

SONGBOOK

SONGS OF, BY, AND FOR THE F.S.M.

LABOR
DONATED

SUGGESTED
DONATION 25¢

INTRODUCTION

Throughout the free speech controversy it has been evident that the administration has assumed that the students would act as individuals who could be easily frightened away by a token exercise of authority. They expected that we would act with the same regard for precedent and pecking order that they had. The record has shown that we have acted more commendably.

From the beginning we have acted as a group, a community which would suffer no individual to be singled out for punishment for what all had done or should have done. Every action taken by the students has been a mass action. We have never turned our backs and hoped that the problem would go away if we ignored it. That course was consistently taken by the Administration, and their problems did not go away, but increased. Finally, they admitted defeat on December 3rd by calling in hundreds of policemen to drag the problems off to jail.

The press has been almost uniformly unfavorable to us, to say the least. But there are among us many people who know from the examples of the IWW and the CIO that a good song lasts far longer and has a wider circulation than any editorial.

And so the songs were written, for the most part individually by students caught up in the movement. The subjects are many, and more songs are constantly being written. "The Twelve Days of Semester" and the "Lament of a Minor Dean" as well as the page of Christmas Carols were written as part of a songwriting project by Joe La Penta, Ken Sanderson, Dusty Miller and Barry Jablon. The carols have been recorded on a 45-RPM record entitled "Joy to U.C.". They deal with the original demonstrations of October 1st-2nd. "Free Speech" was written about the Sproul Hall sit-in of December 2nd-3rd by Malvina Reynolds, grand old gal of topical songs. "Womb with a View" concerns the maddening paternalism that is Administration policy, and "Join the FSM" is a general recruiting type song. Both were written by Dan Paik, one of the arrested students.

The distortions of the press are handled by Genevieve Hailey in "President Kerr". Dave Mandel wrote "Battle of Berkeley Talking Blues" which satirizes the events surrounding the October demonstrations. "Put My Name Down" was written by myself for Nov. 9th when the FSM again set up more tables and gave the Deans more names than they could handle. This is also the subject of Dan Paik's "Man Goin' Round Takin' Names", "Hey, Mister Newsman" by Richard Kampf addresses itself to those journalists who pay more attention to unconventional dress than to the issues involved. "An Age Old Tale" by Paul Gilbert will, as its name implies, be good for a few more ages, as it describes the general situation in its poetic verses. Richard Schmorleitz, press secretary of the FSM, found time from his duties to write "I Walked out in the Streets of Berkeley" along with Dan Paik. "Times are Getting Hard" by Kitty Piper and "I Don't Want Your Kind Protection" by Peter Krug were written in off moments at FSM Central, our main office. There are more, for which I do not have space to mention.

These, then, are our songs, and they constitute a powerful weapon. No amount of sanctimonious speeches can stop them, no number of frantically summoned policemen can capture and imprison them. Sing them loud and sing them often. You will be helping to fight the battle for Constitutional rights.

Lee Felsenstein

MUSIC FOR "FREE SPEECH"

MALVINA REYNOLDS

Handwritten musical score for "FREE SPEECH" by Malvina Reynolds. The score consists of four staves of music. The chords written above the staves are: D##, A, E7, A, E7, A; D, A, E7, A; D, A, E7, A; Bm, E7, G, E7, A.

MUSIC FOR "AN AGE OLD TALE" PAUL GILBERT

(ALL CHORDS ARE MODAL)

Handwritten musical score for "AN AGE OLD TALE" by Paul Gilbert. The score consists of two staves of music. The chords written above the staves are: D, D7, D6, D9, D, D7, D6, A7; G, D, D7, D6, D9, D.



FREE SPEECH

Words and music by
Malvina Reynolds

How'd you like to be a cop arresting students?
How'd you like to be a copper clubbing brains?
They're the most illegal law
That the students ever saw,
And they shove the Constitution down the drains.

Free speech, it's in the Bill of Rights,
Free speech is our pride,
And we'll fight until we win,
And get our liberty again,
And if we go to Santa Rita
We'll sing "Freedom! Freedom!"
As we ride.

Well, a cop's idea of order is a nightstick.
His persuasion is a heavy left and right,
When that freedom cry goes up,
He reacts like Pavlov's pup,
And starts beating every picketer in sight.

CHORUS

Well, we got an education in the classroom
Where we used the text book and the old slide rule,
But when police made a call
On the kids in Sproul Hall,
Well, we learned some things we never learned in school.

CHORUS

Well, we know what's going on outside the campus,
And we're citizens who mean to have our say,
And we'll keep on speaking free,
And we'll call 'em as we see,
Even though they take our loudspeakers away.

CHORUS

Let the students and professors run the college,
Mr. Kerr can tend the I.B.M. machines,
Let them know that our U.C.
Is no robot factory,
But a place to learn what justice really means.

CHORUS

copyright 1964 by
Schroder Music Company
2027 Parker Street
Berkeley, Calif., 94704

I WALKED OUT IN BERKELEY

by Richard

Schmorleitz

tune: Streets of Laredo

and Dan Paik

copyright 1964 by

Fantasy/ Galaxy Records.

As I was out walking one morning in Berkeley,
As I walked out in Berkeley one day,
I spied an old man all sad and dejected
His hands they were shaking, his hair it was gray.

"I see by your books, boy, that you are a student"
These words he did say as I tried to go by,
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story"
He then shook his head and he gave a deep sigh.

"It is here on the campus that I am the Chancellor
I push the buttons and run the whole show,
These are my children but now they're ungrateful
They think they are adults, they think they are grown.

"Can you hear them shouting and screaming and singing?
They think they're so smart and they think they're so strong
They want to make speeches but never say nice things,
But they're only students so they're in the wrong."

They stopped my cop car and kept making speeches,
Those beatniks and communists sat in my hall.
We can do without them, they always cause trouble,
This school'd look its best with no students at all.

It was then that I left him to go to my classes
But I heard some voices and noticed a crowd.
I left off my studies and listened to their side,
I gathered my books and sat down on the ground.

I wish he had been there to watch and to listen,
To hear what all of those students did say.
It wasn't a final or even a midterm
But we showed we'd learned something at Berkeley that day.

(Repeat first verse)

PUT MY NAME DOWN

words: Lee Felsenstein

music: Hard Travellin' by Woody Guthrie

Chorus:

I'm going to put my name down, brother, where do I sign?
Sometimes you have to lay your body on the line,
We're going to make this campus free
And keep it safe for democracy
I'm going to put my name down!

(Chorus)

We can't solicit funds, I thought you knowed,
That would be a hideous crime, 'way down the road,
I got a brother in a southern jail,
And he needs money for his bail, so
I'm going to put my name down!

(Chorus)

We're going to have Clark Kerr's job, I thought you knowed,
We're going to see him unemployed, 'way down the road,
We're going to give him that good old deadline,
Make that headline or make that breadline,
I'm going to put my name down!

(Chorus)

Take the students back, they said, I thought you knowed,
At least until you've proven them guilty, 'way down the road,
Clark Kerr simply uttered "No",
The Constitution's red, you know,
I'm going to put my name down!

(Chorus)

We're going to break the rules, I thought you knowed,
Yes we're going to talk and think, 'way down the road,
What do we want, why the mess?
The Constitution, nothing less!
I'm going to put my name down!

(Chorus)

WOMB WITH A VIEW

words and music by Dan Paik
copyright 1964 by Fantasy/Galaxy
Records.

E E E E E EE E E
I said to my mama, I'm going down town
E E E E E E E D D C
She said looky here son, why do you put me down?
E E E E E E E E E E
I'll send you to a place where they love you like me
E E E E E E CC C C C
Gonna send you to Berkeley to the University.

G A C EE EE E E F E
Chorus: Where its warm (pretty pretty, and oh so warm) 2X
G G G G G G F F F G
People there love you like a mama would do-
C C C D# E C C G G G A B C
And it's oooo pretty pretty, its a womb with a view.

So I packed up my clothes, put on my hat,
I asked a policeman where is Berkeley at,
He said, "That's in California where the livin' is fine,
With lots of pretty women you can ball all the time. (chorus)

I walked up to Mr. Kerr with my hat in my hand,
I says, "Sir, won't you let me be a college man?"
He looked me in the eye, he patted my head
He changed my diaper and here's what he said, (chorus)

I had me a penny, a nickel and a dime
Figured that I'd have me one big ol' time,
Walkin' on the campus and what do I see
But a thousand policemen and they all agree, (chorus)

Then I says to Mr. Kerr, "What you think of that?"
He says to me, "Boy, gimme my coat and hat,
I don't like it round here, they treat me unkind,
I'm goin to D.C, where they treat me fine, (chorus)

note: the printed letters represent notes of the melody.
The tune is rock and roll and should be jazzy.



AN AGE OLD TALE

words and music by Paul Gilbert
Copyright 1964 Fantasy/Galaxy Records

The concrete sidewalks ache from crushing foot steps
The torrid asphalt moans in the raging sun
The streets bear the stamp of weary wanderers
Toiling down a road they've just begun.

The barren aged minds fall faint and fallow
The dim lit homes of fear lie barred and bare
The fountains of their dreams stagnate like swamplands
Polluted and abandoned without care.

The tyrants tongue is cloaked with righteous anger
The bigot's boast is cloaked with cunning snares
The gambler gains his place with posted policemen
And the coward yields to all in sheer despair.

Oh the colors on the canvas sadly murmur
With bloody crimsons flowing to the ground
And the mad maimed mouths in mutilated anger
Frantic try to form a warning sound.

The stranglingvenomed vine with craft is creeping
Clinging to the pillars of the past
Through shaded windows flickering lights keep seeping
The fertile fields outside just out of grasp.

But the blaring horns and timely trumpets muted
Cannot forever lose their magic spell
And soon in wonderous beauty human heart strings
Will stir in speech and song to freedom's knell.

JOIN THE FSM

tune: Which Side Are You On (Aunt Molly
Jackson); words: Dan Paik
Copyright 1964 Fantasy/Galaxy Records

I am a Berkeley student, as brave as I can be,
And they have kicked me out of school, because I would be free.
Join the FSM, come join the FSM.

I went to Mr. Kerr, and here's the words he said,
Dan Paik I just can't teach you sir, 'cause you're a Rooshian red

Now I read my Constitution, here's what it says to me,
There's many got to fight and die, because they would be free.

Now if you want your freedom, step in and march along,
We'll all be glad to have you, we're many thousand strong.

The men who fought for freedom, here's what I hear from them
If you want to keep your liberty, better join the FSM.

IT BELONGS TO THE UNIVERSITY

copyright 1964
Cireco Music Co.,
BMI

words: Joe La Penta

Music: Twelve Days of Christmas

On the first of semester the dean said to me,

"It belongs to The University."

On the second of semester the dean said to me,

"No bumper stickers, it belongs to The University"

3rd: "Don't ask for members"

4th: "Don't collect money"

5th: "NO CIV-IL RIGHTS!"

6th: "No organizing"

7th: "No mounting action"

8th: "No demonstrations"

9th: "You'll be suspended"

10th: "We'll call out troopers"

11th: "Maybe we'll bargain"

12th: "Our word is law!"

THE LAMENT OF A MINOR DEAN

words: Joe La Penta

music: "Oh, what a Beautiful Morning"

There are five thousand reds in the Plaza.

There are five thousand reds in the Plaza;

The mike is so loud and its drawing a crowd,

And I'm sure that our rules say it's just not allowed.

(chorus):

Oh, this will look bad in the papers,

This will look bad in the press.

Call out the troopers from Oakland,

They'll get us out of this mess.

There holding a car in the Plaza,

They're holding a car in the Plaza,

They're standing on top and they're flaunting a cop,

It's out of control and it's just got to stop;

(chorus)

The Regents are in Sacramento,

Oh, the Regents are in Sacramento.

The president's gone and I can't carry on,

How can I make decisions with no brass around?

(chorus)

It's open revolt on the campus,

It's open revolt on the campus;

We're crawling with reds 'neath our desks and our beds,

And I wish that the Chancellor would call out the feds!

(chorus)

BATTLE OF BERKELEY TALKING BLUES
(words by Dave Mandel)

Let me tell you a tale of campus sin,
Of tables and regents and a big sit-in,
The day the students built a mountain
Atop a police car near Ludwigs fountain...
Defying law and order... thinking, God forbid!

It all started out near Sather Gate,
September 30th was the fateful date,
The rebels sat, tin cans in hand,
A threat to traffic on the Regents' land...
Sabotage by the I.S.C.; the Intracampus Slate Conspiracy.

The rebels were ousted, the tables banned,
The deans thought they had won their hand...
Then came a sight they never thought they'd see,
A genuine sit-in in the halls of Big C...
Civil Disobedience...an essay come alive...education in action.

Then Sproul Hall spoke in tones of woe:
"From our marble steps you'll have to go;
We wouldn't threaten, but we'll tell you true,
We might be forced to suspend you too!"
"Policy, y'know...regulations...we can back 'em up, too. Call out
Knowland's police."

The students left the steps that night
But returned to the tables in a show of might.
The cops tried to split them, but to no avail;
Four hundred gladly went to jail...
or built their own...a jail surrounded on all sides by
prisoners!

Then came a show of patriotic might
Rotten eggs bursting by the dawn's early light;
Red-blooded lads from Fraternity Lane
Proudly upholding Cal's great name, shouting
"We want our car...we want our...we want...we....."

Friday eve brought a glorious sight
800 cops just itchin' for a fight;
Clark was bluffing, Mario knew,
But they signed a pact and the cops withdrew...
They'll write a book about it...they'll call it A Motorcycle For
Your Thoughts.

The FSM is now in action;
At the Multi-U there's a multi-faction.
Free speech is coming 'cause some spoke out...
To get our rights we'll have to shout,
But don't worry...it's o.k. * if you wake the people up, 'cause
morning's come.

copyright 1964
Fantasy/Galaxy Records

HEY MR. NEWSMAN

WORDS: Richard Kampf; music: a
traditional blues
Copyright 1964 Fantasy/Galaxy Records

Hey Mister Newsman, how come you're taking pictures of me? (2x)
Is it 'cause of my long hair
Or 'cause of my boots up to my knees?

Hey Mr. Newsman, Abe Lincoln, he had long hair too (2x)
Or did you want Abe Lincoln
Would have a crewcut just like you?

You call me a Commie, say that all my friends are red, (2x)
But we've been freezing here for freedom
While you've been sleeping in your nice warm bed.

Don't know if I'm subversive, just want to say what I please. (2x)
Strange how us subversives
Keep fighting for democracy.

Yes, my hair is long, and I haven't shaved in days, (2x)
But fighting for my freedom
While clean-cut kids just look the other way.

My boots are old, and my collars don't button down (2x)
But you don't need no tuxedo
When you're fighting for the rights of man.

THERE'S A MAN TAKING NAMES

TUNE: There's a Man Takin' Names
(Leadbelly); words: Dan Paik
Copyright 1964 Fantasy/Galaxy Records

(Chorus) There's a man goin' round takin' names (2x)
You may take my buddy's name,
But you gotta take me just the same...
There's a man goin' round takin' names.

I read my Constitution long ago (2x)
I read the Bill of Rights, read it nice and slow
I don't know much but this I know
They ain't got no right to take my name.

There's freedom in the air, baby mine (2x)
If it's a crime to speak your mind
I may be guilty, but I'm feeling fine
There's freedom in the air, baby mine.

Tell me which side are you on, baby mine (2x)
You gonna stop, turn, hide your face
Just when it looks like we'll win this race?
Which side are you on, baby mine.

We will walk along together, baby mine (2x)
Win or lose, stand or fall,
If you take one you gotta take us all,
Each name means a thousand, baby mine.

WE DON'T WANT YOUR KIND PROTECTION

words: Peter Krug

copyright 1964

music: "I don't want your millions mister" by Peter Krug

We don't want your kind protection
Of our young and tender brains,
All we want is a chance to think freely
Give us back our rights again.

We don't need you to defend us
In an ivory tower so high,
All we want is education,
Our search for truth you can't deny.

If the leaders of the future
Cannot tell what's wrong or right
If just to hear is enough to corrupt us
The future will be a sorry sight.

We did not get to where we are now
By being lazy, wild or dumb
We want all sides to every story
So we'll be ready when our day comes.

In times gone by a University
Was a place where men of thought
Could come and weigh all concepts freely
And for that freedom we have fought.

Now students and teachers must think only
What administrators say
And if they are in disagreement
They're called ingrates and driven away.

We don't want mass education
From IBM machines so blind
But just to be treated as human beings
Our cause is freedom of the mind.

11111111111111111111111111111111
22222222222222222222222222222222

Suggestion: When singing the second verse of the English translation of "Die Gedanken Sind Frei" (see "Songs of Work and Freedom" by Joe Glazer and Edith Fowke) make this substitution: old line- "My thoughts will not cater to duke or dictator" new line- "My thoughts will not cater to administrator"

copyright 1964

PRESIDENT KERR

by Genevieve Hailey
tune: William Worthy
(spoken Wildwood
Flower)
chorus: Dr. Freud

It's of a band of students,
A brave and noble lot,
They demonstrated for the free speech most of us have got.
When they tried to fight the red tape
This is what the red tape said,
"You say we're denying freedom
Well then, you must be a red"

Chorus: O President Kerr,
O President Kerr,
We regret our cause is causing such a stir.
You uphold the law so well;
We're suspended if we tell,
Free speech is not a commie line we sell.

Now, two thousand students sat outside
The hall where Kerr was hid.
They knew there wasn't any stronger
Way to make their bid.
They demonstrated for their rights.
Their freedom must be won.
And by and by the press said, "Hi!"
And joined in all the fun.

(chorus)

Well, the rumors started flying;
The papers told the truth.
They said those students were setting up
A "We Like Russia" booth.
Those commie agitators and the party plot they preach,
Why, they've got the students yelling
"Marx and Lenin and Free Speech"

(chorus)

Well, elections they were coming
And the Chancellor thought it best,
That to get a nice bond issued
He should cover up the mess.
He proposed a moratorium,
Discussions would begin.
It's the only way this dispute can quietly be done in. (chorus)

Fifteen hundred marched outside and set up tables too,
Their rights denied, expelled they tried
To do what they must do
The Constitution guarantees free speech to everyone;
They're fighting still, as free men will,
Until their rights are won.

TIMES ARE GETTING HARD

words: Kitty Piper
tune: Times are getting
hard, Boys.

Times are getting hard, boys, rights are getting scarce.
Times don't get no better, boys, going to leave this place.
Going to San Francisco State, where even speech is free,
They care more for learning there than for bureaucracy.

Had a cause a year ago, took a little stand.
Dean of Students office took everything I had.
Got kicked out of school and lost my job at the U.C.
To protect the image of this university.

HOLD THE HALL

copyright 1964 by
Sylvia Kalitinsky and
Lee Felsenstein

tune: Hold the Fort

We met today in freedom's cause and walked into the hall,
For since they would not talk with us we had to stop it all,

(chorus): Hold the hall, for they are coming,
 Movement men be strong,
 Side by side we sit together,
 Victory will come!

In the hall now, see the troopers, nightsticks waving high,
Failing to provoke a riot, harder still they try,
(chorus)

See their numbers still increasing, hear the sirens wail,
Still, they cannot stop our singing, all the way to jail,
(chorus)

Through the day they slowly labor, drag us off to jail,
But they can't arrest ideas, in their might they fail!
(chorus)

As the police got around to us a Negro demonstrator stood on a table and told this story: "When I was on trial for my part in the Auto Row sit-ins last year a cop took the stand and said, '...and then they sang the Star-Spangled Banner sitting on the floor!'"

"The prosecutor asked, 'you mean they sang the national anthem sitting down?' with righteous anger in his voice.

" 'That's right,' said the cop, 'sitting down!'"

" 'No further questions!' said the prosecutor.

" Then the defense attorney cross-examined the cop.

" 'You mean to say they sang the national anthem sitting down!'"

" 'That's right,' swore the cop, 'sitting down!'"

" 'And when they sang the national anthem,' continued the defense attorney, 'Did you take off your hat?'"

" 'No.'

" 'No further questions!' "

NEW SOLIDARITY

copyright 1964

by Sylvia Kalitinsky
and Lee Felsenstein
tune: Battle Hymn of the
Republic

They have tried to stop discussion that
might hinder their great plans;
"You must learn to make your millions and
forget your fellow man!"
But we rose up as a movement and defied their stern commands,
The movement makes us strong!

(chorus) Solidarity forever!
solidarity forever!
solidarity forever!
For the movement makes us strong!

In their hands they had the power to arrest us one and all,
To imprison us and drag us from their sacred marble hall,
But they're dealing with a concept that is bigger than them all,
For the movement makes us strong!
(repeat chorus)

They had thought the institutions they had built would always last,
And they blindly tried to force us into molds that they had cast,
Ah, but we are of the future and they are of the past,
And the movement makes us strong!
(repeat chorus)

TALK OUT OF TURN

copyright 1964 by
Sylvia Kalitinsky and
Lee Felsenstein
tune: Sixteen Tons

Some people think a college is made out of
stone
But a college is more than just buildings alone,
It's professors who lead, students who learn,
Who aren't forbidden to talk out of turn,
(chorus):
Well, you talk out of turn, and what do you find,
Administration tryin' to clean your mind,
Throw you off campus, you can't use their halls,
And the Constitution says they can't do it at all!

Well, the civil rights movement, as we all know,
Started in the colleges not too long ago,
Many gave up their youth for freedom now,
But we can't advocate it 'cause the rules don't allow,
(chorus)

For how many years were we running scared?
We knew what was right but we never dared,
But now we're standing up and we're mighty tall,
If they want to take one they've got to take us all!
(chorus)

FREE SPEECH CAROLS

Oski Dolls
(Jingle Bells)

Oski Dolls, Pompon Girls, U.C.
all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to have
your mind reduced to clay!
Civil Rights, politics just get
in the way.
Questioning authority when you
should obey.

Sleeping on the lawn in a
double sleeping bag
Doesn't get things done,
Freedom is a drag.

Junk your principles, don't
stand up and fight,
You won't get democracy if you
yell all night.

We Three Deans, by Barry Jablon
(We Three Kings)

We three deans of Berkeley are,
Fearlessly demanding our car.
We'll stop the riot, and have
peace and quiet.
Bring out the feathers and tar.

UC Administration, by Sanderson
(O Little Star of Bethlehem)

UC Administration,
Your clumsy punch card mind
Has put your back against the
wall
And tied you in a bind.

Yet in the darkness shineth
An Oakland cop's flashlight
To strengthen all your argu-
ments
And prove your cause is right.

Hail to IBM, by Ken Sanderson
(Beethoven's Ninth)

From the tip of San Diego
To the top of Berkeley's hills
We have built a mighty factory
to impart our social skills
Social Engineering triumph,

Managers of every kind.
Let us all with drills and home-
work

Manufacture human minds.
(more- see below)

Silent Night, B. Jablon

Silent night, silent night
Nobody talks on the left or the
right.

Five hundred policemen armed to
the teeth

Circle the car like a black
Christmas wreath.

Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Call Out the Deans. Barry Jablon
(Bell Song)

1. (men): Call out the Deans,
And the Marines,
Call in a cop,
Throw them a sop.

2. (women): We shall not leave,
We don't believe,
Your empty words,
They're for the birds.

3 (men): We want justice, liberty
and freedom!
(women) (repeat 2nd verse)

4. (men 1) (repeat no. 1)
(men 2) We want justice, liberty
and freedom.
We want justice, liberty
and freedom.
(women) (repeat 2nd verse)

5. (all) We want freedom!

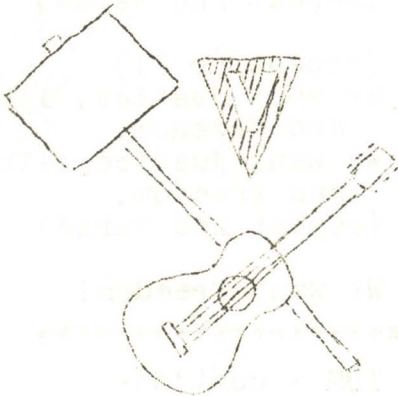
(Hail to IBM - cont'd)

Make the students safe for
knowledge,
Keep them loyal,
Keep them clean,
This is why we have a college,
Hail to IBM machine!

Masters of Sproul Hall, by
 Dustin Miller
 (Masters of this Hall)
 Masters of Sproul Hall announced
 the news today
 Students have no rights except
 to idle play.
 If you want your rights, you have
 to cross the street,
 Or the Regents will declare your
 education incomplete.
 To the Oakland Tribune the stu-
 dents went one day,
 But the Chancellor declared
 that's not healthful play.
 Why not use the sandbox, try some
 basketball
 If you want some clean fun,
 Buy an Oski Doll.

God Rest Ye Free Speech,
 by K. Sanderson

God rest ye Free Speech Move-
 ment-niks,
 You must remember when
 Good Mario, our Savio, did speak
 to speak again,
 To keep us all from Chancellor
 Strong
 And his committee men
 To save our university (making
 us free)
 And the first amendment
 guarantee.



O, Come all ye Mindless,
 by Barry Jablon
 (O Come All Ye Faithful)
 O, come all ye mindless,
 Conceptless and spineless,
 Sell out your integrity
 to IBM.
 Don't make a commotion,
 Strong wants a Promotion.
 Do not fold or spindle
 O, do not fold or spindle
 O, do not fold or spindle
 Or mutilate.

Joy to UC, by D. Miller
 (Joy to the World)

Joy to UC
 The word has come
 Clark Kerr has called us Reds
 If you are 49%
 You can't work for the govern-
 ment
 The knowledge factory
 Turns out more GNP
 Without your subversion
 On its property.

FIAT (NOT TOO MUCH) LUX!



FROM THE FSM CHRISTMAS CARD