

Newport Folk Festival 1963

Official Program \$1.00

GMC von Schmidt



plus 20 Morning-Afternoon Panels and Workshops

The Setting: Newport

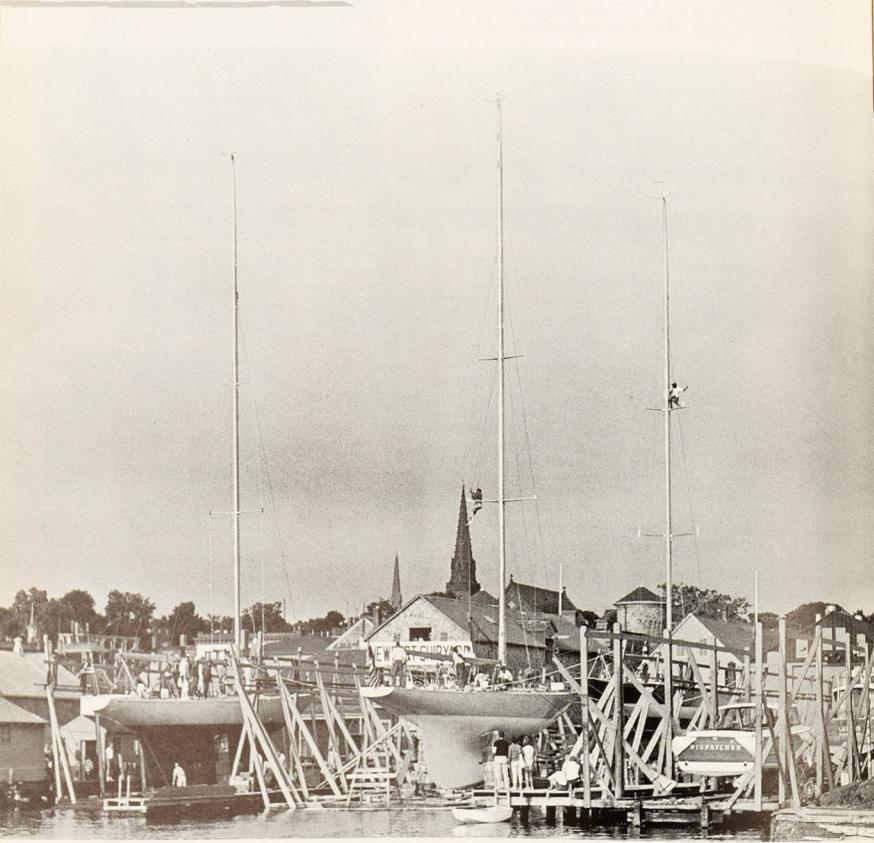


PHOTO BY DAN SEEGER

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



Bob Dylan

—for Dave Glover

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

*You 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 mis' feel—*

Dave Glover—harmonica sidekick an' guitar pardner—

Dave Glover—best friend in the biggest form—

Dave Glover—true rebel an' unconscious outlaw—

Dave Glover—ramblin' do-gooder at the best breed—

Dave Glover—who knew me before I hit or got hit by New York City—

Dave Glover—who's everythin' I stand for or am a part of—

An I don't even answer a letter from 'm—

I don't even answer one little loosey letter—

An I ask m'self am I crazy—

This is Dave writin' I you, man—

This is somebody you love—

We used I make music 'tgether—

We used I drink cough medicine bottles a vodka 'tgether—

We used I 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 I 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 "Yeah that's right—

Hittler's on the march

I don't want 'm takin' my ground

I don't want 'm livin' on my land"

An I see two sides man—

I see two roads I 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 I 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—

"Wich Side're You On" aint phony words

An they aint from a phony song—

An that was Woody's day man—

Two sides—

I don't know what happened cause I wasn't 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 stitchin' 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't pretend 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 wearin' shotgun 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 sultan 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't get too much thought from the seventy year ol' senator who

wants t' bomb Cuba—

I don't know who the people were man that let it get this way but they

got what they wanted 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' named "Progress" t' the

gravestone—

They dammed up the clear runnin' river of "love thy neighbor"

built 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 everythin' at the auction an' left us with a garbage

market a fools an' fears an' frustratin' phoniness—

You 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

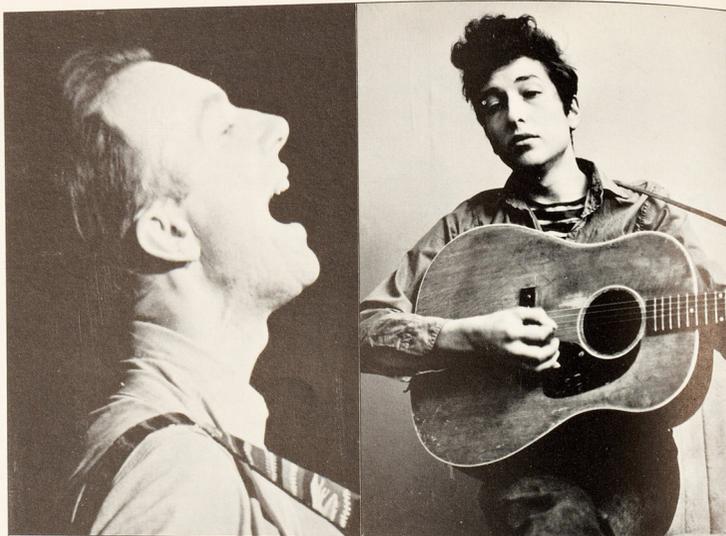
But the difference is probably that now I really aint thinkin'

about what I'm doin' no more

I don't worry no more about 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.

BOB DYLAN



CL 1916/CS 8716

CL 1668/CS 8468

CL 1986/CS 8786

CL 1779/CS 8579

THE SOUND OF FOLK MUSIC ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

© COLUMBIA MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.



PHOTO BY DAVID GAHR

THE THIRD ANNUAL

Goya FOLK FESTIVAL

At GROSSINGERS HOTEL
GROSSINGER, NEW YORK

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 18th to
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 22nd

Host for Festival— OSCAR BRAND

Meet and Hear **JOSH WHITE, THE TARRIERS, DOC WATSON, JUDY COLLINS, LOGAN ENGLISH, BOB CAREY, GREENBRIAR BOYS, GENE AND FRANCESCA, JERRY SILVERMAN**

● Midnight Hootenanny's ● Free Goya Guitars ● Guitar Clinics and Lectures ● Three Meals Daily ● All Grossinger Facilities

ENTER THE FOLK SINGING COMPETITION

Write For Brochure and Special Festival Rates

GOYA GUITAR COMPANY
53 WEST 23rd STREET
NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

New York's
Newest
Folk Song
Club!

THE HOVFF

(New Bowery Theatre) 4 St. Mark's Place, New York 3, N.Y. YU 2-0220