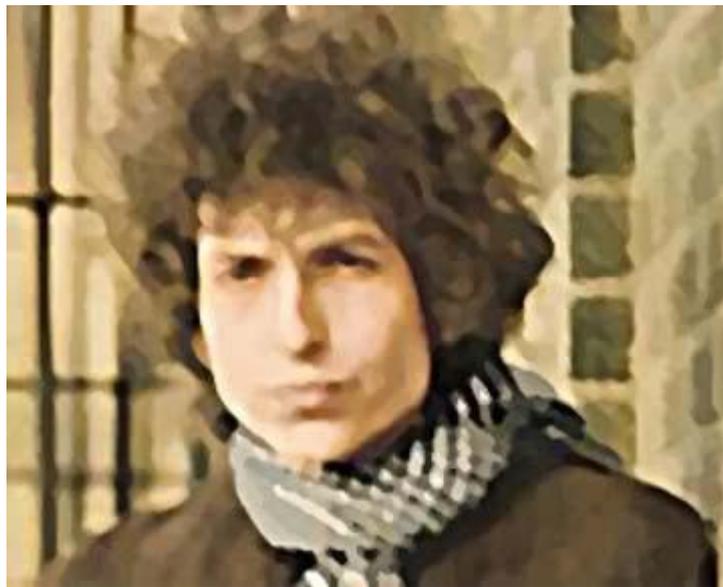


D had a new album out in 2001. Judging by this set-list, you'd be forgiven for thinking it was *Blonde On Blonde*, from which no fewer than six tracks feature. After a sprightly opening cover, we get a generous twenty more numbers. All are Bob's own and, remarkably, all but three pre-date 1968. "So what?" you may say. If anyone's earned the right to sing what he likes it's surely D, and if he shooed the band off-stage and ran solo through the entire *Gaslight* set, you wouldn't find me complaining. But between *Heaven's Door* (1973) and *CIB* (1997) there's nearly a quarter of a century of his career and a glittering galaxy of wonderful songs passed over, pointedly ignored. Touring a sixties retro show is what *The Bachelors* do, or *The Tremeloes*. Why? Because that's all they've got and all they are. Bob is either 136 or 142 light years better than that - a shame, then, that he so wilfully hides his light beneath this self-imposed bushel. It's almost as if he himself has bought into the hype that suggests his '65 /6 Glory Years are the sum of his musical worth.



We know better. All the same, this show provides ample proof that glory years they certainly were. It's a special thrill to see *Des Row* and *Visions* in the same set - a rarity,

surely? - and how well he performs both. Fourth Time Around is a lovely, chiming, complete, word-perfect version, LARS is deliberate and powerful, Heaven's Door and Released both fine. The latter features tremendous sustained tight camera-work (second screenshot above), allowing us to watch Bob very closely as he gives a heart-felt reading of the song that always brings to my mind (maybe his too?) his old friend Richard Manuel. In fact, all of this film is especially well-shot, with plenty of zooming between face, upper body, whole body and band to sustain visual interest. This is all the more praiseworthy in that the cameraman doesn't have it all his own way. Shooting across an access ramp means he has repeated passing (and occasionally stopping) heads to cope with - but he does, impressively, and his painstaking work rewards us with a film, well lit, nicely coloured, never less than watchable throughout. Sound is also rich and strong, making this most enjoyable DVD another winner.



[New album, Bob?](#)

During Pill-Box Hat the band snarl up with some laboured and briefly cacophonous playing which has D scowling, plainly unhappy. But they get it back on track such that, by song's end, he's doing an endearing soft-shoe shuffle across the stage. Better yet, after a full rocking Things he prances back to the monitor bearing the Oscar this song won for him some three months earlier. (Remarkably, performing the song at the Awards Ceremony via satellite from Australia he *dropped the second verse* (i.e. the one with "I'm in the wrong town, I should be in Hollywood" - his one chance of a lifetime to make this line really score!) Anyway, he scoops up Oscar, carries him stage-front and in true Steven Gerrard / cup-winner style brandishes him aloft - a magical moment and perhaps the only one of the night in which D allows the crowd (and us) a peek beneath his Keaton stoneface - for, though songs are sung, not one word is spoken.

THANKS To the two Ms (one disc each).

STARS A marvellous double DVD, not to be missed. Five.