

D098.su STRANGER IN MY HEART



SOUND Excellent audience tape (perfect sync job too)

IMAGE Tonight's camera, in the right-side balcony, has a 95% clear view down onto Bob with JJ behind and the film it catches, to judge by the screenshots, looks just the ticket - close, clean, bright. Sadly, though, what the shots don't (can't) reveal is the extent to which this video is bedevilled by shakes, quakes and (at best) a constant tremor that, between them, make watching a trial. After a torrid first half-hour, things do improve somewhat - but D098.su, once endured, is unlikely to attract many repeat plays. One, rather, for the archive: spin and file.



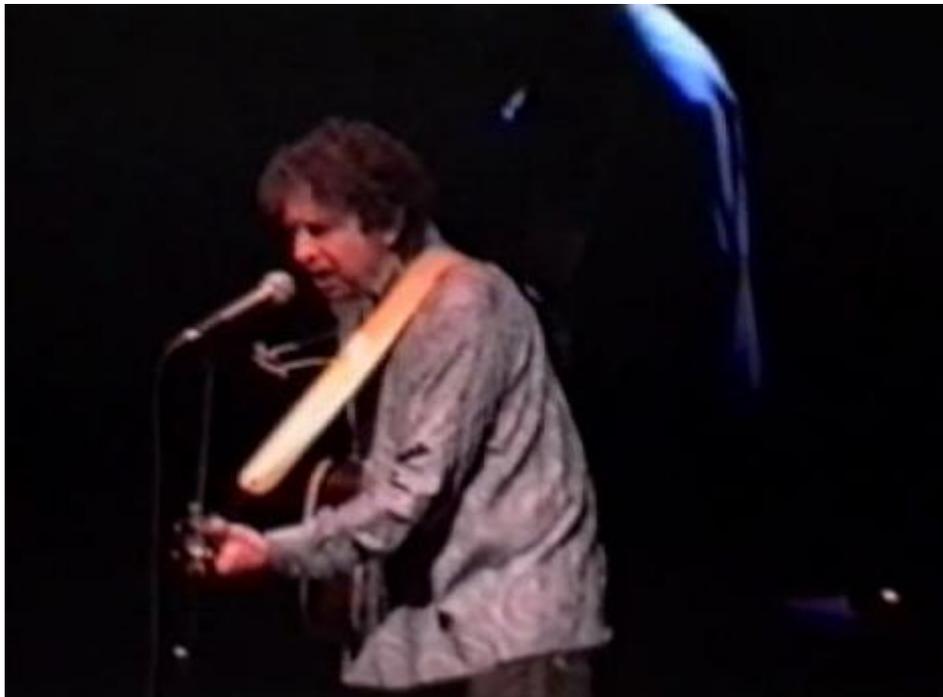
RUNNING TIME 118:30 (start of Folsom clipped, all else complete) plus two minutes of enjoyable pro-shot bonus (access via text in top right corner of menu screen).

PERFORMANCE Ooh dear. D roams centre-stage tonight like a man with the weight of the world on his shoulders. The mike he seems wary of as a rearing snake, backing off at every

opportunity. He struggles to sing, indeed sounds for the most part like someone who's forgotten *how* to sing. As he stumbles over "never stumbles" in *She Belongs To Me*, you can't help but feel sad. Half the words of *Mobile* he can't get out at all and those that do emerge he bleats in a strangled whisper, like a sheep with *jaagsiekte*. *T Man* is all over the place, *I'll Remember You* he fights to the death (*I Will Murder You-ou*), just managing to do for it before it does for him. And the *Everything Is Abject* that follows surely includes in its interminable lists its author / singer (or *songer* as the Polar Prize lady calls him). Much here is perfunctory, the sort of thing you might hear from an out-of-work shoe salesman doing his *BD* turn at a karaoke night. The Bob Dylan we see this '93 winter's night is a mere husk of what he was (think [D187](#)) and will be ([D182](#), [D322.su](#), lots of others) - in truth, a sorry sight. Maybe we just need to be thankful that he found, from Lord knows where, the will to prevail.

HIGHLIGHTS After a pleasant *Tomorrow Night* we're treated to a Jim Jones just about word-perfect and also passably well-filmed (though still sung in a random assortment of keys). *I And I* is strong and *H61* ploughs its trusty furrow.

COMMENT If you come to see this DVD, pay attention to its closing *It Ain't Me, Babe*. No crowd-pleaser tonight, Bob sings it, rather, in an understated but heartfelt way, taking his leave of this crowd (us too) with a message to which all of us who feed so voraciously off his bones should perhaps pay closer attention. You say you're looking for someone never weak, always strong, to gather flowers, open each and every door, come every time you call, to close his eyes and heart, to die for you, even ... but (even though here I stand) **It Ain't Me**. The *me*, the *Bob Dylan*, the mercurial performer inside the man, an inextricable and seemingly dominant part of the possessed mortal's bewildered soul, is tonight subjugated, suppressed, locked down. Until this song, maybe? You figure. *I and I* indeed.



THANKS JL

STARS If you're drawn to this time or tour, try [D067.su](#) before this one. Even without its special surprise, it's much better. Two and a half.