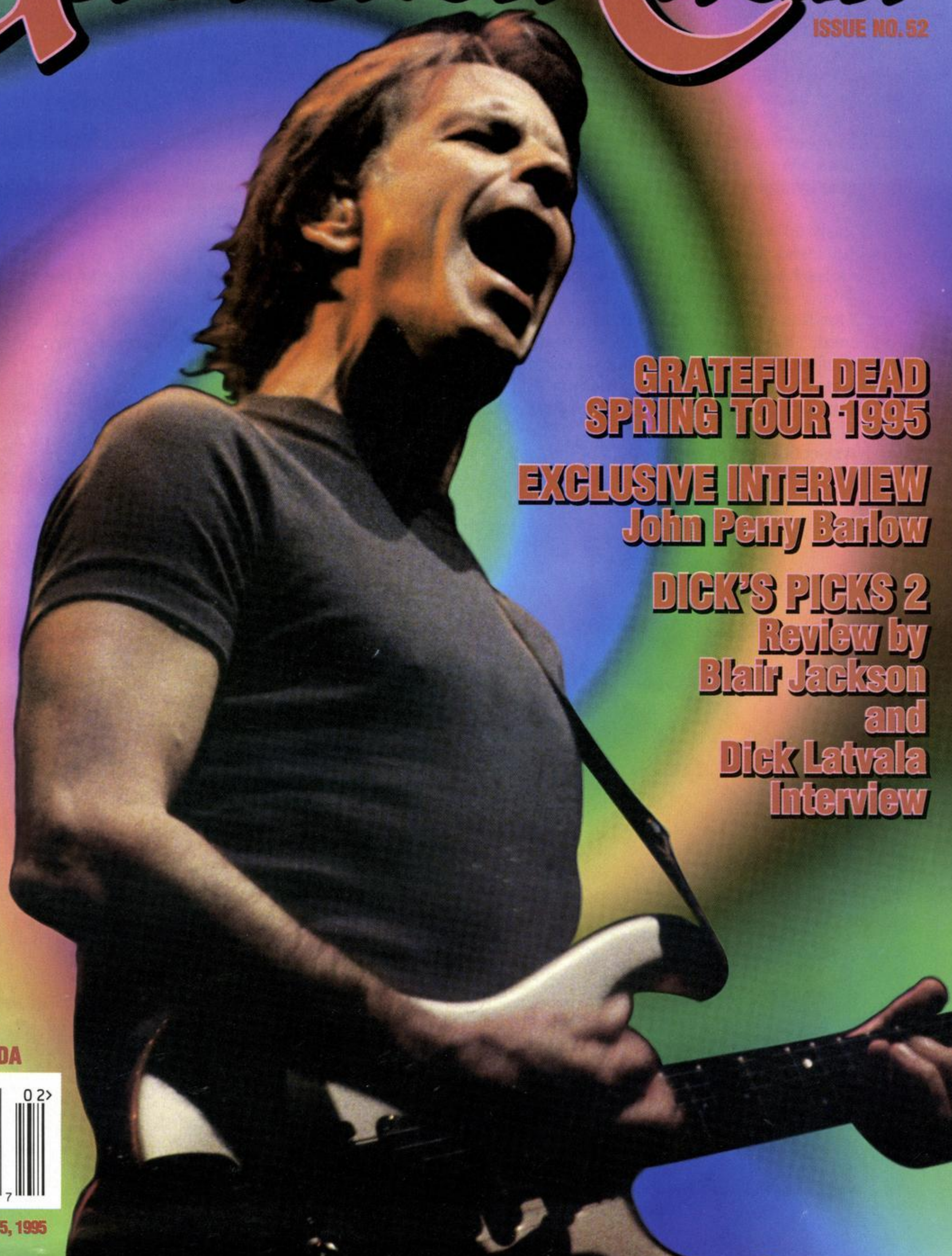


Unbroken Chain



ISSUE NO. 52

**GRATEFUL DEAD
SPRING TOUR 1995**

**EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
John Perry Barlow**

DICK'S PICKS 2
Review by
Blair Jackson
and
Dick Latvala
Interview

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DISPLAY UNTIL SEPT. 15, 1995

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Cover photo: Greg LaPlaca (Bob Weir - March 18 at the Spectrum in Philadelphia)

CHAIN REACTION

Dear Dave,

Greetings my good friend. I'm a junior at the University of Delaware and a big fan of the Austin UC crew and the job you guys are doing - keep it up! I thank you for the CD reviews in Issue #50. After reading them, I ordered Gibb Droll Band's *Dharma* and I thoroughly enjoy it. But *The Wiggly Compilation*, ah, *The Wiggly Compilation* - here's a bunch of bands which I've read about, but couldn't find on CD. Thanks to your review, I ordered it and now play the hell out of it. Keep up the good work.

Greg Rice
Newark, DE

Unbroken Chain,

They finally played it! March 19, 1995 is sure to go down as one of the many great dates in Dead history. *Unbroken Chain* has been one of my favorite songs for years, and the prospect of it possibly getting into the live rotation makes me drool. I just wish I could have been in Philly to hear it! 1995 could be an interesting year.

Call me greedy, but I would be delighted if they brought back some really old tunes like *Doin' That Rag*, *New Potato Caboose*, or *St. Stephen*. Now that *Unbroken Chain* is out of the way, anything is game. Although everyone complains about the monotonous

set lists of recent day, I think it is important to respect the band's artistic wishes... but who wouldn't want to hear *Cosmic Charlie*? All I know is that there are too many good things about the Dead to complain or be overly critical. It's fun to critique a show, but getting carried away with mean-spirited criticizing is not for me.

I'd also like to address the filtering-in of some of the newer material. I think *Corinna* and *Lazy River Road* are just great. *Corinna*'s great beat flows so smoothly into *Drumz*, or better yet: *Corinna* > *Terrapin* > *Drumz*! It's nice to see these songs getting a sense of acceptance from the Dead's following. I think today's era can be compared to the late '70s or early '80s. Funky new songs like *Terrapin* (what would Pigpen think of *Terrapin*?), *Estimated*, and *Music Never Stopped* can now be compared to *Easy Answers*, *Corinna*, and *Wave to the Wind* (which has been on the shelf for a year). Can't wait to get to my next show and to get my next UC! Keep doing what you're doing 'cause UC is my favorite magazine. I just wish there were more pages!

Mike Mattick
Detroit, MI

P.S. Are you going to change the name of the magazine now that they played the title song? Just kidding.

Ed. - Your wish is granted... more pages of UC in this and every upcoming issue. And we'll leave the name the same. I guess we could name it *Weather Report Suite*.

UC,

In Issue #51, Jim Moore wrote that he didn't like the term "the boyz." He said he didn't like it because it "has a very un-Dead, urban rap vibe to it, and is totally inappropriate for your magazine." I just wanted to say that there's an OK definition for "the boys" in *Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads*. Hey Jim, check it out. It's a pretty fat little book.

Mike Sutfin
Mundelein, IN

Dear Chain people,

Please renew my subscription for another year. The magazine continues to look great. No doubt the Dead finally played *Unbroken Chain* out of respect for the great job you do. So, maybe if you change the name to *St. Stephen*... Ah well, we can always hope. Keep on truckin'.

Mark Friend
Burke, VA

On November 17, 1994, Elizabeth Claire Gerloff was born to Gary and Mindy Kay Gerloff. Gary has been a member of the UC photo staff for several years. Best wishes to the Gerloffs from all of us at UC!

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The Dead Beat

Never mind how I stumble and fall

In late April, bassist Rob Wasserman filed a \$10 million (\$5 million in compensatory and \$5 million in punitive damages) lawsuit against Polygram Diversified Ventures and Woodstock Ventures, the promoters of Woodstock '94, claiming that while backstage at Woodstock '94, following a performance with Bob Weir, he tripped on tent ropes strung in an unlit hallway on rain-slicked concert grounds and fractured his left arm and tore his tri-

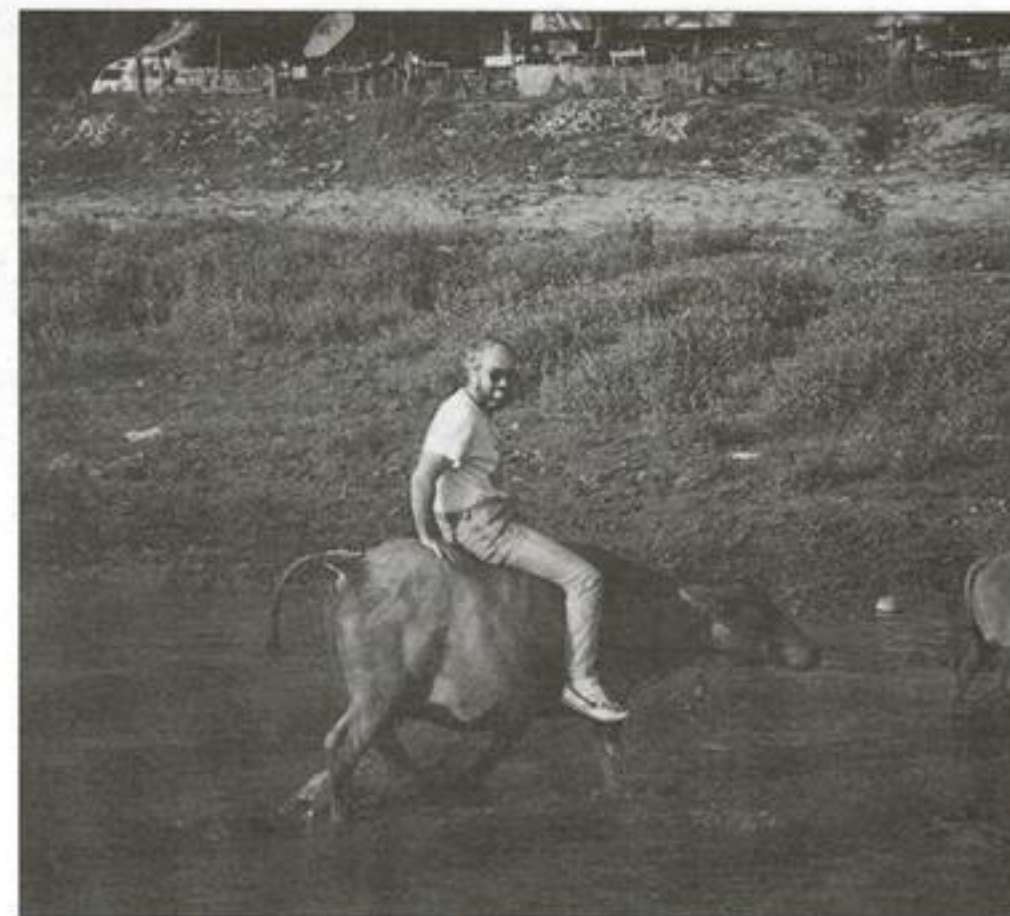
cep. Wasserman claims that he had to cancel a U.S. and European tour because of the injuries sustained in the fall.

The suit maintains that festival promoters were negligent in setting up and maintaining the festival site, which resulted in concertgoers and artists being exposed to risks of serious injury. The complaint also alleges that medical care at the festival site was primitive, causing Wasserman to wait in a hospital tent for over three hours before he was transported to a hospital.

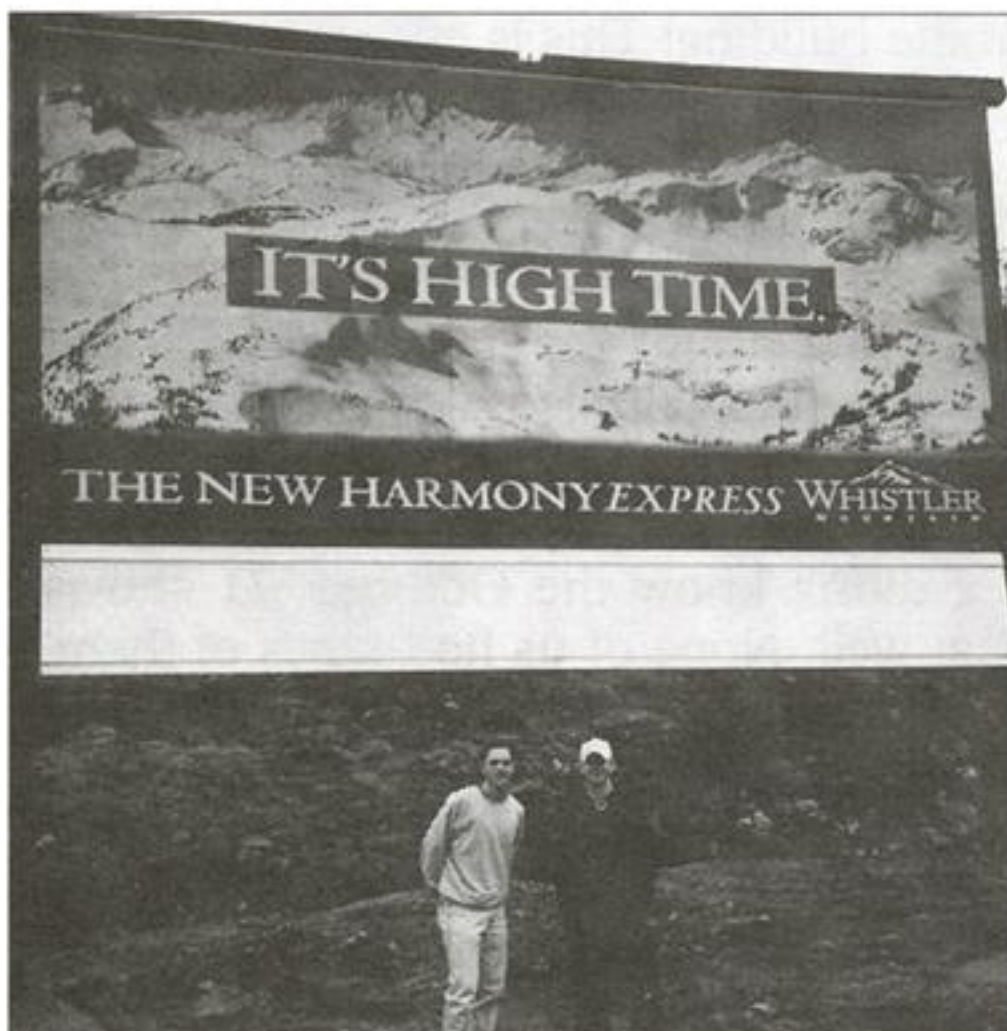
Wasserman's attorney had been involved in settlement discussions with TransAmerica, the festival's insurer, but filed the lawsuit when talks stalled.

Baby, it's your fire

The April 21 edition of *EXTRA: The Entertainment Magazine TV show* featured an exclusive on-the-set interview with Jerry Garcia and Ashley Judd. The interview took place during the filming of the music video for *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, which Jerry Garcia Band recently recorded for the soundtrack of the movie *Smoke*. When asked how he came up with the idea to do a cover of The Platters' 1950s hit, Garcia replied, "What's the name of the movie? *Smoke... Smoke... oh... Smoke Gets in Your Eyes!*" while yielding a nonchalant gesture. Garcia Band also covers the Jerry Butler



UC correspondent Scott Pegg goes for a ride on a water buffalo in downtown Vientiane, Laos, on the banks of the Mekong



UC readers Mike Mattick and Justin Barnes near Whistler, British Columbia

classic *Coffee and Cigarettes* on the soundtrack.

Jerry stated that while he does not enjoy making music videos because he's "just furniture" and would much rather be touring, he added that he will do just about anything that his friend Wayne Wang asks. Wayne Wang, director of *Smoke* and *The Joy Luck Club*, gigged as a roadie for the Grateful Dead while attending college. Wang stated, "I pulled wires for the Grateful Dead... and I was stoned ALL the time!"

Ashley Judd (Winona's sister), featured in the starring role of *Smoke*, said she has never attended a Dead show because "I've heard of this liquid acid that people put drops of on your skin... at the shows!"

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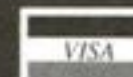
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INTERVIEW WITH A VAULT ARCHIVIST

by Steve Silberman

In March, *Dick's Picks Volume Two* was made available by mail order - the latest addition to the Dead's series of official releases of the best rare live tapes from The Vault. It's amazing: flashing with psychedelic energy and exuberant creativity (*Dark Star*), telepathic ensemble improvisation, good ol' mojo (*St. Stephen*), and volcanic jams (wait 'til you hear this *Not Fade Away*!). With releases of this quality, the *Dick's Picks/From the Vault* series could be the rosiest thing to bloom in Deadland since the invention of DAT tape. Dick himself is the sweetest, most earnest guy you can imagine - a true lover of the music who serves his love well, by making the cosmic creme de la creme available to all.

SS: A lot of Deadheads are curious about who Dick of *Dick's Picks* is.

DL: I'm Dick Latvala. My job has changed over the years. I was hired 10 years ago to keep the tapes organized in The Vault, though I ended up getting involved in a lot of other projects. I wanted to help participate in getting the music out to the people, because I'm a tape collector myself. I had hundreds and hundreds of tapes, and I thought I knew what was a good show and what wasn't. I got hired because I cared, and still, when I go in The Vault, I'm like a kid in Candyland. It takes my breath away.

When did you start collecting tapes?

In 1974. I'd taped a couple of New Year's shows from Winterland that were on the radio, but I didn't know there were tapes of other shows. Once I found that out, I spent 12 hours a day finding the people who were making the best tapes, communicating with them, and trading. I used to walk four or five miles to the post office in Hawaii when I thought tapes were coming. It's been a long trip, but I'm still just as thrilled by the music as I was in the beginning.

Do you remember what your first favorite tapes were?

Like everyone's: Harpur College 5/2/70, Fillmore East 2/13/70, 2/14/68, and 4/6/69. The reason I got so into it was that I wanted to hear tapes of shows that had so devastated me in '68 and '69. Believe me, it was the most incredible thing in the universe, and that's why I'm so compulsive - *things happened* that

were in your bones. I got into tapes hoping to find those shows. And I did. What a thrill, when you find them.

Some people have an attitude. I remember people in '72 - "*Stella Blue? Gimme a break! That ain't the Grateful Dead.*" But I still like them every year, and there are good shows in every year. I love tapes, and I can't think of anything more important than to sit and listen. That's all I want to do, and now, that's all I'm supposed to do, so I'm happy.

My parents told me that when they couldn't find me when I was one-and-a-half, I'd be sitting by the old Victrola, an old cranker. I'd put on one record and play it over and over - the boogie-woogie. Then when Fats Domino came around, I was off and running. About 1955, when I started high school, I met Phil Elwood, the music critic for the San Francisco Examiner. He gave me a 45 and said, "Listen to this." It was Jimmy Reed. I

I saw this one guy run from the back of the auditorium straight down the center aisle, and dive headfirst into the stage. I said, "That's what music is supposed to do - move you."

started going to gospel concerts at Oakland Auditorium, which became Henry J. Kaiser. Every year, they would have all the best gospel groups in the country: the Mighty Clouds of Joy, the Swan Silvertones, the Soul Stirrers, the James Cleveland Choir. You'd go into the auditorium, and there would be all black people in their Sunday finest, bright colors, and hundreds of ushers in white gloves. You'd wonder what that was about - and then you'd see people get the spirit, and go into epileptic seizures. These ushers would pick them up, carry them out into the hall, fan them, and carry them back in, when they came back to their bodies. I saw this one guy run from the back of the auditorium straight down the center aisle, and dive headfirst into the stage. I said, "That's what music is supposed to do - move you." Gospel music did it.

Music became my life. Then when I was in my fifth year of college, about to graduate, wondering what I was doing, I went to my first Dead show, the Trips

Festival in January of '66, and I knew that that's where I was supposed to be. Thereafter, more music started happening, and I thought, "Finally, white people can play!"

That's what the Grateful Dead experience is for me: music that moves people as powerfully as they can be moved. Each person expresses it in a different fashion - some twirl around, some sit still as a rock. I'm the still-as-a-rock type. But everyone's way of expressing it is just dandy, and that's what it's all about. I thought I was as hard-core as it gets - that no one could be as hard-core as me. But now there are thousands. Everyone in the building! This is energy in its highest form, in a group format.

It's better than sex, man. You can quote me on that.

Let's talk about the next *Dick's Picks*.

I'm absolutely thrilled. I can't believe that anyone who hears this is not going to go to outer space, intensely, over and over.

I didn't know the October '71 shows that well. None of us had tapes of them. It was like diving for treasure, investigating an era that I wasn't sure about, and I started listening to that stuff in October - Keith's first tour. They were all radio shows. We should have had good tapes

of them, but nobody had them.

I started hearing some really incredible stuff, and then that Halloween show at the Ohio Theater in Columbus. After hearing about five or six shows - they were playing a lot of the same songs, night after night, and it can get boring - this show was like getting hit with a brick in the face, I couldn't believe it. I put it on again, and said, "Man!" I must have played it ten times before I could talk.

There's a very interesting jam out of *Dark Star*.

This happens in '69 *Dark Stars*, about 16-18 minutes into it. The only thing it reminds me of is Donovan's song, *First There is a Mountain*. It's the most thrilling jam, on the level of *Spanish Jam* or what *DeadBase* calls the *Mind Left Body Jam*. Please, somebody in the world, name that jam better! I've heard it in many forms. It's similar to the transitions they used to do in *China Cat* > *Rider* they used to do in late '73 and '74, and some *Dancing in the Streets* in '70 had this

theme. On this Halloween show, they do it, but it's a little bit different - it's a little jazzier. I don't know what to call it, but it's definitely a theme.

It's my favorite theme of them all, and it's as high as you can get when they get to that place. You're just floating in Heaven. It's all over the Europe '72 tapes - just wait until we get to Wembley 4/8/72. That *Dark Star*, oh boy. They take that theme, and nail you to the wall with it. That will come out, at some point.

This was Keith's first tour, and they took the music to another level. 11/12/71 San Antonio *That's It For the Other One* > *Big Railroad Blues* is an example most people have of the great playing that occurred then, or 12/1/71 Boston Music Hall - that *Other One* that goes into *Me & My Uncle* and back into *The Other One*. That is stupendous, and there are a lot more. But this Halloween one is one of the top of all time. This is as good as it's ever been. I've never heard anything like it, and I'm shocked. And those I play it for feel the same way, so I must not be crazy.

I think Jerry's leads on this version of *Not Fade Away* are the best leads I've ever heard him play on that tune.

I have to put myself in a seat belt. I start shaking, it's so exciting.

It almost sounds like Jerry is playing with Allman Brothers-ish ideas when he reaches the climax in that jam.

When he's trying to gather 'em back in for *Goin' Down the Road* is interesting too. This is a thrill a minute. I was just listening to it. When you listen to something over and over, you can get bored. It can be like water torture, making a record. But this one hasn't been.

Me and [Club Front studio technician] Jeffrey Norman are going to be working together a lot, trying to streamline things so we can get more releases out. This is my goal: to get it out. I can't stand sitting on this music. It's terrible that everyone can't hear this stuff, so my mission is to get it out.

How many releases are you planning? In your dreams, would there be a release every six months?

I'm not in charge. I'm just a washer on one lug nut on the rear axle of a 16-wheel semi, and there are a lot of considerations. But what I'm envisioning is three or four a year.

What could Deadheads do to ensure that there are as many releases as possible?

BUY 'em! What other indication is there that people care? Talking to friends is a good indication that people care, but we're talking about 50,000 or 100,000

This show was like getting hit with a brick in the face, I couldn't believe it. I put it on again, and said, "Man!" I must have played it ten times before I could talk... I wanted to put out something that would shock me.

people here. I think everyone on the planet should think this is the greatest thing, and I'm amazed that there's only a small group of us [laughing].

What's being released from this Halloween '71 show is not the whole show, but the one jam from *Dark Star* through *Not Fade Away*.

Yeah. There was a first set that there wasn't much happening in. But we went with this jam because it was 59 minutes of no-frills, bare, naked, straight-up - how can I say this? I wanted to put out something that would shock me.

Are you going to try as often as possible to release complete shows?

Well, the first two *From the Vault* releases were complete. Some shows warrant it. I really am going to be pulling my best to get 2/28/69 out - that show is completely worthwhile.

The concept of putting out only whole shows - I came into this job as a proponent of that, thinking that way. I was really adamant about it. I've learned that that's unrealistic. That's what tape collecting is for, tape trading. We're lucky we're getting what we're getting.

How do you feel about David Gans' *Grateful Dead Hour*?

I think it's the greatest thing! I don't know why any Deadhead who cares isn't taping every broadcast. That's the greatest stuff you can get. I know, because he comes to me, and me and him deal with it. He chooses it, but I give him input, and he chooses great. He does the best job imaginable. I'm proud of him. I wish something like that was around when I started tape collecting!

What was the source tape for the Halloween '71 show?

A quarter-track, 7 1/2 inches per second, seven-inch reel, made on a Sony 770. This is one of the only quarter-track tapes in The Vault.

What process did you use to transfer it to CD?

The same as the first *Dick's Picks* - flat, no EQ's, straight into the Sonic Solutions digital editing system, which is a miracle making machine.

Was the tape edited at all?

There was one reel flip that was worrisome to me, but Jeffrey Norman did a job on this that I defy anyone to be able to pick up. I can tell you the instant that it happens, and I defy you to hear it.

Where does it happen?

In the start of *Not Fade Away*, after it gets going. A couple of minutes into it. Jeffrey just hit it perfectly. I'm really proud. This is going to thrill everyone.

Do you see releasing any '80s shows someday?

Yes, but I've been focusing on '79 back to the old days, mainly because that's the period I know best. In the '80s, I got hired by the Dead, so I couldn't keep up. But there are others who have opinions about this, and we're going to skip around a bit. There are a lot of great shows from the '80s.

I could also stay in the winter of '73 forever [laughing]. I just heard one yesterday that blew me away. Does anybody even *know* about October 29th at the Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis in '73? Everybody knows about the *Dark Star* from the following night, but this *Other One* is incredible. '73 might be their best year.

If you were on a desert island, what ten tapes would you want to have?

Oh God, what a terrible question. If I could think for awhile, maybe I could do it. Could I have a hundred?

[laughing] Is there any message you'd like to give to Deadheads?

I love you all. I think you're the most beautiful people in the history of the planet.



This interview is from March 5, 1995. It was originally posted on rec.music.gdead, the Grateful Dead Newsgroup on the Internet. It has been reprinted here with permission. Steve Silberman wrote Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads with David Shenk. Skeleton Key is available by mail order at 1-800-321-9578.

DICK'S

VOLUME
TWO

PICKS

GRATEFUL DEAD®
Columbus, Ohio 10/31/71

by Blair Jackson

**This is the stuff.
This is what it's all about.
Columbus Ohio, 1971.
Halloween night.
The Dead are alive.**

THE DARK STAR STARTS SLOWLY, LIKE a mist gradually coming together to form something of substance. Billy is gently tapping the top of his cymbals; Bob's attack is almost entirely chordal; Jerry's guitar shoots sharp, precise pinpoints of light across a vast darkness; Phil's bass dances in-between the others, snapping percussively at key moments; Keith, new to the band and in only his tenth show (and second *Dark Star*), is all but inaudible, so what we're listening to is a real rarity — the Grateful Dead Quartet, spare but swingin', and fluid in a way that comes from four highly intuitive cats playing improvisational music together for a few years. Garcia launches into a series of quick runs, but the others keep it slow and stately, an anchor against the oncoming wave of weirdness. It all leads inexorably to Garcia's initial guitar statement of the song's melody, but instead of moving right to the first verse, he pulls back and then flies off in another direction, his guitar crying like some great, fluttering wild bird. Then it's on into the first verse, always a great, cathartic moment, because we've both arrived at a real destination and we can take a deep breath before leaping into the scarier, even less predictable beyond we know lies around the next turn.

After the first verse, Garcia and Lesh play independent but entwined leads — accelerating, slowing down, accelerating — with Weir occupying some safe middle ground in the duel, and Billy once again returning to splashes of cymbal punctuation. Garcia builds his line into a steadily rising high-fret workout that's simply exquisite, as if he's weaving silk threads into some ornamental pattern. Weir seems

to drop out of the jam momentarily and so Garcia, Lesh, and Kreutzmann carry on briefly as a trio, and this configuration, too, has its own beauty and logic. It falls into what sounds like the nascent strains of an *Other One* jam, but then Garcia veers right, spreads the jam out again and then, with a chinka-chinka attack, launches into a fully developed jam that recalls Archie Bell & the Drells' immortal slice of Houston soul, *Tighten Up*. Maybe you're too young to have heard that tune a million times on AM radio back in '67 and '68; otherwise you couldn't have missed it, with its cool chordal riff skit-skit-skittering in an infectious groove that is surely descended from James Brown's unique universe, but also stands as a brilliant piece of protodisco, six years before Miami's Hues Corporation rocked the boat, baby. This jam used to turn up occasionally in the '69-'70 versions of *Dancin' in the Streets* too, and it reminds me what a soulful, twisted R&B band the Dead could be, even without Pigpen egging them on. Garcia could just as well be blowing tenor, the rest of the band decked out in matching flame-red suits. Git downwwwwn!

Jerry works up to a screaming high run and suddenly Keith begins to emerge in the mix for the first time — a little unsure and unsteady, but a significant new timbre in the group's dynamic nonetheless. The rhythm slows down again and Garcia moves into more familiar *Dark Star* terrain — a high, wheedling circular pattern that's part of the *Live Dead Dark Star* and others from '69-'70 as well. It slows down, and down some more, and the music becomes momentarily dissonant before Garcia eases back toward the main melody, only to have the whole thing dissolve into a shrieking cacophony — deep space — where melody, rhythm and structure have been cast away. Billy is flying around his toms, while the others explore different noisy realms, and feedback begins to ooze out of the ether.

Then, miraculously, Bob's guitar gallops confidently out of the primordial sonic soup with *Sugar Magnolia*, and the whole shebang magically coalesces in one of those Perfect Grateful Dead Moments where, in the blink of an eye — or the crack of a drum beat — you're instantaneously transported from one world to another; from confusion to clarity, from the heady disconnectedness of black cosmos to the ultra-physical "rollin' in the rushes, down by the riverside." Your brain and body know what to do, even if intellectually the juxtaposition is almost too much to handle. It's a classic '71 *Sugar Mag*, with a fat jam in the middle and a zippy, relatively undeveloped *Sunshine Daydream*. I bet they were sweatin' in Columbus that night!

A giant crescendo ending with guitars and drums triumphantly crashing into each other falls apart into a heap and then it's the familiar opening notes of *St. Stephen* — in '71 still virtually every Deadhead's favorite song. This would be the last time *St. Stephen* would turn up until its slower, and in my opinion, inferior rearrangement in 1976, and from the get-go with this version, it's clear what's missing — that second drummer to drive the beat and give it that extra *oomph* that makes it sound so big and beefy when it's at its best. The song's country roots show more in this reading than in most — but that may just be because this was the Dead's strongest country period and a little of that *Mama Tried*-gun-slingin'-saloon-band feeling sloshed onto almost everything they played, until tunes like *Eyes of the World* started poppin' up early in '73. The jam before the final verse builds incredibly, but there is a small stumble on re-entry; not unusual on this occasionally vexing tune.

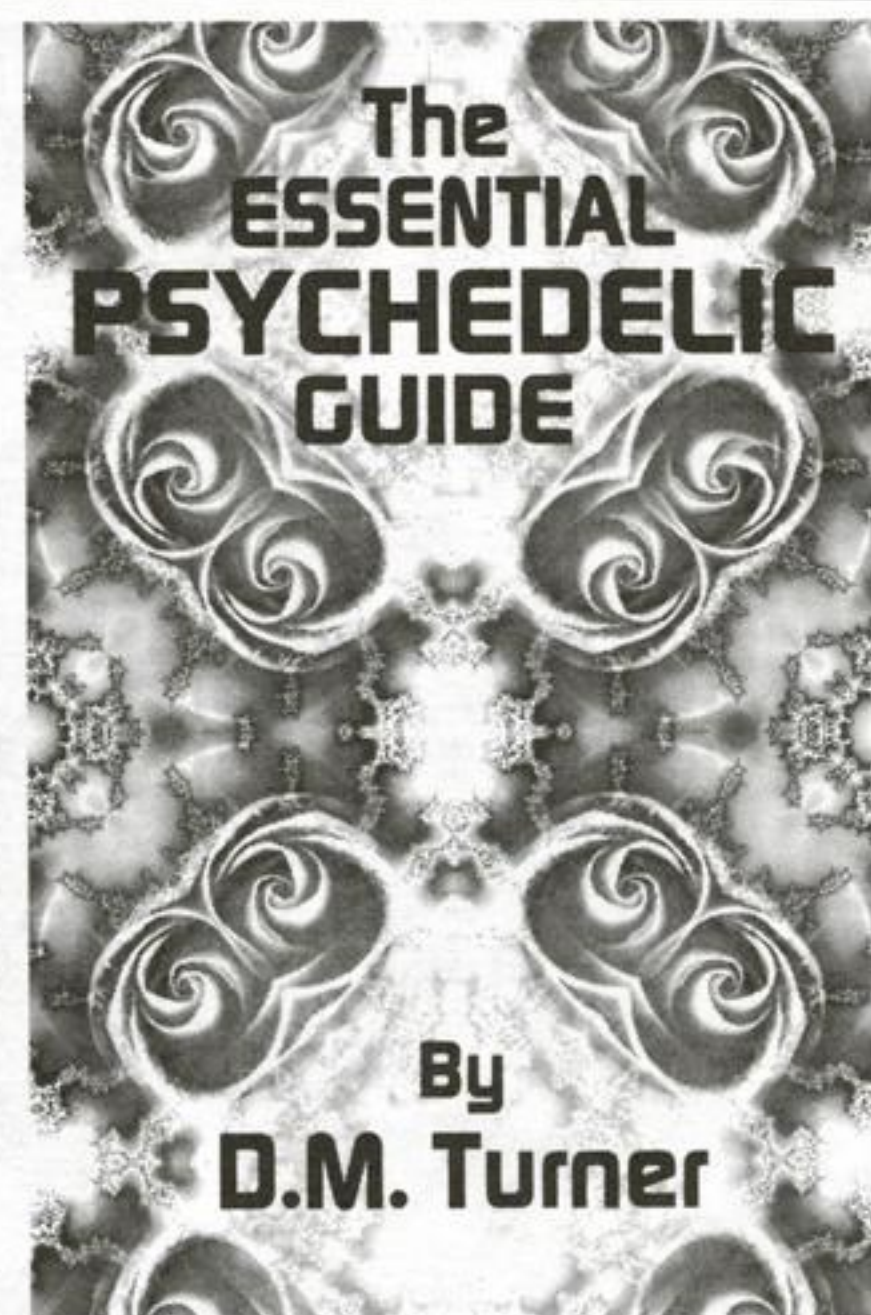
As was frequently the case in those days, *St. Stephen* then gives way to the pounding, deliberate thump of *Not Fade Away*, with Billy's drums recorded in glorious stereo, ping-ponging back and forth across the speakers (or through your headphones). Garcia's guitar is in full country mode here, as he bends the notes till they drip with honey — you can't miss the pedal steel influence, still prominent in his playing after his stint with the New Riders in late '69 and '70, or pickers like James Burton and Roy Nichols. The Dead played *Not Fade Away* all the time in '71, but this version still sounds amazingly fresh. After the verses, the band speeds up and whips into a furious jam that finds Garcia careening down a hundred little paths — crazed acid bebop that would do Charlie Parker proud. *Goin' Down the Road* brings it back to the country one more time, and again I marvel at Kreutzmann's incredible control and sense of dynamics — his speedy kick work, supreme left-hand dexterity, the cool shuffling snare rolls. This has been one of my favorite Dead songs since it was introduced in '71, and this version shows why: It moves from control to nearly reckless abandon (a la *Sugar Mag*), lifting your spirit every inch of the way down the road. After the final vocal refrain, the band plays the instrumental theme of *We Bid You Goodnight* and then rolls into a transitional passage that I most associate with 4/29/71 Fillmore East where the jam goes into *Cold Rain*, except this one keeps going and going, building until we're smack-dab in the middle of that Bo Diddley-beat and a brief reprise of *Not Fade Away*, Weir blowing out the pipes a final time, screaming "Not Fade Awaaaaay!" like he's caught in an animal trap, and then the big, big ending. Fifty-

eight minutes, twenty-two seconds and we're out.

If you haven't already bought *Dick's Picks Volume Two*, stop, put this magazine down, pick up the phone and call (800)323-2300 to order a copy. It doesn't get much better than this. It's a window into a relatively brief moment in Grateful Dead history — when Garcia, Lesh, Weir and Kreutzmann really started to understand that having only one drummer gave them a new freedom to move and swing. And before Keith — a brilliant but highly

percussive and slightly metronomic player — was fully integrated into the group's sound. Donna Godchaux would come on board the following spring and change the gestalt of the band even more. This is sort of the last grasp of the churning, propulsive, but usually melodic, 1970-style versions of *Dark Star*; in '72 the song became a showcase for highly dissonant space jamming. *Dark Star* alone is worth the price of the disc, but it's all top-of-the-line stuff, definitely up there with the best material the band has put out.

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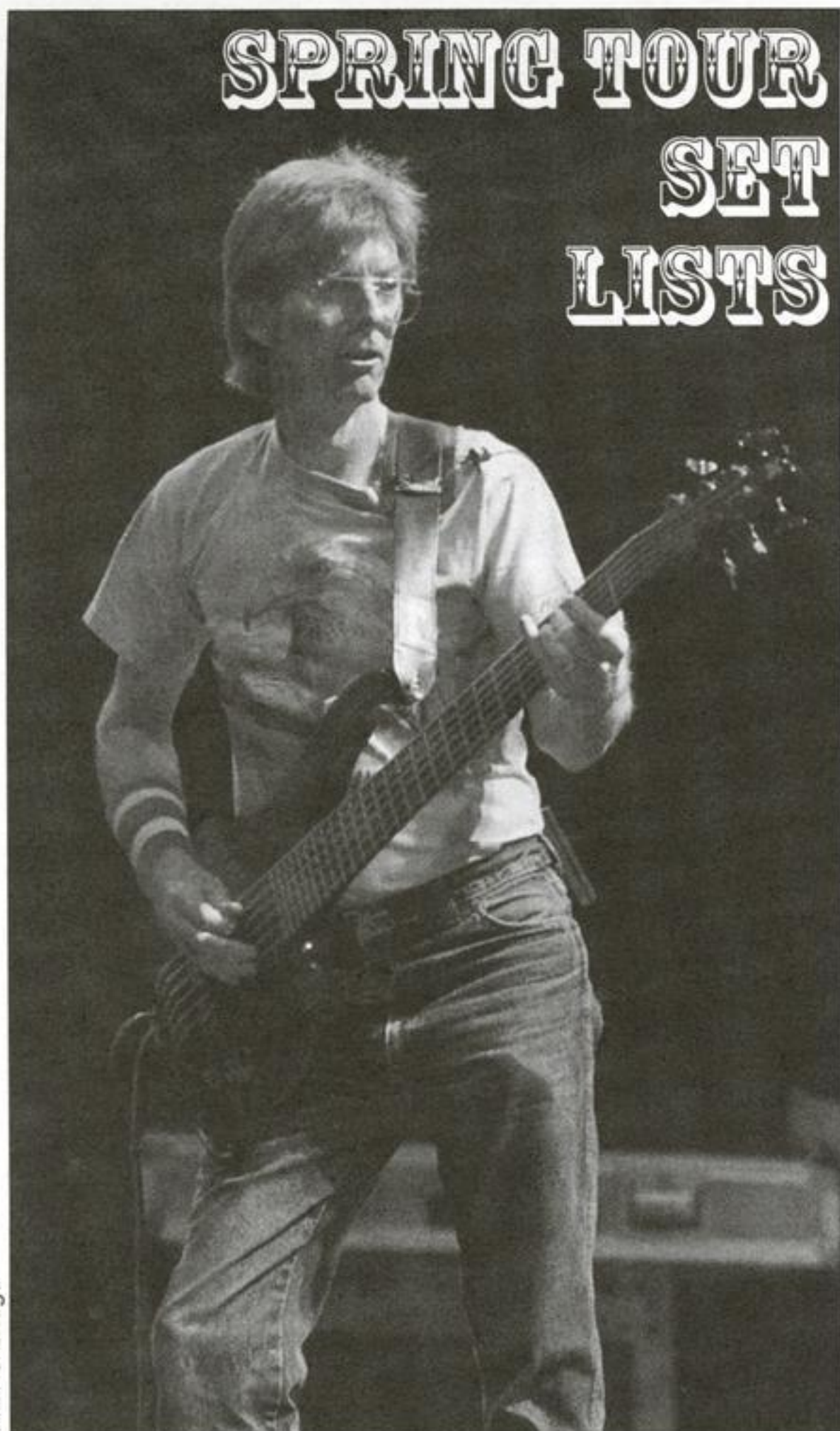
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VISIONS OF JOHANNA@>
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FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN
WAY TO GO HOME
SAINT OF CIRCUMSTANCE>
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E: U.S. BLUES
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EASY ANSWERS
DEAL

VICTIM OR THE CRIME
NEW SPEEDWAY BOOGIE
LOOKS LIKE RAIN*
TERRAPIN>
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OTHER ONE>
WHARF RAT>
SATURDAY NIGHT
E: LUCY IN THE SKY
* BOB ON ACOUSTIC

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LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL
WEST LA FADEAWAY
QUEEN JANE
LAZY RIVER ROAD#
MAMA TRIED*>
MEXICALI BLUES*
DON'T EASE ME IN*

PARADE/DRUMZ>
IKO IKO
SAMSON & DELILAH
SHIP OF FOOLS
ESTIMATED PROPHET> +
EYES OF THE WORLD > +\$
DRUMSPACE> +\$
I NEED A MIRACLE>
THE DAYS BETWEEN+
NOT FADE AWAY +
E: BOX OF RAIN
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WANG DANG DOODLE
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CHINA CAT SUNFLOWER>
I KNOW YOU RIDER
SAMBA IN THE RAIN
TRUCKIN'>
NEW SPEEDWAY BOOGIE>
DRUMSPACE>
WATCHTOWER>
STANDING ON THE MOON>
SUGAR MAGNOLIA
E: LUCY IN THE SKY

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HELL IN A BUCKET
WEST LA FADEAWAY
EL PASO*
RAMBLE ON ROSE
TOM THUMB'S BLUES
JACK-A-ROE
PROMISED LAND

IT'S ALL TOO MUCH@>
IKO IKO
PLAYIN' IN THE BAND>
UNCLE JOHN'S BAND>
DRUMSPACE>
LAST TIME>
VISIONS OF JOHANNA>
SATURDAY NIGHT
E: RAIN
* BOB ON ACOUSTIC
@ FIRST TIME PLAYED - BEATLES SONG

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WALKIN' BLUES
SO MANY ROADS
EASY ANSWERS>
DON'T EASE ME IN
UNBROKEN CHAIN*

SAMSON & DELILAH
WAY TO GO HOME
CRAZY FINGERS
CORINNA>
MATHILDA>
DRUMSPACE>
I NEED A MIRACLE>
STELLA BLUE>
NOT FADE AWAY
E: BROKEDOWN PALACE
* FIRST TIME PLAYED

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BERTHA
SAME THING
LAZY RIVER ROAD
MASTERPIECE
TENNESSEE JED
MUSIC NEVER STOPPED

VICTIM OR THE CRIME>
FOOLISH HEART>
SAINT OF CIRCUMSTANCE>
HE'S GONE>
DRUMSPACE>
I WANT TO TELL YOU>
ATTICS OF MY LIFE>
LOVELIGHT
E: QUINN THE ESKIMO

3-23-95 CHARLOTTE COL., CHARLOTTE, NC

HALF STEP
WANG DANG DOODLE
COLD RAIN & SNOW
EL PASO*
LOSER
EASY ANSWERS
SO MANY ROADS

UNBROKEN CHAIN
SCARLET BEGONIAS>
FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN
CORINNA>
MATHILDA>
HORNSBY/DRUMMERS JAM>
DRUMSPACE>
THE DAYS BETWEEN#>
GOOD LOVIN
E: THE WEIGHT
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ON GRAND PIANO
* BOB ON ACOUSTIC
BRUCE & VINCE SWITCHED KEY-
BOARDS

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STAGGER LEE
MINGLEWOOD
HIGH TIME
IF THE SHOE FITS
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BIRD SONG>
PROMISED LAND

HERE COMES SUNSHINE
SAMBA IN THE RAIN
WOMEN ARE SMARTER
EYES OF THE WORLD>
DRUMSPACE>
LAST TIME>
BLACK PETER>
AROUND & AROUND
E: LIBERTY
* BOB ON ACOUSTIC

3-26-95 THE OMNI, ATLANTA, GA

COLD RAIN & SNOW
LITTLE RED ROOSTER
RAMBLE ON ROSE
ME & MY UNCLE*>
BIG RIVER*
LAZY RIVER ROAD
ETERNITY
DON'T EASE ME IN

SAMSON & DELILAH
IT'S ALL TOO MUCH
CRAZY FINGERS>
ESTIMATED PROPHET>
TERRAPIN>
DRUMSPACE>
OTHER ONE>
MORNING DEW
E: JOHNNY B. GOODE
* BOB ON ACOUSTIC

3-27-95 THE OMNI, ATLANTA, GA

PICASSO MOON>
SUGAREE
ALL OVER NOW
SO MANY ROADS
LET IT GROW

IKO IKO
WAY TO GO HOME
PLAYIN' IN THE BAND>
UNCLE JOHN'S BAND>
DRUMSPACE>
THE DAYS BETWEEN>
SUGAR MAGNOLIA
E: I FOUGHT THE LAW

3-29-95 THE OMNI, ATLANTA, GA

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ROW JIMMY
WALKIN' BLUES
JACK-A-ROE
MAMA TRIED*>
MEXICALI BLUES*
BROWN-EYED WOMEN
CASSIDY

UNBROKEN CHAIN
HELP ON THE WAY>
SLIPKNOT!>
FRANKLIN'S TOWER
CORINNA>
MATHILDA>
DRUMSPACE>
I NEED A MIRACLE>
STANDING ON THE MOON>
NOT FADE AWAY
E: U.S. BLUES
* BOB ON ACOUSTIC

3-30-95 THE OMNI, ATLANTA, GA

TOUCH OF GREY
GOOD MORN LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL#
FRIEND OF THE DEVIL
QUEEN JANE
LOOSE LUCY
BROKEN ARROW
EASY ANSWERS
ALABAMA GETAWAY

CHINA CAT SUNFLOWER>
I KNOW YOU RIDER
LOOKS LIKE RAIN
SAMBA IN THE RAIN
HE'S GONE>
THAT WOULD BE SOMETHING>
DRUMSPACE>
VISIONS OF JOHANNA>
THROWING STONES>
LOVELIGHT
E: LUCY IN THE SKY
FIRST SINCE 8-21-93

On Thursday, I participated in a really cool drum circle with my washboard that set a cheerful mood for the day. The first set opened with a welcome *Touch of Grey*. When it finally came to a triumphant end, Bob launched into the *Schoolgirl* everyone was hoping for, except the tempo was way up, transforming the usual bluesy shuffle into a rocker – a nice change, similar to Van Morrison's version of the tune. Later, Phil sang a beautiful and touching *Broken Arrow*. To close the set, the band broke into *Alabama Getaway* and, despite the fairly laid-back performance, ended the set enthusiastically.

Set two opened with a fun-filled *China> Rider* that spawned great enthusiasm in the crowd and got everyone dancing hard. Bob delivered an intensely moving *Looks Like Rain*. It was a hard act to follow, but Vince did his best with *Samba In the Rain*.

The set continued perfunctorily until *Space* took form as *Visions of Johanna*. Jerry sang this one really well and Dylan would have to be thrilled with the Dead's version. A good performance of *Throwing Stones* came out of *Visions*, leading into a highly-charged *Lovelight*. As I was dancing during *Lovelight*, my friends suddenly screamed "LOOK!!" and there I was on the big screen playing my washboard! The video kept panning past me, around the drum circle, and then there I was again. This time the camera zoomed-in until I filled the screen. Naturally, I freaked! The song came to a tremendous finale and the crowd clamored wildly for more.

What could they do to cap this great run? What else - *Lucy in the Sky*. An exquisite version that had everyone singing and dancing iced the cake on this most memorable Atlanta run. Let's hope the boys continue to do four or more shows in the Hub City of the South.

The Pyramid Memphis, TN

April 1, 2

by Frank Hanwell

The Pyramid is bar none the coolest indoor arena I have ever attended. As its name implies, it is a four-sided glass and steel pyramid. It stands just a stone's throw away from the bank of the Mississippi River. Inside, all sections are easily accessible, and the concourses are

very spacious for dancing. Outside, the venue parking lots were cheaper than the nearby city lots, although more vending seemed to be going on in the latter. Vibes were good and "spangers" few, but ticketlessness was a common ailment. While beer seemed to be the poison of choice, I saw no one unable to carry him or herself.

Good news on the hospitality front: the city of Memphis really set a quality example for other cities in their handling of the Deadhead multitude.



Memphis

April Fools' Night began with Bobby walking on stage in what looked like a satin shirt. Rumor had it that he had soundchecked *Heartbreak Hotel*. Elvis influences should be at the top of everyone's moderation list. Bob Presley kicked off the weekend with a high-octane *Hell In A Bucket*. Although much more energized than the version I saw in Miami last year, it started in the same odd way, as Weir blew off the intro cue and jumped into the lyrics seemingly too early. I'm sure this didn't bother the crowd; this audience was so loud that one could have mistaken it for any on the east coast, except that there was no mass-sing-along. Of all the songs with references to Memphis or Tennessee (90% of which would turn up the following night), *Candyman* had eluded my thoughts. When Jerry stepped up and sang, "I come in from Memphis...", the crowd went absolutely insane! References aside, it

was a really strong version. The next selection really put the Memphis mojo into effect. As the song began, many thought it was *Easy Answers*, but I immediately recognized it from Weir & Wasserman's repertoire: the Grateful Dead debut of Al Green's *Take Me To The River!* While it wasn't as tight as any Weir & Wasserman version (how could it be with four extra guys on stage?), it was arguably the highlight of the show. It's a safe bet that *Lazy River Road* didn't make it on anyone's wish list, but as in Oakland in December, it was a sincere, focused

version that proved that the TelePromPters ARE worth something. It also qualifies as part two of a back-to-back reference to the Mississippi flowing just outside. With the advent of nightly acousticity, *Masterpiece* may have suffered lately from overexposure, but somehow Bobby manages to always make it sound fresh. Garcia's high background harmonies don't hurt much either. The set-closing *Deal* was unessential, but hardly mediocre.

The second set was easily the weakest of the run. Lackluster play, confusion, blown cues, missed segues, this set had it all. Still, there were some moments worthy of mention.

Foolish Heart was flat out weird. The intro dragged out longer than I've ever heard. It started really intense, but by the time Jerry finally started singing, it was like "enough already, start the song." The mid-song jam was the same way, building nicely, but after a while it got stale. All scrutiny aside, this was to be Garcia's best vocal effort of the set, both lyrically and in terms of voice quality. After an average *Saint of Circumstance*, *Eyes of the World* continued the painful decline of Jerry's voice, and was a mile marker for the progress of the video presentation. Though I am continually impressed as it evolves, I take exception to the Hollywood-style representation of dancing hippies during this, *Iko*, *Samson*, and whatever other songs are deemed appropriate to show us what we're supposed to look like.

Drumz was again the saving grace of the set. *Space* featured beautiful pitch-bending efforts from Garcia, which worked well as a bridge and long intro to *The Wheel*, that unfortunately turned out to be the worst I've ever seen. Its almost-standard partner, *Watchtower*, was preceded by a horrible