

INSIDE: The Triumphant Debut Of The Other Ones!

DEEP REVEALS

DIAMOND NEWS

ON THE ROAD

INTERVIEWS WITH



MICKEY HART

DONNA JEAN



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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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Deadhead

This past summer brought Deadheads what could justifiably be called the triumphant birth of The Other Ones. When Bruce Hornsby first convinced Bob Weir, Phil Lesh and Mickey Hart to bring back to life the spirit of the Grateful Dead in a touring ensemble the first few explorations were passable at best. Filling the man in the black t-shirt slot was, as Mickey Hart has called this challenge, an impossible task. Their first choice for lead guitarist, Stan Franks, just didn't mesh. It was painfully obvious they needed to approach this challenge from a different angle. Much grumbling emanated from their initial practice sessions. Chaos ruled. The magic had yet to be properly summoned. Alchemy had yet to be achieved. Of course the road to success was very different now from when the Dead were doing 70-80 shows per year. In getting this new ensemble up and properly running Bob, Phil, Mickey and friends needed to build an entirely new magic bus. Not an easy thing for men in their fifties to tackle!

Fortunately, they had the objectivity to see that Stan Franks needed to be replaced and they hired Steve Kimock (admired for his work with Zero) and Mark Karan (of the Rembrants, Dave Mason, and Huey Lewis). The positive result of this change was almost immediate. The first public performance of this revised ensemble was met with unanimous thumbs up. Not only did they play well...they played a fantastic set list that left Deadheads very excited for summer tour. It seems the band is well aware of the formula:

St. Stephen > The Eleven + concert audience = ticket sales.

And from that point on it got better and better. We witnessed fantastic set lists chock full of lots of jamming. Adventure and exploration have been the integral components of every performance on tour. And they even breathed life into old warhorse tunes by reinventing them. When all is said and done the summer of 1998 gave us an incredible opportunity to enjoy the essential elements of the Grateful Dead Experience once again. We truly witnessed the metaphorical Phoenix rising!

But then, in early September, Phil Lesh was admitted to the hospital in critical condition with liver failure. Less than a week later he was out of critical condition and back at home resting but this sobering turn of events has once again cast doubt on the future of the GD family as a touring entity. One

thing is for sure: life is so precious, so fleeting, that when a creative force as magical as the Grateful Dead or the Other Ones somehow manages to synergize we need to fully appreciate it. I'm sure all of you will join me in wishing Phil a speedy recovery. It was a pure thrill to see him leading the Other Ones and I pray we get to experience this magic soon again.

On another front I've been plenty busy "researching" a wide variety of other bands. After Dick Latvala scolded me for not checking them out years ago, I finally made the effort to experience the David Nelson Band. Wow! This ensemble is a true channel to the same ineffably joyous spirit we all love and miss in the Dead. DNB's vibe is most often mellow and laid back, very much like the same groove Garcia often inhabited in his music, particularly that explored by his own band. Like Garcia DNB loves to jam, raising the energy to a boil without needing to scream. A rare trait, one that will speak to your heart.

On a related note, this summer I've launched a new, free in-concert publication (much like the old free Dupree's flyer). It's called In Da Groove and unlike the old flyer it will cover a much wider range of music. The idea is to create a sense of community in much the same way as the old flyer seemed to do while keeping all of you up-to-date with the news you hunger for. Look for it at festivals, concerts, stores and clubs nationwide. And while we're on the subject we'd love your help in handing In Da Groove out. Many of you used to really enjoy handing out the Dupree's flyer in concert...it was a great way to meet people and spread the good vibes. We expect the same will hold true with In Da Groove. Contact us at 413-586-7788.

Finally, I'd like to express my deep-felt gratitude for all of the compliments many of you have been sending my way regarding how much you love Volume One of the Deadhead's Taping Compendium. When working so hard on Volume Two it becomes easy to succumb to the daunting work load inherent in such a project and lose sight of the big picture. Your words of kindness make my partner Michael and I realize all the effort and struggle have been a sound investment.

In Light,

Johnny Dwork ◊

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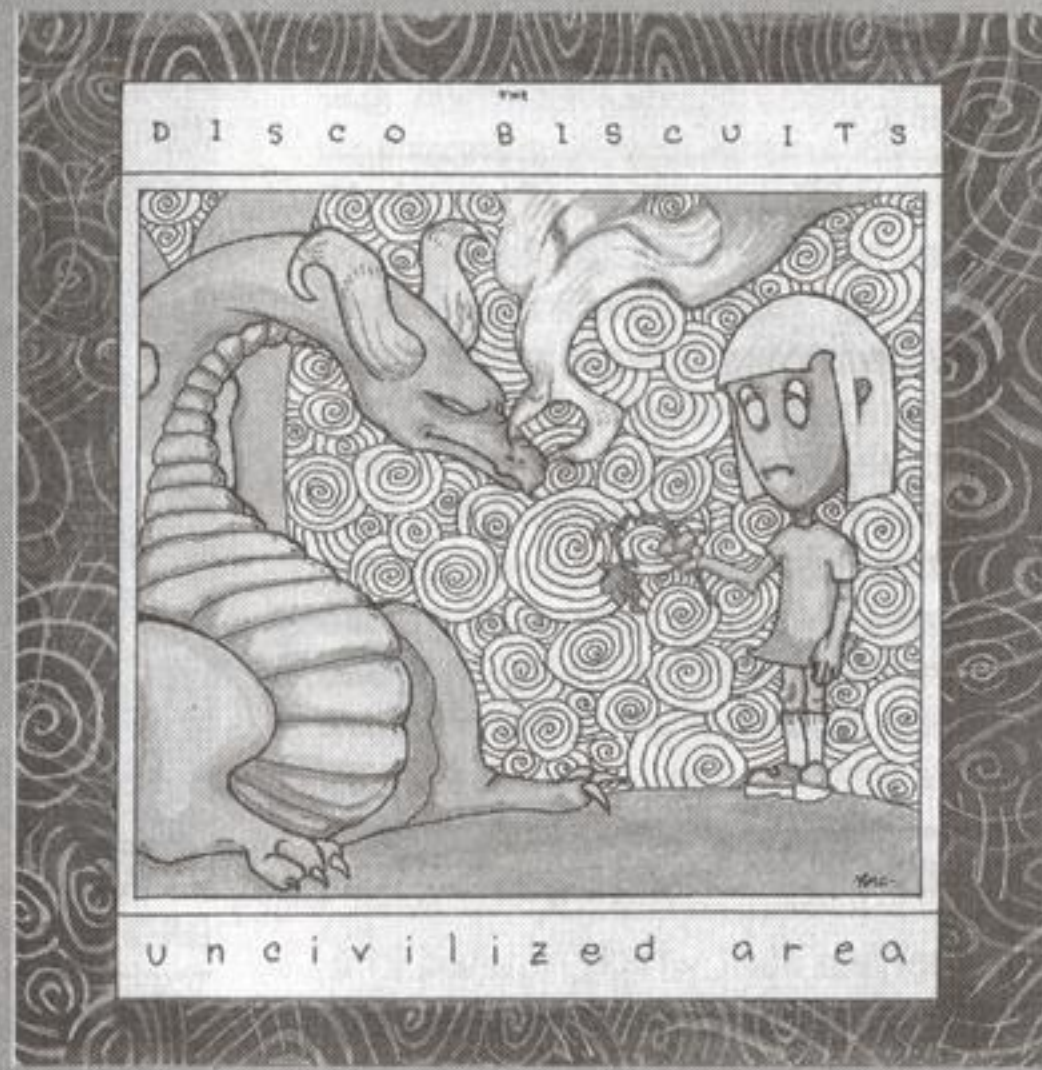
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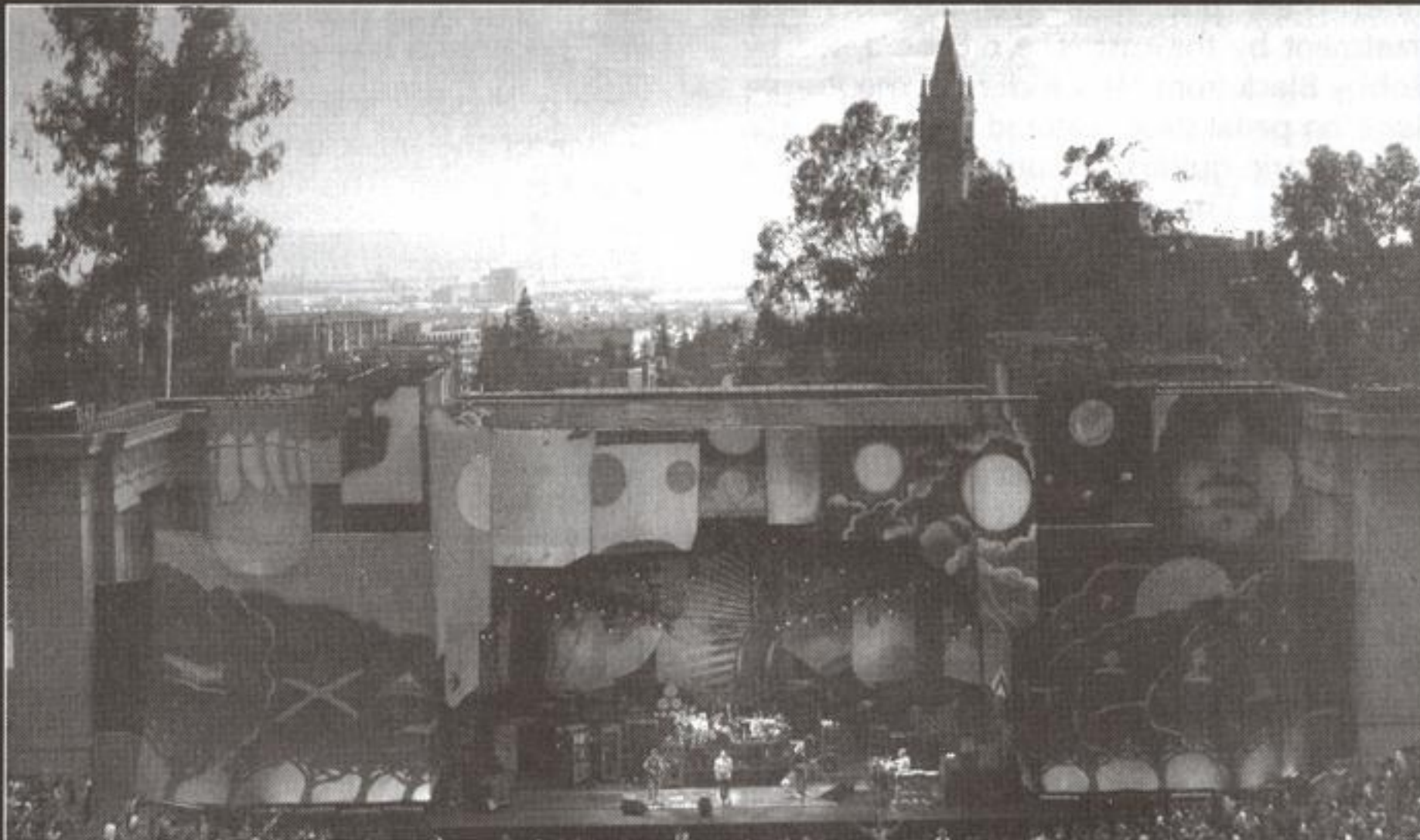
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DDN Notes

THE OTHER ONES

The biggest news of the summer, of course, is the **Other Ones** tour. Among the faces from the past, are two "new" guitarists and a drummer. The drummer is none other than **John Molo** who comes to the Other Ones from Bruce Hornsby's band. Guitarist **Mark Karan** is best known for his work with **The Rembrandts**, but has also played with **Huey Lewis** and **Dave Mason**. **Steve Kimock** remains the lead guitarist for **Zero**, but has also played with **Missing Man Formation** among others.

BACKBONE BREAKS

Following a one-year stint which resulted in a handful of shows and an unmemorable CD, **Billy Kreutzmann's** band **Backbone** has broken up. (Did we just hear a collective sigh of relief?) It seems Billy is interested in working with a more jazz-oriented sound. We'll have to wait and see what comes next.

DEAD WATCH

Grateful Dead alumni are everywhere. **Vince Welnick's** **Missing Man Formation** continues to please mostly West Coast audiences with its fresh covers and blues attitude. **Bob Weir's** **Ratdog** waits in the wings until the end of the Other Ones tour along with the Satchel Paige project, which has been progressing rather slowly. **Phil Lesh** continues work on his Terrapin Station symphony project while planning upcoming gigs with various musicians in the Bay Area to benefit the Unbroken Chain Foundation. **Bruce Hornsby** has a double CD coming out in late August which includes more than twenty new songs. **Mickey Hart's** latest CD is also due out in late August. Featuring an other-worldly female vocalist from the Bay Area, the new CD, "Supralingua" promises to be pretty radical — **Planet Drum** meets techno.

THIS ONE'S A KEEPER

Merl Saunders has recently released another **Merl & Friends** recording through Fantasy Records aptly titled "Keepers." This CD features performances with **Jerry Garcia**, **Vassar Clements**, **David Grisman**, **Tom Fogerty**, **John Kahn** and others. Even more exciting is the reliable rumor of a **Merl and Friends** release scheduled for later this summer featuring **Merl** playing with **Steve Kimock**, **Jorma Kaukonen**, **Dr. John**, **Jerry Garcia**, **John Popper** and (hold onto your hats) **Trey Anastasio**. That one is sure to be a keeper.

MISSING MAN GETS PRANKED

Vince Welnik got on the bus, quite literally, during a day outing with the **Pranksters** in Eugene, OR. Prior to the **Missing Man**

Formation gig on April 27th, the **Pranksters** and **Missing Man** dropped in on local radio stations and handed out flyers to passersbys. The pre-show festivities ended with **Missing Man** performing *Samba in the Rain* on top of the **Furthur** bus! Later that evening, **Missing Man** put on an impressive show which continued until 4 a.m.

OOPS!

We printed the incorrect address for the **Grateful Dead Hour** Internet mailing list in Issue #38. The correct email address is: gdh-request@lists.best.com type only the word "subscribe" in the body of the message.

BROADWAY BOUND

Having recently premiered as month-long run at the Bay Area's San Jose Stage Company, **Michael Norman Mann's** musical "**Cumberland Blues**" has serious potential for a run on Broadway. The musical is not the expected acid-soaked sunshine daydream. Instead, it is set in the 1930's in an abandoned Appalachian mining town. Fashioned from **Hunter** lyrics on "Workingman's Dead," Peter Jones, a mine owner doomed to die of black lung, is the central character. The storyline is primarily a character study of Jones, his three sons and an adopted daughter. The tone and action of the scenes change to exquisitely match eighteen **Grateful Dead** songs primarily from "**Workingman's Dead**" and "**American Beauty**." There's a road sequence, a poker game, and, ultimately, the death of Peter Jones. These tunes were given basic on-stage treatment by the cast. The orchestra, led by **Bobby Black** from **New Riders of the Purple Sage** on pedal steel, featured several acoustic and electric guitars, an upright bass and a mandolin. The song list of the musical includes: *Cumberland Blues*, *Uncle John's Band*, *Ripple*, *Candyman*, *Deal*, *Black Peter*, *He's Gone*, *High Time*, *Friend of the Devil* and many others.

DICK'S PICKS VOLUME 10

12/29 & 30/77 Winterland Arena — This 3-CD set is bursting with some of the **Dead's** most inspired playing — EVER! The first CD opens with a seriously rousing first set. **Jerry** marches through each of the tunes with fervor and passion. Each song is masterfully crafted with edge and power. Although the entire first set shines with the brightness of a supernova, it is *Jack Straw*, *They Love Each Other*, and *Minglewood* that stand out. The nucleus of this show is the explosive *Playing In The Band* medley which opens the floodgates to the one of the sweetest moments in **Grateful Dead** history. Surging and dripping with ectoplasmic goo, the jam eventually gives way to the triumphant return of *China Cat Sunflower* which had lay dormant since the farewell show at Winterland in '74. *I Know*

You Rider > *China Doll* > *Playing Jam* all evolve with grace and strength. A muscular *Drums* fluxes into fire-breathing *Not Fade Away*. The triumphant climax back into *Playin'* feels like a return after a long adventure. The rare *Terrapin* and rockin' *Johnny B. Goode* double encore close this legendary show in gorgeous form. The 45 minute *Estimated > Eyes > St. Stephen > Sugar Magnolia* "filler" from the 30th is also delicious. With wonderful liner notes by show attendee **Michael Nash** and pictures to delight your eyes, this latest **Dick's Picks** release is, as the **Caveat Emptor** on the CD package states, "nothing more or less than just exactly perfect."

DICK'S PICK VOLUME 11

9/27/72 Stanley Theater, NJ — For many, many years the tapes from 9/28/72, the show which followed the performance featured on this release, were considered to document one of the very best shows from this astounding year. A very poor quality audience tape of the 27th was all that circulated — poor enough to make it almost unlistenable, and certainly unappreciated. For a good number of years **Dick Latvala** had been telling friends that the 27th was not only the hottest of the three night stand (they also played on the 26th) but of the entire fall tour. This superlative three CD set proves **Dick** was right. It's a release every **Deadhead** should own. The band starts off with *Morning Dew*...and that in itself says volumes about what you can expect. The *Bird Song* is one of the all-time great versions. The *Playing In The Band* drips. *Greatest Story Ever Told* is electrifying. And the *Dark Star* is almost as spacey as 8/27/72. The segue from out of deep psychedelic space into *Cumberland Blues* is one of the most unexpected transitions you'll ever hear. This *Cumberland* is nothing short of scorching hot. Like the **Dick's Picks** of 2/13,14/70 and 5/2/70, this release will once again prove that the **Dead** can successfully market music which **Deadheads** already have on tape. They should use this as impetus to put 8/27/72 and 5/8/77 out on CD.

GRATEFUL DEAD ON QVC?

Weird. That's the only word we can use to describe the June 6th episode of "Extreme Shopping" on the QVC home shopping television show. **Grateful Dead** tape vault archivist **Dick Latvala** and veteran **GD** roadie **Steve Parrish** debuted the release of **Dick's Pick 11** on late night TV with what was certainly the most "out there" segment this channel has broadcasted so far. The event started out with a skit during which **Steve Parrish** awoke from a dream, popped pills, and then stumbled around the **Dead's** studio wearing eye shadow, a wig, a suit and tie and war paint on his face. Next, **Bob Weir** and **Stan Franks** appeared and promptly gave

Parrish a pie in the face. End of skit. Then, back in the studio things got a touch more normal as the two hosts did a stoned rant about the release. In one of the few moments of clarity Steve did something enormously cool: he showed off the old amp used by Garcia during the recording of Live Dead and the guitar played by Jerry on the Europe 72 tour. On one hand this show was an exercise in extreme juvenilism — it couldn't have been much sillier. On the other hand, Parrish had the wisdom to do this inherently absurd gig in the only way a true Prankster should.

LESS SUN FOR PHILLY

Philadelphia's Deadhead community gathered for two final **Splintered Sunlight** shows in early June. For the more memorable of the two, fans boarded a local cruiseship for a farewell concert on the Delaware river. **Butchie Sochorow**, the Dead cover band's lead guitarist, has since relocated to the Bay Area, leaving the popular band's future uncertain at best. Bay Area Heads should keep an eye out for this exceptionally talented Jerry-style guitarist — he's bound to pop up somewhere.

BIG BROTHER STILL HOLDING

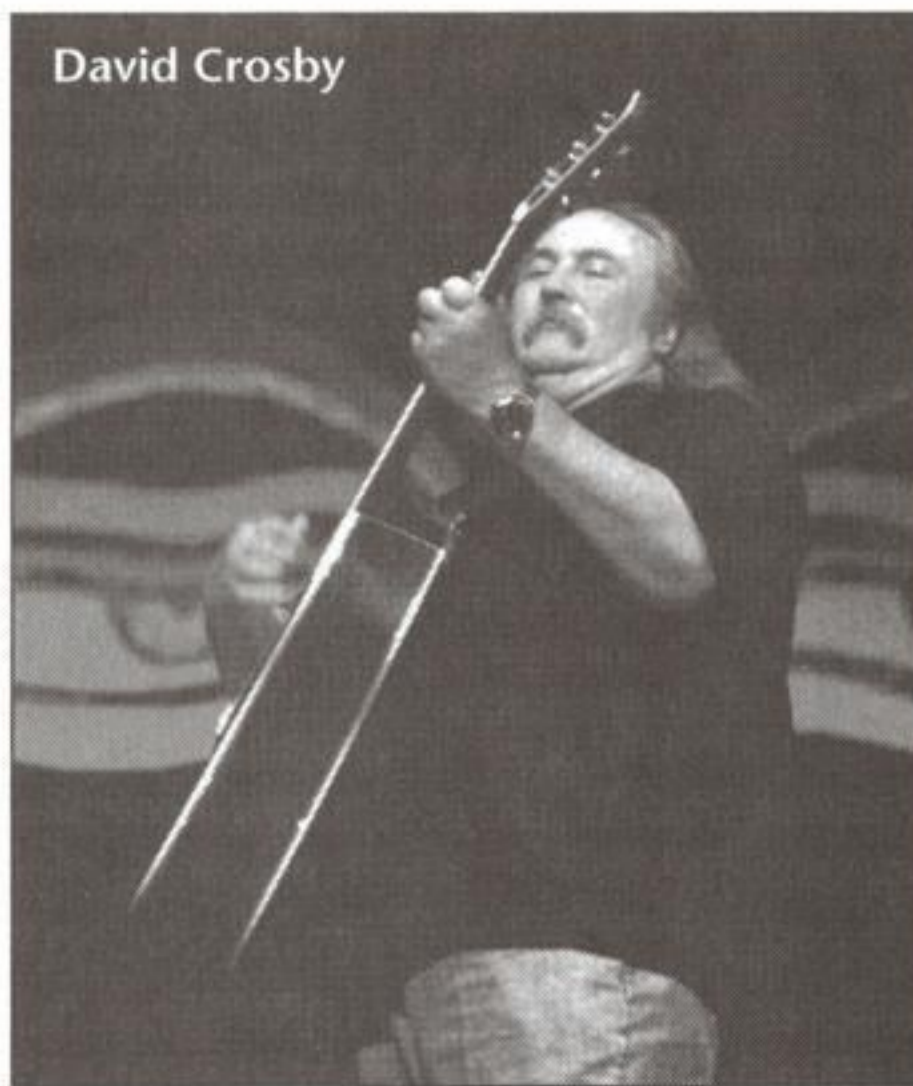
Big Brother and the Holding Company, **Janis Joplin's** former band, has resumed touring recently. Only two original members remain with **Big Brother**, Sam Andrew and Peter Albin. A five-state tour which included OR, WA, CA, PA and NY finished up early in July. The band plans to tour France and Italy in the fall. Recent CD releases include newly recorded "Do What You Love" and the live recording "Big Brother at Winterland '68."

GROOVY MARKETING

It seems our favorite groovy bands are blazing new trails in marketing and promotion. This past winter, the management of **String Cheese Incident** arranged travel packages for fans to see the band in Negril, Jamaica. Similarly, Zero's management handled all the details for an extended weekend jaunt to Hawaii so that their fans could catch **Zero** performing with **Backbone**. Now the **Ominous Seapods** have organized a Las Vegas weekend getaway for their fans on August 8th & 9th. The Seapods will be playing two shows at Legends Lounge on the Strip to celebrate the release of their latest live CD, "Matinee Idols." Indeed, publicists and managers of the new generation of jam bands are every bit as creative as the musicians themselves. Another great example of this was a contest held by **moe.** and **JamTV** this spring on the Internet. Kicked off by a live cybercast of **moe.** laying down tracks in the recording studio, the contest was an on-line scavenger hunt following the story line of the popular **moe.** tune *Timmy Tucker*.

SEVA 20TH ANNIVERSARY BENEFIT

The small invitation read: "Dear Friends, we would like to invite you to 'Sing Out for Seva, A Celebration of 20 Years of Service,' on



Friday, May 15 at the Berkeley Community Theatre. Starring David Crosby, Graham Nash and Phil Lesh, with Bob Weir, Mickey Hart, Odetta, Jackson Browne and more." Who could resist? Never mind that we live in North Carolina. That's what credit cards and frequent flyer miles are for!

If you are not familiar with the work of Seva, you should be. The Seva Foundation was formed in 1978 by a group of committed, caring men and women, including Ram Dass and Wavy Gravy, to relieve human suffering around the world.

Wavy Gravy was Ringmaster of the evening's festivities and got the show off to a prompt start. He tried in vain to play down the fact that it was also his 62nd birthday, wanting Seva to be in the spotlight, but spontaneous singing and cheers burst out on his behalf all night.

In a poignant demonstration of how deeply committed he is to Seva, Ram Dass was the first guest, despite the debilitating effects of his recent stroke. Although his physical body is confined to a wheelchair and he suffers difficulty speaking, his soaring spirit filled the theater. With eloquence and humor, he emphasized the desperate need for compassionate service to those who are oppressed by poverty and illness.

The first musical guest was folk artist Dan Bern. Dan's quirky, tongue-in-cheek humor begs comparisons to early Dylan, and fans were treated to *Jerusalem*, *Wasteland*, *Marilyn*, *Oh Sister*, and a rollicking *Fascist In Me*. My only criticism was that it seemed that other artists were not given as much time. The next performer of the evening was Iris DeMent. Her throbbing vocals and poetic lyrics were lovely, with the mournful *Easy's Getting Harder Every Day*, *Our Town*, and *Let The Mystery Be* providing a sweet but somewhat somber note for the evening. Charlie Musselwhite brought the mood back up with his virtuoso blues harp. Charlie is a living legend, and his depth and passion were a treat.

Mickey Hart was the finale of the first set. Mickey had assembled a wonderful gathering of percussionists, which, according to Seva's Amy Sherts, was one of the evening's

surprises. "Mickey just asked us at the last minute, did we mind if he brought along a bunch of other drummers," Amy told me. "Mind? Should we mind?" Amy replied, laughing.

No one minded at all. The first number was *Poem for Luna*. Mickey explained that it was from a poem written by Julia Hill (Julia Butterfly) who, for months, has been protesting the logging of the old-growth forests of the Headwaters, by living in a giant, ancient tree known as "Luna." Calling for our positive energy to be sent to her during the performance, Mickey's group included Bob Bralove, Sikiru Adepoju and his own little daughter Reya, who danced a swirling, completely captivating dance. Seemingly oblivious to the audience, this beautiful child provided one of the most unexpected, transcendent moments of the show. Then, in a special appearance, the great Hamza El Din joined the group and led a performance of *Olin Araged*, which ushered us into the intermission in a magical style.

After a rushed break, the show kicked into high gear. Following a brief report from Seva's executive director, James O'Dea, Ramblin' Jack Elliott strode out and treated us to Tim Hardin's *Reason To Believe*, and Dylan's *Don't Think Twice*. The crowd cheered when Bobby Weir then joined him for a duet of *Friend Of The Devil* that was somewhat rough, but heartfelt and clearly fun.

Ramblin' Jack exited, leaving Bob to perform an acoustic solo of *K.C. Moan*. Then, in another surprise of the evening, he was joined by Rob Wasserman, performing *Easy To Slip*, featuring a long, sweet jam. Then, out came Stan Franks and Mickey to join in on a delicious, wonderful *Cassidy*.

Next up, the legendary Odetta. By pure will, she compelled the audience to join in a sing-along of *Kumbaya*. It was surprisingly moving. Then she performed *Something Inside So Strong*. Inspiring and beautiful, her presence is incredibly powerful and was a highlight of the evening.

John Trudell, the famous Santee Sioux poet then recited a special work written to honor Seva's anniversary. And then Jackson Browne stepped into the spotlight. He was accompanied by Jeff Peavar, the guitarist that is currently playing with David Crosby's new band, CPR. Jackson did a haunting rendition of *The Next Voice You Hear*. Jeff's underplayed but glittering guitar work provided a strong undercurrent that gave the performance a deep resonance. Jackson then announced that for this special occasion, he wanted to perform a number he has only rarely done publicly, *Lights and Virtues*. This was apparent when he had to stop twice during the lead-in and restart from the beginning. He handled it with aplomb and the wait was worth it. All too briefly his own set was over, but he was then joined by Graham Nash and David Crosby for a spine-tingling *Lives In The Balance*. The entwining of their three voices, with Jeff Peavar's stunning guitar work was utterly gorgeous.

Wavy was then treated to a huge birthday cake, brought out by the Clown Conspiracy,

and then it was time for the feature of the night. Phil Lesh, David Crosby, Graham Nash and Jeff Peavar blew the crowd away with an incredible *I Used To Be A King*. Then they were joined by Croz's son James Raymond (the R in CPR) on piano for David's classic *Laughing*. David's soaring vocals have never been better and the theater fairly levitated with his passionate voice. But things got even better. They then performed a gorgeous *Box of Rain*, with Phil in the lead, of course. The set was then crowned by a stellar *Wooden Ships*, that melted the place down.

The finale of the night was when almost the entire lineup called for the audience to join in for a heart-felt *Ripple* that left few dry eyes in the house. That led into everyone, onstage and off, singing *Teach Your Children*. Jeff Peavar's guitar was as if he was channeling Jerry himself. Never overpowering anyone, his slide was the essence of Jerry's pedal steel work on this song, and sent chills through everyone. Finally, Odetta led everyone in *Amazing Grace* to close this show of exquisite power and depth.

Amy Sherts of Seva had mailed me the invitation to purchase our tickets directly from Seva, so we were able to get the premium tickets that included a post-show reception and a gorgeous event poster designed and signed by Alton Kelly. And what a reception it was! Held at the nearby Veteran's building, it featured a lavish spread of hors d'oeuvres, open beer and wine bar, soft drinks and, of course, plenty of Wavy Gravy ice cream from Ben and Jerry's. Graham, Phil, Jackson, Bobby, and Ramblin' Jack circulated freely at the party, generously pausing to sign posters and chat. With psychedelic lighting and various selections from the featured artists playing over the P.A., the celebrations continued into the wee hours, until at last, this fantasy evening faded into the joyous annals of our continuing musical scene.

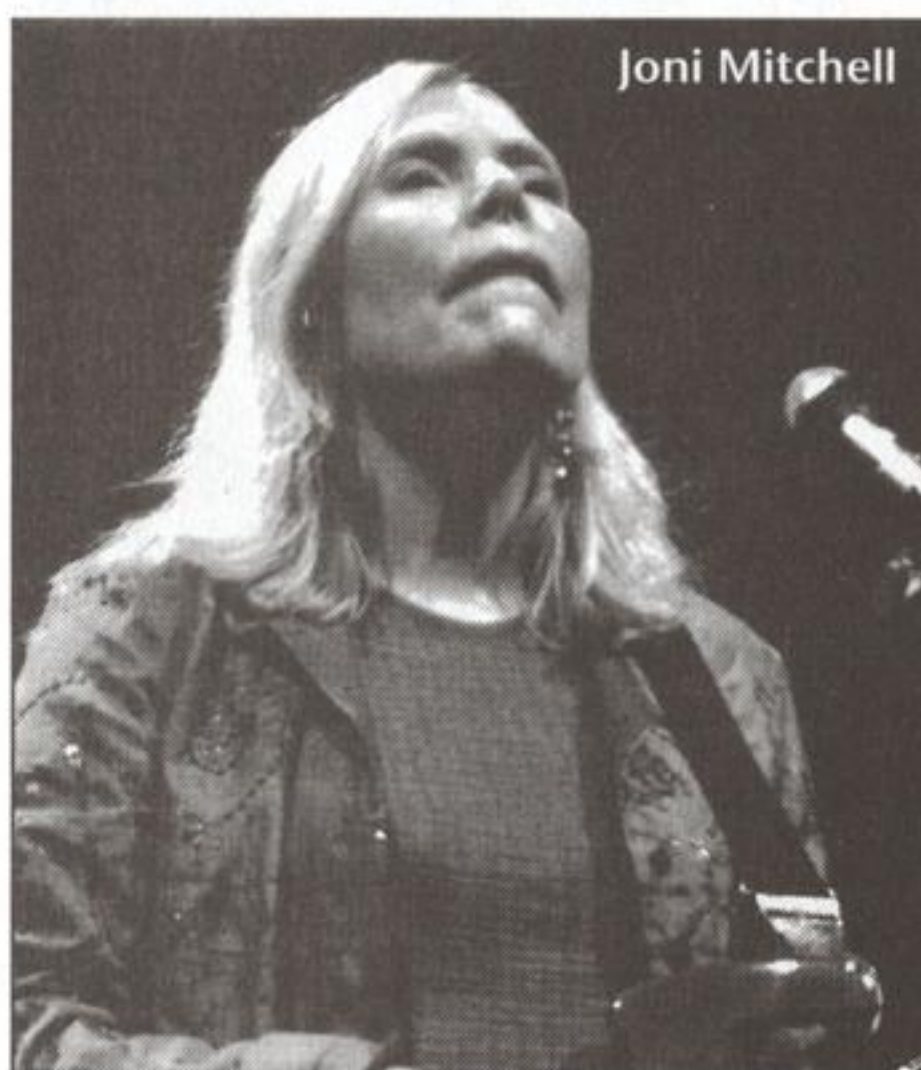
If you are interested in donating to Seva, you can write to them at: Seva Foundation, 1786 Fifth Street, Berkeley, CA 94710.

— BETH LIVINGSTON

VAN, JONI AND BOB STUN SAN JOSE

After shelling out serious money for tickets to this Greatest Living Songwriters of the English Language triple bill, I arrived at the San Jose Arena on May 19th with dangerously high expectations. I didn't have much time to dwell on them, however, because the show started early.

Kicking off the party, Van Morrison's lanky backup vocalist, Brian Kennedy sang sweetly and soulfully over the band's solid renditions of *You Make Me Feel So Free* and *Sweet Thing*, while many folks were still finding their seats. The audience settled in at last when Mister Van Morrison jogged out onstage, dressed in his customary coat, black hat and shades, and tore through *Burning Ground*. Next was *Fire In The Belly*, and Van really got the band cooking for this one, churning up a momentous groove that propelled us all through the entire rest of the set, including a hypnotic *It Once Was My Life*, *That's Life* (for Frank



Sinatra), a moody *Raincheck*, a quick run-through of *Days Like This*, followed by a hot and brassy *Cleaning Windows* and *Vanlose Stairway*. *Whenever God Shines His Light* and a full-textured *Satisfied* followed, and then, invoking the Godfather of Soul, Van and Brian brewed up a stormy *Man's World* to close the set. Seconds later, he trotted back out for an encore stew of *Have I Told You Lately* > *See Me Through* > *Soldier Of Fortune* > *Thank U Falettin Me* > *Burning Ground*, leaving us gently, but still rocking.

After the fast-chugging beat, wild yodeling, and horn flourishes of Van and company, Joni's *Night Ride Home* deftly guided us to quieter pastures and conjured a rapport with the audience, so her finely wrought lyrics and the excellent playing from her band (the positively telepathic Brian Blade on drums, Greg Liesz on pedal steel, and Larry Klein on bass) got the attention they deserved. She acknowledged having allergy problems, but they didn't dampen her playful, almost impish charm, and her voice lost none of its evocative power. After *Crazy Cries Of Love*, Joni apologized for not playing much older material, then launched into a string of '70s songs: *Harry's House*, *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, *Just Like This Train*. Then came a wonderful series from "Hejira": *Black Crow*, *Amelia* and *Hejira*. She introduced *Big Yellow Taxi* with an invitation to sing along, and the crowd took her at her word, filling in the plummeting "Ple-e-e-ase" she left out. She closed the set with four of her more recent tunes: *Facelift*, *Sex Kills*, *Magdalene Laundries*, and *Moon At The Window*, but returned to a syncopated *Woodstock* for her spell-binding encore. After Joni's agile, intimate set, I felt I'd already gotten my full ticket's worth — but I still had room for some Bob for dessert.

Bob's opener, *Absolutely Sweet Marie* set a feverish-to-manic tone for the rest of the show, during most of which Bob was strutting around, striking guitar-hero poses, and obviously enjoying the band. *The Man in Me* showed off Bob's impassioned vocals (such as they are) and his super-tight, Nashville-flavored band. *Cold Irons Bound* slowly uncoiled the darker, grittier Dylan, before *Just Like A Woman* brought us all back

to the carnival of romance. *Silvio* felt slightly rushed, and lacked the extended *St. Stephen* jam he sometimes throws into it. A few acoustic gems followed: *Stone Walls And Steel Bars*, an exquisite *Masters Of War* and *Tangled Up In Blue* (featuring a nice harmonica run). Dylan sounded sweet, and almost sincere, for *To Make You Feel My Love*, and then raged through an electrifying *Highway 61 Revisited* to close his set. He came back out for an acoustic *Forever Young*, a skulking *Love Sick*, and then a smoking *Rainy Day Women No. 12 & 35* (during which all the house lights abruptly came on).

The show lasted over four and a half hours, even with only 15 minutes between sets. It was difficult to absorb three intense performances in such rapid succession, but I left there with no regrets and no doubt that I'd witnessed something rare and powerful. Just one complaint: for a new and well-appointed arena, the sound quality varied tremendously, and no one I spoke with had good sound for all three performers.

— EMILY HOYER

DESERT JAM '98

Desert Jam '98, a marathon jam-fest on 5/22-23/1998 at a rustic oasis called Carmen's Ponderosa in Apple Valley, in Southern California's high desert region, was a high-energy, well-attended affair. In El Nino's prodigious wake the desert landscape was more lushly green than one might expect, yucca blossoms abundant, snow-capped mountains adding majesty along the northern horizon, with cool spring breezes making it all the more pleasant.

The festivities began on Friday evening with a dance party hosted by DJ David Gans, who spun Grateful Dead tapes for those who arrived early. The J.O.E. light show added a trippy visual dimension to the proceedings. A communal atmosphere reigned, as camping was allowed on the grounds and most of the attendees had come for the whole weekend. Live music began on Saturday morning, with the band Random Spark, regulars on the SoCal jam circuit. Though their set was plagued by sound problems, they worked up a head of steam admirable for a bunch of musicians trying to jump-start a hippie crowd at 10:30 am. The second band to perform was Peculiar Boogie, a mostly female outfit with a male rhythm section providing just the right proportion of testosterone. Peculiar Boogie is not really a jam band; rather they play straight-up, fairly concise American Rock and Roll, marked by soaring guitar leads and Joplinesque vocals. Their set, too, overcame sound problems to achieve peak intensity during the song *Can't You See*, a passionate, romantic ballad that turns raucous in the middle only to settle back into lushness by its conclusion. Following Peculiar Boogie were the very spacey original stylings of Family Tree. In the tradition of Jefferson Airplane, Family Tree relies upon strong songwriting, warped harmonies and jerky, exploratory guitar leads for its sound. They play very comfortably and intelligently in the

nethersphere. This is music that scrapes the frontiers of meaning a bit when it spreads its breath and extends. The crowd was enraptured with Family Tree's soul-satisfying *Moonwash*, a long, dreamy masterful platform for adventurous jamming, a mushroom-drenched, transcendent brain-smash that signals Family Tree as a band with a definite future in the post-Dead world.

The day's energy turned ecstatic with the appearance of Electric Blue, currently L.A.'s premiere jam-band. Unleashing blistering, scintillating escalating spirals of sound, Electric Blue combines tight harmonies, visceral rhythms, and precision guitar pyrotechnics to create dramatic swells and silences. They began their set with the signature piece 4:20 at the appropriate time, much to the delight of buzzing multitudes. Electric Blue is at its best when generating a locomotive momentum that invokes a dizzying state of thought-smear, stretching the sonic barrier to the breaking point, though the metallic crunch is tempered by engaging bluesy melodies and interesting lyrics that reflect a sad longing for home. In addition to their own tunes, the band peppered the set with appreciated renditions of *Jack Straw*, *Big River*, *Franklin's Tower*, and an epic *China Cat Sunflower > I Know You Rider*. The set concluded fittingly almost the way it began, with the song *Mighty High*, a state of mind shared by virtually everyone in attendance. As the sun went down, Electric Blue finished its hot set.

Dusk brought the massive textures and intricate rhythmic riffing of Lake Tahoe's Cosmic Freeway. The boys from the north turned in a powerful set of music in the desert. With its organ like a piquant broth being manically swirled, jazzy guitar progressions and leads and loose scat singing, Cosmic Freeway's syncopated groove shook with funk and force. The songs had a deliberate amorphousness to them. Guitar lines alternately direct and dreamy, classical and romantic, muscular and spiritual, built jams that exuded both coolness and drive. The audience was twirling and bobbing, displaying their pleasure incessantly during the 90-minute set which included a crazy reggae version of Jimi Hendrix's *Fire* and a long, delirious rendition of *Shakedown Street*. Unanimous enthusiastic approval greeted the end of Cosmic Freeway's set, which was capped with a funkified James Brown-style encore.

Following a long set break due to equipment problems, Vince Welnick and Missing Man Formation, the event's headlining act, took the stage to much anticipation. No one knew what to expect. Not only is Vince's new record too new to be comfortably familiar, but this configuration of the band is different from the one on the album. Vince has assembled a very talented group of players to back his mostly Dead-based set. MMF opened with a very long space-jam that included swelling organ, lilting flute, meandering saxophone and great symphonic washes of sound from the rhythm section. The peaking fans were lifted skyward,

many literally standing on their toes, as if being pulled off the ground by celestial strains of the band. Seamlessly, the spacey blur segued into *Way To Go Home*, an excellent choice offering the crowd a song not only very much associated with Vince, but also familiar to anyone who saw the Grateful Dead between 1990 and 1995. After a brief greeting to the crowd, MMF launched into an a cappella intro to *Here Comes Sunshine*. From there the jam took off in some very impressive directions. Missing Man Formation opened up many of the subtleties of the tune; the trading of organ and soprano saxophone riffs was especially effective and delighted the crowd with its technical dazzle. Another familiar Vince tune, *Samba In The Rain* followed, but unfortunately, the sound problems that had plagued the first two bands of the day returned, making the music muddy beyond recognition. Vince brought *Samba* to an expedient end, at which point he announced a break to work on the problems. Regretfully, at that late hour (it was nearly midnight), with the burned-out crowd having been dancing since morning, Vince was unable to regain the energy he had established in the first 45 minutes of his set, closing the show in a more sedate (though beautiful) mood than it had begun.

— BARRY SMOLIN

AGENTS INFILTRATE PHILADELPHIA

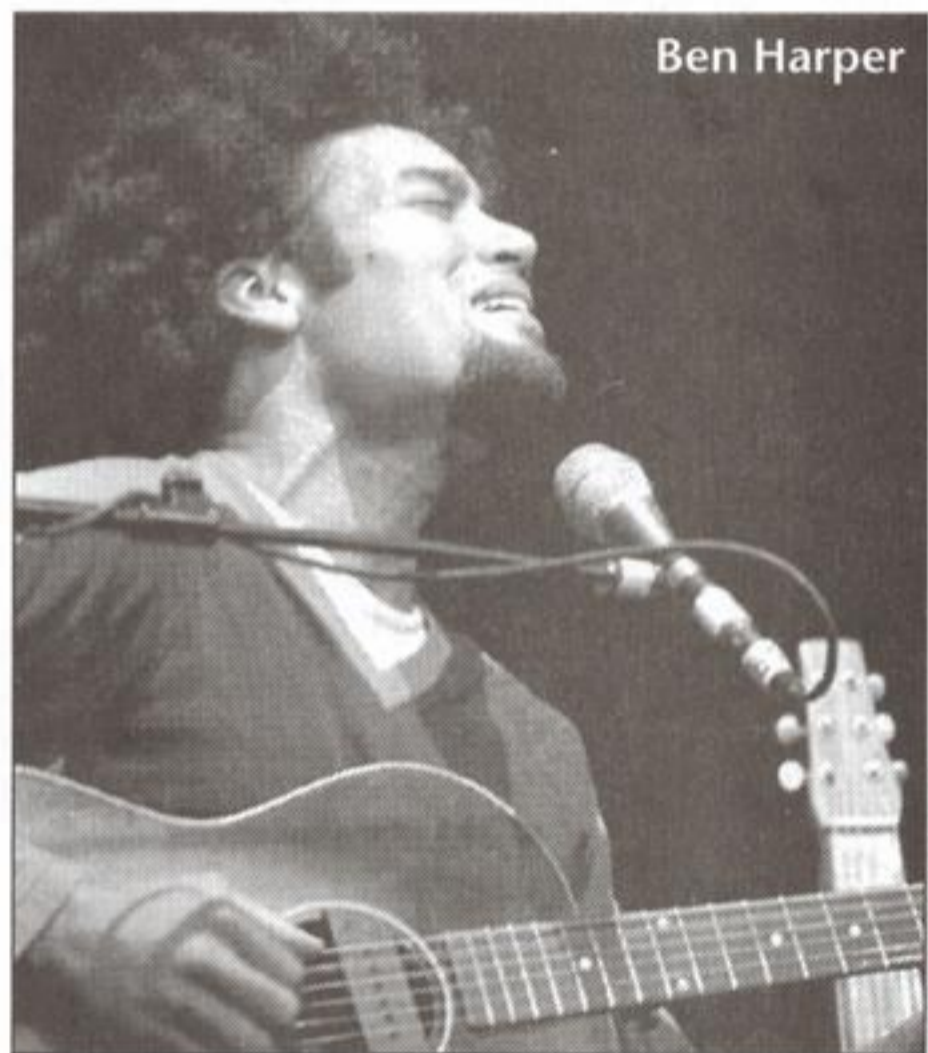
Enjoying significant airplay from alternative and college stations, their RCA recording debut "One by One" defines Agents of Good Roots as a viable player in the scramble for pop-rock glory. But let's not hold that against them. In front of a live audience, these Roots produce whole forests of thick vibes and grooves. Also hailing from Virginia, Agents of Good Roots is following in the footsteps of the Dave Matthews Band, walking the precarious line between commercial success and jam-based live performances that bring our kind out of the woodwork. I caught the Agents of Good Roots when they played the Theatre of the Living Arts on 5/15/98.

There are four good reasons why I plan to see this band again and again: drummer Brian Jones, bassist Stewart Myers, saxophonist J.C. Kuhl and guitarist Andrew Winn. Brian Jones sings lead on songs like *Two Bucks In Cash* and *Where'd You Get That Vibe*, both of which sound like the Chili Peppers doing Zeppelin. That's the sound Brian brings to the mix with both vocals and drum patterns. Stewart Myers adds a layer of Jon Anderson-like vocals and solid, flexible bass lines ranging from jazz fusion stylings to Primus-ness. He also sings lead on a few songs. J.C. Kuhl (yes, that's his real name) is responsible for much of the uniqueness of Agents' sound. At its absolute best, J.C.'s sax playing can enter the realm where only jazz greats have gone before, anchoring the occasional raucous outbursts in a firm foundation of jazzy grooves. Andrew Winn, who also holds a Master's in classical guitar, is the band's enigmatic frontman. One minute he is the quintessential rock god in leather

pants; a minute later he is Willy Wonka, punctuating his entrance with a forward roll and a clown smile. His lead vocals are raspy and ominous, reminiscent of the Psychedelic Furs. Being multi-talented, Andrew also exchanges his fretboard for a keyboard on some songs. But beyond all that, this boy can play guitar! Wielding a thin-bodied electric classical, Andrew competently leads the way through the band's multi-genre catalog.

The highlights of this show were the improvised passages featuring long conversations between Kuhl's sax and Winn's unusual guitar. This interplay was most powerful during *One Strange Land* and *You Better Believe It*. The most memorable sax solo came during *Miss Misbelieving*, while the best guitar solo happened during the heavy rock number *Short Change*. The big crowd-pleasers were a radically altered *Sultans Of Swing* cover, as well as their two most radio-friendly songs, *One by One* and *Smiling Up The Frown*. While their harder-edged sound is not for everyone, the elegance and professional musicianship of Agents of Good Roots made this concert an exciting musical adventure worth repeating.

— MICHELLE WAUGHTEL



Ben Harper

ERIN CASSIDY ©1998

MOUNTAIN AIRE FESTIVAL '98

Memorial Day weekend is traditionally the start of the summer festival season. 1998 started off in extraordinary style in Angel's Camp, California, as the Mountain Aire Festival invaded Calaveras County Fairgrounds. Mountain Aire was an annual festival from 1974 until 1987. During that time it featured such acts as The Doobie Brothers, Jimmy Buffet, Journey, Tom Petty, The Cars, REM and ZZ Top, to name a few. The festival was brought to a halt by the local community in 1987, which featured the Grateful Dead, Santana, and David Lindley, bringing over 25,000 people into the small town. The goal of the resurrected festival was to reduce the size of the audience and provide enough camping space for everybody. The new festival featured a great lineup of acts with loyal tour followings, avoiding the type of commercial acts that the original festivals often featured. Saturday

Phil & Friends



6/4/98 Rainforest Benefit
The Warfield, San Francisco, CA

Before the Other Ones piled into the bus to start the next long strange trip, a series of Benefit shows in the Bay area helped some of the boys, most notably Phil, get back in the groove and prepare for things to come.

Unbroken Chain Foundation Benefit
March 26, 1998

The Fillmore Auditorium, San Francisco, CA

Though Vince Welnick was not asked to be part of this year's Furthur lineup, he was happily welcomed to two of the Phil & Friends events — first in January and then at this March

Fillmore show — and he acquitted himself well at both shows. Joining the two Deadsters were Stan Franks and Gary Lambert on guitar and Scott Amendola on drums. It was clear from the outset that this lineup had done some rehearsing. They opened with a solid medley of *Alligator* (rearranged to be more funky, and sung by Phil) and *Hard To Handle* (sung ably by Lambert). The first set also offered Vince's flowing take on Van Morrison's *Astral Weeks* (a Missing Man staple) and Phil's game attempt at the Allman Brothers' *Blue Sky*, which soared during Lambert's Betts-ish solo but eventually sank when it became clear that Stan Franks didn't have a clue

what to play on the tune, so he mainly played shapeless solos far removed from the song's lilting melody. This was a pattern that was repeated all night: Lambert's solos tended to be pointed, melodic explorations while Franks went for more abstract tones when he deigned to step out at all, which wasn't very often. For me the first set highlight was the closing *Cosmic Charlie*, another tune Missing Man has perfected. By the way, Vince mainly played Hammond B-3, standing up, and he wailed on the keys all night; some of the best soloing I've heard from him.

The second set had lots of jamming, as the group rolled through lengthy explorations of Coltrane's *A Love Supreme* and *Dark Star*, but much of the playing in Set Two seemed fairly unfocused and there were gaps when it sounded as though Phil was the only person driving the music. An attempt to steer a jam into *The Other One* went nowhere and only one of the three *Dark Star* threads amounted to much beyond a statement of the main theme. Still, there were some cool, raucous moments such as the version of *Baba O'Riley*, a stomping *Gimme Some Lovin'* and the encore, *All Too Much*. And I always enjoy Vince's ode to Jerry, *Golden Days*, which the band had learned and played the hell out of. Also noteworthy was a surprisingly effective Lesh rendition of *Days Between* — a gutsy call he pulled off nicely.

Unbroken Chain Foundation Benefit

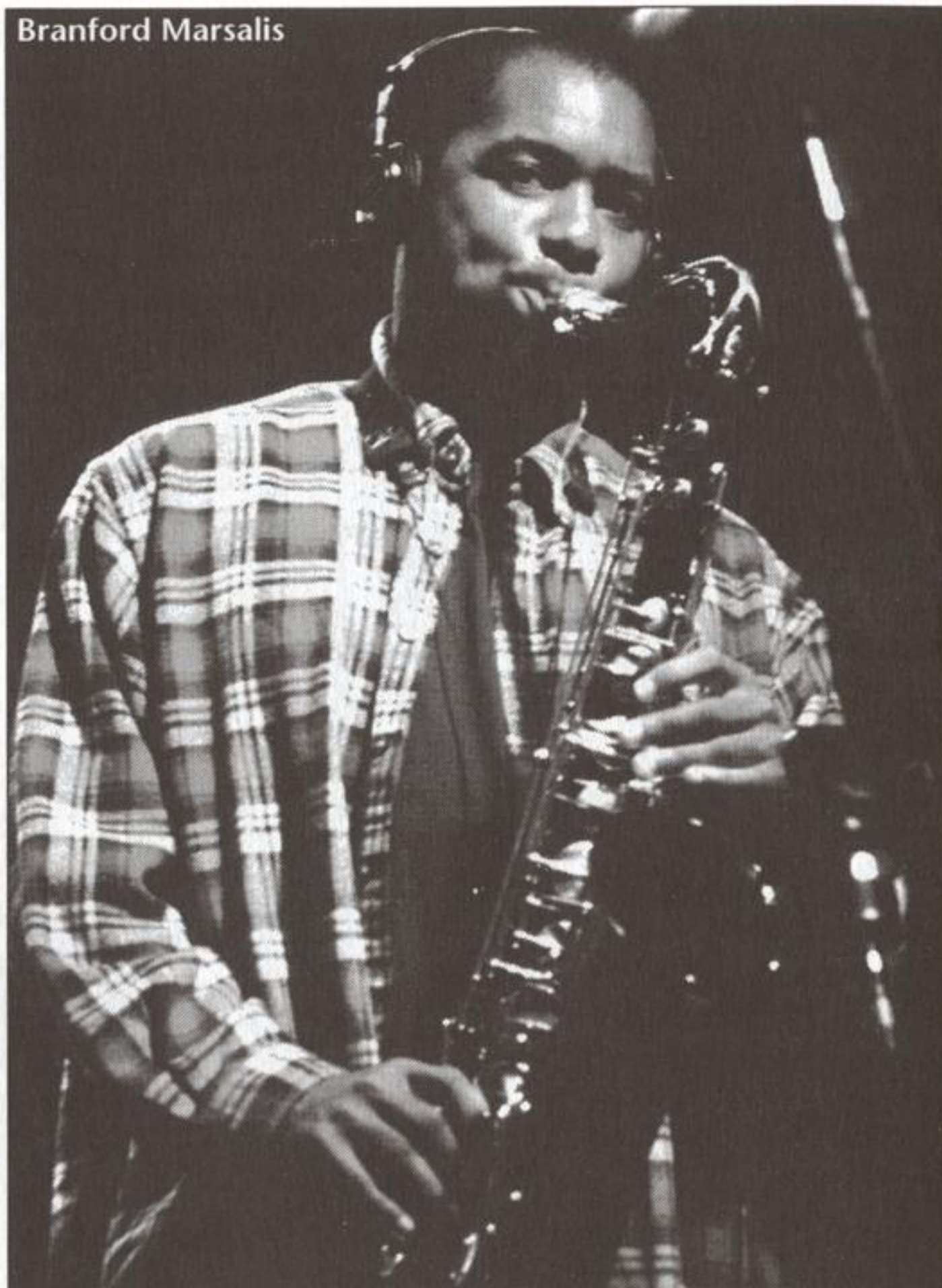
April 20, 1998

The Warfield, San Francisco, CA

Anticipation ran very high for this Warfield Theater show which featured Weir, Lesh, Bruce Hornsby, drummer John Molo, sax giant Branford Marsalis and Stan Franks. At the time, this was supposed to be the Other Ones' lineup sans Mickey and with Branford in the Dave Ellis slot. The show started promisingly with a number of relatively simple tunes like *Minglewood*, *Friend Of The Devil* (played uptempo, with Bobby on lead vocals), *Wang Dang Doodle* and *High Time* (sung by Phil). On the first three songs in particular, the interplay between Hornsby and Branford was dazzling, and Weir and Phil clearly responded to the great efforts of their bandmates, taking the songs in some exciting new directions. *West LA Fade Away* had some powerful moments. I enjoyed the unusual segue between that tune and *Bird Song*, which was occasionally inspired, but also had flat stretches where no one seemed to be in charge. The set ended with a pair of tunes Phil dedicated to Linda McCartney, who'd just passed away — *Box Of Rain* and John Lennon's *Imagine*.

The second set opened with a very Deadish *China Cat > I Know You Rider*, which had the old place rockin' hard, particularly during Bruce's extended solo near the close of *Rider*. But from there the show had a disturbing lack of peaks mostly because of the tame song choices (which consisted almost entirely of short, arranged tunes) and because Hornsby decided to suddenly take a back seat role, playing almost nothing on a few songs, and rarely rising to his customary high energy level. I've heard it suggested that he was under the weather. It's hard to imagine any other reason why he (and Branford) would completely lay out of the

Branford Marsalis



SUSANA MILLMAN ©1998

pathetically limp *Cassidy*. Mid-set workouts on *Revolution* and *U.S. Blues* (both sung weakly by Phil) failed to elevate what was fast becoming a pretty uninspired affair. Still Phil mustered all his vocal power for a fine *Morning Dew*, which benefitted tremendously from another great solo by Branford at the close. The set ender, *Touch of Grey*, and encore, *Like A Rolling Stone*, had most people smiling. With a couple of exceptions, most notably *Hell In A Bucket*, Franks seemed lost most of the time, unclear of how to fit his odd sonic ideas into the brew. I came away from the evening badly depressed at the prospect of his being the "replacement" for Garcia in the Other Ones. Though I'm sure he's a talented picker, he just never meshed well in this context, so I was pleased when his tenure with the Other Ones ended before it ever truly began. All in all, a frustrating evening with the occasional flashes of magic. To not play any jamming tunes when two of the great improvisers on the planet (Bruce and Branford) were sitting in seemed like a terrible waste to me. But hey, it was just a lark and it raised lots of money for Phil's Unbroken Chain Foundation, so let's keep the carping in context

— BY BLAIR JACKSON

Rainforest Benefit

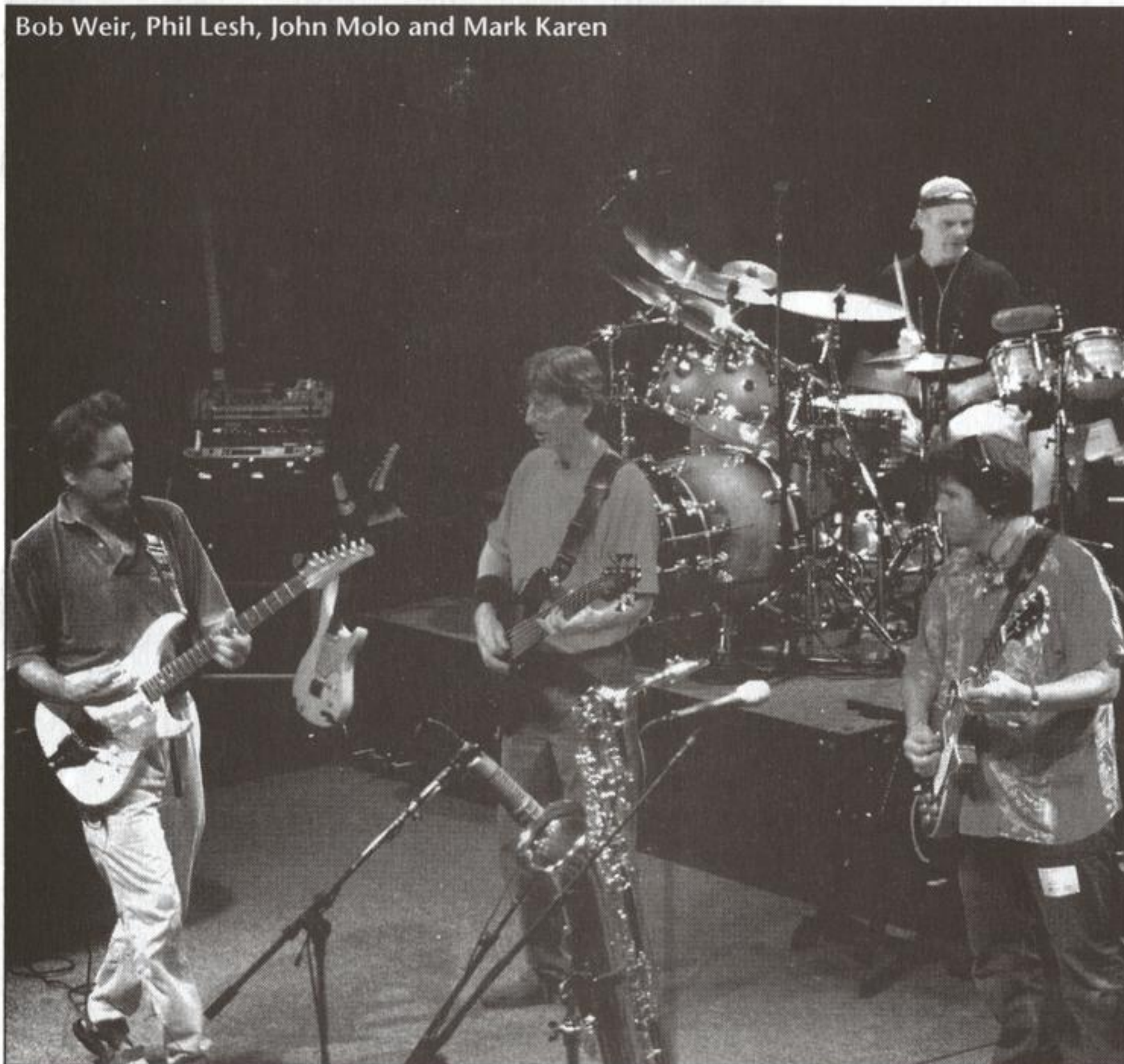
June 4, 1998

The Warfield, San Francisco, CA

Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Mickey Hart, Bruce Hornsby, John Molo, Dave Ellis, Mark Karan and Steve Kimock.

Because the Grateful Dead developed a subtle and profound musical language over an unequalled course of 30 years of exploratory musical conversations together, I've been one of

Bob Weir, Phil Lesh, John Molo and Mark Karen



SUSANA MILLMAN ©1998

the people who has always thought the surviving members should continue playing together. What's been astounding about each of the Phil & Friends shows was that each show was like a totally new band, each carrying a fragment of the realized Grateful Dead Possibility, and each pointing to completely new directions — which is the only fitting tribute to the Dead's legacy of perennial reinvention, after all. There was the exquisite acoustic chamber group, playing a jewel-like *Mountains Of The Moon* at the Fillmore; there were the critical-mass meltdowns of the various Furthur conglomerations, notably an *Other One* at Shoreline a couple of years ago; there was the astounding Branford Marsalis-driven *Friend Of The Devil* at the Warfield last time, and the edgy, funky, uncompromisingly new spaces carved out at that show. All have been experiments in musicmaking that are worth large, intelligent audiences.

Last night, we got something more committed — the band headed out on the road this summer, the band that will, for better and worse, be compared by lazy journalists and by tender-hearted Deadheads with the Thing Itself, the shared experience that was a part of our lives for so long. So, are the Other Ones the phoenix rising out of the common ashes of our grief, the Good Old You-Know-Who set loose on America's stages again? Nope, they aren't. But the good news is: they're a whole new bird. Watch 'em fly! They flew through *Goin' Down The Road* last night, rocking the rafters of the Warfield with some of that gospel juice. Amazing how en-souling this kickass music can be, when

there's really an ass to kick. No show-offing, no jam-band wankola on an endless theme of no interest, but ideas of substance, developed one after the other, surrendered the instant they get tired, onward to the next amazement. What a professional Bruce Hornsby is. If there's any possible friction in this band, it's that two or three people are cueing solos with their eyes at once. I could watch Bruce all night, passing out "energy balls" right and left with both his monstrous chops and his obvious *gameness* for anything real. His eyebrows say, "Go ahead mutherfucker — blow me away." And time and time again, he gets the response he's looking for, feeding the soloist just the ass-goosing outside chords he needs to get somewhere.

Bruce can also sing Jerry's songs, if anyone was wondering. No, it's not Jerry, our beloved "lonely old courage-teacher" (Ginsberg on Whitman), dispensing wisdom from Hunter's well as plainly useful as cold water. Bruce is something else. His voice is as inwardly-warming as a glass of Maker's Mark, and as American. We'll never stop missing

Jerry's astonishing vulnerability coupled with a fatherly push toward revelation he might have been uncomfortable owning; but Jerry's songs are safe for the future when carried forward by a voice as true and rootsy as Bruce's.

Of course, whether or not the Other Ones get off the ground is completely dependent on whether or not they play as an ensemble, not as a flush of extraordinary soloists. Listen to what they did with *Fire On The Mountain* last night: rearranging the rhythmic hook into a new time signature, dancing in and out of it, while Bob, being sexy, reworked the chorus so it goes, "Fi-YA!" Bob Dylan once said, "It used to go like that, now it goes like this."

Now it goes like this: Mickey and Molo are a fucking Vesuvius, dear reader. I don't keep time like a tabla player, so I can't tell you if Mickey's strict-time is wack or what. But I'll tell you this — Mickey is a fucking WARRIOR, get used to it, and Molo eats beats for breakfast. In Kreutzmann, who, yes, I missed, Mickey had a laid-back brother who could stoke the backbeat into a white-hot furnace while Mickey danced at the edge of magic. In Molo, he's found something else: somebody who's as plain HONGRY as he is. Mickey and Molo may not have the jazz subtlety of Mickey and Billy, but damn, with Mt. Lesh as part of the landscape, there's not a better rock rhythm section on the planet as of last night. (I won't even take the time to praise Phil here, but lemme just say that his notes make almost every other bass player's seem pretty flimsy and safe. No need for demeaning comparisons with

excellent others, Gordon, MMW, what-not — they're all good, like da hippies say, even great — but Phil is made of sterner stuff, a tall ship among pleasure powerboats. Long may he wave.)

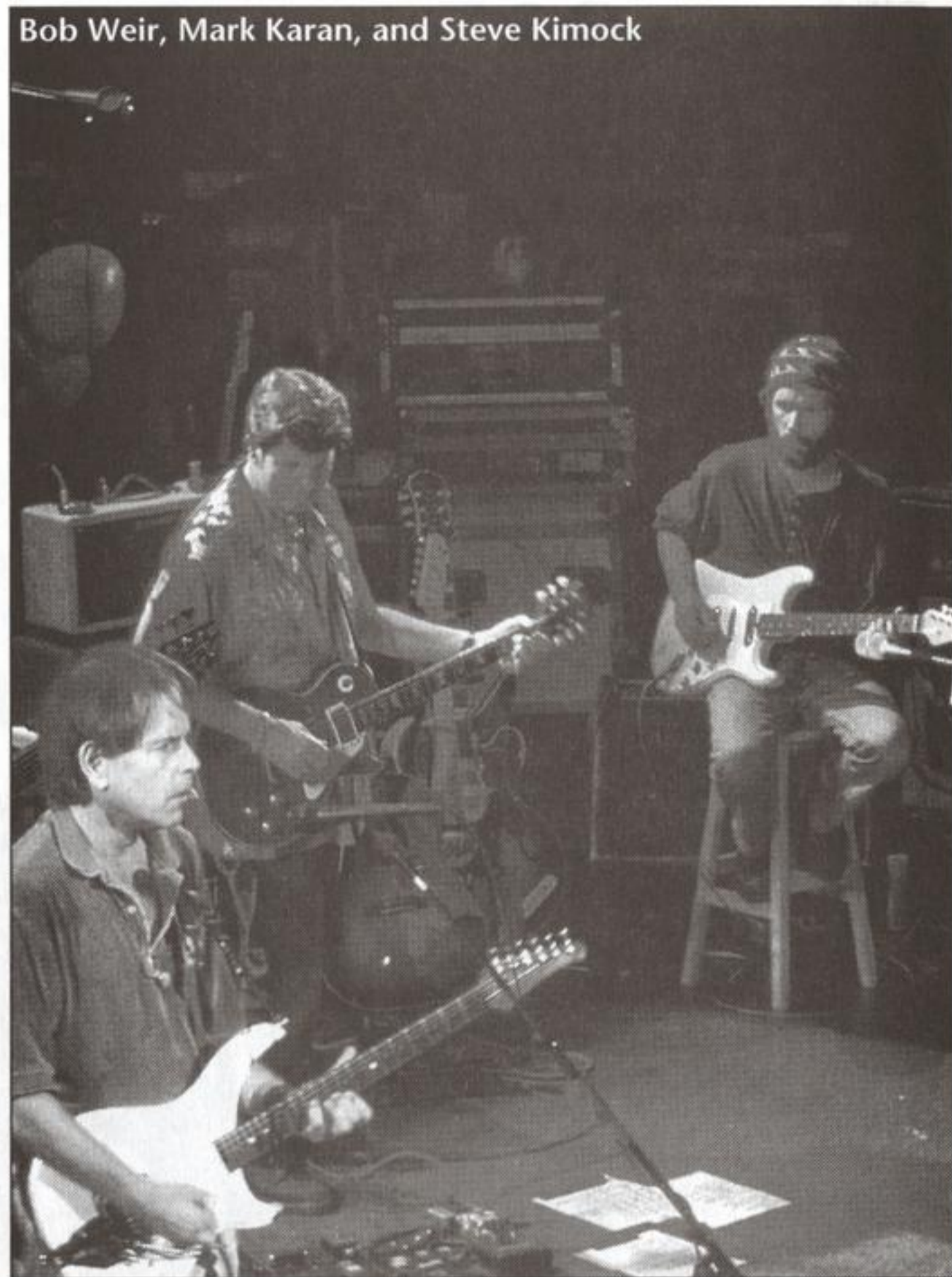
So, what about that huge hole called Garcia? Last night, we got Mark Karan and Steve Kimock, a guitar "section" like my friend Gary Lambert observed, with the added lyrical funk of Dave Ellis. In light of all the hooah on both sides of the laminated curtain about these sweaty choices, let me say: they did Stan Franks a favor by letting him find other employment much better suited to his estimable talents, and both Karan and Kimock (O Zero partisans!) delivered last night, each in their own way. Kimock was a little hard for me to see, all turtle-like sitting in a chair half the time and hidden in a beard and some parking-lot woven hat that must be a trademark of some kind, but when he really steps up to the plate, the man can swing. He's a fluid, floaty, exploratory counterpoint to Karan's edgier, sizzling-er lines — in a way, the both proceed from different edges of Garcia Territory (not that there's any real influence in Karan, I don't know his history, though he's obviously heard the tunes) — but either one of 'em, when they commit, give us something worth listening to.

A hard truth: the absence of Garcia is never more noticeable than during the stretchier places of *Playing In The Band*, or the proto-space of last night. In an interview with me, Hornsby once called the Dead "the Jerry Garcia Orchestra," and then recanted that. The truth is, Garcia had a lyrical gift that pointed the direction of so many places the Dead went. He launched off, and they trailed him so quickly it seemed that everyone was arriving in each new place at the same moment. Without him, in hinge-moments like when the door of *Playing* swings open, there's something not there, some Chance that doesn't get taken. I say: YET. Once the guitarists are more confident that they can step in there and just INVENT (and Dave Ellis is already daring that lyrical place), the whole Machine will be already there purring to soar into the ozone, and a new thing will be born under the sun.

The Eleven was brilliant, churning, hilariously contemporary for having been written so many years ago, those corners unturned in so many seasons. "Eight-sided whispering hallelujah hatrack?" Take that, O phishy "solar garlic" aficiona-dos! (And I mean that in the most affectionate way — I'm a phan.) When this band DIGS INTO something, there's a whole new set of muscles there — sharper than the G.O.G.D. in some ways, because hasn't our loss made us all grow up a little? The Other Ones are not any corpse reanimated, or any damn Buffalo Bill hippie show, Dead in a can. They're a bunch of brilliant old musicians, and a couple of eager younger ones with serious chops, in search of a new language. Give 'em space, COME TO THE SHOWS — and they'll spread their wings.

— STEVE SILBERMAN

An excerpt from Steve Silberman's morning-after review of the show posted on the WELL and the Internet, reprinted with permission from Steve Silberman.



Bob Weir, Mark Karan, and Steve Kimock

SUSANA MILLMAN ©1998



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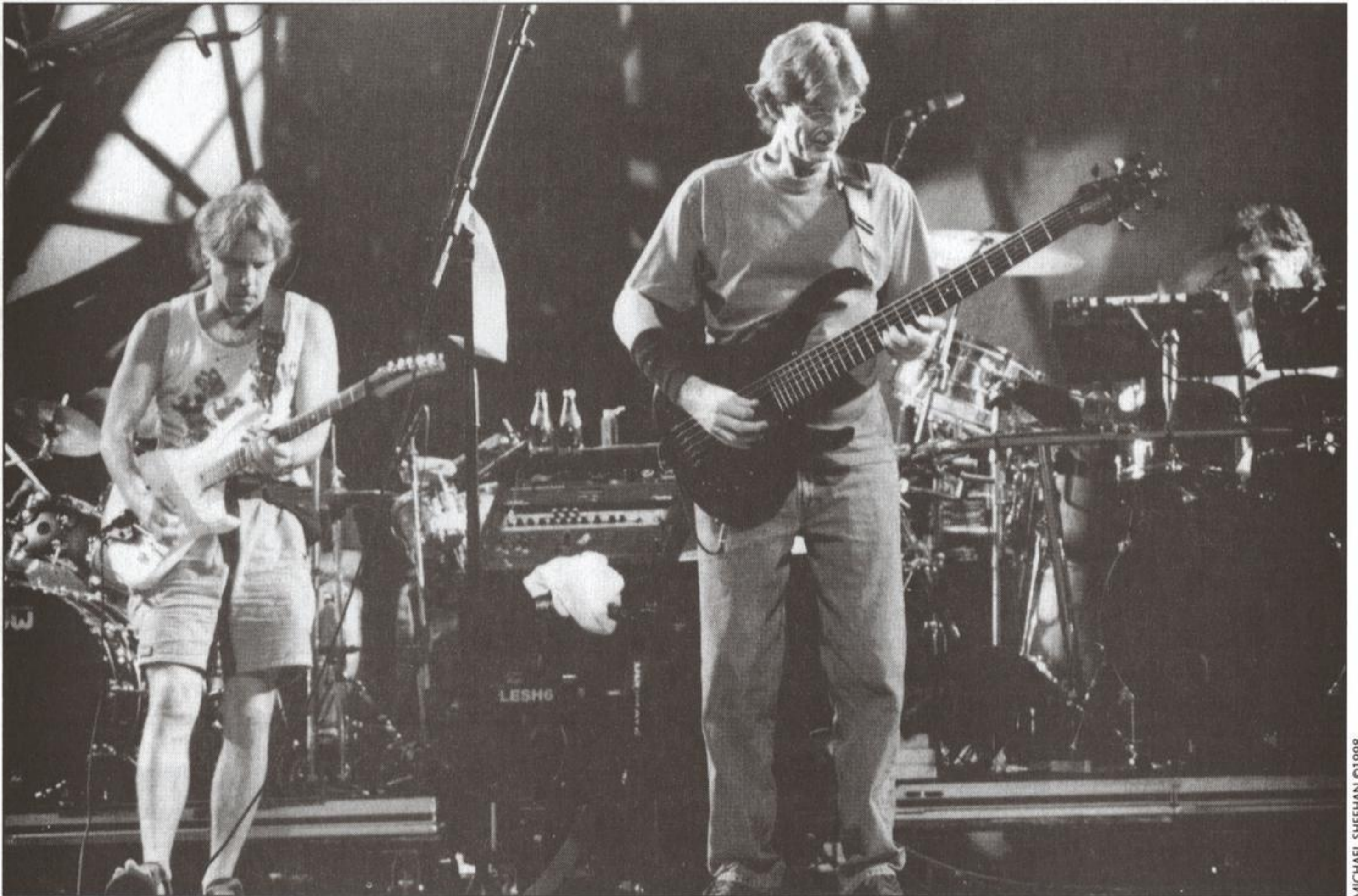
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The Other Ones Summer Tour



MICHAEL SHEEHAN ©1998

This summer's Furthur Tour left in its wake many big goofy grins. Rusted Root and Hot Tuna took turns opening each show. Both played solidly, rousing the spirits of the crowds before the Other Ones took the stage. The Other Ones (Mickey Hart, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Bruce Hornsby, Dave Ellis, John Molo, Mark Karan and Steve Kimock) stunned audiences with new material, fresh renditions of old songs, and resurrections of classic Dead that haven't been played for decades. Here was the "test of the boomerang," and IT came back in spades, making a "smoking crater" of everything in its path.

June 25, 1998, Lakewood Amphitheater, Atlanta, GA
By Vesper Lynd

Playing In The Band > Jam > It's All Over Now, Baby Blue, Tennessee Jed, Down The Road, Jack-A-Roe, West LA Fade Away, Scarlet Begonias > Fire On The Mountain, Hell In A Bucket, The Way It Is > Playing Jam > Banyan Tree > Drums > Space > Uncle John's Band > Playing (Reprise). E: Sugar Magnolia.

There is a first time for everything, and anything (well, most anything) is worth doing once. The Other Ones came to town to kick off their first-ever tour and we certainly decided that we'd go — just this once. We all felt that feeling we hadn't felt for some time. We dig The Range and Zero, love Planet Drum/Mystery Box, and simply *adore* Ratdog, yet it had been some time for that feeling you get just after the lights plunge and your sitting there half-scared and a quarter zoned. Oh yes, the Zone! Out comes Phil Lesh and all seems right with the world. To see him with Bobby and Mickey again is too much — or just enough. Either way, I immediately asked myself if I was ready to go back there to that space I had left three years ago. Ready or not, Bobby counts to ten and we're off into what would turn out to be the theme of the night, *Playing In The Band*. As he looks up at the treetops, we suddenly remember that we're not there alone and turn to face one another. It was then that the smiles made their way to our faces, they were not to leave for the next two and a half hours.

I was a bit hesitant for the Hunter/Garcia tunes. After all, we have more than enough Dead cover bands. But that *Scarlet*

Begonias scorched my mind. The stop time on "Wind and the willows...playing tea for two..." was very sweet with Phil adding to the punch with nice mini-bombs. The first Furthur was recalled with Mickey's *Down The Road* and *Fire On The Mountain*. The point at which the energy level was the highest was when Bobby went off the set list and met us head on with *Hell In A Bucket*. After the "stumble and fall" bridge, Bobby hit the jam with patented off the wall licks and head tosses. Phil and Bruce kept us grounded while Mark and Steve reached for those ever elusive notes. Mickey brought out the bones and soon he and Molo were going at it. It was soon after this that The Other Ones found the *Playing* theme and were unable to let go. It came short and fast before Bobby's new *Banyan Tree*. It sandwiched a new reading of *Uncle John's Band* and gracefully ended the set with its celebrated *Playing (Reprise)*. We kept hearing it come and go while Phil, Bobby, and Bruce gave each other those all knowing looks — the looks we knew were meant for us.

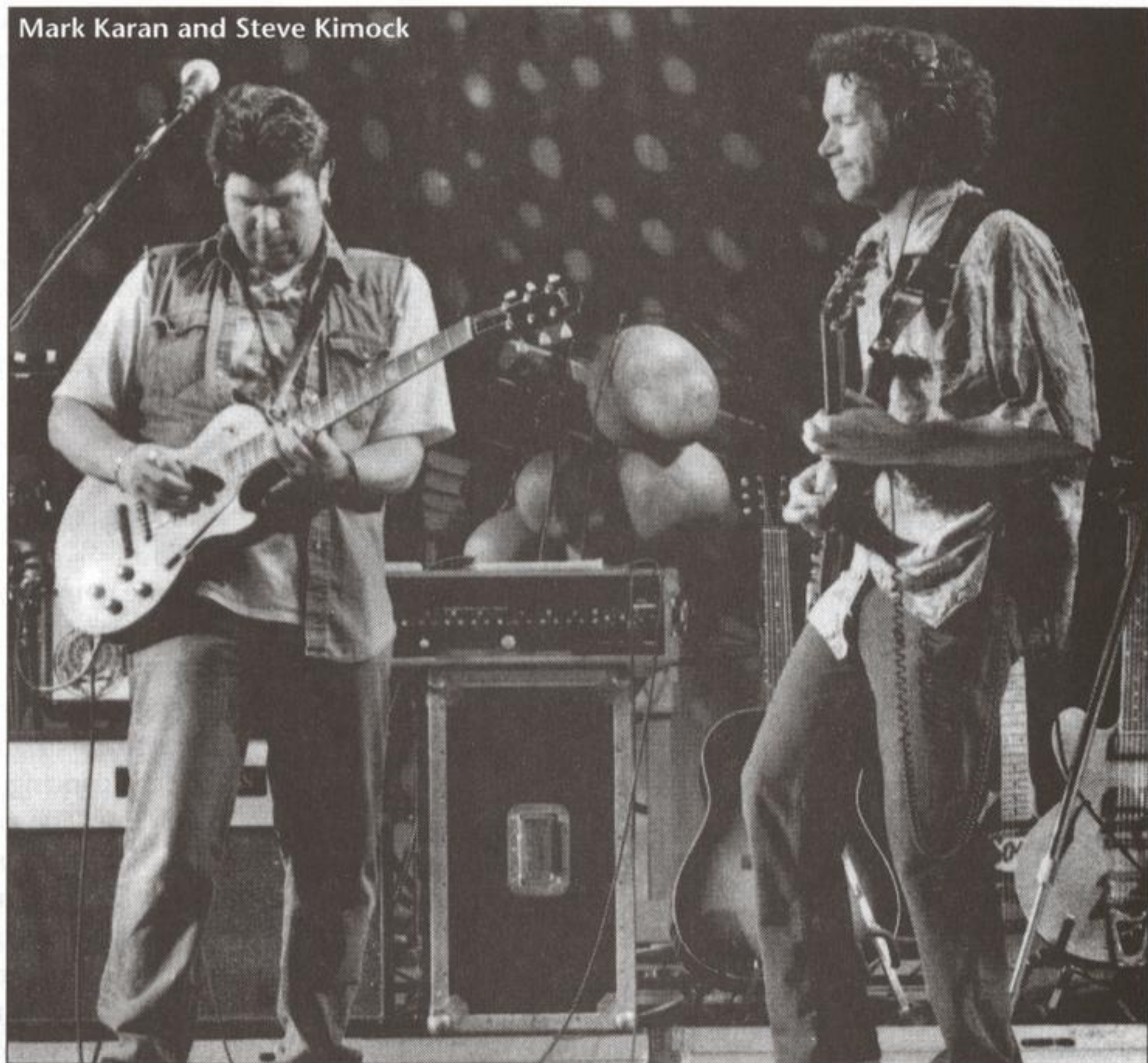
They headed for the wings and we erupted. We had enjoyed the ride and were plenty spent but if they were willing, *we* wouldn't let *them* down. They came back and Bobby chopped through the opening of *Sugar Magnolia*. For one brief moment it was just him, but soon the rest found the meter and we were climbing that last hill for the ride down. He didn't seem to be ready to end it. The Other Ones paused just long enough to start *Sunshine Daydream* and after more spiritual raking, Phil, Bobby, and Mickey crashed the end. And this was just the first show. The stinger came when Phil approached his microphone and said, "Thanks for coming out, see you tomorrow." Maybe just once isn't enough. Well, we soon found ourselves on the way to Charlotte.

June 26, 1998, Blockbuster Pavilion, Charlotte, NC
By Kevin Drennan

Truckin', Mississippi Half-Step, Loser, Walkin' Blues, Loose Lucy, Bird Song, Friend Of The Devil, Wild Horses, White Wheeled Limousine, Lost Sailor > Saint Of Circumstance > The Other One > Drums > St. Stephen > The Eleven. E: Touch Of Grey.

On a hot evening in Charlotte, The Other Ones ended their long single set galloping along in eleven-beat meter, asking a gleeful audience in fast-paced staccato phrases, "This is the season of what now?" The audience answered in cheers and smiles that reverberated through the summer night. *Truckin.'* was the surprise opener. Then Phil stepped up next for a version of *Mississippi Half-Step* that was well-received — a statement of determination to include some of Jerry's songs in

Mark Karan and Steve Kimock

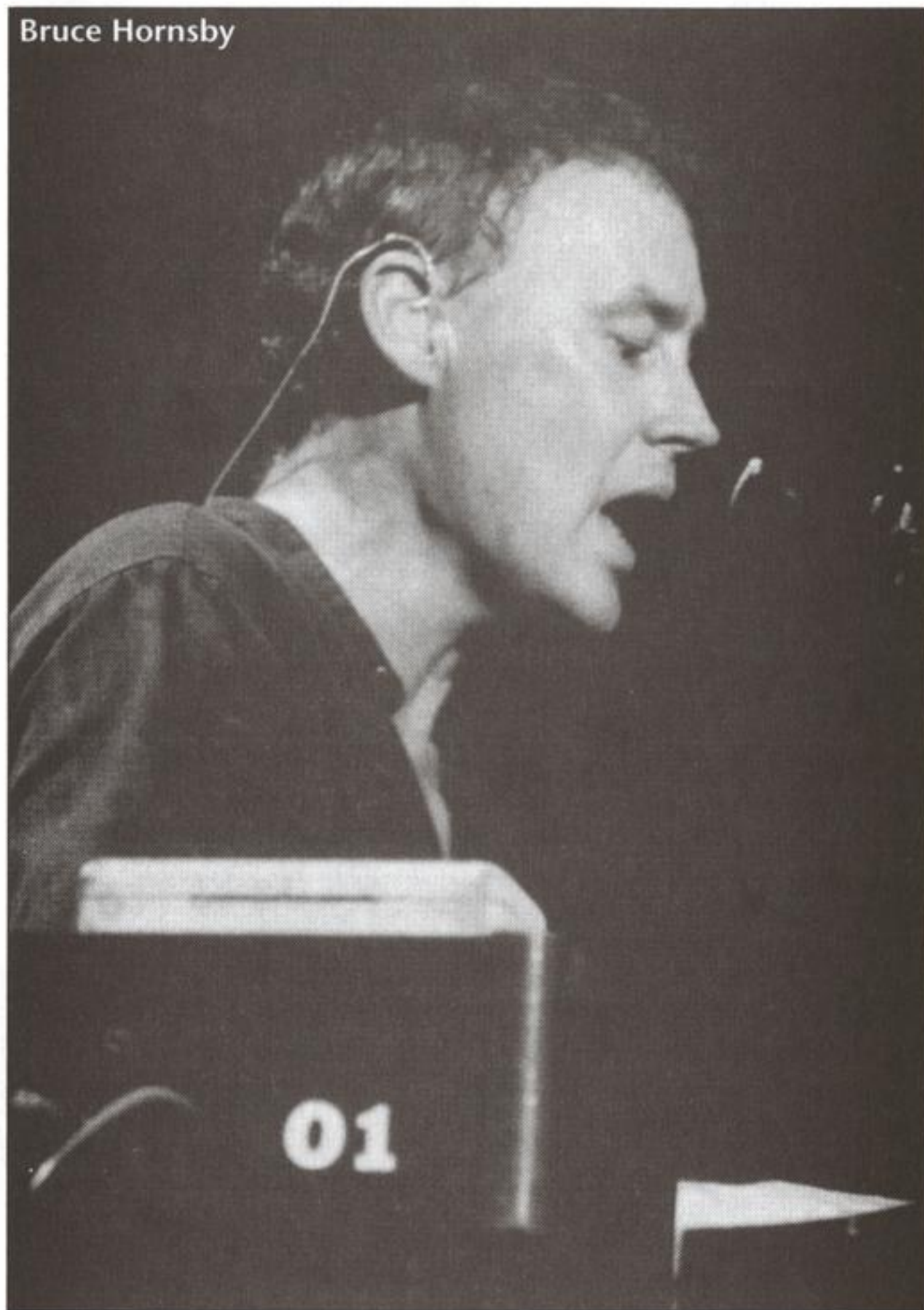


the evolutionary process. *Loser* was up next and Bruce did a beautiful job of bringing this one to life. Somewhere in this tune, Karan and Kimock finally became audible in the mix with some nice lead work as evidence. There did seem to be a reluctance on the part of the guitarists to step out, leaving the main question in everyone's mind unanswered: "How the band would attempt fill those famous black sneakers?"

Weir asserted himself by delivering a strong version of *Walkin' Blues*. If there were any doubts about this band's ability to jam and follow an intuitive thread, they were put to rest by a *Loose Lucy* that got the energy levels up and a *Bird Song* that was instrumentally powerful if a bit tentative vocally. Bruce and Bobby exchanged signals and wound up trading verses near the end of the tune. The *Friend Of The Devil* that followed was a real treat with the band opting for an arrangement closer to the studio version. Phil's straight forward version of *Wild Horses* was a nice surprise that elicited a great reaction from the audience. The spotlight fell on Bruce again as they turned in a high energy rendition of *White Wheeled Limousine*.

The band was now poised to deliver the goods. When Bobby played the first strains of *Lost Sailor*, everyone began to sway in unison to the measured playing. It gradually built to a crescendo of wild dancing as we all moved into the anticipated *Saint Of Circumstance*. The intensity the band had built wasn't lost as Phil dropped the bomb and the band slipped into the first *Other One* of the tour. Some nice playing and jazzy solos were woven around a core of bass and drums.

Bruce Hornsby



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The Other One dissolved into drums and the band slipped off stage for a brief break leaving Mickey and Molo to work on their new percussive relationship. When the band returned, they noodled around for a moment and moved decisively into *St. Stephen* which brought the audience to the musical peak with hugs and tears shared by many who were surprised to see this beauty reborn. If this wasn't enough, the band segued right into *The Eleven* which might just win the award for the most delightfully re-arranged song in *The Other One's* repertoire. Weir sung the verses in a rapid-fire style, tossing his head and proclaiming the lyrics with authority. After jamming this song into an new incarnation, they exited and the lights came up almost immediately.

The audience was so energized from this last run of songs and so loud in their approval that the players were coaxed back onto the stage. Weir gave us a sweet version of *Touch Of Grey* that re-shaped the band's prior intensity into a simple loving smile to end a memorable evening.

June 27, 1998, Nissan Pavilion, Bristow, VA
By Ramsay Pennypacker

Jack Straw, Sugaree, New Minglewood Blues, Easy Answers, China Cat Sunflower > I Know You Rider, Box of Rain, Rainbow's Cadillac, Dark Star > Estimated Propbet > Drums > Space > Only The Strange Remain > Dark Star > Wharf Rat > Good Lovin' > One More Saturday Night.

Perhaps it was nerves, or maybe they just really like playing corporate centers in the middle of nowhere. Whatever the reason, *The Other Ones'* performance at the Nissan Pavilion had an energy level that many younger bands would envy. From the crisp *Jack Straw* opener to the closing double shot of *Good Lovin'* and *One More Saturday Night*, the group maintained a ferocious momentum that ultimately seemed somewhat poignant. Watching them tear into a blistering combo of *New Minglewood Blues* and what had to be the all time greatest version of *Easy Answers*, one could clearly imagine the frustration these guys must have felt in the Dead's final years. There was a true sense of liberation on stage and indeed, one would have to go all the way back to 1972 to find this kind of sustained, go-for-broke playing.

But the comparisons, while inevitable, are actually unfair. The songs may be the same but in many, many ways this event was nothing like a Dead show. The crowd on average was younger and more clean-cut but there was a much higher percentage of drunken party animals. Subtract the skeletons and the dancing bears and this could just as easily have been a Lilith Fair. The music too was greatly changed but that's not a complaint. Of course, the most obvious difference was no Garcia and at times his absence was glaringly apparent. *Sugaree*, for example is a great vehicle for Bruce Hornsby, but without Jerry's intuitive sense of swing, the two drummer format weighed the song down. Likewise, *Box Of Rain*, while certainly welcome, seemed flat without Garcia's ringing embellishment.

On a larger scale, Jerry's absence changed the whole dynamic of the band. In the jams, the lead spot was now open to anyone and this sometimes created a snarl as ugly as the traffic around RFK Stadium. More often, however, the result was a thrilling density with the instruments swirling in a myriad of directions and the textures changing minute by minute. Nowhere was this more evident than in the mammoth *Dark Star* that launched this show into the stratosphere. Even for such a much explored tune, this version still covered new ground. The foundation seemed thicker due to Phil's more prominent role, and the guitarists danced above it in a delicate filigree of spiraling lines. The effect, particularly with Dave Ellis' hearty sax, was closer to the quick interplay of jazz than the languid excursions of psychedelia. It suggested that for all their mythic past, these players still had much to explore and a real passion for discovery. One can only hope that this tour meant as much to them as it did to us and that a continuation will smooth the rough edges and perfect this distinctly new sound. Far from a sad nostalgia trip, this show really was a step Furthur.

June 29, 1998, Continental Airlines, East Rutherford, NJ
By Mike Licker

Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad, Scarlet Begonias > Fire On The Mountain, Walkin' Blues, Looks Like Rain, Mountains Of The Moon > When I Paint My Masterpiece, The Way It Is > Playing In The Band > Jam > Corrina > Jam > Drums > Aiko Aiko > Space > Playing Jam > St. Stephen > The Eleven > Lovelight. E: Ripple.

Summer '95 left me with the need to put some space between the scene and myself. I stayed away from the first two Furthur festivals, trying to make sense out of those things that are beyond our control. I was a bit cynical when I first heard of the Other Ones, but the buzz got stronger, and the groove called me back.

The band opened with a rockin' *Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad*, and the place exploded. *Scarlet Begonias* followed with some great vocals and a kickin' jam that segued into *Fire On The Mountain*. As a hip-hop fan, I thought Mickey's take on this was a bit embarrassing; however, the funky jam was slammin', with some especially fine playing from Dave Ellis. Bobby belted out *Walkin' Blues*, then picked up the acoustic for a sweet *Looks Like Rain*. Then came the biggest surprise for me: Phil singing *Mountains Of The Moon*. I hardly recognized it, with that '70's organ ingrained in my brain. It was a powerful reminder of all that was. Bobby followed with a rousing *Masterpiece*. After Bruce's jazzy solo intro, the band stumbled through *The Way It Is*. Then the fun really began. Bobby kicked off *Playing In The Band* and Jerry seemed to rejoin the Boys courtesy of Steve Kimock. A spacey jam led into a bland *Corrina*, but the groove picked up again, evolving into *Aiko Aiko*, which eventually transformed into *Space*, then a fantastic journey guided by Mickey and augmented quite well by John Molo.

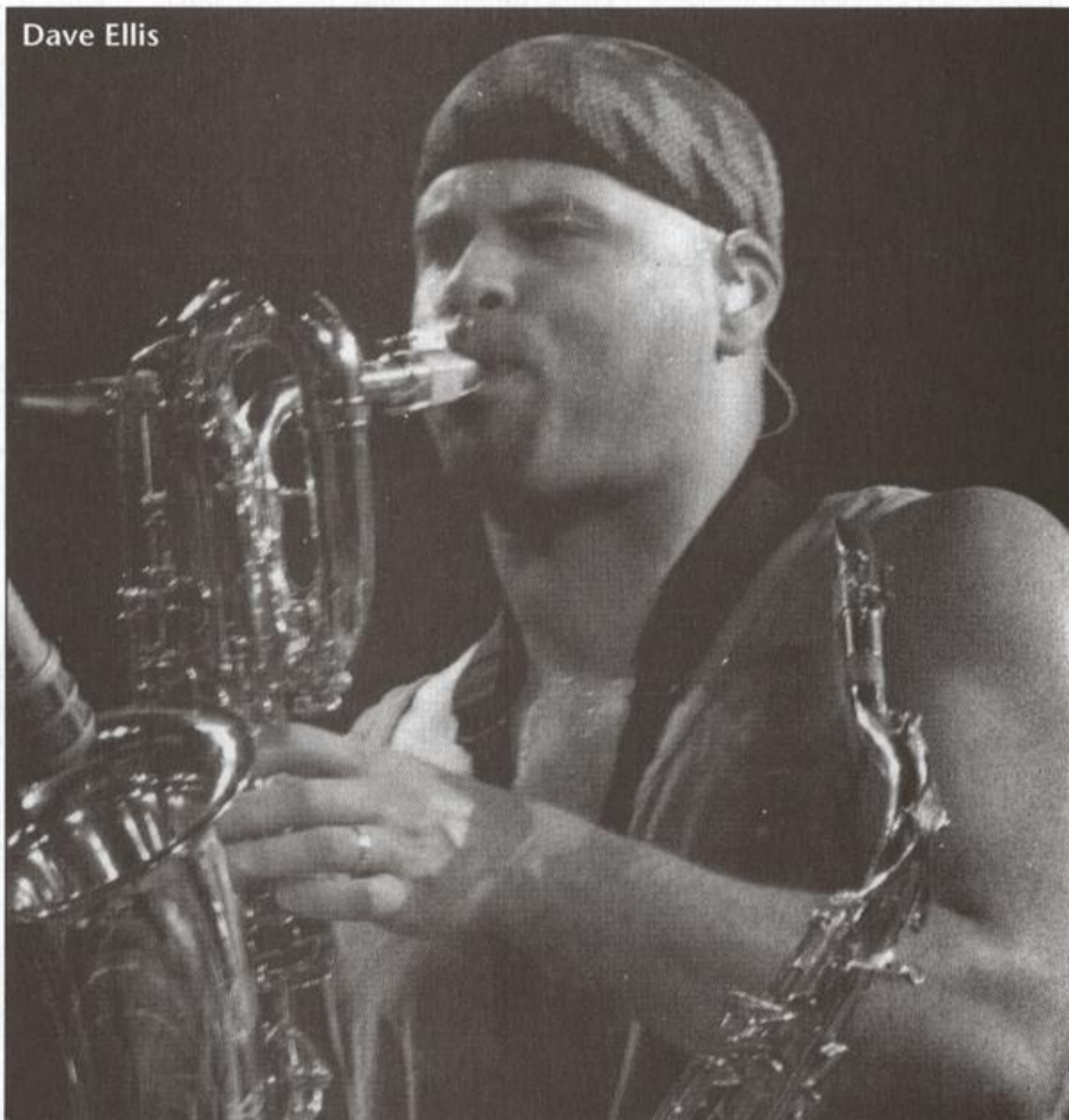
They eased back into *Playing In The Band* after *Drums*. Then, from out of our collective unconscious, came that riff we've all been waiting so long to hear. *St. Stephen* was back! This was as intense as anything I've experienced. And if that wasn't enough, in the words of Nigel Tufnel, the boys then "turned it up to *Eleven*" before ending with a fiery *Lovelight*. The band came back for a sentimental rendition of *Ripple*. The energy was incredible. Phil was waving his hands, leading the crowd through the sing-a-long — a loving tribute to Jerry.

As the Heads were filing out into the halls, amidst an array of merchandise reminiscent of Shakedown Streets of yore, applause spontaneously erupted. My friends and I agreed: we were back on the Bus. While this was truly a show to remember, the sound, at times, was a bit muddy, as three guitars may be overkill. Kimock and Mark Karan were often reserved and appeared to be too conscious of not stepping on each other's toes at the expense of lifting the jams to the next level. Additionally, Dave Ellis was often lost in the mix. Those familiar with his work with the Charlie Hunter Trio and Ratdog, know what a powerful force he can be. I trust the boys will work out these kinks. I know I'll be there as they do.

June 30, 1998, Nassau Coliseum, Long Island, NY
By John O'Marra

Drums > *Mystery Train*, *New Minglewood Blues*, *Jack-A-Roe*, *Down The Road*, *Tennessee Jed*, *West LA Fade Away* > *Dark Star (instrumental)* > *Jam* > *Drums* > *Preacher In The Ring* > *Dark Star (2nd verse only)* > *Uncle John's Band* > *Jam* > *Playing (Reprise)* > *Throwing Stones* > *Not Fade Away*.

Dave Ellis



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E: Box Of Rain, Touch Of Grey.

The Other Ones, coming off of a crackerjack, roller coaster of a show at the Meadowlands the previous night, conjured up more magic in Hempstead, Long Island transforming a generic concrete sports arena into a heavenly, psychedelic musical palace.

Things were interesting right out of the starting gate, as Mickey and John Molo jumped into a percussion duel, which gradually rose in intensity until Bruce, Bobby and Phil strode on stage, grimacing and covering their ears in comic disapproval. Phil, in particular, wins the Oscar for Overacting, his sourpuss expression seeming to translate as "who told you clowns to open with drums?" The fun continued as the rest of the band joined the fray, galloping into a ferocious, Hornsby-led *Mystery Train*. Bruce absolutely sizzled, riding this runaway locomotive for all it was worth. From that exuberant opener, we returned to more or less standard first set material for a while. *New Minglewood Blues* gave all three guitarists room to stretch out, while Mickey's *Down the Road* served as a sweet salute to Jerry and other lost heroes. *Jack-A-Roe* ably handled by Phil, featured a slow *Peggy-O* like arrangement similar to its late 70's incarnations. I found it somewhat plodding. Hornsby's piano-led *Tennessee Jed* was a joy, a barrelhouse strut through all of poor Jed's misfortunes. *West LA Fade Away* pleased as well, as Bobby toyed with a gravely Mafioso voice.

After that, we get to the real heart of the show starting with a delicate, fully-formed *Dark Star Jam*, long and sensuous, with Weir, Kimock and Karan, singing eloquently through their guitars. The melody meandered from a gentle trickle to a



MICHAEL SHEEHAN ©1998

roaring river of sound, then dove over a sparkling waterfall into a driving *Other One Jam*. Soon, a third theme emerged — a joyous, Latin-tinged celebration of life. Kimock took the spotlight on this one, smiling and swaying in a lighter than air groove. This three-headed hydra of a jam reminded me of '68 Mickey and the Hartbeats — pure improvisational fireworks, a flight without radar through the thunder and lightning skies of the Bermuda Triangle. Not bad for a band on their sixth show together.

From that lofty peak came a brief drums, followed by a promising Hornsby number called *Preacher In The Ring*, featuring only the drummers and Bruce. The rest of the band returned and floated back toward *Dark Star*, quickly heading into the second verse with Phil, Bob and Bruce alternating lines. A brief spacey jam led into *Uncle John's Band*, whose closing passage took on an exuberant, Caribbean feel, again spearheaded by Kimock. From there, Bob corralled the chaos into a *Playing (Reprise)* which gave way to the oh-so-familiar *Throwing Stones > Not Fade Away*, full of strong sax from Dave Ellis. For the encore, Phil treated the audience to *Box Of Rain*, after which Bob surprised all by keeping the band on stage for a rousing, feel-good *Touch of Grey*. An uplifting ending to an inspiring concert, which sailed joyfully through

the past while looking encouragingly toward the future.
July 1, 1998, Great Woods Center, Mansfield, MA
By John O'Marra

Truckin' > Jam > Loose Lucy, Loser, Only The Strange Remain, Bird Song, Friend Of The Devil, White Wheeled Limousine > Terrapin Jam > China Cat Sunflower > I Know You Rider > Estimated Prophet > The Other One > Drums > China Doll > Wharf Rat > Sugar Magnolia.

Great Woods, a likable outdoor amphitheater nestled in the forests of southern Massachusetts, boasted a fair Shakedown scene, damped by overzealous police and security, who came down especially hard on beer sales. I'm sure some people had quite the drunken after show party!

Once show time rolled around, Bobby got things moving with a sweet triumvirate straight out of 1973. *Truckin'* howled from the get-go, lending into an intense *Other One Jam* with Phil dropping bass bombs like a helicopter in "Apocalypse Now." Repeatedly, the band sounded ready to begin a bonafide *Other One*, only to pull back and dart off in another direction. Eventually, Phil and company bubbled into a funky beat which begot the boldest, nastiest *Loose Lucy* I've ever

had the pleasure to hear. Bobby nailed each verse with the crowd joining in on the chorus: "Thank you for a real good time!" Although I enjoyed the rest of the show, that 1-2-3 punch of an opener remains my most vivid memory of the evening.

Bruce Hornsby shined on *Loser*, another sing along favorite. I've realized with The Other Ones, unlike the Dead, that I enjoy when the audience sings along on certain songs, especially Jerry tunes. In some odd sense, Jerry almost feels more present at these moments than he did most of the past few years he was with us. I give major praise to The Other Ones, who I feel are doing wonders in keeping Jerry's spirit alive. Anyway, back at the show, Mickey used his vocal spot for *Only The Strange Remain*, a syncopated slider well suited to Mr. Hart's "unique" vocal stylings. *Bird Song*, sung primarily by Bobby, was, by turns, poignant and drivingly psychedelic, a musically adventurous evocation of the fat man. Bobby also impressed on *Friend Of The Devil*, done at the original breakneck pace, highlighted by Mark Karan's glimmering pedal steel work.

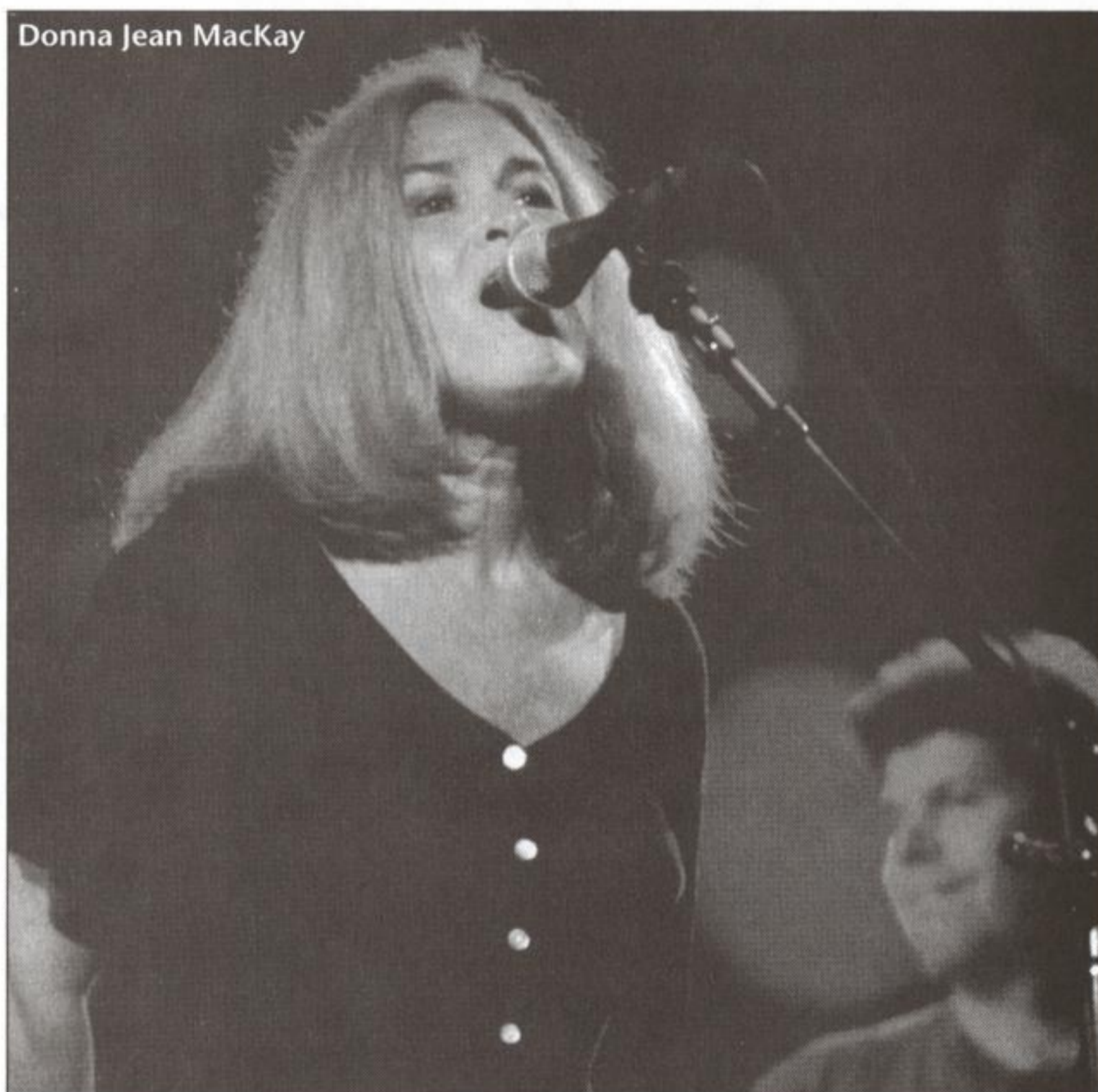
Bruce's graceful White Wheeled Limousine led into an elegant, piano based *Terrapin Jam*, which left this listener craving the full suite. From there, a frisky *China Cat Sunflower* spiraled into a rousing, earth shaking *I Know You Rider*. Intense versions of *Estimated Prophet* and *The Other One*, favoring Kimock and Dave Ellis, led into a brief, brawny *Drums*. Phil gave his all on *China Doll*, a song I would love to hear Hornsby's take on. Workman-like as the lead vocals were, the harmonies and jams soared like the days of old. Next, Bruce tackled another Jerry ballad, *Wharf Rat*, with superior results. In fact, it's been years since I've heard a version so fiery. Kimock, Weir and Karan traded licks like winos swapping hits of cheap burgundy wine. *Sugar Magnolia* closed the set in ass-shaking fashion, big buoyant and relentlessly playful. And that was that. Eleven o'clock sharp, show over, no encore. This was an enjoyable, high energy show, and ample reason to be grateful that The Other Ones have resumed the glorious tradition of summer tour. Here's hoping that we're in for another long strange trip.

July 3, 1998, Sony Entertainment Center, Camden, NJ
By Michelle Waughtel

Jack Straw, *Like A Rolling Stone* > *Wang Dang Doodle**,
Rainbow's Cadillac, *Lost Sailor* > *Saint of Circumstance*,
*Playing In The Band** > *Jam* > *Banyan Tree* > *Drums* >
Space > *Playing (Reprise)** > *Uncle John's Band* > *St.*
Stephen > *The Eleven* > *Lovelight*.
E: *Cassidy**. * with Donna Jean MacKay.

Maybe my less-than-perfect experience was colored by unrealistic expectations. Most of the listeners were blissed out, and yet I seemed to have a knack for finding all the musical blunders that night. In short, "It was the best of times; it was the worst of times."

Donna Jean MacKay



ALAN SHECKTER ©1998

They seemed to start slow up through *Playing In The Band*. I sensed a lot of timing issues and fall-outs even with simple stuff like *Wang Dang Doodle* and *Jack Straw*. It bugged me. I should note that Mark Karan was the saving grace throughout the first part of the show with his tasteful innovation. And Donna Jean was a light at the end of the tunnel. She just sparkled on stage, and what a cool thing to see her with the Boys after all this time! Then came *Lost Sailor*. I lived every show of the last ten years hoping Bobby would dust this one off. His part, at least, was a picture perfect reading circa summer of '85 with Dave Ellis filling in the bittersweet lead passages. The *Saint Of Circumstance* which followed was not so perfect — 30% chutzpah and 70% cacophony. Even the drumming felt "off."

But *Playing In The Band* was a whole 'nother story. The intricate jamming which followed was right on time, racing toward the wonderfully open field of *Banyan Tree*. The ensuing *Drums* was positively spiritual. However, *Uncle John's Band*, which eased it's way out of a short *Space* was painful in a lot of ways. It was absolutely evident that the addition of two guitars and a sax could not begin to cover the absence of Garcia. The vocalizing was so-so and the song just doesn't work without Jerry's floating leads. The pendulum swung back again with *St. Stephen*. Even with Phil's thin vocals, this was incredible! Aside from the fact that I was witnessing an almost-Dead *St. Stephen*, which I never thought I would hear live in my lifetime, it was fresh and filled-to-the-brim with X Factor. Going into *The Eleven*, I was psyched until Bobby opened his mouth, knocking me off my cloud in a hurry. His vocal phrasing was wildly inappropriate. Musically, this *Eleven* seemed like a remedial version rather than a



DONNA JEAN

GROOVIN' WITH THE GRATEFUL DEAD AND BEYOND

BY
VESPER LYND

Donna Jean MacKay has chosen her life and chosen it well. She has arrived at a place of great mental clarity and focus despite the pitfalls of the typical "rock star" life. She is fully aware of her past achievements, but often needs to be reminded of the specifics.

Donna Thatcher got her start singing backup at the famed Muscle Shoals Sound Studio in Muscle Shoals, Alabama. This led to her first, professional pinnacle — singing with Elvis Presley. In 1970 she moved to San Francisco and was taken to a Grateful Dead concert. She married pianist Keith Godchaux in November 1970. In mid-1971 Donna and Keith met Jerry Garcia, and she arranged for Keith's September audition. He passed and first gigged with the Dead in October. After sitting in with the band on New Years '71, she joined the band in March of '72.

During the mid-'70s, Keith and Donna were core members of the somewhat interchangeable Keith & Donna Band and the Jerry Garcia Band. They left the Dead in early '79 and started the Heart of Gold Band. Keith was killed in an automobile accident in July 1980, and the following year Donna and Heart of Gold Band bassist David MacKay were married. In 1994 Donna and David moved back to Florence, Alabama, and in 1996 they released "Donna Jean" (Muscle Shoals Records), her first production since the early Eighties.

During a break in touring for her new CD, Donna Jean welcomed me into her home in Northern Alabama. Her hospitality extended to one of the best curry dishes I'd ever had and included a personal guided tour, along with husband David and Donna Jean Band/Muscle Shoals Studio guitarist Will McFarlane, of both the new and historic Muscle Shoals Sound Studios. We also visited the Alabama Music Hall of Fame in Tuscumbia, where we were taken on a personal tour.

Donna was open and excited to talk about all aspects of her past and her new project. Late night conversations provoked her to dig into her closet for her Winterland dress from 12/31/78, and fetch her personal photo album. When the questions involved her Christianity, she was eager talk, but cautious about popular feelings towards Born-Again Christians.

"It's an automatic turnoff and I am so against that religious crap," she said. "I am against people bombing abortion clinics. I do not stand for some of the stuff that is done in the name of Christianity, to where I'm very reluctant to talk about it because there is so much misunderstanding. People put you in a box; it's like 'yech...'"

Donna, like most people, does not remember each and every event in her past. She enjoyed both being reminded of forgotten events and seeing her old albums. She lives a modest life with David and their fifteen-year-old son, Kinsmen. For her fiftieth birthday her sister and best friend cleaned her house, and with the vacuum cleaners running, dogs barking, and people scurrying, we sat down and talked shop.



Keith & Donna Band 1975

There's no interview with you or Keith in the Grateful Dead Movie

Keith and I didn't talk a lot...we weren't into it. But, the thing about the movie was they actually did interview us, after the last night at Winterland [10/20/74]. The whole camera crew came over to our house over in Stinson Beach. The bad news was that the camera crew were so blown on acid that they couldn't get the camera focused. Keith and I were so out of it on acid, I don't even know if they even asked a question. All I know was that nothing turned out. We were more stoned that night than any other night. An attempt was made and the film did not turn out. It's as simple as that.

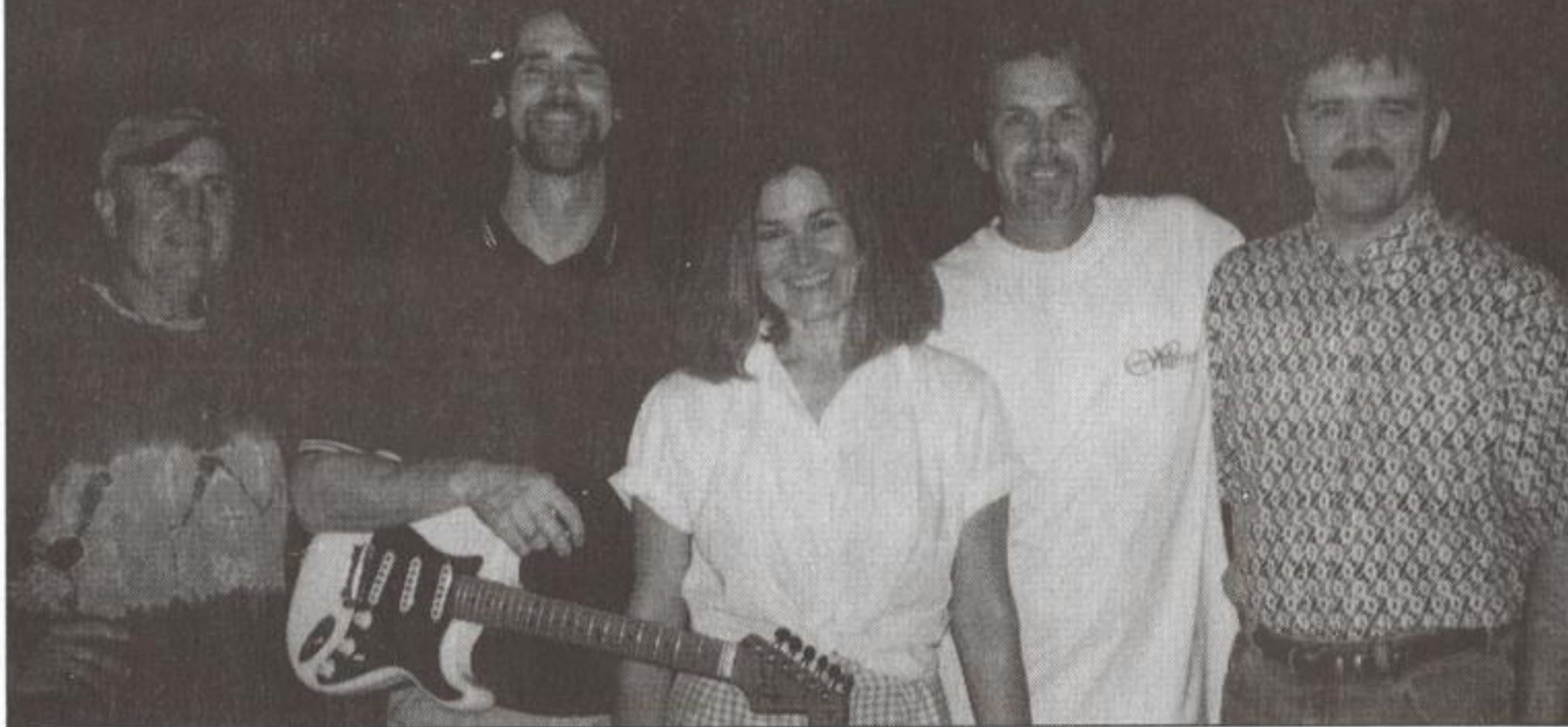
Did you ever have unscheduled private buddies or little winks in the hallways with the other women in the scene who were around at the time, such as Grace Slick or Mama Cass or Joni Mitchell?

I had a little bit of a relationship with Grace, not a lot. She was always doing her thing and I was always doing my thing. But as far as us being close friends or calling one another, no, that never happened. I met Mama Cass; she came to several concerts and I really liked her. Maria Muldaur and I were very close. Probably we were closer as two female singers than I was to anyone else. We were very good friends.

Are you still in touch with her?

I have not talked to Maria in ages.

Dona Jean Band rehearsal in Muscle Shoals



J. KINSMAN MACKAY ©1998

Jim Erickson, Will McFarlane, Donna Jean, David MacKay, and Joey Holder

You mentioned last night that you have kept in touch with the Dead. You guys are still friends...

Oh yeah.

When it's Donna Jean playing at the Great American Music Hall, might they come over?

Oh, I would love for them to come over. Of course they'll be invited.

Were you at Jerry's funeral?

Yes, I was there.

Tell us about seeing the Dead in Birmingham on 4/4/95. Did you just get a phone call? How did it work?

I knew they were coming, and Dennis McNally called and asked did we want to come to the show and be their guests and stay at the hotel. So my husband and I went, and it was great getting to see everybody again. I had a great time with Jerry.

Was he one to say, "Remember when? Remember when?"

That's what we did for two hours...we laughed and talked and Jerry was [snaps fingers] alert, he was happy and he was communicative. The time with Jerry was something for which I'll always be grateful. We had a wonderful time with Bobby, too; we spent a lot of time with him. I always thought it was so funny that I lived in the South for 23 years and nobody ever called me "Donna Jean" until I got to California, and Phil and Bobby and the band started calling me "Donna Jean." I think Bobby, probably, started it...because I wasn't Donna Jean, I was Donna Thatcher. Bobby started calling me "Donna Jean" then Phil started calling me "Donna Jean" and Jerry called me "Donna Jean-o."

How long had it been since you'd seen them?

It'd been years and years. I can't tell you how long, but a long time since I'd been to a GD concert. I was amazed by a couple of things. The first being how young the crowd was. I

was just amazed at that. The situation onstage had changed dramatically since I was with the band. Back then we had floor monitors which have now been replaced with in-the-ear monitors. Being backstage and listening to the band I had to have on earphones because there was no sound coming off the stage. That was real different. The GD was always looking for ways to make the sound onstage be where everybody could hear themselves. That was always very difficult. So I'm sure that they were looking for ways for the playing environment to be better for them. When you get to be our age and you've been in rock 'n' roll for as long as we obviously have been, your hearing starts to go, so you've

got to make things work for you as much as possible. The musical relationship onstage, as I had known it before, had really diminished, and my thought was, "I wonder how I would deal with that." Would you still look around and see who you were playing with in this controlled atmosphere in your head and still be playing off one another? But I guess they got used to that; you get used to anything. But than again, it could have been much better for a vocalist to hear vocals, which was always real hard.

The Dead have always been famous for state-of-the-art sound with Bear on the team, Phil and Alembic, Bobby and Ibanez, Jerry and Doug Irwin...they were always catered to regarding sound. Then there was the Wall of Sound, and throughout all this, the best sound system in the world, the lead vocalist in the GD had trouble hearing herself? You had all these people focused on the sound. How could that be?

Your guess is as good as mine. All I know is that it was not something that was ignored. I was trying to find the answer, but it was very elusive for some reason. It's not that an effort wasn't made. We would try all kinds of microphones. Another thing with the GD was that it was not primarily a vocal band; there were not real strong vocalists in the band, and I say that very gingerly.

You guys would harmonize and there were several songs on which there were harmony parts.

Oh yeah, on most of the songs there were harmony parts. It's not like we didn't work on vocals, we did. Just for some reason it was extremely difficult to get all that sound...Phil was singing...and it was a struggle. I think what I'm trying to say is, for instance, we didn't have a Whitney Houston where everything revolves around this tremendous voice. Garcia was a good singer because of his ability to communicate verbally, but he didn't have a great voice. We all had our drawbacks vocally, especially in that situation. I know that I specifically had a lot of problems myself in that situation. I had been a studio singer and it's a whole different dynamic onstage.

When did you become a singer?

My dad played the guitar and he and his sister used to sing in Texas. I was just always listening to music and I always sang, I don't remember when I didn't sing. What I did find myself doing very early was singing harmony with everything that I heard on the radio. I could always hear harmony and I would practice singing harmony constantly. By the time I was 16, I started singing in the studios. Before that, some friends and I had a folk group, when Peter, Paul & Mary and the Kingston Trio and all of that was very big. By the time I was in high school, I'd started singing in the studios because they started springing up here.

What was your first gig over there [Muscle Shoals Sound Studios]?

My first recording session that I was paid for. It was an ABC/Paramount session and it was for Philton Jarvis, who was Elvis Presley's producer, and I sang background on that session.

How did you get in?

My mother's friend was [Fame Studio's] Rick Hall's cousin. When I was 12 my mom and this lady named Rosalie took me to Rick's studio that had just opened. I just got studio fever, I knew that's what I wanted to do. As the blues scene started really taking root here in the recording studios, I was part of it.

Tell me about Duane Allman.

I do remember walking into the studio one day and he was laying down on his back with the microphone down on the floor, playing guitar. [is shown LP and nude photo of Duane therein] [laughter] What I remember the most was the Boz Scaggs [LP]. I'm sure that's what I'm referring to.

What song did Elvis hear with you on it that made him want you to record with him

Suspicious Minds. We had done the background work on the demo. Somebody sneaked him the song, he wasn't really supposed to hear it, is what I'd heard, but it got to him and he loved the song and he said, "I want those girls." And so we got the session and went to Memphis.

You were with him right before you went out West?

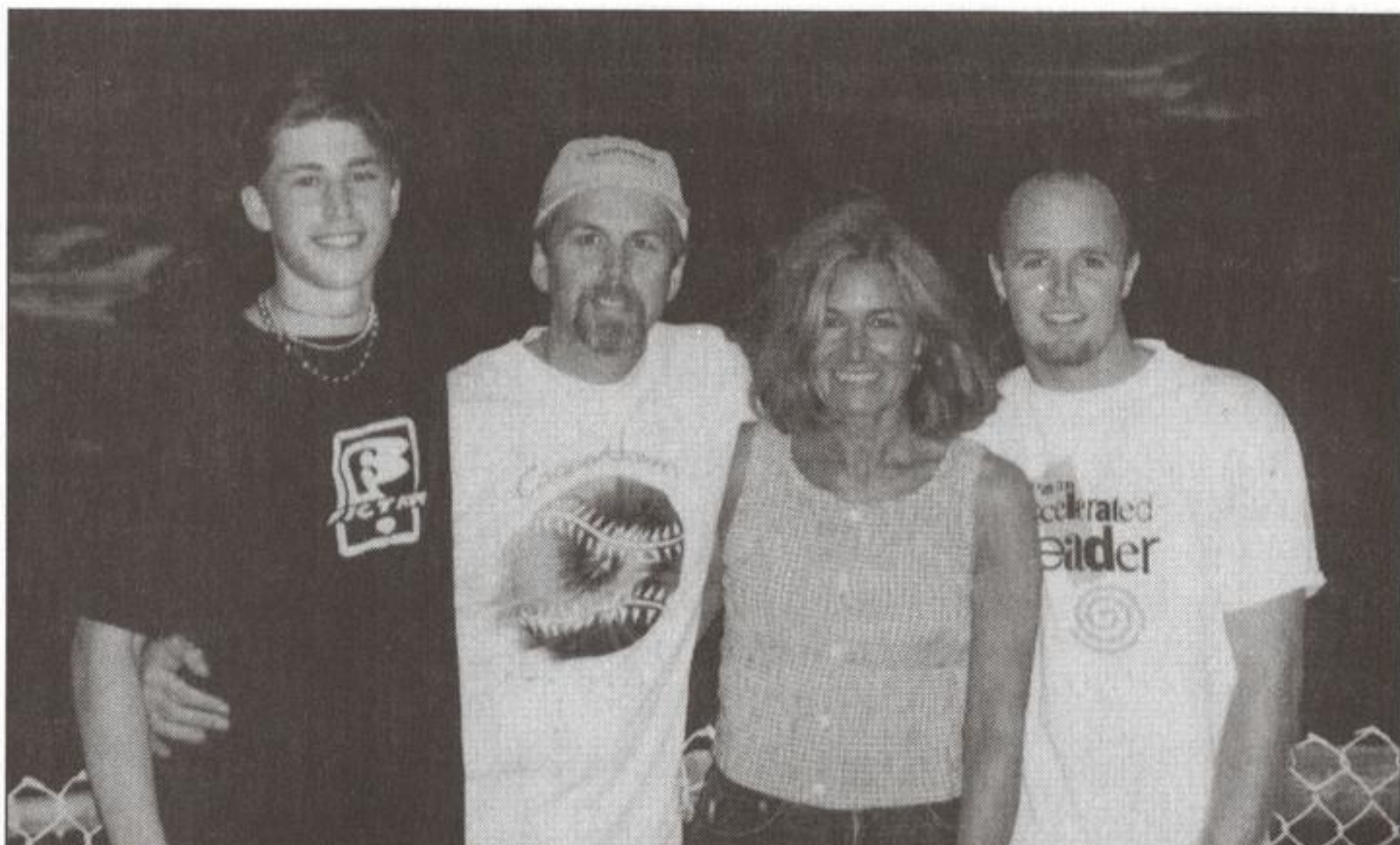
Yes, this was '69. Then I went out west in '70. The only time I saw Elvis was when we were doing *Suspicious Minds* and *In the Ghetto* and he was there.

Was he nice? Was he dreamy?

Ooh...he was *un-be-liev-able*. He was amazing.

Did you have any idea that Elvis had a drug problem?

I had no idea. I would have not suspected anything. That was back before I had done anything for sure. All I know was that he was incredible looking. He looked real good in '69...he looked *real good*.



Kinsman MacKay, David Mackay, Donna Jean, and Zion Godchaux-MacKay

KATHY HOLDER ©1998

Did you remember him from when you were little? You were less than ten.

Oh...oh [more ecstatic gasps] when I was nine I went to see "Love Me Tender." If I had known when I was nine years old I would sing with Elvis Presley, I don't think I would have been able to live.

Was [drummer] Ron Tutt with Elvis when you were working with Elvis?

Yes.

Years later you got together with the Jerry Garcia Band.

Ron was still playing with Elvis when he was playing with Garcia Band. It was real funny that we both ended up having something do with Elvis Presley and the Grateful Dead...Jerry Garcia. We talked about that the other day; Ron and I talked on the phone. We talked for about an hour and a half. [During the time he was playing with both JGB and Elvis] I never said to Ron, "Say 'Hi' to Elvis," or anything until this one time, I believe we were making "Cat's Under The Stars" and Tutt had to leave early because he was going out on the road with Elvis. And I said — I called him "Tutt" — I said, "Tutt, I don't know why I'm asking you this, but would you tell Elvis that I said hello?" And we'd been playing together for years and I'd never made any kind of statement like that. And he said, "Sure." And he did. And Elvis said, "Yeah...tell her I remember her and tell her hello and I hope I get to see her sometime." And a day or two later he was dead. Tutt called me and told me that Elvis was dead [8/16/77].

Is he the one who told you?

Yes. Tutt called me in the hospital [after my tubal ligation operation].

I wanted to ask you about your spirituality. Are you a born-again Christian?

I am definitely a Christian, yes.

You have always been a Christian?

Oh, boy...well you grow up in the South and it's kind of



SMOKING MOCCASINS ©1998

Sphinx Theater, Great Pyramid, Cairo Egypt 1978

everybody's a Christian and everybody goes to church. I didn't really have any depth.

Was there a spiritual need or a spiritual attraction or a spiritual void that attracted you back to it?

I think a spiritual reality did. I wasn't interested and never have been interested in religion. Being spiritual and being religious are two different things.

Regarding your time with LSD and psychedelics, there is a spiritual side to that and especially to the music of the Grateful Dead. Even for those who do not do psychedelics, there is a spiritual side and an "other world" type of element to the GD. Were you aware of it? Can you compare and contrast the spirituality of the music taking you somewhere else, and as a Christian achieving a sort of spirituality?

Well, gosh, that is such a deep subject. As I told you last night, what attracted me so much to the GD was when I went to the concert and I realized there was something going on that was more than music. I'd always been attracted to spiritual things. I've always kind of gravitated to that. I always found it so hard when I was growing up in churches here, I didn't feel that spirituality, it was more of a religious system. But yet I was still searching. I just wanted something spiritual. When I heard the GD I recognized there's something spiritual going on here, so I was very much attracted to it. As we all know, in the GD scene, when you open yourself up spiritually like that, whatever's out there — good, bad, ugly — it's coming down. That's why you have so much range in the GD

music. There'd be very happy-type up energy, and there'd be the *Dark Star* out there. You don't know where you're going and it's very strange and weird. Some people enjoyed that and some people didn't. I've had people tell me they got out there and just couldn't find their way back in that atmosphere, when the GD would play. So there was everything in the mix. I got to a point in my life to where there was so much opened up, I needed some direction to get focused.

When was this?

This was in 1980, after Keith had died [7/23]. I know I needed to get grounded somewhere. I was just in my room one day, not thinking about anything. I don't remember pursuing anything. It's like my room filled up with a presence...what do you say...the presence of the Lord. And everything changed from then on. I then began to understand some of the dynamics that had gone on in my life and found a place that really centered me spiritually, but released me. I know it sounds like an oxymoron — sometimes being grounded is the greatest way to find incredible freedom.

Regarding both psychedelic experiences and this type of spirituality, are you glad to have had both? I guess many adult Christians have never gone beyond the ordinary mind the way you have, the way a lot of Deadheads have. They knew there was something beyond reality, and they wanted to touch it.

You want to ask me, do I still think that experience was valid? I can't speak for everybody. I believe things happen in

life when you're looking the right way; those things are going to be part of what it takes to find it. For me, I know that if that's what it took, then that's fine. The experiences I had with psychedelics... I don't know what I thought about it. I knew that it was "other." It was always up for grabs. That's what I mean about how you open yourself up and anything can come in and it's a chance you take.

Is that same chance available with Christian spirituality?

No, not that kind of chance.

When you open yourself up to the Lord... it's a win/win situation?

It's awesome! It's a no-lose situation. But yet, it's an incredible adventure. I have never soared spiritually like I am now. I am high all the time. If I were to take drugs it would bring me down really bad. I'm higher than I've ever been on anything.

My perception of the GD and LSD was that it was a constant game. Were people always doing it?

You just kind of expected that you were probably going to get dosed if you didn't dose yourself. For a while we were doing it a lot... it leveled off. I can't speak for everybody else.

Did you know back then how much people loved being in the family and pressing up against the stage or sitting way up in the rafters at Winterland?

Yeah, I did. The expressions of adoration were very much present all the time. But how to relate to that was something that was difficult. As I was saying last night, there was such a gulf between our scene in the band and the people. It was so large that it was hard to get individual with someone because you kind of had to protect yourself in a way. The wonderful time I'm having right now is playing music in small places. And getting to reach out and touch these people, talk to them. They're real people, they're not a faceless mass.

What has given you these songs and the desire to go out there for the first time in 18 years? Why now?

It's because I just started getting songs.

How do you write songs? Do you write lyrics and music?

Both. I wrote most of the lyrics on the new CD and a lot of the music, too. When inspiration comes you have to go with it. I didn't intentionally go, "I want to make a comeback. Eighteen years is long enough." It's that songs started coming, I started getting inspired musically and lyrically, and when that happens you have to go with it.

Tell me about the new song Erosion. Regardless of how we know you, you're also a mother with sons [15,23] in America, and it's nasty out there.

It's nasty out there. It didn't get nasty overnight, it's a real slow process. As the song says, "Inch by inch." We get jaded to things that would have torn us up 20 years ago.

Let's look at your old albums. The first time those

Deadheads who hadn't seen you in concert heard you was on this album. [Donna is banded Weir's "Ace" LP] Do you know what it says you did on this album? What it says after your name?

"The Chick Vocals."

Did you know that?

Yeah I did... I didn't remember it, but now I do.

What do you think of this record?

It was fun making that record.

[Donna is banded "Wake of the Flood"] This was the first official GD record on which you appeared. This had Keith's Let Me Sing Your Blues Away. We haven't really talked much about Keith, I don't know how you feel talking about him.

[Filled with emotion/watery eyes] I don't know why when you said *Let Me Sing Your Blues Away*, I don't know why it did that... he was a funky singer, real unique, it was like a character voice.

Why didn't he use it more?

Keith sang in the Garcia Band, he sang backup and also in the Keith & Donna Band he sang a lot. And the new band, The Heart of Gold Band, right before Keith died, he was singing a lot.

What do you remember about this one, "Mars Hotel"?

The main thing I remember about it was I had a baby. So Zion would be in his little seat somewhere in the studio while we were doing the recording. I really enjoyed making "Mars Hotel." Isn't *Row Jimmy, Row* on there... oh, that's on "Wake of the Flood." Let me see what all is on there [holds "Mars Hotel" LP]. You see, people would think I would know what... I have no idea what's on any of these records.

I wanted to ask you about Money Money.

I remember that song; I remember Keith hated it.

Keith was getting away from acoustic piano and moving toward electronics like with harpsichord on China Doll Was he asked to do that or did he come up with those ideas himself?

It was probably a little of both.

This album [Donna holds the "Blues for Allah" LP] has your first solo vocal on Music Never Stopped. Whose idea was that?

I think it was his [Weir's] idea... I liked it. We had fun... we did this at Bobby's studio and we had fun doing that. I remember during the making of this record I started getting a little more with it... I starting kinda finding out who I was. I'm not only participating in the GD, but I started thinking about if I was going to write what I would want to say. I started coming around in other words. And then I started writing.

We first heard your writing on this album [Donna is banded "Terrapin Station"]. Tell me about this record and tell me about Sunrise.



Donna Jean with Phil & Bobby at Philharmonia

Oh, I loved making this record. [Donna is handed the sheet music for *Sunrise* from the *Grateful Dead Anthology* song-book]. Let me see if the lyrics are right on that...I bet they're not. Well, it's "many in *the* circle...slowly round the fire." And when he is *done*, not when he is *gone*, I want to know him better." Also it's *praying*, not *playing*."

Tell me more about Sunrise

Well, you know Rolling Thunder the Indian Medicine Man was a good friend of the Dead family. I got to know him and got interested in going back to my Native American roots. You know I'm part Cherokee Indian and so is Rolling Thunder; he's full-blooded. Anyway, when he'd go out to Mickey's ranch, I'd go and pick herbs with him and make medicine and stuff like that, so I was just very interested in the Native American approach to life and I really got to be close to Rolling Thunder and his wife Spotted Fawn. In the meantime, Rex Jackson died, and I went to several sunrise services at Mickey's ranch where Rolling Thunder would perform, and we would all go. So this song is a combination of two sunrise services. One was Rex Jackson's funeral and the other was a sunrise service, and everything I say in there is exactly what happens at the service.

I don't think anybody knows about this.

It's a beautiful song. I remember when the band...I think Phil told me when I wrote the words...they all said it was beautiful poetry.

Is it something you'd want to perform today?

Well, I'm going through what I'd like to perform again and what I wouldn't. That song is like a period piece to me, so I don't know.

Tell me about Jerry's drawing on your son Zion's forehead ["Keith & Donna" LP cover].

Jerry was at our house in Stinson Beach and we said, "Why don't you just draw whatever comes to your mind as related to the songs on the record." And he did...he just started drawing. And so you have the showboat right there, the song says, "My love for you stands even when the strongest hearts have fallen." See you have the fallen hearts and there's the one standing. There's *River Deep, Mountain High*. You have what looks like a little Chinese house...in the song *Farewell Jack*, "My Chinese lady's going to lay with me under the Peking moon in the China Sea," so there's that. And then, "There's a church on the hill, got a brand new choir," so you've got a church, "got a burning hot fire" so you see a little smoke coming out of it. Those are piano keys probably just because Keith played piano.

Tell me about "Reflections" [she holds LP].

I remember I loved the song, *Catfish John*. I loved that song. [singing] "Mama said don't

go near that river..." *It Must've Been the Roses* was on this? That's where that appeared? Wow...because that's on the [Grateful Dead] Movie, right? It's playing as the credits are going by.

Tell me about Lowell George [late Little Feat guitarist and "Shakedown Street" producer].

Lowell actually lived with Keith and me when we were making that record. He lived at our house in San Rafael. Gosh, it was great being with Lowell, he was an incredible guy.

Tell me about From the Heart of Me

That song was written at a time when Keith and I were getting along poorly. And we were trying to work through some stuff and actually in writing that song...it was a catharsis, and in the process of writing that song, in the process of writing the lyrics and the music, by the time I got done with it, I had found my way clear of something positive in relation to my marriage. Gosh, it was amazing that that really did happen...I really got there. Like I said, we were working through something pretty heavy that had happened. Unless I'm being inspired, I don't write. At the time, the time to do this record was coming up and I wanted to have a song to do, so I had to write what was really going on. That's why it talks about overflows. It was hard — being married, traveling in that scene, so much. I tore up hotel rooms. I was really bad. I did that several times. Being on the road, airplane, hotel room, limos, it's almost like getting escorted from one prison to the next. I don't mean that in a bad way...kind of psychologically. You get a married couple traveling like that and that's a prescription for trouble. And so we would be drunk and stoned and self-centered and all that, and there were some times when I just lost it. Kreutzmann and I were

bad. Kreutzmann had a temper. But I just *mangled* hotel rooms, I would destroy everything in the room.

Did you get in trouble?

No, and that's the horrible thing.

There are a couple of GD gigs I wanted to ask you about. How about Englishtown, NJ, 9/3/77?

My [tubal ligation] incision was in August '77, and...I had an open incision and my doctor said, "You cannot play that gig." We had a financial incentive to do the gig but I'd just had a tube removed. When it turned out that my doctor said I couldn't go, the band said, "Oh great...how are we going to do it? Now we can't do the gig." So they said, "We'll just have to call it off because you're singing and we can't do it without you." So, against my doctor's orders, with an open incision, I did that gig. I had to be helicoptered, wheelchaired, picked up, carried and I did it sitting on a stool. That's how Englishtown happened. So if you see any photos, I'm going to be sitting on a stool.

What about those later shows where you didn't show up [1/20-21/79]?

That's when I told them, "I don't have to take this anymore. I'm leaving, I'm getting on a plane and I'm getting out of here." It got so bad with all the inner stuff going on with everybody and I said, "I don't have to take this," and I left the tour. And that was the beginning of the end. Keith and I talked about it; we weren't quitters, and we didn't know how to quit. We knew we were dying. Literally, spirit, soul and body. It was horrible by that time. And so Keith finished the tour and he got home and we were taking about how in the world are we going to quit...how were we going to do this? It was a hard thing, it was tough...you know the GD, and it's something you've been in for so long, but we knew we had to get out. The band knew that, too. It was a real mutual decision. They called a meeting at our house, and I believe it was Bobby who actually said, "You know we've talked about it. We feel that you and Keith need to do something different." And it was like, "Yeah [laughter]...you're right!" So it was real mutual. I've been asked that so much, "Did you guys quit or were you fired?" It was a mutual decision.

Did you ever meet Brent [Mydland]?

Oh, yeah. What amazed me, after I saw Brent after he'd been with the Dead for a little bit, he looked just like Keith and it scared me to death...it freaked me out.

Tell me a little about the Olympia Theatre [Paris, 5/3/72] — what happened there?

What had happened was that we were used to a certain batch [of LSD] and we had been taking that during the European tour. And then somebody came over with some more, and we thought it was going to be the same. So I took my usual



amount that I'd been taking, which was about ten hits at the time. But it was a fresh batch and I just got too stoned. And I found myself underneath Keith's grand piano and I was just groovin' with the band [laughter]. I was just groovin' with the GD. And then I realized, "I sing with this band!" And I went, "Woah, what am I gonna do? How am I going to pull this together?" And I don't know, to this day, how I got out from under the piano. How I managed to convince myself that I was in this body and this body was going to get up and sing.

Any other incidents?

Another horrible thing that happened to me was in Roanoke, VA, [7/27/74], and at that time I was on a get-cleaned-up trip. I was running and doing stuff like that, so I had gotten myself into a self-improvement thing where I wasn't going to do drugs on this tour. A friend of mine came up and offered me a line of coke and I said, "No, I'm not doing it." And he said, "Oh come on..." and so I did it. And it turns out it was cut with belladonna, which I realize now I'm severely allergic to, and that was one time I couldn't pull it off. I was standing up singing and it was the worst experience I have ever had in my life. It was the most demonic...demons were presenting themselves right before my eyes. I couldn't move, I couldn't sing, I couldn't speak. I think somebody led me off the stage and I had to go to the hospital and they shot me up with valium and the doctor wrote on the report that I was just nervous because I had to go onstage.

Getting back to France, what about the window?

Yes, we had to crawl out the window of the bathroom; I had to crawl out the window of the bathroom. It was almost riot level because we weren't going to play [Lille, France, 5/5/72]. So we had to get our butts out of Dodge. I don't remember a lot about it other than that. Maybe they pitched me out. It was a high window, I remember that.

Then you went back to that town later in the tour and played for free [5/13/72].

Did we? *You* know. I don't know, did we do that?

Yeab.

Oh, I'm glad. Good for us. Aren't we great! We did a free concert!

Why are you coming to play in our town now?

There's a love for people that I have right now that I've never had. I've never been able to express it like I am now, I've never been so focused. And I want to get out there and be with people...that's why I'm coming to your town. It's like a reconnection with a family you haven't seen in a long time. It stirs up good things inside you. ◇

You can reach Vesper Lynd at vlynd@aol.com

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ AND HERITAGE FESTIVAL

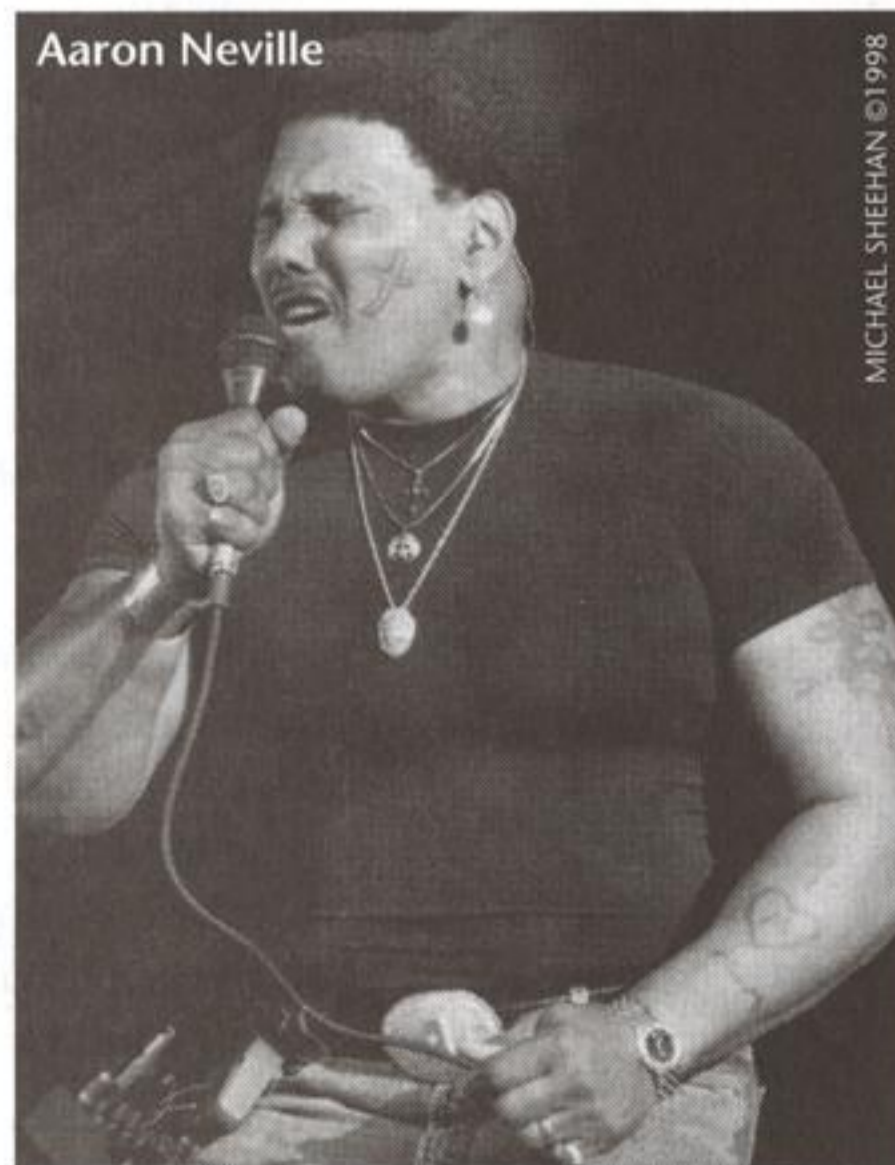


Neville Brothers

For me, the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival is the very best musical and spiritual experience of the year. The huge selection of quality music and food and the knowledgeable, international crowd, all together in a venue with state-of-the-art facilities creates an experience that captures the true spirit of American music at its finest.

Musical genres include R&B, Traditional Jazz, Contemporary Jazz, Brass Bands, Zydeco, Gospel, Mardi Gras Indians, Folk, Reggae, Rock and music that defies definition. The food is local cuisine; specialties of the house from the respected institutions of New Orleans including crawfish and shrimp dishes, oysters, stuffed artichokes, red beans and rice, poor boys, turkey, pastries, peanuts, pralines, strawberry shortcake, mango freezes and much, much more.

BY MICHAEL SHEEHAN



Aaron Neville

This year's event featured a newly constructed grandstand. This gorgeous facility, adjacent to the racetrack, houses three stages, art exhibits, food outlets and clean bathrooms. Within the massive infield there are four large stages, several smaller stages, arts and crafts, food booths, a children's village, and demonstration workshops featuring regional talents.

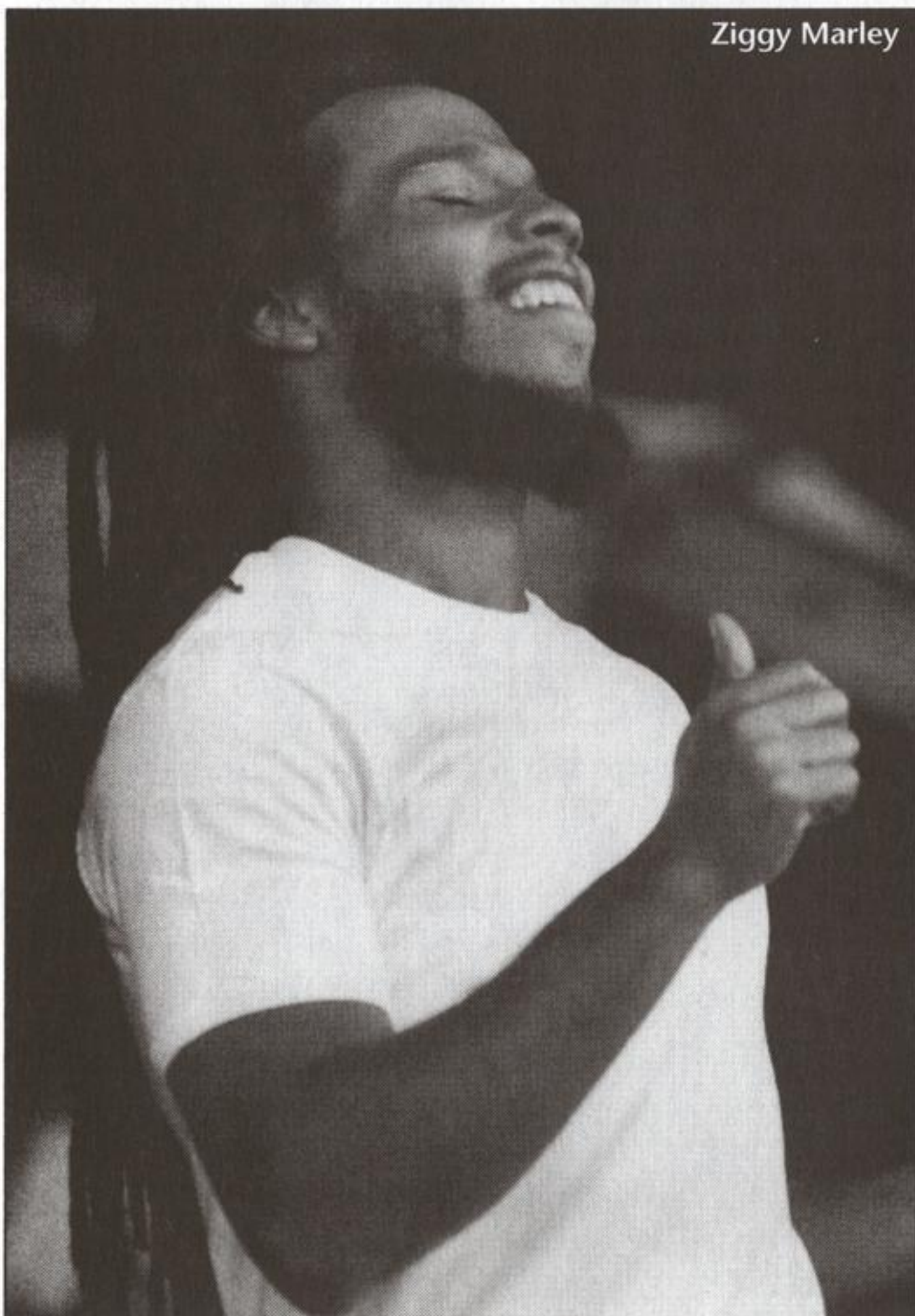
Jazzfest encompasses seven days over two weekends and includes well over 400 acts. Unable to attend the first weekend, I missed John Fogerty, Bonnie Raitt and Dave Matthews Band. However, I was able to hear and photograph over 60 bands during the final four days of the festival.

The single biggest problem of the Jazzfest is deciding which band to see. Some festival-goers set up camp at one stage and stay all

day. Some float from stage to stage, soaking in a little bit of everything. I targeted a few "must sees" and used the free-floating style, allowing for discovery of great music previously unknown to this writer.

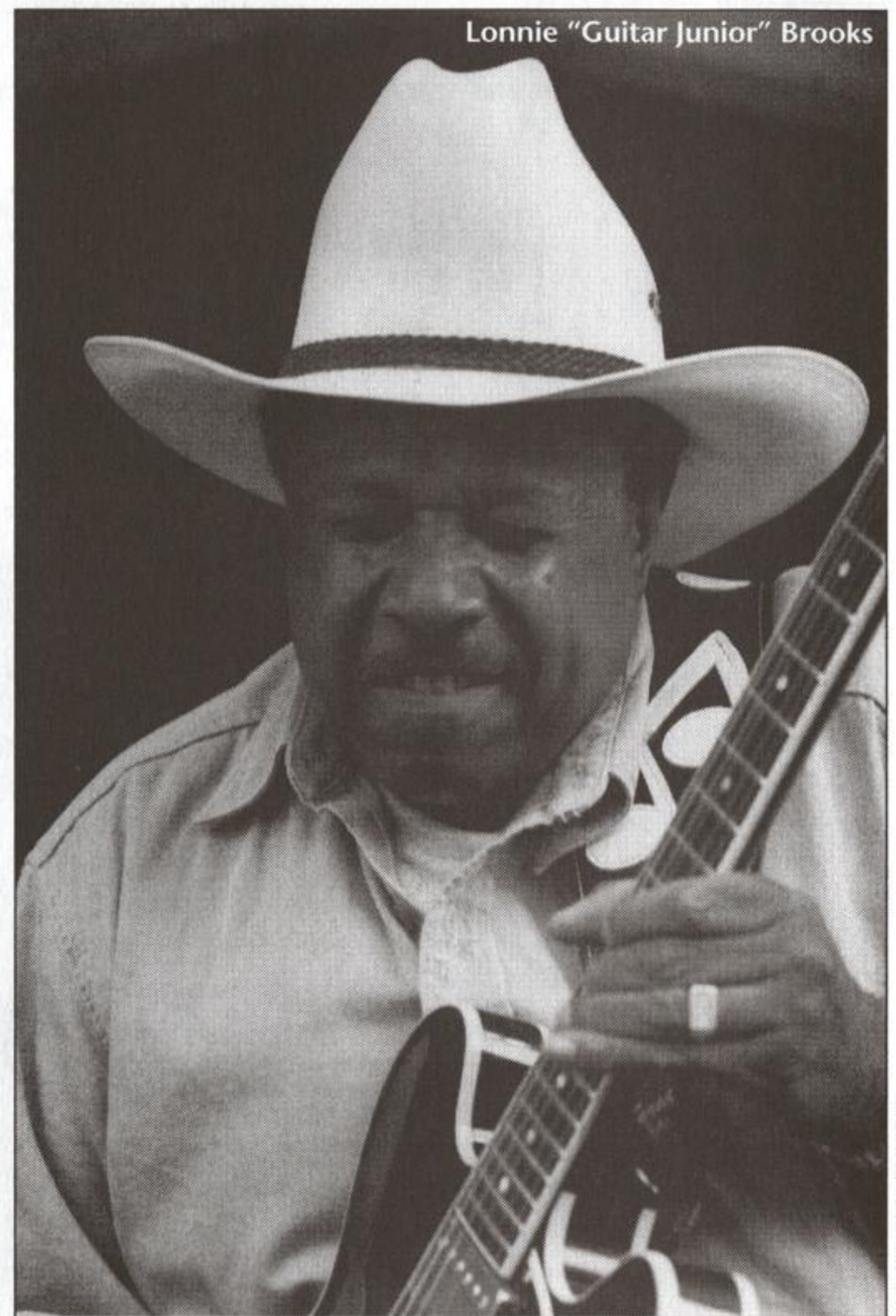
On Thursday, Carmen Lundy's smooth jazz-scat vocals impressed me. Tab Benoit was his usual great self, playing the blues. Alas, Ziggy Marley's set never really got off the ground. However, the highlight of the day came at the Fais Do Do Stage. The Cajun fiddler, Hadley J. Castille, mixed bluegrass and country into his foot-stompin' music. In between songs he kept the crowd laughing with his hilarious stories. On Friday, Little Freddie King exhibited his showmanship, giving way to Robert Lowery and his Delta blues. Next up was Emmylou Harris and her lilting vocals. My world was further rocked by Ex-Meter Leo Nocentelli and his dynamic band.

My eyes opened Saturday to the outrageous Ironing Board Sam who played his keys supported by an ironing board. The Dixie Cups played great versions of Bayou classics including *Iko Iko*. Irma Thomas, The Soul Queen of New Orleans, certainly did not disappoint. The Wild Magnolia Mardi Gras Indians in full regalia, accompanied by their band, performed one of the more high-energy sets of the fest. I then hoofed it over to see Jimmy Buffet. Mr. Buffet disallowed press access for the majority of the set. What was initially disappointment turned into a blessing, for it allowed me to spend more time



Ziggy Marley

MICHAEL SHEEHAN ©1998



Lonnie "Guitar Junior" Brooks

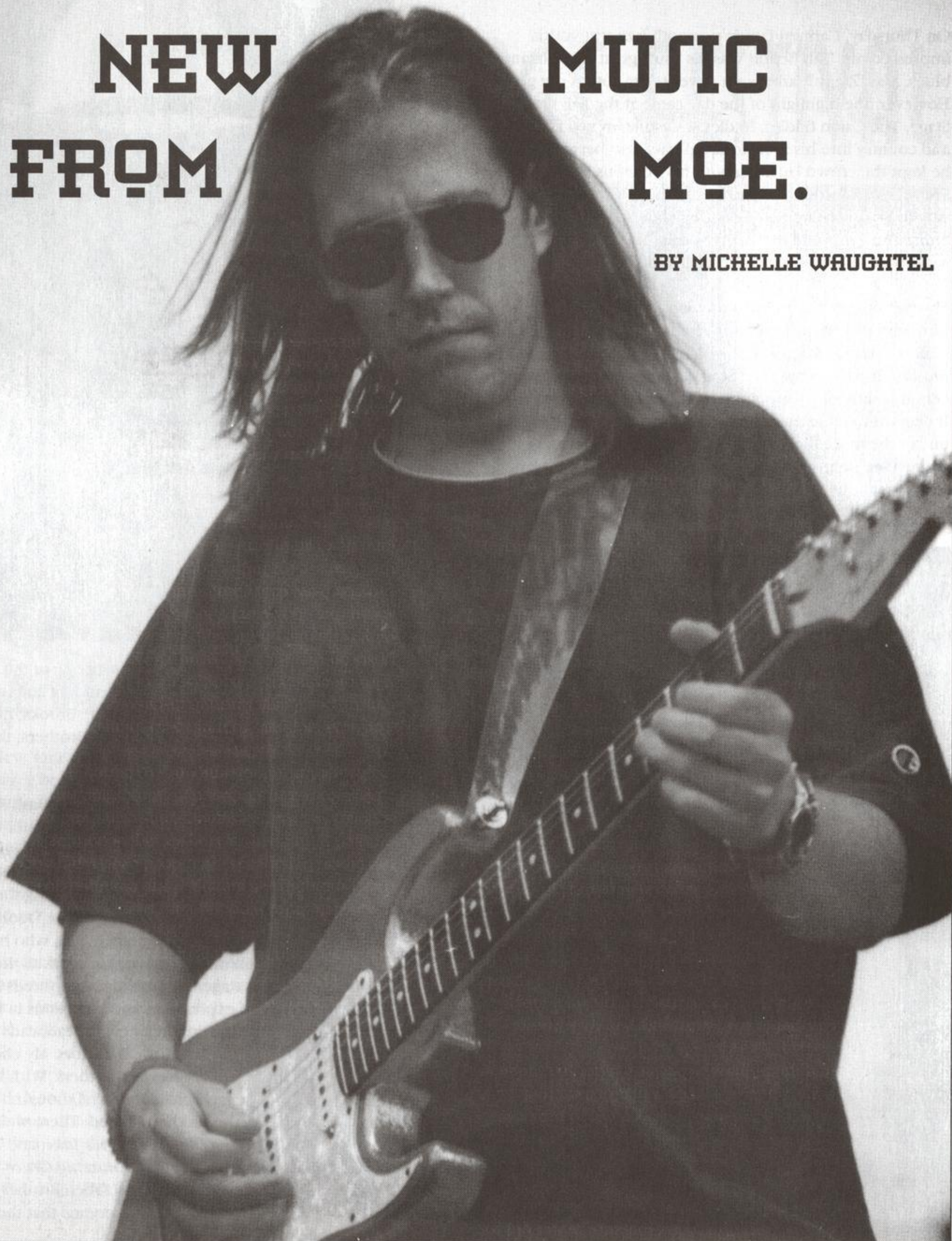
MICHAEL SHEEHAN ©1998

at the House of Blues Stage, witnessing one of the best blues sets this reviewer has ever heard. Confident and hitting every clear, crisp note, Lonnie "Guitar Junior" Brooks, held the crowd in his hand. Next to the Neville Brothers, this set was the highlight of the fest.

The climactic day of the festival began with Dash Rip Rock enticing the renowned Beatle Bob and this author to dance onstage. Then C.J. Chenier and the Red-Hot Louisiana Band had everyone up and dancing, including Ani Defranco and her friends, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. About halfway through an average set by the Doobie Brothers I headed to see the great Ani Defranco. Ani, who has her own rabid, dedicated following, showed me what all the fuss is about. All over the stage, this little dynamo shreds her guitar and has a myriad of expressions and inflections in her music. Many locals and a large contingency of Deadheads witnessed an extremely powerful set by the Radiators. My choice for the final act was the legendary Neville Brothers. With the full Neville family, Jesse Jackson, and several thousand adoring fans in attendance, the Brothers shined. There were great versions of *Fiyo on the Bayou*, *Brother Jake*, and *Yellow Moon*, among others, and finally, *Amazing Grace*. I looked around and saw many a wet eyeball. Then Brother Cyril Neville said good-bye, reminding everyone that there is one love — one race — the human race. ♦

A SPECIAL PREVIEW OF NEW MUSIC FROM MOE.

BY MICHELLE WAUGHTEL



BRADLEY S. GELB ©1998

The moe. guys are really excited about their new Sony recording due out in late August. Guitarist Chuck Garvey tells us what they've been up to.

First question, what is your token of choice when playing Monopoly?

I like the hat. Hat or car. I am cool enough to want to be driving a car around the Monopoly board but refined enough to like the top hat.

That's a personality test waiting to happen. Now an easier question: What songs did you record for the new CD?

There are 12 songs: *Stranger Than Fiction*, *Spaz Medicine*, *Nebraska*, *Head*, *High and Low*, *Plane Crash*, *Letter Home*, *Big World*, *Again and Again*, *It*, *Happy Hour Hero*, and *Queen of the Rodeo*.

How long did the recording take?

The actual recording took five weeks and the mixing took two-and-a-half.

Is there a working title for the disc yet? I get something of a travel theme from the song list

Tentatively, we're calling it "Tin Cans and Car Tires." And yes, almost all of the songs have a road theme. They all mention the word *home*, or where we just were, or traveling. We're working with an art director from Sony to develop the concept.

Which songs were the hardest to put down?

Surprisingly, *It* has been a pain in our ass at every step along the way. First we debated about putting it on the album at all, then we had to mess with the arrangement in pre-production. When we started tracking it we thought we had it, then we needed to do it over. I had to track vocals like three times, either because of some kind of malfunction in my voice or the equipment. Then in the mixing process, we had to remix it several times, and even then it was one of the eleventh hour mixes on the last night. John Siket, the engineer, called it a "difficult birth."

Which was the "easy birth?"

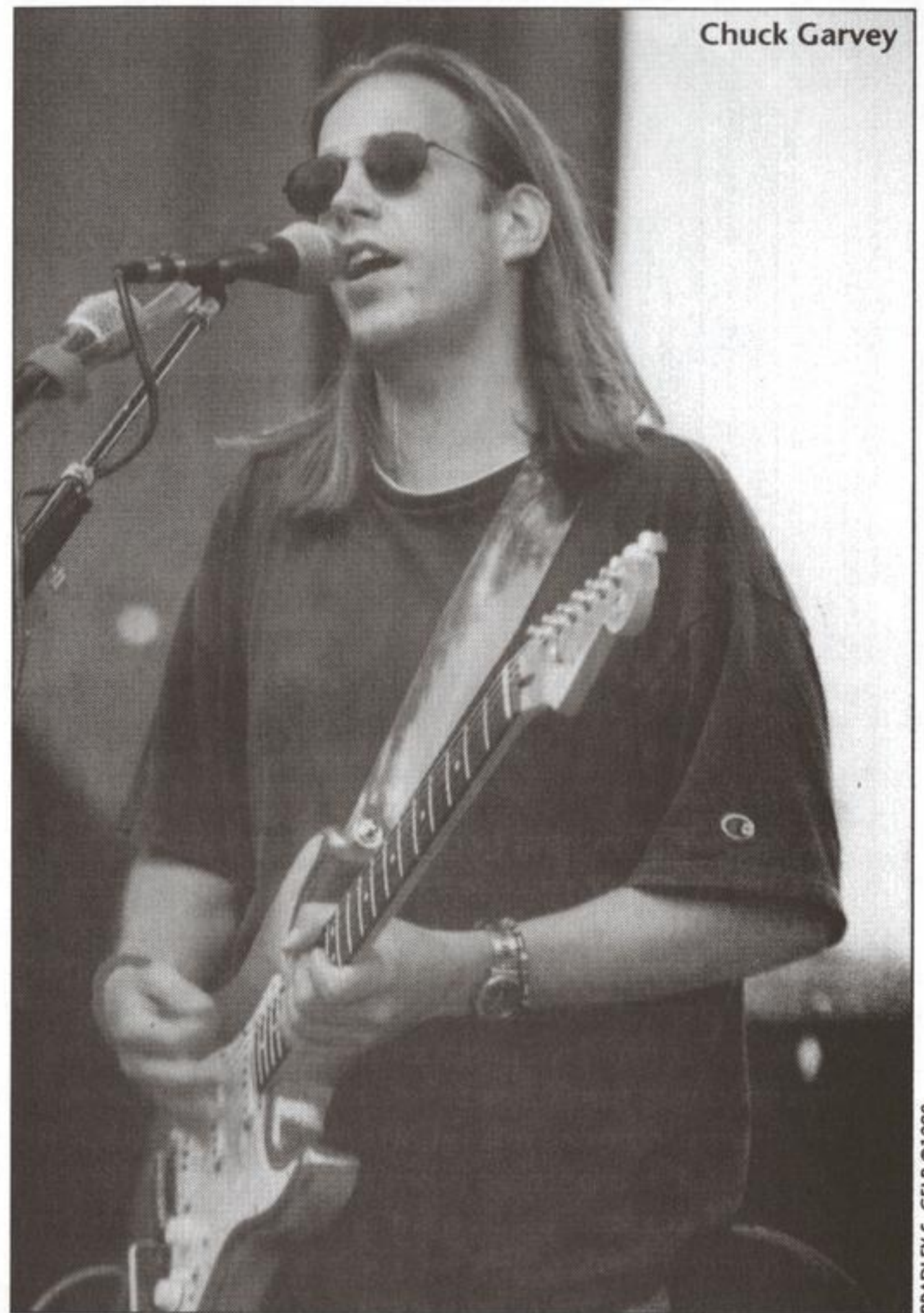
Queen of the Rodeo came out very quickly and it mixed very easily. *Letter Home* and *Big World* both just came together and sounded really good. I'm really excited about *Letter Home*. Al's singing on it is really, really good.

Which songs do you think of as having mainstream potential?

Al feels strongly about *Letter Home* being a single, but probably not the first one. I could hear that one on the radio, but then again, I can't hear any of our songs on the radio. In terms of what the general public might latch onto, I could see *Nebraska*. Or *Stranger Than Fiction*.

I was thinking It could get on the radio.

A lot of people say that. Our managers and our A&R guy, Michael Caplan have said it, but I am not so positive about it.



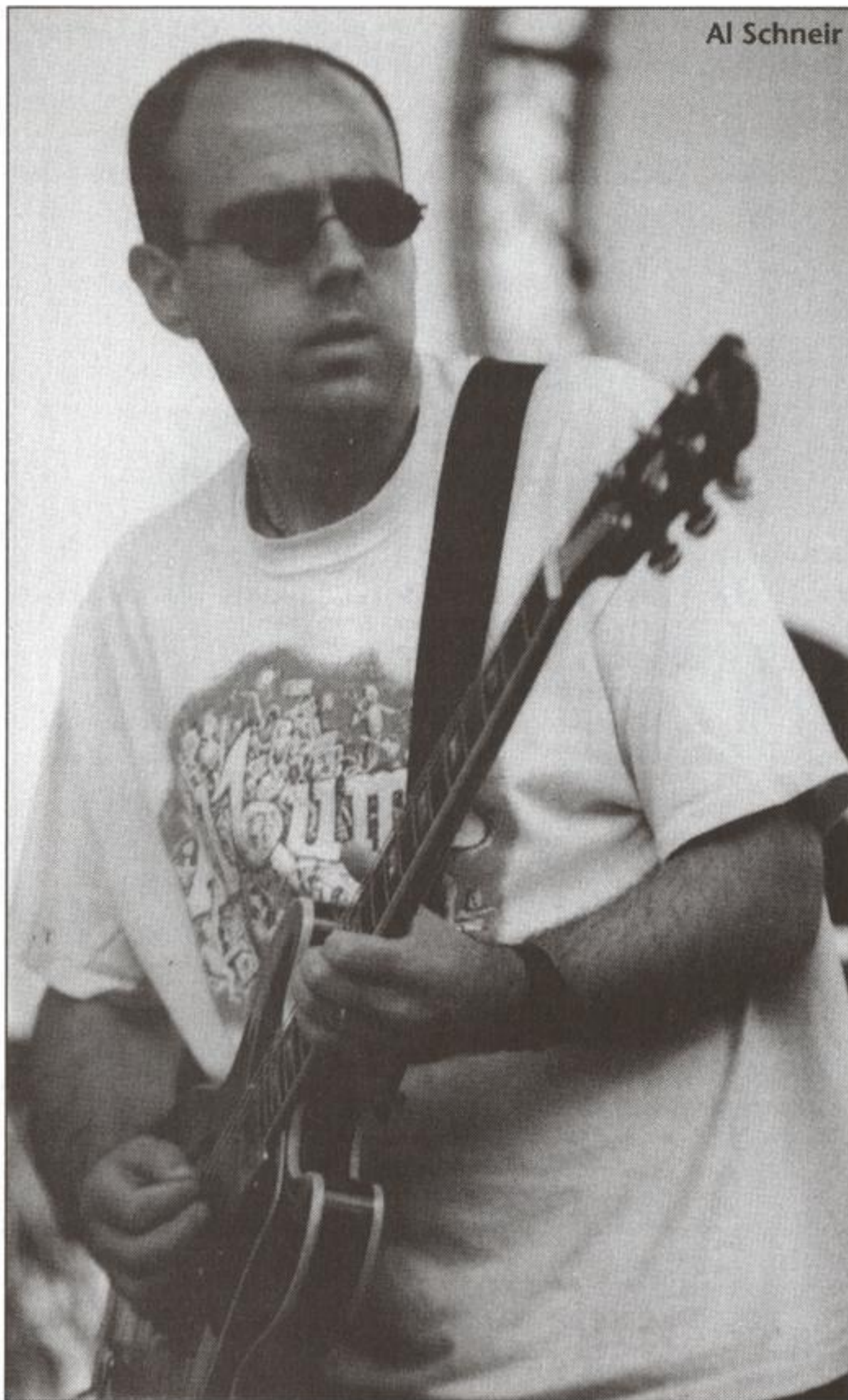
Happy Hour Hero and *Nebraska* both were very well recorded and could do well. But *Spaz Medicine*, for example, would be a little too weird in the vocal department. I just found out the words "pagan cow" are in there somewhere. *Spaz Medicine* sounds really good on the new disc though. We got the horn players from *Yolk* on it: Andrew, the tenor sax player, and Dave, the guitarist, played this combination of a fluglehorn and a trombone.

Some of the material you recorded was virginal — not previously performed live. That's the reverse of how many others in your genre do it.

Well, with our tour schedule, we haven't had a lot of time to rehearse and write new music. So during preproduction we rented a big house in the Catskills and set all our stuff up in the living room. We had all these ideas for songs built up and so we busted some out. And for the first week we worked on new material. Within three or four days we had three solid songs going. At the end we had five. And we threw them into the hat. We were considering 20 songs for the album, and three of the five new songs got on. We thought it would be cool to offer something that had not really been heard before.

What is your new song High and Low about?

There is this book by Herman Hesse, *Siddhartha*, that I read when I was 16 or 17. One of the themes of the book is that at any given moment everything is occurring at the same time



BRADLEY S. GELB ©1998

and there isn't just all good or all bad; nothing is so simple and everything is a mixture. That idea, working together with what we're doing on the road is what *High and Low* is about. While I'm grateful for everything that has happened to us, but there is a downside and that is basically what the song says.

I was really surprised to see Plane Crash on the list. Did you make any effort to obscure the many instances of the word "fuck"? And how many minutes long is it?

It's fun to say fuck. Rob felt very strongly that it would corrupt the initial song, as people had heard it live, if we changed it to make the radio people happy. It's about nine minutes long, the longest song on the CD. And there are strings on it! We hired a cello player and two violin players. John D'earth, the trumpet player for Hornsby arranged the strings and other horn stuff on the album.

What other songs have guest musicians?

Happy Hour Hero has J.C. Kuhl from Agents of Good Roots playing saxophone. He played the crap out of it! And the singer from Agents of Good Roots, Andrew Winn, played Wurlitzer on *Nebraska*.

What about Head? How long is that?

It's about seven minutes long. All the right ideas got conveyed from our longer songs, but they aren't the bloated epics they become in front of a live, very forgiving audience. In the studio we had the opportunity to make a snapshot of these songs and document them that way, as opposed to the big, exploring versions that the tape traders have documented. We made the ideas a little bit more concise.

Did Al do any instrument changes?

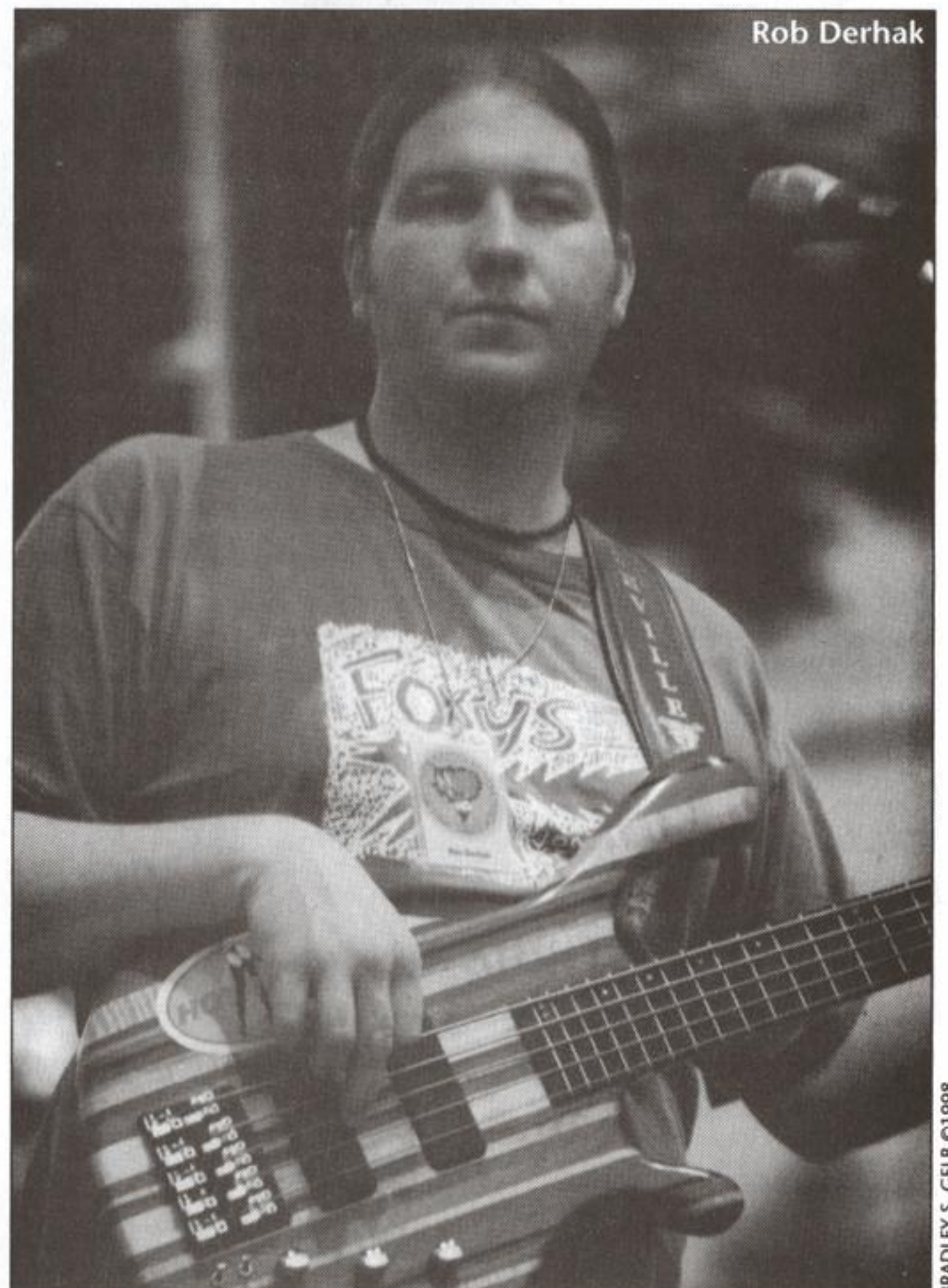
He played lap steel on *It* and *Stranger Than Fiction*. Some acoustic guitar, but that's it.

This was Vinny's first time in the studio. How did that work out?

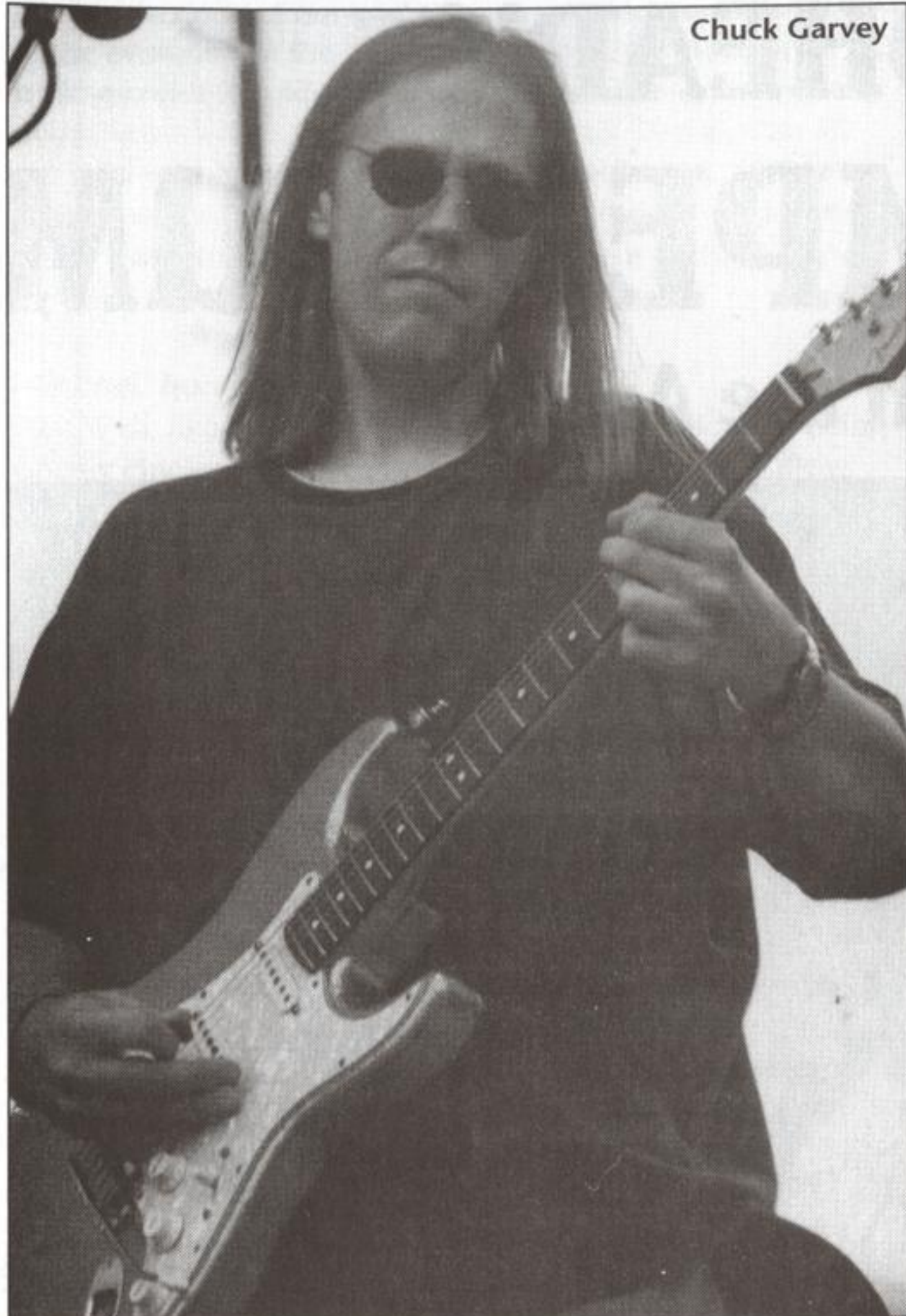
He was a champ! He was kinda nervous about it because we were all very concerned about tempos and keeping things very even. But we were done with the basic drum tracks in six working days. He was great. John Alagia and John Siket were amazed. They called Vinny "da bomb."

What else has your producer John Alagia done? Did he work with Phish and Dave Matthews Band?

No, that was John Siket, our engineer. He engineered "Crash" (DMB), "Billy Breathes" (Phish), and a couple of Sonic Youth albums. John Alagia did preproduction for "Crash" and mixed "Live at Red Rocks" (DMB). He recently mixed a Ben Folds Five live concert, which may be released at some later time.



BRADLEY S. GELB ©1998



Chuck Garvey

BRADLEY S. GELB ©1998

How do you think this CD differs from "No Doy"?

It's got a little more life to it. "No Doy" in many ways is a good-sounding album, but the new one has a slightly rawer charm. It's closer to how we really sound and what we initially felt we wanted to do. "No Doy" was our first opportunity to work with a producer and we put ourselves in his hands. What we've learned is that we have very strong ideas about what we want to do and what we should sound like. For the new album, John Alagia had great ideas and we had great ideas. I think we had more of a circular relationship with the producer. John Porter did a good job with "No Doy," but this one is closer to our ideal.

What's the next thing for moe. now that the album's done?

We will be taking about a month off late July/early August because Al is having a baby! Then we are going to try to organize our tour schedule differently so that we can have small bouts of vacation to go home between tours. We unofficially came to the conclusion that we can do most of the country in about eight or nine weeks. And we'd like to go four weeks on and two weeks off — four more weeks on, then a month off, before starting the cycle over again. Then we'd have three or four tours a year. We are also going to rehearse more under controlled circumstances. And we want to play as much as possible, with friends and by ourselves, and to do it everywhere. ♦

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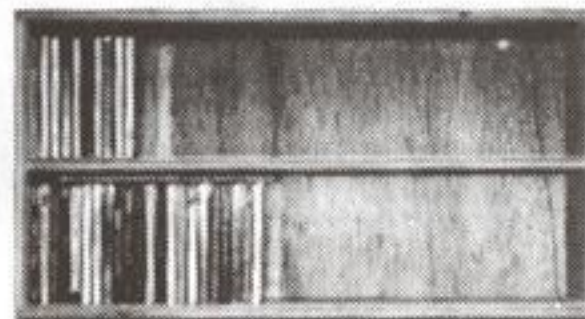
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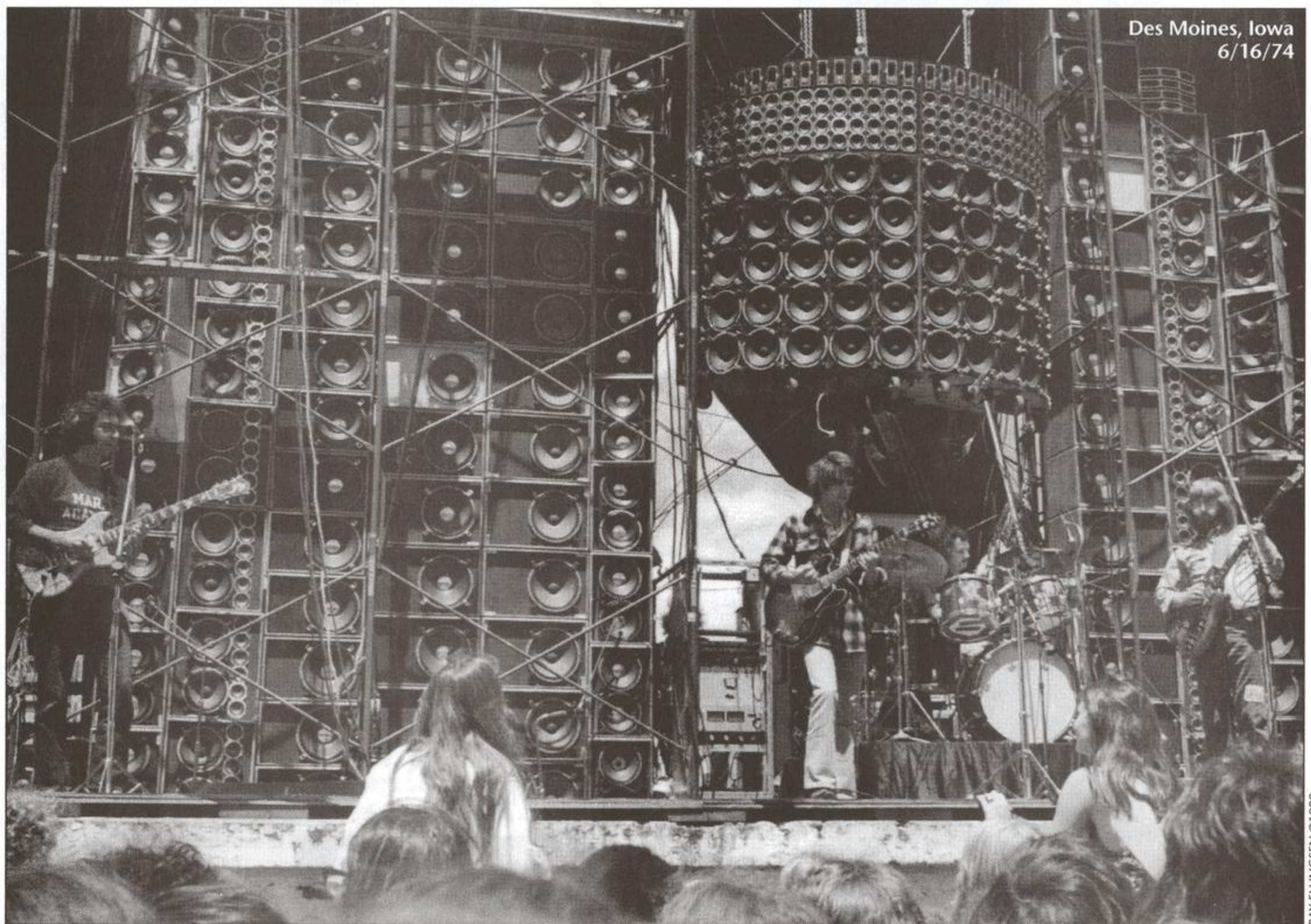
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THE DEADHEAD'S TAPING COMPENDIUM

An Interview with the Authors



By now you all know that Volume One of the *Deadhead's Taping Compendium* has been published by Henry Holt. By the time it's through, this project will be three volumes (at least 1800 pages) in length. Volume One reviews more than 500 Grateful Dead and related shows and outtake tapes from 1959 through 1974. It also includes an in-depth historical accounting of the recording and trading of Grateful Dead music. Any project of this size takes an incredible amount of research. To date, more than one hundred Grateful Dead music scholars have participated in birthing the first two volumes (Volume Two will be published in the spring of 1999). Here is a discussion with the co-authors/editors Michael Getz and John Dwork.

What was the goal of this book?

Michael Getz: Well, the goal of this book was to provide a map of the taping terrain.

John Dwork: And to do so in a very entertaining and enlightening manner.

MG: We wanted to document just exactly what kind of Grateful Dead music people could get their hands on out there, what this music sounds like, and also to provide aesthetic and technical reviews to help you decide if this music is even worth pursuing. As avid traders ourselves, we both realized how confusing the taping world could be. We just wanted to clean it up and make it less esoteric and more accessible.

JD: Another one of our goals was to provide a quantum shift in the evolution of the taping experience, to reinvigorate the trading scene for old traders such as ourselves and to give neophytes a better start than we ever had. This is, after all, the best time ever to collect Grateful Dead tapes! We also wanted to create a well-deserved legacy for the music... to finally put into libraries a written document of the music on tape and the scene that surrounds it.

Michael, how'd you get into the Dead?

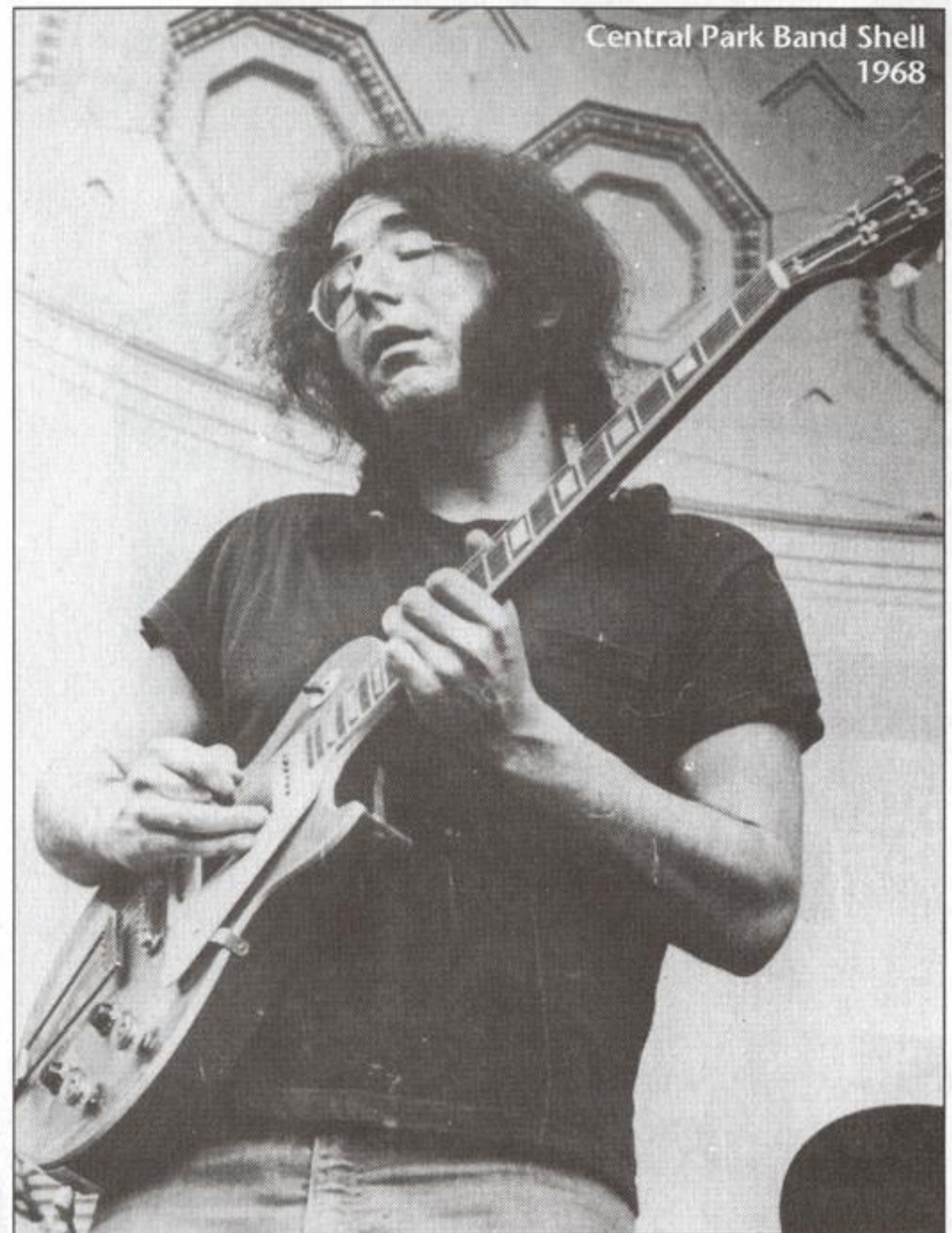
MG: Well, like many others, through psychedelics and being openly clueless. The Dead came to me at a time in college when I really had no idea what I was doing there. But because I hadn't nibbled on any carrots society was offering (except for the obligatory, monstrous student loans) — my mind was relatively unattached and able to fully experience the changes psychedelics bring. And it was clear from their music and lyrics that the Dead had also walked this path. So, they gave me comfort and eased some of the loneliness I felt turning my back on society and trying to figure things out for myself. For me, their music is symbolic — if *they* can create a life's work doing what they love to do, then why can't *I*? So they've been around and served as part of the soundtrack to my own journey this way. They symbolize nothing more than, say, an older brother who is always there to provide support and encouragement — even when I take a foul detour. All music is great this way because it doesn't judge us.

How did you assemble the database for this book?

MG: The first thing I did was to go through my own tapes and start a list. My goal was to create a database based strictly on the tapes themselves; not rumors, hearsay or even related books — just what is out in circulation that everybody can find, sooner or later. Fortunately, I'd always carefully marked my own tapes with the proper source, where the cuts were, the date and venue, etc. I didn't initially do this for the sake of scholarship, by any means. I did it because accurate information saved time and money in tape trades.

So, next was to go to all my Bay area trading buddies and hit them up for all those tapes I'd previously scoffed at: poor sounding audience tapes, lame first sets, mediocre performances and added these to the stew. Then I made a list of people I'd heard about or were recommended as having huge collections. I wrote letters and made phone calls, explaining the purpose of the book and asking if they'd help me locate tapes I was missing. Astonishingly, only a couple snubbed me. One (taper) I called said: "Huh? I'm just supposed to allow you access to my rarest tapes? I replied, "Uh, that's correct." "Why should I do that?" he responded. "Posterity, history, karma, humanity?" Click.

I next moved to the online world. Online force Dario Wolfish provided us with a slew of addresses to begin with. I then approached Eric Doherty who was working diligently on his TIC (Tapes In Circulation) website. He was extremely cooperative and friendly. We shared tons of data together while he also passed along email addresses to many huge online tape traders. From there I met the likes of Jeff



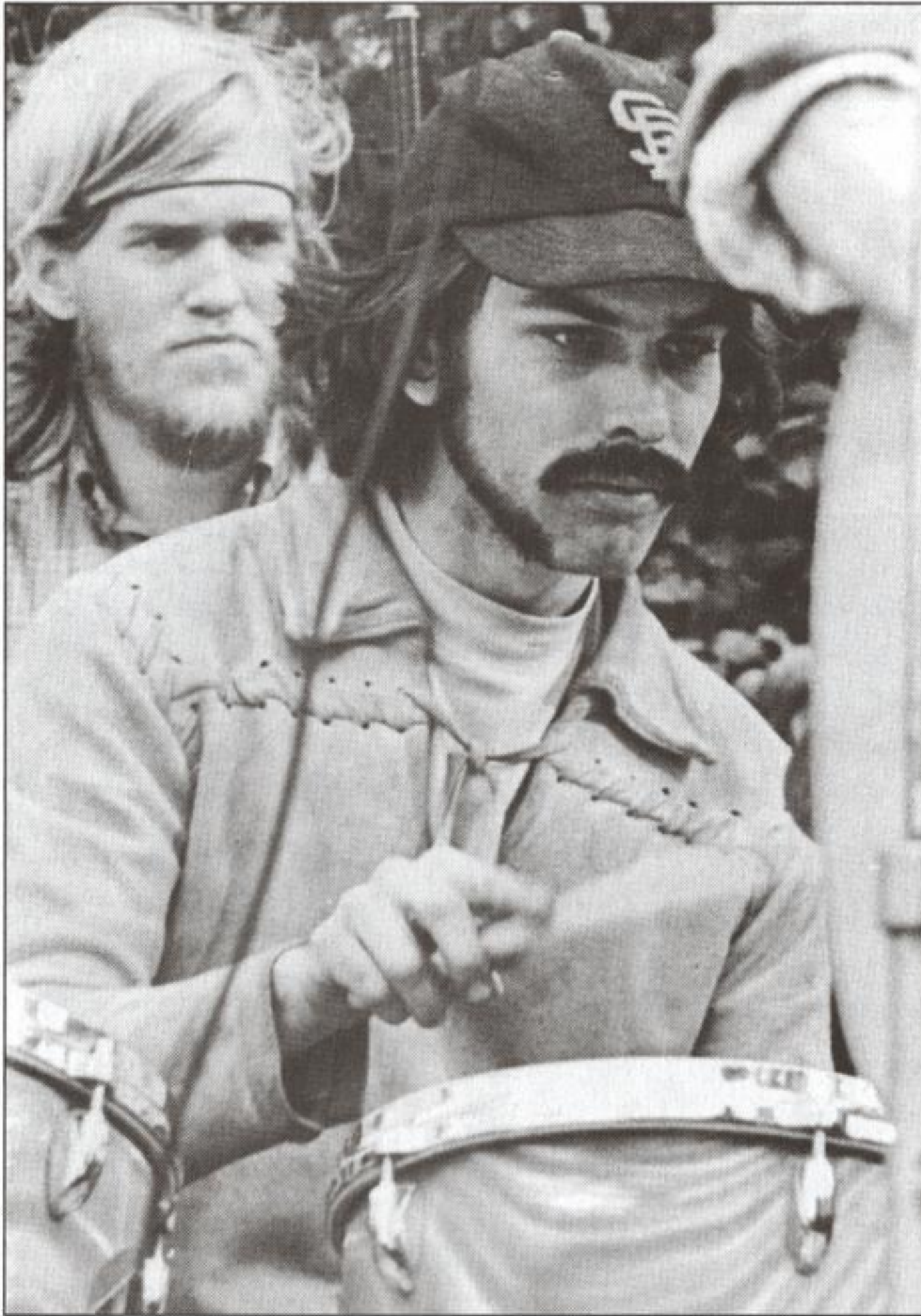
Tiedrich, Nick Meriwether, Christian Crumlish, David Gans, Michael Parrish, Dwight Holmes and so many others — all of whom were unbelievably helpful and generous.

It was delightful working with so many wonderful people in the community, all aiming at the common goal of organizing the tapes. Deadheads are indeed everywhere because we worked with doctors, lawyers, a paleontologist, writers, scholars, website designers, musicians, and radio hosts. It was a blast. In return I dubbed hundreds and hundreds of tapes in exchange for the missing ones to enrich the database.

The next step was to mull everything over. We checked out controversial data through discussion, research, interviews with older tapers, asking Grateful Dead vault sources and posts on the Internet. Again, the golden rule was to use data only verifiable on the tapes *themselves*. Thus, everything you see in this book can be located. Of course, this is an on-going project. New data comes out almost everyday. We're revising the database for future editions. But this book is the first of its kind that can inform all those interested in collecting Dead tapes — beginners and grizzled veterans — about what's out there that they can lay their hands.

How did you and John meet?

MG: I was browsing through the magazine racks one day and saw Dick Latvala's name beaming at me on the cover of *Dupree's Diamond News*. An interview with the vaultmeister himself? Cool! So I bought it and went home to read it. In it, the interviewer asked Dick about a *Dark Star* from Long



Mono Park 5/70

Beach 12/15/72 because he'd heard it was supposed to be one of the band's best versions — but it wasn't in circulation. Well, I'd just obtained a copy of this so I sent it off to the interviewer, John Dwork. A few days later he called, ecstatic and wired to the hilt, and we became friends. One rap led to another and soon we began doing these books together.

John, in your introduction you cover some pretty interesting topics.

JD: I tried to focus on ways in which the recording and trading of the music has transformed Western culture, consciousness and our lifestyles. I touched on the philosophy of recordists and traders. I discussed the ramifications of personal power gained by disseminating the music versus power gained by withholding it. This, of course leads into a discussion of the shadowy world of secret tapes and secret recording — a truly fascinating aspect of our long, strange trip. We also commented on the deep joys to be experienced through the music and the sometimes intense obsession with it.

You've crafted a fairly extensive section on the history of the recording and trading the Grateful Dead's music. How did you go about documenting this?

JD: Since this story is a colorful one, we decided to approach it as an oral history. In other words, these chapters are filled with firsthand accounts of the people who made and traded the tapes. The idea behind this approach was to capture the

spirit, the naivete, and the wisdom of these protagonists as they pushed the envelope of music recording, collecting, and trading.

The first chapter is called "Inside the System?"

JD: Yes, this chapter documents the role of the professional recordists hired by the band, the venues, and the recording studios. We did some fascinating interviews with most of the key figures in this story. We started with Merry Prankster Ken Babbs who reflected on the recording of the Acid Tests. We even got him to send us a photo of the actual reel to reel deck used to record these infamous parties! We very lucky to get an interview, actually three interviews, with the Dead's first soundman Bear (the legendary Owsley Stanley). Bear talked at great length, for perhaps only the third or fourth time ever, about his philosophy and approach to sound engineering. He discussed his specific techniques for recording 2/11, 13, 14/70.

We have the recollections of Dan Healy on his entrance to the organization and the development of his mixing and engineering techniques. And Bob Matthews spoke at length on his role as the earliest official recordist and the recording of all the Dead's early albums including the technically groundbreaking "Anthem of the Sun" sessions. Kidd Candelario, Grateful Dead roadie extraordinaire, was very helpful with documenting how live shows in the 1970's were recorded. And no such history would be complete with an in-depth interview with the Deadhead's greatest hero Dick Latvala. Dick talks at length about the tapes, tape trading, his methods for archiving, his often challenging relationship with obsessed Deadheads and his role in the Dick's Picks series of official releases. And he provided a huge amount of factual information about correct concert dates, proper song orders and such.

You also interviewed some rather unknown engineers who were pivotal in this story.

JD: Oh yes, there are some really interesting characters who we tracked down. Gene Estribou, who recorded the Dead's first 45 single. And Bob Cohen, the soundman at the Avalon Ballroom shared an enlightening story on his interactions with Dan Healy. Amazingly, we got through to Peter Abram, owner of and recordist at the Matrix coffeehouse, who reflected on the recording of the legendary Mickey Hart and the Hartbeats tapes. And Alan Mande, who was a stage engineer at the Fillmore East revealed his amazing story about the stealth recording of the Fillmore East shows, without which we might never had have enjoyed these essential soundboard tapes.

And then you have a chapter entitled "Outside the System — Deadheads Hear the Call."

JD: This is the story of Deadheads who recorded the band from out in the audience. We interviewed most of the seminal patriarchs of this scene: David Cooks, Les Kippel, Jerry Moore, Eddie Claridge, Barry Glassberg, Harvey Lubar, R.T. Carlyle, Harry Ely, Ed Perlstein, Steve Brown, Rob Bertrando, and Louis Falanga. All of the gents were *very*

cooperative in recounting their experiences with learning how to properly record the Dead in concert, the contributions to the evolution of home and field recording equipment, the development of trading clubs and the community, struggles with security and the roadies, and the key developments which moved this phenomenon up and out into larger circles.

Open system thinking was essential to the success of this project. The deliberate choice was made to include as many different voices as possible. You will therefore find tape reviews in this book from upwards of 50 veteran Deadheads. Though Michael and I did an obscene amount of work, the voice of the book is a community voice.

The book has some pretty astounding photos.

JD: Boy, did we dig long and deep for those images! I believe there are something like 80 never-before-seen photos of the Dead from before 1974. There's even a 16-page color section. There are incredible shots from 8/3 and 4/67, 3/1/69, 2/11, 13 and 14/70, 5/6/70, and 4/29/71 to name a few. And lots of memorabilia...ticket stubs, concert programs, and the like. We really wanted to make this a book that non-tapers would love as well. So far people seem to be blown away by this aspect of the project. It sort of gives it a coffee table book type of feel.

What's the chapter on Grateful Dead jams about?

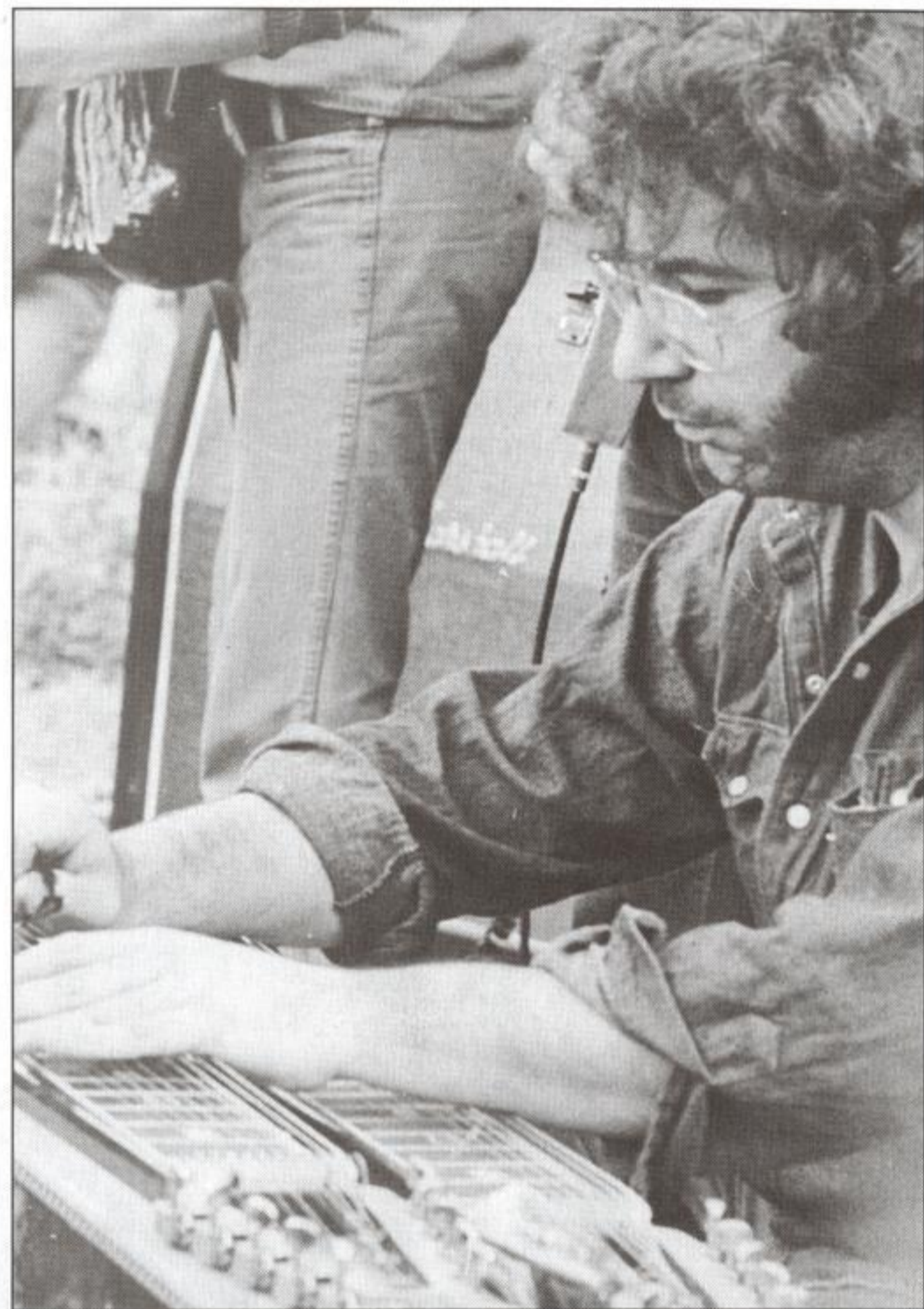
MG: Classically-trained Bay Area musician William Polits shed some light on all these strange jams that would pop up in various Dead performances (the *Feelin' Groovy Jam*, *Mind Left Body*, etc.). He noted that as far back as the 15th Century, composers would parody other compositions. Palestrina did this in his gorgeous Masses. William went through nine such "coppings," as it were, that the Dead played and gave info on the background of each. Perhaps, though, the most important thing here isn't what these jams actually are — but the effect they have upon the musicians and audience. Knowing that hints and teases from other music may appear virtually anywhere in one of the Dead's performances makes the listening experience even more enjoyable and exciting for both sides.

How did the "Commonly Mislabeled Tapes" chapter get created?

MG: Due to the difficulties getting solid, confirmable data on the older tapes, Darren Mason set up his website to help sort out the confusion. His fine detective work, by himself and with others, aided in making the database much more accurate.

What can readers find out in the reviews themselves?

MG: Readers can find reviews, chronologically, of the concerts, studio sessions, and band interviews. The bulk, of course, consists of the band's live shows. It's here that various writers/scholars from all over the Dead community tell us the date, venue, source of the tape, quality of the sound, what the songs are, what cuts occurred, notice of guest stars, and the length of each show. The reviews themselves give an opinion as to what went down musically — often in an interesting,



MICHAEL PARRISH ©1998

5/70 Mono Park

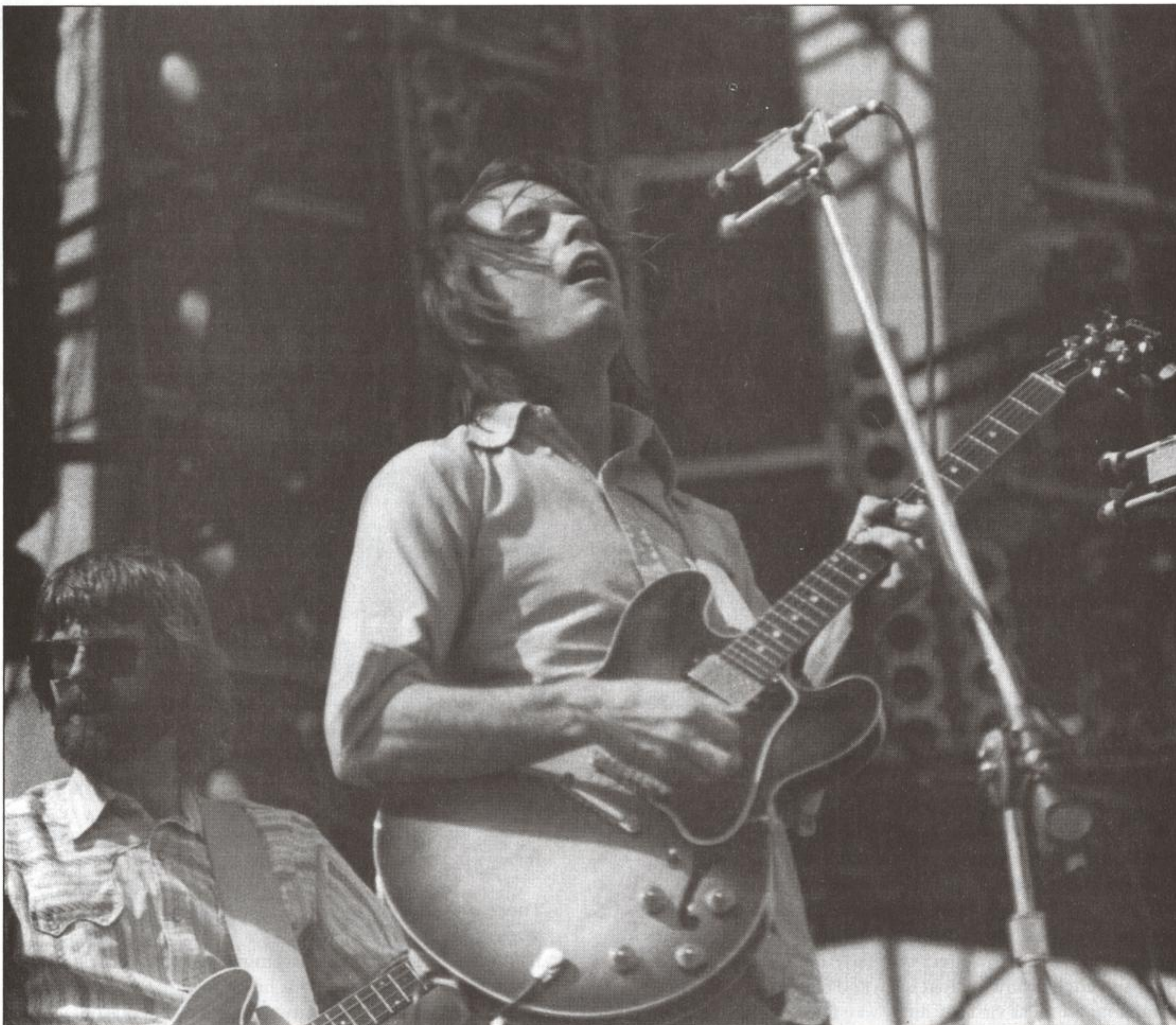
creative fashion. Feedback so far indicates that reading the reviews is as much fun as listening to the tapes.

There are several interesting chapters in the appendix.

JD: In the "Recommended Listening" chapter, fifty Grateful Dead music scholars put their heads together and developed a list of their favorite, most awe-inspiring versions of every Grateful Dead song performed during this period. A best of the best list. Long time readers of this magazine will recognize this list as having been developed in old issues of *Dupree's*, but we substantially updated the list for this book.

And you gents put together a guide to the Grateful Dead on video and film.

JD: Grateful Dead film and video scholar Rich Petlock joined forces with us to craft the most detailed guide ever published to the Grateful Dead on film and video. And one of the most captivating interviews in the book came from out of nowhere. I managed to track down a rather obscure scholar; documentary film archivist/curator/researcher John Platt, who makes his living researching rock and roll film and video footage! The interview with him may really surprise readers. Platt's knowledge of the most obscure Grateful Dead footage is deep. He talks extensively about the real stories behind the films, where they lie hidden in vaults, what has been destroyed, and what may still be released. It's a real gem.



TAPING COMPENDIUM ARCHIVES ©1998

And then Grateful Dead taper extraordinaire Jeff Tiedrich wrote "The Complete Guide to Collecting and Trading Tapes" for the book.

JD: Jeff's chapter is a real hoot. In very funny manner he provides an in-depth guide to collecting and trading tapes. The do's and don'ts, etiquette, style, and the preferred techniques of list making, recording, trading, and advertising your collection. It's sort of a Robert's Rules of Order for the tape-trading world. Every beginning taper should be required to read this guide.

What about Volumes Two and Three?

JD: Volume Two, which we're working on right now, will cover the years 1975 through 1985 and will be published in 1999. By the way, we're very open to contributions of rare photos from that period, so if any *Dupree's* readers have pictures from that period, we're anxious for your help. Volume Three, which will cover 1986 through 1995, will be published the following year.

Any final thoughts?

JD: For several years, Michael and I, with the help of almost 100 fellow Deadheads, have busted our butts, putting in literally thousands of hours of collaborative research to bring you a book we feel confident will re-ignite and preserve the excitement and adventure of collecting Grateful Dead music on tape. Our goal was (and continues with the crafting of Volumes Two and Three) to provide a paradigm shift in the evolution of this shared experience, to legitimize and document this experience in an academic sense, and to provide a good, fun, enlightening read for both tapers and casual fans of the music.

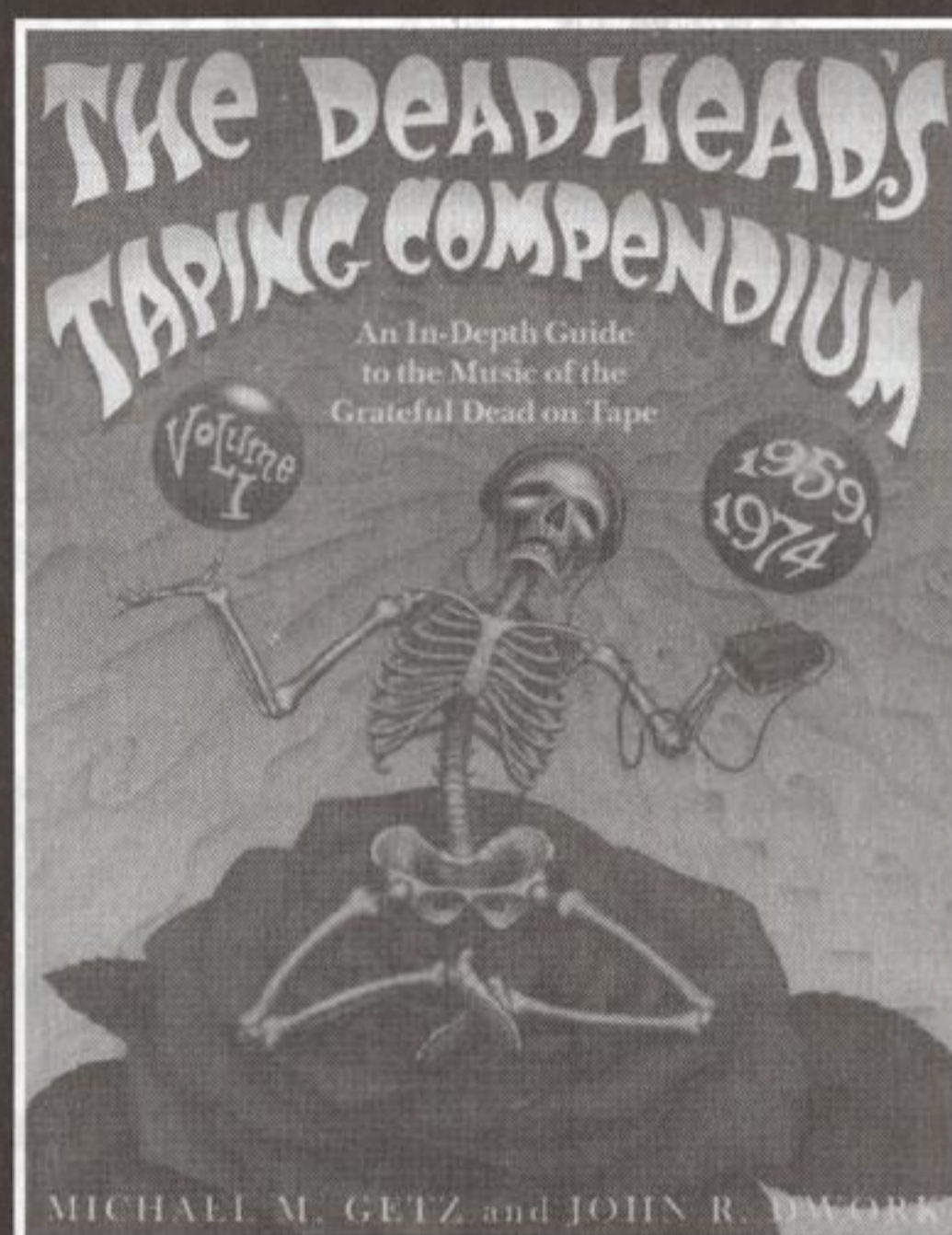
MG: My final thought is that we'd never have been able to complete this book without the kindness and support of all the contributors.

To all you folks: thank you for a real good time! ◇

THE DEADHEAD'S TAPING COMPENDIUM

VOLUME I

*It's the
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book that
Deadheads
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waiting for.*



600 pages, soft cover - \$29.95, or the limited edition hard cover. \$50, includes shipping and handling (MA residents add 5% tax). With your specific request co-author/editor John Dwork will sign and personalize each copy.

It's a thoroughly fascinating, in-depth guide to the music of the Grateful Dead on tape. *The Compendium* offers full reviews of recordings as early as 1959 of Phil Lesh and 1961 of Jerry Garcia. It goes on to review almost 500 shows the Dead performed from 1966 through 1974. Each review includes: the date and venue of the show, complete set lists of all songs played, the source, length, and genealogy of each tape, a rating of its quality, and a thorough review of the show, often song by song, that calls attention to the special moments.

The Compendium includes an in-depth history of the recording and trading of Dead tapes, both

inside and outside the Dead's organization. Exclusive interviews with legendary Dead soundman Owsley "Bear" Stanley and official Grateful Dead tape archivist Dick Latvala are featured. Contributors include Steve Silberman, Blair Jackson, and David Gans.

With extensive memorabilia and more than 80 ultra-rare, never-before-seen photos of the early Dead (including 16 color pages), this is one of the most lavish and indispensable books yet about the Dead. It's a must-have for anyone who has ever loved the Grateful Dead Experience and wants to keep it alive.

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SHADY'S PORT-O-PULPIT

*"The bus came by and I got on
That's when it all began.
There was Cowboy Neal at the wheel
Of a bus to Never Never Land."*

Many Deadheads know that the bus referred to in "The Other One" is none other than Furthur, the Merry Pranksters' original psychedelized school bus and that Cowboy Neal is none other than Dean Moriarty (Neal Cassady), the legendary Holy Goof who was immortalized as the quintessential madman in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*.

Through the years, however, the term "On the Bus" has come to mean something far more to Deadheads. Often used by Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, the term was popularized by Tom Wolfe in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. In this book, Wolfe compares the experience that the Pranksters were sharing in their early psychedelic explorations with an experience of *kairos* — the supreme moment — as outlined by Joachim Wach in a 1944 text on religious awakening. Wolfe goes on to say, "The world was simply divided into 'the aware,' those who had had the experience of being vessels of the divine, and a great mass of 'the unaware,' 'the unmusical,' 'the unattuned.' Or: you're either on the bus or off the bus. Consciously, the Aware were never snobbish toward the Unaware, but in fact most of that great jellyfish blob of straight souls looked like hopeless cases — and the music of your flute from up top the bus just brought them up tighter. But these groups treated anyone who showed possibilities, who was a potential brother, with generous solicitude."

Of course in the years since the Pranksters' cross-country bus trip in 1964, America's perceptions of the Aware and the Unaware (and "the straight" and "the hip") have changed a good deal. Likewise, Deadheads' own interpretations of what it means to be On or Off the Bus have become multifaceted as well. To many Heads it is simply an awareness of the band, the music and its scene. To others, it continues to imply a sense of shared experience, something transcendental, something beyond words (what, in Wolfe's account, the Pranksters referred to as "The Unspoken Thing"). To others still, On the



Bus means, literally, to be on a physical vehicle, a bus or other road-worthy steed, and be on tour, traveling, in motion.

When I first stepped out on tour, the idea of being on the bus contained all of these possibilities and more. But primarily, the concept translated to looking for kindred spirits with an awareness that can be best summed up with the question, "Are you kind?"

In high school, I took to growing my hair long and wearing tie-dyes, bandannas, and moccasin boots around in the fairly conservative Midwestern town of Wentzville, Missouri. Doing so, I used to hear all manner of comments, but among the most common was that I was "born twenty years too late."

This comment always struck me in a curious way. Sure, I had my moments when I wanted nothing more than to experience the spiritual Wild West that was the Haight-Ashbury district in its heyday. Sure, I would've given my big toe to catch Jimi Hendrix at Woodstock, waking up the crowd at dawn with his "Star-Spangled Banner." But "born too

late?" That didn't feel quite accurate.

In fact, I looked around me and decided creative, free-spirited thinkers and social change agents are needed now more than ever. So I set out to become one. (At the time, I was certain that you couldn't get much further from West Coast bohemianism than the Midwest during the Reagan years.) With my mind made up, I packed a backpack, stuffed in a copy of Kerouac's *On the Road*, and made my first conscious steps out onto the Tie-Dyed Highway known to Deadheads everywhere as The Golden Road to Unlimited Devotion.

The bus (or in the case of my first shows, the train) did indeed come by, I jumped on board, and the rest is a memorable eight-year chapter in my twenty-eight-year history.

Now, three years into the post-Jerry era of the Grateful Dead, there is a growing generation of Heads who are just beginning to get on the bus and catch an inkling of the magic that made the Grateful Dead Experience so special to so many of us.

Many of them, no doubt, are under the impression that they were "born too late" to get in on this Experience.

The fact is, the mere concept of being "born too late" flies in the face of every rational or spiritual understanding of the universe.

The inimitable Wavy Gravy once quipped, "Reality is a sandwich I didn't order." Whether or not we did or did not order this sandwich (the collective social arrangement that we label "reality") is a matter for much philosophical debate, but the fact remains, to quote Barlow and Weir, "The future's here. We are it. We are on our own!"

The challenges for Deadheads in the post-Jerry years are many. First and foremost, I believe, we must come to accept the wisdom in Ram Dass' popular maxim, "Prolong not the past. Invite not the future. Be here now."

If the Grateful Dead Experience was a truly valuable aspect of our lives, we should feel no qualms about mourning this loss — both the loss of Garcia himself and the Grateful Dead concerts that went with him. Then, having done so, we should take what that experience has brought into our lives out of ourselves and give it back to the world.

The ways in which this can be done will be different for each of us. I will even venture to say those who never saw the Grateful Dead can still do so. I never set foot in the Haight during the Sixties, yet I've learned and grown a great deal

from the wisdom (and trials) of the Diggers, the Hog Farm, the Pranksters and many of the other folks who participated in that prototypical psychedelic community.

The Deadhead Community is as lively as ever on dead.net, despite the fears of many off-line Heads who feel that computers are the tools of the technocratic state of Babylon.


Furthur, Phish, Zero, the rave scene, and thousands of Dead cover bands across the nation continue to pour out music that provides opportunities for kindred spirits to gather, share in one another's company, and give peace a dance.

Will lightning strike the same place twice? Will we ever have the opportunity to share in a collective ritual as joyful and profound as Grateful Dead concerts were at their highest moments? Even though I can't help but wonder, I think the question is largely irrelevant.

Unlimited Devotion came forth naturally, from the heart, not because it was demanded of me, or even asked. Therefore, to have any of the same sort of meaning, the road ahead must be guided by similar intentions. Mythologist Joseph Campbell called this "Following Your Bliss." In the Deadhead cosmology, this is turning on your lovelight and leaving it on.

I am an unapologetic Deadhead who is still On the Bus. The Dead and the Deadheads helped me to discover that Love is Real, Not Fade Away. And if ya ask me, you can never be born too late to discover that. ♦

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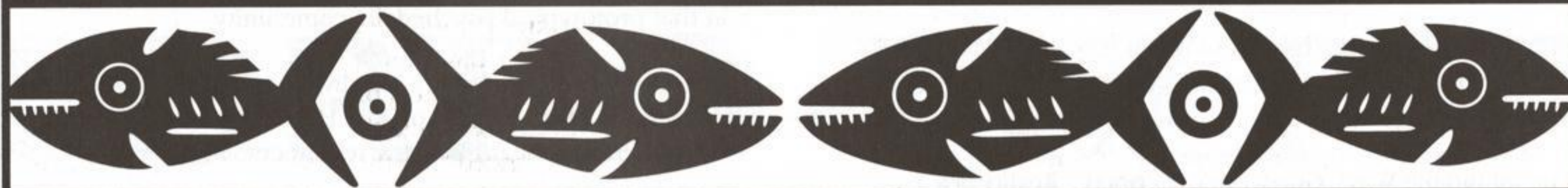
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PHISH TALES

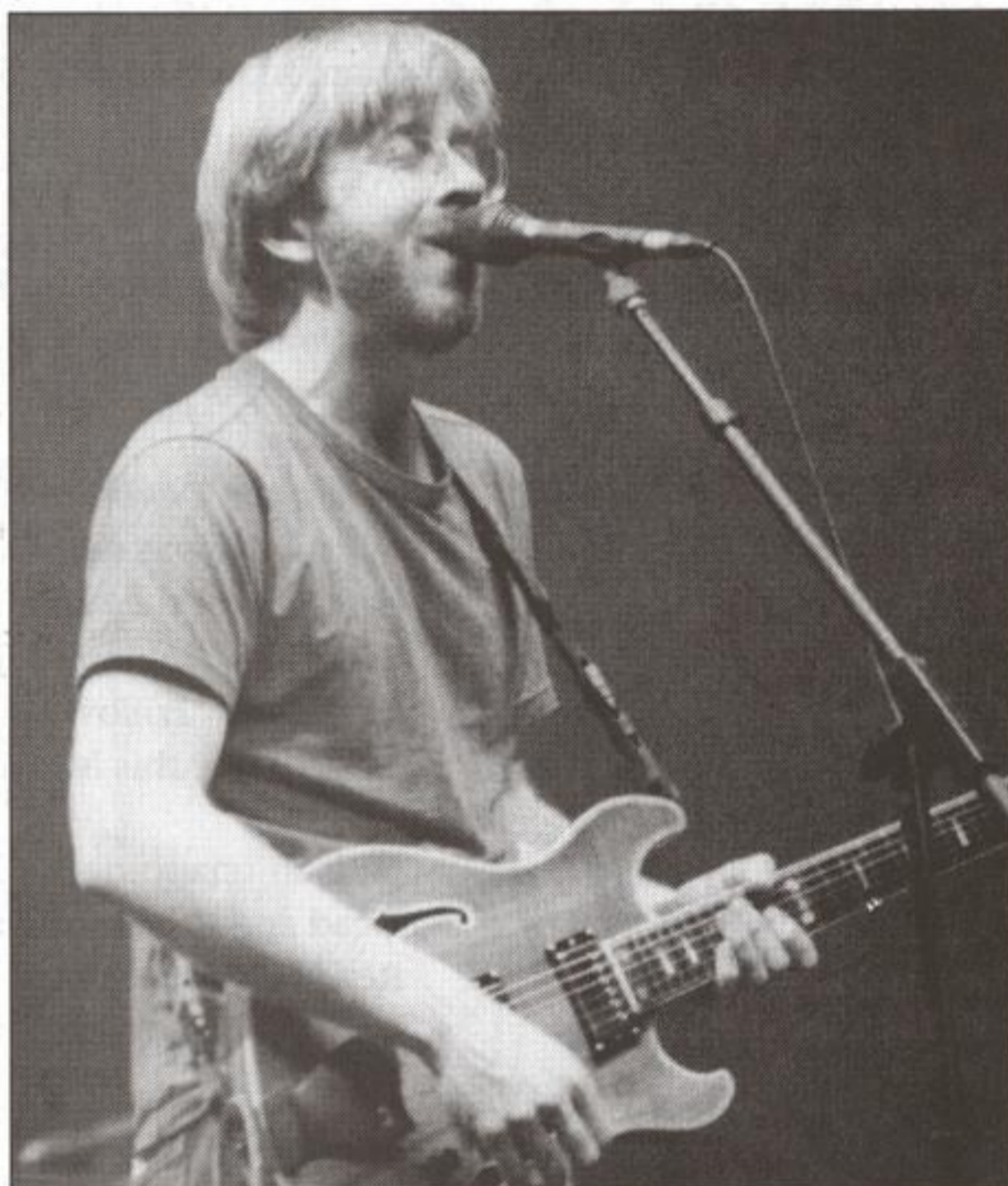


BY BENJY EISEN

PHISH ANSWERS

DESERT ISLAND QUESTION

If you were stranded on an island and could take along one thing with you, what would it be? For four days this past April, tens of thousands answered "Phish." It was an answer that struck gold. For those fans who embarked on "The Island Tour" they weren't merely stranded on an island—they were stranded in paradise. Keeping company with such island guests as *Antelopes*, *Possums* and haunting *Ghost* stories, fans were treated to four days of funk, fun and fu. With a landmark version of *Twist (Around)*, and stellar performances all around, Trey, Page, Mike and Jon proved to be gracious island hosts. They even introduced us to two new friends: *Birds of A Feather* and *Roget*.



BRADLEY S. GELB ©1998

NASSAU COLISEUM;

HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND, NY 4/2/98

Kicking off the Island tour with a bang, Phish opened with *Tube*, hinting that the next four days were going to be funk-laden with the Fu-funk that they hit us with this past fall. It was only the second time that *Tube* has ever been played as a first set opener, let alone a tour opener. The true indicator of the tour's intentions, however, didn't come until the mid-set *Stash* which was an improvisational splash across island waters, setting the boat adrift for the next few days. Appropriately, the jam never returned to *Stash* but rather melted into *Horn*.

The second set started off innocently enough with routine run-throughs of *Punch You In The Eye* and *Simple*. Then came what fans had been waiting for, even expecting, the whole night — NEW TUNES! Beginning with a militant snare and aggressive strumming, *Birds Of A Feather* sounded at first like a hybrid between *Llama* and *Vultures* when suddenly it shifted into 'da funk — a catchy Talking Heads-infected groove. *Birds of a Feather* was an instant keeper, and has potential to turn into a jam monster.

Wolfman's Brother segued smoothly into the surprise return of *Sneaking Sally Through The Alley*. Why was it a surprise return? Not because they played it (twice!!) on 12/30/97, just two shows ago, but because many fans had thought that

12/30 was one of those rare revisits to a song that would never make the rotation list again. With much celebration, fans were gladly proved wrong and this welcomed cover returned, complete with an engaging jam which nearly became a rendition of the much fabled *Mind Left Body Jam*. This transformed effortlessly into the second new treat of the night, *Roget* — a tune which easily belongs alongside such lullaby beauties as *Lifeboy* or *Strange Design*. Maybe the band had been sampling "Chief Wiggum's Insanity Peppers," or maybe it was something else entirely but the *Twist (Around)* that followed was not only monumental but perhaps even pivotal in the evolution of a new Phish sound: Electro-Funk. It was so monumental, in fact, that

the end result casts this *Twist* as one of the top three highlights of the entire Island Tour.

NASSAU COLISEUM;

HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND, NY, 4/3/98

Phish had almost gotten us accustomed to *Mike Song* openers by now, it was still quite the thrill to hear it open up night two. The real thrill ride, however, was the *Weekapaug Groove* that followed after an *Old Home Place* bridge. In true back-of-the-worm style, Phish took this tune through hair-raising twists and turns, even treading *Crosseyed and Painless* waters, quoting and teasing it before returning to a triumphant *Weekapaug* ending! It was a memorable jam that remained an Island Tour highlight. Night Two still had a few more take-home treats in the second set, starting off with the set opening *Roses Are Free*. Placing it in the coveted Second Set Opener slot, it was the first time (out of three) that Phish ever truly jammed the hell out of it, proving that they can take any unsuspecting cover tune and convert it into an improvisationally stunning show-stopping centerpiece. Many veteran fans were reminded of nights like 11/22/94 (Columbia, MO) when Phish pulled a similar stunt with Son Seal's *Funky Bitch*, or of 8/10/97 (Deer Creek) when they opened up the second set with their notorious version of the Talking Head's *Cities*, jamming it into oblivion. The parallels were there.

Towards the end of the set, which also featured a pleasingly jammed *Piper*, an audience member jumped up on stage before being chased off. The *Run Like An Antelope* which ensued in honor of the chase, gave rise to the jocular warnings by the band: "If you jump up on stage, beware — Carini's gonna get you!" Fishman added an amendment: "If you jump on stage, stay clear of the drum equipment (and the drummer)...and Carini's gonna get you anyway!" A cute and spontaneous *Carini's Gonna Get You* jam led the way for a blazing *Antelope* of life-threatening intensity.

Appropriately, the encore started off with *Carini Had A Lumpy Head*, featuring none other than Pete Carini himself and his lumpy head in-the-flesh for all to bow in honor of. Proving that they remembered how to give epic encores (a lesson they learned last fall), *Haley's Comet* followed, capped off by a *Tweezer Reprise*.

PROVIDENCE CIVIC CENTER; PROVIDENCE, RI, 4/4/98

Tweezer opened Night Three, tying the first song in Rhode Island to the last song from Long Island. Successful in one regard, the rest of the set certainly didn't pick up where Set II ended the night before. Phish was on a new island and needed a little bit of time to get reacquainted.

Set II opened up with the only repeat of the run — a well-received *Birds Of A Feather*. Already being fine-tuned from its initial unveiling two nights prior, this version was the stronger of the two, reinforcing fans enthusiasm for this new addition and the expectation for it to grow into an epic showcase. The next treat came with a return visit of *Brother* after an 89 show hiatus. Not played since 11/30/96, it was a little dusty here and there but with more room for improvisation than ever before. Since *Brother* stretched out longer than usual, Trey commented that the band would then play the radio-friendly version — a rendition less than a minute long, appropriately mocking radio editing. The next song, it was promised, would be radio-UNfriendly. It was, of course, an epic *Ghost*. The highlight of the set by far, *Ghost* had many stories of its own to tell, plus a little jam from the Blues Brother's favorite theme song *Can't Turn You Loose* (by John Lee Hooker). The set-closing *David Bowie* was but a nice little nod to the *Bowie* that took place in the same building on 12/28/94.

PROVIDENCE CIVIC CENTER; PROVIDENCE, RI, 4/5/98

The first *Ob Kee Pa* since 3/1/97 (and the first US version in 125 shows...since 8/12/96) led into *YEM* — a fantastic way to open the fourth and final night. But it was, once again, Set II that contained the worm...as if the past few nights were the emptying of the bottle shot-by-shot until just the worm remained. Time to drink up! A segue-fest by all accounts, a typically stunning *Down With Disease* moved into a highly unusual *Ya Mar*, whose jam sounded more like the second movement of *Harry Hood*, or *Slave To The Traffic Light*, than *Ya Mar's* typical reggae flair. Later on, an ominous sounding jam emerged from *Maze* and turned into a version

of *Oblivious Fool*...sort of. Trey certainly sang (spoke?) the lyrics to *Oblivious Fool*, but this was not the short *Julius*-like shuffle that we knew from *Oblivious Fool's* past! This was an Ominous Fool if anything, and it certainly was fooling the crowd. *Possum* turned into a pleasant funk jam when Trey decided to change the whole thing into an out an out FUNK-DOWN! He announced "For those of you who want to take off, take off, but for those of you that just want to dance to the funk, you know, uh, we're just gonna stay around and keep grooving..." The funk-down had begun and to prove it, Trey started singing *Cavern* over the funk, leading into the most funkadelic version of the tune yet.

OTHER DEVELOPMENTS

In other Phish developments this Spring, Trey helped celebrate the opening of Higher Ground in Winooski, VT by showcasing a side project he assembled specifically for the occasion, called "The 8 Foot Fluorescent Tubes." Higher Ground, a club partially owned by Trey's brother-in-law, features state-of-the-art sound and lighting systems designed by Phish's Paul Languedoc and Chris Kuroda respectively. The "8 Foot Fluorescent Tubes" gig was a two-set affair. Set one was a chance for Trey to test-drive some new compositions, many of which had a noticeable Talking Heads feel. The band for this set featured: Tom Lawson (The Pants) on guitar; Heloise Williams (ViperHouse) on keys, flute, guitar and vocals; Tony Markellis (The Unknown Blues Band) on bass and Russell Lawton (Rhythmo Loco) on drums. The last song of the set was a fitting way to christen the new venue — a cover of Stevie Wonder's *Higher Ground*. Simultaneous with the music was a plethora of performance artists, dancers and other visual delights including Mike Gordon bringing cardboard cactus cutouts onto the stage.

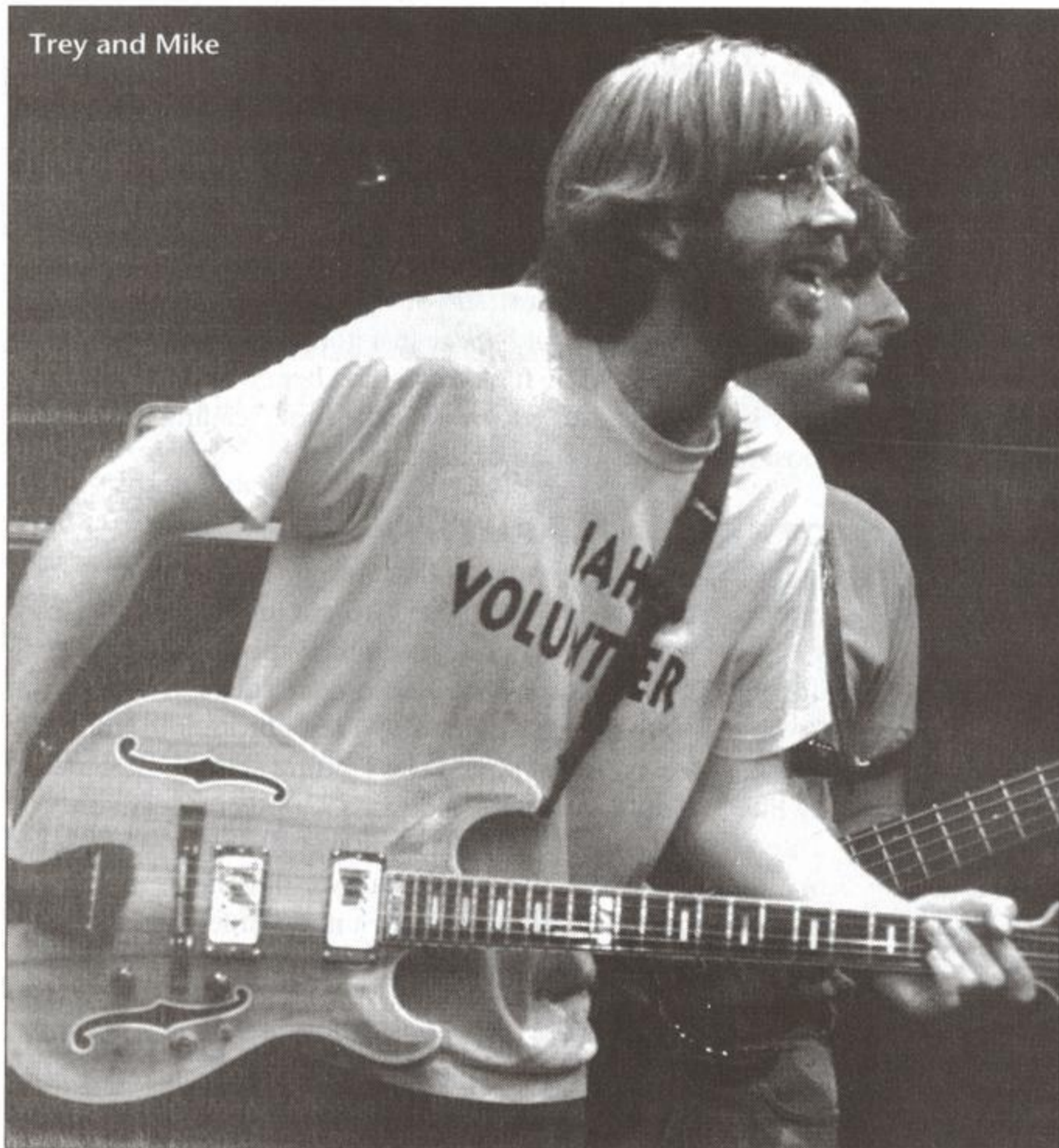
Set Two was an all-out jam session with the original members of "the Fluorescent Tubes" joined at different times by Pistol Pete (The Pants), Dave "The Truth" Grippo, James Harvey, members of Lamb's Bread and Henrietta himself - Jon Fishman. The set included loose renditions of classics including *Crossroads*, *Ants In My Pants*, *Stir It Up*, and Phish's own *Magilla*.

Meanwhile both Fishman and Mike Gordon sat in with Bela Fleck and the Flecktones on 2/14/98 at the Flynn Theater in Burlington. Both Fishman and Gordon have also been involved in individual film projects. Along similar lines, "Phish: The Movie" directed by Todd Phillips is reportedly on the drawing board for a tentative theatrical release in 1999.

Phish spent much of the Spring in the studio with producer Andy Wallace (whose past credits include Nirvana, Sonic Youth and Jeff Buckley). Phish allegedly let tape roll as they jammed incessantly, filling up stacks of 100 minute tapes with nothing but pure improvisational jams. Both a new studio CD and a live release (taken from the Fall '97 tour) are scheduled to hit stores in the fall.

If the electro-funk of 4/2's *Twist* was any indication, Phish's summer tour would be a ring of fire.

Trey and Mike



SUSANA MILLMAN ©1998

PHISH ON FIRE: SUMMER '98 ROUND-UP

When Phish returned to the States after a short tour of Europe, nobody was quite sure what to expect. Oh sure, there was speculation that the funk from '97 would return and perhaps maybe there was talk of the band going in the techno-spaceout direction of the Twist from the past Island Tour (4/2/98). But clearly nobody had any idea and now, given a few weeks to look back on the tour at large, lots of die-hard fans are still trying to sort out just what happened in the Summer of '98; the summer when Phish, in addition to all of their other exploits, performed from a temple of fire.

The tour started out shaky, with two mishaps in the first two shows - an irrecoverable error in *Guyute* on the first night (7/15/98 Portland, OR) and microphone troubles during *the Tube* from the next (7/16/98 Gorge, WA). Both errors were small and instantly forgivable, but fans wondered if this was a foreshadowing of the tour to come. Their worries were extinguished from the flames that rose during the next couple of nights as Phish slowly caught the fire that they'd take with them all the way across the country and up to Limestone, ME for the grand Temple Of Fire encore, complete with a 30-foot model elephant and fireworks.

Whereas "long 2nd-set space jams" may sum up the Summer of '95 or "four song funk-fests" capture the spirit of last year's fall tour, what defined the Summer of '98 was a one-two-three-four punch of reworked favorites, a batch of brand new tunes, rare

breakouts and brand new cover songs on a nightly basis. For the past two years now a common criticism from well-seasoned fans was the high number of repeat songs. Of course, asking a professional touring band to breakout new songs regularly is a next-to-impossible feat to demand from any band but Phish answered fans wishes in true champion fashion. During a total of 23 US Summer shows, there were 13 brand new cover tunes debuted, 9 breakouts of rare and old covers and 4 cover tunes returned from last fall's breakouts. There were also seven new originals, plus the two which were debuted on the Island Tour, and a plethora of completely rearranged, reworked or noticeably evolved versions of Phish tunes, older and newer. Suddenly *Wilson* had a heavy metal jam attached to it, *Wading In The Velvet Sea* and *Vultures* had new or reworked lyrical sections, *Water In The Sky* had a whole new (fast) beat to it, *Limb By Limb* has an entirely new jam part to it which surgically replaces the compositional crescendo it used to showcase and *Ghost* suddenly came equipped with a whole new introductory funk-in. Gone is the instrumental *Black-Eyed Katy*, having had a face-lift and lyrical section added to it and a new identity as *The MOMA Dance*. *The MOMA* is already an instant Phish classic — played more than any other tune this summer (10 times) not even a month after its birth, t-shirts with *MOMA* lyrics were already popping up in the lots. Likewise *Bittersweet Motel* and *Roget*, the two other

heavily rotated newbies made it, if not yet on the shirts or stickers of the fans, at least into their hearts. And while people are still trying to sort out their feelings about *Ficus*, certainly *Meat* and *Brian And Robert* have both earned their way onto fans approval lists, almost unanimously. But the "cover" story of the summer has to be the army of covers that the band broke out nightly. Perhaps, some could argue, that this trend could be traced back to the tail end of the Fall '97 Tour when Phish started assaulting fans with breakouts and debuts of *Roses Are Free*, *Boogie On Reggae Woman*, *Emotional Rescue* and *Sneaking Sally Through The Alley* — all of which returned for at least one visit this summer. And it must be noted that indeed, throughout Phish's entire career they have always debuted new covers, countless of which have made it into their permanent rotation, many of which stick around just for the tour, a couple that pop their head up for a couple rotations before disappearing completely and, almost every tour, there are the one-timers. Be it the unforgettable *Bohemian Rhapsody* from 12/31/96 or the *Three Little Birds* encore on 6/17/95, these one-offs were often cappers on already incredible nights or had the power to carry the entire show on its sheer randomness and remarkable delivery. But no where in recent memory has Phish ever unleashed such a high quantity of these cover song debuts and breakouts. Early on in the tour, Marvin Gaye's *Sexual Healing* was showcased as a new *Henrietta* (a tune in which Fishman sings and Trey plays drums). "Henrietta" being a nickname far-gone, Trey introduced Fishman this tour as everybody's favorite personality — Bob Weaver.

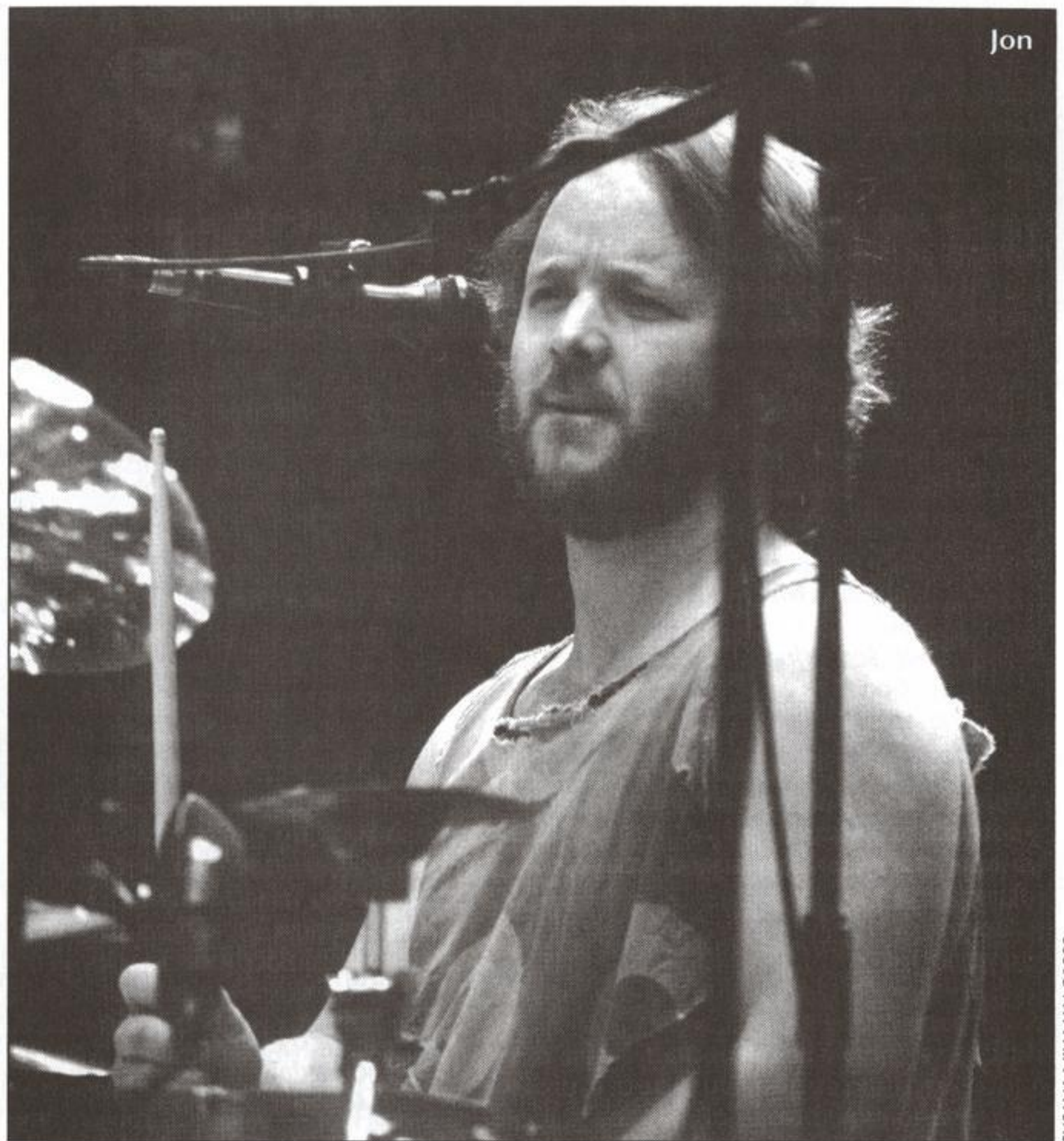
In Alpine Valley (8/1) the show opened with the debut of Led Zeppelin's *Ramble On* and then encored with Jane's Addiction's *Been Caught Stealing*. The next ten days saw Phish debut *I Get A Kick Out Of You* (Cole Porter), *Rhinoceros* (Smashing Pumpkins), *Running With The Devil* (Van Halen), *Sabotage* (Beastie Boys).

The big news, as you've already heard of course, was in Virginia Beach where, on the third anniversary of Jerry Garcia's passing, Phish played *Terrapin Station*. Where they said they'd never cover the Grateful Dead again, they have and in impeccable form. And then on to the next show where they dusted off Little Feat's *Time Loves A Hero* (something they hadn't done in 10 years and roughly 840 shows) just two songs after debuting Bob Marley's *Trenchtown Rock*. That was followed of course by yet another cover debut the next night — *Burning Down The House* (Talking Heads).

Old covers which came back for a visit after many years and hundreds of shows on the shelf include *Ride Captain Ride* (Blues Image) and *She Caught The Katy* (Taj Mahal). Phish also dipped into their own well of forgotten or rarely seen material for treats which included *Ha Ha Ha*, *Dog Log*, *Kung* and *Sanity*. Nights when they weren't spinning fans on a break-out barrage, they were relentlessly engaging in full funkdowns (such as Atlanta's *Wolfman's Brother*) or taking the audience through a journey into lucid dreaming as they did in the highly celebrated return of *Col. Forbin's Ascent* > *Fly Famous Mockingbird*.

It wasn't the presence of nugget filled setlists, high-energy epic jams or even cover debuts that set this tour apart from any previous - it was the consistency of these shows, night after night, that made the tour what it was, putting long-missed excitement and anticipation back in the pre-show lots and the wide-eyed afterglows in the post show camp grounds, rest stops and hotels along the way. Indeed, Phish had gone back to the energy of August '93 or December '95, showing an enthusiasm that hasn't been there night-after-night for the past couple of years and which only started to return last fall. Well...it's back in full-form now. And then, as advertised: "Phish, in addition to their other extraordinary exploits, shall exhibit themselves in a Temple Of Fire." They were referring to none other than their tour closing extravaganza — The Lemonwheel.

On August 14, 15 and 16 Phish returned to Loring Air force Base in Limestone, ME for their now annual summer festival in which, for two days and three nights, Phish, their organization and the fans themselves build and maintain a panoramic city complete with restaurants, a general store, port-o-lets and even a playground...for a different kind of kid. Dubbed "The Garden Of Infinite Pleasantries" this year's mini-Wonderland included a lake with a waterfall, an interactive rock garden and a percussion area that needed no encouragement from



Jon

SUSANA MILLMAN ©1998

the staff for a rotating array of audience members to engage their peers rhythmically, while others headed straight for the Ferris Wheel or House Of Foam. When Phish came on around 5pm on Saturday with *Mike's Song* they were high-energy from the start and only took it upwards during the course of the next two days. It was a feast which included 6 main-course sets and one, VERY special side-dish...a late night set of pure improvisational ambient music "Brian Eno style."

But there was another aspect to this set which would make it an unforgettable experience: the stage was lit by candles made by fans throughout the day and the entire concert area was surrounded by a ring of tiki torches. Thus, Phish performed in a Temple Of Fire. It was a fire created as much by the audience as by Phish, for while Phish played the music that lit the fans up all summer, the fans had created the candles that lit Phish up for the set. And the fire continued to burn throughout the night and into the final encore of the summer the next night by means on an eternal flame that was lit on stage. It was a fire that continues to burn in the memories of all who witnessed the Summer '98 tour, and whose flame ended triumphantly when, after a "ballsy" version of *Harry Hood*, the trunk of a giant 30-foot model elephant, made of carpeting, spewed water into the crowd as it paraded around the concert field to fireworks and the sounds of Phish playing the last cover breakout of the summer — Henry Mancini's *Baby Elephant Walk*. Thus Phish has now proven that they not only run like antelope — they also stampede like elephants. ♦



GET TO KNOW YOUR DEAD RELATIVES



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

DEAD ECHOES

VINCE WELNICK AND MISSING MAN FORMATION
Vince Welnick and Missing Man Formation
(GDCD 4058)

Performance: Surprisingly strong
Recording: Good

From the opening thunder this compact disc sounds remarkably like most early 1970's classic Paul Kanter/Planet Earth Orchestra albums. It features dreamy instrumental melodies (such as the 13+ minute long *Smog Farm*) and the trademark solid rockers **Vince Welnick** is well-known for. He even manages to do a great job with *Samba in the Rain*, a tune the Dead were never able to pull off successfully. Additionally, there are two heartfelt tunes about Jerry Garcia and the Dead. We were pleasantly surprised at what an enjoyable listening experience this disc offers. Blair Jackson and Stephanie Kesey, long time friends of Dupree's Diamond News friends, both saw this band recently in concert and both thought they were fantastic. The word is that Vince keeps alive that good ol' Grateful Dead spirit we all miss. Way to go Vince!

DOS HERMANOS, BOB BRALOVE AND TOM CONSTANTEN
Live From California
(DH 002)

Performance: Wonderfully weird space music
Recording: Strong

This album reminds us of the old saying, "When the going gets weird the weird turn pro." It should come as no surprise that Grateful Dead veterans **Bob Bralove** and **Tom Constanten** are fluent in many weird tongues. But this project brings the listener through a wide variety of exceedingly weird spaces that surpass anything we've heard from them yet. It takes balls to open an album with a twisted jazz nightmare like *Division Street*, a piece which sounds like Tom Waits having a bad trip in a recording studio with a superb, smoky jazz trio backing him up. It's scary and beautiful all at once. With this gauntlet passed, the listener is then taken through thirteen more musical/emotional universes, most being gentler to absorb, all equally bizarre, some even more alien sounding. **Henry Kaiser** and **Steve Kimock** sit in on guitars, **Joe Gallant** on bass, and **Prarie Prince** on drums. This alchemical collaboration yields deep space, muted and full-on nightmares, and surreal aural



mindscape that harken back to the early days of Pink Floyd. Most impressive of all is that the whole album was recorded live in concert. And the best is yet to come. Bralove is about to launch a system that allows him to generate and manipulate video light show imagery by playing his keyboard. This technology/art brings the term *synaesthesia* to life. More than ever before one can see the music. It's truly mindblowing!

DAVID NELSON BAND
Keeper of the Key
(DNB97001)

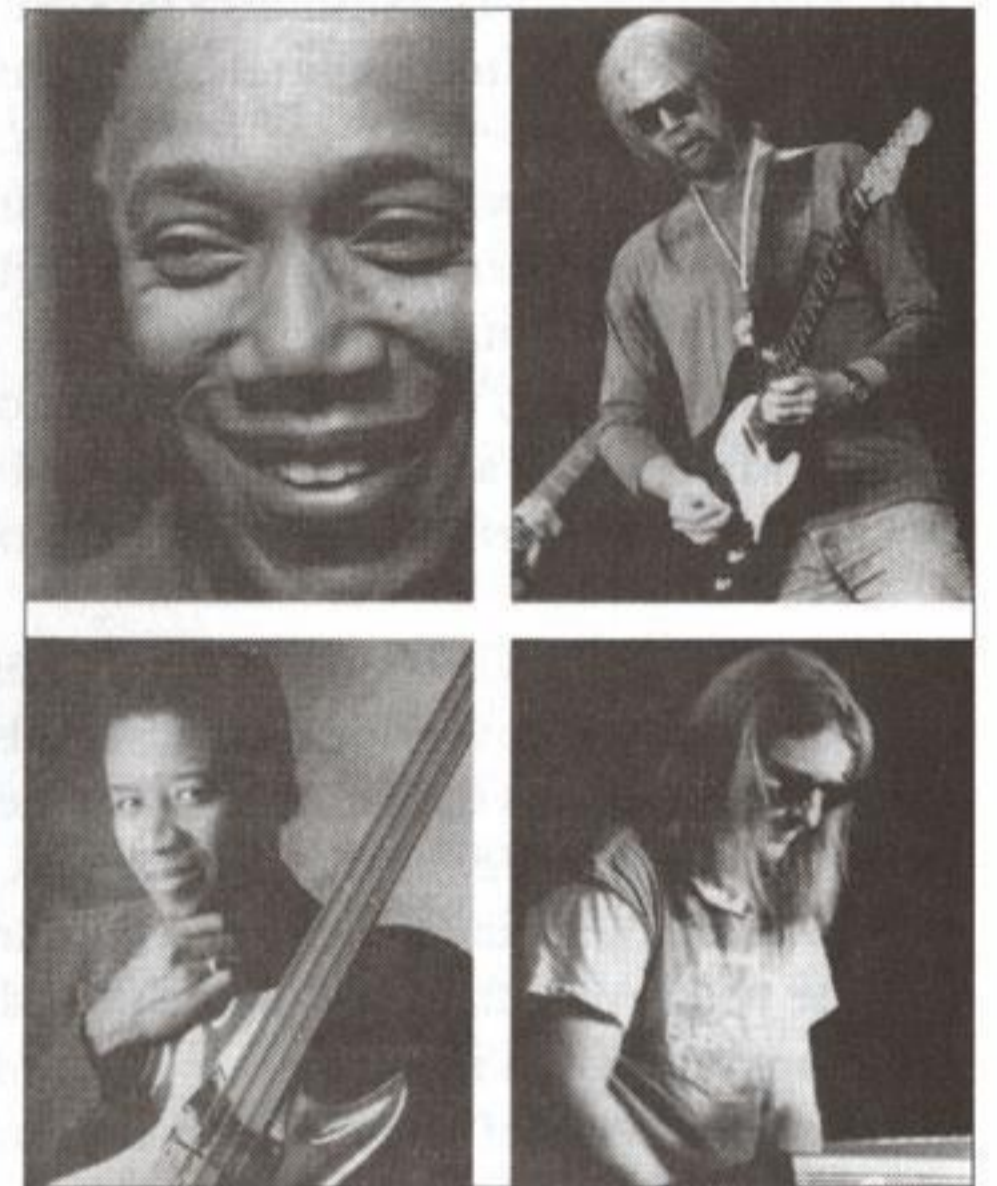
Performance: Superb psychedelic flavored country style rock
Recording: Crisp, despite a tiny bit of stage amp buzz Veteran

Deadheads know **David Nelson** from his work with the New Riders of the Purple Sage and several of Jerry Garcia's off-shoot musical



projects. This is the David Nelson Band's second album and it's truly wonderful. Recorded live in concert, it features three tunes written by Nelson and Dead lyricist **Robert Hunter**, Bob Dylan's *Wicked Messenger*, the Dead's *The Wheel* and four other tasty tunes. This band might be the best psychedelic honky tonk band on the planet. Their tunes start slow and countrified but

build into deliciously jammed out instrumental romps. One tune, *See So Far* develops into a jam that at one point sounds remarkably like Garcia leading the Dead through a super-hot reading of *Slipknot!* This in turn segues into a sweet *Spanish Jam*. Their lead guitarist/pedal steel player **Barry Sless** is particularly talented — his style will have strong appeal with Deadheads. This CD accurately represents DNB's live sound although in concert they also fold in many classic New Riders tunes. Check 'em out, they're one of the finest Dead-flavored musical forces on the road right now. DNB's hotline: 1-800-523-8586. Website: www.nelsonband.com



JAZZ IS DEAD

Jazz Is Dead
(Zebra Records ZD 44009-2)

Performance: Good to great fusion-style jazz rock interpretations of the Dead
Recording: Good

Whereas Joe Gallant's Illuminati Project approaches the Dead's music with a horn-heavy, almost big band style jazz aesthetic, **Jazz is Dead** takes on the Dead's music with an intriguing fusion-style jazz approach. This comes as no surprise as drummer extraordinaire **Billy Cobham** and bassist **Alphonso Johnson** are world-renowned for their work in the realm of fusion jazz over the past 20 years. Keyboardist **T. Lavitz** comes from the Dixie Dregs and guitarist **Jimmy Herring** hails from The Aquarium Rescue Unit. The result is truly enrapturing synergy between intelligent jazzrock and Southern

blues rock. This release includes all-instrumental explorations of *Crazy Fingers*, *Unbroken Chain*, *Scarlet Begonias*, *Dark Star*, *King Solomon's Marbles*, *Help On The Way* > *Slipknot!* > *Franklin's Tower* > *Spiral Staircase*, plus another tune entitled *Red Baron*. The highlight of this album is clearly the funk interpretation of *Dark Star* and the hyperactive Dixie Dregs-style reading of *King Solomon's Marbles*. This band is also very much worth checking out live in concert. They jam massively. A winning combination all the way around.

CLASSIC ROCK

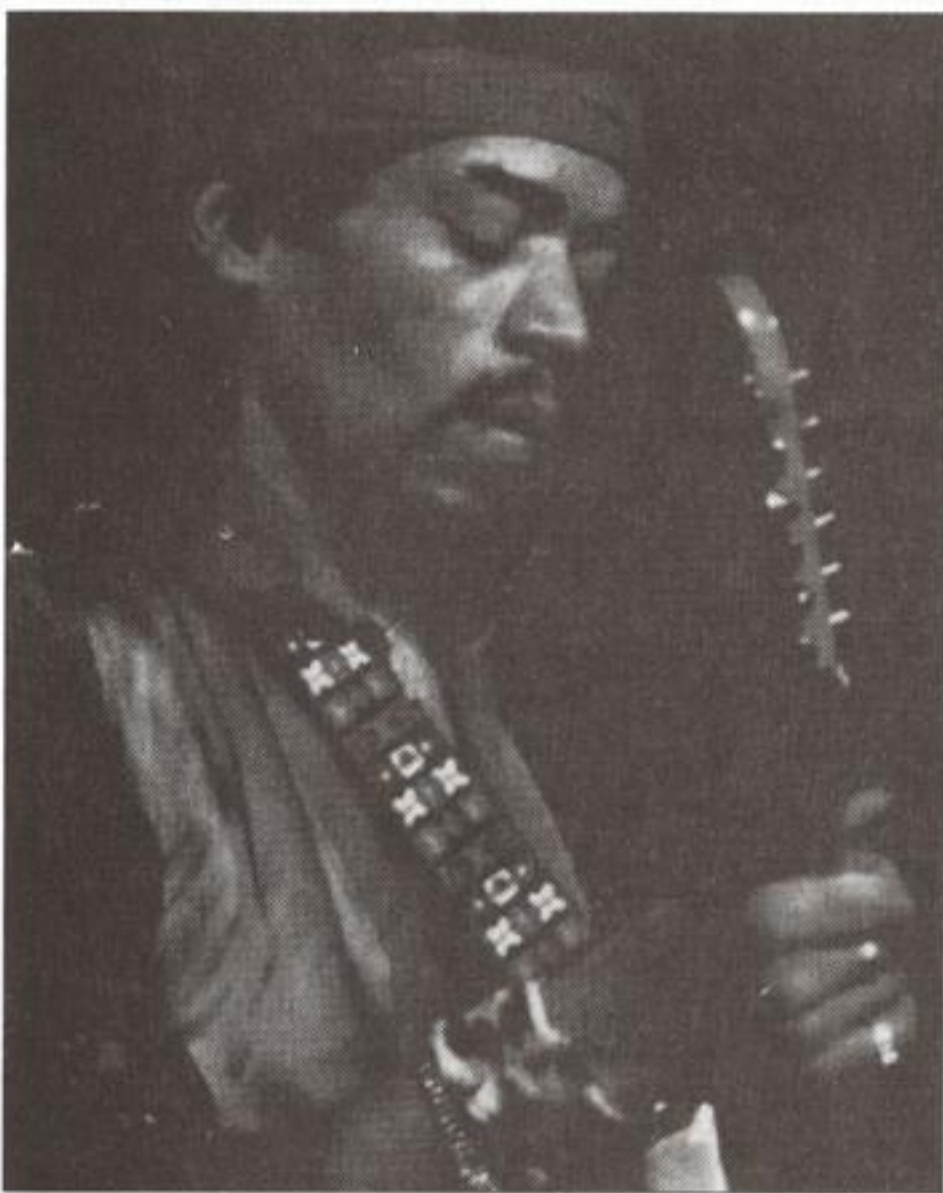
THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE

Live At Oakland Coliseum

(Dagger Records DBRD2-11743)

Performance: Astounding!

Recording: Very good mono audience recording



If you love **Jimi Hendrix**, (and **Jack Casady**) you MUST buy this album. It is *essential* psychedelic blues/rock music. This two-CD release marks the debut of Dagger Records, a label started by the Hendrix estate with the specific intention of bringing Hendrix fans inspired music that doesn't meet the higher sonic standards which Hendrix himself established for his official releases. An audience member using a single microphone and a Sony reel-to-reel deck recorded this 85-minute concert. In other words, this is a "legal" bootleg. Given that it's an audience recording, the quality is mostly excellent (lacking a bit on the low end at points). At first, it seems as though this may be a concert intended for Hendrix neophytes. The first two songs, *Fire* and *Hey Joe*, are played like standard four-minute radio hits. But then, Jimi starts to stretch things out with a phenomenal nine-minute exploration of *Spanish Castle Music*. Jimi gets so hot that at one point his bandmates stop playing altogether to let the immense, beautiful, scary, wrathful spirit which spoke through Jimi's guitar have it's say without any competition. *Hear My Train A Comin'* and *Red House*, at ten and thirteen

minutes respectively, are some of the finest examples of psychedelic blues you will ever hear. The pinnacle of the concert however, is without question the eighteen-minute *Voodoo Child* encore featuring **Jack Casady** on bass. While Jack's bass is too low in the mix, this singular piece of music might be one of the most important examples of live psychedelic music ever recorded! Jimi and Jack *roar* through one astounding improvisation after another. Casady was certainly one of the precious few bass players who could truly play on Jimi's level and it is apparent that Jimi knew this as he let Jack take the lead at several points. Eventually, after returning to the lyrics and thanking the band, Jimi leads the music into a final joyous improvisation, galloping with glee for several minutes before dissolving into feedback (as the recording fades out). When all is said and done this release contains some *very* serious jamming.

THE BYRDS

Untitled

(UDCD 722)

Performance: A Rock Classic

Recording: Less than perfect mix, but pristine recording

The **Byrds** enjoyed well-deserved fame in the mid to late 1960's for their string of hip, radio friendly classic rock songs (*Turn Turn Turn*, *So You Want To Be A Rock and Roll Star*, *Chestnut Mare*, *Eight Miles High*). But the Byrds were also a strong live act who didn't shy away from jamming. This re-release on half-speed mastered CD by the superb **Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab** Label brings us a delightful classic in pristine form. The first half of this CD, recorded live in concert, features seven tunes including tight versions of the Byrd's own *Lover Of The Bayou*, *So You Want To Be A Rock and Roll Star*, and *Mr. Spaceman* as well as wonderful covers of Bob Dylan's *Positively 4th Street* and *Tambourine Man*. The real gem though is the final live cut, a *seriously* jammed out version of *Eight Miles High*. Oddly, it fades in with the jam already in progress. The second half of this release offers nine studio cuts including the quintessential 60's classic *Chestnut Mare* and the stick-in-yer-head drug ditty *Take A Whiff On Me*. We think this release offers the best of both sides of the Byrds.

GROOVE ROCK

EKOOSTIC HOOKAH

Where the Fields Grow Green

(AR128004)

Performance: Extremely polished groove rock

Recording: Excellent

Ekoostic Hookah is one of those bands that has built up a huge following in their own neck of the woods (in this case, the Midwest) but remains under-appreciated in other markets. It's a shame, because they are deserving of an even larger audience. This latest album is a winner. It's remarkably polished — some tunes are could even fit into mainstream rock radio format — yet the groove spirit still manages to shine through strong. The second tune on this CD, *Springtime Again*, is so catchy you'll find



yourself humming it all day long. There's a lot of diversity here, with explorations of groove rock jams, deliciously raunchy blues, bluegrass, and even a Beatles-esque montage of carnival music with all sorts of weirdness melded together in perfectly trippy fashion.

THE SLIP

From the Gecko

(Ka Records)

Performance: Fantastic first album!

Recording: Excellent



Even before we saw **the Slip** live in concert we were tremendously impressed with this first release. Hailing from Boston, this young guitar, bass and drum trio has crafted a wonderfully jazzy groove rock album that sounds like a cross between Steely Dan, the Dead and Phish with African, Caribbean and classic jazzrock fusion flavors thrown synergistically into the mix. The vocals are heartfelt, the lyrics memorable. The jams are short but polished and joyous. The addition of thoughtful soprano and tenor saxophone lines throughout puts this album over the top. And *then* we saw the Slip live in concert and were completely surprised by how young the musicians are. Needless to say young audiences are rapidly rallying to their support. With so much talent at such a young age, we're willing to bet this is one band that becomes very popular in no time at all. Stay tuned.

AGENTS OF GOOD ROOTS

One by One

(RADV 67590-2)

Performance: Guitar-heavy powerhouse Southern rockers

Recording: Good

Grunge meets groove meets Southern rockin' funky blues. Richmond VA's **Agents of Good Roots** have been slowly gathering speed and power since the band's inception three years ago. Now, it seems, the band is ready to unleash some of its pent-up powerhouse strength and musical depth on anyone who's willing to listen. Their newest release, "One By One" is a fascinating blend of intense guitar riffs, stompin' funk, sweet bluesy slide guitar,

and good old-fashioned rock and roll. One can even detect a hint of hip-hop rhythms here and there. Though perhaps not the typical Deadhead musical mainstay (a touch heavy for that), **Agents of Good Roots** are certainly one of the hottest things to have recently emerged from beneath the Mason-Dixon line.

GRINCH

Move

(Ground Zero Records)

Performance: Danceable, groove tunes with emotional depth

Recording: Good

Grinch's sound feels so close to home because it is a blend of countless other influential bands easily pinpointable and because they speak to the soul on a level all of their own. Carried within their funky, fun and heart-warming grooves is a sense of emotional realness, an attribute missing in many bands. And they know how to jam. With a gentle intensity, **Grinch** intrigues and carries the audience, creating a space that just keeps getting hotter and hotter. While their guitar jams and harmonies are reminiscent of Phish, drums a la moe. (with a new twist), a distinct flavor of fun emanates from their music. **Grinch's** "Move" will make you...well...move!

VIPERHOUSE

Shed

(VH02)

Performance: Delightfully quirky jazz groove rock

Recording: Strong mix

There are two ways to dance to the sort of music a band like **Viperhouse** plays: slinky smooth or flailingly quirky. Most in attendance at **Viperhouse** concerts, band members included, choose to flail. Ah, but the joy in this type of dancing comes from how one feels, not how one looks. And the **Viperhouse** flail is a joyous feeling indeed. **Viperhouse** plays a delightfully odd combination of jazz, rock, and funk, with touches of Latin, hip-hop, big band jazz, surf rock, classical and Sun Ra-style free jazz thrown in all over the place. During the first few the tunes on "Shed," lead singer **Heloise** sings with such a smooth, sultry, sexy style one imagines that **Viperhouse** should be the house band in a smoky New York after hours jazz club. Her seductively soft voice, together with the horns and the gently crying guitar and violin in the background, is downright romantic. But the rest of the CD, as well as their live in concert sound, definitely corners the urban-sounding realm of the groove rock genre with extended jams and a more aggressive (but very hip) energy. This is a quirky band... in all the right ways.

DR. DIDG

Serotonality

(Rykodisc 21406)

Performance: Groovy didgeridoo jazzrock

Recording: Excellent

Chances are that by now you've all heard at least a taste of the throaty-sounding

Australian aboriginal instrument known as the didgeridoo (didg). Almost all of the cross-cultural blending we've heard between the didg and western music has come in the form of either World/New Age or Techno music. Well, now a group out of Britain called **Dr. Didg** has crafted rock/funk/jazz music with the didg serving as a central rhythm instrument. The result is fantastic! In fact, this doesn't sound at all like your typical worldbeat didg album — every instrument is given equal footing in the mix. Tastefully psychedelic lead and rhythm guitar lines float ephemerally in the background. Horns add a strong but comforting jazz/groove rock/funk flavor. Lots of ethnic flavors are thrown into the mix, particularly hypnotic Middle Eastern melodies. And some of the strongest tracks were recorded live in concert proving that this band can deliver the goods where it really counts. We hope they make it stateside.

JAZZ/FUNK

SCOFFIELD

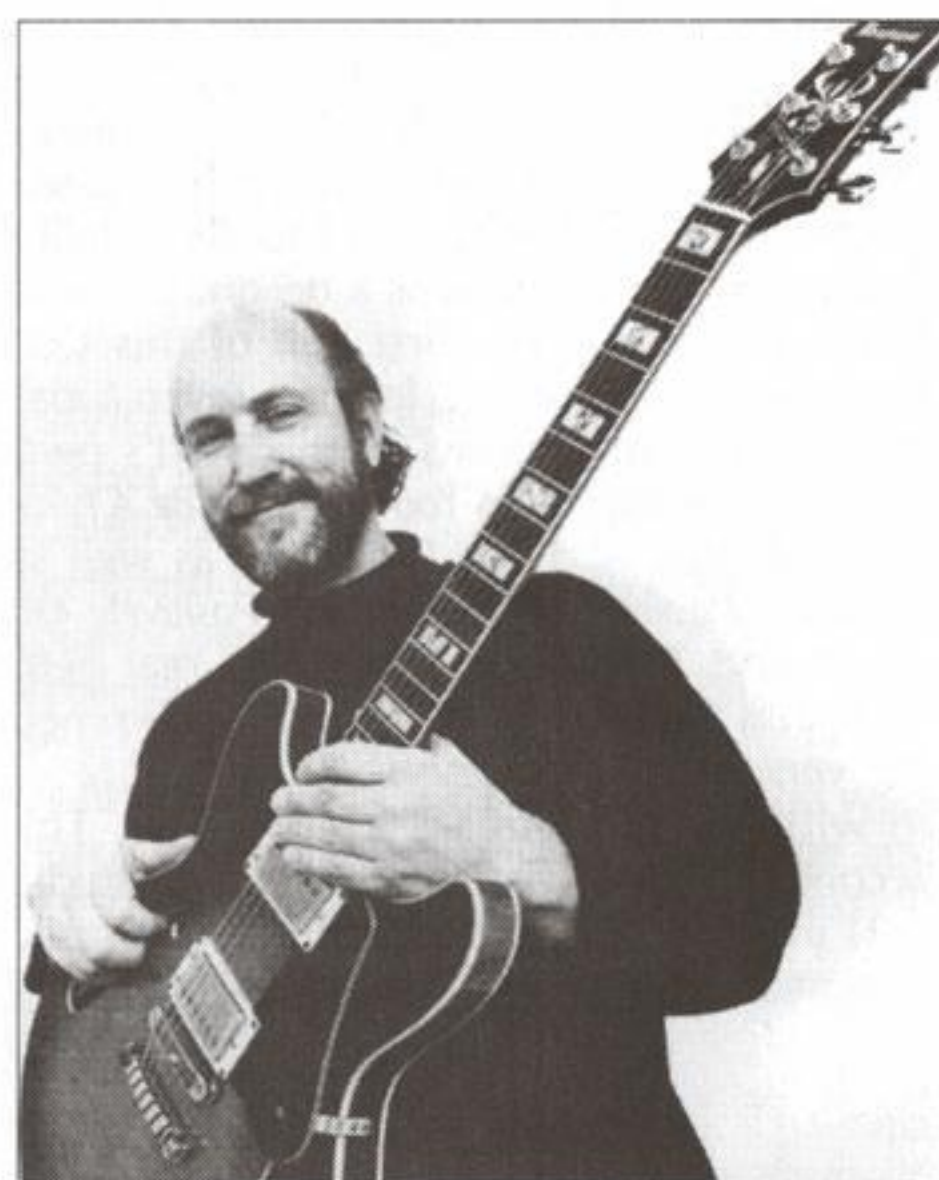
WITH MEDESKI, MARTIN, WOOD

A Go Go

(VERVE314-539-979-2)

Performance: Excellent, mostly laid back funk

Recording: Excellent



Medeski, Martin and Wood fans know that every time this keyboard, bass, and percussion powerhouse trio brings a fourth musician into the equation the result is nothing short of spectacular. So, when we first heard rumor of a studio collaboration with **John Scofield** — a highly respected jazz fusion guitarist in his own right — we were thrilled. Sure enough, "A Go Go" delivers the goods. This collaboration is a natural fit and as a result the entire album happened effortlessly — it was recorded in only three days. Ranging from mellow, almost lounge-style jazz to slightly more upbeat funky jazz grooves this subtle album will have you tapping your toes in no time. **MMW** don't go nuts on this album the way they do live in concert, but that's ok, cause sometimes a mellow groove is just exactly perfect. A sweet project indeed!

SUN RA AND HIS ARKESTRA

Cosmo Sun Collection

(ReR SR1)

Performance: Avante-garde experimental jazz

Recording: Good

Sun Ra, the overlooked and underrated jazz pioneer, left the world a rich musical tradition when he passed away in 1993. With his own brand of intelligent space music, **Sun Ra and his Arkestra** helped lay the foundation of trippy, experimental, avant-garde jazz. This album, a rare live concert recording, clocks in at a way-too-short 31 minutes. It has only been available in a limited European release in the eighties. This album is an eclectic batch of tunes that creates a bizarre auditory collage/story of a musical space journey. The opening track *Fate In A Pleasant Mood* opens with a horn-filled Bossa Nova fluid groove featuring a slick piano solo, vocal rap, and scat solo by Sun Ra. The mood shifts after the second track *Cosmo Journey Blues*, a gospel and blues flavored tune. From here to the end is a spacey, synthesized mind warp. This is a different language from a distant planet, but it is friendly and comes in peace. A must have for avant-garde boundary smashing music lovers.

BLUES/BLUES ROCK

ELECTRIC BLUE AND THE KOZMIK TRUTH

La Raza Cozmica

(EBKT 420)

Performance: Fantastic debut album for a neo-psychedelic blues rock band

Recording: Excellent mix

Music critics have been making a comparison lately between another super-hot upcoming band, **Deep Banana Blackout**, and **Janis Joplin**. True, **Deep Banana** is also fronted by a powerful female lead singer who covers several **Janis Joplin** songs. But the comparison stops there. **Deep Banana** is really a kickin' funk band. But when it comes to keeping the spirit of **Janis Joplin's** psychedelic blues alive, the true champion is **Electric Blue and the Kozmik Truth**. This young band builds a striking, blues-tinged, groove rock vibe with a strong bass, drum and percussion section. Lead and rhythm guitar, and a tight horn section bring the jams from a smoldering sizzle to an ecstatic frenzy. And on top of this soar the powerful vocals of **Callie Katsounakis**. But as hot as this album is, the best way to experience **Electric Blue** is live in concert. The band shreds. We've seen **Callie** open a show with a solo vocal scat improv that totally electrified the room. **Janis** would be proud.

GOV'T MULE

Dose

(Capricorn 314 536 504-2)

Performance: Hard drivin' southern jam rock

Recording: Well-mixed

Allman Brothers veterans **Warren Haynes** (guitar) and **Alan Woody** (bass) along with **Matt Abts** (drums) have crafted a strong third album. Make no mistake about it, **Gov't Mule** has a much harder-edged sound than the Allman Brothers. Think of **Bad Company** with



a Southern rock twist. This album is a lot more structured than the jam-happy Gov't Mule you'll hear in concert. That's not a bad thing; it actually makes for a good introduction to this band, which can be quite intense and VERY LOUD in the flesh. Of particular note on this 11 song release is Mule's interpretation of the Beatle's *She Said, She Said...* very different from the original. It's more of a ballad than a psychedelic romp. The highlight of the entire album though is the second to last tune, *Raven Black Night*, a haunting acoustic number featuring wonderful mandolin and steel guitar. After seeing Warren play acoustic at the Gathering of the Vibes last year and then hearing *Raven Black Night* we hope Gov't Mule continues to add this softer touch to future albums. As we saw with the acoustic explorations of the Dead and the Allmans, sometimes a more subtle approach yields the most sublime results.

FOLK/FOLK ROCK/INDIGENOUS MUSIC

GREG BROWN

Slant 6 Mind
(Red House 98)

Performance: High octane folk!
Recording: Outstanding!

Greg Brown is a brilliant observer of the human condition. His witty lyrics pinpoint the best and worst of our world without relenting to a distanced cynicism or hostility. Greg always maintains an ever-present sense of hope. Although Greg is primarily known and respected in the folk circles, his swampy, funky and lowdown musical style transcends "contemporary folk music." An abundant mix of blues, folk, gospel, soul, and bluegrass lay the foundation for Greg's smoky, baritone voice. If most "folk music" leaves you feeling a little flat, "Slant 6 Mind" will be a mini epiphany that will gnaw at your insides until you are transformed into a *Brownie*. Greg's sophisticated and diverse vocal phrasing is embedded with contemplative and deeply poetic images. There is an intellectual and emotional enthusiasm to this album that non-intrusively penetrates to the core of human existence. "Slant 6 Mind" will surely help Greg move and reach outward from his cult-like

niche to a wider audience. Also highly recommended are his other fine efforts: "Further In," "The Poet Game," and "Down In There," all on Red House Records.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION

Who Knows Where The Time Goes?
(Green Linet 3122)

Performance: British Folk Rock
Recording: Excellent

Touted as "England's answer to the Grateful Dead (minus the drugs)," Fairport Convention boasts dueling violins, rich harmonies, and strong rock abilities. Even with substantial personnel changes, these music warriors have been playing for thirty years. This newest album features a rich tradition of story-telling songs that are steeped in a world music flavor. With strong rock ballads like *Spanish Main*, the band blends the hard-edged sound of Led Zeppelin with Chieftains. Founding member of Fairport Convention, Richard Thompson is featured on a live bonus track with the Roy Wood Big Band performing a bluesy rendition of *I Heard It Through The Grapevine*. Quality music is definitely still blossoming over in England. Also check out Richard Thompson's newest album "Small Town Romance" (vocal and acoustic guitar) recorded live at The Bottom Line and Folk City in 1982.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Contact From The Underworld Of Redboy
(Capitol 54243-2)

Performance: Native American/Rock and Roll
Recording: Excellent

Robbie Robertson's newest release finds the world of rock and roll joining traditional Native American music. This is not a record of Native American music, but Robbie's attempt at bridging the two worlds. This is a thematic journey down the road of history that has often times found the Native Americans severely oppressed and forgotten. From the peyote healers who were thrown in jail, to the jailing of Leonard Peltier (with a spoken word cameo), this album symbolically exhibits the "edge" in the lives of many of the Indian peoples. Alongside the finely polished, deep emotive streams of beautifully haunting traditional Native American singing and music, Robbie and co-producer Howie B. make good use of modern music. The album is musically spearheaded by guitars, keyboards (with drum programming) and some DJ remixing. The synthetic drum beat, sounding very popular works well for some of the tunes and slightly monotonous on other tracks. This is an interesting album of contrasting worlds and musical traditions. This album stands at a crossroads, belonging separately to both worlds and yet somehow becoming something new.

SHAMAN, JHANKRI, AND NELE

Music Healers of Indigenous Cultures

Performance: Rare field recordings of healing ceremonies

Recording: Good

This scholastic compilation presents the extraordinary world of sacred music healers

from indigenous cultures. Encompassing a diverse range of healing ceremonies from the Peruvian Shamans to the Haitian Voodoo Mambo to the Native American Medicine Man, this 96-page full color book (with gorgeous photos) and CD bring to life the philosophies, religions and traditions of these cultures. This CD is not for entertainment, but rather a detailed, auditory documentary of how these musical doctors stimulate the desired effects in their patients through their sacred music, chanting and singing. This is a unique glimpse into the transformative power of music, framed in an intimate exploration of the ancient and ever present mysteries of life. The music on this CD, mostly three- to four-minute cuts, will most likely resonate with the listener on some level. This box set is a holistic picture of the pluralistic marriage of health, science, and religion, illuminated in the delicate balance of physical, emotional, and spiritual well being. This is the healing power of music.

ACOUSTIC ROOTS

RUCKUS JUICE & CHITTLINS

The Great Jug Bands: Volumes 1 & 2
(2032 and 2033)

Performance: Mixed jug bands
Recording: Decent
(primarily for historical value)

These two CD's, compiled from rare old 78s, are best described as beautifully odd. This is a wonderful collection of some of the finest turn of the century American traditional music. Sometimes Ragtime, other times Dixieland, sometimes bluegrass, this jug band music draws heavily upon blues and country to establish its own breed of music. Using the jug as the bass instrument in the band, the jug blowers coax some fantastic shuffling, chugging sounds from their "instruments." Included in this compilation are Cannon's Jug Stompers *Big Railroad Blues* and *Minglewood Blues* and Memphis Jug Band's *Stealin' Stealin'*. If you want to hear what Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions were all about, check out these CDs, it'll be a real trip.

SAM BUSH

Howlin' at the Moon
(SHCD-3876)

Glamour and Grits
(SHCD-3849)

Performance: Finger Pickin' Good
Recording: Good

Sam Bush is one of those musicians whose name should be familiar to any and all bluegrass fans. More than likely, it's his work with the legendary New Grass Revival (including Bela Fleck and John Cowan) and as three-time International Bluegrass Music Association Mandolin Player of the Year that rings a bell. He is also the driving force behind Emmylou Harris' "Nash Ramblers" and is credited on albums by Lyle Lovett, Trisha Yearwood and a score of others. It is Sam Bush's accomplishments on the likes of "Glamour and Grits" and "Howlin' at the Moon" that really captures the essence of Bush as solo musician. Unlike other artists of the

same genre, Bush stands out as an amazingly accomplished musician and a passionate vocalist and lyricist who weaves tales that capture and enrapture audiences of all ages. Bush has also, in the span of his wide-ranging, long-running career, pushed and expanded the horizons of what was once traditional bluegrass by mixing other, somewhat unexpected, genres into his tunes. These albums embrace this concept, ranging from a burning reggae-turned-newgrass version of Marley's *Is This Love* on "Howlin'" to the driving *Funk 42* on "Glamour." Embellished by the talents of peers Fleck and Cowan, as well as members of Harris' "Nash Ramblers," Sam Bush's fantastic musicianship (instrumental and otherwise) must be experienced to be appreciated, and vice versa. Hot, hot, hot!

SMOKIN' GRASS

Take Yer Pick

(SGCD01)

Performance: High energy newgrass

Recording: Good

Speaking of fantastic newgrass, Burlington VT's **Smokin' Grass** are yet another group of under-appreciated and not-so-well-known (yet) country boys who build up one gigantic musical force when they hit the stage. With their first and long-awaited CD "Take Yer Pick," Smokin' Grass combines traditional bluegrass tunes with quite a few of their own smokin' (pun intended) originals that not only start yer feet a'tappin', but get yer head a'boppin' and causes that "I wanna boogie!" feeling to well up inside yer stomach. What can you do but dance? These guys, on stage and in the studio, create a high-energy blend of butterfly-for-fingers mandolin pickin', smooth Dobro, bouncing bass, ho-down rhythms checked by jazz infusion, and some of the finest acoustic guitar work you've ever heard. With guest appearances by **John Sebastian** (of Lovin' Spoonful fame) and **Ray Spiegall** (from Mickey Hart's Diga Rhythm Band), "Take Yer Pick" is clearly the pristine brain-child of this band. And yet, "Take Yer Pick" only scratches the surface of what this band can do. Check out Smokin' Grass' unique blend of fun this summer as they tour the country with JGB and Jazz is Dead.

KENNETH "JETHRO" BURNS

Bye Bye Blues

(ACD 26)

Performance: Stunning acoustic mandolin

Recording: Excellent

Jethro Burns is known to many as "The Legend," "The Great One," or "Mr. Mandolin." This outstanding CD features Jethro's trademark clean, tight lines united with an overall loose, swinging rhythm. Jethro and his mandolin are comfortably synched with the trustworthy rhythm guitar accompaniment of Don Stienberg. A quick listen to this disc may not immediately reveal the deep shimmering complexities and subtleties of Jethro's playing. Jethro, credited as being a pioneer of bringing a jazz vocabulary to mandolin playing, showcases his innovative chord-melody mandolin arrangements. This disc features a wide selection of hearty standards and rarities.

Jethro's delicate fluid style soars, but never loses touch with the ground. Truly, a fine piece of work.

OSCAR ALEMAN

Swing Guitar Masterpieces

(ACD 29)

Performance: Improvised acoustic string music

Recording: Good (from old LPs)

David Grisman was introduced to **Oscar Aleman's** guitar artistry by Jerry Garcia during the Old And In The Way collaborations in 1973. This newest Acoustic Disc release (almost two and a half hours) features the light, swinging style of one of the few true masters of swing guitar. Oscar's visionary solo playing is bold but easy with his unique and inspired fingerpicking style. **Oscar Aleman** finds himself compared to jazz guitarist Django Reinhardt, and violinist Stephane Grappelli. This is the first time Oscar's music has been released in the USA. This disc has music to please with a hearty repertoire of jazz standards like *Russian Lullaby*, *I've Got Rhythm*, *Sweet Georgia Brown*, *Honeysuckle Rose* and much more.

SPOKEN WORD

The Best of William Burroughs

(From the *Giorno Poetry Collection*)

(Mercury 314 536 701-2, 702-2, 703-2, 704-2)

Performance: Quintessential, straight-from-the-heart Burroughs

Recording: Very Varied

With the death of **William Burroughs** last August it may seem that the last great pillar of the Beat Era has finally crumbled, leaving nothing but history. Fortunately, the wealth of art left behind by these wise fools stands as strong, maybe stronger than they ever stood themselves as mere mortals. **Giorno Poetry Systems'** newest release, "The Best of William Burroughs," has captured more than just a snapshot of the past — it has offered a definitive look into the psyche of the man, through his voice. This four-disc collection contains the best performances ever of Burroughs' reading of his own work. It includes selections from the staple Burroughs novels: *Junkie*, *Naked Lunch* and *The Soft Machine*, as well as hundreds of other passages. Each track represents a different era of the author's life and each is delivered in typical Burroughs style — an emotionless, almost smothering, monotone. This is not to say, however, that this collection should be passed up — quite the contrary! Behind Burroughs' characteristic dryness, behind the stony face and the rigid enunciations, was an intensity and a wisdom apparent in every word, of every phrase, of every paragraph, every stanza. Though it's true, it takes a great deal of stamina, lots of courage, perhaps even a strong stomach, to sit through such a thorough audio collection of Burroughs' work. When finished, however, you'll walk away with an amazing perception into exactly what **William Burroughs** was able to contribute to this life, and a keen sense of admiration for the years upon years of insight. What better tribute could one man ask for than understanding?

BOOKS

GET OUTTA TOWN:

A TALE OF THE GRATEFUL DEAD, THE IRS, & COFFEE

by Ted Ringer

(Acid Test Productions 225pages, \$13.95)

Longtime Deadhead Ringer's first novel *Get Outta Town* is a fanciful enviro-fable that takes its balding hippie hero on a most unusual road trip. "Minnie" Minion, a middle-aged Deadhead, takes a vacation from running a bar in Colorado to follow the **Grateful Dead** to Oregon. Along the way, he inadvertently becomes wanted by the IRS, hunted by the military, and involved in a worldwide conspiracy. However, to give *Get Outta Town* such a simple synopsis is not to do it justice—although its frankly improbable plot requires a complete suspension of disbelief by the reader, its fast, funny pace makes it a joy to read... and a quick one at that. Ringer's witty prose definitely strikes a chord in those of us who wish the Dead's own trip hadn't ended quite so soon. Although this book is not itself a nostalgic work, readers will find themselves smiling at his clever use of lyric quotes and description of the show Minnie attends: "Each note seemed to rearrange their DNA." This book will make you smile, and might even change the way you view your next cup of coffee.

THE MILLENIUM SHOWS

by Philip E. Baruth

(Albion Books 1994 157 pages, \$12.95)

The *Millenium Shows* may be the finest novel ever written about the Grateful Dead experience. This statement may seem odd when one considers that in the entire novel, the words "Grateful Dead" never appear (the band the central to the story is referred to only as the Dead). The author, **Philip E. Baruth**, has managed to create what is simultaneously a tribute to and chronicle of the lives of those people who once existed on the fringes of the great, seemingly endless line of Dead shows. It is also a harrowing tale of a man who seeks to forever cast off his past identity in order to define himself only within that culture. The *Millenium Shows* begins as the narrator, an amnesiac Tourhead known only as Story, tells the tale of his life which, as far as he is concerned, only began when he regained consciousness after losing his memory at a Dead show. He somehow, luckily, manages to join various groups of "Deadheads" to travel to every show. But he has never ventured inside any of the venues—his amnesia has caused him to fear the vast group-consciousness which he perceives inside such places. Story lives in complete isolation, never fully becoming a member of any of the Deadhead groups he travels with, never truly connecting with any other human being, unable to share himself or the secrets locked in his past. The book centers around the possibility of Story and the other Deadheads' attending an event of mystical, almost holy significance: the Dead's "Millenium Shows" which will take place at the turn of the century. (In talking about the

Millenium Shows, the author somewhat accurately predicts a major event in the Dead organization well before it happened in real life.) Baruth has crafted a compelling novel which is as difficult to classify, and as hauntingly, timelessly relevant, as the music of the Grateful Dead itself. (Parts of the novel are on online at <http://www.albion.com/millennium>).

WHEN THE GRATEFUL DEAD CAME TO ST. LOUIS

By Charlotte Gordon

(Folly Cove Books 31 pages, \$8.95)

A wonderful collection of poems about coming of age and losing innocence during the 60s and beyond. Many of the poems describe events and situations familiar to those growing up during the turbulent unrest of the late sixties and provide insight to those who are curious about the era: "Brief American History," "In 1969," and "Watching the Moon-Walk on TV." One of the most powerful poems "Casualty Report" describes a family ripped part by the differing understanding between generations. "When my sister... ran away to Haight Ashbury\My mother considered her dead... My father switched on the TV to hear\the casualty reports..." Gordon describes a show she went to in "When the Grateful Dead Came to St. Louis" where she "danced five rows away from Jerry Garcia\who seemed after all, to be just a person." The poem describes Gordon's reflection of life while experiencing the show. An excellent addition to any Deadhead's library.

CD ROMS

THE PSYCHEDELIC BUS OF GRATEFUL DEAD KNOWLEDGE (CD-ROM)

(produced by Cosmic Light Computing \$49.95)

Ah, what we would have given to have seen these questions on various multiple choice tests over the years: SAT's, LSAT's, grad school entrance exams, etc., etc. Were that the case, Harvard and Yale would have swept us off our feet based on all the right answers we'd have given. You've got your history, your music education, literature, art class, philosophy, sociology, cinematic studies and a spattering of random trivia all rolled up into one wildly psychedelic CD-ROM of Grateful Dead knowledge. Answer a question right and you're whisked into a gently pulsating super-nova of psychedelia, greeted oftentimes with an audio clip of high-quality Grateful Dead. Answer it wrong and you'd swear it was that show buddy you haven't seen since last summer leaning over your shoulder saying, "Close, dude, but no cigar." To shake up the monotony (if something as vibrant as this game could be termed as such) of straight questions, there are video clips to be identified (from the Grateful Dead Movie, Dead Ahead, etc.) or a specific version of a song to nail down to its original album. Great for a group of friends to pass a rainy afternoon or to play by yourself at work (the Deadhead version of solitaire), a trip on **The Psychedelic Bus of Dead Knowledge** is not to be passed up. "The bus came by and you got on!"

VENUES

MEXICALI BLUES RESTAURANT

This place is heaven on Earth (well, Heaven in New Jersey) for Deadheads. Not only do they have Dead posters everywhere and play *only* Dead music and have the coolest owner *and* an awesome waitstaff, but the food, all Mexican with vegetarian emphasis, is outstanding. They roast their own coffee beans in house and serve coffee in small French press carafes. Mexicali has great live music on Fridays and Saturdays. It's located at 665 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, NJ, just over the G.W. Bridge (phone# 201-836-7161). Easy to get to. Parking's easy too. If there ever was a bar that the Tribe could all call home, **Mexicali Blues** fits the bill. ♦

Special thanks to Coey Sanderson, Jean Sienkewicz, and Robert Weiner.

Send all submissions and suggestions for reviews to DDN-DEAD RELATIVES, P.O. Box 936, Northampton, MA 01061




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DUPREE'S DIAMOND NEWS GROOVE MARKET

Strangefolk

"Lore"



This is the first CD by Vermont's "other" phenomenally hot groove rock band. It's a beautifully

produced album loaded with wonderful three-part harmonies, driving rhythms and catchy melodies. If you're into acoustic-flavored rock, tinged with bluegrass and spiced by some sweet singing and hard jammin', then you will love this CD. \$13

Strangefolk

"Weightless In Water"



Strangefolk's second CD is jam-packed with sweet acoustic folk flavored rock and roll; potent lyrics,

sweet harmonies and raging jams. This Burlington VT quartet, with their gentle intensity, truly makes some magical sounds. New and old listeners alike will groove on this wonderful recording. \$13

The String Cheese Incident

"A String Cheese Incident"



This is a stupendous, "newgrass" groove band. Recorded live in concert in 1997 this amazing

CD blends bluegrass, calypso, salsa, Afro pop, funk, rock and jazz. The result sounds like a cross between vintage David Grisman quartet, Jimmy Buffet on acid, and modern-day Phish stretching out the jams. Very polished, very sweet. \$12

Deep Banana Blackout

"Live In The Thousand Islands"



Here come the next monsters of funk. Mark our words, this may be the best feel-good party band on the

planet. Their own tunes are as danceable as any ever penned by James Brown or the Meters! \$12

The Zen Tricksters

"The Holy Fool"

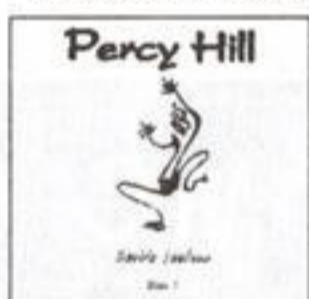


Well-known for playing in the spirit of the Grateful Dead, the Tricksters also have their own

interesting repertoire. Here are twelve originals from an ensemble that well deserves their legendary status. \$12

Percy Hill

"Double Feature"



A new live double CD from the rising stars of the groove rock scene. Built on a solid foundation of Southern rock,

blues, jazz, funk, bluegrass, hip-hop and Latin beats, this band really knows how to rock the house. \$23

Foxtrot Zulu

"Burn Slow"



This young Rhode Island-based group is one of the hottest new additions to the Groove rock scene. Their

sound, a unique combination of funky bass, riveting rhythm guitar, progressive horns, strong vocals, a solid percussive foundation (and a funky wah-wah edge on some tracks), makes for a difficult listen if

you're sitting down. This album features fantastic jams including one of the hottest "Spanish" jams you'll ever hear. \$12

The DeadBeats

"DeadBeats Acoustic"



Sweet, sweet acoustic versions of the Grateful Dead's music live from the Nevada Theater, Nevada

City, CA. Cassidy, Jack-A-Roe > New Speedway Boogie > Birdsong, To Lay Me Down, Cumberland Blues, Mississippi Half-Step > Black Peter, Uncle John's Band > Terrapin Suite. \$12

The Slip

"From the Gecko"



Even before we saw The Slip live in concert we were tremendously impressed with this first release.

Hailing from Boston this young guitar, bass, drum trio has crafted a wonderfully jazzy groove rock album that sounds like a cross between Steely Dan, The Dead and Phish with African, Caribbean and classic jazzrock fusion flavors thrown synergistically into the mix. \$12

The David Nelson Band

"Keeper of the Flame"



Recorded live in concert, this wonderful CD features three tunes written by The New Riders of the Purple

Sage's David Nelson and Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter. They also cover Bob Dylan's "Wicked Messenger," and the Dead's "The Wheel" as well as four other tasty tunes. This band might be the best

psychedelic honky tonk band on the planet. Their jamming style is smooth but strong! \$12

Dos Hermanos

"Live From California"



This album reminds us of the old saying, "When the going gets weird the weird turn pro."

Psychedelic keyboard improvisations from Grateful Dead veterans Bob Bralove and Tom Constanten with Henry Kaiser and Steve Kimock sitting in on guitars, Joe Gallant on bass, and Prairie Prince on drums. This alchemical collaboration yields deep space, muted and full-on nightmares, and surreal aural mindscapes which harken back to the early days of Pink Floyd. Most impressive of all is that the whole album was recorded live in-concert. \$12

Apricot Jam

"Mr Fancypants"



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neath strong, soulful folk harmonies, two acoustic guitars, and an upright acoustic bass weave catchy, jazz-based, improvisational folk/funk/blues song structures. No drums you say? Correct. But the heavy string plucking and slapping created by the bass player serve as all the rhythm section this hot band needs and the extra room allows for mucho guitar jamming. Very hip! \$12

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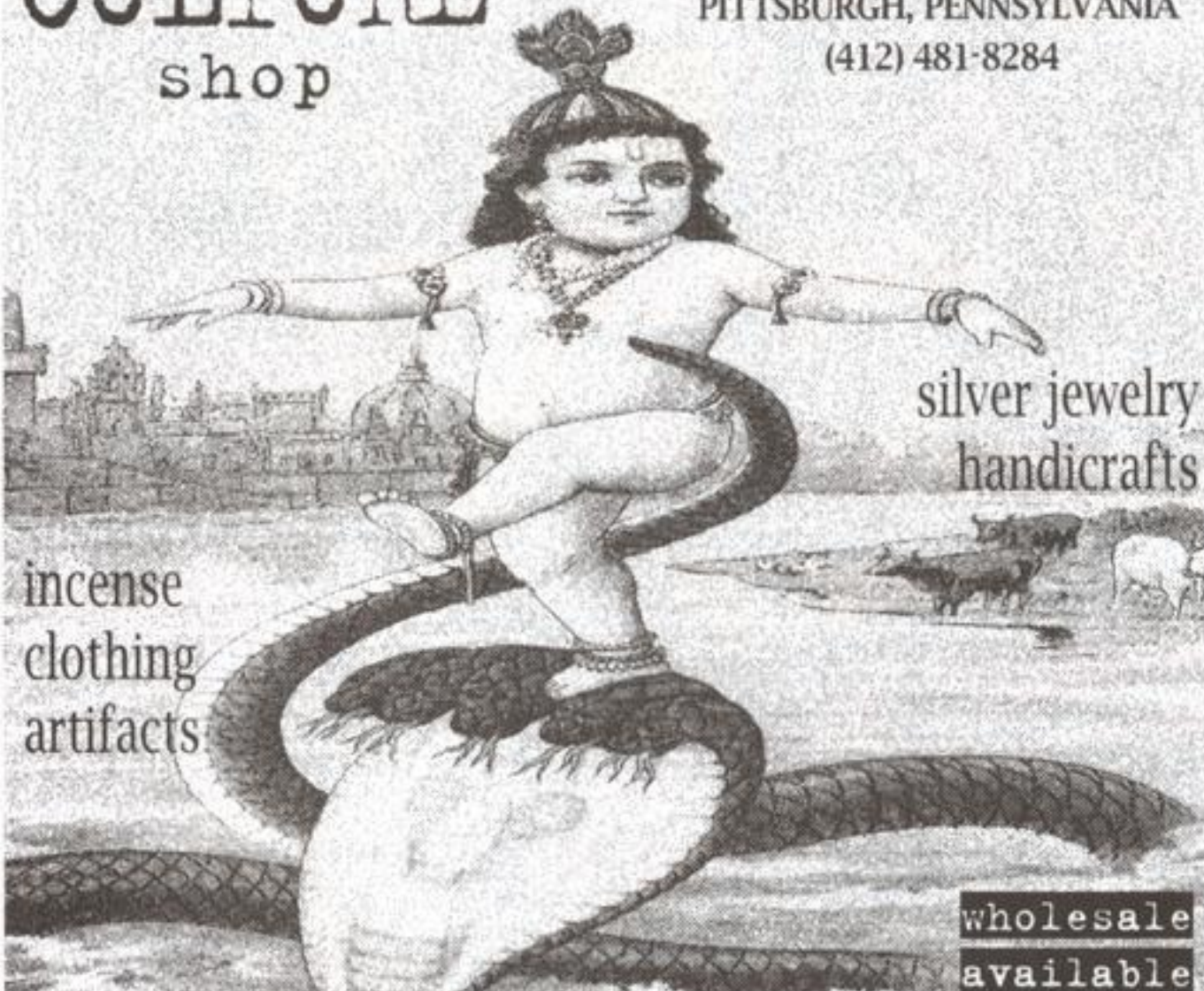
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- #2: Back from the Dead (The Dead return after Jerry's illness); Betty Cantor Tapes—Story and List—Part 1; Spring 1987 reviews; Wes Wilson psychedelic art review
- #3: "Love Conquers All"; Spring Tour 1987; The Harmonic Convergence; How Can I Help?—Ram 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
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- #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
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- #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
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- #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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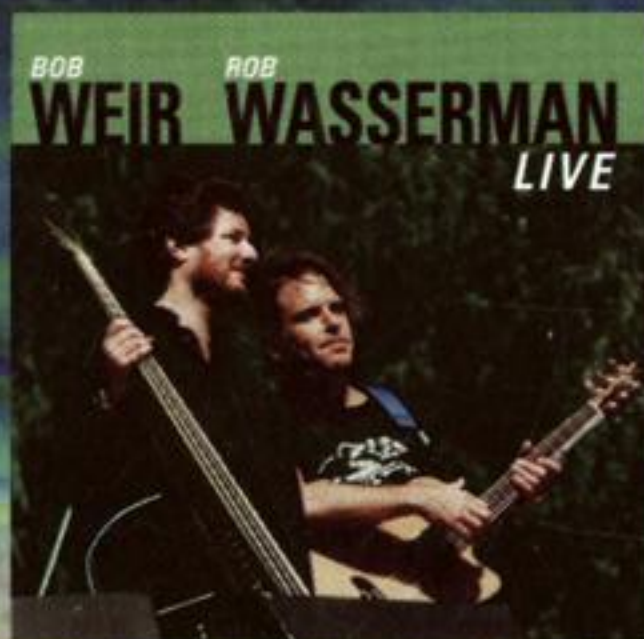
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