

D056 YOU KNOW YOU'RE A DYLAN FAN IF ...

D056 comprises five pro-shot chapters running a total of 106 minutes, with content ranging from Widely Circulating Elsewhere to Otherwise Unseen. Detail as follows:

- ◆ you think the POPE should have run down the stairs to shake BOB's hand

CHAPTER 1: ISLE OF WIGHT ARRIVAL, 28 AUGUST 1969

Short, untidy pro-shot package of assorted IOW '69 clips: Joe Cocker on stage, fans around their campfires, an aerial view of the festival site then two silent minutes of first George and Patti Harrison then Bob and Sara Dylan (below) passing through Heathrow on their way to the gig (as spectator/houseguest / performer respectively). Chapter RT: 4:31. For similar / extended footage, see [D290](#), [D317](#), [D673](#).



- ◆ you have a framed picture of Bob in your house and / or office

CHAPTER 3: ROY ORBISON TRIBUTE, 24 FEBRUARY 1990

At which Bob (aka Lucky) turned out to celebrate the life and career of his fellow Wilbury, Lefty, who died of a heart attack on 6 December 1988 at the tender age of 52. Ironically, by then, *Traveling Wilburys Vol. 1* was a US Top Ten album - the record remained on the chart all told for over a year, peaking at #3 - thus Orbison passed away just as his star, so long in decline, was beginning to rise again. At his Tribute, held at LA's Universal Amphitheatre with proceeds going to the homeless, D played guitar and sang with Roger McGuinn, David Crosby and Chris Hillman on Mr Tambourine Man then accompanied the three ex-Byrds (guitar only) on He Was A Friend Of Mine. He also strummed blithely along through a two minute ensemble Only The Lonely, sharing the stage with (among a good many others) John Fogerty, Emmylou Harris, Levon Helm, John Lee Hooker, B. B. King, Al Kooper, Bonnie Raitt, Harry Dean Stanton, The Was Brothers and Dwight Yoakam. Though he might have hummed a note or two of that one, since he was well away from any mike, no meaningful D vocal can be heard.

- ◆ you appreciate rhymes like verandah / and a, bidges / orphanidges, concertina / hyena / subpoena / arena, virtue / dirt you, tents / audience, Honalula / Ashtabula, in with / begin with, crimson / limbs 'n', skull / Capitull (and many more)

Now, if you like the sound of all that, you'd best look elsewhere than [D056](#), for its third chapter offers only the closing two minutes of T Man followed by a complete but sadly glitched Friend Of Mine, all in video and audio quality that, while passable, is less than great and readily bettered. Thus T Man may be found uncut and in fine shape on both [D326](#) and [D016](#) (the latter also includes anodyne group-hug Only The Lonely), He Was A Friend Of Mine (described by reviewer Mitcham as *Beautiful in every way*) is a bonus inclusion on [D652.su](#), or, for the complete Orbison Tribute footage in one place, see [D410](#), second chapter. RT of [D056](#) chapter three: 6:38.

◆ you've sat through the long version of *Renaldo & Clara* at least twice and wouldn't mind doing it again

CHAPTER 4: GUITAR LEGENDS, SEVILLE, 17 OCTOBER 1991

Though this package circulates widely - [D015](#), [D253](#), [D472.i](#), [D499.JTT](#) etc - what's here looks (below) and sounds top-notch, so, if you're after this performance, [D056](#) is as good a place as any. Only proviso: if your musical interests range beyond Mr D (and, yes, there *are* other artists), note that [D499](#) offers the full 90 minute show from 17 October rather than just Bob's part - other featured players include Phil Manzanera / Joe Cocker / Jack Bruce / Keith Richards / Robert Cray - so you may want to opt for that instead. Chapter RT: 31:07. For extended event and performance comment, see [D499.JTT](#) review.



◆ you have to persuade people that your entire music collection isn't all by one man (obviously not, because you own *Bangladesh*, *The Last Waltz*, the 30th Anniversary Concert, the *Gospel Songs* ... collection, *A Vision Shared*, the Hank Williams and Jimmie Rodgers Tribute CDs, *Dick Fariña & Eric Von Schmidt*, *Newport Broadside*, the *Natural Born Killers*, *Sopranos (Vol. 2)*, *North Country*, *Gods & Generals*, *Jerry Maguire* and *Divine Secrets* ... soundtrack albums and ... er ...)

CHAPTER 5: *THE GREAT MUSIC EXPERIENCE*, NARA, JAPAN, 21 / 22 MAY 1994

Like Seville '91 in the previous chapter, Nara '94 also circulates widely: [D015](#), [D249](#) and [D906.i](#) all carry the complete 22 May D performance, including reprise ensemble show-closer I Shall Be Released (verse one pic below). Other discs - [D472.i](#), [D562](#) - include either three of the night's four songs only, or, in the case of [D021](#) / [D326](#), just one. ([D371](#) uniquely includes a rare minute-long snippet of Ring Them Bells in rehearsal from 18 May.) But only [D056](#), so far as I know, includes all four 22 May cuts **plus a complete bonus ensemble I Shall Be Released** (see both Hutchence and Tamaki singing from a crib sheet!) **from 21 May** (i.e. show #2 of Nara's 3). Also slipped in between D's solo Released and Ring Them Bells is a short interview with conductor / arranger Michael Kamen. Asked if he'd had to lay down "guidelines" for D (playing for the first time live on stage in front of a full symphony orchestra), Kamen said:

No... he's just responding to the reality of the musical situation ... I was just ... painting pictures with the arrangements ... weaving lines inside and outside of each other ... and that inspired him to sing.



Chapter RT: 28:51 (note: first chapter mark is not well placed). AV quality: excellent. For extended event and performance comment, see [D906.i](#) review.

◆ you honestly consider Van Morrison / Paul Simon / Joni Mitchell "opening acts"

CHAPTER 2: LARRY EDEN INTERVIEW, 12 DECEMBER 1994*

And so to more content unique to this DVD: nearly 35 raw footage minutes of Larry "Lambchop" Eden speaking and sometimes performing to camera for an unidentified TV producer and crew. (Note: Mr Eden also pops up for about a minute on [D639](#) and appears briefly on screen - pic below - during Hyde Park '96 (see [D015](#), [D326](#), several

others). In addition, all three '95/6 shows at which D addresses Lambchop directly from the stage are on DVD, though how well in each case the incident is caught you'll have to watch for yourself - see [D079.su](#), [D761.su](#), [D779.su](#) - to discover. Regrettably, since this [D056](#) interview predates the earliest of them by some four months, Larry's views on his "recognition" aren't essayed here.)

◆ upon entering any CD store you head **S T R A I G H T** to the "D" section every time

Larry Eden died in June 2007 - but who was he and what's he doing on a Bob Dylan DVD? Well, whether aware of it or not, and whether aware of *him* or not, most people reading this will have heard Lambchop's voice, for his hectoring, slightly demented between-songs ranting is preserved on a good many UK and European concert recordings, from the nineties in particular. Not that his comments - *Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby! / Stand up! He's coming! / Thanks, Bobby! Thanks for coming!* etc - are worth seeking out or pondering. You just have to feel extremely sorry, rather, for anyone sitting or standing near him. In his entertaining 1988-2000 NET journal *Razor's Edge*, Andrew Muir describes his first encounter with The Chopper:

◆ you've watched *Pat Garrett & Billy The Kid* enough times to know all D's lines. (*I got me a turkey!!*)

[June 1989: Muir, tired but happy, is on the London Underground, returning home after a road trip that has taken in shows at Glasgow and Wembley. A tape of Glasgow is playing on his Walkman.]

... Out of the corner of my eye, I spot someone next carriage up, also wearing a Walkman. This bloke has long hair, an eccentric hat, a wolf-like grin and an alarmingly intense stare. He looks like a nutter and the music in his Walkman appears to be driving him mad. His arm is beating the empty air, while his right leg simultaneously pounds the floor. I assume he is listening to heavy metal!

In these situations, you simultaneously wish to distance yourself from attracting the nutter's attention but are so drawn by their eccentric behaviour and appearance that you cannot look away. My "excuse" for staring was that I needed to confirm my earlier thoughts regarding his choice of listening. I glanced across to sneak a look at his T-shirt ... and, yes, you've guessed it, it was a Dylan T-shirt ("Temples In Flames" if I recall correctly).

The inevitable result of not resisting the temptation to look at a nutter is that said nutter immediately homes in on you. He caught my eye as it left his T-shirt and he appeared to notice that the Walkman-listening eccentric in the next carriage to him i.e. me, was wearing a Dylan T-shirt too. He immediately came over to talk. Within about 33 seconds he had announced that the tape in his Walkman was not only more recent than mine from Glasgow (true - by all of a day!) but also, without hearing mine, he absolutely guaranteed that his was better quality. We swapped tapes for a moment to test his theory, which was quickly proved.

We gibbered Bob at high speed for the next couple of stops; he informed me that he had been on his way to give this Birmingham tape to Melody Maker's Allan Jones, but would now leave it with me, as he clearly thought someone with such a dated tape in his Walkman was in need of charity. With a scribble of his phone number, he was off, taking the tube in the opposite direction to return home and dub another copy for Mr Jones.

That was my first encounter with the man they call Lambchop.

◆ you keep your BD collection above and separate from all the rest of your recordings

As on the train, so too on D056, the *nut* vibe is strong. Larry informs us that he's 41 and divorced, that he has an eleven year old daughter called Bobby (with that spelling), that he makes his living by gambling on the outcome of sporting and other events, that he'll willingly queue two days and nights to get a front row concert ticket (preference A18) and also that he'll phone every printer in London's Yellow Pages while pretending to be a CBS employee just to check on availability dates. Tellingly, he reveals that in the sixteen years since he first saw Bob play live he's never listened to any other music (Santana - *like chewing silver paper*) and that he likes "a smoke". He's also, as you might expect, very free with his opinions, which would be no problem except that he presents them as facts. So, Bob Dylan is

the most important person in the history of the world (and) the world's most talented human being.

BD - *Il Magnifico* - is "the answer". Not only is he

far greater than Shakespeare

but, more,

perhaps the greatest poet who's ever lived ... Bad Bob Dylan is still miles and miles better than anybody else at the peak of their form ...

(though, if he never listens to anyone else, how could he possibly know?) *Blood On The Tracks*, he insists

is unequivocally the greatest album ever made by anybody ... Anybody that thinks that's not right, they're wrong, - that's the end of it.

Oh, and the greatest opening line ever written? Yes, of course, he knows that too.

◆ you think three volumes of *Greatest Hits* is not enough

Larry plays unashamedly to the camera, giving the crew repeat takes on request with more or less ham as directed, but it's hard not to feel he's being taken for a mug here (and it would be interesting to know to what use, if any, this footage was ever put). I realise that some people see in the kind of behaviour Larry advocates something legitimate or endearing. Here are *All Along The Watchtower* posts from Matthew Zuckerman and "Alias" respectively:

Lambchop ... usually sits in the middle of the front row, using any means he can to get the ticket. A few years ago, Sony reserved the first few rows for entertainment purposes and Lambchop was in danger of not getting his usual seat. However, frantic phoning around got him the names of some of the ticket holders and he managed to exchange tickets. Therefore, we had Lambchop sitting amidst a few rows of Sony executives and guests. The lights go down and everybody rises to applaud as Dylan takes the stage - everyone, that is, except the Sony execs. A careful listen to [an audio recording of the show] reveals Lambchop's unforgettable bellowing:

Stand up! Stand up! You stand up in church! You stand up for Bob!

Lambchop once observed: Bob would probably be very scared to be in the same room as me, and I don't blame him. Actually, though, I'm quite harmless.

◆ you've made a pilgrimage to Minnesota (and taken your camera ...)



D's childhood homes: (1) 519 N. 3rd Ave. East, Duluth (top floor) (2) 2425 7th Ave. East, Hibbing, MN

I spoke to Lambchop at a Leicester fan convention many years ago. He was a polite, nice and very funny guy - definitely a "fan's fan".

◆ you log onto your favourite Bob website(s) at least three times a day, every day

I'm quite prepared to believe that, outside the concert hall, Larry Eden was a nice enough guy - indeed, a certain devilish charm shines through here on [D056](#). Inside it, though, it seems to me he was a prize twat. The first time D addressed him from the stage was allegedly Edinburgh 7 April 1995 ([D079.su](#)) when, between Watchtower and JLaw, Bob says (something like): *Hey, Chop, how you doing tonight? Where's your hat, man? Hey, better put your hat back on!* The back-story, according to Olof Björner, is that Larry had ceased wearing his "silly hat" after D's road crew told him to stop waving it all the time during concerts. So, like Mel Prussack, the "nut from New Jersey" (see [D642](#)) before him, Lambchop became another fan who managed, by outlandish concert hall behaviour, to force his way onto D's radar screen. And, of course, as Andrew Muir confirms, he loved it. But there must have been a good many others whose special night out was spoiled for the sake of Eden's personal (read *selfish*)

gratification; by his ignorant, boorish conduct. Having said that, it would be wrong to suggest that he or Mel are even close to the most extreme of their kind, for Bob seems to attract more than his share of borderline cases. In *Chronicles* he alludes to some of them himself, tramping over his roof and scaring his kids. (D: *I wanted to set fire to these people.*) And here, from *Down The Highway*, is Howard Sounes:

Bob's music has always seemed to excite the mentally unstable. In perhaps the most bizarre case of fanaticism, Tasmanian Richard Dickinson became so fed up in 1987 with his mother complaining about him playing Desire in the middle of the night that he trampled her to death to the accompaniment of One More Cup Of Coffee. (He was found not guilty of murder of grounds of insanity and jailed for an indefinite period.) Two women followed Bob around America in the late 1980s posing as his wife. One had adopted the name Sara Dylan and stood at the front at concerts, tossing pennies on the stage. Band members became used to seeing a mad face peering up at them. Although the audiences were smaller than they had once been, many of the same people came back night after night. Most fans were perfectly sane, of course, but there were many who could not resist trying to make contact with Dylan off stage and would follow his tour buses along the freeways and search out his hotels. To these devoted fans, Bob was a mesmerizing presence, his every gesture and utterance a source of fascination. The audience was incredible, said [pre-Garnier bassist] Kenny Aaronson. It's like a cult.



Why then don't you show it? Larry at Hyde Park, London, 29 June 1996

Dylan's knowledge of music and literature is wide and deep - a rock foundation on which his art, of the last dozen years especially, has been built and firmly stands. Lambchop's irony - perhaps his tragedy - is that, even while in reverential thrall of his

hero's fulsome talent, he rejects absolutely the cultural eclecticism in which it's rooted and from which it grows. Though claiming to find in BD "the answer", nothing we're shown on [D056](#) suggests he has any concept of the question. Trapped, rather, in a pygmy world, one-dimensional and unsustainable, he cuts for all his bombast a sorry figure. Yes, part of what we see here is Larry playing the fool, but you sense that, camera off, TV crew packed up and gone, he'll struggle, probably in vain, to know how or when to stop.

TAK ES (webpage *YKYADFI* ... too)

◆ you realise that, although Robert Allen Zimmerman is nearly 69, Bob Dylan is only 50

STARS Though chapters one and three are makeweight fluff, the remainder weigh in strong - thus a solid four.

* [D056](#)'s menu page dates the Lambchop interview "12/12/9". From comments made, it's clear that we're at the end of a NET year and that the year is 1994. However, Lambchop also mentions that the day is Friday, which 12 Dec 1994 was not (it was a Monday). So the true date may have been 2 or 9 or 16 December 1994, or some other date unknown - but December 12th it was not.

◆ your name's Lambchop (RIP)



Larry "Lambchop" Eden (1953-2007) ~ Thank you, Bob