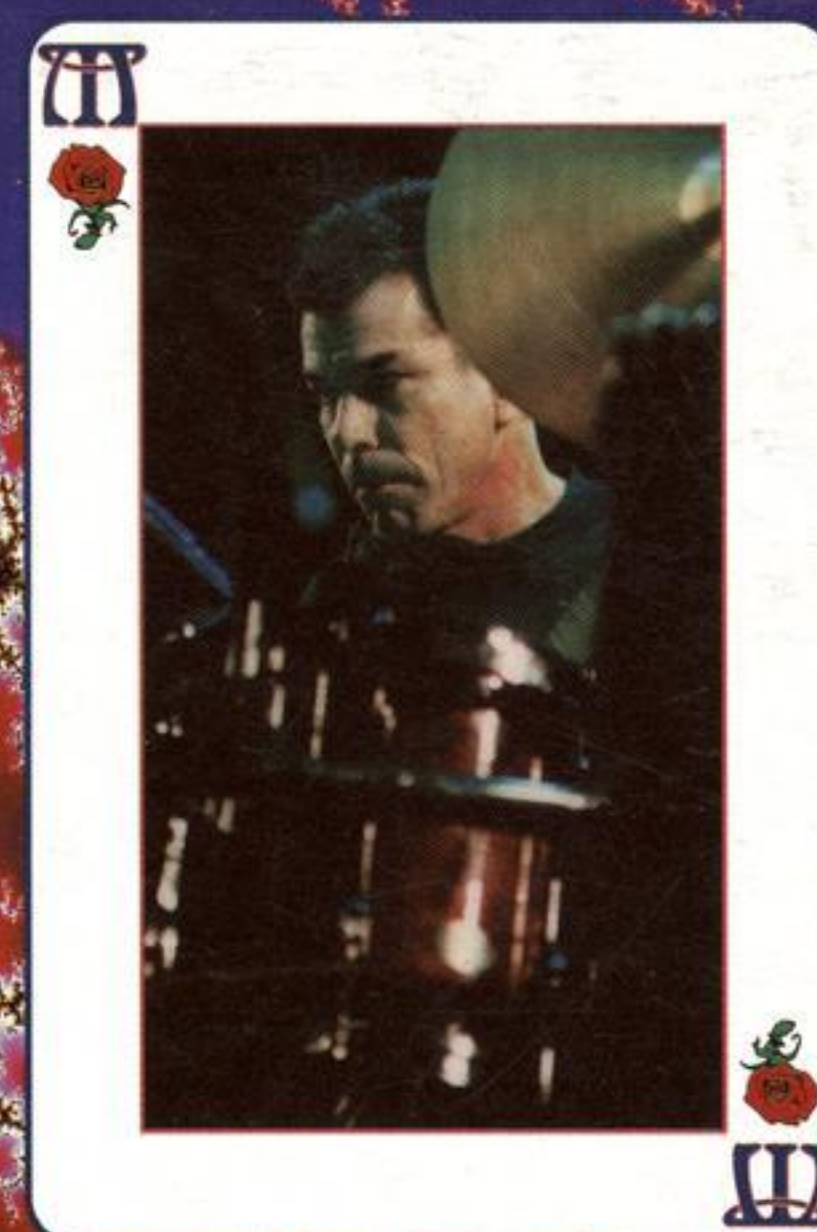
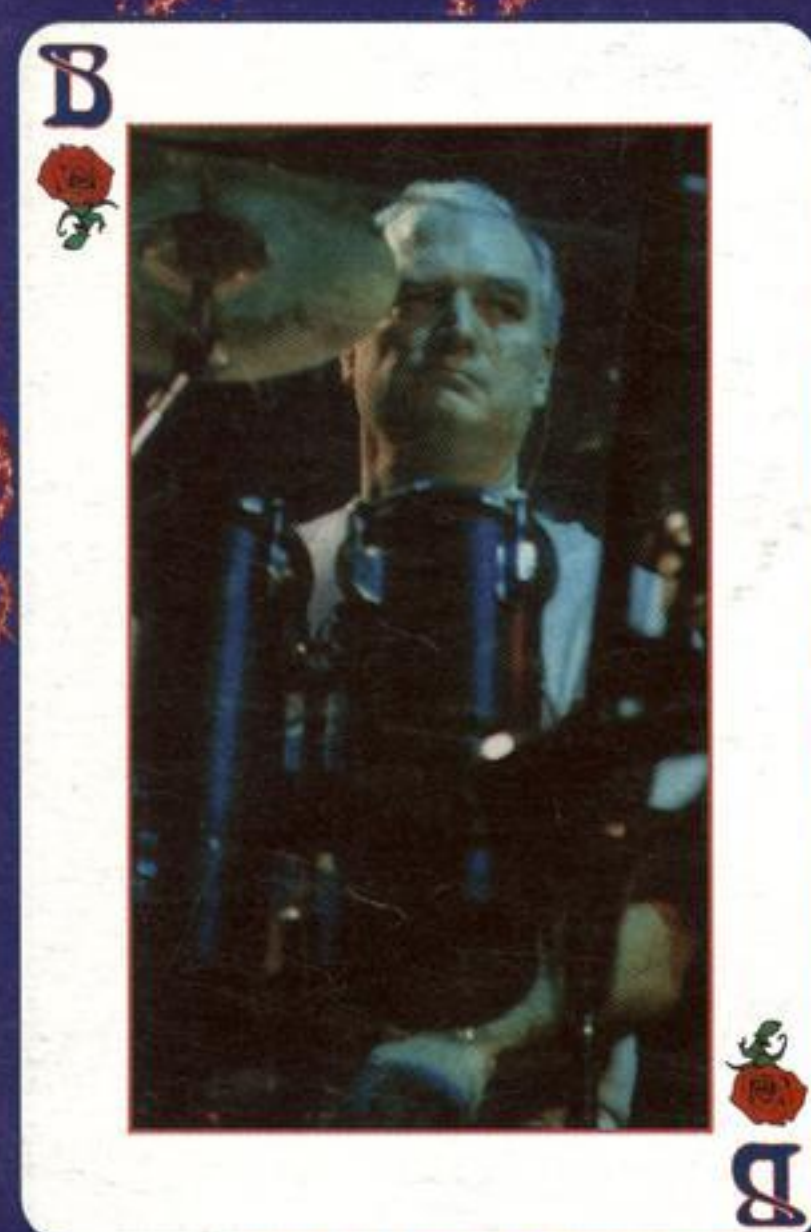
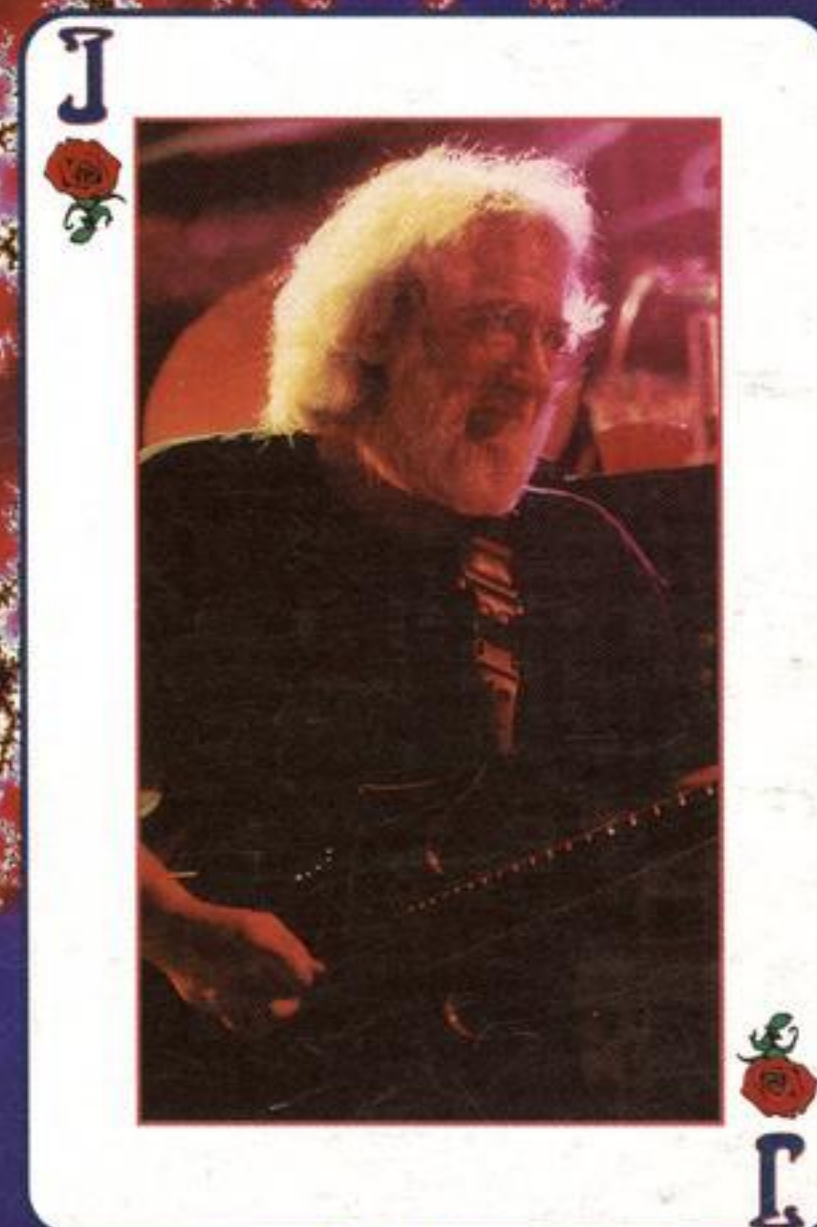
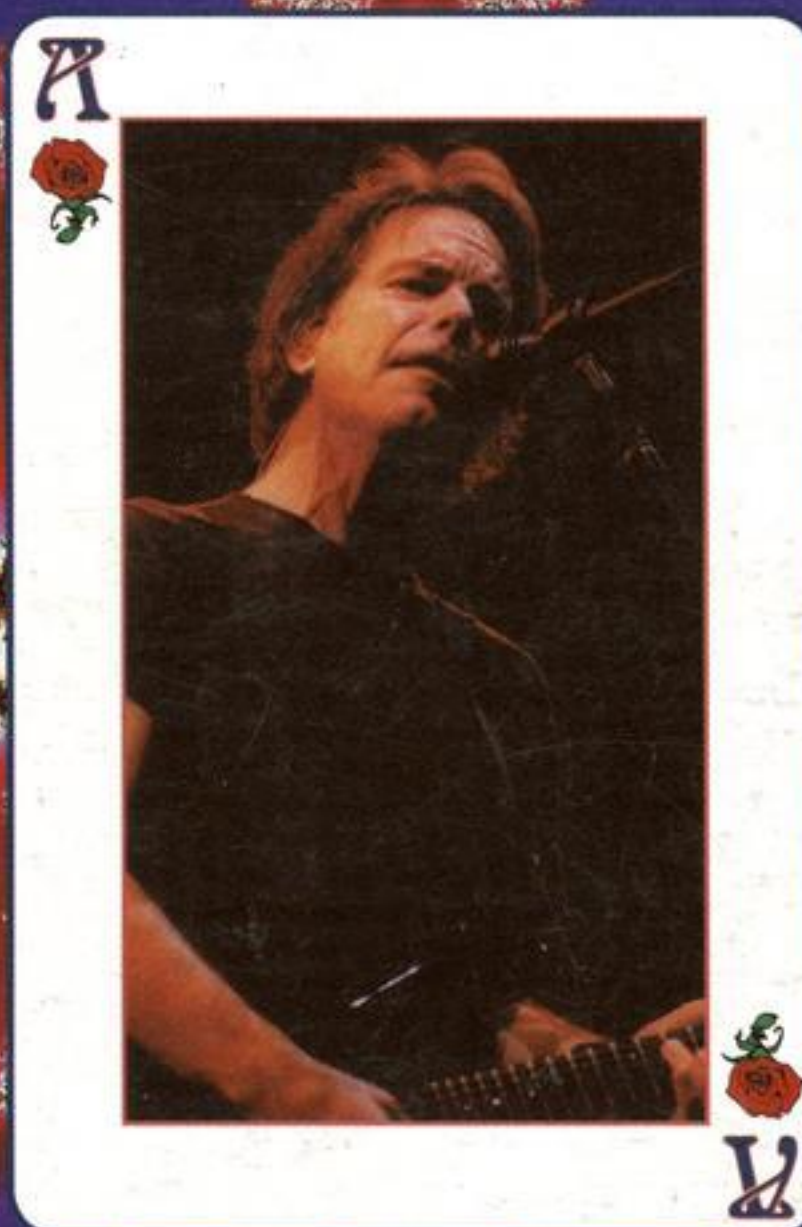
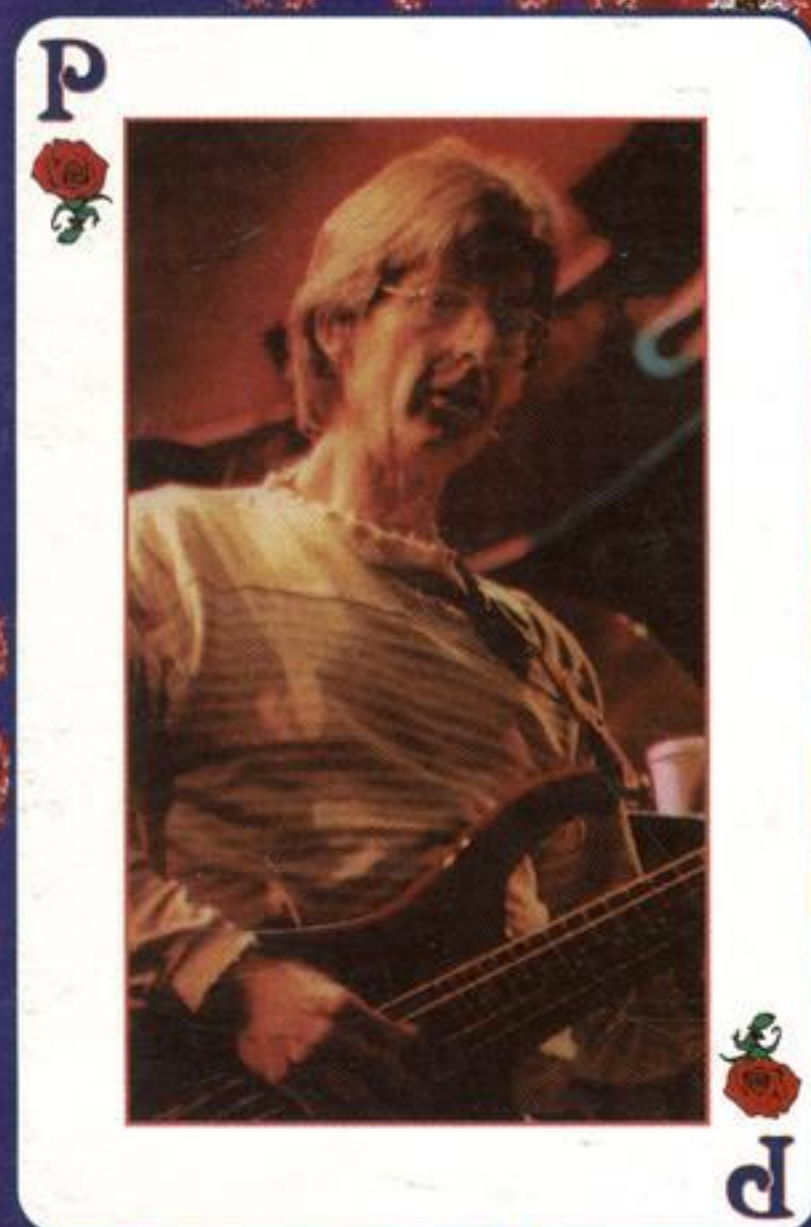


# Unbroken Chain

ISSUE NO. 51



**GRATEFUL DEAD WINTER TOUR 1994**

**THE YEAR IN REVIEW**

**INTERVIEW:**  
**Widespread Panic's John Bell**

**THE BEST OF THE 90's**

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## The Editor's Page by Dave Serrins

Howdy and welcome to Issue #51 of *Unbroken Chain*! I hope everyone had a safe and happy New Year. With the Dead's New Year extravaganza no longer an option, I stayed in Austin for the holidays and caught a local New Year's Eve show. I didn't have much of an interest in traveling after returning from our 4,000 mile round-trip for the shows in Oakland in mid-December. The clutch on my VW bus died the day after we arrived home and I couldn't see hitting the road again \$500 poorer. Sadly enough, the bus has since been sold and I will have a newer, more reliable vehicle for future adventures.

Looking back, 1994 was an exciting year for me and *Unbroken Chain*. In June, the founding editor and publisher of UC, Laura Smith, stepped down and turned over the operations of the magazine to me. It has since been a quest to try to continue her

fine tradition of publishing the most down-to-earth magazine covering the Grateful Dead. Laura's review of Phish's New Year's Eve show in this issue marks her first major contribution to UC since she relinquished her post. We are glad to still have her around to help us out when she can.

This is our first issue of 1995 and the Dead have only played a handful of shows since fall, so this edition includes the past year in review. The photos presented within are selected shots by our excellent staff from throughout 1994. We have also undertaken the daunting task of compiling a list of the favorite shows and favorite song versions for the first half of the 1990's. Of course it's all subjective, but we wanted to add a little spice to the mix. And we are proud to bring our readers an exceptional interview with Widespread Panic's lead vocalist John Bell.

Have a safe and happy spring tour!



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**Cover photos:** Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Jerry Garcia,  
Bill Kreutzmann, Vince Welnick & Mickey Hart  
12/16/94 L.A. Sports Arena by Allen Sklar

Special thanks to Wendy Feldman/WLF Graphics



# CHAIN REACTION

Hey Dave,

I am writing in response to DL's letter in issue #50 about how much he/she hates reading about other bands in Dead magazines. I would first like to say that I think it was very rude to put our brothers and sisters at UC, who work their tails off to give us their wonderful publication, on the spot like that. In the 34-page issue #49 there were only four pages of material on other bands, and very informative material at that.

Secondly, I think DL is being very close-minded about the whole Grateful Dead experience. The Grateful Dead is not the only band in the world. All Deadheads know that and the Dead themselves know that (ever heard of the Rex Foundation?). There is life after the Dead, and what better way to showcase bands that feature long, open-ended jams and a dedicated following like the Dead than in a Dead magazine? People like DL should thank UC for telling them about bands like Phish and Widespread, because maybe they might buy a tape or go to a show and realize that these bands are AMAZING!

Also, DL says that he/she doesn't want to hear about Phish, Widespread, or Oroboros, but some people do. I couldn't believe that after reading tasty reviews and interesting Dead news, I could also read about my other favorites, Phish and Oroboros. Because I live in the Cleveland area, Oroboros is my favorite local band and I was ecstatic that they finally received some attention. After you hear them play *Respect > Franklin's Tower > Respect*, or go to a show where Phish plays a two-hour second set, you will want to hear about them too.

Give credit where credit is due. UC is the best Dead mag out right now, so be open-minded about the other bands they feature, because if you like the Dead you will probably like these bands too.

As for me, I feel like I have struck gold with UC. Thanks and keep up the good work!

Peace and love,  
Jonathan Harris, OH

P.S. I am a proud recipient of the Phish and Oroboros newsletters.

Dear UC,

I am eighteen years old, a nationally ranked tennis player, and a Deadhead. Last July, my father and I traveled to Louisville, Kentucky so that I could play in a national tennis tournament. It so happened that the Dead would be at Deer Creek around the same time, so I hoped

that I would get a chance to catch a show or two. After I lost in the tournament, my dad rented a car and drove me to Noblesville. We arrived at 2:00 on the 20th. I spent the entire day looking for an extra. Fortunately for me, my dad found



Billboard in Sparta, New Jersey

somebody selling an extra and he got it for me. My dad, not being a Deadhead, told me to enjoy the show and he would wait for me in the car. I went into the show (the greatest one I have ever seen) and kept thinking about how great my dad was. Well, he wound up sitting in the car that day from two in the afternoon to midnight. I do not know of many people that would do the same.

Even more incredible was the fact that the 21st was my dad's birthday. Once again, I was fortunate that he found me an extra. Even though he could have gotten himself a ticket he did not, because he felt that one of the "real Deadheads" would make better use of it than he. So he stayed in the car again while I enjoyed another unbelievable show.

I guess the moral of this story is that the Dead are much more than just a band. After going to Deer Creek and having the time of my life, I have only my dad to thank. I hope that everybody out there has a story like this because it makes the whole experience worth it.

See ya at Deer Creek in '95,  
Brad Shafran  
Oceanside, NY

Dave,

Just got #50 in the mail. What an improvement with you at the helm!! We love the quality of the printing and layout. Everything is very tight. We especially like how our ad reproduced. In all the publications we advertise with, this issue's quality is the best. Congrats on picking up some more circulation as well. That's the name of the game (for us at least). Anyway, we would like to continue to place ads with you. Love the new look and feel of UC. We're very happy with it and you should be proud.

Sincerely,  
John Nielsen  
Jane's Wind-Socks

Hey Now,

Keep telling me about Phish, Widespread, etc. Nobody's gonna replace the Dead (who would want to), but I'm glad the scene is getting some more outlets! And don't be afraid to "tell it like it is" about a bad show or tour. Just remember that sometimes lame moments and magical moments come from the same source: taking chances. I think I'll take a chance on a few more shows in '95. Hope it's a good one for you and yours.

James A. Rosenstock  
Fort Washington, MD

Dear Unbroken Chain,

I really like your magazine, but one thing you seem to continually do just completely bugs me. Could you please refrain from referring to the band as "the boyz?" This expression has a very un-Dead, urban rap vibe to it, and is totally inappropriate for your mag. Just had to get it off my chest.

Jim Moore  
Solana Beach, CA

Ed. - We'll try to keep UC "boyz-free."

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# The Dead Beat

## It's so easy to slip

On January 18, Jerry Garcia crashed into a highway retaining wall after losing control of his car. Jerry was driving a \$32,000 BMW 525i loaned to him from a BMW dealership while his car was in the shop. He lost control of the car and hit the retaining wall on Highway 101 in Marin County several times, spun around and came to a stop facing oncoming traffic. Jerry was said to have walked away without a scratch and no one was injured in the accident. No other cars were involved and Jerry was not cited.

## Senator come down here

Excerpted from "Notebook: Thunder on the right" by Editor Lewis H. Lapham, in the January 1995 *Harper's*. The editorial is about the Republican landslide victory in the November 1994 elections.

"...The Democratic Party had been morally and intellectually bankrupt for twenty years, the remnants of its principles sold at auction at increasingly low prices during the Reagan and Bush administrations, and nobody expected Clinton to take seriously the slogans found on old Hubert Humphrey buttons.

Most of the time he didn't, but once or twice he forgot who was paying for the orchestra, and despite his innate conservatism and fondness for golf, the political audience chose to see him as a lost flower child at a Grateful Dead concert."

## I've stayed in every bluelight cheap hotel

Just when you thought Jerry Garcia had done it all, something new pops up. On January 27, a one-bedroom suite in Los Angeles's Beverly Prescott Hotel designed by Garcia was made available for \$300 a night. Room 807 contains Jacquard-covered lampshades with fish designs, a signed, framed display of Garcia neckties, and chairs covered in Garcia's exclusive "Lady with Argyle Socks" print.

One hotel room would be enough, but Jerry earlier designed a similar suite for the Hotel Triton in San Francisco. The \$249 a night, one-bedroom suite, adorned with twelve limited-edition Garcia prints and lithographs as well as a collection of Garcia ties, was described by San Francisco designer Michael Moore as Greek mythology meets *Alice in Wonderland*." (Marin Independent Journal 9/16/94)

## Judge decreed it...

Federal Judge Zita Weinshlenk in Denver granted Grateful Dead Productions, Inc. and Grateful Dead Merchandising, Inc. the right to seize counterfeit items bearing the band's name or likenesses. Judge Weinshlenk agreed that the defendants (500 Jane and John Does) were infringing on the group's trademark, thereby depriving the Grateful Dead of income. Under the precedent-setting ruling, unlicensed merchandise may be seized from sellers under the supervision of the band's attorneys.

## Come out with a losing hand

Three Jerry Garcia Band shows scheduled for February 10, 11, and 12 were cancelled at the last minute because Jerry Garcia could not play guitar due to swelling in his hand. Garcia had vacationed in the Caribbean for the two weeks preceding the shows and had injured his hand while scuba diving. The actual cause of the injury was not available at press time.

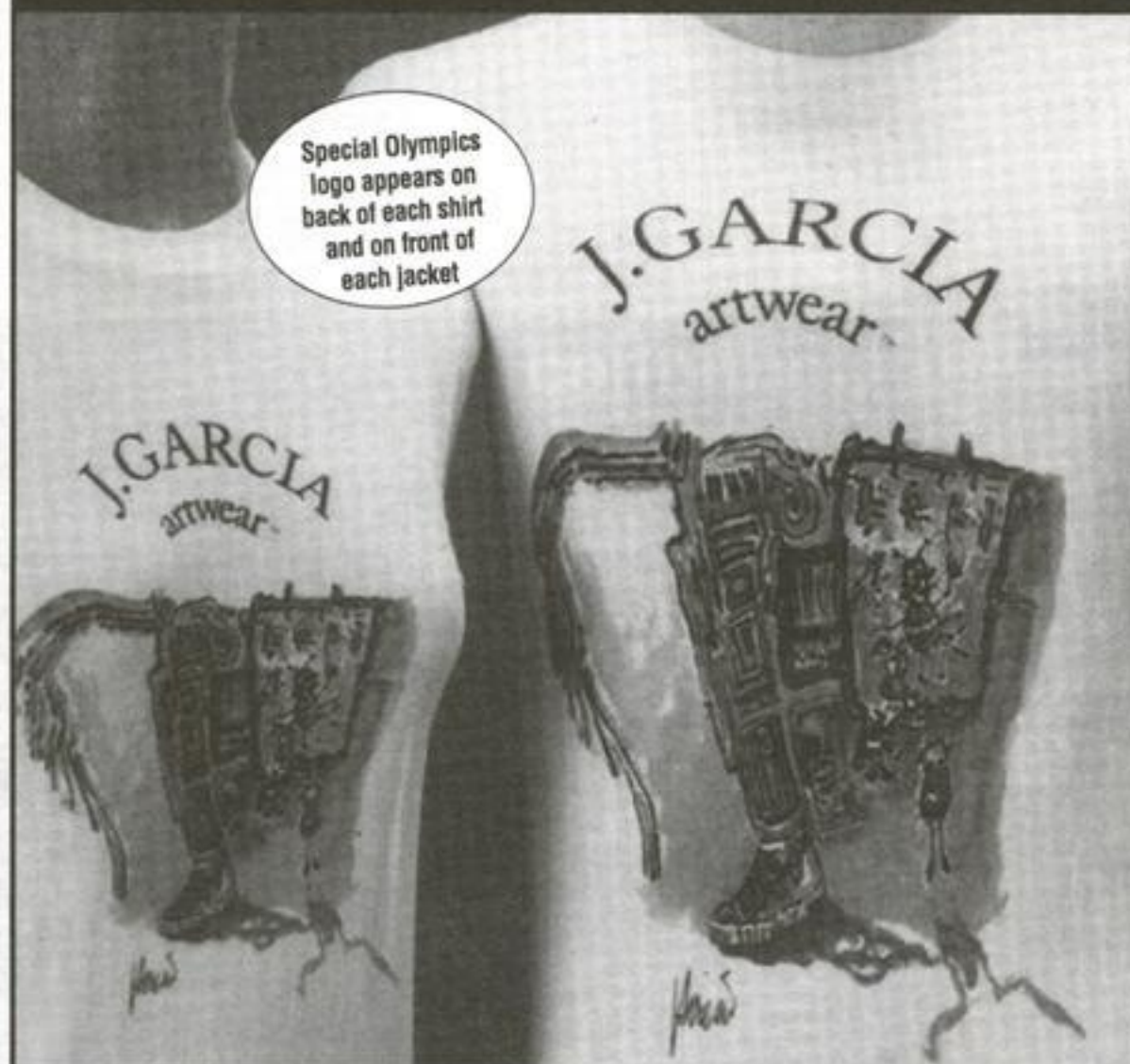
Thanks to Hayward Bill and Tisch for contributing information to this article.

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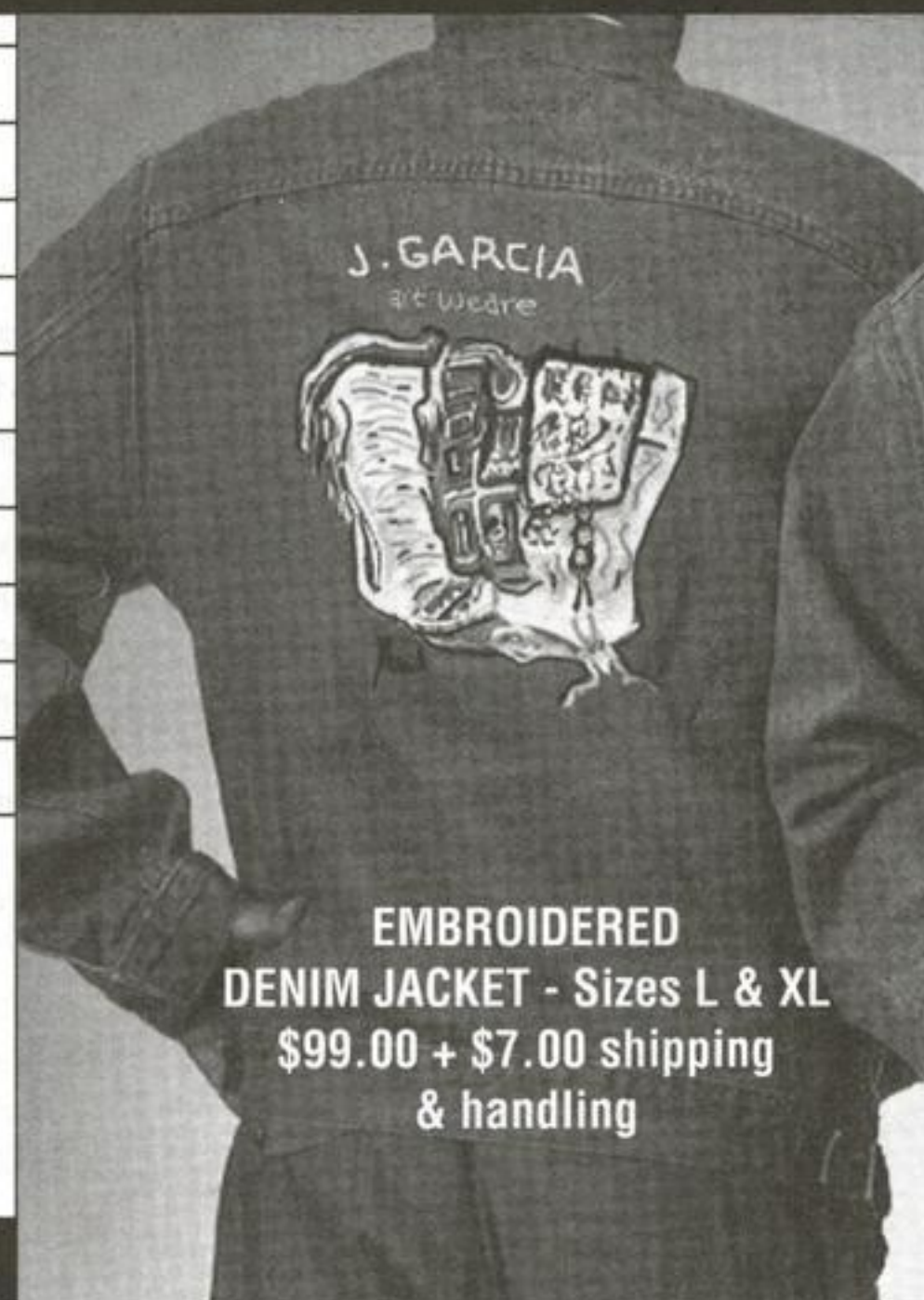
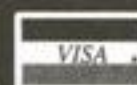
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So Many Roads  
El Paso\*  
Tennessee Jed  
Easy Answers

Iko Iko  
Playin' in the Band>  
Uncle John's Band  
Baba O'Riley#>  
Tomorrow Never Knows#>  
Drumspace>  
Last Time>  
Stella Blue>  
Sugar Magnolia  
E: Baby Blue  
*\*Bob on acoustic*  
*# first since 9-20-93*

**11-30-94 McNichols Arena, Denver, CO**  
Touch of Grey>  
Greatest Story  
West L.A. Fadeaway  
Queen Jane  
Lazy River Road  
Me & My Uncle\*>  
Big River\*  
Loose Lucy>  
Cassidy

Victim or the Crime  
Samba in the Rain  
Crazy Fingers>  
Estimated Prophet>  
Terrapin>  
Drumspace>  
I Need A Miracle  
Standing on the Moon  
Lovelight  
E: Liberty  
*\*Bob on acoustic*

**12-1-94 McNichols Arena, Denver, CO**  
Hell in a Bucket  
Sugaree  
Wang Dang Doodle  
Loser  
If The Shoe Fits  
Masterpiece\*  
Bird Song

Here Comes Sunshine  
Saint of Circumstance  
Way To Go Home  
Eyes of the World>  
Drumspace>  
Watchtower>  
The Days Between>  
Throwing Stones>  
Not Fade Away  
E: Brokedown Palace  
*\*Bob on acoustic*

**12-8-94 Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA**  
Bertha  
Spoonful  
Jack-a-roe  
All Over Now  
So Many Roads  
Eternity\*  
Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower>  
I Know You Rider  
Looks Like Rain  
Cumberland Blues  
Corinna>  
Drumspace>  
Other One  
Lucy in the Sky  
Around & Around  
E: Baby Blue  
*\*Bob on acoustic*

**12-9-94 Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA**  
Feel Like A Stranger  
Stagger Lee  
Same Thing  
Loose Lucy  
El Paso\*  
Broken Arrow  
Ramble On Rose  
Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias>  
Fire on the Mountain#  
Way To Go Home  
Truckin'>  
That Would Be Something>  
He's Gone#>  
Drumspace#>  
Box of Rain  
E: Johnny B. Goode  
*\*Bob on acoustic*  
*# w/ Sikiru Adepoju*

**12-11-94 Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA**  
Help on the Way>  
Slipknot!>  
Franklin's Tower  
Little Red Rooster  
Lazy River Road  
Black-Throated Wind\*  
If The Shoe Fits  
Tennessee Jed>  
Promised Land

Here Comes Sunshine  
Samson & Delilah  
Samba in the Rain  
Eyes of the World>  
Drumspace>  
Watchtower>  
The Days Between>  
Sugar Magnolia  
E: Liberty  
*\*Bob on acoustic*

**12-12-94 Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA**  
Jack Straw  
Althea  
Me & My Uncle\*>  
Maggie's Farm\*  
Candyman  
Easy Answers  
Bird Song

Iko Iko  
Childhood's End  
Playin' in the Band>  
Uncle John's Band>  
Terrapin>  
Drumspace#>  
Standing on the Moon>  
Throwing Stones>  
Not Fade Away  
E: Brokedown Palace  
*\*Bob on acoustic*  
*# w/ Sikiru Adepoju*

**12-15-94 L.A. Sports Arena, Los Angeles, CA**  
Shakedown Street  
Wang Dang Doodle  
Lazy River Road  
Me & My Uncle\*>  
Mexicali Blues\*  
Row Jimmy  
Promised Land

Foolish Heart  
Way To Go Home  
Corinna>  
Uncle John's Band>  
Drumspace>  
Last Time>  
Morning Dew  
E: Liberty  
*\*Bob on acoustic*

**12-16-94 L.A. Sports Arena, Los Angeles, CA**  
Hell in a Bucket  
Cold Rain & Snow  
Minglewood  
So Many Roads  
Childhood's End  
Eternity  
Don't Ease Me In

Eyes of the World  
Samba in the Rain  
Estimated Prophet>  
He's Gone>  
Drumspace>  
Other One>  
Wharf Rat>  
Good Lovin'  
E: Lucy in the Sky  
*All w/Branford Marsalis except Drums & encore*

**12-18-94 L.A. Sports Arena, Los Angeles, CA**  
Touch of Grey  
Greatest Story  
Althea  
Walkin' Blues  
Tom Thumb's Blues  
El Paso\*  
Loose Lucy  
Let It Grow

Victim or the Crime  
Crazy Fingers  
Playin' in the Band  
Terrapin>  
Drumspace>  
Last Time>  
Attics Of My Life>  
Johnny B. Goode  
E: Baby Blue  
*\*Bob on acoustic*

**12-19-94 L.A. Sports Arena, Los Angeles, CA**  
Picasso Moon  
Stagger Lee  
Little Red Rooster  
Ramble On Rose  
Broken Arrow  
Masterpiece\*  
So Many Roads  
Easy Answers  
Deal

Saint of Circumstance  
New Speedway Boogie  
Nobody's Fault But Mine#  
Women Are Smarter>  
Drumspace>  
Jam>  
I Need A Miracle>  
The Days Between>  
Lovelight  
E: Brokedown Palace  
*\*Bob on acoustic*  
*# first since 12-12-93*

**Jerry Garcia Band**  
**1-13-95 Warfield Theater, San Francisco, CA**  
How Sweet It Is  
They Love Each Other  
Simple Twist of Fate  
Run For The Roses  
Breadbox  
Brothers & Sisters  
Deal

Harder They Come  
Stoned Me  
Evangeline  
Don't Let Go  
Lazy Bones  
Positively 4th Street  
Midnight Moonlight

**Jerry Garcia Band**  
**1-14-95 Warfield Theater, San Francisco, CA**  
Cats Under The Stars  
Like A Road  
Mission In The Rain  
Money Honey  
Lay Down Sally  
Brothers & Sisters>  
Tangled Up In Blue

Shining Star  
Think  
Wonderful World  
The Maker  
Lucky Old Sun  
Midnight Moonlight

**Jerry Garcia Band**  
**1-15-95 Warfield Theater, San Francisco, CA**  
The Way You Do The  
Things You Do  
C'est La Vie  
Stop That Train  
That's What Love Will  
Make You Do  
Mississippi Moon  
Sisters & Brothers>  
Deal

Harder They Come  
He Ain't Give You None  
Strugglin' Man  
Breadbox  
Reuben & Cherise  
Midnight Moonlight

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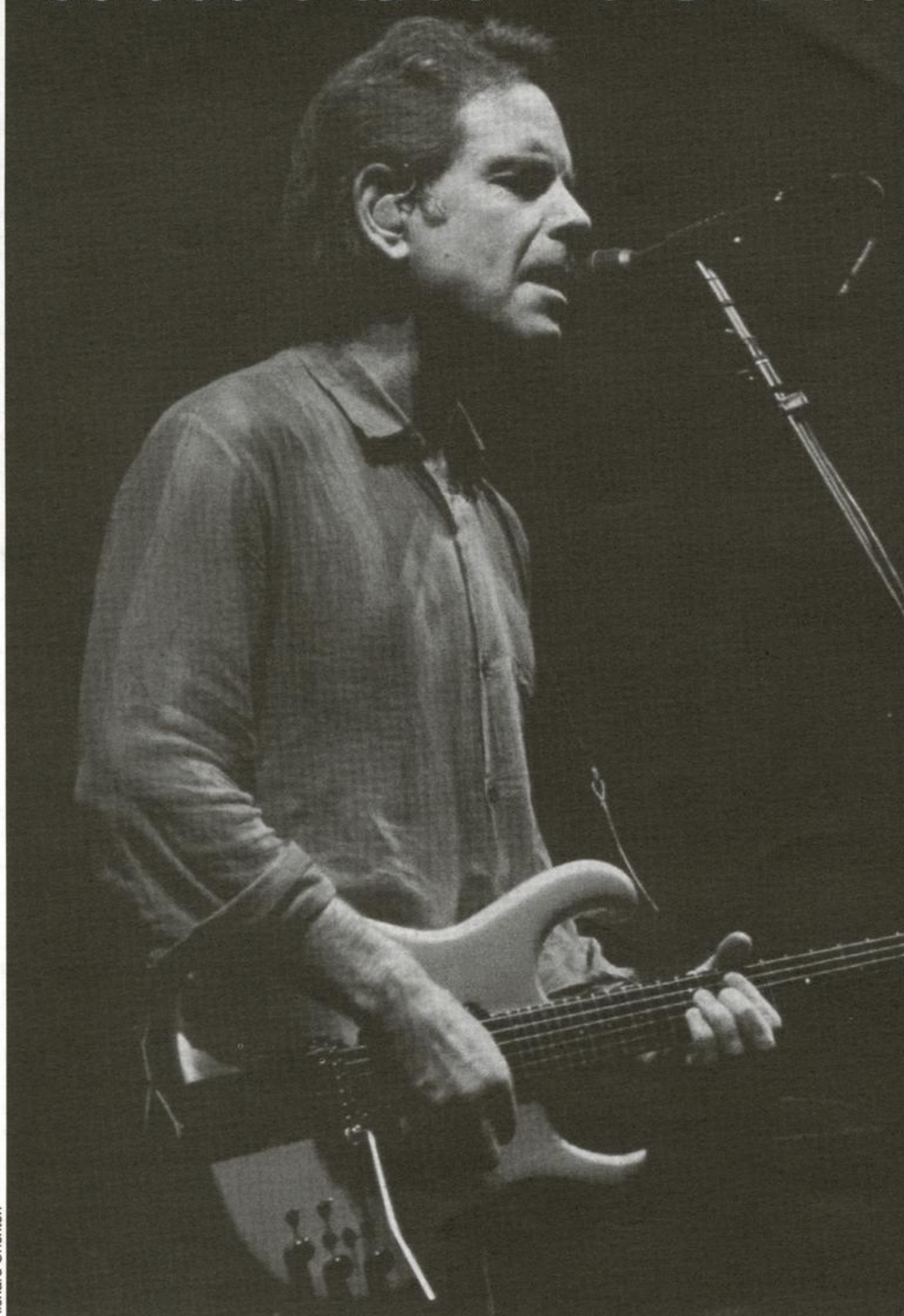
March 17, 18, 19 ..The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA  
March 22, 23, 24 .....Charlotte Col., Charlotte, NC  
March 26, 27, 29, 30 .....The Omni, Atlanta, GA  
April 1 & 2.....The Pyramid Arena, Memphis, TN  
April 4 & 5.....Jefferson Civic Ctr., Birmingham, AL  
April 7 .....Tampa Stadium, Tampa, FL

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# WINTER TOUR



Richard Crichton

**McNichols Sports Arena  
Denver, CO  
Nov. 29, 30, Dec. 1  
by Sarah Morrison**

The '94 Denver run gave us a reprieve from the cold and inclement weather that has accompanied the Dead's past few visits to the Mile High City. The weather was great every day, but the shows were up and down. Maybe the band was still cold from the month and a half layoff from playing live. No single show of the run congealed into the textbook version of a fabulous Dead show, and the moments of wonder within each show were rare.

Jack Straw opened the first night in fine form, blazing from the start, but the show went downhill from there. Peggy-O and Tennessee Jed stood as the most respectable choices during a set that was marred with equipment problems so grave for Jerry that he exited halfway through *Easy Answers*, never to return. With a poor first set behind us, we hoped for better things to come from the second set.

The second set didn't do much for me either. While the choice of *Baba O'Riley*>*Tomorrow Never Knows* into *Drumz* had a novel flair to it, overcoming the tepid treatment of *Iko Iko*, *Playin' in the Band*, and *Uncle John's Band* was difficult. A gor-

geous *Stella Blue* stood as the only consolation for a show that was not up to snuff with what I'd seen earlier in the year. Maybe it was just opening night jitters? We were definitely hoping for a change in the two nights to come.

The second show was a definite improvement from the previous, boasting solid playing and enthusiasm. Phil was way up in the mix for a strong *Touch of Grey* opener. *Me & My Uncle*>*Big River*, highlighted by Bob's acoustic guitar, roared and rocked, bringing the whole arena to its dancing feet. Phil took charge again during the jam in *Cassidy* by covering every fret on his bass with fluid precision. This show was looking like a serious improvement as the first set came to a close.

*Victim*, *Samba in the Rain*, and *Crazy Fingers* all received pedestrian readings to open the second set. I figured they'd carry the jam after *Crazy Fingers* to new heights since Jerry had mumbled through so many lyrics, but that was not to be. Instead, Bob led the band into the most tremendous *Estimated Prophet* I have witnessed. The jam in the middle seemed like it would never end and the groove after the last verse was tight and fluid. *Terrapin* was a welcome choice. Although smoothly played, it was flawed by a missed crescendo at "Inspiration" and lacking lead guitar playing from Jerry. Probably the most powerful segment of the show was *Drumz*. Mickey and Billy treated us to interesting, hypnotic, and monstrous rhythms. *Standing on the Moon* filled the Jerry ballad slot in its usual robust and beautiful way, but post-*Space* was pretty bland. For a show that began so hot, it became quite average due to a lack of energy for the majority of the second set.

With two nights of occasional magic behind us, we hoped the third show would be THE ONE. It began with a well-jammed, outstanding *Hell In A Bucket*. The fun factor heightened with a hopping *Sugaree*. Jerry hit most of the lyrics and the band seemed to have the energy they'd been missing. *Loser* was top-notch. An exploratory *Bird Song* brought the excellent first set to a close.

*Here Comes Sunshine* was a tentative start to set two, but eventually got groovin'. *Saint of Circumstance*'s colossal buildup took the proceedings to new heights. A stunning *Eyes of the World* continued the trend of fine playing and extended jams. *Drumz* was a notch below the previous night's, but still high-energy and funky. *Watchtower* didn't have its usual blazing style, but *Days Between* was absolutely captivating. The whole band seemed trying to achieve perfection with this one. The usual *Throwing Stones*>*Not Fade Away* rocked the show to a close





Allen Sklar

instead occupied by folks indulging in a more modern pastime: Hacky Sack. Maybe somebody just forgot to set up the net. I was more interested in finding out whether the rumor heard in Denver that there would be TelePrompTers for these shows was true. Maybe the same person in charge of the volleyball net was lined up for the TelePrompTers, because there were none in sight on Thursday.

Jerry opened the Oakland stand with a competent version of *Bertha*. It could have been much better if his guitar had been remotely audible. *Spoonful* featured new backing harmonies of "Spoon-ful" from Garcia and Vince after each "Man lies about it... {Spoon-ful}." Jerry was especially into this new background contribution. Halfway through the song, his guitar finally got loud enough and the audience voiced its appreciation. *It's All Over Now* was the first entry to get everything in sync, and the place really started hopping during the Bobby Womack classic. As the song faded out, the band apparently forgot that they've been playing the standard intro/outro for almost three years, and Bobby forcefully led them through it with only slight damage. Garcia had a very tough time delivering the words to *So Many Roads*, and when that happens you



Gary Gerloff



Tim Ashbridge

before *Brokedown Palace* emotionally cooled the crowd. In all, the final show of the run was my favorite, boasting solid jams and fine ensemble work. It's too bad that it took three shows to get one of this caliber.

**Oakland Coliseum**  
**Oakland, CA**  
**December 8, 9, 11, 12**  
by Frank Hanwell

For the first time in over twenty years, the Bay Area was not the location for the final shows of the year. To a certain degree, this factor made the overall vibe a little less frantic. There was more of a business-as-usual tour-in-progress feeling around these shows. Or maybe it was just me. One aspect of the scene worthy of mention was the welcome absence of nitrous oxide.

Tickets abounded for the first night. Inside, the Coliseum was no more than half-full at show time. There wasn't even the traditional volleyball game. The "court" area behind the soundboard was

look forward to the ending climax. This time it just barely rescued the song. Jerry began to build it up to a Dew-like crescendo, but like many versions from '94, only took it to a plateau about halfway there until the end came a few minutes later. Definitely an A for effort, although harsher critics might even have called it boring. Weir then strapped on his acoustic for the jewel of the set: *Eternity*. I can't get enough of the mid-song jam and look forward to the days when it will be 10 minutes and beyond!

Both *China Cat* and *Rider* were exceptional, but the segue was awkward and Garcia began *Rider* without the standard roll-up to the words. It hardly mattered by the end of the song. Bobby delivered yet another powerhouse reading of *Looks Like Rain*, so good that I didn't mind that he hadn't used the acoustic. Out of nowhere came Jerry with *Cumberland*! I wasn't bummed when Weir chose *Corinna* to follow, because the song IS getting better. My biggest problem was with Garcia alternately singing the chorus either horribly off-key or YELLING at the top of his lungs... very strange.

While they were still in deep *Space*, I

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noticed Steve Parish setting up a music stand in front of Jerry. The only song I thought it could be for at that point of the show was *Days Between*, but that was just played in Denver. After the band stormed through *The Other One*, there was nearly complete silence until the surprise choice of *Lucy In The Sky!* It worked quite well in the ballad slot. *Around* was superb, and featured the patented Bob Weir butt-shake for the crowd. And who would complain about *Baby Blue* remaining in a healthy rotation?

Friday night will be forever known as The First TelePrompTer Show. Jerry's and Bob's were quite large, while Phil's and Vince's were about half-sized. Having quite a good view, I never saw any activity on them until the end of *Space*. Oh, and the volleyball game returned as well. *Stranger* opened the evening with a bang. *Stagger Lee* was very weak in the vocal department, as were Jerry's other two selections, but redeemed itself as his playing was the strong suit in the lengthy mid-song jam. The real meat of the set was the second half. Who'd have thought that '94 would have Weir leading passionate acoustic readings of *El Paso* in almost every city that hosted three or more shows? Not I, but NO complaints here. *Broken Arrow* was its usual heartwarming self, and the set-closing *Music* relentlessly lived up to its namesake.

Two words for the highlight of pre-*Drumz*: *Scarlet* > *Fire!!!* The epic pairing



Allen Sklar

was easily the best version I've seen with Vince as the lone keyboardist. It was a few minutes over half an hour, about the same length as the one just played at MSG, but with a couple catches: Jerry forgot to include the middle verse to *Fire* (think how long it might have been had he remembered), and Sikiru Adepoju was guest percussionist, playing talking drum, from the first notes of *Scarlet* to the end of *Drumz*. *Fire* itself was incredibly affected by Sikiru as this version was REALLY drum-driven! *Truckin'* was played at such a relaxed tempo that I thought it might stall, but excepting Bob's obligatory one-

line mess-up, it was rock solid. After an incredible post-song bomb, it quickly dissipated into *That Would Be Something*, which was! It lasted a lot longer than some of the versions I've heard, and Garcia was into it. *He's Gone* came almost as a bonus prize, as the pre-*Drumz* had already been nearly an hour.

The *Drumz* that followed was nothing short of monumental! I couldn't have picked a better seat on this night, in the Phil Zone just behind the front speakers with a bird's-eye view of the drummers. There's no doctor that can offer the kind of therapeutic hypnosis I was given by

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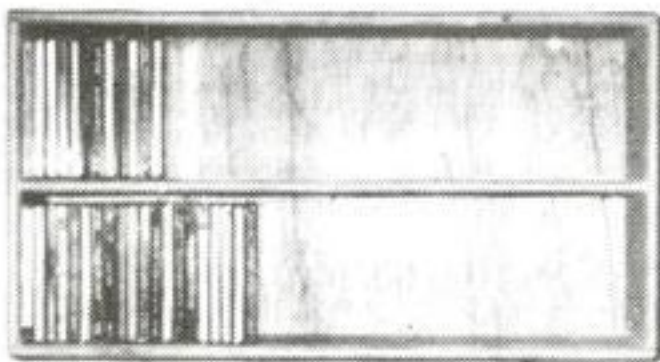
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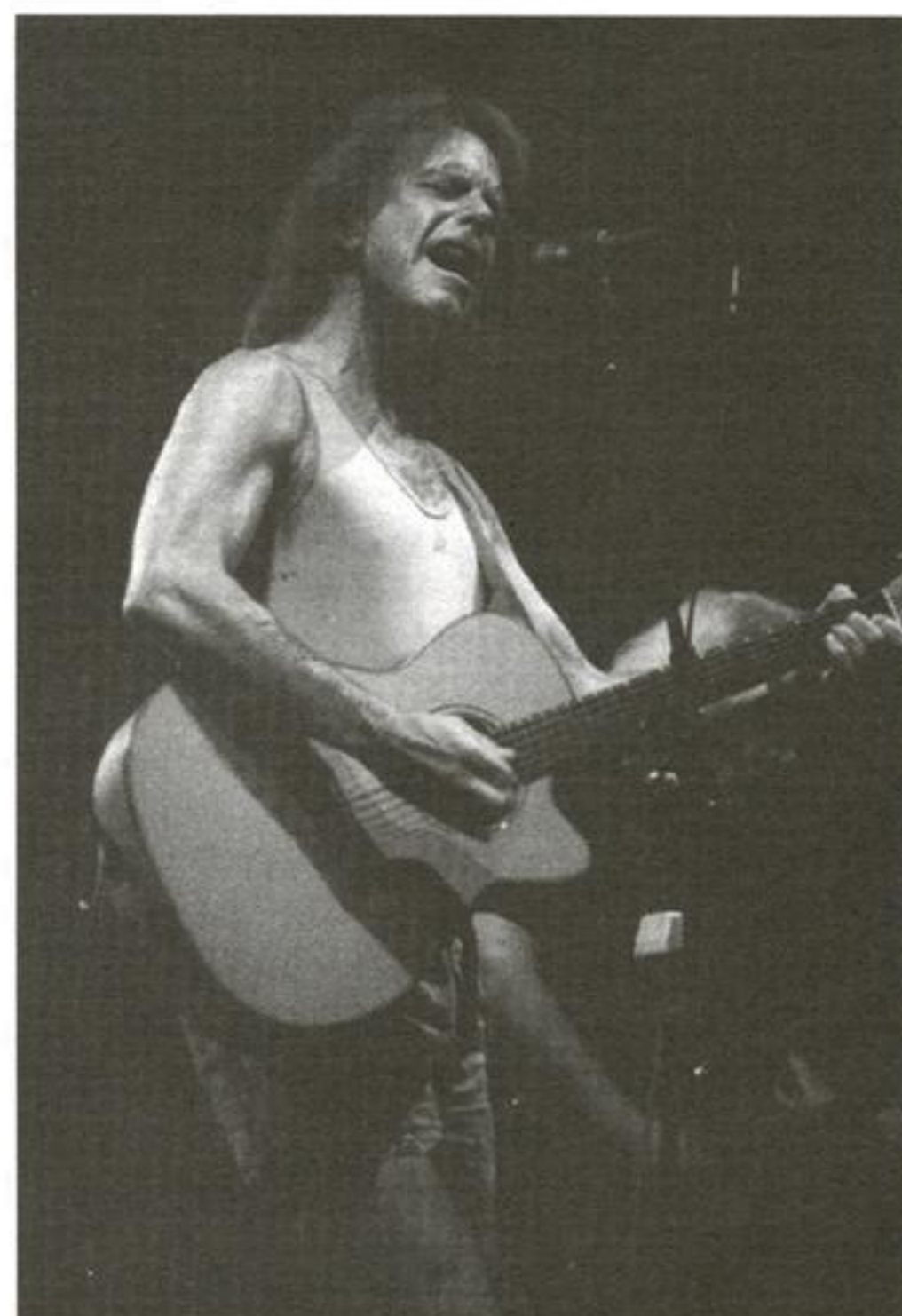


Richard Crichton

the drummers' four-count. "Just a" *Box Of Rain*. It was perfect, regardless of the ensuing "controversy." When Jerry took off his guitar at the song's end, Mickey was apparently as confused as I was, because he threw his arms up in the air a couple times. Indeed, the group-mind in the Coliseum was one of "Huh?" In retrospect, they HAD given their all in pre-*Drumz*, and then there was the *Drumz*!

During the off day, I grew more fed-up than I've ever been with the adolescent panhandlers that spring from cracks in any pavement within a mile of the Coliseum. With the nerve to address people as their "brother" or "sister," they want "Spare \_\_\_\_\_ (insert fluid, solid or monetary item of your choice)" and often cop a serious attitude if you don't give it to them. These people weren't there two years ago, and I don't blame anyone who distances themselves from the scene because of them. As word spread of Thursday's infamous soundcheck, lots of people seemed more concerned about empty hopes of *St. Stephen* than the quality of the first two shows.

By show time, Sunday was almost as impossible a ticket as Friday. The buzz about Friday must have had some effect, because the show wasn't sold out as late as 4:00. And we weren't disappointed. For me, Sunday was IT! Look at the set list, and take my word for it: EVERYTHING



Greg LaPlaca

this thorough *Rhythm Devils* session. If only it were always this entrancing! A funky MIDI sequence of some sort laid the foundation for what became a very short *Space*. As the sequence dissolved, it was pure, chaotic, anarchic *Space*, at which point I noticed the TelePromTers scrolling SOMETHING for the first time all evening. It scrolled up and down a couple times, then I noticed heads-up for

ROCKED! Help> *Slipknot!*> *Franklin's*, the third "big-gun" selection in as many nights, was as good as it gets! The TelePromTers finally proved that they had a purpose as *Lazy River Road* was delivered with all the words intact. Even better, it displayed a confidence that rarely surfaces in a song that often suffers from overplayed-new-song syndrome. I really enjoyed my first live exposure to *If*

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*The Shoe Fits.* The only thing that bothered me was that I've heard it's directed at Dan Healy. If there's any truth to this, lines like "You can't make all the rules" come across a little harsher than necessary. The closing combo of *Tennessee Jed* > *Promised Land* nearly brought the roof down, and it took me quite a while to catch my breath afterwards.

*Here Comes Sunshine* was tighter than I've heard it in quite a while, and Jerry didn't miss a single verse! The background screen appropriately featured dancing Deadheads during *Samson*, and then I was given my first *Samba in the Rain*. I still don't know what to make of this song, though it seems to be making progress compared to versions I've heard on tapes from the summer. *Eyes* was as laid-back as *Truckin'* from the previous show. The accompanying video footage was lengthy close-ups of people smiling with clouds behind them — quite bizarre, like a perfume/shampoo commercial or something. The most jamming came before and after the final verse.

*Drumz* was again top-notch. Mickey couldn't seem to stand still or decide whether to play the big drums or The Beam. Above him, the computer-generated psychedelia on the screen was truly a sight to behold. I was sober and I couldn't stare at the screen longer than a minute at a time.

*Watchtower* cranked, but I was more enchanted by *Days Between*. There are parts of this song that I still don't care for, but on this night it was really BIG. The "Valentines of flesh and blood" line was especially moving, as was the closing jam. Nothing was more appropriate to follow than a dance-till-you-drop *Sugar Magnolia*



Allen Sklar

that left everyone with a smile on their face. Though well-performed as usual, *Liberty* came across more as an afterthought than an encore.

The final Oakland show was no less intense than the previous evening, and the four-night stand was concluded with another A+ performance. *Jack Straw* got us dancing hard right off the bat. The mood mellowed only slightly as *Althea* was more up-tempo than I've ever heard it. *Me & My Uncle* > *Maggie's Farm* took the set to its rowdiest point. *Maggie's* was particularly raucous when Phil really dug into and exaggerated his verse. *Easy Answers* featured Vince throwing in accent notes similar to Don Henley's *Dirty Laundry*, and the set-closing *Bird Song* flew beautifully into many chaotic spaces after Jerry struggled for a minute to reconnect the line from his guitar to his ear-monitors.



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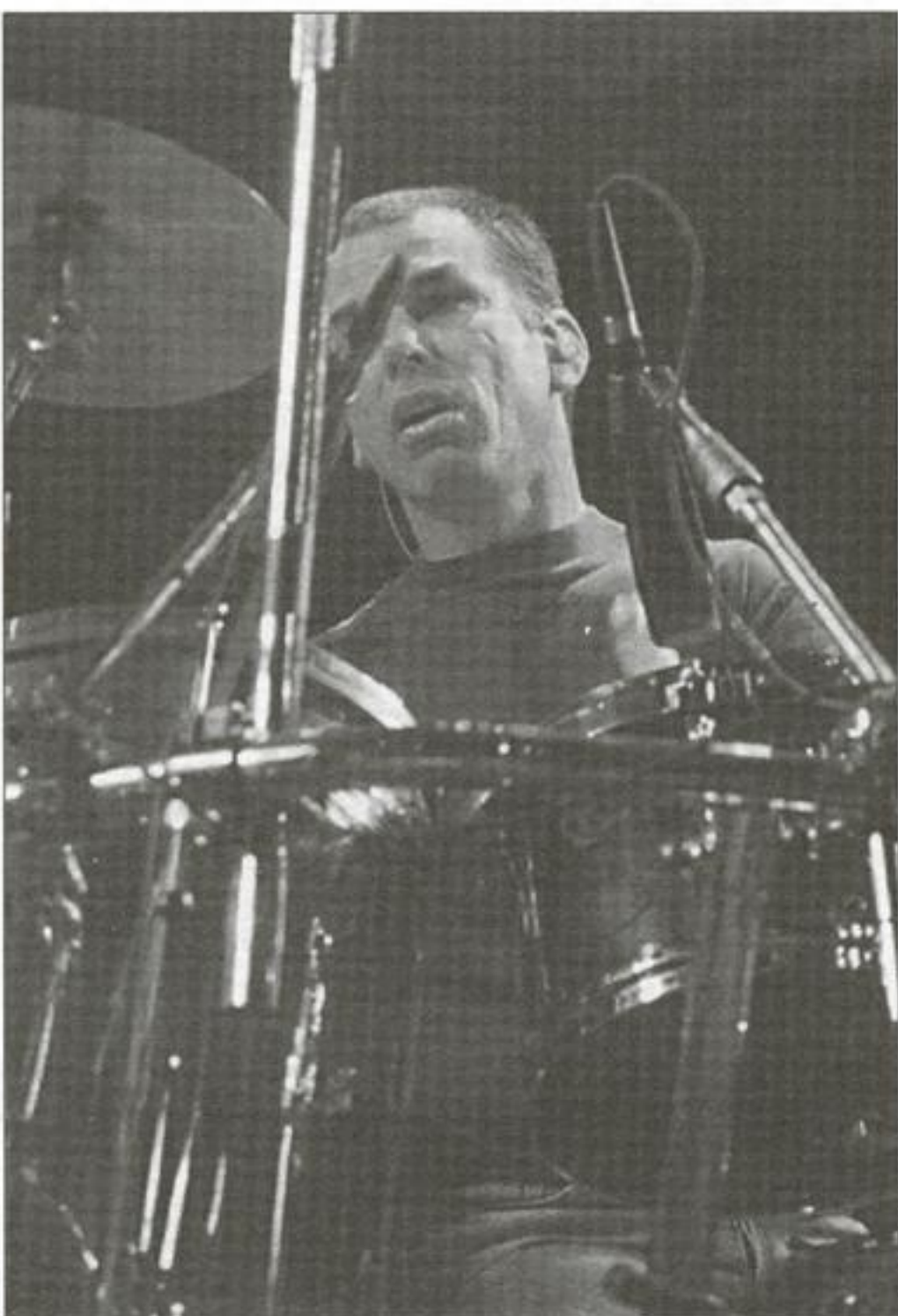


*Iko Iko* started the second set off on a high note. *Childhood's End*, though well played, seemed to slow the momentum somewhat. Thus, never a better time to launch into the Holy Trilogy of *Playin' > Uncle John's > Terrapin!* Each entry was played to the hilt, though *Playin'* may not have been explored long enough (is it ever?). And you have to sometimes wonder if they're not purposely screwing up the "Beggar's Tomb" verse just so they can elicit a big cheer after singing, "How does the song go?"

Sikuru was back again for one more night of drumming fun. *Standing on the Moon*, as is the norm these days, was fantabulistic. Nowhere else does "Somewhere in San Francisco" ring truer. This is one song that truly continues to improve with age. Yes, *Throwin' > Not Fade Away* is a tired combo, but still makes a great way to end a long stand. This one delivered the goods, as do most when a show goes as well as this one. Finally, there was no better choice of an encore than *Brokedown Palace*, especially for those of us returning home instead of continuing on to Los Angeles.

**LA Sports Arena**  
**Los Angeles, CA**  
**December 15, 16, 18, 19**  
 by Taper Steve

The parking lot on the first day reminded me of what I remember when I first started going to Grateful Dead concerts in '85. There were all types of people around in the lot. It seemed as if all the local freaks showed up and then some; a real good mix of people, a true carnival on the highway. Vending was cool before the



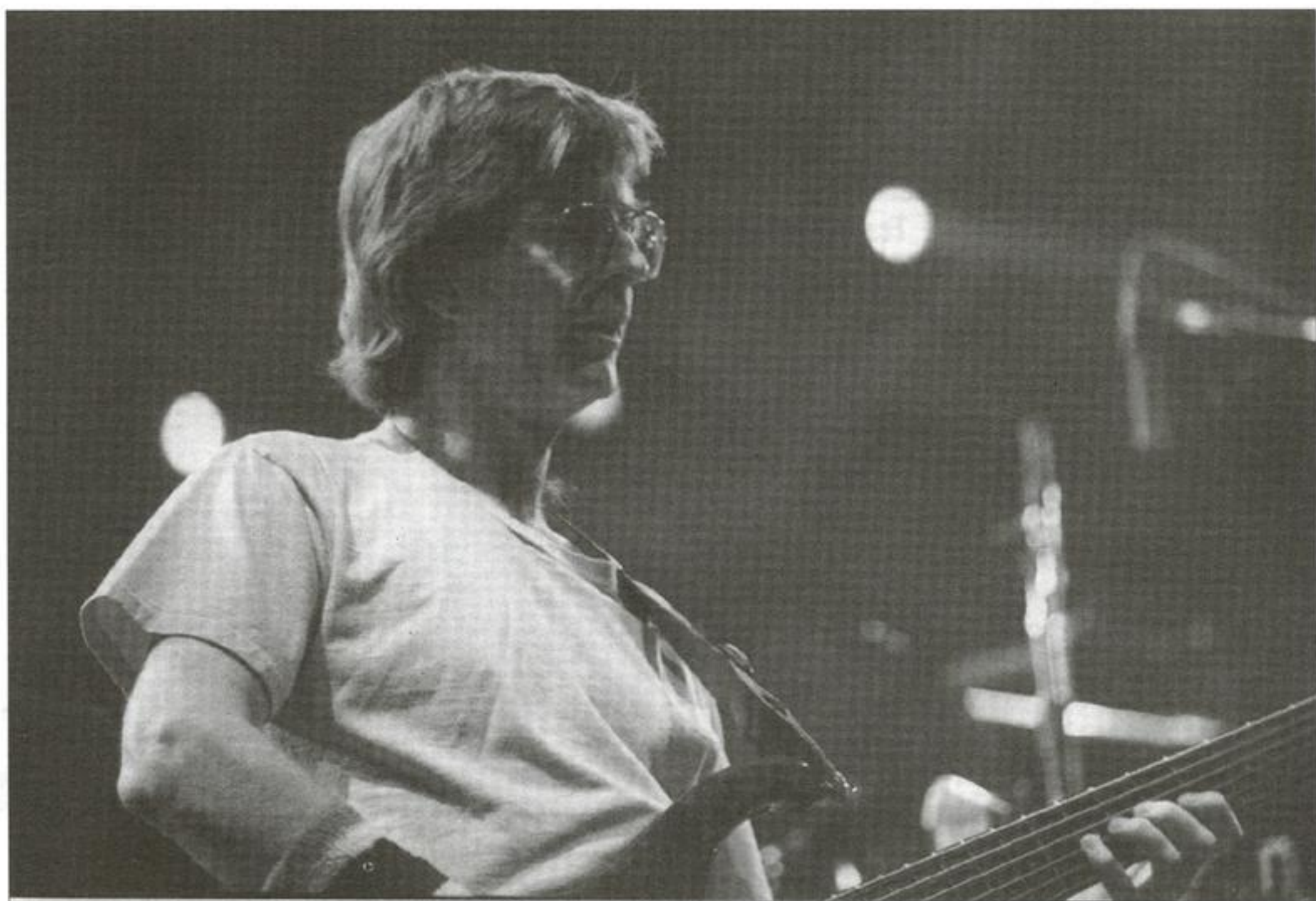
Greg LaPlaca

show, but afterwards helicopters and squad cars cleared the lots pretty quickly. I thought the LA Sports arena was a very cool venue. I saw no real hassles from security and it seemed pretty relaxed. The crowd's energy varied from night to night, but the band was pretty consistent.

Tickets seemed quite easy to obtain. We ordered the Thursday and Monday shows over the phone from #@!?\*&% a few days before, but Friday and Sunday were sold out. We had cash to offer at the shows, so getting a ticket wasn't very hard. It was good for us but kind of bummed me out. There are too many people showing up to the shows ticketless without money, some not even desiring to get in the show. Begging is not kind, and it was really out of hand. Anyway, the last night ended up being the hardest sought ticket. I think word had gotten out that the band had been raging incredibly hard the previous nights (also rumors of you-know-what where flying).

The first night started out with a long, strong and grooving *Shakedown St.* Jerry came on with lots of new licks, picking new grooves and taking direction of the band. I was kindly surprised to hear this. I knew things were really going to blister in LA when the *Wang Dang* also had a new feel to it. Jerry turned to Mickey and Billy mid-stream and started laying down these whining off-tempo blues licks. *Lazy River Road* also sounded like it was at a slightly different tempo; bouncy and layered. Jerry's guitar came through loud and clear, making for an excellent first set.

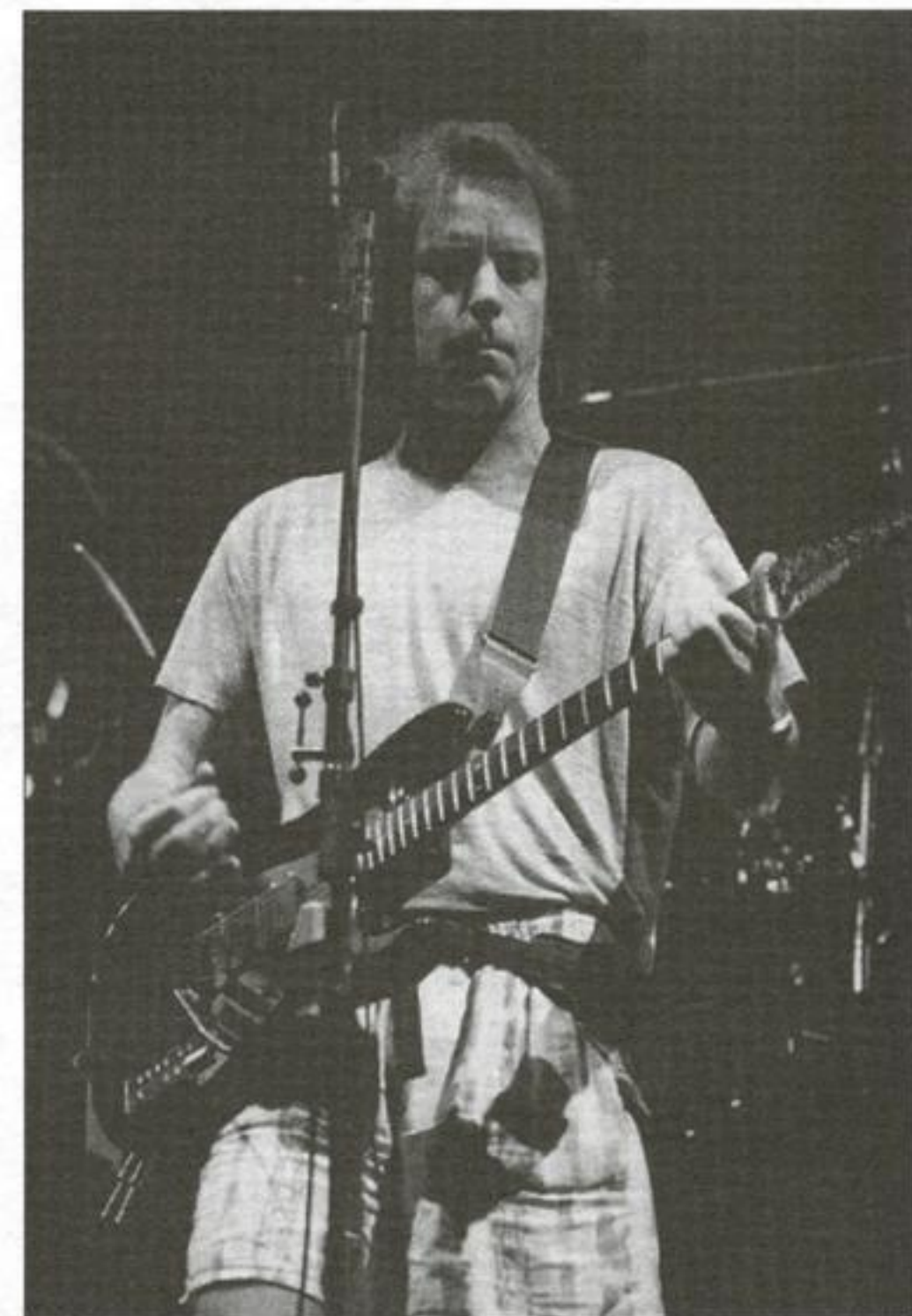
The second set *Foolish Heart* opener was very sweet for me, because my last one was at the New Year's run in '90. It was arranged differently than the '89 versions, having a longer first jam and no end jam; a bit shorter but still really good.



Joe Ryan

*The Long Way > Corinna > Uncle John's Band* simply lacked energy. This luckily turned out to be the only real lackluster playing we would see in LA. Bobby perked things up by coming out during *Space* with an acoustic guitar. Hopes were high, but a near show-closing *Last Time* smoked out of *Space*. *Morning Dew* bubbled, moaned and thundered saving the second set. I usually enjoy a *Liberty* encore, but this one lacked the energy it usually carries.

Branford Marsalis played the entire show on Friday night except the encore. Need more be said? Of course! *Hell in a Bucket* and *Cold Rain & Snow* opened the show by getting the groove with some nice noodling. The band was looking really healthy and energetic, and Branford was bouncing around extremely happily.



Greg LaPlaca