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DUPREE'S DIAMOND NEWS

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DUPREE'S DIAMOND NEWS

ISSUE NO. 37 • FALL/WINTER 1997

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Correction: Corey Sanderson contributed massively to issue #36's Tape Trading Year in Review article. Thanks dude!

POSTMASTER:

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This issue is deadicated to the memory of Donalbain Hot Gossip, we'll miss you Sippy...

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE:

Our primary goal is to responsibly document and promote mind-expanding music and the culture that surrounds it. This genre, which includes, but is not limited to, the music and culture of the Grateful Dead, groove rock, psychedelic, world beat, American roots music, and jazz, is a potent catalyst for consciousness expansion, spiritual development, peaceful celebration, and the continuation of tribal community in Western culture. We believe humankind's greatest potential is reached when mindfully and joyously creating art and art-based rituals. We believe that more people should participate in making art and living their dreams, not just observing others taking action. We strive to help manifest this potential in as many ways as possible. Accordingly, we are also *dedicated* to using this publication as a gentle force for personal and planetary healing. ◊

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Dedication

This summer turned out to be one of the best musical adventures of my life! Yeah, I know, this might sound extreme, especially coming from someone who not only toured extensively with the Dead, starting in the '70s, but has also seen 1500 plus concerts — but it's true.

It started with a dreamy outdoor spring concert featuring jazzy groove masters Medeski, Martin &Wood and one of the immortal heroes of funk Maceo Parker. What a perfect pairing! Though it rained ever so lightly, it seemed to be just right for a fertile spring day. Several weeks later was Terrapin Tapes' magnificent *Gathering of the Vibes* festival at Croton Point Park in Croton-on-Hudson NY, nestled against the edge of the noble Hudson river. Ken Hays and his gang, responsible for last year's *Deadhead Heaven* festival, somehow managed to eclipse perfection this year. This event screamed, "Summer's here and it's time to rejoice!"

For the first time in twenty-one years, I chose not to spend my summer with members of the Grateful Dead (although as you'll read herein, the *Furthur* fest was much improved over last year). Instead, I headed west for both the *High Sierra Music Festival* and *The Oregon Country Fair*; known far and wide as the pinnacle of counterculture prosperity. Any Deadhead who passes on an opportunity to attend these magical back-to back events is really missing out on a week of highly memorable peak experiences.

Back at home base, everywhere I turned, it seemed there were great concerts to be experienced. Former Dead vocalist Donna Jean returned to the spotlight after an eighteen-year absence, with a strong band; and Carlos Santana, who has toured for twenty nine years now, turned fifty this year without showing any signs of slowing down. The Allman Brothers experienced an exciting rebirth by bringing on a new guitarist and bassist. Jack Casady rocked Jefferson Starship. Vince Welnick's Missing Man Formation got great reviews. Phish and moe. continued to turn on their faithful and new listeners alike. Merl Saunders and the JGB band consistently keep their vibe alive. And the young groove rock scene continues to turn out new talent.

I also had a rebirth — of the "road jones." It was as though I was able to somehow re-spark the sense of excitement, expectation and wonder of being on the road. It was a feeling I had for so many years with the Dead, a feeling which died when Jerry passed away.

Much to my surprise, this summer brought that hunger back with a vengeance. I danced so hard I ached. I reconnected with old friends. I made new friends. I got lost. And found my way again. I saw new sights. I saw old locales I had forgotten were so wonderful. I endured hassles. I reached for the brass ring and grabbed it. At 37, I somehow managed to have as much PHUN as I ever had way back when I was an ebulent, hope-filled twenty something year-old. It was like falling in love again.

Accordingly, this issue is about being on the road. It's about that grand old tradition of getting in the car, cranking up the volume on the tape deck, and driving towards the possibility of something wonderful. It's about finding out that as long as WE, the larger we, are here, there will always grand adventures, great music and the hero's journey.

We Deadheads have had our main source of inspiration taken away; it's our challenge to find it again. Without it, we are lost. Like they say: retire and die. This summer proved to me, without a doubt, that inspiration still exists; that mindblowing music and hightimes are still out there for the enjoying, we just have to make the effort.

As you'll read in DDN notes there has been alot of talk about the Dead possibly getting back together again. While it would be wonderful, I'm not holding my breath. I'm focusing on the moment and all the opportunities that exist now for wild, wooly, wonderful music-based adventures. I suggest you do the same. See you on the dance floor.

In Light,

Johnny Dwork ◊

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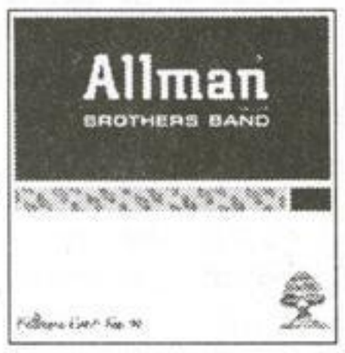
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The Allman Brothers Band

Fillmore East • February 1970

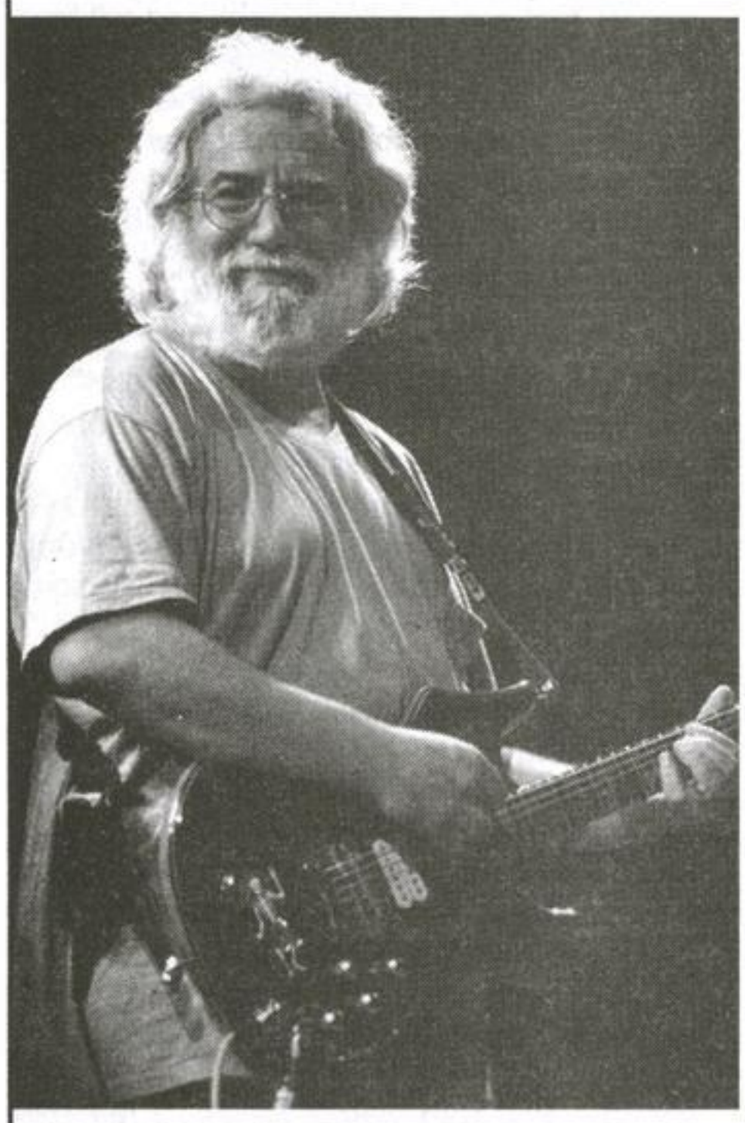
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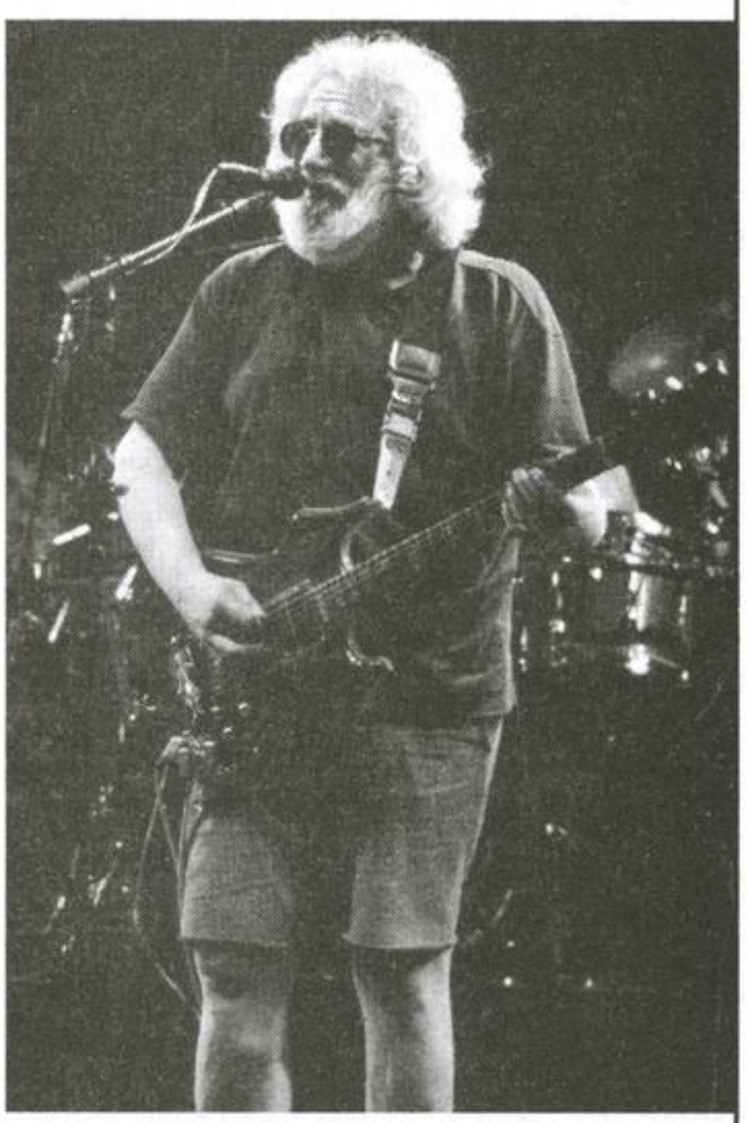
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DDN Notes

TERRAPIN STATION

On September 23, the Dead announced plans to create an interactive museum and venue which will be called **Terrapin Station.** The band's official statement in the Almanac said that the facility, to be built in an unspecified location, will be "designed not just to celebrate and commemorate a glorious past (although it will most assuredly do that), but also to suggest limitless possibilities for an equally glorious future; a place to stir the soul and excite the senses."

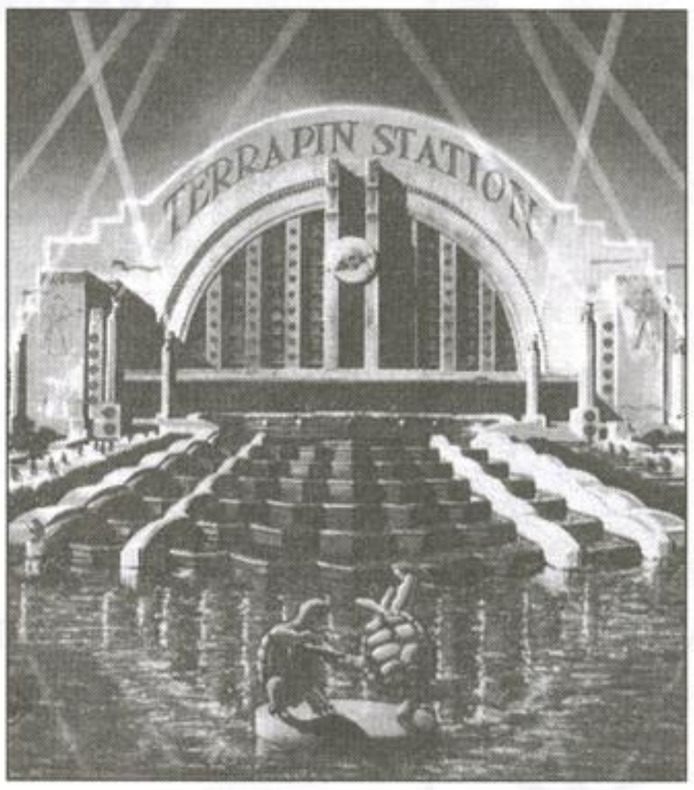
The announcement says that Terrapin Station will evoke "the most dazzling sounds, sights and paramusical phenomena of a Grateful Dead concert," offering not only a place to listen to the band's best shows on tape, but a place to hear challenging new music "played in Terrapin's state-of-the-art performance spaces, by various GD alumni (individually and, when opportunity and inspiration allow, collectively), as well as by special guests from many different musical worlds."

On the same day, the Dead launched the official Terrapin Station Web site at dead.net, and began sales of "Terrapin Limited," a limited-edition 3-CD box set containing the complete, unedited performance from Landover, Maryland on March 15, 1990 - Phil's 50th birthday show - with art by Alton Kelley and Stanley Mouse.

The morning of September 23, many Deadheads in the online world learned the details of the plans for Terrapin Station by reading Steve Silberman's article in Wired News (http://www.wired.com/news/news/culture/story/7102.html). News of the project raced like a prairie fire by email and postings to rec.music.gdead, owing partly to the fact that the Wired News article contained several nuggets of information that were not in the official announcement, including news that the surviving members of the Dead would reunite to play a concert celebrating the opening of Terrapin Station on New Year's Eve, 1999.

Though Silberman's article contained only a single sentence about the reunion, and a lengthy exploration of the plans for the Terrapin project and the CD release, by the next morning, rumors of a "Grateful Dead reunion" seemed to be everywhere. The San Francisco Chronicle ran excerpts from the article under a headline playing up the reunion, and radio stations all over the country began announcing the event - which was still unconfirmed by the band's longtime official spokesperson, Dennis McNally.

Like a giant game of Telephone, rumors of a reunion carried far and wide, as ecstatic Deadheads - many of whom felt like they hadn't had a piece of good news to spread about the Dead since the band's last tour, other than vault releases - relayed the information in more or less accurate form,



while the more complex message about the launch of the Terrapin project received less attention.

The reunion tip, says Silberman, came straight from Phil. "As I was researching my article, I asked Phil if he wanted to make a statement," Silberman says. "We spoke on the phone, all on the record, for about 20 minutes. In the middle of the interview, Phil brought up a reunion without my asking. He said, 'The survivors will play at the opening.' I was surprised, to say the least, but I was delighted that Phil chose to share this bit of wonderful news for the article. Frankly, I thought he was giving me that scoop so that the public announcement of the Terrapin project would have an irresistible hook."

By the next day, however, Dennis McNally seemed to be backpedaling on the reunion news. On MTV, he was reported to have said that though Silberman's story was "accurate," Wired had gone overboard. The project itself was just a "dream... a projection," McNally cautioned. In a statement made to Geoff Gould, host of the GD Forum on America Online, McNally declared that "Phil did say, in passing, that if everything with Terrapin Station goes well and life works out perfectly, it would be great to have the band get together to christen it. And Steve Silberman, being a journalist - and an excited Dead Head - took a comment that was freely offered in the middle of a conversation and reported it at the top of the article."

Silberman replies that "it's hard to know what Dennis means by 'in passing,' when he's talking about an interview that was set up to provide information for an article being written with the Dead's consent." He adds that "if I hadn't put the news of the reunion in my first sentence, my editor says he would have moved it there anyway."

He agrees with McNally, however, that the emphasis that was placed on a potential reunion by subsequent news reports and rumors distorted the real story: the launch of the Terrapin project.

"I didn't intend for that to happen," Silberman says, "and I persuaded Wired News to run an article that was twice as long as usual, so that the Terrapin Station idea could be explored in the depth that it deserves. But it was inevitable that the reunion became the unforgettable soundbite, given the eagerness that many Deadheads have for the guys to play more music together, and the fact that mainstream reporters understand a story about a 'reunion' a lot faster than they understand a story about an 'interactive museum.' The point is, the Dead are bringing to this project a lot of wonderful intentions about Terrapin being a venue for challenging new music, as well as a place to investigate the history and experience a virtual taste of what shows were like. If they find it in their hearts to play together, I can't think of a better way to inaugurate Terrapin and celebrate the new millennium. But there are a lot of bridges to cross in between now and then."

Features being considered for the site include a holographically-enhanced dance hall-in-the-round called "The Wheel," a "Jerry Garcia Theater" for performances of new music, and a research center for music scholars. In addition to housing the Dead's own archives of music and instruments - including Mickey Hart's vast arsenal of world percussion - Terrapin Station will be home to two other collections of significant historical interest: the Bay Area Music Archives, and the Musician's Reference Library - a collection of extremely rare 78s, sheet music, books and films documenting the development of jazz, gospel, ragtime, R & B, and rock and roll from the days of recording on cylinders.

Architect Cathy Simon told Silberman that the exhibits at the site will change and evolve continually, in keeping with the Dead's commitment to "the capability of transformation" via music. There will be displays of fan art, including the thousands of elaborately decorated envelopes sent to GDTS. A room called "Eyes of the World" will feature multimedia recreations of celebrated venues from the Dead's 30-year career.

The facility may even include an archive where Deadheads could select their favorite performances and design their own personal vault releases - like customized "Dick's Picks."

Calling Terrapin Station "equal parts interactive museum, sensory playground, and social/cultural laboratory," Almanac editor Gary Lambert described the planned facility as "a circus of the synapses... a continuation and extension... of an ongoing experiment in peaceful public assemblage, and a safe haven for free and spontaneous expression."

"We want to build a place where Deadheads can feel something of the community and freedom and abandon of Grateful Dead shows," Phil told Wired News. "I felt that freedom and abandon at shows myself – it just didn't manifest itself in twirling."

ALL ONBOARD THE TERRAPIN LIMITED

In an effort to raise funds for the creation of Terrapin Station Grateful Dead Merchandising has just released **"Terrapin Limited."** This limited edition, 3 CD package of the Dead's concert on Phil's 50th birthday, **3/15/90**, at the Capital Center, Landover Maryland features beautiful artwork throughout. The beautifully decorated set features; *Jack Straw >Sugaree, Easy To Love You, Walking Blues, Althea, Tom Thumb Blues, Tennessee Jed, Cassidy > Don't Ease Me In, China Cat > I Know You Rider, Samson > Terrapin > Jam > Drums > Take You Home > Wharf Rat > Throwing Stones > Not Fade Away, Revolution.*

MORE LIVE/DEAD

By the time you read this yet another multi-track live concert **Grateful Dead Vault Release** will be available. This one, a two CD set, was recorded on **2/11/69** at the **Fillmore East** — smack dab in the middle of the period during which "Live/Dead" was being recorded! Disc one features *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl, Cryptical > The Other One > Cryptical, Doin' That Rag, King Bee, Lovelight,* and *Hey Jude* fom the early show. Disc two features *Dupree's Diamond Blues, Mountains of the Moon, Dark Star > Saint Stephen > The Eleven > Drums > Jam > Caution > Feedback > We Bid You Good Night, Cosmic Charlie* from the late show.

DICK'S PICKS VOLUME 9 IS OUT!

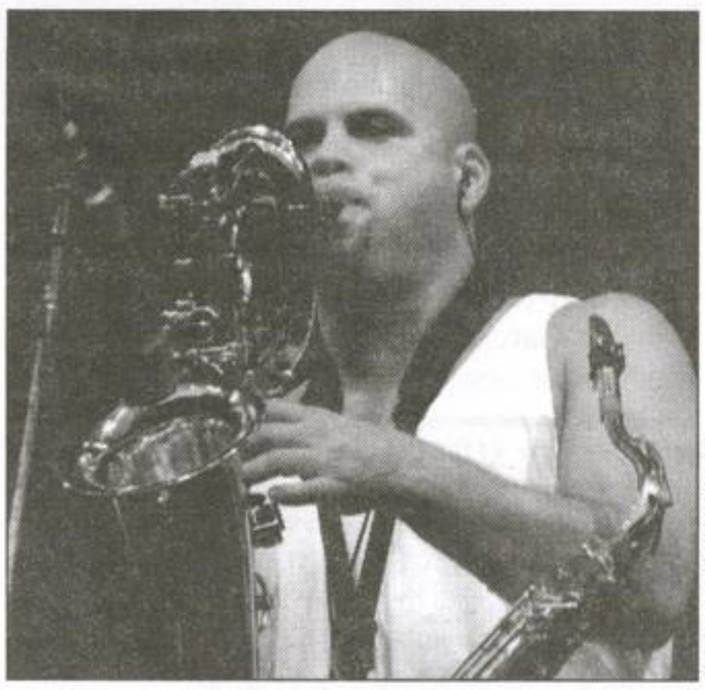
The show is from **Madison Square Garden**, New York City, NY **9/16/90**, during the legendary first Bruce Hornsby/Vince Welnick tour. Disc one: *Hell in a Bucket, Cold Rain and Snow, Little Red Rooster, Stagger Lee, Queen Jane Approximately, Tennessee Jed, Cassidy, Deal.* Disc two: *Samson and Delilah, Iko Iko, Looks Like Rain, He's Gone > No MSG Jam > Drums.* Disc three: *Space > Standing on the Moon > Lunatic Preserve > I Need A Miracle > Morning Dew, It's All Over Now Baby Blue.*

RATDOG RECORDS

Ratdog is in the studio this fall, laying down tracks between occasional show dates. Also keep an eye out for some preliminary concert productions of Bob Weir's **Satchel Paige** project. Full costume productions, however, won't happen until next year.

GDP HELPS PBS

Public Television stations around the country have been using more Grateful Dead material with great success for their fundraising drives most recently, *Anthem to Beauty*, a documentary on the making of albums *American Beauty* and *Anthem of the Sun*. The documentary features **Robert Hunter, Bob Weir, Mickey Hart, David Crosby** and **Stephen Barncard**. This video will be available through GDM late this fall. Another video currently offered on PBS-a-thons is a compilation from the 1989 **Alpine Valley** run called *Downhill from Here*. This video will also be for sale through GDM sometime this fall.



KURT MAHONEY ©1997

FURTHUR TALES

Right before **Furthur** tour started, ticket sales were so dismal that the "Powers that Be" were considering pulling the emergency brake on the Bus next year! Fortunately, the tour picked up considerable steam as it rolled West, largely due to the phenomenal jam sequences and the vast improvement of **Ratdog** with **Dave Ellis** filling the gaps on sax. While ticket sales still did not reach optimum level, Furthur will most likely happen again next year, diving deeper into the experiment than ever before.

BOB WEIR PREGNANT?

Yes ladies, it's true! Reliable sources tell us that **Bob Weir**'s long-time lady friend has one cookin' in the oven. Bob's gal **Natasha Muenter**, a school teacher in the Bay Area, is expecting a baby this fall. From the appearance of Bobby's patriarchal leadership of this summer's Furthur tour it appears he's seriously preparing to play the role of Dad. Congratulations are in order on all counts.

PHILHARMONIA

Bay Area heads won't have to wait long for the next musical appearance by **Phil Lesh**. The Unbroken Chain Foundation, Phil's most recent philanthropic endeavor, will be sponsoring a benefit concert at the Maritime Hall in San Francisco, on December 7th billed as PhilHarmonia. Promoted as Phil & friends, other guests include **Bob Weir, Bruce Hornsby, David Grisman, Donna Jean (Godchaux) McKay, Graham Nash, Edie Brickell, Jackie LaBranch and Michael Tilson Thomas**. Although the general admission tickets have already sold out, $150 can still buy you a special ticket that includes entry to a reception after the show, featuring "food, wine, good company and special gifts" as well as admission to the concert.

IT'S COMING AROUND

Phil Lesh is putting the finishing touches on *Keys to the Rain*, an orchestral presentation of Grateful Dead music. With *The Other One* as the centerpiece, Lesh plans to unveil the composition as a Christmas benefit concert in the Bay Area. A conductor has not yet been named.

BILLY'S BACKHAND & BACKBONE

According to a June 11 **San Francisco Chronicle** article, **Billy Kreutzmann** pleaded guilty to assault charges in conjunction with a mid-December incident in which he allegedly beat his live-in girlfriend. As a result, Billy was ordered to cover some of his girlfriend's medical expenses, perform community service, and refrain from drug and alcohol abuse. Rumors surrounding this incident include the possibility that Kreutzmann was acting in self-defense. In other news, Billy's new Hawaii-based band, **Backbone**, played a few Bay Area gigs this summer to less-than-capacity crowds. Backbone opened for the **Sons of Champlin** at the **Fillmore** on July 12 and headlined a show on July 14th at **Askenaz** in Berkeley.

BIOGRAPHY FORTHCOMING

Dennis McNally is hard at work in the research phase of what promises to be "the definitive Grateful Dead biography." However, the book we've all been waiting for will not be finished until late 1998 at the earliest. McNally continues to be available for speaking engagements, and lectures through his agent **Andy Roth** at **Greater Talent Network**, (212) 645-4200.

GRATEFULLY DEADICATED

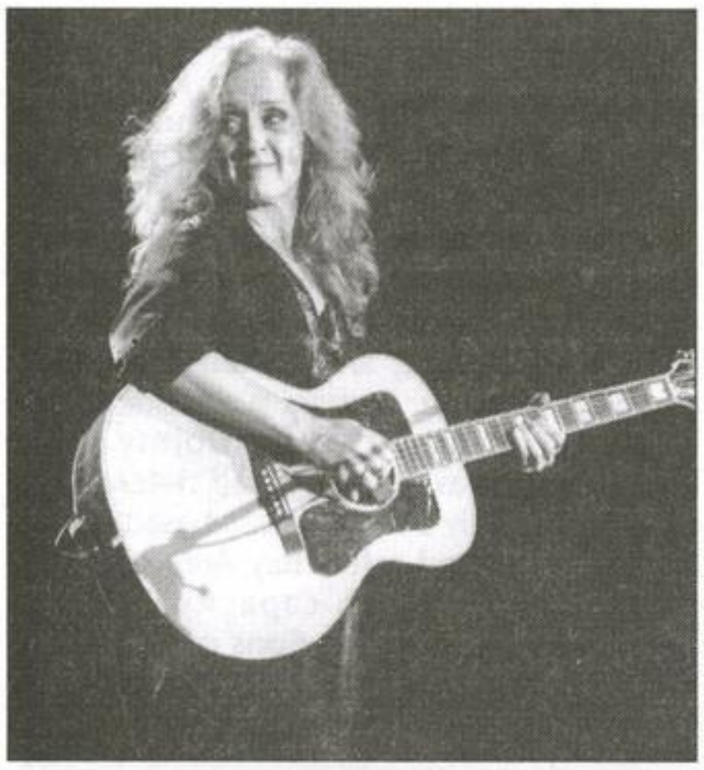
Hats off to the Western Massachusetts Deadheads who raised $1800 for the **Garden of the Gratefully Deadicated rainforest Preservation Project** on the anniversary of Jerry Garcia's death. Musician **Tor Krautter** organized **The Lobsterz From Mars, Cole-Connection, Jeff Martell** and others to play for several hundred Heads at the beautiful **Bucksteep Manor** in the Berkshire mountains. It just goes to show that we can do some good while having fun.

LEFTOVER SALMON GETS FRESH FISH

Jeff Sipe, also known as **Apt. Q-258**, replaced **Michael Wooten** on drums in June. Sipe comes to Leftover Salmon from the amazing but now-defunct East Coast groove rock trio **Hellborg, Lane and Sipe**. The new combination is already beginning to gel, with Sipe providing a much-needed foundation for Leftover Salmon to perform the voo-doo that they do.

ANTHEMS TO THE TREES

On the weekend of September 12th, a benefit took place in Humboldt County to save the Headwaters. Forest which contains trees that are 300 feet tall, 15 feet wide and about 1,500 years old. The forest is also home to endangered species such as the spotted owl, the marbled murrelet and the coho salmon. On Friday night, the Forest Aid concert featured **Bonnie Raitt, Mickey Hart** and **Joanne Rand. Bob Weir** and **Rob Wasserman** also played an acoustic set. The highlight of the show was Bonnie Raitt's double encore. She brought out Bob Weir and Mickey Hart for *West LA Fade Away*. Bob



ERIN CASSIDY ©1997

and Bonnie shared verses. After that, Bonnie brought out Joanne Rand, **Jim Page,** and **Darrel Cherny**, among others, for a version of *Knockin' on Heaven's Door.* On Saturday, a non-violent rally in Arcata's Town Square. Bonnie Raitt performed *Cant find my way home* with Mickey Hart. Following presentations by various speakers, Mickey, along with other local percussionists, led a drum jam for the trees. About 6,000 protesters gathered on Sunday for the third rally. Protesters marched to the site of the mudslide that destroyed seven homes. Residents claim that Pacific Lumber is responsible for the mudslide caused by logging. Woody Harrelson and Gov. Jerry Brown helped pile sandbags around a Stafford home in preparation for the coming winter. This protest led to only two arrests for minor violations. At last years protest, 1,033 people were arrested for attempting to walk down a road that leads into the forest.

RADIO FRIENDLY

David Gans, along with singer/songwriter **Eric Rawlins**, has released a CD entitled *Home By Morning.* The CD showcases original tunes by Gans and Rawlins as well as superb renditions of **Robert Hunter**'s *Yellow Moon* and **Kate Wolf**'s *Green Eyes.* Aptly described as "comfort food for the soul," the disc is a mix of haunting love songs, backroads country grooves and old rock-n-roll. Among other guest musicians, **David Grisman** plays mandolin on several tracks.

GARCIA ESTATE TRIAL APPEAL

The San Francisco Examiner recently reported that The **Debrah Koons-Garcia,**the widow of Jerry Garcia plans to appeal a court decision upholding a $5million divorce agreement between the musician and his former wife **Carloyn "Mountain Girl" Adams-Garcia.** Paul Camera, the attorney representing the widow, Deborah Koons-Garcia, filed an appeal last week in Marin Superior Court. Camera has said all along that she would appeal the April 2 decision by Marin Superior Court Judge Michael Dufficy favoring the former wife, Mountain Girl. In addition, Koons-Garcia has retained a family law appeals specialist, Richard Sherman of Berkeley, who will handle her case in the state Court of Appeal in San Francisco. David Phillips, the San Francisco attorney representing Mountain Girl said Koons-Garcia has spent about $300,000 in attorneys fees and court costs fighting the agreement, and Carolyn Garcia has spent $250,000 in legal fees on the case.

KEN KESEY SUFFERS STROKE

Merry Prankster **Ken Kesey** suffered a mild stroke at the end of September. Damage was limited to partial loss of motor coordination in his right arm. His doctors believe this damage is likely to heal over time.

SOUND BYTES

http://www.wins.uva.nl/~heederik/zappa/ For those interested in exploring the world of **Frank Zappa** on the web, St. Alphonzo's is a good place to start. Included here is a library of interviews and articles with and about FZ, several FAQs about various aspects of FZ's work, and well as complete lyrics to over 500 Zappa compositions.

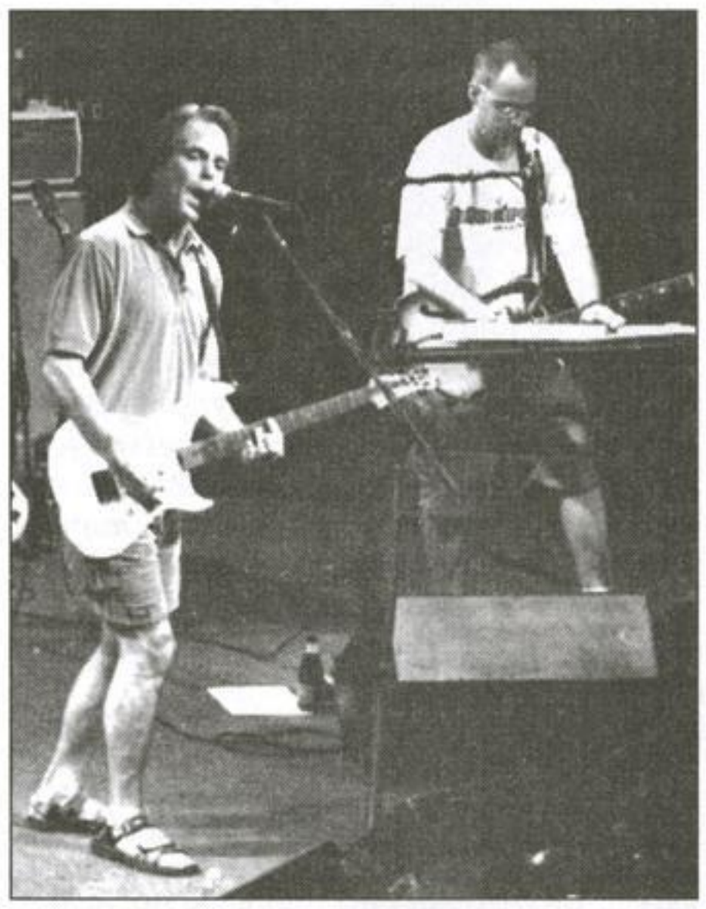
http://web.cps.msu.edu/~gadielan/phish/ The standard repository for **Phish** info on the Web. Andy Gadiel's page features setlists, rumors (more than occasionally reliable), an archive of articles, some great tour stories, and an ever-changing cavalcade of features. Also included is the obligatory batch of links to other Phish sites.

http://www.subgenius.com This, by far, is the densest and deepest site I have yet encountered. My friend claims to have once spent eight hours straight making his way through these pages and still walked away feeling he had only begun to scratch the surface. This is the official site of the Church Of The SubGenius, a scathing, biting, hilarious, send-up of, well, everything. Just when you think you get the punchline you realize that it was only a setup for another joke...

http://www.nsknet.or.jp/~motoya/index.html I found this Bluegrass Songbook site one night after trying to sing along to one-too-many versions of Uncle Pen without knowing the words. Thanks to this site, now I know. The lyrics to hundreds of traditional old-time tunes and mountain ballads can be found here. An absolute must for a bluegrass enthusiast, or, at the very least, an interesting peek into the lyrical river from which Robert Hunter's tributary extends.

http://www.expedia.com Need to fly across the country for a hot show? No problem—now that there's Expedia! The Expedia website allows you to search for the best airfares and make hotel/auto rental reservations. If that's not enough, you can also select a destination point and receive regular e-mail flashes alerting you to special airfare discounts to your destination! Where were these guys a few years ago???

(special thanks to Jesse Jarnow)
Want us to review your favorite web site?
Send info to ddn@well.com



SUSANA MILLMAN ©1997

moe. ROCKS FILLMORE

If you thought the collaborations between members of moe. and the Dead on Furthur tour were impressive then you should get the tapes from the moe. show at the Fillmore on 9/27/97. After teasin *Playing in the Band* during *Rebubula* in the first set **Bob Bralove** (on keyboard) and **Henry Kaiser** (on guitar) joined in on *Don't Fuck With Flow* and *Recreational Chemistry.* Then,**Bob Weir** and **Rob Wasserman** joined in during the second set for *Viola Lee Blues, One More Saturday Night, Cryptical Envelopment > The Other One > Meat.* Heavy!

POST PHISH PHESTIVITIES

"The Pharmer's Almanac Traveling Post-Show Festival" will touch down in six cities this Fall, following Phish performances, as up-and-coming and Phish-related acts will play well into the night at small clubs nearby. The dates and performers are as follows: 11/21/97: **Col. Bruce Hampton & The Fiji Mariner's** at Friar Tuck's, Norfolk, VA. 11/28/97: **Foxtrot Zulu** with **Jiggle the Handle** at Tammany Hall, Worcestor, MA. 11/29/97: **Another Planet** with **The Slip** at Tammany Hall, Worcestor, MA. 12/2/97: **Disco Biscuits** with **Fathead** and **Jiggle the Handle** at Theater of the Living Arts, Philadelphia, PA. 12/9/97: **Grinch** with **Schleigho** and **Hosemobile** at Crowbar, State College, PA. 12/13/97: **Ominous Seapods** at Bogie's, Albany, NY. 12/29/97: **Michael Ray & The Cosmic Crew** with **Moon Boot Lover, The Slip, Schleigho** at The Wetlands Preserve, New York. 12/31/97 **Strangefolk** with **Gordon Stone Trio** at The Wetlands Preserve, NYC. Also, The Pharmer's Almanac will hold a Volume 4 book release party at The Wetlands Preserve on December 6. **Percy Hill, Foxtrot Zulu. Laketrout** and **Post Junction** will be performing. 100% of funds raised that night through the sale of Pharmer's Almanacs will go to "Groove With Me," a non-profit group which provides free dance lessons to inner-city kids.

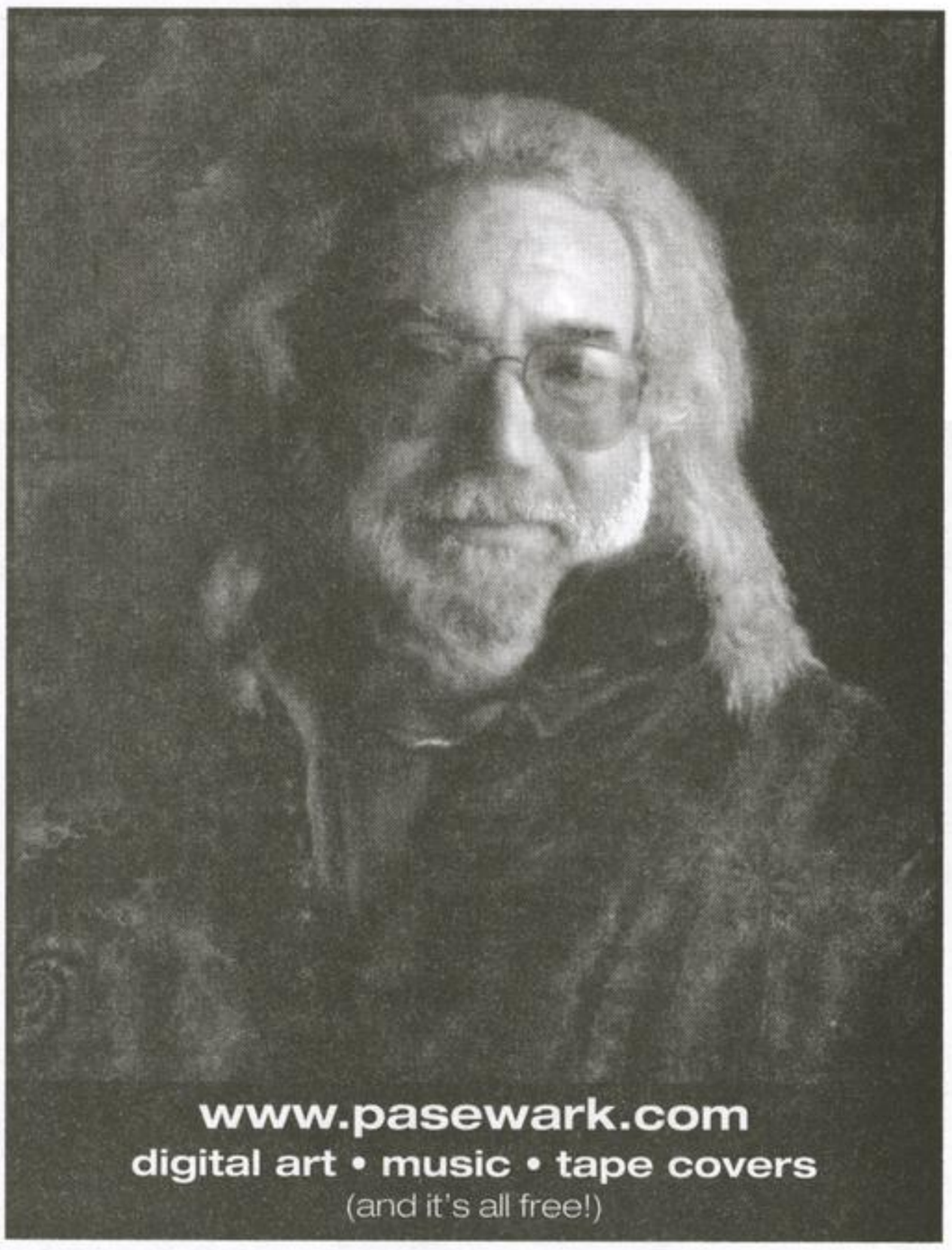
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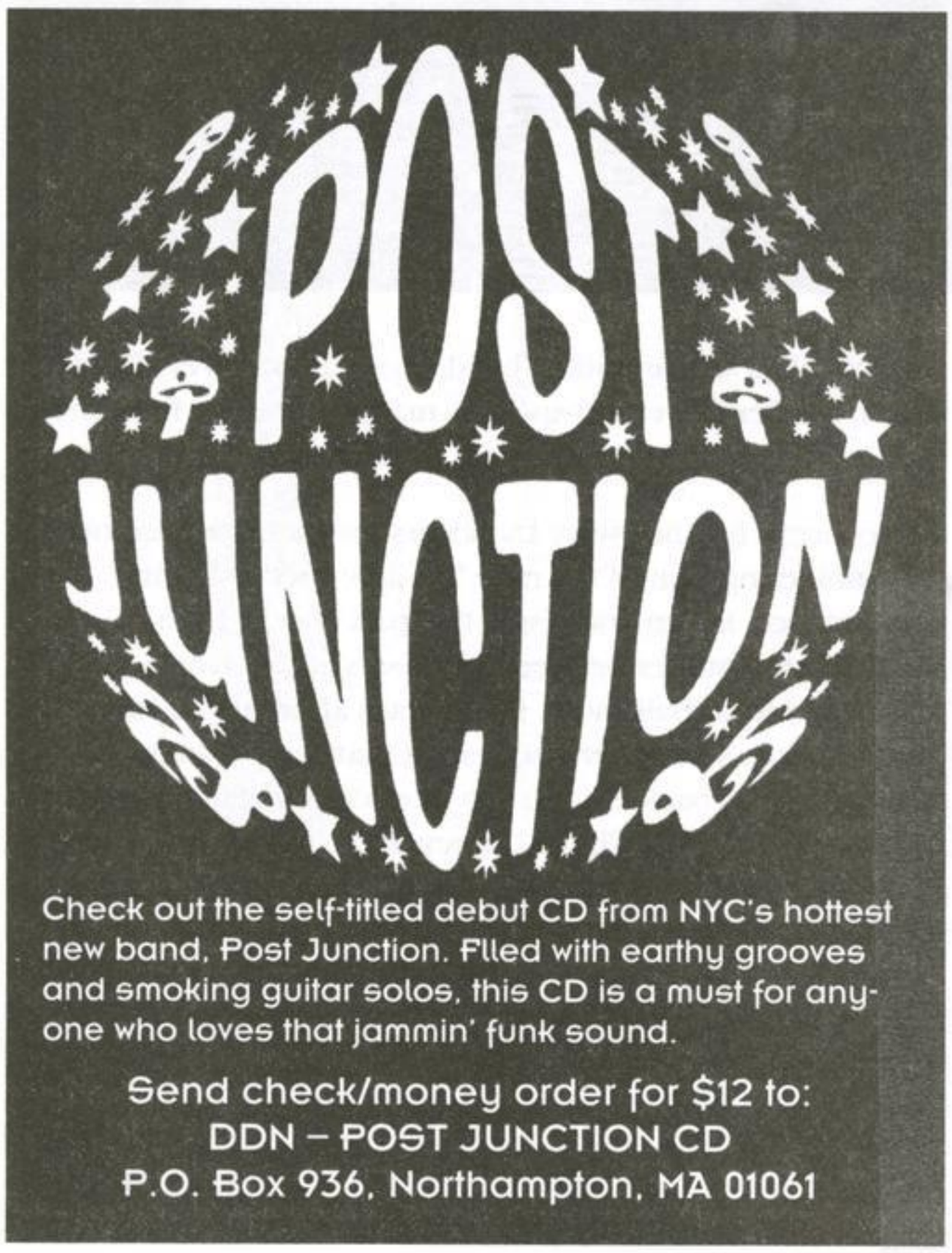
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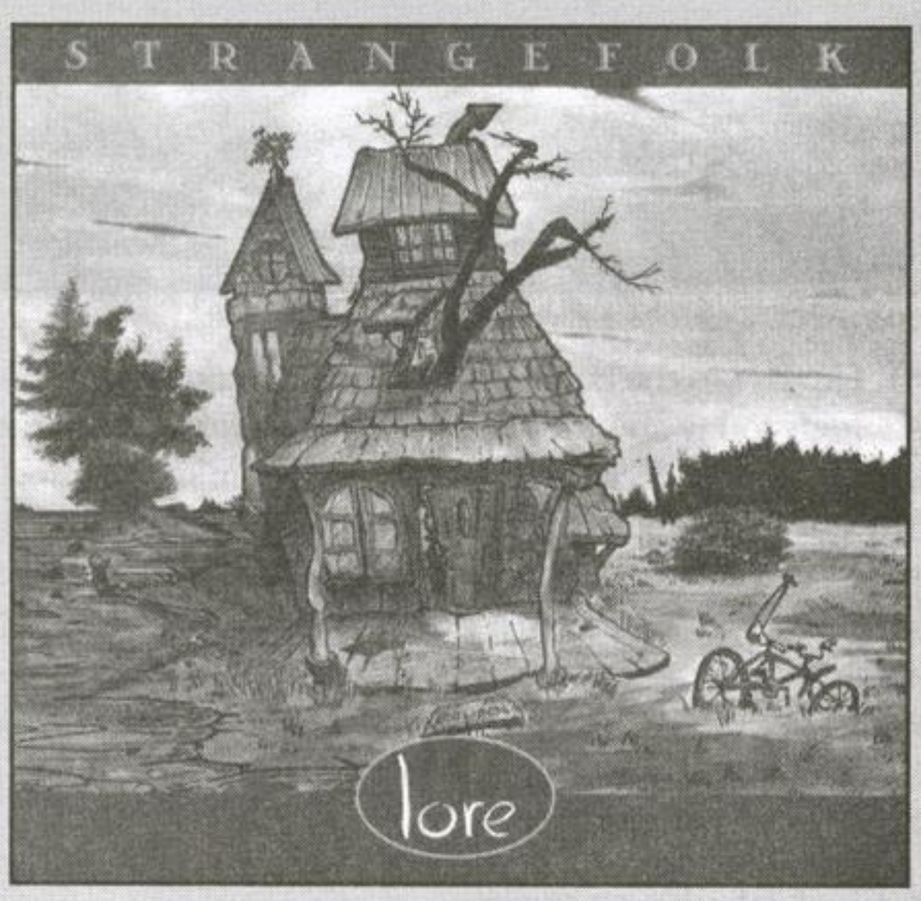


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Danks for the Memories

Cruising with The Merry Danksters

BY Carol A. Wade



CAROL A. WADE ©1997

Chuck Garvey, David Gans, Peter Prince, Dave Ruch, and Gibb Droll

Five days in the beginning of June, a bunch of touchingly loony and motion-obsessed musicians embarked on the first Merry Danksters acoustic mini-tour, and quickly cut a melodic swath through the Northeast Coast. I suppose I too am just a few notes short of a chord, because I decided, long ago when I first heard the tour announced, that I would catch the infection that rolls like a wheel, purrs like an engine, and sings in three-part harmony. And this is what I saw, peering quietly underneath the frenzied flap of the maniacally moving minstrel.

The cast of characters

David Gans, the Grand Initiator and dispenser of sage wisdom and sonic wallpaper. **Chuck Garvey**, the Straight Man, and one of the guitarists from moe. **Al Schnier**, moe.'s other, sardonically sassy and sinewy strummer The clean and wholesome **Max Verna** (guitar) and **Tom Perozzi** (bass) of the Ominous Seapods. **Gibb Droll**, a raucously bluesy guitar prankster from Virginia Beach, and instigator of sophomoric japery. **Peter Prince**, the soulfully psychotic guitarist and smooth-talker of the Buffalo band, Moon Boot Lover. **Dave Ruch**, the fierce, yet soft-spoken, mandolin picker from the Buffalo bluegrass outfit, Acoustic Forum, and hero of the tour.

The concept for the Merry Danksters tour was hatched over the smoldering heat of the moe.'s wildly successful first performance, in San Francisco, this past March. In the shadowy downtimes between killer sets at that Great American Music Hall show, David Gans approached Jon Topper, moe.'s manager, requesting that Topper help him snag a few gigs back East, to sow the seeds of a life outside of Dead-only notoriety. Chuck Garvey, moe.'s long-haired Strat-slinger, piped up almost immediately. He too wanted in on the fun. From there, the gears were set in motion.

As time passed, the lineup grew slightly. Freebeerandchicken, a crew of country-jazz hoe-downers, would join the tour in their home of Albany. The funky, jazz-grass stylings of The Gordon Stone Trio, and Strangefolk's clean, hoppin' melodics were to arrive in their native Burlington, as well as in Boston. And for the big show in New York, down at the Wetlands, a

pared-down contingent from Binghamton's hard-funksters, Yolk, would round out the members of the circus.

Tuesday 3 June, 1997 — Flats & Foibles

I made my way after work, to meet my friend Nile, with whom I was attending the first Dankster edition at the Saint in Asbury Park, NJ. The moment we exited the Holland Tunnel, cruising happily into the pollution-beautiful sunset over Jersey City, we got a flat tire. Luckily, the ironically-named "Moe and Moe's Used Auto Body" got us a new (albeit mud-encrusted) wheel for about $20. Night cruisin', we soon discovered we had no idea where the place was. We found a shop and asked. The grizzled old woman was a cryptic oracle: "Around the traffic circle, through the pines, past the Caldor's, past the Coca-Cola bottlers, past the . . ." We kept driving, and got lost. We got to The Saint at 10:30 PM, in the middle of Max and Tom's set. We'd missed Gibb Droll. I was incensed.

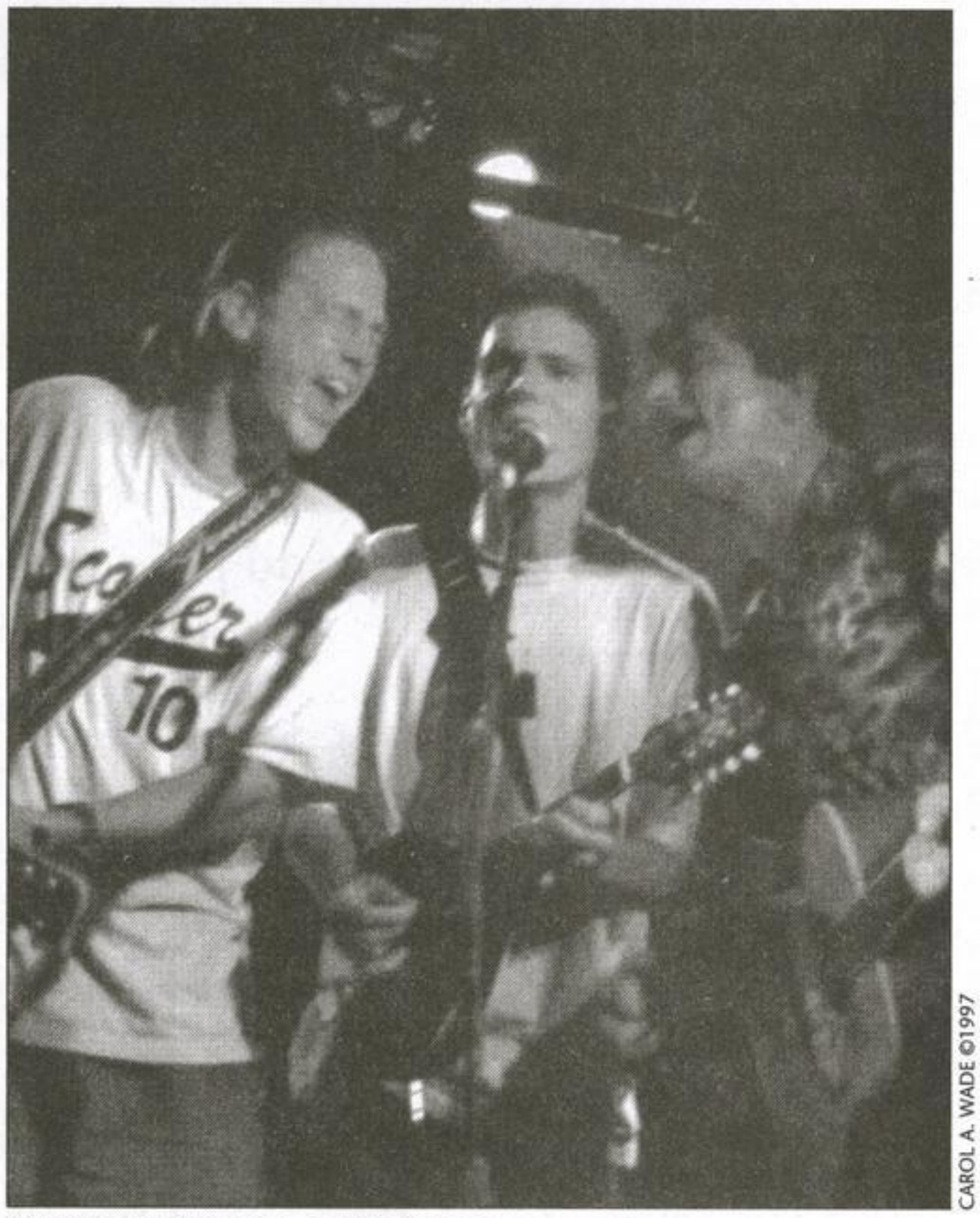
But as the show continued, I was thrilled. The atmosphere was quirky, steeped in the Saint's blend of collected semi-nostalgic Jersey Shore knick-knacks and pop-culture detritus. Above the age-varied crowd, comprised largely of veteran area moe. showgoers, one could clearly hear and observe bursts of (often whiskey-induced) hysterics issuing from the performers as they beheld what was rapidly unfolding. The preceding day's "practice sessions" with Gans, Garvey and Ruch, and later just Garvey and Gibb, were all that was experienced in the way of preparation.

I might now add that the way of the Dankster is terminal randomness.

I liken the show at the Saint to the maiden voyage of the first air-flight vehicle, engineered by the Wright brothers. Fraught with uncertainty, the outcome was engaging, a bit humorous, and electrifying. Max and Tom mixed it up with a Dylan tune, one of their band's own, and one from the noir-ish and sultry Boston band, Morphine, among others. Peter Prince left many a jaw hanging agape with the stomp and twitch of his mostly self-composed, soul-eruption antics.

Finally, in what was meant to be the "main event" of sorts, Gans and his band of able sidemen took the stage. Many of the songs were written by Gans, and all went fairly smoothly, through performances of his sometimes funny and rhythmic, and often sweet and poignant, but always lyrical tunes. Covers were also thrown in; that night's first Pink Floyd-tinged rendition of Elton John's *Rocket Man* slithered and soared. With strong and limber support by all, each filling in on rhythm, and thrills and spills from Gans, Garvey and Ruch on alternate leads, the selection was spirited.

In the end, all parties got on stage and rediscovered, in my opinion, the art of the group jam for the late 90's. This lost trade, so badly done by so many, carried just the right balance of harmony, entropy and symbolic influence. The Dead's *Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad* was one of the rollicking closers chosen to finish out the next four nights. Here's just a few of the highlights:



CAROL A. WADE ©1997

Chuck Garvey, David Ruch, and David Gans

wednesday, June 4, 1997 — Freaks & Fusion

The Wetlands in New York has always felt like a second home to me. Cozy and dark, it is fragrant and unassuming, and good vibes ooze from the walls. This evening's Dank endeavor kicked off strongly with three members of Yolk: Cris Noel on guitar, Jim Lomonaco on bass, and Jim Loughlin, normally on drums, on guitar. The tunes were quite out of character considering Yolk's usual blistering blend of ska-funk and punk poison. But the ensemble proved their versatility, with Noel, honorary First Grrrl Dankster, laying down some serious emotive howling and facile strumming. The trio took their set into varied territory: a Dylan cover, an Ani DiFranco cover, as well as Noel's own powerful creations, all layered over Lomonaco's smooth bass and carefully interwoven melodies.

The big event of the Wetlands show was Al Schnier—solo. Al hit the stage with a sampling outfit and a few pedals. Firstly, he cranked out a bouncy and almost hip-hoppy version of the moe. favorite, *Moth*—with drum machine bass thundering beneath Al's fiery picking and hilarious disco bleeps. The marriage of acoustic guitar and the irreverent, ultra-now technology made the performance quintessential Al. His influences range as far as the frequencies on his many little electric boxes.

Next, moe. brother Chuck joined Al for a rousing rendition of moe.'s *St. Augustine*. After a low-key rendering of *Windfall* by Sun Volt, Al finished his set with a disjointed, low-fi, spaced-out Beck-esque assessment of conformity, called *What Will the Children Think*?

The Wetlands introduced me to Gibb Droll, whose playful manner sublimates into a frenzy of intensity a guitar is laid in his hands. His steady, pungent approach and incomprehensible riffs added flourish to the evening, and more genre-hopping fun came about when Chuck Garvey joined him on stage. Gibb and Chuck trotted out the steamy bluegrass standard, *Salt Creek* with lightning, sweat-inducing exactitude. Then, joined by Jim Lomonaco on bass, the three strolled out a ribbony smooth version of Miles Davis' *All Blues*.

To pay homage to an expansive musical tradition, the end of the New York Danksters show got Max and Tom, Al, David and Dave for a final end jam of Grateful Dead covers. As a non-Deadhead, I can say that the renditions were rich and mesmerizing without referent. *Friend of the Devil* lurched deliciously into a narcotic space of sleep and temptations while *Jack Straw* was a warm, uncertain and meandering embrace. A magic moment rose out of the sure basslines, and Max and Dave's gentle harmonizing.

The Green Mountains rolled creamy in the afternoon light as David Gans told stories about what it's like to be behind the music . . . to know it's convolution behind the scenes. I put my head down and listened to him recounting the pleasure and pain of what had arisen from some of the most powerful music ever presented on a stage. And all I could think about was a Frank Zappa quote: Information is not Knowledge, Knowledge is not Wisdom, Wisdom is not Truth, Truth is not Beauty, Beauty is not Love, Love is not Music . . . Music is the Best.

Thursday, June 5, 1997 — Free Dank & Pickin'

On the bus to Albany, I developed a whole slew of queries I wanted to flog upon the folks involved. However, the fact that randomness (as I mentioned) is the nature of the Dankster, made things deliciously difficult, which is why this article contains no interviews. But I did want to know what it's like to just move from place to place, dropping the germ of movement and melodic madness in all you meet. I wanted it to move over me like wind.

Highlights of the Albany show included the one-night only appearance of freebeerandchicken. I first saw the group of infectious, super honest hoe-downers in my college town of Oswego, NY, where the guys were stationed for a time. They rule—really down-to-earth, knee-slappin' good time music is the best way I can describe it. free beer not only added a taste of their routinely low-fi aroma, but also got a little adventurous. They added a Dank girl cello player named Al to their lineup for a gentle, orchestral feeling amongst the outback strumming, Seth Rostan's syrupy sax, and Kevin Juhas's invigorating harp bursts.

That night's later jams added the third, and most recent, moe. member to the team (on percussion), Vinnie Amico. The rest of the evening was mellow and quite tasty, with a dollop of added spice in the mighty sole-stompin' end jam soul-fest, with Peter Prince leading the flock on tunes such as Otis Redding's *Sittin' on the Dock of the Bay*, and Marvin Gaye's *I Heard It Through the Grapevine*.

The biggest highlight for me came after the show. Walking down the steps to the street, I encountered Gibb Droll pickin' random lines on the sidewalk, truly kickin' it hobo style. Chuck Garvey, just off the stair on the pavement, almost visibly began drooling, whipped out his Martin and squatted beside. Not seconds later, the two were ripping out a street-side *Salt Creek*—no crowd, no press, nothing hindering. It was about quarter after three in the morning, a cool breeze blowing over the empty streets, nothing but dueling bluegrass. . . lightning fingers of Gibb, and the measured elegance of Chuck's momentary emulsions. The Way of the Dankster is spontaneity.

Friday, June 5, 1997 — Follow the Green

I awoke the next morning and tracked the Danksters down outside a nearby hotel, took some pictures, and we all hit the road. The Green Mountains rolled creamy in the afternoon light as David Gans told stories about what it's like to be behind music . . . to know its convolution behind the scenes. I put my head down and listened to him recounting the pleasure and pain of what had arisen from some of the most powerful music ever presented on a stage. And all I could think about was a Frank Zappa quote, "Information is not Knowledge, Knowledge is not Wisdom, Wisdom is not Truth, Truth is not Beauty, Beauty is not Love, Love is not Music . . . Music is the Best."

The night's show at Club Toast featured the local color of the otherwise hard-touring Strangefolk and the Gordon Stone Trio with driving, funky bluegrass, and honest, well-constructed folk concoctions. Gans joined Strangefolk on the Beatles tune, *Dear Prudence*, and soon Strangefolk's Jon Trafton, as well as members of the Gordon Stone Trio joined the fray for a group jam on the raunchy Gans tune, *Crazy Crazy Crazy*. Chuck, David and Dave (whose tendonitis flared up, sidelining him and his mandolin for much of the evening) did another wild take on Bill Monroe's hoot 'n holler tale of the hilltops' fiddlin' *Uncle Pen*.

saturday june 6, 1997 — farewell to dank

We hit the road for Boston around noon. I rode in the Dank-van. There, in that crucible of motion and song, I got a taste of what it's like to be a musician. Getting in motion does something to the meaning of what you're doing—putting it in people's ears, doing it with guts and vivacity. For most of these musicians, being Danksters meant using their vacation time to play, play and play some more.

I watched Gibb and Chuck trade techniques. Jon learned new lines. David taught them all the saucy tune, *Honeydew,* which they later did on-stage at the Middle East. Pulling into Boston, the boys did a quiet and riveting version of *Terrapin Station*. Rolling into a gray afternoon mass of traffic.

The show at the Middle East had sold out. All sorts of crazy folks turned out to see the last tramples of the freakshow, and being the best night thus far, few were disappointed. Besides the smokingest performance by Gibb so far, there were killer jams with the supreme strumming of Doug Perkins, and generous and deft low-end from Andy Cotton, both of the Gordon Stone Trio, not to mention some really fine work on the banjo and pedal steel by the virtuoso Stone himself. Missing from the mix were the trickling trills of the Dave Ruch's mandolin, who was taken to the hospital upon our arrival at the club. The show was dedicated to him.

On the way home, I summarized in my tour diary what I could absorb from a bunch of hooched-up, hollow-body hawking hoodlums, with bad jokes and penile fixations, lousy whiffle-pitching arms, but fabulous senses of pitch: "Does not knowing much of this music's origin deny the right to feel a sense of motion from it, to lose yourself in the fog of memory and a faint trace on the fingers remaining through weeks, as the strum of strings in an acoustic hush churns forth softly, like the spinning of a mill wheel? What does a Long Island Girl know about a mill wheel, anyway? Or maybe the question should really be: what could a Long Island Girl learn about the quiet and loud, rowdy and poignant, everlasting but brief perpetual elemental action of that wooden wheel? Or a rubber one, driven by steel, attached in two pairs to a 15-seat van? What could be so mad as to make her want to know, or anyone for that matter?"

The Way of the Dankster is to be Merry, explore, and to endure. Catch the Return of the Merry Danksters' Tour somewhere near you, coming this December. ◊

Merry Dankster Tour Dates

12/17: Birchmere, Alexandria, VA
12/18: Theater of the Living Arts, Philadelphia
12/19: Wetlands, New York City
12/20: Middle East, Boston

david gans & eric rawlins

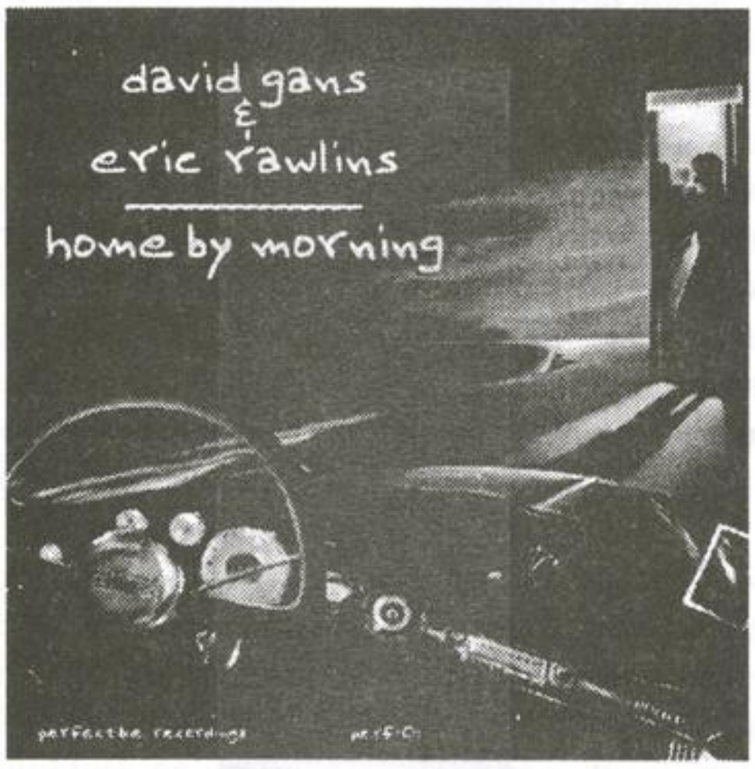
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home by morning

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"*Home By Morning* is as welcoming as a wood stove and as comfortable and warm as an heirloom quilt. Gans and Rawlins have distilled their illustrious influences into a winning hand of story songs that are down-home, wily, pure American, and full of tiny surprises. It's hard not to smile while listening to this record."
– Steve Silberman, co-author, *Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads*

"A warm and inviting showcase for two talented songwriters/musicians."
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"... filled with hopes, memories, longing, flowing water, highways, touches of regret, love, liminality, and experience in the journey. Gans and Rawlins are both good songwriters and good players. Their voices will grow on you quickly, most especially *because of what they say with them*."
– da Flower Punk, Tim Lynch

"A nice, honest feel."
– Vince Welnick



JOE SIA ©1997

GATHERING OF THE VIBES

A better start to the summer of 1997 could not have been scripted. Gathering of the Vibes was an amazing example of the vitality, strength and dynamism the Deadhead community still possesses. The Summer Solstice festival was the second major we're-on-our-own-now Deadhead festival and an encore to last year's "Deadhead Heaven" (sponsored jointly by Dupree's and Terrapin Tapes). Thanks to the truly deadicated Deadheads at Terrapin Tapes, East coast Deadheads started summer 1997 with a joyous event that managed to again embrace the spirit, style and vibe of the Deadhead Experience.

But at Gathering of the Vibes '97, the Experience at it's pinnacle, went well beyond the music of the Grateful Dead, and proved that the same fine time could be had with new sources of musical inspiration. As Terrapin proprietor Ken Hays put it, gathering good vibes and sharing those vibes with others is what this weekend was all about. And the positive energy seemed flow in abundance, from the ground upwards, beginning with the site itself.

Set 45 minutes north of New York City at Croton Point Park in the quiet riverside town of Croton-on-Hudson NY, the festival took place on a large peninsula that juts into the Hudson River. With the main stage field overlooking the water, dancers and campers were provided not only with a killer view of swooping seagulls and positively gorgeous sunsets, but a continuous refreshing breeze to cut the intense summer heat and humidity as well. The large vending area, which surrounded the field, was covered by a graceful canopy of tall trees which swayed in the wind. Away from the stage area, the Park also had more than 500 acres of trees, fields and beaches to hike and explore, five huge lots for camping, and numerous swimming areas to offer. All told, it

was surely one of the prettiest concert venues on the East coast. With two stages set up next to the other, concert-goers had only a three minute gap between the end of one band's set and the beginning of another's — pure paradise for the average dancin' fool!

The weekend kicked into high gear at one of the "campers-only" stage late Friday night with an unexpectedly amazing performance by Connecticut's hottest new funk/rock band Deep Banana Blackout. Their set took many by surprise with a bodacious blend of highly danceable originals and classic cover tunes. Beneath an enormous blood-red summer-solstice full moon, and beside an raging bonfire (with twenty-five foot tall flames), many of the thousand-plus campers boogied hard. The aura of sweating bodies-in-motion dancing before the bonfire in pagan ecstacy cast a surreal spell over the field. When Deep Banana ripped into *Hard To Handle*, almost everyone in attendance sang the verses along with DBB's firecracker lead singer, the petite but powerful Jen Durkin. The trees echoed with the sound of our utter joy. Between the lush setting, good vibes and great music, we had once again found heaven on Earth.

Saturday morning was uncomfortably warm, leading into a blisteringly hot and drenchingly humid Saturday afternoon. Despite the promise of triple-digit temperatures, from 9 AM on, festival-goers poured into the park by the thousands: setting up camp, meeting friends, exchanging hugs, taking a late-morning dip in the Hudson before the start of the music. At noon, under a relentless sun, New Brown Hat took their places as the festival's main-stage opener. Poetic, tight and punctuated by lead singer Julie Prunier's feminine voice this was a bright, easygoing choice to start things off. Next, it was the fine jazz quartet the Kevin Hays Trio (event producer Ken Hays' brother). They followed suit by laying down a set of swirling, summery, jazz melodies.

Following this pair of sweet, mellow acts was one of the unspoken highlights of the Saturday show, Durham New Hampshire's Percy Hill. These six New Englanders took the stage and performed one of the highest-energy sets we've seen them play in the past six months (and we have definitely been keeping tabs on these guys). Smiles spread rampantly from audience member to performer, and back, again and again. With searing guitar riffs ricocheting off potent organ jams, solid support from the funky percussion, powerful bass lines and three unique vocal styles, Percy Hill held nothing back. This is undoubtedly one of the most impressive bands of the entire groove rock genre. Connecticut's Somah, another great jam band, kept the vibe high with another strong set shortly after.

Next up were the legendary Zen Tricksters. They delivered the heaviest musical moment of the weekend. Festivals are a challenge for this band which, just like the Grateful Dead, is used to playing for three hours on most nights. But at these large gatherings, the Tricksters have to fit all their magic into one hour. Obviously juiced, and sporting a "take no prisoners" attitude, the band started with a *St. Stephen* > *The Eleven* > *Shine Your Love Light* medley that had dancers overheating within minutes. After shredding through this combo, the Tricksters proved beyond doubt, that they can play as ferociously as any band on the planet. They then launched into their first-ever public performance of the Dead's quintessentially psychedelic *New Potato Caboose*. Yup, *New Potato Caboose*!!. When the Tricksters play the Dead's older repertoire it's easy to be transported back in time.


SETH KAYE ©1997

Warren Haynes

Strangefolk then delivered the first of their two festival performances, undoubtedly the better of the pair. With the slow setting sun serving as a vibrant backdrop, they brought the crowd to ecstatic dancing heights with never-fail favorites like *Alaska, Poland, Westerly, Neighbor* and *Roads*. The highlight of the set was their last two songs: first, the band's tender cover of *Althea* with gentle crooning by Reid Genauer and a sweet, yet hearty solo by lead guitarist Jon Trafton. Followed by a tease of the *Wheel*, they then segued into their own *Reuben's Place*. Empassioned vocals, rich harmonies, and intense jamming combined to give this 'Folk original a biting edge and a danceable hook, making it impossible to just stand by and watch. The only thing that could, and did, raise the energy any higher was a segue back into *Althea*. It was sweet, sweet, sweet.

Next up, the Charlie Hunter Quartet turned many heads with an incindiary set of acid-jazz grooves. This appearance was the first time that most in attendance had seen this band and

the buzz they generated swept quickly through the campground. Keep your eyes and ears out for this band. They will be big.

Closing the day for the main-stage area was Max Creek who delivered a standard set with the addi-tion of a guest poet sitting in. They ended their per-formance with a perfect choice for a full moon weekend; *Werewolves of London*.

After the music on the main stage had ended, activity resumed on the camp-ground stage with a mini-reunion of the travel-ling Merry Danksters gang: David Gans and friends. Covering several Dead tunes, includ-ing *Franklin's Tower* and *Big River* as well as John Prine's *Angel From Montgomery*, and some Gans originals; Gans, along with the fantastic mandolinist David Ruch and members of Strangefolk, ripped it up acoustically for a good hour or so before Laughin' Bones, another tremendous Grateful Dead cover band, took the stage. Featuring this magazine's own Don Pasewark amongst its rank of talented musicians, Laughin' Bones played before a high-energy audience scene that could have been mistaken for the wild, late-night, post-Dead show parking lot scene at Highgate Ver-mont — minus the seedier elements. With intensely bright baseball-field lights illumi-nating the campground concert field, wandering amongst the seemingly endless crowd became a fascinating and refreshing adventure as one drank up the sight of spinning, twirling dancers flirting with the still-raging bonfire. Laughin' Bones' rendition of *China Cat > Rider*, replete with a fully articulated, 1974-style *Feelin' Groovy* jam was butter.

Sunday morning broke clear, hot and humid. As opposed to the prev-ious day's graceful swell of energy Sunday started literally with a joyous bang! A percussion jam parade began in the campground and made its way to the main field. There, the day's music started with an electric performance by the Jeh Kulu Dance and Drum Theater. The crowd whooped and whistled as eight beautifully dressed women with beaming smiles danced like supernatural goddesses to the roar of African percussion rythms.


SETH KAYE ©1997
Deep Banana Blackout

This was followed by a second performance by the Zen Tricksters. Though not as heavy as the pre-vious day's set, the band did *Scarlet Begonias > Rueben & Cherise > Scarlet Begonias*, *Eyes of the World* and *The Other One > Sing Me Back Home > Lovelight* — all perfect hot summer choices.

Another unexpected highlight was the set by Agents of Good Roots. This groove rock band tore the place up and had thousands of people boogieing down hard. This is yet another band to keep an eye and ear out for.

Though Strangefolk's Sunday set had potential to rival Saturday's, it was broken up by a massive thunderstorm passing just to the south of the Croton-on-Hudson peninsula. After two minutes of pouring rain and a magnificent, ten or fifteen-minute long display of lightning, the wind picked up and the set resumed minus the heavy humidity in the air. The highlight of the set was the cover of *Midnight Moonlight*, where David Gans and David Ruch (the afore-mentioned mandolin player) joined the band onstage.

THE TREES ECHOED WITH THE SOUND OF OUR UTTER JOY. BETWEEN THE LUSH SETTING, GOOD VIBES AND GREAT MUSIC, WE HAD ONCE AGAIN FOUND HEAVEN ON EARTH.

Fresh from his split with the Allman Brothers, Govt. Mule's Warren Haynes delivered a hypnotic, mellow set of solo, acoustic blues. This gave many a chance to *not* dance for an hour a welcome respite from the athleticism required by the combination of infectious grooves and high heat.

The peak of Sunday's many fine performances was again unexpectedly delivered by the mighty funk machine Deep Banana Blackout. The band wisely chose to tear through *Hard To Handle*, allowing this audience (much larger than the one which saw them on Friday night in the campground) to sing along in utter delight. Towards the end of their set, they brought out a septet of go-go dancers whose

well-choreographed, booty shakin' wiggles were so sassy that the crowd wiggled along in unison with all-out abandon. By the end of Deep Banana Blackout's set, the crowd was so excited, they started jumping. Jumping straight up and down, just the way audiences used to do at Blues Traveler and Samples concerts when those bands went, no pun intended, absolutely *bananas.*

At the last minute Terrapin Tapes was able to fill an empty mainstage slot created when a death in the family prevented From Good Homes from performing. Vermont's Jazz Mandolin Project, one of the more intriguing bands on the new music scene, filled in perfectly with their intelligent, jazz idiom, grooving instrumental jams. This band is *not* to be missed.

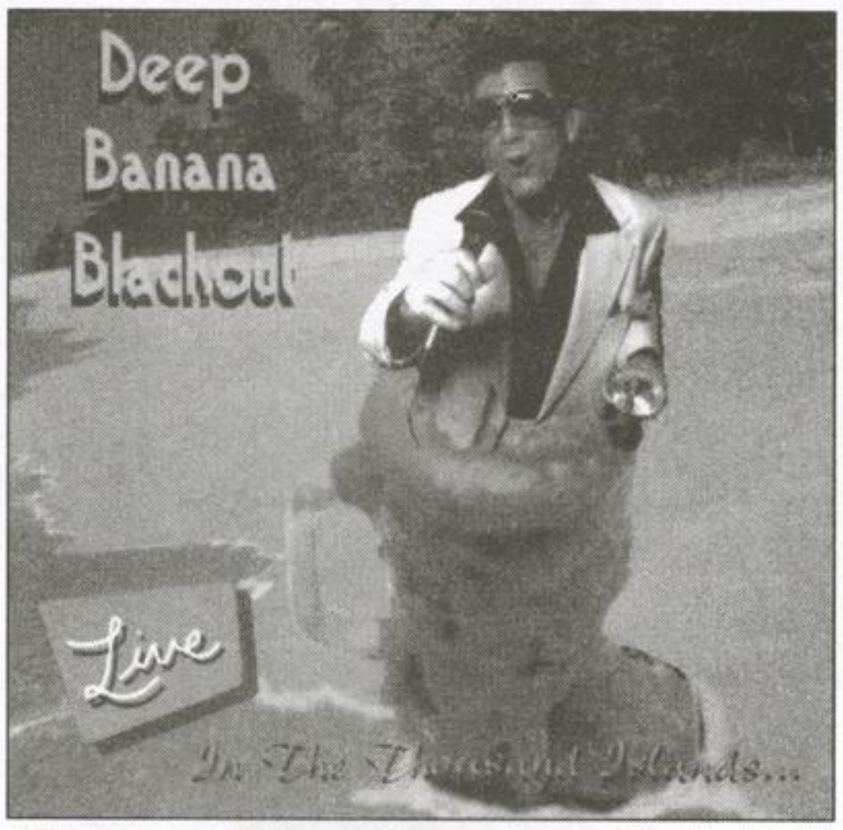
MoonBoot Lover, Hubinger Street, Ominous Seapods and God Street Wine all delivered consistently strong sets to round out the evening.

When it was all said and done, Terrapin's Gathering of the Vibes was a greater success than last year's Deadhead Heaven. The crowd, though consisting of mostly younger folks, was remarkably well-behaved; the music, nearly thirty straight hours of it, was fantastic; and the vibe, truly, was right. The event went off with barely a hitch. Once again, Terrapin Tapes is on the search for another fantastic venue in which to gather that magic vibe we have all come to cherish. What an amazing start to a high, happy summer. ◊

Deep Banana Blackout

Live In The Thousand Islands...

"FUNK FOR YOUR BUTT"



"Here comes the next monsters of funk. Mark our words, this may be the best feel-good party band on the planet" ***– Dupree's Diamond News***

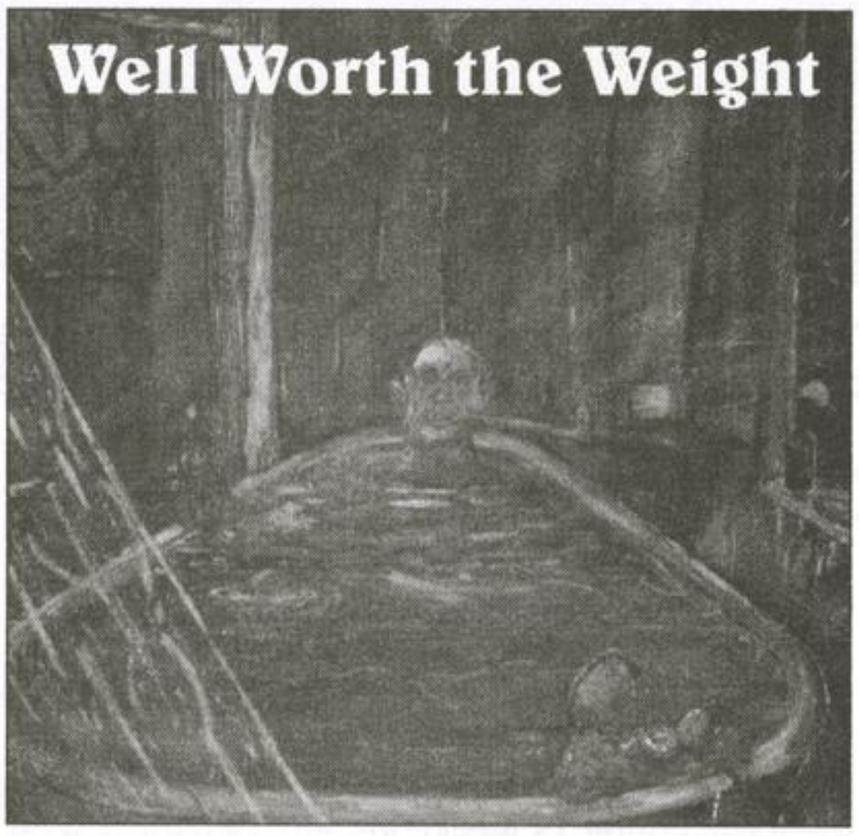
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THE LONG AWAITED CD FROM
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"THE HOLY FOOL"
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STRANGEFOLK'S sophomore effort "Weightless in Water" is a CD stuffed full of acoustic folky rock n' roll; potent lyrics, sweet harmonies, and raging jams. This Burlington, Vermont quartet, with their gentle intensity, truly makes some magical sounds. New listeners and old alike will appreciate the pack this new CD punches.
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NEVER HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME IN MY LIFE BEFORE



REFLECTIONS ON THE HIGH SIERRA MUSIC FESTIVAL & THE OREGON COUNTRY FAIR

The following is an on-line dialogue between two longtime friends; Michael Sammet and Johnny Dwork

M: Hey, how was the plane ride home?

J: I'm so high on life right now, I would've floated home even without the plane.

M: Not a bad couple of weekends, eh? Two great West Coast festivals back-to-back... so different, but so similar in conjuring up that timeless, outdoor, summertime/all night/freaky/blissful/joy/tribal stomp thing we love so much.

J: God, it's been two weeks and I've still got this post-coitus-like glow that won't end.

M: How long had it been since you'd last done the West Coast festival circuit?

J: Too long. Five years.

M: We've been doing it continuously for eight. The key is to camp for three or four days with a whole bunch of friends without having to get in your car till you've had your fill. A lot of us West Coast hippies began to realize in the early '90s that these festivals are actually as much, if not more, fun than Dead Tour was, especially since the Dead stopped playing the Greek, Frost and Laguna Seca. You know, it's all about set and setting...

J: I think that's because these festivals embody the very best of the gypsy/tribal carnival atmosphere that we all went to mid-80's Dead shows to experience. And let's not forget that these festivals also became more attractive than the Dead tour at the end — they bring that sense of intimacy and family connection that was lost in the sheer numbers of people that ended up on tour.

M: It reaffirms and recommits us to those music-based communal highs we got with the Dead. The dream lives on stronger than ever because even though we lost our original leader,

we learned our lessons. Somehow it's more fulfilling since WE'RE the ones involved in making the scene happen now.

J: Twenty-four years after my first big crowd concert, I still hunger for several key experiences. When I go to these festivals I search for inspirational, mind-expanding dance music; counterculture communal connectivity; visionary arts and crafts; and a chance to be creative myself, rather than just observe others being creative. Combine these with an exciting adventure in which to frame my search for all of the above and you've got what we experienced this summer — *The High Sierra Music Festival* and *The Oregon Country Fair* gave all of that to me.

M: What were your highlights this time around? Camping in an alpine wildflower meadow at 7000 feet with 7000 freaks and forty bands on July 4th isn't a bad place to start. *High Sierra* really has found and developed their identity, especially after being an offshoot of the *Strawberry Music Fest* and then settling on their amazing permanent site.

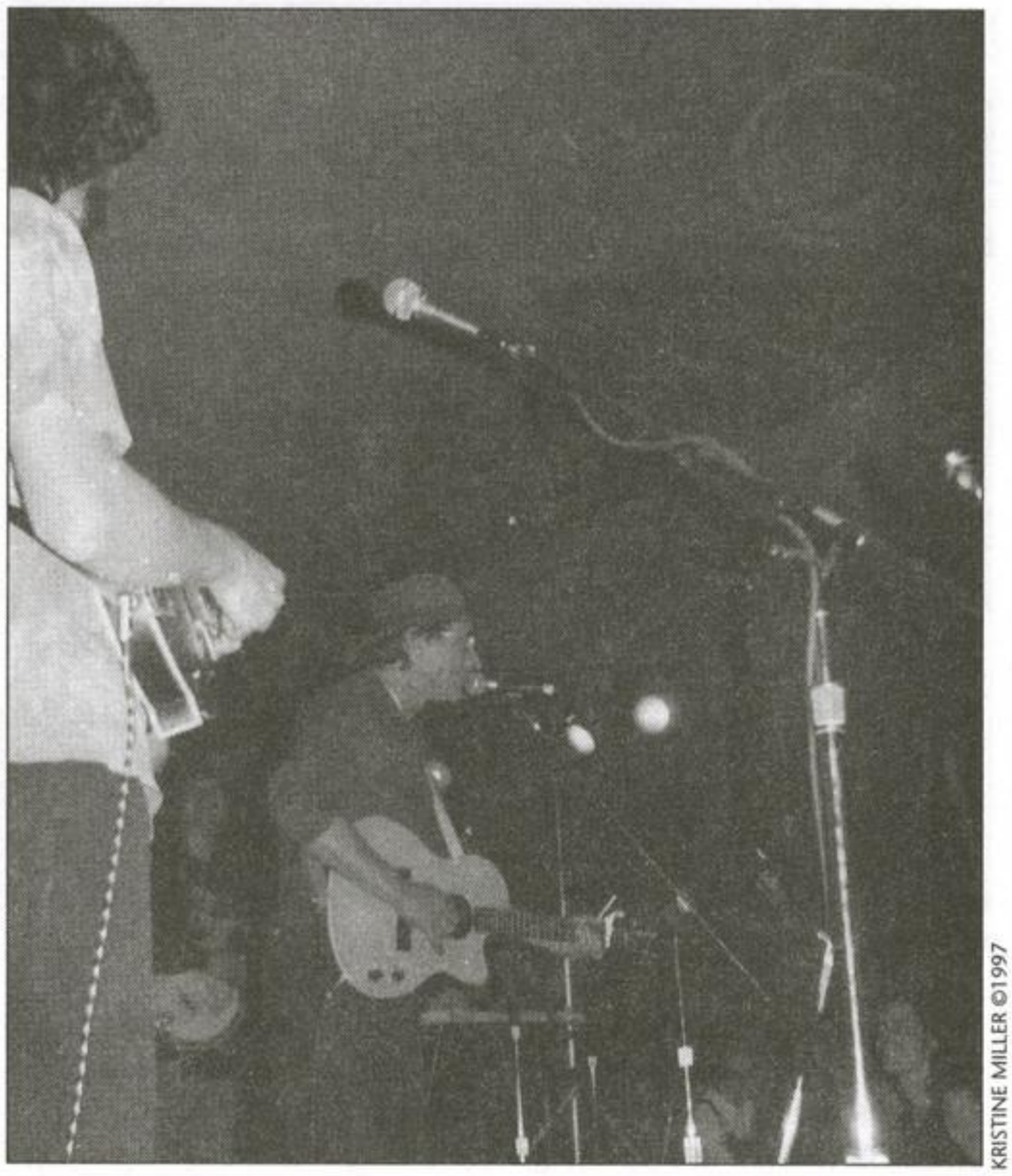
J: Where do I start? There were so many. I guess the fairest thing to say is that I rediscovered, yet again, the benefits of taking a real ritual-based road trip — a vision quest. These trips end up being filled with so many wonderful peak Experiences and syncronicities. I end up being spiritually recharged for weeks or months afterwards, even as I recall each amazing, wondrous, hilarious, boogie-filled series of experiences. And seeing so many brothers and sisters gettin' it on together peacefully and cooperatively is SO inspiring! As for specifics highlights, well, for starters, there was coming out of the huge circus tent which hosted *High Sierra's* incredible kick-off performance, the Zen Tricksters' set, and looking up to see the brilliant Milky Way splashed across the mountain skyline! No moon, no flashlight; we found camp by starlight.

M: What did the Tricksters play again?

J: How's this for brain melt: the second half of their set went *Mission in the Rain* > *Eyes of the World* > *New Potato Caboose* > *Lay Your Love* > *Towards the Phun (Funk Jam)* > *Space* > *Morning Dew* and then a searing *Golden Road* encore.

M: Oh yeah! It's all coming back to me now! You know, my whole clan, we had never seen the *Tricksters* in California before, and none of us knew really what to expect. I mean, we'd heard all these distant massive rumblings for years about the legendary Zen Tricksters. We have some great *Dead* cover bands out here, like the DeadBeats and Jerry's Kids, but the Tricksters play it New York style: loud, fast and hard. INTENSE! They play like the *Dead* did in '69 or '72. The *New Potato Caboose* was obviously one of the most memorable musical moments at *High Sierra*. It STUNNED the old-timers. I was blown away! It might have been the best musical moment of the fest; certainly the heaviest.

J: The heaviest yes, but the best had to be when that wonderful Eugene folk singer Jim Page joined the main-stage outdoor closer Leftover Salmon on Sunday night. Leftover was already way into a perfect cajun/calypso/ bluegrass wet dream set, which had the entire audience in a delirious state of bliss and THEN Jim comes out to improvise with them. He strums a few chords to get them started and then they build



KRISTINE MILLER ©1997

Jim Page sits in with Leftover Salmon

the melody up. Jim starts to improvise lyrics about how wonderful a blessing it is to be at the *High Sierra* music fest; he's singing about every great thing that happens at the festival: the music, the friends, the beautiful setting, the peaceful vibe, and everyone in the crowd gets tears in our eyes, just realizing how truly lucky we are to be at such a wonderful gathering. And all of Leftover Salmon is grinning ear-to-ear. It was as sweet and sincere a musical moment as I've witnessed in the last decade.

M: Well, one of my favorite moments went down on Friday, July 4th. It was the afternoon pool party at the ski lodge across the highway with The String Cheese Incident.

J: They really are the new masters of expanded "Newgrass". Weren't there some guests sitting in?

M: Members of Hypnotic Clambake sat in on a mostly traditional bluegrass set.

J: What was with all the Hula Hoops?

M: I don't know how it got started, but the band travels around in a 40-foot bus and unloads dozens of hoops at every show. Somehow, their music perfectly fits hooping and eventually the crowd and the band all end up hooping together. At the pool party people were even slow-motion-slam- dancing in the shallow end. The sun shone down strong, the water glistened, kids frolicked. It was a perfect slice of summer sunshine daydream Hippie Heaven. From there we went back to the main stage only to witness Peter Rowan of *Old and in theWay* fame deliver sublime renditions of all his his greatest *Old and In theWay* hits, backed up by by psycho rockabilly Jim Campilongo and his 10 Gallon Cats, whose strat steel and pedal steel riffing drove the crowd nuts!



ERIN CASSIDY ©1997

String Cheese playing poolside

J: Ah, but as perfect a Northern California afternoon as that was, my favorite moment on Friday came when one of my favorites, the brilliant New York funk/jazz trio Medeski, Martin & Wood took the stage at dusk. The crowd had to work a bit at connecting with their spacier improvisations but when they found the funk grooves, yet another West Coast epiphany took place. I danced so hard I hurt my neck!

M: I love MMW, but it seemed like it took them a while to take off.

J: John Medeski told me after the show that he had food poisoning and had been throwing up minutes before going out. Talk about dedication! It certainly paid off. So what did you do after that?

M: I headed to the Big Top tent again; I caught String Cheese play again, this time till two in the morning!

J: I zonked out! I think between the intense sun, the altitude and my danced-out neck, MMW was my limit. I have to remember to pace myself at these events.

M: Peter Rowan joined the Cheese for the Hobo song. My gang has fallen hard for Cheese's musical blend of newgrass/country space jams. They are amazingly danceable.

J: I didn't see String Cheese in the full glory of their own music until they hit the main stage on Saturday afternoon.

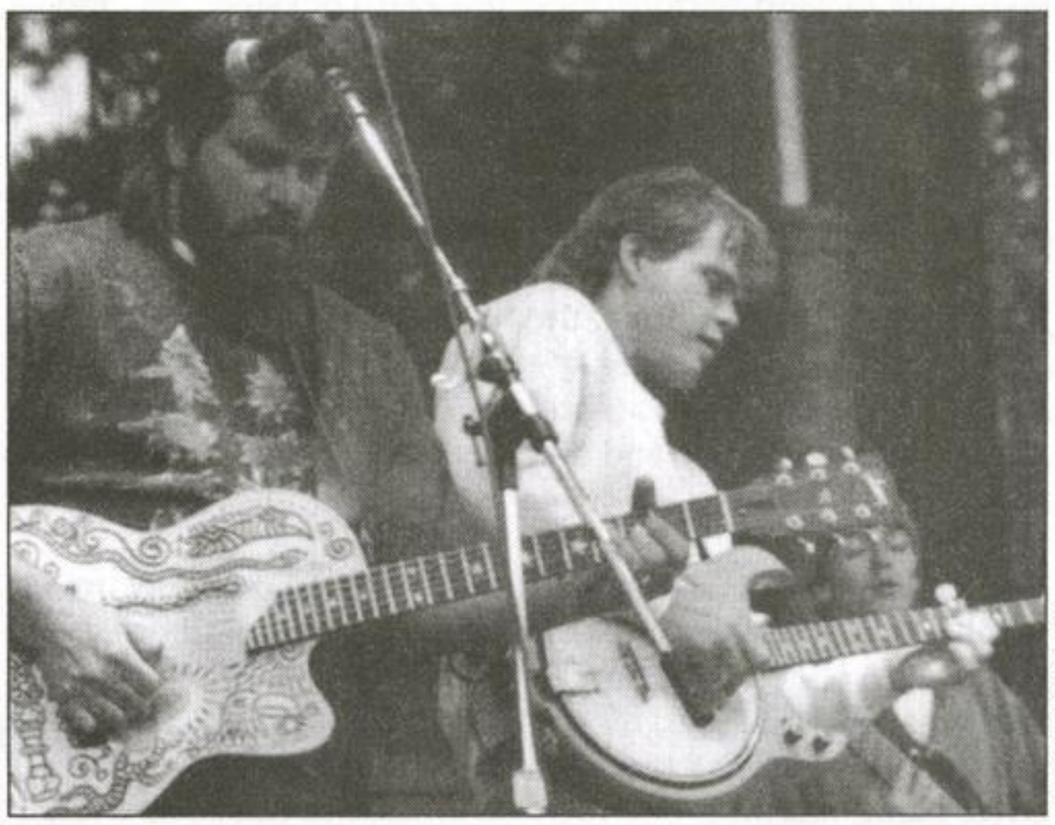
M: What did you think?

J: The Cheese has found a special niche among many of the Northern California, thirty-something Deadheads who saw all the great Dead shows at those wonderful outdoor venues in the eighties. This crowd has decided that the Cheese is mellow enough to grow old gracefully with and jammed out enough to appeal to that old GD musical adventure head space. I'm imagining you'll still see this same crowd hangin' with *t*he Cheese ten years from now, Hula Hoops on hips and all.

M: Moving in the opposite direction, what did you think of Michelle Shocked's set?

J: Definitely the most disrespectful and selfish performance by a musician I've ever seen! She insulted the audience from the start! First, she "commanded" the audience to get up and dance to her music. Then she told them she didn't want to see any of that hippie dancing. And THEN she took Jerry Garcia's name in vain! Disappointed, I tried to go backstage to get some water and I was told that her manager had refused to let anyone, even other musicians, behind the scenes during her set (which flew in the face of the whole vibe at the event). Michelle's manager apparently wouldn't even let the Radiators, the next act due to perform, backstage. I heard that resulted in a fist fight! To add insult to injury, Michelle went over her allotted time limit and sang an inappropriately depressing song for her encore. I heard all of this was because of the fact that she wasn't chosen to headline the festival. Frankly, it was disgraceful in every way imaginable. It was, however, the only dark moment in an otherwise stellar weekend.

M: I liked Victoria Williams. She was everything Michelle wasn't — shy, coy, gentle, and so authentically down-home and original. I was mesmerized by her slow, twangy, heartfelt songs delivered with great warmth and subtlety. And The Radiators, a High Sierra tradition, were classic party time fun. As usual, however, for Saturday night at *High Sierra,* the peak was Leftover Salmon's late night jamfest in the tent. Ten other musicians joined in at times mixing Salmon originals with Jackson Brown, Allman Bros. and Stones covers. It wasn't as



ERIN CASSIDY ©1997

Leftover Salmon

legendary as Salmon's Saturday night jam last year with Sam Bush, but another tremendous showing solidifying their growing popularity and evolution with the new album *Euphoria*. In addition, their Oregon Country Fair stealth gig the following week, when they ditched the Horde to warm up the Midnight circus crowd with a quick set, won me over completely.

J: Sunday was perhaps the best day though, don't you think?

M: Trillian Green led off with their set of trance-inducing psycho tantric juju Pagan/Celtic groove music. It's amazing to

see so much electricity comes flying off of just a flute, djembe and cello. They're the spearheads of this up-and-coming Northwest "acoustic revolution," that includes the bands Hanuman, Crosseyed, and Manah, among others.

J: I thought the next act, folk bard Greg Brown, delivered his eccentric folk/beatnik scat ballads with his usual aplomb.

M: Definitely, but the highest-energy solo act of the festival was probably tantric star child Michael Hedges — a perfect late afternoon pick-me-up.

J: I've been raving about him to friends for years. He's come around again from a bit of a slump back into a real upbeat vibe. It seems to blow people away every time.

M: The Mad Max space helmet he wears with the microphone really allows him to get into an appropriately weird head space.

J: It's helped him refine a great comedic stage persona with which to temper his prima donna guitar guru role. It's hard to not be transfixed by his electric presence — an inspiration for sure.

M: Had you seen Artis the Spoonman before?

J: Of course! Everyone knows he's one of the wise elders of the Northwest counterculture music scene. His spoon-playing is the best I've ever seen, but his political lyrics are what really impress me the most.

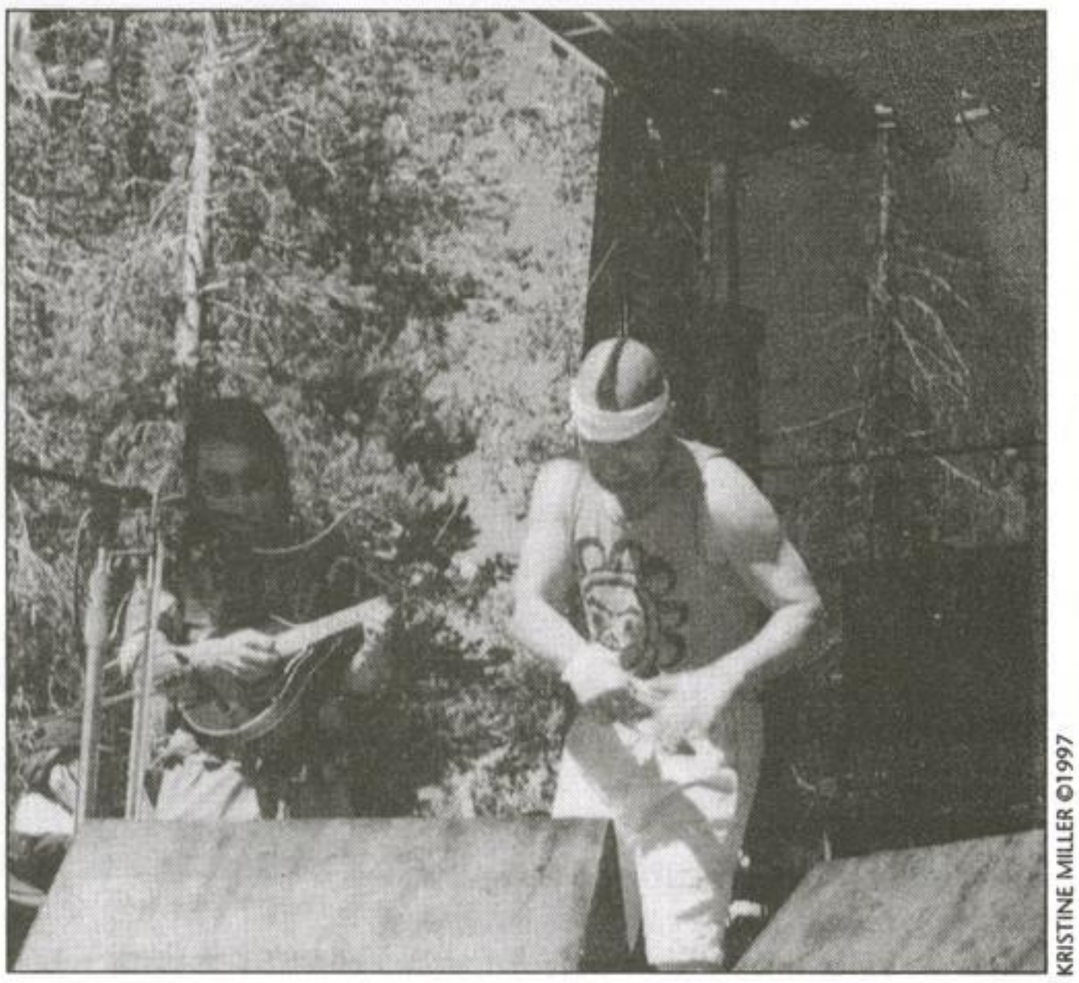
M: And all this led up to that great Leftover Salmon set with Jim Page.

J: I've seen 1500-plus concerts in my life and that moment was as wonderful a band/audience connection as I've ever witnessed. In fact, the whole festival made me really appreciate how lucky I am — how lucky we all are. At *High Sierra,* family, music, nature, art, and food all synergize into heaven on earth.

M: Truly one of the very best music festivals anywhere to be found. But the *Oregon Country Fair*, which always happens the following weekend, is something very different. Music is only a small part of the vibe and all the necessities are so lavishly provided.

J: Well you know, I've always had a soft spot in my heart for the Country Fair because that's where the Dead played my absolute favorite show, on 8/27/72. Going there has always been a pilgrimage for me. When you finally get there you realize that it really is a sacred place, a real energy vortex.

M: The Tricksters sure played true to that energy. They closed Sunday with the best short set I've ever seen from a Dead cover band. The *Stephen > The Eleven* made me weep tears of joy, as I looked around at the beautiful setting and groovy crowd, listening to the most exciting music ever written played flawlessly, with passion and creativity. They followed with two great originals but the *Dark Star* with members of Trillian Green blew my mind. The band mentioned the '72 Dark Star at the site 25 years ago and total cosmic chaos ensued. The Tricksters' *Dark Star* melted down from deep space lullabies into random patterns of



KRISTINE MILLER ©1997

Spoonman sits in with String Cheese

stunning and scary noises colliding and gyrating in force fields of music consciousness.

J: The *China Cat > Rider* out of *Dark Star* was, I swear, as good as any version I've ever heard the Dead do. Honest. It was mind blowing.

M: The ecstatic *Golden Road > Turn on Your Lovelight* encore finished us off, well past the fair's closing time. You know, the Fair has always tried to be more diverse and expansive than the Dead scene, but they know their roots are related especially with the '72, '82,and aborted '92 shows. Walking around, I bumped into Nicki Scully, Mountain Girl, and Danny Rifkin at different times.

J: Well, that acoustic Trickster set the day before in the shaded amphitheater was just as special in its own way. What did they play? An acoustic *Hard To Handle* and then *Birdsong > Goin' Down the Road* to end the set. Yes, that was it.

M: The Karamozov Brothers juggling team, a perennial favorite of fair goers, joked about how narrow the rock'n roll vibe was, but it's hard to imagine the Fair without some kind of Dead tribute. I mean, this place has always been the Northern homeland of the Grateful Dead family and spirit. Last year, the DeadBeats played and the fair planted a maple sapling in honor of Jerry, in the main stage meadow — that looked real strong this year!

J: But music really is just a small part of the scene.

M: There are seven stages along a mile or two of forested pathways with theater troupes, heavenly food, exquisite crafts, rituals, a circus, parades, dervishes, stilts. The theatrical group UMO is a great example of the Fair's creative spirit. What did you think of their performance?

J: Pilobilus meets Groucho Marx? Brilliantly odd for sure. One of the attributes of the Fair which make it so surreal is the vaudevillian performances that happen throughout. You're

wandering along the path under the hanging Spanish moss canopy, and all of a sudden you come before one of several open-air theaters placed throughout the fairgrounds. You sit down with one or two hundred others in this intimate setting and a never ending stream of weird, wacky, wonderful thespians; magicians; clowns; jugglers; comedians; spoon players; Holy fools all emerge and begin to perform the magic of their art.

M: The midnight circus really is the pinnacle.

J: If you can get in. It's harder to get a night pass than any Grateful Dead New Year's Eve ticket.

M: What a cool idea though, huh? An outdoor talent showcase on Saturday night of all the best day performances for the people who couldn't see those performances 'cause they had to work. It's five hours of the *creme de la creme* of vaudevillian and musical entertainment backed by the Fighting Instruments of Karma Marching Band /Orchestra . Did you see them? They arrived parading through the crowd with lit torches playing the Teddy Bears' Picnic. My four-year-old knows all the words to the song from the Garcia/Grisman disc and went nuts when she heard the band play it as they marched by. Quite a spectacle! Baby Gramps is one of the fair's main attractions. With his long coat, long beard and hat he could be 80 or 90, but acts like he's seven. He plays an old steel guitar from the 1930's, but his songs are even more archaic. He's famous for his song about palindromes, sentences that spell out the same backwards as forwards, (UFO tofu, do geese see God, repivotal Plato viper, etc...) but now his big hit is *Do you Believe in Fairies? tinkle, tinkle, ganache, ganache, ganache*...He played with Hypnotic Clambake this year, performing psychedelic bar mitzvah cartoon music. It was also great to see Jerry Joseph of Little Women fame play a few sets at the Fair. He's moved to Salt Lake City, has a new band (Jack Mormons), and sounds better than ever.

J: I caught the ChazzCats, a swing band from San Francisco, in the crafts camping area. They played a rippin' set Sunday night in a half-shell, open teepee under a spot-lit mirrored ball. So unexpected, so offbeat, so totally cool...

M: The Fair's food is the best. Heavenly Chocolate cheesecake twenty-four hours a day at Dana's, veggie Moshu at the Get Fried Rice booth, Tofutias at the Tofu Palace, Salmon burgers at Chef Ray's,

J: But there's nothing cooler than *The Ritz.*

M: It's from another time. I've traveled to health spas around the world and I've never seen another co-ed open-air shower/bath/sauna complex with a 40 person, three-tiered, community sauna, as well as a fire pit where music and naked singalongs carry on through dawn, assisted by a baby grand piano!

M: And the private baths are all decorated with hand-painted North Coast Indian designs. Very sweet. Not bad for a bunch of naked hippies in the woods.



The Zen Tricksters

J: After the Trickster set I went in to the big sauna and started singing a Gregorian chant-style harmonic overtone. The guy next to me starts singing a Gyuto Monk's style Tibetan overtone mantra and the Native American women on the other side of me starts wailing away in her native tongue. All in perfect harmony! This sort of mystical thing happens 5000 times a day at the Fair! There's an incredible abundance of counterculture prosperity and a wealth of spirit there. It happens not just because there are myriad cool events happening, it's because a critical mass of the people in attendance work mindfully and cooperatively together. People come away changed.

M: Hey John, thanks for turning me on to the Phurst Church of Phun tent. I couldn't believe it when you told me the Fair gave *Phurst Church* a spot his year in the new loop. I'd only heard about the Church from folks who'd been to one run by Wavy Gravy and the Hog Farmers down in the Bay area, but this one at the Country Fair was even wackier than I expected. The idea of a Church that worships Crazy Wisdom and honors fools and clowns as sacred archetypes is an idea sorely needed in this culture.

J: Well, the idea is to remind folks that when life becomes a drag they need to not get stuck in those bummers, but to move towards the Phun instead. Choosing a "Phool" archetype as a sacred spirit guide is a good way to achieve this.

M: The fair has a serious side also. The Kesey Energy Park provided info, networking, and real models for alternative energy and organic farming techniques. The Community Village area is the place for fulfilling visions of social harmony and peaceful living and the history booths provide the story of the Fair's twenty-five years as well as the archeological findings of Native presence on the site hundreds of years ago. This year, during the Fair, Tibetan monks built a sand mandala and ceremoniously threw it in the river that winds through the land. I've truly never had such a good time. I'm already thinking about next year... "Summertime done come and gone, my oh my."

J: These gatherings have restored my faith that counterculture community can thrive without the Dead, that tribal ritual and mind-expanding music are still alive and still offer that soul-invigorating thrill that I used to only rely on the Dead for.

M: And it's great to know that these gatherings, these sources of hope, are evolving and that they are perennial, they happen year in, year out. So what's next on your ritualistic agenda?

J: New Year's in Portland with the Zen Tricksters, a Caribbean jaunt when it gets cold in the Northeast, *Jazzfest* in the spring and next year I'm going to make sure you come with me to the *Burning Man Festival.*

M: Ah, but that's a whole other adventure. It's late, my friend. Good night.

J: Sweet dreams brother. Just remember: always move towards the Phun!!! ◊



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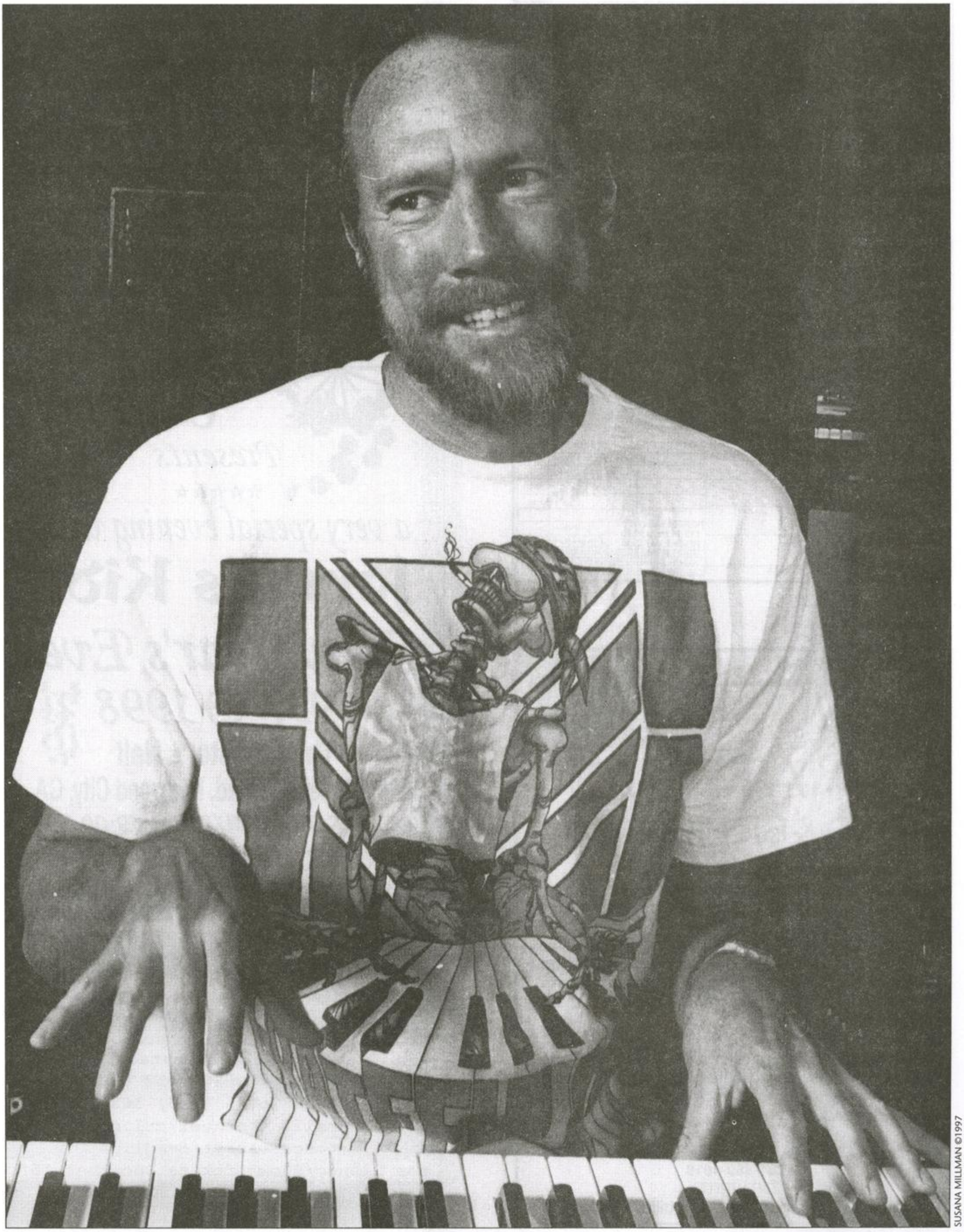
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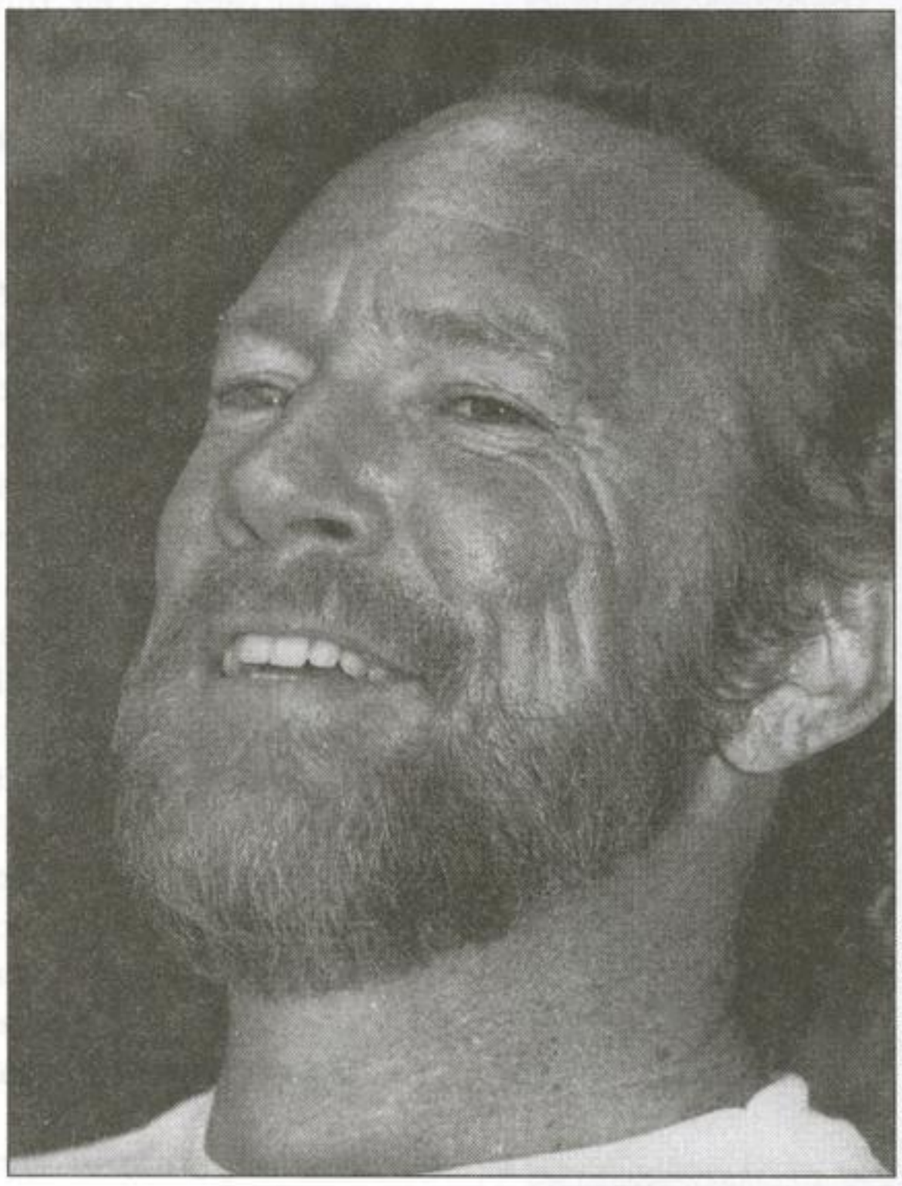
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VINCE WELNICK

Vince came onboard as the Grateful Dead's final keyboardist after Brent Mydland's untimely death in 1990. Some loved Vince's con-tributions to the Dead's music, some didn't; but virtually all Deadheads agree that he in-terjected a new sense of hope, excitement and light to the Grateful Dead during Jerry Garcia's twilight years. He was also responsible for bringing many tasty tunes into the Dead's large but tired stage repertoire.



SUSANA MILLMAN ©1997

Jerry's death hit Vince as hard as anyone. After the funeral he went into seclusion and began a long odyssey of intense, all-consuming depression. But recently, Vince has climbed out of this terrible malaise, begun to play music again and has formed a band, Missing Man Formation, which is starting to turn many heads with their great jams and hip set lists.

We spoke to Vince in late August. He was incrediblly honest and open, and once again was filled with the energized but easygoing sense of optimism that made him a shining star when he played with the Dead.

When Jerry was still with us, the Grateful Dead experience was sort of a living dream. It's been really hard for a lot of us to move on from that. Obviously Jerry's death hit all of us hard. What was it like for you?

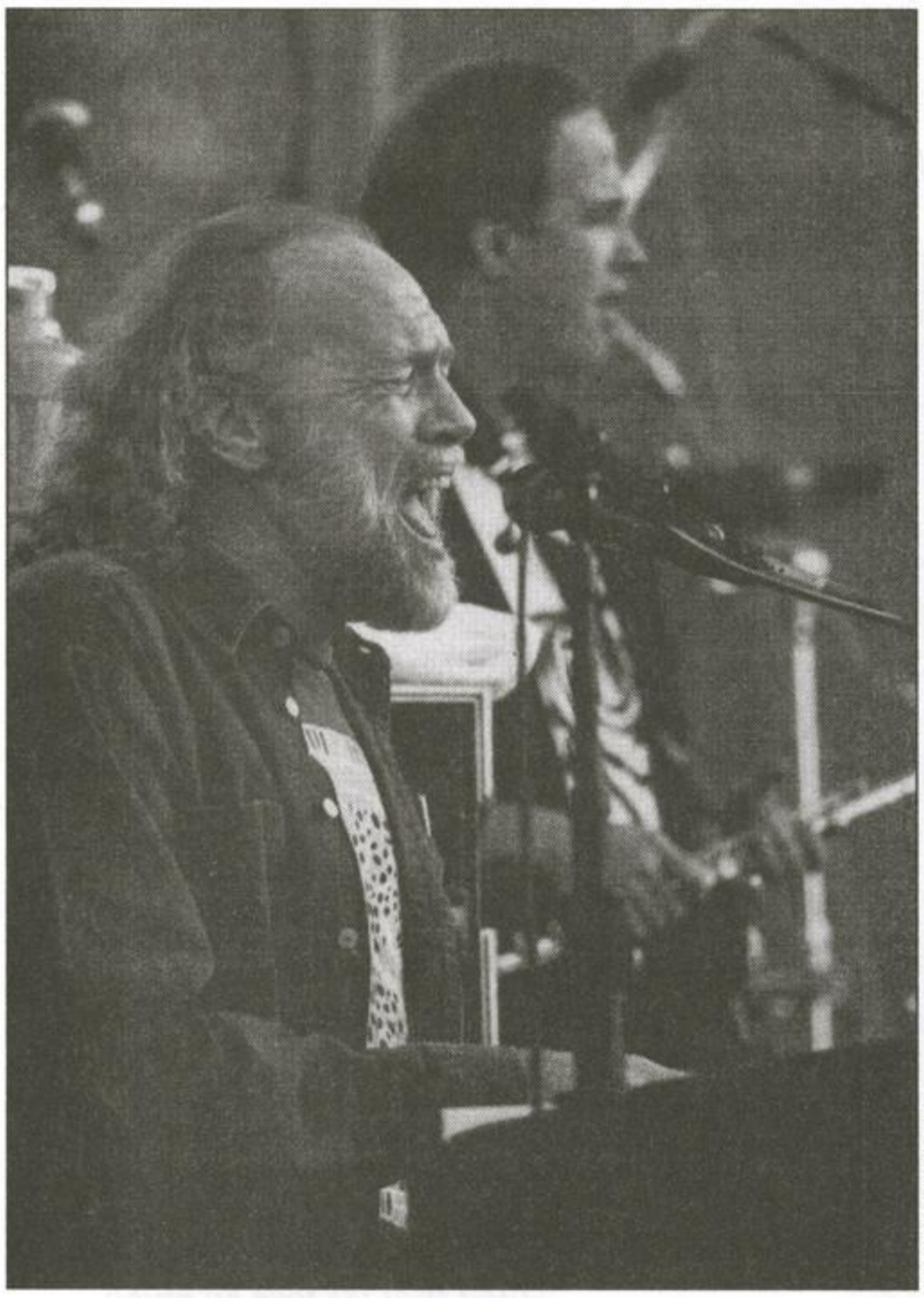
Even before Jerry died, you know how weird the summer of '95 tour was . . . well, after the spring tour I was diagnosed with a scary medical condition which I opted not to deal with until after the summer tour. So I had that going for me all through the summer tour, wondering what was going to happen: would I have to turn myself into the doctor again?

Doesn't sound like that was easy.

That was a strange summer in general, with all the riots going down and everything. I came back, went and did my thing with the hospital, and coming out of that, the next thing, Jerry up and dies. I saw him five days before he died; we were both over at Club Front Two. We were talking about the future and how great it was to be out of our perspective hospitals, and the next thing I knew, my sister called. Laurie (Vince's wife) and I had just had a beautiful morning; rolled over, made love; we were just gettin' out of bed when my sister called and said, "Tell me it's not true." She said, "Look at CNN." Not even Cameron Sears, [the Dead's manager] would verify that it was true; he was like, "If I called you every time I heard Jerry was dead..." But I have satellite TV which sometimes doesn't have commercial breaks. So during the break, I see, "Insert file footage of Garcia . . . "and all this: it became all apparent. I became an immediate zombie, and then things got even worse. I got into Ratdog thinking it was gonna be something that would pull me back in the saddle and get me to play again, but it didn't turn out to be the kind of Dead-like experience that I'd anticipated.

Certainly, one of the roles that you tried to fulfill in the Grateful Dead which unfortunately you weren't able to manifest much, even though you were trying, was to bring out some of that old spirit that we love so much. From what we heard, Weir just wanted sort of an standard blues band, while you wanted to keep that Dead spirit alive, right?

When I got into Weir's band originally, we were talking down at my house in Mexico. The idea was for me to have a front band, one that would go on first, and then we would connect; I would play with Weir's band and then eventually we would have a revue of all the players. For whatever reason, along the way, it shrunk down to where I wound up playing in his band, which turned out to be a blues band. I understand now that he's starting to come around with the way of thinking that got me interested in playing with his band in the first place. But anyway, we were out on the Ratdog tour and I was just starting to discover what it was really about when we got called to fly home for a band meeting. It was Pearl Harbor day and the big bomb drops: the band's no more. At that point, I was already zombified by Jerry's dying, but then it was like every bit of blood flowed out of my body onto the floor right there. It was like my life had ended. It was just a question of, with my whole world over, why am I still here? You would have thought I'd have seen it coming; but I couldn't accept that Jerry was dead. Looking at him in the coffin there I kept thinking, "He moved, I saw him! He blinked!" I literally believed that he was going to get up and walk away from it; I couldn't fathom it to be real. Then with the band, I thought, "We could still get back in the saddle and do this thing," but then the band split up. The happiest fucking five years of my life led into the most miserable year ever.



ERIN CASSIDY ©1997

People have been saying great things about Missing Man Formation; they're saying there's this fantastic energy and that the songs are taking people back, making folks feel like Old Home Week. How did this band come about?

First, Jerry died and I went to bed for about eight months. Then Steve Kimmock called. He said, "Why don't you get out of bed, come over to the studio and sit down and jam with Prairie Prince and Bobby Vega" They had rented a piano and they said, "All you gotta do is just show yourself up." So I did. I brought some songs I had been working on. We started playing and recording on their machine and lo and behold, for a quartet, it was a mighty mighty sound! So we thought, "Hey, let's be in a rock band together!" We were thinking of names, throwing around different ideas when my sister Nancy called up and she said, "I got a great name for the band—Missing Man Formation." I thought, "Geez, that sounds pretty cool." Later on I found out it meant something in Air Force terminology, but before I even knew that I thought, "That's a great name for the band." And so that was it, that's how it started.

I guess you're writing new songs?

I've written more songs since Jerry died than I've written in my entire life put together. Missing Man knows some of them and others are coming out as we rehearse. Missing Man is what really got me out of the slump. At one point, my memory was too gone to remember two chords in a row; I couldn't remember words; I had no desire to eat; I couldn't leave the house; I didn't even smile. I pretty much figured that my career had ended. It was playing with Missing Man that made me realize there was still something there. For the first time in my life, I was writing songs all by myself; Robert Hunter had stopped handing me words, so I made up some of my own. So far, three of the songs the band does, I wrote completely myself.

You have two about Jerry, one called Golden Days ***and one called*** True Blue. ***What are the words?***

"All the days gone by/Seems only just a little while ago/All of you want to know/About the strange goin's on/The world came crashing down on me/But I'm much better now that I can see/All of my friends/All of my friends/All of my friends true blue." Then verse two, "Down a deep dark street/There's only just so far you want to go/All the faces you don't know/A lot of strange goin's on/I strayed away a bit too long/But now I'm happy to be at home with/All of my friends/All of my friends/All of my friends true blue." Then, let's see, the bridge, "Big trouble follows me everywhere/The curse of the keyboard player/My soul was burning out of control/But then you said 'Hang on in there, you still got a long way to go.'" And the last verse is "Now we're here today/No reason to be worried about tomorrow/We'll probably win some, lose some, pay your dues some/Oh the places we'll go/No fear, no hate could be greater than the size of/The love I'm seeing deep in the eyes of/All of my friends/All of my friends/All of my friends true blue."

And what about The Golden Days?

Golden Days was about knowing Jer.

Do you also have a new song with Hunter?

A bunch. I'm doing songs with Barlow too. We've done one song called *The Devil I Know*, and another one called *Waiting for the Song to Come.* And there's more songs with Hunter— you know I wrote *Way to go Home* and *Samba in the Rain* with him—there's a new song called *Golden Stairs*, or *Go Down Shining*, and there's *The Emperor's Suit*, *Walker After Midnight*; all these lyrics are out of the *Box of Rain*. *I Will Wait for You*, *Whispering Joans*, and there might be a few more.

Aside from playing music of the Grateful Dead and your own originals, you've got some really hip cover tunes: Van Morrison's Astral Weeks, ***Led Zeppelin's*** Kashmir, ***the Beatles'*** All You Need is Love, ***and*** Helter Skelter, ***the Stones'*** You Can't Always Get What You Want, ***and*** Sing This Song Together. ***You've also got*** It's a Man's World, ***and*** Can't Find My Way Home, ***by Blind Faith; and Cream's*** Dance the Night Away. ***Tell us about your decision to cover those particular songs? Those are exactly the sort of songs that we all loved when the Dead picked them up, like*** Last Time.

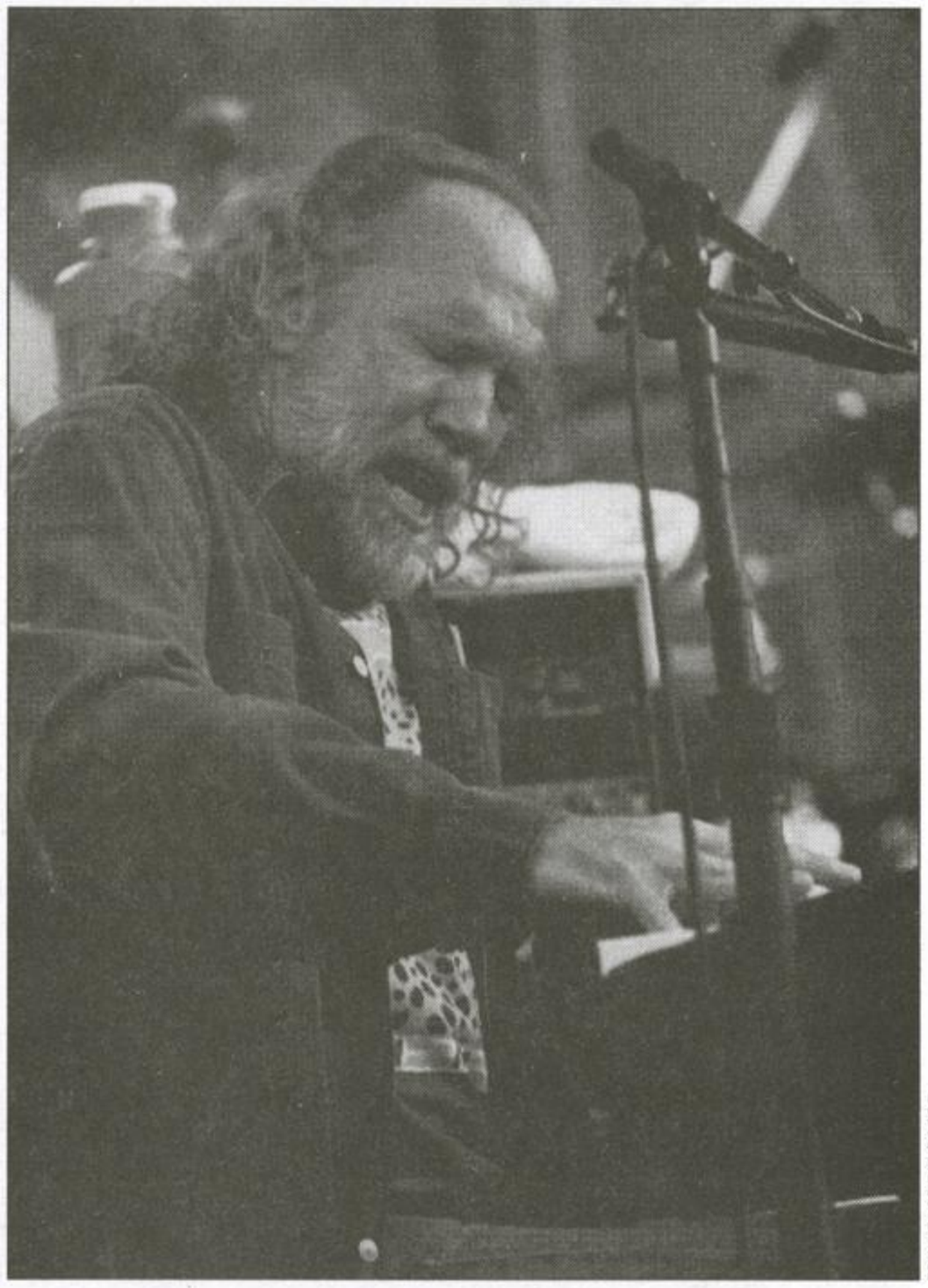
Those are some of my favorite songs of all time. I find there are very few bands that can hold my attention for an entire night solely on the strength of their original material; the Grateful Dead could do that but they chose not to. They chose to play some cover songs; sometimes half the night was full of them. I see it the way Jerry saw it: if it's a great

fucking song, let's do it. That one Led Zeppelin song, *Kashmir*, happens to be my favorite Led Zeppelin song; I didn't even like Led Zeppelin when they first came out! *Manic Depression*—I'd always wanted to do some Jimi Hendrix songs and there's plenty of other sources. I still want to do "Stardust," written by Steve Parrish's uncle, Mitchell and Hogie Carmichael. We'd started learning that with the Dead. Another is *Watching the Wheels Turn Around*, by John Lennon. The Missing Man Formation spends more time rehearsing than we do gigging, though. We don't have the thirty years of history, we're still in the pupa stage here. But we rehearse a great deal and so now we already have about fifty songs in the arsenal and some of 'em are pretty rock-'em, sock-'em tunes.

So we're gonna see more of you?
Oh yeah, but we're pretty much the hardliest working band in show business. I mean nobody out there even knows we exist. We're very unknown, but I think we deliver the goods. We'll go up there, we'll play two sets, we'll play all night. We do some of the songs the Dead never did when I was in the band.

Right. St. Stephen, Cosmic Charlie; ***everybody always knew that you always wanted to do the stuff that we always wanted to hear.***
It doesn't take a rocket scientist to dig those songs, it just takes a little ambition, which is something that drained from Jerry over the years.

Just to touch on this one more time because I think Deadheads would be really interested in your experience. I can completely appreciate not seeing something right in front of you, but the experience was completely opposite for me. I saw Jerry at that last Highgate VT show and it was so painful for me, I almost left. I had this intensely intuitive vision that he had just a few weeks to live. I turned around when you came on-stage having been talking with my friends, and there's Jerry's face twenty feet tall on those big video screens—he looked so tired, so old; like he was on his last leg.; I felt like I had the wind knocked out of me. What was it like for you to be in a position where you were with him? Could you see what was happening? How did you deal with either the denial or the realization of what was going on—it seems like an enormously scary thing.
All I could do was kind of blame myself. He was grimacing a lot and wasn't beaming at anybody much on-stage. All I could think was "God, am I playing this shit that fucked up?" You know, I kind of blamed myself for the way he felt; maybe it was some kind of musical direction he was obviously dissatisfied with, or maybe just unhappy about everything in life at the time. There wasn't much I could do. I mean, I've never done heroin in my life, so I couldn't be his drug buddy and get next to him that way. But if there had been anybody I would have made an exception for, it would have been him. That wasn't the route to take though. I think he pretty much knew he was going to go to the clean-up farm when the tour was over. What he probably should have done was gone to the hospital, maybe. But it was terrible; I didn't think he was


ERIN CASSIDY ©1997

going to die, but there were a couple of gigs I didn't think he was going to finish.

But now there appears to be some sunshine again in your life.
Yeah, as meager the amount of gigs I've played with this band and as modest the audience size, I haven't been happier playing except for some of the times I played with the Grateful Dead. I'm as happy now as I've been in the past; I can't remember when I've been happy playing with a band, except for the Dead.

So, your plan is to start doin' more gigs?
Yeah, if people will write their Congressman or do whatever they've got to do to get us to their town. [laughs]

Who's your agent?
Me. [laughs]

Oh really? [laughs] To book gigs, really?
I'm not a very good roadie, I can't even set up my own gear. But yeah, right now I don't have a record contract or a booking agency; it's all just call up Welnick, or call Kimmock, or call one of the guys in the band.

What's the contact information?
PO Box 1157, Forestville CA, 95436. But there doesn't seem to be a whole lot of people taking a personal interest in Missing Man; I think the band is somewhat special and warrants attention. I've made it a point not to go out like a $2 hooker;



SUSANA MILLMAN ©1997

Prairie Prince, Vince Welnick, Steve Kimmock, Bobby Vega, and Bobby Strickland

we're more high-class, where we wait for the right gig to come along and play it rather than take everything that comes. But, consequently I've been sitting at home a lot of weekends. [laughs] But we're not gonna be the underdog, we're going to be big, I tell ya we're going to be the biggest show on Earth, unless the Dead decide to come back.

Well, do you see yourself playing with members of the Dead again?
I would jump at the opportunity. I haven't been asked and haven't been alerted to any possible gigs yet, but they've still got my phone number; I still call in from time to time. I hope that someday we would all play together. I've definitely been wanting that since about a month after Jerry died. Unlike some folks who really wanted to fall back, like getting the wind knocked out of 'em and wanted to get their breath back; I thought that it was more like falling off the horse, where we should just jump back in the saddle or we may never get back on again.

"AS MEAGER THE AMOUNT OF GIGS I'VE PLAYED WITH THIS BAND [MISSING MAN FORMATION] AND AS MODEST THE AUDIENCE SIZE, I HAVEN'T BEEN HAPPIER PLAYING EXCEPT FOR SOME OF THE TIMES I PLAYED WITH THE GRATEFUL DEAD. I'M AS HAPPY NOW AS I'VE BEEN IN THE PAST."

Well, there's a lot of different angles. For example, I can't imagine playing that long and then stopping; but I also can't imagine having played that long and then wanting to keep going, having to face the fear of reinventing the wheel.
Well, it's like the guy at the bar where my sister was bartending said, it would be a missing man formation but it would still be a great band.

You know, you weren't with the Dead for that long, but you definitely were the spark and the hope in those last few years that the band would bring back beloved songs and forge new directions. People definitely think of you warmly.
Well, I sure miss everybody big time, like you wouldn't believe. But my spark is rekindling and I hope it catches fire here, big fire. ◊

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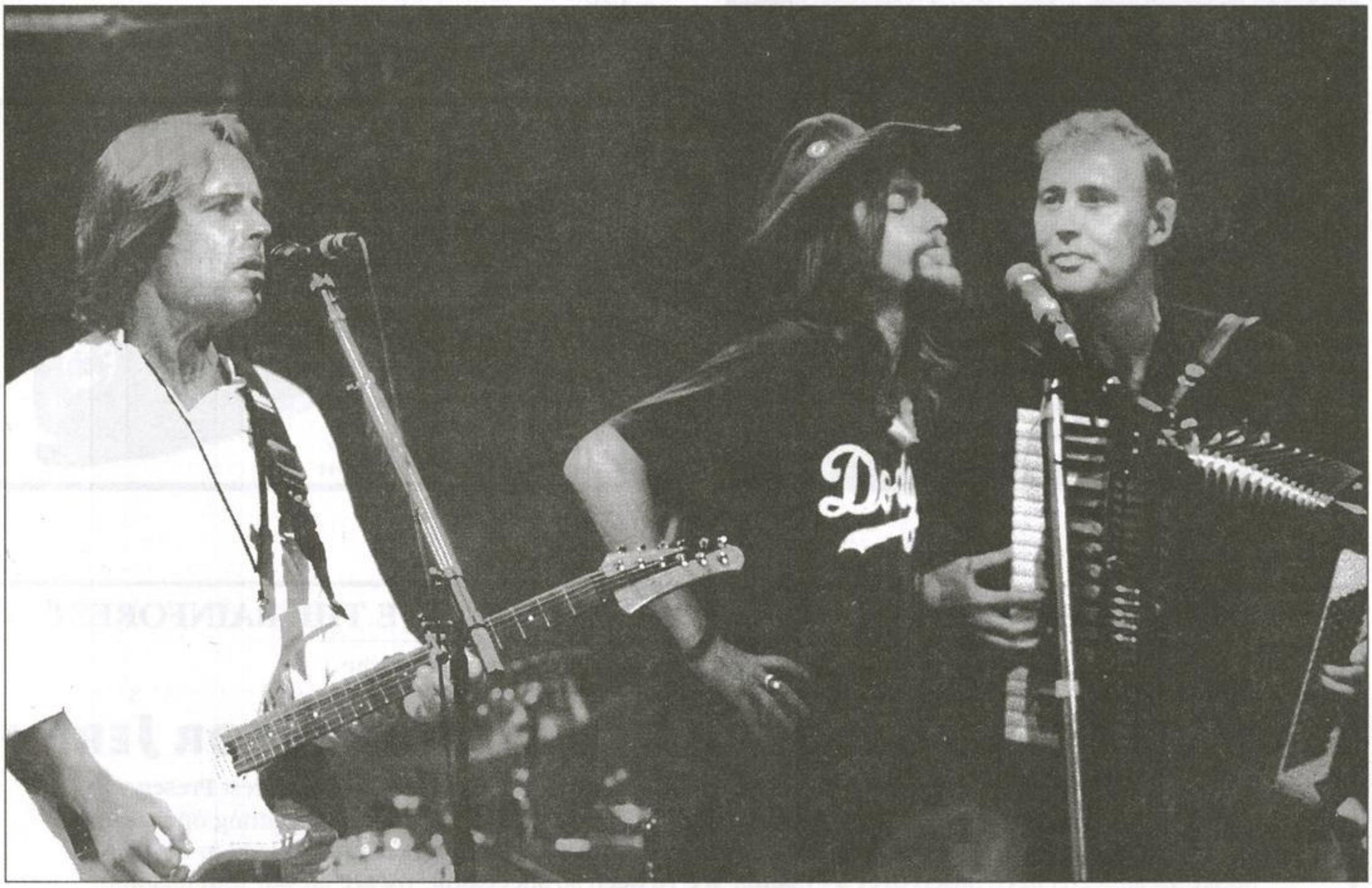
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The Bus Came By... Did you Get On?

Furthur '97

By Michelle Waughtel



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There comes a time in human evolution when what is known isn't enough, and what lies just beyond human reach becomes an imperative. In the mid-'60's, the Merry Pranksters, a group of Bay area residents led by author Ken Kesey, decided to stretch their collective psyches, with the aid of LSD, to experience what lay beyond '50's and early '60's reality. The Pranksters took their experiment on the road in a day-glo colored school bus, on which the destination window, the scrollable sign at the front of the bus, was duly painted and read simply "Furthur."

The depth of the Prankster's pursuits, known as the Acid Tests, are multi-layered, legendary, and responsible for many of the developments America has since experienced in the creative disciplines, including rock 'n' roll. Members of the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane provided the aural background for the mind-expanding experiments.

After the Acid Tests ceased, the music continued. For many, mind-altering drugs were replaced by the music and the camaraderie, thereby shifting the focus of the spirit of being on the Bus to a search for musical adventure.

When the Grateful Dead's long strange trip came to an end, guitarist Bob Weir decided to take Ratdog on the road, and, with the help of Dead drummer Mickey Hart, original Jefferson Airplane guitarist Jorma Kaukonen, and sometime Dead keyboardist Bruce Hornsby, founded the Furthur Festival. The spirit of Prankster adventure is the key to this festival, which, in turn, brings the spirit to the people.

"I think there's no question about it," says Jorma. "The spirit is there, very definitely." Jorma is quick to agree that Furthur is an extension of the original '60's scene. "...One of the funny gigs we did with Furthur last year was when we were

in Oregon at the fairgrounds right near where Kesey lives, and all of the guys came and the restored bus came, and we played *Gloria* with Ken Kesey and I thought, 'This is hysterical, who would have thought?' Absolutely, Furthur's an extension. It's more than a Lollapalooza show, or a H.O.R.D.E. tour, ya know? There is definitely that whole Merry Prankster thing about it."

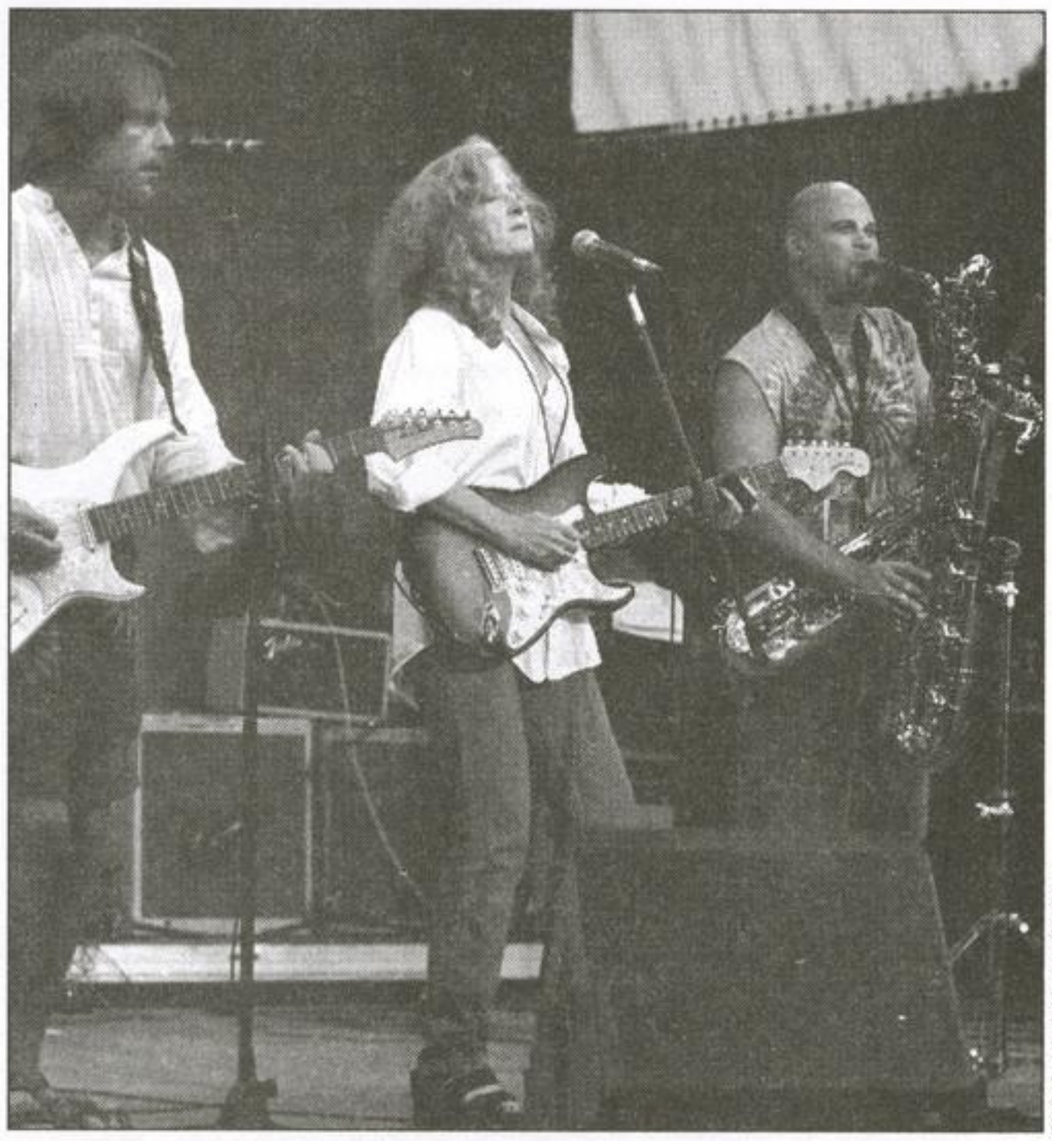
This year was the second summer for Furthur, and it satisfied many Heads' quest for musical excitement. The line-up included Ratdog, Mickey Hart's Planet Drum, Jorma and Michael Falzarano, Bruce Hornsby, the Black Crowes, moe., Sherri Jackson and Arlo Guthrie. Additionally, Robert Hunter joined the roster for many of the West Coast dates.

For moe. guitarist Al Schnier, who has been greatly influenced by these old-school heavyweights, having been a part of what currently makes up The Bus is quite an accolade. "Personally, I'm honored to be a part of this thing. I think it's cool that their organization might look at us a possible third generation...that we might have something to offer in terms of that spirit."

"It's an attitude and it's a metaphor," says Mickey Hart. "When you get on the Bus is when you give yourself to it, wholeheartedly; you give your life to it. When it came together there could be nothing better. It was so magical and...so spiritual, and it was important; it was big and it was wild and it was calling really loud...If you got on the Bus you were *there* and you would do anything to stay on that bus, to play that music."

The historical significance aside, Furthur is about the music. The festival acts were there to play, without trying to score chart hits or become MTV's musical flavor of the week. That's what got them there, and that's where they expect to stay. "We would like to be doing this for the next 25 years," states Schnier. Giving folks the opportunity to experience the spontaneity of the music was top priority. "Furthur's a symbol...a sound symbol," says Hart, "What you have are people who are associated with each other that have certain sounds that are pleasing. Not only do they represent an era, but they have a certain kind of sound that you really want to hear. So in a sense, we're trying to keep this Bus rolling."

To insure that the original Prankster strain was present at each Furthur date, an end-of-the-show jam session finished up each show. The jam allowed musicians from the different bands to get together and see what they could create. This portion of Furthur proved to be the highlight, with different musical backgrounds and styles coming together in a rare show of musical experimentation. "We don't even think about it," says Hart. "It's one of those things...every day it's different. ...And if it's good, it's really good. That's what music is supposed to do," he continues, "It's supposed to uplift the spirit and that's a great thing to do, and not only does it uplift *my* spirit, it uplifts *their* spirit too. So I do this whenever I have the opportunity, it's an important thing; it makes the world a better place, I really do believe that. I think music is a very powerful element, an important element that has to be around."



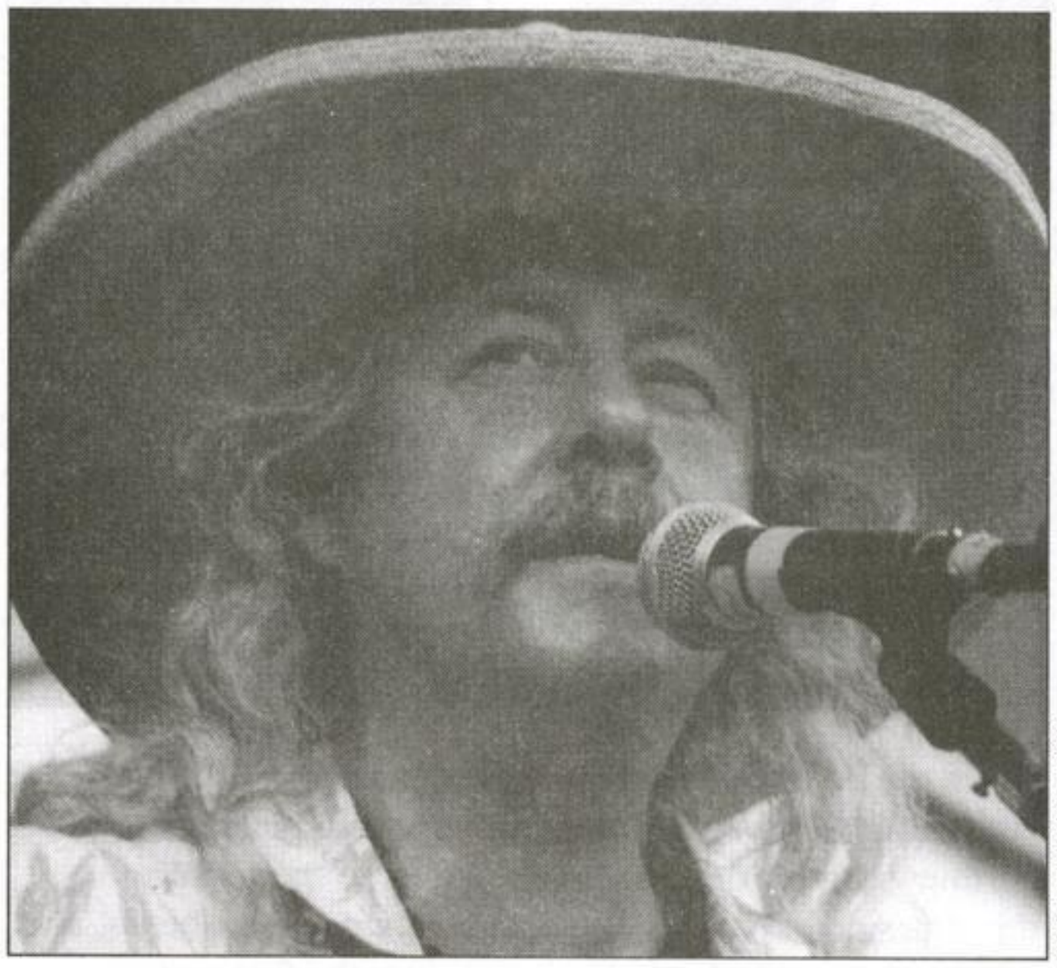
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Given the lukewarm feelings many folks had after last year's Furthur, it was not surprising that advanced ticket sales for Furthur '97 were disappointing. Adding to the problem was the inclusion of bands relatively unknown to Deadheads, like moe. and Sherri Jackson. However, after the first several shows, the word that magic was afoot spread quickly, resulting in dramatically increased box office sales. Clearly, magic was going on behind-the-scenes and it radiated outward. These bands had a fantastic time playing together, obvious in the numerous and often impromptu collaborations. One never knew who was going to show up on the stage at any given moment. In addition, there were two planned mix-and-match jam sequences: an acoustic "thrust set" at the halfway point and the final end jam.

The venues varied greatly in terms of character: most had a limited selection of food at high-end prices with security levels ranging from extraordinarily rigid to virtually non-existent, and the kindest parking lot scenes shakin' in Raleigh and Denver. Indoor vending was consistently weak due to high-priced vending booths, allowing only those with high-ticket items able to afford vending.

The shows adhered to a tight schedule, delivering nearly seven hours of constant music consistently each day. A large board in plain sight indicated what time each had to leave the stage to stay on schedule. This insured that concert-goers got maximum bang for their buck, leaving however, no time for rest, socializing or tending to bodily needs—the psychedelic era meets post-modern stimulation overload. Compounding the time crunch were the hideous lines—necessary rites of passage for greasy over-priced food and sloppy restroom facilities. Still, if you tallied every possible complaint from the fussiest of the masses, it would not add up to the sheer excitement of seeing the Real Thing unfolding again, in different unpredictable configurations.

Trying to pick out the highlights of a tour like this was an unbelievably difficult task. Relying on an absolute deluge of printed material and Internet reviews, as well as a not-so-random sampling of shows I saw, I have collected some of the stellar moments from each segment of the Furthur shows. Far and wide, the most talked-about shows were July 6 at Saratoga Springs, NY and August 2 at Mountain View, CA—each good enough to warrant their own short reviews.



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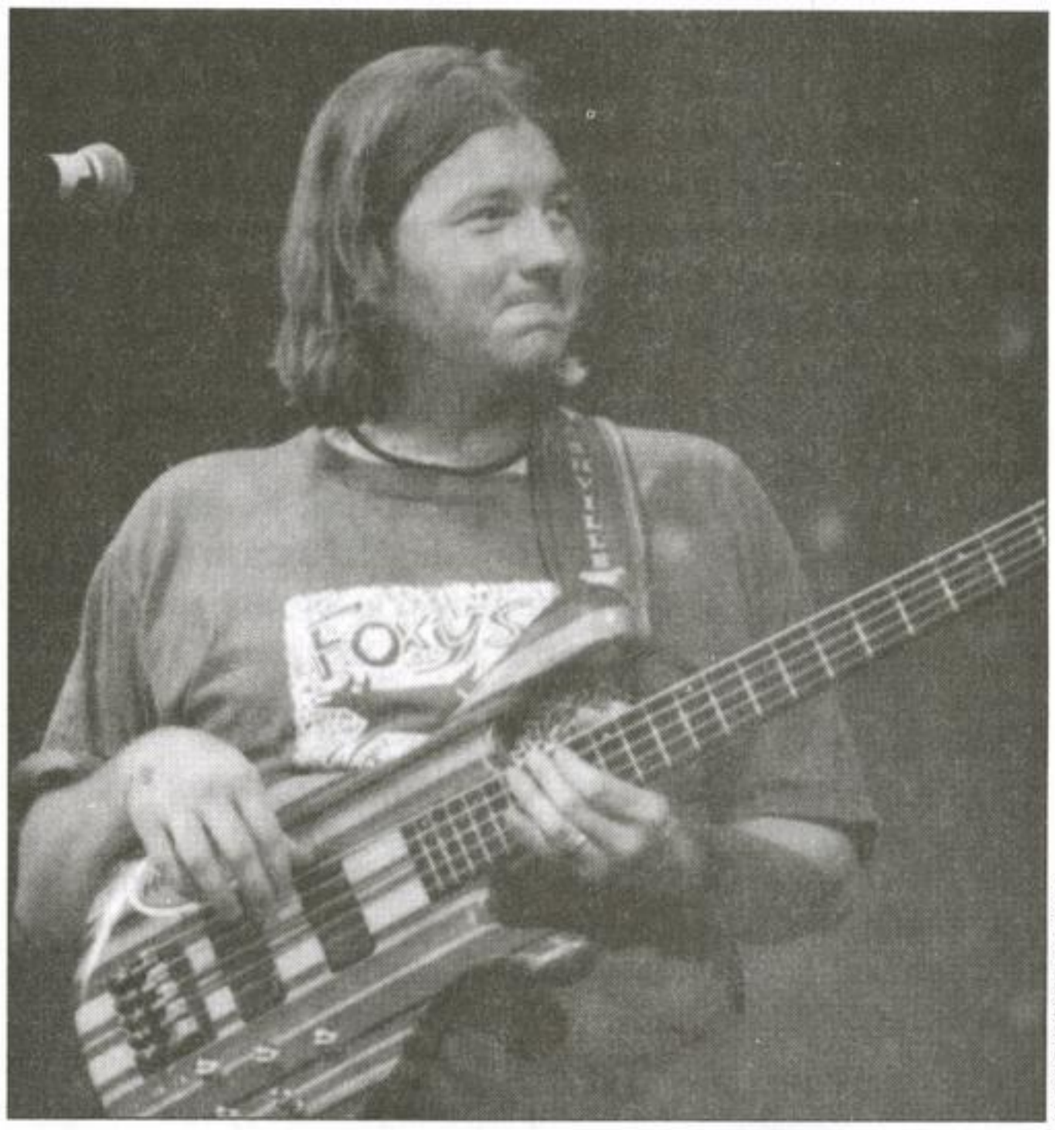
Arlo Guthrie
Voted Most Likely to Incite Anti-Establishment Riots

Serving as Emcee for the tour, Arlo ushered in the sound revolution with tales of Woodstock, drug busts, Watergate, and free love. Often hilarious and sometimes stale, Guthrie espoused hippie values like they were the Ten Commandments, and in such a way that all age groups could access them. His musical sets were somewhat predictable, but always entertaining as he inserted anecdotes into the middle of songs. One of the most often heard was the allegation that the eighteen-minute gap in one of the Watergate tapes was due to Nixon's having erased *Alice's Restaurant* from the tape, the precise length of the *Alice's Restaurant* album version.

Highlights:
All Along the Watchtower on ukulele, 6/28, Camden, NJ
Alice's Restaurant, 7/11, Hershey, PA
Tambourine Man, 7/12, Columbus, OH
This Land is Your Land, 7/16, Cincinnati, OH
Motorcycle Song, 7/19, Tinley Park, IL

moe.
Runs Off with Weir's "Best New Artist in Genre" Scholarship

Being the festival opener, moe. was faced with much smaller audiences than other bands. Still, they consistently surprised new listeners and old fans alike with their innovative song construction and bring-the-roof-down jams. Formed in Buffalo, moe. have been selling out progressively larger clubs over the last few years, Furthur being the culmination thus



ALAN SHECKTER ©1997

far. Guitarists Al Schnier and Chuck Garvey drive the endless streams of twisting-turning leads through the snap-crackle-pop bass lines of Rob Derhak, while Vinny Amico, the band's drummer, is the force of stability. A thirty-minute set to moe. fans is about as inconceivable as a thirty-minute Dead show, but they managed quite nicely.

Highlights:
Mama Tried (with Bob Weir), 7/3, Forest Hills, NY
Star Spangled Banner (Chuck Garvey a la Jimi Hendrix), 7/4, Springfield, MA
That's It for the Other One (with Bob Weir), 7/6, Saratoga Springs, NY
Rebubula > Yodelittle > Rebubula, 7/16, Cincinnati, OH
Recreational Chemistry > Dark Star Jam > Recreational Chemistry, 7/25, Sommerset, WI

Sherri Jackson
Takes Home the " Best Channeler of Jimi Hendrix " Award



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Sherri Jackson is a multi-talented performer. One would be hard-pressed to decide if she is better on guitar, vocals, or violin; given her contributions to the acoustic jams, personally, I would say violin. Sherri, backed by Glen Esparza on bass and Brian McRae on drums, puts out a full sound. Her signature piece throughout the tour was Hendrix's *Fire*, shredding through squealing solos on the violin instead of guitar. Delivering funked-up versions of classic rock songs plus originals, Sherri Jackson made her mark on the Furthur crowds with style and consummate musicianship.

Highlights:
Fire, 6/30, Scranton, PA
Kashmir (instrumental), 7/9, Toronto, ONT
Superstition (with Jorma), 7/12, Columbus, OH
Purple Haze > *Voodoo Child* > *Purple Haze*, 7/15, Burgettstown, PA
You're Going to Need Somebody (with Jorma), 8/2, Mountain View, CA

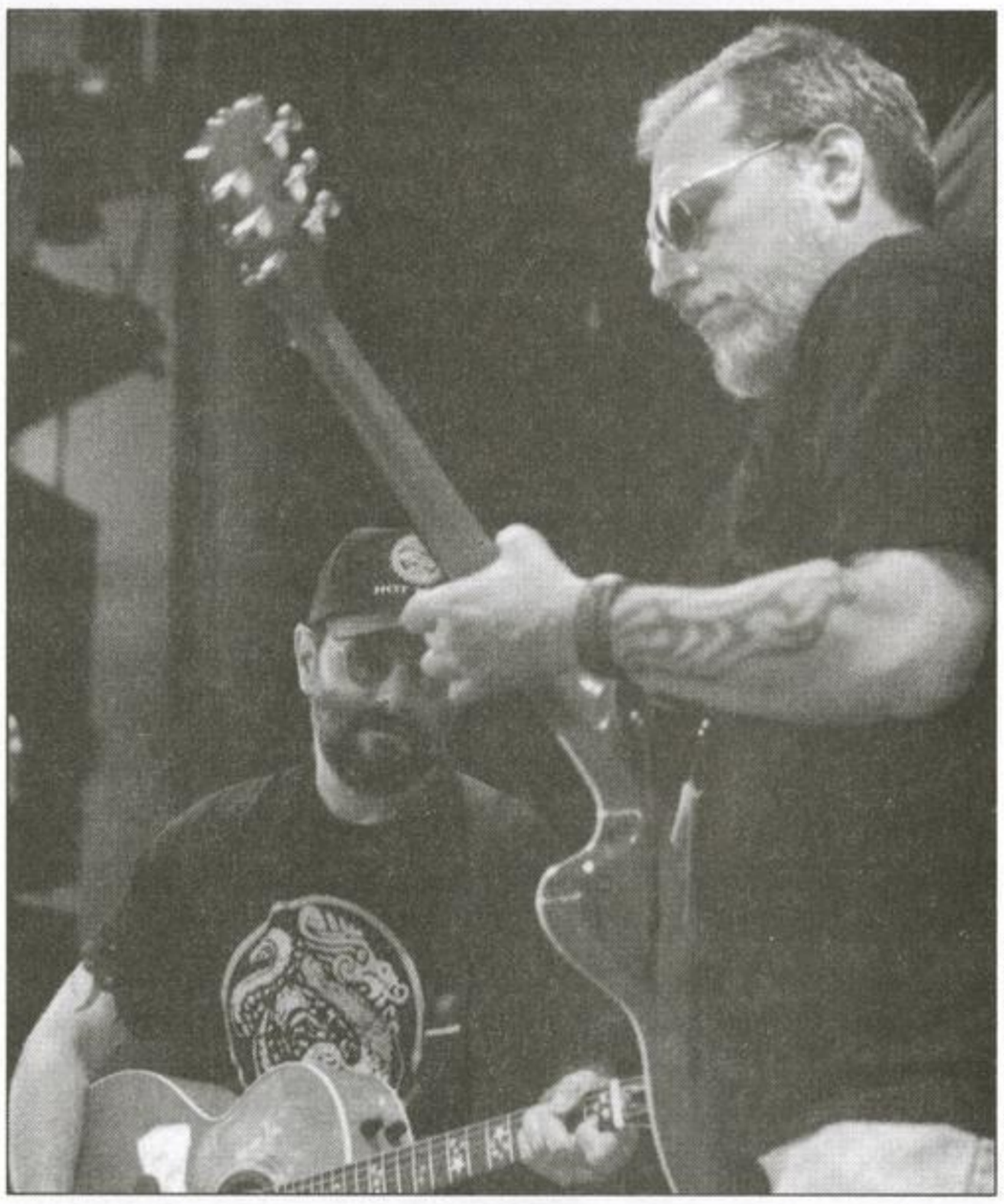
Bruce Hornsby
Earns the title of Mr. Congeniality

As usual, Bruce proved to be the quintessential crowd-pleaser. While his original music can be characterized as "Easy Listening," upon launching into a beloved cover tune, Hornsby conjures up the old magic as well as any remaining member of the Grateful Dead. His sets were also a breeding ground for collaboration as he was joined by Jorma, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Bonnie Raitt, Johnnie Johnson, Chris Robinson of the Crowes, Al Schnier, Floyd Hill, and David Garibaldi at times throughout the tour. He also assumed a leadership role in the all-star end jams, singing lead on many favorite Dead songs.

Highlights:
Big Railroad Blues (with Weir), 6/26, Virginia Beach, VA
Takes A Lot To Laugh (with Chris Robinson), 7/1, Mansfield, MA
Scarlet Begonias, 7/11, Hershey, PA
Black Muddy River and *Franklin's Tower* (with Johnnie Johnson), 7/19, Tinley Park, IL
White Wheeled Limo> *Secret Agent Man*, 7/31, Portland, OR
Wharf Rat> *Valley Road* (with Phil Lesh) and *Jack Straw* (with Lesh, Weir and Raitt), 8/2, Mountain View, CA



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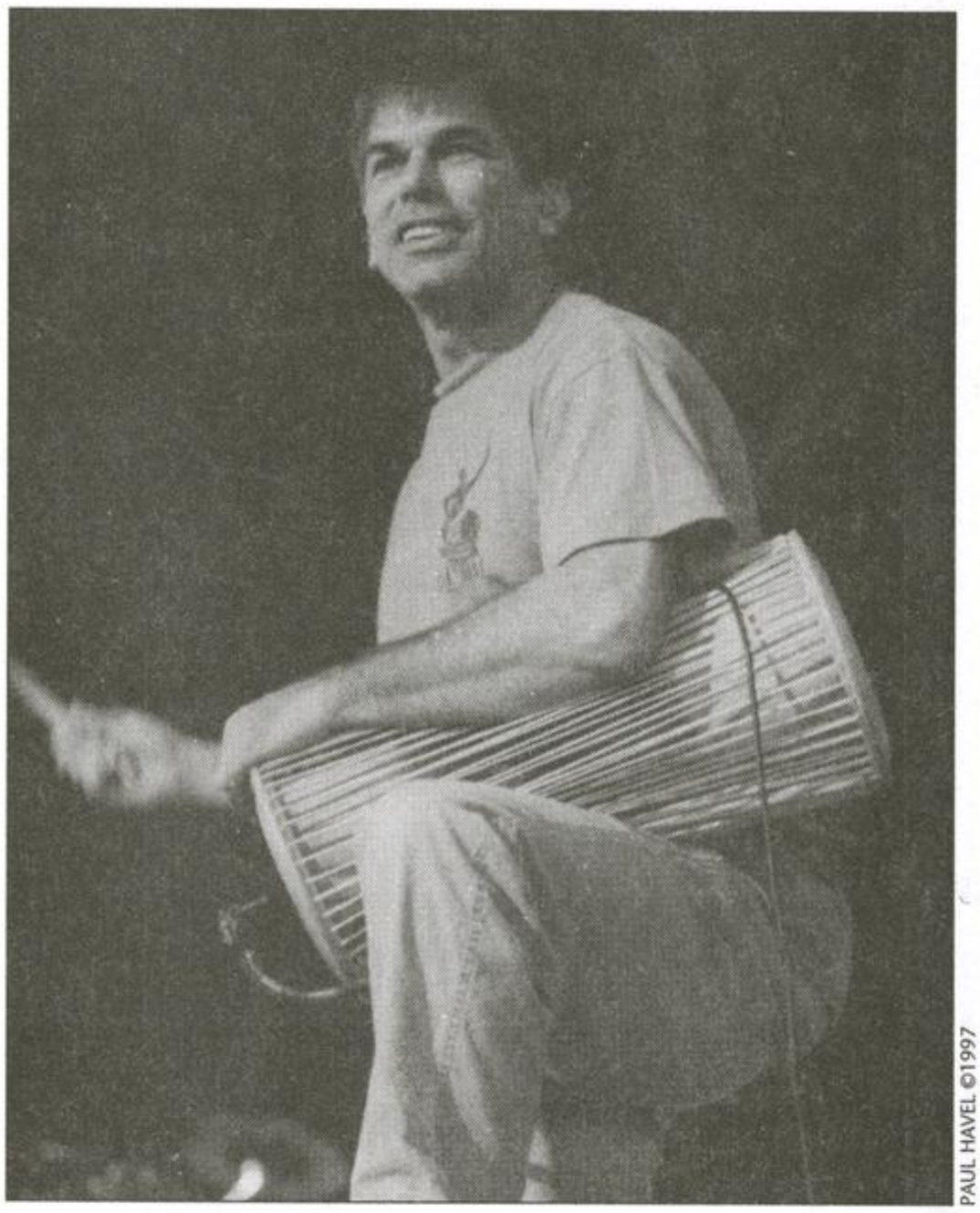
Jorma Kaukonen with Michael Falzarano
Proud Recipient of the "Rambo Guitarist" Certificate

A true veteran of the scene, Jorma is a key ingredient in the experimental crucible. By virtue of shared experiences, Falzarano is a perfect complement to Jorma's dizzying sonics. Their act was fairly predictable, with *Walking Blues* appearing far too often on the setlists; however, Jorma's unwavering rock 'n' roll energy kept the sets interesting. Jorma seemed to shine most while collaborating, often unannounced, with other acts on the tour. He is arguably one of the best acoustic guitarists living today, and the acoustic jams sparkled with his influence.

Highlights:
Death Don't have No Mercy, 6/24, Raleigh, NC
Folsom Prison Blues (with Wasserman), 6/27, Bristow, VA
Embroyonic Journey, 7/7, Darien Center, NY
Death Don't Have No Mercy, Good Shepherd, 7/25, Sommerset, WI
Entire Set with Jack Casady, 8/3, Irvine, CA

Planet Drum
Named Most Valuable Player by Vending Organizations

Planet Drum features Mickey Hart with four world beat percussionists and a bass player. Combining American, Indian, Caribbean and African styles with synthesized sound, Planet Drum is a mind-blowing adventure into psychedelic tribalism—for the first twenty minutes anyway. The most common complaints were that the sets were too long and that the few recognizable songs were repeated every show. Unfortunately, Mickey's *Fire on the Mountain* rapping is only interesting the first few times you hear it. Jorma routinely joined Planet Drum for this, as well as *Only the Strange Remain.*



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Highlights:
Only the Strange Remain, 6/27, Bristow, VA
Not Fade Away (with Jorma), 7/11, Hershey, PA
Fire on the Mountain (with Jorma), 7/19, Tinley Park, IL
Fire on the Mountain (with Jorma, Weir, Lesh & Jay Lane), 8/2, Mountain View, CA

Robert Hunter
Wins the Tear-Jerker Category hands down

Robert Hunter was a last-minute addition to the Furthur line-up, hopping on the Bus for six of the final eight Mid-western and West Coast shows. A solo performer, Hunter wasn't the least bit shy about tackling some of the most complicated Dead songs for which he wrote lyrics. Hunter's vocals have improved during to his recent solo tours, and his playing is also evolving. His stage presence consistenly remained warm; Hunter embodies the essence of all things Grateful Dead with his kind spirit. The audience response to Hunter was overwhelming, welcoming him like a national hero returning to his home town.

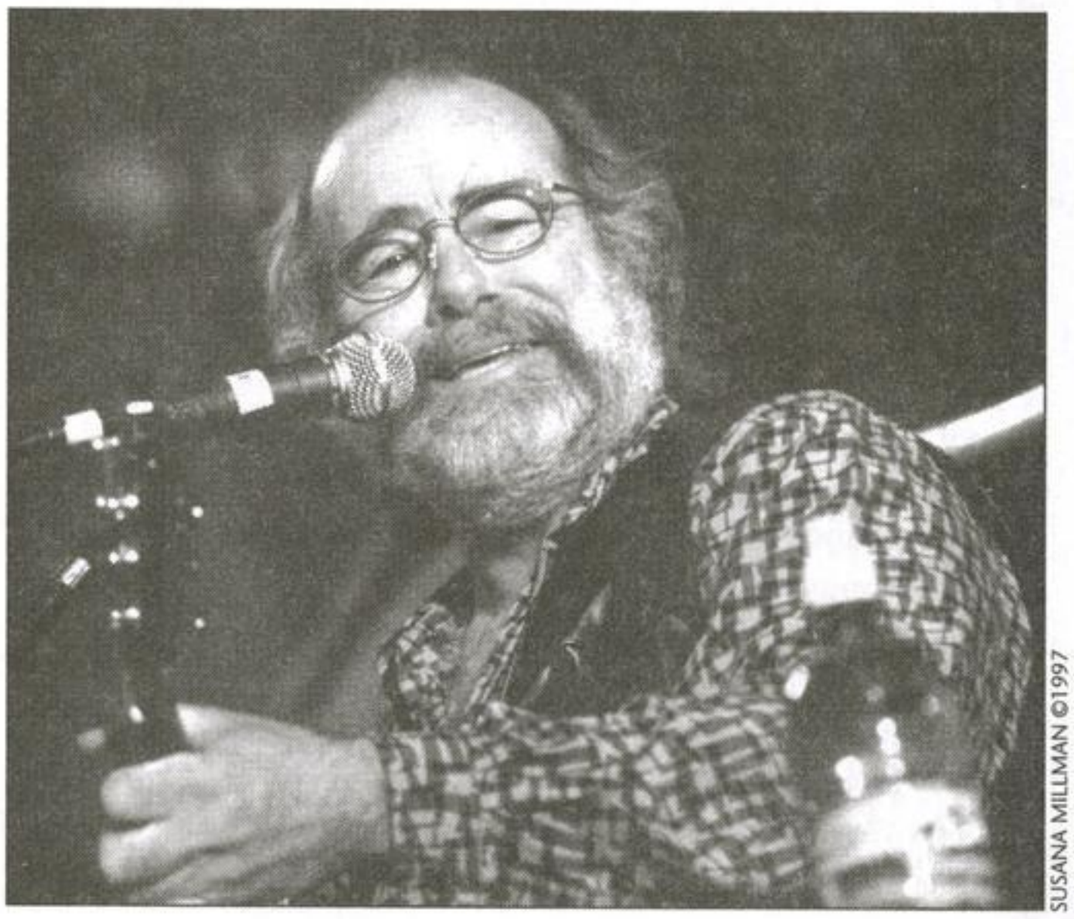
Highlights:
Box of Rain and *Ripple*, 7/18, East Troy, WI
Reuben and Cherise, 7/19, Tinley Park, IL
Mr. Charlie > Easy Wind, Days Between > Terrapin, 7/22, Indianapolis, IN
St. Stephen > The Eleven > St. Stephen, Mountains of the Moon, 8/2, Mountain View, CA

Acoustic Jam on Thrust Stage
Sweeps the "Don't Even Think About Going to the Bathroom Now" Category

This entertainment brainstorm was one of cornerstones of the Furthur spirit of improvisational magic. With Weir, Hornsby, Rob Wasserman, and Jorma forming the core group, the collaborations were fresh and included many musicians. Much less polished than the Final Jams and regular performances, the setlists were usually constructed on the spot and often consis-ted of tunes that hadn't been played in eons. Sherri Jackson, who made numerous, awe-inspiring appearances on violin, was especially powerful on *Friend of the Devil*, the most oft-played song during the acoustic jams. Unfortunately, this act was bumped at several venues to make room for Robert Hunter.



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Highlights:
The Weight (featuring Arlo) & *Wild Horses*, 6/23, Charlotte, NC
Maggie's Farm (featuring Sherri Jackson), 6/26, Bristow, VA
Friend of the Devil (featuring Jackson, Falzarano & Matt Kelly), 6/28, Camden, NJ
On the Road Again (with Falzarano & Schnier) and *Birdsong* (with Falzarano & Jackson), 7/3, Forest Hills, NY
Cassidy and *Keep on Truckin' Mama*, 7/12, Columbus, OH
Misty (with Johnnie Johnson), 7/20, Maryland Heights, MO
Ripple, 7/25, Sommerset, WI
Birdsong (with Dave Ellis), 8/3, Irvine, CA



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Ratdog
Voted "Most Improved"

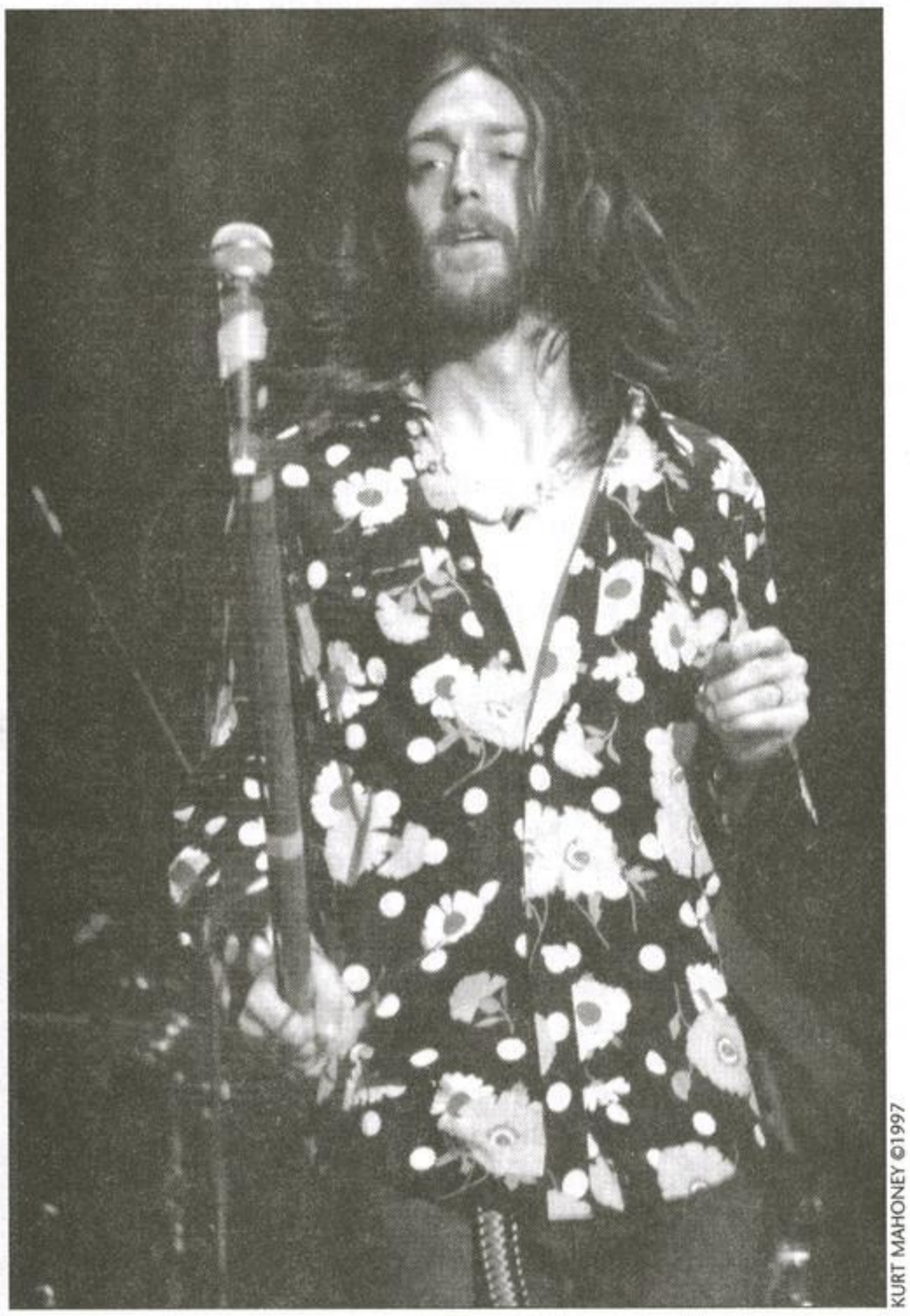
After taking quite a bit of criticism last year, Ratdog seems to have reinvented itself. Dave Ellis, the new jazz saxophonist from Berkeley, proved capable of filling in complicated lead lines. This enabled Ratdog to delve deeply into Grateful Dead material, which comprised most of their setlists. The most crucial element in the transformation of Ratdog, though, was Bob Weir. He seemed more confident, relaxed and creative than I remember seeing him at any one time during this entire decade—Weir was a one-man powerhouse, tempered with wisdom and maturity that suits his musicianship wonderfully. Ratdog performed designated "Jerry Songs," as well as "Bobby Tunes." Weir's vocals on the Jerry tunes were stylistically his, though a little unsettling to the purists among us, but tunes like *West L.A. Fadeaway* and *Touch of Grey* work wonderfully for Ratdog. For those of you clutching your Deadbases and cringing in horror, lighten up! Would it be better if these tunes never again saw the light of day?

Highlights:
Loose Lucy, 6/21, West Palm Beach, FL
Eternity > *Other One* > *Bass Solo* > *Other One* > *Sugar Magnolia*, 6/23, Charleston, NC
Corrina > *Other One* > *Touch of Grey*, 6/26, Virginia Beach, VA
Wang Dang Doodle (with Debbie Henry) and West L.A. Fadeaway, 6/28, Camden, NJ
Eternity > *Other One* > *Bass Solo*, 7/1, Mansfield, MA
Red Rooster and *Juke* (with Johnnie Johnson), 7/20, Maryland Heights, MO
Easy to Slip > *Supplication Jam* > *Bass Solo* > *Supplication Jam* > *Easy to Slip*, 7/22, Indianapolis, IN
West L.A. Fadeaway (with Bonnie Raitt), 8/2, Mountain View, CA

The Black Crowes
Earned the "Chutzpah" Award

It must be rather jarring for a band to notice that, as they take the stage, that a third of the crowd is walking out. Such was the case for the Crowes at many venues. The Crowes just aren't everyone's cup of hallucinogenic tea. These talented-in-their-own-right Southern rockers, who have sold eleven million records in the past seven or so years were clearly the loudest of the bands and had a much harder edge than their predecessors. Many Crowes fans wondered what their band was doing hanging out with all these hippies, and the hard-core hippies wondered who invited these screaming meemies to their Love Fest. However, many folks, with either open minds or malfunctioning ear plugs, gave their attention to the Black Crowes and discovered that this band was capable of that same adventurous transcendence we all look for. Drummer Steve Gorman and guitarist Marc Ford stand out, as does Chris Robinson—the charismatic front man with big lungs, who is also a serious Deadhead.

Highlights:
Happy, 6/22, Atlanta, GA
Jam > *Hard to Handle* > *Jam* (with Weir), 6/27, Bristow, VA
Remedy, *Stare it Cold* and *Nonfiction* (with Dave Ellis) > *Jam* > *Hard to Handle* (with Weir), 7/19, Tinley Park, IL
Boomer's Story (with Hornsby), 8/2, Mountain View, CA



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The Final Jam
Hands Down Takes the Grand Prize
This was the one part of the seven hour marathon show that had the crowd at the edge of their seats. The possibilities for song and musician combinations were endless. Bob Weir served as the Chief Orchestrator of this segment, nurturing many of the younger musicians into the fray. The most frequently played song was *Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad*,with varying vocalists. Several Black Crowes members played a crucial role in the end jam, most notably Chris Robinson and his vocal stylings.

Highlights:
Dear Mr. Fantasy and *Gloria* (with Chris Robinson vocals), 6/23 Charlotte, NC
Spoonful (Weir with Mickey Hart) and *Higher and Higher* (with Sherri Jackson and Debbie Henry vocals), 6/28, Camden, NJ
Sugaree (Hornsby vocals with Schnier) and *Midnight Hour* (Weir vocals) > Jumpin' Jack Flash (Chris Robinson vocals), 7/3, Forest Hills, NY
Jailhouse Rock (Crowes plus Weir), 7/9, Toronto, ONT
Come Back Baby (Jorma plus Crowes), 7/12, Columbus, OH
Viola Lee Blues (Ratdog plus moe.), 7/18, East Troy, WI
Next Time You See Me (Hornsby with Matt Kelley and Marc Ford) 7/20, Maryland Heights, MO
Deal (with Hunter), *All Along the Watchtower* and *Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad* (with full cast), 7/31, Portland, OR
The Other One, *Good Lovin'*, and *Lovelight* (all, including Weir, Lesh and Hart), 8/2, Mountain View, CA
White Rabbit (Debbie Henry vocals with Jack Casady and Jorma), 8/3, Irvine, CA

Overall, Furthur has shown massive improvements over last year, with the promise that next year will be even better. If you missed Furthur this time around, you missed a golden opportunity to relive the pulse-pounding thrill of psychedelic seat-of-the-pants musical experimentation. When the Bus comes by next year, by all means, flag it down!

A Cryptical moe.ment
SPAC, Saratoga Springs, NY, 4/6/97
By Cory Ferber

As I sauntered down the aisles of the seemingly empty pavilion to see moe. open the show, I turned and saw Vinny Amico, moe.'s drummer standing behind us. Though my friends and I approached him with some song requests, Vinny told us that he couldn't play any of the songs we wanted because they had something special planned.

It all happened so fast—the curtain was raised, revealing Bob Weir standing in with moe. And then, what very possibly could be the most unbelievable moment of my life. Someone hit the opening notes of *Cryptical Envelopment*, and we were off. The place erupted! Many people scrambled into the pavilion to listen. My friends and I were hugging and celebrating, still completely unaware that we were about to get the entire blessed *That's It For The Other One* suite. For those of you keeping stats, The Dead discontinued this complete package in '71; broke into *Cryptical* by itself a few times in '72, then a handful of times in '85; never to be played again.

Weir and moe. completely ripped into this long overdue song! Chuck Garvey sang *Cryptical*, which segued into a short drum solo, then straight into *The Other One*. Rob Derhak thundered on the bass, doing justice to the opening bass line. The jam flowed in many directions at once and was extremely fast. But for the most part, I was enjoying the jam so much that I was barely conscious of the fact that they were playing *That's It For the Other One* with Bob Weir; moe. could have arrived at this jam via their own song *Meat* and it would have been just as incredible. Weir pulled the jam together just before the *The Other One* verses started. To our surprise, Al sang both verses, the entire conglomeration jamming out equally long between each verse. After the second verse, things rolled right back to *Cryptical* with Chuck singing the repetitive "he had to die" lyrics with the band picking up steam beneath. Chuck even broke out the talk box and carried the reprise out for three or four minutes.

moe. really stepped up to the plate with Weir as a great team player—two great tastes that taste great together. Even Bob seemed to have been blown away by the events which just transpired. The intensity and momentum was awesome, giving extra oomph to the rest of moe's set; *Jazz Wank* > *Buster*. *Jazz Wank* featured a nice build-up and some intensity behind Al's lead into the peak of the song. The first few notes of *Buster* brought an incredible smile to my face: Chuck sounded fantastic, and the ending of the song, as he played it, was reminiscent of Garcia's *Tiger*. That was the most satisfying 40 minutes of moe. I had ever witnessed.

Though I enjoyed most of the other bands, no one came close to the intensity of the opening set. Hornsby's set featured *Jack Straw* with a Weir sit-in. Ratdog highlights included *Take Me To The River, All Over Now, Loose Lucy, Little Red Rooster, Corrina* > *Samson* > *Bass Solo* > *Sugar Mag*. Another exceptional moment was the following

acoustic jam. Weir, Wasserman, Hornsby, Jorma, Arlo, and Sherri Jackson performed *Ripple* as an ensemble! Previous to this the last Dead performance of *Ripple* was at the '94 Phil and Friends show in Berkeley. Musically, this was awful — no one could remember the lyrics and they wound up doing the third verse twice. Even so, it was a powerful and moving song to hear.

The final jam began with Sherri Jackson and Debbie Henry belting out *Chain of Fools* and closed with the Crowes' Chris Robinson leading an extended, amazing version of *Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad*, with Weir, Hornsby, Robinson, and Henry all taking turns on vocals.

This was a night that moe.rons and Deadheads alike will remember for a long time.

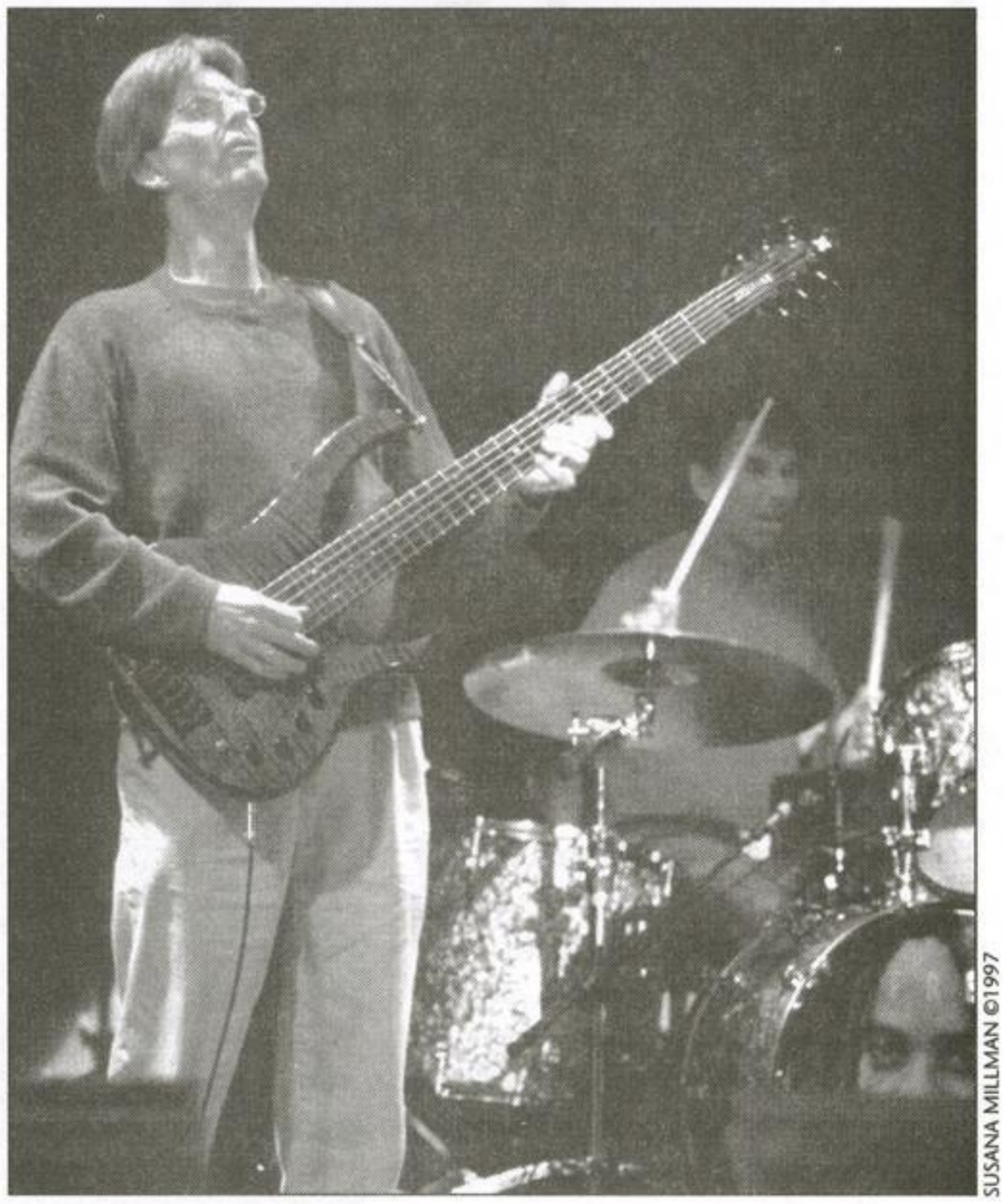
Back in the Phil Zone
Shoreline Amphitheater, Mountain View CA, 8/2/97
By Vesper Lynd

Phil Lesh doesn't need to be on the bill in order to become the hero of an event. Of the few appearances Phil has made in the last two years, Shoreline Furthur may have been his longest. The Phil-inclusive highlights commenced early and continued throughout the show. After a nice *Jacob's Ladder* and *The Way It Is*, Bruce Hornsby brought Phil out—the place exploded with cheers and ovations. Bruce pounded out the opening to *Wharf Rat*, a reading that was fresh and full of life as Phil added his trademark runs and flourishes. However, the cheers that greeted *Valley Road* as it flowed from *Wharf Rat* were quizzically quieted when Phil left the stage half-way through the song.

Regardless, the whoops and whistles began again as Bonnie Raitt made her entrance. She joined Bruce for *Rainbow Cadillac* and added tasteful slide and vocals to a groove tailor-made for her style.

Next, Phil, Mickey Hart and Bob Weir joined Bonnie and Bruce for *Jack Straw*. This may have been the high point of the show with Bobby and Phil standing side-by-side as Mickey, who must not have known in advance about the song, ran out and stood over Bruce's drummer, hitting a floor tom and cymbal. Bobby acknowledged the magnitude of the moment by delivering stellar vocals and trademark off-the-wall guitar licks. The final verse and preceding jam were given the required punctuation: "Jack Straw from Wichita CUT HIS BUDDY DOWN!" *BANG*! They seemed to have enjoyed it at least as much as the audience.

Jorma Kaukonen, with Michael Falzarano and Rob Wasserman, was in full flight as he picked his way through his traditional fare, including a rare *Parchman Farm*. Wasserman's flourishes added dimension to the two Falzarano tunes which featured Mickey and his Planet Drummers on percussion. As usual, Jorma proved he still knows how to communicate with the heavens. Later, Mickey got Phil, Bobby and Jorma back out for a version of *Fire on the Mountain*—the "rap" version. Although it was much faster than the Dead version, Phil anchored the bottom to a danceable groove while Bobby fulfilled his backup duties.



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With Ratdog, Weir is never afraid of diving deep into his song bag, most recently popping out some Dead tunes—both his and Garcia's. The Ratdog showcase included fantastic versions of *Saint of Circumstance* and *One More Saturday Night*, as well as a nice *Supplication Jam*. Raitt helped with *West L.A. Fadeaway*, singing a forceful lead vocal while the Black Crowes' Marc Ford added a nice touch to *Looks Like Rain*.

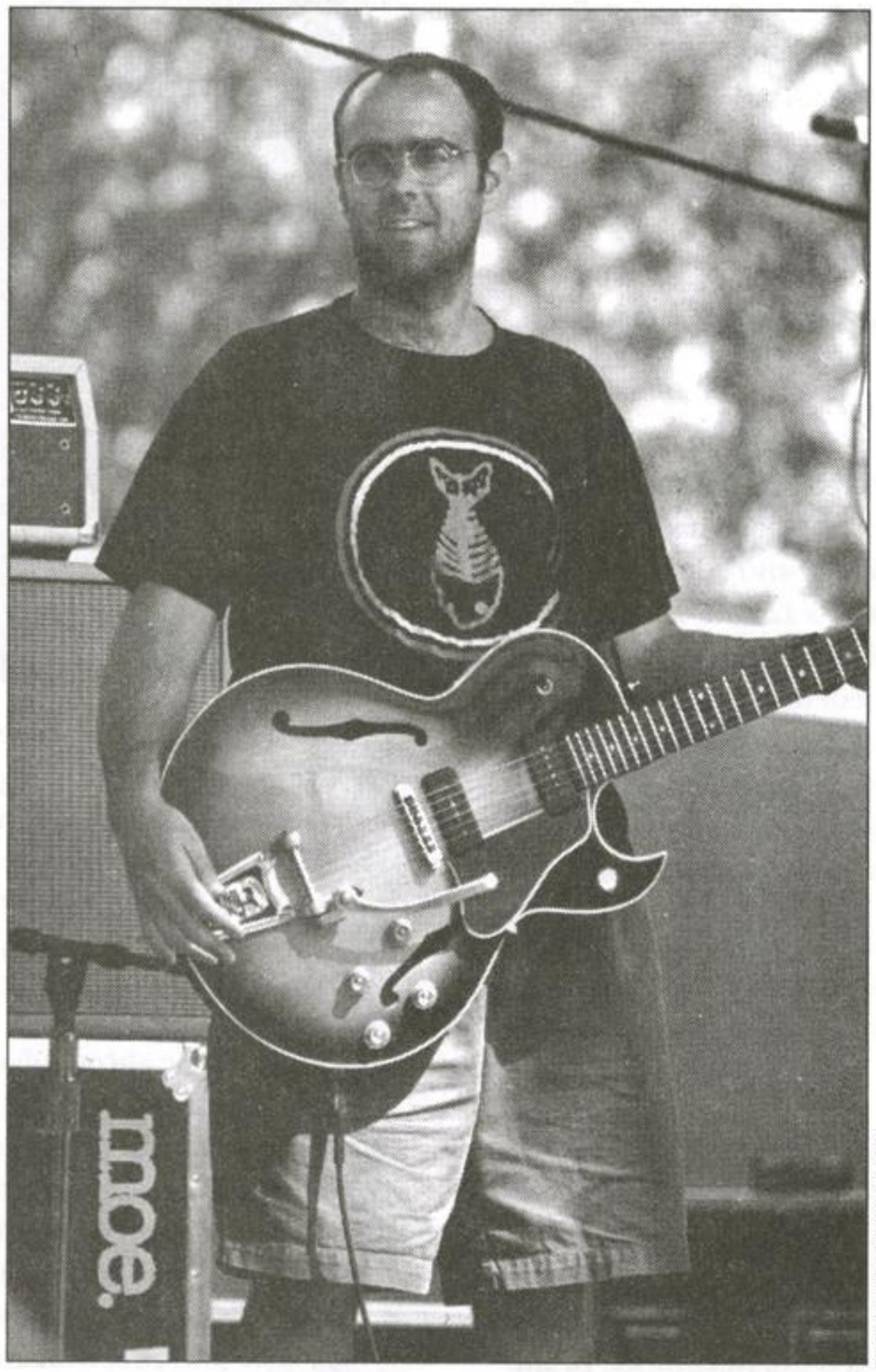
Bringing the show full circle was Robert Hunter, who, armed solely with an acoustic guitar, gave wonderful renditions of some stalwart Dead tunes. Hunter fully embraced his lyrics, allowing the crowd to fully embrace him. Moments of brilliance often focused on his early compositions, such as *St. Stephen*, *The Eleven* and *Mountains of the Moon* while he also explored various delivery styles with *New Speedway Boogie* and *Box of Rain*. His a capella *Boys in the Bar Room* was a beautiful set closer. Perhaps taking their lead from Hunter, the acoustic jam was another near-perfect moment. Jorma led Bobby, Bruce, and Arlo through the obvious choice of *San Francisco Bay Blues*; each performer taking a verse. Bobby's addition of *Ripple* seemed to fulfill a need as both performers and audience acknowledged its stature.

During the electric jam however, *The Other One*, with Phil and moe.'s Al Schnier, never zoomed as "out there" as it could have. Phil's bass attack intro was nowhere to be found, but the looping jams went both far and wide. Hart and his Planet Drummers duly performed their duty throughout and Jorma's lead soared during *Good Lovin'* and *Lovelight*. The veteran combo of Phil, Bobby, Jorma and Mickey made this a night like no other. It brought the audience together in one big communal smile. When it was all said and done, there was really nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile. ◊

Living A Deadhead's Ultimate Fantasy

Al Schnier of moe. plays with the Big Boys...

After an amazing summer touring with the Furthur Festival, we caught up with Al Schnier, lead guitarist for moe.



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What was your perspective going into this? Did you go into this experience of playing on this famous large festival with the idea of "Oh my God, we have to be really structured," and then finding you didn't have to be; were you scared of playing in front of no people or in front of many people depending upon who showed up? Did you have a process in which you relaxed into it and your perspective on to approach the situation changed?

Well, I wasn't intimidated by the numbers of people. Personally I have this tendency to focus more on the guys in the band; and of course there's, I was going to say an unspoken interaction with the audience, but as I think about it, it's not unspoken, it's very present. In fact, it's in your face most of the time. There are times that I do notice the audience, I guess more often than not, is when that interaction is not present. That was a bit of an issue this summer because we were playing rather large venues and we were starting so early in the day that even though we'd be playing in front of several thousand people in an amphitheater that holds 20,000; it makes a big difference. Whereas if you put them all in my living room, [laughs] it would be quite a different scenario. Same number of people but just a different setting. So that definitely played a role. More than anything else, I was intimidated about playing with the other musicians on this tour. I was more concerned about who we'd playing with, interacting with, and hanging with, you know; who was going to be standing on the side of the stage watching us? I have such great respect for everyone who was on this tour this summer. These were people I've held up high for many years, and it was a real treat, but at the same time it was pretty intimidating. It was like going to meet my maker. But as the tour progressed and we all got to know each other better, these people somehow went from being my mentors to being my peers, and it was a great experience. I never never imagined that I would be in a dressing room backstage with Bob Weir and Bruce Hornsby singing a three-part harmony to *Dear Mr. Fantasy*, shortly before we went on-stage to perform the song. I thought when that happened that's a once-in-a-lifetime experience — I mean, I could go home today and call it the summer of my life, you know? And those things happened every day. It was fantastic.

So, how did Bob Weir coming out and doing the whole Cryptical suite come about?

Initially it started with the jams at the end of the night. From the beginning, I made it very clear to everyone involved that I wanted to be included as much as possible, wherever there was room for me, without stepping on anyone's toes. I had a lot of ideas for songs that we could be doing, different players, things like that. Whenever they were ready, I had a list of 100 tunes and players and stuff that was ready to go. So [Weir] and I were talking about various things and one thing I suggested, possibly for either the acoustic jam or the electric jam was to bring out some of the old country tunes that the Dead used to do. One that came up was *Mama Tried*. He said, "Well, why don't we do that in your set?" and I was like, "Okay. Fine with me." We worked out the tune very quickly and we had crossed that bridge. I'd spoken with Cameron Sears, the Dead's manager, about it, and some other people on tour about what songs we could and couldn't do. The beginning of the tour, I was a little bit hesitant to suggest anything too radical or too holy, almost. I don't mean to get weird about it, but you know, I imagine there had to be some issues and I was not the right person to be bringing up these things. But Bobby was very open to trying anything we could. One of the things that I suggested



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was doing this Other One fiasco. He thought that it was a great idea and said to me, "You know what, we haven't done this stuff in thirty years. You know how excited the kids would feel about something like that? About witnessing that? They would feel like they're part of something historic!" Not only that, but between Bob Weir and moe. inclusive, we could take that out there and just fuck around with it for a half hour and have a great time with it. And that made me feel not only very comfortable but also very excited about the prospect, the potential for other fiascoes. [laughs]

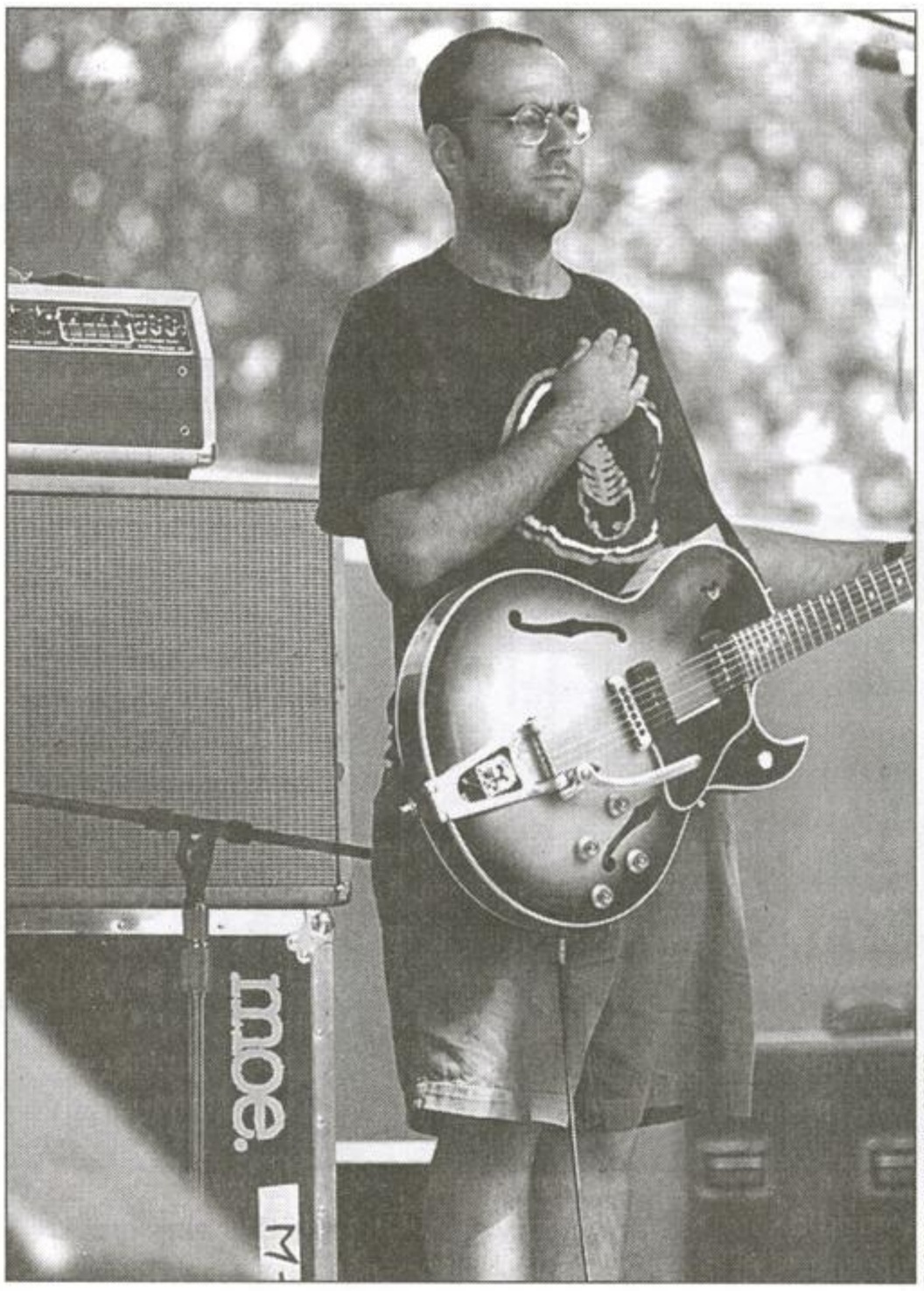
Now you only did that once, right?
Right.

It was so good, you said, "Let it stand on its own."
Well, there were other things I wanted to do and I wanted to approach them one by one. It was very hard logistically to work out everybody's schedule, work out the time for actually rehearsing a tune without any having space to rehearse in. It was just a matter of sitting in a dressing room, listening to something, and talking about how it was going to go — we never rehearsed. About fifteen minutes before we went on-stage, Bobby came into our dressing room; we went over it very briefly, and he said, "Okay, you're going to sing it." I said, "What?' [laughs]

The whole thing?
Actually Chuck sang the *Cryptical* parts and I sang all of *The Other One*. That's the way it was for all of the jams as well. We would come up with a tune and ask around, "Who knows it? What do you want to do? Okay, I'll sing here, you take the backups," kind of thing. It was thrown together very quickly like that.

What were your favorite moments for the jams you sat in on?
Playing an acoustic version of *Cassidy*. It was myself, Dave Ellis (Ratdog's saxophonist), Bobby, Rob Wasserman and Bruce Hornsby. And it was at least twelve minutes long. It was great! That was one of the good ones for me. We also had a lot of fun with *Truckin'*. The first time we played it, myself, Bobby and Bruce were going to be singing, and we all stepped up to the mics and Bruce and I start out with, "Truckin', got my chips cashed in," Bobby starts right off with the second verse, "Arrows of neon and flashing marquees out on Main Street." Bruce and I just looked at each other and started crackin' up. So we backed away from the mics and we're like, "Okay, it's your game. Run with it baby." [laughs] He finishes that whole verse and he gets that look in his eye; he's looking up and he's looking around and I'm like, "Uh-oh." He comes over to me and goes, "What're the lines to the next verse?" I'm like, "I don't know! You wrote the song!" It's like, I wasn't prepared for this, I was just going to sing back-up!

Well, that's fitting for the moment. Part of Bobby's job in the Grateful Dead was forgetting the words to Truckin'. He was the sacrificial lamb — the resident lyric-forgetter.
Right. So the next day, I made up a little cheat-sheet for *Truckin'* that had the first word for like every verse written on a strip of paper that I taped to the top of my guitar — I was going to keep it there in case we decided to do it again.



SUSANA MILLMAN ©1997

for it and I started canvassing for *St. Stephen*. Phil was concerned about doing *St. Stephen* because he didn't think there were enough people who knew the tune. I said, "Look, there are enough of us, let's go out there and rip it out." Bobby and I had been talking about *St. Stephen* all along; we were actually going to try and get it together to play either before the moe. set or before the tour was over. But it just never worked out logistically. In the end, we decided that it would be a little bit too exclusive, because that night you had so many people there who wanted to play, including Phil and Bonnie Raitt and everybody else, the people on the tour. So you'd be narrowing it down to like five guys who knew this one song; it might be a little bit too cliquey or whatever. We could have, as Bobby suggested, go out there and do *Lovelight* with twenty guys or we do *St. Stephen* with five. In this situation, it's best to do something else. So Cameron Sears, the Dead's manager, asked me into the office; he said, "Do you know *The Other One*?" I was like, "Yeah." And he said, "Do you know *Sugar Magnolia*?" And I said, "Yeah." And he's like, "Okay, just relax; we're not sure what we're going to do yet at this point, but I just want to put you on hold and I'll let you know." I'm standing there and I tried to give him some money; I was going to bribe him to guarantee. He said, "You know, this is the first time I've been paid off for this." I said, "Dude, I'll do anything to guarantee that I get up there and play with these guys." So I'm standing there and my beer is literally shaking back and forth, he's like, "Look at you! Go into your dressing room, relax, I'll let you know." The list came out and it had both *The Other One* and *Sugar Magnolia* on it, but we didn't have time for *Sugar Magnolia*. So we went out there and...

We decided to do it again about a week later and I said to Bobby, "All right, I got your back this time; if you need anything, you come over to me and I'll be able to tell you what it is this time." He's like, "Don't worry about it, I think we'll get it together this time." He steps up to the mic and did the exact same thing again. Bruce and I started cracking up. I put my guitar aside and I started bowing to Bobby on stage; it was great. But finally, by the third time, we got it right and it came off well. And the actual jams in the song were great. It was a lot of fun. But I'd have to say the most outstanding moment, for me, was when at Shoreline I got to play *The Other One* with Mickey, Phil, Bobby, Bruce and Dave Ellis.

> "I didn't feel like I had to fill Jerry's shoes. I didn't feel like I had to go out there and play Jerry's parts or try and channel Garcia. Anything that happened happened totally naturally, without any effort whatsoever..."

Talk about home-town boy making good! For a Deadhead of our generation to actually find himself onstage with most of the members of the Grateful Dead, filling the Jerry slot for the Bay Area Grateful Dead crowd, it's really the quintessential wet dream!

I know. I know. Earlier that day I had been canvassing for *Box of Rain* at first, but then I figured I was just going to go

...And shredded!!

It was incredible! It was such a treat, it was just like you said, a quintessential wet dream. Once we started playing, it was so easy. I was very intimidated going out there but those guys obviously know their parts and know that song. Part of what made it so easy for me to play with them was that it sounded just like it should have, you know? There was no effort on my part to, and I didn't feel like I had to, fill Jerry's shoes. I didn't feel like I had to go out there and play Jerry's parts or try and channel Garcia. Anything that happened happened totally naturally, without any effort whatsoever, which was the greatest part about it. Afterwards, Phil came up to me, gave me this huge hug and told me what a great time he had doing it. Bobby was also very ecstatic.

What kind of response did you get from Deadheads?

Being at Shoreline, there were all of these hard-core Deadheads there who came up to me the following day, and they were really psyched about it! That was the real test. If these guys all approved, which they did, that was the real sign that it came off well. People made comments like, you know, "You didn't

try to cop all of Jerry's licks," and "It sounded like *you* playing," but at the same time, it had that same essence to it, and it did very well. I mean, the song practically plays itself when you get in a situation like that. The following day we showed up at Irvine and there was a laminated sign on our dressing room door that said "Al Garcia," which I thought was really funny. That was definitely an outstanding moment for me.

Marvelous summertime memories.
I had a great time playing with Bobby. Personally, I think our voices sound really good together and I've never had a greater appreciation for his guitar playing. He is really an underrated guitarist; I know that one of the favorite pastimes of Deadheads is to rag on Bobby's playing or rag on Bobby in general. But that's just a pastime for fun. If not for that, people wouldn't have bumper stickers that say "Bobby fans are people too." He is an incredible songwriter and he has a real ear for music.

The only challenge with Bobby, as good a songwriter as he is, he hasn't written many songs over the past decade.
Well, actually he's been writing a lot recently. There are some potential collaborations with Hunter. And while on tour he worked up two new tunes with Garret Graham, who wrote *Victim or the Crime* and a few others with Bobby. So they have two new tunes that they've done together; he is working on some new material. They're going to be doing a Ratdog album very soon, which I'm looking forward to. I really want to hear some new stuff that goes beyond *Little Red Rooster*. I want to hear Bobby do more of the stuff that's he's really good at, stuff that comes from the place where *Lost Sailor* and *Looks Like Rain* came from.

And Black Throated Wind.
Exactly, *Black Throated Wind*, *Let it Grow*, all of those tunes; the really complex Bobby tunes with odd time signatures and weird chords. The stuff that he's really good at, that is all him. You definitely hear his voice coming through the music, and that's the stuff that I'm looking forward to. I'm glad that he's writing with Garret Graham because *Victim or the Crime* is a lot like those tunes. Again, I guess it was just like any time a new batch of tunes came out, they weren't received with open arms immediately, but the more I listen to that tune the more I love it. ◊

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H.O.R.D.E. 1997
ECLECTIC ELECTRIC

BY CAROL WADE, BOB GERSZTYN, & MICHELLE WAUGHTEL

The 1997 HORDE festival was, a celebration of today's available musical diversity. From the geographically-varying opening act through the last screeches of Neil Young's beautifully collapsing, see-sawing guitar edifice, each HORDE show was non-stop music for those who could endure the onslaught.



BOB GERSZTYN ©1997

HORDE included every musical genre imaginable — alternative, rag time, bluegrass, punk, metal, folk, and variations of plain old rock & roll. The crowd was as diverse as the entertainment, including bare-footed dread-locked Deadheads, body-pierced punks with multi-colored hair, and cigar-smoking neo-yuppies. Add to this a variety of vending booths containing everything from merchandise (festival T-shirts, hats, jewelry, tie-dyed clothing, tapestries, etc.), to information (Amnesty International, Job Direct Cyberemployment, and Internet access), contingent entertainment (card games, CD's of groups) and, at most venues, a Lionel Train Tent to amuse concert-goers. Neil Young personally worked with Lionel to arrange a road crew whose job it was to keep the toy trains running properly despite the severe weather conditions experienced on the tour.

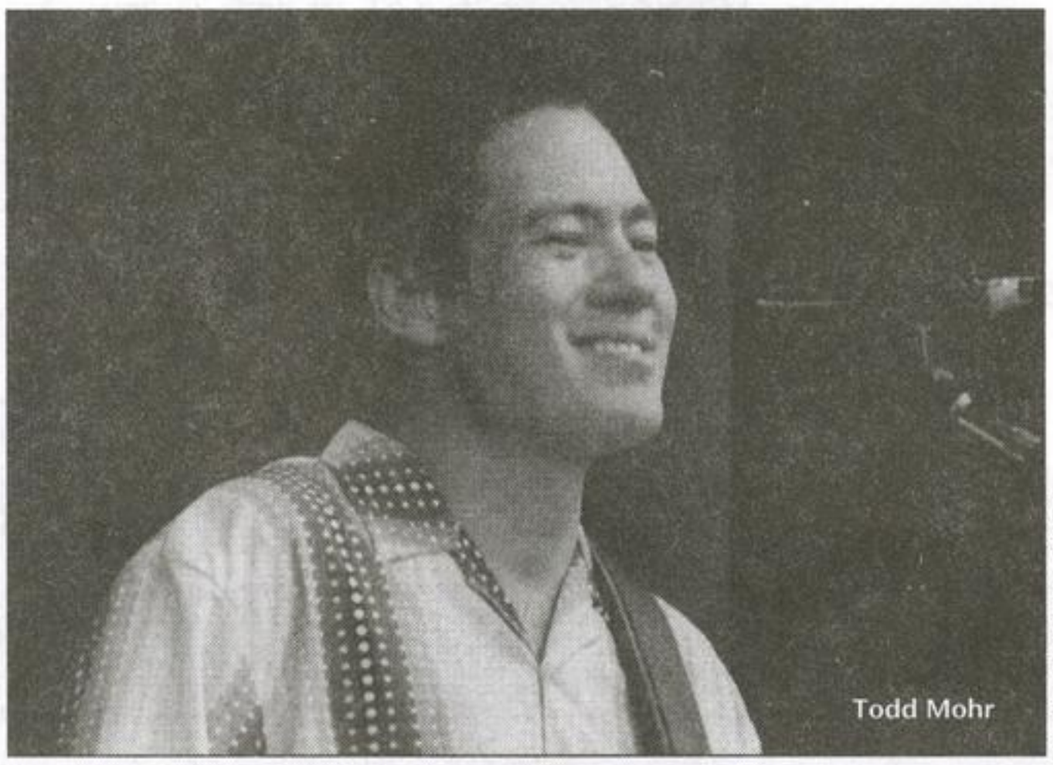
The HORDE emcee, dressed as a railroad conductor, directed the attention of the masses from stage to stage as the groups performed continuously. This could not have been an easy job, considering that more than twenty-four bands were billed for this tour, with no two venues sharing the exact same line-up.

While it is impossible to cover them all, or even the subset of those worth the ink, a few lesser known bands were intriguing and promising — depending on your tastes, of course. Appearing at most shows, Squirrel Nut Zippers from Chapel Hill, NC is a ragtime/swing 1920s- and 30s-sounding group consisting of three vocalists, guitar, horns, peculiar percussion instruments and a mean banjo wielded by Katherine Whalen. Like Sha Na Na's performance at Woodstock in 1969, they represented "regressive alternative." Their most memorable tunes, introduced by the group's vocalist/guitarist/trombone player Jim Mathus, were *Put A Lid On It* and *Hell*.

Ben Folds Five, North Carolina's combination of The Who and the Partridge Family, was a pop culture miasma of loud rock and a big old piano. Incisive song-writing and clever use of both time and harmony make these guys simmer on-stage with songs like *Steven's Last Night in Town*, *Kate and One Angry Dwarf* and *200 Solemn Faces*. This crafty addition of a four-piece string ensemble added that extra wink of creative half-japery.

Aboard for the entire tour, Toad the Wet Sprocket played their heartfelt ballads with great precision and care. Perhaps best known for *Brother*, a cut from the soundtrack of the film "I Married an Axe Murderer," Toad setlists included cuts from two earlier albums "Fear" and "Dulcinea" as well as their most recent album "Coil."

Big Head Todd & The Monsters, with their straight-up, power trio-style rock n' roll, usually played on the main stage. Todd Mohr (whose head is not particularly large), the group leader, is an extremely talented singer, songwriter, and guitarist. The Monsters ran through a mixture of songs from all four of their albums, including tunes such as *Bittersweet*, *Broken-Hearted Savior* and *Vincent of Jersey*.



Todd Mohr

BRAD NIEDERMAN ©1997

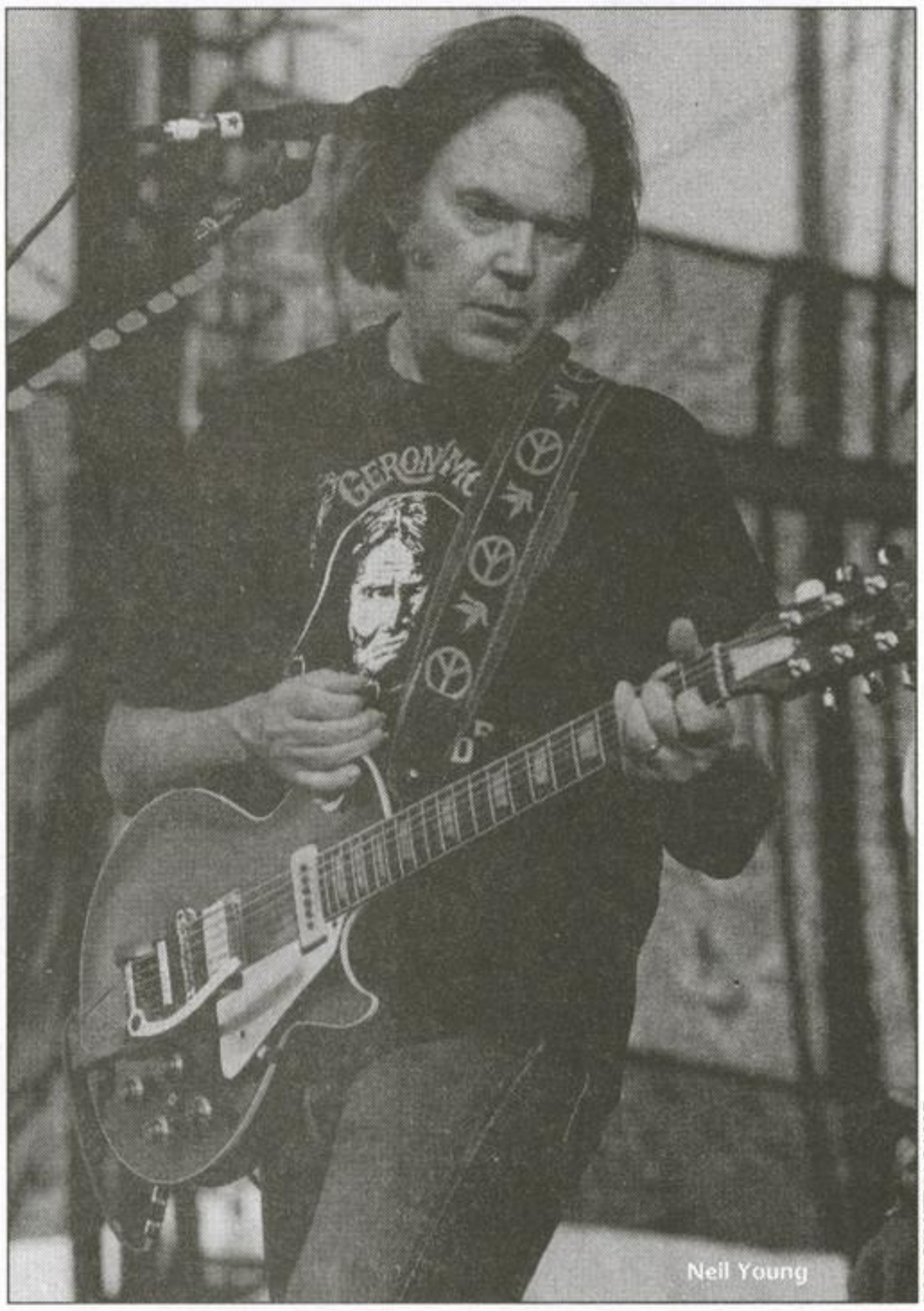
HORDE's only all-female group, Cake Like, is a New York punk/rock trio. Eclectic music

listeners could appreciate some of the more aural forays they made into the feedback zone, but most of their songs were too flatly structured to really make people say "Wow!" Soul Coughing, with its steady backbeat, saw some great patronage from East Coast audiences before Ween served up some strangely appetizing dinner music. With the weird quirks and unapologetic comic rock idiocy Ween served up uneasy songs expunging lofty warnings like, "Don't get too close to my fantasy" and "Don't be afraid to touch the hand of your creator..."

Morphine; a trio consisting of a two-stringed electric bass, drums, and saxophone, played primarily to West Coast and Midwest audiences. Oddly enough, the stripped-down combination of instruments sounded very full and satisfying. Often opening their acts with beatnik spoken word ruminations, this group appealed to a wide cross-section of the audience. Mark Sandman, the group's singer and bassist, had a captivating and distinctive voice perfectly complimented by the other two band members.

Also appearing for the entire tour was Leftover Salmon, with its pulse-elevating, spaz-grass. These guys often seemed a little on the schizoid side, moving from mellow cajun swing to rollicking and unstoppable, atomic mountain-top wailing. In their allotted twenty-five minutes, the unreal mandolin strumming and yodeling of Drew Emmitt and the maddeningly precise electric banjo from Mark Vann appeared to lift the stage from the ground and send it spinning off into the atmosphere. Added to that was the intensity of a rightly-placed new drummer, Apt. Q-258 (formerly of Hellborg, Lane and Sipe; and Aquarium Rescue Unit), and you were left with a lot more than just stale fish.

The Generation X moshing crowd had its chance expel its extra energy when Primus took the main stage. For many, Primus was the HORDE's highlight, with many fans risking life and limb to get down close to the rail, mingling with the razoring, convulsive thunder of the band's front end. Consisting of Les Claypool and Larry LaLonde, Primus' frontal assault is some of the most innovative live electricity you can witness today. The stylings of their new drummer Brain, though, are not likely to surpass those of the previous skin-hitter, Tim "Herb" Alexander...and it's a shame that they should be lacking in any department.



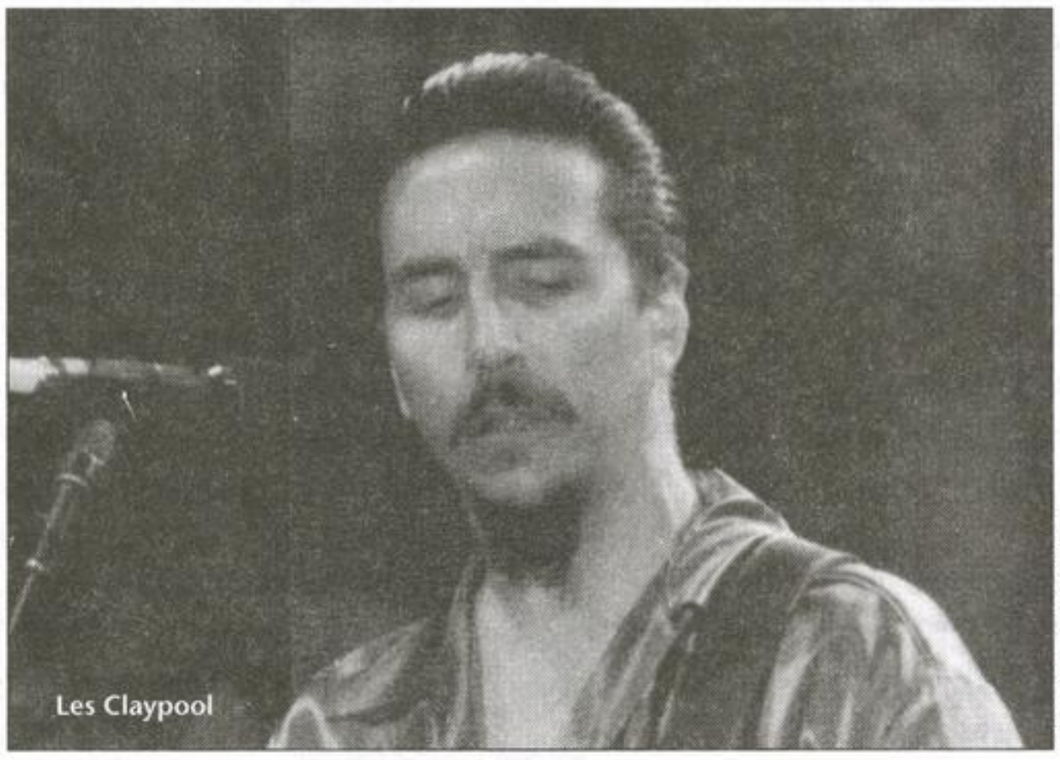
Neil Young

BOB GERSZTYN ©1997

Out on the Weekend, *Unknown Legend*, *Heart of Gold*, *Cripplecreek Ferry*, *Sugar Mountain*, *Comes A Time*, *On the Way Home*, and *Look Out For My Love*.

Occupying the peculiar niche of appealing to almost everyone in these diverse crowds, Neil Young and Crazy Horse was always the last band to perform. Whether one thinks of Neil as a hippie hero or a revered "Godfather of Grunge" doesn't matter—the tonal quiver of Young's voice and his merciless guitar style is an ageless, universal language. With a large mirror ball hanging above on-stage, Neil Young and Crazy Horse ripped through town after town, playing selections from Young's entire catalog, both acoustic and electric. *Hey Hey My My* and *Rockin' in the Free World* were the most common crowd-pleasing anthems. Among others, songs in the rotation consisted of *Cinnamon Girl*, *Crime in the City*, *Modern World*, *Hank to Hendrix*, *Hippie Dream*, *Cortez the Killer*, *I am the Ocean*, *Don't Spook the Horse*, *Like a Hurricane*, *Slip Away*, *Helpless*, *Slowpoke*, *Powderfinger* and *Roll Another Number*. ◊

Neil Young replaced Blues Traveler as the HORDE's headliner (though Blues Traveler did perform several uninteresting East Coast sets). Perhaps more fascinating were the sometimes unannounced and often modest acoustic sets that Young performed at nearly every venue. Preferring the smallest and most out-of-the-way stages at each date, Neil performed some of his sweetest and more obscure tunes, including *Home Grown*, *Needle and the Damage Done*,


Les Claypool

BRADLEY S. CELB ©1997

Truckin'

With The Dead in '72

A Review of 4/14/72

Tivoli Concert Hall, Copenhagen, Denmark



DAVID LEMIEUX ©1997

This coming March, 1998, Henry Holt publishing house will release Volume One of *The Deadhead's Taping Compendium*—an in-depth guide to the music of the Grateful Dead on tape. Volume One, which will run approximately 700 pages in length and cost less than $30, will feature reviews of virtually every tape in circulation from 1959 through 1974 including studio out takes, rehearsal sessions and offshoot projects. It will include an historical accounting of the recording and trading of the Grateful Dead's music from that period as well as dozens of never before seen photos of the band from that period. Many Deadheads have contributed to this immense project.

We thought you might enjoy a preview and so, given the theme of this issue, we chose this review, of 4/14/72, because it discusses the tapes from a show which happened when the Dead themselves were on a voyage to new places.

4/14/72, Tivoli Concert Hall, Copenhagen, Denmark
First Set: *Bertha, Me and My Uncle, Mr. Charlie, You Win Again, Black-Throated Wind, Chinatown Shuffle, Loser, Me and Bobby McGee, Cumberland Blues, Playing in the Band, Tennessee Jed, El Paso, Big Boss Man, Beat It On Down The Line, Casey Jones.* **Second Set:** *Truckin', Hurts Me Too, Ramble On Rose, Looks Like Rain, Dark Star > Sugar Magnolia, Good Lovin' > Caution > Who Do You Love > Caution > Good Lovin', Ramble On Rose, Not Fade Away > Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad > Not Fade Away Reprise*
Encore: *One More Saturday Night*
1. Source: SBD, **Quality:** B/B+, **Length:** 3:00 (missing *Ramble On Rose*).
2. Source: FM-SBD (Radio Copenhagen), **Quality:** B-/C+ (very hissy), **Length:** 3:00 (missing *Ramble On Rose*).
3. Source: AUD, **Quality:** C, **Length:** 3:30.

Highlights: Don't miss a minute of this show! The *Feelin' Groovy Jam* in the *Dark Star* is the most aggressive version we've heard. The Pigpen rap in the *Good Lovin'* medley is one of his best ever.

Tape Comments: This show originally circulated in the 1970's as an *extremely* hissy FM broadcast soundboard tape which suffered from a good number of cuts. Then, in the 1980's, a better copy emerged and then, in the mid-1990's, a much improved soundboard tape finally began to circulate. Still, as is the case with all non-Betty board tapes from this tour, it has more hiss and less depth (especially on the low end) than one would like.



DAVID LEMIEUX ©1997

Review: Give a careful listen to this show and you might end up agreeing with us that it is one of the Dead's all time highest energy shows. It's profoundly inspired from beginning to end with extended segments of extraordinary jamming all over the place. As with so many other shows from this tour, the band marches along, song after song, with textbook accuracy. The mix is also interesting in that Keith Godchaux is turned *waaay* up! no complaints here. Man, could he tickle those ivories. In the first set, the *Black-Throated Wind*, the *Playing in the Band*, and both Pigpen tunes are of particular interest. *Playing in the Band* drips with transcendent psychedelic energy as Jerry dances all around the *Main Ten* theme repeatedly. During the breaks between songs it's also amusing to hear the band tease the audience about their inability to understand English. At first the crowd is rather placid. But as the band rips through each song with enormous energy, the crowd is quickly transformed. Eventually, the crowd goes nuts, clapping in anticipation between many songs.

Things get immediately legendary in the second set. In fact, all the music from here on out is so *hyper-kinetic* that one has to wonder if the band was high on some sort of "up" drug! (At one point Phil asks the audience if they mind if the band gets high!). Phil steps up to the mike, tells the rest of the band that it's time to "issue the call," and then launches into one of the most blistering versions of *Truckin'* ever. Of course Bobby forgets a few of the words as usual, but Jerry's instrumental ferocity quickly negates this lyrical divot. A superb *Hurts Me Too* is highlighted by Jerry's magnificently mournful slide guitar work. After a strong *Brown-Eyed Woman* the band delivers one of the best-ever readings of *Looks Like Rain* with Jerry's pedal steel guitar work crying mournfully behind Bobby's haunting lyrics.

The *Dark Star*, while not in the handful of best-ever versions, is certainly up near the top. This one is all Garcia; he's manic, as if possessed by some hyperactive spirit (perhaps lady cocaine?). His playing here reminds us very much of his playing of the same song at Roosevelt Stadium on 7/18/72. The band quickly soars off into a very upbeat *Space*, one of the most fully developed pre-lyric improvisations ever! Jerry's guitar is wailing while Bobby clangs away in unison, stating high, bell-like harmonics. Both Jerry's and Bobby's guitar sounds are at times so piercing, so powerfully shrill, they're actually painful to listen to when cranked up loud (although it's that good kind of screaming guitar pain, like on the *Dark Star* from *Live Dead*). It's a long time until Jerry gets around to singing the lyrics, but none of them are in a rush as it's obvious they're totally lost in the moment. Then, after the vocals, the band jells together for a Garcia led melodic instrumental jam not unlike the joyous melodic jams found in the *Dark Stars* played on Empire Pool 4/8/72 and Philadelphia 9/21/72.

Even more amazing is the breakneck *Feelin' Groovy Jam* that follows. Jerry is in the midst of playing a stunning yet dark, frenetic lead when Phil launches into the *Feelin' Groovy* theme at the high tempo the band is already playing at. Bobby joins Phil quickly, but Jerry seems reluctant to break out of his dark mode, he just keeps hammering away as though thoroughly mesmerized by the savage energy emanating from his guitar. The result is as novel as the jam at the tail end of *Lovelight* on 4/26/72 in Frankfurt (on the "Hundred Year Hall" release) during which Jerry plays *Goin' Down the Road* while Bobby and Billy play *Not Fade Away* on top of one another. Only here Jerry is playing hellish music while Phil and Bobby are playing music from heaven. This juxtaposition is miraculous because it some-how works. Jerry does his best to get out of the *Feelin' Groovy* mode by bringing the jam to a quick climax. Phil and Bobby are stubborn however, and keep coming back to *Feelin' Groovy*. Yet Jerry is just as stubborn, he's found a groove that feels delicious and he just wants to stay there. Eventually, Jerry relents to a degree and comes around harmonically for a brief instant. This outrageous passage is by no means the sweetest *Feelin' Groovy Jam*, but it's definitely the fastest and most offbeat. It's so breathlessly fast one almost laughs in disbelief. By this point the listener is absolutely convinced Jerry is high on something.

The segue between *Dark Star* and *Sugar Mags* is one of the most magnificent musical moments of the night. Garcia's guitar is howling, screaming, wailing, moaning deep sobs as Bobby plays the opening phrases to *Sugar Mags*. The rest of the band all falls into place with Bobby, the rest of the band, that is, except Garcia, who continues to wail away as though in deep aural hell. As he repeats a deliciously bent note for what seems like a short infinity one wonders if he is again going to stubbornly stick to his guns. But no: he resolves the note into consonant bliss and joins the band for *Sugar Mags*. Somehow, this incongruous mix of chaos and structured song work perfectly together. Brilliant!

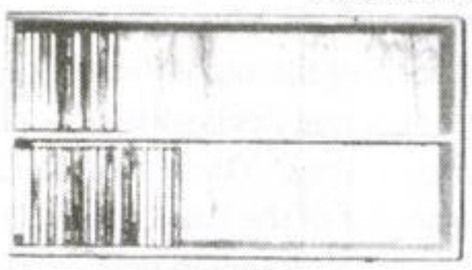
As if this wasn't already astonishing enough the band then rips into one of the great improvised medleys of their career: *Good Lovin > Caution > Who Do You Love > Caution > Good Lovin*. In between the first part of *Caution* and *Who Do You Love*. Pigpen sticks in one of his all time greatest vocal raps. Granted, as you read in the following transcription, it's rather sexist, to say the least, but, it's still amazing.

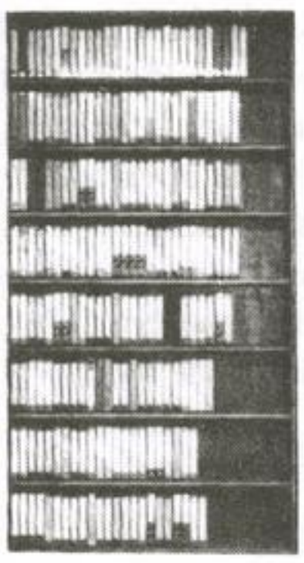
Early in, in the morning,
oh, oh, everybody needs a little bit of lovin',
late in the evenin', you know it's true,
late in the evenin', you know it's true,
you got ta have it,
I don't care who you are,
you got ta have it,
I don't care who you are,
you got ta have some love in the mornin',
a taste in the afternoon,
just a little more round the midnight hour,
darnit soon.
you know that love will drive a man to drink,
make a professor forget how to think,
do many strange, strange things to your mind,
try to rope a [inaudible] to find yourself on a straight line,
what's the matter with you,
I got you all turned around,
I just [inaudible], yes I do,
ain't nothin' but it's somethin',
no no,
nothin but it's time baby,
no no no,
huh, so ease in slow, so ease in slow,
my, my, my, my,
oh you know I ask my rider sometime in the morning,
sit up please, darlin', turn on over,
s'all I need before I go to work,
s'all I need before I go to work,
is just a little bit o' yer sweet thing,
just a little bit o' your sweet thing,
I know you got it darlin', I been there before,
I just wanna come back home one mo' time again,
yes I wanna come on back home one more time again,
raise up, and ease on over,
raise on up, now baby and ease on over,
that's all I need, that's all I need,
what made you think that a hawg could all night long,
what make you think that a tomcat prowl along,
what made you think that a rabbit hunt a hound,
same old thing now darlin' please turn your damper down,
give it to me baby,
it's gettin' to me,
it's gettin' to me, yes it is.
[the band then jams]
Now boy I wanna tell all you fellas,
I wanna tell all you fellas something,
I dunno, if you think that you cool,
I dunno if you ever been anyone's fool,
I tell you one thing that I want you to understand,
just one thing now for you to understand,
I don't care how strong a man you are,
I don't care how strong you can get,
I tell you there's one thing you can't miss,
I know you need it, I know you want it,
I know you got to have it, I know you're gonna get it,
let me tell you something,
women who got them tricks,
you know it ain't? got them? got them evil chicks,
wind around, 'round a little finger if you let 'em,
wind you 'round, turn you every way but loose,
turn you every way but loose,
turn you every way but loose,
you know I come home one morning,
come home one mornin', I've been out on a four day creep,
drinkin' and gamblin' hey all, all next week,
walkin' the dog,
lay up here in the bed
you know I'm gonna lay down and rest my weary head,
drinkin' and gamblin' for days and nights on end,
sure make a man kinda cry, yes I know little friend,
yes I'll tell you somethin',
the second that I lay down,
here comes my old lady, say turn on around,
you know I can get you to do it,
every ol' time no matter how tired you is,
I can get you to do it every time,
yes I can, huh,
'cause them women,
and women got to leave their lovin' ways,
women got to leave their lovin' ways,
make a man go crazy, can't control himself,
don't know what they doin',
no no can't control yourself,
they can do anything they want to do,
any damn old thing, all a man can do is but keep on lovin' my my,
keep on lovin',
ah huh,
one thing that I ask my baby please momma, a favor to me,

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ease ease on over, ease on over,
raise yourself up,
turn on over baby, raise yourself up, c'mon now turn on over,
a little lovin',
early in the mornin', awright
I asked my little girl one time,
she begin to run and hide,
asked my little girl, she begin to run and hide, run and hide girl,
I said baby, all I wanna do is jump in your saddle and ride,
jump in your saddle and ride,
jump in your saddle and ride,
you're my sweet little mare, I ride you everywhere,
you know you're my sweet little mare and I ride you everywhere,
lemme jump in your saddle, now baby, let me ride,
let me jump in your saddle and ride,
she start on easy, mama just a work on slow,
start out walkin', start out walkin' real slow,
then you ease on up just a little bit,
ease on up just more, ease on up a little more, my my my my,
jump up in your saddle and ride, my my, my my my my my my,
[inaudible] all I got to do now,
'bout time I [inaudible] out on a fourday ride,
turn the outlaws back, I was lookin' to help my hide,
little old girl seventeen years old,
daddy had a big old shotgun,
carrying a double-on load,
caught me on top of that horse,
for havin' my fun,
had to turn up and pack up, started him to run,
'cause you know he's gonna shoot me,
gotta keep on truckin' my my,
I could fly, fly, fly,
I could fly that night, fly that night,
I could fly that night, fly that night,
shotgun after me the sheriff behind,
shotgun after me the sheriff behind,
keep on runnin',
keep on rollin',
keep on movin',
keep on goin',
keep on a runnin',
with a piece in my hand,
keep on runnin',
to save my soul.
[the band jams again]
Feel all right, yes I did,
and now I ain't no tail dragger,
no, my wife's on my tracks,
go down to little girl's house,
'aint nobody can track me back,
I know when there's some cookin' bacon,
I can smell it a mile away,
I know when that sweet [inaudible] ,
I can smell it a mile away,
I asked my baby turn around,
asked my baby turn around,
if you can't turn around, turn your damper down,
can't turn around, turn your damper down
It smell too good yes it do,
feel like eatin' some of that pie now, some cherry pie,
how your bakery starts?
Can't turn your damper down, mama turn your oven around,
if you can't turn your damper down, mama turn your oven down,
can't keep it under control,
all the boys in the neighborhood tell 'em that your bakery shop is good,
let 'em try some cherry pie they go droppin' by, my my,
yes I will,
yes I will
[The band jams again]

Dick Latvala is quick to point out that the Dead played much better versions of *Caution* and *Good Lovin'* elsewhere on this tour. The spontaneity of this medley however, and the breathtaking call and response between Pigpen's vocals and Garcia's guitar licks make this a very, very special jam not to be passed by.

And as if this weren't amazing enough they then tear through one of the most high-energy *Not Fade Away > Goin' Down the Road > Not Fade Away* I've ever heard. Right after the first *Not Fade Away* jam climaxes Bobby leads Jerry into a well-formed *China Cat Sunflower* instrumental before they settle into *Goin' Down the Road*. When it's all over, the formerly placid audience is screaming in delight. Who wouldn't be?! When the Dead get around to putting this show out on CD, they should consider editing out Donna's off-key screams during *Goin' Down the Road*. Otherwise, this blissfully frenetic show is a genuine treasure. ◊

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STRANGEFOLK
Vermont's Other Finest



Jon Trafton, Reid Genauer, Luke Smith, and Erik Glockler

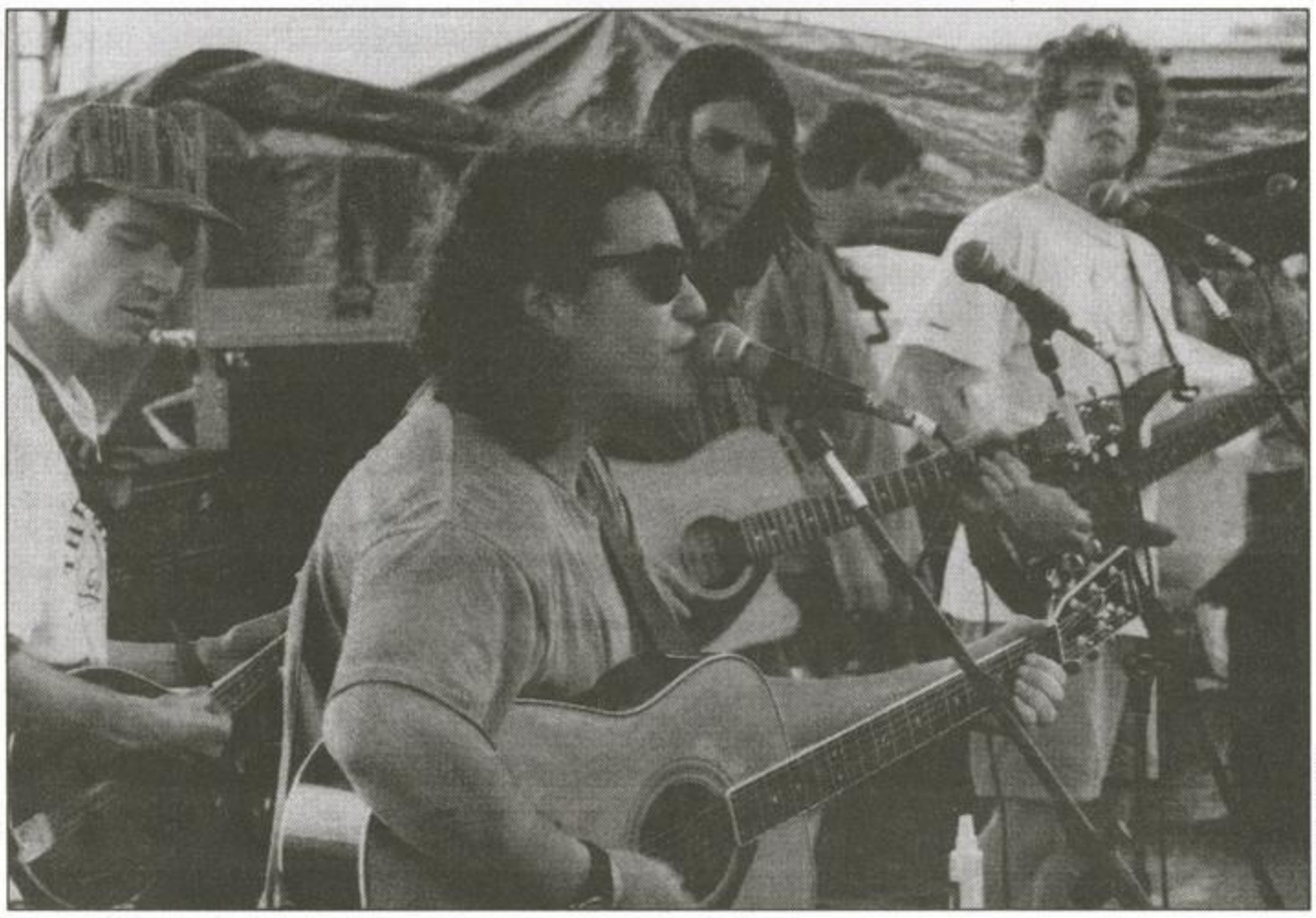
MATTHEW THORSEN ©1997

Since the beginning of their career, nearly five years ago, Strangefolk has been a very promising electrified folk-rock band comprised of four young men who typify the wholesome look of your average Vermont hippie mensch. They craft upbeat songs which make the heart smile and the voice beg to sing. We knew something was up when we started noticing that the first few rows of every concert were packed with beautiful folks, all of whom seemed to know every single word to every single song, and would sing along with eyes closed and blissed-out ear-to-ear grins.

Then Strangefolk started to *ssstretch* the jams out. The grooves got deeper, more adventurous, more intense. Today, this quartet is clearly one of the very best groove rock bands around. Their spirited songs are filled with hope, their melodies are just as sweet. You can also get deliciously lost in the here-and-now as *El Duende*, the spirit of improvisation, casts its spell through their instrumental embellishments. Yet their unusually powerful, self-produced first album is polished enough to deserve a double-platinum sales amongst the college-age public. We figure it's only a matter of time until these genuinely nice, and inarguably talented guys take the country by storm. These days they are still playing in intimate settings, so catch them soon, before it's too late. This summer, we sat down with the band. Rhythm guitarist Reid Genauer, drummer Luke Smith, bassist Erik Glockler and lead guitarist Jon Trafton all had much to contribute on currents circulate within and around Strangefolk. We figured the beginning would be a good place to start—

How did Strangefolk come together?

R: Luke, myself and Jon all went to the University of Vermont. Luke and I met in the dorm's and Jon and I met via open mikes and a social circle we both ran in. Since we were both playing open mikes, Jon and I decided to collaborate and we formed Strangefolk, the two of us, in the Fall of '91. It was informal; we probably had two songs: *Things that Fly* and *Two Boys*. Then we started to write more, got to know each other personally and musically and we began to play at more formalized coffeehouses. The following summer we got a gig at a little bar where we played every Wednesday. Finally we knew we wanted to have a band. Luke and I had jammed together at these same coffeehouses; Erik and Jon grew up together in Maine. That was it: no trials, no interviews, just, "Do you want to play?"



SETH KAYE ©1997

Dave Ruch of Acoustic Forum, Reid Genauer, Jon Trafton, and Erik Glockler

How did you get the name?

R: Jon came up with that. It was catchy and it worked two ways. I was the folk: writing folksy singer-songwriter type songs, and he was the strange: the acoustic guitar with the effects.

What wells of inspiration do you folks drink from?

R: Self is the strongest focal point, I would say, for all of us. It's inward. One of the things I loved about watching Jon play, when I first saw him, was that he played with himself in the music. It wasn't just about chops or speed, there was some tangible sense of self. I think all of us strive for that.

J: In terms of songwriting, a lot of our songs refer to "I." That's where you're talking about self and your own experiences. We also do make an effort to use our imagination. We come up with scenarios in our heads, play off where they go and then write about that. It's not about you.

R: Not directly.

J: Right, it's not apparent. The imagination and self-experience are two big ones.

R: I think that most songwriters find that it's easiest to write about your life experiences from the first-person: I this, I that. I was thinking it would be a neat technique to adopt other people's lives but still speak with that same authoritative voice, like you're still speaking about yourself but you're somebody else.

Like Robert Hunter does with Wharf Rat.

J: Yeah. When I write my songs that's usually what I do. I usually take a germ of an idea, something's that's happening to me and then just go with that; let it become whatever it wants to become. Most of the songs I write don't have a whole lot to do with personal things, I just go basically wherever the words take me. It's usually not even imagination; I tend to think of other people and other scenarios outside of myself. I use that for my inspiration a lot.

E: We all take from the crowd too. When we see the people there in front of us just going crazy.

J: It's a feedback loop.

E: That is pure inspiration to play our asses off for them.

R: We definitely receive energy directly from the crowd. They're right there, half the time practically standing on top of you. One of the questions we ask ourselves is how will our music and that energy transfer maintain itself as we grow, as the rooms get bigger and the stage gets higher? Will our music transcend that gap, will the inspiration come to us?

How do you structure your sets live?

R: The key word is diversity. I try and say, we'll bring the audience up here with a jammer, here's where Jon will play a15-minute solo. The next one, let's give Jon a break and do a quick one based on harmonies, one with less meat to it and is easier for the audience to digest. Then, let's do an Erik tune because I just sang three in a row but this one's in the same key, so let's not do this one. It's based on key, tempo, content — diversity.

Do you feel compelled to just produce hits or catchy tunes as opposed to just getting out there and jamming?

R: As we've become more of an established act, we've felt more pressure from the audience, be it a jam or the set-list or writing a song. In a lot of experience, people want to hear catchy upbeat songs, and there is a certain pressure to write a rocker, something that people can get moving to. When I sit down to write a song, I catalogue what we've come out with recently and how it came across. Should we try and come up with a rocker or can I be more self-indulgent and say, this one's purely for me?

What's the process of putting together a song like for you guys?

J: Painful. [laughs] It can be inspiring at times. When we get something brand new, a seed of an idea, we'll play it as its energy, and then try to harness that and bring it through to all the times we play it. That seems to diminish or change over time. But we all allow each other a lot of freedom to put what's needed into every song. Sometimes we'll critique: if it doesn't seem or feel right, that's when it gets painful because

we start searching for what does. Sometimes it's just a matter of time playing it live. Our songs, largely, create themselves.

R: In terms of process, somebody presents a basic scheme: a chord progression and some lyrical content, or just a melody or a verse. Then we sit down as a band and try and come up with a song: a drum beat that works, a solo or no solo, get rid of that verse, add a bridge. It becomes further refined. Then we finally just play it over and over and over again. Some of them have become songs we enjoy just by forcing ourselves to play them. Then, maybe after a year or maybe the first time, we fall into the groove.

Many of your songs seem to contain lessons, metaphors. Is it part of your intention as storytellers to serve your audience with experiences or archetypes they can benefit from or relate to?

R: One of the things I definitely am trying to move away from is to sound preachy. It's not my intent now to give a lesson to learn, where it might have been four or five years ago. I'm trying to obscure the message more nowadays in my writing style. But I think, those lessons and those archetypal experiences are like cat hooks in a song: they give the listener something to identify with; they say, "Yeah, I've felt that way before, I understand... " I consciously strive to do that. It's almost like a cheap trick, you know?

I can imagine you can feel some pressure from audiences to do certain covers, or teases or segues into songs; do you have a preference for that as opposed to straight-up original jamming?

E: It depends on the night, the mood that we're in, the set list that we've already written. But we like to give people what they want sometimes. If there are a lot of people calling out for a cover song, like *Do a Little Dance* or some cover tune, we're pretty willing to give them what they want.

R: It also depends on the mood of the night though. If it's a particularly mellow evening, we feel some freedom to do whatever we want because it's not really gonna matter one way or the other; or if it's a particularly friendly crowd we feel the same because we know they're friendly: they're there to hear us. It's more with enthusiastic foreign crowds that we feel pressure, I'd say, to "put out."

J: We like to keep certain teases and things too; we don't want to drive them into the ground, we do them when they really call out to us. There might be a night where somebody's yelling at us to do some tune, like a cover that might be something that appears in a jam, that I don't feel particularly compelled myself to start going into, but if I feel like it, I'll do it, if it's right. I think it is just a mood thing.

R: One of the things too that we've noticed a hundred times is we'll write a set list. We'll sit down and look at it before the show and say, "All right, that looks great." Then we get out there and the audience dictates the mood and the band. The evening takes control of itself; sometimes it's not appropriate to play a certain song because it would just slam everybody into the ground. Or it's not necessary to play a different song because the night's rolling along anyhow; so you kind of augment your performance accordingly.

Is jamming something that you practice?

J: We practice to learn the songs and that's it, then we let them breed on their own. I like to let it be really spontaneous, that has the most energy for me. Sometimes we can go down a really rough road: we'll get someplace we can't get out of it, but other times we go places and it just explodes... we look at each other and can't believe we...

R: We pulled it off.

You have some songs that have been pushed aside: Daisy, Answer, Far From Yourself, Freedom, Go to a Show, Angry at the Sun***; songs you don't play very often. Is there a reason that that's happened?***

E: They just don't feel like they're doing their piece on-stage.

J: It's a survival of the fittest kind of thing. Some of them Strangefolk just doesn't take to. I mean, we can do all of them; *Shift my Step* is an example of one we keep trying to push back into the spotlight and it takes time, it takes a little work to get those songs.

E: If you don't play them for awhile, you forget how to; and they may just not resurface.

J: And there are some songs I think we grow out of, or we've played them enough, so we let them rest a little. We'll take them out every once in awhile, dust them off and see what they do.

R: It's kind of like having a wardrobe. You'll have a favorite shirt for awhile and you wear it and wear it and wear it. And then finally, one day, you can't see really what you liked about it that much. So you put it in your closet, it's there for a year and then you bust it out once in awhile.

You've done some pretty extensive touring in the past few years: down South, West Coast, Colorado. Are there any marked differences you've found regionally in your audiences? Do you find that in certain areas the crowds are more laid back where in other places there are 700 people in the audience all singing the words?

L: Definitely. There's the higher energy, that kind of enthusiasm in the Northeast; then there's more laid-back, more loose people willing to dance out west. The toughest audience for us to break seems to be down south.

Do you find that you recognize a lot of the same faces at different shows?

R: Definitely. It's neat. You know, we can show up, especially the places we've been to more than once, and whether it's fans or people that work at the club or promoters; you really start to have a catalogue of faces of people you know and know you.

How hard do you find life on the road? Do you need to take a lot of time off from each other?

L: We don't take any time off from each other.

J: We don't get to that often. I mean, it's a healthy thing to get away from each other just like it is with anybody, you know? Everyone needs time for themselves; I think we have a good relationship with each other and we recognize that we need our own little space at different times. We try to give it to each other as much as possible because we don't ever get away from each other. Usually when we're on the road we're all reading in a separate room and people are like, "You guys

don't like each other?" We just don't need to hold hands every step of the way.

R: And it's like in a family structure where if you're going out and your brother's sitting right there, you may walk out of the house and not say anything to him. But he doesn't care and you don't care because you know you're going to be with each other the next day anyhow. We all have that sort of understanding.

J: We all know each other better, than anyone else. I mean, we'll go to parties and end up in a corner talking to each other because we all relate on a certain level that's so different from any other level you can relate on with other people that you don't know as well.

What was your Merry Danksters experience like?
R: We missed Luke. Dreadfully.

E: But it was interesting; not having a backbeat the second night in Boston, I definitely lost it not having Luke there. I felt like I was floating all over the place and I broke into this little nervous sweat.

R: It was nice also though in terms of the whole vibe; it was nice to be a part of something. It felt very communal and it was cool to get to know people on a more personal level: Chuck from moe. and David Ruch, who we'd never met before and David Gans. Even the Gordon Stone Trio.

J: And one thing I found, being a guitar player, it was largely centered around guitar and there were a lot of good guitar players there. And it was really fun to play with those guys and mesh ideas and jam together. But it was interesting because I didn't really feel up to lead role, I felt more like playing rhythm/background and supporting things. And I never sit down and play my acoustic guitar anymore, so it was a little bit daunting to get up there and try to deal with that. And being so used to playing in my Strangefolk element, just playing another milieu was a bit strange.

You have a second, 11-song CD that just came out. (see ad on page 15) How has your experience in recording the second CD been different from your first?
R: The actual playing was a lot easier for us. We've played as a band since the last CD probably some 200 times, so we walked in and were able to record the basic tracks with a lot more ease than for the first. But the mixing process is hell; it's a lot of tedious listening for minute details and long hours where we don't do very much other than sit and wait to say "Yay" or "Nay" on one detail, you know? Like [producer Dan] Archer'll tweak knobs for hours and then say, "Oh, does the cowbell need to come up?" "Yeah, a little bit," and then you go back to sleep for another hour. So that's been somewhat painful. Another thing is that Jon is singing the lead vocals on one of the songs.

Any guests?
R: We have Gordon Stone playing banjo and pedal steel guitar; Luke's friend from high school Jim Lucchese playing percussion on a bunch of tunes and Phil Abair, who played on the last CD, plays some B3 organ.

Your first album Lore ***is pretty tight, in that you don't stretch the jams out the way you do live; did you make the second album the same way?***
R: I feel even though the majority of songs on the first one are tight and kind of songs, compared to most bands' CDs there still is a relatively nice little chunk of jams, like in *So Well* and *Alaska*. They don't go on and on, but they're the live versions of studio experience. I think on the next one there is a nice blend of both. It is dominated by songs, but there are little nugget's of jams for those people that are really jam-oriented.

J: It's basically the same formula as the last one. That's kind of the way we'd like to keep it.

What are your fears about becoming a commercial success? It doesn't seem like there are any great compromises you would have to make in order to be successful.
R: One of the things that we guard against is becoming a glitzy glorified entity. What we're striving for, what we're trying to hold onto is a personal touch. We are Erik, Luke, Jon and Reid, as opposed to some sort of mythic...

J: Hootie.

R: Yeah, creature. We want to stay human and real. What feels right is to be true to who we are.

What' else is in store for you guys for the next year?
R: Keep on keepin' on. November will bring us down to the Southern/Southeastern states. We're looking forward to having another CD out there, some more material for people to hear. ◊

STRANGEFOLK
FALL/WINTER TOUR DATES

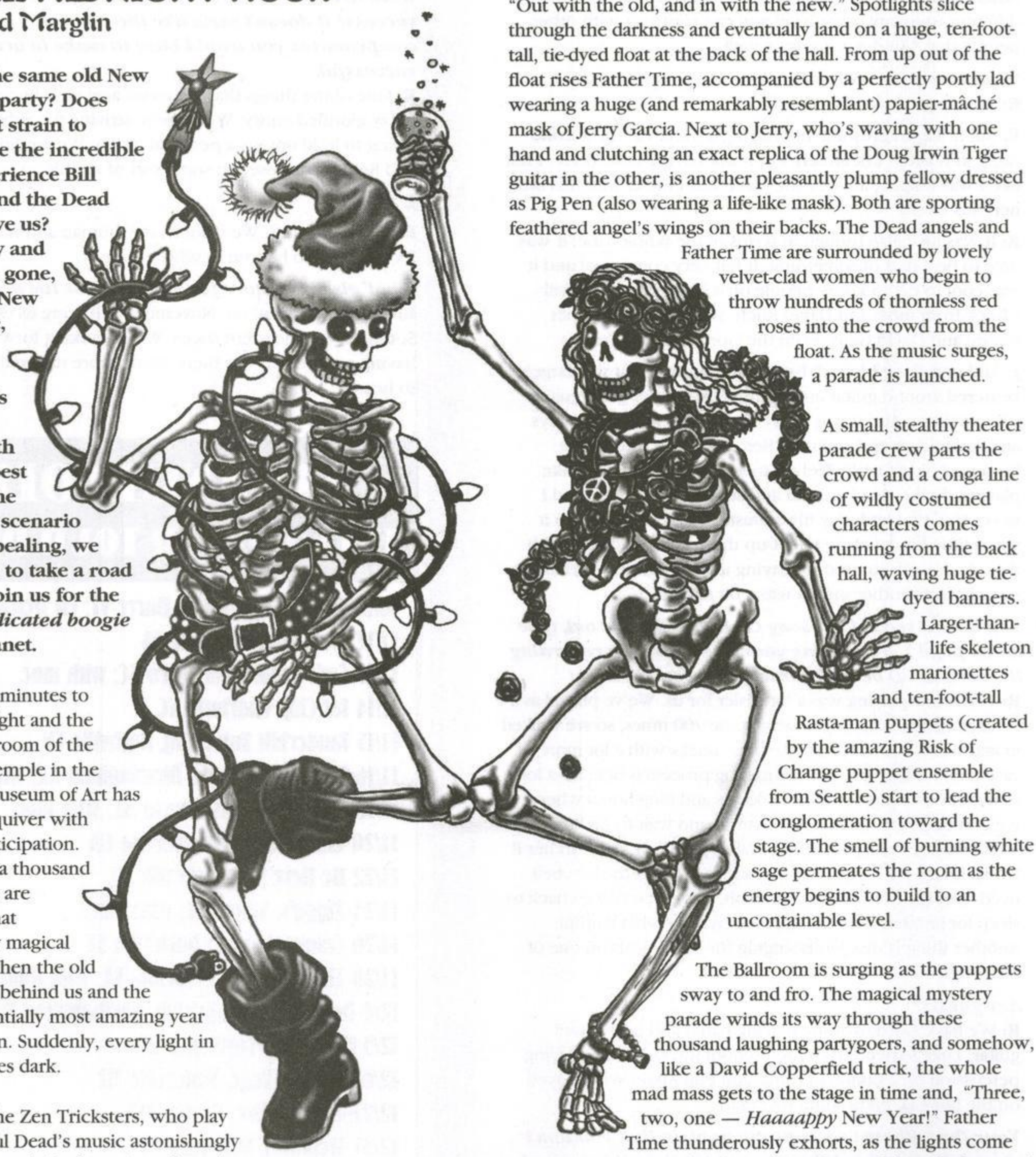
10/31 Barre Auditorium, Barre VT; CD Release Party
11/12 Trax, Charlottesville VA
11/13 Cat's Cradle, Carborro SC; with moe.
11/14 Fat City, Charlotte NC
11/15 Vanderbilt University, Nashville TN
11/16 Five Points Music, Birmingham AL; with moe.
11/18 Ivory Tusk, Tuscaloosa AL; with moe.
11/20 Chameleon Club, Atlanta GA
11/22 Be Here Now, Asheville NC
11/23 Ziggy's, Salem NC; with moe.
11/26 Cumberland's, Charleston SC
11/28 The Boathouse, Norfolk VA; with Gibb Droll
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12/6 Colby College, Waterville ME
12/27-28 Paradise, Boston MA
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THE GRATEFUL DEAD NEW YEAR'S EVE TRADITION LIVES ON...

IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR

By David Marglin

Tired of the same old New Years eve party? Does your heart strain to experience the incredible peak experience Bill Graham and the Dead used to give us? Well, Jerry and Bill my be gone, but every New Year's Eve, Portland Oregon Deadheads rock the rafters with the next best thing. If the following scenario seems appealing, we invite you to take a road trip and join us for the most *deadicated boogie* on the planet.



Eleven minutes to midnight and the Grand Ballroom of the Masonic Temple in the Portland Museum of Art has started to quiver with electric anticipation. More than a thousand Deadheads are awaiting that undeniably magical moment when the old year is put behind us and the new, potentially most amazing year ever is born. Suddenly, every light in the hall goes dark.

Onstage, the Zen Tricksters, who play the Grateful Dead's music astonishingly well, segue quickly from deep *Space* into a Mardi Gras-style shuffle, urging the crowd to chant along, "Out with the old, and in with the new." Spotlights slice through the darkness and eventually land on a huge, ten-foot-tall, tie-dyed float at the back of the hall. From up out of the float rises Father Time, accompanied by a perfectly portly lad wearing a huge (and remarkably resemblant) papier-mâché mask of Jerry Garcia. Next to Jerry, who's waving with one hand and clutching an exact replica of the Doug Irwin Tiger guitar in the other, is another pleasantly plump fellow dressed as Pig Pen (also wearing a life-like mask). Both are sporting feathered angel's wings on their backs. The Dead angels and Father Time are surrounded by lovely velvet-clad women who begin to throw hundreds of thornless red roses into the crowd from the float. As the music surges, a parade is launched.

A small, stealthy theater parade crew parts the crowd and a conga line of wildly costumed characters comes running from the back hall, waving huge tie-dyed banners. Larger-than-life skeleton marionettes and ten-foot-tall Rasta-man puppets (created by the amazing Risk of Change puppet ensemble from Seattle) start to lead the conglomeration toward the stage. The smell of burning white sage permeates the room as the energy begins to build to an uncontainable level.

The Ballroom is surging as the puppets sway to and fro. The magical mystery parade winds its way through these thousand laughing partygoers, and somehow, like a David Copperfield trick, the whole mad mass gets to the stage in time and, "Three, two, one — *Haaaappy* New Year!" Father Time thunderously exhorts, as the lights come on, a jillion balloons fall from the ceiling and the whole crowd

takes off on a magic carpet ride while the Tricksters break into the finest rendition of *Lovelight* this reviewer has ever heard any band play. Baby New Year, clad in a tie-dyed diaper swings out to center stage and the two characters embrace and start to do a joyous jig. Deadheads on the dance floor swim in a sea of balloons. Amidst all this mayhem the Tricksters are playing as though their lives depend on it.

Dan and Brenda Cohen Peltier, who own Think Good Thoughts and organized and ran this event, are the epitome of Portland's spiritual counterculture largesse. Even though the Badillions, a modern East Coast incarnation of the Merry Pranksters, did a lot of organizing, Dan and Brenda and their staff had their hands plenty full trying to put the whole production together. As seven o'clock approached, everyone in the hall who had helped to put this event in motion gathered together in a circle for a big group hug and a few words of inspiration. The bottom line, the measure of success, is Phun (spelled with a P-H because Phun is way beyond ordinary fun; it is the kind of Crazy Wisdom Experience that changes your life), and the organizers came together in a huddle chanting their mantra: "Toward the Phun."

Almost 800 people were already in the hall as the evening's first act, Seattle folk genius Jim Page took the stage. His tight set of original blues and folk tunes were respectfully received (including a very hip tune entitled *Goin' to Eugene to See The Dead*), and while people were not really dancing yet, they were up on their feet and ready for a real good time. At about 8:30, Portland's own Higher Ground seized the stage. These handsome lads play what they like to call "acoustic-fired back roots rock." The now defunct Higher Ground had the crowd in the palms of their hands as they jammed original but seemingly familiar tunes.

At 9:45, as Higher Ground finished up and the sweaty people in the sweet spot in front of the soundboard/Light Show platform gathered themselves. The New Year was drawing near and electricity was in the air. The crowd had swelled to over a thousand people by the time John Dwork got on the stage to do a little aural *Deadication*, invoking the spirits to come and visit. Everyone quieted down to hear what he had to say, on this, the holiest night of the Deadhead calendar. As John rapped about how the Dead and the Pranksters used to honor the *tao of chaos*, he started to play a bizarre little machine that rearranged the digital voice recordings from children's electronic toys, making it sound as though psychedelic gnomes were swooshing through the hall. The Tricksters poured onstage and began to back him with a perfect *Space* jam. As images of sacred Holy Fools dissolved up onto the giant screen behind the band, John urged us all to move "Toward the Phun," while the Zen Tricksters broke out of the cathartic *Space* climax into a resplendent *Eyes of the World*. The entire room exploded in bliss — the invocation had worked. Jeff Mattson does Jerry as well as Jerry did Jerry in 1974, and this *Eyes of the World* was a mint demonstration of the Tricksters' dominance of Dead tunes.

Eyes of the World segued into one of The Tricksters' own songs, *Arise*, a high-energy tune with heavy Afro-Caribbean flavoring. I think the band is getting much better at playing their own tunes in the midst of the heavily Dead-oriented sets, which is a difficult task since their songs are less familiar to us. The band then brought the energy down a few notches by offering an exquisite reading of *Here Comes Sunshine*, as the light show broadcast visions of hawks and hang gliders soaring through a sea of clouds. This swooped directly into *China Cat Sunflower*, and by now, the thousand-plus heads of Portland were having as much fun as they did at any Dead show in recent memory. *China Cat* segued into another original, *Lay Your Love*, with a real slinky, funk groove, and then the band jammed back into *I Know You Rider*. As the Tricksters took a break, the lights snapped on to reveal a sea of sweaty Deadheads all starting to shine that it's-11:30-on-December 31st-and-I'm-just-beginning-to-peak-perfectly smile.

Like the Acid Tests, the parade during the break and the orgiastic boogie that followed was a performance by and for everyone. It was as special as any magic moment the Dead had ever reached with its audiences. Everyone turned on their lovelights as we started the new year with love in our hearts and wide, wide smiles on our faces.

When *Lovelight* climaxed some fifteen minutes later, the lights went down, save a red glow onstage, and the Tricksters slipped into one of my favorite songs, *Scarlet Begonias*. On the light show screen dancers began a slow-motion pas de deux amidst giant slides of deep red roses. From either side of the stage, belly dancers emerged and began to do scarf dances! Everyone (including the band) got wide-eyed again as the very heavy scene ebbed and flowed onstage.

Standing in the delighted crowd, I felt the universal love that *Scarlet Begonias* speaks of. The singer lets her pass by because he is aware that no matter how much love he feels for this wonderful woman at that precise moment, it is only a drop in the ocean of love that is all around us. Even though he learns the hard way, by the end, "strangers are stopping strangers just to shake their hands, and everybody's playing in the heart-of-gold band." And so we were.

But the Phun was just beginning, really, as the band elicited shrieks of delight by peeling off the trademark opening notes of *St. Stephen*. Instantly, a wave of electricity shot through the hall. *St. Stephen* was the song I'd always wanted most to hear the Dead play live, and though I've heard the Tricksters do it before, this version was absolutely *unfuckinbelievable*. When they got to the "Ladyfinger" verse the lights all blacked out, save a lone white spotlight on the center stage. A diva from the Portland Opera came out and, as everyone quieted intensely, she sang the gentle lyrics. The entire hall was hypnotized! As she got to the final line of the verse, both she and the band rose in volume. As she hit and held the last magnificent note, the Tricksters exploded into a mind-bending jam, as the light show projected a backdrop of images of saints from the

stained-glass windows at Chartres Cathedral in France. I swear to you there wasn't one person who didn't have goosebumps. It was just incredible!

St. Stephen flowed seamlessly into a full-blown *Cryptical*, which in turn gave way to a ferocious *Other One*. After Jeff Mattson's screaming guitar leads tore a hole in the fabric of normal reality, he brought the band into a luscious rendition of *Terrapin Station*. This led, poetically, back into the *Other One*, replete with a closing, apocalyptic *Cryptical Reprise*. The band could've stopped there at one AM. But no, these are New York Deadhead musicians and only complete, over-the-top madness would suffice. They leaped headfirst into a festive *Iko Iko*, then brought the energy down to a slow boil and steady simmer with their *Stella Blue*-like original *Shine Your Light*. Then they headed toward the finish line with a mind-bending rendition of *The Eleven*, which frenzied the crowd properly for the final funky bursts of the beloved and oft-sought *Cosmic Charlie*.

While some people may have heard their mama callin' them home, most of the crowd was on hand for the rousing *third set*. The Tricksters stepped into the spotlight again and let everyone know they had plenty of steam left by delivering a textbook performance of *Hard To Handle,* complete with the classic Fillmore East '71-style volcanic crescendo. I've seen them do about a dozen of these and this was by far the most amazing. They burned it. This led straight into their own *Cumberland Blues*-style tune, *Done Is Done*, a number that perfectly set up the stellar *Help > Slip > Franklin's* to end the set.

Without disappointments, the Zen Tricksters remounted the stage and pulled a *Golden Road To Unlimited Devotion* encore from out of their nostalgic hats, and we all found a second or third wind to dance. This led directly into a sweet and syrupy *Brokedown Palace.* I found myself getting that same lumpy feeling in my throat, that anyone who has ever been to a Dead show got when it was the last time you were going to be seeing the Boys for a while. The bittersweet caress of this was a blessing; but it was over and we had to go home, find a place by this precious waterside to lay our bones. Words cannot adequately describe the warm glow that infused that room when the lights finally went up. Everyone just sort of floated out of the museum with ecstatic grins on their faces.

The Grateful Dead as a band may only be memories now, but the Grateful Dead *Experience* lives on. Somehow, on New Year's Eve, we created that same magical space, that sacred collective groove, as all in attendance rode a magic carpet ride *toward the Phun*. The entire experience was phenomenal, and everyone I spoke to afterwards marked their mental calendars for this coming New Year's Eve. Same Dead time, same Dead channel. ◊

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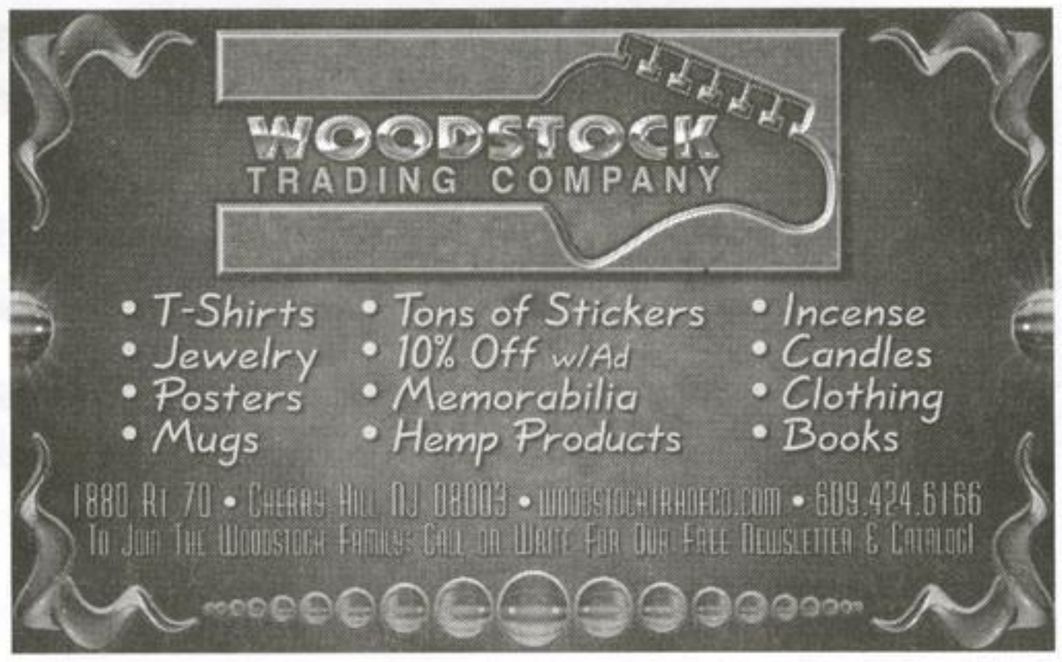
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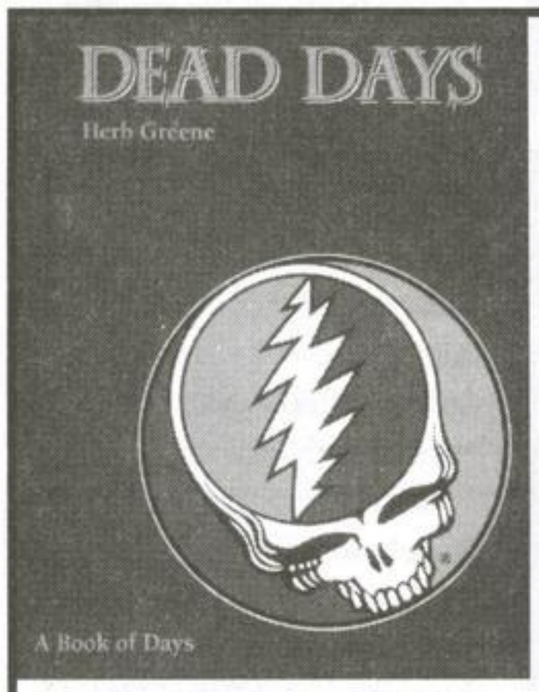
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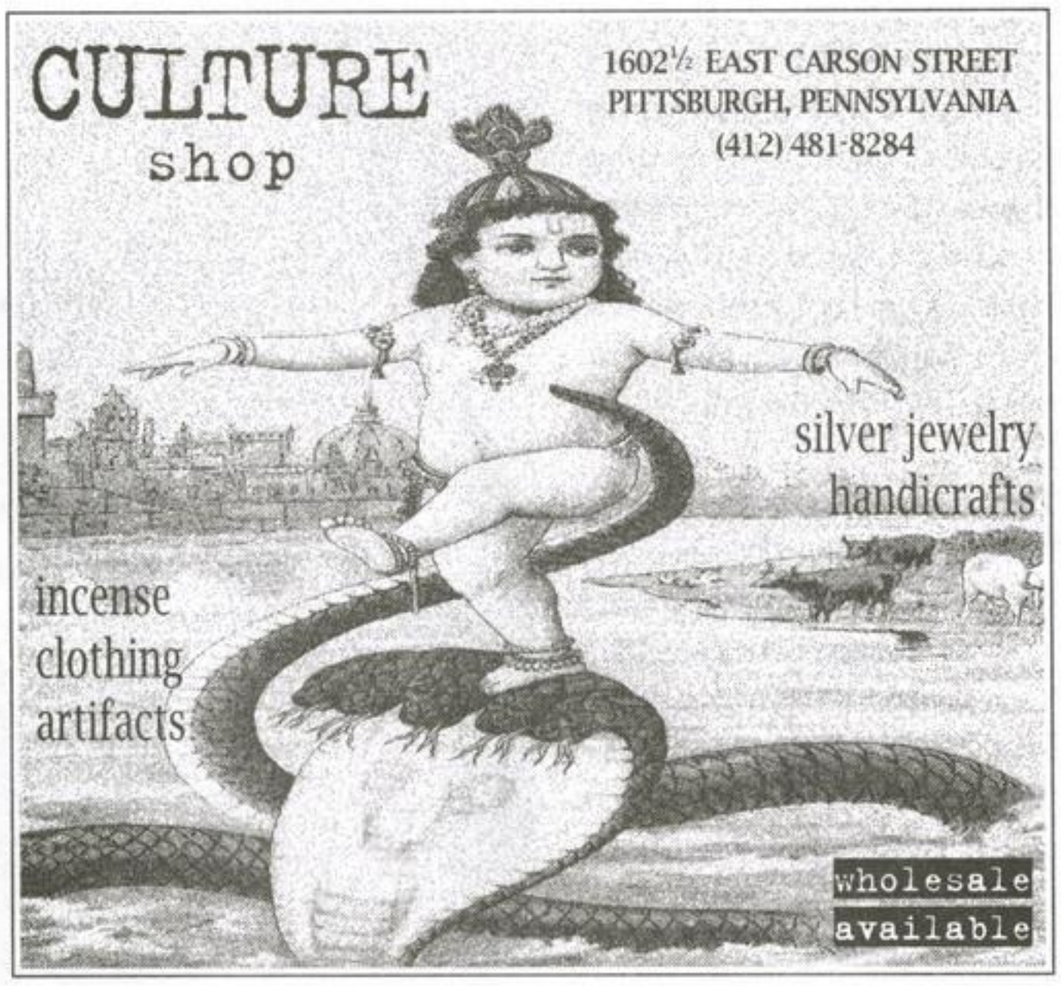


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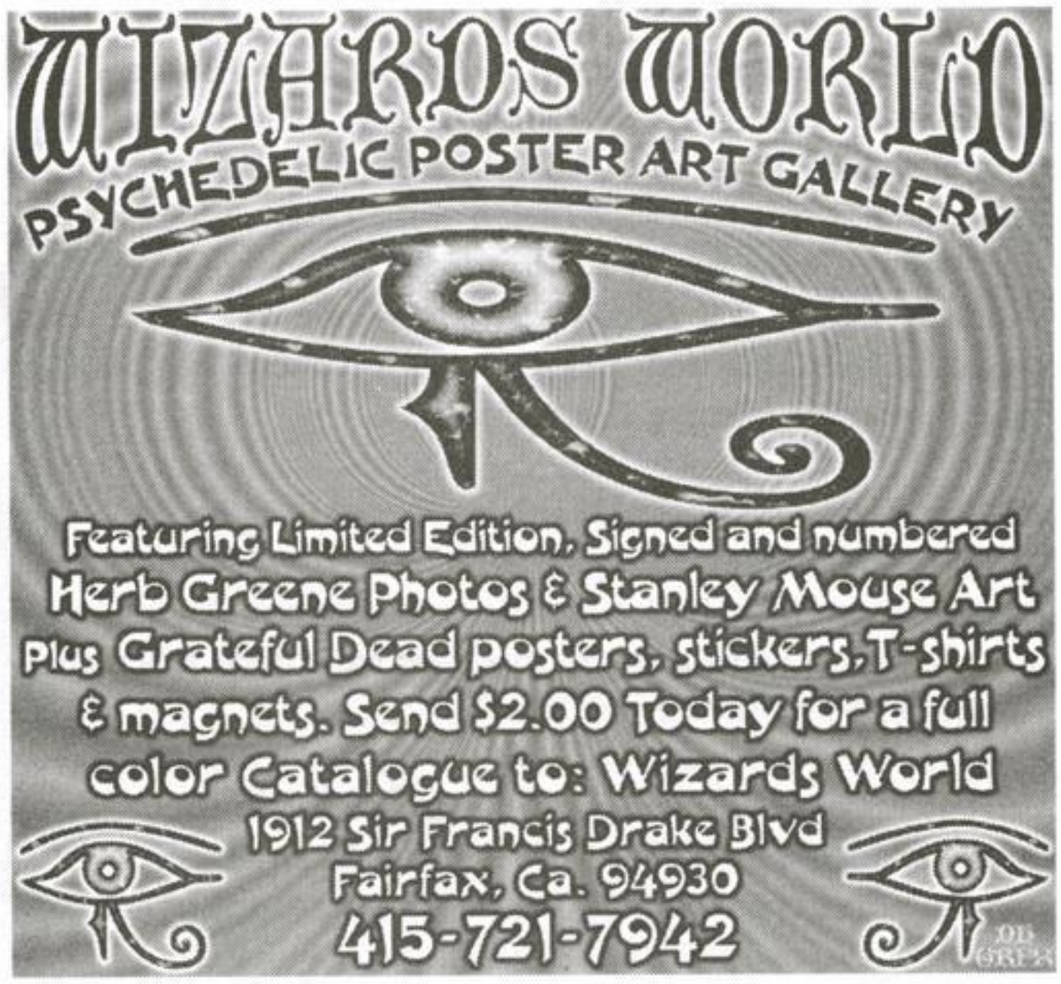
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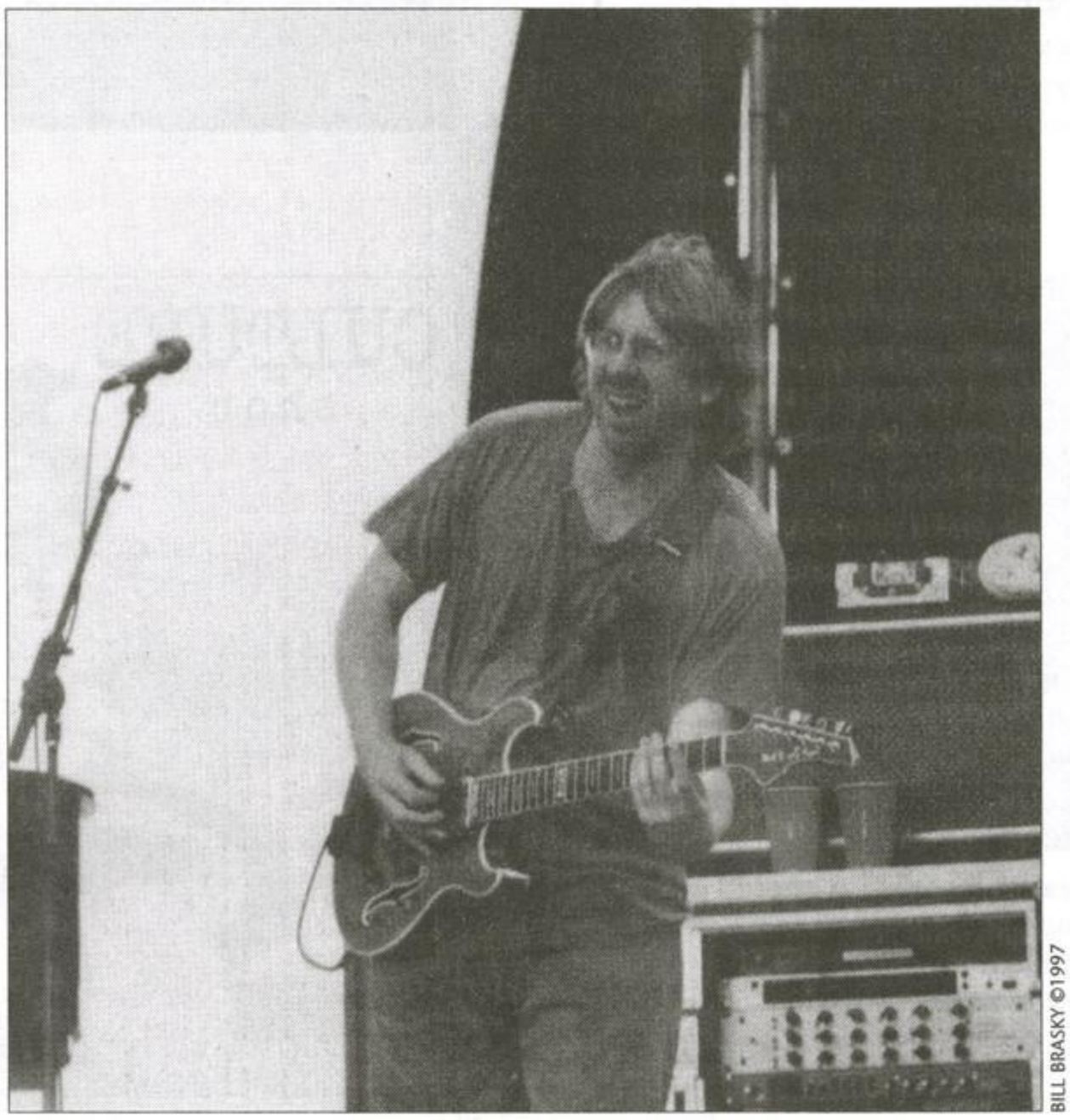
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PHISH TALES

BY LARRY CHASNOFF

Phish began the year with its very first European tour as sole headliners. This was the band's third extended trip to the old country (well, fourth, if you consider Trey and Jon's vacation there in 1985, when the two partially supported themselves as street minstrels and *You Enjoy Myself* was penned). It was a tour which would treat fans to Phish in the most intimate settings the band has played since 1991.



BILL BRASKY ©1997

The first leg, in February, brought the band to historic cities like London, Rome and, of course, Amsterdam. The band made one of its few Phish-only stops there last summer on its tour spent opening for Santana, and treated fans to a no-rules affair in which considerably more songs were started than finished, and Phish did little to dispel Amsterdam's reputation as a city where everyone indulges.

This year's Amsterdam show, at Paradisio on February 17, offered the same sort of free-form weirdness, but was generally considered musically superior, highlighted by the second set performance of *Down with Disease* into a new tune called *Carini had a Lumpy Head* (many confused fans originally mistitled it *Lucy*) *Carini* was one of several new songs the band debuted overseas, and left there, not playing again during the ensuing summer tour.

Another, *Walfredo*, featured each band member playing another's instrument, and lyrics which referred to events in the history of Phish. Both tunes were hugely popular among fans and tape traders, and will surely be welcomed when and if the band plays them in the States.

Also catching the ears and eyes of many fans in Europe was Phish's sudden interest in bluesy and soulful arrangements, including the cover song *My Soul* and a guest appearance by female vocalist Sydney Ellis in Munich, who sat in for standards *One Meatball* and *Little Red Rooster* (Yes, the same Willie Dixon song the Dead used to perform).

Away from the stage, the European scene was marked by cozy and historic venues. In Rome, Phish played a theater older than the United States itself. The following night, they ventured to a town called Cortemagiorre, which only has three or four traffic lights, one hotel, and for some reason, a music club complete with a neon guitar and a marquee out front. The crowds comprised of an interesting mix of travelling American Phish-heads, curious European music fans, and droves of American students "studying abroad"—the latter were clearly the best-represented group. The number of true tourheads fluctuated, but after Amersterdam, probably hovered at about thirty or so.

Those who left after sampling The Netherlands's best, of course, missed out. Late tour highlights included the heavy metal *Wilson* at Florence (or, as every Phish fan relished saying, *Firenze*), an unforgettable night in Stuttgart, Germany during which the band busted out *Camel Walk* and *Dog Log* as well as playing a "scat" portion of *Scent of a Mule* (in which Trey sang each note while simultaneously playing it on the guitar.)

The tour reached its crescendo days later in Hamburg. In a splendid show now immortalized in a live album (to be released October 21), the band morphed from a short but fierce *Mike's Song* into the magical, psychedelic undertones of The Door's *The End*. It was followed by an impromptu *Lawnboy*, and then a *Weekapaug* which served as a platform for the famed Oedipal section of *The End*.

At the point where Jim Morrison would have said "Mother I want to . . . ," Fish looked over at Trey with a "Well, should

I?" expression. Of course, it wouldn't be very Phish-like to declare a longing to cohabitate with one's mother, so Trey delivered a suitable alternative, "Mother, I want to cook you breakfast!"

The band returned to the States two days later, touching down in New York for an appearance on the *David Letterman Show*. Several hundred Phish-Heads lined up outside the Ed Sullivan Theater looking for stand-by tickets, a common practice which generally rewards early birds. But not a one was let in, leaving Phish to perform *Character Zero* before a mostly unfamiliar crowd. Conversely, the band then played a full-length show in front of a soldout, hometown audience at The Flynn Theater in Burlington, VT. The show was a benefit to help clean up Lake Champlain, and a kick-off of the Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream flavor "Phish Food." (All Phish's royalties from the sale of the ice cream will go to Lake Champlain campaign).

The following months saw bandmembers pop up in various places: a somewhat inebriated Fishman took the stage with Phish cover band Stash; Trey and Page appeared on MTV's *House of Blues*; the entire band sang the national anthem at a Philadelphia Flyers playoff game; and both Trey and Mike appeared with members of the local group The Pants at Burlington's Club Toast. Phish also gave a private performance for friends and family at the home of tour manager Brad Sands. At that show, and during the appearance with The Pants, they revealed a bevy of new tunes, enough to fill an entire set and then some.

WHEN A CROWD WAS ACCIDENTALLY ADMITTED TO THE SOUNDCHECK, PHISH PLEASED THE EARLYBIRDS WITH ROUSING RENDITIONS OF SEVERAL PHISH TUNES AND AC/DC COVERS, BEFORE OFFERING FANS THE CHANCE TO PARTICIPATE IN A "LIMBO KARAOKE" CONTEST. USING THE MIKE STAND AS A LIMBO BAR, TREY INVITED FANS TO COME UP AND SING WITH PHISH AS THEIR BACKUP BAND.

Packing their bags once again, they then headed back to Europe in June to test the new tunes in front of larger audiences. The initial performance in Dublin included six new Phish originals, and another eight would be added by the time the tour was finished. To the delight of the crowds, the new songs varied tremendously in nature, and several featured long, epic jams.

Ghost, Phish's most frequently played song of the summer, is a soulful, John Lennon-ish tune which opens into a funky jam (it stretched out to about a half hour at Nurnberg, Germany). *Limb by Limb*, featuring a fantastic Trey/Page tradeoff on vocals, includes an eight to ten minute jam similar in feel to *Taste*, and could prove to be a crowd favorite for years to come. *Vultures* marks a welcome return to multi-part, emotionally charged tunes complete with a progressive jam at the end. Of course, for every fan there is a different opinion on the new tunes, as to favorites and general quality, but it appears clear that Phish has the makings of a solid new studio album, one which they began recording this fall. Aside from the new tunes, the European shows featured many highlights. Weird, improvisational jams found their way between, before or after many Phish standards.

The band kicked off the second set in Amsterdam (yes, they returned, for another two nights!) with a jam featuring Fishman on piano at its start before the band found its way into popular cover *Timber Ho!* The night also featured a slow, reggae-sounding jam after *Cities*, the Talking Heads tune Phish hadn't covered since the eighties.

The second Amsterdam show included a song loosely based on the Steve Miller tune *Swingtown*, called Worms *in the Canals*. Several nights later, in Italy, Fishman took a turn on the vacuum during, of all songs, *Harry Hood*.

The following night, in Desenzano, Italy, came one of those special, historic moments of interaction between band and audience that will go down in Phish folklore for generations. When a crowd was accidentally admitted to the soundcheck, Phish pleased the earlybirds with rousing renditions of several Phish tunes and AC/DC covers, before offering fans the chance to participate in a "Limbo Karaoke" contest. Using the mike stand as a limbo bar, Trey invited fans to come up and sing with Phish as their backup band. The first fan to try performed Queen's *Another One Bites The Dust*, but replaced the title lyric with "Another one rides the bus."

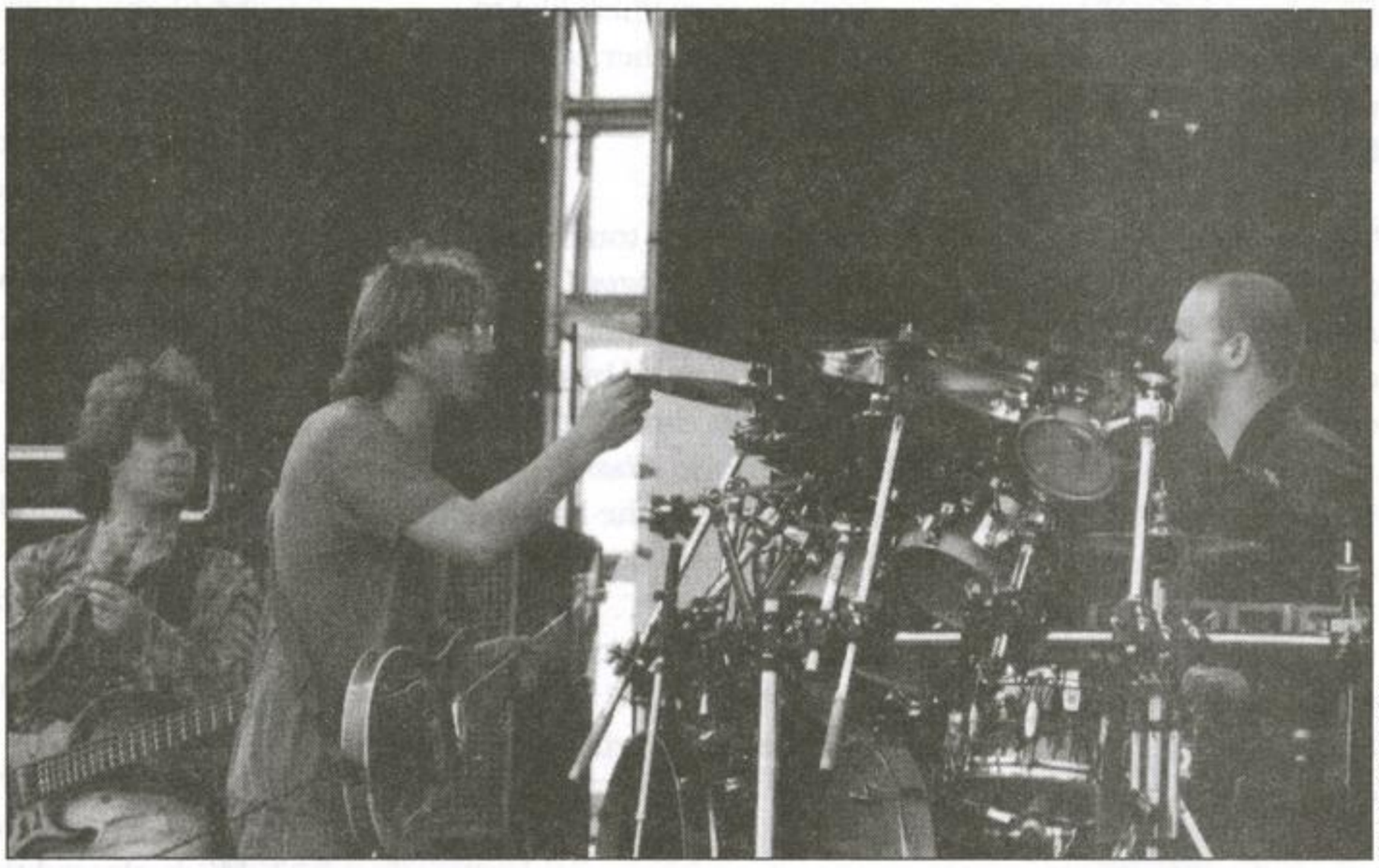
The tour came to a close with two exciting guest performances: Bela Fleck and the Flecktones sat in on *YEM* on July 9, and members of the Son Seals band, original performers of *Funky Bitch*, helped play that song the following night (Son Seals himself, contrary to popular belief, did not appear).

Along with the many surprises of the European tour came the absence of many Phish favorites, and rampant rumors that Phish had retired thirty of its older songs. *Suzie Greenberg*, for instance, was not played once over the summer, nor did *Tweezer* make a single appearance in Europe. Even *Mike's Groove* and *YEM* surfaced only sporadically.

The outright retirement rumor appears dubious, though it became clear that Phish has made another musical turn, and is not content with standing by the standbys. The dichotomy between short tunes and jam songs no longer exists, as Phish has shown a willingness to jam out any song, any time. The band has also slowed down the tempo on many tunes, and using more wah-wah and other funk-oriented effects. Trey has always said that if Phish was not going to try to create something new and different every year, there would be no reason to still have a band. Don't worry fans, Phish is coming up with plenty of reasons to continue as a band.

STATES SIDE

Summer '97 was the second year in a row that Phish toured only a limited amount within the United States. While nineteen shows was a slight increase over last summer's eleven-concert run, the supply of summer Phish shows is clearly not keeping up with demand.



BILL BRASKY ©1997

While that may disappoint fans who have to drive thousands of miles to catch more than one or two shows, it gives each appearance by the band a special sort of feel. It's like college basketball as opposed to pro: every night counts. A tour is no longer looked upon as an endless string, impossible to keep track of. Instead, every show seems to have an individual role in telling the story of the summer.

The tour becomes almost analogous to a show itself, with various dips, climaxes, mood swings and surprises. Armed with seventeen new originals in the Phish repertoire, and new takes on standards such as *You Enjoy Myself* (the vocal jam is now either altered, with an instrumental backdrop, or omitted entirely), 1997 shows offered a distinct character and broke new boundaries.

Fans anxious to hear Phish's new songs were satisfied almost immediately. At the tour opener in Virginia Beach, the first set kicked off with *Ghost*, *Dogs Stole Things*, *Piper* and *Dirt*. Later in the set, Trey gave the titles of each, describing *Ghost* as "funky" and *Dogs Stole Things* as a song about what dogs and cats do when their owners aren't around.

The night featured more surprises. During the second set jam out of *Theme from the Bottom*, LeRoi Moore of The Dave Matthews Band made his way out onto the stage playing sax. Phish bandmembers then began playing multiple instruments, with Trey on three guitars at once, Page on keyboard, piano and organ, and Mike on two basses.

TREY BEGAN PLAYING A **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** JAM TO MARK THE BIRTHDAY OF JERRY GARCIA THE NEXT DAY. HE THEN VERBALLY VOWED TO "KEEP THE SPIRIT ALIVE" DURING THE NEXT DECADE, AN UNEXPECTED MOVE CONSIDERING PHISH'S LONG HISTORY OF TRYING TO DISASSOCIATE THEMSELVES FROM THE GRATEFUL DEAD.

The elements were not kind to Phish and fans during the first leg of this tour, as torrential downpours and remnants of a hurricane drenched crowds during and after each show. On July 22 in Raleigh NC, a thunder-storm began to crackle toward the end of the first set, overpowering the band's performance of *Taste*. Phish then supplied a short but splendid second set with the rain as a backdrop, as virtually the entire performance was comprised of a *Down with Disease* > *Mike's Song* > *Simple*> *I am Hydrogen* > *Weekapaug Groove*, which lasted nearly an hour before the a cappella *Ragtime Gal* closed the set. The night ended with a rare *Harry Hood* encore, making this show an early tour highlight.

Then, following an Atlanta show, intrepid road warriors who made it out to Texas for the next leg of the tour were treated to two nights of dual drum performances with Bob Gullotti adding to the rhythms (he appeared with Phish before at last fall's Hartford show, and with Trey and Fishman on *Surrender to the Air*). Days later, Phish found themselves in California, including a July 31 performance at Shoreline Amphitheater in Mountainview, CA.

During the end of the *Weekapaug Groove* performance at that show, Trey began playing a *Happy Birthday* jam to mark the birthday of Jerry Garcia the next day. He then verbally vowed to "keep the spirit alive" during the next decade, an unexpected move considering Phish's long history of trying to disassociate themselves from the Grateful Dead.

The weekend of August 2-3 then brought Phish to its much-anticipated stand at The Gorge. These shows featured a beautiful setting and on-site camping, drawing fans from coast-to-coast, many of whom labeled these shows as "can't miss" Phish events. Unfortunately, nearly 500 missed at least part of the festivities after spending the night in the slammer. A security drug and traffic violation crackdown filled up local jail sells with Phish-heads (The 500 figure was supplied by an Associated Press report which many attendees think was exaggerated, noting they were unaware of any large security presence). The weekend's highlight came during another *Harry Hood* encore, which closed the final show. Trey asked Phish light engineer Chris Kuroda to turn off all the stage lights, leaving Phish to jam under the starry night sky. Phish boarded a plane the following day in order to make it to their next gig, all the way in St. Louis, too far of a drive for most

tourheads who skipped that show entirely and met the band in Tinley Park, IL on August 8.

Tinley Park, while unspectacular from a setlist perspective, offered an interesting glimpse into what has made 1997 such an quality year for Phish. The first set was highlighted by a version of *Gumbo*, featuring a funked-out, extended jam during which Trey brought to prominence and repeated one of the undertonal rifts from the song for about fifteen minutes. It held the attention of the crowd as well as any *Mike's Groove* could. The band then repeated a similar feat with a long version of *Wolfman's Brother* during the second set. Alpine Valley, the following night, took place before the largest crowd of the tour to that point and was considered to be one of the summer's better nights, in this case due very much to song selection. Any night with a *Mike's Song* > *Simple* and *a Slave to the Traffic Light* > *Weekapaug*, without a doubt, will be remembered.

Notable moments continued as the tour touched down for two nights in Indiana's Deer Creek. The first night included a rare rotation jam, with each bandmember trading off their instruments and showing off a bit. After the gig, the crowd fanned out into the many makeshift campsites which surround Deer Creek and help make it such a popular venue among Phish and Grateful Dead fans. The mass of fans returned the next night to a treat of a show, featuring the tour's first performance of *Guyute*. Judging by the crowd's reaction, *Guyute* may now be the most popular of any Phish song currently in rotation. The tour wound down with a show in Pittsburgh and another in Darien Lake, NY. Word was that the band would not be at their best in Darien, while looking forward to the tour's grand finale, *The Great Went*. The drive to Maine was so long, and the traffic anticipated to be so heavy that rumor had it that even The Green Crew had been told they'd be better off skipping Darien. For their sake, one can only hope none of them listened.

Darien was, by most accounts, the absolute highlight of the tour: an unforgettable night and a particularly special memory for anyone who still feels some sort of affinity for the 1960's, psychedelic culture, or a link to the Grateful Dead that is—nearly every Phish fan. During *Col. Forbin's Assent*, none other than author and Merry Prankster Ken Kesey made his way out onstage, along with "Frankenstein" Ken Babbs, for whom Phish played part of *Frankenstein*. Also onstage were a midget and half-a-dozen people dressed in costumes. Kesey took the microphone and asked "Where are the bozos? Has anyone seen the bozos? I haven't seen the bozos in two years!" After the Pranksters acted a skit out onstage, Trey said, "We're supposed to play *Famous Mockinbird* right now, but the funk's too deep!" The band then busted into the rare *Camel Walk*.

The memory of that evening was more than enough excitement to get fans through the ensuing twelve-hour drive to the *Great Went*, the much-anticipated two-day festival and tour finale in the northern-most reaches of Maine. Each day would include three smoking sets of music, sideshow acts and numerous Phishy surprises.

A GREAT TIME

If you've never looked for Limestone, ME on a map, start in the top left-hand corner of the state: the very left, very top. Limestone and its Loring Air Force Base, the site of Phish's grand end-of-tour partyrest in the most Northeast corner of the United States, in Maine's remote Aroostik Country. Limestone is so far from mainstream America that driving there requires travelling through towns that have no names to speak of, just letters and numbers.

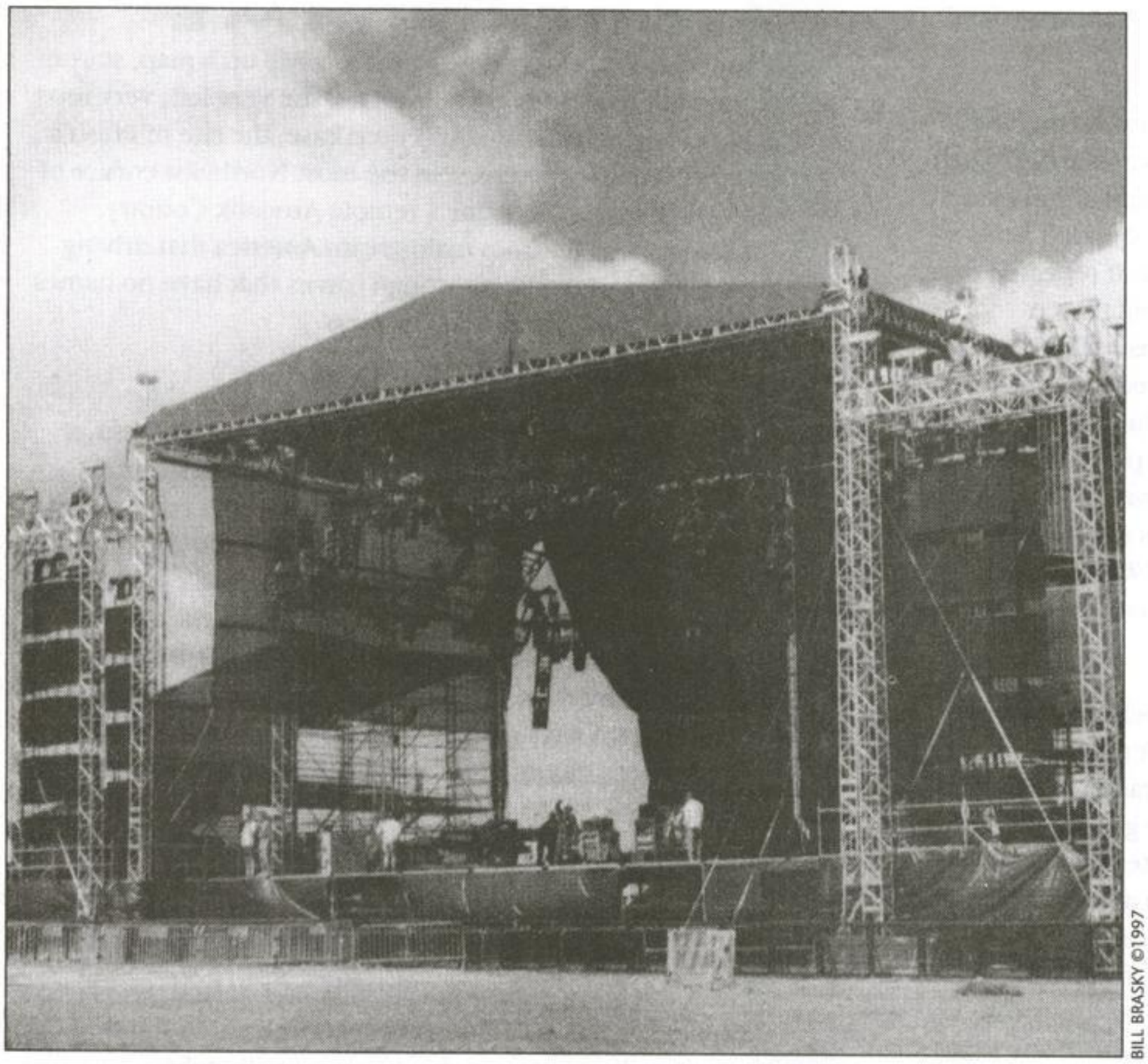
"An easy drive from anywhere," Phish joked in their newsletter when announcing the location of the Went, a carbon-copy follow-up to last year's *Clifford Ball* in Plattsburgh, NY. That city barred all rock concerts from the decommissioned Air Force base, which hosted the *Ball*. But Limestone was more than happy to accept the estimated $10 million which Phish-heads would pump into the area economy. The 63,000 fans who made it to the *Went*, of course, weren't thinking about local politics, but rather were pondering two days of Phish shows, three sets each, and living in a tent city of thousands of their closest friends.

Before Phish even hit the stage, one couldn't help but marvel at the enormity and the irony of what Phish created. Hundreds and hundreds of miles from urban society, a mass of people larger than the population of Maine's largest city were converging to hear a band that had started out playing at tiny music bars and dives of New England. In the simplest sense of it all, that fact is absolutely mind-boggling.

And when one further considers how Phish's homegrown fingerprints could be found on every fiber of the *Great Went*, this idea becomes all the more remarkable. The giant, perfectly rigged speakers: operated by Paul Languedoc, the guy who used to fix and then design Trey's instruments at Burlington's Time Guitars. The state-of-the-art, expertly manipulated lights: designed and operated by Chris Kuroda, the University of Vermont student who once studied guitar under Trey before finding himself behind the lightboard one night, having substituted while the regular engineer ran to use the bathroom. The entire spectacle: conceived and orchestrated by Phish and a management organization made up entirely of early, dedicated fans. To think that somehow that group could pull off something of the scale, the magnitude and seeming perfection of *The Went*, and that a plethora of fans would arrive to share in the festivities. If it was fiction, it would be dismissed as idealist absurdity.

When Phish took the stage at exactly 4:20 on August 16, they wasted no time in ripping into the second half of *Harpua*, picking up where they left off at the previous year's *Clifford Ball*. In so doing, Phish immediately reminded the crowd that this was a gathering of familiar friends.

That first set of the first day lasted about two hours, by far the longest of any set that weekend. The second set commenced with another stretched out *Wolfman's Brother*, which then morphed into *Simple* and another splendid jam. This one then turned into the *theme from The Odd Couple*, another



BILL BRASKY ©1997

jam, and then a smooth segue into *My Soul*. That series was perhaps the musical highlight of the entire weekend.

But while ranking best moments, one must also consider the slow, clean version of *Haley's Comet*, and the uncustomary jam which followed, finding its way into *Cities* (which, with the way Phish played it, will probably emerge from this tour as one of the band's most popular covers). The set ended with a *Funky Bitch* backed by the crackle of fireworks behind the stage, preceding an encore of *Contact* and the ever-popular *Loving Cup*.

Following up on their surprise jam on the back of a moving platform truck during the middle of the night at the *Clifford Ball*, this year Phish set up shop for a disco party in the far corner of the parking lot, at about 2:00 AM. Each bandmember played weird electronic keyboard music for about forty-five minutes, to the excited bewilderment of about 1,000 people.

The day of show two, which again was scheduled for 4:00 PM, afforded fans the chance to explore the vastness of this tent city at Loring. Several bands set up stages in the parking lot, and a little before noon, over 1,000 people took their clothes off for a group nude photo. Many did not put their clothes back on throughout the afternoon (mostly guys with lots of body hair). Inside the venue, Phish set up an Alice in Wonderland-like playground of randomness. A maze of maize was planted in the grass, probably months in advance. A circle of outhouses surrounded a pile of working bathtubs. A crafts fair, a make believe village, and a tent for activist groups and other bands to perform could also be found, as well as 40-foot high wooden sculpture which fans were invited to help build with original pieces of art.

The Phish took off running as the band busted out *Wedge*, a song which hadn't been played since November 14, 1995. They also brought back *Tweezer* after the song's summer hibernation. A long second set then offered up the true seminal, centerpiece event of the *Great Went*. During *Sprach Zarathustra (2001)*, bandmembers took turns spray-painting large jig-saw puzzle pieces resting onstage on easels. Closing out the jam, Trey took to the microphone, pointing at the 40-foot tall, lit-up sculpture, and said something the band had always wanted to do was create art with the audience, noting that that's something Phish feels they are doing every time they step onstage.

The band then passed their freshly-painted pieces into the audience, instructing the crowd to pass the band's creations down to the sculpture, about 100 yards from the stage. As the band bellowed a long, eerie note, the pieces found their way to the sculpture. The band then asked Kuroda to black out the stage lights; Fishman pounded the first beats to *Harry Hood*, leaving the band to jam under a bright, nearly full moon. As the song picked up steam, fans began hurling light sticks and neon necklaces into the air. The band's goal of creating with the audience was realized in an unexpected form: the fans had made a light show of their own. The spectacle clearly touched Trey. "Go get more of those, they look cool," he told the crowd, sounding almost choked up. 63,000 people and four very special musicians were creating beauty together in the middle of nowhere Maine.

It was a simultaneous group orgasm, and no one there will ever forget it. The third set led off with *Buffalo Bill*, the fourth ever performance of that song and the first since New Year's Eve '94. The rest of the set was somewhat anti-climactic: *Guyute* drew a roar from the crowd once again, but neither the expected *Mike's Groove* nor *Antelope* ever came. Instead, the band closed with *Prince Caspian*. The final sendoff occurred during the *Tweezer Reprise* encore — a giant match was ignited and lowered onto the sculpture, setting it ablaze and leaving the Phish/audience creation in the ashes of Limestone forever. ◊

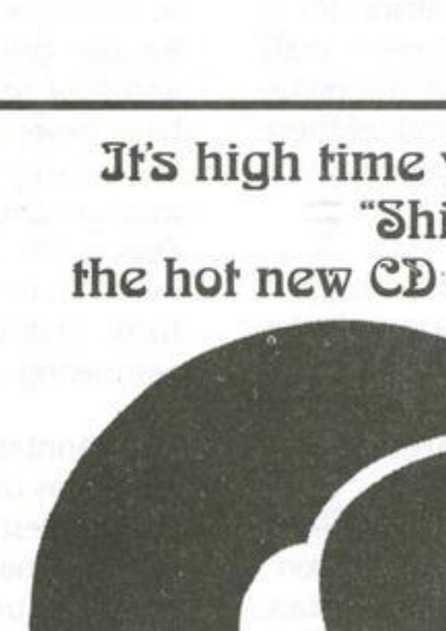
Dupree's is proud to have newly acquired Larry Chasnoff as our resident Phish columnist. A name familiar to many swimming in the Phish scene. A talented writer added to our ranks, Larry is also a fun-loving guy with a great smile and a sparkling attitude, making him a pleasure to work with. Welcome aboard, Larry!





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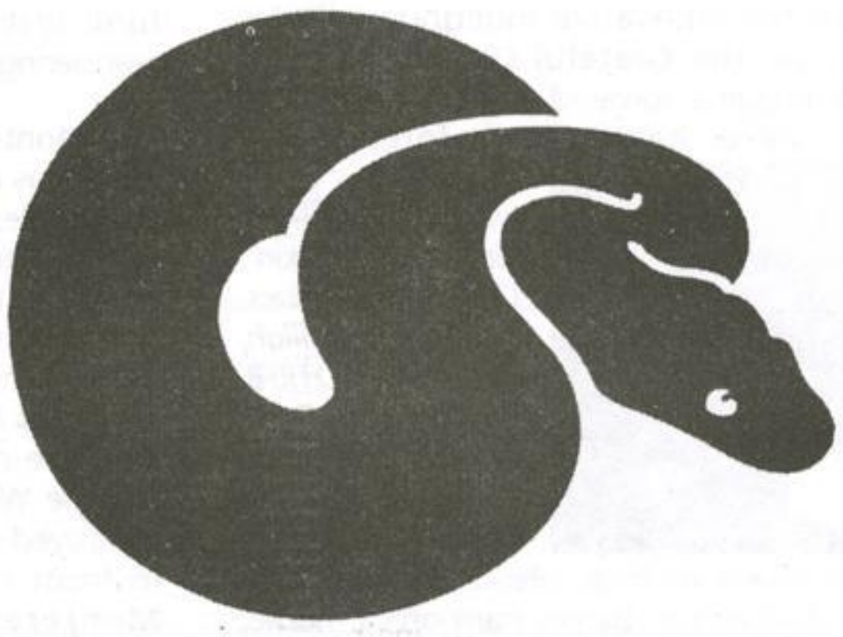
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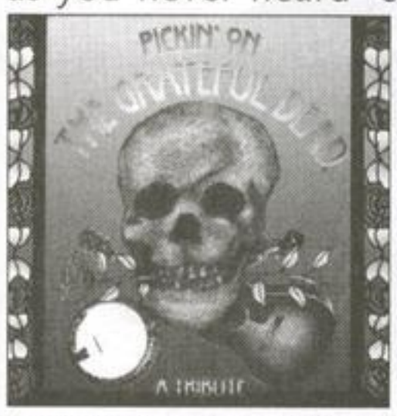
A GUIDE TO MUSIC, BOOKS, AND HAPPENINGS EVERY DEADHEAD SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

DEAD ECHOES

Fire On The Mountain #2 – Reggae Celebrates The Grateful Dead (Pow Wow PWD 7466) is every bit as enjoyable as the first volume. Excellent versions of *Truckin'*, *Althea*, *Sugar Magnolia*, *They Love Each Other*, *Lovelight*, *Sugaree*, *Shakedown Street*, *Bird Song*, *the Wheel*, *If I Had the World to Give*, *Black Muddy River*, *Stop that Train* and *Fire on the Mountain* are performed by such reggae greats as Judy Mowatt, Toots, Gregory Isaacs, Marcia Griffiths, Ras Michael & The sons of Regus and more. Also featured are are the Workingmen, including reggae legends Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, who are joined by Warren Haynes and Merl Saunders. Zen Tricksters' lead guitarist Jeff Mattson sits in on *Shakedown Street* and Dupree's staff photographer Kurt Mahoney plays the guitar solo on *If I Had the World to Give*. Both of these reggae tribute albums are in frequent rotation on the Dupree's office CD player.



One of the newest treats for Deadheads is the remarkably innovative bluegrass tribute, **Pickin' on the Grateful Dead** (CMH CD-8022). Imagine some of your favorite tunes as you never heard 'em before: *Scarlet Begonias*, *Lady with a Fan*, *Althea*, *Bird Song*, *Truckin'*, *Cumberland Blues*, *Samson & Delilah*, *Bird Song*, *GDTRFB*, *Friend of the Devil*, *Ripple*, *Casey Jones*, *Touch of Grey*, and *Dark Star*; all done over in sweet melodic blends of mandolin, pedal steel guitar, banjo, harmonica, fiddle, even a Jack Daniels' cardboard box! Entirely instrumental, this beautifully crafted album is mellow enough to sit and listen to introspectively, yet dynamic and high-energy enough to get your feet tappin', hips swinging and your voice supplying the words with zeal.



Northern Californian Heads are turning these days to hear the sound of the **DeadBeats**. This Grateful Dead tribute band hailing from Nevada City CA lovingly keeps alive the music of the Dead in both electric and acoustic formats. Of particular note is their well-crafted, even gorgeous, vocals. Their new CD recorded live in concert from The Nevada Theatre, Nevada City, CA (available on page 64) features absolutely wonderful acoustic interpretations of *Cassidy*, *Jack-A-Roe > New Speedway Boogie > Bird Song*, *To Lay Me Down*, *Cumberland Blues*, *Mississippi 1/2 Step > Black Peter*, *Uncle Johns's Band > Terrapin*. This band has a great time playing Dead music and their enthusiasm is very contagious. For more information, call 916-272-7702; write them an e-mail at deadbeat@netshel.net; or check out their web page at *http://www.netshel.net/~deadbeat*

CLASSIC ROCK

Carlos Santana – Live At The Fillmore 68 is one of the best Santana releases we've ever heard! Recorded live at the Fillmore West on December 19-22, 1968, this album captures early Santana perfectly. The jams are surprisingly tight and thoroughly inspired. Besides great versions of *Jingo*, *Pursuasion*, and *Soul Sacrifice*, there are five tunes which have never before appeared on any Santana recording. One, *Chunk-a-Funk*, is the instrumental precursor to *Dance, Sister, Dance*. The creme-de-la-creme of the release is the finale, *Freeway*: a long, super-charged funk instrumental that will leave you wondering why it was never released before.

The Monterey International Pop Festival of 1967 was unquestionably the first great rock and roll festival. This was the seminal event, seen by many as the place the 60s' music-based counter-cultural community was galvanized. Jimi Hendrix' legendary performance, during which he set his guitar on fire as he played, shocked, stunned, and blew the minds of all who were present; as did the Who's apocalyptic set, where they destroyed their instruments for the first time in front of an American audience. **The Monterey International Pop Festival** (Rhino R2 72825), the second release on CD of highlights from this groovy concert features the music of, among others: **Country Joe & the Fish, Janis with Big Brother & the Holding Company, Jefferson Airplane, Booker T & the MG's, Otis Redding, The Mamas & the Papas, The Who, Ravi Shankar, Eric Burdon & the Animals** and **The Jimi Hendrix Experience**. While the quality is excellent and the four CD set is as comprehensive as one can expect (no, the Dead's performance from this festival has still not been released), we wish there was more than a tiny excerpt from Ravi Shankar's performance included herein (one of our favorite Indain music recordings is One Way Record's **Ravi Shankar at the International Monterey Pop Festival** (S21 56848). A portion of the proceeds from the sale of this set goes to charity. Additionally, Rhino has released a home video version of D. A. Pennebaker's archetypal documentary film of the event, **Monterey Pop** (2353), as well as **Jimi Plays Monterey** (2354), and Otis Reddings bump and grind set on **Shake Otis** (R2355).

Also, after many years of legal battles, the Jimi Hendrix estate has finally won back artistic control of Hendrix' likeness and music from Jimi's long-time producer Alan Douglas. Remastered for the first time from the original two-track masters MCA Records has reissued the three Jimi Hendrix studio albums released during the artist's lifetime: **Are You Experienced?** (MCAD-11602); **Axis: Bold As Love** (MCAD-11601); and **Electric Ladyland**. Additionally, MCA has also released **First Rays Of The Rising Sun** (MCA MCAD-11599), the closest representation possible to the album Hendrix was recording at the time of his death in September 1970. Although all of the music on First Rays has been available before (though some of it only on bootleg), it's all pristine and powerful. No classic rock collection is complete without, at least, Hendrix's studio albums. If you don't have them yet, now is the time to get them.

NEW GROOVES

Blues Traveler's first album in three years, **Straight On Till Morning** (A&M 31454 0750 2) presents the band in the next step of its uphill climb. Hav-ing prepared and rehearsed for this album much more than any of their previous studio releases, BT's new album captures the band's raw impro-visational spirit, yet sounds tighter and more polished than what we've heard from them before. Slightly-toned down ballads like *Yours* and quintessential Blues Traveler tunes like *Canadian Rose* and *Last Night I Dreamed* are sure to appeal to much of the mainstream, while jam-oriented tunes like the bluesy *Make My Way*, and the energetic *Carolina Blues*



won't fail to delight both long-time and mainstream fans.

Leftover Salmon is to cajun/calypso/bluegrass music what the Grateful Dead were to rock. This white hot quintet stretches the envelope of the multiple musical genres they cover *waay* open with long jams, high tempo, stick-in-yer-head melodies and sweet bluegrassy singing. They are certainly one of the hottest bands touring today. The recent addition of master groove rock drummer Jeff "Apt. Q-258" Sipe will surely inspire this group to even higher heights. Salmon's latest, **Euphoria** (HM62095-2) is their best studio effort to date.

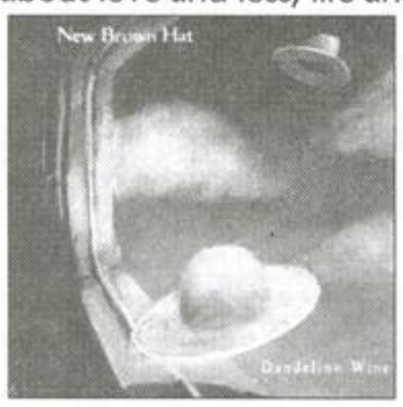
If you've been on a mission to find the classic groove rock album, hunt no more: **Percy Hill**'s new live double-disc set **Double Feature** (available on page 64) contains some of *the* craziest, most intensely adventurous jams we've heard in a long time. With the five-minute song in the definite minority, and the twelve-plus minute song almost the standard, it's hard not to be amazed at Percy Hill's obvious talent, sense of fearlessness and seemingly endless energy. What's more amazing, however, is the way their live energy has translated to CD format; no small feat for a band that's as yet still unsigned. Built on a solid improvisational foundation of Southern rock, blues, jazz, funk, bluegrass, hip-hop and Latin beats, this band *really* knows how to rock the house and Double Feature, the very essence of Percy Hill, screams this for all the world to hear. Check out their web page atwww.percyhill.com.



Capturing the complete sound and essence of a double decade-long career is no easy task, especially one stuffed with a full smattering of rock, country, folk, jazz, blues and gospel influences. But **The Radiators'** first-ever best-of compilation **Songs From The Ancient Furnace: The Best Of The Radiators** (epic/LEGACY EK 65061) is a pure visceral representation of the band's funk New Orleans groove. A treasure trove of re-mixed favorites that sound better than ever and never-before-released new material, this album is a musical feast for Radiators fans and a must-have for New Orleans rock and funk aficianados. Also worth checking out is the Rads' perhaps best-ever studio release **New Dark Ages** (W.A.R. 60011-2). This CD captures the band's creative intensity, rich musical heritage and unique live energy in a way many studio releases fail to do. Both CDs have the ability to captivate listeners with the band's raw power, deep funky jams and powerful New Orleans soul.

For those who hunger to taste the meat of wild improvisational jams Boston-based **Jiggle the Handle**'s fills the craving. Their long-awaited debut album **Mrs. White's Party** represents the band quite accurately. Chock full of both live tracks recorded sometime around the beginning of the year and more recent radio-friendly studio cuts, Mrs. White's Party is a solid, rock n' roll boogie-down free-for-all you really don't want to miss. And the 3-D moving image artwork on the CDs cover might be the hippest we've ever seen.

New Brown Hat is *real*. With poetic songs about love and loss, life and laughter, they're



a band you can really sink your head into. They will move you. Thus, it was no surprise to see them popping up at select East Coast H.O.R.D.E. dates this past August. With a live album **Live to DAT** (NBH 1001) under their belt (or dare we say, hat?), New Brown Hat's distinctive sound is at once comfortingly familiar and warmly adventurous. The band's rich female lead vocals blend with sweet guitar, solid bass and winsome keyboards to create a positive, danceable live energy.

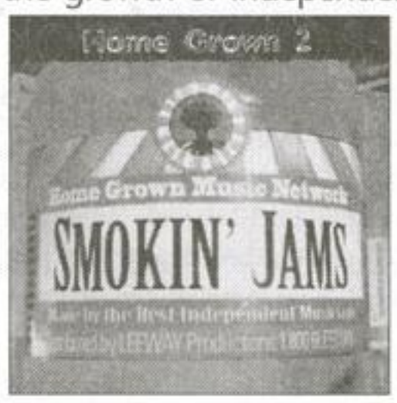
Santa Cruz based **Pele Juju**, comprised of eight talented women, has a rich percussion-oriented sound rooted in African and reggae



roots. Powerful vocals, textured instrumentation (including fiddle, saxophone, keyboards, bass, guitar, drums and percussion), positive lyrics and sweet harmonies issue forth from their latest, **Pele Juju Live**, an album recorded at the Catalyst, in their hometown several months ago. The CD is a bit more polished and pristine than what we would normally expect from a live album, but Pele Juju's outstanding live energy transfers well, assuring us of their ability to bring people together and make the dance floor move. Catch them live and you'll dance till you're soaking wet.

Mike Kandel is **Tranquility Bass**. And Tranquility Bass is the insatiably eclectic hippie free-form freak-out band. With Rusted Roots-reminiscent soft acoustic guitar harmonies; Rage Against the Machine intensity; INXS groove; Beck-ish backing vocals and a mainstay rhythm that sounds like a mesh between Enigma and the Diga Rhythm Band, Tranquility Bass is certainly worthy of the title of its new album **Let the Freak Flag Fly** (ASW 6200). The music is almost indescribable: part post-rock, part underground electronic. But add to that a splash of country, folk, Latin and psychedelic funk and maybe you can do it justice. The album's bright spot is certainly is eclecticity, though sometimes you get the vibe that maybe the album could have been a bit more raw and less processed, a track or two shorter rather than longer. Regardless, Tranquility Bass, in all its freakish glory, is well worth and interested listen.

The clearest indicator by which to measure the growth of independent, up-and-coming



bands in this blooming groove rock scene would certainly be to check out the latest compilations produced by Leeway. This great indie label's latest success story is **Home Grown 2: Smokin' Jams**. With the perfect mix of veterans like **Ekoostik Hookah, Strangefolk, Schleigho, yeP!, Grinch** and **Percy Hill** and relative newbies like **Tiajuana Caravan, Boud Deun, Goose,** the **Pondering, Jamie Nortarthomas** and **Day by the River**; Smokin' Jams 2 is full of what we've come to expect: some seriously explosive groovin'! Only a single track on the CD is less than four and a half minutes long and some, like Percy Hill's live version of *Broken Window* (over ten minutes long) and Schleigho's *live 43* are deliciously winding jams in which to get comfortably lost. To order, call 1-800-6-LEEWAY.

NEW ACOUSTIC REVOLUTION

For acoustic music gourmands and occasional tasters alike, newgrass pioneer **Bela Fleck**'s latest release **Double Time** (Rounder CD 0181) is virtual paradise. Fleck's flowing banjo rhythms are coupled with eleven other fantastically talented musicians, many of whom you'll recognize of their own right, on this CD of thirteen acoustic duets. Masters such as **David Grisman, Tony Rice, Sam Bush, Ricky Skaggs, Darol Anger, Pat Flynn**, and **Jerry Douglas**, among others; with their various instruments, mandolin, bass, cello, fiddle, and guitar lend this CD a melodic uniqueness and the simple beauty one expects from any of Bela Fleck's projects. A single listen will satisfy any acoustic music fan's hunger, guaranteed.

On his latest release, **Oracle** (Windham Hill 01934 11196-2), guitar wizard **Michael Hedges** is, once again, back in fine form. For a while, both on CD and in concert, he seemed to us to be dabbling a bit too heavily in tangents outside the realm of his strongest talent. But Oracle is a winning effort well worth the price. Like most of his studio albums, Oracle is a mostly introspective, subtle exploration from a visionary artist whose stage show is normally highly-energized. Live, Hedges' show has also returned to its previous brilliance with a perfect mix of lightning-fast guitar wizardry, heartfelt vocals, wonderfully witty banter, and just the right mix of covers (Dylan, Stones, Hendrix, Beatles, Sheila E.) and self-penned gems.

Every once in awhile, a group comes along that is so different, so powerful, and so utterly in love with the art they create that you have to listen even if it's not your main bag. **Trillian Green**, a Seattle-based acoustic trio you've heard us rave about before, has finally released their official first CD, **Metamorphoses** (Omnivine). Though the music that one might expect from a combination of flute, cello and percussion may conjure images of tea and crumpets, this is anything but the case. This release delivers high-energy, pagan-flavored trance jams that cause audiences to swirl, twirl and twitch like the most animated Spinners at a late-80s Dead show.

Bluegrass veteran **Gordon Stone**'s latest release **Touch and Go** (ALC 124J) is anything but that. This is a fine album, the minute your fingers close around it, you want to hang on to. Hang onto, play it, and groove accordingly. Touch and Go is not your standard bluegrass album, nor does it include your standard cast of characters: Phish's **Mike Gordon** makes a guest appearance on bass, as do the Jazz Mandolin Project's **Stacey Starkweather** (the album's staple bassist) and **Jamie Masefield** on mandolin. There's also a giant horns section, a violinist, a Hammond B-3, numerous drums (drum kit and other-wise), and acoustic guitar, not to mention Stone's high-energy banjo and whimsical pedal steel. Musical styles and rhythms range from jazz-infused bluegrass, reggae, Latin, funky blues and acoustic rock; all based on deanceable improvisation. While not your typical bluegrass fare, Stone and friends' Touch and Go is a thoroughly enjoyable musical adventure.



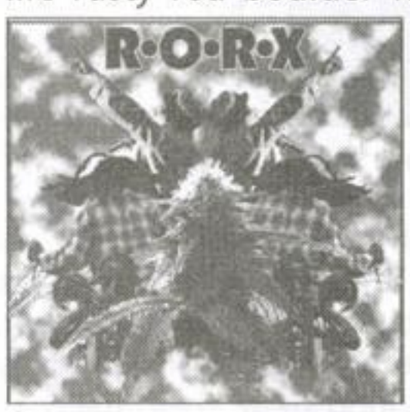
Though his music isn't exactly stunning, singer-songwriter **Jim Page** is both entertaining and powerful; and his is thinking-man's music. Page's message is strong enough to make him the unofficial poet-laureate of the Oregon Country Fair. His potent lyrics bombard listeners with questions about current events: this country's material culture, marijuana legalization, idolization of criminal lifestyles, the Oklahoma City bombing, etc.; and Page asks what sort of place will the world be for our children? Armed solely with his voice and an acoustic guitar, but ably backed by musicians playing a variety of instruments (accordion, organ, harmonica, percussion, mandolin, lap steel, recorder and "swishing things") on **Whose World is This**, listening to Page is like sitting down for an intense dinner conversation with some of your closest friends: tasty and intellectually stimulating.

REGGAE

Regular readers of this column will remember us pointing you in the direction of roots reggae master **Burning Spear**. His music maintains a true roots-style vibe and flavor and is impossible to not dance to. His latest release **Appointment With His Majesty** (CD HB 211) brings us another fine effort. Of particular note to Deadheads is the cut "Play Jerry," in honor of maestro Garcia. The lyrics to this song could not be simpler, but this simple meditation on Garcia as a source of light and inspiration is nevertheless touching. In a world where roots reggae is becoming harder and harder to find, Burning Spear continues to record and perform music that speaks to the heart and makes you want to dance.

More than any other 90's reggae group, **Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers** connects Reggae's rich spiritual heritage with modern musical styles. The Great Bob Marley's offspring's new album **Fallen is Babylon** (Elektra 62032-2) infuses traditional roots reggae with heavier R&B rhythms, hip-hoppin' lead vocal raps, and an unfailingly optimistic outlook within political and spiritual sensibilities about contemporary America. Recorded in the re-vamped legendary studio that used to be Bob Marley's Tuff Gong, the CD was produced by the Melody Makers themselves, who have created a powerful and danceable release that would make their dad proud. This group intentionally tours with a wide variety of supporting acts, insuring that their message and contemporary grooves is heard by a wide variety of audiences. Avatar Bob would be proud.

For decades, Colorado's Red Rocks Amphitheater has been known as a magical place; sweet harmonies bouncing off bigger-than-life rusty red boulder walls, enchanting mountain sunsets as the stage is lit with vibrant lighting, spirits riding high. Certainly, August '96's Tenth Annual Reggae on the Rocks Festival was no exception. The soundtrack, **R.O.R.X.—the Tenth Annual Reggae on the Rocks** (WAR 60021-2) captures much of the soul and good vibes of the day. Containing tracks by reggae legends like Black Uhuru, Burning Spear, the Skatalites, and Israel Vibration & the Roots Radics Band, the music that rocked the crowd with such intensity live can now be boogied to at home. The recording is crisp and the roots tunes rock.



FUNK AND JAZZ

Watch out world, here come the next monsters of funk: Stamford Connecticut's **Deep Banana Blackout.** If you don't get the unstoppable urge to dance wildly at Deep Banana's concerts, see a doctor, you must not be alive. This young, but ferociously tight, troupe of jam masters weave their own extremely impressive tunes in and out of the very best old-school classics by James Brown,



Parliament Funkadelic, the Meters, & Maceo Parker. Mark our words, this may be the best feel-good party band on the planet. Their self-produced debut effort, **Live in the Thousand Islands,** (available on page 15) melds Latin, blues, funk and acid-test flavors together in a potent brew. If you like to dance, absolutely, positively without-a-doubt check this band out live. For more information call 516-957-1794 or visit their web page at *http://www.deepbananablackout.com*

Merl Saunders new album, **Fiesta Amozonica** (Summertone S2CD-2183), is more often jazz than rock or funk. We all know Merl's usual in-concert style, which ranges from high-energy funk to screaming guitar rock with only an occasional smattering of new-agey jazz. But this release, inspired by Merl's experiences in the rainforest, certainly delves more into the latter. Besides the usual amalgam of rainforest sounds and lush synthesizer drones we're familiar with from Merl's Blues from the Rainforest Album, this effort also sports occasional Middle Eastern-style vocals, and sweet Spanish guitar licks. Some tracks sound amazingly like Airto's band fine band Furth World. The title track, *Fiesta Amizonica*, does cross over into the realm of rock music with thė heavily percussion-laden Latin flavor, but with the next tune, the focus quickly switches back to more subtle jazz inflections.

No jazz collection is complete without at least one **Charlie "Bird" Parker** CD. **Yard Bird Suite: The Ultimate Charlie Parker Collection** (R2 72260), a two CD set, represents the finest work of his career. Parker was a be-bop innovator who, on alto sax, helped shape the sound of modern jazz in the 1940s. This package, complete with an informative booklet, features digitally remastered cuts, from the pinnacle of Parker's recording career, that make enjoying this master's music easier than ever. This is essential jazz.

GreyBoy Allstars— Live From Planet Earth (GBRCD005) is an *extremely* tasty recording for those who like their funk on the jazz side. Bass, drums, keyboards and guitar create major grooves on top of which group captain Ken Denson's lays fine sax and flute leads. This release, however, leans more to the jazz side of finger snappin' funk. At times it even delves into a more spacey, improvisational arena. Greyboy is a mighty act to catch in concert as well. Their even-tempered energy is just right for dancing from start to finish without stopping.



Although **Dave Matthews**, his guitarist **Tim Reynolds**, DMB percussionist **Darrell Rose** and saxophonist **LeRoi Moore** all appear on

Soko's new release, **In November Sunlight** (Breezeway Records 0313); this is, by far, *not* a Dave Matthews Band album. November



Sunlight holds all the instrumental power and potential DMB jams bring to the stage, but Soko's grooving is vitally differ-ent. Combining jazz rhythms, lyrical piano melodies and funky bass lines with Moore's sweetly smooth saxophone (it's here you can hear the DMB influence), this is the type of album you will listen to with your eyes closed, simply floating on the music. Pianist and longtime Deadhead Michael Sokolowski, after whom the band is named, penned all of the album's eight tracks. The second cut, *Your Steps Alone,* is of particular interest as Sokolowski's personal dedication to the memory of Jerry Garcia. The entire album is infused throughout with a healthy dose of jamming excitement.

Do you like Fusion style jazz rock? If so, you should definitely check out **The Jonathan Keisberg Trio** (bb00002) on their debut, self-titled disc as well as live in concert. Comprised of electric guitar, bass and drums, this trio packs much of the style of fusion avatar Alan Holdsworth along with the power of John McLaughlin's immortal Mahavisnu Orchestra. When this trio rips it up live, they can sound at times very much like Frank Zappa's band on his amazing "Shut Up and Play Your Guitar" albums. Their interpretation of the Beatles' *Come Together* is particularly twisted. Hailing from Miami, this band is finally making its way up the East Coast. For info call 305-662-9442 or check on-line at *http://www.gate.net/~vvbatboy*

AMERICAN ROOTS

During its near three-decade long history, Chess Records was the home of many of the most important pop music artists of the second half of the twentieth century. Virtually



every rock, blues or roots-oriented album recorded since the mid-1950s either contains a cover of one of the classic Chess titles or at least a song or two directly influenced by these great recordings. Commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of Chess Records, MCA has launched a year-long series



of special CD compilations featuring the very best of the label's historic blues, rock n' roll and R & B catalogue. The first wave of new packages include single artist compilations: **John Lee Hooker-His Best Chess Sides** (CHD-9383), **Bo Diddley-His Best** (CHD-9373), **Muddy Waters-His Best 1947 to 1955** (CHD-9370), **Muddy Waters- His Best 1956 to 1964** (CHD-9380), **Chuck Berry-His Best , Volume 1** (CHD-9371), **Chuck Berry-His Best , Volume 2** (CHD-9381), **Howlin' Wolf-His Best** (CHD-9375), **Etta James-Her Best** (CHD-9367), **Little Walter-His Best** (CHD-9384), and **Sonny Boy Williamson-His Best** (CHD-9377); as well as multi-artist collections: **Chess Blues Classics 1947 to 1956** (CHD-9369) and **Chess Blues Classics 1957 to 1967** (CHD-9368). Every release has been digitally remastered and features comprehensive liner notes. If you're going to build a library of classic contemporary American music, this series is a perfect resource to mind. Also available are selections from **Muddy Waters, Buddy Guy, Jimmy Rogers, Little Milton, The Moonglows, The Flamingos**, and piano greats **Eddie Boyd, Lafayette Leake, Willie Mabon**, and **Otis Span.**

Following on the heels of its predecessor (Honor the Earth Pow Wow: Songs of the Great Lakes Indians), **American Warriors: Song for Indian Veterans** (RCD/RAC 10370) is the product of a Mickey Hart collaboration with Thomas Vennum, Jr., a Smithsonian Institution ethnomusicologist. Featuring songs from six Native American tribes: Ojibway (Chippewa), Menominee, Blackfeet, Hochunk (Winnebago), Kiowa and Lakota (Sioux), the CD functions as a reaffirmation of the tribes' belief in the warrior tradition, an honoring of each tribe's



war heroes and as preservation of Native American history. But it is also a goodwill effort on the part of the producers themselves, having been inspired to put the project together because of a Congressional mandate to create a national memorial honoring Indian war veterans. Part of the proceeds from the sale of this disc will be donated to a fund to help create such a memorial in our nation's capital. The CD itself is an honorable tribute to the tribes it represents and though an intense listen, one well worth time spent.

SPOKEN WORD/COMEDY

Finally, remastered on CD, is the **Monty Python Masters** series, including the famed comedy troupe's albums **Matching Tie and Handkerchief** (Arista 07822-18956-2), **Monty Python's Contractual Obligation Album** (Arista 07822-18955-2), **Monty Python Live! at City Center** (07822-18957-2) and **Monty Python and the Holy Grail** (Arista 07822-18958-2) (unofficially titled The Album of the Soundtrack of the Trailer of the Film of Monty Python and the Holy Grail). This is British comedy at its funniest — enticing unwilling audience members to play the game Blackmail, waging full-out verbal wars at the *Argument Clinic*, attempting to execute witches and knocking coconut shells together in The Holy Grail, singing bawdy tune after tune, and assuming role after role of screamingly hilarious characters on all four releases. Chances are, these new CDs will have the newbies to the British comedy scene rolling on the floor with the tried and true Python-heads.

With the recent passings of Burroughs and Ginsberg, two of the three legendary Holy Trinity of Beat Poets members, there has been a nationwide resurgence of interest in the literary canon of these authors. A new CD by Rykodisc, **Kerouac—Kicks Joy Darkness** (RCD 10329), brings the movement full circle. Carefully taken passages and pięces were chosen from the whole of Kerouac's work, excerpts to represent the best and most diverse of Kerouac's many styles and writing techniques. These "pomes," "choruses," "dreams," and "blues" were dispersed among Kerouac's friends and admirers alike. Luminaries, compatriots and Kerouac-colleagues like Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs and Lawrence Ferlinghetti do their friend justice; big names like Robert Hunter, Hunter S. Thompson, Patti Smith and Thurston Moore, Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder, REM's Michael Stipe, poet Jim Carroll, Juliana Hatfield, Matt Dillon and scores of others all contributed, each combining their own personalized touch with the essence of pure Kerouac producing, in the end, an eclectic anthology that packs a hell of a punch.

On his second album, **Brain Damage Control** (Mercury MEAD 105), investigative satirist **Paul Krassner** brings socio-political humorous anecdotes to life. Colleague of both Timothy Leary and Ken Kesey, as well members of the 60s Yippie movement Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, Krassner speaks from personal experience on the events of the past thirty years. Ranging from the Vietnam protest leaders trial and the "Chicago Seven" to the media to recent presidential campaigns to fatherhood in the 90s, Krassner speaks to his audience and to the listener in his logical, yet subversive, yet hilariously funny way; dispensing crazy wisdom and humor that makes you wish you could hang out with him and just listen, every day.

BOOK REVIEWS

Kind Veggie Burritos, a cookbook by longtime Deadhead **Beth Livingston** ($8.00, 125 pp.) embodies the spirit of being a Deadhead, perhaps in the truest sense of the word. An entirely grass-roots project embarked upon by Livingston several years ago just to give something back to the scene, Kind Veggie Burritos is a book of recipes, many vegetarian and most directly from the lot (we all know how yummy parking lot can be) from Deadheads for Deadheads. The kindest part of all is that Livingston not only pays for the book's printing from her own pocket but splits all profits between the Rex Foundation and SEVA. Chock full of amazingly tasty recipes for traveling, camping and homecooking, stuffed with photos (by Livingston's husband John Rottet) from Dead shows like right out of your photo albums, and overflowing with good vibes, Kind Veggie Burritos is the cookbook that belongs in every Deadhead kitchen. To order, send $8 (for fourth-class mail or $10 for Priority) to Beth Livingston, 909 Sussex Lane, Cary NC 27511- 3813.

In the summer of 1967, Bob Dylan and friends gathered in a flamingo-colored house called Big Pink in West Saugerties, New York to relax, smoke pot, and play music. The songs Dylan and company played in the Big Pink's basement were never intended for release. When recordings of these sessions were surreptitiously pressed onto vinyl and circulated among fans, the bootleg industry was born. These legendary recordings are the inspiration for **Invisible Republic** (Henry Holt and Company, 1997, 286 pages $22.50) by culture critic **Greil Marcus**. More a reverie on the historical resonances of the rowdy, haunting Basement Tapes than a dry analysis of sources and influences, Invisible Republic makes the argument that the sessions were Dylan's reckoning with the legacy of traditional music, after being cursed as the Judas of the folk movement for touring with an electric band. (Even Jerry and his first wife Sara walked out of one of Dylan's electric concerts in 1966.) Marcus calls the basement sessions a laboratory where, for a few months, certain bedrock strains of American cultural language were retrieved and reinvented. He finds wellsprings of the spirit of the Basement Tapes buried outside the margins of history books, in characters like the fiery 18th century preacher Jonathan Edwards; the death-haunted Appalachian banjo player Dock Boggs; and Harry Smith, who edited the Folkways Anthology of Folk Music, recently rereleased on CD – a motherlode of inspiration for Jerry, who used to play the Anthology at 16 rpm to learn the solos. Those who heard Jonathan Edwards' retelling of the biblical story of Abraham, Marcus writes, were obligated to begin the story again from the beginning, in his or her own heart. In Marcus' view, the occult lineage of the old, weird America is a passing down of that ability to begin the story again from the beginning, and raise a living present from the dead artifacts of the past. What Marcus hears in the sepias and washed-out Technicolor of Dylan's Basement Tapes is a song of that resurrection.

A new and different Grateful Dead history book has appeared on the scene. **Dead To the Core – An Almanac of the Grateful Dead** (322 pp., $15.95, Dell Publishing) by Eric Wybenga is a well crafted volume that primarily reviews many of the more popular Grateful Dead tapes in circulation. Though his singular view is somewhat limited, Wybenga's reviews are thorough, insightful, and creative. Though he only reviews "classic" Dead shows, this is a good guide for beginners as to what to look for in the tape trading scene. Another of the book's highlights are the quips and quotes from the band, as well as Deadheads' interpretations of songs (such as Dark Star and Eyes of the World), best-of version suggestions and the random miscellaneous lore and trivia that stay true to the Almanac's theme. ◊

Special thanks to Digaman and Jean.

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CATCH UP ON WHAT YOU MAY HAVE MISSED!

#1: DDN, our first issue!

#2: Back from the Dead (The Dead return after Jerry's illness); Betty Cantor Tapes—Story and List—Part 1; Spring 1987 reviews; Wes Wilson psychedelic art review

#3: "Love Conquers All"; Spring Tour 1987; The Harmonic Convergence; How Can I Help?—Ram Dass; Living Life As Art; Betty Cantor Tapes—Part 2

#4: Summer Tour 1987 with Bob Dylan; History of Music—'50s-'60s; Baba Olatunji Interview—Part 1

#5/6: Rites of Passage; DH Dreams; Baba Olatunji Interview—Part 2; How to pitch a tape; Fall 1987 Reviews; 1987 Year-End Analysis

#7: Robert Hunter letter to DHs and DDN reply; Wavy Gravy Int.; Spring 1988 Reviews; 1976—The Year in Review; Best of '66-'75 On Tape—First Ed.

#8: "It's All Too Clear We're On Our Own!"; Deadhead Dreams; Summer 1988 Reviews

#9: Tune In, Turn On, Take Charge!; Gyuto Tantric Choir; Just Then The Wind...; The Dead's Rainforest Appeal; Fall 1988 Reviews

#10: Our Endangered Environment; Our Filthy Seas; Fall 1988 Reviews; Special focus on Mickey Hart's solo projects

#11: Saving Our Scene; The Best of '75-'88 On Tape; 1988 Year-End; 102 Things To Do for a Green Future; Ode to MIKEL and His Newsletter

#12: SPACE!; Deadhead Dreams; Abbie Hoffman Remembered; Castaneda Book Reviews; Spring 1989 Reviews; Footbag Peace Initiative—Part 1

#13: Follow Your Bliss—The Importance of Ritual; Summer 1989 Reviews; Footbag Peace Initiative—Part 2

#14: *Dark Star* Special; Fall 1989 Reviews; Juggling to the Dead; *Dark Star* flashbacks; *DARK STAR* Trek cartoon

#15: Taping Techniques Special; SCUBA Diving with Garcia!—Part 1; Home Taping Techniques; Concert Taping Techniques; New Year's '89; 1989 Year-End Stats and Reviews

#16: Getting High On Life; Interviews with Bob Weir; Bill Walton; Spring Tour 1990; Ram Dass on "getting free"; Should Marijuana Be Legalized?

#17: SOLD OUT!!!

#18: Interviews with Hornsby; Hart; Weir; 1990 European Tour Review; 1990 Year-End Rev. and Stats; 1990 Tape Trading Rev.

#19: Myth, Ritual, and Transformation; Artwork by Jerry Garcia; Interviews with Ken Babbs; Bob Bralove; The Phurst Church of Phun; Excerpt from *Drumming at the Edge of Magic*

#20: Into the Future with the GD; Interviews with Bob Bralove; John Perry Barlow; Terence McKenna; Virtual Reality; DAT—The Time Has Come; Bill Graham Memorial

#21: DDN Parody Issue—The all-time most hilarious GD spoof; Interview with Bob & Wendy Weir; 1991 Year-End Rev. and Stats; 1993 Tape Trading Rev.

#22: Interview with GD Monitor Engineer Harry Popick; The Making of *Back Stage Pass*—The video; DH Dreams; a political essay by Gore Vidal; Spring/Summer '92 Revs.

#23: Interview with GD Lighting Designer Candace Brightman; Ken Kesey; SCUBA Diving with Garcia—Part 2; The Most Important GD Concert of All Time!; *Sunshine Daydream*—The Lost Dead Movie

#24: The Politics of Consciousness Expansion; Interviews with Timothy Leary; Ram Dass; 1992 Year-End Review and Stats; 1992 Tape Trading Review; The Injustice of Mandatory Minimum Drug Sentencing

#25: SOLD OUT!!!

#26: Interviews with Vince Welnick; Owsley—Part 2; Harry Popick; Phish; Best of the Dead On Tape '75-'93; 1993 Fall Tour; Tape Trader's Etiquette

#27: Interview with GD Tape Archivist Dick Latvala; Blair Jackson's 1993 Year-End Review; 1993 Concert Stats and Tape Trading Review; Fall 1993 Garcia and GD Reviews; Zappa Memorial

#28: Interviews with Phil Lesh; David Murray; The Allman Brothers; Guide to Chicagoland; Dead Dreams; Spring Tour East '94

#29: SOLD OUT!!!

#30: Interviews with Billy Kreutzmann; Blues Traveler; Blair Jackson's 1994 Year-End Rev. 1994 Stats/Tape Trading Reviews

#31: SOLD OUT!!!

#32: Papa's Gone, We Are On Our Own; 30 Years Upon Our Heads, A Roundtable Discussion; Summer Tour '95

#33: 1995—Year In Review and Stats; Tape Trading 1995; Bob Dylan; Ratdog; Dealing With Jerry's Death; The Year The Music Died

#34: Interviews with Dick Latvala; John Perry Barlow; The Mind of Timothy Leary; John Kahn; Phish; Widespread Panic; Deadhead Heaven, Hendrix Tapes

#35: Interviews with Mickey Hart; Hot Tuna; Furthur Festival; Dylan Tapes; Neil Young; P-Funk

#36: Interviews with Jerry Garcia Band drummer David Kemper; Jim Donovan of Rusted Root; Mountain Girl; moe.; The Year in Review—Tape Trading 1996; Phish ◊

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Lover of life, looking for male or female friends in Northeast Pennsylvania area, SWM, 24, new to the area harp player looking for music and good times. bluereeds@rocketmail.com. John. ☎ ✍ Box 2693.

Effective legal representation at kind prices. Philadelphia/Buck County area. Scott L. Feldman, Esquire 215-230-8800. ☎ ✍ Box 2694.

Looking for info on communal living, gatherings. Read Daniel Quinn's Book Ishmael and Lear to Make a Difference. Peter Kuhn. ☎ ✍ Box 2695.

SWM 31 yrs. old, seeking correspondence for friendship and/or relationship from female ages 18-40. All replies will be answered. Must be kind, loving, understanding. Ken. ☎ ✍ Box 2696.

Female 17, Pennsylvania would LOVE to hear from young Deadheads all over to share music, love, tapes, rides and high times. Write! Holly. ☎ ✍ Box 2697.

SWM, 30, seeks freaky girl to share good music, conversation & times. Subgenus hippies a plus. Sett Accardo. ☎ ✍ Box 2698.

SWJM 32 searching for friend and lover for long-term relationship. Must be happy & free. JF reasonably fit 25-32 So. Cal.only. Eric. ☎ ✍ Box 2699.

20-year-old lost sailor looking for Sugar Magnolia around Missoula MT to hike, camp and smile with. Tom Furlano. ☎ ✍ Box 2700.

SWMDH seeks girl Head for friendship, fun, possible relationship. Like travel, playing music, art, etc. Greg. ☎ ✍ Box 2701.

SWF, 18, looking for fellow DHs and Phish phans to chat with. Share your Dead show stories with me. Take it easy. Ricci. ☎ ✍ Box 2702.

24 yr. WM, Maine Head searchin' for spinnin' Sugar Magnolias and kind friends to enlighten and play on this simple land. Mike. ☎ ✍ Box 2703.

Older, still very Live/Dead head, S/W stable, secure, seeks younger S/W Sugar Magnolia for home, family, Austin TX area. Space Man. ☎ ✍ Box 2704.

SWM 22, looking for open, compassionate natural mystic woman to let it grow into a high time. Moving from Louisville KY to N. Cal. Earthen Harvest. ☎ ✍ Box 2705.

I want to meet people whose brains are on fire for collaboration in art, business, music and thinking. Trying to crack open my potential, Laird. 505-829-3174. ☎ ✍ Box 2712.

DDN's D-Classifieds

Looking to connect? This is the place where like-minded music lovers meet!

Austin TX penpals wanted. (Everyone else invited to correspond too!) Keep on' keepin' on! Sandra Wellington. ☎ ✍ Box 2707.

Kindhearted, fun-loving Head looking for Sugar Mag for rollicking good times and some good lovin' in wonderful So. Cal. Dave. ☎ ✍ Box 2708.

24 yr.-old Sugar Magnolia w/ child lookin' for kind Heads in Saratoga NY area to share peace love and music. Call or write Carolyn. ☎ ✍ Box 2709.

SWM 40 still looking for a SWF who enjoys the Dead and Garcia band for friendship, possible romance/LTR. DC/Baltimore area. Ian. ☎ ✍ Box 2710.

Old Maine hippie needs more tapes for dancin' nekkid in the moonlight. Send love letters, advice and cosmic questions to: Uncle Wigleymon. ☎ ✍ Box 2711.

Personal of the Issue

Kind, loving, open-minded couple seeks infant to adopt to share morning songs, sunshine daydreams and midnight moonlight with! Historic home & beautiful riverside retreat. Chuck & Alicia, 800-492-2011. ☎ ✍ Box 2706.

Lost DH needs friends. YLGM. B. Fuessel. ☎ ✍ Box 2715.

To my loving daughter Michelle who saw the light June 18 1995: never too late! Love your father. RIP Jerry — thanks!!

Deadhead just moved to CA, looking for some fellow "Bus riders." Let's swap letters and tapes. Gary Gallagher. ☎ ✍ Box 2714.

SWM, 37, ISO, SF, FOR, CORR. Into music, beadwork, art, sports, financially secure, easy-going, looking for like-minded sister to share letters with, Be kind. Michael J. Oberlin #94840, ASPC-Douglas, P.O. Box 5003-Gila Unit, Douglas AZ 85608-5003. ☎ ✍ Box 27174.

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Thank you all for collectively being a part of my brightest memories! Keep the light shining brightly.

The band is gone but the wheel keeps turning. Looking for VT Heads who are bound to cover more ground. Rob. ☎ ✍ Box 2716.

Dead Freaks Unite. Please send Help on the Way. Bring the Grateful Dead Hour to S.B. Write to KTYD 99.9, Hollister Avenue, Santa Barbara 93117. Information on page 63 DDN #35.

All I do is listen to GD music. Please share some o' that HQ Keith-era. You know — the real good stuff. Angie in WV.

Kirkie — to my favorite Jerry chick and oh soooo much more, I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART. - JoyBoy.

Thank you Cliff for getting sober. Frank would be proud. We'll all be together forever and ever when we make it to the Promised Land.

Jim, rock your baby to and fro! You will always be my celestial soul brother. Your friend, Eric.

Breathe peace, give love, inspire, teach, listen, understand, create. Enjoy, stay hungry, respect the Earth — it has the power to protect you. Peace and light.

Mikhaella Rae, your Mommy and Daddy love you for real, not fade away.

Professor Petty — please be mine again — we'll make beautiful beagles. - Peanut.

Brix Iverson, where are you?? Thanks for turning me on to the Dead! Best gift anybody ever gave me! Peace brother! Bobby! 232-6987.

Jerry, you gave us more joy and smiles than you could ever know! We love you more than words can tell! Peace brother! Joe & Liz.

Check out Brokedown Palace in Milwaukee — it's a phatty bar!

Be kind, keep our scene clean — Pig, Keith, Brent, Jerry and others are watching. Peace - Joel Reisteter.

Congrats Steve & Julie! Hey Geoff — Salmon at the Fillmore! It's good to know you've got shoes to wear when you find the floor. Z-man.

Hey now! There is a band in the Midwest playing all the Dead stuff — improvisation and all. It's the schwag! Band hotline: 314-995-8666.

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Long Island area — SWMPDH 35 5'8" slim spiritual musician enjoys conversation, nature, drum circles, anything. Seeking kind SWF. Bill Frey. ☎ ✍ Box 2713.

There's very little rock/pop that's as great as the Dead at their best — but plenty of classical, jazz and "ethnic" is: happy exploring!

Brothers and sisters — remember Jerry's last public message to us — a box of rain will ease the pain and love will see you through . . .

Jerry, your music continues to be a joy and an inspiration. Thank you for moving me brightly.

He sang a little while and then flew off . . .Jerry, I miss you more than words can tell. Roger

If I knew the way, I would take you home. Peace and love to all from Jamestown Indiana.

Ephesians 4:32. Sure do miss you Jerry.

Nothing left to do but smile, smile, smile.

Boz & Donna — congratulations on your engagement. Tony & Laura.

Depend on the wind of distant drums. We'll know the next step when it comes. Listen for: BT, Arf-kaboom.

My sweet Rebecca and Madeline, such a lovely view of heaven but I'd rather be with you. I love you, John/Daddy.

To my bundle of joy: Gave the best we had to give, how much we'll never know. Love always, Sunshine.

Bears and bones — the Tao of Pooh, Grateful in Niagra Falls

Thanks to Jerry, Billy, Richard and Chris re: 3/23/95. Peace — Robert and Mary Anne. RTR — I love you - MAR

Lovie, two years together and I'm looking forward to the next two, then the next two...through eternity. You are the wummiest! - Daniel Glenn

To Pete in jail in Oregon, the world is a little quieter and a lot less fun with being inside. Your friend miss you. - Heather

Deadheads Behind Bars

Down Deadhead in Texas. On my way home in Oct. '97. Need some female help, 5 yrs. no love. SHMDH. Peace to all. Pat Trujeque, PO 1010-07848051, Bastrop TX 78602.

20 yr.-old Deadhead locked up. Needs to hear from fellow brothers & sisters to keep strong. Jon Young #961598, Box 500, Tell City IN 47586.

W/S/M safe cracker N/S down on his luck looking for a middle-age woman to correspond with. I'm a really caring man, please write: Thomas Dukes 862363, B.C.F., PO Box 500, Tell City IN 47586.

SWM 6'1" red head Deadhead needs correspondence with Sugar Mag. Have no plans and 18 months. Have a kind farm? Tent on a mountain? #333-231 Eric Cruit, Lorain C.I., 2075 S. Avon-Belden Road, Grafton OH 44044. 7-A #324.

"Authority is the most damaging trauma to which the psyche is subjected between birth and death." - Tom Robbins. Todd Davidson, #13660-018, PO Box 8000, Bradford PA 16701.

I am a 28 year old male 6'3", 300 lb, reddish brown hair, blue eyes, looking for women 30 to 50 for letters, visits, hopefully love. Ira Melanathy H81899, PO Box 3481, Corcoran, CA 93212, 4B3C-64.

Poet in prison! I wish to create a myth. Philosophy. Psychedelics. Metaphysics. No laws! How far will you go? Jeff Logan, #704056, Rt. 3, Box 4000, Bonham, TX 75418.

PLEASE RECORD YOUR GREETINGS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE IT'S FREE, SIMPLE, AND FUN! YOUR VOICE IS WHAT PEOPLE WANT TO HEAR!

41 years old from Seattle. Musician Deadhead. Release date 1-98. David Wojtyna, 23411-0864B, FCI Sheridan, Sheridan, OR 97378.

SWM 30, good-looking, tired of games, needs love to be complete. Let's share dreams, Victor Chetti (95A8158), Box 100, Gabriels, NY 12939.

Lonely SWM, 23, rode the ship of fools right into a setup–doing time for LSD transportation. Needs a miracle, looking for kind people to write to and upon release, to travel with or just hang out. So turn on your lovelight, Peace, love and music. Chris Hertzel, 319-592, PO Box 209, Orient OH 43146.

Wanted-A Sugar Magnolia to fill my days with sunshine and join me on this long strange trip I'm on. Tim Love #600949, Ellis One, Huntsville TX 77343.

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

LSD prisoner doing ten long years looking to hear from old friends and any DH with a little free time to let me know what's going on out there. Peter Roe 58334-065, PO Box 6000, Sheridan, OR 97378.

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

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

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

Rainbow Farm member down for 5 yrs. Need female pen pals. That are down with the times. Pat Trujeque, PO: 1010-07848051, Bastrop, TX 78602.

Locked down bro seeking kind heads to write "help sing these blues away." Eric Hendrickson #232439, PO Box 3310, Oshkosh, WI 54903.

SWMDH seeking SWF's for pen pals while incarcerated till August 97 for hemp. Hope to hear from a Sugar Magnolia to "ease me in." Peace. Jason Cooper (#12521-2), WCDC, 411 Naylor Thill Rd., Salisbury, MD 21801.

Incarcerated Californian folk guitarist seeks female and musicians of the 60's. Blue/blond Scorpio. 35 years, 170 lbs. Release in 1999 to see the beautiful rainbow. David S. Pope #415020, Ellis One Rt. 6, Huntsville, TX 77343-0001.

International

A big hello to the States! 17 years and so much Dead. Looking for someone who is kind and strange, ya know? Long live Dead. Brandon Bridges, 32 Ave de la marne, Tourcoing, France 59200.

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

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

I am here... Jose Loureiro Da Silva Neto, Rua Quintino Bocaiuva 1333/03, Porto Alegre/RS 90440-051.

Come to where the weather suits your clothes. Need a live show on Guam. The weather down here is so fine. Ethan Daniels, UoG Marine Lab, Mangilao, Guam. 96923.

International Tape Trading

Looking for HQ Phish. Lots of Dead and some Phish in return. Basz Bouwer; Gerstdreef 7, 3204 GC Spgkenisse, Holland.

1200+ hrs. GD, 900+ hrs. others. Need more GD, Phish, Blues Traveler, ABB, Neil. YLGM. Peter Stumps, Vorstadterstr. 3, 69257 Weisenbach Germany.

I collect magazines, books, poster and memorabilia of the Grateful Dead & others. Offers to Toni Mai, Koeslinstr. 60, D-53123 Bonn, Germany.

Japanese Deadhead wants a good connection with DHs in the world. Yasunori Taniguchi, 602-1 Hokkubara, Gotemba-shi, Shizuoka-ken 412 Japan.

Beginner needs help getting started. Will trade for XLII-S. Postage and tapes provided. Morgan Reid, 30n 203 Lynnview Rd. SE, Calgary, Alberta, Canada. T2C 2C6.

German DH w/ 3000 hrs needs more JGB. Valentines, Ratdog. Torsteu Otte, Am Fort 17, Magdeburg/FRG 39122 Germany.

UK trader working on pre '75 back catalogue and anything new. 2000 hrs GD to trade. Robin Browne, 4 Foxhill Ave., Leeds, UK LS16 5PB

Need Europe 72 shows. Also any from '68 to '74. Have 130 hrs digital. YLGM. Most reliable. Francisco Escolano, General Yague 20, 29020 Madrid, Spain.

DAT only - Zeppelin, Page/Plant, SRV, Hendrix, others. Many masters and low gen. YLGM. Juana LLoret, Apartado De Correos 22158, Barcelona, Spain 08080.

Canadian has LG or master: Furthur Spac & Meadows (most), Zero 95/10/21-2, Arlo 96/12/06, NRPS 95/08/27 & 96/07/19, Allmans 96/07/26, Solar Circus 95/05/12, GDH #208, GD 70/05/02, 95/06/15, etc. Looking for HQ LG GD: 94/07/13, 92/03/21, 91/03/25, 90/07/16. Any Band, Arlo, Max Creek, Allmans? Quality before quantity. A Ball, 232 3rd Ave., St. Pierre, Quebec, Cananda H8R1M6.

Isolated DH soliciting miracle older, rarer tapes. Will send African music or souvenir in return. Asante. J. Myer, c/o CARE Kenya (Bukavu), Box 43864, Nairobi, Kenya, Africa

Long-time DH new to trading scene looking for HQ GD/JGB & ABB & Neil. Will send blanks, postage. Thanks! Harald Pirker, Wehrgasse 9, A-8720 Knittelfeld, Austria.

TAPE TRADING

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

I would like to remind everyone that aside from calling the 900#, you can write directly to people using their box numbers via DDN. For ads without addresses send any correspondence with $1 to: DDN Tape Trading, P.O. Box 936, Northampton, MA 01061.

John

HQ=high quality **LG=low generation** **YLGM=Your list gets mine.** **SBD=soundboard**

Established analog trader seeks low gen. HQ Dead and Phish. YLGM. Hiss sucks! ☎ ✍ Box 4600.

Canned Heat fans: write and share your stories! Randy Bowles, 1015 West Nickerson #335, Seattle WA 98119. ☎ ✍ Box 4584.

300 hrs GD HQ, honest, reliable, will help beginners. Jay Gordon, 407 Martha Lane, Augusta GA 30907. ☎ ✍ Box 4589.

Have 1800 hrs. HQ SBDs. Dead, JGB and others for trade. YLGM. pozvibe@aol.com or RP, 450 NY Rte. 369, Lot 46, Port Crane NY 13833). ☎ ✍ Box 4585.

Seeking memories 8/5-7/90, 8/29/84, 4/5/82, 6/3/83, 4/11/82. Send lists or wish list to Dan Kopko, RR 1 Box 103, Carbondale PA 18407. ☎ ✍ Box 4586.

Is there any help on the way? Need Alpine '86, Minn. '88, Atlanta '91, any Tuna, D. Nelson, moe. and Dylan. Have tons of DSBD Dead and recent Tuna & Ratdog. Brad Beneky, 3612 South Park, Springfield IL 62704. ☎ ✍ Box 4587.

Eyes-o-lated on Navajo Rez. Music is the lifeline. Have 500 hours, need more. YLGM — all answered. Four corners unite in July. Steve, POB 2001, Chinle AZ 86503. ☎ ✍ Box 4588.

Looking for Akron OH 7/2/86; also Richfield OH 3/14/93. Also looking for bluegrass tapes. Scott Peacock, 315 Ravenscroft Dr., Richmond VA 23236. ☎ ✍ Box 4590.

Hey now! Dark Star Rules! Reliable trader with 500 hrs. looking for more. Like '69-'78 best, but also into other years. YLGM. Scott C. Schumacher, 48 Grove St., Apt. 1, Manchester CT 06040. ☎ ✍ Box 4591.

Roll away — 1000 hrs. & growing! Dead/JGB/ABB/DMB. YLGM. Fast & reliable only please. Scott B., PO Box 312, Hope Valley RI 02832. ☎ ✍ Box 4592.

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

To Place Your Written Tape Ad:

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

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

Call 1-900-740-DEAD [3323] for Tape Trading

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

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

To Respond To TAPE Ads:

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

The Selling of Tickets or Tapes is Strictly Forbidden!

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

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

Need Pirate's Ball & Sam Bush '96/'97 tapes. Have thousands of hours to trade. YLGM. PW, 2474 SR 133, Blanchester OH 45107. ☎ ✍ Box 4593.

GD trader with 750+ hours seeks to expand horizons. YLGM. Seek moe., Blues Traveler, Phish, MMW, Mother Hips, Widespread, Rusted Root SBDs. Jac Polsgrove, 7932-98 East Collette Circle, Tucson AZ 85710. ☎ ✍ Box 4594.

Kind Head seeking tapes, new friends from GA. 900+ HRS Dead, Phish, JGB, varied others. YLGM. Fast, friendly, reliable. Patrick, 143C Petersburg Circle, Martinez GA 30907. ☎ ✍ Box 4595.

Beginner looking for GD 3/28/94, JGB 11/7/91, 10/31/92. Will send blanks & postage. Louie, PO Box 2512, Camarillo CA 93010. ☎ ✍ Box 4596.

Looking for live Los Lobos, Traffic '94, bluegrass, Joe Jackson, Emmy-lou w/ Lanois, Dylan. Lots to trade. YLGM. David, Box 193, Manchester VT 05254. ☎ ✍ Box 4597.

Have/Want Planet Drum ('91 & '97), Mystery Box, High Noon, Hart-related audio/video. Also Airto/Flora, Olatunji. Michael Morin, 102 Taunton Ave., Norton MA 02766. ☎ ✍ Box 4598.

Got two DAT decks, digital Cantors, 1990s digital SBDs and AUDs, need more. Send lists. David Sorochty, PO Box 98, Indian Head MD 20640. ☎ ✍ Box 4599.

Wanted: tapes of the Dylan shows in Shreveport and Oklahoma City from October 1996. Have many DAT masters including DSBDs of Col. Bruce Miami 2/12/95 and 11/23/96. Have 7500 hrs for trade, day preferred. Henry, Box 832612. Miami FL 33283. ☎ ✍ Box 4601.

Kind Okie DH casting for traders. Seeks GD, Joni, Miles, Fahey, Finchley Boys, Eric Burdon '96, 1970 Kickapoo Creek Fest. YLGM. Hawk, 1302 SE 3rd, Wagoner OK 74467. ☎ ✍ Box 4602.

GDTRFB — need more Deadlegs! 40 hrs HQ Dead to share with all. Need miracle on 4/22/71, 9/27/94, 10/1/94. P. Coughlin, 172B Quail Street, Albany NY 12203. ☎ ✍ Box 4603.

Reliable trader w/ 500+ hrs, always looking for more. Let's trade some beautiful music! YLGM, beginners welcome. Todd, 707 Anderson Circle, Honolulu HI 96818. ☎ ✍ Box 4604.

1200+ hrs. Dead, need 3/21/85 Hampton PLEASE! Seeking crispy low. gen. SBDs and obscure audience recordings, have same. Peter Woodward, PO Box 461, Pompton Lakes NJ 07442. ☎ ✍ Box 4605.

Reliable, experienced trader, 600+ hrs. Dead, 60+ hrs. other. Seeking Black Crowes, Furthur Festivals, more Dead. Mark, 1722 Weeping Willow Lane, Dover PA 17315. ☎ ✍ Box 4606.

Reliable trader with 550+ hrs. of HQ Dead, JGB and others. Like to get more JGB and GD on 7/13/89. YLGM. Jens Vittoria, PO Box 130313, Boston MA 02113. ☎ ✍ Box 4607.

Looking for HQ 1/10-11/79; 5/7, 5/10/78; 3/19, 11/5/77: have 1500 hrs. LG tapes. YLGM. G. Kerper, 225 Martling Ave, Tarrytown NY 10591. ☎ ✍ Box 4608.

I love trading tapes! Reliable, serious, FAST and slightly nuts. I like: LOM, JGB, Phish, ABB, Feat, Tuna, Zero. 1100 Dead, 900 other tapes. Peace. Richard Garvey, 234 Horizon #5, Venice CA 90291. ☎ ✍ Box 4609.

Deadhead chiropractor will swap adjustments for tapes. Michael Warner, MD. 2124 Bridge Ave., Pt. Pleasant NJ 08742. ☎ ✍ Box 4624.

BE PART OF GRATEFUL DEAD HISTORY!

The Deadhead's Taping Compendium is a detailed guide to every single Grateful Dead tape in circulation and an historical accounting of the recording and trading of Dead tapes. Our team of very dedicated reviewers is looking for a few more Deadheads with strong writing skills to participate in the crafting of Volume Three of this landmark reference book. Volume One (1958-1974) will be released by Henry Holt Publishers in March 1998. We are currently working on Volume Three (1986-1995). If you would like to leave your mark as a Deadhead in the history books, then check out our homepage at www.tiedrich.com/compendium/ for detailed info, or write to:

The Deadhead's Taping Compendium
P.O. Box 936
Northampton, MA 01061

All you need is decent writing skills and a desire to review the tapes you love!

400 hrs. YLGM. Send list to Chris, 2150 N. Tenaya Way #1013, Las Vegas NV 89128. ☎ ✍ Box 4619.

Philly Head seeks tape/transcript of Joseph Campbell's lecture/symposium on Grateful Dead, approx. 11/86? Tara S., 1512 Spruce Street, Box 147, Philadelphia PA 19102. ☎ ✍ Box 4610.

Experienced trader, 3500 hrs, GD, ABB others. Looking for Jackson Browne boots — any out there — Pati and Len Liotta, 21597 Yellowstone Park Dr., Boca Raton FL 33428. ☎ ✍ Box 4611.

Help me recapture magic lost. Need Dead, JGB, Phish. Will send blanks, pay postage. Mike Jackson, 25 Schutt Ct., Grand Island NY 14072. ☎ ✍ Box 4612.

Please help! I need to trade! Want more tapes. YLGM. Reliable & quick. Pete, 231 Jewett Ave., Jersey City NJ 07304. ☎ ✍ Box 4613.

Bring on your killer tapes. Dead, Furthur, Jerry. YLGM. jbergan@businessweek.com. ☎ ✍ Box 4614.

Have many crispy gems—always looking for more, especially '73-'81. Let there be songs to fill the air. Matt, 443 W. 56 #3A, NY NY 10019. ☎ ✍ Box 4615.

700 hrs. Grateful Dead. Let's trade HQ tapes. YLGM. AJ Hong, 5425 E. Broadway #120, Tucson AZ 85711. ☎ ✍ Box 4616.

Need Bob n' Rob (Ratdog) 7/24/92, 8/8/95, 7/7/96, 7/1/97 and ABB 6/27/97, 3/10/96, 3/16/97. Will take list as well. Have over 700 tapes, mostly Dead. Stephen Eisenhardt, 193 Concord Ct., Beacon Falls CT 06403. ☎ ✍ Box 4617.

Have 2400 hrs. HQ SBDs of GD and JGB, seeking more of the same. Tom Loeb, PO Box 921, Nesconset NY 11767-0921. ☎ ✍ Box 4638.

Have 450+ hrs. of Dead, Dylan, Phish, etc. Always looking for something new. YLGM. Chuck Yorum, 21 Newbury St. #1, Somerville MA 02144. ☎ ✍ Box 4618.

Have 100+ hrs. Dead and I need some help letting it grow. Prime wants: 6/26/74, 7/2/71, 5/26/73, 8/27/72. YLGM. Hawk, 1302 SE 3rd, Wagoner OK 74467. ☎ ✍ Box 4620.

Long time trader looking to exchange 1st-3rd LG-HQ digitally remastered shows on analogue. 1000+ hrs. Eric, Box 2455, Mammoth Lakes CA 93546. 760-934-5689. ☎ ✍ Box 4621.

The music seemed to stop, can you help? Have/want: GD, ABB, Govt. Mule and others. YLGM. Respond to all. Dave, PO Box 451062, Atlanta GA 31145-1062. Have fun. ☎ ✍ Box 4622.

Need SBDs: 6/28/86, Alpine '87, 9/23/88, Vermont '94 and '95, 6/30/95. LOTS to trade. Dean Sossaman, 147 Randall St., Wawkesha WI 53188. ☎ ✍ Box 4623.

Looking for the only chapel Hill NC show. Sharyn Gleaves, 202 North Merididan St., Rutherfordto NC 28139. ☎ ✍ Box 4625.

Phishhead needs HQ 7/25/97, 7/26/97 tapes. Have LG Europe '97 tapes. Mark Kinch, 7230 La Manga Dr., Dallas TX 75248. ☎ ✍ Box 4626.

Wanted: concert posters, fliers and ticket stubs. ABB, Hendrix, Grateful Dead, etc. Ray Rivers, POB 906, W. Springfield MA 01090. ☎ ✍ Box 4627.

Needed: Fall '95 unused GD tix, Europe '90 stubs. Have 2300 hrs. GD, 2000+ hrs. others. Kirk Luthgren, 1 Abbott #200, Ellington CT 06029. ☎ ✍ Box 4628.

Looking for 6/23/96 Raleigh Furthur Festival. Have list, would love to trade. David Piazza, 39 Edgewood MHP, Greenville NC 27834. ☎ ✍ Box 4629.

Have 1500 hrs., HQ lo-gen crispy SBDs GD/JGB. Looking for same. Serious traders wanted. Hansen, 902 Maple Avenue, Glen Rock NJ 07452. ☎ ✍ Box 4630.

Seeking JGB 11/7/93 US Air. Have 950+ hrs. Dead & Jerry. Many HQLG. YLGM. Miah, 173 Bulk Plant Rd., Littlestown PA 17340. ☎ ✍ Box 4631.

Looking to trade non-Dead: jazz, blues, bluegrass, folk, Zero — turn me on and I'll reciprocate. Lots of tasty stuff. YLGM. PLJ, 36 1/2 Kansas St., Rochester NY 14609. ☎ ✍ Box 4632.

2500 hrs. low gen. HQ. Seeks same from reliable and mature quuality-oriented traders w/ graded lists. Dennis, 30 Springfield Ct., Covington GA 30209. ☎ ✍ Box 4633.

Seeking crisp SBDs of select GD shows. Have 300+ hrs. to trade. YLGM. B. Welle, 2179 Berkeley Ave., St. Paul MN 55105. ☎ ✍ Box 4634.

Wanted: 7/6/95 St. Louis. thanks. Fast Eddie, PO Box 867, Centralia IL 62801. ☎ ✍ Box 4635.

Looking for: 2/6/79 Tulsa, 12/19/93 Oakland, Denver '94, Ratdog 11/9/96, any Zero. Plenty to trade. Tony Lathrop, 1127 Fenwick, OKC OK 73116. ☎ ✍ Box 4636.

Still listening to those sweet songs. Hello friends! 500+ hrs., many first gens. Looking for more HQ, LG. Please send list: C. Ganoe, 1215 Hundley Dr., Hunstville AL 35801. ☎ ✍ Box 4637.

The Music Will Never Stop. Have 250 hrs. to trade. YLGM. Julie, 3 Revere Ct., Annandale NJ 08801. ☎ ✍ Box 4643.

Kind sister needs help getting her collection to grow. Not much to trade with, but missin' the shows dearly! Is Help on the Way? Kathleen Fields, 3212 Nigent Blvd., Columbus IN 47203. ☎ ✍ Box 4639.

Have 600 hrs. of Dead, need Phish, Dead: 10/18/74 II, 9/9/91 II. My list for yours. Josh Ingraham, PO Box 9592, South Lake Tahoe CA 96158. ☎ ✍ Box 4640.

Lookin' high & low for summer tour '95 tapes: Giants, RFK, Pitt., Auburn Hills. Send list to Rob Askew, 10 Lakeshore Drive, Hamlin KY 42046. ☎ ✍ Box 4641.

Computer-generated stats wanted. Plug in my shows to see frequency of songs, etc. B. Newman, 5321 Willard Avenue, Bethesda MD 20815. ☎ ✍ Box 4642.

40-year-old hippie needs the kind sounds of the Bay Area circa '67. Help lessen the weight. YLGM. Hawk, 1302 SE 3rd, Wagoner OK 74467. ☎ ✍ Box 4644.

Looking for 9/25/76, 5/26/77, 11/23/78, 5/5/79, 7/1/79, 6/13/80, 6/14/80, 8/29/82, 8/28/88. Have 100+ hrs. to trade. David Kissinger, 2930 205th Place SW, Lynnwood WA 98036. ☎ ✍ Box 4645.

Seeking HQ Los Lobos, Taj Mahal, Dylan, etc. Have 1600 hrs. HQ Dead, JGB, others. YLGM. Trae Carney, 802 Eventide DR., Memphis TN 38120. ☎ ✍ Box 4646.

DAT trader with small HQ list. Have/want moe., Yolk, OSP and Schleigho. Also any Zappa. Kevin, 4333 Crest Lane, Allentown PA 18104. ☎ ✍ Box 4647.

200+ hrs. Dead, Phish, others to trade. Need HQ SBDs from other funkdafied bands. Any suggestions? Also want to start trading tape covers. Carsten Green, 790 Blueberry Lane, Ellenwood GA 30049. ☎ ✍ Box 4648.

CA Head transplanted to Oregon seeks HQ, lo-gen boards. Have 700+ hrs. to trade. YLGM. John, 5225 Jean Road #108, Lake Oswego OR 97035. ☎ ✍ Box 4649.

Looking for audio, video — Tampa Dead show 4/7/95. Thank you Jerry! Peace! Please write: Chris & Linda Phifer, 2129 S. Fletcher Avenue, Fernandina Beach FL 32034. ☎ ✍ Box 4650.

HQ only. Have about 130 hrs. Dead, 100 Phish, 15 others. Looking for JGB, Phish, Dead, ABB, Marley. Dave Plavac, 334 East 18th Avenue, Columbus OH 43201. ☎ ✍ Box 4651.

Any bluegrass and jazz traders out there? Also 1970 Kickapoo Creek Fest. Let's get on with the show. Hawk, 1302 SE 3rd, Wagoner OK 74467. ☎ ✍ Box 4652.

Hey there! Have around 150 hrs. high quality Dead and some Phish. Looking to trade, build collection. Need 80s Dead, etc. BW, 3200 Payne Ave., #521, San Jose CA 95117. ☎ ✍ Box 4653.

Searchin' for the sound. . .Seek P-Funk, DMB, GSW, moe. Have GD/Phish 250 hrs. YLGM. TJ, PO Box 183, Stanton NJ 08885. ☎ ✍ Box 4654.

Wanted: Furthur Festival and anything that sounds good. Have 350 hrs. to trade (have most of '95), YLGM. J. Peterson, 1221 N. Creasy Lane, Lafayette IN 47905. ☎ ✍ Box 4655.

Good old reliable tape trader. 900 hrs. HQ, need Warfield JGB & GD '70-'74, '90-'91. Also Calvin/Hobbes "Sunshine Daydream" T-shirt. Charlie Carr, 160 Belmont Ave., N. Plainfield NJ 07060. ☎ ✍ Box 4683.

Newbie — nothing to trade, poor equipment, seeks 1970-1979 Dead. Joel Lambert, PO Box 1389, Atmore AL 36504. ☎ ✍ Box 4656.

Lookin' for trades. Have 100+ HQ hrs. to trade. Fast & reliable. YLGM. J. Malenich, 50 Elizabeth St., Johnson City NY 13790. ☎ ✍ Box 4657.

Beginner, looking for all the help I can get. Gladly send blanks and postage. E-mail at jc66@evansville.edu. ☎ ✍ Box 4658.

Taper/trader 80 hrs. DAT, 400 hrs. analogue Dead, ABB, Traveler, Matthews, others. Fast and kind, top-notch equipment. David Gatewood, 2908A S. 38th St., Milwaukee WI 53215. ☎ ✍ Box 4659.

Looking for HQ tapes. Have many Dead and others. LG/SBD a must. YLGM. Stephanie & Jason, 13224 Newport Ave. #26B, Tustin CA 92780. HQTapes@aol.com. ☎ ✍% Box 4660.

Sisters and brothers, let's take it furthur now. Tape trading opportunities here, as well as just another Head to know. Joe, 714-528-3319. ☎ ✍ Box 4661.

300 hrs. HQ LG SBD available. Allmans to Zappa. Seeking serious individuals for analog trades. YLGM. Nutmeg Sound Archive, 89 Lynne Place, Bridgeport CT 06610. ☎ ✍ Box 4662.

GD, Ekoostik Hookah, Mullins, let's trade. Have 400 hrs. HQ SBD. Pat, 1621 Colleen Ct., Toledo OH 43614. ☎ ✍ Box 4663.

Looking for ABB, GSW, Elvin Bishop, Dylan, misc. blues, Kravitz, Delbert McClinton, have tons of great recordings. YLGM. Rick Laev, 4510 N. Wilson Dr.. #4, Milwaukee WI 53211. ☎ ✍ Box 4664.

Whole collection stolen. Is Help on the Way? Need SBD, masters, HQ. Dead, JGB, get me back on my feet. Ean French, 9035 Bailey Dr., Ada MI 49301. ☎ ✍ Box 4665.

Looking for HQ Dead, Ratdog, JGB, Who, Petty. Have 1300 hrs. of same to trade. Write Eric, 345 Pinecrest Dr., Rochester NY 14617. Beginners welcome! ☎ ✍ Box 4666.

Searching for phatness. Looking to trade HQ Dead, JGB, Phish or Panic. Sheriff Dan, 1124 N Fletcher Ave, Apt. A, Fernandina Beach FL 32034. ☎ ✍ Box 4667.

Rhythm Devils: Looking for Marin Auditorium show from about 1981. ? Date. Trade. zuni@well.com. PO Box 1532, Zuni NM 87327. ☎ ✍ Box 4668.

Am relocating and may have lost track of you. Write me if I owe you tapes. EPS, 165 Old Ford Drive, Camp Hill PA 17011. ☎ ✍ Box 4669.

Tons of Zappa for Dead trades here! themoog@aol.com or MPS, 211 Leroy Street, Ferndale MI 48220-1890. ☎ ✍ Box 4670.

I've been searching in sectors both private and dark for Furthur shows. Have 200+ hrs. YLGM. Chris Heller, 219 NE 11th Ave., Hollandale FL 33009. ☎ ✍ Box 4671.

Just looking for some good bootlegs. I have 180 hrs. myself all GD. Wouldn't mind Phish — let's have fun trading! Jason Roberts, Oxford Academy, PO Box P, Westbrook CT 06498. ☎ ✍ Box 4672.

Need 7/6/96 Furthur and 7/8/96 Furthur. Any live Yothu Yindi. Have high quality Vermont Dead shows. Will Larsen, PO Box 181, Franklin VT 05457. ☎ ✍ Box 4673.

Searching for '69/'70 Springer's Inn Dead shows as well as other local (Portland OR) shows — will trade. Buscho, 3116 SE 18, Portland OR 97202. ☎ ✍ Box 4682.

Help! Need Widespread Lakewood Ampitheater 7/26/97. Pepper, Box 2622, Ketchum ID 83340. Thanks y'all! ☎ ✍ Box 4678.

Extreme challenge to tape collectors: find my first show 11/12/72 Memorial Hall Kansas. Setlist not in DeadBase. Fred, PO Box 1767, Pahoa HI 96778. ☎ ✍ Box 4674.

Mourning Distant Early Warning seeks Springfield MA summer '80, JGB New Haven Windeu '80, Tosh, Moules at Shoreline, etc. Baker, 2111 Maha Pl., Honolulu HI 96819. ☎ ✍ Box 4675.

Believe it if you need it. Young Head with 200 hrs. parents' collection, looking for my last show Vegas '94 Sunday. Also trade and talk. Amber, 3479 Beethoven Street, Los Angeles CA 90066. ☎ ✍ Box 4676.

Fry baby! Endless thanks for the Golden Egypt program! 1000 hrs. . . YLGM: Jill, 1204 S. 19th Ave., Hollywood FL 33020. ☎ ✍ Box 4677.

Beginner looking for good quality JGB, Dead — especially 6/4/95 & 7/3/94. George, 3716 Palos Verdes Way, South San Francisco CA 94080. ☎ ✍ Box 4679.

Need/have WSP, Rads & Dead, DAT & Analog. YLGM. Patrick, 209 N. Cedar St., Mishawaka IN, 46545. ☎ ✍ Box 4680.

Need quality GD, WSP, moe., Phish, Leftover, and any good rare Floyd. Will send blanks & postage; YLGM. E-mail WSPwade@aol.com. ☎ ✍ Box 4681.

Hey now, looking to trade 1969-1977. Desire fall of '73 Stanley Theater, Jersey, Texas, Oklahoma. Prefer SBDs, radio broadcasts. Manhattan DHs contact me! Stu, 45 Tudor City Place, Apt. 907. NY NY 10017. ☎ ✍ Box 4684.

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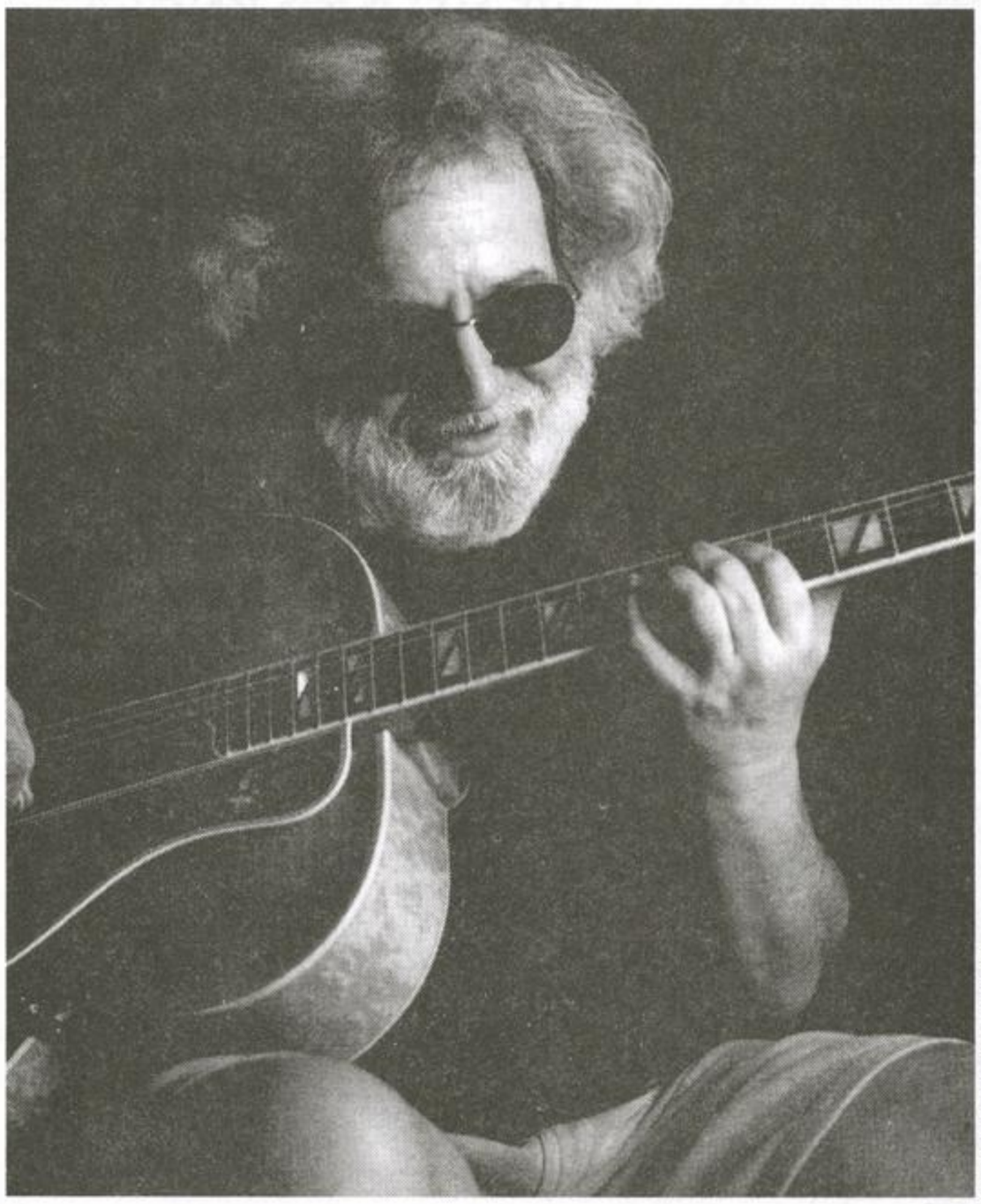
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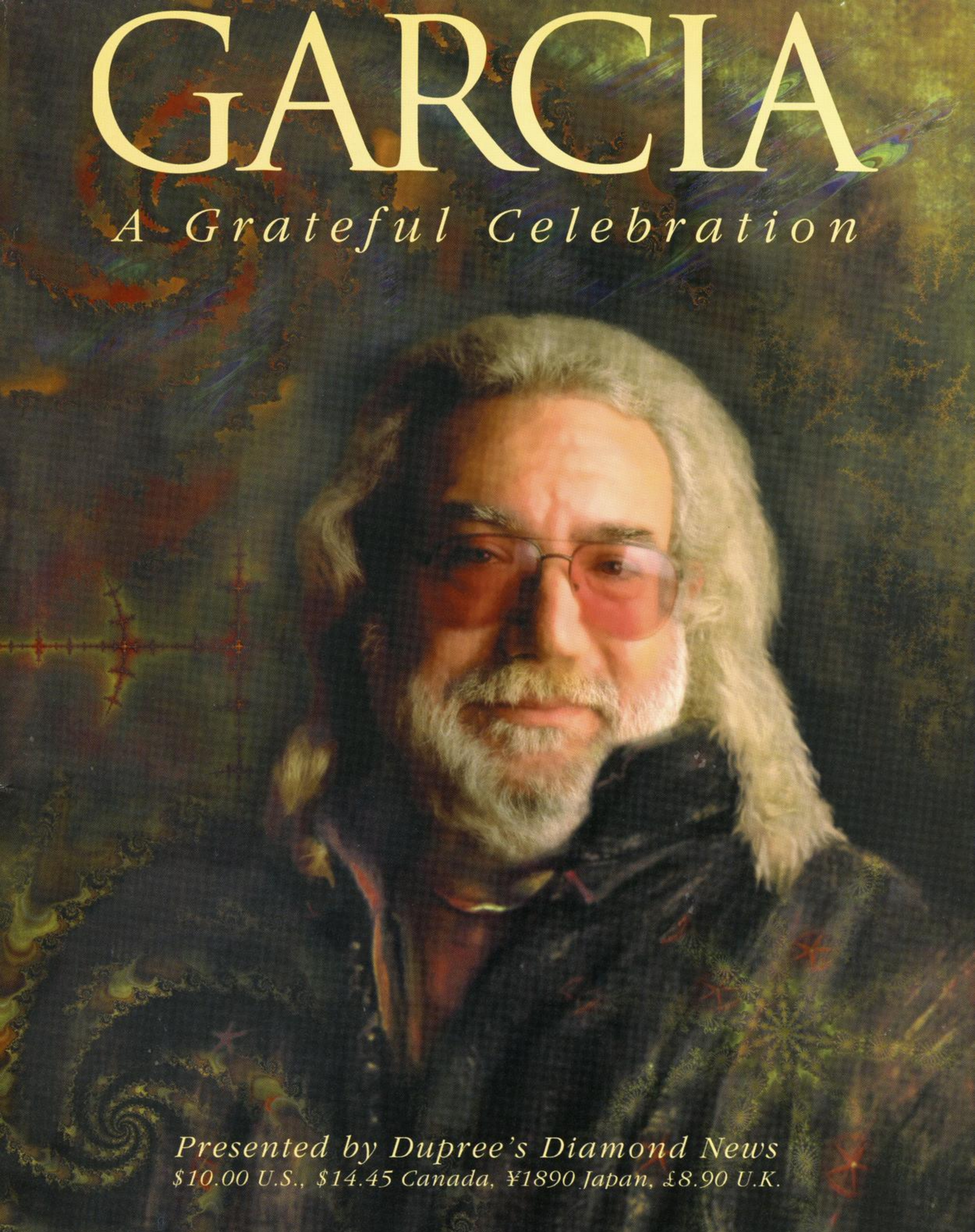
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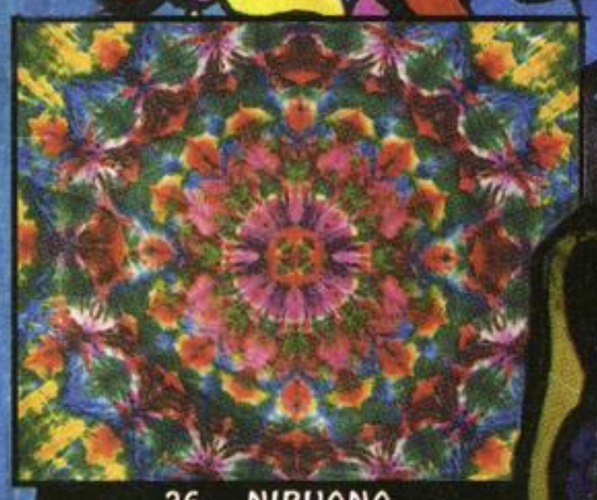
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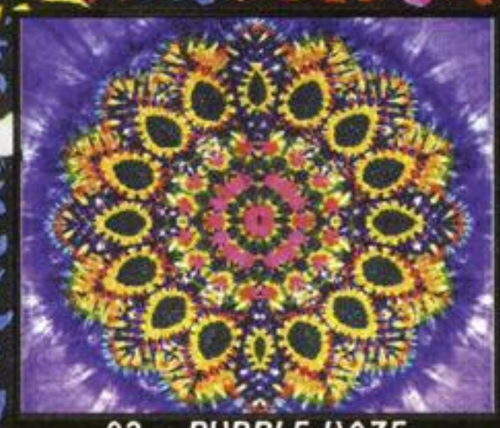
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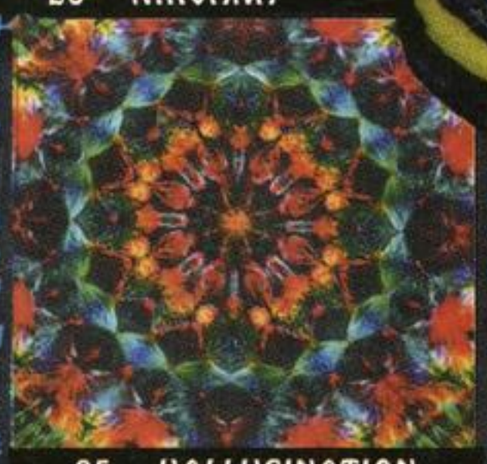
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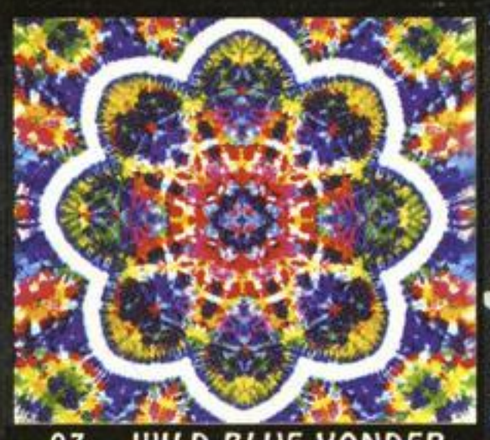
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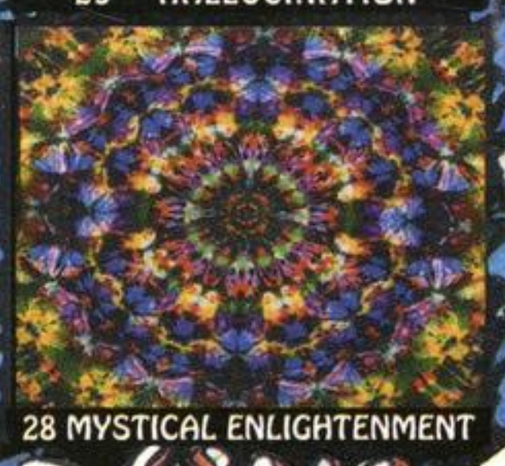
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