

SOUND Excellent

IMAGE Be patient with this one, which starts with eleven minutes of stills, then, once we go live, two more of camera settling time before, deep in Tangled, we get a first decent look at events on stage. Shooting, from an unimpeded, raised left-side position, is beset tonight by a persistent problem - not the usual heads (just a fleeting few of them) or skids (ditto) but *footlights*. Throughout most of the show all the band are more or less brightly lit by the row of lights along the front lip of the stage, with the result that Bob's features are seldom distinct - his face often no more than a blank white oval - with dazzle and glare off the guitars also frequently bothersome. Between times there are enjoyable passages here, with disc two visually better than one, but, overall, as a pictorial record of the gig (especially given the taper's position) what we see is slightly disappointing and certainly less of a treat than the uniformly handsome screenshots (see below) suggest. Camera movement is good, though, giving screen-time to all, and if it's not the best film around, it's a long way, too, from being the worst.



RUNNING TIME Disc One: 73 minutes. Disc Two: 51:15. Two minutes downtime after RDW. Complete show.

PERFORMANCE Though we see neither, *Somebody Touched Me* and a fiddle-sweet *Pages* both sound just the ticket and thereafter not too much disappoints, although, having said that, the resplendent mid-show acoustic set stands apart. After a dispassionate, acerbic and intermittently up-sung *Masters*, *Visions* is delicate and seems like *Vermeer* - a masterful exposition of fine art distinguished in particular by Larry's guitar part woven subtly and beautifully through the tapestry of the song, memorable almost as *Charlie McCoy's* in the definitive *H61R* *Des Row*. Then in both *Released* and (later) *Wind*, full-hearted support singing from the Larry / Charlie axis adds a welcome third dimension to Bob plus band. D's lone *Summer Days* vocal, in contrast, is little more than a series of half-articulated sounds, with his voice just another instrument. Rather like the much-lauded *I'm Not There* from a whole other time and place, the meaning of words seems hardly to matter, subservient here to their colour, heft and texture. *Watchtower* too carries a lyric bent to fit the exaggerated

rhythm of its accompaniment, so becoming in the process another exercise in music rather than song. Both LARS and RDW are more laid back than often, with the former sounding a touch by-the-numbers and the latter gone from stomp to shuffle. But compelling still, chops to cherish all.



COMMENT Having played in *You Go Your Way* with some nice harp, D then drops the harmonica to the floor to give himself two free hands for guitar, prompting one of the roadies to scurry on, retrieve the fallen harp and put it back in its case on the stage-gear with the others, where it belongs. This minor act might very easily have appeared arrogant or disdainful, but D carries it off with an artless insouciance you can only warm to. A puissant Puck, he blows in, does his own thing, no concessions, take it or leave it and off again, heading for another joint, one of a kind. Just now and then, these DVDs catch his lightning in a bottle of sorts. Meanwhile, hope he comes your way soon.



THANKS Viner baggy

STARS [D033](#) apart, there's nothing in the catalogue for three months either side of this show-date, so definitely worth having. Four.