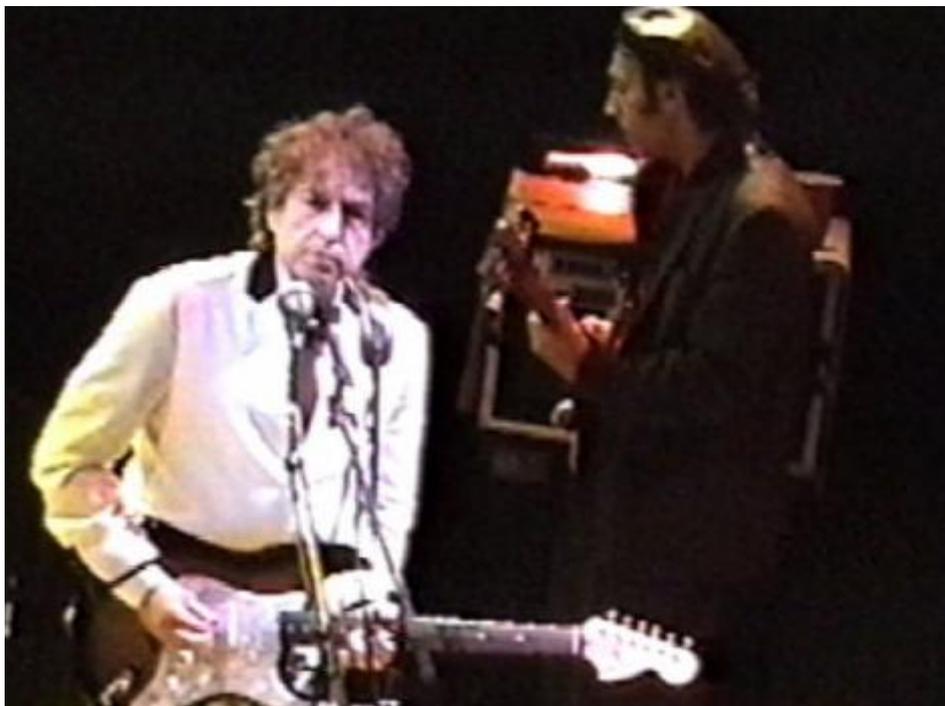


**SOUND** Starts thin and puny, panning around through Sweet Marie as it struggles to find its feet. It's all of eight minutes down the track, well into Lady Lay, before finally it flushes up full. From then on, though (worth the wait) it remains strong and solid.

**IMAGE** This good-looking film (see screenshots) was taken from a left-of-centre balcony position giving an excellent, 100% unimpeded view of all players. The cameraman's eye is alert and his hand is active. Constantly his lens seeks out, though without always quite finding, the perfect frame. Like one or two others of his kind (see [D470.su](#), [D068.su](#)) he is unlucky in D's choice of apparel, for white clothes never seem to film well. But he sticks resolutely to his task to provide for us a video that (with odd clips made good by author Ace) plays very nicely thank you.



**RUNNING TIME** 113:45, complete show. As elsewhere at this time (see, for example, [D203.su](#)) D and the band exit the stage after each of the last four songs, so there's a certain amount, as proceedings draw to a close, of loitering with intent (in fact around two minutes a go). So have your fast-forward finger ready.

**PERFORMANCE** Lots to savour, starting with a Lady Lay that, unusually for a live performance, Kemper adorns with *rikky-tikk-tikk* cowbell, Nashville Skyline-style. Then, after a powerful Watchtower, Shelter is an extended (near nine minute) slow-tempo work-out that's just fine, with the Pledging that follows picking up and carrying on the same low-down groove for a double dose of top-drawer tonic. Elizabeth Cotton's Babe It Ain't No Lie is a song that fits D'97 like a glove and tonight he delivers it flawlessly. But then T Man brings forth a suddenly world-weary Bob and to hear him blow a line then sing immediately after *My weariness amazes me ...* is poignant indeed. This Wicked Messenger is the song's first outing in ten years and will be its last for three more. Expecting a Drifter's Escape-type thrash, I was pleasantly surprised by its pleasing easy lope. After a subdued Shooting Star and nondescript boogie-fest MF, all three encore songs are special, with D paying full respect

to first Released, a heartfelt reading into which he puts a great deal of himself, then a slow and dignified Times. Closer RDW - *but where* (see [D715.su](#)) *is the white hat??* - is all the fun-filled finale the fans could have wished for. And so home happy.

**HIGHLIGHTS** Individual performances apart, my abiding memory of [D083.su](#) will be this line - *Oh, the Deputy walks on high heels (!)* - that made me spill my coffee.



**COMMENT** Look out towards No Lie's end for a lovely 30 second picture sequence of Tony, Bob and Bucky casting giant shadows (you'll just have to watch it). And rue the total absence of harmonica. And wonder about the half-dozen times you hear, mid-song, a spirited crowd response without ever having any idea of what's causing it.



**TAKES**

**STARS** A worthy four