

D009 WEMBLEY '84 ~ MARTHA QUINN INTERVIEW AND MORE



How would you like to be Bob for a day? [D009](#) gives a fascinating insight into what it might be like. We begin backstage at Wembley with, just through that door, barely out of sight and certainly within earshot, a restive 80,000 waiting for him to come out and play. But, in the face of such an ordeal (if that's what it is) Bob is relaxed, calm, affable, in excellent spirits. MTV's Martha Quinn is with him - for an interview, y'think? Proceedings begin very bizarrely, rather, with her attending at some length to his make-up and the first thing we learn is what type of eye-liner he favours. (Liquid or pencil? Now isn't that something you've *always* wanted to know? Only at DVDylan!) But once they settle for half an hour's chat, he talks warmly of Manny Roth, the first man to let him sing in Greenwich Village (at The Café Wha?) while offering, by the bye, some lovely asides on the hats worn by himself and other folkies. He tells Quinn that this six week, 27 date European Summer Stadium Tour was not what he'd wanted to do this year (he'd hoped to tour South America, but it couldn't be done). He talks of being "old" and grouses (not for the first time) about press misreporting. He pooh-poohs the oft-proposed notion that *DLB's* SH Blues cue-cards sequence was the first pop video and, concerning "legends", speculates that *everybody's legendary in their own kinda way*. He says he heard Jokerman on the radio and couldn't *stand* the way it sounded, then claims, not very credibly, that half of *Infidels* was recorded live. After ending with a nice little rap on "peace of mind" he gets up and within a few minutes is strolling out into the early-evening sun to confront his waiting fans.



Though you get the distinct impression he wasn't supposed to, the cameraman follows, so we experience the passage, just as Bob does, from relative sanity and security into the mouth of the ravening beast. What's more, the 46 minutes of stage-shot film that follow continue to give us a unique performer's perspective - and the remoteness of the crowd, no more human than an empty ocean, and the loneliness of the stage, the little island at which it hungrily laps, are powerfully evoked. Bob talks in his interview of not reaching out for anyone - people either find him or not, he says, though not at his prompting - and his cocooned detachment here from everything beyond his fellow players - band and guests - is a wonder to behold. Maybe it's harder to play to eighty people than eighty thousand just because the former don't quite lose their identity in the way the latter must? I don't think I'd like to try either one. During H61 we hear tour manager Bill Graham order the cameraman two or three times with increasing insistence to stop filming - but, though this results in some temporary disruption (floor-shots and such), basically Bill is ignored. Each of the first four songs filmed is shot partly from one side of the stage then partly from the other, with the camera sometimes left running as the taper makes his transition and sometimes turned off. (Later, during Times, he films as he walks, to excellent effect.) Four numbers - Pill-Box Hat, Baby Blue, T Blues and Times - are either complete or substantially so and all make compelling viewing, especially since Bob and the band are joined through all of them by guests Santana, Clapton and a sky-high Chrissie Hynde, with Van the Man (below) also on for Baby Blue. Fine film indeed. (If ever there's a *TTYLA*, that latter song, sound upgraded, would make a worthy pick.) Talking of sound, audio quality is the major fly in the ointment here. Through the interview chapter, despite persistent background noise, it's plenty good enough, but all the concert audio is disappointingly poor. Overall, though, decent entertainment still.



THANKS Black Cat

STARS For a more conventional look at this gig, see D523.su. Three and a half.