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MOJO

The Music Magazine

Todd Rundgren

The rise and fall of pop's lost genius

Spiritualized

The new pipers at the gates of dawn

Cornershop

Are they 1998's best value band?

40 pages of the month's best music reviewed

AC/DC
Mark Hollis
High Llamas
Ian Brown
ELO
Goldie
Nick Lowe
Yes
Kate Rusby
Black Sabbath
The Byrds

Dylan speaks

Plus ★ Elvis Costello and Greil Marcus on Bob's stunning return to form ★ Folk-pop: the MOJO guide ★ The day Dylan came to Didsbury...



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Make You Feel My Love

When the rain is blowing in your face
and the whole world is on your case
I could offer a warm embrace
to make you feel my love

When evening shadows and the stars appear
and there is no one there to dry your tears
I could hold you for a million years
to make you feel my love

I know you haven't made your mind up yet
but I would never do you wrong
I've known it from the moment that we met
no doubt in my mind where you belong

I'd go hungry, I'd go black and blue
I'd go crawling down the avenue
Oh there's nothing that I wouldn't do
to make you feel my love

The storms are raging on the rolling sea
and on the highway of regret
the winds of change are blowing wild and free
you ain't seen nothing like me yet

I could make you happy, make your dreams come true
nothing that I wouldn't do
go to the ends of the earth for you
to make you feel my love

Not Dark Yet

Shadows are falling and I been here all day
It's too hot to sleep and time is running away
Feel like my soul has turned into steel
I've still got the scars that the sun/son? didn't heal
There's not even room enough to be anywhere
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

Well my sense of humanity is going down the drain
Behind every beautiful thing, there's been some kind of pain
She wrote me a letter and she wrote it so kind
She put down in writin' what was in her mind
I just don't see why I should even care
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

Well I been to London and I been to gay Paris
I followed the river and I got to the sea
I've been down to the bottom of a whirlpool of lies
I ain't lookin for nothin' in anyone's eyes
Sometimes my burden is more than I can bear
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

I was born here and I'll die here, against my will
I know it looks like I'm movin' but I'm standin' still
Every nerve in my body is so naked and numb
I can't even remember what it was I came here to get away from
Don't even hear the murmur of a prayer
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

Cold Irons Bound

I'm beginning to hear voices and there's no one around
now I'm all used up and I kind of feel turned around ??
I went to church on Sunday and she passed by
and my love for her is taking such a long time to die
God I'm waist deep, waist deep in the mist
It's almost like, almost like I don't exist
I'm 20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound

There's a wall of pride high and wide,
can't see over to the other side
It's such a sad thing to see such? beauty/human? decay,
it's sadder still to feel your heart torn? away
one look at you and I'm out of control
like the universe has swallowed me whole
I'm 20 miles out of town and Cold Irons bound

There's too many people, too many to recall
I thought some of 'em were friends of mine
I was wrong about 'em all
Well, the road is rocky and the hillside's mud
Up over my head nothing but clouds of blood
I found my own, I found my one in you
but your love just hasn't proved true
I'm 20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound
20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound

Well the winds in Chicago have turned me to shreds
reality has always had too many heads
some things last longer than you think they will
some kind of things you can never kill
it's you and you only I'm thinking about
but you can't see in, and it's hard looking out
I'm 20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound

Well the fat's in the fire, and the water's in the tank
and the whiskey's in the jar, and the money's in the bank
I tried to love and protect you because I cared
I'm gonna remember forever the joy we've shared
but looking at you and I'm on my bended knee
you have no idea what you do to me
I'm 20 miles out of town Cold Irons bound
20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound

Million Miles

You took a part of me that I really miss
I keep asking myself how long it can go on like this
You told yourself a lie
Thats alright mama I told myself one too
I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

You took the silver, you took the gold
You left me standing out in the cold
People asked about you, I didn't tell them everything I knew
Well I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

I'm driftin in and out of dreamless sleep
Somehow my memory's in a ditch so deep
Did so many things I never did intend to do
And I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

I need your love so bad, turn your lamp down low
I need every bit of it for the places that I go
Sometimes I wonder, tell us just what its all coming to
Well I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

Well I don't dare close my eyes and I don't dare wink
Maybe in the next life I'll be able to hear myself think
Feel like talking to somebody but I just don't know who
Well I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

Yes the last thing you said before you hit the street
Gonna find me a janitor to sweep me off my feet
I said thats alright mamma you, you do what you gotta do
Well I try to get closer I'm still a million miles from you

Rock me pretty baby rock me all at once, Rock me for a little while
Rock me for a couple of months
And I'll rock you too

I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

Well there's voices in the night trying to be heard
I'm sitting here listening to every mind-pollutin' word
I know plenty of people put me up for a day or two
Yes I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

'Til I Fell In Love With You

Well my nerves are exploding
And my body is tense
I feel like the whole world
got me pinned up against the fence
I been hit too hard
Seen too much
Nothing can heal me now
But your touch
I just don't know what I'm gonna do
I was allright 'til I fell in love with you

Well my house is on fire
Burnin' to the sky
Well I thought it would rain
But the clouds passed by
I feel like I'm comin'
To the end of my way
But I know God is my shield
And he won't lead me astray
Still I don't know what I'm gonna do
I was allright 'til I fell in love with you

Boys in the street
Beginnin' to play
Girls like birds
Flyin' away
When I'm gone
You will remember my name
I'm gonna win my way
To wealth and fame
Yet I just don't know what I'm gonna do
I was allright 'til I fell in love with you

Well junk's pilin' up
Takin' up space
My eyes feel
Like they're fallin' off my face
Sweat fallin' down
I'm starin' at the floor
I'm thinkin' about that girl
Who won't be back no more
I just don't know what to do

I was allright 'til I fell in love with you

Well I'm tired of talkin'
I'm tired of tryin' to explain
My attempts to please you
They were all in vain
Tomorrow night
Before the sun goes down
If I'm still among the livin'
I'll be Dixie bound
Still I just don't know what I'm gonna do
I was allright 'til I fell in love with you

Love Sick

I'm walking,
through streets that are dead
Walking,
walking with you in my head
My feet are so tired
My brain is so wired
And the clouds are weeping

Did I,
hear someone tell a lie
Did I,
hear someone's distant cry

I spoke like a child
You destroyed me with a smile
while I was sleeping

I'm sick of love
That I'm in the thick of it
This kind of love
I'm so sick of it

I see,
I see lovers in the meadow
I see,
I see silhouettes in the window

I watch them 'til they're gone
and they leave me hangin' on
to a shadow

I'm sick of love
I hear the clock tick
this kind of love
I'm lovesick

Sometimes
the silence can be like thunder
Sometimes
I wanna take to the road of plunder

Could you ever be true?
I think of you and I wonder

I'm sick of love
I wish I'd never met you
I'm sick of love
I'm tryin' to forget you

Just don't know what to do
I'd give anything to be with you

Can't Wait

I can't wait
Wait for you to change my mind
It's late
I'm tryin to walk the line
Well it's way past midnight
And there's some people all around
Some on their way up
Some on their way down
The air burns and I'm tryin to think straight
And I don't know how much longer I can wait

I'm your man
I've tried to recover the sweet love that we knew
You understand
That my heart can't go on beating without you
Well your loveliness has wounded me
I'm reeling from the blow
I wish I knew what it was that keeps me loving you so
I'm breathin' hard standin' at the gate
And I don't know how much longer I can wait

Skies are gray
I'm looking for anything that will bring a happy glow
Night or day
It doesn't matter where I go anymore I just go
If I ever saw you comin' I don't know what I might do
I'd like to think I could control myself
But it isn't true
That's how it is
When things disintegrate
And I don't know how much longer I can wait

I'm doomed to love you
I been rollin' through stormy weather
I'm thinkin' of you
And all the places we could roam together
It's mighty funny
The end of time has just begun
Oh honey, after all these years you're still the one
Well I'm strollin' through the lonely graveyard of my mind
I left my life with you
Somewhere back there along the line
I thought somehow that I would be spared this day
I don't know how much longer I can wait





This record sounds more natural, more in the spirit of your live performances.

That's right. Live performances are mis-reported. It seems like they lean on what my interpretation of my own song is. Sometimes to listen to the reviewers is like listening with an ear that's 20 years old or older. Having to grasp my kind of stage show in a competitive nature isn't really the correct way to do it because there's nothing to compare it to out there. The influences are completely different than whatever the popular music trends are.

So what are those influences?

Real simple – music from the '20s and '30s, and then maybe '50s. A very limited influence. Just American folk music and maybe rockabilly-type music from the '50s, but no rock'n'roll. I don't really feel like I've even been influenced by rock'n'roll in terms of the Larry Williams-type rock'n'roll or the pure rock'n'roll form.

Do you listen to the radio today?

I do listen to it, but...

When you listen to the radio today, do you get depressed?

No, I do listen to the radio if I can find something to listen to, but personally, I listen to old-time radio shows. The shows that I actually listened to when I was growing up, they seem to be coming back. Like feeder groups, things like that.

For example, you catch a tune by Jon Bon Jovi, would you recognise it?

Not really, no.

Not even contemporary artists like Bruce Springsteen?

Well, Bruce is like a brother to me, so he's defined his music in my mind a little differently than a typical hard rock... I don't much listen to that.

How about today's soul-type artists like Maxwell?

Not really. I think that the rap music is in a more pure form connected to blues than the performers who derive their music from Marvin Gaye or Stevie Wonder or somebody like that. You know, Stevie Wonder is still performing, so for that type of music, he's prominent.

Is it true that Stevie taught you how to sing like yourself on *We Are The World*?

Yeah, I'd forgotten and Stevie reminded me, that's right.



On your album, the song *Highlands* seems very improvised. How well prepared are you when you go into the studio?

Well, I think that long rambling talking thing... I think I've recorded things like that before, real early on. In that type of form, a person can say whatever they want because the form is simple. I wouldn't say it was improvised, but a lot of different thoughts were connected in a lot of different ways that might necessarily not be what they seem to be on the paper when they were written. This is like thoughts, you know, that could be connected over a two-month period of time.

Do you have a feeling how a song should sound from beginning to end?

Yeah, with that song it was pretty much what you hear. It was basically just a 12-bar song and could have gone this way or that way. It could have been a song that was sung or talked or whatever.

Was it easier when you kept somebody like Sam Shepard as a collaborator?

We'd find ourselves in a room with different people of different types with Sam. I wouldn't say it would be any easier, but it would be probably less...meaningless.

How about more inspirational?

Yeah, well, when you can find somebody to write songs with that's compatible, there's no question that you can do it quicker and probably more efficient than when you're left to your own self.

How come an experience like this seems to be unrepeatable?

I don't know. Sam does his thing. He's a playwright and I'm on the road, so we don't see each other all that much.

You defined rock'n'roll as something that's hard and smooth at the same time.

What's the definition of the blues?

It seems like such a simple structure, but it's an ideal form to say anything you want to say in its pure form. I don't know what the blues are. I don't know who has them and who doesn't have them, but I'm not sure people can even identify with them in today's rat-race world. To me, the blues are a more rural, agrarian type of thing. And even when they're taken to the big city, they still remain that way only



pumped up with electricity. That's the thing: I mean, we're listening to all this music today, it's all electricity. Electric guitars, electric bass, electric synthesizers – it's all electronic. You don't really feel somebody breathing, you don't feel their heart in it. The further away you get into that, the less you're going to be connected to the blues. The blues to me is just a pure form, like old country music.

How did you connect to the blues, out there in Minnesota?

Well, America was tied in with the radio when I grew up. At that time, disc jockeys could play what they wanted to play. They don't do that any more, really.

Were radio stations up there playing the blues?

Radio stations were all over. It was a very large area and the transmitters could transmit thousands of miles. Look at Jimi Hendrix – he grew up in Seattle, but he got the same thing. The radio connected everybody like Orpheus or something. That's not so any more. I don't know when that disappeared, but now it's a homogenised sound everywhere you go. When I grew up, that was what you listened to.

When you first tuned in – a revelation?

Oh, yeah.

Do you remember it?

No, I don't really, because I don't really remember who was around at that time. There was a singer around named Johnnie Ray. He was popular and we knew he was different. We knew he was dynamic and different and really had heart and soul. He was an anomaly. He was stuck in there with Perry Como and Patti Page. I remember thinking he really could make you feel something. After that, I started listening to country music. I don't know how old I was, but there was Hank Williams and we used to get the Grand Ole Opry, too. What connected America was the radio. I can't stress the importance of that enough. In the '50s, especially.

Did you develop your singing style after the radio of the '50s?

Not really. I started listening to rural folk music after I left home or even before that. I think I developed my style through listening to Woody Guthrie. An intentional style.



Wed. 21st Jan 1998, The Theater at Madison Square Garden, New York City, NY. U.S.A.

Disc 1 78.28

1. *Intro* 0.18
2. *Absolutely Sweet Marie* 3.57
3. *Man In The Long Black Coat* 6.07
4. *Cold Irons Bound* 6.38
5. *Shelter From The Storm* 5.08
6. *Silvio* 6.33
7. *The Times They Are A-Changin'* 5.54
8. *Mr. Tambourine Man* 5.54
9. *Tangled Up In Blue* 8.20
10. *Million Miles* 5.53
11. *Stuck Inside Of Mobile With the Memphis Blues Again* 6.59
12. *'Til I Fell In Love With You* 5.49
13. *Highway 61 Revisited* 6.08

BOB DYLAN

vocal, guitar

BUCKY BAXTER

Pedal Steel and el. slide guitar, backup voc.

LARRY CAMPBELL

guitar, backup vocal, violin

TONY GARNIER

bass

DAVID KEMPER

drums

Disc 2 75.52

1. *Don't Think Twice, It's All Right* 6.27
2. *Love Sick* 5.29
3. *Rainy Day Women #12 & 35* 4.35
4. *Can't Wait* 6.36 24 oct 1997
5. *Tomorrow Is A Long Time* 3.50 2 nov 1997
6. *Make You Feel My Love* 3.54 2 nov 1997
7. *I'll Not Be A Stranger* 2.57 7 nov 1997
8. *White Dove* 4.28 8 dec 1997
9. *Ragtime Annie*
w/David Bromberg guitar 2.59 14 dec 1997
10. *This Wheel's On Fire* 6.01 14 jan 1998
11. *Not Dark Yet* 5.33 17 jan 1998
12. *More And More* w/Van Morrison 2.39 18 jan 1998
13. *You Are A Big Girl Now* 5.33 18 jan 1998
14. *Born In Time* 4.57 20 jan 1998
15. *Blue Suede Shoes*
w/Van Morrison 2.28 21 jan 1998

track disc 2

- | | |
|---------------------|---|
| 4 = 24 oct 1997 | Humphrey Coliseum, Starkville, Mississippi USA |
| 5-6 = 2 nov 1997 | Township Auditorium, Columbia, South Carolina USA |
| 7 = 7 nov 1997 | Columbus, Ohio, USA |
| 8 = 8 dec 1997 | Irving Plaza, New York, NY, USA |
| 9 = 14 dec 1997 | Metro, Chicago, Illinois, USA |
| 10 = 14 jan 1998 | Garde Arts Center, New London, Connecticut USA |
| 11 = 17 jan 1998 | Theater, Madison Square Garden, New York, USA |
| 12-13 = 18 jan 1998 | Theater, Madison Square Garden, New York, USA |
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