





Tito Burns presents

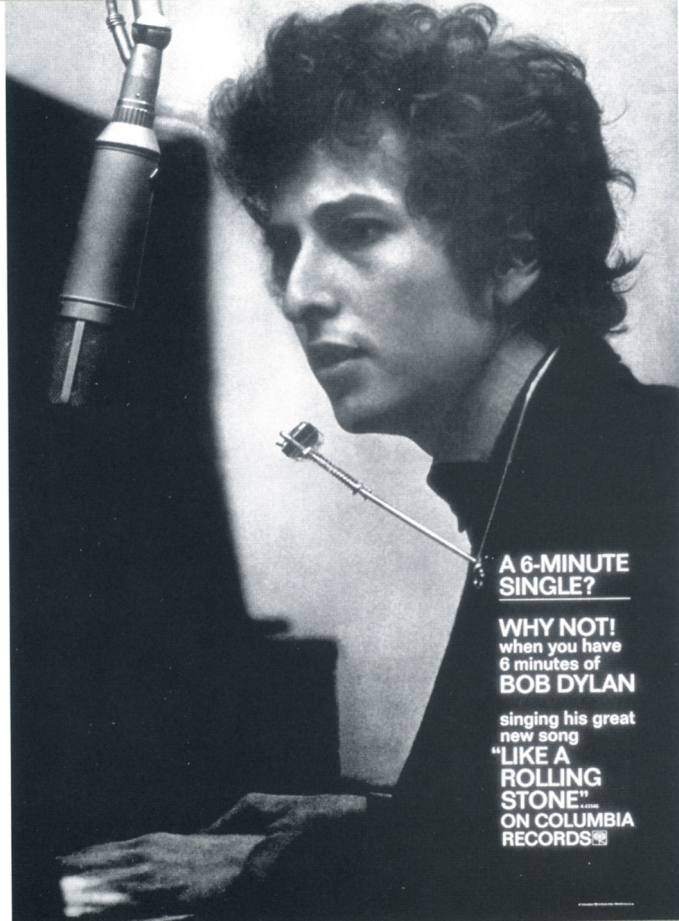
DYLAN '66

in
Dublin
Belfast
Bristol
Cardiff
Birmingham
Liverpool
Leicester
Sheffield
Manchester
Glasgow
Edinburgh
Newcastle
London

Stage presentation by Fred Perry

PROGRAMME

It is not possible to print a list of songs Bob Dylan is to perform as he invariably makes up his programme shortly before the performance, sometimes during the course of it. This space has therefore been left to enable the programme holder to list the songs Bob Dylan sings.



**A 6-MINUTE
SINGLE?**

WHY NOT!
when you have
6 minutes of
BOB DYLAN

singing his great
new song
**"LIKE A
ROLLING
STONE!"**
ON COLUMBIA
RECORDS



BOB DYLAN

This appraisal is reproduced from the July 1965 Issue of "Cavalier" magazine with the gracious permission of the Editor and Mr. Robert Shelton, who wrote it

A few of us sensed, four years ago, when we first encountered him that he was going to be big. How big, none of us knew. Nor has any of us had much contact with genius before. We didn't know how difficult it is, sometimes, to get along with a genius poet, a young genius poet.

Even in those first days he couldn't sit still for more than fifteen minutes. Something was always going on, inside him. Outside, too. His legs would shake with nervous energy, almost like a spastic's. He would move in a chair just the way he later moved on stage, a sort of rhythmic bobbing from the waist up. He used to laugh a lot then, and we all called him Bobby. We figured, although he said he would have to leave, that he would be around for a long time. The scene is different since he left.

About four years ago a kid with a guitar floated into Manhattan from somewhere out West. There have been kids riding guitars into Greenwich Village for years, but this kid was special. In the four years since Bob Dylan "got off the subway from Hibbing, Minnesota," to borrow Jack Goddard's phrase, he has become the most widely sung, talked-about, written-about, argued-about figure in American folk music.

He shambled into town, ramblin' like a paperback edition of Woody Guthrie. Now, he's on his way to England, where people are getting as cultish about him as they were here two years ago. The Beatles have given him their public blessing. So now he rambles and tumbles like a hardcover edition of Bob Dylan, with a preface by John Lennon, a foreword by Alan Ginsburg, footnotes by Chuck Berry, and a copyright by M. Witmark and sons.

Dylan still speaks as mystifyingly about himself as he did four years ago, in nervous little packets of words that don't always hang together. I had supper with him at The Lion's Head in the Village, then we went to hear the Paul Butterfield blues band at the Village Gate. Leaving him, the impression persisted that after four years he was the last person in the world to reveal what he was thinking.

"All I do is write songs and sing them," Dylan said. "I can't dig a ditch. I can't splice an electric wire. I'm no car-

penter. All I do is write songs and sing them." Opening a second bottle of Riesling, he went on, "I'm lucky. Not because I make a lot of bread. But because I can be around groovy people. I don't have to fear anything and nobody around me has to fear anything. That's where it's at: bread, freedom and no fear."

This was new for Bobby. In a certain sense he's always been afraid — of fame, of mediocrity, of demands on him, of being stereotyped or pigeonholed, of people with questions he wasn't ready to answer. That's one of the inconsistencies about him — the more courageous he is in his songs or his actions, the more he is privately afraid. For all his commitments to people and causes and philosophies, he finds it next to impossible to commit himself conversationally. A line in his new song, *Outlaw Blues*, typifies his attitude about questions he isn't ready to answer: "Don't ask me nuthin' about nuthin', I just might tell you the truth." [Copyright © 1965 by M. Witmark and Sons. Used with permission.]

Dylan is the sort of eccentric, quirky, offbeat personality writers love to encapsulate in a phrase: ragamuffin minstrel, the American Yevtushenko, Jimmie Dean with a guitar, beatnik bard, the hippie's Homer. But these catchwords don't indicate how his fiercely penetrating words have etched themselves on to the consciousness of a whole generation.

For those who take folk music seriously, Dylan is the most important new writer since Woody Guthrie. For those who don't, Dylan is more important than the folk revival. For a time, before it weighed too heavily on him, he was regarded by his audience as a leader of a campus religion who preached a sermon of anger, protest, nihilism, hope, anti-convention. For a time, his every word and action was weighed as if it were all part of a charismatic catechism.

In Four years, Dylan's songs, records and concert appearances have earned him nearly a million dollars. This complex, tortured, brilliant, overwrought, under-fed word-fountain has made friends in high places and influenced people he never met. He has alienated many with the corkscrew turns of his personal eccentricities.

Just turned 24, Dylan is contracted to write two books for Macmillan, is writing a play, and considering acting in a movie or two. He has been written up in *The New Yorker*, written down in *Newsweek*, been praised in *Vogue*, pictured in *Life*, covered by *Esquire*, "exposed" as a city-billy by *Little Sandy Review*, lectured to by *Sing Out!*, and alternately deified and vilified by the campus press.

He has been censored off the *Ed Sullivan Show* over a song, and spent a brilliant hour on the *Les Crane Show* pulling the master of ceremony's leg. His songs have been recorded by dozens of persons ranging from Marlene Dietrich to Stan Getz. His lyrics to 'Blowin' In The Wind' have all but entered the language of the integration movement. He won an award that Bertrand Russell received the year before, but turned around and castigated the civil libertarians who presented the honour. He'd been holding, among other things, a bullwhip at a folk festival, enjoyed the "patronage" of Joan Baez, received the gift of a guitar from Johnny Cash. He attained some sort of Greenwich Village immortality by two scribbles on the walls of the construction site for the Brevoort East: "Bob Dylan doesn't know his ethnomusicology" and "Bob Dylan has acne."

As the object of more jealousy, envy, and partisanship than any singer-poet in memory, Dylan has spent two years under almost unbearable pressures. He has had to grow up in the fishbowl gaze of a national audience. He has had to do what few poets do — lead simultaneously a life as a stage performer. Partly because of this, his rise to fame was something less than graceful. It has taken him a few years to learn "to stand naked under unknowing eyes". It has taken him a few years to learn how to cope with what he regarded as "the dirt of gossip blowing into my face... and the dust of rumours covering me..." [from *Outlaw Blues*].

By and large, most of his detractors have ultimately undergone a conversion. One reviewer changed his position completely, saying, "I was deaf," when he knocked a Dylan performance. Others have begrudgingly begun to see what the Dylan craze is all about. Although Allen Ginsberg has called Dylan "the most influential poet of his generation" and Henry Miller has befriended him, Dylan has yet to get his due from the literary community.

Most of his writing is designed for the stage and for either a declamatory or musical delivery, which may account for the indifference of the literary community, which similarly ignored the large corpus of writing by Woody Guthrie. One day, it can be predicted, the John Cialdis, the Louis Undermeyers, the Maxwell Geismars will address themselves to the topical-protest-poetic

movement of the last five years when they attempt to estimate "the poetic situation." If and when they do, it is also predictable that they will find Dylan as the most important poetic voice of the time, a voice that helped stimulate a whole chorus of others who took to song-writing as their chief method of self-expression.

In the absence of such literary evaluations, the music commentators have stretched their own horizons to evaluate Dylan. One of the most articulate has been Ralph Gleason of *The San Francisco Chronicle*, who wrote:

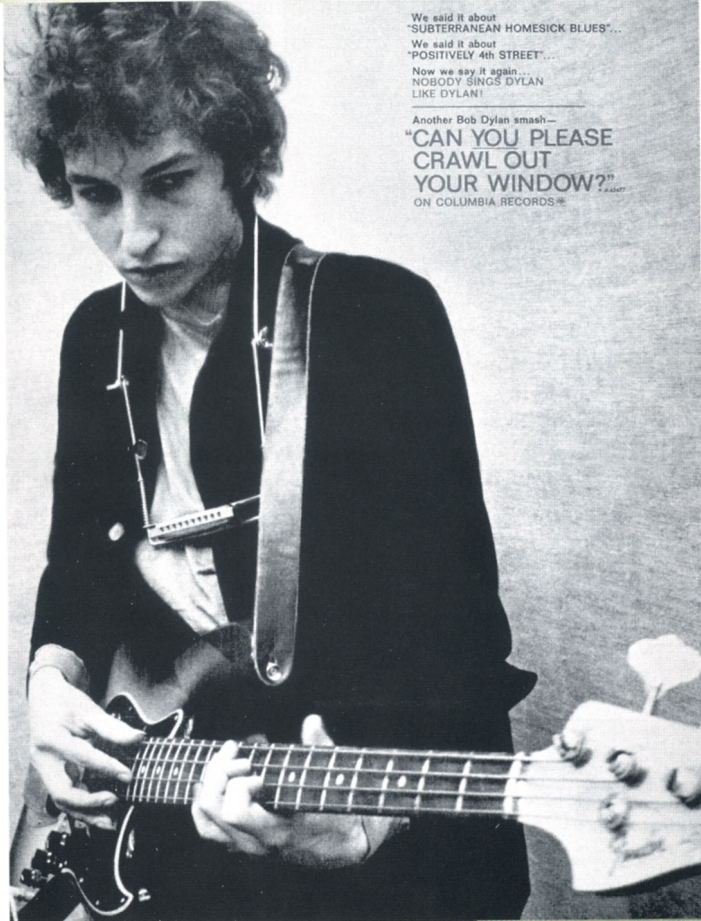
"All of our values and all of our concepts and definitions and priorities are being challenged by the Miles Davises, the Bob Dylans and the rest of the poets and prophesiers of the new generation. I believe that Dylan's popularity is a very significant thing. I am convinced that Malvina Reynolds uttered a profound observation when she pointed out that the youth has been betrayed by good voices. And I am further convinced that a hard core of reality connects the music of Dylan, the beat of jazz, of contemporary poetry, painting, all the arts, in fact, with the social revolution that has resulted in CORE and SNCC, Dick Gregory, James Baldwin and the rest."

For a poet capable of stunning unsettling imagery, for a moralizer capable of pointing fingers at the victimizers and miscreants, Dylan is curiously unable, in person, to hold up a mirror to himself. Strangely inarticulate in conversation, he has more to say if he can wrap it in humour or be purposefully outrageous: "I'm in the show business now. I'm not in the folk-music business. That's where it's at. So is Roscoe Holcomb, Jean Ritchie, Little Orphan Annie, Dick Tracy, all the way up to President Johnson..."

When he was still in the folk-music business, in February of 1961, he arrived in New York, partly to visit an early idol, Guthrie, and partly to make the Village scene. He was only 19 then, looking, with his thin pale face, as if parts of a choirboy and parts of a beatnik had gone astray in one of the tunnels from New Jersey and been hastily reassembled before the Manhattan exit.

Dylan haunted the Village bars, coffeehouses and hoo-tennannies. He got a pad on West Fourth Street. He did a few sets at the Gaslight, the Cafe Wha?, and an initial booking at Folk City in April. He was a green performer then, but something about his black Huck Finn corduroy cap and his tousled hair and his ingenuous manner brought out the parent in many persons. Jack Elliott and Dave Van Ronk were happy to pass along their songs and their styles to this charming kid who drifted in from who knows where.

Of his background, he said virtually nothing. Later in a programme note, *My Life In A Stolen Moment*, he gave his personal history since leaving a Minnesota town:



We said it about
"SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES" ...
We said it about
"POSITIVELY 4th STREET" ...
Now we say it again...
NOBODY SINGS DYLAN
LIKE DYLAN!

Another Bob Dylan smash—
"CAN YOU PLEASE
CRAWL OUT
YOUR WINDOW?" ...
ON COLUMBIA RECORDS®

"You can stand at one end of Hibbing on the main drag an' see clear past the city limits on the other end.

"Hibbing's a good ol' town.

"I ran away from it when I was 10, 12, 13, 15, 15¹/₂, 17 an' 18.

"I been caught and brought back all but once..."

[Copyright © 1963 by Bob Dylan. Used with permission.]

Dylan and many another rebellious city folk singer, had tired of seeing their city limits. Restless and questing, they found a classroom's confines stifling, as did Dylan at the University of Minnesota — "I sat in science class an' flunked out for refusin' to watch a rabbit die..." [from *My Life In A Stolen Moment*.]

He visited the ailing Guthrie. Despite the elder folk poet's illness and the thirty years that stood between them, ego and alter ego somehow managed to communicate. Besides the closeness with Van Ronk and Elliot, Dylan was befriended by another city intellectual who had "gone country." Harry Jackson, the painter. Jackson felt Dylan was a superb transplant of the Italian street musician. He tried to paint Dylan, but the latter kept moving and bobbing and shaking so much the portrait had to be finished without the model.

In the Village clubs, Dylan touched his audiences occasionally, with his bluesy songs and his emerging poetic statements, but mostly he made them laugh. He had a curious set of Charlie Chaplin tramp mannerisms that were irresistible. His shamble would send him away past the target of the microphone, and there was a lot of stage business with his hat, his hair, his harmonica.

Dylan made his listeners laugh, and think, with some of his satirical "talking blues" monologues. *Talking New York* relieved his anger at coffeehouse owners who scorned his "hillbilly" sound. His *Talking John Birch Society Blues* ridiculed the paranoia of the ultra-right. (Both Columbia Records and the Columbia Broadcasting System censored it.)

Dylan had been signed by Columbia's John Hammond in September 1961 after his third appearance at Folk City. Hammond, who had heard his son, also a musician, rave about Dylan, listened to Dylan at a studio session accompanying Carolyn Hester on his harmonica. After hearing only a few harmonica phrases and carefully appraising Dylan's appearance, Hammond went up to Dylan and shook his hand. In Dylan's other hand he carried his first newspaper review. Gambling on his years as a discoverer of great talent, Hammond offered to record Dylan without even hearing him sing.

Although there was a lot of early animosity toward Dylan, his coterie was strongly aware of how important he was. Suzy and Carla Rotolo fussed over him. The McGowans saw that he got a drink now and then. Mike

Porco of Folk City offered to treat him to a haircut and some new clothes. Izzy Young sponsored his first concert, at Carnegie recital Hall, which was attended by 53 persons. (In March 1965, Dylan and Joan Baez gave a concert in Philadelphia that attracted a record audience of 14,000.) Gil Turner and Mikki Isaacs saw that he ate enough. Van Ronk turned him on to Françoise Villon. Barry Kornfeld had some music insights to share. Jean redpath gave him a book of Yevtushenko's poems. Someone else introduced him to Lorca and Brecht. Albert Grossman bought him some books by Martin Buber.

Grossman, the portly soft-spoken personal manager, was the only manager to view Dylan's potential and to act on it. A prodigious star maker, Grossman has clients who swear by him and recording officials and club managers who swear at him. In the fall of 1963, when fame and some personal crises nearly undid Dylan, Grossman helped keep the singer going. "If it wasn't for Albert," Dylan says today, "I could be on the Bowery now. Albert's the greatest manager that ever lived in the whole century (*sic*) of the world."

Despite the enthusiasm over his first recording, it barely caused a ripple on the mass audience. Dylan spent most of 1962 writing songs, getting to know many of the people in the Southern integration movement, and working with the members of the *Broadside* magazine topical-song movement. He made a brief appearance at Carnegie Hall in the fall of 1962 on a "hoot" sponsored by *Sing Out!*.

The big change occurred in the spring of 1963. At the suggestion of Pete Seeger, Harold Leventhal put Dylan on in a solo concert at Town Hall. Reviews in *Billboard* magazine and *The New York Times* were ecstatic. He appeared at the Monterey (California) Folk Festival, and Joan Baez became a Dylan convert. She invited him to her Carmel home. ("I feel it," she said later. "But Dylan can say it. He's phenomenal.") As their mutual admiration society grew, he said, "She sings for me," and she said, "He speaks for me.")

This buildup was cumulative, but the turning point was the Peter, Paul and Mary recording of *Blowin' In The Wind* and the Newport Folk Festival. Partially of conviction and partially of an astute public relations sense, Grossman's clients, Peter, Paul and Mary, introduced the song at concerts as being written by "the most important folk singer in America today. He has his fingers on the pulse of his generation."

By the time of the Newport Festival that July, Dylan's name was on everyone's lips. He became restless with photographers and reporters who wanted him to pose and speak.



“You want my time,” he snapped impatiently. “There isn’t time to give you my time.”) A channel 5 telecast on freedom songs and a series of unannounced appearances at Baez concerts in the East kept the momentum rolling. A solo concert at Carnegie Hall that fall attracted a young audience that acted as if they were going to church, eating up the words of the charisma kid as if he were Jesus in denim and suede. But even older listeners were impressed. “Such passion!” Ronnie Gilbert of the Weavers remarked after the concert.

If Dylan’s voice has been a source of controversy (it has been likened to a bear’s, to a tubercular patient’s wail over a sanitarium wall, to the sound of a dog with his leg in barbed wire), its homely plaintiveness tends to grow on most listeners. His songs have been controversial every step of the circuitous road he travels. The traditionalists objected to his being so socially conscious. Then the social-determinists became irritated when he turned to personal statement wrapped in murky symbolism. The jockey crowd criticized him for losing his sense of humour, and the serious crowd objected to his fantasy satires. Now that he is part of the Beatle’s backlash, using electrical background instruments and reworking the rhythm and blues tunes of Chuck Berry, non-rock ‘n’ roll fans are annoyed.

For a little while, Dylan tried to defend his musical approaches. He wrote of his then-predominantly topical approach a credo that will stand up no matter where he goes musically:

*I'm singin' and writin'
what's on my mind now
What's in my own head
and what's in my own heart
I'm singin' for me an'
a million other me's that've been
forced t'gether by the same
feelin' —
I'm writin' an' singin' for me
An' I'm writin' an' singin' for you...*

Probably the biggest storm over Dylan’s songs was precipitated by an ill-founded hatchet job by *Newsweek* that implied he might be a song-stealer. Actually, only occasionally did he compose his own melodies but would build, in the perfectly acceptable folk process, on other melodies. Thus *Blowin’ In The Wind* is his reworking of Dolores Dixon’s arrangement of the traditional spiritual, *No More Auction Block For Me*. *Hollis Brown* is set to the traditional *Pretty Polly*. *Fare Thee Well* is set to *The Leaving Of Liverpool*, and *Masters Of War* is built on the melody of *Nottamun Town*. *With God on Our Side* is a revamping of Dominic Behan’s *Patriot Game*, in

itself a rehash of the traditional *Merry Month Of May*. Although Dylan has borrowed, adapted, or oriented some striking melodies, it is as a lyricist-poet that he bears the most import. Despite many rumours, the only litigation he has gone through was a friendly suit by his close friend and admirer, Paul Clayton, over the melody of *Don’t Think Twice*, which Clayton had already adapted from tradition.

Some of Dylan’s most powerful works are almost chants against guitar-strumming. *Who Killed Davey Moore*, *A Hard Rain’s A Gonna Fall*, and *It’s All Right Ma* are among his best works despite their lack of melodic profiles. Never will I forget the steaming summer afternoon when Dylan pulled out of his pocket the poem inspired by the shooting of Medgar Evers, the Mississippi NAACP leader. Here was a concise, eloquent tribute to a fallen Negro martyr that simultaneously explained how the white Southerner was also being victimized. He called it *Only A Pawn In Their Game*.

The hubbub about the origins of some Dylan melodies would never have gone so far if he had been able to say something in his own defense about his working methods. But, here again, a curious inarticulateness crept over him. As in his dealings with the press, he almost invites animosity as if he knows that he is right and can’t expect a fair break from anything that resembles authority or the Establishment. Two highly sympathetic writer friends, Al Aronowitz and Pete Karmon, dropped articles they were writing on Dylan because of his expressed contempt for much of what is written about him.

This trulence toward authority is firmly rooted in the irreverence of The Beatles and the Dead End Kids before them. Much as some of the adults around the folk movement find this thumb-at-the-nose attitude of post adolescent revolt hard to take, it is just there that the movement gets much of its motive power. Thus the rebels and the disbelievers in authority have found in Dylan a practicing rebel disbeliever with whom they can identify.

Despite the various turns and detours that Dylan has taken in his song writing, nothing seems likely to halt his creative flood, unless it be his own self-destructiveness. Like other poets, from Rimbaud to Dylan Thomas to Hank Williams to Charlie Parker, Dylan has a kindred genius for afflicting his body and health. At 24, he already has a prematurely tired wizened look.

He’ll brush aside the concern of his friends, indicating that everybody dies sometime. So, the charisma kid is just going to keep going his own way, no matter what anyone says about him or his songs. He’ll just keep ramblin’ and tumblin’ down the road, looking for his own compass points before he tries to lead anyone else down his paths.

This souvenir booklet was prepared by Kenneth Pitt Ltd, and printed by Hastings printing Company, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.
● Bob Dylan’s book *TARANTULA*, will be published in New York in the Autumn by Macmillan. British publication will follow later.





BOB DYLAN

The 1966 Tour - Audiences booed, critics howled, but Dylan's 1966 excursion with the Hawks has gone into history as rock's greatest tour

Guitarist Robbie Robertson had the best view in the house: "It was the strangest job you could imagine," he mused a decade later. "We were travelling round the world, getting booed every night."

Robertson, along with his colleagues in the Hawks (alias the Band), was an unsuspecting participant in rock's first great psychodrama. From the end of 1965 to the summer of 1966, folk hero and protest guru Bob Dylan teased and incited audiences in America, Australia, and Europe. Night after night, he willfully confounded their expectations and desires, spurning the political anthems of earlier tours in favour of image-laden, drug-fuelled essays in elusiveness and magic.

Though the purists scorned his 'betrayal' of political ideals, it was Dylan's decision to tour with an electric rock 'n' roll band that aroused most hatred. For more than a year after he defiantly 'went electric' with the "Subterranean Homesick Blues" single in April 1965, his so-called fans managed to be surprised by his temerity in standing before them with a solid-body guitar hung around his neck.

Dylan orchestrated and reveled in the chaos which followed, as his fans split between the loyal and the betrayed. He deliberately strung out the pauses between songs, daring the audience to slow-clap, then mocking them when they did. But when he and the

Hawks played, they sounded like nothing else in rock history — louder, less restrained, completely open to the venom, mayhem and exuberance of the moment.

Almost every review of the '66 tour mourned the passing of Dylan's poetic talent and artistic integrity. But when bootleg recordings began to circulate in the early 70s, rock critics acclaimed these shows as manna from a lost heaven. One set of electric songs, credited to the Albert Hall in London, came to represent the most glorious 45 minutes in rock history.

It wasn't just the tempestuous fervour of the music; the 'Albert Hall' tape preserved a series of dramatic stand-offs between Dylan

and his fans which climaxed in the briefest of arguments: a cry of "Judas" from the stalls, to which Dylan replied with a slurred, utterly contemptuous "I don't believe you".

The Albert Hall tape turned out to come from Manchester, but otherwise the '66 tour has lost none of its mythic stature. For the last 23 years, there have been rumours of an official album to document the events of May 1966. But Columbia/CBS/Sony have regularly let us down, and the bootleggers have filled the gap. Meanwhile, the power of those concerts continues to spellbind everyone who's heard the remarkable tapes.

Peter Doggett



MIXED UP CONFUSION

Clinton Heylin investigates how the Albert Hall moved to Manchester, and other mysteries surrounding Dylan's '66 U.K. tour — like, what happened to Sony's live album?

Dylan's 1966 world tour remains the most legendary of all rock tours. Blotting out the candle every which way, Dylan and the Hawks' combative performances scrambled more synapses than the acid merchants of Haight managed in the whole summer of love. The release in 1970 of an electric set from the tour, the legendary "In 1966 There Was..." alias "Royal Albert Hall" bootleg, proved that not all legends turned out to be "like a myth". Acoustic documents of comparable genius from Melbourne and Dublin soon followed, but again it was the bootleggers who acquired the tapes (in the case of Melbourne, they bought an acetate from the local radio station) and did the deed.

By the time the bootleggers decided to get in on the act, four years after the event, Dylan's record company Columbia had seen fit to release just one track from the tour, a venomous "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" from the Liverpool show (May 19), hidden away on the derriere of the "I Want You" 45. Though the song in question came from a mono tape reel recorded solely for Dylan's 1966 celluloid documentary 'Eat The Document', the Hawks considered it the best performance of the tour (which was perhaps the reason for its selection).

DRAMA

While legend and myth have gradually conspired to blur the very real drama that unfolded night after night in front of unknowing eyes, Sony have chosen to release just three more 1966 live performances since then — all on the 1985 boxed-set, "Biograph". Magnificent performances of "Visions of Johanna" and "It's All Over Now Baby Blue" ((from the Royal Albert Hall and Manchester Free Trade Hall respectively) affirmed that the 1966 acoustic sets were Dylan's most freeform exercises in tonal breath control. However, the solitary example of Dylan playing with the Hawks, a misattributed "I Don't Believe You", from Dublin (May 5), is almost unlistenable. Taken again from the mono Nagra reel-to-reel tapes used for the movie — as were both acoustic cuts — it suffered from a crude mix and a decidedly rusty Dylan vocal (presumably the result of a four day break), and fell some way short of the oft-bootlegged Manchester performance.

The fact that all four officially released cuts, as well as all the bootleg vinyl releases of the Seventies, came from mono recordings made from the audience, either by a radio station or for the film (apart from that rare original release of the "Albert Hall" bootleg which has the last two songs in stereo — of which more

BALLAD OF A THIN MAN FROM FOLK HERO TO JUDAS ISCARIOT

13-15 JANUARY 1965: Dylan records his fifth Columbia album, "Bringing It All Back Home", with a full electric band on seven tracks.

APRIL 1965: "Subterranean Homesick Blues", a two-minute free-flow rant in the mould of Chuck Berry's "Too Much Monkey Business", is released as a single. After this, no one has an excuse for being surprised by the prospect of an electric Dylan.

26 APRIL 1965: Dylan begins a solo tour of England, documented in D. A. Pennebaker's film "Don't Look Back".

15 JUNE 1965: Back in New York, Dylan records the epic "like A Rolling Stone", a revolutionary six-minute track that shatters the musical and lyrical boundaries of popular music.

25 JUNE 1965: Dylan appears in public with an electric band for the first time since the 50s, playing with the Butterfield Blues band at the Newport Folk Festival. Purist elements of the crowd regard his performance as some kind of betrayal.

28 AUGUST 1965: A concert at Forest Hills Stadium in New York inaugurates a new era in Dylan's career, beginning nine months of intensive touring. All his subsequent 1965 and 1966 shows are divided between acoustic and electric sets.

Dylan's initial band includes Robbie Robertson (guitar) and Levon Helm (drums) from Levon & the Hawks, Al Kooper (keyboards) and Harvey Brooks (bass). "Tombstone Blues", "It Ain't Me Babe" and "From A Buick 6" are early electric outings that don't survive through to the European tour the following year.

30 AUGUST 1965: "Highway 61 Revisited", the quintessential electric Dylan album, is released.

16 SEPTEMBER 1965: As both Al Kooper and Harvey Brooks are unwilling to tour with Dylan, he rehearses with Levon & the Hawks — Robertson, Helm, Richard Manuel, Rick Danko and garth Hudson — at Friars, a nightclub in Toronto.

24 SEPTEMBER 1965: Dylan and the Hawks play their first show, at the Municipal Auditorium in Austin, Texas. Regular concerts follow through October and November, during which "Positively Fourth Street" and "Can You Please Craw Out Your Window" are often performed.

LATE NOVEMBER 1965: Exhausted by their touring schedule and unhappy at the fact that the Hawks are having to subjugate their own career to Dylan's needs, Levon Helm quits his own band, and is replaced by session drummer Bobby Gregg.

4 DECEMBER 1965: Poet Allen Ginsburg records Dylan's show with the Hawks at the Berkeley Community Theatre, a



later), suggested that perhaps the Nagra reels were all that Sony had access to. After all, record companies were not in the habit in 1966 of running tapes of live gigs on the off-chance that they might have some latter-day historical value — hence the lack of usable Beatles live tapes to pad out those 150-minute anthologies, while the atrocious “Got Live IF You Want It” remains the Stone’s one- and-only live artifact with Brian Jones.

However, Columbia actually have an exceptionally good record when it comes to archiving Dylan’s Sixties live performances. Among the tapes loitering in Iron Mountain, Sony’s tape HQ, are pristine reels of entire 1963 shows from New York’s Town Hall and Carnegie Hall. Ditto shows from the Royal Festival Hall, the Newport Festival and the Philharmonic Hall for 1964. The 1969 Isle Of Wight tapes, on eight-track, also await excavation, as do at least four complete 1966 shows captured in all their three-track glory.

The auctioning in 1983 of a set of Columbia acetates (generally entitled the Gelston acetates) confirmed that the Manchester and both the London 1966 shows were among the tapes Columbia held. The acetates included five songs from the Manchester acoustic set (May 17), an all-but-complete acoustic set from the final Royal Albert Hall show (May 27) and three songs apiece from the acoustic and electric halves of the previous London Show (May 26), giving fans an impressive booty of ‘live’ recordings from the European leg of the two-month tour. What they did not have was one complete show in pin-drop quality.

By now, the situation was supposed to have changed. For the last three years, Dylan fans have been eagerly awaiting the next volume(s) of “The Bootleg Series”, scheduled to comprise a complete 1966 show. Eighteen months ago, that show was confirmed as Manchester, the electric set of which had long been miscredited on bootlegs to the Royal Albert Hall. This tape was the obvious choice, given its famous denouement when a member of the crowd accuses Dylan of being ‘Judas’ (or maybe he was just requesting Child Ballad no. 23) and he retorts “I don’t believe you... you’re a liar!”, before turning to drummer Mickey Jones (doubtless drumsticks aloft) and commanding him, “play fucking loud!”.

For years, collectors have wondered how this Manchester show ever became attributed to the Albert hall, and why the original bootleg version had the first six electric songs in mono and the last two in stereo (implying two separate source tapes, if not two separate concerts). In fact, the explanation is relatively straightforward. At some point during the world tour, it was decided to bring in a professional recording engineer and the best mobile recording equipment on offer — a bulky three track tape recorder — and authoritatively document some of these extraordinary shows. As I’ve already said, most of the shows were being recorded by soundman Robert Van Dyke on a mono Nagra reel-to-reel for the purposes of dubbing film soundtrack material. Shows recorded on the Nagra include Copenhagen (May 1), Dublin (May 5), Liverpool

tape which soon vanishes — only to re-emerge nearly 30 years later on a bootleg CD. It features another shortlived addition to the electric set, “Long Distance Operator”. Later in the month, Dylan is rumoured to have performed an electric version of “Visions Of Johanna” on California.

EARLY FEBRUARY 1966: A fresh U.S. tour begins, with Bobby Gregg replaced by Sandy Konikoff. The electric sets now open with “Tell Me Mama”, never recorded in the studio and still officially unreleased.

14-17 FEBRUARY 1966: Dylan begins work on the “Blonde On Blonde” album in Nashville.

8/9 MARCH 1966: A second batch of sessions complete work on “Blonde On Blonde”.

26 MARCH 1966: Vancouver is the venue for the last of a series of North American shows, apparently dogged by poor sound. “Positively Fourth Street” vanishes from Dylan’s live repertoire for nine years after this show.

9 APRIL 1966: The infamous world tour begins in Honolulu, with Mickey Jones replacing Sandy Konikoff on drums.

13 APRIL 1966: One of Dylan’s shows in Melbourne is recorded for TV and radio broadcast, spawning one of the first live Dylan bootlegs in the early 70s.

27 APRIL 1966: After a 36-hour flight from Perth, Dylan and the hawks arrive in Stockholm for the first date of the European leg.

29 APRIL 1966: The tour opens at Stockholm Konsert-huset. The standard acoustic set for the European shows comprises “She Belongs To Me”, “Fourth Time Around”, “Visions Of Johanna”, “It’s All Over Now, Baby Blue”, “Desolation Row”, “Just Like A Woman” and “Mr. Tambourine Man”. The regular eight-track electric set featured “Tell Me Mama”, “I Don’t Believe You”, “Baby, let Me Follow You Down”, “Just Like Tom Thumb’s Blues”, “Leopard Skin Pillbox Hat”, “One Too Many Mornings”, “Ballad of A Thin Man” and “Like A Rolling Stone”.

30 APRIL 1966: Dylan is photographed at ‘Hamlet’s Castle’ in North Denmark.

1 MAY 1966: Copenhagen KB Hallen, Denmark.

2 MAY 1966: The Dylan entourage flies into London, where they meet Paul McCartney, Keith Richard and Brian Jones. McCartney plays Dylan acetates of “Revolver”; Dylan responds with “Blonde On Blonde”.

5 MAY 1966: Dublin Adelphi begins the British Isles leg of the tour. “Traitor”, snared enraged folkies as Dylan emerges for the second half with the Hawks.

6 MAY 1966: Belfast ABC.

10 MAY 1966: Bristol Colston hall.

11 MAY 1966: Cardiff Capitol Theatre. Johnny Cash attends the show, and he and Dylan are filmed backstage singing an impromptu version of “I Still Miss Someone”.

12 MAY 1966: Birmingham Odeon.

14 MAY 1966: Liverpool Odeon. The performance of "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues" from this show is issued as the B-side of the "I Want You" single in June.

15 MAY 1966: Leicester De Montfort Hall.

16 MAY 1966: Sheffield Gaumont. Surviving tapes clearly document the booing that greeted many of Dylan's electric performances on this show.

17 MAY 1966: Free Trade Hall, Manchester. "Judas", catcalls a fan before the final song: "I don't believe you", Dylan slurs contemptuously.

19 MAY 1966: Glasgow Odeon. During their stay in the city, Dylan and Robbie Robertson are filmed working on new material like "What Kind Of Friend Is This" and "On A Rainy Afternoon".

20 MAY 1966: Edinburgh ABC

21 MAY 1966: Newcastle Odeon.

22 MAY 1966: The tour party fly into Paris, where Dylan hangs out with French rocker Johnny Hallyday.

24 MAY 1966: Paris Olympia. Dylan meets more audience hostility, this time during the acoustic set, where he baits them by spending several minutes tuning his guitar between each song. His decision to play the electric half in front of a massive Stars-and-Stripes flag does nothing to win over the French spectators.

26 MAY 1966: Royal Albert Hall, London. The Beatles and their entourage fill a box or two in the arena, and do their best to counter the cries of dissatisfaction being directed at Dylan by folk purists. The show ends with a cacophonous, nine-minute "Like A Rolling Stone".

27 MAY 1966: Royal Albert Hall, London. "Come up here and say that", Dylan snaps as he undergoes another barrage of catcalls and insults.

28 MAY 1966: Dylan and his wife Sarah fly to Spain for a brief holiday.

JUNE 1966: The New York book publishers Macmillan discuss final arrangements for the imminent publication of Dylan's manic prose tome, "Tarantula".

JULY 1966: Pressure mounts; there is another U.S. tour to schedule. Dylan is apparently unhappy with the current draft of "Tarantula", and he also owes ABC TV a documentary about his recent tour, shot once again by D.A. Pennebaker.

29 JULY 1966: Dylan is involved in a motorcycle accident in Woodstock, New York. The seriousness of his injuries is unclear, but the incident snaps the increasingly tight contractual bonds under which he has been working. "Tarantula" is postponed, and doesn't appear until 1971. The ABC TV documentary is abandoned; the movie footage eventually emerges as "eat The Document", again in 1971. And all subsequent tour plans are cancelled; Dylan will not make anything more than occasional one-off concert appearances again until early 1974. (PD)

(May 14), Edinburgh (May 20), and Glasgow (May 19), and probably Belfast (May 6) and Birmingham (May 12); a particularly atmospheric "Ballad Of A Thin Man" from the Birmingham show recently appeared on bootleg CD.

CONFRONTATION

The first show that Columbia appear to have recorded themselves was on May 16 in Sheffield. Two songs from the Sheffield electric set — "Leopard Skin Pillbox Hat" and "One Too Many Mornings" — have already appeared on the same bootleg CDs as the Birmingham "Thin Man" (the good version of this tape was used for the "A Week In The Life" CD). Interestingly, an almost identical confrontation to the one heard in the Manchester set occurs after "Leopard Print Pillbox Hat". On the Manchester bootleg, as Dylan and the band tune their instruments, parts of the audience start slow handclapping until Dylan starts to burble into the mike. Eventually the crowd ceases clapping, presumably to hear what Dylan is burbling, at which point his speaking in tongues becomes "If you only just wouldn't clap so hard!", generating loud applause, which suggests that the offended purists were in the minority even in Manchester.

In Sheffield, Dylan seems to have spent even longer tuning up between these two songs as assorted shouts of "Dylan's crap", "Get on with it" and "Come on, Bob, sing!" rang around the hall. This time the burbling becomes, "When I was a baby... remember I was a baby once!" Clearly, these two incidents on consecutive nights suggest that Dylan was to some extent orchestrating the audiences reactions in order to feed off their hostility.

If the electric sets at Sheffield and Manchester have a corresponding intensity, the two acoustic sets represent very different Dylans. Given the opportunity to make the comparison, fans may well feel that Jeff Rosen's decision to use the complete Manchester show as the next "Bootleg Series" was the easy option, rather than sound aesthetic judgement. As already noted, the first five songs of the Manchester acoustic set had been part of the so-called Gelston acetates and a lovely de-clicked version had been put out by German bootleg label Swingin' Pig as "Manchester Prayer". As a result, only two of the fifteen songs from Manchester had not been bootlegged.

Dylan's use of drugs to control his moods on the world tour has been well-documented — one listen to his introduction to "Fourth Time Around" on the Melbourne tape would make anyone realize that this man was zonked out on some seriously mellifluous weed — but what is also apparent from the tapes is that the cannabis/methamphetamine mix that Dylan appears to have downed night after night was not always scientifically measured. Some nights it sounds like Dylan is about to slump from his stool during the acoustic set, and then jump into the pit and ritually disembowel non-believers in the electric (the Liverpool set springs to mind).

What's notable about the Manchester acoustic set is that



Dylan sounds about as straight as he ever did in '66. There is a sense of control, a uniform sureness to his phrasing, that is all but absent from the corresponding Albert Hall and Melbourne tapes. What the Manchester acoustic set most certainly is *not*, is representative.

The Sheffield set, on the other hand, which was under consideration at one point for "The Bootleg Series 4/5", is classic '66 Dylan, stoneder than stoned, sliding from line to line as if in a dream, but with harmonica breaks that come from the heavenly sky above, each one a breathtaking (sic) *tour de force*, culminating in a ten-minute "Mr. Tambourine Man" that captures a man teetering on the brink time and time again, asking himself whether to sleep, to dream, each precipice reviewed and finally rejected. Of course Dylan himself may not be comfortable with such an audio verité document of a man about to crash on the levee — and the Manchester set has much to commend it — but Manchester acoustic gives no sense of the shocking contrast between wired and stoned, demon-child and baby blue, that unfolded most nights in May 1966.

Dylan was obviously keen to hear the results of the Sheffield show, as he stayed up through the night listening to the tapes,

something an eye-witness described as "a nightly ritual". The following day, he came into Manchester with a full film crew — the post-concert interviews with fans in "Eat The Document" all come from the Free Trade Hall; (methinks our friend who accuses Dylan of "crawling through the gutter... making a pile out of it" seems a pretty good candidate for the "Judas" shout). Also on hand was the three-track recording equipment and Van Dyke's trusty Nagra, all set to document what has become perhaps the most legendary show in rockdom.

So why did we fall under the illusion that all this drama took place in London (or Glasgow or...)? Well, the misattribution of this show goes all the way back to 1966. On the original three-track reel that Sony planned to use for their 1966 release of the Manchester show is written, in large letters, "Royal Albert Hall May 17, 1966". No town is given, just Royal Albert Hall, Free Trade Hall, Royal Albert Hall... well, almost. Now I may know that May 17 was Manchester, you, dear reader, may know it was Manchester, but a CBS engineer in New York City, which is where the tapes were ferried back in 1966?

This is not the only instance of such a fuck-up (to use the technical term) resulting from not knowing/checking our Dylan dates.

From where I sat, the raspy voice of Dylan, backed by his guitar and harmonica, was earpiercing, but few of the actual words were discernible.

(*Dublin Evening Press*)

Audience reaction, though very enthusiastic, meant little, for most of those present were patiently pre-conditioned, like a Beatle audience. One had to like Dylan, so one obediently did.

Mr. Dylan is a poet, and though he might be but a minor one were he to publish in slim volumes without the assistance of guitar, harmonica and publicity machine, it is something to sell poetry to a mass audience at all...

In "Ballad Of The Lampshade" Dylan took over the piano. Here the backing group were quite good, though most of the group numbers were rather a blur. Also there was some amplification. But I forgot: this isn't music, but something else: something sociologically interesting.

(*Irish Times*)

Dylan assumed the role of a slightly down-at-heel paperback edition of Mick Jagger, and with the exception of the powerful "Like A Rolling Stone" and "One Too Many Mornings", what came out of the amplifiers was nothing more than watered-down R&B.

It was unbelievable to see Dylan trying to look and

sound like Jagger, and to realize after a stunning first few minutes that it wasn't a "Take-off". Someone shouted "Traitor", someone else, "Leave it to the Beatles!".

(*Dublin Evening Herald*)

The first half of the concert was devoted to Dylan, solo slightly more incoherent than on record, pleasing the attentive audience with the melodic "It's All Over Now Baby Blue", the satirical "Desolation Row" and the guttural "Just Like A Little Gull", and his theme song, "Mr. Tambourine Man".

But then Dylan switched on his equally diminutive electric men, all five of them, one organ, two guitars, piano and headache-inviting drums, and for the second half of the programme he forsook the folk material the now-restless audience had paid, and paid heavily, to see.

There were shouts of "Traitor", "Stuffed goliwog" and "Positively Bore Street", plus slow-handclapping and boos.

The barrage of amplification equipment completely drowned Dylan's nasal voice, which requires the utmost concentration at the best of times.

His beat arrangements were monotonous and painful — as folk, useless, and as beat, inferior. "Like A Rolling Stone" had some merit.

There were a few diehards who clapped until the end. They'll never learn.

(*Dublin Evening Press*)

POSITIVELY 4th STREET

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN



As Recorded by
BOB DYLAN
on Columbia Records

\$2.50
U.S.A.

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE LONDON PRESS CONFERENCE 4 MAY 1966

Q: How many people are there in your backing group?

Dylan: oh, 14, 15.

Q: What is the name of your group?

Dylan: I don't know. I don't believe they have a name.

Q: What are their names?

Dylan: You want names?

Q: It might be helpful.

Dylan: Gus, Frank, Mitch...

Q: Why don't you write protest songs anymore?

Dylan: All my songs are protest songs. You name something, I'll protest about it.

Q: Why do some of your songs bear no relation to their titles?

Dylan: Give me an example.

Q: "Rainy Day Woman #12 & 35"

Dylan: Have you ever been in North Mexico?

Q: Not recently.

Dylan: Well, I can't explain it to you, then. If you had, you'd understand what the song's about.

Q: What are you going to do in Britain?

Dylan: Nothing.

Q: What about the book you've just written?

Dylan: It's about spiders. It's called "Tarantula". It's an insect book. Took about a week to write, off and on. There are 360 pages. My next book is a collection of epitaphs.

Q: Are you married to Joan Baez?

Dylan: Joan Baez was an accident.

Q: A mistake?

Dylan: No, an accident. I brought my wife over last time and nobody took any notice of her.

Q: So you are married, then?

Dylan: I'd be a liar if I answered that.

Q: But you just said you had a wife.

Dylan: That depends on what you mean by 'married'.

Q: Do you have any children?

Dylan: Every man with medical problems has children.

Q: What are your medical problems?

Dylan: There's glass in the back of my head. I'm a very sick person. I can't see too well on Thursdays. And another thing, my toenails don't fit.

The three 1966 live performances Jeff Rosen included on "Biograph" all came from a solitary second-generation compilation reel (from the Nagra tapes, ironically, even though five of the eight songs on the reel were also recorded on three-track) — another instance of Mr. Rosen's idea of thoroughness found to be a tad wanting. In the case of the three electric cuts from Dublin, they are listed as May 6, even though that was the date of the Belfast show (Dublin was on the fifth). Hence "I Don't Believe You" is credited to may 6 (and no location is given) on the "Biograph" box.

The presence of Columbia's three-track machine at manchester, and indeed both the Royal Albert Hall shows, did not dissuade Robert Van Dyke from continuing to run the Nagra as well (even though nothing in "Eat The Document", save perhaps a 20-second snippet of "Tom Thumb's Blues", comes from manchester — and absolutely nothing from London). The first six songs of the Manchester electric set, as they appear on innumerable bootlegs, have always been in mono and presumably come from the Nagra reels. Why the last two songs, and only the last two songs, should then be taken from the three-track (they originally came in stereo but were accidentally transferred to mono when the bootleg was manufactured) remains as one last mystery. Possibly, the mono Nagra reels ran out before the final drama (a seven-inch 7 1/2ips reel would last about 30 minutes). Most likely, the mono Nagra tape simply did not pick up the single-word "j'accuse" from the fifth row very audibly. On the Liverpool Nagra tape the famous shout "Woody Guthrie would turn in his grave!" is completely inaudible, though Dylan's retort — "There's someone up there looking for the saviour; the saviour's backstage" — is certainly all there. The Columbia engineer was apparently smart enough to use the centre-track on his three-track to mike up the auditorium, front and back, thus capturing some wonderfully rich ambience on the acoustic sets, as well as the more vocal shouts during the electric set. Hence, presumably, the crystal-clear "Judas!" on the tape.

Ironically, the mix-up over the Manchester/Royal Albert Hall locations presented Sony with a marketing dilemma, if they were going to release the Manchester show in its entirety what were they going to call it: The Royal Albert Hall, Manchester? Play Fucking Loud? In 1966 there was... This Big Mix-Up? Of course, one recourse was to put out the 'real' Albert hall show, or at least one of them. On the evidence of the Gelston acetates, both first sets have the edge on the Manchester acoustic. However, it may well be that the electric sets featured a Dylan not so much teetering on the brink as hanging over it. No audio evidence of the final electric set has passed into collectors' hands, though this is the night when Dylan introduced "I Don't Believe You" by saying, "I get accused of dismissing my old songs. That's not true. I Luuuv my old songs".



COCKTAILS

On the first Albert Hall electric set Dylan seems to have mixed up his cocktails again and is more stoned than wired, even if he does invite someone to "come up here and say that" prior to "Leopard Skin Pillbox Hat". Before the last song, which turns out to be the legendary nine-minute "Like A Rolling Stone" first mentioned by Greil Marcus in a 1969 'Rolling Stone' article (yes, it really does exist), Dylan tells the crowd that he's "loved every minute", proceeds to introduce the Hawks for the only time on the tour, and then dedicates the song to "the Taj Mahal" before launching into one final tirade. Unfortunately, the extra two-and-a-half minutes that they devote to "Rolling Stone" is merely a jam session that has more in common with "Sister Ray" ("I'm gonna take this solo", "No, I'm gonna take this solo" etc.).

After due consideration, and some not-so-due consideration, it was decided to release Manchester, on CD acoustic, one CD electric. The Sony machine buzzed into gear. Tony

Glover was assigned to write the sleeve-notes, final mixdowns were completed and, once again, somehow, tapes startlingly close to Rosen's mastertape were acquired by collectors and passed into trading circles (does all this sound kinda familiar? "Biograph"? "Unplugged"?). Rather than galvanizing Sony into a rapid release, someone's indiscretion convinced them once again to nix the release of Manchester '66 (originally planned way back in 1974 when Columbia/CBS thought Bobby was gone for good). But just as "The Bootleg Series 4/5" disappeared from the release schedule, there appeared a beautiful fold-out double-CD release of these very same tapes. Once again, the labour of love was a bootlegger's version of the truth, available only to those in the know, and cryptically entitled "Guitars Kissing & The Contemporary Fix". It seems as if we really are going to have to wait until the man's dead for Sony to wake up and release the tapes that remain, or perhaps not quite that long?

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

26/27 MAY 1966

Sue Miles (art student): "Dylan in 1966 at the Albert Hall was the most extraordinary event. In the first half he was just earnestly twanging away, groaning away with the old harmonica and the guitar. Out for the intermission and the Band appeared and I remember thinking, 'This is great, this is wonderful. This is proper stuff!' Dylan had frizzy, slightly blue hair. He and Robbie Robertson rubbed up against each other all the time. It was great. Half the audience pissed off — all the ones that rucksacks!"

Dick Pountain (journalist): "It was the first time I'd ever heard heavy rock. It was probably it had been heard in this country, 'cos they had all these amps we didn't have. They came on with a wall of amps. Before that, when you saw people live, it was very weedy. Then Dylan appeared and did 'Like A Rolling

Stone' and shook the roof off of the Albert Hall."

Steve Abrams: "The most interesting part came in the first half of the concert when Dylan was about to sing 'Visions Of Johanna'. He said, 'Now this next song is what your English newspapers would call a drug song, but I don't write drug songs, and anybody who says I do is talking rubbish.'"

Johnny Byrne: "I happened to be staying in the flat where Dylan came back later. He was visibly vibrating. I should imagine it was the exhaustion and a good deal of substances. He was totally away, there was a yawning chasm between him and any kind of human activity."

(from *Days In The Life* by Jonathan Green; Minerva Books)

HOT HAT HIT



Bob Dylan tops himself with

"Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat"

A single everybody will be putting on
and vice versa.