





*Tito Burns presents*

# **DYLAN '66**

*in*

*Dublin*

*Belfast*

*Bristol*

*Cardiff*

*Birmingham*

*Liverpool*

*Leicester*

*Sheffield*

*Manchester*

*Glasgow*

*Edinburgh*

*Newcastle*

*London*

*Stage presentation by Fred Perry*



**BOB DYLAN** has systematically shaken, upset, overturned and finally re-routed the entire course of contemporary folk music. There isn't a singer in the folk field today who hasn't in some way been influenced by him, in his writing, his performing, even in his appearance. The imitators are legion, but Dylan continues on his own way, belonging to no-one, blazing his own trails — exciting, unpredictable, unexcelled.

# 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.*

Photo: Melody Maker



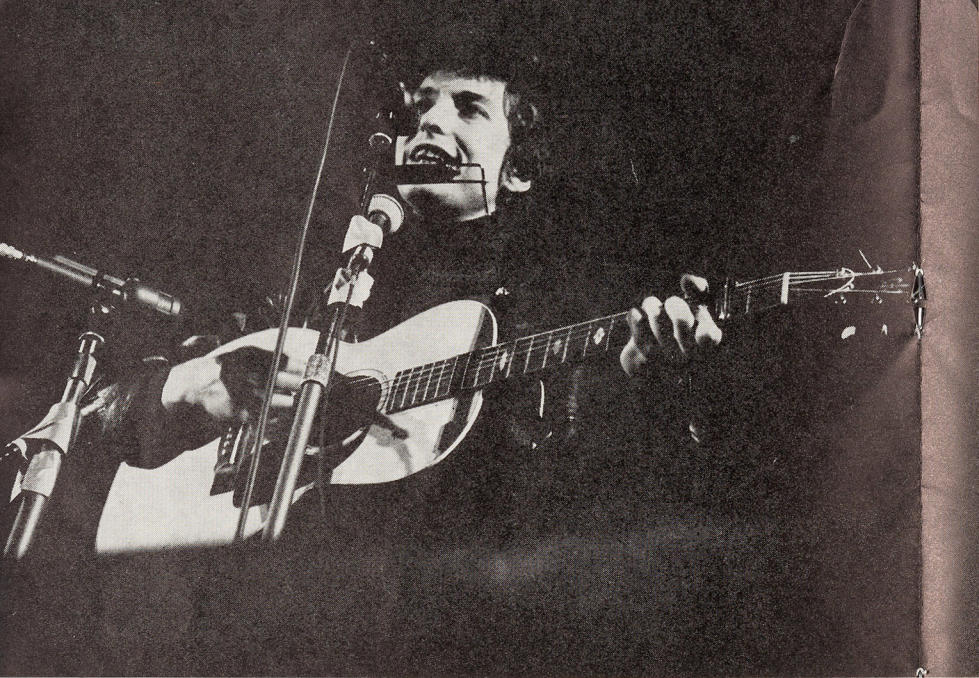


Photo: Melody Maker

# 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 had 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 leg 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' and tumblin' 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 hard-cover edition of Bob Dylan, with a preface by John Lennon, a foreword by Allen Ginsberg, 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 is 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 carpenter. 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 nothin' about nothin', I jes' 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 all were 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.





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*[Faded, illegible text in the left column of the advertisement.]*

*[Faded, illegible text in the right column of the advertisement.]*

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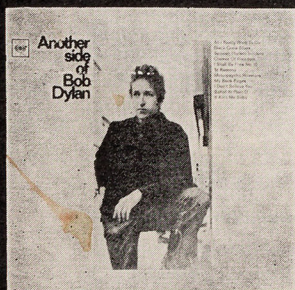
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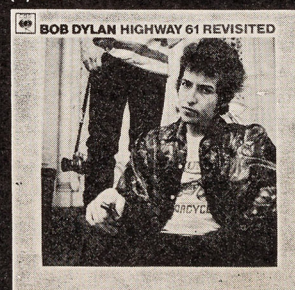
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