

Allen Ginsberg (* 3. Juni 1926, † 5. April 1997)
US-amerikanischer Dichter der «Beat Generation».

Ginsbergs Dichtung wurde so von der klassischen Moderne, aber auch der Romantik, dem Jazz sowie von seinem buddhistischen Glauben und seiner jüdischen Herkunft geprägt. Auch die Homosexualität, zu der er sich früh bekannt, das politisch linke bis anarchistische Engagement sowie Zen, Yoga und bewusstseinsverändernde Drogen wirkten auf das Schaffen. Ginsberg selbst nannte zudem William Blake und Walt Whitman als wesentliche Einflüsse. Sein bekanntestes Werk ist das lange Gedicht «Howl», das seinen Ruhm begründete. Ginsberg

war befreundet mit dem Musiker Bob Dylan. Beide arbeiteten zusammen an einer Reihe von Vertonungen einer Auswahl von Ginsbergs Gedichten und tauschten sich oft künstlerisch aus. 1977 steuerten die beiden zusammen Hintergrundgesang zu einem Stück von Leonard Cohens Album «Death of a Ladies' Man» bei.

«rage against the machine» – sinngemäße Übersetzung: wütend auf das System, wobei «System» die kapitalistische Maschinerie sowie verschiedene korrupte Regierungen meint – wurde 1991 von Zack de la Rocha (Gesang), Tom Morello (Gitarre), Tim Commerford (Bass) und

Brad Wilk (Schlagzeug) in L.A. (Californien) gegründet. In ihren Texten geht es um politische und soziale Probleme. Auf ihrem ersten Album (r.a.m.) verbanden sie Hardcore, Punk, Metal, Hip-Hop und Funk zum sogenannten «Crossover», dessen bedeutendste Vertreter sie wurden. 2000 löste sich die Band auf.

Mit nur einem, sich wiederholenden Gitarren-Loop, ist das 1993 live aufgenommene Stück «Hadda be playing on the jukebox» musikalisch sehr einfach gehalten. Es debütierte hauptsächlich durch das hin- und wieder ausbrechende Schlagzeug und die Stimme von Zack De La Rocha. Der Text stammt von Allen Ginsberg.

poem by Allen Ginsberg



rage
against
the machine

It had to be flashin' like the daily double
It had to be playin' on TV
It had to be loud mouthed on the comedy hour
It had to be announced over loud speakers

The CIA and the Mafia are in cahoots

It had to be said in old ladies' language
It had to be said in American headlines
Kennedy stretched and smiled and got double crossed
by lowlife goons and agents

Rich bankers with criminal connections

Dope pushers
in CIA working with
dope pushers
from Cuba

working with a big time syndicate
from Tampa, Florida

And it had to be said with a big mouth
It had to be moaned over factory foghorns
It had to be chattered on car radio news broadcasts
It had to be screamed in the kitchen
It had to be yelled in the basement
where uncles were fighting
It had to be howled on the streets
by newsboys to bus conductors
It had to be foghorned into New York harbor
It had to echo onto hard hats
It had to turn up the volume
in university ballrooms

It had to be written in library books, footnoted
It had to be in the headlines of the
Times and Le Monde
It had to be barked over TV
It had to be heard in alleys through
ballroom doors
It had to be played on wire services
It had to be bells ringing

Comedians stopped dead
in the middle of a joke
in Las Vegas

It had to be
FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover &
Frank Costello
syndicate mouthpiece
meeting in Central Park,
New York weekends,

reported Time magazine

It had to be the Mafia and the CIA together
starting War on Cuba,

Bay of Pigs and poison assassination headlines

It had to be dope cops in the Mafia

who sold all their heroin in America

It had to be the FBI and organized crime working together: in cahoots

against the commies
It had to be ringing on multinational cash registers
A world-wide laundry for organized criminal money
It had to be the CIA and the Mafia
and the FBI together

They were bigger than Nixon And they were bigger than war

It had to be a large room full of murder
It had to be a mounted ass - a solid mass of rage
A red hot hat
A scream in the back of the throat
It had to be a kid that can breathe
It had to be in Rockefellers' mouth
It had to be central intelligence,
the family, all of this
the agency Mafia
It had to be organized crime
criminal games

One big set of gangs
working together

Hitmen

Murderers everywhere

The secret
The drunk
The brutal
The dirty'n rich

On top of a slag heap of prisons

Industrial cancer
Plutonium smog
Garbage cities

Grandmas' bed soft from fathers' resentment

It had to be the rulers

They wanted

law and order

And they got rich
on wanting protection for the
status quo

They wanted junkies
They wanted Attica
They wanted Kent State
They wanted war
in Indochina

It had to be the CIA and the Mafia and the FBI

Multinational capitalists Strong armed squads

Private detective agencies for the
oh so very rich

And their armies
and navies and their air force bombing planes

It had to be capitalism
The vortex of this rage
This competition
Man to man

The horses head in a capitalists' bed
The Cuban turf

It rumbles in hitmen.

And gang wars across oceans

Bombing Cambodia settled the score
when Soviet pilots manned Egyptian fighter planes
Chile red democracy
Bumped off with White House pots and pans

A warning to Mediterranean governments

The secret police have been embraced for decades

The NKVD and CIA keep each other's secrets

The OGBU and DIA never hit their own

The KGB and the FBI
one mind

Brute force

and
full of money

world-wide, brute force, and full of money
world-wide, brute force, and full of money
world-wide, brute force, and full of money
world-wide, brute force, and full of money
world-wide, brute force, and full of money
full of money, and full of money, and full of money
and full of money, and full of money, and full of money

It had to be
rich
& powerful

They had to murder in Indonesia
They had to murder 500000
in Indochina, 2000000
They had to murder in Czechoslovakia
They had to murder in Chile
They had to murder in Russia

And they had to murder in America.