

## **ARTICLES FROM BOB DYLAN CRITICAL CORNER: III) CONCERT REVIEWS**

The first four reviews collected here appeared on the former site Bob Dylan Critical Corner (BDCC), which was active from 1998 to 2016, at: <http://www.geocities.com/Athens/Oracle/6752/magazine.html> and subsequently: <http://nicolamenicacci.com/bdcc/>.

I restored their on-line presence on 2 May 2019, and have added a later review.

The last three reviews (all for Esch-sur-Alzette) were also published on Bill Pagel's Bob Links site at [www.boblincs.com](http://www.boblincs.com) and on my blog at: <https://rollason.wordpress.com/>

I have also uploaded files to this site collecting lyric analyses and book reviews from BDCC and elsewhere.

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### CONCERT REVIEWS

Milan, 28 May 2000  
London, 20 June 2004  
Esch-sur-Alzette (Luxembourg), 21 October 2011  
Esch-sur-Alzette, 16 November 2013  
Esch-sur-Alzette, 22 April 2017

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#### ***He Opened Up His Book of Poems: Dylan in Milan, 28 May 2000*** By Christopher Rollason

So Bob Dylan packed up all of our hearts in a suitcase, wrapped up in lace and tied in a sailor's knot, and unpacked them in Italy. The latest Never-Ending-Tour cycle wound up with five dates (Modena, Milan, Florence, Ancona, Cagliari) in the illustrious homeland of Michelangelo, Botticelli, Galileo, Romeo and Casanova - to cite but a few of the numerous Italian allusions, from the Spanish Stairs to the palace of the Pope, the City of Seven Hills to the Mona Lisa, that lie scattered gloriously across the Dylan songbook.

All the time-honoured beauty of Italy cannot, alas, redeem the stark ugliness of the urban wasteland on the outskirts of Milan that surrounds the Palavobis - a venue premiered years ago by Frank Sinatra, and since then honoured by the presence of Paul Simon, and now, on 28 May 2000, by Bob Dylan on his first tour of the twenty-first century. Ring-roads, parking lots, sinister barrack-like institutions fronted by frowning shutters: all this forms the backdrop to an impersonal amphitheatre that would not be out of place on Desolation Row. Milan has never been the most aesthetic or the most artistic of Italy's metropolises: in the wake of political scandals not so long back, it even earned the alternative name of 'Tangentopoli' or

‘Kickbacksville’ (did I hear someone murmur something about city councilmen taking bribes on the side?), but it is also the city of Leonardo’s Last Supper and La Scala, and on this particular evening the Palavobis was illuminated by the special, inimitable energy of a performance from Bob Dylan that - at least at its high points, and they were many - deserved to be called exceptional.

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As the band leaps energetically into the opening chords of ‘Roving Gambler’, with Dylan’s vocal coming in loud and clear (the acoustics are excellent), everything slots into place from the first minutes. The gambler’s tale of love and woe builds up neatly-paced to its dramatic climax, and Bob unassumingly pays his dues to the folk tradition, kicking off proceedings with a song that bears neither his own signature nor anyone else’s (in Florence two nights later, similarly, he started off with ‘Duncan and Brady’). Actually, our friend the Roving Gambler will make a second appearance tonight, out on a road called Highway 61, but let’s not anticipate too much, for Bob most certainly hasn’t gambled his last game yet ...

Next up is ‘The Times They Are A-Changin’’, taken at a brisk rhythm, with Bob clearly audible and in full control of his material, as he will remain throughout the evening. This song, more than most from the early days, can easily risk sounding like a museum-piece, an embalmed relic from a long-lost era that some dimly remember as the 1960s, but tonight the sudden shift in tone of Dylan’s vocal, from nostalgic regret to embittered snarl, right on the word ‘changin’ at the end of every stanza, adds a dose of irony and keeps the experience a live one. And then, almost without a break, it’s into the next number: my friends, we regret to announce that the times haven’t changed after all, they’re selling postcards of the hanging, and here we are on Desolation Row in 1965 (or is it George W. Bush’s Death Row, Texas, 35 years later?). Bob parades his dream-gallery of anguished characters before our ears and our imagination, with a felt clarity that marks one of the highlights of the performance. I never much enjoy him deleting stanzas from what I believe is one of the half-dozen greatest of all his songs, but this time round we get 70%: no Dr Filth, no agents and superhuman crew, no Titanic, but, by way of compensation and appropriately enough for the Italian setting, the rarely-sung Casanova stanza, as well as the often-skipped Einstein verse. The world has become very, very dark by the time the broken door-knob fades into oblivion and ‘Desolation Row’ gives way to the opening chords of ‘It’s All Over Now, Baby Blue’. Dylan and the band deliver this much-loved song in a straightforward country-rock rendering, fairly close to the original but with an added yearning edge.

So we strike another match and start anew, to find that ... it’s early one morning, the sun is shining, and, yes, here comes another ‘Tangled Up In Blue’! The band takes the song at a brisk but not over-fast pace, with the fine ringing mandolin keeping up the country-rock atmosphere, and Bob unfolds his ever-renewed epic of the unending search. Stanza three is missing this time, but it’s a wonderful moment when Bob enunciates stanza four, right here in Italy. In tonight’s variant, this stanza’s key lines run: ‘Then she opened up a book of poems, and read it to me, Written by some Italian poet from the thirteenth century’. Whether the ‘Italian poet’ is Dante (as I believe), or Petrarch, or Cavalcanti, it’s been worth coming halfway across Europe just to hear those two lines, sung live here in Italy, by a Jewish-American poet from the twentieth - and, now, the twenty-first - century. And then it’s on to the last number in the acoustic set. It proves to be ‘To Ramona’ - no anticlimax, enriched with the full ‘cracked country’ treatment, rippling, sensual mandolin and an affectionate,

caressing delivery straight from the lips of the song's author. Magnetic movements capture the minutes we're in ...

The C & W feel created with 'To Ramona' was no accident, for the next number is none other than 'Country Pie', one of the two tracks dusted down by Dylan from the 'Nashville Skyline' album for this round of the Never Ending Tour. One of the most joyful songs in Bob's catalogue, it gets the full hoe-down treatment, performed with a foot-tapping bonhomie that curiously recalls Fairport Convention's excellent, if little-known, live version from 1982. Hard on its heels comes its companion piece, 'Tell Me That Isn't True', taken at a slightly faster pace than on 'Nashville Skyline' and performed with a throaty eloquence that serves to remind us that if Dylan has been covered (and finely) by the likes of Glen Campbell, Johnny Cash and Garth Brooks it's no accident. And, lest we forget, neither of these two 1969 numbers had ever been performed live by Dylan until the current tour: it's been worth the three-decade wait.

Now it's time to step back one more year, to the 'John Wesley Harding' album and its brooding sense of crisis: the atmosphere turns electric, literally and figuratively, with the jagged chords of 'All Along the Watchtower'. And a superb version it turns out to be: tonight, Dylan and companions create an electric rendering of 'Watchtower' that, Lord have mercy, does not sound like that over-familiar, oft-imitated Jimi Hendrix version. Instead of an instrumental break between stanzas two and three, we're regaled with swift, searing guitar licks between one and two and two and three, a strategy that builds up a mounting tension that fits perfectly with the song's feel of foreboding ('Drifter's Escape', from the same album, benefited from a similar treatment in Florence). By the time Bob delivers that foreboding line 'the wind began to howl', we're deep inside a dark universe of bleak, unremitting fatality, caught in a circular trap that no-one can get any release from ...

The mood of crisis is superbly sustained with the next song, 'Not Dark Yet': after the howling wind, falling shadows. The frenetic anxiety of 'Watchtower' gives way to a slow and stately melancholy, but the darkness and the menace remain. The 1997 song is delivered much as on 'Time Out of Mind', but the electric edge is a shade harder: Dylan lingers on the syllables, quiet, contemplative, like a man rubbing his eyes, caught between bravado and disbelief at the spectacle of his life in ruins. The synchrony between Dylan and the musicians is perfect, the performance poised and self-confident, with a survivor's defiance seeping through the elongated drawl at the end of each verse. It's not dark yet, but it sure is getting there.

And now - the high point of the concert: we're still in 1997, and a crackling, searing, hyper-electric rendition of 'Cold Irons Bound' leaps out of the darkness like a hissing cat. This song was already impressive on 'Time Out Of Mind' and in the official live version on the 'Love Sick' single; tonight it's several notches higher on the intensity meter, quite simply electrifying. As on the live single version, the five verses are compressed into four (the first half of stanza four and the second half of stanza five are portmanteaued into one), and, in this case, the song actually gains from the greater brevity, as if the emotional pain could only be stretched out so far. The guitars flicker and flare, exploding in the pauses between the lines, crashing like thunder after each 'twenty miles out of town' and each 'cold irons bound'. 'The winds in Chicago/Have torn me to shreds': the world seems about to collapse from the double weight of chaos without and despair within.

Next, as if the intensity wasn't enough, the band bursts into the familiar, fast chords of 'Highway 61 Revisited', and now we're twenty miles out of town and Highway 61 bound. The 1965 epic is done in the manner that suits it best, as a full-tilt electric blues, with a fearsome guitar break before the last stanza and the satanic triumph of the Roving Gambler (yes, here he is again!). On the way, Georgia Sam's complaint against the authorities - 'Welfare department wouldn't give him no clothes' - reminds us that this is still very much a live song. The times haven't changed, the ship didn't come in, they're selling postcards of the hanging once again, and across Uncle Sam's fair land the anti-welfare free-market fundamentalists are turning thousands of our avuncular friend's Georgia namesakes on to the street. The song burns itself out in the ashes of the next world war, and as the spiked guitars fade we realise all over again just how great an electric blues Bob Dylan can play when he wants to.

Now time slows down, and begins to crawl. New and threatening chords ring out, and it feels like some unnameable animal as smooth as glass is slithering its way through the auditorium. It's 'Ballad of a Thin Man', and Dylan spits out the vocals much as on the 1965 version, going for the jugular with unerring accuracy. After the sustained power of the last four numbers, the tension lowers a little, and we can laugh at Bob's humour, at the absurd spectacle of Mr Jones staring at the sword-swallower. As the professors' ex-crony is finally consigned to outer darkness, we notice that the last pre-refrain lines of the final verse have been cunningly changed to something like 'And next time, at least/Do please telephone', a comic improvement on the original 'earphones' conceit.

Another stately intro rings out, and, yes, we're still in 1965 and it's time for 'Like A Rolling Stone'. This is a sign that the evening is moving towards its close - we're on song number 14 already. The audience goes wild on the chorus, and Bob handles the lyrics with all the required venom. Stanza three is missed out, but the Mystery Tramp and Napoleon In Rags duly appear in the theatre of our minds, and then are gone. Next, a swift change of atmosphere: we switch back into country-rock mode, the mandolin shimmers and, suddenly, it's 'One Too Many Mornings' and we're all a thousand miles behind. Dylan delivers his beautiful 1964 lament in tones of nostalgic regret, and this quiet, careful arrangement suits the song far better than the harsh electric treatment imposed on it on 'Live '66'. And then it's time for the second cover version of the night, no less a song than 'Not Fade Away'. Sections of the audience seem surprised by this one, but they recognise the Buddy Holly classic: Dylan and the band hand it down with supreme self-confidence and a rapid grace that matches the original (and far outshines the tepid Rolling Stones version). The eternal flame motif burns on into 'Forever Young', offered in a relaxed country-rock interpretation; then it's the inevitable 'Rainy Day Women Nos. 12 and 35'; and finally Bob delivers the last encore with - let no-one be surprised - 'Blowin' in the Wind'.

It's a fitting end to a remarkable evening. The most famous of all Bob Dylan's songs is now 38 years old, but tonight it comes across as no mere old chestnut. The revulsion from war and violence, the unanswered repeated questions, convince all over again. The audience intones the refrain as if they'd heard it in the cradle (and no doubt some did); the performance ends with a great question mark hanging in the air. How many times has Bob sung this song? And yet, and yet, how many deaths will it take till they know that too many people have died? Tonight we've visited Desolation Row, we've felt the revolution in the air on Montague Street, we've met Mr Jones and survived the encounter; and, at the concert's extraordinary electric peak, we've stared chaos in the face, through that remarkable quartet of 'Watchtower', 'Not Dark Yet', 'Cold Irons Bound' and 'Highway 61'. As the last notes of

the anthem from '62 disappear into the wind, Dylan leaves the stage. But he's still there in our hearts and minds, still throwing out those unending questions - still standing up to meet us on our crossroads and challenge us, if we dare, to discover the answer, if it exists, somewhere down the road some day ...

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***Been to London': Dylan storms Finsbury Park, 20 June 2004***

By Christopher Rollason

'I wish I was in London, or some other seaport town', declared the greenhorn Bob Dylan when he sang 'Handsome Molly' in 1962, and on Sunday, 20 June 2004 London's rain-streaked skies see the first part of that wish realised, for Dylan himself and for an expectant multitude assembled in the English capital - in Finsbury Park, for the culminating moment of this year's Fleadh Festival. No doubt many of those here in the park (or in the Garden) are ready to make him king and set a crown upon his head - at least if he delivers ...

The rain that had assailed us all afternoon, distracting all but the keenest festivalgoers from the pleasures or otherwise of Counting Crows and John Prine (Billy Bragg and Christy Moore had already been and gone), happily \*stops\* a-falling soon before Bob is due to come on. The crowd - 'people in the park forgetting their troubles and woes' - is drawn from all age-groups, with the surprisingly young rubbing shoulders with the inevitable sixties survivors, ageing academics and the rest. At 8 p.m. sharp, the man we'd all been waiting for appears in his customary suit of solemn black - flanked by his faithful band, augmented for the occasion by Ron Wood, luminary of a well-known UK recording act whose evergreen name echoes the title of a certain hit single of Bob Dylan's from 1965 (and who has himself covered a neglected number of Bob's, 'Seven Days'). Ron's presence suggests that tonight will be a rock-blues evening, stronger on power than subtlety, and that's the way it turns out to be. It is known beforehand that the park authorities want us all out at 10 p.m.: this won't be a Springsteen-length concert, and indeed it will prove relatively brief, at 15 numbers (and ne'er a trace of acoustic mode). The parameters established from the outset, there will, luckily, be no disappointment.

The band kicks off with a country-rock riff on a number that soon identifies itself as 'Down Along the Cove', the penultimate track from 'John Wesley Harding' that Dylan first brought into his live set in 1999. The song is performed almost completely rewritten, with not three but five stanzas, and only the opening line (from the old stanza two) kept at all from the 1968 version. The telling phrase 'Lord have mercy' now echoes across the entire song: Bob is placing his and everyone else's conscience on the line. If we're the ones who must keep it satisfied, then Lord have mercy, Bob: give us all you've got tonight!

The first number has already set a strong atmosphere, with Ron Wood gelling perfectly with Dylan's regular cohorts, and now Bob eases the audience into more familiar territory with 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue', performed in straightforward fashion - country-rock once again, and featuring the first of the night's harmonica breaks. The 'I-quite-like-Dylan' elements in the audience can rest assured that there will be the usual quota of 'famous' songs to ensure them their money's worth. Next up, though, is a slow, brooding 'Lonesome Day Blues', performed by Dylan with all the relish that he still brings to his "'Love and Theft'" compositions from 2001. This will be the first of five numbers from that album tonight (one-third of the whole concert): he does the lines from Virgil ('I'm going to teach peace to the

conquered, I'm going to tame the proud') with particular energy, and even if the non-hardcore component are unlikely to recognise that or the Mark Twain allusions in this song, it should be clear to all that, here live in London tonight, Bob's 21st-century material fits like a glove with the 60s classics. As if to prove this, the band roar in with a hard-hitting 'Maggie's Farm' to keep up the nostalgia quotient; and then it's 'Desolation Row', reduced tonight to 60% of the original (the usual first three stanzas, then Ophelia and Casanova, then the last) and performed by Dylan, if perhaps not that excitingly, certainly with the necessary clarity and starkness - harmonica break not forgotten. The biblical names of Cain and Abel ring out loud and clear, with a high nasal pitch on 'CaIIIIn', as Bob once again throws down the gauntlet to a world still at war with itself.

The energy level subsides rather, as Dylan, for reasons best known to himself, now decides to relive the career trough of 1985 and he and band plod turgidly through 'Seeing the Real You At Last', a song I have never found of much interest from an album I have never liked. This rendition, aided by mouth-harp, manages to hold the attention better than the 'Empire Burlesque' version, though that's not saying much. After that, it's 1965 and 'Positively 4th Street': Dylan takes us through all six stanzas, stumbling over the lyrics at a couple of points - unless I'm mistaken, the sole moment at which that happens on a night that finds Bob very much on the ball - but, even so, re-creating the original atmosphere with the right touch of bravado.

And then things start to get exciting and the concert really begins to warm up, with the darkly frenetic opening chords of 'Tweedle Dee & Tweedle Dum'. Yes, we're back in the Americana-drenched world of "'Love and Theft'", and has rockabilly ever sounded so sinister and yet so engaging? The band rock with an energy that would have done the Sun-era Elvis proud, and Dylan wraps his vocal chords round and round the song's humour, delightedly laughing at his own wit on a superbly enunciated line like 'They're one day older and a dollar short'. No sooner are the Tweedles consigned back to the Land of Nod and their own Cain-and-Abel destiny, than rock'n'roll gives way to an older, rawer blues, and the night's energy quotient rises even higher - as it has to, for it's 'High Water (for Charlie Patton)', and Bob's reverberating vocals make us see and feel that 'high water risin', risin' night and day'. One electrifying experience leads into another: from 2001 and Charles Darwin trapped out on Highway 5, we move on to revisit ... Highway 61, and Dylan shows us what a fine blues composer he already was in 1965. 'Highway 61 Revisited', a song which rarely palls, assaults our ears as it should do, with Ron Wood helping provide all the guitar eloquence Dylan's apocalypse asks for. Bob these days restores the long-omitted fourth stanza, and he and the band spit out the song in its entirety, with all the venom of the original of 39 years ago.

We're now over halfway through. By now it's not so far away from nightfall, and this is the right moment for a change of tempo and ... 'Not Dark Yet'. Few in the audience seem to pick up the topographical appropriateness of the words 'I've been to London' - or the evening's third Cain allusion, in 'Sometimes my burden is more than I can bear' - but the atmosphere is spellbinding as we relive all the stately grandeur of Dylan's reflections on mortality from 1997 - and, once again, out comes that harmonica! Then we return to 2001, for a defiant 'Honest With Me' which, starting a shade uncertainly, gets stronger and hits harder as it rushes along, Bob's folk-wisdom advice oozing out of our ears; and after that, it really is time-warp time as a kindly bard rolls out 'Boots of Spanish Leather', from 1964 and the oldest song of the night. We are treated to a slow, respectful band performance and careful vocals on a song on which Dylan seems always to get inside the narrative and stay in there. As the timeless drama of fidelity and abandonment unfolds, the arrangement heightens the feel by

placing a instrumental break just at the right moment, at the narrative's turning-point between stanzas six and seven, and then bringing on the mouth-harp between stanza eight and the last, rueful verse. 'Take heed of the stormy weather', the song's narrator warns his unfaithful lover and Bob warns us, though fortunately we won't have to stand inside the rain just now. After that, it's back to high tempo and "'Love and Theft'", with an extended take on 'Summer Days' that may be more brazen than subtle, but allows the song's author to make it clear, with zest and bite, that he's no 'worn-out star' - and gives guest Ron the chance to show us all where he's coming from, riproaring lick after lick. The audience, those who know the song and those who don't, dance Bob their appreciation, until closing time catches up on everyone and the encore slot looms.

There's room for but one solitary encore, and it's 'Like A Rolling Stone'. Dylan and band do their duty on the old chestnut, tonight taking stanzas one, three and four of the original and doing them proud. The audience (though how many notice the absence of stanza two?) love it, of course: lights are lit, the crowd begin to stamp their feet, Back Alley Sally is doing the American jump, and, no doubt, every hack present gets in motion to repolish the ever-handly clichés - 'sixties anthems', 'beat troubadour', 'voice of a generation', and all the rest. This may not be Dylan's best-ever song, but there are worse ways of bringing a great evening to a close. Tonight, everything's been returned which was owed: Bob has delivered the goods, in fine fettle too, and, barring minor glitches on one number, has felicitously taken his own advice to 'know my song well before I start singing'. It's been a memorable musical journey across four decades: tonight the best for my money were the contemporary 'High Water' and 'Tweedle Dee & Tweedle Dum' and the very old 'Boots of Spanish Leather', but others will have their own favourites, and it's amply clear that the audience enjoyed it. Summer days and summer nights are far from gone, and Finsbury Park tonight has been a place where, most certainly, we've still found something going on! He's been to London, he's been around the world and back again, and even so, does Bob Dylan really see himself as clear as all those do who have had him on his mind for so long, and throng back to listen to him once again ... on a night like this?

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***DREAMS OF IRON AND STEEL: BOB DYLAN IN ESCH-SUR-ALZETTE (LUXEMBOURG), 21 OCTOBER 2011***

By Christopher Rollason

‘My dreams are made of iron and steel’ – Bob Dylan, 1974

Luxembourg probably has the distinction of being the smallest country ever to host Bob Dylan live. The night of 21 October 2011 was not the first time Dylan has graced the Grand Duchy with his presence, but it was a premiere for Esch-sur-Alzette, Luxembourg's second city, and the Rockhal, its 6000-capacity venue opened in 2005. Esch, located in the country's industrial south almost on the French border, some ten miles from the Grand-Ducal capital, is increasingly positioning itself as a rival to Luxembourg city: the Rockhal is part of a complex which will be home to the new campus of the University of Luxembourg and is built around a former steelworks that now houses an industrial research centre. That titanic hulk must surely have meant something when he saw it to Dylan, brought up in Minnesota's iron-mine belt, as the iron and steel images that appear in his songs from time to time show he has never forgotten. Tonight, it will be ‘dreams of iron and steel’, to lift a phrase from his 1974 song ‘Never Say Goodbye’.

Here, the author of this review should add that it is in Esch-sur-Alzette that he currently lives, so indeed tonight Bob Dylan is ... bringing it all back home ... The show is sold out: the standing-room-only hall is at capacity. The man from Duluth is supported on this tour by Mark Knopfler, who as leader of the emblematic band Dire Straits has sold more records than Bob Dylan and, as Dylan followers will remember, backed Dylan on his albums *Slow Train Coming* (1979) and *Infidels* (1983). Not all Knopfler's fans, though, may be so aware of the intimate connection between the songwriting and guitar legends, and tonight's audience is no doubt a mix of devotees of Dylan, of the British musician and of both.

The doors open at 6.30; at 8 o'clock sharp, Mark Knopfler begins a 70-minute set. He plays, not Dire Straits stuff but his more recent material, some songs sounding like the classic band and others much more folk-rock or Celtic, with flute, mandolin and violin complementing his famously speaking guitar. He does concede one Dire Straits number, 'So Far Away', as an encore. The audience love Knopfler all the way through, and he puts the hall in a dancing mood which will prove the perfect prelude to tonight's manifestation of the protean Bob Dylan. At 9.45, as announced (this is a very punctual venue), Dylan and his band come on.

The 70-year-old cultural icon appears in a white hat, dark jacket and green shirt, far right on stage. Tonight he looks and feels genial: his presence already suggests this will be an in-form night. He starts off playing guitar, will later switch to keyboard – and will enliven proceedings at regular intervals with his inimitable harmonica. A special treat is in store, too: for the first three numbers and for only the second time on this tour, Mark Knopfler will join Dylan and band on guitar. The audience is mostly middle-aged or older, with a sprinkling of youth: largely male, though there are a fair number of couples; and, despite Esch's large black population, almost entirely white. It is hard to tell who is there more for Knopfler and who more for Dylan: both ignite almost everybody, both get the public swaying and dancing – the couple next to me slow-dance through Dylan's entire set! One thing for sure: the local press previewed the concert with the usual 'folk music legend' and 'protest icon' clichés, and anyone coming to see Bob Dylan tonight on that basis is going to be disappointed.

The setlists so far for this tour have not been that varied, and tonight as before, six songs out of fourteen are standard, i.e.: the opener, song number 9 and the last four. For the record, these are, in order: 'Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat', 'Highway 61 Revisited', 'Thunder on the Mountain', 'Ballad of a Thin Man', 'All Along the Watchtower' and 'Like a Rolling Stone' (three of them, be it noted, from 1965 and Highway 61 Revisited, which is beyond any doubt this tour's default album – and this concert's too, since tonight we will also get that album's stellar track, 'Desolation Row'). The luck of the draw has it that there is no song older than 1964 and Dylan's fifth album, *Bringing It All Back Home*. It really is a folk-free, acoustic-free, protest-free night: so much for the folk troubadour, conscience of a generation, etc, etc. This hasn't been the case on other nights, but somehow tonight's song selection does seem to fit the music.

The musical discourse is one of hardhitting, danceable blues-rock almost all the way through, with only a couple of slower numbers and others that are slowish on record speeded up. Dylan's band are tight, inventive, and right there inside the songs. So too is Dylan himself. Most of the time he barks out the vocals staccato fashion, but one can hear that he also is inside his words and inside his images. Thank goodness, that is not a night of inattention or distraction or lyric-fluffing: Bob Dylan is there with band and audience, and audience and band are there with him. The songs all but segue into each other with scarcely a break: the ninety minutes feel like a seamless whole.

'Leopard-Skin Pill Box Hat' starts the proceedings, suitably setting the night's blues-rock tone, with Dylan's vocals abrasive as they should be and the song's heady mix of venom and humour intact, and close to the Blonde on Blonde original. Knopfler is up there in dialogue with Dylan's own guitar, and will be there for the next two numbers. Next up is a very strong rendering of 'It's All Over Now Baby Blue' from 1964, the oldest song to be performed tonight, with Dylan spitting out its timeless imagery; and just as good is the third and last song with Mark Knopfler, and the evening's first newer composition, a jaunty, defiant 'Things Have Changed'. Here and later, those in the audience who (presumably) don't know Dylan's more recent material appear unfazed, and indeed stylistically the later songs gel perfectly with the 'famous' 60s classics, with no visible discontinuity: across half a century, the blues are in command.

Next, though, comes one of the evening's (fortunately few) relative disappointments: 'Tangled Up in Blue', speeded up perhaps not that appropriately, and bizarrely reduced from seven stanzas to only four (1, 2, 5 and 7), a pruning that deprives the narrative of part of its sense and hardly seems justified when, as we will see, other and inferior songs are done unlopped. Interesting, even so, is the lyrical recasting in the last stanza, with the 'truckdrivers' wives' who have often been the performance substitutes for the Blood on the Tracks version's 'carpenters' wives' now becoming 'doctors' and lawyers' wives', the doctors harking back to the outtake version but the lawyers adding a new and, to my ears, sinister dimension (in Bob Dylan's world, do you trust lawyers, even if you are married to one?).

The following number is 'Honest With Me', which rocks infectiously but is, surely, not the strongest song from "Love and Theft", which album tonight it represents alone, and, curiously, has not been trimmed, its five stanzas standing uncut. Now – ladies and gentlemen, your attention please! – we are regaled with The-Only-Dylan-Song- Ever-To-Be-Recorded-By-Garth-Brooks, none other than 'Make You Feel My Love', a song which I am not alone in considering by far the lyrically thinnest on its album, Time Out Of Mind. However, multimillionaire country singers apart, tonight's slow-blues rendition, with Bob on keyboards, is certainly preferable to the album version, and even acquires a sinister edge, as if it were less a beribboned chocolate-box number than a darkly ambivalent declaration which might have been made by Dylan's (as I see it) evil Modern Times persona. At which point we segue into a track from that album, 'The Levee's Gonna Break' – frankly not Dylan's best-ever piece of writing (and one which could have been cut without significant loss), but tonight far more convincing than on the record, with shrieking harmonica and thunderous keyboards courtesy of its composer: altogether, something of a transformation of a decidedly lesser song.

And now, the evening's highlight: 'Desolation Row', the crowning glory of Highway 61 Revisited (this is already song 8 and three of the remaining six will be from that album), and, at least in this writer's opinion, quite simply the best song Bob Dylan has ever written. Live versions of this song have varied greatly in terms of quality, arrangement and, indeed, length (Dylan might do anything from reproducing all ten stanzas of the original to reducing it to seven, six or even five). Tonight, he's on keyboards, and performs it fairly slowly to the band's discreet backing, snarling out the vocals and deep, deep into its characters and images. We get an acceptable eight stanzas, only the fifth (Einstein) and ninth (Nero) ones missing. Scarcely in motion, the audience fixes itself, with more than uncanny unanimity, on the maestro's delivery. At a moment like this, all of Bob Dylan's creative genius comes alive and

burns alight, and anyone who still doesn't understand why he is an eternal and (please note) serious Literature Nobel candidate, may I suggest you stop in your tracks and listen to him now, as he performs his greatest song.

After this glorious centrepiece, we are already into the known final sequence, as the band leaps into 'Highway 61 Revisited'. Here too Dylan's vocals find him deep inside his song, which he renders complete, including the sometimes dropped fourth stanza. Things then slow down, for 'Forgetful Heart', tonight's newest composition and the evening's only selection from his most recent album of originals, *Together Through Life*. Violin – the show's only appearance of this instrument, contributing a fugitive country feel – accompanies a reflective vocal, confirming this song's status as a powerful lyric poem and one of Bob's most successful recent compositions. After that brief quiet interval, it's back to no-holds-barred for what are by now familiar as this tour's expected closing quartet of songs. Out rolls 'Thunder on the Mountain': I must confess I have yet to understand why Dylan thinks this *Modern Times* number is so good that he has to perform it every night, but as with its album companion 'The Levee's Gonna Break', this live version is at least more attention-holding than the original, fits well enough with the evening's blues ethos, and gets the audience back dancing.

Next, 'Ballad of a Thin Man' returns us to 1965, and is as potent and abrasive as ever, though there is a confusing moment in the 'professors' stanza, which Dylan starts out singing with sardonic relish (does he know he's on the future University of Luxembourg site?), only to commit (but I may have misheard ..) what I think is the night's only serious lyric fluff, stumbling in the middle of the 'great lawyers' line (I will of course be happy to be proved wrong on this!). There follows, inevitably, 'All Along the Watchtower' – in, less inevitably, a gratifyingly strong version, apocalyptic and spinechilling, with on-the-edge vocals from Bob and coruscating guitar-work from the band.

And now, as it had to be - the song the audience was waiting for: 'Like a Rolling Stone'. We are used by now to Dylan cutting his signature song from four to three stanzas (tonight, 1, 2 and 4), but more important is the forcefulness of his delivery and the empathy between him and his musicians as, yet again, they bring the evening to a triumphant close with the unforgettable mid-60s classic. This is the one song tonight's public are actually singing along with, perhaps the one song they have really, really come to hear. How does Bob Dylan manage to make 'Like a Rolling Stone', superb song though it is, sound so fresh after executing it a mind-numbing number of times? The only answer can be that it has stood up like this because it is one of the most powerful compositions by one of the greatest creators of our time.

There is no encore. The dreams of iron and steel are over. I leave, straightaway but spiritually replenished by tonight's re-encounter with the artist who has accompanied me together through life, who time out of mind ago said he accepted chaos but did not know if chaos accepted him, and who in our turbulent modern times may, at the age of 70, may definitively declare, yes: even chaos accepts Bob Dylan!

Set list

1. Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat 2. It's All Over Now, Baby Blue 3. Things Have Changed 4. Tangled Up In Blue 5. Honest With Me 6. Make You Feel My Love 7. The Levee's Gonna Break 8. Desolation Row 9. Highway 61 Revisited 10. Forgetful Heart 11. Thunder On The

Mountain 12. Ballad Of A Thin Man 13. All Along The Watchtower 14. Like A Rolling Stone

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***‘WHAT GOOD AM I?’: BOB DYLAN LIVE - 16 November 2013, Esch-sur-Alzette (Luxembourg)***

By Christopher Rollason

Bob Dylan’s recent all-but-unchanging setlists, representing a new practice on his current European tour and its North American predecessor earlier this year, have raised a few eyebrows among his fan base. And so it was that tonight’s concert at the Rockhal in Esch-sur-Alzette (Luxembourg) offered a 19-song setlist 100% identical to the previous four and, barring minor sequencing variations, to a total of 14 out of 26 so far from this tour (with nine dates to go, all in the UK).

This phenomenon of near-static setlists has its plus and minus points. Dylan’s age is one likely factor (which may also account for the intermission introduced on this tour), and if so we must take that into consideration. It could nonetheless be argued that repeating exactly the same songs (he could give or take a variant or two, surely?) at the same venue in the same city, two or even three nights running, is not only short-changing repeat attenders but also not the best of commercial strategies. Here in Esch, at all events, there was only one show – Dylan’s second at the Rockhal, following his debut gig shared with Mark Knopfler just over two years ago – to be precise, on 21 October 2011 (see entry on this blog for 23 October 2011).

One advantage, though, of a set-in-stone setlist is that it facilitates the reviewer’s preparation! I guessed, correctly, that Dylan would eschew the exceptionalism of the two Rome dates (6 and 7 November), and would stick with ‘Early Roman Kings’ and the rest (did he drop that song in Rome precisely because it actually has nothing to do with the Eternal City, and take his cue from there for those two all-but-transformed setlists?). So I was able to prepare for the night, printing out and re-reading the lyrics of those ‘later’ songs from the list which – though of course I own and play the relevant albums – I admit I do not know by heart as I do ‘Desolation Row’ or ‘A Hard Rain’s A-Gonna Fall’ (neither of which showed up in Esch). Hence if nothing else, the shows’ new-found stasis did allow me to get more deeply inside songs like ‘Scarlet Town’ or ‘Forgetful Heart’, and that can only be a gain.

The doors opened at 7 p.m, in advance for 8.30. The queue outside was enlivened by a – surprisingly good – Dylan-imitator busker who served up very passable renditions of ‘Mr Tambourine Man’ and ‘Don’t Think Twice, It’s Alright’ (did he know the maestro was *\*not\** going to perform those songs tonight, or indeed that he doesn’t do ‘Mr Tambourine Man’ at all these days ?). Once inside, I acquired the programme, which proved to be unexpectedly worth acquiring and already suggested this would be a quality evening, consisting as it did mostly of the full texts of a collection of reviews of Dylan’s later works – eulogies of ‘Time Out of Mind’, ‘Modern Times’, ‘Tempest’ and, indeed, ‘Chronicles, Volume One’. Reading those texts could not have put me in a better frame of mind as I munched through a couple of pizza slices and awaited the Minnesotan’s curtain-call.

From the minute Dylan and band launched into ‘Things Have Changed’, I deduced – correctly – that things had *\*not\** changed and we would be treated to the tour’s default repertoire. That being the case, how would the audience react? This setlist includes only three

songs from the 60s, two of them as encores, plus another two from the 70s; of the remaining 14 songs, none is older than 1989 and six are from the recent *Tempest*. Would many of the audience be familiar with Dylan's later work, and how many were there expecting to hear 'The Times They Are A-Changin'', 'Just Like a Woman' and the rest? In the event, Dylan made no fresh concessions to the earlier work which had nonetheless been crucial in his being made a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur in Paris just three days before, with the no doubt unwanted accolade of being an influence on France's student revolt of May 1968. As for the audience, the crowd did show a tendency to thin out and not everyone returned after the intermission, but those who did stay – by far the majority – were attentive and appreciative, some couples danced to both upbeat and slower numbers, and those who made the effort surely did – to quote from one of tonight's numbers – 'have a whopping good time'.

The fact was that the concert proved to be excellent – not diamond perfect (is Dylan ever?) – but certainly more than a few notches higher up on the quality scale than Bob's previous (and perfectly acceptable) offering to the citizens of Esch. Dylan sang with more strength and conviction, and more audibly; the song selection was more challenging, and Dylan and band rose to the challenge; and what really made the day (or the night) were the arrangements, which displayed an imaginativeness, a denseness, a variety and, above all, a sense of drama, such as I have, frankly, rarely encountered in Bob Dylan's work whether live or in the studio. Yes, tonight ... something is happening here!

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'Things Have Changed' proves a strong opener. Dylan, coming on centre stage, seems a shade hesitant at the beginning, but by the second verse is well in command, and the arrangement, more complex than on the original and varying in tempo, does the song proud. The frenetic rhythms of the opener then give way to the slow, stately unfurling of a fine 'She Belongs To Me' – has he put this song from 1965 in second slot to stop the 60s devotees walking out early? – with Dylan relishing the half-century-old lyrics and bringing out both the song's dignity and its humour. Next, 'Beyond Here Lies Nothin'' also gets the benefit of a fuller and denser arrangement than the original, with a wonderfully archaic old-time ballroom feel. Beyond here lies ... a lot more than nothing, that's for sure! – and the atmosphere intensifies with a magnificent 'What Good Am I?', with Dylan pounding out the notes on the grand piano and singing his heart out (and audibly and comprehensibly – by now it's clear that his voice has taken a real turn for the better). The arrangement of the 1989 song is powerful and dramatic, not without a nod to Tom Jones' impressively doom-laden version from 2010.

And now, the first song up from *Tempest*, and also the one that is that album's opening track, 'Duquesne Whistle'. On this jaunty and defiant number – which as I read it is a deceptively light-hearted reflection on preparing for death – we now see Dylan getting right inside his new material, interpreting the song in a way that is immediately recognisable from the album but also adds further layers of sound and feeling. The country blues of 'Duquesne' then gives way to a country waltz, in the form of 'Waiting For You', this tour's obscurity. Only available on a little-known soundtrack album, never anthologised and performed only twice before the present tour, 'Waiting For You' has suddenly morphed into a staple, receiving its 22nd tour outing tonight. It remains a minor song, but in tonight's rendition pleasantly listenable and extending the evening's musical range. And now, back to *Tempest*, and we're on to the blues-rock of 'Pay In Blood'. This song, which can be read as a dramatic monologue, an enraged diatribe against whites by a former slave, comes across in all its hard-

hitting fierceness, with Dylan snarling the anger out. It sounds every bit as forceful as ‘The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll’, and may be a welcome setlist successor to that classic.

Next, and something of an anticlimax, comes one of the night’s less successful renditions. ‘Tangled Up In Blue’ is hailed by the audience, no doubt because people recognise it, but, as two years ago in the Rockhal when I last heard it, the Blood on the Tracks classic is severely truncated, the original seven stanzas pared down to only four (original stanzas 1, 2, 5 and 7). This time round, there are substantial lyric changes – which I cannot comment on as the words went by too fast – in (original) stanzas 5 and 7. One could argue that these changes make it a different song and therefore complaints about the hatchet job become redundant, but I would still rather he didn’t slash this particular song when there are other, inferior long songs in the Dylan canon which might actually benefit from a spot of pruning. The arrangement, too, is a shade pedestrian. Things hot up, however, with a strong, musically and vocally growling ‘Love Sick’, a version close to the original but with a more insistent ground-riff. Here as in most of the night’s slower numbers, Dylan is highly audible and very much in control. And on that note, he leaves us for a brief intermission.

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The second half kicks off triumphantly with one of the night’s finest moments, ‘High Water (For Charley Patton)’. On this worthy successor to ‘Highway 61 Revisited’ or ‘Tombstone Blues’, a centre-stage Dylan enunciates the darkly ironic lyrics with relish, with the droning banjo keeping up the obsessive atmosphere. The delivery is slow and sinister, the atmosphere potent with menace: when the song ends, the audience respond with the show’s keenest accolade yet. It is followed by another strong performance, a wistful, mournful ‘Simple Twist of Fate’, with Bob eloquent on both piano and vocals. This particular warhorse is, unlike its Blood on the Tracks stablemate ‘Tangled Up in Blue’, allowed to stay entire (Dylan sings all six stanzas), with the lyric a compromise between the original and Live at Budokan versions and nothing sounding like an actual innovation. Next, back to Tempest with what may be the darkest of that album’s dark songs, Early Roman Kings – an exploration of evil in which the protagonist seems himself to be more and more taken over by that evil as the song progresses. Dylan’s vocals sink deep into the vampiric atmosphere, and the arrangement is as heavily-charged a Chicago blues as on the album, though sounding somewhat less like Muddy Waters’ ‘Mannish Boy’ than does the original. As it ends, someone in the audience calls out: ‘Like A Rolling Stone!’

Dylan ignores that lone request, and launches into ‘Forgetful Heart’ – another highlight of the night, slow, yearning, beautifully audible, with country-tinged, quavering violin. And now ... the musical register changes altogether as Dylan offers a surprising rearrangement of ‘Spirit on the Water’. I find this Modern Times number unstructured, over-long and, on the record, difficult to concentrate on, but tonight any vacuity in the lyrics is compensated by an audacious, multi-tempo jazz arrangement, with vocals and music competing for supremacy. After that, it’s back to Tempest, with the dark, foreboding ‘Scarlet Town’. For this one, Dylan drops the violin from the album version, but the guitar and banjo arrangement respects the song’s dense complexity and the lyrics emerge charged with emotion – Dylan’s vocal is specially moving in the ‘Sweet William’ stanza, with its ballad reminiscences of ‘Barbara Allen’. We stay with Tempest for ‘Soon After Midnight’, performed with brio much as on the album, and then for what proves the evening’s final triumph – the song debuted by Dylan on this tour, ‘Long and Wasted Years’. This composition has an intricate narrative line that makes it seem like a short story in song, and, here as on the album, Dylan delivers the

abrasive lyrics in all but talking-blues fashion over a repetitive riff. The song is a challenge to both himself and the audience – and he pulls it off beautifully, crowning the concert proper with a virtuoso performance.

In a sense, ‘Long and Wasted Years’ is the concert’s true and climactic end. The two encores are Dylan’s obligatory concession to the weight of the past, but neither ‘All Along the Watchtower’ nor ‘Blowin’ in the Wind’ convinces. The arrangements are pleasant, but seem slight compared to what went before. Unless it’s me mishearing, Dylan stumbles over the words at least once in both – bizarre considering he cannot possibly not know these two, of all his songs, by heart: but maybe familiarity breeds inattention.

Nonetheless, all in all this has been a remarkable concert with a plurality of high points. The best performances, and they were many, have throbbed with a constant sense of energy and drama. On a night like this, with Bob Dylan in such unexpectedly fine fettle, ‘What Good Am I?’ certainly feels like a rhetorical question! After this memorable evening, let us hope a clear-sighted Bob Dylan is seeing himself as clear as his admirers who have had him on their mind!

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#### SETLIST

1. Things Have Changed
2. She Belongs To Me
3. Beyond Here Lies Nothin'
4. What Good Am I?
5. Duquesne Whistle
6. Waiting For You
7. Pay In Blood
8. Tangled Up In Blue
9. Love Sick
- (Intermission)
10. High Water (For Charley Patton)
11. Simple Twist Of Fate
12. Early Roman Kings
13. Forgetful Heart
14. Spirit On The Water
15. Scarlet Town
16. Soon After Midnight
17. Long And Wasted Years
- (encore)
18. All Along The Watchtower
19. Blowin' In The Wind

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***Why Try To Change Him Now? Bob Dylan in Esch-sur-Alzette (Luxembourg), 22 April 2017***

By Christopher Rollason

The night of Saturday, 22 April 2017 witnessed Bob Dylan's third appearance at the Rockhal concert venue in Esch-sur-Alzette, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg's second city after the capital. Dylan had previously illuminated the Rockhal on 21 October 2011 and 16 November 2013, and as a resident of Esch I was present both times. Tonight was therefore, for both Bob Dylan and the author of this review, and appropriately enough in view of the title of his latest album, a ... Triplicate occasion!

Since Dylan's last date in Esch-sur-Alzette in 2013, much water has flowed under the bridge, the most notable events being his 2016 Nobel award and his recent recording wave of jazz-era/Sinatra covers. Meanwhile, the setlist for the current tour, though once again for the most part fixed or all but fixed, is somewhat more representative than has recently been the case. Tonight's setlist varied from that of the previous night (in Boulogne-Billancourt near Paris) in only one particular, namely that among the Sinatra covers 'Why Try to Change Me Now?' replaced 'I Could Have Told You'. The night's 21 songs break down as follows: 60s and 70s 'classic Dylan' (up to 'Blood on The Tracks'), 6; 'later Dylan' prior to 2012's album 'Tempest', 4; 'Tempest', 5; Sinatra covers, 6. It is an open question how many in the audience were actual Dylan followers and aware of the content of his recent albums, and how many came away believing the evening's Sinatra renditions to be recent Dylan compositions!

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Dylan opens with a gritty 'Things Have Changed', indisputably a suitable title for its author and an up-front warning to those expecting a full serving of 60s anthems. Next up, though, and as if to placate those who might walk out if Dylan performed nothing they knew, is no less an early-Dylan chestnut than 'Don't Think Twice, It's All Right', complete with the evening's most folk-oriented arrangement. Then the 60s flame is fed anew with a blues-drenched rendition of 'Highway 61 Revisited' (Dylan sings all five stanzas), after which we fast-forward to a more recent, 21st-century Dylan with 'Beyond Here Lies Nothin'', from 'Together Through Life'..

Beyond there lies ... something: indeed, something that may start surprising the audience, in the form of the night's first Sinatra rendition and another appropriately titled song, 'Why Try To Change Me Now?', with Dylan fully inside a committed vocal and, as he will do with most of tonight's Sinatra numbers, treating the song as if he had written it. There follows the evening's first song from 'Tempest', 'Pay in Blood', which, familiar or not, pleases the crowd, its Rolling Stones pastiche sound no doubt aiding. Dylan then reverts to Sinatra mode with 'Melancholy Mood', after which comes an upbeat country-blues version of 'Duquesne Whistle', again from 'Tempest' (well received, though how many recognised in 'at my chamber door' a quotation from Edgar Allan Poe's celebrated poem 'The Raven'?). Next, it's Sinatra time again, with Dylan's fifth-ever performance (probably the best of the night's shades-of-Frank numbers) of 'Stormy Weather', one of the songs from the new 'Triplicate' album and premiered a few nights before, in Amsterdam on 17 April.

There follows 'Tangled Up in Blue', in its current truncated four-stanza version (alas – this song is too good to deserve such pruning) but with some interesting alternative lyrics (the couple split up 'somewhere in the wilderness'; the people they knew have – if I heard correctly – 'their names aflame'). Dylan then returns to the blues with a vengeance, with the Muddy Waters-inspired 'Early Roman Kings' from 'Tempest'. The next offering, 'Spirit on the Water' from 'Modern Times', while in this reviewer's opinion a minor song which could happily be given a rest, in a sense fits with the Sinatra material by reason of its jazz arrangement. It is followed by a melodramatic rendition of the 'Time Out Of Mind' song

‘Love Sick’ – insistent, obsessive but in the end impressive – and by another Sinatra cover, ‘All or Nothing At All’.

The next offering is none other than ‘Desolation Row’, a song composed more than half a century ago but arguably still the best lyric Bob Dylan has ever written. For any performance of this song the bar is set high, and this version, while not the best ever, comes over as several notches above merely acceptable. It is rare that Dylan performs all 10 stanzas, and tonight we get 70% of the song in the form of stanzas 1, 2, 3, 6 (leather cup), 7 (Casanova), 8 (superhuman crew) and 10. The performance is almost word perfect, albeit stanza 1’s ‘beauty parlour’ has become a simple ‘parlour’: Dylan sings from inside the song, and the strongest moment comes in the ‘superhuman crew’ stanza, with a memorably sinister rendering of the lines ‘come out and round up everyone / that knows more than they do’.

The unfolding evening now brings us ‘Soon After Midnight’ from ‘Tempest’ (another minor song due for a sabbatical), ‘That Old Black Magic’ (probably the thinnest of the Sinatra covers), and a second ‘Tempest’-Sinatra coupling with an eloquent ‘Long and Wasted Years’ and a poignant ‘Autumn Leaves’.

Finally, the encores offer a pleasant surprise, with arguably the two best performances of the entire evening, and that on two old warhorses – ‘Blowin’ in the Wind’, 54 years on from its release, and ‘Ballad of a Thin Man’ – both performed with riveting arrangements and full vocal commitment (Dylan blasts the hapless Mr Jones with audible relish as he curls his lips around ‘tax-deductible charity organisations’).

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There is no doubt that the vast majority of the audience have enjoyed the show, be they hardcore Dylan followers or not: applause greeted both famous and lesser-known songs. Dylan’s vocals have been for the most part audible, and lyrics slips have been few, and at all moments the professionalism and versatility of his musicians has delighted and astounded, as they effortlessly mutate between genres, from folk to blues to country to jazz. The Sinatra covers might seem numerically disproportionate at 6 songs out of 21, but the sense of incongruity is reduced by the multigeneric nature of the night’s music – in the end, these songs are as much part of Bob Dylan’s musical heritage as those that have influenced him in other and multiple genres. Tonight he threw out the challenge ‘Why Try To Change Me Now?’: the musical phenomenon called Bob Dylan is the product of a complex nexus of influences, and some will come up stronger than others at a given time. Dylan has written no new songs since his Nobel consecration, but this concert should have offered the doubters more than enough evidence, in the songs of his own authorship, that songwriting can be poetry and, yes, Bob Dylan is indeed a meritorious Nobel laureate.

Setlist:

Things Have Changed; Don’t Think Twice, It’s All Right; Highway 61 Revisited; Beyond Here Lies Nothin’; Why Try to Change Me Now?; Pay in Blood; Melancholy Mood; Duquesne Whistle; Stormy Weather; Tangled Up In Blue; Early Roman Kings; Spirit on the Water; Love Sick; All or Nothing At All; Desolation Row; Soon After Midnight; That Old Black Magic; Long and Wasted Years; Autumn Leaves; Blowin’ in the Wind; Ballad of a Thin Man