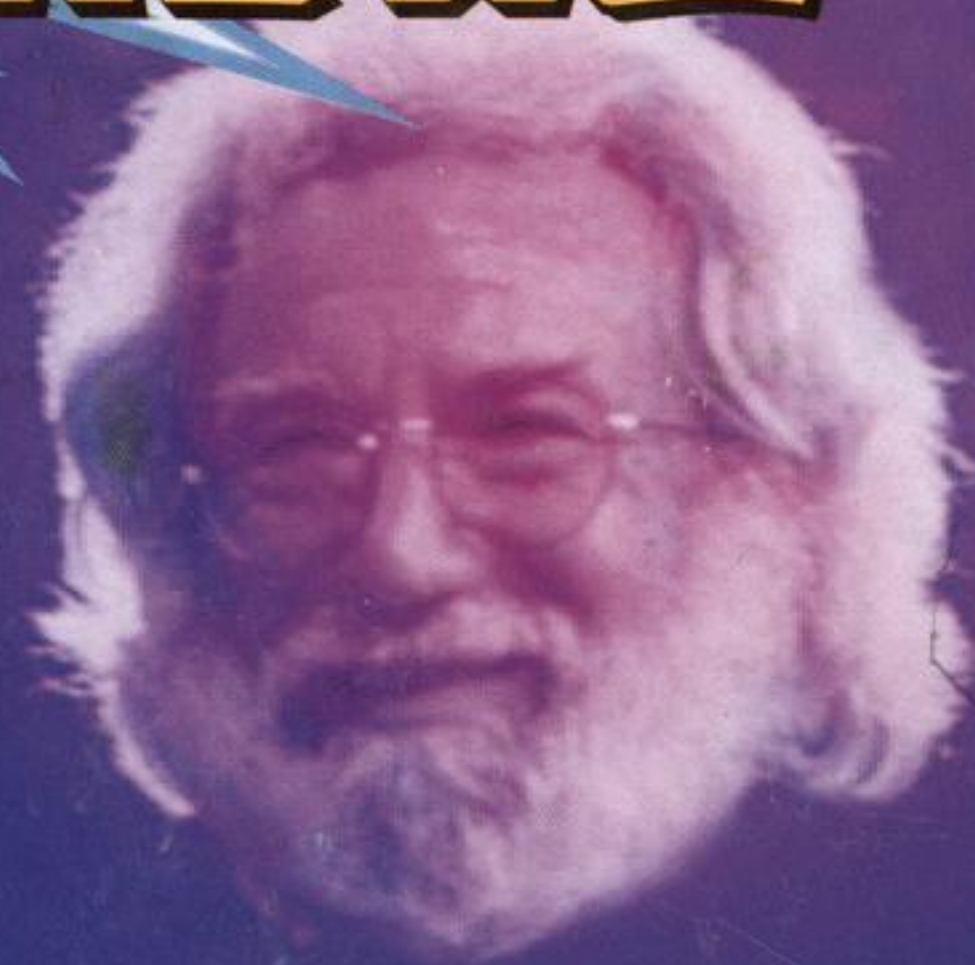


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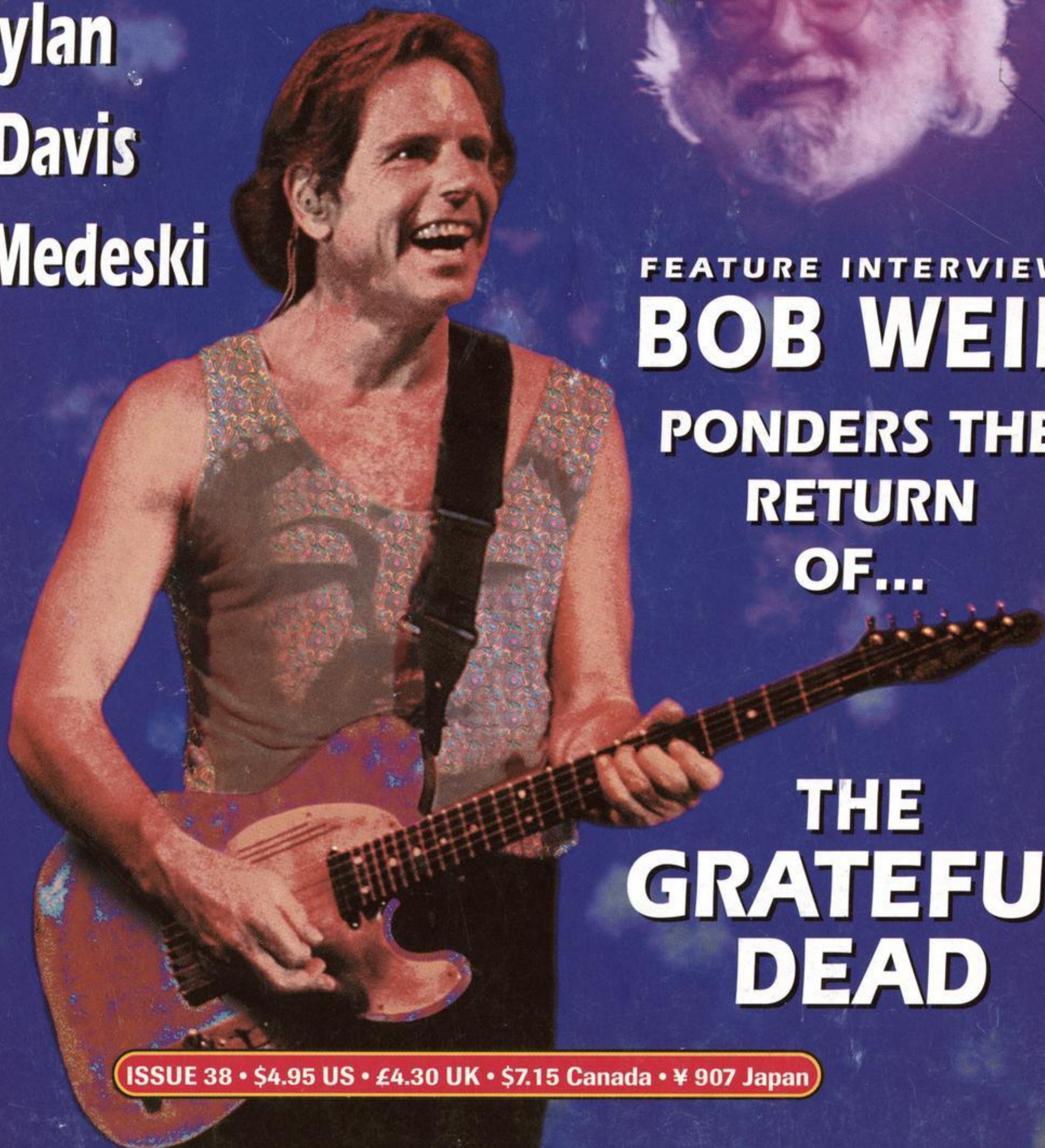
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FEATURE INTERVIEW:
BOB WEIR
PONDERS THE
RETURN
OF...

THE
GRATEFUL
DEAD



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ISSUE NO. 38 • SPRING 1998

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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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Druidic Callow

Unless you've been *really* out of the loop, you all know that the surviving members of the Grateful Dead have been publicly talking for the past few months about their desire to reunite sometime, somewhere, somehow, someday. At first, I had SERIOUS doubts about this. One thing that the Furthur tours taught us is that, as much as the rest of the members of the Dead are amazing, talented, powerful musicians, the most powerful force in the Grateful Dead was its brightest flame — Jerry Garcia. With so many rumors running rampant about who would fill that slot — Jorma, Santana, Kimock, etc. — all of who are great, but none of whom are Garcia, it seemed as though my fears of a sad nostalgia trip might come true. But upon interviewing Bob Weir for this issue (page 12), I was much relieved to find that he could only imagine this reunion working with the goal being a reinventing of the wheel, so to speak. Bobby envisioned a revolving cast of guest musicians filling the Garcia slot, or the lead (the first incarnation of this group will feature Stan Franks — the guitarist for the David Murray Octet, Bruce Hornsby and his drummer, John Molo, and, of course, Bobby, Mickey and Phil). He spoke clearly of the entourage spending a lot of time practicing, so it would be fresh and sharp. Now, this sounds like a GREAT idea. Of course, one of the most important legacies forged by the Dead was the idea of risk taking, of charting new ground. Reinventing the Grateful Dead once again sounds like a brilliant idea. The result could be mind-blowing! What a way to start the new millennium.

The first attempt at such a reunion came on 2/27/98 at the benefit for the Unbroken Chain Foundation at the Fillmore, as Phil Lesh and Friends delivered a respectable three-hour long performance including such tasty nuggets as *Dark Star*, *Mountains of the Moon* and *Ripple* (for more information see page 4). The long, strange trip does continue!

On a completely obtuse note, we've designed this issue to read like a great Japanese meal. "Huh?" you say. Well, superlative Japanese cuisine is renowned for synergistically combining many different flavors and textures on a single plate — sweet, sour, salty, pungent, hot, cool, crunchy, chewy — all melding together to surprise, delight and intrigue. Henceforth, making the jump to music, you'll find coverage herein of the following:

Some old classics — our yearly review of Grateful Dead tape trading and coverage of some recent re-releases of classic Miles Davis concert recordings demonstrate that there are still plenty of ancient treasures still being unearthed;

Some new classics — our reviews, interviews and discussions pertaining to Phish, John Medeski and Zero reveal that these musicians are really tearing it up these days;

And an old classic reinventing itself — our coverage of Bob Dylan proves that this crusty veteran has once again shed an old coat to reveal a glimmering, vibrant new album and band.

All told, the view from our vantage point shows exciting new vistas ahead on the ever-vast sea of mind-expanding music.

On a sad note, this past winter one of my favorite musicians, Michael Hedges, passed away in an automobile accident. Michael, soft-spoken face to face, was a mighty, mighty guitar hero, a charismatic stage performer and a thoughtful lyricist. For ten years he inspired me with his incredible artistry. If you haven't done so yet, check out his early to mid-career albums, in particular "Live From Double Planet."

Moving back to the positive, last year was the one of the most exciting years of my life. Between concerts, festivals, gatherings, rituals and retreats, I experienced an unbelievable amount of thoroughly inspiring musical performances, met many new friends and saw many new sights. This year promises to surpass last year, as I'm planning to attend the New Orleans Jazz Fest, Gathering of the Vibes, The High Sierra Festival, The Oregon Country Fair, H.O.R.D.E., The Burning Man Festival, several Phurst Church of Phun events, New Year's Eve with the Zen Tricksters in Portland, Oregon, and, of course, the promising Furthur Festival. Once again, I intend to honor my perennial New Year's resolution of making the effort to experience as much live music as possible while I'm still young (well, at least young in mind). As the Tricksters' guitarist Jeff Mattsen says, "I'll sleep when I'm dead."

In Light,
Johnny Dwork ◊



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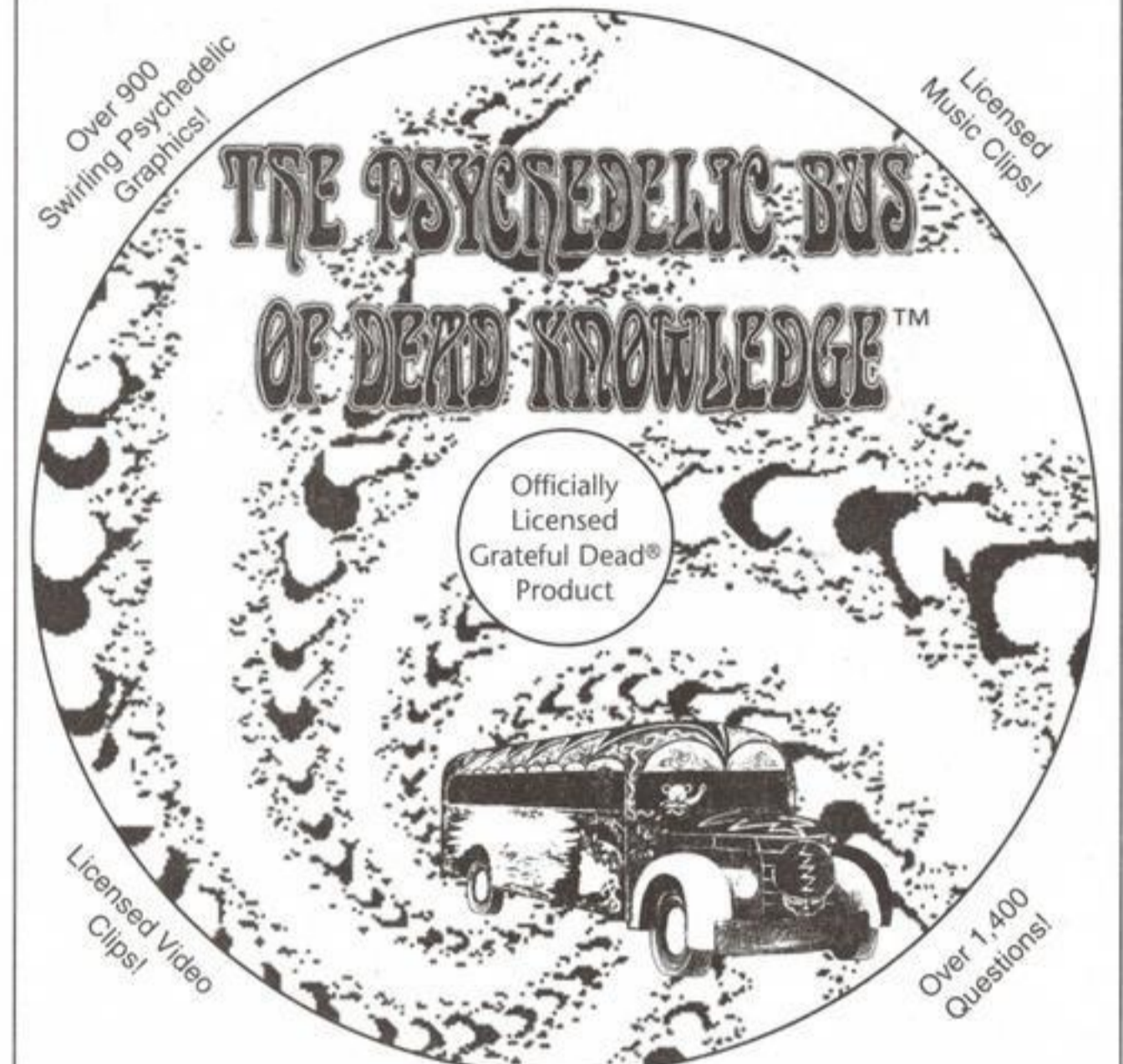
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Furthur 1998: The Experiment Continues

Over the past few months it had become evident that most of the former members of the Grateful Dead had been giving serious thought to the idea of some kind of reunion at an unspecified future time. Rumors popped up everywhere; they multiplied with each Phil Lesh concert in the Bay Area over the winter. Well, finally, the talk is now official, and it seems the future is here. On March 2, 1998, former GD Publicist Dennis McNally issued this press release:

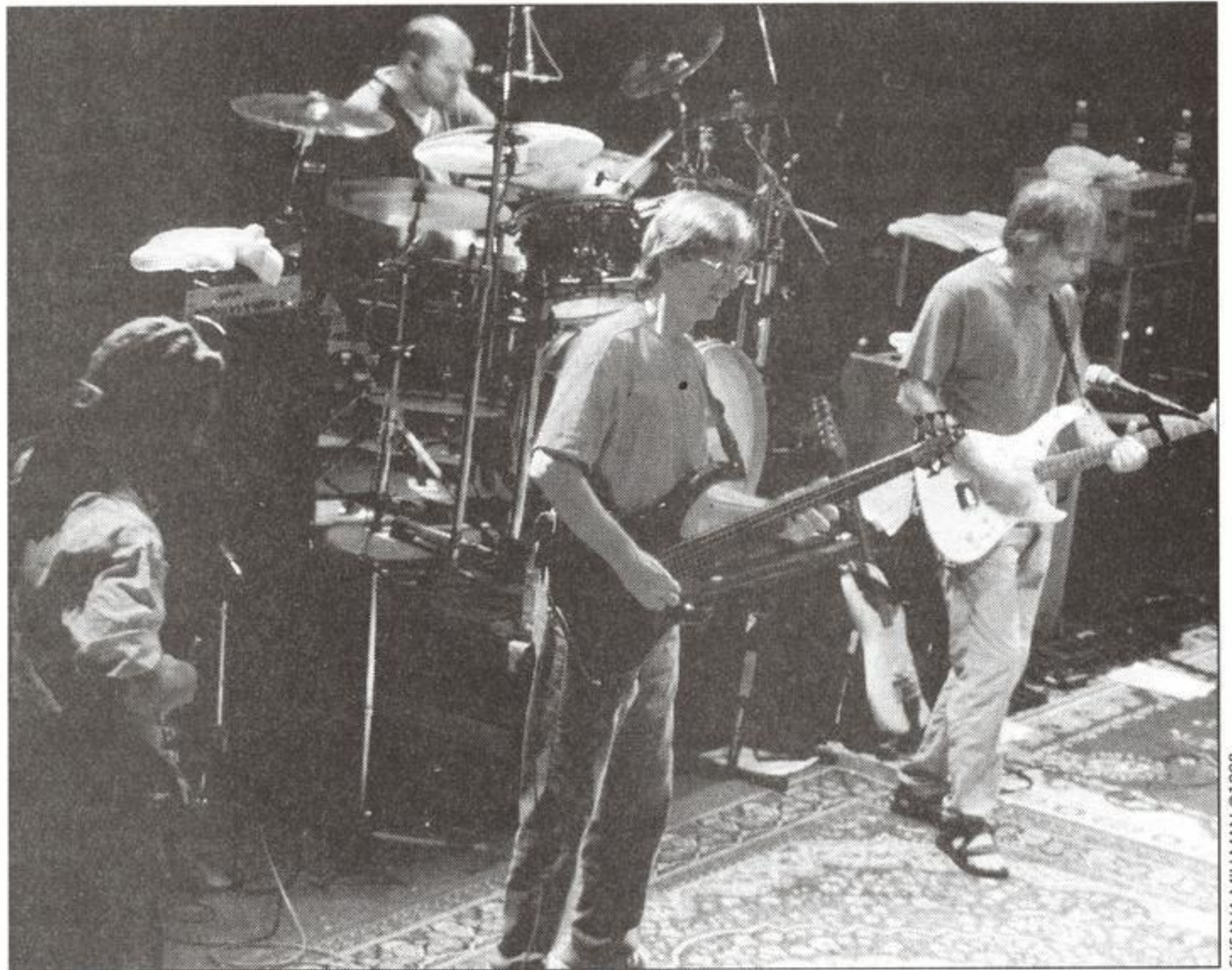
The Grateful Dead was more than the sum of its human parts; it was a process, an attitude, an adventure. The 1998 Furthur Festival is pleased to announce that it will present "The Other Ones," an ensemble composed of Mickey Hart (percussion, vocals), Bruce Hornsby (keyboards, vocals), Phil Lesh (bass, vocals), and Bob Weir (guitars, vocals), joined by friends Dave Ellis (saxophones, vocals, from Ratdog), Stan Franks (guitars, from the David Murray Octet), and John Molo (drums, with Bruce Hornsby).

These three former (and one de facto) members of the Dead, touring together for the first time since 1995, will spend two or more hours every night reinterpreting one of rock's most enduring repertoires in both acoustic and electric configurations, resuming an experiment that will go on in ever-new directions.

The tour will run from late June to the end of July, visiting all the better arenas and amphitheatres across the United States, and will include the talents of Rusted Root and old friends Hot Tuna. The traditional vending village will be along for the ride. The tour will be produced by Metropolitan Entertainment.

The adventure continues.

It appears as though The Grateful Dead experiment is about to take up in a very interesting form. At press time we can only provide you with a small taste of what's to come. The review of the Phil Lesh and Friends benefit concert for the Unbroken Chain Foundation at the Fillmore on 2/27/98 which follows, points toward the direction in which we have all been heading. Looks like we're bound to cover just a little more ground. We'll see you on tour. — C.C.K.



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Phil Lesh and Friends at the Fillmore By Michael Sammet

Hell in a Bucket, Sugaree (Phil), Queen Jane, Playing in the Band, Mississippi Half-Step (Phil), Bird Song (Bobby), West LA Fade Away (Bobby)

Mountains of the Moon (Phil vocals, Bobby acoustic; no drums, sax), Lost Sailor > Saint of Circumstance > The Other One, Wild Horses (Phil), Dark Star (Phil) > China Cat (Bobby) > I Know You Rider (Phil sings "headlight verse"), St. Stephen > Not Fade Away

Encores: Like a Rolling Stone (Phil), Ripple (Bob acoustic)

It seemed like the magic was back. The Grateful Dead, or whatever was left, was going to play the tiny, historic Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco. Rumors flew everywhere. The word was that Vince, Bruce, Mickey, Billy, and Bobby, in varying combinations, would join Phil for the Phil Lesh and Friends concert on February 27; probably a warm-up for a summer reunion tour. The Deadhead elite came out in full force, calling in favors accumulated over decades. Miracleheads outnumbered ticket hold-

ers, fanning out for three square blocks. Scalpers got \$200 a pop. The Internet burned with dizzying possibilities.

As usual, everyone was slightly ahead of their time. Basically, Phil joined Ratdog (who two days earlier had played Mardi Gras shows at the same venue, without Wasserman and Kelly, but with the guitar player from the David Murray Octet, Stan Franks). Lacking polish and precision, the band played two sets of Grateful Dead songs to a crowd simply thrilled to hear these musicians getting on with it. Although a bit of a false alarm, the Phil and Friends show was another important step in the gradual progression of the band getting back together, in a manner of speaking. Sure enough, a week later, the announcement came that the Other Ones would be on the Furthur Tour this summer. If this show was an audition for Franks and Ellis, it was a success.

Was this all a master plan? Phil had played three shows in previous months with David Gans' band, Broken Angels, assuming a greater role each time. It was great seeing Phil getting loose with other musicians, playing songs the Dead hadn't even done in years. During the show on January 31st, a benefit for the Unbroken

Chain Foundation, also at the Fillmore, Phil sang, played, and seemed to enjoy himself more than any other time since Jerry's death. (The Unbroken Chain Foundation is a nonprofit organization, founded by Phil and Jill Lesh and others about a year ago, which provides support through several Bay Area groups that help the communities in economically disadvantaged neighborhoods. E-mail them at unbrokenchain@dead.net to get further info or to make a donation.) Playing with Ratdog, Phil's February show, though not quite a critical success, firmly cemented the idea that a full-blown reunion was in the works.

Hell in a Bucket opened the show, after a short, jazzy intro that indicated the band would do things differently. The song sounded a little out of date in the clean and sober late '90s. Besides Phil and Bobby, this night's configuration of musicians included Stan Franks (guitar), Jay Lane (drums), Dave Ellis (horns) and Bill Chimenti (keyboards). Phil next sang *Sugaree*, showing off his improved vocal style. He took the load off Bobby by singing almost half the songs. Phil and Bobby sounded remarkable singing together; it's as if Jerry's voice still lives in between the other two. We sure missed ol' Jer's *Sugaree* solo, as Stan Franks was nowhere to be found — equal parts shy, unrehearsed and not turned up enough. *Queen Jane* sounded great, even improved, with Ratdog's backing, and the *Playing in the Band* and *Mississippi Half-Step* which followed finally provided the dreadlocked Franks his chance. Stan's combination of fast electric riffs, wah-wah and feedback jolted the crowd and caused the night's biggest roars of appreciation. *Bird Song* was sweet with Bobby singing and Dave Ellis on saxophone, reminiscent of Branford with the Dead in the good old days. Ellis was actually one of the band's leaders on this evening, laying down numerous melodic leads on soprano and alto sax and some real funky stuff on his stationary baritone sax. Bobby then sang *West LA Fade Away*, ending a set that had some awkward moments, but also some excellent jazz/funk jams that showed great promise for the band's first time out.

Bobby donned his acoustic guitar to open the second set with *Mountains of the Moon*. Very few in the crowd had ever seen this rare gem performed live. Phil sang as best he could (this is a song which Jerry sang with an emotional power that no one could duplicate; just check out the recent 2/11/69 "Grateful



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Dead at the Fillmore East" CD release). Another jam led into an excellent *Lost Sailor* > *Saint of Circumstance* buoyed by Ellis' sax and Bobby's lead guitar riffs. *The Other One* provided more chances for funky jamming, as the youthful Franks and Ellis added new twists, while Phil thundered out his infamous bass line. Phil handled vocals on *Wild Horses*, which was well suited to his vocal range, as well as *Dark Star*. The band sounded great during the spacey parts, but the transitions were rough, especially during the *China* > *Rider* which followed. Phil sang the Jerry "Wish I was a headlight" part and Franks took two excellent solos. However, Phil did turn around at least twice to get drummer Jay Lane to slow down his pace. The complex *St. Stephen* proved a little too much, but who can complain, since it's one of the greatest songs ever written. Phil and Bob sang together very nicely and bounced right into *Not Fade Away*. The crowd hammed it up, chanting and clapping, and the band responded with Phil singing *Like a Rolling Stone*, and Bobby pulling off a lovely *Ripple*.

Although it was strange hearing former members of the Dead change, and even struggle with their tunes, especially after

recently seeing three Dead cover bands effortlessly replicating these songs (Jerry's Kids, the Deadbeats, and the East Coast's incredibly hot Zen Tricksters all played February shows in Northern California), it was exciting at the same time to witness the reinvention of the songs we know and love. We are truly blessed. What these musicians love to do most is perform rarely played Dead songs, in highly creative setlist pairings. And what will the future bring?

The Phil Lesh and Friends show was built around Grateful Dead songs, but it wasn't the Dead; it was something purposely different — less melodic, but more rhythmic and funky. The joke was: "Great band, but I'd like to hear them do some originals." Phil and Bobby, while enjoying themselves, played as hard as I've ever seen them. The vocals were a pleasant surprise and will only get better. With the addition of Hornsby and Hart, a lot of rehearsals and performances and Franks turned way up, the Other Ones will soar this summer. Kiss the Fillmore good-bye. Stir in some Hot Tuna. Add a bit of Rusted Root. The magic is back. ♦

You can reach Mike at "Spiral Lineage" on KZSC Santa Cruz 88.1 FM, P.O. Box 415, Ben Lomond, California 95005.

DDN Notes



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AN EVENING WITH PHIL LESH & FRIENDS

Halfway through most Dead shows the crowd would begin a low chant: "Let Phil Sing, Let Phil Sing." As more of the audience grew aware of what was going on, the chant would grow louder, until the entire crowd would be united in the roar, "LET PHIL SING!" Inevitably, Phil would step up to the mike and begin to sing. On Sunday afternoon, December 7, we had the occasion to hear Phil singing for almost two hours, and we came to sing with him.

PhilHarmonia's debut in San Francisco's Maritime Hall (which so generously donated their building for the event) was filled to capacity with fans — most who had paid \$35 a ticket — and some who had paid \$150 to attend the concert and reception. The money was raised for the Unbroken Chain Foundation, a charitable organization formed by Phil and Jill Lesh, with proceeds benefiting San Francisco's Tenderloin neighborhood causes.

Maritime Hall was set up like an old-fashioned holiday party — there were lights strung throughout the building and tie-dyed banners decorating the walls. Tables were set up with cider, cookies, and apples, and the price of admission included a T-shirt commemorating the event.

Inside the main hall, where the stage was set with microphones and a piano, people were gathering in small groups — sitting on the floor, playing with children, and enjoying the peaceful atmosphere of the setting. A glorious rainbow appeared outside Maritime Hall right before the show started, and a young man behind me suggested that Jerry had arrived.

The show began with **Phil, Bob, and Mickey** (a surprise for the audience) beginning the familiar beats of *Not Fade Away*, the crowd clapping and chanting along as the other performers took to the stage. They included **David Grisman** (with mandolin), **Graham Nash**, **Edie Brickell**, **Bruce Hornsby**, **Jackie LaBranch**, **Michael Tilson Thomas** (conductor for the SF Symphony), and, with further roars from the crowd, **Donna Jean (Godchaux) McKay**.

The opening moments were truly uplifting. Everyone on stage looked delighted to be there and the audience responded in kind. When we sang together as a group, the audience as performer, led by our most favorite song leaders, the words of the songs projected onto the walls of Maritime Hall. The songs included *Amazing Grace*, familiar camp songs, John Lennon's *Imagine*, gospel tunes, Christmas songs, a very entertaining *Twelve Days of Christmas*, *Teach Your Children*, and *Ripple*. At one point Bruce Hornsby tried to turn *Gloria Aedeo* into a rockin' version of *Gloria*, which was only partially successful. Phil was a good leader, patiently getting us through the songs, laughing along with the mistakes, and enjoying his fellow performers.

After a brief juice and cookies break, the second set consisted mostly of songs sung in rounds, like *Row, Row, Row Your Boat*, consisting of three four-line songs and were sung by a group broken into sections.



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The rounds were more difficult, with the tunes a little harder to learn, but the audience never relented and most of the songs sounded quite beautiful. Bob Weir tried to get us to learn the Beatles' *Blackbird* as a round — we gave it a good try — but realizing it wasn't going to work, we ended in laughter and not three-part harmony.

Graham Nash led us through *Our House*, and then the evening ended as it began, with a full-blown version of *Not Fade Away*, which featured lovely mandolin leads by Grisman, with Hornsby on piano and Phil and Bob on acoustic guitars.

We Bid You Goodnight was the show's closing number, and we did not want to let it go, but as the lights came back up we hugged our friends and slowly made our way out into the rainy night. I hope the evening was hugely successful for the Unbroken Chain Foundation, and as Phil stated in his letter to the audience, "I hope the joy of a thousand people singing together DID radiate out into the cosmos." Phil had indeed sung, and we had come along to sing with him. There are still many more songs for us to share, and I personally hope this concert will not be a one-time experience. — SUE ADLER



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PAPA BOBBY

On December 19, 1997, Bob Weir's lovely lady friend Natasha gave birth to a seven-plus pound baby girl, **Shala Monet Weir**. We're told Bobby is a natural Dad and enjoys spending time with his new daughter. He'll be on the road with Ratdog for most of March and April.

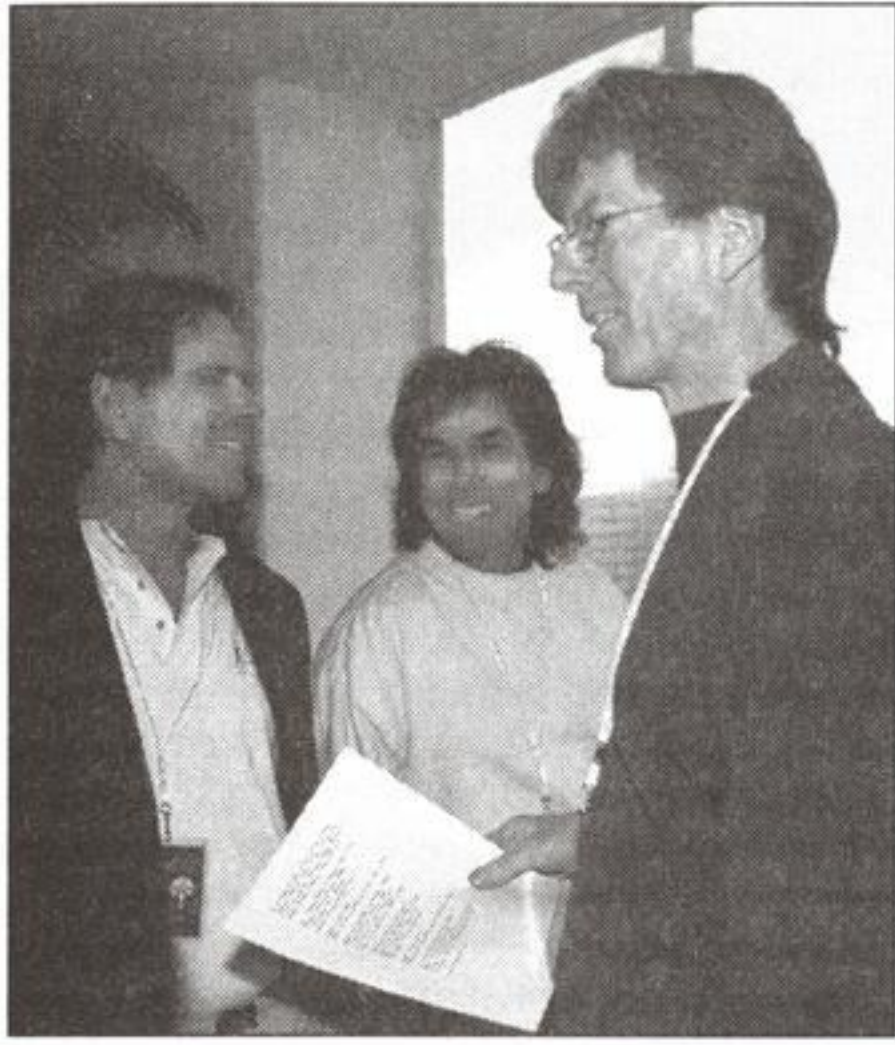
HART AT WORK

Mickey Hart is back in the studio with a number of world-renowned percussionists from **Planet Drum** as well as two female vocalists from the Bay Area. The new CD, "Angola" will be released through Rykodisc in early May. A tour is in the works.

DICK'S PICKS #10

News circulated on the Internet, indicating that "Dick's Picks" Volumes One through Five were going to be returned to the Vault, was simply untrue. The entire series is available through GDM and will continue to be for a long time to come.

Speaking of "Dick's Picks," **Grateful Dead Vault** archivist **Dick Latvala** has hit another home run with the release of this long-appreciated show played on 12/29/77 at Winterland. At press time he told us that this three-CD package contains *Jack Straw*, *They Love Each Other*, *Mama Tried*, *Loser*, *Looks Like Rain*, *Tennessee Jed*, *Minglewood*, *Sugaree*, *Promised Land*, *Bertha* > *Good Lovin'*, *Playing in the Band* > *China Cat Sunflower* > *I Know You Rider* > *China Doll* > *Playing in the Band* > *Drums* > *Not Fade Away* > *Playing in the Band*, and the very tasty double encores, *Terrapin Station* and *Johnny B. Goode*. Dick made the decision to exclude *Must've Been the Roses* and *Sunrise* because he could find no way to fit them on the CD without cutting the jam. As filler on the third CD he included *Estimated* > *Eyes* > *St. Stephen* > *Sugar Magnolia* from the following night. Of particular note are the incendiary versions of *China Cat* > *Rider* (which signaled the return of these songs to the Dead's performance repertoire after a three-year hiatus) and the *St. Stephen* from the 30th.



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A LITTLE BIT FURTHUR

The official confirmation for **Furthur Tour '98** is in. **The Other Ones**, featuring **Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Mickey Hart, Bruce Hornsby, Stan Franks, Dave Ellis** and **John Molo** will be performing on a 25-city tour, beginning in June. Obviously, the recent Phil Lesh and Friends shows at the Fillmore prove that this formula, if not polished yet, certainly has enormous potential. Along for the ride will be **Hot Tuna** and **Rusted Root**. People are psyched that one of these bands has the historic ties to the psychedelic era, and the other possesses the groove that Deadheads are eternally in search of. This will be an exciting summer. We hope to see you there.

A LITTLE CLOSER TO TERRAPIN

Though still in the planning stages, the **Terrapin Station** project is inching toward fruition. Two sites are currently under consideration in San Francisco (with the very remote possibility of a New York site), and a decision should be reached in the near future. Terrapin Station will cost over 60 million dollars to build and will likely include a virtual reality-like dance theater called The Wheel, with a 360-degree projection screen and state-of-the-art sound to simulate the Grateful Dead concert experience, the Jerry Garcia Theater for new and related live band performances, an area containing musical instruments for spontaneous jamming, archives and other research material for music scholars, a cafe serving parking-lot-style cuisine, simulated Shakedown Street vending, and possibly a small Mars Hotel to provide accommodations for visitors.

UNBROKEN CHAIN MAKES NEW LINKS

The **Unbroken Chain Foundation**, an all-volunteer organization, has recently sponsored a number of fundraising musical events in the Bay Area, including PhilHarmonia and several Broken Angels gigs (reviewed in this issue), featuring guests such as Phil Lesh and Vince Welnick. Through the generosity of volunteers, the overhead has been kept very low at these events, ensuring that most of the money

raised went to the Foundation's selected non-profit organizations. Look for more Unbroken Chain Benefits billed as "Phil and Friends" coming in the near future. If you want to become a "Link in the Chain" you can send contributions to: Unbroken Chain Foundation, P.O. Box 10188, San Rafael, CA 94912 (Federal Tax ID #: 94-3283387). Visit the Grateful Dead's web site: <http://dead.net> for updates and more information.

moe. IN THE STUDIO

For much of the month of February, **moe.** was holed-up in upstate New York laying down tracks for a second studio recording, to be released in late August, which will feature several new songs written while out on Furthur last summer. Look for **moe.** playing live later this spring.

WEBHEADS GET A JUMP ON TIX

For the perennial spring **Allman Brothers Band** shows at the Beacon in New York City (March 17, 18, 29, 21, and 22), 200 tickets for each night were sold exclusively through mail order via their website two days prior to the on-sale date at Ticketmaster locations. This is a trend that is picking up steam among our kind of house bands. Bob Dylan's web site also serves as the information hub for Dylan's new mail order ticket service, coordinated by **Steve Marcus**, formerly of Grateful Dead Ticket Sales.

JAZZ MANDOLIN PROJECT TUNE-UP

The phenomenal **Jazz Mandolin Project** from Burlington, VT really blew our minds when they toured this past winter. So we were amazed to find out that the group's leader, mandolinist Jamie Masefield has broken the group up only to reform it with new musicians. Former JMP bassist extraordinaire Stacey Starkwether will return to performing with Michael Ray and the Cosmic Krewe while the JMP will continue on this spring with Phish's Jon Fishman on drums.

ROCK AND ROCK HALL OF FAME

The 13th annual Rock and Roll Hall of Fame ceremony was held on January 12th at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City. Among the artists inducted this year were **Santana, Fleetwood Mac, The Eagles, and The Mamas and the Papas**. Santana was inducted by Blues Traveler's John Popper and Sheryl Crow introduced Fleetwood Mac. Live performances included *Black Magic Woman*, played by Santana along with Fleetwood Mac's founding guitarist Peter Green, who first recorded the tune, as well as the Mac's *Landslide* and *Say You Love Me*. The Mamas and the Papas, performed *California Dreamin'*. It was the first time they appeared together in 20 years. Also inducted were Lloyd Price (*Stagger Lee*) and Allen Toussaint (honored for his songwriting and composing: The Band, The Neville Brothers). The Eagles (the current band and most of their former members) performed *Take It Easy* and *Hotel California* to close out the evening.

ZERO MEETS BACKBONE IN HAWAII

From March 3rd to the 9th, an entourage of **Zero**-heads traveled with their band for a four-show Hawaiian tour. On March 8th, the final show was performed on the beach with **Bill Kreutzmann** and **Backbone** opening. Mark Keys, Zero's tour promoter, put a lot of effort into coordinating travel not just for Zero, but for several hundred Zero fans on their mailing list who road-tripped to the Big Island expressly for these shows. Tour packages were made available in several price ranges through Keys' office, including tickets to all four shows. Wouldn't it be cool if more of our favorite bands could work travel deals like this? Way to go, Zero!

CRYSTAL CLEAR

On February 2nd at the **Crystal Ballroom** in Portland, OR, **Dennis McNally** and **David Gans** launched a celebration of the 30th anniversary of the Dead's legendary 1968 "Quick and the Dead" Crystal Ballroom run. Dennis presented his lecture on working for the Grateful Dead and took questions from the audience. David Gans played several hours of kind Vault tapes for the dancing crowd, including Crystal clear selections from 2/2-3/68.

SALMON CALLS FOR LEFTOVER TAPES

As noted on their web site, **Leftover Salmon** is considering compiling a live "tapers' choice" CD. At the end of last year, Salmon management asked tapers to submit high-quality DAT tapes of the best three songs from their favorite Leftover Salmon show. The tapes are being evaluated now and the feasibility of the CD project is being assessed. This would be a real notch on the belt for groove-rock taping culture.

TOWARD THE FUN

When **Wavy Gravy** Says "Toward The Fun" he means just that. **Winnarainbow for Adults** is a week-long workshop and nonstop good time! The professional staff at the camp for adults offers classes in theater, juggling, clowning, stilt-walking, unicycling, art and mask-making, trapeze and much more. A host of theater and circus arts skills are geared for both the accomplished artist and the total beginner. Activities range from physically demanding to "no sweat." Participants' ages have ranged from 18 years to in the 80s! Wavy is the workshop Director and teaches Theater Games and Ceremonial Improvisation. You'll experience everything from a mini-rock concert to a meditative labyrinth on 500 wooded acres in Laytonville, California. There's a three-acre lake for swimming and a 350-foot world-class waterslide. Housing is in tipis. Come for a day or all week. Camp dates are June 13 to 21, a week with 2 weekends. Cost is \$600 or \$75 per day. "Big fun or your money back!" For further information, write to: **Winnarainbow for Adults, 1301 Henry Street, Berkeley, CA 94709** or call (510) 525 4304.

ONE NIGHT STANDS

ZAMBILAND IN ATLANTA

Seventy musicians joined together to form the **Zambiland Orchestra** on 12/22/97, including the members of **Leftover Salmon**, **Phish**, **String Cheese Incident**, **Widespread Panic**, **Col. Bruce and the Fiji Mariners**, **Derek Trucks Band**, **Dixie Dregs**, **Everything**, **Wild West Picture Show**, **Michael Ray and the Cosmic Krewe**, **Dribbling Hermits**, **El Buho**, **Alafia**, **Good Medicine** and **The MK Drum Troupe**. Taking time out from their regular gigs in order to play at Atlanta's Variety Playhouse for a three-set, five-hour long jam session, the idea for this jam marathon was born out of a desire by many of these musicians to honor the influence that Col. Bruce Hampton has had on their lives. Leftover Salmon's drummer Jeff Sipe (Apt. Q-258) and his gal Rainbow organized this wild event, which was conducted by Lincoln Metcalf. The result was pure Southern-style rockin' magic. The evening started off with a traditional Senegalese drum ensemble. Next, half a dozen drummers and Leftover Salmon's bassist took to the stage to build up the first of many steaming hot boogies. Derek Trucks brought the first jam to a searing boil. By the time trumpet masters Michael Ray and Gary Gazaway stepped up to the mikes, it was too hot to handle.

Set two started with an acoustic jam highlighted by Derek Trucks on Indian sarod. This segued into a long country bluegrass-flavored set, which was highlighted by Reverend Jeff Mosier on banjo, John Cowan on bass and slammin' vocals, String Cheese's Michael Kang on electric mandolin and fiddle, and T. Lavitz on Hammond B-3. Then, the energy settled so that Phish's Jon Fishman could play an extended solo on vacuum cleaner. Afterward, four bass players traded lead solos over a deep groove set by a 20-foot long row of drummers. The set came to a climax when four horn players and two flutists screamed a jazzy jam over an army of guitar rhythms. The third set was the most free-form of the lot. Everyone was very happy to be in the company of so many extraordinary peers. Organizer Jeff Sipe plans to host at least two of these jams per year. Audio and video recordings are going to be released with the profits going to charity.

BROKEN ANGELS' HOLIDAY BENEFIT

Bay Area Heads received a holiday gift when former Grateful Dead bassist **Phil Lesh** announced that he would be joining **David Gans and Broken Angels**, for a series of shows to benefit the Unbroken Chain Foundation. On December 27th, Phil took the stage at San Francisco's Maritime Hall with the "UnBroken Angels" for a night of family fun and transcendent moments.

The evening began with David Gans' Americana-tinged originals, with moe. guitarist **Chuck Garvey** lending a hand on a couple of tunes, including a rollicking *Crazy, Crazy, Crazy*. Phil came onstage to a heartfelt



SUSANA MILLMAN ©1998

ovation, which was followed by a sweet, poignant *Bird Song*. Phil, David, and Chuck's leads intertwined into a beautiful, soaring tapestry. Jerry's Kids' guitarist Phil Coulson then took Garvey's place.

Coulson seemed rather nervous, as the band made their way through some Dead nuggets including a slightly awkward *Sugar Magnolia* > *Scarlet Begonias* and a bouncy *Brown-Eyed Woman*. By the time *China Cat* rolled around, however, everything seemed under control. After the peak in the *China* jam that usually precedes *Rider*, the band veered off in an entirely new direction, plunging headlong into a surprise rendition of *Mexicali Blues*. Phil stepped up to the mike for a take-charge version of *Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues*.

The second set began with a smooth version of *Eyes of the World*. As the jam wound down, keyboardist and former Dead MIDI-guru Bob Bralove hopped onstage with a lyric sheet, replacing Broken Angels' keyboardist Jennifer Jolly for an emotional *He's Gone*. Most everybody in the room joined in for the final vocal jam. A few numbers later, several more members of Jerry's Kids — Scott Fernandez (keyboards), Mike Scott (drums), and Liz Warren (vocals) — joined up for the absolute highlight of the evening: A *Cassidy* which plunged full-speed ahead into the Zone, which, when the smoke cleared, had somehow morphed into the most positively raucous version of *Cold Rain and Snow*. After Jerry's Kids filed off the stage, the band doubled up on the Jerry ballads with an understated *Black Peter* and a beautiful *Morning Dew*. Another nice surprise came as the band performed a wonderfully sublime *Terrapin Station* suite which segued, Bruce Hornsby-style, into *I Know You Rider*. Phil's *Box of Rain* encore sent the satisfied crowd out into the night. — JESSE JARNOW

TRICKSTERS' PSYCHEDELIC NEW YEAR

It would be a safe bet to assume that the nearly 1000 Deadheads who didn't get in to the **Zen Tricksters'** sold-out New Year's Eve extravaganza at Portland, Oregon's Crystal Ballroom are going to buy tickets early for next year's phestivities. It was nothing short of mind-blowing. The party began two days earlier, as the Tricksters, Trillian Green, the Speed of Light Show and the Badillions hosted a very psychedelic Phurst Church of Phun tribal stomp. Part Acid Test, part concert, part theater of the absurd, the Phurst Church of Phun pfeatured six hours of incredible

music/light show madness and improvisational group ritual honoring the spirit of the Holy Phool. Highlights included Trillian Green's second-to-last performance before breaking up and a Trickster set that pfeatured a very trippy *Mason's Children* > *Dark Star* > *The Maker* > *Done Is Done* > *Turn On Your Lovelight*, and then *Alligator* > *Mona* > *Amazing Grace* to end the show.

New Year's Eve started where Phurst Church left off. As the Tricksters took the sage-smudged stage, the audience welcomed them with a three-part harmony *Om* chant! Set one, an hour-long acoustic gem, peaked with an impressive *Mountains of the Moon* > *Bird Song* > *Folsom Prison Blues* hat trick. Set two peaked with a spacey *Playing in the Band* > *Stella Blue* > *Viola Lee Blues* trio.

At a quarter to midnight the band launched into a tribal beat space jam, and glow-in-the-dark "Stick Men" dancers took the stage. An unearthly parade snaked its way toward the stage. Schools of fish and eight-foot tall sea horse statues started to swim through the crowds. A chariot carrying the King of Phun marched by. A ten-foot tall owl flew by as costumed characters swirled around. Then, a glittering, 15-foot tall unicorn float carrying Father Time appeared in the spotlights. As this procession made its way toward its appointment with destiny, velvet-clad goddesses threw hundreds of roses into the audience. Eventually, this Dionysian phantasy arrived at the stage, and Father Time jumped off the float in time to provide the perennial countdown to midnight. As the band broke into *Not Fade Away* the lights went on, and thousands of balloons descended. Not letting the energy drop one single iota, the band segued into their own dance tune *Arise*. This in turn segued into *Hard To Handle*. As the band began to jam, every light in the house went off except for two high-powered strobe lights which focused on male and female go-go dancers dressed in mylar fringe. The sight of stroboscopically enhanced, writhing bodies undulating to the climax was as trippy a sight as this reviewer has ever seen!

After cooling the room down for a few minutes with their own *Warm Heart*, the band built into a massive jam which set the appropriate vibe for the stunning medley of *Terrapin* > *Uncle John's Band* > *Lay Your Love* > *Space* > *Terrapin Reprise* > *The Wheel* > *Terrapin Flyer*. During the exquisite, yet rarely played *Flyer*, the stage went dark and in the center of the ballroom spotlights focused on a 10' x 10' stage. A whirling dervish festooned in a rhinestone-encrusted, multi-layered gown began to twirl to the music, spinning with one, then two, and then three drums in hand, and lastly, while twirling a sparkling headpiece. He then lifted one layer of his skirt and all of a sudden it puffed out, causing him to appear as a spinning human mushroom. The Tricksters brought *Terrapin Flyer* to a screaming climax, as the dervish launched his skirt over his head and took a bow.

A completely new energy was experienced by all, as the band explored *The Days Between*. Fog hazed the deep-blue tinted

stage as a lone beam lit Jeff Mattsen's face. *Sugar Magnolia* ended that set, but at 2:13 a.m. they returned to play *Morning Dew* > *Uncle John's Band Reprise*, *Scarlet Begonias* > *Ripple*. It's no surprise that with monster performances such as this, that the Zen Tricksters are attracting an enthusiastic following nationwide.

A SALMON & CHEESE NEW YEAR

The **String Cheese Incident** came on at 9:30 and their set was the best of the night. Their solid mix of bluegrass, jazz and rock and roll lends itself well to intricate, mind-expanding jams. They began this Incident with a nice *Lonesome Fiddle Blues*. Highlights included an awesome jam at the end of *Little Hands*, and a great *Land's End*, during which I swear I heard *The Other One* teasing in one of the jams. Paul McCandless joined the band on a variety of wind instruments. Vince Welnick also made an appearance and jammed with the Cheese on a number of songs, especially helping out on a nice version of *Estimated Prophet*, sung by mandolin/fiddle player, Michael Kang.

Leftover Salmon started their set with *Carnival Time*, taking us to the countdown. At midnight there were lots of balloons and a float which was a replica of the Beverly Hillbillies' jalopy with people dressed in character. As the Flatt & Scruggs' *Beverly Hillbillies Theme* followed by *Are You Going (to San Francisco)* were played, the Hillbillies threw flowers into the audience.

Afterward they busted into *Iko Iko*. **Vince Welnick** joined in, contributing lead vocals on The Beatles' *It's All Too Much* and *Tomorrow Never Knows*. The second set was even better, with Paul McCandless, Vince Anger on fiddle, and most of String Cheese Incident getting out onstage for a pickin' party! Highlights included a sweet *Whispering Waters*, an awesome *Reach* and, finally, a weary *Wake and Bake* at 3:30 a.m. — MIKE "BUNDT" PAGE

LETTER HOME FROM A MOE. NEW YEAR

12/29/97: I was barely conscious when I got to the Great American Music Hall, having had just enough time to throw my stuff down at the hotel after my plane landed in San Francisco. But **moe.** gave me a Frankenstein-esque jolt of life when they took the stage sans opener. My body pulsated on the very tip of the rush of sound. And it didn't stop until about halfway through the *Meat* encore, when the jam collapsed a bit and I went with it. Two more nights to go. Already some real beauties had been explored. Both *Brent Black* and *Time Ed* in the first set were absolutely hallucinogenic. Vinny Amico was drumming on a house kit which had a much bigger rock sound. The other thing that seemed different was Chuck Garvey's vocals, which had made a triumphant climb from the valley of uncertainty to a startling summit of power and passion. His song *It* was evidence of this. The harmonies during the song's best line, "Sometimes you'll find you can rhyme anything with anyone" were brilliant. The second-set monsters were *Spaz Medicine* and *Four*, with passages of *Inca Roads* woven in, showcasing Al Schneir as MVP. The *Meat*

encore clocked in at roughly 13 minutes and started with Rob Derhak on fire, dark and ominous overtones fading into the familiar segments then petering into standardness. It was clear that **moe.** had gotten back to their pre-Furthur state of experimentation and openness. A quote from *Letter Home*, Al's new song, said it all: "All the kids just keep on dancin' long after the show."

12/30/97: **Bob Bralove's** band, consisting of sax, drums, and guitar with Bralove on synth/keyboards, provided interesting sounds, but had no real cohesion. The crowd was less than patient with this opening act, except for the final number, *New Speedway Boogie*, which featured Al Schneir on guitar. Then the **moe.down** started with *Time Again*. The first-set blockbuster was *Dr. Graffenberg* > *Havah Negila* > *Dr. Graffenberg* in honor of the last night of Hanukkah, with the crowd kickin' it Hebrew-style — spastic psychedelic renditions of the traditional circle dance were seen during *Havah Negila*. High gear was maintained through the second set. Profound bass action led into *Timmy Tucker* > *California* > *Yodelittle*, with Schneir standing brilliantly in the doorways. The new song, *Water*, though a little melody-weak, is remarkable, with its surprising composition.

12/31/97: **moe.** opened their New Year's show with a traditional short acoustic set. *Salt Creek* was nice to hear, but the rest was fairly standard. **The Broken Angels** fared much better as an opening band than the Bralove crew, and were certainly more accessible. Gans' originals *Hooker River* and *American Family* are noteworthy. Their *Cassidy* cover was surprisingly fresh and had some "x-factor" potential. Joined by Chuck and Al, *Crazy, Crazy, Crazy* closed the set. The next **moe.** set was excellent, highlighted by *Y.O.Y* and *Jazz Wank* > *Buster*. There was plenty of hoopla at midnight as the third set began. Hundreds of gold and maroon balloons dropped from the balcony stashes as the band, with David Gans, launched *Auld Lang Syne*, while passing champagne bottles to the folks in the front rows. Gans remained onstage for *Jambalaya*. The rest of the set rocked immensely, featuring *Don't Fuck with Flo* > *Interstellar Overdrive* > *Moth* and the new indescribably monstrous Rob Derhak concoction, *Plane Crash*, likely the highlight of the whole run, sending me back to the East Coast with acrophobic lyrics running through my head: "Tuck me in, tie me down, roll me a bone. I'm getting on an airplane and I'm flying home. Tuck me in, tie me down, I'm learning to fly. Driving cross the country I get too fucking high..." — MICHELLE WAUGHTEL

STRANGEFOLK SETS THE GROOVE

It seems only fitting that **Strangefolk**, one of the hardest-working bands in the industry, chose to welcome 1998 by playing NYC's Wetlands, a club known not only as the home of the groove, but for its late, late nights and, as was the case for this three-set, five-hours-of-straight-music gig, early mornings.

Strangefolk held a virtual Vermont fiesta on New Year's Eve. Beginning with a short but high-energy set by Burlington's **Gordon**

Stone Trio, Stone's staccato banjo melodies, accompanied by Andy Cotton's funky, passionate bass and new guitarist Josh Stacey's bluesy electric riffs, had much of the crowd grooving right along.

Strangefolk wasted no time bidding 1997 a fond adieu, taking the stage around a quarter to midnight. As Wetlands' owner Pete Shapiro passed out streamers, party hats and feathered tiaras to the well-glittered audience, the Folk embraced the new year with a countdown mid-jam during *Alaska*. Not exactly the standard first-set opener, this paved the way for what would certainly turn into a non-standard night. Highlights from the first set included the folkin' favorite *Westerly* with an *Auld Lang Syne* tease tossed in the middle, as well as the relatively new *Stout-Hearted*, pleasantly embellished versions of *Otis*, *Sad* and the Willie Nelson cover, *I Can Get Off On You*, with Gordon Stone on pedal steel. Perhaps the highest moment of all was a smokin' version of *Reuben's Place* with a vocal *Franklin's Tower* jam at the end.

The second set provided the audience with a combination of some oldies-but-goodies like *Come On Down* > *Two Boys* (the latter a tune often relegated solely to soundcheck status and a real treat to hear) and *Country Tune*, as well as the relatively rare *Bus Driver*; and newer powerhouse tunes like *Blue/Grey* and *Walnut*. Also notable was *Lines & Circles*, with beautifully done *Amazing Grace* vocals in the middle. The band was noticeably tight, with Erik Glockler's slap-happy bass and Jon Trafton's winding, circuitous leads.

Between sets downstairs, Burlington band **Smokin' Grass** provided a breath of fresh air and a bit more dancing room. Their jumpin' blend of bluegrass and country, splashed with rock and roll, were more than just fabulous entertainment for those passing time.

At some point, elbow room grew more and more sparse, due to the influx of phans trekking crosstown. The band poured what was left of their strength into their third set with *Strange Ranger*, *Poland*, *Like You Anyway*, *Do A Little Dance (Get Down Tonight)* and the set-closer *So Well* > *Baby You're a Rich Man* > *Funkytown* > *So Well*. The encore, performed sometime around six a.m., saw one of the band's friends taking the stage to lead the crowd in a sing-along of Sinatra's *New York, New York*. This was followed by the aptly played *Woke Up: Well, I woke up to the sound of music/notes are ringin' in my head*. Close, Strangefolk, but not quite, since we had yet to sleep. — JEAN SIENKEWICZ

JAZZ IS (NOT) DEAD

Billed as **Jazz Is Dead**, the quartet consisting of **Billy Cobham** on drums, with his old pal and fellow Bobby and the Midnites bandmate, **Alphonso Johnson** on bass, the lightning-fast guitarist **Jimmy Herring**, (Aquarium Rescue Unit) and the highly respected **T. Lavitz** on keyboards, pulled into the aesthetically and acoustically perfect Keswick Theater, in downtown Glenside, PA on January 17th. Adding to this event was an unusual opening set by keyboard giant **Merl Saunders**.

Merl opened with a sweet *Georgia on My Mind*, followed by a bluesy, laid-back *Deal*. Between songs, he told anecdotes about his time spent with Jerry Garcia. We were treated to a nostalgic, touching version of *Lonely Avenue*, and also a very funky *Sugaree*, which was preceded by the story of how, when Garcia first heard Merl's version, he was genuinely shocked that it was possible to play it that way. The audience loved every funky minute of it.

Starting with a strong *Help on the Way*, Jazz Is Dead continued blasting through *Slipknot!* and *Franklin's Tower*. There were no vocals, but there were plenty of solos, especially by the highly proficient Jimmy Herring, who played with Southern abandon, reminiscent of Dickey Betts and Stevie Ray Vaughan. *Crazy Fingers* was bittersweet. A surprise rendition of *Unbroken Chain* was well-received. We were treated to a keyboard solo, filled with sweeping Mellotron waves, wrapped around a gorgeous *China Doll*, complete with MIDI-harpsichord. This bled into a pretty *Stella Blue*. *Scarlet Begonias* perked things up, leading into a rousing *King Solomon's Marbles*, embellished with the funky *Stronger Than Dirt > Milkin' the Turkey* jam. The set was rounded out by an elongated *Blues For Allah* suite, complete with parts of *Unusual Occurrences in the Desert*. For the encore Merl Saunders joined in for a killer *Dark Star*, winged by the opening and closing segments from Merl's *Blues from the Rainforest*.

All in all, the night was special, as was the concept of this tour. The music of The Grateful Dead deserves to be performed live. To have a brilliant group of musicians come out and handle these songs with jazzy class and dignity, shows us all how their music was, and will always be, an endless source of delight.

— DENNY HORN

JONESIN' FOR THE BLUES

Faithful fans and friends who came out to see what was billed as High Plains Drifter, featuring **John Popper**, **Bobby Sheehan**, **Jono Manson**, **Eric Schenkman** and **Mark Clark** on January 27th at Wetlands in New York City, were rewarded with over five hours of hot, jammin' music and a host of special guests, making for a wild night filled with surprises. Opening group, the **Michael Parrish Band**, set the pace for the evening with their driving brand of blues rock, which got the sold-out audience moving in the packed house.

For the uninitiated, these musicians have been playing together on and off, in varied configurations, since the late 1980s. Jono Manson is one of the seminal figures in this circle of New York-based musicians, and his previous bands, The Worms and The Mighty Sweetones, provided the breeding ground for great tunes that have fueled many night-long jam sessions. Musicians who were hanging around during those days included the members of Blues Traveler and the Spin Doctors, before these bands' lineups were fully defined. The one thing these musicians all have in common: They love to jam.

I was blown away during the first set. Killer versions of Jono's crowd-pleasing *First One's*



MICHAEL BABBITT ©1998

Free and *Miss Fabulous* were interspersed between Blues Travelers' *The Way* and the Spin Doctors' *Off My Line*. Musical legend, **Noel Redding**, Jimi Hendrix Experience bassist, had everyone rockin' when he joined the lineup for stellar helpings of *Hey Joe* and *Purple Haze*.

Gov't Mule's **Warren Haynes** stepped up for Travelers' *The Mountains Win Again* (soaring and sweet), and Jono's *I've Been Down* (hot and kickin'). A jammin' *She Came In Through the Bathroom Window* followed, with the crowd singing along. Accordion player **Neil Thomas** came out, adding his distinctive sound to the mix on his own *Gun Hill Road* and Jono's rock lament *Sad State of Affairs*. This incredible set culminated with Eric Schenkman's new tune, *27 Miles* (a heavy tune featuring powerful lyrics, probably the best thing this reviewer has heard from him in a long time), which segued into a furious *Crash Burn*. Popper's incendiary harmonica phrasings exploded like firecrackers as the set crashed to an end.

After the break **Chan Kinchla** and **Brendan Hill** came out for the Blues Traveler portion of the evening, kicking it off with *Carolina Blues* from their most recent CD, "Straight On Till Morning." This was followed by extended jams punctuating *Jonesin'*, a loud, long *Sweet Talking Hippie* and an ass-kickin' cover of Charlie Daniel's classic *Devil Went Down To Georgia*. The groove was infectious.

Eric Schenkman, Jono Manson and Warren Haynes returned to the stage for *Talk To You*, another of Manson's sweet tunes. The music continued with Schenkman's funky *What Planet Are You On*. It was an emotional moment for some, when Spin Doctor **Chris Barron** came onstage, hugging John, Bobby and Eric, proving that no matter what has gone down these last few years, blood is still thicker than water. *Hard To Exist* featured John and Chris' ecstatic dueling scat glossolalia.

For the end of the set Chan Kinchla, Warren Haynes and Neil Thomas returned to participate in an immense version of the Staple Singers' gospel classic *I'll Take You There*. The encore was *Spending Days and Nights Together Makin' Love*, to top off this historic night. The crowd was left in a whipped frenzy. The shit-eatin' grin on Bobby Sheehan's face said it all — he just enjoyed it so much. We all did. — CHLOE CZLARKASZY

WEB SIGHTS

<http://www.eff.org> The Electronic Frontier Foundation — Known largely to Deadheads because of lyricist John Barlow's involvement with the organization, EFF is one of the four most linked to sites on the entire World Wide Web, and their "Blue Ribbon Campaign for Free Speech On-Line" made this site one of the most high-profile places for free speech in cyberspace. The Blue Ribbon Campaign was so effective that it has literally forced contingents on Capitol Hill who would otherwise be working to tax, detour and blockade their self-proclaimed Information Superhighway to let freedom reign. Go Barlow!

<http://www.intrepidtrips.com/> Intrepid Trips Society for Artistic Revolutionary Training (ITSART) — The Merry Pranksters on-line. Find out where the Pranksters are going, what they are doing, what they are thinking, and why. This site is updated frequently and includes tremendous input from the twin Kens — Kesey and Babbs. A must-see for all Prankophiles out there.

<http://www.deoxy.org/deoxy.html> The Deoxyribonucleic Hyperdimension — A popular site for people interested in learning more about the philosophies of Terence McKenna, Timothy Leary, Alan Watts and Robert Anton Wilson, this space explores concepts such as alternate realities, ethnobotany, and the spiritual dimensions of consciousness expansion.

<http://www.disinfo.com> Disinformation — The Subculture Search Engine — Categories for this search engine include censorship, newspeak, counterculture, counterintelligence, propaganda, and revolutionaries. This search engine is unlike any other on the web. It ferrets through the mass of counterculture and covert operations material on the web and rates them (on a five mind-grenade rating system, based on how much the material is expected to blow your mind). If you are a fan of the *X-Files*, conspiracy theorizing, suppressed information, weird religions or magic(k), this site is worth taking a look at.

<http://www.diggers.org> The Digger Archives — The San Francisco Diggers were, without a doubt, one of the seminal forces acting in the early history of the Grateful Dead and the flowering of the San Francisco "psychedelic underground." They became known for their "1% Free" philosophy. They gave away free food in Golden Gate Park to anyone willing to step through their "Free Frame of Reference" and also maintained a "Free Store" where everything in the store was, of course, free for the taking. When Digger leader Emmett Grogan began to get unwanted publicity, he urged everyone in the city of SF to use the identity of Emmett Grogan, thereby giving away his name as well and insuring that his actual identity would remain as clouded in mystery as ever. At least, that is, until he published *Ringolevio*, the highly egotistical autobiography on his "Life Played For Keeps."

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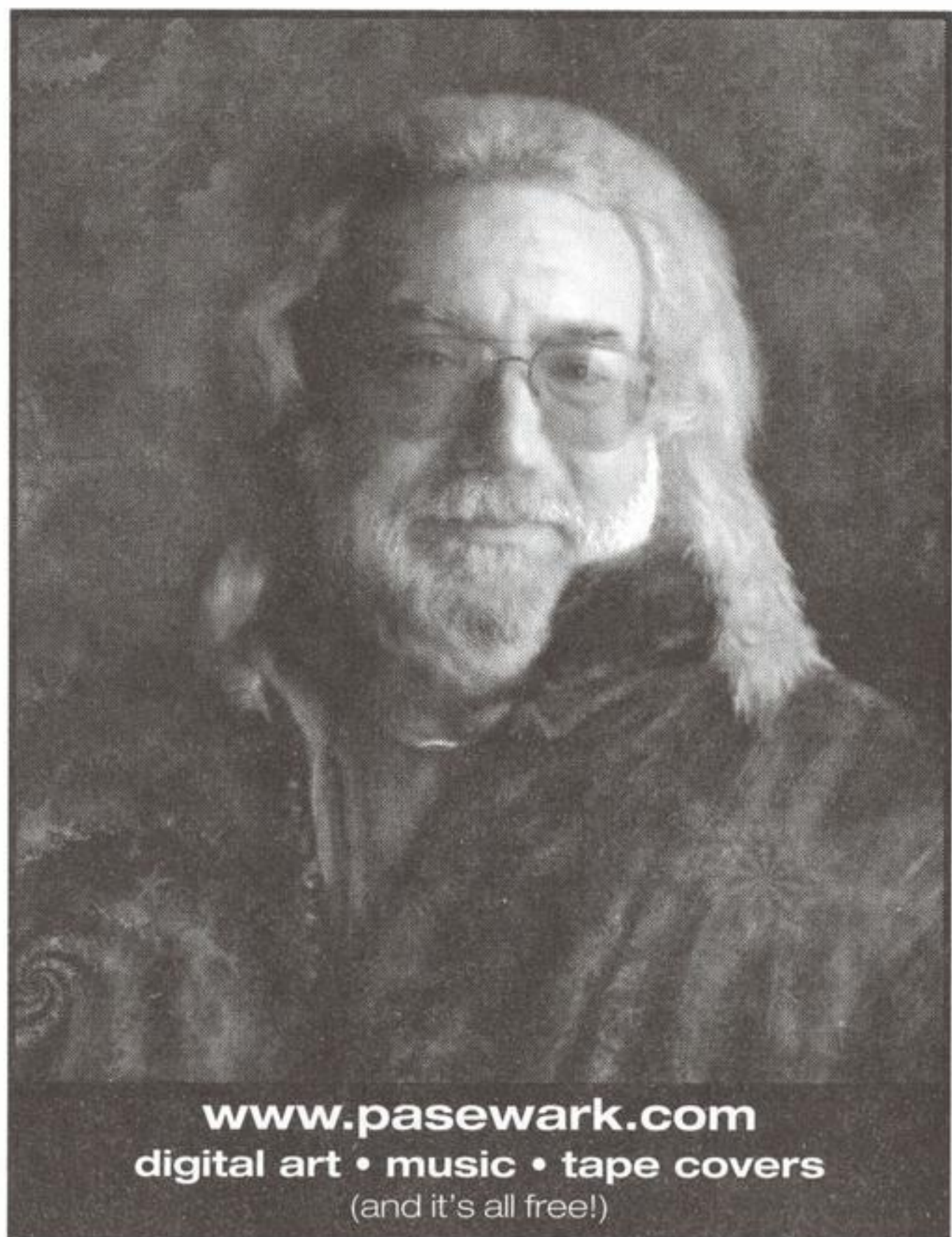
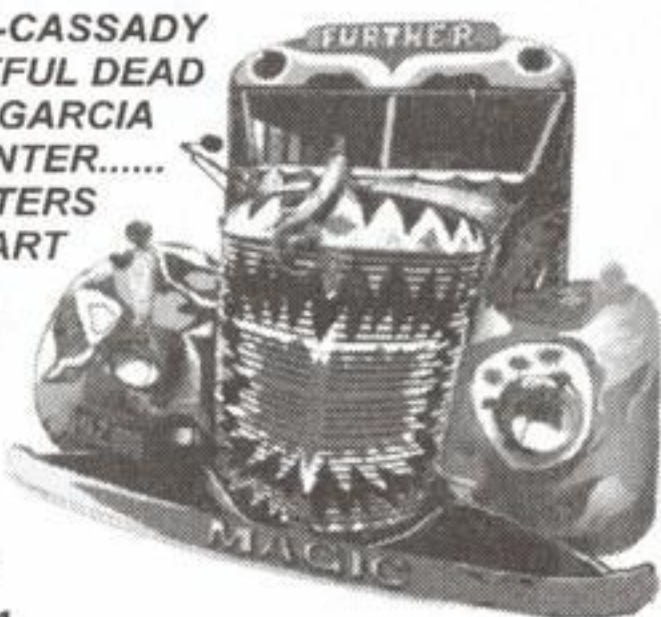
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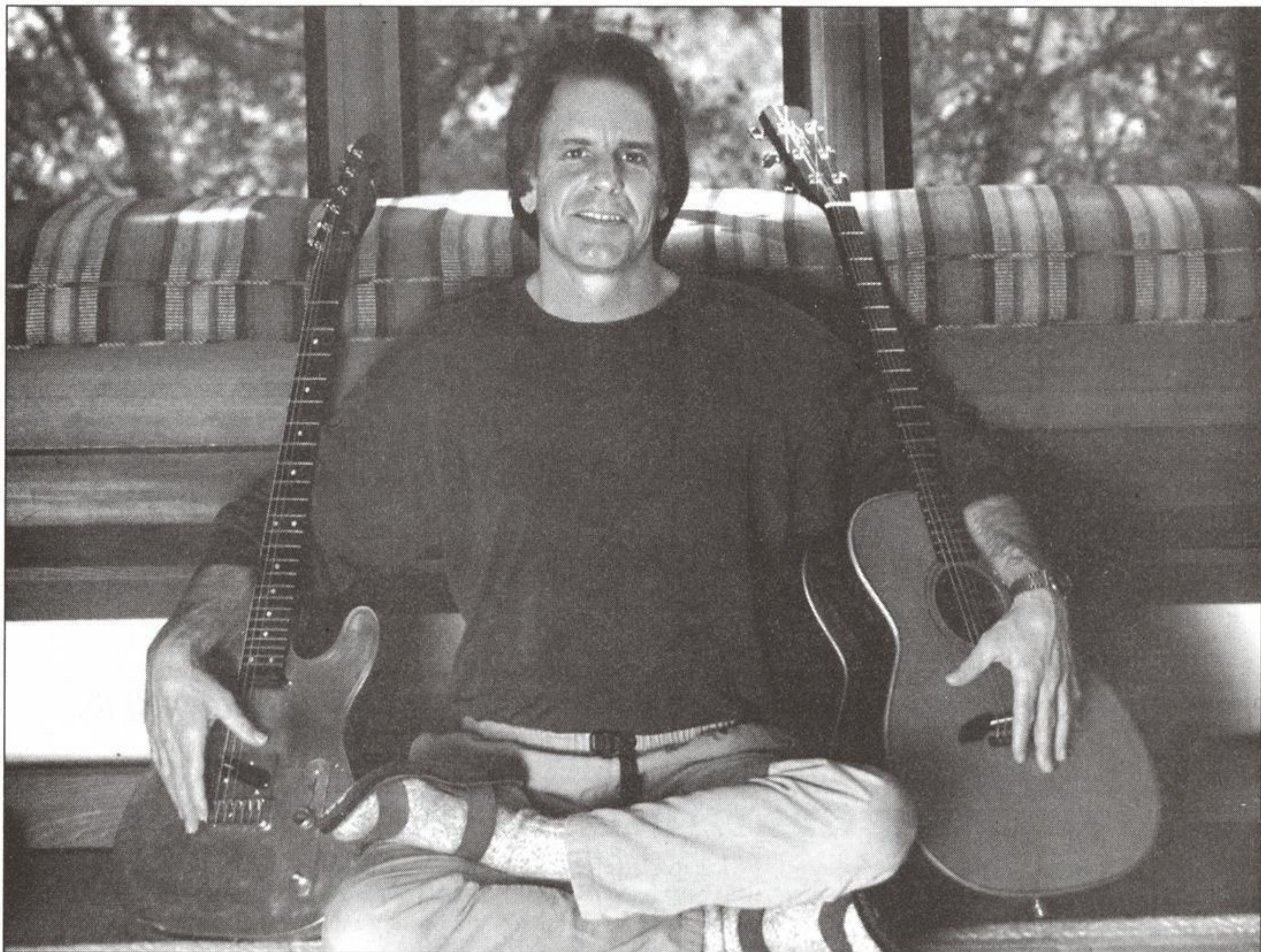
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BOB WEIR

Looking Furthur



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Though all of the surviving members of the Grateful Dead have been busy, Bob Weir has been the most visible. His steady work with Ratdog, both on Furthur Tour and off, has built that band into a well-complimented blues/rock beast. I caught up with Bobby in December, just before the birth of his daughter, Shala Monet, and from where he sits, life, the future of his music and the future of the Grateful Dead, is looking pretty good. —J.D.

After getting mixed reviews in 1996, it seems like you reinvented Ratdog and the result has been thumbs-up all around. In fact, your last New York appearance has garnered rave reviews from everyone in attendance. How was it that you came to make these changes, particularly bringing saxophonist Dave Ellis aboard and adding more Grateful Dead tunes into the repertoire?

I'll start by saying that Ratdog has always been a work in progress. Hopefully always will be. When we first went and heard Jay, we heard Dave the same night. They were two-thirds of the Charlie Hunter Trio. We were going to add a drummer and we had done some session work with him, but we wanted to see him live. So we went and heard him with the Charlie Hunter Trio and that was where we got the idea if he ever became free, which he did, we wanted to play with him. But on that same night, we also heard Dave and we were mightily impressed by him. When Dave became available a little over a year ago, we snapped at the chance. As far as the Grateful Dead tunes are concerned, those are tunes that I'm not prepared to spend the rest of my days not playing, not dancing with. Those are my dance partners. That's not to say that they will be the bulk of the show in the years to come or in the weeks or months to come. It's a great place for those guys to hang their hats, if they want to find out where I'm coming from.

Do you feel pressure from the Deadheads, who obviously want to hear Grateful Dead music, to play more of those tunes?

Of course.

How do you go about choosing the Grateful Dead tunes that you do put into the show? For example, you've been singing some Jerry tunes, which people love. Does that come from discussions with the band, does it come purely from you, or does it come from discussions with Deadheads? Is it music you wished that you could always explore yourself?

Basically, we're playing my favorite tunes. If somebody has a suggestion, for example a couple of guys in the band have suggested some of the Jerry tunes. And just by virtue that they were fired up about it, that got me fired up about it and gave it the infusion that needed to happen. Generally speaking, though, those are the tunes I can't live without. Also they're not so complicated to the point where it would take us a long time to learn them because we had to be time efficient because we're also working on lots of new material.

You've been writing new material?

Yes.

Alone, or with partners?

Well, typically the way we do it is we get together and play, and we'll come up with something and we'll bat it around and come up with music. At this point, I'm putting lyrics to some music.

The last time we spoke you told me that writing was not something you woke up in the morning just chomping at the bit to do.

No, but on the other hand, given the Satchel Paige project that I've been working on and Ratdog and a couple of other little items here or there, I've been writing quite a bit. The stuff that's finished and actually working is for the Satchel Paige project. Even some of those songs may end up in the Ratdog repertoire. They weren't written by Ratdog, so what I like to do with Ratdog or any band I'm playing with, the way I worked with the Grateful Dead as well, is to take something I know that the band can play, that the band has had a hand in writing, because they had their hearts and souls invested in it and they know how it goes. If they know how it goes, then there's a better chance that they know where it's going. On a given night we know where the song is going.

Do you go in with setlists?

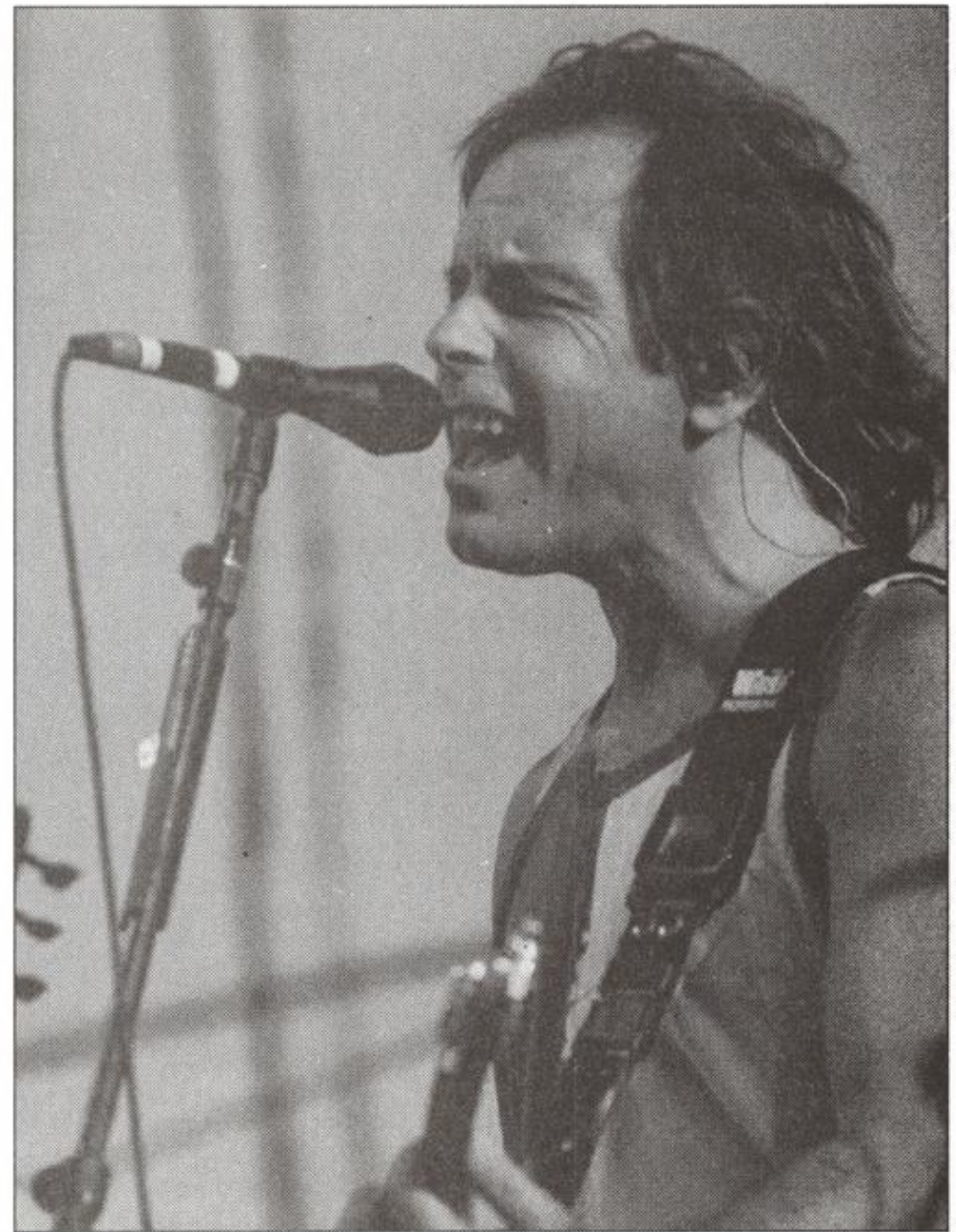
These days we do. We're working to [get to] a point where we won't. But as it is now, everybody has got so many new tunes under their belts that it's pretty useful for them to see what's on the setlist, so they can go and woodshed them a little bit before the show comes up.

Is rehearsal with the band a weekly regimen for you?

Yes.

How does that feel?

It's a nice groove that we've gotten into.



BOB GERSZTYN ©1998

When you write these days are you a morning or an evening writer?

It comes when it comes. I live with the music day in and day out. Never a day off.

What do you see in the future for Ratdog?

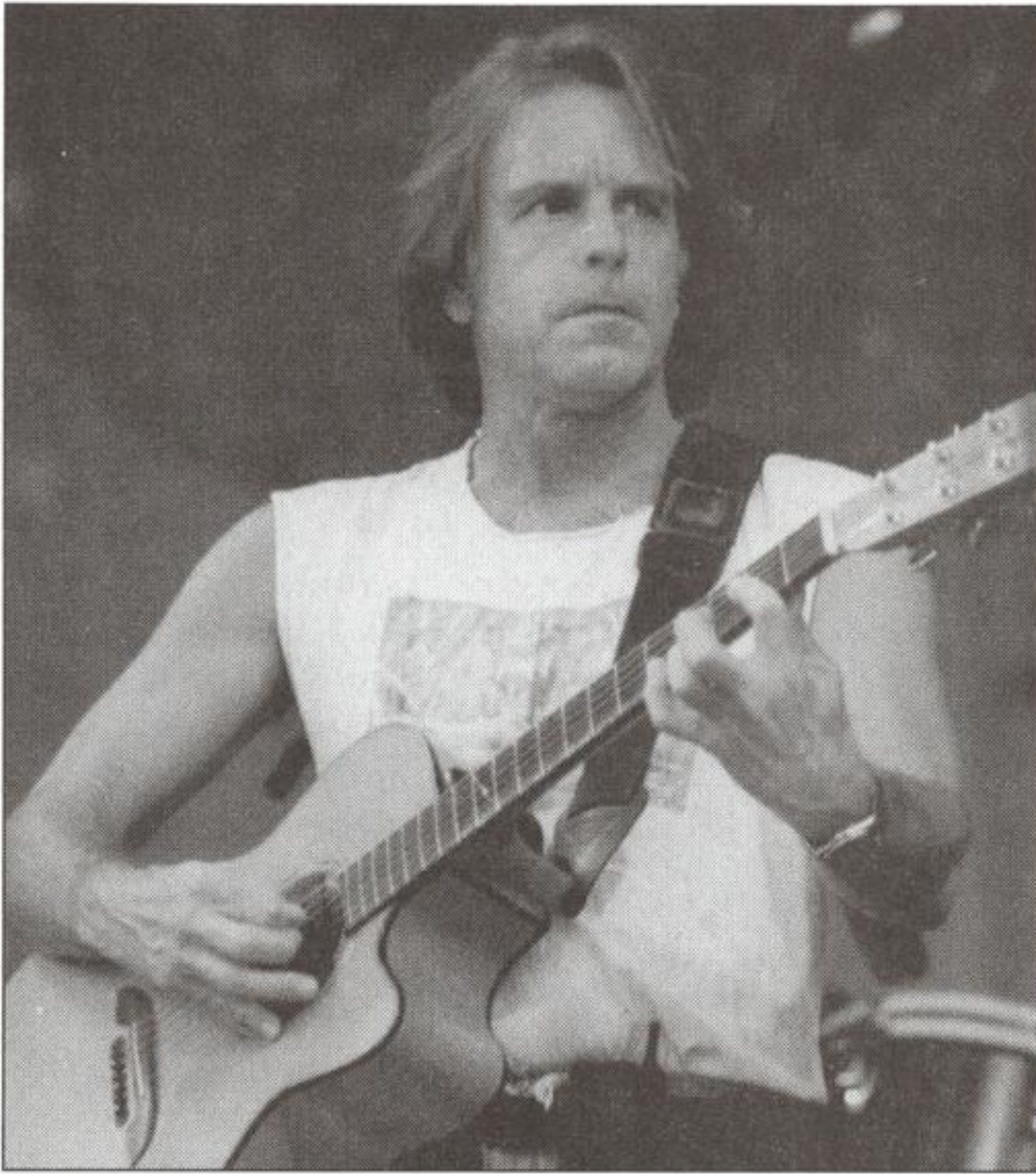
What we have to do is make a record. People want to hear not so much Grateful Dead songs, from what I can see, but songs they can relate to. And that means, generally songs that they've heard a time or two. More than just a time or two in concert, but a few times on a disc or a tape. They like to be able to sing along. I understand that.

When Deadheads have a song on tape or on record and they learn it and sing it, it's sort of like repeating a mantra. So when it comes up in concert, you can all sort of connect to the same vibe.

Everybody is hanging on the same vibe. That's part of the dynamic that the Grateful Dead, and now Ratdog, has developed over the years. If they feel locked in with the tune they can better appreciate it. When we punch it around, it goes new places.

Are you still enjoying touring?

It's work. It's more work than it used to be, because we travel on the bus, and we do one-nighters and all that stuff that the Grateful Dead didn't use to do. Having said that, I'm going to say the more we play the better we get. When we do tours, like the fall tour, for instance, we have some time to stretch out. We have soundchecks, so we have the room's



PAUL HAVEL ©1998

sound down and also to find our hands, which you have to do on a daily basis. Just loosen up, and that's really a fulfilling experience for this boy.

I'd like you to reflect for a moment on your feelings about Furthur Tour — your feelings on the changes between the first year and the second year, and what kinds of changes would you like to see this year?

Well, there are changes afoot. I don't know exactly what, but what Ratdog needs is more playing time onstage. An hour set — I don't know how to work with that. It's more on me, probably, than on the rest of the guys. They could probably waltz out onstage, play an hour set and deliver the goods. But I've never done that. It's something I'm so new at. Starting over at my age and learning how to play an hour set is not real satisfying. We need more time to play and more time for the music to breathe. I'm not sure it's something I can do in an hour.

Tell me about playing with Al Schnier (one of moe.'s two guitarists). What effect might having direct interaction with one of the new generation of musicians have?

Al's got a great ear. He can follow a change in tonality. If you're going to suggest a key change, he's right

there. It's unique in rock and roll, but it's nothing new. Jazz bands have been doing that for a long time. They explored that ground. I guess it is new with popular music, and I guess the Grateful Dead is, in a large part, responsible for that change.

What, specifically, is the benefit to being exposed to this whole new genre of music that is following in the footsteps of the Grateful Dead and broadening your horizons?

Two things. One, it's fun. It's been fun for me to play with them. I played with them one evening when they came through San Francisco and I had a great deal of fun that night. If we're not having fun, then we're not doing our job. If we're not elevating our spirits, than whose spirits are we going to elevate? Secondly, it's kind of gratifying to have this new generation of musicians picking up where we left off because it tells me that what we were doing was meaningful.

How do you feel about a possible reunion for the surviving members of the Grateful Dead?

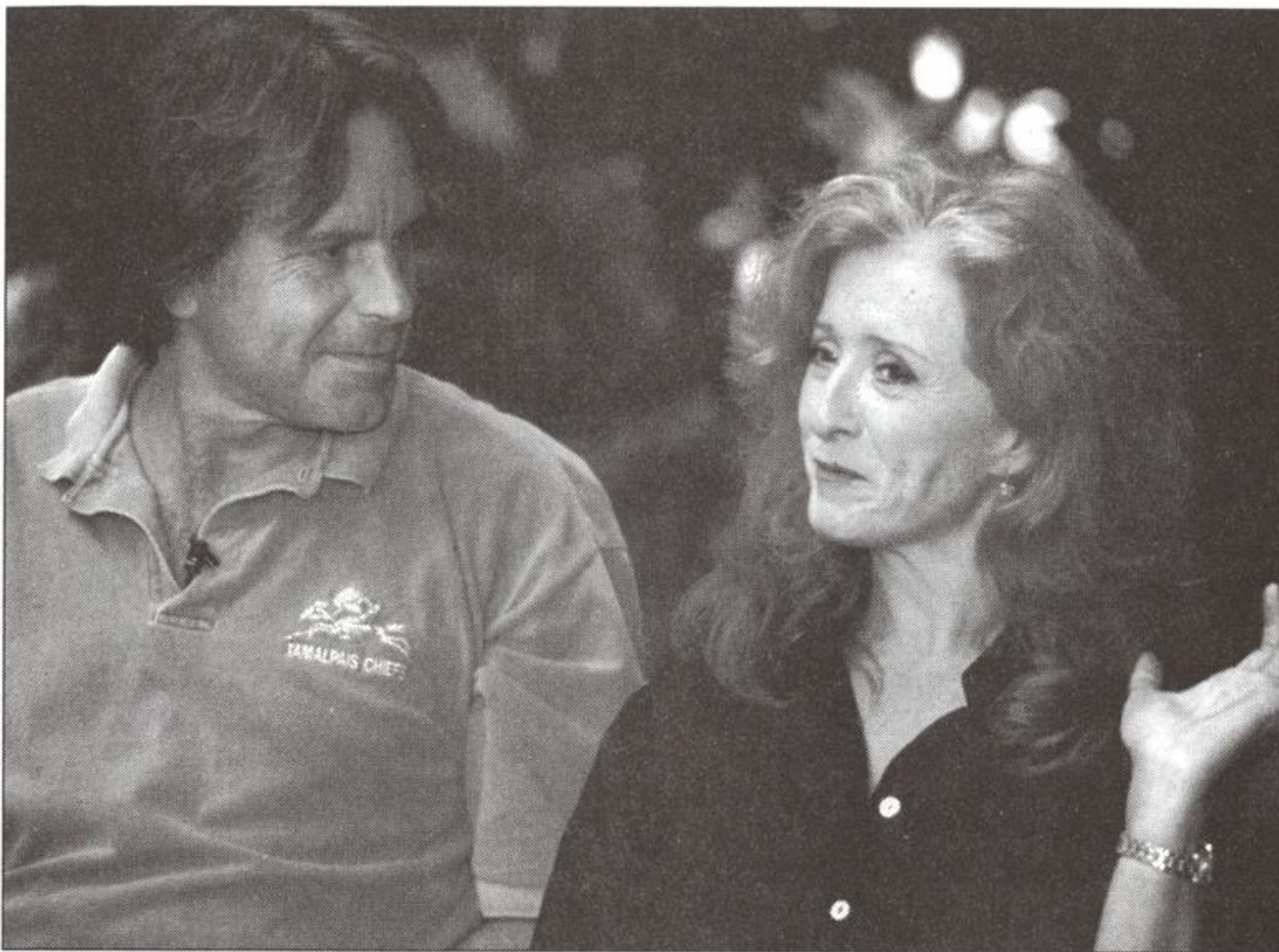
I'm totally open to it. More than I expected.

Even though the Grateful Dead had its own highly repetitive musical habits, it was also about striking new ground. What are your aspirations and hopes for the group getting together again and exploring new ground, as well as rehashing the old classics?

I think it's pretty obvious that it would be pointless for us to rehash the old stuff without Jerry there. It wouldn't be that much fun and, like I said, if we aren't having fun then we aren't doing our jobs. It's going to be a lot of work and we're going to have to reinvent ourselves. I've got a leg up on that because I've been working on reinventing myself with



BOB GERSZTYN ©1998



SUSANA MILLMAN ©1998

Preserving the Headwaters forest in northern California has been a pet project for Bob Weir and Bonnie Raitt

Ratdog. Even though that is a work in progress, I at least get to bring that to the party, when, if we do, reconvene.

There have been endless speculations by Deadheads about who would fill the Jerry slot. I know Deadheads are really curious about your feelings on this. Some feel that nobody should even try to fill the Jerry slot. On the other hand, Jerry was this wonderful musical flame dancing above this foundation that was created by the band so often. What are your feelings and fears about tackling that?

I haven't heard a person that could fill that slot yet. I would expect that it would be a round robin kind of a deal. I'm not going to be naming names here because I'd be leaving somebody out, and I don't want to do that. Also, there are a number of them, and it wouldn't be the same from tour to tour and it wouldn't be the same within a given tour. Maybe somebody someday can fill that slot, but at the same time there would be times when it would just go back to the guys that were always there, and we'd break it down to five pieces.

Jerry's death has had a big effect on all of us. Have you been able to heal and move on?

Sure.

Some Deadheads haven't. They don't go to see bands, can't bear to listen to the tapes; they haven't been able to heal. But you have. You're out there, doing stuff.

I'm not real sentimental, never have been. What I've learned working with Jerry, or what we learned working with each other, rather, is that every moment is fresh. You bring all the spirit you can to that moment and you dance with that moment. That's what you have to play with. That may sound

like I'm trying to live a philosophy, but I feel that in my bones. When Jerry checked out I said back then, and I continue to believe this, that the only meaningful memorial I can offer up to Jerry's memory is to continue to elevate my spirit and other peoples' spirit through music.

What music are you listening to these days?

By virtue that I've been involved with the Satchel Paige project, a lot of the music I've been listening to of late has been African-American music from the '20s to the '60s.

What environmental concerns are at the top of your list lately?

The Headwaters here in California. I'm not sure that's been settled. There's a settlement that's on the table in Washington, but it's nowhere near good enough for my comfort, from what I can see. I have been involved with forestry issues for 20 years now. Beyond that, that's what I'm hanging my hat on, besides the hemp issue. I think I may attack that on a whole other level, on a more commercial level.

Rather than the Woody Harrelson high-profile spokesperson level...

Woody is a good friend of mine and we do intend to work hand in hand on some commercial ventures, to prove that hemp is a viable, commercial alternative to the rape and pillage of the planet.

Congratulations on becoming a father. Is the concept of being a father daunting to you?

I've been aptly described by my friends as a deer in the headlights.

You've always fit the stereotype of the athletic, youthful, eternally handsome bachelor rock star. How does it feel as you're coming into middle age?

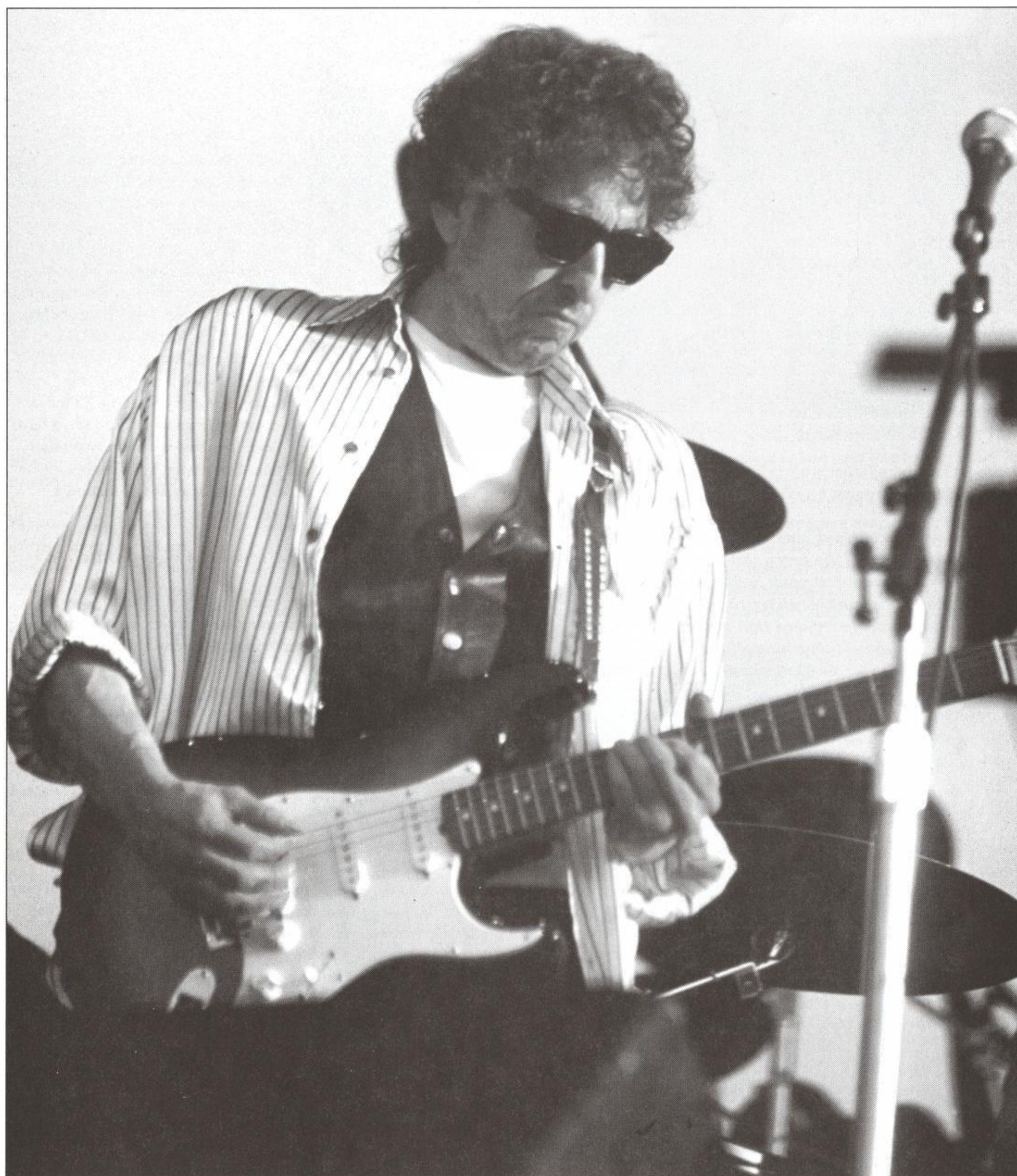
(Laughs) I'm going to have to do this gracefully, but I still play ball. We just got knocked out of the play-offs in our football league this year, but there's always next year.

Would it be fair to say that you're looking around quizzically at all those people who assumed that there's this sort of event horizon to youth that's always been attached to rock stars?

I guess, but in the past year I've taken up the practice of yoga and that will keep me physically active as long as I want to be. That's pretty much the nature and one of the benefits of practicing yoga. I think that having a kid is also going to keep me fairly active on a physical level. I've always enjoyed that. I've been a jock all my life. ♦

KEEPING UP WITH BOB DYLAN

BY VICTOR BRADLEY



SUSANA MILLMAN ©1998

Walkin' That Lonesome Valley

While the name Bob Dylan is only a distant, scratchy legend to many of the young fans who are scooping up music by his son Jacob's band, The Wallflowers, Bob Dylan is once again priming the pump of his own creativity and carving out a new legendary status for himself. In *Dupree's Diamond News* issue #33, I wrote of His Zimminence reinventing himself again. His live shows, throughout the '90s, were becoming more consistently inspiring. In the passionate and insulated world of Dylan followers there was much rejoicing. He was fronting his tightest band yet; phrasing and playing guitar with a fiery exuberance and clarity we'd seen only glimmers of over the last decade.

In the spring of 1997, Dylan altered the lineup of his group for the first time since 1991. Drummer Winston Watson went on to form his own band VeG and lanky guitarist John Jackson can now be found fronting The Wildcards. Replacing these stalwart road warriors would be no small task. Guitarist Larry Campbell, who had worked with John Mellancamp and folk music phenom Dar Williams added a versatile, delicate, finger-picked acoustic style and country fiddle to the stew. Former Jerry Garcia Band drummer, Dave Kemper was the perfect choice to fill Watson's chair. His 15 years backing Garcia provided Dylan with a pair of ears (and sticks) who could ride with the increasing flow of Bob's modern sound, one based on a similar variety of stylistic influences, nuance and full-bore jams that had graced Jerry's music all those years.

In spite of all of this jubilation, one thing was missing: new material. Had the string of timeless songs dried up? Though Bob's new live interpretations of his immense and rich catalog would continue to provide us with fresh angles and profoundly pertinent perspectives each time he dug into them, we found it disconcerting that he had nothing new to tell us. Bob, himself, had given up on the muse, saying, "There are enough Bob Dylan songs in the world." Bob was growing older, as was his audience. What could he tell us about the world we found ourselves in now? We had always looked to him as some kind of signpost, giving us affirmation that in this strange and fickle world there were deeper meanings and connections to be discovered.

Many of us were resigned to hit the road with him, catching as many shows as we could. The playing and singing was so strong, that maybe it would be enough. Then, in January '97, the rumors began flying — Bob was recording in the infamous Criteria Studios at 461 Ocean Blvd. in Miami, the same site where Eric Clapton had rekindled his career in the mid-'70s. Word was there were new, vibrant songs afloat, so we kept our ears to the ground waiting for any clue.

Sometimes The Silence Can Be Like Thunder

On May 25th, the day after Dylan's 56th birthday, he checked into the hospital with pains in his chest. Columbia's press release said he was suffering from a potentially fatal condition that caused a swelling of the sac around his heart — histoplasmosis pericarditis. The news sent a chill through the music community. Sony received 500 calls a day. The June European tour was canceled.

Tenaciously, before you knew it, he was back on the road. Tickets for an August tour of the East Coast were scooped up fast. The death scare reminded fans, as Jerry's coma had in 1986, that time was short or at least a testy mistress.

Dylan was booked into medium-to-large-sized sheds. The hand-picked opening acts — BR5-49 and Ani DiFranco, respectively — providing connection to both Bob's country, barroom roots and his days as a controversial figure in the folk-pop world, singing often bitter and moving stories about the hopeful quest for love in a time of jagged edges.

In Scranton, Pennsylvania at the Montage Mountain ski resort, he looked a bit scattered but eager to get on with it. The set was a mixture of the transcendent (an acoustic *Oh Babe, It Ain't No Lie*), and the rockin' but rough-hewn (*Joey*). The following evening he played in Hershey, PA, considered by some to be a power spot for Bob, as RFK Stadium was for the Dead for many years. There, fans saw one of the tightest, most passionately sung shows of Bob's career. He seemed to inhabit the characters in his songs; every nuance and line was perfectly phrased for maximum effect and shaded meaning. Specifically mind-blowing was the extremely rare (*Sooner Or Later*) *One Of Us Must Know*. For the first time in years, Bob had begun replacing the usual *Watchtower* in the third slot with the wonderfully chunky *Tough Mama*. New this tour was a Reverend Gary Davis standard, which Bob had performed in his early days in Greenwich Village as a fledgling folksy, *Cocaine*.

A week later at the Mann Music Center in Philly, lucky fans witnessed a different kind of Dylan show. This evening Dylan was as chatty as I'd ever seen him, joking with the crowd, pointing into the front rows, hugging girls as they ran onto the stage. At one point, a brave, young man ran across the stage, slid to Bob's feet and kissed his shiny black boot! Dylan and his band giggled and proceeded to tear the house down. The songs were performed with a sense of joy and tongue-in-cheek hilarity. The crowd was ecstatic, the frenzy in the air palpable. When he broke into *Stuck Inside of Mobile...* the whole place was spinning. The Dead's *Alabama Getaway* as the final encore sent us home into the rainy night buzzing. Bob was back from the brink with a renewed energy and sense of purpose unlike anything we'd seen from him in many years.

Blues Wrapped 'Round My Head

Rich Katz, owner of the East End Cafe in Newark, Delaware echoes the sentiments of many long-time Dylan fans, when he said late in the year, "Who would've thought that in 1997 I'd be havin' a hard time putting down a new Bob album. I'd always hoped for another batch of songs this strong, but I didn't really believe it. I'd thought the days of having a new Dylan album change your life were long since past." The reaction has been overwhelmingly ecstatic to "Time Out Of Mind," Bob Dylan's 41st album. Released in the fall of '97 to rave reviews and instant sales, the album debuted on the charts at number ten, in the same month that "Before The Flood" was certified platinum and "Greatest Hits Volume II" went multi-platinum.



MICHAEL SHEEHAN ©1998

The first album of new original Dylan material in seven years was recorded in 11 days in January '97 and produced by Daniel Lanois who previously helmed Dylan's last distinctive album, 1989's "Oh Mercy." Lanois' trademark is atmosphere and there is plenty of that here. In fact, it is the first Dylan set in years to evoke a distinct mood throughout its full length. This is due, in part, to the smoky settings crafted around these rich new songs.

Dylan and Lanois have utilized a varied group of musicians to create a "depth of field" in the sonic playground that is sometimes deceptively sparse, while still made up of layers of disparate elements. According to Jim Dickinson (the legendary pianist from Memphis whose essential contributions to records by The Box Tops, Ry Cooder, Aretha and The Rolling Stones are just a few of many), Dylan stuck to his usual m.o., recording a minimal amount of takes, occasionally overdubbing a flubbed word or two and moving on to the next tune. The players are a complimentary combination of old rock 'n' roll war-horses of Dylan's age and experience: Dickinson, Jim Keltner (drummer for Harrison, Clapton, The Traveling Wilburys, etc.), Augie Meyers (the classic Farfisa organist from The Sir Douglas Quintet and Texas Tornados), the young members of Dylan's stellar touring band, and ringers, such as Cindy Cashdollar on dobro and steel guitar (Asleep At the Wheel) and guitarist Duke Robillard (Roomful of Blues, Fabulous Thunderbirds). At times there were three bands playing at once, with multiple drummers, layered guitarists and keyboards, and two steel players. Sometimes as many as 14 musicians were backing Bob's live vocals and guitar. Lanois took this thick wall of sound, mixing, tweaking and pulling away elements, until a jagged beauty emerged. On each listen you hear different sounds appear, i.e. what sounds like a violin may be a doubled riff on two slide guitars. Little

touches like these abound to create a textured sea of shimmering shade out of which Dylan's jagged voice rises. That voice, ragged but right, tugs and twists and coos the deepest sorrow, pain and sinful loss of love out of these tunes.

The performances of these songs are as important as the songs themselves. Dylan has recently said of this album, "The music has a...reaching effect... You can feel it rather than talk about it." The consistent feel of the music draws you to the thematic elements in the lyrics: with two speeds, slow ballads and medium tempo bluesy shuffles, five of the 11 tunes are standard 12-bar blues sung and played in a wide breadth of styles.

The songs are written in a plain-spoken style, unlike the Dylan of old where surreal images were piled up to roll over you like a tidal wave of possible meanings. This album is straightforward, possibly the most overtly personal album Bob has ever made. He calls it, "Spooky...shocking in its bluntness." Everything is personal and wrenching. The songs are evocative of a man near the end of the line. The inherent beauty of the melodies and settings represent an underlying sense of hope, while the voice, for once void of irony, laments the loss of an idealized love. Over and over we hurt for the deep sense of loneliness expressed here. The often past and distant promise of love tears at his heart. He finds no respite in the torturous reality of day-to-day living. The answer is to "take to the road and plunder."

Dylan's near-constant touring since 1987 seems to be both a solace and curse for him. The main thematic device he returns to throughout this music is walking: "Down streets that are dead...", moving down the road, searching, "Rollin' through the rain and hail/lookin' for the sunny side of love," escaping the past and trying to stay one step ahead of this demon memory that haunts him. "I'm going down the river/down to New Orleans/they tell me everything is gonna be all right/But I don't know what 'all right' even means..."

An interesting element within these tunes is their timelessness. They are obviously written from experience, not the youthful idealism and recklessness of a young man, but the worldly musing of one who has put in the time, seen it all and knows only that he's still missing something essential in his heart. One way Dylan infers this is with his use of phrases and images from the vast well of folk music. Turning cliché and familiarity into a shortcut to getting his point across. Quite the opposite of his excessive tendencies of years past.

All of these elements combine to make "Time Out Of Mind" the most interesting and enveloping Dylan record since "Blood On the Tracks." It is his most direct statement yet, and like his quintessential work, a perfect illustration of the artist as a continuing entity, reinventing his art, his image and his place in the rock pantheon by, again, being a mirror of himself in these times. We enter and redefine our own complex perspectives by sharing the points of view of great artists as they strip their souls for their art.

Tryin' To Get To Heaven Before They Close The Door

Bob Dylan's visit to Bologna, Italy in 1997 to play before Pope John Paul II was an event, though the hoped-for duet on The Caravans' hit, *Mary Don't You Weep*, never materialized. The concert's intended purpose was to reacquaint young people with the church. It was attended by 200-350,000 people, including a large helping of men and women of the cloth swaying and clapping along. Bob's set included *Knockin' On Heaven's Door*, *A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall* and *Forever Young*. During his sermon the Pope paraphrased Bob. "...the answer is blowin' in the wind and the answer is Jesus." Dylan's music has long had religious overtones, before and since his evangelistic period of '79-'81. He now claims to follow no particular tenets and says his religion is in the music, though there are still predominant themes of redemption and searching for rejuvenation throughout his new songs.

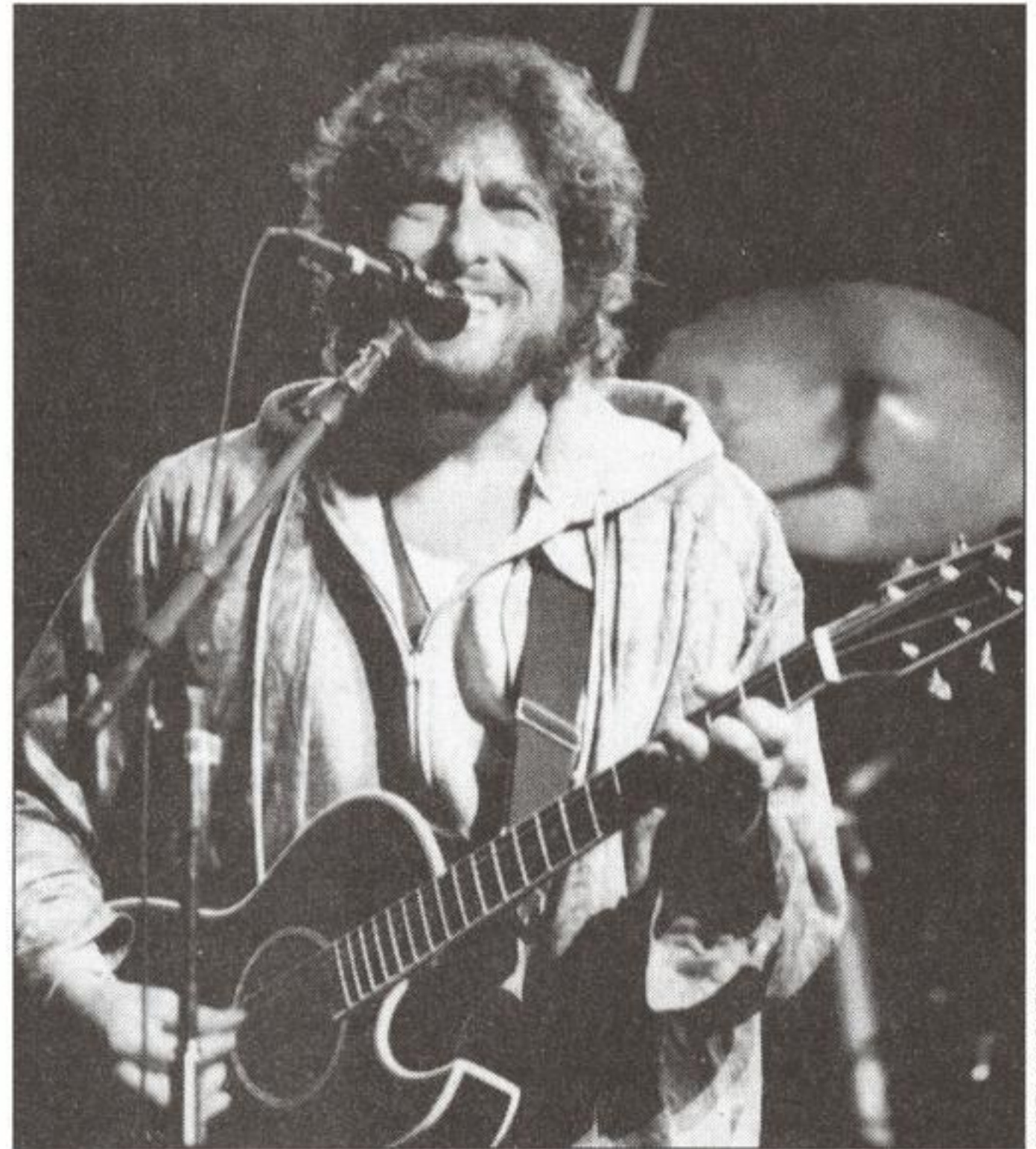
On October 16, 1997 His Bob-ness received the prestigious Dorothy & Lillian Gish Award. The award honors "a man or woman who has made an outstanding contribution to the beauty of the world." Dylan was awarded a gift of \$200,000. Bob Dylan was also, along with Lauren Bacall, Charlton Heston, ballet great Edward Valla and opera diva Jessye Norman, a recipient of the 1997 Kennedy Center Honors held in Washington, DC on December 6th. President Bill Clinton and First Lady Hillary Clinton presided over the festivities. Bruce Springsteen showed up to sing an appropriately gravelly version of *The Times They Are A-Changin'*. Dylan pals G.E. Smith, Don Was and Steve Jordan backed country singer David Ball and gospel great Shirley Caesar on *Don't Think Twice...* and *Serve Somebody*, which was positively incendiary.

People On The Platforms Waitin' For The Trains

Never one to hide his influences (his first three albums are virtual lessons in assimilation), Bob's roots have recently been showing more than ever. Not only have his two previous studio albums been collections of seminal country, folk and blues classics, but scattered through his inspired setlists have been many songs from the great American songwriting canon. His recent soundtrack contributions have all been Dylanesque remakes of classic R&B, Tin Pan Alley and country tunes. It was natural that Bob's initial release on his own label, Egyptian Records, would be an all-star tribute to "The Singing Brakeman," the great Jimmie Rodgers.

It is hard to believe that these songs, written during Rodgers' brief but distinguished career, were all scribed back in the 1930s. Featuring the final studio recording of Jerry Garcia (and John Kahn) singing a poignant version of *Blue Yodel #9* alongside David Grisman, and contributions from Dickie Betts, Mary Chapin-Carpenter, Steve Earle, Van Morrison, Willie Nelson, Aaron Neville and others, paying tribute to the man often called "the father of country music," Dylan and his band perform a scraggly version of *My Blue-Eyed Jane*.

Word has it that Bob has recorded with bluegrass legend Ralph Stanley recently. He also appears on veteran country star Hank Thompson's latest release, "Honky Tonk Heart".



KURT MAHONEY ©1998

Bob's link to Jerry Garcia, well documented in these pages and elsewhere over the years, carries on to this day. The version of *Visions of Johanna* on the Grateful Dead's "From The Phil Zone" is positively gorgeous. Incorporated into Bob's recent live shows are Dead tunes, stylistic nuances, jams and songs that influenced both of them, an added treat for Deadheads who make the trek to hear him. Bob has even been slipping a short, instantly recognizable bit of the *Dear Mr. Fantasy* riff into the middle of *Silvio* lately.

One thing Jerry and Bob shared was a love for the "Anthology of American Folk Music" compiled by oddball musicologist and raconteur Harry Smith. This collection of old, forgotten 78 rpm recordings of primal folk, blues, Cajun, gospel and early country was the Bible of the young folk music fans in the early '60s. Many songs on this reissued set had found their way into the repertoire of Dylan and Garcia over the years.

The incisive liner notes for the box set were taken from a new book by Dylan scholar Greil Marcus. "The Invisible Republic" traces the deep promise of America as seen through the world of its songs, specifically the songs Harry Smith discovered and the songs Dylan and The Band conjured from the depths of their collective experiences during "The Basement Tapes" sessions. As wonderfully complex and significant as this book is, it is blunted by Marcus' succinct and inspiring talk given at the aforementioned Lillian Gish Awards ceremony in October which was published in the year-end edition of Rolling Stone magazine.

Incidentally, earlier in 1997, the famous house where most of "The Basement Tapes" took shape — The Big Pink near Woodstock, New York — was put on the market. Asking price for this bit of rock history: \$149,000.

There is always a trove of new Dylan books on the market, the most highly anticipated of which is the latest edition of Dylan's complete lyrics. "Lyrics: 1962-1997" is due in stores any day now.

For fans searching out interesting covers of Bob's compositions, you never need to go far. A quick scan through the new release bins at your local CD emporium will usually turn up a bunch. Of note are the versions of Dylan's rarity, *Man On The Street* (mistitled *The Old Man*) on the newly released "Dave Van Ronk: Live At Sir George Williams University," and an album of 12 Dylan covers by The Zimmermen. On the recent Jimi Hendrix collection, "South Saturn Delta" are versions of *Drifter's Escape* and ... *Watchtower*. The newly issued "Yardbirds At The BBC" features a fiery *Most Likely You Go Your Way (And I'll Go Mine)*. The latest Elvis Presley box set "Platinum: A Life Of Music" features 77 previously unreleased tracks, including a home recording of The King singing *Blowin' In The Wind* in 1966. Papa Chubby covers Isis on "Live: Hit The High Hard One." The first cover of a new "Time Out Of Mind" song, released a month before Bob's version, was Billy Joel's rendition of *Make You Feel My Love* from his "Greatest Hits Vol. III."

Down The Highway, Down The Tracks, Down The Road To Ecstasy

As the year came to a close, Dylan began performing his new material on tour. Playing a handful of intimate club shows in DC and Philly after a short European jaunt and an October/November schedule that found him gigging from Mississippi to California, he has never sounded better. The new songs enliven the already smokin' band, the grooves are that much larger, more pronounced and ardent, the lyrics sung with an assurance and awareness of their pull — their power. Dylan has gotten back to what he's been born to do — pumped up and redeemed by his rekindled place in the public eye, by the critical and commercial success of his most personal album ever, at a time when he'd been written of by all but the most fervent followers. Bob Dylan and his incomparable band hit the road, basking in the limelight, and for the first time in his career it seemed that Bob was able to enjoy himself. The honesty and forthright nature of his new work allows Dylan to be accepted on his own terms again, to enjoy the peace he's made with his muse, his audience and himself. With a smile poking out from behind the mask more often than not, he has nothing left to prove. The pressure is off: Let it Rock.

Don't Walk Down That Dirt Road 'Til Someone Lets Me Ride

Bob's son Jakob's band, The Wallflowers' second release, "Bringing Down The Horse", has sold over three million copies in just a year and a half, more than his dad's best-selling record ("Blood On The Tracks") has sold in the 22 years since it came out. It was exciting seeing both the father and his son taking home Grammys their respective efforts well done. ♦

Victor Bradley is currently working on a book about covers of Bob Dylan songs. Drop him a line at PC/BZB, Box 120, 1712 Marsh Road, Wilmington, DE 19810.

BOB DYLAN & VAN MORRISON

The Theater at Madison Square Garden, New York, NY
January 16, 17, 18, 20, and 21, 1998

By John O'Marra

While the Rolling Stones played upstairs, months of anticipation for this dynamic double bill come to fruition downstairs, when Van Morrison strolled onstage. The propulsive rhythm of *Burning Ground*, off his new CD "The Healing Game," made it clear that his is a tight band. Drums, congas, sax, trumpet, organ, bass, guitar and backup vocals were working behind Van.

Fire in the Belly, another new song followed, a sultry, *soulful* scorcher with great interplay between Van and Brian Kennedy, whose high tenor and energetic demeanor are a nice foil to Van's sweet-sour growl and reserved stage presence. *It Once Was My Life* was next, with a streamlined group harmony showcase. Pee Wee Ellis and Matt Holland, on saxophone and trumpet respectively, took an instrumental passage that would make horn giant King Curtis smile in appreciation.

Vanlose Stairway/Trans-Euro Train, into Ray Charles' *Fool For You*, was the show-stopper, rising higher and higher into a spiritual peak of light and clarity, before darkening into the smoky nightclub strut of primal rhythm and blues. The horns took over for the preening, racing *Domino*, energetic and spirited, although remarkably similar to the album version.

Morrison's set ended with a string of crowd-pleasers. *Moondance*, like *Domino*, was brisk and faithful to the original, although Georgie Fame sang one verse, with tight, pleasing phrasing. *Tupelo Honey* exuded gentle beauty before dissolving into *Why Must I Always Explain*. *Cypress Avenue* opened with melancholy grace, a vivid daydream of growing up in Belfast. Ronnie Johnson's guitar gently spirals around Nicky Scott's bass, until Van sings the line "I think I'll walk by the factory, with my cherry wine." On that, the tempo and volume exploded, as Morrison hurtled through the past with reckless abandon. Eventually, he quieted his band to address the crowd. "I read in the newspaper today, somebody had the audacity to call what we do pop music. Well, if this is pop music, what the fuck are we doing here?" Van threw his hand-held mike to the ground, and went back into the song. The band vamped to a close as Van left the stage, to a thunderous ovation. It was a high-energy end to a sizzling set.

After a half-hour break, out struts Dylan, dressed like a country preacher, tearing into *Absolutely Sweet Marie*, the spicy roadhouse throwdown. He was in great voice, clear and playful. The band really started to gel material from the latest CD, "Time Out of Mind," beginning with *Not Dark Yet*. Former Jerry Garcia Band mainstay, drummer David Kemper and longtime Dylan bassist Tony Garnier laid down a solid rock foundation, allowing Bob and new guitarist Larry Cambell to trade slithering leads, while Bucky Baxter's haunting pedal steel floated above it all like a restless ghost. *Cold Irons Bound* followed, slyly rising out of a storm-brewing rumble with a drum and bass lightning explosion, an

early highlight, edgier and more urgent than the version on the CD. *Simple Twist of Fate* followed, shimmering like a Tiffany necklace in the sun. David Kemper set the pace with an elegant restraint much different than his explosive pre-decessor, Winston Watson. *Silvio* turned the energy way back up, a rousing barn-burner, a lost first-set closer, akin to *Might As Well* or *Deal*.

From there, the only place to go is acoustic. Drums, stand-up bass, acoustic guitars, pedal steel and dobro all blended into a sound that is pure Americana. *John Brown* was slow and deliberate, an angrier version than the jaunty reel from "MTV Unplugged," damning in its detailed imagery. *One Too Many Mornings*, which has seen untold variations and arrangements over the years, was presented in a forceful, undorned incarnation. *Tangled Up In Blue* boasted a rootsy, "Appalachian" feel, Bob nailing each verse with urgent precision. The closing jams provided strong evidence that Dylan is an underrated guitarist.

It was back to the electric instruments for *Million Miles*, a dusky, roguish shuffle, and *Just Like A Woman* gleamed as well, presented as a sumptuous, earthy hymn. *Highway 61* closed the set — a blood-red, turbo-charged Mustang flying through Death Valley — the best version I've ever heard of this old war-horse! Bob actually "danced" at times, a frisky, baby-stepping cakewalk. What a hoot!

The encores began with *Like A Rolling Stone*, the exuberant anthem of alienation buoyed by the audience's tremendous energy. The acoustic instruments returned for a sweet *My Back Pages*. *Lovesick* followed, electric, an intense, scathing plea for help. The show ended with *Rainy Day Woman*, a fun end to an incredible opening night.

On January 17th, to my surprise, Dylan opens up for Van. *Señor* is a real treat to hear, an urgent, ambiguous tale wrapped in a coiling snake of a melody. *Can't Wait* is forceful, undeniable, slow-burning blues. There's a great acoustic set on this night, with a tender, vulnerable take on *Tomorrow Is A Long Time* (remember the Dylan/Dead version from Giants '87, featuring Garcia on pedal steel?), and a heartfelt *Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll*, both early '60s gems.

Tears of Rage, a cryptically moving dirge, was sung with keen sorrow. *Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat* made for a fiery closer, featuring some of Dylan's funniest writing. "It balances on your head like a mattress on a bottle of wine,



your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat." *Forever Young* was the acoustic encore, with Bob delivering enough emotion and compassion to rank this performance as one of the finest sung of the run.

Van Morrison's sets were quite similar each night, yet so beautifully structured and paced that they actually grew in power with repeated exposure. After the string of powerful new openers, Sam Cooke's timeless *A Change Is Gonna Come* had Van soaring over a rousing, crackling arrangement. Later, in *Satisfied*, Van boasted that "Upstairs, the Stones can't get no satisfaction. Down here we're satisfied!"

This show's undeniable summit was *Summertime In England*, sung as "summertime in

Woodstock," saluting upstate New York. Lovely opening verses meandered into a passage where Van sang of churches and visions, which Pee Wee Ellis answered in echo. Eventually, Van began to scat phrases through cupped hands, harmonica-style, which Pee Wee mimicked on the tenor sax. Concurrently, Brian Kennedy sang, "Soul is a witness," over and over, the whole building to a truly majestic, rapturous, wall of sound, equaling any musical moment I've ever heard. Soon, the band dropped back, whispering, as Van chanted the incantation, "Can you feel the silence/in the mystic church?" Truly a special, spine-tingling performance.

With two down and three to go, there had been no collaborations between the Stones and Van or Bob, although Mick and company had performed *Like A Rolling Stone* to huge applause at every show.

For the first time, Dylan joined Morrison onstage, in the middle of Van's opening set on January 18th. Hunched over a single microphone, strumming acoustic guitars, the pair tackled *More & More*, an obscure country blues piece associated with Webb Pierce. Certainly pleasurable to see, this ragged, off-the-cuff rendering was notable more for spirit than execution. The title track off "The Healing Game" was later unveiled, a stirring, soothing storm.

In Dylan's set, *Sweet Marie* began to feel like the warm-up number, paling beside recent openers like *Jokerman* and *Drifter's Escape*. The set proper seemed to start with the second song, *I Want You*, which was given a slow, languorous treatment. *You're A Big Girl Now* mined a similar vein, with more impressive results.

Desolation Row started the acoustic set in remarkable fashion, Dylan enunciating and remembering every otherworldly lyric. In the electric closers, *Memphis Blues* rambled like an enthusiastic puppy, while *Till I Fell In Love With You* propelled the set to a forceful finish. *Knockin' On Heaven's Door* was the delight of the encores, done with real feeling, a brief visit to an ethereal plane.

After a night off, it was Dylan's turn to open, with an early spotlight on the underappreciated *Born In Time*. *Hard Rain* glistened as well, with each poetic verse as bright and clear as a comet on a starry winter night. Later, *Positively 4th Street*, weaved and swayed like a charming con man trying to talk his way out of your paycheck. *Don't Think Twice* appeared among the encores as a lilting serenade.

Van Morrison used his final show-closing opportunity as a chance to excel, presenting treasures like *Russian Roulette* and *Cleaning Windows*. Brian Kennedy took a solo spot on a luxurious rendition of *Sweet Thing*, while *It's A Man's World* grew to include a chanted ode to James Brown, and a mischievous middle passage: "Never mind the peelin' from the ceiling, just be there when I get the feeling!"

Shenandoah, the ageless lullaby of the Blue Ridge mountains, began the encores. *Vanlose Stairway* and *Healing Game* both reached their usual ecstatic peaks, capping my favorite Van Morrison show of the run.

Expectations were high for January 21st, the final night, and Van's set began promisingly. *Foreign Window* is a rare gem, whose enigmatic lyrics can be read as a commentary on sharing the stage with Dylan. "Sleeping on a pallet on the floor, in the palace of the Lord." Bob joined Van onstage for *Blue Suede Shoes*, a tribute to recently departed rockabilly legend Carl Perkins. Like the pair's previous duet, it was loose, sloppy, and a whole lot of fun. Dylan appeared fairly well oiled at the song's end, handing his guitar to Van's bass player instead of the onstage roadie.

See Me Through, into *Soldier Of Fortune*, into *Thank You (Falletinme...)* was an uplifting sequence of Celtic soul, capping a powerhouse set. Only a short version of *It's A Man's World* was played before the house lights come on, a definite disappointment. I had expected Van to end his stand with a string of firecrackers, particularly *Gloria*.

Dylan began his set at somewhat less than full strength. *Man in the Long Black Coat* lacked much of its usual eerie power. *Shelter From the Storm* suffered from mangled lyrics and dropped verses. Bob recovered for the acoustic numbers, offering sterling takes on *The Times They Are A-Changin'* and *Tambourine Man*. Unfortunately, these were the last songs unleashed that were new to the run, as Bob coasted through the rest of the night on auto-pilot. Disappointingly, Dylan's written setlist, faxed to the sound and lighting boards, offered up more intriguing, novel choices, which he passed on in favor of retreads. If Bob and Van had infused their finales with more life, this run of shows would have jumped from great to legendary.

Overall, these were an inspiring set of concerts. Van Morrison blew me away with his committed performances, crackerjack band, and repeated voyages into the transcendent. I don't think Dylan reached those same lofty peaks. Although never less than very good, Dylan didn't overwhelm me the way he did in '95 and '96. There seemed to be a lack of creative challenge within the current quintet format, perhaps because Dylan's never had a band keep the same instrumental lineup for so many years. But what an incredible experience, seeing these two masters scintillate with new material more than 30 years after their early triumphs. As Van sang each night in *Raincheck*, "I don't fade away, unless I choose."

1/16/98

Burning Ground, Fire In The Belly, It Once Was My Life, Raincheck, In The Afternoon, Satisfied, How Long Has This Been Goin' On?, Vanlose Stairway, Trans-Euro Train > Fool For You, Sometimes We Cry, This Weight, Domino, It's A Man's World

E: *Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?, Moondance, Tupelo Honey > Why Must I Always Explain?, Cypress Avenue*

*Absolutely Sweet Marie, Not Dark Yet, Cold Irons Bound, Simple Twist Of Fate, Silvio, *One Too Many Mornings, *John Brown, *Tangled Up In Blue, Million Miles, Just Like A Woman, Highway 61*

E: *Like A Rolling Stone, My Back Pages, Lovesick, Rainy Day Woman*

*acoustic

1/17/98

*Sweet Marie, Señor, Can't Wait, Not Dark Yet, Silvio, *Tomorrow Is A Long Time, *The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll, *Tangled Up In Blue, Million Miles, Tears of Rage, Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat*

E: *Like A Rolling Stone, *Forever Young, Lovesick, Rainy Day Woman*

*acoustic

Burning Ground, Fire In The Belly, It Once Was My Life, Raincheck, In The Afternoon, Satisfied, Vanlose Stairway, Trans-Euro Train, A Change Is Gonna Come, Summertime In England, Domino, It's A Man's World

E: *Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?, Days Like This, How Long Has This Been Goin' On?, Cypress Avenue*

1/18/98

Burning Ground, Fire, Once Was, Raincheck, In The Afternoon, A Change Is Gonna Come, Satisfied, Vanlose Stairway, Trans-Euro Train, More & More (with Dylan), Summertime In England, Domino, Sometimes We Cry, Tupelo Honey > Why Must I Always Explain?, The Healing Game

E: *It's A Man's World, Cypress Avenue*

*Sweet Marie, I Want You, Cold Irons Bound, You're A Big Girl Now, Silvio, *Desolation Row, *It's All Over Now, Baby Blue, *Tangled Up In Blue, Million Miles, Memphis Blues Again, 'Til I Fell in Love With You*

E: Highway 61, *Knockin' On Heaven's Door, Lovesick,
Rainy Day Woman
*acoustic

1/20/98
Sweet Marie, Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You, Cold
Irons Bound, Born In Time, Silvio, *Hard Rain, *Girl From
The North Country, *Tangled Up In Blue, Million Miles,
Positively Fourth Street, 'Til I Fell in Love With You
E: Highway 61, *Don't Think Twice, Lovesick, Rainy Day
Woman
*acoustic

Burning Ground, Fire, Once Was, Raincheck, Russian
Roulette, If You Love Me, This Weight, Cleaning Windows,
Sweet Thing, Moondance, Days Like This, Sometimes We
Cry, Summertime In England, It's A Man's World
E: Shenandoah, Tupelo Honey > Why Must I Always
Explain, Vanlose Stairway, Trans-Euro Train, The Healing
Game

1/21/98
Burning Ground, Fire, Once Was, Foreign Window,
Raincheck, Who Can I Turn To?, Summertime In England,
In The Afternoon, Vanlose Stairway, Trans-Euro Train, This
Weight, Domino, Blue Suede Shoes (with Dylan),
Sometimes We Cry, Cleaning Windows, Northern Muse
(Solid Ground), See Me Through > Soldier Of Fortune >
Thank You (Falletinme Be Mice Elf Again)
E: It's A Man's World

Sweet Marie, Man In The Long Black Coat, Cold Irons Bound,
Shelter From The Storm, Silvio, *Times They Are A-Changin',
*Mr. Tambourine Man, *Tangled Up In Blue, Million Miles,
Memphis Blues Again, 'Til I Fell in Love With You
E: Highway 61, *Don't Think Twice, Lovesick, Rainy Day
Woman
*acoustic ♦



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JAMMIN' WITH MEDESKI



John Medeski

Billy Martin

Chris Wood

MICHAEL MACIOCE ©1998

Whereas the Dead played rock in the jazz idiom, Medeski, Martin and Wood play jazz in the rock idiom — mind-expanding, improvisational jazz, heavily accented with funk, rock, Latin and space flavors. What is most interesting about MMW is that by playing jazz to a rock audience, they not only entertain, they educate. As a result, MMW may very well be the most exciting jazz/rock combo since Miles Davis' Bitches Brew band laid the voodoo down in 1970. MMW's John Medeski is a lion among keyboardists. He doesn't just lay down happenin' grooves and memorable melodies, he plays many of his leads as though the keyboard is, first and foremost, a percussion instrument. His arms flail so fast they blur. Flurries of individual notes and chords are transformed into textured soundscapes. At times it's hard to decide whether to dance with all-out abandon to his music or to hold one's breath, stare without blinking and listen carefully in utter amazement. What's this guy all about? Here, now, the answer... —J.D.

Can you tell us which keyboards you play in concert and, if there's a difference, on your last two albums?

In concert, right now I'm playing a Hammond B-3, a clavinet, Wurlitzer electric piano, a Pianet-T, that's a little electric piano, and a Yamaha CS01 II. On the records, I play pianos, Mellotrons, all different stuff.

When did you discover and begin to explore the Hammond B-3?

Maybe, 13, 14 years ago.

How old are you now?

I'm 31. I've been playing piano since I was five, or even younger, actually. I used to just play with my dad, when I was really young. I played organ, but I never realized its incredible musical importance until later. I always wanted to be a piano player.

Did you discover that through the music of other people or through actually experimenting with it yourself?

Through playing it, and from playing in a blues band. Playing the blues, playing organ, that's how I really got into it. Then I totally dove into a lot of that old organ, organ jazz and stuff. That's dance jazz. Even the old swing and stuff, that's total dance jazz. Organ trios have always been about groove and dance, in a certain way.

In what context did you work with legendary bass player Jaco Pastorius?

I was so young, but I was lucky enough to get to play with him a bunch of times in Florida, in different situations, from jam sessions to this band I was in down there, with bass player Charles Norcus. I think Jaco's brother-in-law had been playing drums at the time, and this great guitar player Randy Bernsen came down a few times and did a few hits with us. Jaco used to come down every time we'd have a gig, which for a while was about once a week. He would just come down and sit in on the second set and that would be it — he wouldn't get off stage. We'd just play, it was incredible. I did one sort of weird recording thing, like backing up somebody that he was also backing up. It was almost a country kind of thing. He asked me to go to Japan with him...when I was 15, but my mom wouldn't let me [Laughter]. You know, his reputation was starting, he was starting to take off about then. He was an incredible man, a genius.

You seem to have an unusually young audience for the sort of intelligent music you play.

Young people *are* intelligent, aren't they?

Well, I think that some music is more intelligent, thoughtful, complex, intuitive, searching and risk-taking than other types of music.

Definitely, but I think music is a language of its own, and consequently, there's a musical intelligence that maybe isn't about knowledge. You don't need to know the history of things, you don't need to know a lot of theory about harmony and stuff to appreciate different music. It's just some people relate to Albert Ayler and some people don't, you know? It's not about having to know more about music or anything, it's just an aesthetic thing. You know, I loved late Coltrane, I remember, when I was 13, getting "A Love Supreme." I was just blown away the first time I heard it, not having any idea of what's going on, not being able to hear any of the notes, but being into it. Listening to it a gazillion times. So I feel there are young people out there...the musical intelligence has an emotional connection too, about emotional depth. It can communicate a lot of different things from simple mundane bullshit to really deep, complex feelings. It can touch on all that stuff. It's not really about age, you know what I mean?

Yeah, but at the same time, I think each of us has certain musical predispositions because of who we

are, and some of us eventually come to like certain types of music because of experiences we have. I think there are things that can be learned and I think there are things almost like you're born with, or you're just meant to move in that direction.

We all have our personalities, and that's the way we are. I think that's reflected in the kind of music we like. The music business in general, here in America, is in a weird state, having a hard time right now, and a lot of it has to do with the way the business side of things has been developing. I think that unfortunately the young generation of people, kids right now, are not as fascinated by all the things that were new over the past ten, 15 years because for them, it's old — this new technology, this new approach to making music, which is very technologically oriented, as opposed to music oriented. Younger people have the perspective to look back

and just look at music and not be so fascinated by technology to miss the point. So they're turning to more open, improvised, real, honest music that gives you an experience.

This creates a bit of a paradox for me. As someone who goes to a lot of concerts, I'm always amazed how socially segregated some are these days. For example, I can't understand why older Deadheads are staying away from new bands that play

in the same spirit or style of the music that they used to listen to, or still listen to at home.

I think the Dead Experience isn't about the music, it's about the Dead Experience. Otherwise, they'd be out doing it, because if they were looking for music, if they were really listening to what the Dead were trying to [say], they would be supporting Ornette Coleman. They wouldn't be there listening to the same old Dead tapes. I mean, just because they listen to the Dead doesn't mean they're any different than the guy who goes home and has his Budweiser and sits in front of the TV all night. They like their comfortable thing, they're not out to check out anything new. I think there's a certain mentality, there are people who fit into the America stereotype in whatever way, whether it's your typical suburban thing or it's a Deadhead.

The Grateful Dead Experience is to a certain degree as much a national pastime for the counterculture as baseball.

Exactly. Most people remember the season of a certain time and that's what it means to them, the nostalgia of it.

On a related note, I'm amazed that you have such a young audience every time I see you. I'm wondering if there are places, for example, in New York, where you play for an older crowd, folks who love Coltrane, for example, who come and check you out?

Not necessarily. When we first started, it was more like that. I think there's still a percentage of our audience, it really

"MUSIC IS A LANGUAGE OF ITS OWN, AND CONSEQUENTLY, THERE'S A MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE THAT MAYBE ISN'T ABOUT KNOWLEDGE"

depends on where it is. Different places you get different ratios going on in the crowd. Bands that tour in the way we've been touring attract a certain kind of audience, and I think that the fact that we're also very groove related also has something to do with it. Thus far, we haven't been about making records, it's been about touring and playing live. There's a certain audience that's up for that. Definitely, I don't know what you'd call it, the neo-hippie, the younger kids who are doing what people were doing when the Dead were around, that younger audience. They go out and see all these other bands too, these more Southern rock-based bands, bands that are touring all the time, bands that nobody's heard of, except in that culture.

I'm heartened by a very clear observation that when I go to concerts like yours now, I see myself 15 years ago in the audience. I see a whole new generation of people looking for music that takes risks, music that has something that forces you into a tribal groove experience. That fascinates me, because that says it wasn't about the Grateful Dead, it is about something that transcends a specific social phenomenon.

Well, it should be. That's why we have done what we've done so far, just for that reason. I don't want to get into a musical discussion, but in terms of a lot of these bands that are, like you said, more risk-taking, more improvisationally oriented, there's obviously an audience that's looking for that because they are going out to see these bands. And the thing is, other musicians, let's say more in a jazz realm, who have a different kind of improvisational skill, a different vocabulary or whatever, there's some incredible improvisers that nobody's ever heard of. And the thing is these guys haven't been going out and targeting the young people who are looking for that experience, like you were saying. Consequently, bands like The Dead and Phish and these other more jam kind of bands are attracting big crowds of people because people are starving for something like that, something real. And nobody else is bringing it to them. That's one of the reasons we came out. We figured even if a small percentage of the people who were really looking for something, even a little further, would be into it.

I find your particular style of playing fascinating, in that you really seem to acknowledge and take advantage of the fact that keyboards can be percussion instruments. I'm wondering where this style of percussive playing came from.

I guess I just want to be a drummer. Piano is a percussion instrument; in terms of if you talk about the family of instruments that piano falls into, it's not string; I've treated the keyboard as a percussion instrument. Rhythm is really important for me. I love it. I like playing to be part of the rhythm.

In concert you throw in a couple of minutes of what I might describe as being psychedelic or avant-garde polka music, like a really jazzy expansive musical statement made with your organ. I'm curious where this comes from. Is this something that just sort of came from experimenting with the settings on your keyboards?

I can't say I've ever listened to a lot of polka music, but, yeah I definitely experiment a lot with the organ and all the possible sounds and colors. You know, all the different color possibilities and ways of using it haven't been exhausted.

I see you onstage sometimes, changing all the draw bars like mad. I assume that that's something that's in the moment and intuitive, rather than you saying, "Oh, I'm going to move this draw bar to this setting because I've done this before and I know what it sounds like."

I think it's a combination of all. At the time it's intuitive, but you practice things so that you'd forget them and when you play they just come out. I definitely know how all the draw bars work — it's a very technical thing — but then you got to master that and then you forget it and then you just go.

When listening to MMW, I can't help but be reminded of Miles Davis' Bitches' Brew band, in that you guys combine the elements of funk, jazz, avant-garde or experimental music within one framework with a free-form

approach that seems to embrace both order and chaos. I'm curious how much you improvise on any given song from night to night, and are the variations extreme or subtle?

That depends. We improvise a lot on everything. Pretty much, our songs are structures designed to have a lot of variables and those variables are improvised every night. I don't think any of our songs are note for note the same, but after awhile, especially after we've recorded a song, the song kind of finds its form. That's usually when we're ready to come out with some new songs.

Do you have much dialogue between shows about where specific jams are going?

We don't talk about where anything's going, because the thing is, if you try to make it do anything, then you're just gettin' in the way. We like to just let it go where it's going to go. Sometimes we'll be in a period where we have to come up with a setlist. The benefit of doing a setlist is that you don't need to think about the direction, it's already decided and you can just get into the music and transcend the form of the set. And then, the benefit of not having a setlist is you can just get into a flow and do whatever feels like the next thing that has to happen. Then you can have any variation in between. We definitely move through all ends of the spectrum

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depending on whatever we need to be inspired for that particular night. But you know, it's definitely very open. I mean, compared to a pop band, it's wide open.

What were your early musical influences?

The whole influence thing is a hard question because I have a lot of inspirations. Classical music when I was really young. Then I got into jazz, especially more avant-garde and late '60s jazz. I guess I've always been into Bud Powell. I've always loved Bud Powell, and Monk, 'Trane. I think your influences are more who you actually play with. A lot of times people you grew up with that maybe aren't even playing anymore are more influential. These days we've all heard a lot of the same music and it's getting around. So it's a hard question these days in this media world; we're all kinda becoming centralized with our influences.

What music are you listening to these days?

A lot of different stuff. Specifically, I've been listening to a lot of gospel. Early '20s, '30s, '40s gospel music, African music. I've been listening to Miles Davis' "Nefertiti" a lot. It changes every week. I've been listening to a great New Orleans piano player, James Booker, a whole lot.

Read any good books lately?

Yeah, I'm reading this book called *The Moral Animal* by Robert Wright. It's a good one. It's like a Darwinian psychology, evolutionary psychology kinda. It's cool. The *I Ching*. I take that everywhere.

How and when did MMW get together?

Five or six years ago, I think [laughs]. Actually, the band got together to play gigs at this club, the Village Gate, which is no longer around, with the Piano Trio. Chris Wood and I had been playing together, as a duo, before that. Billy and I had gotten together because I had known Billy through other friends, this great drummer Bob Moses. Billy was living in New York, and when I moved to New York, I met Billy and heard him play both percussion and drums in different bands, and we got together one time and did a duo at his place. Then, all three of us did our little session over at Billy's apartment — he had this place in Brooklyn with a little studio in it. We played there, and then we started doing these gigs at the Village Gate. We went into the studio just to record "Notes From the Underground," which originally was just going to be a tape of some of the tunes. We ended up liking it, so we made a CD and the next thing you know, we're trying to tour.

It doesn't sound like there was a grand vision when you guys started out.

I think we were playing with different people in different situations, and when the three of us got together [we were] trying to combine some of the expressive elements of jazz with more contemporary rhythms and with dance music, which covers a lot of ground, covers a lot of styles. This was



Bumpershoot, Seattle, WA

TERRY LYNCH ©1998

before I'd ever heard about acid jazz, and then the whole acid jazz movement started. That was always the goal. Even from the beginning we were definitely more jazz-oriented. The intention was always to keep going in the direction we are heading in right now.

Your music seems perfectly suited for movie scores. I understand you may have already had this happen.

Do you actively search out such opportunities?

Well, that's one of the things that record companies are supposed to be good at. We had a tune in "Get Shorty" and we're working on some stuff.

Your tour with Maceo Parker seems a perfect pairing.

What other bands would you like to tour with?

Wow, that's a hard one. I like Beck. I like his stuff. It'd be cool to do something like that. We also did one show with A Tribe Called Quest in DC and that was actually really there. I wouldn't mind playing with Santana.

I think of you almost like a dance jazz band, rather than a rock band. And yet, there are a lot of fans out there who are coming from the rock idiom to your music.

It's a fine line between jazz/rock and rock/jazz. So, it's all perspective. I mean, weren't the Rolling Stones trying to be a blues band [laughs]? I don't know, we're not trying to be a jazz band, whatever we're trying to do. What we are is something different; it's what it is, you know?

Tell me about your little recording hideaway in Hawaii.

Well, it's not really necessarily a recording hideaway. We did do our last record there. We brought a lot of stuff in to make it happen. It's just a shack out in the jungle and, you know, no electric, water, phone lines or anything out there. We have an outhouse and we use solar power. We had to charge some batteries with a generator to make the recording happen. But it's an amazing place. An amazing sounding place.

When are you guys gonna put out a live album?

Oh, eventually. We'll get around to it. I think we probably will do a couple more studio records, but you never know. You never know. We'll probably keep it open. ♦

Grateful Dead Tape Trading 1997

The Year In Review - By Dougal Donaldson and Corey Sanderson



MICHAEL SHEEHAN ©1998

Compared to the previous year, 1997 was, in most tape trading circles, fairly tame. While a steady flow of tapes surfaced throughout the year, there was little of the fanfare and weirdness that surrounded many of the tapes that appeared in 1996. As the year progressed, it did not appear as though there was a huge amount of new material getting into circulation, but by the end of the year, we could count over two dozen new soundboards, mostly concentrated in the ten-year period from 1969 to 1978. On top of this, the Dead organization themselves put out five complete shows and one best-of-a-run collection on CD. This is an astounding number for a single year. At this pace, a person who may have never collected a single tape, could, in a few years, own a collection of live Dead that would be the envy of the most connected tape collector from ten years ago. It appears that we are experiencing the golden era of Grateful Dead tape collecting.

It must also be mentioned that, in addition to all these soundboards, many old-time audience tapers continue to dig

through their collections, carefully transfer their favorite gems to DAT, and put them into circulation through Internet tape vines and trading circles. Although we had intended to review those tapes in this article as well, they have come in such great quantities, that there is simply not enough room to cover all of them. Keep your eyes peeled for them on the Internet or wherever you trade tapes, as they fill in the gaps for those shows that are not available as soundboards. Also, be aware that not all audience tapes are the same. There were a great many more factors involved in making a great audience tape than in making a tape off the soundboard, and how you enjoy a tape is much more subjective for the listener. For instance, a front-of-board stealth tape may have more presence than one from the tapers' section, but, because the mics would have been lower, there may be more crowd noise on the tape. Still in all, the tapers who are willing to put out time and effort into making these tapes available to anyone do a great service to our community. Please keep it up!

The "Bonnie" Boards

Most of the tapes that we are reviewing in this article came from a great variety of sources, both known and unknown. However, there was one batch of tapes whose appearance makes for a very interesting story. Recently, Bonnie Parker, the Dead's bookkeeper during the 1970s, passed away. Among the items inherited by her brother were a collection of cassettes, as well as several reels. The brother, who was a Deadhead but not a tape collector to any great extent, must have assumed that, because so many tapes were already in circulation, surely the tapes he inherited were as well. It was not until a coworker, also a Deadhead, spotted the tapes on his desk and asked to borrow them that he discovered otherwise. In fact, two of the shows, 8/14 and 8/15/71 from Berkeley Community Theatre, not only were not in circulation, they were not even in the Dead's tape Vault. Another show, 11/21/73 from the Denver Coliseum, was in the Vault, but was not in general circulation. The others were, indeed, in circulation, mostly in equal or better quality. These included the majority of the April, 1978 tour. The brother's coworker decided to get these tapes out into the world and, eventually, they found their way to Rob Eaton, a well-known taper on the East Coast. Rob took the cassettes to his recording studio and transferred them to DAT, using a Nakamichi Dragon cassette deck and a Neve Capricorn digital console to reduce some of the noise on the tape.

8/14/71 Berkeley Community Theatre, Berkeley, CA

SBD, 150 minutes, 1st Gen Cassette > DAT

Set I: *Bertha*, *Me & My Uncle*, *Mr. Charlie*, *Sugaree*, *El Paso*, *Big Railroad Blues*, *Big Boss Man*, *Brokedown Palace*, *Playing in the Band*, *Hard To Handle*, *Cumberland Blues*, *Loser*, *Promised Land*

Set II: *Truckin'* > *Drums* > *The Other One* > *Me and Bobby McGee*, *Sugar Magnolia*, *Not Fade Away* > *Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad* > *Not Fade Away*

Encores: *Johnny B. Goode*, *Uncle John's Band*

8/15/71 Berkeley Community Theatre, Berkeley, CA

SBD, 130 minutes, 1st Gen Cassette > DAT

Set I: *Big Railroad Blues*, *Playing in the Band*, *Mr. Charlie*, *Cumberland Blues*, *Sugaree*, *Promised Land*, *Big Boss Man*, *China Cat Sunflower* > *I Know You Rider*, *Me and Bobby McGee*, *Casey Jones*

Set II: *Truckin'* > *Drums* > *The Other One* > *Me & My Uncle* > *The Other One* > *Wharf Rat*, *Turn On Your Lovelight*

Encores: *Johnny B. Goode* > *And We Bid You Goodnight*

The sound on both these tapes is incredible, very much like the February and April 1971 Betty Boards, which is no surprise as the tapes were probably mastered by Betty Cantor-Jackson herself. The guitars and bass are sharp and distinct and the drums loud and clear, but not oppressive. Phil is all over the place on these tapes, not so much in the subsonics as with other years, but in the tone and style of his playing.

Bertha starts the 14th off, setting the pace, as most of the set is upbeat and rocking. Phil lands a huge bomb at the beginning of *Me & My Uncle* that clearly demonstrates just

how good these tapes sound as they give the woofers on your speakers a workout. Like most versions in mid-1971, *Hard To Handle* is another show-stopper, probably the highlight of the set. The second set opens with the classic 1971 jam, *Truckin'* > *Other One*, although up through the first verse of *Truckin'* is missing on the tape. This one is tight as usual with *The Other One* just beginning to survey the deepest regions of space before being pulled back to Earth. It's a real pleasure to listen to the set-ending *Not Fade Away* > *Goin' Down the Road* jam on this tape. The clarity and separation of the instruments invites you to turn it up and be engulfed in the midst of the five musicians as they churn out high-powered rock and roll.

The 15th begins just as rockin' as the 14th. At the time, the band fancied themselves as the world's greatest cowboy bar band, so it's no wonder they would play at full gallop for the majority of the show. This set contains a fired up *China Cat* > *Rider*, somewhat rare in this part of 1971, only occurring four times in the final five months of the year. The second set, as with the first night, opens with the ubiquitous *Truckin'* > *Other One* combo, this time upping the ante by diving into *Me & My Uncle* midway through *The Other One*. After a rumbling *Wharf Rat*, the band turns it over to Pigpen for a raging version of *Lovelight*. Even though Pig would drop off tour for health reasons a of couple weeks after this show, he shows little sign of it here. The band is on fire cranking it up to one peak after another.

11/21/73 Denver Coliseum, Denver, CO

SBD, 120 minutes, 1st Gen Cassette > DAT

Set I: *They Love Each Other*, *Here Comes Sunshine*, *Big River*, *Weather Report Suite*

Set II: *Mississippi Half-Step* > *Playing in the Band* > *El Paso* > *Playing in the Band* > *Wharf Rat* > *Playing in the Band* > *Morning Dew*, *Truckin'* > *Nobody's Fault But Mine* > *Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad* > *One More Saturday Night*

Although missing most of the first set, this tape will do just fine, since many tapers have long been awaiting a good-quality tape of this show. Hearing the band go in and out of *Playing in the Band* not just twice, but three times, is unique for this period. Having only just begun to use the song as a stepping stone to other songs one month earlier, they really seem to be experimenting with it here. The first transition lands the band into *El Paso*, a relatively simple transition that had been done several times before from the depths of *Dark Star*. However, when they transition back into the *Playing Space*, it is nothing short of a miracle. They go from structured melody to unformed chaos in the blink of an eye, yet they are all completely in synch. There is only a minute or two of space before they begin the next transition, this time into *Wharf Rat*. Once Garcia strums the intro, there is a little musical debate between he and Lesh as to whether this is the right moment for the song. After a minute or so wavering between *Wharf Rat* and space, Garcia prevails. The result is a monumental version, Lesh laying several bombs in the "I'll get up and fly away" verse. The final transition to the *Playing Space* is less miraculous, occurring as the band is letting the effect of that *Wharf Rat* sink in. They finally wrap up *Playing* and then, as icing on the cake, launch into *Morning Dew*.

Other Tapes Appearing in 1997

10/20/68 Greek Theatre, Berkeley, CA

SBD, 65 minutes, Unknown Gen Cassette > DAT

Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl, Turn On Your Lovelight, Dark Star > St. Stephen > The Eleven > Caution > Feedback
Having experienced the intimacy of the Dead at the Greek in the Eighties, I can only imagine what a Sunday Greek show in 1968 must have been like. The sound on this tape has great dynamics, although there were apparently several problems with the original tape, as the tape speed varies in several places, and "stiction" noise crops up when you least want it. It is a classic late-1968 setlist, featuring the *Dark Star > Stephen > Eleven* triad. Phil throws in some extra frills and intricacies to his bass line in *Schoolgirl* and on *Lovelight*. *Dark Star* has that basic repetitive keyboard riff that keeps the band grounded as they deconstruct the song and explore the outer reaches. *The Eleven* is one of the most ferocious versions ever, all the way from the point of entry out of the vocal bridge of *St. Stephen* to the seamless transition into *Caution*.

4/11/69 Tucson, AZ

SBD, 75 minutes, Unknown Gen Cassette > DAT

/Cryptical Envelopment > It's A Sin, Hard To Handle, Dark Star > St. Stephen > The // Eleven > Turn On Your Lovelight
About ten years ago, a tape like this would have made a huge splash in tape trading circles, it being a moderately clear soundboard from a never-before-heard show from 1969. That was then. Now, with a plethora of soundboards in circulation from 1969, most of them better quality than this one, it hardly registers. It starts near the beginning of the *Cryptical* reprise, catching the rise and fall of its frenetic energy and goes through several movements and peaks before descending all the way down to the barely moving *It's A Sin*. *Hard To Handle* is one of the loose early versions featuring Garcia on pedal steel and the syncopation of the two drummers. *Dark Star* takes awhile to get going, but after the first verse starts to incorporate some of the themes and progressions that make the "Live Dead" version so amazing. It builds to ecstatic peaks on no less than three occasions. Unfortunately, the levels are quite low during *Dark Star* and *St. Stephen*, which make the tape pretty noisy and, at times, difficult to listen to if you have been spoiled by all those great-sounding '69 tapes. The levels return to normal at the start of *The Eleven* but a huge cut decimates most of the jam. A driving *Lovelight*, nearly 20 minutes long, ends the set.

4/23/69 The Ark, Boston, MA

SBD, 160 minutes, 2nd Gen Cassette > DAT

Set I: *He Was A Friend of Mine, Dark Star > St. Stephen/ > /It's A Sin > St. Stephen > Cryptical Envelopment > Drums > The Other One > Cryptical Envelopment > Sittin' On Top of the World > Turn On Your Lovelight*

Set II: *Morning Dew, Hard To Handle, Doin' That Rag, Alligator > Drums > The Eleven > Alligator > Caution > Feedback > And We Bid You Goodnight*

Encores: *Not Fade Away* (aborted), *It's All Over Now, Baby Blue*

The third and final show at the Ark. The first two shows have

been in circulation for several years and are among many people's favorites from 1969. This show is bound to be added to that list. The band opens the set with the super-mellow *He Was A Friend of Mine*. Then they follow it up with one of the mellowest versions of *Dark Star* that year. Go figure. The tape is missing the transition from *St. Stephen* into *It's A Sin*, but does capture the reprise which is nicely done. The *Cryptical > Other One* suite is pretty standard, but *Sittin' On Top of the World* and *Lovelight* to end the set are both blazing. The second set features a ripping *Dew* and great versions of *Hard To Handle* and *Doin' That Rag*. But that is just the prelude to the climax of the entire three night stand. The next hour is some of the most mind-blowing and energetic music The Dead ever put together. The drummers end the *Alligator* drum segment by vocalizing the climax and then repeating it on the drums, then counting down to a thunderous reentry to the final jam. After a couple of minutes, Pigpen rings out the call to switch gears and hit overdrive into *The Eleven*, a full-length, full-on raging dynamo that lets up only to make the transition back to *Alligator*. They then slowly build to the apocalyptic fury of *Caution*, which jams out to some interesting and unique places before dissipating to a stormy *Feedback* landing at last into *And We Bid You Goodnight*. The grateful and exhausted crowd drags them back for the encore of an aborted *Not Fade Away* and, finally, a sweet and soulful *Baby Blue*.

6/27/69 Veterans Auditorium, Santa Rosa, CA

SBD, 90 minutes, 1st Gen Cassette > DAT

Slewfoot, Mama Tried, High Time, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Me & My Uncle, Casey Jones, Dire Wolf, Sittin' On Top of the World, Big Boss Man, Dark Star > St. Stephen > The Eleven, Green Green Grass of Home, It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Opening this tasty show with a pedal steel-laced version of *Slewfoot*, compliments of Garcia, it becomes immediately apparent that this is a special night. *Casey Jones*, in an unusual incarnation, features an extended introduction that conceals the song's identity for the first thirty seconds. An unexpected *Dire Wolf*, as it is sung by Bobby, allows Jerry to give it his all once again on pedal steel. *Dark Star* embarks slowly and painstakingly, soon to venture with all-out reckless abandon. Playing with all their talent and might, Billy and Mickey lay out some of the most tastefully fine percussive effects found in any *Dark Star* (as nice as 2/13/70!). Jerry breaks through the gently undulating silken backdrop with his lyrical entrance. Everything then becomes strange. After an expressively vivid space exploration, the drummers pull out this pseudo-funk beat in the middle of the jam. Truly wild! The sheer combination of a structured cadence pumping out time, intermingled with free-form space explorations neatly wrapped around the core, makes for a most unusual experience. The music, which is being manipulated by all parties builds this great tension. The resolution comes dressed as an extremely compelling *St. Stephen*. This version especially highlights the band's ability to effectively maintain equal intensity through varied levels of dynamics. *The Eleven*, unfortunately absent of jamming, functions primarily as the bridge into a lament-filled version (with Jerry again on pedal steel) of *Green Green Grass of Home*.

6/28/69 Veterans Auditorium, Santa Rosa, CA

SBD, 90 minutes, 1st Gen Cassette > DAT

Slewfoot, Silver Threads and Golden Needles, Mama Tried, Me & My Uncle, Doin' That Rag, High Time, King Bee, Sittin' On Top of the World, Lovelight

Guests: John Dawson, Peter Green

This show, which perfectly complements the previous night's performance, finds the band playing with a more polished style. This attitude of greater intention is obvious to the listener as witnessed by the high-caliber performances of each of the first eight songs. The real joy of this show here is the twenty-seven minute, show-stoppin' *Lovelight*. Pig rips it up and down the musical landscape, leaving nothing untouched. A true blessing.

1/3/70 Early Show, Fillmore East, New York, NY

SBD, 55 minutes, 1st Gen Cassette > DAT

Morning Dew, Me & My Uncle, Hard To Handle, Cumberland Blues, Cold Rain and Snow, Alligator > Drums > Jam > Feedback

E: *Uncle John's Band*

When *Morning Dew* is listed as the show opener, you'd better pay attention. The mix is raw and even, giving this show (and the late show) a great feel. *Morning Dew* and *Hard To Handle* serve as reminders that dynamite comes in small packages. Both these versions, seemingly abridged, still manage to pack a mighty wallop. *Alligator*, although it begins slightly unsteady, still manages to please. *Drums* is short, as they are quickly rejoined by Garcia. By the time that everyone has joined in, the jam has really started to cook. They weave in and out of the *Alligator* theme, sometimes stating it outright, other times opting more to imply it with subtle hints here and there. They even play the ending of *GDTRFB* in the jam. It is so strong that your ears actually strain to hear the opening beats of *Not Fade Away*. Instead of jumping down into *Not Fade Away*, they of course choose to finish *Alligator*. They slip into a banging, popping, shriek-filled-to-the-hilt *Feedback*.

1/3/70 Late Show, Fillmore East, New York, NY

SBD, 120 minutes, 1st Gen Cassette > DAT

Casey Jones, Mama Tried, Big Boss Man, China Cat Sunflower > I Know You Rider, Mason's Children, Cryptical Envelopment > Drums > The Other One > Cryptical Envelopment > Cosmic Charlie, Uncle John's Band > Black Peter, Dire Wolf, Good Lovin', Dancin' in the Streets
Encores: *St. Stephen > Midnight Hour*

The late show finds the band playing with noticeably more fervor and intention as if this were the second set. The beginning of this show highlights the *China > Rider*, with Garcia leaning heavily into his lines. The rare *Mason's Children* is also played with great style. The opening of the *Cryptical* suite, inundated with cheers of approval, is played so delicately you'd think that their instruments were made of Waterford crystal. Phil patiently waits as the drummers settle deep into *The Other One's* groove. They reach full-blown, code red status as they whip through the changes in exemplary form. The sheer intensity, coupled with their systematic dexterity and manipulation of their instruments,

brings smiles in a most immediate manner. In all of its accented glory, Bobby tosses around the lyrics over Garcia's playing, as Jerry rips open new wormholes in the space-time continuum. The drummers ceaselessly hammer out their punctuated cadence with an almost vengeance. As they return to *Cryptical*, and are about to disintegrate off into silence, they choose to cap it all off with a lighthearted *Cosmic Charlie*. *Good Lovin', Dancin'* and the *St. Stephen > Midnight Hour* encore are also truly delicious, making this show quite desirable.

3/24/70, Pirates' World, Dania, FL

SBD, 90 minutes, 1st Gen Cassette > DAT

Morning Dew, Mama Tried, Good Lovin', Don't Ease Me In, Cold Rain and Snow, High Time, Dark Star > The Other One > St. Stephen > Drums > Not Fade Away > Turn On Your Lovelight > Me & My Uncle

This is an odd show, mixing a 1970 setlist with some 1969 unpredictability. The setlist may look inviting, but there was a strict 90-minute time limit imposed on them at this show, that appeared to have been somewhat distracting. They never seem to really be able to stretch out on any song. *Don't Ease Me In*, a rare early electric version, has a funky intro, and *Cold Rain* is very powerful. *Dark Star* builds to a great *Feelin' Groovy* jam and a sneaky transformation into *The Other One*. Once they get to *Lovelight*, you get the feeling they are on cruise control and merely had to watch the clock until it was time to drop into *Me & My Uncle* to end the show.

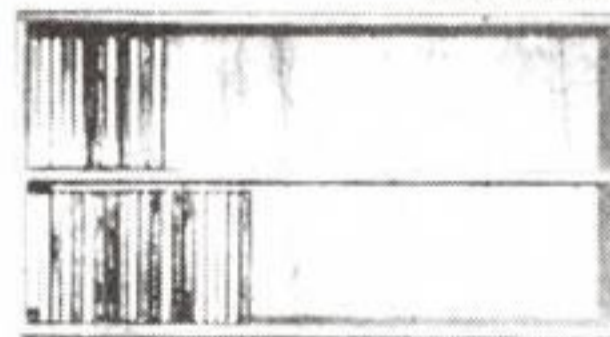
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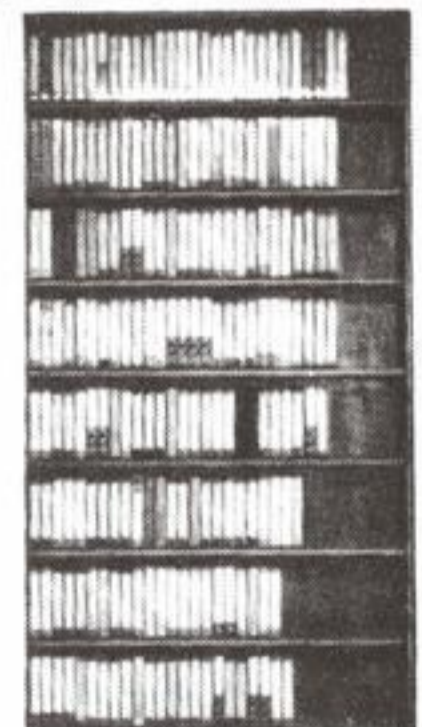
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8/26/71 Gaelic Park, Bronx, NY

SBD, 180 minutes, 2nd Gen Cassette > DAT

Set I: *Bertha*, *Playing in the Band*, *Mr. Charlie*, *Sugaree*, *El Paso*, *Big Boss Man*, *Big Railroad Blues*, *Hard To Handle*, *Beat It On Down the Line*, *Loser*, *Sugar Magnolia*, *Empty Pages*, *Good Lovin'*, *Casey Jones*

Set II: *Me & My Uncle*, *China Cat Sunflower* > *I Know You Rider*, *Deal*, *Cumberland Blues*, *Truckin'* > *Drums* > *The Other One*, *Next Time You See Me*, *Me and Bobby McGee*, *Uncle John's Band*, *St. Stephen* > *Not Fade Away* > *Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad* > *Not Fade Away*

E: *Johnny B. Goode*

Three years ago, the *St. Stephen* > *Not Fade Away* sandwich from this show surfaced, offering us a sample of this performance. This show finds the band sitting on the fence, just about ready to jump off into their wildest, trippiest, most visionary years of their whole career. This show really falls back toward the early '71 side. The songs are brief but solid. They are mostly devoid of extended improvisations, energy, and especially, transcendence. The sound is fairly clean with lots of Phil in the mix, but there is some mild distortion in the louder sections that is noticeable. Phil appears to be the authority figure tonight, pulling and leading the band along, seemingly determining the structure and direction of the solo section. *Sugar Magnolia*, one of the crests in the first set, gets a nod. Bobby pegs the lyrics as the band supports him. The second and final *Empty Pages* is tender, with Jerry playing particularly soulfully. This show marked Pigpen's last performance until the beginning of December. *Good Lovin'*, the second of six Pigpen tunes from this night begins a little lackluster but Jerry cleans house with a lickety-split solo, putting the band back on track for the rest of the song. *China* > *Rider* is pretty solid, as are *Deal* and *Cumberland Blues*. The *Truckin'* > *Other One* is exploratory but mostly wanders, although it sometimes makes a statement. A decent show, but there's nothing mind-blowing here.

12/04/71 Felt Forum, New York, NY

SBD, 50 minutes, Master Reel > DAT

Set II: *Ramble On Rose*, *Me & My Uncle* > *The Other One* > *Mexicali Blues* > *The Other One* > *Wharf Rat*, *Casey Jones*

At a little more than 50 minutes, this is an extremely short set, even for 1971. *Ramble On Rose* never gets into that warm, rolling groove that it would get on later tours. Starting *The Other One* from nearly a standing start, as they do here, was never a good idea. It's a song that needs a driving momentum of a drum solo or a wild space jam. They make a valiant effort bring it off, quickly breaking apart into a moderately entertaining space. Unfortunately, another bad decision brings them into *Mexicali Blues*, a new song that had not yet found its feet and flounders here. They hurry through it and then bang out the reprise to *The Other One*. Finally, they fall into *Wharf Rat*, which brings a merciful end to a well-meaning, but misguided jam. *Casey Jones* and they're outta there.

12/12/73 The Omni, Atlanta, GA

SBD, 205 minutes, 1st Gen Cassette > DAT

Set I: *Promised Land*, *Sugaree*, *Mexicali Blues*, *Tennessee Jed*, *Jack Straw*, *Don't Ease Me In*, *Looks Like Rain*, *They Love*

Each Other, *El Paso*, *Peggy-O**, *Beat It On Down the Line*, *Brown-Eyed Women*, *Big River*, *Deal*, *Playing in the Band*

Set II: *Mississippi Half-Step* > *Me and Bobby McGee*, *China Cat Sunflower* > *I Know You Rider*, *Greatest Story Ever Told*, *Row Jimmy*, *Weather Report Suite* > *Let It Grow*, *Wharf Rat* > *Me & My Uncle*, *Eyes of the World* > *Morning Dew*, *Sugar Magnolia*

*=1st time played

This tape is not all that new, since most of the second set has been around for years as a second or third generation cassette soundboard. The original version also included a soundboard of the first set of 11/10/73 from Winterland masquerading as the first set to this show. The appearance of this tape around mid year put to rest the debate over the source and date of the original first set. This tape is a slight improvement over the original second set, too. The first set is nice and long, but short on real show-stopping numbers. It does include the first known performance of *Peggy-O*, a much faster version than it would be in later years. *Playing in the Band* is pretty juicy as well. Garcia drips his leads in and around Keith's meandering keyboards as they waft softly into space. You can hear them begin to hint at *Uncle John's Band* before Garcia backs them out and starts the reentry to the reprise. Lesh voices his displeasure by blasting out a solid 90-second burst of feedback before relenting and allowing the song to finish. The second set is a marathon hour and fifty minutes and features a number of very unusual song combinations. *Half-Step* blends neatly into *Bobby McGee*. A stand-alone version of *Weather Report Suite* precedes *Wharf Rat*, that begins from a standing start and ends with a transition into *Me & My Uncle*. Finally, the band ends the set with an incredible *Eyes of the World/Morning Dew*, with Phil pounding bomb after bomb.

6/20/74 The Omni, Atlanta, GA

AUD, 74 minutes, Master Cassette > DAT

Set II: *Big River*, *Ship of Fools*, *Truckin'* > *Eyes of the World* > *China Doll* > *One More Saturday Night*

Sometime last spring, I spotted someone on the Internet claiming that they had audience masters of the two St. Louis shows from October 1973 (10/29 & 30/73). I had seen those particular tapes around before, and as I am always trying to track down unseen audience tapes, my interest was piqued. I contacted this person and asked what else he had from that era. He listed a few other tapes that I had seen as well, and then mentioned this one. I had never seen any version of this show on any tape list before. I quickly set up a trade and gave it a listen. The quality is a little murky, but you can hear most of the instruments clearly. The set is disappointingly short but the jam is terrific. Like many 1974 versions of *Truckin'*, it goes way off into deep space, bordering on a full-on *Tiger* jam, but mostly centering on Garcia's drippy, mind-bending improvisations. *Eyes* and *China Doll* are typically jazzy and cathartic respectively, like any of the great versions from 1974. This is a tape for the hardcore collector only.

6/26/74 Civic Center, Providence, RI

SBD, 190 minutes, 1st Gen Cassette > DAT; AUD, 205 minutes, Master Cassette > DAT

Set I: *Big River*, *Brown-Eyed Women*, *Beat It On Down the*

Line, Scarlet Begonias, Black-Throated Wind, Row Jimmy, Mexicali Blues, Deal, The Race Is On, Mississippi Half-Step, El Paso, Ship of Fools, Weather Report Suite > Let It Grow > Must've Been the Roses

Set II: *Phil & Ned**, *U.S. Blues**, *Me & My Uncle**, *Space > China Cat Sunflower > I Know You Rider, Beer Barrel Polka, Truckin' > The Other One Jam > Spanish Jam > Wharf Rat, Sugar Magnolia*

E: *Eyes of the World*

*= audience tape only

This may be sticking my neck out a bit, but I nominate this as the most exciting tape of the year. The first set is loaded with great songs like *Scarlet Begonias, Black-Throated Wind*, and *Row Jimmy*, done in that punchy 1974 style. *Half-Step* has Keith's lovely deep piano lines as they cross the Rio Grande. *Weather Report Suite* has a gorgeous sweet prelude and tremendous bombs from Phil at the transition to *Let It Grow*. An amazing final jam in *Let It Grow* gives way to a surprising *Must've Been the Roses* to end the set. The soundboard is missing the Phil and Ned segment as well as the first two songs of the second set, but the remainder of the set is captured in all its amazing glory. It starts with Garcia's opening notes to *China Cat*, but quickly dissolves into *Space*. Eventually, they find their way back to *China Cat* for real. Even without the *Space* intro, this *China/Rider* would be considered one of the finest ever. *Truckin'* evolves into a wild space that weaves into and around an *Other One*-type jam without ever really stating it. A towering *Spanish Jam* also appears out of the space for a couple of minutes. The band then reaches a period where the music and the audience fade away and they seem to be floating out in the space of a cosmic wasteland. Gradually rising out of this nothingness comes a vision of redemption and hope in the form of *Wharf Rat*. It is a stirring and powerful moment that can send shivers up one's spine. Lastly, *Eyes of the World* makes a rare appearance as an encore, with a tight, dramatic version. This is a must-have tape for any Deadhead.

9/28/75 Lindley Meadows, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, CA

SBD, 100 minutes, Master Reel > DAT

*Help On the Way > Slipknot!, The Music Never Stopped, They Love Each Other, Beat It On Down the Line**, *Franklin's Tower, Big River, Must've Been the Roses, Truckin' > Drums > Stronger Than Dirt > Not Fade Away > Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad > One More Saturday Night*

*=w/Matt Kelly

For years, an excellent audience tape of this show had been well circulated. It contained little audience noise, as it had been recorded from mics on the stage capturing the mix coming from the band's monitors. This year, we got treated to a soundboard of this historic show, right off the master reel. It will be hard to say good-bye to that old tape, having provided so many years of enjoyment, but this tape, with its more balanced sound and deep clarity, is clearly superior.

5/21/77 Civic Center Arena, Lakeland, FL

SBD, 180 minutes, Master Reel > DAT

Set I: *Bertha, Me & My Uncle, They Love Each Other, Cassidy,*

Jack-A-Roe, Jack Straw, Tennessee Jed, Minglewood, Row Jimmy, Passenger, Scarlet Begonias > Fire on the Mountain Set II: Samson & Delilah, Brown-Eyed Women, Estimated Propbet > He's Gone > Drums > The Other One > Comes A Time > St. Stephen > Not Fade Away > St. Stephen > One More Saturday Night

E: *U.S. Blues*

We have no idea what the weather was like outside on this fateful night, but it was hotter than Hades inside (musically speaking, of course)! Here we have a fantasy set from one of the greatest runs in The Dead's 30-year career. This magical show is a standout, with every second of every song played with a simple, but aggressive approach, that cuts out all the fat, leaving just the filet mignon. All the solos fit perfectly, there is never any overplaying, it is technically exact and emotionally stirring! You can't ask for more than that. It has everything, remaining consistent through and through. The sound quality is superb with a distinct mix that highlights the bass and piano especially well. Every song rides in a deep groove and there is not a weak moment anywhere. One could easily write a dissertation on this show, but the best things in life are usually the most difficult to describe or explain. Words just can't account for what is taking place on these tapes. You have to experience it. No matter what you do, get this show. You won't be disappointed!

8/31/78 Red Rocks Amphitheatre, Morrison, CO

SBD, 90 minutes, Unknown Gen Cassette > DAT

Set II: *Shakedown Street > Good Lovin', Ship of Fools, Samson & Delilah, Terrapin Station > Playing in the Band > Drums > Ollin Arageed > Not Fade Away > Nobody's Fault But Mine Jam > Not Fade Away!*

This show is no slacker. All we have is a piece of the second set, but it still clocks in at 90 minutes before cutting out during the last verse of *Not Fade Away*. It starts out with the first-ever *Shakedown Street*, a short effort featuring Weir's signature Tweedledee to Garcia's Tweedledum, and Donna coming in on places in the chorus, where she would not

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appear on subsequent versions. *Good Lovin'* is also the first time played for the reworked version. It's missing the classic bass lead, but adds a vocal improvisation by Weir that had been missing from the song since Pigpen did it. Donna adds the "praise be's and hallelujah's" to Weir's stilted mutterings, and he needs it because it really goes nowhere. With the new songs out of the way, they can start the set in earnest. *Ship of Fools* is both sweet and powerful, while *Terrapin* starts things cooking. Garcia fairly growls "more than this I will not ask" and neither will we. *Playing in the Band > Drums* is over half an hour in length, with what sounds like a stage full of people. When Garcia and Weir return to their instruments, they begin a very slow duet of *Ollin Arageed*, the song that would be the theme of their trip to Egypt. *Not Fade Away* is a strong version, containing a short *Nobody's Fault* riff in the middle, as several versions that summer did. Unfortunately, the tape cuts just as they go back into the last verse, reverting to a fairly decent audience tape for the remainder of the set.

9/15/78 Son et Lumiere Theatre, Giza, Egypt

SBD, 80 minutes, Master Reel > Cassette > DAT

Set II: *Jack Straw*, *Ship of Fools*, *Estimated Prophet > Eyes of the World > Drums > Space** > *Terrapin Station > Sugar Magnolia*

*=w/Merry Pranksters

9/16/78 Son et Lumiere Theatre, Giza, Egypt

SBD, 200 minutes, Master Reel > DAT

Set I: *Bertha > Good Lovin'*, *Candyman*, *Looks Like Rain*, *Row Jimmy*, *El Paso*, *Ramble On Rose*, *New Minglewood Blues*, *Deal*

Set II: *Ollin Arageed** > *Fire on the Mountain > Iko Iko*, *I Need A Miracle > It's All Over Now*, *Shakedown Street > Drums > Space > Truckin' > Stella Blue > Around 'n' Around*
E: *One More Saturday Night*

*=w/Hamza El Din

Wow! After years of weak soundboards and poor-to-fair audience tapes of the legendary Egypt shows, all of a sudden we get half of the sets on crisp, mint quality soundboards. There are some unfortunate cuts, but what a find! The 15th has always been regarded as the weakest show of the three. (In fact, all three shows have been dismissed as weak by many tapers.) A new listen on these tapes shows that this set, while short, is not at all bad. The mix in *Jack Straw* is very strange. It starts with just drums and bass, then the other instruments are added in until the mix is complete. Then the process is reversed until only drums and bass are left. How strange! *Ship of Fools* is typical of most 1978 versions, with Garcia's soulful enunciation of the lyrics and a solid punch to the instruments. *Estimated Prophet* and *Eyes of the World* are well played, but short versions. The highlight to the set begins after *Drums*, when the Merry Pranksters join the band onstage to add an extra layer of mayhem during *Space*. It quickly builds to an intense climax, rousing the crowd from their meditative slumber, and ends when Garcia slips in the opening strains of *Terrapin Station*. It is a magical moment, the first indication that anything unusual would happen at these shows, and, ultimately, a glorious version of the song, one of the best of the year. The vocal climax is forceful and enchanting and the

final jam is magnificent. *Sugar Magnolia* blazes the set to a rocking finish. A segment of Hamza El Din's set, which opened the show, was tacked on at the end of the tape.

The first two shows of the Egypt run opened with a short set by Hamza El Din and the Abu Simbel Youth Society on hand-clapping. They would be joined, one by one, by members of The Dead, who would then take the lead in segueing out of *Ollin Arageed* into a Dead song. On the 16th, they rearranged this format by having the show open with a standard Grateful Dead first set. And standard is the word for it, as there were no real surprises anywhere. They managed to pick up some steam toward the end of the set, however, and put together outstanding versions of *Ramble On Rose* and *Minglewood*. With the second set came their last chance to take advantage of the once-in-a-lifetime circumstances and create serious magic. The tape starts with about 30 minutes of Hamza's set. This tape is the first recording of any of his sets from these shows I've ever seen in circulation. It makes for a very enjoyable listen as he begins with a few simple songs played on his oud, a tightly strung guitar-like instrument. Then the hand-clapping chorus joined him and they performed one song before beginning *Ollin Arageed*. As with the other shows, the band members join in one by one, taking control of the melody, until only they remain onstage. After briefly deconstructing to a very short space, Phil pounds out the lead to *Fire on the Mountain*. It is one of the most transcendent moments in the band's history, but is played more like a brightly glowing meditation candle than a roaring blaze. The band trails down at the end to a shuddering thump, pauses for a moment, and then breaks into *Iko Iko*. Like most versions from 1978, this one is slow and floating. The rising and falling of the beat and vocals create an atmosphere of being in an alternate, parallel universe. Having opened with *Fire > Iko*, the band could really have done anything to follow. The combination of *I Need A Miracle* and *It's All Over Now*, with its elegant transition may not have been the perfect choice, but it was certainly unexpected. From there the band decided to keep the setlist simple. *Shakedown* is long and spacey, as is the drum segment. From *Space* afterward ranks right up there as one of the best 45-minute pieces of the year. *Space* itself reaches a completely cosmic peak before diving right into *Truckin'*. After a double-peak jam at the end, they move into a cathartic version of *Stella Blue*, complete with Garcia's scrubbing climax. *Around 'n' Around* and *One More Saturday Night* wrap up this marathon set, barely fitting on a two-hour DAT tape.

5/26/95 Memorial Stadium, Seattle, WA

SBD, 150 minutes, Master DAT > DAT

Set I: *Help on the Way > Slipknot! > Franklin's Tower*, *The Same Thing*, *Loose Lucy*, *Eternity > Don't Ease Me In*
Set II: *Scarlet Begonias > Fire on the Mountain*, *Playing in the Band > Uncle John's Band > Drums > Space > Easy Answers > Stella Blue > Good Lovin'*

E: *Liberty*

The show-opening, perfectly synchronized, *Help on the Way > Slipknot! > Franklin's Tower* trilogy is unquestionably a massive statement of intent. Immediately obvious from the first notes, they telepathically communicate to the audience:

This is going to be one serious night of music! So tight, so punchy, and played with such vitality, you'd swear this must be vintage Dead. Without a doubt, one of the better versions from the last five years. The *Eternity* > *Don't Ease* union, with Bob on acoustic and Vince playing with a dry, jazzy, piano sound, is also worth a serious listen. The explorations in *Eternity* are so tastefully melodic, they provide the song with a greater fluid essence than it usually has. The first set begins with power and ends with finesse and holds every other musical gem in between. In an attempt to apparently spoil us all rotten (in which they succeed), they initiate the second set with a mind-numbing *Scarlet* > *Fire*. This *Scarlet*, embodying all the power and precision that the Dead's music can have, features a well-mannered jam where everyone is apparently mentally linked up. They maneuver in a velvety manner into a blissful 18-minute *Fire on the Mountain*. The end of the second solo, whipping everyone up in a whirlwind crescendo, finds Bobby and Jerry playing their hearts out with each other. Just when you think they have unleashed all the musical goodies they have, they offer up a *Playing* > *Uncle John's* duo right before *Drums!* The rest of the show continues in the same manner with a beautiful *Stella Blue* standing out. Truly one of the last great Dead shows.

7/9/95 Soldier Field, Chicago, IL

SBD, 150 minutes, Master DAT > DAT

Set I: *Touch of Gray*, *Little Red Rooster*, *Lazy River Road*, *When I Paint My Masterpiece*, *Childhood's End*, *Cumberland Blues*, *Promised Land*

Set II: *Shakedown Street*, *Samson & Delilah*, *So Many Roads*, *Samba in the Rain*, *Corrina* > *Drums* > *Space* > *Unbroken Chain* > *Sugar Magnolia*

Encores: *Black Muddy River*, *Box of Rain*

The 30th Anniversary Tour. Last stop for summer tour. The Last One. The cry "We will get by/we will survive!" seems appropriately ironic for the last show, over two years later. All the bad karma-inducing acts of the '95 summer tour just melt into a dream, to be gone forever. Luckily, for us the music remains. The opening three songs are slightly unsteady in performance and sound. Just as the mix widens (making room for Phil), and brightens for *Masterpiece*, so does the energy level. Phil rides the first wave with a picture-perfect *Childhood's End*. The hot-on-your-heels *Cumberland Blues* keeps pumping out the feel-good vibrations long after the last notes have subsided. Bobby, even after a few vocal potholes, leads the band through the set-closing *Promised Land*. The *Shakedown* opener is long and delightful, but the real treat is to be found in the poignant and tranquil *So Many Roads*. Jerry packs in a fiery, lament-filled passion with extraordinary guitar work, with the band locked right alongside perfectly executing every last note. A contemplative *Space* steps down to make way for Phil's unrestrained rendition of *Unbroken Chain*. As soon as the last lingering notes fade, Bobby initiates a strong *Sugar Magnolia*. Closing it all up is the majestic double encore, *Black Muddy River* > *Box of Rain*. A perfect ending for the Dead's 30-year career.

We would like to express our grateful appreciation to Michael Getz (of the soon-to-be-released Deadhead's Taping Compendium) for his assistance in researching this article.

Grateful Dead Hour Broadcasts 1997

The Grateful Dead Hour has once again stepped up its ante, continuing to play an important role in the life of our community. This past year has seen some welcome changes to the format. David Gans continually redefines his layout, not only continuing to coax more material from walls of the Vault, but also introducing copious amounts of Dead-related music to us. We can count on the Dead Hour to provide the best interviews, upcoming tour dates, new releases, and other vital info that helps to keep us linked to the music. The growth and expansion of the Dead Hour has been done in a tasteful and healthy manner, as David continues to challenge, invite, and entertain us with some of the best music in the universe. To join the GDH Internet mailing list to receive advance notice of programs, trade tapes, talk with Deadheads, and David himself, send to: gdh-requests@lists.best.com with the word "subscribe" in the body. Keep up the great work, David!

#433 January 6, 1997

5/25/74 USCB Stadium, Santa Barbara, CA

Promised Land, *Ship of Fools*, *Big River*, *Truckin'* > *Let It Grow* > *Wharf Rat*

Riding in on the heels of last year's final broadcast, we continue the fun with more great music from this amazing show. *Truckin'*, played with the sweetest light shuffle you've ever heard, opens this serious triad. Phil steps up to the challenge and lays a melodic and jazzy foundation for the ensuing exploration. With the skill of surgeons, they unpack the form, revealing this loose, malleable, concoction of

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musical magic. As they evolve into a jam that you'd swear was from *Dark Star* or *Playing in the Band*, they head for the wild blue yonder and beyond. Once satisfied that they've hit deep space, they return to Earth with a terrific *Let It Grow*. They continue the jam out of the song, leading into a lively *Wharf Rat*.

#437 February 3, 1997

5/23/83 Greek Theatre, Berkeley, CA

Scarlet Begonias > *Fire on the Mountain*, *Samson & Delilah*, *Estimated Prophet* > *Eyes of the World* > *Jam*

#438 February 10, 1997

5/23/82 Greek Theatre, Berkeley, CA

Motorcycle Drums > *The Other One* > *Stella Blue* > *I Need A Miracle* > *Casey Jones*, *Satisfaction* > *Brokedown Palace*

In these two consecutive broadcasts we are fortunate to receive this interesting second set, minus the *Ship of Fools*. Although '82 can often be perceived as less than exciting, David continually plucks out treat after treat, teaching us a lesson. A no-frills *Scarlet* negotiates a brisk transition into *Fire*. Soaring all the way through, guided by Jerry's wah-wah-wrapped lines, the band conjures up a hard-edged *Fire* that has an easygoing attitude. *Samson* is heroic, but the *Estimated* that follows suffers from a lack of Phil in the mix. *Eyes* is particularly upbeat and cheerful as it spirals skyward, with Garcia's ascending lines propelling the band. They decide to stay just inside the stratosphere for this one. Bobby, Mickey and Billy compose this exotic little jam before *Drums* enters the scene. This is definitely one of the most distinct and nicely orchestrated *Drums* ever played. Even with the absence of vintage-era jamming, *The Other One* sneaks up on you, and hits you with a sucker punch. The double encore of *Satisfaction* > *Brokedown*, is also a splendid treasure in its own right.

#439 February 17, 1997

6/18/89 Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

Alabama Getaway, *Queen Jane Approximately*, *Cold Rain and Snow*, *Hey Pocky Way* > *Iko Iko*, *Samson & Delilah* > *Cumberland Blues*

#440 February 24, 1997

6/18/89 Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

He's Gone > *Jam*, *Space*, *Around 'n' Around* > *Good Lovin'*, *U.S. Blues*

Brent's stylized vocals and Mickey's drumming are showcased in this energized *Alabama*. Coming out of a drum-filled *Hey Pocky Way*, which highlights Jerry and Brent, the band segues into *Iko Iko* like never before. This outstanding *Iko* is stuffed full with irresistible dance beats courtesy of the Rhythm Devils. A flowing *He's Gone* winds up with a great vocal jam that phases out into some mildly spacey improvs, before the drummers take the reigns. A mysterious *Space* leads the crowd to a new reality.

#444 March 24, 1997

9/10/74 Alexandra Palace, London, England

Playing in the Band, *Brown-Eyed Women*, *Truckin'*, *Black-*



Throated Wind. Plus an interview with Dick Latvala.

What becomes immediately apparent from the beginning is that the whole is definitely greater than the sum of the parts. All the music here is from "Dick's Picks Volume Seven." In the interview Dick says, "The universe was calling for a show from 1974." We're sure glad he can hear its command and respond in such a generous manner!

#445 March 31, 1997

David Murray Octet 3/6/97, Fillmore Auditorium, San Francisco, CA

Dark Star, *China Doll*, *Shakedown Street*

Just to be sure we're all on the same page, this band has serious chops. They execute these songs with biting precision, serious professionalism and exquisite taste. Although quite untraditional, this *Dark Star* manages to embody the heart and soul of the Dead's music, especially when special guests Bobby and Phil are present and more than willing to lend a hand. A slow and purposeful spaced-out beginning, accented by saxophone trills and runs and trumpet hits, lets you know this is not a mediocre cheese-ball revamp of *Dark Star*. Creating a spooky and ominous soundstage, the saxophones and horns lay out a slick interpretation of the lyrics. Phil's bass lines forge the undercurrent rhythm, so everyone can have their turn (including Bobby) with a short solo. *China Doll* and *Shakedown Street*, each providing an incontestable musical nucleus to voyage out from, also work extremely well in this format. If you love jazz, you'll most likely dig this work.

#449 April 28, 1997

Interview with Phil Lesh

6/16/96 Davies Symphony Hall, San Francisco, CA
"SPACE for Henry Cowell"

5/11/94, Berkeley Symphony Orchestra conducted by Phil Lesh

Stravinsky's *Infernal Dance*

4/12/96 Fillmore Auditorium, San Francisco, CA

Turn On Your Lovelight (Bruce Hornsby Band w/Weir and Lesh)

This show brought us up to date on everything Phil had been

doing since the breakup of the Dead. David and Phil touched on a variety of subjects, ranging from Phil's kids to working with Michael Tilson Thomas of the San Francisco Symphony. David played the piece performed by Lesh, Bob Weir, Mickey Hart, Vince Welnick, and Michael Tilson Thomas at the Symphony Hall in June of 1996. Called "SPACE for Henry Cowell," it was a 12-minute performance that came together slowly but built up steam as it went. You can hear when Phil comes in with his fat signature basslines. The first movement ends with a cacophonous piano, followed by a pause, and then the jamming begins in earnest, led by Phil in a stuttering melody that hints, at times, of *The Other One*. Finally, Weir and Welnick become audible and a full band sound arrives. Just as it reaches its peak, it ends. Phil then talks about the exciting prospect of the "song symphony" he has been working on that will contain chord progressions and rhythmic structures taken from Grateful Dead songs. The show concludes with Phil giving an excerpt of his role as "Pluton, Lord of the Underworld" in his son's school play.

#450 May 5, 1997

JGB — "How Sweet It Is" live album

Interview with Steve Parish and John Cutler

Steve Parish and John Cutler talk at length about working with Garcia, touring with JGB, experimenting with equipment, and the feeling of doing shows at the Warfield Theater in San Francisco. David intersperses the talking with cuts from the "How Sweet It Is" album just released from tapes of the August 1990 shows at the Warfield. Cutler gives a fascinating account of using the downstairs dressing rooms to

manipulate the sound of each of the instruments. It is obvious from listening to Parish speak of Garcia that they had a special friendship and a great working relationship, and that he had an enormous amount of respect for Garcia's depth of musical knowledge. It is also apparent that he, like all of us, misses him terribly.

#453 May 26, 1997

11/17/78 Rambler Room, Loyola University, Chicago, IL

Whinin' Boy Blues, Tom Dooley, This Time Forever, Deep Elem Blues, KC Moan, Knockin' on Heaven's Door, Big Boy Pete, Jack-A-Roe, Dark Hollow, Ob Boy

Any taper who ever had this barely listenable audience tape on their list, usually listed it with the worst rating they would ever give to a tape. Now, thanks to the Grateful Dead Hour, we can actually listen to this legendary moment in Dead history. It's not the best musical moment, as the band is fairly loose and not in pressured surroundings, but it's hard to argue with a setlist that contains more rare songs in this 40-minute set than any tour can boast.

#455 June 9, 1997

9/10/74 Alexandra Palace, London, England

Peggy-O, China Cat Sunflower > I Know You Rider, Loser, Dire Wolf

7/30/96 Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

Further Jam: *Truckin' > The Other One > White Rabbit*
Probably the single most thrilling moment for Deadheads in 1996 was when Phil Lesh stepped out onstage with an electric bass for *Fire on the Mountain* during Mickey Hart's

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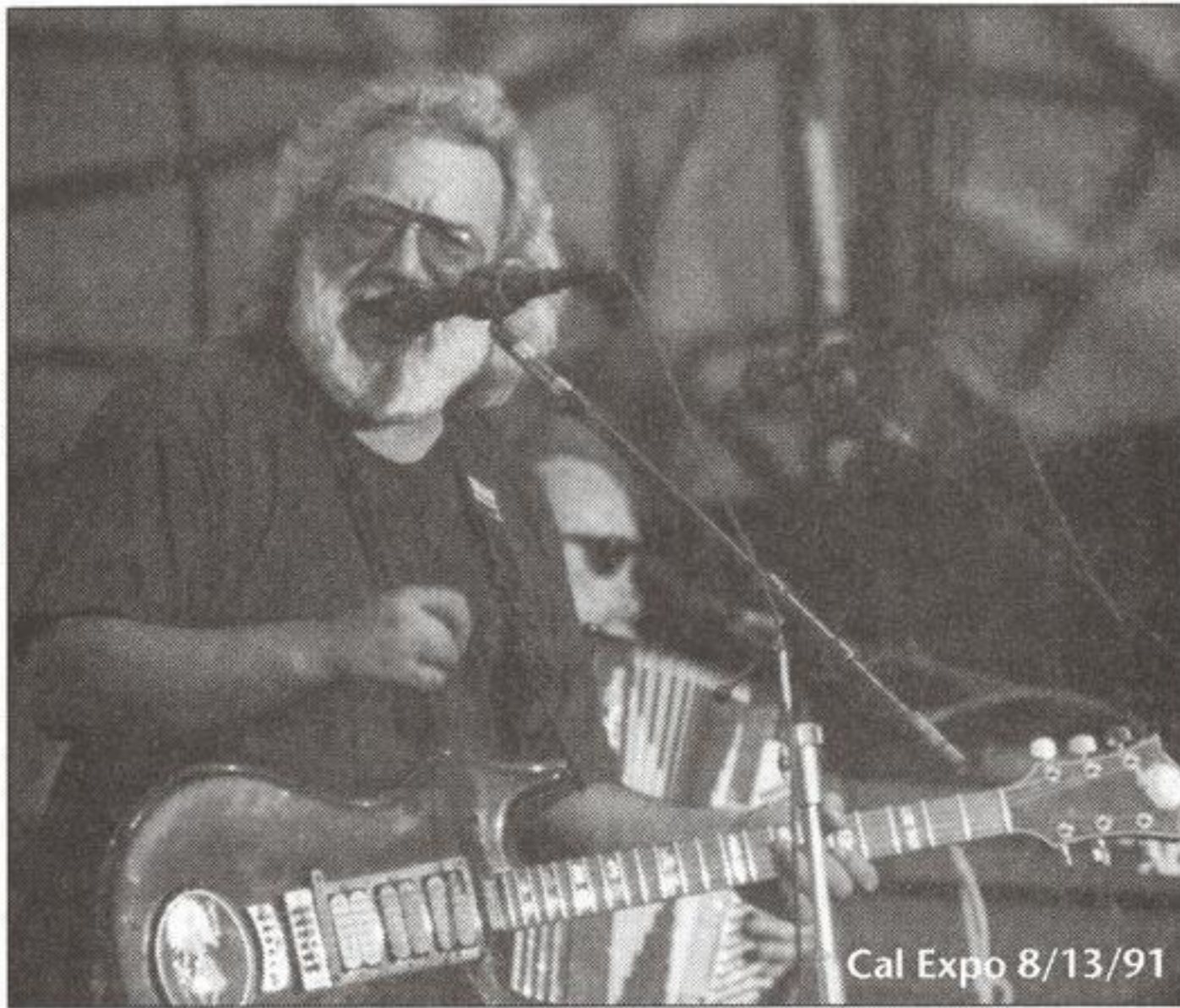
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Mystery Box set. About the closest anyone got to seeing The Grateful Dead onstage that year was during the final jam, presented here for our listening pleasure. *Truckin'* is a slowed-down version, so that all the multitude of musicians onstage can keep up. Weir sings it with his Ratdog voice instead of his Dead voice, deeper and more mature, but less wild. *The Other One* never gets away from the basic rhythm, although Jorma creates a nice solo that gets pretty out there. However, Phil does start it with his genuine, patented bass roll intro, and that's all I need to hear. Jack Casady comes on to relieve Phil on *White Rabbit*, lending it more authenticity.

#456 & #457 June 16 and 23, 1997

Interview with Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman

A rare and profound visit into the mind and interests of Bob Weir makes up the bulk of two entire Grateful Dead Hours. David, Bob, and Rob cover topics such as the origins of Ratdog, Weir's deep musical knowledge of old blues songs, and the process of writing *Eternity* with Willie Dixon. During both shows, they take calls from the listening audience, most of whom ask about taping or more "Dick's Picks," topics of which Weir is not much involved with. One caller asked a question about the Satchel Paige project. Weir discussed his work writing this musical on the life of baseball great Satchel Paige and how his life in the Negro Leagues paralleled the blues touring circuit and how, often, the two coincided. It was a piece of American culture that is little known to most people, but of which Weir is very knowledgeable. Taking this project to a Broadway stage is an amazingly ambitious undertaking.

#458 June 30, 1997

11/1/68 Chico, CA

That's It for the Other One

Phil Lesh in the Phil Zone

The first half of the show features a terrific version of the *Cryptical/Other One* suite from the fall of 1968, when it was at its energetic peak. The second half consists of a conversation between Phil Lesh and David Gans on the topic of the making of "The Grateful Dead in the Phil Zone."

Weaving material from the album with interviews, David creates a succinct and informative narrative of the making of the CD. He and Phil talk about how songs were discovered and selected. It is a touching moment to hear Phil talk about Garcia and the way he sang *Visions of Johanna*. He nearly comes to tears.

#459 July 7, 1997

3/16/93 Capital Centre, Landover, MD

Scarlet Begonias > Fire on the Mountain, Man Smart Women Smarter, Uncle John's Band > Jam > Drums

5/2/70 Harpur College, Binghamton, NY

Deep Elem Blues

Here we have a proven *Scarlet > Fire* combo and a drum-lead *Women Are Smarter*, but the real treat is an exquisite rendition of *Uncle John's Band*. It is superbly played with a wonderful exploratory bent to it. The jam that develops is full of surprises, particularly when Phil grabs the helm, giving us a solo as he plays off the drummers in a strangely dynamite conversation. Vince spits out a great series of notes and effects to round out the sound. This is a strong jam, even without Jerry and Bobby. Gans ends this broadcast with one of the liveliest versions of *Deep Elem* the Dead ever played. This performance, taken from the legendary Harpur College show, is now available on "Dick's Picks Volume Eight."

#460 July 14, 1997

3/16/93 Capital Centre, Landover, MD

Space > The Last Time > Morning Dew > Sugar Magnolia, U.S. Blues

The bottom line from this post-*Drums* segment is the *Dew*. Garcia's voice is tinged with a gruffness that is betrayed by the underlying gentle emotion. The band crescendos right alongside Garcia as he reaches the line and yells: "I thought I heard a young man moan this morning/ I thought I heard a YOUNG MAN MOAN TODAY!" Phil drops a small bomb and after an intense minute or so, they bring it all way down at the edge of silence. Only Garcia's voice and guitar emanate. This is definitely one of the more beautiful *Dews* out there, folks. *Sugar Magnolia*, although a mighty version, is intrusive to the tender mood that just happened.

#461 July 21, 1997

2/17/82 Warfield Theater, San Francisco, CA

Sugaree, On the Road Again, Bird Song, C.C. Rider, It's All Over Now, Loser, Man Smart Women Smarter

We receive yet another treat from this year, beginning with tight and punchy *Sugaree*. This one is upbeat all the way through. *Bird Song*, finding Jerry's voice loaded with a gated echo, is played with a spacey edge but still has its feet on the ground. Keith's impressive piano work, fused with the drummer's intense (but light) playing, dominates the sonic soundscape, creating this fabulously delightful texture. Sweeping around the bend, they pull it all together for the chorus. *Loser* and *Women Are Smarter* also shine.

#462 July 28, 1997

9/11/88 The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

Foolish Heart, Victim or The Crime, Scarlet > Fire

**Interview with Richard Wollinsky re: 5/2/70
Harpur College**

Be sure to grab this one for the *Scarlet > Fire*. *Fire* is a lofty, grand adventure with a deep pulsing rhythm that Jerry plays over. He wails and screams all up and down his fretboard. When the end comes, the band reaches a small moment of transcendence. In the second part of this broadcast, David brings in Richard Wollinsky, who attended, and subsequently wrote the next day's review of, the 5/2/70 Harpur College show ("Dick's Picks Volume Eight"). They have a splendid conversation that revolves around that famous night.

#463 August 4, 1997

9/11/88 The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

Space > The Wheel > Stella Blue > Throwing Stones > Not Fade Away, It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

A quick *Wheel* gathers steam and converts into beautiful *Stella Blue*. Even though Jerry's voice sounds weathered, he belts it out strong for this ballad. Jerry's notes flutter quickly past and float off to the clouds. *Throwing Stones* is good all the way through, but Bobby rips it open at the end with some fiery vocal work. Then, *bang!* They downshift and hit the gas for a hot *Not Fade Away*. Sharp and biting, they dig down deep with this one, and open it up wide. Bobby does his best Buddy Holly impression until the crowd is primed to carry the song on their own. Jerry makes this *Baby Blue* encore a strong closer with his moving vocals.

#464 August 11, 1997

5/17/74 P.N.E. Coliseum, Vancouver, BC, Canada

Money, Money

6/23/74 Jai-Alai Fronton, Miami, FL

Let It Rock

6/29/76 Auditorium Theater, Chicago, IL

Mission in the Rain

4/15/83 Community War Memorial, Rochester, NY

Little Star (Bob Star), Maybe You Know

3/31/85 Cumberland County Civic Center, Portland, ME

Day Tripper

10/28/85 Fox Theater, Atlanta, GA

Kansas City

1/21/97 Maritime Hall, San Francisco, CA

David Crosby, Jeff Peabar, James Raymond & Phil Lesh

Wooden Ships

David unleashes a plethora of rarities on us from a variety of eras. Some are hot, some are not, but these nuggets are all guaranteed to create a wild mosaic of some of the Dead's unknown or unfamiliar songs.

#465 August 18, 1997

moe. with special guest Bob Weir

7/3/97/Furthur Festival, Forest Hills, NY

Mama Tried

7/6/97 Furthur Festival, Saratoga Performing Arts

Center, Saratoga Springs, NY

Cryptical Envelopment > Drums > The Other One >

Cryptical Envelopment

Staying true to their nature, moe. pulls off a tastefully delicious *Mama Tried*. When the chorus comes around,



Bobby and Al's voices are meshed so well, you'd swear they had been singing and playing together for years. The entire *Cryptical Suite*, is also pretty wild. moe.'s sound worked so well for these Dead tunes. To obtain a thorough understanding of what went down at Furthur with moe. and Bobby, see *Dupree's* issue #37, pages 28-39.

3/30/68 Carousel Ballroom, San Francisco, CA

Born Cross-Eyed > Spanish Jam

If we only could have known how to harness the raw energy the Dead exuded in '68, we'd have enough fuel for the next million years. The playing is fresh and exciting. It's pure psychedelic all the way through. *Spanish Jam* is played slowly and passionately with intense amounts of experimentation.

#467 September 1, 1997

Jerry's last recording session, August 1995

Blue Yodel #9 (AKA Standing on the Corner)

Jerry sings this heartfelt tale with the help of Grisman, Kahn and many other talented musicians. This session was for the new album "The Songs of Jimmie Rodgers" which is a tribute to The Father of Country Music. Jerry is at his best here, feeling very comfortable, sounding happy as he gives it his all.

#468 September 8, 1997

The Dead Do Dylan!

5/12/91 Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

C.C. Rider > It Takes A Lot to Laugh, It Takes A Train to Cry

3/27/88 Coliseum, Hampton, VA

Ballad of A Thin Man

4/1/91 Coliseum, Greensboro, NC

Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

9/18/87 Madison Square Garden, New York, NY

All Along the Watchtower

9/12/90 The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

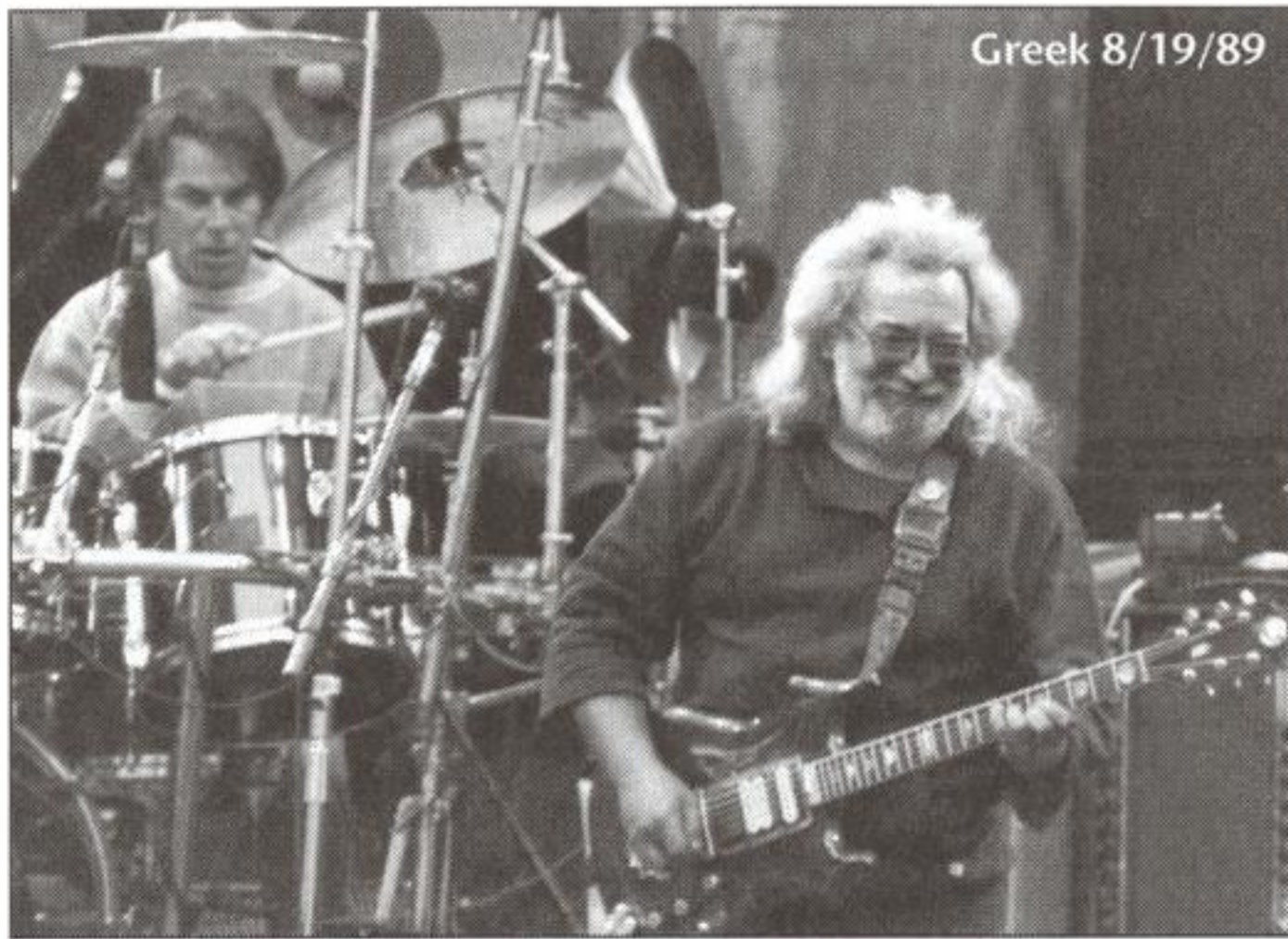
When I Paint My Masterpiece

4/22/86 Berkeley Community Theatre, Berkeley, CA

Visions of Johanna

11/3/91 Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, CA

Forever Young (with Neil Young)



Señor Gans unleashes a cornucopia of the Dead's best interpretations of Dylan's material that fills three broadcasts. This is a glorious collection of tunes that absolutely should not be missed. David also converses with Phil in the studio about Dylan's influence on himself and the other members of the Dead. Very interesting stuff.

#469 September 15, 1997

The Dead Do Dylan — Part II

9/29/89 Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

Stuck Inside Mobile With the Memphis Blues Again

9/15/85 Southwestern Coliseum, Chula Vista, CA

She Belongs to Me

10/3/87 Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

Maggie's Farm > Cumberland Blues

12/3/81 Dane County Coliseum, Madison, WI

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

12/29/88 Coliseum Arena, Oakland, CA

Queen Jane Approximately

11/7/87 Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, Oakland, CA

Not Fade Away > Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Besides a great excerpt from an interview with Jerry from Gans' book *Conversations With The Dead*, there are plenty more great tunes!

#470 September 22, 1997

The Dead Do Dylan — Part III

2/17/88 Henry J. Kaiser Convention Center, Oakland, CA

Desolation Row

9/29/89 Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

Quinn the Eskimo

7/8/73 Garcia and Saunders, Record Plant, Sausalito, CA

Positively 4th Street

5/21/75 Legion Of Mary, Keystone, Berkeley, CA

Tough Mama

#471 September 29, 1997

"Well, this job I got..."

This thematic broadcast revolves around what we Deadheads do for work. David gathered a multitude of interviews (Greek Theatre '87), combined them with live Dead songs (that incidentally deal with, or mention jobs), to create a clever audio portrait.

#474 October 20, 1997

2/11/69 Fillmore East, New York, NY

Doin' That Rag, King Bee, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Mountains of the Moon, Jam > Caution > Feedback > And We Bid You Goodnight

Hot Tuna with Bob Weir

Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl

David Gans & Eric Rawlins, Home By Morning

Yellow Moon

The selections played during this broadcast are from the double CD, containing both sets from the early and late shows from this evening. Taken straight from the "Live Dead" era, these tracks are all standouts. Hot Tuna's *Schoolgirl* is live and raw, but polished and strong. A great version of Hunter's *Yellow Moon* by Gans, Rawlins and Grisman closes out this broadcast.

#475 October 27, 1997

3/30/68 Carousel Ballroom, San Francisco, CA

That's It For the Other One > Dark Star > China Cat Sunflower > The Eleven, Lovelight

Talk about a dream set from the early years. *The Other One* suite has a Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde personality. *Cryptical* is reserved, proper and calm, but eventually an insidious fury is unleashed on the listener in the form of a vicious and blistering *Other One*. *Dark Star* is played briskly with the proper light and nimble feel. Jerry's voice has great reverb attached that makes his voice sound three-dimensional. *China Cat* mercilessly pounces onward, stopping for nothing in its path. *The Eleven* flows smoothly, but hits you hard. Right when you think it's about to end, it turns on you and attacks with a vengeance. This is 34 minutes of mind-melting playing. A classic, raw *Lovelight* closes it out.

#476 November 3, 1997

9/21/72 The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

Promised Land, Bird Song, El Paso, China Cat Sunflower > I Know You Rider, Black-Throated Wind, Big Railroad Blues, Jack Straw

#477 November 10, 1997

9/21/72 The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

Loser, Big River, Ramble On Rose, Cumberland Blues, Playing in the Band

#479 November 24, 1997

9/21/72 The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

He's Gone > Truckin', Black Peter, Mexicali Blues, Beat It on Down the Line, Mississippi Half-Step

#480 December 1, 1997

9/21/72 The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

Dark Star, Morning Dew

#481 December 8, 1997

9/21/72 The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

Sugar Magnolia, Friend of the Devil, Not Fade Away > Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad > Not Fade Away, One More Saturday Night

Here we have, in typical '72 fashion, some of the Dead's best, all wrapped up in a complete show. The band is in its most visionary and adventuresome period, which is easily visible as every song becomes a voyage to the other side of life.

Especially noteworthy is the superb bass and piano interaction. *Bird Song* is absolutely heavenly as it gently soars through the clouds. China Cat is confident and snappy as it whips along, followed by a pleasantly extended *Rider* that reaches fulfillment with Jerry's "I wish I was a headlight on a northbound train..." You shouldn't be too surprised to find that this dreamy, twisty incarnation of *Playing* also has a lot of character to it. This perfect manifestation is the quintessential dripping, melting, and oozing *Jam* which is all played with the utmost care and tenderness. The 25-minute *He's Gone > Truckin'* is first class all the way, with *Truckin'* even getting a little rowdy in the solo section. Far out in all of its glory, *Dark Star* is well paced all the way through its 37 minutes. It is loaded with weird shrieks and feedback from Jerry's guitar. With slow and loping playing that moves forward in giant wavelengths, we get lots of bass and piano conversation. The body is well explored and gets spacey at the end as the pace, intensity and weirdness level all increase. Then we hit the zenith of surreality, as it all dissolves into a satiny groove. Out of this evolves this cowboy jam, with totally wild bluegrass fingerpickin' type explorations. The *Jam* covers serious amounts of spatial landscape before it slipping into a healthy *Dew*. It stays low for a while, then peaks the levels with its usual thundering crescendo. This multidimensional *Dark Star > Dew* combo is truly a rite of passage. You will walk away changed. Also zoom in on the *Not Fade Away > Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad > Not Fade Away*, it's a beauty.

#483 December 22, 1997

10/9/76 Coliseum Stadium, Oakland, CA

St. Stephen > Not Fade Away > St. Stephen, Franklin's Tower, One More Saturday Night

St. Stephen begins particularly smooth, contrasting nicely with the entrance of *NFA*. Their return to *St. Stephen* is quite the adventure. At the end of *NFA*, they circle like a plane waiting to land. They take the existential leap across the abyss, landing with grace and style. Don't miss the *Franklin's Tower*, as Garcia's picture-perfect solo delivers like no other. Gans brought David Dodd into the studio to discuss his new annotated bibliography of Grateful Dead literature. It is essentially a bibliography of all known articles, books, reviews, and publications of the Dead. Dodd also has a web site that contains references from song lyrics. Do you know who Crazy Otto and Billy Sunday are from *Ramble On Rose*? Check out the extensive GD lyric web page at: www.uccs.edu/~ddodd/gdhome.html to find out.

#484 December 29, 1997

3/8/92 Capital Centre, Landover, MD

Minglewood, Ramble On Rose, Black-Throated Wind, Desolation Row, Big Railroad Blues, The Music Never Stopped

The last broadcast of the year finds Jerry slugging away at the lyrics of a superb *Ramble On Rose*. A pleasing *Black-Throated Wind* contains a wonderfully excited finale that keeps developing and picking up steam right up until the last note. Also check out Bobby's most contemplative *Desolation Row*. ◇

David Gans & Eric Rawlins

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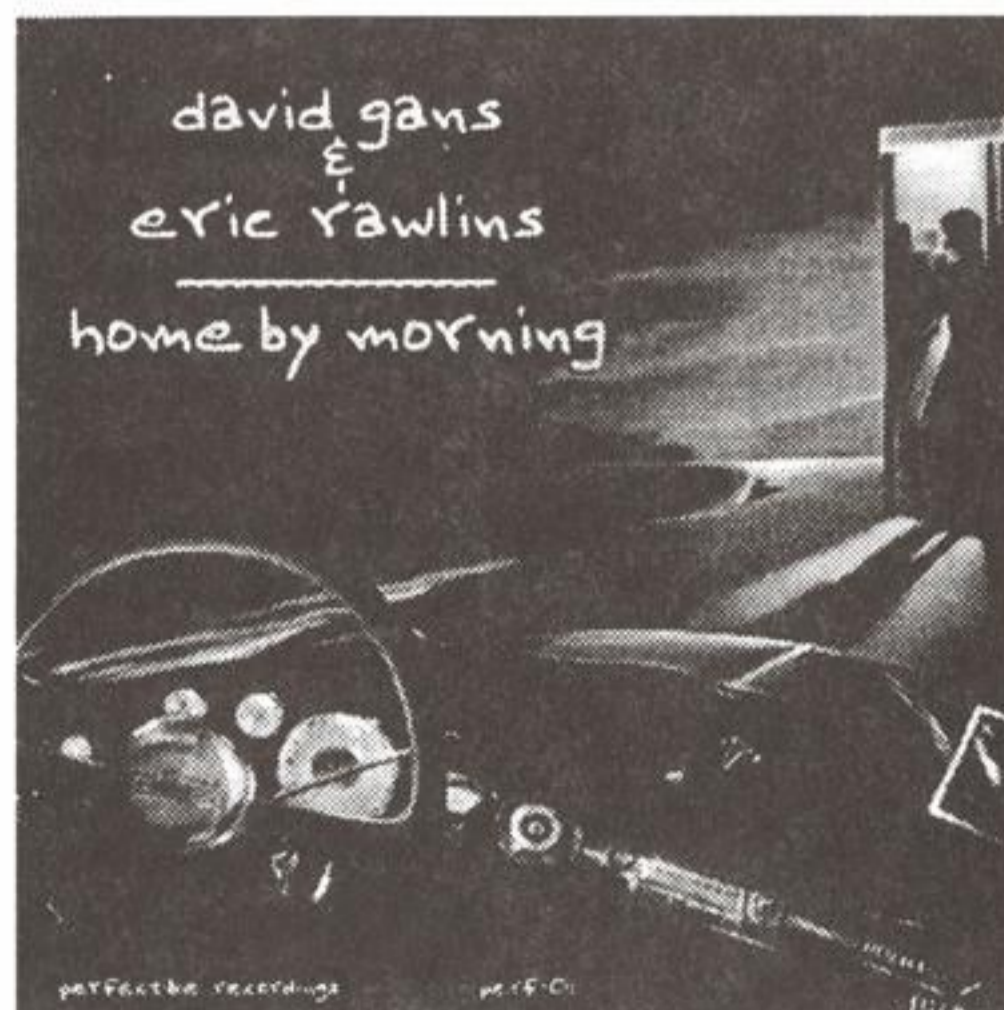
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"Home By Morning is as welcoming as a wood stove and as comfortable and warm as an heirloom quilt. Gans and Rawlins have distilled their illustrious influences into a winning hand of story songs that are down-home, wily, pure American, and full of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

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— Blair Jackson

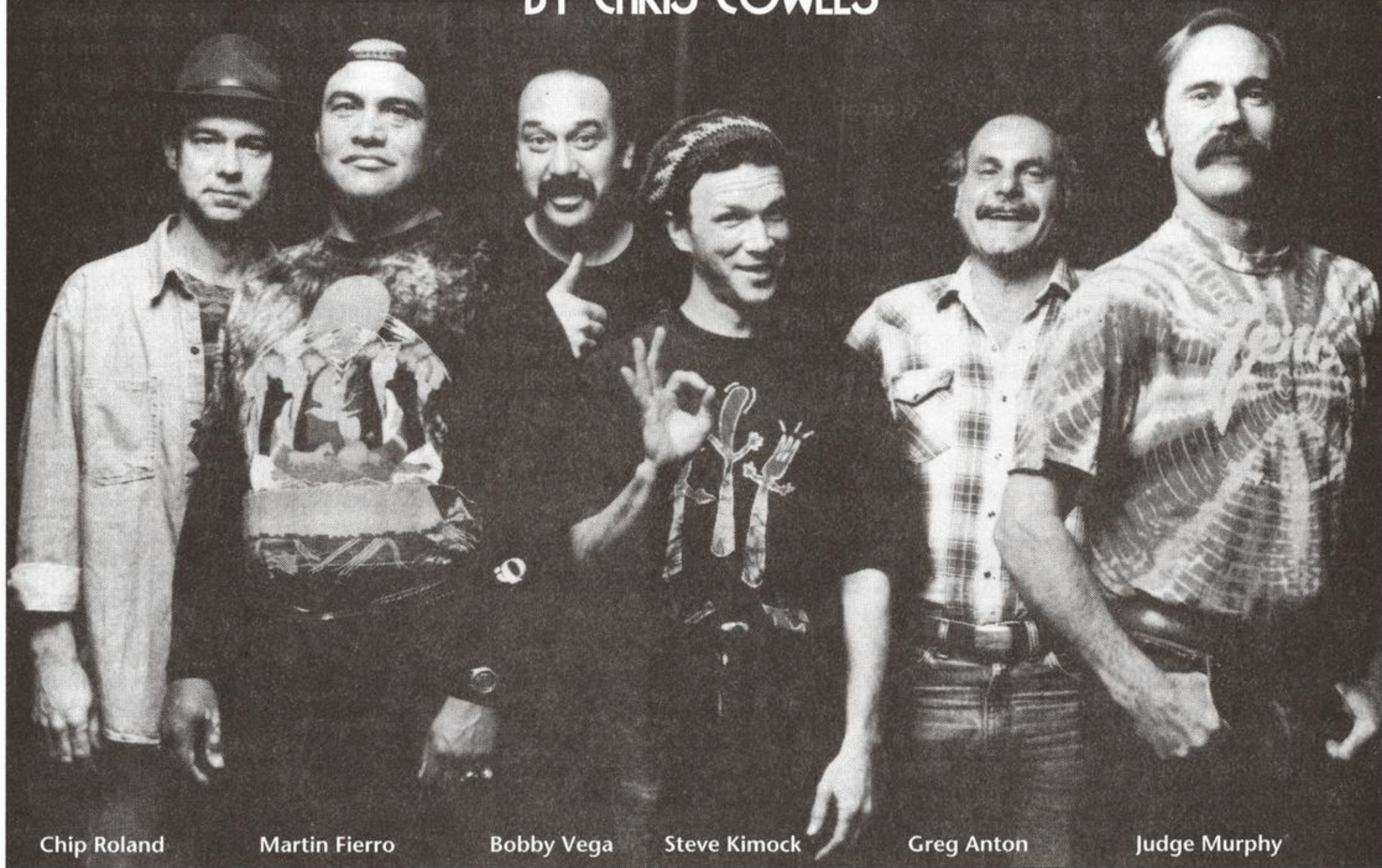
"... filled with hopes, memories, longing, flowing water, highways, touches of regret, love, liminality, and experience in the journey. Gans and Rawlins are both good songwriters and good players. Their voices will grow on you quickly, most especially because of what they say with them."
— da Flower Punk, Tim Lynch

"A nice, honest feel."
— Vince Welnick

ZERO

DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE NAME

BY CHRIS COWLES



When it comes to talking about playing music, Steve Kimock is very blunt. "There is never a day I don't want to go to work, and right now, I really want to work." If that sounds like commitment, you should talk to the guitarist. He, like the band he plays in, might not be household names, but with Kimock and his cohorts in the Marin, CA-based group Zero, one of the best-kept secrets in the music world is slowly leaking out. Coming on the heels of its fifth release and most successful tour to date, Zero is raring to blaze a musical path to those who know that band's music, but, more importantly, to the uncounted thousands who have yet to experience it.

The six-piece outfit was formed in 1984 by Kimock and drummer Greg Anton. Since that time, the group has undergone several personnel changes, but one constant remains: Zero's ability to bring stellar musicianship to the

fore, with improvisation being the key element. From the band's humble beginnings playing small, San Francisco Bay Area clubs, coupled with jaunts to the East Coast, Zero's fundamental strength, and main reason for surviving this long, has been its drive to perform.

The band's often jam-based repertoire runs the musical gamut. In addition to an abundance of original material, including collaborations with Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter, the band often adds jazz musings influenced by the likes of Miles Davis and John Coltrane. There are a handful of obligatory Bob Dylan numbers, some rave-ups and even funky, streetwise Meters' tunes.

Top Ten albums, chart-topping success, multimillion dollar tours and videos on MTV are not characteristics of this band.

These untouched areas are also not the barometer by which to rate Zero's bristling talent and the power of its music.

"It's funny," says Anton, "I remember a conversation I had with [the late former Grateful Dead keyboardist] Keith Godchaux. He said to me: 'The fans know the music of the Grateful Dead has integrity. It's not going to fuck around with you. It expresses everything: love, anger, friendship and sadness — everything that everyone is living and feeling.'

"That's the truth of what Zero is really about," explained Anton, who once worked with Godchaux and his wife, Donna, in the short-lived Heart of Gold Band. "Music is truth, pure expression and really the most truthful expression."

Zero has in fact been unfairly compared to the Grateful Dead. While there are some stylistic similarities, the musical depth of Zero is a whole different beast when compared to the forefathers of the psychedelic rock scene that burgeoned in the late 1960s around the Bay Area. The only realistic comparison is a growing number of dedicated fans, a select group of people who often demand a bit more when it comes to their choice of music, and, of course, crave live concert tapes. In fact, many people have been turned onto Zero simply by getting a tape of the Grateful Dead and finding a Zero tune thrown on as filler at the end. In many cases, that initial taste of Zero has been enough to convert a person.

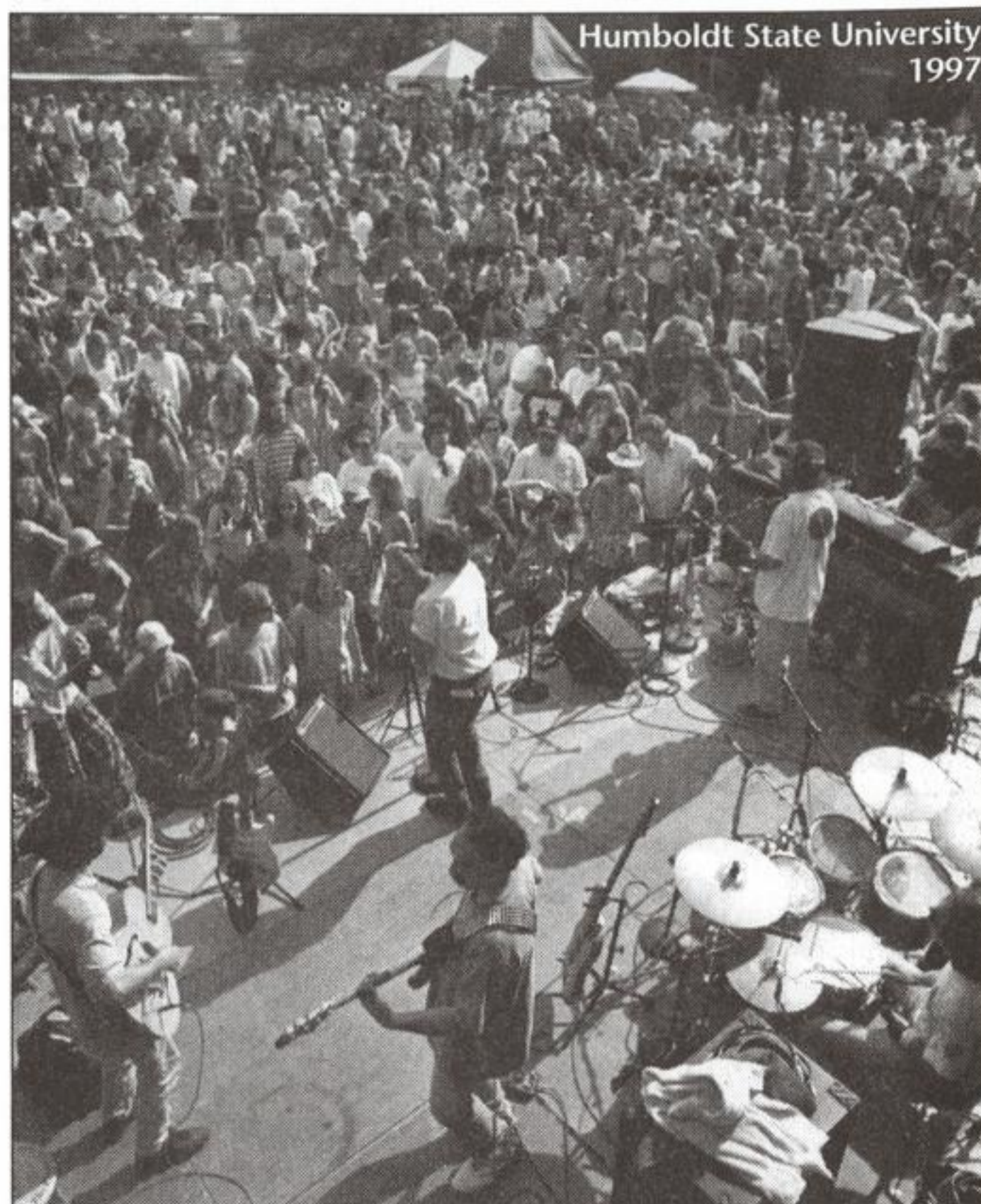
The longest running incarnation of the band includes the Anton-Kimock nucleus, along with bassist Bobby Vega, saxophonist Martin Fierro, keyboardist/vocalist Chip Roland and lead vocalist Judge Murphy. This lineup, which has been together since 1994, has proved to be the tightest, most polished unit to carry the band's name, a tough task considering some of the alumni who did time in the Zero ranks.

Former Quicksilver Messenger Service guitarist John Cipollina recorded and performed with the band until his death in 1989. Banana, best known as one of the Youngbloods, played keyboards and sang for a number of years with Zero and occasionally still sits in with the band. Veteran session man Pete Sears also pounded the 88s with Zero before joining Hot Tuna. While the aforementioned trio may have been the only higher profile musicians to be a part of the band, a slew of local players also lent their talents during the 1980s as the band worked on establishing its eclectic sound.

Zero's fans, often nicknamed "Zero's Heroes" are a savvy bunch from across the United States, with pockets from as far away as Canada, England, India and wherever the odd analogue, digital or video tape might find its way in the mail.

"They [fans] are there for the music and that's what has kept the whole thing going," says Bobby Vega.

There was once a time when the band was satisfied with rehearsing when it had to and playing live when it could. Between 1987-94, the band released a handful of albums. Their debut, aptly titled "Here Goes Nothin'," came out on

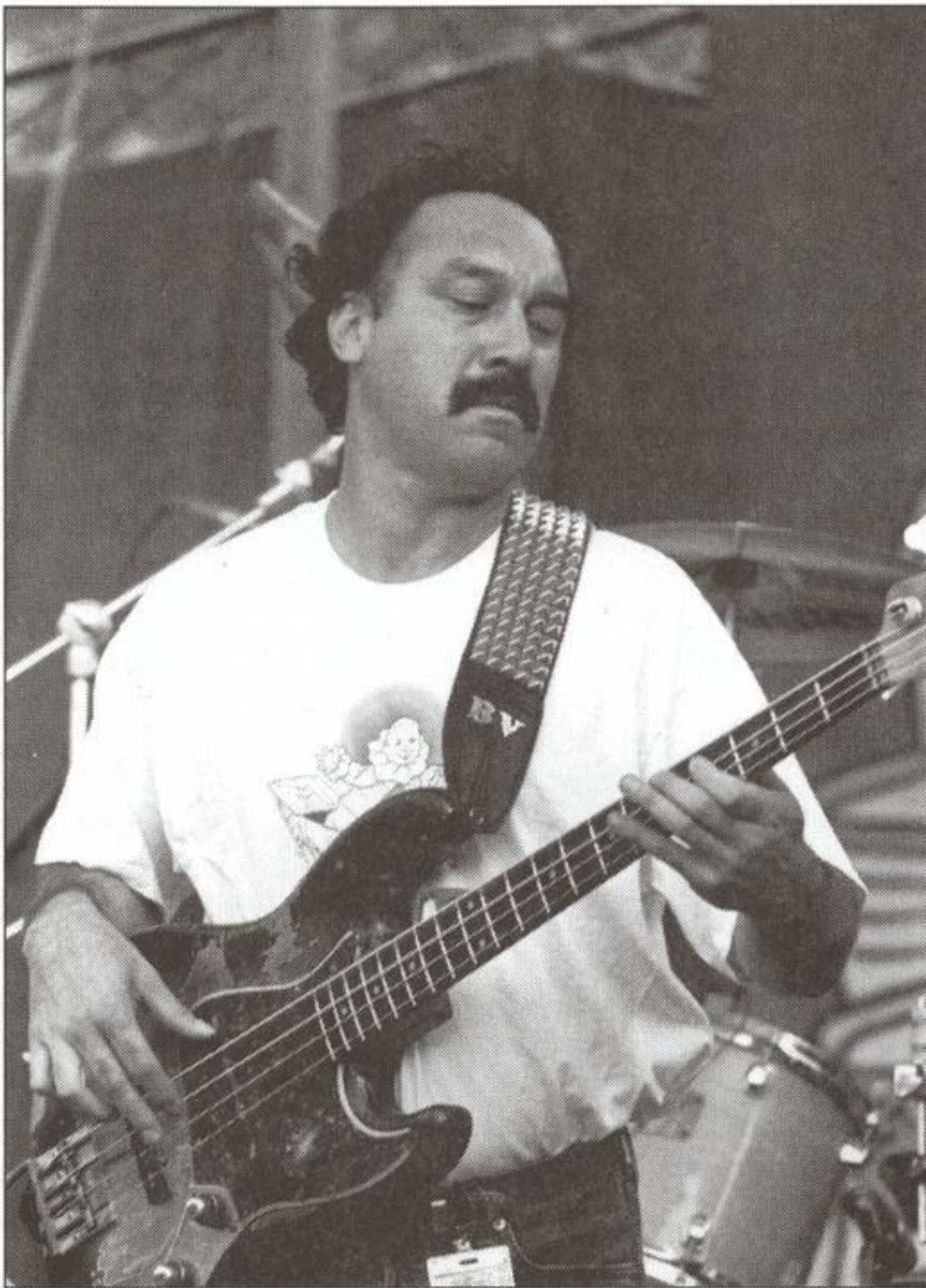


the Relix label. It was followed by "Nothin' Goes Here" on Mobile Fidelity in 1990, and the live collection, "Go Hear Nothin'," a year later on Whirled. In 1994, another live offering, "Chance in a Million," on the A&M label, showcased five tracks containing Hunter lyrics and guest musicians Nicky Hopkins, John Kahn and Vince Welnick.

Last summer, the band set up camp at The Plant recording studio in Sausalito — home of the new independent PopMafia label headed by veteran producer Arne Frager. It was here that Zero honed its sound, and its self-titled CD, released last August, proved to be its best-produced work to date. With Frager engineering and sharing production duties with Kimock, Zero's ten-cut disc features a superb balance of straight-ahead rock and roll, ballads and instrumentals to please a wide range of musical tastes.

Seven of the tracks have lyrics supplied by Hunter, the largest number of songs he's cowritten for an album since his nearly 30-year collaboration with the late Jerry Garcia. The band also chose an obscure Van Morrison composition, *Friday's Child* from Morrison's days with the band Them and a decades-old, Latin-styled number, *Sun, Sun, Sun* which Kimock and Fierro used to play with a salsa band called The Underdogs. The album is a departure from previous releases. The songs are tight, radio-friendly and suitable for playlists that would meet the demands of any demographic audience. Earlier works featured tightly woven, yet extended improvisational explorations, more akin to the band's live approach.

That live approach to the music was sprung on unsuspecting audiences in 20 cities across the US last fall when Zero



ERIN CASSIDY ©1998

Bobby Vega

embarked on its longest road trip yet. In addition to showcasing material from the new album, the band took crowds through mind-bending, instrumental workouts, as well as some favorite covers and traditionals that have made their way into the band's sets over the years.

During the tour, the band shared bills with diverse musicians including David Byrne and Bruce Hornsby. Zero even recorded a handful of songs for "Mountain Stage," a nationally syndicated public radio program hosted by John Prine.

The swelling legion of fans aside, Kimock says the tour brought other revelations as well. "This was the trip where I finally got hit (musically) the way people in the audience get hit by the band. It was really a different thing from being in the band and being able to watch and hear the band at the same time. It really blew me away."

Coming from a man who strives for perfection onstage instead of traditional, "guitar-hero" posturing, Kimock's take is actually a fair assessment of what Zero has become, not only as players, but to its fans.

The live aspect of Zero is where the ultimate power of the band's music lies, according to Anton. "This band actually moves molecules," he quipped. "I think we can alter things — ourselves, our audience — in a really positive, progressional sense. When I'm onstage, I don't really look out

into the audience. I have a really myopic view of things when we're playing; we all do really."

Anton admitted that statement wasn't all that valid after the band's last gig on the fall tour. After playing in such varied musical environments as Wisconsin, Ohio, Nebraska, Florida, Georgia, Michigan and Iowa, the band closed its run at Wetlands in New York City on October 24. Unbeknownst to the people in the packed house that rainy night, Hunter had indicated his desire to sit in with the band a day or so earlier. Until that night, Hunter had attended rehearsals and recording sessions, but had never appeared onstage with Zero. The band played with an excited tension throughout the opening set. When Hunter came up for the final two songs, including an emotional delivery of the Dead's *Franklin's Tower*, the response from the crowd was overwhelming.

"That night I looked out into the crowd and it just looked like one big smile," recalled Anton. "It was amazing. I'd never seen anything like it."

The affect, according to Anton, wasn't lost on Hunter either.

"Hunter and I talked recently and he really wants to do more stuff like that with the band," said Anton. "He felt the music that night [in New York] and said something to me like 'I want to get some more of that shit.'"

Hunter noted in his on-line journal that his experience with Zero that night marked the first time in ten years that he had played onstage with a band.

Fierro says that onstage, Zero is an incredible experience. "There is an intuitiveness between the players," he explained. "We don't need to see, we kind of jump onto a 'psychic network'. We have our own psychic network as far as musicians in the band are concerned. We just have to keep focusing on each other, how we're playing. When we do that, it's magic and we can do anything."

Fierro is the senior member of the band, having done time in the studio and on the road with such outfits as The Sir Douglas Quintet, The Grateful Dead, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Mother Earth and various Jerry Garcia-Merl Saunders projects.

While Fierro and Kimock are Zero's main soloists, the veteran sax player also has a de facto class clown role in the band, a role loved and anticipated by the audience. It's rare when Fierro doesn't spring an odd, off-color or often nonsensical joke on the audience in between songs.

While audiences have been thrilled by Zero's musical ability, that power has also left a mark on members of the band.

"The strongest feeling I can come away with from being in this band," said Murphy, "is the fact that it has changed my focus musically from being a guy who used to drink ten beers and play drums in a local bar, to now making an impact on the music world with this band."

"I'm singing lyrics from Robert Hunter, working with words and a sketch melody in rehearsal and going onstage to tell a story, instead of just singing old blues tunes. It's allowed me to reach a vast audience being with this band.

"I know I have touched people and it is a real honor to work with these great musicians and to be a part of it. I have doubted it sometimes in the past, but people have reinforced it to me and put me in a really exciting, extraordinary role in life. I like to think I have taken it as a responsibility."

The musical responsibility has also turned the band into a more committed unit when it comes to rehearsing.

"We're always trying to work on new, fresh material," says Kimock. "It's like we're trying to rehearse three times a week now when there were times in the past when we wouldn't rehearse together for a month or so."

"What's so amazing is that I have the freedom to bring any piece of equipment I feel like, set it up and play what I feel like playing," Chip Roland says. "Everybody is encouraged to just do that. That's what has made this a different band than any other I have ever played with."

Since he joined Zero, Roland's role has changed greatly from being just another keyboard player following such former members as Sears, John Farey and Banana.

Gaining more confidence with every show, Roland's ability on the Hammond organ not only became a vital part of the Zero sound, but later a driving force when he stepped out with energized solos. As a vocalist he has also become more prevalent during concerts. With his influences ranging from Bayou-flavored stylings, Southern-roots blues à la the Allman Brothers Band and an undeniable feel of the old Muscle Shoals sound, Roland's stature in the band has grown by leaps and bounds. Last year he also began playing acoustic guitar during some numbers, including a version of the Rolling Stones' *No Expectations*.

Kimock has nothing but praise for Roland's ability and his contribution to the band.

"I was thrilled to death when we were working with Pete Sears," he said. "I still work with him [Sears] when I have the time, but I always got the hint that this cat [Roland] was a very musical guy and we should go get him. He's exceeded my expectations on every level, he just gets in there and plays his ass off with us."

When time has permitted, members of Zero have worked on side projects, but the members of the band are united in their commitment to making sure Zero comes first and foremost.

Kimock, Roland and Fierro occasionally play live with Steve Kimock and Friends with Banana on guitar and vocals, bassist Bob Wolf and drummer Lance Dickerson, a veteran timekeeper who used to play with Commander Cody and



ERIN CASSIDY ©1998

Steve Kimock

David Bromberg. In the past, Kimock and Vega did time with Vince Welnick's now-defunct Missing Man Formation, a group that included drummer Prairie Prince.

When not on the road, Fierro leads a jazz quartet that has become a Sunday-night staple in San Rafael. This aggregation often includes a handful of local musicians who drop in to jam. Some of these locals include keyboardist Howard Wales, flutist Matt Eakle, from David Grisman's band, and noted session guitarist Jackie King.

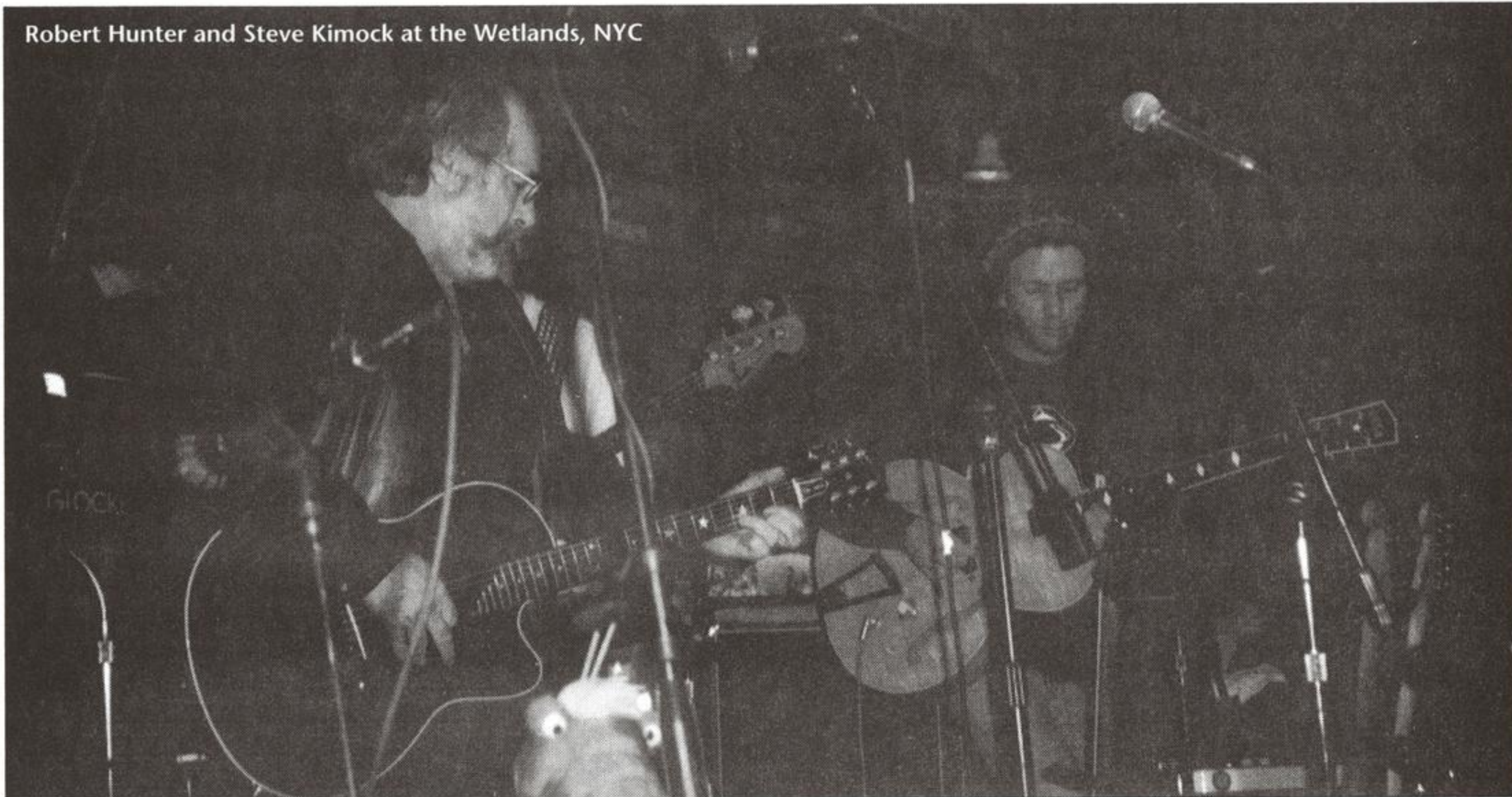
Roland sometimes leads his own band, The Namedroppers, allowing him to dig into his past when he played good-time music in nightclubs and on college campuses.

Anton, who is also an environmental lawyer, composes and works on new material with Hunter.

"It's funny," says Vega. "There were always these rumors flying around that Zero was breaking up because the guys were doing other projects. If there was anything that should be cleared up, the band isn't breaking up no matter what happens."

"Right now, we're putting a powerful sound together; everybody in the group is bringing something to making that sound, just like we were cooking. We're at our prime now in that aspect."

Robert Hunter and Steve Kimock at the Wetlands, NYC



CAROLINE RUSTIGIAN ©1998

“The band is playing outside of itself now,” Murphy agrees. “I really had my eyes opened on the fall tour. I got a chance to really be an ‘ear’ during that tour, since my role varies (in reference to the mix of instrumentals and vocal numbers Zero plays).”

“I heard this band like I never had before,” Murphy admitted. “The guys playing really blew my mind. They really kicked some serious ass, and then to think that Robert Hunter came out and supported us in New York.”

Zero’s live sound has also reached a new level, since the band teamed up with sound wizard Howard Danchik, a Bay Area veteran who has worked and toured with a slew of bands, including Bob Weir’s Ratdog.

“It’s funny how many different things we have heard from people in the audience over the years,” said Kimock. “Sometimes it was, ‘Hey, how come you don’t play more dance tunes,’ other times it was, ‘Hey, play more Robert Hunter tunes.’ Now it is things like, ‘Hey, this place has never sounded better.’”

“That’s because of what Howard [Danchik] has done for the band’s sound. He has this way of working us, especially our different tones and really making us sound great.”

Added Anton, “Howard is the best player in the band, there’s no question about it. He’s the most consistent player. Even when we have a bad night, he makes us sound good.”

The new album and a successful tour with its best-ever concert sound now behind them, Kimock says the time has come for Zero to look ahead.

“Ultimately, the band has to make that step into its own maturity,” he said. “We have to be able to create more. We were grateful for the opportunity to make the new record and I had a gas making it. It was a fascinating process on every level as well as all of the personalities involved.”

“Maybe that’s been a part of why we’re all kind of keen to find some new directions to work this, realizing that our continued existence is predicated on what represents this band. The impetus for any kind of activity for the band would be writing. That creative process, which we are really focusing on, needs to be fresh.”

So, what’s ahead for Zero? This spring the band will put out a live CD, tentatively titled “Double Zero,” featuring tracks recorded during three shows at the Maritime Hall in San Francisco early last year. The group will tackle another extended tour throughout the United States, and there is even a possibility they will return to the studio to work on a new album.

“We have to go after the dream,” Fierro says. “The dream is not ever going to come to you. You have to go after it hard. If you want it, there is an incredible amount of people who want to help you get it. All you have to do is communicate to them what you want to accomplish. It’s a really cool thing and we’re going to do it.”

For more information about Zero, visit the band’s web site at www.rockweb.com/bands/zero/ or www.popmafia.com. For show dates, the band’s touring schedule is regularly updated on the Zero hotline at 415-789-8258.

Special thanks to Kristin Fouchet and Doug Greene. ◇



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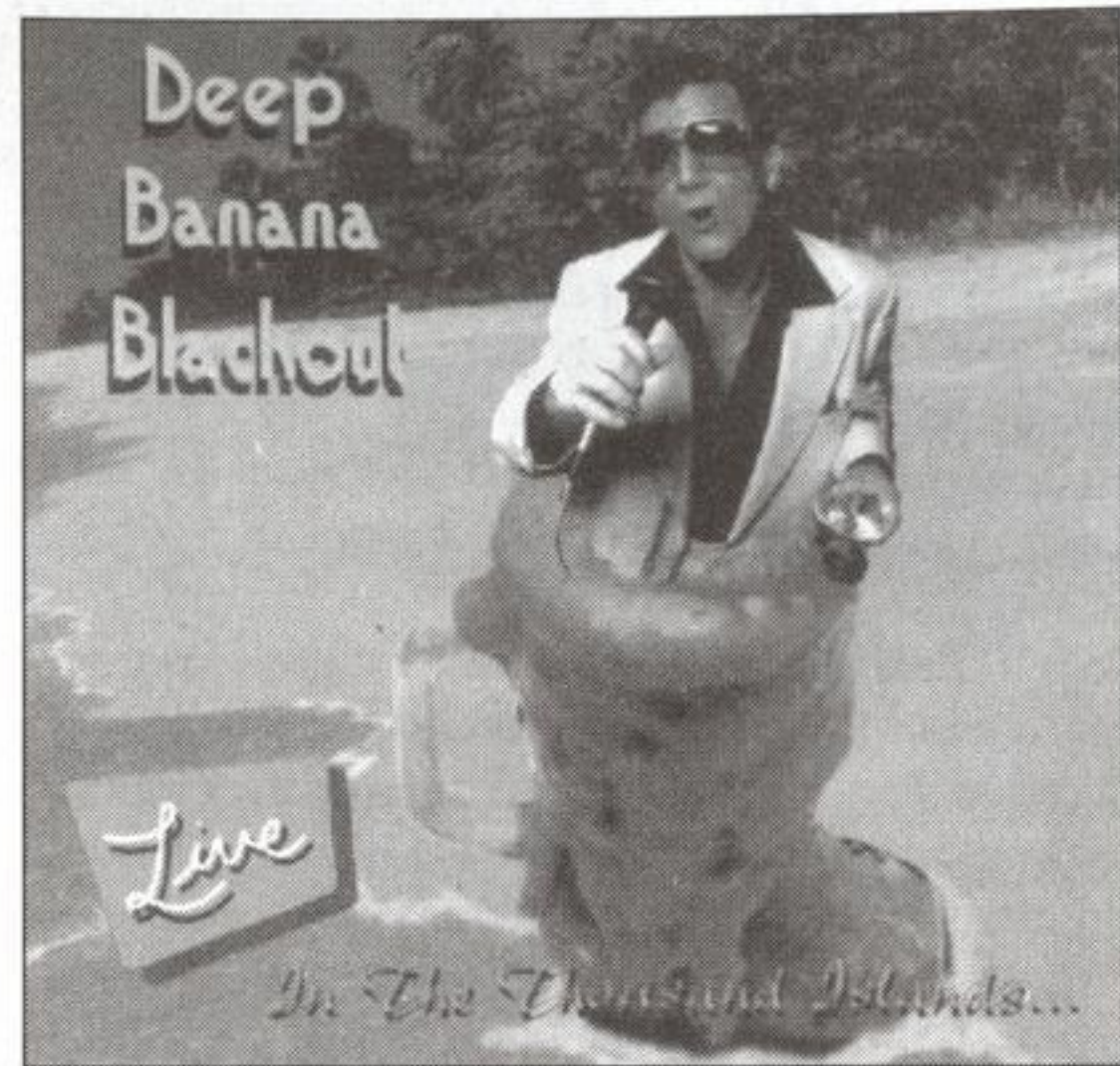
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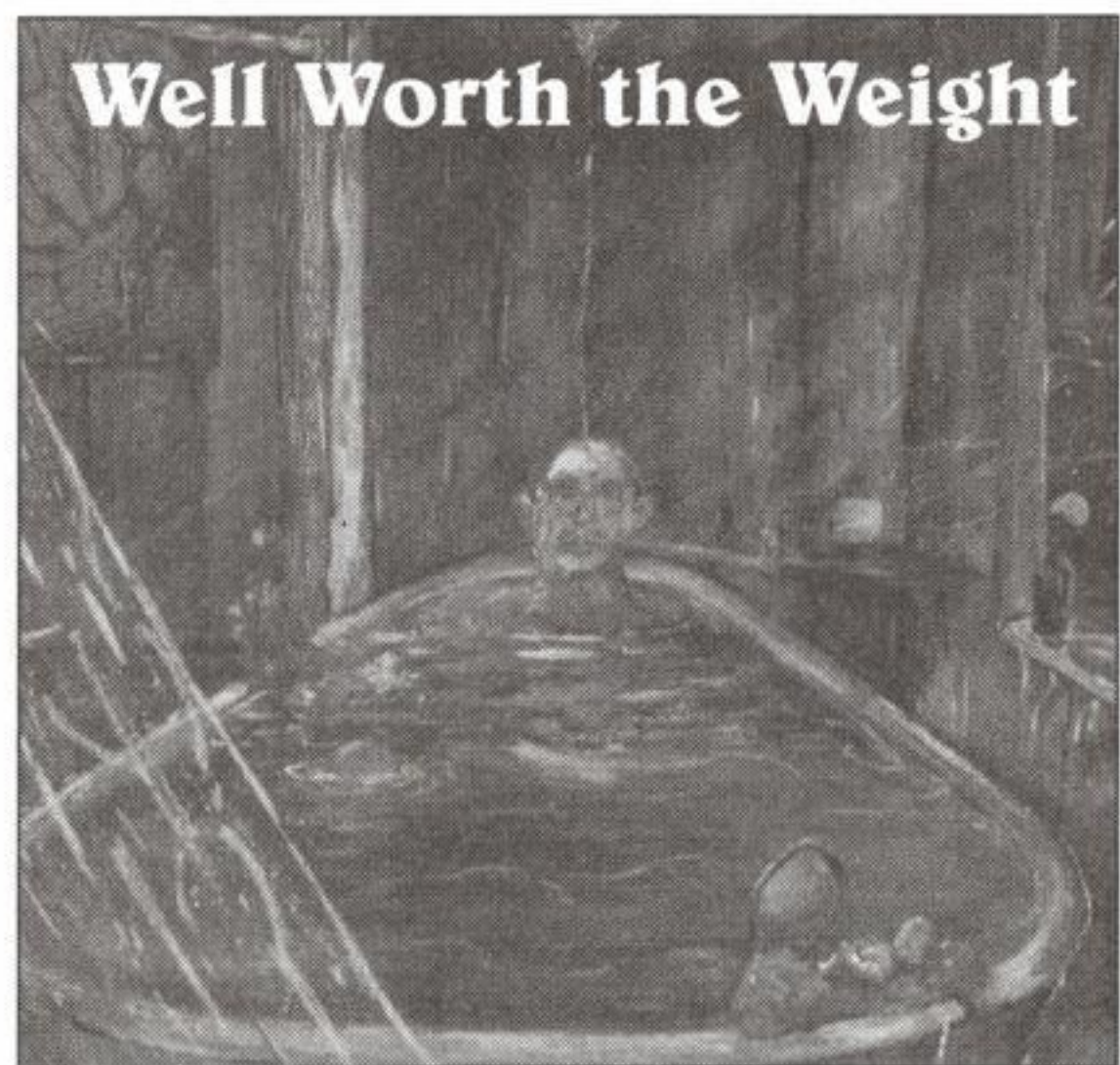
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Practical Ecstasy

By Jim Lehrman

I received a letter from a reader of my last column which inspires me to share some of my work with you now. The person who wrote to me is a college student with visions of finishing a degree in psychology. He complains that drugs, specifically pot, have run his life for the past seven years. His addiction to pot is an expression of what I call an "unconscious relationship." And we know he's not alone in this imbalance.

Most of us know that the drive to alter consciousness is natural. When someone comes to me with a drug problem, my attention goes to how the person organizes around that drive. Their drug problem is more likely to be found there, than in the drug itself. This is where self-observation can be an opportunity for spiritual growth, for deepening a connection with yourself through self-discovery. When a person coming to me with a drug problem begins the work of studying his or her experience, they inevitably begin to see how they go about responding automatically to their cravings. My approach is to help this person develop a conscious relationship with their experience, and with their natural urge to get high.

What a wonderful fact of life — that we are able to do things to play with our minds and our experience of reality and even crank up some pleasure in the process. What an added gift that we can do this in a way that enables us to learn something about ourselves, existence, and the nature of reality.

To me, getting high is a special event. Whether through drugs, sex, being in nature, focusing on my breath, or being engaged in something full of challenge, I am often humbled by the experience and I appreciate it as a gift. Each occasion gives me a way to deepen my relationship to myself. By staying present amidst the urge, my response, and the resulting experience, I get to *have* the experience without *losing* myself in it.

What a missed opportunity when we have some urge and we reactively indulge it, instead of staying present enough to see how we go about responding to it. (I even like to hang out with the urge for a while to see what the experience of the urge, itself, is like. When I have an itch during a meditation I like to hang out with the itch to explore that experience more before scratching it away.) Staying present as a witness, we can monitor and manage our choices, observing what we are creating as well as the patterns of how we create. We can step outside our habitual ways of responding to make choices from the wisdom of our self-knowledge.

Think of those things that you do unconsciously, asleep at the wheel, whether it be brushing your teeth, eating, going to the bathroom, talking with a friend, or feeling something like anger or joy. When you do these things unconsciously, operating on automatic, you are not present, you are not

creative, and you are not appreciating what the experience of this moment is. Without a connection to your experience, you rob yourself of your connection to life and thus erode your very sense of self. You thus stay in a rut of disconnection. Maybe getting high without a connection to yourself is like anonymous sex.

So, what can you do when your relationship to pot or anything else is out of control, reduced to a potentially destructive, unconscious knee-jerk reaction to a natural and innocent drive to get high? Well, depending on your level of commitment to being connected with yourself, you can use your addiction itself as a path toward wholeness.

Through an assortment of exercises, I have people who suffer from these expressions of "unconscious relationships" learn how to witness their experience. I have them practice vipasanna meditation. I have them do various projects of self-inquiry designed to strengthen their ability to separate from their impulses in order to observe who they are in the midst of them. In the program I offer for people with addictions, I train them to notice when the desire or impulse presents itself, to "locate" themselves as the witness of this part that has the craving, and to study both the experience and the self who is engaged in the experience. While I don't stop anyone from indulging their impulse to get high, I help them shift the emphasis from indulging the impulse to applying self-inquiry to the impulse. They treat the impulse as some kind of benevolent beast that they want to track. They want to study it and study the responses that arise around it.

By listening to those things the craving part of them is saying, they can take what it says seriously. They need to get sharp enough to notice when this part presents itself, so they can learn what it is afraid of, what story it is effected by, or what picture it is projecting. They practice giving it enough space to express itself, so they can learn from it. They learn to trust the witness within them and make choices that are alive and not dogmatic.

There is so much I could add about differences in the drive to make consciousness more expanded or more contracted, about the variety of means to move in either of those directions, and how to apply self-discovery to either orientation. The drive to alter consciousness is natural, and there is nothing wrong with indulging it. We all need a break sometimes. It is best to indulge it consciously, rather than by automatic response, to indulge it as part of a rhythm in your life, rather than as a constant. Variety of means helps keep you awake, too, so don't let yourself fall into a rut or stay in a rut. Be creative in exploring ways to get high. You don't have to limit your repertoire to chemicals or herbs, either.

If you are interested in receiving some guidelines for training yourself to take on a more conscious relationship with something you are currently addicted to, based on the program I offer, please send a SASE to me at *Dupree's Diamond News*. ♦

Jim will be happy to answer your questions concerning a variety of topics. You can write to him at *Dupree's Diamond News*, P.O. Box 936, Northampton, MA 01061.

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RUNNING THE VODOO DOWN: MILES DAVIS' FUNKY SPACE FROM FILLMORE TO FUNKADELIC

BY VICTOR BRADLEY



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Whether they intended it or not, the Grateful Dead influenced legions of listeners, musicians, and intrepid seekers in a myriad of dramatic and lasting ways. We each have our personal lists of insightful epiphanies that have changed our way of thinking about ourselves and the world around us. The melding of vastly disparate and diverse sounds and approaches to improvisation and writing have exposed us to a seemingly infinite number of emotional responses and reactions. Like

other timeless masters, the Dead struck a nerve. One of these masters worth checking out is Miles Davis, whose influential, genre-busting, forward-moving compositions are both ageless and challenging. No one grasped the moment like Miles, with immense human spirit and an otherworldly sense of adventure. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? To catch a glimpse of the master shape-shifter in mid-creation, you'll have to check out these new live CD reissues.

For four nights in April 1970 those in attendance at the Fillmore West were transported into the future, given a glimpse into an impending abstraction in which the past is vanquished by a radical reworking of all things present. The source of this epiphanous journey was the emphatic immediacy of Miles Davis.

Many in the crowd were, no doubt, familiar with his name, since by 1970, Miles was, by far, the most popular and well-respected jazz artist in the world. For 20 years he had been creating a superior and distinctive body of work in the jazz milieu. From his formative years with Charlie Parker, as bebop was changing the course of improvised music, Miles stripped away the blazing speed and technique associated with the form, and was instrumental in creating a new school of melody. “The Birth of the Cool” sessions from the late ’40s found Miles fronting an expanded band casting fresh, new instrumentation into the jazz equation. After a period of relative inactivity due to heroin addiction, Miles returned in 1955 with a stunning appearance at the Newport Jazz Festival that brought him back to the forefront and allowed him to establish a working band. Drawn from a small pool of intensely individual players, John Coltrane, Bill Evans, Philly Joe Jones, Paul Chambers and Red Garland to name a few, would, under Miles’ watchful influence, change the face of small group jazz for years to come. The modal improvisations and the formless nature of compositions such as *Flamenco Sketches* hinted at developments Miles would explore later in the early ’70s. Also in the mid-’50s, Miles’ collaborations with visionary orchestrator Gil Evans popularized the mellow beauty of the flügelhorn in majestic and thematic recordings for orchestra and jazz rhythm¹.

By 1963 the second great quintet had taken shape². Again, Miles surrounded himself with young, innovative players who grew under his tutelage into major figures in improvised music. Miles’ strength as a trumpeter (an economical and individual approach to melody) was second only to his innate ability as band leader to find such distinctive sidemen who not only contributed to the furthering of his vision, but who would go on to become pivotal figures in the annals of jazz.

As the music of the ’60s became an arbiter of social change, reflecting the tumult, confusion and exhilaration of the times, Miles was soaking it all in. A fan of Jimi Hendrix and Sly Stone, in whose joining of rock, blues and soul, with a previously unheard of amount of electricity, Miles heard a reflective connection with the ripe world surrounding him. First incorporating electric elements on the transitional “In A Silent Way” record in 1969, Miles would soon follow with what would become the bellwether album of the music to come. Fusion, in all its organic and adventuresome spirit, was born when the “Bitches Brew”³ album was released in April 1970.

Listen to the spacey expansiveness of “Bitches Brew,” and then imagine gliding into the dark expanse of the Fillmore as Stone The Crows finished their set of British blues-rock and being pinned to your cerebellum by a live set of this astounding, otherworldly music. Full of bravado, edge and



© SONY MUSIC

texture, this music must have tweaked some ears those nights. During a period when the Dead’s shows were becoming less experimental, when they were beginning to include acoustic sets of their new, folksier material, Miles’ music must have been a welcome excursion for those who had grown to love the long, strange improvisations of the Dead’s recent past. The Dead, with Miles’ example before them, had always sought their own edge — looking to challenge their own notions of what music was — how it combined influences and genres and how it transported the spirit and primal core of a person to new heights. You need not be a jazz fan to enjoy this kind of music. This music is another grand lesson in listening for those of you who went night after night to Dead shows, thrilling in the infinitesimal and occasionally mammoth differences between performances. This is music for *you*.

The second night of this April ’70 Fillmore run by the Miles Davis Sextet has recently been made available in the US for the first time. “Black Beauty: Miles Davis At Fillmore West” is one of five double-disc sets newly reissued in Columbia Records’ Miles Davis: Live and Electric⁴ series. The ten CDs were all predominantly recorded live between April 1970 and March 1974. Remastered using 20-bit technology (with the hiss only remaining on “Black Beauty,” a minor complaint) and repackaged as limited edition digi-packs, they feature original artwork and new liner notes penned, in most cases, by noted band members who took part in the original sessions. These are must-have CDs for anyone who grooves to Miles’ muse.

The reissue of these live recordings could not be more timely. The current interest in ’70s funk and the continued influence of Jimi Hendrix upon young listeners are only two factors. The far-reaching innovation of these sessions can be heard in the music and methodology employed by today’s current artists — linked to both hip-hop and electronica rhythmically, and in its tendency to borrow elements from varied sources. Miles and producer Teo Macero had long been using techniques associated with *musique concrète* (primarily the use of tape-collage in post-editing). They used this in the sequencing of their live sets, as well as in their studio recordings, constructing long, flowing suites of music by

taking hours of live or studio recordings and splicing them together into album-side pieces. They pre-dated sampling and the re-mix by a generation.

All the music in these five sets (and in the studio albums from the same period) were deemed radical at the time, initially misunderstood, ridiculed and spat upon by the hard-line jazz critics of the day. Miles was accused of selling out, when in reality the music bares the opposite as being the case. Sure, Miles had deserted the acoustic jazz format, with its dependence upon the variations-of-the-song. He incorporated effects — volume, density, rhythm — and the technology of the times (electric bass, keys, guitars and FX pedals) to remain at the vanguard of experimentation. Miles always played music for Miles, but he was creating sounds that reflected the forward path; he was a mirror of his time.

On “Black Beauty” we hear Miles’ music becoming far less structured, more rooted in the freedom of improvisation than even his stellar mid-’60s output. The music was startling, electronic. With a band made up of young but experienced jazz players — Chick Corea, Jack DeJohnette, Dave Holland, Steve Grossman and Airtó Moreira — the ability to shift aesthetics, one moment delicately lyrical, the next an onslaught of fiery distortion and rage, was well within their grasp. As always, with Miles these young players were quickly learning, absorbing and creating at an intensity level that would exemplify their future paths. Most would never play music remotely similar to this again, but they all would carry an artistic inquisitiveness with them as a major tool in their creative arsenals.

Check out Corea’s electric piano textures in this guitar-less version of the band. His way-out solo at the end of the opening track, *Directions*, is jarring. With all the new technology available, not only were the musical structures new to all ears, but the sounds produced created whole new ways of playing. These guys were sonic astronauts on planet Miles. Listen to the Hendrix-esque transition from *Miles Runs the Voodoo Down* into the funky groove of the tune *Willie Nelson*. Miles was one of the few people in the nation to know who Willie Nelson was in 1970. In this song, he creates a stellar performance backed by a huge funk groove where all but the drummers are playing through wah-wah pedals. There are these choice little edits where Holland’s electric bass riff drops out for one bar, being heard only through leakage from other mics. It creates momentary, translucent holes in the groove’s texture.

After a tasty, shimmering piano solo — reminiscent of Chick’s early Return To Forever style — the slippery transition into the brief ballad fragment, *I Fall In Love Too Easily* is shiny smooth with a short bass line touching down as the linking element. Miles is backed by Chick’s lyrical comping and Airtó’s distinctive cuica playing for only one time through the chorus. Airtó is all over these first three releases. His inventiveness is astonishing. Miles then blows some long trumpet notes through the echoplex segueing into *Sanctuary*, the classic piece originally from “Bitches Brew.”

The first chorus finds Miles playing in his wonderfully economic style (with the added effect of heavy echo) backed by some very out comping, before setting up the aggressive textures in the second chorus. Here, Chick and Grossman, on soprano sax, join in for the unison and call and response lines. Wow! This riff is reminiscent of the melody line of the cartoon show “Gigantor” and will show up occasionally in Miles shows over the years. *Gigantor*, indeed!

That’s only a taste of the first disc. There is so much more great music on these sides: the distortion > slinky meditation of *Bitches Brew*; or the speedy rock energy of the funky *Masquelaro*, (DeJohnette is astounding here), the James Brown riffs slammed with Hendrix edge on *Spanish Key*. I can’t imagine what the Dead’s audience, in their enhanced states of mind, made of this music. Members of the Dead have been quoted as saying that they were not exactly in a hurry to follow these sets feeling both challenged and humbled.

“At Fillmore: Live At The Fillmore East” is the next release in the series. Recorded two months after “Black Beauty,” the core band was the same with the addition of Keith Jarrett on organ. Holland doubled on acoustic bass on these dates. The cuts here are taken from four nights. Miles was opening for The Band and played for around 45 minutes each night. The original release of this double album on vinyl — an example of Macero’s post-editing composition — featured four, side-long titles, one taken from each show. They were called *Wednesday Miles*, *Thursday Miles*, *Friday Miles* and *Saturday Miles*. The reissue tracks the actual song titles separately for identification but leaves them in their edited form. It is a great chance to compare multiple versions of songs from each night.

The liner notes dub Miles and the Fillmore East, *Today’s Tomorrow*. Although both have moved on, the music made on these electric evenings still has the future written all over it. The addition of Jarrett’s organ thickened the density of the sound, adding another rhythmic element and filling the role the guitarists would take in future lineups. In *The Mask* section of *Wednesday Miles* the organ through a wah-wah pedal is positively psychedelic atop Holland’s avant-bop bass flurries. Quite an interesting minute-thirty-five. The second version of *The Mask* is nearly ten minutes in length. Jack is a monster here and Holland, this time on bowed acoustic bass and bop-walking lines, displays a staggering mix of complexity, groove and surprise. Miles and Chick ride in on a slow-motion roller coaster of melody. Up and down. Miles climbs this ladder of comping, an agile tight-rope walker tip-toeing in a dance with death: back and forth, seeking balance. This is the most swinging of all the music spoken of thus far. Threatening collapse at various times, things are held together by Holland’s strong grasp. After Miles’ solo section the keyboardists wail and flirt teasing crescendo, then always backing off until Miles reenters and they more on.

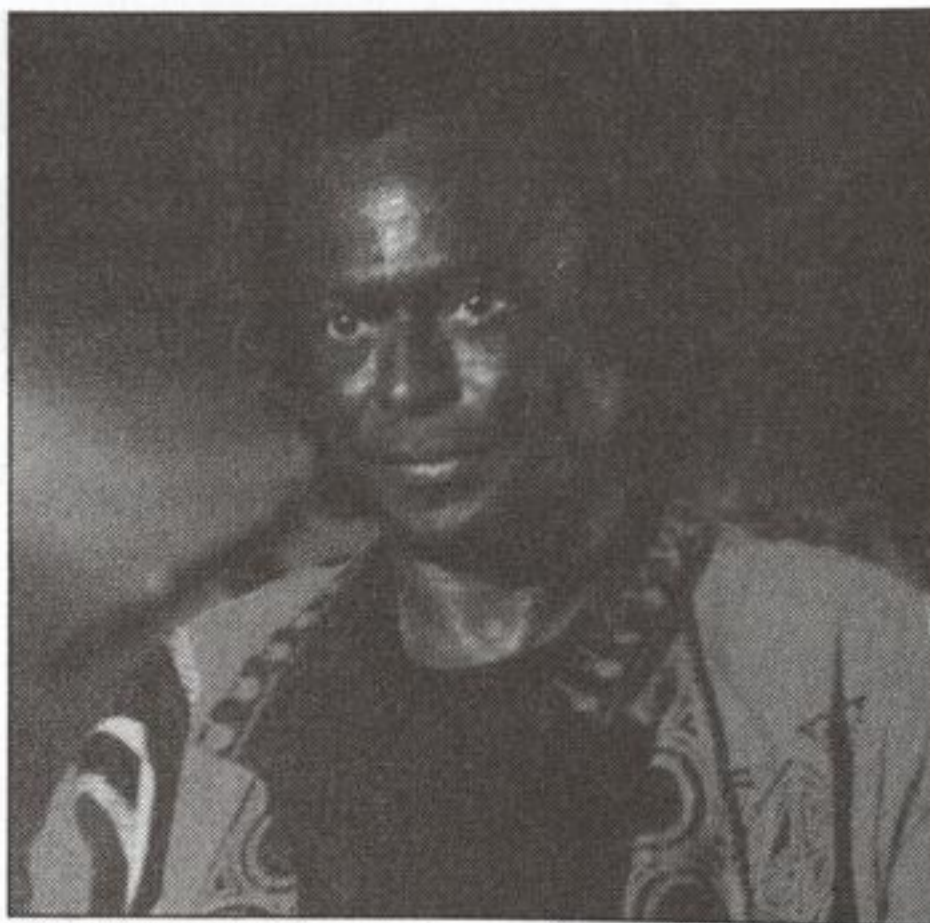
The beginning of Friday’s *It’s About That Time* opens with a little tuning that sounds positively like the Dead in 1968 until Miles’ little trumpet riff quiets everyone and Jack starts the

rhythm. Corea's restraint on this album is remarkable in relation to his aggressive posture on "Black Beauty." Here, his role has changed with Jarrett being the primary solo foil for Miles. This does not lessen his importance to the overall groove by any means. Airta adds wordless chanted vocals and always exquisite percussion throughout the blend on this album, a tasty and human element to counteract all the electronic din. This is a collection that I've grown to love over the years.

The next set in the series, "Live Evil," is a combination of smokin' extended live sextet tracks, with special guest guitarist John McLaughlin, and concise studio tracks featuring a variety of musicians. On the studio cuts, Miles plays some of his most subtle and melodic inventions of the last few years. Featuring iconoclastic Brazilian marvel, Hermeto Pascoal on ethereal vocals and assorted instruments, these small beauties are utilized as breaths between the more fervent grooves of the live tracks.

These live cuts were taped at The Cellar Door in Washington, DC on December 19, 1970. The sound of the band was changing again. Pop music, at this time, was eschewing short-form songs and had embraced the experimental freedoms and technically oriented players of the late '60s. Influenced by acid and Indian music, the sound of the instrumental heroes at the close of the decade — be it John Coltrane, Cream, the San Francisco bands or their European counterparts such as Pink Floyd and King Crimson — had begun to make inroads into music of all types. The music of George Clinton's Funkadelic, Blood, Sweat & Tears, and early Chicago would make the airwaves ripe for new sounds and grooves that went beyond the basic rock 'n' roll structures. Miles was right there on the front lines. His live band, with Holland, Chick and Grossman now gone, was gradually edging toward harder funk and rock tonalities.

Miles kept a jazz harmonic vocabulary as an important element but leaned heavily on the rock rhythm and repetitions of funk to bring a new fusion of sound to light. McLaughlin's appearance as a guest artist on this evening's program adds a seamless blend to the live sound of the previous year. His advanced technique, shown to full effect earlier on the "Bitches Brew" record, pushes the other soloists to even greater heights here. Saxist Gary Bartz was the latest member to fill the reed spot, joining alumni DeJohnette, Jarrett and Moreira. The most distinctive addition to the lineup, who was to have the greatest effect on the sound of this music, was R&B bassist Michael Henderson. Having spent time with Stevie Wonder and Aretha Franklin's bands, his playing was bottom-end and groove oriented. In fact, critics would disparage him, saying that he played the same notes over and over, not realizing a funk down-beat when they heard it. The move toward stasis with a rhythmic and melodic emphasis and away from harmonic development was to reverberate through time to the present day.



KURT MAHONEY ©1998

The final two releases are decidedly more controversial and open to debate. The band Miles fronted in September of 1972 was extreme. The funk elements of his earlier work were in even greater evidence, with Henderson's bass leading the charge. His grooves, along with the subtly shifting hard-funk back beat of drummer Al Foster, pump up the volume in this live session from New York. "In Concert: Live at Philharmonic Hall" is a like-minded companion piece to the studio album "On The Corner." Where the latter achieved its epic sensibilities and scope through the quick-cut edits and blanketed instrumental textures, the live

band did the same with a dexterity of movement complementing a thick sonic landscape. A nine-piece ensemble featured, along with Davis, Henderson and Foster, two percussionists, electric sitar, guitar, keyboards and sax. Again, this music is decidedly funky and predominantly defiant.

By the time "Dark Magus" was recorded in early 1974, Miles was a year away from a temporary seven-year retirement from playing, forced primarily by health concerns. The sound here is again, increasingly dense. He has dropped the keyboard players, opting to play organ himself and has a triple guitar line-up for this session. The lack of Miles' trumpet playing, is for some, reason enough to dismiss this record, but those who check it out will find a rich backdrop of rhythmic drive and mysterious edge. This is at once bleak, twisted and deafening music treading the edge between metallic sheen and urban grit. Increasing the dense rock elements by emphasizing the guitar, created an angular, almost claustrophobic sensibility to the stew.

Throughout all of these albums, and throughout his entire career, Miles Davis was a chameleonic figure of distinctive clarity; forging ahead, restless, fearless and answering to no one but himself. These recordings, from the last great period of experimentation in jazz, fed and fed off of the moment. Like a great Dead show, they challenged time to stop, and when it wouldn't, they raced it to the finish line.

Miles had found — in the midst of the barbaric intensity, the electric fire storm of sonic density, the elongated stretches of sensual, imaginative fury — a groove that would evoke majestically, eclectic, numbing mood swings and variance of temperature. Melding Coltrane's sheets of sound into a multi-layered bed of incendiary funk kept Miles' '70s music in your face, always controversial and vibrant, changing and recognizable. Always vital and emphatic, simple *and* complex. Always, truly...Miles. ♦

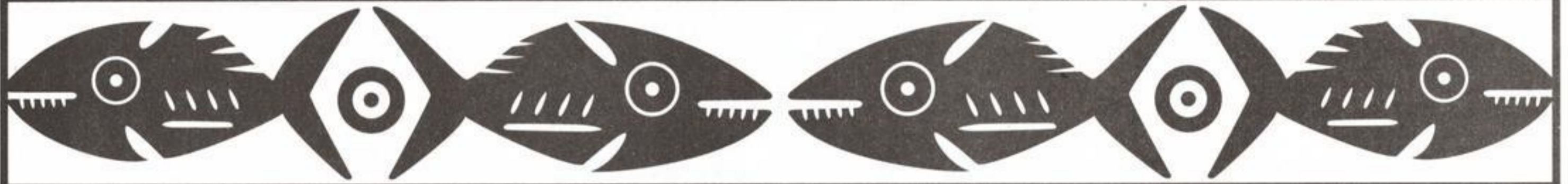
¹ Essential listening: "Miles Davis & Gil Evans: The Complete Columbia Studio Recordings" - Columbia 67397; "Kind of Blues" Columbia 64935;

² "The Complete Live At The Plugged Nickel 1965" - Columbia 66955; "Sorcerer" - Columbia 52974

³ "In A Silent Way" - Columbia 40580; "Bitches Brew" - Columbia 40577

⁴ "Black Beauty: Miles Davis At Fillmore West" - Columbia 65138; "Miles Davis At Fillmore: Live At The Fillmore East" - Columbia 65139; "Live-Evil" - Columbia 65135; "Miles Davis In Concert: Live At Philharmonic Hall" - Columbia 65140; "Dark Magus: Live At Carnegie Hall" - Columbia 65137

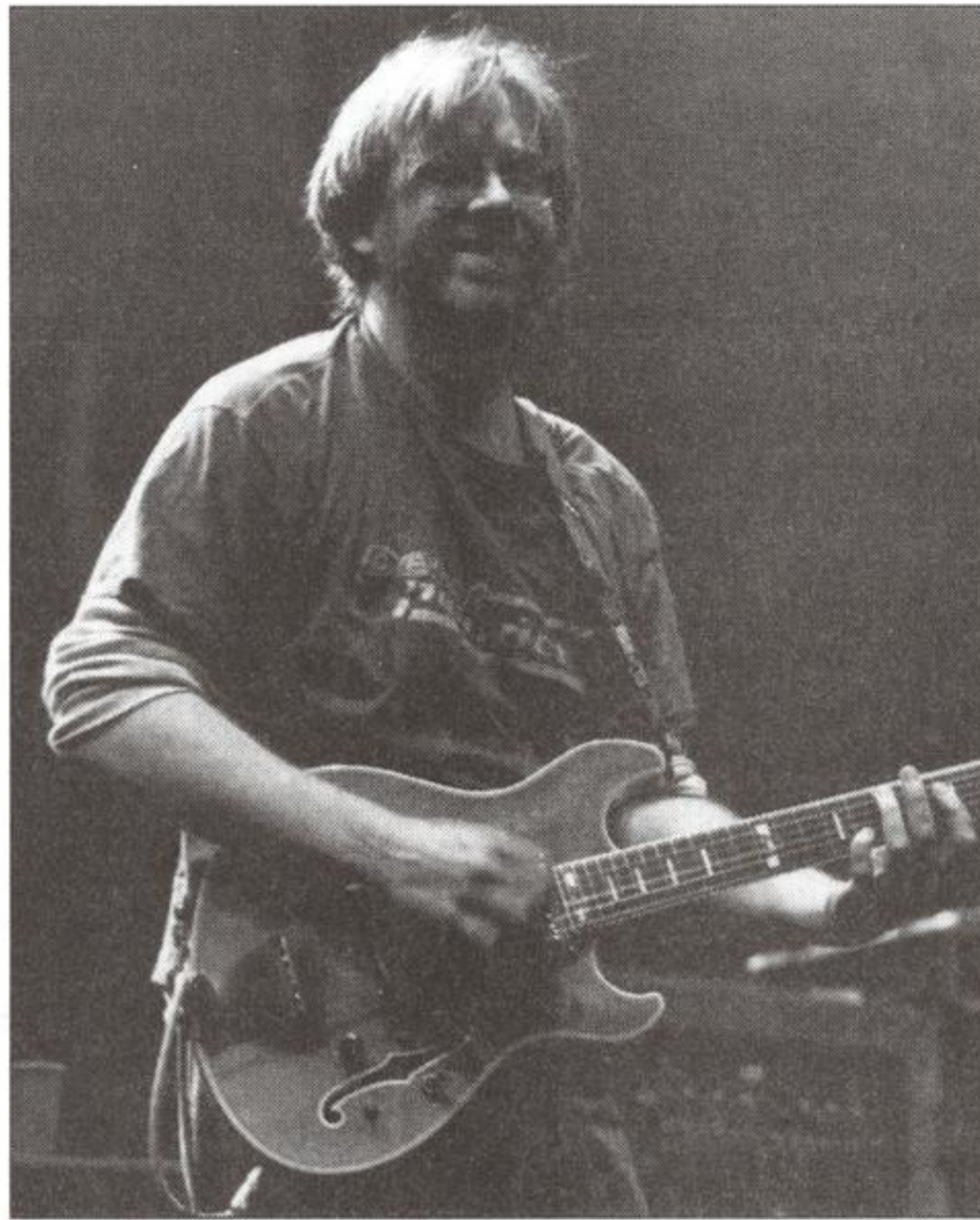
PHISH TALES



BY BENJY EISEN

When the advertisements for Phish's Fall '97 Tour proclaimed "Phish Destroys America," even the most optimistic, the most phanatical Phish phans had no idea. Phish wasn't just kidding around; they meant it. And indeed, during the months of November and December, on 21 different nights, in 15 different venues, in 12 different states, Phish proceeded night after night to infuse their jams with a renewed vigor and appetite for improvisation that the summer tour had only hinted at. Infusing tunes that are usually setlist fillers (*AC/DC Bag*, *Runaway Jim*) with dynamite-laced warheads, to funkifying their biggest show-stopping jams (*Mike's Song*, *Weekapaug Groove*, *Tweezer*), Phish's improvisation seemed to take on a sense of urgency this fall, while relying only nominally on their novelty bag of tricks. This time out, Phish was once again playing for themselves. From the epic hour-long *Runaway Jim* in Worcester, to the too-often-repeated cover of *My Soul*, this time around Phish remembered what it was like to have fun up there, even in arenas with capacity crowds of 20,000. What's more, pure, unadulterated funk reigned king for the first half of the tour and filtered through to the rest. Whether it was in the belly of *Ghost*, a tune just debuted last summer, already considered a classic, or in its new fall tour offspring, *Black-Eyed Katy*, Phish were not only black-belted Masters of Fu, they were also the Mac Daddies of porno-funk.

Besides *Black-Eyed Katy*, there was only one original tune that was introduced this fall, the Tom Marshall/Trey Anastasio composition *Farmhouse*, which first broke out on a filming of *Late Night With Conan O'Brian*. A nifty Beatles-meets-Bob Marley pop tune, *Farmhouse* was only played twice on the entire tour. But then again, with only 21 shows, 127 different songs played, and second sets that often featured but four or five songs, where was there time for more? This fall, it wasn't the songs played that mattered — it was the jamming in between. Phish.Net fans have coined the term "Type II" to notate jams in which the actual structure of the song is being changed or improvised, with "Type I" reserved for jams that follow a set path. There was no set path this fall tour.



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As stated above, Phish debuted only two new originals, but an arsenal of covers and/or breakouts, many of which are most likely one-timers: *Boogie On Reggae Woman* (Stevie Wonder), *Psycho Killer* (Talking Heads), *Moby Dick* (Led Zeppelin) and *Them Changes* (Buddy Miles). Also making their first appearances this fall were covers of the Rolling Stones' *Emotional Rescue* and Ween's *Roses Are Free*.

Several Phish songs that had debuted this summer were expanded upon this fall with structural additions. The most successful example would be *Piper* — a tune which had enormous potential this summer. The change, from a song that built up to a peak and then ended gently, to a song with two peaks, converted *Piper* from setlist filler to centerpiece. The jams that extended the end of this song to a segue bridge (12/12, Albany) surely will make *Piper* legendary in Phish lore to come.

Also making noticeable strides this fall was the addition of a Type II jam segment in the middle of *Tube* before returning to the song's established path, taking this older, classic crowd-pleaser to legendary status. *Black-Eyed Katy* and *Limb By Limb* show enormous potential for similar growth in the year to come, as does the assimilation of *Runaway Jim*, *Prince Caspian* and *AC/DC Bag* into the elite "big show jam" ranks.

Show Development: Phish finally learned what the word "encore" means. Apart from a couple of relapses (*Bouncin'* — 11/22; *My Soul* — 11/28; *Rocky Top* — 12/6), Phish took what used to be the time to start heading back to the lot and transformed it into a highlight of the night, making one so paralyzed in bliss, you almost had to be carried back to the car. *Buffalo Bill* > *Moby Dick*, *Fire* from Worcester, MA on 11/29 stands out, as does *Them Changes* from the next night. In Albany they dropped everybody's jaw on the floor when they encored not only with a ballistic version of *Antelope*, but then followed that with the epic *Guyute*.

HIGHLIGHT SHOWS

11/13, Thomas and Mack Center, Las Vegas, NV

Opening in Las Vegas with *Chalk Dust Torture* was a somewhat deceitful way to begin a tour that was anything but standard. The debut of *Black-Eyed Katy* that followed, however, was the official announcement that Phish did indeed intend to “destroy America” Kung Fu style, while riding the back of the worm. A funk-filled instrumental named for the band’s tour caterer, *Black-Eyed Katy* was played seven times over the course of the 21 shows, tying it (with *Ghost* and *Character Zero*) for the second most-played tune of the tour. If *Ghost* was the symbolic mascot of the summer, then surely *Black-Eyed Katy* summed up the band’s intentions for the fall. A strong second set opened with an extended space-filled version of *Stash*, and closed with the exceptional classic trio of *Mike’s Song* > *I Am Hydrogen* > *Weekapaug Groove*, featuring fine ’97 Phish funk jamming and a tease of Creedence’s *Green River*.

11/14, E. Center, West Valley, UT

A well-regarded freshman night was topped a night later starting with a first-set *Maze* — the funk was so deep, the band never returned to the song’s traditional ending, but rather rode it out on the worm until it eventually flowed into this tour’s only *Fast Enough For You*. A surprise *Guyute* was dedicated to Phish’s faithful sound engineer, Paul Languedoc, in honor of his request that they play something with whistling in it. His request was further granted in the set-closing *Antelope*, when Trey, in jest, started whistling the traditionally spoken “Marco Esquandolas” bit. Set two showcased the band’s recent transformation of *Wolfman’s Brother* as a new jamming vehicle, but the real treat was the unveiling of the reworked *Piper*. Where it has taken tunes like *Down With Disease*, *Simple* and *Prince Caspian* well over a year or two to evolve, *Piper* is already there.

11/16 & 17, McNichols Arena, Denver, CO

The run in Denver was the first of this tour’s many two-night stands, and most anticipated, especially considering the band’s history in Colorado. A second home to the band in some ways, Colorado was the first fan base and tour Phish had outside of Vermont. Strengthening this, Phish played Red Rocks Amphitheatre for three consecutive years, with each visit producing shows permanently prized in every major fan’s tape collection.

Opening the run with *NICU*, *My Soul*, *Black-Eyed Katy* and the in-concert debut of *Farmhouse* was one way of promising a fun two-night run. A mid-set lag was answered with one of Phish’s greatest artillery reserves: a special guest slot, Pete Wernick, a local banjo hero from the band Hot Rize (and now

his own band, Live Five). Wernick, the tour’s only special guest, dueled with the band during Phish’s traditional showcase, *Scent Of A Mule*, and continued his banjo picking on *Poor Heart*, before the band regrouped for *Taste* and *Hello My Baby*.

The second set was considered by many fans as “loud and noisy,” as evidenced by a quick look at the set list: *Timber Ho* > *Simple*, *Wilson*, *Harry Hood* > Jimi Hendrix’s *Izabella*. The last tune was played twice during the US summer tour and upped its position in the rotation this fall, being played four times. The *David Bowie* encore caught everyone off guard, and while the version was somewhat typical, the very fact that there was an encore was reason enough to celebrate. It was the second time *Bowie* was ever featured in the encore slot.

If a “Big Show Tune” like *David Bowie* was a surprise as the encore, it caught even more fans off-guard the next night when the band opened the show with *Tweezer*! This was just the second time *Tweezer* has ever opened a show, with the only other occurrence being a long-forgotten six years earlier (10/12/91). The real highlight of the set was *Ghost*,

providing an opportunity for the band to enter a free-form porno-funk. A loud second set showcased *Oblivious Fool*, a song that has great future potential.

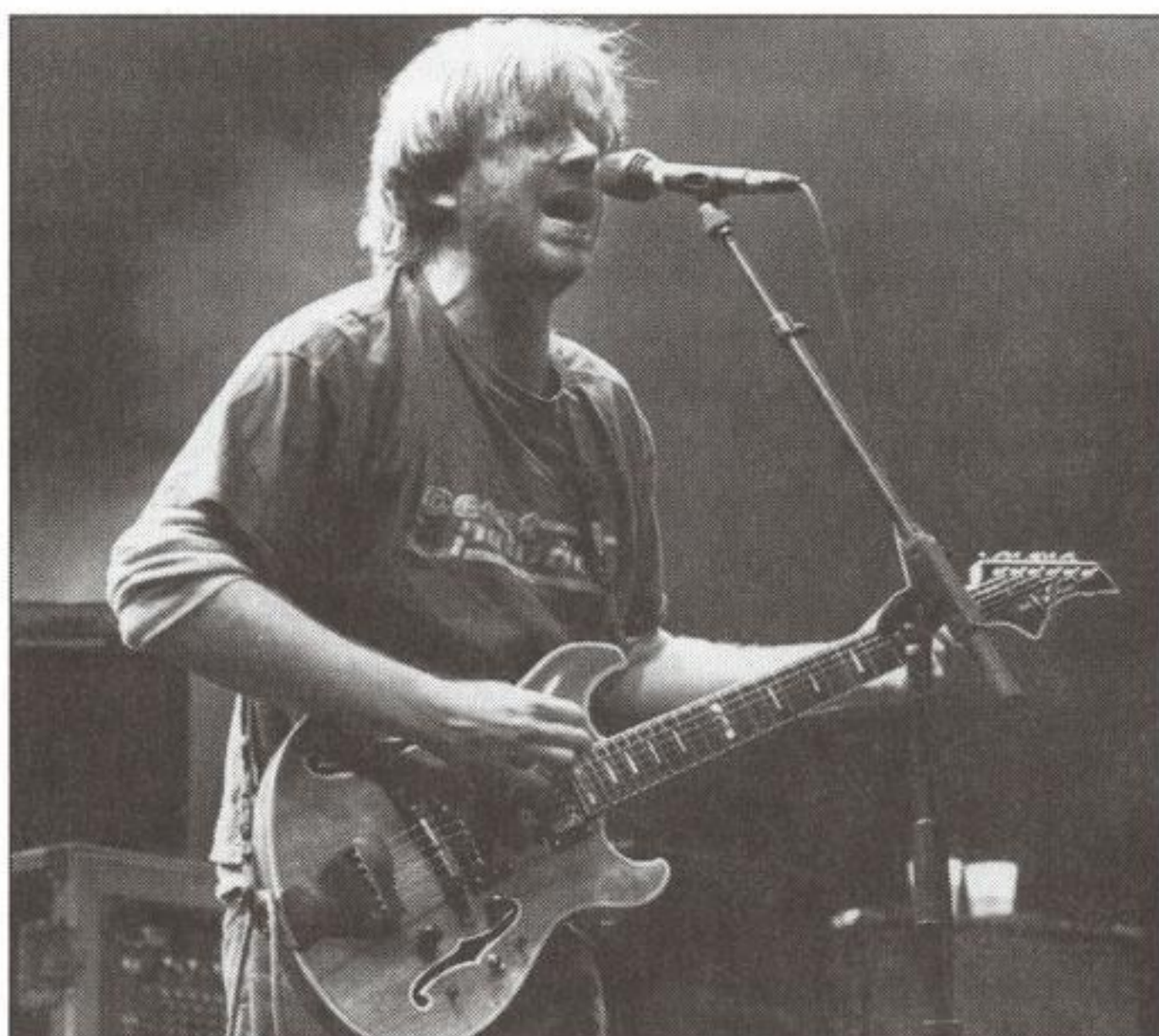
11/21 & 22, Hampton Coliseum, Hampton, VA

One of the toughest tickets of the tour, this run was hyped up for several legitimate reasons. One of the surviving vintage venues of national prestige and intrigue, Phish has now also made its mark on the Coliseum, earning it a slot as one of the few specific venues somehow

permanently attached to Phish legend and etched in pholklore. The Coliseum joins an elite whose peers are such revered and respected places as Red Rocks, Deer Creek and Sugarbush, places that through magic and history have developed an aura to them that gives the venues themselves an association with Phish, and the Phish shows that occur there, a certain specific flavor. Hampton’s place in this was secured by the pre-show hype. Perhaps the dimly lit buzz was then sparked when, on 10/25/96 Trey proclaimed that, when asked, that Hampton Coliseum is his favorite indoor venue.

Then there were the shows, both of which displayed Phish relentlessly operating at full capacity to an awestruck crowd of energetic fans with high expectations. Few left disappointed. Phish took the stage, unleashing a cover of the Rolling Stones’ *Emotional Rescue*, in which Mike Gordon handled falsetto. A first-ever and presumably rare treat, the band jammed this longer and harder than the Stones ever imagined or intended, moving next into *Split Open and Melt*. The band left the stage after *Prince Caspian* with the drone from a delay loop slowly evaporating long after the stage was empty and the house lights turned on.

PHISH PROCEEDED
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT
TO INFUSE THEIR
JAMS WITH A
RENEWED VIGOR
AND APPETITE FOR
IMPROVISATION



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From the minute Phish hit the stage after the set break and struck up *Ghost*, it was abundantly obvious that we were on the back of the worm and going for more than just a simple joyride. Phish had introduced the concept of the four-song second set this tour, in which even standard tunes could be stretched out for blocks of twenty-plus minutes. Tonight Phish decided to take it even further. After *Ghost* they played *AC/DC Bag*...for the next half hour! The jam delved almost immediately into Type II jamming, making *AC/DC Bag* the centerpiece of the show. With time left for just two more songs, *Slave to the Traffic Light* and *Loving Cup*, Phish proved that they could sustain a show that was Pure Hose without relying on the old faithful "Big Show Jams" such as *Tweezer*, *David Bowie* or *You Enjoy Myself*. The encore was *Guyute*, a treat in itself that left the energy in the Coliseum at a peak, rather than letting it back down, making everybody all the more ready for night two.

By early afternoon the next day, rumors and predictions were already making the rounds as anticipation built to an all-time high. Phish picked up right where they'd left off by starting the show as if in mid-set and flooring the audience with an opening attack of *Mike's Song* > *I Am Hydrogen* > *Weekapaug Groove*. Mouths were wide open as next they launched into *Harry Hood*. The closer, *Izabella*, led to 45 minutes of anticipation for the last set of the run. Anything was possible and everybody knew it.

As the lights went out again, a weak attempt to bring back *Destiny Unbound* was acknowledged by Trey, who claimed that he couldn't make out what people were yelling. Prodding the audience even more, he asked if it was time for Phish to add a human sacrifice segment for the show, as he looked for volunteers. Finding none, Phish launched into the tour's only *Halley's Comet*, which quickly became an experimental funk jam. The rest of the set (*Tweezer* > *Black-Eyed Katy*, *Piper*, *Antelope*) leaned toward *Ghost*-ified porno-funk, with some machine-gun Trey action woven in for extra measure. My guess is that they would have had more than

one human sacrifice volunteer by the end of the night, had they made the mistake of choosing a disappointing *Bouncin'* encore. The *Tweezer Reprise* that followed at least added a sense of closure to an unforgettable weekend run.

11/28, 29 & 30, Worcester Centrum, Worcester, MA

After a day off, Phish began a sweat-drenched three-night stand in Worcester, MA, the band's first in an indoor arena of that size. The first night was song oriented and rather than a four-song second set, as had been the trend in the beginning of the tour, both sets seemed to focus on songs taken just below-the-top but nonetheless played remarkably and coated with just enough improvisation to appease even the most jaded fans. An appropriate opener, *The Curtain* led the way for *You Enjoy Myself* to follow, and many saw the potential beginning to reveal itself as Trey teased *Cross-eyed and Painless*. The band opted to forego the usual vocal jam for a vocal segue into *I Didn't Know*. Turning the night into porno-funk, *Black-Eyed Katy* and *Ghost* were both prominently on display, the latter of which is highly recommended as essential tape listening for any fan, as is the stand-out *Slave to the Traffic Light* from this night. The second and last *Farmhouse* of the tour was notable, for its newness and rarity alone, and the *Limb By Limb* was simply unforgettable. A set-closing *Johnny B. Goode* was well-placed and, in keeping with the theme of the tour, it was pushed to limits previously untested within the song's confines. While not one of the "Best Nights In Phishtory," this was certainly an entertaining night with many standouts that are worth seeking out on tape. Except for the *My Soul* encore (repeated throughout the tour), the first night at the Centrum was played perfectly.

If the Worcester run as a whole is considered by many to be a peak, then night two was unquestionably the apex of sorts. The first set's merits are shaky — a lot of rarities packed tightly in a maximum-capacity set, but sacrificing the flow as a result. However, few could complain with such gems *The Wedge*, *Foam*, *TMWSIY* > *Alvenu Malkenu* > *TMWSIY*, *The Sloth* and *Horn*.

Set Two opened with *Runaway Jim*, and then continued with *Runaway Jim*, followed by none other than *Runaway Jim*, or as some people call it, *The Runaway Jam*. This jam ran away for just about an hour, and by the time the band finally caught up with it, it had already taken many shapes, from porno-funk to space jam to Machine Gun Trey, making several stops along the way, including areas that bordered on a *Harry Hood* jam and, at one point, a full-blown jam of *Weekapaug Groove*. With just seconds before this *Runaway Jim* would have technically been an hour long, Page landed the monster into *Strange Design* — a call for reality checking on both the band's and the audience's behalf. Page shot a pronounced grin at Trey as he sang, "Just relax, you're doing fine." The moment was perfect. *Harry Hood* followed, and as many reached for their jackets, they took them off again as they realized that the band was still onstage, ready to play another tune, an inspired *Prince Caspian*. Then again, as many people reached for their jackets, they were caught off guard by *Suzie Greenberg*, a move which also caught Jon

Fishman off guard as he commented to Trey, through the microphone, "I thought you said *Golgi!*" after botching the opening. Regardless, the return of this once-standard tune was greeted by cheers from even the most jaded tourheads who, during previous years, would use this song as a bathroom break. This *Suzie* was the first in 48 shows. Considered a "break-out" by many, it overshadowed the fact that *Sloth* was the first in 54 shows and, most of all, *Alvenu Malkenu* was the first since 12/28/96 (66 shows).

After an instantly classic set of epic and record-breaking length (almost two hours), the encore was yet another surprise and the perfect way to close what many fans considered the best night of the tour. Prodding Fishman to play his "favorite song," Trey indulged him by letting him play *Buffalo Bill* for a little while, anyway. In the middle of the chorus Trey started obnoxiously playing the lick from Led Zeppelin's *Moby Dick* as he joked with the audience by announcing "Jon Fishman, Moby DICK!" The band as a whole went into it before closing out the night, for real this time, with Jimi Hendrix's *Fire*. Ever since Amsterdam, where the band coined the "back of the worm" phrase, many people had claimed to ride the worm during particular Phish shows, but on this night, one didn't merely ride the worm — one held on for dear life, trying desperately to maintain any remnants of sanity as the worm thrashed and reared its head throughout the epic-length second set and encore.

Sunday night's show was either the best or the worst of the batch, depending on who you ask, although in all fairness, this is true on most nights. Many people left Worcester early Sunday morning to head back to their schools or to work, and thus expectations for the third night varied. As Phish made abundantly clear by the time *Wolfman's Brother* rolled around in the middle of first set, the music was going to be experimental. The experiment started when the *Wolfman's* jam started getting dark and heavy with an evil Led Zeppelin-style lick being repeated again and again as Trey yelled, "Esther tried in vain," from *Esther* and then yelled a couple verses from *Sanity*, repeating the line "Stars suck!" over this cacophonous jam. With a "See no evil, but HEAR evil" philosophy, lighting designer Chris Kuroda took Trey's request for a blackened stage. All the lights in the building were turned off, except for a ring of dimly lit house lights leading to the hallways, as if to provide a last-minute ejector seat option for those who frighten easily. Phish encored with a cover of Buddy Miles' *Them Changes*. Performed incredibly, it is almost a shame that this treat seems like it will most likely be a one-timer as a gift to those who stayed for Sunday. After it was over, many fans concluded that Worcester was the peak of the entire tour.

12/2 & 3, Corestates Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

A day off for Phish means performing the National Anthem in front of almost 20,000 hockey fans. At least that's what a day off meant on 12/1/97 when Phish sang the *Star-Spangled Banner* at the Philadelphia Corestates Center for the Flyers game in which the orange and white outfitted Flyers played against The Buffalo Sabres. The game was a tie. A local sports

channel, Comcast Sports Net, ran a post-game interview with Trey Anastasio. During the interview, Trey talked about his love for hockey, and his particular affection for the Flyers. He extended that affection to the Flyers' original venue, on the other side of the parking lot from the Center, where Phish would be playing the next two nights, having grown up "in the shadow of The Spectrum."

The first show scored a goal in the opening minute as Phish busted out the tour's only *Buried Alive* — always a fantastic way to open a show. Second set opener *Mike's* yielded another goal where, after *Simple*, an experimental improv jam led into an impromptu on-the-spot rearrangement of *Dog Faced Boy*. As the jam then led into *Ya Mar*, a *Ghost*-ified *Weekapaug Groove* ended the meat of this set. Encoring with a disappointing double-dose of standards, *Ginseng Sullivan* and *Sample In A Jar* seemed to sum up the sentiment of the show — that is, it had its high points and low points, but it wasn't much that Phish fans hadn't heard before.

Maybe Mike Gordon picked up inspiration when he watched the Disco Biscuits play the Theater of Living Arts after the show, or maybe it was something in the water in Philly, but one thing is clear — Phish's next night was *on*. Still a far cry from the best night of the tour, this show's merits were overlooked by many fans brought down by the scene in Philadelphia, a.k.a. Nitrous Hell. However on tape this show holds its own. Opening with *Punch You In The Eye*, the real victory begins when a jam out of *Drowned* turned into an undisputed jam of Stevie Ray Vaughan's *Couldn't Stand The Weather*.

Set two opened up with an energetic *David Bowie* which rode the worm through interesting canal waters until it segued beautifully into *Possum*, leaving this *Bowie* entirely unfinished, but giving all the more fuel to this charged-up *Possum*. What followed next was a jam that many fans have mislabeled as *Black-Eyed Katy*, which it is not. A funky jam that featured lots of the recent stop-start jamming, I personally labeled this "*Black-Eyed Bitch*" since it's an illegitimate offshoot of *Katy* in many regards. An encore of Eric Clapton's *Crossroads* was the perfect ending to the Philly run.

12/7, Ervin J. Nutter Center, Dayton, OH

This is the show many consider The Best Night of The Tour, with only Worcester's second night giving any competition for the Heavyweight Title. Sure there was no one single-song hour-long jam, but the rarities were even rarer, the craziness even crazier and the energy even higher. Add a level of consistency, and you've got yourself a safe bet for the winner.

Opening with *AC/DC Bag* was one thing, but before the jam had time to really take off, or to finish traditionally, Phish segued into a full version of *Psycho Killer*, a tune they have sung before in vocal jams, and teased before here and there, but they hadn't actually played *Psycho Killer* as a song like this before. They segued the jam into *Jesus Just Left Chicago*. A tune known to show up only in *those* shows, *My Mind's Got A Mind Of It's Own* announced that *this* show was indeed going to be one of *those* shows. Proving it, up next



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was *It's Ice*, but in the middle jam section, *Swept Away* > *Steep* was played, before launching back into *It's Ice*. *Theme From The Bottom* followed and then the tour's first *Tube* was unleashed, showing off a whole new level of jam potential for this tune. Smack in the middle of *Tube*, Phish launched into a jam which many delightfully recognized correctly as being the same jam Phish landed the night before in *Izabella*, complete with some stop/start jamming. They then returned triumphantly to *Tube*, finishing it before launching once again into a reprise of the jam! This reprise led directly into a set-closing *Slave to The Traffic Light* — closing set one! After a hose-fest like this, many wondered how the second set could possibly be anything but anticlimactic. It wasn't.

Timber Ho! was strong, but not strong enough if this set was going to compare to the first. However all doubt was squashed when the *Wolfman's Brother* jam led into a cover of Stevie Wonder's *Boogie On Reggae Woman*, which they had only played once before, way back on 3/21/88! A quick and awkward transition led into the hungered-after *Reba*, which was played at just two of the 21 fall shows. A strong *Guyute* and a powerful version of *Possum* closed out the set. For the encore, the tour's only *A Day In The Life* was played in tribute to the 17th Anniversary of John Lennon's death (which was actually the next day).

12/11, War Memorial, Rochester, NY

Rochester's War Memorial was one of those nights in which the band seemed willing to experiment not only musically, but also by shaking the setlist up. Set two opened up with the rare, crowd-pleasing *Drowned* which jammed into a debut of

Roses Are Free, a Ween cover and an excellent choice as an addition to the Phish repertoire. Hopefully fans will be seeing more of this song during the next tour, as it really is a perfect song for Phish to cover. *Big Black Furry Creatures From Mars* increased the inside joke craziness of this rock 'n' roll show, as Trey ran around the stage, in keeping custom with this tune. Next they launched into *Ghost* whose jam led into a reprise of the first set's *Down With Disease*, before closing the set with an appropriately rockin' *Johnny B. Goode*. Not the best show of the tour, this second set still ranks up with the most craziest of them.

12/12 & 13, Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY

The closing run of the tour kicked off the festivities with *Funky Bitch* whose jam sank flawlessly into a stealth segue to *2001*. Proving that they had the funk, the tour's sole *Camel Walk* was next, giving the band a chance to strut their stuff before dropping the energy level for the rest of the set with toss-off versions of *Taste* and *Tweezer* mixed in among the company of standards.

Much like the second and third night of Worcester, the merits of second set are arguably classic, depending on who you ask. The night was filled with improvisational experimentation and Type II jamming. A set that you cannot judge based upon its song list, the *Saw It Again* opener immediately set the tone as it started to stray from its repetitive nature to land eventually in *Piper*. Even after the newly acquired second peak, this song was still not ready to be brought to a close. Rather, the jamming continued, back of the worm style, until it fell softly into the clouds of *Swept Away*. The "Billy Breathes" placement of *Swept Away* followed by *Steep* and *Prince Caspian* proved such a perfect combination that the band kept it for this set, with one major difference — instead of being speckled with sounds from the blob, the audience was treated to more experimental improvisation, with themes from *Llama* and *Scent of a Mule* repeatedly showing up as fragments in this thematic jam. One could say that this second set was one set-long linear jam, connected by songs in between. For the skeptics, an unheard of encore, *Guyute* and *Antelope*, satisfied even the most insatiable appetites.

The last night of the tour had expectations to live up to, and consequently, Phish had a few tricks up their sleeve. Phish was supposed to have destroyed America, but some people got worried that America had defeated Phish, and Evil Corporate Man put another band onstage instead. The truth was that it was J. Willis Pratt, one of Fishman's close friends, and his band, *Weird Bionic*. Loud, obnoxious and filled with accidental *Spinal Tap* allusions, Willis proved that he rocked Albany, while Phish was busy destroying America. A surprise opening act was welcomed for its unexpectedness, if not its actual musical quality. Not too amused by such arena rock antics, Phish's opening *Ya Mar* was greeted by cheers and, to some degree, sighs of relief. That's not to say that Willis and company weren't amusing — they were — but it was enchanting moments like the unprecedented jam which came out of *Ya Mar* that fans had come to see. The middle of

the first set sank back down into a combination of standards, performed impeccably, but standard nonetheless. Then *Vultures* reared its unforgiving head, having waited in the wings until the last show of the tour to make its appearance. The wrath of the Vulture was unleashed as well, showing for the first time that this tune not only rocks, but also has potential to be a launching pad jam tune, given time for maturation. Talking of maturation processes, the second *Tube* of the tour confirmed the new science fiction proportions that the jam from this tune has attained. It was stupendous, especially with *Good Times*, *Bad Times* closing out the set.

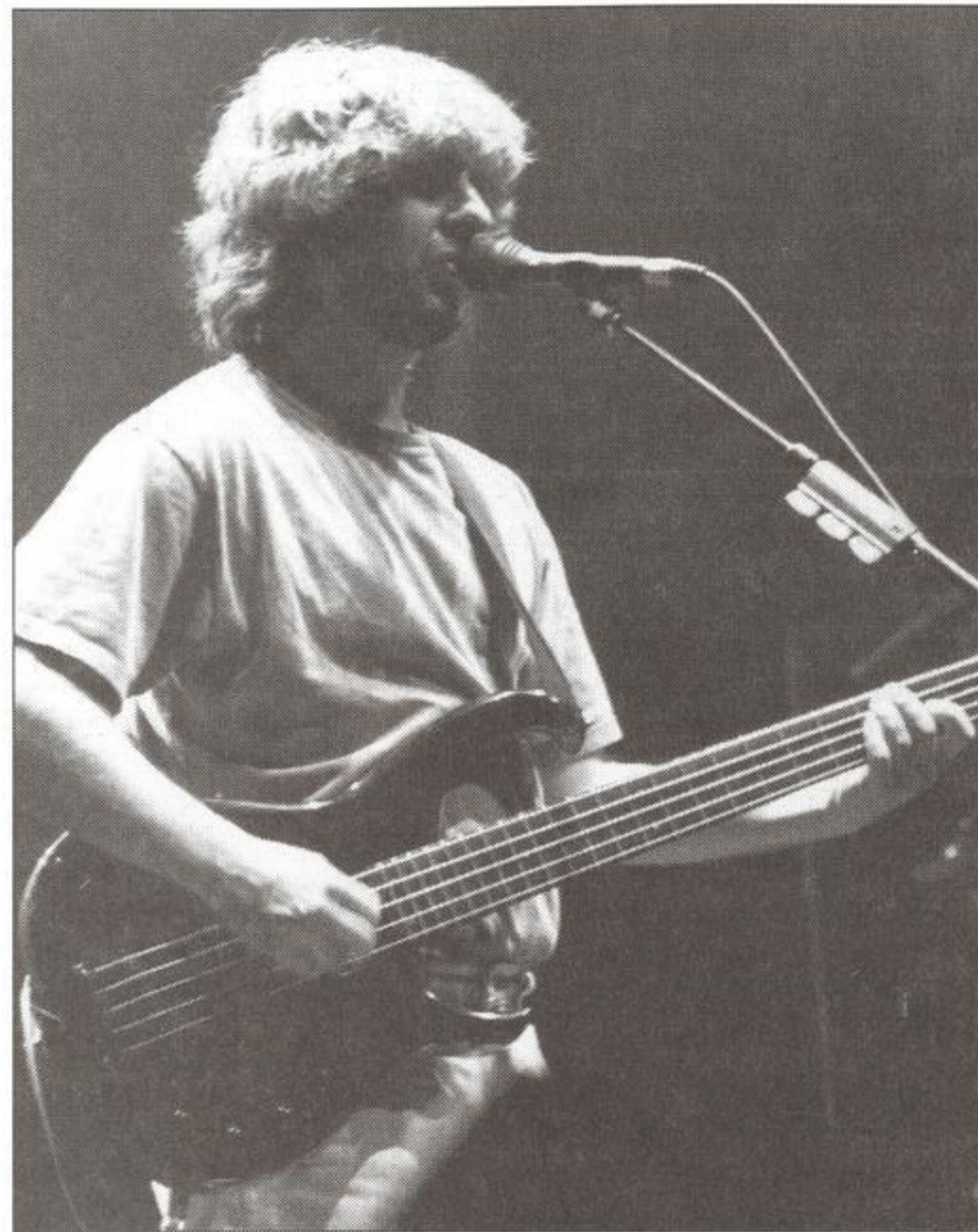
Set two was highlighted by the obligatory *Ghost* jam followed by an unusually goofy, prank-filled *Mike's Song*. When the band started prodding Mike to "Bring The Dude," Gordon responded by whipping out a bass solo in a stop/start jam that only encouraged the others to have their fair attempt to bring the dude as well. From the back of the worm, to the belly of the *Llama* that erupted from this chaos, this set was of the tour-closing craziness that made such shows as Sugarbush 7/16/94 so legendary. Determined to strengthen the parallels, Mike even threw a *Catapult* into the *Weekapaug Groove* before the set ended with a *Harry Hood* glowstick war that, at the time, was magical. As the lights were turned off, the audience spontaneously decided to pay homage to the band by draping the stage with a multitude of multicolored glowsticks. It was a beautiful way to end a tour. *My Soul* and *Squirring Coil* were perhaps poor choices for the last fall encores, but nothing could belittle these two excellent shows.

12/31, Madison Square Garden, New York, NY
By Brian Hirschfield

Many Phish phans will quickly assert that fall tour was their best to date. The band capped the year off with their annual holiday hose-fest, which brought them and their momentum to the big city and Madison Square Garden for three shows: December 29, 30, and the much-hyped New Year's Eve.

The band opened the New Year's show with the Rolling Stones' *Emotional Rescue*, leaving most of the fans in attendance bewildered and the rest of them laughing. The song surprisingly developed into a great jam. Next came *Ya Mar*, their great feel-good tune, which contained some *Auld Lang Syne* teases, building more anticipation for the new year to arrive. The rest of the first set was well played, although standard.

Set two opened with a long, spacey *Timber Ho!*, that really started the things off right with everybody dancing. Trey then played the opening riff to *Mike's Song*, causing the crowd to send out a deafening roar. This particular *Mike's Song* was special, since they rode the worm through the ins and outs of the jam that followed the regular structure of the tune, segueing beautifully into *Piper*. This *Piper* continued gaining momentum until it hit a full-blown climax and the whole arena went nuts. Personally, this song put me on another level, and it apparently did the same for the people around me. The jam then went into *When The Circus Comes*, a Los



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Lobos ballad, giving the spent crowd a much-needed rest. The band segued into a cover of Ween's *Roses Are Free*. Finally, the jam went into *Weekapaug Groove*, and this completely blew the roof off of Madison Square Garden. I feared I would spontaneously combust.

By the time the third set was about to begin, there was lots of anticipation for midnight to come. The set started at about 11:50 p.m., with *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. There was video animation projected on a huge umbrella overhead, which covered the scoreboard of the Garden. There were lots of weird vibrating images of udders coming out of liquid television globes ("the udder ball"), and then the miracle of birth, featuring sperms and eggs making a baby, culminating in the image of the baby floating in space. A clock projection was spinning fast at a dizzying pace. Many phans had hand-held laser lights, adding to the visual abstractions. When the song ended, right at midnight, thousands of balloons in many shapes, colors and sizes, some with faces painted on them, came pouring down from the umbrella. Then the band played *Auld Lang Syne*. At this point, the atmosphere was so festive that music was a secondary concern. Everybody was just having great fun, including the band. They eventually went and played *Tweezer*, reminding the jubilant audience that there was still plenty of music left that night. Most of this *Tweezer* consisted of the audience playing with the big balloons, hitting them toward the stage, and Trey popping them with his guitar. What followed was *Maze* and *Prince Caspian*. I was on cloud nine for every note. Finally, the set closed with the blissful euphoria of *Loving Cup*, capping off one of the greatest evenings of music I've ever experienced. ◇



GET TO KNOW YOUR DEAD RELATIVES



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

DEAD ECHOES

BOB WEIR AND ROB WASSERMAN
Bob Weir And Rob Wasserman Live
(GDCD 4053)

Performance: Classic Bobby
Recording: Good

For 30 years the center of the Grateful Dead was held together by **Bob Weir**. His unorthodox guitar approach has earned him



many varied labels, from visionary, to spaced out and clueless — old buddy Jerry Garcia even had him fired from the band on one

occasion for his lack of guitar "attack." Eventually, Weir was acknowledged for his rare talents and continued to shine with the Dead and on his own. Since 1974, Weir has had his hand in solo projects, and his longest steady non-Dead collaborator has been Grammy-winning bassist **Rob Wasserman**. "Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman Live" was recorded in 1988 when they had been together for only two months, and there is a freshness that allows for a high level of excitement. Weir's song catalogue is well represented with solo songs, *Festival*, and *Heaven Help the Fool*; Dead tunes, *Victim or the Crime*, and *Throwing Stones*; and beautiful covers such as Lowell George's *Easy to Slip* and *Walkin' Blues*.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTISTS
Zabriskie Point Movie Soundtrack
(Rhino-R2 72462)

Performance: Mixed
Recording: Good

Zabriskie Point was to be filmmaker Michelangelo Antonioni's greatest triumph. The eagerly awaited successor to his 1966 success, *Blow Up*, a stylish mystery set in London's pop-art scene, *Zabriskie Point* was to be Antonioni's portrait of America in the 1960s — a society at war with itself. But just about everything that could go wrong, in the making of this film, did. It was a disaster. The soundtrack, however, yielded some interesting moments, the most notable of which is *Love Scene* — a rare solo electric guitar instrumental by **Jerry Garcia** recorded on 1/20/70. The first disc in this two-CD set also features the music from the official film soundtrack release, including three 1969/70-era tunes by Pink

Floyd, an excerpt from the version of *Dark Star* which appears on "Live Dead," two cuts by The Kaleidoscope (featuring renowned Eagle David Lyndley), a short tune by John Fahey, one by the Youngbloods and the classic aforementioned *Love Scene* cut by Garcia. Disc two features four previously unreleased outtake versions of *Love Scene* on which Garcia noodles around on electric guitar with no special effects. Garcia's work here is unpolished and introspective — the polar opposite of the extroverted screaming guitar leads he was playing with the Dead onstage at the time. Four previously unreleased outtakes by Pink Floyd also appear here, including two unsuccessful attempts at satisfying the director's vision of music for the movie's desert love scene, ultimately fulfilled by Garcia instead.

CLASSIC ROCK

DAVID CROSBY AND GRAHAM NASH
Another Stoney Evening
(GDCD 4057)

Performance: A gem from the early '70s
Recording: Pristine



While at first it's a bit strange to hear what could be construed as only the bare bones of such a powerful entity as Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, a deeper listen to **Another Stoney Evening** reveals that there's certainly nothing missing. Recorded in Los Angeles on October 10, 1971, the CD contains exquisite versions of many of Crosby's songs later recorded on the quintessential Northern California counterculture album *If I Could Only Remember My Name*, as well as others from *Déjà Vu* and *4-Way Street* fame. Haunting vocals, beautiful harmonies, and melodies that leave you feeling breathless, not to mention witty stage banter, are trademarks of the duo itself, as well as the CD. Though the master tape was recorded nearly 30 years ago, it's almost astonishing how clear the recording is; listening to this CD with one's eyes closed is like sitting front row center — even requests from the audience are distinctly audible. "Another Stoney Evening" is a classic performance recording ready to take its place on the CD shelf of every fan of any of the CSNY combinations. Insightful liner notes by Steve Silberman are a sweet bonus.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE
Early Flight (RCA 67419-2)

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Excellent

Due to the time limitation inherent when recording on vinyl LP records in the '60s, **Jefferson Airplane** chose to exclude the nine tunes featured here from albums they released between 1965 and 1970. Amazingly, these tunes are better than a lot of music which other bands of the time had on their A-list. This is all superbly played, well-recorded, classic Jefferson Airplane material, imbued with the political commentary, countercultural musings and spiritual soul-searching that this sister band of the Dead was well-known for.

PAUL KANTNER/JEFFERSON STARSHIP
Blows Against The Empire
(RCA 67440-2)

Performance: Dated, but wonderfully so; an essential counterculture visionary concept album
Recording: Excellent

1970 was an interesting year for members of **Jefferson Airplane**. Hype and drugs had long since torn apart the once innocent and beautiful Haight/Ashbury scene which had birthed their trademark San Francisco sound. While the counterculture was still on the rise nationwide, and the Airplane's popularity was at an all-time peak, internally its members were experiencing difficulties working together. Spencer Dryden and Marty Balin were dissatisfied and ready to split, while Jack and Jorma were focusing heavily on Hot Tuna. So it was a blessing and privilege that **Paul Kantner** found himself able to collaborate with **David Crosby's Planet Earth Orchestra** — a collective of Bay Area musicians (including **Jerry Garcia**, **Bill Kreutzmann**, and **Mickey Hart**), which created Crosby's quintessential album "If I Could Only Remember My Name" and this gem of an album. "Blows Against the Empire," Jeff Tamarkin writes, "is a musical sci-fi tale that wondered what it would be like to leave the planet in a hijacked starship, to escape the only home man has ever known and start over somewhere else." Upon its release, this utopian concept project received mixed reviews, however it was impacting enough in the science fiction community to be nominated for the prestigious Hugo Award, the first time a musical work received such attention. This CD, remastered and re-released for the first time in over ten years, is essential listening for those enamored with the music and culture of the late 1960s.

PAUL KANTNER AND GRACE SLICK

Sunfighter

(RCA 67421-2)

Performance: Dated, but interesting

Recording: Good

Unlike "Blows Against the Empire," **Sunfighter** (now available for the first time on CD), is not a concept album. Recorded in 1971, this album conveys the sense of escapism from society that **Kantner and Slick** experienced when they moved out of San Francisco to the remote Northern California coastal town of Bolinas and birthed their daughter China Kantner. It's not their best work, but for those infatuated with the Jefferson Airplane's music and always introspective sociopolitical lyrics, it represents another interesting evolutionary phase. **Jerry Garcia's** guitar work is featured on *Million*, a somewhat funky tune.

LED ZEPPELIN

BBC Sessions

(Atlantic 83061-2)

Performance: Absolutely stunning, classic blues-based hard rock

Recording: Good (the stereo tracks) to Excellent (the mono tracks)

Chances are, if you're a tape trader who's dared to collect outside of the psychedelic/San Francisco rock music genre you've come across boots of these infamous **Led Zeppelin** sessions, recorded in 1969 and 1971 for broadcast on a variety of England's



renowned BBC radio shows. And with good reason. This is absolutely must-have music for those who love blues

based hard rock. It's amazing, raw, ferocious, inspired music. Even if you cringe when you hear the opening notes to *Stairway To Heaven* you should really give this music a chance. It's amazing that this band, which loved so much to improvise, hardly ever released live music. So it's all the more gratifying that Zep's guitarist **Jimmy Page** has finally remixed and officially released these stunning sessions on a two-CD set. The first disc, culled from multiple sessions recorded throughout 1969, sounds wonderful, despite being recorded in mono. In an era of three-minute-long radio songs, the ten-plus minute-long, acid-tinged versions of *You Shook Me* and *How Many More Times* must have seemed like an unearthly eternity to radio audiences at the time. The playing is immense throughout — **Page** and **Plant** were stretching the envelope of psychedelic blues-rock wide open. The second disc, recorded in 1971 in less than stunning stereo quality, captures an equally amazing, but differently stylized band. Highlights here include an 18-plus-minute-long reading of *Dazed and Confused* and a 13-plus-minute-long version of *Whole Lotta Love*, which contains a medley of the blues standards *Boogie Chillin' > Fixin' To Die > That's Alright Mama > A Mess of Blues*. Do not pass this powerful album by. It's astounding.

JIMI HENDRIX

South Saturn Delta

(MCAD 11684)

Performance: Mixed, mostly strong outtake versions of classic Hendrix tunes

Recording: Mixed, mostly excellent



With control of the **Jimi Hendrix** estate having recently changed hands (from producer Alan Douglas back to Jimi's family), music fans across the globe have been hoping that never-before-heard music would finally once again begin emanating from the closely guarded vaults of this immortal rock avatar. **South Saturn Delta** contains 15 songs we've all heard before — eight versions of which however, have not been previously released. As is the case with the recently released Beatles' Anthologies, some of the music here is different enough to merit a close listen. Songs range here from *did-we-really-need-to-hear-this-umpteenth-take-of-something-we-already-have-five-versions-of* to thoroughly hip and amazing. *South Saturn Delta* features a horn section, while *Power of Soul* has the two full guitar solos which were omitted from the previously released version.

GROOVE ROCK

PHISH

Slip Stitch And Pass

(Elektra 62121-2)

Performance: Hot and cold

Recording: Excellent

On **Slip Stitch and Pass**, their eighth album, **Phish** offers nine selections recorded in concert on March 1, 1997 in Hamburg Germany. Named after a knitting term, this offering displays a wide variety of energy levels throughout its 73 minutes — some positively flat, some, as on "A Live One," their previous live double album, supercharged. The album starts with a thoroughly unremarkable cover of the Talking Heads' classic, *Cities* (the first of three covers — the other two being ZZ Top's bluesy *Jesus Just Left Chicago*, and the barbershop quartet standard, *Hello My Baby*). However, the vibe soars to ecstatic heights on *Wolfman's Brother* and *Taste*. Hardcore Phish phans will also delight in the first official release of a longtime concert favorite, *Mike's Song*, which leads into a mellow, almost lounge music style reading of *Lawn Boy*, which in turn segues into an exuberant *Weekapaug Groove*.



STRANGEFOLK

Weightless In Water (STR-002)

Performance: Folkin' Great

Recording: Excellent

Strangefolk is beginning to be heard. While many unsigned artists release independent CDs, it's rare to hear of these albums becoming a success. **Strangefolk's** first CD, *Lore*, made it look easy. But, like a fine wine, the 'Folk just keeps getting better as the time passes. Their new release, **Weightless in Water**, is cut from the same mold as "Lore," with a good mix of shorter, high-energy in-concert standards (*Otis, Westerly, Roads*), and those intensely powerful jam-filled cuts that **Strangefolk** is famous for (*Furnace, Oxbow, Whatever*), but "Weightless" is a bit more sophisticated. The hopeful melodies, the sweet harmonies are there, but the darker, riskier side to **Strangefolk**, that which gives the band such balance musically, is much more polished and ready to stand in the light. With explosive jams that build to glorious climaxes, lyrics imbued with an oracular current reminiscent of Robert Hunter, and even a vein of funky rhythm running beneath (all combined with a few new technical twists), "Weightless In Water" has proven to us to be even more of a tasty treat than "Lore." Drink **Strangefolk** in, allow yourself to be intoxicated by some fine, fine music.

THE STRING CHEESE INCIDENT

A String Cheese Incident (LC 39572)

Performance: Stupendous, newgrass-flavored

Recording: Impeccable!

The String Cheese Incident is taking America by storm. And with good reason. This band is without a doubt one of the classiest acts on the scene. Their infectious acoustic/electric newgrass grooves are at once both mellow and energized. As is the case with most of the better bands on the groove rock scene, **The Cheese** needs to be experienced live to fully appreciate the wonderful magic they create. Not only do they lay down the tasty, highly danceable jams and attract a very hip, audience comprised of both young and old and laid-back Deadheads, they also truck around their very own state-of-the-art Meyers sound system to assure that your ears will be fully enjoying the wonderful sounds they create. As a result, they always end up becoming one of the most well-attended bands at every festival they play. Recorded live in concert at Boulder's Fox Theater in February of 1997, **A String Cheese Incident** is a superb example of a typical, jammed-out concert. Blending bluegrass, Calypso, Salsa, Afro-pop, funk, rock and jazz, this CD sounds like a cross between Jimmy Buffet on acid, the David Grisman Quartet when they started 20 years ago, and Phish, when they tastefully extend some of their mid-energy level jams. We highly recommend that you experience this hot **Incident**.



HELLBORG/LANE/SIPE

Time Is The Enemy (Bardo 037)

Performance: Superb groove rock jamming

Recording: Good

It's a great shame that the highly talented groove rock super-trio comprised of **Jonas Hellborg** (on bass), **Shawn Lane** (on guitar), and **Jeff Sipe** (on Drums) was so short-lived. Their first album, "Temporal Analogues of Paradise," reviewed here two issues ago, is clearly one of the best groove rock CDs released so far. Comprised of only two 20-plus-minute long jams recorded live in concert, it is a textbook perfect example of semi-improvised jazzy rock jamming that groove-heads will surely cream over. Their second and seemingly final release — **Time Is the Enemy** (Bardo 037) — is comprised of seven more jams recorded live in concert (all shorter than on the first album). While not quite as inspired as what was offered forth on the first album, this release is still a must-have disc for those who hunger for jam-based jazz/rock fusion. On most of the cuts the strategy is the same — the band works together to steadily build a groove, once reached they take off at lightspeed until, upon reaching climax, two of the three musicians take a backseat, so as to allow the third to play lead for a while. It's a shame we'll have to look elsewhere to find more exciting examples of such a delicious musical pattern.

DAVE MATTHEWS BAND

Live At Red Rocks 8.15.95

(Bama Rags 67587-2)

Performance: Solid, mellow jamming in the trademark DMB style

Recording: Decent

There's something about the magical vibe of Colorado's Red Rocks Amphitheatre that motivates performers to put on shows that are *inspired*. This performance by **Dave Matthews Band** from August of '95 is no exception. The show is typical of DMB concerts at the time, with a crowd pure enough in its adoration to make for an all-out rocking good time. Musically, the double-CD set has captured a fairly mellow evening, with gentle grooves and easy jamming — even a John Denver *Sunshine On My Shoulder* riff tossed in by LeRoi Moore's horn and echoed a song later by Matthews' vocals. By the end of the second CD, with the pre-encore *Ants Marching*, there is no doubt that every single fan is on his/her feet, boogieing down and shouting out lyrics when the band allows the audience to play karaoke for a chorus or two. Though the sound quality seems a bit muffled at first, it evens out by the middle of disc one. On the whole though, this two-CD set is an enjoyable listen, summed up best, perhaps, by Matthews' question to the crowd, "Is everybody having a pleasant evening?" The answer, undeniably is, "Yes."

GALACTIC

Cooling Off

(Fog City FCCD 001)

Performance: Strong, jazz-inflected groove funk

Recording: Excellent

This New Orleans-based quintet lays down

some mighty funky dance grooves. If you like the Meters, Booker T & the M.G.'s, and the Greyboy Allstars, then **Galactic** is for you. As enjoyable as this debut is, they're even more delightful to experience in concert. Most of their tunes are instrumental, save for the occasional visit by a smoky-voiced vocalist. As an added bonus, Fog City Records has released "Cooling Off" as not only Galactic's full-length first album, but also as an innovative CD-ROM offering special bonus tracks of the band (both live and studio cuts), interviews, and video segments — all on the same disc!

EKOOSTIC HOOKAH

Double Live

(Ekoostic Recordings 59003)

Performance: For the most part excellent melody-rich, psychedelic jams

Recording: Good

This live full-length release, **Ekoostic Hookah's** third album thus far, is a double-CD set that, for the most part, successfully captures this Ohio-based band's bluesy, jam-based sound. Despite the occasional flat tune, reminding us of countless nights spent listening to forgettable bar bands, Hookah's beautifully wrought jams are in the majority here. Their jams subtly pay homage to the Allman Brothers, the Dead, and even Phish, and in some of their throaty vocals we hear a hint of Dave Matthews' passion. On the whole, it is Hookah's own distinct musical character that explains why many groove-rock fans are raving about this band.

FOXTROT ZULU

Burn Slow

(Running Dog Records 004)

Performance: Smoking funk-driven grooves

Recording: Excellent

Kinetic, unearthly, hypnotizing, and electrifying. Each of these words has been used to describe **Foxtrot Zulu**, and from our vantage point, there's more than just a little truth hidden in these adjectives. We should have known there was something up with this Kingston, Rhode Island-based group when their new disc **Burn Slow** was scooped up by the groove-rock scene prophets Homegrown Music Network and raved about by the *Pharmer's Almanac*. This release made us groove at first listen. Their sound, a unique combination of funky bass, riveting rhythm guitar, progressive horns, deep vocals, and solid percussive foundation (with a spooky wah-wah edge on some tracks), makes for a difficult listen if you're sitting down. We look forward to dancing to this band live in concert. Zulu's first CD, **Moe's Diner** (Running Dog Records RDR001), though not quite as forcefully energetic, is worth lending an ear to as well.

FOOL'S PROGRESS

Fool's Progress

(Capricorn 314 534 659-2)

Performance: High-energy tunes combined with rhythm and blues roots

Recording: Good

Though the news left many openmouthed

and wide-eyed, the name change and signing of **Fool's Progress** (formerly **Acoustic Junction**) to Capricorn Records seems to be an alright move for the band. Their self-titled major label debut is an interesting mix of high-energy, upbeat, catchy tunes (*Never Until Now, Martyr*) and more mellow, pensive songs (*Think About It, Speech of Angels, Sometimes I Wonder, Sugartown*). There's an element of emotional thought and feeling to Fool's Progress' music that hooks listeners in, and vocal stylings much like what attracted us to New Jersey's From Good Homes years ago, only with more power. These qualities, along with their clear harmonies, strong rhythm and bluesy roots, are some of the album's strengths. Acoustic Junction spent years on the road developing a grass roots following that now stretches from coast to coast. In its new incarnation as Fool's Progress this band will, no doubt, continue along that same path. This band, however, needs to be seen live to fully be appreciated.

JUGGLING SUNS

Living On The Edge Of Chance

(Hydrophonics Records 4797)

Performance: Well-played, heavily Dead-influenced, high-energy, rock and roll

Recording: Good

Juggling Suns obviously makes great music



in the Grateful Dead tradition. Like the Dead, their strongest skill is being able to listen to each other. While checking out the Suns' new CD, **Living on the Edge of**

Change, (recorded live at Wilmer's Park in Brandywine, MD and The New Deal Roadhouse in Deal, NJ), it's hard to stop yourself from picking out various strains of music that are both inherently familiar and undoubtedly pleasing. Bits of Floyd here send ice down your backbone and splashes of the Allman Brothers' light shine there, while a vein of Phish, personal homage to Jerry and the Boyz proudly displayed throughout, and even a sprinkling of Bob Marley's Rastagroove litter these cuts. (And was that Metallica or Santana we heard during *Tabla Rasa*?) With two former members of the now-defunct, well-known Solar Circus in their ranks, Juggling Suns is a band that is not afraid to draw from the past while embracing the present. Their Dead tribute, **Doorway to the Angels** (Relix Records) is also worth checking out for its covers of *Beat It on Down the Line, Shakedown, Eyes of the World, New Speedway Boogie* and *The Other One*.

WAYNE HORVITZ & ZONY MASH

Cold Spell (KFW 201)

Performance: Steamy beatnik acid jazz

Recording: Excellent

Zony Mash is a chip off the same block from which Medeski, Martin and Wood was carved. This CD, comprised of 11 diggable

funk/hip-hop/jazz/blues instrumentals, is an album that's equally suited to funky dancing, social grooving or contemplative listening. Like MMW, Zony Mash is recognizable for its Hammond B-3 sound way up front in the mix (played aptly by Wayne Horvitz). But unlike MMW, Zony Mash throws Timothy Young's electric guitar into the foreground of the mix from time to time. There is plenty of subtle nuance and gentle, persistent emphasis placed on establishing intelligent grooves. The talent displayed herein makes us very curious what this band is like live in concert. We'll let you know.

THE BIG WU

Tracking Buffalo Through The Bathtub (Latch Lake Music Group)

Performance: Eclectic, foot-stomping, hand-clapping fun

Recording: Excellent



Reliable sources inform us that The Big Wu is the hottest thing on Minneapolis' psychedelic/

Dead cover/jam band music scene. If their CD, **Tracking Buffalo Through the Bathtub**, is any indication, the Big Wu must be a fabulous bunch to catch live. This album features a bunch of electrifying tunes of various genres: staccato bluegrass, mellow funk, smooth jazz, hard and heavy country and some good-time rock 'n' roll, not to mention quirky, fun lyrics that apparently change with each passing show and unexpected, often-complicated twists to every groove. On live tapes of the band we've found that they rip through the Grateful Dead tunes like there's no tomorrow, hooking directly into that lifeline of improvisational magic that makes us start to boogie. If your travels bring you to the Twin Cities, and you've packed your dancin' shoes, we strongly advise you to check these guys out.

SPACE DEBRIS

Space Debris (Roswell Records 9 25900-2)

Performance: Good, a mix of quirky lyrics, tight melodies and interesting jams

Recording: Excellent

This band of longtime Deadheads, familiar to the Sacramento, CA area, **Space Debris** is a five-time veteran of the Whole Life Expo in Davis, CA. This album features quirky, ear-catching lyrics sung in a style reminiscent of Roxy Music. The catchy tune *Friends and Soldiers from Mars* will be hard to get out of your head once you've heard it a few times. Their jams are vibrant and intuitive. Of particular note is the 11:08-minute-long treatment of *Dark Star* — as mentioned, the lyrics are delivered in an offbeat style but the improvisation is more familiar in style — shades of Jerry and the Boys.

BOX SET

Thread (Capricorn Records MEAD 133)

Performance: Strong musicianship handicapped by formulaic pop arrangements

Recording: Decent, at best

Though this San Francisco quintet is undoubtedly talented in crafting lyrics and composing sweet melodies, we wish **Box Set** had departed more from the pop-song formula embraced here. The majority of the similar-sounding songs are less than four-minutes long, but some seem especially tedious, as if they last three times as long as that. Some of the few moments that stand out on the CD are the heavier, more industrially influenced *Train*, and the addition of the mandolin to the rhythm of the pretty *Valentine*. Although there's a Blues Traveler-ish undercurrent in tunes like *Amsterdam* and *Falling*, there's none of the same spark that Blues Traveler creates in their improvisation, the way BT just let it all go. That, more than anything else, seems to be what **Box Set** needs.

ACOUSTIC MUSIC

OLD AND IN THE WAY

Breakdown (Acoustic Disc ACD-28)

Performance: Classic bluegrass at its finest

Recording: A+

This is the third live concert recording by this group to find its way onto compact disc. Amen! **Old and In the Way**, featuring **Jerry Garcia, Vassar Clements, Peter Rowan, David Grisman** and **John Kahn** was only together as a band for nine months, but their



quintessential bluegrass music has withstood the test of time.

Breakdown features 18 more cuts from this enormously talented band.

As is the case with the previous two releases, all of the tunes on this disc were recorded by **Bear** (Owsley Stanley) during a three-night stand at San Francisco's former Boarding House in October of 1973. Over half of the songs on this disc are from the classic bluegrass repertoire — they include Bill Monroe standards familiar to former Blue Grass Boys Peter and Vassar, and favorites of David's that he has since recorded on his studio bluegrass projects. The rest are unique to **Old and In the Way**, and include alternate versions of six cuts that appeared on their first album, as well as two of Jerry's unissued banjo compositions.

SOUL

VAN MORRISON

The Healing Game

(Polydor 537101)

Performance: Superbly Van-esque

Recording: Excellent

It's too late to stop **Van Morrison** now. More prolific than ever, Van the Man continues to crank out shimmering soulful meditations on the heart with his latest, "The Healing Game." A collection of tunes punctuated throughout by a large horn section, these incendiary tunes allow Van's vocal muse full reign. As expected, Van mixes up bluesy soul with

introspective lyricism as a fan of Ray Charles and Bob Dylan only can. If you haven't heard Van in awhile, take a long listen late on a Saturday night. Turn it up, a little bit higher...

JAZZ/FUSION

DAVID MURRAY

Fo Deuk Revue

(Justin Time 94)

Performance: Powerful

Recording: Very Good

Multicultural music is popping up everywhere these days. Jazz artists have long been inspired by meetings with musicians from different cultures — the most renowned being Dizzy Gillespie's Cuban bebop classics of 40-plus years ago and the bossa nova craze exemplified by the great Stan Getz. Dead relative **David Murray** has spent much time over the years splicing international flavors into his work with the World Saxophone Quartet and his own bands, but never with the success of his most recent project. His **Fo deuk Revue** is an ambitious collaboration that grew out of a performance in Senegal in May, 1996. Murray's aim to be a "conduit to fuse ancient music to the music of the future" propelled him into the studio with some of Senegal's leading musicians including the Afro-pop band Dieuf Dieul and the rap group Positive Black Soul. Longtime Murray cohorts, trombonist Craig Harris, bassist Jamaaladeen Tacuma and keyboardist Robert Irving III are among the stellar lineup. Powerful music indeed, organically incorporating poetry, jazz, world beat rhythm, and rap into meaningful political and personal statements.

BRAND X

Brand X — A History

(Carol 1116-2)

Performance: Impeccable

Recording: Pristine

Fusion music, for those too young to know, was to the 1970s what groove rock is to the 1990s — a melding of musical styles with an emphasis on expansive improvisation. Though less improvisatory (in other words tighter), and certainly less eclectic than groove rock, fusion was an intelligent, expansive, trippy musical genre that breathed life into a decade otherwise choking with soulless commercial music. Back before Phil Collins made a mint for himself as a pop pabulum icon, he accented his good work with the 70s supergroup Genesis by jazz drumming with the legendary fusion band **Brand X**. Along with **Return To Forever**, **The Mahavishnu Orchestra**, and **Stanley Clarke**, **Brand X** captivated listeners with twisty-turny melody lines carved by synthesizers and guitars, razor-sharp rhythms laid down by jazz bassists and drummers. **Brand X — A History** is a wonderful best-of sampler from this long-forgotten class act. Like most other fusion groups, **Brand X** was almost exclusively an instrumental band (except on one cut here in which the voice is used more as a jazz instrument than to sing lyrics). The energy here is primarily subtle, the nuances however are witty, the jams are all great to put on to

go driving or do homework. Those who like today's smarter groove rock bands will find pleasure in this release.

REGGAE

INNOCENT FEATURING LES EXODUS

Greetings From Africa

(Mouthpiece MOUP 6017)

Performance: Upbeat, positive vibe

Recording: Good

Unlike the latest releases from Jamaican reggae legends Gregory Isaacs ("Hold Tight", HB 210) and Lee "Scratch" Perry ("Upsetter in Dub", HB 77), whose bass-heavy albums we attempted to review for this column, we were able to listen and enjoy **Greetings from Africa** without fear of a migraine from absurdly oversaturated bass. Though this album suffers (as is the case with most current reggae albums these days) from a slightly overbearing synth keyboard track, that's about the worst thing that can be said about this good-vibe effort by Africa's **Innocent** and **Les Exodus**. Positive lyrics containing a vision of world peace, mutual respect and community come together with open, lighthearted, rock-steady reggae rhythm to build what we consider to be a very enjoyable reggae album.

THE BLUES

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND DOUBLE TROUBLE

Live At Carnegie Hall (Epic EK 68163)

Performance: Brilliant

Recording: Very Good



It's a great shame that most of us never knew how special **Stevie Ray Vaughan** was until after his untimely death in a helicopter crash in 1990. Stevie was one of the most exciting electric guitarists ever to grace this planet and his chosen musical medium — hard rock blues — showed influences of Jimi

Hendrix, B.B. King, Albert Collins, Albert King, Lonnie Mack and Buddy Guy. Quite simply said: Stevie Ray kicked butt. On October 4, 1984, the night after his 30th birthday, Vaughan and his Double Trouble trio played Carnegie Hall backed up, only this one time, by a thunderous blues orchestra including Dr. John, the Roomful of Blues horn section and his brother Jimmy Vaughan on guitar. At this stunning performance Stevie Ray chose to play only a few of his standard Double Trouble tunes, focusing instead on big blues band material in order to honor his musical heroes who never got to play the likes of Carnegie Hall. **Live at Carnegie Hall** is amazing — the recording is crisp and SRV's guitar screams as well as ever as the band wails ecstatically behind him. This album is both essential listening for fans of the blues

and electric guitar mastery. It's also one of Stevie Ray's finest recordings. Unfortunately, his brother Jimmy has said this may be the last live recording to be officially released by Vaughan's estate. All the more reason to pick this one up.

B.B. KING

Deuces Wild (MCAD 11711)

Performance: Conservative, tasteful, enjoyable

Recording: Excellent.

You have to be universally recognized as a seminal figurehead in an essential musical genre before Van Morrison, Tracy Chapman, Eric Clapton, Bonnie Raitt, Dr. John, The Rolling Stones, Joe Cocker, David Gilmour, and Willie Nelson, among others, all sit in with you on the same album. **B.B. King** is indeed one of the great figureheads of American music, and so he managed to lay down one tune with each of these other superstars on this impressive album. This release displays the same sort of conservatively energized effort we've come to expect from B.B. — no barn-burners like you'll find on the Stevie Ray album reviewed above. Instead, we've got a CD's worth of perfectly recorded readings of some of the great blues standards by some of popular music's top stars.

SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE MCGHEE

Live At The New Penelope Cafe

(Just A Memory 9131)

Performance: Inspired

Recording: Good

REVEREND GARY DAVIS

Live & Kickin' (Just A Memory 9133)

Performance: Essential listening

Recording: Subdued

DAVE VAN RONK

Live At Sir George Williams University

(Just A Memory 9132)

Performance: Mixed bag

Recording: Subdued

MUDDY WATERS & FRIENDS

Goin' Way Back (Just A Memory 9130)

Performance: Historic, loose, laid back

Recording: Lo-fi, one mic in a living room

Canadian label **Justin Time Records** has released a new series of vintage live blues recordings of interest to Deadheads everywhere. All were recorded live in 1967 in Montreal and feature fiery folk-blues by some of the greatest practitioners around. Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee check in with "Live At the New Penelope Cafe." The prototypical duo, whose take on the Piedmont blues style influenced a generation of folksingers, is in great form. *Easy Rider* (you may recognize as a version of *C.C. Rider*) and a medley that includes *Next Time You See Me* and *Key To the Highway* will warm your tootsies. The great Reverend Gary Davis' "Live & Kickin'" finds the talkative master playing stunning instrumentals in his original finger-style and rousing versions of his best-known tune *Samson & Delilah*. You may recognize *You Got To Move* from the Rolling Stones'

cover version. Also in the series are Dave Van Ronk's "Live At Sir George Williams University" and Muddy Waters & Friends' "Goin' Way Back," an extremely rare session recorded over breakfast at a rooming house where Muddy and his band were staying. The real deal.

WORLD MUSIC

ANGELITE AND HUUN HUR TU

Fly, Fly My Sadness

(Shanachie 64071)

Performance: Breathtaking, entrancing

Recording: A bit hissy, but the combination of high and low tones is stunning

The rise of World Music over the past few years has brought some pretty amazing sounds from indigenous cultures across the globe into our living rooms. From the mystical rumblings of the Gyuto Monks to the joyous rhythms of countless African cultures, we've found that music is food for the soul everywhere. Two years ago the wonderful Elipsis Records compilation "Planet Soup" introduced us to the idea of contemporary cross-fertilization — the combining of disparate styles of indigenous music to make an even newer world music that is truly trans-global. Now, the heavenly voices of **Angelite**, the 23 women from the Bulgarian Woman's Choir, have been synergized with the earthshaking low voices of **Huun Hur Tu**, the three-man overtone ensemble from Tuva, Mongolia. The result is otherworldly. You will probably never hear a wider spread of highs and lows anywhere else. When the Tuvans combine their subharmonic overtones — a la the Gyuto Monks, only with rhythm and melody — with the stratospheric upper register falsetto of the Bulgarian women, it's as though the sound of angels descending from heaven has somehow been wedded to the sound of avalanches and volcanoes. Totally mind-blowing!

JON ANDERSON

Earthmotherearth

(Elipsis Arts CD4160)

Performance: Innovative Acoustic Music/Nature Combination

Recording: Good

Although **Jon Anderson** (the golden-throated singer of **Yes**) considers this to be a solo project, he gives nearly as much credit to his backup band: Mother Nature. By placing microphones in his garden while recording the CD and then incorporating the recorded sounds into the final mix, Anderson has managed to create an harmoniously natural CD with several different dimensions. His distinctive vocals, inherently familiar from his work with **Yes**, are enhanced by his passionate acoustic guitar, various harp instrumentals, percussion, bass, an occasional female voice (his wife Jane), poetic lyrics, spoken word passages and the aforementioned nature sounds, make for a whimsical and elegantly pleasant acoustic statement; a personal tribute to what he loves the most: music, the earth and his connection to the universe around him.

BOOKS

THE PHARMER'S ALMANAC — VOLUME 4

Andy Bernstein and company have done it again — they've produced an exhaustively detailed guide to **Phish**. However, Volume Four is so chock-phull of highly readable reviews, exciting tour adventures, hilarious arcana, and photos, that it has become much, much more than simply a fact-filled resource guide. Along with the great stories come the usual setlists, concert reviews, statistics, and reader's survey results. We also love the great stories by Phish phans and the coverage of Phish-related musicians such as **Jazz Mandolin Project**. No Phish phans' home is complete without this entertaining and educational book. Bravo!

THE ART OF THE FILLMORE

By Gayle Lempke and Jacaeber Kastor

(Acid Test Productions, 240 pages, \$34.95)

This stunning coffeetable book, produced in conjunction with Bill Graham Presents, richly illustrates over 400 hand-drawn posters, handbills and tickets announcing concerts at the legendary Fillmore East and West venues. Along with the perfectly reproduced likenesses of these classic rock concert announcements comes great text documenting the history of **Bill Graham's** efforts and the processes of the artists who crafted the work herein — **Wes Wilson, Mouse, Kelley, Rick Griffin, David Singer** and more. There is even a never-before-published color photo of the Dead so trippy it's almost worth the price of the book by itself. All told, a wonderful book. If you missed out on your chance several years ago to buy the other essential rock concert art book, *The Art of Rock*, then here is your chance to capture the beauty of that bygone era. Don't pass this opportunity by.

JANIS JOPLIN

A PERFORMANCE DIARY 1966-1970

(Acid Test Productions, 166 pages, \$24.95)

This wonderful treasure trove of a book is full of tales and remembrances from those who knew and loved **Janis Joplin**, with lyrics, quotes and letters from Janis herself, all accompanied by memorable color and black and white images from photographers **Baron Wolman, Herb Greene, Gene Anthony, Lisa Law** and others, including some rare photos that have seldom or never been published. The book is liberally littered with handbills, ticket stubs, postcards and posters, plus a detailed day-by-day chronology of the events in Janis' life, a discography, and a calendar of dates chronicling

Big Brother through Kozmic Blues to Full Tilt

Boogie. If you are a Pearl fan, be sure to get this book as soon as you can. ♦



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BACK ISSUES

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
- #37: Interviews with Vince Welnick; moe.; Strangefolk; Furthur; H.O.R.D.E.; Summer 97 Festivals; 4/14/72 review; Phish ♦

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

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

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

Deadhead writer seeking others for critique/letter exchange about the written word. Currently working on first novel/poetry manuscript. Suzanne. ☎ 📧 Box 2729.

SWM 31, my landscape would be empty if you were gone. ☎ 📧 Box 2730.

SWF, NYC-NJ area seeks fun-loving people to catch NYC-East Coast shows and festivals with. Phish, Panic, moe., etc. It's all about having a good time. Faith. ☎ 📧 Box 2731.

SWM 22 missed Dead. Looking for SWF in Baltimore to show me what I've missed while I show you what's going on now. Matt. ☎ 📧 Box 2732.

WM (31) looking for kind Heads to meet, visit, party, trade, whatever! Are there any Heads in Texas? Barry. ☎ 📧 Box 2733.

Sweet Sugar Mag looking to meet lots of new Heads from all over. Keep on sharin' the groove! Amanda. ☎ 📧 Box 2734.

Lonely college Deadhead seeks female penpals to help ease my soul. I'm very kind, patient and musical. My soulmate must be a Deadhead. Sean. ☎ 📧 Box 2735.

Looking to meet local hipsters in central WI. Into Dead, Phish and others. Have 400 hrs. to trade, let's keep the good vibes going. Russ. ☎ 📧 Box 2736.

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

48 WM Deadhead. Tall, slim. Looking for happy Sugar Magnolia to share smiles, road, home, dance, beach, van. Alabama. Write, call Bob. ☎ 📧 Box 2737.

Phriendly gay male Phish/Deadhead from New York seeking kind gay/straight brothers from my area for shows and friendship. 30 and under please (I'm 27). (call me Robert). ☎ 📧 Box 2738.

Chicago head seeks travel partner(s) to share gas/driving for western leg of Phish tour or ride to your destination (RV sleeps 3). Early summer? Departure date flexible. Jarrod. ☎ 📧 Box 2739.

Flowerchild wife wanted, twenty-something, perfect body, mind, soul. Me: 36, South Dakota, Hollywood, beatnik, kung fu, HI friends! Dove? Craig. ☎ 📧 Box 2740.

DC-area SWM, 36, into hiking, reading, kayaking, computers, tie-dye, skiing, overseas travel, Renaissance fairs, and earth-based spirituality seeks compatible S/DWF to tour life. ☎ 📧 Box 2741.

Seek peaceful lifestyle. N/D, N/S, N/children. Yes: Northwest, mid-30's SF with smallish body to complement my own for dancing, dreaming, humor, creativity and mutual support. Trace. ☎ 📧 Box 2742.

South Jersey Sugar Mag wanted, Aiko-aiko. Jojo. ☎ 📧 Box 2743.

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

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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.

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. ☎ 📧 Box 2698.

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

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. ☎ 📧 Box 2700.

Loving soulmate Sloane, you are my eternal lovelight. Paris is a true love child, #2 is even more magical. I adore you, Nick.

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Big George, Chantal, Nathan and Forest Rain Rajlich miss our long lost friends. We're still in Marin County, get in touch soon! 415-453-LOVE. Looking for last Sunday Shoreline tape too. ☎ 📧 Box 2744.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

AJ Howg, I lost your list and address. Write bro, J. Mucci, 44 West Chesnut Ave., Merchantville NJ 08109.

How did the first thing come to be and how does it relate to you and me? What's beyond the stars, past Venus and Mars, Jerry?

Happy birthday Don! Congratulations on your engagement. Your best year ever is coming! Love Todd & Miho.

Congratulations to Scott, Felicia and Rachel on the recent addition to your nuclear family. Welcome Jason! Love from Aunt Marti and Mr. Phil.

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. ☎ 📧 Box 2712.

Seattle & PNW Heads Unite. Pull our own train into Terrapin Station—a rainbow full of sound. Many thoughts for our future. -Pete & Jeanie.

A heart filled with song is a heart filled with love! Love you all! Jon.

Deadheads Behind Bars

Meditator, Hatha Yoga, Breathwork, drug-free, 12-step member, born 4/20/51, love the Deadhead vibe. Doing life, just looking for a friend. Tom Dodson #503467, Ellis Unit, Huntsville TX 77343.

NO PART-TIMERS! P.O.W., 30, seeks dedicated sister for correspondence now, touring-traveling lifestyle later. Write Todd Frieberg B13520, PO Box 1200, Dixon IL 61021.

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.

I'm locked up; will be out and back in my hometown of Binghamton NY next summer. Into boating, Rolling Stones, travel and have seen the Dead, mostly out west. Not married, not a biker, not bald. Send letters to George Petkash-01415-052, Box 420, Fairton NJ 08320. Love y'all!

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"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.

Goin' down the road feelin' bad, no ladies to write and feelin' real sad. Will answer all; big, short and tall. Roger Rush #722548, Ellis 1, Huntsville TX 77343-0001.

Eric the Viking (Viking) needs a mate (miracle). I smell, I'm ugly, I'm bull-headed, lazy and half-crazy. Write...Anti-Gov Tour Commune. Out 7/11/98. E. Cruit #333-231, MACI, PO Box 720, London OH 43140-0740.

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.

West Coast Head, Haight, Telegraph, Santa Cruz, Cougar Hot Springs. Wrecking crew! I've been down seven snow and rain. !Angela? Gordon Selters, 231419, JB, PO Box 740, London OH 43140-0740.

Looking for a pen-pal to write, females 26-36, while 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.

Extremely lonely DH prisoner seeking experiences, friendz, pen-pals, pictures, etc. To help ease me through this hell. All welcome. Peace be unto thee. Kelly Israel #127354, DCI, PO Box 788, Unit 2, Dorm 1, Jackson LA 70748.

International

F, 25 seeks penpals in America, wants to live there. Write Yuri Tazawa, 1-41-14-601 Sakurashinmachi, Setagaya, Tokyo 154 Japan.

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

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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!



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

YLG=Your list gets mine.

SBD=soundboard

Alaskan taper seeking new HQ Dead. Have 150+ hrs. including original Anchorage SBDs. Will help beginners out. Jason Lee, 4112 Balchen Drive, Anchorage AK 99517. ☎ 📧 Box 4689.

Looking for HQ and/or SBD GD. Have over 250+ hrs. to trade. Need 10/18/94 MSG. Reliable, honest. YLGM. Brian, 1140 Turtle Creek Blvd., #137, Naples FL 34110. ☎ 📧 Box 4690.

Have 1000 hrs. HQ LG SBD. Allmans to Zappa. Seeking experienced collectors for analog trades. YLGM. Nutmeg Sound Archive, 89 Lynne Place, Bridgeport CT 06610. ☎ 📧 Box 4691.

GD taper (DAT since '91) seeks same to catch up on missing shows. 1000 hrs. AUD masters and low-gen SBDs to trade. Trew Rickers, 1630 West Peachtree Street NE #11, Atlanta GA 30309. ☎ 📧 Box 4692.

Want to trade Dead, Phish, JGB. Serious reliable trader. Have 600+ hrs., always grateful. Corey Hovanec, 74 Garden Avenue, Chatham NJ 07928. ☎ 📧 Box 4693.

Looking for fast, reliable HQ tape trades of the Dead, Allmans, Neil Young, Dave Matthews, etc. Somewhat new to tape trading, but getting better. Thank you! Smitty, 28 Parker Street, West Boylston MA 01583. ☎ 📧 Box 4694.

Love to trade! FAST, reliable beginner with over 50 hrs. of HQ. Looking for like-minded traders. All answered. Marty Skillen, 1269 Eagle Vista Drive, Los Angeles CA 90041. ☎ 📧 Box 4695.

Have 150 hrs. Looking for fast, reliable traders. Serious traders. E-mail me at ousleyini@pilot.msu.edu. ☎ 📧 Box 4696.

Always looking for HQ GD, JGB, Hookah. 350+ hrs. Dead and Phish to trade. YLGM. Jason, 1701 Windemere Drive, Kettering OH 45429. ☎ 📧 Box 4697.

Looking for pre-'80 master-2nd gen GD, JGB and others. Much of the same to trade. Larry, PO Box 588, Altamont NY 12009. ☎ 📧 Box 4698.

Beginning trader seeking Dead, Phish, moe., Leftover Salmon, JGB, MMW, Bela, Zappa, etc. Will provide tapes and postage. Lanny, 3200 Stuart Avenue, Apt. 1, Richmond VA 23221. ☎ 📧 Box 4699.

Seeking SBDs or AUDs of Furthur 7/1/97, HORDE 8/15/96, GD 90's. Have 250+ hrs. PO Box 383, Sharon MA 02067. Please send lists, will respond! ☎ 📧 Box 4700.

Yo! Will trade old Relix mags for crisp JGB shows. Dan Pater, 107 Bayview Drive, Chapel Hill NC 27516. ☎ 📧 Box 4713.

Need help! New trader, 50+ hrs. looking for Dead, Allman Brothers, Phish, moe., and SRV. TMF, 1228 Andrews Avenue, Lakewood OH 44107. ☎ 📧 Box 4701.

Rock concert poster and graphics collector seeks other collectors for sale/trade interaction. YLGM. Rick, 345 Fullerton #2802, Chicago IL 60614. Expression lives! ☎ 📧 Box 4702.

Got two DAT decks, digital Cantors, 1990s digital SBDs and AUDs. Need more—send lists. Dave Sorochty, 6213 Little Valley Way, Alexandria VA, 22310. ☎ 📧 Box 4703.

Seeking HQ Videos! Dead, JGB, moe., Phish. Always looking for a kind trade of audio or video. Will send blanks and postage. YLGM. Marshal Johnson, 521 Stockade, Fort Wayne IN 46825. ☎ 📧 Box 4704.

Have 500+ hrs. HQ Dead. Looking for HQ Keith era. You know, the good stuff. Jeff Williams, 146 N. Spinnaker, Mystic Island NJ 08087. ☎ 📧 Box 4705.

Kind sister looking for Trillian Green, Galactic, '75 Dead, MMW Shack Parties, Mingus, Miles, JMP and bluegrass. Jennefer Harper, 650 West 11th Ave., Eugene OR 97402. ☎ 📧 Box 4706.

Bob's doing great, but I need Jerry. Seeking upgrades and HQ for expanding list of 500. Will spin blanks. Cathy Ostrowski, 540 Longmeadow #4-GA, Amherst NY 14226. ☎ 📧 Box 4707.

Let's trade some music. YLGM. Who's got the Band tapes '96? GD, JGB, Dylan, Stones, Cream, more. James, 3817 Maryellen NE, Albuquerque NM 87111. Peace. ☎ 📧 Box 4708.

I want your tape list: Band, Cream, GD, JGB, QMS, Zero, Hendrix, Stones, Allmans. Who's got NOJ and HF tapes any years. James, 3817 Maryellen NE, Albuquerque NM 87111. ☎ 📧 Box 4726.

I will trade my HQ videos for your HQ DATs. Tom Dunford, 6722 Vanguard Avenue, Garden Grove CA 92845-1423. ☎ 📧 Box 4709.

77's and JGB only. Need your complete crispiest SBDs only. Need those rare and raging gems. Much much to trade from all years. YLGM. Dan, PO Box 15405, Washington DC 20003. ☎ 📧 Box 4710.

Experienced trader seeking HQ Dead, Band, ABB, Van Morrison. 500 quality hrs. of same and other. YLGM. Paul B., 54 Hillside Avenue, Bridgeport CT 06604. ☎ 📧 Box 4711.

1300 hrs. HQ Dead and others. Looking especially for 5/91 Shoreline. YLGM. Ian Shuman, 310 Ridgemed Road #001, Baltimore MD 21210. ishuman@clark.net. Beginners with blanks and postage welcome. ☎ 📧 Box 4722.

Taper since '85, 2 DATs, needs HQ '77-'84 GD and JGB, especially 12/1/79 I, 11/30/80. YLGM. Dale, 91 Brooks, Willow Grove PA 19090. ☎ 📧 Box 4712.

Please help! Not much to trade, willing to share what I have, Dead and all. C. Hukki, 57 Auburn Street, Ext. 1, Framingham MA 01701. ☎ 📧 Box 4714.

Experienced trader with 1200 hrs. Still looking for the perfect show. Prefer crispy SBDs, will help beginners. YLGM. William Haynie, PO Box 3434, Providence RI 02909. ☎ 📧 Box 4731.

Desperately seeking Buffalo, March '73 and September '73. Entire shows only please, for nostalgic reasons. Will send my list or blanks. Also Roosevelt Stadium 1972. ☎ 📧 Box 4716.

Boy scout of a trader (trustworthy, reliable, etc.) going for a merit badge in Slipknot! tying. Looking for 1980 and earlier shows. YLGM. tomri@pdq.net. Tom Richards, 1600 Smith, Suite 5100, Houston TX 77002. ☎ 📧 Box 4717.

Help! Dead wanted (especially '68-'70 and '73). Have limited trading capability; have other obscure stuff—Mahavishnu, RTF, and many old photos ('69-'71)—Dead, Who, Quicksilver, Airplane, others—I'd gladly copy, and extra blanks as well. I'm a music junkie, please drop me a line. Ira Zadikow, 28 E 10 Street, #2G, NY NY 10003. ☎ 📧 Box 4718.

Please help! Wedding song, HQ JGB needed—"And I say to myself, what a wonderful world..." -Louie Armstrong. Peace, Donna & Boz, 15 Spring Street, Millburn NJ 07041. ☎ 📧 Box 4719.

Reliable trader, have HQ Dead and Phish to trade. Furthur shows wanted! YLGM. Zach Bonnette, 4205 Francrest Circle, West Des Moines IA 50266. ☎ 📧 Box 4720.

Need HQ 10/1-3/94, 2/24-26/95 GD. I also like to correspond and trade with Deadheads who love Jesus. Denny Cochran, 3358 Moxahala Park, Zanesville OH 43701. ☎ 📧 Box 4721.

Searchin' for that sound. Very reliable trader always looking for more. Quality over quantity. YLGM. D. Avery, 1824 West 18th Place, Yuma AZ 85364. ☎ 📧 Box 4723.

**PLAY A SAMPLE OF YOUR
PRIMO TAPES
AS PART OF YOUR
TAPE TRADING VOICE AD**

Looking for Phish, GD and/or other great groovin' jam band. Have 300+ total hrs. YLGM. Jeff, 3854 West Broadway #10, Robbinsdale MN 55422. ☎ 📧 Box 4725.

Sisters and brothers, I need tapes. Entire collection destroyed in a fire. Prefer HQ LG but will take any. No one here is Head. Thanks, Bear. Brian Foster, USS Carney, DDG 64, FPO AA 34090 1Z8Z. ☎ 📧 Box 4728.

Hardcore Deadhead seeks the hottest shows ever, especially HQ tapes. YLGM. Lee Alberts, 1109 South 3rd Street, St. Charles IL 60174. Bobby rules! ☎ 📧 Box 4727.

Looking for 10/25/69, 11/21/70 WBCN Studios, 1/10/79. Larry, 8223 Howard Avenue, Munster IN 46321. ☎ 📧 Box 4724.

Seeking HQ copies of any/all Arizona and Vegas shows. 550 hrs. to trade. YLGM. Bob Moore, 6622 West Fillmore, Phoenix AZ 85043. ☎ 📧 Box 4729.

Lots to trade. Need HQ SBD Ann Arbor 4/5/89, Palace 6/9/93, Palace 3/24/92. J. Daily, 4182 Sawhaw #204, Grand Rapids MI 49505. ☎ 📧 Box 4730.

Does anybody have Gathering on the Mountain shows from '96 or '97? Jamie, 345 E. County Line Road, #F-11, Hatboro PA 19040. ☎ 📧 Box 4715.

Newbie DAT-head seeks kind hookups of Phish and Dead. I really need help getting my collection started. Thanks! 7824 Una Drive, Saginaw MI 48609 or krapohlj@pilot.msu.edu. ☎ 📧 Box 4732.

Beginner looking for HQ GD, Phish. Have 30+ hrs. to trade. Raymond Hall, Rt. 1, Box 70, Eupora MS 39744. ☎ 📧 Box 4733.

2000 Dead, 1000 other. Fast, reliable trader. YLGM. Rob Fernald, 165 San Angelo, Apt. H, Santa Barbara CA 93111. ☎ 📧 Box 4734.

1000 hrs. GD & JGB. YLGM. Beginners welcome, all answered. Dylan, 80 Clarendon Place #4A, Hackensack NJ 07601. ☎ 📧 Box 4736.

Kind trader, YLGM, needs 6/26/94, 6/15/93, 300+ quality hrs. Have/want quality WSP, Phish, G. Dead. PO Box 6456, Hot Springs AR 71902. ☎ 📧 Box 4738.

Looking to meet local hipsters in central WI. Into Dead, Phish and others. Have 400 hrs. to trade, let's keep the good vibes going. Russ Chidsey, 2202 Sandpiper Ave., Wausan WI 54401. ☎ 📧 Box 4747.

Okie Deadhead has beginning collection. YLGM. HQ. marcc@flash.net. ☎ 📧 Box 4752.

YLGM—Need Phish, Fleetwood Mac ('97), Indigo Girls, Nesmith, McGuinn, Byrds. HQ SBD or AUD. Jerry, 121-8 Danny Drive, Carrollton GA 30117. Over 1500 hrs. Reliable. ☎ 📧 Box 4744.

3-headed traders with true HQ, I know you're out there and sick of mediocre trades! Stretch, 196 Park Avenue, Dalton MA 01226. ☎ 📧 Box 4739.

Have/want more HQ Buffett, Zappa, Kinison, Lofgren, Garcia and many others. 1000+ hrs., Dave, 31792 Lodge Pole Drive, Evergreen CO 80439 or dkreider@lescom.org. ☎ 📧 Box 4740.

No time to hate. Looking for non-anal Dead enthusiast for casual tape trading. Please send requests and list. Dave, 141 East 88th Street #8A, NY NY 10128. ☎ 📧 Box 4743.

Would love HQ SBDs of 70's Dead, Meters, Zappa, Feat; have 400+ hrs. Dead, 400 hrs. Phish, etc. YLGM. Mike Hillair, White Plains NY 10605. ☎ 📧 Box 4749.

**ASIDE FROM CALLING
1-900-740-DEAD (3323)
YOU CAN WRITE DIRECTLY
TO PEOPLE USING THEIR
BOX NUMBERS VIA DDN.
FOR ADS WITHOUT
ADDRESSES SEND ANY
CORRESPONDENCE ALONG
WITH \$1.00 TO:
DDN TAPE TRADING
P.O. BOX 936,
NORTHAMPTON, MA 01061**

Phish HQ Gamehenge, Sacramento 3/22/93, trade for DMB, Phish. Mike, 5728 Susan Avenue, Edina MN 55439. Peace! ☎ 📧 Box 4735.

Looking for good boards, early gen. AUD tapes. Uptown, Chicago; Madison '78/'79/'81; Hartford 8/10/80; Portland ME 8/11/80. Other '76-'80. RVD, N6882 Hwy 89, Whitewater WI 53190. ☎ 📧 Box 4753.

Veteran Deadhead, rookie DAT head, looking for GD, Furthur, Dylan, etc. Cloning ability. Tom Sweeney, 32 Tennis Place, Forest Hills NY 11375-5163; tms@sandw.com. ☎ 📧 Box 4741.

Looking for JGB, acoustic/electric Hot Tuna, Dead, WSP, Allman Brothers, Gov't Mule. Have 1000 hrs. Dead and others. YLGM. Bob McKee, 9717 Lorraine Drive, Apt. 2, La Grange IL 60525-4042. ☎ 📧 Box 4742.

Experienced reliable trader with 800-900 crispy hrs. of the boys. Looking for solid AUD tapes (and of course SBDs). No beginners please. TPN, 1709 Bruce Avenue, Charlottesville VA 22903. ☎ 📧 Box 4745.

20 year-old sister just starting. Seeking HQ acoustic GD/JGB, Grisman/Garcia, Melanie, DiFranco, Paula Cole, Joan Osborne, Ratdog, Jewel, Phish. Rhianon, 2011H S. Broadway, Santa Maria CA 93454. ☎ 📧 Box 4746.

Need Dead, WSP—all shows—HQ preferred. YLGM. Semi-beginner, 200+ hrs. Dead, WSP, ABB. Call, write or send list. Read Hauck, PO Box 4725, University MS 38677. Phone: 601-234-9321. ☎ 📧 Box 4748.

Marty "August" Watt, lost you. Have lots of new videos and shows. Call me, Doo Dah, 609-317-1053 (eves, leave number). Peace! Jo Jo. ☎ 📧 Box 4737.

Looking for Ratdog tapes, Furthur tapes. 500+ hrs. Dead. David Perry, 2019 North Quinn Street #1, Arlington VA 22209. ☎ 📧 Box 4750.

Have/want HQ GD, JGB, Hot Tuna, etc. Audio and video. Victoria, 129 15th Street, #C2, Garden City NY 11530. ☎ 📧 Box 4751.

Hop on the groove train with Day By the River from Athens Ga. Tapes from Athens GA. Tapes for b&p (analog and DAT). Surf to www.daybytheriver.com/tapers.html. Craig Eubanks, 328 Tall Oaks Drive, Atlanta GA 30342 ☎ 📧 Box 4754.

Must apologize to all who sent tape lists, etc. Too busy to write back and trade! Sorry! -TG

International Tape Trading

UK Deadhead, 2000 hrs., 2 Naks, looking for HQ trades all eras. Reliable, YLGM. Tony Morall, 26 Linden Farm Drive, Countesthorpe, LE8 5SX England.

King quality-conscious trades. 800 hrs. analog, some DAT. Top decks. Calvin Stengler, PO Box 21032, Saanichton, BC, V8M 2C4, Canada. Analog trades preferred. Love yaz!

Looking for Seattle '95 shows. 200+ hrs. to trade. M.R., 30n, 203 Lynnview Road SE, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2C 2C6.

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.

HAVE YOU MOVED? WE NEED TO KNOW!

All correspondence must include customer number or old address

Name _____

NEW Address _____

City/State _____

Zip _____

Phone _____

Cust # _____

OLD Address _____

DDN will not be responsible for replacing issues not received because of improper notification of address change. Magazines mailed to the wrong address are destroyed by the post office unless a proper *magazine* forwarding order has been placed with them.

Send to:

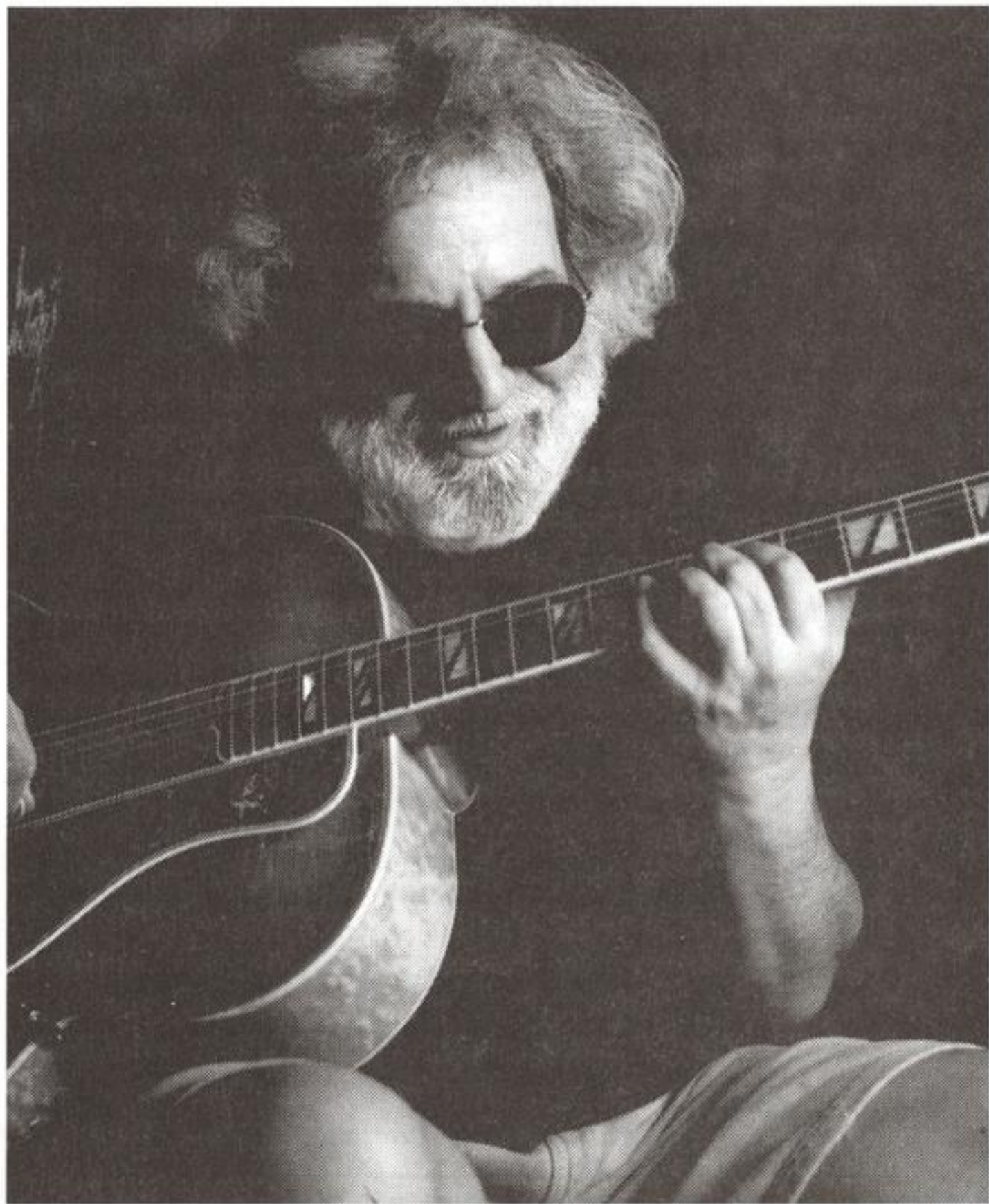
DDN, P.O. Box 4926
Manchester, NH 03108-4926
Please copy this onto a 3x5 card
Rather than destroy the mag!

GARCIA

A Grateful Celebration

This 104-page collector's edition is jam-packed with tons of photos of Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead, as well as loving remembrances you will treasure forever! Different from most tributes that were directed to the masses, this book was specifically produced for Deadheads, by Deadheads. This publication came directly from our hearts and souls.

A diverse cross-section of folks from the Grateful Dead community participated in this project. Contributors represented in this tribute include: Robert Hunter, John Perry Barlow, Bob Bralove, David Crosby, Carolyn Mountain, Girl Garcia, David Grisman, Ram Dass, Candace Brightman, David Gans, Bruce Hornsby, Ken Kesey, Rebecca Adams, Ken Babbs, Steven Marcus, Gary Lambert, Sandy Rothman, Melvin Seals, Sandy Troy, Ken Viola, Blair Jackson, Jacklyn LaBranch, Dennis McNally, Owsley Stanley, Wavy Gravy, and Steve Silberman, as well as members of the Dupree's family, Johnny Dwork, Cherie Clark King, Sally Anson Mulvey, and Prem Prakash.



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

— Ken Kesey

"This is the most personal, honest, and enlightening tribute out there. This is the Jerry we loved, and the Jerry we miss."

— Steve Silberman

Photographers and artists who offered their visual insight include: Stanley Mouse, Mikio, Gary Houston, Sean I. Burns, Ed Perlstein, Jay Blakesberg, Bradley S. Gelb, John LaFortune, Rob Cohn, Gene Anthony, Jim Marshall, Richard McCaffrey, Ken Friedman, Henry Diltz, Susana Millman, Sydney Gamble, Jim Anderson, Herb Greene, Bob Seidemann, Baron Wolman, Kurt Mahoney, David Quinn, Walter Jebe, William Coupon, and Bradley Niederman, as well as Dupree's artists, Alyson Williams and Donald Pasewark.

Don't miss this chance to share our memories of the Grateful Dead Experience. Order yours today!

\$12 US, \$14 Canada, \$16 Europe, \$18 Asia

To Order:

Just use the convenient subscription envelope enclosed in this magazine or mail a check or money order to:

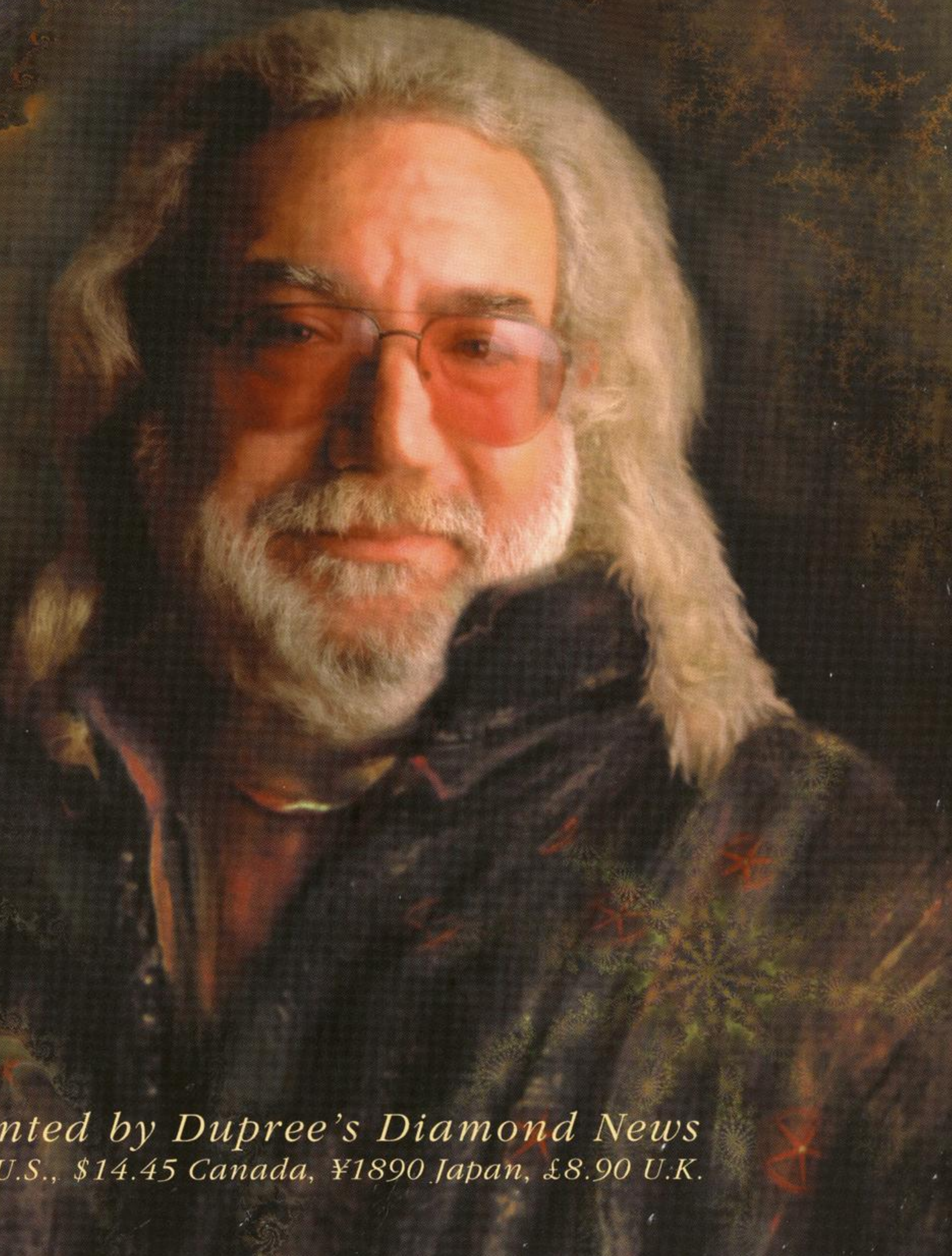
DDN - Tribute

P.O. Box 936

Northampton, MA 01061

GARCIA

A Grateful Celebration



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HU-215 Mr. Natural
Classic art by the '60's cartoonist Crumb!
Slate Blue (L, XL) \$17.95



RR-143 Frank Zappa
The legend lives on!
White (L, XL) \$17.95



VID-07 \$29.95
Grateful Dead
Downhill From Here
VHS Video. Recorded
LIVE in 1989 at
Alpine Valley Music
Theater. Over 2 1/2
hours of great music!



GD-375 Sapphire Skull
Cool adaptation of the Stealie!
Green (L, XL) \$17.95
Green Long Sleeve (L, XL) \$25.95



RR-444 Bob Marley - Exodius
Open your eyes, look within.
Are you satisfied with the life you're
livin'? - Bob Marley, Exodius
White (L, XL) \$17.95



HU-242 Trippy Moire Shrooms
This shirt is so trippy it almost hurts to look at it.
Far-out black & white moire art creates a
3-D effect that is really a mindblower.
Black (L, XL) \$17.95



GD-271 Bear 'n Roses
Huge print of the classic
Bear 'n Roses design! A must have!
White (L, XL) \$17.95
White Long Sleeve (L, XL) \$25.95



HAT-6 \$21.95
Steal Your Face
Classic Stealie hat!



RR-504 Led Zeppelin
Stairway To Heaven
Absolutely wild all-over-print.
Incredible colors and detail!
All Over Print (L, XL) \$25.95



HU-480 Sesame Street Bug
Oscar the Grouch, Cookie Monster,
Ernie, Big Bird & Elmo hittin' the road
in their bug looking for directions from
Sesame Street to Woodstock!
White (L, XL) \$17.95



RR-510 The Beatles - Rubber Soul
Classic cover art from the
1965 album 'Rubber Soul'.
Tye Dye (L, XL) \$25.95



HU-189 Far From Uvinn
Stickman resting against his retired
tourmobile, dreamin' of all the tours.
White (L, XL) \$17.95



RR-22 Pink Floyd
Dark Side Of The Moon
Very cool cover art from the album.
An all-time classic! Check out disc two
of their recent album 'Pulse' for a
killer live performance of the entire
'Dark Side Of The Moon'
Black (L, XL) \$17.95



GD-498 Ice Cream Kid
Classic illustrations by Stanley 'Mouse'
Miller & Alton Kelley from the front &
back of the Dead's live Europe '72 album.
White (L, XL) \$17.95



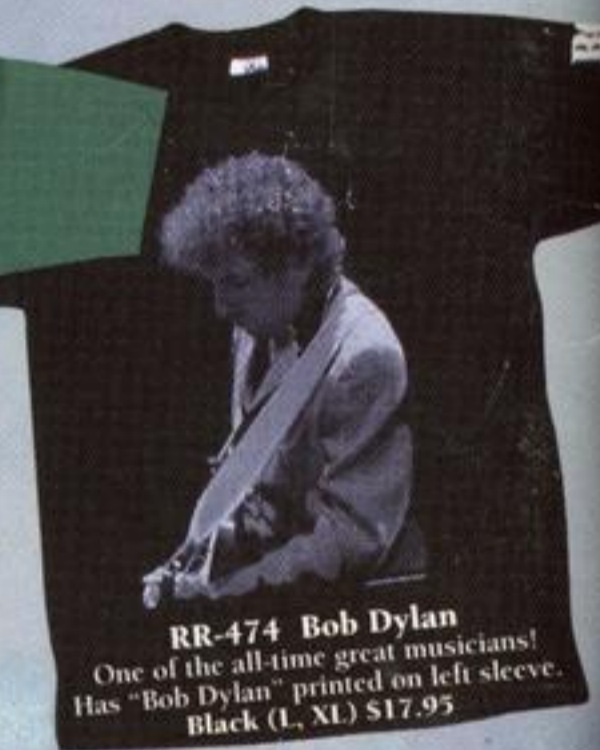
VID-04 \$29.95
VHS Video
The Doors: Dance On Fire
An all-music video
collection of live and
televised performances,
promotional clips, and rare
behind-the-scenes footage.
Recorded in HI-FI Stereo.



RR-432 The Doors - Crystal Ship
The Crystal Ship is being filled...
Black (L, XL) \$17.95



HU-02 4-Twenty
After 420 you may want to head to
the convenience store for munchies!
Green (L, XL) \$17.95



RR-474 Bob Dylan
One of the all-time great musicians!
Has "Bob Dylan" printed on left sleeve.
Black (L, XL) \$17.95



RR-418 Jimi Hendrix
Cool collage print!
All Over Print (L, XL) \$25.95



HU-492 South Park:
Oh My God! They Killed Kenny!
Classic scene from South Park!
Navy Blue (L, XL) \$17.95



HU-427 Alice In Wonderland
Has the famous tea party
scene on the back.
Tye Dye (L, XL) \$25.95



RR-478 CSN - Wooden Ships
Has song lyrics "If you smile at me, I will
understand. That is something every-
body, everywhere does in the same lan-
guage." printed on back. A great shirt!
Navy Blue (L, XL) \$17.95



RR-521 Allman Brothers Band
Mushroom Express
Tye Dye (L, XL) \$25.95
Tye Dye (XL) \$28.95



DEV-4 The Ultimate Devil Stick \$34.95
Large diameter juggling stick, hemp wrapped
with tassels for that custom look. The
ultimate in performance sticks! Includes
hand-made Guatemalan carrying bag.

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1804-D Boston Post Road
Old Saybrook, CT 06475

Order Total	Shipping Charge	Order Total	Shipping Charge
Under \$20	\$5.50	\$60 to \$80	\$8.95
\$20 to \$40	\$6.95	\$80 & Up	\$9.95
\$40 to \$60	\$7.95		

Add \$6.00 more for Rush Service

Visit Our Flagship Store: **OLD GLORY**
Rte 1 (Saybrook/Westbrook Town Line)
Old Saybrook, CT 06475

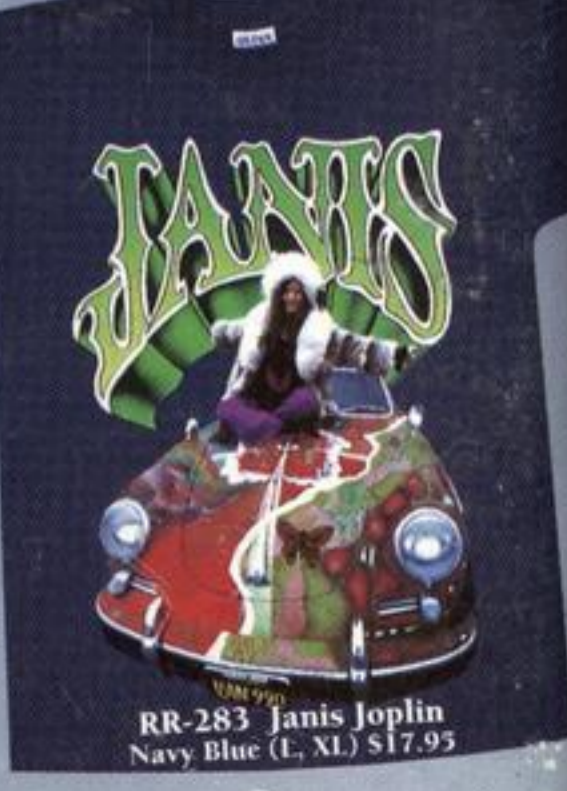
Or Our BRAND NEW Store: **OLD GLORY**
560 Washington Street (Rte 66)
Middletown, CT 06457



GD-505
Grateful Dead 1965 - 1995
36,086 Songs, 2,317 Concerts
298 Cities, 30 Years
6 Members, 1 Band
(back shown, has stealie on left breast)
Tye Dye (L, XL) \$25.95



CDW-2 \$14.95
Steal Your Face CD Wallet
Brand New! Holds up to 24
CD's! Padded high quality
vinyl exterior, feels even
nicer than leather!!



RR-283 Janis Joplin
Navy Blue (L, XL) \$17.95