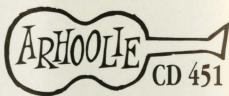


# BARBARA DANE & LIGHTNING HOPKINS

## "Sometimes I Believe She Loves Me"



1. I'M GOING BACK, BABY  
(Back Behind the Sun) (B. Dane & S. Hopkins)
2. I KNOW YOU GOT ANOTHER MAN  
(S. Hopkins)
3. SOMETIMES I BELIEVE SHE LOVES ME  
(S. Hopkins)
4. BABY, SHAKE THAT THING (S. Hopkins)
5. IT'S A LONESOME OLD TOWN (B. Dane)
6. DON'T PUSH ME  
(Til You Find Out What I Want) (S. Hopkins)
7. LET ME BE YOUR RAG DOLL (B. Dane)
8. MOTHER EARTH (P. Chatman)
9. MAMA TOLD PAPA (S. Hopkins)
10. CARELESS LOVE (arr. B. Dane)
11. LOVE WITH A FEELING (H. Whitacker)
12. BETTY AND DUPREE (arr. B. Dane)
13. DON'T YOU PUSH ME DOWN (W. Guthrie)
14. BURY ME IN MY OVERALLS (M. Reynolds)

15. DEPORTEES (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)  
(W. Guthrie)
16. HOLD ON (Keep Your Eyes on the Prize) (P.D.)
17. JESUS WON'T YOU COME BY HERE  
(arr. S. Hopkins)  
Total Time: 70:13

Barbara Dane—guitar & vocals

Lightning Hopkins—guitar & vocals on #1, 2, 3, 4,  
5, 6, 7, 8, 9, & piano & vocal on 17; Ray Skjelbred—  
piano (on #10, 11, 12, 13, 14 & 16 added 1996).

Original recordings made by Chris Strachwitz at The Cabale  
on San Pablo Ave. in Berkeley, Ca., on Thursday afternoon,  
June 18, 1964, except #17, which was recorded at Sierra  
Sound Labs in Berkeley on November 26, 1961.

#1, 2, 3, 8, & 17 were originally issued on Arhoolie LP  
1022. All other selections previously unreleased.

All selections by Barbara Dane & Sam Hopkins © by Tradition  
Music Co. and administered by BUG Music Co.

Produced by Chris Strachwitz & Barbara Dane

Photos © by Chris Strachwitz

Cover design & tinting by Beth Weil

© & © 1966 & 1996 by Arhoolie Productions, Inc.

# BARBARA DANE & LIGHTNING HOPKINS

## Sometimes I Believe She Loves Me







Photo © Chris Strachwitz

Lightning Hopkins & Barbara Dane in front of The Cabale, Berkeley, Ca., June 18, 1964

## BARBARA DANE & LIGHTNING HOPKINS

### *"Sometimes I Believe She Loves Me"*

To: The Adventurer who bought this CD

From: Barbara Dane, April 1996

Dear Friend,

This letter is both a good-bye and a hello. Life is some kind of circle anyway, with any luck an upwinding spiral, where we continually meet ourselves coming and going. So, to arrive at this CD you now have in your hand, let me take you to Berkeley, California on a June afternoon in 1964. Mississippi Freedom Summer's historic challenge to America's entrenched racism was unfolding and I was preparing to go south, to bring my songs to the rural Freedom Schools. In my personal life big changes were brewing too, so who knew when I'd be back?

After nearly 15 years in the Bay Area, where I'd married my second husband Byron Menendez and given birth to Pablo and Nina, where I'd been running Byron's silver-smith shop; running the house and kids and running myself ragged; where I'd been sing-

ing on coast to coast radio (then the country's main form of electronic entertainment); singing on my own local TV series (when KGO-TV was up on Twin Peaks in the woods, black and white, and 12" square); singing down on San Francisco's Embarcadero with jazz bands like Turk Murphy, Kid Ory, George Lewis and Bob Mielke's Bearcats; making a hit record called "I'm On My Way" which celebrated the courage of the Freedom Riders, and another called "Blues Over Bodega" which pointed out to the local utility company that building an atomic energy plant on an earthquake fault was not smart, opening San Francisco's first mainstream blues club "Sugar Hill, Home of the Blues" and singing there with my musical brother, pianist/cornetist Kenny Whitson and my musical father, bassist Wellman Braud; picket-line singing in front of Woolworth's 5 & Dime in support



of the southern student's lunch counter sit-in; setting some kind of record for non-stop living and loving and leaving for out-of-town gigs and returning, catching up and falling behind, (breathe); well, it was time to move on. I'd also just seriously fallen in love with the man who would become my permanent partner, Irwin Silber, who was living in New York City at the time.

One of my final Bay Area engagements as a homie was a week at The Cabale, a club on San Pablo Avenue in Berkeley. It had been opened a couple of years earlier by Rolf Cahn, superb musician, folk guru, and coincidentally an ex-husband from my teens and father of my oldest boy, Nick (sometimes known as Jesse Chisholm in his own musical life). Already the club had gained a reputation as one of Northern California's premier folk music venues. I had agreed to meet Chris Strachwitz there on the afternoon in question, a couple of days after wrapping up the gig. Chris (the soul of Arhoolie Records) had set up his recording equipment inside and we'd invited a few of the regulars to join us while I recorded some songs for a possible LP by way of farewell to Berkeley.

I always felt that I sang better when there

were actual people in front of me instead of just microphones, so I had asked my bro' and old-time mentor Carroll Peery to round up some friends who wouldn't mind sharing the occasion with Strachwitz and me and lending us their ears. This was not a project I saw as a commercial recording but more as a personal leave-taking, so I was planning to sing whatever songs came to mind, happy to finally be making a few tracks in the way I approached singing in the folk music venues (as opposed to my jazz oriented recordings with a band), and doing it for the home-town label.

Opening the week after me at The Cabale was Lightning Sam Hopkins, so he was in town. Carroll knew that for some time "Mr. Hipkins" (as Carroll liked to call him) and I had been carrying on a sort of pretend courtship, so he took it into his mischief-making mind to invite him as a surprise guest at the session just to see what might happen. So there I was, singing my heart out all alone for a few tunes when in walked Lightnin'. He had his guitar with him and so of course I asked him to join me as soon as I caught my breath. Actually, what you will hear first on this CD is from that latter part of the session.

Of course neither of us had the slightest idea beforehand that we would be recording together that day. One thing that made me really excited with the possibilities was that I knew it would all have to be invented, the way the real blues is always remade and renewed in performance. I look around me now and realize that performers seem less and less willing to leave anything to chance, to take the kind of risk that live improvisation involves, so I'd like to digress just a moment in my story to say a few words about this apparently dying art.

My long-time musical partner Kenny Whitson and I used to talk a lot about how we both always tried to approach even a well worn blues as if it was the first time we were doing it. He also enjoyed the fact that I was always calling tunes we'd never done before, some he'd never even heard before, right on stage in the middle of a set. Kenny would start inventing a piano intro while I set the stage with a little story, told as I strummed the guitar chords. This would give him a chance to get a feel for the new music he was about to have to play. By the time I'd get to the place for him to solo, he'd often pick up his cornet and blow a brilliant chorus as if

he'd known the piece all his life! (Of course he continued playing the piano with his left hand, just a part of what made him a legendary musician.)

I also had a running game with myself for years of making up a whole song start to finish on stage just as a way of keeping myself sharp, and I'd hardly ever repeat or write them down later. I'd almost never let the audience in on the fact that it was a "one time only" song. Another game I had was to ask the late-night club audience to throw me three or four images for improvising material. Trying to stump me, folks would shout all sorts of things that didn't seem to fit, like "shoe laces, Chinese food, light bulbs." I got such a thrill when I'd manage to make sense out of it, especially when I could get a laugh doing it.

Nearly every night on stage, Kenny and I would swap verses in a sort of dueling recap of our day's experiences, sometimes in the sense of "can you top this?" The only singer besides Kenny Whitson that I regularly swapped improvised verses with on stage was Brownie McGhee, one of the masters of the art. And doing this with him helped increase my own storehouse of existing



verses which could be moved in and out of the dialog to help tell the story. So from all this, I learned to love the challenge, and was curious to see what would happen doing the same thing with Lightning.

Back there in the dark of the Cabale, with the late afternoon sun coming in under the shades, with the trucks rumbling by on San Pablo on their way to anywhere, and with a couple of dozen friends for a sounding board, we began to converse through the music. Encouraged to intimacy by the clandestine feeling lent by the long shadows, we were inspired to freely create by the fact that we were standing on the familiar ground of the small stage, "on" but not really on, just "visiting" as they say back home. And we were free to play out the fantasy because nothing could get out of hand. We weren't alone. Our friends were there, and the game was understood.

There's an historical context for all this that may not be so obvious to the listener of today, and both Lightning and I brought a good bit of our own history to the encounter. Hopkins comes out of the rough and tumble black side of Houston, Texas, a world I'd never seen but could guess about, having

spent part of my late teens and early twenties after leaving home living in a similar side of Detroit. Here he was gigging in Berkeley and, like a lot of other people, trying to figure out this place so much like small town America and at the same time so eager to be on the cutting edge of social change, a paradoxical place that talked a good democratic game but where there was (and is) still a tremendous disparity of opportunity depending on one's race.

Sam Hopkins and I had met under a number of circumstances in the past that would give him reason to trust me. We'd hung out together with mutual friends, I'd played on the same bill with him several times, I'd interviewed him on my radio show in L.A. and so forth. But fools rush in, and this man was nobody's fool. He was the kind of man who survived by knowing exactly what was going on at any given moment, and so here he is both living the moment and taking its measure.

Young black men were still being lynched just for looking the "wrong way" at a white woman when I first entered that world, and some of the Detroit guys were just itching to see how far they could press their luck, the

way young guys will flirt with danger just to test themselves in any society. I had to learn how to slip gracefully out from being the object of some of these "tests" because as a nineteen year old just figuring out her own way of relating to the larger world, I didn't plan to be anybody's "object." I was more interested in "test cases," having already taken part in efforts to break down the discriminatory policies of several restaurants in Detroit, a big-time northern industrial city where a black person couldn't get a cup of coffee downtown in the late '40s, even after the war.

Some time later when my blues career heated up, I'd done a fair amount of hanging with Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon when they toured with me for a year as my back-up group, and earlier with Rev. Gary Davis, Brownie McGhee, Big Joe Williams and other blues men when we were working on the same bills in various cities. In those days, a young white woman making the scene would first be assumed to be a hooker, or at least a thrill-seeking dilettante, and I always had to establish my musical credentials before I could be treated as a friend or associate. Things finally eased a bit on that score when

Ebony Magazine did a seven page feature story on me, painting me as this blue-eyed blonde who was saving the blues from dying, with lots of photos showing me doing my thing musically with Memphis and Willie, Muddy Waters, Little Brother Montgomery, Mama Yancey and others. It was the only feature Ebony had ever done on a white woman, and, true or not, it helped establish my right to "be there."

So here we are at the Cabale and there I am teasing Lightning about showing up unannounced at my house dressed "fit to kill" a few nights earlier, for the first and only time, and then when his nervousness got the best of him claiming that he had to run because his cousin was waiting in the car! And he's teasing me back about how he doesn't have a friend in town so he has to ask his relatives to drive him around. Hmmm. Based on a reality, but whose view of it? We just said it all off the top, things we couldn't have said any other way and if we'd thought about it first maybe wouldn't have even tried to say. And then we sang about some serious stuff (Memphis Slim's great "Mother Earth") and some silly stuff ("Baby, Shake That Thing" and "Let Me Be Your Rag Doll").



Before Sam showed up, I had recorded a few songs by myself that afternoon. When Chris asked me to listen to the tapes and think about issuing this CD in 1996, 32 years had elapsed so I was curious, and time had brought with it a degree of objectivity. As I listened to my solitary self, it hit me in the heart how much I missed my long-time partnership with Kenny Whitson. I never had become a real guitarist, what with the hands in the dishwasher etc. so much of the time, and after all those years of playing I could just about pass for a decent rhythm back-up. But whenever the genius of Kenny was added the music always went to a whole other level. How to ease my troubled heart and ears?

There was one musician I knew who could make up some of what was missing. He'd understand the feeling, has great taste and imagination, and doesn't have one of those ego problems that would make him upset that there was no way to introduce spaces for him to solo. The great Ray Skjelbred was consulted and, as luck would have it, he was ready and willing. So, one afternoon in April, 1996 he overdubbed the piano to my 1964 solo singing, and it sounds just right to me.

Here is "Careless Love," really a 16-bar blues and one of the earliest so-called "folksongs" I ever learned. I'm still learning from it. Then comes "Love with a Feeling," a blues I adapted from Tampa Red's composition. "Betty and DuPree" is a detailed tragedy, a rare blues in the form of a ballad that I learned from Brownie McGhee.

The first of the two Woody Guthrie songs here was written as a kid's song but I see it as a liberation song too. "Don't You Push Me Down!" is another way of saying "don't tread on me" and it's important to learn to say that. Malvina Reynolds wrote "Bury Me in My Overalls" for her husband Bud after he found out he had a bad heart, soon after she'd begun writing songs. She meant to cheer him up. I always thought it was one of her best, and, no doubt about it, Bud certainly was one of the best, as was Malvina herself.

One of Woody Guthrie's greatest ballads, the story of the "Plane Wreck at Los Gatos," is often called simply "Deportees." I can still hear the anger in my voice, and you know what? So damn little has changed about our policies toward farm workers that this song is just as relevant today as it was then, even after all the sacrifices of Cesar

Chavez, Dolores Huerta and so many others!

I spent a lot of years trying to convey the courage of the students at Southern lunch-counter sit-ins, the North-South freedom riders, the Montgomery bus boycott walkers and the Selma bridge crossers to audiences who were supporting it all from home. "Keep Your Eyes on the Prize, Hold On" started out as "Keep Your Hand on the Plow, Hold On" and is one of the best teaching songs I know, built on the ancient African method which makes provision for new verses to be added in keeping with the times.

As you can see, there wasn't time to get back and do enough songs to make a whole solo LP. Neither was there enough of Lightning and me together for a whole album. Some of what we recorded that day was issued on an LP by Arhoolie as "Lightning Hopkins with his brothers Joel and John Henry and with Barbara Dane." The material with his brothers had been recorded that same year. But since these songs really came from my session in the first place, I'd say this CD finally sets them in their original context.

To top off this whole enterprise, Chris came up with "Jesus Won't You Come By Here," a track from his bottomless archives

where Hopkins plays a rare bit of piano while I harmonize, made at one of Lightning's recording sessions that I had visited years before, in 1961, at the old Sierra Sound recording studio that used to be on the very same premises where Ray Skjelbred overdubbed his contributions in 1996! What today's CD buyer couldn't know unless I mention it is that Chris Strachwitz's great cover photo for the original Arhoolie LP, along with another cover photo by Dave Gahr for a Folkways LP featuring me with the Chambers Brothers which also came out in the mid-'60s, was among the very first album covers to show black and white artists together. (When I was signed with Capitol in the early '60s, the A&R man Curly Walter had the idea that I should make a duo album with Jimmy Witherspoon. The head office vetoed it because they would have had to put our pictures together on the cover!)

I always have said that if I wouldn't say it, I wouldn't sing it. But in retrospect I see how I violated my own rule sometimes in the interest of letting my consciousness float free in order to identify with the experiences of others. For example, I'd never use the word "chick" to refer to a woman, but I did



just that in one song. And there are lines in "Rag Doll" and "Love with a Feeling" which seem to be short on respect for other women. I was probably carrying around some of the same bad attitudes as most folks in those days, but I don't think a lack of respect for women was one of them. And yet I sang those lines. O.K., that was then and this is now.

Oh what a strange life it is! You just about begin to get the hang of it when your calendar tells you to start thinking about packing up to leave. In May I'll turn 69, and I can see by counting the vacant chairs around me that our time here ends all too soon. Just thinking of the many extraordinary creators of American music I've mentioned here who are already gone is sobering: Lightning himself, Brownie McGhee, Memphis Slim, Willie Dixon, Muddy Waters, Tampa Red, Little

Brother Montgomery, Mama Yancey, Big Joe Williams, Rev. Gary Davis, Turk Murphy, Kid Ory, George Lewis, Kenny Whitson, Wellman Braud, Woody Guthrie, Malvina Reynolds, and Rolf Cahn. Here's to all of them, and may their music live forever.

So many roads left unexplored, people to meet, still so much music to hear, and with any luck, more songs left to sing! These past few days in fact I did get to sing my songs, just as when I was still 37 years old, half a lifetime ago. Through the magic of magnetic tape I had the rare experience of seeing a project begun in June of 1964 turn into this CD 32 years later in the spring of 1996. What started out to be farewell to some old audiences and friends might with a little more luck turn into hello to some new ones.

*All the best,  
Barbara*

---

*To Contact Barbara Dane:*

Fax: 510/531-5889 email: [bdane@igc.apc.org](mailto:bdane@igc.apc.org) or through Arhoolie Records

*Special thanks to my daughter Dr. Nina Menendez for her editing help.*



*Photos © Chris Strachwitz*

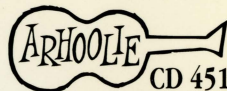
---

*Down Home Music Since 1960: Blues • Cajun • Tex-Mex • Zydeco • Country • Jazz • Regional & World Music*  
For our complete 116-page illustrated catalog of CDs, Cassettes, Videos, & more, send \$2.00 to:  
**ARHOOLIE CATALOG, 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, CA 94530**



# BARBARA DANE & LIGHTNING HOPKINS

## *"Sometimes I Believe She Loves Me"*



1. **I'M GOING BACK, BABY**  
(Back Behind the Sun) (B. Dane & S. Hopkins) (5:28)
2. **I KNOW YOU GOT ANOTHER MAN**  
(S. Hopkins) (3:38)
3. **SOMETIMES I BELIEVE SHE LOVES ME** (S. Hopkins) (4:51)
4. **BABY, SHAKE THAT THING** (S. Hopkins) (1:51)
5. **IT'S A LONESOME OLD TOWN** (B. Dane) (4:54)
6. **DON'T PUSH ME**  
(Til You Find Out What I Want) (S. Hopkins) (3:49)
7. **LET ME BE YOUR RAG DOLL** (B. Dane) (3:15)
8. **MOTHER EARTH** (P. Chatman) (5:36)
9. **MAMA TOLD PAPA** (S. Hopkins) (3:01)
10. **CARELESS LOVE** (arr. B. Dane) (4:21)
11. **LOVE WITH A FEELING** (H. Whitacker) (3:03)
12. **BETTY AND DUPREE** (arr. B. Dane) (5:34)
13. **DON'T YOU PUSH ME DOWN** (W. Guthrie) (1:57)
14. **BURY ME IN MY OVERALLS** (M. Reynolds) (1:51)
15. **DEPORTEES** (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos) (W. Guthrie) (5:51)

16. **HOLD ON** (Keep Your Eyes on the Prize) (P.D.) (3:15)

17. **JESUS WON'T YOU COME BY HERE**

(arr. S. Hopkins) (2:08)

Total time: 70:13

**Barbara Dane**—guitar & vocals

**Lightning Hopkins**—guitar & vocals on #1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, & piano & vocal on 17; **Ray Skjelbred**—piano (on #10, 11, 12, 13, 14 & 16 added in 1996)

Original recordings made by Chris Strachwitz at The Cabale on San Pablo Ave. in Berkeley, Ca., on Thursday afternoon, June 18, 1964, except #17, which was recorded at Sierra Sound Labs in Berkeley on November 26, 1961.

#1, 2, 3, 8, & 17 were originally issued on Arhoolie LP 1022. All other selections previously unreleased.

All selections by Barbara Dane & Sam Hopkins © by Tradition Music Co. and administered by BUG Music Co.

Produced by Chris Strachwitz & Barbara Dane  
Photos © by Chris Strachwitz

Cover design & tinting by Beth Weil

© & © 1966 & 1996  
by Arhoolie Productions

