

PAREDON P-1020

a grain of sand

music for the struggle
by asians in america

chris kando iijima

joanne nobuko miyamoto

"charlie" chin



STATEMENT

This album is a culmination of three years of work and three years of growth. During the last few years we have tried to put what we have learned from all the traveling and talking we have done into some organized form, but because of the vast amount we have experienced in so short a time and our own lack of discipline, we have been unable to do so until now. What we hope this introduction will be then, is an attempt to verbalize and articulate the political and personal conclusions we have come to believe, an explanation of what we have been trying to do and where we have succeeded (we hope) and where we have failed, and what directions are open for us.

We start, naturally, with this highly technological society, dominated by the values and institutions of a dying capitalist state, a society where the means of information and therefore propaganda are so vast and complex that every home in America, indeed, every man, woman and child in America is bombarded daily by the most sophisticated propaganda mechanism the world has ever known. Here the most remote corners of the nation can be reached by radio or television when the President deems it necessary, advertising jingles are learned by children before they can read and the government has the potential to manipulate the desires and aspirations of every individual in every aspect of daily existence and attempts to do so. In this context, the question: "what is culture and what is propaganda?" is crucial to the struggle and critical to the success of the revolution in this, the heart of the beast.

These are some of the assumptions we have about the society we live in, particularly in regard to propaganda. In our analysis of what can be done to combat this situation we have come to certain conclusions. For the sake of clarity, we will divide the next part into three sections: how we see our music and indirectly, culture and propaganda, in terms of content; how we see our music in terms of form; and how we see our music in terms of context.

Content

Nothing, certainly no person, exists in a vacuum. We are born into a society. We are born into a society with a history, a society which cultivates certain values and a society which controls the institutions upon which we will depend for growth and survival. We are taught a certain point of view in the classrooms, we are fed a certain image in the media, we are given a certain perspective on the world through religion. The point being of course, whether we choose to accept or reject those conditions which exist outside of us, they nevertheless must influence our life.

We live in a society that would like to program us into model citizens. We live in a society that would have us mouthe humanistic values and not question inhumane acts. We live in a society that has systematically, throughout its history, attempted to alienate us from each other, our people and ourselves. As Asians in America we know how the history of our people has been a constant battle to survive in the midst of a hostile environment and we know also that we are not unique in regard to that situation. Thus, as individuals and as a people, in the home, on the job, in the classrooms, and on the street, we have had to make choices.

The question of what we are going to accept and what we are going to reject is a political question. If we choose to be disinterested in what goes on around us because we are "non-political," that is a political decision since we choose not to act. Silence sometimes is the strongest statement of all.

What we deal with and what we ignore, the decisions that we make everyday, because our society is interconnected on so many different levels, and the conflicts that arise because of that, are all at their core, political decisions. We all tend to think of politics sometimes in a very narrow way. That it has to do with parties, or movements or ideologies exclusively. We believe it is much more basic than that. We believe that politics is how and why you live your life, what gives life meaning or lack of meaning, why you work and struggle to pay the rent every month, why you or a friend is on dope, why you pass and graduate or why you fail and drop out, and on and on. What does all this mean? That simply, there is no such thing as a person, statement, deed, movement, publication, life style, or song that is "non political." And all Art can and should be analyzed from a political perspective, as well as from an aesthetic one.

This brings us to the area of culture. Recently there has been a tendency to separate culture from politics, that one can have a "cultural" presentation without it being "political." We believe that distinction is false for two reasons. First, a people's culture is the sum total of that people's experience. The sum total of a people's collective experience is going to be greatly influenced by the society in which it is placed and that is political.

Second, the individual artist expresses in the process of creating who that artist is and what he or she believes in. Even that is ideology, since what you are and what you believe in will determine what you do and don't do and how you will respond to what is around you. Thus it is our belief that Asian culture in America must recognize that condition and move toward revolutionary culture otherwise it moves toward reactionary culture; the same culture and value system that oppresses us in the

first place.

We have emphasized content in our approach to our music. We have sung about Asian "identity" or racial pride, Third World Unity, and unity with world struggles against U.S. imperialism. But it is our belief that political or revolutionary content need not be only slogans set to music. We agree with the necessity to expose people to new ideas and concepts but we also think music can be a way to open people to those new ideas.

Music has the power to touch; at the same time it can move people collectively while striking some emotion deep within an individual. The struggle must recognize that power and utilize it! We are fighting the most sophisticated propaganda in the world. What we possess is truth -- something real that people are searching for. We possess something that can really reach people and we must put thought, creativity and energy into our attempts to communicate our politics if we are to fully realize the potential of music and art as organizing tools and propaganda.

Thus our first thought is putting "politics in command" of our lyrics. Our second thought is to find new ways to communicate different ideas. We quote the Experimental Sound Collective of I. C. A. I. C. (Cuban Institute of Cinematographic Arts and Industries):

"The old idea that popular song lyrics should be simply entertaining was part of that (U.S. imperialism's domination of world culture) but we now understand that it is possible to be genuinely entertaining while making our ideological points clearly and poetically."

We recognize the danger we have run of sometimes being obscure and have tried to correct that in the past year as well as moving toward a more aggressively anti-U.S. imperialist outlook in our songs and music. We hope we can stimulate and be stimulated by others who see the need for creative and clear propaganda and revolutionary culture. There are so many exciting possibilities to grow and learn from each other and from the struggle! Let us help one another for it is in all our interests to succeed.

Form

Form is like a bottle -- the contents is what is important but without the bottle no one could pick it up.

Thus we see form as secondary to content but necessary for a total statement. Some people feel that as long as the content is "correct" there is no necessity to struggle further. We reject that mode of thinking as we feel it is our responsibility to communicate our politics not just to recite them and the form that we choose will either aid or detract from that communication.

People in America have been exposed to many different forms and styles of music and art and have developed very definite tastes. We must be responsive to those tastes and investigate ways in which we might utilize existing styles and forms to our advantage.

People have asked us why we sing with acoustic guitars and not electric instruments. Our reply is that we want to be mobile. We want to be ready any-time and anywhere. We have often wished we could expand musically but if expanding musically means that our mobility is limited then musical expansion will have to wait. (Political priorities many times will dictate what forms one will choose.)

In conclusion we see form in these ways:

1. It is the means through which politics is conveyed and therefore very important.
2. It should enhance the politics and not overpower it.
3. As it is the most flexible component of a statement, we should not be afraid to experiment.

Whether a bottle contains urine or wine depends primarily on who is doing the filling.

Context

Conditions are always changing -- new conditions solving old problems and creating new problems and possibilities -- and as a result what may be progressive today may not be progressive tomorrow. As we look back on the last three years we have seen our own growth as our movement grew. Thus we see our work in the context of time: that certain conditions dictate certain responses whether it be unions in 1900 or Asian identity in 1970. And that condition will never remain static.

The second condition we call context in space. Everything must be looked at as a whole. To do that we must look at the factors surrounding an individual work. Who is creating it, who is performing it, is money being made, who is making the money, in essence, who or what is the work serving are all very political factors which directly affect the politics of the work itself. For example, a song conceivably might have progressive content and innovative form yet might be performed by an artist divorced from struggle, recorded for a record company whose interest is solely monetary and keeping this system alive, packaged so as to make the idea "commercial" or "hip" and surrounded by material which is either irrelevant or even contradictory. In this context what is the basic impact of the song? The answer is obvious.

Yet many sincere people who do have consciousness opt for this method. The two reasons usually given are:

1. Only through capitalist media can the widest number of people be reached.
2. Once a person has established a "name" he/she will have the "freedom" to do what he/she wishes.

We reject that reasoning. First to the "widest number of people" argument: as stated before no work is isolated. If placed in a context which is basically contradictory and heavily weighted against the politics of the song it becomes at best a false affirmation of "free speech" and at worst, a parody.

The "name" argument is weak in that it is inevitably linked with fame and prestige. Without going into the obvious contradictions that presents, one glaring reality remains. Capitalists want control -- whether they are able to control you because you want money or because you want a "name" -- they still retain control. To assume one will be able to function under that control and retain the integrity and freedom necessary to grow politically and personally is naive and one must question whether it is the politics or the "name" that has priority.

Finally, songs of struggle come out of struggle. We have always felt that our work was primarily political of which music was only a part. An artist who is political only in one sense (what he/she produces) suffers. We have tried to integrate our music with our politics so that our music is an extension of our politics and not the other way around. To that end we believe artists should engage in political struggle outside the realm of "Art" so that whatever is created is from a broad perspective and not from a limited aspect of the struggle.

We owe our music to the movement and the struggles of all oppressed people. Without them our music is irrelevant. Without them -- without you -- we have nothing to sing about. We believe strongly in the creativity of the people -- the creativity to make new alternative forms of media, to create new methods of propaganda, to create conditions which will force this corrupt, dying monster called America to die.

This is not meant to be a "tract" or "line." It is only a sketchy attempt to communicate our ideas so that we all may struggle together more effectively for the final defeat of capitalism, racism and sexism and the building of a socialist state.

You are the music
You are the song
You are the ones
To whom the future belongs.

Iijima - Miyamoto

YELLOW PEARL

Words and Music; Iijima-Miyamoto

A tiny grain of sand gets inside an oyster, and the oyster tries to cover it and cover it, until it finally becomes a pearl. In order to get the pearl out you have to kill the oyster. Our people were called "the yellow peril" when they first came to this country. We were ridiculed and feared and looked on as something less than human. We were like a tiny grain of sand, isolated and separated from our homeland. They tried to make us feel inferior and powerless, but we see that if we look across the ocean, if all people of color look to their homelands, we are not a minority, but an overwhelming majority in this world. We are not powerless. We are going to make the "yellow peril" into something beautiful. We are moving toward the time when we will kill the oyster.

(spoken)

A grain,
A tiny grain of sand
Landing in the belly of the monster
And Time is telling
Only how long it takes
Layer after layer
As its beauty unfolds
Until its captor
It holds in peril
A grain,
A tiny grain of sand.

(sung)

In the ocean oyster beds
Repose beneath the sea
Open one and you might find
Deep in one of a different mind
One who looks like me.
In Rome the senate chamber rang
Victory was the call
Defeat invaders from the north,
But they weren't beat at all.
(chorus)
And I am a yellow pearl
And you are a yellow pearl
And we are the yellow pearl
And we are half the world
And we are half the world.

Now you might say I'm just a dreamer,
Pearls like you just don't appear.
And I refuse to grant you, schemer,
Recognition that you're here.
Now you can say just what you want,
But my hurt has ceased.
I see signs of myself
Come drifting in from the East.
(chorus)

(spoken)

And time is telling
Only how long it takes
Layer after layer
As our beauty unfolds
Until our captor we'll hold
In peril.
A grain,
A tiny grain of sand.

SIDE 1, BAND 2 (3:42)

WANDERING CHINAMAN
Words: "Charlie" Chin,
Music: traditional

I left my home and my parents
At the age of twenty-one.
In a family of eight children,
I was the youngest one.
Little choice was left to me
But to go to a foreign land.
Oh who will mourn the passing
Of this wandering Chinaman?

I arrived in this country
In 1925.
A sixteen hour day
Just to try and stay alive.
When I'd saved enough
And thought I was going fine,
I lost everything I had
In the crash of '29.

Seven long years,
Gambling was my trade.
I'd wander from city to city
On the money that I made.
When I'd saved enough,
And thought that I was done,
Then came a world war,
In 1941.

Oh lonely and lonely,
And lonely was my life.
I decided to marry,
And sent away for a wife.
I settled down to a family,
No longer could I roam.
I gave up my dreams
Of ever reaching home.

I lost my precious wife
In 1965.
Without her loving strength,
How do I stay alive?
And as for my daughter, she's gone
To sleep with a red-haired man,
And I lost my youngest son
In the war in Vietnam.

The letter said he died
To protect democracy.
But why he had to go
Is still a mystery to me.
And as for my eldest son,
For him there is no hope.
He turns all his money
To the man who sells him dope.

So I sit in this park
Until the night-time comes.
And I worry for my daughter,
And I think about my sons.
I sit inside this park
And stare into my hands.
Oh who will mourn the passing
Of this wandering Chinaman?

SIDE 1, BAND 3 (3:21)

IMPERIALISM IS ANOTHER WORD
FOR HUNGER
words and music: Iijima-Miyamoto

As the struggle against U.S. imperialism around the world intensifies, our task here is to give the people in America a better understanding and fuller awareness of what U.S. Imperialism is, what it does, and what we must do to combat it. Our purpose in writing "imperialism" was two-fold; One, to help break down the "mystique" of words like imperialism which the government's propaganda has injected into the minds of the people -- to equate imperialism with everyday concepts so people feel more at ease with hearing it and talking about it; two, to help us break down our own dependence on rhetoric so that we may better be able to communicate with those we are trying to serve.

Obviously, that is a tall order for one song and we cannot hope to accomplish all that. We hope it can be a small contribution to the process of exposing and defeating U.S. Imperialism.

It's just another word for hunger,
Taking from you what you need.
It's just another word for hunger,
When it's time, when it's time to eat!

(Chorus)
All around the world,
Taking life and land,
What does it mean?
What does it mean?

It's just another word for prison,
Taking you away from what you need.
It's just another word for prison,
Lock you up, throw away the key. (2x)
(chorus)

It's just another word ... for struggle,
Taking back ... what you need.
It's just another word ... for struggle.
We will go where the people lead.

It's just another word
What does it mean?
Tell me what does it mean?
It means struggle,
It means taking back what you need.
It means future,
It means working to plant the seed.
Now tomorrow is too late to start to do it.
I'm tired of talking, wanta get down to it.
Today, we'll find a way.
Today, we'll find the way.
Today,

SIDE 1, BAND 4 (3:35)

SOMETHING ABOUT ME TODAY (3:35)
words and music: Miyamoto-Iijima

American media -- tv, movies, magazines and newspapers are means to propagandize American values. With it they shape and manipulate what we want, think and believe. For most people of color, it meant growing up hating ourselves and wanting to be something else -- the "American dream." It is a deliberate tool of the white ruling class to re-enforce their power and our impotence -- their rulership and our captivity, for if they capture our minds they don't have to worry about our bodies.

Part of any positive change around us must include change within us. We must reclaim our minds from them, re-establish our own roots and values, in order to build something we value. This is one of the first songs we wrote in the early period of our movement in 1970.

a song for change
a song of love for ourselves and
our people.....

I knew there was something about me
today (2x)
I walk tall, and look at all things in a
different way.
I knew there was something different
about me today.

I looked in the mirror,
And I saw me.
And I didn't want to be
Any other way.
Then I looked around,
And I saw you.
And it was the first time I knew
Who we really are.

And we walked
Feeling the ground we'd someday own,
not alone
And I knew there was something different
And I feel us growing stronger, building
something new
Building something new, and I knew
I knew there was something different
about me today ...

I looked in the mirror, etc....





(Left to Right) "Charlie" Chin, Nobuko Joanne Miyamoto, Chris Kando Iijima

BIOGRAPHIES

CHRIS KANDO IIJIMA: Born December 19, 1948, in New York City. Has worked in various organizations in NYC, including Asians in the Spirit of the Indo-Chinese (ASI), and United Asians Communities Center.

NOBUKO JOANNE MIYAMOTO: Born November 14, 1939, in Los Angeles. Made a living in different forms of entertainment media and also news media. Worked in organizations in New York City and Los Angeles communities.

"CHARLIE" CHIN: Born April 8, 1944, in New York City. Parttime musician, bartender, composer. Based in New York City's Chinatown at Basement Workshop.

ATALLAH MUHAMMAD AYUBBI: Born October 23, 1940, in the Bronx, N.Y. Works in the Black and Puerto Rican community in the Bronx in the area of drugs, jobs and other survival needs.

SIDE 1, BAND 5 (3:21)

JONATHAN JACKSON

words and music: Iijima-Miyamoto

When we hear about revolutionary heroes like Jonathan Jackson (who was shot at San Marin Courthouse trying to free his brother George), we tend to put them into some superhuman category. What we want to say is that Jonathan Jackson, like Nguyen Van Troi, like Che Guevara, was first a human being like us; a human being with feelings, joys, and fears, and that we all have that revolutionary potential. Jonathan Jackson is not separate from us, but part of us and what he stood for, is us.

Never met a man who said
That he was never afraid.
Never met a woman yet,
Who was always brave.
When will the time come
When we are just what we seem?
Long gone heroes who weep at night
Awakened by a dream?
And when in doubt, try to keep trying.
Better dead than a living dying.

How many children
Have there been that had to choose
And weighed in small hands
What they gain and what they lose?
When will the time come
When the children never cry?
When new is old and old is gone,
And we live before we die?
And when in doubt, try to keep trying.
Better dead than a living dying.

Try to see the mother as she sits down
all alone.
Try to see the father sitting by the phone.
Waiting for the phone call saying
everything is fine
While the people on the outside
just take their time
just take their time
just take our time.

SIDE 1, BAND 6 (2:48)

WE ARE THE CHILDREN

words and music: Iijima-Miyamoto

This is another of the first songs we wrote. It only touched on our people's plight and experiences in this country. We've heard that sisters and brothers in Hawaii and other places have added verses to it. We say right on -- it is your song.

We are the children of the migrant
worker
We are the offspring of the concentration
camp.
Sons and daughters of the railroad
builder
Who leave their stamp on Amerika.

(chorus)

Sing a song for ourselves.
What have we got to lose?
Sing a song for ourselves.
We got the right to choose. (3x)

We are the children of the Chinese
waiter,
Born and raised in the laundry room.
We are the offspring of the Japanese
gardner,
Who leave their stamp on Amerika.
(chorus)

Foster children of the Pepsi
Generation,
Cowboys and Indians -- ride, red-man,
ride!
Watching war movies with the nextdoor
neighbor,
Secretly rooting for the other side.
(chorus)

We are the cousins of the freedom
fighter,
Brothers and sisters all around
the world.
We are a part of the Third World people
Who will leave their stamp on Amerika.
Who will leave our stamp on Amerika.
(chorus) (3x)

SIDE 2, BAND 1 (4:12)

WARRIORS OF THE RAINBOW

words and music: Miyamoto-Iijima

In Chicago in the summer of 1970, we met with some Indian brothers and sisters who were squatting for decent housing for their people. They told us of an old Indian legend (we don't know which nation it came from). The legend said that for 5,000 years the world would be ruled by evil followed by 5,000 years of good, that change would be brought about with the coming together of warriors of all colors of the rainbow, and that the time for that change is now.....

Rain storm, winds blow
Peace rides a rainbow

Hailstorm, rough sea
Chained things break free

(chorus)

Look up, look down
Look on behind you, look around
There's a bridge across the water,
There's a bridge across the sky,
With a many-colored army
I can hear their battle cry
Hold the banner high, warriors of the
rainbow,
Hold the banner high.....

Earth shakes, trees bend
Rainbow, in the end
(chorus)

SIDE 2, BAND 2 (3:52)

THE FOOLISH OLD MAN WHO
REMOVED THE MOUNTAINS

words and music: Miyamoto-Iijima

The struggle is protracted, and we can never lose sight of our goals in the process. Mao Tsetung quotes an old Chinese fable: "An old man lived in northern China long, long ago. He was known as the Foolish Old Man of North Mountain. His house faced south, and beyond his doorway stood the two great peaks, Taihang and Wangwu, obstructing the way. With great determination, he led his sons in digging up these mountains, hoe in hand. Another greybeard, known as the Wise Old Man, saw them and said derisively, 'How silly of you to do this. It is quite impossible for you few to dig up these two huge mountains.' The Foolish Old Man replied, 'When I die, my sons will carry on; when they die, there will be my grandsons, and then their sons and grandsons, and so on into infinity. High as they are, the mountains cannot grow any higher, and with every bit we dig, they will be that much lower. Why can't we clear them away?' Having refuted the Wise Old Man's wrong view, he went on digging every day, unshaken in his conviction. God was moved by this, and he sent down two angels, who carried the mountains away on their backs. Today, two big mountains lie like a dead weight on the Chinese people. One is imperialism, the other is feudalism. The Chinese Communist Party has long made up its mind to dig them up. We must persevere and work unceasingly, and we, too, will touch God's heart. Our God is none other than the masses of the Chinese people. If they stand up and dig together with us, why can't these two mountains be cleared away?"

When the sun comes up
Burning last night's traces,
And replaces with birdsong
Sung in the morning,
Today is only temporary,
The same as those before,
Preceding what will be tomorrow,
Running on what it can borrow.
Tomorrow comes in soon,
I'm depending on it.
I'm depending on it.

If I call out, and ask you for a favor
Will you answer me without pause
If you are able?
Today it may be something
That I've never asked before,
And your answer can be what you can do.
And it really doesn't matter
If it can't come true.
Just let your answer go,
I'm depending on it/you.

Even though I know
That mountains can't be moved,
I've heard a story of a fool who tried,
A fool who tried and proved.....

Every step we take
Gets us farther from where we are;
Where we've been and what we've done
Have brought us here and now.
Today is only one day more
Til tomorrow afternoon.
Let's see it in together,
Tonight will soon be through.
Help me with tomorrow,
I'm depending on you.

I'm depending on
We're depending on
I'm depending on you.....

SIDE 2, BAND 3 (3:36)

SOMOS ASIATICOS
words and music: Iijima-Miyamoto

We were involved at one time in an Asian storefront on the upper west side in New York City called "Chickens Come Home to Roost" (From a speech by Malcolm X). While working there we were fortunate to be able to do community work with and perform for some of the Latino brothers and sisters who live in that area. As a result we began, with their help, to write in Spanish. This is an example of one song in which we introduce ourselves as Asians, to Latino people.

Nosotros somos Asiaticos,
Y nos gusta cantar pa' la gente.
Hablamos la misma lengua,
Porque luchamos por las mismas cosas.
La lengua de libertad,
Liricos de amor,
Canciones de la lucha,
La musica del pueblo.

Podemos hablar juntos
Podemos cantar juntos
Podemos pelear juntos, siempre juntos.

Yo para tu gente,
Tu para la mia,
Yo para tu gente,
Tu para la mia....

Translation:

We are Asians,
And we like to sing for the people.
We speak the same language,
Because we struggle for the same things.

The language of liberty,
Lyrics of love,
Songs of struggle,
The music of the people.

We can talk together,
We can sing together,
We can fight together, always together.

Me for your people,
You for mine..
Me for your people,
You for mine....

SIDE 2, BAND 4 (3:20)

WAR OF THE FLEA
words and music: Iijima-Miyamoto

People's war has shown that small, oppressed nations can defeat the most highly technological military machine in the world -- the U.S. This song is a celebration of that truth and to those who have shown us, in the belly of the monster, that truth.

Song of the night,
War of the flea.
Deep inside the jungle
You will find me..
War of the small,
War of the flea,
Where the strongest bomb is human
Who is bursting to be free.

The moon will be my lantern,
And my heart will find the way
To sow the seeds of courage
That will blossom into day,
To blossom up a garden
So green before they came.
Our joy will be the sunshine,
And our tears will be the rain.

Song of the night....

This cave will be my shelter
And the earth will be my bed,
And life will be the pillow
Upon which I lay my head.
Death may come tomorrow,
And dreams may come tonight,
To frighten off the demons
That still remain to fight...

Song of the night....

SIDE 2, BAND 5 (2:57)

DIVIDE AND CONQUER
words and music: Iijima-Miyamoto

The tactic of dividing the people in order to conquer them is a tactic which capitalism has used in this country very effectively. It has not only kept different races apart, it has kept sexes, religions, ages, occupations, just about everything divided. People have been taught we must compete against one another, and that we threaten each others interests. It has even affected us personally in feelings of alienation from each other and ourselves, so that we are isolated and alone. We are not alone -- our interests are the same as all people fighting against the common oppressor. Our struggle for unity is a critical struggle, and it is vital for victory.

Have you ever woken,
Just before the day has broken,
And wondered why you're feelin' alone?
Have you ever wondered
Why things seem all asunder,
Why everything seems stripped to the bone?

(chorus)
By yourself, you are just by yourself.
Together, we can all take a stand.
By yourself, you are just by yourself.
Just look at my children walkin' hand in hand.

Have you ever woken,
Just before the day has broken,
And wondered why you're feelin' alone?
Have you ever eaten,
Finished with your meat,
And then watched the dogs all fighting for the bone?
(chorus)

It's been throughout the ages,
We have seen it move in stages,
They can chip away until its gone.
We can decide to make the rules,
Or decide to play the fools,
We can be the player, or merely the pawns.
(chorus)

SIDE 2, BAND 6 (3:35)

FREE THE LAND
words and music: Iijima-Miyamoto

This song was written for a friend, sister Ibidun, and for a nation, the Republic of New Africa. They say "free the land," as it captures a key concept in their struggle: land and sovereignty for blacks within the U.S. But we see this phrase as significant for all people who have worked and struggled in, and been oppressed by, this country. The land must be freed so that those who live and work on it will live in freedom. We will win! In the name of Malcolm, free the land.....

Free the land (4x)
Father, mother, sister and brother, (3x)
Take a stand.

You remember what mama said,
You reap what you have sown.
We don't want a piece of your pie.
We wanna bake our own.
(chorus)

This land was watered with our sweat,
And paid for with our grief.
This man says he owns it.
Who's the righteous, who's the thief?
(break)

It takes time to build a nation.
The river is deep and wide.
Time to make things, time to break things,
And time is on our side.
(chorus)

A LIST OF PUBLICATIONS PUT OUT BY THE VARIOUS COMMUNITIES OF ASIANS IN AMERICA:

BRIDGE-a historical, cultural magazine put out by the Basement Workshop, by a group of Asians for a broad audience -- 22 Catherine St., New York, N.Y. 10013

WEI MIN-a Chinese community newspaper, bilingual, issued by Wei Min Sei -- 846 Kearny St., San Francisco, Ca. 94108

GETTING TOGETHER-a bilingual newspaper issued by I Wor Kuen, a Chinese-American activist group -- 85 Kearny, San Francisco, Ca. 94108

KALAYAAN-a newspaper in English, edited by Filipinos for a broad audience with concerns both for the situation of Filipinos in America and for the return of civil liberties in the Philippines -- Box 2919, San Francisco, Ca. 94126

INSIGHT-a newsletter in English, edited by Koreans - Jan Sunoo, 7A Howard Dr., Bergenfield, N.J.

GIDRA-a newspaper in English edited for the Japanese community -- Box 18046, Los Angeles, Ca. 90018

HAWAII PONO-1020 Kuapohaku Drive, Honolulu, Hawaii 96819

HULI-45-535 Luluku Road A-23, Kaneohe, Hawaii 96744

COLLAGE-a monthly issued by the American Buddhist Academy, 331 Riverside Drive, N.Y.C., NY

MUSICIANS:

Acoustic guitars: Chris Iijima, "Charlie" Chin
Bass guitar: "Charlie" Chin
Conga drums: Attalah
Flute: "Charlie" Chin
Maracas: Joanne Miyamoto
Back-up voices: people from the community

"Wandering Chinaman" is by "Charlie" Chin. All other songs are by Chris Kando Iijima and Joanne Nobuko Miyamoto.
© 1973 by Paredon Records for the artists

PRODUCTION CREDITS:

Produced by Barbara Dane
Engineer: Jonathan Thayer
Studio: A-1 Sound
Cover Design and Graphics: Karl Matsuda and Arlon Huang

LATEST RELEASES

P-1014: I HATE THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM. Songs of the American working class and the struggle against oppression sung by Barbara Dane. Songs of miners, auto workers, migrant workers, anti-war GIs, student protesters, etc. including Ludlow Massacre, I Hate the Capitalist System, Lonesome Jailhouse Blues, Speed-Up Song, Working Class Woman, others. With complete song texts and documentary notes.
1-12" LP \$4.00

P-1017: CHE GUEVARA SPEAKS! (Habla el Che Guevara). The voice of Ernesto Che Guevara speaking to Cuban construction workers in memory of Camilio Cienfuegos, before the United Nations, the complete Antonio Maceo speech delivered in Cuba during the missile crisis; plus three songs in tribute to Che sung by Cuban composers. Accompanying booklet includes complete texts of speeches, interviews and songs in Spanish with complete English translations, background material and photographs. Edited by Alfredo Lopez.
1 12" LP \$4.00

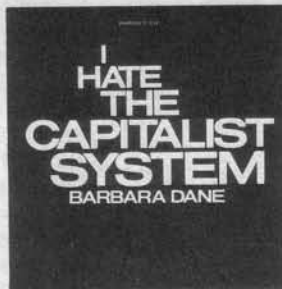
P-1001 CANCION PROTESTA. Protest song of Latin America as performed by revolutionary artists of Argentina, Chile, Cuba, Peru and Uruguay. Recorded in Cuba during the historic meeting of singers from every continent in July, 1967. Includes songs by Carlos Puebla, the song-laureate of the Cuban Revolution, and new, young Cuban singers, 21 songs altogether. Accompanying illustrated booklet includes full texts of all songs in Spanish and English, Ed. by Barbara Dane.
1-12" LP \$4.00

To Order These Records:

On all orders for less than \$10.00, please add 50c to cover cost of postage and packaging.

Canada: Please make checks payable in U.S. dollars. Add one dollar to the total amount of your order to cover cost of postage and packaging.

paredon



P-1007: THE EAST IS RED. The history of the Chinese People's Revolution in epic ballad opera form. This world-reknonwed pageant traces the development of the Chinese Revolution from 1921 through 1949 and the triumph of the Red Army. Performed by more than 3,000 workers, peasants, students and soldiers in Peking for the film "The East Is Red." Accompanying booklet includes complete English translation of the pageant's over 40 songs and spoken commentary, with explanatory notes on the events.

3-12" LPs \$12.00

P-1008: VIETNAM: SONGS OF LIBERATION. 13 traditional and contemporary songs from both North and South, recorded in Vietnam by members of various artistic ensembles of the Democratic Republic of North Vietnam and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam. Ballads, marching hymns, lullabies, folk songs, anthems. Accompanying notes include complete English texts of the songs with commentary on both the musical style and the political context. 1-12" LP \$4.00



P-1009: VIETNAM WILL WIN! Fighting songs of the armies and guerilla detachments of the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam (NLF) recorded in Vietnam. 14 songs including the national anthem of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam. Accompanying booklet includes complete English texts for all songs plus political-historical commentary.

1-12" LP \$4.00

Other Countries: Send payment in U.S. dollars via International money order. Due to much higher shipping costs abroad, we must charge \$5.00 per record for all orders being shipped abroad.

Order from and make checks payable to:

PAREDON RECORDS / PO BOX 889 / BKLYN, NY 11202