

Among others this Book of silver is
dedicated to Asger S a real BOB Dylan aficionado,
and to Poul B, who over the phone

defines his relation to Dylan as warm
but good. Moreover to Johnny W treasurer of
the Gentlemen's Club, John O
in a red and blue sweater
and Uncle Danny (Angel-Eye)

who Both like Dylan's
music and don't, Or neither nor.
Rolf G from 'The Seed of Babylon', and

Christian H, who knows Damn all about beat,
rock and death's very highest strings.
To put it more briefly: dedicated to the
catastrophe the Amethysts and
every true Dylan fan on this earth.

Bob Dylan, there he stands in the sp
Otlight on the stage of my mind
Behind a nebula of cannabis

Dense vapours and tobacco smoke. Alread
Y an archetype in my own lost youth's mytho
Logy. With his white shepherd's h
At there he stands on the wide scree
N of memory in the cinema of my heart.

Bob Dylan, there he stands in black cl
Othes against a background of the
Blood-red stripes in the Stars an

D Stripes playing his harrowingl
Y lovely, his deadly beautifu
L music. A modern troub
Adour, close to the middle of the twentieth ce
Ntury, close to sorrow's young springs.

In the Beginning was the song.
Then along came the guitar's peacock wings
of Burning cedarwood,

and the mouth organ's mother of pearl
more shiny than the teeth of death.

The electric bass and the drums white as
Alburnum. Piano, the violin's poisonous
insect. Organs, mandolins and to

Baaaaaaaaabbbbbbbccccc
dOddddddhhhhhiiiiijjj
Bnnrrrrrrrrrrsssssstttttttyyy

enD up with cornets whose triplets
hugely wilder than those of the arch-
angeLs. Thus did the Dylan universe
Arise out of violet notes. And on the
sevenNth day we heard this music of the spheres.

The CBS records (with their almost
Orange-coloured skies on the record em
blems and science fiction sunsets) are

Deemed new for our generation and
maYbe more important de
cLarations than the UN's light-blue
chArter (with its grimy
fiNgerprints) – far more important

aBaaaabbbbbdddddffff
iiOiiiiiiiiikkkl11111nnnnnnpppp
rBrrrrrrrrrssssssssssttttttyyøååå

Documents than the golden promises of the
TreatY of Rome and its stamps. What I am
teLLing you is that 'John Wesley
HARding' became a gospel of
teNderness signed with the moon's seal.

NumBer four image in my black and
white colOured inner Dylan film:
Joan Baez takes part in a concert where

Dylan is so high that he quite
phYsically is repeatedly in danger of
faLLing off the stage. He is
weARing a white handkerchief
bouNd with four knots round his head

aBaaabbbbbccccdddddffffffggggg
iiOiiiiinnnnnnnnnoooooopppppprrrr
rBrrrssssssssssssttttttyyååååå

that Denote what could be called the
mYsterious sides of existence or
symboLise the four corners of the world.
MAYbe a cloth with which the cold sweat
of aNxiety and death can be wiped off.

The sun glasses' Bright polaroid reflections
are not so as to protect against the sun's
humming Birds. Nor are they to

excluDe the objectivity or
extremely curious gazes. But they are
a sort of mentaL welder's goggles that are

to guard agAinst the corrosive radium
light of iNner visions.

*aaaBaaabbbbccccggghhhhhiiii
mmmmOmnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn
pppBppprrrrrrsssuuuøøøåååååå*

Only poets anD singers know of these visions
that suddenly cause Nash
ville's skyLine to gleam with
methyl Alcohol and the
immeNse silver caravelles of pain.

OBserve the front page of 'Before the Flo
Od' – There you see a picture of the
Bob Dylan universe with its

Dazzling light of newly lit stars.
DYlan galaxes of burning
Lighters each of which
flAmes from a human heart, a spiritual
maNifestation. For

*aBaaccdddddggghhhh
Oiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiikkkknnnnn
nBnnnnpppppprrruuuuyyyyåååå*

funDamentally the spirit is a flame, a
fieriY light that consumes the soul and body.
And Look closely at the faces'
clAire obscure. It is us our blue ge
Neration that seeks to disperse the dark.

Bob Dylan among roses white with
hydrOgen peroxide. That is how my script's
faBled sequences continue.

And once more the inner ear is ignited
bY its chronic passion. And
reaLly: it is like taking
Atropine listening to this rock.
One's pupils dilate, pulse increases,

*aBaaaaaabbbbbdddddggghhhh
Ohhhhhhhiiiiipprrrrrrr
sBssstttuuuyyyyåååååååå*

the Dryness in one's mouth increases, while
a nYlon rustling from my wife's butter
fLy dress wakes me up. Under desire's
tattered banner we are reunited, in
sheer aNaesthesia we are lost and perish.

Have I mayBe ever mentioned to you how
BOB Dylan's music can smell?
Just Breathe in the scent of 'New Morning',

Don't chanterelle mushrooms or rather
newLY mown grass seem to make your
nostrILs quiver, as when a stallion
hAs smelt salt? At other times it
caN be unadulterated

*ccccBddddddddddeeeeegggghh
iOiiiiiiiijjmmmmnnnnnnnnnn
oooBopppppppppssssssttttøøøøøø*

Diesel oil or Dirt Track ether that
completely fills your lungs or the room.
MostLY though this beat smells of your
womAn's skin when she has
druNk an entire bottle of Burgundy.

The suBsequent image: high angle long
shOt of The Band's very last concert with
Bob Dylan and the others on the

WinterlanD stage with its candelabras,
crYstal chandeliers and
Light tulle drapings that
flAp like charred eagle's
wiNGs against the crimson

Background. I am sitting of
cOurse in the cinema. And I am the
only Bloke watching this afternoon who

has paiD. Despite this I flip out over
'Forever Young', which sends a swarm of
nostaLgia's moths towards me. And al
though All is over, it is pre
cisely Now that it should get under way.

TrouBadour dressed in black leather
with cloTh cap: there is night rain in your
eyeBrows and smoke-fall in your beard. And

around the irises of your eyes one senses
a hazY light circle like that around
the pLanet Saturn. I too have been lying
horizontAl on the floor in the splits and played
aloNg most numbers on an

*eyeBrows burning burning
On still burning he he
eyeBrows he sixteen seventeen eighteen*

imagined electric bass or a meta
physical guitar (normally an
old scrubbing brush or a used
Ancient tennis racquet) with
fantasy's strange mother of pearl on it.

'Blonde on Blonde': for weeks the tape recorder
and gramophone played the numbers euphorically
almost unbrokenly time and time again.

The mind's and heart's small camera obscura
completely full of musical
deadly agarics brimming over the thresholds
of transcendence, from where
only the sex urge drove us back.

*blonde on Blonde or or
reorder his his
his unbrokenly this this this*

And we enjoyed falling like withered
Yasmines down into an
unbridled passion, which the record
groove's deadline and the tape's fuse were
the only thing that could stop.

Next visible is the picture on the cover
Of 'Hard Rain' in my imagination's
By now flickering cavalcade.

You must admit that this big close up
physiognomy is as if taken directly
from one of Lucas Cranach's paintings. Our century's
renaissance stands printed
in this countenance's features.

*is it visible picture picture picture
cover this this this
By now it it it it*

Thus an endless Dylan revue of sensitiv
ity is enacted in my emotion
al self, a tenderness'
stream of consciousness under the reality's
hardened layers of enamel.

A Brief fraction of a second after dinner
and news On the TV I wake up with a stomach full
of Beans, sausage and coffee and start the

hard climb of your mountains, where a
Youthful new Silbersattel is right now
full of radiance. In the midst of every

dAY life it is like being vaccinated
with suNrisEs gleaming with synthetic rain

*Brief fraction which which
news On which almost almost
and Beans I I I I*

bows. MiDway between kitchen salt, candlesticks
and dusty phone bills it is like
traveLling to the inner Virginia
FALLs to listen to your
faNtastic and total music.

There is something Blue and magenta red in
your electric rOck. The number eight
is of palpaBle significance

apart from Diverse calamitous
sYmbols and omens.

The moon knot Lifts its dragon's tail and
the entropy displays faster growth in
'Hurricane' than in the society

*there is something Blue it it it it
the rOck the number eight eight
only only palpaBle is is is is is*

that is mirroreD and
negated. That is whY your portrait gleams
this time Like a charred silhouette
against a burning StArs and Stripes in
my late codeiN and coffein dreams.

NumBer eight in the trial picture series:
the cONstant stream of Dylanness
visiBle in the kaleidoscope of consciousness.

MaDe this time in slow motion.
DYlan with a rainbow-coloured ribbon
from the eLectric guitar, the John Dowland
of our Age. And I am approaching
somethiNg eternal, because the memory

*and and numBer only only me me
and cONstant approaching approaching me
and and visiBle approaching from from from*

is a Deep internalisation, a transformation
from beYond outer space of a picture
to the reaLms of inner space. And seen from
that Aspect it has
Nothing to do with time (past).

When I call By my wife
at MOnTeBello and cross
NyBrovej, I feel at home

in the middle of the wonderful twenti
eth centurY. Because of
the eLectric spider
webs, the wAtEr tower's light-blue
Northwards-plying aircraft carriers

*when I call By crossing corss
in in MOnTeBello crossing cross
at at at Bro crossing crossing*

and the utter void, or perhaps because
a great DYlan fan spent his childhood
here. UncLe Danny: I send you a
red signAl from the other side of the paper,
the literature aNd the poetry.

It is Blandly raining in my
Dylan world and thrOUGH the open window
of consciousness Borne gently

on the winD streams the sweet scent
of camomile and lathYrus, although I
am actually Lying on a
velvet divAn in the midst of the
asphalt hell of Nørrebro. I take a sip

of a Heineken Beer and am already
far gone in 'DurangO'. A large
grey-Brown moth has been

caught here. ANd soon the fluttering
shadows made bY its wings will fill
the room with sLeep's angels. The whole
episode in my scenArio is being shot
using EastmaN Color film.

One of my Best clips comes from
an interview repOrt on Danish television
in which Bob Dylan's answers to the

journalist consisted of a mixture
of piggy grunts and completely
unintelligible fragments of language. Only
the word 'possible' wAs distinguishable
from this Nearly totally pink noise.

*of my Best clip from from
between repOrt report and
Bob Dylan Bob Dylan's answers*

But it is self-evident why you feel the press
can simply bugger off. Anyone would with a
quarter between the planets
Mercury And Neptune
in his original radix horoscope.

My own Basement Tapes: days of
depression and insomnia during which I
abstain from work and live entirely

off canned beer, rye bread and junket. Days
when I only feel like
playing 'Sad Eyed Lady of the
Lowlands' in which the organ sounds like
distant summer thunder.

blue blue Blue blue blue blue blue
that hold hold hold
from from Beer from from from and

Days when the Dylan heartbeat
and the Dylan pulse are the only things
that hold me alive in my
melancholy's basement level.
(Low-key lighting for this recording.)

All right, Bob Dylan we have
not talked about death yet in your
texts and Beat music. But it is

there Despite that like gelatine,
transparent very much like the light
by which all else is seen and gains
life. As such it is soon to be
represented by an F major chord

crystal Beat music transparent
light about between light
crystal Beat music transparent

so deadly sharp that the horizon
shatters like crystal glass, soon by
a guitar so low that it can only be
picked up at all in hell
or by someone lying on their deathbed.

I have won all but one of my chess games when
using the famous Stonewall variation.
I lost at the ØBro Chess Club's Spring

Competition anno Domini nineteen hundred and
sixty four, when Dylan's 'The Times They Are
A-Changin'' was played again

and again from A window opposite
the competitioN room in Nordre

*game in But game in game
game in StOnewall in game wild
wild in But wild wild wild*

FrihavnsGaDe. And since I myself
had ONLY just listened to the record
at home this Led to a strange stereo effect
that resulted in A wild rook sacrifice
on the G liNe being repulsed.

It is not Bourgeois music that
you play BOB Dylan, nor is it
grey-garBed officials' rock or

acaDemics' no-balls beat. So
just let the Yacht dealers and iron
mongers Lock themselves in with
their Anxiety and Yale keys. Let
heads of departmeNt make do with

*it it Bob Dylan blue blue blue
in in in in BOB Dylan blue blue blue
in in in in Bob Dylan blue blue blue*

listening to their Dear wives and budgies.

Let psYchiatrists drown in a
colossal sexual trauma. Others will
listen. My cAt's ears for example
turn a hyaciNth colour when she listens.

And it is aBSolutely literally as Asger
S has said abOut it: there's at least one
Dylan wall in the Body's consciousness.

This truth becomes Definitive

lY obvious to me when
I ride on my bicycLe one day past the Panum
Institute on TAgensvej. All the fencing
arouNd the building is

*truth Brain's truth wall
wall wall arOund wall wall wall wall
between Brain's only only from*

covered with Dylan posters and for a second
there is a sYmbiosis of outer and inner space,
aLthough most of the por
traits hAVE been ripped to pieces or
pasted over with BeNneweis posters.

Since I am able to determine the
course of events in this mental film
am personally able to take decisions about lighting

and I am own producer and instructor, this time
I allow DYlan to be seen in a
high angle medium shot on
his Triumph machine thundering
down the main road towards

*high high able high high
high high high course between
between between able in in Bob Bob*

an incandescent sunset that is
cyan-coloured with
petroleum and oxygen. The background
music is made up of 'Highway 61 Revisited'
played on an acoustic guitar.

With Bob Dylan when busy working, or at
the dairy or in the toilet. Yes, even
on bus route fourteen.

I hear 'Blood on the Tracks'.
His features suddenly stand out in
the strangest of places like
an indistinct watermark.
Layer on layer of negatives fixed

in the mind's silver bromide with white
eyebrows and black eyes
as bitter as belladonna. How in all
the world can one individual, one human being
contain so much country, blues, rock, beat
so much folksong. How in all
the world can a whole people create
its music on a single blue and pink guitar?

The subconscious's camera
number two is moved into position.
On stage stand Baez and Dylan and the

following dialogue starts the sequence
Baez: "Oh God, you finished it about eight
different ways." Dylan: "Yeah...yeah, that's
a good song." Baez: "Oh, it's beautiful. (Sing
ing in background) As long as I

*her subconscious Baez Baez
Dylan two cameras cameras
Dylan Baez Dylan Dylan Dylan*

remember." Dylan: "Sing Long
Black Veil-heY!" Baez: (continues
singing) "She'll remain the rose of my
heart." On the orange-coloured acrylic side
scenes the cow parsnip of childhood's been painted.

The social Beat revolt flares up
in 'I ain't gonna work on Maggie's
farm no more.' No Blood admittedly but what

I mean is: who's Damned well prepared
after really listening to it
to go like slaughterhouse cattle to
their lathes to scrape money together for
the capitalists. And who's going voluntar

Bob is Bob is Bob is Bob Bob Bob Bob
Bob is Bob is Bob is BOB Bob Bob Bob
Bob is Bob is Bob is Bob Bob Bob Bob

ily to take the office Diamond telephones, when
only spectacle lenses Year by year get thicker.
Those who stole our youth
and money Are not to count on us
any more after Dylan's revolution rock.

Clapper-Board, scene no. twenty-four
take no. three. BOB Dylan stands with a
dandelion Borne in one hand.

Which Dylan I haven't yet decided.
If it is DYlan with a cowboy hat
and jeans or possibly him with the
teddy-bear collar or Dylan
wearing an oilskin anorak in the

clapper-Board scene twenty-four
clapper-BOard scene twenty-four
blooms Borne blooms

famous photo Duo with Sara, I don't know.
Perhaps a pieced synthesis of all of them
a bit Like an abstractum, or rather
the entire DylAN idea projected
into the retina's tabula rasa.

What kind of abject hopelessness
at times takes hold of me and reminds
me of a Bleeding heart-wound,

a great love of my Distant youth that came
to nothing, when I play your very
latest records. I believe that you finally

have passed through trAgedy's arches of
cobalt, Bob DylaN. Perhaps that is

Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob is is
Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob BOB Bob Bob is is
Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob is is

why you look Deathly pale like The
White Clown in most recentlY taken photos. I
celebrate your rock, which Like all great art
does not have a great deAl to do
with life. For that reason also it is immortal.

And it is Bob Dylan's nasal voice
at Discoteque SpOtlight. Deep focus.
Low angle and Big close up. Everything

white insiDe here has a violet gleam of
uranium. Sixteen Years, sixteen banners united
over the fieLd. And it is 'Changing
of the GuArds' that is on the air
for the sixteenNth time. And there is

Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob
Bob Bob SpOtlight Bob Bob
Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob Bob

a little Dylan in every man
this lovely summer night, and the women
have a heavenLy scent
of sAlt, urine and musk.
Unadulterated DylaNitis has struck us all.

One of my friends resembles Billy the Kid.
Another Pat Garrett, and sO memories
are in full swing from our Bob Dylan

youth, when we herD together in Tivoli and
make for the shooting gallerY after some food and wine.
And I know that I too am hopeLessly lost, when
I see my wife's eyes as a GARand muzzle.
A spurt of flame shoots iNto my heart, and

Bob Bob Bob Billy Bob Bob
Billy Billy Billy BOB Billy Billy
Bob Bob Bob Billy Bob Bob

hell is let loose. I'll be conDemned for ever
by literary Abels, psYchiatrists and pre-
school teachers because I Like to praise
this revolutionary beAt,
and defend CaiN and the Fall.

My mother doesn't know a Blind thing about
Dylan's beat, but she does abOut money
and economics. So quite oBviously the fact

he has sold seven hundred million
records means his shares really start to go up.
(In theory every cathoLic in the world can
thus hear his own DylAn). But as
I remember her on the veraNdah

*Bob Bob Bob Bob Blind
blind blind blind BOB blind
Bob Bob Bob Bob Blind*

with henna-dyed hair scared to Death
about rent, oil prices, heavY light bills
I realise that my filial Love
is as hardy as a rose of the McArthur variety,
and I play 'SubterraNean Homesick Blues'.

On the fifth of SeptemBer (the month of stubble
burning) I entered the tOtal Dylan field
and there Began a great

cure. In this mental Darkroom
where there is only red light
my social education got under way.
And I who up to thAt point had only learnt
the so-called Natural

sciences also Became familiar with
the emotions' south pOle and tenderness' flowers
of sulphur. Dylan Became a kind of

constant in my inner Depths
an X or Y in my
conscience. I Learnt that
rock and beat ArcanA were perhaps
more important thaN the theory of relativity.

I was playing precisely 'You are a Big
Girl Now' when my beloved left me.
And in a rapid flashBack I experi

enced our thirty-year-long tragedY,
but also the gaY lighter
moments, when we made Love to Dy
lan's songs, that separate heAven from hell.
And even though aNy fire needs

*you you you a Big girl you
I when my beloved left I I
and in a rapid flashBack flashback*

its darkness (for what else could it light
up in?) so I will let DYlan stand
as a symbol of our Love.

For both of us were really mAd about him.
(Think of me when you hear 'Hard Rain'.)

Fona, Musik-Thomsen and the Bristolcentre
are small temples of idOls. Here mammon
and purple are offered on Bob Dylans altar.

I remember a winter's Day when a
close acquaintance, after closely listening to
'Planet Waves', got up from the Low armchair
rushed out to his RAleigh cycle and
in snow and slush pedalled off iN towards town

*buys buys buys Bought buys
offered offered offered Offered offered
and and and and and and on Bob Dylan's altar*

half an hour before the shops closed. He later ex-
plained to me he was terribly worried
that the record for some inexplicable
reason was sold out, thAt a catastrophe
would prevent him from buyiNg it.

If you bike out along LyngByvejen in late
August between seven and eight O'clock
in the evening you will mayBe register

the horizon's shaDe of yellow out
across Vangede as an overexposed Yellow print
er film, and will doubtlessly see
the pink jet trails that CarAvelles or
herons have drawN across the sky.

*if you drive out along LyngByvejen
like an overexposed yellow printer
if you drive out along LyngByvejen*

In a fiftieth of a second space
opens up to a completely different light
and ladles death's goLden ears of corn
over the world. It is then you grAsp
'Knockin' on Heaven's Door'.

The soundtrack audible at the moment
the pirate record 'The Rolling
Thunder Review' with Baez and

Joni Mitchell on the label Dragonfly.
And although it roughly sounds as if
recorded in a sweet-boiling factory

or in an oak wArdrobe
it is pleasurable even so

*pleasurable and audible
sounds sounds like the rolling
thunder review and Baez and*

to listen to this sixties' sound of
metal being etched in lysergic acid.
I choose an extreme wide angle lens
to register Joan Baez's grimaces when Dylan
smoothes her hair with a flatiron.

The film 'The inner Bob Dylan'
or 'Dylan Forever' continues
even on this dank October day,

where the sky smoulders in Kodak's gray
scale and I light a stubby candle
of violet wax and lock
myself inside imagination's
laterna magica, or within

*film the inner Bob Dylan
continues continues continues
a candle candle candle Bob Bob Bob Bob*

fantasy's black box with headphones
as a form of temporary protection
against so-called reality.
It is one of the dark days when I would
otherwise get Dylan abstinence symptoms.

Even Gladsaxe has its Bob Dylan
wall of yellow brick on which
posters have been pasted

up so large the raster grid of their
photographs is visibly more distinct
than that of fly net or
chicken wire. It is the earlier
cinema (now converted into an Irma

*have have have have have Bob Dylan
have have have have BOB have
have on wall on wall on wall Bob on wall*

shop) which starts a new display of
another film on its yellow
walls' cinemascope. A film dedicated
to all unhappy in love, all the
unsuccessful and disdainful lovers.

I hereby draw up my Bob Dylan will,
which in the form of a blue-
print has long lain in my Blood.

My whole grammophone record collection
goes to the then newly established
Dylan house in Nyhavn. ALternatively
to Danmarks Radio, which
quite clearly has None any more.

*I establish establish a Bob Dylan
my whole record collection BOB
my whole record collection Bob*

This then is my final Dylan
will, my skY-blue denim
testament written one early evening
with cyclamen and pink Aerosol clouds.
As executor I appoint Rolf G.

The other side of Bob Dylan,
the side that Overlooks
forgotten Back gardens,

and nocturnal car graveyards, where yarrow
and love's mullein are vying at
flowering and pain's spirals of
burnt rubber rise towards the night sky
close to the roots of the songs. There

where the chords of grass Begin
and the moon is in Color de Luxe
as a trademark for sensibility

and gentleness. That side of the mind
which tarot card no. three symbolises:
The Empress, where Life's Panavision
film is created. That side you shall
leave in peace and loneliness.

This rule of thumb is the one
best made use of at the mental
editing table: the wilder the Better.

Highlights and shock cuts. And that's since
love is and remains metaphysical. Then
one can for example cross a flash-back
of Dylan in the snow with a hammer
and a rose (superimposition).

*at the mental rule of thumb
the one best made use of
Bob is Bob is Bob is Bob is*

Or a sequence with Dylan
negatives destroyed by light can
be followed by one with Scarlet Riv
era naked, close to the menopause she pre
cisely expresses on the violin.

Or zoom in on Galerie AsBæk
where they are holding a reception
almost in honour of Bob Dylan.

Well, they are handing out 'Bob Dylan in
Göteborg' at the entrance. High key lighting.
And there stands our own Dylan
guru, over-sensitive like warm
aluminium. A true romanti

*and which is at Galerie AsBæk
and who is Bob who is BOB
who is Bob who is Bob who is Bob*

cist and therefore also a confirmed realist,
as he knows what must be shielded away
from or which material must be
changed. There stands Poul B 'The Jack
of Hearts' with fire encircling him.

What is a day without Bob Dylan?
Like an egg without salt. Or like
a day when I take the Bus

to Dronningmølle and see the Devil's
flag fluttering down by the coast
while I cannot find any real background
music. And though Christian's girls with
oil crayons are painting the sun

*who is Bob who is Bob
who is Bob who is Bob who is BOB
like an egg who is Bob who is Bob*

violet with completely white dots,
and have thus understood fully the nature
of light, behind my eyelids there is
a constant TV flickering. A day without
Dylan is like one without geraniums.

I let the back
camera pan down over an
audience that numbers thousands

that is felt like a hurried dance of
flickering neon and acrylic: the
twentieth century's pointillism.

It is us, it is our generation
whose faces are turning stage

*who is Bob who is Bob
who is Bob who is Bob who is BOB
who is Bob some er Bob*

wards like sun-flowers and Daisies
towards the sun. Our endless DYlan
film that plays until each and
every one of us is dead. Our drApa
that is played on a mouth organ.

Of course you have great faults too Bob
Dylan, (anyone without squares in his hOro
scope would inevitably resemble a

mountain without abysses: dead
boring). Of course I've heard the story of
your twenty-million dollar
bathroom and you're sure to have A pink
Cadillac, and your morose temperament.

*because you have great faults Bob
because you have great faults BOB
because you have great faults Bob*

But none of this would ever
be able to erase a song like: 'Only a Pawn
in Their Game'. Your copyright is hallmarked
on our hearts and your name branded on
our brows for ever like the mark of Cain.

Those who have never heard Bob Dylan
could just as well have been stone
deaf. As well as Blind if

with their inner eye they had not
seen the shooting stars gently sifting
from the American flag like the Lyrids
in April over the transcendentAl
rock and beat scene. AND this

*those who have never heard Bob
those who have never heard BOB
those who have never heard Bob*

summer I cannot ever condone
myself that Scandinavium's amethyst in Gö
teborg shone without me, that I let
my work, that I let capitalism
prevent a dream's realisation.

There he stands once more in B
right wolfram or in the mind's magnium explO
sion, already moving into the next decade. B

ob Dylan, he takes our youth bold
ly with him into the far side of fortY
where it really hurts. He takes a whoL
e chapter of our history with him. ThA
nk you, Bob Dylan (and I speak for million

*and there he stands once more BoB
and there he stands once more in BO
b and there he stands once more BoB*

s of people) thank you because we found
a voice through your music. It's not idolatrY
when we pay homage to you. It is our seL
ves we celebrate and trA
nscendence. It is our own blue generation.

APPENDIX

These poems consist of four stanzas of 3, 5, 3 and 5 lines of
verse. The rhyme is a kind of 'stave rhyme' (mesostic) since
the stave BOB DYLAN runs vertically through the poems and
gradually moves from left to right. The first poem's
negentropy ($H = \sum p \log 1/p$) in each section is transformed into
the subsequent 7 poems. The negentropy is transformed with
regard to number of letters, category, word class,
inflection, type of element, quantity of type of clause. This
gives 6 sections of 8 poems each.

Quantity of letters neg.	H=4.2
Quantity of categories neg.	H=1.9
Quantity of word classes neg.	H=2.7
Instance of inflections neg.	H=2.3
Quantity of elements neg.	H=2.1
Quantity of types of clauses neg.	H=1.1

Written 13/7-3/9 1978.

