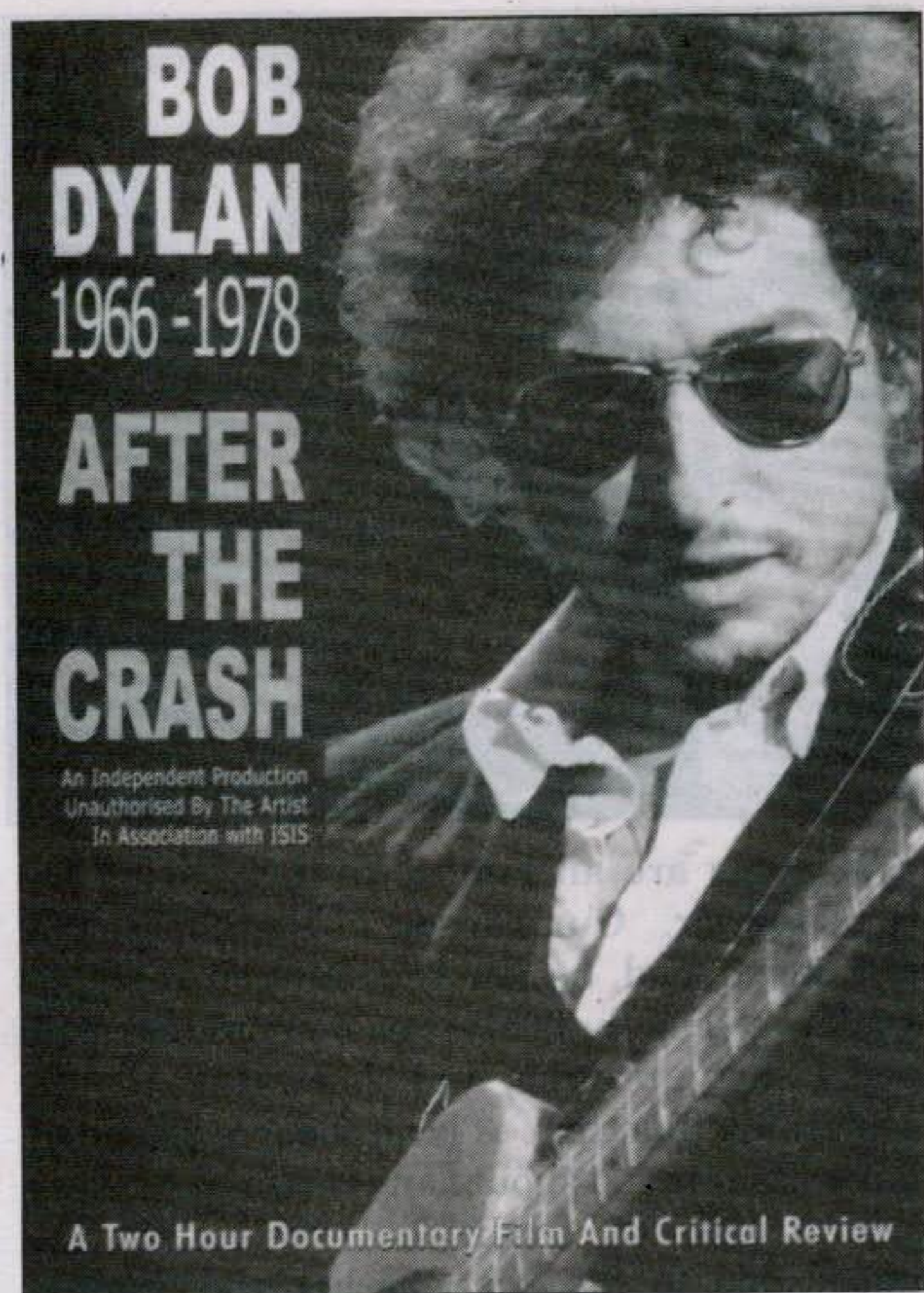


Bob Dylan 1966-1978: After The Crash (Chrome Dreams)

A stoner's dream, a history sub rosa of the rock press and the gestalt behind the music disguised as an examination of a major literary and cultural icon. The magical mystery tour begins at a time when releases by major talents were considered significant events, and carefully proceeds to the dawn of the modern day - circa 1980 - when "product" and "packaging" replaced the notion of the long player as work of art and sociological statement. Ironically, this transmogrification

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appears to have been affected by Dylan himself using his motorcycle accident in Woodstock, New York as an excuse to remove himself from the public stage. You've got to read between the lines to see this, and you have to pay careful attention (dope helps), but the revelation will come, despite the fact that nothing other than incidental music graces our ears, nor that opinions and insights from major players and critics drop upon us. Moreover, *After the Crash* is something of a misnomer; we start there, but we conclude with Bobby doing a St. John of the Cross and converting to Christianity. That's a lot of ground, and not all of it merits attention. Especially the masterworks like *Blood on the Tracks*, *John Wesley Harding*. Great art is seamless; it need not be explained, only experienced. What you want are the nuts and bolts concerning a great artist's struggle and failure, relative or complete, to create something interesting and accessible. Or



misunderstood. Those coming to this, most likely know Dylan fairly well and so for them, and for us, the most interesting portion of this two hour documentary will most likely be the attempts to throw some light on Dylan's most fallow period, that stretch which resulted in *Nashville Skyline*, *Self Portrait* and, a bit later, *Planet Waves*. These disappointments receive little attention today; nevertheless, it's fascinating to watch Dylan wrestle with writer's block while Proteus-like, he continues to experiment, reinvent himself (often high on speed), and lose himself in automatic writing experiments, e.g., the unreadable novel *Tarantula*. (Dom Salemi)