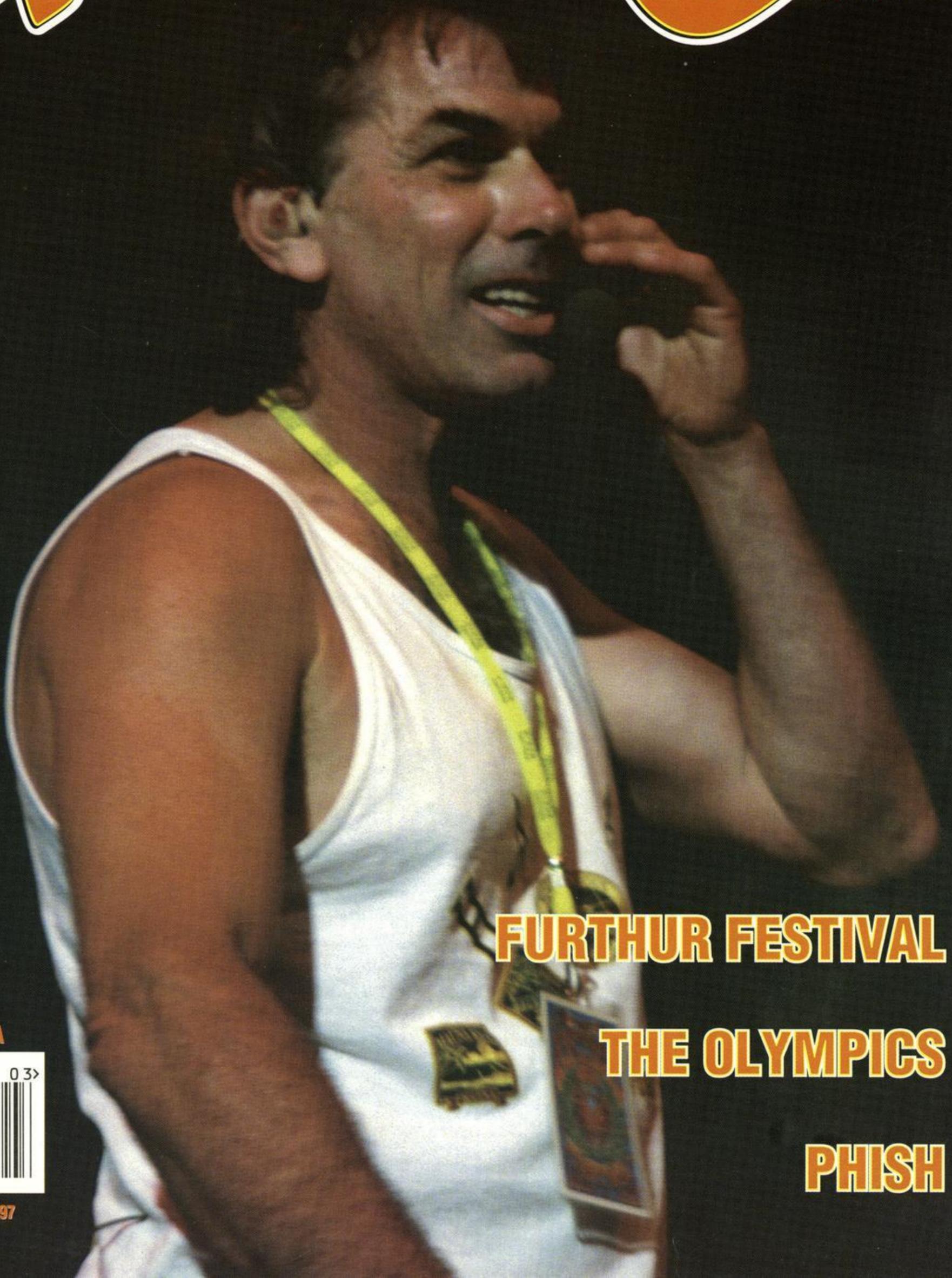


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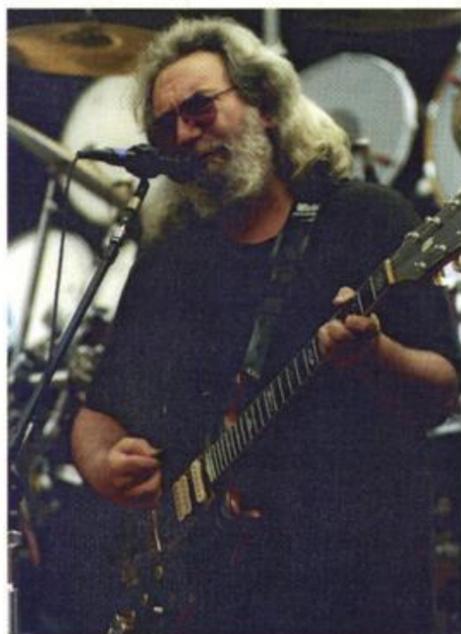
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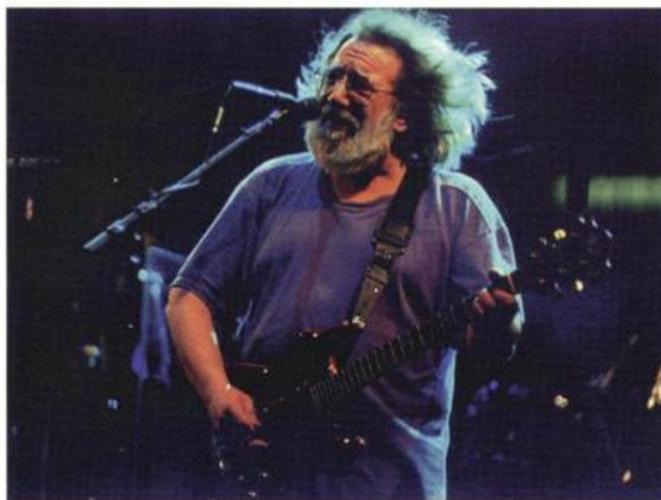
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Cover design: Lewis Newmark

Cover photo: John Zibrida - June 20, 1996, Atlanta, Georgia

The Dead Beat

The 1996 Centennial Dead Olympic Games

In 1992, the Golden State Warriors' Sarunas Marciulionis, a citizen of the then newly-independent nation of Lithuania, and NBA assistant coach Donnie Nelson asked the Grateful Dead to sponsor the Lithuanian National Basketball Team for the Olympics in Barcelona. The Dead, always willing to help a good cause, gave a gift of \$5,000.

A mutual friend gave t-shirts and warm-up sweats tie-dyed in green, red, and yellow,

Mickey Hart composed "Call To The Nations" and the elaborate drum production at the beginning of the Opening Ceremony of the Centennial Olympic Games. The drum production consisted of 100 percussionists on, around, and suspended from ten drum towers colored to correspond with the colors of the five rings on the Olympic flag (the rings represent the five continents which participate in the Olympics). The drum towers were designed and built by Remo Drums in California and were transported to Atlanta by train. Each drum tower was fifteen feet high with nearly twenty drums. The wonderful performance created by Hart was a highlight of the Opening Ceremony.

One of the high-profile stars of the USA swim team, Gary Hall, Jr., a self-described slacker and Deadhead, was shown in an NBC bio piece wearing a Steal Your Face baseball cap while sitting next to his restored 1962 VW microbus. He also

wore a Jerry Garcia t-shirt before one race. Hall won four medals: silver in the 50m and 100m freestyle, and gold in the 400m freestyle relay and the 400m medley relay.

NBC used "Tennessee Jed" as the lead-in music for their coverage of the white water kayaking and canoeing events which were held on a river in Tennessee. It was the first time in many years that these events were held on a natural waterway.

And of course, the Lithuanian National Basketball Team was back, led by NBA stars Sarunas Marciulionis and Arvydas Sabonis. In addition to the Dead, they added a bigger sponsor, Reebok, who furnished them with traditional warm-ups instead of the tie-dye that they wore in 1992. They won the bronze medal again and stood atop the podium proudly during the medal ceremony.

During the Lithuania vs. USA game, NBC commentator Marv Albert mentioned that the Lithuanian team was sponsored by the Grateful Dead for the second straight Olympics. Former basketball star and longtime Deadhead Bill Walton then said, "There has always been a synergy between sports and music, based on creativity, speed, electricity, and teamwork. And the Dead, who've always represented the underdog and the struggle for freedom (the theme of this Olympics), they've always been willing to step forward and do their part."

Later in the game, NBC aired one of Coca-Cola's special-for-the-Olympics theme ads in which the bright red Coke bottle cap flashed on the screen with a series of words, "No one in the world expected them to win. In '92, they showed that pride means Lithuanian. They packed up all their bags, went off to the games. We'll always speak their names, always Coca-Cola." Bright and colorful tie-dye and fractal backgrounds flashed behind the Coke bottle cap, while an extremely "Truckin'"-like tune played. The closing shot had the bottle cap framed by, "ALWAYS TRUCKIN' ALWAYS COCA-COLA," an obvious acknowledgment of the Dead.

A five-minute NBC bio on the Lithuanian team a few days later, with "One More Saturday Night" from *Europe '72* as background music, mentioned the Dead as the team's benefactor several times and included a short interview with Mickey Hart regarding the Dead's support of the Lithuanian Team. Additionally, assistant coach Donnie Nelson displayed a jersey available from Grateful Dead Mercantile on the shoulder of which there was a small black circle with a white Jerry Garcia hand print. Nelson described the symbol as a memorial to Jerry, an important part of the success of the team. It was a fitting tribute.

The battle over Lithuanian Basketball t-shirts

Artist Greg Speirs of Slow Leak Apparel Inc., who designed the original Lithuanian team t-shirt for the 1992 Olympic Games, has won a preliminary injunction preventing a manufacturer and licensee of the Grateful Dead and Lithuanian National Basketball Team from marketing, merchandising, and distributing the t-shirt.

The injunction, issued by the State Supreme Court in White Plains, N.Y., prohibits the display, sale, and marketing of apparel resembling the 1992 slam dunking skeleton design.

In an interview in Atlanta during the 1996 Summer Olympic Games by NBC affiliate WCAU-TV of Philadelphia, Speirs said, "I would just like the Grateful Dead and Lithuanian team to return the favor and get behind me, especially since it was my creation which allowed all those millions to be made. I feel I was misled about the original intentions of the first shirt, which was supposed to be solely for charity. But somewhere along the way their charity turned into greed. Sales of the shirts made millions, with a portion going to charity. I guess the flower children of the '60s have become the greedy money moguls of the '90s. Jerry Garcia would be turning in his grave. That's why we're in court suing for \$12 million, and that's what the case is about." Speirs added, "This started out as a twenty shirt donation. The slam dunking skeleton was supposed to depict a team



UC reader Jack Sprince in the 100th Boston Marathon

low, the colors of the Lithuanian flag, with "LITHUANIA" above a skeleton slam-dunking a basketball. The team wore these shirts as part of its uniform throughout the Olympics. The Lithuanian team became known as "Team Tie-dye" and the Grateful Dead became a noteworthy part of the Barcelona Summer Olympics. When the Lithuanian team won the bronze medal and stood on the victory stand in their tie-dyes, the Dead and Deadheads alike were proud. Through their generosity, the Grateful Dead became a part of the Olympic spirit, synonymous with peace, charity, and goodwill.

Following the media attention lavished upon the Lithuanian team and the Dead, the t-shirts were a huge hit and sales of the shirts were unprecedented. GDM worked overtime to fill orders from across the globe. Thus far, over \$250,000 has been donated to children's charities in Lithuania and the Lithuanian team from proceeds of sales of the 1992 t-shirt.

So, when the Centennial Summer Olympic Games began on July 20 in Atlanta, it wasn't the first time the Grateful Dead were a part of the Summer Olympics, but it was during the 1996 Olympics, the largest and most commercial media spectacle in history, that the Dead arrived. Not only was the Lithuanian team back again, but band members, songs, and Deadheads were everywhere.

coming up from nothing, and 'Skullman' symbolized the spirit of the Olympics. For the team it symbolized victory, and for their country, independence."

In an interview with the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Grateful Dead publicist Dennis McNally said that Speirs claims are not true. McNally said, "I have been assured by Grateful Dead Merchandising that we sold roughly 25,000 of the original shirts in 1992, and very few after that."

"We gave a modest donation of \$5,000 [to the Lithuanian team], which we wouldn't have even publicized except that a mutual friend came up with the really clever idea to give them tie-dyed warm-up suits and t-shirts," McNally said. "We went to Not Fade Away, one of our licensees, who had an in-house artist named Greg Speirs create a logo. There was never a commercial endeavor. From every shirt sold we gave \$10 to a Lithuanian school since the Olympics were over. No doubt a modest profit was made here and there, but even if you double the number of t-shirts sold, you still don't come up with millions of dollars."

An entire section of the Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Mass., is devoted to the Lithuanian team's story with a giant 12 foot by 7 foot three-dimensional slam dunking "Skullman" hanging from the rafters. Included in the exhibit is an array of

"Skullman" memorabilia, Sarunas Marciulionis' Lithuanian team uniform, and the original artwork used to create the first Lithuanian Olympic shirt.



New Garcia/Grisman

From August 1990 to July 1995, Jerry Garcia and David Grisman got together for over 40 recording sessions at Dawg Studios. They played blues, jazz, folk songs, pop tunes, country, bluegrass, made up some weird stuff, and wrote several original tunes.

For the past few months, between gigs, Grisman has been busy in the studio putting together the first new Garcia/Grisman release since Jerry's death. The project will be titled *Shady Grove* and will be comprised entirely of traditional folk songs and ballads recorded by the duo during these sessions. Besides the title track,

the album includes "Stealin'," "The Sweet Sunny South," (featuring both Jerry and David on five-string banjos), "Off to Sea Once More," "The Handsome Cabin Boy," "Fair Ellender," and eight more unreleased performances from the Dawg vaults.

Some of the arrangements feature just the pair on guitar and mandolin with Jerry delivering the vocals. Others include the rhythm team of Jim Kerwin (bass) and Joe Craven (percussion and fiddle). Bryan Bowers (autoharp), Will Scarlett (mouth harp), and Matt Eakle (flute) are also heard on this down-to-earth collection of American roots music. Words to the tunes and informative notes by folklorist and musician John Cohen (the New Lost City Ramblers) will round out this package, due to be released this fall by Acoustic Disc.

Did you know him?

One year later, one of two men killed in a June 25, 1995 one-car wreck near Emporia, Va., is still unidentified. The unidentified man was white, 20 to 25 years old, 5 foot 8, 169 pounds, and had brown eyes and shoulder-length, wavy light brown hair. He was dressed in blue jeans, black tennis shoes with black laces, and a white 1995 Grateful Dead Summer Tour t-shirt.

He only had two items in his possession, two ticket stubs from the Dead's concerts at



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R.F.K. Stadium in Washington, D.C., and a note in his pocket which read, "To Jason, Sorry we had to go. See you around. Caroline O. and Caroline T."

Police believe the unidentified man had been to the R.F.K. shows and was hitchhiking between Fairfax and Gloucester when he was picked up by Michael Hager of Inman, S.C. Hager was on his way home from visiting his girlfriend in Fairfax.

If you can help identify, call Trooper Ted Jones at (800) 582-8350.

Kahn's cause of death "undetermined"

On June 29, the *Marin Independent Journal* reported that former Jerry Garcia Band bass player John Kahn was suffering from heart disease and had a potentially fatal dose of heroin in his system when he died on May 30 in his Mill Valley home. The Marin County coroner listed the official cause of death as "undetermined." Kahn's blood also contained an anti-depressant drug as well as cocaine.

Deane Berman



The scene before the Furthur Festival at Great Woods

Grateful Dead 1977-1995

On September 17, Arista Records released *Grateful Dead 1977-1995*, a retrospective two-CD set of the Dead's Arista recordings from *Terrapin Station* through *Without A Net*. The material was digitally remastered to high-definition compact disc from the original studio and live master recordings. Included are:

Disc 1: Estimated Prophet (*Terrapin Station*), Passenger (*Terrapin Station*), Samson & Delilah (*Terrapin Station*), Terrapin Station (*Terrapin Station*), Good Lovin' (*Shakedown Street*), Shakedown Street (*Shakedown Street*), Fire On The Mountain (*Shakedown Street*), I Need A Miracle (*Shakedown Street*), Alabama Getaway (*Go To Heaven*), Far From Me (*Go To Heaven*), Saint Of Circumstance (*Go To Heaven*), Dire Wolf (*Reckoning*), Cassidy (*Reckoning*), Feel Like A Stranger (*Dead*

Set), Franklin's Tower (*Dead Set*)

Disc 2: Touch Of Grey (*In The Dark*), Hell In A Bucket (*In The Dark*), West L.A. Fadeaway (*In The Dark*), Throwing Stones (*In The Dark*), Black Muddy River (*In The Dark*), Foolish Heart (*Built To Last*), Built To Last (*Built To Last*), Just A Little Light (*Built To Last*), Picasso Moon (*Built To Last*), Standing On The Moon (*Built To Last*), Eyes Of The World (*Without A Net*)

Concert business Dead in 1996

In July, *Pollstar* reported that concert revenues for the first half of 1996 were down

substantially compared to the same period last year, due in large part to the Grateful Dead's absence and the ending of the Eagles successful and lucrative tour. The Grateful Dead, who have not toured since July 1995, grossed \$29 million for concerts during the first six months of 1995. The Eagles, who took in \$61 million during the first half of 1995, earned \$10 million in the ten shows this year that ended their tour.

At the end of June, revenues for the top 25 tours of 1996 totaled \$239 million, a 26 percent drop from \$322 million in 1995.

Lighting Furthur

After seeing the spectacular lighting at this summer's Furthur Festival, most assumed that the lighting was designed and

operated by Candace Brightman, longtime lighting designer for the Grateful Dead. In fact, the lighting was Light and Sound Design's ICON system, designed and directed by Jason Richardson. LSD worked with Brightman in the past on the Grateful Dead's lighting design.

Nobody's Vault But Mine

Another edition of "Nobody's Vault But Mine," an evening of music rolled and programmed by Grateful Dead vaultmeister Dick Latvala and the Grateful Dead Hour's David Gans, was held at the Fillmore

Auditorium in San Francisco on June 29. The main event of the evening, the music, consisted of: "Jam (unknown date and venue; probably late 1968), Bertha> Good Lovin' (10/21/78), That'll Be The Day (GD & Jefferson Airplane 9/7/69), Mexicali Blues (6/8/77), Sugaree (5/19/77), Eternity (7/2/94), Good Lovin' (4/26/71), Eyes of the World> China Doll (2/19/73), Playing in the Band (5/26/93), Ultimate Jam Montage (Mutilaudio by David Gans), Jam> Mojo> The Other One (10/21/78), St. Stephen> Not Fade Away> GDTRFB> Not

Fade Away (4/28/71), Terrapin> Morning Dew (6/7/77), Just A Little Light (2/25/90), Easy Wind (2/27/70), Hard To Handle (8/6/71), Corrina> Drums (6/14/92), Jam> U.S. Blues (6/28/74)"

Grateful New Year's Eve

The 2nd Annual Grateful New Year's Eve party will be held in San Rafael, Calif., on (of course) December 31. The party includes music by The Reptiles, three light shows, free beer and wine, and many surprises. Tickets are currently on sale through GD Ticket Sales (415-457-6388 or www.gratefulnewyears.com).

Special thanks to Susan Dickinson and David Gans for contributing to this article

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Me, Mickey Hart and Zeus

by Scott Engel

My involvement in Mickey Hart's Olympic Opening Ceremony piece occurred in a rather unusual way. My wife, Deborah, plays oboe in the Atlanta Symphony. For at least a year, we had known that the Symphony was going to play a major role in the Opening Ceremony, but never for a moment could I imagine that I would also wind up in the production.

One morning in May, Deborah was listening to the radio and heard, "Mickey Hart of the Grateful Dead is producing a piece for the Opening Ceremony of the Centennial Olympics that will involve 100 drummers and 500 dancers." She immediately told me and I could barely believe my ears. It just seemed too incredibly cool to be true. After I realized that she wasn't kidding, a light or inner voice in my head said,

piece for the Olympics. Bingo! This friend then put me in touch with the person handling the personnel involved in Mickey's piece. Unfortunately, by this time all of the positions were taken, so my name was put on a waiting list. I could do nothing more than wait and hope.

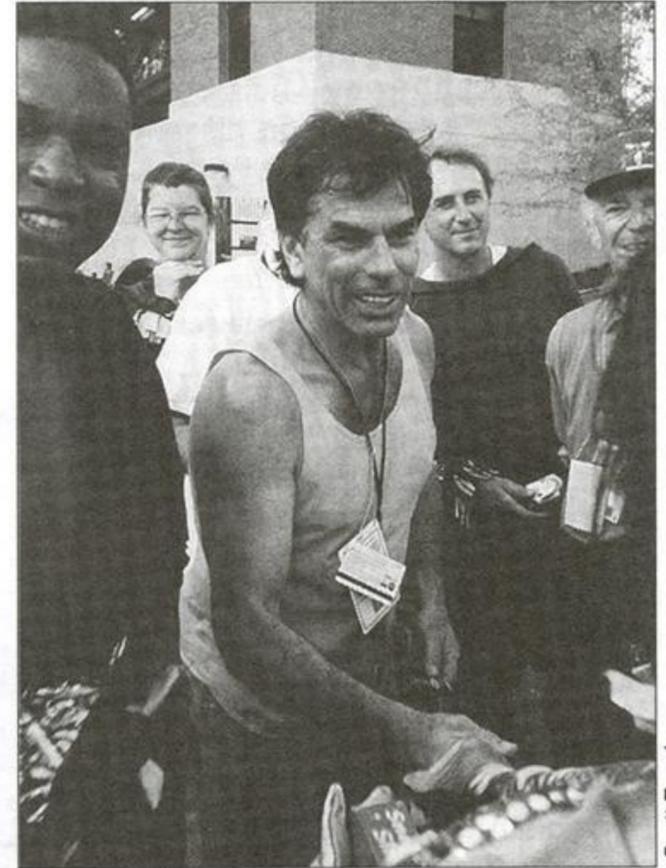
Several weeks passed and sure enough, I got the call. For one reason or another, people had dropped out.

The main person in charge of the Opening and Closing Ceremonies, Kenny Ortega, is one of the top choreographers in Hollywood. He has produced many big time events like Super Bowl Half-Time, Michael and Janet Jackson tours, and blockbuster movies. He was also one of the original members of the Tubes and is a friend of Mickey Hart. It was he who originally asked Mickey to create the first fifteen minutes of the Opening Ceremony.

At the first rehearsal I attended, I auditioned for Kenny so he could decide where I should be placed. I was required to play along with a recording of Mickey's piece. Kenny liked my interpretation and gave me a choice position on one of the green drum towers.

Also at this rehearsal, Kenny showed a video of Mickey and his drummer friends laying down the tracks to "Call To The Nations" at a studio in Sebastopol, California.

The rehearsals were both exhilarating and grueling, sometimes lasting as long as twelve hours. I'll never forget the first time I heard "Call To The Nations" over the Olympic Stadium PA system when we took



Scott Engel

Mickey meets the drummers

the field for our first run through. I think my hair literally stood on end. The sound of the five chanters - Tibetan monks, Joan Baez, Baba Olatunji, Gospel, and Middle Eastern - echoing around the empty stadium, calling in the five tribes of the world, was an experience I will never forget. Right then and there I realized that the piece we were learning had tremendous power and global implications beyond anything I had imagined. I also realized that Mickey had done it again! Just as he was able to create magic at countless Dead shows, he had succeeded in taking that good ol' Grateful Dead energy, and transformed and wrapped it in a form fit for transport into every nook and cranny of the globe. An estimated 3.5 billion people, the biggest live audience in history, watched the final performance on TV!

One of the main questions on everyone's minds throughout the rehearsals was whether we would ever actually get to meet Mickey. Kenny and his assistants were very vague whenever it was mentioned. We knew that the Furthur Festival was coming



Ortega and Mickey with drummers before Opening Ceremony

in effect, "You are going to be in this."

I didn't know what to do, so I immediately started calling anyone among our friends and associates who had some connection to the Olympics. Nobody was of any help. I eventually exhausted all of my sources and gave up. A few days later, I was on the phone with a friend who, totally out of the blue, mentioned that a drummer friend of hers was involved in Mickey's percussion



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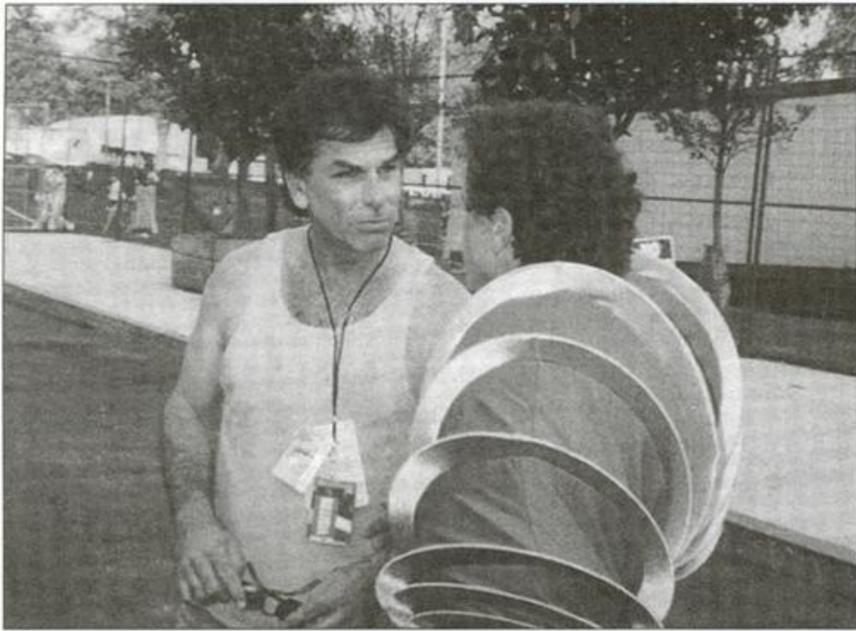
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Mickey and the author

Finally, the big day arrived. The feelings everyone experienced on this day are indescribable. Knowing that for a few brief moments we would truly be the "Eyes of the World," as we performed Mickey's piece before the largest global audience in history, was an awesome experience no one will ever forget. The magic in the air was palpable.

About an hour before we went on, something truly miraculous did occur. In full costume, we started

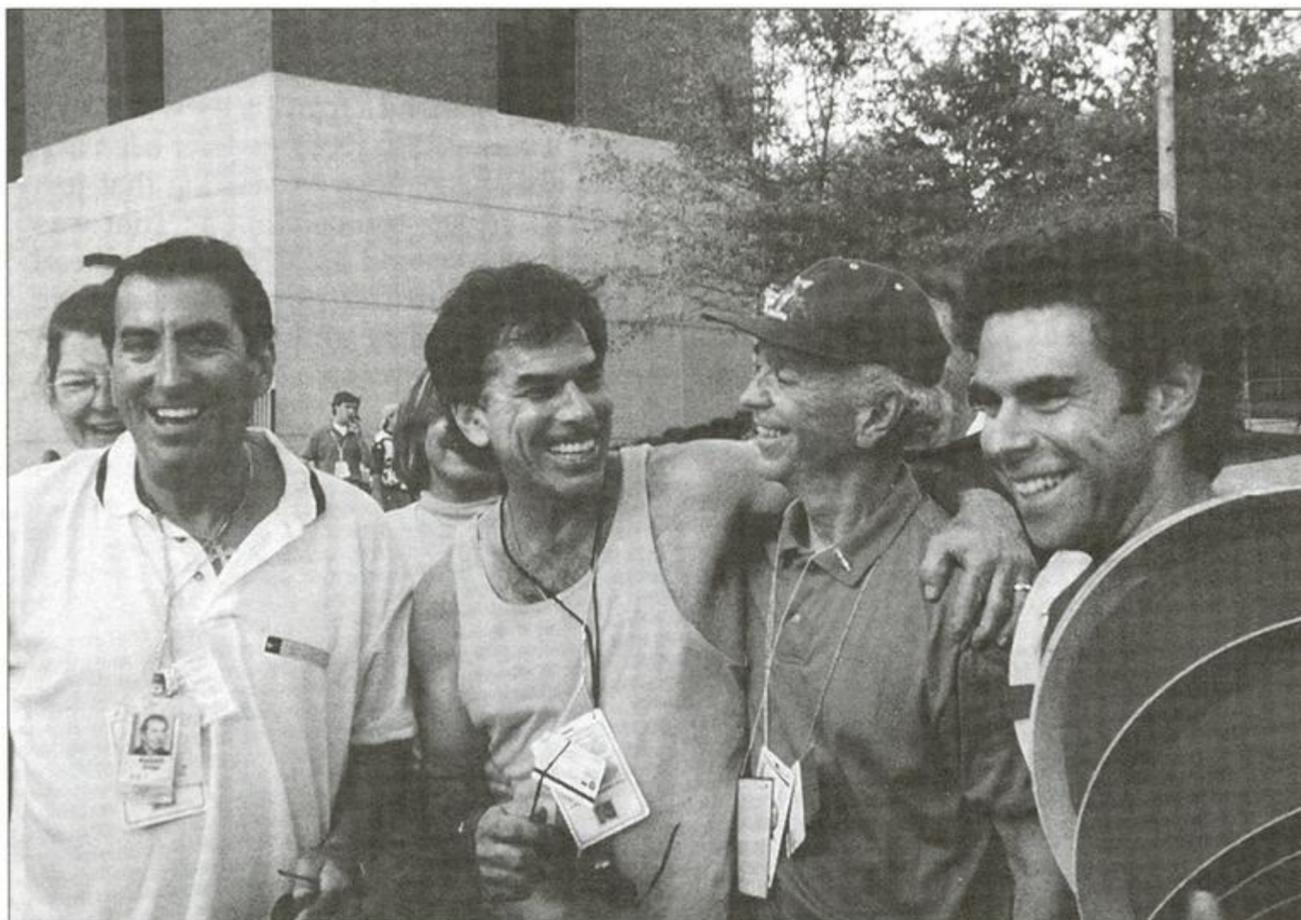
to town soon, on June 20, and that if we were going to have a chance to meet him, that would be when.

Furthur came and went and no sign of Mickey. Then, after the Festival, Kenny made a rather bizarre announcement to us. He said he saw Mickey at Furthur and one of the first things Mickey said to him was, "Where are the drummers?" Ortega asked what he was talking about, and Mickey reminded him that he had told him earlier that he wanted to meet with us all backstage. EXCUSE ME! Apparently Kenny forgot to convey this little piece of information to us. Can you imagine the feeling in the room when 100 drummers decided right then and there they wanted to strangle Kenny Ortega? He apologized and said that Mickey was really upset about this. He also said Mickey was going to do everything he could to tear himself away from the tour and fly in to meet with us before the performance. Nobody really knew whether to believe this or not.

to gather around our drum towers nervously awaiting our call to go on. Suddenly, one of Kenny's assistants came running and announced that Mickey would arrive in fifteen minutes to meet with us. Sure enough, as promised, there was Mickey led to us by Kenny Ortega.

Kenny had us all hold hands and form a circle. Mickey gave us much thanks and encouragement. I'll never forget his final words to us, which somebody suggested would make a great bumper sticker. He said, "Remember, it's the rhythm, Stupid!" paraphrasing Clinton's 1992 campaign mantra, "Remember, it's the economy, Stupid!"

Finally meeting Mickey in such a dramatic manner just before we performed his composition was the perfect culmination to all the work we had done. It gave us tremendous strength and encouragement. Our performance went off without a flaw, and it was unanimous from all the feedback that Mickey's piece was one of the highlights of the Ceremony. ☘



Ortega, Hart and the CEO of Remo drums with drummers before Opening Ceremony

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TOM TOM PRODUCTIONS

Deadhead Heaven
Memorial Day Weekend 1996
Purchase College, New York
by Ray Hogan

Died and Went to Heaven

Upon announcement of Deadhead Heaven, I was a little skeptical. I don't think I was alone. After all, this was the first

The bands featured on the main stage Saturday were moe., the Zen Tricksters, and Max Creek. Much has been said about moe. They are a tight jazz-influenced improvisational band. There were a ton of people in attendance who were extremely familiar with their material. My group wasn't, but we enjoyed them anyway.

Next up were the Zen Tricksters, herald-

spending money many had brought for the weekend.

There was a listening party in the auditorium. David Gans brought choice cuts to accompany the awe-inspiring Speed Of Light Show. The show's visuals are so stunning they can't be put into words. They must be experienced! Although there were seats, thus eliminating dancing, the combination of quality tapes and the Speed of Light Show made the session a highlight of the weekend.

There was an America Online set-up in the union, but the great weather kept most folks outdoors.

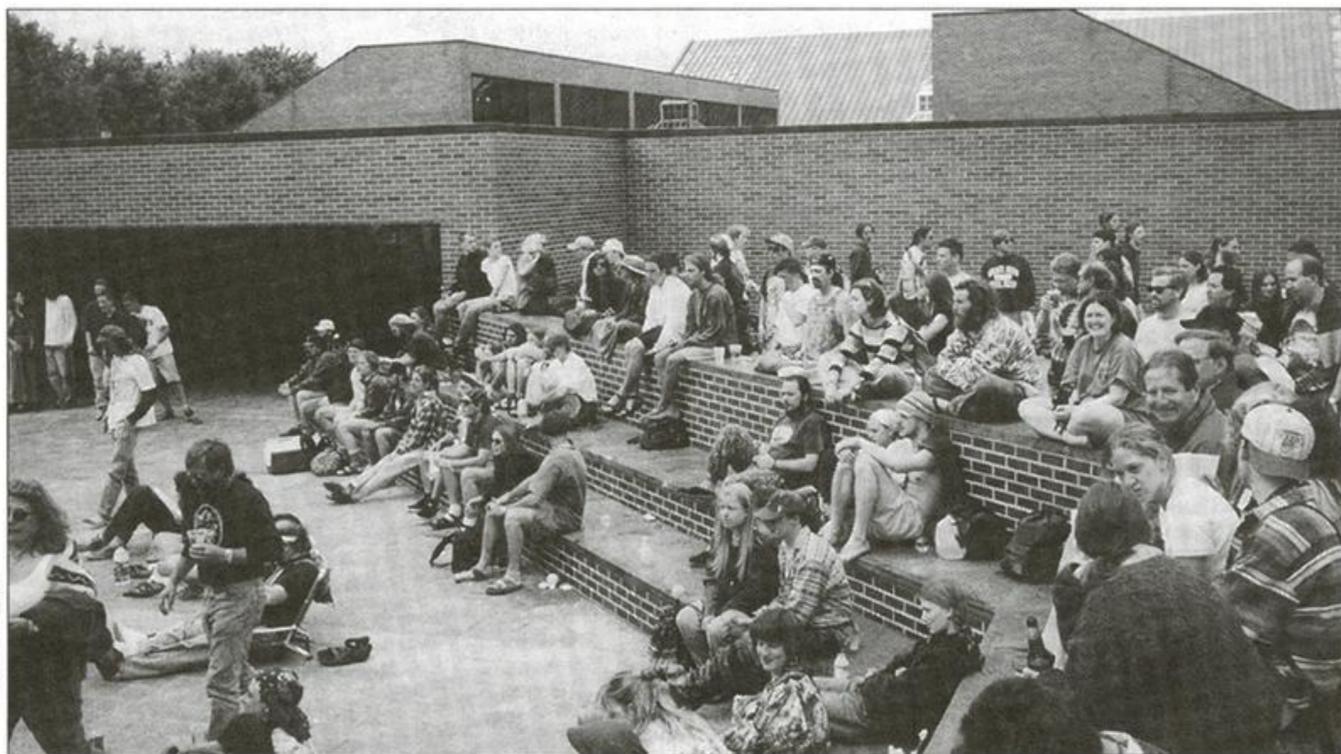
The scene at the campground was relatively tame. Nitrous tanks were sparse and those who chose to party through the night did so quietly. The class of this crowd was ultra-respectful.

Many woke early Sunday to obtain provisions. Sunday morning and early afternoon were spent checking the vending area and seeing some up-and-coming talent on the second stage. Both Solar Circus and Ominous Seapods have the right ingredients for bone shakin' grooves.

Terrapin Tapes hosted a Q & A with David Gans in the afternoon. Questions ranged from provocative to absurd. It was great to get glimpses into the inner workings of The Vault and GD organization. This event was a must for tapers.

Once outside, the skies looked like rain. moe. and the Zen Tricksters both pulled off equally great repeat performances. The Tricksters stunned everyone by encoring with a beautiful "Mission in the Rain." David Gans jammed with moe. Boy, he sure stayed busy this weekend! Amazingly, the rain held off, but the sky was still menacing enough to convince us that warm beds twenty minutes away sounded better than wet tents.

The greatest aspect of Deadhead Heaven was the wonderful crowd it drew and the magic it was able to recreate. Ever been at a Dead show and have the feeling that just about anything could happen? That was the vibe all weekend. In that lies Deadhead Heaven's greatest attribute. Perhaps we have learned Jerry and Co.'s lessons in ways they'll never know. ☸



mass Northeast gathering since August. Could there still be a scene? How has the scene changed without its reluctant leader as the focal point? Can we still create magic together? There were many questions to be answered.

Those in attendance at this "Gathering of the Tribe" know that the scene is as healthy (possibly in some ways healthier) as always. And if the official end of the Grateful Dead on December 10 was closure, Memorial Day weekend on the rustic campus of Purchase College was rebirth. A pleasant crowd of over 6,000, with only a couple of exceptions, was composed of those who cared and nurtured the scene before. Gone was the nonsense that heart-wrenchingly plagued the 1995 Summer Tour. Music, friendship, and ritual were what drew the devoted to this event.

Two stages were set up on each side of the student union so there was continuous music. It would have been next to impossible to catch every second of every band, but there was much more than live bands happening this weekend.

There was a full open air vendors market on the way to the campground, which was conveniently located only five minutes from the stages. Kudos are in order to both *Dupree's Diamond News* and Terrapin Tapes for running such a smooth event. Enough can't be said about their preparation and hospitality. Extreme thanks are in order to John Dwork and Ken Hayes who both went way beyond the call of duty as hosts. I'm sure most in attendance join me in saying thanks.

ed as the New York area's premier Dead cover band. That description is pretty much on the mark. If you need a band to play your favorite Dead songs with reverence and adeptness, the Tricksters are that band. They especially shine in their renditions of earlier material like "Viola Lee Blues." They'll make you boogie for sure! *Skeleton Key* author Steve Silberman and the Grateful Dead Hour's David Gans joined their set. Silberman's spoken-word rap was extremely cool and Gans sure seemed to enjoy himself on stage.

Saturday's headliner was Max Creek, possibly a mistake. They've been around for twenty years, and while that is admirable, they don't do anything overly original. All of their original tunes have traces - if not complete sonic plagiarism - of Dead songs. Maybe there was better music on the second stage.

After Max Creek, we headed for the indoor festivities in the student union.

Terrapin Tapes had a table with tape decks for spinning, live Dead concert videos on monitors, and, of course, Maxells for sale at grateful prices. There were also vending booths inside, many selling Rob Cohn photographs at high prices or at least too expensive for the



The Furthur Festival



Janna Fulbright

Bruce Hornsby - July 29 Shoreline Amphitheater

June 20, 1996
Lakewood Amphitheater
Atlanta, Georgia
by Wildman Steve Bronson

The weather was hot and the anticipation high as we headed to Lakewood Amphitheater for the first show of the Furthur Festival. Despite that the tickets claimed that the parking lots would open at 1 pm, we headed to the venue at about noon to find that they were really waiting till then to open the lot. The scene took shape quickly as many other heads had done likewise.

Shades of 1979... The tourist and negative factors that had plagued the last few GD tours were all but gone completely. Drum circles sprang up quickly and vending, although less intense, was brisk. The scene was excellent and lots of fun, but short.

Hot Tuna took the stage ten minutes early. Jorma, Jack, and band played a searing set of electric blues/rock that most of the local workday heads missed since it lasted a mere 35 minutes.

The vending inside was rather corporate, mostly licensed manufacturers like Liquid Blue selling product that is available in most Deadhead shops around the country. That didn't stop anyone from buying. It looked like these vendors were doing pretty well.

After Hot Tuna, John Wesley Harding took the stage between electric acts and did an entertaining set of acoustic folk music.

Los Lobos rocked hard for an ever-growing audience that was starting to boogie. I was unfamiliar with them live, and was mightily impressed!

During the next set break, the Flying Karamazov Brothers did their first of many routines which included juggling, music, (mostly) bad jokes, and general mayhem. They were entertaining, but bring on Bruce!

Hornsby shook the house with a fantastic set that included songs from his last two albums, a rippin' "Valley Road," and a jammed-out "GDTRFB." He played over an hour, but it was still WAY too short.

The sun finally set and the temperature was steadily decreasing as Mickey Hart's Mystery Box started. Five songs from his new CD rounded out the first half. Luckily, I was prepared for the rather drastic change from the GD sound, because I had already heard the disc. Some were not so prepared since the disc had only been available for about a week. I watched the audience react with widely varied emotions as the Mint Juleps sang perfect harmony over the pop R&B arrangements. Some really got off on it, while others sat in disbelief mumbling something about disco being dead. Midway through the set, the drums took over for a good jam, then into "Down the Road," an ode to Jerry and numerous other past heroes which sounds vaguely like a world version of "Friend of the Devil." They ended the set with the original demo-like arrangement of "Fire on the Mountain," complete with rapped vocals

and the extra verse. Pretty cool.

After an interminably long break with the Karamazovs, RatDog finally took the stage. Bob was in fine form, looking and sounding confident. His set was great, with a new and better arrangement of "Eternity," a "Masterpiece" that brought tears to my eyes, and Rob cooking on an "Amazing Grace > Star Spangled Banner" solo. After ending the regular set with "Easy Answers," the whole crew, including Bruce, Jorma, Jack, the Los Lobos guys, Mickey, and a bunch more, came out to jam a rather disorganized "Not Fade Away," and then "Johnny B. Goode," which wasn't much more together.

With the show over, we headed to the lot exhausted from seven hours of dancing and sweating in the heat, and it looked like they weren't going to let us hang in the lot very long... On to Charlotte!

June 22, 1996
Blockbuster Pavilion
Charlotte, North Carolina
by Wildman Steve Bronson

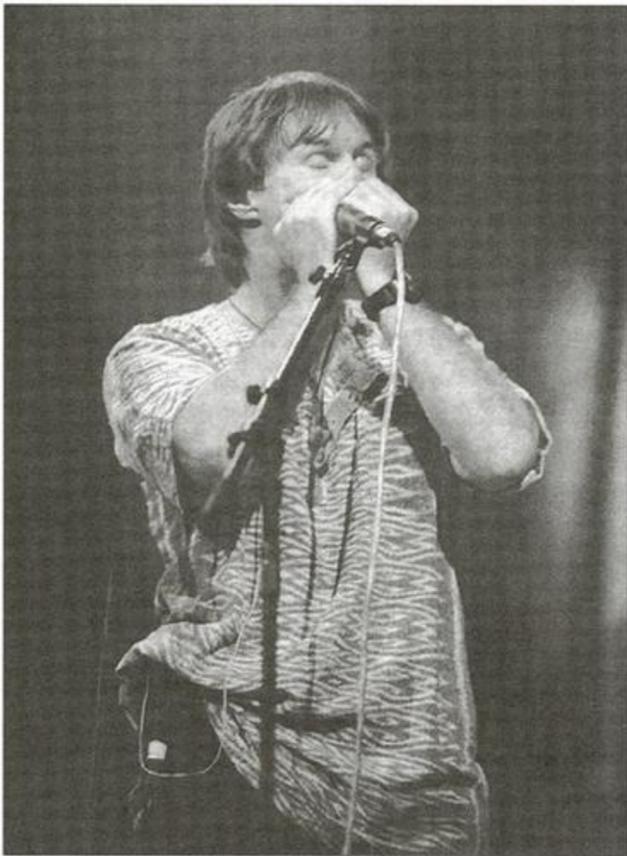
We reached the campground in Charlotte on Friday afternoon. The crowd grew to great proportions as the day wore on. Nitrous tanks started hissing in the mid-afternoon and continued on through the early morning hours. Bonfires and drum circles abound, and a small Shakedown formed along one of the roads. This scene was smaller in size and number than, say, Deer Creek the last few years, yet even higher quality. Again, the negative factors seen in recent tours were gone. There was some amount of juvenilia - fireworks, abuse of the bathrooms, etc. - but all in all, a kind scene. The cops, however, weren't fooled by the name change. As far as they were concerned, it was a Grateful Dead concert, and they patrolled the campground and hassled young hippies through the early evening hours.

On Saturday, the parking lots opened late and the show started early, so the pre-show scene was short. Hot Tuna played another smokin' set, repeating two songs and again only playing about 30 minutes.

Blockbuster Pavilion was beginning to fill as Los Lobos jammed hard in a set that included a requested "Evangeline" and a rippin' "Bertha."

The sun was scorching and baking everyone as Bruce came out for his unbelievable set which climaxed when Bob joined him for an overwhelming "Jack Straw." The crowd was sweat-soaked from dancing and I saw more than a few teary-eyed folks after that one!

Mystery Box came out as the sun began to set and did the exact set, note-for-note, that they had done in Atlanta. Even the



Jill Calhoun

RatDog's Matt Kelly - June 22 Charlotte

drums section was obviously choreographed. I found this aspect of the show somewhat disappointing, but from my fifth row seat, I found new respect for Mickey's new project. He is simply having a BLAST, and the percussionists are incredible. I believe that what Mickey is doing could have a far-reaching effect on exposing World-music styles to pop R&B audiences. If he can do that, more power to him.

RatDog's Charlotte set eclipsed the

Atlanta set to some extent as Bob was even more radiant and focused. The show included a jammin' "Walkin' Blues," "Youngblood," and a powerful "Throwing Stones" which ended the regular set with Hornsby sitting in.

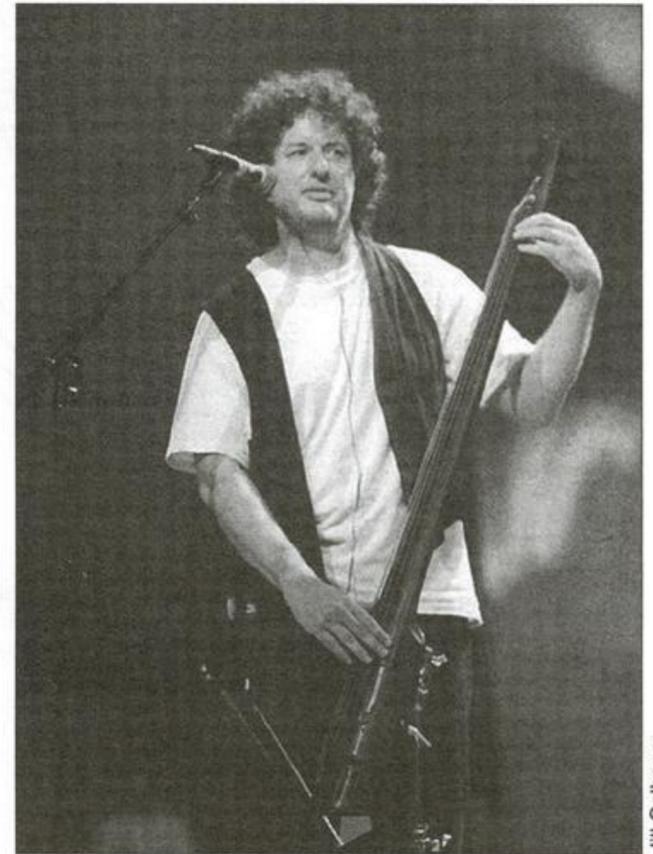
Mickey, Jorma Kaukonen, and Jack Casady joined for a rousing "Good Lovin'" followed by a shaky-start "Promised Land" that gelled into a hot rocker. Then the Tuna boys were replaced by the guitarists from Los Lobos who helped solidify a smokin' "One More Saturday Night." Boy, that David Hidalgo can RIP! They all left the stage and came back for an emotional "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" that had everyone singing along at the finale.

Seven hours dancing hard in the hot, searing sun takes a lot out of you. We hobbled back to our car and headed for the campground as the security began clearing the lot immediately after the show. As we got off the interstate and turned toward the campground... surprise! A police "license check" roadblock. We heard some scary stories about that later. The scene was even bigger than the night before, despite the fact that Raleigh shows were the next day and many planned to head up early to a free campground in that area. Nitrous was flowing massively and the party and drum circle lasted until the sun came up. By noon, most were on to the next show, but, alas, my tour was over and we headed home

wishing we could continue till the end.

June 23, 1996
Walnut Creek Amphitheater
Raleigh, North Carolina
 by Scott Pegg

With a daytime temperature of 98 degrees and the heat index well into triple digits, Raleigh almost felt like being back in Vegas again. The heat and humidity led



Jill Calhoun

Rob Wasserman - June 22 Charlotte

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Bruce Hornsby & Mickey Hart - June 22 Charlotte

"Mystery Train." As always, it seemed like no one was having any more fun than Bruce Hornsby.

Mickey Hart's Mystery Box was the festival highlight. This band rocked from start to finish and there was not a single low moment in the entire set. Whatever you call that special x-factor or magic that the Dead had when they were on, these

guy were clearly drawing from the same well. It was obvious just a few seconds into the opening drum solo that led to "Full Steam Ahead" that we were in for a command performance. "Where Love Goes (Sito)" and "The Sandman" were other early highlights. Later in the set, Bruce added accordion to a sweet and melodic version of "Down the Road." He also stayed out for the set-closing "Fire on the Mountain." Mickey's rap-style vocals, Mystery Box's rhythmic overdrive, and the powerful vocal harmonies of the Mint Juleps made this one of the most enjoyable versions of "Fire" that I have ever heard.

to thousands of late arrivals, which kept the parking lot scene mellow and ensured that almost no one went inside in time for Hot Tuna's set. The lot scene centered around a shaded hilltop area which provided the focus for the small crowd of beer drinkers, drummers, and grilled cheese vendors. Security was minimal and unintrusive.

Inside, the lawn and pavilion were an ideal 2/3 full. There were enough people to make it feel like a big event, but not so many that you had to navigate an obstacle course to the bathrooms or the licensed vendors.

Like most, I missed all of Hot Tuna and a good bit of Los Lobos. David Hidalgo and company closed their set with a rousing version of "Bertha" that got the crowd awake and on their feet.

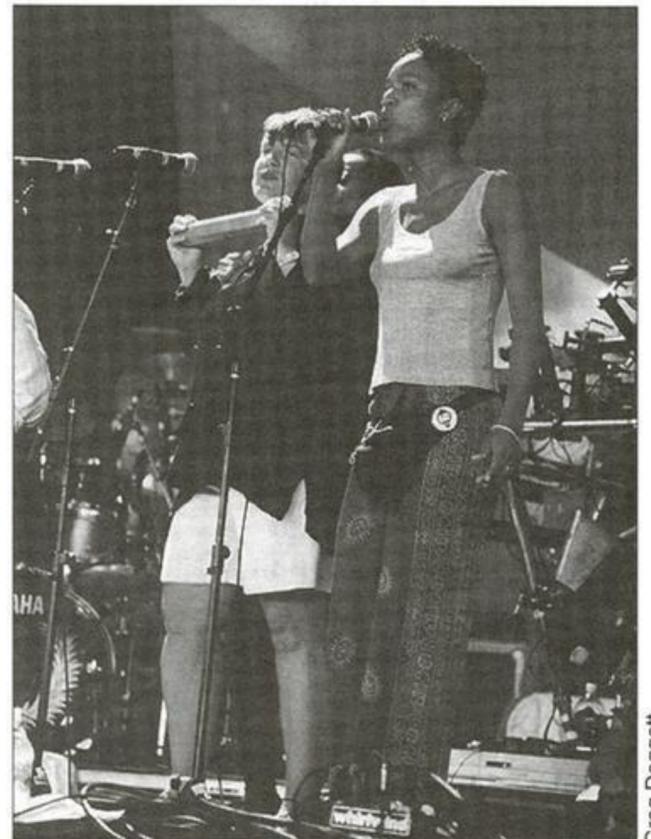
Bruce Hornsby took the stage with no introduction. After opening with "A Night on the Town," Bruce kicked things into high gear with a bluesy "Sugaree." This extended version was fully jammed out, with particularly fine work on the sax solo. The other gem in Bruce's set was the medley of "Long Tall Cool One" into

With Mickey in charge, you know the drums and the rhythm will never be lacking. What adds such a special magic to Mystery Box are the stellar female vocals of the Mint Juleps. This fascinating melange of different cultures and different influences produces such a unique and wonderful sound that one can only hope this outfit stays together long after the Furthur Festival draws to a close.

After the excitement of Mystery Box, a too-long intermission finally brought us to

RatDog. Bob Weir's latest project is an interesting band with a lot of promise. They sound like the Dead merging with a blues band who went to Vegas to play the lounge set. Their set opened with a subtle, acoustic "I Need A Miracle." While fans expect Bob and Rob to be great, Johnnie Johnson's keyboards and Matt Kelly's harmonica are crucial to this band's distinctive sound. Early RatDog highlights included a seriously laid-back version of "It's All Over Now" and Matt Kelly's harmonica work on the instrumental "Juke."

While none of these acts were billed as the Grateful Dead, Jerry Garcia's absence was most poignantly felt during RatDog's "Cassidy." Most of the other Dead and Dead-related numbers sounded fine, but there was clearly a huge hole in the middle of "Cassidy" where Jerry should have been. Perhaps sensing this, Bruce and



Greg Doggett

The Mint Juleps - June 23 Raleigh

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Tim Ashbridge

June 25 - Virginia Beach

Rob both did huge work on this number. Unfortunately, it still didn't quite come off. The personal highlight of the show came next as "Cassidy" gave way to Wasserman's bass solo. He absolutely ripped an instrumental version of "St. Stephen" that had the crowd in a dancing frenzy. Whatever else one might say about the Furthur Festival, those two or three minutes alone were worth the price of admission. The rest of the band returned for a rollicking "Josephine." Johnnie Johnson followed with "Kansas City" before he stepped aside to let Bruce take over on "Truckin'." With Mickey and Bruce on stage, this one was a lot of fun.

Perhaps the only downer of the evening was that such an uplifting "Truckin'" preceded such a lame version of "Knockin' On Heaven's Door." RatDog put on a great show but they really sputtered to a weak finish. The crowd's disappointment was compounded by the lack of an encore. This sent everyone out quite satisfied overall, but also shaking their heads at the way such a great bill limped to a close. Still, the combination of Bruce, Mickey, Bob, Rob, and friends is not one to be missed.

June 26, 1996
Nissan Pavilion
Stone Ridge, Virginia
by Michael Bell

Several thousand people showed up at Nissan Pavilion looking for a Grateful Dead show. Needless to say, they did not find one. I knew not to expect that, but a year and a day after my last Dead show, I have to admit I was looking for something to fill the empty space. Several thousand others were looking for a party. They found it.

At 3:45 Samba Nova, a group of Brazilian drummers with female dancers wearing thongs and ornate feathery head-dresses, came out and played to about 100 people.

Just before the 4 pm official starting time, Hot Tuna took the stage with only a few hundred people in attendance. By set's end, I doubt there were more than a

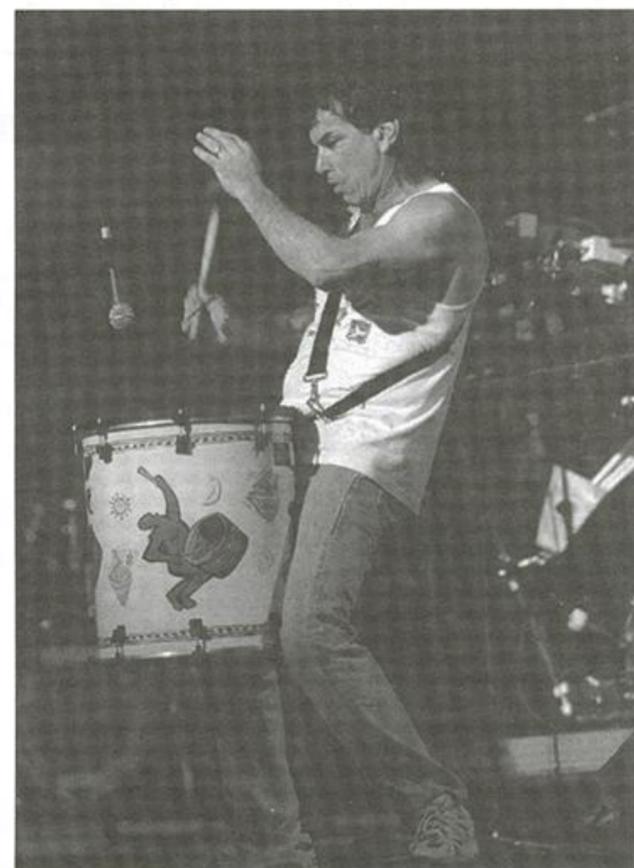
couple thousand in the venue. My first time hearing Hot Tuna live, I thought they played extremely well, but I had a hard time getting excited about them at first. Toward the end of their 45 minute set, they really started cooking and I became more interested. A set that short did not appear to do them justice.

John Wesley Harding is the kind of folk singer to listen closely to lyrics for subtle detail and humor, which is hard to do

with rude drunk people making a lot of noise. The highlight of his set was "Talking Return Of The Great Gangster Folk Scare Blues," which includes the singer's version of "The Lord's Prayer" and all kinds of other good stuff. Too bad so few people paid attention.

Los Lobos' set was the best of the day, but was missed by at least half the approximately 20,000 ticket holders. The group ripped through their material as David Hidalgo's lead guitar lines absolutely seared. Part way through "Last Night I Got Loaded," they segued seamlessly into "Lovelight" and brought the first big reaction as the crowd leapt to its feet. "Mas y Mas" was heavy, rough-edged, and changed directions often with high energy until it built to an intense peak, then descended into a haze of noise. Out of this haze magically came "Bertha" and the crowd again exploded with joy. This may be sacrilege, but I'm inclined toward Los Lobos' version over the Dead's. And I know the rumors of Hidalgo joining the remaining members of the Dead are completely ludicrous, but it could be interesting.

Hornsby's set in general was quite



Tim Ashbridge

Mickey Hart - June 25 Virginia Beach



Ken Kazerski

Samba Nova dancer - July 2 Blossom

good, but I have heard him better. In smaller, more relaxed venues, the subtleties of his playing can be appreciated more easily. After his second tune, he started diddling on piano and improvising lyrics that ended along the lines of "When in Rome..." He switched over to accordion and busted into "GDTRFB," which got the crowd up and going. Although a little sluggishly played, Debbie Henry really wailed on the vocals. "White

Wheeled Limousine" featured fine playing by the horn section and took a weird detour into "99 Bottles of Beer."

Hornsby's set caught fire with "Another Day," which featured a jam similar to "Estimated Prophet." The tune veered into Dylan's "It Takes A Lot To Laugh..." "Another Day" returned to a big ending and Hornsby headed off the stage. He returned almost immediately and launched into a dizzying "Spider Fingers" to close his set. This tune, with the repeated piano notes, is a wonderful showpiece for Hornsby's imposing piano abilities.

Alvin Youngblood Hart appeared solo on acoustic guitar doing traditional blues. I missed most of his set as I headed for the bathroom, to stretch my legs, and to check out the sanctioned vending area.

The crowd screamed with expectation as Mickey Hart's Mystery Box was introduced. The drummers appeared from the sides with ethnic drumming and chanting. They worked their way back to their percussion stations, the beat came pounding in, and the Mint Juleps appeared. I was not all that fond of the dance music riffs of the CD, but the live sound was more interesting; less produced with the percussion more prominent, an outright onslaught at some points.

By the second dance tune, much of the crowd began to lose interest. "Only the Strange Remain" moved into a percussion break where these talented percussionists

could finally do what they do best. With some great cross-rhythms, particularly five against three, intricate and fascinating sounds filled the air. Samba Nova came out and the stage was full of pounding, pulsing, throbbing drummers.

"Down the Road," with Hornsby on accordion and Hart pacing the front of the stage, was very moving. Closing the set, "Fire on the Mountain" was performed with Weir on guitar, Hornsby again on



Ken Kazerski

Alvin Youngblood Hart - July 3 Pine Knob

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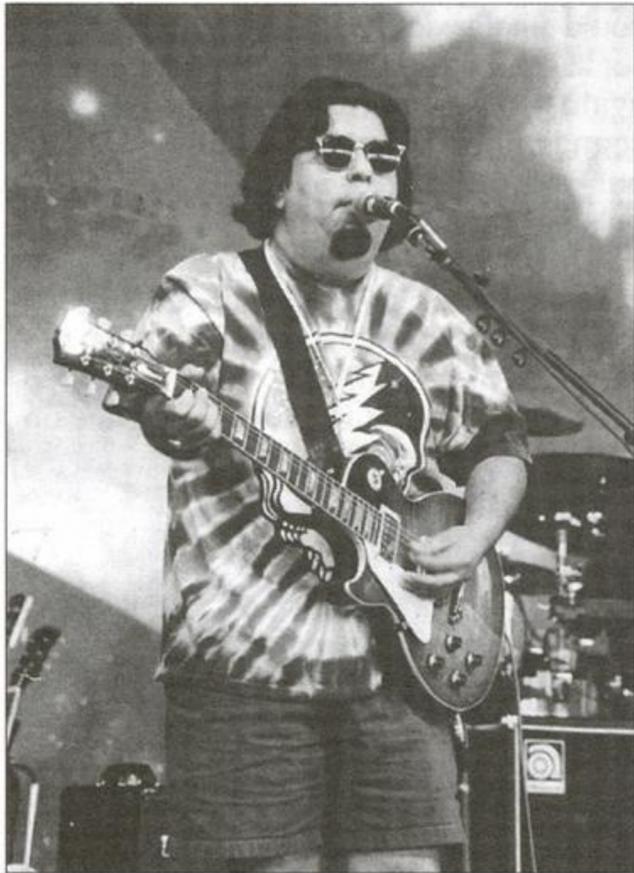
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*Cesar Rosas of Los Lobos
July 3 Pine Knob*

accordion, the Mint Juleps providing smooth shoobie-doo-wops, and Hart doing his proto-rap thing on vocals.

The Flying Karamazovs followed with an impressive display of juggling while playing music by triggering an array of MIDI devices. You had to be there. Weird, wild stuff.

The crowd reaction to RatDog was similar to that of Mystery Box. Much anticipation and excitement was followed by general disinterest except when tunes formerly played by the Dead were performed. "Masterpiece," with Hornsby on accordion, brought one of the bigger audience reactions. The first "I Know You Rider" of the tour had a countryish flavor and was a little clunky. Matt Kelly took the vocal chores and Weir did not sing at all. "The sun's gonna shine..." and "Headlight" verses were reversed; no great crime on the surface, but the song flows better when it's done the usual way. Wasserman turned in a bad-ass solo that reminded me of Jerry.

Later, Wasserman's exploratory bass solo included a jam on "St. Stephen" that

aroused the crowd. The legendary pianist Johnny Johnson excelled on the blues oriented tunes and straight-ahead rockers, but seemed out of his element on the other stuff.

Weir's convoluted guitar intro to "The Weight" started the All Star Jam. Several folks took turns at the vocals while Hornsby and Jorma provided some fantastic solos. "Low Spark of High Heeled Boys," with Hornsby on lead vocals, featured horn players from all of the bands and another burning solo from David Hidalgo. "Around & Around" was cut short by the 11 pm curfew just when it began to really build strong.

The All Star Jam seemed a little timid and forced. I'd say they were still getting used to playing with each other and trying to see what would work. Overall, I think most of the performers were still getting acclimated to the short sets, strict schedule, general flow of things, etc. There were several beautiful moments, but I left the place with an empty feeling due largely in part to an indifferent audience.

June 28, 1996
Deer Creek Music Center
Noblesville, Indiana
by Mark Linton

Nearly a year to the day since the ill-fated GD performance in this same venue, the Furthur Festival brought familiar sights, sounds, and smells to Deer Creek. We arrived at the campground about 6 pm the day before the show, and the crowd was noticeably (and predictably) smaller than the previous year. However, by nightfall the area was nearly as crowded as in 1995. The same vibe was apparent, but with muted anticipation and subdued excitement we waited to find out what life after the Grateful Dead would be like.

Upon arrival, the parking lot on the south side of the venue was in full swing, with vending, tail-gating, and drum circles pro-

ceeding unabated by the local gens d'armes. As we walked toward the gates, we ran the gauntlet of vendors on the sidewalk and it felt great to be back. Chalio Eduardo & Samba Nova were laying down some nice percussion in the parking lot, announcing that the show was about to begin.

Hot Tuna set the tone on this sunny afternoon with their blues/boogie interpretation of "Walkin' Blues." This was my first exposure to live Hot Tuna, and I thought they were the perfect way to kick things off.

John Wesley Harding played a short acoustic set, but I was in hot pursuit of shade and water, so I missed a good portion of his set. On my way back, I saw that some clever Deadheads had taped a sign on the back wall which said, "SORRY ABOUT THE FENCE." One of those moments when I felt proud to be associated with this extended family.

Los Lobos opened with strong versions of "I Walk Alone" and "Evangeline" to ratchet the energy levels up a notch. They are a fantastic live band, but the pavilion was only about half full. A few songs later, "Peace" brought people to their feet dancing for the first time. It seemed like the crowd acknowledged that this was going to be a long day in the sun and conserved its energy for the latter acts. But the intensity of the jam in "Peace" near the end was incredible, prompting Cesar Rosas to ask, "We didn't get too psychedelic on you, did we?" This searing set closed with



Jay Novack

Jack Casady & Jorma - July 10 Great Woods

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"Mas y Mas" then "Bertha," which brought the remaining seated people to their feet for a rousing yet different version of one of our old favorites.

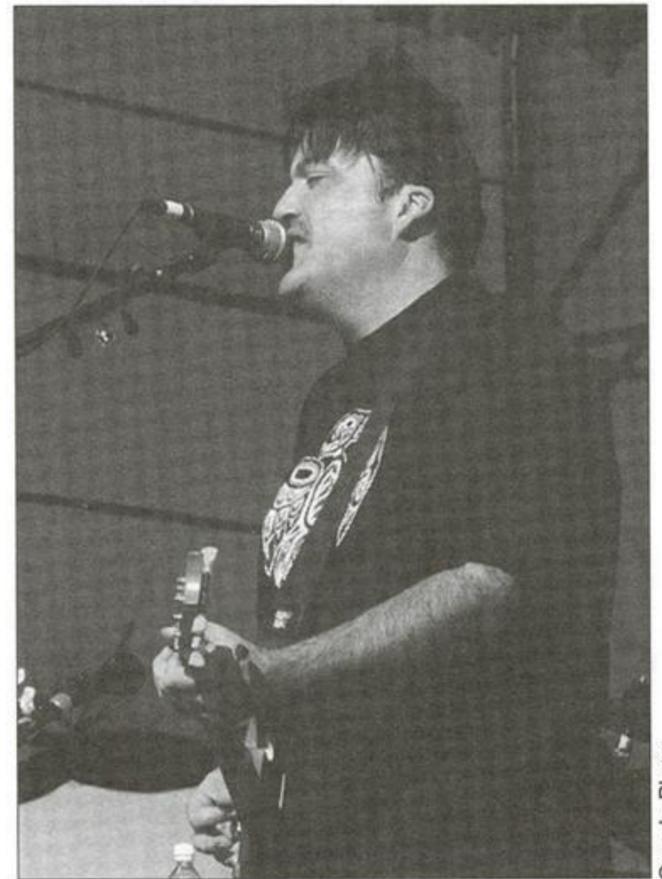
Bruce Hornsby's set commenced with a peppy "Hot House Ball." Always the consummate showman, Bruce was arguably the day's MVP(erformer). "Iko Iko" brought another roar from the crowd, as did "Carry The Water," which went into a verse of "Werewolves Of London." Bruce surprised many with a masterful "Valley Road > Mystery Train" to close his set on a very high note.

A largely inattentive crowd missed Alvin Youngblood Hart, one of the day's highlights for me. Alvin opened with a track from his new album, *Big Momma's Door*, which asks the age-old musical question, "Whatchoo gonna do when your biscuit roller's gone?" This guy's the real deal. Go buy the CD. You won't be disappointed.

Mickey Hart's Mystery Box was greeted with exultation and expectation. It was good to see him again. He's surrounded himself with good friends, incredible musicians, and a new energy. "Full Steam Ahead" was my first glimpse of the Mint Juleps, a silky smooth sextet that knocked my socks off; beautifully harmonized vocals on a foundation of world class percussion - the aural equivalent of a snow-covered mountain in the Colorado Rockies. Unfortunately, the set was plagued with a variety of technical diffi-

culties. "Jewe" led into the set highlight, "The Sandman," which was incredible. Following on the heels of that momentum, the stage filled with a surreal scene of Mystery Box, Challo Eduardo & Samba Nova, including their Vegas-style show-girls... very bizarre. Once the stage was cleared of guests, Mickey broke into his eulogy to Jerry, "Down The Road." Of course, we're all giving him the benefit of the doubt in his new artistic endeavors, but I hope this song goes into hiding after this tour. It's great once, but grows thin after repeated performances. Mickey's rap version of "Fire on the Mountain," with Bruce and Bobby helping out, closed the set, but just didn't provide that same excitement as the one played just a year before.

After a tasteful reading from *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* by the Flying Karamazov Brothers, the headliner took the stage. RatDog opened with a tame "I Need A Miracle" which didn't match the anticipation and build-up. I welcome the addition of Johnnie Johnson on keyboards, but Rob Wasserman is not one of my favorites. I feel his phase-shifted, elusive bass line leaves RatDog without a solid foundation. There were times when Bobby and Rob were playing in the same register, neither capable of being the lead player when the time came. One more gripe was the unnatural sound of Bobby's brushed aluminum Telecaster. For "City



Greg LaPlaca

David Hidalgo of Los Lobos
July 11 Liberty State Park

Girls," Bobby strapped on his acoustic, which suited the sound of this quintet much better, but the song itself ground things to a halt. "K.C. Moan" was a highlight, with only Rob, Bobby, and Matt Kelly on stage. "Minglewood" contained a nice slide guitar lead, which brought back some memories. Other highlights included "This Time Forever > Shade Of Grey" and "Cassidy" with Bruce. After a show, con-

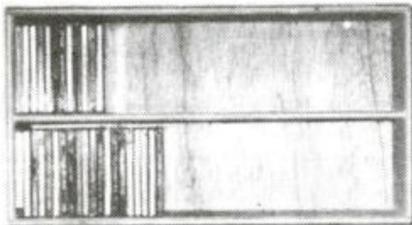
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Mickey Hart - July 11 Liberty State Park

trived bass solo from Rob, "Josephine" closed the set on a down note; very uncharacteristic for Bobby!

The energy level was quickly brought back as the cast gathered for an energetic version of The Dells '60s hit "(Your Love Keeps Lifting Me) Higher and Higher," which the Mint Juleps covered on their 1994 album, *Round Our Way*. Bobby and Bruce shared the verses of "West L.A. Fadeaway," and "Johnny B. Goode"

appeared to end the show before a surprise "The Weight" second encore.

Overall, the show was a pleasant surprise; a catharsis of sorts as we all search for our musical fix in other areas. RatDog disappointments notwithstanding, I'll anxiously await next years Furthur II, or whatever the future holds. While I'm not sure that this exact same tour would be as successful next year, it's something to grow on. If we can pare down the scene so that Bobby & RatDog could find their comfort zone in a smaller venue, I think it could be a bright new future, but Bobby has to come to grips with the fact he needs a sidekick to play lead guitar so that he can weave his magic. See you next year!

July 7, 1996
Meadows Music Theater
Hartford, Connecticut
 by Ray Hogan

It is probably best to start by saying that it is next to impossible for me to review the Hartford Furthur show without drawing comparison to the magic and mischief that took place in Saratoga Springs the previous day. That was the closest I may ever feel to being back at a Grateful Dead show. The scene (and what a scene there was!) and the music blew away my highest expectations.

With that said, I will do my darndest to

keep the Meadows show in perspective. We arrived in Hartford roughly two hours before show time. With the combined headaches of a spread-out parking lot and trying locate friends, my pre-show endeavors were minimal. The crowd looked extremely young and the heat kept paramedics busy. It looks as if we may never rid our scene of nitrous. Vending (lots of tribute items for sale) was mainly set up along the strip en route to the venue.

Once we got through the gate, the positive vibes increased dramatically. There was a huge vending market with just about anything legal a Deadhead could need. Beer was available, apparently even to minors, but never became too problematic.

I had opted for seats down front and that turned out to be a major mistake. The sound was bouncing in every direction off the high metal ceiling. Anyone with lawn seats is bound to give a much more pleasant account of the venue's sound. From my location, it was terrible.

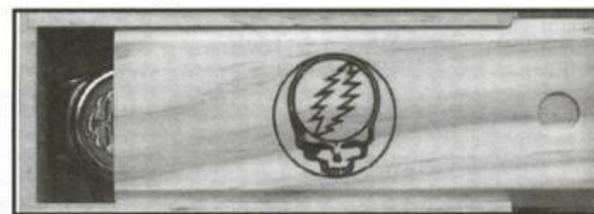
Musical highlights were still plentiful throughout the day. It was Sunday, but who could've expected Bobby's "Samson" sermon to come during Hornsby's set? Bruce also did a gorgeous "Mandolin Rain" > That Would Be Something (chorus) > Brokedown Palace (snippet). Hornsby, once again, proved to be a class act all the way. He treats all Jerry songs

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with extreme reverence.

Because of the reverberation problem of my locale, John Wesley Harding, Alvin Youngblood Hart, and Warren Zevon's sets were sometimes inaudible. Warren Zevon was a cool surprise though! Although, the exclusion of "Werewolves of London" during his set gave away one of the encores.

Los Lobos kicked ass!! There wasn't a single second of their set that was off. Whether they are covering Neil Young's "Cinnamon Girl" or playing Hispanic dance music, this band is on the money. Why David Hidalgo isn't considered a guitar hero baffles me. They can do it all. Their music can't be casually listened to. It demands attention!

Mystery Box is a strange creature. Deadheads seem to be mixed on it and many weren't sure how this percussion-heavy dance/pop hybrid would translate live. In his online interview before the show, Mickey said the kinks were finally out of the sound system. Well, he was probably right because Mystery Box put on a great sounding show, complete with Mickey's funky "Fire on the Mountain" with Jack Casady on bass and Bobby lending guitar work and rock star stage presence. It was great to see Mickey so pumped for the entire set.

The greatest surprise of the day came when, instead of the ridiculously inane Flying Karamazov Brothers, we were treated to an acoustic set by Hot Tuna. This is where they really sparkle!

RatDog is another strange phenomenon in Dead-dom. No one seems to have mixed feelings about Weir's current outfit. They either love it or hate it. This is where it gets really hard not to compare this show to the previous, because they blew me away in Saratoga. Also, this band either needs Bobby to solo more or find a second guitarist, because harmonica doesn't work as lead instrument for them. Matthew Kelly is competent and all, but we're used to hearing Jerry, man.

RatDog seems better fitted to cover Dead tunes and rock & roll standards. Their blues selections often sound like a

lounge act. Highlights of their set were "Looks Like Rain" (when has this song ever failed?) and "Eternity," for which they were joined by Hot Tuna's Pete Sears.

From what I understand, the jam has been the mother lode of just about every evening of the tour. This one didn't disappoint. We were first treated to a perfunctory "Johnny B. Goode." A sweet "Little Wing," with Cesar Rosas and David Hidalgo sharing lead vocals, followed. Warren Zevon then joined the fun for an expected barrelhouse "Werewolves of London." Bobby then stepped up with a tear-jerkingly beautiful "Knockin' on Heaven's Door." "Not Fade Away" had everyone clapping their hands all the way back to their cars.

The more I reflect on the Furthur Festival the more I look forward to the possibility of it happening again. Anyone who attended was supplied with seven hours of good to great music. I had forgotten the rigors of traveling to see a show, but when all is said and done, it was all well worth it. I saw a bumper sticker in the parking lot that summed it up a lot better than I can: "Same Experience, Different Tour."

July 10, 1996

Great Woods Performing Arts Center Mansfield, Massachusetts

by Deane Beman

The Furthur bus(es) rolled into Mansfield for a show at Great Woods on a sunny mid-summer day. I arrived at the show about an hour before show time, but since I was taping I regrettably didn't spend much time in the parking lot. What I did see on the way to the gate impressed me. Things were laid back and relaxed, highly unlike last summer's mayhem. I handed the gateperson my ticket, had my recording equipment checked, and headed for the lawn to set up for a long afternoon.

Up on the lawn about thirty tapers were already set up. I unobtrusively joined them as the crowd was being warmed up by Samba Nova, a group of percussionists and three female dancers who wore skimpy outfits of bright plumage and not much else. Before long the whistle blew and the Flying Karamazov Brothers announced that the Furthur Festival had stopped right here at Great Woods. Hot Tuna hit the



Greg LaPlaca

Mickey Hart - July 11 Liberty State Park

stage before an amphitheater that was about 90% empty, but the few who were there were treated to some of the hottest music to roll off the stage all day. From the opening notes of "Walkin' Blues," their energy level was immeasurable. Jorma Kaukonen may well be the most underrated guitarist playing today, and he played his heart out during Hot Tuna's 45 minute set.

After some brief announcements from the stage, John Wesley Harding delivered a folksy acoustic set which, unfortunately, the crowd seemed uninterested in.

As Los Lobos came on stage, the amphitheater began to fill up. After listening to the band open with "Will The Wolf Survive," I grabbed my girlfriend's hand and decided to check out The Village.

The Village was a lot like the vending areas that went on in the parking lots, only it was inside the venue as part of the show. No more picking up the goods when the police or security walk by! Grateful Dead Mercantile was there selling CDs, shirts, books, and other assorted trinkets. If you haven't already picked one up, give them a call and order the Furthur Festival CD. For thirteen bucks, it's well worth it. Key-Z Productions also had a booth, along with about a dozen or so other vendors. The Well had a cyber-tent where anyone could pop in and go online. They were even assisting folks in setting up their own web pages!

The scene at this show was very laid back, a lot like it used to be before the flood. There were a few "just here for the party" types, but they were so few and far



Bruce Hornsby - July 11 Liberty State Park



Suzan Pafford

Pete Sears of Hot Tuna
July 14 Star Lake

between that they were intimidated by us for a change! In my section of the lawn, there were many families. Children were dancing to the music, blowing bubbles, and generally entertaining those who were lucky enough to be around them. Everyone was smiling, and saying hello to one another. As far as I was concerned, the magic of the scene was back.

Los Lobos closed their set with a long,

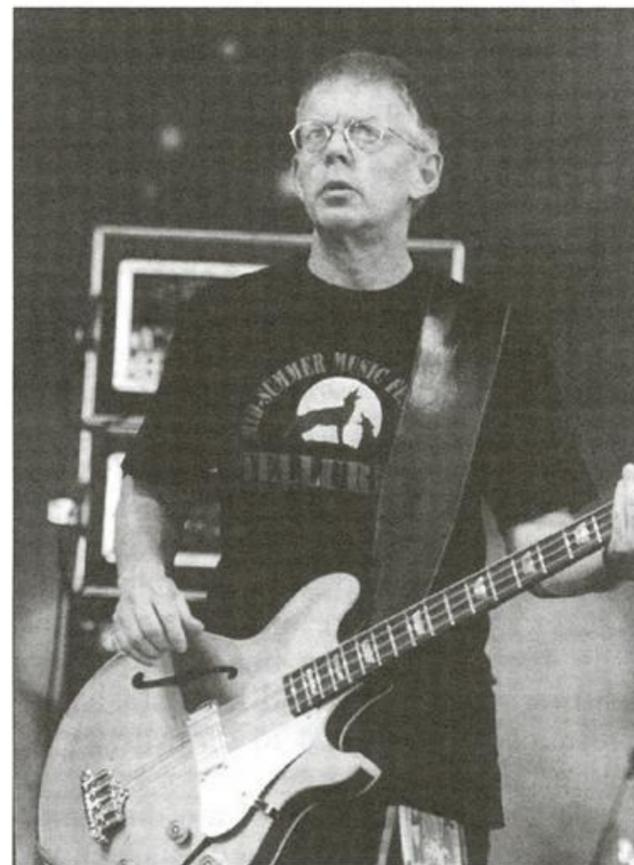
jammed-out version of "Bertha." The still-dancing crowd was a bit confused as Alvin Youngblood Hart walked to the stage to play a solid twenty minute set of some of the best Delta Blues that these ears have ever heard. Unfortunately, as they were with Harding, the majority of the crowd seemed somewhat disinterested while Hart was playing. Those who bothered to keep their ears and minds open, however, were given a real treat.

The Flying Karamazov Brothers came out to introduce "The Uncommon Cold," upon which Bruce Hornsby and his band hit the stage. Bruce played an energetic albeit short set, which brings me to my one (and only) complaint about the Furthur Festival: Next time, they need to either extend the set length or cut down on the number of acts. To only give Bruce Hornsby an hour to play is almost criminal. Time notwithstanding, Mr. Hornsby ripped his way through several great tunes, including a snippet from Pink Floyd's "Comfortably Numb."

After a brief intermission, I witnessed Mickey Hart's Mystery Box for the first time. Their set consisted of some fantastic world music and percussion, and the Mint Juleps were inhumanly soulful and melodic. Admittedly, I was somewhat disappointed with Mickey's rap-like vocals, but the music more than made up for it. (If you get confused, listen to the music play!)

Hot Tuna returned for a brief acoustic

set before Bob Weir hit the stage with RatDog, a group that keeps getting bigger each time I see them. The band has recently added the 72 year-old piano great Johnnie Johnson to the fold, and Mr. Johnson really kept the band moving through its hour-long set. Before closing the night out, however, the Great Woods installment of the now legendary Furthur jam sessions took place. Hornsby and members of his band joined RatDog for



Suzan Pafford

Jack Casady - July 14 Star Lake

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the first "Playing In The Band" since last summer, which segued nicely into Dylan's "It Takes A Lot To Laugh..." Hornsby's vocals completely took over the song, while Jorma Kaukonen on guitar and Matt Kelley on harmonica traded licks during the solo spots. Johnnie Johnson returned to the stage for the night's closer "Johnny B. Goode."

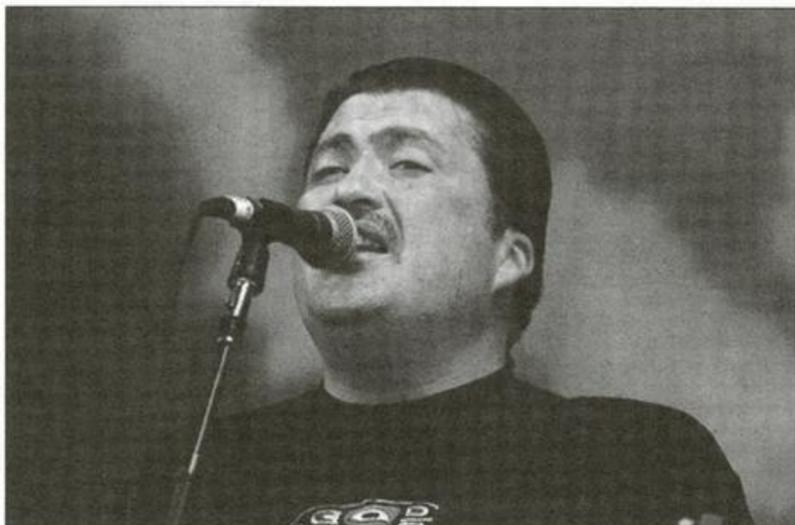
All in all, the Furthur Festival was the best show I have seen this summer. And considering the amount and quality of the music for the ticket price, it may be the best deal going! I do hope that the bus rolls by to pick me up again next year, and who knows, maybe it will take me Furthur...

July 14, 1996
Star Lake Amphitheater
Burgettstown, Pennsylvania
 by Frank Hanwell

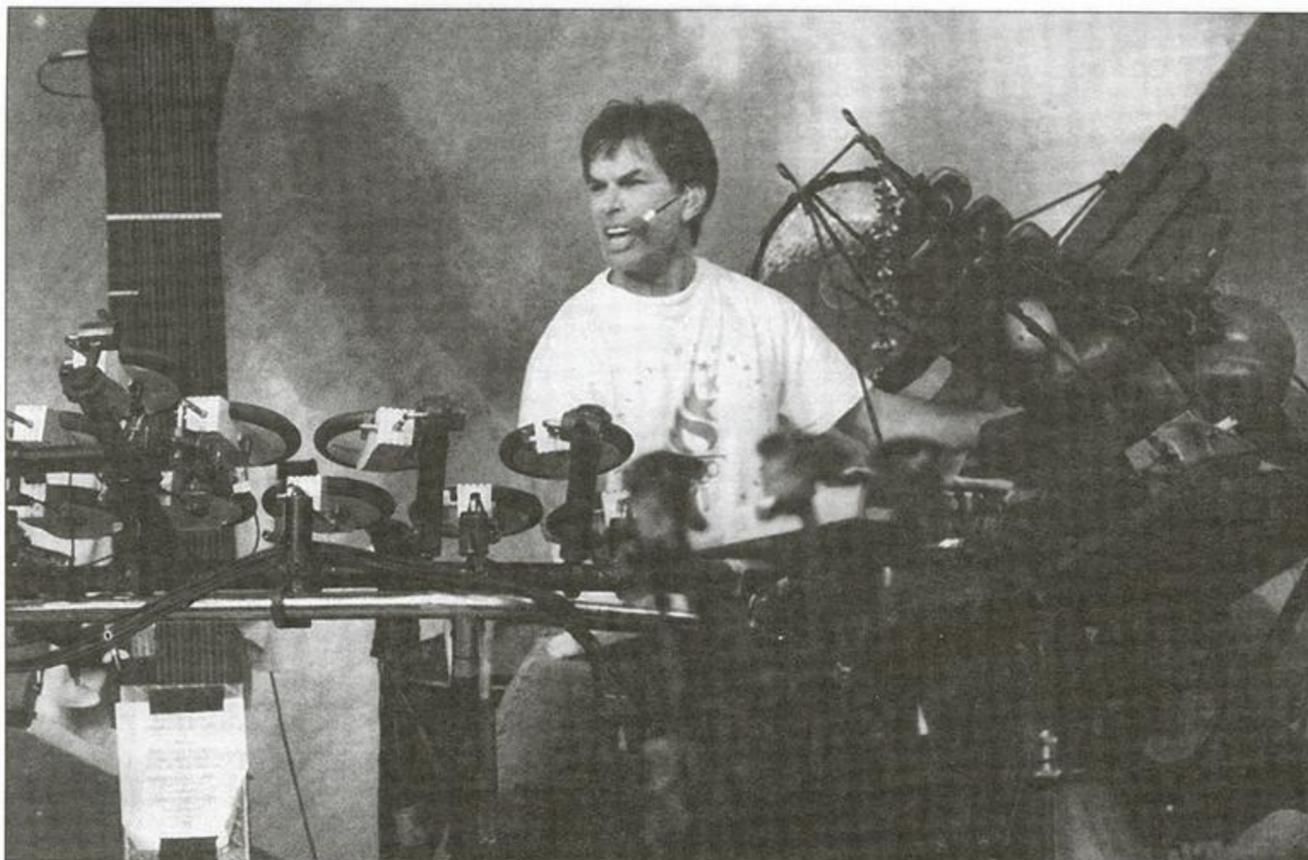
"The Bus" rolled into Pittsburgh on an almost unbearably muggy Sunday nearly halfway through the tour. Prior to the show, word of mouth was spotty at best. As a result, final attendance was no more than 11,000, merely half the venue's capacity. The thin crowd made for a pleasant atmosphere that reminded me of Sundays at Shoreline not too long ago. However, the frustrating aspect of this crowd was their inability to recognize quality performances of anything other than the expected renditions of Grateful Dead material.

Electric Hot Tuna kicked things off at the scheduled 4:00 start time with the Jack Daniels/ZZ Top portion of the program. They concluded with a distinctly non-Dead cover of Canned Heat's "Let's Get Together" that featured an exceptional piano solo from Pete Sears.

John Wesley Harding performed a largely forgettable set of solo acoustic songs while Los Lobos' gear was set up. The non-stop entertainment format was successful, and I'm sure many of the more open-minded persuasion appreciated not having to wait through long intermissions. Still, a large portion of the crowd was already in full-tilt Grateful Dead celebratory consumption



David Hidalgo of Los Lobos - July 14 Star Lake



Mickey Hart - July 29 Shoreline

Janna Fulbright

mode, which somehow still surprised me given the long concert day/evening ahead.

Los Lobos came and gave all they could, and it seemed no one noticed or cared until the set-closing "Bertha." The next-highest level of response was to "Evangeline," and that was polite at best. An album-version-surpassing take of the new single "Mas y Mas" and a positively spine-tingling "Spanish Castle Magic" went virtually unnoticed. What happened to the most unconditionally loving and attentive audience that we were supposed to be?

The most seductive music of the day belonged to the "Who was that guy?" of the event: Alvin Youngblood Hart. He performed a handful of haunting Delta Blues numbers, the least obscure of them being "Gallows Pole," which any self-respecting Zeppelin fan knows from III.

Back in April (about a week after Bobby and Phil joined him on stage at The Fillmore), I watched Bruce Hornsby suck up to his predominately yuppie audience by making teasing remarks about Deadheads before and after each Dead cover; almost everything one could call attention to them without blatantly making fun of them. After this insulting indulgence, I admit harboring a great deal of hesitation to sit through the Bruce schtick again. Sure enough, there he was, like Judas playing the Prodigal Son, like the Austin scenario never happened. But here is where credit must be given. Bruce was the first person of the day to get nearly all the butts out of the chairs and large groups of people on the lawn dancing. Granted, it was with the help of "Iko Iko" and the accordion from hell, the same accordion

that just a few numbers before was the crowning jewel in a bittersweet "I Shall Be Released." The only thing about Bruce's set that I had a real problem with was the absolutely horrible attempt at "Samson & Delilah" with Weir sitting in. But yes, the crowd ate it up.

In the weeks prior to the show, I heard less than flattering remarks about The Flying Karamazov Brothers. Some of their mid-juggling jokes were rather pretentious, but overall I found them a highly entertaining warm-up for Mystery Box.

Mickey Hart's new project should have been the headliner for this tour. The most people all day were up and dancing with reckless abandon, the x-factor was out in spades, and all was well. "Down the Road" wasn't nearly as bad as Geoff Weed's CD review in UC56 implied. In fact, the verse referring to Jerry drew the most emotional crowd response of anything all day. Ironically, the one song that actually suf-

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Suzan Pafford



Bob Weir sits in with Bruce Hornsby - July 29 Shoreline

ferred from Mickey's rapping was "Fire on the Mountain." The only criticism I could actually gather from their set was that a couple songs seemed to drag on a little longer than necessary. However, the army of percussionists ensured that the groove never came remotely close to boring.

Bob Weir's band might have been more aptly named FlatDog on this night. Standard harmonies on some songs were nowhere to be found, and the x-factor was so far from sight that it may be necessary to call on Mulder and Scully. The only two songs worthy of mention were Johnnie Johnson's take on "Goin' Fishin'" and Bobby's heartfelt reading of "Blackbird."

Not long after Rob Wasserman nearly blew out the PA System during his bass solo, Bruce, David Hidalgo, and various

vocal form of the evening. Almost everyone was finally on their feet for the climactic "Good Lovin'" which had me wondering where both the audience and the performers had been since RatDog had taken the stage.

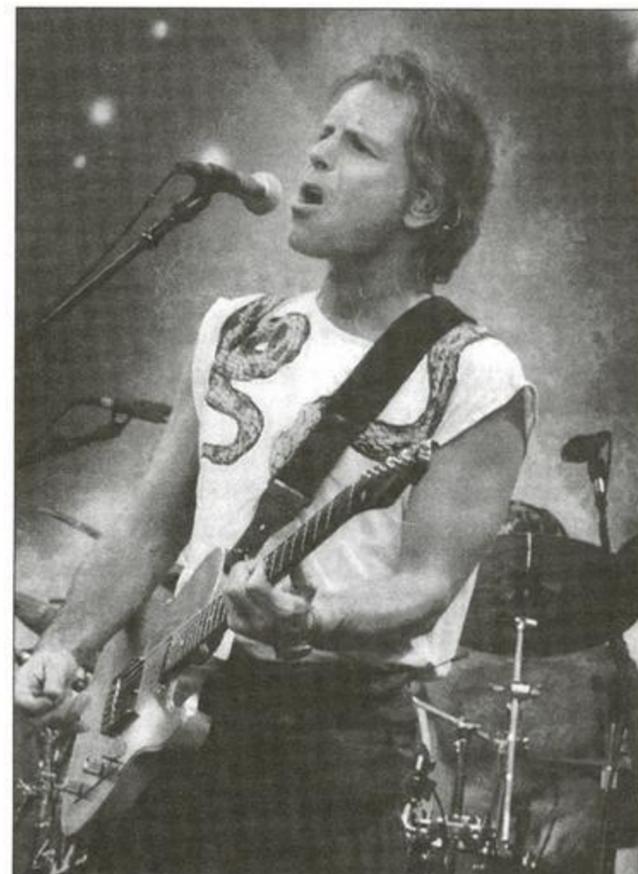
It should have been left at that, but the "West L.A." lineup dragged their tired old butts back out to crawl through a lackluster "Knockin' On Heaven's Door."

I then had a realization: there's a new Dead cover band scene, only this one's directly descended from the Grateful Dead. Same "cover band" stigma, but with bigger names and crowds. The irony really began to seep in on the way out. Veggie burritos, nitrous junkies, blah blah blah. Almost a year after Jerry's death, the scene somehow managed to seem more tired than it ever

others returned to join RatDog (sans Johnnie Johnson) for a respectable workout on "West L.A. Fadeaway." They were then joined by at least half of Mystery Box for "Twist and Shout," which ironically featured Weir in his most inspired

was, with no indication whatsoever of any "Furthur" ground being covered. My attempt at beating the party crowd out of the lot and onto the highway proved successful.

The Furthur Festival was a good concept, but it contradicts its own name if this is to be an annual event. Under that context, I offer a simple assessment: call me when Jerry shows up. ☼



Bob Weir - July 29 Shoreline

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Mountaintop JAMboree presented by Home Grown Music Network
June 21-23, 1996
Round Mountain Music Center
Lake Toxaway, North Carolina
 by Michael Bell

At the top of one of the mountains in the southern part of the Blue Ridge lies the rustic property of an aging hippie named Raven. Along the left is an open grass field filled with cars and tents. A little farther is Raven's small cabin, and on the right is a field with a single horse.

Just past the cabin, an indentation in the mountain forms a natural amphitheater. At the bottom, three log and plank structures comprise a stage, food area, and sound mixing booth. The top back half of the area is dotted with tents and a few vehicles. A pathway leading toward the front of the stage is lined with vendors selling tie-dyes, jewelry, and other hand crafted items. The acoustics are wonderful. The sound is bright and clear even at a great distance and the mountain provides near ideal natural reverb.

I arrived at the Mountaintop JAMboree Friday evening just after the first band, Goose, had already started. By the time I

edgy thrash style, but after a while their incredible energy became infectious. They reminded me of a toy wound too tight and spinning out of control. Their lead guitarist was all over the stage and sometimes bent over backwards as the fury of notes flew out of his instrument. Even though I was exhausted from a long day of driving, they kept my attention until they finished around 2 am.

First on Saturday, at some point before noon, was Jamie Notarthomas performing alone on acoustic guitar and occasionally harmonica. His subtle, sensitive, and impassioned words on politics and the earth, and sweet ballads echoed the influences of Bob Dylan and Arlo Guthrie.

Fuego del Alma followed with their flamenco/jazz style of music. Three percussionists and an exceptional acoustic guitarist were a highlight of their sound. Although they were primarily acoustic, their sound was full of electricity

For a bunch of white guys, Percy Hill has a lot of soul. A major part of the group's sound was provided by Nate Wilson on Hammond organ and Fender Rhodes. Their jams built up and just when you thought they couldn't take it any further, they turned it up another notch.

As Percy Hill ended, a storm cooled the Carolina afternoon heat and temporarily

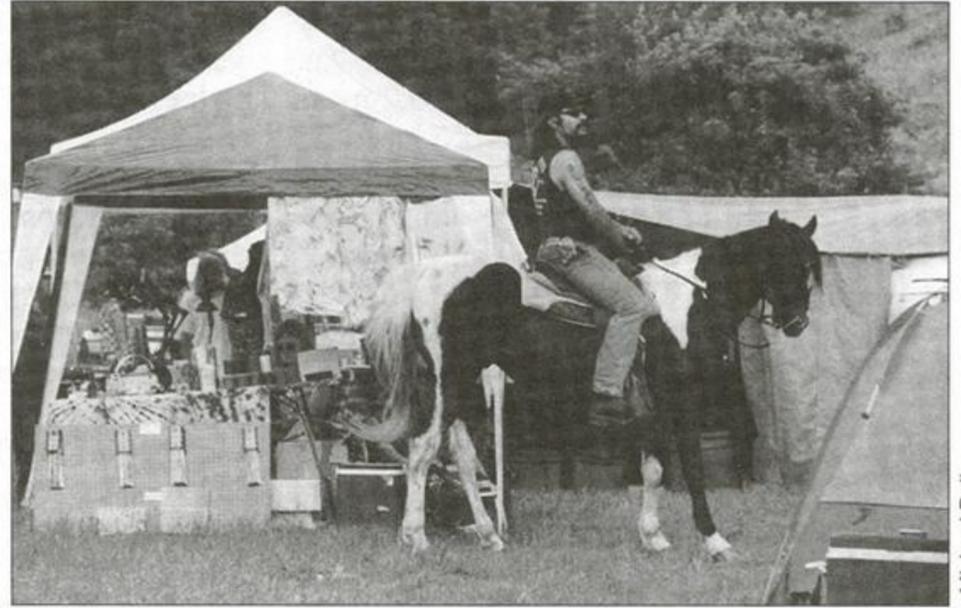
halted the proceedings. Many frolicked in the rain, but I headed back to my tent and fell asleep because I had so little sleep the night before.

When I woke, Schleigho was almost done. What I did hear from this organ, guitar, bass, and drums quartet was some deliciously warped jamming.

Continuing the intensity was Boud Deun, an electric violin, guitar, bass, and drums quartet which had a tight and powerful jazz/rock/funk fusion sound that reminded me of Mahavishnu Orchestra. At dizzying speeds, the fiddle and guitarist would trade fours. They made insane jumps from jazz to rock to hillbilly to the cosmos, throwing in quotes all the time. At the end of one last incredibly intense jam, they broke into the instrumental section of the Beatles' "She's

So Heavy." Phew!

People kept arriving all day Saturday, and as night fell yeP! drew many down front for their danceable funky rhythms. The band's vocal harmonies and silliness reminded me of Phish. At one point, they did a train song that veered off in some strange directions including a little Led Zeppelin and a déjà vu of the "Dukes of Hazard" theme. They ended their set with a



Michael Bell



Michael Bell

pitched my tent and got settled, I had missed most of their set. What little I heard sounded pretty good.

As darkness fell, Spacefish's twisted, growly original tunes interspersed with covers of "It's All Over Now," "Red House," and "Pappa Was A Rolling Stone." At one point appeared a reggaefied version of the "Dukes of Hazard" theme. At another point a guest harp player pulled from the audience blew up a storm.

At the beginning of the set, someone in front of the stage began juggling flaming batons. Later, the band handed out sparklers for the audience. Much to the distress of the sound crew, a monitor was set afire, but was quickly patted out.

The final band of the evening was Pondering. At first I wasn't into their hard

disco style version of "Shakedown Street" which sent the many Deadheads in attendance into a frenzy. The jam opened wide and eventually ended with lush a cappella harmonies. Somehow, they threw "On Broadway" in there too. Good fun.

The dancing continued with Ominous Seapods, who laid a solid groove and really opened up the jams. I was too tired to make it all the way through the set, so I headed back to my tent.

By Sunday afternoon, the people who remained were very mellow. Thankfully, most of the drunks had cleared out and the atmosphere became more laid back. This was a good way to hear Melanie Sparks' strong voice and effective song writing.

The final band I saw, Purple Schoolbus, was the only one I was familiar with before the festival (see reviews in UC51 & 55). As I expected, they are much better live than on CD, playing with more edge and excitement. Folks down front twirled and danced to the long winding jams.

After PSB, I was just too tired and had to get on the road, thereby missing the final band, Grinch.

The bands had a great sense of camaraderie, helping each other out and sharing equipment. Dave Blount did an exemplary job with the sound. A visit to the 80 foot waterfall is a must to all who visit this place.

The thing that continues to impress me about the Home Grown bands is the high degree of musical skill each of them possesses. Some may not be to your taste, but you can never say they can't play. It was exciting to be hear all this new music for the first time and in such a wonderful place. ☘

phish news

New album to be released October 15

Billy Breathes, Phish's first studio effort since *Hoist* (March 1994), is slated for release on October 15. The album was recorded at Bearsville Studios near Woodstock, N.Y., and was co-produced by Steve Lillywhite (U2 and Dave Matthews Band's *Crash*) and Phish. The album consists of: "Free," "Character Zero," "Waste," "Taste," "Cars Trucks Buses," "Talk," "Theme From the Bottom," "Train Song," "Bliss," "Billy Breathes," "Swept Away," "Steep," and "Prince Caspian." The first single, "Free," was released in September.

Fans cause problems in Colorado; Phish banned from Red Rocks

Thousands of fans streamed into tiny Morrison, Colo., for Phish's four-day run at 9,500-seat Red Rocks Amphitheater. All four shows sold out months in advance. Promoter Barry Fey estimated that 3,000 to 4,000 people showed up without tickets.

The Rocky Mountain News reported that on August 5, police shut down Morrison after about 400 fans refused to disperse

when authorities tried to help a pedestrian hurt in an auto accident. Two Morrison officers sustained minor injuries when they were hit by thrown bottles in the ensuing melee, and at least a dozen people were arrested.

The News said the incident started around 8:30 pm, while Phish was playing their second show of the run, when a woman walking on Bear Creek Road in downtown Morrison was hit by a pickup truck that fled the accident. Apparently, a group of fans gathered around the woman and tried to heal her holistically. Morrison police officer Brian Campbell said the fans told police that "we need to purify the body." When police tried to help, several bottles were thrown at them. Campbell said, "It just snowballed from there."

Morrison police called for help. Mounted police, motorcycle officers, and K-9 teams from Denver and Jefferson County responded. Area bars and restaurants shut down as police closed access to Morrison to prevent the crowd from getting larger.

The News reported that the crowd chant-

ed, "Hell no, we won't go," in response to officers' requests to disperse. "You are slime!" 21 year-old Marcus Esquandolis (a phony name taken from "Run Like An Antelope") of Virginia shouted at police. "We weren't causing any trouble. Now they're pushing us out and causing the trouble."

Paramedics eventually took the injured woman to an area hospital, where police said she was treated for non-serious injuries.

Morrison Mayor Mary Poe told *The Rocky Mountain News* that the incident didn't surprise her. "There's just way too many of them," she said. "We were waiting for an incident to happen. We were hoping that nothing would."

Phish fans irritated many Morrison residents. "It's been terrible," said Lisa Lutao, a gas station manager. "They've taken over the town."

For Morrison, a town of 465 permanent residents, the influx of Phish fans was too much. "I don't like what they're doing now," said shop owner Gretchen Kerr, a longtime resident of Morrison. "They've been so nice, but they just overcrowded our town." "I grew up here," Lutao said. "Seeing them trash this town is really depressing."

Promoter Barry Fey has subsequently stated that Phish will not be booked at Red Rocks in the future.

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Counterfeit Red Rocks ticket scam gets nabbed

Hundreds of counterfeit tickets to the sold-out August 7 Phish show at Red Rocks Amphitheater were confiscated by police at Denver International Airport following a tip by alert air cargo employees.

At around 2 pm on August 7, two men in their early twenties showed up at the American Airlines Cargo Center at Denver International asking for a package from Mexico City. During standard questioning, the men told cargo agents that the contents of the package were tickets. The men appeared anxious and told the agents that they needed the package immediately. The cargo agents told the men that the plane with the package had not yet arrived, and when it did arrive, the package would have to go through customs.

When the package arrived and customs checked it, they found several hundred tickets for the August 7 Phish concert, which they knew was sold-out. American Airlines called TicketMaster, who asked that the airline fax a copy of the ticket. Once TicketMaster saw the fax, the scam was evident. The tickets were confiscated and the scam is under investigation by police.

**Phish Hotline
802.860.1111**

Arrests on tour

A local newspaper reported that 195 total arrests were made at Phish's August 10 show at Alpine Valley Music Theatre in East Troy, Wisc. Most of the arrests were for possession or sale of marijuana, LSD, or psilocybin mushrooms. Approximately \$2,600 in cash was seized from alleged drug sales, and total bonds for various offenses were in excess of \$42,000.

The local television news and newspaper reported over 100 arrests were made at the August 14 show at Hershey Park Stadium in Hershey, Penn. Law enforcement operations included local and state police and the state liquor control board. Much like the stings at Grateful Dead shows, undercover police, who were dressed in tie-dye, jeans, and other casual fan-like clothing to fit in, made arrests by the dozen.

Most were arrested for unlicensed sale of alcoholic beverages (i.e. selling beer out of a cooler) or underage drinking, while possession of assorted illegal drugs also accounted for several arrests.

Those arrested were taken to a nearby abandoned airport which was used as a temporary booking facility. Most were fingerprinted, photographed, fined, and released quickly enough to miss only part of the concert.

Thanks to Hayward Bill for contributing information to this article.

Phish Tour Dates

October

- 16 Olympic Center, Lake Placid NY
- 17 Bryce Jordan Center, University Park PA
- 18 Pittsburgh Civic Arena, Pittsburgh PA
- 19 Marine Midland Arena, Buffalo NY
- 21, 22 Madison Square Garden, New York NY
- 23 Hartford Civic Center, Hartford CT
- 25 Hampton Coliseum, Hampton VA
- 26 Charlotte Coliseum, Charlotte NC
- 27 N. Charleston Coliseum, N. Charleston SC
- 29 Leon County Civic Center, Tallahassee FL
- 31 The Omni, Atlanta GA

November

- 2 Coral Sky Amph., West Palm Beach FL
- 3 O'Connell Center, Gainesville FL
- 6 Civic Coliseum, Knoxville TN
- 7 Rupp Arena, Lexington KY
- 8 Assembly Hall, Univ. of Illinois, Champaign IL
- 9 The Palace, Auburn Hills MI
- 11 Van Andel Arena, Grand Rapids MI
- 13 Target Center, Minneapolis MN
- 14 Hilton Coliseum, Ames IA
- 15 Kiel Center, St. Louis MO
- 16 Civic Auditorium, Omaha NE
- 18 Mid-South Coliseum, Memphis TN
- 19 Municipal Auditorium, Kansas City MO
- 22 Spokane Arena, Spokane WA
- 23 Pacific Coliseum, Vancouver BC, Canada
- 24 Memorial Coliseum, Portland OR
- 27 KeyArena, Seattle WA
- 29 Cow Palace, Daly City CA
- 30 Arco Arena, Sacramento CA

December

- 1 Pauley Pavilion, UCLA, Los Angeles CA
- 2 America West Arena, Phoenix AZ
- 4 Sports Arena, San Diego CA
- 6 Aladdin Theatre, Las Vegas NV
- 28, 29 The Spectrum, Philadelphia PA
- 30, 31 Fleet Center, Boston MA

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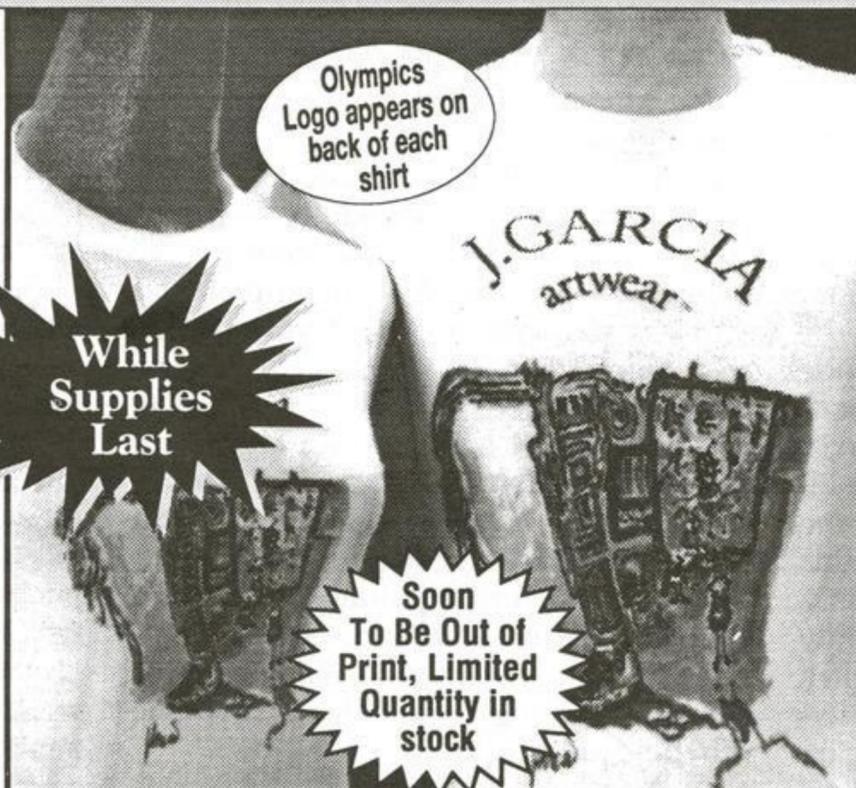
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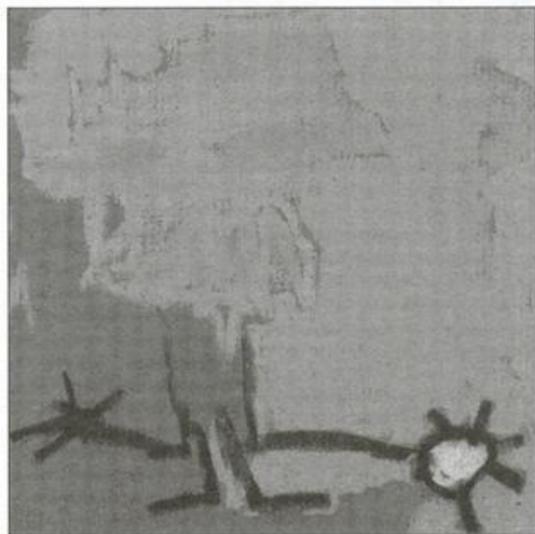
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New releases



Medeski Martin and Wood
Shack-man
Gramavision/Rykodisc

If attempting to categorize or describe Medeski Martin and Wood wasn't already confusing enough, *Shack-man*, the trio's fourth album in five years, has turned the confusion into impossibility. The unique combination of John Medeski on Hammond B-3 organ, Wurlitzer electric piano, Hohner clavinet, synthesizer, and toy piano; Billy Martin on drums, percussion, and noise-making playthings; and Chris Wood on upright and electric basses, creates a wonderfully fresh sound and groove.

Unlike previous releases where MMW covered an eclectic list including Ellington, Coltrane, Monk, Marley, and King Sunny Ade, *Shack-man* contains only one cover, the highly reworked traditional "Is There Anybody Here That Love My Jesus," which opens the disc. The remaining ten tunes are all original instrumental genre-bending blends of jazz, funk, reggae, hip-hop, and rock.

In the past, MMW have used their remote jungle retreat in Hawaii, known as "the Shack," to work on songs, practice, and get away from New York, but never to record an album. *Shack-man* is so entitled because it was recorded entirely at the Shack, and with solar power too.

But this is no lo-fi affair. The Shack gives the recording a warm and intimate feel of home, while the overall production is highly professional.

The taciturn, mellow "Is There Anybody Here That Love My Jesus" is an understated beginning to the disc until Medeski's outer space Yamaha synth sounds kick in. Medeski leads much of the tune with the B-3, but solos on the clavinet and adds accents perfectly with the synth. Chris Wood's rich upright bass lead and Billy Martin's fantastic beat propel the ultra hip-hop and funky "Think." The aptly-titled "Dracula" is a mix of spooky organ, sedated scraping metal, and a light, slow

funky groove.

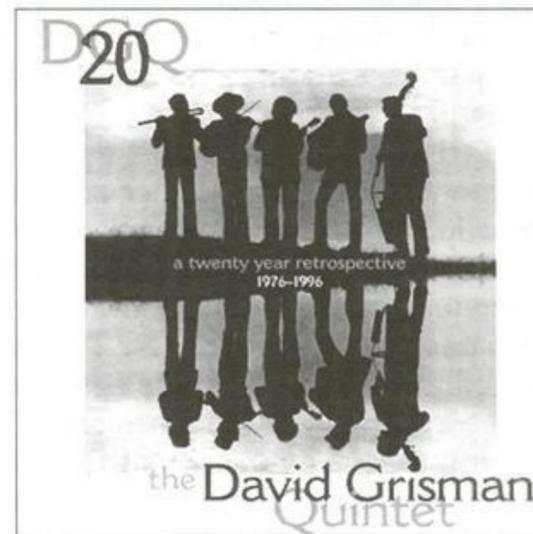
"Bubble House" appears to be a new experiment for MMW. Whereas their previous work has been creative and respectably complex, this tune is largely unimaginative, yet it works in the live context. Highly danceable, "Bubble House" is a simple progression which slowly increases tempo, shifts into a middle jam, resumes the original groove at fast tempo, then slowly decreases tempo; a rush, like ascending a staircase, standing atop, then coming back down.

Medeski begins "Strance Of The Spirit Red Gator" with quiet, perky, and sharp but powerful plucks of the clavinet while Wood plays a smooth line not unlike the theme from "Barney Miller." It sounds like Medeski is playing electric guitar, lightly plucking an catchy eight note sequence. When I first heard the album, I had no liner notes so I kept listening to this part over and over to make sure that there isn't a guest guitarist. The remainder of the tune is a great combination of Medeski soloing on several different keyboards while the bass and drums keep the funky beat well-glued.

"Jelly Belly" is more Band of Gypsies than Buddy Miles and Billy Cox. It's MMW pushing the edge of rock & roll, but still keeping on their jazz side of the fence. Chris Wood's fluid electric bass leads this number through raucous and punchy grooves, while Medeski adds organ lead and crunching clavinet accents. And the comparisons continue with "Night Marchers," hip-hop so funky and raw you figure it must have jumped off a Beastie Boys album. In fact, I think I hear Mike D calling right now. But no, it is just MMW flaunting another compelling facet of their musical androgyny. With "Kenny," a standard-like ballad highlighted by Martin's delicate brush work, the album closes softly as it opened.

From their 1992 independent debut, *Notes from the Underground*, to their third album in 1995, *Friday Afternoon in the Universe*, Medeski Martin and Wood transformed from a classic yet modern jazz trio to a versatile jazz, funk, and groove machine. With *Shack-man*, they add rock & roll and hip-hop style with more straightforward danceable grooves and Chris Wood's electric bass. John Medeski's clavinet soloing draws comparison to the distorted guitar style of Jimi Hendrix at times, making for an even more rock-like sound. And Billy Martin is flawless, creating an intelligent rhythmic vertebrae for the trio.

-David Serrins



The David Grisman Quintet
DGQ 20: A Twenty Year Retrospective
1976-1996
Acoustic Disc

Three CDs, 38 tracks, over three-and-a-half hours of music, and 40 different musicians comprise this twentieth release from Acoustic Disc celebrating twenty years of the David Grisman Quartet and Dawg music. Dawg music (based on Jerry Garcia's nickname for David) is Grisman's always-developing unique combination of bluegrass, folk, jazz, and touches of ethnic forms including Latin, Jewish, and other musics. And it's always acoustic. Oh, and don't forget the 48 page booklet detailing every track and the evolution of the group.

This is no ordinary multi-disc compilation with a couple or three gratuitous unreleased tracks. The entire set is comprised of unreleased recordings covering the various incarnations of the DGQ over the years. Live and studio tracks within are from the very first performance on 1/31/76 through April 1996.

The musicians involved include long-time Grisman collaborators Tony Rice, Darol Anger, Mike Marshall, Mark O'Connor, Rob Wasserman, and others. Guests of note include, among others, Jethro Burns, Ray Brown, Stephane Grappelli, Vassar Clements, Kronos Quartet, and Jerry Garcia.

With so many great tracks, it is difficult to discuss them all in a short space, but a few particularly stand out. From 9/21/77 is an incredible workout of the quintet's Spanish jazz chops on Chick Corea's "Spain." A touching interpretation of "Because" comes from a performance a little over a month after John Lennon was killed. "Free Dawg Night" is a free-for-all jazzy studio jam session from 1984 that will leave you on the edge of your seat. Not intended for the album they were working on, at the end of the cut you hear someone say, "I hope somebody pushed the record button." Another extended jam,

"Dawgology," features stunning solo work from the DGQ's current guitarist, Enrique Coria. The set ends with a stirring live performance of the plaintive "Shalom Aleichem," a Jewish prayer which Grisman performed at Jerry's funeral.

It's been hard keeping this set out of my CD player. Available in stores or call (800) 221-DISC.

-Michael Bell



Dick's Picks Volume Five

December 26, 1979

Oakland Auditorium Arena, Calif.

Grateful Dead Mercantile Co.

After her performance at the Olympic Opening Ceremony, Celine Dion was asked to comment on the relationship between athletes and musicians. Her reply was that she used to think of herself as an athlete because she rigorously exercised her voice every day. She later realized, though, that where she could always re-cut a song that didn't quite work, an athlete only had one do-or-die chance. Based on that definition and the evidence presented on *Dick's Picks Vol. Five*, you'd have to classify the Grateful Dead as athletes.

A benefit for the SEVA foundation, this show was the first night of a five-night New Year's Eve run. Its release marks the first appearance of Brent Mydland in the *Dick's Picks* series, and the first time that this series has released an entire show from start to finish with no omissions. The band literally bares its heart and soul for all to see. Bad vocal miscues on "Estimated Prophet," "He's Gone," and "The Other One" are honestly left in the mix. Whereas lesser bands would overdub or edit out their mistakes, there are no touch-up jobs here. The totality of hearing an entire show (nearly three solid hours of music) from beginning to end gives this three-disc set a unique sense of wholeness. Even fans of "Drums" and "Space," who are often the first to suffer from editing, will be happy here.

Brent had only been playing in the band for about eight months at the time of this show. His first real instrumental presence is felt on the second number, "C. C. Rider." Bob's exaggerated vocals here

might be explained by the fact that this is only its second-ever performance by the Dead. As for Brent's vocals, his sweet yet gritty harmonies are most apparent on "Brown-Eyed Women" and "Friend of the Devil."

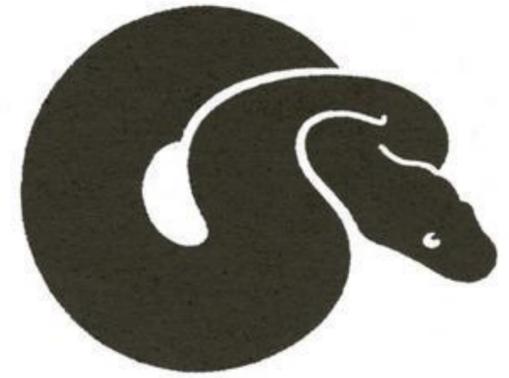
One of the real highlights of the first set is the first twenty seconds of "New Minglewood Blues." The beginning is so low-down and funky that it reminds me of Steve Cropper and Matt "Guitar" Murphy doing the introduction to "B Movie" for the Blues Brothers. The eleven song, 68+ minute first set rips to a screaming conclusion with "Alabama Getaway > Promised Land;" some of the hardest rocking Grateful Dead music ever.

The second set reminds me of a taxicab ride through some huge Third World capital city like Cairo or Bogota: unsettled, eye-opening, exhilarating, kind of scary, not proceeding according to any coherent plan, and sure to get your heart-beat racing. It features two revivals, "Uncle John's Band" and "Brokedown Palace," both of which returned after a two year absence. "Uncle John's" opens the set, but mysteriously, the final verse is not played as some intense jamming slips into "Estimated Prophet." During "Estimated" comes hints of the sustained craziness that is about to follow; the unquestioned highlight of this release, the unimaginatively-titled "Jam 1." Supposedly just over six minutes long, it feels like fifteen-plus minutes with all the different places it goes. What I would call the "Rainbow Deluxe Jam" is absolutely the ultimate in Grateful Dead adventurousness. The play hints of jazz, funk, bluegrass, and God knows what else; the only unifying strand is the unbridled willingness to break rules and explore uncharted territory.

After reaching lift-off, the band takes a slight breather on a somewhat lame version of "He's Gone." Don't worry, though, after this brief pause it's bombs away from Phil, pedal-to-the-metal, this train is leaving the tracks: "The Other One." Those who like their Dead Lesh philling may wish to start here.

The post-"Drums/Space" phase begins with a slow, groove tempo "Not Fade Away" which lacks the desperation and intensity that characterized later versions of this tune during Brent's tenure. "Brokedown" is a little fast, perhaps an indication of the volatile mix of creative tension running throughout this set. Bob's cheesy rock star act on "Around & Around" is a little over the top, but the other half of the Chuck Berry double-shot, "Johnny B. Goode," brings the festivities to a raucous close.

A long, well-jammed and nicely funky "Shakedown Street" starts the encore segment. This leads to the final verse of "Uncle John's," thus bringing the second



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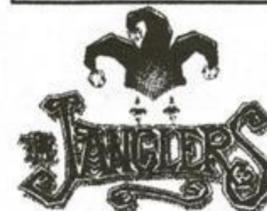
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set around full circle.

All in all, this is certainly one of the most interesting, creative, and diverse Grateful Dead live recordings I have heard. Sweet harmonies, wildly-inspirational jams, soft ballads, full tilt rock & roll, "Drums," "Space," warts and all - this package has something for everyone. Having just barely entered the Brent years, one can only hope that Dick will soon take us deeper into his reign, perhaps something from the late 1980s.

- Scott Pegg



Billy and Terry Smith
Long Live the Dead:
A Tribute to the Grateful Dead
K-TEL 3452-2

Now that the Grateful Dead are no more, a rash of tribute albums are making their way to the CD racks. Some of these will

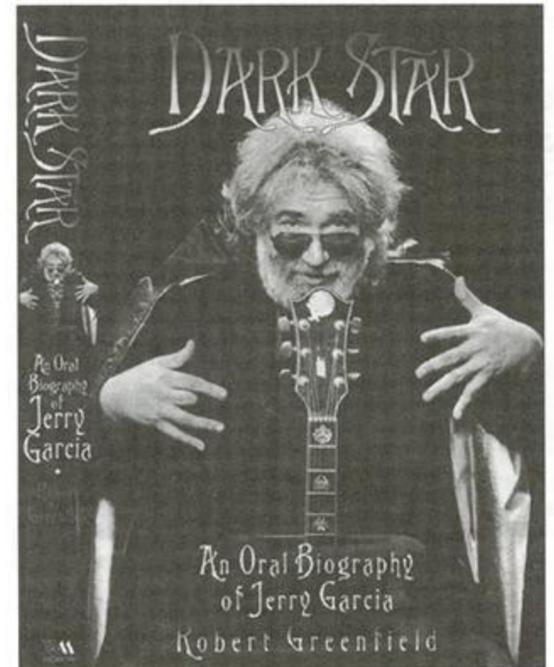
no doubt be of questionable quality. I am happy to report Billy and Terry Smith's *Long Live the Dead: A Tribute to the Grateful Dead* is a real gem. The songs are done in a country style that fits quite nicely. The music is scaled down with David Grier on guitar; Robert Bowlin on guitar, mandolin, and fiddle; Terry Smith on bass, percussion, and vocals; and Billy Smith on vocals. These are simple covers done with love and fun. You can tell that the musicians were having a ball.

The disc starts with an easy "Friend of the Devil" which goes into a "U.S. Blues" that is souped-up with an appropriate country twang. The Smith's versions of "Casey Jones," "Sugaree," and "Alabama Getaway" follow in a similar suit. "Sugar Magnolia" is interesting and makes you wonder what it might have sounded like had the Dead ever arranged it acoustically. "Ripple," while bearing little resemblance to the original, is slow but played and sung with care. The most sparkling track musically is "Touch Of Grey," done all acoustic and countryfied. I would have never thought of this song being done in such a style, but it works. "Truckin'" is close to the original as is "Uncle John's Band."

My only complaint is that at just a little over 30 minutes, this disc is too short. I can think of other songs the Smith's could have added: "Black Throated Wind," "Looks Like Rain," "Lazy River Road,"

"Walk in the Sunshine," "Pride of Cucamonga," and "Eyes of the World," among others. Even though the disc is short, it is still worth seeking out and the price under ten dollars makes it a good buy. The liner notes state, "We hope we've done justice to the music of the late great Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead." Indeed they have!

-Rob Weiner

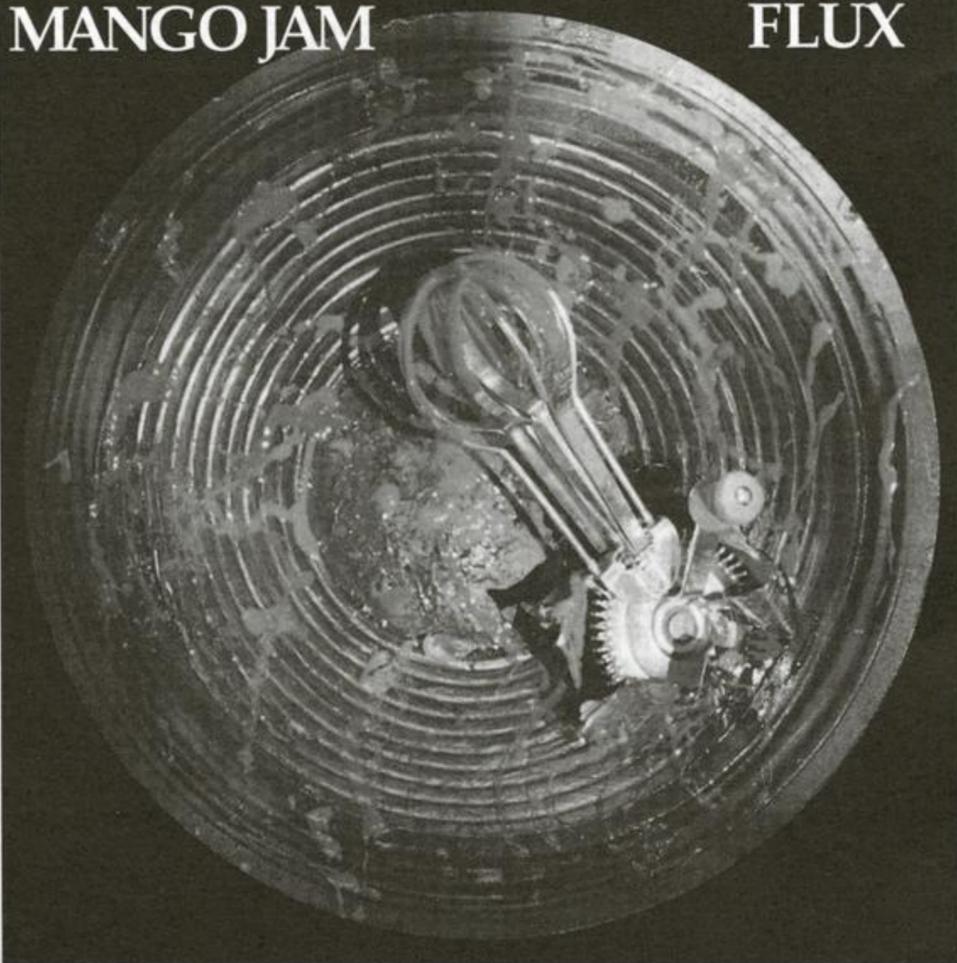


Dark Star:
An Oral Biography of Jerry Garcia
by Robert Greenfield
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On the one year anniversary of Jerry Garcia's death, *Rolling Stone* ran a cover

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albums ... it may be Mango Jam's tropical
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— Headliners

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story featuring excerpts from *Dark Star*. Ever since, there has been a whole lot of hoopla over this book. Online Deadheads were outraged that, in tabloid-esque fashion with an only passable sketch of Garcia and a very macabre skeleton on the cover, *RS* printed the most tenebrous moments of the book and Garcia's life. *Dark Star* isn't as bleak as the excerpts would lead the casual *RS* reader to think, though. As a matter of fact, it is probably the best biographical material written on the guy yet.

Written by the author of *Bill Graham: My Life Inside Rock and Out*, the compendium is a series of posthumous recollections by those, excluding band members and Garcia's widow, who knew Garcia best. Included are all of his love interests except Deborah Koons Garcia, business associates, members of the Grateful Dead organization past and present, close personal friends, doctors, attorneys, brother Clifford and, of course, fellow musicians. The picture they paint is painfully honest. If you subscribe to the "Jerry as saint" school, you probably won't want to read this.

Garcia's inability to decide is portrayed as his ultimate downfall. His life is vividly illustrated as a walking contradiction: a loner who wound up attracting throngs of admirers and could never say no; a leader who was never comfortable leading.

The interviews cover Garcia's career from his earliest days (through recollections from Clifford and childhood friends) past the fateful day of August 9, 1995. This is the story of an amazingly gifted guitarist who was also an incredibly tortured artist. Yet, unlike the romantic idea of the tortured artists throughout history, Garcia (living in the U.S. in the 1960s) had greater access to more destructive poisons than most who came before him. His loved ones' accounts shed a brutal reality to the nature of his addiction. Still, through the heroin-smoke filled haze of his darkest moments, a loving, sagacious, albeit wounded, warrior shines through their memories.

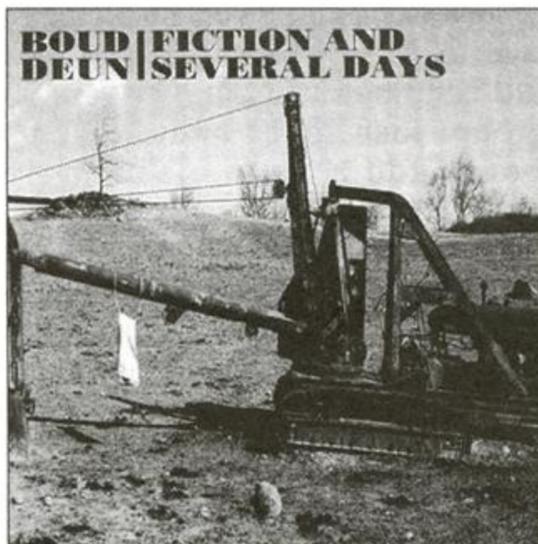
Jerry's inability to say no runs consistently through everyone's recollections. In fact, the only discrepancies in the book arise between Rock Scully and Owsley Stanley, and between the women who loved him. Garcia seems to have been downright incapable of saying no, whether it was to drugs, a woman who loved him, a jam session, a benefit, or someone who wanted his money. Since he never wanted to be a leader, he never expected to have the burden of such decisions. He often ducked business meetings to insure that his voice wasn't heard and to make sure that he didn't have to make major decisions.

Dark Star also reveals much about the

Grateful Dead organization. Let's just say it wasn't all dancing bears. Many "speakers" bare their own souls and cognition is given to their characters. These are people who spark interest through their unwinding of events, but whose life journals we probably wouldn't want to read.

Dark Star gives great insight into a man who was adored by so many. It seems that although he gave so much to so many, he forgot to keep a little for himself along the way.

-Ray Hogan



Boud Deun
Fiction and Several Days
E.H.P Records

As fusion devolved into fuzak in the '80s, I was beginning to lose hope for the form pioneered by Miles Davis, John McLaughlin, and others. Lately, several bands have restored that hope. One of the most impressive has been Boud Deun (pronounced boo-ed dee-un) from Warrenton, Va. They first blew my mind at the Mountaintop JAMboree (see review on page 23). I wanted to hear more from them and asked for a review copy of this disc which had previously been a cassette-only release.

Violinist Greg Hiser's classical training has provided him with impressive technique, while his style is further enhanced with jazz and bluegrass. Shawn Persinger, guitarist and chief composer, adds to the jazz element and also contributes a heavy rock sound. Matt Eiland on bass and Rocky Cancelose on drums make up more than just simply a propulsive rhythm section, but regularly operate on equal levels with the soloists. There is no room for vocals.

I find Boud Deun's sound quite similar to the Mahavishnu Orchestra, but still very original. Angular lines bound in all directions, frequently to the unexpected. At one point, they can be grooving, the next lilting, then sometimes crunchy dissonant. Tempos are quite often blisteringly fast. The band is incredibly tight. They play with, in, off, and around each other as if they are somehow empathically connected.

These guys are still very young and it's

scary to think how much farther out they could go. The album was recorded in Rocky's house and sounds like it. They have just signed a deal with Cuneiform Records, and I look forward to higher production values, but most of all what new musical directions they might explore and surprise me with.

Highly recommended to the adventurous. The faint of heart may want to think twice. To order or for more info contact the Home Grown Network at (800) 6LEE-WAY. Also available in D.C. area stores.

-Michael Bell



Hearsay
There and Back Again

"There And Back Again" is the debut album by Hearsay, a quartet from Ontario. This band stretches and takes risks. Sometimes they fall flat, as any good band will, but they more often than not successfully take tunes in new directions.

Most absorbing about Hearsay is that they incorporate sounds popular among bands such as U2 and the Police, as well as the more familiar (to us anyway) Allman Brothers' and Dead approach, into their jams. This may sound like a bad mix, but it works, and works well. For instance, on "Contrary to Western," the band uses the tight scratchy sound first utilized by U2 as a bridge between the ska and reggae inflected beginning and the great western swing into which the tune evolves. It's a risky undertaking, but they pull it off. There is an ease of transition between smoothness and abrasion that works.

The second cut, "Fossils," contains a great jam that lets the band establish a few different moods, much the way a good "Dark Star" did for the Dead. The only problem comes when the engineering undercuts the journey. Only here does the volume fluctuate. It is a subtle shift, but the last thing I want to do when I am being carried away by a jam is adjust some dials to get the sound right. Hearsay takes great pride in noting that this disc was recorded "live." Not live meaning in front of an audience, but meaning all the instruments were recorded together as a

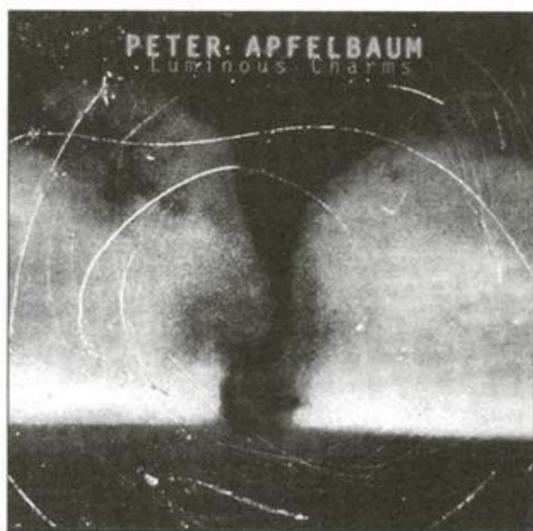
single take instead of as separate tracks. At least this keeps the vibe of improvisation alive, but it does not provide the listener with a consistent sound quality. The jams should only be limited by the imagination, stamina, and proficiency of the players.

These guys can play. They do not hide behind distortion, but use it to accent their playing when it helps take a tune somewhere. Sharp turns are taken together as styles shift within songs. What I like best is that the band is not always at full throttle ramming some riff down the your throat. The listener is given time to get into the band's mood. Hearsay is not afraid to let a note drift off and evaporate. It makes rushed, frantic jams all the more exciting when they build out of a quiet space. Also, throughout the CD are few little untitled instrumental jams which last around a minute each and add an aura of fun to the proceedings.

The cover and interior artwork are terrific: simple, pretty, and a little weird. It reminded me a bit of some of Bela Fleck's goofy album covers. Here's to designer Ed Pas for pulling together an appropriate outfit to wrap the goods in.

If you want a taste of this good stuff, send \$14 in the form of a money order to: Chris Cawthray 50 Kingscross Drive, King City, Ontario, CANADA, L7B 1E5. The CD will be sent via air mail.

-Geoff Weed



Peter Apfelbaum
Luminous Charms
Gramavision/Rykodisc

Peter Apfelbaum began music very early at the age of three playing drums. Later, tenor saxophone and piano became his main passions. His development continued through his studies in the Berkeley Schools Jazz Project. His main vehicle is the sixteen-member Hieroglyphics Ensemble formed in 1977 to explore non-traditional forms. The influences of those he has worked with, including Cecil Taylor, Carla Bley, and Don Cherry (for whom the CD is dedicated), are obvious in his own work.

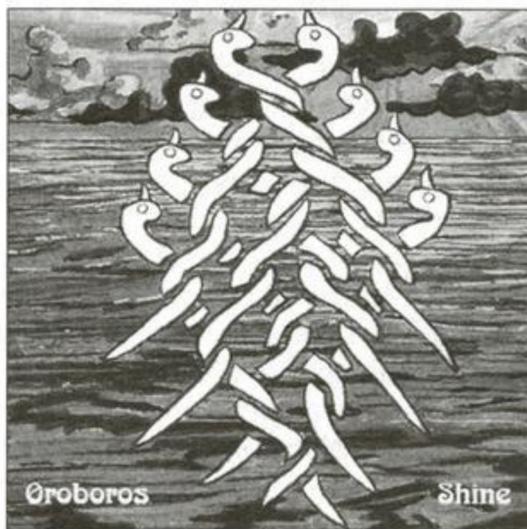
Apfelbaum created the sextet present on this disc to explore the compositional

possibilities of a smaller group. The result is freer and more personal. His compositions are very involved and complex. Angular rhythmic and melodic lines twist and wind in on themselves with elaborate cross rhythms. Despite the tightness required to keep all this together, free solos still abound with plenty of room to open up. The sound is decidedly West Coast. No matter how complex, how fast, or even how driving, there is still the sense of being very laid-back.

The greatly original sound of the group comes from each of the members' infusion of their diverse styles which still somehow manage to fit together. Guitarist Will Bernard contributes to the rock sound of the group. Josh Jones and Deszon X. Claiborne add a Latin element. The rhythm section, in general, often has a funk feel, but still feels at home with rock and jazz. Apfelbaum is the jazz center of the group. A good bit of the sound reminds me of some of the fusion experiments of the early '70s, but with a generally lighter sound.

The title cut is the most involved and the centerpiece of disc. Its added length leaves plenty of room for solo and group exploration. Almost as if most of the album had been a little too serious, the last two cuts, "Theater Piece" and "For the Living" lighten up and relax, leaving me with a smile. Definitely worth checking out by those interested in innovative jazz.

-Michael Bell



Oroboros
Shine
Maia Records

Despite weathering a nearly complete turnover of personnel, Jim Miller has kept the Oroboros spark lit to produce another ambitious musical offering. Like their first CD, *Psycho Deli*, *Shine* was recorded over just a few nights at their home base, the Euclid Tavern in Cleveland. Their third live release, it falls short sound-wise when compared to its predecessor, *Serpent's Dance*. This is mainly due to many of the fifteen tracks revealing too much of the room sound, essentially underlining the fact that it isn't much more than a sound-

board tape. However, the performances more than overshadow this minor shortcoming.

New member Michael Rotman shows the strongest influence in the evolution of the band's sound. Adding percussion, acoustic guitar, and keyboards to the mix, it's his contribution of 1/3 of the material that makes the band's new direction clear after the departure of longtime keyboardist/singer Mike Bradley.

Bassist Scott Swanson and drummer Will Douglas round out the lineup as a formidable rhythm section. In addition, Swanson's pulsing bass lines benefit greatly from the mix of *Shine*. Rarely is his instrument relegated to the background.

The album infrequently dips below a jogging or skipping pace, which isn't a bad thing, but makes for a homogenous feel that steals the thunder of the strongest selections. Still, the keeper tracks are numerous. From the folk and mythology-guided pen of Jim Miller come "Calliope" and "Leaving This Place Too Soon." "Sunshine Sally," the CD's only Rotman/Miller collaboration, reveals more than a shade of the Allmans' "Blue Sky," but is a strong indication of the new lineup's creative potential. Michael Rotman offers the album's closest thing to a ballad in the haunting "Fragile Union." Also worth repeated listening is his mid-tempo "True Light."

Finally, there are a couple novelty items. Guitarist Mike Verbic's "Arizona Man," whether intentional or not, sounds like Oroboros' impersonation of Commander Cody. Less intriguing but equally novel is the "hidden" three minute drum/percussion groove that appears about a minute and a half after the end of the closing track, "You Shine."

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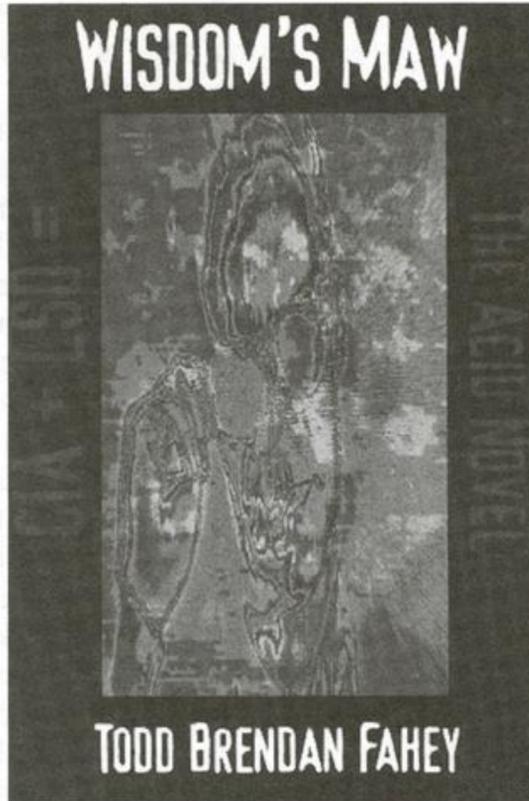
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Shine is a generous (a minute or so shy of a CD's length capacity) and satisfying representation of Oroboros' new lineup and repertoire. For so much music for only \$10, it is quite a bargain too. Check it out. Send \$10 incl. postage to: Maia Records P.O. Box 372, Wickliffe, OH 44092.

-Frank Hanwell



Wisdom's Maw: The Acid Novel
by Todd Brendan Fahey
Far Gone Books

The introduction of LSD into the counterculture of the 1960s has always been a topic of great debate. Many questions concerning government involvement have arisen. Todd Brendan Fahey tries to set the record straight in *Wisdom's Maw*. Fahey tells of how the CIA set out to create the Übermensch - the perfect human being - and how through the use of LSD and brainwashing, it tried to create an entirely different New World Order.

The story begins with MK-ULTRA, an undercover CIA project devised to take care of the "Beatnik Problem." Dr. Sheldon Gottfried and Captain Al Hubbard are seeking one man who will be the spokesman for the counterculture; one with extreme leadership ability who is to be brainwashed with a "combination of verbal reinforcement and a hell of a dose of LSD-25."

Enter wrestling superstar cum Merry Prankster Franklin Moore (known to us as Ken Kesey). Moore is singled-out by top-level agents to fill the hot seat. Special Agent Aldous Huxley is called in to provide guidance to the young and impressionable Moore. At Stanford University, the CIA begins turning Moore on to LSD and the project is set in motion.

Of course, all is well until the wonder-drug finds its way into and among the rebel youth. The CIA can no longer keep the secrets of LSD to itself and the revolu-

tion begins. The CIA is exposed and scampers to cover its tracks before the scheme can be proven.

Wisdom's Maw reads like a "Who's Who" in counterculture lore. Appearances by Neal Cassady, Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Hunter S. Thompson, and the aforementioned Huxley pepper this tale with what appears to be only name-dropping at times and, perhaps, a few too many unnecessary tangents.

Twisting history as we know it, *Wisdom's Maw* serves up another viewpoint on these volatile times by suggesting that part of counterculture of the sixties was a CIA experiment in mind control and subversion of the American consciousness. The CIA will never come clean on its intentions. Übermensch, MK-ULTRA or not, so too it is through Fahey's tale that we form our own theories about what really happened.

Send \$16.95 to: Far Gone Books
P.O.Box 43745, Lafayette, LA 70504.

-Andy Gerfers



FIJI
Fiji Mariners
featuring Col. Bruce Hampton
Capricorn Records

The eagerly anticipated new release *FIJI* by Bruce Hampton's latest band, Fiji Mariners, a bass-less trio of guitar, keyboards, and drums, leaves me with mixed feelings. This is the band's first release, and Hampton's third on Capricorn (the other two are profoundly excellent Aquarium Rescue Unit albums).

FIJI is a very uneven album. While the majority of the compositions are inspired and unique, the performances pale in comparison. Notable highlights include "Earth," with some stellar slide guitar by guest Derek Trucks, and the all-too-short "Star of Gladness," an excerpt of a jam by the Fijis (with live drummer Sonny Nakazawa) and Phish bassist Mike Gordon. Some of the more perplexing moments include the pair of tunes, "Fiji" and "Nowhere is Now Here," whereby the in-concert version of "Fiji" is fractured into two separate pieces with the addition of new lyrics for "Nowhere is Now Here." As a result, neither piece is really as

strong as the live "Fiji" and I wonder why they detracted from the original "Fiji" to accommodate the other lyric.

In ARU (1989-94), Hampton surrounded himself with the finest crew of instrumentalists in his career of bandleading; a band that redefined their instruments' capabilities and provided the perfect foil for Hampton's inspired musical dementia and enigmatic lyrics. On this album, he has limited himself to one such player, keyboardist Dan Matrazzo, whose keyboards provide the melody, harmony, and bass for many of the tracks. Matrazzo is a longtime Hampton cohort who was a member of a prototype ARU in 1988 known as the Arkansas Travelers. Accompanying the duo is Nashville-based studio drummer Craig Krampf and an array of guest artists, including the aforementioned Trucks and Gordon, Widespread Panic's Dave Schools, Sean Costello, and former ARU percussionist, the sublime Count Mbutu.

Under Hampton and Matrazzo's production, the songs are bludgeoned by the bland drumming of Krampf and a general brevity which does a great disservice to the genuine quality of the compositions and lyrics. The ten track disc clocks in at under 40 minutes. Many of the tunes fade out prematurely or simply aren't played-out enough to establish themselves.

FIJI reminds me much more of Hampton's work with The Late Bronze Age (from the late '70s through early '80s) than of the music he created with the ARU. Like *FIJI*, many of the Bronze Age albums were self-produced, and like this record, fail to capture the true spirit of the band in its live form, which instead results in records fractured in over-production. (Note: While the Bronze Age albums are out of print, a superb retrospective compilation entitled *Strange Voices* is available from Landslide Records.)

Bruce Hampton is an innovative artist, but the expression of this has always relied on a strong group sound from his bands. The Aquarium Rescue Unit worked hard to develop a cohesive, consistent group sound. As a result, it allowed Hampton the greatest freedom and dynamic range of any of his groups, and is likely never to be surpassed. With his latest band, Fiji Mariners, Hampton is trying to achieve a result that is more than the sum of its parts. Rather than explore and profit from the sparse sound a bass-less trio can provide, Fiji Mariners raise a red flag to absence of a bassist by attempting to sound like a quartet via the over-extension of Matrazzo's considerable talent. The recorded result is an inconsistent misrepresentation of the musicality of Hampton and his collaborators.

-Chris Cawthray



**The Great Plains Gypsies
Hipster Club Blues (7" single)
b/w Last Song for You
Sunny Smedley Records**

"Hipster Club Blues" is your basic bluesy rockabilly kind of thing. The straight-ahead no frills approach is very well done and enjoyable. A pleasant accompaniment to "Last Song for You" belies the sardonic lyrics. This Chicago based group consists of Dan Whitaker on guitar and vocals, John Roche on drums, and John Barrile on bass. Kurt Kiesel adds effective harmonica to "Hipster Club Blues." The sweet sounding analog vinyl is a rare pleasure these days.

To order or for more info write: Sunny Smedley Records, 1929 W. Superior, Chicago, IL 60622 or call 312-733-8160.

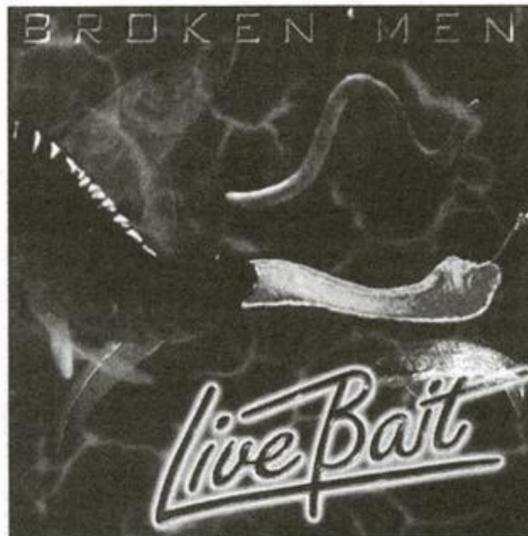
-Michael Bell

jazzy grooves that make you want to move. In fact, many of the tunes make it hard to sit still. On several cuts, particularly "Straight" and "Eric," the word that keeps coming to mind is fun. They are capable of taking it out to the edge, but also capable of subtle sensitivity. A rarity among the newer jam bands, they even have some fine slow material including "Smiling Up A Frown" and the ballad "Miss Misbelieving."

Despite heavy jazz influence and some funk too, Winn insists, "We're just a rock & roll band." Well, I'd say a little more than that. The album is good, but catch them live, of course, where they will shake your bones.

For more info or to order call the Home Grown Music Network at (800) 6LEE-WAY.

-Michael Bell



**Broken Men
Live Bait**

Scrolling around the World Wide Web is a little like fishing: some days you spend hours and never catch a thing and some days you get lucky and some little gem lands right in you boat (or hard drive, as the case may be). I was minding my own business online a while back when I came across some chatter about Broken Men, a jamming band out of Portland, Maine. Hoping that the long winters would unleash some pent up craziness, I asked the band to send me their most recent CD, *Live Bait*. It was quite a catch.

The band has been in existence for thirteen years and they play together comfortably and smoothly. The integration is excellent. Not only do they play well together, but during solos, there is real prowess in effortlessly extending the tunes (all originals) while having a good sense of when enough is enough. And the band, with all their musical talent, keeps their sense of humor. On "Outside the Inn," keyboardist Lindsey Durnbaugh subtly quotes "Chopsticks" right in the middle of a terrific run of notes. Many of the songs run around five or six minutes, but feel as if they are over too fast.

Aside from the playing, the singers can really put together some harmony. The

lyrics are personal, with exception of the silly "Homeward Bound." This is both a strength and weakness for the band. On one hand, the songs have weight and a certain sincerity. On the other hand, it's doubtful you'll find yourself singing the lyrics while strolling down the street. Sometimes they are too specific. In all, though, Broken Men's instrumental sound and singing mix seamlessly. To bring the music all together without making the whole production sound slick is no small feat. On *Live Bait*, they pull it off.

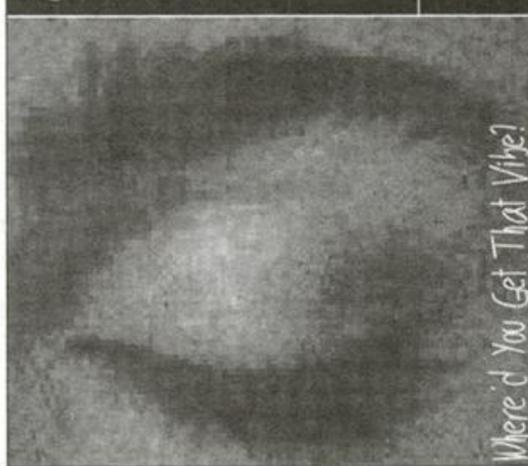
As for favorite tracks on the disc, the first two tunes, "Outside the Inn" and "Cornbread Man" contain some fine lyrics and original jams that rise and fall within the songs. "Little Bit of Sun" is gentle and pretty with a great upbeat ending jam. Perhaps the best track is the last. "Carrie" starts off sounding like a bouncy cross between an old ZZ Top tune and a manic "Russian Lullaby." (Trust me on this one).

My main criticism of the disc is that the tempo remains fairly constant throughout and it takes a few listens to begin to distinguish the songs. By the fifth track, I knew I liked what I heard, but it was hard to remember where in songs I heard certain things I liked. A little experimentation with pacing would help. But this is really minor. If you like Phish or Solar Circus you're going to like this.

To order *Live Bait* on CD, send \$12.50 to: Broken Men, 251 Oak Hill Rd., Otisfield, ME 04270. Email at: otisworld@maine.com

-Geoff Weed

Agents of Good Roots



**Agents of Good Roots
Where'd You Get That Vibe?**

Agents of Good Roots, a young group from Richmond, Va., first caught my attention on the *Homegrown* compilation. I saw their South By Southwest showcase here in Austin in March and they really blew me away.

The most immediately distinctive aspect of the group's sound is Andrew Winn's low raspy voice. A white guy in his early twenties, he sounds like a 50-something chain-smoking black man. His keyboard and guitar abilities are not to be overlooked either. Also important is J.C. Kuhl's jazz sax work. The rhythm is anchored by Brian Jones on drums and Stewart Myers' moving bass lines.

The CD opens with "Sidewinder," full of

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UMR needs current addresses for past tape contacts. Help me return your tapes! UMR/Jeffrey Flaws 14329 Vintage St NW, Andover, MN 55304-3161

Hoping to find HQ SBD from shows I went to. Have plenty of recent HQ tapes to trade. PLEASE have 6-15-92, 4-1-93, 4-2-93, 6-5-93, 6-6-93, 9-17-93, 3-23-94, 3-25-94, 3-28-94, 10-10-94. Call, write or fax. Ryan Gunn 1241 Wild Hawthorn Way, Reston, VA 22094 (703) 478-5002

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Looking for Dillon Stad 7-31-74 Hartford, CT. Also HQ shows anywhere. Longtime Head new to trading. YLGM. Be specific - blanks, postage, etc. Jim Mis 15 Ave B, Beacon Falls, CT 06403

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Upstate NY needs Furthur Saratoga '96 tape. Have GD '95 to trade. Will not be unreciprocated. Freeze 1173 #3 York St, Honeoye Falls, NY 14472

Looking for rare & historical psychedelic era GD tapes 1965 to 1971. Also Airplane, Santana, Allmans, Canned Heat. Your trade list gets mine. Barry Smith 25 Roxbury Ave, Plainview, NY 11803

LET IT GROW Have 500+hrs GD, 80hrs JGB, 100hrs various. Want all super HQ. Quick & reliable. YLGM. Chris 3985 Almond Cv, Memphis, TN 38115

HEY NOW! Have 325 Dead, 250 Phish, 100 others. Seeking ABB, Dead, moe., Phish, WSP, Zero. Beginners welcome! Pete 187 Putnam Ave, Cambridge, MA 02139

Cassidy Corrina, Jerome John (b. 8/?/96) Welcome to our world of love! Your light will shine in our hearts forever more. Music, Love & Peace, & Tyler too! Mom, Dad

400+hrs GD Quality conscious. Eager to share & trade. YLGM. All letters answered. The music never stopped! Pat Smith 6256 Union Ct, Arvada, CO 80004

PLEASE help a beginning trader with any Dead tapes! Will send blanks/postage pre-paid. I'll be very grateful! Taylor G. 1905 Inverness Ln, Wilm, NC 28405

Fast reliable trader with 50hrs of Dead, Phish, etc. All answered. Eric 100 Talleyrand Dr, Wilm, DE 19810

MICKEY HART: Need Mystery Box, Planet Drum, High Noon, Diga, etc. Also Airto/Flora, Zakir Hussain, Olatunji, audio/video. Have plenty to trade plus 1100hrs Dead, 200 hrs Garcia & others. Looking for Dead 9/29/67, 9/20/68, 5/11/69 & JGB 1/22/83 set 2. Michael Morin 102 Taunton Ave, Norton, MA 02766-3204

WANTED: JGB 5/19/94, 12/31/74 RatDog 7/24/96, 7/28/96. 2600hrs to trade. L Richter 311 Front St, N Redwood, MN 56283

THE SCHWAG: Hey, there's now a band from St Louis playing all the Dead tunes. Improvisation and all. For info call (314) 995-8666

Let's trade some music. GD, JGB, Allmans, Band, Dylan, Stones, Cream, Blind Faith, Hendrix, many more. YLGM. James 3817 Maryellen NE, Albuquerque, NM 87111. Peace

Need RatDog & Bruce Furthur shows, esp Deer Creek, Alpine, Blossom, Pine Knob & Polaris. Have 350hrs HQ SBD Dead & JGB. Pat 1621 Colleen Ct, Toledo, OH 43614

To all those familiar faces on the eastern leg of the Furthur tour: Ain't no fuss, we'll just stay on the bus. -Love, Nadine & Woodbutcha

I missed the bus! Help me catch up. Seeking my first tapes, friends, correspondence. Jeff Neilson 316-3244 Quadra St, Victoria, BC V8X 1G2 Canada

English Deadhead. 750+hrs HQ Dead, all eras, seeks more quality trades. Reliable, fast, YLGM. Tony Morrall 26 Linden Farm Dr, Countesthorpe, LE8 5SX England

Will trade 11/24/78 simulcast for your favorite '80s Dead SBD. Kirk M 1117 W Wilson St Apt. A, Batavia, IL 60510

The music never stops! Reliable trader w/300hrs looking for more. Jared 534 Park Ave #345, Omaha, NE 68105 All answered

PLEASE HELP Any GD or JGB greatly appreciated. Will send blanks & postage. Jerry O 1532 Melrose Way, Vista, CA 92083



Grateful Dead Hour



Produced and hosted by **David Gans**, author of *Playing in the Band*, *Conversations with the Dead*, and *Not Fade Away: The Online World Remembers Jerry Garcia*

Heard weekly on these stations

8/15/96

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KYUK-AM	580.am	Bethel AK		KOPN-FM	89.5	Columbia MO	Fri 8pm
KDLG-FM	670.am	Dillinghm AK	Sat midnight	KKFI-FM	90.1	KC MO	Fri 10pm
KHNS-FM	102.3	Haines AK	Sun 10pm	KMNR-FM	89.7	Rolla MO	Sat midnight
KFSK-FM	100.9	Petersburg AK	Fri 9pm	KSMU-FM	91.1	Sprngfield MO	Sun 7:06pm
KCAW-FM	104.7	Sitka AK	Thu 10pm	KDHX-FM	88.1	St. Louis MO	Sat 10pm
KSTK-FM	101.7	Wrangel AK	Mon 7/Sat 3pm	WTYX-FM	94.7	Jackson MS	Sun 9pm
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WUAL-FM	91.5	Tusc/Bham AL	Fri 11pm	WNCW-FM	95.5	Beech Mtn NC	Wed 9pm
KDKB-FM	93.3	Phoenix AZ	Sun 10pm	WNCW-FM	92.9	Boone NC	Wed 9pm
KHSU-FM	90.5	Arcata CA	Tue 9:30pm	WNCW-FM	100.7	Charlotte NC	Wed 9pm
KPFA-FM	94.1	Berkeley CA	Wed 8 pm	WNCW-FM	88.7	Spindale NC	Wed 9pm
KFCF-FM	88.1	Fresno CA	Wed 8pm	KZUM-FM	89.3	Lincoln NE	Wed 10pm
KSCA-FM	101.9	Los Angls CA	Sun midnight	WNHI-FM	93.3	Concord NH	Tue 9pm
KNSQ-FM	88.1	Mt.Shasta CA	Sat 8pm	WDHA-FM	105.5	Dover NJ	Sun 7pm
KNCA-FM	89.7	Redding CA	Sat 8pm	KLSK-FM	104.1	Albq NM	Wed 9pm
KSEG-FM	96.9	SactoCA	Sat midnight	KGLP-FM	91.7	Gallup NM	Sat 9pm
KZSC-FM	88.1	Santa Cruz CA	Sun 12:30am	KTHX-FM	94.7	Reno NV	Sun 8pm
KRCB-FM	91.1	Santa Rosa CA	Thu 7pm	WGR-FM	96.9	Buffalo NY	Sun 11pm
KGNU-FM	88.5	Boulder CO	Sat 7pm	WMHX-FM	102.3	Cndaigua NY	Sun 10pm
KSUT-FM	91.3	Ignacio CO	Sat 9pm	WFUV-FM	90.7	New York NY	Sun 8pm
WHCN-FM	105.9	Hartford CT	Sunday 10pm	WMAX-FM	106.7	Rochester NY	Sun 10pm
WEFX-FM	95.9	Norwalk CT	Sun 9pm	WRPI-FM	91.5	Troy NY	Thu 6pm
WRXK-FM	96.1	Estero FL	Sun 8pm	WNKU-FM	89.7	Cincinnati OH	Sat 9pm
WJCT-FM	89.9	Jacksonville FL	Fri 11pm	WRUW-FM	91.1	Cleveland OH	Tue 11pm
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WMNF-FM	88.5	Tampa FL	Tues 9pm	KSMF-FM	89.1	Ashland OR	Sat 8pm
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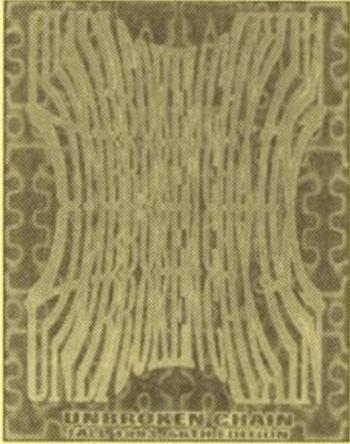
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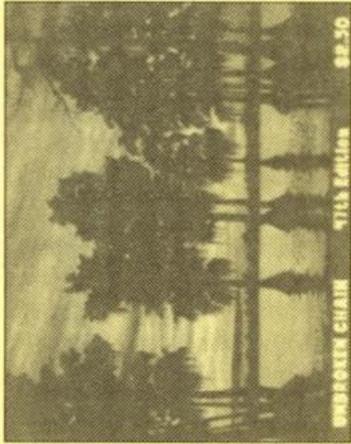
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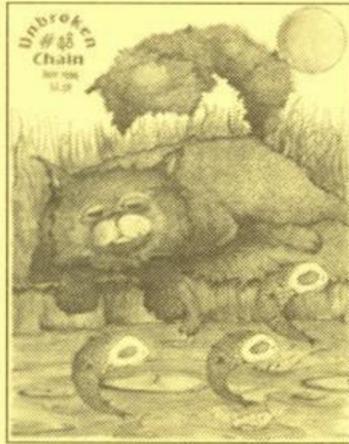
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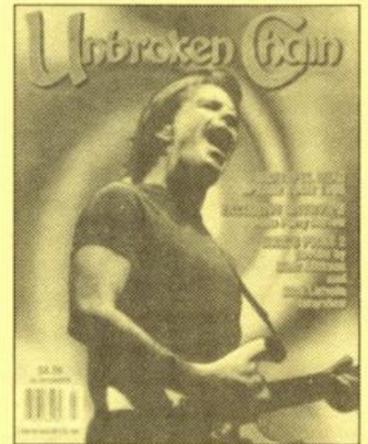
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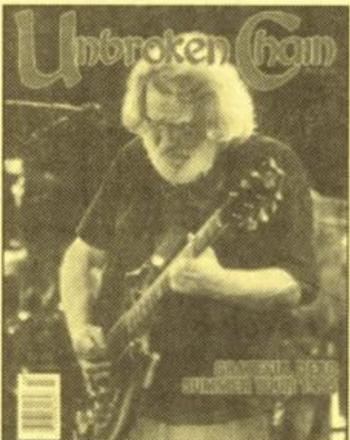
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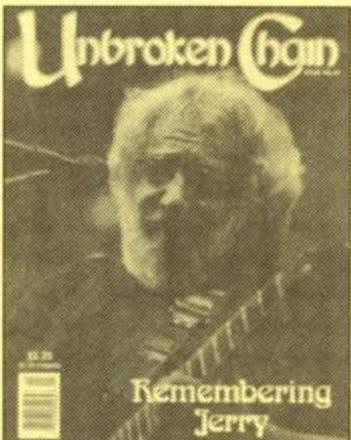
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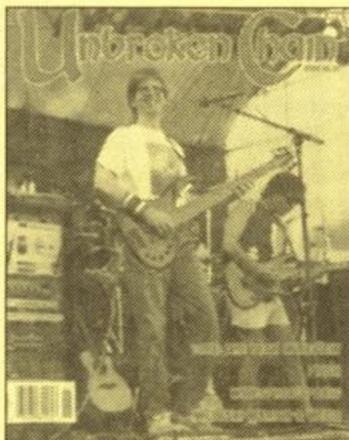
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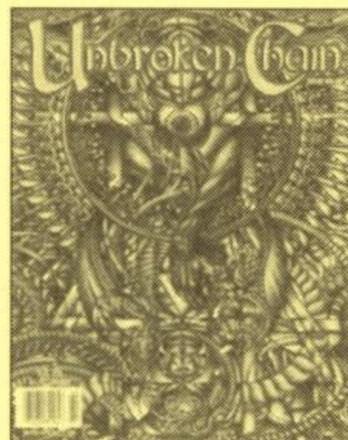
53 Summer tour 1995 (extensive coverage)



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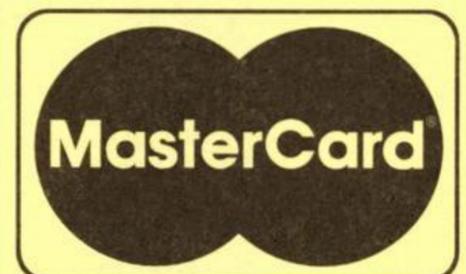
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