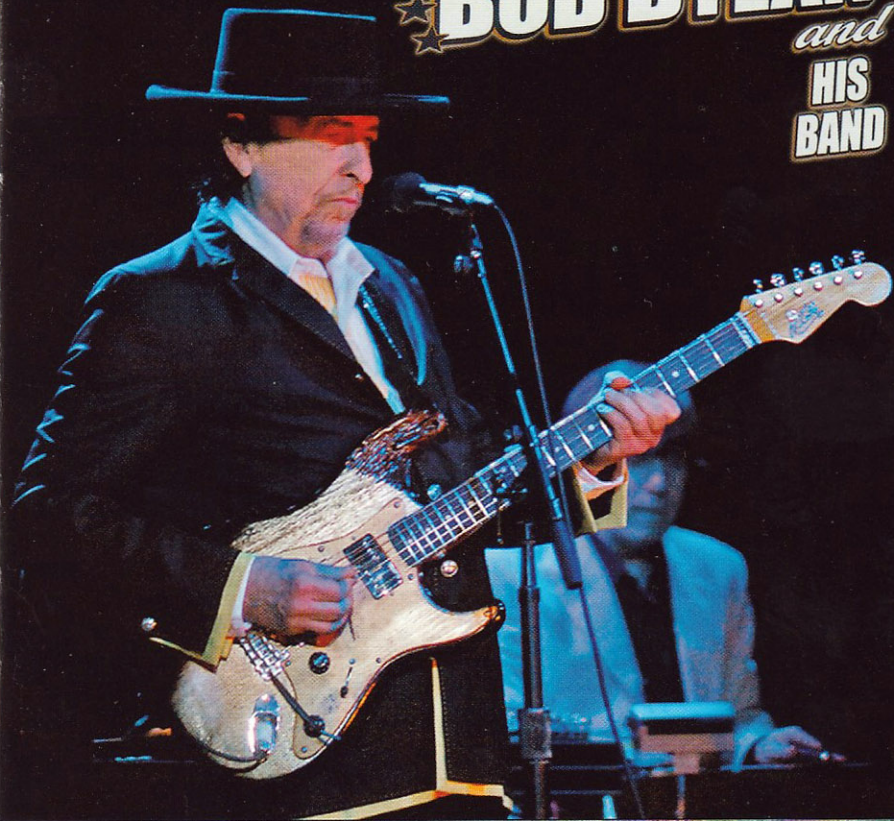




BOB DYLAN
and
HIS
BAND



Disc 1. 74.28

1. **Intro** 0.51
2. **Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat** 3.12
3. **When I Paint My Masterpiece** 5.23
4. **'Til I Fell In Love With You** 5.36
5. **I Don't Believe You (She Acts Like We Never Have Met)** 4.55
6. **Summer Days** 6.15
7. **Spirit On The Water** 6.34
8. **Tweedle Dee & Tweedle Dum** 5.02
9. **Can't Wait** 5.42
10. **The Levee's Gonna Break** 7.03
11. **Visions Of Johanna** 7.46
12. **Highway 61 Revisited** 7.02
13. **Forgetful Heart** 4.26

The painting (slightly cropped) on page 16 called "Grande Árvore Beachfront", acrylic on canvas 106.7 x 142.2 cm. It was part of the exhibition "Bob Dylan, The Brazil Series", held in Copenhagen at Statens Museum for Kunst, National Gallery of Denmark from 4 Sep. 2010 to 10 Apr. 2011.

Disc 2. 79.28

1. **Thunder On The Mountain** 7.32
2. **Ballad Of A Thin Man** 6.08
3. **Like A Rolling Stone** 6.28
4. **All Along The Watchtower** 3.57
5. **Blowin' In The Wind** 4.25
6. **Don't Think Twice, It's All Right** 5.00
7. **To Ramona** 5.24
8. **Beyond Here Lies Nothin'** 4.10
9. **Make You Feel My Love** 4.37
10. **Jolene** 4.40
11. **Ballad Of Hollis Brown** 3.31
12. **A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall** 6.20
13. **I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine** 3.35
14. **Gonna Change My Way Of Thinking** 5.09

Bonus Tracks Disc 2.

6. - 12. 24 June 2011, Zirkusplatz, Summer Sound, Sursee, Switzerland
13. 16 June 2011, Marquee, Cork, Ireland
14. 18 June 2011, London Feis, Finsbury Park, London, England

"An artist has got to be careful never really to arrive at a place where he thinks he's "at" somewhere. You always have to realize that you're constantly in the state of becoming, you know? And as long as you can stay in that realm, you'll sort of be all right."





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20/06/2011

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Stick On Bob Dylan Guest Pass



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Admission without concert After Show Only Subjected by Your Laminator

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BOB DYLAN
IN CONCERT



ALCATRAZ CLUB
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JUN 22

IN SHOW & CONCERT!

BOB DYLAN



DON'T YOU DARE MISS IT!



Bob Dylan And His Band

Bob Dylan — Vocal, Keyboard, Electric Guitar, Harmonica

Charlie Sexton — Electric Guitar

Donnie Herron — Violin, Banjo, Electric Mandolin, Pedal Steel, Lap Steel

Stuart Kimball — Electric Guitar, Acoustic Guitar

Tony Garnier — Electric Bass, Stand Up Bass

George Recile — Drums

"On a night like this..." My head is swimming with Dylan as we finally pull into Milan. "...I can write you songs that'll make a strong man lose his mind..." I felt the anticipation building as we drove the last 10 kilometres to the venue (aptnly named Alcatraz for those of us who have been captivated by Bob for so many years). "...Are birds free from the chains of the skyway...?"

Crowds had gathered from 3pm already for the 9pm show, waiting patiently at the barriers to ensure a front row spot. "...I can't wait; waiting's just making me go blind..." I count down the last 5 kilometres to take my mind off them; "...I need something strong to distract my mind; I'm gonna look at you till my eyes go blind..." find a parking spot and wander over to the queue." ...Well I wandered alone through a desert of stone..."

After ruffling through some tee shirts before finding one that I wanted; "...What was it you wanted, can you get it from me?..." we move to a sidewalk cafe, chilling over a bottle of wine; "...Business men, they drink my wine, ploughmen dig my earth..." watching the Bobcats stroll by."...There was music in the cafes at night and revolution in the air..." We all had our little matching tee shirts on; the excitement was so thick in the air one could hardly breathe. "...It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe..."

Two Frenchmen sitting next to us had driven up from Paris. They were bubbling over with enthusiasm and the younger one and I engaged in some Dylan swapping. "...Ah but I was so much older then, I'm younger than that now..." He was only 19 but knew enough Bob to actively engage

in some great conversation; "...Our conversation was short and sweet; it nearly knocked me off of my feet..." We wished each other well and each hoped for each others songs to be played as we stepped out into the night. "...Leave your stepping stones behind, something calls for you..."

The doors opened and we filed in. My first thought was disbelief at how small the venue was; "...what looks large from a distance, close up is never that big..." No bigger than a large school hall with a small dark stage at the front; "...It's not dark yet, but it's getting there..."

A small group of fans had secured their spot front centre but it was easy for us to stand right near where Dylan would be playing keyboard. "...The harmonica around my neck I played it for ya' free..." We waited patiently for the night to begin."...In the lonely night, in the blinking star-dust of a pale blue light..."

Just after nine, after a brief introduction, the lights were dimmed and 5 guys in white and one small, older guy in black took their places on the stage; "...You might be a rock n roll addict prancing on the stage..." The older guy wore a black suit with gold braiding down the side and a black Spanish Córdoba's hat; "...Well I see you've got your brand new leopard skin pill box hat..."

For the last few concerts Dylan has opened with; "Gonna change my way of thinking", tonight he changed his way of thinking and launched into a ramshackle version of "Leopard skin pill box hat"; "...make myself a different set of rules..."

Dylan on keyboard, Charlie Sexton on lead guitar and dobra, Tony Garnier on bass guitar, Stu Kimball on electric guitar, Donnie Heron on

pedal steel and viola, and George Recelli on drums make up Dylan's current band on this stretch of his 22 year long, so called, "Never Ending Tour".

The band was faultless and while the lights dimmed Bob moved on to guitar for his next song; "When I paint my masterpiece". The lines: "Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble..." drew a roar of delight from the Italian crowd. "...They say I shot a man named Grey, took his wife to Italy..."

Bob picked up his harp for "Till I fell in love with you" but He seemed to be struggling a little with the harp cord being a little too short; "...The short and the tall, are coming to the ball..." He tugged on it a few times to get to the front of the stage and then managed to deliver some blistering solos. "Well I'm tired of talking, tired of trying to explain/My attempts to please you were all in vain..."

I watched slack-jawed as Bob tangled up his microphone and his harp cord and then bent down for a few seconds to unravel them; "...Tangled up in blue?..." He then stayed centre stage, on harp for; "I don't believe you (She acts like we never have met)." "I can't understand, she let go of my hand, an' left me here facing the wall..." Bob sang the lyrics impeccably from centre stage with lights dimmed, seemingly all alone, miles from the band. No spotlight on Mr Dylan, the lighting is dark, mysterious, in tune with his latest work. He squinted once or twice when a light shone on him; "...I got my back to the sun, 'cos the light is too intense..." and then stepped out of the light completely, content to sing his songs in shadow and silhouette; "...'cos

it's a little too dark to see..."

"Summer Days" and "Spirit on the Water" was flawless. Don't believe the nonsense about Dylan's voice being shot. He can phrase and sing anyway he wants to. He growls and phrases the words as he pleases, with many a high note still being reached, sending shivers down my spine!" ...but I'll know my song well before I start singing..."

"You think I'm over the hill, you think I'm past my prime...?" A 70 year old Dylan sings out in "Spirit On The Water" taunting the fans. A collective roar of NOOOO! goes up from the Milan crowd of 20 something's. Wow. Goose bumps!

Now Bob is prowling up and down the front of the stage, still in shadow, belting out the lyrics to; "Can't Wait" The last lines are stretched to; "an' I don't, an' I don't, an' I don't, an' I don't, an' I don't know....., how much longer....I can wait!"

"...that's how it is when things disintegrate..." Bob moves back onto keyboard for "The Vevee's gonna break." The closing lyrics of the song; "...Some people are sleeping; some people are wide awake..." melts into an awesome, dark as the night," Visions of Johanna".

"Highway 61 revisited" sends guitar technicians scrambling to help when he walks into the keyboard in the dark with his guitar still strapped around his neck.

At one point in-between songs he takes his guitar off and places it on top of his keyboard loudly knocking the strings, probably giving his technician on the sound desk a heart attack!

He scatters his set list and then during Charlie's guitar solo quietly reorganises it, me-

ticiously placing it gently on top of his keyboard. An instant later he launches into his vocal, a split second before the music.

Donnie Heron's lone viola introduces "Forgetful Heart". Bob moves silently to centre stage, hands in his pockets "...every little detail, you don't remember at all..." he plaintively growls without missing a detail;" The door has closed forevermore, if indeed there ever was a door..." opens up doors to your soul so wide, no man can shut.

"Thunder on the Mountain" is followed by an unforgettable; "Ballad of a Thin Man" Bob is now firmly on top, prowling up and down centre stage, microphone in hand. In the shadows he is preaching to the crowd, engaging us intimately in-between harp solos, shaking his finger at us, walking backwards and forwards like an American preacher, "...something is happening here but you don't know what it is, do you...? Mr Jones....." he sings, not to us, but at us, accusingly.

He knows exactly what he is saying as he belts out the timeless lyrics; "He asks you how it feels, and he says" here's your throat back, thanks for the loan"

A thunderous roar for an encore ushers in "Like a Rolling Stone". Bob lets the crowd sing;"How does it feel...?" while he growls out; "Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people, they're drinkin', thinkin' they've got it made" his sermon still in full flight;"...I'm preaching the Word of God, I'm putting out your eyes..." before launching into; "All Along the Watchtower" his keyboard riffs wailing Hendrix as never heard before.

Expecting him to close with "Forever Young", the unmistakable chords of "Blowin' in the Wind" catch us by surprise. Bob's on keyboard and the song is sung in his new contemporary style, giving the ageless lyrics new meaning and depth.

"The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind....." is held for a fraction longer than expected and at the end, six weary musicians line up at the front of the stage to thunderous applause and desperate cries for more.

Not a word is spoken. Bob opens his arms, palms up, to thank the band and the crowd and then he's gone. The stage hands are already dismantling the equipment as he slips out the back door, takes a rose from a fan, disappears into his bus, and he's gone, "down the highway...."

I wander back into the night, dazed, exhilarated, exhausted, my mind crystal clear, in sharp focus. Dylan's blues still wrapped around my head.

Am I awake? No I am not. I am fast asleep. For I know without a doubt that; "I dreamed I saw Saint Augustine, alive as you or me Tearing through these quarters, in the utmost misery". With a blanket underneath his arm, and a coat of solid gold. Searching for the very souls, whom already have been sold. "Arise, arise," he cried so loud in a voice without restraint. "Come out ye gifted kings and queens, and hear my sad complaint. No martyr is among ye now, whom you can call your own. So go on your way accordingly, but know you are not alone..."

Review by Wayne and Belinda Goelst



