

their tents was the lead story: "Town's D-Day Planning Tested Tonight."

When life looks like Easy Street, there is danger at your door

Deadheads began to drift into Franklin County as early as the Saturday before the mid-week engagement. Campgrounds within a 50-mile radius were booked solid within days of the tickets going on sale. The Lake Carmi State Park phone rang steadily for a month as concert-campers tried to secure legitimate facilities to spend the night at before and after the show. Everyone calling was told that field camping would be available on a first-come, first-serve basis, beginning Tuesday morning.

Meanwhile, at two gravel pits adjacent to the concert site, hastily crafted signs popped up advertising "\$30 for three nites, RV's \$50, camping OK." At the rear of one pit about 200 yards deep, were two, shiny, new eight-foot high chain-

night when the 2,000 camper limit was reached. Deadheads lucky enough to secure a spot at Lake "Karma" were able to enjoy well-maintained plumbing facilities as well as 2,000 acres of cool, clean water to swim in.

Elsewhere throughout the myriad of roads that crisscross Franklin County and lead to the concert site, owners of various fields offered makeshift campsites to those looking for a place to set up. Prices varied from \$10 per night to free.

There is a road, no simple highway

Providing vehicular access to the venue was the responsibility of the Vermont State Police.

They had the tough job of keeping traffic moving as it spilled off a four-lane interstate highway onto a two-lane country byway. Capt. James Cronin was worried about drivers losing their tempers in the ensuing logjam.

Everything moved smoothly from both east and west on Route 78 towards the venue, until about two hours before the gates to the field were scheduled to open, at which point congestion began to build. Stop-and-go traffic then extended more than five miles from the concert grounds in every direction. As concert-goers began to abandon their vehicles up side roads, in people's yards and even along the side of Route 78, alternative transportation became the norm. While most people hoofed it, Deadheads on skateboards, rollerblades and bicycles zipped towards the venue in ecologically efficient fashion. By concert time, several thousand mountain bikes had been locked to the chain link fence leading to the gates.

At the Monday morning press conference, Viola had assured Capt. Cronin that the Deadheads would endure the slow-moving traffic with patience levels that Vermont State Police had never encountered. This prediction came true, not only with incoming concert-goers, but also with those who found themselves still stuck in the parking lot at 5 a.m. the day after the show.

Some kind of miracle

For the first time in many years of Grateful Dead East Coast concert history, there seemed to be an abundance of spare tickets in the streets. The closer you got to the gate, the fairer the price. In East Highgate, five miles from the site, a man offered his spare tickets for \$40 each. In the gravel pit parking lots, tix were going for \$35. Near the will-call window a few feet from the entrance to the field, one could have picked up a ticket for a grilled cheese sandwich or a beer, from Deadheads eager to enter.

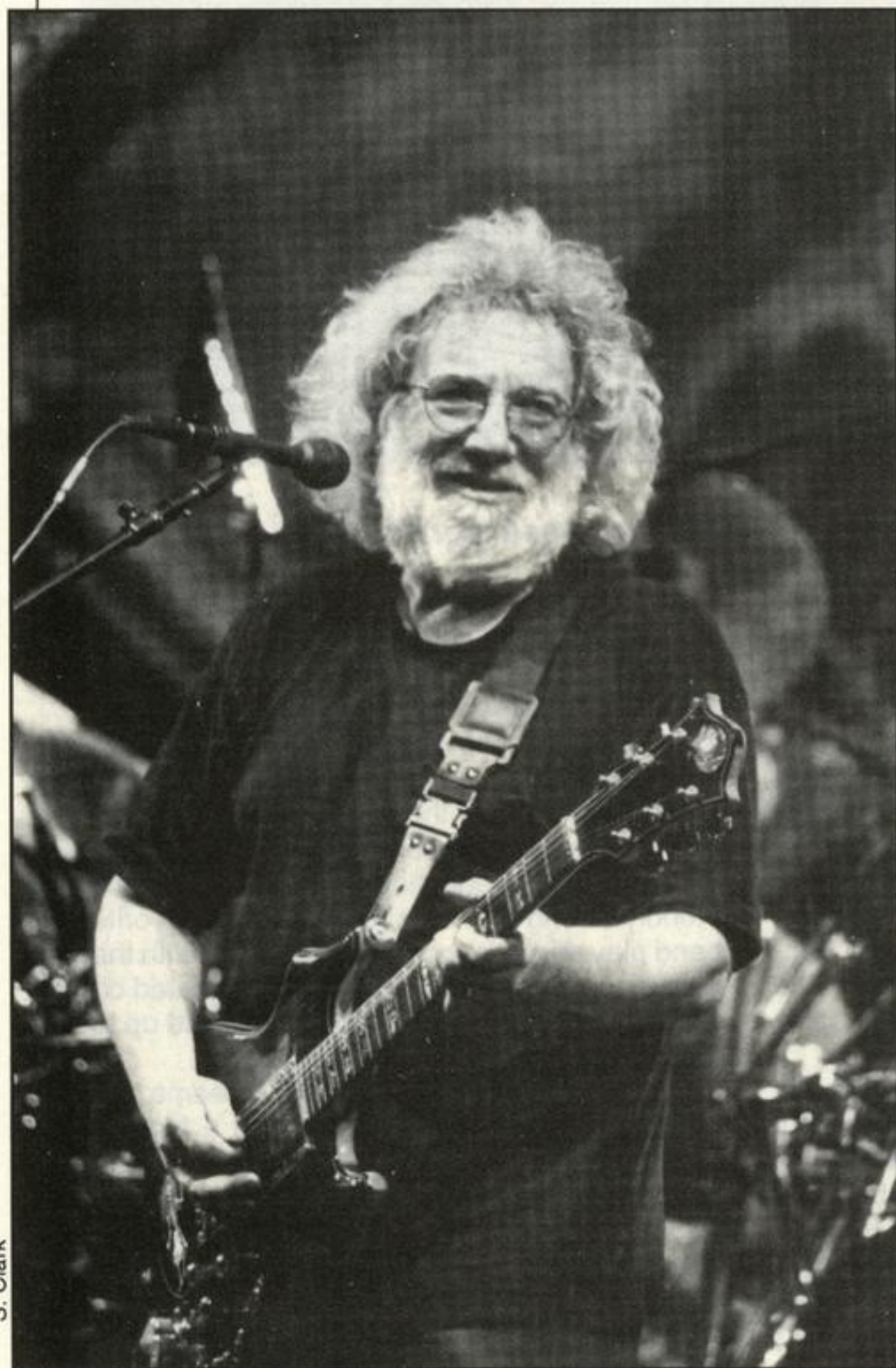


Youssou N'Dour enjoyed watching Deadheads at Highgate

The fact that practically anyone could pick up a ticket to the show on the street for a reasonable price, negated the gate-crashing factor, which had worried Viola when he looked through the fences behind the stage directly into the sand pit campground. There would be no legion of the ticketless that might unwisely try to force entry to the venue.

Let there be songs to fill the air

Opening act, Youssou N'Dour lured the Deadheads into the field early with his mesmerizing African rhythmic beat. This Senegalese superstar offered up a dozen songs, some in French, singing in his powerful, high-pitched voice. He energized those who left the parking lot party early. By the middle of his set, the field was at least half-full, an appreciative testimony to the attraction of the music of N'Dour and his Super Étoile band. Observed on stage dancing to the drum-driven African music were all the members of the Dead,



link fences about ten feet apart. Three hundred yards beyond them was the backside to the stage. By the time of the Dead's sound check at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, there were more than 300 cars jammed into the dusty bowl. This could be Ken Viola and his staff of 350 security guards' worst nightmare.

As Tuesday dawned on the lush green acres surrounding Lake Carmi, a long line of cars and vans had queued up at the State Park gate. Park Corps' manager, Athena Kalandros, and her young Vermont Youth Corps Staff were prepared and would process a steady stream of campers into the overflow areas until mid-



including Jerry rolling in his wife's arms.

The Grateful Dead took the stage punctually at 8 p.m., delighting fans with a "Let The Good Times Roll">"Jack Straw" segue. It was an entirely appropriate opening for the Summer Tour, kicking off in the rolling landscape of Vermont cow country. Early in the show, a colorful hot air balloon floated lazily above the concert site. Futzin' with his equipment and attempting to rid the sound system of an annoying buzz, Garcia called to the soundboard, "It's got to be in my earphone distribution."

The buzz behind, Jerry's voice seemed fragile in the ensuing "Althea," which Weir followed with a run-of-the-mill rendition of Dylan's "Queen Jane Approximately." His voice shaky to start, Garcia pulled out a "Loser" and finished it solidly. Bobby picked up the pace a bit with "It's All Over Now."

Now up to speed, Jerry belted out "Tennessee Jed" while 60,000 fans sang along, reveling in the verse "Drink all day, rock all night/The law come to get you if you don't walk right." As the amber glow left by the very hot sun setting in the western sky dissolved into darkness, a soothing breeze caressed the well-baked crowd.

Weir wound up the first set by seizing the opportunity to pay tribute to the fertile Vermont ground that surrounded him. Pushing his voice to the limit, he offered up a spirited and rousing "Let It Grow." Garcia matched Bobby's intensity with fiery leads in two extended jams sandwiched separately into the vocals. Could the band have known that within the sound of its music lay a field referred to by local historians as the "Hempyard," which had been a turn of the century source for that fibrous plant with alternative uses?

As the crowd spread out to relax between sets, venue lights were turned up. While fans mingled and exchanged pleasantries, many

moved from the packed ranks of the front rows to more breathing space towards the back. Concessionaires spread out along the back edge of the field did brisk business selling food, drinks, ice cream bars and official Grateful Dead merchandise.

We're all confused, what's to lose?

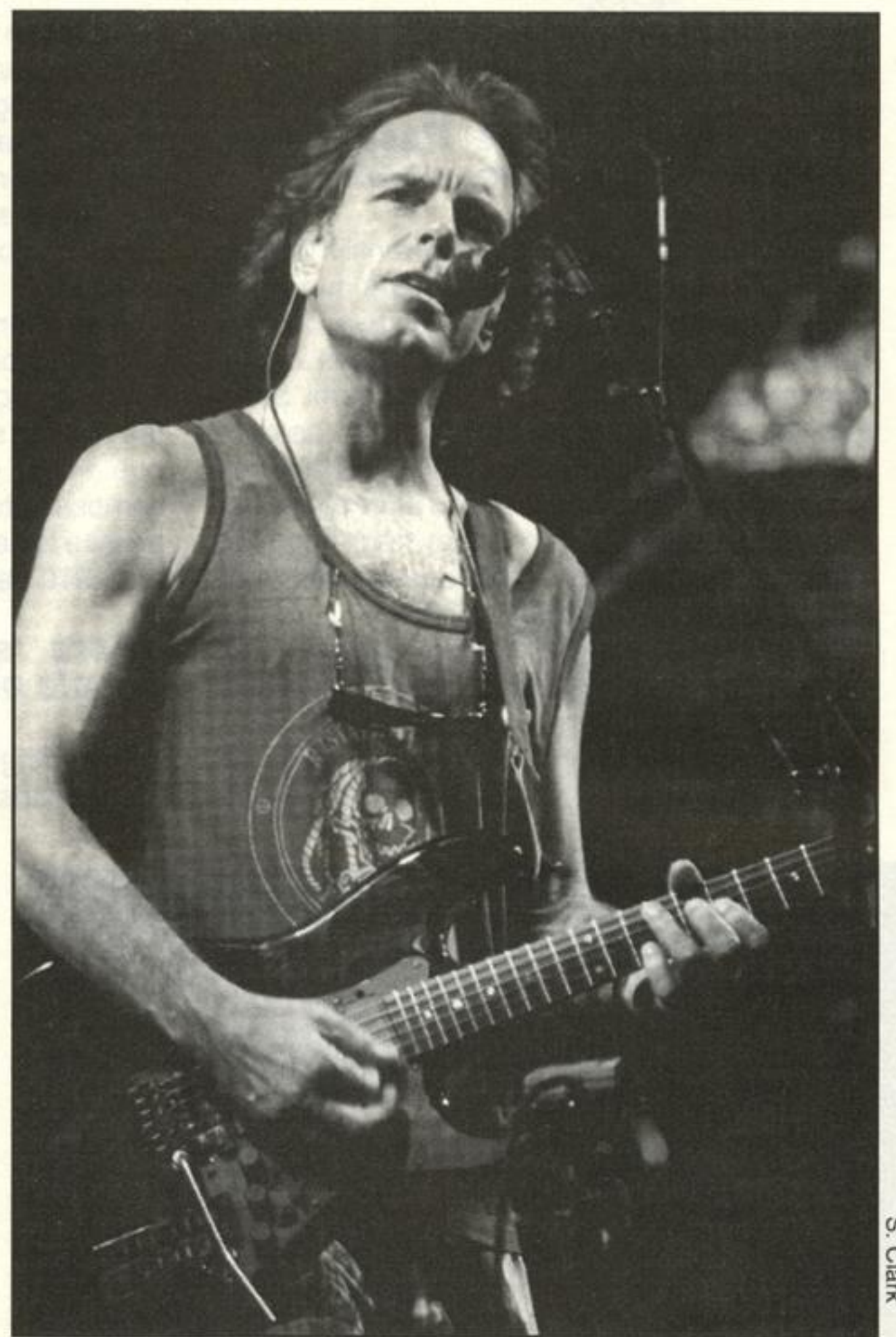
After lots of noodling, the Dead opened the second set with the ever-popular "Truckin'." Phil Lesh's bass was now more prominently mixed in as were his and Vince Welnick's vocal tracks. Two immense video monitors that hung high up on the five-story stage were crisp and clear in the new moon darkness of the second set. Multi-colored fractals and assorted images played on other screens stretched and hung above the band's heads. A neon arch stretched like a psychedelic rainbow from one corner of the stage to the other.

Instead of jamming his way out of "Truckin'," Garcia opted to dive directly into the '70s classic, "New Speedway Boogie." Vince took his turn next, leading an energized rendition of "Way To Go Home." As the funky beat of "Corrina" emerged from the four-part a cappella conclusion, the video screens showed Bobby and Jerry performing with superimposed images of twirling Deadheads. It was a nice touch as the dancers flowed smoothly with the beat. Jamming into "Uncle John's Band," the front men worked more four-part vocals.

Percussion specialists Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann worked dueling thunder in a relatively short "Drums," perhaps a result of Mickey's long workout during the sound check. A cover of George Harrison's "I Want To Tell You," broke out of Space, but general consensus felt that this tune from the Beatles' *Revolver* album needed some more polish.

While Weir picked up the pace with "I Need A Miracle," Garcia slowed it back down with an emotional "Standing On The Moon." It was the highlight of the show for Deadhead Rhonda "Rainbow" Landry, 22, from Rochester, New Hampshire. "I saw Jerry's tears while he sang about the crying children," she recalled at the Lake Carmi campground the morning after her 277th show. "Everyone was crying where I was, it just ripped your heart right out and, I swear, I wasn't high either."

As "Standing On The Moon" built to a wild climax, Bobby didn't miss a beat in breaking into "Sugar Magnolia." Dancing and singing, the mass of Deadheads rocked through to "Sunshine Daydream," closing out the second set. Jerry lost both his voice and the lyrics during the "U.S. Blues" encore, invoking frustrated glances from Weir and disappointment from the faithful.



S. Clark

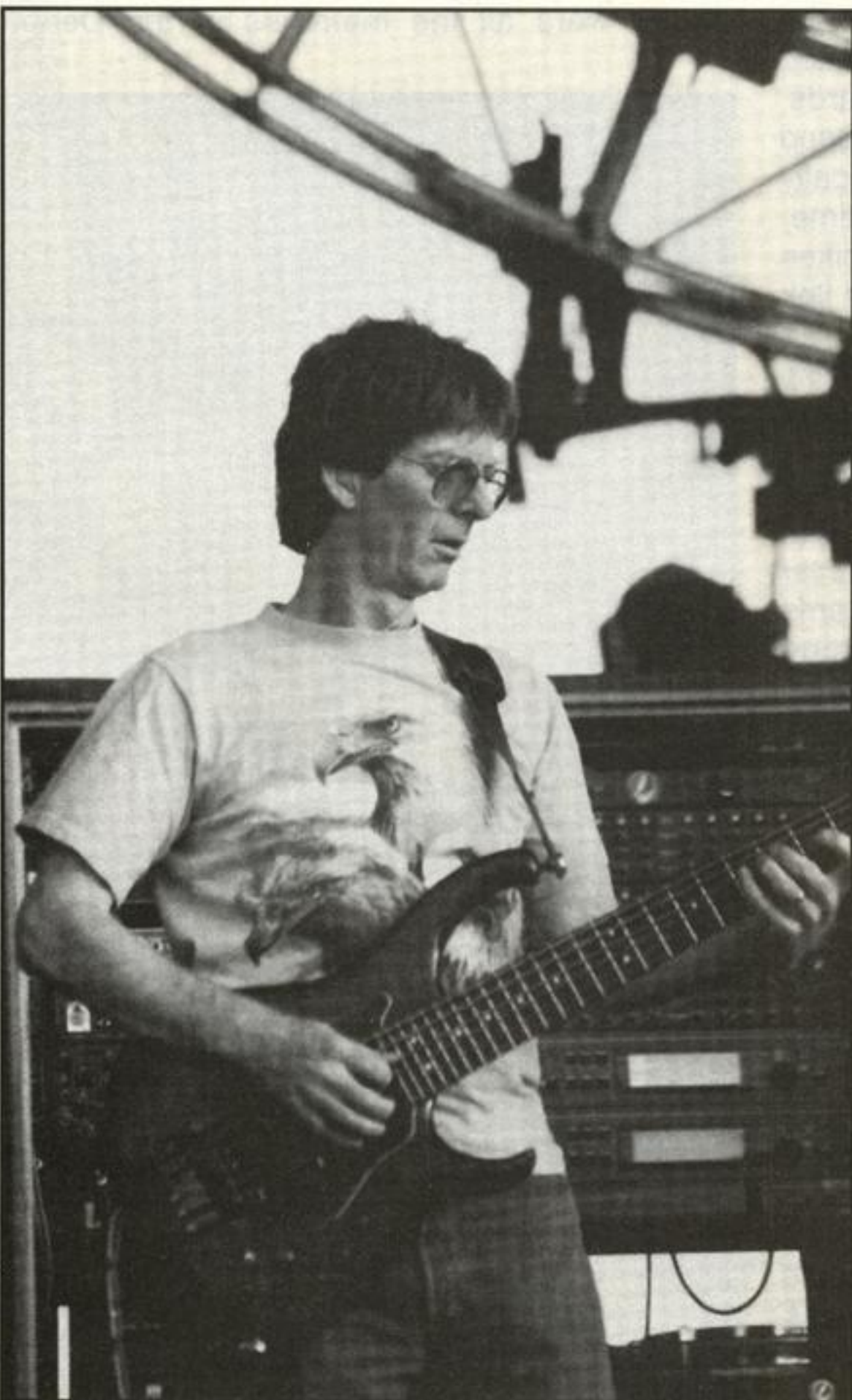
Here comes sunshine

Although the Highgate show, musically speaking, may have left something to be desired, the big picture was far from lacking in any regard. The months of logistical planning and teamwork among those who planned this concert paid off big time.

Most importantly, the overwhelming majority of Franklin County residents enjoyed sharing their piece of green earth with the peaceful, friendly throng that came to hear their favorite band play music in the great outdoors. With the help of the local media, they were educated on what to expect, and the Deadheads lived up to these expectations.

In an age of dwindling venues, it seems that the Grateful Dead may have found a friendly place to play. Highgate selectman, Ray LaRoche, suggested that if the Dead return in 1995, he would encourage farmers with large hayfields within walking distance to the show to open them up for camping. Athena Kalandros would like to offer more overflow campsites next year, but would need more money to pay for staff and supplies. Both of these options would relieve the biggest problem that the concert production staff had with the event: camping along Route 78 adjacent to the fairgrounds, which led to the major traffic congestion before the show.

When contacted in Washington, D.C. before the second show on the East Coast Summer Tour, McNally was hopeful about returning to Vermont in 1995. "The decision's not made; we haven't booked next summer, but it certainly looks favorable. The entire response from the town, the police and the local media was, 'Come on back!'"



T. Moog

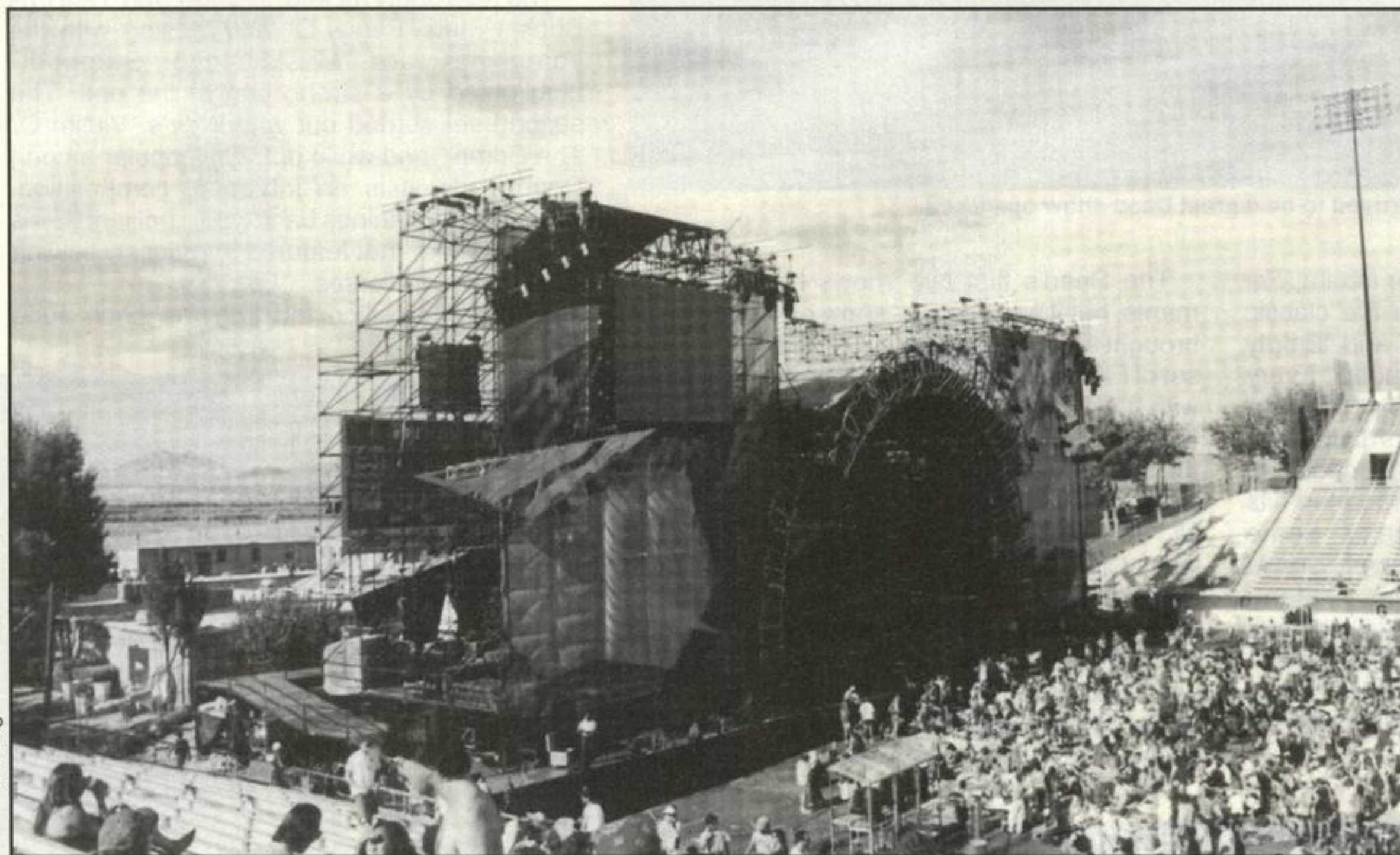
LAS VEGAS

with Traffic & the Dead

Sam Boyd Silver Bowl, UNLV

JUNE 24 – 26, 1994

BY ROGER LEN SMITH



Las Vegas – Summer '94

Underneath the blazing hot Nevada sun, Las Vegas once again became Deadhead Central for several parched summer days. The fourth consecutive run at the 40,000-seat Sam Boyd Silver Bowl featured the newly reunited Traffic as opener for all three concerts.

Las Vegas and the Grateful Dead is a contradiction: the earthy, grass-roots world of the thousands of Dead followers in the glitzy, overblown "losers' paradise" of Vegas. It is a strange tale, quite telling of America itself, really. A mega-popular rock band with hands and funds in several well-organized ecological, medical and human rights causes sets up shop right in the middle of the biggest human wasteland in the country. Oh, and it's only a desert hour's drive from one of many Defense Department missile test sites.

One step outside of the safety of the always-cranked air-conditioning dealt an encompassing, furnace-like blast. Unlike recent years, tickets for all three shows were readily available, the most likely reason being the overwhelming heat—audiences faced 120 degree temperatures. Dehydration was a very serious issue, not helped by the consumption of alcohol. Dozens of fans left the venue by ambu-

lance due to heat exposure. Crowds may have been sunburned and fried each day, but energy levels remained high.

A great choice to open for the Dead, Traffic sounded as good as they ever have in the first meeting between the two bands in 25 years. The musical styles of the two bands are so similar, it's a wonder they haven't connected more. But they made up for lost time—Traffic also opened for the Dead at several other Summer Tour stops on the East Coast and in the Midwest.

A brilliantly creative video display was unleashed for the first time in Vegas. In addition to two large video screens on either side of the stage, awesome, psychedelic visual images were projected onto two giant tarps surrounding the stage. The visual display, which easily rivaled a similar one used by Pink Floyd on its current tour, allowed for a career-spanning retrospective of the band and its rather extended family. Photos of each member of the group, past

and present, were scanned into a computer data bank that combined endless head-swirling combinations of color, shadows, shapes and forms. Naturally, the video side of the show affected the crowd's moods and responses. Nearly every close-up of Garcia produced cheers from the audience.

Steve Winwood and Jim Capaldi are the only two remaining original members of Traffic. Guitarist/vocalist Dave Mason left in the early '70s (and has recently joined Fleetwood Mac) and flutist/saxophonist Chris Wood passed away in 1983. Nevertheless, Winwood and Capaldi have assembled a top-notch band that rivals any of the several previous Traffic incarnations. Randall Bramlett takes over for Wood, while Rosko Gee, an alumnus from the last Traffic album, *When The Eagle Flies*, returns on a literally

jumping bass. Santana-alum Walfredo Reyes is a monster percussionist/drummer and shares the space with Capaldi. Mike Medavoy plays keyboards and guitar.

Such timeless jazz-rock nuggets as "Low Spark Of High-Heeled Boys" and "Glad"/"Freedom Rider" sounded perfect at a Dead show. Winwood and Capaldi were not short on oldies.



Heads cool down in the Vegas heat

Tim Seufert



Traffic proved to be a great Dead show opener

Several tunes from the new Traffic album, *Far From Home* (Virgin), flowed with the classic "Medicated Goo," "Pearly Queen" and "Empty Pages." The best new tunes included "Every Day, Every Night," "Nowhere Is Their Freedom" and the Santana-esque instrumental "Mozambique." Naturally, the band chose to end each of its sets with the Winwood-led hits "Dear Mr. Fantasy" and/or "Gimme Some Lovin'," both of which the Dead cover. Crowd response was, to say the least, jubilant. An excellent rendition of the traditional folk ballad, "John Barleycorn," was pulled out on Saturday. The only complaint is that Traffic didn't vary its set lists enough. Regardless, it was a perfect musical match.

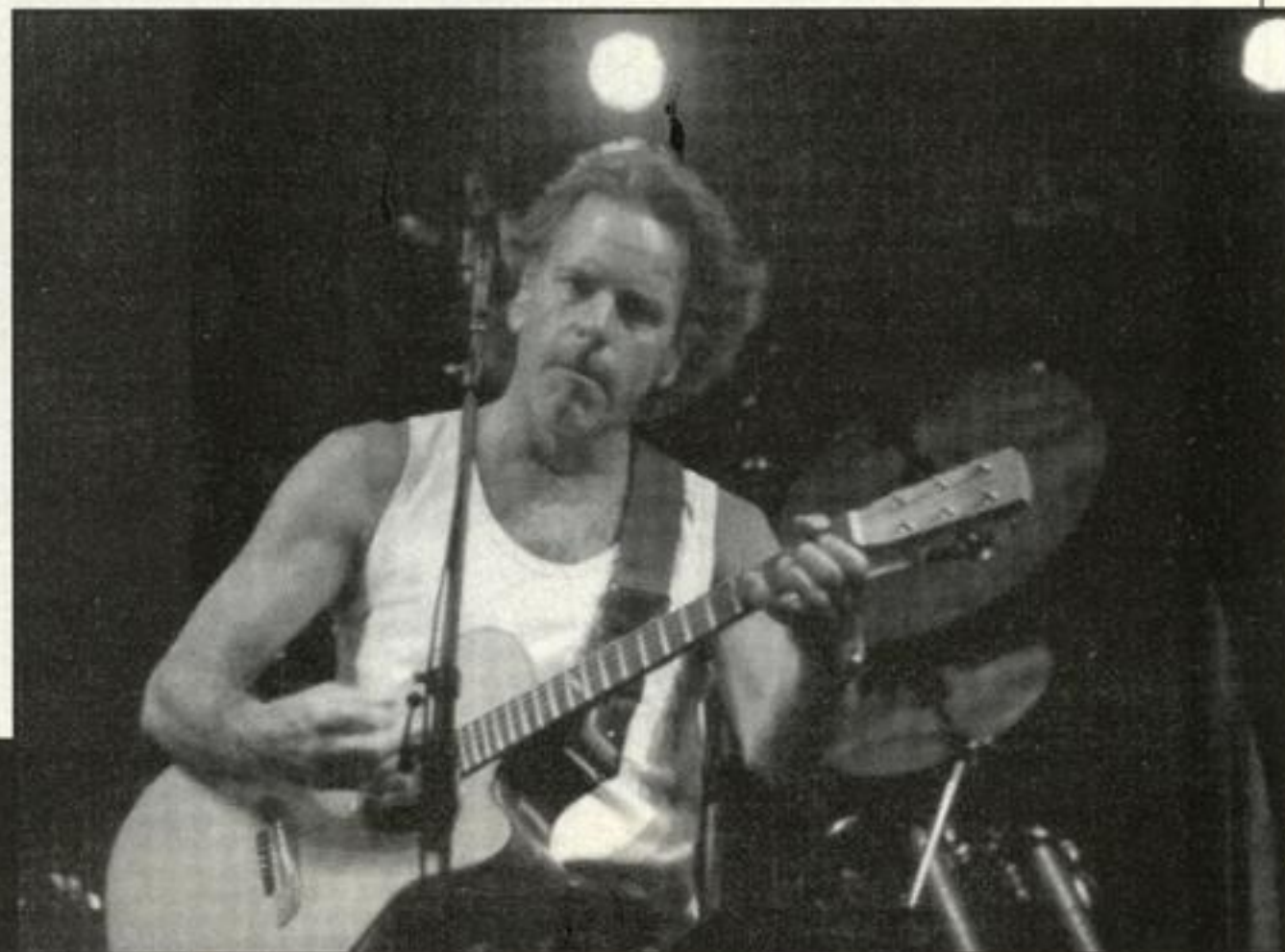
The Dead's first two shows had their moments, but it was the final show on Sunday that brought the most fireworks. The first set of Friday's show started off great with "Let The Good Times Roll" and "Feel Like A Stranger" roaring out of the starting gates. It looked like Vegas had been worth the trek after all. "Stranger" was hot, with the trippy jam at the end nearly three times longer than usual. A strong "Althea" followed, and the playing was mostly solid through "Eternity," the slinky new Bob Weir/Rob Wasserman/Willie Dixon composition. A throw-away "Don't Ease Me In" closed the

set. The second set "Iko-Iko" started a decent set, including the new Phil Lesh/Vince Welnick tune "Samba In The Rain." The set sunk with a lyrically marred "He's Gone," and then soared with a powerful "Standing On The Moon."

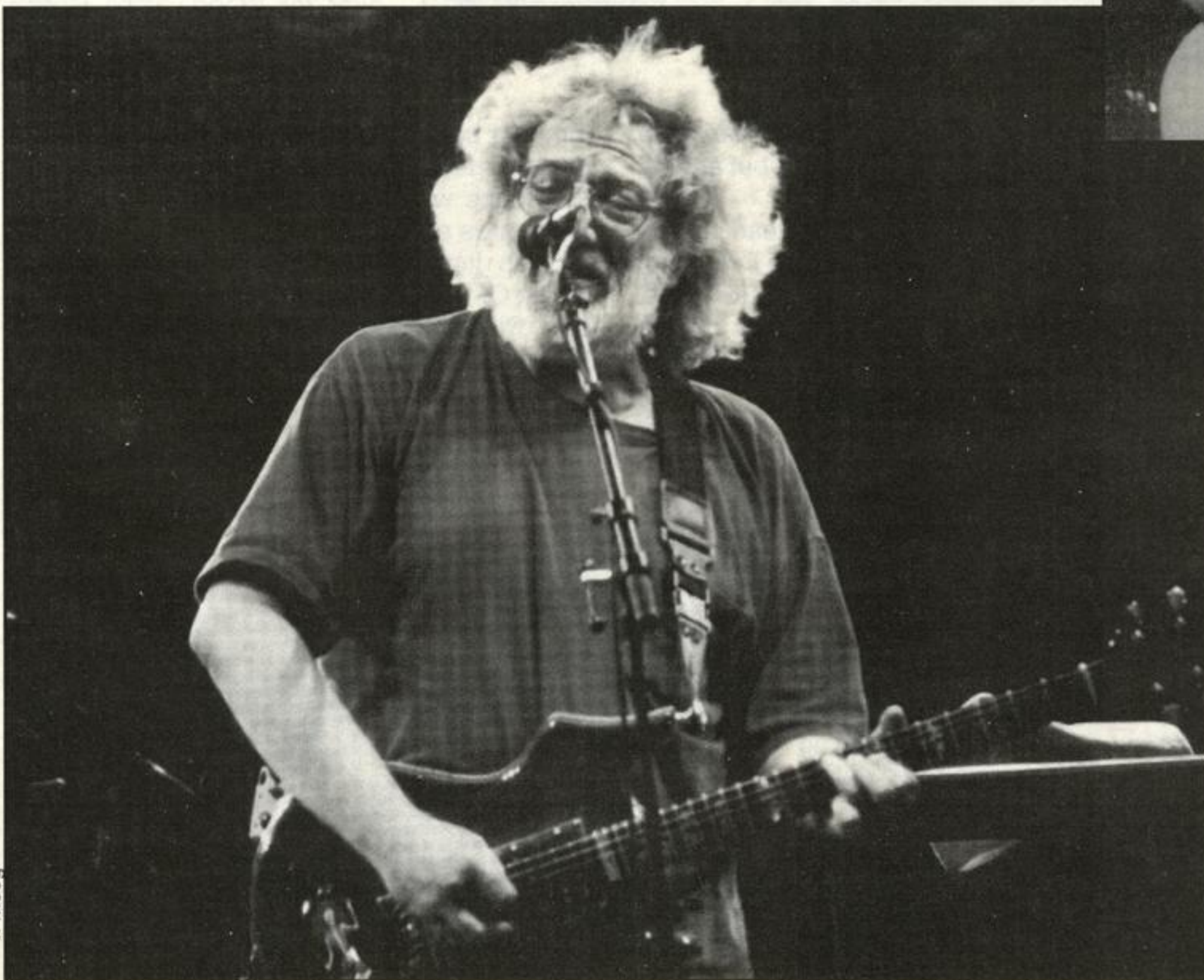
Unfortunately, the second show was just not happening. A short, six-song first set lagged despite a terrific "Cassidy." The brevity of the first set only increased the crowd's expectations for a great second set. It didn't happen. Three new tunes—Lesh's "If The Shoe Fits" (tourhead title), "Way To Go Home" and "Easy Answers"—failed to provide any sense of inspiration for the show. None of them are up to the Dead's usual high standards of songwriting. A passable "Uncle John's Band" provided the Saturday party-crowd atmosphere with the only sing-along of the set, but that led into Weir's repetitive "Corrina." The second half included an amazing "Stella Blue" and a high energy "One More Saturday Night" to finish.

The third show rocked, starting with "Hell In A Bucket" and "Peggy-O" and closing with the somewhat rare "Music Never Stopped," highlighted by a strong jam at the end. The second set started out with Weir's "Victim Or The Crime," and while not very popular among Deadheads, it is an intriguing composition. Garcia brought things back with a brilliant "Eyes Of The World" that featured effortlessly flowing solos between verses.

A funny transition led into the Lesh sung



T. Moog



T. Moog

"Box Of Rain," then a tight "Saint Of Circumstance." Garcia then kicked in the vista cruiser and sailed through a crowd-pleasingly solid version of "Terrapin Station," featuring a repeating final refrain that smoked. The band seemed ready to go into another tune as they jammed on an entirely different groove for 15 minutes. A tight "Morning Dew" climaxed a well-played set. Despite a rocking "U.S. Blues," in which Garcia forgot nearly half of the words, it was definitely a Jerry night.

Deadheads became a noticeable part of the already colorful Las Vegas strip. Tie-dyes were obvious even amongst the bright lights and careening backdrop that makes the "city of sin" so obvious. The mayor of Las Vegas had commented in the past that the Dead brought an unwelcome element to the town, and she was quickly admonished by businesses who cited the obvious revenue created by the onslaught of Deadheads. The Grateful Dead and its traveling circus are now a welcome part of the already over-crowded oasis, and will do little to cool it down. ■



John G. Tobin

LAGUNA SECA DAZE

Laguna Seca Raceway, Monterey, CA
Memorial Day Weekend, May 28–30, 1994

By Roger Len Smith

The three-day Laguna Seca Daze second annual rock festival was held Memorial Day weekend, featuring fifteen rising bands, a 40-foot Ferris wheel and veggie-burgers galore. With its widespread vending and laid-back camping vibe, "L.S.D." filled the renowned raceway and rolling, green hills of Monterey County with a vision of what Altamont should have been.

Headlining the first two days of the sunny but breezy weekend were Grateful-Dead-

meets-Captain-Beefheart-in-Ornette-Coleman's-basement faves Phish. Besides playing an incredibly close-to-perfect four-part *a cappella* version of "Freebird" (all those screeching guitar solos were *sung*), Phish was joined by Primus leader Les Claypool (playing that day with Sausage) for a transcendent and funky half-hour jam. "I want to play in as many different bands as possible, to keep it fresh," cited Claypool, backstage between sets.

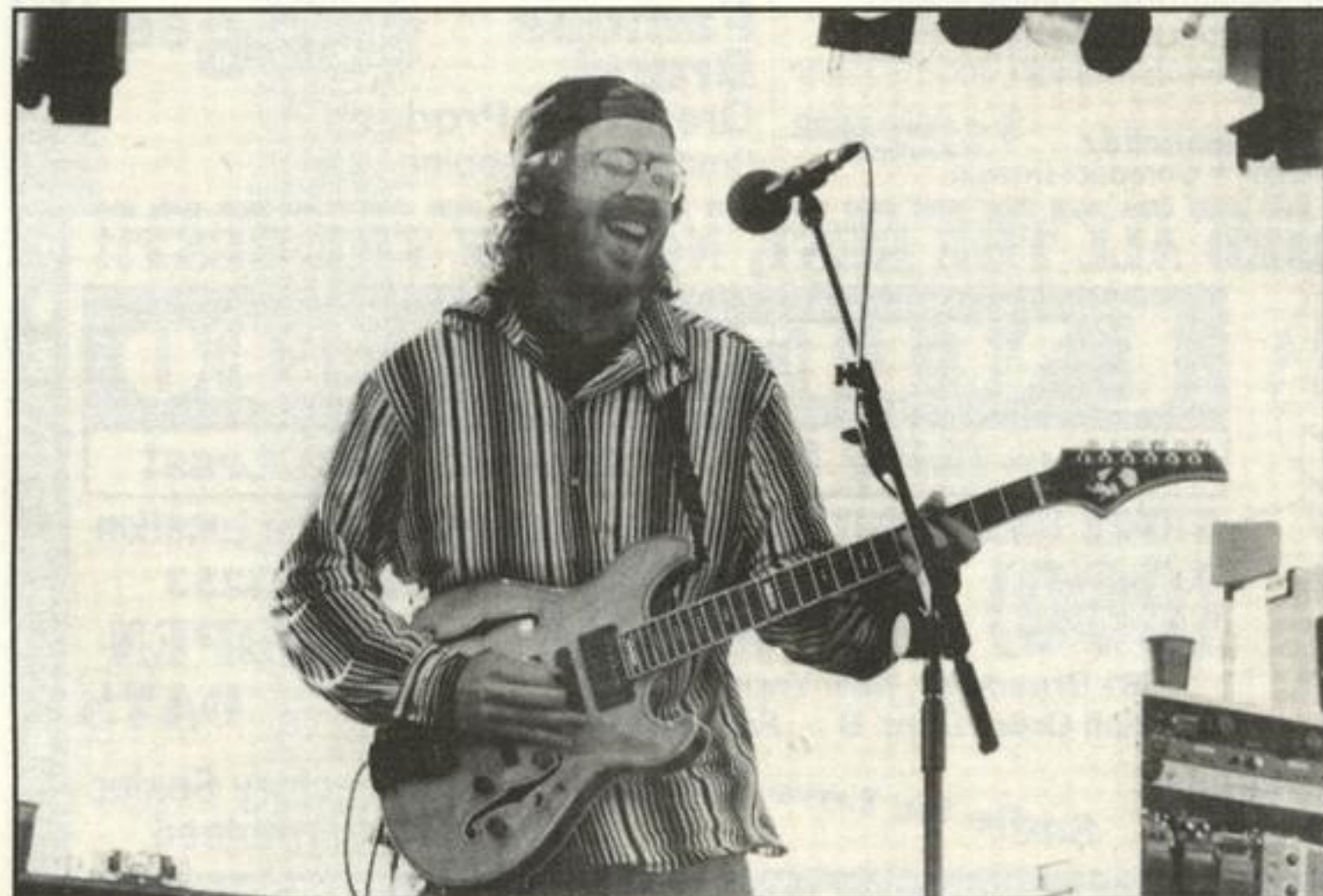
Openers Jambay and Papa's Culture pulled off short but hot sets to start the festival. Winners for replicating last year's high-energy

Allman Brothers set had to be newcomers, the Freddy Jones Band, replete with strong shared vocals and a smokin' double-guitar attack. The Chicago-based Jonesers—the band was originally named "Fred"—have been receiving national airplay with two great songs from its debut on the Capricorn label. Both "In A Daydream" and "Take Your Time" have that near-timeless quality of combining strong melodies with effortless jamming.

Sausage—featuring Claypool's amazingly fluid, funky and other-worldly bass grooves—provided a definite sense of the alternative, venturing near Syd Barrett-land at times. Pop-rockers the Gin Blossoms, however, were plagued by technical problems and failed to ignite any passion in the crowd, despite playing several bona fide hits from its multi-million selling debut. Vermont-bred brainy rockers Phish headlined Saturday and Sunday by playing two high-energy sets both days, creating a mass of dancing bodies in the crowd with material from all five of its albums, including the recent *Hoist* (Elektra). Phish was clearly the crowd favorite the first day, as the madcap quartet rocked long and hard in a brisk and chilly inland Monterey wind. Having developed a solid national following, the group has integrated humor, hard rock, bluegrass, funk and jazz into a jam-oriented stew unlike any other.

The second day started with the Bay Area's newest signed jam band, Mother Hips, who mixed '60s-style psychedelic grooves with funky lyrical structures. 4-Non Blondes, also from the Bay Area, performed a low-key set. They had a huge year in 1993 with the platinum-selling debut, *Bigger, Better, Faster, More* (Interscope), but didn't seem to connect with the crowd. Definitely connecting was Boulder, Colorado's Big Head Todd & the Monsters, who ripped up long sets the last two days with fiery Hendrix-like guitar and vocals from Todd Mohr. The power-trio Monsters, who just a few days later went to San Diego to open for the Eagles, easily won the crowd over both days. They are steadily working towards a follow-up to their successful debut, *Sister Sweetly* (Giant).

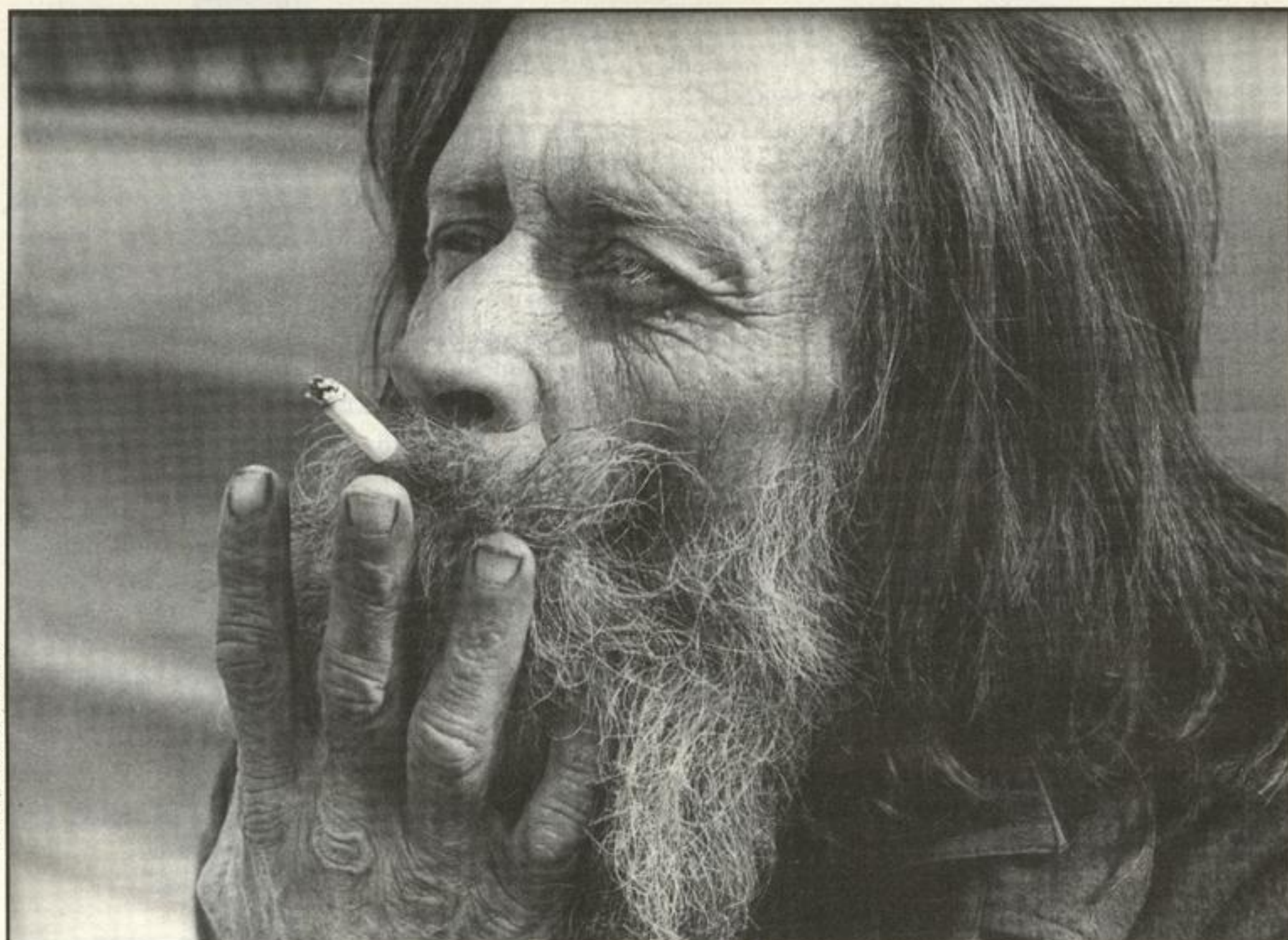
Beatle-esque songstress Sam Phillips provided some spicy in-between song patter for the mostly twenty-something crowd, accompanied by guitarist-producer-husband T-Bone Burnett. She dedicated the rockin' "Baby I Can't Please You" to "that handsome devil Rush Limbaugh and his friend, Jerry Falwell, who just announced their engagement, by the way," with tongue, and tootsie pop, firmly in cheek.



Trey Anastasio of Phish



Meat Puppets



SOUR GRAPES

AN INTERVIEW WITH SKIP SPENCE

by Johnny Angel • Part 2

Winter of Discontent

Today, as is the case with many institutionalized paranoid-schizophrenics, Spence is on a combination of antipsychotic drugs. He takes prolixin and artane, the former to curb the level of his schizophrenia, the latter to prevent seizures and lessen the side-effects of the former. In the lexicon of the mental health profession, this is euphemistically called a "cocktail," and it leaves Spence's mouth dry, adding to his already prodigious consumption of beverages. Because alcohol and caffeine interact with the drugs, heightening their effects, Spence seems less coherent than he really is. "I had him up here for Christmas," says his brother Richard Young. "Wouldn't let him drink beer or coffee, and my God, he was amazing."

Years of abuse have taken their toll, though, and by the end of a two-hour interview, Spence becomes incomprehensible, chattering to himself. "On a bad night, Skip will pace the floor, arguing with his voices," says Gloria from his care house. "It's awful when you're trying to sleep. During the day, when he's talking to the voices loudly, we say, 'Skip, you tell your voices to shut up!' which is standard operating procedure. Skip can be trying on your nerves, but I'll tell you this. Nobody in this house is trying harder to get better than he is, and in the last few years, he's made amazing progress."

On San Fernando Street, Spence has built a reputation as a kind of psychedelic Paul Bunyan. "Once he was lying on the lawn not

breathing, and when the ambulance came, the driver looks down and says 'Oh Jesus, it's only Skip,' and Skip sat up laughing," Gloria says. The residence had to have its pay-phone removed because Spence allegedly called the San Jose Police more than once to tell them his roommate was dead, according to Rick, the house manager. When the officers arrived, his bunkmate was alive and well. "Skip probably really thought his roommate was dead," says Rick, the house manager. "He has hallucinations." But his kids and brother say that Spence loves nothing more than a good prank. "Dad's a real practical joker," says Adam Spence. "We all are."

The only hospital stay that Spence says he recalls was a 1979 stint at Santa Cruz's Harbor Hill care center. Most of the '70s and '80s to Spence are a mystery to him, although his sister, a nurse, recalls that "Skip had been in Santa Clara and Napa Valley state hospitals during a lot of that time."

Nor have Spence's bandmates fared much better than he. "Jerry lives in Oregon and plays in bar bands," Lewis says. "Sometimes he'll do stuff like 'The Legendary Grape' with Tiran Porter, the Doobies' bassist. Don sells vacation time-shares and he's really bitter about the Grape fiasco, but he'll do the occasional reunion gig. I'm doing a solo record for Taxis, a German label, with John McFee, who is also in the Doobies. Bob quit the band in 196—he couldn't take the record company-manager bullshit—and joined the Marines, hoping to go to 'Nam."

Mosely, too, was diagnosed as paranoid-schizophrenic and discharged in 1970 from

the Marine Corps. After making one record as a solo for Reprise in 1971, and doing the Grape's Reprise Records reunion LP *20 Granite Creek* in 1972, Mosely drifted out of sight. Today, he is a street person in San Diego, and a recent article about him in the *San Diego Reader* (in addition to a short *Spartan Daily* feature on Spence) suggests a sort of growth industry in stories about down-and-out members of the Grape. "I haven't seen Bob in two years," adds Lewis. "He was always a fucked-up, abused kid, and he doesn't trust anyone anymore."

Lewis is quick to lay most of the blame for the band's plight upon its old manager Matthew Katz. "He prevented Skip and Bob and the rest of us from playing under the name 'Moby Grape,'" Lewis says bitterly. "Every time we tried he'd slap an injunction on us."

The band's first, and worst, mistake was signing over to Katz the rights to the moniker "Moby Grape," which they did in 1967. "Matthew said he'd stop paying Skippy and Bob's rent if we didn't," Lewis says. "It was an insane, naive thing to do, although what did we know at the time?" All of the band's monies were filtered through Katz, Lewis says, complaining that the former manager has never fully accounted to anyone where the band's royalties went.

Although the California State Labor Board returned the name of the band to its members, this condition didn't last long. Moby Grape granted David Robinson's lawyer, Nick Clainos, who is now the head of Bill Graham Presents, power of attorney to negotiate a settlement in which Katz agreed to not be involved in the band's 1972 reunion in exchange for the name and the rights to *Moby Grape* and *Wow*. Katz's ownership of these rights explains why neither Spence nor his son nor Spence's lawyer Glen Miskel knew until recently about the Palominos' "Omaha," to say nothing of receiving any royalties from this recording.

"Every decision anyone in the group ever made was a mistake," says Lewis. "Back in the early '70s, after our first reunion crapped out, Skippy started playing with these guys in San Jose, and asked me to play rhythm guitar with them. Anything Skip is involved with is great musically, but when I got there, all he wanted to do was produce these guys, John Hartman and Tommy Johnston, and not play. I said, 'naw, man, if you're not playing, I won't do it.'" That San Jose bar band became the Doobie Brothers.

Miskel, on retainer from Grape fan and friend Herbie Herbert, the manager of Journey and Steve Miller, is attempting the almost insurmountable task of wading through the mountains of litigation the band has amassed in the last 27 years. His first priority is to retrieve the band's lost copyrights through a declaratory relief action, a suit that doesn't seek damages, only the return of the rights to the band. Robinson says he has discovered a power of attorney with five signatures on it, but Miskel claims the document is null and void because both Spence and Mosely had been diagnosed as schizophrenics and were therefore not competent to sign. Miskel said his efforts seemed to be going well until Sony countersued last Christmas Eve to force a change of venue to New York City. Miskel filed his complaint in San Francisco anyway, and is hoping Sony will comply, rather than stonewall the group.

"I have no idea why Sony would bother," says Miskel. "It doesn't make any sense to me