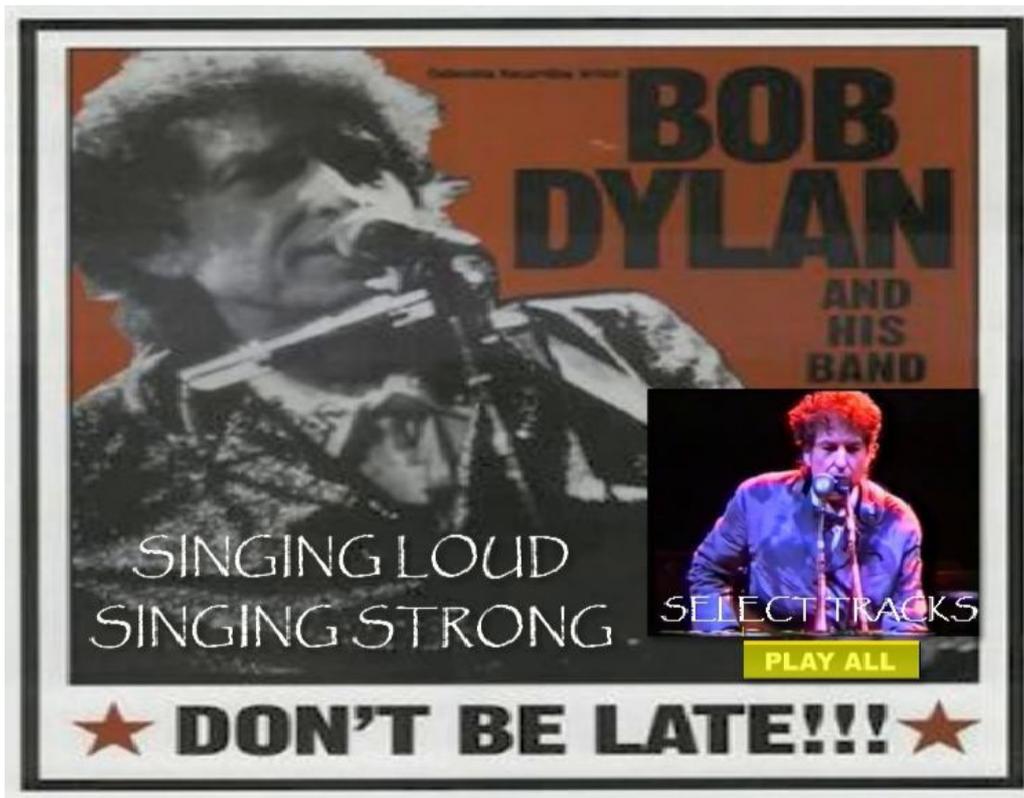


D222 BOURNEMOUTH, 1 OCTOBER 1997



Absolutely Sweet Marie / Man In The Long Black Coat / Tough Mama / You Ain't Goin' Nowhere / Silvio [cut] / Cocaine Blues / Tangled Up In Blue / Mr. Tambourine Man / Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again / Blind Willie McTell / Highway 61 Revisited [start clipped] / Like A Rolling Stone / Don't Think Twice, It's All Right [second half only] / Love Sick / Rainy Day Women [snippet]

**SOUND** Muddy, sub hi-fi - some tracks (generally the more laid-back ones) come through much better than others. (For better sound, though a slightly less convincing performance, see [D223](#).)



**IMAGE** Steady, close, wholly unobstructed, nice movement around the band, well lit, pleasantly coloured - overall, very good.

**RUNNING TIME** 83:46, all songs, clips and cuts as noted above.

**PERFORMANCE** Odd vocal lapses (Seen the arrow on the *doorstep*?) otherwise strong.

**HIGHLIGHTS** Cocaine (particularly well-filmed), McTell (fine) and Love Sick (also fine, on its live debut\*) all survive the sonic mangle pretty much intact.

**COMMENT** How much goes into these performances? Watch D's powder-blue jacket grow more and more heavily sweat-stained as the night wears on and judge for yourself. Here in Bournemouth we catch him just three months out of his mid-'97 hospital bed, but back out again, keeping on keeping on. What a guy.



Love Sick and feeling the strain ...

**THANKS** MM

**STARS** A solid four

\* Here are the opening lines of Lee Marshall's 2007 book *The Never Ending Star*:

I have experienced many spellbinding moments at Bob Dylan's concerts, but one stands out: Bournemouth, 1 October 1997. Dylan's new album, *Time Out Of Mind*, had been released at the start of the week and many

of us congregating on the front few rows were hoping to hear some songs from it. All through the main set, however, there was nothing new and by its end I had resigned myself to the fact that the new songs would have to wait, consoled that it had been a very good show regardless. Then, as he returned for the encores, the opening bars of 'Love Sick' creaked through the air, and Dylan stepped up to the mike and began the song. The moment was electric. The reason I remember it so clearly, however, is not just the excitement of hearing a live debut but, rather, a realisation I had during it. Towards the end of the song, Dylan sang:

*I'm sick of love, I wish I'd never met you  
I'm sick of love, I'm trying to forget you*

I felt at that moment that Dylan was singing directly to us, the audience in front of him. That 'you' for which he expressed so much contempt was actually us. The love he was so sick of was that given to him by the thousands of fans around the world. There is a sting in this tale, though, for in the song's final lines, the singer himself capitulates:

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

Whether or not I'm right in this reading of 'Love Sick', it is certainly true that Dylan's relationship with his audience has always been marked by this kind of ambivalence. Around the same time as the Bournemouth show, he said in an interview [with Jon Pareles] that:

*A lot of people don't like the road but it's as natural to me as breathing. I do it because I'm driven to do it, and I either hate it or love it. I'm mortified on the stage but then again it's the only place where I'm happy. It's the only place you can be who you want to be. You can't be who you want to be in daily life.*

... A thoughtful look at stardom that's well worth reading.

