

Homer, *the slut*



Issue Six

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J.R. Stokes and Mark Carter write & draw for **Freewheelin'**, a privately circulated Dylan fanzine.

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Homer, the slut is edited, printed and published by Andrew Muir- there's no-one else to blame!

The Warmline: On my home number, 071 385 1114, I update Dylan news and gossip about twice a week. You can also leave any Dylan news after my message.

Coming Straight From The Heart



Here is issue six (on time again!) for your perusal and delectation, I hope that you like it. You may notice that the **Bits & Bobs** and **Sweet Gift Of Gab** sections end rather abruptly and are somewhat thinner than normal. The former is because I was waiting, in vain, for a collection of Australian cuttings to arrive on time. Coincidentally *ISIS* (I liked the back cover, very droll), has started to reproduce cuttings and included the very ones I was anxious for you not to miss. Thankfully this means that those of you who would most want to see the reproductions will probably have done so. It is ironic, really, as I kept other articles behind until the next issue but, since I didn't realize that *ISIS* was going to start to reproduce cuttings in the same manner, I had no idea that there was the possibility of the clash. In addition, with *ISIS* arriving later than expected, I've not been able to remove all the cuttings that coincide or my now redundant plea for the cuttings in **Bits & Bobs**. A similar thing happened with **Sweet Gift Of Gab**: I've had to pull an article by Mark Carter which appeared in truncated form in *ISIS*. (It was a three page article-cum-letter with a three page reply from myself so I think perhaps you should be more relieved than disappointed!)

However, waste not want not, some of those answers can be used in this editorial to point a way forward, if there need be one, for *Homer, the slut*. The reason I started this fanzine was because I perceived a "gap" developing in the coverage of Dylan's work in the various Dylan publications. There were only about three to four articles a year dealing with the songs in any depth or with a quality to suggest that there were serious artistic points being raised, investigated or discussed. It very quickly became apparent that there was also a need to reproduce and properly catalogue (at least some of) the articles that appear on Dylan throughout the world. These two things together gave *Homer* a clearly defined role and it grew in subscribers fairly rapidly. So much so that it takes all of my spare time to keep it going, which leads me back to Mark's open letter in *ISIS*.

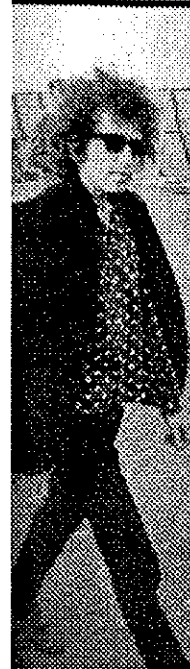
Mark wonders why "we" (not defined, but I'm presuming those who read this will fall into the category) should be afraid to be called "fans" or "train spotters" and prefer the title "collectors". Well, I certainly don't mind being called a fan of Dylan (or Dostoyevsky or Cowdenbeath) if that's what people want to call me. Train spotters I regard as people with sad, unfulfilled lives that they try to compensate for by fake passion, so I certainly don't want to be called that. As for the supposedly preferred monicker of "collector" - surely that is the biggest insult of the three? A collector of what and why? The former may be Dylan-related goods, or beer mats, stamps, paintings...Actually the last would be best because then you could make lots more money from them - "good investments" and all that avarice ridden crap. (I'm using the term "collector" in its most pejorative sense, of course, as one who knows not the intrinsic worth of that which he/she collects.)

Mark then goes on to wonder about the amount of time "we" devote to our hobby. The irony here is that I devote a lot more than Mark suggests he does. I do ignore my family (not Pia, of course, we have regular meetings re general layout and the cuttings section) what is almost as sad is that I also ignore (or, rather, subsume) a number of more worthwhile activities like reading, going to concerts, plays, films or more enjoyable activities like playing football. However, I don't do this because of Dylan and his work, I do all this because I am running a magazine devoted to Dylan and his work. If I stop running the magazine, I can go back to reading 19th century literature and playing football and still follow Dylan's mesmeric career and artistic development. But I like running fanzines so I'd probably start up another one, on Philip K Dick perhaps, or the two great ideas I've got for ("unconventional") football ones.

And this is my whole point, you see, "enjoyment". I run *Homer* as a hobby, not as a business. If I ever improve on breaking even I'll put the money straight back into the magazine with proper binding, or glossy covers or colour pages or whatever. I subsidize *Homer* not vice versa; therefore I don't worry - except in general terms - about number of subscribers unless it is costing too much. One of the reasons for this being, that if it all becomes business it stops being fun and there's a danger of self-importance setting in.¹ This is almost understandable due to the amount of time one spends creating and maintaining a magazine, or information service or some such thing but it can lead to the

¹ In the full text of the article Mark Carter falls into the same trap of self-importance. When talking about fans who go to many gigs he says that Dylan should acknowledge them. Well, why should he for goodness sake? "We" are not, as Mark suggests, "his bread and butter". It puts me in mind of those dreadful people who complain that Dylan doesn't talk to them enough inbetween songs, or they met him and told him he'd changed their lives but he didn't even give them an autograph. (You know, wasn't changing your life *enough*?)

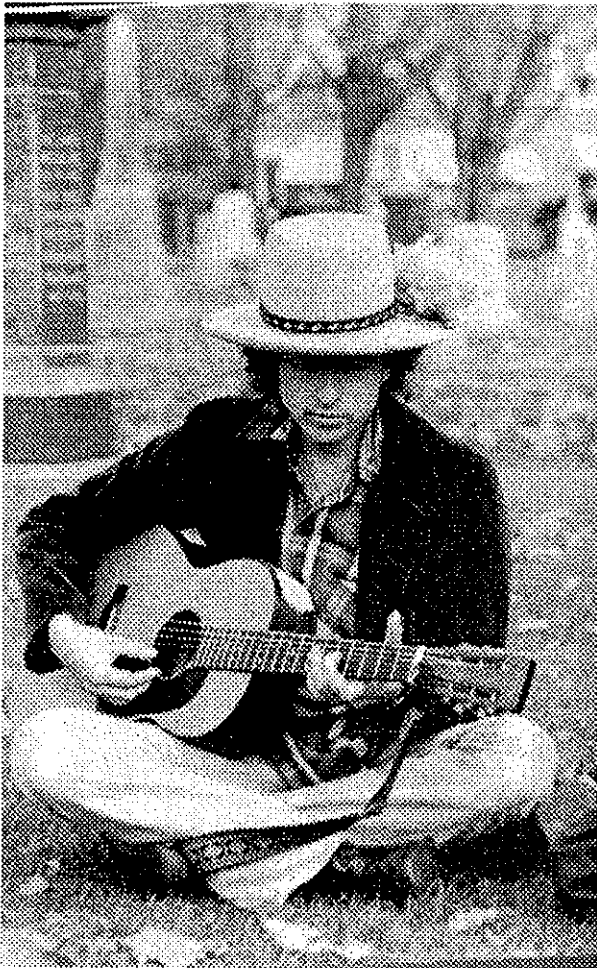
magazine or society becoming more important to the people concerned than the subject they were founded to foster interest in to begin with. Then rivalries and unpleasantness can arise. I find it embarrassing that a magazine like **Record Collector** writes about the childish behaviour of Dylan fans and I find it depressing that disparaging references to other 'zines are included in Dylan publications.



No, obsessive collecting and fanzines aren't important, Dylan's work is. I enjoy running **Homer** but it isn't the be all and end all. In fact, I worry that I'm not devoting enough time to other things - Dylan's music included. Since starting the 'zine I've learnt a lot more about Dylan's life but fear my knowledge and appreciation of his music is growing at a slower pace than would otherwise be the case. I think there is a vacuum for **Homer** at the moment but if that vacuum is filled, I'll happily move on to something else. I'll give you a couple of scenarios:

A. If **The Telegraph**, **Isis** and **Look Back** cover all the things I currently do, there would be no point in continuing with **Homer**, the slut in its current form. I do not see this as competition, or a problem, as long as there is quality coverage of Dylan, it doesn't matter who provides it. If, for example, **ISIS** wanted to do all the cuttings then, you know, that would be fine by me.

B. Part of the near duplication between this issue and the last **ISIS** was due to the fact that we both use writers who primarily write for the privately circulated **Freewheelin'**. Now, if **Freewheelin'** was to go public maybe it would have the contacts, resources and writers to fill most outstanding needs: the main one for myself being regular, quality work on Dylan's artistic achievements. (I don't know, I've never seen one but, if they guaranteed an intelligent platform for discussion of Dylan's work - rather than news and interviews - I wouldn't mind them taking over **Homer's** role at all. In fact I'd be very willing to help them because the message is the main thing, not the medium. (Mind you it would have to say "Incorporating **Homer**, *the slut*" in very big letters. - Only joking!))



So, to sum up this uncharacteristic rant, I run **Homer**, *the slut* because I believe it facilitates greater enjoyment and appreciation of Dylan's words and music (and maybe drawings too!); if the other fanzines covered all perceived avenues in exploring his work, or if **Freewheelin'** were to go public I would do something else - perhaps books dedicated to specific subjects or maybe something that you, as subscribers, would suggest. I'll keep you posted on developments and don't worry about subscriptions paid in advance, if **Homer** were to change tack and you don't like the new direction you would be refunded.²

In the meantime, it is full steam ahead with Issue Seven and the subscriber special for 1992. The former will include articles by Michael Gray and John McShane along with the usual features, the latter is coming along nicely. Also in the pipeline is a full length interview with Paul Williams who has kindly permitted me the first printing of a short interview from 1991 in this issue. The reprinting of the back issues continues apace - (honestly! It is just that the "pace" isn't a blistering one) - there should be plenty of copies of all of them by September.

In an effort to keep postal costs down, I've experimented with a smaller font for the longer articles - if you find this too small please let me know.

If you are going to see Dylan in Europe, on what Lambchops aptly described as "the hideously expensive tour" have a great time. In fact, whatever you are planning to do I hope you have a great summer.

² I realize that this has appeared completely critical of Mark's arguments but that is just because I'm using points from his thesis to exemplify problems endemic in fandom and fan magazines. He makes a number of valid points too, which you very nearly had the pleasure of reading in these very pages.

A painting in purple.....A painting in maroon and silver reckoned Dylan in 1965, a variety of other interpretations are offered below. Pia's all time favourite and one of mine too; one of the first Dylan songs I heard that opened up a whole new world to me (my first albums being *Self Portrait* and *Nashville Skyline*) when Robert Cassals lent me an Italian bootleg featuring the outtake version. When I think of the 1965 UK tour I visualize him in classic pose with lines from this song on his lips. He played it (to please, perhaps, but Phil Spector thought it beautiful) at Bangladesh. He's been playing it this year. It is a great, great song. (I have stuck to the original title although it is pointedly listed on the UK CD release as **Love Minus Zero.**)

Author: David Downing	First Published: Panther Books, 1976
Title: Future Rock	Out of Print

...in the softer songs, sung to specific women, Dylan idealized and personalized the positive aspects, creating heroines who *don't look back* (**She Belongs To Me**), who *are true, like ice, like fire*, beyond notions of success or failure (**Love Minus Zero/No Limit**).

Author: Anthony Scaduto	First Published: W.H. Allen & Co, 1972
Title: Bob Dylan	Reprinted with various (small) updates (1984, for example)

At the same time that he is describing one aspect of the universal *angst*, Dylan celebrates the ability of some to break free from society's dungeon, women who have reached a stage of development he is striving for. **She Belongs To Me** and **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** describe two women who hold out the promise of the future's possibilities; women who have discarded all the falseness, who knew too much to *argue or to judge*. In so many songs where Dylan seems to be talking about women, he is really writing about Dylan. There is much that is androgynous in Dylan.

Author: Betsy Bowden	First Published: Indiana University Press, 1982
Title: Performed Literature	Currently out of print. (I think)

In other early songs besides **Sad-Eyed Lady** and **She Belongs To Me**, the combining of binary oppositions characterizes the ideal female. The idealized object of **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** (1965), among many examples, is "*true, like ice, like fire.... She knows there's no success like failure, and that failure's no success at all.*"

Author: Robert Shelton	First Published: Beech Tree Books, (William Morrow) 1986.
Title: No Direction Home	Currently available

Love Minus Zero/No Limit: Although increasingly sardonic in his anti-love songs, Dylan still dreamed of a faithful woman, wise enough to avoid all the entrapping games of neurotic, competitive love. The title, borrowed from gambling parlance, suggests all love's a wager.

*My love she speaks like silence,
Without ideals or violence.
She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire....*

Here Dylan exercises new poetic sinews. Christopher Ricks has delighted in the linking of ideals with violence. Jack McDonough linked Dylan and Boris Pasternak's fascination with the "two godmothers of silence and mystery." He found another Dylan preoccupation, "...self-awareness through isolation, a theme both romantic and existential..." Bill King's thesis on Dylan pointed out that he raises the problem of isolation for the American writer, citing the line: *there's no success like failure/And that failure's no success at all.* The musical flow of **Love Minus Zero** is so sedative that even the ominous images of cloaks and daggers and a bride trembling at midnight do not mar the tranquillity that the love object exudes.

Author: Maurice Capel	First Published: Jazz Monthly 12/65 - 1/66
Title: Most Likely You 'll Go....etc.	Reprinted: The Dylan Companion, Macmillan, 1990

Another powerful Dylan character is the doctor, be it the rambling "country doctor" of **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** or good old "Dr. Filth" treating his "sexless patients" in **Desolation Row**. Can we expect any help from a doctor who, in **Tombstone Blues**, tells "the hysterical bride" (who says, "I've just been made"), *My advice is to not let the boys in?* Dylan's doctors are cynical traitors - like the one in **Just like Tom Thumb's Blues**: "*And my best friend my doctor/Won't even say what it is I've got.*"

Author: Paul Williams	First Published: by Underwood-Müller, 1990
Title: Performing Artist, Vol One	Currently available (Hardbacks for £6:00 in Charing Cross Road!)

Love Minus Zero/No Limit, often mentioned in the same breath as **She Belongs to Me**, actually is a sweet song in words as well as tune and sound, and I think it is the only song on the album that might possibly be for Sara. It's often been pointed out that Dylan praises "his love" for what she isn't. It must have been comforting for him, as 1965 came on like thunder, to have someone around him who knew *there's no success like failure, and that failure's no success at all*.

She Belongs to Me and **Maggie's Farm** and **Love Minus Zero** and **Subterranean Homesick Blues** are like incursions into a musical realm that may not even have existed before those sessions in January 1965, a realm that has beckoned to and inspired musicians and every other sort of listener/creator ever since.

There are five known outtakes from these sessions. One is **I'll Keep It With Mine**, included on **Biograph**. Another is the unreleased song: **If You Gotta Go, Go Now**, featured in Dylan's concerts from fall 1964 to spring 1965. The others are alternate takes of **She Belongs to Me** and **Love Minus Zero** backed only by Bruce Langhorne's guitar (no bass, drums, or third guitar), and **It's All Over Now, Baby Blue** solo (on the album take Dylan is backed by William Lee on bass).

Listening to these unreleased alternate takes is a reminder that when Dylan is fully involved in the music he's making, every performance of every song is new and different and exciting. The music is so fluid, so expressive of what Dylan is feeling moment to moment, that it would be misleading to suggest that one melodic or rhythmic or lyrical variant is more true to the song's intention than another. That assumes a specific intent that precedes the writing and performing of a song, whereas all the evidence is that Dylan's songs from this period express a constantly shifting intent which is feeling-based and unconscious at least as much as it is deliberate, conscious, premeditated. The achievement of the songwriter, then, is the creation of words, music, and a song structure resilient enough to serve as a vehicle for the performer's ever changing moods and methods. But plasticity alone won't do the job. To be a powerful vehicle for expression of the performer's moment, a song must also have integrity; it must hold together on its own, shaping what the singer feels at the moment of singing as surely as it is being shaped by those feelings. Singer and song shape each other, and the performance that results can then enter a new relationship in which it shapes and is shaped by the feelings of the person listening.

Author: John Herdman	First Published: by Paul Harris Publishing, 1982
Title: Voice Without Restraint	Out of print

The lover who receives perhaps his highest and most finely-wrought praise - the woman of **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** - has attributes which are formulated either negatively or by means of such suggestive paradoxes as are used to describe spiritual things in the language used by Eastern religion. Thus *she speaks like silence, Without ideals or violence, she laughs like the flowers*; her insights and attitudes belong to the spirit of Zen:

*She knows there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all.*

.....
*My love winks, she does not bother,
She knows too much to argue or to judge*

The values represented by this lover are defined in contrast to the ways of the world - the insincere gestures, the lost and futile talk, the insubstantiality of material things, the confused spiritual strivings - all suggested in marvellously rich and concrete language. The positive values find their place within a harsh, elemental world:

*The wind howls like a hammer
The wind blows cold and rainy,
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.*

The "broken wing" is one of those flashes of imaginative insight which only a great artist can make livingly concrete. It comes as a surprise, for all the previous imagery has suggested someone secure, confident, untouched, almost remote, standing above the common exigencies of living by virtue of spiritual strengths; but when the image comes it impels our assent, for with its suggestion of vulnerability-within-strength it establishes her humanity: this is no goddess and no abstraction, but a woman who lives out her values in the world. (The image also of course conjures up the austerity of Poe's Raven which knocks at his chamber-door to deliver its laconic message "Nevermore" . A skein of probably unconscious associations may have been at work to contribute to the imagery of this verse. The "country doctor" who appears in the second line comes from Kafka's story of that name; "Kafka" in Czech means raven or jackdaw, and such a bird was the emblem of the Kafka family business; also, Kafka is said to have seen a bird of evil omen - I think an owl - at his window on the night before his death. Could a train of association have led Dylan from Kafka to the Raven of Poe's poem?)

Author: Stephen Scobie	First Published: by Red Deer College Press, 1991
Title: Alias Bob Dylan	Currently available

The name [*Suze Rotolo*] is included, however, in **11 Outlined Epitaphs** as *beautiful Sue* who is *the fortune-teller of my soul*. She is compared to a frightened fawn (an echo of the lamb in **Ballad in Plain D**), and she is also associated with silence: *there is no love/except in silence*. This association is interesting, since it recurs in songs that are clearly *not* about Suze. **Queen Jane Approximately** posits as the ideal lover *somebody you don't have to speak to*; and, in **Love Minus Zero/No Limit**, which most commentators take as an early song for Sara because of its Zen-like qualities, *My love she speaks like silence*.

Author: Alan Rinzier	First Published: Harmony Books 1978
Title: The Illustrated Record	Out of print

Love Minus Zero/No Limit is an idealized vision of budding love, somewhat unconvincingly thrown away...

Author: Alexander/Gross	First Published: Elm Tree Books, 1978
Title: An Illustrated History	Out of print

The love songs on the album were of a new sort, too. **She Belongs to Me** and **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** were the most mature representations he'd yet concocted of the half-real/half-dreamed woman a Dylan would love, an untouched and untouchable woman, who could think of love as no more than a four-letter word, casting spells on her prey, collecting men like antiques, but still a broken-winged raven on a cold, stormy night.

Author: Janet Maslin	First Published: Picador, 1981 (UK edition)
Title: Bob Dylan	Printed In : <i>The Rolling Stone Illustrated History Of Rock & Roll</i>

Dylan who had quietly married Sara Lowndes in the late autumn of 1965 and retreated to Woodstock, New York, was also writing ravishing and abundant love songs, among them **She Belongs to Me**, **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** ...

Author: Wilfrid Mellers	First Published: Faber and Faber Limited, 1984
Title: A darker shade of pale	Out of print (I think)

Even **Love Minus Zero/No Limit**, though a country song with no obvious black features, has a new interior intensity in its displaced, slightly hallucinatory chords. It hints at an ideal(ized) love relationship with a woman who, Zen-affiliated, is beyond the evasions and insincerities that afflict most social intercourse: *she winks, she does not bother, /She knows too much to argue or to judge*.

There may be an anticipation of the surreal imagery of Dylan's psychedelic phase; and the revelatory moments seem to be precipitated out of the admission of harsh and abrasive realities:

*The bridge at midnight trembles
The country doctor rambles
Bankers' nieces seek perfection
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring.
The wind howls like a hammer
The night blows cold and rainy
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.*

The imagery startles in its unexpectedness. Herdman suggests that it owes its evocativeness to a probably unconscious reference to Edgar Allan Poe's **Nevermore**-cawing raven; and since kafka means raven in Czech, there may be a reference to Franz Kafka's story **The Country Doctor**. Certainly, Dylan's obliquities about events and motivations are often Kafkaesque, and the ghostly presence of Kafka's country doctor may have some bearing on his verse's mysteriousness: as does the airy melody which, floating waveringly over plain diatonic concords, mostly I, V, IV and III, seems at once real and illusory. This is one of the first Dylan songs to explore the cinematic technique of mutable images which he is to develop much in his later work. It is both verbally and musically potent.

Author: Leland A. Poague	First Published: Journal Of Popular Culture, (Summer '76) pp53-57
Title: Dylan As Auteur	Not available

THEORETICAL NOTES, AND AN ANALYSIS
OF LOVE MINUS ZERO/ NO LIMIT

In the Fall 1971 issue of *The Journal of Popular Culture* John G. Cawelti advocates the use of *auteur* criticism, as derived from cinema critics, in the analysis of the popular arts. Unfortunately, Cawelti dangerously misinterprets the theory, or at best encourages what must be regarded as negative aspects of some versions of *auteurism*. Admittedly, there is no united front of *auteur* critics, just as there is no united front of literary critics, but practical *auteur* criticism at its best (see Andrew Sarris and Robin Wood) insists on the very theoretical proposition that Cawelti would deny. *Auteur* criticism, Cawelti says, "is concerned not with the unity of the total work, but with those elements which show the individual mark of the director." (pp.262-63) *Auteur* criticism, it seems clear, is exactly concerned with, or at least should be, the unity of total works. Cawelti wants to avoid the necessary analysis of wholistic artistic creations (which he views as highly problematic in the case of convention ridden popular arts) by concentrating on the discovery of particular themes and stylistic devices working across an artist's entire canon.

Cawelti says, in reference to the use of *auteur* criticism in the analysis of popular music, that:

The methods of the auteur approach--examination of the entire body of work for recurrent stylistic and thematic patterns rather than the isolated analysis of the individual work in its unique totality--should prove a fruitful method for defining those patterns which mark the Beatles as auteurs. (p. 267)

This has been done in the past with other rock artists, and been done well (see Steven Goldberg, "ob Dylan and the Poetry of Salvation in *Saturday Review*, May 30, 1970), but the danger of this approach is that the critic will deal piece-meal with unit-ideas; themes, or peculiar stylistic devices, and not take into sufficient account that each of these entities has existence only as an integral part of an integrated artistic structure. The critic can all too easily be trapped by the theme or attribute he is discussing, forget how that attribute functions in the complete work, and thus misrepresent the very creation that he is attempting to elucidate. If we talk about the theme of the all male group in Hawks, for example, without taking fully into account the hostile Hawksian universe that makes such tightly knit groups necessary, we will (as Peter Wollen does) wrongly describe the Hawks vision as adolescent rather than courageously existential as it truly is.

Cawelti differentiates between creators and performers; and *auteurs*, he says, come somewhere in between. An *auteur* is not a free creator making a "unique and integrated work, which in its totality embodies a new conception of art and of the world," but rather a bound creator, who turns "a conventional and generally known and appreciated artistic formula into a medium of personal expression while at the same time giving us a version of the formula which is satisfying because it fulfils our basic expectations." (p. 266) Cawelti does admit that even Shakespeare was both popular and conventional, but he insists that Shakespeare does far more to transform his materials and thus to create unique works of art than Hitchcock does. (p. 265) One might agree (or disagree) with his evaluation of the relative merits of Shakespeare and Hitchcock but it does not necessarily follow, because we like Shakespeare more, that Hitchcock's films are less integrated or unique. Hitchcock's view of the world may be more limited than Shakespeare's, but his expression of that view is every bit as coherent and complex. Even if it did follow from expressions of personal taste that one artist's works are less integrated than another's, the critic has no business assuming a work is not integrated until he has first taken the trouble to investigate that integration, or lack of it. Cawelti's basic critical bias is clear here: popular artists, he implies, succeed despite their conventions, not because of them: but it seems clear that Hitchcock works in the suspense thriller genre because it is the ideal form for exploring the problems he chooses to explore, and making the statements he wishes to make. Hitchcock long ago attained the degree of production control that would allow him to give over his mystery films in favor of musical comedy extravaganzas a la Busby Berkeley had he so desired. If we take Cawelti too seriously, and therefore Hitchcock or any popular artist not seriously enough, we are liable to become lazy and less competent critics. To adopt Cawelti's version of *auteurism* in all its implications is to willfully ignore those aspects of an artist's work which smack of the conventional, regardless of how the artist utilizes or exploits those conventions.

What I would like to do in the remainder of this essay is to begin the task of utilizing, as Cawelti suggests, *auteur* theory in the analysis of rock 'n' roll; but I shall attempt to avoid the pitfalls of piece-meal criticism that Cawelti leaves open by focusing on a single Dylan song, attempting, as would any good *auteur* critic or literary critic, to suggest a conceptual foundation underlying all of Dylan's work, and yet checking those generalizations against an example of Dylan's actual practice, demonstrating how various aspects of language (imagery, themes, etc.) and music unite in a coherent artistic statement.

DYLAN AS AUTEUR

Dylan was the first of the rock poets to be taken seriously, to be credited with the artistic integrity of a genuine *auteur*, and the retrospection that goes along with the release of his *Greatest Hits Vol II* album certainly affirms the notion that Dylan's view of the world, and his expression of that view, are powerfully coherent and richly complex. At the risk of oversimplification, we can say that the issue central to Dylan's work is that of trust in the universe, generally expressed through the metaphor of love. Will

those **Chimes of Freedom** chime? Will God, humankind, or your lover desert *you*? Once deserted, how do you deal with the then apparently hostile universe? How does one love (as one must) in an apparently loveless cosmos? These are the questions that Dylan deals with, and his changing attitudes and answers, moving from the backed off irony of **Desolation Row** to the personal commitment of **If Not for You** serve to trace his personal and artistic development.

Steven Goldberg describes Dylan as a mystic poet, and while I am not altogether happy with that description, for reasons I shall explain later, the term 'mystic' is certainly applicable, at least to the extent that it describes the poet's ability to hold contradictions calmly in the palm of his hand, to discover unity in chaos. The surrealistic lines that we tend to remember ("She knows there's no success like failure / And that failure's no success at all") strike us at once as being logically absurd, and philosophically correct.¹ Dylan's poetry is often a poetry of negative statement, and his language is frequently the language of silence. Indeed, **Love Minus Zero/ No Limit** provides a dialectic of silence ("My love she speaks like silence"), pitting the talkers against the whisperers and winkers. The lines quoted above (success/failure) present opposite conceptions of reality, opposed approaches to the possibilities for action in the world. To fail in mundane dimestore / bus-station terms is to succeed in fire and ice terms: yet the world is one of ideals, violence, quotations, promises, and dimestores: fire melts ice; ice extinguishes fire; and failure remains failure, no matter how faithful or true one might be.

The first two stanzas set up the terms of the dialectic: one can be backed-off and silent, or one can be out-front and vocal. The third stanza takes us into a cinematic world of soundlessly moving images, dangerous images of uncertainty, suspense, sexuality, revenge, and failure. It's as if Hitchcock's *39 Steps* ("The cloak and dagger dangles"), Bunuel's *Belle de Jour* ("Madams light the candles"), Hawks' *Red River* ("In ceremonies of the horsemen"), and Bergman's *Seventh Seal* ("Even the pawn must hold a grudge") were intercut, robbed of their soundtracks, and projected at silent speed. At this grim tableau of human struggle against a meaningless universe, Dylan's silent lover only winks. It is meaningless indeed, and not to be judged at all.

The concluding stanza reintroduces sound, but it is no longer the sound of bus-station small talk, but the hammer-like howls of the wind, the hostility of the universe made audible. One cannot be blamed for drawing back from such ominous music. But silence can cripple as well as sound. The lover is wounded, and the raven's wing is finally broken.

Opposed to this vision of universal violence is a vision of universal love. The reference to the nativity ("all the gifts that wise men bring") recalls the limitless love of the song's title: *love minus zero*, love lacking nothing, love complete. The relationship between the singer and the loved one is implicit throughout the song, and we have no doubt that the wounded bird will be cared for, and that at least some human beings are capable of the kind of selfless love symbolized by Christ.

The dialectic of silence involves a double vision of life in the world, and yet there is a third viewpoint, a third voice present. One can be trapped in meaningless and self indulgent social chatter, like the banker's nieces, or one can remain silent, like the lover, or one can sing about silence, like the poet (by which I mean the poet as character in the poem, not necessarily Dylan himself). Thesis (sound) and antithesis (silence) give way to synthesis (song). There is music to be made out of discord (this song is melodically one of Dylan's finest, powerfully and insistently self assured, and apparent chaos gives way to concrete form. Thus what appears at first as a paradox becomes a hymn to the orthodox. But, like Bergman, Dylan does not allow orthodox ideas to become bad art. The song may imply Christian love as an answer, but there are no illusions left us. The threat made by a success and money oriented society is fully envisioned, fully experienced, and thus positive value is tempered and made valid by the presentation of negative reality, which is what I meant when I said that Dylan is a poet of negative statement.

If maturity, coherence, and complexity of expressed vision, are, as Cawelti implies, criteria for great art, then **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** is indeed a great song. It is a love lyric, a political protest, a philosophical meditation, and a religious poem, all at once; and yet it is not fully described by any or all of these terms. It is a Dylan song, whole and complete in itself: and it is this awareness of the integrity of artistic works as being greater than the sum of their parts that is threatened by the view of *auteurism* encouraged by Cawelti. If, for example, we were just concerned with Dylan's use of Judeo-Christian imagery, and the moral attitudes such imagery implies, we would find **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** a dull and ill conceived work. It is only after we understand the background (i.e., the hostile universe and the irrelevant society) which contrasts with, and thus brings to full relief, the moral position that Dylan argues, that we can claim to have understood the song.

Of course, I too have speculated generally on the principles underlying Dylan's entire canon, but I have attempted to tie those generalizations down with specifics. **Love Minus Zero** does indeed treat the problem of dealing with a loveless and hostile universe, as I had earlier suggested. I do not wish to imply, however, that this song, or any individual song or album, can be sufficiently dealt with by merely discussing general themes, since it is the variations from those general themes that define individual works as separate from one another. **George Jackson** is not **Love Minus Zero**, yet we can see that much of what I have said about the latter can be said about the former. **George Jackson** is a song about a loved one lost, a loved one murdered by an ignorant and hostile universe: yet in the act of singing becomes less a negative statement, less a warning about dangerous possibilities, than a positive action, standing up, taking no shit, and directly opposing social brutality with limitless and revolutionary love.

Good *auteur* criticism, then, will discover principles of variation, describe progressive changes from one completely comprehended work to another, and thus allow us to understand more fully the individuality of one artist from another. Howard

Hawks is not John Ford, and we know that through detailed analysis of their many individual films. Likewise, Dylan is not John Lennon, and we know that only by detailed attention to their individual songs and albums.

My quarrel with Goldberg is a minor one. Generally speaking, he does a fine job of discussing principles of variation as discovered through the analysis of individual works. But he does leave unclear his definition of Dylan as a mystic in the Zen tradition. There are certainly striking similarities between Buddhist thought and Dylan's songs, but Buddhists generally know they are Buddhists, and I doubt Dylan would acknowledge or accept any such specifically ideological or religious labels. A Dylan song is a Dylan song. Bob Dylan is Bob Dylan.

NOTE

1. Readers should refer to the **Bringing It All Back Home** album for the complete song.

[nb. to the original text = Leland A. Poague teaches English and Film Criticism at SUNY Genesco and is author of a forthcoming book on the cinema of Frank Capra.]

Reply to Poague by John G. Cawelti

Mr. Poague's discussion of my article on auteur criticism seems to me a misrepresentation of my views. However, since the misrepresentation may be a result of my own inadequate powers of expression and therefore shared by others, I'm glad to have this opportunity for clarification. First, there is the tacky, but less important question of what *auteurism* represents. Mr. Poague insists that I misrepresent the auteur approach by suggesting its primary concern with the mark of the director rather than with the total work; and offers as evidence the statement that as practical critics Wood and Sarris insist on the total work. It is true that both Sarris and Wood have made some excellent analyses of individual films. Yet, the perspective that they have almost invariably brought to bear on these films is that of the central thematic and stylistic preoccupations of the directors. For instance, Wood's excellent discussions of individual films by Hawks or Hitchcock usually focus on the way in which the individual film embodies the recurrent thematic concerns of the director. It is through this kind of insight that Wood is able to show how these particular directors are able to create a unique artistic work out of the conventional materials with which they largely concern themselves.

Now, insofar as one is willing to define this as the totality of the work of art, there is no difference between a concern with the individual mark of the director and the unity of the particular work. In other words, if we are satisfied to conclude that what the creator seems to be saying about the world is the whole of the work, then auteurism and the analysis of individual works are two sides of the same thing. Mr. Poague bears this out in his discussion of Dylan's song *Love Minus Zero/ No Limit* where he begins from a series of general propositions about Dylan's view of the world and then shows us how this view is manifested in the particulars of the song. However, this seemed to me a singularly limited view of the totality and unity of that song. For example, Poague says nothing whatever about the musical form of the song, or about the qualities of Dylan's performance, both of which seem to me to be fundamental aspects of the unity and totality of the work.

This brings me to, I think, the basic point at issue between Mr. Poague and myself. While I would agree that our ultimate goal as critics is the fullest possible apprehension of the work of art in its unique particularity, I would stress that there are many different perspectives we can take, each of which opens up the work in a slightly different way. For instance, we can look at a particular work as an event in itself, or we can see it against the background of other works created by the same person, or we can see it as part of an artistic tradition, or we can deal with it as an expression of its social and cultural background. Each of these perspectives gives us a slightly different view of the uniqueness and unity of the work and I suppose the more perspectives we are able to integrate into our approach to the work, the richer and more exciting our grasp of it will be. In the case of popular arts, where tradition (i.e., patterns of artistic convention) play a particularly powerful role, we particularly need the handle of an auteurist perspective to grasp the unique quality of individual works. Mr. Poague seems to suggest this by the procedure of his own analysis.

Thus, it seemed to me that while beginning with what he takes to be a difference of theoretical perspective, he ends up by following something like the same critical method I have recommended, though in a more limited way.

Finally, a note on conventions. I am mystified as to how Mr. Poague conceives that I have a bias against conventions and that I believe popular artists succeed despite their conventions. On the contrary, I believe that conventions are among the most important creations of a culture. On the other hand, it seems clear to me that the mindless repetition of conventional formulas is not particularly interesting and that the most effective kinds of popular artist achieve some kind of fruitful dialectic between their own visions and the conventional structures within which they work. But dialectic is not necessarily conflict. But I think I have said enough about this in other places (e.g., "The Concept of Formula in the Study of Popular Literature," *Journal of Popular Culture* III:3) to resist the temptation to elaborate on this topic here.

(nb. to original response:) = John G. Cawelti is Chairman of the Committee on General Studies in the Humanities at the University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois, and author of *The Six Gun Mystique*.

Author: Alan Rinzler	First Published: Harmony Books 1978
Title: The Illustrated Record	Out of print

Love Minus Zero/No Limit is an idealized vision of budding love, somewhat unconvincingly thrown away...

Author: Christopher Ricks	From a talk at the 1979 Dylan Convention
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The following is a paraphrase of the relevant portion of Professor Ricks's talk, in as much as I cannot make out every word he said. Therefore a couple of the asides have been left out. [I think I know what his points were but, rather than risk misquoting have omitted them]. The main flow of the argument is unaffected and I've left in a number of the speech effects ("you knows" etc) to try and keep its flavour. Needless to say I recommend you find a tape of the talk if you can.

I am now going to allow myself to speak ill of Love Minus Zero/No Limit - to this extent: think there is something wrong with the end of this wonderful song. And it's related to what happens in rhymes, I think.

You will notice that the rhyme scheme is a strange one: lines one and two rhyme and four and eight rhyme and six and seven - [1&2 then 4&8 and 6&7] - and that leaves lines three and five not rhyming. [*An aside re this happening in Hardy poems*] I think whenever you have anything that is massively rhymed and then leave certain bits unrhymed then the fact that something doesn't rhyme ought to be part of the meaning or feeling of it.

So in the first verse you've got *silence* rhyming with *violence*, you've got *fire* rhyming with *buy her*, you've got *hours* rhyming with *flowers* and then you've got *faithful* and *roses* in this lovely relationship which isn't a relation of rhyme because the point is, you know, you don't have to bring her roses - her faithfulness doesn't depend on roses turning up or any feeling that, you know, it's sort of 'chiming' or anything like that. [*There is another sentence here, emphasizing the point, but I can't quite make it out*]

The second verse then varies this so that line three unexpectedly carries on lines one and two and you've got the word *repeat* to guide you. So the word repeat is a 'tip' as to what you're going to hear. The lines bus stations.... repeat *quotations*, and *repeat* is partly the repetition of the sound *station : situation quotation* which you haven't got in the first one...*draw conclusions on the wall*. *Conclusions*, of course, have to do with reading/writing *on the wall* - it must be that - which is repeating a quotation which is a conclusion but it speaks of the future. What writing on the wall is, is a conclusion which speaks of the future. So that, in the second verse, left only line five not rhyming, because *future* rhymes with *failure*, that is what the rhyme is there.

So it goes:

*Some speak of the future
My love, she speaks softly*

It is a particularly wonderful stroke to leave the word *softly* - she speaks so *softly* - that there's never an answer to - that, you know, *softly* is never heard 'chiming' with anything else. It is just there, on its own, forever - very beautifully.

Now, in the third stanza, he gets difficulties: as he - I think very much as he - does when he writes surrealistically. The more surrealist he becomes the harder it is to be clear what the relations are - especially between important nouns within surrealism. I think he's right when he cuts these songs, almost always - but not this one - but when he cuts the long songs he almost always takes out some of the surrealist stuff. You know. *the sword swallows*. and so on. So, the unrhymed lines in the third stanza are *horsemen* and *matchsticks* and I gather that Brian is going to give a prize of \$75,000 to anybody who can suggest an interesting relationship between *horsemen* and *matchsticks*!

Stanza four leaves unrhymed *perfection* and *hammer* and I think this is a bad thing to do. It's bad because it's violent and aggressive and ministers to evil things [??] in the people that listen to it. Because he brings this hammer up to smash perfection. And that is what he does, actually, at the end of the song; because he has described - it seems to me - a woman who, without being in any hateful way 'perfect', is presented as wonderfully, comically perfect. That is how I hear it, I don't see it as an attack on any kind of hateful perfection. It seems to me full of play and generosity about her and generosity in her. But then, suddenly, at the end, it tells you that she's like some 'raven at his window with a broken wing' and I find this utterly implausible until I see that he has brought this hammer in with which he has smashed this woman so that she becomes *like a raven with a broken wing*. The only reason she's got a broken wing is because he's just hit her with this sodding great hammer!

Now I think this is a bad thing to do. It is 'ordinary' in life to find yourself saying: "What I really like about you darling is that you're absolutely perfect.....but perhaps, on second thoughts, what I don't altogether like about you is that you seem a rather more independent - you know - we want you to be independent, but not exactly independent [of oneself] [?]. And the point, I take it, about: *she's an artist she don't look back* is that at the end you give her a drum to bang out her own praises on? She is wonderfully independent and nobody can do anything about it. And at the end there is a beautiful comic turn, a beautiful shrug at the end as present (??):

Salute her when her birthday comes

Or, as he now sings, *salute her when she comes* - which might be a somewhat different kind of thing to say!

So when Michael Gray, in what I think is a very good book on Dylan, suddenly wheels in Blake's tiger - stuffed and mounted - in order to try and say this raven is like Blake's tiger, I can't see this at all. Blake doesn't suddenly hit his tiger in order to break its wing, I mean, you know, its leg or something.

Something very strange happens at the end. It's such a beautiful tune, it's such a beautiful song, you can hear it a million times and, unless you are actually vigilant, you will go along with something very bad which is the lie that this woman is in any way like a raven with a broken wing. And only the art of his voice and the cunning of his music allow him to get away with what I think is an act of 'hammering perfection' at the end in a way in which, as I say, 'ordinarily' in life you can have a very good song which was about this, about the propensity in human beings to do this to people that they love for their independence, (???) but I don't think the song's about this, I think it just goes along with it and, therefore, one needs to be a bit against it thought only as much against it as you would be against a very good Shakespeare sonnet which goes wrong at the end.

[Plays song -> *Go on, you play it too!!*]

All I can say about that is that I think violence comes back at the end. If you celebrate somebody for being *without ideals or violence*, you shouldn't resort to the sort of covert violence there is at the end. And it is there in that extraordinary pun in *blows....rainy* - you know, "rains blows", "a hammer rains blows".

[Unfortunately, I cannot make out the concluding sentence clearly, it speaks of this strange territory into which Dylan has gone and voices the opinion that he may not be altogether in control of it.]

Author: Sandy Hamblett	First Published: Homer, the slut Issue 6 = The grand total of one
	response to last issue's request - well, one more than expected !

When I listen to this song, it conjures up feelings of a person who is wise and knowing, and filled with a quiet confidence. This person has somehow reached a kind of realization. The singer is gently recounting these admirable qualities, presumably hard to find, and which mean a lot. The person has reached a hallowed place. After all, it must be.

This person has obviously grown above the average mentality. People in all walks of life spend more time than is worth on talking and making comments, reading books and drawing conclusions. Too many argue and have conflicting ideas and opinions on irrelevant facts and ideas. It is futile, and it is in vain. Its on a par with your useless and pointless knowledge. Can you imagine reaching a point where you "SEE" all this? That it serves no useful purpose. So then the song could be about unspoken thoughts and feelings. Most people declare undying love by carrying roses, making promises and giving Valentines. Isn't the whole point being that if you love someone truly - it transcends all this action? If love is true, you don't need to say it or prove it. You would know it. And at this point in time the singer knows it.

The lover is somehow sublime*she knows too much to argue or to judge*. One is better off staying out of pointless arguments concerning material existence. And anyhow, there are so many people to try and please, but one never will - so it is better to talk and listen to yourself. I remember once reading in an interview that Dylan wondered why he hadn't given up long ago, and I can almost understand that.

And it is, apart from personal interpretations, a beautiful love song with a wonderful melody.

Author: Michael Gray	First Published: Hart-Davis, MacGibbon 1972
Title: Song And Dance Man	Reprinted in updated version: <i>The Art Of Bob Dylan</i> the previous sub-title

The Blakeian influence on Dylan is apparent first as a question of "thought": that is, in a labour of thought which achieves an economy of language, by its concentration, and a tone almost of disinterestedness about what is actually experienced with intense emotion by the writer. In Blake we see this, for instance, in *The Sick Rose*. In Dylan we see it, though less powerfully, in the make-up of the *John Wesley Harding* album (especially on *I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine*) and in other individual songs throughout his repertoire. It is there, for example, in a song already looked at, *Love Minus Zero/No Limit*. That song, in fact, refers to the same theme as *The Sick Rose*: the theme of possessiveness destroying love.

Blake's short poem comes from the *Songs of Experience* and runs as follows:

*O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.*

Dylan deals with this same theme by positing an antithetical consciousness - an awareness of what a love that is not like a sick rose needs for survival:

*My love she speaks like silence
Without ideals or violence
She doesn't have to say she's faithful
Yet she's true like ice, like fire*

The awareness I mention is conveyed by Dylan confronting the listener with a series of contrasts: the contrast between "without ideals" and "(without) violence" - both of which colour that "silence;" and the contrast, noted in an earlier context, between the tired, socially dulled "faithful" and "true" and the qualifying, regenerative *like ice, like fire*.

As if thrown at these quick-firing contrasts, the listener is himself thrown into thought: he must flex his mental limbs or drown; and so, with the effort of swimming, he becomes conscious of the values Dylan conveys in the song, and aware that they are the values of health in love. Blakeian values, put across with Blakeian economy.

The last stanza of the song invokes the "tyger" of Blake's most famous poem. The tyger (like ice, like fire) is elemental; naked life. And Dylan's tyger is a raven:

*The wind howls like a hammer
The night blows raining
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.*

The ultimate and immediate effect of the first two lines there is to invigorate. In the first, this is achieved by juxtaposing the wind's sound and sheer physical force--a feat of concentrated language that rivals anything in English poetry. In the second, the sense of a corresponding release of energy comes, in the words, from telescoping the wind's activity with the rain's; and it is enforced in the music by a half-staccato rhythm:



and this is strengthened, paradoxically, by the redressing *softness* (and openness) in Dylan's voice.

The energy of that line carries over - beyond the pause created by its own cadence to invest the "raven" image with an associated liteness. And so we are carried to the potent centre of the song. On the surface, the woman in the song is admired and respected, and the voice plays a part in emphasizing this; but the fundamental thing is why she is so highly valued, what wins this respect and admiration--and "she's like some raven" confirms the answer that has been implicit throughout the song.

If the "raven" corresponds to Blake's tyger, it corresponds also to D. H. Lawrence's "Snake" and Coleridge's albatross. It represents the spiritually noble, ensymbolled in physical perfection. (So in the Dylan song, the "raven" is a symbol within a symbol.)

Coleridge's albatross is violated by the base thoughtlessness of human approach; Lawrence's snake suffers at the bidding of similar instincts (and Lawrence, whose fault as a poet is also a strength sometimes, an over-explicitness, even puts in the line "And I thought of the Albatross"). But Blake keeps a respectful, awe-filled distance from his tyger; and Dylan's technique is similar: he makes it clear that he likewise knows his place. The awe felt for his "raven's" nobility is indicated, lightly and subtly enough, by that word "some": "like some raven" suggests the half-bewildered sense of privilege experienced, as no apparently exchangeable word could do.

But the "raven" has a broken wing, has been brought down, so that, though it might seem almost unbelievable (and this impression is enforced by the temporary nature of a "a broken wing": it will heal) the mortal artist can pay his tributes from a position of equality, can walk appreciatively among the gods. The "raven" is at his window. Each can give strength to the other, if human possessiveness does not intrude, nor the urge to destroy. And the artist's fine awareness of this, as it makes itself felt, gives the song its tension, its underlying concrete power.

Very much like Blake's **Sick Rose**, the brevity of **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** belies its importance. It is light, delicate, poised; yet it handles intensely felt emotional experience, experience distilled by thought, so that what we are offered has neither an obtrusive atmosphere of intense feeling--none, as Leavis said of Blake, "of the Shelleyan 'I feel, I suffer, I yearn'"--nor an obtrusive suggestion of how much intellect has gone into its making.

Author: Aidan Day	First Published: Basil Blackwell, 1988
Title: Jokerman	I haven't seen this recently, but don't know if it's actually unavailable or not

The creative self which impassions the speaker of **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** is characterized throughout the lyric in terms of paradox. The terms locate a potency that in itself is neither susceptible to logical analysis nor measurable according to social norms. In the first line the creative self is said to use a language that is at least enigmatic: *My love she speaks like silence*. The very title to the lyric attributes a mode of transcendence to the love in question: *Love Minus Zero* - a love from which nothing may be taken. But since nought is in any case not a figure that can be subtracted from anything it is a love that eludes empirical, quantitative assessment. It has, like the mystic eternality of the zero in **Eternal Circle**, no limit. Having neither the aspirations nor the unregeneracy of the ordinary world it is of an extreme veracity that has nothing to do with obliged and hence circumscribed faith:

*My love she speaks like silence,
Without ideals or violence,
She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.*

The next four lines of this opening stanza, recalling the possessed laughter of the fruitful moment in **Mr. Tambourine Man**, also include an association that recurs throughout Dylan's work between the creative soul (or poetry itself) and 'flowers'. Flowers as a general category, rather than the individual flower, the rose, for instance with its socially specific symbolism. The speaker contrasts his love both with the fickleness of conventional protestations of lasting devotion and with all conceptions of love as a contractable commodity:

*People carry roses,
Make promises by the hours,
My love she laughs like the flowers,
Valentines can't buy her.*

Both the second and third stanzas contrast the speaker's love with worldly debates, preoccupations and principles. The second uses paradox to highlight the futility of expecting consummation - of attempting to fix final ends - in time:

*In the dime stores and bus stations,
People talk of situations,
Read books, repeat quotations,
Draw conclusions on the wall.
Some speak of the future,
My love she speaks softly,
She knows there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all.*

In the third stanza the creative self is pictured as slyly indifferent to the burlesque shows of potency and the frail edifices of power belonging to the public world:

*The cloak and dagger dangles,
Madams light the candles.
In ceremonies of the horsemen,
Even the pawn must hold a grudge.
Statues made of match sticks,
Crumble into one another,
My love winks, she does not bother,
She knows too much to argue or to judge.*

Such a love, however, is not necessarily borne lightly. Subverting logic and convention the daemon is not reducible to a tame or sentimental sweetness. Even in his most enthusiastic celebrations of the poetic muse, Dylan's graces can bear a troubling aspect. There may not be a mundane violence in the 'love' of **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** but, in a redeployment of Petrarchan conceit, she freezes and burns *like ice, like fire*. Similarly, in his preparation for the ecstatic dance the speaker of **Mr. Tambourine Man** is blinded, numbed, stripped, 'branded' on his feet. Suffering is recognized as part of the creative process in the image of the wounding spirit in **Eternal Circle**, whose *thoughts pounded hard / Like the pierce of an arrow*. The last stanza of **Love Minus Zero/No Limit**, opening with the disconcerting shudder of *The bridge at midnight trembles*, ushers in a potently ambivalent image of the creative principle. The third and fourth lines of this stanza mock an expectation of grace as something that is proprietorially due and which may be safely appropriated: *Bankers' nieces seek perfection, / Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring*. In the succeeding four lines creative inspiration is figured as a forge that would shatter all such shallow conceptions of perfection. The daemon herself comes as an ominous harbinger, witness to a dangerous, potentially unmanageable force. And yet, lest the nature of that preternatural force be crudely misconceived, the creative spirit is figured as coming at once as an emissary of delicate vulnerability, something that may itself be damaged, something that may energize beyond all forms of social containment and at the same time stand in need of nurturing:

*The wind howls like a hammer,
The night blows cold and rainy,
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.*

The nervous exultation and the tension between inspiration and form intrinsic to Dylan's vision of the processes of artistic creation find analogies, as the next chapter will attempt to show, in those of his lyrics which open out into an exploration of the workings of the psych as a whole.

Author: Jim Brady	University of Strathclyde dissertation, 1976.
Title: Bob Dylan	Never published. (Unfortunately)

In complete contrast to the characters of **Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window**, **It's All Over Now Baby Blue**, and **Like a Rolling Stone**, the women of Dylan's 'love songs' of this period have succeeded, without any distractions in attaining this ego-transcending possession of their deeper 'selves'.

In **Love Minus Zero/No Limit** this is rendered as a kind of sublime inscrutability which contrasts with an Eliotic vision of the inconsequentiality and banality of the environment of the achievement:

*My love she speaks like silence without ideals or violence
She doesn't have to say she's faithful
Yet she's true like ice, like fire
People carry roses
And make promises by the hours
My love she laughs like the flowers
Valentines can't buy her.*

Another contrast in that verse is between (as Gray put it) "the tired socially dulled *faithful* and true, and the qualifying regenerative '*like ice*', '*like fire*' Gray also notes an echo of Lawrence, and indeed the images are borrowed from his **Elemental**. This was quoted earlier in regard to **All I Really Want to Do** and **It Ain't Me Babe** and there is a further connection between the idea of this song and those 'anti love' songs. In that the "people carrying roses recall **It Ain't Me Babe**'s mocking image *someone to gather flowers constantly* thereby reinforcing the contrast between this elemental love and the jaded social love embodied in the clichéd expectations of the girl in the song.

The futility, irrelevance and inconsequentiality which the second half of that verse expresses is continued:

*In the dime stores and bus stations
People talk of situations
Read books, repeat quotations
Draw conclusions on the wall*

Dime stores and *wall-writing* are obvious enough images of cheap, tawdry and impermanent insubstantiality. *Situations*, however, is a richer and more interesting expression. In the conventional sense it might refer to almost anybody or anything and that is its purpose; to suggest the anonymity and interchangeability of these undistinguished "situations". Again, in its more specific sense as in 'situations vacant', it is just the kind of formally genteel word that Eliot's Prufrock might use; thus it economically furthers the song's Eliotic tone.

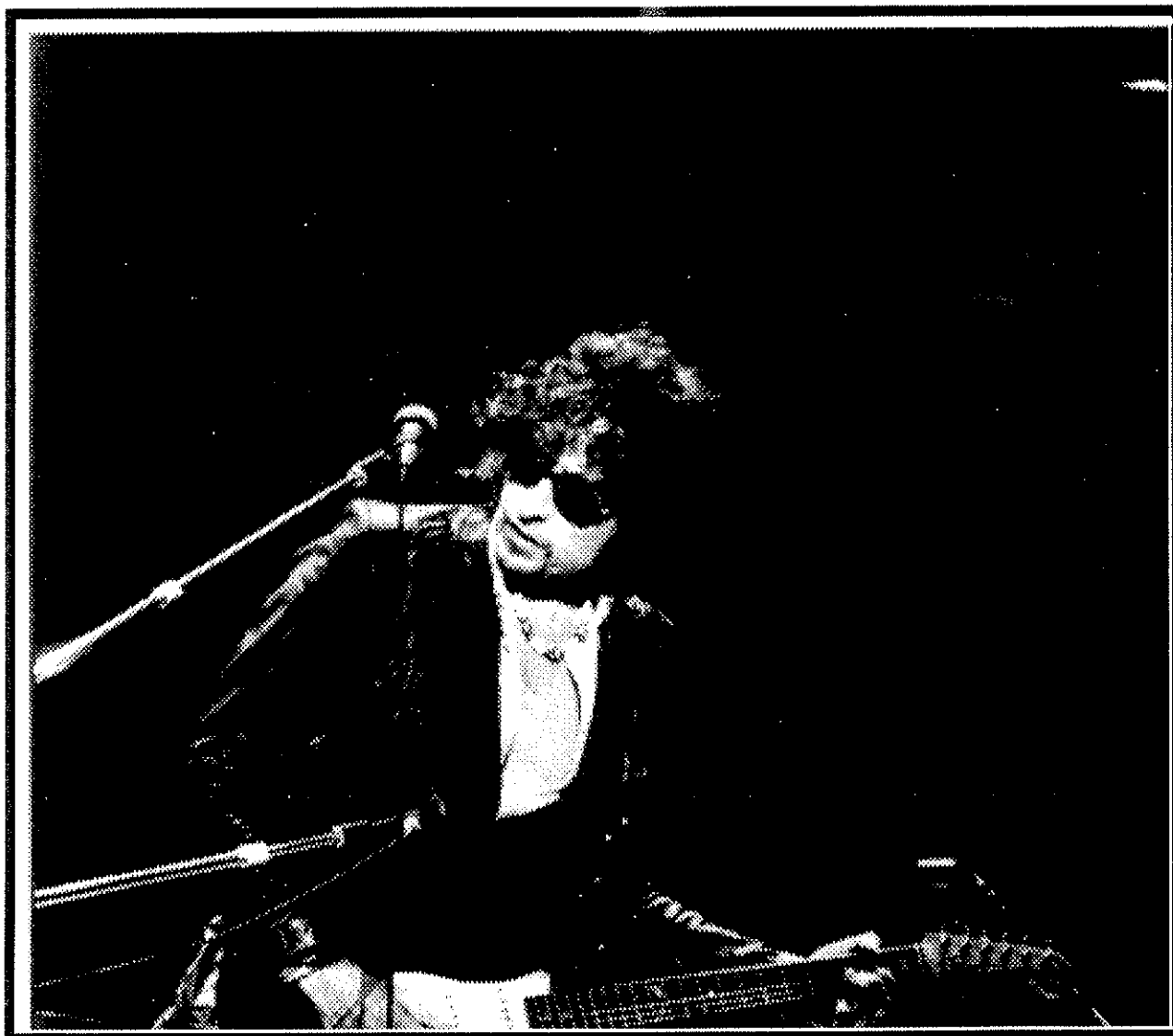
Having carefully and delicately established this sense of "crashing and meaningless" (as Dylan wrote in **Gates of Eden**) triviality as contrast and ballast for the songs 'high' seriousness the following lines brush it all aside; attributing to this woman the spiritual awareness which was so valued in **Like A Rolling Stone**; that is of the distinction between success in the social world (metaphorically "diamond rings" and "diplomats") and true success, part of which is knowing how immaterial - indeed detrimental - the obstructive social self is to true self-development,

*Some speak of the future
My love she speaks softly
She knows there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all*

The song concludes with another significant echo of **It Ain't Me Babe**, contrasting that song's rejection with this acceptance; instead of *Go away from my window*, we have:

*The wind howls like a hammer
The night blows cold and rainy
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing*

The narrator's opposite attitude arises from the lover's independence: unlike that earlier lover she comes as an equal but in humility, rather than wishing to consume and subsume the man to whom she pretends inferiority. Like the raven she is part of that stormy night and simultaneously - *with a broken wing* - part of the world inside the window. This is a picture of a relationship which has love, beauty and grandeur (particularly in the "raven" image) without, as in those songs previously discussed, ruinous emotional dependence (she can 'fly away', as it were, when her 'wing' has healed); in short; having her own soul, this woman has no need to possess or annex another person's.



Homer. *the slut*

Millions of lives have been touched by the art of Bob Dylan. This is a personal essay about how mine has been affected by **Another Side of Bob Dylan**. It is not revelatory, nor is it interpretative or academic, nor does it aspire to the heights of literary criticism. It comes about because I recently claimed, in a letter to the editor, that what I liked most is writing which describes the experiences the listener passes through when he or she listens to Dylan. And having asked for that, conscience made me see if I could achieve what I expected others to do on my behalf. I'm not sure that I've succeeded. In fact, the attempt has made me realize how hard it is to either know or describe what such experiences are. Therefore what follows is probably more reflective than experiential. If it's "too personal a tale" don't blame me, blame the editor. It was he whose editorial discretion allowed it to be printed, and he who encouraged it.

The next few pages should describe the thoughts, emotions, memories that the album has evoked for me at various times over the last 27 years. An album that, like much of Dylan's work, has been a very real part of my life: a source of reference, a consolation and an old friend. **Another Side** has always been one of my favourite albums. Not the favourite, but always up there in the top half dozen. I don't know the precise date I bought the L.P., but it was certainly within a few days of its release in England in November 1964 (This is the date given in *Oh No Not Another Bob Dylan Book*, although going solely on memory I could've sworn it was earlier). I had been waiting for the next L.P. ever since **Times A Changin'**. I remember the first impression I gained, inevitably being from the front cover photo. This attracted me immediately. I had loved the photo on **Freewheelin'** but hated the gaunt face displayed on the front of **Times**. The new photo was different. With his ragged jeans on a city street he looked like a Parisian poet somewhere on the left bank. The whole image was redolent of red wine and black coffee, Gaulloises, poetry and jazz clubs. Bohemian. This was Bob Dylan, I realized, the way he ought to be.

Memory, of course, is a fallible tool, especially in the area of the emotions. So not only will the experiences described be reflections in time's river's mirror, but they will be the feelings of youth, recollected in maturity and coloured by age. Most of all I remember feeling that the complexity of these lyrics as in **Freewheelin'** and **Times** previously were like nothing I had ever heard from any other artist. Today, I rarely listen to these early acoustic albums. Aurally, they lack the depth and richness that have been offered to us since the ghost of electricity slid across Dylan's vinyl output; and yet there are such potent songs on these albums. It is criminally neglectful not to continue to give them a play.

As I'm sure all 'Homer' readers know, **Another Side** was put down in one night on 9 June 1964 in the presence of a few friends and a few bottles of wine. I think this knowledge adds a romantic tinge to the finished product. To be able to listen to all these songs and know that they were all recorded on the same evening. Almost unbelievable by today's complicated standards. Not only that but the album was in the shops in the States within a couple of months. Are things really better today? I know the production quality of the L.P. has been criticized but it's not apparent to this listener. All I hear is freshness and spontaneity. Humanity.

The atmosphere of the album reeks (to me) of life in the city - Paris, Rome, New York in the early 60s - the Left Bank, Greenwich Village. Not all Dylan albums are so urban. **John Wesley Harding** and **New Morning** are among the obvious exceptions, but even **Blood On The Tracks**, with all its pain, evokes for me a background landscape of open skies and barren earth. All his albums somehow take place in the mind's eye against a particular visual backdrop. Above all **Another Side** creates a European feel, at least for one listener. I never could see the change of direction that this album apparently represented for the left-wing folkies. I still don't. **I Shall Be Free No 10** and **Chimes of Freedom** have explicit political themes and the earlier albums had their love songs: **Girl From The North Country**, **One Too Many Mornings** and **Don't Think Twice** among them. Was it all a consequence of **My Back Pages**? I'll get around to that debate further on down the road. One change I do remember noticing was in the voice. It seemed less harsh, more mellow: a small step in the transition from **Times** to **Blonde On Blonde**. And I liked it. The other point about the album, and I'm not being at all original in saying this, is that it is intensely sexual. His most sexual statements up until that time are on this L.P. It positively drips sex. Just savour some of these images:

- ♦ *You can come to me sometime, night time, day time, any time you want*
- ♦ *Your temperature is too hot for taming, and your flaming feet burn up the street*
- ♦ *The night is pitch black, come and make my pale face fit into place, oh, please*
- ♦ *Though the night ran swirling and whirling, I remember her whispering yet*
- ♦ *Though her skirt it swayed as the guitar played, Her mouth was watery and wet.*

There is no way you can separate Dylan's stance on this record, be it at various times political, romantic, philosophical or prophetic, from his sexual drive. Women are clearly at the forefront of his mind at the time. The potency of youth in all its' ardour. Words simply become superfluous at this point.

Finally, before coming to the music, I ought to just turn the sleeve over and mention **Some Other Kinds Of Songs**. In 1964 I was convinced that this was really deep poetry. Today, having another quarter of a century's experience of reading poetry. I no longer hold these verses in such awe.

However, there are a few lines that still capture the attention and it is sad that the CD format will not present these sort of opportunities to musicians of the future. And of course the French influences that I hear in the music are further evidenced by the second passage commencing "for française hardy". Whatever happened to her?

MY BACK PAGES'

Well, this is the one isn't it? This is the song above all others that is supposed to signal his move away from political protest to personal poetry, from a public stance to private sex 'n' drugs 'n' mysticism. The pivotal track on the album. And I can't buy that, I just can't. I know what it says and I don't doubt the truth of it, and probably when he wrote it he thought he was writing the first page of a new chapter. He has certainly claimed that he finished writing finger-pointin' songs at this time. But sometimes the

onlooker sees more of the game. Also it is a lie that life is black and white, and in accepting this new clarity we become his and our own enemy in the instant that we preach, because all we are doing is accepting a new set of black and whites. Paul Williams makes the point somewhere about how convenient it is to impose a pattern on a career retrospectively. How easy to have a "protest period, a surreal period, a country period, a religious period" and so forth. But we all know that lives don't have these clear-cut divisions, that lives, views, feelings, philosophies, change gradually some of the time and in sudden flashes (his born again experience) at others. But they don't usually mean a rejection of the past forever even if we Don't Look Back. Others have made the point that political songs have been written since 1964: George Jackson, Hurricane, Neighbourhood Bully, are among the for instances that could be offered. And what about Masters Of War at the 1991 Grammy Awards? Enough has been made of that particular political protest. I can only repeat what I've already said about the whole album: I didn't at the time and I still don't see it as a major change in direction. I do see it as evidence of the maturing muse which was to erupt from the volcano in the next trio of records and finally reach it's prime in John Wesley Harding (No, that doesn't make JWH his finest album).

The song commences in dramatic fashion. Both musically and lyrically it is on a high from the outset and maintains this passionate, epic, prophetic force throughout, despite the low-key ironic *Ah, but I was so much older then...* at the end of each verse.

Any song which includes phrases like: *Crimson flames tied through my ears, Spoke from my skull, Flung down by corpse evangelists*, has to project an atmosphere imbued with Blakeian visions. But there is this shrug of the shoulders by the performer that is indicated by each chorus. The chorus places the song firmly in the real, the here and now, and yet, strangely interwoven throughout is an air of mysticism. In this sense it bears close resemblance to *Chimes of Freedom*.

It's an odd pairing: the mystic and the ironic. And yet it somehow works at every level and especially the melodic and musical. It captured me utterly on first hearing and has never let me go. Even as an instrumental introduction on the 1978 tour.

TO RAMONA

The first thought for me is: who is this girl? She has to be an ex-lover surely, though I seem to remember another writer describing her otherwise. (?) *Your magnetic movements still capture the minutes I'm in*, suggests that there was a relationship once at least. As does *Your cracked country lips, I still wish to kiss*. Or just possibly, unrequited lust?

Whatever the relationship, the song portrays a girl who is confused, uncertain, self-doubting, and her own worst enemy. *There's no one to defeat you, 'cept the thoughts of yourself feeling bad*. She is self-destructive and in danger of self-destructing.

At the same time, Ramona is manipulated and shaped by outside pressures and it's not all her own fault. Though I feel sure she is part of her own problem. *From fixtures and forces and friends your sorrow does stem*. On the face of it we have a country girl from the south who has been charmed by the city with it's flowers which *though breathlike, get deathlike at times*. Isn't this a wonderful phrase? An unbelievably simple way of saying: look, city life seems very attractive to you at the moment, so exciting it takes your breath away, but you wait till you've been here a bit longer. You'll find out when you reach the top you're on the bottom. She is *tryin' to be a part of a world that just don't exist*. It's the dreams she can't live out (but thinks that others can?) that are tearing her apart. The pain lies in trying to be what she's not; in not knowing her own self and being true to it. The great wisdom of Dylan in this song is in knowing there is no help he can bring, and learning to accept. The greater wisdom is in knowing that one day the boot might be on the other foot and that someday, maybe *I'll come and be crying to you*. In other words he knows that whilst he may seem very mature and wise now, there's no certainty that there won't come a time when he too will wallow in self-pity and self-doubt. I'm sure that if Dylan knew Ramona around 1979/80 he'd have been a whole lot less humane and less sympathetic. He'd have been advising her to get a hold of a *Solid Rock*. But in 1964 he didn't offer God. Not then. (An aside: as I sit typing these words in my office at work, during lunchtime, I hear, from a car radio outside, a brief snatch of *Ballad in Plain D*. Take what you can gather from coincidence?)

Outside of these personal (to Ramona) themes, there are other aspects of the song which were part of who Dylan was in 1964. At the outset, I said I couldn't separate how I feel about the songs now from how I felt then. Among the things that struck me then was Dylan's refusal to conform to expectations; warning *that friends try to make you feel that you gotta be just like them*. We know that this attitude is a part of *It Ain't Me Babe* also. And on the very next album he was to sing *I try so hard to be just like I am, but everybody wants you to be just like them*. We also now know that this attitude has survived the years and contributes not a little to the pleasure of following his career. It also makes him the awkward old bugger we know and love. But going back to 1964, this message was incredibly potent to a young man like myself. There was, I suppose still is, a lot of pressure on teenagers to conform to what their friends do and think. To use a phrase of the time: to be in with the in-crowd. For me, then, to have my hero say to me "it doesn't have to be that way, don't let them pressurise you, do as you like and sod the rest" gave me a whole new sense of personal freedom.

The other great and related message I took from the song was that I had nothing to lose because I was better than no one and no one was better than me. Such a statement may not need saying to young people in the nineties, but in 1964 we still lived in a world of respect. Respect for elders and betters whether they merited it or not. It was a totally different world. Listen to the Halloween 1964 concert and note the polite applause after each song. No shouts or whistles, just applause. And these were the radical, bohemian youth of their time! Until I discovered Dylan I thought that almost everyone was better than me. I was the most unhip kid in town. The idea that I didn't have to think that way any more was a revelation, an opening of doors, a widening of horizons.

It's a song that has stood the test of time. It still comes over well as part of the acoustic set on the Never Ending Tour. A memorable, nostalgic tune that subtly and gently grafts the lyrics into the mind. Lyrics that create in the imagination a beautiful

and vulnerable young woman. A woman that, in 1964, I would have given anything to help out of her sad state. I'd have done whatever she asked and it wouldn't have mattered if I'd never even had a kiss in return. I was that innocent.

IT AIN'T ME BABE

This is one of the songs on **Another Side** which seemed to be written with an electric band in mind. Its performance on the First Rolling Thunder Tour is so right it's hard to believe that this isn't how Dylan heard it in his imagination when he wrote the song 11 years earlier. Listen to Toronto 1/12/75 and the, to me, Spanish sounding intro followed by an almost whispered opening line. Great atmosphere. Then you just have to love the way he starts the second verse: *S-s-s-step lightly from the ledge, babe*. And all the time driven along by drums and insistent guitars. And then the ending: a keening and searing harmonica fading slowly away like on Sara. Surely he has never bettered this performance of this particular song?

Yes, I've read all the stuff that says this is Dylan speaking to his audience. Another rejection of expectations. The voice of his generation laying down his mantle. A further emphasis of the message of **My Back Pages**. Well, you can interpret it that way if that's your choice. You go your way and I'll go mine. To me it is nothing more than it seems on the surface. A love song. That's all. Or should I say a song of no love? True to see it as a rejection of personal, individual, romantic expectations; but quite the reverse of most popular songs up until it's time. Most of my friends would've wanted to be seen as some sort of perfect individual. And when a girl came along who thought I was perfect, who was I to disillusion her? Who was I to disillusion myself? Her self-deception was enough to deceive me also. Why break the spell? Why spoil this beautiful feeling? Why? Because it's a sweet and deadly trap trying to live up to others expectations. But you can only learn that from experience. Dylan had the confidence that was necessary in order to possess humility, to face himself as he really was. As we all really are. I didn't have that confidence, but I started to learn about it from this record. I would've grown up a lot more slowly without it.

I suppose in a way I've become a little bored with the song over the years. It's been done too often by Dylan and others. Even so, I found it quite moving when Dylan allowed the audience to sing the chorus on **Real Live**. I suppose I'm expected to turn up my nose at "singalongaBob" but I don't. Maybe it works on the odd occasion because it is so incongruous. Because it just doesn't fit with the expectations of the Dylan intelligentsia. Ah, there we are; back to expectations again.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU

Another rock song for acoustic guitar and harmonica. Or, alternatively *It used to be like that, and now it goes like this*. Great rhythm, great melody. It's all been said before. What can I add? Probably not a lot. Of all songs it's one of my favourites. My daughter, when she was about 6 years old, told me that I was always singing that *she let go of my hand*. What the song is about isn't at stake. We've all had affairs that have ended this way, pretending that we never have met.

There are two odd facts about the song that "I can't understand". The first is that a song that is about what this is about surely ought to sound bitter or sad? It doesn't. It is upbeat and cheerful. It makes you feel good when you sing it. Reminiscent of Dylan's comment about **Don't Think Twice** and, now I come to think of it, not so dissimilar from the **Freewheelin'** masterpiece. Listening to the various live performances of the song, I can't really find one where the mood matches the lyrics. Do I hear you suggest 1966? O.K. maybe. But only maybe. Or Hammersmith 1990?

The other odd fact is a bit of Dylan trivia and lies in the structure of the five verses - I take them as printed in **Lyrics 1962-85**. The first 4 verses all have eleven lines, but the fifth has ten lines only. At first I couldn't understand why I'd not noticed this in the singing. Then I realised there is something else different about the fifth verse - it lacks a seventh line. How can a ten line verse lack a seventh line? Well, in the first 4 verses these are the seventh lines:

- ◆ *Though we kissed through the wild blazing night-time*
- ◆ *From darkness, dreams are deserted*
- ◆ *Though the night ran swirling and whirling*
- ◆ *Though her skirt it swayed as a guitar played*

In verse 5 the seventh line is:

- ◆ *An' if anybody asks me, "is it easy to forget?"*

So what's the answer to the puzzle? **Lyrics 1962-1985** has run line 7 and 8 together. *An' if anybody asks me* should be line 7 and *is it easy to forget* line 8. Making it rhyme with all the other line 8's. Check it if you don't believe me. Does it matter? Isn't it just a misprint? I don't think so. Look at the seventh line from the first 4 verses again. Aren't they the most poetic, visionary, romantic lines from the whole song? If it weren't for these 4 lines it would be the most prosaic piece. Which is, of course, exactly how it is sung - in an off-hand, laid back, matter-of-fact manner. It is just these 4 lines that lift it out of the ordinary. But the fifth verse lacks this extra spice. *An' if anybody asks me* doesn't have the same romance. Is that why it is printed this way I wonder? As I said, just a bit of trivia.

MOTORPSYCHO NITEMARE and I SHALL BE FREE No 10

Wouldn't this album have been improved by the exclusion of these two songs and the inclusion of the out-takes **Denise** and, above all, **Mama You Been On My Mind**? The trouble with humour on record is that it doesn't bear up to constant replaying unless it is supported by strong musical backing as on **Highway 61** and **Blonde On Blonde**. That is not to say that I didn't enjoy these songs on first hearing. And even now, if I've not listened to this album for a long time they're not too bad. But it is a matter for no regret that Dylan no longer produces this stuff. There are some great lines though, aren't there? The whole verse about the liberal's inconsistency over Barry Goldwater, for instance. And the way he pronounces *You unpatriotic rotten doctor commie rat*. But, on

the whole, and over time, these songs do not stand up. It's been said before: sadness and pain provide better inspiration for almost all artists. There would, however, have been one gain had Dylan opted to continue writing and performing overtly humorous songs: he might have escaped the spokesman for a generation/ folk poet/guru labels more easily. This might have lessened the pressure of expectations on him and may have allowed his creativity to flow freely and uninhibitedly. Who knows?

BLACK CROW BLUES

This is the one song on this album that evokes rural images in my mind. One would have expected a piano blues to be redolent of smoky jazz clubs. But not this one. It smells of the open air. *Black crows in the meadow*-what else can it do? About the time the LP was issued I was heavily into Steinbeck, and this seemed exactly the sort of thing I'd have expected one of his characters to sing, say, Doc in *Cannery Row*. By and large I do not think Dylan's harmonica is especially inspired on this record; it certainly doesn't reach the magical fluency of the next three albums. However, there is a natural intermingling of piano and harmonica before the last verse and again at the end of *Black Crow Blues*. Dylan's handling of these two instruments in combination is so effective on this track that it makes you wish we had been treated to more examples down the years. For an artist whose achievements are so many and varied it is quite unbelievable how many reasons we can find for saying "If only" he'd done this, or "I wish he'd tried that more often". Can it really be the case that someone with such a wealth of recorded achievement (both official and unofficial) has still fallen far short of his true potential? I think perhaps it can. But don't think I'm complaining.

SPANISH HARLEM INCIDENT

A hot, dark, sleepy, city night. A night when sex comes to mind even without the provocation of this dark-eyed and sultry dream woman. Heart-stoppingly beautiful she must be. Paul Williams has said it all really, about this one. Yes, it is erotic, steamy, sensual; anything you can imagine. What did a young man think in 1964? Well, I certainly knew what I thought *Come an' make my pale face fit into place, oh, please!* really meant. I knew what place he was singing about, and when he followed up with *I'm nearly drowning*, I knew why!

So why in LYRICS 1962-1985 has *I'm nearly drowning* been replaced with the ambivalent *I got to know*? Was it just too embarrassingly sexual on the printed page? Perhaps in 1964, but surely not in 1985? It doesn't matter, we have the evidence of our ears.

And of course, it's not just the lyrics that are sexual. The guitar accompaniment drives, encourages, the throbbing eroticism; evokes the yearning, the urges of a young man's loins. Wonderful stuff.

BALLAD IN PLAIN D

Dylan has been quoted as saying this is the one song he regretted having written. Though you can't always take his interviews too seriously, maybe he does regret it. We've all said or written things we've later regretted. So what? The song has been accused of overt cruelty to Suze and her family. Of being maudlin, self-pitying, over-long and a dozen other crimes. Doubtless this is all true, to a degree. But I didn't notice it until I was told. When I bought the album I didn't even know who Suze was, although I've already referred to my love for the photo on *Freewheelin'*. Dylan 's been cruel in a number of classic performances, but maybe not quite so personal. But when you meet a young man wounded in love, you can expect him to say these sort of things. It's real. It's how we react. And Dylan has always used his experiences to produce great art. All I'm saying really is that at the time it didn't matter who the song was about. It could have been totally fictitious. It was believable and that was all that mattered. Not one of his strongest songs, admittedly, but there are a lot worse on some of the albums from the eighties. If it pained Suze's family I'd regret the pain; not the song.

CHIMES OF FREEDOM

What's your favourite live performance? Montreal 1975? Hammersmith 1990? Hallowe'en 1964? Mine, beyond any shadow of a doubt, is the acoustic set from the Royal Albert Hall, 27 May 1966. Yes, the electric set from Manchester 1966 is exciting, vibrant, challenging, abrasive; a truly memorable event; real theatre. But give me that haunting, ethereal, spectral, foggy, smoky, druggy solo performance on the last night of that famous tour. As if it was foreordained that this would be his last concert for a long, long time. And in this irresistible performance lies my greatest regret: that he didn't perform and leave on tape in perpetuity *Chimes of Freedom*. For me it will always be one of his masterpieces. Fit to rank alongside *Hard Rain*, *Tambourine Man*, *Rolling Stone*, and a dozen (20? 30?) others. Even if we accept the argument that this is the album on which he turned his back on the political; what a song this is! Of course, it's not just political is it? It's visionary, prophetic, religious, inspirational, and a precursor of side two of *Bringing It All Back Home*. It's not the end of one phase, if that's how you choose to think, but the beginning of the next. One long symphonic hymn to the privileged outsider. It doesn't need an explanation. It's an affirmation of whose side the Gods are on.

MAMA YOU BEEN ON MY MIND

This is another gem that, unaccountably, was left off the album for which it was recorded. A charming melody, especially in the quicker version performed in duets with Baez in 1975, it adds to the list of outstanding melodies on this album: *To Ramona*, *Chimes of Freedom*, *I Don't Believe You*, *My Back Pages*, *Spanish Harlem Incident*. All quite beautiful; even without the lyrics. It is musically a warm, rich and satisfying song on a warm, rich and musically satisfying album.

The lyrics are simply and effectively understated. Again there is the resemblance to **Don't Think Twice**, I believe, in the "feel better" mood the song can produce in the singer. Not only are the lyrics understated, they are lifted to just the right degree of pathos by the music. Not sentimental, but restrainedly emotional; exacting an equivalent response in the listener. This is true love. Greater love for a woman than this has no man: that he *don't even mind who she'll be waking with tomorrow*. This is love beyond sex on a sexual album. Or would've been had it been included. It would make an ideal last track; a reflection on what has gone before, perhaps?

This is being sung by a vulnerable man who is striving with all his heart, soul and senses to hang on to himself. He wants her to know that no matter what she does in the future, or has done (to him) in the past, she will always remain a friend, a memory, the should've been dream lover of his lifetime. He is insistent, stating over and over again that he is not emotionally torn, that he is together, that she mustn't think that she is hurting him. He really wants her to feel good about herself:

*I am not pleadin' or sayin' that I can't forget,
I do not walk the floor bowed down an' bent, but yet*

*Where you been don't bother me nor bring me down in sorrow.
I don't even mind who you'll be waking with tomorrow.*

*I am not askin' you to say words like "yes" or "no"
Please understand me, I got no place for you to go.*

And, yes, of course he protests too much; but doesn't he just carry it off with style? And haven't you been there too, sometime in your life? And don't you just wish you could've carried it off half as well? One of my all-time favourites this, and it was a delight to finally get a professionally produced version on **The Bootleg Series**.

And in case you're wondering what happened to it -

ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO

Is finish this piece.

THE FINISHING END

My aim in writing this was to try to convey some of the pleasure I have gained from this album over the years; and perhaps to indicate some of the associations that spring to my mind. I hope that it might send someone, somewhere, back to listen to it afresh. If you take what you can gather from it, and if what you gather is totally different from me, what does it matter? It's your experience. Savour it.

In many ways the next album, **Bringing It All Back Home**, is the archetypal Dylan album. In its mix of electric and acoustic and in the voice he was using at the time, it creates the sound that many of us (I suspect) hear in our minds when we think of Dylan. Whether you agree with this or not, it was certainly the first of an unmatched trio of recordings. For this reason alone, **Another Side** must be important as the last performance before the flood. It clearly transmits an echo of what was to come.

The need to write this has obliged me to listen to these songs more attentively than ever before. Such listening has been immensely rewarding. If you think you've ever really listened to Dylan before, just try to write about your favourite song or album and see what a difference it makes to your listening. What more can I say? Perhaps to Bob Dylan: "You have slayed me, you have made me" part of what I am.

ENDNOTES

¹ On my office wall I have a couple of Dylan posters. They usually attract derisive comments. You must be used to it, don't we all get that sort of thing? But because I work in education I'm always meeting people who used to like Dylan when they were students or something like that. In most cases the last album they bought was **Street Legal**. Some time back I held a particularly difficult case conference in my office with the parents of a boy with emotional and behavioural difficulties and with representatives from various support agencies. One of the professionals I had never met before, and when it was all over and I was feeling quite drained, she said "I used to like Dylan; I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now" It was a nice touch, following on from a fraught situation, and I'll not forget it. It also, I think, says much for the poignancy and power of the man's lyrics that someone who probably hasn't listened to him for years can still call up an appropriate line with apparent ease. Her back pages?

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Perhaps the main factor among the many in the Dylan mystique is that no one has written songs to compare with the most poetic of Dylan's work. Remarkable use of language and striking use of imagery are elements of poetry represented in, for example, *Angelina* and *Foot of Pride*, both of which appear in that dip into the Dylan archives, *The Bootleg Series 1-3*, and both of which have received attention in the *Telegraph*¹, and which I wish to discuss in the following comments. John Bauldie's comments in *The Bootleg Series* notes originally gave me a handle on these songs and since then I have met Homer, *the Slut* which included Mark Carter's stimulating piece on *Angelina* - and Paul Williams comments have appeared in *Telegraph*.

I suppose that I have written these notes in order to clarify my own response to these wonderfully evocative songs and in the hope of generating further comment. In using the word "poetic" I am not saying that some of Dylan's more straightforward work should not be described as poetry: for example *Trouble*² works magnificently as a song and equally to my mind as a poem: after all, it scans, has its own rhyme pattern and contains a vivid catalogue of woes. But none of the ideas are obscure in the sense that they make you scratch your head and ask "What does he mean by?". (Nevertheless ...you ever feel that you're never alone..... certainly makes you think; and the *legislature / perverted nature* verse, for example, includes typically arresting Dylan use of language.)

"Those who can write poetry do, those who cannot should think about it." Some poems demand and can bear the dead weight of "criticism": outside the Gates of Eden the ditch has not been dug in which the meaning can be laid to rest. But I want critics to explain what eludes me or suggest approaches, not to barely tell me what is good or bad unless they can account for why they think so. Sometimes criticism enlightens, more frequently not (it just exasperates). Where David Hepworth in *Q* hears a "shrivelled and monotonous rant" John Bauldie in the *Bootleg Series* notes finds "a great singer" and "metrical complexities"; the song in question (*Foot Of Pride*) John Bauldie describes as "lyrically enigmatic". This description can equally be applied to *Angelina* as to much of Dylan's and indeed others' great poetry.

With reference to *Foot Of Pride* John Bauldie cites one commentator Terry Gans, who says that the song comes across as "the wicked are gonna get it" etc. and puts forward an interpretation with which I think issue should be taken. I agree that the wrongdoers depicted in the song will face judgement, not necessarily in this world - *something you'll never see* - but surely in the next. I say "surely" because I suppose that this is the force of the song and its chorus; the lyrics do not actually say so but the fact that we will not see it does not mean that it will not happen. But it is not when the foot of pride comes down that the price will be paid (which is what John Bauldie suggests); I take it that the foot of pride refers to the progress of those who do all manner of evil deeds as the song describes, arrogant enough to believe that their material success is what matters. Even if they reach the summit of their ambition you are likely to meet them - or at least some of them - on their way down, *struck down by the strength of the wheel*: Terry Gans and for that matter Andrew Muir both hear "will" instead of "wheel" but this I think is another example of pronunciation forcing a rhyme: to me the sense demands "wheel" - whose "will" would it be? (Robert Hunter wrote a song for Jerry Garcia about this wheel - the wheel of fortune, a common theme in art, and of course featured in *The Times They Are A-Changin'*).

There seem to be two levels of wickedness and judgement - the "manipulators" to use the term applied by Terry Gans, those with the Swiss bank accounts and university foundations; and the victims of these manipulators; the victims take their fall in this world and the manipulators, the song's "beautiful people", will - we have always prayed to God - get it in the next.

Terry Gans cites several biblical allusions which at first sight seemed irrelevant to me; for example, *Danny Boy* is a real song so why try to make it refer to the biblical Daniel? However, maybe such connections are there to be made, and the question is how far can we go with these lyrics. It seems to me that in *Foot Of Pride* we find that we have a narrator induced to reflect upon the meaning of life and death by the occasion of the funeral (*the preacher talked...the earth...swallowed him up* [a vivid description of a burial!]) of an acquaintance - a close acquaintance? (*yes, I guess I loved him...* clearly the poet should get out and meet people, though some do this only in libraries); Terry Gans mentions *Christ's betrayal, the final nail, brother named James*who has such a heart of stone as to say that the background to this song is not haunted by ideas of Jesus and/or God? After all, you can kill a man, but....

What I think Dylan has done in several songs is to take a name from anywhere in place and time (the more incongruous perhaps or unexpected the better) - Samson, Shakespeare, Ma Rainey, Napoleon, Rimbaud - to symbolize or hint at whatever ideas are relevant to the theme at hand; Dylan himself has made clear this method in the *Biograph* interview: was it not yesterday that Abraham broke the idols?...well, yes and no...! A particular occasion like somebody's fall as in *Foot Of Pride*, or attraction to a woman like *Angelina* is stretched and expanded to the universal by accumulating wide-ranging references.

Thus, to split hairs with Terry Gans, I do not think that the retired business man is Satan, rather that he is subject to the influence for evil that is at work in the world that we could recognise as Satan.

John Bauldie refers also to the dividers of the word of truth as the wicked. This is what might be expected, in the sense of picking and choosing what they want to suit their false interpretation of the truth. However this is not what I believe is meant in the *Infidels* song *I+I* from which these words are taken. There the prize goes to *the worthy who can divide the word* not to those who

¹ Issues 41 (Paul Williams) and 21 (Terry Gans) respectively.

² Coincidence that Mark Carter used this song in the sharp title of his piece on *Angelina* (*Venus in Blue Jeans and the Stadium of the Damned*)

mistakenly believe that they can win the race simply by being able to run fast; the cult of speed (for which a *high price is paid* according to *Dark Eyes*) is not as important ultimately as the Olympic Games might suggest.

In relation to *Angelina*, Hepworth (in a *Bootleg Series* review) suggests the description as record company hype "moody with lots of words in it". John Bauldie comments on the "mystery" of the song: "how to comment on this extraordinary piece of writing?". Perhaps he gave up too easily: the attempt would have been interesting. In the *Biograph* notes we are privileged to have Dylan commenting on some of his songs. Incidentally come on Bob, what has happened to the artist's comments threatened with *Under the Red Sky*?...even relatively minor talents like T. S. Eliot have published their notes with their work - I am thinking of *Desolation Row*, I mean *The Wasteland*. In the *Bootleg Series* we have to rely on John Bauldie's valiant efforts....but he passes on *Angelina*.

So what would Dylan say about *Angelina*? He has commented in an interview at the time of *Shot of Love* tantalizingly about two unreleased songs, without giving much away. We do have Dylan explaining the conscious technique used in *Tangled Up In Blue*. Elsewhere we have reference to the stream of consciousness or again to the attempt to be inspired (*Caribbean Wind*). I think that these comments can shed light on *Angelina*.

More recently Mark Carter has commented in *Homer, the Slut* and Paul Williams in the *Telegraph* both attesting to the song's mystery and power, the former referring to several "movies" (just run back that tape) and the latter to several "vignettes" to be found in the song.

The song has a cast of characters "I" - the first person; "You" - Angelina, an acquaintance of the first person; "He" - the third person or persons, he who walked through the crowd, he who was surrounded by angels. Why angels? Are they avenging furies in this case? Is this the character whom Angelina could be mistaking the first person for? Or is it the same person? Compare what may be the recognition scene in *Tangled Up In Blue*, another song with first and third persons.³ Are the first and third persons always referring to different people?

We have a cast, but Dylan is clearly not a prisoner of the Unities of classical drama: the time frame switches back and forth as does the scene. The song presents or alludes to various scenes and episodes (without specifically stating connections - as Paul Williams puts it "never detachednever quite connected") which include:

the first person at the door (when the narrator says "I know what has brought me here" he does not let on: I originally thought of lust, but perhaps I was being unduly pessimistic influenced by other Dylan songs, here he does refer to "(tried to) love"; or maybe he is just delivering the subpoena referred to later);

the man walking through the crowd; (here, Paul Williams refers to a "grammatical discontinuity": I am not suggesting that Dylan is above taking liberties with grammar, but grammatically of course it could be the crowd that is doing the worshipping - simply setting a context; in any case I do not find any "racial" connotation but then I do not accept that there is a racist slant to the *Slow Train* sheiks, which Paul has suggested elsewhere. While I am disagreeing, I do not see the "shocking image" of the god as a "characterisation" of Angelina, rather I see it as indicating the sort of people she is dealing with). (Interestingly, Mark Carter put forward a tentative hypothesis as a "theory to toy with" that Angelina represents "organised religion" which Dylan is rejecting.)

the untold history of the woman's vengeance;

the struggle for material success (in the arena);

and the attempt to gain God's mercy (up the spiral staircase).

The first person can see that rider and horse (I think that it is well worth emphasising, as Paul Williams does, that the narrator can "see" these things) and goes on to suggest that Angelina can have whatever she wants if she is prepared to step into the arena. I think that the rider and the horse stand for death; (if the reference is to one of the Horsemen of the Apocalypse of the *Book Of Revelations*, as Mark Carter suggests, it comes to the same thing: both are regarded as being followed by judgement); and that they are introduced to represent the idea of spirituality in opposition to the contest for material wealth which goes on in the arena; you have to enter the arena to get what you want, but at spiritual cost ("what profit to lose your soul?"). Death certainly and/or the real final judgement probably (*only dead men know, Silvio*) make it all seem pointless or, rather, misguided.

This contrast between spiritual and material is often pointed up in Dylan's songs: the poet as seer is blessed or cursed with the ability to see what the rest of us cannot.⁴ Dylan the mystic is more concerned with the spiritual than most. This is effectively stated in *Someone's Gotta Hold of My Heart*: *never could learn to drink that blood...* where most of us have to be reminded of the

³ Incidentally I always thought that the "feeling uneasy" when she bent down was because it was a "topless place" rather than the more dignified but farfetched idea that it was because she was treating him like Christ.

⁴ The poet is a see-er, on behalf of our unseeing eyes he can see the horse or the *pieces of men marching*

symbolism. The idea is again explicitly stated in *Yonder Comes Sin* (with reference to horses, which are associated with death as in sundry blues - they can simply be there to pull the hearse) - *see them six white horses*- where another characteristic feature of Dylan also emerges; his wit or sense of humour (*I've got to run!* as if he, like Silvio constantly on the move, could put a physical distance between himself and death).

Paul Williams comments on the "cheek / speak / seek" lines which constitute one of the effective "triplets" of verse (in the "forceful" vehicle of music and verse structure as noted by him). Turning the other cheek has an obvious connotation and here suggests the usurping of one of the prerogatives of God; I see the *why must I speak* as responding to unjustified claims being made; the *man that you seek* I take as evidence of the narrator's detachment.

Through the plot of the song *Angelina* there is a background of struggle going on: a struggle perhaps between the god with the hyena head and the true god (to whom we end up praying for mercy) or more accurately between their respective supporters since the true god leaves us to get on with it ("unconcerned" "with every earthly plan" but only for the time being, *When He Returns*); a struggle in the material world for power or wealth (the prize was the bounty in the "valley of giants", notice that the milk and honey flowed in the past tense since all good things must come to an end): the Mercedes rolling through the combat zone; men marching on heaven. This last points to the more fundamental but no less vain attempt by men to obtain what is rightfully God's (*we all want what's his-Blind Willie McTell*). Men may be tall or powerful for a time (but not as long as they want - *Julius and Ethel*, compare *Licence To Kill*) but they will eventually be cast down whether they are a Philistine champion like Goliath or a President Galtieri. As Mark Carter points out, the notions of Apocalypse as in the *Book Of Revelations* are a source of inspiration throughout the *Infidels'* songs.

It may be apparent that I differ from Paul Williams in interpretation of the "arena": where he seems to see it as the contest for a woman's love, I suppose that it is the "combat zone" where the "manipulators" - the other participants who are alluded to - are at their game. In *Foot Of Pride* it is explicitly stated that they are concerned with matters other than *how to enter into the Gates of Paradise*. I do not think that it is the narrator's love that Angelina wants - though he was prepared to consider offering it to her in the hope perhaps of saving her; nor do I hear "babe" ⁵ where the song says *tell me what you want* - I think that the frame of reference is wider.

The use of metaphor, imagery, symbolism is characteristic of Dylan's great poetry; use of such language enriches by economically pulling in additional associations (or is it just the poet showing off his erudition?). Mystical, religious and biblical images and symbols are common in Dylan's songs. Even if a reference can be traced to source and we know where it may have come from, whether directly or indirectly, the next step is to consider what its use is adding to the context. Dylan's technique in song-writing has clearly been to absorb a multitude of influences and come out with his own material without necessarily being concerned about the niceties of tracing or acknowledging the source. (This seems to equate to a lack of respect for property rights such as experienced by the owners of blues or Guthrie records which the young Bob Dylan needed to hear.) Similarly with language, he may be quoting from the Bible or he may be using biblical style language to achieve the desired effect.

Mark Carter has pointed out that with a little poetic licence you can take the symbolism in *Angelina* to refer to the Anti-Christ in the *Book Of Revelations* (*..could be amongst us right now ..but we can't see him*). As Paul Williams puts it, it is "the feeling of the *Book Of Revelations*" that is "important here". (Not that it is just the *Book Of Revelations*, of course; Mark Carter cites Ezekiel and the *Book Of Revelations* itself reeks of *Old Testament* apocalyptic visions.) "The final verse of *Angelina* refers to the *tree of smoke* and the *angel with four faces*. Is this genuine scripture? They sound to me like quotations from Dylan's own book of revelations. Presumably the angel has four faces since God knows everything because his informants can see in all directions at once (while we mere mortals need mirrors). The *tree of smoke* is a startling image, as, for example, is the *birds' nest in your hair* which appears in *Trouble in Mind* and *Dead Man, Dead Man*: again I do not know (through ignorance I fear) if there are any direct scriptural precedents - perhaps Bert Cartwright could help me out!

In any case it is clear that the vital struggle in the song has been that of the first person to avoid entanglement (through his desire for Angelina) in all this. I find the music and Dylan's vocal so expressive of the pain of the loss *Oh...oh Angelina!*: whether the pain of the narrator renouncing Angelina or of the price that Angelina and the rest will pay when they *cease to exist*, the price for having played that game.

Here my reading would differ from that of Paul Williams: I do not find evidence of "confusion" in the mind of the narrator, or "conflict between his love for this woman and his love for God"; I think that the narrator has become more detached from Angelina than that and has realized that there is just no contest; he has decided to keep out of the evil game that the others have been playing, however sorely tempted; he may well have been flirting with disaster (because of his tendency *to take chances*) and maybe that is where the blood in his hair has come from more- blood on the tracks. To speculate even more wildly, is that why Angelina thinks she has seen him before? She has, but he is now born again, a different person. The lyrics tell that his mind is made up, though chances have been taken,: *I cannot play this game*. He can see who the enemy is, while Angelina is wearing a blindfold. Perhaps it is this knowledge which introduces the potential of sin - certainly the process of temptation is graphically described in *Heart Of Mine*. But the big question remains, has he been able to make good his escape?

5

The lyrics usefully quoted in Homer # 4 say "name"(!)

The narrator concludes this five minute journey through the universe and eternity by exhorting himself and/or Angelina and anyone else who will listen to escape (*beat a hasty retreat*). In this song there seems to be no certainty that the escape can be effected; you can pray but you may end up *weeping in unholy places* which suggests disqualification from God's mercy - maybe there is no going back once the foot of pride comes down.

APPENDIX

I have been writing this to attempt to arrive at an understanding of "what is going on" in *Angelina*. At some points I have referred to interpretations offered by Paul Williams and Mark Carter but other parts of the song so far remain unscathed; the following comments raise further questions and suggestions. (The "I suppose" and "it seems to me" have been omitted to avoid repetition !)

The first part of the first verse is a version of the organ-grinder and his monkey on the cosmic scale - alluding to the various forces that buffet us victims on our journey. The *blood* and *shore to shore* suggests death and the ferryman - Charon - plying back and forth across that infernal river. We could be dealing with the sort of imaginative reincarnation that seems to be going on in the song *Isis* for example.

The *valley of giants* and *the stars and stripes* suggest all the political world activities - *the earthly plans and principles* - ranging from, say, Goliath to the USA. The *judge* and *subpoena* could refer to an even higher authority than the "trifling man-made law" cited by Mark Carter especially if the narrator feels that he finds himself in the position of Charon !

Who will you blame? - the general attitude to responsibility: in some courts no excuse is acceptable.

The untold story of the woman's vengeance: who is she? Who is he? These and the preceding lines about the Mercedes and the servants could all be referring to the entanglements of the material world. The *vengeance*, *blindfold* and *God's angels* are all powerful images that are effective in creating an impression that we don't need to understand. In this context the blindfold suggests to me more usurping, the fallacy in us trying to exercise justice (*...vengeance...revenge*) on God's behalf. We may think that we can see with sufficient clarity but eyes can tell lies. The fall, the end, the judgement will come to us all however great the empire, however tall or rich we may be. Finally, both songs leave us in the same place: in the unholy places where all that remains is the dust of a plague.

In conclusion a discographical note; this effort was prompted by *The Bootleg Series 1-3*, a project which started as a 10 record set before emerging as a reported track listing edited down to the final selection; at least the *Series* holds out the promise of continuing (but oh! the omissions!). I notice that in an earlier *Telegraph* the Secretary had the temerity to suggest leaving off the *Shot of Love* album both the songs mentioned in despatches above - *Trouble* and *Heart of Mine* in favour of *Angelina* - and *Caribbean Wind*. Yes,...but...would we then have enjoyed the *Bootleg Series* so much? Of course we would, those of us who collect bootlegs....did I mention the word "tantalizing" above? For myself, I would not want to be without any of these tracks. As for leaving songs off albums...(certainly not *Trouble*)...I would not presume to suggest which - if any - tracks should have been replaced! I just wish - Columbia please note - that all Dylan albums were longer; double, triple, whatever and unedited !

In the final end I should acknowledge my gratitude to the one who started it all (against whom my words are like filthy rags!), obviously to the writers cited in the text (I trust they will not consider the debt unworthily repaid if I expressed disagreement) but also to Derek Mankelov for some early encouragement and comment and Andrew Muir for more of the same. There is more to be said about these songs and it would be gratifying if these words provoke more comment.

[Ed: Yes, gratifying to you and me both, Jim - are you reading this Mr. Wright?.]

Paul Williams Interview

Q: Why write about music?

PAUL WILLIAMS: Because I love it, and want to be part of it. More precisely, I write about it because I know I am part of it, that huge, vital, almost invisible part called listener. I want to articulate the joy of listening for the millions of us whose lives find a center in this intense and enriching experience. What is it we hear that excites us so, gives us such pleasure, moves us so deeply and in so many different ways? This question fascinates me. I don't want to pin down the magic but celebrate it, illuminate it, spend intimate time with it and somehow find a way to share the intimacy. I also believe that there is a level of understanding that makes us more open, more receptive, to the music and its greatness, and if so, and if I can guide myself and others toward that place, I will have made a contribution.

Q: How did you start?

PW: I can remember in the spring of 1965 writing pages and pages of response to Bob Dylan's new album *Bringing It All Back Home* and handing it in to my high school English teacher as creative writing. He ridiculed it. A few months later I was writing a blues column for a local folk magazine, and in January of 1966, age 17, I published the first issue of *Crawdaddy!*, The Magazine of Rock and Roll, on a friend's mimeograph. In 1969 my book *Outlaw Blues*, a collection of *Crawdaddy!* essays on how rock communicates, was published by E. P. Dutton. It was well received, but meanwhile I'd left the magazine and had almost stopped writing about music. I was young, and wanted to try my hand at other things.

Q: What did you try?

PW: I lived in the woods for a while, and in a wilderness commune on an island in western Canada. While I was there (1970) I wrote down a little book of observations about human possibility that was eventually published by a record company guy I'd met in *Crawdaddy!* days. The word-of-mouth popularity of that book, *Das Energi*, ever since, has been a major factor in my ability to survive as a full-time writer. It's been like my own little grant, giving me an extra few thousand a year so I can do what I want and still get by. If the money or success had come all at once they'd be long dissipated by now, but fortunately it didn't happen that way.

Q: Why didn't you write a biography of Dylan?

PW: I didn't want to write about the person, I wanted to write about what this person has created, his art, his music. I've met the person a few times but I don't know him, except through his music. There, we are very close. The music and I have met thousands of times, over the course of 26 years. Shakespeare, Van Gogh, Beethoven all lived in earlier times, but Dylan to me is an obviously great artist who is here now, my contemporary, and for me going to a Dylan concert is like going over to the Globe to see Shakespeare perform his new play, an extraordinary opportunity, not to see the person, but to see and hear the performance. He continues to produce great art. Not everyone understands this. Many people think Dylan did all his great work back in the '60s, and this misunderstanding also gives me a reason to write, not only am I fortunate to be present at the unfolding of the life work of a great artist, but much of his best work is unknown or underappreciated, and so I fantasize a useful role for myself, defender of the faith, tour guide to marvels misunderstood or still unheard. What also makes it fun is that while a great deal has been written about arts such as painting, literature and composed music, performance - probably the oldest art form - is the least discussed, because until recently you had to be there at the performance in question. I live in a room piled high with tapes of Dylan performances from all over the world and from across three decades, and these tapes universalize the art form the way books did for the spoken story or reproductions did for painting. Now you and I can at least imagine we've experienced the same performance, and can argue and enthuse about it to our heart's content.

Did you all tape the Dylan vs Keats debate on The Late Show (25 Feb 92)? I thought I would add my tuppence worth to the verbal diarrhoea.

Take **La Belle Dame Sans Merci**:

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,

Alone and palely loitering?

The sedge has withered from the lake,

And no birds sing.

You know the ballad; like the Wandering Jew, the knight wanders about telling whoever asks about his fateful meeting with La Belle Dame.

It rates pretty high in the melopoeia stakes; not only because of the alliteration but also and especially because of the dimeter which has the effect of a minor chord - and unlike the minor chord in, for example, Mahler's Fifth, Keats' minor is never resolved; the knight's melancholy, like a diamond, is forever. However, for me the ballad falls down in all other respects.

LOGOPOEIA: The conversation is hardly natural, nor was it meant to be, but even in an 18th century version of the Middle Ages there would not be many *pacing steeds* (why *pacing*? I don't know.). There is no subtext, there are no puns; What You See Is What You Get. It is not fair to compare this to George Herbert's **The Collar**, so don't be tempted to, but read that poem for logopoeia.

PHANOPOEIA: The whole effect is that of a Pre-Raphaelite painting which looks good until you become bored with it. I don't care about the knight's predicament; I can't even picture the guy who is talking to him. Sorry, I'm reading too much into it; it is a pleasant little ditty which is as good as it could be. Well done, Keats.

Positively 4th Street is also a conversation, but not as one-sided as Keats's: we do get a "picture" of the antagonist and we do hear his actual words: *How are you?, Good luck!* In fact, as logopoeia goes this song is a cracker. Like the best of George Herbert - him again, but fairly this time - and other Metaphysicals it opens with real conversation (cf *You gotta lotta nerve . . . to I struck the board and cried, No More!* ...) Only 21 words in the entire song have more than one syllable and this serves to emphasize the importance of, for example, *paralysed*.

PHANOPOEIA: In the same way we know that Hattie Carroll is black without this being stated overtly, we can picture these people meeting in the street. The whole song is about saying, knowing, feeling, and seeing -and the picture is built up by the way we relate to our own friends and enemies. Grinning, looking hurt, and being in with a crowd tell us as much about a person to fix him in our mind as those long descriptive passages in novels which we skipped reading as kids.

MELOPOEIA: None of this is very mellifluous, nor was it meant to be. I've never really been comfortable with *master thief* as a phrase but the rest of the song is well nigh colloquial (more so than "well nigh").

"Keats is better than Dylan." "Dylan is better than Keats". Neither of these phrases is a meaningful sentence; neither is an example of melo/ logo/ phanopoeia. Either is at home in the gutter press where meaning is never as important as "passing time". I trust you will feel that the time you've passed with either of the writers under discussion has not been a waste.

Dylan v. Keats:

I had a premonition that a programme called "Is Keats better than Dylan ?" was going to be poor and that is certainly no claim for second sight. A potentially witty or important - or even a combination of these - programming opportunity was lost. I'm not saying this just because of the crass juxtaposition of a raw **Only A Pawn In Their Game** with an actor spouting Keats' greatest lines - Dylan and Keats were only tokens of "low" and "high" art after all. [Nevertheless the ironies inherent in taking them as symbols were half ignored: It was noted that Keats was thought of as an overly-sensuous rebel & certainly a distasteful anti-establishmentarian in his time - Wouldn't a comparative statement of Dylan being abused for over-literacy by Nik Coln have been apposite.]

No, it was a useless wish due to more serious problems with the programme: you knew that it was going to be puerile when it all but opened with the head of BBC arts - who appeared a caricature in dress and tone - claiming Keats' greater worth ("a million times better" - really? How do you measure it I wonder, in ounces?) because he had "stood the test of time". Most people watching surely jumped on this as being unfair to Dylan as the longevity of his work is necessarily unknown just now. Would it not have been even more relevant to have asked him if Keats's work had no or little value when it had just been created. (Or, alternatively, after how many years did *King Lear* become a good work of art?) Enough grumbling, I suppose, but I find it staggering that such pap is allowed to masquerade as an "arts programme".

Forever (and Ever) Young

The next four quotes come from the excellent Neil Young fanzine, *Broken Arrow*.¹ It is interesting that **Forever Young** is becoming almost a standard at certain events. It certainly lends itself to this and does, of course, have an added resonance for Neil who also remarked last year that he felt **Blowin' In The Wind** was his generations' anthem. (Maybe it is, but maybe you also need **Mr. Tambourine Man**, **Like A Rolling Stone** and **Forever Young** to complete the set?)

Bridge School Benefit V 2/11/'91

Neil's first number of the night was a haunting rendition of Dylan's **Forever Young** which he played on an old pump-style pipe organ. Nicolette Larson accompanied him vocally. Neil introduced handicapped blues singer, Larry Kegan and sideman Greg LaFond and then left the stage.....Neil called all his friends out to help him on a reprise of **Forever Young**. Nils, Willie {*Nelson*}, Nicolette, Tracy {*Chapman*} and Lee Ranaldo answered the call and it was a powerful song.....again.

Bill Graham Tribute 3/11/'91

The Grateful Dead were always there and towards the end of their set Neil Young came out to join Garcia and the gang for a touching rendition of Dylan's **Forever Young**.

Mark Golley - Review of WELD

Fear and terror seem well to the fore on this album, and in the same vein is **Blowin' In The Wind**. Sirens of war whirl and wail through the speakers like rabid dervishes as helicopters, bombs and machine guns clamour to join the cacophony: a guitar begins to rumble, waiting to unleash an attack of gut wrenching, but strangely plaintive, ferocity, given that as the tour was developing, so too was the Gulf War. Young seems so fired up in his delivery of the song something was really getting to him. This is a brilliantly moving and superbly powerful version of a classic anti-war song. A brave move to air a song such as this to a crowd doubtless high on patriotic fervour. Still, ambiguous he is (y'know, the yellow ribbon matched against a ban the bomb symbol), I wonder if he played this at West Point? Doesn't matter, it's here on *Weld* and it's absolutely crippling.

San Francisco Rock Line Radio {On The Global Satellite Network}

Neil Young interviewed on veteran's day - it includes a wonderful rant against cds and digital recording and also this, from the presenter of the show:

*We're gonna play a song now that's certainly a highlight on **Weld** not only on the cd but also on the video as well. This was written by Bob Dylan and Neil Young has certainly breathed new life into this. **Blowin' In The Wind** ... [Plays song] The answer my friends is blowin' in the wind, just gotta read the signs.*

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14 15: Clockwise from top	1/2/92 8/3/92 16/2/92 25/3/92 23/4/92	Allan Brown ? Sayings Of The Week Bruce Elder ?	The Herald [Glasgow] News Of The World Observer The Sydney Morning Herald The Independent
16	4/1/92	Allan Brown	The Herald [Glasgow]
17	30/4/92 May '92	Jack McLean Mark Paytress <i>For The Record</i>	The Herald [Glasgow] Record Collector
18: Clockwise from top	8/2/92 30/1/92 May '92	N/A N/A Peter Doggett	N.M.E. The Independent Record Collector
19	Mar '92	Michael Dwyer	X-Press (Australia)
20: Clockwise from top left	18/3/92 3/2/92 18/4/92 5/3/92	N/A Ronald Bergan Fred Dellar <i>Backbytes</i>	?Perth Newspaper? The Guardian N.M.E. Computing

Comments On The Cuttings

It is always a pleasure to see Dylan featured in one of the **Record Collector's** regular slots: since the magazine depends on an appreciation of each artist(e)'s contribution to the development of popular song. Dylan is treated with the respect he is due...There was a great fuss when Robert Hilburn's piece appeared in the **Guardian**. If I'd paid more attention to Ian Woodward's *The Wicked Messenger* I would have been better prepared for the article and its positive view of Dylan's recent activities. As it was I was surprised to find praise of the Grammy Awards performance in that paper. I would have thought that, with that intolerance inherent in the British press, they would only ever praise Bob in Bangladesh mode. (Dress up in denims & play the hippie minstrel bit...)...all was explained when the original piece came through from the **L.A. Times Magazine**. A glance at the name of the author should've told me that anyway, but the rather fetching photograph (partly reproduced after James' Murr's article on **Every Grain Of Sand**) completely distracted me. (Note: this article was also published in the **San Francisco Chronicle** with a pleasing layout and good selection of photographs)...The article also spawned lots of Dylan quotes in things like *Sayings Of The Week* from various papers. I've included one, later, from the **Observer** as an example. Moving on to page 11 and back to the **Guardian**, I feel the most interesting thing about the *Centipede* piece is the response - I bet the **Guardian** got loads of letters - and we can expect much more of this sort of thing as the "born-in-the-fifties" millions take over the media outlets around the globe...**Q SleeveNotes** reproduced by request...there's a pleasing number of entries from **The Herald** (which has, unfortunately dropped "Glasgow" from its title) in this issue, the reason why is explained in Jack McLean's excellent piece on page 17. Mr McLean is a renowned man-about-town in Glasgow and often goes under the, entirely suitable, moniker: *The Urban Voltaire*. I'm afraid that there are not as many Australian cuttings as I'd hoped for. Thanks to Mark Carter for the **X-Press** piece on page 19 and, with an absence of modesty, I'd like to claim credit for perseverance in getting **The Sydney Morning Herald** piece on page 15. Only I could've picked Anzac Day for my first venture to Australia House in search of articles on Dylan! Returning when the building was open, I gave myself three hours to find something for your perusal. 140 minutes after starting I turned to a new pile of papers. **The Australian Weekender**, and my luck seemed to change. There, at the very top of page one, was a picture of Bob and the alluring text: *Bob Dylan: America's Greatest Living Poet. 5-page special*. Can you imagine how I felt when this turned out to be in the colour supplement which is not sent over with the rest of the paper!!! I felt like giving up there and then, but persevered and, with ten minutes left, found the article on page 15 - I hope you think it was worth it! Finally, a piece to bring shame to a reader and the N.M.E. find 5 connections between Brooce and Bob, but have nothing to say on Dylan in a piece on Rock and Jesus in the same issue. ('Oh well', *Badlands* may well say, 'one messiah out of two ain't bad!')

Judging Bob Dylan by his hit singles is a little like measuring the importance of Shakespeare by looking at the best-seller lists. There was a brief period in 1965 when he was caught up in the first rush of excitement of being a genuine pop star; but after that, it's unlikely that Dylan ever thought of his singles as more than, at best, a convenient home for songs that didn't fit anywhere else or, at worst, a contractual obligation. Dylan sees himself as a writer and a performer, and treats the business of making records as a tedious by-product of his real passion. The man who usually tries to record an album in a matter of days, with the absolute minimum of production and overdubs, is not likely to set much store by the success or failure of his latest single release.

So why should anyone else be interested in Dylan's output in 45rpm form? Partly because, almost despite himself, he has created some of the most memorable singles of the rock era; partly because there are a handful of singles containing material not commonly available elsewhere; and partly because the packaging of many of his Sixties releases, particularly in Europe, comes as close as any of his albums to capturing the spirit of the inspired artist who recorded them.

ACOUSTIC

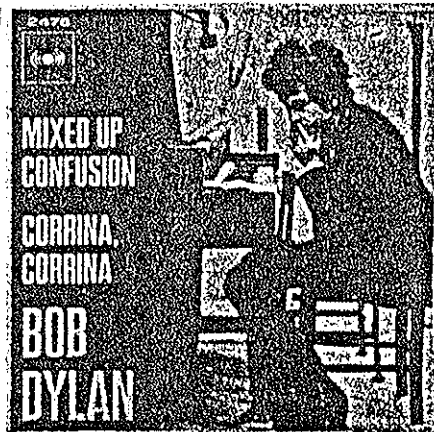
Back at the beginning of his career, it was a lonely U.S. Columbia single which provided onlookers with the first indication that there was more to Dylan than a social conscience and an acoustic guitar. His debut album, issued in March 1962, consisted entirely of solo performances that showed a healthy respect for Delta bluesmen and Woody Guthrie. Three months later, Dylan copyrighted "Blowin' In The Wind", still his most famous song; but though he recorded it within a fortnight, Columbia/CBS made no attempt to rush the results into the shops. It would be another year before Peter, Paul and Mary smoothed down the rough edges of Dylan's original and scored a massive American hit with the song.

During the sessions for his second album in November 1962, however, Dylan made a few tentative recordings with an electric band. With one exception, these tracks merely added a little instrumental weight to his efforts as a blues singer. The exception was "Mixed-Up Confusion", a Dylan original which provided the blueprint for his 'first' electric recordings in 1965. Taken at a fearsome pace, the track was a stunning mixture of rockabilly instrumentation and Dylan's unique vocal swagger. Dylan and his crew of session musicians had several stabs at perfecting the song — one take was apparently done in 'Dixieland' style. Then, according to legend, he walked out, disgusted at the direction the session was taking, and appalled to learn that CBS intended to issue the song as a single. Without promotion or a hint of airplay, the single failed to sell, only to become a collector's item once Dylan became a rock star later in the decade.

BOB DYLAN SINGLES

PETER DOGGETT LOOKS AT THE WAY IN WHICH DYLAN MADE THE MOST OF THE 45rpm FORMAT EARLY IN HIS CAREER

Contemporary observers assumed that Dylan's contempt for the finished single was sparked by the clash between the electric musicians and his own sensitive artistic vision. In retrospect, it's more likely that Dylan objected to the band's inability to match the sound of the classic Fifties rockabilly records that were his secret love.



"Mixed Up Confusion" appeared in Europe in 1966, but the British release was shelved.

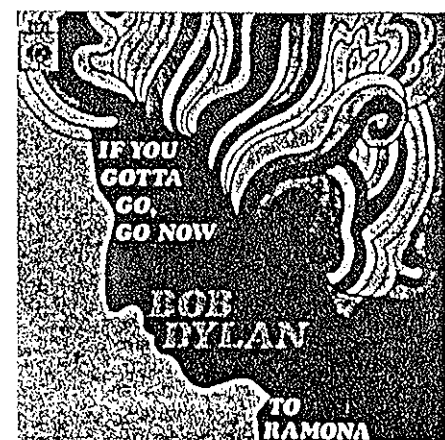
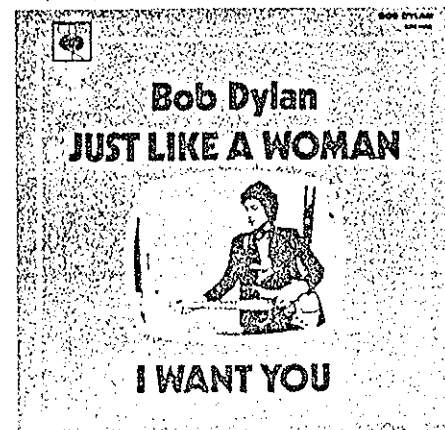
In stating his influences in the Sixties, Dylan hid the fact that alongside folk and blues, he had been inspired by mid-Fifties rock'n'roll — not just Elvis Presley, Little Richard and Chuck Berry, but the Sun rockabilly of Warren Smith, Billy Lee Riley and Carl Perkins. The frenzied "Mixed-Up Confusion" was a brave attempt to rekindle that spirit, but its failure persuaded Dylan to abandon the quest of merging rock'n'roll with his songwriting vision — at least for the moment.

Four years later, when CBS had dragged all the singles they could from the "Blonde On Blonde" album, and Dylan was missing in action, presumed to be recuperating from his bike crash, there was a Europe-wide move to delve into the vaults for 'new' material. And the obvious choice was "Mixed-Up Confusion", which shared the electricity of his recent hits, if not the finesse. At the end of 1966, then, CBS in Europe prepared the original U.S.

coupling of the single (backed with "Corrine Corrina") for immediate release. Complete with a picture sleeve showing Dylan at the piano in 1965, this record was issued in France, Norway, Italy and Holland. It was also briefly prepared for release in Britain, but cancelled once Dylan's management got wind of the idea. How far did the proposed U.K. release go? Rumours suggest that demo copies exist, but we've never had confirmation of this. Most likely, the British release only ever existed on paper.

After the original "Mixed-Up Confusion", there was a decent two-year pause while Dylan established himself as the leading folk writer and performer in the world. As early as May 1964, Dylan albums began to show in

"Just Like A Woman" and "I Want You" were coupled for this 1973 CBS 'Hall Of Fame' 45.



Only Holland got away with releasing the "If You Gotta Go (Go Now) / "To Ramona" single.

the British charts, and the arrival of a British 'rival' in the form of Donovan Leitch persuaded CBS that it might be worth trying to break Bob on the radio.

Early in 1965, then, U.K. CBS issued "The Times They Are A-Changin'" as a single, backed by a track from Dylan's second album. Despite its solo acoustic style, it reached the Top 10, encouraging CBS to race ahead with the release of Bob's first U.S. single since 1962, "Subterranean Homesick Blues".

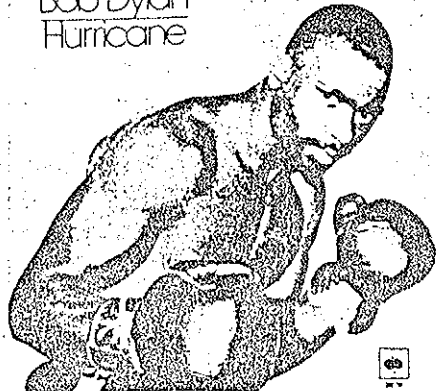
ELECTRIC

If singles were all we had to judge Dylan by, then this record — a cunning, rapid-fire updating of Chuck Berry's "Too Much Monkey Business" — would seem like a logical follow-up to "Mixed-Up Confusion". As anyone with even a basic knowledge of Dylan's career must know, however, his conversion to electric rock music in 1965 brought savage responses from much of his original folk audience, who presumably had never heard "Mixed-Up Confusion". Dylan had, so they decided, sold out, and the debate groaned on for more than a year, climaxing in the infamous confrontations between artist and followers on Dylan's U.K. tour in the summer of 1966.

What "Subterranean Homesick Blues" and its successors proved was that this new music was reaching a different audience to Dylan's earlier work. His next eight singles all charted in Britain, where they were judged as commercial pop songs rather than pronouncements from the singer-songwriter summit. Dylan's (acoustic) tour of Britain in 1965 didn't hurt; nor did the constant acclaim given to his work by the Beatles, then still

Boxing champ Reuben Carter was the obvious choice to illustrate Dylan's "Hurricane" single.

Bob Dylan
Hurricane



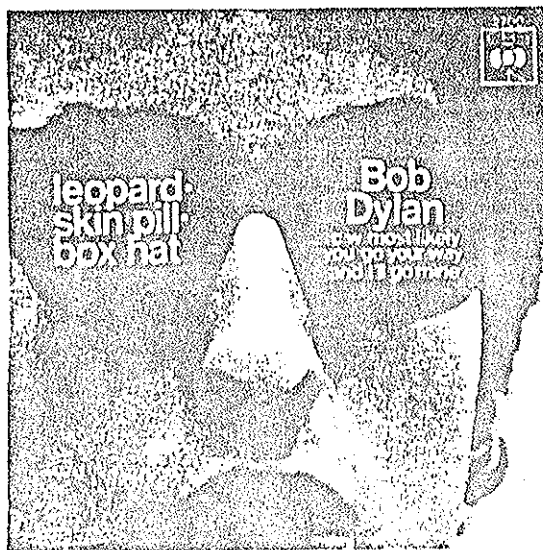
invincible enough to be treated as pop demigods. Ultimately, though, Dylan's singles sold because they were unmistakably great rock records — which was enough to turn a completely uncompromising single like the six minutes of "Like A Rolling Stone" into a Top 5 hit. (In fact, airplay of the song was usually restricted to its first three minutes, as DJs were sent out a special single which divided the track across both sides.)

And so it was that "Positively 4th Street", Dylan's vicious put-down of his so-called friends, wherever they might be, reached the Top 10, while "Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window", his first collaboration with the musicians who later became the Band, also charted heavily. "One Of Us Must Know" proved less successful, but "Rainy Day Women Nos. 12 & 35", Dixieland brass and all, was a bona fide novelty hit in the summer of 1966, just like the New Vaudeville Band's "Winchester Cathedral".

The follow-up to that single was "I Want You", an attractively melodic pop song with intriguing lyrics. On the flipside, causing no great stir at the time, was a live version of "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues", taken from a Liverpool show in May that year. Almost unnoticed at the time, it achieved retrospective glamour as the legend of those 1966 shows spread, and it emerged that this single track was the only official record of the event — until CBS finally came through with some additional concert tapes on the "Biograph" boxed set in 1985.

PICTURE SLEEVE

"Leopardskin Pillbox Hat" in September 1966 broke the run of hits — it was the fourth single pulled from "Blonde On Blonde", after all, and it wasn't a very good record. Dylan fans who gave this release a miss also passed over the chance to buy Dylan's first U.K. picture sleeve — the only British evidence of an inventive campaign of packaging Dylan's classic electric singles which had been rolling across the rest of Europe since the start of 1965. Many releases from France, Holland, Italy and elsewhere carried wonderful photos of Dylan which weren't widely available elsewhere, some of them in colour: like the covers of Dylan's mid-Sixties albums, each one paints in another corner of a portrait of this artist in furious transition, and they're worth



"Leopardskin Pillbox Hat" was the Dylan 60s U.K. single to come with a picture sleeve.

collecting even by people who prefer to buy records than sleeves.

The "Mixed-Up Confusion" saga came next: having got away with that, CBS in Holland dared to go a stage further, releasing Dylan's own version of a Manfred Mann hit from 1965, "If You Gotta Go (Go Now)". Backed by the familiar "To Ramona" from the "Another Side" album, "If You Gotta Go" didn't surface elsewhere, again suggesting that Dylan's people were anxious to prevent CBS from digging any deeper into the archive.

Unknown to the outside world, Dylan spent much of 1967 recording with the Band, a period that is sampled but hardly documented by the double album "The Basement Tapes". These sessions were full of potential singles, as subsequent covers like Manfred Mann's "The Mighty Quinn", Peter, Paul & Mary's "Too Much Of Nothing" and Julie Driscoll & Brian Auger's "This Wheel's On Fire" proved. But Dylan chose to re-emerge from his dangerously lengthy silence (little more than a year, in fact) with an under-stated and enigmatic album, "John Wesley Harding".

For the next couple of years, singles were incidental to Dylan's work. There was nothing from that first 'comeback' record, then a couple of hits and a flop from its successor, "Nashville Skyline". Someone had the amusing idea of pulling "Wigwam" (Dylan scat singing over an orchestra) from the "Self-Portrait" double LP, when "Living The Blues" would probably have been a hit; while "If Not For You" from "New Morning" lost out to George Harrison's version for airplay, and then Olivia Newton-John's for sales.

What proved to be almost Dylan's last gasp as a singles artist was a pair of releases in 1971, which preceded another two years' virtual silence. "Watching The River Flow" in June came from a session held earlier in the year with Leon Russell: a lovely, rolling rock song, it came with a message from the heart in its very first line: "What's the matter with me, I don't have much to say". The flipside confirmed the point, offering a beautiful acoustic rendition of the traditional folk tune, "Spanish Is The Loving Tongue" (far superior to the 'band' version of the song included on CBS's awful "Dylan" LP in 1973).

HEADLINES

Five months later, Dylan briefly stole headlines in the rock press by issuing a 'protest' song as his new single. Like John Lennon (in "Attica State"), Dylan's subject was the killing of prisoners in a U.S. jail riot — among them one "George Jackson", black activist and author, who became the focus of Dylan's song. Though his lyrics seemed embarrassingly forced, almost as if he felt the need to say something about the tragedy but couldn't find the words, Dylan made sure that the message wouldn't be obscured (and that the single wouldn't be a major hit) by including two different takes of the song on the single.

When Dylan returned to recording in 1973, he had decided to leave CBS. He was, to say the least, annoyed to find that CBS put in the highest bid for his soundtrack music for Sam Peckinpah's film, "Pat Garrett & Billy The Kid". To show that all good things come to those who aren't expecting them, a single from the mostly instrumental album, "Knockin' On Heaven's Door", duly became a Top 20 hit.

PROTEST

Thereafter singles lost their prominence in Dylan's career. His record companies (Asylum in 1974, and then CBS again) went

through the motions of issuing at least one single from each album, but invariably without success. There were exceptions, however — notably when Dylan returned again to 'protest' writing with "Hurricane" in late 1975. This lengthy plea for justice in the case of Ruben 'Hurricane' Carter, ex-boxing champion and convicted murderer, had to be re-recorded for legal reasons before it could be released, but it showed that Dylan still regarded the 45rpm single as an ideal medium for bringing an issue to the public attention. Edited down for airplay purposes, but included in full on the single, "Hurricane" was an American hit, and Carter was (eventually) freed.

After the release of the "Hard Rain" live album in 1976, which documented Dylan's second Rolling Thunder Revue tour, CBS issued a single which coupled a track from the LP with a leftover from the studio sessions for "Desire", "Rita May". A hilarious, drunken rocker, this made minimal commercial impact, but it did become the first Dylan tune covered by Jerry Lee Lewis, an achievement of sorts.

Dylan's last brief period as a pop star came in 1978, when the combination of a new studio album (the first in more than two years) and a British tour (the first in twelve) helped "Baby Stop Crying" and "Is Your Love in Vain" into the charts. Both tracks were supported by new-fangled 12" singles, which offered nothing more than extra vinyl to the purchaser, however. The lead-off single from Dylan's next album, "Slow Train Coming", was backed by a studio out-take from the sessions, the majestic blues song "Trouble in Mind", but subsequent singles reverted to being little more than promos for his LPs.

The last decade has offered depressingly little in the way of fresh material on singles. "Heart Of Mine" in 1981 was backed by Dylan's second cover of "Let It Be Me" in Britain and Europe, while America received the raging rocker "The Groom's Still Waiting At The Altar" instead. "Union Sundown" in 1983 scored points by including a version of Willie Nelson's "Angels Flying Too Close To The Ground" on the flipside, but lost them again by attributing the song to Dylan. "When The Night Comes Falling" from 1985 marked Dylan's brief infatuation with remix merchant Arthur Baker, with the result that two different versions of the track were available on otherwise identical U.K. singles. And a live rendition of "Dead Man Dead Man" from the early 1980s was strangely hidden away on the CD version of the single "Everything Is Broken", without any hint that it wasn't the familiar studio take of the song.

Dylan's only custom-made single of the 1980s was a collaboration with Tom Petty's Heartbreakers, cut during their joint tour of Australia in 1986. "Band Of The Hand" was a powerful, bluesy rocker, intended for the movie of the same name.

CBS continue to release Dylan singles at irregular intervals — the most recent was "Series Of Dreams", meant to promote last year's "The Bootleg Series" boxed set — but they appear to have little idea of whom they are being aimed at. Usually consisting entirely of previously released material, but not in any way tailored towards the charts, these sorry releases seem to be little more than contractual obligations — so that if Dylan or his management complain about U.K. record sales, the company can turn around and boast that they did issue a single, and if that didn't sell, then it was no-one's fault but Dylan's. Given that unreleased tracks do occasionally turn up on Dylan's U.S. promo singles, is it too much to ask that CBS in London might put a little more thought into choosing their singles in future — or else not bother at all?

BOB DYLAN U.K. SINGLES DISCOGRAPHY

Cat. No.	Title	Current Mint Value
CBS 201751	THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'/HONEY JUST ALLOW ME ONE MORE CHANCE (3/65, No. 7; original copies rumoured to have "She Belongs To Me" on the B-side; reissued as CBS 1751 In 5/82)	£6/reissue £2
CBS 201753	SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES/SHE BELONGS TO ME (4/65, No. 9)	£6
CBS 201781	MAGGIE'S FARM/ON THE ROAD AGAIN (5/65, No. 22)	£6
CBS 201811	LIKE A ROLLING STONE/GATES OF EDEN (8/65, No. 4; reissued as CBS 1811 In 5/82, £2)	£5
CBS 201824	POSITIVELY 4th STREET/FROM A BUICK 6 (10/65, No. 8)	£6
CBS 201900	CAN YOU PLEASE CRAWL OUT YOUR WINDOW?/HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED (1/66, No. 17)	£8
CBS 202053	ONE OF US MUST KNOW (SOONER OR LATER)/QUEEN JANE APPROXIMATELY (4/66, No. 33)	£5
CBS 202307	RAINY DAY WOMEN NOS. 12 & 35/PLEDGING MY TIME (5/66, No. 7)	£5
CBS 202258	I WANT YOU/JUST LIKE TOM THUMB'S BLUES (live) (7/66, No. 16)	£7
CBS 202700	LEOPARDSKIN PILLBOX HAT/MOST LIKELY YOU GO YOUR WAY AND I'LL GO MINE (9/66, p/s)	£35/no p/s £5
CBS 202476	MIXED UP CONFUSION/CORRINE CORRINA (late 1966, release cancelled)	
CBS 4219	I THREW IT ALL AWAY/DRIFTER'S ESCAPE (5/69, No. 30)	£4
CBS 4434	LAY LADY LAY/PEGGY DAY (8/69, No. 5)	£3
CBS 4611	TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU/COUNTRY PIE (11/69)	£4
CBS 5122	WIGWAM/COPPER KETTLE (6/70)	£6
CBS 7092	IF NOT FOR YOU/NEW MORNING (2/71)	£4
CBS 7329	WATCHING THE RIVER FLOW/SPANISH IS THE LOVING TONGUE (6/71, No. 24)	£6
CBS 7688	GEORGE JACKSON (Acoustic Version)/GEORGE JACKSON (Big Band Version) (11/71)	£4
CBS 1158	JUST LIKE A WOMAN/I WANT YOU (4/73, p/s; reissued 5/82)	£6
CBS 1762	KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR/TURKEY CHASE (9/73, No. 14)	£2.50
CBS 2006	A FOOL SUCH AS I/LILY OF THE WEST (1/74)	£5
Island WIP 6168	ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS/FOREVER YOUNG (2/74)	£5
CBS 3160	TANGLED UP IN BLUE/IF YOU SEE HER, SAY HELLO (3/75)	£5
CBS 3665	MILLION DOLLAR BASH/TEARS OF RAGE (10/75)	£6
CBS 3878	HURRICANE (Part 1)/HURRICANE (full version) (1/76, p/s; No. 43)	£8/no p/s £4
CBS 3945	LAY LADY LAY/I THREW IT ALL AWAY (2/76, p/s)	£3
CBS 4113	MOZAMBIQUE/OH SISTER (3/76)	£3
CBS 4859	RITA MAY/STUCK INSIDE OF MOBILE WITH THE MEMPHIS BLUES AGAIN (live) (1/77, p/s)	£8
CBS 6499	BABY STOP CRYING/NEW PONY (7/78, No. 13)	£2.50
CBS 12-6499	BABY STOP CRYING/NEW PONY (7/78, 12", p/s)	£5
CBS 6718	IS YOUR LOVE IN VAIN/WE BETTER TALK THIS OVER (9/78, No. 56)	£2.50
CBS 12-6718	IS YOUR LOVE IN VAIN/WE BETTER TALK THIS OVER (9/78, 12", p/s)	£5
CBS 6935	CHANGING OF THE GUARDS/SENOR (12/78)	£2.50
CBS 7071	LAY LADY LAY/I THREW IT ALL AWAY (1979)	£2
CBS 7473	FOREVER YOUNG/ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER/I WANT YOU (6/79; all tracks live)	£3.50
CBS 7828	PRECIOUS ANGEL/TROUBLE IN MIND (8/79)	£4
CBS 7970	MAN GAVE NAMES TO ALL THE ANIMALS/WHEN HE RETURNS (10/79)	£3
CBS 8134	GOTTA SERVE SOMEBODY/GONNA CHANGE MY WAY OF THINKING (1/80)	£3
CBS 8743	SAVED/ARE YOU READY (6/80)	£3
CBS A 1406	HEART OF MINE/LET IT BE ME (7/81)	£4
CBS A 1460	LENNY BRUCE/DEAD MAN, DEAD MAN (9/81, p/s)	£4
CBS A 3916	UNION SUNDOWN/ANGELS FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE GROUND (10/83, p/s)	£4
CBS A 4055	JOKERMAN/LICENCE TO KILL (6/84, p/s)	£4
CBS A 4595	LAY LADY LAY/I THREW IT ALL AWAY (1984)	£2
CBS A 5020	HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED (live)/IT AIN'T ME BABE (live) (1/85, p/s)	£3
CBS GA 5020	HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED (live)/IT AIN'T ME BABE (live) (1/85, gatefold sleeve)	£4
CBS A 6303	TIGHT CONNECTION TO MY HEART/WE BETTER TALK THIS OVER (1985, p/s)	£3
CBS A 6469	WHEN THE NIGHT COMES FALLING (edit)/DARK EYES (8/85; available in two different mixes of A-side)	each £3
CBS TA 6469	WHEN THE NIGHT COMES FALLING (full length version)/DARK EYES (8/85, 12")	£5
MCA MCA 1076	BAND OF THE HAND (with the Heartbreakers)/Theme from Joe's Death (non-Dylan track) (8/86, p/s)	£3
MCA MCAT 1076	BAND OF THE HAND/Theme From Joe's Death (8/86, 12", p/s)	£5
CBS 651 148-7	THE USUAL/GOT MY MIND MADE UP (10/87, p/s)	£2
CBS 651 148-6	THE USUAL/GOT MY MIND MADE UP/THEY KILLED HIM (10/87, 12", p/s; final track listed as "They Killed Him" on sleeve and label, but actually plays "Precious Memories" or "Driftin' Too Far From Shore")	£4
CBS 651 406-7	SILVIO/WHEN DID YOU LEAVE HEAVEN (7/88, p/s)	£2.50
CBS 651 406-6	SILVIO/WHEN DID YOU LEAVE HEAVEN/DRIFTIN' TOO FAR FROM SHORE (7/88, 12", p/s)	£5
CBS 655 358-7	EVERYTHING IS BROKEN/DEATH IS NOT THE END (10/89)	£2
CBS 655 358-8	EVERYTHING IS BROKEN/DEAD MAN DEAD MAN (live)/I WANT YOU (live) (10/89, 12" with free print)	£5
CBS 655 358-6	EVERYTHING IS BROKEN/DEAD MAN DEAD MAN (live)/I WANT YOU (live) (10/89, 12")	£4
CBS 655 358-2	EVERYTHING IS BROKEN/WHERE TEARDROPS FALL/DEAD MAN DEAD MAN (live)/THE UGLIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD (10/89, CD)	£4
CBS 655 643-7	POLITICAL WORLD/RING THEM BELLS (1/90)	£2
CBS 655 643-6	POLITICAL WORLD/RING THEM BELLS/SILVIO/ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER (live) (1/90, 12")	£4
CBS 655 643-5	POLITICAL WORLD/CARIBBEAN WIND/YOU'RE A BIG GIRL NOW/IT'S ALL OVER NOW BABY BLUE (2/90, CD)	£4
CBS 655 643-2	POLITICAL WORLD/RING THEM BELLS/SILVIO/ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER (live) (1/90, CD)	£4
CBS 656 304-7	IT'S UNBELIEVABLE/10,000 MEN (9/90)	£2
CBS 656 304-2	IT'S UNBELIEVABLE/10,000 MEN/IN THE SUMMERTIME/JOKERMAN (9/90, CD)	£4
CBS 656 707-7	SERIES OF DREAMS/SEVEN CURSES (3/91, p/s)	£2
CBS 656 707-5	SERIES OF DREAMS/SEVEN CURSES/TANGLED UP IN BLUE/LIKE A ROLLING STONE (3/91, CD)	£4
CBS 656 707-4	SERIES OF DREAMS/SEVEN CURSES (3/91, p/s)	£2

Dylan Now

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST? A NEVER-ENDING TOUR, A NEW AUDIENCE AND KEEPING THE MYSTERY ALIVE.

Bob Dylan stares idly at the paperback book that someone has brought aboard his custom tour bus, which is speeding through the snowy Wisconsin countryside in the midnight hour. He has just finished a concert in Madison and is now on his way to South Bend, Ind., where he'll play again in 20 hours. ¶ The shiny, 278-page book, titled "Tangled Up In Tapes Revisited," is an exhaustive chronicle of the last half of Dylan's 32-year career and a testimony to the public's continuing obsession with the most influential songwriter of the rock era. The book lists every song Dylan has sung — and in what order — at most of his concerts from 1974 to 1989. ¶ If the book's contents reveal every detail of his recent performing career, the color portrait on the cover—an expressionless Robert Allen Zimmerman, circa the late '80s, eyes concealed by dark glasses—is a teasing reminder of everything else Dylan has kept hidden these many years. Like the man himself, the drawing gives away almost nothing. ¶

On the bus this night, the real Dylan, who has placed his own dark glasses on the table in front of him, flips quickly through the book. He's sitting in the dining nook and shows more interest in when the coffee will be ready than in the book.

Other performers might be curious enough to look back on, say, an earlier show they played in Wisconsin. (For example, from Page 164: On Nov. 1, 1978, at the Dane County Memorial Coliseum, Dylan sang 27 songs, opening with "She's Love Crazy" and "Mr. Tambourine Man," closing with "Forever Young" and "Changing of the Guards.") Or maybe a more recent one along the same highway, 11 years later. (Page 209: July 3, 1989, at the Marcus Amphitheater in Milwaukee; 17 songs, starting with "Early Morning Rain" and ending with "Maggie's Farm.")

Dylan finally just hands the book back to the man who brought it aboard the bus. Told he is welcome to keep it as a souvenir, Dylan says, "Naw, I've already been all those places and done all those things."

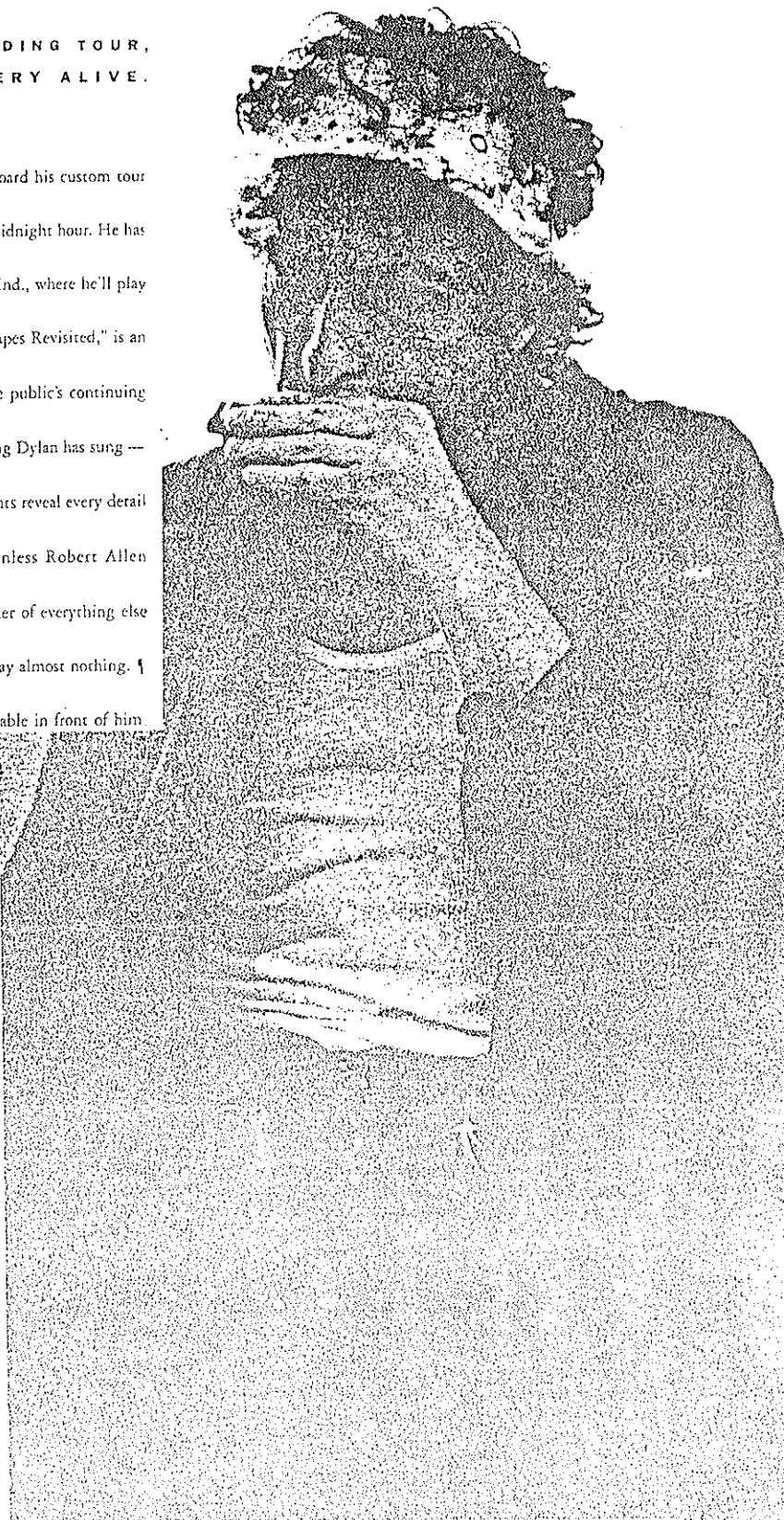
Then he pauses slightly and adds, with a trace of a smile, "Now if you ever find a book out there that's going to tell me where I'm going, I might be interested."

BOB DYLAN HAS ALWAYS BEEN A POP OUTSIDER, AND THERE ARE few signs, as he enters his sixth decade, that he is surrendering his independence. When he first appeared in the folk clubs of New York's Greenwich Village in the early 1960s, there was an element of choirboy innocence—and mischief—in the smoothness of his cheeks and the gentleness of his smile. He not only taught rock 'n' roll to think during that decade but he also showed a stubborn refusal to play by anyone else's rules.

Today, Dylan can still disarm you with a sudden smile, but there is wariness in the eyes. It's the instinctive suspicion of a survivor who knows, after years of public scrutiny, the dangers of letting down his guard.

On May 24, 1991, Dylan turned 50, and the media thought it would be the ideal time to try to put this cultural hero—and puzzle—into perspective. But he refused more than 300 requests for interviews, agreeing only to a brief telephone Q&A that ended up in *Spy* magazine, another in a journal published by the National Academy of Songwriters and a radio interview syndicated by Westwood One.

Instead, he hit the road, in year four of what Dylan-watchers now call the "Never-Ending Tour"—an ongoing road show that to date has racked up 450 performances and been seen by about 3 million fans in the United States, Europe and South America. By design, the tour has avoided the usual media glare. Dylan has concentrated on smaller venues and turned his back on the sort of superstar hoopla that would put him in a national spotlight. Madison was one of the final stops on a trek last year that took him from Burlington, Vt., to Zurich, Switzerland.



By Robert Hilburn

A notable exception to his low-profile stance during his 50th birthday year was the infamous Grammy Awards appearance in New York City last February. During the '60s, a conservative pop Establishment declined to honor the prolific Dylan with a Grammy. The ice broke a bit in 1979, when Dylan won the Best Male Rock Vocal award for his single, "Gotta Serve Somebody." At the 1991 awards ceremony, a new generation of directors of the National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences tried to make up for the years of slight with a Lifetime Achievement award. Instead of a mellow Dylan, caught up in the sentimentality of the occasion, taking the stage, he remained the outsider.

Exhausted after a flight from Europe and suffering from the flu, he looked disheveled and distracted. And on a night when most of the country was caught up in the fervor and patriotism of the month-old Persian Gulf War, he and his band launched into a blistering if all but unintelligible version of "Masters of War":

<i>Come you masters of war</i>	<i>You that hide behind walls</i>
<i>You that build all the guns</i>	<i>You that hide behind desks</i>
<i>You that build the death planes</i>	<i>I just want you to know</i>
<i>You that build the big bombs</i>	<i>I can see through your masks.</i>

It was classic Dylan—enigmatic and provocative. Fans and reporters asked themselves what happened. There were whispers about drugs or drinking. But Dylan remained outside of the controversy; no apologies made, no answers offered.

For much of his career, Dylan's reluctance to explain himself or his actions seemed to be a strategy to heighten interest in his legend. Now, on the bus to South Bend, with a reporter allowed along for the ride, he sounds genuinely uninterested in his own notoriety. He wants no part of the confessional talk that fuels most celebrity interviews. Most of all, he has no patience with dissections of his famous past.

"Nostalgia," he says sharply, "is death."

As he gazes across the tour bus table, Dylan even smiles wickedly as the reporter suggests the hackneyed headlines that editors might have tacked on the birthday retrospectives that never appeared:

"Mr. Tambourine Man Turns 50!"

"Bringing It All Back Home."

Or—and this suggestion draws a full-scale laugh—"Knockin' on Heaven's Door."

There's no hostility in his manner, but he fences instinctively, warding off certain questions. He listens to—and ignores—one after another until one catches his interest. He dismisses old-days inquiries as "ancient history" and counters a query about his personal life with, "Do people ask Paul Simon questions like that?" Like a lot of artists, he feels that his work expresses all that people need to know about him.

"It wasn't me who called myself a legend," he says sternly and suddenly in response to a question about his revered place in rock. "It was thrown at me by editors in the media who wanted to play around with me or have something new to tell their readers. But it stuck.

"It was important for me to come to the bottom of this legend thing, which has no reality at all. What's important isn't the legend, but the art, the work. A person has to do whatever they are called on to do. If you try to act a legend, it's nothing but hype."

But isn't it flattering that critics and artists have pointed to him as rock's most important songwriter? He just shakes his head.

"Not really," he continues, more softly. "Genius? There's a real fine line between genius and insanity. Anybody will tell you that."

CHICAGO'S AMBASSADOR EAST, ON THE HISTORIC AND TONY GOLD Coast, is one of the city's grand old hotels, the home of the Pump Room restaurant, where everyone from gangsters (Al Capone) to Presidents (Nixon and Reagan) have dined. The hotel also has its share of show-biz ties. Alfred Hitchcock shot scenes with Cary Grant here in the late '50s for "North by Northwest," and Led Zeppelin caused a stir in 1977 by throwing a couch out of an 11th-floor window.

On the Never-Ending Tour, Dylan does a lot of sleeping on one of two tour buses as they eat up the miles between concert cities. But today, Dylan has unobtrusively checked into the Ambassador, which is a short drive from the Evanston campus of Northwestern University, where he is scheduled to perform at 9 p.m.

It was in Chicago in 1974 that Dylan, with the Band in tow, returned to live performing after an eight-year hiatus prompted by a reported motorcycle accident in 1966 and his subsequent desire to spend more time with his family. The atmosphere then, however, was dramatically different.

About 6 million mail orders were received for tickets to the tour's 40 shows. The city was abuzz with reporters from around the world, all seeking an exclusive inter-

By the time he has driven over freezing streets to the concert site, a heavily bundled crowd is filling into the hall. As they unwrap their mufflers and take off their hats, another contrast between then and now is made clear. Until the mid-'80s, Dylan played chiefly to fans from his own generation. Now he performs to mostly college-age audiences, young people who weren't even alive when "Blowin' in the Wind," recorded by Peter, Paul and Mary, hit No. 2 in 1963, fans who see him less as a superstar or personal savior than as a gifted artist, an American icon.

Kevin Martell is 20 years old and seeing Dylan for the first time. He and two friends sit quietly in the hall waiting for the show to begin, displaying none of the raucous exuberance usually found at rock shows. When he talks about why he wanted to see the show, he sounds a bit like he's signed up to hear an honored novelist or historian deliver a lecture.

"There are a few bands today, like U2, that talk about real issues," he says. "But I think the '60s artists were the ones who were really into it, and Dylan is one of the few you can still see. I think songs like 'Masters of War' are as important today as when he wrote it. He's like a legend."

A few rows away, Robert Blackmon, 19, a chemical engineering student, can reel off a long list of his favorite new bands—including Jane's Addiction, Nirvana and Primus—that he feels speak directly to the frustrations and aspirations of his generation. But, like Martell, he sees Dylan from a broader perspective: "He has a timeless, universal quality," Blackmon says.

The band walks out on stage first, a three-man group made up of guitarist John Jackson, bassist Tony Gamier and drummer Ian Wallace—veterans whose collective resumes range from Asleep at the Wheel, the lighthearted Western swing band, to King Crimson, the arty veteran British rock group. They've been on the road with him now for more than a year.

There is a charge of electricity as the houselights dim. Without a word of greeting, Dylan, in a black shirt and striped black pants, steps to the microphone. With a quick glance back at the band, he starts to play. The lighting is so dim that it's hard to make out his features, but his familiar raspy voice is unmistakable.

Dylan seemed at times in the '70s and early '80s to be fighting his way through concerts—stiff and largely motionless as he faced challenging audiences that often complained about anything in his song selection or arrangements that didn't conform to their expectations. But now, in his introverted way, he enjoys the interaction with the audience. He's comfortable enough on stage to move a bit, and there's an occasional trace of playfulness in his eyes. And there's no rush to get it all over with—the instrumental interludes between verses get more of an airing-out than in the past.

Over the next 90 minutes, he runs through songs from the '60s, '70s and '80s—love songs and social commentaries, mostly his own songs and some by other writers. Dylan surprises the older fans early in the set by gliding into a tender, shields-down rendition of Nat King Cole's pop ballad "Answer Me, My Love." He stands stock-still, his head slightly tilted as if to recall the emotion that the song triggered the first time he heard it. Later, looking like a young rock upstart in a Memphis roadhouse, he bobs and weaves to kick off a spirited version of Johnny Cash's old "Folsom Prison Blues." The band supports Dylan with a frisky, rockabilly-and-blues-accented sound.

At first, the audience simply watches politely. It takes Dylan's old "All Along the Watchtower," a song that the younger listeners may best recognize from a recent recording by U2, to get them moving. By the end of the set, hundreds have raced to the edge of the stage, moving in time with the music.

Dylan looks down at them briefly, seems pleased and just keeps playing. As usual, he has said little during the entire concert beyond an occasional "thank you." No introductions, no eye contact, no chitchat. The show ends and there's a tremendous burst of applause when Dylan returns for a quick two-song encore. Then he bows slightly toward the audience, turns abruptly and heads offstage, directly into the chill of the night and onto the bus—no post-show handshaking or small talk. His only question to his aides: "How was the sound out there?"

When the bus arrives around midnight at the entrance of the Ambassador East, the band members file off, heading for their rooms. But Dylan stands on State Street, shifting his weight back and forth in the cold and staring into the distance. He wants to stop in at a blues club in the neighborhood for a while and then get some dinner.

After an hour of blues, Dylan, his bodyguard and a tour aide end up in a nondescript diner a few blocks from the hotel. Sipping at a bowl of soup, Dylan says he likes the mandolin riff in R.E.M.'s "Losing My Religion," which is playing on the radio. He listens to a run-through of comments from the new generation that filled the seats the Northwestern show.

"Older people—people my age—don't come out anymore," he says. "A lot of the

DYLAN HAS NO PATIENCE WITH DISSECTIONS OF HIS PAST. 'NOSTALGIA IS DEATH,' HE SAYS.

view, and with scores of fans hoping for private audiences with the man frequently referred to as the "spokesman for his generation." Dylan's hotel at that time was on alert—security had been warned about Dylan-seekers—fans with a "glazed look" in their eyes.

Today, the mid-afternoon atmosphere at the Ambassador East is relaxed—just the usual flow of guests, most of them in town on business. Dylan is upstairs in his room, relaxing until the bus picks him up around 7 p.m. for the ride to Northwestern's McGaw Hall, a basketball gym-cum-auditorium. Tonight he'll play for about 3,500 fans, a crowd a little more than a fifth the size of the one that gathered at Chicago Stadium in 1974. But these small halls are his choice; he prefers the intimacy and audience rapport they provide.





shows over the years was people coming out of curiosity and their curiosity wasn't fulfilled. They weren't transported back to the '60s. Lightning didn't strike.

"The shows didn't make sense for them, and they didn't make sense for me. That had to stop, and it took a long time to stop it. A lot of people were coming out to see The Legend, and I was trying to just get on stage and play music."

He shifts restlessly in the chair. The brightly lit room is almost empty, and no one recognizes him at first. After a few minutes, however, the diner manager and a customer at the other end of the room start huddling and looking his way. Dylan doesn't notice. He's still thinking about the comments of the students and their interest in the '60s.

"A lot of people say the '60s generation didn't turn out well—that they didn't live up to their dreams or follow through or whatever—and they may be right. But there still was a lot that no one else has been able to do," he says firmly.

"People today are still living off the table scraps of the '60s. They are still being passed around—the music, the ideas.

"Look at what's going on today: There used to be a time when the idea of heroes was important. People grew up sharing those myths and legends and ideals. Now they grow up sharing McDonald's and Disneyland."

When Dylan and his party leave the diner half an hour later, the manager approaches the singer at the cash register and asks for a photo or an autograph. "Maybe tomorrow or something, OK," he says, not very convincingly. But he doesn't want to be rude. Just before he walks out, he shakes the manager's hand.

Back at the hotel, Dylan pauses at the entrance to the Pump Room and stares at some of the hundreds of celebrity photos on the wall. He moves slowly down the hallway as his aide and his bodyguard point to faces they recognize—Frank Sinatra, Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, even David Bowie and Mick Jagger. Dylan's picture is not on the wall.

He stares briefly at a photo of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, but then loses interest. It's 2:30 by now, and the outsider heads toward the elevator.

THE NEXT NIGHT, DYLAN PACES IMPATIENTLY BACKSTAGE AT THE Dane County Memorial Coliseum in Madison. A snowstorm had snarled traffic, and it has taken Dylan's bus four hours instead of two to get here from Chicago. He seems anxious to get the whole evening over with. Finally, he goes back to the bus to wait out the opening act.

On stage, instead of the relaxed mood he brought to the concert at Northwestern, he struggles for inspiration. The audience cheers as much as the fans at Northwestern, but Dylan's vocals—on the very same songs—lack the emotional edge of the previous show. The exception is the ballad "I Believe in You":

*They ask me how I feel
and if my love is real
And how I know I'll make it through
They look at me and frown
They'd like to drive me from this town
They don't want me around
'Cause I believe in you.*

It's a nakedly personal song, a reflection on the isolation of an outsider's life, and the tension in Dylan's performance emphasizes its poignancy.

Despite a standing ovation at the end of the concert, Dylan can't seem to wait until he is on his way to the next town. He again walks directly from the stage to the bus. The heater is on but he sits bundled up in a rumpled sweat shirt and jacket at a small table in the front compartment. Across the aisle, in the TV-lounge area, the band members are laughing as they listen to a *beats* tape of Buddy Rich. On the tape, the great jazz drummer is delivering a tongue-lashing to his band. Dylan, who

plans to produce a movie of the late drummer's life, has heard the tape before and his mind is elsewhere.

"That was a useless gig," he says flatly.

When someone mentions that the audience seemed to enjoy it, he waves his hand. "Naw, it just wasn't there. Nothin' wrong with the audience. Sometimes the energy level just doesn't happen the way it should. We didn't invite this weather to follow us around."

He lapses into silence.

The night before, after the Northwestern show, he had been more talkative, and more philosophical about the ups and downs of touring. "You hear sometimes about the glamour of the road," he said then, "but you get over that real fast. There are a lot of times that it's no different from going to work in the morning. Still, you're either a player or you're not a player. It didn't really occur to me until we did those shows with the Grateful Dead [in 1987]. If you just go out every three years or so, like I was doing for a while, that's when you lose touch. If you are going to be a performer, you've got to give it your all."

At the blues club in Chicago, he had let his guard down—briefly—when an old friend, who had heard that Dylan was in town, tracked him down. The tour bodyguard braced as a middle-aged man in a business suit walked up to Dylan and put an arm around him. But the smile on Dylan's face said that it was OK. The man's name was Arnie, and he had gone to high school with Dylan in Hibbing, Minn.

Dylan sat bemused while Arnie regaled the reporter with tales. "Back in English class," Arnie confided, "Bob wrote me a note: 'Arnie, I'm going to make it big. I know it for sure, and when I do, you bring this piece of paper and for two months, you can stay with me, no matter where I am at. I still have it at home.'"

Dylan laughed easily.

"You know, I took off and joined the Navy and Bob went down to the University of Minnesota and the next thing I know, he's got this record out," Arnie continued. "I've got some of his albums at home and some picture books of his life story. The song I like the best is 'Slow Train'—that and 'Lay, Lady, Lay.'"

Dylan stepped in only when the reporter asked Arnie his last name. "Naw," he said protectively, "don't drag him into all this."

Tonight on the bus, just out of Madison, Dylan is much less at ease. He looks like a street person—as drained as he appeared on last year's Grammy telecast, as he waits for someone to bring him whiskey and coffee, trying to separate himself from the frustrations of the night.

When the band members retire to their bunks in the back of the bus, Dylan begins to loosen up a bit. Still, with no Arnie to make the revelations, Dylan keeps the veil tightly drawn around his personal life. Any talk about his former, 13-year marriage to Sara Lowndes, or their four now-grown children is strictly off-limits. So is his longstanding relationship with Carole Childs, an Elektra Records artist and repertoire executive.

The music, however, is not off-limits. He is intrigued by a comparison between the message of "I Believe in You" and the speech he had delivered at the Grammy Awards. "It's possible to be so defiled in this world that your own mother and father will abandon you," he had said that night. "And if this happens, God will always believe in your ability to mend your own ways."

When the reporter tells him that the song and speech both seemed to be about the need to be true to one's own beliefs, Dylan responds easily. "That song is just about overcoming hardship," he volunteers. "Songs are mostly personal—something happens in your life or flashes through and then it's gone, and sometimes it's a song and sometimes it's just lost. Sometimes things work, sometimes they don't."

These days, he says, they don't more often than they do. At one point in the conversation, he pulls a notebook from his jacket and starts scribbling. "It's a song I'm workin' on," he offers, and then adds: "Part of the secret of being a songwriter is to have an audacious attitude. There was a time when the songs would come three or four at the same time, but those days are long gone."

It's a delicate topic, but Dylan continues.

"Once in a while, the odd song will come to me like a bulldog at the garden gate and demand to be written. But most of them are rejected out of my mind right away. You get caught

up in wondering if anyone really needs to hear it. Maybe a person gets to the point where they have written enough songs. Let someone else write them." Still, he writes enough for a new album every couple of years, and some—including 1989's "Oh Mercy"—are widely acclaimed.

He shrugs at the mention of all the "new Dylans" who have been touted over the years—displaying a rare flash of pride.

"That's never been a worry," he says. "There wasn't anybody doing my thing—though I'm not saying it was all that great. It was just mine and no one was going to cover that territory. No one frames language with that same sense of rhyme. It's my thing, just like no one writes a sad song like Hank Williams or no one writes a bitter song like Willie Nelson. My thing is the forming of the lines."

Dylan is loose now. He's not letting the questions go unanswered. He could easily say he was tired and call an end to the discussion. But he is leaning back on the seat, involved in the conversation rather than fencing. Like most songwriters, he doesn't like to dissect his material, but he agrees to give his opinion about some of the reporter's favorite Dylan songs.

He nods when "Every Grain of Sand" is mentioned.

"That's an excellent song, very painless song to write," he says without hesitation. "It took like 12 seconds—or that's how it felt."

He doesn't seem as enthusiastic at the mention of "Tangled Up in Blue," one of his most-performed post-'60s songs. "I always thought it was written too fast, too rushed. Sometimes that happens in a song—just too many lines, as if I were racing to get from here to there."

Dylan nods again at the mention of "Just Like a Woman."

"That's a hard song to pin down," he says. "It's another one of those that you can sing a thousand times and still ask what it is about, but you know there's a real feeling there."

Dylan pauses, as if suddenly self-conscious.

"I'm not trying to say any of these are great songs—that they'd be high up on a list of all the songs ever written."

His answers become increasingly short at the mention of other, older songs, but he does comment on the large number of love songs on the critic's list as opposed to the political songs that earned him his greatest fame in the '60s.

"They call a lot of my songs



political songs, but they never really were about politicians," Dylan says, lighting a cigarette. "The politicians don't make a difference. It's the businessmen behind them."

Dylan smiles, then adds: "All Along the Watchtower" may be my [only] political song," apparently referring to the line in the song: "Businessmen, they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth/ None of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

It's well past 1 o'clock when the driver announces that the bus is approaching Chicago, about a third of the way to South Bend, and the conversation has switched to Hollywood's fascination with rock 'n' roll. Given his role in the culture of the '60s, it seems probable that some filmmaker would want to use his story to explain America in the '60s.

Would he welcome such a film?

"Absolutely not," he says, almost contemptuously. "No one knows too much about [my life], so it's going to have to all be speculation. Who was it that said it: Fame is a curse. There's a lot of truth in that."

Looking through the side window at the lights on the outskirts of Chicago, he adds:

"Look at Elvis—he's bigger now than when he was living. He lives on in people's mind. But you wonder if people are remembering the right things about his music, rather than all the stuff that people wrote about him."

WHEN THE TOUR BUS stops to let the reporter off at a motel near O'Hare International Airport, Dylan says he wants a cup of fresh coffee. One would assume that somebody would go and get it for him. Instead, Dylan walks into an all-night diner and sits at the counter with a tour aide. He's unnoticed amid a handful of truckers and motorists taking a break from the icy highway. It's a bleak scene, worthy of an Edward Hopper painting, and seeing Dylan as part of it suggests, at least momentarily, a clear image of faded glory.

Not everyone at 50 would want to spend all these months on the road, especially in the numbing cold of winter.

If Dylan maintains the pace of the Never-Ending Tour, he'll do about 120 shows this year. "That may not sound like a lot," he says. "Willie [Nelson] and B. B. King do a lot more, but it's a comfortable number for me." He also says that he re-

serves the right to halt the tour at any time. "Whenever it does start feeling like work, that's when I want to stop," he says. "Get away from it for a while. You don't want to be a prisoner of this [touring] any more than you want to be a prisoner of anything in life if you can avoid it."

But for now, the road is his choice and he seems grateful for the chance, after all these years, to be able to move about the world at his own pace, freed somewhat from the prison of his '60s mantle.

In the last analysis, the reasons for Dylan's cultural impact are as much a puzzle to the enigmatic performer as they are to others.

"There's no one to my knowledge that isn't surprised by their longevity, including myself," Dylan said wearily, wiping the sleep from his eyes as the bus made its way from concert to concert. "But it's very dangerous to plan [far ahead], because you are just dealing with your vanity. Tomorrow is hard enough. It's God who gives you the freedom, and the days you should be most concerned with are today and tomorrow."

"It's one thing to say, 'There's a new record out and people are responding to the new songs,' which is encouraging. But that's not the case. There's no new album, and it's hard for me to know just what that means, why people come out and what they are looking for or listening for. . . . Maybe the same things I was looking for when I wrote them."

YOU COULD put together a 10-CD box set of Bob Dylan songs recorded by other people and still be skimming the surface. This single disc, "I Shall Be Unreleased: The Songs of Bob Dylan" (Rhino), makes no claim to comprehensiveness, but it's full of little-known pleasures.

You won't find the Byrds' "Mr. Tambourine Man," Manfred Mann's "Mighty Quinn (Quinn the Eskimo)," or any of the numerous Dylan songs covered by The Band. The idea behind the compilation is to include songs that hadn't been commercially released by Dylan when they were recorded by these other artists.

Only a few tunes, like Rod Stewart's touching "Only a Hobo," received wide exposure. (It was on his splendid 1970 album "Gasoline Alley.") And, though Joan Baez doing a Dylan song is not exactly headline news, her version of "Love Is Just a Four-Letter Word" (from 1968) is moving and definitive.

Many of the selections are obscure but illuminating. Johnny Cash (who startled both rock fans and his own when he sang duets with Dylan), embodies the outlaw spirit of "Wanted Man," a performance previously heard on the sound track to the 1970 movie "Little Fauss and Big Halsy."

Manfred Mann, perhaps the most underrated of frequent Dylan interpreters, gives a celebratory kick to the raucous "If You Gotta Go, Go Now" (no relation to the Moody Blues song), formerly available only as a single. The Hollies, best known for their mainstream pop hits in the 1960s, also had a Dylan jones: "Quit Your Lowdown Ways," which has a lean, Johnny Cash-style arrangement, came from their 1969 tribute album, "Words and Music by Bob Dylan."

Those who cover Dylan sometimes get so deeply into the spirit that they start to sound like him: Ron Wood (on "Seven Days"), and Byrds' founder Roger McGuinn ("Golden Loom") could both take first place in a Bob Dylan-imitators' contest. Putting more individual spins on their material are reggae artist Jah Malla ("Ain't No Man Right-



'I Shall Be Unreleased' has unleashed recordings of Dylan songs by, among others, Johnny Cash, Rod Stewart and Pete Seeger.

BY WAYNE ROBINS
STAFF WRITER

Dylan Under Cover



teous"), the gospel-soul Staple Singers ("John Brown"), and Blue Ash, a critic's favorite whose 1973 version of "Dusty Old Fairgrounds" anticipates the raving roots-rock of bands like Green on Red a dozen years later. (The modern L. A. band Dream Syndicate is here, putting in an honest day's work on "Blind Willie McTell.")

Performances by the Raiders (as in Paul Revere and the Raiders), Rick Nelson and Dion are all second-tier, as each seemed to be drawing on Dylan songs to give credibility to careers in transition. (Dion's heart is in the right place on the 1968 "Farewell," but his phrasing isn't.) But Pete Seeger's "Paths of Victory" and Doug Sahm's "Wallflower" are among the many recordings here in which the match between song and artist are both entertaining and inspired. □

BOOKS

POSITIVELY BOB DYLAN

Michael Krogsgaard [Popular Culture, Ink.]

After 10 years this invaluable (to Dylan freaks) reference work is finally published in the U.S.—and revised through February, 1991 as well. The book simply lists every Dylan recording conceivable: official studio sessions, media appearances, audience tapes of concerts, etc. There are a lot of them. Over a dozen indices slice and dice the information in various useful ways. A sprinkling of photos and print advertisements throughout doesn't hurt either. (Box 1859, Ann Arbor, MI 48106)

—Scott Lister

What music gets you in the mood for, well . . . a good old . . .
 . . . don't be shy . . . eh? . . . you know . . .

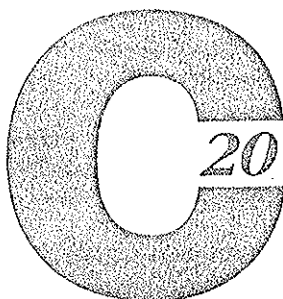
“BLONDE ON Blonde period Bob Dylan because of the way his voice sounded – it's like being caressed just when you wake up, very gentle and sleepy – and the way he looked and the things he was doing all rolled into one. For music to be sensual

and get you in the mood, I think it has to really fill the room. There's no point if it's just tinkling or thudding. Blonde On Blonde has that real fullness of sound. Very satisfying.”

Lee, 27

The best and the worst of the 20th century: singer/songwriters

The topmost of the top ten



THE best singer-songwriter of the 20th century? "Well, naturally it's Joni Mitchell," said a friend of this column. He went on to explain that over the past 20 years her voice and her writing, her composition and her playing had reached a point of expressiveness that was unique in popular music.

The implication was that while Elvis, Dylan, Jackson, Lennon, Elton, Wonder, Holly, and the Simons (Paul and Carly) are mere entertainers, Joni Mitchell's music is high art. It is difficult to agree with this; although Joni Mitchell may be elected to the top ten singer/songwriters of the 20th cen-

tury, she is not by any means the outstanding popular composer.

To put Joni's work above the lyrical brilliance of Paul McCartney and the originality of John Lennon would be perverse. The dissolution of the Beatles after that last impromptu roof-top concert in central London created two singer/songwriters of tremendous ability. McCartney's flourished and his work took on a sweet, unchallenging personality, while Lennon produced an introspective, demanding portfolio which shadowed the issues of the age.

His compositions did not always have the polish of McCartney's but they had a wonderful innocence; and then there was the beauty and originality of his voice which many believe was the core of the Beatles' appeal. I am not certain this is true, but I rate Lennon's ability as singer/songwriter higher than McCartney's, which is why Lennon is ahead of him in the top ten.

Ahead of Lennon is Elvis Presley. Anyone who watched the film, *Elvis, An Evening With You*, on television will agree that he is the

greatest pop star of all time. The film, perhaps the most intimate performance that Elvis ever gave, shows him just before the amphetamine period, still sleek and self-mocking. One realised that it was as much his charm and remarkable good looks as his singing that earned the king his crown.

As for the compositions — *Hound Dog*, *Heartbreak Hotel*, *Love Me Tender*, *Don't Be Cruel* — they gain him the No. 2 ranking as singer/songwriter. Incidentally, it is perfectly consistent to be the greatest pop star of the 20th century and only the second greatest singer/songwriter.

The No. 1 slot is occupied by Bob Dylan (or Robert Allen Zimmerman of Duluth, Minnesota). It has been since the early sixties when *Blowin' In The Wind*, *Mr Tambourine Man*, *The Times They Are A'Changing*, and *It Ain't Me Babe* were released. Dylan is a love poet of genius; he is the master of the neat and apt phrase, and the pilot of the most original course in popular music.

He is also an inspired balladeer and the author of nonsense verse which should be treasured. Here are the first

lines from the *Ballad Of The Thin Man*:

*You walk into the room,
With your pencil in the 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."*

His voice, by turns caustic, melancholic, wheedling and triumphant, was perfectly suited to his subject matter in the sixties. You can hear it the moment you read these lines of *Subterranean Home-sick Blues*:

*Keep a clean nose,
Watch the plain clothes;
You don't need a weatherman
to know
Which way the wind blows.*

In 1968 Dylan took up the electric guitar, and in 1969 produced the Nashville Skyline album. It is for this and for the *Blood On The Tracks* (1975) album that he wins the nomination.

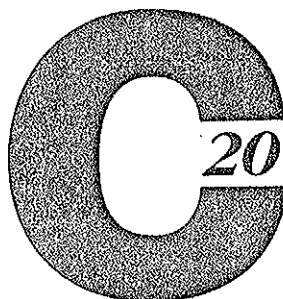
While you prepare for the Dylan revival that will ease us into the next century, perhaps you would like to consider the top ten singer/songwriters of this century:

- 1 Bob Dylan. 2 Elvis Presley. 3 John Lennon. 4 Paul McCartney. 5 Elton John. 6 Bob Marley. 7 Paul Simon. 8 Roy Orbison. 9 Eric Clapton. 10 Joni Mitchell.

Centipede

Centipede's slipped disc in the top ten of the 20th century

Nothin' but a hounded dog



WELL, of course, Elvis Presley did not write *Hound Dog* and I have spent most of the week reading your letters and feeling a fool. As precisely 172 have pointed out, the authors were Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller. One letter from T. Gray casts doubt even on this fact: "It was first recorded in 1952 by Big Mama Thornton and became a hit single on its release in 1953. Although generally credited to Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, Thornton almost certainly had a hand in writing it. Is it possible that the mistake was made because Thornton was a black woman and Elvis was

a white man? Surely not." Many others wrote to say that Elvis only took a third credit on *Heartbreak Hotel* and that therefore he cannot properly be regarded as a singer/songwriter. I do not agree with this but I am prepared to allow him to slip down and perhaps out of the top ten singer/songwriters. My list last week was as follows: 1 Bob Dylan, 2 Elvis Presley, 3 John Lennon, 4 Paul McCartney, 5 Elton John, 6 Bob Marley, 7 Paul Simon, 8 Roy Orbison, 9 Eric Clapton, 10 Joni Mitchell.

Here is a selection of your letters and top tens for which I am grateful. It is chastening to be ticked off with such expertise.

Centipede

THE true originators, and an inspiration for most of the writers in Centipede's list, are Chuck Berry and Smokey Robinson.

Their songs have been recorded by artists including The Beatles, Aretha Franklin, Jimi Hendrix, Otis Redding, The Rolling Stones and Bruce

Springsteen. Bob Dylan described Smokey Robinson as "America's greatest living poet." As for Berry, she's too cute to be a minute over seven-teen... is a more succinct piece of writing than anything in the Paul Simon songbook. Both Berry and Robinson largely define the ground rules for the modern pop song.

Almost all of the writers in Centipede's list have their roots in one decade — the sixties. More recently, the uncompromising work of Prince and Elvis Costello make them obvious inclusions in a top ten.

I am sorry that Bob Marley has dropped to Number 11 position and that Joni Mitchell to 12 but they are in good company with Ray Davies, Marvin Gaye, Chrissie Hynde, Curtis Mayfield, Lou Reed, Tom Waits, Hank Williams and Stevie Wonder making up 20.

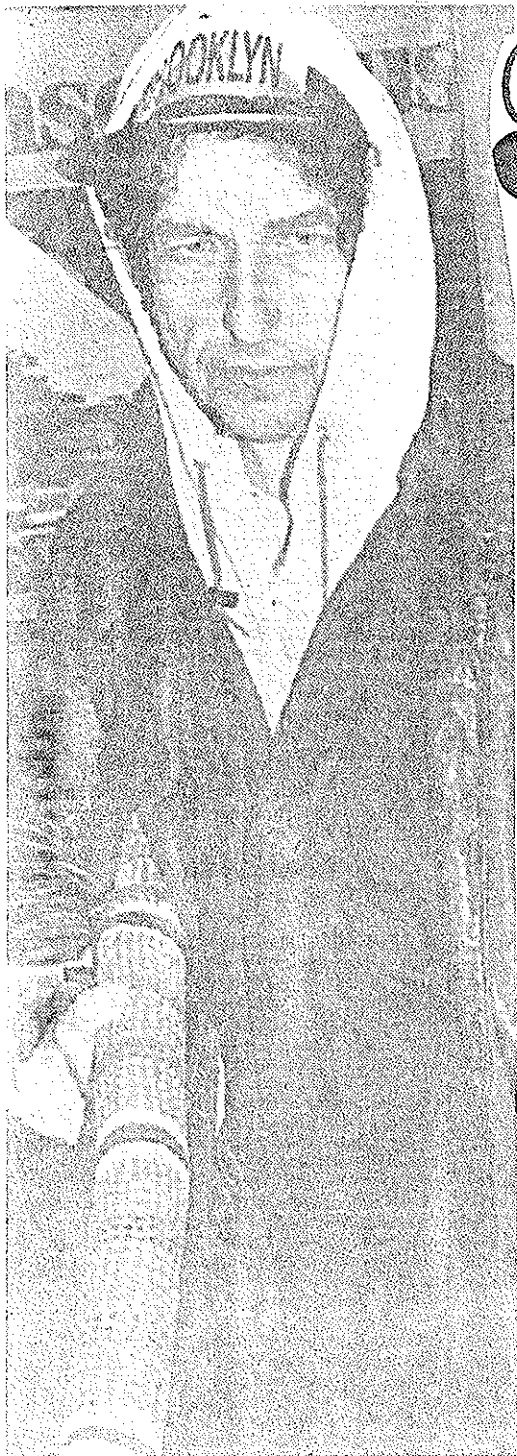
Thus the definitive singer/songwriter top ten is: 1 Chuck Berry, 2 Smokey Robinson, 3 Bob Dylan, 4 Lennon-McCartney, 5 Jagger-Richard, 6 Prince, 7 Elvis Costello, 8 Brian Wilson, 9 Neil Young, 10 Van Morrison. Adrian Dart. London E1.

BY YOUR choice we know you — are you really as boringly-white-middle-class-middle-aged (and male) as your top ten suggests. One token black, one token female and everyone else about the same age. How could you omit Prince (ties with Joni for first place in my list and Stevie Wonder? These three have been writing and recording consistently excellent music all their lives. There was nothing in your list from the first half of the century. Didn't Hoagy Carmichael, Fats Waller, Edith Piaf and Billie Holiday, for example, write some of their own songs?

It is time you went out and bought some new records, Centipede. Start with the latest John Lee Hooker and give your ears some joy. I am a white middle class mother of three but that don't mean that I can't boogie.

Jennie Baker.
Kingston Surrey.

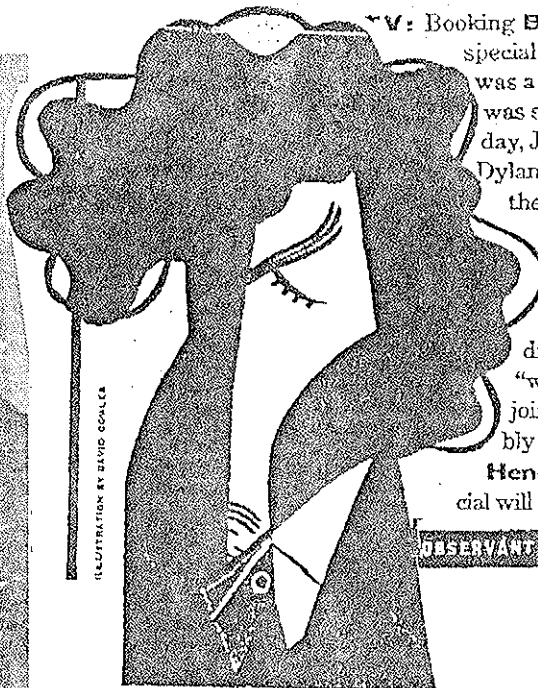
YOU'VE got it wrong. For sheer range of moods alone, Van Morrison is my nomination for number one singer-songwriter of this century. From the haunting melancholic beauty of *Astral Weeks*, to the joyous romanticism of *Moon-dance*, right through to the upbeat religious feel of *Hymns To The Silence*, Morrison wins hands down.
Chris Murray.
Manchester.



ROCK legend Bob Dylan needn't go Blowing in the Wind any more ... he's gone and got himself a didgeridoo.

He lugged the age-old Aborigine instrument with him when he arrived in Sydney yesterday on the latest stage of his Australian tour.

Once, of course, old Bob only played the guitar and harmonica. But the times they are a changin'...



TV: Booking Bob Dylan for the 10th anniversary special of *Late Night With David Letterman* was a coup, but there's a glitch. The special was scheduled to be taped at 2 p.m. Saturday, Jan. 18, at Radio City Music Hall. But Dylan, an observant Jew, can't work before the Sabbath ends at sundown. According to a staffer, taping will now start at 4 p.m., and rehearsals will take place before the Sabbath begins at sundown Friday. The grizzled folksinger didn't request changes, says the staffer, "we were just trying to be nice." He'll join Paul Shaffer's Super Band (possibly including Bruce Hornsby) and Biff Henderson's Golf Cart of Death. The special will air by early February. —Leonard Klady, Karen Bruno, David Browne, Jess Cagle

The times they are... Chabad



Bob Dylan as Lubavitch might wish him (actually, at his son's barmitzvah)

? In '66 (or was it '65?) I was at The Trip (or was it the Whiskey A Go Go?) on Sunset Boulevard in LA, to see Otis Redding, the master. At the next table but one sat Bob Dylan, all hair and shades. Otis intro'd a song "written for me by Bobby Dylan, sittin' over there, and it goes like this..." But there the memory fails again. It was a great song, about being lonely, and I never heard any more about it. Can you identify the place or the song? And, children, don't take drugs, 'cos you lose your memory when you're 40... Pearl, London W4

According to Clinton Heylin, author of *Dylan: Behind The Shades*, the show you witnessed probably took place in December 1965 during His Bobness's West Coast tour and the club was probably The Trip, a known Dylan watering hole. As for the song, Otis later said he wished to record Just Like A Woman (cut by Dylan around that time for 1966's *Blonde On Blonde* album) but never got round to it. Admittedly, though, that song's not about being lonely. The song you heard, therefore, may be one of the tracks recorded for one of the most apocryphally fabled albums in rock history, made, so the legend goes, one night in late '65 in New York, by Dylan, Rolling Stone Brian Jones and Otis Redding. Few verifiable facts attach to this supposed session and since only one of the three principals involved is still alive, and he's notoriously tight-lipped, it looks as though we may never know.

The long arm of Lubavitch appears to have achieved the impossible: Bob Dylan, no less, has appeared on a fund-raising telethon for the organisation.

According to *Vox* magazine, the usually reticent singer, who has veered from Judaism to born-again Christianity and back again, appeared, unannounced, in the middle of the night on a Chabad-Lubavitch all-night fund-raiser to fight drug abuse in America.

"Give plenty of money to Chabad," the beyarmufka-ed Dylan, wearing trademark shades, told the TV audience. "It's my favourite organisation in the whole world. Really." Next week, Lubavitch meets Helen Shapiro...



BOB DYLAN *Blonde On Blonde*

Not long after releasing *Highway 61 Revisited*, in August 1965, Dylan took to the road for a series of half'n'half acoustic/electric concerts with The Hawks (later renamed The Band). The shows caused a furore wherever Dylan played. Opinions and attitudes of both fans and critics were split clean down the middle. Outraged folkies yelled at him to turn the lyric-obscuring volume down, while others hailed the brain-numbing experience as a spiritual triumph. Together, Bob Dylan and The Hawks played some of the loudest, wildest rock'n'roll music that anyone had ever heard.

At the turn of the year Dylan went into the studio in New York City to try out a few of the songs he'd been writing on the road. On January 25, 1966, *One Of Us Must Know (Sooner Or Later)* was recorded with at least two of The Hawks - Rick Danko on bass and Robbie Robertson on guitar - drummer Sandy Konikoff (who played with The Hawks at several of the concerts after Levon Helm, who didn't enjoy getting booed night after night, had opted out), Paul Griffin on piano and Al Kooper playing organ. *One Of Us Must Know* is the only track from those New York sessions subsequently included on *Blonde On Blonde*.

When, after a couple more weeks of live dates, recording for *Blonde On Blonde* was to recommence, Dylan's producer Bob Johnston moved the sessions down to the CBS Studios in Nashville, Tennessee. For four nights in February, 14, 15, 16 and 17, and two in March, 8 and 9, beginning at six each evening and working through to the morning in exhausting, bewildering 12-hour shifts, Dylan, with Robbie Robertson and Al Kooper - both there at his behest - and some of the best session men in Nashville, including Joe South on guitar (most notably on *Obviously Five Believers* and *Memphis Blues Again*) and bass (on *Visions Of Johanna*), Charlie McCoy (who plays electric bass with his left hand and trumpet with his right, simultaneously, on *Most Likely You Go Your Way (And I'll Go Mine)*), Wayne Moss (who plays what Al Kooper called the "cool guitar parts" on *I Want You*), Kenny Buttrey on drums and the Blind Hargus "Pig" Robbins on piano, cut the rest of the tracks for what would become one of the first double albums in rock history.

In going to Nashville, the capital of country music, Dylan was setting something of a rock'n'roll precedent. Al Kooper observed that he felt that Dylan "wasn't particularly looking forward" to the sessions, and, with his weird shades, long hair and geeky clothes, Dylan cut a curious figure, and in to begin with was regarded with some suspicion by the hired musicians. But things soon began to get easier.

"They didn't know who we were," recalled Al Kooper, "but they treated us with a lot of respect and gave us a lot of space. They knew Bob was 'somebody'. They treated him great and did everything he could possibly have wanted."

The bizarre unorthodoxy of the Dylan-Johnston-Kooper recording methods raised a few eyebrows, however. Bluegrass fiddler Richard Greene, who stopped by at one of the sessions, remembers being confronted with what looked to his professional muso's eye very much like studio chaos:

"The drums had a screen between them but all the others were around this very large room. They weren't close to each other at all, and Dylan was on a stool in the centre... just singing and playing the harmonica through the whole thing. He also had a movie magazine - I think he drew some inspiration from it, 'cos he made comments all the time. The music was abominable. They would just try again and again to get a certain sound and, I don't know, finally they'd settle on something that just was not good music. The guitars weren't together, they were off time. I mean, it was just amateurish..."

For most of the musicians playing at the sessions, however, it was a fascinating new experience. Not only could they record together in the same room, without the usual studio baffle boards and without being told exactly what to do - instead they were allowed to pick up and leave off on any song when it felt appropriate to do so - but also they could watch how Dylan allowed his songs to



Dylan in Paris in May, 1966, keenly attended by French rock'n'roll star Johnny Hallyday.

take on both sound and shape as they were played. Dylan hadn't finished writing the *Blonde On Blonde* songs when he arrived in Nashville, most of them having been only roughly sketched out. It wasn't a matter, then, of the musicians polishing some tightly arranged, finished pieces, as was their usual practice, but of waiting around, sometimes for hours on end, playing ping-pong or cards, drinking coffee. Dylan would scribble out lyrics while he played chords at the studio's piano, and then encourage the sessioneers into playing a semi-improvised groove, by which they would try to find the sound which most closely matched that which Dylan was hearing in his head.

Occasionally, this process resulted in quite extraordinary goings on, as with *Rainy Day Women #12 & 35*, for which the musicians decided to not play their own instruments. Instead, Al Kooper played tambourine, bass player Henry Strzelecki played the organ pedals with his hands, Kenny Buttrey rearranged his drumkit, putting the bass drum sideways across a couple of chairs and lashing rears to music stands, and, at 4.30 in the morning, on the suggestion of Charlie McCoy, a funky, and presumably insomniac, horn man named Wayne Butler was brought in to play trombone. One hour, and three takes later, he went home, having completed his assignment.

The product of all this mayhem was the album's characteristic "thin, wild mercury sound" which Dylan has since occasionally striven, unsuccessfully, to recreate, a sound in which the instruments whirl instinctively around words and melodies produced on the run by a writer who was at his most crazily inspired. The record is teeming with great songs: *Just Like A Woman*, later a British hit for Manfred Mann, *I Want You*, with its dancing melody urged on by Al Kooper's famous Hammond organ, the steamy existential blues of *Pledging My Time* and *Temporary Like Achilles* and one of Dylan's masterpieces, *Visions Of Johanna*, the caustic fun of *Fourth Time Around* and *Leopard-skin Pill-box Hat* (one unreleased take of which began with a ding-dong doorbell and a collective shout of "Who's there?"), the full-blooded rocking out of *Obviously Five Believers* and *Absolutely Sweet Marie*. And, of course, that huge, side-filling paean to Sara, *Sad-Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands*.

Blonde On Blonde is a rock'n'roll masterpiece, but then that was obvious even at the time of the LP's recording, at least to Al Kooper, who was to write later: "The amazing thing about cutting that album was the first-hand knowledge that we were making history. Imagine how it felt to be playing on a session when you knew that whatever you played would last forever..."



John Bauldie

Herald 14/11/99

DEFINITIVE DOZEN

■ Harry Reid's definitive 12 Bob Dylan songs:

- Idiot Wind (*Blood On The Tracks*, 1975)
- If You See Her, Say Hello (*Blood On The Tracks*, 1975)
- Love Minus Zero/No Limit (*Bringing It All Back Home*, 1965)
- Like A Rolling Stone (*Highway 61 Revisited*, 1965)
- Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands (*Blonde on Blonde*, 1966)
- Visions of Johanna (*Blonde on Blonde*, 1966)
- Positively Fourth Street (Single, 1965)
- Mr Tambourine Man (*Bringing It All Back Home*, 1965)
- Man Gave Names To All The Animals (*Slow Train Coming*, 1979)
- Angelika (Bootleg Album No 3, 1991)
- Blind Willie McTell (Bootleg Album No 3, 1991)
- Most Of The Time (*Oh Mercy*, 1989)



Less was more: Edie Sedgwick, the world's first superstar

She was an American girl

SHE took just like a woman. She made love just like a woman. And she ached just like a woman. But Edie Sedgwick broke just like a little girl. And who remembers her now? It's said Bob Dylan wrote *Just Like A Woman* for the babe who, with her short career in modelling and an even shorter one in movies, personified the doomed glamour of American youth culture in the 1960s. Whatever the truth, there's no doubt Dylan's song has not only outlived Edie, but overshadowed her too.

Edie Sedgwick was the world's first superstar — her mentor Andy Warhol coined the term for her — and the trajectory of her short and self-destructive life bears the hallmarks of American tragedy: drugs, cracked romances, dizzying success, ignominious failure, more drugs. Her biographer, Jean Stein, believes Edie was to the sixties what Zelda Fitzgerald was to the twenties; each was the First Lady of her decade, and neither wanted to live when the party was over.

Edie died from an overdose of barbiturates in 1971, in some hick Californian town a million miles from Dylan and Warhol, from *Vogue* and the Chelsea Hotel. Today there are few reasons to remember her, other than to reflect on how gloriously cool, correct, and brokenly beautiful she was when she and New York were the centre of the world. In a decade committed to transience, Edie made one of the most fleeting, insubstantial

ALLAN BROWN talks to Jean Stein about her biography of a child of the sixties

contributions of all. But less was more.

Jean Stein first met Edie in 1964. "We were at some house party. I looked out onto the lawn and saw this girl *cartwheeling* down into the sea. I was captivated. She was so vulnerable, but clever. She had this radiant, magical quality. She moved in with me. Everytime I came home the place was stripped of food. I was confused because Edie was always as slender as a rail. We didn't know about anorexia then . . ." Stein adds that Edie was very fond of children, although she did once set fire to the nursery by accident.

But Edie's life was hardly fodder for a conventional biography. The further Stein dug into her background the more she realised how evanescent her presence was.

"I don't know whether Edie really existed; she just refracted everything around her. She was a mirror of our desires, she could be a whore or a kitten or the saddest, lowest creature in creation and, obviously, that's why she and Warhol were just perfect for each other — neither had any fixed personality."

So Stein turned her book into a sprawling oral history, covering not just the girl's "hour in the sun" but the story of her family background.

The clan Sedgwick were old-money Bostonians, outward respectability masking a nightmarish family dynamic caused by a dominating father and neurotic mother. (Edie's brother Minty beat her to the grave by seven years, hanging himself with a tie.) Stein weaves the stories together, and draws a host of telling parallels between the supposedly liberal outlook of the new pop elite and the time-honoured hypocrisies of haute-bourgeois America.

Stein's skilful method shows how Edie's outrageousness and vulnerability were erased into nothing by the whims of powerful men, and the story resonates far beyond its context. Norman Mailer has described Edie as "the book of the sixties that we have been waiting for."

"I wanted the book to be a horrorshow," says Stein, "about the ethos of self-destruction that lies at the heart of youth culture; about the horrors of that Warhol world; but mainly about the horror of those old American dynasties and what they are capable of. I wanted the book to be called *American Girl* because, at the end of the day, that's all Edie really was."

■ *Jean Stein's Edie: An American Biography* is published by Pimlico at £12.50 (pp 454).

★ SIXTIES giant Bob Dylan has asked Britain's Jesus Jones to write some songs for his next album. But the group's singer Mike Edwards says they're unlikely to do it. "I can't imagine Bob singing our songs," says Mike. "They're a bit too modern for him, surely? It would be like asking the Wright Brothers to pilot the space shuttle."

■ People today are still living off the table scraps of the Sixties. They are still being passed around — the music and the ideas. — Bob Dylan.



Still rockin' on

ROCK
BRUCE ELDER

Dylan plays idol to killer at concert

HOBART (Reuter) — A man who trampled his mother to death to the accompaniment of Bob Dylan's "One More Cup of Coffee for the Road" was let out of prison for a night to see his idol in concert. Richard Dickinson, 25, went to Dylan's concert in Hobart on 11 April with a guard and nurse from Hobart's Risdon jail, said Ben Marris, a state official.

Dickinson killed his mother Gladys, 59, five years ago at their home after she complained about his playing Dylan's album *Desire* at 4am. He told police he thought his mother was the evil character Isis on the album and that the music had given him the strength to kill her. After killing her, he sprinkled instant coffee on the body. He was found not guilty of murder on grounds of insanity.

The outing had the blessing of Tasmania's attorney general, and the doctors treating Dickinson for schizophrenia. Mr Marris said the visit was the idea of a psychiatric team who said Dickinson was responding well to treatment. The team discussed the possibility that Dylan might sing "One More Cup of Coffee" but it was decided there was little risk if he did.

BOB DYLAN

State Theatre, March 23

IS THERE a rock 'n' roll life after 50? Well, if Bob Dylan's searing, no-frills performance was anything to go by there's probably a rock 'n' roll life after 60 and maybe even after 70.

This wasn't just a good concert. It was an affirmation that Bob Dylan, looking trim, healthy and youthful, is still capable of delivering a performance which justifies the exalted status he has enjoyed for the past 30 years.

What seems to have happened is that the notoriously unreliable Dylan has decided to get his act together. After years of mediocre albums, indifferent live performances, strange dalliances (with religion) and compositions which even the Bay City Rollers would have been embarrassed by, he has surrounded himself with a wonderfully sharp band and gone back to the material both he and his fans love best.

The result is a hot, unpretentious rock band, which wouldn't be out of place in the local pub delivering a repertoire which is, predominantly, the cream of Dylan circa 1962-69.

You could complain about omissions (Dylan would need a week on stage to cover all bases) but it would be almost wilful perversity to complain about a concert which included great versions of *Desolation Row*, *All Along the Watchtower*, *Blowin' in the Wind*, *The Times they are A-changin'*, *Rainy Day Women 12 & 35*, *Maggie's Farm*, *Just Like a Woman*, *I'll be your baby Tonight* and *Ballad of a Thin Man*.

Add to this collection a sensitive

balance between acoustic performances (where Dylan seemed much more comfortable and his lyrics were significantly clearer) and solid electric versions which were augmented by some excellent slide guitar playing which gave many of the numbers just the slightest hint of country.

There were so many great versions of old songs in this tight, efficient 90-minute performance that to draw attention to particular highlights would reduce the overall effect.

However the lilting, acoustic version of *The Times they are A-changin'*, with two acoustic guitars, mandolin, double-bass and drums, was an inspired re-reading of a crusty old classic.

Equally the no-holds-barred, rocking versions of both *Highway 61 Revisited* and *Rainy Day Women 12 & 35* were powerful reminders that, for all the claims about his poetry, Dylan is a superb rock musician.

Of course the performance was flawed. Dylan's voice is not a wonderful instrument and there were times when, if you were unfamiliar with the lyrics, you could have been forgiven for thinking he was singing in a foreign language.

He spoke no more than a couple of dozen words to the audience during the entire performance. The sound, particularly during *Just like a Woman*, delivered some of the worst spitting and crackling I've ever heard. And the lighting was such that the stage was in a blue and red semi-darkness for much of the performance.

But this is nit-picking. This was a great concert delivered with enough passion and fire-in-the-belly determination to convince even this cynic that Bob Dylan's remarkable talent is far from exhausted.

ALLAN BROWN looks
at a photographic
memoir of Bob Dylan's
amphetamine years

Daniel Kramer. **BOB DYLAN: A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S EARLY YEARS. PLEXUS, £9.99 (pp 160).**

INTERVIEWER: "How many people who labour in the same musical vineyards in which you toil, are protest singers? That is, how many use their music to protest about the social state in which we are in today?"

Bob Dylan: "How many? One hundred and thirty-six."

ALL THE wit and wisdom of Robert Allen Zimmerman, alternatively known as The Phantom, Blind Boy Grunt, the Hibbing Hotshot, and sometimes even plain Bob Dylan, The Man Who Changed Popular Music As We Know It, Esq. Nowadays he's known as a gnarled old curmudgeon who is several strings short of a banjo, and given to treating his back catalogue with such dismissive apathy that even the seer-struck obsessives who catalogue his every belch can't distinguish what he's playing; but there was a time when Bob Dylan was the pinnacle of cool, the very apotheosis of moon-wired beat hipster loucheness, as well as a quality purveyor of Intelligent Pop in the AwopbopaBaudelaire mould to boot.

Statues made of matchsticks. Bridges trembling at midnight. Neon madmen. Poison headaches. That thin, wild mercury sound. The ceremonies of the horsemen, where even the pawn must hold a grudge (and ain't it just the truth?). Music, life, chaos, watermelons. Gladly tripping through the smoke rings of his mind. Dylan conjured them all and in doing so made the first significant attack on the hegemony of puppy love and hand-holding that had hitherto dominated the pop lyric.

The fact that Dylan half-inched much of his apocalyptic imagery (as well as a few tunes) from those oft-exploited black chaps in the South should be mitigated by his profound influence not just on rock but also (cue sharp intake of breath) the world in general. Student radicalism, drug culture, the mushrooming of anti-materialistic mindsets: all existed in a symbiotic relationship with rock's new literateness, and Dylan was there first. Says John Peel today: "Dylan was the single most important force in maturing our popular music." Looking at the lost soul in the hooded anorak that is His Bobness nineties-style it's difficult to believe that 25 years ago Bob Dylan was the eye of the hurricane.

Photographer Daniel Kramer was there too, every step of Dylan's crazy, speed-fueled way, and the resultant snaps are collected in a book that proves, if proof were needed, just how raggedly regal and groovily charismatic Dylan was at the peak of his

Ghosts of electricity



Bob Dylan by Daniel Kramer: proof of just how raggedly regal and groovily charismatic he was at his peak.

creative career, roughly from 1965 and the release of *Bringing It All Back Home*, through *Highway 61 Revisited* and his masterpiece *Blonde On Blonde* in 1966.

Kramer shot the sleeves for the first two and also accompanied Dylan on the 1965 tour that saw the boy wonder, much to the chagrin of his sandal-and-sweater audience, replace the *They-Hanged-the-Poor-Nigger* folk anthems with electric guitars and lyrics about freaks with eyeballs in their pockets. Like many of the sixties photo-verité snappers, Kramer was not overly fond of focus pulling, but the blur of his images seems to complement the urgency of Dylan's quest

for innovation and excitement. In case you miss the point, Kramer has supplied an insightful though self-aggrandising little memoir to accompany the pictures, revealing that, like everyone else in Dylan's retinue, he got closer to the *real* Bob than anyone else in Dylan's retinue.

Quibbles aside, Kramer's book is a fitting record of the unrecordable. Thrill to Dylan's electric maze of law and his flair for wearing sunglasses in bright rooms. Contemplate the way he holds hordes of angry folkies at bay with his Fender Jazmaster. See him emanate imperious cool in a shoe shop. And remember: keep a good head and always carry a lightbulb.

JACK
McLEAN



I AM going to spend the next thousand words trying very hard not to give the slightest quote from the songs and poems of Bob Dylan. This will not be too easy because the songs and poems of Robert Zimmerman are a part and parcel of my life.

I was 18 or so when I first heard about this young Jewish chap from East Hibbing, Minnesota, a small steel town near the Canadian border and not unlike, for heaven's sake, Motherwell. Bring part Jewish myself I should have identified with him, but I didn't really. I came close to Bob Dylan for two reasons. One was that I felt dispossessed and from another country. The other was that I felt young. Oh to be young was not very heaven at all in the late fifties and early sixties. To be young was to be effed about something rotten.

I had an employer — I don't even know if he is still alive and out of badness I rather hope he isn't — who owned a music business in Glasgow's Sauchiehall Street who actually sacked me for having sideburns. Four years later he had a set of mutton-chop whiskers that would have done credit to Mr bloody Gladstone. To be young with sideburns was tantamount to declaring yourself practically unemployable. I am going to name the employer. His name was Mr Biggar, and he owned Biggar's Music. He also thought he owned me and sacked me for wearing sideburns.

He was at the time selling records by Elvis Presley. It was all right to sell Elvis Presley but it was okay-dokey to sack boys with sideburns. He also sold, later, Bob Dylan records. Capitalists did that. "Flesh-coloured Christs which glow in the dark? It's not hard to see that not much is really sacred." There, I've done it; quoted Dylan.

First double album

I could do it again and again. Harry Reid, deputy editor of this paper can, and does, sing the whole of Visions of Joanna. Like most of my generation I can do the same. Want to hear me on Mr Tambourine Man? Want to hear me on blues harp with wee Frank O'Hagan when it comes to anything off Blonde on Blonde? Want to know what I think of that album anyway? It was the first double album I'd ever heard of. Bob Dylan did that. The first double album. The first popster to put literacy first and do it longer than anybody.

Dylan made — or his company might have done — a decision to allow popular music to grow up, or at least to sound as if it had any brains. Frank Sinatra was great but his brand of music was strictly for girlfriends and football stars and elderly people in their twenties who regarded music as something to shag to. Elvis — whom I love — was for children and teenagers and rednecks and those of us with low IQs. Dylan was the first to make popular a music that was for people who had read books.

The world intelligentsia feels differently. Scotland's most diffident but perhaps best poet, Alan Bold, feels very, very differently indeed. Boldy says that Dylan is just a performing artist — not really a poet at all. "A skillful recording artist" he says he is. Indeed Dylan is a consummate performer. I heard a rendering of the Woody Guthrie song Pretty Boy Floyd not so long ago in which Dylan shows just how good a performer he is. It is entirely true that Bob Dylan is an artiste and among the best there is. But he is also an artist.

Dylan Day

It is not just because he generated a generation and its consciousness and it is not just because so many of our increasingly ageing population know the Dylan lyrics that myself and Harry Reid have decided to celebrate Bob Dylan. Me and Harry — and a good few other people as well — have decided that we should have a Dylan Day. A Dylan Day. Harry is an old-looking sort of chap who has went bald and looks as like Bob Dylan as his wife does. Actually Bob Dylan doesn't look like Bob Dylan anymore. He looks old and a sort of gracious poet. In fact, he looks a bit like me only more sober.

It is hard to see why. He practically blew his brains out with everything which you can kill your cerebellum with. He hardly knew what he was doing with his mind at all. When he did Blood on the Tracks his mind was nearly over the edge of sanity and he wrote Idiot Wind about people like me who do the job I do. Reviewers can't write about him sensibly and biographers write about somebody who doesn't exist.

Bob Dylan writes poetry and we know less about him than we do about William Wordsworth. The closest you can get to an understanding of Bob Dylan is if you jam Rabbie Burns, Lord Byron, and John Keats in the last throes of consumption together.

There are those of us who would have seen off Dylan in his motorbike accident. I sort of saw him off then too. Today I see him still alive, a long time after and still writing. He is not Elvis Presley and he is no longer even a popular artist. He is an artist. We are going to do a Dylan Day because no poet has drawn more out of us or to our attention in 50 years. When he is wrong he is very wrong. When the poetry is there it is a resonant chord in the heart of us all.

Robert Zimmerman chose his name from a Welsh poet who did not rage sufficiently against the dying of the light. Said Dylan: "Everybody needs a father when the dawn is breaking."

THIS WHEEL'S ON SALE

The single most desirable Bob Dylan item was, is and probably ever more shall be the original U.S. version of his second album, "The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan". As scheduled, pressed and briefly distributed in April 1963, the album ran to 13 tracks, among them four cuts ("Rocks And Gravel", "Let Me Die In My Footsteps", "Rambling Gambling Willie" and the infamous "Talking John Birch Paranoid Blues"), which were scrapped when the set was pulled before it was given full trans-American distribution.

A month later, the revised edition — with the freshly recorded "Girl Of The North Country", "Masters Of War", "Bob Dylan's Dream" and "Talking World War III Blues" in place of the offending songs — was in the shops. To date, less than twenty copies with the original track listing have been found intact — all in mono. Some featured promo white labels, others



commercial red labels, albeit with credits that didn't coincide with what was actually on the record.

Now Ian Woodward, ace Dylanologist and the man behind 'The Wicked Messenger', the newsletter included in the Dylan fanzine 'Isis', tells us that a copy of the elusive "Freewheelin'" line-up has recently been discovered in a junkshop in St. Mark's Place, original New York home of the Velvet Underground in the Sixties. The price? Just \$2. The owner has already refused bids of \$15,000, and is expecting to raise two or three times that amount at auction.

What's special about this copy? Hold your breath, Dylan fans: this one's in stereo. What's more, it's the only known red-label edition that has credits which match the record. And if you're still not impressed, think about the cash — which, fans will need no reminding, doesn't talk, it swears.

"The old get old, the young get younger/They got the guns but we got the numbers." The Doors, 'Five To One'

One . . . two! One . . . one . . . two! Two! Rock 'n' roll is not about words. It is about numbers. Four, beats in a bar; twelve bars in a boogie. The four-piece, the five-piece, 12-strings, first verse, second fiddle, Number 26 with a bullet – without the figures, THERE WOULD BE NO POPULAR MUSIC!

Or unpopular music, for that matter. The most primal rhythm, bashed out by Neanderthal Man with a collarbone on a rock, was, in itself, the basis for that system of 'counting' that Gallup now take for granted on a Sunday morning. One for the money (six-figure sum, two thousand up front etc), two for the show (500-seater, six nights at the Odeon), three to get ready (a-one, a-two, a-one-two-three-four), now go, Count, go! Words are mere trifles, nothing more than esoteric, chintzy decoration – why else is a song referred to as 'a number', why else do we insist on cataloguing youth rebellion into numbers and listings and charts and discographies? Because we love numbers! We count on 'em, you could say. Thus, NME's Maths graduates have got together and compiled this Greenaway-esque count from minus zero (sic) to 101 in song titles.

So, without further ado, we turn to those masslvely illiterate Ramones brothers . . . "ONETWOTHREEFOUR!" – that was their catchphrase.

Love Minus ZERO (No Limit) – Bob Dylan

Dylan was always mad. About songs with numbers in (see numerous places below). This one's off 'Bringing It All Back Home.'

Obviously FIVE Believers – Bob Dylan

See what we mean about the over-numerate Mr D? This is from 'Blonde On Blonde'.

Rainy Day Woman No 12 And 35 – Bob Dylan

Tiring of songs with only one number attached, Dylan ups the ante on another 'Blonde On Blonde' cut.

Highway 51 – Bob Dylan

Not a misprint but a vagabond lament from his debut album.

Highway 61 Revisited – Bob Dylan

Surreal, pseudo-comic allegory featuring John The Baptist amongst others. The LP is reckoned to be quite good too.



PICTURE LEFT

Numbers Zero, Five, 35, 51 61 . . . will this do, Dylan fans?

IAN WOODWARD:

"Bob Dylan: Back Of The Tapestry"
 (£4 U.K., £4.50 Europe or \$12 U.S. from My Back Pages, PO Box 117, Carlisle, Cumbria, CA1 2UL; or available via Virgin Megastore, Oxford Street; Badlands, Cheltenham; and A&R Booksearch, Lanreath, Cornwall)

As Ian Woodward notes in his introduction to this 44-page A5 booklet, "at one time, there was a constant flow of fan-derived Dylan publications. Perhaps everyone's gone professional, or perhaps the subject matter has been mined thoroughly. Whatever, the recent dearth of such material is unfortunate," and I wouldn't argue with that.

Renowned among Dylanologists as the compiler and writer of the invaluable newsletter "The Wicked Messenger", Woodward is as reliable a source of Dylan info and rumours as anyone (and even a statement as bland as that will probably divide the Dylan world down the middle, comradeship being in short supply in those quarters over the last year or so). "Back Of The Tapestry" is intended as a companion to the best reissue set of all time, "The Bootleg Series Volumes 1-3", updating, extending and correcting the information included in the box's notes, and also attempting to get to the bottom of the mysteries aroused by the choice of the photos for the set.

Among Woodward's topics of discussion are the repercussions of the session worksheets reproduced in the "Bootleg Series" booklet, the differences between the "Blood On The Tracks" out-takes on the CDs and those previously issued on bootlegs, and the actual political event which inspired the writing of "The Times They Are A Changin' ". Trivial stuff, maybe, but likely to fascinate anyone who cared enough about Dylan to buy "The Bootleg Series". (PD)

RIFFS / Why Bob Dylan's song 'Visions of Johanna' made Robyn Hitchcock a singer

"I've been listening to 'Visions of Johanna' since I was 13 and it's pretty much the reason I'm a singer. It's funny, the Stones and McCartney have picked up new fans on the way, but Bob Dylan is marooned in his own generation, you see the same people, all the same age, at all his concerts. Their adulation has sort of

fossilised him, people sit around endlessly working out what he means – you could say he's been murdered by his own fans, a bit like Lennon.

"Listening to this track you can see why he inspired that adulation. It's one of his most hypnotic: very sad but very funny too. I understand it emotionally,



Robyn Hitchcock

but not literally – it could be about the M25 for all I know. It's about six minutes long, and has neat guitar by Robbie Robertson. The backing is very sympathetic (Al Cooper's on organ), which is no mean feat since Dylan was not easy to play with. He used to go in and out of time and tune. Towards the end, he sings single

lines, and in between Robertson sort of answers him, playing similar phrases on his Telecaster, like an interpreter.

"It's five verses long, and he's playing acoustic guitar with a flat pick and harmonica. He plays little bursts in between verses, very melancholy, his harmonica phrasing was brilliant then –

nowadays he sounds like someone testing a Hoover. Verbally, he crams in loads of syllables into one line regardless of meter. Like Louise always says / You can't look at much can you man as she herself prepa-a-ares for him. He has a way of stressing the syllable before last, like madonna, Louise, insane. He was

always creating painterly images in words. The jelly faced women all sneeze / And hear one with the moustache / Jeez, I can't find my knees. After all that horribly slick Beach Boys stuff, this nonsense was just what I needed, it was magic, wild, beautiful."

□ 'Visions of Johanna' is on Bob Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde*.

BOB DYLAN

Perth Entertainment Centre

"Please welcome Columbia recording artist Bob Dylan"!!?

How about "the guy who invented the '60s"? or "one of popular music's chief architects"? or even "the greatest poet of the last 40 years"?

Dylan's low-key stage introduction no doubt rested more easily on his stooped shoulders than any of these possible variations. Still, it was impossible to ignore the 'legend' aura as he strode onstage in boots, black jacket and polka dot shirt, telecaster in hand and countless strokes of lyrical genius under his belt.

These unweildy expectations were probably responsible for the mixed reaction to the Zimm's first gig of his current Australian tour. It's hard to say what could have pleased all 8,000 of us, but things sounded just fine and occasionally downright magical from Block F, Row E, Seat 3.

The familiarity of *Maggie's Farm*, *Lay Lady Lay* and *All Along the Watchtower* made a winning opening trio, suggesting the moody maestro was geared to please.

Delivered as a blues boogie affair, the first song established the singer's four-piece back-up as a nicely ragged bar band dominated by guitarist John Jackson. Dylan's sloppy strumming was mixed low but his vocals were prominent throughout so communication was never a problem — even if he never once glanced past his nose to acknowledge the audience.

On *Watchtower* the five players became a band for the first time, revelling in the Hendrix-style closing passage that saw Jackson take some of the most exhilarating licks of the show. (Jimi was unexpectedly revisited shortly after with a cover of *Dolly Dagger*, from his posthumous *Rainbow Bridge* LP).

I Remember You was one of very few songs chosen post-*Blood On The Tracks* (1975) and the first to feature Dylan's wheezy trademark blues harp, which went down a storm before he'd sucked his second note.

A few seconds' band consultation led to an apparently impromptu *Watching the River Flow* which filed under 'messy' with no apologies and stood out as one of the gig's most ballsy selections.

Cold shivers came with the next number and unequivocal highlight of the evening, *Simple Twist of Fate*. William Baxter's lap

steel guitar, mixed low for most of the set, was the perfect complement to one of Dylan's greatest ever story-songs, sung with obvious passion and respect and yet another ingenious variation on its original phrasing. This is one of those perfect memories you store away forever and even the singer had trouble letting it slip away, throwing in a harp solo for one more verse as the band moved to wind down.

After a dodgy reinvention of *When I Paint My Masterpiece*, a brief solo acoustic set comprised *Mr Tambourine Man* ("yay!" the crowd went) and *Gates Of Eden*. Judging by the number of punters who left the show disappointed, this was more what they wanted: Greatest Hits live in a mellow acoustic setting. It's that great double standard whereby an audience wants their idol to be a Great Artist — as long as he repeats himself ad nauseam for their own entertainment. Can you really blame someone like Dylan for choosing to pass on that kind of freakshow?

Reasonably faithful and utterly enjoyable versions of *The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll* and *It Ain't Me Babe* featured the re-emergence of the band, this time in full acoustic mode.

Crowd interest waned noticeably as electricity reigned again in the home stretch, including newer material (eg last year's *Cat's in the Well*) and culminating with a barely-recognisable *Highway 61*. Two gracious bows — still not a word spoken or a smile flashed — and our 90 minutes was up.

The single encore rounced out some more with sterling renditions of *Ballad of a Thin Man* and *Rainy Day Women #1 2 & 3 5* and even an utterance: "thankyou everybody"!

All perfectly satisfying for mine, but the ensuing lights-up was greeted with audible booing — there's just no pleasing some people. Maybe they missed the '86 travesty with Tom Petty. By comparison, this was one of the greatest concerts of all time.

The enigma of Bob Dylan is not so impenetrable when you give it a little thought. The rationale behind uncompromising concerts like this one is that Dylan understands the difference between "legend" and "living legend". Maybe that was the point of his "Columbia recording artist" intro. If you're not interested in an artist who insists on progress, you know where to find his old records.

— MICHAEL DWYER



BOB DYLAN arrived at Perth domestic airport yesterday to a decided lack of fanfare.

There were no cheering crowds or clamouring fans to greet him — but that is the way the rock legend, who has fought to keep his private life just that for past 30 years, likes it.

However, Dylan — known for such songs as "Hurricane", "Blowin' in the Wind", "Mr Tambourine Man" and "Like a Rolling Stone" — is taking no chances.

Looking pale and drawn, the 50-year-old people's choice kept his face half covered by a hood and his entourage made sure the waiting Press asked no questions and took no close-up photographs.

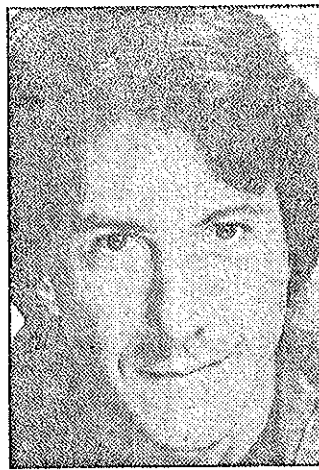
The American singer-songwriter, who flew in from Sydney, will begin a 16-show tour tonight at the Perth Entertainment Centre.

He will then move on to Adelaide, Sydney, Brisbane, Canberra, Melbourne, Launceston, Hobart and New Zealand.

Dylan's popularity reached its peak in the 1960s and he still has a big following.

He has made 28 albums and recorded more than 100 songs.

Picture: KERRY EDWARDS



Dustin Hoffman . . . narrow escape from guerrilla bomb

QUESTION: Who were the Weathermen?

□ THEY were a group of young revolutionaries in Greenwich Village who took their name from Bob Dylan's song *Subterranean Homesick Blues*: "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows." In June 1968, they produced a document that announced that young Americans must accept the need for armed struggle. Their credo was: "Kill all the rich people. Break up their cars and apartments. Bring the revolution home, kill your parents, that's where it's really at."

After fights with Mayor Daley's police on the streets of Chicago, they decided — at a "war council" in Flint, Michigan, in December 1969 — to go underground and become urban guerrillas. The Weather People, as they later called themselves, because of the number of women in their

ranks, were led by Bernadine Dohrn.

On the morning of March 5, 1970, Diana Oughton, Kathy Boudin, Terry Robbins, Ted Gold and Cathy Wilkerson gathered in the basement of an elegant town house at 18 West 11th Street, next door to the home of Dustin Hoffman, to make bombs. Hoffman, who had been working at his antique desk all morning, left the house at 11.30. About 45 minutes later three huge explosions went off, the force of which blew Hoffman's desk through a hole in the wall. He would certainly have been killed instantly had he still been at it.

The explosions were caused by one of the group having attached a wire to the wrong terminal. Robbins, Oughton and Gold were killed, Wilkerson and Boudin, the latter totally naked, stumbled into the street and were taken in by a neighbour. The two young women quickly washed and dressed before taking flight, not to surface again for over a decade. Boudin was finally arrested in October 1981 while fleeing an armed robbery. — *Ronald Bergan (author of Dustin Hoffman, Virgin Books), St Albans, Herts.*

SEVERAL THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT 'THE BOSS'

● Dylan and Brooce (1): The most recent onstage collaboration between Bruce and his biggest early career influence, Bob Dylan, took place at a Tom Petty show in LA in March 1990, where the pair did Creedence Clearwater Revival's 'Travellin' Band' and The Animals' 'I'm Cryin'. And where was the *NME*'s own Stuart Ballie when this historic face-off took place? Getting off his face in the bar with Lenny Kravitz!

● Dylan and Brooce (2): When The Pogues supported his *Zinness in America* recently, they one night received a knock at their dressing room door — it was none other than The Boss, looking to use the Camden lads' toilet!

● Dylan and Brooce (3): The unlikely twosome also have one other thing in common — the great Johnny Cash: Bob worked with him on his 'Nashville Skyline' LP; Cash has covered Bruce's 'Highway Patrolman' and 'Johnny 99'.

● Dylan and Brooce (5): in 1975, *NME* doctored photographs of the pair so that they appeared together on our cover.

● Dylan and Brooce (4): At the funeral of John Hammond, the CBS scout/genius who signed both men, Springsteen sang Dylan's 'Forever Young'.

Calling in record debts from the 1960s

In true 'Surprise! Surprise!' style, *Backbytes* would like to reunite two ageing hippies who once shared a passion for Bob Dylan.

It has come to our attention that, in the heady days of the late 1960s, a student of Brighton College of Technology sold his copy of Dylan's *Freewheelin'* to a fellow student. But the deal was never ratified.

The negotiations took place at the Neptune public house where the buyer, one Tom Plimmer, promised to pay six pints for the LP.

Is this the same Tom Plimmer who enjoys juggling balls as MD of 3Com? If so, we have had a letter from someone called Mick Wales who has been waiting a long time for his pints and is getting rather thirsty.

ICE - From The March Issue

(For info on the rather wonderful *ICE (International CD Exchange)* magazine write with IRC to PO Box 3043, Santa Monica, CA 90408, USA.)

DCC CLASSICS CONTINUED [Cream's Wheels Of Fire].... We asked Hoffman how the new gold CD would sound compared to existing CDs of *Wheels Of Fire* already on the market. "It's going to have more warmth," he says. "The tapes sound great, wonderful. It's just a matter of unmurking them, but you don't want to unmurk them too much because then you lose your ambience. There's not very much EQ (equalization) in this; it's a matter of getting the original EQ correct, and compensating for the original brand of tape they used, for their original console...all that technical stuff. Once you're playing it back on the right kind of machine, you'd be surprised at how great it sounds all by itself, without any EQ. My feeling is that if you're paying \$49--or however much this'll cost--you want the sound of the master tape; you don't want some engineer's idea of what it should sound like." One of the reasons there haven't been more gold CDs released is because--in addition to their high cost, roughly \$25 each in stores-- experts are divided as to whether the gold content really makes the disc *sound* better. Most agree that gold CDs will "outlive" their aluminium counterparts, but if it's a matter of 200 years versus 75 years--or whatever--the point can be considered moot.

Nonetheless, gold CDs continue to be very popular in Japan. The most accepted reason that gold CDs, such as Mobile Fidelity's, often sound better than their aluminium counterparts is because the issuing label goes out of its way to "baby" the master tape and spend more studio time preparing it for CD. But we put the question to Hoffman: do gold CDs really sound better? "It's more of an aesthetic thing," he said. "It's a combination of the mastering--as always-- and the gold-plated surface. The gold is highly reflective, so your CD player doesn't have to work as hard covering up the holes and the flaws that are now in every CD, especially the ones made in this country. You're going to get a much smoother sound. If your CD player doesn't have to cover for errors, that personally makes me happy because I have an expensive player and I hate when it has to work overtime; I'd rather it concentrate on reproducing the 1's and 0's right. "If you sat 40 people in a room and switched back and forth from aluminium to gold and we were playing something like 'Crossroads' (manufactured from the same glass master), no, you wouldn't be able to hear the difference, in my personal opinion. However, your *player* can, and I think that's fairly important especially if you don't have such a great player, and it has to work overtime to hide those holes. "Each gold CD is hand-inspected, the way they used to make all CDs back in the early 80's, and I always liked that. They don't make CDs that way anymore; they're just thrown out there, and they're counting on your machine to be able to mask all the flaws. But since there are no flaws in gold CDs, there's nothing to mask. And, of course, there's the mastering, which means everything." After *Wheels Of Fire*, DCC plans a "24Kt. Gold-Plated Series" release of **Bob Dylan's** famous *Highway 61 Revisited* album from 1965. "I don't plan on changing anything on that album," Hoffman says. "Whatever it is, it is." Shortly after that will be another Cream album.... We're also thinking of doing things like **The Three Tenors** (classical)--special things for the gold collector, not just greatest hits albums. If we sell 10,000 each of these, we'll be happy, but obviously, the potential is much higher. We want people to hold these in their hands and say "Yeah, this is an old friend, but he sounds better than ever."

UPDATES & CORRECTIONS: ICE's cover story last month on box set sales figures for 1991 contained a number of factual errors. While the *Led Zeppelin* box set was basically still "the champ" with roughly half a million units sold for the year (both CDs and cassettes), most of the other figures erred on the side of underestimating the actual sales. One exception was MCA's **Lynyrd Skynyrd** box set, which sold roughly third of the 200,000 units the story claimed it did. Otherwise, various label sources informed ICE that **Barbara Streisand's** *Just For The Record...* sold closer to 400,000 units than 300,000; **Ray Charles'** box set sold 50% more than we indicated; **Jeff Beck**, **The Clash** and **James Brown** sold in the neighbourhood of 70,000 each; and **Bob Dylan's** *The Bootleg Series* sold "close to" 150,000 copies in 1991, as did the **Phil Spector** and **Crosby, Stills & Nash** box sets. For the original figures, ICE had relied on a new nationwide sales tabulation technology, obtained through a middleman at deadline time, and did not make the effort to verify the figures. We apologize for any inconvenience or embarrassment.

Makes You Wanna Stop And Take A Look

[2: - Revisited - Events In Yer Life By James Kelman] *The Burn...* London: Secker and Warburg 1991.

Well done to Alan MacDonald for the following two Kelman references, I'm particularly glad that number two (from Issue 5) has been tracked down. Actually Alan sent so many items in for inclusion under this heading that not all are represented in this issue.

Fin smiled.

It wouldni surprise me. Relationships have all been bad.

Ye still listen to Dylan! Fin laughed.

I thought everybody still listened to Dylan.

I mind the one time I was up in yer house, in yer bedroom, we had the records on; bottles of Newcastle Brown, Dylan blasting it out - Idiot Wind, yer maw brought us up toast and scrambled egg.

Makes You Wanna Stop And Take A Look

[6: Old Holborn By James Kelman] *JK & Others Lean Tales* London Cape 1985.

He scratched his ear, glanced up and down the street for a period, before shifting the glance into my direction, not really looking at me. What about Dylan, he said, you've got to know some Dylan.

Course.

Right then jock, on you go, I'll pick it out...He sniffed, glanced at a well-dressed woman who passed. He sniffed again.

Alright?

*Aye, fine...I began straight in on that one **The Hard Rain's Gonna Fall** but tailed off long before entering the second verse; I tried to keep it going by repeating the opening. He continued strumming, but without even bothering to blow the mouth-organ. Fucking hopeless. No point. I stopped singing. Look, I said, we were doing good with me just collecting. Eh? Better off sticking to that. You do the singing and I'll hold the box - at least we'll be getting a fucking wage out of it!*

Q - Question and Answer (March Issue)

I remember reading a mention in an old issue of *Q* of Bob Dylan's song *The Death Of Robert Johnson*. Where can I purchase a copy?

D. Meacham, Devon

Only one reference exists at all to this song, and that is in the entry for February 1, 1962 - just three decades ago, anniversary fans in the diary kept by Izzy Young, founder and proprietor of the Folklore Center at 110 MacDougal, between Bleeker and West 3rd Street in the Village, New York City. In it, Izzy recalls how Bob Dylan, whose eccentric reputation in the New York folk scene had been growing since his arrival a year before, came into the Center in a state of excitement about the publication of his first songbook, **Bob Dylan Himself**. The 20-year old spokesman for his generation added that he had written a new protest song, **The Death Of Emmett Till**, murdered in 1955 for whistling at a white woman, for a benefit concert to be held on February 23 for the Congress Of Racial Equality (Dylan's then girlfriend, Suze Rotolo was a C.O.R.E. stalwart). Furthermore, vouchsafed the microscopic genius, he was in the process of penning another song, called **The Death Of Robert Johnson**. And that is the first and last we have so far heard of it. Dylan has made no secret of his debt to the legendary Delta bluesman: his earliest repertoire included Johnson classics, and they came to the fore again in 1978 both live and as reference points to Dylan originals on the album **Street Legal** as recently as late last year at a concert in Detroit he played **Dust My Broom**, the Johnson tune more usually associated with Elmore James. As for Izzy Young, he now lives in Stockholm, Sweden as founder and proprietor of the Folklorum Centrum.

Same Issue - Instant Karma from Rotten Johnny!

I did one of those charity shows once because it was for Amnesty but that Adrian Edmonson and his wife and their cronies just snubbed me. They were all so pompous and rude. The only nice person there was that fat one from Scotland, what's 'is name? Robbie Coltrane. He's all right. But the rest of them. . . all bloody middle-class with no manners at all . . ."

And by this time I was regretting the fact that the interview had not been conducted in record company offices or upon some such neutral territory for my wife had joined the fray and was conducting a heated discussion about the merits of Bob Dylan with the man, and they were singing along to **Hurricane**, which an old friend of mine, who had dropped by for a quiet evening, was loudly denouncing as "shit".

And then, at around 11, the beer 36 bottles ran out completely, so, at Lydon's suggestion, we made off to the nearby late night supermarket where Lydon, somewhat to the consternation of staff and customers, pointed at my friend and announced in a very loud voice: "Arrest this man! He is a drug dealer!"

It became that sort of evening.

Also Same Issue - More Sex :

See cuttings, page 10: so pleased was I that someone had the sense to play **Blonde on Blonde** while making their own music ("wild, mercury" etc. natch) that I overlooked the following, laid-back, offering:

*Nirvana certainly gives you that throbbing, tingling feeling when played at maximum annoyance level. If you're going for a gentler mood, I quite like a bit of R.E.M. If I want to get really mellow, I pinch some of my mum's Bob Dylan albums. **Nashville Skyline**, that countryish one, is nice.*

Time Is So Obscene

I intend sending this issue out as near as possible to Bob's 51st birthday - and, incidentally, the tributes from last year's press are still coming in, particularly from America - and it came as something of a shock when I read in **Record Collector's** "It happened 25 years ago" section that Bob was coming out of his post-motorcycle accident, self-imposed "retirement". 25 years ago...has it really all gone by so fast? (Yeah, I remember the '85 interview too - "The years go by so fast, don't they? " "They sure do")

Favourite Concert Shouts

There is at least one Australian with more problems getting to grips with passing time than me. Just after Bob sings a - daringly re-arranged - **She Belongs To Me** at a Sydney show (25/3/92), he shouts: *Go back 20 years!* . It could be an attempt to get Bob to display his pre-Howlin' Wolf influences, but I don't think so. What I think would be good, though, is if you sent me some of your favourite shouts from the audience down the years. Can anyone top - for total aggravation - the bozo at the Paris gig in '90 while Dylan is singing that awesome version of **Tears Of Rage?**

More T.V. Talkin'

There have been lots of mentions on the silver screen including: **Porridge** (23/4/92) - some poor inmate was also a hippie and though his name was "Melvin", he was known as "Dylan"; alas he was informed this was after the rabbit in (OK ! You've heard it all before...).....**The Wonder Years** featured **Forever Young** in a tear jerking scene, but Bob wasn't singing it.....**Truly, Madly, Deeply**; a screenplay shown in February or March featured a quote of **Fangled Up In Blue's** opening lines. Actually, this one was notable as it was an apposite quote and one the character would've been expected to produce in the situation. Not too bad, really, but hardly worth the great flood of praise it garnered. Still, it is almost inevitable that anything even aspiring to quality is raved about - I've been guilty of similar over-reactions often enough in almost every popular medium.) At least, Bob never let me down.....What else? **Spender** had two entries: one a quote about *Money doesn't talk it swears* the other that there was a Dylan poster on a bedroom wall - Jim the Scornor reckoned it was "authentic '65" but said he only had a fleeting glimpse of it. What do you mean this is getting too trivial? I haven't even started the big screen yet! However, unfortunately, I can't locate my notes for that. Alex gave a few - I remember **Absolutely Sweet Marie** being featured - there's always next issue, if you can remember them Alex!

ICE - From The April Issue

Late April release for the Gold Disk **Highway '61 Revisited**; [anybody seen/heard this yet?]

Crowded House has three new live songs on the second edition of their **Wealthier With You** single but fans might be even happier that three Byrds' tunes the group recorded live with Roger McGuinn are featured on the first edition of the CD-5. Those songs, known as the Byrdhouse tracks, were previously available only on a very limited U.S. CD single which has long been out of print. The songs are **Mr. Tambourine Man**, **Eight Miles High** and **So You Want To Be A Rock 'n' Roll Star**.

Although much of it has long been out on bootleg vinyl, Bob Dylan fans are raving about the new **Highway 61 Revisited, Again** CD. It consists of the entire 11 song **Highway 61 Revisited** test pressing/acetate (six of which were on the vinyl), but from a superior tape source. Highlights include the extremely interesting *boiled guts of birds* version of **Desolation Row**, a spooky organ accompaniment on **Ballad Of A Thin Man** from Al Kooper which was largely mixed out on the official release and the **Highway 61** outtake version of **Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?** And it's the more authentic mix than what's found on the official **Highway 61** CD, which is all Dylan and no band. The boot CD also includes the Goldmine acetate version of **Sittin' On A Barbed Wire Fence** and the version of **Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?** which was mistakenly released on some Positively 4th Street singles back in 1965....

Among the more interesting pending titles are two volumes of Dylan's **Basement Tapes** material, which, word has it, contain nothing new to collectors but are "best ever" in terms of original, stereo quality.....

Virgin tentatively has June 2 on its schedule for the debut album by **The Wallflowers**, the group with Bob Dylan's son - Jacob - although Virgin's sale to EMI will undoubtedly delay many of the label's planned releases.

Pete Townsend in zigzag

I was reading *zigzag* the other day - well, I told you I was having trouble with time - and came across the following conclusion to a Pete Townsend interview (it is a very early *zigzag* - Al Stewart's *Orange* is about to be released):

ZZ: *Do you want people to think really deeply about your music, or just listen to it?*

PT: Oh it's so difficult - I don't want to pin people down to any attitude. I know that people get things out of certain people's music that I just cannot relate to. For example, when Dylan first came out, I dug his music - his sound and chords and voice, but I'm only just beginning to get the lyrics of his songs. It's not that I'm thick, it's just that I wasn't listening to them. I think, however, that Dylan made people listen to the lyrics but his genius lay in the fact that he didn't consider his lyrics. The way he used to write and record was to write down the rhyming words and fill in with the first words that came into his head....or spontaneous titles that came into his head, just sing them off and fill in lines. Let's face it; Dylan is a poet and poets become expert at doing that. Ending up in the same place they started. Allowing their minds to flow freely and yet organising their minds at the same time. I don't suppose for a minute that he was conscious of what he was saying, but when you look at it in retrospect you can really find out an incredible amount about the man - more than you'd ever find out by meeting the fucker. He won't rub two words together for you - and if you mention a song you've had it.

I suppose he's got the biggest problem of responsibility of any rock star in the world; his biggest problem of responsibility is that he can't face people - that's why he's so incredible in his music; because everything, everything comes out in his music. But, because of things he said in his early music, now that he's become big and influential his responsibility (if you look at it in the Jean Paul Sartre syndrome) is to get up and do something about the world....and, of course, he's not capable. He's a very ordinary, shy, weak person. This is really where I hope to be a bit more succesful....I dunno, to try and relate the group's work to some role in life. it's really hard, but it just has to be done - you can't just walk around in a dream all the time.

ZZ: *Well Dylan's got his problems - Weberman for a start.*

PT: Well, Weberman I would've killed by now; I've had Weberman equivalents and they've had hammers bashed over their heads before they've got in the door. If someone looked through my dustbin....Christ, Hoffman got a bat in the neck for less. It's just bull headedness for bull headedness's sake. To go back to the lyric's, if you want to know where Dylan stands, you've got to look there - that's the problem. Weberman is listening to the lyrics and saying "there's the man, there's his words, there's his work - but look at him just sitting there with a lot of money, a wife and family and doing nothing. He isn't using the money for the right purposes - he's a hypocrite". But that isn't true; Dylan is a one way person - from him to you through his music - that's what it's all about, and you can't play the guard's-van off against the locomotive. The whole drag is that people really do that. I mean, I can't play the first few years of my musical career off against what I'm doing now. When I started off, the object was to make as much money as possible in the shortest time, don't let any fucker get in the way, be a big star, fuck a load of women, and end up with a mansion in the country. It's taken a lot longer than I thought, and in the meantime I've learnt some sense.

Weberman on *under the red sky*

The last I heard of A.J. Weberman was when he was on a radio show discussing *under the red sky*, unfortunately he was a bit put out because his suggestion - with lots of obvious textual back-up - that it was Dylan's album was in favour of the intifada (roll over Christianity and Judaism....) was greeted with mockery.

Makes You Wanna Stop And Take A Look

[7:, Muhammed Ali: His life and Times by Thomas Hauser]

pp280 quotes Dylan saying: *He served the world a banquet of dreams and opportunities, a mixed bag of attitudes and desires culminating in the fulfilment of hopes and aspirations of the young and old alike.*

& pp507: *He instilled courage and fear in the hearts of men, and remains a firelight of strength and independence. He proved that you can stand up for your beliefs in the face of adversity and still remain standing.*

There was a late rush of entries for **Bits & Bobs** - too late for most, but thanks anyway and I'll be using them in Issue Seven. [Dave, Jim B., Maria, Jim H. Alan.....]



Homer, the slut

Mike Jackson

We took out a subscription to 'Homer' at last year's Leicester birthday do, and we have enjoyed it ever since. Thanks.

I noticed that one of the cuttings from 1991 was Graham McCann's Guardian article. You might be interested in the response I made to McCann, and to the university Senate. I received a card from the university saying the matter was receiving attention. As I have not heard anything since I have recently written again. I did not receive a reply from McCann, although the Guardian features editor rang me to find out why I had written to the Senate. I explained why, adding that I was at a loss to understand why The Guardian should want to commemorate Dylan's fiftieth birthday with a very negative and factually incorrect article.

Secondly, I would like to comment on Mark Carter's article *In the Final Battle He Won the War*. Mark is, of course, quite entitled to hold the opinion that Dylan's shows at Hammersmith last year were atrocious at worst and substandard at best. Equally, readers are entitled to feel that you should resist publishing such second-hand opinions when there are plenty of first-hand accounts available. How Mark has the audacity to write critically and apparently seriously when he never went to a concert is beyond me and, I would guess, most Dylan fans. However good the quality of tapes he has heard (I assume he has listened to the tapes !) it is a poor substitute for being there.

Dylan presented his songs to us in yet another way, another style. And yes, there were songs that I would have preferred him to have performed in one of his previous styles, but I don't therefore conclude that his performance was poor. I attended the Saturday concerts and his performances were generally brilliant, giving some songs a breathtakingly refreshing treatment. At different ends of his spectrum, *One Too Many Mornings* was extremely moving, while *Wiggle, Wiggle* was given an invigorating delivery. I have spoken to many people who have been observing Dylan since the mid-sixties and who say that his Hammersmith performances were superlative. Different, yes. Of course, different - what do you expect from Dylan? When I saw him he was in full control of his voice he was singing exactly how he wanted to. He was trying. And he was obviously enjoying himself.

We have come to expect the sort of ill-considered, cheap comments made by Mark Carter from the popular music press or from the daily newspapers. Surely we need something different from serious Dylan critics. We need thoughtful comment and discussion based on reasonable foundations. If we can't find it in mags like 'Homer' then where can we find it? I am in favour of critical discussion of Dylan's style, content, attitudes, meanings even, general performance etc. In that context, Mark Carter would have been better addressing interesting features of the Hammersmith performances like, for instance, why Dylan played acoustic guitars throughout his Hammersmith residency. At least, that is the information I have from a reliable source who saw him every night.

On the remainder of '91, well, like Mark Carter, I can only judge from the tapes/videos I've heard/seen, but from these I conclude that the man is in top form. We will (most of us) look back on 1991 as one of Mark's 'golden periods'. You would be hard-pressed to find, especially with hindsight, a Dylan period which was not golden.

Firstly, I think, there is no point in my entering the debate to the relative worth of the concerts - I've had my say and that isn't one of the points at issue. At the same time, it may have some bearing on the matter that, as I said at the conclusion of the tour section in *Homer, the slut* 3, the Saturdays were the ones to attend, I think you were fortunate there.

The main bone of contention seems to be the fact that Mark made his comments without having been at the concerts while many others had been there. Well, I've let the others have their say over the year and, while agreeing tapes are a very poor substitute for attendance, they form the basis for many of our statements on Dylan. My favourite tours are ones I have never attended and I make this judgement on the strength of - mainly audio - tapes. I think video can help a great deal, indeed Mark had to be told Dylan enjoyed Hammersmith and remained unconvinced until he saw the videos, though the quality is rarely bearable.

I think Mark perhaps put his points rather indelicately and this may also have had an effect on your response, but I think they reflect a widely held view. In any case I think I should leave the matter now for Mark to answer - he'll be after me for that "indelicate" remark!

Jim Heppell

Thank you for Homer 5, it must be the best thing that happened to me since I got letter published in *Victor* (and I got a pair of roller skates for that!) and I do not mean because my name appeared in it - honestly.

I might have guessed about Alex the weatherman - I was watching when he said that the cloud would...(pause, flicker of a smile) ...*wiggle like a big, fat snake.*

I enjoyed the article about **MORE BOB DYLAN GREATEST HITS** which gives the lie to Michael Gray's comment (in *Song and Dance Man*) about "greatest hits" albums missing the unity of other albums. I have always disagreed with that comment since I first read it and have spent many happy hours putting together my own "best of" compilations, (which consist of re-arranging and supplementing rather than excluding!) . Of course what I do think we need is more compilations like *The Bootleg Series* - preferably with nothing left out! - Columbia please note: what about a "Singles" album? And *Masterpieces* and **MORE BOB DYLAN GREATEST HITS** minus the previously released album tracks and plus the missing cuts would have made a good CD!

I found the comment odd about *Memphis Blues Again* since that was a track which lived fondly in my memory since the time I kept playing it at a party off someone else's **MORE BOB DYLAN GREATEST HITS** album. I had been a Dylan fan since Charlie Cox lent me *Bob Dylan* and later Dave Roe *Blonde on Blonde*, without doing much more than listen to the official albums. I had been lucky enough to acquire a copy of *In 1966 There Was...* on a London street corner and even been generous enough to give away my I Want You single to the same guy whose **MORE BOB DYLAN GREATEST HITS** I had been playing (if you are reading this Graham can I have it back please?!).

What got me into Dylan in a big way - by this time I was able to start tracking down the necessities (thank you Andy D., Derek M.), in addition to just buying the albums - was probably a combination of *Live At Budokan* and Paul Cable, and the realisation that the lyrics to say *Mr Tambourine Man* were only the tip of an iceberg on which my soul had already run aground. (I was first encouraged on this path by Michael Gray's book, *The Art of Bob Dylan*, the later by *The Telegraph* and most lately by Homer, *the slut.*)

Another comment in the essay struck a chord - I had always thought that the lines from *Except You* about hymns in the churches were a little strange - coming from a Jewish boy in Minnesota. Then I read of Lawrence's reflections - can you tell me where this is to be found? "Strange" is not the right word - I have always wanted to react against the pedants' complaints at Dylan's so-called "tall tales": Dylan has even told us that he does not recognise himself as living entirely in the real world, the world of critics and other judges which limits and confines the rest of us - at least our imagination can be free!

(Shakespeare is still in the alley, Jeremiah is still being thrown into that pit, maybe that old sign is still up there on the hill!)

This brings me naturally enough to dreams and the recounting of them in Dylan songs (again in Homer # 5). Several of Dylan's narratives have that surreal dream-like quality and the connection between visions and dreams is well established. We follow behind with our shovels, trying to catch glimpses of the shadow. *Series of Dreams* is a culmination which I had taken as a comment by the author on his efforts, especially when I came across a quotation from Verlaine (now where have I heard that name?) translated as "music... with nothing heavy" ("rien qui pese") - that "folded umbrella", though, did have me puzzled!

Great photos, especially on the front of issue 5. I assume it is the Chile benefit? Do you know who the guys with him are?

I'm glad you liked Dave's piece, Jim, it certainly seemed to go down very well - well enough for me to (almost) forgive his remarks on *Stuck Inside A Mobile (With The Memphis Blues Again)*. As far as the Lawrence book goes I'm afraid all my Lawrence and literary reference books are in Scotland. The photographs are from the Chile Benefit and, those who saw Elvis Costello on tour will surely agree with me that he has invented time travel and gone back to play with Dylan.

Bob Forryan

Thanks for the last two issues of *Homer* - which I'm still reading. I do like Dave Wingrove's piece as you seemed to think I might. It did meet my very loosely defined criteria. Didn't know you were/are a s.f. buff. I'm not. But I do enjoy literature and it is obvious that it is an important part of your world also. I know James Kellman a little. I mean his work, not him. And you mention Russian literature somewhere, I believe. I was mad on Dostoyevsky at one time, especially *The Brothers Karamazov*. all these God-haunted madmen and saints and sinners. That was what appealed really, the weirdness of it all. Nowadays I'm more of a 20th Century reader. It's easier; I suppose I'm getting lazy-minded in my old age.

I was pleased you included a copy of Alan Franks's *He's An Artist, He Don't Look Back* - I had the cutting but it's nice to have it in a more permanent fashion.

I've just received a copy of *Seville* which confirms the wonderfulness of *Across The Borderline* and doesn't he look just great? Much better than he did at Hammersmith '91.

A couple of trivia questions:

A.) On the tape of *Houston 12-11-81*, the introduction is in French. Is this the correct venue do you know? If so, why is it in French? If it had been Montreal or New Orleans I could understand it, but Houston?

B.) Is it true that all Hammersmith '91 shows Dylan played ACOUSTIC GUITAR all through - even in the electric sets? I didn't notice, but a friend insists it is so? Any idea?

When I have doubts about the worth of running *Homer, the slut* - and they always hit hard around publication time, which it now is - I can always comfort myself that I encouraged you to return to Dostoyevsky - the other "big D". I was a s.f. "buff" many moons ago and still rate Philip K Dick as one of my favourite post war writers and I look forward to no-ones new book more than the next Tim Powers. (Except some chap that's got a book of drawings coming out in August!)

It is easier to answer the questions in your text than the two at the end: re *Seville* "Yes"! As to question "A" both Ian Woodward and Lambchops have helped but I still don't see why the introduction is in French. [Nor why my tape didn't have said introduction - just to make matters worse!]. And why really is the problem with "B" - see Mike Jackson's letter for affirmative answer to your question - but, WHY? No unkind answers, puhleeze!]

Congrats & Resubscriptions:

I got hundreds of letters from one or two people renewing their subscriptions and giving me a pat on my back. I wasn't quite on my knees but it was more than gratifying to get the news that you enjoyed the previous issues so much. You are, after all, the (nearly silent!) majority of Homer readers. For those interested in this those who write in response to an issue but specify "not for publication" outnumber those you see by only about 2.5 to 1. The notes with the subscription renewals have been the first widespread indications I've had of how you feel. The following three are printed because the points in them recurred time and again:

Stephen Doe

I enclose a cheque for renewal of my subscription to *Homer, the slut*. Many thanks for some excellent articles in the previous issues. Keep up the good work.

Keith Mitchell

It must be time to renew my subscription and to say thanks a lot for the issues so far. Both style and content have been really enjoyable (same goes for the Warmlines)....

Dave Harding

I thoroughly enjoyed reading Issues 3-5 and I am delighted to enclose a cheque....The reproduction of all the articles that appear in newspapers, magazines, etc. is essential and I certainly do not have the time or money available to track down all the publications. I look forward to receiving Issue Six. Keep up the good work.

Thomas Schreck (Should have been printed in the last issue)

Thirty years after Dylan's first recording session is an appropriate date to write to you. Some time ago I received Issue Four of *Homer, the slut!* I enjoyed reading it very much: the *Focus On* - on one of my favourite songs, *Don't Think Twice, It's All Right* - was very good. The close look at *The Box Set* was interesting and informative, it's good that you have included the press reaction.

Some of the wishes for Dylan's fiftieth birthday were a bit strange, but nonetheless amusing.

I hope you can go on with your good work.

Thank you Thomas, and apologies for overlooking this last time around.



Some people might say my life is in a rut

So sang Paul Weller at the head of the Jam's monster U.K. hit **Going Underground**. The fact is that their music underwent continual evolution and Weller never was in a rut until he talked himself into that belief after years of success. Rather it is the characters in his songs who often feel that way. He wrote songs about ordinary people, about their hopes, fears, passions, fantasies, dreams, anger and despair. Through his characters he revealed and illuminated his own nightmare vision of a country gone to seed. His most potent images are those of bleak social decay in the arid landscapes of dingy housing estates (**A Town Called Malice**), casual and savage violence (**Down In The Tube Station At Midnight**), class warfare (**Eton Rifles**) and the ugly selfishness and ultimate futility of the pursuit of wealth in the yuppie age (**Money-Go-Round** -not a Jam song). Through it all Weller does not mince his words - they are biting, accusative and caustic. Yet alongside the vitriol he was capable of writing tender love songs, songs of hope and optimism. And there you have it - the Jam were a band of striking contradictions.

The Jam were Paul Weller (guitar, vocals), Bruce Foxton (bass, vocals) and Rick Buckler (drums). None of them were virtuoso musicians and Weller was not the greatest vocalist but as a band they had that indefinable quality of greatness. From the start when they burst into prominence on the first wave of punk in 1977, they were different. Here was a punk band that wore suits and ties. Whose manager was Weller's father, their constant companion on the road. Whose initial declared political support was for the Conservative party yet ended up as committed socialists. A band who sported a Union Jack as a stage backdrop. Yes they were different! They had style and success but it never diluted their sound or their initial appeal.

The reckless energy and speed thrash of the early recordings was heady stuff but even on the first album there was the beautifully-crafted, painfully introspective song **Away From The Numbers**. Here indeed was a songwriter of note. As the band matured so Weller's writing became more measured and complex. He freely raided a number of styles drawing inspiration from The Who, The Kinks, The Beatles, early psychedelia and soul music. Throughout it all they could do no wrong. Few bands are able to maintain (not to say enhance) their social and political credibility through a career festooned with sustained pop success but this is precisely what they achieved.

That success was massive - they released 19 singles and all of them were hits, including four which went straight to Number One. The final, somewhat predictable contradiction of their career came when Weller broke up the band at the very zenith of this success. His urge to keep moving on had caused him to outgrow the band. There was no acrimony - they recorded a final Number One single (**Beat Surrender**) and quit. There are many out there who still rue the day!

Arguably their most celebrated album is **All Mod Cons** though I prefer **Sound Affects**. This was the "difficult" third album. The initial rush had been and gone. The band were firmly established as a live outfit and had had a few hits. A repetition of the formula of the first two albums would probably have seen the band labelled as a punk band stuck in a time-warp. However, with this album Weller fashioned a coherent, personal style evoking and extending the mod sound of the 1960's. The spirit of Ray Davies permeates this album which also introduces the band's first adventures into psychedelic sound-weaving. Whatever may be the influences at work, the writing is remarkably original.

This is not a concept album but in many respects the songs are concerned with the search for identity in an uncertain world, the struggle for being and the nebulous concept of self. By the end of the record this struggle remains unresolved - there are no answers here. Each must find oneself in their own way. What you want is not necessarily what you need and what you need is not necessarily what you want. Even the album's title is ambiguous!!

ALL MOD CONS - the details.

All Mod Cons

Short, sharp and still punkish. This is a high octane performance featuring massive guitar feedback and concerns fickle friends who want to know you when you're famous to bathe in reflected glory. The song could well be about their record company, Polydor.

To Be Someone

Another song about fame and its hollowness. What happens when fame disappears? Who do you become when your "friends" melt away? A lovely little song, each verse having a driving backbeat which dissolves into a gentle two-line ending.

Mr. Clean

Ray Davies territory. A rail against the archetypal yuppie who marches to the beat of the City drum. Mr. Clean is a faceless robot whose identity is submerged and subservient to his projected image. A very acidic song which runs along on a great shuffling guitar riff - one which invests the song with much lyricism.

David Watts

Now this really is Ray Davies - he wrote this one. Watts is the schoolboy we all hate yet secretly admire. He is academically gifted, a top-class sportsman, head boy, an all-round egg good and to top it all he always gets the girls. The narrator's wish is to be just like David Watts. Though the song is played with great energy, and was a hit, it somehow does not feel right. Weller could certainly have written his own song on this theme.

English Rose

This song was not even listed on the original album cover probably because it appears to be a solo Weller performance. It is a plaintive love song, accompanied by acoustic guitar and has a haunting melody. It is completely different to anything before or after it on this album but that beautiful melody ensures that it is much more than just a curio.

In The Crowd

All about drifting along with what life brings, belonging to the pack but never truly being within the crowd. Trapped by a system into being like everyone else. Comes complete with Pete Townshend power chords and check out the backwards guitar solo during the fade.

*Sometimes I think that it's a plot
An equilibrium melting pot
The government sponsors underhand
When I'm in the crowd*

Billy Hunt

Billy Liar by another name. Billy fantasizes about shoving off the daily grind and his inadequacies by assuming terrific powers. Inevitably Billy realises that he is living a fantasy but at least he manages to escape the boredom of life as an also-ran. The song is sung in Weller's best broad cockney twang but is undistinguished musically. Thus it was just as well that this was withdrawn as a single at the last minute in favour of "Tube Station".

It's Too Bad

A love affair has ended by choice of the woman leaving the man sad and bitter, incapable of forgetting her yet uninclined to talk it over. The singer deludes himself into thinking that he is unaffected by it all and the delicate wispy feel of the music does little to dispel the delusion. If he really feels this way then he musn't have truly loved her in the first place.

You move in circles that are out of my reach now

Fly

On the surface another love song to a demi-goddess but a song which more explicitly explores the central theme of identity. In this case the singer's identity is only realized through the presence of his woman and is therefore no identity at all. Yet another melodic flight into what is known as the half-remarkable question:

*The times I struggle to understand why
The ancient proverbs like 'Who am I?'
Why am I here and what have I done?
I see the answer's put my trust in you.*

The Place I Love

Somewhere to escape to, a refuge from the awful pressure of having to be in the world and play a part. The singer escapes life with the knowledge that this place is always in the back of his mind and no one else is allowed to go there. Is it real or a fantasy? Billy Hunt would probably know.

'A' Bomb In Wardour Street

All gentleness and introspection is cast aside for the album's two closing tracks. This one opens in no uncertain terms:

*Where the streets are paved with blood
with cataclysmic overtones
Fear and hate linger in the air
A strictly no-go deadly zone.*

Through clenched teeth Weller spits out the words playing a staccato guitar figure behind himself. Very powerful and full of menace the song's violence perfectly encapsulates the message of the song. Society is on the edge, violence rules "in the shape of a size 10 boot" and there is no-one to stop it. The song offers no hope, no optimism, no future. The song's final line sums up the message:

It's Dr. Marten's Apocalypse

Nevertheless this is a great song which defies you not to move to its martial beat.

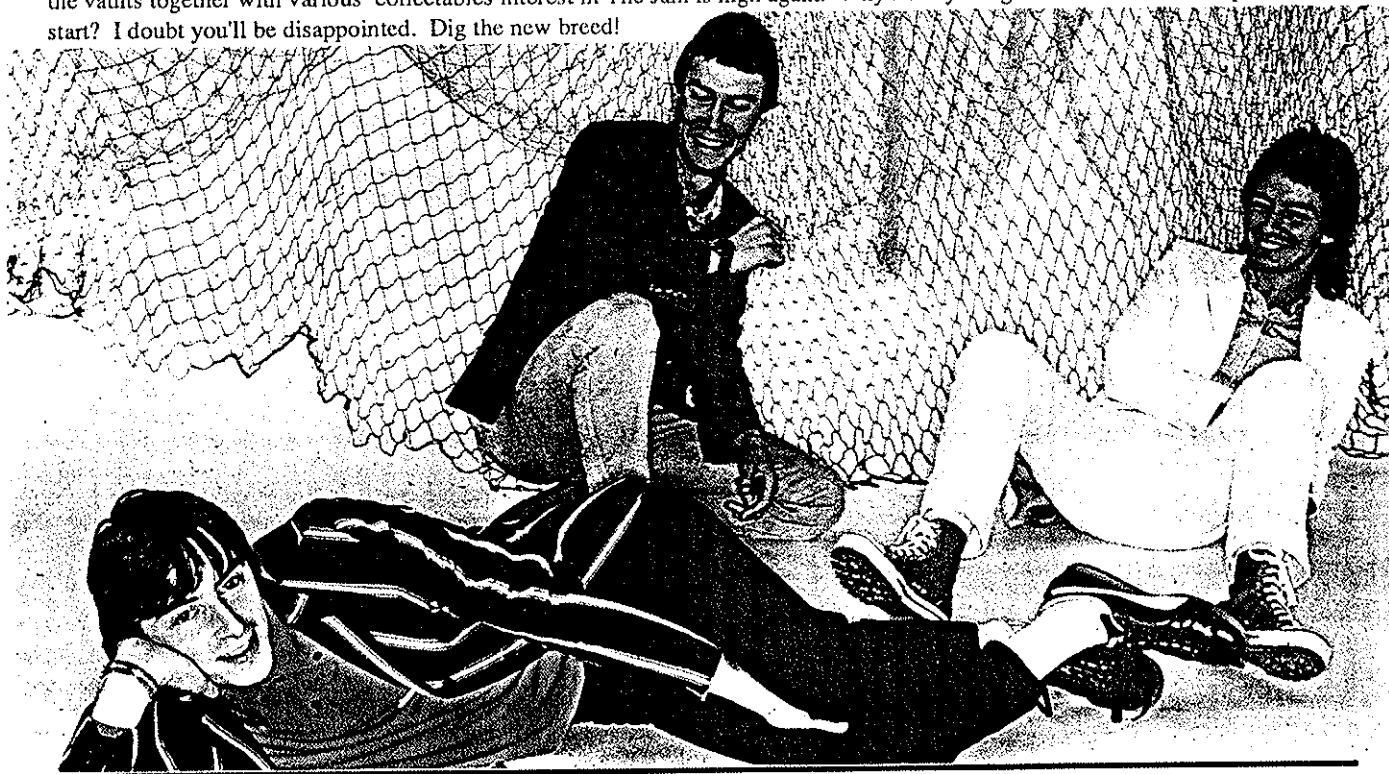
Down In The Tube Station At Midnight

This is the song which really got the group going commercially. The story is simple enough - man coming back from a night out, take-away curry for himself and his wife, last tube home. Except that tonight it's his turn to be beaten up by the drunken bully boys:

*I first felt a fist and then a kick
I could now smell their breath
They smelt of pubs and Wormwood Scrubs
And too many right-wing meetings*

Unlike the previous song the music is quite spare. The verses are underpinned by an almost solo bass pattern which propels the words along. During the choruses Weller plays a perfectly formed rising and falling, one-note-at-a-time guitar lick which adds an unusual resonance to the song. This is the best song on the album and one of Weller's best ever. I recall it being reviewed on 'Round Table' (Radio 1, London) and Tony Blackburn making an inane comment that the group should sing about nice things like trees and flowers rather than violence! The point is that Weller needed to say these things and others needed to listen.

Weller continued to explore similar themes throughout his time in The Jam and beyond into The Style Council. Musically the Jam albums became even better and there was a precious batch of singles of the highest order. **All Mod Cons** was the album which screamed at us and said "This is The Jam - we are worth listening to - so listen!" With the release (in April 1992) of material from the vaults together with various collectables interest in The Jam is high again. Why not try the greatest hits album **Snap** for a start? I doubt you'll be disappointed. Dig the new breed!



Homer, the slut



Many repro-copies of Dylan-related paintings and drawings by Ray Keats.

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In the *Song Talk* interview there are various references to 'Poet' as opposed to 'Songwriter'. Van Morrison, we are told, cited Dylan as 'our greatest living poet'. Dylan himself said: "It's within me to put myself up as a poet. But it's dedication. (Softly) It's a big dedication." That ("Softly") interests me! In any case, what Dylan seems to be saying is: either he could be a poet but doesn't want to be (though not, I suspect, for the caricatured picture of the poet that follows), or that some of his work is poetry but the bulk of his work is songs.

The brief comments on "free verse", "Byron line", the discussion of "rhythm" and "rhyme", and the mention of "metrics" in the interview are, obviously, associated with this question. It seems to me that the question is not whether Dylan is a poet or a songwriter - he could well be both: as in many other instances. The (more difficult) question is whether a poem set to music becomes a song, and the words of a song printed without the music become a poem. Or: is this always the case, or sometimes the case?

All this assumes, of course, that there is a difference between a poem and a song, as the interview clearly claims. My interest in this aspect of the interview rose from/coincided with my reading (not hearing) a text of **Every Grain of Sand**. If this is a poem (whether set to music or not) then its author is a poet (whether he is also a song writer or not).

I read and considered this text from the point of view of a practising poet, and one whose professional concerns are in literature. I believe that a work of art stands on its own, ie. biographical and comparative material is not required, notwithstanding the fact that I recognize such factors can add to pleasure or interest in a work. But one should ideally read a literary text without knowing the author (hence without any preconceptions of its worth). And the most important thing for me about this text was that I reacted as I react to reading a poem. I felt, on first reading, that I had read a poem - and a good poem at that.

So what makes it a (good) poem? That question turned me back to the text, as with any literary work, to examine its parts and its whole. Not all people agree with 'technical' dissection of texts, but I believe that an evaluation and appreciation of the components and their integration to produce a coherent whole yields further insights - and further pleasure.

Clearly, in terms of structure, the text presents itself as a poem. It has six stanzas of four lines, rhyming aabb, and the rhymes are full rhymes except the final *man/land*. That this imperfect rhyme is the final rhyme of the poem is interesting. I am not suggesting that the poet intentionally looked for an imperfect rhyme, but when it arose from the development of the poem it probably seemed to have an extra shade of appropriateness. In any case, the imperfection is slight, depending very much on the force of articulation given to the *d* of *land*, and certainly not enough to disturb the overall (poetic) music of the piece. Not only did it present itself as a poem, but as a very traditional poem.

The metre of the poem presented difficulties, though. When I first read it I had a clear impression of poetic music, but the metre was difficult to identify. I thought at first that it was relatively 'free' verse in that it had lines of varying length. A second consideration made me less sure. I think, in fact, it is basically a five beat line with variations, but variations played against this norm.

Stanza four seemed to me to crystallize the problem, and to most clearly demonstrate the norm against which variations were played. I read it as a regular stanza of four lines with five beats each. What is interesting, as throughout the poem, is the number of unstressed syllables between the beats. For example, if my reading of stanza four is right the sequence of *I pass that* in the second line is three unstressed syllables. I think it is the number and distribution of unstressed syllables that control the pace and music of the poem. Stanza four:

/ / / / /

I gaze into the doorway of temptation's angry flame

/ / / / /

And every time I pass that way I always hear my name.

/ / / / /

Then onward in my journey I come to understand

/ / / / /

That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand.

I also find the second "in" in the fourth line of the first stanza relevant. The line that would suggest itself to me here would be *Toiling in the danger and the morals of despair*, which has four beats. The reason for the

repeated *in* is to allow a fifth beat. The problem is familiar to anyone who attempts to write regular verse, and this is the kind of solution that would suggest itself in this particular case.

Thus:

/ / / / /
Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.

The poem does work metrically, whatever minor difficulties there are, and the pace of the five beat line and the distribution of unaccented syllables contribute greatly to its overall mood.

The overall meaning/theme of the poem seems clear: that in the midst of all our doubts/difficulties/despairs there is the consolation that "the Master" is cognisant of *every sparrow falling/every grain of sand*. This theme is most explicit, of course, in stanzas two, four and six. The theme is not new, but what theme is? It is the particular expression of a theme that makes a literary work 'effective/successful'.

And the expression, the language, images and music of this poem impress me. There are many minor delights, and a few problems (as I would expect in any worthwhile work). I find *my confession* in the first line intriguing. Does it mean 'confession to self', i.e. not to another (a priest?): or does it mean that the poem itself is the confession? A minor difficulty I have not resolved (for myself) is the word *dyin'*. Why is the voice dying? The rest of the poem, particularly *the fury* in stanza two: would seem to suggest that the voice is affirmative - and strong.

There are a few other points that intrigue (not necessarily puzzle). Does *temptation* indicate any particular temptation, or is it the generalization/abstraction I take it to be. In stanza five the *violence of summer dreams* disturbs me a bit: the association of *violence* with *summer dreams* does not come readily. The first two lines of the final stanza are not immediately clear. Does *ancient footsteps* mean Christ? And, if so, does *Sometimes there's someone there, other times it's only me* mean that the comforting confidence is sometimes there, sometimes not so?

Yes, it makes a good poem, because its words and images, its allusions and abstractions blend with its (poetic) music to produce an organic whole that expresses the general theme with penetration and vision.

So it makes a poem, and poems are written by poets.

Editor's footnote.

This rather remarkable display of lack of filial duty - just how my father managed to miss **Every Grain of Sand** remains a mystery - has unjustly reaped reward. After years of calling Dylan a "poet" only in the sense of a "seer", a guide to the non-material realm, a harbinger of news from the human soul - in the same way that I would call Dostoyevsky a "poet" - I'm faced with re- thinking my definitions. Of course, part of my reluctance in describing Dylan as a "poet" - and many others share this - is that to do so leaves one open to cheap criticism from those quoting lines that only work in song and judging them by criterion designed specifically for the written word. (Being sluttish with Homer!) It is perhaps worth reflecting on how much of Dylan's work can stand as poetry and this chance reading of the **Song Talk** interview allowed my dad to turn his poetically trained mind to the words before hearing them (which he was, of course, pleased to do that very day after laying out the above thoughts.)

A couple of other coincidences also leave me pondering my definitions; from my dad's question and corollary: *whether a poem set to music becomes a song, and the words of a song printed without the music become a poem. Or: is this always the case, or sometimes the case?* I followed on from musing on Dylan to thinking how many of us treat the songs of Burns and Shakespeare as poems; and in the latter's case, often with total disregard for the dramatic structure of the plays they were created for. A couple of days ago I was stuck on an interminable bus journey in London reading Humbert Wolfe's **Signpost to Poetry** and found myself nodding in agreement to his remarks on Scottish ballads, which in turn of course made me ponder again the relationship between words and music, poetry and song. I thought of using ballad to help describe how I felt about poem as song or song as poem. Although it may be claimed that ballads are generically "a special case", they seem pertinent here, especially given their important role in Dylan's *oeuvre*. The next thing I read¹, included the following passage which I find it fascinating and wholly pertinent for the way the author - only thinly veiled as a character in the novel - moves from talk of "poetry" and "study" to "singing" and "silence" without any worry. Perhaps, then, I am concerning myself with nothing and definitions are unimportant. Perhaps the words of a song printed without the music always become a poem after all; (my underlining)

¹

Dylan related passages from James Michener's *The Drifters* kindly sent in by Jim Heppell.

From the first moment that Gretchen strummed her guitar with a set of ominous chords, I was captivated by the story of Mary Hamilton, a country girl who came to Edinburgh to serve as one of four girls named Mary who were maids to Mary, Queen of Scots. Unfortunately, Queen Mary's husband fell in love with this one and got her pregnant. The tragedy begins with one of the greatest single stanzas of English popular poetry:

Word is to the kitchen gane,
and word is to the ha,
And word is to Madame the Queen,
And that is warst of a',
That Mary Hamilton has born a bairn,
To the hichest Stewart of a'.

When I studied this admirable ballad later, I concluded that the progression of those first three lines, the way in which rumor is depicted flying about the palace - gone, to, up - was folk poetry at its best. The entire misery of the ballad is foretold in those breathless lines, and when I heard Gretchen Cole sing them the first time, she imparted a wonderful sense of history to them. Mary Hamilton was a real girl, involved in a total scandal; here was a beginning that could end only upon the scaffold, and such compelling situations are the stuff of poetry.

When Gretchen came to the last verse, as great in its sad way as the first, she sang in a low, heartbreaking manner she had learned from grandmother, who had got it from the professor; I have never heard a conclusion to a popular song that I have found as totally satisfying as this, perhaps because when I hear I recall the silence that always filled the room when Gretchen Cole finished singing it:

Yestre'en the queen had four Maries,
This night she'll hae but three;
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,
And Mary Carmichael, and me.

The first two lines are essence of tragedy, sparely portrayed; the last two, with their beautiful sequence of real names, bring the tragedy down to earth and remind us that it was a real girl that was hanged.

I've always thought of that closing verse as one of the greatest stanzas of poetry I've ever read. (I find this particularly strange as it would've been one of the first songs I'd ever have heard) I mentioned to my father that I always thought of it as a poem he replied that he'd always thought of it as song first and poem second! I'll leave you with the thought that Dylan's songs are "such compelling situations [that] are the stuff of poetry".



Homer, the slut



..... So I'm just goin' over to John Jackson's place - he's renting a place up the road a ways - 'cos he said he was busy rehearsing for the next tour..... Well, as long as one of us knows the songs.....



... Hey, John, what're you doin' watchin' the 'Batman' video? You're supposed to be rehearsing!



WAIT'LL THEY GET A LOAD OF ME!

I AM REHEARSING! I'VE BEEN PRACTICING JACK NICHOLSON'S CRAZED GRIN AS THE JOKER, AND I JUST ABOUT GOT IT RIGHT!!



GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER? (A Gourmet's Guide to Under the Red Sky)

*I, who bored through the wall of the
reddening sky which bears a sweatmeat
good poets find delicious.*

Arthur Rimbaud
The Drunken Boat

*A naked lunch
is natural to us:
We eat reality sandwiches.
But allegories are
so much lettuce.
Don't hide the madness.*

Allen Ginsberg
San Jose. 1954

"Hindsight" said the much acclaimed film director and cynic Billy Wilder, "is always 20/20". Looking at Dylan's albums with hindsight however may still not give you a clearer view as to exactly what they are about because, let's face it, they are not usually about anything specifically. Well, I suppose you could always say that they are about once every eighteen months and are about thirty to forty minutes in length, but that's not really the point.

On first hearing a new Dylan album, you usually get kicked in the head with an untied, unpolished boot. Using a little care, you can always tie the laces, clean off the excess and make the shoe fit you perfectly but, thank goodness, we all have different tastes in shoes and whilst you may like brogues or stilettoes, I go for those spurred motorcycle boots, the kind worn by Mickey Rourke in the film *Rumblefish*. So we each make the shoe fit according to the particular degree of comfort that we seek or become happy with but, having said this, I know a number of people who think that all Dylan's albums are a load of old cobbler's! Dylan's songs however can be shoes made for anyone who dares to try them on yet, at the same time that some of us may walk miles in them, he probably still goes barefoot.

Perhaps the dust of the Mojave Desert has settled upon Dylan's own snake skin boots for long enough

to enable the Artist's first album of the 90's - *under the red sky* - to be viewed with the benefit of hindsight.

Firstly it has to be said that, with the emergence of a tape of *Oh Mercy* out-takes, two songs that were included on *under the red sky*: namely **Born in Time** and **God Knows** really belong to the creatively fertile period at the end of the 80's rather than the early 90's when the remainder of the songs included on the album were written. There were of course certain major events that occurred on the international stage that made the time between early 1989 and early 1990 one of the most important periods in world history: the Cold War ended and thus the conciliatory climate between the East and the West no longer seemed like a freeze out; people power turned the lock in the Brandenburg Gate and that desolation row of bricks once called the Berlin Wall no longer separated families living on either side of it's oppressive shadow; and the governments of Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Rumania were overthrown as the people of Eastern Europe had the chimes of freedom ringing in their ears by the same bells that sounded a death knell for old style communism.

The world was accordingly a completely different place when Dylan put his call through in early 1990 for some inspiration to enable him to write a bunch of songs for a new album. Leaving aside the *Oh Mercy* songs and *T.V. Talking Song* as this

song seems to have a theme of it's own, the remaining seven songs which appear to be interwoven with a similar thread have a total playing time of approximately 25 minutes. It was obviously a very quick call, perhaps Dylan wanted to reverse the charges and got promptly disconnected! On the other hand, Dylan may have been kept hanging on the transcendental telephone line for hours and perhaps the true result of that call is yet to be revealed. Only time will tell.

Like many of it's worthy predecessors, *under the red sky* found a fair number of Dylan fans kicking towards opposing goal mouths of acceptance and opinion. A leading striker for the team opposing the album was Patrick Humphries. In a rather hurried postscript to his text for the unfortunately named *Oh No! Not Another Bob Dylan Book*, Humphries' declared "He blew it. Forget perfection, 1990's *under the red sky* didn't even get past first base". By the time he came to review the album for the pilot issue of *Vox* magazine in September 1990, Humphries had had more time to consider the work but still concluded that the songs on the album were "half formed ideas that should have been left to die at the side of the road".

Professor Stephen Scobie was not only ready to defend the album but his views kicked the ball of opinion so high you wondered whether it would ever come down. In *Under the Re(a)d Sky*, an eighteen page booklet devoted entirely to the album, Scobie advised: "If you approach *under the red sky* on it's own terms.....then I think you may find that it is a very strange, mysterious and wonderful work of art".

Derek Barker also found favour with the album and I think that he seconded the emotion of a number of Dylan true believers when he wrote in his editorial to *ISIS 33*: "I have now discovered to my great delight (that) "Red Sky" is a "sleeper" that brings immeasurable pleasure to those prepared to persevere, and only devotees of Dylan's work will invest that sort of time in the hope of unearthing these gems".

Professional journalists of course never stay in one pair of shoes long enough to see them fit comfortably so the album suffered a mixed reception in the international press. The contributors to the non-professional Dylan fanzines however, who would I suppose fit into

Derek Barker's category of "devotees of Dylan's work" covered many pages with illuminating words that would brighten any red sky. For those interested in re-treading the ground of discussion and debate, the following were the major articles published in Dylan fanzines.

Fanzine	Author	Title & (Pages)
ISIS 33	John Welburn	Don't Follow Leaders (3)
ISIS 34	Carl Ewens	Exploring The Myths (2)
ISIS 34	Derek Barker	There's Always Someone Who Understands (5)
ISIS 38	Ray Moye	Little Jack Horner Got Nothin' On Me (2)
The Telegraph 37	Paul Williams	Those Talkin' Crazy, Spilling My Buttermilk, Not One More Kiss Blues (10)
Homer, the slut 2	Andrew Muir	Beyond Reality To Fable: Nonsense verse and under the red sky (9)
Homer, the slut 2	Alex Hill	Red Eyed Under A Red Sky (4)
Homer, the slut 2	Andrew Muir	Bits & Bobs: under the red sky (2)
Homer, the slut 4	JRS	Handy Dandy: A Game Anyone Can Play (4)
Look Back 26	Ron Marcellin	Bob Dylan 1990 - The Final Tour (4)

In the last of these articles Ron Marcellin writes: "I can't prove it, but I'm convinced that *under the red sky* was strongly influenced by Dylan's reading of **Matthew** and the **Book of Jonah**. In furthering his view, Ron reminds the reader about the *Old Testament* story of Jonah who "is swallowed up by a large fish in whose belly he remains for three days and three nights. Then he is spit up on the shore and his life is saved".

It is not so much the story of Jonah, but what keeps tapping me on the shoulder and foxtrotting with my attention every time I listen to those seven tracks from the album these days, are the various references to eating and food and drink.

For example, how about this for a menu:

- Soup (1)*
- Fish (3)*
- Wine (5)*
- A pie (2)*
- Tea (4)*
- Honey (3)*
- A pail of milk (1)*
- Buttermilk (4)*
- Sugar and candy (6)*
- Brandy (6)*

It's funny, but when you start to feel comfortable in a pair of shoes, you want to wear them all the time. So having thus danced around with these various references to food, listening to the album becomes a whole new ball game. The beginning of the first track accordingly sounds like a dinner gong being struck to call everyone to the feast and the initial raucous guitars sound like giant knives being sharpened for the carvery. Throughout these seven tracks, the dinner gong drum beat sounds as though it is being pounded away in the background to take me from course to course, from waltz to quickstep.

Because of the references to the "big fat snake", some commentators have considered that the backdrop for the opening song *Wiggle Wiggle* is the Garden of Eden. The lines *all dressed in green* and *swarm of bees* certainly bring a garden to mind and let's digress for a moment to enter that vision of paradise. *Imagine there's no countries, it isn't hard to do; nothing to kill or die for and no religion too. Imagine no possessions, I wonder if you can, no need for greed or hunger - a brotherhood of man.*

Imagine all the people living life in peace and then what happens? The temptation to eat. The serpent *wiggle wiggles* into the garden and promises *all the silver, all the gold, all the sweethearts that you can hold are just hanging on a tree* (3). *Genesis* verse 3 (6) takes up the story:

When the woman saw that the fruit of the tree was good for food and pleasing to the eye, and also desirable for gaining wisdom, she took some and ate it. She also gave some to her

husband, who was with her, and he ate it. Then the eyes of both of them were opened, and they realized that they were naked; so they sewed fig leaves together and made coverings for themselves.

So that simple act of eating an apple opened the lady's eyes to a new world which wasn't quite so green. In other words, as the lady bit the apple, so humanity bit the dust. For the first taste of that original skin was enough to send the disobedient pair to the pulping machine and lead us all into an orchard that displays only bare branches of haunted frightened trees. And all because the lady ate an apple. Can you believe that?

Returning to the dance floor of imagination however, the connotations relating to food, eating and drinking contained in these seven tracks from *under the red sky* continue:

- Drive you to drink (3)*
- The table is oh so full (7)*
- He gets up from the table (6)*
- Eat off his head (4)*
- Thank you for my tea (4)*
- Feed that swine (2)*
- Pour another brandy (6)*
- They drank the wine (5)*
- The barn is full of the bull (i.e. beef) (7)*
- Baked in a pie (2)*
- He finishes his drink (6)*

There are even references to what happens if you over-eat: you "vomit fire" (1) (doesn't it always feel like fire at the back of the throat when you vomit); and if you don't eat at all: "Looking so lean and frail" (4).

A couple of lines I initially had difficulty with were *let me eat off his head so you can really see* (4) and *one day the little boy and the little girl were both baked in a pie* (2). The sentiments of baking and eating human flesh smacked somewhat distastefully of cannibalism to me but then, wearing my new shoes, I walked into a T.V. lounge sometime last year and was confronted with a picture of Joseph Campbell. The T.V. programme concerned a BBC2 production series entitled

Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth and centred on conversations with Joseph Campbell who had researched the history of myths and legends and written many books on the subjects (the Editors of the newly published *Bob Dylan – American Poet and Singer* recommend two books by Campbell, namely *Hero with a Thousand Faces* and *The Inner Reaches of Outer Space: Myth as Metaphor and as Religion* for anyone wishing to further their study of Dylan as a serious American poet.)

This particular T.V. programme covered the ritual of sacrifice and Campbell told the story of a little girl and a little boy who had both been baked in a pie. As I caught the programme on video, I am able to recount Campbell's story verbatim:

This is the story of a ritual. It is in New Guinea and it is associated with the Mens Societies in New Guinea and they are horror societies because they really enact the myth of death and resurrection and cannibalistic consumption. You have the myth there of the buried body and the life coming out of it – this is the basic myth and this is how they enact it. They have a sacred field with drums going and chants going on and then pauses; this went on for three or four or five days on and on and on. Rituals are boring, they just wear you out and then you break through into something else. Then comes the great moment. The young boys who are being initiated into manhood were now to have their first sexual experience. There was a great shed of enormous logs supported by two uprights. The young woman comes in all ornamented as a Deity and she is brought to lie down in this place beneath the great roof. The boys then, with the drums going and the chanting going on, one after another – there were about six boys – have their first permitted or public intercourse with the girl and when the last boy is with her in full embrace, the supports are withdrawn, the logs drop and the couple are killed. There is the union of male and female again as they were in the beginning before the separation took place. There is the union of begetting and death again and they are both the same thing. The little pair are pulled out and roasted and eaten right that evening. Thus enacting the myth in it's essential character.

The "little" girl in the story thus represented a Deity and the "little" boy being a virgin: purity. They were sacrificed in their embrace and as they were subsequently "baked" their holiness and purity became food for the rest of the tribe who partook of the pie and having thus eaten, they themselves had within them a slice of holiness and purity – the little girl and the little boy were a blood sacrifice for their hungry beneficiaries.

Listening to Joseph Campbell, I felt that fortune's cane had helped me to stumble towards the realization of another theme to these seven songs from *under the red sky* – the theme of sacrifice. And, of course, the twin themes of food and sacrifice go together like sausage and mash, peaches and cream and champagne and caviare.

A reference to sacrifice in its simplest form is contained in the lines: *Just like bait in a fish's mouth* (3).

No-one really gives a toss for the little maggot as it wiggle, wiggles on the end of a line. If it saves the big one from getting away, then the fisherman will no doubt consider that the sacrifice of this living organism is worthwhile. There are in these songs however references to more subtle forms of sacrifice, i.e. sacrifice for a cause and sacrifice for an ideal. The lines:

*10,000 men on a hill,
10,000 men on hill
some of 'm goin' down,
some of 'em gonna get killed* (4)

surely conjure images of an army of soldiers on the march, especially as they are all uniformly dressed in *oxford blue* and are subsequently said to be *on the move*. One of the greatest sacrifices in recent history came during a battle in the First World War. On the 3rd July 1917 twenty six divisions of the British Army were ordered into battle near the River Somme in Picardy, France. The cause was to seize just 4,000 yards of enemy territory. The enemies response, however, was devastatingly miscalculated and the manoeuvre resulted in a sacrifice of 6 x 10,000 men. In his poem *Recruiting* the First World War poet E.A. Mackintosh (who himself was wounded during the Somme Battle and subsequently died at the Front in 1917) wrote the following lines denouncing the false glamour of joining up to fight:

*Lads, you're wanted! over there,
shiver in the morning dew,
more poor devils like yourselves
waiting to be killed by you.*

*You shall learn what men can do
if you will but pay the price,
learn the gaiety and strength
in the gallant sacrifice.*

*Take your risk of life and death
underneath the open sky.
Live clean or go out quick -
lads, you're wanted. Come and die.*

Those lines more *poor devils like yourselves / waiting to be killed by you* are echoed in another Dylan song concerning the false glamour of war. When the body that was once recognizable as John Brown returned home from battle he faced his mother with the confession:

*But the thing that scared me most
was when my enemy came close
and I saw that his face looked just like mine.*

But John Brown was just a sacrificial pawn in the game of war, just like each of those 10,000 men who Dylan is resigned to accepting are *gonna get killed*.

Whilst sacrifice for a cause may be relatively easy to understand, sacrifice for an ideal is a little more difficult and perhaps martyrdom would be closer to the correct expression. A modern day example of sacrifice for an ideal occurred in the jungles of Guyana in November 1978 when over 900 members of The People's Temple and followers of the Reverend Jim Jones committed a mass suicide by drinking a mixture of Kool-Aid spiked with cyanide. A note, signed by Jones, explained the deaths as "an act of revolutionary suicide". This story and the general concept of sacrifice for an ideal can clear the path to a new meaning for the following lines:

*One by one, they followed the sun,
One by one, until there were none.
Two by two, to their lovers they flew,
Two by two, into the foggy dew.*

*How many paths did they try and fail?
How many of their brothers and sisters lingered
in jail?*

*How much poison did they inhale?
How many black cats crossed their trail?*

*Seven by seven, they headed for heaven,
Eight by eight, they got to the gate,
Nine by nine, they drank the wine,
Ten by ten, they drank it again.*

*How many tomorrows have they given away?
How many compared to yesterday?
How many more without any reward?
How many more can they afford? (4)*

Clearly, I am not suggesting here that the song **10,000 Men** is about the Battle of the Somme or that the song **2 x 2** is about the Jim Jones incident, but what I am doing is running in the marathon of my view that these songs contain references to my secondary theme of sacrifice. Are you still running alongside me?

Stepping lightly on then to the final two songs from the album: **Handy Dandy** and **Cat's in the Well**. The endings to these songs create similar images and this is where my twin themes become laced together. The final verse of the former song focuses on Handy Dandy as:

*He finishes his drink,
he gets up from the table, he says
"OK boys. I'll see you tomorrow".*

Those who have read my previous article, in **Homer, the slut 4**, where I endeavoured to identify the character of Handy Dandy, will recall that I fingered him as being the same character as the man of peace mentioned in the *Infidels* song of the same name, i.e. Satan. Remaining consistent with this view, and following the theme of food, eating and drinking, Dylan also sings in **Man of Peace**:

*I can smell something cooking
I can tell there's going to be a feast.*

Handy Dandy seems to be ready for business as he downs his drink and leaves his dinner companions at the table to finish their meal.

Switching attention to the song **Cat's in the Well**, the final scenes are also set at the dinner table and it seems there is much to do before Handy Dandy's "tomorrow" comes:

*The night is so long
and the table is oh!, so full.*

In John Welburn's thought provoking article on *under the red sky* published in *Isis* 33, he sees the servant who is *at the door* in the final lines of *Cat's in the Well* as being "God's servant". I completely agree with this view but I see the servant as going out of the door rather than waiting to come in. What he leaves behind is a supper table headed by a Jewish rabbi who is celebrating with eleven remaining friends the ritual of the passover. In this sense, God's servant is Judas Iscariot who goes to do what he must; he takes the blood money before he himself becomes a martyr in the war between good and evil.

In the meantime back at the supper table, so the story goes, the Jewish rabbi offers his followers bread and wine before he primes them to become dogs of war with commands as to how victory should be won. And what then became the first steps towards victory in that battle? A human sacrifice. And how is that sacrifice celebrated in rituals performed all over the world each and every day some 2,000 years after the event?: By eating and drinking.

It is perhaps somewhat ironic that this very ritual may have been one of the conditions that Dylan couldn't accept as he raced around the track of full blooded Christianity. *Never could learn to drink that blood and call it wine* he sang in the song *Tight Connection to My Heart* from the album *Empire Burlesque*. The opening lines of this song: *Well I had to move fast / and I couldn't with you around my neck*, also perhaps witness Dylan changing course as he removes the crucifix from around his neck and places it safely in a drawer to be worn again on another day.

Returning to the scene of *under the red sky*, some commentators have drawn attention to the similarity between the cover of the album and the cover of the U2's album *The Joshua Tree* as both have the artists posing in a black and white shot against the background of the Mojave Desert. In 1983 U2 released a live album entitled *Under a Blood Red Sky*. A track from this album also made reference to the word blood in the title: *Sunday, Bloody, Sunday*. The final lines of this track are quite interesting:

*And today the millions cry.
We eat and drink while tomorrow they die.
The real battle just begun.
To claim the victory Jesus won,
on a Sunday, Bloody Sunday."*

Obviously Dylan's album couldn't have exactly the same title as U2's 1983 effort. But some words are noticeable by their absence. On the album cover of *under the red sky* Dylan's name is written in red to signify the blood running through the veins of the album; the blood of the animals being sacrificed for food; the blood of the human sacrifice; the blood of the lamb. Hallelujah!

So that is how I wiggle, wiggled into the boots and shoes of *under the red sky*. Perhaps it will become an album for gourmets only but if my humble feast of words tempts you to taste the album's delights once again, all I can say is: "Bon Appetit !"

References:

- (1) Wiggle, Wiggle.
- (2) Under The Red Sky.
- (3) Unbelievable.
- (4) 10,000 Men.
- (5) 2 x 2
- (6) Handy Dandy.
- (7) Cat's in the Well.



A BOOK THAT NOBODY CAN WRITE

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BOB DYLAN

..... DYLAN CEMENTS HIS RISE TO STARDOM WITH HIS APPEARANCE AT THE 1963 NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL. FOR THE NEXT TWO YEARS WE CAN CHART DYLAN'S PROGRESS BY WHAT HE SINGS AT NEWPORT.....

THAT'S MY BOY!!

OH, YOU PLAYBOYS AND PLAYGIRLS, YOU AIN'T A-GONNA RUN MY WORLD.....

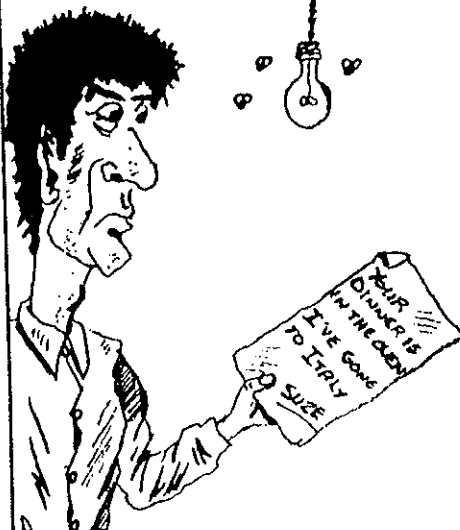
..... HE'S A BIG HIT WHEN HE APPEARS WITH PETE SEEGER.....

..... AND THE REIGNING QUEEN OF FOLK MUSIC, JOAN BAEZ.....

..... THE ANSWER, MY FRIEND, IS BLOWIN' IN THE WIND.....

GENUINE WORK SHIRT

..... BY THE FINALE, DYLAN IS THE STAR AT NEWPORT. HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH BAEZ GROWS AND SHE OFTEN LETS HIM GUEST AT HER CONCERTS, THEREBY GETTING HIS SONGS ACROSS TO A WIDER AUDIENCE. DYLAN IS RIDING ON HIS FIRST WAVE OF SUCCESS, BUT HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH SUZE IS STILL STRICTLY ON AND OFF.....



..... DYLAN BECOMES THE DARLING OF THE FOLKIES, WHO ADOPT HIM AS THEIR OWN. WITH SOME OF HIS ROYALTIES HE BUYS A TYPEWRITER AND REALLY CHURNS THE SONGS OUT.....

..... RIGHT, THAT'S 'OXFORD TOWN' WRITTEN... AND 'BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER' AND 'HOLLER BROWN' AND 'PERCY'S SONG' AND 'PATHS OF VICTORY' AND 'THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'' AND.....



LAY DOWN YOUR WEARY TUNE, LAY DOWN JOHN. LAY DOWN THE SONG YOU TRUM. AND REST YOURSELF 'NEATH THE STRENGTH OF STRINGS, NO DICE CAN HOPE TO HUM.....

NICE, BOB, NOW SING SOMETHING ABOUT WAR-MONGERS!



.... ONE IMPORTANT SONG DYLAN WRITES AT THIS TIME IS "LAY DOWN YOUR WEARY TUNE", A SONG THAT CONCENTRATES LESS ON SOCIAL INJUSTICES AND MORE ON DYLAN'S WIDER PERSONAL AND SPIRITUAL INTERESTS. BUT HIS AUDIENCE IS ALREADY PIGEON-HOLING HIM AS THEIR SPOKESMAN. ALREADY THEY HAVE MADE THE MISTAKE OF THINKING THAT THEY OWN DYLAN.....

.... WITH A HUGE BATCH OF NEW SONGS, DYLAN RECORDS DEMO COPIES FOR THE PUBLISHERS WITMARK. THEY BECOME KNOWN AS THE WITMARK DEMOS. ONLY INTENDED FOR PRIVATE USE, THE PUBLIC IS NOT ALLOWED TO HEAR THEM (HO! HO!)...



.... THROUGHOUT 1963, DYLAN MAKES HIS NAME KNOWN. HE WALKS OUT OF THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW FOR BEING PREVENTED FROM SINGING "JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY BLUES". HE PERFORMS AT MARTIN LUTHER KING'S MARCH ON WASHINGTON. HIS CONCERTS BEGIN TO RAPIDLY SELLOUT. THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN KENNEDY STUNS DYLAN ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD. AT THE END OF THE YEAR HE IS PRESENTED WITH THE TOM PAINE AWARD FOR EMERGENCY CIVIL LIBERTIES, WHERE HE GETS DRUNK, INSULTS THE AUDIENCE AND MISTAKENLY IDENTIFIES WITH GEE HARVEY OSWALD. THE AUDIENCE'S REACTION SLOWLY TURNS SOMEWHAT HOSTILE.....

..... A FEW DAYS LATER DYLAN WRITES A LONG, RAMBLING APOLOGY.....



.... HOWEVER, IT'S NOT TOO WELL RECEIVED.....



..... JANUARY 1969: "THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'" IS AN INSTANT SUCCESS. DYLAN HAS NOW OVERTAKEN BAEZ AS THE CHAMPION OF FOLK AND PROTEST MUSIC. HOWEVER, THERE ARE SEVERAL PERSONAL SONGS ON THE ALBUM, AND THE FINAL TRACK, "RESTLESS FAREWELL," IS SEEN AS DYLAN'S GOODBYE TO PROTEST AND "FINGER-POINTING" SONGS

..... DURING EARLY 1967, DYLAN EMBARKS ON A WIERD CAR JOURNEY THROUGH AMERICA WITH SOME FRIENDS. HE PLAYS A FEW CONCERTS AND SMOKES MORE THAN A FEW JOINTS



... IT IS THE USE OF DRUGS AND DYLAN'S GROWING DISSATISFACTION WITH THE PROTEST MOVEMENT THAT BEGINS TO INSPIRE HIS FIRST BURST OF SURREAL WRITING



..... AT THE SAME TIME DYLAN FINALLY SPLITS WITH SUZZE (OR, AT LEAST, SHE DOES WITH HIM), WHICH PLEASES HER MOTHER IF NO ONE ELSE, SINCE SHE USED TO REFER TO DYLAN AS 'THE THERP'. MEANWHILE, DYLAN'S RELATIONSHIP WITH BAEZ BECOMES MORE THAN PROFESSIONAL



..... MID-1964: DYLAN TOURS
GT. BRITAIN. HE IS NOT YET SO WELL
KNOWN IN ENGLAND, BUT THE TOUR
IS A SUCCESS. HE MEETS HIS MOST
WELL-KNOWN FANS, THE BEATLES
AND INTRODUCES THEM TO POT....



..... HAVING SET THE BEATLES OFF ON
THEIR MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR, DYLAN
RETURNS TO AMERICA TO SET HIS OWN
CAREER UP ANOTHER GEAR.....



... IT'S JULY, AND, AT THE NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL,
DYLAN DISAPPOINTS HIS FANS FOR THE FIRST (BUT NOT THE LAST)
TIME BY SINGING PERSONAL SONGS OF LOVE AND RELATION-
SHIPS IN PLACE OF TOPICAL PROTEST SONGS. BUT 1964'S
DYLAN IS A MUCH MORE CONFIDENT, MATURE PERSON. AS
WAYS, HE HAS SIMPLY GROWN UP QUICKER THAN HIS
AUDIENCE.....



..... DYLAN IS A GREAT SUCCESS AT
NEWPORT, BUT, BY THE FINISH, HE HAS
ALIENATED MANY OF HIS FANS WHO
CONSIDER HIM TO HAVE "SOLD OUT" TO
COMMERCIAL SUCCESS. DYLAN, TYPICALLY,
ISN'T BOTHERED.....



..... SEE, I TOLD YOU HE WASN'T
BOTHERED.

..... SHORTLY AFTER NEWPORT,
DYLAN RELEASES "ANOTHER SIDE OF
BOB DYLAN"; HIS MOST PERSONAL
ALBUM AT THAT TIME. IT CONTAINS
A POWERFUL ACCOUNT OF HIS BREAK-
UP WITH SUZE, "BALLAD IN PLAIN
D" AND DYLAN'S MATURE AND
MASTERFUL REFLECTION OF HIS
PROTEST PHASE, "MY BACK PAGES"...

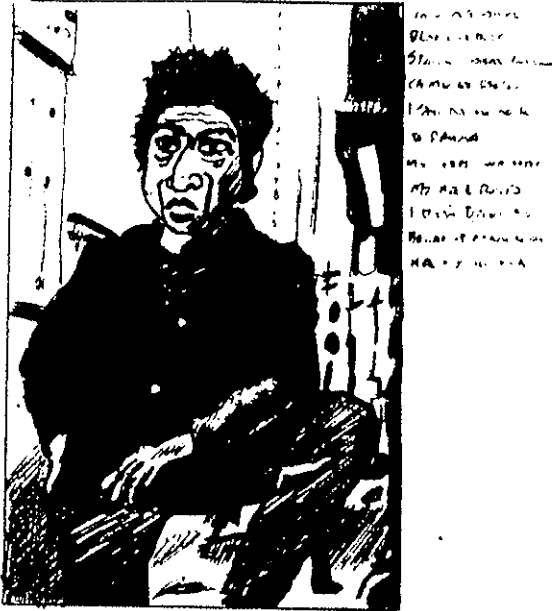
..... ON HALLOWEEN, DYLAN PERFORMS IN
CONCERT WITH BAEZ. HE IS SUPERB - WITH
CONFIDENT AND COMMANDING. IT'S EASY
TO SEE THAT HE HAS LEFT BAEZ COMPLETE
BEHIND ALREADY.....

IT'S HALLOWEEN,
AND I'VE GOT MY
BOB DYLAN
MASK ON!!

SO HAVE I!

JOANNIE
(WHO ELSE?)

Another
side
of
Bob
Dylan



WHILE THE FOLKIES PONDER DYLAN'S MOVES,
DYLAN HIMSELF IS READY TO MOVE AGAIN. IT
STARTS WHEN HE HEARS THE ANIMALS' ELECTRIC
VERSION OF "HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN".....

... WHEN DYLAN REDISCOVERS ROCK 'N' ROLL AND THE
ELECTRIC GUITAR HE IS ON THE WAY TO MAKING ONE OF
HIS BIGGEST AND MOST CONTROVERSIAL CHANGES OF
HIS CAREER.....

★@!*@☆!
WILD!! BLOWS
MY MIND!!

THERE IS A
HOUSE IN NEW
ORLEANS.....

WOW!!

FOR SALE
ELECTRIC
GUITAR
\$ 200 00



MORE NEXT MONTH

© M. CARTER

★ 30-8-88

A BOOK THAT NOBODY CAN WRITE

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BOB DYLAN

.... WITH AN ELECTRIC GUITAR DYLAN IS SET FREE

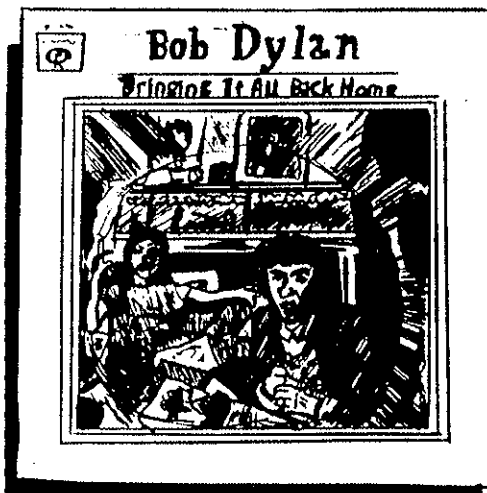
.... WELL, I TRY MY BEST TO BE JUST LIKE I AM, BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE THEM



..... HE GOES STRAIGHT BACK INTO THE RECORDING STUDIO WITH A HUGE BATCH OF SONGS - SOME OF THEM ACOUSTIC, MANY OF THEM INTENDED FOR FULL ELECTRIC BACKING, BUT ALL OF THEM COMPLETELY DIFFERENT TO ANYTHING DYLAN HAS DONE BEFORE

... IN MARCH, DYLAN RELEASES 'BRINGING IT ALL BACK HOME', WITH ONE HALF OF SLOW ACOUSTIC NUMBERS AND THE OTHER HALF OF ELECTRIC NUMBERS. THE COVER GIVES BUDDING FANATICS THEIR FIRST CHANCE TO SCRUTINIZE ALBUM COVERS FOR CLUES OF WHERE DYLAN'S 'AT'. THEY EVEN INCLUDE THAT THE WOMAN IN THE PHOTO (IN REALITY, DYLAN'S MANAGER'S WIFE, SALLY GROSSMAN) IS DYLAN IN DRAG! BUT THE TITLE TELLS IT ALL, DYLAN HAS BROUGHT ROCK 'N' ROLL BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL HOME, AMERICA. FROM NOW ON, BRITISH ROCK BANDS WOULD NOT HAVE IT SO EASY

..... BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, THOUGH, HE HAS A TOUR OF GREAT BRITAIN LINED UP, AND DYLAN IS RELUCTANT TO TRY ANYTHING NEW JUST YET



..... DURING APRIL AND MAY 1965, DYLAN EMBARKS UPON HIS FINAL (SO FAR) ALL-ACOUSTIC CONCERT TOUR OF GT. BRITAIN. BY NOW DYLAN IS A STAR. HE IS HUGE. FOR THE NEXT YEAR ONLY THE BEATLES WILL COME CLOSE TO HIS STATURE. DYLAN IS PROBABLY BIGGER, AND CERTAINLY MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE MID-60'S ELVIS PRESLEY. EVERYWHERE DYLAN GOES ON HIS BRITISH TOUR HE IS FILMED BY D.A. PENNEBAKER AND HIS HAND-HELD CAMERA.....





.... WHILE FILMING IN BRITAIN, DYLAN MAKES WHAT IS LIKELY ONE OF ROCK'S FIRST PROMOTIONAL FILMS FOR A SINGLE - A FULL DECADE BEFORE THE FIRST ACCEPTED PROMO VIDEO; QUEEN'S "BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY" - FOR HIS FIRST FULL LENGTH SINGLE "SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES".....

.... EVENTUALLY ALL THE FOOTAGE WILL BE EDITED DOWN TO WHAT IS STILL THE ULTIMATE ROCK DOCUMENTARY "DON'T LOOK BACK". IT CONTAINS SEVERAL CLASSIC SCENES, INCLUDING THE INFAMOUS "WHO-THREW-THE-GLASS-OUT-THE-HOTEL-WINDOW?" EPISODE.....

MAN, I DON'T WANNA KNOW WHO THREW THE GLASS OUT THE WINDOW. I JUST WANT YOU TO GO DOWN THERE AND TELL THOSE PEOPLE WHO'RE ASKING WHO THREW THE GLASS OUT THE WINDOW..... TELL 'EM WHO THREW THE GLASS OUT THE WINDOW, OR TELL WHOEVER THREW THE GLASS OUT THE WINDOW TO GO DOWN THERE AND TELL THE PEOPLE WHO'RE ASKING WHO THREW THE GLASS OUT THE WINDOW WHO REALLY DID THROW THE GLASS OUT THE WINDOW..... 'COS SOMEONE THREW THE GLASS OUT THE WINDOW, AND.....

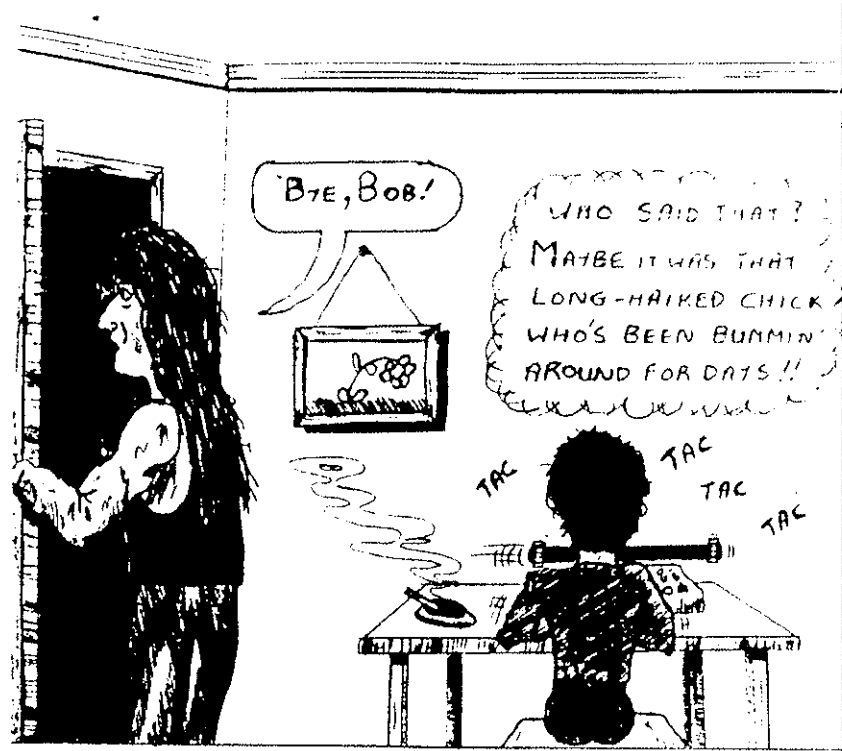


.... THREE VERSIONS OF THE PROMO ARE SHOT, BUT THE VERSION IN THE ALLEYWAYS BEHIND THE SAVOY HOTEL IS THE ONE THAT IS USED. WHILE IN BRITAIN, IRONICALLY ENOUGH, DYLAN IS SURPRISED TO FIND THAT "THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'" IS A BIG HIT SINGLE.....

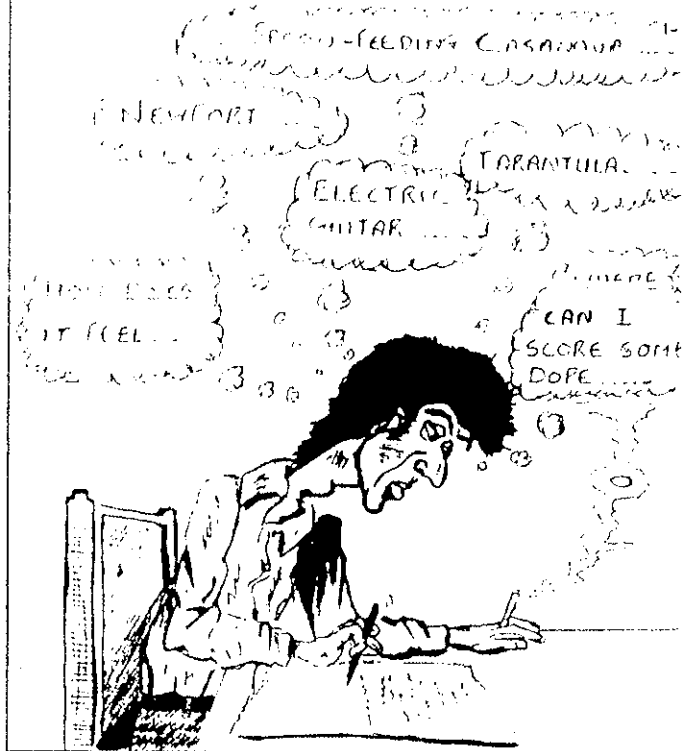
.... ONE OF THE FUNNIEST SCENES HAS TO BE THE SIGHT OF ALBERT GROSSMAN AND TITO BURNS OBVIOUSLY REHEARSING FOR THE ROLE OF FAGIN IN OLIVER TWIST, AND IT'S LOVELY TO WATCH DONOVAN SQUIRM AS DYLAN DESTROYS HIM WITH "IT'S ALL OVER NOW BABY BLUE".....

.... THE VAGABOND WHO'S RAPPING AT YOUR DOOR, IS STANDING IN THE CLOTHES THAT YOU ONCE WORE.....





... WHILE ON HIS BRITISH TOUR, DYLAN TOTALLY IGNORES AEZ, WHO HAS FOLLOWED HIM HOPING TO BE INTRODUCED TO HIS BRITISH AUDIENCES. SHE LEAVES FOR AMERICA ALONE, AND THEIR RELATIONSHIP IS SEVERED.....

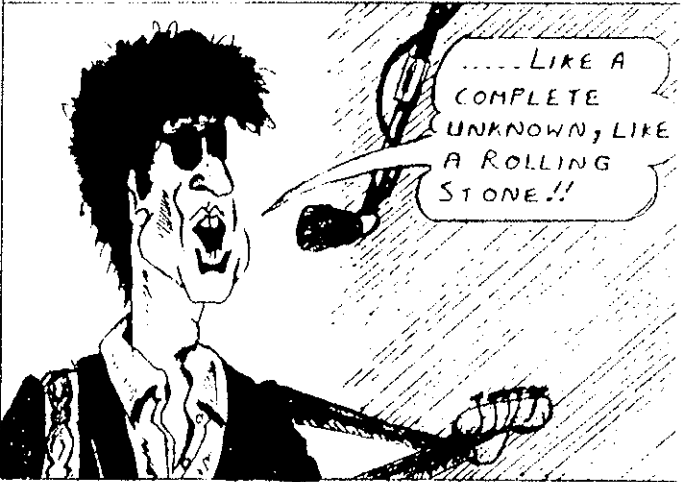


... DYLAN HAS OUTGROWN BAEZ AND LEFT HER FAR BEHIND. AS HIS BRITISH TOUR WINDS DOWN, HE IS PLANNING HIS NEXT MAJOR ASSAULT ON AMERICA.....

... THE BIRDS HIT NUMBER ONE WITH THEIR ELECTRIC VERSION OF 'MR. TAMBOURINE MAN', WHICH FURTHER PUSHES DYLAN TOWARD HIS NEW DIRECTION.....



... DYLAN LAYS DOWN SEVERAL NEW ELECTRIC TRACKS, INCLUDING WHAT IS TO BECOME HIS GREATEST SONG AND ANTHEM.....



... 'LIKE A ROLLING STONE' AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS, IS DYLAN'S BIGGEST SINGLE. IT CHANGES THE COURSE OF ROCK 'N' ROLL FOREVER. DYLAN RETURNS TO THE 1965 NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL, AND PREPARES TO DEBUT HIS NEW ELECTRIC SOUND WITH THE BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND. HIS WARNING TO THE BAND BEFORE THEY WAKE TO THE STAGE IS IRONICALLY MINOR.....



MORE
NEXT
MONTH

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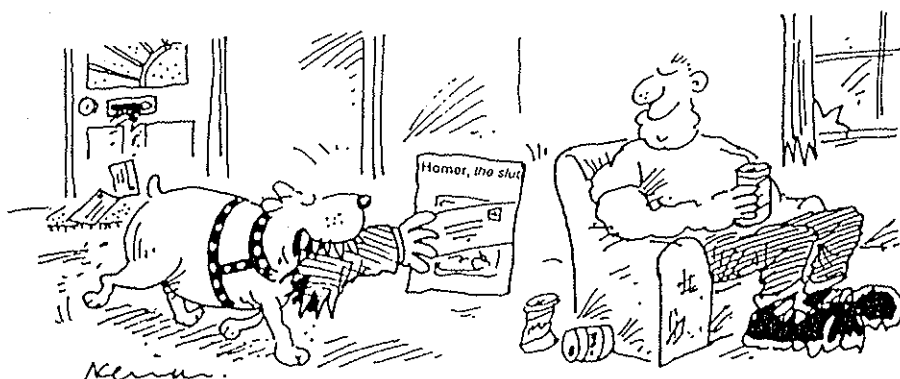
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