

Newport Folk Festival 1963

Official Program \$1.00

Guy von Schmitt



plus 20 Morning-Afternoon Panels and Workshops

The Setting: Newport



PHOTO BY DAN SEEGER

Newport shipyard on August 13, 1962. Left to right—Weatherly, Columbia and Eastener



Bob Dylan

—for Dave Glover

Yuh ask in the last letter how come I aint wrote lately—
Yuh say that writin' t me's like blowin' words at a stone wall—
Yuh ask in a quiet way if I changed my ways so hard that I don
remember old friends—

Yuh even ask if I'm mad at yuh for somethin'—
An with each letter sent yuh never got a one back—
An I know how yuh mus' feel—
Dave Glover—harmonica sidekick an guitar pardner—
Dave Glover—best friend in the highest form—
Dave Glover—true rebel an unconscious outlaw—
Dave Glover—ramblin' do-gooder a the best breed—
Dave Glover—who knew me before I hit or got bit by New York City—
Dave Glover—who's everything I stand for or am a part of—
An I don even answer a letter from 'm—
I don even answer one little lousiey letter—
An I ask m'self am I crazy—
This is Dave writin' t you, man—
This is somebody you love—

We used t make music t'gether—
We used t drink tough medicine bottles a vodka t'gether—
We used t stay up all nite laughin' an singin—
An we did that when there weren't too many people doin it—
Hey man—I'm sorry—/ / I mean I'm really sorry—
I wrote many lines in the past few years but there aint no letters in
none a the words t spell out how sorry I am—

It's a complicated day—
I keep rememberin the songs we used t sing an play—
The songs written twenty thirty fifty years ago—
The dirt farm songs—the dust bowl songs—
The depression songs—the down an out songs—
The ol blues an ballads—
I think a Woody's songs—
I think a Woody's day—
"This land I'll defend with my life if it be"
An I say t myself "Y eah that's right—

Hittler's on the march
I don wan' 'm takin my ground
I don wan' 'm livin on my land"
An I see two sides man—
I see two roads t pick yer route—
The American way or the Fascist way—
When there was a strike there's only two kinds a views—
An two kinds a tales t tell the news—
Thru the union's eyes or thru the bosses eyes—
An yuh could stand on a line an look at yer friends—
An stand on that same line an see yer foes—
It was that easy—
"W hich Side're You On" aint phony words
An they aint from a phony song—
An that was Woody's day man—
T two sides—
I don know what happened cause I wasn' aroun but somewhere along
the line a that used t be day things got messed up—
More kinds a sides come int' the story—
Folks I guess started switchin sides an makin up their own sides—
There got t be so many sides that no eyes could see the eyes facin 'm—
There got t be so many sides that all of 'm started lookin like each other—
I don preten t know what happened man but somehow all sides lost their
purpose an folks forgot about other folks—
I mean they must a all started goin against each other not for the good
a their side but for the good a jes their own selves—
An them two simple sides that was so easy I tell apart baboon an
boomed an exploded so hard an heavy that I day all 'is left and
made for us is this one big rockin rollin
COMPLICATED CIRCLE—

Nowadays folks brains're bamboozled an boulded over by categories—
Labels an slogans an advertisements that could send anybody's
head in a spin—

It's hard t believe anybody's tellin the truth for what it is—
I swear it's true that in some parts a the country folks believe the
finger-painters more'n the President—
It's the time a the flag wavin shogun carryin John Birchers—
It's the time a the killer dogs an killer sprays—
It's the time a the billboard sign super flyin highways—
It's the time a the pushbutton foods an five minute fads—
It's the time a the white collar shirt an the white sheeted hood and the
white man's suntan lotion—
It's the time a guns an grenades an bombs bigger'n any time's ever seen—
It's the time a Liz Taylor fans—sports fans an electric fans—
It's the time when a twenty year ol colored boy with his head bloody
don get too much thought from the seventy year ol senator who
wants t bomb Cuba—

I don know who the people were man that let it get this way but they
got what they want an out a their lives an left me an you facin a
scared raped world—

They drained the free thinkin air an left us with a mental institution
circle—
They rotted the poor wind and left us with a mixed up mislead
puny breeze—
They stole Abraham Lincoln's road an sold us Bill Moore's highway—
They shot down trees—buried the leaves an harried "Progress" t the
gravestone—

They dammed up the clear runnin river of "love thy neighbor"
said by Jesus Christ a Bethlehem an polluted us with "I'll guard
the school door with my body" said by Governor Wallace of
Alabama—
They robbed the Constitution of the land an snuck in the censors of
the mind—
They bought up everything at the auction an left us with a garbage
market a fools an fears an frustratin phoniness—

Yuh ask how I'm doin Dave—
I'm still singin—I'm still writin—
I'm still doin all a things I used t do I guess
But the difference is probably that now I really aint thinkin
about what I'm doin no more
I don worry no more bout the covered up lies an twisted truths in front
a my eyes—

cont'd on following page



PETE SEEGER

Pete Seeger has been humming and strumming his way across the land since 1940, the year before Bob Dylan was born. Today, Pete's eminence as an authority in his field is undisputed and his special gift for involving audiences in his performances is largely responsible for the folk singing revival. Bob Dylan, who exploded onto the scene only two years ago with a style as unique as the songs he writes, has met with knowledgeable, receptive audiences well able to appreciate his exciting, unusual talents. Both artists are dynamic forces in the folk singing world. Both are on Columbia Records.



CL 1916/CS 8716*

CL 1668/CS 8468*

CL 1986/CS 8786*

CL 1779/CS 8579*

THE SOUND OF FOLK MUSIC ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

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PHOTO BY DAVID GAHR

THE THIRD ANNUAL

Goya FOLK FESTIVAL

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Program NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL — JULY 26, 27, 28



FRIDAY AFTERNOON

FRIDAY EVENING 8:30 to 11:30 p.m.

SATURDAY MORNING 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON 2:00 to 3:00 p.m.

SATURDAY EVENING 8:30 to 11:30 p.m.

SUNDAY MORNING 11:00 to 1:00 p.m.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON 2:00 to 4:00 p.m.

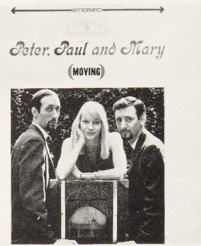
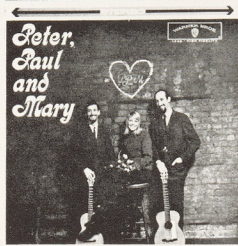
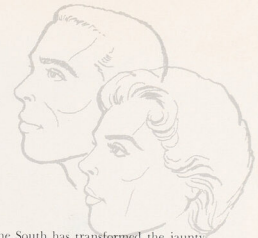
SUNDAY EVENING 8:00 to 11:00 p.m.

MAIN PARK (<i>Freebody Park</i>)	PORCH No. 1 (Entrances to porches and theater at Newport Casino)	PORCH No. 2	THEATRE
	"WHITHER FOLK MUSIC?" 2:00 p.m. Theo. Bikel (host)		FOLK MUSIC MOVIES 3:30 - 5:00 p.m. John Cohen (host)
Peter, Paul and Mary Jean Redpath Freedom Singers Jean Carignan Helene Baillargeon Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry	Bob Dylan Doc Watson Bill Monroe and His Blue Grass Boys Raun MacKinnan		
BLUEGRASS BANDS Bill Clifton (host) Bill Monroe Mike Seeger Eric Weissberg	Jim and Jessie Mac Wiseman Morris Brothers Ralph Rinzler	FIDDLES: Mike Seeger (host) Tex Logan Fred Price Tracy Schwarz Jean Carignan	NON-ENGLISH LANGUAGE Theo Bikel (host) Helene Baillargeon Jean Redpath Jackie Washington
	2:00 p.m.—BLUES: Clarence Cooper (host) Erik Darling (host) Mississippi John Hurt Dave Van Ronk John Hammond Jr. Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry	2:00 p.m.—OLD BANJO STYLES John Cohen (host) Mike Seeger Dock Boggs Clarence Ashley Doc Watson	BALLADS: Jean Ritchie (host) Judy Collins Raun MacKinnan Bess Hawes Bob Dylan Sam Hinton Jean Redpath
CHILDREN'S CONCERT: Pete Seeger (host) Sam Hinton	Jean Ritchie Ed McCurdy	2:00 p.m.—FOLK MUSIC AND THE COPYRIGHT LAW: Elliot Hoffman (chairman)	
Theo Bikel Tarriers Doc Watson Clarence Ashley Jean Ritchie Judy Collins Jim and Jessie	Bessie Jones and the Georgia Sea Island Singers John Lee Hooker The Albuquerque Intertribal Dancers Morris Brothers		
GOSPEL AND RELIGIOUS: Jean Ritchie (host) Freedom Singers Doc Watson Morris Brothers	Clarence Ashley Bessie Jones & Group	ALL KINDSA BANJOS (die hards) Marshall Brickman (host) Eric Weissberg Doug Dillard ALL KINDSA GUITARS: Bess Hawes (host) Sam Hinton Jack Elliott	COLLECTING FOLK MUSIC Dorsay Dixon Maybelle Carter
Ed McCurdy (host) Mike Settle Ian and Sylvia Dave Van Ronk The Dillards	Bernice Johnson Jackie Washington Bob Davenport Paul Clayton John Hammond Jr.	CHILDREN'S CONCERT 2:00 - 3:00 p.m. Sam Hinton (host) Bess Hawes Tony Saletan TOPICAL SONGS AND NEW SONG WRITERS Pete Seeger (host) Bob Dylan Freedom Singers Guy Carawan Dorsey Dixon	MOVIES 2:00 p.m. John Cohen (host) Sam Charters Pete Seeger
	AUTOHARP 2:00 - 3:30 p.m. Maybelle Carter Mike Seeger "WHITHER FOLK MUSIC" 3:30 - 5:00 p.m. Theo Bikel (host)		
	Pete Seeger (host) Joan Baez Rooftop Singers Jack Elliott Doc Boggs Sam Hinton	New Lost City Ramblers Tex Logan Mississippi John Hurt Mac Wiseman Maybelle Carter	

Battle Hymns of the Republic

by Robert Shelton

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EXCLUSIVELY ON WARNER BROS. RECORDS



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Rarely in time of peace has music played such a strong role in mobilizing people as it is doing every day in the integration movement.

At the funeral of Medgar Evers they sang. In the jails of Danville they sang. In the face of the fire hoses of Birmingham they sang. The Negroes of the South are marching to their battles to the tune of what have become generally known as "freedom songs."

One must really hear this use of spirituals, gospel songs, hymns and militant new topical tunes in the actual setting to understand the galvanizing power of this functional music. Few mass meetings in the South could be held without music. Few demonstrations could be held without the morale-building of melody.

But short of witnessing this curious phenomenon, it is possible to get an idea of the songs, old and new, and their impact by hearing the Freedom Singers, a quartet of young field secretaries of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee.

Members of the Freedom Singers are Bernice Johnson, 20 years old; Rutha Harris, 22; Cordell Hull Reagon, 19, and Charles Neblett, 21. All have served time in jail for civil-rights activities. All are first-rate singers, and Miss Johnson has stunned listeners especially with the power, intensity and range of her voice.

The Freedom Singers' concert at Carnegie Hall on June 21 with Mahalia Jackson gave an idea of the breadth and power of music in the integration movement. There was a timelessness about much of the music, as urgent and immediate as today's headlines, as old as the institution of slavery. "We've been rebuked, we've been scorned," went a line of one of their spirituals. But the old self-pity, the old resignation, even the old patience have been swept out of their lyrics as they are being swept out of the thinking of Southern Negro youth.

More typical of their stiffening determination was the song, "I Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around." The

"new-time religion" in the South has transformed the jaunty, infectious gospel song, "Walking and Talking With My Mind Set on Jesus" into "Mind Set on Freedom."

Ironically, many of the songs of slavery, the Civil War and the Reconstruction period are still being sung today, because they voice the same aspirations. These lines, once sung by Negro soldiers in the Union Army, are still to be heard at integration rallies:

No more moaning, no more moaning,
No more moaning, Lord, for me!
And before I'd be a slave, I'd be
buried in my grave.
And go home to my Lord and be free.

While the majority of freedom songs spring from religious sources, popular songs have been appropriated as well. A Ray Charles tune is the basis for "Get Your Rights, Jack!" "Day-o," the Caribbean tune Harry Belafonte popularized, now is called "Calypso Freedom!"

Freedom's coming and it won't be long.

Come, Mr. Kennedy and take me out of misery.

The evolution of freedom songs is a wonderment to watch. An old Baptist song, "O Ship of Zion" was introduced a generation ago to the labor movement by the Almanac Singers as "Union Train." Now the Freedom Singers have reworked it into "Freedom Train." "Which Side Are You On" was a Kentucky coal-miners' song. Now it contains the line: "Will you be an Uncle Tom or will you be a man?"

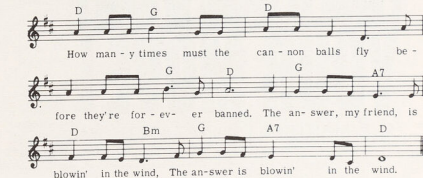
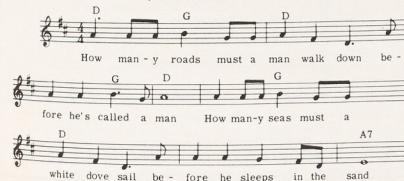
Few songs have such power and communicativeness as "We Shall Overcome," generally regarded as the theme song of the integrationists. It is used as the capstone of every meeting. In churches and auditoriums and jails, "We Shall Overcome" rings out its message of solemn determination in a tempo that irradiates the hope of the lyrics.

The Freedom Singers and the thousands of nameless members of the chorus for integration are writing new verses each day to a stirring song that is moving people in a direct way. They are writing a new score for history.

Blowin' in the Wind

Words & Music
by Bob Dylan
© 1962 Witmark Music Inc.

"June 1962 — There ain't too much I can say about this song except that the answer is blowing in the wind. It ain't in no book or movie or T.V. show or discussion group. Man, it's in the wind — and it's blowing in the wind. Too many of these hip people are telling me where the answer is but oh I won't believe that. I still say it's in the wind and just like a restless piece of paper it's got to come down some time. . . But the only trouble is that no one picks up the answer when it comes down so not too many people get to see and know it. . . and then it flies away again. . . I still say that some of the biggest criminals are those that turn their heads away when they see wrong and know it's wrong. I'm only 21 years old and I know that there's been too many wars. . . You people over 21 should know better. . . cause after all, you're older and smarter." — Bob Dylan



How many years can a mountain exist,
Before it's washed in the sea
How many years can some people exist,
Before they're allowed to be
How many times can a man turn his
head,
And pretend he just doesn't see

Chorus:
The answer, my friend, is blowing in
the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky
How many ears must one man have,
Before he can hear people cry
How many deaths will it take 'til he
knows
That too many people have died

Chorus:
The answer, my friend, is blowing in
the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

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