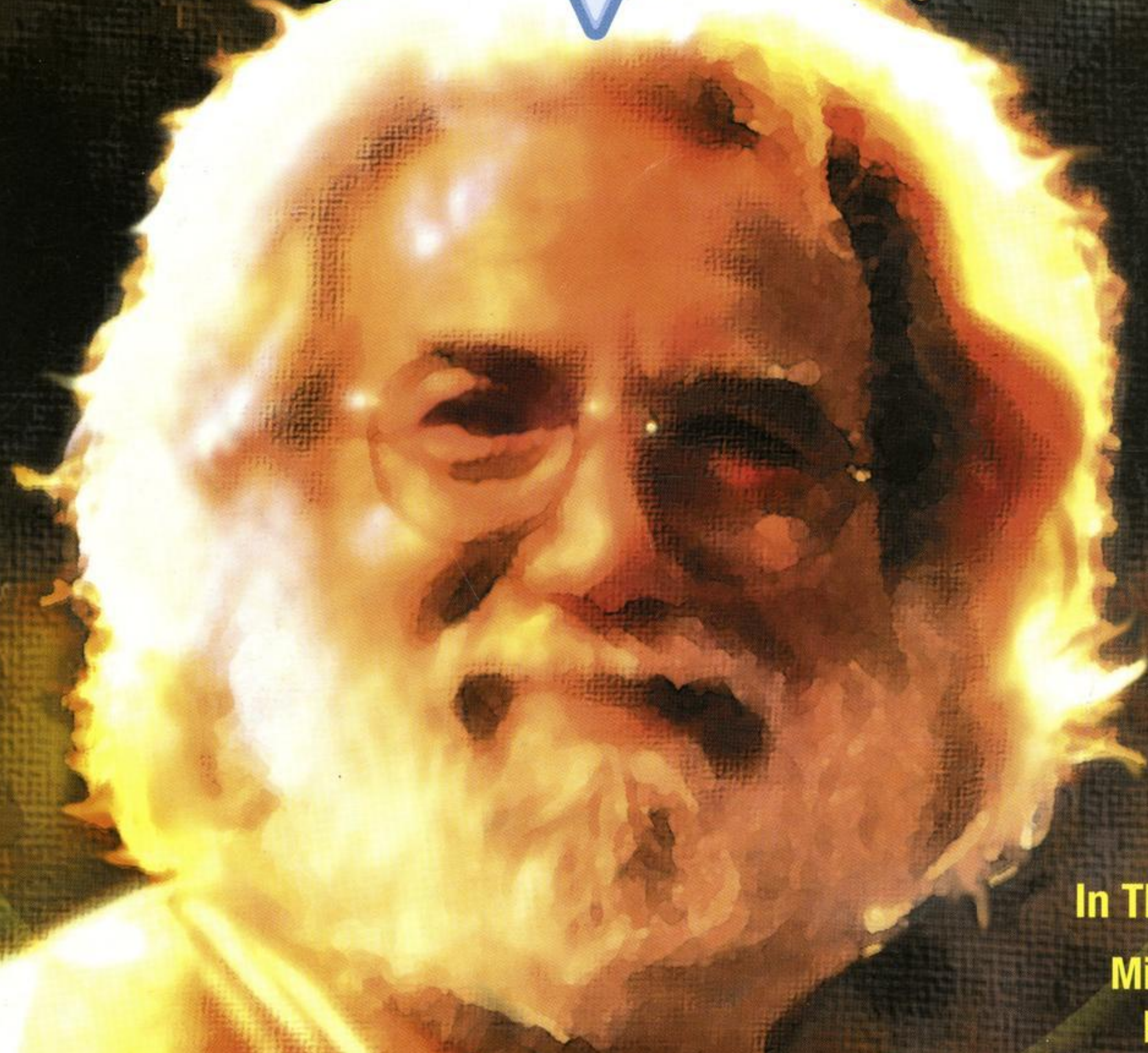


Inside: Grateful Dead, Phish & Furthur Fest News

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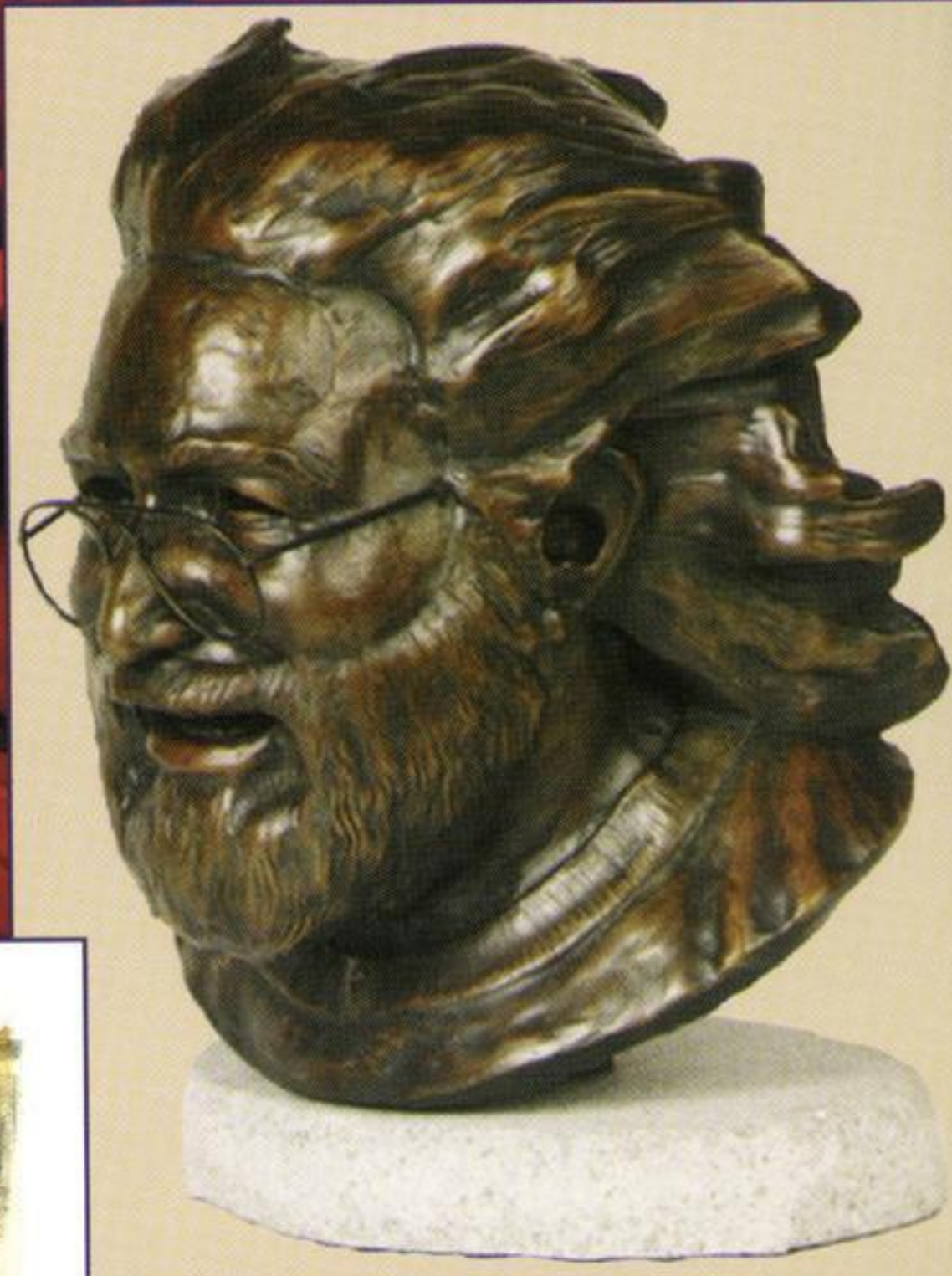
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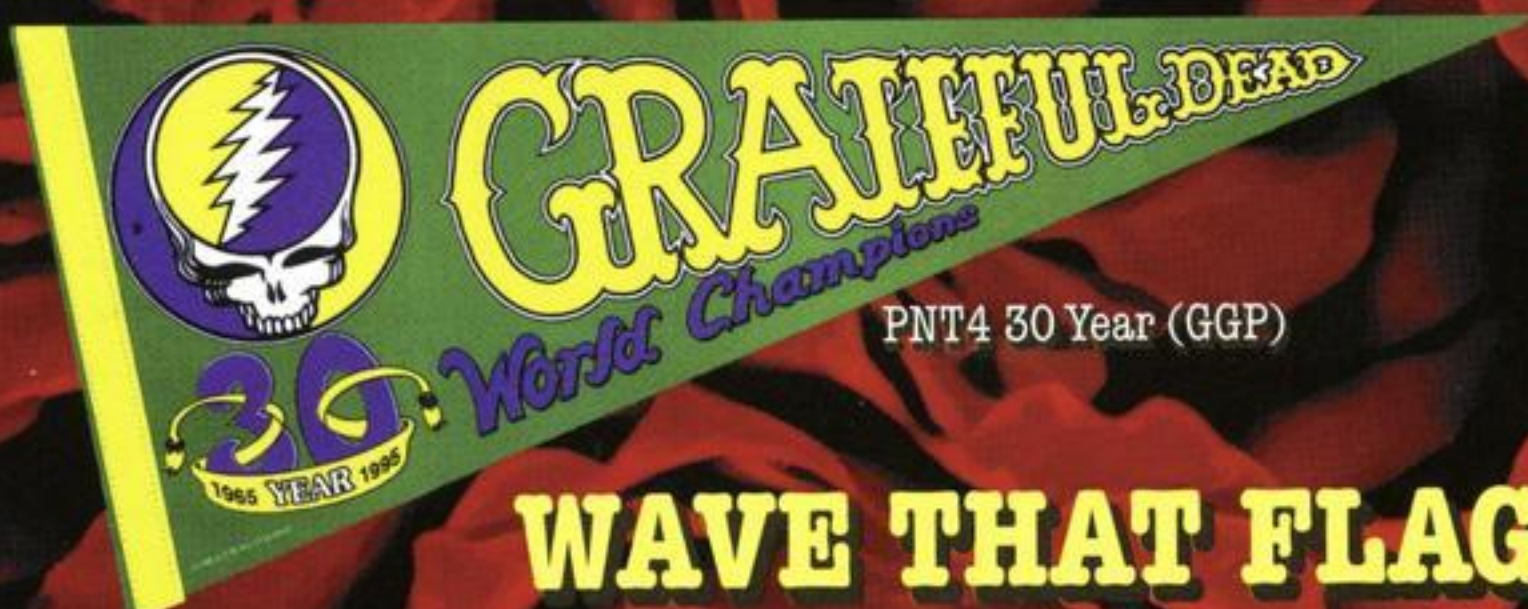
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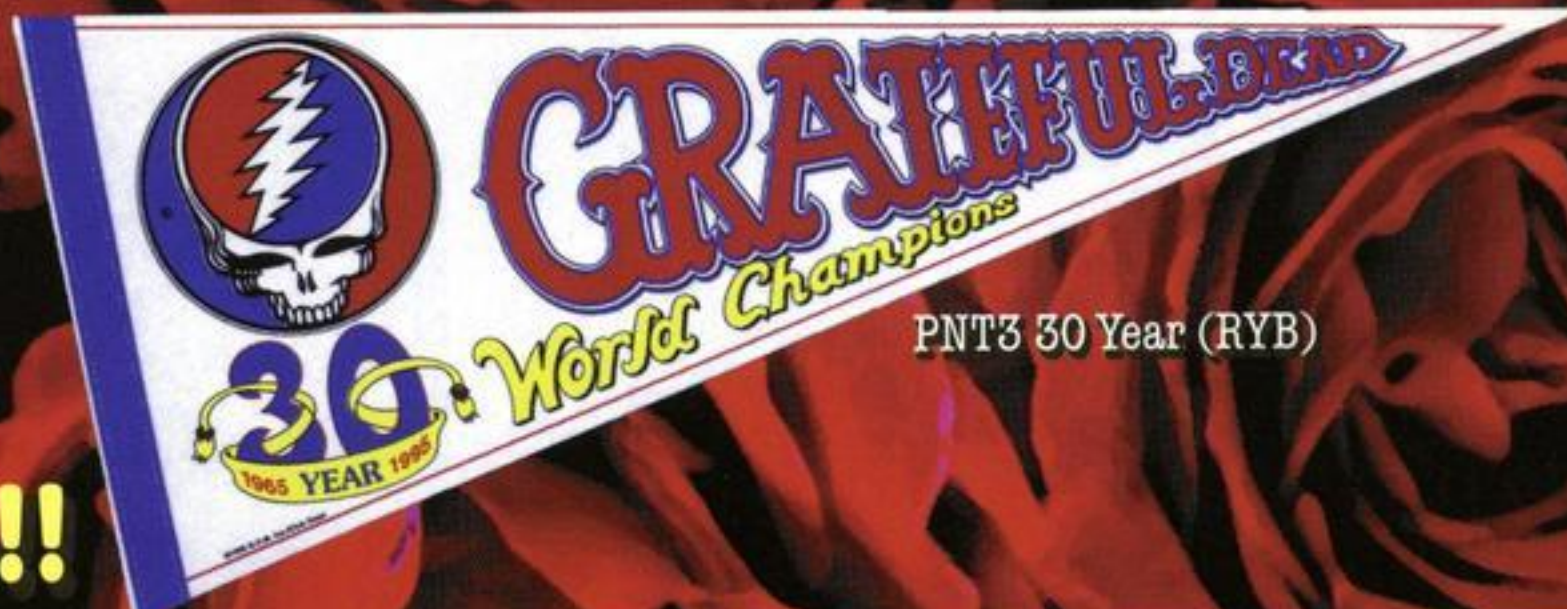
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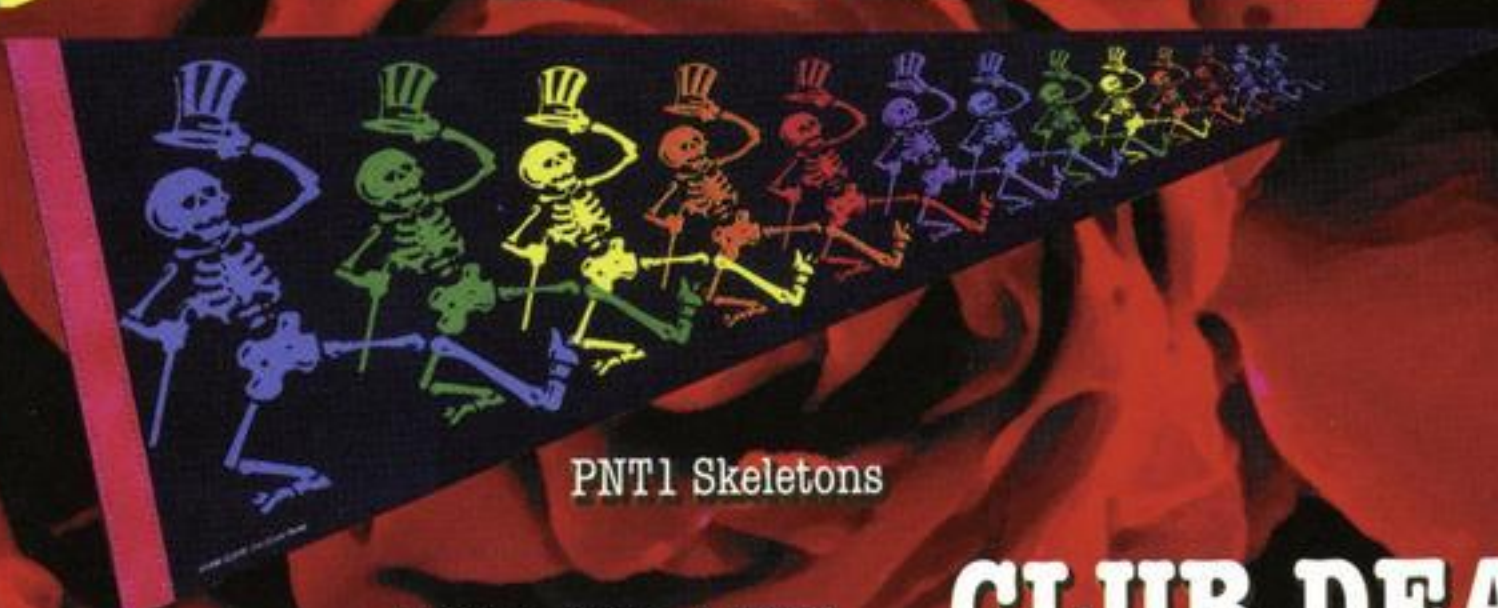


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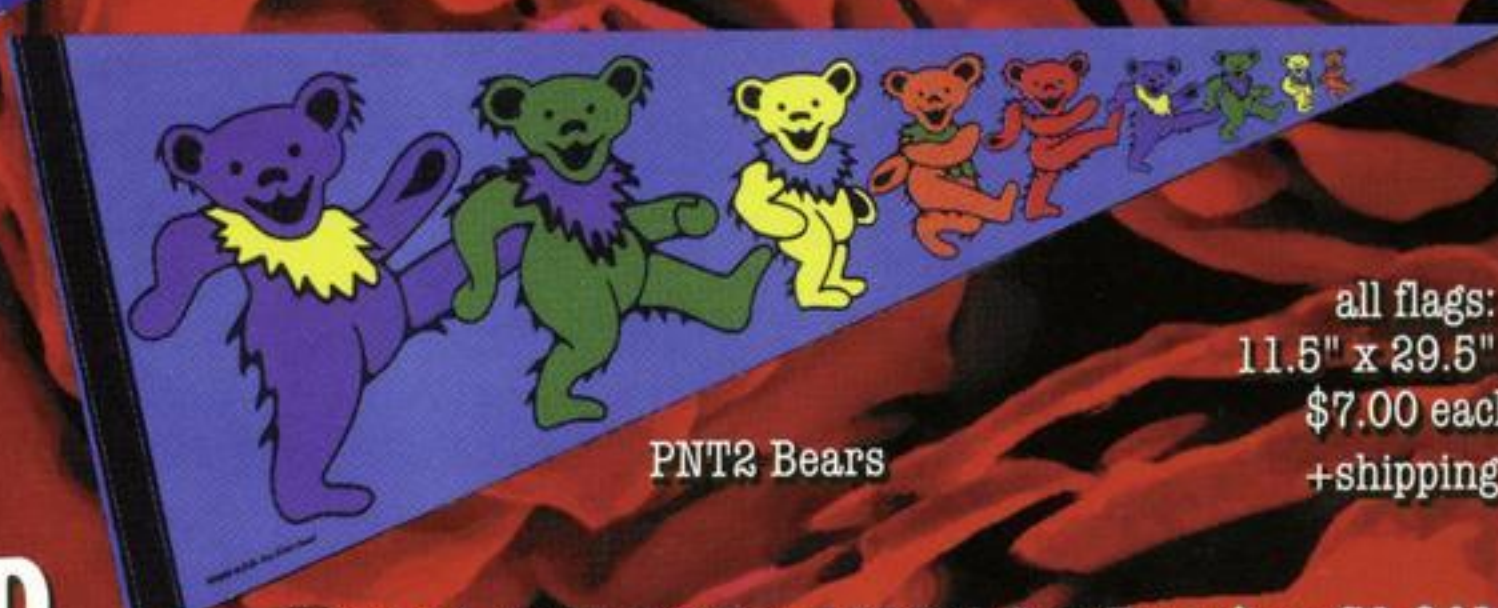
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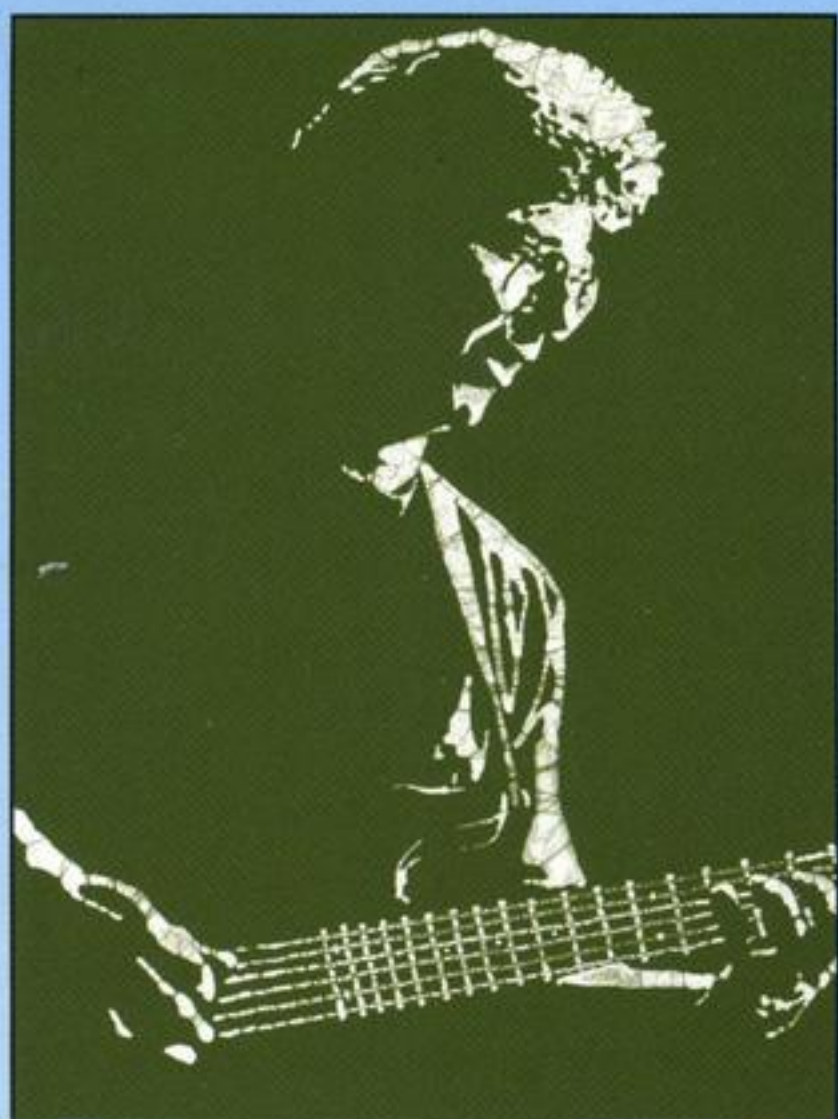
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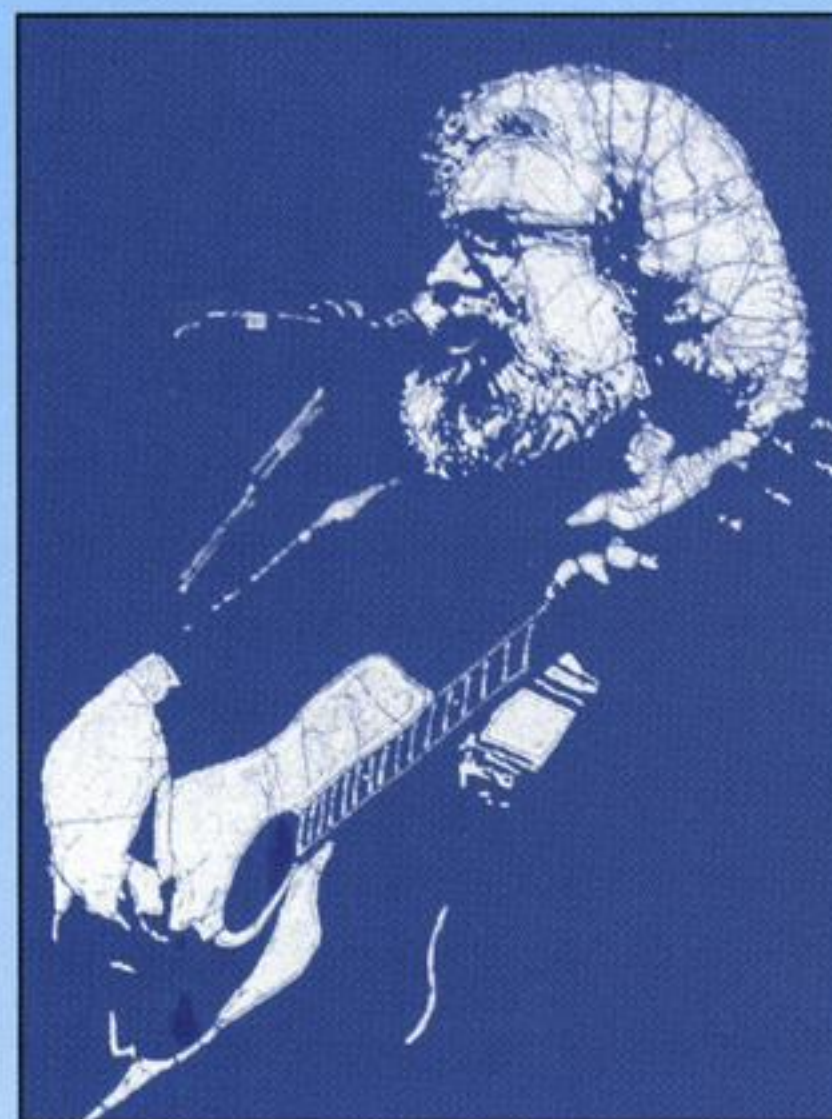
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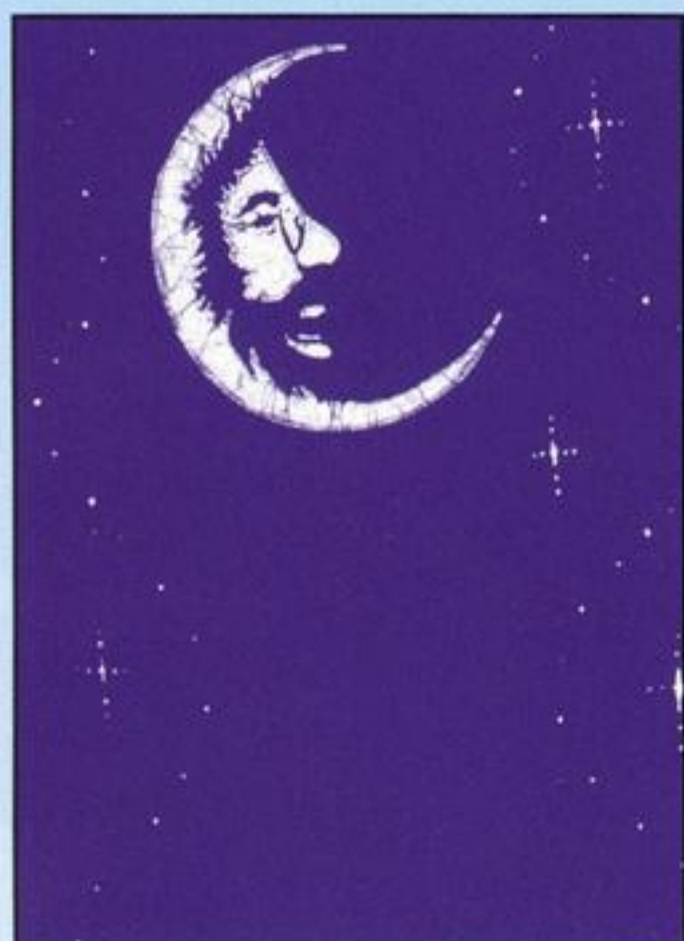
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DIAMOND NEWS

ISSUE NO. 35 • FALL 1996

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Special thanks to Jordy Herell and the Iron Horse Music Hall in Northampton, MA for helping us experience much of the music reviewed in this issue.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Tabitha and Trudy. ♦
"Cat on a tin roof, Dogs in a pile, Nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile..."

Statement of Purpose:

Our primary goal is to provide information that is both entertaining and enlightening to the Grateful Dead community. It is our fundamental belief that the music of the Grateful Dead can serve as a potent catalyst for the creative and spiritual growth of those who beckon to its call, and we attempt to express this potential in as many ways as possible. We are also *dedicated* to using this Experience as an opportunity for personal and planetary healing as well as keeping the Deadhead family together.

All correspondence relating to previously published material should be addressed to the editor. Include your name and address.

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The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of DDN, GDP, or the members of the Grateful Dead. In case you were wondering, we do not advocate the use of illegal drugs. ♦

LETTERS TO THE DEADITOR

Dear Dupree's Readers:

I'm hoping the following letter will help clear up some of the confusion and most of the problems and upsets of the last year as regards subscriptions.

I'd say Issue #32 was relatively normal for DDN (that was in September 1995). The magazine went third class, bulk rate, everyone got their issue in about four or five weeks. This was status quo of our mailings for our prior issues — not great. We sought out other options, specifically second class mailing. (Many periodicals use second class mail because it moves almost as fast as first class with the cost of third class. Our subscribers could now get their issues within seven working days.)

In the end of December, we put out a very special Jerry Garcia Tribute issue not included in the normal subscription package called **Garcia: A Grateful Celebration**. We poured our hearts into this masterpiece. We are very proud of it. As part of this tribute, we included a cassette of an original song called **Cloud To Cloud**. It is a bit cliché, but we love every bit of it.

After the cassette was produced and ready to mail, we discovered that because of it, we were unable to mail the issue via second class. By then however, it was too late.

Next up, Issue #33 in April, 1996. We were all set to go second class, but the permit never got to the post office in New Hampshire and they refused to honor it. We were back at bulk rate mail speed.

During this time, we had transferred the mailing list to the fulfillment house. They have people employed on a full-time basis to update the list and take calls. We thought this would alleviate many of the subscription problems for you. Unfortunately, we had some coding problems, and none of our foreign subscribers, comp list, or a miscellaneous other 200 of you received Issue #33.

Oh, yes, one more mishap...the 603 phone number, the help line, printed in Issue #33 was incorrect. That number belongs to some nice, lonely, elderly gentleman. We offered to have his number replaced, but he said he "liked the phone ringing and talking to all those nice young people." This would explain why the phone rings without answer sometimes.

We thought we worked out the problems at the post office, and most of the mailing snafus. Unfortunately, someone at the fulfillment house misunderstood and in their exuberance, sent out Issue #33 to the 203 people who had been missed. Of course, this was not only incorrect, but annoying as all hell for everyone who received this repeat issue just three weeks ago before Issue #34 was to go out. And to make matters worse, they included one of the cassettes of **Cloud To Cloud**, just to further confuse the situation.

Next came Issue #34. Where do I begin? The entire subscriber list was delivered to the post office, however the post office refused to send them out because they couldn't find their paperwork for our second class permit. Unbeknownst to any of us (fulfillment house included), this held the mailing up three weeks. Add to that the normal mailing time frame, and you end up with a 5 week delivery time. (Since then, heads rolled, we were approved for second class mailing. This will not happen again!)

This brings us up to today. I personally apologize for all the mailing hassles!!! I want to thank each and every one of you for your patience and continued support.

All these ridiculous errors have made us wonder if someone up there is playing pranks on us... and then my next thought is "We will survive."

With your help, we at DDN hope to continue to bring you a great magazine. We'd like to have less of the theatrics surrounding them, however.

Again, on behalf of all of us at Dupree's Diamond News, thank you for your support. Please don't lose faith in us now. And please, if you need to speak to us, feel free to email us directly at ddn@well.com. If you have a subscription problem, question, or change of address, please call 603-627-2077 between the hours of 9AM and 5PM East Coast time. Rose will be happy to help you right there on the spot.

In Peace,

Sally Ansorge Mulvey
Co-Publisher, DDN

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The following letter was posted online by Robert Hunter on the one-year anniversary of Jerry Garcia's death.

Dear JG,

It's been a year since you shuffled off the mortal coil and a lot has happened. It might surprise you to know you made every front page in the world. The press is still having fun, mostly over lawsuits challenging your somewhat ...umm... patchwork Last Will and Testament. Annabelle didn't get the EC horror comic collection, which I think would piss you off as much as anything. Nor could Doug Irwin accept the legacy of the guitars he built for you because the tax-assessment on them, icon-enriched as they are, is more than he can afford short of selling them off. The upside of the craziness is: your image is selling briskly enough that your estate should manage something to keep various wolves from various familial doors, even after the lawyers are paid. How it's to be divided will probably fall in the hands of the judge. An expert on celebrity wills said in the news that yours was a blueprint on how not to make a will.

The band decided to call it quits. I think it's a move that had to be made. You weren't exactly a sideman. But nothing's for certain. Some need at least the pretense of retirement after all these years. Can they sustain it? We'll see.

I'm writing this from England, by the way. Much clarity of perspective to be had from stepping out of the scene for a couple of months. What isn't so clear is my own role, but it's really no more problematic than it has been for the last decade. As long as I get words on paper and can lead myself to believe it's not bullshit, I'm roughly content. I'm not exactly Mr. Business.

I decided to get a personal archive together to stick on that stagnating computer site we had. Really started pouring the mustard on. I'm writing, for crying out loud, my diary on it! Besides running my ego full tilt (what's new?) I'm trying to give folks some skinny on what's going down. I don't mean I'm busting the usual suspects left and right, but am giving a somewhat less than cautious overview and soap-boxing more than a little. They appointed me webmaster, and I hope they don't regret it.

There are those in the entourage who quietly believe we're washed up without you. Even should time and circumstance prove it to be so, we need to believe otherwise long enough to get some self-sustaining operations going, or we'll never know for sure. It's a matter of self-respect. Maybe it's a long shot, but this whole fucking trip was a long shot from the start, so what else is new?

Your funeral service was one hell of a scene. Maureen and I took Barbara and Sara in and sat with them. MG waited over at our place. Manasha and Keelin were also absent. None by choice. Everybody from the band said some words and Steve, especially, did you proud, speaking with great love and candor. Annabelle got up and said you were a genius, a great guy, a wonderful friend, and a shitty father — which shocked part of the contingent and

amused the rest. After awhile the minister said that that was enough talking, but I called out, from the back of the church, "Wait, I've got something!" and charged up the aisle and read this piece I wrote for you, my voice and hands shaking like a leaf. Man, it was weird looking over and seeing you dead!

A slew of books have come out about you and more to follow. Perspective is lacking. It's way too soon. You'd be amazed at the number of people with whom you've had a nodding acquaintance who are suddenly experts on your psychology and motivations. Your music still speaks louder than all the BS: who you were, not the messes you got yourself into. Only a very great star is afforded that much inspection and that much forgiveness.

There was so much confusion on who should be allowed to attend the scattering of your ashes that they sat around for four months. It was way too weird for this cowboy who was neither invited nor desirous of going. I said good-bye with my poem at the funeral service. It was cathartic and I didn't need an anticlimax.

A surreal sidelight: Weir went to India and scattered a handful of your ashes in the Ganges as a token of your worldwide stature. He took a lot of flak from the fans for it, which must have hurt. A bunch of them decided to scapegoat him, presumably needing someplace to misdirect their anger over the loss of you. In retrospect, I think Weir was hardest hit of the old crowd by your death. I take these things in my stride, though I admit to a rough patch here and there. But Bob took it right on the chin. Shock was written all over his face for a long time, for any with eyes to see.

Some of the guys have got bands together and are doing a tour. The fans complain it's not the same without you, and of course it isn't, but a reasonable number show up and have a pretty good time. The insane crush of the latter-day GD shows is gone and that's all for the best. From the show I saw, and reports on the rest, the crowd is discovering that the sense of community is still present, matured through mutual grief over losing you. This will evolve in more joyous directions over time, but no one's looking to fill your shoes. No one has the presumption.

Been remembering some of the key talks we had in the old days, trying to suss what kind of a tiger we were riding, where it was going, and how to direct it, if possible. Driving to the city once, you admitted you didn't have a

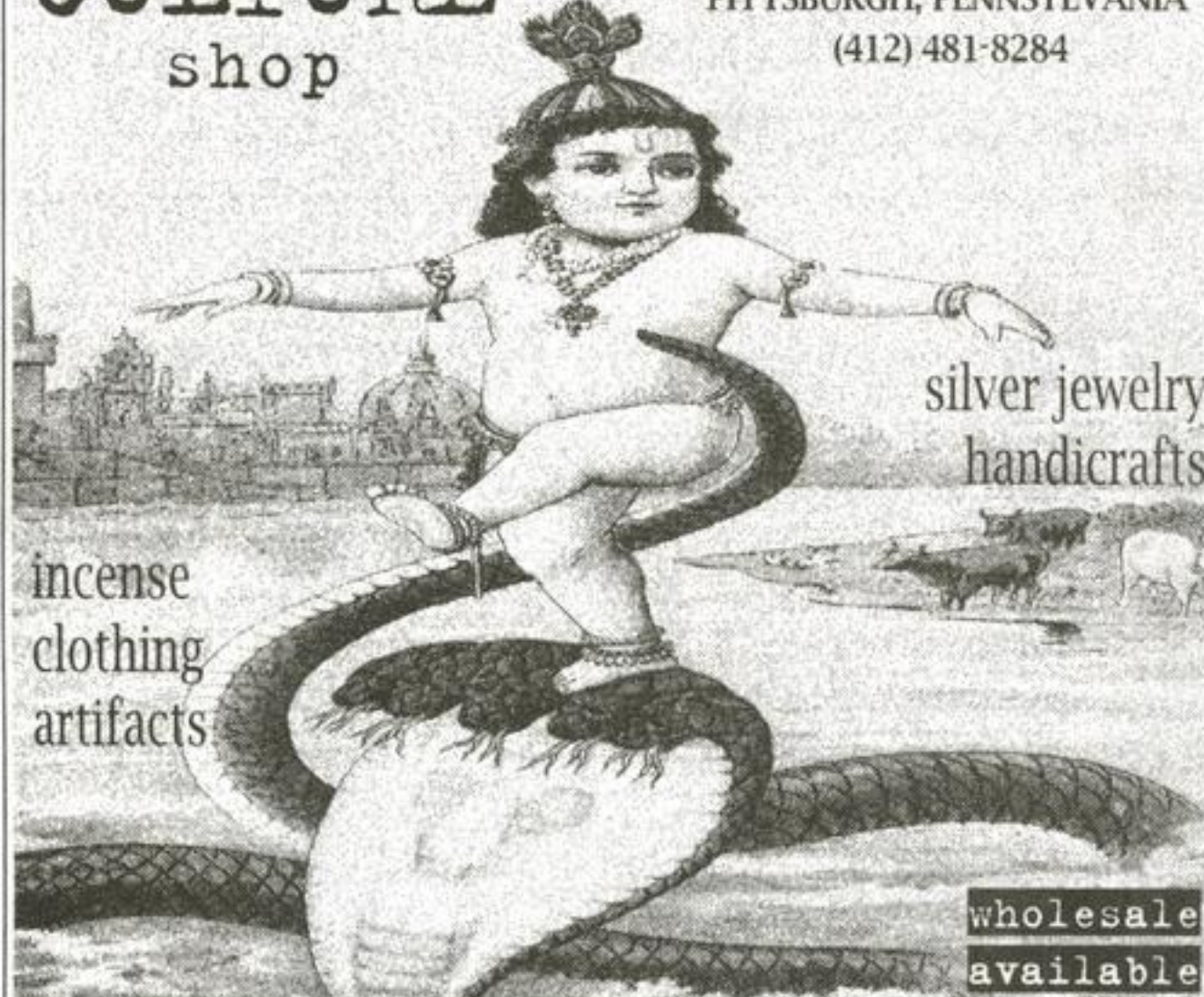
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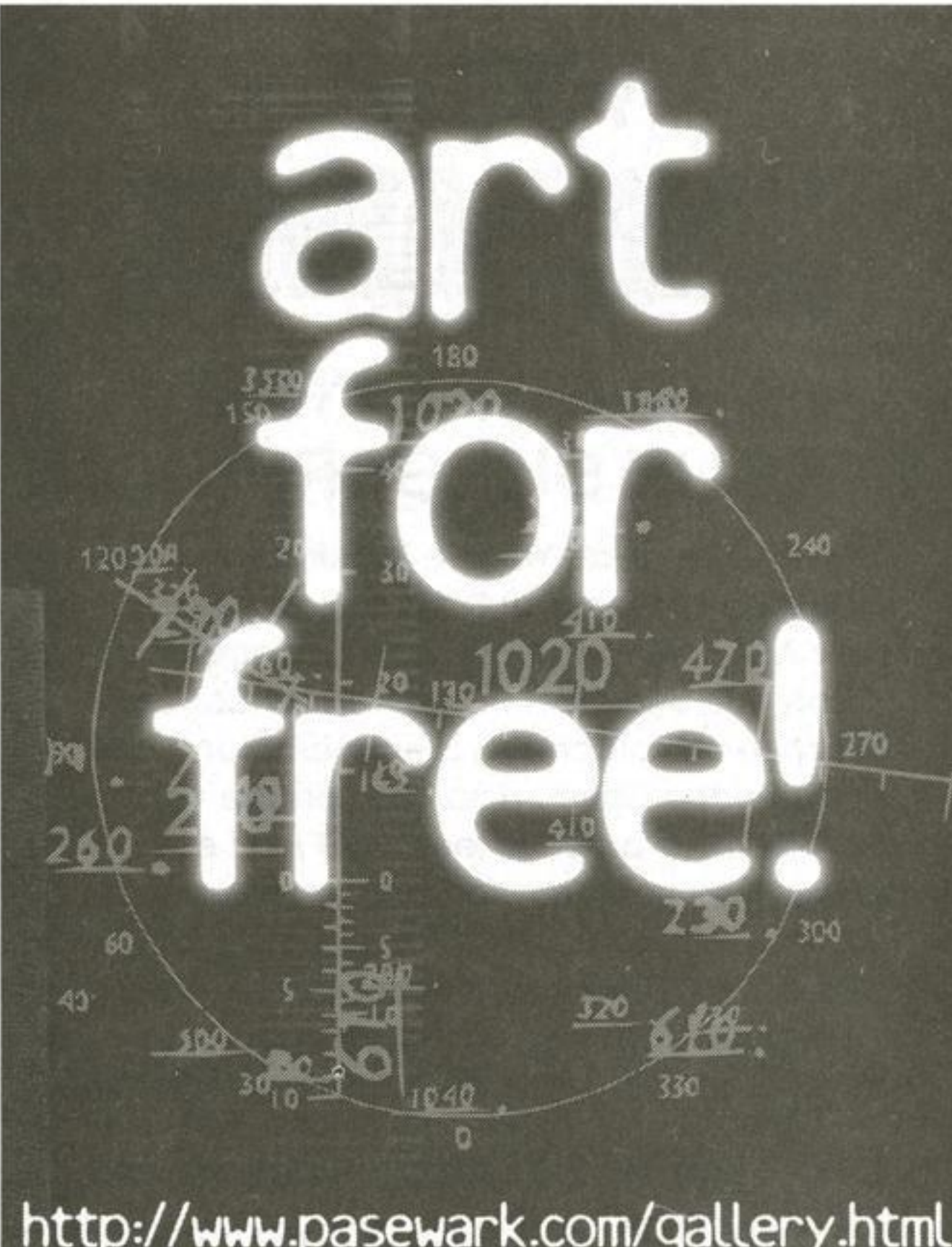
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clue what to do beyond composing and playing the best you could. I agreed — put the weight on the music, stay out of politics, and everything else should follow. I trusted your musical sense and you were good enough to trust my words. Trust was the whole enchilada, looking back.

Walking down Madrone Canyon in Larkspur in 1969, you said some pretty mindblowing stuff, how we were creating a universe and I was responsible for the verbal half of it. I said maybe, but it was your way with music and a guitar that was pulling it off. You said "That's for now. This is your time in the shadow, but it won't always be that way. I'm not going to live a long time, it's not in the cards. Then it'll be your turn." I may be alive and kicking, but no pencil pusher is going to inherit the stratosphere that so gladly opened to you. Recalling your statement, though, often helped keep me oriented as my own star lurked below the horizon while you streaked across the sky of our generation like a goddamned comet!

Though my will to achieve great things is moderated by seeing what comes of them, I've assigned myself the task of trying to honor the original vision. I'm not answerable to anybody but my conscience, which, if less than spotless, doesn't keep me awake at night. Maybe it's best, personally speaking, that the power to make contracts and deal the remains of what was built through the decades rests in other hands. I wave the flag and rock the boat from time to time, since I believe much depends on it, but will accept the outcome with equanimity.

Just thought it should be said that I no longer hold your years of self-inflicted decline against you. I did for a while, felt ripped off, but have come to understand that you were troubled and compromised by your position in the public eye far beyond anyone's powers to deal with. Star shit. Who can you really trust? Is it you or your image they love? No one can understand those dilemmas in depth except those who have no choice but to live them. You whistled up the whirlwind and it blew you away. Your substance of choice made you more malleable to forces you would have brushed off with a characteristic sneer in earlier days. Well, you know it to be so. Let those who pick your bones note that it was not always so.

So here I am, writing a letter to a dead man, because it's hard to find a context to say things like this other than to imagine I have your ear, which of course I don't. Only to say that what you were is more startlingly apparent in

your absence than ever it was in the last decade. I remember sitting in the waiting room of the hospital through the days of your first coma. Not being related, I wasn't allowed into the intensive care unit to see you until you came to and requested to see me. And there you were — more open and vulnerable than I'd ever seen you. You grasped my hand and began telling me your visions, the crazy densely packed phantasmagoria way beyond any acid trip, the demons and mechanical monsters that taunted and derided, telling you endless bad jokes and making horrible puns of everything — and then you asked, point blank, "Have I gone insane?" I said "No, you've been very sick. You've been in a coma for days, right at death's door. They're only hallucinations, they'll go away. You survived." "Thanks," you said. "I needed to hear that."

Your biographers aren't pleased that I don't talk to them, but how am I to say stuff like this to an interviewer with an agenda? I sometimes report things that occur to me about you in my journal, as the moment releases it, in my own way, in my own time, and they can take what they want of that.

Obviously, faith in the underlying vision which spawned the Grateful Dead might be hard to muster for those who weren't part of the all-night rap sessions circa 1960-61...sessions that picked up the next morning at Kepler's bookstore then headed over to the Stanford cellar or St. Mike's to continue over coffee and guitars. There were no hippies in those days and the beats had bellied up. There was only us vs. '50s consciousness. There were no jobs to be had if we wanted them. Just folk music and tremendous dreams. Yeah, we dreamed our way here. I trust it. So did you. Not so long ago we wrote a song about all that, and you sang it like a prayer. *The Days Between*. Last song we ever wrote.

Context is lost, even now. The sixties were a long time ago and getting longer. A cartoon version of our times satisfies public perception. Our continuity is misunderstood as some sort of strange persistence of an outmoded style. Beads, bell bottoms, and peace signs. But no amount of pop cynicism can erase the suspicion, in the minds of the present generation, that something was going on once that was better than what's going on now. And I sense that they're digging for "what it is" and only need the proper catalyst to find it for themselves. Your guitar is like a compass needle pointing the strange way there.

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I'm wandering far afield from the intention of this letter, a year's report, but this year wasn't made up only of events following your death in some roughly chronological manner. It reached down to the roots of everything, shook the earth off, and inspected them. The only constant is the fact that you remain silent. Various dances are done around that fact.

Don't misconstrue me, I don't waste much time in grief. Insofar as you were able, you were an exponent of a dream in the continual act of being defined into a reality. You had a massive personality and talent to present it to the world. That dream is the crux of the matter, and somehow concerns beauty, consciousness, and community. We were, and are, worthy insofar as we serve it. When that dream is dead, there'll be time enough for true and endless grief.

John Kahn died in May, same day Leary did. Linda called 911 and they came over and searched the house, found a tiny bit of coke, and carted her off to jail in shock. If the devil himself isn't active in this world, there's something every bit as mean: institutional righteousness without an iota of fellow feeling. But, as I figure, that's the very reason the dream is so important — it's whatever is the diametric opposite of that. Human kindness.

Trust me that I don't walk around saying "this was what Jerry would have wanted" to drive my points home. What you wanted is a secret known but to yourself. You said 'yes' to what sounded like a good idea at the time, 'no' to what sounded like a bad one. I see more of what leadership is about, in the absence of it. It's an instinct for good ideas. An aversion to bad ones. Compromise on indifferent ones. Power is another matter. Power is not leadership but coercion. People follow leaders because they want to.

I know you were often sick and tired of the conflicting demands made on you by contentious forces you invited into your life and couldn't as easily dismiss. You once said to me, in 1960, "just say yes to everybody and do what you damn well want." Maybe, but when every 'yes' becomes an IOU payable in full, whose coffer is big enough to pay up? "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke!" would be a characteristic reply. Unfortunately, you're not around to explain what was a joke and what wasn't. It all boils down to signed pieces of paper with no punch lines appended. I know what I'm saying in this letter can be taken a hundred ways. As always, I just say what occurs to me to say and can't say what doesn't. Could I write a book about you? No. Didn't know

you well enough. Let those who knew you even less write them. You were canny enough to keep your own self to yourself and let your fingers do the talking. Speaking of 'personal matters' was never your shtick.

Our friendship was testy. I challenged you rather more than you liked, having a caustic tongue. In later years you preferred the company of those capable of keeping it light and nonjudgmental. I think it must always be that way with prominent and powerfully gifted persons. I don't say that, for the most part, your inner circle weren't good and true. They'd have laid down their lives for you. I'd have had to think about it. I mean, a star is a star is a star. There's no reality check. If the truth were known, you were too well loved for your own good, but that smacks of psychologizing and I drop the subject forthwith.

All our songs are acquiring new meanings. I don't deny writing with an eye to the future at times, but our mutual folk, blues, and country background gave us a mutual liking for songs that dealt with sorrow and the dark issues of life. Neither of us gave a fuck for candy coated shit, psychedelic or otherwise. I never even thought of us as a "pop band." You had to say to me one day, after I'd handed over the *Eagle Mall Suite*, "Look, Hunter — we're a god-damn dance band, for Christ's sake! At least write something with a beat!" Okay. I handed over *Truckin'* next. How was I to know? I thought we were silver and gold; something new on this Earth. But the next time I tried to slip you the heavy stuff, you actually went for it. Seems like you'd had the vision of the music about the same time I had the vision of the words, independently. *Terrapin*. Shame about the record, but the concert piece, the first night it was played, took me about as close as I ever expect to get to feeling certain we were doing what we were put here to do. One of my few regrets is that you never wanted to finish it, though you approved of the final version I eked out many years later. You said, apologetically, "I love it, but I'll never get the time to do it justice." I realized that was true. Time was the one thing you never had in the last decade and a half. Supporting the Grateful Dead plus your own trip took all there was of that. The rest was crashing time. Besides, as you once said, "I'd rather toss cards in a hat than compose." But man, when you finally got down on it, you sure knew how.

The pressure of making regular records was a creative spur for a long time, but poor sales put the economic weight on live concerts where new material wasn't really required, so my role in the group waned. A difficult time for me,



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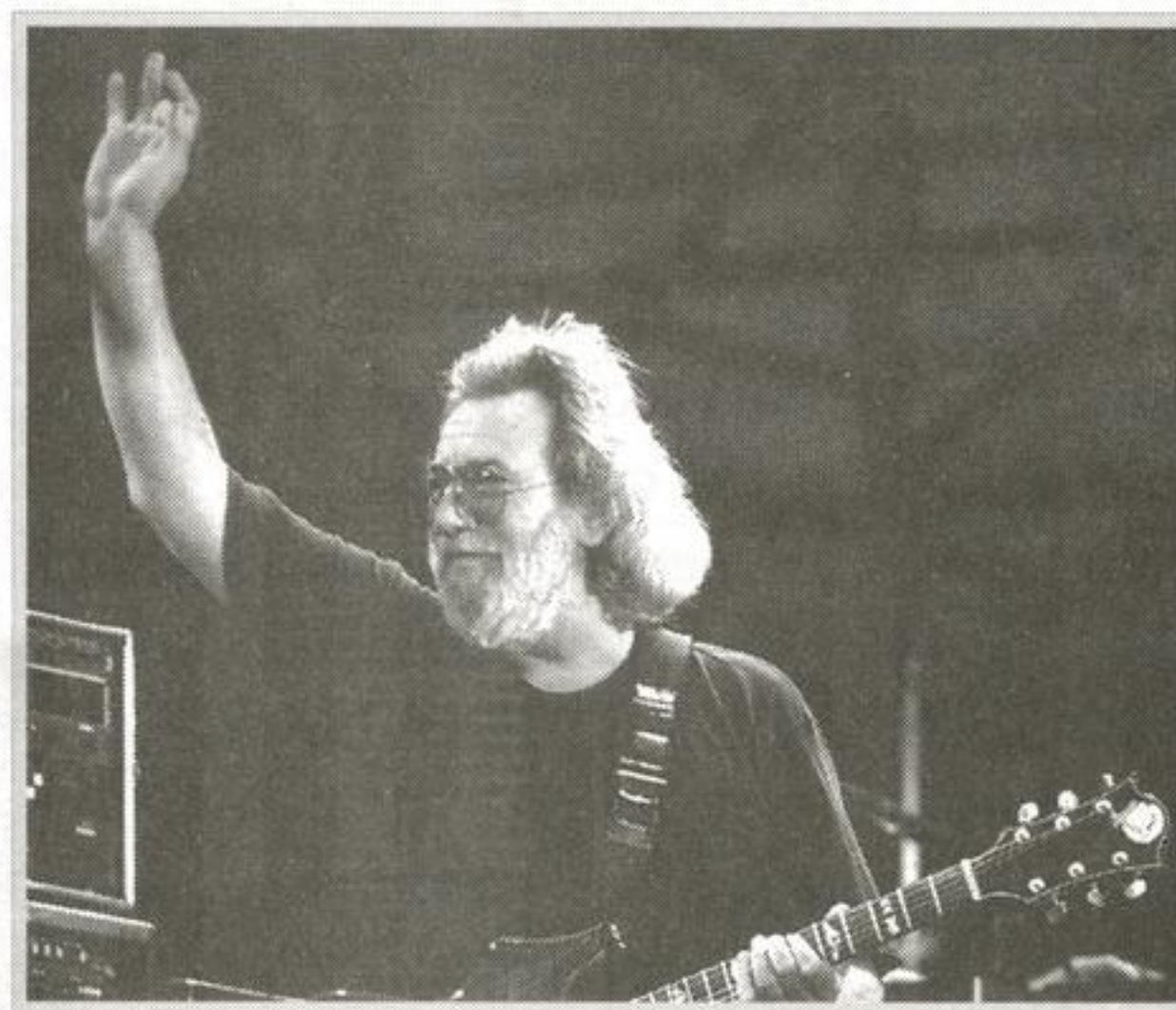
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being at my absolute peak and all. I had to go on the road myself to make a living. It was good for me. I developed a sense of self direction that didn't depend on the Dead at all. This served well for the songs we were still to write together. You sure weren't interested in flooding the market. You knew one decent song was worth a dozen cobbled together pieces of shit, saved only by arrangement. I guess we have a few of those too, but the percentage is respectably low. Pop songs come and go, blossom and wither, but we scored a piece of Americana, my friend. Sooner or later, they'll notice what we did doesn't die the way we do. I've always believed that and so did you. Once in awhile we'd even call each other "Mister" and exchange congratulations. Other people are starting to record those songs now, and they stand on their own.

For some reason it seems worthwhile to maintain the Grateful Dead structures: Rex, the website, GDP, the deadhead office, the studio... even with the band out of commission. I don't know if this is some sort of denial that the game is finished, or if the intuitive impulse is a sound one. I feel it's better to have it than not, just in case, because once it's gone there's no bringing it back. The forces will disperse and settle elsewhere. A business that can't support itself is, of course, no business at all, just a locus of dissension, so the reality factor will rule. Diminished as we are without you, there is still some of the quick, bright spirit around. I mean, you wouldn't have thrown in your lot with a bunch of belly floppers, would you?

Let me see — is there anything I've missed? Plenty, but this seems like a pretty fat report. You've been gone a year now and the boat is still afloat. Can we make it another year? What forms will it assume? It's all kind of exciting. They say a thousand years are only a twinkle in God's eye. Is that so? Missing you in a longtime way.

rh ♦

Greetings to All at DDN:

Just wanted to drop you all a line to let you know how special the Light The Song retreat was. Hopefully you guys were not too busy with the "inside goings-on" to catch some of that magic. What other function could a total

stranger go to, and in a day or two meet so many beautiful, peaceful, and genuine people? Being away from a show for so long caused me to forget that indescribable feeling inside — this event was just what I needed. I was showered with such love and energy the whole weekend, that by Sunday night, my six-hour drive home seemed like 20 minutes — an energy high, I guess...just like after a hot Dead Show!

Over the course of those days, we all shared so much together that we all gained from it. I found it so ironic that the one person who had serious reservations about attending, the one person so closely knit in the inner scene for decades [Barlow], was the one who probably gained the most from the experience. God's magic does work in mysterious ways.

So, DDN crew, just wanted to thank you for making this weekend all come together. It's good to see that the magic is still very alive. You know, many of us brought up the question: "Where do we go from here now that Jerry and the band is gone?" If this retreat was any indication, we're off to a good start. Can't wait for the next time! Thanks again!

With love,
Erik Mitchell ♦

Dear Dupree's Diamond News and All My New Friends:

Here are some morning-after reflections from our beautiful Light the Song gathering.

You were all so generous in welcoming me, a mere postulant, into your midst at a time when remembering with both joy and sadness was an agenda I could not fully share.

Having taken the leap of faith into beginning belief a few years ago, I realize only now that what I had smilingly referred to as my last great love affair was not (of course not!) as risk-free as I had hoped.

All my tears of joy and private yelps of exaltation as one more Jerry/Grateful Dead revelation crashed into my heart were received as gift and treasure, not

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loss, and followed by thank-yous to him, them, the skies, and all the gods, often including a fervent prayer that he be sweetly held and, yes, busy! I was fed like a hungry child.

Perhaps now I can more nearly become what you offered unconditionally, a sharer of your joy and sadness, a keeper of the flame. My gratitude is deepened by your acceptance and by the discovery Saturday night that, as the mother said, "They all dance differently to the same music."

Thank you again. I love you more than words can tell.

Shanti, Shalom,
Shirley Graham
Levittown, NY ♦

Dear DDN,

Thought I'd pass along a couple of clippings that might be of interest and some news of how Charlotte's Dead Community observed the anniversary of Jerry's death. Jack Straw's had a tribute show with Tom Constanten that week; Fat City gave up their usual live band on 8/8 in favor of Dead tapes, which we all brought, and we held a memorial to Jerry. People brought whatever had special meaning to them — roses, ticket stubs, poems, pictures, incense, buttons, and feathers.

On Friday night about 300 or so of us gathered together at the park for a candlelight midnight vigil — right where we were a year ago — sharing the grief, love, and music. No PSAs on the park gathering, no prior notices in Creative Loafing, we just showed up — Deadheads are still good at that sort of thing. Man, it sure doesn't seem like he's gone a year. Seems like I just heard it yesterday and I still miss him so much. The Furthur Festival was strange here and in Raleigh. I finally decided to go see Mickey and Bobby, and some of my show friends. There was some good energy there, with Ratdog, Mystery Box, Bruce, and Los Lobos, and there were times when just for a moment you hoped...but the moment never came, and God, sometimes it just hits you so damn hard. Jerry's really left us, there's no more Grateful Dead, and you'll never experience a show from the Jerry side again. So, I'm not going to shows for a while.

My son worked at the Olympics this summer in the visitor's center at Olympic Village and was fortunate to spend a little time with Carlos Santana. Carlos gave Benjy a mantra and told him how he believes Jerry is still with us, how often he feels the essence of his spirit. Sometimes, I feel the same way and I am grateful Benjy had that conversation, just like I'll always be grateful God put me in the right place to meet Jerry after 30 years and I reconnected with the scene before it was too late. Talk about a miracle!

I'm grateful for "Dick's Picks V and VI" — keep the vaults open! We're just trading more tapes, listening to the music, and trying to keep the spirit alive, now that he's handed over that responsibility to us. Thank you for keeping us connected. Please, please, please keep it coming. NOT FADE AWAY!

In Peace & Love & Light, Gratefully yours,
Susan Helbein
Charlotte, NC ♦

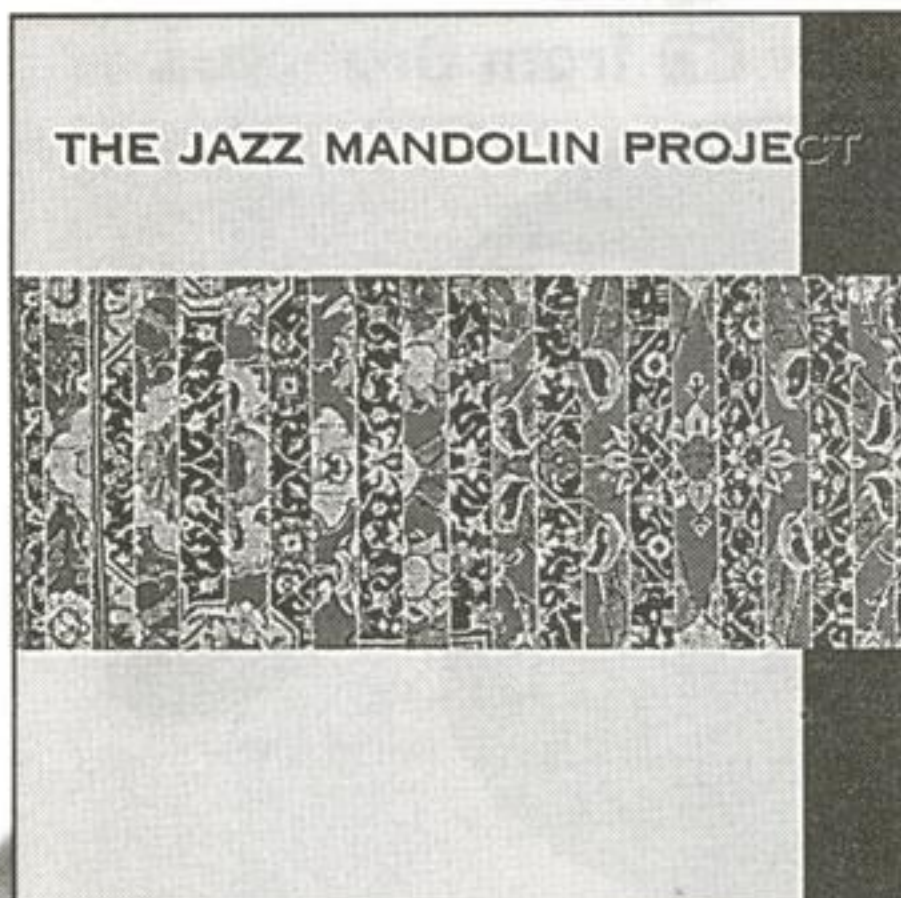
Dear DDN:

A note of thanks to the staff of DDN and Terrapin Tapes for the extraordinary weekend celebration at the SUNY Purchase campus. What better way to spend Memorial Day weekend than with my brothers and sisters from tours gone by? Old friends and new alike, gathered together in a tribal reunion of love, in honor of the common threads that bind us together. This "heaven" on Earth was an eclectic collaboration of music, art, humanity, and love. For me, it was an opportunity to fill in the missing pieces of my life that had been lost on August 9, 1995.

It was with a heavy heart and a lump in my throat that I traveled to "Dead-head Heaven," camping gear and husband in tow. Uncertainty and mixed emotions left me wondering if there was any magic left to savor. This was to be my first gathering since Jerry's death, and hopes ran high that we could carry the torch respectfully.

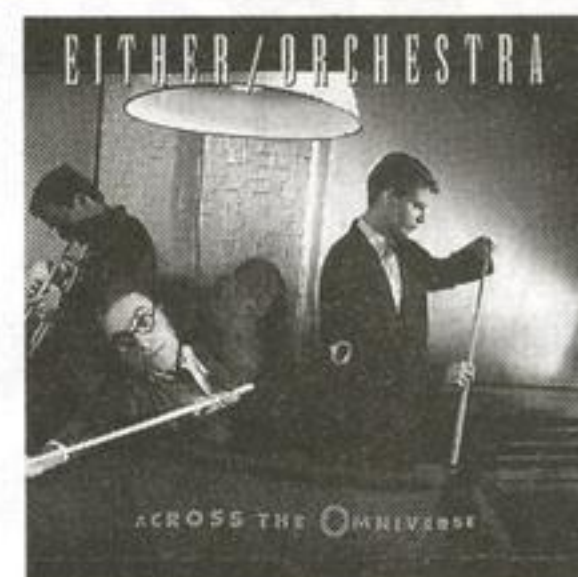
My hopes were brought to fruition on Sunday afternoon at the amphitheater stage. Four young musical talents had swept the crowd off their feet with a compelling energy and a gripping groove that was "strangely" familiar, yet

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refreshingly innocent. Making my way through the blur of brightly colored smiles, I found myself center stage to the magic of Strangefolk, Burlington, VT's "powerfolk" sweethearts. The strange and "not so strange" fell captive to the acoustic rhythm and storyteller genius of Reid Genauer. Timeless prose was carried to our ears on the masterful waves of Jon Trafton's electric lead. Skillful time changes kept our imagination in flight, while the never-ending groove of Eric Glockler's bass and rhythmic percussion of Luke Smith's drums kept our feet on the ground and twirling around. I was euphoric and uplifted, dancing in synergy with my brothers and sisters. It was then that I knew I was home again.

When all is said and done, I grooved away from the weekend sporting my new Strangefolk T-shirt and a new-found vision I had not expected. My "Lore" CD serves as a reminder that there is hope and magic and music to be found. With a broadened perspective and a heightened awareness I have opened myself to the many creative outlets and experiences that perhaps had been stifled by a somewhat myopic view of the world. As a poster in my kitchen reads, "Always and in everything, visualize, then expect the best. But be prepared, for what you get the best might come afterwards." For me, the torch burns brighter than ever. A special thanks to the members of Strangefolk for putting the bounce back into my step. The journey continues. See you along the way.

Ann Collette
Woodbury, CT ♦

Brothers & Sisters,

A strange thing happened to me a little over a year ago. I was celebrating a friend's birthday and on the ride home, the driver put on this spacey, groovy music I had never heard anywhere else. I was taken to a dimension where flowers and smiles were the only scenery. I asked what it was and was told it was *Terrapin Station*. I was flabbergasted.

Cut to six months later. I'm reading in the paper that the Dead are doing a string of shows at MSG in NYC in September '95. "Excellent," I thought to myself, "I'm finally going to see the Dead."

Cut to one month later. Jerry had died. I couldn't believe what I was hearing and reading in the headlines. Although I had only been into the Dead for just a few months and had never actually gotten to see them live, I was still shocked. Over the scarce time I had been allowed to enjoy Jerry's music and wisdom, he had definitely become a part of my life along with Bobby, Phil, Mickey, Bill, Brent, et al. My next reaction was anger, having been denied my one chance to see the magic for myself instead of hearing it secondhand.

I am still a far way off from being as well versed as many other Heads in the music and history of the band, but I'm trying my very best. My first real Dead Experience came at the Furthur Festival show at the Meadows in Connecticut on 7/7 this year. I will never forget looking at all of you and feeling nothing but brotherhood and joy. To me, it is a moment that will last forever. The Mystery Box set, in particular, I will *never* forget. I know it will never compare to seeing the Dead, but to me it was magical and will live with me till I follow Jerry to the skies. I thank all those present for making it such a special moment for me, directly or indirectly.

To me, the Dead represent more than just a band. The Dead showed me a world where we can all live together in peace and have high times without worrying about what Joe Schmoe thinks. They taught me it is possible to be happy in a world where most people don't understand us and react to us as a threat. For that, I thank them profoundly. If the Dead can change one person's life so profoundly in a matter of months, think what all of us can do individually.

With Love and Gratitude,
Bruce Newber
Hicksville, NY ♦

Hi, DDN Folks!

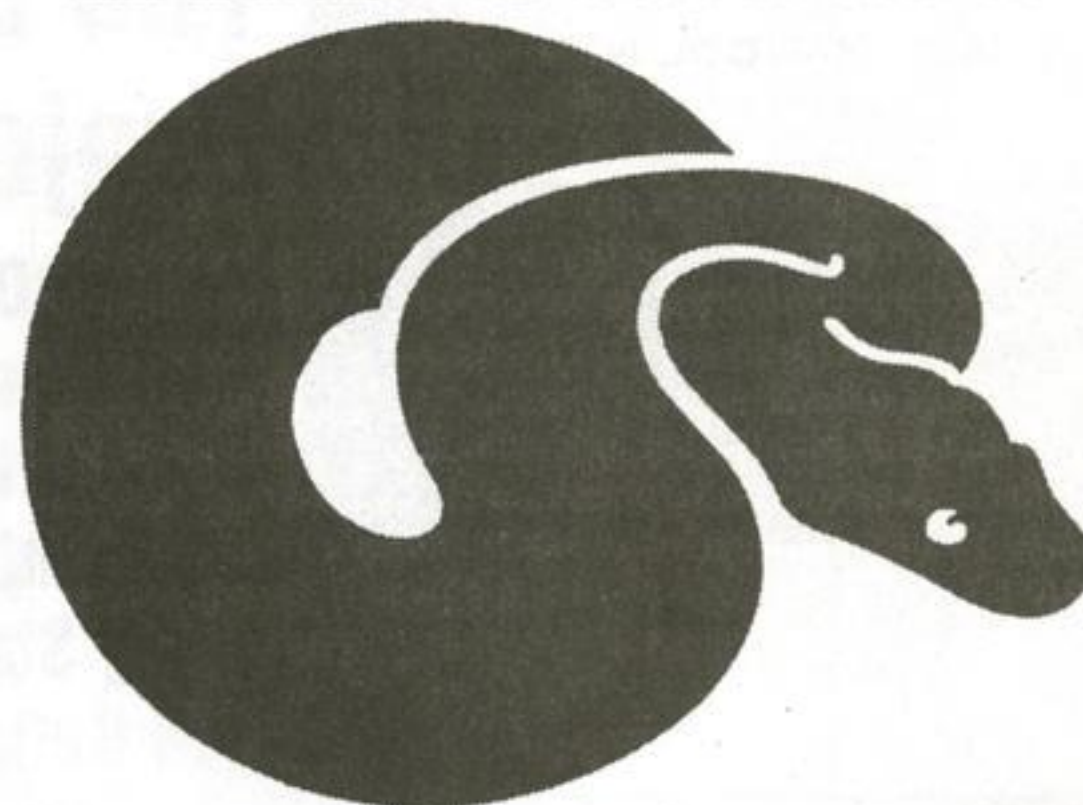
First, thanks for a great mag! I'll be renewing soon! There's plenty of good stuff ahead! Remember, we are not helpless without Jerry and the Dead, just harder pressed to seek out the more hidden and less obvious magical music moments that unquestionably exist. After all, hasn't being an active seeker of those moments been one of the necessary ingredients?



Check out the self-titled debut CD from NYC's hottest new band, Post Junction. Filled with earthy grooves and smoking guitar solos, this CD is a must for anyone who loves that jammin' funk sound.

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It's high time you check out
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15 danceable rock & roll cuts captured live
"This band has everything Deadheads yearn for: killer grooves, strong vocals, screaming guitar work, and best of all, phenomenally powerful percussion. All of this high energy comes across clear as a bell on 'Shine.'"

— *Dupree's Diamond News*

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Besides Furthur and whatever else Bobby, Mickey, and other members of the Dead family are up to, there are some really great musicians and bands that we need to groove with live whenever possible.

On this note, and since you all are such a great info source, how about adding more tour info on other bands. You could add more bands to your tour 900 number. Some bands I'd love to keep in constant update for touring info are: Hot Tuna — these guys are soooo good and I often miss them or catch 'em by the skin of my teeth due to not hearing about the shows! A lot of people who didn't know who Tuna was at Furthur were loving them after 5-10 minutes of playing; David Grisman Quartet — saw them on 6/13/96, my first show taping. I thought it would be a good show, but didn't expect it to be as awesome as it was. I'll see them whenever they're near; Bela Fleck — I haven't caught this band yet, but the tapes and CDs are making me yearn to catch them live.

These are just three of a number of bands that came to mind, but any relevant or upcoming bands would be worthwhile. A brief phone number and address where to get info on tours wouldn't take much space. Any extra bands put on your 900 number tour info line would mean more use, and more money for DDN, and for this info I and many others will gladly pay! Hope this all sounds good to you and feasible! Let's all keep truckin' together forever!

P.S. I know he likes to keep a low profile, but is there any way to know about Robert Hunter?

Eric
Milwaukee, WI ♦

Deaditor's Note: In the last few months we have expanded our 900 number to include lots more information about many other bands, such as Hot Tuna, Blues Traveler, Phish, Dave Matthews Band, the Allman Brothers, Bob Dylan, Neil Young, moe., and many more.

Robert Hunter's web diary, which he updates regularly, can be accessed through the Grateful Dead's web site at <http://www.dead.net/>. Happy surfing! ♦

JOURNEY TO THE OUTER LIMITS OF SPACE JAZZ

In the wake of The Grateful Dead's demise, a number of bands from the Dead camp have stepped forward to extend

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This debut album features one of the last recorded performances of Jerry Garcia as well as guest participation from Bob Weir.

the Dead's mission in various directions. Second Sight, a band formed before Jerry Garcia's death, is an innovative ensemble which has been wowing large audiences on the West Coast for two years.

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Deadhead

Year one of *Life After Dead* has been turbulent, exhilarating, scary, painful, and wonderful. Out of necessity most Deadheads are slowly but surely finding that the post-Jerry era can indeed be a very hip trip. The music scene, particularly on the East Coast, is *astoundingly* vibrant. The Furthur Festival, while fun, showed us how irreplaceable Garcia really was as an essential catalyst in evoking the more profound X-factor states. But we also were given hope that a post-Dead reunion tour could result in that rare magic — if the surviving members of the band can find the right combination of people and songs to play, of course. We learned that while the Grateful Dead Experience will never quite be the same without Jerry, each moment is pregnant with the possibilities for new and fulfilling Experiences to be created. As Steve Silberman said, upon hearing Phil play *The Other One* with Bobby, Mickey, and friends at the Shoreline Furthur Fest, "It was as though you could hear Jerry in the mix, even though he wasn't there!" Unfortunately, for those of you who yearn for more of such a "reunion" I must report that as of October, 1996, there are no solid plans in place for the spring of 1997. Of course, this is just exactly what we've come to expect from the Dead: Moves like a dinosaur. Better it not happen, than for it to be forced. The primary motivating factor should be a genuine hunger to play. I still have hope.

Despite many fabulous successes for *Dupree's Diamond News* in 1996 — A New Year's Eve concert for Deadheads in Oregon, the publication of our Garcia tribute issue (*Garcia: A Grateful Celebration*) and three regular issues of *Dupree's*, Deadhead Heaven® (our two-day music festival with Terrapin Tapes), and Light The Song (our contemplative retreat for Deadheads) — it was not without heavy personal costs to the staff. We never got much of a rest after Garcia died — the entire year was one in which we gave and gave and gave as much as the community seemed to need (which was more than a staff of five could really give). More often than not you would find us up at 2 a.m., still working after a 14-hour day. On top of this, our staff weathered two divorces, the sale of one home, and the purchase of another! Phew! Frankly, Garcia's death was only the start of an incredible, breathless, new voyage for us. Our challenge now is to learn how to continue serving the Deadhead community with enough grace and self-nurturing so we don't burn out in the process.

To this end, we have taken on new staff to handle important facets of the business, and assist in others, including subscription problems, merchandising, and concert promotion. After a year in which we had the wind knocked out of us from too much business too fast, and too much catch-up on the other end, we are giving special focus these days to customer satisfaction.

On another note, I am extremely proud to announce that a fellow Deadhead friend of mine, Michael Goetz, and I, have just signed a contract with a major book publisher to produce a two-volume, in-depth guide to every single Grateful Dead tape in circulation and the history of the recording and trading of Grateful Dead music! We've been working quietly on this project for more than a year and, with the help of more than 60 fellow Deadheads, are coming close to completing the first volume. This is no small matter. We've created a comprehensive database of Grateful Dead music on tape (a HUGE effort), conducted in-depth interviews with virtually all of the key historical figures in GD taping and tape trading, and written hundreds of tape/show reviews. In the spring of 1997 we expect to move on to finishing the second volume (volume one — beginning of the Dead's career to 1974, volume two — 1975 - 1995).

Since the taping phenomenon is really as much about Deadheads as it is about the music, we've made every effort to involve as many fellow tapers as is feasible. The idea is to try and get an objective perspective on Grateful Dead music — if that is actually possible. We've asked several different types of Deadheads to join us in writing reviews; the technical wizards, the veterans who taped the shows, the Deadheads who went to the shows they're reviewing and have great stories to tell, and those who simply love the music on tape. If you have strong writing skills and are interested in joining the project check our homepage at www.tiedrich.com/compendium/.

1997 promises to be a year of more surprises, adventures, and good music. See you on the dance floor.

In Light,
Johnny Dwork ♦

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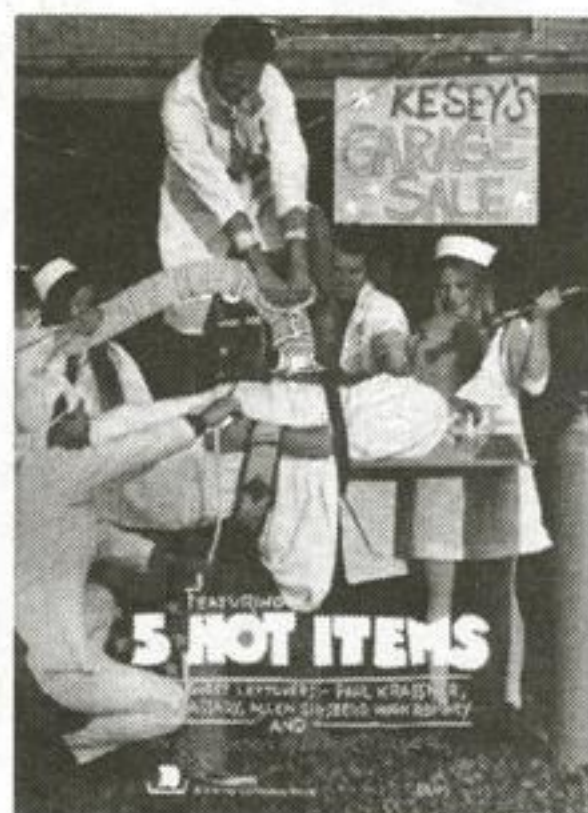
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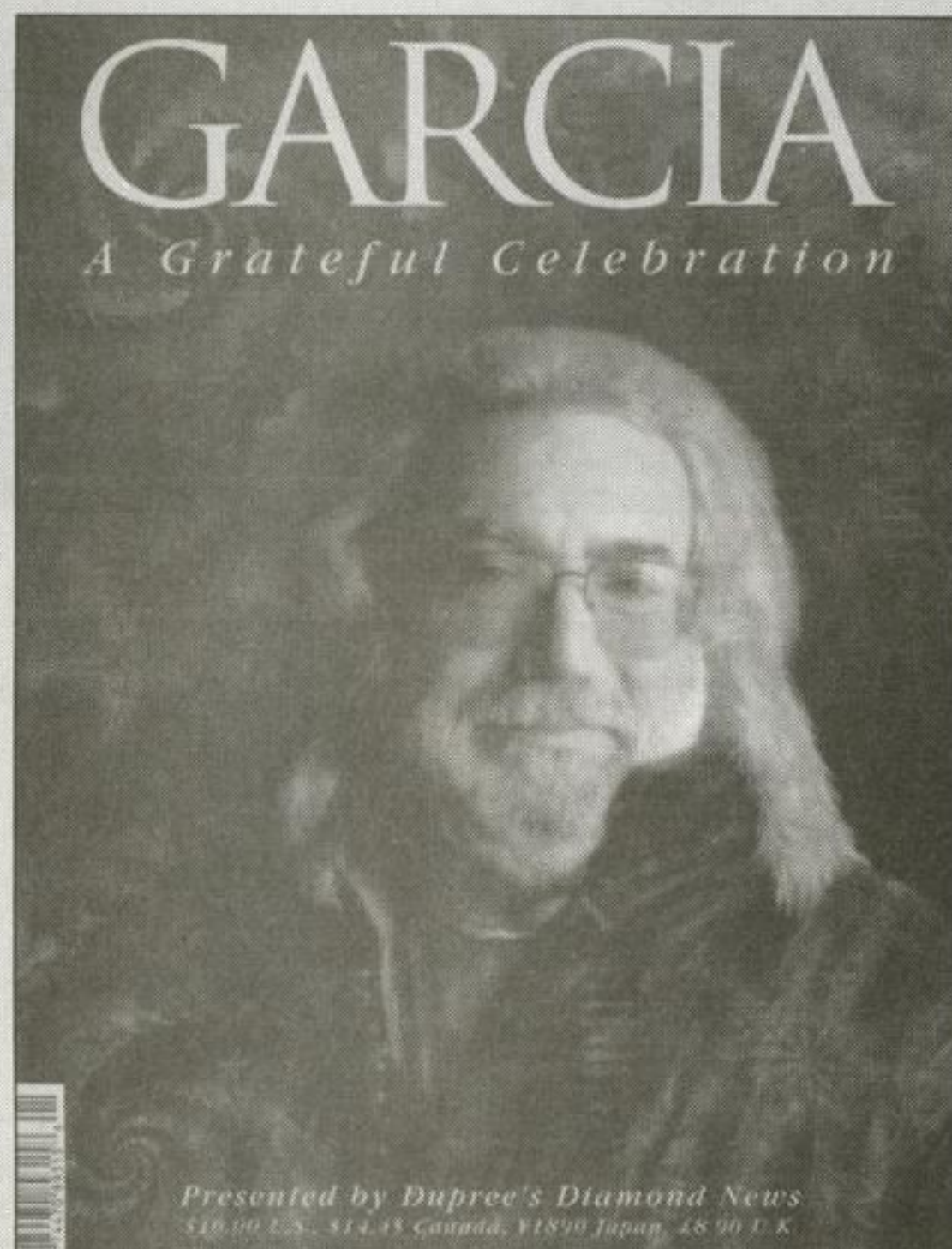
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— Steve Silberman,

Co-author of *Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads*

"The best issue of any Grateful Dead-related magazine I've ever seen, by far."

— Ken Kesey

Prices are as follows: \$12 US, \$14 Canada, \$16 Europe, \$18 Asia. Send check or money order to: DDN — TRIBUTE, P.O. Box 4926, Manchester, NH 03108-4926 (Please allow 6 weeks for delivery)

A DOUBLE DOSE

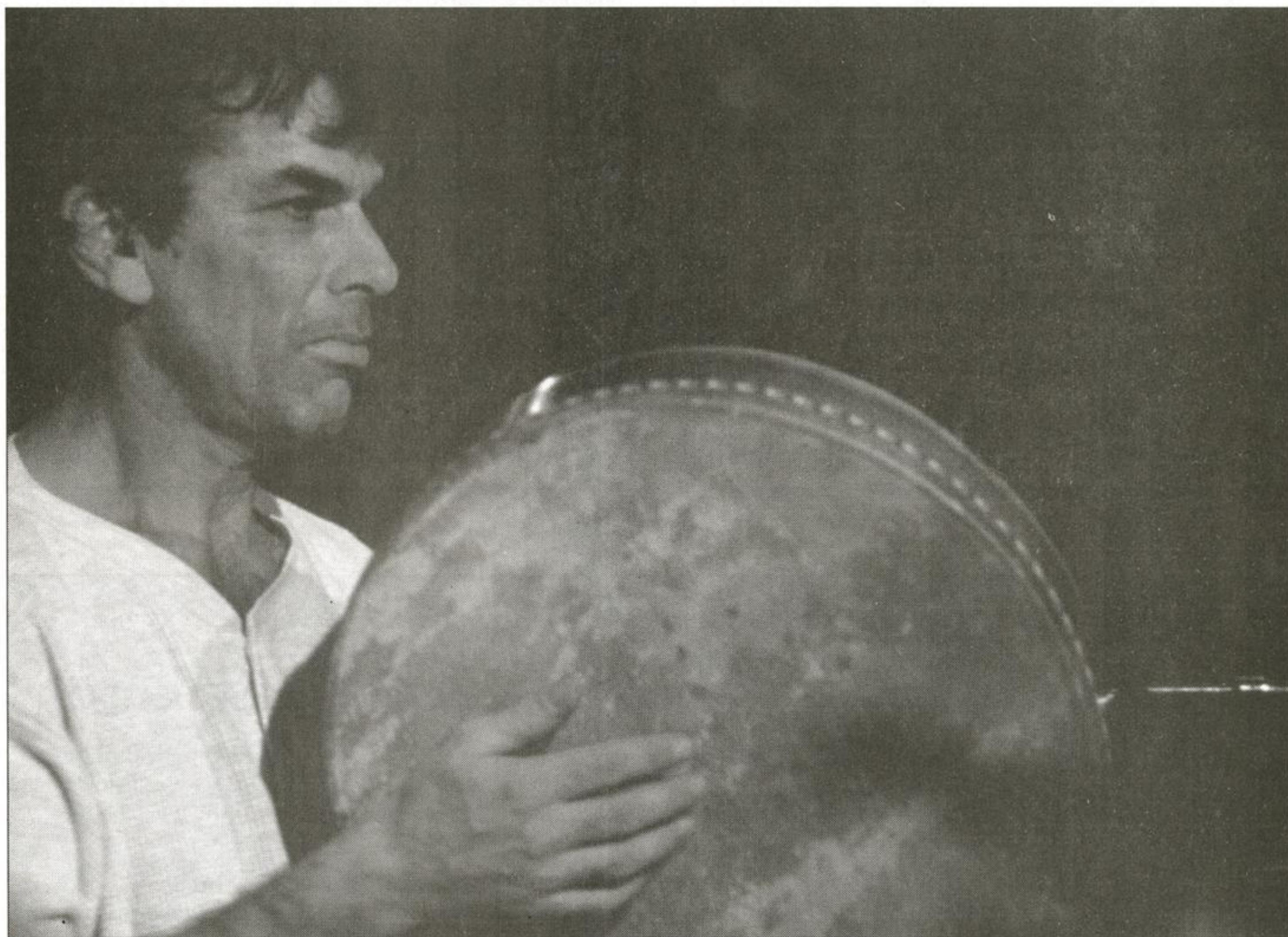


Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

HART

of

IN THE GROOVE:

AN INTERVIEW WITH MICKEY HART

I think "Mystery Box" is in many ways your best effort ever. What was the genesis of this project?

Well, you might say it was a continuation of the Planet Drum project. It really grew out of that. Then I decided that it would be built around songs, instead of simply rhythm-scapes. So, Hunter agreed to write the tunes and that changed everything.

So the project originated about two years ago?

Oh, no, it actually started much longer ago. More like four years — that's when Hunter wrote most of the lyrics.

There are some songs like Only the Strange Remain that are even older, right?

Yes, but that was the only song that was written years ago. Originally, I was going to do that with the Grateful Dead, but I just forgot about it, and it got put on the shelf. Hunter wrote the other nine songs on the CD.

How did you meet up with the Mint Juleps?

I was talking to Jerry about this project all along. He would give me his seat-of-the-pants suggestions. I asked him where I could find a vocal group that didn't sound like some generic Western gospel group. He said to try Spike Lee's video *Do It A Cappella*. Sure enough, I rented it and there were the Mint Juleps singing over Lady Smith Black Mambazo doing *The Lion Sleeps Tonight*. And they had the sound that I heard in Hunter's words.

That's interesting, because I spoke to them backstage at one of the Furtbur concerts and they told me that when you first approached them, they took one listen to your music and said, "Oh, no, no, no. He doesn't want us. We're not at all what he wants." I found it curious that you needed to convince them to see your vision.

That's surprising. I guess somehow they changed their minds, because I didn't feel any of that hesitation. If I had thought they were tentative about the project, I wouldn't have worked with them. It's funny, if that was their first impulse.

Yes, I think it was their first impulse.

It's true, they didn't get it for a while. Hunter's lyrics are pretty deep for someone not familiar with them. So I could see it as we started working on a new tune. It took awhile before they started hearing the words and getting the meaning. Once it became personal to them, then they really started to get into it and started to really love it. Because if they didn't get into it, you wouldn't hear those beautiful voices that you hear on the CD. They really worked at this. It was something like 30 days of tracking. That's a full month!

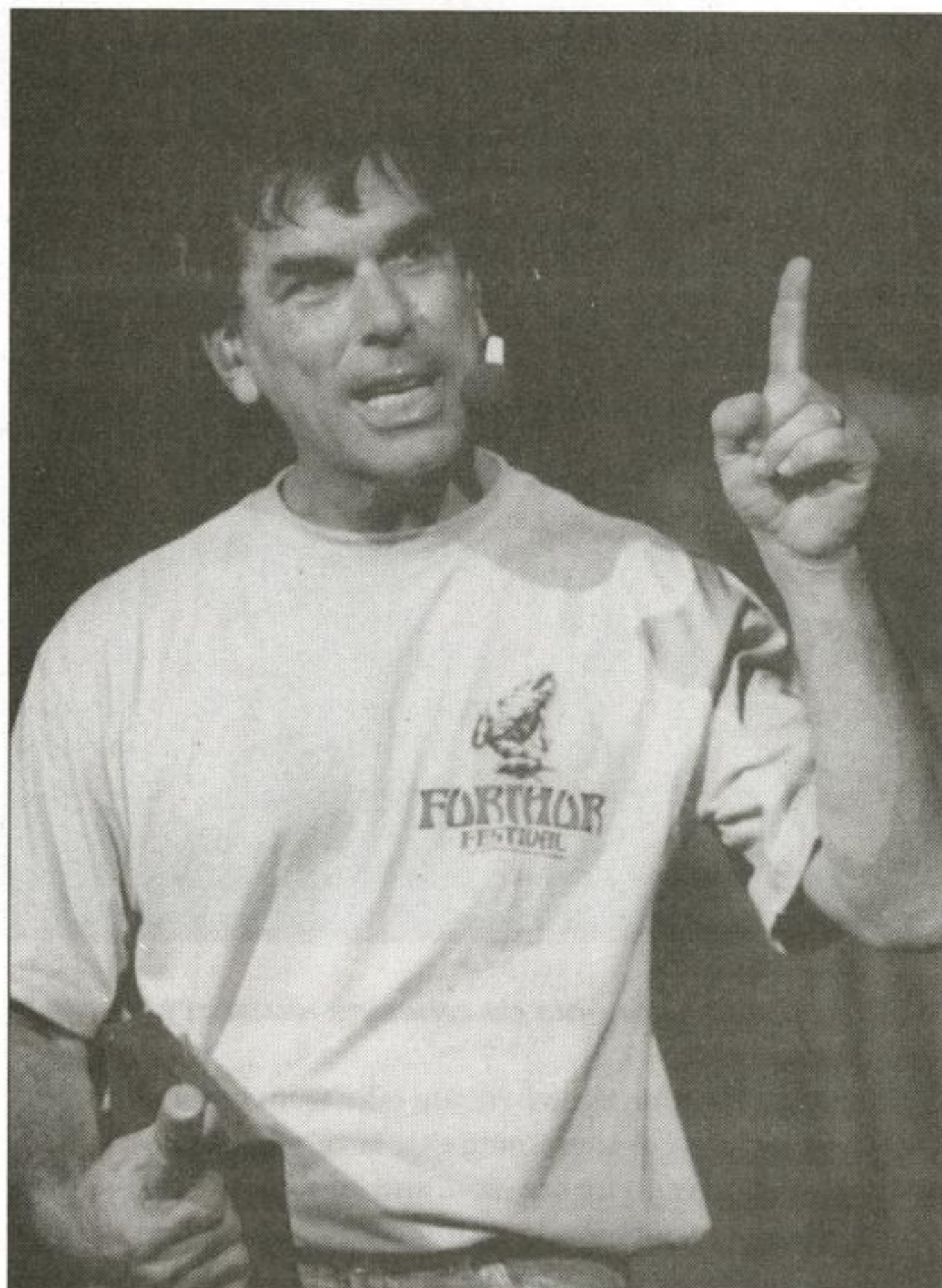


Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

This CD breaks the world record for most number of digital tracks on a song and a CD.

I don't know what the world record is, but this certainly has to be right up there. I can't imagine many people recording more than I did. I don't know what the world record is, but I know we have over 250 slave reels.

I heard you had 108 tracks on at least one cut.

There are at least that many on some of them. It's because we're in the digital age, although all of it is backed up on analog. It's just an enormous project, but I had so much fun doing it. I can just stay in the studio as long as I want, so there's no stopping until I finished. I went into it as an open-ended project. I didn't say I was going to do this in a year or two or three. I just said I'm going to make music in a new kind of form.

It appears that the songs on "Mystery Box" weren't written in a traditional Western sense on piano or guitar. I was wondering how these melodies were achieved.

There were a few different ways. Most of the original tonality came off of the drums. Then Vince Welnick and Dave Jenkins came in and added a lot of content and form to the songs. They were the co-composers on some of them. It was different in the sense that the songs were formed almost as tone poems, even before the melody was final. Then we would work together, with Vinnie and Dave adding more to the form and the melodic content.



Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

Yeah, they seem to love it. They're dancing, having a good time. This may be strange music for them — it's not your normal fare — but it's Hunter's songs, and they're beautiful Hunter songs. The rhythm is nice. It's got beautiful voice and drums. It's something I really love. It feels good onstage and people are moving to it. It worked. And actually it's growing into another entity even more powerful than the CD.

I get the feeling from this particular band, that this is something that could continue to evolve over the years, just from seeing the energy shooting back and forth between you and the different percussionists onstage in a semi-circle around the women.

There's definitely energy there. This is something you really can't project into a

group. It has to happen there onstage. You can't just put a group of good guys together and expect there to be this kind of energy. It's what the Grateful Dead had.

You could make a really good MTV video out of one of these songs and it would fit in perfectly side by side with an MTV video by En Vogue. I'm curious whether there's been any work on your part or Rykodisc to push it into that direction.

Rykodisc doesn't push me in any direction. I don't even really know about that stuff, so I can't really plan for that. Heck, I've never had a hit record in the Grateful Dead or anything else. But, they are talking about doing a video now. It's not something that I could really plan because I really never think about it.

Tell me about how you feel about singing?

I really wouldn't call it singing. I don't have to hit the high notes or anything. It's more a talking blues kind of thing, almost kind of rappish. It's very natural for me because that's who I am, what I sound like. It's not an act; it's been nice and easy.

Where was the CD recorded?

It was recorded in my studio.

I was in awe watching the Opening Ceremonies at the Olympic Games. It was really something listening to your contribution. How did that come about?

The Olympic organizers came to me. The Olympics are all about bringing the tribes of the world together through sport. And sports are rhythm. They had my books and CDs. They said that *Planet Drum* was, for them, what the Olympics were all about — music bringing the world together. Sikiru Adepoku, Zakir Hussain, Giovanni Hidalgo, Jaolo Eduardo, Philip Glass, and I composed the opening. Not only that, but I got to meet Muhammed Ali.

What are your thoughts on crossing musical genres and cultures?

It's delicate. The thing is when you take from one culture, you can't just rip out something that is very culturally specific. You have to be sensitive and know what you're doing. There are unlimited musical combinations and possibilities that lie out there in the unknown. It's finding the right combination of sounds that make a new work a composition of beauty. But you have to remember that it's the world's music. Nobody really owns the sounds or instruments of the world. It's how you put it together that really makes it valid, as opposed to just a rip-off or a nuisance that doesn't work. Not all types of music go together. For me, the basis is in the rhythm, not necessarily in melody and harmony. Mostly I go to the rhythm and then the tonality is secondary.

This CD really blew off my head when I first heard it. Deadheads really love it. Yet on first listening, it's outside the realm of what Deadheads expected.

I don't know about the expectations of Deadheads. The thing about Deadheads is I always thought they were open to world music — the sounds of change, the ideas of transformation. That's what the Grateful Dead was all about. Any good music does that to you. So I guess I appealed to that part of them. But the idea is I really don't play to any audience, I play for myself. I answer my own muse, who's not talking through the Deadheads, I assure you. I've gone out and done my homework in all these cultures. I'm not just randomly ripping them off. Deadheads should welcome this change. I didn't want to repeat the Grateful Dead experience. I mean that was as good as it could get. I didn't think that we needed another Grateful Dead pretender.

It seems to me from watching you live in concert and also from hearing people's feedback you've been well received.

Did any of those drummers make original contributions to the actual ceremony, or did you script everything yourselves?

They had a copy of the music on the field, and we had given them a tape. Then they recruited these drummers from Atlanta and trained them. I just stood there and watched it in the stands.

Tell me about RAMU?

RAMU, that's Random Access Music Universe. RAMU allows me to play live a lot of the sophisticated sounds that you hear on the record. At the flip of a switch, I can utilize musical palettes that were previously unavailable to me. So that's what RAMU does; it's a part of the digital domain I can bring to the archaic world of drumming. I have drums around one side of me and MIDI paths on the other.

Is it foot switch activated?

There are foot switches in there, but actually it's on another switching board at my fingertips.

Did I see The Beam onstage?

You did. It was at an angle. It had to be there.

Please tell me about the metallic floral sculpture.

It's a poison plant. (Laughs). You must be careful. It grows in the Bakudan's Garden, and it has big nasty noisy flowers. Beware of this plant. Actually, it's a MIDI drum device that sounds like udu drums, like big gigantic bells. The only way you can do this is through the digital domain. Peter Englehart made the sculpture. He makes all of my tuned metal (like The Beam). He's a beautiful designer, and he designed the poison plant. Actually it's part of Sonny and Cher, which are the skeletons, but I left them at home. I had to leave someone to guard the house!

I only saw you play Sonny and Cher once, at the Homeless Benefit in New York with the Gyuto Monks.

Right, I played Sonny and Cher with the Gyuto Monks. I only played them one other time, I think, in public. They're my guardians.

That's interesting. Was the metallic flower designed with the intent of being triggers, specifically for instruments that would be very hard to mike, like the udu and the berimbau.

No, I sort of programmed it for that. I just used them as triggers at first, but the intent was that when you have these kinds of triggers the smart thing is to have them trigger the things that have the hardest time sounding beautiful when you amplify them. Udu and berimbaus feed back when they're pumped to a reasonable level. So you throw them into the digital domain and sculpt them and put beautiful

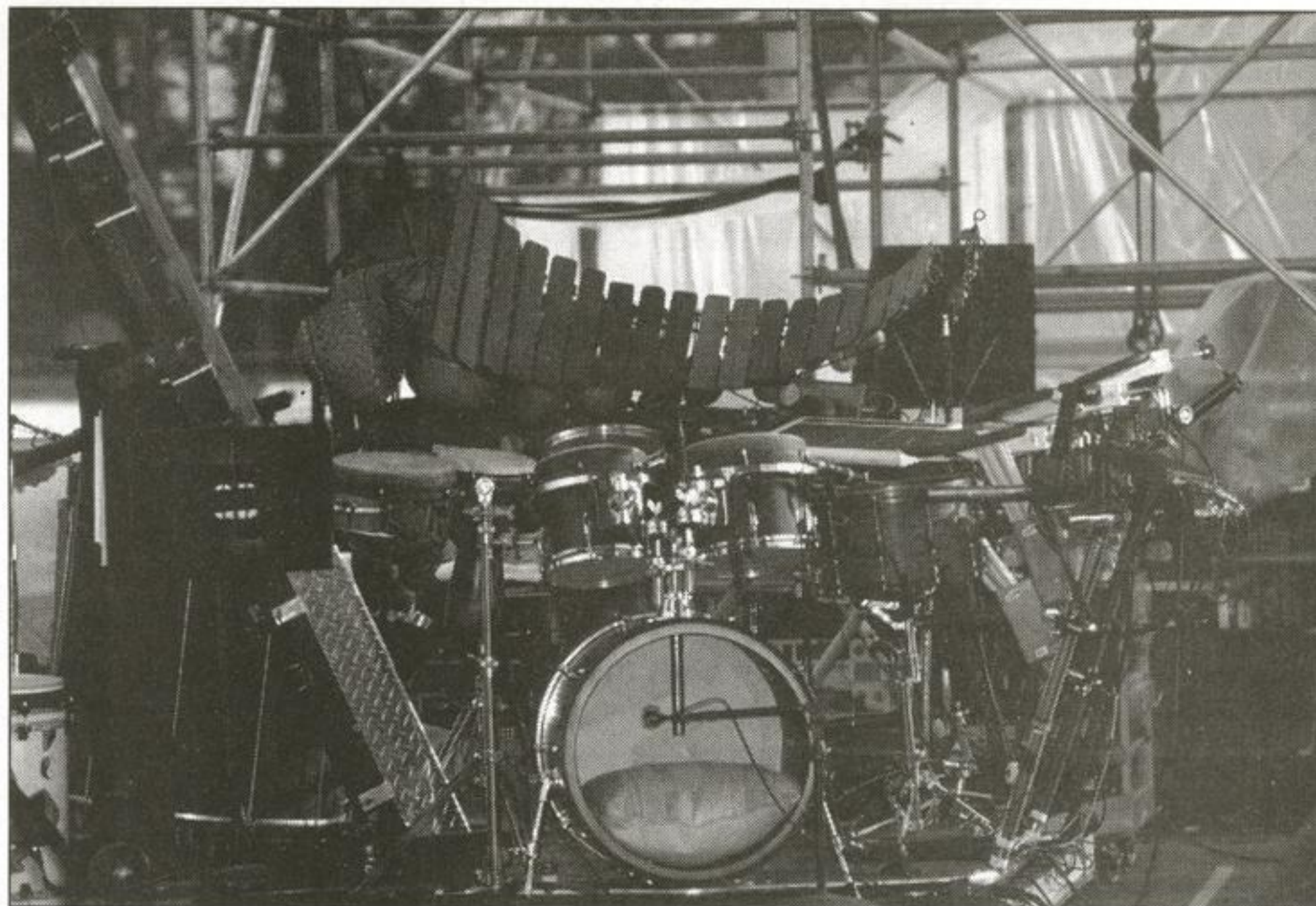


Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

reverberation and harmonization in space. And then away you go. It sounds gorgeous, but that's the only way you can access this palette. It's either that or forget about it. And I'd rather not.

Going back to the Olympics, did I hear the Gyuto Monks in the mix?

You certainly did. The first voice, that was Norvu. I can't remember the order I put them in, but I think Joan Baez was second. And then the third one was Olatunji. The fourth was a guy from the Mediterranean area, a Lebanese guy. Then there was the gospel singer from the San Quentin Mass Choir. I use that choir on a harmonic convergence because of the giant D. I composed it in D because of the innate character of D. That's my outfit character. That's my glory in D. It was just a big wide open D, no fifth, just a monochord like The Beam. Matter of fact, The Beam is the whole low end, that was The Beam. You could say that the whole of the Opening Ceremonies rode on the back of The Beam.

When did you get the call to do the Olympic ceremony, and how long did it take?

Nine months that I've been working on it off and on. But it's been about a year maybe since they first asked me to do it.

Tell me what it was like playing with the San Francisco Symphony?

It had its moments, but it was very restrictive. Any kind of volume completely wipes out the orchestra, and we were being overly sensitive. I thought we had a little paranoid dynamic going.

In what sense?

We didn't want to hurt the smaller animals in the forest there. Electronics have to be at a certain volume level to be of any consequence. And we were paranoid, in a strange environment, sonically and musically. So we kept the volume too

low. But the enthusiasm that the musicians and the conductor, Michael Tilson Thomas, had was invigorating. I thought it was an experiment that should be continued. It could be a very interesting musical form if everybody relaxed and had a little more time, but everybody was very busy. So it happened at a very inopportune time. Bob was getting his band together, and I was finishing the Olympics and preparing for the [Furthur] tour at the time that was going down. I couldn't put as much attention into it as I would have liked to.

I found a very interesting parallel between the final performance of the symphony and the final jam set at the Furthur Festival. I was astounded by the incredible energy and enthusiasm, particularly Phil Lesh at the Symphony and you destroying the drums during Not Fade Away at Furthur. I'm curious about what jazes you up these days and how you feel about playing a couple of minutes each night of those Dead tunes that you played for so long?

What gets me going is the passion for the music and the rhythm. That's the fuel. The Dead songs? I have mixed feelings. It amuses me how people interpret them, what they think it's supposed to sound like. Nothing feels and sounds like the real thing, so it's all reproductions. Some are better than others. Some don't understand the song at all, but others really try, and then it's like revisiting an old place. It's not the real thing, it's a different thing, but it feels okay.

Obviously, this is something on every Deadhead's mind. If you and the surviving members of the Dead could find some sort of setup or relationship that would work, some sort of formula, would you be interested in re-examining that relationship and seeing what happens? What I'm talking about really is something like the Furthur jam sessions, but with Phil as well.

I'm up for anything, right now. I'm having a good time right where I am. It feels great. I wouldn't stop anything from happening, but I think everyone is taking a break, really, from each other. I mean we've been together our whole lives.

What is your feeling for the future?

I want to do more of this in Europe and Asia. I've got soundtracks coming up, and movies, CD-ROMs. Plus all this stuff, I've been writing for years. There are things I'm doing, projects I can't discuss with you at the moment. Believe me, I have a lot of work to do. There will be about six new releases coming out. I've been working hard on a lot of stuff.

It's good to see you so happy and excited. I think that comes across to everybody.

I'm glad. Bob and I are having a great time on the tour.

How has the road been for you? Looking forward to getting off?

Yeah, sure, but it's fine. I feel more together now after a six-week tour than after a three-week Grateful Dead tour in a way. The pressure is off, and we can just have fun! ♦



Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MINT JULEPS

We are talking with Julie Isaac of the Mint Juleps. How did you all start singing together?

We met in school and worked at a local theater. One night, someone asked if we were a band. We said, "Of course." He asked us to come perform at their club. We knew

five songs, had no formal training, and nothing was prepared. I guess it worked out; people have been asking us to sing ever since. That was 12 years ago.

What were your early and current influences?

R&B and Motown back then. Now it's basically the successful rock female artists, Joan Osborne, Jewel, Natalie Merchant. I think both English and American cultures have affected us because they were mostly available in the pop area. In the U.S., more types of influences are accessible than in England.

How did you come up with the name Mint Juleps?

We did a school play about slavery. One of the girl's character always drank Mint Juleps. At the first gig, this guy asked us our name, and we had been talking about that play. Someone said the Mint Juleps and laughed...it stuck.

I understand Jerry Garcia had seen Spike Lee's documentary on a cappella music and brought it to Mickey's attention. Had you ever heard of Mickey Hart before?

No. We first learned of the Grateful Dead through clips of a Dead concert on TV [from Egypt], and no one could believe so many people would go into the desert to see a band.

When and how did this project come to you?

About three years ago, Mickey and McGowan approached us and sent us some tapes of their music. We told them we didn't think we were the type they were looking for — this was nowhere near what we did.

What was the music (vocals) they were looking for?

It was more like Planet Drum, no words, just vocal sounds. They thought it could be a great fusion of world music and us. But, they wanted it to be slightly mainstream.

Did Hunter's lyrics include "ow maki maki"?

No that was us. We took a chant from another song and changed it to gibberish, it doesn't mean anything.

Where does the melody come into play? The talking drum can do anything but your vocals are the melody.

We had to change things a little bit so it sounded right. First, we got percussion tracks. Then Mickey came to England and worked to get the perfect sound. We did two weeks of demo pre-pro, then went back to Mickey's and recorded some more. Hunter would change verses and we'd have to rework the melody. It was really tough to do. We weren't used to working with people that changed so quickly in this business.

Are you more oriented to the studio or the road?

The road. That's what we do, and where we make a living. ♦

PLANET DRUMMER:

AN INTERVIEW WITH MICKEY HART

BY STEVE SILBERMAN

My "day job" is chronicling the changes in our lives brought about by the Internet, and online communities like the WELL, for HotWired (<http://www.hotwired.com>) and the Wired News Service.

I spoke with Mickey on his birthday, September 11. Our conversation went out live to the World Wide Web, and the unedited version is archived both in text and RealAudio on HotWired at <http://www.hotwired.com/poptalk/96/37/index1a.html>.

— Steve Silberman, digaman@well.com

Hello, Mickey. Happy birthday! I hear you're in a beautiful bucolic setting, looking out at the mountains.
 Hey, thank you. It is a happy birthday. I don't even know where I am, but it's beautiful here. I'm lost — and I love it!

About a month and a half ago, you released "Mystery Box." One of my favorite tracks is John Cage Is Dead. The instrumentation seems like a very appropriate tribute to the Roshi [Zen master] of Noise.

Yes, it's full of noise. I spent about two weeks on my hands and knees, inside the piano, foraging for those prepared-piano sounds in the night, that formed the backbone of *John Cage Is Dead*. That was really a tremendous adventure for me. Appropriate to John Cage, who was the master of noise, and everything-is-music, and say yes to our process here together in chaos, man!

John was very special to the Grateful Dead, and to worlds of music in general. He was the first "noise-ician," taking noise and bringing it into the Western orchestra in a way that was meaningful. When I saw that he died in the *New York Times*, I called up Hunter, and told him, "John Cage is dead — John Cage is dead!" I just couldn't believe it. He wasn't the type to die! John Cage became a very important musical moment, you know — "How would I do it, if John was sitting here?"

He asked for something for his 75th birthday, so Jerry and I sent him a little piece of tape that we had done, called "Desert Zone" — some crickets and things and sounds [recorded for the Dead's 1975 album "Blues for Allah"]. John wrote back and said, "Thank you very much, I took your two-minute tape and played it back at half-speed. It was beautiful, it was marvelous, thank you so much — John Cage."

I was like, "Jerry, he just cut up our work and played it back at half-speed." And Jerry smiled and was just, "Yeeaahhh... John Cage!"

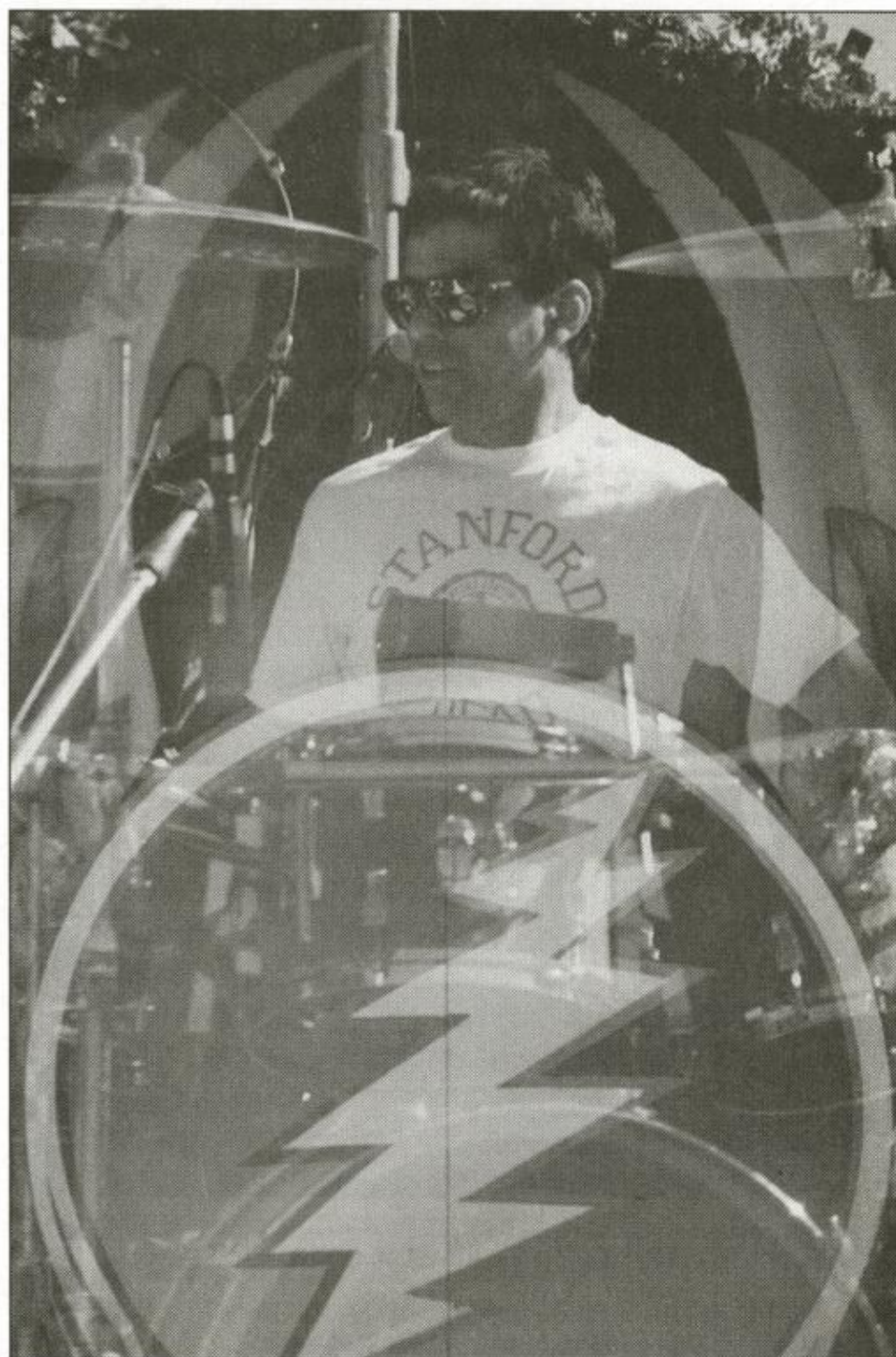


Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

One of the great things about Cage's music is that, after being with it for a while, you start to hear all the sounds of the world as music.

It's your ear. What do you mean, "noise?" What do you mean, "music?" Once you start listening to things with the proper ear, then much is music. John was the kind of guy who would even call silence "music." "How dare he, my God!" People would walk out. But now, it is the spaces in between.

Was Cage an influence on the Space segments of Grateful Dead shows?

Absolutely. He was the influence on the whole way you approached music — what are your colors? Do you just work off the strings here, and hit the note, or hit the drum in this place, or can you mix it up? He gave license to everything that turned out to be the Good Stuff in the Grateful Dead — all the spaces in between. How you get from one place to another. He redefined a whole mindset on the way you hear. It's not just a kind of music. It's what music is.

One of the other things I really like about "Mystery Box" is that some of the tunes open up with a little ambient space, like a landscape in which the tune just arises.

It sets the mood, and it awakens you that something here is happening, that there's a little mystery — and then there it is.

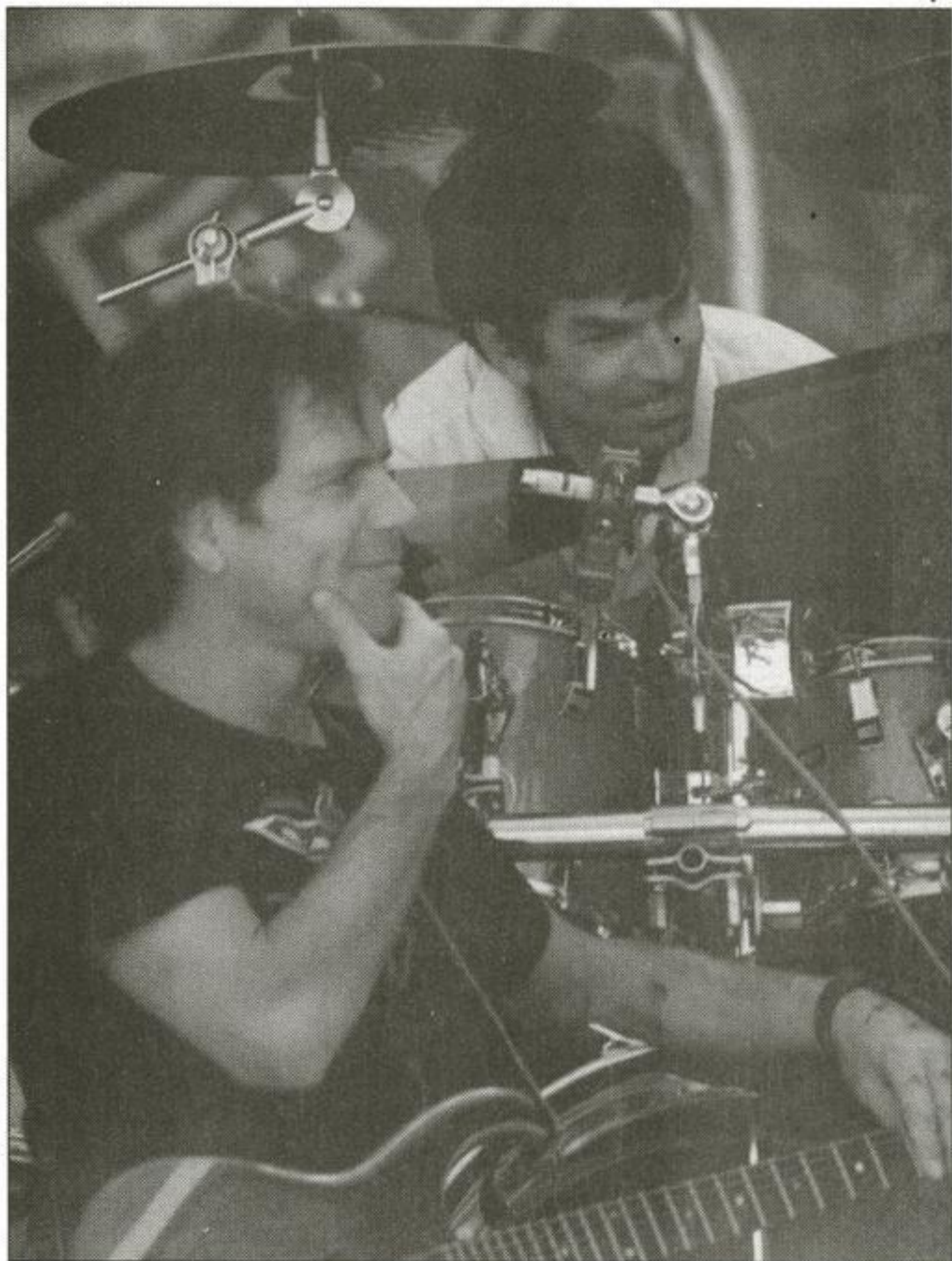


Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

It emerges, slowly, and spins its web, and then it's gone.

How did you get into non-Western music?

Could you define Latin percussion as "non-Western?" When I was just a kid, five years old, all I was hearing was the hybrid sounds coming in from Cuba and Puerto Rico, mixing with

the rhythms of the city — Latin music. Tito Puente, Tito Rodriguez... all these guys that were coming up, that played what you call salsa now. It was the hot polyrhythms following the backbeat from Africa, the diaspora, all these rhythms, they came up through the Caribbean, and worked their way up to New York City and the East Coast.

It was everywhere. It was dance music. People were getting together in these clubs after hours, and moving into trance. It wasn't entertainment — it was religion. It was religious-based music, music definitely headed into the sacred dimension. *Santeria, condemle...* all of the powerhouse powerful rhythms that were coming out of that part of the world were now mixing with the rhythms of our culture here in the United States.

That was a powerful rhythm — one of the strongest grooves that I've ever heard in the world. That was the first one. The one that really clinched it for me was when I met Alla Rakha, and he introduced me to the really sophisticated world of the most muscular tradition on the planet: North India. That changed everything. Phil just handed me a record one day, and said, "You've gotta hear this." Once I told my buddies in the Grateful Dead about that, and we started working over these revolutions and these rhythmic cycles, then the band mutated again, from a blues band into an experimental music band, and so forth. You know the rest,

One of the things I always enjoyed about "Space" was that even though a lot of the sounds one would hear at a Dead show were coming out of a cutting-edge sound system, it seemed that when you played The Beam, or lifted the drumsticks in front of the audience — that it was like seeing the very beginnings of performance itself.

In the Grateful Dead, I was allowed to go into trance. That's what they paid me for. It wasn't necessarily entertainment. We were all going on a musical adventure, that was the fare. Everybody knew that — we all were going to get lost. We went to find a new place, a new icon for that night — create something of great value. That was all part of it.

There's an edge where "performance" and "trance" — sometimes it crossed over, because there was a part of it that was a show. But it did take you there. It did do what it was supposed to do. It was all about transition. That's what the Grateful Dead — trance — that's what all good music really enjoys. That's the basic ingredient: transition. Transformation. That's the power of music. If the music has that, it has power. The grooves that I spoke about earlier — those were powerful



Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

grooves. They had the power to transform, to take you there. To make you dance, to trance you, to put you into a rapturous state.

It's pretty amazing how, outside Dead shows, in social forms like the drum circles, it was as if the drums themselves were transmitting information about some very archaic social forms.

Absolutely. They really are. They're calling, they're saying, "Listen to me. Gather around — you can dance to a rhythm — important. I can make a good rhythm." They also give you a feeling of rapture because of the adrenaline that they release, and what percussive sound does to the body.

After 30 years of touring with the Dead, how did it feel different, being a leader among a band of leaders in Mystery Box?

It had a certain kind of responsibility, because it wasn't like [we had the Dead] organization, the machine that just took care of everything. Here, I was protective of the band, making sure that everything went as well as could possibly be for their well-being. Being the leader is really difficult with guys like Zakir [Hussain, tabla] and Giovanni [Hidalgo, conga]. I mean, it's a real privilege to play with these guys. These are really master percussionists in my eyes.

So, that was one thing that we didn't have to do in the Grateful Dead — there were no manners there. It was beyond that. We had all lived together. It's not the same with the Mystery Box. We don't live together, we haven't partied together, we hadn't spent four nights up in a row, and gone down many roads. We have to get to know each other musically. So I spent as much time as I could, playing on the buses in between the stops. We had these great rhythmic conversations on the buses — which only happens when you're young. You know, you wake up in the morning, coffee's brewin', and there's always a drum movin'. Then there's two drums, then there's three drums, and before 7:30 in the morning, you've got a raging groove going. You know [laughing], Bill and I don't get up at seven or eight in the morning, knock on each other's doors, and say, "OK, man — let's groove!" We haven't done that for a while. So, this is a different kind of thing. It has that young energy. It was pretty cool.

Are you in touch with Kreutzmann at all?

Yeah, I see him from time to time. He looks great, sounds great, and he's feelin' good.

There's a rumor out there that he made the call a couple of weeks ago, that he's open to playing with you guys again.

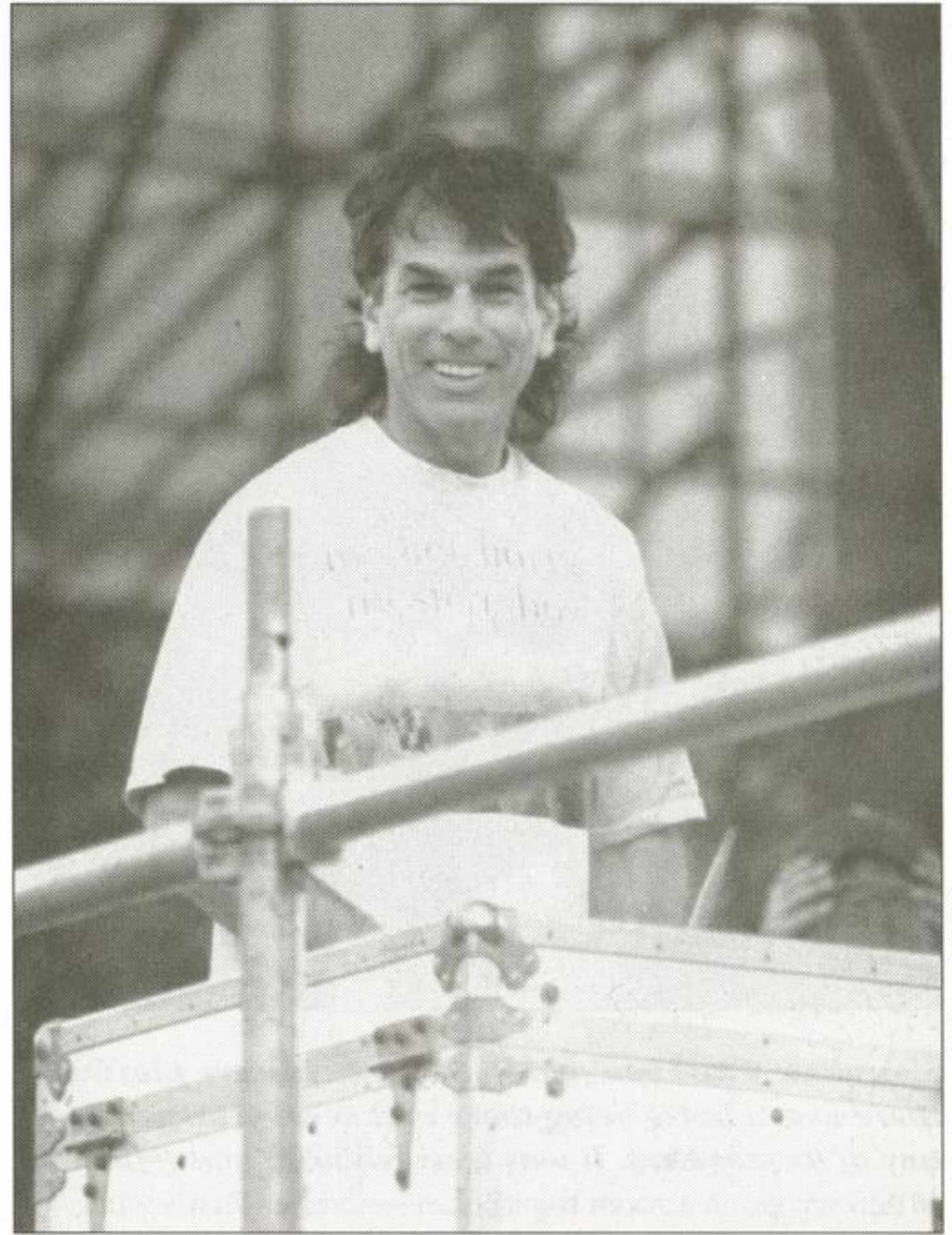


Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

We've always been like that. We just decide when we're going to do it. Eventually, we'll get together and play. It's just not this time, but close. Everybody's getting a little itchy.

I was lucky enough to see both your performance with the San Francisco Symphony, and the Furthur tour at



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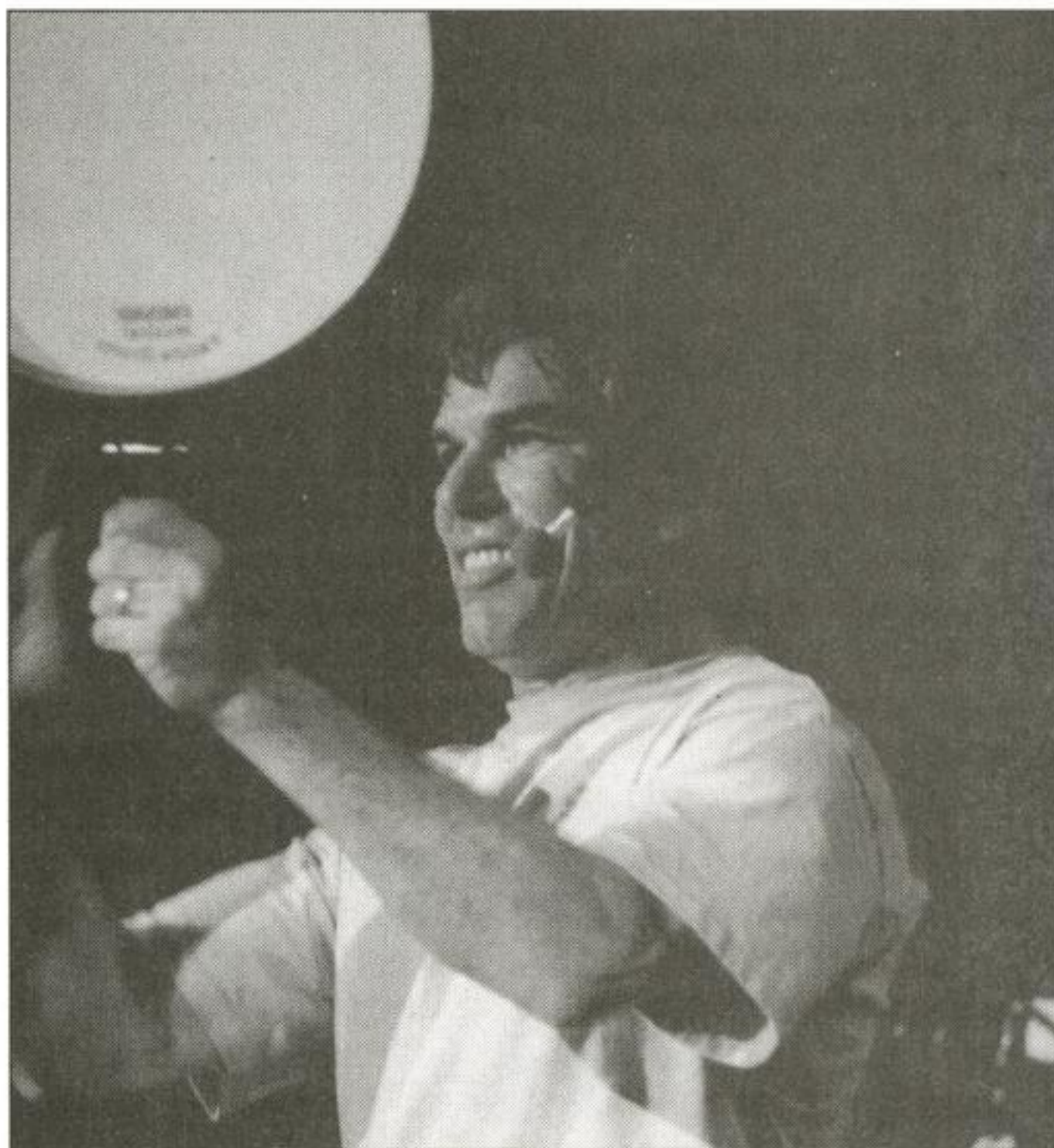


Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

Shoreline. When you and Phil and Weir were playing, there was a living being there that seemed larger than any of its members. It was tremendously powerful.

When we get in a room together, it's electric. That's what makes a group. That's what makes it special. It still happens. Even, you know, with me and Bob together, or Bob and Phil — it just ups the ante a little more. I love these guys! Whenever we get together, we do something that's really wild, really special.

I have a question from the online world. "Mickey, how are you doing? You've sustained a great loss of a friend and a collaborator. Are there any new doors opening up to you because of this change in your life?"

Well, the Grateful Dead became a habit. And when you have habits, sometimes you need hobbies. So, I was having hobbies outside, doing little things. Now, they become more important, because they were my passion, as well as the Grateful Dead. It opens me up to a whole other set of opportunities, of working with different people. Because the Grateful Dead did take up a lot of time. Now that time's devoted to my other passionate avenues.

You said in *Drumming at the Edge of Magic* that some part of Garcia wanted to be a drummer. What was it that you got off on in his approach to playing music, and playing with him?

He wasn't afraid. He was like a musical warrior. He wasn't afraid to get weird. That's one of the places that me and him went personally. We had our own little weird spot that we went to. Whenever we went to that place, we would look at each other — that was our special lil' place that we had.

He was a can-do kind of guy. Anything can happen. "Musical catalyst" was another good way of describing him. When you

were riding the pulse, he wasn't afraid to drop the "one," he wasn't afraid to let something go. Nothing was too holy for him. You know, he'd be thinking, "Yeah, that's great, I love it!" Then all of a sudden, musically I'd say something, and he'd, you know, "Oh! Screw that" — you know, drop it — "that isn't as important as *this*." He'd be able to change on a dime, and that was one of the more endearing musical features, rhythmically speaking.

Now there's a whole generation of younger bands who jam, take chances, and get onstage without a setlist. What parts of your 30-year exploration would you want to be the legacy of the Dead's experiment?

I would say the early — "Anthem of the Sun," "Live/Dead." Those were the most musically adventurous times. It was totally innocent. We weren't recreating anything — not even ourselves. We were in the process of an absolute, totally unique creation. That was the best time. The rest of the time, we just made all of that stuff that we learned back then sound good. It was freedom, and passion, and all of our collective energies — we were young — pointed in one direction: into the unknown.

When you're playing, you have the stance of a martial artist. What martial arts do you practice?

Judo. Judoka.

Do you feel that martial arts and drumming have changed your sense of being in a body?

Absolutely. It taught me the mind/body continuum, the spirit world, concentration, the "eye of the tiger," follow-through, balance, the flow. All that's important to be a rhythmist. Discipline — and that's what martial arts is all about. And the Grateful Dead taught me how to laugh! You put those together. You have to laugh — that's what the martial arts don't teach you.

Do you have a personal spiritual practice?

I meditate, and I do yoga, vishnaga yoga. I breathe deep, and I play the drums. That's it. That's my meditation, that's what I pray to, that's what gives me my center. That's my religion.

Was it ever a drag to be famous?

People try to take advantage of you in some ways. But it really goes with the turf. I wouldn't say that it's a hardship, considering what you're doing and everything. Sometimes it's a nuisance when you want to just be alone. You're on a desert island, and people come up to you. There have been a few times when I just really didn't want to see anybody, or talk to anybody, or be in the Grateful Dead, or anything. Like, the other day I went on a picnic someplace with my wife, and we sat down, way out in no-man's land. We sat on a table, and someone had just written in fresh chalk, "THE GRATEFUL DEAD." Way out, hundreds of miles from civilization! Things like that. But that was very beautiful — I loved it.

But no, it really isn't that much of a bother, considering we have such great fans. They just want to thank you. It's not like they want to hurt you. They're really a beautiful audience.

During the second set of Dead shows, often you would hold up the drumsticks, as if you were receiving a kind of energy from the audience. Were you aware of communication between you and the audience?

Of course. That was the base of operations. You have to say, "We are going to lock up. This is going to be *us*, tonight." You have to come into it with that. You have to also establish a certain kind of center in yourself. You have to get it going first in yourself. Then the audience comes into play, and then you have this little dance between the audience and you. You give, and you take, and you watch the audience, and the audience has a movement to it. And all of a sudden the movement and yours are the same. Then you've got a groove. That's what they love. They were certainly a part of it. Once you saw it, you felt it, then you started to play into it, and the audience would play into the band, and the band would play into the audience. It became a game. After awhile, they knew how to do it. It was a language we had — a secret language.

How did Fire on the Mountain happen?

I can't even remember. I started messing around on the bass, and Hunter wrote the words, and I put down a percussion track, and that's how it started. I didn't really sing, so I said, "Jerry, sing this."

One of the things that I've really valued in the Dead's music is that the music never flinched away from embracing what Hunter calls, on your new CD, "the cream of the strange." There were lots of times at Dead shows when the music would be really dark, even intentionally terrifying, in Space.

Yes, there was. Life is terrifying at times, isn't it? It is for me, and I'm sure it is for everybody else at times, and music should reflect that, if you want it to. There was no reason not to. It was the unknown, it was discovery, it was the Other Side, the release, the yin and the yang. And there was noise, and there was all these possibilities in this section, because it was uncharted. There was no musical form — it was without form.

Who are you listening to these days for inspiration?

I'm listening to a lot of the ska stuff, and a lot of the techno/rave things — fascinating processing — as far as the popular music. Now I'm back into doing some more monk work [with the Gyuto Tantric Choir]. Overdubbing monks on monks.

That was quite something, when the Monks came out with the Dead at Shoreline. That must have been a first in this kalpa [a Buddhist unit of time = millions of years].

Yeah. They allowed me to overdub them. We put earphones on them, and they were able to go the eleventh partial and hold it perfectly. You could hear the 70 cycles, the low frequencies, and there it was. And I asked them if they could do it a third time, and they said yes. So we did three complete overdubs on the Choir. The Choir over the Choir over the Choir. It's massive. Absolutely stunning. So I've been working on that, too. ♦

Gratitude to Mickey, Howard Cohen, and Dennis McNally.

Steve Silberman is the co-author of Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads (Doubleday), and a regular Dupree's contributor.



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THE BUS CAME BY AND I GOT ON MOMENTS FROM THE FURTHUR FESTIVAL



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In and around the summer of 1964, Ken Kesey took a large chunk of change from the money he'd earned from the novels, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes A Great Notion*, and used it to convert a 1939 International Harvester school bus into a swirling machine of travel through time and space. He filled the bus with a wonderfully imbalanced yet centered collection of San Francisco Bay Area friends that were as colorful as the day-glo paint that covered the bus in ever-changing patterns. The Merry Pranksters then traveled and traversed America in a movable feast that was wired for sound and vision. The main driver of the intrepid adventure was none other than Neal Cassady, the real-life Dean Moriarty from Kerouac's ground breaking novel *On the Road*.

Cassady was, in a sense, carrying the heroic torch from the psychological and literary revolution of the bohemian 1950's into a new age fueled by intense psychedelic chemicals and an ever-expanding vision of the future.

On the masthead panel above the driver's seat, the word "Furthur" was painted. When the bus returned to the Bay Area, Kesey began setting up a more localized ritual known as

the Acid Test. The music for the chaotic and electric Kool-Aid drenched parties was provided by a pizza parlor/garage band called The Warlocks. Many strange gigs and a short time later, the band would play the Fillmore Auditorium under a new name, The Grateful Dead. For many years, and for countless fans, the Dead would be the keepers of the flame for those who were indeed "on the bus."

With the death of Grateful Dead guitarist and reluctant guru Jerry Garcia in August of 1995, the road seemed to all but disappear from beneath the bus. Yet some 30-odd years later, the ongoing journey metamorphosed itself once again into a traveling experience/exhibition, named the Furthur Festival after the Bus.

Among the many various and diverse multi-band package tours that surfaced for consumption this year, the Furthur Festival held a distinction in that the featured bands all have a direct link with each other that goes way beyond any obvious similarity of style or marketability. The entire lineup on this tour consisted of musicians who are friends, members, or mutations of a single source — The Grateful Dead.

Lakewood Amphitheater, Atlanta, GA

By Michael Sheehan

As from ancient lore, a musical phoenix arose from the ashes, manifesting itself in the form of the Furthur Festival. This entity may not have flown to the previous heights of its predecessor, but at times, it was magnificent nonetheless. The multitude of Deadheads descending upon Atlanta on 6/20/96 included folks from all over the United States, creating a decidedly upbeat, highly anticipatory mood. The oppressive heat enhanced beverage sales but did little to dampen the crowd's energy. The venue hosting the first show of the tour was similar in design to Shoreline, with a covered pavilion and grass in the rear. The show was not sold out but seemed to be fairly well-filled.

The show opened with Hot Tuna, who some people (including myself) felt had been badly slotted. Nevertheless, Jorma Kaukonen and the boys produced a highly energized, rockin', albeit precise set — 45 minutes. Included were *Walkin' Blues*, *Hesitation Blues*, and a very nice *Baby What You Want Me To Do*. Jorma's Gibson was "growling." Some of my Southern friends, familiar with Tuna's recorded music but having never experienced them live, were completely blown away.

Following Tuna was a short, solo acoustic set by John Wesley Harding. His music was okay — I felt as if he should have opened the show. Next up was Los Lobos. I was somewhat disappointed in what seemed to be a fairly lethargic effort on their part; perhaps it was due to it being a "first-show warm-up" or something. Despite that, there was occasional inspired guitar work emanating from David Hidalgo's instrument.

The Flying Karamazov Brothers kept the throng entertained between acts. These extremely talented madcaps perform a variety of stunts including juggling anything not nailed down and playing a variety of weird instruments and songs. I think these guys are great if you are going to one or two shows, but after that they begin to wear a little thin.

At this point, things took a decided turn for the better with an appearance by the Bruce Hornsby Band. Bruce's technical prowess and musicianship are well-known to everyone. In addition to his excellent music, Bruce's expressive, animated face communicates well to the audience. My favorites from his set were *On the Western Skyline*, a rockin' *Valley Road*, a drawn-out, kickin' *Rainbow's Cadillac*, and finally, *Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad*.

Alvin Youngblood Hart provided some quality solo blues during the break to help us through until Mickey Hart's appearance. Opinions from Deadheads regarding Mickey Hart's music ranged from wonderful to terrible. Robert Hunter's lyrics were sung beautifully to music performed by some of the most gifted master percussionists of the world. Listening to the CD afterwards reconfirmed my high esteem for this music. Yes, the set is predetermined, and yes, it is tightly structured with few jams, but this is new music finding its own niche. Set highlights included *Where Love*

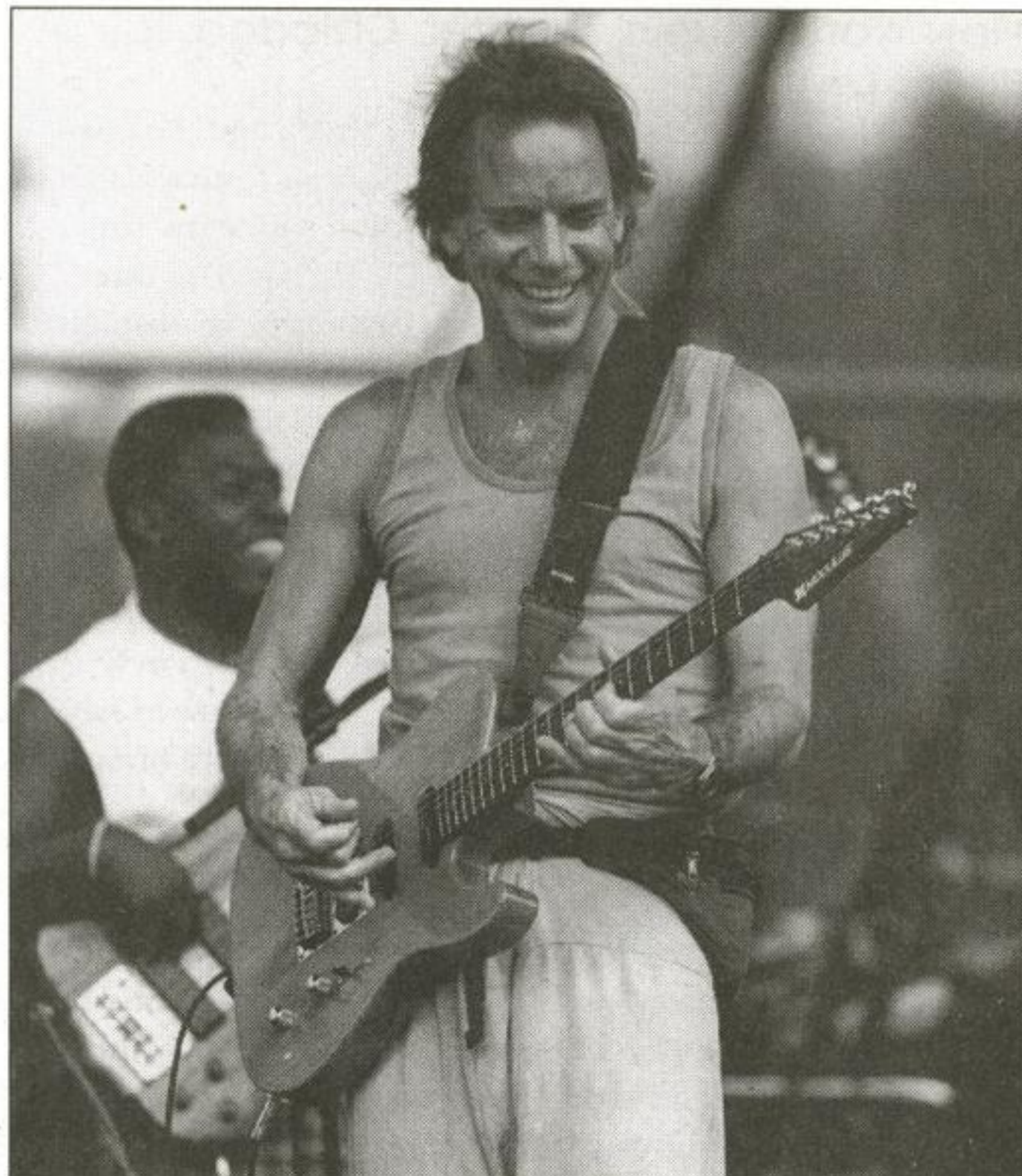


Photo by Sean Poston ©1996

Goes, *Only the Strange Remain*, *Next Step*, *Down the Road*, and a Mickey-style *Fire on the Mountain* (with Bruce and Bobby). The Mint Juleps, with soloist Julie Isaac, blend well with percussionists Zakir Hussain (Man of Many Fingers), Giovanni Hidalgo, Sikiru Adepoju, and Mickey Hart (Man of Many Drums), producing a dynamic, danceable sound.

Ratdog, featuring recent addition Johnnie Johnson on keyboards, opened with a traditional Sonny Boy Williamson version of *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*. A toe-tappin' *Take Me to the River* was well received, prefacing a vintage *Wang Dang Doodle*. *Eternity*, played next, had special meaning for my wife and me, as the lyrics had been incorporated into our wedding vows. An acoustic *KC Moan* was average compared to the very above average rendition of *Masterpiece* which included Bruce Hornsby on accordion. Lowell George's *Easy to Slip* is one of those songs which never fails to please, and this version, which included a major jam, was moving. This jam flowed into a Rob Wasserman bass solo — *Amazing Grace* > *Star-Spangled Banner*, fairly standard for him. An anticlimactic *Easy Answers* closed the set. Everybody came out for the encores. Ratdog, joined by Mickey, Bruce, Jorma, Jack Casady, David Hidalgo, and Cesar Rojas performed *Not Fade Away* (with Bobby conducting), and a rockin', sockin' *Johnny B. Goode* ended the show.

The fact that this is not the Grateful Dead will be pontificated on at length by many. However, let me say that the realization of this, and the ability for one to take the music as it comes with reasonable expectations, will enhance your enjoyment of shows in the future. Some of my 300+ show friends don't want anything to do with this tour, but I say open your minds, enjoy the music. I realize we miss Jerry terribly, but let's look to the horizon.

New World Music Theater, Chicago, IL

By Eric Levy

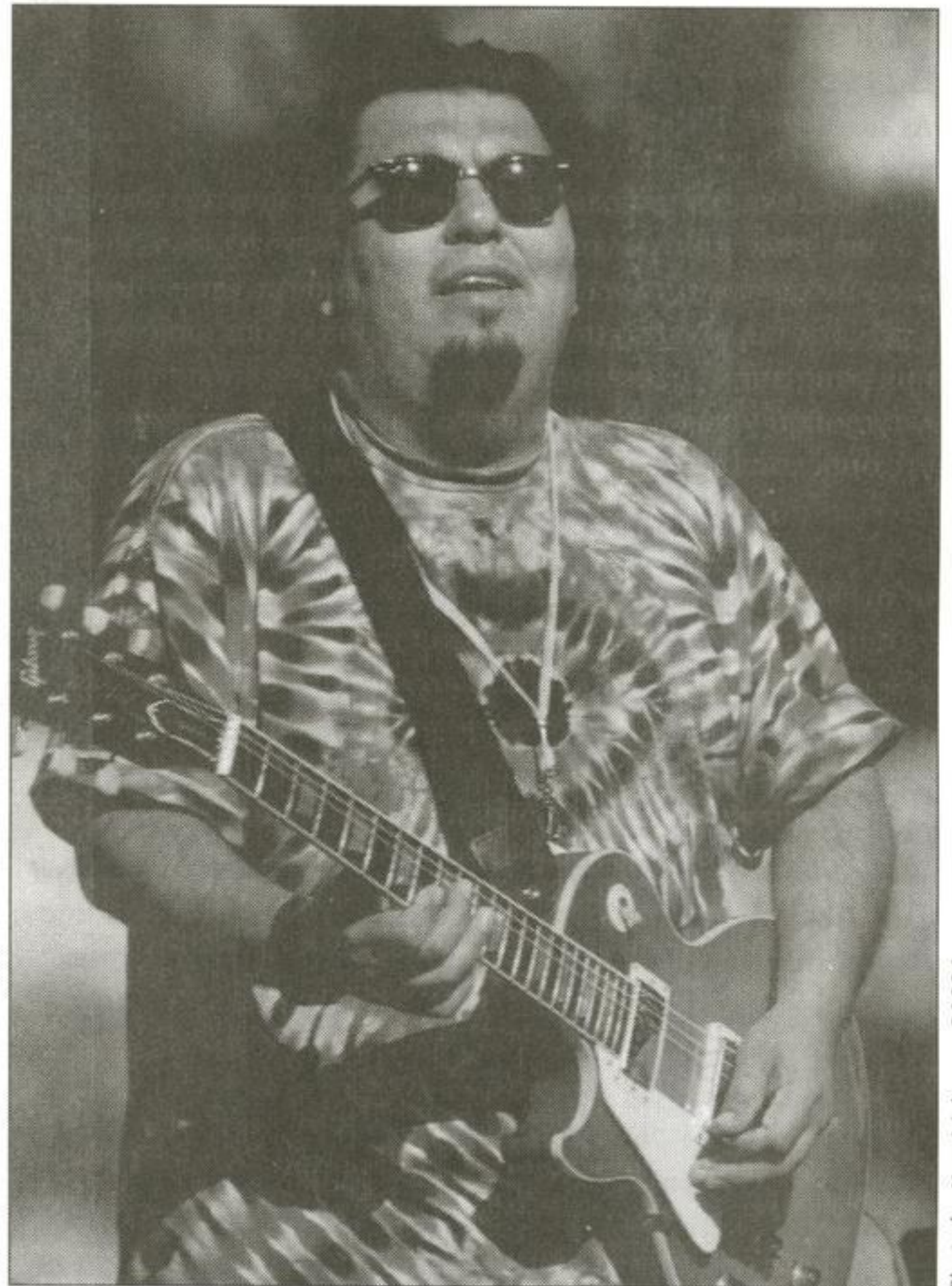
From the luscious acres of corn at Deer Creek and the gorgeous mountains at Alpine Valley, the Furthur festival came to the industrial wasteland of Chicago's south suburban Tinley Park. The theater itself looks like the Death Star. The three Grateful Dead shows at the World in 1990 were an absolute fiasco. Former Dead soundman Dan Healy commented later that it was the second worst sounding venue the band had ever played (the distinction of worst venue falls on Minneapolis' Hubert Humphrey Metrodome). It had all proved too much for poor Brent, who died three days after those shows. Instantly, the World was off limits for many Chicago-area Deadheads, myself included. I've purposely missed several concerts there by bands I would love to have seen. But who knew what the 6/30/96 show would bring?

Happily, hassles were kept to a minimum. Vending, relatively abundant at Deer Creek, was virtually nonexistent for Alpine and the World. The vendors' fair inside the theaters was a total success and treated us to things not normally found in the parking lot — books, CDs, condoms(!). However, the absence of food forced everyone to eat those vile nachos and pretzels instead of our usual kind veggie burritos.

Hot Tuna began with Pete on accordion and Harvey on washboard for some down-home fun. *Candyman* turned up in their set, plus another strong *Walkin' Blues*. John Wesley Harding added Cat Stevens' *Harold and Maude* staple *If You Want to Sing Out, Sing Out* to his set, changing "If you want to be high" to "...get high," much to the crowd's approval. The highlight of Los Lobos' set was a slowed down, sing-along *La Bamba*. Both John and Los Lobos thanked favorite local radio station (and Grateful Dead Hour carrier), WXRT.

Hornsby, who was in such command at the previous two shows, was rather lackluster at this one. *Jacob's Ladder* and *Across the River* were merely perfunctory, though things picked up some with a nice *Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad*. Mystery Box's setlist was virtually identical yet again, though this time the Mint Juleps joined the opening jam on rattles and shakers, another bursting-at-the-seams set from Mickey and company, although Bob was a no-show for *Fire*.

Ratdog delivered the second *Walkin' Blues* of the day, along with *Take Me to the River* and *Youngblood*. As Johnnie Johnson sang "Lookie there," it occurred to me that he's been around longer than rock and roll has. He was frontman in the band Chuck Berry joined in 1952. What did the venerable keyboardist make of thousands of dancing Deadheads? One never knows. *Eternity*, *KC Moan*, and *Masterpiece* followed. *Masterpiece* had Bruce (back in form) on accordion and back-up vocals. Bob



included the "Land of Coca-Cola" verse as Bruce had done at Alpine the night before. *Juke*, a rearranged *Little Red Rooster*, *The Winners*, and a keyboardless *Victim or the Crime* preceded Rob's solo, which featured *Not Fade Away* and *St. Stephen* themes. (Side note: I saw the Allman Brothers play an instrumental *St. Stephen* earlier this year — three *St. Stephen* jams in one year and the Dead aren't even around anymore!) A rockin' *Easy Answers* paved the way for the encores.

Encore number one, *Truckin'*, with Bob, Jorma, Jay, Bruce, Jimmy Haslip (Hornsby's bassist), and John Molo (Hornsby's drummer), was terrific and cleverly featured the same six-member line-up as the Dead's, which made it that much more familiar sounding. There were many tasty leads from Jorma. Number two, *How Long Blues*, featured Jorma on lead guitar and vocals, Jack on bass, Hot Tuna's Michael Falzarano on guitar, Matthew Kelly on harp, David Hidalgo on mandolin, and more. Bobby wandered onstage toward the end of the song and then took over vocal duties for the climactic *Lovelight* closer. This one featured Cesar Rojas on guitar, Rob on bass, Johnnie on keyboards, Matt on harp, and Harvey Sorgen on drums. The horn section added



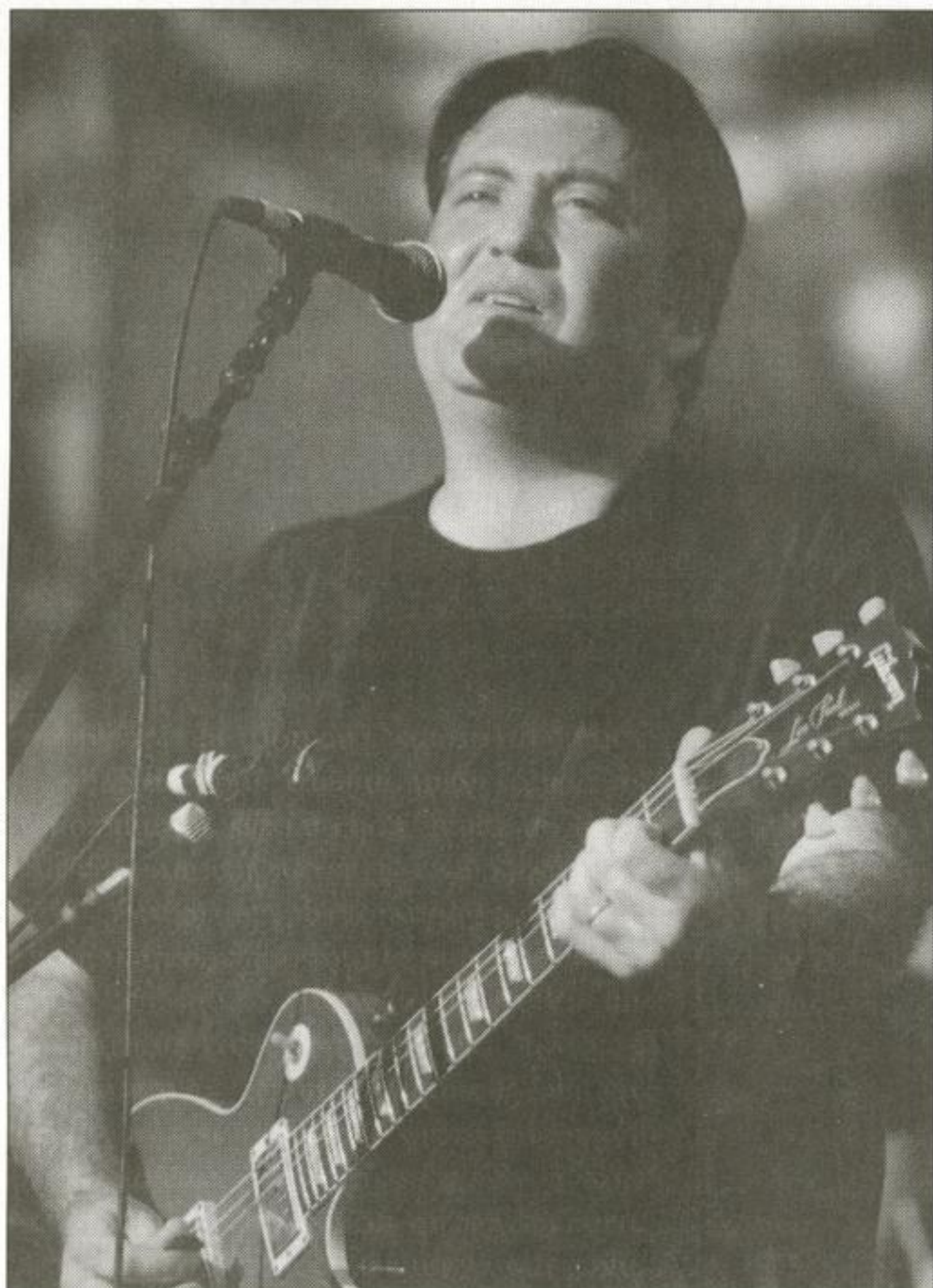


Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

icing to the already sweet cake, recalling Branford jamming with the Dead, and, of course, Bobby Blue Bland's original. This was the Bob Weir *Lovelight* to end them all — though still not a patch on Pigpen. Bob even pulled a Pigpen, stopping the band by yelling, "Wait a minute!" and doing one of his, uh, raps. The trademark false ending just kept smiles and the dancing going strong.

My only complaint about the shows I saw was the lack of variation in Mickey's sets. Mickey Hart's Mystery Box is a fine band and "Mickey Hart's Mystery Box" is a magnificent CD. They only played five of the ten songs from the CD each night, and they were the same five in the same order! I would have loved hearing *Look Away* or *Last Song*. Also, four members of the band were part of the *Planet Drum* tour. Except for the welcome addition of *Jewe* at Deer Creek, none of the songs from that album were included either. Mickey could even have stretched way back and blown everybody's minds with *Fletcher Carnaby* or *Blind John*. Oh well.

The Furthur Festival far exceeded my expectations. I thought I'd never again clap along to *Iko Iko*, or count "Anymores" in *Bertha*, or scream back, "I need a miracle every day!" to Bob, or shiver as *Jack Straw* "cut his buddy down," or chant, "You know our love will not fade away" over and over to a just-emptied stage, or even shake my bones to *Fire on the Mountain*, *Truckin'*, or *Lovelight*. For all that, I remain eternally Grateful.

Old Orchard Beach, ME

By Denny Horn

The Furthur Festival brought itself to the quaint little town of Old Orchard Beach, Maine, on July 8. The city itself resembles your average East Coast shore resort, complete with amusement rides and a bustling beach scene. The show was set in an old baseball park, with a capacity of 12,000, with a reported 10,000 tickets sold. The parking lot was a mini-version of past Dead tours, complete with the usual array of vendors. Prior to the early (3:30 p.m.) start, the rumbling gray skies let loose with a heavy rainstorm, thoroughly drenching the masses and sending most of the lot-loungers inside to seek the shelter of dry ground located within the legal vending area.

Hot Tuna ripped through a solid 50-minute set of rockin' fave tunes, well-chosen from their vast repertoire. Jorma's guitar prowess was clearly evident and glowing like the good old days, as he blasted several solos, backed by the ever-present bass lines of Jack Casady. Especially of note was the addition of keyboardist Pete Sears to the lineup.

Los Lobos delivered a scorching set, highlighted by a rollicking version of *Bertha*. Their rendition of Neil Young's *Cinnamon Girl* was a real treat, delivered with true-to-the-original accuracy.

A solid set of Delta Blues standards was performed by Bay Area bluesman Alvin Youngblood Hart. (On a humorous note, the *Portland Herald* put Mickey's name underneath a photo of Alvin!)

Bruce Hornsby provided a decent set, including a rousing, slick rendition of *Sugaree*, as well as the crowd-killer *Iko Iko*. Bruce seemed to be under the weather, especially when he was suspiciously absent from any of the jam sessions at this show.

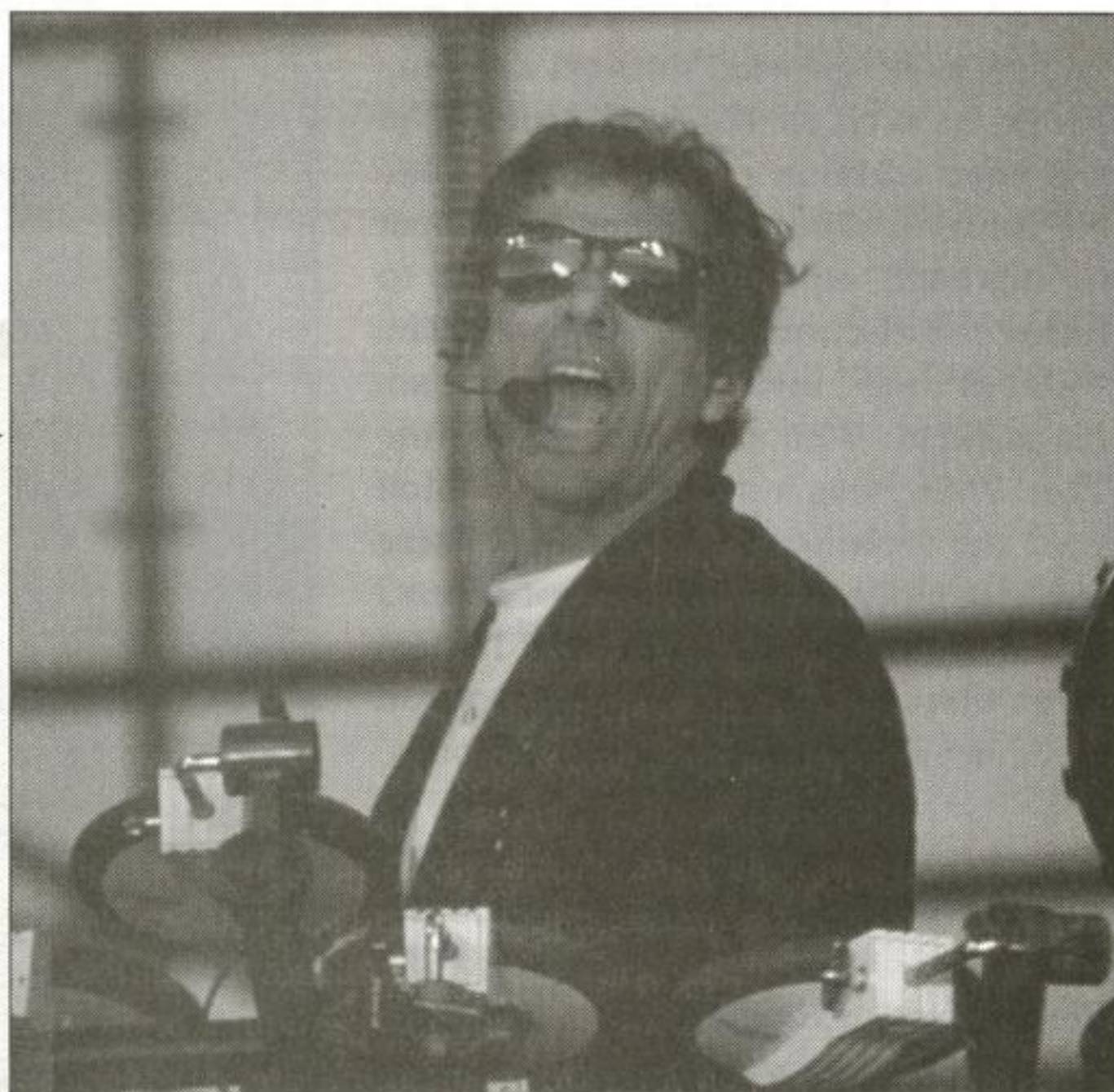


Photo by Bradley S. Gelb ©1996



Photo by Sean Poston ©1996

The anxiously awaited performance of Mickey Hart's Mystery Box was well received, to say the least. Backed by a few world-class percussionists, and fronted by the powerfully seductive vocals of London's Mint Juleps, this new venture by Mr. Hart proved itself to be a real crowd-pleaser. They performed the songs off their CD with great intensity, and the reaction of the crowd was equally gripping, as the masses swayed to the world beat rhythms that were driven by powerful percussion gods, including Tower of Power's Dave Garibaldi on the traps, and the pulsing bass lines of Habib Faye. The true highlight of the show was that ol' familiar Hart-Hunter classic, *Fire on the Mountain*. Of special note was Mickey's rap during *Down the Road Again*, which was a stirring tribute to the man of the hour, Jerry Garcia.

The Ratdog set was extremely tight and moved at a hot clip. Bobby's voice was on fire, as he growled through a steamy *Fever*, as well as *Walkin' Blues*. The welcome addition of keyboardist Johnnie Johnson was the missing ingredient for this band, especially in their ability to transcend the mellower Bobby & The Midnites tunes, in favor of more substantial rockers. Weir's version of *I Know You Rider* was a special treat which kept the Deadhead vibe rolling. There was also a beautiful rendering of *When I Paint My Masterpiece*, assisted by Hot Tuna virtuosos Michael Falzarano on mandolin and Pete Sears on accordion.

The jam session began with a searing *Around 'n' Around*, featuring some hot piano licks by Johnnie Johnson. The next choice, a Cream classic, *Sunshine of Your Love*, was a huge surprise,

dutifully sung by David Hidalgo, who has been a huge influence on many a hot jam this tour.

The next two tunes stood as a moving tribute to another hot Bay Area favorite, Credence Clearwater Revival. Kicked off by Los Lobos' guitarist Cesar Rojas, the musicians blazed into *Suzie-Q*, and segued into *Born on the Bayou*, the latter fronted by the elegant vocal stylings of David Hidalgo.

The final jam, *Promised Land*, was a fitting end, for sure. Backed by a super drum team, including Mickey on the skins, Jorma's searing guitar solos showed how consistent his talents are, and how he continues to mature as one of the county's finest rock pickers

around. The horn section also laid down a funky backdrop to this powerful rendition of Chuck Berry's legendary tune.

The show came to a close, leaving the crowd with a satisfied feeling of musical afterglow. The unanimous feeling was that of a successful festival, with the hope of seeing this become an annual gathering of the tribes. It seems that both Deadheads and music lovers in general could warmly hang out together in the style that we have become accustomed to. The bands were diverse, as was the song selections and the varying setlists. It well resembled a Grateful Dead show, with its many twists and turns, and freedom to do just about anything, and let the faithful crowd deal with the results. It

was truly a void-filling experience, providing a musical thirst-quenching for the thousands of Dead-less fans roaming the countryside this summer.

Fiddler's Green, Denver, CO By Vesper Lynd

When Furthur rolled into Denver on 7/20/96, most knew what they would see but nobody could guess what they would hear. Although the sets of recent shows had been disseminated, energy levels are hard to pin down ahead of time, but Denver proved to be sparkling with electricity.

Any speculation that the show may have played itself out over the first month of the tour was put to rest when Jorma led Electric Hot Tuna through a blistering *Walkin' Blues* to kick off the show. Due to the fact that Tuna has been mostly acoustic through the recent past, many were seeing Electric Tuna for the first time. Jorma and Jack have changed little



Photo by Michael Sheehan ©1996

over the last 27 years and they dueled so beautifully that a more severe kick-start would have been impossible to find. Their set touched on most of their career, from the Airplane's *Good Shepherd* and *Embryonic Journey*, to Tuna studio cuts *Ode to Billy Dean* and the set closer, *Baby What You Want Me to Do*.

The show was full of highlights and all the acts were worthy of sharing the stage with such heavyweights as Tuna, Mickey, and Bobby. John Wesley Harding's acoustic set was duly asterisked when Jorma reciprocated for the Tuna/Harding *Rainy Day Women #25 & #34* by joining him on *Jack-A-Roe*. Los Lobos may have stolen the show with songs like *Mas Y Mas*, *Will the Wolf Survive*, and *Papa Was A Rolling Stone*. They were certainly the coolest act of the day. Other highlights included a Leon Russell-esque *Quinn the Eskimo* by Bruce and the compulsory *Jack Straw*, which is always great to hear performed live.

Hot Tuna's acoustic set, added about halfway through the tour, included a nice *Lamps* as well as the energetic *Ice Age*. For those who were there, Jorma's hat, complete with horns and height, tried hard to steal the show but, in the end, the music prevailed. When Tuna asked the management if they could do one more tune they were told they had two minutes left. Without skipping a beat, Jorma called, "*San Francisco Bay Blues* from the solo!" And with this they hit the song, sang the last verse, and were off. It was all quite impressive.

The biggest surprise was Mickey Hart's Mystery Box. Fronted by the five-piece female vocal styling of the Mint Juleps, Hart forged new ground by combining an all-star rhythm section, spoken-word-type singing, and Robert Hunter lyrics into an accessible amalgam of rock and world music. Highlights were a *Sandman* that elevated and energized the crowd and Mickey's arrangement of *Fire on the Mountain*, which read more like the Hart/Hunter original than we were used to hearing the last few years from the Grateful Dead.

Ratdog had a lot to compete with but stayed true to form with their blues interpretations and Weir standards. Both Johnnie Johnson's piano and Matt Kelly's harp added filigree to Bobby's powerful vocals and off-the-wall licks. A bluesy set was sparkled with such standouts as



Photo by Michael Sheehan ©1996

Supplication Jam and a tonsil-baring *Lovelight*, complete with Bobby's prancing and head snaps.

The jams found Jorma and Jack paired with Bobby and Mickey on *Watchtower*. Jorma's solos paired with Bobby's rhythms were unparalleled, and Jack hit the note with Los Lobos' Rojas and Hidalgo on Hendrix's *Little Wing*. After all that, they sent us home with *Knockin' On Heaven's Door*.

Veneta Country Fairgrounds, Veneta, OR By Michael Sheehan

When entering Veneta Country Fairgrounds, one can feel happy ghosts from legendary shows of yesteryear. Many concertgoers (including myself) feel that Veneta could possibly be the most opportune location in the world for a show. Factors include geographical beauty and an erudite populace, including a proliferation of older Deadheads. Also, this was a day show with general admission, as it should be. On 7/28/96, overcast skies yielding light rain gave way to a bright, sunny day just as show time arrived.

Due to a holdup at will call, I missed Hot Tuna's first set, coming in on the last song during which John Wesley Harding on harmonica jammed with Tuna. Mr. Harding played his standard short set following Tuna, concluding with a not so standard *Jack-A-Roe* accompanied nicely by Jorma Kaukonen. Los Lobos took the stage next to greet the still-growing crowd. They stuck pretty much to their usual bill of fare, choosing *Evangeline*, *Time of Revolution*, and then a couple of their heritage songs,

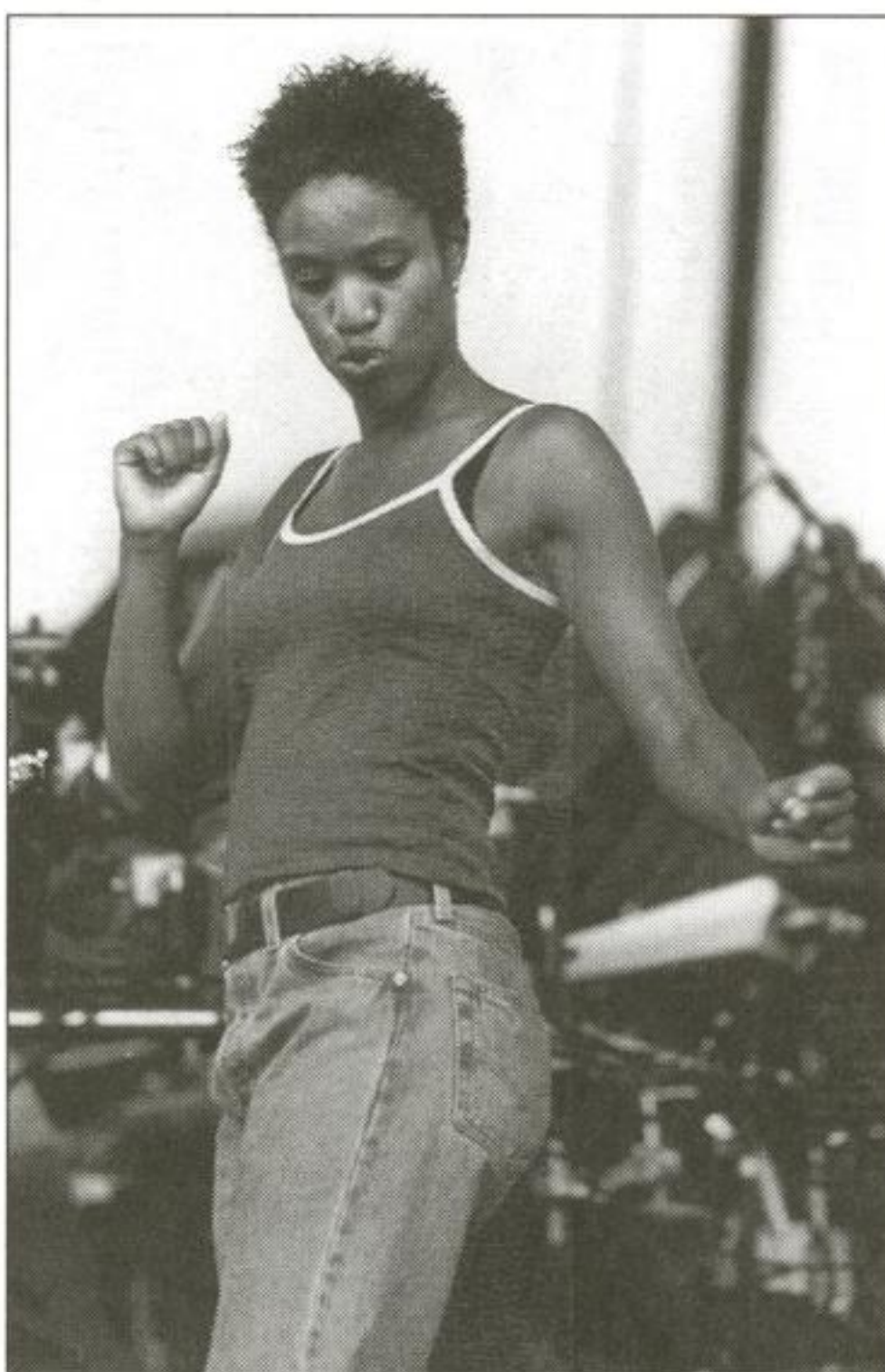


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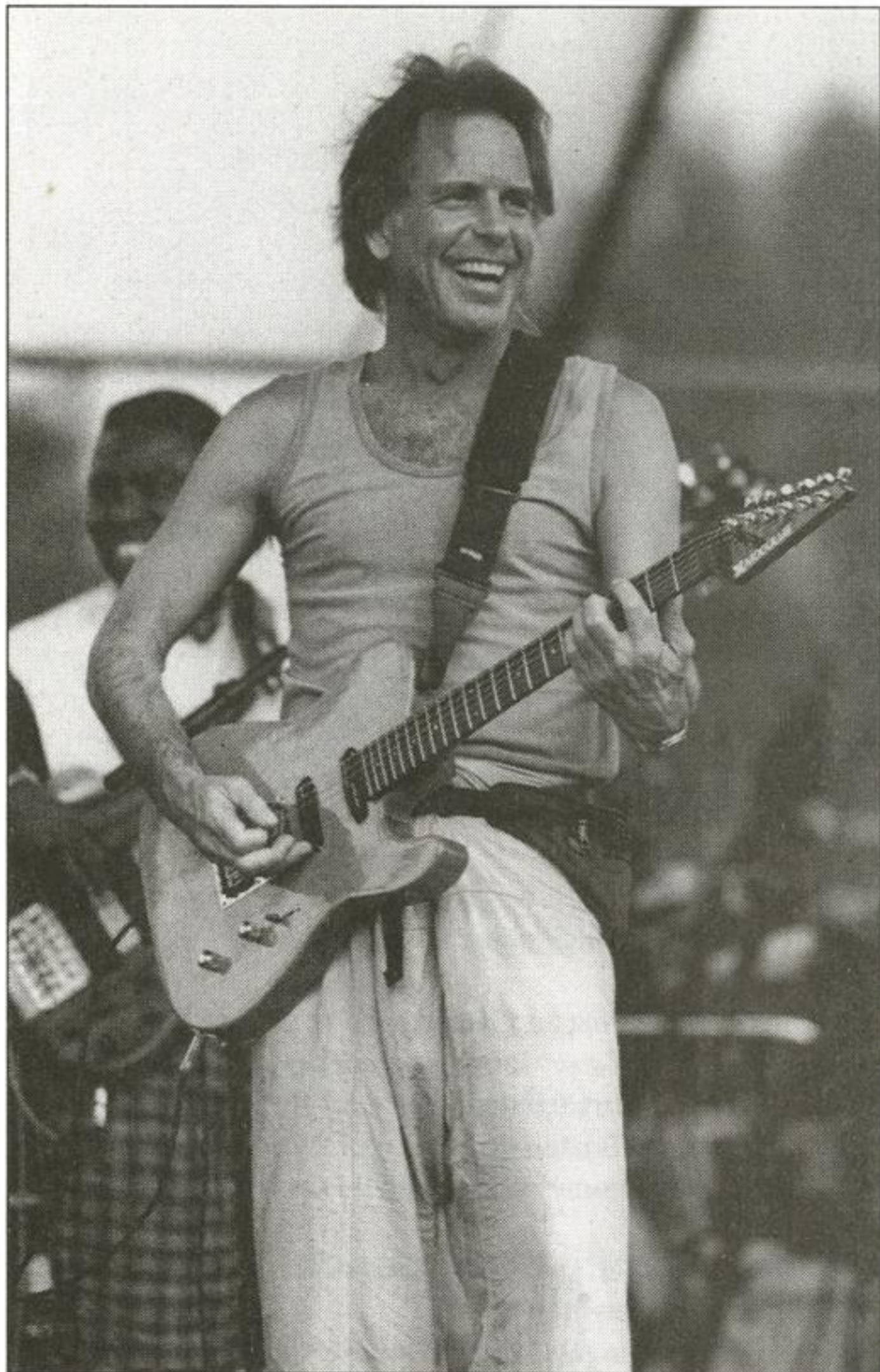


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before unveiling a short *Lovelight*. They closed the set with the by-now pre-dictable *Bertha*.

The Bruce Hornsby Band, playing in its usual slot on the tour, was next. This being the third show for me, it seems like this is the time in the program when the tempo really starts to pick up. I'm not sure if it's his energy, animation, music, or maybe all three, but Bruce always gets the crowd going. *What A Time* was the warm-up before a hot *Goin' Down the Road*, and then a surprisingly good *Grazin' in the Grass*. As expected, Bobby was beckoned to the stage to help out during *Samson & Delilah*. The pounding introduction built anticipation until Bobby stepped up to the mic and, *voila!*, forgot the words! It was just like old times. Bobby, Bruce, and everyone in the place cracked up. After regaining his composure, Bob and Company delivered a "fatty" *Samson*. This segued into a short but sweet *Quinn the Eskimo*. Hot Tuna's drummer, Harvey Sorgen, came out for

the final song of the set to share his talents on *Super Washboard Freak*.

A very pleasant surprise followed in the form of Acoustic Hot Tuna, resplendent in colorful tie-dyes. Beginning with *Keep Your Lamps Trimmed and Burning* they didn't miss a beat. After *Hesitation Blues* and a personal favorite, *New Song of the Morning*, Jorma exquisitely played *I know You Rider* with his mates, before finishing with another rousing *Super Washboard Freak*. FUN! Before I had a chance to refresh myself, Ken Kesey appeared onstage to recite the very tasteful story he had penned about Jerry for *Rolling Stone* not quite a year before. What a nice touch to hear this recitation from the man himself!

Mickey Hart's Mystery Box began their set with a tribal introduction meandering into a snaky, slinky, slowed-down version of *Full Steam Ahead*. After some mediocre numbers the set improved dramatically with the infusion of Julie Isaac's vocals on *Where Love Goes*. This song has improved every show, with Julie seemingly gaining confidence each time. Bobby and Bruce came out to join the Box on *Fire on the Mountain*, with Mickey utilizing the lost lyric... "Put it down heavy, strip it down lean, got to lay it down dirty, and play back clean." Some people don't like Mickey's disco-type lyrics on this, I do. The popular *Down the Road* elicited the expected roars during the Jerry lyric. My favorite new Mickey song, *Next Step* was pounding my brain before *Sandman* concluded the set.

Ratdog's set began slowly, picked up steam, and finished with an uproariously fun set. A so-so *Walkin' Blues* began, followed by a better *Wang Dang Doodle*, and a flat *Eternity* was followed by a pretty darn good *Blackbird*. *I Know You Rider* featured Matt Kelly on vocals. *All Over Now* came

before a tired *The Winners* and then the expected *Victim or the Crime*. I was beginning to wonder when the fireworks would begin when Rob Wasserman delivered his *St. Stephen > Star-Spangled Banner* bass solo. *Lovelight* got my blood going before Jorma and friends infused their considerable energy into *Johnny B. Goode*. When Jorma plugs in, it sounds like a high-powered sports car starting up. What transpired next was the musical highlight for me this past year. Debbie Henry, vocalist from Bruce's band, joined forces with Ratdog, Jorma, Jack, and friends for a jaw-dropping rendition of *White Rabbit*. Starting tentatively, Debbie shed all inhibitions quickly until finally approaching the very edge of the stage where she projected her voice tremendously into the audience. I had large goosebumps all over. Not to be outdone, Ken Kesey and two of his friends came onstage to conclude the festivities. Kesey, in his own inim-



Photo by Michael Sheehan ©1996

itable way started singing *America the Beautiful* with everyone in tow. Forgetting the words at times and getting way out of key didn't stop him or anybody else from having a large time. The second encore materialized in the form of an insane *Gloria*, where Kesey mixed in lyrics for *Sugar Mags* to *Truckin'* while jumping up and down and screaming. I was dancing and laughing at the same time. It was a great way to end the show.

Shoreline: Heaven Minus One

By Steve Silberman

I climbed out of the back of a pickup truck into the sunny parking lot of Shoreline Amphitheatre like a dreamer having a blissful dream, disturbed only by the nagging sensation that I was, in fact, dreaming. Grinning Heads spritzed imports on their tailgates; a dusty kid hawked a handful of colorful bumperstickers between the rows of vans; and *Eyes of the World* stitched gold into the California sunshine from a pair of side-door speakers.

After the longest, strangest Deadhead trip of all, I was home again: Heaven — minus one angel. Walking around (*there* the Spinners spun, *there* I met John and T'res ten years ago), I saw *those faces* again... some of people whose names I never knew, but whose recurring presence in my life was a sign of the seasons (Mardi Gras shows, Rex benefits, Summer Tour) that gave my life its sense of an ongoing narrative. I felt like a veteran of a legendary, nearly lost regiment, and Shoreline seemed populated with ghost dancers.

Electric Hot Tuna opened the show at blistering volume to a half-empty house. (The seats and lawn would fill in later.) If there was a theme to the diverse seven hours of Furthur, it was the rangy vitality of American music nourished by the blues. Jorma's nest-of-hornets fingerpicking is as durable and American as barbed wire, and Tuna delivered versions of *Walkin' Blues*, *99 Year Blues*, and *Jailhouse Rock* that snarled with raw power.

Los Lobos seemed slightly restrained for their too-brief appearance at Shoreline, but the East L.A. sun still shone brightly in Cesar Rojas' and David Hidalgo's interlocking guitar lines and vocals soaked in *corazon* (heart), and the rhythm section churned like a volcano about to blow during *Dream in Blue*. The first highlight of the Lobos' set for me was a heartbreakingly tender version of Marvin Gaye's *What's Goin' On* that swirled out of an intro that caused an audible gasp in the audience, sounding just like *Eyes of the World*. (Both tunes are based on progressions built on the E major 7 chord, and the Garcia Band performed Gaye's timeless urban prayer for peace and wholeness in the early '70s.)

Jerry's presence was palpable during the Los Lobos set. The Lobos and the Dead are kin-



Photo by Michael Sheehan ©1996

dred bands from parallel universes of electrified folk music, using their respective traditions as points of departure for space travel. When the Lobos brought a spirited, rollicking *Bertha* way down to a bare shimmering of chords around Hidalgo's warmly plaintive tenor, I couldn't contain my tears anymore, and they streamed down.

It was hard not to want to mingle with old friends during a slightly self-conscious set by pop/folksinger John Wesley Harding that featured a haunted duet with Jorma on *Jack-A-Roe*. Though back-to-back billing offered the Furthur crowd a non-stop afternoon of great music between the headliners — notably the gritty Delta Blues prodigy Alvin Youngblood



Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

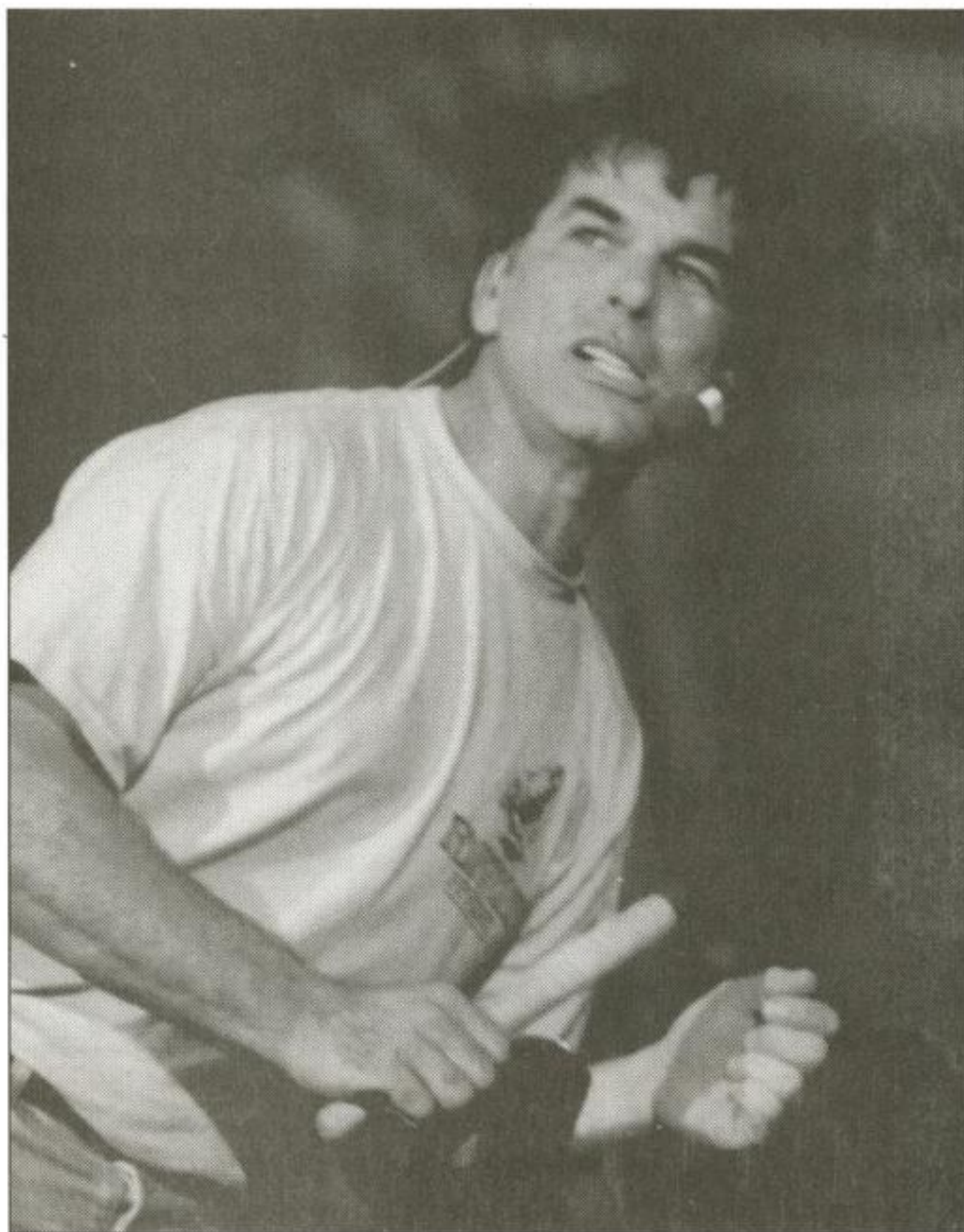


Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

Hart — the lack of downtime also made it difficult for Deadheads, greeting one another like *landsmen* from the Old Country, to schmooze and reminisce.

Bruce Hornsby is turning out to be one of the most vigorous players moving the Dead's spark "furthur" into the future. Bay Area Heads were treated to a version of *The Tango King* that milked the backbone of the tune — a swing around the



Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

cascading *Estimated* jam — for all the tension and ecstatic release it could hold. Hornsby played a stately fantasy on the *Terrapin* chords, and a lovely, driving — if slightly slick — *Goin' Down the Road*. When Bob joined Hornsby for *Jack Straw*, their explosive give-and-take made a potent argument for a Dead reunion, with Hornsby in a piano and vocal slot, that could include heartfelt, authoritative, astonishingly fresh versions of Garcia tunes.

I'm not sure why Mickey Hart's latest project, *Mystery Box*, hasn't received a warmer welcome from Deadheads. With Zakir Hussain, Giovanni Hidalgo, Sikiru Adepoju, and Mickey stirring up tempests of rolling thunder, Papa Hart's brand new bag is one of the groovingest outfits in the world — with the added benefit of the Mint Juleps giving voice (in six-part harmony!) to the most bountiful harvest of Hunter wisdom since the "Europe '72" era, in songs aimed at precisely this moment in our journey. ("Depend on the wind of distant drums/ We'll know the next step when it comes.")

There's bound to be nostalgic grumbling over any band that has a Dead band member in it but only plays a couple of "Dead tunes," but anyone who shuts their ears to the poly-rhythmically promiscuous, spiritually energizing meta-grooves of *Mystery Box* deserves a year of listening to nothing but "Steal Your Face."

Even if you found the album too high-gloss, the live *John Cage Is Dead* stomped like a herd of mastodons from Jupiter. Guest guitarist Sammy Hagar shook his curls while adding harmless lite-metal drama to a furious *Full Steam Ahead*, Zakir and Mickey swapped fire for fire on twin *tars*, and the Juleps strutted their six-part gospel-charged cosmic doo-wop like the Jerryettes squared.

When Phil and Bob joined *Mystery Box* for *Fire on the Mountain*, Mickey prompted Phil through the P.A. to "take more space," and Phil plucked out a fat lead that launched a wave of energy off the stage that sent the hometown Heads spinning, swirling, and weeping tears of joy. As the set ended, Phil walked back to Mickey's seat, wrapped his arms around him, and kissed him.

But the best was yet to come.

Hot Tuna turned in a juicy acoustic set, with extra mayo furnished by Hornsby's Downtown Horns, including a spirited *Let Us Get Together Right Down Here*.

Then Ratdog took the stage. What is it about Ratdog? For a band with such a huge following, I don't know many people who aren't frankly bored by

Ratdog's predictable setlists. Rob Wasserman is a genius player — they *all* are — but his solo antics on Jimi Hendrix's *Star-Spangled Banner* are tiresome after two hearings. Even his plucky choice of *St. Stephen* — which got its inevitable burst of applause — seemed contrived.

But *Cassidy* with Hornsby shone. By investigating the corners of the jam with Hornsby in ways not tied to the past, Bob showed that he still has plenty to say — that, in fact, he's hungry to *be there* again.

And when Phil, Jorma, Mickey, and David Hidalgo walked out onstage, we were *all* there.

The band charged into *Truckin'*, and the lock, the fit — the Grateful Dead beast stirring to life again — made every head turn toward the stage, as if a new star had ignited there. (Dada Moment of the Year: Bob answering his pocket cellular during the jam, shaking his head, "Can't talk now.")



tures around the lead players' laser center... you could almost hear the Missing Man in the mix... then Bob looked at Phil... Bruce waved a hand to bring the Downtown Horns down, and Phil: *Blaaaaaammmmmm!*

"Spanish Lady, come to me..."

And She did. To all of us, bearing a message. And the message is: The future of Grateful Dead music is more Grateful Dead music.

Call it what you will.

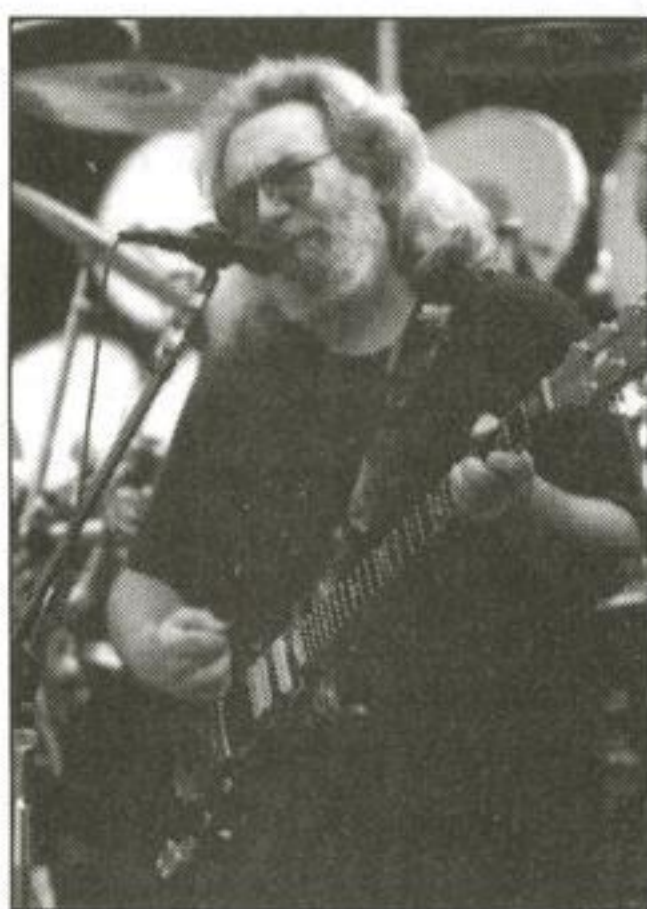
And then She withdrew behind one of her many veils, the veil of thunder, as summoned by Jack Casady — *White Rabbit* — with Debbie from Bruce's band belting out the trippers' anthem like it was the gospel hymn of the psychedelic Promised Land... the earthly Paradise so long a-building.

Why do I feel so sure we'll see Her again? ◇

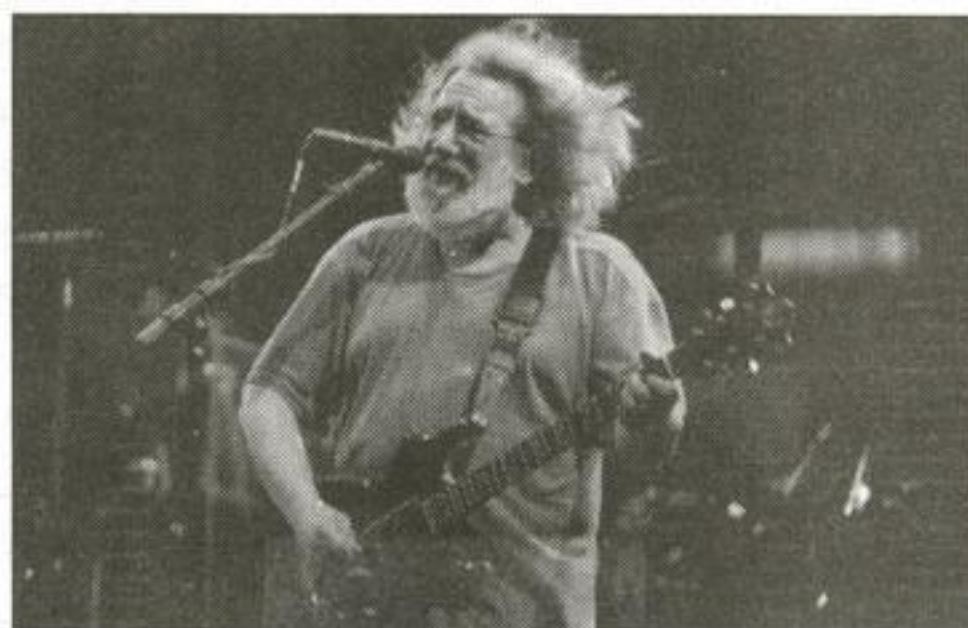
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And there it was: the wholeness... not this time for crying... Bob at home again, edgerunner casting his prismatic architect-

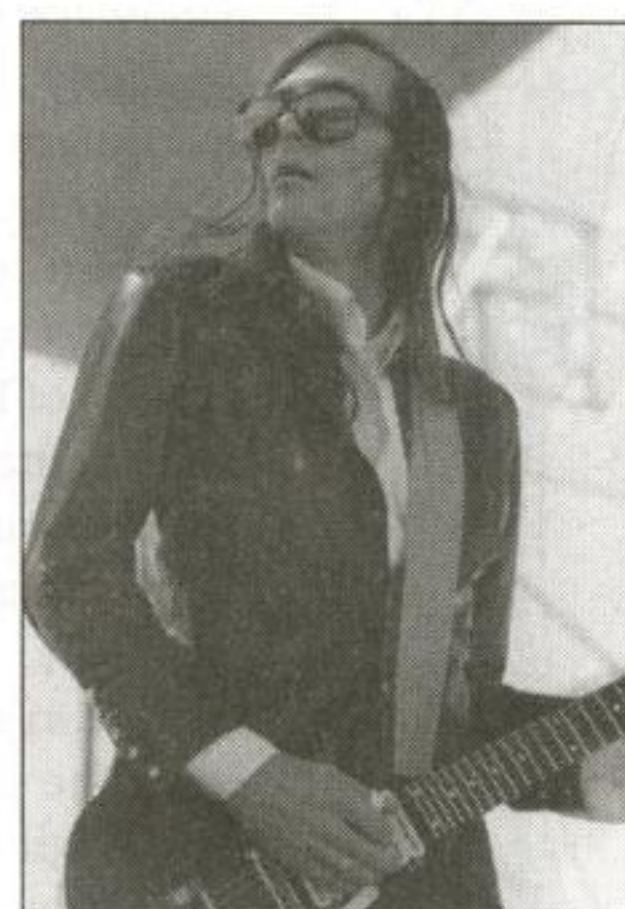
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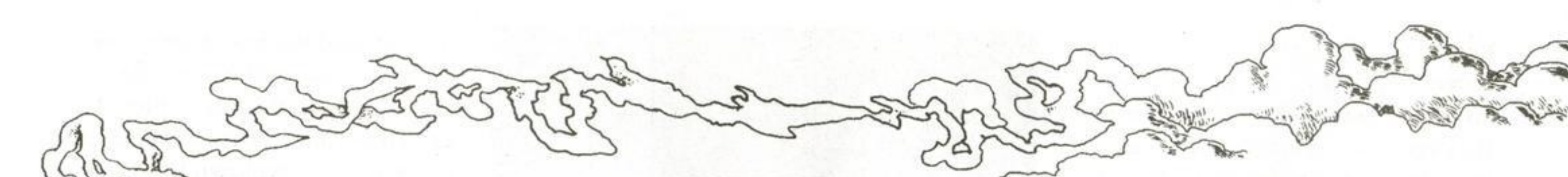
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LIGHT THE SONG

A CONTEMPLATIVE RETREAT FOR DEADHEADS

BY MICHELLE WAUGHTEL



Mt. Herman Prep School, a virtual factory for future Wharton MBAs and Harvard Liberal Arts Ph.D.s, founded by prominent "fundamentalist" Bible scholar and sermonizer, D.L. Moody, seemed a strange place for a bunch of Deadheads to gather for a weekend retreat on August 16-18. Then again, we were on a serious mission. Looking at the conference-style program, complete with panel discussions, guest speakers, and yes, even our very own sociologist, one might deem an academic campus appropriate.

Still, it is amazing what a collection of out-of-state Dead-stickered cars and smiling tie-dyed folks toting musical instruments, plopped down in a landscape of old stone, ivy-covered buildings, big trees, bright-green grass, and fringes of mountains and streams will do to the aura of any space. The Hunter-esque cloud of karmic irony which they carried, created an interesting contrast to the group of Evangelical Christians conferencing less than a mile away at another prep school. It made for serious comic relief at both registration tables.

We all stayed in a dormitory, slept in twin beds, ate in the school cafeteria, and were hauled from our beds, exiting single file like insolent school children at 4:00 a.m. to be reprimanded, when the fire bell rang due to a disobedient smoker. Bewildered security followed stragglers around all weekend anticipating god-knows-what...which never happened, of course.

Everywhere there was this *structure*. Now that the community was gathered, there was so much to do, so much to talk about, that the lovingly created Event Program left little room for idle time — if you intended to eat and sleep. Herein lies the first lesson of Light the Song, for me at least: Chaos arises out of Order. I am referring to Good Chaos... Magic...analogous to how one must first learn the technique of playing a musical instrument before one can go streaming off into improvised *Dark Stars*. Similarly, Magic is something that oozes out between the cracks of ordered reality, and we were simply flooded with it throughout the weekend. Miracles were growing wild in that space...and all you had to do was reach out and grab one...or a thousand... as many as your soul could hold. I can't begin to name all the lightning bolts that got me or to describe the lightness of flying through the mountains on a soap bubble, but I do know that it happened that way because the space between Order and Chaos was flooded with love and faith; and because of it, those boundaries went away, at least for the weekend, leaving its colorful mark of hope on each of us, reminiscent of something most of us thought we'd lost.

On Friday night, participants were greeted by a Zen Tricksters' concert. The Tricksters' music, at its best, can transport you to a space close enough to the Dead Experience that it's ecstatic and horrifying at the same time. No doubt, having the Tricksters as the house band laid fertile ground for the intensity of emotion and involvement throughout the weekend. Their encore performance on Saturday night began at the tail-end of David Gans' tape-spinning show — there was a curtain across the stage... *Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad* from a kind tape was blaring from the speakers, people were dancing and twirling madly...when slowly the curtain rises...revealing that what we are really hearing is the Zen Tricksters...and that the tape has faded into them! What cool theatrics! What great music! What the....what am I....oh....my! I can only speak for my own reaction, which was some kind of system overload that



Photo by Anne R. Howson

caused me to bolt from the room, something that was to be permanently resolved for me the following day. In a session earlier on Saturday, Rebecca Adams made reference to guilt — that following the loss of Jerry, the community is feeling some sort of guilt. I think that meant not feeling quite right about enjoying the Zen Tricksters. It also meant “guilt” about taking so personally the loss of a man most of us never met... the rational mind tells us we should be over this by now.

Most of the day Saturday was spent in panel discussions, led by John Perry Barlow, Steve Silberman, John Dwork, Mountain Girl, Rebecca Adams, and, unexpectedly, Bear. The different discussions focused on the historical backdrop of the Grateful Dead, the aspects of community evident in our

scene, the role of psychedelic exploration and shamanism, defining “Deadheads,” and finally, the big question: Where do we go from here? I can’t quote a thing for you from the panels because context, number of voices, and the multi-level vibe, would render even exact words inaccurate; it would be like coming home from a Dead show and trying to play a riff from *Space* on your single instrument.



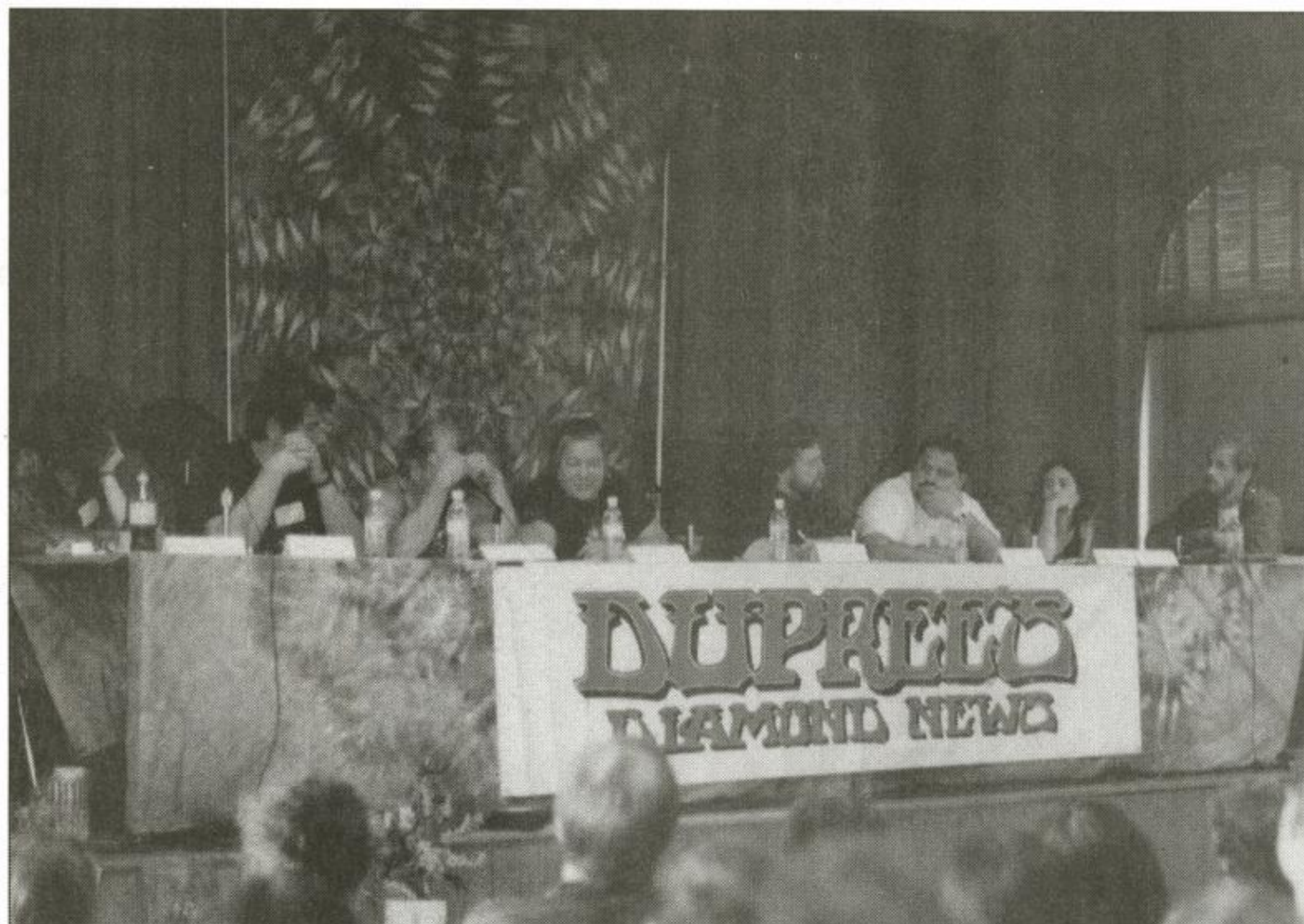


Photo by Anne R. Howson

A microphone was passed through the audience so participants could share their thoughts and questions with the panel. The different discussions blended into each other somewhat, first laying a foundation of historical ideals and events as told by some that were witness to it. The sense I got from listening to Bear, Mountain Girl (MG), and Barlow was that it was all about adventure...testing the limits and boundaries around us...questioning...with Community at the heart of it. That was the coherent whole I got, as something of a definition of what gave rise to the Grateful Dead as we know it. Still, MG, Bear, and Barlow are individuals, each with their own slant on things that should be definable as "fact."

Rebecca Adams talked a lot about community, from a sociological perspective, defining us as a community in which each of us knows our function. I understood that part of the angst many of us feel since the breakup of the Dead is that displacement from routine things we used to do, like the ritual of going to shows. Are we still Deadheads now that there is no Dead? Is it possible that there can be community without the Center Thing we all did which bonded us, or some viable replacement? Social Science suggests not. There we have the Order that can inspire the spiteful Miracle.

Halfway through the panel discussions, we heard Caroline Rago

speak and take questions about the mysterious Spinners group, in which she held a leadership role, and we were treated to a screening of Pete Shapiro's (co-director of *Tie-Dyed*) short film interviewing Ken Kesey. Toward the end of the panels on Saturday, participants broke into smaller groups. One group listened reflectively to a rare Vault tape, while another discussed the Internet as a means of community building. The third group was a discussion group for women, led by Mountain Girl and members of the Grateful Dead women's conference on the Well.

I don't feel that in all our talking, we resolved the issue of where the community goes from here, or if there will even continue to be a visible Deadhead community.

Many important issues and points were raised and much intelligent discussion took place, but at the end of the day, we were all still in the same space. We are Deadheads, a community defined by the Grateful Dead, joined by the power of the incredible music and the mesh of energy that surrounds it; struggling individually and collectively with the loss of what most of us would call the Center.

Following a long day of discussion and an evening of music, having been sitting long with the feelings and questions that were coming up, the group gathered for an informal storytelling session before dispersing in small groups to enjoy the



Photo by Anne R. Howson

scenic summer night. During that session, many people found that their inner pain, joy, and confusion came bubbling to the surface, and the "special guests" were certainly not immune. For some, the Veil which separates one side of the Stage from the other in the Dead Universe started to lift, with startling courage and honesty. This set the stage for the finale — for Light the Song anyway.

Sunday morning, many were tired from the previous day's events and thinking about the trip home. We filed into a small stone chapel, complete with an ominous-looking pipe organ, for our last group event, a Jerry Memorial Service. I looked around and thought how odd it was that we were all in a church doing this and that there was a pulpit and a picture of Jerry propped on the altar surrounded by flowers. The scene shifted quickly as a screen fell from above the altar, knocking Jerry's picture to the floor! I think that about says it all.

The service opened with some lengthy eulogizing, but a sacred discordant spirit was blowing through the reverent space, and the tone and feel of everything around us changed in an instant, and the "house" and everyone in it, seemed to land in a tie-dyed version of Oz. One by one, people got up to the front of the room to speak, to tell stories of personal Miracles so powerful that nearly everyone in the room was



Mountain Girl and John Perry Barlow

Photo by Anne R. Howson

moved to tears, intermingled with side-splitting laughter. Again, the magical interplay of opposites...the joy and pain...and the space between filled with Love, as the *Days Between* were and will be.

Listening to everyone speak, and feeling the tremendous power and strength of the bond between us, mostly strangers, I wished with everything in me that Jerry himself could have been able to receive it the way we do. But then David Gans brought his guitar to the front and sang a song, *The Minstrel*, which he wrote many years ago with S.J.

Donnelly. His gorgeous voice rang through the chapel: "I was born to be the minstrel/to sing in the streets alone/plant the seeds of change and then move on/and never see them grown." Something clicked for me then. I was able to see the Grateful Dead as, perhaps, the beginning rather than the end...that all of us who were so transformed by the music and community of the Grateful Dead are unleashed on the world right now, each taking with us all that we gained from being Deadheads, making each little corner of our world more like that space where we shared shows. And the answer to that big question: Where Do We Go From Here? Everywhere. ◇

Special thanks to everyone who joined us and participated in this wonderful event.



Photo by Anne R. Howson

HOT TUNA

Flies High Again

By Vesper Lynd

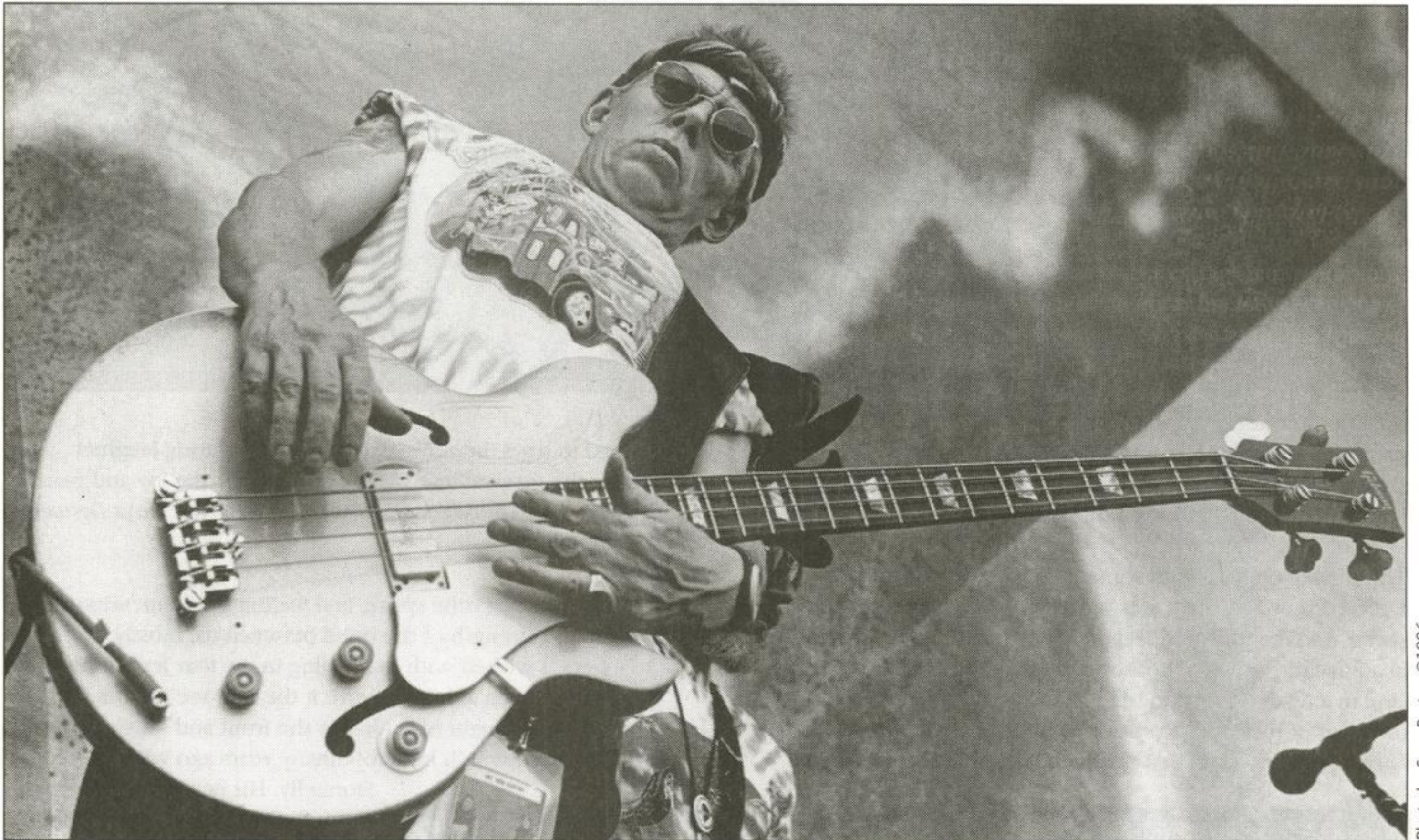


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For many music fans, the world begins and ends with Hot Tuna. Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady, founding members of the Jefferson Airplane, would spend their time in hotel rooms while touring in the late '60s, working on acoustic blues music. They then began performing between Airplane sets as an acoustic duo, and soon this became their prime focus. In 1973, Jorma and Jack left the Jefferson Airplane to devote full attention to their unique pursuit of American blues traditions mixed with San Francisco-style rock and roll as Hot Tuna.

In 1996, Jorma and Jack are more active than ever. Hot Tuna was a part of the Furthur Festival, where they opened each show with an electric set and, by the end of the tour, had added an additional acoustic set later in the show. In January, Jefferson Airplane was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. The highlight of the ceremony was the original Airplane, minus Grace Slick, performing together for the first time since 1989. RCA is now releasing remastered

versions of both the Airplane's and Tuna's back catalogue, with original artwork, new liner notes, and extra tracks. Relix Records has also released two vault titles drawn from 1971 performances. "Classic Hot Tuna Acoustic" is an April 30, 1971 radio broadcast from Bay Area station KSAN. "Classic Hot Tuna Electric" consists of all but one song from Tuna's set which helped close the Fillmore West on July 3, 1971. Finally, Vanguard Records released a Country Joe & The Fish show from January 1969 titled "Live! Fillmore West 1969" which features Jack on bass and includes a 38-minute Donovan's Reef Jam with Jorma, Jerry Garcia, Mickey Hart, and Steve Miller.

We spoke to Jorma and Jack during the Furthur tour and found them excited about what they are doing now and the documentation of what they had done in the past. They currently appear with guitarist Michael Falzarano, keyboardist Pete Sears, and drummer Harvey Sorgen. This has been heralded as one of the best Hot Tuna lineups and should not be missed.

Do you think people are receiving Hot Tuna well on the Furthur tour?

Jorma: It's been great, and we've had a lot of fun. I really didn't know what to expect when we started out. It was like running off to join the circus.

Jack: Oh yeah...yes they do. They're receiving everything pretty well. Even with us opening the show every day.

Why is it that you start off every day?

Jorma: Here's the deal...somebody had to go first and it's us. Now that we've gotten into the flow, people know that we're there. So, people who want to see us come early. I don't have a problem with it. I was kidding Mickey Hart, and I said, "I'd love to have your slot, Mick," but that's not gonna happen.

Have your fans been on time?

Jack: Pretty much. There's a large parking lot contingent, as you well know, that's out with their RVs and stuff, and they come trickling in. But our fans are rockin' out, so it's been great.

Do you feel Furthur is exposing you to a new audience?

Jack: Absolutely. There's this summer audience that comes out for an event — the kind of thing where you see a great variety of music, all kinds of styles and people. It's really been well done, with no shenanigans from the folks.

Jorma: My perception is that the crowd is younger than I would have expected, so I think we're getting over with some new fans. Although I can tell from shouts I hear from the crowd that there are also some die-hards out there.

In the late '60s and the '70s you and the Dead would jam periodically. Now you're out there with Mickey Hart and Bob Weir once again. Whose idea was it to do this?

Jack: Well, John Scher is the promoter, and it was his idea that Hot Tuna should be part of Furthur.

Were you excited to be included?

Jack: Absolutely. We've done a few shows in the past with Bobby and Rob Wasserman, but I hadn't played with Mickey in years. It's really been a lot of fun. Being around all the master drummers he's brought along is just fabulous. I listen to Mickey's set every night and just focus on all the different rhythms.

Have the crowds been larger than what you're used to the last couple of years?

Jorma: Oh, sure. Even a big hall rarely has a capacity of more than 2,000 people. And even though the crowd can be pretty sparse when we come out, I would say there's more like 3,000-3,500 people when we play.

Jack, what's your involvement in the setlist?

Jack: A certain amount. Over the years, Jorma has become very skilled in reading the crowd and shifting and changing the setlist, and we do have quite a catalogue of songs.

Jorma: I make the setlist up, and Jack, bless him, customarily

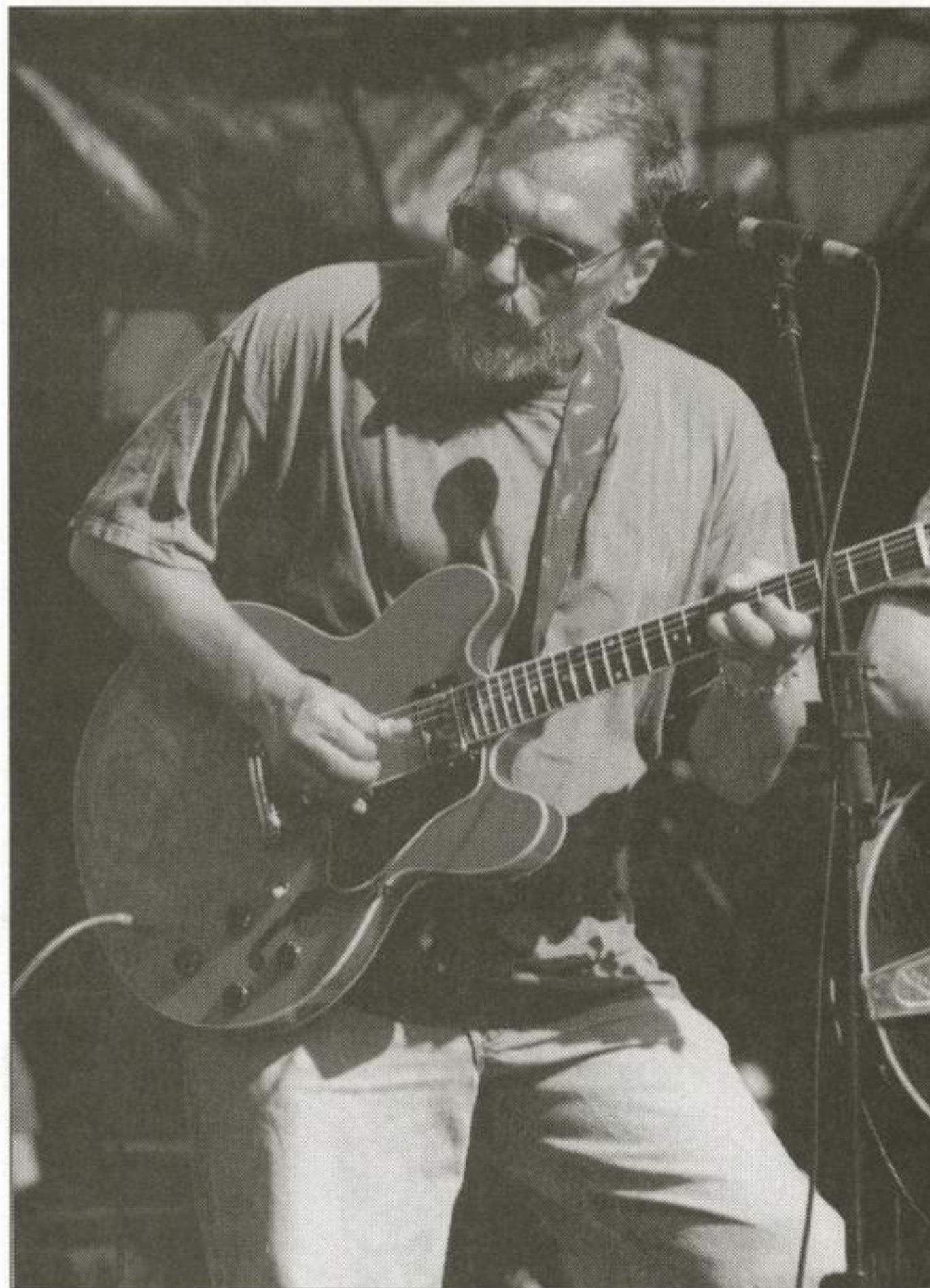


Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

agrees with me. I think he's attributing too much forethought to it, but I think I construct pretty decent sets. I try to base them on the flow of things, and it's been pretty successful so far.

Jack: We rehearsed for about a week at Jorma's ranch in Ohio before we hit the road. We're playing everything we rehearsed, plus a bunch that we've added on the tour.

Do you ever take requests? How about Letter to the Northstar?

Jorma: Oh boy...I haven't done that for years. I would do it if I knew it, but I'd really have to relearn it. Not impossible, but not likely. How's that for brutal honesty?

The setlists look great. Junkies on Angel Dust [original title: Man For All Seasons] is from the album "Barbeque King" with Vital Parts, right? What was that record about?

Jorma: I owed RCA a record at the time. Those were the guys I was playing with, and that's the album we did.

As a Jorma/Hot Tuna/Airplane fan, there's so much going on all of a sudden.

Jorma: I guess it has a lot to do with the Hall of Fame, especially for RCA. I don't think they would have been interested if it hadn't been for the Hall of Fame.

Jack: Because of the Hall of Fame situation in January, we sat down with RCA, and they're re-releasing our first Hot Tuna albums...the first five. The first one will come out with additional material that we couldn't get on the original issue.

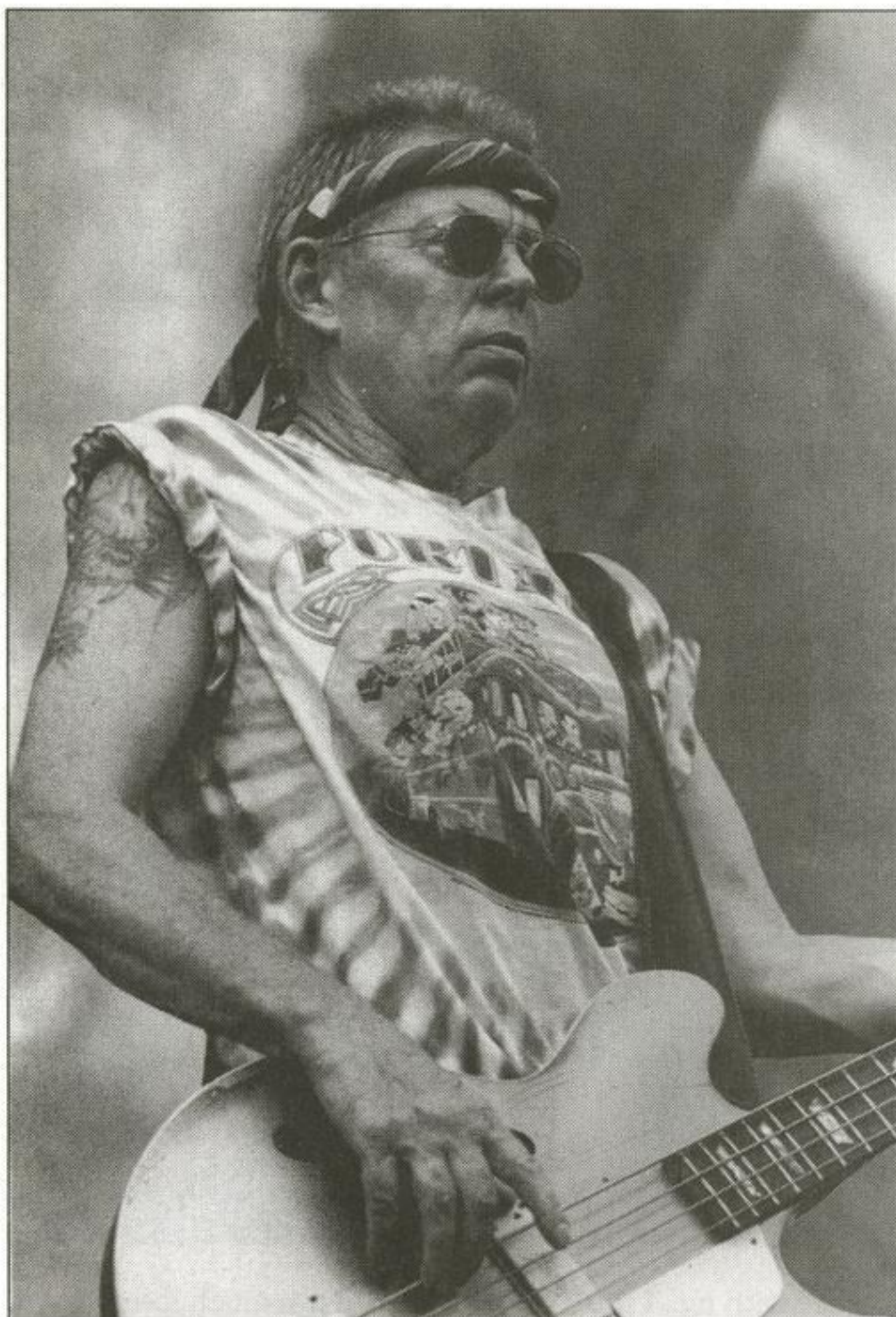


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What's your favorite Hot Tuna record?

Jorma: I think probably the first one ["Hot Tuna"].

Jack: It changes around all the time. I like the first one for the acoustic properties, because it was so different to do an album like that. And I also like "Burgers," because I think that was a great general all-around album. And then there are bits and pieces of all the albums that came later. I'm also really fond of the last series that we did at the Sweetwater ["Live at Sweetwater Vols. 1 & 2"].

How does it feel being a Hall of Fame member?

Jack: Great! I think the Hall of Fame's great.

Do people treat you differently now?

Jack: No! My head's still about the same size.

Mickey and Phil Lesh inducted you. Did you know that you'd be going on the Furthur tour at that time?

Jack: No, we did not. As a matter of fact, at the time everyone was mostly concerned around the fact that Jerry had died, and they didn't quite know what they were going to do. Everything was emotionally up in the air. I think that was a good chance for those guys to start figuring out what they were going to do. And here is the result...this summer.

Which do you prefer, acoustic or electric?

Jorma: It's two really different things. It's like piano and organ. I like them both.

Jack: I use the same bass either way because I finally found an instrument that will work both ways, the [Gibson] Les Paul. I've also got the Epiphone Jack Casady prototype model on tour that I'm fine-tuning. I've been using it generally during the jams at the end of the evening and tuning in the pickups and making little notes and seeing what works.

That's pretty exciting.

Jack: It's very exciting; I'm really happy. It will have the same body shape and a long-scale neck as the Gibson. We're working to improve the pickups a bit and get it up to modern standards. I'm really happy with it and hopefully we'll get it dialed in by the end of this year and it will be ready for presentation at the NAM show [an annual instrument showcase].

Is the size of the Furthur crowd more conducive to Electric Hot Tuna?

Jorma: Actually, because we have really great PAs, we have the same power doing the acoustic-style stuff, too, and I think they've both been going over great. You get more frenzied with the electric stuff because that's the nature of the beast, but I think the acoustic stuff is going over just as well.

Who chooses the songs for the jam?

Jorma: Bobby and Bruce Hornsby have been spokespersons, largely because other people just don't speak up. However,

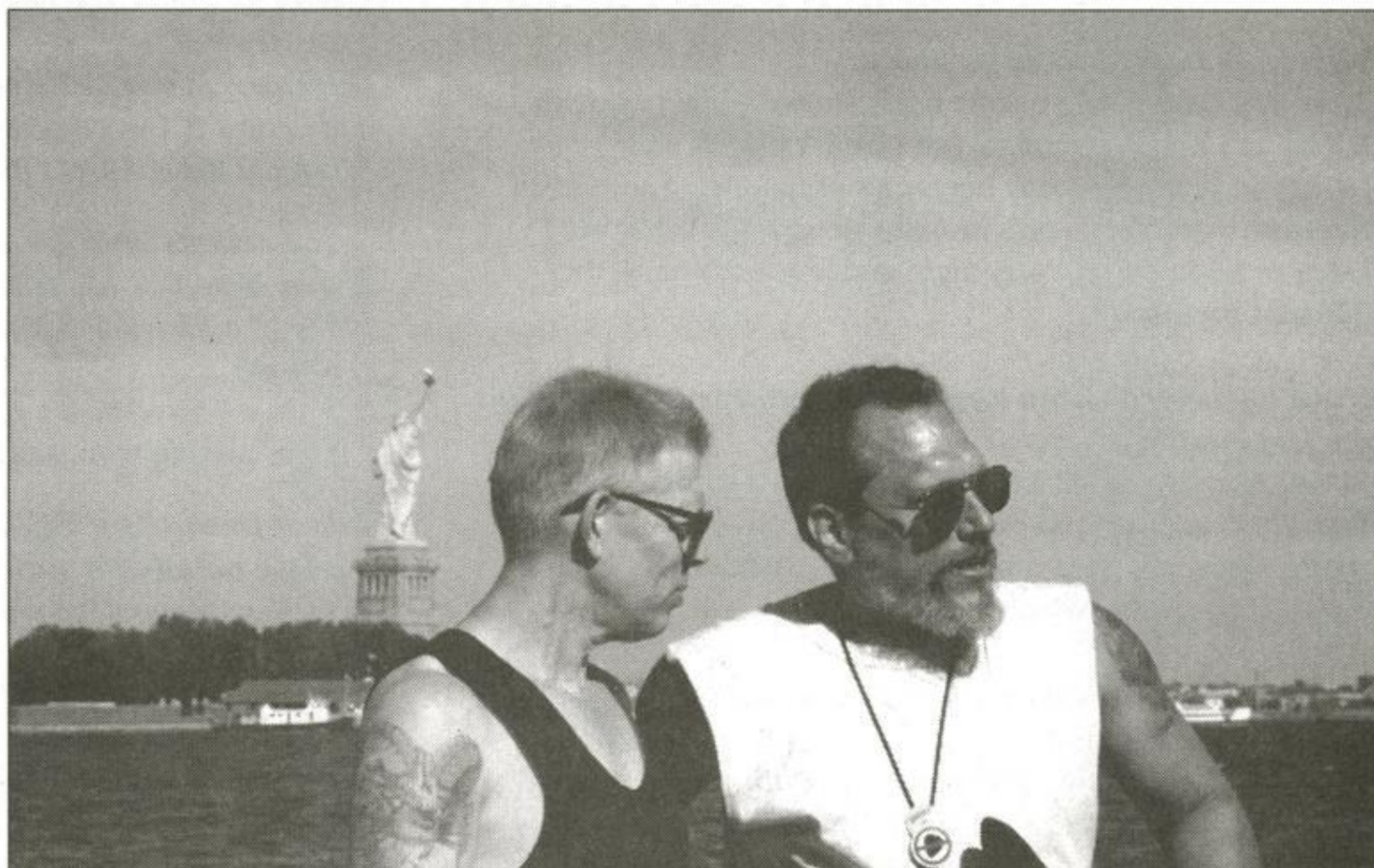


Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

we're all at the meetings. One night we did one of our old songs, *How Long Blues*, with horns. We all get to do stuff, and I've been having fun playing lead guitar and singing with them. So everybody gets to have input; it's very democratic.

Do you ever sit down and talk shop with Bobby about guitars? What do you think about his Graphite guitars?

Jorma: I have one myself and I like them. I've had a Modulus guitar for years and I really like it. My favorite guitars happen to be Gibsons. See, the thing is, when I started out playing there were only three guitars: Martin, Gibson, and Fender, and some lesser brands. Now there's a plethora of quality guitars, and it's a player's market. You can get anything you like. I think Graphite guitars are great, I just happen to love Gibson guitars.

For years you were playing the Modulus.

Jorma: Yeah, you bet, and I still have it at home. But I just have Gibsons with me now.

You're playing an ES335?

Jorma: Yep, and the acoustic is a Chet Atkins.

Compare the jam approach between then and now.

Was it a little more spontaneous back in the '60s?

Jack: Sometimes. There was a lot more hanging. You were young and that was the nature of the thing. There was a huge number of people to listen to, and when you weren't playing, you were out in the scene doing it. I played with Country Joe because their bass player was sick. They had to finish an album, and I think I played seven songs on an album ["Here We Are Again"] and a series of about 10-15 live shows when the Airplane wasn't out on the road. That happened all the time because the Airplane didn't really tour very much. If they went out on the road it wasn't for more than 15-20 days, maybe three times a year.

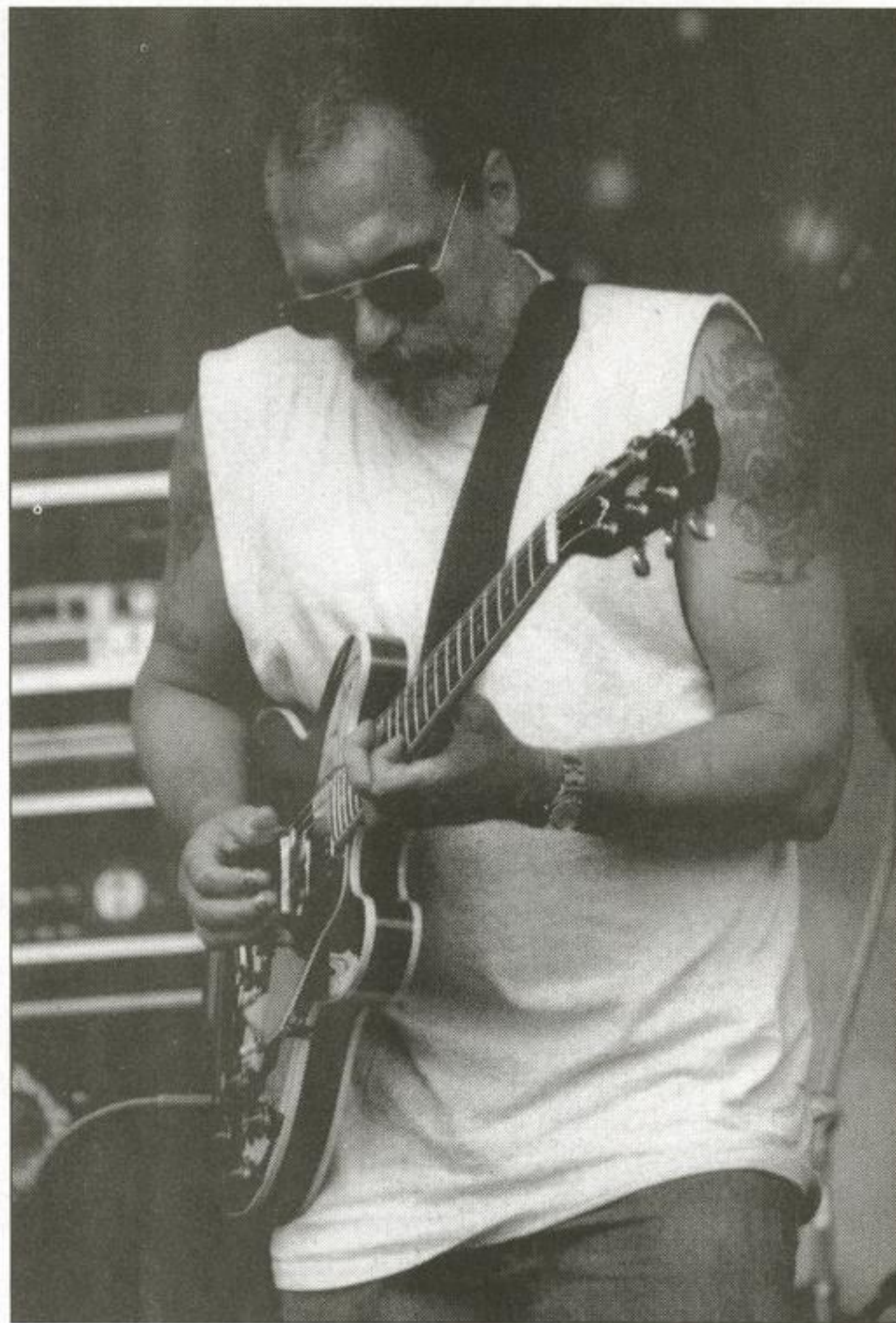


Photo by Michael Sheehan ©1996

Jack, let me ask you about "Electric Ladyland." Was this something that was planned or did it come out of the blue?

Jack: It wasn't planned. Stevie Winwood had been appearing at a small club called The Scene in New York, and Jimi was at

the Record Plant doing "Electric Ladyland." I had known Jimi, we had played at the Fillmore and a variety of things, so he invited a whole horde of people over to the studio. Then at about 7:30 in the morning, Stevie, Jimi, Mitch Mitchell, and I played a blues thing called *Voodoo Chile*. We went over the changes one time and started to play — Jimi broke a string. As a matter of fact, I listened to all of that just recently. I came to New York in February to do some filming for a BBC program on "Electric Ladyland," and I got a chance to listen to the original two-inch tapes and take apart all the songs and talk about them. I was a little nervous, because it was so many years ago, but it worked out fine. I had a

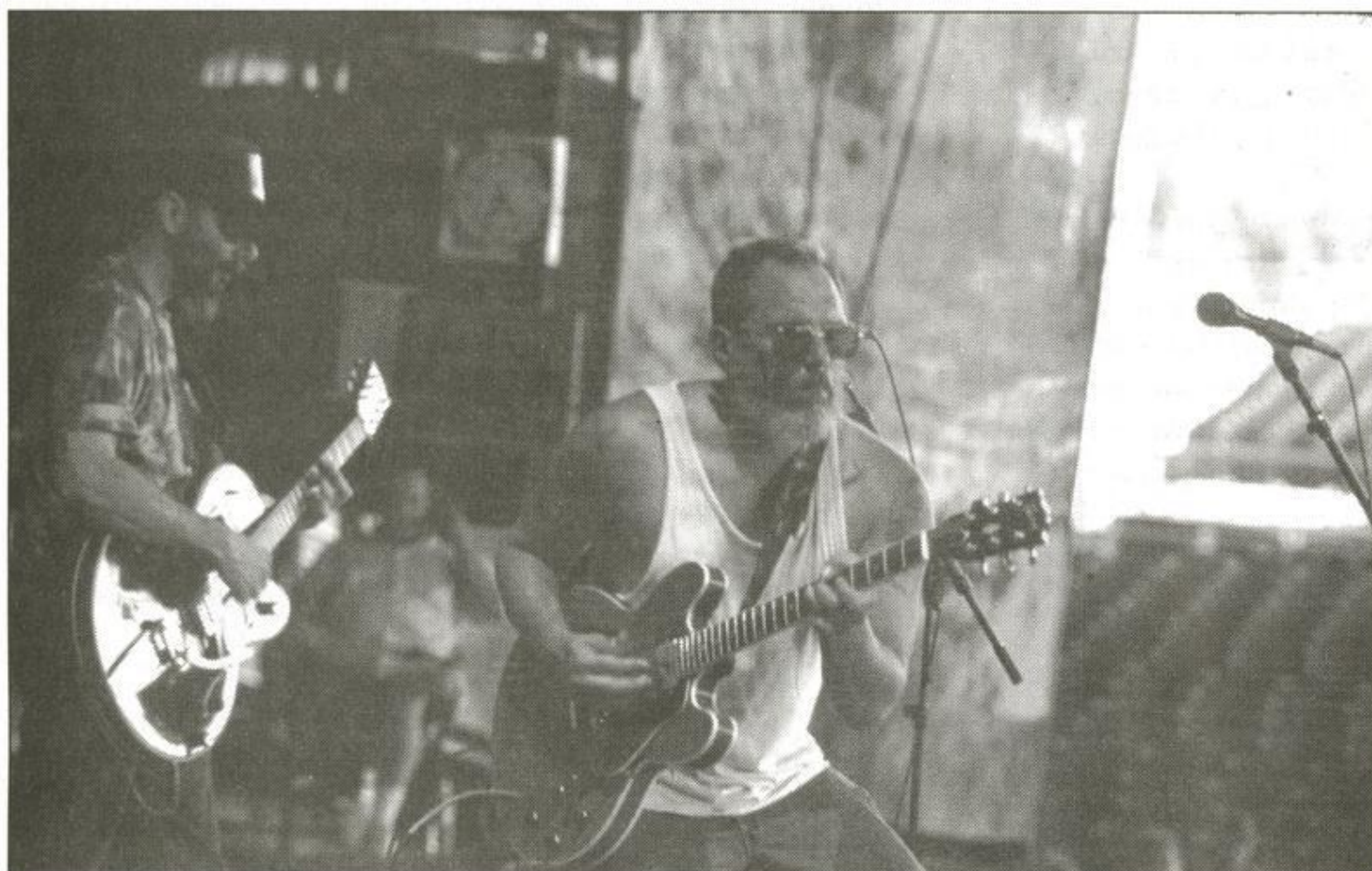


Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

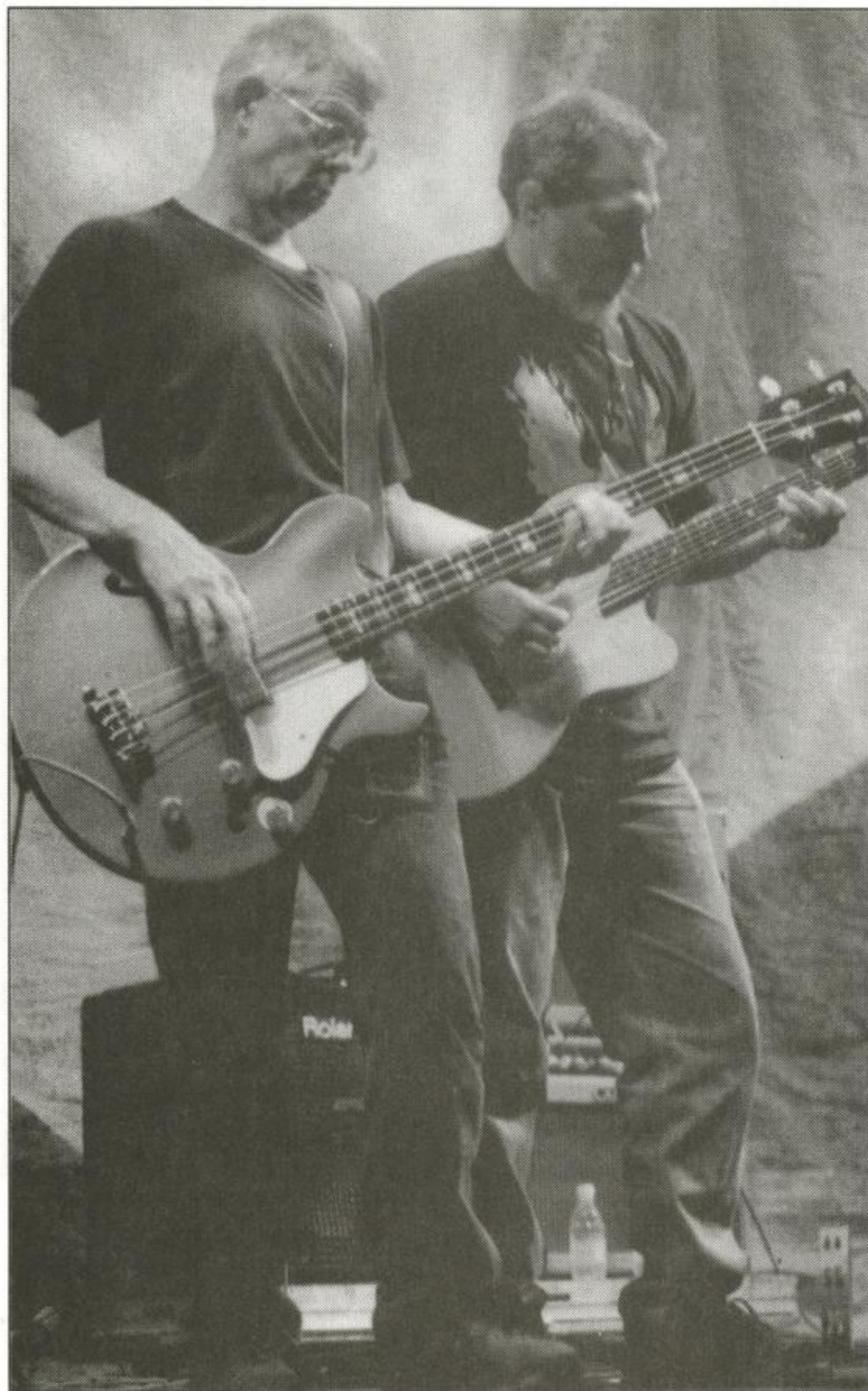


Photo by Bradley S. Gelb ©1996

great time, and it was very informative, but it was a little disturbing, because you're going into a place that you had been before, but with a person who had died. Jimi was a wonderful person, a guy who really liked to play the guitar.

Jorma, we hear you've been doing some performances at an open mike night at a small club in Athens, Ohio.

Jorma: A friend of mine runs it, and there always seems to be some sort of telepathic hotline because the place is always packed. I don't know what the deal is, so I guess somebody knows I'm going to show up. Athens is a college town, so it's always packed with younger people, which is really neat.

How does your approach differ between an open mike night and a summer tour like Furthur?

Jorma: I really handle them pretty much the same way. The only reason I write a setlist for Furthur is because they have a signer for the deaf Deadheads, and she wants to know what songs we're doing so she can sign them. Other than that, I really approach them pretty much the same way. Obviously it's more intimate when you're in the Athens club, but there's

an intimate feeling, to me, to Furthur, even though it's massive.

Do you feel that you have a responsibility to keep some blues songs alive, to expose people to these old traditions — Reverend Gary Davis, piano-style guitar, Jelly Roll Morton?

Jorma: I don't think about it that way, but since we're talking about it, I'll say yes, because I do believe that. Those songs are so much a part of my life that when I'm doing them, I don't think that I'm exposing somebody to these songs. But to take a step back, like we're doing now, I'd say yes.

A lot of people have been exposed to that music because of you; it's kind of your thing.

Jorma: I really believe that you don't choose the music, the music chooses you. So it's been a blessing that, because of the Airplane, I have the visibility to be able to expose people to this. I know a lot of people who have gotten introduced to old blues through me, and have then gone back into the roots and have really become experts on it. I studied with a guy named Ian Buchanan, who had studied with [Reverend Gary Davis]. When I dropped out of school, I went to New York and hung around The Rev a lot, but I didn't have any money to pay for that high-priced three-dollar lesson. So I have, in effect, studied with him for years and still study his music, but I never actually studied with him.

You told me how Embryonic Journey just came as a spark or "divine intervention," as you called it. Do you still get it?

Jorma: Yeah, it happens occasionally. I think for me as I get older, they're not as many discoveries, or I'm not as aware of them, but they happen. I think when you're a young musician, or a young artist, they happen a lot because every day is a new plateau. Now the plateaus are a little fewer and farther between, but they're there.

Jorma, here's a question that doesn't have anything to do with music. You can look at your photos from the start of your career and it really looks like you've addressed the health issue.

Jorma: I'm 56, and I just determined that staying alive was the option that I preferred. When I'm home I work out five days a week. I do it whenever I get a chance. I'm totally obsessive about everything. When I'm home I'm up at five in the morning, I go to the gym, I usually put in two and a half hours, go home, take a nap, and let the day begin.

I've been finding there's lots of information online on what you're doing at Furthur.

Jack: If you're computer literate you can find info on the Grateful Dead web page. I was on there yesterday. About every third day I'll log on for a half hour and chat with the folks online.

Jorma: E-mail is the greatest; I love it. When we're through with this tour, I'm going to get myself a high-speed laptop, so I'm not at the whim and beck and call of my less-technologically advanced friends. ♦



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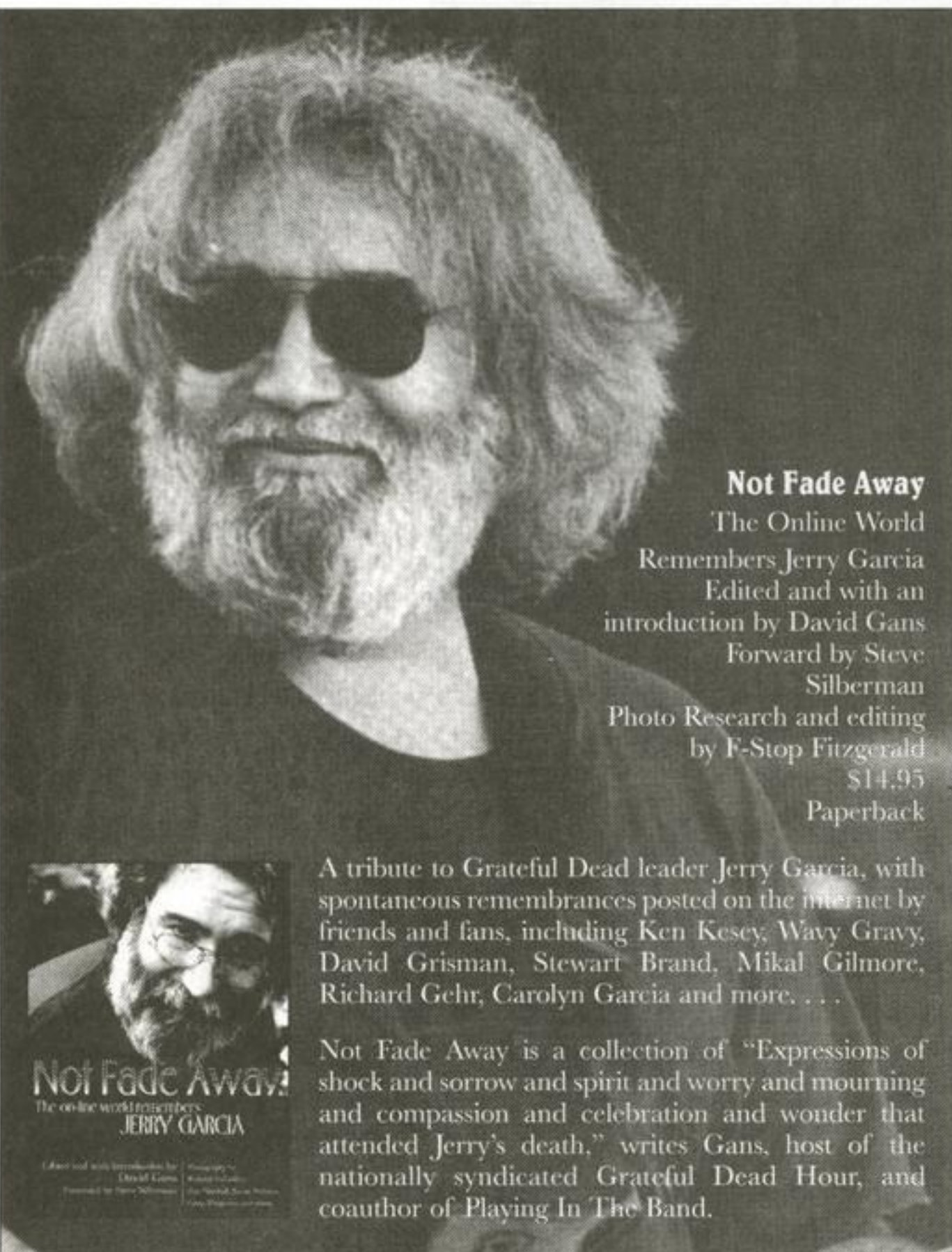
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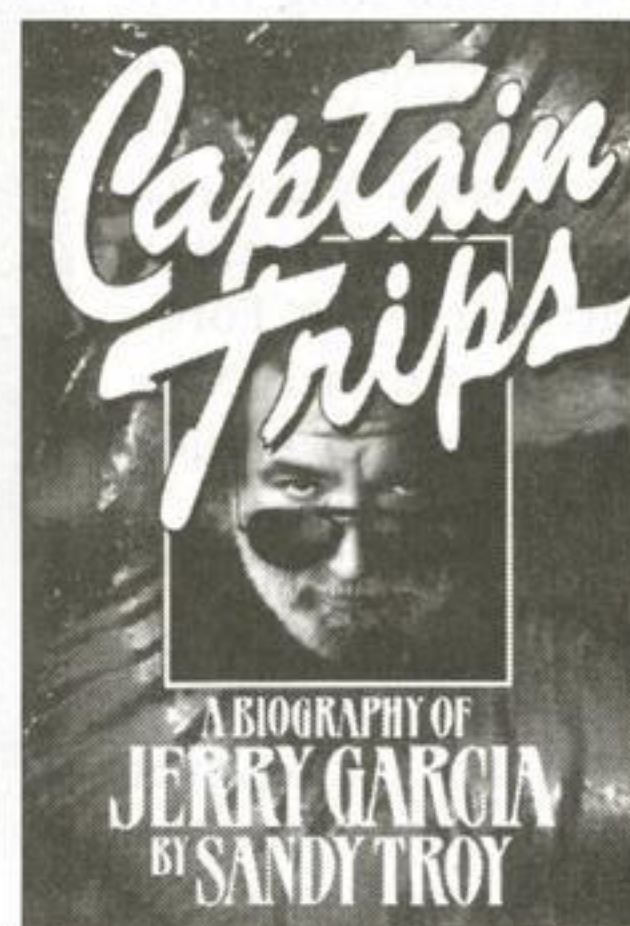
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SANDPAPER NOTES



BY JEFF GORLECHEN

It wasn't good enough for John Popper, so Phish kept the name for themselves. Yes, the Clifford Ball, the name Phish wanted to use for the original H.O.R.D.E. festival, was turned down by Blues Traveler's front man. So, four years later, Phish produced it themselves, paying tribute to Clifford Ball, the infamous Pittsburgh aviator who first developed the concept of air mail.

The "Beacon of Light in a World of Flight" is what capped Phish's two-month long international summer tour. It was the mother of all spectacles, so much that the decommissioned Plattsburgh Air Force Base in upstate New York became the state's ninth largest city.

The invasion began on Thursday, August 15. Phish was taking over the Air Force base for the entire weekend.

Driving north on Interstate 87, you could see the orange neon construction signs off in the distance. Only ten miles outside of Plattsburgh, travelers approaching reacted in surprise as the signs pointed them in two directions. The first sign asked drivers to use the specially constructed Clifford Ball exit ramps to gain access to the concert site. The other instructed them to tune their radio to 88.9 FM (WCBR) — All Ball, All the Time. Over the course of the weekend, there would be no need to touch that dial. From noon on Thursday until two a.m. Sunday, Clifford Ball Radio would provide traffic reports, news advisories, interviews with the band, live Phish music from the band's archives, and stereo simulcasts of Friday and Saturday's concerts.

PHISH ASSEMBLES THE NINTH LARGEST CITY IN NEW YORK

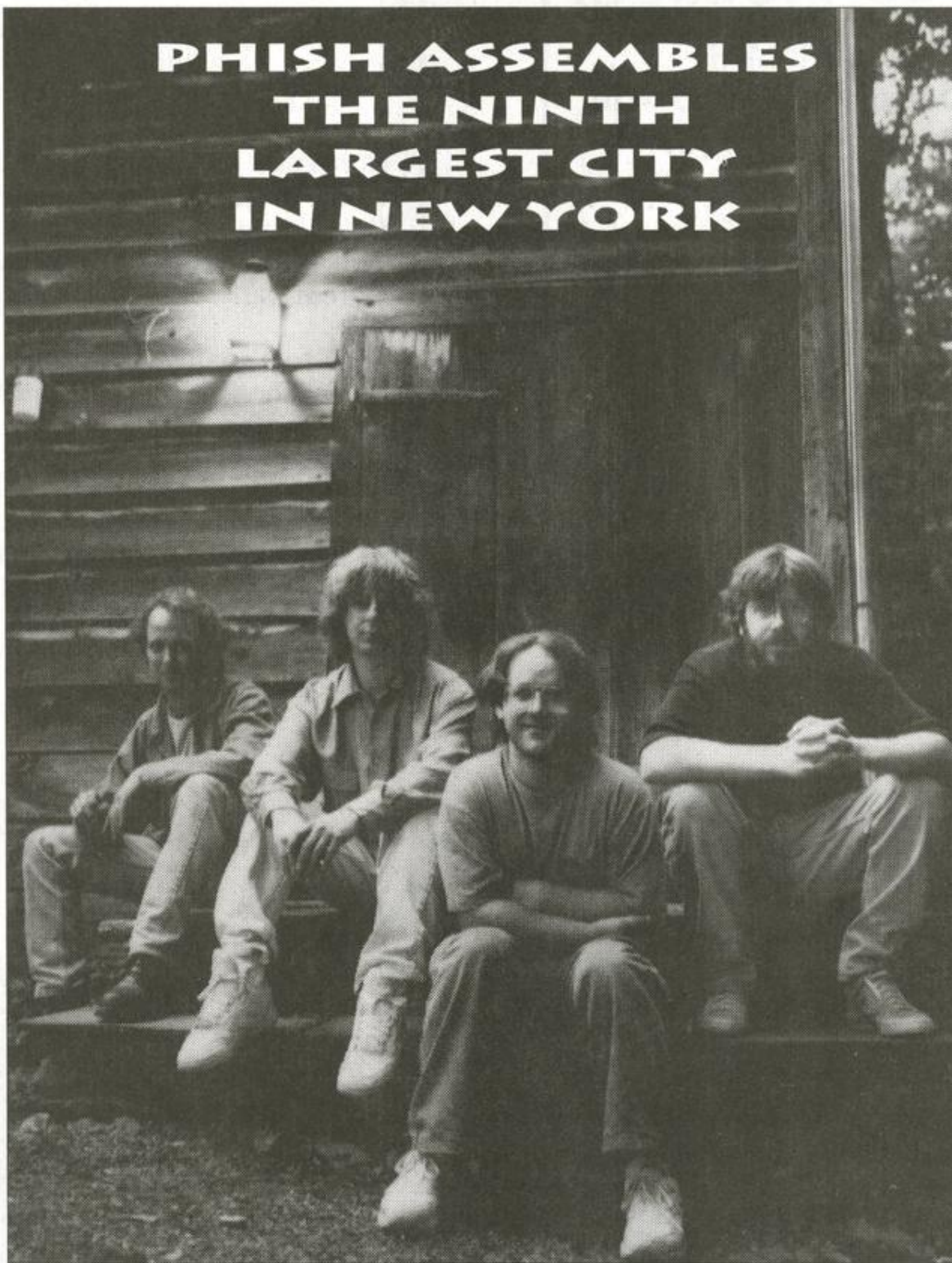


Photo by Danny Clinch

Most of the 70,000+ people going to the Ball would be entrenching themselves at the Air Force base for the entire weekend, camping in a place where, only two years ago, you would have been arrested or possibly shot if you set foot there. But now, Clifford Ball was everywhere, making people feel safe and well-informed. Seemingly hundreds of four-story tall wooden cut-out depictions of Clifford Ball were standing and pointing the way to the campsite, the box office, the food vendors, and the ticket takers. Everywhere a person looked, there was Clifford.

As people set up their campsites throughout Thursday evening, a familiar sound began to be heard. It was Phish's soundcheck! To the cheers of the campground inhabitants, the band played for nearly

90 minutes, setting the tone for a weekend of aural ecstasy and a guaranteed chance to shake them bones.

Friday morning finally arrived and campers got set for the Ball as the "day-only" warriors made their way to the site. Vending from the campground to the concert gates was flowing freely as commerce ruled the day. Even the local paper, the *Press-Republican*, was handing out special *Clifford Ball Press* newspapers which added to the illusion that the only thing happening in the world was happening right here.

At around noon on Friday, the first appearance of the traveling band appeared in the campground. Dressed in



Photo by Susan K. Ryder

they lost their tickets on the drive up from the South. Upon discovering a lack of tickets, they proceeded to call the local Plattsburgh police, explain their dilemma, and then hope that the police could get in touch with the Phish organization to replace their lost tickets. Sensing the need to provide an early wedding present, lest there be no wedding, Dionysian Productions came through in a pinch.

But there was more. If you were still bored after playing in the Ball Square, there were a host of amusements to keep you occupied until Phish began their three-set, six-hour music marathon. There was a moonbounce

multi-colored, rainbow-hued costumes, some juggling, some on stilts, some juggling while on stilts, they played polkas and other carnival-style music that was a fine precursor to the merriment that would ensue throughout the Ball. The band paraded around the campground, ultimately leading the procession into the main concert field at 1:00 p.m.

The gates opened and the rail rats stampeded inside, flooding to the front of the stage as concert employees jokingly ran for cover. After the initial surge of people, many seemed to be taking their time, enjoying the scene that made up the Clifford Ball.

And what a scene it was. Once inside, Ball-goers were treated to an astounding number of just exactly perfect touches that made this the ultimate Phish city. There were food vendors from all over the United States, serving the eclectic food of Italy, India, Thailand, and China, among others. Each vendor was hand-picked by the band, with the exception of more mainstream vendors such as Domino's, Subway, and Budweiser. Everything was affordable and the food was outstanding. This was not your ordinary six-dollars-for-a-crappy-pizza-and-flat-coke concert meal.

With the vendors setting up shop on either side of the concert field, the back of the field housed the Clifford Ball Square. This pastel-painted city was hand-crafted by Burlington, Vermont craftspeople. The "city" consisted of small framed buildings, each of which represented a typical business you might find in any small town. The little buildings surrounded a gigantic cement statue of Clifford Ball. In Clifford's town square, there was a place to get your hair cut, glass blown, pizza baked, and Pollock autographed. Yes, John Pollock, famous for his band caricatures which have adorned many Phish T-shirts, was there autographing sketches of his work. And, finally, there was even a place to get married. That's right, a place to get married!

In a weekend that was filled with stories within a story, Toodle Lee and Michael Rehberg of Macon, GA, got married in Clifford Ball Chapel on Saturday afternoon. But not before

for jumping, a human bowling contest where you had to knock down bowling pins, Velcro suit jumping, and gravity machines.

At times, it almost seemed like, "Wait, Phish is going to actually play here as well?" Everyone was enjoying themselves so much, and the event was so well run, that having Phish play almost seemed like an afterthought. That is, until they actually started playing.

In what was arguably the greatest Phish show I have ever seen, the band absolutely rose to the occasion. Beginning at 6:45 p.m. and ending at 12:30 a.m., the band played three sets which contained nearly four hours of music. And this was only the first show!

The first set began with a *Chalkdust Torture* that simply raged. The energy was so high between the band and the crowd, you could have lit a match and sent the base into outer space. You could see Trey Anastasio say, "This is awesome!" to his friends. The *Bathtub Gin* that followed was a delight. Trey was playing guitar lines inside and outside the groove as Mike Gordon thumped away on his bass and Jon Fishman beat his drums, all while Page McConnell played that ragtime-inflected piano line. After a *Ya Mar* that got the crowd dance happy, they went into a blistering *AC/DC Bag*. At this point, it was time to be afraid, very afraid. The band was on and they still had over three hours to go.

A rarely played *Esther* pleased to no end, and then the magic really starting happening. The overcast skies started to give way. As the sun was setting behind the left of the stage, there was a layer along the horizon line where you could see orangy clouds, blue sky, and more orangy clouds. Just below that you could see the sun setting, casting its orange light behind the stage. That's when the band went into *Divided Sky*. During the soaring, spiraling jam which seemed to go on forever, that was when you knew that this was the only place you needed to be. It was an amazingly beautiful moment. *Halley's Comet* came blazing out of that majestic *Sky*. A song that never disappoints, they took it one step further. Rather



Photo by David Chirco

than stopping the song on a dime like usual, they jammed it out hard leading into a *David Bowie* that brought the first set to an epic conclusion.

The two-hour second set picked up right where the first set ended when *Split Open and Melt* reduced everyone to little green globules. The jam was so twisted, so spaced out that following *Split* with *Sparkle* made complete sense. "Laughing, laughing, fall apart" indeed. After a good, if not mind-blowing, *Free*, *Squirring Coil* featured an even more gorgeous than usual song-ending piano solo from Page. The stage lights were turned all the way down, save for one spotlight focused on Page. Stagehands and roadies scrambled around setting up for the acoustic set that would follow.

The acoustic set featured three new songs and one outtake from the new album, "Billy Breathes." The first, *Waste*, was a pretty ballad sung by Trey. It's one of the most mature songs, lyrically, that the band has written. The song is about spending time with someone you love while having to deal with the rigors of being in the public spotlight. The next song was *Talk*. Another Trey song, it has a quicker pace and lighter feel than *Waste*. The lyrics are also less direct, but, in the broadest sense, it's about miscommunication. A Mike Gordon tune, *Trainsong* followed. It has a very country-ish feel and typically obscure Gordon-esque lyrics.

The final song of the acoustic set was *Strange Design* — a Tom Marshall number sung by Page McConnell. In its electric form, it was a staple of 1995's shows. It works much better done acoustic, however. Interestingly, the version of this tune that was cut from the new album was not performed acoustic. It was a severely overdubbed, *Eleanor Rigby*-like take on the song.

A quick pause to reassemble the stage was covered up with the a cappella *Ragtime Gal*. Then, the mindmelt began. Nearly 90 minutes into the set, *Mike's Song* was unleashed. And what a version it was. The jam out of the main structure of the song contained about seven minutes playing in and around the main riff from *Simple*. They danced with it for so long, you'd have thought they'd never get to it. When *Simple*

finally arrived, it was a fat, funky, tripped-out permutation of the song that appears on "A Live One." *Contact* followed, providing the perfect foil for the intensity that proceeded it. *Weekapaug Groove* boogied everyone into the second intermission.

Having already entered the "How are they ever gonna top that?" zone, they began the third set with *Makisupa Policeman*. The reggae-inspired tune led into a feedback jam that gave way to *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, a great song to listen to when you are staring up at the Milky Way galaxy. *Down with Disease* brought the crowd back to earth and kicked out a ten-minute jam that was a highlight at every show that featured it on the summer tour. It's fast, and maybe a little repetitious, but when it's on, it grooves more than any other Phish song. This version eased right into *N.I.C.U. (Natal Intensive Care Unit)*, another good juxtaposition of songs. David Bowie's *Life on Mars* was next. This has almost replaced the Rolling Stones' *Loving Cup* as my favorite Phish cover. They play it so well and faithful to the original, yet it still comes out sounding like Phish.

Appropriately, the reggae-bent set ended with *Harry Hood*. You could definitely feel good about this *Hood*. After completely nailing the song, the band kept playing faster and faster, blowing off the final "You can feel good!" while an unbelievable display of fireworks painted the sky above them. An *Amazing Grace* encore closed the show as the final traces of fireworks dimmed in the sky above the stage.

And that, apparently, was the end of Friday's show — a show that had dozens of people asking the question, "How is it possible that every time I see this band, I think it's the best I have ever seen them play?"

Three-and-a-half hours later, though, the band began its fourth set. Far away from the stage from atop a flatbed truck, the band played around the perimeter of the campground at four a.m. in the morning! Dozens of Phish fans, some with drums, followed the truck, making the band seem like the second coming of the Pied Piper. It was a long, twisting jam that never quite turned into a song, the sound of an exhausted group of musicians who were playing what they felt. It was the only thing they could play at that hour of the day, especially when they were due back onstage in less than 12 hours to start show number two.

Saturday's show began much differently than Friday's. Where Friday's show went from zero to 60 in four seconds flat, Saturday's first set began in the middle of the afternoon, and the music that was played was much mellower to start. By the end of the night, however, this show would feature a few more surprises and "first-time evers" than the previous show.

The bluegrass tune, *My Old Home Place*, was a good choice on a beautiful, lazy, sun-soaked afternoon. That was quickly followed by *Punch You in the Eye*, complete with *The Landlady* coda. This was a knock-out version, too. A song that is riddled with problematic chord changes, the band

sailed through on the way to a drop-dead gorgeous 15-minute *Reba*. *Reba* somehow works much better when played in broad daylight. The lilting jam that closes the song just floats along on the breeze, sweeping you away with its precise melodies. The remainder of the set was pretty standard: well-played, but not at the intensity of the night's previous show, almost like Phish was the opening act for itself. The exception to this was the late-set *Maze*. The band found its stride, hitting peak after peak in the song's instrumental break. Page built a wall of sound with his Hammond organ while Trey was like a flash of lightning on his guitar.

Next up on that day's bill was the Clifford Ball Orchestra. This was an international lineup that included musicians the band met a month earlier on their European tour, as well as members of the Plattsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Selections played included Debussy's *Claire de Lune* ballet as well as Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite*. The ballet piece was particularly inspired. Earlier that afternoon, a stunt plane hired by the band entertained the crowd by performing some loop-de-loops and skywriting, as well as flying around banners that read, "A dime from here will penetrate," or "No joke — running low on fuel." During the ballet piece, the pilot, while listening to the performance on his radio, performed acrobatic feats of flight that were timed to the music. It was a mind-blowing end to the set.

Even more mindblowing commenced when set two began. Night had fallen, and Phish was ready to go. In what was probably the best set I have *ever* heard them play (after it was over, the people around me were actually doubting the validity of our opinions because we simply thought that *nothing* could possibly be that good), Phish played one colossal huge song after another.

They unveiled the set with *The Curtain*. "Please, we have no regrets." None at all. The band means business when they start a set with this tune. *Runaway Jim* followed, taking the crowd so far out there that it was easy to feel as lost as the dog in the song. Each band member was playing something completely different, yet similar at the same time. They plunged right into *It's Ice* with a breakdown jam in the middle that was very different from the jam that usually appears there. Page began playing this really dissonant phrase on his piano. As he played, Mike and Trey were looping these weird delays out of their instruments while Fishman played almost a conga beat.

Breakout cameo time came next. Not played since 1993, *Brother* made an appearance. This was so tight and so demented! Ice-cream magnates Ben & Jerry came out to sing the third verse in their best Middle-Eastern accents. The crowd was in stitches at the sight. Clearly, this was the funniest moment of the weekend.

Taking the set to an even higher plateau, which was almost unimaginable, *Fluffhead*, the ultimate Phish fugue, was incredible. The peak just kept peaking. The hose was turned up full blast. Trey was just shredding these solos. He had the

direct line from his soul to the guitar, which seemed to be playing him. It was a complete freak-out. Pick your favorite superlative.

Unbelievably, *Run Like An Antelope* was next. Totally out of control, the band was sneaking teases to so many songs before they crashed into the main instrumental break. While they were jamming, this rope came down in the center of the stage and a professional dancer shimmied up the rope. She was twisting and turning while the strobe lights were flashing and the stage lights painted her in fluorescent pink and white. The jam was maniacal. You could see Trey and Mike staring up at her playing to her twists. Or was it the other way around? A truly inspired moment. Surely this was the close of the set. Nope. *Golgi Apparatus*, the anthem to end all Phish anthems was next. "I saw you, with a ticket stub in your hand." This rocked in fine fashion, bringing down the house. The energy level was higher than it had been all weekend. The band and the audience were freaking out of their skulls. This *had* to be the end of the set.

Wrong again. Trey hit the opening chords to *Slave to the Traffic Light*. You could tell the band was pumped up, as they played the intro way too fast. After about a minute, they settled into the song and played a soul-searching rendition. And THAT was the end of maybe the best set in Phishtory ever, but there was STILL a third set on the way!

The call and effect of *Wilson* began the final set of the summer. A jam on Led Zeppelin's *Heartbreaker* got

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sandwiched in the middle of the song, which gave way to Edgar Winter's *Frankenstein*. This testosterone-juiced song was played with an intensity which was diminished somewhat by *Scent of a Mule* which followed. *Scent* did have one neat wrinkle, however. During the dueling instrument break that usually features a showdown between Page and Trey, Jon got into the act by playing what may have been his first drum solo ever at a Phish show.

The tune that followed twisted the show into another bizarre space. During *Tweezer* the band hit the big space jam that follows the last verse, when all of a sudden, on each side of the stage, these trampoline jumpers began bouncing to the jam. And this wasn't the amateur sort of hijinks that Mike and Trey perform during *You Enjoy Myself*. These were the genuine article. Trampoliners doing splits, somersaults, backflips, and other calisthenics to the beat of the strobe lights and the music. *A Day in the Life* began as the gymnasts were led off the stage to thunderous applause. The show was capped by the one-two punch of *Possum/Tweezer Reprise*.

It was time for the encore. There was only one song left to be played. What would it be? Controversial is what it would be. The band came out and Trey thanked the crowd for a great weekend, saying everything was amazing. At that point, someone jumped onstage and tried to hug Trey. He was clearly annoyed and said, "Well, everything except for that guy."

Then the band went right into *Harpua* — the holy grail in Phishland. For some reason, the customary "Oom pah pah, Oom pah, pah, Oom pah pah pah" that begins the song was omitted. The band gets through the first verse and Trey starts telling a story about Jimmy and how he wanted to fly. Coincidentally, or perhaps not, the stunt pilot who had been delighting the crowd all weekend was also named Jimmy. Jimmy Parker to be exact.

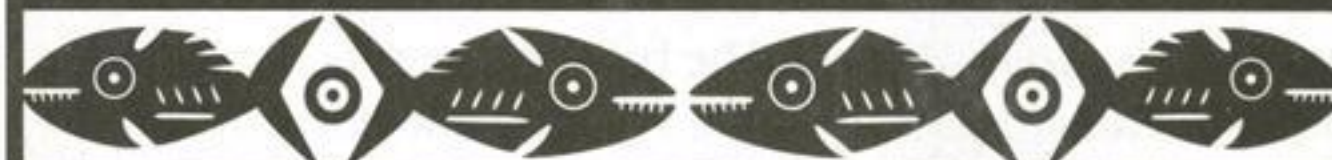
A plane takes off behind the stage and Trey is screaming, "Jimmy was flying! Jimmy could fly!" as the plane flew over the stage with a trail of sparks behind it. As this happened, the band stopped playing and left the stage. The only thing you could hear was a delay that Trey left on his guitar. Page was the last one to leave. He looked like he didn't know what was going to happen next and the stage lights remained dark for about five minutes. The plane was no longer anywhere to be seen. Then the house lights came up.

Everyone was wondering, "What was up with that *Harpua*? Was Trey pissed at that guy for jumping onstage. Why didn't they finish *Harpua*?" The answer was not quickly forthcoming. Speculation would run rampant on rec.music.phish for several weeks, until Trey finally addressed this most important issue on the band's web site. To paraphrase, Trey said that the plane took off too early and it dulled the effect, and the stunt of having a trail of fireworks behind the plane did not pack the punch the band thought it would.

People were spent and began the slow stroll to the campground to pass out. Some folks left early to beat the rush,

which was smart because on the following day it took nearly three hours for some people to get their cars out of the Air Force base and onto Interstate 87.

The amazing cosmic journey that was the Clifford Ball had concluded. The smart, well-run event went off without a hitch. No stone was left unturned in the preparation and planning. Campground porto-sans were cleaned out every two-three hours. There were no incidents. People behaved. It was a true marvel, an event that should not have been missed by anyone. But, for those of you who did, don't worry. The entire thing, from early planning meetings in the beginning of the year through the conclusion of *Harpua*, was captured on film for possible future release. ♦



GRAINS OF SAND

Phish took a break following the Clifford Ball, gearing up for their two-month fall tour. The tour began on October 16 in Lake Placid, NY, the day after "Billy Breathes" was released. The band will travel across the country, including a Halloween stop in Atlanta, GA, and wind up the tour on December 6 at the Aladdin Theater in Las Vegas, NV.

Following a Christmas break, the traditional run of New Year's shows will begin on December 28 and 29 at the Spectrum in Philadelphia, PA, and conclude on December 30 and 31 at the Fleet Center in Boston, MA.

After a one-month break, the band will return to Europe in February for about two weeks to support the European release of "Billy Breathes." Tour plans beyond the European swing are uncertain, but rumors of a two-month United States spring tour have surfaced, along with the possibility of spending most of next summer in Europe.

Free was the first single off "Billy Breathes." Although the CD's release was nearly a month away, radio stations began airing *Free* by early September. A recent *Billboard* article related how Elektra is providing unprecedented support for "Billy Breathes" as compared to other Phish CDs. A huge push will be made on college campuses with Elektra interns being given the specific assignment of monitoring "Billy Breathes" shelf placement in local record stores, as well as plastering campuses with posters for the new CD.

Elektra representatives were quoted as saying that they think Phish is ready to hit the big time with this album. Personally, I am not so sure if Elektra is right. Having heard "Billy Breathes," *Free* may be the most radio-friendly song the band has recorded, but only marginally more so than, say, *Sample in a Jar* or *Down with Disease*, both of which appeared on their last studio effort, "Hoist." At any rate, only time will tell if "Billy Breathes" will bring Phish to the masses. ♦

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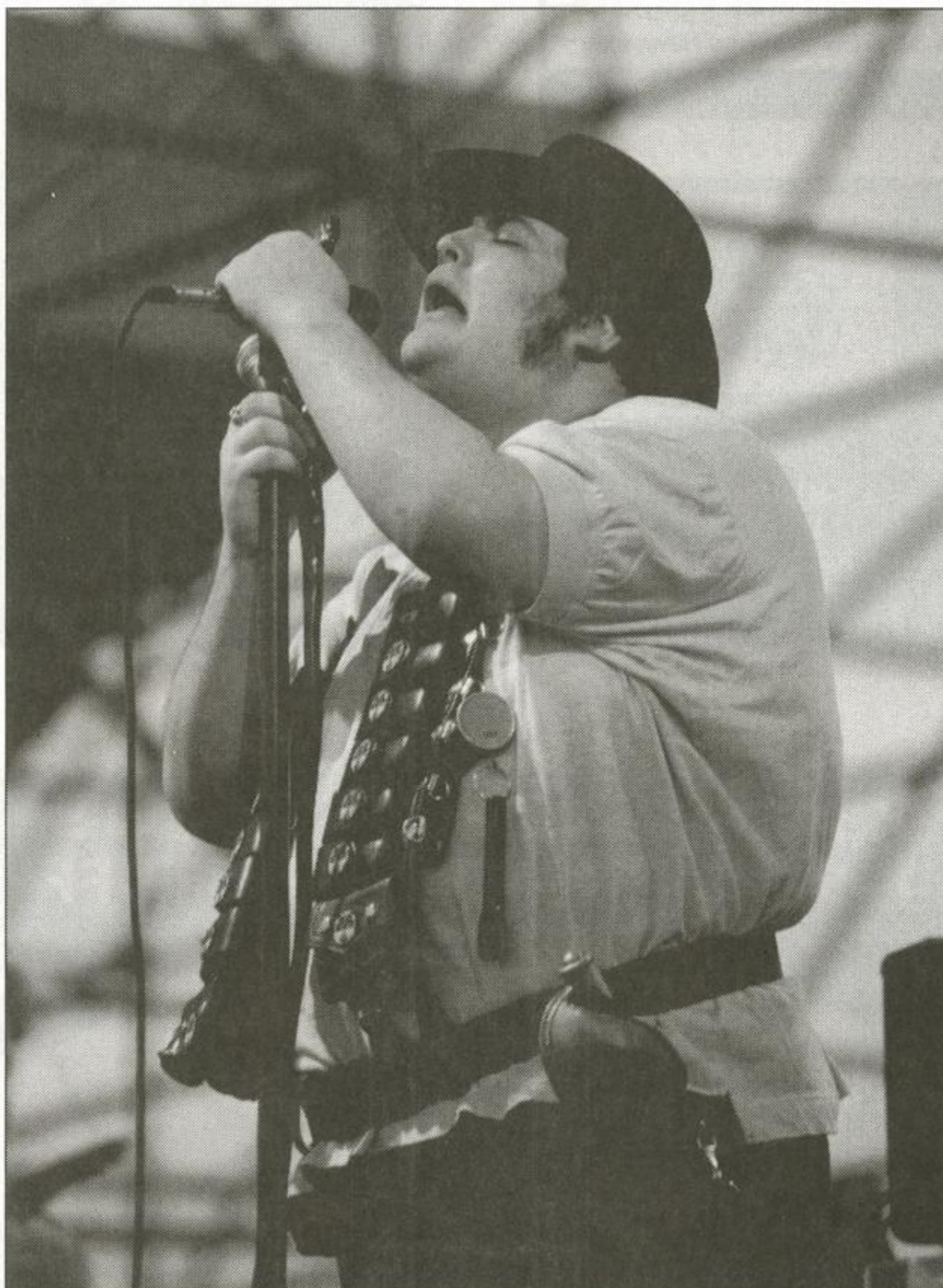
HORDE-O-CULTURE

Jammin' at Portland Meadows, OR
By Bob Gersztyn

H.O.R.D.E. (Horizons of Rock Developing Everywhere) was conceived by John Popper of Blues Traveler. Nearly 30 years after the summer of love, Monterey Pop Festival, and its highly successful offspring, Woodstock, we have come nearly full circle. As I recall, after the success of Woodstock rock festivals began popping up all over the country from Florida to Washington. Each was determined to repeat the success of Woodstock, e.g. large numbers of people, while avoiding the failures, e.g. gate crashing and logistical nightmares via a declared national disaster. By 1972, most state had enacted some sort of ordinance that would prohibit rock festivals from occurring. This brought the entire happening, as it was then called, to a standstill.

It was Lollapalooza that inspired Popper to put together the first H.O.R.D.E. fest in 1992. Each year it has grown in popularity, until this year it has finally achieved national recognition and become profitable. It has grown from eight shows in 1992 to 42 shows in 1996. On 10/3/96, the festival came to Portland, Oregon, for the first time.

Due to a massive traffic jam, we got to Portland Meadows late. By the time we got our passes and made it inside, we caught the tail-end of Rusted Root's set featuring their primal, acoustic Afro-flavored rhythms. At the end of their set, they invited Red Thunder, the Native American group that opened for



John Popper of Blues Traveler

Blues Traveler on their last tour, to do a song.

There were a total of three stage areas: a main stage, where Rusted Root, Lenny Kravitz, The Dave Matthews Band, and Blues Traveler played; a second stage featured Jono Manson, Spirit of the West, Pete Droge & the Sinners, and Chain Austen (a.k.a. Rickie Lee Jones); the third stage was called the workshop stage, and it featured Jon Thundercloud, Wally Llama & the Temple of HORDE-O-Culture, and Taj Mahal's Alchemy Cabaret.

I proceeded to the second stage to photograph Spirit of the West, a folk-rock band from Vancouver, which featured an accordion. As I was heading back over to the main stage for Lenny Kravitz, they were introducing one of their last songs, dedicated to the right to die movement, a.k.a. euthanasia, or Jack Kevorkianism.

Lenny Kravitz began his set at 5:00 p.m. The same traffic jam that made yours truly late for the festival nearly made Lenny late for his appearance. When his bus got caught in the traffic, he used his motorcycle to elude the jam. He moved through his set pulsing away on guitar while bobbing his dreadlocks up and down. There were a few technical problems with equipment. During one of the delays toward the end of his set a note was passed to him from someone at the front of the stage. He read the note aloud. It was a marriage proposal from Carl to Tara. Kravitz skeptically asked if it was for real. Carl assured him that it was. Lenny then played his part and

Photo by Bob Gersztyn ©1996



Photo by Bob Gersztyn ©1996

Chain Austen a.k.a. Rickie Lee Jones

the deed was done. He then said, "I wish I could find my true love to settle down with." At this point the audience responded nearly in unison, saying, "Yeah, right." Kravitz then did his last song, *Let Love Rule*, and he asked the crowd to sing along.

Rickie Lee Jones' backup band was to support Taj Mahal on the workshop stage. The crowd, made up mostly of Dead-heads, began moving to the musical rhythms. A dark figure in shorts and hat entered the stage through the back and was handed a guitar. He began playing, and the crowd kept on dancing.

The Dave Matthews Band was on the main stage. Along with Blues Traveler and Lenny Kravitz, they were the main headliners. Matthews led his group through its 90-minute set by

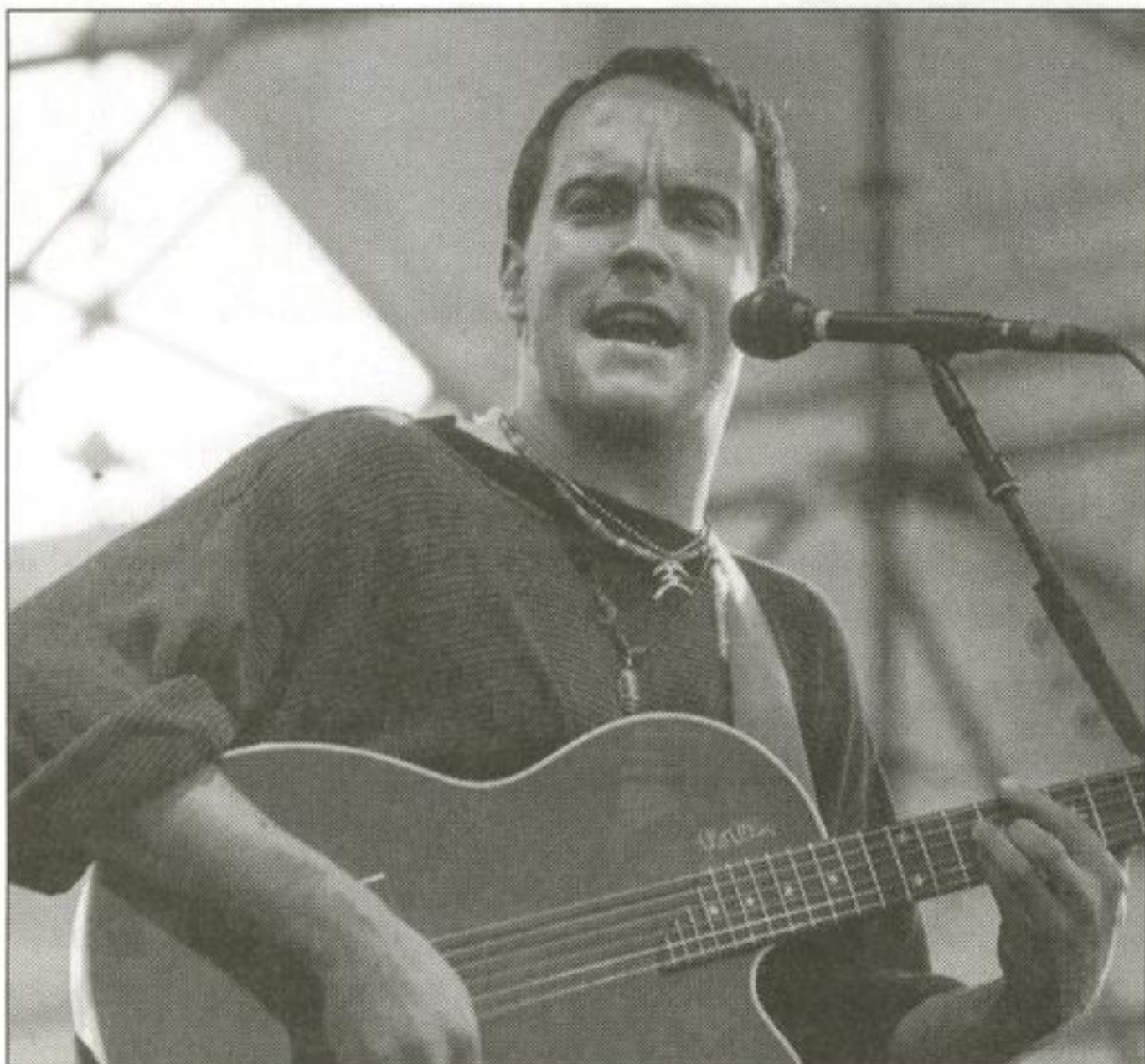


Photo by Bob Gersztyn ©1996

Dave Matthews

performing most of the songs off their two CDs, "Crash" and "Under the Table and Dreaming." His rhythm section carried him solidly, and Boyd Tinsley made the sound unique with his violin virtuosity.

After Dave Matthews, I checked out Rickie Lee Jones in her new incarnation as *Chain Austen*. She donned a guitar and began playing with her backup band. By the second song she was frantically gesturing as she screamingly articulated in punk-rap fashion. By the third song Rickie put on her guitar again and did Thunderclap Neuman's 1971 hit, *Something In the Air*. At this point I had to head back over to the main stage to make sure I was in place for Blues Traveler's set.

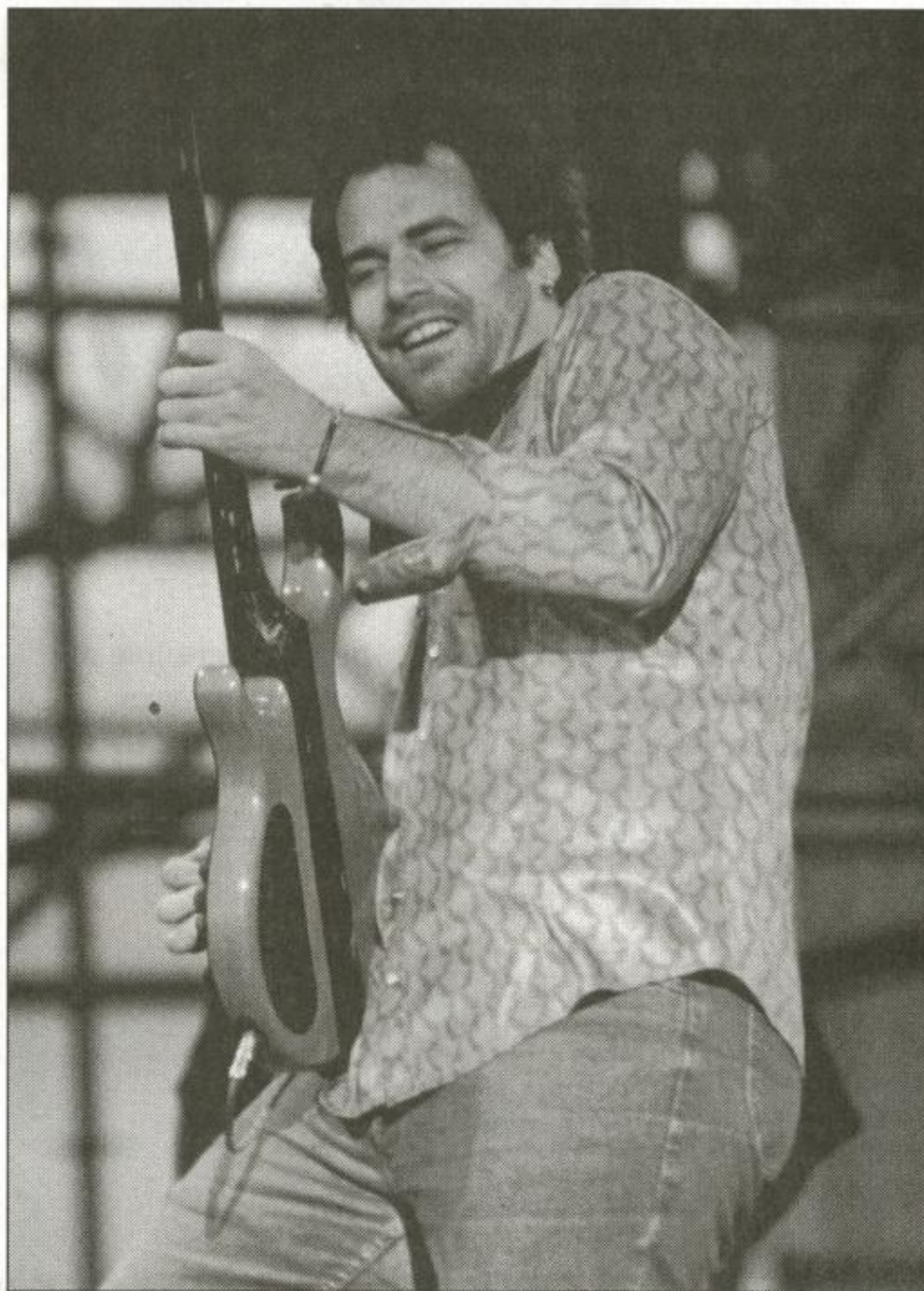


Photo by Bob Gersztyn ©1996

Chan Kinchla

The crowd was heavily thronging toward the main stage. Upon entering the photo pit I began getting my equipment ready. At 8:30 p.m. sharp, Blues Traveler came out and began their set. Popper & Co. provided the climax to the day's festivities, and they did not disappoint. From *Gina* to *Low Rider*, *The Mountains Win Again* to *Imagine*, it all cooked! They performed until ten o'clock when the festival was officially over.

According to estimates, Saturday's attendance was about 13,500. When Lollapalooza was in Portland in 1993 it drew 17,000. H.O.R.D.E. only drew 8,000 in San Diego when it

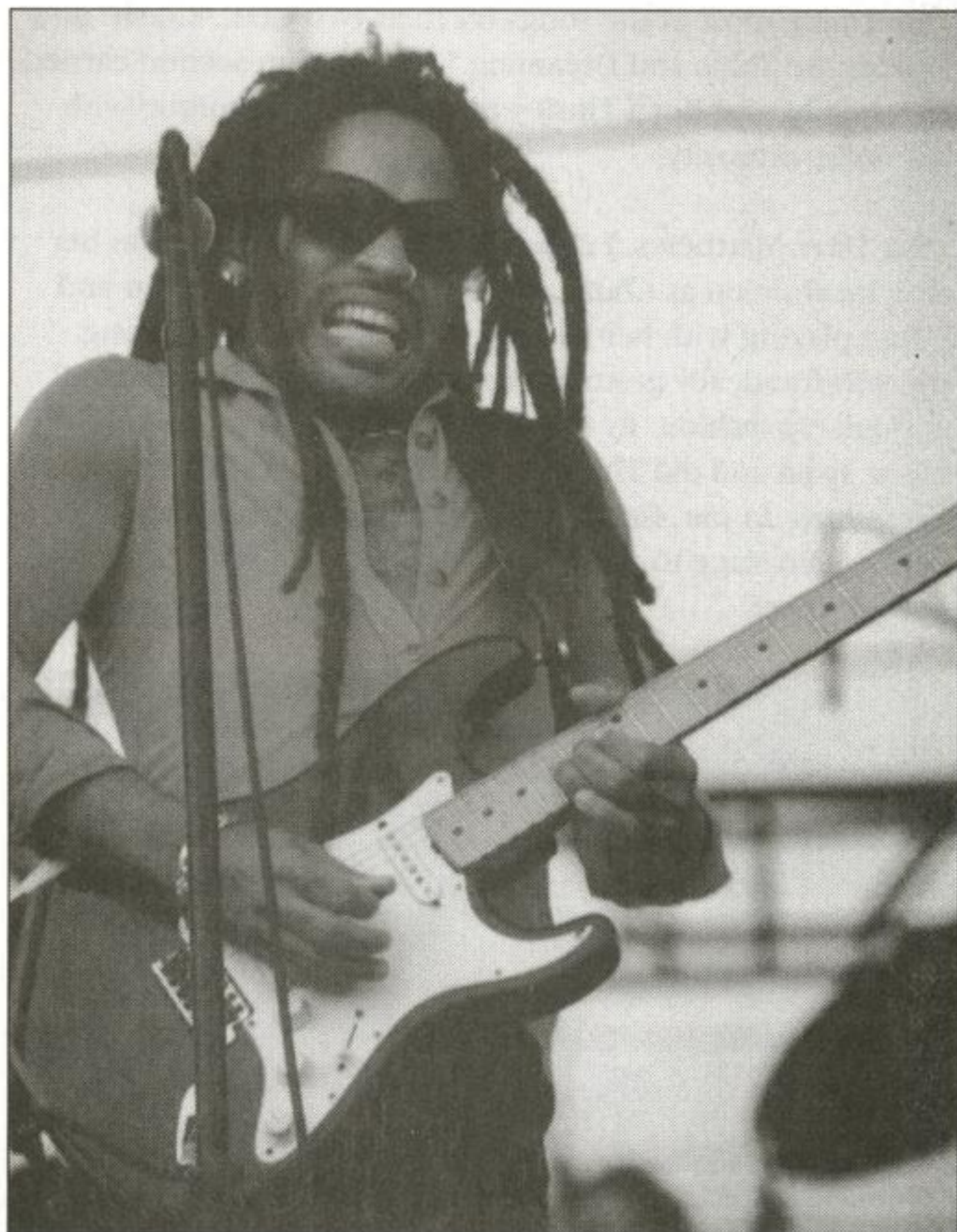


Photo by Bradley S. Gelb ©1996

Lenny Kravitz

was there earlier. In San Francisco, where the traveling road show has played a number of years already, there were 26,000 in attendance. Not quite Woodstock yet, but then if it's done right this time, maybe all of us from the Woodstock generation will be able to get walker and wheelchair access ramps in place for the fiftieth anniversary in 2019. ♦



Photo by Bradley S. Gelb ©1996

Liz Berlin of Rusted Root

H.O.R.D.E. Shreds at Hershey Park By Vic Brazen, Claudette Fisco, and Chloe Andrews

The H.O.R.D.E. festival of 1996 was a star-studded media circus. The "horizons of rock" are now developing on the second and third stages, while the center stage was reserved for mainstream artists Rusted Root, Lenny Kravitz, Neil Young, King Crimson, and of course, Blues Traveler.

August 23, 1996 was a very overcast day in Hershey, PA. Being a day-long event, food was a major priority, and the selection and quality at this show were second to none. There was everything from burgers and hot dogs to gyros and pasta.

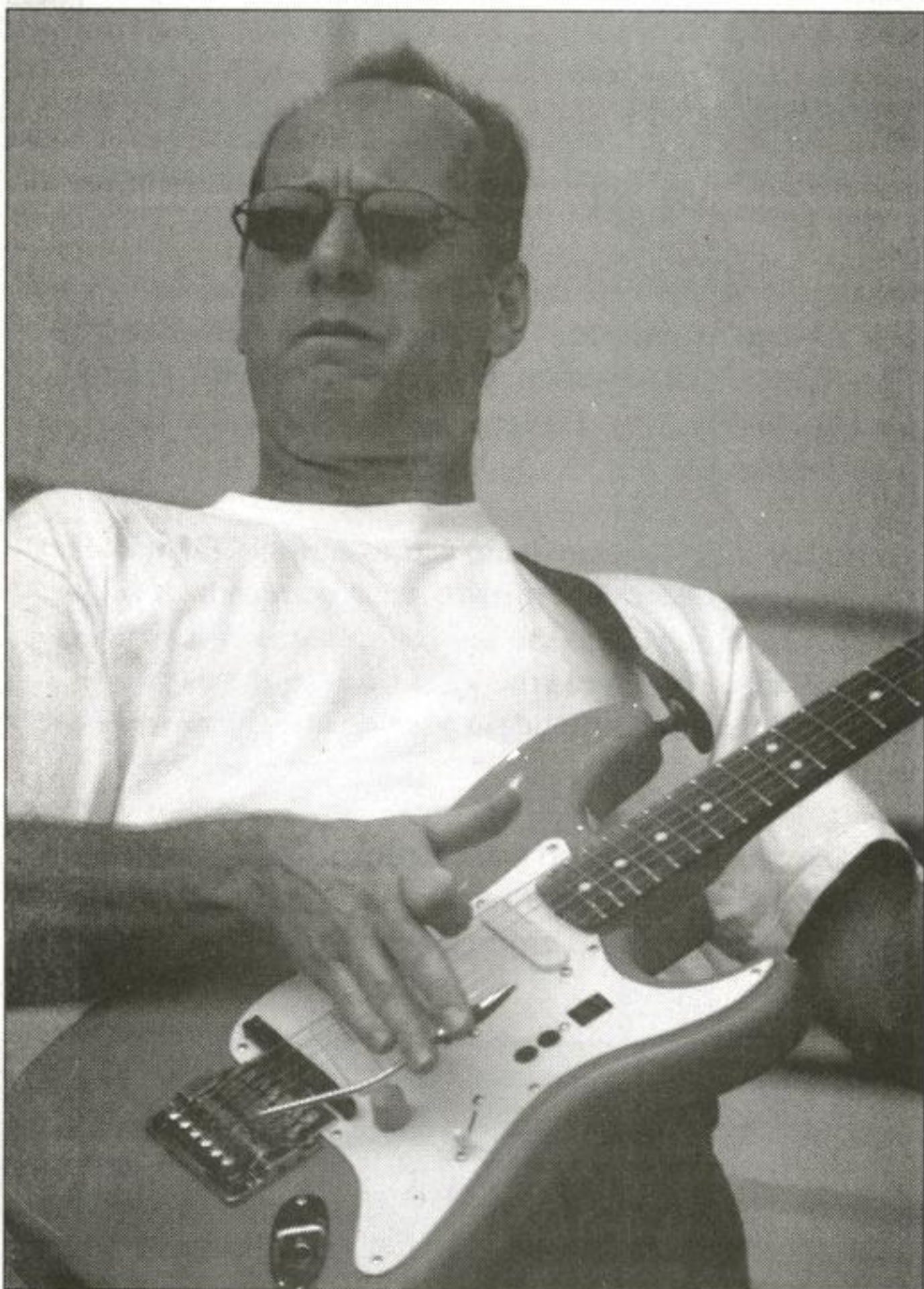


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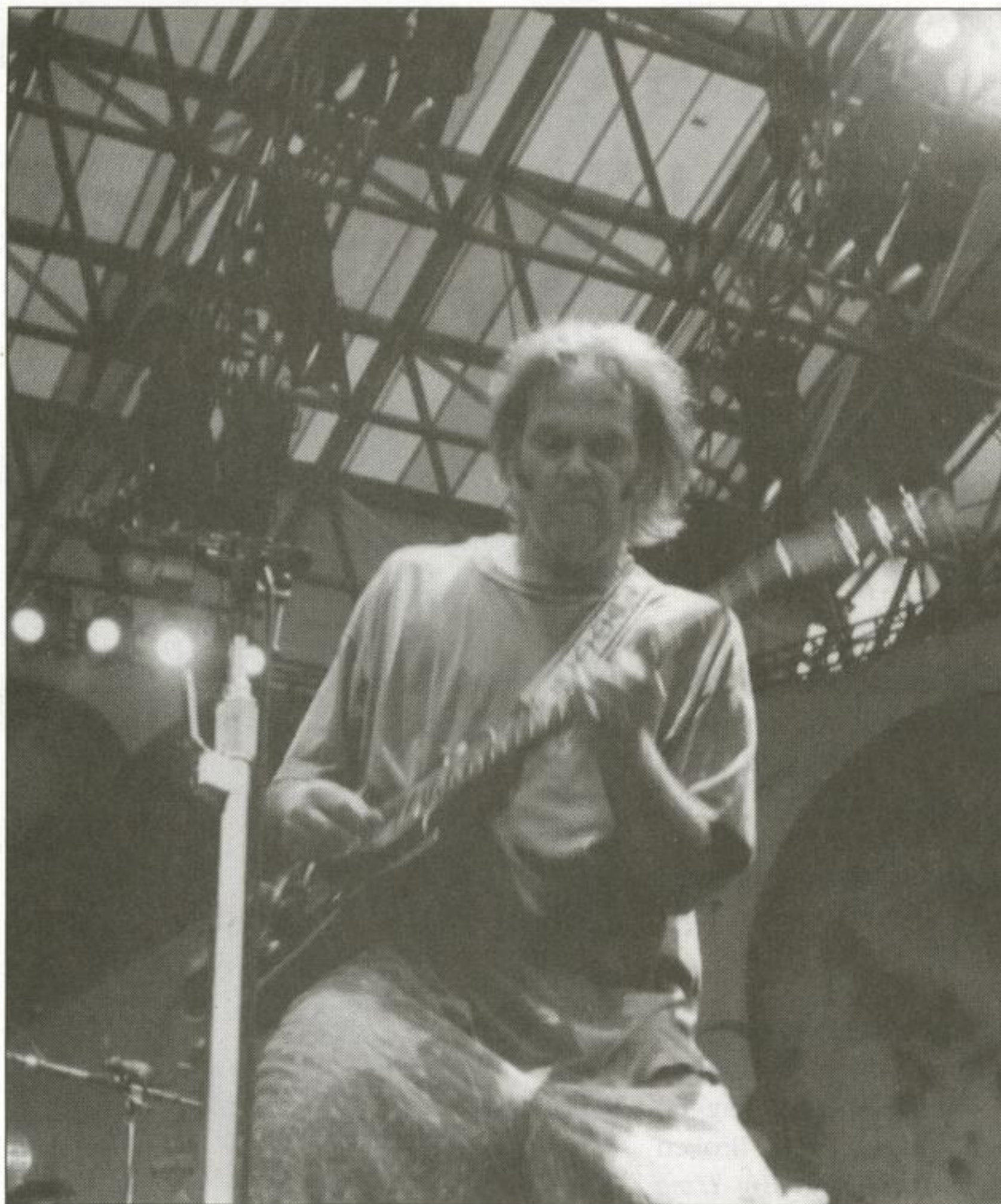
Adrian Belew of King Crimson

I was really looking forward to seeing King Crimson again. Crimson never fails to please, however due to our late arrival and box office snafus, we missed *all* of their set! I managed to get in for the tail-end of Rusted Root's set. I like their newer material because it's not as repetitive. They have worked at alternating tempos in their song lists. They've certainly come a long way since their glorified bongo circle days.

Lenny Kravitz was next up, setting the pace for the rest of the evening with a completely rocking set. The song selections featured a sampling of all his hits and a mix of some fine older songs. *Mr. Cab Driver*, from his first CD, was absolutely

ripping. They kept up the pace throughout the set with strong versions of *My Momma Said*, *Rock & Roll is Dead*, and *Can't Get You Off My Mind*. Kravitz closed with *Let Love Rule*, but the crowd was still wanting more, and we got it with a fantastically hot *Are You Gonna Go My Way* encore.

Neil Young brought his own special magic to H.O.R.D.E. The night's widely eclectic repertoire of songs, typical of Neil's ability to abruptly shift into any one of his many modes, combined electric classics such as *Hey Hey, My My* and *Powderfinger* along with acoustic ballads like *The Needle and the Damage Done*, and inspiring versions of *Sugar Mountain* and *Heart of Gold*. Perfectly complimented by Crazy Horse's inspired performance, energy emanated from the stage during a breathtaking *Like A Hurricane*, fusing a combination of psychedelia and elegant orchestration. Neil's voice, a remarkable instrument in itself, kept up with improvisational skill that peaked and plateaued as he hit his stride



Neil Young

over and over again. When the final note came to a thundering halt, it was not only heard, but felt. Simply put, Neil Young is one of the best live acts in the country.

After a brief downpour, Blues Traveler finally took to the stage. The first half of their set consisted of high-energy jams featuring *Crash Burn*, *The Mountains Win Again*, the ever-insidious *Hook*, and the lyrics to *Runaround* paired with the music of *View*. To my best knowledge, *View* has only been played in concert once. This was followed up with a Jimi Hendrix-inspired *Star-Spangled Banner*, which highlighted why John Popper is the best rock harmonica player alive today.

Photo by Bradley S. Gelb ©1996

The set continued with the crowd-pleaser *But Anyway*, and a killer reading of *Go Outside and Drive* which was loaded with samples of *Low Rider* and Beck's *Loser*. When the last notes of *Sweet Pain* reverberated into the night, the crowd was tired, wet, and completely satisfied. ♦



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NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE ROCKIN' IN THE GARDEN

BY JOHN O'MARRA

Neil Young's show, at Madison Square Garden on August 19, really conjured up the thunder and lightning heart of rock and roll, the dark beauty of life, love, and loud, raunchy guitars. It did my soul good to see the Garden alive, once again, with the white-hot energy of the transcendent.

The band roared out of the starting gate with *Hey Hey, My My (Into the Black)*, Neil grinning and bouncing around the stage in baggy shorts and flannel shirt, like a teenager trying to deafen the judges at a high school battle of the bands. The mood turned quieter for *Pocahontas*, a treat to see in an electric incarnation, both longer and edgier than the original version from "Rust Never Sleeps."

Neil and company followed with several songs from their latest album, "Broken Arrow," which continues a string of great releases, my favorites being "Ragged Glory," "Sleeps With Angels," and "Mirror Ball." "Broken Arrow" is not quite as strong as those, but *Big Time* and *Loose Change*, especially as heard live, float along with a slow, melodic grace. *Big Time* was particularly haunting, as Neil lovingly declared, "I'm still living the dream we had/For me it's not over."

A short acoustic set followed, sweet if somewhat perfunctory. Neil, alone with guitar and harmonica, delighted the crowd with *Heart of Gold*, *Needle and the Damage Done*, and *Sugar Mountain*.

I was happy to see Crazy Horse return with the tribal stomp of *Cinnamon Girl*, Frank Sampedro's guitar soaring over Ralph Molina's bubbling chocolate bass. The stampede of sound continued with *Fuckin' Up* (or is it *F*!#in' Up*, as the album cover maintains?), probably my favorite song of the show. Neil choked out lyrics about "dogs that lick, and dogs that bite" in a blistering howl of self-doubt and self-righteousness, musical proof that one doesn't have to be 18 to be pissed off and unsure of your place in the world. Surprisingly, most of the crowd remained unmoved by the song's power, probably wishing they could hear *Heart of Gold* one more time. Regardless, this ended the set.

The encores began with *Cortez the Killer*, which drifted along like a bittersweet trance, a requiem for a lost Aztec civilization. *Sedan Deliveries* veered in a different direction, a jackrabbit blast through the pool halls and limo trunks of a decadent modern world.

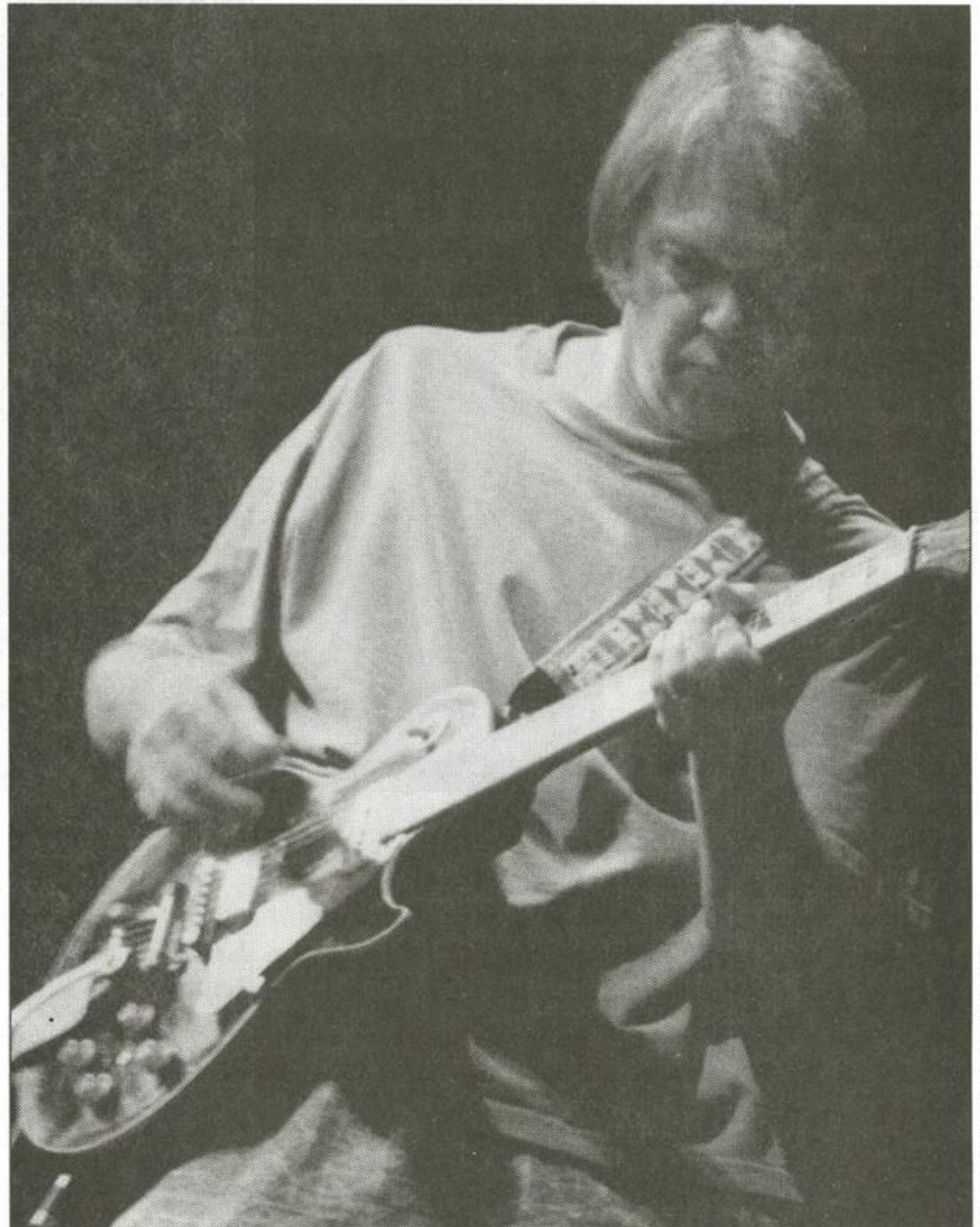


Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

Ralph Molina shined on a machine gun drum workout that led, strobe lights flashing, into a stormy and ferocious *Like A Hurricane*, which howled like a true force of nature. *Tonight's the Night* had similar eerie power, Bruce Berry's untimely death still haunting, over 20 years later. "People let me tell you, it sent a chill up and down my spine/When I picked up the telephone, and heard that he died out on the mainline."

Neil saved the most obscure for last, with *Prisoners of Rock and Roll*, a pretty fair description of what Neil Young and Crazy Horse stand for. "People tell us that we play too loud/But they don't know what our music's about." Glorious noise, exploring the mysteries of the world, is my best definition of good music, and this is definitely what Neil Young and Crazy Horse are up to. Long may they run. ♦

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THE MOTHERSHIP & RETURNS &

BY SETH GINSBERG

The T-shirts in Central Park on the fourth of July summed up the day perfectly — “the awesome power of a *fully operational* Mothership!” George Clinton reunited most of the original members of Parliament/Funkadelic to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Mothership Connection. Parliament/Funkadelic, for those of you who don't know, is the original “psychedelic” funk band — the Merry Prankster family of funk actually. Their wild, costumed concerts regularly last four hours without a break! Under the thick clouds and occasional rain of New York's Central Park Summer Stage, Parliament roared through more than three hours of music celebrating all that is funk.

Their show culminated with the landing of the Mothership — an elaborate stage set, complete with landing gear, lights, smoke, and of course, noise! As the Mothership descended from the lighting rig, the noise in the small outdoor arena was deafening. People jumped and screamed, and as the crowd grew louder, the musicians pumped up the volume until it became quite clear that the Mothership Connection had been made! Parliament was back in full swing as Bootsy Collins (reunited with George Clinton for the first time in many years), decked out in his plumed hat, platform shoes, and star bass led a rousing jam of Funkadelic classics. With more than twenty musicians on stage at any one time, the jams turned from a concert into a party. A giant diaper on the guitarist and falsies for the horn section helped turn the event into a circus. During Parliament's brief break the rap group De La Soul took the stage to perform several of their songs. This group has a good mix of funk in their rap style.



Photo by Bradley S. Gelb ©1996

As the noise faded from behind the Central Park band shell a new party was starting at Tramps on the Lower West Side. For the past several years Clinton has been touring with a line-up he calls the “P-Funk All-Stars.” He brought this crowd of musicians to the small club for a late-night set of funk, bringing the day's music to a hefty five hours. By the time we fought the Times Square traffic (a wrong turn on B'Way, I think...) and arrived at the club, the crowd of people searching for tickets to the sold-out show had spread down the block. We worked our way into the club and onto the crowded dance floor, hoping to find a spot front and

center. After settling in and enjoying a few cocktails we were ready for the evening to continue.

The first group onstage included several of the P-Funk percussionists and horns. Bit by bit, the rest of the P-Funk All-Stars took their places, and Clinton took the stage around midnight.

Clinton's career has included much more than just Parliament and P-Funk. This amazingly talented arranger and producer has been integral to the entire culture of rock, pop, and dance music since he first emerged on the music scene. His credits include production work for the Red Hot Chili Peppers, and during his set at Tramps, he drew from the CD “Freaky Styley.” As the funk pumped off the stage, Clinton alternated between musician and conductor, passing the microphone to a new generation as he introduced both his granddaughter and De La Soul's lead singer. Each added a unique rap voice, giving a modern mix to the P-Funk sound. When he finally called it a night and hopped into a cab at 2:30 a.m., George Clinton had done more than his share to keep funk alive and well. ♦

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TRUCKN' TO A HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

BY PREM PRAKASH

Nasruddin was seen by his friend down on his knees in the street, searching most diligently. His friend asked what he was looking for and Nasruddin replied that it was a set of missing keys. The two searched extensively but could not find them.

Eventually, the friend asked Nasruddin if he was certain he had lost the keys in that area. Nasruddin replied that he had lost the keys at home. "Then why are we looking for the keys out here?" exclaimed the friend.

"Because," said Nasruddin, "the light is better out here."

Deadheads are, understandably, still trying to figure out what will become of the rainbow flame that the Grateful Dead previously tended so well. Some continue to seek its warmth in the rock 'n' roll atmosphere of Phish and other bands. Others search for comfort and community in various computer worlds. Still others ponder that perhaps the glory days are over altogether. I wish well to all who seek, yet I wonder if we are not too much like Nasruddin, looking in questionable locations for something that may be very, very close to home.

My experience since the death of the Dead has been a rebirth of many energies that had previously been spent on tour. This seems to be shared by others in my circle. The time,



THE TORCH HAS BEEN PASSED



energy, and money that we used to spend on the Grateful Dead are now being recycled in a more intimate fashion, helping us fulfill our own visions of creative enlightenment and fun.

Kyle and Judy have started a business, John is creating extraordinary celebrations with his Speed of Light show, Lesley has a splendid new love in her life, and the Zen Tricksters are finally getting some of the attention they deserve (forgive me for wandering, but I've got to tell you that I recently saw them do the best *Music Never Stopped* that I've seen in seven or eight years!). As for myself, I've spent more time cultivating friendships, walking in the woods, and finishing up a manuscript that appears likely to be published. I wonder how much of this would have taken place if we were all busy wandering around in the parking lots.

I appreciate the grief that Deadheads feel, but many of my friends seem to be doing better than ever. I wonder if we spent too much time on tour wondering, "Why can't it always be like this?" instead of getting off our butts and making our lives the way we said we wanted them to be. I'm not saying this is an easy task, but it has been obvious for years that Deadland was not a sustainable community. No one can stay peaking all the time. If we are mindful, however, it is possible to feel connected to each other all the time. ♦

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MUST-HAVE DYLAN TAPES

LIVE FROM BEYOND THE BASEMENT

BY VICTOR BRADLEY

It is arguable that the bootleg industry began in earnest with the blank white cover of the infamous "Great White Wonder" double LP of unreleased Bob Dylan rarities. It ushered in the first Golden Era of live bootleg recordings to hit the market-place in relatively massive numbers (see Clinton Heylin's fascinating book *Bootleg* for an in-depth look at this alluring underground industry). Live taping suddenly became common-place and provided a fabulous way to discover all of the depth and brilliance and creative processes that your favorite rock star possessed.

Like the Grateful Dead, there are tapes floating around of virtually every known Dylan concert, press conference, and interview since 1974, and a treasure trove of many of his early appearances are out there in abundance. There have been more books, articles, and periodicals devoted to his words and music than any artist in history (the Beatles and Elvis notwithstanding), and like the Dead, Dylan is one of the most recorded artists ever.

So where does one start when beginning a collection of the best of the *unreleased* Dylan? First, buy every official release, preferably, in chronological order, to get a full overview of the man's oeuvre. There is an important difference between the essential Dylan collection and the essential Dead collection. The importance of the Dead's studio works is negligible in the overall portrait of what makes them significant and influential in our lives. With Dylan, the studio works are of the utmost importance. Consequently, studio outtakes and alternates are also an important part of any serious Dylan collection, whereas live tapes make up the bulk of most Dead tape archives. Granted, because of his mostly live-in-the-



studio *modus operandi* (up until the mid-80s, that is), Dylan's studio performances almost always *are* live performances. Ah, but that's another story. Here, we will strictly discuss live shows from his numerous tours.

Bob Dylan, the performer is as complex and confounding as any artist who has graced the stages of the world. Like Sinatra, Miles Davis, and a handful of the greats, Dylan constantly reinterprets not only the melodies and structures of his songs. This ever-present conscious shifting of nuance and weight pulls reams of meaning and emotional depth from songs he's sung thousands of times. Think of Dylan's phrasing as you would Jerry's guitar lines. Sometimes you hear something fresh and exciting in an inspired solo in, say, an especially riveting version of *Stella Blue* that forces

you to reinterpret not only how the song hits you, but how you look at other elements of your life as well. Dylan's connection to his material, audience, and experiences does the same thing.

Here are a handful of intriguing and essential Dylan tapes to search out when starting your "Zimmy" collection. Many are well-known and very easy to find. Most longtime Dylan collectors will have access to them. There are also a few shows (especially the recent sets) which may be a bit harder to find. Try the Internet. There are tons of Dylan sites out there. For references check out Paul Williams' wonderful books on Dylan — *Performing Artist: The Music Of Bob Dylan Vol. 1, 1960-1973* and *Bob Dylan: Performing Artist: The Middle Years, 1974-1986*. For those list-o-maniacs who enjoy *DeadBase*, try the Dylan setlist bible, *Positively Bob Dylan* by Michael Krogsgaard.

Photo by Kurt Mahoney ©1996

Late 1962 "The 2nd Gaslight Tape," Gaslight Cafe, NY, NY
Often found on a tape with 7/2/62 from the Finjan Club in Montreal, these shows find the young Dylan coming into his own with an increasing number of stellar original tunes. They are mingled with his varied and moving versions of covers by his major influences: blues greats Muddy Waters, Brownie McGhee, Robert Johnson, etc., jug band and traditional folk tunes, and songs associated with Woody Guthrie and his followers.

Also: May '61 "Minnesota Party Tape" — Primitive, seminal, rough-hewn young Bobby leaping toward a future by discovering the past. 7/29/62 Riverside Church, New York, NY — Young Dylan playing a crowd.

**4/12/63 Town Hall, NY, NY and
10/26/63 Carnegie Hall, NY, NY**

These two shows were recorded for a planned live album release and thus are available in excellent quality soundboards. By this time Dylan had struck big and was writing songs at a fever pitch. These shows were made up almost entirely of Dylan compositions, though we find him still under the sway of Guthrie and appropriating progressions and form from the folk tunes he absorbed as he was finding his own voice. He treats us to delicate and timeless songs such as *Tomorrow Is A Long Time* and biting, headline-grabbing politicized rants such as *Masters of War*, *John Brown*, and *With God On Our Side*. Still, he was beginning to feel the pressures and responsibilities his stature was bringing him: *Hero Blues* points at this.

10/31/64 Philharmonic Hall, NY, NY

This essential tape catches Dylan again in transition. Still exhilarating in his pedestalization by the "protest" community, he performs wondrous versions of *Talking John Birch Paranoid Blues* and ... *Hattie Carroll* while taking his first radically experimental steps at reinventing the popular song form with extended, Joycean ambitiousness, druggy imagery, and pace exemplified by new songs like *Mr. Tambourine Man* and *Gates of Eden*. Dylan was confident and in charge. He still toyed with the humorous stage persona he'd developed in the Village those few years ago but twisting it with an increasing cynicism and bite. In less than a year he'd radically reinvent himself again at Newport.

**7/25/65 Newport Folk Festival, Freebody Park,
Newport, RI**

This most historic and important of all Dylan live shows has been written about for decades now. Dylan, influenced by the Beatles (as they were simultaneously influenced by him), put the presiding folk aristocracy and their followers on notice that the times were changing in ways his own anthem of just two years before had only hinted at. The Bard plugged in and in an instant the ante was upped. Surrealism and an increasing personal stance became synonymous with Dylan's (and a generation's) music. With members of Paul Butterfield's Blues Band backing him, Dylan, on this first electric gig, left mouths ajar. Those who covered their ears to this new dawn would remain disoriented in the coming

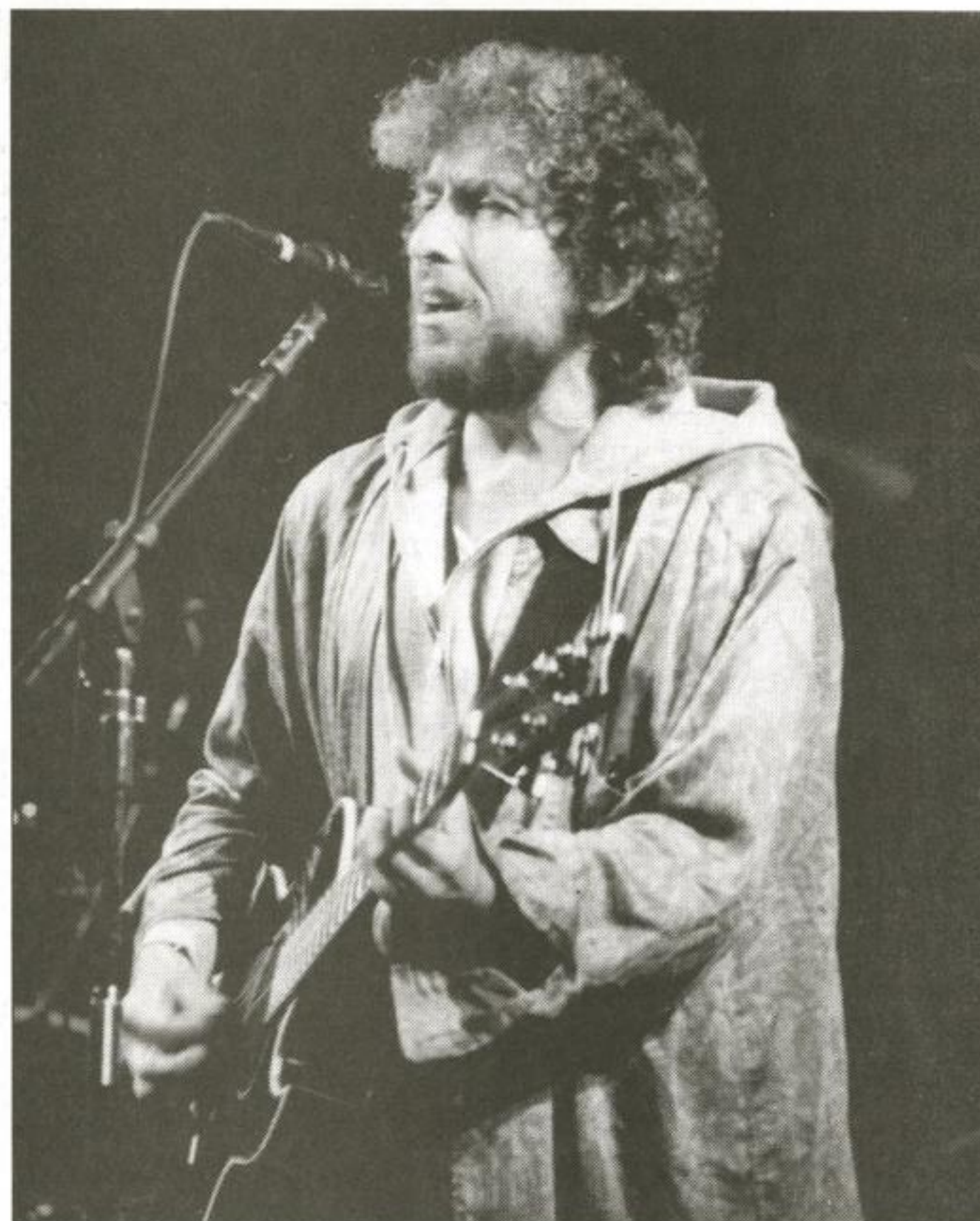


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turmoil of the next half-dozen years. All six songs are available in a mono PA recording.

1/17/66 Free Trade Hall, Manchester, England

From late 1965 through late May 1966 Dylan opened his shows with a solo acoustic set followed by a set of electric music backed by members of what eventually became known as The Band. The tour stretched across the U.S., Australia, and Europe. These shows fulfilled the unlimited potential rock music held for the world's young people. Still, Dylan's audiences were mixed in their reaction. What they witnessed were some of Dylan's greatest performances, culminating with this classic show long labeled on numerous bootlegs as 5/26/66 Royal Albert Hall, London.

This is Dylan in his most inventive and druggy stage. The band and Bob are loose, incendiary, and fantastically inspired. The lyrics are fully discernible while playfully and dramatically radical in the phrasing. There is quite a bit of crowd rowdiness perceptible on this tape as the "old guard" folk element is still not quite sure that this isn't the end of the world and the rock fans' hearty cheers mingle in a strange ambiance. This is the infamous show where an angry and trippy Dylan chastises a heckler wholeheartedly. It is soon to be released by Columbia Records as the next box set in their "Bootleg Series" (cross your fingers). Once back stateside Dylan would hibernate in Woodstock while recovering from a motorcycle accident, record the legendary "Basement Tapes," and stay off the road until 1974.

Also: 4/66 Melbourne, Australia and 5/5/66 Adelphi Theatre, Dublin, Ireland

1/14/74 Boston Garden, Boston, MA

Backed again by The Band on the mega-tour that found Dylan regaining his stage legs after eight years off the road, this tour, sort of a barnstorming retrospective, gave fans the Dylan they expected and had waited so long for. The shows offered many spirited, though not necessarily transcendent, versions of some of his more lasting songs.

The Boston tape, caught 1/4 of the way through the tour, finds an inspired performance coupled with a killer stereo soundboard in general circulation. Check out the sterling guitaristics from Robbie Robertson on *Watchtower* and *Ballad of Hollis Brown*.

This tour set the stage for a relentless burst of touring that would last through 1981. The '74 shows all built to the finale, *Like A Rolling Stone*, which was exactly what the fans wanted, and though the '66 versions may have been more subtle and deeply felt, the fire and exhilaration of this many bodies in a fully lit arena responding in force to Dylan's exhortation, "How does it FEEEEEL?" was magnificent.

Also: 1/25/74 Tarrant County Convention Center, Fort Worth, TX — Bob is positively exuberant in the opening segment of songs.

11/20/75 Harvard Square Theater, Cambridge, MA

As a big fan of the Rolling Thunder Revue tours, I again find it hard to pick a favorite show with so many individual treats and highlights throughout. I have a tendency to lean toward the first leg of the tour (1975) when the band was still in it's "barnstorming" mode, virtually showing up relatively unannounced in small venues and putting on a variety show with tour members such as Joan Baez, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Ronny Blakley, Roger McGuinn, etc., all tossing in mini-sets, while Dylan treated us to shows hinging upon his brand-new material. Such wonderful songs as *Romance In Durango*, *Oh Sister*, *Sara*, *One More Cup of Coffee*, and especially *Isis* are

all at least as riveting as the radical reworking this troupe of loose gypsies gave to classic Dylan fare, such as *Hattie Carroll*, *It Takes A Lot To Laugh*, and *Just Like A Woman*. The freshness and excitement Dylan & Co. felt, especially after the stilted atmosphere of the '74 hits tour, was awe-inspiring. Raw emotion and seat-of-their-pants' camaraderie were the call to arms. The added treat of the Dylan and Baez duet segments with their playful vocal sparring was a perfect compliment to the ensemble pieces.

The second half of the Rolling Thunder Revue was less consistent and more stressful from Dylan's perspective. These shows did feature quite a few tunes not performed on the first leg. The good shows were sublime, but by this time the thrill of traveling with a caravan of performers and film crew had worn a bit thin. Highlights from the second half of the tour, *You're A Big Girl Now* and *Idiot Wind*, were stunning throughout. Remember these tours were Dylan's first time out with his timeless "Blood On the Tracks" material.

Also: 10/31/75 Memorial Auditorium, Plymouth, MA

11/21/95 Music Hall, Boston, MA (evening show)

12/8/75 "Hurricane Carter Benefit," Madison Square Garden, NY, NY — Big venue. Dylan's vocals are a bit rough, but the band feeds off the energy of the large crowd.

5/3/76 The Warehouse, New Orleans, LA — Very available in many formats.

7/15/78 Blackbushe Aerodrome, Cambley, England

A long and well-traveled jaunt, the middle of the '78 tour was definitely the meat of the monster. It was a hits-oriented tour, much like 1974, but this time with a large, 11-piece band and radically reworked renditions of songs. Most audiences would've been happier with the songs in their old "clothes."

The best of Dylan's shows were during the summer months. Here, Bob is enjoying himself and the band has found their niche. Skip the unfocused "At Budokan" album from early in the tour and look for these shows further down the road. This was Dylan's first tour to feature a section of female background singers which he would incorporate for the next nine years.

Also: 6/7/78 Universal Amphitheater, Los Angeles, CA

11/16/79 Warfield Theater, San Francisco, CA

Dylan played 14 shows in 16 days at the Warfield in November. These were the first shows of Dylan's "evangelical" period. In spite (or because) of the fact that he played only tunes from his "Slow Train Coming" album and tunes he'd composed since that recent recording, this tour was not to everyone's taste but contains some of the most passionate performances of Bob's career. Featuring background singers and keyboardists with gospel backgrounds (Jerry Garcia was obviously listening) and a stellar rhythm section, the band allowed Dylan to dive head-on into his new material, and his new-found faith pushed him into a power and confidence he'd rarely touched on so consistently since his early years. He would spend more time actually preaching as the tour

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progressed, but here we find Dylan more deeply committed to the words he's singing than ever before and he seems to be having a wonderful time.

Also: 11/29/79 Gammage Center, Tempe, AZ

4/20/80 Massey Hall, Toronto, Canada — Filmed for possible release, there are excellent SBDs and video of this show available.

11/10/81 Saenger Performing Arts Center, New Orleans, LA

Fantastic soundboards of this show are available. This is Dylan reacquainting himself with his back catalog after a couple of years of strictly religious shows. Though he hasn't forsaken many of the best numbers from that period (*Solid Rock*, *When You Gonna Wake Up*), the inclusion of impassioned versions of *Just Like A Woman*, *Masters of War*, and other favorites brings these performances full circle. Dylan rides on the power and commitment of the last tours and brings that fire with him recasting these songs in a new, powerful light. Old compadre Al Kooper is back on keyboards for the first time since the mid-'60s and his contributions are glistening.

Also: 7/10/81 Drammenshallen, Drammen, Norway

7/1/84 Parc De Sceaux, Paris, France

Here Dylan overcomes one of most lackluster (read: unsympathetic) bands and sings his heart out. Carlos Santana and Van Morrison are among the guests who appear during the eight-song encore. Highlight: A breathtaking *It's Alright Ma*.

Also: 7/7/84 Wembley Stadium, London, England with Van, Carlos, Clapton, and Chrissie Hynde.

9/22/85 FARM AID I, Memorial Stadium, University of Illinois, Champaign, IL

At this event, inspired by Dylan's onstage comments at Live Aid the previous year, we find Dylan backed by Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers publicly for the first time. The enthusiasm and connection between Bob and band would keep them together for another 91 shows.

Also: 7/7/86 RFK Stadium, Washington, D.C.
Opening for the Dead.

7/19/86 The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

10/13/88 Tower Theatre, Upper Darby, PA

The "G.E. Smith" years were transitional ones for Dylan. He began touring in short bursts in between G.E.'s weekend stints on *Saturday Night Live* and toured almost continuously through October 1990 with G.E. on guitar, Christopher Parker on drums, and Tony Garnier on bass (Kenny Aronson played bass on the first two tours). These shows found Bob fairly sporadic, though the energy of the whittled down quartet was exciting. Over time they experimented with extended endings (a GD-influenced trait perhaps?), though often shaggy and in lieu of a substantial number of verses. To

these ears this extensive playing allowed Bob to fine-tune his own guitar playing and conception to the point that by the time the 1994 band came around they were the perfect, sympathetic canvas for his artistic vision.

High points of the G.E. years were the inclusion of an acoustic duo segment in many of the early tours that featured Bob experimenting with many traditional tunes from his formative years — old ballads, Appalachian tunes, and '50s chestnuts.

This Tower show was particularly fulfilling for the times. Though this band hadn't reached its peak yet, this show finds Bob inspired to include not only a seven-song encore but a rockin' *Bob Dylan's 115th Dream* for the first time since it was recorded in 1965 for "Bringing It All Back Home."

Also: 12/4/88 Bridge Benefit, Oakland, CA — Bob & G.E. acoustic duo. 6/7/89 Birmingham, England — A rare, post-Petty *Lonesome Town* and the second ever *Congratulations*. 1/12/90 Toad's Place, New Haven, CT — Not a particularly great show but quite ballsy and interesting. Consisting of 50 songs over four sets, this cover-laden, small club set at times seems like a rehearsal with Bob just throwing songs out at the band and the crowd, (and Bob) just ecstatic at the spontaneity of the event.

8/19/94 Hershey Park, Hershey, PA

The rejuvenated Dylan of the mid-'90s, touring constantly with one of his tightest bands ever provides buckets of inspiring moments worth seeking out. Every show has its transcendent peaks for the novice or well-traveled Dylan fan.

Two days after a triumphant Woodstock '94 performance, we find Dylan in the midst of a tremendous summer storm playing all of his great "rain/weather" songs — ...*Big Girl Now*, *Tangled*., *Mama, You Been On My Mind*, an amazing encore of *Hard Rain*, etc. In deep with the dedicated crowd, swaying in the squall, this is the master at work connecting

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with all of the elements to put on a special show that is precisely "in the moment" while at once eliciting for the people present the timeless quality. The scent of chocolate wafting between the notes and the raindrops didn't hurt either.

Still to come would be the tasty MTV *Unplugged* tapings later in the year.

Also: Fall 1993 — Four acoustic band sets at New York's intimate Supper Club were filmed though never substantially released. Free tickets. Fantastic *Queen Jane* and more.

12/17/95 Electric Factory, Philadelphia, PA

Oddly enough, the hardest year in which to choose essential tapes has been 1995. Not because of any lack of inspiring shows — quite the contrary. Dylan is playing with a consistency and vision unequaled but for the first leg of the Rolling Thunder Revue (Oct.-Dec. '75) and the first "evangelical" tours (Nov. '79-Feb. '80).

This band seems to get better with each show and just keeps rising to Bob's responsive mastery of interpretation. One listen to *Señor* or *Every Grain of Sand* from this show is enough to make me want to not miss a performance. The variety of material night to night is unsurpassed in Dylan's long history and the sheer number of stellar versions is staggering.

Also: 6/21,22/95 T.L.A. Philadelphia, PA — Dylan hot and joking around in front of a small crowd.

6/25/95 RFK Stadium, Washington, D.C. — A great set with Jerry on the encores.

9/23/95 The Edge, Ft. Lauderdale, FL — Another small club with Bob doing lots of covers. His voice a bit edgy but wonderful performances of Van Morrison's *Real Real Gone*, The Dead's *Friend of the Devil* and *West L.A. Fade Away*, Little Feat's *Willin'*, *Lucky Old Sun*, *It's Too Late (She's Gone)*, *Key To the Highway*, *Masterpiece*, *Silvio*, *Maggie's Farm*, *Tangled*, etc. A must for Deadheads.

11/95 ABC-TV SPECIAL *Sinatra — 80 Years, His Way*

Dylan was the final performer of the evening, and unlike the rest of the artists who all sang songs associated with the Chairman of the Board, Dylan thought way back and sang one of his own songs. He performed a song he has never played before a live audience, *Restless Farewell* from his third album. He's played it only once before, in 1963 on Canadian television. The lyrics fit Sinatra's life and image perfectly. It's a song about dancing to your own inner drummer and not giving a damn about what anyone else thinks, at least, on the surface. He performed it poignantly with his band playing acoustically with an added string section. Wow!

This is just the tip of the proverbial iceberg. As any Deadhead will tell you, "There's always another great tape just around the corner." ♦

Special thanks to: The Zimmy Crew: Jack, Jeff, Henry, and Hector for feedback on this article.

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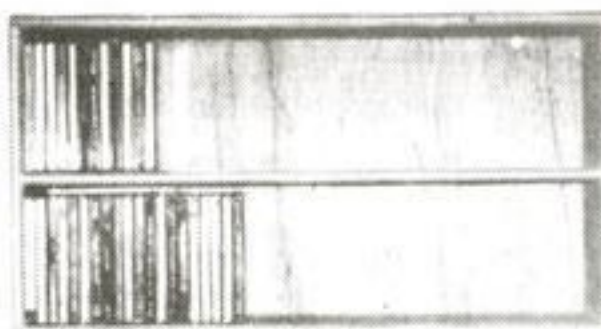
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The Dead are on the Big Screen again! Paul McCartney's nine-minute production of Linda's 1967-68 photos of the band at 710 Ashbury and Live at Central Park, The Grateful Dead, a Photo-film, was screened in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York this fall. Unrelated, a full-length film is being sifted from 90 hours of coverage from the 1970 train trip across Canada undertaken by the Dead, Janis Joplin, and The Band, scheduled to be released in 1997. A 15-minute preview was given at the Walter Reed Theater in New York in September.

Robert Hunter is "Webmaster" of the Official Grateful Dead Web Site, and is taking his mission very seriously. In addition to timely information regarding band members' activities, the site provides an outlet for what may be Hunter's greatest writing we've seen. Included on the site are Hunter's personal journals and a full-length novel entitled *The Giant's Harp*. Point your browser to <http://www.dead.net/>

Mickey Hart is creating a monster! This time, it's RAMU (Random Access Music Universe), a sound library containing usable samples of every strange sound he can imagine (uh oh...). Mickey is popping up everywhere this year, having been involved with the drum ceremony for the opening of the 1996 Summer Olympic games in Atlanta, serving as MC for the 150th Anniversary festivities at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C., and most recently, in the studio with strange bedfellow Sammy Hagar.

Bill Kreutzmann is surfing in Hawaii and on the Internet. Billy has commissioned his own Web Site, separate but linked to the Grateful Dead web page. The pages are divided into the categories "past" and "present." The Grateful Dead is clearly in the "past" for Billy. The present, however, finds Billy living gently, tapping bongos on the beach and rediscovering the beauty and richness of life all around him. There's a lesson in there somewhere....

Broadway Bob Weir is still working on musical scores for his Satchel Paige show. *Ratdog* was on the road again in October. Most notably, his birthday show on October 16 in Birmingham, AL, at The Five Points South Music Hall held the crowd's attention, when two strippers (allegedly a crew gift) appeared onstage as Bobby sang *Howlin' For My Darlin'*. A surprised Bob asked the audience for a round of applause "for his two nieces."

Phil Lesh is working on a symphonic composition called "Keys to the Rain" which includes *Terrapin Station* and other Dead songs. An orchestra has not been selected to perform the piece yet.

Vince Welnick continues to make music with his band, *Missing Man Formation*. At the Fillmore on October 11, Bobby Strickland joined MMF on sax and flute for a Bay Area gig that even the skeptics reviewed favorably. In addition to covers by Blind Faith, Zappa, Cream, and Van Morrison, the band performed "zone" renditions of *Deal* and *Cosmic Charlie* with a *Helter Skelter* kicker. Here's a guy that knows what to do to a Beatles' cover! Two new Vince songs were featured as well: *Golden Days*, descriptive of time spent with Jerry, and *True Blue*, about life without Jerry. Vince was the guest of honor at the first annual "Dance Again Fest" for Deadheads in Negril, Jamaica, a week-long festival showcasing 17 bands. Vince has also made guest appearances on recordings by Mickey Hart and Merle Saunders.

Grateful Dead Ticket Sales is no more, but GDTs Too, Inc., an entity now separated from the GD

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organization but still headed up by Steve Marcus, continues to provide mail order ticket services for Dead-related events, while branching out to bring their world-class services to other acts. Two New Year's Eve events for Bay Area Deadheads are currently on their roster. Stay in touch!

Mulberry has released an entire line of licensed Grateful Dead neckwear available in finer clothing stores nationwide. That's right, swirling stealies, rainbow-colored dancing bears, and a huge melange of other psychedelic drip-drop designs on silk just bright enough to command attention, but subtle enough not to scream DEADHEAD APPROACHING! Almost makes one want to get a day job just for the excuse to proudly fly one's "colors." The new line was introduced with great fanfare through Macy's Department Stores in SF and NY in October. The New York roll-out featured Wavy Gravy and David Gans "in-store" playing Dead music and signing autographs. Later, the party in Soho featured artists such as Rockapella and opera singer Eileen Frizzell performing Dead tunes. The San Francisco party, held in Union Square, included James Brown, Starship, Run DMC, and the Neville Bros. The ties, selling for \$29.50, are marked by variations of the "stealie" recognizable only by a trained eye. A portion of all proceeds benefit the Rex Foundation. Of course, the new set of Garcia ties — stunning as usual — is also out. Oh, decisions, decisions, decisions!

Monterey Home Video has just released *Ticket To New Year's* — a video of the Dead's 1987 concert at Oakland Coliseum. This 145-minute long presentation features several rip-snortingly hilarious skits, including one with Garcia dressed as Santa Claus getting the Vulcan mindmeld from Mickey dressed as Mr. Spock (the similarity is scary!). A good portion of the music is also worth the price of admission. Highlights include *Bird Song*, *Music Never Stopped*, *Terrapin* and a *Knockin'* with the Neville Brothers (although, sadly, the other third-set gems featuring the Nevilles are missing).

Wavy Gravy was on the campaign trail with his traditional "Nobody for President" gala event in SF on October 30, featuring the "Polly-Tickle Rally" in the afternoon and a free concert by Zero later on.

Electric Hot Tuna — Live At The Fillmore video, is a great example of the modern-day incarnation of this electrified psychedelic blues band. Recorded at the Fillmore in December 1994, this 90-minute video features *Do Not Go Gentle*, *Candyman*, *Good Shepherd*, *Ice Age*, *Wavy Gravy Blues*, *I See The Light*, *Third Week In Chelsea*, *99 Year Blues*, *Water Song*, *AK47*, *Hit Single #1*, and *Junkies On Angel Dust*.

Bob Dylan's band has a new drummer! David Kemper, formerly with the Jerry Garcia Band, is joining Bob for an extensive tour which began on October 17 in California, ending on November 23 in Ohio. Bob & Co. will be playing 17 Western, Southwestern, Midwestern, and Southern states in only 37 days! Whew!

moe., the "Phish meets Zappa on the Electric Highway" improvisational rock band gaining favor with East Coast Deadheads, released their CD, *No Doy* through Sony in October. After touring extensively in the East and Midwest this fall, moe. will be making long-awaited appearances out West this spring.

October was a big month for Grateful Dead releases: October 9: "Dick's Pick VI" — 10/14/83 (the complete show); October 15: "Arista Years" — two-CD best-of compilation; October 29: "Dozin' at the Knick" — three CDs covering the best of the March 1990 Albany shows (See reviews directly following); and October 29: "Shady Grove" — Garcia/Grisman recording featuring "the best Jerry in five years." (See review in *Dead Relatives* page 66.)

Dick's Picks Vol. VI is a three-CD collection capturing the Dead's entire show from 10/14/83 in Hartford, CT. While this is definitely the most uneven performance Dick has released to date (Garcia mumbles his way through *Alabama Getaway*), the *Scarlet > Fire* is unquestionably one of the band's best versions ever — strong enough to make this a must-have collection. This marks the first-ever release of *Day Job* — the only Garcia song Deadheads unanimously disliked. On the flip side *Eyes of the World* is remarkably complex with intelligently evolving iterations on the jam. *Stella Blue* is one of the best modern versions we've ever heard. Disc one features *Alabama Getaway > Greatest Story*, *They Love Each Other*, *Mama Tried > Big River*, *Althea > C.C. Rider*, *Tennessee Jed*, and *Hell In A Bucket > Day Job*. Disc two features *Scarlet > Fire* and *Estimated > Eyes*. Disc three finishes with *Drums > Spinach Jam* (a/k/a *Spanish Jam*) > *The Other One > Stella Blue > Sugar Mags*, and *U.S. Blues*. With this modern concert under their belts, maybe Dick's cohorts will let him get back to putting out the older gems we're all salivating for.

Dozin' At The Knick is a three-CD offering culled from the Dead's three-night stand at the Knickerbocker Arena in Albany, NY on March 24-26, 1990. This is obviously a nod to keyboardist Brent Mydland — four of his tunes are prominently featured here, as well as his high-energy vocals and fingerwork on every other cut. We were very disappointed to hear that this was the next multitrack concert release — there are many better shows from the same general time period, but upon first listen it became clearly evident that the music here is actually quite strong, not historic, but not bad. If Phil and John Cutler are going to ignore the wishes of most Deadheads and abide by their own (largely unpopular) sensibilities when choosing shows to release, at least let them have the good taste to put out music as fat and crunchy as this. Included on the first disc are *Hell In A Bucket*, *Dupree's*, *Just A Little Light*, *Walkin' Blues*, *Jack-A-Roe*, *Never Trust A Woman*, *Masterpiece*, *Row Jimmy*, *Blow Away*. Disc two features *Playing > Uncle John's > Terrapin > Mud Love Buddy Jam* (this is a fully articulated version of the heavenly *Mind Left Body Jam* — perhaps the highlight of this entire release) > *Drums > Space*. Disc three picks up with *Space > The Wheel > Watchtower > Stella Blue > NFA > We Bid You Goodnight*, and then, *Space > I Will Take You Home* (another highlight) > *Goin' Down The Road > Black Peter > Around 'n' Around > Brokedown Palace*.

The Arista Years is quite an impressive "best-of" retrospective collection. It includes from "Terrapin Station": *Estimated*, *Passenger*, *Samson*, and the entire *Terrapin* suite. From "Shakedown Street": *Good Lovin'*, *Shakedown*, *Fire*, and *Miracle*; from "Go To Heaven": *Alabama Getaway*, *Far From Me*, and *Saint of Circumstance*; from "Reckoning": *Dire Wolf* and *Cassidy*; from "Dead Set": *Stranger* and *Franklin's*; from "In The Dark": *Touch of Grey*, *Hell In A Bucket*, *West L.A.*, *Throwing Stones*, and *Black Muddy River*; from "Built To Last": *Foolish Heart*, *Built To Last*, *Just A Little Light*, *Picasso Moon*, and *Standing On the Moon*; and from "Without A Net": the quintessential live version of *Eyes*, with Branford on sax, and liner notes by Richard Gehr and Blair Jackson. ♦

BACK ISSUES

CATCH UP ON WHAT YOU MAY HAVE MISSED!

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- #3: "Love Conquers All"; Spring Tour 1987; The Harmonic Convergence; How Can I Help?—Ram Dass; Living Life As Art; Betty Cantor Tapes—Part 2
- #4: Summer Tour 1987 with Bob Dylan; History of Music—'50s-'60s; Baba Olatunji Interview—Part 1
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- #7: Robert Hunter letter to DHs and DDN reply; Wavy Gravy Int.; Spring 1988 Reviews; 1976—The Year in Review; Best of '66-'75 On Tape—First Ed.
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- #11: Saving Our Scene; The Best of '75-'88 On Tape; 1988 Year-End; 102 Things To Do for a Green Future; Ode to MIKEL and His Newsletter
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- #34: Interviews with Dick Latvala; John Perry Barlow; The Mind of Timothy Leary; John Kahn; Phish; Widespread Panic; Deadhead Heaven, Hendrix Tapes ♦

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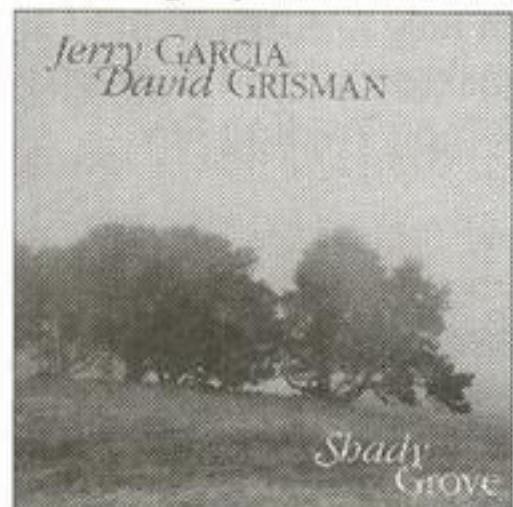
GET TO KNOW YOUR DEAD RELATIVES



A GUIDE TO MUSIC, BOOKS, AND HAPPENINGS EVERY DEADHEAD SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

DEAD ECHOES

In the last six years of his life **Jerry Garcia** made a regular habit of spending time at **David Grisman's** studio in Mill Valley. Together, **Garcia and Grisman** would play the music they held dearest



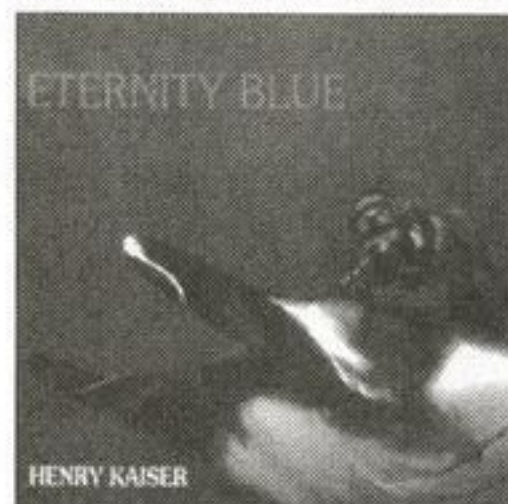
to their hearts: traditional American music — folk, bluegrass, country, and jazz. Grisman has just released the first in a series of CD

recordings highlighting the best of these sessions. **Shady Grove** (ACD21), is a loving portrait of these musicians' infatuation with traditional American folk tunes and ballads. There are 13 classic tunes here (including several perennial Garcia favorites you're very familiar with), along with definitive liner notes — a warm-hearted history actually — documenting the folk music resurgence of the 1950's which first introduced this American roots music to Garcia and Grisman. While Garcia's voice is a bit strained on a few cuts, this is really the best music he made in the last decade of his life. As an old, grey-haired coot Garcia really came to fit the part of a folksinger very well in the 1990's. Grisman was wise to leave in the between-cuts chatter. And be sure to leave your CD player on to catch the surprise bonus tune at the end of track #13... it's worth the wait! This is essential music for Deadheads who love the mellow, acoustic side of Jerry. If they're all this good we can't wait to hear the next Garcia/Grisman collection.

The stream of superb Dead-related musical projects continues to flow steadily. One of the best yet is **Eternity Blue** (Shanachie 6016), a tribute to Jerry Garcia by **Henry Kaiser** and friends (David Gans, Bob Bralove, Gary Lambert, and Tom Constanten to name four). Featured here are Kaiser's pyrotechnic guitar and sweet, soulful vocal treatments of *Mason's Children* (different than his earlier interpretation of this tune), *High*

Time (gorgeous), *Blues For Allab*, *Cold Rain And Snow*, *Dark Star > A Love Supreme > Dark Star*, *Blue Eternity*, and a stunning rendition of *Brokedown Palace* (on which Gans really shines).

An added benefit is the thoroughly enlightening liner statement in which Henry reflects upon the musical values which he developed as a result of listening to the Dead — true words of wisdom. Kaiser also has a slew of very intriguing world music releases on the



fine Shanachie label, as well as a wondrously bizarre release, "Lemon Fish Tweezer" (Cuneiform Rune 45), of

twisted quirky guitar solos that Frank Zappa would love. Proceeds go to Eyes of Chaos, bringing unknown music to the people.

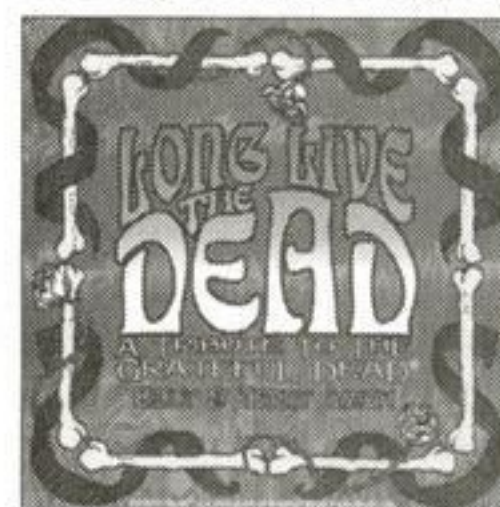
It seems like we've been waiting for the release of **Bob Bralove's** new self-titled CD **Second Sight** (Shanachie 5716). This fine "space jazz" project features **Jerry Garcia** on two cuts and **Bob Weir** on one cut along with **Vince Welnick**, Henry Kaiser, Bob Strickland (saxman for Van Morrison), and the funky Wageningen brothers on drums



and bass. The music featured here is very much what a lot of the Dead's modern-day post-drum space jams sounded like, with bit more direction perhaps. Underneath, a rock-solid rhythm section sets the tone while Bralove lays down lots of weird, wild sampled sounds around which Kaiser's fiery fingerpicking dances at the speed of light.

Long Live The Dead (K-Tel 3452-2) Yes, that's right, *K-Tel* has actually put out a Grateful Dead tribute CD! Country music artists **Billy and Terri Smith**, never members of the Grateful Dead

community per se, were introduced to the music of the Grateful Dead indirectly through David Grisman. While this loving tribute would be greatly benefited by the addition of pedal steel guitar, and perhaps, backup female singers, it's a great way to



introduce your country music lovin' fans to the magic of Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter. Featured here are countrified interpretations

of *Friend of the Devil*, *U.S. Blues*, *Uncle John's Band*, *Sugar Magnolia*, *Touch of Grey*, *Casey Jones*, *Ripple*, *Truckin'*, *Sugaree*, and *Alabama Getaway*.

NEW & GROOVE ROCK

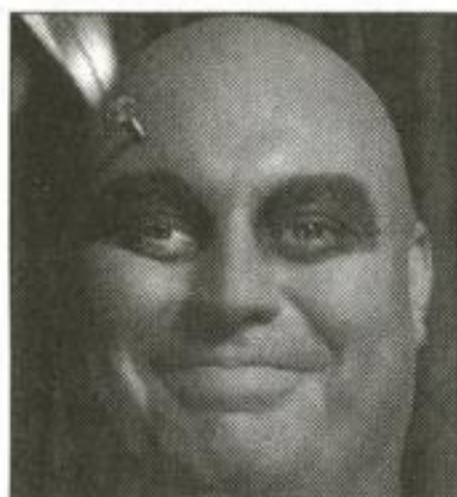
As most of you already know **Phish's** new release, **Billy Breathes** (Elektra 61971-2), is this band's first studio CD since 1994. Phish phans and indifferent Deadheads alike should take note; this CD demonstrates a very noticeable



maturation in this quartet's music. Phish's well-known quirkiness is barely to be found on "Billy Breathes." From start to finish

the music featured here is far more accessible than any other they've given us to date. With this CD Phish is proving it can create consistently simple, memorable melodic lines. And on careful inspection one will find their lyrics have even matured. While the second half of "Billy Breathes" is imbued with a subtle psychedelic background, Phish's out-in-front, trademark twists and turns are now replaced with stronger, longer melodies as well as what are certainly some of the best vocal harmonies they've yet offered. It's no secret really, while Phish isn't selling out, it is making a concerted effort to attract a much larger audience. Very interesting indeed!

Could there have been any doubt that **moe.**'s first Sony release **No Doy** (BK 67744) would be anything less than amazing? **moe.** fanatics who love this band for their incredible ability to jam out as intensely as the Dead, the Allman Brothers, or Phish ever did have been



mumbling about whether or not **moe.**'s first official big-time industry release would be a sell-out effort filled with nothing but three-minute radio-oriented

ditties. Amazingly, **moe.** has been able to craft a release that has both witty and impeccably polished radio-friendly cuts and a handful of ferociously jammed-out gems as well. This CD has everything. Expect to hear *She Sends Me* and *Saint Augustine* on college radio stations across the universe at no charge soon. But buy the CD so you can turn off the lights, take off your clothes, and dance butt-naked to *Rebubula*, *Buster*, and *Four*. Very psychedelic! Although **moe.** gracefully incorporates many different styles of music, this ultimately is groove rock at its finest.

What could be hipper than **moe.**'s stellar new release? The fact that this band of witty pranksters was able to convince Sony to release ten-thousand copies of a promotional CD along with "No Doy" which features nothing but a 46-plus-minute-long version of their monster jam tune *Meat*. (BSK 8531) Performed live in the studio with no overdubs, this incredible musical journey takes the listener through hard-core reggae, psychedelic jazz, and groove rock-flavored improvisations. It is to **moe.** what *Mountain Jam* is to the Allman Brothers. If you can't find a copy of this promo CD, you should make every effort to get someone who does have it to make you a tape. It shreds.

Rusted Root's latest release **Remember** (Mercury 314-534-050-2AD) represents a *giant* evolution in this band's development. Upon first listen, it's immediately obvious that having opened for Page and Plant's legendary 1995 tour has had a seriously positive effect. This band's tribal sound was already high in energy and spirit but "Remember" is mysterious, seductive, and haunting in a way they never before exhibited. Rusted Root's drummer Jim Donovan recently told us that lyricist and lead vocalist, Michael Glabicki, has penned the 14 tunes on

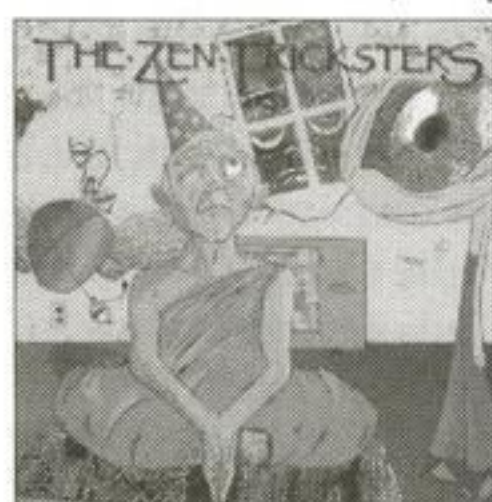
this release based largely on dreams he had. Glabicki's vocals are more powerful — even outrageous — than anything



we've heard from him yet. At one point, he *whinnies* like a shaman channeling the great

horse spirit. Add to this strands of African and Middle Eastern melody and dabs of tribal percussion, and you have a perfect "headphone" CD.

You've read many times in this magazine about how good the New York-based **Zen Tricksters** are at playing Grateful Dead music. Well, they manage to crank

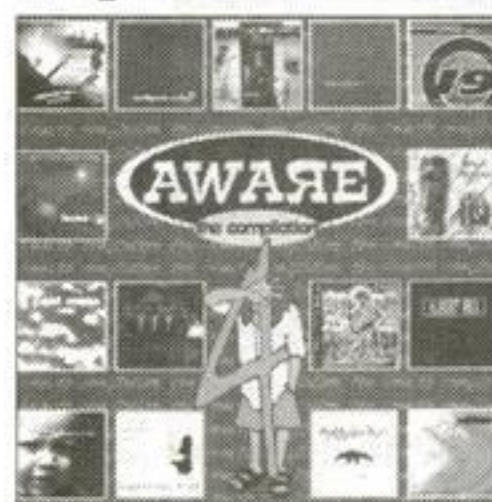


out some pretty serious jams in concert on their own tunes as well. Their debut studio CD, **The Holy Fool** (please see page 11 to order),

features 12 of these self-penned songs. When folks talk about The Tricksters, the incredible Garcia-like guitar work of Jeff Mattson always seems to come up first. But on "The Holy Fool," keyboardist Rob Barraco's incredible talent shines equally large — he is arguably one of the finest keyboardists in rock and roll today. Do not miss this band when it lands in your town. Close your eyes when the Tricksters are jamming and you'd swear you're at the Fillmore in 1970!

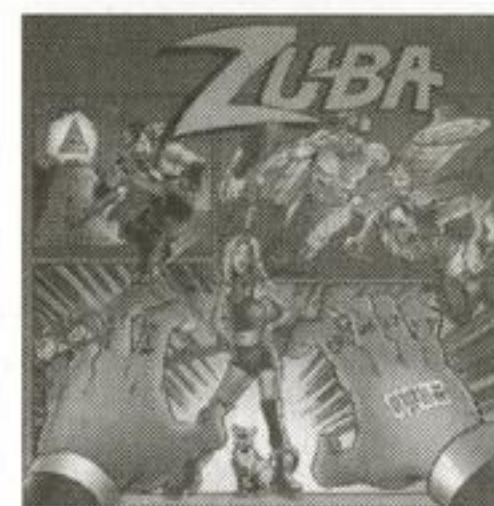
<http://ada.hofstra.edu/nbspeis24/zen.html>

The fine folks at Aware Records have put together another winning compilation CD of up-and-coming bands which must be heard. **AWARE Four-The Compilation** (AWA15) offers single cuts by **Farmer, Athenaeum, Slackjaw, The Gathering Field, The Winebottles, Nineteen Wheels, Albert Hill, Cresta, Inflatable Soul, Fighting Gravity, the Nathan Shepard Band, Once Hush, Mighty**



Joe Plum, Fat Amy, and Peat Moss. Any of you who've heard the previous compilations on this fine label know you're

bound to be impressed by at least a few bands featured on each release. What a great way to get introduced to new bands. To order call 1-800-AWARE-65.



Keep your eyes and ears on the lookout for an amazing group from Boulder, Colorado, called **Zuba**. Most unusual is that the group's lead

singer and lead guitarist is a woman — now how often do you see that!? And what's more, this four-piece soul-funk-rock band will definitely get you boogying. Their new CD — **The New Cruelty** (Cool Therapy Records 0003) is equally as impressive as their stage presence. It's a super-hip political statement about the ways in which our culture is twisted. With soul-funk-reggae undertones, the CD features wry samples of tacky TV weirdness and even delivers a drippy tune we can only describe stylistically as being psychedelic hip-hop. Very cutting edge, very cool, very hip!

Based in Cleveland, Ohio, **Oroboros** is one of America's oldest neo-Deadhead



bands. Their new CD **Shine** (Maia Records-05), recorded live in concert, is truly amazing! This band has everything Deadheads yearn for, killer

grooves (many of which have a slight Calypso flavor — obviously very danceable), strong vocals, screaming guitar work, and best of all, phenomenally powerful percussion. All of this high energy comes across clear as a bell on "Shine." (Please see page 8 to order.) The Oroboros Hotline is 216-291-4512.

With the release of their new self-titled CD, Colorado folk-rock quartet **Acoustic Junction** moves to an important cross-road in their busy career. As tight as their previous self-published releases were, **Acoustic Junction** (Planet Records AJ 9601-1) is a tighter, more mature, certainly more widely accessible statement.

Like Strangefolk, Acoustic Junction sings

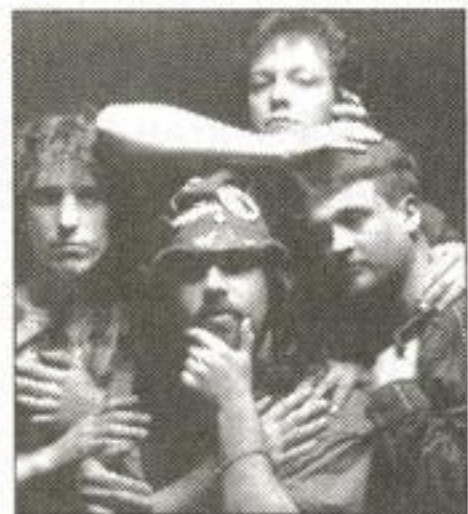


upbeat songs filled with hope — this tightly crafted CD being no exception. And with a recently stated

goal of playing as many all-ages shows as possible, this band stands to catch the ear of many more fans. Catch them at one of their 160+ shows nationwide each year.

H.O.R.D.E. tour veterans **The Mother Hips**' third CD, **Shootout** (American 243101-A), is one you may want to check out. The strength of this release lies in its *very* polished vocals, hinting at the Buffalo Springfield, Flying Burrito Brothers, even the Beach Boys. When the Hips aren't playing very cool pop music — obviously geared toward college radio — they manage to get raw and gritty enough to sound at moments like the Black Crowes.

We hadn't heard anything about the



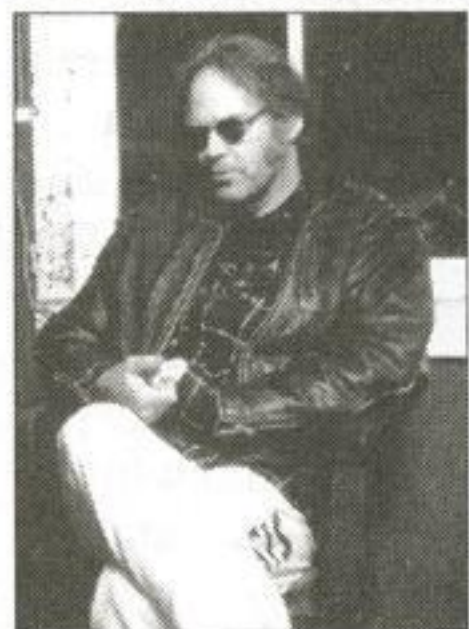
Connecticut groove rock group known as **Hubinger St.** when it's self-published CD, **Elasticstarch** showed up at our doorstep. We

were particularly impressed upon first listen — this may be one of the most promising groove rock bands yet. They sound a little like the Dead, a lot like the Allman Brothers, and even a touch like Black Sabbath at moments (!). To get to the heart of the matter, this band stretches out the jams. This is an *enormously* impressive first CD for a groove rock band. We can't wait to see them live in action.

Keep an ear pointed in the direction of the New York-based funk/rock group **Post Junction**. This quartet will be rising fast. Their self-titled debut CD is available now. (See pg. 8 to order.) Their funky grooves are jammed-out, intelligent, and melodically memorable. If you like the music of P-Funk, Hendrix, or Sly and the Family Stone, you'll surely groove to this. For further info call their hotline at 212-592-FUNK or check out their web site at <http://www.postjunction.com>.

CLASSIC ROCK

Broken Arrow (Reprise 9 46291-2), the

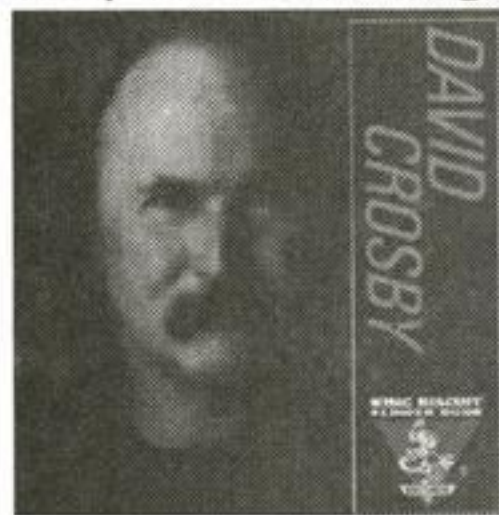


new release by **Neil Young and Crazy Horse**, is the roughest, most lethargic Neil Young release to date. Although moody and dark, the first half of the CD is pretty typical

Crazy Horse. The second half, however, is weak all over. The last cut, *Baby What You Want Me to Do*, sounds like a drunken bar band playing for a totally

toasted crowd ten minutes past last call. We look forward to future efforts that return to the gusto and intensity of amazing CDs like *Weld*.

Many of the old **King Biscuit Flower**



Hour live concert radio shows are continuing to be released. Of interest to some *DDN* readers may be its latest release of a live

concert **David Crosby** (70710-88007-2). This release, recorded on 4-8-89 at Philadelphia's Tower Theater, features several tunes from "Yes I Can," his solo album of that period which focuses on his long battle with cocaine and alcohol. Also featured are his classics *Guinevere*, *Wooden Ships*, *Almost Cut My Hair*, and *Long Time Gone*. And congratulations to Crosby for just being nominated for inclusion in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame along with his peers, Stills and Nash — an obviously well-deserved recognition.

REISSUES

Rhino Records has remastered all the classic albums of the '70s supergroup **Emerson Lake & Palmer**. This intense trio is perhaps best remembered for its wild concerts — some of the first to incorporate massive lighting rigs and elaborate special effects (performing piano solos while the piano was flying **upside down** above the stage!). Musically, this group drew heavily from other genres, particularly classical music, even ragtime. Now available are "Emerson Lake & Palmer" (Rhino2 72223), "The Best of Emerson Lake & Palmer" (Rhino2 72233), "Live at the Royal Albert Hall" (Rhino2 72236), "Works, Volume 1" (Rhino R2 72229), and "Works, Volume 2" (Rhino R2 72230).

Mobile Fidelity Sound Labs continue to crank out a steady stream of remastered classics. Of note this season are the **Moody Blues**' classic **To Our Children's Children's Children** (Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab UDCD 671), and **Iron Butterfly's In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida** (Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab UDCD\675). The Moody Blues' release is vintage British '60s quasi-psychedelic classic rock comparable in mood and style to the Beatles later, more orchestrated releases. You'll find razor-sharp production here of hippie-trippy songs with visionary lyrics, lots of falsetto singing, and a strong string section backup on

most cuts. The Iron Butterfly release sounds a lot more dated, at times even a bit cheesy. But the 17-minute long studio cut of the title track *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* is a classic psychedelic tune no collection should be without. This re-release also features both a 19-minute long live version of the same song as well as the three-minute long radio version — you'll have to get up and turn off the CD if you don't feel like hearing *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* three times in a row!

Older hipsters who have fond memories of Bay Area musician **Country Joe McDonald** will be pleased to know that One Way Records has now re-released all his old solo albums on CD. Country Joe, known for his work both with The Fish and, in later years, his focus on Vietnam veterans, captured as well as any other artist of his time the angst, sadness, and bohemian excitement of the '60s. Most recently released is "Country Joe" (OW 30997). Now you can sell those old scratchy records.

JAZZ AND FUNK

Watch out world. Here comes **Medeski, Martin & Wood's** white-hot new Rykodisc CD **Shack-man** (GCD 79514).



Since the release of their last CD, Medeski, Martin & Wood have

emerged as America's ultimate groove band. Recorded in a Hawaiian jungle retreat (hence the CD's name), it is a beautifully crafted work full of deeply witty and ultimately addicting, thinking person's music. It's the first CD by MMW to seriously hint at what this awesome trio is like live in concert (we can't wait to review a live concert CD by these cool cats). Defying any stylistic boundaries and quoting creatively from gospel, blues, funk, jazz, soul, and hip-hop, MMW has given birth to a sound which must be heard, no, change that, which must be boogied to. Buy the CD and absolutely, positively do not miss them in concert.

James Brown — Funk Power, 1970: A Brand New Thang (Polydor 31453 1684-2). This nine-song release captures James Brown at a very interesting point in his career. In March of 1970, Mr. Brown and his band at the time, featuring the legendary Maceo Parker, parted ways uncomfortably. In its place came the New Breed band (soon to be dubbed the J.B.'s). This was not the

large polished orchestra fans were accustomed to seeing behind Mr. Brown. It was loose, occasionally out-of-tune, and *small*, but it had **SERIOUS** spunk — particularly in its dynamic bassist, the one and only Bootsy Collins, known now around the world as one of the greatest bassists of funk music. The new groove created by this fresh blood did wonders for the standard Brown repertoire. Tunes like *Sex Machine* took on a new life with this lineup. For James Brown fans this release is a very interesting curio item.

Also check out **JB40: 40th Anniversary Collection** (Polydor Chronicles 31453-3409/3410-2), a digitally remastered two-disc anthology of **James Brown's** biggest hits. There are 40 funk classics here including his biggest hits: *I Feel Good*, *Papa's Got A Brand New Bag*, *Parts 1 and 2*, and *It's A Man's Man's Man's World*. If you're having a party, this is the James Brown compact disc to have cranking on the stereo.

Miles Davis is to jazz what the Grateful



Dead is to rock. Not once, but many times, Miles stretched the artistic envelope and gave new meaning and form to his craft. **Miles Davis — Live Around the World** (Warner Brothers 9 46032-2) is a tasteful new release of

11 tunes recorded live in concert between 1988 and 1990. Most of the music chosen for this CD was recorded on a DAT deck and because it's a two-track mix, what you hear is what he played — there are no overdubs here. Quite remarkable, given how polished the end product is. While a lot of Deadheads lean toward Miles' earlier works, particularly his super-funky space jams of his Bitches' Brew band in the early 1970's, this effort is as energized and captivating as anything he laid down in the last decade of his long, fruitful career.

Peter Apfelbaum's latest jazz CD, **Luminous Charms** (Gramavision CD



79511), is intelligent, hip, and very accessible for the average Deadhead sensibility. Catchy, urban-flavored grooves are tightly woven together by sax, guitar, and piano

as solid bass and percussion underpinnings keeping the listener's fingers snapping throughout. Peter manages to get deliciously "out there," but not so far out so as to lose sight of the basic funky grooves which dance along behind him.

Along with disco and glam rock the 1970's brought us — thank God — fusion and funk. Fusion is a synthesis of jazz and rock — it's the groove rock of the jazz idiom you might say. Groups like Weather Report, Return To Forever, Brand X, and Soft Machine electrified and stretched out jazz sounds and structures. One Way Records has re-released the highly intelligent music of **Soft Machine** on CD and it's well worth checking out. Our favorites are **Fourth** (A26254) — a great place to start, **Five** (A26227), **Six** (A26255), and **Seven** (A26256). If you like electrified jazz that soars, spaces, and grooves, it's hard to go wrong with any of these. You'll find a very synergistic melding of synthesizers (an instrument which, to this day, can still sound cheesy — not the case here, however), guitar, wind, and brass instruments, and solid percussion and bass playing. This is perfect nighttime driving music.

The Jazz Mandolin Project (Accurate ACRE-5020) is a very impressive jamming band that's got more and more heads turning lately, not just because of



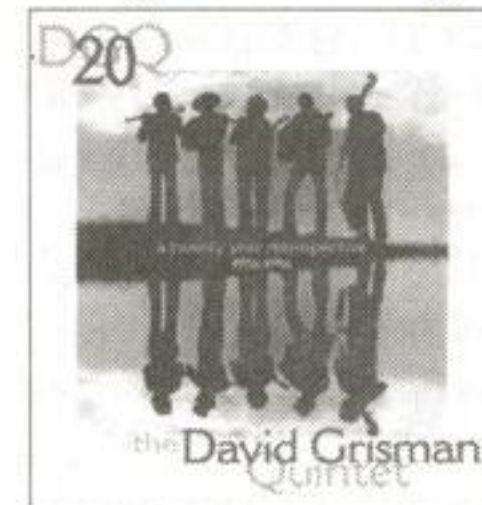
their impressive collaborations with many well-known artists, but because of their own inventive instrumental music. This Burlington, Vermont-based trio plays original music incorporating elements of mainstream jazz, post-Metheny contemporary jazz, funk, fusion, and bluegrass. In concert, mandolinist Jamie Masefield brings the mandolin into new areas the way Bela Fleck has opened up modern jazz to the banjo. Onstage The Jazz Mandolin Project combines the energy and excitement of Medeski, Martin & Wood and the inquisitive, sensitive, and good-humored musical aesthetic of David Grisman. The result is thrilling to experience in the flesh — these musicians really listen to each other and are unafraid to constantly explore new territory. Masefield and bassist Stacey Starkweather have both played in side projects with various members of Phish. Starkweather has also played with Michael Ray's Cosmic

Krewe and Peter Apfelbaum's enticing Hieroglyphic Ensemble.

In the last issue of *Dupree's* we told you about a hip group from Seattle called **Trillian Green**. Well, we now find out that when this group's cello player goes on the road to play with the symphony her seat is filled by a guitarist and bass player. The equally groovy result of this personnel change is known as **Hanuman** (call 206-782-6477 for info). The self-titled tape just released by this group is a seductively moody exploration of instrumental tunes crafted with flute, double bass, guitar, and percussion. The guitarist adds an interesting spin by occasionally using his whammy bar to bend notes giving this band a bit of a deliciously sad edge — you might expect this music to pop up in the background of a hip new movie as a motorcycle tears through a rain in a windswept Northwest panorama. Ultra-cool, man, check it out.

ACOUSTIC MUSIC

If this column awarded a "best of the year" title to a compact disc release it might very well go to **DGQ20** (Acoustic Disc-20), the three-CD retrospective of the **David Grisman Quintet's** legendary career. Grisman's five-man lineup has always read like a who's who of acoustic string band music geniuses — Jerry



Garcia, Vassar Clements, Stephan Grappelli, Tony Rice, and Darol Anger topping the list. This *spectacularly* assembled retro-

spective presents 38 mostly live, all never-before released cuts tracing the evolution of this all-star band through its 20 years of immense creativity. From Grisman's efforts in paying homage to Bill Monroe — the father of bluegrass, to the Beatles (with a stunning version of *Because*), to jazz, Latin, and Jewish music, right through his own trademarked Dawg music (with a never-before released cut featuring **Jerry Garcia**), this 215-plus-minute collection is a must-have item for fans of acoustic music. A real gem. To order call 800-221-DISC.

Those of you who have marveled at the masterful craft of Grisman's Quintet live in concert are no doubt familiar with the onstage antics of Grisman's incredibly

talented, high-energy percussionist/fiddle player **Joe Craven**. In concert Joe is an explosion of energy, playing every kind of percussion imaginable (including numerous parts of his body!) with the humor and wit of a monkey god. Joe's very fine solo CD, **Camptown** (AM011), is a diverse treatment of traditional fiddle tunes with world beat influences. You will find American folk tunes played with South African flavor, an Irish folk song transformed by Japanese flute, and so on. Besides having a great backup band, Joe plays — are you ready for this — electric and acoustic violins, ukulele, mandolin, mandola, banjo, and every type of percussion instrument imaginable! If you like Grisman's music, you'll be very much at home with this CD.

The legendary **Guitar Trio**, featuring  acoustic guitar gods **Al DiMeola**, **Paco de Lucia**, and **John McLaughlin** have reunited to form an acoustic trio that in past years has offered some of the most stirring, compelling, and thrilling guitar playing in modern music history. We remember clearly seeing this band in the early '80s and being completely blown away by their mind-blowing speed, inventiveness, and wit. This is truly a magical band of the highest order — do not, repeat, do not miss this group if they play in your area. Their new self-titled CD, **Al DiMeola, Paco de Lucia and John McLaughlin** (Verve 314 533 215-2), is more subdued than their previous recording efforts — they are getting older after all — but the fire is still there, only now the result of their collaboration is smoldering embers where once they gave us constant explosions of pyrotechnic musicianship. Again, as with their past recordings, the tracks here have the seductive flavoring of Spanish and Indian musical styles with perhaps a touch more American jazz this time around (no doubt a result of McLaughlin's recent jazz work). We're very glad they're back!

REGGAE

No Reggae music collection is complete without a copy of **Bob Marley & the Wailers'** classic recording **Catch A Fire** (Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab UDCD 654). Mobile Fidelity has done an impeccable job of digitally remastering this potent album. Included herein are Marley's immortal *Concrete Jungle*, *Slave Driver*, *Stop That Train*, *Stir It Up*, *Kinky Reggae*, and more.

These days **Burning Spear** may very well put on the best "Roots"-style reggae concert anywhere! Their live shows are virtually guaranteed to put you in a dance trance. Thirty minutes into their shows, everyone is soaking wet from bumping, grinding, and twirling. Their latest CD, **Rasta Business** (HB 179), is also a strong example of the increasingly rare, pure Roots-style of Reggae.

WORLD MUSIC

Hypnotic, exotic, trance-inducing. These may be the best adjectives to describe the Realworld label CD of Tanzanian recording artist **Hukwe Zawose**.

Chibite (Carol 2358) is an otherworldly CD of Zawose's incredible African



traditional music featuring his oftentimes alien-sounding voice soaring over a bed of

cyclical vocal chants and hypnotic rhythms played on thumb pianos, balaphons, and other percussion instruments. Zawose himself sings chords, much like the Tuvan throat singers as well as percussive groans, grunts, shrieks, and wailing screams. The result is just incredible — both subtle and arresting. This is the weirdest, most wonderful world music we've had come our way since Tarika of Madagascar.

And while on the subject of weird, wild, esoteric, and mysterious we should recommend that you explore the **New Albion Records** catalogue (call 415-621-5757 or check out <http://newalbion.com> on the Web). You will find within a fascinating world of masterful musicians from the far edges of creativity. Take for example, the Deep Listening Band's CDs, **Deep Listening** (New Albion 022CD) or **The Ready Made Boomerang** (New Albion 044CD).

Recorded in an abandoned cistern that once held two-million gallons of water, these deeply meditative CDs sound like the soundtrack to nature films portraying whales slowly dancing through water or the sun setting through giant swaying redwood trees. Pauline Olivero, Stuart Dempster, and Panaiotis play didgeridoo, conch shell, and ten trombones in this giant echo chamber which has a 45-second reverb time! This is way beyond new age music, it's sound for serious astral travel! If these hypnotize you, then check out **Stuart Dempster's In The Great Abbey of Clement VI** (New Albion 013CD), or **Underground Overlays from the Cistern Chapel**

(New Albion 076CD) in which similarly sublime overtone and chordal sound fields can be heard.

In the same vein, but very different, are two other New Albion releases: **David Hykes & Djamchid Chemirani's Windhorse Riders** (New Albion 024), and David Hykes, Peter Biffin & Bruno Caillat's **True to the Times (How to Be?)** (New Albion 057CD). Hykes is a master of ethereal harmonic overtone singing. Like the Tuvan throat singers and the Gyuto tantric monks, Hykes can sing multiple notes simultaneously, although his Western style of composition is often more aesthetically accessible to the Western ear. Again, this is very meditative music.

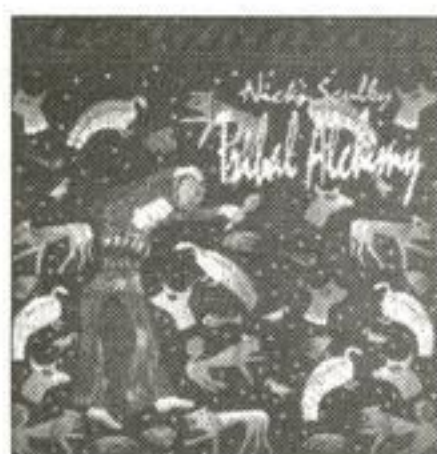
When it comes to "transportation" music the Dead is as good as it gets in our Western culture. But we aren't the only culture that appreciates music that takes you on a voyage. Another realm in which to find this type of aesthetic bliss is Indian raga music. Raga music, like the song *Dark Star*, is specifically intended to take both the musician and the listener on a voyage into the unknown — there is always an intended starting point as well as occasional reference points, and each piece has a specific intent, such as to evoke the energy of sunrise or sunset. But, like a good *Dark Star*, each raga is also constructed with extensive improvisations. You'll also find some of this planet's most amazing musical prowess among Indian musicians, be it the Garcia-like leads of the multi-stringed sitar, or the lightening-fast percussion demonstrated by most tabla players. A great place to start is with **Ravi Shankar Live at Monterey 1967** (One Way S21 56848). This historic concert was the initial introduction to Indian music for many Westerners. The place we started however was with the music of legendary guitarist **John McLaughlin's** East-Meets-West superstar group **Shakti**. **Shakti** (Columbia), **Natural Elements**, **A Thing of Beauty** (available only as a Japanese import-Sony SRCS7015), or even McLaughlin's own



My Goals Beyond (Rykodisc10051) embody the aesthetic of Indian music but in a shorter, more readily accessible format for the

Western ear. You won't believe how fast McLaughlin can play guitar on these CDs, perhaps as fast as any human has

ever played the instrument! This is *breath-taking* music; the guitar, violin, and Indian percussion are all so fast, so hypnotic, it may make you laugh out loud in amazement. Once you check these out you'll be asking your local music store to point you in the direction of more Indian music. Also, original Shakti members **L. Shankar, Zakir Hussain, and Vikku Vinnayakram** have just recently released **Raga Aberi** (CDT-131) which highlights L. Shankar's virtuoso ten-stringed double violin playing. This CD is just about the most beautifully bittersweet-sounding CD we've ever heard. It's a perfect example of how Indian Raga can bring you to a very specific emotional space. Another interesting East-meets-West hybrid, and one of the first real world music pioneers, is the stunningly beautiful Indian vocalist **Sheila Chandra**. Known first and foremost for her early '80s group Monsoon, which folded Indian music into a pop music idiom, she has gone on to produce several intriguing solo CDs. Check out **Quiet** (Carol 1782-2) — this ten-track experimental CD features all cyclical, interwoven vocalizations — no lyrics! One thing is for sure, you will never hear a more beautiful voice on the planet! It's like liquid metal — pure, mirror-like and mysterious.



Longtime Grateful Dead family member **Nicki Skully** has created a masterful adventure in sound on a CD called **Tribal Alchemy** (call

800-937-2991 to order). Didgeridoos combine with hand drums, percussion, tanpura, flute, and other instruments to provide a unique and wonderful alchemical musical experience. Another tape of hers, **The Cauldron Journey For Healing**, featuring **Jerry Garcia** on piano, is a free healing tool for those with AIDS or leukemia, and is available to centers working with these diseases. Nicki is also the person to see for all those interested in Egyptology! Nicki regularly leads spiritual vision quests to Egypt in order to explore the Isis/Osiris mysteries. Lately, she's also been leading vision quest adventures to

Machu Picchu, Tibet, and other far-flung, mystical power spots on the planet.

Call 541-484-1099 for more info.

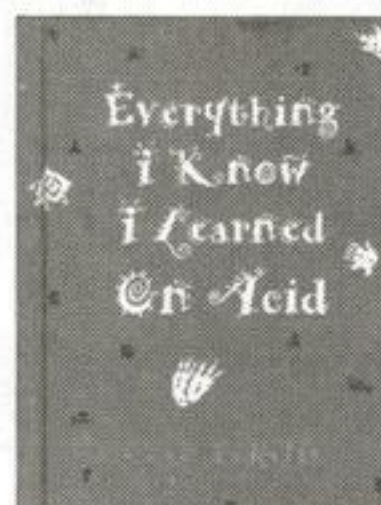


BOOKS & ZINES

Over 30 million people in the United States smoke marijuana. Approximately 400,000 defendants each year are charged with the use, cultivation, or possession of marijuana. **Marijuana Law** (2nd Edition, 271 pgs., \$15.95, Ronin Publishing, Box 1035, Berkeley, CA 94701) is the definitive book on



this subject — a must-have reference guide for every single marijuana user. It's all here — legal rights, searches, seizures, privacy, medical marijuana cases, drug testing, case law, federal sentencing guidelines, and much more. What's more, it's *very* easy to understand, extremely well indexed, and downright fascinating to read. If you use marijuana, this book is indispensable.



Attention slackers, chronic space cases, couch potatoes, and stoners — you now have a bible!

Everything I Know I Learned On Acid (138 pgs., \$12.95, Acid Test Produc-

tions) is a hilarious book of thoroughly unreasonable advice — crazy wisdom quotations from many Holy Fools all supporting the worldview that...well, life is, um, er, moving just a little too fast to take seriously. **Jerry Garcia, Ken Kesey, Tim Leary, Lenny Bruce, R. Crumb, Paul Krasner, Mark Twain, Walt Disney, Beavis and Butthead, and Albert Einstein** (to name a few!) all chime in to support the notion that tuning in, turning on, and dropping out is as good a path as any to take. Oh, this book's publisher, Acid Test Productions, is headed by Billy's daughter Stacy Kreutzmann Quinn.

Fellow Deadhead **M.L. Liebler** has penned an easily accessible book of poetry entitled **Stripping The Adult Century Bare** (84 pgs., Burning Cities Press). Liebler's poetry, dealing largely with sociopolitical issues important to children of the sixties — the Vietnam War, John Lennon's death, Woodstock, and drugs — cuts right to the marrow. These are not flowery odes to love, they are reflections of the soul as it passionately considers the culture evolving around us.

Tricycle, America's premier magazine addressing Buddhism, is one of the classiest around. Their fifth anniversary issue (Volume 6, #1, \$10 per copy by mail order) deals with the cross-related issues of **Buddhism** and **psychedelics**, a topic you won't want to miss. John Perry Barlow, Ram Dass, Joan Halifax, Terence McKenna, Jack Kornfield and many other experts add their thoughts in numerous articles, interviews, and round table discussions on psychedelics as catalysts for awakening compassion and mindfulness (and also, as many veteran Buddhist practitioners argue, a limiting factor in achieving lasting mindfulness). Call 1-800-950-7008 to order.

Live Music Review (12 issues, \$38, P.O. Box 1464, Rogers, AR 72757) is a fine little magazine covering both live music and recordings of live music — yes, that includes bootlegs. No, we don't support the illegal sale of music. But this review will help you evaluate what's crap and what's worth investing in. All the usual live music legends are covered including Hendrix, Zep, Clapton, Springsteen, Dylan, and, of course, the Dead.

THE SCENE

As time goes along it seems like it's getting harder to find concert venues that are a genuine delight to hang out in. If you're ever in Western Massachusetts you should make a point of catching a show at the legendary **Iron Horse Music Hall in Northampton, MA** (20 Center Street, just 45 minutes north of Hartford, CT, 413-584-3177, www.virtual-valley.com/ironhorse). The Iron Horse is undoubtedly one of the finest live concert venues in the entire country. It's such an intimate, hip club, that entertainers such as Blues Traveler, Bonnie Raitt, Miles Davis, B.B. King, and Richard Thompson have passed on more profitable venues in the same town in order to perform in the Horse's comfy living room ambiance. These days it's a virtual mecca for groove rock fans — **moe., Strangefolk, Medeski, Martin & Wood, Percy Hill, Ominous Seapods, Moonboot Lover, yEP!, Yolk, and Acoustic Junction**, just to name a few — play there all the time. All ages are allowed, all shows are general admission, and the music space is smoke-free! Good food and a wide variety of tasty micro-brews are available. Don't miss out on enjoying this tiny slice of heaven on earth ◊



Send all submissions and suggestions for reviews to DDN-DEAD RELATIVES, P.O. Box 936, Northampton, MA 01061

WE WANT YOU

TO GET INVOLVED!

IN LOVING MEMORY

DDN is looking for well-written (and legible) thoughts on what Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead have meant to you, how this experience has changed your life, and how you have dealt with Jerry's untimely death.

DEAD DREAMS

If you've had any wild, weird, or woolly dreams involving the Grateful Dead, please write them down in great detail and send them to DDN, Dr. Don's Deadhead Dreams, at the address listed below.

FLASHBACKS

What's your favorite Grateful Dead memory? DDN is looking for well-written (and legible) flashbacks of significant moments in your life that included the Grateful Dead in some way, shape, or form. Your first show, your favorite show, wild adventures from the road, meeting the band under weird circumstances, listening to their music while having a profound experience (giving birth, hang gliding, etc.). Share your high times with our readers.

ARTWORK

Help us beautify the pages of DDN! We are always looking for Grateful Dead-oriented psychedelic drawings in B&W.

PHOTOS

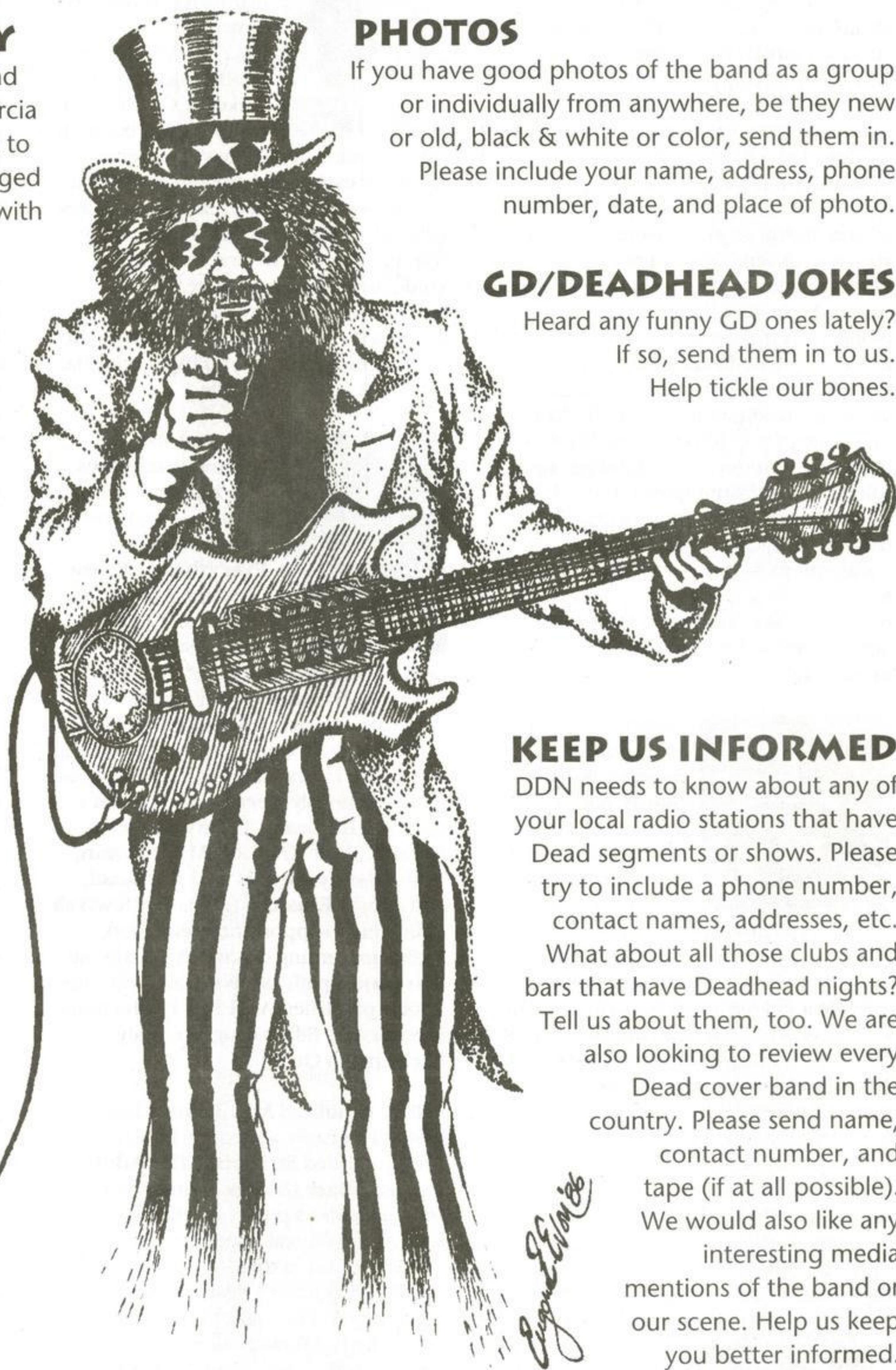
If you have good photos of the band as a group or individually from anywhere, be they new or old, black & white or color, send them in. Please include your name, address, phone number, date, and place of photo.

GD/DEADHEAD JOKES

Heard any funny GD ones lately? If so, send them in to us. Help tickle our bones.

KEEP US INFORMED

DDN needs to know about any of your local radio stations that have Dead segments or shows. Please try to include a phone number, contact names, addresses, etc. What about all those clubs and bars that have Deadhead nights? Tell us about them, too. We are also looking to review every Dead cover band in the country. Please send name, contact number, and tape (if at all possible). We would also like any interesting media mentions of the band or our scene. Help us keep you better informed.



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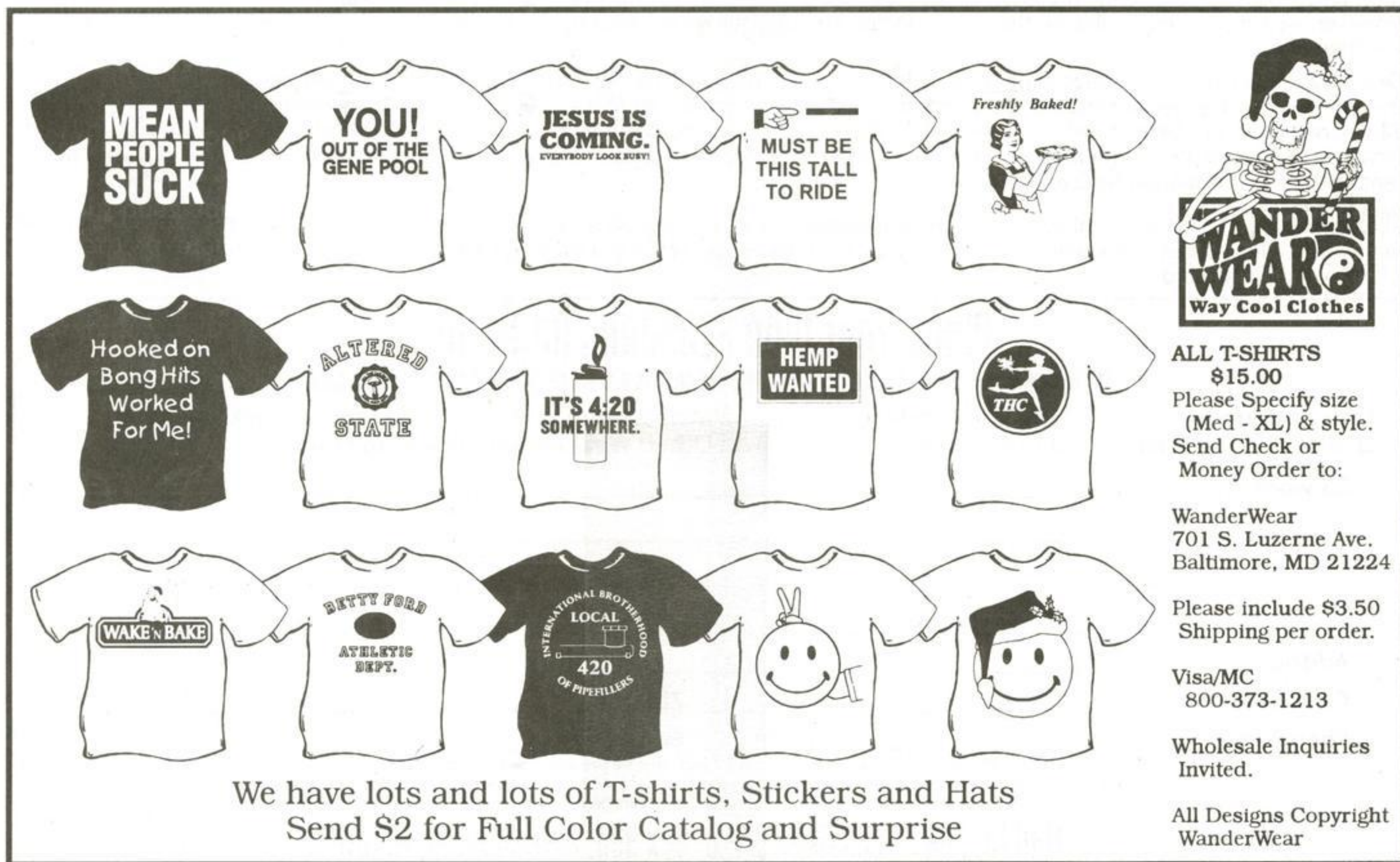
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Or you can send written responses to particular ads by enclosing them each in separate stamped envelopes with the mailbox number on the outside of each envelope (located at the end of the ad you are responding to: i.e., 1005 or 1236). Then enclose those envelopes, with **\$1 per response**, in a larger envelope addressed to: DDN PERSONALS, PO Box 936, Northampton, MA 01061. Your responses will be forwarded to the ad placers. (Remember to write your name & address on your responses and that it takes time for any ad placers to send their written responses back to you.)

New DDN Policy: ***FREE personal ads are only for ads whose underlying purpose is to connect the placer with other folks in Deadlandia, not simply general messages to the universe, God, Jerry, or all of the above. To place a Message Ad, the charge is \$5/up to 25 words and \$1/each additional word.

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J=Jewish L=Lesbian M=Male NA=Nat. Amer. N/D=Non-drinker N/S=Non-smoker P=Professional S=Single W=White

DDN is looking for an intern in the Manhattan, NYC area to assist in office duties. Please respond ASAP to DDN, P.O. Box 272, Purdys, NY 10578.

Highly collectable and rare GD memorabilia from one of the original "Betty Lockers." Includes music, signed lyrics, pictures and more, for the serious collector. Call for list. ☎ 📧 Box 2478.

I Need a Miracle-SWF, 19, needs correspondence & other East Coast Heads (Phish too) to travel & share High Times w/for Fall & Spring tours. D. O'Connell ☎ 📧 Box 2371.

33 and way too lonely. Easy going, into Allmans and Dead. Looking for my Blue Sky. Write Mike. ☎ 📧 Box 2464.

Looking for DHs in the Albany, NY, area to hang out, go to shows, and hike with. Write Brian. ☎ 📧 Box 2465.

Iko to all DHs. Let's keep the Dead experience expanding for our sanity and for Jerry and the living Dead. Love Dawn & Gary.

Looking for new kind friends, Heads and hippies brother/sisters etc. I enjoy music, dancing under nature's sky, conversations of any sorts Please respond. Peace. Love to all-Kim ☎ 📧 Box 2374.

Gay, lesbian, bisexual hippies and the like-finally there is a way for us to get together. Faeries Organization is just for you. Faeries Organization. ☎ 📧 Box 2466.

Lost Sailor Wharf Rat Dark Star Saint of Circumstance seeks eight step amends and forgiveness to continue on path. Peace, love and gratitude, Bruce aka Bones. ☎ 📧 Box 2467.

Band wanted: Influences, GD, Phish, J.A., '80/90's alternative sound. M/F, 22-42. NE USA. Write to Ms. La Verne Hart. ☎ 📧 Box 2468.

SWF seeks Heads to share high times with So. Call! Send correspondence to: Heide, Remember Jerry!! ☎ 📧 Box 2450.

We came whirling out of nothingness, scattering stars like dust which made a circle. In the middle we dance. Love to Our Family, Moonbeam.

Alaska Sugar Magnolia, 28, looking for love, expect dancing, smiles and music to fill our souls. Are you kind? Peace to Jerry! ☎ 📧 Box 2413.

Peace is knowing that all who knock on heaven's door will be in the loving presence of Jerry and his music. NFA! Rob, Winchester, VA.

Chinacat has 40 acres w/cabin in NE Arizona needing completion. Carpenter, hardworker wanted in xchange for lodging. Work 1 day per week. Family okay. Chinacat (aka Stephanie). ☎ 📧 Box 2469.

Hey Papa Jerry, thanks for everything!!! Say hi to Mimi for us. Love and peace-Rachael, Phil, Clara Magnolia & August Samuel.

We have a duty to dissent-to fully become ourselves and to fight for elbow room for ours and others. Be different. Be better. Peace. JPS.

29 yr-old intermediate advanced guitarist—jazz/Dead/acoustic. Work at med center. Lkg for musician to jam with in Indianapolis area. ☎ 📧 Box 2415.

Personal of the Issue:

Lovely, shy Southern California SWFDH seeks friendship of fellow local brothers and sisters. Don't drive -hard to go to shows/gatherings/etc. Carrie ☎ 📧 Box 2412.

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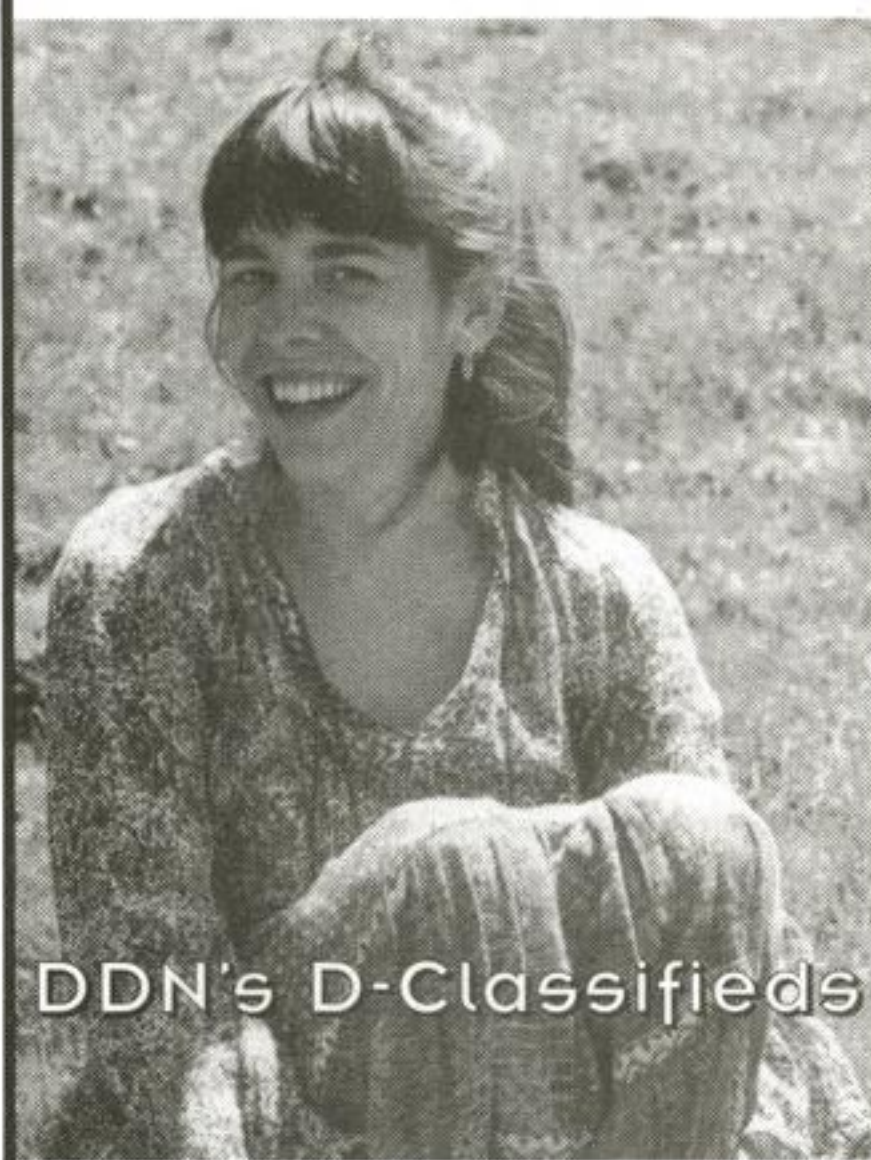
DWM 6'4" 195 Brown/Brown Harley ridin' DH seeks kind intelligent female to share good times with, Mike. ☎ 📧 Box 2469.

Sweet young Sugar Magnolia just looking for someone to smile with—MD area! MS ☎ 📧 Box 2411.

Band wanted: Danko Helm Hudson Manuel Robertson. Audio visual articles, promo posters, tickets, anything. Large collection to trade. Missy. ☎ 📧 Box 2470.

I missed 1965-1971. Started in 1972 and was steady thru the end. The meanest of the remaining years is 1977-79-Jerry wailed. Scott Jones.

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Bring Jerry Back!

Hey Amy, you are the Eyes of the World. Smile, I love you. Mike.

SWF, 21, discovered the Dead way too late. Seeks correspondence with Heads everywhere. Shannan ☎ 📧 Box 2457.

Jeff, Brooks and Chris: Once in a while you get shown the light in the strangest of places, if you look at it right. Greg.

This couple they got married... 3 years and the wheel's still turning. I love you, Scott! Your Ladybirdy.

18-year-old Sugar Magnolia not like other girls seeking any individuals interested in sharing love for GD. Tiffany ☎ 📧 Box 2342.

The Chupacabres are coming! These alien beings are real. They have been spotted in Puerto Rico, Mexico, Southern California, Texas and South Florida. Call ☎ 📧 Box 2471.

Jacob-we loved it-thanks. Everybody-DH Heaven was beautiful, see you next time.

17 year veteran DH looking for friends in Denver/Boulder area. Debra. ☎ 📧 Box 2472.

Lovely, shy Southern California SWFDH seeks friendship of fellow local brothers and sisters. Don't drive -hard to go to shows/gatherings/etc. Carrie ☎ 📧 Box 2412.

With your crome heart shining in the sun, long may you run. Thanks Jerry.

I wonder where this road will lead, now that we're on our own. I only hope that Jerry's there when we finally get back home.

SWF looking for other DHs who just want to chat. Remember Jerry. Amanda ☎ 📧 Box 2378.

What's so funny about Peace, Love & Understanding? DHs, try in all ways to set a positive example. Go to the show with a ticket in hand.

NEED FIMO LAMP. Vended inside Shoreline 7/94 & 6/95 with incredible incense holders & candles. Info, names-Jennifer ☎ 📧 Box 2370.

Angel Trumpets, Yage, Incense. \$1.00 for a catalogue. NHE. ☎ 📧 Box 2474.

A big heartfelt thanks to all DHs out there for contributing to some of the greatest times of my life. Gerald, I have your tapes, please call me. In me the musical beast we call the GD will always live on. Thanks, Sugaree Holly. ☎ 📧 Box 2474.

Kind nature girl, 21, looking for Sunshine Day-dream SM, into dancing, nature loving, gardening, music, concerts, herbs, art, love, & smiles in Northern CA. Kelly ☎ 📧 Box 2486.

Need tape labels! B. Greenspan. ☎ 📧 Box 2473.

SWM, 25 clean and sober and good looking. SWF with moral/spiritual integrity respond. Love, Pat. ☎ 📧 Box 2475.

Looking for familiar faces... Moving to Eugene in September. Love to meet kind brothers & sisters who are, too! M.I. ☎ 📧 Box 2476.

Gay Deadheads? Call Jed. ☎ 📧 Box 2480.

David Bischoff passed peacefully into the night on July 7, 1996 in Houston, TX. His devotion to family, friends, and music will live on. I will miss his conversation, knowledge, great tapes and companionship... Gene B.

So you're a kind Sugar Mag? Then let's share music and conversation. BG. ☎ 📧 Box 2482.

Philly Head college girl musician needs fun times. Please send some groovy input. "Oh, oh, what I want to know..." Nicole ☎ 📧 Box 2382.

White Male-Seventeen-Pennsylvania. Fairly new DH. Looking for other fun loving 'heads to share music, feelings, rides and tickets. Also interested in bootlegging. Love. Jeff P. ☎ 📧 Box 2477.

You flew to me. SWM 29. I enjoy hiking, biking, camping, music, cooking, having fun in the sun (or moon). Looking for warm-hearted female. Peace, Jim. ☎ 📧 Box 2478.

SWM ISO Sugar Mag 24-30. I enjoy all sports, music, shows, & just hangin' w/good friends, food, & drink. Any kind western CT ladies out there? ☎ 📧 Box 2479.

Righteous Southern White Gentleman 39 yrs seeking WF, NS, 22-27, slim, honest, faithful, friendship-relationship, country living, Christian. ☎ 📧 Box 2481.

SWF, 22, Brown-eyed Sugar Mag discovered GD way too late. Seeks kind, dedicated, SM to fill me in on all I've missed. NY, Niki. ☎ 📧 Box 2485.

Daisy girl, weather you're spinnin' in Colorado or elsewhere, our spirits will forever dance together. Sunshine Day Dreams! Peace, love, Fairy Child. ☎ 📧 Box 2484.

PLEASE RECORD YOUR GREETINGS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

Check out the Keil Days Band in Greenville, NC. Dead cover and blues.

Thanks to all that were a part of "Dead Heads for Peace" in Cleveland. Peace always, Jon.

Be kind to all in the world. Practice those random acts! I miss everybody, hope to see you soon in one parking lot or another.

Tape traders in MD/DC area write Ilyse. Local DHs interested in hangin' out write me, too. ☎ 📧 Box 2483.

Carmelita from Kentucky: thank you kindly for the adventure of a lifetime, and bringing sunshine to my side of the mountain—RC.

Pam, let's do it again in Idaho—10/11/77-Bob.

There isn't one day that goes by without that enthusiasm, but sometimes it doesn't shine brightly. You all help me dust off those rusty strings.

For my husband Michael—Happy 30th B'day—wake up to find out that you are the eyes of the world—I love you—Lisa.

Seeking friendship, jam, tape trading and relationship. 33 SWM NJ area. Henry ☎ 📧 Box 2490.

One step done and another begun. Wake NOW! Discover. "Listen." Cultivate Consciousness & Compassion. OM

DH BEHIND BARS

My heart needs mending. The key is a woman who is relationship minded... intelligent, honest and romantic, 20-34. I am a down-to-earth guy 26 who's physically fit, brown/blue, 5'7" 160 lbs, honest, romantic and fun loving. (No drugs or alcohol please.) Lawrence Dygert 95B1196, PO Box 320, Chateaugay, NY 12920-0320.

Needed-intelligent, sentient being, world-wise. For corres. No gender preference. Have multi-variety likes/dislikes with no pre-conceived wants. Surprise me. DH, 46, w/m, prisoner. Edgar Waller #738675, Ellis One C-6-1-19, Huntsville, TX 77343.

28 yr old inmate SWM needs female pen pals. Write to Tim Stafford #941139, WCC C-1, PO Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

Man seeking women to write to me while I'm in prison. Down and Dead. 8 1/2-20 years. Simple burglary, harsh judge! Dead sisters-help! Please write: Tom Pope #322-609 (must include #), Lorain Correctional Institution, 2075 S. Avon-Belden Rd., Grafton, OH 44044.

INTERNATIONAL

Looking for DHs in Switzerland. Jerry, thanks for everything. U. Geissbuehler, Tannenhofstrasse 31, CH 3604THUN, Switzerland.

Turn on your lovelight: 17, dancing Sugar Magnolia would love to share letters, tapes, dreams, rides, phun. Peter from Mass-sharer of peace pipe Furthur July 6: write!! Jasmine Cournaya, 29 Kalbrook St., Kanata, Ontario, Canada K2T 1A8.

That's all we could fit this issue. More next time. ♦

The perfect way to trade tapes faster and with more people!

To Place Your Written Tape Ad:

DDN subscribers get one free 25-word tape trade ad with each subscription (go to the insert card for subscriber information). You will also be given a free voice ad and people will be able to respond to both your written and/or voice ad by calling 1-900-740-DEAD and leaving a message in your phone box. ("I've got a board copy of the show you're looking for, check it out...") Also...don't forget that you can play a sample of your primo tapes as part of your tape trading telephone voice message! There's no charge for retrieving messages left for you in your phone box!

If you want to place more than one ad per subscription (you may want to advertise in each issue), it will cost you \$8 to place each additional written ad until you subscribe again. ****SPECIAL DEAL FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS****: \$30 will buy you a subscription plus a total of 4 tape ads, 1 per issue for 4 issues. (Submit your 4 ads, each on its own separate index card, with your payment, to: DDN-Tape Trading, P.O. Box 936, Northampton, MA 01061.) We will print your address if it is included in your tape trade ad, but no phone #s.

Call 1-900-740-DEAD (3323) for Tape Trading

\$1.98 per minute • Touchtone phones only • 18 years or older please

If you prefer instead to get your ad online instantly, for \$1.98 per minute charge, you can place your tape trading voice ad right now by calling 1-900-740-DEAD and following the instructions. Be sure to mail in your written ad anyway, so you can get a better level of response. (Thousands of people nationwide will read your ad!) If you place an instant phone ad before a written ad, please include your voice box # on the ad you mail us.

To Respond To TAPE Ads:

It's simple. Either call 1-900-740-DEAD and follow the simple instructions, or respond in writing directly to the addresses in the particular tape ads you see in the magazine. If you respond via phone get creative, leave a sample taste of your tapes as part of your message!

The Selling of Tickets or Tapes is Strictly Forbidden!

DDN retains the right to edit or reject any ad for any reason. Ads may be submitted only by persons 18 yrs. or older — and no ads will be accepted seeking persons under that age. **DISCLAIMER**: DDN assumes no liability for the content of or reply to any ad. The advertiser assumes complete liability for the content of and all replies to any advertisement or recorded message and for any claims made against DDN as a result thereof. The advertiser agrees to indemnify and hold DDN and its employees harmless from all costs, expenses (including reasonable attorney fees), liabilities, and damages resulting from or caused by the printing or recording placed by the advertiser or any reply to any such ad.

Every call to the DDN 900 numbers will help the Earth! DDN is donating a portion of the proceeds to the environment!

TAPE TRADING

Dear Readers,

For several years, we at DDN central have been looking for ways to meet the rising cost of production with additional services that would benefit all your information needs. You won't find sex lines, ticket scalping, or tape selling here. Just safe, discreet opportunities to connect and trade with other like-minded Deadheads and find up-to-date concert set list and tour/mail order info. Enjoy!

Last issue we accidentally ran everyone's tape ads without their addresses. We apologize, this was purely an oversight, not a new policy statement, so we reprinted all of them for all of you! I would like to remind everyone that aside from calling the 900#, you can write directly to people using their box numbers via DDN. Send any correspondence with \$1 to: DDN Tape Trading, P.O. Box 936, Northampton, MA 01061.

John and Sally

HQ=high quality

LG=low generation

YLGM=Your list gets mine.

SBD=soundboard

DDN is looking for an intern in the Manhattan, NYC area to assist in office duties. Please respond ASAP to DDN, P.O. Box 272, Purdys, NY 10578.

Highly collectable and rare GD memorabilia from one of the original "Betty Lockers." Includes music, signed lyrics, pictures and more, for the serious collector. Call for list. ☎ Box 4280.

Finally have excellent deck, Yamaha KX-W952! Now I can start library. All help deeply appreciated. S. Maschan, 5925 Tulane Street, San Diego, CA 92122. ☎ Box 4278.

Any television video production job openings? Resume upon request. Also trading HQ Dead, Phish, JGB, etc. 1500 hrs+ send lists. Kevin Umberger, 950 West Fifth Street, Erie, PA 16507. ☎ Box 4279.

NY area traders, 500 HQ hours for trade, YLGM. MJ, 10 Dart Place, Melville, NY 11747. ☎ Box 4280.

Show me the way, leave no doubt... Beginner has the fever, it'll do me fine-YLGM. Take me to the river of HQ Sbd's. PJ, 607 Sunblest Blvds, Fishers, IN 46038. ☎ Box 4281.

Looking for hq sbd of Rush "Counterparts" tour. Have 200 hrs Dead & others to trade. YLGM. J. Miner, 236 NW 52nd Street, Seattle, WA 98107. ☎ Box 4282.

Kind brothers and sisters-just starting my collection-help! Have low general: 2/15/94, 3/29/90, 8/6/71, 5/20/95, 5/21/95, 2/17/71. Also some video. Melissa. ☎ Box 4283.

Old taper searching for HQ 70's stuff. Have 2500 hrs. Want more. Miller, 4107 Meander Bend 2B, Indianapolis, IN 46268. Gate crashers suck. ☎ Box 4284.

Looking for Marley, Doors, Phish, JGB, Blues Traveler bootlegs. Will trade Dead. YLGM. Send lists to: JM, 5202 Denton Place, Madison, WI 53711. Greatly appreciated. ☎ Box 4285.

So. Cal trader w/1500 hrs Dead, jazz, blues. Joe Pinedo, 15320 Elmbrook Drive, La Mirada, CA 90638. ☎ Box 4286.

Only 70 hrs, but varying and HQ. Please help me expand. YLGM. Mike Baker, 731 North Stephenson, Pullman, WA 99164. ☎ Box 4287.

Beginner needs help. Please be kind. Will send tapes/postage/anything. Will Gratefully trade what I have. John Brown, 900 Bishop, San Marcos, TX 78666. ☎ Box 4288.

Desperately seeking Spring '95 shows in Charlotte. Have 100+ hrs to trade. Local preferred. Dave, 8804 Kenilworth Dr., Springfield, VA 22151. ☎ Box 4290.

Newbie: desperately wants Summer Tour '95. Have some to trade/blanks. HQ. Email: Jamie.Krapohl@megabite.com. 7824 Una Drive, Saginaw, MI 48609. ☎ Box 4291.

Bros & Sis, Beginner w/SBD seeks same. YLGM. Andy Tritz, 15 Heratige, Irvine, CA 92714. ☎ Box 4292.

HQ audio and video trades, YLGM, old sbds sought. tomdunford@aol.com, 6722 Vanguard Garden Grove, CA 92645. ☎ Box 4293.

Need 7-23-90! Have 500+ hrs of HQ Dead, plus others. Let's trade. YLGM. John E. Green, 3400 W. 111th #350, Chicago, IL 60655. ☎ Box 4294.

Looking for first show 7-19-87 Autzen. Dead set only. 500+ hours to trade. YLGM. Beginners welcome. Emery, 3010 SE 35th, Portland, OR 97202. ☎ Box 4295.

600 hrs Dead, 600 hrs various artists. Prefer HQ, 1g analog. Fast, reliable, honest. YLGM. TJ, PO Box 1575, Burlington, VT 05402. ☎ Box 4296.

Beginner, looking for HQ tapes, from Spring Tour '95. Especially Atlanta shows. MW, 1284 Oakwoods Drive, Woodstock, GA 30188. ☎ Box 4297.

Old-timer DH since '67-got ripped off-no tapes, just memories. Help! Exchange blanks, postage, old stories, whatever. Greyful Dad, 13408 Chandler Blvd., Van Nuys, CA 91401. ☎ Box 4298.

Help on the way? Many HQ boards. RIP Jerry. Let's trade. '66-'94. GQ, 1312 Kaweah Street, Hanford, CA 93230. ☎ Box 4299.

Hey now, Dallas Head looking to start collection. Need June 28th '91, Denver May 15, 16, 17, Vegas '95. Nick, 6071 Village Bend Drive #106, Dallas, TX 75206. ☎ Box 4300.

Looking for Dead, JGB, Phish and WSP. Have over 300 hrs to trade. YLGM. Brian Fox, PO Box 39284, Greensboro, NC 27438. Box 4301.

Looking for HQ Dead. 300+ hrs to trade. YLGM. Especially early '80's. S.O., 2614 Irving Ave. S, Minneapolis, MN 55408. ☎ Box 4302.

Need 1st shows 12/7/79, 7/8/81, 7/11/81. HQ/LG. Multiple Masters '83-'95. YLGM. M. Rosenfeld, 22 Blodgett Avenue, Pawtucket, RI 02860. ☎ Box 4303.

Have over 600 hrs to trade. Looking for '95's and crisp sbd's. YLGM. S. Goodman, 465 E. Breckenridge, Ferndale, MI 48220. ☎ Box 4304.

Please be kind. HQ preferred. Looking: Atlanta 29 & 30 '95. Have a few shows. Peace. Heather Wilburn, 308 S. West #7, Stillwater, OK 74074. ☎ Box 4305.

200 hrs GD & solo Jerry 5/5/82. Need 9/27/94 and 10/15/94. YLGM. Shane Filion, 12 Ingraham Rd., West Chazy, NY 12992. ☎ Box 4306.

Tuscon Trader: U of A grad student seeks local trades. YLGM. Email: truncell@arizona.edu —Dave. ☎ Box 4307.

Need 7/18/90 Deer Creek. Also looking for any Big Head Todd and the Monsters tapes. Will trade or send blanks and postage. JH, 2334 Norris Dr., Indianapolis, IN 46234. ☎ Box 4308.

Beginner w/ 60+ hrs, let's trade! YLGM. Fred, 10125 Manchester Rd., St. Louis, MO 63122. ☎ Box 4309.

1100+ hrs. GD, JGB, ABB and others. Need more HQ sbds. YLGM. Dawn, 2903 E. 5th St. Apt. 12, Greenville, NC 27858. Box 4310.

Lookin for trades. YLGM. Have 100+ HQ shows to trade. Gary, 118 Bishop Dr., Westerville, OH 43081. ☎ Box 4311.

Hi friend, I'm quality conscious and reliable. 1000+ hr. collection. Looking for more GD, etc. Hi Qual only. Michael Gould, 8 Sumatka Ct., Carteret, NJ 07008-1911. ☎ Box 4312.

Kind old DH looking for HQ lg 3/23/95 Charlotte Col. show sbd. Have Mode St, good tapes for trade. Pls reply. M. Summers, 5224 Orcutt Ln., Richmond, VA 23224. ☎ Box 4313.

Looking for "Magic Thursday" Academy of Music Spring 1972. 20 W. Parsons Ln., Northampton, MA 01060. ☎ Box 4314.

Seeking 70's Dead tapes of hq/sbd, have postage, coin and blank tape; no tapes. Send list to FCP Salazar, 8540 Summerdale Rd. #117, San Diego, CA 92126. ☎ Box 4315.

Seeking 11/1/86 Joe Campbell, Jerry, Mickey "Ritual and Rapture" symposium. Please help. Sue, 6882 Del Playa, Goleta, CA 93117. ☎ Box 4316.

Kind head looking for anyone with live Orzic Tentacles. Please Help! Michael, 5004 Colley Ave. #2, Norfolk, VA 23508. ☎ Box 4317.

Looking for crunchy tapes of Phoenix 3/94, LA 12/94 and other crisp boards. Lots to trade. YLGM. JWB, 136 Bent Creek Rd., Danville, VA 24540. ☎ Box 4318.

Wet behind ears DH looking to dive into hq sbds Willing to send blanks and postage. 1707 Roosevelt, Placentia, CA 92670. ☎ Box 4289.

Keep the spirit alive! Have lots of Dead and Non-Dead. Send list! Looking for 3/26/95 Sbd please! Bob & Alysa Goldberg, 6901 SW 147 Ave. #1-B, Miami, FL 33193. ☎ Box 4319.

Still looking for 9/29, 10/1/94. Show where I really heard what it's all about. Is Help on the Way? Bill Haynie, PO 3434, Providence, RI 02909. ☎ 📧 Box 4320.

Attention DHs, Trippers and Longhairs, etc. Looking for High Quality Tapes (Dead). Timothy Leary Lucas, 66 Lincolnshire Dr., Lincolnshire, IL 60069. ☎ 📧 Box 4321.

Have 150 hrs Dead, Phish to trade. Looking for HQ Dead, JGB, Weir, etc. YLGM. Christy Berger, 4711 Storrow Way, Sacto, Ca 95842. ☎ 📧 Box 4322.

Have 2000 hrs. Looking for serious traders with same. 4 Marina Rd., Chelmsford, MA 01824. ☎ 📧 Box 4323.

Please help! Need tapes of first and last GD shows: Olympia Theater, Paris, 5/3/72; UNLV 5/16/93. Don't have tapes but will trade custom t-shirt (Europe '72) or blanks & postage. B. Welle, 2179 Berkeley, St. Paul, MN 55105. ☎ 📧 Box 4324.

Are you kind, married in H/A 2-24. Need any/all Oakland 95 shows for anvrstry. Thanks/blanks. Pete, POB 11181, Indpls, IN 46201. ☎ 📧 Box 4325.

Seeking GD, JG, JGB shows. Will send tapes, have a few HQ & SBD. Scott, 1280 E. Archwood Ave., Akron, OH 44306. ☎ 📧 Box 4326.

1500 hrs analog, 200 hrs DAT. Many analogs are 1st gen DAT. Need same. John, 4 Marina Rd., Chelmsford, MA 01824. ☎ 📧 Box 4327.

Have very good Atlanta-Charlotte '95 Unbroken> Help>Slip>Frank. You gotta get it. Many others. John, 1720A N.10, Sheboygan, WI 53081. ☎ 📧 Box 4328.

In search of HQ '70 to '74. Have 700+ hrs to trade. Cathy, 5158 University Dr., Santa Barbara, CA 93111. ☎ 📧 Box 4329.

Looking to trade A+ SBDs. GD, WP, Phish. Send list to Trey Bond, 2096 Tanglewood Wayne St., St. Petersburg, FL 33072. ☎ 📧 Box 4330.

Hey Now Have 1500+ hrs Dead + others and video also. Looking for more. YLGM. Jim, 33332 Vine St. Apt 108H, Eastlake, OH 44095. ☎ 📧 Box 4331.

DH with 275 HQ hrs. Looking for more HQ LG SBD's '67-'74. Serious HQ traders only. YLGM. Seth, P.O. Box 322, New Rochelle, NY 10804. ☎ 📧 Box 4332.

Aloha, need JGB shows 5/12/9 & 5/19/90, preferably SBDs. Just starting, only have bootleg CD's. Where's Hawaiian DHs. YLGM. Ty, 91822 Lakana Pl., Ewa Beach, HI 96706. ☎ 📧 Box 4333.

Lets trade DATs. No analog, no Vince. 4 Marina Rd, Chelmsford, MA 01824. ☎ 📧 Box 4334.

Is help on the way? Beginner with 80 hrs-needs lists. Will send blanks/postage. Joel, 211 Beatrice Ave., St. Charles, IL 60174. ☎ 📧 Box 4335.

Need more GD tapes. Not enough to go around. Send list: Mike (Green Hardware), 1029 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11222. ☎ 📧 Box 4336.

Trying to start HQ SBD collection. Wanting mid, late 80's, early 90's. Old head missing Jerry. Please help. Matt Fraz, 101 Jones St. #9, Belmont, NC 28012. ☎ 📧 Box 4337.

Looking for those crispy DAT boards. Dead, ABB, Gov't Mule. Jim Baadshaug, 26 Teabo Rd., Wharton, NJ 07885. ☎ 📧 Box 4338.

Looking to start tape collection HQ. Will send blank tapes & postage. Please be Grateful. JK, 4971 N. 34th Rd, Arlington, VA 22207. ☎ 📧 Box 4339.

Want complete M-2 SBDs or masters only. 7 00 hrs same to trade. Larry, P.O. Box 588A, Altamont, NY 12009. ☎ 📧 Box 4341.

Need Dead, Beatles, tapes, information, etc. Hey Angie, Tonya, Jack, Patricia, Brandon, Captain C. Whiddon Taylor, 1400 Glen Rd., Brewton, AL 36426. Further in Atlanta ya'll. ☎ 📧 Box 4342.

Bring out yer Dead. Have 400+ hrs. GD mostly, JGB, Phish, WSP. All HQ. Fast/rel/committed to Let It Grow. All Welcome. YLGM. Rennie, 25 Mabry St. #2, Selma, AL 36701. ☎ 📧 Box 4344.

HQ Dead, Phish, Hawkwind, Gong, Rundgren, other psych bands. S. Phares, 27 Bronson Ave., Scarsdale, NY 10583. ☎ 📧 Box 4345.

Looking for Zen Tricksters tapes-Have lots of GD to trade. Yoes Piccinini, P.O. Box 946, Ely, NV 89301. ☎ 📧 Box 4346.

Looking for Vegas 5/14/93, also Shoreline 8/17/91 many other tapes to trade. ☎ 📧 Box 4360.

Seeking Summer Tour 1990. Brentful Dead. Esp. Raleigh 7/10/90. Help on the way!? YLGM. Write to Kevin Cole, Airport Rd., Apt A-3, Arden, NC 28704. ☎ 📧 Box 4347.

Still seeking my 1st show 10/9/72 Winterland. B. Jones, P.O. Box 7374, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. ☎ 📧 Box 4348.

Serious SBD's only! JZI, 123 Main St., Trappe, PA 19426. ☎ 📧 Box 4343.

Need Phish 11/11/95, Byrds/McGuinn & Dead. 1100 hrs non Dead, 500 hrs Dead to trade. HQ SBD. Jerry, 121-B Danny Drive, Carrollton, GA 30117. ☎ 📧 Box 4349.

Experienced, qual. conscious, LG traders only. Will reciprocate in kind. List/PHONE # to: C.G., 37482 Kingsbury, Livonia, MI 48154. ☎ 📧 Box 4351.

**PLEASE RECORD
YOUR GREETINGS
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE,
(INSTRUCTIONS ARRIVING
IN THE MAIL).
IT'S FREE, SIMPLE AND FUN.
REMEMBER, YOUR VOICE
IS WHAT PEOPLE
ARE WAITING FOR!**

Lets trade-have 600 HQ hours. Need 80's + Hornsby era Dead. E-mail to MGR8FUL@aol.com. In the end there's still that song. ☎ 📧 Box 4353.

Looking for HQ tapes to get for blanks. Will pay postage both ways and need your help. Steven & Donna Milliard, 6 Winston Rd., Worcester, MA 01606. ☎ 📧 Box 4350.

Althea told me to begin trading. 40+ hrs HQ GD. YLGM or potluck trade. M. Hoover, 129 Pritchard Ave., Corning, NY 14830. ☎ 📧 Box 4354.

Searchin for that sound. Need my first show 1/17/78, all other nuggets. YLGM. Very reliable. D. Avery, 1824 W. 18th Pl., Yuma, AZ 85364. ☎ 📧 Box 4355.

Beginner needs help! Allmans, Dead, Phish, Marley, Hornsby. Will send blanks. Control for smilers can't be bought. Jean, 7521 Woodside Ln., Lorton, VA 22079. ☎ 📧 Box 4356.

At it again after some time off. Have extensive collection. Looking for 94 + 95 shows. YLGM. Bruce Napier, 21 Gerald Dr., St. Charles, MO 63304. ☎ 📧 Box 4357.

Gratefully deadiated sister who would like to start trading. Will send blanks/pstg + gratitude. MJ, 5547 W. 124th St., Hawthorne, CA 90250. ☎ 📧 Box 4358.

Kind tapes for kind heads. All you need, all you need... YLGM. All answered. Greg Yuzuk, 23 Foxburn St., New City, NY 10956. ☎ 📧 Box 4359.

Hey now! Beginner in need of help. Will send blanks + postage. G. Dead + Solar Circus greatly appreciated. Kelly Johnson, 2247 Greenside Pl., Scotch Plains, NJ 07076. ☎ 📧 Box 4361.

Have 300 hrs of HQ Dead, JGB, Phish, + BT. No list at all or no list to small. Looking for JGB 89 w/ Jimmy Cliff. Tim Saxton, 2002 E. Division St. #C, Mt. Vernon, WA 98273. ☎ 📧 Box 4362.

Help this reliable beginner (150+). Keep Jerry's spirits alive in my home. "I promise YLGM". OZ, 570 Oakhill Ave., Plymouth, IN 46563. ☎ 📧 Box 4363.

Strong believer, seeking to start tape collection, will send blanks and pay postage and handling. Looking for a miracle. John & Deb Mullen, 7013 Roseland Dr., Des Moines, IA 50322. ☎ 📧 Box 4364.

Looking for master to 2nd Gen. HQ only! Have a few hundred hours. Lots of master and LG. Nick Cristiano, 72 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Troy, NY 12180. ☎ 📧 Box 4365.

Smells like Phish. None here, just GD. Trade A+ and LG only. YLGM. Family members write. David Joy, 15 Bigelow St., Apt 1, Cambridge, MA 02139. ☎ 📧 Box 4366.

How sweet it is for me to hear from you. Looking for other beginners, as well as advanced collector. Matt Barca, 41 Caryl, Yonkers, NY 10705. ☎ 📧 Box 4367.

1700+ hrs GD, 600+ hrs Allmans. Looking for fast, reliable, kind traders. Pati + Len, 21597 Yellowstone Pk Drive, Boca Raton, FL 33428. ☎ 📧 Box 4368.

900 hrs Dead, 200 hrs Phish, 200 hrs others. Fast, reliable. YLGM. Chris, 1407 Turner St., Auburn, Maine 04210. ☎ 📧 Box 4369.

Help>Slip>me your list. Interested in 1995 Dead, JGB, Ratdog and any and all Zero. Have lots to trade. Sent lists to: Carl, 555 84th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11209. ☎ 📧 Box 4370.

1000 hrs HQ GD, JGB, Allmans, many more. Need GD hours, Allmans NYC 3/96 + '94 -'95 GD-YLGM. Sam Naroden, 37 Larkin Circle, W. Orange, NJ 07052. ☎ 📧 Box 4371.

Graham Dodds-have your tapes, lost your address. Please don't murder me. Still want to trade. Gary Adams, Box 2277, Cottonwood, AZ 86326. ☎ 📧 Box 4372.

Have 2400 hrs HQ SBD's of GD and JGB. Seeking more of the same. YLGM. Tom Loeb, POB 921, Nesconset, NY 11767-0921. ☎ 📧 Box 4373.

600+ hrs LG, HQ SBDs, looking for only more of the same, esp 72-75. Serious traders only please. MSW, 103 Westview Cove Lane, Cary, NC 27513. ☎ 📧 Box 4374.

Quality is what I am going for! 1200 hrs of crisp LG GD SBDs. Seek the same. Ted, 19 Camel Hollow Rd., Huntington, NY 11743. ☎ 📧 Box 4375.

Someone's gotta have 10/10/76 @ Oakland and 1/17/78 @ Sacramento. Help! I'm getting desperate. Lots to trade. John, 571 E. 6th St., Chico, CA 95928. ☎ 📧 Box 4377.

I need a copy of GD Sunday, June 25, 1995 RFK. It was my last show. 804 West Morgan St. V3A, Raleigh, NC 27603. ☎ 📧 Box 4378.

Family looking to start collection. Please help the beginners. Looking for HQ tapes, Dead, Phish. Laura Montgomery, 308 E. 14th Ave., Cols, OH 43201. ☎ 📧 Box 4379.

DH-in-utero at Charlotte 3/23/95, born 8/1/95 to Mickey's Music to be Born By, would like tape of his first and only show. YLGM. Robert + Mary Anne Reid, 73 Reid Rd., Carrollton, GA 30117. ☎ 📠 Box 4376.

Incarcerated Head. Need HQ SBD's, GD, JGB. Will pay postage + blanks. Send list to Rod Katzung, #228184, P.O. Box 900, Waupun, WI 53963. ☎ 📠 Box 4380.

Psst I got the MOTTS! Zen and the Art of Tape Trading-HQ ONLY! 700+ Dead/other. Shaggy, 438 Collicello St., Harrisonburg, VA 22801. ☎ 📠 Box 4381.

HQ tapes wanted. Widespread Panic, Dylan, Dead/JGB, Arlo, Jewel, Col. Bruce. 2500 hrs to share. Graded lists only. George, 32 Studley St., Brentwood, NY 11717. ☎ 📠 Box 4382.

Beginner looking for any GD. Will send blanks. Lori, 6815 Bowerman W., Worthington, OH 43085. ☎ 📠 Box 4383.

Time will tell: Phish, Dead, Tuna, Allmans, Merl, Zero. Quality is job one. Lionel, 450 NW 114th Ave., Portland, OR 97229. Live in Jah Love. ☎ 📠 Box 4384.

Have 100+ hrs HQ, LG, SBDs. Looking for people to trade in Oregon. YLGM. Craig Spadatore, 320 E. 13th #9, Eugene, OR 97401. ☎ 📠 Box 4385.

Believe it or not have 90 JGB shows '72-'89. Would like any '90s material JGB or Dead. George, HC62 Box 301, Mt. Desert, ME 04660. ☎ 📠 Box 4386.

Looking for crispy SBDs, have lots of same for trade, YLGM! Gratefully, Jamie, 22 Concord, Pl., Hatboro, PA 19040. ☎ 📠 Box 4387.

Love the Grateful Dead. Love all DHs. Let's keep the inspiration flowing. Let's trade tapes. Have many HQ SBD-DAT. Looking for the same. John, 1720A N. 10 St., Sheboygan, WI 53081. ☎ 📠 Box 4388.

Seeking GD, JGB, JG shows. Will send tapes. Have a few HQ + SBD. Scott, 1280 E. Archwood Ave., Akron, OH 44306. ☎ 📠 Box 4389.

DAT trader looking to share lists and expand collection. 500 hrs. Sony D-7 to Pan 3700 digital only please. Tom S., Box 4927, Hilton Head, SC 29938. ☎ 📠 Box 4392.

Send Help On the Way! I need Halloween 1992 Oakland JGB show desperately. Will trade. J. Dion, 25128 SE 28th Street, Issaquah, WA 98029. ☎ 📠 Box 4187.

Seeking Lucinda Williams, Roseanne Cash, HQ Allmans, Dead, BT, etc. YLGM! Much to trade! Mike Weiss, 7581 Scott Ave. N., Brooklyn Park, MN 55443. ☎ 📠 Box 4188.

Potluck. Miracle on HQ Dead, JGB, Ratdog show. I promise to do the same. Fast, guaranteed. David Harrell, 418 Hollingsworth Circle, Clinton, TN 37716. ☎ 📠 Box 4189.

GDTRFB? Missing Jerry just as bad? 500+ hrs. Steve, PO Box 00, Kingston, NH 03848. ☎ 📠 Box 4190.

Looking for Phish, ABB & WSP. Have 650 hrs. GD, Phish, ABB, WSP, JGB to trade. Darren, 8 Ross Dr. #210, Bloomington, IL 61701. ☎ 📠 Box 4207.

HQ DAT only. YLGM. Have Dead, JGB and others. Reliable trader. Arden Smucker, 1827 N. Honeytown Rd., Wooster, OH 44691. ☎ 📠 Box 4191.

500 hrs analog/some DAT. Newbies ok. Email tenaced@ix.netcom.com; Kevin, 5518 Waterman Apt. 31, St. Louis, MO 63112. ☎ 📠 Box 4192.

Fripp, etc. YLGM. 4 Varnum Lane, Manalapan, NJ 07726. ☎ 📠 Box 4193.

Looking for non-anal people to make kind trades with. LTGTR everyone! Let's spin some. YLGM. Zip, 5254 Cornell Dr., Birmingham, AL 35210. ☎ 📠 Box 4194.

Looking for 90's Dead, 1st show 1/31/78, Ratdog, Phish. Have lots to trade. Scott & Jennifer Dwiell, 4825 Andover Ct., Bloomington, IN 47404. ☎ 📠 Box 4195.

Would be Grateful for Atlanta or Riverport '95, Soldier Field '94. Have 300 hours to trade. ☎ 📠 Box 4196.

Pleeze help! Seeking board or HQ first shows. Denver 11/20 & 21, 1973. Do they exist? Goodie to trade. Steve, 474 N. 10th, St. Helens, OR 97051. ☎ 📠 Box 4197.

Desperately seeking any HQ aud/sb '94-'95 and want to trade any Dead, JGB, Bob Marley, Furthur, etc. Peace. Matt Giordano, 54 Overbrook Ave., Rochester, NY 14609. ☎ 📠 Box 4198.

"Stangefolk" @ SUNY & other venues. Will send blanks and postage - saw the mikes, please... Althea, 2043 E. Joppa Road #368, Baltimore, MD 21234. ☎ 📠 Box 4199.

YLGM, have 525+ hrs Dead, 100+ Phish. Need JGB, WSP, FGH, GSW. Joe, 871 Mulberry Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21742-3956. ☎ 📠 Box 4200.

YLGM - Have 250+ hrs GD, 1000+ hrs others: Lobos, Hiatt, Poi, Dog, BoDeans - let's trade! Everyone welcome! Ronn Claussen, 1538 Princeton Lane, Schaumburg, IL 60193. ☎ 📠 Box 4201.

Springsteen - Need all live "Boss" - lots of GD and same to trade. Anthony Pflum, 6805 Wood Hollow Drive #262, Austin, TX 78731. ☎ 📠 Box 4202.

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Big DH 650+ hrs, wants Dead, ABB & EC. Email for more info jsummer@magicnet.net. Snail mail list only: J Summerlin, 2043 Tropic Bay Ct., Orlando, FL 32807. ☎ 📠 Box 4203.

DH needs visuals. Trading HQ Dead videos. YLGM. Also Traci, special interest vids traded. Have NEC digitals. Cat's Lair, 4145E 100N, Kokomo, IN 46901. ☎ 📠 Box 4204.

Help! Need Shoreline, Seattle, Portland and Giant's '95. Have rest of '95 to trade. Also need Salt Lake. S. Wood, 17 Meadowside Ct., Indian Head, MD 20640. ☎ 📠 Box 4205.

"Listening for the Secret, Searching for the sound." Seeking Dead '90-'95. Also JGB, Weir & Hart. YLGM. Don "Meadow," 1418 B. Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, VA 23325. ☎ 📠 Box 4206.

Looking for GD, DMB, Phish, WSP. 1300 Hrs Dead. YLGM. Jonesy, 604 Radford Terrace NE, Leesburg, VA 22075. sjones@wrsystems.com. ☎ 📠 Box 4208.

Old head ready to start tape collection. How about your favorite? Blanks or whatever it takes. Thanks in advance. Tim Ratcliffe, 4112 SW Ida, Seattle, WA 98136. ☎ 📠 Box 4210.

Searchlight still casting for gems in the lists of delusions. 1500 hrs. YLGM Bruce Turner, 6301 Rusty Ridge Dr, Austin, TX 78731. ☎ 📠 Box 4211.

Help on the way, seeking hi quality, low gen GD, JGB and others. YLGM. 1000 hrs to trade. D. Fitzgerald, 423 Old Airport Rd., Blairsville, PA 15717. ☎ 📠 Box 4212.

Looking for HQ 1/22/78, 6/26/74, 9/15/73. Also HQ videos of 6/21/89 and 11/24/78. 250 hrs GD to trade. Mike Oyer, 19 Lafayette St., Portsmouth, RI 02871. ☎ 📠 Box 4213.

Quick- reliable trader seeks HQ Dead, Phish, Widespread. 1100 hrs to trade. MSR, Rt. 2 Box 110 Apt. C, Danville, VA 24540. ☎ 📠 Box 4214.

1000+ Dead, 350+ Phish. Fast/reliable. All the years combine. They melt into a dream. Shawn and Stephanie, 38A North Grand Street, Cobleskill, NY 12043. ☎ 📠 Box 4215.

Need Hi-fi vid's. Pro Shots-Low Gen-High Qual to trade. John, 536 Somerset Drive, Green Bay, WI 54301. ☎ 📠 Box 4216.

2000+ hrs to trade. Lookin' for 93-95. SBD's and high quality AUD, pre-'78 rarities; ABB, Clapton, Stones, SRV, U2. Carl, 24 Tilton Ct., Baltimore, MD 21236. ☎ 📠 Box 4217.

Let the music play! DAT trader/taper. 400+ hrs. Want everything. No scms! Justin Adams, PO Box 9474, Louisville, KY 40209-0474. ☎ 📠 Box 4218.

Lotsa Dead, Lotsa others. Marsh, Box 464, Clark Mills, NY 13321. ☎ 📠 Box 4219.

Wanted: Hampton '87 SBDs. LAWR, 8515 Park Ln. #2314, Dallas, TX 75231. ☎ 📠 Box 4220.

Let's trade DATs. No scms, no Vince. 4 Marina Rd., Chelmsford, MA 01824. ☎ 📠 Box 4221.

Experienced trader with 250 hrs GD - have many HQ, looking for same. Have very good Atlanta - Charlotte '95. John, 1720A N.10 St., Sheboygan, WI 53081. ☎ 📠 Box 4223.

Dead, Phish, Panic, Traveler, Allmans. Let's trade. JM 610 S. Carpenter, Oak Park, IL 60304. We miss you Jerry! ☎ 📠 Box 4225.

US Festival? Tears of Rage? Shoreline and MSG SBD's? Need to find these! Have lots to trade - now focusing on LG SBD's. Dennis, 579 Lakeview Ave. SF, CA 94112. ☎ 📠 Box 4226.

Still looking for any old SLY, CCR or S&G. Lots to trade. Dan Greenberg, 103 Red Barn Rd., Pine Bush, NY 12566. ☎ 📠 Box 4227.

Fast, reliable beginner needs help! Looking for Dead/JGB. Great Dead/Phish shows to trade. YLGM. Help! Please! Mike, 2909 Woodway Ln., Columbia, SC 29223. ☎ 📠 Box 4228.

We can share the tapes, we can share the kind. 225+ hrs. YLGM. HQ & SBD. Jim, 126 W. Upas St., San Diego, CA 92103. ☎ 📠 Box 4229.

Listening for the secret, searchin' for the sound. '90-'95 GD and JGB. YLGM. D. Barry, 1418B Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, VA 23325. ☎ 📠 Box 4230.

I need a reliable source for shows. What's the name of the new tribute to Jerry that Bobby played at Furthur? D. Fura, 7197 Hwy 155, Ellenwood, GA 30049. ☎ 📠 Box 4231.

Looking for DGQ, Garcia/Grisman, Jerry acoustics. YLGM. Email prpeace@eclipse.net or Patty, 914G Merritt Dr, Somerville, NJ 08876. ☎ 📠 Box 4232.

Does anyone have/dig Poi Dog Pondering? Casual trader needs more 77's. John. ☎ 📠 Box 4209.

Got only one DAT deck. Need digital SBDs. Will send blanks/postage. Thanks. David Sorochty, PO Box 98, Indian Head, MD 20640. ☎ 📠 Box 4233.

East Coast transplant seeking HQ (DAT?) 88-94 Dead/JGB East Coast shows. YLGM. Shawna C., 5129 NE 25th, Port, OR 97211. ☎ 📠 Box 4234.

1200 hrs JGB, Weir, Dylan, Blues, Bluegrass. Want same, any Elvis Costello or Graham Parker. Joe Stigliano, 66-01 Burns St. #2P, Rego Park, NY 11374. ☎ 📠 Box 4235.

Denver Heads! 400 hrs, casual trader, will help beginners. Want 5/20,22/92; JGB 11/5,9/93, other gems. Andy Scott, 415 Ogden, Denver, CO 80218. 76241.3147@compuserve.com. ☎ 📠 Box 4236.

So lonely w/out Jerry. Been at college past 2 years. Many tapes have disappeared. Need more. Please help. Cathy Ostrowski, 405 Maynard, Amherst, NY 14226. ☎ 📠 Box 4237.

Looking for 7/21/94 and 6/30/95. Will send tapes, postage, you name it. YLGM. intrepid@eos.net. ☎ 📠 Box 4238.

DAT only! Have 1800 hrs. Dylan, Young, Thompson, Oroboros, janglers, old REM, Velvet Underground. Want more. YLGM. Ken Dixon, PO Box 372, Wickliffe, OH 44092. ☎ 📠 Box 4239.

Looking for James McMurtry, Zevon, recent Dylan, Young, Springsteen. Have 2000 hrs Dead, Dylan, Springsteen, Young, etc. Richard, 2398 SW 2nd Ave., Gainesville, FL 32607. ☎ 📠 Box 4240.

Have 450 hrs GD, want all HQ 65-95; quick & reliable! YLGM. Chris, 3985 Almond Cv., Memphis, TN 38115. ☎ 📠 Box 4241.

DAT only please. Looking for JGB SBD YLGM. Also lkg for Phish Fall '95 Nashville, Knoxville, Niagara, Cleveland, and Dayton shows. G. Fox, 634 Main Str, Peekskill, NY 10566. ☎ 📠 Box 4242.

Have 600 hrs Dead and others. Want '94 and '95 SBDs. Mark, 135 Union St., Bklyn, NY 11231. ☎ 📠 Box 4243.

Have 300 hrs of HQ Dead, JGB, Phish, and BT. No list too small or not at all. Need JGB 8/26/89. TS, 2002 E. Division St. #C, Mt. Vernon, WA 98273. ☎ 📠 Box 4249.

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I miss Jerry! Please help me remember! Looking for lists? Shannon Cressy, 21 Goldenrod Ave., Northport, NY 11768. ☎ 📠 Box 4245.

Audio & video collector looking to grow collection. Send lists. J. Weddle, Jr., 207 Wyngate Dr., Frederick, MD 21701. ☎ 📠 Box 4246.

Nuthin left to do but trade, trade, trade. YLGM. 1700+ GD, asst. goodies on 34 page list. Paul Fischer Jr, 443 Highcrest Dr., Wilmette, IL 60091. ☎ 📠 Box 4247.

Beginner trader needs help to start out. Will send postage and blanks for Dead, JGB and Phish. David, 70 Broadway #171, Chicopee, MA 01020. ☎ 📠 Box 4248.

Hey now! Dead-headed to Korea for year—I need tapes! 90s GD, jazz, bluegrass, HORDE—its all good. YLGM c/o 259 Prospect, West Field, NJ 07090. ☎ 📠 Box 4282.

Tapes needed, please send list. A. Sinopoli, 7 Delrose Ct., Newark, DE 19711. ☎ 📠 Box 4244.

INTERNATIONAL

Beginner needs help getting started. Will trade for XLII-S. Postage and tapes provided. Morgan Reid, 30n 203 Lynnview Rd. SE, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2C 2C6.

English DH with 3500 hours needs good old bds, Ratdog, etc. Also need Crosby solo, Airplane, QMS, etc. DB, 30 Healey Drive, Sunderland, SR3 1AJ.

That's all we could fit this issue. More next time. ◇

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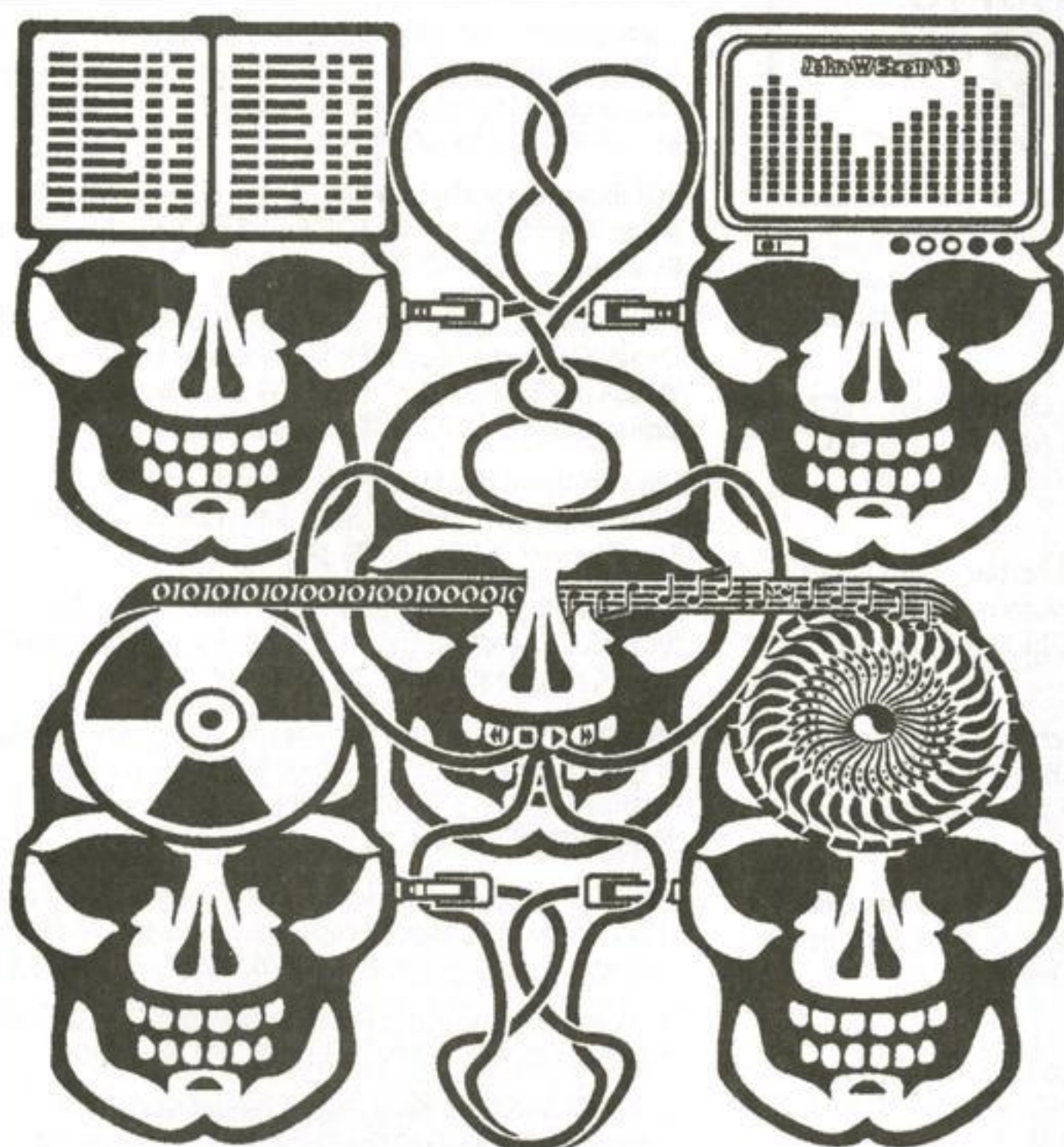
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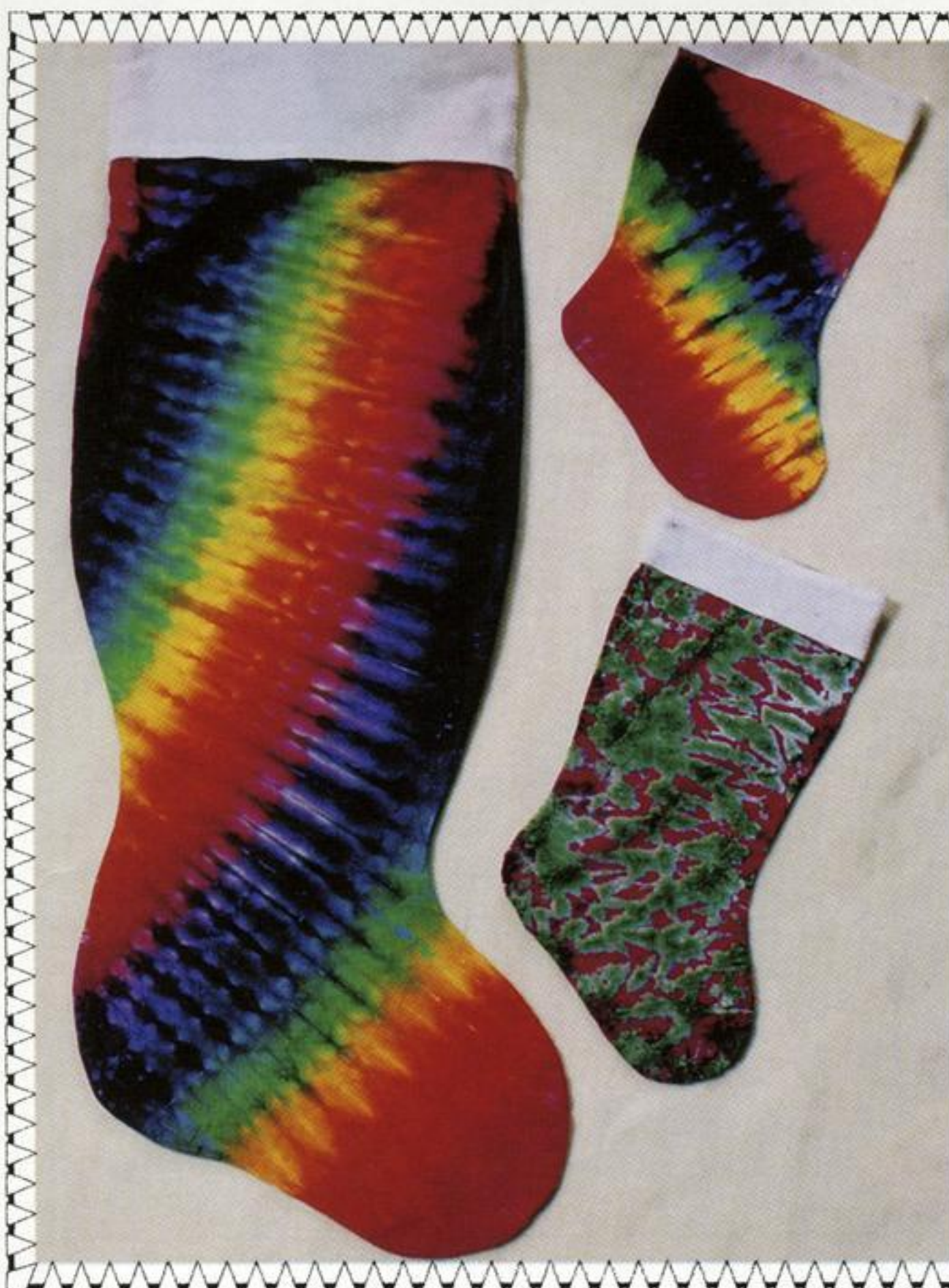
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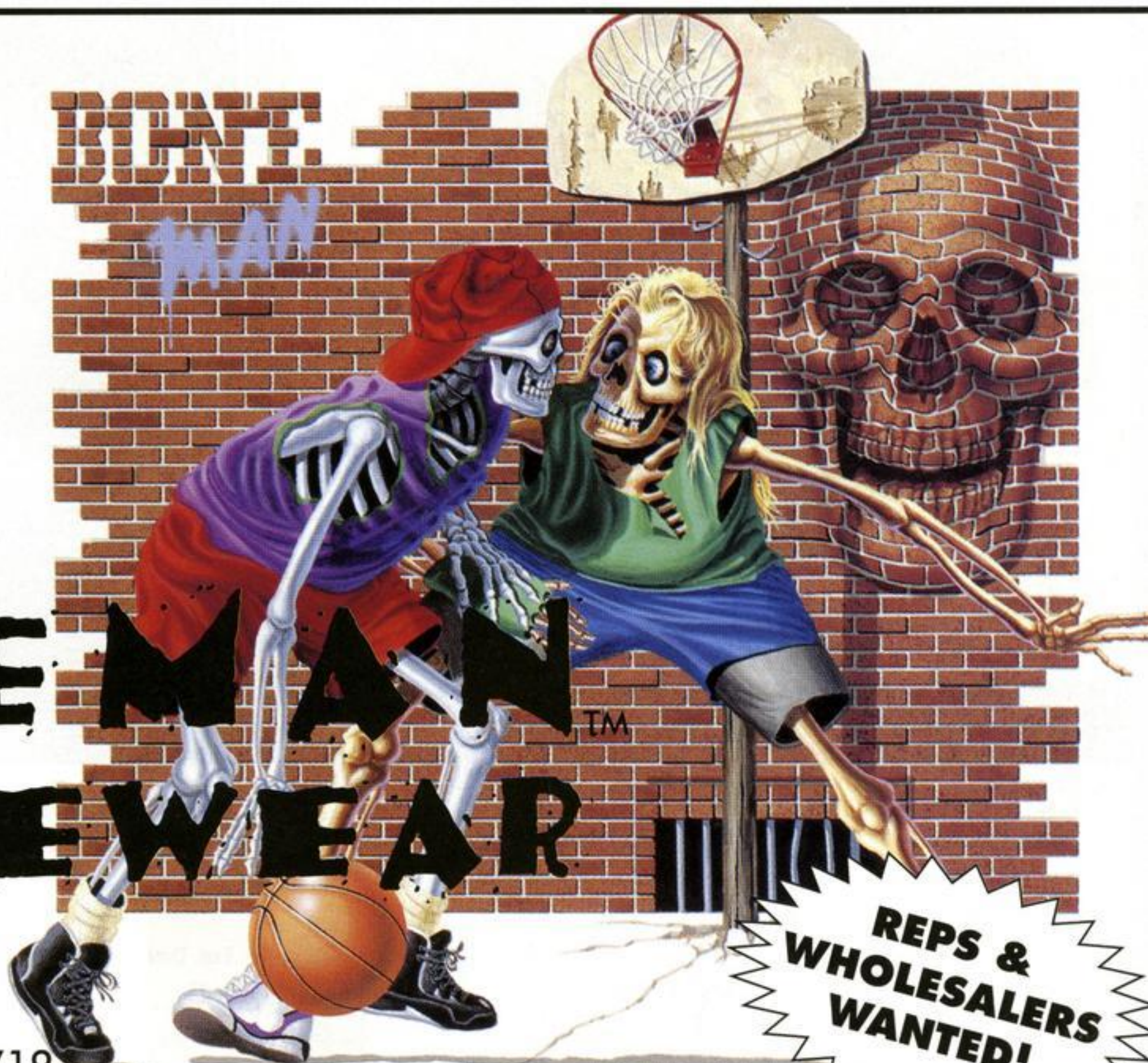
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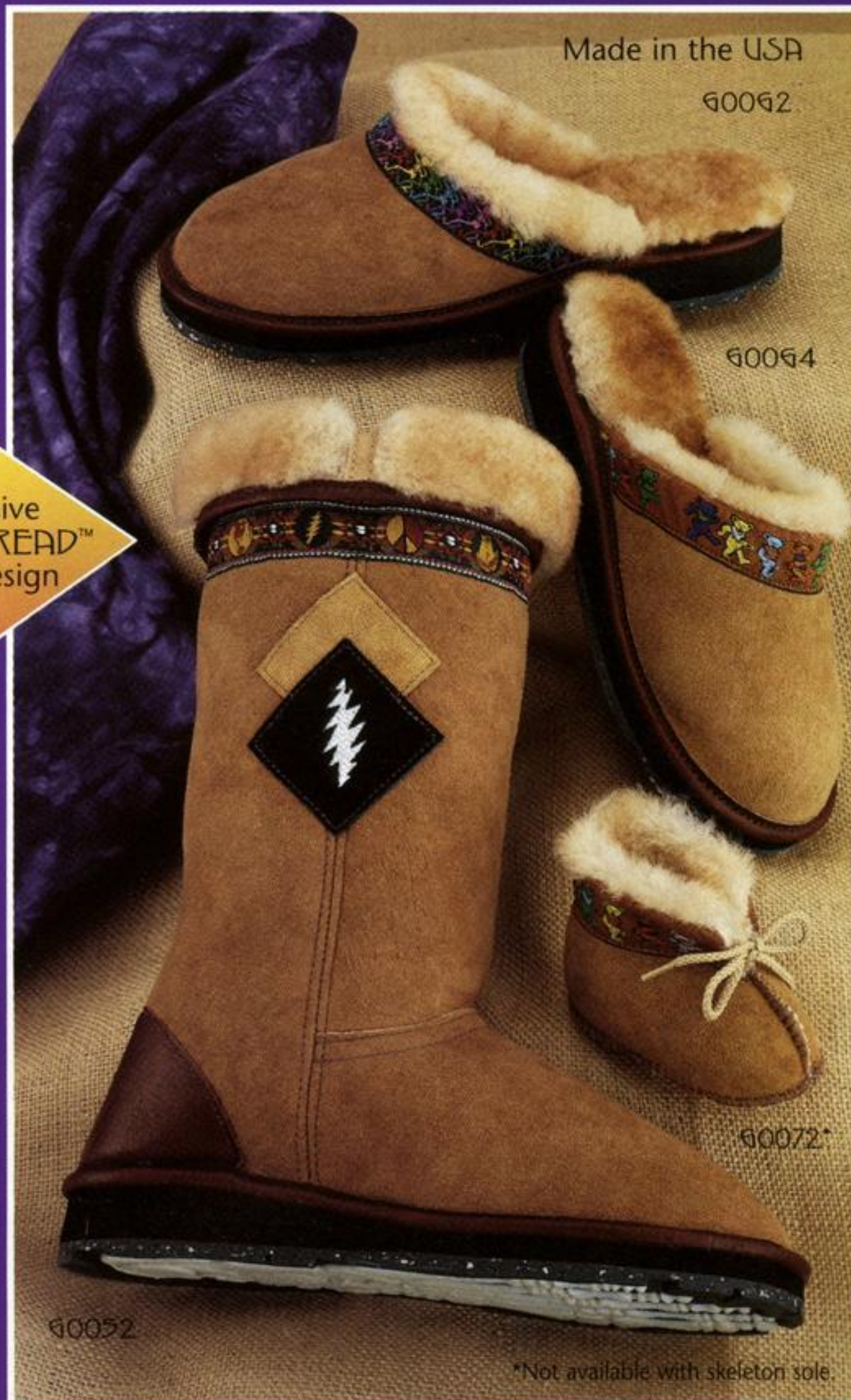


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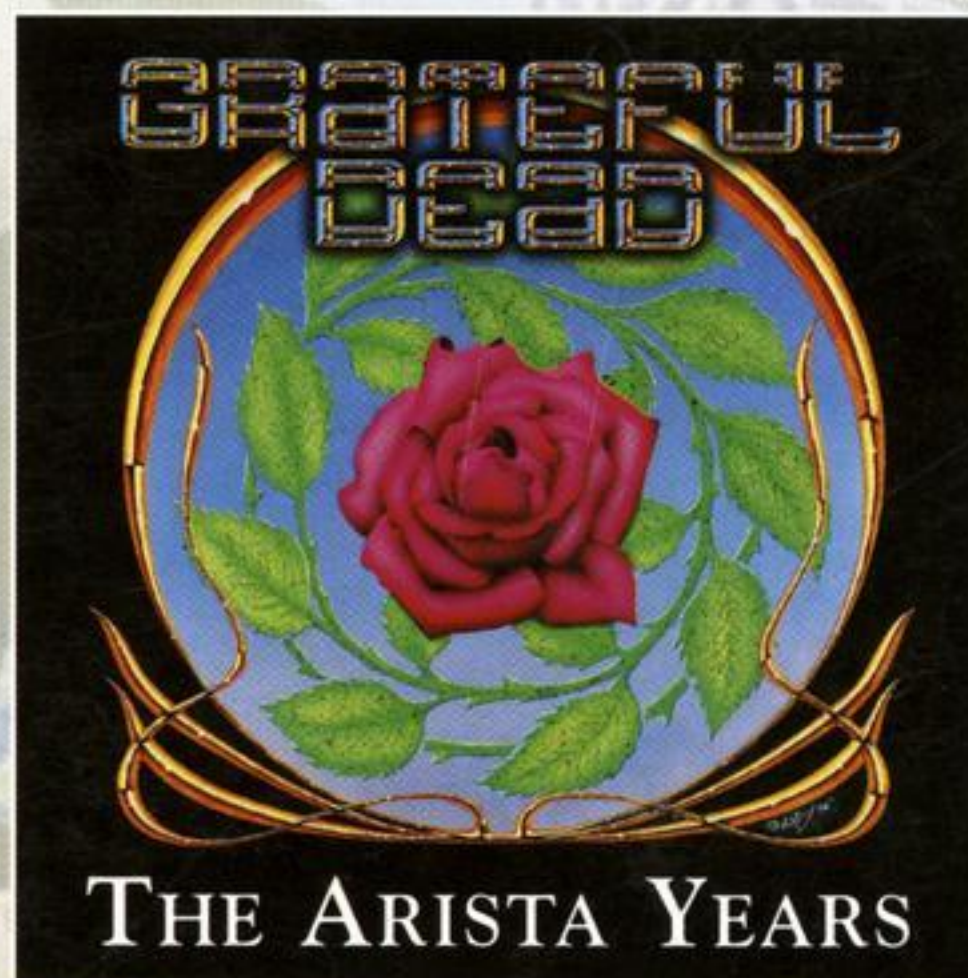
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