

מיקסטייפ לכבוד האחד במאי –

יום הפועלים הבינלאומי 2010

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* קטעי קישור מתוך: *The Communist Manifesto*, 1888

מחברים: Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels

קריאה: Jon Ingram

* להאזנה [לחצו כאן](#) (41 דק')

* כל השירים המושמעים במיקסטייפ והטקסטים המובאים במסמך זה, מובאים לשם התרשמות, הרחבת ידע וטעם מוזיקלי. כל קטע (אודיו או טקסט) יוסר לאלתר במידה שבעלי הזכויות יבקשו זאת.

שיר עצבני – אבא

כשהילד שלך יגדל הוא יבוא ושאל

אז תגיד לו, מה תגיד לו?!

תגיד לו לא ידעתי

תגיד לו לא הקשבתי

תגיד לו הייתי עסוק

תגיד לו לא חשבתי

תגיד לו לא חקרתי

רצתי, הרווחתי, דאגתי לך

כשהילד שלך יגדל הוא יבוא ושאל

הוא לא יאמין לך

הוא לא יבין לך

אז תגיד לו, מה תגיד לו?!

תגיד לו לא דיברתי
תגיד לו לא ריחמתי
לא כאבתי, לא עצרתי
שכחתי, הזנחתי, וויתרתי, לא ראיתי



מילים, לחן, שירה: אבא
גיטרות: רן שם-טוב
בס: מוטי דיכנה
תופים: שלמה דשת
אלבום: אבא – האוסף, 1997, [לייבלה](#)

*The history of all hitherto existing societies is the history of class struggles.
Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guild-master and
journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one
another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each
time ended, either in a revolutionary re-constitution of society at large, or in the
common ruin of the contending classes.*

Still III (live) – The Smiths

I decree today that life is simply taking and not giving
England is mine - it owes me a living
But ask me why, and I'll spit in your eye
But we cannot cling to the old dreams anymore

Does the body rule the mind
Or does the mind rule the body?
I don't know....

Under the iron bridge we kissed
And although I ended up with sore lips
It just wasn't like the old days anymore
No, it wasn't like those days
Am I still ill?

Ask me why, and I'll die
And if you must, go to work - tomorrow
Well, if I were you I really wouldn't bother
For there are brighter sides to life
And I should know, because I've seen them
But not very often...

Lyrics, Vocals: Morrissey
Composer, Guitars: Johnny Marr
Bass: Andy Rourke
Drums: Mike Joyce
Album: *Rank*, 1988, Rough Trade



The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors," and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervour, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless and indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom - Free Trade. In one word, for exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation.

Career Opportunities – The Clash

The offered me the office, offered me the shop
They said I'd better take anything they'd got
Do you wanna make tea at the BBC?
Do you wanna be, do you really wanna be a cop?

Career opportunities are the ones that never knock
Every job they offer you is to keep you out the dock

I hate the army an' I hate the R.A.F.
I don't wanna go fighting in the tropical heat
I hate the civil service rules
And I won't open letter bombs for you

Bus driver....ambulance man....ticket inspector

They're gonna have to introduce conscription
They're gonna have to take away my prescription
If they wanna get me making toys
If they wanna get me, well, I got no choice

Careers

Ain't never gonna knock

Composer, Vocals, Rhythm guitar: Joe Strummer
Lyrics, Composer, Lead guitar, Vocals: Mick Jones
Bass, Composer: Paul Simonon
Drums, Composer: Topper Headon
Album: *The Clash*, 1977, CBS



The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the whole surface of the globe.

It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connexions everywhere.

The bourgeoisie has through its exploitation of the world-market given a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country.

To the great chagrin of Reactionists, it has drawn from under the feet of industry the national ground on which it stood.

Working John, Working Joe – Jethro Tull

When I was a young man (as all good tales begin)

I was taught to hold out my hand

And for my pay I worked an honest day

and took what pittance I could win

Now I'm a working John and I'm a working Joe

and I'm doing what I know

for God and the Economy

Big brother watches over me

And the state protects and feeds me

And my conscience never leaves me

And I'm loyal to the unions

who protect me at all levels

And as I grew, the winds of fortune blew

and the bank smiled down upon me

And mortgaged to the hilt I threw

the breeze of caution behind me

Now I'm a working John and I'm a working Joe

and I'm good at what I know

And God and the Economy

have blessed me with equality

Now I'm equal to the best of you

And better than the rest of you

who would criticize my success

in times of national unrest

Now I own my horseless carriage
in its central-heated garage
And I commute eighty miles a day---
up at seven to make it pay
I direct ten limited companies
with seeming consummate expertise
two ulcers and a heart disease
a trembling feeling in both knees---
I'm a working John and I'm a working Joe

Lyrics, Composer, Vocals, Flute: Ian Anderson
Guitar: Martin Barre
Bass: Dave Pegg
Keyboards, Electric violin: Eddie Jobson
Drums: Mark Craney
Album: A, 1980, Island Records



The cheap prices of its commodities are the heavy artillery with which it batters down all Chinese walls, with which it forces the barbarians' intensely obstinate hatred of foreigners to capitulate.

It compels all nations, on pain of extinction, to adopt the bourgeois mode of production; it compels them to introduce what it calls civilization into their midst, i.e., to become bourgeois themselves. In one word, it creates a world after its own image.

The Man Machine – Kraftwerk

Man Machine, pseudo human being
Man Machine, super human being
The Man machine, machine...

Composer, Voice, Vocoder, Synthesizer, Keyboards,
Orchestron, Synthanorma sequenzer, Electronics:

Ralf Hütter

Composer, Vocoder, Votrax, Synthesizer, Electronics:

Florian Schneider

Electronic drums, Composer: Karl Bartos

Electronic drums: Wolfgang Flür

Album: *The Man Machine*, 1978, Kling Klang



It is enough to mention the commercial crises that by their periodical return put on its trial, each time more threateningly, the existence of the entire bourgeois society.

In these crises a great part not only of the existing products, but also of the previously created productive forces, are periodically destroyed.

In these crises there breaks out an epidemic that, in all earlier epochs, would have seemed an absurdity--the epidemic of over-production.

Sunday's Slave – Nick Cave

Sunday's got a slave

Monday's got one too

Our sufferings are countless

Our pleasures are motley few

Spend all day digging my grave

Now go get Sunday's slave

Tuesday sleeps in a stable

Wednesday's in a chains

Tuesday gathers up the crumbs under the table

Wednesday dare not complain

My heart has collapsed on the tracks of a run-a-way train

Just whisper his name

And here comes Sunday's slave

The hands in the stable are willing and able to pay

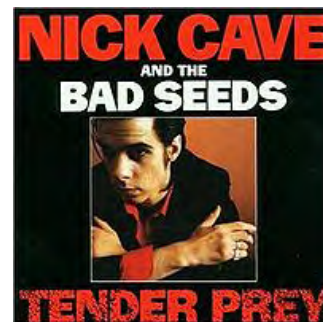
If you feel at a loss, man, just who is the boss-man

Ask the blood of one of its bad days

For his nerve is to serve but the service is a mockery
He insists that he piss in your fist
But he still takes the money anyway
The master's a bastard
But don't tell Sunday's slave

Thursday's angered the master
O.K. so Friday's gonna pay
One night on the rack and he's back saddling up Saturday
You can only whisper his name
But not on Sundays
Never on Sundays
Not on Sunday's slave

Lyrics, Composer, Vocals, Piano: Nick Cave
Bass, Acoustic Guitar, Drums: Mick Harvey
Guitar: Blixa Bargeld
Album: *Tender Prey*, 1988, Mute Records



In proportion as the bourgeoisie, i.e., capital, is developed, in the same proportion is the proletariat.

The modern working class, developed - a class of labourers, who live only so long as they find work, and who find work only so long as their labour increases capital.

These labourers, who must sell themselves piece-meal, are a commodity, like every other article of commerce, and are consequently exposed to all the vicissitudes of competition, to all the fluctuations of the market.

Drag It Down – New Model Army

They started work this morning down at city square
They're pulling down the statues of our great grandfather's hero
The new books said he wasn't such a great man after all
And anyway remember that the times they are a-changing

Pull it down, drag it down
Till there's nothing to look up to
But the brand names on the posters all around

They proved on television last night that God was just a lie
He never made the world at all
It was just some sweet old fashioned rite
So melt down all the ornaments, move out all the graves
And let us build the disco that we need for our young braves

We think we are so clever killing heroes, killing magic,
Until everything that's sacred is brought down to our level
for Mammon is a jealous master, - leaves no room for any other
All the questions left unanswered, all the answers gone forever
So bow to the woman in the finest fur
Bow to the man with the ace street cool
Bow to the woman with all the power
Bow to the man with all the money
In whose sight are we equal now?
Now that we've killed God

Lyrics, Composer, Vocals, Guitar: Justin Sullivan
Composer, Bass, Vocals: Stuart Morrow
Drums, Composer: Robert Heaton
Album: *No Rest For The Wicked*, 1985, EMI



The cost of production of a workman is restricted, almost entirely, to the means of subsistence that he requires for his maintenance, and for the propagation of his race. But the price of a commodity, and therefore also of labour, is equal to its cost of production.

In proportion therefore, as the repulsiveness of the work increases, the wage decreases.

Nay more, in proportion as the use of machinery and division of labour increases, in the same proportion the burden of toil also increases, whether by prolongation of the working hours, by increase of the work exacted in a given time or by increased speed of the machinery.

Nine To Five – The Kinks

Star is in Norman's office. His day
Of sweat and toil has begun.

Nine To Five

Answering phones and dictating letters
Making decisions that affect no one.
Stuck in the office from nine until five
Life is so incredibly dull,
Working from nine to five.

Nine to five,
Working from nine to five.

And time goes by
The hours tick away.
First seconds,
Then minutes,
Then hours into days.
Each day,
Each week,
Seems just like any other.
All work,
No play,
It's just another day.

He's caught in a mass of computerized trivia,
Deciphering data for mechanical minds.
He's lost in the paperwork and up to his eyes,
He's checking a list that's been checked out before
And he's starting to lose his mind.

Lyrics, Composer, vocals, Rhythm guitar: Ray Davies

Lead guitar, Vocals: Dave Davies

Bass, Vocals: John Dalton

Keyboards: John Gosling

Drums, Percussion: Mick Avory

Album: *Soap Opera*, 1975, RCA



Now and then the workers are victorious, but only for a time.

The real fruit of their battles lies, not in the immediate result, but in the ever-expanding union of the workers.

This union is helped on by the improved means of communication that are created by modern industry and that place the workers of different localities in contact with one another.

***Palo Alto* – Radiohead**

In a city of the future,
it is difficult to concentrate.

Meet the boss, meet the wife,
everybody's happy,
everyone is made for life.

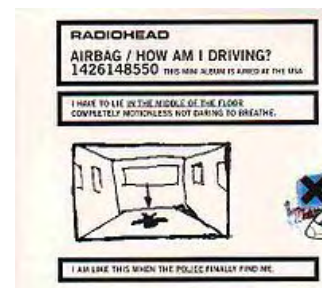
In a city of the future,
it is difficult to find a space.

I'm too busy to see you,
you're too busy to wait.

Well I'm ok, how are you?
Thanks for asking
Well I'm ok, how are you?
We hope that you are ok too.

Everyone of those days,
when the sky is Californian blue.
A beautiful bombshell,
I throw myself into my world
Two day, I've been waiting for so long.

Lyrics, Composer, Vocals, Guitar: Thom Yorke
Composer, Lead Guitar, Organ: Johnny Greenwood
Composer, Guitar, Vocals: Ed O'Brien
Composer, Bass: Colin Greenwood
Composer, Drums: Phil Selway
Album: *Airbag/How Am I Driving?*, 1998, Capitol



In proportion as the exploitation of one individual by another is put an end to, the exploitation of one nation by another will also be put an end to.
In proportion as the antagonism between classes within the nation vanishes, the hostility of one nation to another will come to an end.

I Can't Wait To Get Off Work – Tom Waits

I don't mind working, 'cause I used to be jerking off most of my time in bars,
I've been a cabbie and a stock clerk and a soda-fountain jock-jerk
And a manic mechanic on cars.
It's nice work if you can get it, now who the hell said it?
I got money to spend on my gal,
But the work never stops, and I'll be busting my chops
Working for Joe and Sal.

And I can't wait to get off work and see my baby,
She said she'd leave the porch light on for me.
I'm disheveled and I'm disdainful and I'm distracted and it's painful,
But this job sweeping up here is gainfully employing me tonight.

Well "Tom, do this" and "Tom, do that", and "Tom, don't do that",
Count the cash, clean the oven, dump the trash,
Your loving is a rare and a copacetic gift,
And I'm a moonlight watch manic, it's hard to be romantic
Sweeping up over by the cigarette machine...

I can't wait to get off work and see my baby
She'll be waiting up with a magazine for me.
Clean the bathrooms and clean 'em good, your loving I wish you would
Come down here and sweep a-me off my feet, this broom'll have to be my baby,
If I hurry, I just might get off before the dawn's early light.

Lyrics, Composer, Vocals, Piano: Tom Waits

Violin: Harry Bluestone

Bass: Jim Hughart

Cello: Ed Lustgarden

Drums: Shelly Manne

Saxophone: Lew Tabackin

Album: *Small Change*, 1976, Asylum

