



UNBROKEN CHAIN

47th Edition

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Sarah & Taylor at Christmas

Photo by LPS

Editor's Page

March 1994, #47

By Laura P. Smith

Howdy folks and welcome to Edition #47 of *Unbroken Chain*. I can't believe that winter's almost gone! Big news for the Smith family, (No, I'm not pregnant -- Thank God!), but we are moving across town at the end of March. As soon as I finish getting this issue to the printers, I will begin breaking down UCHQ for the move. Therefore, if any of you have any inquiries regarding subscriptions, ad rates, etc., I may be unable to respond as quickly as I would like. I should have the office re-assembled by mid-April, so you probably won't even notice the change.

There are two basic reasons we're moving. First and most obvious, we have outgrown our house. Located in the County of Henrico (a suburb or Richmond), our new home offers a locale where we will be comfortable sending our kids to school. The high school district is the same one I graduated from in 1980...I guess what goes around comes around! Anyway, the new house is awesome: big enough for our family now, and if our numbers ever increase; beautifully remodeled throughout; and it contains all the extras our current house doesn't have (central air for starters!) We've been living on the North Side of Richmond for six years, and we'll always love this neighborhood (we'll miss the babysitting co-op the most), but this is a move whose time has come.

As you can see from the picture, Sarah and Taylor are as cute as ever. At 19 months, Taylor has all sorts of things to say, and he's looking more like a little boy than the baby I once knew. They don't stay babies for long! Sarah is headed down the home stretch of her second year of pre-school, and since she is a November baby she misses the cut-off date for kindergarten next year. She'll be in pre-school for one more year, and hopefully Taylor will be in a program for 2-year-olds next fall.

As you all probably know by now, Jerry got married on Valentine's Day! The lucky bride is Deborah Koons, a film producer with whom Jerry had a brief fling back in the 70's when they met at a Dead show, and whom he re-met and fell in love with during his recovery period during the late summer of '92. The wire services reported during the week of February 7th that invited guests would have to call on the day of the wedding to be told where to go for the actual ceremony. "How would you feel if thousands of screaming Deadheads showed up at your wedding?" one person remarked in response to all the secrecy surrounding the location of the nuptials.

The two exchanged their vows before approximately 80 invited guests at Christ Episcopal Church in Sausalito, California. The entire band was in attendance, as was Bruce Hornsby and his wife, Kathy. Musical accompaniment for the ceremony was provided by David Grisman and Enrique Coria, an Argentinian guitar player. The duo performed an acoustic mandolin & guitar version of a 12th-Century *Ave Maria*; Melvin Seals played the organ at the wedding; and Gloria Jones from the Jerry Garcia Band also performed the song *You & I* (a Stevie Wonder tune). The reception was held at a Yacht Club in Tiburon, California, overlooking the San Francisco Bay. Guests dined on a healthy, delicious, and mostly vegetarian menu, with the exception of fresh oysters,

salmon and shrimp. Two bands performed at the reception...an Irish band and a dance band called Mondo Combo. All in all, the wedding was very intimate, low-key and romantic -- a very warm and wonderful occasion. I'm sure it was just a small oversight on Jerry's part that I wasn't invited!

One thing I would like to talk about for a minute is some of the letters we have received regarding show reviews written by August West. I think we've printed all 4 or 5 of the letters dissing Mr. West's opinions, but there seems to be growing amounts of folks out there who seem to think that we should sugar-coat every show review and only print wonderful things about every song, every moment. Hey, if wasn't good, then what is wrong with saying that? I can't say that I agree with everything that's ever printed by our writers, but they are certainly entitled to their own opinion and it's not up to me to edit out their true feelings. One of the letters directed at August West in the last issue stated..."Maybe you should stop touring and get a job!" Well, I would like you to know that August West *is* extremely employed -- he probably works harder than anyone I know -- not only that, but I have a couple more kudos to award the man before I'm finished here.

Over the last three years we have undergone mammoth changes in our format... the typesetting, layout, and the attention paid to detail. Every miniscule detail has been attended to. You couldn't even imagine how much time and effort goes into this publication unless you have ever published one yourself. While some of the improvements are due to the computer *UC* purchased last year, the majority of them are due to August West. He has raised the level of professionalism of this magazine, and if he demands too much perfection, so be it. All I can say is, if it wasn't for him, I have no clue where we would be right now. Certainly not a 32-page magazine with a 4-color glossy cover. So, if you want to read a Grateful Dead review that rehashes every show as "bitchin'-wicked-killer-awesome," maybe this magazine is not for you. In Allen Sklar's letter on page 4, he says that picky heads should stop fussing about the negative aspects of a show and focus on the positive...that's fine. But let's face it, wouldn't it be boring to read that every show was orgasmic? Should we just gloss over the lame spots and pretend they never happened? If so, we could just reprint the same review every time, just changing the song titles. Just because a writer complains about a certain song ending a set (or for whatever reason), it doesn't mean that person had a bad time or is bent on ruining every one else's good memories. We have all felt let down at some point by a lame tune, a short set, or a *Day Job* encore. It doesn't hurt to talk about it. A song one person finds over-played might be the next person's all-time favorite. Not only that, but the band members themselves are the first to admit that their shows are rarely perfect. So let's not abuse folks for writing their own opinions.

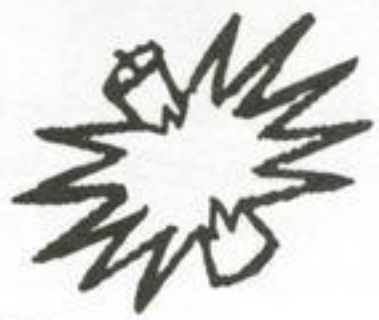
In conclusion, please keep in mind that we wouldn't be putting this magazine out if we didn't think the Grateful Dead was the world's best band. Ever. That's the bottom line.

One other thing, if any of you folks out there want to write show reviews for us, we would welcome your submissions. I have gotten a few stray complaints about our failing to review certain shows, but we are limited to reviewing shows we attended. Due

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Jerry's New Guitar

by Stephen Cripe



Editor's Note:

In our last issue, we incorrectly reported that Jerry's new guitar was made by Doug Irwin. I made an assumption -- an incorrect one, it turns out -- that since it looked like an Irwin, and since Doug Irwin himself had said last spring that he was in the midst of making Jerry a new guitar, that it was, in fact, an Irwin model. Well, I got a call a few weeks ago from Stephen Cripe's girlfriend Theresa about our printed error. I then spoke to Steve at length about all of the details: history, woodworking, and finally, delivery of the guitar known as "Lightning Bolt."

This story is interesting because 1) Steve has only been making guitars for a few years; 2) he doesn't even play guitar; and 3) he sent the guitar to Jerry basically on

a whim, hoping that Jerry would at least like it. What he never dreamed was that Jerry would not only like it, but begin to play it exclusively, and even order **another** one as a back up! Also, Steve Parrish told him that "Lightning Bolt" could not have been done any closer to what Jerry wanted. It was as if Jerry had provided him with a mental blueprint when in fact, the two had never even met. Now Stephen Cripe and Jerry Garcia are slated to meet for the first time--backstage at the Miami shows coming up in April. Jerry may also visit Steve's workshop sometime during his Miami visit.

Here for the first time is Stephen Cripe's story, told in his own words:



Jerry's New Guitar

Photo by Tim Ashbridge

Being a fan of the Dead since the early 70's, I've always wanted to learn to play guitar. In about July, 1990, I purchased a book on how to build an electric guitar. I figured that if I put all of the blood, sweat and tears into such a project I would spend plenty of time with it learning to play. Wrong. I liked building better than playing. Having years of experience doing fine woodworking on yachts, it was not that difficult to do. However, due to errors in the book and a lack of musical instrument experience, my first guitar had a neck about the same size as the business end of a baseball bat! After showing it to several friends I corrected that problem.

I couldn't get enough constructive criticism, so while driving across country listening to my Dead tapes, I decided to build Jerry Garcia a guitar. I started in early March of '93 and finished in late April the same year. The only guidelines I had were freeze-frames from the So Far video and from there I flew from the seat of my pants. "Lightning Bolt," Jerry's current guitar, is made of black walnut core and East Indian rosewood top and back with rock maple for contrast. The neck is also of the same rosewood and maple. The East Indian rosewood is recycled from an old opium bed that was given to me a few years ago. The fretboard is of Brazilian rosewood recycled from an old hotel in Miami Beach. The lightning bolt itself is mother of pearl surrounded by padauk (a/k/a vermillion), tinted maple and rosewood. The bridge, tailpiece and tuners are Shaller, except for a Roland GK-2 synth. The other electronics are always subject to change. My logo, an exploding firecracker, is inlaid in the headstock.

The next obstacle was to somehow deliver the instrument. As luck would have it, my friend Shannon worked at a record distribution company and located a client that

knew Jerry. After convincing his client that I was not a crackpot, she agreed to accept and deliver it. I sent a brief letter about myself, phone number and address along with the guitar. About six weeks later, Dennis McNally called and said Jerry was intrigued with it. Several weeks after that, Steve Parrish, Jerry's right hand man, called and told me that Jerry loved the guitar! He was using it for the Jerry Garcia Band and was opening the Dead shows with it! Boy was I flattered.

Jerry then ordered another guitar for back-up. The new guitar is called "Top Hat," and was delivered to Jerry back in October. "Top Hat" also has walnut and maple for the core but features cocobola for the top, back, neck and fretboard. It is named "Top Hat" because the skull is wearing a red, white and blue top hat. It is fashioned of wart hog tusk and serves as a cover plate for the Roland GK-2 synth power supply. The fretboard and logo inlay are also of non-endangered wart hog tusk. I've been lucky with "Lightning Bolt," so hopefully "Top Hat" will be making it's debut by the spring!

A special note should also be given about Gary Brawer of Stringed Instrument Repair. Steve Parrish spoke very highly of him and told me that he was a genius with all phases of guitars. I've learned a great deal from him over the phone, and he sent me a video of electronic additions, which helped quite a bit in the crafting of "Top Hat." He's responsible for most, if not all, modifications and retrofits on Jerry's guitars. His address is Gary Brawer, 15 Lafayette Street, San Francisco, CA, 94103 (415) 621-3904.

Stephen Cripe's address is 1329 N.E. 119 Street, Miami, FL 33161 (305) 893-3124. Inquiries are welcome.

CHAIN REACTION

I wanted to comment on the age of Deadhead populations at some of the more recent shows. It seems like a lot of teens are getting into the Dead in record numbers - especially in the New York area. I never thought of myself as "over the hill" at 31, however, while buying a train ticket to go to one of the Madison Square Garden shows this fall, the ticket dude said, "Aren't you a little old to be doing this?" Well, I guess I don't take hints very well. This "senior citizen" will be truckin' to Dead concerts as long as I can move and the boys want to play, even if the kids do call me "maam." Thanks for providing enjoyable reading material. Sincerely, Cathy M. Anzulis, Laurel, MD

I was amazed when I read the reviews of Boston in UC #46. I'm sorry it seems like some of the people commenting on the shows (especially August West, as usual) didn't think the music was very good. We saw a lot of shows this year, and Saturday night in Boston was absolutely one of the best shows they did this year. The *Watchtower* was the best song they did of the entire year. Jerry was on Fire! And as far as there being no other song after *Standing on the Moon* that Sunday, that *SOTM* was hotter than any Bobby closer could have been. It was up there with *Morning Dew!* Bobby's acoustic guitar was a cool addition to the shows, too. I'd also like to say how hot the Jerry shows at Richmond and Hampton were. We spent the night at the Mosque and got 12 seats on the front row for Richmond. It was really cool being on the front row with 11 of my best friends. Jerry was really into it. *Tore Up* was the best song at Richmond, followed by a cool *Wonderful World* and *Dixie Down* later. Hampton had a sweet *Lay Down Sally*, but the *Shining Star* put tears into everyone's eyes. The audience singing along at the end put the icing on this 25 minute song. The *Lucky Old Sun* had a nice jam at the end by Melvin. Tony Clark, Richmond, VA

Dear Picky Deadheads: Yes, I know all about you, because I'm one of you! After several hundred shows since '72, I am both 1) old and 2) picky! However, I am not picky about the music. For Christ's sake, these guys are human -- yes, even Jerry. They can't produce perfection every damn night. Every show I go to, I expect one thing, a few seconds of true highness, induced not by drugs, but by the magical weirdness that can turn a million brain cells into Jello and give you goose bumps where you've never had 'em! Haven't you ever been to a show where Phil sounded like he was eight minutes ahead of the rest of the band, Jerry lost in his own world, Bob off somewhere no human has ever been, and suddenly Jerry's with Phil and Bob's back from space and the drummers ease off and suddenly you can't believe what you're hearing! Those moments are what we live for in their music, not this song, that song, that show, etc. Forget all that and listen to the music. I've never been to a show where this didn't happen, sometimes for seconds, sometimes for hours. In conclusion, keep negatives to yourself and focus on the positive things that happen at a Dead Show! What that song sounded like 17 years ago or the night before is not important, it's what it sounds like now that matters! Allen Sklar, bicycle mechanic, Deadhead & occasional photographer, Bishopville, MD

While watching an old movie on A&E, *Man of a Thousand Faces* (1957), a biography of Lon Chaney, Jim Backus was heard to say "I'm a Deadhead from way back. I haven't paid to see anything in years." Jim Backus later played Thurston Howell III on *Gilligan's Island*. James Cagney played Lon Chaney in this excellent film. I'm sure many Deadheads can relate to that statement. Gratefully yours, Judy Norris, Monson, MA

The Richmond JGB show was very strong from my standpoint. Although my opinion might be somewhat biased because I was in 5th row, I felt that Jerry was in fine form at this show. Every song had a certain spark to it that made it strong and tight. I hope everyone else that was there had as good of a time as I did. Musically, I felt Richmond was better than Hampton. Overall, though, Hampton was a blast! As we all know, Hampton is known for having a real good scene, but this show in particular had an excellent atmosphere. I only saw three policemen the whole time while in the parking lot at Hampton, as opposed to 10 or 20 of them running up and down the parking lots like maniacs in Richmond. As you said in your flyer, it probably is good to have a lot of cops around Richmond Coliseum, it just seemed to me that they were acting a little power happy. In the end though, both shows were very fun inside and outside of the venues. Finally, I would like to thank you and your staff for doing the tremendous job you do year in and year out. It does not matter how terrible a day I could be having, if I came home and my *U.C.* is in the mail box, everything seems to brighten up. I have compared your magazine with many others, and you are tied at first place with the *Golden Road*. Thanks very much for making my whole Grateful Dead experience a better one over the past six years since I've been following the band. Take care, Mark McKercher, Smithfield, VA

If all the people who talk during songs left, the rest of us would have so much more room to dance. Joey Burroughs, Raleigh, NC

Enclosed is my check to renew my subscription for the 3rd time. It has been fun reading your mag. The bits about Laura's kids add a personal touch...I was glad to see some comments about August West in your last issue. He was getting so critical...I would tell him "If you're not enjoying the ride, get off the bus!" Thanks, Kathy Somer, Vienna, VA

I have news of a grim and terribly sad nature. On 2-12-94, in Atlanta, a dear Deadhead brother, Jamie Sims, was shot and killed while trying to intervene in the robbery of his roommate. Although I never actually met Jamie, we knew each other through the nebulous network of tape trading and correspondence. I always figured that we would eventually meet since his family lives less than 2 miles from me and he went to the same high school (J.R. Tucker High School in Richmond) albeit 12 years later than me. His sister, Jennifer (also a Deadhead) had the sad task of informing me of the tragedy. I attended his memorial service on 2-19-94 and when I saw his picture I was astonished at the resemblance to Bob Weir. Jamie was only 28 and had that babyfaced kid-brother look that would melt your heart. Jamie's favorite song was *Lost Sailor* and he was both a drifter and a dreamer.

There's a sea bird cryin' and there's a ghost wind blowin'

And it's calling you, to that misty swirling sea.

Til the chains of your dreams are broken

No place in this world would be."

I would appreciate hearing from all who traded or corresponded with Jamie. Your brother, EZ Jim Moss, 9007 Prestondale Avenue, Richmond, VA 23294-5917

Editor's Note: I was deeply saddened by the news of Jamie's death. Jamie had been a faithful subscriber to the Chain since he first discovered us back in the Fall of 1991. At that time he was living in Seattle and the letters he sent always brightened my day. My deepest sympathies go to Jamie's friends and family. May he rest in peace. Love, Laura

The Essential Zappa Discography

by Steve Bronson (a/k/a Wildman Steve)

HOT RATS (1970)--An incredible rock/jazz album featuring great performances by Jean-Luc Ponty and Captain Beefheart. The original *Peaches En Regalia* is but one highlight of this fantastic album.

FILLMORE EAST '71 (1971)--An absolutely hilarious foray into the world of rock and roll groupies with Flo and Eddie, featuring such classics as *Do You Like My New Car?* and *Bwana Dik*.

OVERNIGHT SENSATION/APOSTROPHE(') (1973 & 1974)--Two incredible albums on one CD, these contain some of Zappa's most memorable tunes such as *I'm The Slime*, *Dinah Moe Humm*, *Montana*, and his first big hit, *Don't Eat the Yellow Snow*.

ZAPPA IN NEW YORK (1977)--One of his most intense albums, both musically and comedically. Features *Tutties 'N' Beer*, *The Illinois Enema Bandit*, and *Punky's Whips* as well as the musically unbelievable *Purple Lagoon*. With Terry Bozzio on drums, Patrick O'Hearn on bass, and Eddie Jobson on keyboards and violin. The CD has several previously unreleased tracks as well as new "uncut" versions of the original songs on the LP.

SHEIK YERBOUTI (1979)--A classic. Contains his hit *Dancin' Fool* as well as one of my personal favorites *Flakes*. A biting satire on the disco scene of the 70's.

JOE'S GARAGE (1979)--A three-act musical with some of Zappa's funniest concepts. A great satire on L. Ron Hubbard, Scientology, and Big Brother, with Frank as "The Central Scrutinizer."

TINSELTOWN REBELLION (1981)--Zappa's scathing satire on the music business. No holds barred, great music.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU IS (1981)--Another album of biting social commentary and wonderful music. This time Frank attacks televangelists, druggies, and the draft.

THE YELLOW SHARK (1993)--Zappa's music in its purest form: a live recording of the Ensemble Modern's unbelievable orchestral performance in Germany 1992. Absolutely flawless execution of some of Zappa's most unplayable pieces culled from works as early as 1969's *Uncle Meat* and as recent as 1986's *Jazz From Hell*. A very serious album and a fitting epitaph for a great composer.

Frank Zappa: A Genius Remembered

December 21, 1940 - December 4, 1993

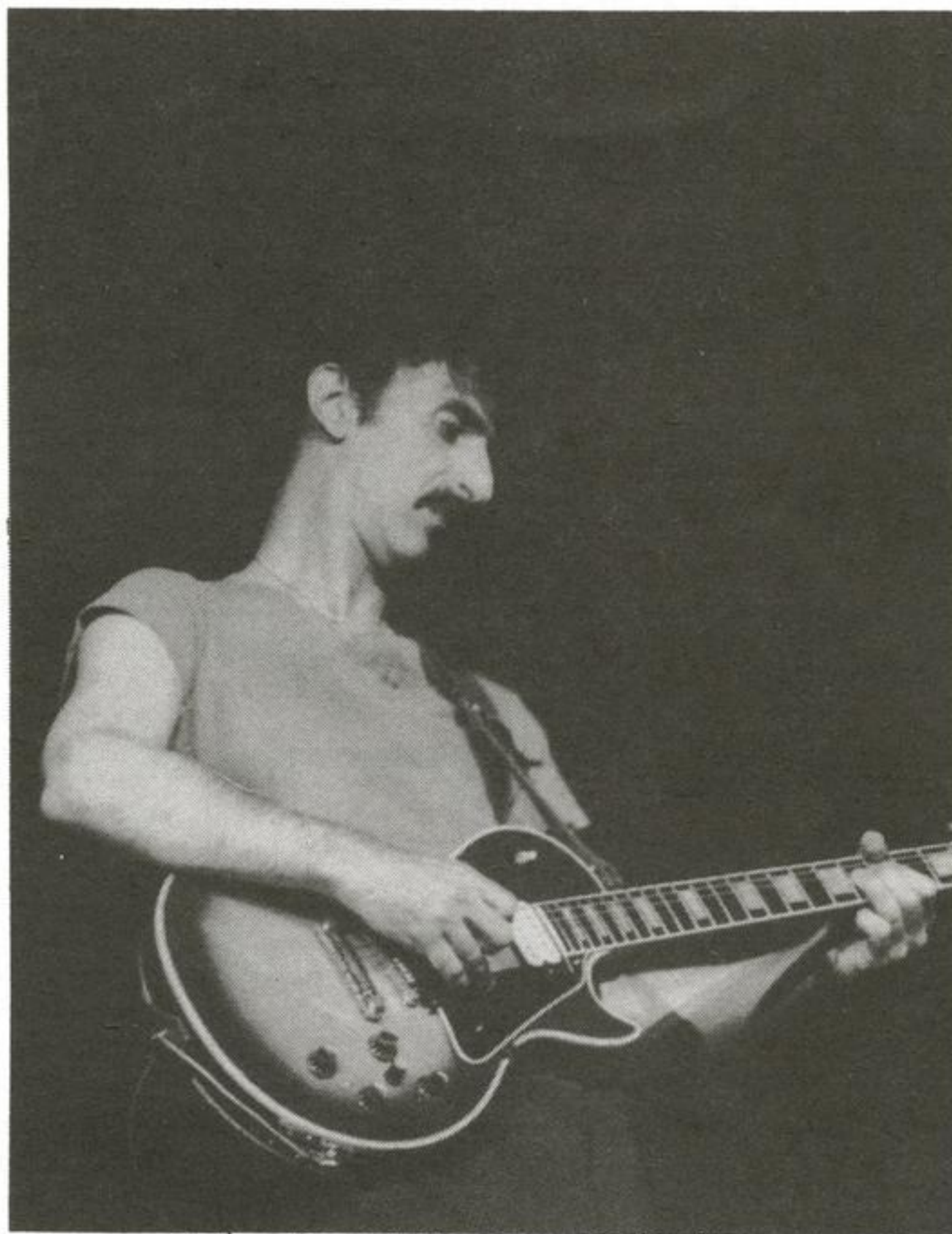
by Steve Bronson

I'll never forget the first time I saw Frank Zappa and the Mothers perform. It was 1971, and I was a crazed 16-year-old Alice Cooper fan who was proud to call himself a hippie. When I heard Alice was coming to my area, opening for some band called the Mothers, I was first in line to get tickets. I'd never even heard of the Mothers before, and as Alice took the stage that evening, I didn't really care about them. After a totally satisfying and exciting show from the young Alice, my friend and I considered leaving the concert but were coaxed into staying by another friend who had met us there. What followed, simply put, changed my life. If you've ever heard the Mothers' *Fillmore East '71* album, you can visualize the show I saw. It was the most wonderfully bizarre, hilarious, entertaining show I'd ever seen. And the music -- fabulously intricate yet melodic and accessible, filled with 20th-century classical and jazz overtones and influences that ranged from Igor Stravinsky to Miles Davis. As a dedicated student of music and a multi-instrumental musician, I was totally and completely flabbergasted. The day after the show, I went out and bought *Hot Rats* and *Chunga's Revenge* and before the year was out, I had collected all of Zappa's recordings.

Frank's music opened new doors for me and many other fans around the world. For many, it was the satirical humor and intellectual rebelliousness of his lyrics that attracted their interest, and for others such as myself, it was his unique approach to music. "The present day composer refuses to die," a quote from Edgar Varese, a 20th-Century composer who served as one of Zappa's chief inspirations, became his signature phrase and was printed on the cover of many of his albums throughout the years. It symbolizes everything Frank stood for in the development and composition of his music. Zappa didn't just write a song -- he composed a work. Even the most mundane of novelty songs, such as his biggest hit single *Valley Girl* (which was recorded in Zappa's home studio with the help of his daughter, Moon Unit) contains more musical depth and intricate subliminal passages than most of the hits on today's charts. Using his great knowledge of the music of such ground breaking composers as Stravinsky, Varese, and Anton Webern, he successfully integrated the radical ideas they brought forth and applied them to rock and roll. He constantly fought for recognition as a serious composer, but remained largely misunderstood by the general public who wrote him off as a bizarre fringe comedy act. But if Frank's humor was a stumbling block on the road to superstardom, it was his biting social commentary and irreverent cynicism combined with his intellectual approach to the music endeared so many dedicated followers.

In addition to the 60+ albums he gave us over the years, Zappa left another legacy many don't realize. Frank, being the perfectionist he was, constantly searched for new musicians for his ever-changing band. In the course of his career, Zappa discovered such notables as Lowell George, George Duke, jazz violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, Ry Cooder, Aynsley Dunbar, Captain Beefheart, Terry Bozzio, Patrick O'Hearn, Adrian Belew and Steve Vai, and worked in the studio with everyone from Grand Funk Railroad to Col. Bruce Hampton (who appears briefly in a recorded conversation on *Lumpy Gravy*). Legend has it that Frank was actually responsible for creating Little Feat: Lowell George, then a guitarist in the Mothers, came to Zappa with a new song he'd written called *Willin'*. Frank, deeming the song to be unfit for the Mothers, suggested George form his own band to play it, which he promptly did.

Zappa has always been a great inspiration to me on many levels. When I was a music composition student at the University of Florida, Zappa was the only rock artist



Fox Theatre, Atlanta, April 20, 1980

Photo by Steve Bronson

done solely on the Synclavier, which he'd been working on for something like five or 10 years (scheduled for release in Spring '94). Only weeks before his death, a new album entitled *The Yellow Shark* was released, containing live performances of his works by the Ensemble Modern, a German chamber orchestra made up of some of the most highly regarded classical players in the world. It serves as a fitting epitaph to a man whose music deserves this reverent treatment. In the liner notes to the album, Zappa himself is quoted as saying, "I've never had such an accurate performance at any time for the kind of music that I do."

I consider myself privileged. I saw Frank Zappa perform live 15 times. I laughed till I cried with the Flo & Eddie show, I was amazed by the jazz stylings of the '77 band, I was astounded by the precision of the 1980 incarnation, and I was moved to tears when Frank dedicated a performance of *Whipping Post* to the memory of Duane Allman at a 1984 show in Atlanta. That was the last time I saw him.

The day Frank's death was announced, it hit me like a brick even though I knew it was coming soon. Earlier, I had stated to friends that I would close my record store in respect of his memory. But when it really happened, it struck me that a more fitting tribute would be to open up as usual and play nothing but Zappa music for the entire week. During that week, four people were turned on to Frank's music for the first time and have become dedicated listeners. Five people were offended by the lyrics enough to make them leave the store in disgust. That, in a nutshell, is Zappa's legacy. His music, like Stravinsky's, was not for everyone. But for those of us whose minds are open, and whose musical palettes need more than cheesy Top-40 dance tunes to satisfy, Frank provided just what the doctor ordered -- a bridge between intellectual classicism and fun rock 'n' roll music and, more importantly, inspiration for the next generation of present-day composers.

FRANK ZAPPA DISCOGRAPHY ON PREVIOUS PAGE

(MORE) YOU KNOW YOU'RE A DEADHEAD WHEN....

1. YOU KNOW, DEEP DOWN IN YOUR SOUL, THAT BOB IS CHEESY, BUT YOU LOVE HIM ANYWAY.
2. YOU KNOW YOUR FRIENDS' FAVORITE DEAD TUNES.
3. YOU CAN ANTICIPATE THE PART IN A SONG WHEN THE CROWD WILL REACT WITH A ROAR.
4. YOU BOUGHT A NEW CAR WITH YOUR MAXELL POINTS.
5. YOU KNOW THE ORIGIN OF THE DANCING BEAR SYMBOL.
6. YOU PROUDLY SAY YOU WERE SPIT ON BY BOBBY.
7. YOU KNOW THE VERSES OF (NAME ANY SONG) BETTER THAN THE BAND.
8. YOU CAN HARDLY SEE THROUGH YOUR REAR WINDOW BECAUSE OF THE STICKERS.
9. AN ENTIRE ROOM OF YOUR HOUSE IS A HOLY SHRINE DEVOTED TO THE GRATEFUL DEAD.
10. EVERY INCH OF WALL SPACE IN YOUR HOLY SHRINE IS COVERED WITH EITHER BOOTLEG TAPES OR PSYCHEDELIC ARTWORK.
11. THE ALTAR OF YOUR SHRINE IS YOUR STEREO SYSTEM, WHERE YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME KNEELING BY YOUR TAPE DECK.
12. YOU NEVER TURN YOUR STEREO OFF BECAUSE, EVEN IF YOU AREN'T LISTENING TO IT, YOUR TAPE DECK IS BUSILY MAKING DUBS FOR YOUR FRIENDS.
13. YOU EASILY HAVE INVESTED ANYWHERE FROM \$5,000 TO \$10,000 IN CASSETTES.
14. YOU TAKE PRIDE IN OWNING EVERY SINGLE ISSUE OF EVERY SINGLE FANZINE ON THE DEAD EVER PRINTED, AND YOU KEEP THEM NEATLY SHELVED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.
15. YOUR TICKET STUBS, FLYERS, STICKERS AND OTHER CONCERT MEMORABILIA TAKE UP AN ENTIRE DRAWER.
16. THE BACK OF YOUR TICKET STUBS HAVE A LOT OF ILLEGIBLE SETLIST SCRIBBLE ON THE BACK.
17. YOUR TAPE LIST TAKES UP A MEG ON YOUR HARD DRIVE.
18. YOU'RE STILL ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR DEADBASE TO COME OUT IN SOFTWARE FORMAT.
19. YOU CAN TELL THAT THE STRAIGHT-LOOKING GUY IN THE THREE-PIECE SUIT AT THE POST OFFICE ON MAIL ORDER DAY IS A DEADHEAD BY THE AMOUNT OF THE MONEY ORDER HE IS PURCHASING AND BY THE LITTLE 3 X 5 CARDS AND SASEs HE IS CARRYING.
20. YOU ARE NEVER WITHOUT YOUR OWN SUPPLY OF 3 X 5 CARDS.
21. YOU ARE NEVER WITHOUT A FEW BLANKS.
22. AFTER 10 YEARS OF GOING TO DEAD SHOWS, YOU'RE STARTING TO GET A LITTLE CRITICAL OF THE BAND.
23. YOU OWN MORE TOUR T-SHIRTS AND TYE-DYES THAN YOU COULD EVER POSSIBLY WEAR.
24. HALF OF YOUR TYE-DYES AND TOUR TEES HAVE SHRUNK SO BAD YOU CAN'T WEAR THEM ANYWAY, BUT YOU JUST CAN'T SEEM TO PART WITH THEM.
25. YOU FIGURE YOUR MONTHLY EXPENSES AND YOU NOTICE THERE'S A COLUMN FOR BLANK TAPES.
26. YOU ADDRESS YOUR MOM AS "DUDE."
27. YOU CAN'T SCREW IN A LIGHTBULB BUT YOU CAN REPLACE A STARTER MOTOR IN A '68 MICROBUS IN YOUR SLEEP.
28. YOU ANSWER YOUR PHONE "HEY NOW!"
29. YOU WAKE UP IN A COLD SWEAT BECAUSE YOU HAD A NIGHTMARE THAT THE MAILORDER WAS YESTERDAY AND YOU MISSED IT.
30. YOU CAMP OUT FOR TICKETS BECAUSE THE MAILORDER NIGHTMARE WAS TRUE.
31. YOU "DRINK ALL DAY AND ROCK ALL NIGHT."
32. YOUR ROOMMATES COMPLAIN THAT THEY CAN'T SLEEP BECAUSE YOU MUMBLE IN YOUR SLEEP "MMMBOP...BOP...BOP-BOP."
33. YOUR LIST OF ITEMIZED DEDUCTIONS ON YOUR INCOME TAX RETURN INCLUDES "GAS FOR SUMMER TOUR."
34. SEEING JERRY IN SHORTS ON SUMMER TOUR HOLDS GREAT PERSONAL MEANING AND MAKES YOU LAUGH FOR DAYS...
35. YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SPEED UP TO SEE WHAT THE GIRL IN THE CAR WITH THE "STEAL YOUR FACE" STICKER LOOKS LIKE.
36. YOU CATCH UP WITH THE CAR AND REALIZE IT'S A GUY WITH LONG HAIR, SO YOU JUST SMILE AND GIVE A PEACE SIGN AS YOU RIDE BY.



Editorial, (continued from page 2)

to my move and the fact that the Spring Tour is totally bypassing the mid-Atlantic region, so far we only have reviewers set for Rosemont and Orlando. So if any of you out there experience a show you want to share with the rest of us, please send it on. (Diskette form always appreciated). This also goes for photos, stickers, or any assorted stuff you pick up while on tour.

In our last issue we printed an address to get on the Grateful Dead Almanac mailing address. I inadvertently printed the wrong address. The correct address is as follows: Gary Lambert, Editor, Grateful Dead Almanac, P.O. Box X, San Rafael, CA 94948.

In other news, the Jerry Garcia Band has gotten a new drummer. Donny Baldwin is the name of the drummer who replaced David Kemper in the line-up.

Big news for Bruce Hornsby. He finally got the Grammy he was denied last year on a technicality. The song, originally called 29-5, and now called *Barcelona Mona*, was written with pal Branford Marsalis for the 1992 Summer Olympics telecast. It was nominated for a Grammy last year, but the music awards' governing board bounced it out of the competition because 29-5 hadn't been slapped on vinyl and sold in stores. So last year, Bruce made it the B side of his *Talk of the Town* single, thereby meeting the Grammy criteria. This was Bruce's third Grammy and it was awarded under the "Best Pop Instrumental Performance" category.

Currently, Bruce is working on a new album which will feature Pat Metheny, Branford Marsalis and Jerry Garcia as guest musicians. Meanwhile, his current album, *Harbor Lights*, went gold after selling over 800,000 copies worldwide.

Bruce also has been busy with other projects, appearing on Bela Fleck's September release, *Three Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, and on Rob Wasserman's *Trios* album. Currently he is working on yet another collaboration with Lou Reed and Bela Fleck. Jerry Garcia has asked Bruce to play on the Dead's upcoming studio album as well. All this and the guy still has time for a family life. What a guy -- hats off to you, Bruce!

We mourn the loss of Papa John Creach, renowned fiddle player with Jefferson Airplane, and staple of the San Francisco scene for decades. We will miss his silent strings.

Details are sketchy but we heard that on November 19th, Bob Weir sat in for a set with a band called Si Como No in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, which is located at the Southern-most tip of Baja California, 15 hours away from the U.S. border. The occasion was a flood benefit at a bar that belongs to Van Halen's Sammy Hagar, at which you had to bring canned goods or clothing for flood victims to gain entrance. Bobby evidently sat in for an acoustic set and played a version of *Victim or the Crime* to a crowd that looked like a something out of a bad Mexican Western.

That's about all the news I have to report. So, until next time, adios hombre!

Laura

*UC staffers wrote the first 24; nos. 25-36 were picked up off Prodigy, written by Clinton DiPierro, James Sabherwal & Chris Bertolet

AN INTERVIEW WITH
DICK LATVALA
KEEPER OF THE VAULT

Interview by David Gans

The following is a transcript of an interview with Grateful Dead vault archivist Dick Latvala, which took place at my studio on October 5, 1993. Latvala is the man who chose the material for Dick's Picks Vol. 1, released late last year by Grateful Dead Mercantile in an experimental, CD-only, mail-order-only plan aimed at the most dedicated Grateful Dead fans. Portions of this conversation aired on the Grateful Dead Hour. - D.G.

Gans: My guest here in the Truth and Fun studios today is Grateful Dead vault archivist Dick Latvala. How are you doing, Dick?

Latvala: I'm a little nervous, and excited.

Gans: Well, at long last, Dick's Picks is about to hit the streets.

Latvala: Yes, and wow. We've known each other a long time, so you know I've had this kind of a sentiment or fantasy going since I first discovered live tapes in 1974, and now it's a reality, so it seems like the pinnacle. I can't go any higher. I finally got to do what I've been wanting to do for so long.

Gans: I first heard from you in 1977. I was writing a Grateful Dead column for BAM magazine and you were living in Hawaii, and you sent me a letter.

Latvala: Yes. And it probably had to do with wanting information about the Grateful Dead, or wanting tapes or wanting contact because I lived over there for - well, I discovered that live tapes existed around 1974 when I was living in Hawaii, so once that happened, that's the only thing that became important to me: getting the tapes, finding people who made them, and collecting them, so that's all I did from '74 through the present time, really, is collect and listen to Grateful Dead tapes. So when we met in '77 - I can't remember the specifics but it must have been I wanted tapes.

Gans: We did start trading tapes then. You were still living in Hawaii. But let's go back a little farther. You have been listening to Grateful Dead music a lot longer than that.

Latvala: Yes, my start in this whole situation started at the Trips Festival, Longshoremen's Hall (San Francisco, April 1966), which I remember very, very vividly. There were three nights and I went to the first and third, and the Grateful Dead weren't even called that then. They were called the Warlocks, I guess. I can't even remember. But there was so much else going on there, it wasn't like I noticed the Grateful Dead as being an entity separate from any of the other things going on. I did manage to graduate [from San Francisco State], but barely, and my main focus became going to concerts. It wasn't just the Grateful Dead, mind you. There were Quicksilver, Big Brother, and Airplane and slews of others eventually, but the Dead became the sole focus by around '68. So that's how I began. My passion - compulsion, I should say - with the Grateful Dead started in January of '66.

Gans: How did you support yourself?

Latvala: Let's see. I was in my sixth year of college. I was a mailman! I worked in the Berkeley Post Office for a year, from '66 through '67, and then at that point I quit and went to Hawaii for the first time. That started my Hawaii passion.

Gans: That would seem inconsistent with being a Grateful Dead fan, going to Hawaii where the band hardly ever played.

Latvala: I know. It was terrible when I realized the draw of Hawaii and missing the Dead. So I came back a lot. The '68 and '69 era was just too tremendous.

Gans: What was it that made the Grateful Dead a little more special than the other bands that were happening back then?

Latvala: Oh, gosh, that's a great question. Because all of it, at the beginning, seemed equally exciting and, you know, exploratory, brand new. I guess that's the key: exploration. Experimentation. The other bands seemed to get solidified into styles or easily seen conceptualized approaches, like the Airplane had a lot of political slant to it. And Big Brother, well they dissolved pretty quickly, and then [Janis Joplin] took up another band. That never jelled. Quicksilver was waiting for me in '68, but then they dissipated right soon thereafter. But throughout all that the Dead just kept growing, and

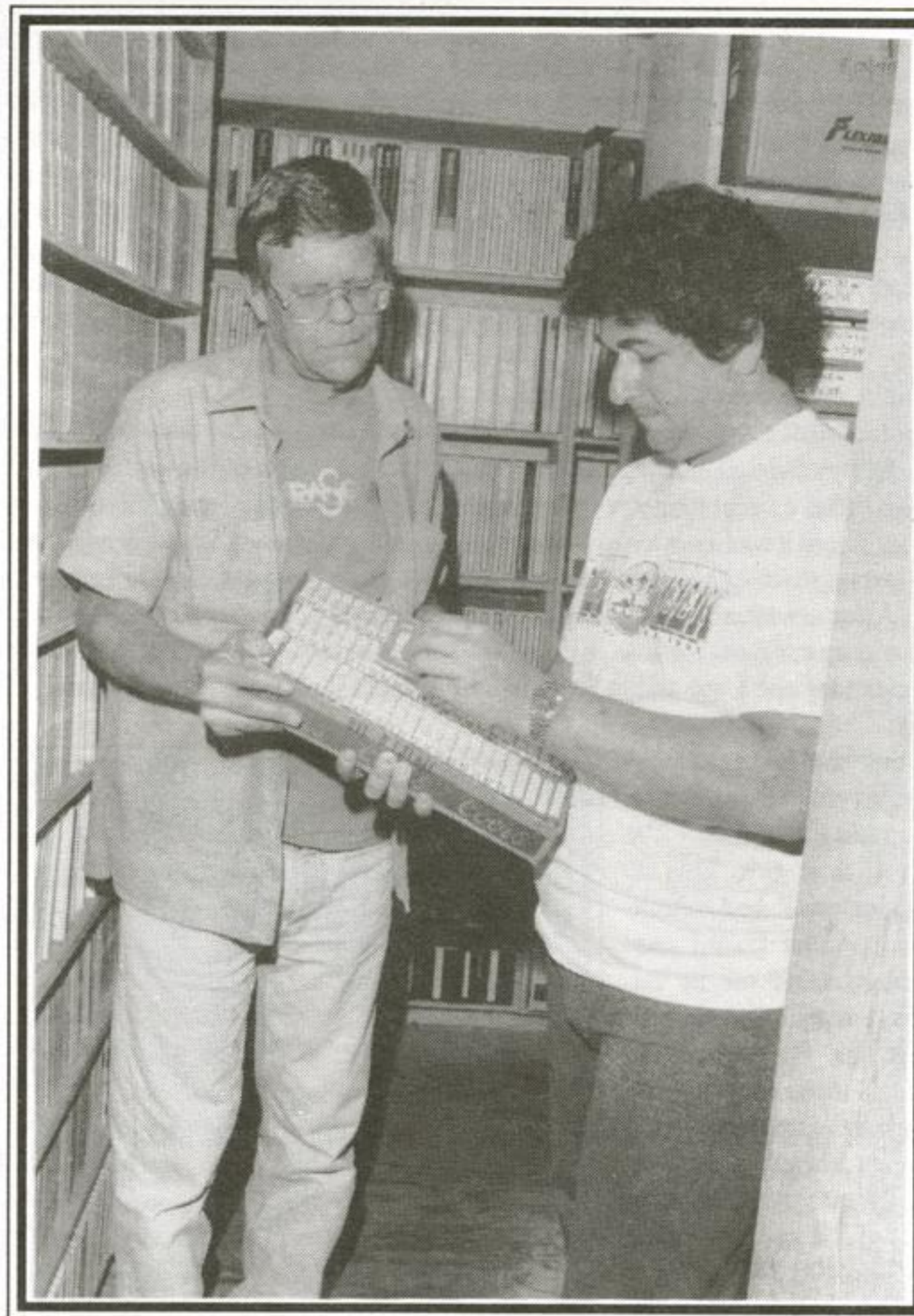


Photo copyright Ed Perlstein

Dick Latvala & David Gans in the Grateful Dead's infamous Vault

by late '67 it became for me like the band. Then I was a Grateful Dead fan, or freak. There was no question. There was no other band doing this anymore. And it became more and more exciting and compelling. It's still an exploration for me. So, yeah, it's the experimental nature of the sound, or the willingness to take chances instead of, you know, come at the audience with an idea already preset in their minds, you know. It was like jazz. It was meant to be fun and see what happens. So, you know, it was really a real experience. It wasn't contrived. Tremendous excitement.

Gans: How did you get turned on to taping?

Latvala: In late '74 I discovered that tapes existed and I started writing people from Hawaii, you know, collecting a few tapes and then writing someone else and getting to know a few more people and just trying to get to the real core, the hardcore tapers.

Gans: What was the value of having all those different tapes?

Latvala: I remember when some bootleg record came out around 1970, it had another version of Casey Jones, and I remember thinking, gosh, I want to hear them all. You never know when you're going to have an unreal version done of any song, so from the very beginning it became like I want to be at every show. Of course, that became very unrealistic the older I got. I didn't go on tour ever, but I wanted tapes of every show, so that's what I pursued.

Gans: It seems to me that in those days there would be concerts that you'd get on tape and you'd go "not much happening on that one," and maybe you'd record over that one. What do you suppose the Dead's batting average was in the early to mid-'70s?

Latvala: I kept them all. I wanted every one, and I saw value in each. I have books, you know, outlines of each date, with stars by each song and all that, but the more I got into it, I became a little more discriminating and realized that some shows weren't so good. I was, as I said, pretty naive. I just thought every show was the greatest thing I ever experienced for a very long time. It's only been in the last ten years or so I've not been screaming after a show with excitement. You know, I mean there are some terrible shows, and the more I've listened and the more I've educated myself -- through the help of some brilliant people I work with -- I mean educated myself sonically, being able to understand the music, not just the emotional message, but I've realized there aren't so many great shows. It's not as vast a quantity of great material as I thought. So what I have done is erase most of my tapes at home. I have my own collection, you know.

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Gans: So how did you start getting connected to the Grateful Dead?

Latvala: It started on August 12, 1979, at Red Rocks. I remember it very distinctly, it being the second most powerful day of my life -- the first being the closing of Winterland, of course. Then I went out with a friend from Hawaii who knew someone in the scene, and they got us tickets, so we flew from Hawaii to Denver and I was in the lobby of the hotel, sitting there with my suitcase while he went upstairs and somehow freaked out and left me all alone there. I didn't know anyone. I fortunately got a ride from Nicki Scully, who got me backstage, and I met Kidd. He was the first person I met.

Gans: Who was Kidd?

Latvala: Bill Candalario. He's one of the roadies and one of the prime players at Grateful Dead Merchandising. He offered me a backstage pass and I ended up taking him up on it. That's a real long story. I ended up on that rock behind there for my first time backstage and it was a powerful moment. It changed me forever, you know. From then on, I started meeting people. Gradually, over the next five years, I got to know a lot of people, was always able to go backstage and get passes or things like that, and then one day I was up in Eileen's office [Eileen Law, who is the head secretary of the Deadheads organization] and I was telling her I had these tapes. I called it "primal Dead." I was telling Eileen, "I want you to hear this" and I was explaining what primal Dead is, you know, and that's where it's as good as it gets. This is some great stuff. And I didn't know that Phil [Lesh] was standing behind me in the doorway listening to me tell Eileen this. He popped in, and I had the nerve -- I don't know how I summoned it up, but I said, "Hey, Phil, sit down here, I want you to listen to this stuff." I put on something like 10/12/68 Avalon Ballroom, just an incredible *Anthem* jam. He was so enthralled with it, he ended up listening to over three hours of the primal Dead tapes I had put together for someone else, you know. Even Eileen had to close the office and Phil sat there, and I kept telling Phil, I said, "Is someone taking care of these tapes? I mean, this is really important stuff. I just really hope someone's taking care of these tapes." I wasn't saying it as though I wanted a job doing it. I was just really concerned that someone was, you know. And the next day I found out I had a job. So I have always interpreted it that he felt that I really cared about the tapes and they needed someone that really cared about them to make sure that they stayed in their proper places and were organized and all that. So that's how I got hired, and that was in 1985. My first chore, or goal, or job, was to go through the tapes and write in logbooks what was actually on the tapes. A lot of the boxes weren't labeled properly, and in many cases even the years were wrong.

Gans: So your job was to listen to every tape in the Grateful Dead vault?

Latvala: Not listen to every tape, but to go through and see which ones had anything on the box and then also check the ones that didn't and find out what was on the boxes and label the boxes and put them in a logbooks. So it was in a sense to start going through them all, but, you know, that's a never-ending job so it was just something I was doing for many years at my leisure, besides doing other things at the studio.

Gans: And you had your own annotated list of what was on your own tapes as a great starting place for going into the main collection.

Latvala: Right, right. I assumed that the band members knew that I was a hard-core tape collector. I had like 900 reels at home that are all old audience tapes and hard to listen to... But I took it as I was to listen to the tapes and see what was on them and I was told not to listen to the whole tape because I'd be spending all my life in there, but just see what songs are on them. But of course, being a freak about it, I certainly perused shows as I had the inclination. It's like a kid in a candy store to the max.

Gans: Let's move forward in time. In the last couple of years the Grateful Dead

have released a couple of things from multitracks in the vault, but now at long last they've decided to start looking at the material on the two-tracks.

Latvala: Right, right.

Gans: This is obviously the highest moment of your calling.

Latvala: Yes, and it's very special because that's the material I really like the most - the stuff that's on two-track - because that was in the era from '69 through '78 or '79, you know, before digital, and I like that era the best. The way Dick's Picks started was, in the beginning of 1993, Kidd asked me to come up with the best three shows on two-track, in case he could float this idea by the band. And so that's how this started. It was Kidd's idea. I put together some shows, and then there was a long period of waiting. You can't be too impatient.

Gans: What were the first three dates that you chose?

Latvala: As a Deadhead and a tape freak, it would seem like that would be no problem, you know, being asked to come up with the top three shows. I mean, I know hundreds of great shows. But when it came to really having to pick them for the band to listen to and judge, boy oh boy, did I become critical, extra special and critical then!

It was under what felt like extreme pressure that I chose three shows and I did a lot of work listening and making sure they were okay before I made the tapes to give to Kidd to give to the band to listen to. The ones I chose were 12/19/73 [Tampa, Florida] and 2/13/70 [Fillmore East] and 10/11/77 [Norman, Oklahoma]. It wasn't like we were going to release all three at once or anything. It was just to get some rough idea of some good shows. And then as it became closer to a reality, we settled on 12/19/73 because it was in the middle of the other two [vault] releases [8/68 and 8/75] and it was a real

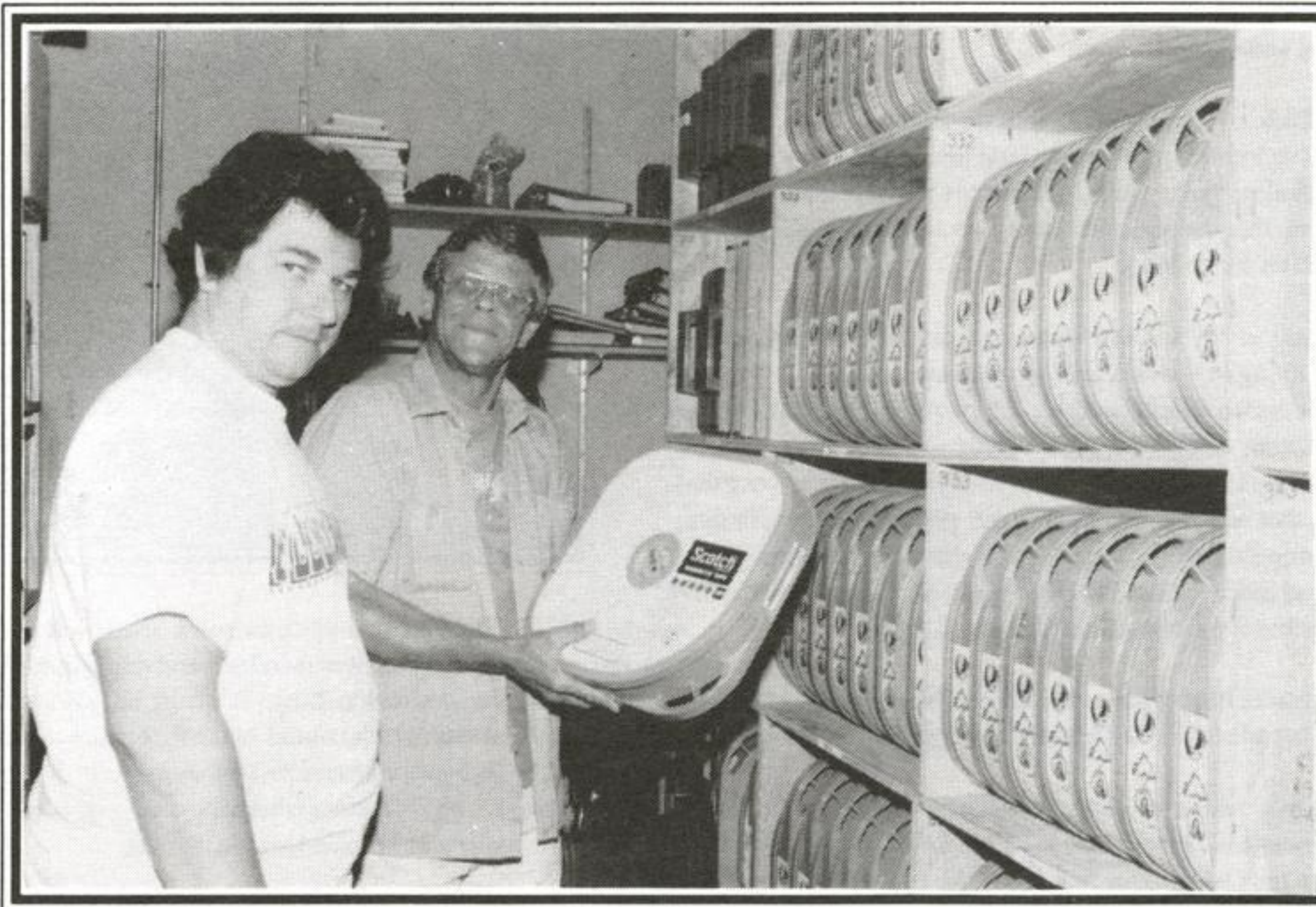


Photo copyright Ed Perlstein

creative era: the late '73 period, I'm discovering more and more, had some just magnificent shows.

Gans: Let's see... I remember that being a really jazzy and spacy period where the jams were really long and rangy.

Latvala: Yeah, weird things come out of nowhere. The jams would take the shape of themes sometimes, you know - like the "Spanish" theme, of course, or the *Mind Left Body* jam - I don't like the wording for that. And they would spring songs like *Nobody's Fault But Mine* and then play tunes like *The Other One*, the actual length of the time was only a few minutes on this show, whereas the jam before and after is about 25 minutes. You're right, it was real jazzy and experimental, and boy, did they have some meltdowns -- you know, when they'd turn their back to the audience and go up to their racks and do these sounds that would terrify you in the audience. That's real exciting stuff.

Gans: So, December 19, 1973 at Tampa, Florida. What is it about this particular show that makes it the one you started with?

Latvala: That's hard to say, because I could have easily chosen five other shows from that late '73 period that were great. But 12/19 had this version of *Here Comes Sunshine* that just kills me. It will raise the hair on your arms. And everything was really well-played.

Gans: The first set on the CD is *Here Comes Sunshine, Big River, Mississippi Halfstep, Weather Report Suite, Big Railroad Blues, and Playing in the Band*. Is that the entire first set?

Latvala: No. These shows are always going to be edited. This is something we

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probably should talk about because I was of the feeling, always try to release the whole show. I'm a tape collector, too. But when it came to these two-track tapes, when it became a reality to actually sit down and listen, there are so many inherent problems dealing with two-tracks that you have to edit it. These shows weren't recorded for the purpose of someday releasing them. They were recorded so the band could hear them afterward and hear how they performed, and Kidd's job was to not only mix the recording, but to take care of Keith's equipment. So he'd have lots of responsibility on him to do both jobs, so he'd be busy with Keith, a reel would run out, and you'd miss 10 minutes or a couple songs. There were millions of technical problems in that era, so editing them becomes a necessity. Sorry, folks, but that's the way it's going to be. They're not going to release material that has glitches in it or doesn't have one of the mics turned up high enough or something. So we're going to have some shows that have a lot of really good things in them, but the recording might have been screwed up so we can't release them.

Gans: Among the missing items from the set list, according to Deadbase, is the song Sugar Shack.

Latvala: Yes, that is missing on the master itself. It is not there. I was looking for it. It's even written on the tape box, but it wasn't recorded. I have no idea what happened there.

Gans: So unless somebody's got an audience tape out there, we'll never know.

Latvala: Yes, we'd love to hear what that was like. I'm sure it was only a second or two. But anyway, this first set is edited. And it became apparent to me and John and Cutler and Jeffrey Norman, who were working on this, that each CD should have a life of its own. This isn't an attempt to recapture the total picture or the whole show. We tried to make disc one have the feel of a first set, but Weather Report is actually from the second set.

Gans: And so is *Mississippi Half Step*, actually.

Latvala: Yes, right.

Gans: So you rearranged a few things to give it sort of the contour of a first set even though it's not, strictly speaking.

Latvala: Right. It's not going to ever be literal just like it happened in the show itself. You can check Deadbase or your audience tapes for those things.

Gans: I've maintained all along that they were going to have to be edited. I can't recall ever hearing a Grateful Dead show that was perfect from start to finish. *One From the Vault* is one of the few shows that every moment really is that good.

Latvala: Yeah, yeah, that's amazing.

Gans: So it doesn't surprise me and it doesn't particularly annoy me that the Grateful Dead have decided to present an edited version of this. If I were the musician responsible, I would certainly want the right to hold back things that I thought weren't excellent and worthwhile.

Latvala: Each musician has those feelings and can make decisions about this at any point, which is another one of the obstacles I faced in getting this one out. To me, this is a coup, to get this material out of the vault. Depending on the response to this, you know, more shall follow, I'm sure.

Gans: What do you suppose is next?

Latvala: That is a question I thought you'd ask. If I had an answer, I probably wouldn't say, of course, but even if I knew what I want to do, when it comes time to doing it I'm going to listen to a bunch of things. You have to experiment and put your new ears to the tape and listen to a bunch of things. I would like something from '72, but who knows. Anything can happen. That's what I've learned: to be patient.

Gans: Are there any constraints on what eras you're willing to look at or able to look at?

Latvala: The two-track material is the focus, and that starts at the beginning of '69 and basically comes to a halt in '78, '79. Most of the tapes in '78 and '79 aren't in the vault.

Gans: How come?

Latvala: Well, I wonder myself. That was right in a transition period between analog and digital, and they also were doing those huge recording sessions at Radio City [Music Hall, New York City 10/80] and the Warfield [San Francisco, 9-10/80] for those records [Reckoning and Dead Set]. That record project seemed to be the only thing in the vault from those three years, '79, '80, '81. It's where two-track died, I think.

Gans: Backstage in 1978 I saw Betty [Cantor] off to one side making a separate mix. She had a split from the stage microphones and she was making a separate mix just for tapes. And I assume that somewhere around 1979 she stopped doing that, and therefore the only tapes that were being made were being made out in the sound booth.

In my own poking around the vault, I've noticed that '79, '80 and '81 are pretty much only represented on cassette.

Latvala: That's right. I don't know what happened to those tapes, if they were recorded or not, or were lost, or what's happened to them. That period is missing, yes.

Gans: And then Dan Healy started recording everything on PCM digital in...

Latvala: '82. So from late '82 on, things are relatively intact.

Gans: Are you ever going to be looking at that stuff for possible release?

Latvala: I don't know. I think there is a problem with that in terms of the contract with Arista Records. We can't release anything after our contract started with them, which was in '77. That's another reason why we can't use stuff after that.

Gans: When the subject of vault releases is discussed out on the computer networks, there are of course a hundred thousand potential producers out there who have their own ideas of what ought to be released. There are people who [would choose] certain Red Rocks shows, Greek Theater shows and stuff. Eventually it would be nice to see a lot of stuff released.

Latvala: I think everyone's getting a lot of that stuff on your Grateful Dead Hour, aren't they?

Gans: Yeah, but I don't play whole shows. I manage to get 45 minutes of the best out there - I mean, I see the radio show as more of a magazine. It's certainly not a satisfactory downloading service for tapers, and Lord knows my irate mail proves that.

Latvala: Well, who knows what can happen? I just sort of incline towards the years '68 through '78, because I'm more familiar with that material, but who knows what's possible.

Gans: Well, you'll get no complaints from me. I'm certainly a fan of that period, too. I'm delighted with your first choice here.

Latvala: Yeah, and my goal is to try to find stuff that's not, you know, obvious choices. We all, as tapers, have many of the great shows that occurred in that period, so it seems superfluous to go towards that as a choice, so the goal would be to try to find something that's unknown.

Gans: Well, you did great for starters. Do you have a sense of how often these releases will be coming out?

Latvala: At this point, no. This is really an experiment, this first one, to see how it does, because no one has a clue as to how much interest there is out there to get at this material. This is only mail order, you see. It's not going to be in record stores. So this will be like a little private club, so to speak, that is willing to go that extra mile for the really good stuff.

Gans: You know what that means, listeners. How does this affect Dan Healy's plans for additional *from the Vault* releases from multitrack?

Latvala: That doesn't affect it at all as far as I can tell. At his whim, he can go in and attack those multitracks any time. There aren't that many, though, see. That's one of the problems we ran into with it last year: there's only a limited amount of multitrack [material]. That's why I think the two-tracks is very exciting, you know. It's just that you have to wade through it. Every show isn't a killer.

Gans: Well, they picked the right guy for the job.

Latvala: Well, thanks, David. I feel like I'm just the luckiest person on earth. I know there could be any number of you out there doing this just as well, but I happen to be the one doing it, so that's my goal: to get the great stuff out.

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PHOLLOWING PHISH FOR NEW YEAR'S PHUN

by Rebecca Quate

**Bender Arena, American University
Washington, DC
December 28, 1993**

Driving up Interstate 95 from Richmond was a winter disaster. Snow and ice were falling throughout our Nation's Capitol, Virginia, and Maryland. Disabled vehicles littered both sides of the highway. We were worried that we would miss the beginning of the concert although we left six hours early for a two hour trip. The winter storm was even more frustrating because this show was the first live performance Phish had staged since August. The run of four shows would be the only ones until April. After working on their fifth album for the entire fall and being cooped up in an L.A. studio, we were anxious to see Phish let their hair down, and we were not willing to let a little bad weather get in our way.

Once we arrived at American University in Northwest Washington, we were forced to stand in a line (or lack there of) in Arctic temperatures for about two hours. Frozen and further frustrated by the near strip search upon entering, we were deliriously happy to enter to the arena. The concert began 45 minutes late, so those of us who got in late had a chance to thaw out our chilled fingers and toes before the show began.

Inside, the spectacle was grand. Bender looked like a high school gymnasium with college banners hanging overhead and wooden bleachers surrounding the floor. It seemed very cozy. The stage didn't have merely a backdrop this tour. Phish was going to play in a giant aquarium. There was shattered glass in each corner of the stage as if the aquarium had burst open for the band to play. Huge fish mobiles swam over top of the stage, while below there was seaweed, sea shells, and an extra large clam shell at the back center. The props were made out of neon foam rubber and vividly came to life when the lights hit them.

Phish got the crowd of 5,000 rolling with Frank Zappa's *Peaches en Regalia*. *Ya Mar* contained a portion of *Auld Lang Syne* as it swayed to its calypso melodies and especially excited those of us who were in it for the long haul. Appropriately, *It's Ice* followed. Riffs of Led Zeppelin's *Kashmir* echoed throughout the arena before the climax of *Possum*-- an outstanding version of a song about a possum being squashed on a road, brought set one to a screeching halt.

Sample in a Jar, which is going to be the second single off of the new album, was delightful and jump-started the crowd for the second set. *The Sloth* rocked us into headbanger mode. Trey's soaring solo at the end of *Fast Enough For You* was clean and heart-felt guitar pickin'. Bill Monroe's *Uncle Pen* was performed with extreme precision at bluegrass tempo. After many loud, group-effort vocal requests for *Harry Hood*, Phish appeased the crowd. The band's unison on that song was so deep that I find it amazing that they didn't rehearse for this run of concerts. It was an inspirational point of the evening. Back to headbangin', AC/DC's *Highway to Hell* symbolically ended set two of the show that started the journey.

To clean up after the show, parts of the aquarium were tossed inside of the giant clam for storage space. It seemed inevitable that something mysterious had to be in store for the monstrous mollusk.

**Veteran's Memorial Coliseum - New Haven, CT
December 29, 1993**

Blizzard-like conditions did not ease up for our drive up north, making the trek to New Haven a treacherous task. At least the lines entering the coliseum were short and speedy.

Veterans Memorial Coliseum was huge compared to Bender Arena and was the

biggest Phish concert I had seen up to this point. It was well organized by the vast numbers of police and security patrolling the concrete coliseum, but they soon melted into the scenery. Although 11,000 people were in attendance, the concert felt very at home and we all know "there's no place like home."

A hyper *Runaway Jim* kicked things off and slid into another *Peaches en Regalia*. The crescendos after the lullaby segment of *Divided Sky* were definite hair raisers and a pivotal point of that touching tune. Mike Gordon began his leery bass intro notes to foreshadow a gutty version of *Wilson*. *The Squirring Coil* enveloped us in tranquility with Page McConnell's pure piano prose and beautifully rounded out set one.

Mike signaled the beginning of a song and the second set with hypnotic bass chords that led to an ominous *Maze*. Only in New England do all patrons of a Phish concert bounce to *Bouncing Around the Room*. *Run Like An Antelope* was simply red hot! From the strobe light action of *Big Black Furry Creatures From Mars* came a sweet segue into Joe Walsh's *Walk Away*. Page sounded great on vocals and that was an unexpected treat. Tubbs pulled out the vacuum for *If I Only Had a Brain* leaving the cops and security staff totally stumped. A gentle a capella *Sweet Adeline* followed, impressing the audience and stumping the cops even further. *Chalkdust Torture* ended the set and seemed to be the merry motto as we headed to a three-hour wait to get out of the coliseum parking deck/post-show gala and onto the snowy interstate where neither the lines nor the road were visible.

**Cumberland County Civic Center - Portland, ME
December 30, 1993**

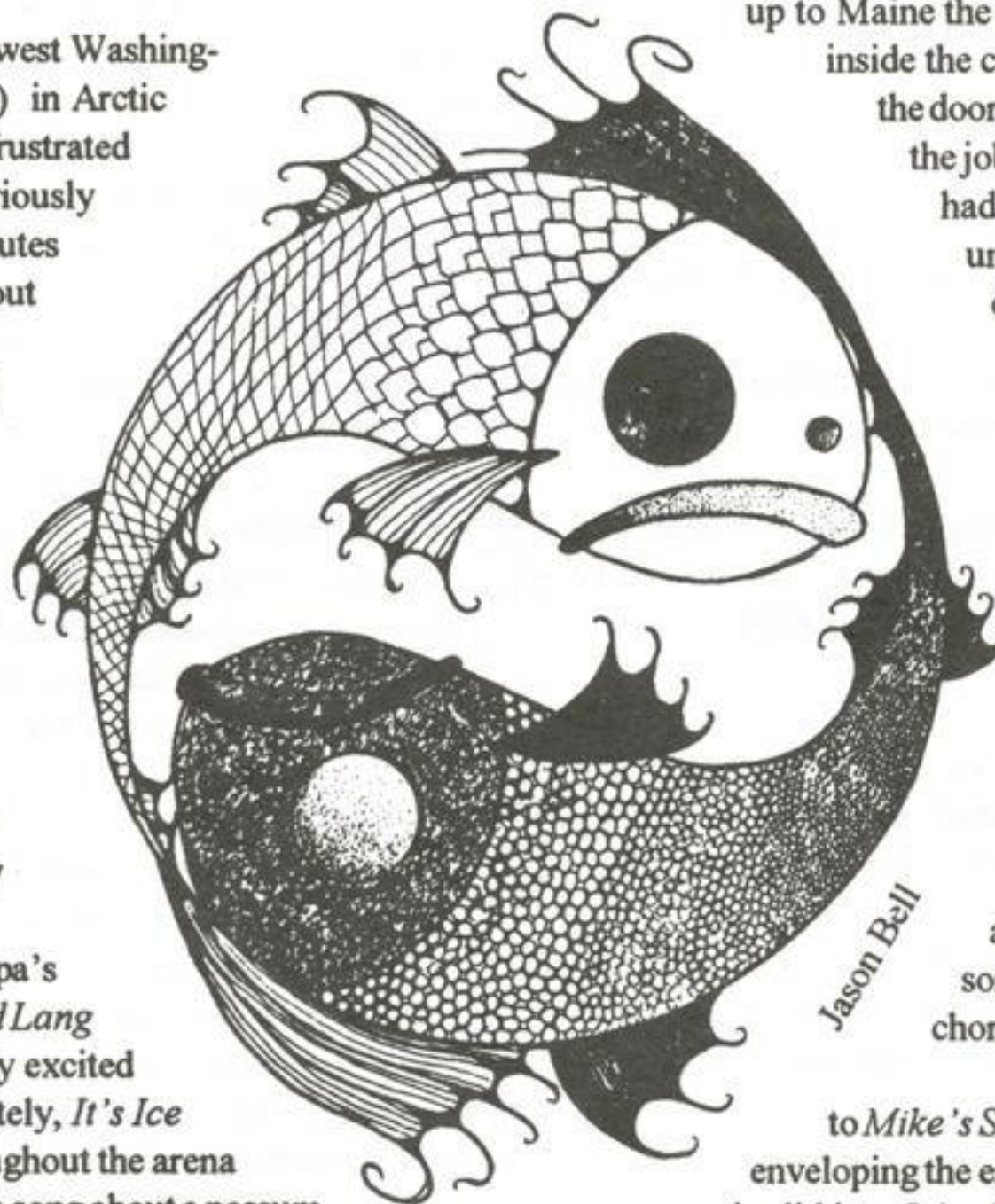
After getting sidelined by snow in Connecticut the previous night, venturing up to Maine the next day was surprisingly smooth travelling. Getting inside the concert hall was relaxed. The cops welcomed us inside the doors. The only security guy I encountered must have gotten the job just so he could see a free Phish show! The civic center had a chill in the air because of the hockey rink concealed underneath of the creaky plywood floor. The venue was old and broken in, but had a warm charm about it. Also, the acoustics were wonderful.

This show was the best out of the four. I doubt the Portland Pirates hockey team have ever created that much soul inside of the Civic Center. *David Bowie* was a superb way to open the show and contained a couple of riffs sprinkled throughout from Aerosmith's ultimate rock tune, *Dream On*. *The Curtain* was air-tight and transcended my expectations. During Trey's narrative of *Col. Forbin*, he somehow transported the crowd of 9,500 onto imaginary surfboards that were riding on the sea of melted ice below. An a capella *Free Bird* ended the set and was seriously good. This 70's preservation society song was only four minutes in length, but covered all of the choruses and guitar solos by voice only.

2001 intensely started the odyssey of set two and led to *Mike's Song*. As the music thundered, fog from the stage began enveloping the entire audience. The strobe lights were pulsating and the music slid into *I Am Hydrogen*. As the fog dispersed, Mike and Trey were jamming atop their trampolines for some of the most powerful improvisation I've ever seen. Phish blistered through *Punch You in the Eye* with pure determination. The interwoven *Landlady* segments of the song were concise and brought the tune to a fiery ending. What a great song! Page graced us with a biting piano jam at the end of *McGrupp* and then Mike finally took us back to *Weeka Paug Groove* we'd been waiting for. The song was disco-esque with sections that resemble *Play That Funky Music White Boy* and was indeed very groovy. The finale of the show was a flawless and moving version of *Slave to the Traffic Light*. The evening was such a spectacular display of music that we were oblivious to the frigid Maine weather as we filed out onto the Portland streets. Plus, there was still one more show remaining on the last day of 1993!

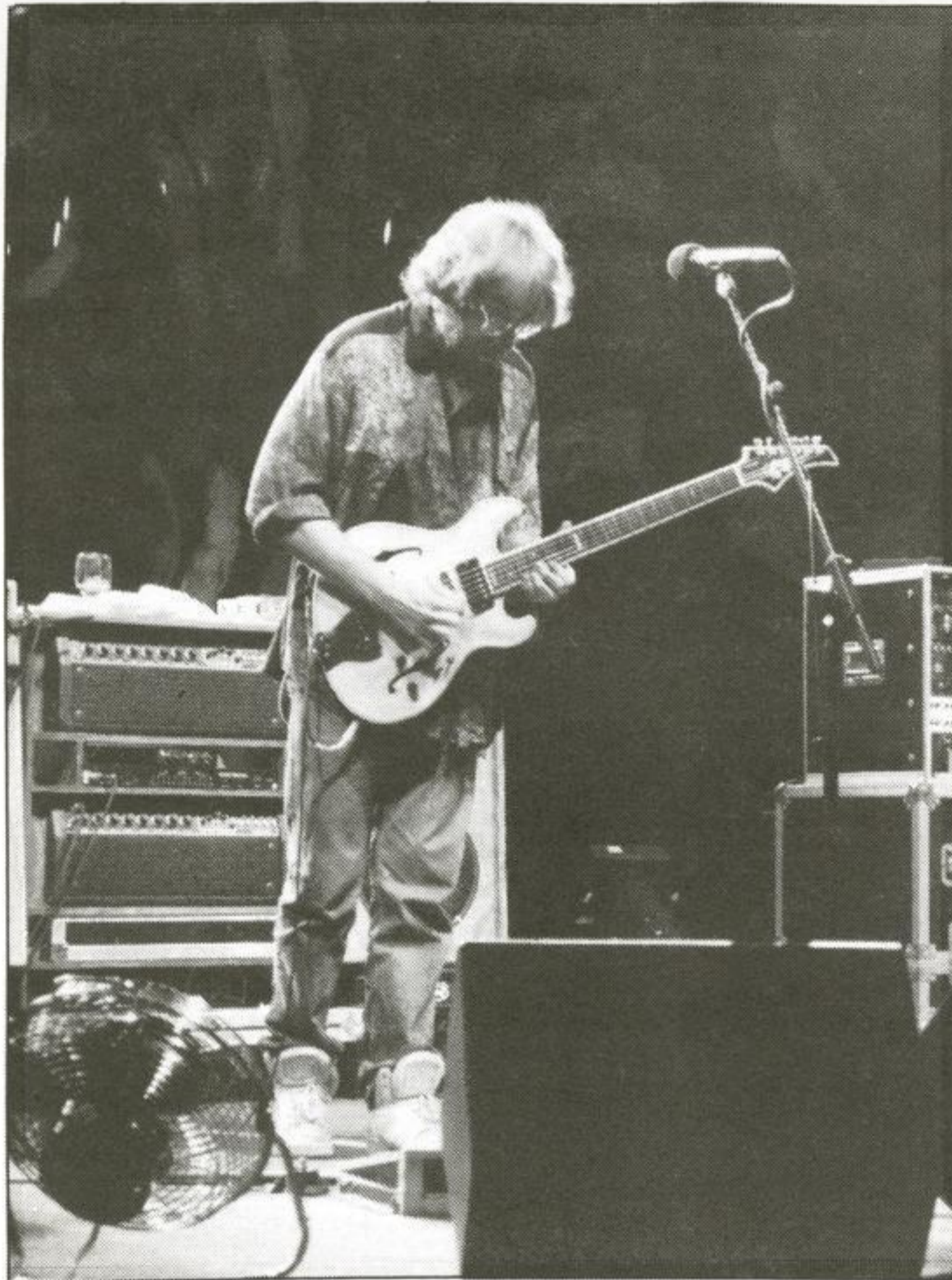
**The Centrum - Worcester, MA
New Year's Eve, 1993-1994**

Streets around the Centrum were chaotic. Trying to get inside of the coliseum was as crazy as the rest of the activities surrounding the city's traditional First Night's festivities. It was time-consuming entering the orange coliseum. It took quite a while to finger print, obtain a brief medical history, and take a blood sample from all 13,000 patrons. Seriously, many folks missed the beginning songs of the first set because of the militant security. However, the people working inside seemed happy to be spending their



continued on next page >>

Phish Notes:



continued from previous page

New Year's Eve with fans who dress up like a Ben & Jerry's cow, for instance, or a giant neon shark.

Hyper and ready to rock, Phish started things off with Llama. *Mississippi Delta Home* was pleasing to the ears and featured Trey on acoustic guitar and Tubbs on a wash board. The band played a whimsical *Reba* that had some *Peaches en Regalia* intertwined within, continuing Phish's low-key tribute to the late eclectic rock musician. During *Reba* a guy climbed on stage and jumped smack dab on top of me and my friends. But a few minor bodily injuries weren't going to stop us. In the midst of a raging *Run Like An Antelope*, Phish lyricist, Tom Marshall, approached center stage. With a lei around his neck and a shower cap on his head, he sang the few lyrics of that song after his stage fright had worn off. Giving Trey a high-five as he left, Phish proceeded with an uplifting set closer.

The second set began with an open-ended Tweezer. The lyrically amusing *Halley's Comet* embraced the audience with good vibes. Both *It's Ice* and *Possum* had more *Peaches en Regalia* sandwiched into the contexts of each song. There is one word to describe Page's lounge lizard performance of *Lawnboy ... Sassy! You Enjoy Myself* had unmistakable licks of *Stairway to Heaven* in it. During the vocal jam at the end, Phish put on wet suits while they continued singing. Trey announced that they were "going on a little excursion" and would see us in about 15 minutes. Weird aquatic music played over the P.A. giving the effect of crashing waves and mesmerizing ocean sounds. Men in wet suits appeared to be hanging over the big aquarium and talked about diving and how uncomfortable wetsuits are. They were lowered by bungee chords and then swam around the stage. Suddenly, the clam opened up and the four divers climbed inside and disappeared. The gargantuan clam rose up from a hoist beneath it and opened its mouth to speak the numbers of the year-end countdown as it lit up with each number. At the number one (12:05), Trey, Mike, Tubbs, and Page ran out to continue the music and start off 1994 with a sentimental *Auld Lang Syne*. Enormous white balloons dropped from the ceiling and bounced around on the hands of the audience. The stellar instrumental flowing out of *Auld Lang Syne* is called *Down With Disease* and is going to be the first single off of the new album. At the end of the song, a man bearing a resemblance of Frank Zappa glided across the stage waving to the audience. All of the theatrics were pretty impressive. A no-frills *Suzie Greenberg* had more hints of *Peaches en Regalia*. Tubbs got his cymballs for Neil Diamond's *Cracklin' Rosie*. It was hilarious and even funnier due to the fact that Tubbs' mother was groovin' right in front of me. She can boogie! *Harry Hood* shot off into its own little innovative world and *Down With the Disease* made it's way into parts of the song. This led up to the *Tweezer Reprise* finale that rounded out the first three sets of the new year.

New Album!

Lots of good news in Gamehenge! The new album, *Hoist*, is due out on March 29, so by the time you read this you will probably be able to get a copy of it at your local record store. Here's the line-up of songs:

Side A
 Julius
 Down With Disease
 If I could
 Riker's Mailbox
 Axcilla
 Lifeboy
Side B
 Sample in a Jar
 Wolfman's Brother
 Scent of a Mule
 Dog-Faced Boy
 Demand

Here are some brief bits about the songs: *Down With Disease* was the jam after *Auld Lang Syne* on New Year's Eve and will be the first single from the

album. *Sample in a Jar* will be the second single from the album. *Axcilla*, *Lifeboy* and *Sample in a Jar* are the only songs that have ever been performed for a live audience. We were fortunate enough to get a little blurb off of AOL from someone who has actually heard the new album and here's what he had to say: "I recently went to LA where Phish were mixing the new album and got to hear it cranked loudly. If you are familiar with *Sticky Fingers*, *Exile on Main Street*, or *Slow Hand*, then you'll have some idea of the overall feel of the album--warm like a fire place, very live, and very vibrant. As for the songs, the tunes are more structured, harder, and Trey sounds like a mid-70's Clapton both in his playing and singing. The songs are still very Phish, but they aren't as outwardly goofy; the Phishy feel isn't as out of place as it has been. Nothing really comes out of nowhere. Then again, I didn't get to hear the 12-minute epic which is supposed to be all weird."

Tour News:

Tour dates for Phish's Spring 1994 have been announced and on sale dates for these shows are throughout March. You need to call Phish's hotline to get exact dates and ticket outlet locations. All of the shows listed are in April.

April

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 5 | Metropolis, Montreal, Quebec |
| 6 | The Palladium, Toronto |
| 8 | Recreation Hall, University Park, PA |
| 9 | Broome County Arena, Binghamton, NY |
| 10 | Alumni Arena, Amherst, NY |
| 11 | Snively Arena, Durham, NH |
| 13-15 | Beacon Theatre, New York City |
| 16 | Mullins Center, Amherst, MA |
| 17 | To Be Announced-call hotline |
| 18 | Bob Carpenter Center, Newark, DE |
| 20 | Virginia Horse Theatre, Lexington, VA (w/ Dave Matthews Band) |
| 21 | Lawrence Joel Col., Winston-Salem, NC (w/ Dave Matthews Band) |
| 22 | Township Auditorium, Columbia, SC |
| 23 | Fox Theatre, Atlanta, GA |
| 24 | Grady Cole Center, Charlotte, NC |
| 25 | Civic Auditorium, Knoxville, TN |
| 28 | Sun Fest, West Palm Beach, FL |
| 29 | Boatyard Village, Clearwater, FL |
| 30 | Visage, Orland, FL |



Phish's National Tour will continue through mid-July with a sweep through the South after the Florida shows en route to California, where they will travel north up the west coast. The tour will then take a brief break then resume in the Rockies in mid-June, make a pass thru the mid-west and then return to the northeast for some outdoor shows in July.

Additional notes: Also in the works is a live Phish.Net Press conference on April 2, where the entire band will be online to answer questions from phans. The conference will be at 2:00 p.m. Eastern time.

Phish Hotline: 617-862-7820

The Dead Do December

Los Angeles

December 8, 9 & 10, 1993

The Dead rolled into the land of swimming pools, movie stars, riots, firestorms and earthquakes December 8, 9 and 10 for three shows at the Los Angeles Sports Arena. Although the venue was not conducive to sunsets and suntans (as Compton Terrace might have been, for example), it was a pretty hospitable arena. Yeah, there were some steroid abusing ushers, but they appeared to be in the minority; the police officers inside the arena were friendly and substantial law hassles were not commonplace. The police did succeed in breaking up the limited vending and hippie-crack scene quickly after the show, but if that is a big concern for you, then please drop off the bus.

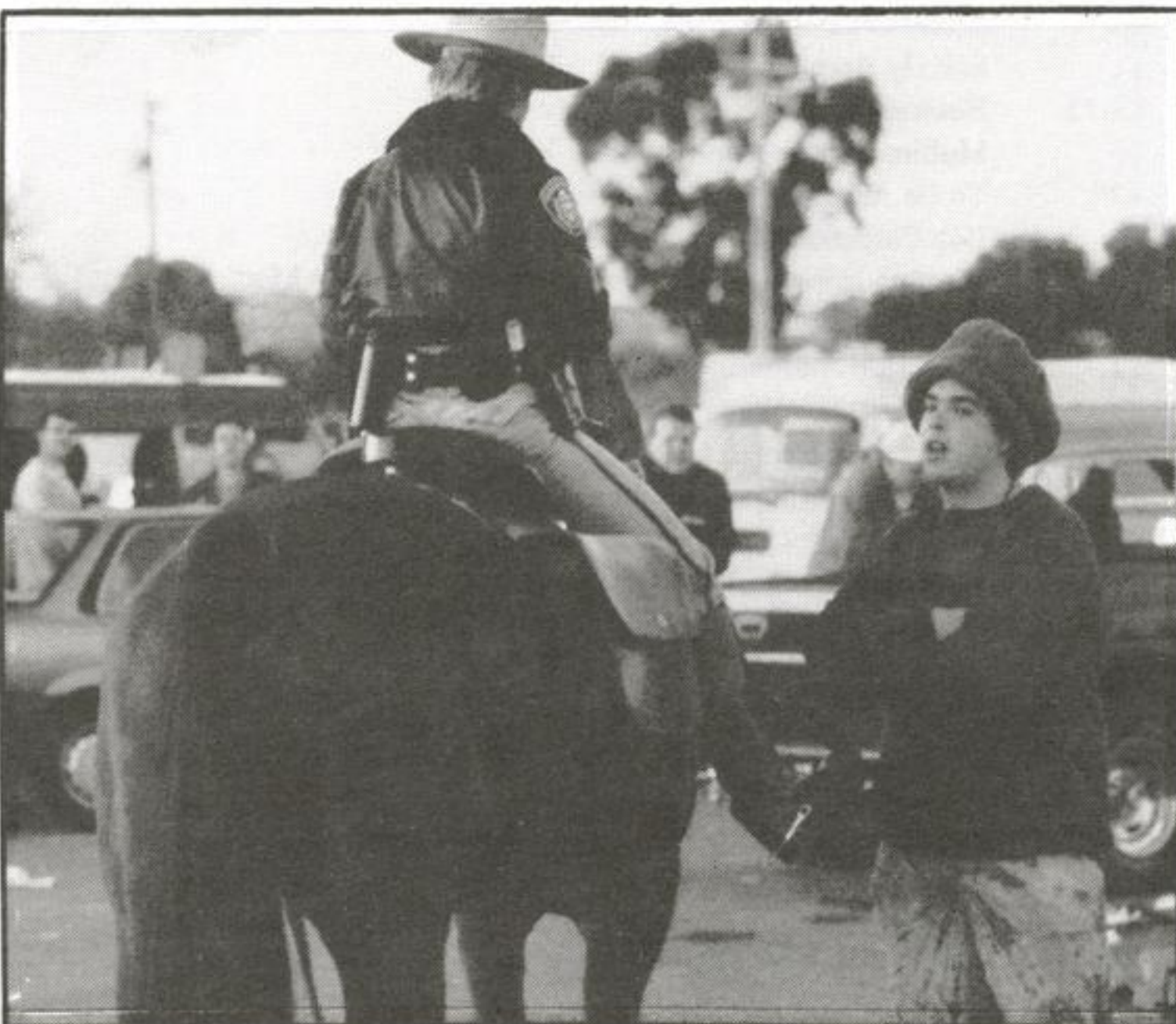
The kickoff show for this California mini-tour was solid from most accounts. Although I did not make it to LA until the next night, I have heard the tapes, which show some strong highlights. The boys opened very powerfully with *Rain* on the anniversary of John Lennon's assassination, which was followed by the first performance of *Kingbee* since April 28, 1971. Weir sang, and this breakout version was very much along the lines of the first couple of verses of *The Same Thing*. I would expect to see *Kingbee* remain in the Bobby-blues first set slot; hopefully the band can keep it sounding inspired. The rest of the 10-song set did not maintain this plateau, but still sounded pretty strong.

The second set opened with the much-abused *Iko Iko* followed by the even-more-abused *Way to Go Home* (which I now call *Long Long Three Minute Second Set Song*. Everybody sing!) I wish the band would move these two songs into the first set or at least tone down their overexposure.

The set was highlighted by the jam going into *The Last Time* which many thought sounded like *St. Stephen*. Being a doubting Stephen, er, Thomas, I feel it was likely a coincidence, but this seven-minute jam was, without a doubt, *Stephenesque* and very hot. The band had to slow down the jam to play *Last Time*, as if to verify my claim that they play everyone else's songs too slow and play their own too fast. *The Morning Dew* was powerful, albeit with an abrupt ending.

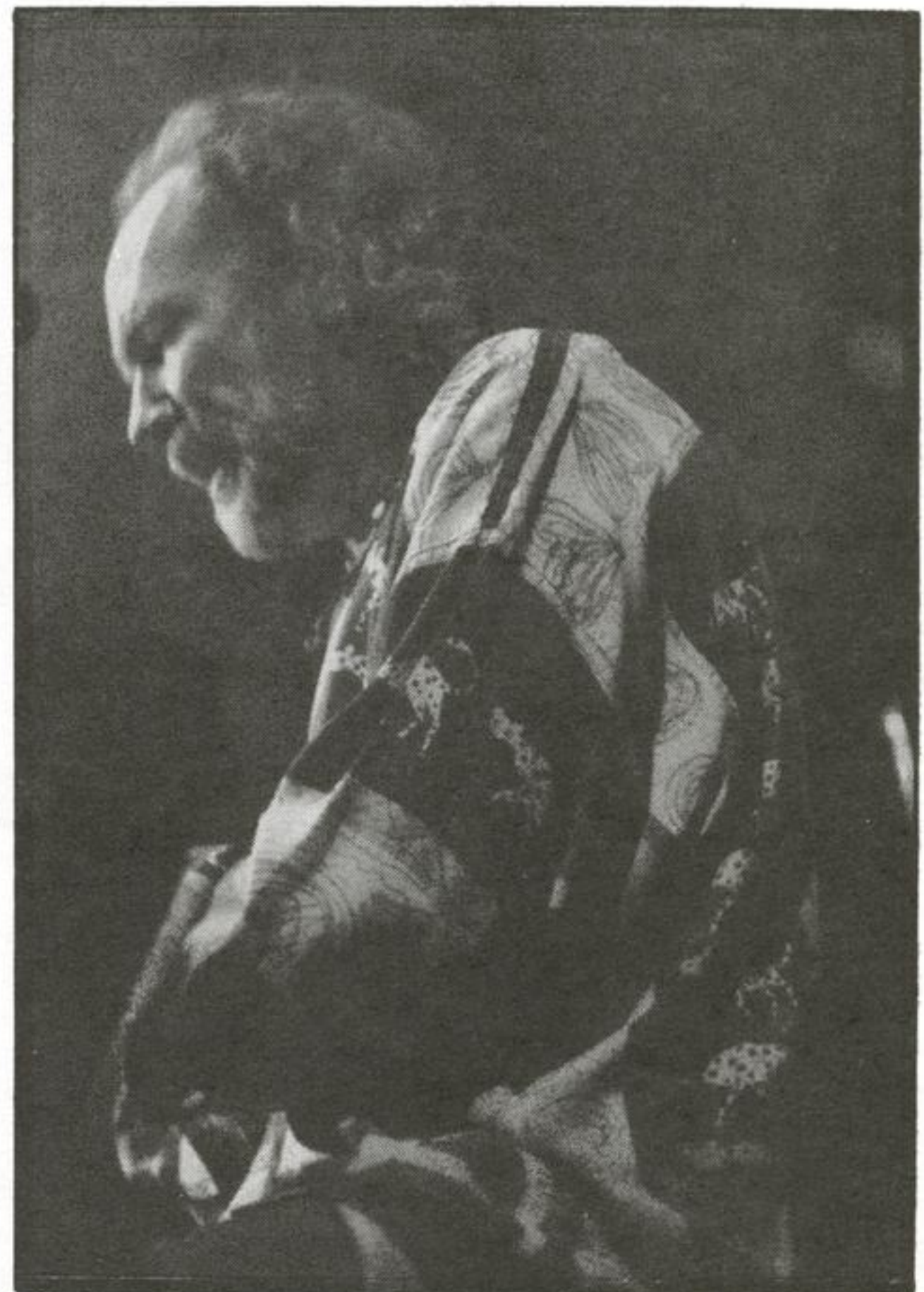
The second LA show was very well played; fine versions of *Peggy-O* and *Easy Answers* highlighted the first set. The second set opened with a sizzling *China Cat>I Know You Rider*. The exceptional *He's Gone* made up for *Wave to the Wind*, which seemed to interest the band even less than the audience. The show became very weird during drums, which featured the husband-wife team of Airtio and Flora Purim. Flora's wailing cries, and cowbell, accompanied the percussion trio in a quadrophonic swirl of sound that could have been from the Martian Rainforest. The intensity level rose even higher when a saxophone player appeared out of the shadows near Vince's equipment as *Drums* gave way to *Space*. There were rumors on tour that Branford Marsalis would appear with the Dead in L.A., but from the first honk, the guest was revealed to be jazz legend Ornette Coleman. Ornette's obtuse riffing contributed to a wild *Other One/Space*. The rest of the set was very strong, especially *Lovelight* which featured hot licks from Ornette and Jerry.

The third L.A. show proved that sometimes, Dead rumors are true. The **Tonight Show's** band leader Branford Marsalis appeared on the Dead's stage for the fourth time. Branford was there from the hot *Hell in a Bucket* opener and played for the entire show.



San Diego

Photo by Allen Sklar



San Diego

Photo by Allen Sklar

Unfortunately, his contributions weren't as devastating as in his other appearances with the band. Perhaps because he was tired after a long week at the office (this was a Friday show), or because he was enjoying the scene at the expense of concentration, Branford was quite content to take a backseat to the Dead. In his other appearances he LED the band during some jams. Don't get me wrong -- it was a fine show: *Eternity>Bertha* to close the first set was special and there was some nice Branford work on *Terrapin* and in a fine *Space*. The highlight for me was a spectacular *Standing on the Moon*. But Branford's show highlight seemed to be a little dance step during *Not Fade Away*. A dance step? Anything less than a Show Of The Tour would have likely been disappointing given one's knowledge of the musical miracles he's been responsible for in his brief Dead history. Guess I'm just another spoiled Deadhead! Anyhow, Branford was thoroughly enjoying himself throughout. He seemed fascinated with Vince's keyboard playing, and was all smiles. I'd welcome his return anytime.

Hey, I just realized that this was the first Branford show without his pal Bruce Hornsby. Maybe it was the squeezebox that inspired Branford after all?

Overall, LA saw three hot Dead shows. I do have a complaint about the sound--where was the bass? Phil seemed turned down really low at the two shows I saw. He looked like he was splaying up a storm, but the lower end was not as heart-pounding as usual.

-- BZL

San Diego

December 12 & 13, 1993

After the L.A. run of shows, a rainy Saturday gave me plenty of time to rest up from the previous three nights. Sunday was bright and sunny, and this made for a pleasant trip to beautiful San Diego.

San Diego is a friendly city that has a love affair with the outdoors. An open air venue would be perfect for the Dead, given the year-round good weather. Their Sports Arena is a nice indoor place, is similar to L.A.'s Sports Arena, but with easier freedom of movement and better sound.

In two nights, San Diego saw two great sets and two weak ones. Despite the song selection, the first set of the December 12 show was very sloppy in spots (*Friend of the Devil*), and listless in others. The *Bird Song* seemed unusually lifeless and abbreviated. The second set that evening, however, was spectacular from start to finish. *Shakedown Street* was rockin', the *Ship of Fools* sweet, and the first *Nobody's Fault But Mine* since

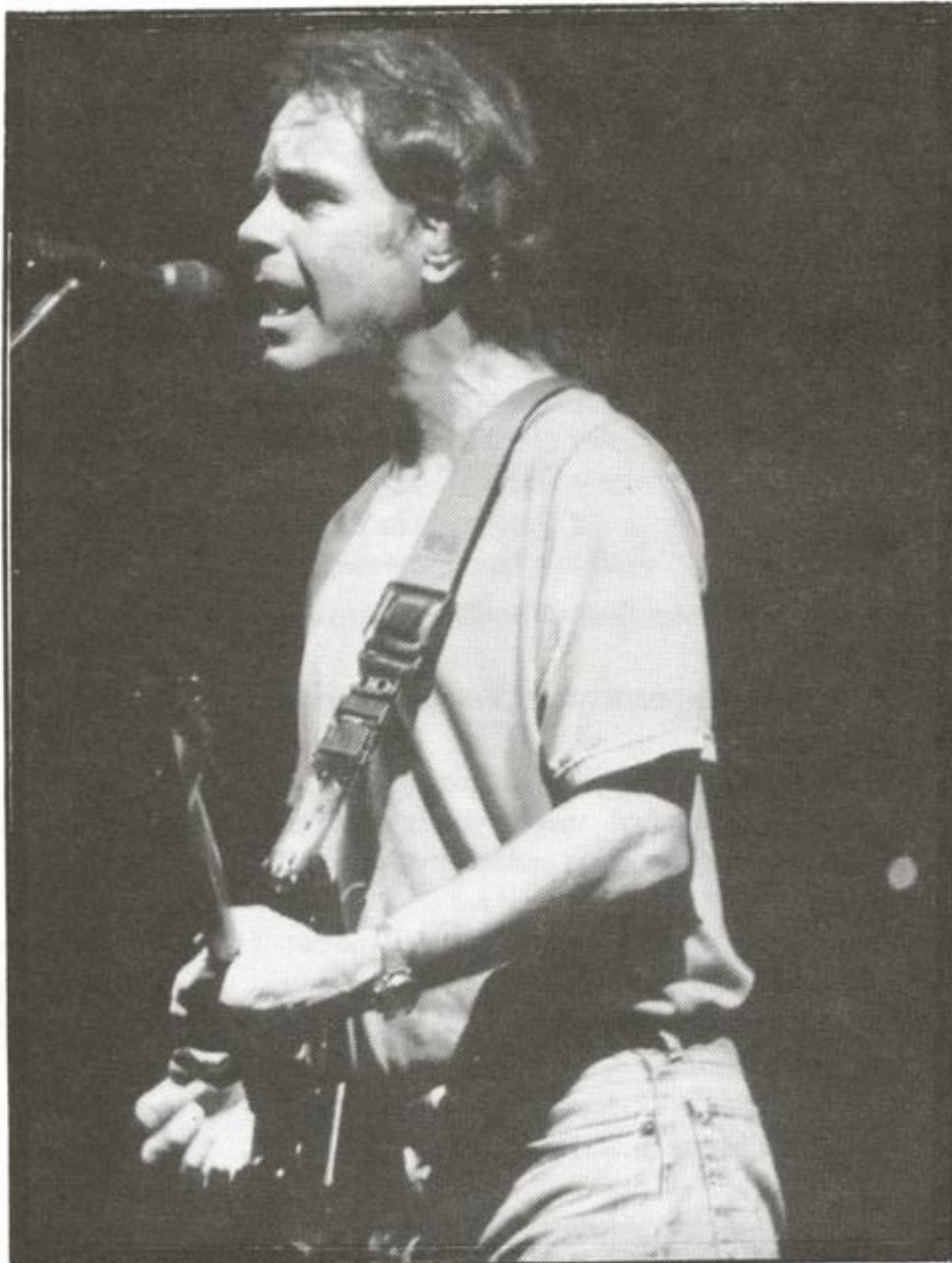
September '91 (and third since 1981) was a special treat. *Wheel into Watchtower* has turned into one of the most powerful tandems in Dead history and this night was no exception: the jam after *Wheel* was so long and intense that Weir forgot to sing the first verse of *Watchtower*, instead starting with the second verse, then singing the third verse twice. The ending of *Stella Blue* was miraculous. It featured Garcia screaming *Stella Blue* repeatedly, which was followed by a piercing heavy metalish solo. This was the Dead at their best!

The second show's first set continued where the previous show left off. The set featured blistering versions of *Brown-Eyed Women* and *Feel Like a Stranger*. *Easy Answers* was very electric and the best version I've heard yet, and led immediately into *Mississippi Half-Step* for a surprising first set closer.

The second set was highlighted by the *Lucy in the Sky* opener and a fantastic *Eyes of the World* which clocked in at around 20 minutes. However, the segment after *Drums* was problematic: *Days Between* was "lyrically challenged" (P.C. for "all screwed up") and, the fact that *Throwing Stones* closed the set only seemed to emphasize its lifelessness.

In summary, Southern California saw some very hot Dead shows. Although the music was not flawless throughout, there were some very strong highlights as well.

-- BZL



San Diego

Photo by Allen Sklar

Oakland Coliseum

December 17, 18, 19, 1993

Looking back on the Dead's December run at Oakland Coliseum, my overall impression was that no one show was consistently great, yet all three definitely had their moments. Bill Graham's troops did their usual efficient-yet-friendly job of keeping the Deadheads in check. But the early-morning priority ticketing system that makes Oakland shows distinct was suspended for this run, apparently because the city frowned upon having a hundred or so Deadheads camping all night on the sidewalk outside the Coliseum parking lot to receive the prized tickets, which allow their holders to be in the first group admitted into the hall. Parking lots at the Coliseum opened at 2 p.m. daily -- earlier than other Oakland shows I had attended. This eased the general crunch to get inside the arena. Vending was scattered and disorganized, nothing like the Deadhead shopping malls of years past. It could be that vending is finally under control, at least in the Bay Area.

Night One began promisingly enough with *Here Comes Sunshine*; yet this version seemed disjointed and uninspired, quickly giving way to *Walkin' Blues*, which generally seemed to suffer from the same listless



malady. The set continued to deteriorate until Bob switched guitars midway through a rare *Desolation Row*. From that point, the set quickly picked up steam, charging through great versions of *Ramble On Rose*, *Broken Arrow* and, finally, a titanic *Music Never Stopped* that was fully jammed-out. This momentum carried over into the second set with an awe-inspiring rendition of *Help On The Way* > *Slipknot!* > *Franklin's Tower*, one of the highlights of the entire run. Unfortunately, the show's energy level then took a dive during *Saint of Circumstance*, which was plagued by the same lethargy and sloppiness that affected the beginning of the first set, although the middle jam was positively dizzying. With the exceptions of a great jam out of *Corrina* and an outstanding *Drums* > *Space* segment, the rest of the set largely failed to soar. Even *Attics of My Life*, though beautifully sung, was marred by a bit of lyrical uncertainty at the end. And I'm really sorry, but *I Fought The Law* is a throwaway song. But that's how the Dead chose to send us streaming out into the frigid Oakland night.

Night Two was again largely bedeviled by the same sort of muddled playing that was prevalent the evening before. Even a relatively rare *They Love Each Other* failed to break the funk in the first set. Things did perk up a bit with a fiery romp through the concluding instrumental break of *Deal* to wrap up the first set. But except for a long and intriguing jam out of *Uncle John's Band* featuring Jerry, Phil and the drummers, the second set was nothing special. (The jam out of whatever tune immediately precedes *Drums* has been the most consistent place to encounter compelling playing at Dead shows over the last several years.) An unexpected *Box of Rain* encore, complete with Phil bidding the crowd good night and God bless at its conclusion, did manage to end the show on a high note, however.

The up-and-down nature of the run was again evident during the concluding show, yet this time things swung back to the 'up' side of the scale as the Dead treated us to one of the best first sets I have seen in ages. Especially exciting were *Bertha* (what a fired-up opener!), *Bird Song* and the *Promised Land* closer. But the most rewarding moment of the entire run came midway through the set when Jerry delivered a beautiful version of *It Must Have Been the Roses*, a tune that has virtually disappeared from the band's repertoire in recent years. What a nice Christmas gift! Though not stratospheric, set two was nonetheless solid and entertaining, featuring a huge *Fire on the Mountain* that thrilled the crowd. Following an excellent jam out on *Estimated Prophet*, Jerry wailed his heart out on the ending rave-up to *So Many Roads*. In the post-*Drums* section of the second set, Jerry mesmerized the audience with a fantastic *Days Between*, easily the best of the new songs introduced over the last two years. Regrettably, the boys couldn't maintain the intensity level all the way to the end and *Sugar Magnolia* fell flat. The *Brokedown Palace* encore was merely perfunctory.

-- Dan Murphy



A stagehand checks a prop at Autzen Stadium in Eugene, Ore., Thursday in preparation for tonight's Grateful Dead concert. Deadheads are forming "peer suggestion" corps to alleviate concerns about drug use that has caused problems at past concerts. AP

1993: THE YEAR IN REVIEW



The Grateful Dead In San Diego

Photo by Allen Sklar

by August West

All in all, 1993 was a pretty good year. The boys went back to touring with a vengeance -- 81 shows that seemed to have the band on the road almost constantly. The year had it's ups and downs, but isn't that the way it's always been?

The Grateful Dead introduced more new songs than any time in recent memory - seven new songs (including covers) were brought out during the year as the boys began working new material for their first studio album since 1989's *Built to Last*.

Vince Welnick seemed to really come into his own at the keyboards and began feeling comfortable enough with the band's vast repertoire that he jammed out more confidently.

Bob Weir's voice developed a mysterious hoarseness that was painful to listen to much of the spring and summer; by the end of several summer shows, Bobby was straining to get his words out. Happily, the problem was gone in the fall, after a polyp was removed from his vocal cord.

Jerry Garcia looked and sounded better than he has in awhile. And the band's vocal harmonies really jelled, due principally to the in-ear monitors that give each musician a clear reading of what his compatriots are playing. *He's Gone* gets my vote for most improved song -- even though it's always been a favorite.

King Bee popped out the first night of December's LA run after nearly 23 years in storage. Bobby took over Pigpen's singing duties, but then the song disappeared again.

And the guest stars! Singer Edie Brickell, sax master David Murray and blues harp legend James Cotton at MSG. Bruce Hornsby on accordion at the Cap Center and RFK. Huey Lewis on harmonica in Eugene. Ornette Coleman on sax in Oakland last February and in LA in December. Branford Marsalis on sax the next night in LA. Even Barney the purple dinosaur showed up at Nassau on April Fools to take over Phil's bass duties for *Iko*.

On the down side is that recurring problem with those pesky lyrics. Bobby and Jerry both had trouble many nights remembering words to a wide assortment of their respective songs. Jerry's new tunes sounded wonderful last spring when they were fresh in large part because he had a music stand nearby so he could refer to the lyrics and

then belt them out with confidence. Come on, fess up. Isn't it time for the band to invest in a telePrompter?

Also, unhappily, some old favorites seem to be fading away. It's inevitable, given all the new material now in the rotation. Still, it's sad just the same. A moment of silence please for *Casey Jones*, *Comes A Time*, *New Speedway Boogie*, *Mama Tried* and *Baby Blue* -- each played only once in 1993. One-time standards *Big River* and *West LA Fadeaway* were only played twice. Meanwhile, Vince's *Long Way Home* was the most-played selection, clocking in at a hefty 30 attempts, or one out of every three shows.

It's dangerous to try to pick the best shows of the year -- but we'll do it anyway:

* Last night at Nassau last April with a killer combo of *Music>Deal* to close the first set; the *Miracle>Wharf Rat>Gloria* ending to the show was pretty fun, too.

* Cal Expo, especially the second and third nights, were sparkling shows; the *Playin'* in the second night's second set was stupendous; the first set the third night was simply incredible (*Shakedown*, *Same Thing*, *Dire Wolf*, *Beat It On Down the Line*, *High Time*, *Masterpiece*, *Cumberland Blues*, *Promised Land* -- top that! OK, how about a second set *Cassidy* that wraps around *Uncle John's* with a post-drums *Other One>Wharf Rat*, *Sugar Mag* and *Gloria* encore -- whew!)

* Final night in Vegas with a second set that just wouldn't quit (*Samson*, *Help>Slip>Frank*, *Looks*

Like Rain>Terrapin>d/s>Other One>Wharf Rat>Throwing>Lovelight -- and rain during *Looks Like* to boot.)

* RFK first night, with an extra sweet *Cumberland* and a great second set, despite Bobby's voice problems.

* Fall Tour -- pick 'em. Philly just kept getting better. MSG had a hot first night and the fourth and sixth nights had special guests who enhanced the Dead's usual firepower. Boston was solid throughout and Bobby dusted off an acoustic guitar three of those six nights.

* Special mention for most of the jams that evolved out of whatever song comes before *drums*. It was usually something special and often was one of the evening's highlights. Also, there were a number of extra special *space* jams. Cap Center patrons received a *Handsome Cabin Boy*.

Have I left anything out? Undoubtedly. But then, if I always wrote things you agreed with, you wouldn't write those fan letters to UC.



David Murray joined JGB in New York City

Photo by Joe Ryan

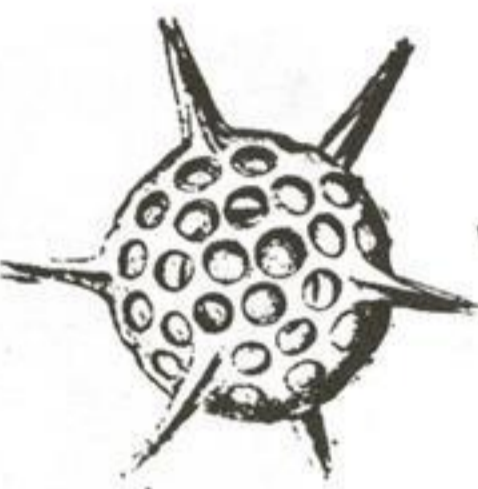
Songtracker™



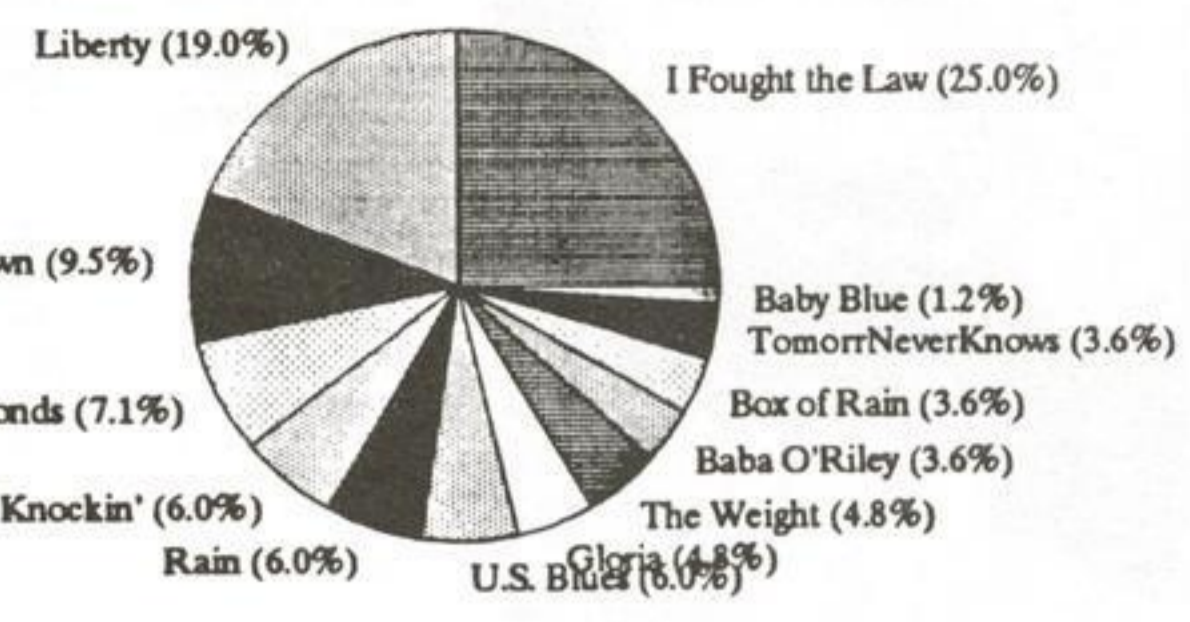
Encores 1993

Song Counts for all shows in 1993

Song Name	Count	Song Name	Count
Way to Go Home	30	Desolation Row	6
Lazy River Road	29	Foolish Heart	6
Corinna	26	Jack-A-Roe	6
Liberty	25	Victim or Crime	6
I Fought the Law	22	Candyman	5
Broken Arrow	21	Dire Wolf	5
Last Time	19	Gloria	5
Eternity	18	Heaven's Door	5
I Need a Miracle	18	Shakedown Street	5
Playin' in the Band	18	Stuck...Mobile	5
The Days Between	18	U.S. Blues	5
Masterpiece	18	China Doll	4
Throwin' Stones	17	Cumberland Blues	4
Wang Dang	17	Dark Star	4
Crazy Fingers	16	High Time	4
Other One	16	Maggie's Farm	4
Queen Jane	16	Mexicali Blues	4
Sugar Magnolia	16	Playin' (Finale)	4
SS Daydream	16	Smokestack	4
Terrapin Station	16	Weight	4
Uncle John's	16	Baba O'Reilly	3
Estimated Prophet	15	Beat It On Down...	3
He's Gone	15	GDTRFB	3
Samson & Delilah	15	Good Times Roll	3
Althea	14	Roses	3
China Cat	14	That..Something	3
Easy Answers	14	TL Each Other	3
I Know You Rider	14	TNK	3
Loose Lucy	14	Big River	2
Promised Land	14	Playin' Jam	2
Ramble on Rose	14	West L.A.	2
So Many Roads	14	Baby Blue	1
Truckin'	14	Casey Jones	1
Walkin' Blues	14	Comes a Time	1
Wave to the Wind	14	El Paso	1
Watchtower	13	Schoolgirl	1
Birdsong	13	King Bee	1
Fire on the Mtn	13	Mama Tried	1
Lovelight	13	Midnight Hour	1
Not Fade Away	13	Music (Finale)	1
Same Thing	13	Never Trust...	1
Stella Blue	13	New Speedway	1
Tom Thumb Blues	13	Nobody's Fault...	1
Iko-Iko	12	Race is On	1
Jackstraw	12	Supplication	1
L'il Red Rooster	12		
Picasso Moon	12		
Saint of Circ	12		
Scarlet Begonias	12		
Warf Rat	12		
Bertha	11		
Eyes of the World	11		
Hell in a Bucket	11		
HC Sunshine	11		
Saturday Night	11		
Tennessee Jed	11		
Touch of Grey	11		
Wheel	11		
Around & Around	10		
Brown-Eyed	10		
Cassidy	10		
Don't Ease Me In	10		
Franklin's Tower	10		
Help on the Way	10		
Minglewood Blues	10		
Music	10		
Row Jimmy	10		
Slipknot!	10		
Stagger Lee	10		
Standing...Moon	10		
Women R Smarter	10		
BT Wind	9		
Stranger	9		
Loser	9		
Peggy-O	9		
Box of Rain	8		
Brokedown Palace	8		
Cold Rain	8		
Friend of the Devil	8		
It's All Over Now	8		
Johnny B. Goode	8		
Looks Like Rain	8		
Lucy in the Sky	8		
Morning Dew	8		
Ship of Fools	8		
Sugaree	8		
Attics of My Life	7		
Black Peter	7		
Deal	7		
Good Lovin'	7		
Greatest Story	7		
Let it Grow	7		
Me and My Uncle	7		
Half-Step	7		
Rain	7		
Spoonful	7		



FRANK AND ERNEST / BY BOB THAVES



Average songs per set	1st Set	2nd Set	Encores	Total	Shows	Songs
Chinese New Year	6.87	7.67	1.00	15.33	3	48
Mardi Gras	7.87	7.33	1.00	18.00	3	48
Spring Tour	7.80	8.10	1.05	18.95	20	339
Vegas, Shoreline, & Cal Expo	7.11	7.89	1.11	18.11	9	145
Summer Tour	7.80	7.87	1.00	18.47	15	247
Eugene & Shoreline	7.20	8.40	1.00	18.60	5	83
Fall Tour	7.50	7.50	1.06	18.08	18	289
December	8.00	8.13	1.00	17.13	8	137
1993	7.58	7.88	1.04	18.47	81	1,334
Songs - 1993	612	638	84	1,334		

Special Thanks to
Warren J. Bograd

Top Ten All Time, Through 12/31/93

Song	'85-'92	'93 (So far)	Total	Average
1 Me & My Uncle	551	7	558	19.24
2 Sugar Magnolia	528	18	542	18.69
3 Playin'	520	18	538	18.55
4 Other One	512	17	529	18.24
5 Rider	488	14	502	17.31
6 China Cat	487	14	501	17.28
7 Not Fade Away	477	13	490	16.90
8 Truckin'	471	14	485	16.72
9 Jack Straw	424	12	436	15.03
0 Minglewood	404	10	414	14.28
Totals	4,860	135	4,995	172.24
Average	486.00	13.50	499.50	17.22

Last Time Played

The Golden Road...	Fillmore Auditorium	5/5/87
New Potato Caboose	San Mateo, CA	5/8/89
Viola Lee Blues	Stony Brook	10/31/70a
Alligator	Fillmore East	4/28/71
Caution	Rotterdam	5/11/72
Mission in the Rain	Aud Th, Chicago	8/29/78
Cosmic Charlie	Capital Centre	9/25/78
Dark Hollow	Radio City Music Hall	10/30/80
All Around this World	Oakland Aud Arena	12/31/80
Bobby McGee	Oakland Aud Arena	12/31/81
Hard to Handle	Oakland Aud Arena	12/31/82
Deep Elem	Watsonville, CA	9/24/83
St. Stephen	Marin Vets	10/31/83
Ain't No Lie	Marin Vets	3/28/84
On the Road Again	Augusta (ME) CC	10/11/84
Lazy Lightning	Berkeley Comm Th	10/31/84
Lost Sailor	Spectrum	3/24/86
Dancin'	Byrne Arena	4/8/87
Brother Esau	Shoreline Amph	10/3/87
Alabama Getaway	Shoreline Amph	8/18/89
Push/Shove	Alpine Valley	7/17/89
Believe it or Not	Copps Coliseum	3/22/90
Built to Last	Knickerbocker Arena	3/28/90
Dupree's	Knickerbocker Arena	3/28/90
Revolution	Nassau Coliseum	3/28/90
Death Don't	Omni	4/2/90
Big Boss Man	Shoreline Amph	8/18/90
Might as Well	Giants Stadium	8/17/91
Black Muddy River	Cal Expo Amph	8/13/91
Bid You Goodnight	Boston Garden	9/28/91
CC Rider	Spectrum	3/18/92
Train to Cry	Spectrum	3/18/92
Mighty Quinn	Knickerbocker Arena	8/11/92
Satisfaction	Charlotte Coliseum	8/18/92
Big Railroad Blues	Star Lake Amph	8/23/92

Songtracker™ Setlist Software is a computer database of every show. It contains every setlist, venue, song and guests for each show played. You can produce reports (like these) for any time period, and you can "tag" the shows that you attended to get your personal stats. You can add comments or print out the setlist for any show. Setlist update disks every six months. Songtracker runs on IBM (DOS or Windows) computers; a Mac version is on the way.

To order, send \$55 (includes shipping) to Cryptical Development, 1390 Noe Street, San Francisco, CA 94131. Call 415/641-8391 or fax 415/641-8879 for more info.





JGB-10/31/93
Brendan Byrne Arena
East Rutherford, NJ
 How Sweet It Is
 He Ain't Give You None
 Forever Young
 Run for the Roses
 Money Honey
 Lay Down Sally
 Sisters & Brothers>
 Deal

 Shining Star
 The Maker
 Tore Up Over You
 Wonderful World
 Breadbox
 Lucky Old Sun
 Midnight Moonlight

 Werewolves of London

JGB-11/1/93
Nassau Coliseum
Nassau, NY
 Cats Down Under the Stars
 Stop That Train
 Let it Rock
 Twist of Fate
 Breadbox
 Strugglin' Man
 Brothers & Sisters

 The Way You Do the
 Things You Do
 Stoned Me
 Think
 Rubin & Cherise
 Don't Let Go
 Tangled Up In Blue

JGB-11/3/93
The Knick
Albany, NY
 How Sweet It Is
 They Love Each Other
 Freight Train
 I Shall Be Released
 Run for the Roses
 Dear Prudence
 Sisters & Brothers
 Everybody Needs
 Somebody to Love

 Shining Star
 The Maker
 Money Honey
 Russian Lullaby
 Breadbox
 The Night They Drove
 Old Dixie Down
 Midnight Moonlight

JGB-11/4/93
War Memorial Aud.
Rochester, NY
 Second That Emotion
 Waiting for a Miracle
 Get Out of My Life
 Lay Down Sally
 Sisters & Brothers
 Deal

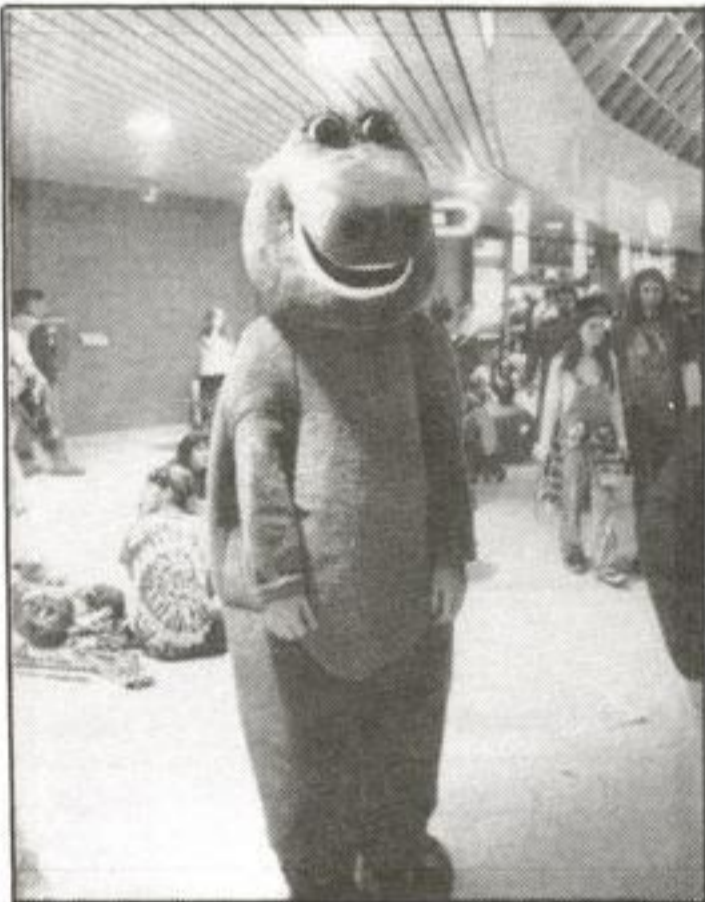
 The Way You Do the
 Things You Do
 The Maker
 Wonderful World
 Tore Up Over You
 Don't Let Go
 Lucky Old Sun
 Tangled Up In Blue

JGB-11/5/93
Buffalo Memorial Aud.
Buffalo, NY
 Cats Down Under the Stars
 Mission in the Rain
 Simple Twist of Fate
 That's What Love
 Will Make You Do
 Breadbox
 Like a Road
 Deal

 Shining Star
 The Maker
 Think
 Rubin & Cherise
 Gomorrah
 The Night They Drove
 Old Dixie Down
 How Sweet It Is

JGB-11/7/93
US Air Arena
Landover, MD
 How Sweet It Is
 Stop That Train
 C'est La Vie
 Run for the Roses
 Senor
 Sisters & Brothers
 Everybody Needs
 Somebody to Love

 The Way You Do the
 Things You Do
 Waiting for a Miracle
 Money Honey
 Knockin' on Heaven's Door
 Don't Let Go
 Mississippi Moon
 Tangled Up In Blue



JGB-11/8/93
Hartford Civic
Hartford, CT
 Cats Down Under the Stars
 They Love Each Other
 He Ain't Give You None
 Lazy Bones
 Lay Down Sally
 Sisters & Brothers
 Deal

 Second That Emotion
 Stoned Me
 Think
 Breadbox
 Lucky Old Sun
 Midnight Moonlight

JGB-11/9/93
Cumberland Arena
Portland, ME
 How Sweet It Is
 Stop That Train
 Let It Rock
 Forever Young
 Breadbox
 Sisters & Brothers
 Everybody Needs
 Somebody to Love

 Shining Star
 Russian Lullaby
 Tore Up Over You
 Rubin & Cherise
 Wonderful World
 The Maker
 Tangled Up In Blue

JGB Set Lists

*All photos this page by Joe Ryan
 Costume photos from Halloween
 at Brendan Byrne Arena
 David Murray on sax at MSG 11/12/93*



JGB-11/11/93
Providence Civic
Providence, RI
 Cats Down Under the Stars
 Mission in the Rain
 That's What Love
 Will Make You Do
 Simple Twist
 Breadbox
 Sisters and Brothers

 The Way You Do the
 Things You Do
 He Ain't Give You None
 Dear Prudence
 Hunter Gets Captured
 By the Game
 Don't Let Go
 Midnight Moonlight

JGB-11/12/93
MSG*
New York, NY
 How Sweet It Is
 They Love Each Other
 Forever Young
 Struggling Man
 Money Honey
 Sisters & Brothers
 Lay Down Sally

 Shining Star
 C'est La Vie
 Wonderful World
 The Maker
 Don't Let Go
 Lucky Old Sun
 Tangled Up in Blue
 *w/special guest
 David Murray on sax



JGB-11/14/93
Onondaga Co. War Mem.
Syracuse, NY
 Cats Down Under the Stars
 Stop That Train
 Let It Rock
 Run for the Roses
 Breadbox
 Senor
 Deal

 I Second That Emotion
 Stoned Me
 Tore Up Over You
 Lazy Bones
 The Maker
 The Night They Drove
 Old Dixie Down
 Midnight Moonlight

JGB-11/15/93
The Centrum
Worcester, MA
 How Sweet It Is
 And It Stoned Me
 Get Out of My Life Woman
 Twist of Fate
 Lay Down Sally
 Like a Road
 Deal

 Shining Star
 Waiting for a Miracle
 Think
 Rubin & Cherise
 Gomorrah
 Midnight Moonlight
 The Maker

JGB - 11/16/93
The Spectrum
Philadelphia, PA
 Second That Emotion
 Stop That Train
 Mississippi 1/2 Step
 Run for the Roses
 Breadbox
 Sisters & Brothers
 Everybody Needs
 Somebody to Love

 The Way You Do
 the Things You Do
 The Maker
 Money Honey
 Wonderful World
 Don't Let Go
 Lucky Old Sun
 Midnight Moonlight

JGB-11/18/91
Richmond Coliseum
Richmond, VA
 Cats Down Under the Stars
 Stoned Me
 Simple Twist of Fate
 Run for the Roses
 Breadbox
 Sisters & Brothers>
 Deal

 The Way You Do
 The Things You Do
 Forever Young
 Tore Up Over You
 Wonderful World
 The Maker
 The Night They Drove
 Old Dixie Down
 Midnight Moonlight

JGB-11/19/93
Hampton Coliseum
Hampton, VA
 How Sweet It Is
 Stop That Train
 Money Honey
 Lay Down Sally
 Sisters & Brothers
 Everybody Needs
 Somebody to Love

 Shining Star
 Strugglin' Man
 The Maker
 Don't Let Go
 Lucky Old Sun
 Midnight Moonlight



Grateful Dead Tour Dates & Set Lists

March 4, 5, 6	Desert Sky, Phoenix, AZ
March 16, 17, 18	Rosemont Horizon, Rosemont, IL
March 20 & 21	Richfield Coliseum, Richfield, OH
March 23-25, 27, 28	Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, NY
March 30-April 1	The Omni, Atlanta, GA
April 3 & 4	Orlando Sports Arena, Orlando, FL
April 6 & 7	Miami Arena, FL

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San Diego

Photo by Allen Sklar

12/8/93 (GD)
Sports Arena
Los Angeles, CA
 Rain
 Let the Good Times Roll
 King Bee*
 Stagger Lee
 Me & My Uncle
 Mexicali Blues
 Lazy River Road
 Masterpiece
 Row Jimmy
 Picasso Moon

 Iko Iko
 Way to Go Home
 Playing in the Band>
 Uncle John's Band
 D>S>
 The Last Time>
 Morning Dew
 Sugar Magnolia

 I Fought the Law
 *first time since 4/28/71

12/9/93
Sports Arena
Los Angeles, CA
 Touch of Grey
 Wang Dang Doodle
 Peggy-O
 Queen Jane Approx.
 Broken Arrow
 Loose Lucy
 Easy Answer
 Don't Ease Me In

 China Cat Sunflower>
 I Know You Rider
 Estimated Prophet>
 Wave to the Wind>
 He's Gone>
 D*>S**>
 The Other One**
 Wharf Rat**
 Lovelight**

 Liberty
 *w/ Flora Purim & Airta
 **w/ Ornette Coleman

12/10/93*
Sports Arena
Los Angeles, CA
 Hell in a Bucket
 Loser
 Little Red Rooster
 So Many Roads
 Tom Thumb Blues
 Eternity
 Bertha

 Scarlet Begonias>
 Fire on the Mountain>
 Corrina>
 Terrapin Station>
 D>S>
 I Need a Miracle>
 Standing on the Moon>
 Not Fade Away

 Brokedown Palace
 w/ Branford Marsalis

12/12/93
San Diego Sports Arena
San Diego, CA
 Cold Rain & Snow
 Minglewood Blues
 Friend of the Devil
 Black Throated Wind
 Althea
 BIODTL
 Birdsong>
 Promised Land

 Shakedown Street
 Samson & Delilah
 Ship of Fools
 Truckin'>
 Noboby's Fault But Mine>
 That Would Be Something>
 D>S>
 The Wheel>
 Watchtower>
 Stella Blue>
 Around & Around

 I Fought the Law

12/13/93
San Diego Sports Arena
San Diego, CA
 Feel Like a Stranger
 Ramble on Rose
 The Same Thing
 Brown-Eyed Women
 Broken Arrow
 Easy Answers
 Mississippi 1/2 Step

 Lucy in the Sky
 Women Are Smarter
 Way to Go Home
 Eyes of the World>
 D>S>
 The Last Time>
 Days Between>
 Throwing Stones

 Liberty

12/17/93
Oakland Coliseum
Oakland, CA
 Here Comes Sunshine
 Walkin' Blues
 Jack a Roe
 Desolation Row
 Ramble on Rose
 Broken Arrow
 Lazy River Road
 The Music Never Stopped

 Help on the Way>
 Slipknot!>
 Franklin's Tower
 Saint of Circumstance>
 Crazy Fingers>
 Corrina>
 D>S>
 The Last Time
 Attics of My Life>
 Good Lovin'

 I Fought the Law

12/18/93
Oakland Coliseum
Oakland, CA
 Jack Straw
 They Love Each Other
 Spoonful
 Friend of the Devil
 Masterpiece
 Tennessee Jed
 Easy Answers
 Deal

 Long Way Home
 China Cat Sunflower>
 I Know You Rider
 Playing in the Band>
 Uncle John's Band
 D>S>
 Miracle
 Stella Blue
 One Saturday Night

 Box of Rain

12/19/93
Oakland Coliseum
Oakland, CA
 Bertha
 Wang Dang Doodle
 Loose Lucy
 Queen Jane Approx.
 Must've Been the Roses
 All Over Now
 Bird Song
 Promised Land

 Scarlet Begonias>
 Fire on the Mountain
 Estimated Prophet>
 So Many Roads>
 Truckin'>
 Smokestack Lightning>
 D>S>
 The Other One>
 Days Between>
 Sugar Magnolia

 Brokedown Palace

2/25/94
Oakland Coliseum
Oakland, CA
 Jack Straw
 Peggy-O
 Walkin' Blues
 Ramble On Rose
 Queen Jane Approx.
 Loser
 Cassidy
 Don't Ease Me In

 Victim or the Crime>
 Iko Iko>
 Way to Go Home>
 Truckin'>
 Spoonful>
 He's Gone>
 D>S>
 Last Time>
 Stella Blue>
 Sugar Mag

 I Fought the Law

2/26/94
Oakland Coliseum
Oakland, CA
 Cold Rain & Snow
 Wang Dang Doodle
 Althea
 Black Throated Wind
 Loose Lucy
 Broken Arrow
 Music Never Stopped

 Eyes of the World
 Terrapin Station>
 D>S>
 Miracle>
 Standing on the Moon>
 One More Saturday Night

 Liberty

2/27/94
Oakland Coliseum
Oakland, CA
 Hell in a Bucket
 Jimmy Row
 Minglewood Blues
 Lazy River Road
 Mama Tried>
 Mexicali Blues
 Tennessee Jed
 Easy Answers

 Touch of Grey
 Samson & Delilah>
 Uncle John's Band>
 Supplication Jam>
 Corrina>
 D>S (Chinese New Year's
 Parade)
 Other One>
 Cosmic Charlie tease!>
 Wharf Rat>
 Turn on Your Lovelight

 Rain

For complete review of
 Chinese New Year's Shows,
 see page 24

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JGB in VA

November 18, 1993, Richmond Coliseum

November 19, 1993, Hampton Coliseum

by August West

It's difficult to describe the emotion and intensity of Jerry Garcia's performances in Virginia. The Richmond and Hampton shows may have been technically similar to the 13 shows that preceded them on JGB's autumn fall tour of the East Coast. But for me, both had personal significance that made them moving experiences.

Hearing Jerry wail on *The Night They Drove Ol' Dixie Down* in Richmond, the former capital of the Confederacy, was emotional beyond words. The Band's classic ballad describes the South's defeat in the Civil War and mentions Richmond's fall to Union troops. Robert E. Lee's name drew proud Rebel yells from the crowd. Jerry's performance was even more poignant because it was the first time Garcia had performed in the city since the Dead's disastrous 1985 shows (the music was wonderful, but smelly hippies, gate crashing and 200 drug arrests is what the locals remember). Richmond officials even banned the Grateful Dead until 1992, when a local rock station started a "lift the ban" campaign that got City Hall to loosen up and say they might consider having the band back. (Bob Weir performed in Richmond twice in 1992.)

Hampton had special significance because I first saw the Dead there 10 years ago. This wasn't the Dead, but it was close enough. And the *Shining Star* that opened the

second set was phenomenal. Jerry literally played until the audience joined in the singing. When's the last time you heard Jerry prodding an audience into singing the refrain? Besides that, one of the spotlights was shining like a star right into my eyes for the whole 25-minute-long song. It was Deadhead Nirvana.

"It was the most disastrous scene I've ever seen in my whole life, and I was in Vietnam."

Gerald Spencer, Va. Parking Service

So I can't give you a dispassionate, technical account of the Virginia shows. But I can tell you they were classic events in the tradition of so many of the shows we've hosted here in the Old Dominion.

And how glad I am to be able to say that! *Unbroken Chain* distributed a flyer outside the Richmond Coliseum warning that narcs would be everywhere and the police would keep a tight lid on illicit parking lot activities. I was the panicky author of that friendly warning to out-of-towners and I feared disaster, based on the arrest-happy performance by the cops eight years earlier. Boy, was I wrong. In a refreshing show of good sense and restraint, the city administration decided to back off this time. Cops clustered around the Coliseum and generally stayed off the privately owned parking lots, where partying openly raged for the entire sunny day. Widespread vending, open drinking and blatant ballooning went on in full view of whoever wandered among the throngs.

I wasn't the only Richmonder surprised that the city fathers were letting Jerry's fans get away with such a decadent display of Deadhead defiance in their downtown — just two blocks from police headquarters and city jail. That low-key presence resulted in relatively few arrests and an incident-free show. It seemed to be a success until the TRASH PROBLEM surfaced. Our guardian of the community, the ultra-conservative and Deadhead-hating *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, had to find something nasty to write about the concert, so its diligent reporters discovered that Jerry's guests had left behind piles of trash. Of course they didn't mention the lack of dumpsters, which would have solved some of the problem. The guy in charge of trash pickup was quoted as saying, "It was the most disastrous scene I've ever seen in my whole life, and I was in Vietnam." But his boss was quoted lower in the same story as saying the mess wasn't that big a deal. Meanwhile, the paper ran a huge photo of the empty, trash-strewn parking lot. Frankly, it didn't look that bad; the beer bottles and other debris were gathered into piles. And the editors were oblivious to the tell-tale balloons littering the ground. Evidently, their reporters didn't actually walk through the parking lots to see the scene before the show or they could have really torn into us. As it was, they did a sloppy job and the worst criticism they could dig up — a day late no less — was trash in some parking lots downtown.

Inside the Coliseum, Jerry took four songs or so to warm up. During *Ain't No Bread in the Breadbox*, though, the band clicked into a strong groove that accelerated through *Sisters and Brothers* (played both nights) and the *Deal* set closer. *Deal* was simply blistering; it seemed to last forever as Jerry jammed it to the hilt. The second set was wonderful throughout. *Tore Up* was really hot with serious organ playing by Melvin

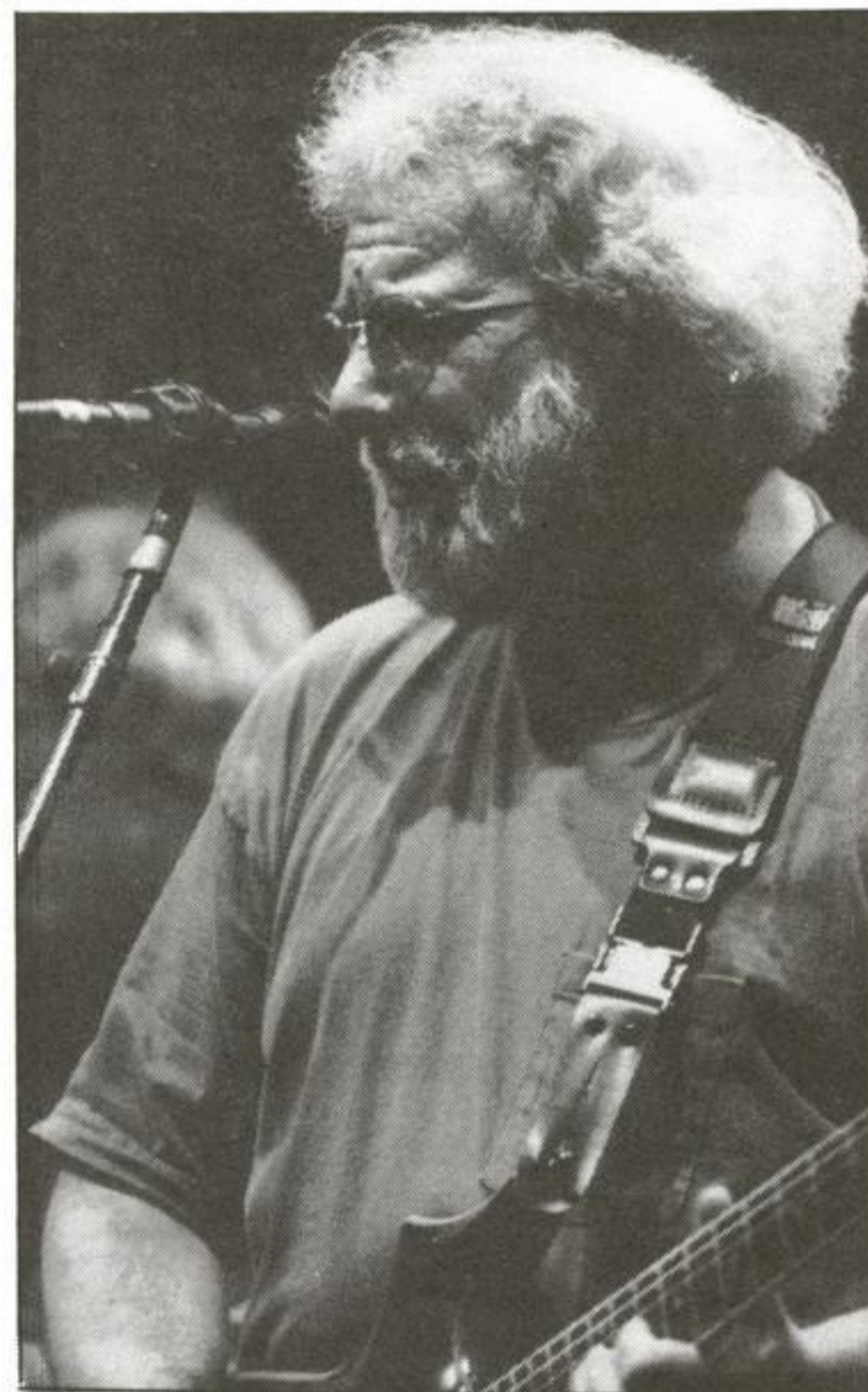


Photo by Allen Sklar

See JGB, Page 19

Where does Jerry get all those songs?

The Maker. Written and performed by Daniel Lanois on his 1989 album *Acadie*. The French-Canadian-born Lanois is best known as producer of Neville Brothers and albums by Bob Dylan, U2, Peter Dinklage, Robbie Robertson and others.

Shining Star. From the Mannhattans, R&B traditionalists who have been around since before the Dead. It was a #5 hit for them in 1980.

The Way You Do the Things You Do. A major soul hit by the Temptations in early 1964, the song elbowed into a consistent Top Ten spot amid the barrage of Beatles hits.

How Sweet It Is, a 1970s hit by the late soul megastar Marvin Gaye.

Second That Emotion. Big 1960s hit by soul great Smokey Robinson and his Miracles.

Wonderful World. Two entirely different songs. The one with "Don't know much about history" was originally a hit by gospel-R&B great Sam Cooke in the late 1950s. It was later remade with similar success by Herman's Hermits and James Taylor. The other was performed, but not written, by jazz trumpet legend Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong in the late 1960s. It was featured in the finale of the movie *Good Morning, Vietnam*.

Twist of Fate, *Tangled Up in Blue*, *I Shall Be Released* and *Forever Young*.

All by Bob Dylan. *Forever* was redone by Neil Young and Joan Baez, and *Released* by just about everyone.

Lucky Old Sun. A wonderful tune from the legendary Ray Charles.

Dear Prudence. This Lennon-McCartney tune is from the Beatles' double-disc set of 1968 known as *the White Album*.

Waiting for a Miracle. Written and recorded by songster Bruce Cockburn (pronounced Coe-burn) several years ago.

Bright Side of the Road and *And It Stoned Me* are both from Irish pop-rock-jazz visionary Van Morrison.

The Night They Drove Ol' Dixie Down was done first by The Band, but is probably better known from Joan Baez's 1970 version that revived her career.

Ain't No Bread in the Breadbox. This tune about a hardscrabble hippie lifestyle is written Norton Buffalo, who played harmonica on Steve Miller Band tours of recent years. It's on a 1991 album, *R&B*, by Buffalo and slide guitarist Roy Rogers (not the cowboy).

Everybody Needs Somebody to Love. Soul pioneer Solomon Burke wrote it and recorded it in 1964. The early Rolling Stones also did a version.

Midnight Moonlight. A bluegrass standard done on the 1975 *Old and In the Way* album, on which Jerry jammed with some giants of the genre.

Finally, the boys reach rock 'n' roll Valhalla

The earth moved, the seas parted and, after 28 years of musical magic, the most consistently top-rated touring band in American rock history finally was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

The Dead were in good company at the ninth annual induction ceremony in the Grand Ballroom of New York's famed Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Jan. 19. Also honored were The Band, The Animals, Rod Stewart, Elton John and guitar great Duane Eddy. There were posthumous inductions for blues legend Willie Dixon (by guitar professor Chuck Berry), former Beatles great John Lennon (in a moving, from-the-heart tribute by Paul McCartney) and reggae master Bob Marley (by an impassioned Bono of U2).

Our boys all looked cute in their black bow ties and tuxedos. Jerry opted not to attend the event, so the rest of the band members posed with a life-size color cardboard cutout of Jerry (in standard-issue maroon T-shirt and guitar performance stance) for the official backstage photos. Jerry's absence was the inspiration for much good-natured ribbing. A mockingly surprised Phil intoned, "Where is he?" He looked at Bobby and asked, "Didn't you tell him?" Bobby then grabbed the mike and answered, "Hey, I was out of town." Mickey announced, "Oh, no! We forgot to tell him!" The fun continued when Eric Clapton presented the award to The Band, which was minus drummer Levon Helm. Someone in the background quipped, "Oh, he's still in the limo with Jerry."

Old pal Bruce Hornsby was the Dead's presenter. Bruce talked about growing up as a Dead "freak" (he was introduced to the Dead by his older bass-playing brother, Bobby). He also shared some thoughts about his time spent playing with the band. "There were many times where I was onstage with these guys and I didn't know what the hell was happening," said the Williamsburg songsmith, who played piano and accordion with the Dead from fall 1990 through spring 1992. Phil accepted the award on behalf of the band with some reworked lines from *Truckin'*. "It's been long, it's been strange, and it's definitely been a trip," the bass wizard said.

After the speeches and tributes, the musicians got down to some seriously high-energy playing to end the ceremonies. Bobby, Billy and Chuck Berry kicked off the jam



Newly anointed rock icons cut up with cut-out of a missing member.

session with a peppy version of Dixon's *Wang Dang Doodle*, joined by Bruce, John Popper of Blues Traveler on harmonica and Willie's daughter, Shirli, on vocals. (*Rolling Stone* said Shirli Dixon was a surprise performer and snuck past security to get on stage.) Then the boys laid into a fast-paced rendition of Berry's *Roll Over Beethoven*. The night also featured Bono, Rita Marley, several Wailers, Ziggy Marley and Whoopi Goldberg on Bob Marley's *One Love*. Axl Rose and Bruce Springsteen teamed up for The Beatles' *Come Together*. In the evening's finale, Clapton joined his idols and "older brothers in the music world" from The Band for *The Weight*.

JGB in VA

Continued from Page 18

Seals. *Wonderful World* was gentle and sweet, with a nice soft vocal touch by the Jerryettes — Gloria Jones and Jackie LaBranch, who don't hesitate to dis Jerry with facial expressions when he is just muddling along. The mid-tempo treatment of *The Maker* worked better the next night in Hampton, with the crowd respectfully silent while Jerry played his final solo. Then there was *Dixie*, a moving 10-minute-long rendition that Jerry emoted with his voice as well as his guitar. Gloria and Jackie provided strong backing vocals, and Melvin contributed a soaring gospel-like organ segment that sent the song over the edge. *Midnight Moonlight*, which closed both shows, was charged with energy both nights. Jerry's lightning-fast fingers picked their way in a delightful bluegrass romp.

My only complaint about these shows is: Where was John Kahn? Either his bass was so subtle or turned down so much that he got lost. He wasn't much of a musical presence in Richmond and was even less so in Hampton. Kahn truly was The Invisible Man.

Hampton was, well, Hampton — laid back and like an old friend come to welcome us home to the only general admission playpen left on the East Coast. Three hours of dancing in a hot, happy sauna with one of the quietest, most respectful crowds I've ever had the pleasure of sharing a concert with. It truly was Starship Hampton, where all the fun trips happen.



Gloria and Jackie at the U.S. Air Arena

Photo by Allen Sklar

and, once again, Melvin was all over the song. The *Midnight Moonlight* show closer became even more of a dance tune this night than it had been in Richmond. Everyone in the Coliseum knew that Jerry had ripped the lid off the tune. It capped three hours of bliss proving that the magic of Hampton lives on.

This was Melvin's night. The burly keyboardist put in a strong performance in Richmond, but in Hampton he really cut loose. Melvin made his presence known early, on the second song of the evening, the calypso-flavored *Stop That Train*. And his take-charge playing made each song that much better; Jerry needs an aggressive keyboardist to punch up his guitar licks. *Money Honey* featured a nice flourish of Jerry singing to close the song, showing a nice vocal recovery since the Fat Man started towing the sort-of-straight and narrow. Jerry's take on Eric Clapton's *Lay Down Sally* galloped at a fast clip, and we knew we were in for serious fun when the Jerryettes left the stage.

You've already heard about *Shining Star* — a song that made it obvious Jerry was playing to a veteran Deadhead crowd because of the refreshing and unusually quiet focus by the entire audience on the magic onstage. That's why it took so long for Jerry, Gloria and Jackie to prod the crowd into singing the refrain. Singing along to a Jerry song is simply something most of us have no experience with; we're used to singing along with Bobby. But Jerry insisted and let all of us become rock stars in the process. The *Struggling Man* that followed was a beautiful musical metaphor. The song goes around three times, illustrating a man's struggle with his demons: the first is very discordant; the second less so; and the third, with the Jerryettes back on stage for backing vocals, is a triumphant exultation as the character surmounts his troubles. *Lucky Old Sun* was appropriately mournful

Dave Matthews Band Strikes Gold With New Album

by August West

Three years ago, Dave Matthews, a self-described "closet guitarist," was slinging drinks in a Charlottesville jazz bar. Today, his five-man band is climbing the rock 'n' roll hill of fame. The Dave Matthews Band's independently produced first album, *Remember Two Things*, entered *Rolling Stone's* Alternative Music chart (March 10 issue) at No. 6, based on sales at Wuxtry Records in Athens, Ga.; total sales are approaching 25,000 after just three months. There are a growing number of gigs with Phish, Widespread Panic and Col. Bruce Hampton and the Aquarium Rescue Unit. This summer, DMB will head into the recording studio to cut the first of two discs for RCA Records. It's all been rather dizzying for the 27-year-old South African.

"We've been really lucky," Matthews concedes. While the band has worked hard, they've also received a lot of crucial support, especially from manager Coran Capshaw, who promoted the band for free its first year. The support staff now numbers about eight and handles the crucial details, from bookings to publicity to moving equipment, allowing the performers to concentrate on the music.

"We've worked through a lot of phases that many people haven't gotten out of," Matthews says. "It's been a pretty steady climb, so we've been able to keep a freshness about the whole experience."

Certainly, the band's music is fresh. It is a conglomeration of different styles and sounds that mix together to give the group's songs a rich and diverse texture. Matthews, who comes from a folk background, plays an acoustic guitar, which adds one dimension. Bass player Stefan Lessard, 19, came from a jazz background and has the only electric sound in the band. Drummer Carter Beauford, 34, is the son of a jazz trumpet player and brought fusion jazz and Latin influences to the band. But the really unique sound of DMB comes from LeRoi Moore, a 31-year-old jazz saxophone player with classical training and Boyd Tinsley, 29, a classical violinist who cuts loose on stage.

The sound they create is something Matthews simply calls "American music," because it combines traditional jazz, South African, jazz fusion, pop and Latin influences. The unusual combination of sax and violin "gives the music a very different but captivating sound because they're very unique players," Matthews says. "They double as a horn section on a lot of songs." Add in the guitars and Beauford's drums and you get music that's impossible to pigeonhole. "It's very pop because people can eat it easily; it's not offensive. There's a lot of spontaneity, but it's not in the jazz genre. Our music is a good example of Americana because it's just a big mixture. Maybe you could call it 'Americana Pop.'"

Improvisation keeps the music fresh, although there are limits to the band's musical ramblings. "We don't wander into space too often," Matthews says. "Usually, it's tight and sewn up."

Moore, the sax player, says jazz was his main influence. "But at this stage, I really don't consider myself a jazz musician." The band's free-flowing style gives Moore a chance to explore melodies. "I have plenty of space to improvise, to try new ideas."

That was evident during the sound check before a Feb. 24 show at the Flood Zone, Richmond's premier bar/band venue. Moore blew a melody and then told Tinsley, "Play harmony to this." The violinist picked up the theme and put his own twist on it. Then Moore turned to Lessard and Matthews, told them the melody was in A, and the two guitarists laid their own lines underneath it. Drummer Beauford then picked up the beat and Moore was free to blow his sax outside the melody.

This same experimental process led the band to improvise its way through a new tune called *Number 36*, which evolved during a rehearsal. "I was working that morning on a chord progression and Carter was sitting in on the sound check playing groove," Matthews recalls. "I just changed the rhythm on the guitar lines and it fit into what he [the drummer] was playing." Then the bass, sax and violin players joined in, massaged the tune in their own ways and a song evolved.

Number 36 is unusual in that respect, though. Matthews is the main songwriter for the band and the usual song development technique is for Matthews to bring a basic chord structure and words to the band with the expectation that his partners will flesh out his offering. "Like if you unplug Led Zeppelin and just

have Robert Plant playing the guitar and singing the songs -- minus everything else -- that would be my fusion and everybody else would add to the structure beyond that," Matthews explains.

Matthews was born in Johannesburg, the third of four children. His father, a physicist, moved the family to the New York City suburb of Westchester when Matthews was 2. His father died when he was 10 and the family returned to Johannesburg, where Matthews stayed through high school. He came back to the U.S. when he was age 19, but traveled between Europe, South Africa and the States before joining his mother and several siblings in Charlottesville in 1987. He waited tables and bartended at a jazz bar called Miller's for about five years. That's where Matthews met Moore and Beauford, who played there.

Matthews had been practicing guitar in his bedroom for years and had six or seven songs down. "A lot of the time I find a groove that I like on the guitar and I just start singing, whatever falls out of my mouth," he says of his songwriting technique. "I just sort of follow the route. 'This is the feeling I get from the song, the words coming out, they seem appropriate.' Often I write words and then just throw them away and continue to work on some different words." One song is simply titled, *The Song That Jane Likes*, because his younger sister, Jane, 24, liked the melody.

Like the Grateful Dead, Matthews purposely makes his songs lyrically ambiguous so listeners can draw their own meaning from his words. Several fans have interpreted a song called *Recently* to be about an inter-racial couple: "People stare and we just ignore them; What's the use of hiding out; She says all the time, Let their eyes do the worrying about." But Matthews says the song simply describes a publicly passionate relationship he was involved in and isn't about race at all. "I like my songs to be ambiguous enough so people can make whatever they'd like of it," he explains.

The most consistent theme to Matthews' songs reflects his philosophy that despite the greed, selfishness, possessiveness and raw competition in the world, we should focus on living life to the fullest. "My songs tend to be about making the best of your time," he says. "Often they get preoccupied with death and pain and loss. But basically, the one thing that's reoccurring is, 'What's the use of worrying; it doesn't matter because we're here, so make the best of it. Each day goes faster and time passes by and our time on earth gets shorter.'" The refrain to *Tripping Billies*, for example, is: Eat, drink and be merry, For tomorrow we die."

In early 1991, with the idea of cutting a demo tape, bartender Matthews asked Moore and Beauford to help him. The trio then approached Lessard, who at 16 was a bass player mature beyond his years, about playing electric bass on the recording. When the group was rehearsing *Tripping Billies*, Moore said a violin would sound good on the song and Tinsley was recruited (his aggressive violin playing now leads the song).

"At first it was a very strange mixture," Matthews recalls of those early days. "But right from the beginning, there was this great energy. We're all really different people and we all go to our different corners when the gig is over because we're different ages and come from different backgrounds. But the chemistry when we come together on stage is really interesting. That makes for a really unusual sound."

Gradually, other performing commitments melted away and the quintet solidified



Dave Matthews Band

Dave Matthews Band, continued

into a solid unit. They were booked weekly at Trax in Charlottesville on Tuesday nights and Richmond's Flood Zone on Wednesday nights, traveling to out-of-town gigs on other days. Their reputation has spread, partly because of wide distribution of DMB concert bootlegs. Soundman Jeff "Bagby" Thomas, who has been with the band since an Earth Day gig in 1991, is kind enough to allow tapers to plug into the soundboard and he even supplies power outlets to plug into. In addition, There's a Dave Matthews message exchange on the Internet so fans can keep in touch with each other. The computer mailbox was started by students at the University of Vermont, a state where DMB has not yet played. Live taping "has done a hellava job for us in getting the word out," Matthews acknowledges.

The band had to cancel some dates in January when Matthews got word that his older sister had been murdered by her husband, who then killed himself. He and other family members flew to South Africa. Soon, his sister's surviving children, ages 3 and 6, will move to Charlottesville to join the rest of the family.

In mid-February, the band regrouped and hit the road again. It's repertoire now includes about 40 songs, and there are plans to put out another five-song album under their own label before going into the studio to cut their first big-label disc for RCA.

But the draw, for both band and fans alike, still remains the live shows. "We get turned on by the crowd being turned on," Matthews says. "We're aggressive for live audiences because we like to rise to the occasion and it's fun to jam and we're young, so we like to go crazy."

DICK LATVALA INTERVIEW, continued from page 9

Gans: Well, I feel kind of the same way about my gig, you know, but you've been a great associate. It's been great fun. You're the guy that I work with when I go into the vault to get out tapes and it's always been really fun to go in there with you and to compare notes, and I think our knowledge and our tastes are complementary enough that we always have a good time when we're poking around in there.

Latvala: Oh boy, is it exciting! Let's go with it.

Gans: I'm there! And as I was saying, I'm only ever able to play fragments of things in an interrupted hour on the radio, which is kind of limiting in a certain sense, but it's liberating in another because it's not my mission to put out whole sets. So I'm glad that you now have an expanded format that may not be entire shows, but it's certainly all the good stuff from a given show. So it ties in nicely. As long as I've been putting the Grateful Dead Hour on the radio, I've been wanting to say, "...and if you like what you hear tonight, you can call this number and get that." So here we go.

Latvala: Right on.

Barbara Mitchell's SPECTRASPHERE

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Review by Bill Melton

Technology continues to convert the mundane into the sublime. First, the typewriter becomes a Macintosh. Now the kaleidoscope, a simple cardboard tube with a stained-glass personality, has reached the multimedia silver screen.

SPECTRASPHERE applies a background of soothing music to the ever-changing shapes and hues we all know and love from youthful days. The result is something its creator, Barbara Mitchell, hopes will be a therapeutic tool for this stressful world we live in.

She envisions its commercial use in such places as dentists' offices, hospitals, hospices, airplane flights, night clubs, during breaks at seminars, etc.

The first of three "visual suites" features classical music, both upbeat and regal. The second has hauntingly beautiful pan pipes and other New Age tunes, and the finale is light modern music. Or you can turn off the soundtrack and play your own favorites. The visuals work with just about any type of music.

The SPECTRASPHERE Projections System is actually a "visual instrument," its maker says. It is played by an experienced operator who controls the imagery.

If you are into stress reduction, you might give this a shot.

CD/VIDEO REVIEWS

Reviews by Bill Melton

Trios

Rob Wasserman and friends

MCA/GRP

13 cuts, total time 57:16

Wasserman's bass playing takes on new depth and range with the addition of a pair of colleagues per cut. As in his previous *Solos* and *Duets*, *Trios* allows Rob to show off in good company. Only this time, with the addition of a third participant, and the use of all-original material, Wasserman and his famed colleagues are allowed to soar to new heights. Each song on this recording was written especially for and/or by the trio who performs it. This makes quite an interesting ensemble for an album. Five years in the making, highlights include *White-Wheeled Limousine*, an urban lament by Bruce Hornsby; *Dustin' Off the Bass*, Willie Dixon's final recording; and *American Popsicle*, in which Edie Brickell yodels and Jerry Garcia fires his MIDI into the heartland -- destined to become the National Anthem.

I also enjoyed the instrumentals, where Rob gets to stretch into such realms as blues, Euroethnic and country.

It's an ambitious project, and it comes off well. Brian Wilson and his daughter Carnie, reunited in the studio to record the song *Fantasy is Reality/Bells of Madness*, an emotionally-charged tune which was recorded at L.A.'s Ocean Way Recording, which incidentally is where most of the Beach Boy's songs were recorded back in the 60's. For this cut, Brian played an organ donated by his mother Audrey -- who was also present during the recording. This moving song captures not only Brian and Carnie's similarities, but it's almost haunting aura echoes of spiritual bonding as well. Also featured on the album are Elvis Costello, Marc Ribot, Chris Whitley, Les Claypool, Bob Weir and Neil Young, and a duo from the guerrilla classical Kronos Quartet.

Rob Wasserman has a body of work in *Trios* he should be very proud of. After touring and recording with literally hundreds of popular musicians over the last 15-20 years, it's nice to see that a bass player can become the headliner in his own right.

Who's Driving?

God Street Wine

Ripe & Ready/Performance

Eight cuts, total time 66:39

This quintet from New York kept Jerheads up late last fall at Richmond's Flood Zone after the JG show. Their funky groove even pulled a few normally entropic individuals onto the dance floor. The closing *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* was some fierce lullaby.

The band's second release is, appropriately, a live one. Here is another band with Dead Clone roots that is gradually carving its own sound. It's quite listenable, and mostly danceable, with a few overly hippified introspections that might sound better much later in the evening.

God Street Wine, despite the name, is getting strong reviews from small presses all over the place. Is the big time on the horizon? Could be, but first they have to decide who's driving.

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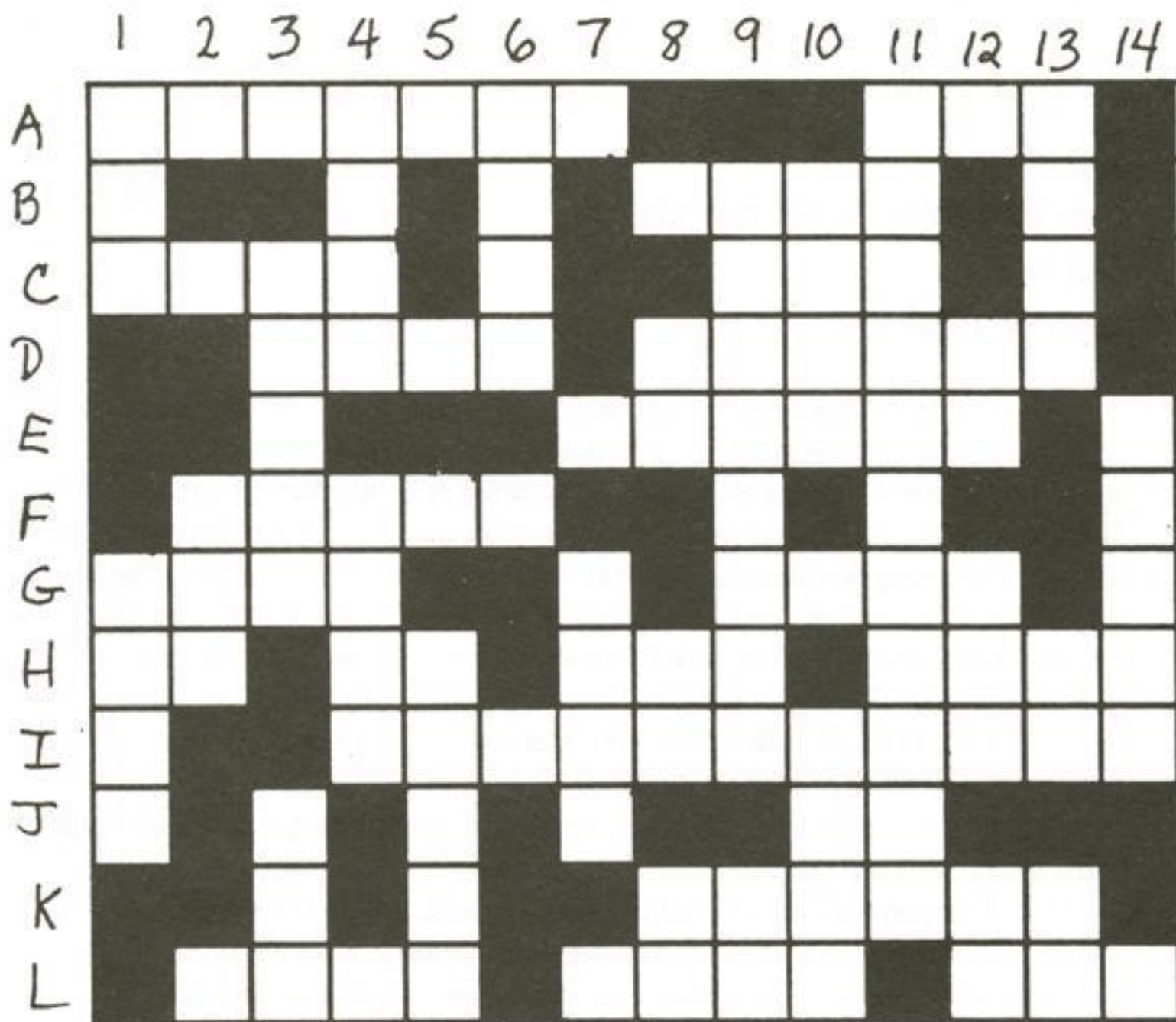
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NEW SONGS CROSSWORD

by Geoff Weed



Across:

- A1: "New" revival of old Hunter tune
- A11: You _____ Again
- B8: Group benefitting from 12-26-80
- C1: "Ain't no time to hate, barely time to _____"
- C9: Bubbles or stuffed Dancing bear, e.g.
- D3: Some do it behind the soundboard
- D8: Barry of the 60's SF scene (or Bill of the UC scene)
- E7: "Tomorrow Is Forever" author
- F2: _____ Pages (performed 8-26-71)
- G1: Song list bible: Dead _____
- G9: Good place for food after a show (abbrev.)
- H1: Part of Terrapin: _____ A Siding
- H4: Dead played 15 shows in this state in 1991
- H7: Month of 1989 Spectrum shows (abbrev.)
- H11: Lover of the Dead, for short
- I4: New Jerry ballad
- J10: "Listen to the thunder shot, I _____!"
- K8: _____ of the Devil
- L2: The _____ Between
- L7: Common post-show facial expression
- L12: "He'll rip your lungs out, _____"

Down:

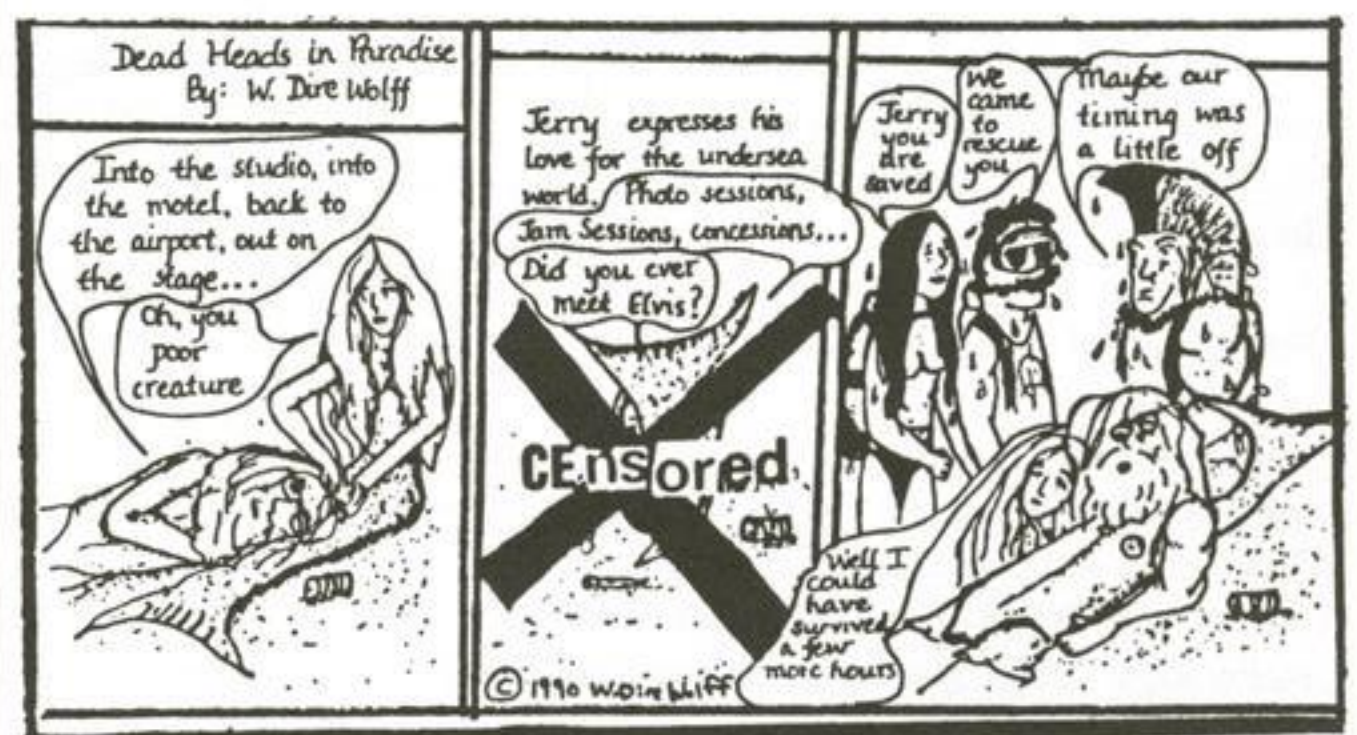
- A1: I Fought the _____
- A4: 1982 New Years guest: _____ James
- A6: "Til my _____ is told and done"
- A11: New Vince tune
- A13: "...in the _____ day sun"
- B9: Bob's latest
- B10: Amp crew's measurement
- C3: "...moving _____ for the mob"
- D8: 1987 T-shirt, It's Allright _____ I'm Only Dead
- D12: Jammin'
- E14: Deadhead jewelry component
- F2: "...to _____, left the monkey sittin' on the driver's seat"
- F4: Songlist scribbler's need
- G1: One way to get a SF area show
- G7: A lost sailor's vessel, a paper canoe, or a ship of fools
- G12: Might be found in a Veggie burrito
- H5: "Let the words be _____"
- H8: Abbrev. found on Hamilton tapes, maybe
- H13: Way for tapers to meet other tapers
- I10: New encore tune
- J3: _____ Hog For You Baby
- K8: Country where 10/18/90 show was played (abbrev.)
- K9: State where 3/30/86 show was played (abbrev.)
- K12: State where last East Coast Dylan & the Dead show was played (abbrev.)
- K13: Lady _____: First performed 12/12/81

Phish Word Find

by Joe Herbert

ESTOVULMESHKEESZANTOVOLWHA KONX
 SPSALPOMAILSBSPABELVOSJXVERFJA
 TROXMDGTBEMJDM LMFASMIJYAWANURS
 SATLCFTASLDSXAISIDBLSATISFMOBO
 OKHAELOSMGIBTKTQUKETNOPASATNOT
 NIGBUTHHTABIOAPORMNEMAVGOADTSUW
 GGULGXNHSJSDCAPFTAPSVFBSSXYNA
 OPEKIFARATPCTJGEINKGOSCTINSTOOCI
 LHLHFDMSEFOTFBENLSALGASOZPSTUBIF
 GUAPMKELPLSLARTAIIBDJVEZNIKEMNG
 IGHNRNFOBXULSHMNCMFEIAOZG PINMGR
 AMPMRWCHFJAEUSDAARSXSTEUWWJSAP
 PKABOYSFBVMOQCMZNPILMSMOGHORR
 PJPOHIHWFOAAAXEZGAPUTIBISXYMOA
 ABYFFEKORPDTAZYLIRZHQDKAPWMGUD
 RARXADLHNOBDAZETLSIEVISTEOUYBNI
 AMUDUDIZKDXREAPCORGVESWJMPSYDW
 TBSUBNLZASTVFYOBNEWALMBHIKPEKTX
 UAWGUBDZBFCBNCIGDJRRIJEAULWHO
 SKOVJUZZGKAIXTBTSOTWEEZERSGFPEB
 ASSNZGXCBPRALSATRACCBYKPIRMARZ
 BDFZKANEJLCDIVIDEDESKYLYGWZYOZO
 ETPDUTRUZKTHCSUSIEGRENBURGYHOK
 SOKALCNZKMEOHMDPSSAWHWVMKJMXMZ
 NOLDRUJDCVLP IARATCENFOREHCTIPA
 ADVWXKNAIODCMXVAFRMELTIGRUNBHO
 FBLCGUZYUDAWVC DUOJQXYMYAMPEYA
 BOGYOKFWEEKAP AUGGROOVEPAOZOAJL
 LYOMOGDKOZKRJAYMEVUMYZOZXMNNOT
 OZERUTROTTSUDKLAHCAMJHCAZULSTA

- | | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
| A PITCHER OF NECTAR | GLIDE | PHISH |
| AC/DC BAG | GOLGI APPARATUS | POSSUM |
| ANTELOPE | GUELAH PAPYRUS | REBA |
| BATHTUB GIN | HARRY HOOD | RIFT |
| BFFCFM | HORN | RUNAWAY JIM |
| BOUNCING AROUND THE ROOM | HORSE | SILENT IN THE MORNING |
| CAVERN | IT'S ICE | SLOTH |
| CHALKDUST TORTURE | KUNG | SPARKLE |
| CONTACT | LAWN BOY | SPLIT OPEN AND MELT |
| DAVID BOWIE | LIZZARDS | SQUIRMING COIL |
| DIDN'T KNOW | LLAMA | STASH |
| DIVIDED SKY | MANGO SONG | SUSIE GREENBURG |
| ESTHER | MAZE | TREY |
| FEE | MIKE | TWEEZERS |
| FISH | MIKE'S SONG | VERMONT |
| FLUFFHEAD | MOUND | WEEKAPAUG GROOVE |
| FOAM | PAGE | YOU ENJOY MYSELF |



Bruce Hornsby Concert Review
The Vogue Theater
Vancouver, Canada, 9/23/93

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Bruce Hornsby's first post-Range tour is the absence of a guitar in the band. Think about it: How many rock and roll shows have you ever seen without a guitar player in the band? In addition to Bruce himself, the new band is comprised of a sax and trumpet horn section, a second keyboardist, a female vocalist, former Range drummer John Molo and former Yellowjackets' bass player Jimmy Haslip. Its an interesting lineup that definitely works well on some of Bruce's jazzier material. In a way, it sort of reminded me of the Allman Brothers decision after Duane Allman's death to replace him not with another guitar player, but with Chuck Leavell, a second keyboardist. Still, the Allmans had Dickey Betts as a lone guitarist in that lineup. Hornsby's new band has a nice sound, but occasionally the lack of a guitar hurts when you're waiting to hear a solo that just doesn't happen.

In spite of that one minor complaint, Hornsby, as usual, turned in a stellar performance. The two set show clocked in at about two and a half hours with three encores. Aside from being one of the greatest keyboard players on the planet, Bruce always seems to love playing live and that warmth clearly transmits to the audience. After opening up with *Harbor Lights* and *China Doll* from the new album, Bruce apologized for his three year absence from Vancouver and told the audience that the band was still taking requests. Almost immediately, shouts of "Jack Straw," "U.S. Blues" and "Not Fade Away" went up from the crowd. Bruce responded with a smoking *Scarlet Begonias* that featured a great bass and organ intro and a nice horn solo in the middle. Perhaps the most interesting request Hornsby performed was the Band's *Evangeline*. After receiving that request, Bruce apologized and said that while he loved the song, the band had never done it before. The woman pleaded with Hornsby and he agreed to try it. The version they did was obviously sloppy, with repeated confusion over who was singing what verse and who was doing what solo, but you've just got to love a performer who tries so hard to please his audience.

Other show highlights included *The Tide Will Rise* from the new album, the first set-closing *Across the River*, and the two medleys of *The Road Not Taken* into *Workin' in a Coalmine* and *A Night on the Town* into *Aiko, Aiko*. For me, though, the quintessential Bruce moment of the whole show came in the middle of the show-closing *Valley Road*. While the rest of the band rocked out, Hornsby stopped playing and just started grinning. For about a minute, Bruce just sat there with his arms folded, smiled and watched the rest of the band and looked out at the crowd. In addition to being good at it, the man obviously loves what he does for a living.

—Scott Pegg

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The Original Unofficial Joint Smoking Rules

by Simon Worman

Review by Rebecca Quate

Available from:
 Simon Worman, P.O. Box 1238
 Lawrence, KS, 66044-8238
 \$15.95 plus \$2.95 S&H

Simon Worman's joint-smoking rule book is a hilarious glimpse into the world of pot smoking. A hemp activist from Lawrence, Kansas, Worman succeeds in shedding a funny perspective on the drug issue and how our society has adapted to its own mandates. This book happens to be the first book in 57 years to be printed on paper industrially produced from hemp. However, smoking the pages won't get the reader high because they do not contain any THC (sorry); but the pages are just as entertaining.

There is a glossary of pot-smoking terminology and 75 rules of which you must follow to have proper etiquette when smoking ganja, cheeba, bush, giggle weed, grefa, chitari, liamba, herb, rope, rose marie, dagga, kilter or kind bud (just to name a few of the synonyms for marijuana.) All rules are explained if not already self-explanatory and indicate a penalty if necessary.

RULE #7 -- The "You Wanna Smoke One" Rule: If you want to smoke a joint, you should be able to roll one.

RULE #32 -- The "Taking Longer Than the Allotted Amount of Time" Rule: If someone has to keep reminding you of your hit, and you keep taking too long to take your toke, you lose it.

RULE #72 -- The Special Occasion Rule: If you are going somewhere for a special occasion, then you need to take along at least one joint. Example: It's Mike's birthday. I'm going to take him a Big Fat Joint!

These are just a few of the rules besides the basics; like the wake-n-bake rule, the snooze you lose rule, and the lightweight rule.

The book that began as a joke between friends several years back has heightened political and environmental awareness of the possibilities about legalizing hemp. Worman's stance is that he is not selling or condoning the use of drugs, only humor and that our First Amendment Rights should be respected. All this from a "joint" guy. "Pipes and bongos confuse me," Simon sez.

The key point by the author and his lighthearted outlook is "If you don't burn this at a revival, we won't either." Whether a smoker or a nonsmoker, it's all pretty relative...and amusing!

Gong Xi Fa Cai!

Chinese New Year's reviews

Oakland Coliseum, February 25, 26 & 27

Reports from the West Coast are that the Chinese New Year's run was a solid trio of performances. Bobby's voice was strong all three nights. Saturday's second show was cited as the best played overall, while Sunday's Chinese New Year's spectacle was a dazzler. Sunday night even featured a tantalizing *Cosmic Charlie* jam that most in attendance swear was going full-bore until Jerry switched gears into *WharfRat*. (*Cosmic Charlie* was last played on September 25, 1976, at the Cap Center -- now US Air Arena -- according to Deadbase.)

"The boys are playing so well these days that hardly a tune doesn't please," *Illini D* wrote on the America Online computer network. "Of course we want to be blown away by every rendition and so we return time and again hoping to be taken to new heights, to experience the ultimate magical moment only the boys can deliver. Although little new ground was broken and much was predictable, we got some of those elusive thrills in Oakland."

First night had a good first set, although the volume was low for the *Jack Straw* and *Peggy-O* openers. *Ramble On Rose* really got the crowd moving and *Loser* featured a hot jam. The *Cassidy* was sensational, laced with squeaky notes and atonal chords that added tension and counterpoint and gave a whole new meaning to the song. The brilliance of *Cassidy* made the *Don't Ease Me In* set closer a let-down.

The second set was highlighted by a fine *Truckin' > Spoonful > He's Gone* leading into *drums*. *The Last Time* was a nice progression from *space*. Jerry simply tore the lid off *Stella Blue* and the *Sugar Magnolia* was played hard and fast. But there was great disappointment in *Deadland* with the all-too-predictable encore. West Coasters have dubbed it *I Bought the Slaw*, indicating that the Bobby Fuller Four tune, introduced into the Dead's repertoire in snowy Ohio just one year ago, has worn out its welcome after filling the encore slot every fourth show in 1993.

The second night's song selection was not conducive to dancing. While well played, *Cold Rain and Snow*, *Wang Dang Doodle*, *Althea* and *Black-Throated Wind* are not exactly boogie tunes. But *Loose Lucy* got the crowd moving. Phil's *Broken Arrow* would prove to be his only vocal turn of the three-show Oakland run. The *Music Never Stopped* set closer featured a nice Vince solo, but the whole set seemed slim.

Raves all around for the second set's remarkable *jam > Eyes of the World > Estimated Prophet > Terrapin Station > jam*. Vince jammed out on *Eyes* and Bobby strutted his stuff at the front of the stage and put his lungs into his *Estimated* lines. One of our correspondents said the first half of the second set was reminiscent of vintage Dead, circa early '70s. The fireworks onstage were accompanied by a dazzling video/light show on the circular screen above the stage that melted the minds of some concert goers. The post-*space Miracle* lead to a *Standing On The Moon* that was really beginning to soar until Jerry broke a string in mid-jam. But the rest of the band picked up the pace for the *Saturday Night* closer that fired on all pistons. Chants of "St. Stephen" filled the Coliseum that night and Sunday night.

While *Stephen* didn't appear on the final night, there were two very intriguing and distinguishable jams in the second set. Acrobats and Chinese dancers performed beautiful and breathtaking feats for the crowd and the stage was decorated with two large circular tapestries with a lightning bolt ying-yang and a dog to celebrate the Year of the Dog. *Gong Xi Fa Cai!*

The first set had its ups and downs. Vince boosted *New Minglewood Blues* with a nice boogie-woogie touch. Cowboy Bob trotted out the long-dormant *Mama Tried* (hadn't been played since January 25, 1993, in Oakland) and reconnected it to *Mexicali Blues*. The well-played *Tennessee Jed* had a nice jam but *Easy Answers* was a disappointing set closer.

There were great fireworks in the second set, both musically and visually. A strong, rockin' *Touch of Grey* to open (again with great visuals) followed by Sunday's traditional *Samson & Delilah*. *Uncle John's Band* evolved into a jam that evolved into a distinct but brief *Supplication* tease and back into a jam before *Corrina* led into the drum barrage, providing the perfect soundtrack for the Chinese New Year's parade. Out came a huge smoke-belching dragon, which roamed through the audience. Wiggly barking Fu dogs yelped as the dragon molted into a skeleton and was lifted up and away into the steaming glowing nether world at the top of the arena to usher in the dogs' year. A jamming space pounded into *The Other One*, which built and flowed into the most exciting moment of the run: A distinct *Cosmic Charlie* jam! It may have only lasted a minute or two, but everyone who was there heard it and swears by it. The band was jamming full-tilt into a *Cosmic* boogie when Jerry jerked them into a perfectly fine *WharfRat*. *Lovelight* was a lovely show closer and the *Rain* encore was thoughtful and left the crowd smiling.

Thanks also to Allen Sklar and Eugene Evon



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Timothy Leary at VCU

On November 30, 1993, I attended Dr. Timothy Leary's lecture at Virginia Commonwealth University in the Student Commons Building. Throughout the 2-1/2 hour presentation, a capacity crowd listened respectfully to Dr. Leary. As he spoke, he referred frequently to a video playing on a large screen monitor behind him. Produced jointly by Dr. Leary and the Retinological Institute of Los Angeles, the film combined computer-generated images of a colorful psychedelic nature with archival footage illustrating the history of substance abuse and the repressive reactions it produces, intercut with scenes of violence against civil rights and anti-war protesters. At the conclusion of the program, he led a question and answer period and signed autographs.

In the beginning, we were warned by Dr. Leary that he was going to attempt to reprogram our brains, and that anyone not wanting to be reprogrammed should leave. Soft laughter arose and no one left. Before the video began, Dr. Leary explored his themes of independent thought, chaotic change, and resistance to unthinking acceptance of male-based authority. Wide ranging topics touched on included the visual basis of cathedral worship in the Middle Ages, the possible dominance of the future by the kids who were playing video games now, and the world wide network of people that could result from individuals programming their computers for themselves. As he began the video, Dr. Leary remarked that the design and realization of his film was the direct result of the combination of music and images in rock and roll performances by Sixties' bands, especially the Grateful Dead. He went on to say that the Dead were the only group active today who tried to give their fans a transforming experience to help them reach a higher level. The question and answer period began with an open invitation from Dr. Leary for hecklers to come forth, but none appeared. After about a dozen questions and some autographs, Dr. Leary concluded his appearance at VCU.

The only coverage of Dr. Leary's talk in the local newspaper was a disparaging article the next day. The reporter wrote not one word about the actual lecture and those in attendance, but relied solely on the comments of VCU students, none of whom were even said to have attended the lecture. In the course of the evening, I found Dr. Timothy Leary to be witty, intelligent, a friendly and conversational speaker, and very interesting. At age 73, there is no doubt that Dr. Leary is still very much a dynamic personality in tune with his life and times.

--by Michael F. Summers

Q My friend says the Rolling Stones are the most popular band in America. I say it's the Grateful Dead. Who's right?—Shirley Davis, Rochester, N.Y.

A If concert attendance is the criterion of popularity, you are. Despite creeping old age and the so-called passing of the drug culture, the Grateful Dead currently rank as the highest-grossing concert act in America. Over the last 12 months, according to the weekly trade paper "Amusement Business," the Dead rang up box-office receipts of nearly \$47 million. No other group came close. The last year in which the Stones were No. 1 in concert earnings was 1989, when they made a whopping \$73,426,873 at the box office.

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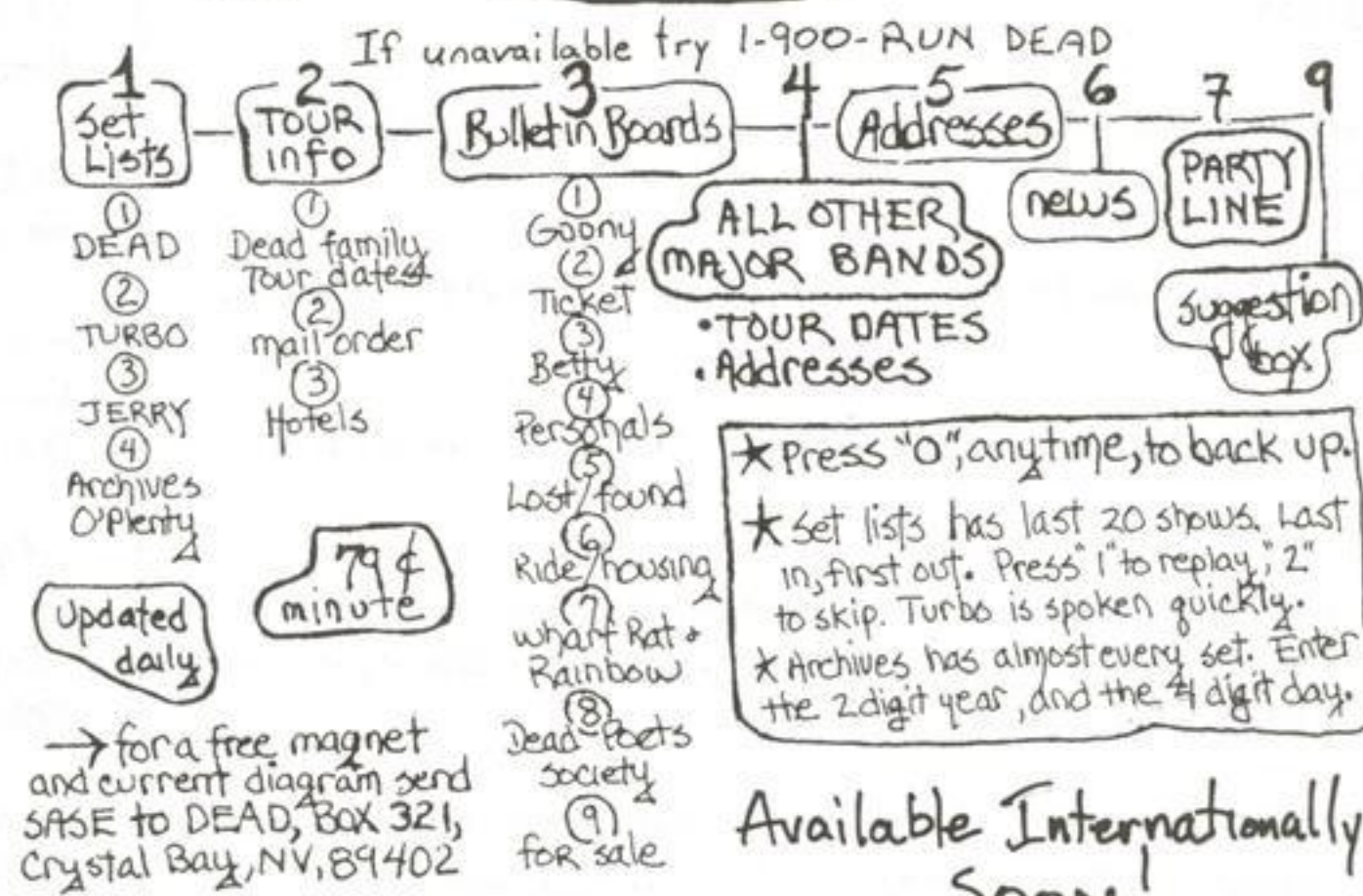
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STILL LOOKING for 1st show, 7/31/83. Also lots to trade, Ed Jones, 501 S. Knott Ave, Anaheim, CA 92804.

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DESP. SEEKING 4/23/84 and 1/11/79. Also, Bromberg traders. Where are you? Send to D. Tomanek, 1113 Blair Ave. Scranton, PA 18508.

DOES ANYONE have 9/3/88 Capital Center? 300 hrs. to trade. Dan Murphy, 2009 W. Dekle Ave., #3, Tampa, FL 33606.

HELP! Need 1991 JGB & Dead shows Hampton, 1993 Landover, Chapel Hill, & RFK shows, & Richmond JGB show. Bill-124 Beverly Rd., Ashland, VA 23005.

400 HOURS HQ GD to share with reliable traders who have the same. Please send lists to: Fran, 619 Mountain Ave., Bound Brook, NJ 08805.

SEEKING DEAD - Scranton, PA 4/13/71 - Lewisburg, PA, 4/14/71 - Have 2000 hrs Dead, JGB, Allmans, Jorma, Bromberg - Bruce Kaufer, Box 3456, Greensburg, PA 15601.

IS HELP ON THE WAY? Desperately seeking Chicago 6/18 and 19/93 shows!! Please help a head in the Land of Oz. Don Barnett, 4935 Briar, Roeland Park, KS 66205.

DANA, my love is bigger than a Cadillac. Say hi to Loose Lucy and my Rosalie McFall. Love always, Pete.

"ALL I NEED IS A LEFT-HANDED MONKEY WRENCH" - to kick start collection - will pay postage, handling & blanks. M. Mays, 2944 Denbeigh Dr., Hatfield, PA 19440-2848.

NICOLE AND TIM: Hope you enjoy this as much as we do! John and Monica.

HAVE 250 HR'S, mostly brds and 2 NAK's. Want: 11-14-73, 4-19-78, 12-12-93, '93 Tull. Christopher K. Reading, 11728 Caminito Corriente, San Diego, CA 92128.

LOOKING FORWARD to meeting many more *P Deadheads this spring on Florida Tour. Thanks LPS for a GRATE magazine! Love*peace*frogs,r'n'r rick.

WANT VIDEOS of the Dead, Clapton, Allman Bros, etc. Video or Audio. Tapes for trade. Carl Schlenger, 24 Tilton Ct., Baltimore, MD 21236.

GONE DIGITAL!! New DAT Trader looking for full digital SBD's no smcs. Will send blanks, Postage and many thanks. Russell, 9512 Brian Jac Ln. Great Falls, Va 22066, (703)759-4479.

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MIDDLE TENNESSEE WHARF RAT looking for others to share experience, strength, hope and tapes. All correspondence answered. Dawn Burden, 906 Amberwood Circle, Nashville, TN 37221.

NATE, I think the sun is baking your brain, you sleep through an earthquake, but fall when walking and trash your knee. Peace and love, Your Bro, Jake.

NATE, SEVE, GREG, NAT, Snapple Magic, Meadowlands, Choppers, Medic Tent, Trips to the Bronx. Hey Nate, did Jerry put you on a stretcher?

HUBIE - going to miss you on Spring Tour '94 but Meadowlands is just around the corner. STAY IN TOUCH - IMGR8FUL.

WANTED: QUALITY DEAD, JGB, Bobby etc., Have 1000+ hrs and use Yamaha KX-W952 to dub. Darin, P.O. Box 844, Methuen, MA 01844. PEACE TO ALL!

THANKS, Al Brelsford for 25 years of friendship, Dead shows and work. R.S.

SEEKING STONES 6/4/72 2nd show and J.A. Have list. B. Harada, 2313 N. 39th, Seattle, WA 98103.

THANK God for the Dead. Thank God for my Ma and Pa and God bless the Pacific Northwest. Gary J. Tacoma WA.

LOOKING for 12-17-70 and 12-20-70? (Dead & Crosby rehearsal) Jack Collier, 400 N. 11th St., Elwood, IN 46036.

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NEED HI-Q Phish, Zappa, Early Job (11-12-93). Lots HI-Q to offer. John Suter, 87 Thomas St., Brentwood, NY 11717.

WISHING EVERYONE the best in 1994. Be kind! Biz.

*P HEADS - "Hello" from Amy Knight. I miss you all and would love to hear from you. Peace! PO Box 128, Elmwood, MA 02337.

I WANT TO WISH Brad, Joe, Robbie and Trey all the best in life. All of you are missed. See you soon. Timmy.

COME ONE, COME ALL, to the Family Reunion. It might be the last time we meet. No Promises No Regrets.

BEGINNER, please help. Just starting. Will send tapes and postage. Please send instructions. Many thanks. Dan Russell, PO Box 5314, Fall River, MA 02723.

HEY MARTY! Enjoy and Merry Christmas! Love, Patti.

HIGH QUALITY JGB '93 wanted. Have 600 hrs audio, 75 hrs video to trade. Bob J., 60 Wyatt Road, Garden City, NY 11530.

GOTTA MAKE IT somehow on the dreams we still believe. Incarcerated-brother, 27, seeks kind correspondence - Peace & Love, Darin Seneca, 840 Albany-Shaker Rd, Albany, NY 12211.

LOOKING FOR DAT trades. Please send list. Kevin Umberger, 6628 Carolina Ave., Columbia, MD 21046.

NEED HQ GD, JGB, Traffic, New Bohemians, Phish, others. Send lists to Doug MacKinnon, 1938 Roberta Dr., Hamilton, OH 45013.

COMES A TIME to send me Bobby + Midnites 1/27/82 &/or 2/10/82. Lots to trade. Jesse Landis, 3685 Nolt Rd., Mount Joy, PA 17552.

BEGINNER NEED 10-28-77 Kansas City, 10-2-77 Portland. Will pay blanks, postage. NB, 303 Shady Lane, Elmhurst, IL 60126. Grateful thanks!

DESP. NEED of 1-26-93 and "grape jam". Have Phish etc. Ed Ransom, Buck Hill Rd., Shaftsbury, VT 05262.

HURRICANE DEAN: Wishing you all good things in all good times in Va., Md., even Nowhere, Tex. Everybody hide in the bathtub! Ken and Pam.

DAN, THANK YOU for showing me to live with the Dead. It must have been the roses. Love, Annie.

NEW COLLECTOR making up for lost time: Need 5/29/92 - Vegas, 8/27/93/- Shoreline, and legendary 8/27/72/- Eugene, any Egypt 78!! List! Doug, 1249 N. Oleander St., #2, Tempe, AZ 85281.

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RESCUER - APOLOGIES for the weirdness. Never stop believing. Keep smiling my sunshine. This soul misses you dearly. See you in March?! Happiness always....SSDD.

HIGH Becky + Dan, see ya at the Atlanta shows, Be Grateful til then. Deadhead Doug.

TO: GREG U, JOSH M, Randy G, Kevin C, my mom and Mary Jane. Thanks for keeping me on tour! Rob-dude.

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COLLECTOR looking for GD and related 45s, LPs, promo CDs, radio shows, press kits, etc. Excellent condition or better. No Boots or common stuff. Thanks! Tim Ratcliffe, 4112 S.W. Ida St., Seattle, WA 98136.

DENNY FROM MICHIGAN. We sat/talked at Oakland show 12/19/93. I'd like to continue. Please call Mark in Sacramento. (916) 484-3726. Leave message."

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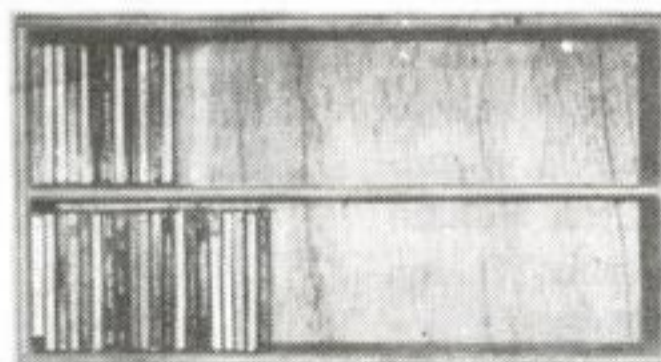
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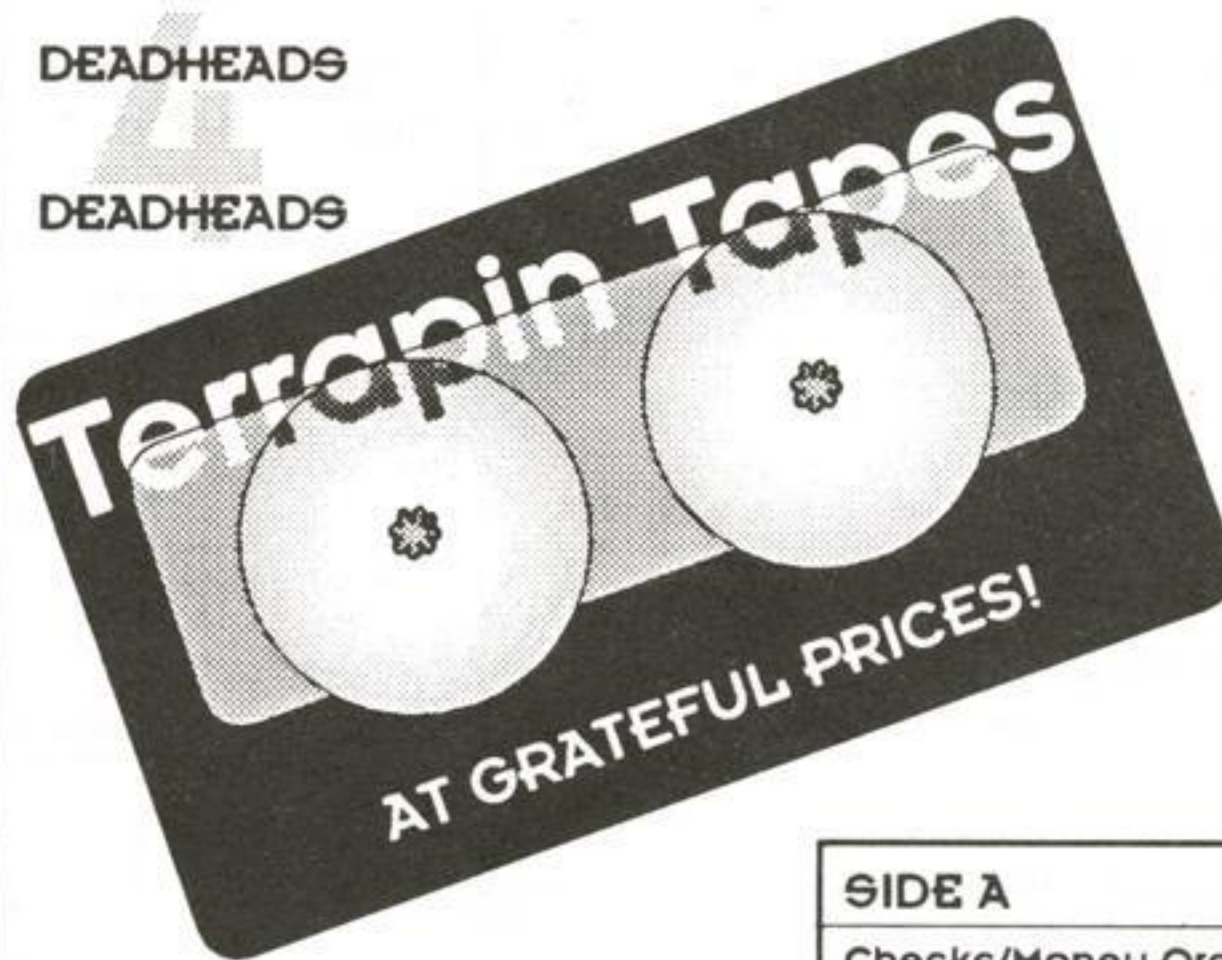
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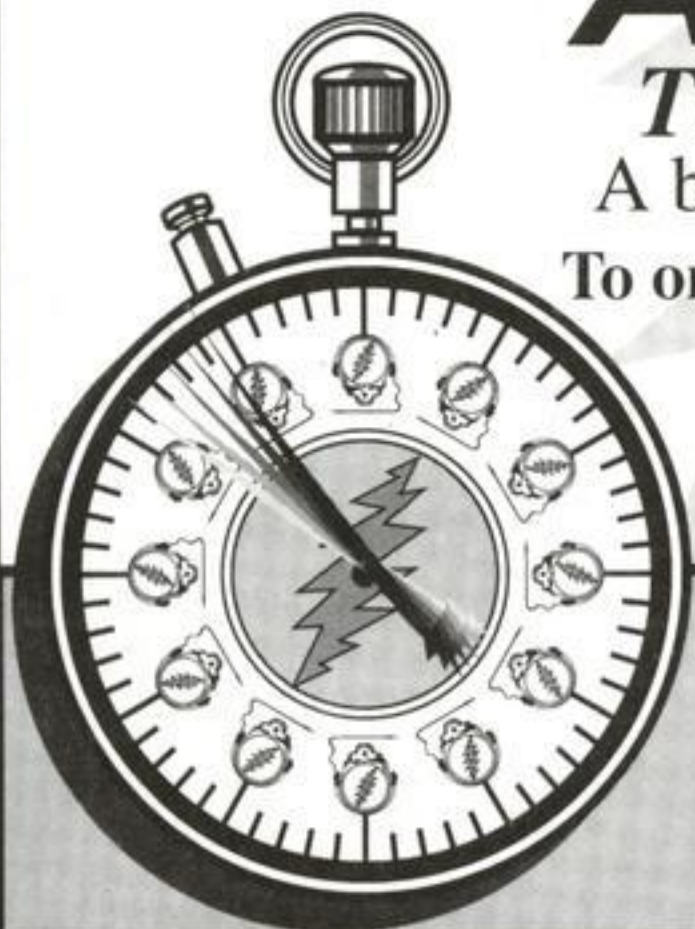
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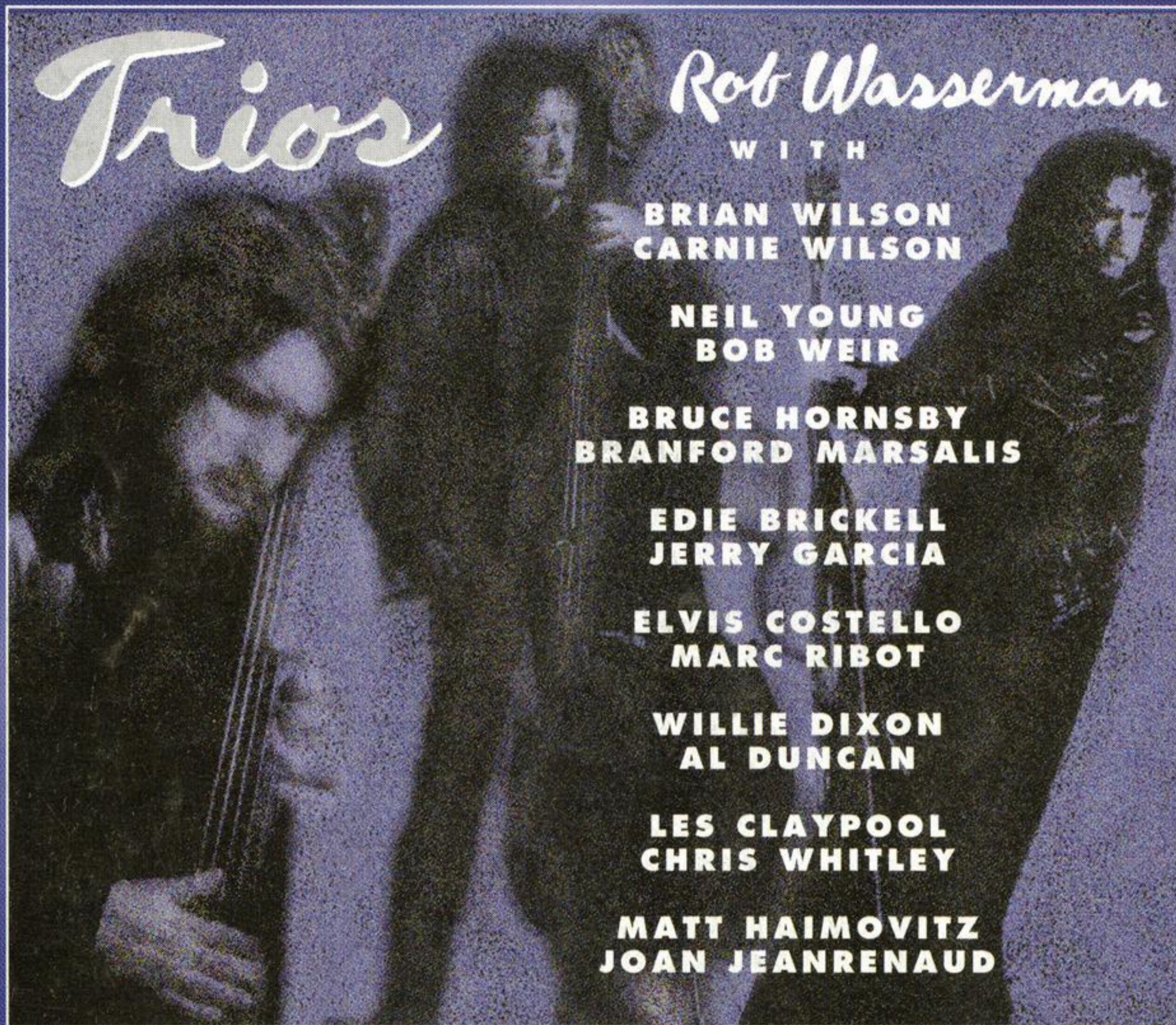


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