their dads. She got up in front of the miners, sung them songs, made them speeches, yelled at them to lay down their tools and wait until the boss raised their pay. She tells of the meetings they had. How the Winchester rifle bullets used to kick the gravel up in your face while you were making up a talk about the rich coal operators and the poor hungry miners. In a year Aunt Molly told more truth than the politicians could bear to hear, so it got too hot for her down in Kentucky.”

~ Woody Guthrie

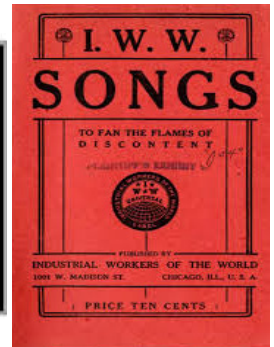
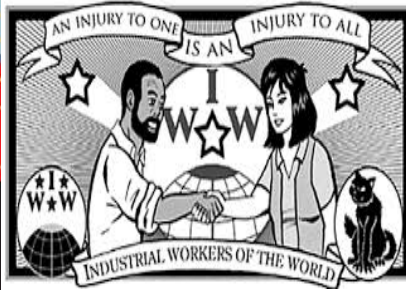
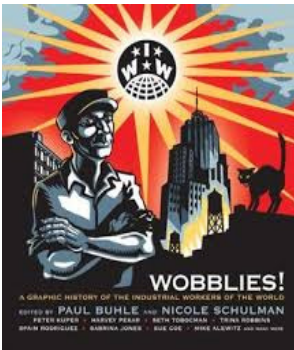
Hungry Ragged Blues

I'm Sad and I'm Weary, I've got them Hungry Ragged Blues
I'm Sad and I'm Weary, I've got them Hungry Ragged Blues
Not a Penny in My Pocket to get one thing I need to use

All the women in this coal camp are sittin with bowed down heads
All the women in this coal camp are sittin with bowed down heads
Ragged and bear footed and their children crying for bread

O listen friends and comrades please take a friend's advice
O listen friends and comrades please take a friend's advice
Don't load no more don't put out no more til you get a living price

Industrial Workers of the World



Solidarity Forever

When the union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?
But the union makes us strong.

Chorus: Solidarity Forever, Solidarity Forever, Solidarity Forever , The Union Makes Us Strong

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they trade;
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of railroad laid.
Now we stand outcast and starving, amidst the wonders we have made;
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus: Solidarity Forever, Solidarity Forever, Solidarity Forever , The Union Makes Us Strong

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong.

Chorus: Solidarity Forever, Solidarity Forever, Solidarity Forever , The Union Makes Us Strong

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold
Greater than the might of armies magnified a millionfold
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old
For the Union makes us strong

Preacher and the Slave

Long-haired preachers come out every night
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right
But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet

Chorus :

You will eat, (you will eat) bye and bye (bye and bye)
In that glorious land above the sky (way up high)
Work and Pray, (work and pray) live on hay (live on hay)
You'll get pie in the sky when you die (that's a lie)

And the starvation army they play
And they sing and they clap and they pray
Till they get all your coin on the drum
Then they tell you when you are on the bum

Workingmen of all countries unite
Side by side we for freedom will fight
When the world and its wealth we have gained
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain

Chorus:

You will eat, (you will eat) bye and bye (bye and bye)
When you've learned how to cook and to fry (bake a pie)
Chop some wood, (chop some wood) ,twill do you good (will do you good)
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye (and that's no lie!)

„Wenn jemand ein paar trockene Fakten so in ein Lied verpacken kann dass sie weniger trocken wirken, wird er die Arbeiter, die zu unintelligent oder zu gleichgültig sind, um eine Broschüre zu lesen oder ein Editorial zur Wirtschaftswissenschaft. „

*“if a person can put a few cold common sense facts into a song and dress them up in a cloak of humor to take the dryness out of them, he will succeed in reaching workers who are too unintelligent or too indifferent to read a pamphlet or an editorial on economic science--
Joe Hill, IWW Troubador*

„Die immense Aufgabe für diejenigen, die andere Wertvorstellungen betonen möchten, ist, den Kampf für sozialen Wandel Spaß und sexy zu machen. Damit meine ich nicht, dass wir Bilder von Sexualität verwenden müssen, sondern dass wir eine Art des Nachdenkens über den Kampf gegen Armut, gegen Obdachlosigkeit, für Gesundheitsfürsorge und Kinderbetreuung, um die Umwelt zu schützen, die sich mit Vergnügen, Spaß und Glück verbinden lässt. „

“the imperative task for those who want to stress a different set of values is to make the struggle for social change fun and sexy. By that I do not mean that we have to use images of sexuality, but that we have to find a way of thinking about the struggle against poverty, against homelessness, for healthcare and child-care, to protect the environment, in terms of pleasure and fun and happiness.” --Sut Jhally, Media Activist

Garbage

Mister Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and baked potato
Then he leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats the skins;
The busboy comes and takes it, with a cough contaminates it
And puts it in a can with coffee grinds and sardine tins;
The truck comes by on Friday and carts it all away;
And a thousand trucks just like it are converging on the Bay,

Garbage (garbage, garbage, garbage) Garbage!
We're filling up the sea with garbage (garbage. . .)
What will we do when there's no place left
To put all the garbage? (garbage. . .)

Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac and winds it down the freeway track
Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydro-carbon haze;

He's joined by lots of smaller cars all sending gases to the stars.
There they form a seething cloud that hangs for thirty days.
And the sun licks down into it with an ultraviolet tongue.
Till it turns to smog and settles down and ends up in our lungs,

Garbage (garbage. . .) Garbage!
We're filling up the sky with garbage (garbage. . .)
What will we do when there's nothing left to breathe but garbage

Getting home and taking off his shoes he settles down with the evening news,
While the kids do homework with the TV in one ear
While Superman for the millionth time sells talking dolls and conquers crime
Dutifully they learn the date of birth of Paul Revere.
In the paper there's a piece about the mayor's middle name,
And he gets it done in time to watch the all-star bingo game,

Garbage (garbage. . .) We're filling up our minds with garbage
Garbage (garbage. . .) What will we do when there's nothing left to read
And there's nothing left to need, And there's nothing left to watch
And there's nothing left to touch, And there's nothing left to walk upon
And there's nothing left to talk upon, Nothing left to see
And there's nothing left to be but Garbage (garbage. . .)

In Mister Thompson's factory, they're making plastic Christmas trees
Complete with silver tinsel and a geodesic stand
The plastic's mixed in giant vats from some conglomeration
That's been piped from deep within the earth or strip-mined from the land.
And if you question anything, they say, „Why, don't you see?
It's absolutely needed for the economy.”

Oh, Garbage! Garbage! Garbage! Garbage! There stocks and their bonds -- all garbage!
Garbage! Garbage! Garbage! Garbage! What will they do when their system goes to
smash
There's no value to their cash, There's no money to be made but there's a world to be
repaid
Their kids will read in history books bout financiers & other crooks and feudalism,
& slavery & nukes and all their knavery.
To history's dustbin they're consigned along with many other kinds of garbage

Convict Labor Old



Convict Labor New



Midnight Special

Yonder come Miss Rosie, How in the world do you know
I can tell her by her apron, And the dress she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder, Piece of paper in her hand
She goes a-marching to the captain, Says I want my man

Chorus:

Let the midnight special, Shine her light on me
Let the midnight special, Shine her ever loving light on me

If you ever go to Houston, You better walk right
You better not stagger, You better not fight
Sheriff Benson will arrest you, He'll carry you down
Bet your bottom dollar, your Sugarland bound

Chorus

Well you wake up in morning, Hear the ding dong ring
You go a-marching to the table, See the same damn thing
Well, it's on a one table, Knife, a fork and a pan
And if you say anything about it, You're in trouble with the man

Chorus

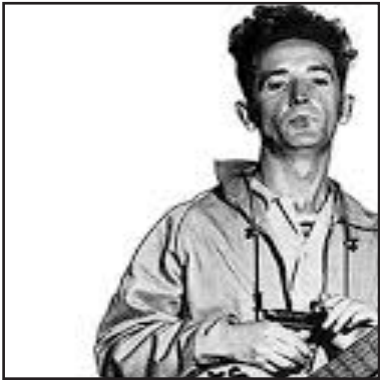
Well, I'm a Gonna Leave you, And my time it ain't long
The man is Gonna call me and I'll be goin home
Then I'll done with my grievin', whoopin' Hollerin' & Cryin'
I'll be done with my studyin', bout my great long time.



Huddie Leadbetter (LeadBelly)

„Wenn man noch nie mutterseelenallein im Gefängnis war und allein im Regen stand, wird man die volle Bedeutung von Gefängnisliedern nie verstehen. Wie es ist, auf das Licht des Zugs zu warten, das einen in die Freiheit bringt, oder die Mutter oder die Liebste bringt, die ein Begnadigungsschreiben mithaben, das die Freiheit bedeutet.“

“If you have never been in jail with not a single friend to your name, and stood around like a lost dog in a hard rain, then you won't get the full meaning out of any jail house song. Waiting for the big, bright midnight light of the passenger train that would carry you to freedom—or bring your mother or your sweetheart to see you with a sheet of paper in her hand—a pardon that would turn that key and let you leave them bars Behind.” --Woody Guthrie



Woody Guthrie

„Ich hasse Lieder, die dich denken lassen, dass du nicht gut bist. Ich hasse Lieder, die dich denken lassen, dass du geboren wurdest, um zu verlieren. Du zum Verlieren bestimmt ist. Weil du zu alt bist oder zu jung oder zu dick oder zu dünn oder zu hässlich oder dieses oder jenes. Lieder, die dich runterziehen oder dich wegen deines Pechs verarschen. Ich bin dabei, diese Lieder bis zu meinem letzten Atemzug und meinem letzten Blutstropfen

zu bekämpfen. Ich bin auf der Suche nach Liedern, die dir beweisen, dass dies deine Welt ist und dass, wenn es dich ziemlich hart getroffen hat und es dich ein Dutzend mal umgehauen hat, egal welche Farbe, welche Größe du hast, wie du gebaut bist, Ich bin hier um die Lieder zu singen, die dich stolz machen auf dich selbst und auf deine Arbeit. „

“I hate a song that makes you think that you are not any good. I hate a song that makes you think that you are just born to lose. Bound to lose. Because you are too old or too young or too fat or too slim or too ugly or too this or too that. Songs that run you down or poke fun at you on account of your bad luck or hard travelling. I am out to fight those songs to my very last breath of air and my last drop of blood. I am out to sing songs that will prove to you that this is your world and that if it has hit you pretty hard and knocked you for a dozen loops, no matter what color, what size you are, how you are built, I am out to sing the songs that make you take pride in yourself and in your work..”

I Ain't Got No Home/Do Re Mi

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-roamin' 'round,
Just a wandrin' worker, I go from town to town.
And the police make it hard wherever I may go
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Was a-farmin' on the shares, and always I was poor;
My crops I lay into the banker's store.
My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Now as I look around, it's mighty plain to see
This world is such a great and a funny place to be;
Oh, the gamblin' man is rich an' the workin' man is poor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Lots of folks back East, they say, is leavin' home every day,
Beatin' the hot old dusty way to the California line.
,Cross the desert sands they roll, gettin' out of that old dust bowl,
They think they're goin' to a sugar bowl, but here's what they find
Now, the police at the port of entry say,
,You're number fourteen thousand for today.“

Oh, if you ain't got the do re mi, folks, you ain't got the do re mi,
Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.
California is a garden of Eden, a paradise to live in or see;
But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot
If you ain't got the do re mi.
You want to buy you a home or a farm, that can't deal nobody harm,
Or take your vacation by the mountains or sea.
Don't swap your old cow for a car, you better stay right where you are,
Better take this little tip from me.
,Cause I look through the want ads every day
But the headlines on the papers always say



Highlander Folk School

Highlander Research and Education Center

Founded by Miles Horton

Began with focus on labor organizing leading up to foundation of CIO

Moved to Civil Rights focus in the 1950s

Historical emphasis on music and culture as tools for organizing. This influence was clear in using songs from local cultural legacy—particularly religious songs like We Shall Not Be Moved

We shall not, We shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved

The union is behind us, we shall not be moved
The movement is behind us, we shall not be moved
The Ku Klux Klan can't scare us, We shall not be moved

~ <http://www.highlandercenter.org/>

Songs in the Struggle

„Seinen eigenen Körper für die Sache einzusetzen dort wo Körper buchstäblich zur Waffe der Bewegung wurden, oft in der Schusslinie. Singen ist auch ein körperlicher Akt: Seine Stimme nach draußen zu tragen war bei Treffen eine Art Probe dafür, bei Demonstrationen den eigenen Körper an die Frontlinie zu stellen. Das Gefühl von persönlicher Kraft, das man beim gemeinsamen Singen verspürt, wurde dabei zur Bewegungskraft an vorderster Front.“

“Putting your body on the line for the cause [where] bodies were literally the weapon of the movement, and ‘on the line’ often meant in the line of fire...The act of singing is also a deeply physical thing. To let your voice go, to put it ‘out there,’ was also in meetings a kind of rehearsal for, and in demonstrations an act of, putting your body on the line. The sense of personal power felt in the act of singing in full resonance among a mass of fellows was translated into movement power on the front lines.”

~ Bernice Reagon in *The Art of Protest* (2005)

Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around

Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around
Turn me around! Turn me around! Turn me around!
Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around
I'm gonna keep on a - walkin' keep on a - talkin'
Marchin' down to freedom's land!

Ain't gonna let injustice Turn me around!
Turn me around! Turn me around!
Ain't gonna let injustice turn me around
I'm gonna keep on a - walkin' keep on a - talkin'
Marchin' down to freedom's land!

Ain't gonna let no jail house
Ain't gonna let white racists
Ain't gonna let Fascist Presidents
~ <http://www.bernicejohnsonreagon.com/>

Our world is not for sale

Not our rivers not our oceans
Not our forests not our trees
Not the water we depend on
Not the very air we breath
Not our past not our futures
Not this planet oh so frail
Just you heed this simple message
Our world is not for sale

We are one common people
We are proud and we are free
Everyone of us is precious
Not a cheap commodity
And this Earth we hold in common
Every hill and every dale
Just you heed this simple message
Our world is not for sale

Chorus:
Our world is not for sale
Our world is not for sale
Not today and not tomorrow
Our world is not for sale

Not to any multinational
Not to any company
Not to any corporation
Not to any industry
Not to any bank or boardroom
Not on any sliding scale
Just you heed this simple message
Our world is not for sale

Chorus
Not our customs not our culture not
Not our lives and not our lands
Not our love and not our laughter
Not the produce of our hands
And to those try to stop us
We declare you're doomed to fail
Just you heed this simple message
Our world is not for sale

Chorus

~ <http://home.austarnet.com.au/glazfolk/>



Have You Been to Jail for Justice?

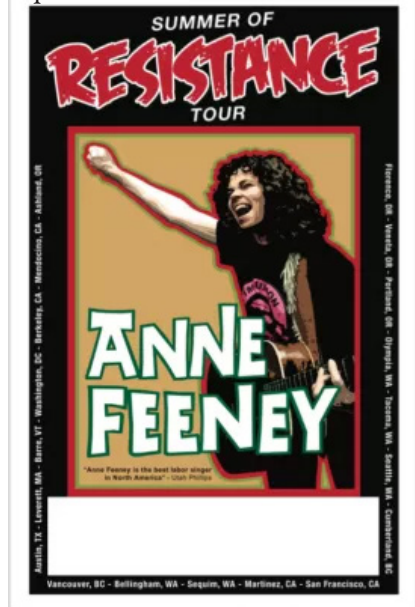
Was it Cesar Chavez? Maybe it was Dorothy Day
Some will say Dr. King or Gandhi set them on their way
No matter who your mentors are it's pretty plain to see
That, if you've been to jail for justice, you're in good company

Chorus:

Have you been to jail for justice? I want to shake your hand
Cause sitting in and lyin' down are ways to take a stand
Have you sung a song for freedom? or marched that picket line?
If you've been to jail for justice, you're a friend of mine!

You law abiding citizens, come listen to this song
Laws were made by people, and people can be wrong
Once unions were against the law, but slavery was fine
Women were denied the vote and children worked the mine
The more you study history the less you can deny it
A rotten law stays on the books til folks like us defy it

The law's supposed to serve us, and so are the police
And when the system fails, it's up to us to speak our peace
It takes eternal vigilance for justice to prevail
So get courage from your convictions
Let them haul you off to jail!





<https://soli.cafe>