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**PROTEST V PÍSNÍCH BOBA DYLANA
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**PROTEST IN SONGS OF BOB DYLAN
FROM THE 1960s**

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Plzeň 2012

Zadání práce

Prohlašuji, že jsem práci vypracoval samostatně s použitím uvedené literatury a zdrojů informací.

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Jan Hartman

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ABSTRACT

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This thesis deals with Bob Dylan's protest songs that can be found on his first seven albums from the years 1962 – 1966. Those years were the most important in Dylan's career – he composed his most famous songs and gained a status of a controversial yet ingenious songwriter.

The thesis is divided into three chapters. The first chapter describes Dylan's musical beginnings and influence of Woody Guthrie and Jack Kerouac on Dylan's music. The second chapter deals with Dylan's folk singer career, when most of his protest songs were written. The songs are organised by their theme (militarism, racism, poverty and society) and analysed. Also, a brief introduction to each of the themes is included to provide the reader with context. The third chapter follows progress of Dylan's career, his transformation into a rock musician and his eventual cease of public appearances. There are basic biographical information in all three chapters and in introduction, that present the most important events of Dylan's life.

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INTRODUCTION

When in 1961 young Bob Dylan, a fresh college drop out and folk music enthusiast, first arrived in New York City, he only dreamt of playing in public and becoming a famous artist. But the dream soon came true, as Dylan began to gain recognition thanks to his unique vocal performance and guitar and harmonica playing. He could not have found any better place to settle than Greenwich Village, the America's base of counterculture movements, where the Beatniks and hipsters gathered. Dylan quickly adapted to the local climate and became a part of the folk music scene. Small afternoon performances in coffee shops turned into crowded night shows where all the popular Greenwich Village folk musician used to meet to play together, giving Dylan a place to show his talent. Instead of interpreting old folk songs as most of the other Greenwich Village's musicians did, Dylan started to write his own songs. His music attracted more and more people with journalists and music producers among them. The first album, called simply *Bob Dylan*, was quickly followed by other increasingly popular records and Dylan became one of the main figures of the 1960s civil rights movements.

Robert Allen Zimmerman's ancestors first came to America at the beginning of the twentieth century, from their homeland, Lithuania. They settled in Hibbing, Minnesota, a town that was growing fast thanks to its vast deposit of iron ore, and started to make their living as craftsmen and merchants. Bob Spitz, writer, biographer and journalist says that for a Jewish family like Zimmerman's, it was not easy to live among local people, but Benjamin Harold and his wife Lyba (Zimmerman's maternal great-grandparents) were skilled enough to not only cope with the anti-Semitism but even expand their profitable business and open several movie theaters, where young Robert Zimmerman used to go to see his beloved films (13).

Paternal grandparents of Robert's, Zigman and Anna Zimmerman came from Odessa and settled in Duluth, where on the May 24, 1941 Robert Allen Zimmerman was born to Abram Zimmerman and Beatrice Stone. Six years later, Abram decided to return to his wife's birthplace, Hibbing, in order to help his two brothers run an all-purpose appliance shop (Spitz 19). The house on 2425 Seventh Avenue, where Zimmerman family lived, could be called the starting place of Robert's folk music interest. First, at the age of ten, he found a guitar there, and started playing it. Second, he discovered a radio with a

turntable on top. The turntable contained a country record about which Dylan said in his biographical documentary: "The sound of the record made me feel like I was somebody else...that I was maybe not even born to the right parents or something." (No Direction Home 04:40). Zimmerman fell in love with the radio and was able to listen to it for long hours. He discovered new music genres and artist that influenced him, such as Hank Williams, Johnnie Ray, Muddy Waters, Little Richard and many others. But the interest in music did not end at listening. Young Zimmerman was very fond of playing his guitar and a little of piano as well. He was learning to play songs that he heard on the radio and formed several bands when he was attending high school. But the situation around those early bands was difficult because the other musicians tended to migrate back and forth between local bands, leaving Zimmerman alone. This, however, did not stop him from forming new bands and eventually performing at Hibbing's talent shows and various social events. Zimmerman even claims to have met a famous wrestler called Gorgeous George who appreciated his playing at National Guard Armory in the mid 1950s, an act that strongly encouraged the young musician. (Dylan 44).

Short, yet important chapter in Robert Zimmerman's life was a year at the University of Minnesota in 1951. The university represented an escape ticket from uninteresting Hibbing to wider world, where the possibility of becoming a "full time" rock'n'roll (that was the kind of music Bob Dylan wanted to play (Spitz 75) musician was much more real. The actual education did not play any important role during those few months. All Zimmerman's time and focus was devoted to the music, as can be well understood from his statement (No Direction Home 18:50): "I was enrolled, but I didn't go to classes. I didn't feel like it. We were singing and playing all night. I didn't even have time for study."

Zimmerman quickly found himself a place to play – Dinkytown. According to Spitz (76-77), Dinkytown was the centre of the university's hip, beat and bohemian society, a counterculture that believed in romantic socialism and alternative life-style. It was a place where folk music of the 1930s was played in various coffee shops. This strong folk oriented climate has undoubtedly steered Zimmerman's musical interest in the direction where it would remain in the first half of the 1960s.

One can say that the University of Minneapolis, respectively Dinkytown, is the birthplace of Bob Dylan. Not only Bob Dylan, a devoted performing musician, but the name Bob Dylan itself. In his autobiography (78), Dylan claims that the name Robert

Allen, as he called himself after coming to the university, did not fully reflected his personality. Also, it did not sound as good as the names of other musicians. So, after trying several combinations, a pseudonym (that later became official name) Bob Dylan was created.

A person without whom Bob Dylan may have never been what he is now is Woody Guthrie. As mentioned above, Dylan was certainly not satisfied with the school. He went there because he wanted to satisfy his parents, but there were thought of leaving home, crawling in the back of Dylan's head (Spitz 82). And Guthrie made those thought reality. In fact, it was Guthrie's songs and autobiography he had written, *Bound for Glory*, that influenced Dylan so much. He identified himself with the book, admired the songs and decided to visit Guthrie in New York City, where he was being treated in Greystone Park Psychiatric Hospital (No Direction Home 32:07).

Dylan first saw Guthrie in January 1961, immediately after his arrival to New York City and was amazed by the meeting with his idol. Dylan was even asked to play several songs for Guthrie, a request that he could not have refused. It could be said that during his visits Dylan befriended Guthrie and was given "some boxes of songs and poems that he (Guthrie) had written that never been seen or set to melodies" (Dylan 99). It is not surprising that one of the first Dylan's own songs is dedicated to Guthrie.

As mentioned above, Greenwich Village, with its coffee shops and bars, represented the place to be for a young independent artist or at least a wannabe. In the 1950s, the "original" Beatniks was centered around the Village and even before them there were many artist and bohemians living in the district. It is no wonder that new generation of self proclaimed Beats and hipsters tended to gather around there to continue the tradition of local alternative lifestyle. Greenwich Village also had a strong base of traditional folk music interprets and enthusiasts among whom Dylan quickly blended.

Dylan played his first concerts during afternoon shows at Cafe Wha? but soon, as he was becoming acquaintance with local musicians, he began to play in other places such as Gaslight or Gerde's Folk City. It was common for folk musicians to play traditional old folk song. New songs (apart from few exceptions) would not have been accepted by the community (Spitz 134). This, however, did not discourage Dylan from writing songs of his own. He somehow managed to not being rejected, impress the crowd and even made an appearance in *The New York Times* review by Robert Shelton. According to Shelton, Dylan

was "one of the most distinctive stylists to play a Manhattan cabaret in months" and "Resembling a cross between a choir boy and a beatnik." (20-Year-Old Singer Is Bright New Face at Gerde's Club). It is hard to think of better, more honoring words for a twenty years old musician who had come to the city just a few month before the article was published.

It was not long before a famous producer and talent hunter, John Hammond, offered Dylan a record deal at Columbia records. From that moment, Dylan's music was rapidly growing popular and gradually changing its style throughout the 1960s.

The 1960s, especially the first half of the decade, is the period of Dylan's career as a protest author. The thesis deals with this period, focusing on the analysis of individual protest songs, it's themes and relations to the 1960's political and cultural background. I believe that it is important to not only to describe the metaphors and references in the lyrics, but also the overall structure of the songs, their mood and even the album covers. All these factors combined can provide complex image of the actual protest as it was intended by Dylan, and, more importantly, fully understand all motives and reasons for writing such songs. Part of the study will include crucial events in Dylan's life that have proven influential. However its function is only supportive and does not represent the main body of the thesis.

I am convinced that protest in songs of Bob Dylan is worth studying for three reasons. One, it is what made the singer popular in the first place. It had brought public attention during tense political climate and secured Dylan's position as an universally recognized musician. This statement can be supported with the fact that none of Dylan's contemporary folk musicians achieved such mass popularity as early after their career start as Dylan did, even though many of them were better singers or guitar players. Two, in depth analysis of the protest songs can be useful for both cultural and political studies since it captures authentic opinions of an ordinary member (later spokesman) of a particular subculture. The song lyrics may contain new relations or at least a look from different perspective that would possibly provide the mentioned disciplines with additional information. Three, the artistic viewpoint. The front page of *The Mammoth Book of Bob Dylan* calls Dylan "rock's greatest poet" for a reason. His clever metaphors and word plays go beyond the category of song lyrics and could be considered stand alone protest poems. What is more, Dylan's rich vocabulary adds to the simple yet effective message, creating

understandable and meaningful piece of art.

The thesis is divided into three main chapters, each describing different period of Dylan's personal life, career and his role in counterculture movements. In the first chapter, I will explore the influences of Dylan's early songs that will evolve in his later albums. I will also observe the transformation of Bob Dylan, an ordinary folk singer, into a member of the civil rights movement.

The second chapter describes Dylan's protest songs during his collaboration with protest movement. Those were the days of the biggest fame for Dylan - folk singer, a time when one could say that all his childhood dreams were fulfilled. Most of the protest songs were written and published during this period and I will deal with them in this chapter.

The last part of the thesis describes the end of Dylan's folk protest career and his change of style as well as instrument. This act of "treachery", as many fans perceived the singer's decision to start playing electric guitar with a supporting band, was one of the reasons for Dylan to gradually stop the injustice protest for good and become more of a rock musician. In fact, the release from political content made it possible for him to focus on other themes, although he did not fully abandon the protest.

The thesis will not go as far as beyond 1966. In that year, Dylan had a motorcycle accident that definitely ended his "rebellious youngster" period – a time when Dylan was a synonym for a protest singer. After the accident, Dylan not only changed his music and themes of his lyrics, but also stopped touring for a long time and kept public appearances to minimum.

EARLY DYLAN

If I were asked who I thought was the most influential person for Dylan, I would say two names. Woody Guthrie and Jack Kerouac. It is no wonder that those two American symbols of freedom are something like idols for Dylan. In fact, Guthrie and Kerouac have lots in common. They were both on (or maybe beyond) the border of society, both spent a significant time on the road and they both became heroes. They showed America's darker side to people. I believe that Dylan's "escape" from the University of Minnesota would not have happened without Guthrie's *Bound for Glory* and Kerouac's *On the Road*, again novels with similar plot and message.

It was most likely *On the Road* that inspired Dylan to travel across the America after dropping out of college. Judging from Dylan's own words said about the first few month in New York: "I'd lost my interest in the "hungry for kicks" hipster vision that Kerouac illustrates so well in his book *On the Road*. That book had been like a bible for me. Not anymore though" (Dylan 57). I would say that the book's influence did not last long enough to be majorly referred to or cited in Dylan's songs. However, one could classify *On the Road* as more of a childhood/youth inspiration that introduced Dylan alternative lifestyle and culture that overly shaped Dylan's music. The same romantic feeling of loneliness and freedom that emerges from Kerouac's novel can be found in such songs as "Talkin' New York", the story of coming and struggling in a new city or "Down the Highway", where Dylan describes the feelings of a lone man on the road. "The road" also sustained in other forms of Dylan's art. The name of the album *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* along with its cover art carries a message of living an independent life lacking a sure future, a life similar to Dean Moriarty's and Kerouac's in the novel. There is album named *Highway 61 Revisited* and songs like "I Shall Be Free", "Highway 51", "On the Road Again" or "From a Buick 6" that may not refer to the actual events in *On the Road* but at least indicates inspiration in them and rather aimless traveling in general.

Not only in songs can we find Dylan's inspiration in Kerouac. As I mentioned, one of the aspects of *On the Road* is the protest against ordinary life in the late 1940s and 1950s, when it was appropriate to settle down, have a house and children. Kerouac did exactly the opposite with both his life and work. And so did Dylan in the early 1960s. He had run from home, joined the Greenwich Village's society and began to play music that

represented "alternative to the juvenile instincts of top forty rock' n' roll." (Spitz 122), a music alternative to the America's mainstream. One may say that Dylan could not have done more to become a true member of the 1960's counterculture than rush straight into its centre in New York.

Kerouac's "follower" in term of impact on Dylan was one of the most famous American folk singers, Woody Guthrie. If Kerouac was Dylan's lifestyle hero of youth, than Woody Guthrie himself as well as his music represented the most prominent inspiration for Dylan's early and mid 1960s songs. Dylan would probably never have written protest songs without hearing Guthrie's classics like "This Land is Your Land", "Deportee" or "Talking Dust Bowl Blues". Even his determination to be a folk singer was supported by Guthrie's music. In the documentary *No Direction Home* (26:25), Dylan claims that when he first heard Guthrie, he thought "He was radical. His songs had a radical slam. That's what I wanna sing". Above that, Guthrie's half autobiographical, half fictional book, *Bound for Glory*, became even more influential to Dylan than *On the Road*. When he had got the book at the university, Dylan read it over every day and never went anywhere without it. (*No Direction Home* 27:00).

Now we can fully imagine the huge impact that Guthrie's work had on young Dylan. The situation about Guthrie is quite similar to the situation with Kerouac. It is not only the piece of art that Dylan admired. Bigger role in Dylan's obsession with his two idols played the identification with their lifestyle and actual social position. There is nothing more empathic than living life similar as the other person lives. And that is what Dylan did, according to Spitz:

Guthrie's audience consisted mainly of society's outcasts, people who, for whatever reason, were ostracized from the cultural mainstream and took solace in living a carefree existence outside the bounds of social convention. Bobby saw himself in similar company, rejected first by his peers in Hibbing and again by the college crowd. (95)

One can say that Dylan felt about himself as about a disciple or maybe a scholar of Guthrie's. He visited the diseased folk singer in hospital regularly, playing him various songs and playing his songs in coffee houses in Greenwich Village. Wearing similar work

shirt tucked in worn jeans, Dylan even resembled Guthrie in his more healthy years. Also, Dylan, during his beginning in New York, imitated (intentionally or not) Guthrie's accent while singing – or at least this is how Mike Marqusee, non-fiction writer and journalist, perceives it (22).

But Dylan did not stop his admiration at hospital visits and playing Guthrie's songs. He devoted one of his first songs to Guthrie. "Song to Woody" is a simple slow tempo ballad with sad melancholic lyrics that partly refer to Guthrie's experience. I believe that it nicely and very clearly summarizes the whole relationship between Dylan and Guthrie. One could call the song a testimony of some kind of last thankful words. All the ideas provided in the text above are reflected in the lyrics, adding some more interesting facts that are also regarding to the main topic of the thesis, the protest.

In the first verse of the "Song to Woody", Dylan expresses his understanding with his hero's vision of the world and people (which is another sign of Dylan's devotion to Guthrie). He sings that he is "seein' your (Guthrie's) world of people and things / Your paupers and peasants and princes and kings". It seems logical that Dylan really had similar opinions about people and world in general as Guthrie (as mentioned below), or at least that he had progressively accepted them. Dylan's later songs deal with the same problems which appear in Guthrie's music. Among those are for instance miserable living conditions, class inequality or low salaries of working people.

There are first signs of protest (or maybe just a complaint that would eventually evolve into protest) in "Song to Woody". The second verse speaks about "funny ol' world" that "Seems sick an' it's hungry, it's tired an' it's torn / It looks like it's a-dyin' an' it's hardly been born". Those are very strong, almost depressing words. One would wonder where a twenty years old Dylan got such a dark vision of the world. Whether it was his personal experience or an idea he got from reading "Bound for Glory" and listening to Guthrie's songs, this kind of negativity would sustain in many songs on *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* and *The Times They Are A-Changin'* albums.

The song puts Guthrie in a position of wise man with vast experience to whom Dylan looks up. Here we can observe that their relationship resembled that of a teacher – student one: "Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know / All the things that I'm a-sayin' an' a-many times more / I'm a-singin' you the song, but I can't sing enough". Dylan refers to the previous verse about the dying world and addresses that Guthrie knows it all

and even much more. It almost looks like Dylan was apologising that, for his lack of experience, he could not come up with anything what Guthrie had not heard before. This feeling appears also in the last verse, where "He (Dylan) seems uneasy comparing his limited experience to the older generation's (Marqusee 23). The climax of the praise to Guthrie comes in the end of the third verse, with the line "there's not many men that done the things that you've done". It is Dylan's confession of true admiration, appreciation and belief in the extraordinary importance of Guthrie's heritage.

Before Dylan became famous for his protest songs and strong involvement in protest movements, he had been signed by Columbia Record's talent hunter, John Hammond, and recorded his first album, simply called *Bob Dylan*. "Although *Bob Dylan* contained only two originals ("Talking New York" and "Song to Woody"), Dylan stirred up the Greenwich Village folk scene with his caustic humor and gift for writing deeply resonant topical songs" (Mark Kemp, "Bob Dylan").

It is not surprising that Dylan chose to record so many traditional songs. As mentioned before, it was very common, almost a rule, that folk singers did not write their own songs. Very likely, Dylan had been influenced by this stereotype and followed it naturally. Another reason would be, according to Egan (4), that Dylan believed his own songs "were not yet up to the level of the folk standards", although "Song to Woody" had already gained some recognition and positive reactions from the Greenwich Village folk scene (Spitz 133).

FOLK SONGS OF PROTEST

The 1960s in America was a time of big changes in social and cultural life. Various protest movements were being established and the era of hippies came. It is no wonder that in such tense decade as the 1960s was, people felt need to express themselves and change things. And protesting is one of very few acts an ordinary person can do to make such change. According to Spitz , "protest songs were synonymous with freedom of expression. Those who felt strongly about an issue and could carry a tune or simply clap their hands had a stake in the protest movement" (224). There were many things to protest against. Racial discrimination, the Vietnam and Cold War, poor living conditions in certain areas of the USA and suppression of civil rights in general. Many songs and pieces of literature were written to support the movements but only a few managed to stay alive and be still popular till nowadays. One of those are the protest song of Bob Dylan that has become almost a synonym for striking yet cleverly written carriers of dissatisfaction. And it was these songs that made Dylan so important part of the protest movement, because those, according to sociologists Ron Eyerman and Andrew Jamison, played the major role:

During the early to mid- 1960s the collective identity of what was then called the movement was articulated not merely through organizations or even mass demonstrations, although there were plenty of both, but perhaps even more significantly through popular music. (Eyerman, Jamison 108)

On his second album, *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* (1963), Dylan changed both the mood and themes rapidly (an act that would be once more repeated in the mid 1960s with him going electric). There were no more cover versions traditional folk songs but mostly very serious finger pointing ballads that did not try to hide any of the singer's disgust with the contemporary problems. In the songs, Dylan explicitly addresses the government as well as society and blames it for not coping with America's problems that they had created. This album was also a big success for Dylan. It not only earned him good reviews in the press but also branded him "the spokesman of his generation" (Spitz 225). However, there are songs related to Dylan's personal life, such as "Girl from the North Country", and songs inspired by blues and folk classics (Egan 20).

The following 1964 album, *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, continues where its predecessor ends. The black and white photograph on the album cover, showing Dylan's frowning face, summarizes the negative mood of the music. They are mostly slow sad, melancholic ballads, written in minor key. Musically, the album is not very different from the previous one. It is still a piece of art that follows the true folk song tradition – only Dylan with his guitar and harmonica.

It is interesting that the whole famous Dylan's protest singer career (by which I mean the "true" protest folk songs, not the ironic anti-conventional protest from Dylan's electric albums) was captured only on those two albums, which is approximately a year and a half. In this time period, Dylan managed to cover the problematic issues of the 1960s America, fearlessly, with great passion and artistic feeling. One could say that Dylan was truly devoted in carrying the message to people. He appeared on folk festivals and protest events, the most notable of them being "The March On Washington For Jobs and Freedom" in August 1963, where he sang in front of thousands of people.

However, some time after releasing *The Times They Are A-Changin'* album, Dylan stated: "Me, I don't want to write for people anymore - you know, be a spokesman." and "the bomb is getting boring because what's wrong goes much deeper than the bomb...I'm not part of no movement" (Marqusee 103). He, however did not deny him being a protest singer. In fact, Dylan later claimed that he is a protest singer and all his songs are protest songs. (No Direction Home 1:57). But how much of this was meant seriously and how much ironically remains untold.

The first major protest theme that I want to talk about is war and militarism. In the 1960s, the fear of war was probably the biggest in the history of the USA. After the Second World War, Korean War and US entering the Vietnam War, it was not improbable that the next conflict could happen in America. And what was worse, the next conflict could have been nuclear, since both the struggling sides, America and the Soviet Block, had nuclear weapons and were testing new ones. The Cold War reached its peak with the threatening Cuban Missile Crisis in 1962, the year Dylan recorded his first album and was preparing material for the second one, reflecting those events.

People were scared, of course, and wanted to stop the warfare, so they started to form protest movements. The folk revival, where Dylan belonged, was one of them. Other movements were being established and most of them appeared in the late 1960s, as an

answer to the growing Vietnam war. According to Eyerman (114), it was not only war itself that people protested against: "The movements of the 1960s were, at one level, a massive protest against the military complex, and the dominant position of the military in American political, economic, and cultural life." I will search the references to these aspects in Dylan's anti war songs as well.

Such song, criticizing both war and militarism, is "Masters of War" from *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* album. Being put right after two romantically sounding, very melodic songs, it strikes the listener with its straightforward and anger. The song consists of eight verses and has no chorus. It is very plain, one might say monotonic, and reminds a litany or a poem. I believe that this form really helps to carry the message, making it more serious and urgent, as if Dylan wanted to say "stop and listen, there is no time for jokes." According to Marqusee (74), this approach to writing anti war song was new at the time. What he says is that previous anti war songs were pacifistic and soft. Those are adjectives that one would never give to the "Masters of War".

The song represents a speech given by Dylan to those he calls "Masters of War". We can imagine that by those Dylan means three sorts of people. First, politicians responsible or at least involved in wars: "You that hide behind walls / You that hide behind desks". Second, people in arms industry "You that build all the guns / You that build the death planes / You that build the big bombs". And third, the army leaders, of course "You put a gun in my hand / And you hide from my eyes".

In the quoted lines, we can see the main theme of the song, which is, I believe, the cowardice of mentioned characters, as well as their greediness and inability to see the consequences of waging a war. Dylan basically says that the "Masters of War" use other, less wealthy or influential people to realize their selfish intentions without directly participating in the conflict. He also indicates that those people act without respect to others and exploit their power, as can be understood from the lines: "You play with my world / Like it's your little toy". Worth mentioning is the pronoun "my". It nicely conveys democratic idea of everybody's world that's independence and even existence is ultimately threatened by the warmongers.

Dylan also accuses those involved in war of lying, deceiving and manipulation: "A world war can be won / You want me to believe". But Dylan assures them that he can see through all the lies he is given, in spite of his young age and little experience. He states that

people do not have to be in advanced age and have high education ("You might say I'm unlearned") to understand what is happening in the world.

An interesting fact regarding "Masters of War" is, that it contains motives of christianity. The warmongers are compared to Judas Iscariot and are told that Jesus will never forgive what they do. Since many American folk songs use Christian imagery, it would be nothing unusual. But that Dylan was Jewish. I have come to two possible conclusion while considering this fact. The first of them is that Dylan wanted to sound more like Woody Guthrie, some of who's songs deal with Christianity ("No Direction Home 26:10"). The second is that Dylan simply wanted to make the song easily understandable for as many people as possible, because both West and East is familiar with Christianity and so the metaphors would not be confusing.

The final verse of "Masters of War" summarizes all the feelings and provides a hateful conclusion. Dylan wants them to die and stay dead. He goes so far that he even says he will stay above their grave to be sure they stay in there. This final verse may degrade the song a little because wishing death to those who bring death is morally questionable. On the other hand, there is probably no better way to show one's disgust than how it is done in "Masters of War".

A different approach to war protest is shown in the song "With God on Our Side" from the 1964 album, *The Times They Are A-Changin'*. Unlike the aggressive finger pointing "Masters of War", this second song uses irony to demonstrate the pointlessness of war. Here, Dylan tells the history of wars and conflicts in which America participated. He does not blame anyone (at least not directly), but the style the lyrics are written in shows deeper meaning behind the song's story.

In "With God on Our Side", Dylan puts himself in a role of an ordinary American citizen who seem to not think a lot about what happens in the world and believes in what he is told, as can be understood from the parts: "Oh my name it is nothin' / My age it means less " and "I's taught and brought up there / The laws to abide". Another possible explanation is provided by Spitz (248), who claims that "the song presents a child's-eye history of American war as it's taught in school...".

"With God on Our Side" criticize not only the war itself but also the way of thinking about it and eventually the manipulation through propaganda and education system. It is said that the winner of a war usually justifies himself and blames those who have lost. And

since America did not lose any war (by the time the song was written), it tells people that God is on its side, that America has the right to interfere and fight. But only that. In the song, there is also an apparent disagreement with glorification of war heroes, who may have helped the country, but who are still killers. This leads to conclusion that can be found in the Marquese's book: "In the song, Dylan expresses the embitterment of a generation of politically innocent young Americans who discovered with shock that the people they had been told were the good guys were actually something else entirely" (76).

Nice demonstration of the manipulation provides the fifth and the sixth verse. In the fifth, Dylan speaks about the Second World War. He says that even though Germans killed six million people, the American Government forgave them and now the countries are allies (which means that people should not be angry at Germans). In contrast, the sixth verse talks about teaching the Americans to hate Russians for no apparent reason and accept it without hesitation.

I believe it would not be entirely wrong to say that "With God on Our Side" is a song which criticizes not only war and connected themes but possibly the whole United States. In the song, Dylan sings about America's first conflicts: "The cavalries charged / The Indians died / Oh the country was young / With God on its side ". This few lines can be understood as a criticism of the United States' very foundations and the roots of racism and xenophobia. This, in combination with previously mentioned song's themes, leads to the song's conclusion of corrupted America.

The song takes a slightly different turn with the last two verses. In these, we realize that the narrator is not just an obedient figure who accepts everything he is said any more, but a person who thinks for himself and comes to clever conclusion that may disprove the whole concept of the saying (not song) "With God on Our Side". As in "Masters of War", Dylan uses Christian imagery including Judas Iscariot and Jesus. The listener is confronted with a possibility of Judas having God on his side (metaphor for being right), which would mean that betrayal of Jesus was an act of righteousness. Thus, the United States may represent Jesus and, for instance, Soviet Block Judas, which would mean that one of America's biggest enemies is actually "good" (has God on its side), not "evil". I am convinced that the point of this clever allegory is, that no one can proclaim themselves as "rightful", and that there cannot be peace as long as each of two enemies believes his intentions and plans are the only good.

The final verse expresses the narrator's resignation and final understanding of the matter. He says that he feels confused with everything he has been told (a reference to the contraries with the Second World War and Russians): "The words fill my head / And fall to the floor ". I believe that the words falling on the floor represent uselessness of all the justifications and propaganda. At the very end, the narrator comes to "conclusion that war is not only evil but contrary to any concept of God, as well" (Spitz 248): "If God's on our side / He'll stop the next war ".

Another war protest song that uses irony or humor (and no finger pointing), is "Talkin' World War III Blues" from the album *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*. The song represents a narration of a dream, that is told to a psychiatrist. There are no indications of whether the narrator is Dylan himself or someone else, but I believe that this particular piece of information is not essential to understand the nature of the song. Although it does not contain as deep imagery as "With God on Our Side", we can find some clever metaphors and thoughts.

"Talkin' World War III Blues" describes how an American city could look like (with humorous exaggeration) in "the aftermath of a nuclear strike" (Egan 19). According to the narrator, there are very few people (later is revealed that there are none) in the city, he encounters only three of them . At first, he tries to get some food from a person in a fallout shelter, but with no success. The second meeting is more interesting. There is a man at a hot-dog stand, who flees, because he thinks that the narrator is a communist. This is most likely a reference to the universal fear of communism and Soviets, that was particularly strong during the Cold War. In the third and final encounter, the narrator meets a girl. He says that he wants to "play Adam and Eve" with her, which could be perceived as metaphor for building a new society. But the girl refuses with the words: "You see what happened last time they started". The last time they "started", the civilization in the dream was destroyed by the nuclear war. And the girl is suggesting that if they made a new civilization, it would end just like the one before – destroyed by the war. In other words, Dylan points to the fact, that people do not change and probably will never learn from their mistakes.

By the end of "Talkin' World War III Blues", the psychiatrist claims that he has "been havin' the same old dreams". In fact, everybody has been having the dream, where they have been walking the world alone. It is a reflection of the universal fear that Cold

War brought.

Similar, but by no means ironic, picture of world destroyed by a nuclear war provides "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall", from the album *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*. It is Dylan's last strictly anti war song from his "movement" era, that I want to talk about. Regarding this song and the people's fear of the atomic bomb, Dylan said: "People sat around wondering if it was the end and so did I....it was a song of desperation....The words came fast, very fast. It was a song of terror. Line after line, trying to capture the feeling of nothingness" (Marqusee 64).

And it truly is a song of terror. It is narrated by a "blue-eyed son", who visited the devastated land, witnessed the remains of life in it and now talks about it. The lyrics are full of apocalyptic images that depict destroyed landscape, dying people, hatred, famine and many other atrocities connected with war.

Several lines has caught my attention. First, the line saying: "I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it." I believe that the "highway of diamonds" represents a life of happiness. The humankind does not have to wage wars and inflict pain on itself. No matter how utopic the world without wars is, the option is there. And according to the song, nobody is taking that way. Second, "I met a young girl, she gave a rainbow." Generally, a rainbow is a symbol of a good luck. It seems like Dylan wanted to show a little hope in dying world, or at least a false one of a child. Third, the line saying: "Where the executioner's face is always well hidden". It nicely corresponds with what Dylan said about the warmongers in "Masters of War" – the one who initiate or help initiate a war is usually hidden in a safe place where he can remain unhurt.

The war and the bomb surely represented threat to the 1960s United states, but, despite the extremely intense situation, it was still a theoretical threat. What was real, happening and regrettably accepted, was racism. The segregation, provided by the "Separate but Equal" law from the beginning of the twentieth century, witnessed events proving that African Americans and white Americans were by no means equal. Among these were, for instance, the attack on "freedom riders", people of both races protesting against segregation by riding together in buses (which was not acceptable) or non-accepting of James Meredith, an African American student, to the University of Mississippi. It is no wonder that such situation called for forming new protest movements, such as the SNCC (Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee) and SCLC (Southern

Christian Leadership Conference) (*Outline of U.S. History* 276).

The music, of course, did not stay behind. According to Eyerman and Jamison, "in the 1960s, music was a part of a massive social movement that, in many ways, linked whites and blacks together to overcome racism and injustice".

The role of music in the racial inequality protest was, as mentioned above, significant. The anti racism protest songs were popular. So popular that there were volumes and record compilations being published during the 1960s (Marqusee 49-50).

Dylan provided very interesting look on the racism in *The Times They Are A-Changin'* album song, "Only a Pawn In Their Game". Where one would expect anger and maybe preaching to white people about racial equality, Dylan chose to excuse (I believe there is certain piece of irony behind the excuse) those who feel superior to African Americans. To be precise, he did excuse "ordinary" citizens and, as it is usual in Dylan's songs, blamed the government. It is interesting that white people are pitied as well as the African Americans, for they are merely "pawns" in a bigger game.

Also, the song deals with the murder of Medgar Evers, an African American racial activist who participated in the James Meredith case. Nice summary of previously said is provided in Egan's book: "Dylan portrays the poor white man who supported, or was left unmoved by, the slaying as a victim every bit as much as Evers, enslaved in his bigotry and his poverty by the Southern politician who stirs up racial hatred for his own ends" (26). The "Southern politician" is depicted in the song as the one who feeds the racial prejudice in the first place. And he not only harms the African Americans through supporting the segregation, but the white people as well, because he acts only to get benefit for himself, with no special care for citizens, as can be understood from the lyrics: "You're better than them, you been born with white skin", "the Negro's name / Is used it is plain / For the politician's gain" and "And the poor white remains / On the caboose of the train".

Dylan also suggests that the roots of racism lies in the educational system. According to him, white people are taught to feel superior and not to think for themselves. That way, "the marshals and the cops" can use them "like a dog on a chain" when they need to get rid of some inconvenient activist. An example can be found back in the first verse, where the murderer of Medgar Evers is forgiven, because he was only "a pawn in their game".

The song's final verse calls Medgar Evers a pawn as well, which brings a question.

Who are "they" that play the game? Up until the last verse, one would probably associate "them" with the United States Government. I believe that such association is perfectly correct as long as it deals with the white racists. But when it comes to Evers, a connection with government is improbable. In this case, "they" would be certain anti racism organizations with which Evers cooperated, and which could use machinations and trick to achieve its goals (therefore Evers is called a pawn). This leads to conclusion and revelation of another aspect of "Only a Pawn In Their Game" – a blame of abuse of power and secret manipulation with little respect to others.

There is another song about James Meredith case, called "Oxford Town" (Egan 19). It is pretty straightforward and easily understandable up-tempo piece of music. There are no apparent signs of anger in Dylan's voice, which gives the song a feeling that the singer is not surprised with the situation.

"Oxford Town" provides a brief description of what happened in the city in 1962. The riots are represented by "guns and clubs" and "tear gas bomb", which is quite reduced view of the situation, where, according to Marquesee, "several thousand white college boys (pumped up by the regional media, and assisted by highway patrolmen and local police) besieged the campus...slashed tires, hurled Molotov cocktails, brick and lead pipes" (66). On the other hand, the song fulfils its role as an anti racism protest, emphasizing that all this was happening only because of one man's skin color.

More sophisticated look on racism and, again, on the corruption of the American society in general provides a song called "Who Killed Davey Moore". It is a topical song about a 1963 boxing match where an African American boxer, Davey Moore was killed (Marqusee 77). Despite the fact that one does not know Whether or not Moore would have survived if he had been white, I am convinced that "Who Killed Davey Moore" is an anti racism song. There is, however, another meaning behind the lyrics that has, similarly as in "Only a Pawn In Their Game", much larger extent.

In the song, Dylan asks a question who was the real killer of Davey Moore. It may seem clear that the killer was his opponent, Sugar Ramos, but Dylan's arguments indicate more complicated reality. Each side present or participating on the match is asked the question and each side reject its guilt or pass it to someone else. There is an excuse behind everybody's answer, denoting that no one really cared for the death. In Marqusee's words, "One by one, Dylan allows them to condemn themselves out of their own mouths" (77).

For instance, the referee in the song claims: "I could've stopped it in the eighth / An' maybe kept him from his fate / But the crowd would've booed, I'm sure / At not gettin' their money's worth ". In other words, Dylan points to a likeliness that the referee preferred the crowd's money and amusement to an African American's life.

In conclusion, I believe that the whole song is a metaphor for carelessness, selfishness and bloodlust of people who rather excuse themselves and wash their guilt away, than stand for just case and risk a punishment.

The last anti-racism song I want to talk about is "The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll". By this time, we can see that Dylan preferred to write about concrete persons who suffered because of racism. This is, as I am concerned, a good way to warn people about the thread. By showing the real consequences of racist behavior, the listener gains more alarming message than if he was provided with theoretical thoughts.

"The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll" is a storytelling song that starts with the murder of Hattie Carroll and ends with an unjust sentence of her murderer, William Zantzinger (in the song, his name is spelled "Zanzinger"). The listener is familiarized with Zantzinger family's wealth and "high office relations in the politics of Maryland". In contrast, Carroll's family background was quite the opposite. She was a "maid of kitchen", whose ten children worked in the same facility as she did. It is also said that she never sat at the head of the table and did not even talk to the people at the table. Coincidence or not, the contrast between poor African American servant and rich white man seems to refer to the times when African Americans were slaves to white Americans, and implying that not much had changed since (especially when we consider the ridiculous Zantzinger's six-months sentence).

There is a refrain after each verse. First three refrains are the same, but the last one differs. According to Marqusee: "The refrain is addressed to those who counsel patience, the supercilious liberals who offer their sympathy, their "tears", but little else" (87). In the first three refrains, Dylan sings that "now ain't the time for your tears", meaning that people should act while there is time, not just show their sympathy. However, the fourth refrain, set after the unjust sentence, tell people that "now's the time for your tears", in other words, it is too late to change things. To Summarize, Dylan did not only wanted to warn people about what was happening, but also show them that to sympathize and cry is not enough to change the unhappy situation.

Not all Dylan's protest song from his civil rights movement period are dealing with war and racism, although those themes are the most prominent ones. There are other issues that are sung about less. And those does not necessarily have to be related to United States themselves. In his song, Dylan adverts to general problems of people and society as well. After all, the United States were "on the verge of a major social change" (*Outline of U.S. History* 276), and it is only logical that war and racism were not the only problems. The extent of this more general protest is not as large as on his electric albums, but still can be found. Also, some songs are not strictly protest songs, but still carry signs of dissatisfaction or objection.

One of these is Dylan's massively popular song, "Blowin' in the Wind". Spitz even called the song "a fixture of America's musical heritage and arguably the only song written in the 1960s that will endure a hundred years from now" (192). It may not seem as a protest song at first sight, and it may not be a protest song at all, but there are lines referring to obstacles of everyday life, as well as serious threads like war, death and suppression of freedom. Mild nature of the song most likely expresses the narrator's sadness or possibly tiredness that emerge from constant struggle one has to encounter during his life, with no chance of avoiding it.

The song consists of various questions that cannot be truly answered. I would say that the questions are rather rhetorical and that they should symbolize Dylan's (or every person's who has similar believes) wonder why they have not already been resolved. The answer to these questions is still the same: "The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind". Good explanation is provided in an article by Charles Cicirella: "Blowin' In The Wind" tears down the walls between right and wrong while refusing to offer any answers or shine a light on some seemingly simple solution" (Cicirella, "Bob Dylan 101").

"The Times They Are A-Changin'", another massively popular song, differs a little from other Dylan's protest songs written during his movement era. Dylan usually blamed politicians and people who abuse their power. But in this song, things and people that are old, and do not want to give way to the "new", are the main antagonists. In fact, it is a song for teenagers, as Spitz claims: "'The Times They Are A-Changin'" invested an entire generation of largely disaffected teenagers, with the licence to express themselves and *insist* that they be heard" (248). Some of the criticism is quite rude, even for today's standard. I can imagine some of the parents' reactions, when they heard the song, where

they were told to get out of their child's way.

Politicians are addressed in a similar way as the parents. They are told not to inhibit progress, especially in when "There's a battle outside and it is ragin'". I believe that by the battle is meant the tense 1960s political and social situation, full of serious events. And it would have been unproductive and even dangerous for America not to act fast. At least this is what Dylan says in "The Times They Are A-Changin'".

There are two songs, in which Dylan tells a story of a poverty ridden person. The first, less tragic one that I want to talk is "North Country Blues". It is a narration of a woman who witnessed a closure of an iron mine where her husband had worked. The reason for the closure was not depletion of the iron ore, as one might think, but too expensive operation. Therefore, the woman and other miner families in nearby town lost their job to "what's come to be known as globalization" (Marqusee 84), being unable to change the situation. Dylan also suggests, that the miners in the South, who will now work instead of the miners in the East (precisely in the North-East), will not benefit from the mine closure in the East. The only one who will benefit is the mining company, that's employees "work almost for nothin'". Again, Dylan shows the helplessness of ordinary people against bigger complex.

"Ballad of Hollis Brown" can be called the "North Country Blues" counterpart. The story is settled in the agricultural South, where Hollis Brown, a poor farmer, lives with his five children and a wife. Interesting thing about this song is, that from the second verse, Dylan speaks directly to the listener, as if the listener was Hollis Brown himself. This narrative approach was apparently chosen to intensify the emotions, and to help people to identify themselves with the farmer and his most unhappy situation, because the song was written "not for people who knew poverty all too well, but for people who scarcely acknowledged it existed" (Marqusee 66).

From the very beginning, the song lyrics are utterly depressing. The whole world of Hollis Brown seems to be hopeless, and what is more, there is no sign of change on the horizon. Everything what Brown has is either broken, or is being corrupted. Even the nature itself seems to be acting against the farmer. Hollis Brown is gradually becoming insane . He is so desperate that he eventually decides to kill his children, wife and commit suicide.

The song's beginning is not happy, and so is not its ending. Now I am not talking

about the mass murder, but about the last verse, and especially the last line: "There's seven people dead...There's seven new people born". It seems to me, that by this, Dylan turned the dead people into a statistics. People are born, people die. It is natural and no one can change it. The unhappy thing about it is, that no one can ensure the seven new people fortunate life.

Now we can see, that even though Dylan released only two albums during his protest movement period (I do not count his first album, since there were only two original songs), he managed to write songs, which have become world-famous timeless classics. Even more – he was not afraid to express his opinions and openly blame those, who he thought were to blame. And he did it with great mastery. As we have learned, Dylan's protest songs are everything but one-dimensional. There is always some deeper meaning that goes beyond the song's primary theme. I believe it is the multi-dimensionality that makes Dylan's songs so special and that differs them from other topical songs written in the early 1960s.

I will end this chapter with a quotation from Marquese's book, which, I believe, is a most suitable one:

Dylan was never an activist. He absorbed his politics, like much else, by osmosis. His contribution to the movement was limited to a small number of personal appearances, a few donations – and the songs. These, however, were an inestimable gift (91).

SEPARATION AND ROCK SONGS

As it was stated before, Dylan, after releasing *The Times They Are A-Changin* album, decided not to write finger-pointing songs anymore. To say it in Egan's words, "there were no protest songs here (on the *Another Side of Bob Dylan* album)" (46). There may not be protest, but the music is still traditional folk; the same kind that can be heard on Dylan's previous albums – one guitar and harmonica. However, there is one song that gives a sneak peek of what will Dylan's future music sound like. It is "Motorpsycho Nitemare", an uptempo simple song with similar rock'n'roll feeling as "Subterranean Homesick Blues" and "Tombstone Blues".

Probably the most notable and most negatively received Bob Dylan's concert in the 1960s that defined the "new" Dylan, happened during the Newport Folk Festival in 1965. The reason for the negativity was simple – Dylan played the electric guitar with a band. It was apparently a change that folk music listeners could not stand. The atmosphere of the concert is described in Spitz's book:

The people in the front of the stage began shouting, "We can't hear you! Turn the sound down – we can't hear the words!" That touched off a ripple of complaints, and by the time it reached the back of the field the grumbling had turned to boos. "Play folk music!" someone shouted, as Bob turned up between songs. "Get rid of the band!". (306)

The main problem was, according to journalist Johnny Black, that the audience was not prepared for the massive change of style. It consisted of "folk purists" who only wanted to hear folk music (Black, "Eyewitness").

Similar situation repeated in 1966 in Newcastle, England, where some of the fans stated that Dylan was "prostituting himself" and that "he's just changed from what he was" (No Direction Home 15:00, 15:20). And he changed indeed.

In the half of the 1960, Dylan's career took a rapid turn - the folk music traditionalist was gone, and his place claimed "a fast-talking, hard-loving, rock 'n rolling, trendsetting visionary" (Spitz 270) with electric guitar and a backing band. One could perceive this act as a protest on its own - up until the *Bring It All Back Home* album

(1965), Dylan was a part of folk scene. But then, he turned back on the movement, and began to resemble of a rock musician.

And the 1965 album is a proof. Opening with energetic "Subterranean Homesick Blues", a listener familiar with Dylan's previous songs must have been very surprised with the change in style. Although there are acoustic songs (four of total eleven), they have different feel from those on previous albums. In his book, Spitz claims that LSD may be responsible for the change in music, and he is sure that the drug is responsible for Dylan's lyrical shift (273-274). Even a person who has never listened to Dylan's music would notice this, while hearing "Bob Dylan's 115th Dream", where the gap between the "new" and the "old" Dylan is most striking.

An apparent change has undergone the album cover as well. The whole scene with Dylan holding a cat in a room full of magazines, a smoking woman behind him, and a strange circular, pupil-looking effect, looks nothing like previous album covers. Those were, according to Egan, "trying to evoke railroads, hard living and solidarity with the working man" (62). In contrast, *Bring It All Back Home* was "trying to convey something a lot more complicated, even rarefied" (63). I must agree with this statement. On the cover, both Dylan and the woman look unfriendly, maybe arrogant. It seems as if Dylan wanted people to not only hear, but also see that he excludes himself from the folk movement.

Next album, *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965) shares the same concept as the previous one. Dylan plays with a band, this time in all songs except the last one. Also, the rock'n'roll influence is more apparent. Dylan's face on the cover has very similar expression, but the scene does not look as surreal as the one on the previous album.

The last album of what is referred to as Dylan's "amphetamine rock trilogy" (Egan 107), and also the last album before singer's motorcycle accident in 1966 is called *Blonde on Blonde*. Most of the songs on this album slightly differ from those on *Bring It All Back Home* and *Highway 61 Revisited*, both musically and lyrically. Dylan seemed to have dropped the protest theme, as well as surrealistic images from his lyrics, and have concentrated more on the music – there are more instruments and the genre diversity is more distinctive. Dylan still plays the combination of folk, blues and rock, but this time, the mixture sounds more sophisticated.

I would say that *Blonde on Blonde* represents a landmark in Dylan's 1960s career. He once again moved on in his style, partially abandoning the rock genre and topical

protest themes. Those were matters of the past, and, as Marquess wrote, "He (Dylan) could not stand still. He was compelled – by the interactions between social upheavals and inner demons – to explore to the limit the new genre he was creating" (140).

The landmark that I mentioned above is not connected only with the *Blonde on Blonde* album, but with the event that came shortly after its release and eventually his family. On July 29, 1966, Dylan had a motorcycle accident, after which he stopped touring for eight years (Spitz 347), and showing in public for four years (Spitz 368). Regarding this matter, Dylan wrote:

I had been in a motorcycle accident and I'd been hurt, but I recovered.
Truth was that I wanted to get out of the rat race. Having children changed my life and segregated me from just about everybody and everything that was going on. Outside my family, nothing held any real interest for me and I was seeing everything through different glasses. (114)

Judging from this quote and from what Spitz wrote in his book (368), the accident itself does not seem to be a cause, but a "lucky" happening, if not a means.

A song that express Dylan's separation from folk movement is "Maggie's Farm" (Egan 64). Maggie's Farm represents the movement and its fans, and the worker, who is taken advantage of, is Dylan. He describes the corruption of the Maggie's family members, who deceive people, and try to look superior to the workers. But in fact, they are poor and foolish themselves.

If we take the song as a protest against the movement, the last verse may offer a clue why Dylan actually did not want to be a part of it. There, in just four lines, he describes the stillness and orthodoxy of the folk movement; its xenophobia and inability to accept something that does not follow its strict rules: "Well, I try my best / To be just like I am / But everybody wants you / To be just like them". It seems like Dylan knew how the Newport and Newcastle Festival audience would react to his new music – they did not want Dylan to evolve and play how he felt like; they wanted the "old" Dylan with his classical folk music.

Another possible interpretation of "Maggie's Farm" provides Marquess: "the song is laced in antiauthoritarian venom, class and generational resentment" (173). I believe that

this angle of view is equally correct as the previous one. The lies and deception of Maggie's family, as well as the need for conformity, correspond with procedures of authoritarian governments.

Very similar theme and narrative structure as "Maggie's Farm" has a song called "On the Road Again". Here, Dylan describes a family (or a society in general, if we stick to Marquess's interpretation of "Maggie's Farm") that is equally if not more twisted than the one in "Maggie's Farm". The family treats the narrator badly and still wants him to live with them. The narrator refuses every time, wondering how they can live like that – not different from "I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more". The family's corrupted nature is represented by pretence, lies, stealing and excessively senseless behavior. I especially like the pretence metaphor – a person wearing Napoleon Bonaparte mask. It does not only hints the urge to be someone else, but also an urge to be superior to others.

The song's name itself, "On the Road Again", seems to be a reference to Dylan's change of style. He had abandoned the movement and was moving in a new direction.

A song that reminds of Dylan's protest song from his earlier albums is "Subterranean Homesick Blues". It is a fast song with references to contemporary events and reality. Dylan mentions drug making, fire hoses that were used to scatter unwanted gatherings, plain clothes as opposed to spreading hippie fashion, and his own song, "Maggie's Farm". It is based on simple rhyming, and may remind a nursery rhyme (but only by its structure). However, the text itself is not that simple. The song deals with several issues, but focuses on the role of conformity and authorities in daily life.

There, Dylan is in a position of some kind of advisor, who basically tells the listener how to live "properly" by the standards of society and government (Marquess 174). But he also warns against difficulties of such lifestyle – one may live exactly how it is socially appropriate (if not expected), study for twenty years, and he can be still "put on the day shift", or "join the army if he fails". Of course, Dylan was no ally of the system, and so all these advices are meant ironically. In fact, they are mixed with non-ironical comments, encouraging people to think for themselves.

The social protest is expressed in another song from *Bring It All Back Home*, "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)". This time, however, there is little space for irony and none for humorous rhyme play, as it was in the previously analysed song. This piece of music is described as "a sweeping vision of a corrupt and dehumanized society and the fate

of the sensitive, autonomous individual within it" (Marquese 127). With its negative raw approach, which does not try to hide anything, it reminds Dylan's older songs, especially "Masters of War" and "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall". But one thing that distinguishes "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" from those two, is the song's poetical nature, which makes it more difficult to understand.

The song consists of fifteen verses, each describing different aspects of a flawed society. Unlike most of Dylan's other protest songs, "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" does not directly blame any organization, federal or private. The protest here is more general, and is related to each individual, who played his part in the "dehumanization" of the society. For instance, two of the verses are dedicated to commercialism and people's effort to sell their products just for personal gain, no matter how inappropriate the products are, and no matter how deceiving their advertising campaign is. Together with hatred, selfishness and incomprehension, Dylan reveals the basics of the society's problems.

There are five choruses (or intermezzos), which differ from the verses in theme. I believe that the choruses represent ironical excuses for the actual problems, described in the verses. Dylan makes the problems sound as if they were absolutely inevitable and natural. The paradox is, that they both are and are not natural. It is obvious, that one cannot evade all the problems in his life, but, on the other hand, Dylan states that "it's only people's games that you got to dodge". In other words, it is people, who make their own problems. There is also evident weakness, present in the choruses. The narrator seems to have resigned, and accepts everything without any signs of anger or offense. In the last chorus, one can see that the narrator disagrees with the society's condition, but is not willing to do anything about it, even for the cost of his own life.

"The wall of incomprehension between the conscious vanguard and mainstream society has become impenetrable", says Marquese about the theme of "A Ballad of a Thin Man" (169). The lyrics are, as in "It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)", more difficult to understand and in this case more abstract than most of Dylan's songs of protest. I believe that such lack of clarity helps to convey the feelings of the song's protagonist, Mister Jones. Also, Dylan uses the same narrative approach as in "Ballad of Hollis Brown" – he speaks directly to the listener to put him in the shoes of Mister Jones, and thus intensify the song's message.

Mister Jones seems to be attending some kind of circus, and is completely confused

by the things that happen there. He may represent an investigator, judging from his constant efforts to discover what is going on around him. It is also stated that Mister Jones is highly educated and even well known. In his book, Egan writes about a journalist named Jeffrey Jones, who claims that Dylan wrote the song to discredit him because of one of Jones's article. However, this statement is almost immediately rejected by the author himself (88). I also believe that Dylan would not try to insult a man in one of his songs just because of an article. After all, it was Dylan who brought anger of thousands of people on himself by changing his style. It seems to me more logical that Mister Jones is representation of the "conscious vanguard" whom about Marquess talked. He may be well educated, have connections and even power, but when it comes to the ability of understanding people with different views of the world, Mister Jones is helpless.

The misunderstood people are depicted as members of a circus freak show, or at least this is how they look like. I must say that this stylization appeals to me, because it is a perfect analogy. People visit circuses and freak shows to see things with what they are not familiar and what they do not quite understand. And it is obvious that Mister Jones does not understand at all. But not only their appearance confuses him – there is a series of senseless dialogs in "A Ballad of a Thin Man" that, I believe, should represent the very basic cause of misunderstanding, the inability to communicate properly with each other.

On the other hand, the "circus people" seem to think about Mister Jones the same way as he thinks about them. In one of the verses, a "geek" asks Mister Jones "How does it feel / To be such a freak ?". We can see now that the lack of understanding is mutual and that the song is not a criticism of one of these two sides, as it may firstly appear, but rather of the whole concept of their controversy.

The song does not go as far as to show any consequences of the two side's clash (as it would be usual for Dylan), but still, in the last verse, there is a suggestion of something incorrect or threatening. I believe that at this point, Dylan is no longer the speaker. Instead, Mister Jones seems to be talking to the "circus people". Here, he speaks about keeping nose on the ground, keeping eyes in the pocket and wearing earphones. In other words, the "circus people" should work hard and not try to perceive very much. And what is more, a restrictive law is mentioned. It would not be surprising if Mister Jones ultimately represented an authoritarian figure who wanted to suppress disobedient people.

Dylan surely was a master of lyrics writing, irony and imagination. It can be single

handedly proved by the song "Tombstone Blues". It is a long, confusing piece of music filled with references to wide spectrum of characters from the Bible, American and European history and music scene. The manner in which Dylan connected these people together could be called both crazy and ingenious. However, the characters themselves are not that important. They are merely metaphors for traits and situations that people associate with them.

There is no strict narrative pattern in "Tombstone Blues". It consist of six verses that are not thematically connected. Each of the verses depicts an ironical and surreal situation that represents a condition of a society. It seems to me as if Dylan wanted to ridicule the normally respected (or feared) characters, or at least put them in an embarrassing situation to remove their "divine" aura, and thus to shake the very foundations of the western civilization.

I agree with Marquese's interpretation of the song – "it's not so much a public critique as a public reproduction of a private vision of a society corrupted at its core by hypocrisy and warfare" (177). I cannot judge how much it is a private vision, but references to war and society are apparent – whether they are Jack the Ripper in the Chamber of Commerce, Galileo being seduced by Delilah or the National Bank selling "road maps for the soul".

CONCLUSION

Bob Dylan surely came a long way in a relatively short time. From a sleepy mining town to world's stages, and from an ostracized boy to a world-famous artist. Looking back on his way, it almost seems easy and natural for a musician to secure a firm place on the scene – he just needs to go to a big city, play in local coffee shops for a while, get signed by a record company and a new star is born. It may seem easy, especially when we observe Dylan's rocket career, but it would be a most foolish to actually believe in the simplicity. There were many musicians in the Greenwich Village in the early 1960s, but none of them gained so much recognition in so little time as Dylan did. Even if we did not know anything about his music, we would have to admit Dylan's extraordinariness, because his vast success speak for itself.

Apart from the indisputable talent, there were two other things that helped Dylan to make a breakthrough. The first one was his absolute devotion to pursue his dream. He was willing to sacrifice everything to become an active musician. As a child, he did not stop trying even though he did not have much luck by his side. And the same situation repeated at the college. Dylan felt that the school does not satisfy him, and so he took a leap of faith and went to a strange city to be who he wanted to be – an act that not everyone would be brave enough to accomplish.

The second thing that, as I believe, really helped Dylan was the situation in the 1960s America. It was a perfect time and place to begin a music career; especially for someone who was not afraid to stand up and point a finger. Not only there was a solid folk scene in New York, but the decade was full of important social and political events, such as Cuban Missile Crisis, mass racism protests, the assassination of J. F. Kennedy and escalation of Vietnam War involvement, to name a few. I am not trying to say that Dylan would not have succeeded in a different decade. He definitely would have, but the 1960s' social movements most likely influenced him so much that Dylan became a protest singer in the first place, with plenty of problems to sing about.

I would say that Robert Allen Zimmerman was reborn after leaving the college, which made it easier for him to become the spokesman of the civil rights movement. Not only he changed his name shortly before the drop out, but he defied his entire past, when he came to New York. He did not know anyone there, and nobody knew him – a perfect

situation to start a new life. Dylan did not have to worry about his social status or reputation; as he was a complete stranger to everybody in the city, he did not have any reputation whatsoever. And he did not have to worry about being fired from a job for his opinions either, because he made his living by playing music. To say in Dylan's own words, "When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose" (lyrics to "Like A Rolling Stone").

This Dylan's status allowed his criticism to be a most honest one. The fact that he had come from a lower-middle class family from a small mining town and then tried his luck alone in a big city only makes the protest authentic. Dylan protested, because he had seen the impact of the government's and society's flaws on the ordinary people, not for recognition or prestige. If it was otherwise, I do not believe that his lyrics were so sophisticated and multi-dimensional.

When we look carefully on the protest songs from Dylan's second and third album, we can see, that apart from the main topical criticism of the song, there is a certain overtone. Dylan did not point a finger only on the problem itself, but rather on the problem's cause. And it is usual, that by the cause Dylan meant the government or other authority. He accused the authorities of deception and manipulation of ordinary citizens. And if it was not an authority who made a certain person do a bad thing, it was a corrupted society. Even in anti-racism songs, where it seemed proper to blame murderers, Dylan passed the guilt to those who induced the racism in the first place. Ultimately, Dylan's protest songs from his civil rights movement era are protest on inequality, selfishness and exploitation of power.

I believe that the songs' depth was the main cause of Dylan's huge success. It was not as much in the music, as in the lyrics. Every famous piece of art is valued for its meaning that people does not see at the first sight. Only when one has to think about what he sees or hears, the art becomes more than just a piece of entertainment or a decoration. And this is the case of Dylan's music. When others were playing only traditional and topical folk songs, Dylan came with his own material, breaking the unwritten rule and delivering what could be called a revolution in post-war folk music.

However, the civil rights spokesman apparently was not what Dylan wanted to be, since he abandoned this role quickly. He has proven that he is adaptable and able to write great songs even beyond the folk music genre. Also, he has confirmed that his rebellious nature does not rest only in the protest songs. I think that Dylan knew what reaction would

the change of style cause, because he was familiar with the folk listeners' orthodoxy. The response was absolutely negative. Yet, it did not stop Dylan from recording other electric albums and leaving the folk movement, which was apparently slowing him down, for good.

Dylan may have changed the style, but he did not turn his back on the protest entirely. Although, the "old" Dylan was gone, and so were the typical protest songs. The "new" protest song from his fifth and sixth albums differ in several aspects. It is no longer that obvious what the protest's subject is. On his folk albums, Dylan sang protest songs with a secret protest within. But on the electric albums, he sang mostly "ordinary" songs with a secret protest within. Dylan seemed to have experimented more with the lyrics, creating sometimes even surreal images full of grotesque characters. Metaphors were always strong in Dylan's music, but they took a step to a whole new level on the electric albums.

Also, the theme of the protest changed. There are still references to the government, war and racism, but all this is more connected with the society. To be more precise, the protest is aimed to the actual inhospitable condition of contemporary society. The cause of the problems is not discussed, as much it was in the older songs, and no concrete subject is being blamed. One could say that those were not actual protest songs, but rather some kind of songs of dissatisfaction. Either way, both musical and lyrical aspect sounds more open to wider audience, since every song can be listened to as if there was no bias against the situation in the United States.

There were fewer protest songs on the first two electric albums, and one could hardly find any on *Blonde on Blonde* album. Dylan seemed to be losing his interest in topical songs, as well as the fast life of a popular musician. And it is no wonder. Although those three years of massive success, touring and six released records may not seem as a long time, they must have been devastating. Plus, Dylan got married and had a child, which also required a significant portion of energy. Then the motorcycle accident came, and put most welcomed end to Dylan's most famous era and the rebel who young Bob Dylan definitely was.

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APPENDICES

Used Song Lyrics

"Song to Woody"

I'm out here a thousand miles from my home
Walkin' a road other men have gone down
I'm seein' your world of people and things
Your paupers and peasants and princes and kings
Hey, hey, Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song
'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along
Seems sick an' it's hungry, it's tired an' it's torn
It looks like it's a-dyin' an' it's hardly been born

Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know
All the things that I'm a-sayin' an' a-many times more
I'm a-singin' you the song, but I can't sing enough
'Cause there's not many men that done the things that you've done

Here's to Cisco an' Sonny an' Leadbelly too
An' to all the good people that traveled with you
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

I'm a-leavin' tomorrow, but I could leave today
Somewhere down the road someday
The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I've been hittin' some hard travelin' too

"Masters of War"

Come you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build the death planes
You that build the big bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks
You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly
Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain
You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As young people's blood

Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud
You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins
How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do
Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul
And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered

Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

"With God on Our Side"
Oh my name it is nothin'
My age it means less
The country I come from
Is called the Midwest
I's taught and brought up there
The laws to abide
And that the land that I live in
Has God on its side
Oh the history books tell it
They tell it so well
The cavalries charged
The Indians fell
The cavalries charged
The Indians died
Oh the country was young
With God on its side
Oh the Spanish-American
War had its day
And the Civil War too
Was soon laid away
And the names of the heroes
I's made to memorize
With guns in their hands
And God on their side
Oh the First World War, boys
It closed out its fate
The reason for fighting
I never got straight
But I learned to accept it
Accept it with pride

For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side
When the Second World War
Came to an end
We forgave the Germans
And we were friends
Though they murdered six million
In the ovens they fried
The Germans now too
Have God on their side
I've learned to hate Russians
All through my whole life
If another war starts
It's them we must fight
To hate them and fear them
To run and to hide
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side
But now we got weapons
Of the chemical dust
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide
And you never ask questions
When God's on your side
Through many dark hour
I've been thinkin' about this
That Jesus Christ
Was betrayed by a kiss
But I can't think for you

You'll have to decide
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side
So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as Hell
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no tongue can tell
The words fill my head
And fall to the floor
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war

"Talkin' World War III Blues"

Some time ago a crazy dream came to me
I dreamt I was walkin' into World War Three
I went to the doctor the very next day
To see what kinda words he could say
He said it was a bad dream
I wouldn't worry 'bout it none, though
They were my own dreams and they're only in my head
I said, "Hold it, Doc, a World War passed through my brain"
He said, "Nurse, get your pad, this boy's insane"
He grabbed my arm, I said, "Ouch!"
As I landed on the psychiatric couch
He said, "Tell me about it"
Well, the whole thing started at 3 o'clock fast
It was all over by quarter past
I was down in the sewer with some little lover
When I peeked out from a manhole cover
Wondering who turned the lights on
Well, I got up and walked around
And up and down the lonesome town
I stood a-wondering which way to go
I lit a cigarette on a parking meter and walked on down the road
It was a normal day
Well, I rung the fallout shelter bell
And I leaned my head and I gave a yell
"Give me a string bean, I'm a hungry man"
A shotgun fired and away I ran
I don't blame them too much though, I know I look funny
Down at the corner by a hot-dog stand
I seen a man
I said, "Howdy friend, I guess there's just us two"

He screamed a bit and away he flew
Thought I was a Communist
Well, I spied a girl and before she could leave
“Let’s go and play Adam and Eve”
I took her by the hand and my heart it was thumpin’
When she said, “Hey man, you crazy or sumpin’
You see what happened last time they started”
Well, I seen a Cadillac window uptown
And there was nobody aroun’
I got into the driver’s seat
And I drove down 42nd Street
In my Cadillac. Good car to drive after a war
Well, I remember seein’ some ad
So I turned on my Conelrad
But I didn’t pay my Con Ed bill
So the radio didn’t work so well
Turned on my record player—
It was Rock-a-day Johnny singin’, “Tell Your Ma, Tell Your Pa
Our Love’s A-gonna Grow Ooh-wah, Ooh-wah”
I was feelin’ kinda lonesome and blue
I needed somebody to talk to
So I called up the operator of time
Just to hear a voice of some kind
“When you hear the beep it will be three o’clock”
She said that for over an hour
And I hung up
Well, the doctor interrupted me just about then
Sayin’, “Hey I’ve been havin’ the same old dreams
But mine was a little different you see
I dreamt that the only person left after the war was me
I didn’t see you around”

Well, now time passed and now it seems
Everybody's having them dreams
Everybody sees themselves
Walkin' around with no one else
Half of the people can be part right all of the time
Some of the people can be all right part of the time
But all of the people can't be all right all of the time
I think Abraham Lincoln said that
"I'll let you be in my dreams if I can be in yours"
I said that

"A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall"

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'
I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin'
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard

And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?

Who did you meet, my darling young one?

I met a young child beside a dead pony

I met a white man who walked a black dog

I met a young woman whose body was burning

I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow

I met one man who was wounded in love

I met another man who was wounded with hatred

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?

Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?

I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'

I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest

Where the people are many and their hands are all empty

Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters

Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison

Where the executioner's face is always well hidden

Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten

Where black is the color, where none is the number

And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it

And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it

Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'

But I'll know my song well before I start singin'

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

"Only a Pawn in Their Game"

A bullet from the back of a bush took Medgar Evers' blood

A finger fired the trigger to his name

A handle hid out in the dark

A hand set the spark

Two eyes took the aim

Behind a man's brain

But he can't be blamed

He's only a pawn in their game

A South politician preaches to the poor white man

"You got more than the blacks, don't complain.

You're better than them, you been born with white skin," they explain.

And the Negro's name

Is used it is plain

For the politician's gain

As he rises to fame

And the poor white remains

On the caboose of the train

But it ain't him to blame

He's only a pawn in their game

The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid

And the marshals and cops get the same

But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool

He's taught in his school

From the start by the rule

That the laws are with him

To protect his white skin

To keep up his hate

So he never thinks straight

'Bout the shape that he's in

But it ain't him to blame

He's only a pawn in their game
From the poverty shacks, he looks from the cracks to the tracks
And the hoofbeats pound in his brain
And he's taught how to walk in a pack
Shoot in the back
With his fist in a clinch
To hang and to lynch
To hide 'neath the hood
To kill with no pain
Like a dog on a chain
He ain't got no name
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

Today, Medgar Evers was buried from the bullet he caught
They lowered him down as a king
But when the shadowy sun sets on the one
That fired the gun
He'll see by his grave
On the stone that remains
Carved next to his name
His epitaph plain:
Only a pawn in their game

"Oxford Town"

Oxford Town, Oxford Town
Ev'rybody's got their heads bowed down
The sun don't shine above the ground
Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town

He went down to Oxford Town
Guns and clubs followed him down
All because his face was brown
Better get away from Oxford Town

Oxford Town around the bend
He come in to the door, he couldn't get in
All because of the color of his skin
What do you think about that, my frien'?

Me and my gal, my gal's son
We got met with a tear gas bomb
I don't even know why we come
Goin' back where we come from

Oxford Town in the afternoon
Ev'rybody singin' a sorrowful tune
Two men died 'neath the Mississippi moon
Somebody better investigate soon

Oxford Town, Oxford Town
Ev'rybody's got their heads bowed down
The sun don't shine above the ground
Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town

"Who Killed Davey Moore"
 Who killed Davey Moore
 Why an' what's the reason for?
 "Not I," says the referee
 "Don't point your finger at me
 I could've stopped it in the eighth
 An' maybe kept him from his fate
 But the crowd would've booed, I'm sure
 At not gettin' their money's worth
 It's too bad he had to go
 But there was a pressure on me too, you
 know
 It wasn't me that made him fall
 No, you can't blame me at all"
 Who killed Davey Moore
 Why an' what's the reason for?
 "Not us," says the angry crowd
 Whose screams filled the arena loud
 "It's too bad he died that night
 But we just like to see a fight
 We didn't mean for him t' meet his death
 We just meant to see some sweat
 There ain't nothing wrong in that
 It wasn't us that made him fall
 No, you can't blame us at all"
 Who killed Davey Moore
 Why an' what's the reason for?
 "Not me," says his manager
 Puffing on a big cigar
 "It's hard to say, it's hard to tell
 I always thought that he was well

It's too bad for his wife an' kids he's dead
 But if he was sick, he should've said
 It wasn't me that made him fall
 No, you can't blame me at all"
 Who killed Davey Moore
 Why an' what's the reason for?
 "Not me," says the gambling man
 With his ticket stub still in his hand
 "It wasn't me that knocked him down
 My hands never touched him none
 I didn't commit no ugly sin
 Anyway, I put money on him to win
 It wasn't me that made him fall
 No, you can't blame me at all"
 Who killed Davey Moore
 Why an' what's the reason for?
 "Not me," says the boxing writer
 Pounding print on his old typewriter
 Sayin', "Boxing ain't to blame
 There's just as much danger in a football
 game"
 Sayin', "Fistfighting is here to stay
 It's just the old American way
 It wasn't me that made him fall
 No, you can't blame me at all"
 Who killed Davey Moore
 Why an' what's the reason for?
 "Not me," says the man whose fists
 Laid him low in a cloud of mist
 Who came here from Cuba's door
 Where boxing ain't allowed no more

“I hit him, yes, it’s true
But that’s what I am paid to do
Don’t say ‘murder,’ don’t say ‘kill’
It was destiny, it was God’s will”

Who killed Davey Moore
Why an’ what’s the reason for?

"Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll"

William Zanzinger killed poor Hattie Carroll
With a cane that he twirled around his diamond ring finger
At a Baltimore hotel society gath'rin'
And the cops were called in and his weapon took from him
As they rode him in custody down to the station
And booked William Zanzinger for first-degree murder
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears
Take the rag away from your face
Now ain't the time for your tears

William Zanzinger, who at twenty-four years
Owns a tobacco farm of six hundred acres
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him
And high office relations in the politics of Maryland
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders
And swear words and sneering, and his tongue it was snarling
In a matter of minutes on bail was out walking
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears
Take the rag away from your face
Now ain't the time for your tears

Hattie Carroll was a maid of the kitchen
She was fifty-one years old and gave birth to ten children
Who carried the dishes and took out the garbage
And never sat once at the head of the table
And didn't even talk to the people at the table
Who just cleaned up all the food from the table
And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level
Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane
That sailed through the air and came down through the room
Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle
And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger

But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears
Take the rag away from your face
Now ain't the time for your tears

In the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel
To show that all's equal and that the courts are on the level
And that the strings in the books ain't pulled and persuaded
And that even the nobles get properly handled
Once that the cops have chased after and caught 'em
And that the ladder of law has no top and no bottom
Stared at the person who killed for no reason
Who just happened to be feelin' that way without warnin'
And he spoke through his cloak, most deep and distinguished
And handed out strongly, for penalty and repentance
William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence

Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears
Bury the rag deep in your face
For now's the time for your tears

"Blowin' in the Wind"

How many roads must a man walk down

Before you call him a man?

Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail

Before she sleeps in the sand?

Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannonballs fly

Before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many years can a mountain exist

Before it's washed to the sea?

Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?

Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head

Pretending he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many times must a man look up

Before he can see the sky?

Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have

Before he can hear people cry?

Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows

That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind

"The Times They Are A-Changin'"

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink
like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'
Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'
Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it is ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your
walls
For the times they are a-changin'
Come mothers and fathers

Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one if you can't
lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'
The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now
Will later be fast
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'

"North Country Blues"
Come gather 'round friends
And I'll tell you a tale
Of when the red iron pits ran empty
But the cardboard filled windows
And old men on the benches
Tell you now that the whole town is empty.
In the north end of town
My own children are grown
But I was raised on the other
In the wee hours of youth
My mother took sick
And I was brought up by my brother.
The iron ore it poured
As the years passed the door
The drag lines an' the shovels they was a-
hummin'
'Til one day my brother
Failed to come home
The same as my father before him.
Well a long winter's wait
From the window I watched
My friends they couldn't have been kinder
And my schooling was cut
As I quit in the spring
To marry John Thomas, a miner.
Oh the years passed again
And the givin' was good
With the lunch bucket filled every season
What with three babies born
The work was cut down

To a half a day's shift with no reason.
Then the shaft was soon shut
And more work was cut
And the fire in the air, it felt frozen
'Til a man come to speak
And he said in one week
That number eleven was closin'.
They say in the East
They're payin' too high
They say that your ore ain't worth diggin'
That it's much cheaper down
In the South American towns
Where the miners work almost for nothin'.
So the mining gates locked
And the red iron rotted
And the room smelled heavy from drinkin'
Where the sad silent song
Made the hour twice as long
As I waited for the sun to go sinking.
I lived by the window
As he talked to himself
The silence of tongues it was building
Then one morning's wake
The bed it was bare
And I's left alone with three children.
The summer is gone
The ground's turning cold
The stores one by one they're a-foldin'
My children will go
As soon they grow
For there ain't nothin' here now to hold them.

"Ballad of Hollis Brown"

Hollis Brown

He lived on the outside of town

Hollis Brown

He lived on the outside of town

With his wife and five children

And his cabin fallin' down

You looked for work and money

And you walked a rugged mile

You looked for work and money

And you walked a rugged mile

Your children are so hungry

That they don't know how to smile

Your baby's eyes look crazy

They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve

Your baby's eyes look crazy

They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve

You walk the floor and wonder why

With every breath you breathe

The rats have got your flour

Bad blood it got your mare

The rats have got your flour

Bad blood it got your mare

If there's anyone that knows

Is there anyone that cares?

You prayed to the Lord above

Oh please send you a friend

You prayed to the Lord above

Oh please send you a friend

Your empty pockets tell yuh

That you ain't a-got no friend

Your babies are crying louder

It's pounding on your brain

Your babies are crying louder now

It's pounding on your brain

Your wife's screams are stabbin' you

Like the dirty drivin' rain

Your grass it is turning black

There's no water in your well

Your grass is turning black

There's no water in your well

You spent your last lone dollar

On seven shotgun shells

Way out in the wilderness

A cold coyote calls

Way out in the wilderness

A cold coyote calls

Your eyes fix on the shotgun

That's hangin' on the wall

Your brain is a-bleedin'

And your legs can't seem to stand

Your brain is a-bleedin'

And your legs can't seem to stand

Your eyes fix on the shotgun

That you're holdin' in your hand

There's seven breezes a-blowin'

All around the cabin door

There's seven breezes a-blowin'

All around the cabin door

Seven shots ring out

Like the ocean's pounding roar

There's seven people dead

On a South Dakota farm
There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
Somewhere in the distance
There's seven new people born

"Maggie's Farm"

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Well, I wake in the morning
Fold my hands and pray for rain
I got a head full of ideas
That are drivin' me insane
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
Well, he hands you a nickel
He hands you a dime
He asks you with a grin
If you're havin' a good time
Then he fines you every time you slam the door
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
Well, he puts his cigar
Out in your face just for kicks
His bedroom window
It is made out of bricks
The National Guard stands around his door
Ah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
Well, she talks to all the servants
About man and God and law
Everybody says
She's the brains behind pa

She's sixty-eight, but she says she's twenty-four
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Well, I try my best
To be just like I am
But everybody wants you
To be just like them
They sing while you slave and I just get bored
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

"On the Road Again"

Well, I woke up in the morning
There's frogs inside my socks
Your mama, she's a-hidin'
Inside the icebox
Your daddy walks in wearin'
A Napoleon Bonaparte mask
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, do you have to ask?
Well, I go to pet your monkey
I get a face full of claws
I ask who's in the fireplace
And you tell me Santa Claus
The milkman comes in
He's wearing a derby hat
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, how come you have to ask me that?
Well, I asked for something to eat
I'm hungry as a hog
So I get brown rice, seaweed
And a dirty hot dog
I've got a hole
Where my stomach disappeared
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, I gotta think you're really weird
Your grandpa's cane
It turns into a sword
Your grandma prays to pictures
That are pasted on a board
Everything inside my pockets
Your uncle steals

Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, I can't believe that you're for real
Well, there's fistfights in the kitchen
They're enough to make me cry
The mailman comes in
Even he's gotta take a side
Even the butler
He's got something to prove
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, how come you don't move?

"It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)"

Darkness at the break of noon
 Shadows even the silver spoon
 The handmade blade, the child's balloon
 Eclipses both the sun and moon
 To understand you know too soon
 There is no sense in trying
 Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn
 Suicide remarks are torn
 From the fool's gold mouthpiece the hollow
 horn
 Plays wasted words, proves to warn
 That he not busy being born is busy dying
 Temptation's page flies out the door
 You follow, find yourself at war
 Watch waterfalls of pity roar
 You feel to moan but unlike before
 You discover that you'd just be one more
 Person crying
 So don't fear if you hear
 A foreign sound to your ear
 It's alright, Ma, I'm only sighing
 As some warn victory, some downfall
 Private reasons great or small
 Can be seen in the eyes of those that call
 To make all that should be killed to crawl
 While others say don't hate nothing at all
 Except hatred
 Disillusioned words like bullets bark
 As human gods aim for their mark
 Make everything from toy guns that spark

To flesh-colored Christs that glow in the dark
 It's easy to see without looking too far
 That not much is really sacred
 While preachers preach of evil fates
 Teachers teach that knowledge waits
 Can lead to hundred-dollar plates
 Goodness hides behind its gates
 But even the president of the United States
 Sometimes must have to stand naked
 An' though the rules of the road have been
 lodged
 It's only people's games that you got to
 dodge
 And it's alright, Ma, I can make it
 Advertising signs they con
 You into thinking you're the one
 That can do what's never been done
 That can win what's never been won
 Meantime life outside goes on
 All around you
 You lose yourself, you reappear
 You suddenly find you got nothing to fear
 Alone you stand with nobody near
 When a trembling distant voice, unclear
 Startles your sleeping ears to hear
 That somebody thinks they really found you
 A question in your nerves is lit
 Yet you know there is no answer fit
 To satisfy, insure you not to quit
 To keep it in your mind and not forget
 That it is not he or she or them or it

That you belong to
Although the masters make the rules
For the wise men and the fools
I got nothing, Ma, to live up to
For them that must obey authority
That they do not respect in any degree
Who despise their jobs, their destinies
Speak jealously of them that are free
Cultivate their flowers to be
Nothing more than something they invest in
While some on principles baptized
To strict party platform ties
Social clubs in drag disguise
Outsiders they can freely criticize
Tell nothing except who to idolize
And then say God bless him
While one who sings with his tongue on fire
Gargles in the rat race choir
Bent out of shape from society's pliers
Cares not to come up any higher
But rather get you down in the hole
That he's in
But I mean no harm nor put fault
On anyone that lives in a vault
But it's alright, Ma, if I can't please him
Old lady judges watch people in pairs
Limited in sex, they dare
To push fake morals, insult and stare
While money doesn't talk, it swears
Obscenity, who really cares

Propaganda, all is phony
While them that defend what they cannot see
With a killer's pride, security
It blows the minds most bitterly
For them that think death's honesty
Won't fall upon them naturally
Life sometimes must get lonely
My eyes collide head-on with stuffed
Graveyards, false gods, I scuff
At pettiness which plays so rough
Walk upside-down inside handcuffs
Kick my legs to crash it off
Say okay, I have had enough, what else can
you show me?
And if my thought-dreams could be seen
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine
But it's alright, Ma, it's life, and life only

"Ballad of a Thin Man"
You walk into the room
With your pencil in your hand
You see somebody naked
And you say, "Who is that man?"
You try so hard
But you don't understand
Just what you'll say
When you get home
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
You raise up your head
And you ask, "Is this where it is?"
And somebody points to you and says
"It's his"
And you say, "What's mine?"
And somebody else says, "Where what is?"
And you say, "Oh my God
Am I here all alone?"
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
You hand in your ticket
And you go watch the geek
Who immediately walks up to you
When he hears you speak
And says, "How does it feel
To be such a freak?"
And you say, "Impossible"
As he hands you a bone

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
You have many contacts
Among the lumberjacks
To get you facts
When someone attacks your imagination
But nobody has any respect
Anyway they already expect you
To just give a check
To tax-deductible charity organizations
You've been with the professors
And they've all liked your looks
With great lawyers you have
Discussed lepers and crooks
You've been through all of
F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
You're very well read
It's well known
Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to
you
And then he kneels
He crosses himself
And then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice
He asks you how it feels
And he says, "Here is your throat back
Thanks for the loan"

Because something is happening here

But you don't know what it is

Do you, Mister Jones?

Now you see this one-eyed midget

Shouting the word "NOW"

And you say, "For what reason?"

And he says, "How?"

And you say, "What does this mean?"

And he screams back, "You're a cow

Give me some milk

Or else go home"

Because something is happening here

But you don't know what it is

Do you, Mister Jones?

Well, you walk into the room

Like a camel and then you frown

You put your eyes in your pocket

And your nose on the ground

There ought to be a law

Against you comin' around

You should be made

To wear earphones

Because something is happening here

But you don't know what it is

Do you, Mister Jones?

"Tombstone Blues"

The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course
The city fathers they're trying to endorse
The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse
But the town has no need to be nervous

The ghost of Belle Starr she hands down her wits
To Jezebel the nun she violently knits
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits
At the head of the chamber of commerce

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

The hysterical bride in the penny arcade
Screaming she moans, "I've just been made"
Then sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade
Says, "My advice is to not let the boys in"

Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride
"Stop all this weeping, swallow your pride
You will not die, it's not poison"

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief

Looks up at his hero the Commander-in-Chief
Saying, "Tell me great hero, but please make it brief
Is there a hole for me to get sick in?"

The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a fly
Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and cry"
And dropping a barbell he points to the sky
Saying, "The sun's not yellow it's chicken"

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

The king of the Philistines his soldiers to save
Puts jawbones on their tombstones and flatters their graves
Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves
Then sends them out to the jungle

Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch he burns out their camps
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps
With a fantastic collection of stamps
To win friends and influence his uncle

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

The geometry of innocence flesh on the bone
Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown
At Delilah who sits worthlessly alone
But the tears on her cheeks are from laughter

Now I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill
I would set him in chains at the top of the hill
Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille
He could die happily ever after

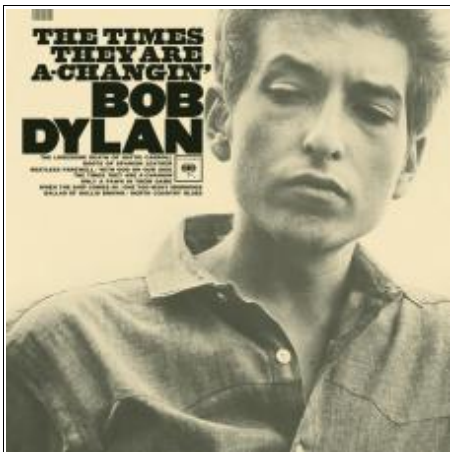
Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

Where Ma Rainey and Beethoven once unwrapped their bedroll
Tuba players now rehearse around the flagpole
And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps for the soul
To the old folks home and the college

Now I wish I could write you a melody so plain
That could hold you dear lady from going insane
That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain
Of your useless and pointless knowledge

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

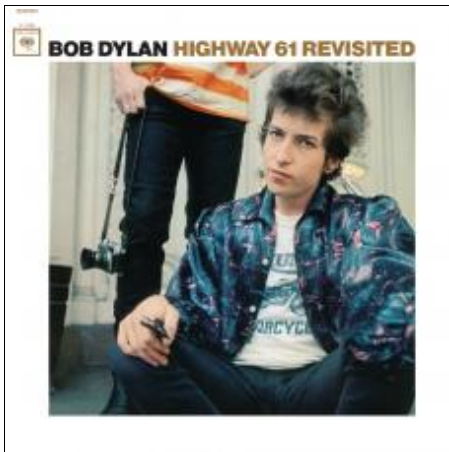
Mentioned Album Covers



The Times They Are A-Changin'



Bob Dylan Bringing It All Back Home



Bob Dylan Highway 61 Revisited

All the lyrics and album covers are taken from Bob Dylan's official homepage:
www.bobdylan.com (Date of access: 19.04.2012)

SUMMARY IN CZECH

Tato práce se zabývá protestními písněmi Boba Dylana z let 1962 až 1966. Písně jsou podrobeny rozboru po stránce hudební i textové, a jsou seřazeny podle témat (válka, rasismus, společnost,...). Každé téma je krátce popsáno, aby uvedlo čtenáře do kontextu a pomohlo mu lépe pochopit celou problematiku. Práce též obsahuje biografické informace seznamující čtenáře s Dylanovým životem.

Práce je rozdělena do tří kapitol. První kapitola představuje Dylanovy hudební začátky a osobnosti, které zpěváka inspirovaly. Druhá kapitola se zabývá folkovými písněmi z druhého a třetího alba, kdy byl Dylan ikonou folkového hnutí. V poslední kapitole je popsána změna hudebního stylu Dylanových písní a konec jeho protestní éry. Závěr práce poskytuje krom celkového shrnutí také pohled na podstatu a hlubší význam Dylanových protestních písní.