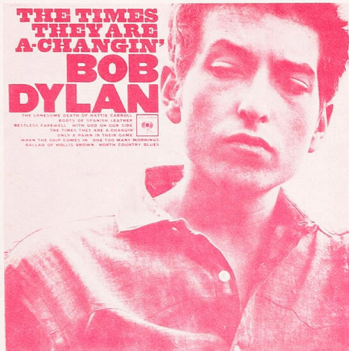




Joan & Bob  
BAEZ DYLAN

on COLUMBIA RECORDS 



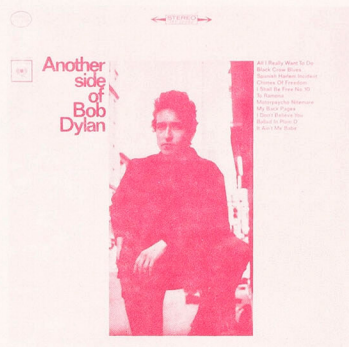
"TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'"  
CL 2105/CS 8905



"BOB DYLAN"  
CL 1779/CS 8579



"FREE WHEELIN' BOB DYLAN"  
CL 1986/CS 8786



"ANOTHER SIDE OF BOB DYLAN"  
CL 2193/CS 8993

To be released in April  
"BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME"  
CL 2328/CS 9128

Available at your favorite COLUMBIA RECORDS Dealer



**THIS IS BOB DYLAN**

"Winter time in New York town,  
The wind blowin', snow around,  
Walk around with no where to go  
Somebody could freeze right to the bone.  
I froze right to the bone."

(From "Talkin' New York" by Bob Dylan)

That was in the winter of 1961. Dylan was only 20 years old but he had already sung his way through one-half the states in the country. He'd run away to Chicago when he was 10, travelled with a Texas carnival when he was 13, thumbed his way for the next seven years from New Mexico to South Dakota, from Kansas to California. He'd come a long way East, mainly to visit the legendary Woody Guthrie, lying ill in a New Jersey hospital. A few months later, Dylan's raw-edged voice and the power imagery of his words had thrown the clan of folk music enthusiasts who gather at Gerde's Folk City in Greenwich Village into an uproar.



**LISTEN TO JOAN BAEZ** (Continued from page 6)

just trying desperately to say something, but they don't know how to say it. But Bob is expressing what all these kids want to say."

Not too long ago, John Cohen commented about Joan Baez in *Sing Out*: "On her recordings, one only hears the sad and mournful side, but Joan is full of life and jokes, and enough craziness to fill a looney-house. She can really swing with gospel songs and rock-and-roll pop sounds. She has an uncanny ability to mimic any kind of music within her reach, and this she generally does with sympathy, not with ridicule. One can only ask why these aspects of her have not been revealed."

Miss Baez commented, "I don't know the answer to that. I do horse around a lot, and when I'm low in energy or sick, I do give what I call 'light' concerts. I crack jokes, tell stories, and maybe sing some parodies. I enjoy that sort of concert, but it's not as meaningful to me as the more serious performances. There is an awful lot of the clown in me. But I do have tremendous respect for folk music, and some of it can move me to tears because it's so real. I suppose, therefore, that I find it especially

difficult to do anything funny on a record because I think that anything that you want to be enduring should be beautiful."

The theme of beauty recurs frequently in discussion of her singing. "I do feel there has to be beauty of one kind or another in all kinds of folk music. It depends on your definition, of course. I think of a rural folk singer, Doc Watson's mother, whose voice might not seem beautiful to some people. But her voice has a straightness, an honesty, a purity. On the other hand, a voice may have all the tone quality and all the vibrato you could ask for, and yet it'll sound so bland that it has no beauty at all. There are so many of those!"

Performing music is her medium of life, she says, "Suppose we knew we had just so long a time before everything was all over. You could spend the rest of your days waiting for the end of the world, or you could spend the time doing something beautiful. For some, it might be opera or painting. For me, it's singing. I'd like to do as beautiful a job as I can, and at the same time try to do something to keep The Bomb from falling. In folk music, I can do both."

**THIS IS BOB DYLAN**

(Continued from page 10)

Born in Duluth, Minnesota on May 24, 1941, Bob Dylan lived off and on for his first 17 years in Hibbing, Minnesota, a mining town "way up on the Canadian border." In an often hilarious summary of his early experiences called "My Life In A Stolen Minute," Dylan wrote, "Hibbing's a good ol' town. I ran away from it when I was 10, 12, 13, 15, 15½, 17 an' 18. I been caught an' brought back all but once."

His first jaunt was to Chicago and before the police found him, the 10-year-old runaway had gotten his first guitar from the friend of a street singer on the South Side. By age 15 he'd also taught himself piano, autoharp and harmonica and had written his first song, dedicated to Brigitte Bardot. Thereafter, his restlessness took him to Gallup, New Mexico; Cheyenne, South Dakota; Sioux Falls, South Dakota ("I didn't learn songs there, just ways of singing"); Phillipsburg, Kansas and Burbank, California, ("That's where I first saw Woody"). Dylan graduated from high school in Hibbing and attended the University of Minnesota for a little less than six months where he learned that "lots of people go to college."

"From God knows where," exclaimed a critic for the San Francisco Examiner, "Dylan has absorbed, engorged or engulfed all the techniques of the unlettered greats of the folk song tradition, including the rich strain of Negro contribution to the culture."

Dylan's explanation—"Open up your eyes an' ears an' yer influenced—an' there's nothing you can do about it—I just seem to draw into myself whatever comes my way and it comes out me!"

