



AUDIO The Crystal Cat's whiskers - superb A1 fare

VIDEO The pic below shows the camera's position - unobstructed raised left side, ideal for guitar Bob - and also the alluring quality of most of its return. What's more, after a dodgy start, its operator uses his kit with consistently subtle and attentive skill, knowing instinctively what to film and when (only quibble would be a little too much lingering on D in favour of his fellows). Not pro-shot, not perfect, but what the doctor ordered just the same.



Not perfect? No, because when the lens zooms in tight, images become fuzzy (first below) and often bleached. Brief bad contrast interludes (second below) afflict Love Sick and Rolling Stone too. But, after opener Thomas goes unfilmed followed by Times just quarter-caught in jumpy, ill-focused footage, Bleeding is bagged splendidly, from which point on (see screenshots further down) we don't look back. Though Blowin' is also shot notably well, the other video stand-out here is Forever Young, a bravura take to rival (though not eclipse) [D197.su2](#)'s dazzling I Shall Be Released.



[Forever Young](#)



[Like A Rolling Stone](#)

COMMENT Okay, so [D219.su](#) looks and sounds the part, but what about the show? Well, from September 2000, what would you expect? After flubbing a couple of lines in Times, Bob puts in an impressively strong performance during which little fails to please if not thrill - indeed, from It's Alright Ma through to intermission ten songs on, neither he nor the band miss a beat. Other than four in a ten day period during the spring of '95, tonight's UK Dignity is the only one you'll find, making it a rare visitor and prize catch - that D nails it with such self-evident relish is an added bonus. Not Dark, too, is magisterial. Both it and Things Have Changed are making their UK debuts on this tour (strangely enough the European debut of both songs was in Germany, THC four months and two tours earlier and NDY more than two *years* earlier). Love Minus Zero, Tangled, Watchtower - he's playing his aces*, but why not? Should the prudent dealer not stack the deck in his favour?



After a crackling, compelling Cold Irons, Pill-Box is a more measured work-through lit by flashing flourishes from both sidemen in turn. After a laboured LARS proves the night's first relative let-down, D's wan pleading to Mr Tambourine Man also fails to convince, though once he sheds guitar and voice at song's end to blow some harp (below), eloquence - wordless but wonderful - returns.



The gig finishes with more bang-on bankers: Forever Young is fine, this high-octane H61 less motors than trucks, then wistful Wind* blows us all home sated.

RUNNING TIME Disc One: 51:33, Disc Two: 59:17. Show is audio-complete with video minimally restored with stills as necessary.

THANKS KM, all begetters.

STARS Five big ones. A winner.

* But where do they come from? In May 1962 young Bob was rapping with Pete Seeger about writing songs:

PS: Bob, do you make a song before breakfast every day, or before supper?

BD: I don't make up songs like that ... I write a lotta stuff ... but I don't sit around ... with the newspapers ... and pick something out to write a song about ... It's usually right there in my head before I start. That's the way I write ... (And) when I've written it, I don't even consider that I wrote it ... I just figure that I made it up or I got it someplace ... The song was there before ... I came along. I just sorta ... took it down with a pencil, but it was all there before I came around. That's the way I feel about it.

45 years on, in *TTRH* #52 (Young And Old), first broadcast in September 2007, Bob introduced Hoagy Carmichael's Stardust with these words:

One of the most famous songs Hoagy ever wrote was Stardust, and like many songwriters, he wasn't sure where it really came from. This is what he had to say, the first time he heard a recording of Stardust:

And then it happened, that queer sensation that this melody was bigger than me. Maybe I hadn't written it at all. The recollection of how, when, and where it all happened became vague as the lingering strains hung in the rafters of the studio. I wanted to shout back at it, maybe I didn't write you, but I *found* you ...

I know just what he meant.

Acknowledgement, then, that, even over a lifetime, the mystery endures. Yet, though provoking as may be, it's surely an itch best left unscratched. Tony Hancock, for one, was driven to distraction and ultimately ruin by a morbid desire to "understand" his talent. That Bob has always been too carelessly dismissive of his own (*I'm just a song and dance man*, all of that) is probably less about false modesty or artlessness than sage survivor's savvy.



[D in front, Tony's five-string bass behind ...](#)

* But doesn't *cannonballs* get up your nose? I mean, even in 1962, wasn't this a very anachronistic word? When was the last time that cannonballs actually flew, anywhere? Wouldn't *missiles* work better, or does Bob know best after all?