

Joan Baez and the Bob Dylan Songs

(Ed.Note: Joan Baez has released a 2-record album on which she sings only Bob Dylan songs -- ANY DAY NOW, <u>Vanguard</u> VSD 79307. Gordon Friesen interviewed BROADSIDE's Chief Dylanologist Alan Weberman, who is completing a book interpreting Dylan's songs -- see <u>B'Side</u> # 93 -- to get his reaction. The interview):

GORDON: What do you think about ANY DAY NOW?

ALAN: I dig the discs. But I dig anything Dylan, even the Vacels singing "Please Crawl Out Your Window" on Kama Sutre. So I really don't have an objective view of this situation... But let me say this, Joan could have had a much groovier album had she been more selective in choosing the material. (Cont.on pg.2)



Rich Astle, Peter Irsay, Mike Millius, Lois Morton, Tom Parrott, Pete Seeger ANY DAY NOW -- (Cont. from pg. 1)

GORDON: "Joanie" sings 2 very old Dylan songs -- "Walkin Down The Line" & "Walls Of Redwing."

ALAN: The first is O.K. but "Walls Of Redwing"is one of Dylan's lamer early songs. In fact if Joan wanted to do songs from that period (circa 1962) there were some heavy non-stop political riffs she could have chosen... like "Ballad Of Emmett Till" (Ed.Note: the true story of a black youth who was castrated and murdered because he literally walked through the wrong door -- "They tortured him/And did some things/To evil to repeat") or "The Ballad Of Donald White" or "Iron Train A-Travelin". Or she could have done some of Dylan's early "suggestive songs" such as "Bob Dylan's New Orleans Blues" (Ed. Note: Bob's visit to a whorehouse) or the one Manfred Mann did during the so-called folk rock era which was stifled in the bud by puritanical American disc-jockeys "If You Gotta Go Go Now Or Else You Gotta Stay Alnite." Man she said she had all the lead sheets scattered around and just took her pick... I don't

GORDON: Joan chose some Dylan songs that were recorded around Aug.-Nov. of 1963 and come from Bob's THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN album, "North Country Blues", "One Too Many Mornings", "Boots of Spanish Leather" & "Restless Farewell" --

ALAN: These are the songs she does best and, ironically enough, Dylan and Baez were often appearing as surprise guests at each other's concerts around the time Dylan was writing and singing these songs. The musical backing here is also a definite improvement on Dylan's acoustical guitar.

GORDON: The third group of songs Joan chooses come from 1965-1966, Dylan's Electric Period. They include "Love Minus Zero" & "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands. "Sad-Eyed Lady" makes me think of something that was in a review of her album in the $\bar{N}.Y.Times~1/26/69$. Joan in it says about Dylan"...it doesn't matter which songs you choose, when someone is that much of a mystic and a genius, you have to get an insight from listening to anything he's written." But then the reviewer goes on to say that Joan's admiration for Dylan is not exactly boundless, quoting Joan as saying, "As a person, I just can't sing his nasty, hateful, ugly songs; I can appreciate the honesty of them... but I can't sing them." Alan, wouldn't you classify SAD-EYED LADY as quote "a nasty, hateful, ugly song"? Consider all the things Dylan says, starting with the first phrase: "With your mercury mouth". Mercury is a poison and you start right out with the image of a mouth dripping poison.

ALAN: Well, it's for sure that Dylan ain't no flower child. He doesn't say like "love everything and everybody." He thinks there are some institutions in our society justifying an intense hatred on the part of human beings who believe that the reason we're alive is to live and not to die, not be oppressed, not to have to lead a miserable life, but to really live and to groove. In that sense Dylan writes some very hateful songs -- like "Sad-Eyed Lady".

GORDON: Elsewhere in the article it says that there's a rumor Dylan wrote "Sad-Eyed Lady" about Joan herself. Do you put any credence in that?

ALAN: No. There have been a number of songs Dylan supposedly wrote about Joan Baez -- "She

Belongs To Me" & "Queen Jane", people thought that was Joan Baez. In fact, in my book I introduce these songs with the statement "This song is NOT about Joan Baez." Now it's true that Dylan once was very close to Baez; in an interview in England in 1965 he admitted he'd like to marry "Joan Baez' hand". And he does mention Joan in one of his songs -- "I Shall Be Free": "She's a folksinger, humdinger, writes me letters and sends me checks". That's the only direct reference I can find. At this time Dylan wasn't hungup on this personal thing.

It's true that in JOHN WESLEY HARDING there are some personal messages -- there's a song to Tim Buckley, a song to myself, and a song to Al Grossman. I don't think Grossman understands the song to him, but Tim Buckley does, and I do.

GORDON: If "Sad-Eyed Lady" isn't about Baez, what is it about?

ALAN: It's about America. And it's a pretty hateful song, in a way. In it Dylan finds America so rotten and corrupt he wonders if it's worth it for him to do his thing.

GORDON: You referred to that in B'SIDE # 93. Like where in the chorus Dylan asks "Or,Sad-Eyed Lady, should I wait?"

ALAN: Dig this verse -- "The Kings of Tyrus/With their convict list." The word "tyrant" comes from Tyrus, an ancient Phoenician city. It was the worst tyranny imaginable, and Dylan compares the present U.S. oligarchy toit.



"... one of the wildest, gonest and freakiest studs that ever stomped through the pages of history."

"With their convict list" -- their criminal proclivities. "Are waiting in line for their geranium kiss" (uranium kiss) -- are lined up in military formation waiting for atomic destruction. It's Dylan sarcasm. "And you wouldn't know it would happen like this" -again sarcastic; Dylan never predicted atomic doom for the United States. "But who among them really wants just to kiss you!" -- the other nations want to rape and destroy America, which they see as a threat to the world's survival.

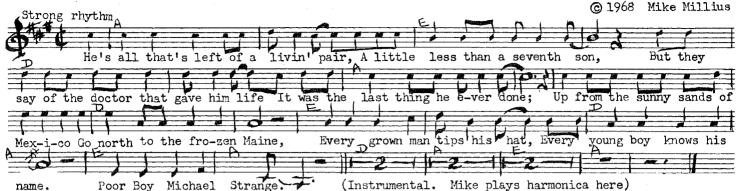
On one level I wouldn't call this a love song a-tall.

GORDON: So don't you think Joan's version is too sweet & syrupy -- when you compare it to Bob's rough, tough, almost snarling delivery of "Sad-Eyed Lady" on BLONDE?

ALAN: Not really, You see, when (con'd p.9)

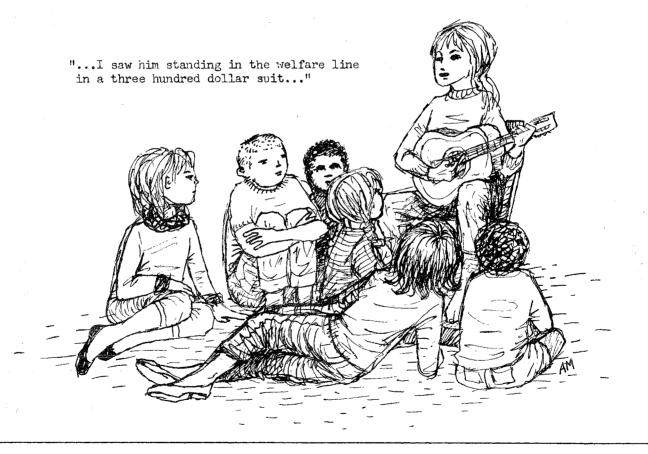


Words and Music by MIKE MILLIUS © 1968 Mike Millius



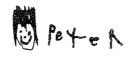
He made me laugh in New Orleans
Just struttin' down Centre Street
And everybody stopped to watch the boy
Standin' a little bit over six feet
And then up stepped the sheriff
Who'd been hidin' in the shade
He said, well now you'll go to jail
There's no permit for your parade
You Poor Boy Michael Strange.

I saw him in the back of a chauffer car I heard him beg a chicken soup I saw him standin' in the welfare line In a three hundred dollar suit Will you ever be yourself Or will you someday change Or is this just what you're really like You Poor Boy Michael Strange You Poor Boy Michael Strange.



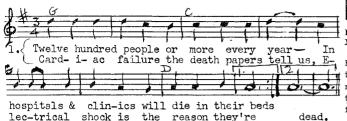
THIS PAGE DEDICATED TO THE VANISHED MICHAEL STRANGE BY JENNY, PETER AND MICHELLE MILLIUS

Jenny D



Michele

SHOCK TREATMENT



Just a small jolt from some faulty equipment Can stop your heart dead in the best of your times. Electricians and doctors share blame in this murder With insurance compinies who don't mention their crimes. Some nurses aren't trained and some are just tired, Some equipment is old and in need of repairs; But some forty percent of all brand new equipment Arrives with mistakes that can make them death chairs.

Accidental Electrocutions 1200 a Year in Hospitals

By MORTON MINTZ and NATE HASELTINE

WASHINGTON -- About 1200 hospital patients are accidentally electrocuted annually while receiving "routine diagnostic tests" or treatment because of faulty equipment.

electronic systems. Almost in- from an actuary for a Nation variably, he said, the deaths are Insurance Company whom I listed as cardiac arrests—"and would not name. The numbe who's to prove electricity did he said, is close to his ow not cause the heart stoppages." estimates.

the patient is hooked up to the figure on electrocution

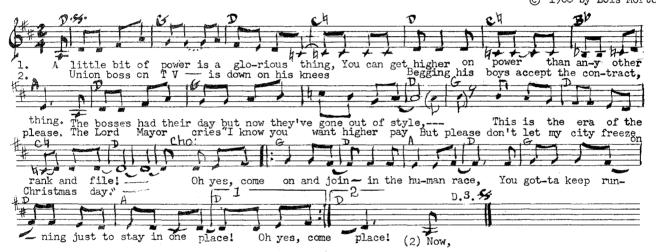
NEW YORK POST, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1969 scie ha

Designers and makers cut corners and caution. Shop stewards and laborers close up their eyes, And doctors don't know, they are not electricians .. And the patients who trust them are the ones who will (Repeat first verse)

Words & Music by TOM PARROTT @ Copyright 1969 by July 21st Music

COME ON AND JOIN IN THE HUMAN RACE

Words & Music By LOIS MORTON © 1968 by Lois Morton



Good guys or bad, you can't tell who is who

A lot of it depends upon your point of view;

Whether you win, man, or whether you

Make sure you're a star on the six o'clock news! CHO.

Now man has a brain so he knows when he's right

To prove it he's always been ready to fight;

The trouble with peace is that it takes too damn long

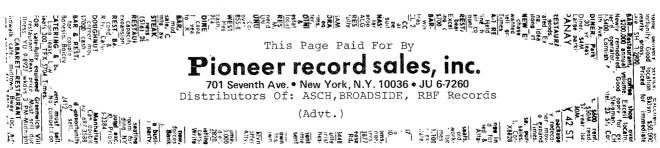
To convince other people you're right

and they're wrong. CHO. Anyone who's able to think understands The destiny of man is waiting in our own hands;

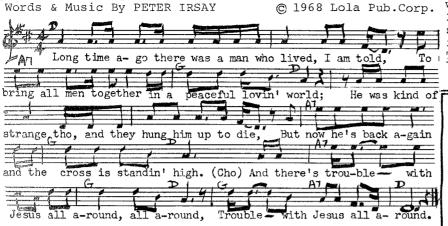
God in His heaven is trying to hide 2-He knows he can't be on everybody's CHO.

Author's note: If the Chorus seems overly repetitious, change the third line to: "The world is rollin' along out in time and space ... "

• BROADSIDE #97



TROUBLE WITH JESUS



All churchgoers & believers
They sing his praises, yes,
But what was he really sayin'
Lord, don't even ask.
But that was long ago
And folks are bound to learn
So step up to the pulpit, boys,
And see old Jesus burn. (Cho.)

T read the papers every day And see it all in print Them Communists are gettin' strong

We need more armaments
And the president & secretary
They go off to church to moan
And if they're prayin' to
the Lord

Then there's really somethin' wrong. (Cho.)

• • • "I cannot believe that it is just a fad that young men in beards and There was a man who worked
For equality and love
They shot him in the back
Because ofwhat he done
They bombed out his church
And what do you think of that
But as everybody knows,
A real God can't be
black. (Cho.)

Now there's a group of people
Who don't want to be a part
Of any kind of Society
That don't come from the heart
So now they're bein' scorned
And they've become outcast
Well, they seem a lot
like Jesus
Fut of course I'm prejudiced.

sandals refuse in the name of love to bear arms or that it is entirely a joke that with Allen

(Cho.)

Ginsberg and Humphrey Bogart
Jesus of Nazareth is postered
on undergraduate walls."

By Frederick Buechner.

(Ed. Note: Peter Irsay, who resembles the wanted man below, wrote this song when Dr.King was murdered. Peter is 22, was born in N.Y.C., has been writing songs as long as he can remember. He is currently recording an L-P for Tetragrammaton.)



UESUS CHRIST WANTED - POR SEDITION, CRIMINAL ANARCHYVAGRANCY, AND CONSPIRING TO OVERTHROW THE

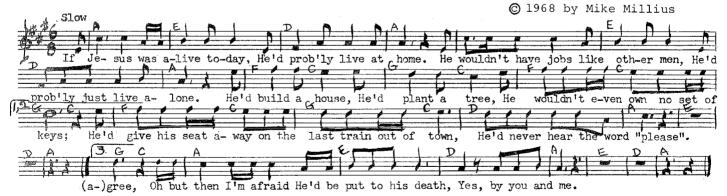
ESTABLISHED GOVERNMENT

DRESSES POORLY, SAID TO BE A CARPENTER BY TRADE, ILL—
MOURISHED, HAS VISIONARY IDEAS, ASSOCIATES WITH COMMON
WORKING PROPLE THE UNEMPLOYED AND BUMS. ALIEN—
BELIEVED TO BE A JEW ALIAS! PRINCE OF PEACE, Son OF
MAN'-LIGHT OF THE WORLD' &C &C PROFESSIONAL AGITATOR
RED BEARD, MARKS ON MANDS AND FEET THE RESULT OF
INJURIES INFLICTED BY AN ANGRY MOB LED BY RESPECTABLE

CITIZENS AND LEGAL AUTHORITIES .

IF JESUS WAS ALIVE TODAY

Words & Music By MIKE MILLIUS



And if Jesus walked by your way
He would not worry 'bout his pride
But if Jesus wore the same clothes every day
Would you call all your children inside?
And I don't think that Jesus
Would pay any mind
To all the fools who'd just laugh
And I don't think Jesus
Would buy things on time
I don't think He'd worry 'bout the draft.

And if Jesus was to choose a pet
Well, I'm quite sure that he'd pick a worm
And then set it free in a flower bed
Never again to return
And I think He'd be wonderin'
Why it's takin' so long
For everyone to just agree
Oh, but then I'm afraid
He'd be put to His death
By you and me.

FOR TONY AND ALL THESE PEOPLE

Words & Music by PETER IRSAY

© 1968 by Lola Pub. Corp.



I don't want my thoughts to expose you I don't want my words to sound unkind And I don't want your pain to equal mine I don't want to lie And I don't feel to try But I don't want to be here at all.

I don't want you ill at ease
I don't want my moods to bring you down
And I don't want my songs to challenge
time

I don't want to lose
The time I have to use
But I don't want to be here at all.

I don't want your eyes to see sadness
I don't want your mind in twisted pain
And I don't want you to feel I let you
down

But I don't want to be Where I always feel like me So I don't want to be here at all.



Deep inside the ivied walls I learned morality I heard the teachers preach and preachers blame, The atom's force was chained, they said to fight for you and me,

We said we'd march in protest if it didn't rain. Hello Mom, I want to ban the bomb, ban the bomb, Hello Mom, I want to ban the bomb.

The ghetto riot I can't deny it was a shocking thought I read the papers in the morning sun,

It forced us hard to clean the yard and look at what we'd bought

We didn't know we'd seen the ghost of time to come Hello Tom, I want to set you free, don't beat on me Hello Tom, I want to set you free.

This song dedicated, with respect, to Gordon DeMarco and Jeff Goldstein.

When I left school I was pretty cool, I dropped out for a while,

Love alone's a lovely thought, almost enough But now I walk the street & the face I meet

that used to give a smile

Filed sadly past, it's never last, it's always

Filed sadly past, it's never last, it's always tough. Where have all the flowers gone, where have they gone Where have all the flowers gone.

Chicago came, it's not the same world outside anymore, We've seen the handwriting on the crumbling wall And you must be blind if you don't find the cops

knocking on your door
Because they're knocking on every doorway in the hall
The cops, they're knocking on my door
The cops, they're now knocking on your door
It's not just a game any more/There's no place left
to hide any more/Nobody left to bribe any more
The cops are knocking on everybody's door.

A Dinner That Was 'Like a Symphony...'

The diners were 35 members of The Wine and Food Society Inc. of New York, an organization of 350 foodlovers who have met regularly since 1934 over some of the finest, most expensive, and hardest to get foods and wines in the world

Like terrapin Baltimore. And whole baby lamb stuffed with quail stuffed with foie gras. And Chambolle-Musigny

To the Editor:

It's all coming true-what the Russians have been saying about the poor and the oppressed in our capitalist society. There's no one starving in Russia, and no one in Cuba, but literally millions in the U.S.

No wonder the Establishment, the "ruling circles," has sustained the rant and the rave about anti-Communism

Starvation in the U.S. of so long—to help hide the gross inconsistencies and hypocrisy in the American way of

Congratulations on your new series on American starvation. I hope it's only the first in a long, continuous line of attacks on and exposés of American on and exposes of American greed, injustice and inhumanity—in medicine, in law, in taxes, education, and on and on.

J. CARTER FAHY Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 16, 1969

was Lyndon Johnson. Lynda was bubbling over about her baby. "She's enormous. My mother says it's Freudian. I tie bows on her hair every

He took the infant girl from the mother's arms and placed her on a sofa. The baby kept her matchstick legs drawn up and raised her arms until the tiny hands were bent close to her head. Then she stopped cry-

Mrs. Robb was in a blackand - white zebra - patterned

and white zebra patterned chiffon gown. "I bought it at Dynasty in Hong Kong." she said. "The owner's name is Linden John-son."

son."
She kicked up her skirt to show the matching lining.
"It's one of those wild things . . . it keeps you warm too!"

She said all but her four youngest children went to school, where they can get a free meal, and that "people give us clothing."

ED.NOTE: From time to time, Broadside prints clippings containing ideas for songs. Here is a pageful that with music might make a "symphony", or just a plain ballad.

David Eisenhower has his tails outfit all ready. ("He had the foresight to think of it when he ordered his wedding clothes," says Schwartzman.) And lots of Nivon they don't have no shoes."

no shoes."
Yet some children go to school, even without shoes. At the I. T. Montgomery School, six-year-old Orange Pike sat in the first grade with his feet covered by rags.

They're all said to be close-to-the-body designs with some waistline definition. The Nixon women are proud of their tiny figures. Shoes by Herbert and Beth Levine match many of the costumes.

Julie Eisenhower plans to match her apple green outfit with an off-the-face Breton hat. Tricia Nixon's beret, to be In some families the children worn on the back of her blond head, is light even go to school. Mrs. light blue. The girls' hats are by Emme.

All the Cabinet ladies, including attractive, dark-haired Mrs. Robert Finch in a bright red dress with a white hem and a white frog across the front, were full of their new homes and arrangements for their children's schools.

At Many Farms, Dr. Robert Roessel, Jr., president of Navajo Community College, the reser-vation's first junior college, called manutrition one of the most acute obstacles for Indian children in classrooms.

Attention Limited

"They look weak and gaunt to begin with," he said. "Their attention span is abnormally limited."

Hunger in America

The evening began at 7 P.M. over champagne (Pol Roger 1961) and hors d'oeuvre (caviar, sturgeon, salmon and quiche Lorraine) in the apart-ment of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wangeman, on the 41st floor

Silent children with skinny legs sat listlessly on floors and beds. Fifteen people lived in the shack, Dr. Gatch said, and there was no privy.

But champagne kind of tickles the palate, and pre-pares you for what's to come."

What came next was the fume of gumbo. To get it, the guests took an elevator to the second floor, walked down a red-carpeted hallway and entered the soup kitchen with its nine silver kettles, each of which holds 50 gallons of soup. The fumé was served in copper mugs by

States Public Health Service. The findings confirmed the presence of serious malnutrition among the Mexican-American, Anglo-American and Negro

an assistant carried the whole baby lamb out on a platter and paraded it around the dining room. A white paper party hat covered the spot where the lamb's head ordinarily would have been.

"Look, look, there are quails underneath!" shouted quails underneath!" shouted Mrs. John Selig of Harrison, N. Y., wife of a furniture distributor, when the assist-ant chef lifted the lambs stomach to expose the 25 cooked birds underneath. "Isn't that unbelievable?"

"If you have 100 or 200 of "If you have 100 or 200 of these foot-long roundworms in your belly they're going to take a lot of food," he said. "They migrate to the stomach actually get the food before the child does."

Some notion of the extent of infortation in the Negro, chil-

some notion of the extent of infestation in the Negro children of Beaufort County was given a few days later. A study of 178 Negro preschool children showed that nearly three of every four had intestinal parasites, either ascaris (roundworm) or trichuris (whipworm), or both. "Fantastic," said Dr. James Over the years Dr. Gatch became convinced that there was close correlation between malnutrition and intestina parasites. Most of the under intestina nourished chairen he examined were wormy. Many Negro shacks, he observed, had no shacks, he observed, had no privies; people relieved them-selves in the fields and woods. Children treated for worms, quickly became reinfested by stepping on feces that con-tained the eggs of parasites.

President Nixon simi

all-girl White House lunches He told her at the last minute. When he arrived, the chicken and mushroom crepes, asparagus and mixed green salad had just reached the eagle-and-wildflower-bordered plates that Tiffany did for the White House last year. When he finished his little speech Mrs. Nixon turned to her table and

charged publicly that he had seen children dying of starvation, that most black children of his area were infested with worms, and that families were living in hovels worse than the pigsties of his native Nebraska.

As he left, Dr. Gatch noticed a 3-year-old girl sitting on the stoop, staring vacantly at the brown fields. Her legs and face were bloated by edematose swellings, the result probably of Vitamin A deficiency, the physician said, and the same deficiency was impairing her

red wine that had been opened two hours before-hand so that it could "breathe a little." The side dishes included soufflé potatoes, as paragus that had been flown in that day from California, and Waldorf salad served in hand-painted sugar bases that resembled hollowed out apples.

A Sweet Ending

The meal ended sweetly with dessert, a classic croquembouche—an elaborate pyramid of cream puffs glazed with caramel sugar. The guests washed it down with Chateau d'Yquem 1961, a white wine.

BLUFFTON, S. C .- Hunger is a noun that means, among other things, a compelling desire for food, a nagging emptiness of stomach and gut.

The President, who shook hands with several waiters before posing for pictures, turned to Mr. Krim, president of United Artists and an old friend, and said: "I'm starving. Can't you get me some popcorn?"

He settled for a dinner of mousse of turbot and char-coal-broiled filet mignon, accompanied by a series of French and American wines. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Hum-

phrey shared sartorial honors. The President wore a gray dinner suit with charcoal satin lapels, a gray shirt and a fashionably large black bow tie. Mr. Humphrey, who said

The results were considered so shocking that some even suggested that the data be withheld from general publication. Many white Southerners feel that poverty conditions among the rural blacks have been exploited by civil rights zealots.
Dr. E. John Lease, nutritionist of the University of South Carolina, was among those who feared that the report, if given wide publicity, would anger the white establishment and perhaps wreck the chances of co-

For the dinner the ballroom was filled with 42 tables covered with orange cloths and centered with hundreds of orange-pink roses in crystal bowls. All the political hatchets were buried by the soft light of votive candles and over a menu that included a fish mousse, individually broiled filet mignon and pineapple sherbet and praline ice cream.

President and Mrs. Johnson faced each other across the

The Discovery of Hunger

tardation. Dr. Van Duzen noted a three-month-old-baby de-scribed as "marasmic," whose flesh hung loose, like an old man's skin, on pathetically thin arms and lees arms and legs.

She said she was convinced

cause they haven't got food."

trooped over to the Empire Room for demi-tasse, Cognac

Room for demi-tasse, Cognac Delamain and petits four.

"That meal was like a symphony," said Mr. Meighan, the president, when asked what part of it he liked best.
"It started out simply, rose to a crescendo, and then moved toward a classical ending. You don't ask what you like best about a symyou like best about a sym-phony. You like the whole." phony.



Guests at the dinner walk on red carpet in corridor leading to the soup kitchen, where they consumed the fumé de gumbo. Members always wear evening clothes to society's functions.

IT'S ALL HAPPENING NOW

tune and text PEGGY SEEGER



The old year goes and the new comes in, but winter stays Early nights and watery sun and winter days,
You say to yourself, the weather won't last,
And try to pretend that the winter is past,

CHORUS: But it's all happening now, It's still happening now!

- There's a headline today, bold and black for all to see, Tomorrow's news'll have it removed to page two or three, Kicked hither and you like an old football, When the news gets old you never see it at all (chorus)
- 3. In February of sixty-five, the marines went in They had the tanks and the troops and the gas and the bombs and napalm sent in, Three years later, do you find you can, Still get mad about Vietnam? (Chorus)
- 4. In Greece, the colonels are holding fast and they won't let go, Rhodesia hangs black civilians, who says 'no'? South Africa, Malaysia, America, Spain, It'll keep on going till we break the chain (chorus)
- 5. If you're backing Britain, you're backing Barbara and the P.I.B., Porton Down, the Powell line, the C.I.D., And if you can't get a job and you can't get a flat, Well, January first just won't change that (chorus)
- There's flood and drought, heat and cold, calamity, Infirmity, age, plague and death, eternally, Of all the ills since time began, The most and the worst are made by man (chorus)
- 7. There's interest, profit and rent: The Holy Trinity, Recession, inflation, percentages, and monopoly, There's the coupon clippers and the revenue, They're still running rings around me and you, (chorus)
- 8. But the weather is changing and spring is arising everywhere, With the young kids out and the guns at the ready in the morning air, For the system is old, it's bound to decay, There's not a thing it can do to keep the summer away,

FINAL CHORUS: FOR IT'S ALL HAPPENING NOW.
IT'S ALL HAPPENING NOW!

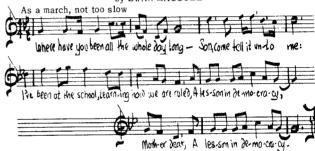
© 1968 by Peggy Seeger in United Kingdom



The songs on this page are two of 13 in a booklet published by the SING-ERS CLUB of London. They comprise the content of Ewan Mac-Coll's FESTIVAL OF FOOLS '68, put together by Ewan and Peggy Seeger for the CRITICS GROUP. The songbook can be had from The Singers Club, Union Tavern, Kings Cross Road, London, for two shillings.

STUDENT EDWARD

words and music by EWAN MACCOLL



- Where have you been all the whole day long, Son, come tell it unto me:
 I've been to the school learning how we are ruled, A lesson in democracy, mother dear, A lesson in democracy.
- How came the blood on your right shoulder, dear? Son, come tell it unto me: I was bashed on the head by a cop, and it bled, He was teaching social history, mother dear, He was teaching social history.
- 3. Why do the tears come streaming from your eyes? Son, come tell it unto me: As we tried to pass, the cops released their gas Instructing us in chemistry, mother dear, Instructing us in chemistry.
- 4. Why do you crouch like a bent old man? Son, come tell it unto me: The cops got me down and they booted me around A lesson in anatomy, mother dear, A lesson in anatomy.
- 5. Where did you leave your little brother John? Son, come tell it unto me: They've got him in a cell and they're teaching him well, The meaning of authority, mother dear, The meaning of authority.
- 6. What will you do with the knowledge that you've gained? Son, come tell it unto me: It will rise above the sound of their world crashing down, I'll use it to make men free, mother dear, I'LL USE IT TO MAKE MEN FREE!
 - © 1968 by Ewan MacColl in United Kingdom

BROADSIDE #97

Dylan wrote "Sad-Eyed Lady" he was into a kind of poetry which seemed to be about love but was really political, so Joanie's sweet, mellow, soprano voice adds to the effect. It sounds like she's singing the song at a funeral -- America's funeral.



TIM BUCKLEY: He dug Bob's message

But getting back to the history lick, the next group of songs comes from the basement

GORDON: What is the basement

ALAN: The Basement Tape is -well, first the name is very suspicious, because in "Subterranean Homesick Blues" Dylan says "John is in the basement mixing up the medicine," and he means the underground. All Dylan said about the tape is that it was recorded in a basement of a place in Woodstock. The tape therefore

became known as "the basement tape". But in Dylan's symbolism, basement means underground, which this tape literally is, because it's being passed around in the underground rather than being distributed publicly.

GORDON: What songs are on it?

ALAN: It's actually a demo tape which was given to various artists who Dylan thought did his material well. It consists of Dylan and the band doing some very weird poems, along with songs like "Mighty Quinn", "Wheels On Fire", "You Ain't Goin Nowhere," which were made into hit or quasi-hit records by Manfred Mann, Julie Driscoll and The Byrds respectively. It was recorded before JOHN WESLEY HARDING and reflects Dylan's thinking in his "dormant period". Here's where Joanie goofs. Even though she had the basement tape to dig how Dylan did these poems, they don't quite come off.

Take "You Ain't Goin Nowhere" -- I think that's one of the best of Dylan's songs on the basement tape. It's about Vietnam. Now Dylan always makes his Vietnam things the most obvious. For example, in "Please Crawl Out Your Window" he says, "with his genocide friends" and in "Tombstone Blues" he says, "Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch he burns out their camps", and "With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps". In "Pity The Poor Immigrant" his subject "tramples through the mud" and "builds his town with blood." Dylan always makes his put-downs of the Vietnam war the most literal. But "You Ain't Goin Nowhere" was written when Dylan was in his farthest out period, so Joan failed to realize it's Vietnam. (Ed. Note: see her drawing in her album):

WEBERMAN (Continuing): So Joan doesn't sing "You Ain't Goin Nowhere" with enough contempt (considering her husband is going to be put in a cage for refusing to fight in Vietnam) --

I haven't gotten into the inside of all the song, but there are a couple of things I'm pretty sure of. Dig it -- "I don't care how many letters they sent" -- Dylan doesn't believe that the Federal Government's letters of condolence to families whose sons were killed in Vietnam really mean very much --

GORDON: Maybe he means it doesn't matter how many draftees will be summoned by letters of "greetings", the Vietcong is destined to win--

ALAN: "Morning -- mourning -- came, morning

-- mourning -- went" -- since human death is just another statistic to the Fed. Government. "Pack up your money" -- indicates the billions of \$ America is pouring into Vietnam. "Pick up your tent" -- America's military camps are being knocked down by the Cong.

"You ain't goin' nowhere."

Take the last verse: "Ghengis Khan he could not keep/All his kings supplied with sleep." Ghengis Khan was an archetypal militarist, and even he couldn't afford to keep all his soldiers-kings in Dylan are soldiers: "Jumping kings and making haste/Just ain't my cup of meat" and other contexts -- supplied with "sleep", which is marijuana (from "Mr. Tambourine Man".)So even the greatest militarist couldn't afford to have all his troops intoxicated on marijuana, as the G.I.'s are in Vietnam, and still hope to win. So then Dylan goes on to say," We'll climb that hill/No matter how steep/When we get up to it." The reason they can't climb the hill is not because it's too steep, but the G.I.'s are too high on marijuana. "When we get up to it" -- when we get straight enough to do it. So that's really a dynolick.

GORDON: So it adds up to a pretty rough scene with a bunch of soldiers high on pot sweating their way up some godforsaken hill in Vietnam, and you don't get that listening to Joanie's sweet, soprano voice.

ALAN: Yes, I guess it's true to some extent, Another example of this is the way Joan does "I Shall Be Released." This song is about a part of Dylan life Joanie doesn't know shit about. To me, she sounds somewhat absurd singing it.

But then again, if Joan Baez is happy singing a Dylan song, I'd rather see her happy than see her doing something else and unhappy. If you want to do something, do it. It's the people who don't do it, who live by the rules, who cause all the trouble.

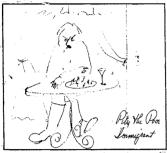
GORDON: What about the poems from JOHN WESLEY HARDING?

ALAN: Again I think it's a matter of poor choice of material. Joanie picked the songs she happened to like rather than trying to pick songs she understood & thought were relevant. It's obvious to me from Joan's illustrations in the album cover that she didn't realize that "Drifter's Escape" & "I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine" were autobiographical while "Dear Landlord" was a personal message of interest to maybe one person.... You see Dylan released JOHN WESLEY HAR-DING because he didn't want to be bugged with the endless hassles mass fame entails. The cat just wants to be left alone to live out his own personal nitemare. If he wanted mass fame he would have released the "basement tape." So a lot of the songs on JWH really don't merit recording by anyone except Dylan. There are some exceptions, like one which Joan does: "I Pity The Poor Immigrant." I think she's hip to the fact that Dylan's talking about Vietnam here & therefore she does this poem especially well. her drawing looks like some G.I. sitting in a Saigon cafe... poor immigrant indeed! By the way, Joan commits a cardinal sin in "Drifter's Escape" when she changes the line "My trip has been a pleasant one" to "My trip hasn't been a pleasant one", since by doing so she makes the ironic meaning of this song stoned inaccessible (which it is to most people anyway). Joan has a sheet as long as my arm for this offense. She got booed at The Fillmore when she tried to do a number on Leonard Cohen's

(cont. on p.10)

lyrics. I guess she still doesn't realize that Dylan -- & Cohen & Morrison & Lennon -- are writing the kind of highly impacted poetry in which every word determines the poem's ironic meaning (she also changes a line in "Sad-Eyed Lady).

GORDON: Well, your overall evaluation of ANY



"Poor immigrant indeed!"

DAY NOW seems to add up to more plus than minus --

ALAN: I guess I really dig it ... the music is some heavy C & W. But I think she would've had a hit L-P if she had been more selective (Ed.Note: It only went up to # 40 on the latest charts).

GORDON: So how's the book coming?

ALAN: Man it's coming along fine... but like I'm very paranoid about getting permission from M. Whitmark to reprint Dylan's lyrics. I have a feeling they're going to want bread for this, and if I don't find a publisher who can guarantee tremendous sales the book may never happen 'cause I really can't paraphrase Dylan's poetry.

GORDON: What about the copyrights Dylan holds?

ALAN: Dylan has other criteria aside from \$\$\$. If the book is striking enough I think Bob will give me all he's got to give. I work on the book 12 hours a day and it's almost finished. You know man I've been working on this book for three years an it's really comprehensive. Even if I make 10 grand on it it will still come out to about a dollar an hour. But I ain't writing the book primarily for money. I really dig Dylan's poetry and I think he's one of the wildest, gonest & freakiest studs that ever stomped through the pages of history.

NEW YORK TIMES MARCH 5, 1969

the village VOICE, February 27, 1969

Johnny Cash Joins Dylan In New Record Album

Two top figures in contemporary music have teamed up in an album to be released by Columbia Records in two weeks:

Bob Dylan, the folk singer, composer and poet, has completed the album, as yet unpublished, in which he and his long-time friend, Johnny Cash, the Nashville country music singer, perform as a duo solely in the opening track. Mr. Dylan sings the other songs himself. Neither Mr. Dylan nor a spokesman for Columbia Records would disclose the names of the 10 selections on the disk.

The occasion marks the first time that Mr. Dylan has done a recording with another artist.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED in civil liberty causes, there is the depressing case of an outspoken SNCC student at Texas Southern University. Apparently his political actions were too radical and too loud for dusty Texas. After an incredible series of harassments, he ended up in jail on an unbelievable 30-year pot

sentence. His supporters say he was framed to be put out of the way. There is no money for legal action and little sympathy in Houston. If these few morbid details are not enough for you to send money, write to the Lee Otis Johnson Defense Fund, Box 6524, Houston, Texas 77005, and ask for the whole story.

Howard Smith

books

THE VIETNAM SONGBOOK. A Guardian book, distributed by The Monthly Review Press, 116 W. 14th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. &3.95. Com-

piled and edited by Barbara Dane and Irwin Silber. More than 100 songs from the American and International protest movements — and fighting songs of the Vietnamese people. A number of these songs first appeared in BROADSIDE, including such songwriters as Len Chandler, Pete Seeger, Phil Ochs, Richard Farina, Norman Ross, Will McLean, Tom Paxton, Tom Parrott, Julius Lester, David Arkin, Waldemar Hille, Irwin Heilner, Ruth Jacobs, Bill Frederick, others. The International Section has songs from England, some of them by Ewan MacColl, Australia, Europe, as well as war songs of the North Vietnamese and NLF.

THE POETRY OF ROCK. A Bantam paperback put together by Richard Goldstein, music writer for the Village Voice, N.Y. \$1. Goldstein has picked lyrics that can stand alone as poetry. In here you'll find Bob Dylan, Donovan, Lennon & McCartney, Tim Hardin, Jim Morrison, Phil Ochs (his "Crucifixion"), Janis Ian ("New Christ Cardian Hero". Dylan's publisher would not permit use of a complete text, so you will see "Desolation Row" and "Sad-Eyed Lady" with verses missing. An important milestone in rock recognition.

OH, HAD I A GOLDEN THREAD. New songs by Pete Seeger. Published by Sanga Music, Inc., 200 West 57th St. New York, N.Y. 10019. \$2. A couple dozen of Pete's latest songs, including those he wrote against the Vietnam war, like "Big Muddy", "Lisa Kelvelage" etc.

COUNTRY MUSIC, U.S.A.: A Fifty Year History. By Bill.C. Malone. Published by the University of Texas Press, Austin, Texas, for the Memoir Series of the American Folklore Society. 422 pp. \$7.50. A lively account of C & W from Jimmy Rodgers, The Carter Family, Roy Acuff, Hank Williams, up through Bill Monroe, Flatt-Scruggs and The New Lost City Ramblers. The chapter entitled The War Years (World War II) mentions the late Bob Miller who wrote the hit song "There's A Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere". Pete Seeger recently sent along to us a pro Vietnam war L-P (Epic) with this note: "Try and figure out why they are able to include a couple of quite good songs along with some very silly ones. My guess is that a record like this would not even have been attempted if it wasn't that people like us were having an effect." Silly is too mild a word -- most of the L-P is pitiful, stupid, embarrassing. But among this trash we find "There's A Star-Spangled Banner...' Bob Miller must be turning in his grave. He wrote that song to fight fascism and here it turns up in support of fascist-type aggression. Somebody should be ashamed.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS KIRKPATRICK

"AN OLD SPIRITUAL OF OURS SAYS, 'THE TRUMPET SOUNDS WITHIN MY SOUL.'
THAT'S REV. K. IF YOU WANT BLACK HONESTY SET TO MUSIC, SWEET ENOUGH
TO MAKE YOU LAUGH, BITTER ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU CRY, AND ANGRY
ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU WANT TO GET UP OFF YOUR BEHIND AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...THAT'S REV. K."

OSSIE DAVIS

"IT IS HARD TO SAY IN WORDS WHY! WISH ALL AMERICA (AND ALL THE WORLD!) COULD GET TO HEAR AND SEE BROTHER FRED KIRKPATRICK. HERE IS THE STRENGTH AND HONESTY OF A PEOPLE STOLEN FROM THEIR ANCIENT HOME, TREATED LIKE DIRT FOR 300 YEARS, BUT STANDING TALL NOW AND REFUSING TO BE SILENCED, SAYING, 'LISTEN TO US; WE ARE SHOWING YOU HOW THE HUMAN RACE CAN BE REDEEMED; EVERYBODY'S GOT A RIGHT TO LIVE!'

PETE SEEGER

(See Bro. Kirk's songs in B'SIDE #'s 89,90,91,92,96. His and Jimmy Collier's L-P "Everybody's Got A Right To Live" can be had for \$4.34 from BROADSIDE RECORDS,701 7th.Ave,N.Y.C.10036).

IRECORDS

Reviewed by JIM BUECHLER

When Patrick Sky, Janis Ian, Eric Andersen and Arlo Guthrie perform publicly, they don't normally have big back-up groups with them, Eric being the exception (he plays along with about five musicians). On each of their latest albums, however, all of them have more than their usual number of inperson accompanists. They seem to be saying, "Listen to how I really sound.

ERIC ANDERSEN: Avalanche (Warner Bros. 1748) is his fifth recording, and not particularly diversified in terms of song material, but is musically pleasing and shows some



improvement in toning down his Buddy Holly vocal style.

The problem is that Andersen does not separate the unique from the hackneyed, thus coming up with some insipid songs with vapid ideas. "Think about It" and "So Hard to Fall" are terribly dull, overly passionate love songs. "It's Comin' and It Won't Be Long" contains very stale lines like "some people feel you should think just like them.. they say keep your place," and, un-believably, "don't compromise..step you?) Jimmy Clay?" believably, "out of line."

When Eric really attempts to, he can write an effective song. "An Old Song" is a clever working of an old situation - a traveler waiting for his ride who has to kill a few hours and spies a young lass in the term-"I don't want to share your secrets/ Or the troubles of your life/ I just want to share your love tonight."

As with his previous album, he uses proficient back-up musicians - several guitarists, both acoustic, electric and pedal steel, various piano players, drummers and bassists, unmentioned brass and string musicians, and even a vibraphonist. They're very controlled&provide marvelous interplay on "Foolish like the Flowers." Some other very memorable cuts are "Avalanche," "For What Was Gained" and "Good to Be with You." His voice, particularly on these, is the least pretentious ever, finally indicating that he has attained some recording maturity and because of it, a somewhat worthy LP.

Of the four Broadside writers, Pat Sky has gone the farthest out. His third album, Reality Is Bad Enough (Verve-Forecast, FTS-3052) was produced and arranged by Barry Kornfeld,

a studio folk & blues guitarist, who must have really researched the picking guitarist, varied musical backgrounds of the record. "She's Up for Grabs" is painted with delightfully brash brass band, brush effects (look out!). "Children's Song", "Follow the Long-haired Lady", and "The Dance of Death" have all borrowed Indian motifs in the form of tabla-style percussion, sliding bass riffs and Subtle sitar playing. Country & Western piano style is prominent in "I Don't Feel That's Real", understudied by strings that grow and then fade throughout the song.

Sky has kept the keen sensitivity that -- along with Campy humor -- marked his first album. "Sometimes I Wonder"is of lovers, martyrs "who never saw their dreams" and those "that wake up in the city's streets and realize like fingers they are numbered." "Jimmy Clay" (see B'Side # 87)is of equal sensitivity and sings to a soldier, and though fifteen thousand soldiers are marching by his side ".....

JANIS IAN: Her third record, The Secret Life of J. Eddy Fink (Verve-Forecast, FTS-304 8), is an obnoxino one should feel ous session that ject himself to.



Her voice, which once rang clear, is now a composite of rude ranting and muddled affectation. Most of the tracks are pretty unbearable, as the overdone "Mistaken Identity" and "Everybody Knows" will show.

Instrumentally, there are fewer members than on the Pat Sky and Eric Andersen LPs. They add little except an empty feeling (if that can be labeled an additive) be-Hunter and the bongo and conga

drums are too sharp and hollow throughout the record. In fact, it all sounds as if it were recorded in the Grand Canyon.

ARLO GUTHRIE: His second album, entitled Arlo (Reprise RS 6299), shows Woody's boy to be a brilliant stand-up comic, a tasteful

finger-picking and (particularly) dexterous flatbut a truly mediocre vocalist.

He is the only one of the four writers to mix song with monolog, as he does with 2 of



the seven bands on the album(the two longest). One is "The Pause of Mr. Claus," dedicated to "our boys in the F.B.I., " telling of their problems as they trail after the subversive Arlo, and then pointing out (to them) that they would do better by nabbing Santa Claus who is a trespasser, a Red, and a pacifist with a beard and long hair. His humor is sometimes subtle yet always hilarious, and intoned flawlessly.

Arlo is joined by a bassist, a piano-harpsichord player and a drummer, all of whom are competent. But it is Arlo all the way as the most inventive. He highlights "The Motorcycle Song" with neat guitar pull-offs, trills and a rolling bass line. But tasteful musicianship does not always pleasant listening make as "Wouldn't You Believe It?", "Stansing at the Threshold," and "John Looked Down" demonstrate. Though tightly arranged, the lyrics are so garbled that it would be unfair to even try to judge them.

FLASH: "The American Eagle Tragedy," a single by the group Earth Opera (the title song of their second album for Elektra) should be of interest to followers of the Weberman series on Dylan and anyone who likes to interpret songs. "Tragedy," which was written by Peter Rowan as are all of Earth Opera's songs, is a seven-minute searing allegory on some events here and abroad, of various aspects of American insanity and reactions to it: "And call out the border guards/ the kingdom is crumbling/ the king is in the counting house/ laughing and stumbling/ His armies are extended/ cause the electric guitar of Carol way beyond the shore/ as he sends our lovely boys to die/ in a foreign jungle war." J.B.

BOBBY DARIN Saus he'll sue.

Censored Darin Sings a Song of Protest

By EARL WILSON

Singer Bobby Darin said in Miami Beach today that he will sue CBS for ordering deletions from one of his compositions, "Long Line Rider," which concerns the discovery of bodies at

an Arkansas prison farm.

A telegram from the CBS

Program Practices Dept. in New York ordering the dele-tions led him to walk off a Jackie Gleason TV taping last night.

"I don't care if I never do another TV show in my life-they are not going to interfere with my right to express my-self," Darin declared.

"Jackie Gleason and Jack of some secrets in its floor" Philbin" (Gleason's associate) but "All the records show so "were beautiful and had nothing to do with it," Darin said. "At 6:30 I got this wire ordering me to delete the 'objectionable material.' It was too late to blip or bloop or bleep. Anyway, in 13 years, I've never blipped anything."

The song concerns the inquiry of the the finding of the bodies of presumed prisoners. Darin was dissatisfied with the results of an investigation and wrote a song, in the form of a lament by a prison trusty.

The trusty chants that

"There's a farm in Arkansas/

been a witness to any prisoner killings.

But the part which CBS wanted deleted was the following: 'That's the tale the warden tells.

As he counts his empty shells.

By the day By the day .

A June wedding,

children,

Am Din

For the

This kinda thing can't happen here

Specially not in an election year."

Darin insisted that his luric but "All the records show so did not refer to any political clear/Not a single man was figure but was his viewpoint here," implying that there was after hearing ex-inmates say no one who would admit having they'd heard about the bodies, and then seeing the investigators conclude that bodies were there before the place was a prison farm.

But what flabbergasts me is that I've done the song on NBC three times and once on ABC. and I also sang it at the Copacabana without anybody objecting."

I'ts also in his album "Bobby Darin Born Walden Robert Cassotto" which contained other journalistic type songs.

A social system has to be judged by the people it produces; not by what they are fed-we are talking about people, not horses-but by what they are. That's the key to the revolt of the 1960s: an existential revolt which characteristically says "We refuse to be like you" rather than "We demand more of what you have." "Like you" means greedy, cowardly, stupid, ugly-possessing the virtues, in short. of a pig. Even the Beatles, so careful not to needlessly offend, sing this song on their latest album:

Have you seen the little piggies Crawling in the dirt And for all the little piggies Life is getting worse Always having dirt to play around

Have you seen the bigger piggies In their starched white shirts You will find the bigger piggies Stirring up the dirt

Always have clean shirts to play around in.

In their styes with all their backing They don't care what goes on around

In their eyes there's something lacking

What they need's a damn good whacking.

Everywhere there's lots of piggies Living piggy lives

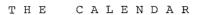
You can see them out for dinner With their piggy wives

Clutching forks and knives to eat their bacon.

Why are the young people so rude? ask newscasters and commentators in the grey stretches between such zingy commercials as the Ultra-Brite spots. "Ultra-Brite gives your mouth sex appeal"-the line is delivered with wholesome ski-slope freshness, but still carries a subliminal connotation of lowdown blow job, a combination that has brought newcomer Ultra-Brite to the No. 3 spot in national toothpaste sales. In a recent issue of Progressive Grocer, Ultra-Brite has a full-page ad urging supermarket managers not to let Ultra-Brite run out of stock so often. "Sex appeal for them means profit appeal for you," say the toothpaste people.

Now do you see why we call them pigs?

WIN, March 1969, 5 Beekman St.NYC. .30¢ a copy



1. May, May, the flowers bloom;

Words & Music by PETE SEEGER @ 1969 by Sanga Music, Inc.

> 2. August, we beat the heat Fled the suburb for the beach September, bought a car-0 Li-lo, lullo, li-lo

3. October, red and gold November, turning cold December 'round the tree - 0 Li-lo, lullo, li-lo

4. New Year brought the snow Next month, skiing we did go March, My God, how the wind did blow! Li-lo, lullabye - 0

BROADSIDE, 215 West 98 St., New York, N.Y. 10025. Top-

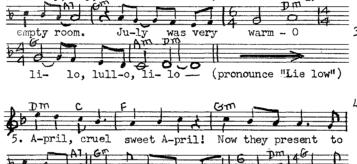
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Broadside Magazine. Editor:

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the burning of the

burning of the children; Li- lo, lulla- bye-0.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, FEBRUARY 14, 1969

the bill For

Board Drops a Negro Boy For Refusing to Play 'Dixie'

LEBANON, Tenn., Feb. 13 (Reuters)—The city school board upheld today the dismissal from a local high school band of a 14-year-old Negro boy who refused to play "Dixie," the anthem of the Confederacy.
The board also approved the

dismissal of the boy's mother as a teacher aide at the recently desegregated school She had

publicly protested the action against her son.
School officials said the boy, Charles Caldwell, was ejected

from the band for disciplinary reasons. They said his mother, Mrs. Marcus Caldwell, was dismissed for incompetence.

Karen Ennis of the American

Civil Liberties Union said she would file a Federal court suit next week demanding re-in-statement of the two.

Again, Broadside apologizes for its slowness in acknowledging letters & songs. Below is a rough model of an answering machine we are working on. Please bear with us.

