



Sun. 6 Mar. 2022, Kiva Auditorium

Disc 1. 54.51

1. **Intro: Ludwig van Beethoven, Symphony No. 9.**
Conductor, H. von Karajan, Rec. 1962. 1.00
2. **Watching The River Flow** 3.27
3. **Most Likely You Go Your Way (and I'll Go Mine)** 4.14
4. **I Contain Multitudes** 5.04
5. **False Prophet** 5.16
6. **When I Paint My Masterpiece** *(with harmonica)* 5.38
7. **Black Rider** 4.05
8. **I'll Be Your Baby Tonight** *(with harmonica)* 4.50
9. **My Own Version Of You** 6.54
10. **Crossing The Rubicon** 7.05
11. **To Be Alone With You** 3.59

Albuquerque, New Mexico, U.S.A.

Disc 2. 63.29

1. **Intro:** 0.24
2. **Key West (Philosopher Pirate)** 9.43
3. **Gotta Serve Somebody** 5.41
4. **I've Made Up My Mind To Give Myself To You** 5.47
5. **Melancholy Mood** 2.36
6. **Mother Of Muses** 5.44
7. **Goodbye Jimmy Reed** 5.07
8. **Band Introduction** 1.11
9. **Every Grain Of Sand** 5.15
10. **To Be Alone With You** *(with-harmonica)* 3.31
11. **When I Paint My Masterpiece** *(with harmonica)* 5.35
12. **Band Introduction** 0.54
13. **Friend Of The Devil** *(with piano)* 4.59

Bonus Tracks Disc 2.

10. 4 Mar. 2022, Tucson Music Hall, Tucson, Arizona, U.S.A.
11. 30 Mar. 2022, Ovens Auditorium, Charlotte, North Carolina, U.S.A.
- 12.-13. 15 Jun. 2022, Pantages Theatre, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.



The man in command! Intrepid captain of the SS Rough and Rowdy Ways! That was Bob last night at the 2300-seat Kiva Auditorium, which with the lights turned only two thirds down--perfect for occasional note taking and checking my setlist cheat pad-- appeared to be a late sell-out.

Oh the night could have been deadly dull with "x" or "y" artist standing for 97% of the one hour and thirty nine minute concert behind an upright, with only his head and a portion of his upper torso visible. But Bob was in such strong voice, so expressive, that he easily crossed the wooden barrier. This morning, still stamped in my head are lines such as the deliciously delivered "I can't play the record 'cause my needle got stuuuuuuuuuuuuck! ("Jimmy Reed"), And Captain Bob was LOUD in the mix. His piano, too! (Damn the occasional clunkers on the keys! Full speed ahead!)

The set was beautifully constructed, with the RARR tunes taking turns with gems from the multitudes in Bob's catalogue. The pairing of "Gotta Serve Somebody"--a fiery powerhouse at the Kiva with Charley Drayton waking the rest of downtown Albuquerque up with his thunderous drumming--followed by the achingly tender "I've Made Up My Mind to Give Myself to You" was just exquisite. Knowing he had stuck the landing on "Serve," Bob walked out from his piano a few seconds before

the last rocking note to acknowledge the roar of the crowd.

Having read the Phoenix and Tucson reviews, I was primed for Bob to make some locally angled small talk before the band intros. But I didn't expect him to tell a goofy tall tale about bull snakes! "Went with Tony to see the bull snakes. Want to see the bull snakes. Are the bull snakes still around here?" Yes, Bob, bull snakes are a mainstay of the high desert and are definitely still around here. But you'll not going to find any in the freezing cold of an early March Albuquerque night! A night you warmed the heart of this fan, the top of whose young teenage head you blew off at his first rock 'n' roll concert in 1966!

by Rich Wiseman

Went for what may be my last rodeo with Dylan at the Kiva in Albuquerque. This one was bittersweet as Bob gave a performance that stuck in my psyche just as much as the Dylan I listened to in the 60's when I was in high school. "Gotta Serve Somebody" and "Rubicon" were my personal favorites tonight, although there wasn't a bad song sung. The band was perfect, sweet and hard, meeting the demands of each song. Dylan sang with a clarity and deepness that was sincere, authentic, and desperate as if to communicate that if he never sang again, this was the way he wanted it to be remembered. I feel deeply satisfied if this

is the last chance I get to see him. Maybe, like Bob, we have all crossed the Rubicon. Those that have a chance to see him will not regret it.

by Noel Trujillo

Tonight was another great concert in my new home state New Mexico. It made it even more special. By now, we know the setlist, but this doesn't matter. The times are over when I went to see Dylan 3 nights in a row. He would sing 69 songs and from the 69 were 48 different songs. We hear the same songs, but the concerts have a distinct sound and feelings. Dylan is a storyteller. His voice is excellent, and we can understand all the words. The audience is hushed while he plays and sings and standing ovations at the end of almost every song. Tonight he enjoyed himself and had no problem with the higher altitude. On my side, one woman in the front row was dancing during many songs, and Dylan looked at her often and smiled a lot. A few times, he said thank you, and the audience just loved to hear him saying a few words. During the band introduction, he talked about snakes in New Mexico and laughed. At the end of the concert, outside the Kiva Auditorium, I finally met Laurette for the first time. For so many years, I read her reviews. It was always interesting to read what she thought. I wonder what she will write tonight. "Great seeing you Laurette

and good luck with your trips. Keep writing, people read it :) " While I am typing my short review at home, I close my great Dylan evening with a glass of Heaven's Door in a Heaven's Door glass. I don't think you can beat that.

by Roland Pabst

Had already seen the show - Nov 19 at the Beacon - but New Mexico is home, and on Sunday night locals, including one of my daughters and I, were out in full force for Bob at the Kiva.

Found our seats easily - row H, in Section 5, with a clear view of Bob's piano.

At 8 pm Beethoven's 9th informed us it was time, and the band kicked in with the opener, WTRF. A rocking MLYGYW followed, with Bob snarling the lyrics, and then a dip into RARW. FP, Multitudes and Muse were all stellar renditions.

Band was fantastic - much better than they were right outa the gate - they are all in the groove now, with Bob still behind his wooden wall, head bobbing as he clinkity clunks on the keys.

In Nov, I said the Song and Dance Man had disappeared, well in Albuquerque, he made a micro reappearance (you can't come back all the way), shuffling up to center stage a few times before heading back for the safety of his wall (and lyric sheets.)

The lights remained dimmed but not

Bob Dylan And His Band

Bob Dylan - vocal, piano, harmonica

Donnie Herron - violin, electric mandolin,
pedal steel, lap steel

Bob Britt - electric guitar, aco. guitar

Doug Lancio - electric guitar

Tony Garnier - bass

Charley Drayton - drums



dark, all evening. Perhaps to help Bob with the balance issues he appears to have. He stands with his legs apart and holds onto the mic stand whenever he ventures out from behind the keyboard.

Bob in strong voice, not as crystal clear as in the city, but fine – one could hear (most of) the words, including the lyric changes, slipped in here and there.

CTR was the highlight of the set. Brilliant rendition. KW, which I loved in NY, fell short – I kept checking my watch to see when it would be over. My daughter was blunt, “this song is a clunker, a dud,” she whispered in my ear. Not so in my opinion, but on Sunday it fell flat.

SS is the standout on every level. Bob’s delivery, the arrangement, not to mention the sentiment during these harrowing times.

Bob talked more than usual on Sunday night; saying “thank you” a couple of times(!) and joking with Tony about going to see the little-known, semi-pro Albuquerque Basketball team, the ‘Bullsnakes when they were last in town.

Waiting for our Uber, we watched the hardcore fans make their way to the side of the building where the busses were parked, to catch a glimpse of their idol as he hit the road, headed for another joint. One informed us on her way back, that they had “run her off,” but she was all smiles and seemed not in the least phased by it.

Another fan walked back and forth in front of the Kiva telling all the passers-by they “had to serve somebody,” because Bob said so.

The following morning as we were checking out of our hotel, we ran into two friends also from Taos, whom we had run into the evening before, while they were in a state of excited anticipation. They had splurged on VIP-tix, and were clearly disappointed.

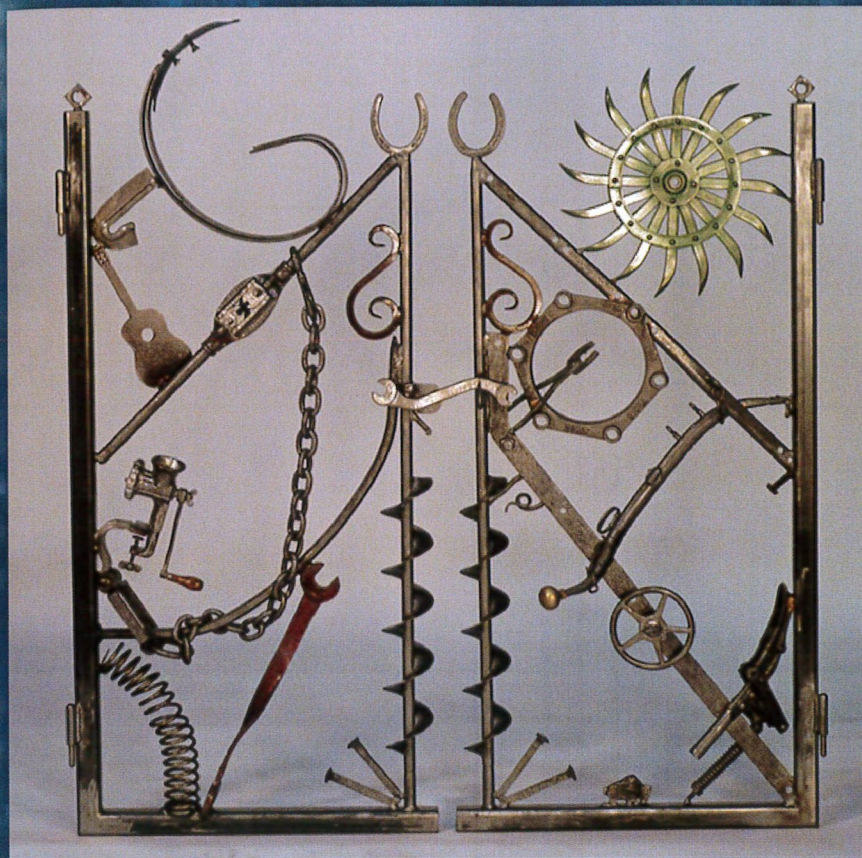
“He didn’t connect with the audience at all,” one complained. “And I couldn’t understand a word he sang.”

Her partner hadn’t seen Bob live for a couple of decades and was a bit deflated by the experience. Perhaps a mirror to his own mortality? Bob is, after all, a frail-looking, little old man at this juncture.

“We wanted him to address what’s going on in Ukraine,” they said.

Going to a Dylan show with expectations is a setup for disappointment, as the diehards know – the magic of Bob Dylan is in those moments when he connects with the spark of his own inspiration.

“He’s on the job,” my daughter (whose father is a blues musician) noted, ‘he’s turned into an old blues guy – you can get old and still play the blues – it’s part of the tradition – it was a blues show, in the cushy seats of the Kiva, that we saw, not a rock and-roll gig or some folkie activist preaching.”

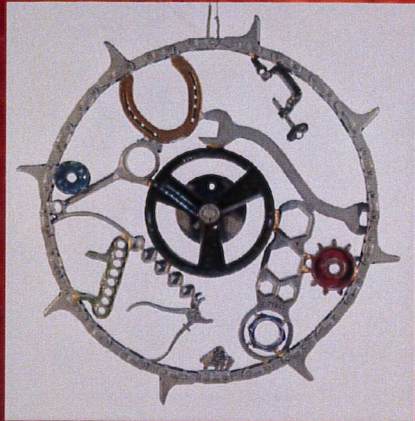


"This is what he knows how to do," she continued wisely, "and it looks like he's going to do it till he goes out with his boots on."

A consummate entertainer, Bob Dylan's new RARW show, replete with its David Lynchesque set, is as good as it gets; a respite from the world at large, an almost vaudevillian escape from the pandemic and the rattling sabers in the distance, with perhaps his strongest message ever, front and center. The fan ranting outside the theater was correct, if you are aware of the time, you've got to serve somebody.

Thanks Bob, for the reminder.

by Lynne Robinson



MAKING LOVE TO BOB DYLAN Rough and Rowdy Ways Concert Review March 6th, 2022, Albuquerque

I have fallen in love at first sight three times in my life. The first time, in my twenties, with my manager at a pet food store. The second, at Sundance Film Festival 2010, when Bill Murray crossed the stage in a leg brace. The third, the moment when Bob Dylan shuffled across the stage of Kiva Auditorium at the age of 80 years old.

Pictures don't really capture a person's essence. I use the word essence because Bob Dylan uses that particular word to describe his inspiration from Woody Guthrie. Essence is defined as "a property or group of properties of something without which it would not exist or be what it is." I teach scientific properties to children. However, as humans, it is more difficult to understand the spiritual properties of a mystic. And then there is the fact that Bob Dylan is a mystic with sex appeal. Unexpected sex appeal.

The night before the performance, I had an anxiety dream: I was in the front row of a Guns N Roses concert and everyone was making a big deal about the angle of my selfie with Axl Rose. I felt disgusting. My friend, Jeph, was there trying to help me capture the right angle so people could see both our faces on social media. I threw the camera down and smashed it.

When we got to the Kiva, we had

front row seats to the Dylan concert. If I extended my leg, the heel of my shoe could scuff the front of the stage. It was a small auditorium. Microphones pointed to the crowd. I wondered if they were on. Signs were posted everywhere: "No cell phones, no cameras, no recording". A migraine was settling in. This happened the night of the Rolling Stones concert, too. The anticipation creates some imbalance with the crown on my head. This chakra is called "Sahasrara" which means "thousand-petaled". The pain starts from the top of my head and slides around the left side of my ear and neck. I nibbled on an edible to keep the migraine from shutting me down entirely.

I looked around. "Lots of white guys," I said. "So much of Bob Dylan's music has venom. What are they all so pissed off about?"

My friend, Jeph, was in a black suit with a shirt the color of red table wine. He was tall and skinny. His hair growing with wild abandon over his entire head. What I love about Jeph is he doesn't give a fuck what people think about him. "I don't know," he responded in a sing-song voice. Sometimes he would grapple for a justification just to please me. He must have been too distracted to really weigh in on the subject.

I took out my cell phone and subtly angled it at the empty stage. The security officer to my immediate left stared at me

with a tin eye and slowly shook his head. I apologized and put it away. "I don't want to upset him," I said, sliding the cell phone into my coat pocket and raising my empty hands. I had a feeling Dylan was surly.

The college boys behind me tried taking photos and the security officer threatened to escort them out. The guard said "He" (Dylan) was very specific about there being no cell phones. In fact, [the security guard] thought we would have to lock up our cell phones prior to the show.

An old German couple came in. Two older men. They seemed delightfully surprised to be sitting next to me. I was in a green, camouflage dress draped around my bare shoulders. One shoulder lifted from the edge of my seat so the black, painted letters B-O-B would not smear. I wore my rainbow eye glasses. My eyesight is deteriorating so much, contact lenses give me headaches from the constant shift between far side and near side. The rainbow frames are a secret code for small children and rock stars. Dylan came out. That is when I felt it. He didn't look up, he just went right to the piano and started singing. And just like that, his eyes were on me. Were they? Could the edible kick in that quickly? I swear he was looking right at me.

"You don't know me, darlin' You never would guess I'm nothing like my ghostly appearance would suggest."

My cheeks ached from my smile. Was he

looking at me? Just standing there singing at me? The two German men both looked over at me with raised eyebrows. I wouldn't look at them. I would do nothing to break eye contact from Bob.

There were five other musicians working as blues back-up: percussions, standing bass, two guitars and, I am assuming, an alternate organist (I think) playing different types of instruments to the side, but faithfully keeping time with Dylan. Dramatic floor lighting blew their silhouettes up against the heavy theater curtains behind them like an old cartoon. The musicians were mostly stoic, though one of them did return my smile... once.

I recognized "Most Likely You Go Your Way, I'll Go Mine" and was able to sing along with him. After that, I heard lyrics I couldn't find in any particular songs. I swore I heard him sing in his guttural voice, "I want to take you back to my hotel room, close all the doors and keep you to myself." I kept staring at him. "Wow." I felt the inside of my knees sweat and stick together. I kept staring at him. After each song, he would walk out to the center stage and we would clap for him. I stood up and felt gigantic in comparison. I wanted to remain small and petite for him. I felt like stuffing myself further down the glass vase, even if my bloom was torn in the process. The audience was partly lit. I would stand and shrink back in my seat, kicking one

long leg in the air like a lovesick schoolgirl.

It didn't always feel like he was looking at me. For about 45 minutes, he sang out to the center of the auditorium. Jeph and I were just off to the side. He briefly nodded to a woman dancing at the edge of the stage. As other women jumped up to join her, security came and herded them back to their seats. The woman brave enough to start dancing and continue to dance, despite security, waved at him when he looked at her.

I was a little jealous. I usually dance at shows, but it would be very hard to dance to Dylan music. [Yes, you can!] The other issue would be that I didn't want to upset Old Man Dylan. He seemed easily agitated to me and I was anxious about remaining in his favor while so close to the stage.

Toward the end of the show, the Germans left. They were rolling their eyes and checking their watch. It felt mean. Why buy front, row center seats just to behave like bored children? When they got up to rush out at the end of a song, the few of us on the left side of them agreed to all move together to be closer to the center. Dylan noticed. He was very aware of everything going on. He noticed whenever the exit door opened.

His eyes came up and I felt him on me again. I don't know if it was real. My head was throbbing. Initially, I felt a pressure to give him something in return. What could I

do? I just sat there. Instead of flirting with him, I just received his voice. I could feel the vibrations of his words run up and over me like waves. I wouldn't look away. The music became more resonant. "In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed There's a dying voice within me reaching out somewhere Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair."

It was the one and only time I sat there and quietly received such tender affection from a man. It was the exact opposite of most sexual experiences. In the song "Every Grain of Sand", I remember feeling emotional. I felt tears well up in my eyes. The water over my eyes changed the look of Dylan, like glass lenses sinking to the bottom of the ocean. I could see him as a young man. The light behind him lit up the hair standing on his head like a nimbus.

At that moment, I saw his fingers crawl through his hair mid-song. I could feel the spring of that hair on my own fingers. The center of my palms were burning. My cheeks were burning. The top of my head was burning. And the center of my sternum was burning. I have never been serenaded. I have never had poetry read to me. I was pulsing with the music, then levitating. "I have gone from rags to riches in the sorrow of the night In the violence of a summer's dream, in the chill of a wintery light In the

bitter dance of loneliness fading into space In the broken mirror of innocence on each forgotten face."

After Albuquerque, I woke up in the middle of the night and put on a Bob Dylan documentary. In *No Direction Home*, Dylan mentions two girls from his adolescence: Gloria Story and Echo. He serenaded them. "Both those girls brought out the poet in me," he says, swallowing a grin. "I hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of the sea Sometimes I turn, there's someone there, at times it's only me I'm hanging in the balance of a perfect finished plan Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand."

The night of the concert, we went back to the hotel room and I laid down with my arms across my chest, like a body laid to rest in a public funeral. The migraine spread to the entire left side of my body. I felt warm, like I was wrapped in a blanket and being carried away. It was the closest to a chemical high I have felt since I became a mother. Jeph was asking me a question about the morning. How long would it take for me to get ready? I ignored him. I didn't want any noise. I didn't want any TV. I turned off my cell phone. I wanted nothing but the feeling of his poetry sliding over my skin.

Now I dream of Dylan. I can feel his leg under my hand. He talks to me. He is still singing to me. *by Vita Lusty*