

Unbroken Chain

ISSUE NO. 53



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GRATEFUL DEAD
SUMMER TOUR 1995

DISPLAY UNTIL DEC. 15, 1995

**“... all we ever wanted
was to learn and love and grow.”**

Eight days after his 53rd birthday, Jerry Garcia died of a heart attack. There is nothing we can say that has not already been said.

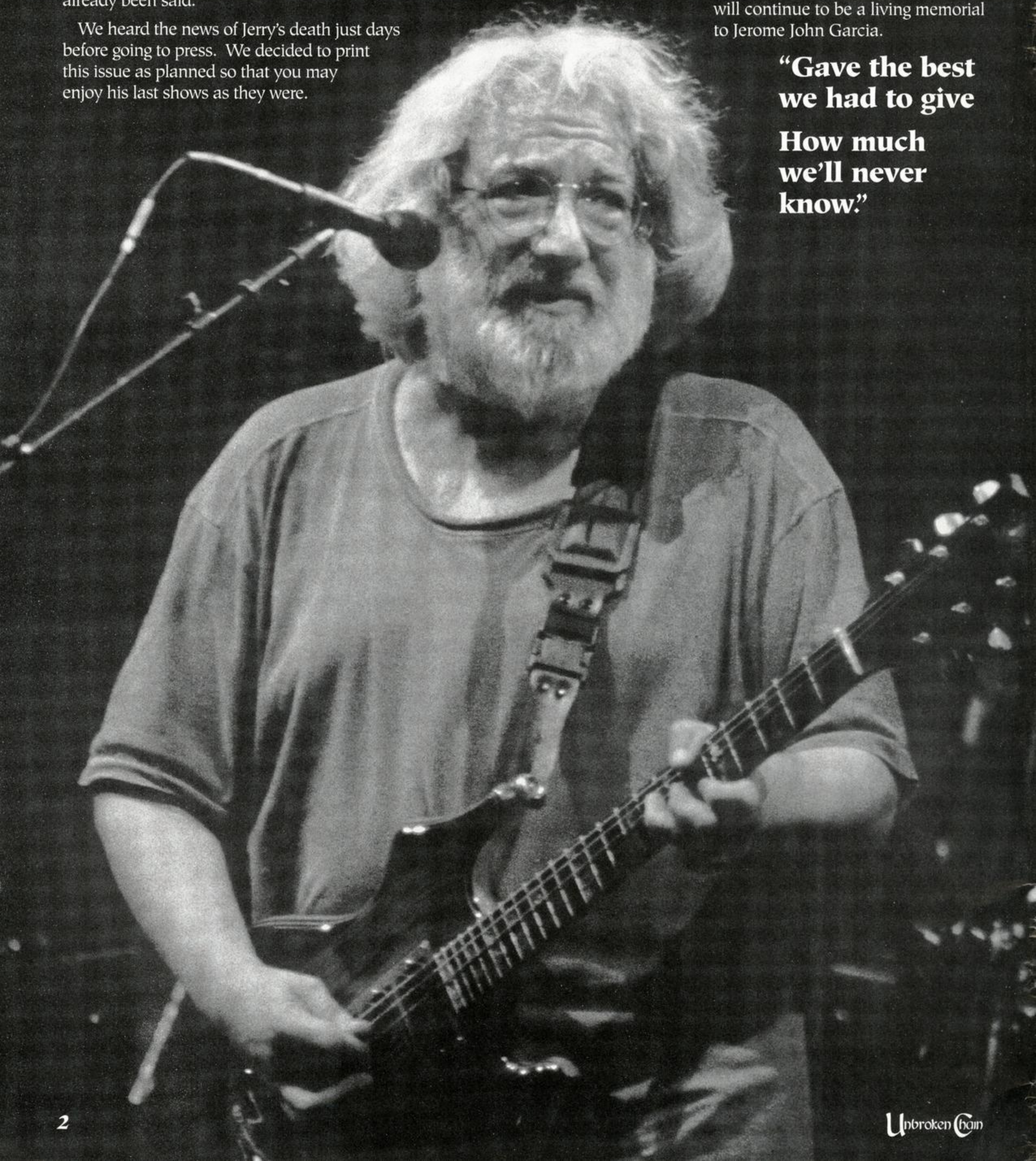
We heard the news of Jerry's death just days before going to press. We decided to print this issue as planned so that you may enjoy his last shows as they were.

We will publish a memorial to Jerry Garcia in late fall 1995.

The music of the Grateful Dead will continue to be a living memorial to Jerome John Garcia.

**“Gave the best
we had to give**

**How much
we'll never
know.”**



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Everyone who called, wrote, e-mailed,
and supported us following
the news of Jerry Garcia's death.
We love you all!

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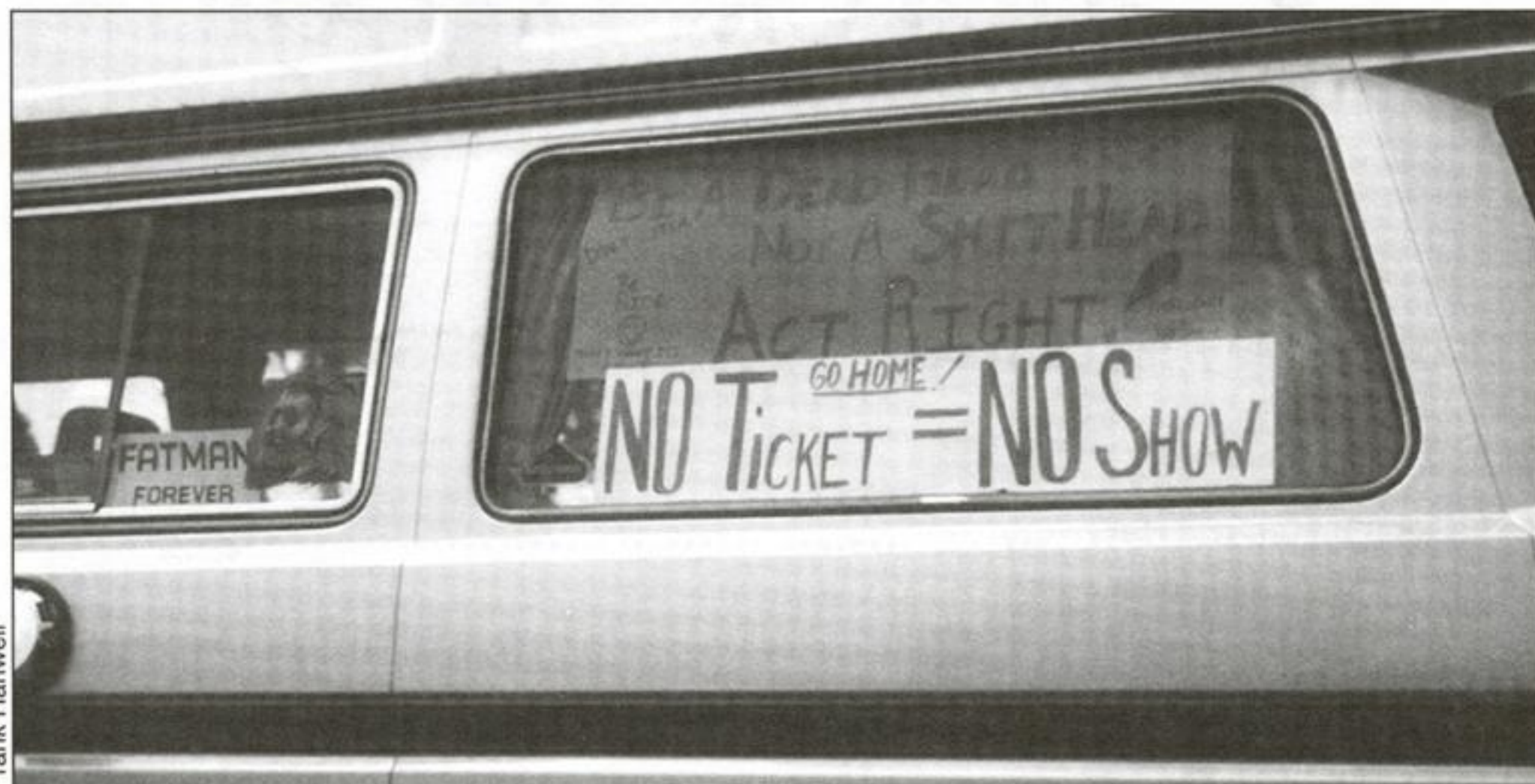
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Inside cover photo: Greg LaPlaca (Jerry Garcia - June 19, 1995 at Giants Stadium)

CHAIN REACTION



Frank Hanwell

En route to Riverport Amphitheatre

Dear Editor,

I just received my first issue of *Unbroken Chain* and I found it very interesting. I would like to comment about the article, "Interview With A Vault Archivist," in Issue #52.

I think the *Dick's Picks* project has been a great idea. However, there has been one consistent flaw: The performances which have been released are not complete concerts. I can imagine what Dick Latvala has to put up with in order to get a project out on the table: the condition of the master tape, the digital transfer of the tape, and most difficult, the permission of the musicians in the Grateful Dead.

I'd like to add a little insight about exactly what Deadheads expect from the music of the Grateful Dead. A Deadhead is a person who finds the music of the Grateful Dead to be something more than just music. We understand tape glitches, mis-fretted notes, and hoarse voices. These maladies of recorded music do not impede the pleasure of hearing an incredible performance of the Grateful Dead.

I will gladly invest in compact discs of the Grateful Dead. However, I will not purchase another incomplete *Dick's Picks* volume. I will just go on collecting DATs of the Grateful Dead to acquire a complete performance. Therefore, the Grateful Dead will not profit from my purchase of the released material. I don't mind paying money for *Dick's Picks*, but I don't like buying some mystery novel without an ending.

Sincerely,
Donald A. Loeffler

(Ed. - For more information and justification of the editing of *Dick's Picks*, see "An Interview with Dick Latvala: Keeper of The Vault" by David Gans in UC #47.)



Greetings everyone,

I made my yearly trip to RFK and I was very upset at the condition that the parking lots were left in. I know that most of my brothers and sisters reading this letter are not to blame and probably are feeling the same way that I am. I was totally disgusted with the amount of trash thrown everywhere.

As a practice, anytime I go to shows, camping, or anything of that nature, I pack up my garbage and recyclables to bring home with me. It occurred to me that if everyone was practicing "leave nothing but footprints," there would be no garbage left behind at all. I feel that it is not enough to leave the trash in heaping piles by the garbage cans. Let's face it, there is a lot more garbage produced at Dead shows than any other. I wouldn't be surprised if the Dead weren't allowed to play there next year. Just because they haven't been banned from a place in a while doesn't mean it won't happen again. If we all did our part, the world would be a much cleaner place.

Peace to all,
Lovebead
Milford, NJ

Dear *Unbroken Chain*,

Enclosed are a few articles from the *Burlington Free Press* describing the aftermath of Highgate. Once again, it appears that we have lost a killer venue due to the selfishness of a few. As a community, will we ever learn to respect not only the rights of each other, but also the rights of our sponsoring communities?

Personally, I don't care if people go to shows ticketless. What I do care about is that these brothers and sisters respect the scene and don't destroy property for the privilege of being inside the show. If you don't have a ticket, why can't you be content to enjoy just being? I always thought

we had a nice scene no matter which side of the gate you were on.

Also, I've always been under the impression that we were/are an enlightened group with the intelligence to create a positive environment. You know: A community that works together *and* is not a hindrance to itself. From the outside it would appear that we are a welfare state. There isn't a moment that passes without someone asking you to "spare" your food, drink, or merriment. Whatever happened to "sharing?" I find it easier to share than spare. Also, when I share, it's my choice not yours. Dig?

And whatever happened to just looking out for each other? When I climbed aboard the bus in 1969, I discovered that people cared enough to care. Today, we seem to be living the line from *Throwing Stones*, "I've got mine and you've got yours." In a caring world, these words don't apply. In our world, we need to practice what the lyrics say, (And I'm not talking about some other band. I'm talking Grateful Dead.) "Come on along or go alone."

Peace,

Hayward Bill

P.S. Even if you did crash the fence in Vermont, I still love you and need you.

Dear UC,

I've never written to you before, but I needed to say something about the recent insanity at Deer Creek. After really thinking about the whole fiasco for three days now, I can only conclude that what really canceled Monday's show was nothing short of vicious and serious violence by so-called Deadheads. From what I could feel, security and cops had "fear on their faces" as Heads erupted into a mob mentality and literally stormed the fence. It's bad enough that the mob tore through the fence of the best place left on East Coast summer tour, but they did so in a way that could have only increased the negative public perception of the band and what goes on at shows.

If real Heads (the non-violent kind) wonder why people and cops treat them unfavorably or single them out for undeserved suspicion, maybe they should listen to the tape and hear the crowd actually cheering as those psychotic, mob-mongering scene-wreckers came pouring through the fence during *Desolation Row*! I couldn't believe it and neither could other older Heads I talked with, but now we have to suffer because of a small percentage of raving idiots.

I know counterfeits abounded and a lot of people got their mail orders rejected, but that's why you shouldn't come to shows without tickets. It's not an excuse for violent behavior. On top of that, you could hear really well (I was told) outside.

'95 still rings in my head, now one full week later. Watching the selfish dismantling of the finest venue east of the Mississippi was traumatic, and while I pray that our scene will get another chance in Noblesville, I'll understand if it doesn't.

In my opinion, there are two groups who must take the blame: (1) the self-centered ticketless morons who decided they were going to take some initiative in their lives and treat themselves to a free concert and (2) the self-centered ticketless morons whose alcohol- and/or nitrous-soaked brains told them to follow group #1. These groups represent the kind of attitudes (immediate gratification and complacency) that we as Deadheads have to confront, as they are depleting the environment of the scene, and in particular, summer tour.

First of all, the nitrous has to go. Far be it from me to tell anyone what to huff, smoke, drink, or swallow, but this element is simply creating a zombie-filled war zone out of our parking lots, and draining the scene of needed revenue. Next time you're at RFK or any large East Coast venue, try to estimate the amount of money nitrous is taking away. Ten nitrous lines of twenty people each can sell \$1,000 worth in about three minutes. Multiply that by the fact that tanks hiss for hours and you'll understand why the

people who used to flourish by selling art work, food, and non-alcoholic beverages are now either just getting by or spare-changing us to death.

Alcohol sales in the parking lots is also getting out of hand. We, as Deadheads, used to welcome non-Deadheads into our scene the same way the fine people of Noblesville welcomed us into their city and venue. Now, certain newcomers are using the parking lot as an underage bar. They are abusing our scene, defecating on it, and leaving much more than footprints with no regrets. Bottom line: Your behavior at Deer Creek '95 has a direct effect on the possibility of Deer Creek '96, and if you don't care about Deer Creek '96, YOU DON'T BELONG THERE AND YOU'RE NOT WANTED!!

We responsible Deadheads must also re-evaluate our behavior. It is no longer positive input to steer clear of the parking lot and get to the show just in time to park and go in, then leave immediately after the show. Admittedly, this has been my schedule for the last few years, and even in the event I was in the lot early, I kept to



Joe Ryan

Turned away from Deer Creek on 7/3/95

myself and friends. Those of us who have been taking this route may want to consider that it is creating a lack of guidance for the confused, which are many. Some unobtrusive advice can go a long way. The band has just delivered the message: If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.

We need to aggressively nurture, and those who need to hear this most are probably not going to buy this magazine. Get out there and show them how to enjoy mutual respect, and maybe they'll discover there's more to freedom than getting wasted in the parking lot.

Tony Manger
Dunmore, PA

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SUMMER TOUR



Joe Ryan

May 19, 20, 21
Sam Boyd Silver Bowl
Las Vegas, NV
by Frank Hanwell

It may be an oxymoron, but the Silver Bowl is the coolest stadium in which I have seen the Grateful Dead. The Dead's first set began with Vince asking, "Whoa... Can you hear me out there, audience?" Of course, the crowd cheered in response. "Ok, can they hear me or can't they? What's the deal... have I got... you guys switch the pedals on me now, is that the story? If you can hear me out there, throw marshmallows."

After some vague tuning, Bobby kicked off the weekend with a noticeably short, but tight reading of *Picasso Moon*. One might think I'm nuts for commenting on this song any further, but it's a lot better suited for late in the first set or opening the second. It's never really been BIG as a show opener. What little energy it produced, short and jamless readings *Friend of the Devil* and *Wang Dang Doodle* disposed of right quick and proved that this set was going nowhere. It hit rock bottom with the worst version of *Althea* I've ever heard. At one point, Jerry attempted to sing the bridge, but NOBODY was playing the right part. When Bob picked up his acoustic guitar, it looked like we'd finally get a keeper, but after only a minute he reverted to the electric. The choice of *Queen Jane* left many, including myself, writing the set off completely. However, as is often the case with this song, it picked up steam somewhere in the middle and came to an impressive conclusion. *Deal*, after only five songs, was a definite head-scratcher of a choice. Despite delivery of

the same quality as the rest of the set (anemic and absentee come to mind), it managed to cough up twice the energy of any of the entries.

As is the norm these days, *Here Comes Sunshine* was really tight. It was also appropriate with the relentless Nevada sun blazing down on our heads. Ironically but thankfully, following the song's completion, the sun disappeared behind cloud cover for the rest of the day. After *Way To Go Home*, Weir led the band into an extremely laid-back *Playing In The Band* that featured a jam that was anything BUT laid-back. Weir engaged what is apparently a new toy for him, commonly known as a phaser (not to be confused with *Star Trek*), which added a nice spacey texture that was attempted in *Althea*. At this point, I noticed that Bobby was playing a telecaster guitar, though probably not a Fender, considering his preference for extremely high-tech equipment. Definitely the antithesis of the first set, the jam built strongly for almost ten minutes before climaxing in a crackling cacophony. Some gentle and reflective noodling soon gave way to *Uncle John's Band*, also very well played but not remotely the same springboard for exploration that *Playing* was. In fact, after the final chorus and coda, what normally would be jamland simply defaulted to *Drumz*.

This edition of *Drumz* was just as essential listening as on the following two nights. In fact, it may actually have been more intense as Mickey singlehandedly outdid *Playing's* crescendo, drawing the biggest reaction of the day from the crowd. Additionally, the wall of noise generated by The Beam dissolved quite effectively into *Space*, pre-empting the section where Bob

Bralove twists his knobs. *Space* didn't really get interesting until its last five minutes, and then Weir took the opportunity to crank up an *Easy Answers* as laid-back as *Playing*. I think the song works fine in this slot, considering other frequent choices are *Miracle* and *The Last Time*. *Standing on the Moon* made me realize two things: Jerry's voice sounded INCREDIBLE compared to Memphis, and the song doesn't evolve as much as it's DIFFERENT every time, as Pittsburgh would later prove. This particular version featured Garcia bringing the tempo and mood down as he sang, "Be with you." He then took it all the way back up and played his solo before the final climax for another outstanding rendition. Bobby got the final word with an all-out barn-burning *Around & Around*, chock full of sub-sonic support from King Phil.

Jerry's flub on *Lucy in the Sky*, "Picture yourself on a train in a river," ended the evening on a humorous note.

Saturday's festivities began on the way into the parking lot, as the line of traffic came face to face with an enormous dust devil that was easily eight stories tall and fifty feet wide. Not surprisingly, there were a number of lunatics running into and out of it, frolicking like it was a gift from God.

I went in by one o'clock to ensure finding a decent seat. Along the way, I assessed the vending inside the building: Fresh fruit, garden salads, Philly cheesesteaks, fresh-squeezed lemonade and orange juice... Get the picture? There simply is NO other stadium on Dead Tour that goes to these lengths to accommodate concert-goers.

Dave Matthews Band came out and showed me the best opening act for the Dead I've ever seen. Between Dave's numerous humbled appreciations for the people who came in to see him and his random between-song tangents of speaking in tongues, one might not have known whether to take him seriously or not. His music spoke for itself though. Highlights included *Tripping Billies* and #36. They closed the just-over forty-five minute set with a powerhouse version of *Ants Marching*, bound to deservedly be in the Top Ten by the time you read this.

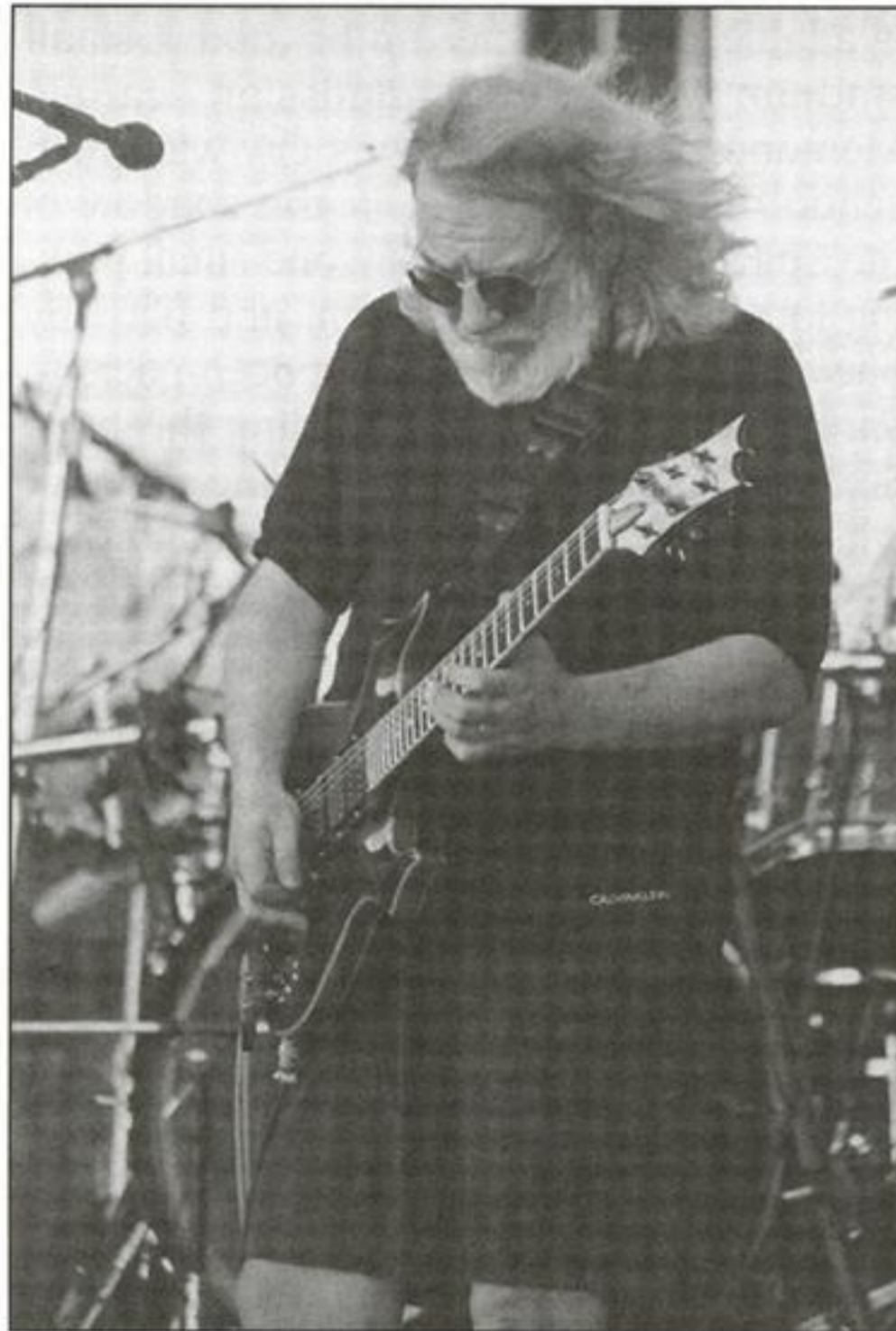
Jerry kicked off the day with a well-received but average *Mississippi Half Step*. His worst lyrical stumble of the weekend came when it took him three tries to deliver the final verse. *The Race Is On*, played in honor of The Preakness and not heard since 9-20-93, was the biggest surprise of the day. Bobby missed the last half of the second verse, but with as much fun as it was, I doubt anyone noticed or cared. After a more upbeat version of *Lazy River Road* than normal, Garcia let loose with some hilarious banter: "Just go ahead and pass all the unconscious people up to the

front of, up here... They'll prop 'em up somewhere, stack 'em like logs." Weir interrupted the end of the sentence with, "We collect 'em." Jerry finished the chatter with, "We're not doin' this for fun, ya know... I mean, God." Ironic, considering this was the coolest weather at Vegas shows in four years. The set closed on a mellow note with *Eternity*.

A strong reading of the war-horse pairing of *China Cat Sunflower* > *I Know You Rider* was given an anticlimactic twist when Garcia mistakenly sang his "headlight" verse where Bob's "sun gonna shine" would normally be. I must say that *Samba in the Rain* showed signs that the song may actually be evolving. The real highlight of pre-*Drumz* came in the Weir double-shot of *Women Are Smarter* and *Truckin'*. The latter featured zesty background vocals from Phil. Unfortunately, the post-song bomb was nowhere to be found, though three aftershocks occurred before *Truckin'* quickly dissipated into *Drumz*.

That Would Be Something felt more like it should have emerged from *Truckin'* instead of *The Last Time*. Little did anyone know that Jerry was just taking the first half of HIS double-shot, which triumphantly ended the show with a titanic *Morning Dew*. The middle jam was HUGE, almost as big as the conclusion. Though the day of the week made it obvious, Weir sent us to the casinos with the best encore of the run, *One More Saturday Night*.

On Sunday, Dave Matthews Band's set featured not a single repeated song from the previous day. One highlight was *True Reflections*, sung by violinist Boyd Tinsley. Its lyrics are eerily appropriate to many of us who live from tour to tour. They ended with the most explosive version of *All Along The Watchtower* I've ever heard! Get the tape.



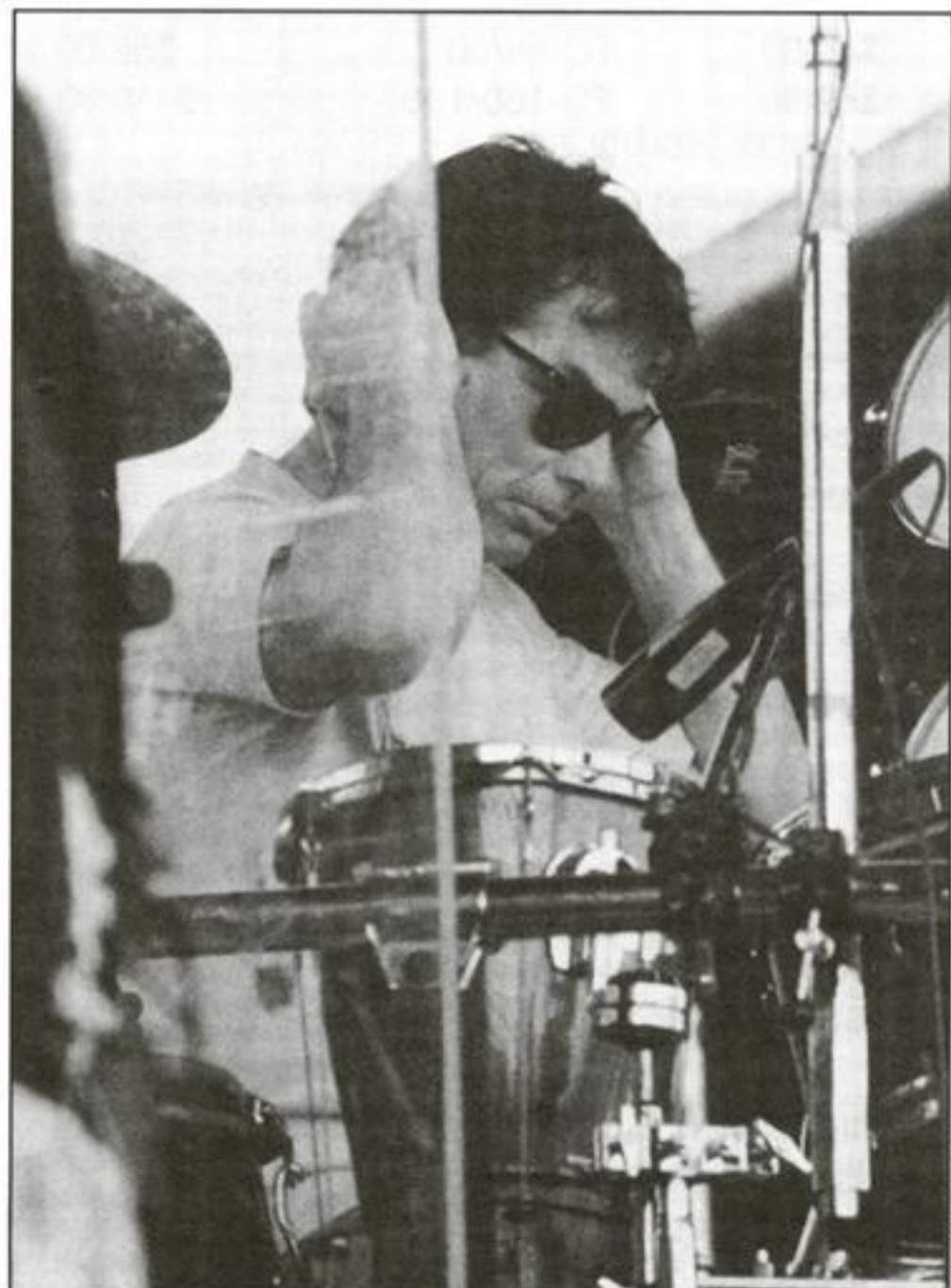
Las Vegas - May 20

The Dead opened with a scorching *Jack Straw*, then settled into a mellow set, typical of the previous two days. Highlights came more often, though; this set was twice as well-played as either of the other first sets. Bobby stepped to the front of the stage for some fiery slide work on *Little Red Rooster*. Phil again swapped "Sergeant at Arms" for "Speaker of the House" in *Tom Thumb's Blues*. However, the real keeper of the set came from Jerry with one of the best *So Many Roads* I've heard. Put this version on the album. *Promised Land* displayed the most energy since the set's beginning.

Over the last three years, Sunday second sets in Vegas have become legendary. This one was no exception, rendering the five previous sets as mere building blocks in comparison. *Samson & Delilah* was huge, with Garcia doing fan-chords at every opportunity. It was magical to be in the company of mostly Left Coast Heads as they roared in appreciation upon hearing *Unbroken Chain* in its first western appearance. *Eyes of the World* was a pure natural, done just exactly perfect. *Corinna* didn't slow anything down, either, and the lengthy jam that followed has me convinced that *I Know You Rider* is going to pop up in that zone someday.

Carter Beauford of DMB added a third pair of arms to *Drumz*. Mickey and Billy are formidable in their own right, but every time a guest drummer shows up, the tribal madness is guaranteed to keep almost everyone on their feet.

Traces of the *Spanish Jam* were frequent through *Space*, but when Weir began to make it more obvious, the rest of the band snapped up the bait and played it to full bloom for at least five minutes. Not sur-



Las Vegas - May 20

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prisingly, it veered directly into *The Other One*, with Phil's signature riff slightly understated but up front enough for a big cheer. *Days Between* stood as the only song that came close to just average. The delicate dynamic balance that's usually achieved wasn't fully on the money. So leave it to Bobby to send us home, without a care in the world, with a simply huge *Sugar Magnolia*! The climax featured him at the front of the stage, showing off the Bob Weir Horn Section (via MIDI, that is).

Without a doubt, Las Vegas is worth blowing off Spring Tour for. Unless they play Memphis again, of course. But the red-eye back to Babylon sure is a bitch.

May 24, 25, 26
Seattle Center Memorial Stadium
Seattle, WA
by Dave Serrins

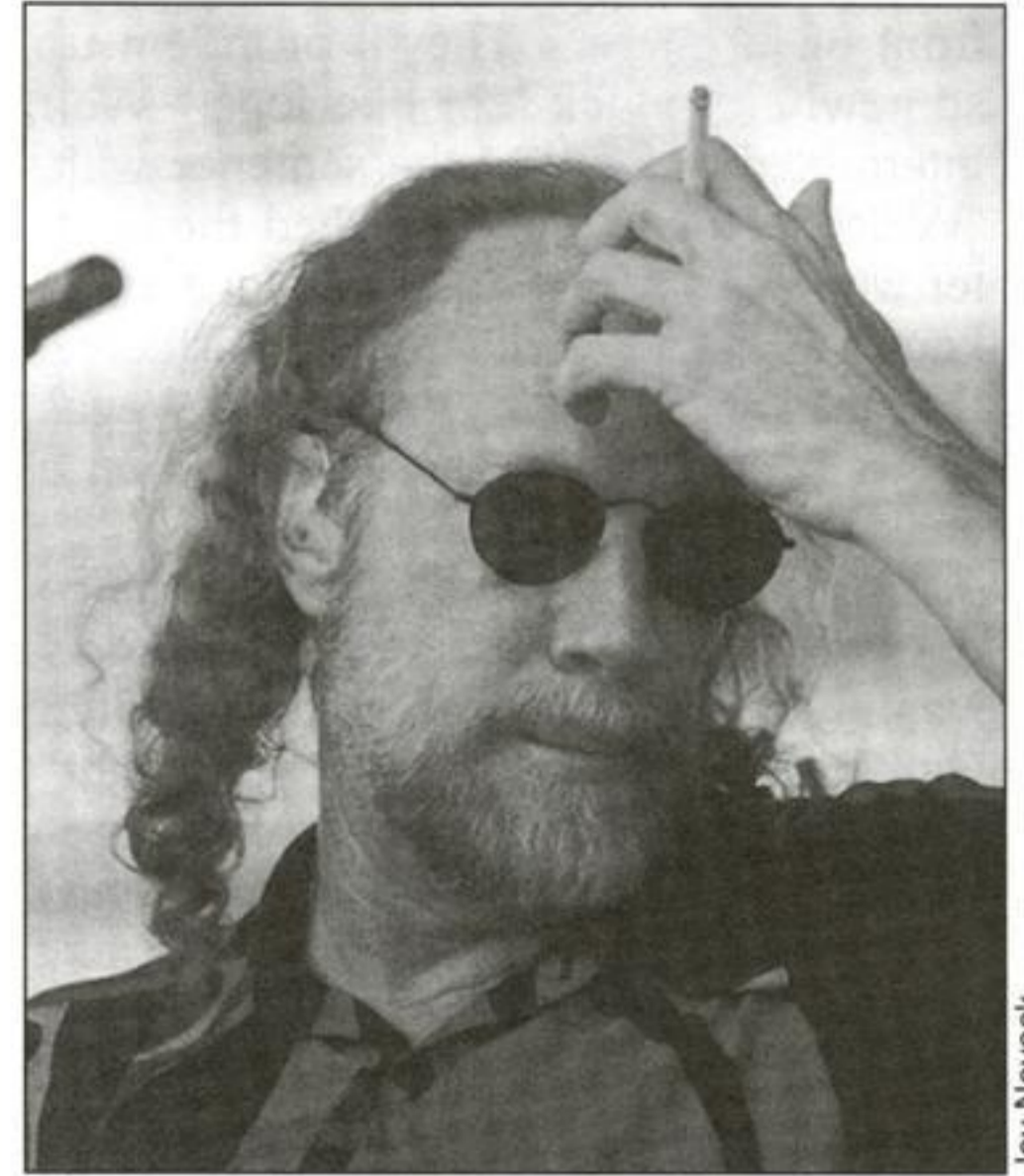
The drive from Las Vegas to Seattle (1,300 miles in two days) was murder. In retrospect, the fatigue caused by the trek was a pittance when this run was complete. The band proved, with three straight days of truly inspired musicianship (four in a row if you include Sunday in Vegas), that even after thirty years they are still capable of creating majestically orchestrated masterpieces like no other band.

Having been to the Seattle shows in 1994, I knew precisely what to expect: little

available parking, city traffic, and a small stadium with general admission seating. Memorial Stadium, Seattle's city-wide high school football stadium in the shadow of the Space Needle, has only one small parking lot that opened at 7 a.m. and filled by one o'clock, sending many concert-goers to various private lots surrounding the huge Seattle Center site. Vending in the main lot was initially controlled by security, but became full scale by mid-afternoon. Of course, vending flourished in the private lots since its control was solely up to the discretion of the individual property owners.

The scene inside the stadium was one of the most mellow I've ever experienced, probably because everyone was drained by the unseasonably hot, dry, and sunny weather. Many locals told me that these were the only dry days they'd had for several months.

A rocky and disjointed *Touch of Grey* opened Wednesday's show. By song's end, the band came together to finish gracefully. *Minglewood* benefitted from Jerry's hearty, pitch-bent guitar growls and Bob's scorching slide runs. *Lazy River Road* successfully moved at a slightly faster pace than usual. *Me & My Uncle* > *Big River* was rendered stupendously, as Bob strummed his acoustic guitar with flair while Jerry zipped fan chords and Vince laid a gleeful keyboard run. This duo would have been the highlight of the set had such a *Bird Song* not followed. Much like the '94 Seattle ver-



Jay Novack

Las Vegas - May 20

sion, the band exceeded the extreme limits of awe-inspiring spacey dissonance with this fifteen-minute monster to serve as an illustrious and compelling close to the set.

Iko Iko opened set two ferociously. I can't remember a recent show where the band sounded so energetic and rambunctious. They were either about to blast off or explode! As if *Iko* wasn't enough, *Saint of Circumstance* unleashed tremendous power. *Way To Go Home* would have been a much needed breather had they not shredded it for once... no kidding. Jerry was ready to play quarterback with

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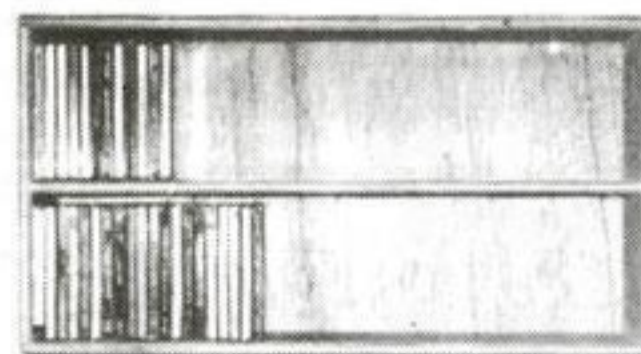
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fast, sharp riffs galore. He couldn't let the home team down, triumphantly steering the band through each and every song. *I Want To Tell You* and *Estimated Prophet*, the jam in the latter filled with Jerry's omnipresent fan chords, both reinforced it.

Drums was rife with tribal beats and ominous chaos... the way it should be. *I Need A Miracle* launched from *Space* at warp speed, maintaining the precedent of pre-*Drums*. In fact, the remainder of the show was a lesson in how the band can keep groovin' throughout an entire show, never turning on the autopilot. *U.S. Blues* ended the night with the same clarity and punch of *Iko Iko*.

Bob stole the show during Thursday's opening *Feel Like A Stranger* with his freaky sounds. For years, he spent half of the show fiddling with his effects rack, trying to get his sound exactly perfect. I think he's finally accomplished his task, because his guitar's tones are entirely bizarre and fantastic.

Bertha began sluggishly, eventually growing into a real cooker. Jerry shouted, "Throw me in the jail house," with overwhelming authority. The opening few bars of *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*, in its revamped state, had the crowd looking confused. It was definitely more rock 'n roll-ish than the old version, but the band appeared uncomfortable with the new arrangement. *Peggy-O* featured some extremely serene passages which, coupled with clear and confident vocals from Jerry, made for a heavenly rendition. *El Paso* and *Tennessee Jed* proved infallible. The transcendent, manic jam in *Cassidy* brought this fabulous set to a close.

The first few minutes of *Foolish Heart* were the worst part of the entire Seattle stand. It was the only time that the band was entirely out of sync. By the end of the tune, they congealed and rode it out elegantly. *Victim or the Crime* was eerie! Jerry

was using a new effect that fit the song perfectly. I call it The Alien Tone; a high pitch-bent whine. It must be heard to be fully understood. It sounds like something straight out of *Star Trek* in the William Shatner days or a low-budget sci-fi film, combined with the short-wave radio tuning noise on *Gilligan's Island*. Not to be outdone, Bob introduced a sharp clinking-frog sound for *He's Gone*, as though the two guitarists were trying to see whose equipment could spew weirder noises. *He's Gone's* a capella ending led gracefully into another intense rhythmic workout by Bill and Mickey.

Space contained an interesting and semi-coherent groove. *The Wheel* ventured forth from *Space* like a sparkling whirlwind of energy, out-shining nearly every segment of pre-*Drums*. The playing achieved an even higher level during the jam in *Throwing Stones*. Bob took the lead and did his rock star act, while the other band members built to an roaring crescendo. Not to let the spinning ball fall, a blistering *Not Fade Away* made this set much stronger in the latter half than the first.

The clapping and chanting between *Not Fade Away* and the encore serves as an interesting barometer for how worked-up or mellow a crowd is. In this case, the crowd was so mellow that it did not even continue the beat after *Not Fade Away* ended, and began clapping only marginally before *Quinn the Eskimo* was served graciously to send the masses out dancing.

When *Help on the Way* opens a show, you know that its not just another show. It signifies that the band fully intends to kick out the jams and create some magic from the onset. A first set *Help > Slipknot! > Franklin's* usually can't compare to one in the second set, but this was different. This was second set power, finesse, and clarity to open the show, when the band is often

still flaccid and trying to get their bearings. Through *Help > Slipknot!*, Bob again forged marvelous freakishness by using his squashed-cicada sound. *Franklin's* was a constant onslaught of dynamism and skill, with well-placed emphasis on every lyric and inventively interactive play between all members.

Although skillfully performed, neither *Same Thing* nor *Loose Lucy* could retain the muscle that preceded (what could?). Bob's acoustic guitar laid the groove for yet another strikingly exploratory *Eternity* before *Don't Ease Me In* brought this highly enjoyable set to a sharp close.

The *Scarlet > Fire* that opened the second set was nothing short of magnificent. I could write entire volumes about it, but I will try to be brief. *Scarlet* began slowly and built to a firm foundation with every band member clicking evenly. It peaked during "Wind in the willows," and then the real madness began. The jam into *Fire on the Mountain* was not the most extended of all time, nor was it hair raising. Instead, it was like milk-toast; smooth and uniform. When *Fire* started, Bob was playing such bizarre rhythms and sounds that I wondered if he was playing the right song. He was, but he definitely wasn't sticking to the usual line. He created intricate textures that you couldn't help but be floored by. Jerry nailed the intro, working the wah-wah to its fullest potential, Vince was making the clinkity-clink noises he usually does, and Phil and the drummers were hitting every beat perfectly. During the jam following the first verse, Jerry revived The Alien Tone. He worked it as though it was a slide, developing the essence, shape, and spirit of each note. He didn't max out on The Alien Tone during the first jam though. He saved it for the second jam, when the tune would be ready to hit critical mass. Throughout the second jam, Jerry formed every note like a

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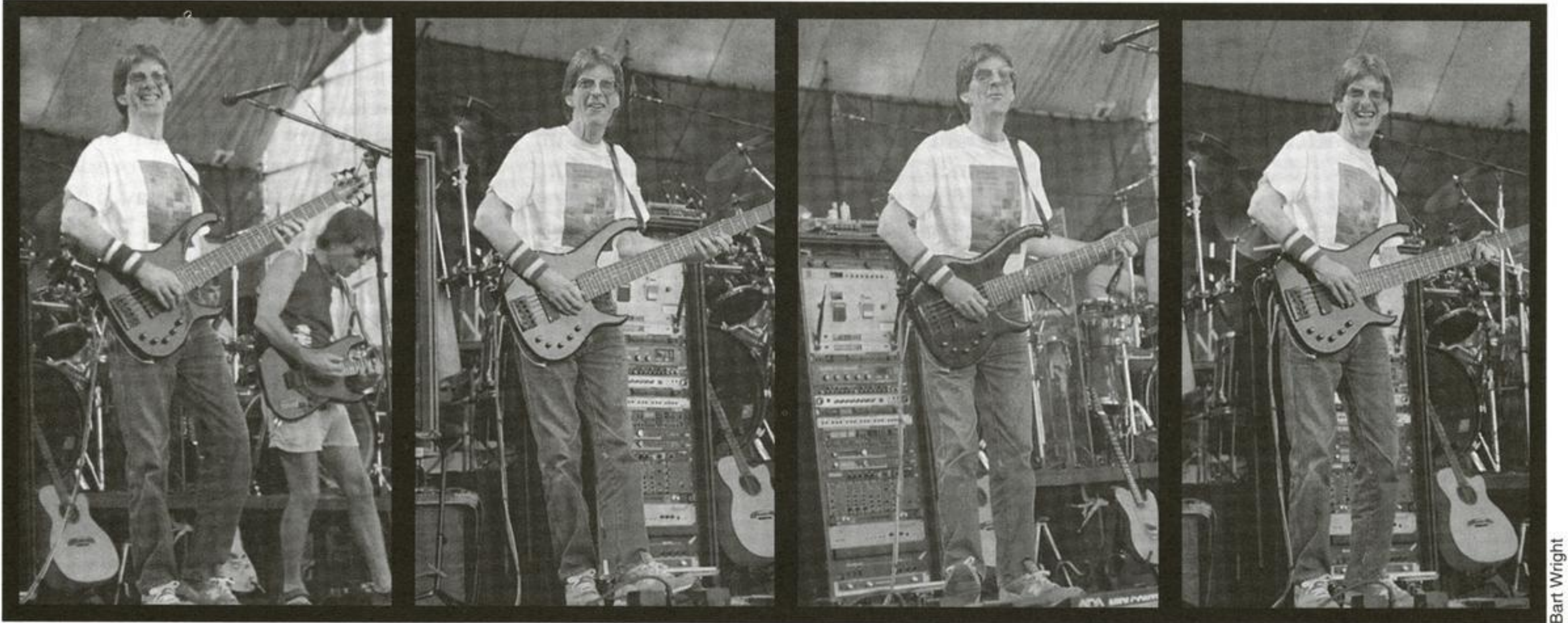
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It will be a great day when our schools get all the money they need and the air force has to hold a bake sale to buy a bomber





Seattle - May 26

Bart Wright

work of art. Bob was using a similar tone in quick squawks, dueling with Jerry's elongated wheeeers and weeeooooos. If that wasn't enough, the final verse was the pinnacle. While the rest of the band sang the refrain, Jerry howled, "Oh! Ohhhhhhhh!" over and over as climactic counterpoint. Every note, word, and beat was precisely calculated and rendered for maximum effect and virtuosity.

Playing in the Band was short, yet tight. At this point, they simply couldn't do anything wrong! *Uncle John's Band* grew from *Playing* exquisitely and flawlessly. The jam into *Drums* was short, but sweet.

Drums is, without a doubt, the most consistently ardent part of Dead shows these days. It contains such variety, dynamism, and force. This rhythmic exploration was no different, with Billy and Mickey utilizing nearly every available weapon in their arsenal.

Space consisted of a steady groove for nearly its whole course, never becoming entirely dissonant. *Easy Answers* came out of *Space* with a punch and was played superbly. *Stella Blue* rose to beautiful peaks, with Jerry's voice in top form as he wailed the closing refrain before his mellifluous solo. Bob amused everyone with his rap and vocal antics as *Good Lovin'* closed the set with authority.

When it was over, these were three of the most consistently tremendous shows to come down the pike in years. Seattle was definitely the place to be on the summer tour.

May 28 & 29
Portland Meadows
Portland, OR
 by Dave Serrins

The 175 mile hop from Seattle to Portland paled in comparison to the Las Vegas > Seattle trek, leaving us energized for the Dead's first two shows at Portland

Meadows (Garcia Band played there in 1993), a horse race track on the north edge of the city. The Memorial Day weekend combined with the Dead's first Portland appearance in fourteen years prompted an enormous convergence on the venue. The shows began at 2 p.m., so the parking lots opened rather early, 8 a.m. To thwart vending, management filled the grass and dirt lots furthest away from the venue first, and did not even open the adjacent paved lot until early afternoon. Of course, the re-routing of traffic in an attempt to flush the vending scene only caused other logistical problems. By 10 a.m., traffic was backed-up on I-5 for over two miles.

I am from Texas, therefore I am used to hot, dry, sunny weather. I would not have expected an inferno around the 45th Parallel, but Portland was blazing; hotter than Las Vegas! Trees and shade were scarce outside the venue and non-existent inside, so the crowd spent both days roasting in the sun with little relief other than a few hoses and misters.

The stage stood at one end of the enormous racing oval, with only a third of the oval, almost room enough for the 30,000 ticket-holders, open to the audience. Chuck Berry and his backing band opened both shows with fun rockers like *Let It Rock*, *Roll Over Beethoven*, *Johnny B. Goode*, and *Maybelline*. His duck-walk and guitar-behind-the-head maneuvers were a real treat!

The Dead's first set on Sunday was entirely forgettable until *Masterpiece*. As usual, Bob's acoustic added the perfect flair to this tune. *Brown-Eyed Women* and *Let It Grow* closed the set with beautiful runs from Jerry and Phil, plus fine backing work from the rest of the band. As we stood in the middle of the big lumpy meadow (albeit surrounded by a dirt track) on a sunny day, *Let It Grow* proved perfect for the setting.

The obligatory *Samson & Delilah*, pow-

ered by Phil and the drummers' prominent booming and pounding, opened the second set with punch. Following another unaltered *Way To Go Home*, Jerry milked the jam in *Crazy Fingers*, adding definition to each and every note. The Alien Tone emerged yet again for a mind-wrenching *Corinna*. Jerry's usual tone on this tune was interesting enough, but this was an entirely new story. Now, he mixed both tones together, creating some oddly inspirational sounds and noises.

Drums was one of the highlights of the show. An inferno consisting of talking drum pounding, *The Beam*, and everything between shook and rattled the heavens. Mickey and Bill just keep progressing and getting better! *Space* had a funky little groove going before it melted into sparse mode.

Space bore the most laid-back *Watchtower* I have ever heard. The jams were focused, but smooth and free. *Black Peter* is always a stunning addition to any show, especially when it is rendered so sincerely. Bob's slide and Jerry's ripping chords escalated to transcendent heights before *Around & Around* closed the show. We expected Chuck Berry to come out and join the band on *Around*, but to no avail. *Box of Rain* ended the show wonderfully, although it would have been nice for an actual shower to fall to cool the blistered crowd.

The second show began equally sluggishly with *Let the Good Times Roll*. As is often the case, the band chose an up-beat tune, *Jack-A-Roe*, to follow *LTGTR* and act as a second opener, but it only achieved a moderate level of intensity. Raging slide runs, booming bass, and some sly piano on *Walkin' Blues* provided the first real signs of life. A flawless *Dire Wolf* gave the set a necessary energy injection. The centerpiece of the set was *Black-Throated Wind*. More than on any other song, Bob's acoustic guitar accentuates *Black-Throated*

Wind. Bob yelled the closing lines with emphatic flavor while the band backed him exquisitely. Jerry's lilting guitar drove *Tennessee Jed*, and fronted by his interesting pedal-steel sound, *Tom Thumb's Blues* was yet another keeper. The Alien Tone reappeared, along with Bob's squished cicadas, to spectacular effect for a stunning *Music Never Stopped*.

I will never complain about a *Shakedown Street* set opener, especially when the band decides to get REALLY funky and soulful. Vocal improv was the name of the game, with lots of hoots, hollers, and shrieks coming from all over the place. *Looks Like Rain* and *Terrapin* were astounding. In both songs, Jerry alternated between his usual sharp tone and The Alien Tone to magnificent effect. The jam before *Drums* meandered beautifully, with each musician making an integral contribution. The band was again proving that there truly is nothing like a Grateful Dead show!

The Last Time erupted from *Space*. Jerry was rendering *The Days Between* magnificently until he missed the climactic line, "Stood upon a mountain top," slightly disrupting the flow of the tune. With his voice in fine form and perfect inflection on every word, it proved intensely moving and inspirational nonetheless. Just when I thought the band might serve something less than spectacular, they offered a monster. The *Sugar Magnolia* that closed the set was

perfect! In particular, Mickey and Bill's drum fills were deafening and timed perfectly. Again, the Grateful Dead were producing their blend of magic, making Portland Meadows the finest place on planet earth to be for those few minutes.

Just as the band was about to begin the encore, Bob stepped to the mic and said, "Did I hear someone say, 'Fuck the Christian right?'" We were all wondering whether he actually thought he had heard someone say this, or if he was attempting to make a political statement. It struck me as slightly profound since they followed with *Liberty*.

I wasn't particularly thrilled with Portland Meadows or the first half of either first set, but both second sets were filled with magnificent and intriguing stanzas. They can't all be like Seattle.

June 2, 3, 4
Shoreline Amphitheatre
Mountain View, CA
by Dave Serrins

Many times, I had planned to see shows at Shoreline, but never made it. I even had tickets in August of 1992 when Jerry fell ill and the entire tour was canceled. Since the final show of the run, and the West Coast tour for that matter, fell on my birthday, I wouldn't have dared miss it.

Shoreline is a class act. Folks had

always told me how incredibly organized the whole production is. Decades of experience in producing concerts went into the design and it shows. There is ample parking. Entry into the venue is generally smooth and steady. There are no columns in the pavilion to block sight lines, as at most sheds like Deer Creek, Pine Knob, Riverport, and Desert Sky. The lawn is steep, but the view of the band is perfect. And the entire staff is very familiar with Deadheads, unlike many venues we visit. They are generally amiable and try to help and guide rather than control.

The doors opened an hour late on Friday to accommodate the unannounced guests' sound check, making the line to get in horrendously long and arduous. *Alabama Getaway* started the first show admirably, but the muddy sound rendered it nearly incomprehensible at times. The sound improved slightly for a *Greatest Story* highlighted by Jerry's great gurgling lead. *Candyman*, the new *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*, *Ramble On Rose*, and *El Paso* provided a strong middle to the set. Each tune contained heady musicianship and exquisite ensemble work. *Bird Song* set the tone for the remainder of the show. Although Jerry's vocals were a bit tentative at the beginning, the jam turned into a vast landscape of spaces and dissonance, reaching the stratosphere over and over. Vince and Jerry each took fabulous leads

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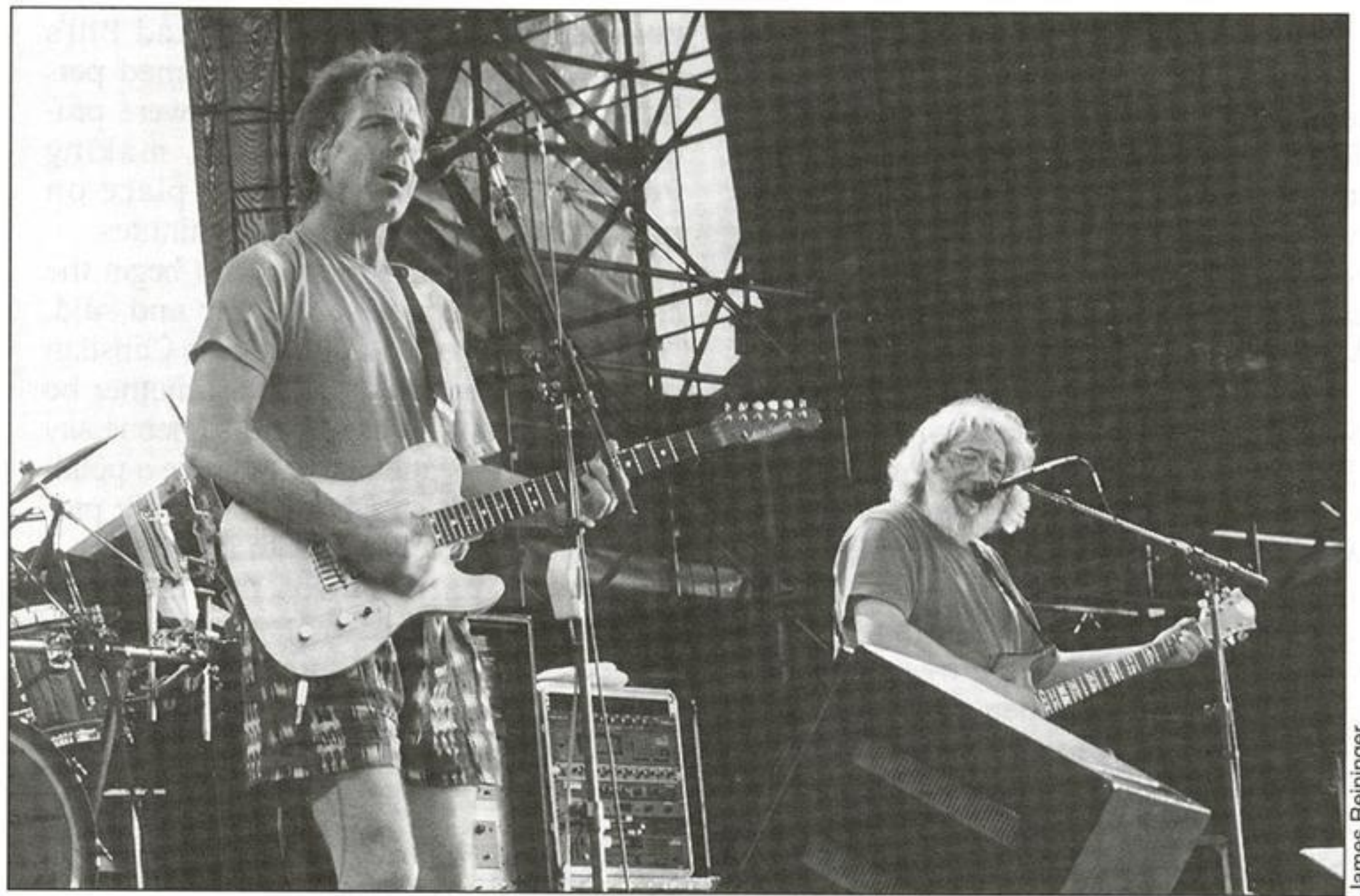
New Speedway Boogie > *That Would Be Something* was utterly stunning to open set two. Smooth transition, energetic play, and strong vocals all added to the picture. *Saint of Circumstance* built to the zenith before shakily giving way to *He's Gone*. The jam following *He's Gone* was brilliantly frantic and complex, similar to the bluesy jam that usually follows *Truckin'*.

As if it wasn't enough that *Drums* was shaking the house in its usual stupendous fashion, Billy left the stage and the special guests, the Gyuto Tantric Choir, who were touring the West Coast at the time, came on stage. Mickey stood stage-side wearing a huge grin, while the crowd remained almost silent as the monks displayed their awe-inspiring drones and unique harmonies of inhuman tones. Mere words cannot describe the magnificence of their collective voice. Their performance was yet another thread in an extraordinary show. The crowd roared as the monks left the stage and Bralove's digital remnants of their tonal musings swirled and bled into *Space*.

Easy Answers rocked out of *Space*. I still don't understand what so many people dislike about this tune. The lyrics are goofy, but the groove is infectious and the band obviously digs it. *Standing on the Moon* dragged before Jerry brought it to an exalted vocal climax as Bob's guitar yelped and drums hollered triumphantly. Oddly enough, the cheer following "Somewhere in San Francisco..." was probably ten times quieter at a venue less than fifty miles from San Francisco than anywhere on the East Coast. Phil's omnipresent bombs, Vince's leads, and Bob's screeching proved that the band had no intention of letting up for the *Around & Around* closer. Jerry's vocals on the *Lucy in the Sky* encore were far too low in the mix, creating a mediocre ending to a remarkable show.

Hell in a Bucket, *Althea*, and *Little Red Rooster* were all performed perfunctorily to open Saturday's show, but the band turned-up the proceedings a notch with a blistering *Brown-Eyed Women*. Jerry was strumming and twanging wholeheartedly while everyone built a sturdy bluegrass backbone. *Broken Arrow* marked the first appearance of The Alien Tone since Portland, this time used gently as a pedal steel effect. *Stagger Lee* was an effective choice, and Bob donned his acoustic guitar for another sensationally space-filled reading of *Eternity* to close the set.

China Cat Sunflower limped out of the gate, but by the transition, the band was in full swing and Jerry was ripping fan-chords feverishly. The boys flowed exquisitely into *I Know You Rider* as Jerry continued his angelic leads. Everyone complains about *Samba in the Rain*. I just ignore the lyrics and enjoy the funky rhythm and syncopa-



James Reinger

Highgate - June 15

tion. It's only as bad as you make it. *Playing in the Band* > *Uncle John's* was tight and smooth, yet both songs contained little spontaneity or improvisation. It was not the Grateful Dead venturing into vast uncharted territories as this combo generally suggests, but it was a consistent and successful groove.

Drums was, yet again, a masterpiece, displaying workouts on talking drum, xylophone, and The Beam (filled with samples of the monks from the previous show). Throughout the last part of *Space*, Jerry fluttered *Box of Rain* hints galore. *Box* emerged effortlessly with Phil singing robustly and giving 110% as he usually does. Slight flaws in the closing harmonies were overshadowed when Phil forcefully emphasized the closing line. Jerry's vocals and the jamming reached grand plateaus for a typically fantastic *Stella Blue*.

The true clincher for the night was *Throwing Stones*. How the Dead can take a song they've played so many times to new and uncharted heights constantly baffles me. Bob's guitar screamed as he played lead rhythm, hammed it up at the edge of the stage, and brought the tune to an exhilarating climax in the same way as in Seattle. This was the Grateful Dead working as a singular, magical unit.

One More Saturday Night was simply spectacular. Bob was again at the front of the mix, playing sharp lines. Quick tempo, fierce jamming, and heavy pounding concluded a remarkable set. Although *Liberty* was played in every city on this tour, it provided an upbeat close to yet another great show.

In the wake of two highly enjoyable shows, the first set of the final night of the run proved mostly lackluster. Each song had its highlights, but the set began with ridiculously uneven sound in a fierce wind, virtually ruining what could have been an

tremendous *Bertha*. The three song lull from *Wang Dang Doodle* through *Queen Jane*, without an upbeat choice in the lot, was almost painful. *Loose Lucy* attempted to get it goin' and *Mama Tried* > *Mexicali* got the head back above water, only to be pulled back under by another mellow tune, *Lazy River Road*. I still wonder why two songs so incredibly similar, *Peggy-O* and *Lazy River Road*, were played in the same set. If the set could be considered as having a case of apathy, the *Cassidy* closer was the cure. What had been slow and plodding became astonishing. It was as though the music suddenly awoke with fantastic interplay by every band member.

Jerry briefly reintroduced The Alien Tone at the beginning of *Here Comes Sunshine*. He had a chance to make this version unique, but eschewed the tone early and the song fell into its usual, almost mundane course. *Victim or the Crime* was downright wretched! I love this tune, but I have rarely ever heard the Grateful Dead so entirely off-kilter and out of sync. In an obvious attempt to save the day, *Unbroken Chain* followed. Phil put forth a stunning vocal effort, but the changes were sloppy and the jams needed a major boost. A very short and choppy *Eyes of the World* abruptly gave way to *Drums*.

As though it's news, *Drums* was fabulous. Mickey and Billy continually experimented with intriguing tones and devices before peaking on the bass drums and congas. The set turned around momentarily after *Space*. *I Need A Miracle* barnstormed with a fierce closing jam containing especially strong contributions from Vince and Jerry. Some folks have yet to "get it," but I believe *The Days Between* can be one of the most captivating songs in the current repertoire. This version got off to a great start, with Jerry putting soul into every word, but

before the final verse, the band got lost and the tune limped to a close. *Not Fade Away* could not salvage *Days* or the entire set for that matter.

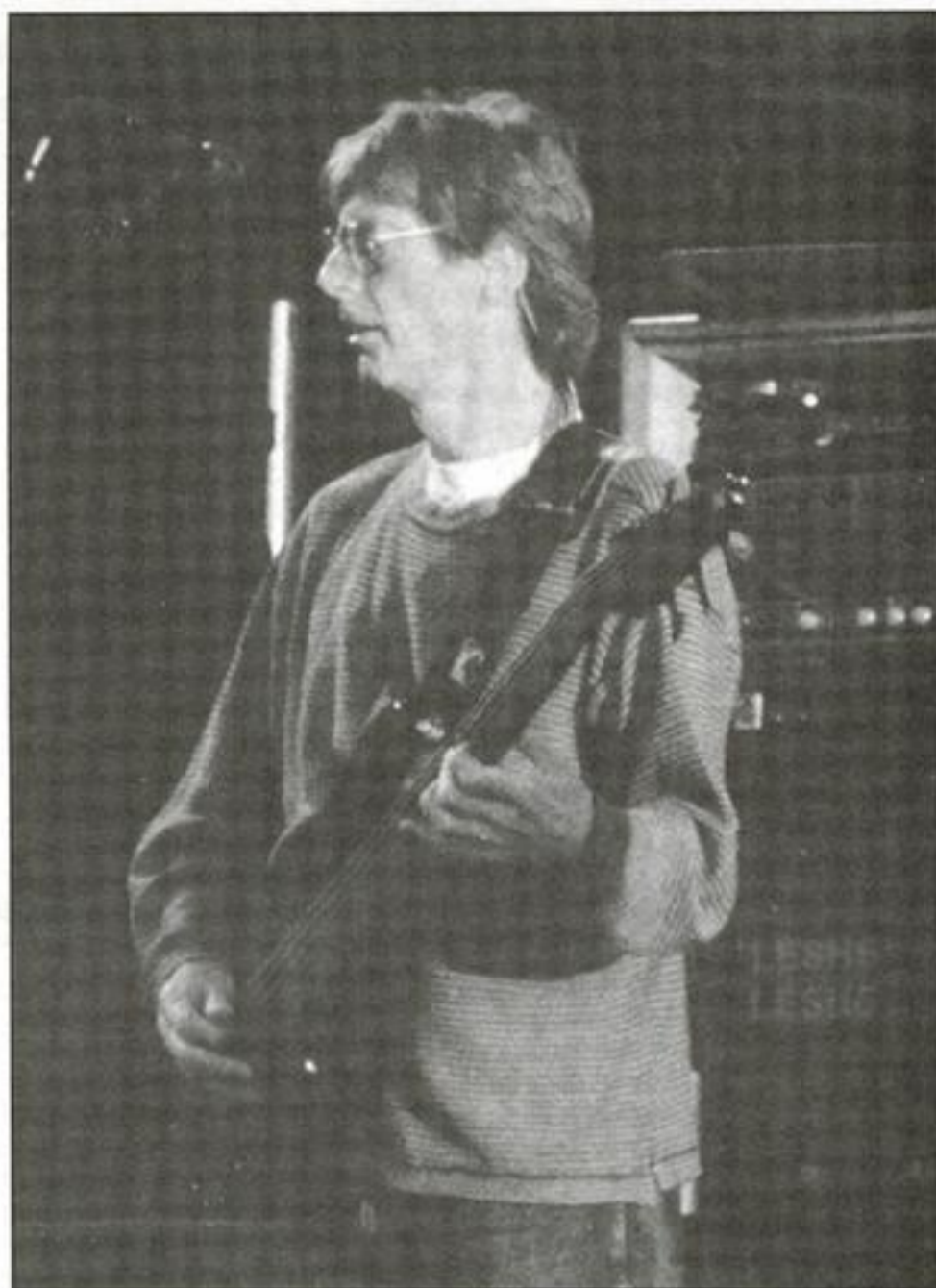
Although this was the worst second set of the tour, *Brokedown Palace* made up for some of the lacking play and provided a wonderful way to end the tour. The first two shows were the Grateful Dead at their tightest and finest, but the run lost steam on the final night. Particularly amazing and noteworthy were the Gyuto Monks. Too bad my birthday had to be the dud.

June 15
Franklin County Airport
Highgate, VT
 by Jay Novack

The evening's festivities started magnificently as Bob Dylan and his band opened with an outstanding performance. Dylan's singing, guitar playing, and harmonica wails were inspired throughout his eighty minute, twelve song set. Highlights included *All Along the Watchtower*, *Highway 61*, and *Mr. Tambourine Man*. Jerry embraced Bob as he left the stage to a huge ovation.

As an engine-powered hang glider buzzed by the Franklin County Airport, the Dead took the stage. *Touch of Grey* got off to a rocky start. Jerry missed several lyrics thereby causing the song to never gain the proper tempo or speed. An unusually long acoustic *El Paso* was beautifully played, punctuated by stellar vocals from Bobby. Jerry's highlight of the set, *Ramble On Rose*, dripped with emotion as the band meandered down an old country road with both Jerry's vocals and guitar playing well above average.

Jerry then prophetically foreshadowed some second set highlights. After hearing the persistent "We Want Phil" pleas, he



Highgate - June 15

Greg LaPlaca

said, "Phil's not ready yet... so you're gonna have to think of something really nice to say to him." I was sure we could come up with a thing or two!

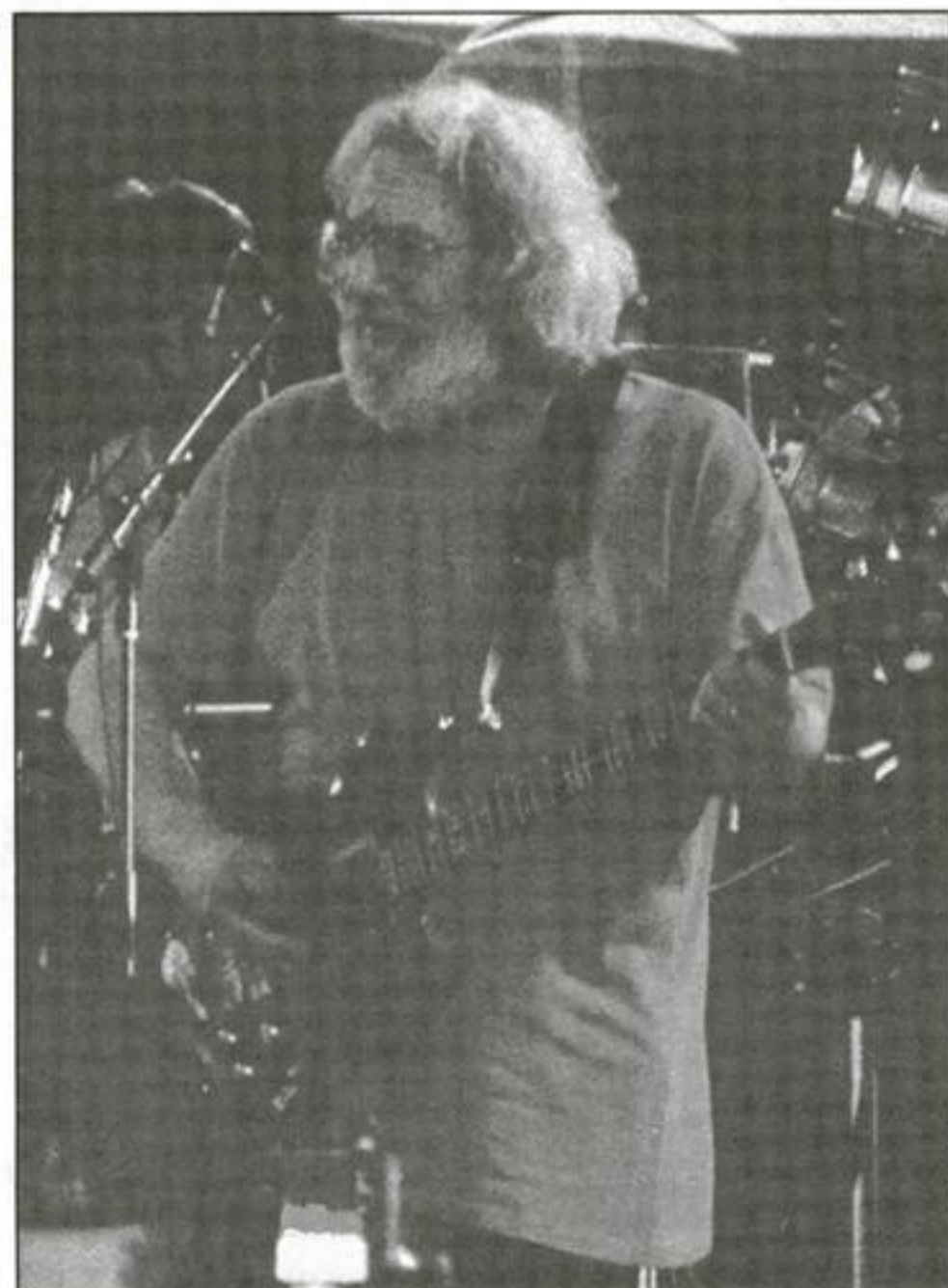
The pinnacle of the set was *Black-Throated Wind*, as it thundered out over the dry and dusty plains of Highgate and concluded in titanic fashion with the entire band hitting phenomenal peaks. *Loose Lucy* was very large and continued the momentum as Phil laid down an immense backbeat making the band sound bigger than their mere six pieces. Vince was hot on the set-concluding *Promised Land* as his crisp ragtime rhythms climaxed this tune.

Set two opened with an average *Here Comes Sunshine* into yet another vanilla *Samba in the Rain*. The thud of the concluded *Samba* was deafening, but once again our favorite Uncle came to the rescue. Phil took control of the band and led them through a fabulous *Truckin'*. This version included not only Phil's bombastic bass, but also his comically endearing vocals.

Truckin' sailed into the debut of *Rollin' and Tumblin'*, which went largely unrecognized by the over 90,000 in attendance. *Rollin' and Tumblin'* was recently recorded by Eric Clapton on *Unplugged* and previously recorded by Bonnie Raitt, Canned Heat, Cream, and Muddy Waters, among others. The song was published by Waters, although he hardly wrote a single song that he published.

Phil's prominence in the vocal mix was again evident during a sterling rendition of *He's Gone*. He handled "Ooooooh, nothin's gonna bring him back" five or six times with a style only he can pull off. The set slowed briefly before morphing into yet another unreal *Drums* spiked by the visual crack served up on the hypnotic video walls.

As if to leave no doubt about who was in



Highgate - June 15

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control, Phil surprised everyone when he abruptly led the band into an outstanding *Box of Rain* out of *Space*. The set concluded as it had a year earlier at Highgate: *Standing on the Moon*, with a minimal guitar solo, followed by the ever-so-happy and always enjoyable *Sugar Magnolia*. For the encore, Jerry once again brought out the now familiar *Liberty* two-step.

Considering the lack of exploratory jamming and the rustiness attributed to the early summer layoff (but taking into consideration the uniqueness of the *Rollin' and Tumblin'* debut), I'd rate this show a seven out of ten. It should also be noted that during the second set, the video wall announced that this show was the official 30th Anniversary Show.

That was the good and the bad, but here's the ugly. There had to have been twice as many people jammed into this little backwoods town than there were in 1994, causing gargantuan traffic backups that turned all nearby roads and highways into veritable parking lots. The two mile ride from my campsite to the parking lot took well over three hours. The massive buildup of humanity resulted in long delays experienced by most ticket holders trying to enter the woefully understaffed venue. The gates were finally opened wide to relieve the crush. Unfortunately, it wasn't enough as ticketless hordes congregated along the perimeter on Phil's side just long enough to size up the fence and then

make an all-out assault on the barrier. As expected, the fence was no match as the brazen and unfettered ran into the venue like water over the edge of a swollen creek.

Reports after the show had local authorities stating, "It's not positive looking for another show." The headline in the local paper blared out: "Dead Again? Future Looks Dim." The concert promoter stated, "...at this point the Grateful Dead aren't coming back." If Highgate does go by the wayside, it will sadly be included in a

growing list of East Coast concert sites now considered off limits to the Dead and Deadheads alike.

June 18 & 19
Giants Stadium
East Rutherford, NJ
by Ross L. Warner

For seven of the last nine years, the Grateful Dead have brought their summer road show to Giants Stadium, or The Swamp as we New Yorkers call it. Since the band's unsuccessful attempt to avoid the Tri-State area in 1990 (remember Foxboro?), the Giants shows have been a yearly event. For the most part, these shows have been solid, but none ever classified as "the show" of summer tour. This may be due to the fact that the Giants shows are usually early in the tour and the boys aren't properly warmed up yet. The '91 shows fell in the middle of the tour and were two of the better shows that summer (particularly 6/17). The '95 shows pretty much followed suit, although the second night had the potential for greatness, but was hampered by equipment problems.

The security at Giants has been improving since 1989, but after the Adam Katz tragedy, could it have gotten any worse? Unlike RFK, Giants Stadium has reserved seating on the floor. A lot of the jumping from the lower level onto the floor that I



Bob Dylan at Highgate - June 15

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saw in years past was absent. Also, kudos to the band for scheduling the Monday show later so us working folk could get there in time for Bob Dylan's set.

After his performance in Highgate, I had high hopes for Mr. Zimmerman's opening performance on Sunday. Unfortunately, he seemed a little uncomfortable with his new surroundings. While he played his soon-to-be-usual summer arsenal of *Watchtower*, *Silvio*, and the "Don Ho" version of *Mr. Tambourine Man*, he lacked the intensity of a few days before. This was mainly because at Highgate he had played many of the rarities that the Dead have sporadically covered over the years, but in an effort to add some diversity, he chose to leave them out at Giants. I applaud his concern for those of us who would see him at all five shows, but on this night the rotation was not very favorable. There were some high points: a rousing set closer of *I'll Remember You* and a *Ballad of a Thin Man* encore sung with incredible conviction. Even on this night, when he seemed a little off, Dylan sounded great compared to a few years ago. He was singing and playing with the newfound intensity that marked his acclaimed 1994 fall tour and subsequent *Unplugged* appearance.

The Grateful Dead orchestra began their first set with a dose of cosmic funk. *Feel Like A Stranger* was long and hot. Jerry's leads were exploratory yet directed, and the jam had those extra few bars that make you go, "WOW!" *Bertha* was well received, but was unfortunately sloppy. The passion was there, but the execution was not. Bobby's leg kicks couldn't carry the entire song. A competent *Same Thing* led to the set's highlight, a kicking and screaming *Stagger Lee*. Jerry's wailing was all over the place and he sang with gusto. While I know not everyone likes *Eternity*, at least the jam is different every time, unlike *Way To Go Home*. Bobby's acoustic sounded great behind some very hot leads from Señor Garcia. This song may be becoming "the new *Bird Song*." Hopes ran high for the set-closing *Deal*, since this tune has consistently achieved Jerry Band-like proportions since 1990. While shorter than usual, it still had those Jerry licks that escalated to the point where you're not sure if he's ever going to stop.

The second set kicked off with a *China Cat Sunflower* > *I Know You Rider* that even got my friend Brooklyn Jack, who is a pretty big guy, out of his seat for the first time all night. Even with its heavy play over the years, this version was fresh and vital. The transitional jam was fiery with just the right amount of focus. When the first bars of *Rider* surfaced, we were definitely satisfied. Sunday is sermon time and Bobby led the requisite *Samson & Delilah*. Bobby's inspired vocals complemented intense solos by Jerry. A disappointing *Eyes of the*



Greg LaPlaca

Giants - June 19

World led into *Drums*. While *Eyes* is always great to hear, this one never really took off.

Out of *Space*, we were treated to a full-fledged *Spanish Jam*. Although my highly amusing and informative "Deadheads For Kojak" flyer informed me that it had been played in Vegas, I hadn't seen one since Chapel Hill '93. This version was blazing. Just when it seemed they had done all they could with this simple theme, they found more uncharted territory. I knew that either *Miracle* or *The Other One* would follow, and the band opted for *Miracle*, which was energetic and well executed. The boys had all sorts of problems getting *Wharf Rat* going. I think there was some dissent as to what to play, and the timing was way off until about halfway through. By that time, the damage had been done. *Not Fade Away* seems to get more extended treatment when played without *Throwing Stones*, and this was no exception. The *Lucy in the Sky* encore was definitely one of the tighter versions I have heard. Overall, the show had some really strong moments, but there was certainly room to improve.

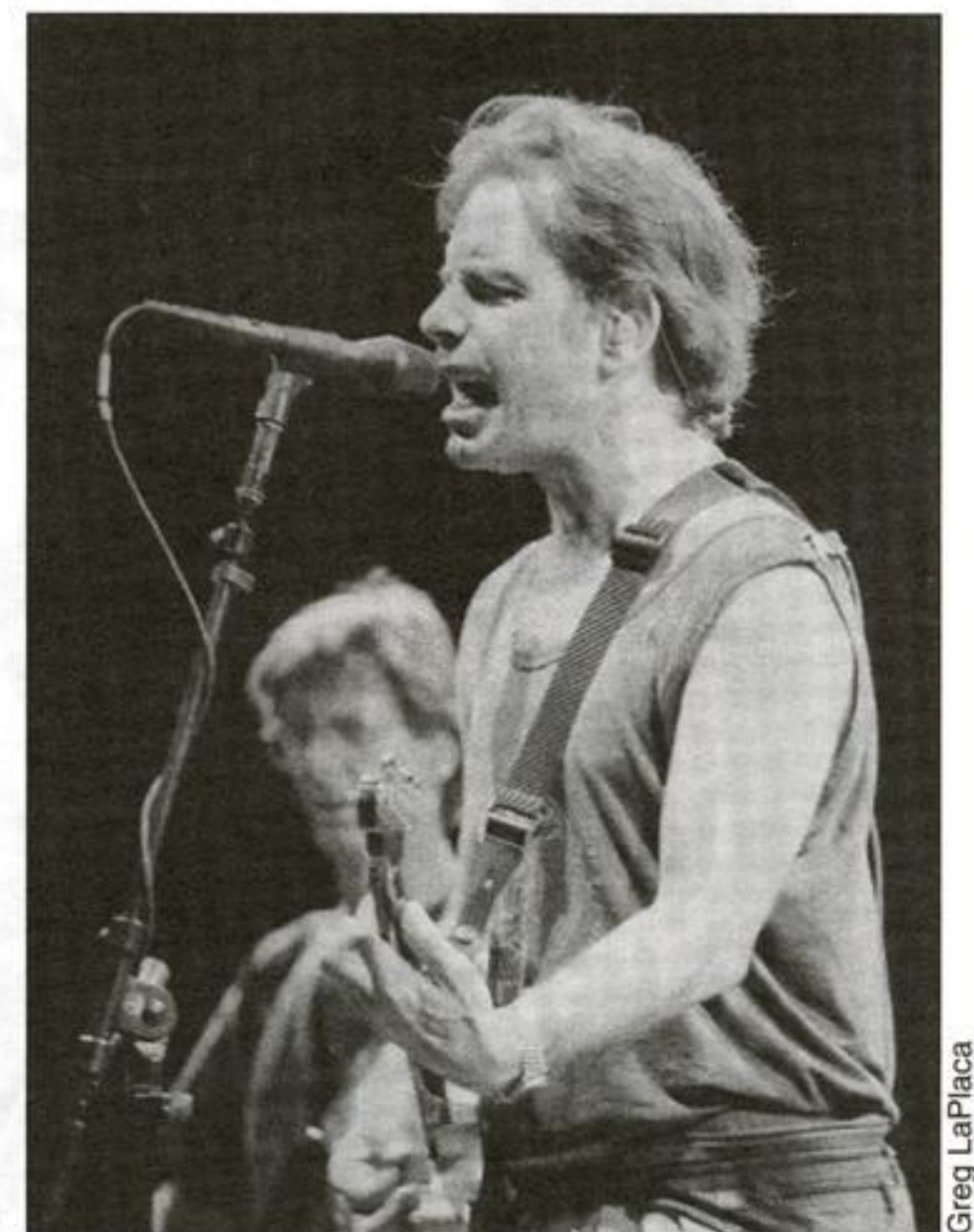
Dylan's set on Monday showed just that. It included the gems *To Ramona* and *She Acts Like We Never Have Met*. The encore of *Rainy Day Women #12 & 35* was a welcome treat, since Dylan's rendition with the Dead at MSG 10/17/94 was a little rough. Note: Not only did Dylan not come out all tour during the Dead's sets, but there were no Dylan tunes played by the Dead during shows that he opened. Now that's respect!

From my ninth row seat, I could hear the band toying with *Help on the Way* to open, but Jerry opted instead for a powerful *Cold Rain & Snow* with strong vocals all around. At first, I was psyched to hear the on-rare *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*. While I love the Pigpen renditions of this tune and the three bluesy Bobby performances

since Pig's passing, the new *Schoolgirl* has clearly been, as my friend DJ says, "Vince-ified." The band may like the new upbeat version better, but they seemed unsure how to stay in time. A standard *Ramble On Rose*, which had just been played in Highgate, led to *All Over Now* to get things going. Jerry's solos were definitely starting to extend. Jerry toyed with *Brown-Eyed Women*, but instead offered *Lazy River Road*. While I would have appreciated the former more, he sang it proudly. The acoustic pairing of *Me & My Uncle* > *Big River* was clearly the set highlight. The cowboy tunes have definitely benefited from Bobby's acoustic playing. During *Me & My Uncle*, Mr. Weir sang every word with an awesome sense of desperation and conviction. The energy was clearly sustained during *Big River*, where Jerry's sparkling lead would have made *The Man In Black* proud. The set-closing *Don't Ease Me In* was fun, but was still *Don't Ease*.

During the set break, my friend Mike accomplished every Deadhead's dream by weaseling himself backstage. "Gee Mike, after 130 shows, do you think I'd like to go backstage?" As I walked in despair across the floor, someone pointed out to me, "Hey, did you see Peter Jennings?" What do you know... The ABC anchorman was standing right in front of the soundboard with his tie-dye-clothed kids. Mr. Jennings was clearly not at the show for news purposes. In fact, my friend Jeff told me that he had seen him at one of the MSG shows last fall. Mr. Jennings was very polite when I spoke to him, and I noticed that many Heads came over to tell him that it was great that a member of the media "understood."

When the second set began, Jerry looked over at Vince and laughed hysterically into the microphone. His good mood was assimilated into the opening *Iko Iko*. It contained the great hush-hush > "HEY



Greg LaPlaca

Giants - June 19

NOW!!" ending that began at The Spectrum this spring. "Blue light rain..." Phil answered all of our prayers with *Unbroken Chain*. He was clearly more comfortable with the lyrics since the break-out, as he sang like he's sung it for years. I may never get used to hearing this great song. *Samba in the Rain*, while certainly the anti-*Chain*, had some fluid jamming. The same could be said for *Corinna*, although I like it a hell of a lot more than *Samba*. It was obvious during *Corinna* that Jerry's guitar wasn't working, but he looked to be playing like crazy. It was no surprise that *Mathilda* led into *Drums*.

Jerry's technical problems continued throughout *Space*. He tried everything, including his older Rosebud guitar. When *The Other One* began, he was actually off the stage. This is when The Bob Weir Show began. I swear, he was singing like it was his last show. Unfortunately, Jerry was continually frustrated by his technical problems. His solos were sharp and intense, but not easily distinguished. During *Stella Blue*, he tried to compensate with some really soulful singing, but his parting jam could barely be heard.

The set closing *Throwing Stones* > *Lovelight* exemplified those intangible

qualities that Bobby brings to the band. I know not everyone likes his rock star antics, but this was more than that. During *Throwing Stones*, he sang like a total maniac a la Charlotte '91. The middle jam, though barely audible, was long and powerful, with extended end-of-the-stage strumming by Mr. Weir. *Lovelight*, which can sometimes sound so tired, was incredible. Bobby's screams of "Do you feel all right?" made you think he actually meant it and closed the set with a bang. The *Brokedown Palace* encore showcased more strong vocals by Jerry and his silent plucking didn't seem to affect his demeanor.

All in all, the second show, the better of the two, will certainly be remembered for its post-*Space* equipment flaws. During what is usually the most jammin' part of the show, Jerry was understandably frustrated, as was the crowd. Even up front, I could barely hear him. But Bobby's strong performance essentially made the show for me. While this was not the best show I saw all summer, Bobby saved it from disaster. Par for the course at Giants Stadium.

June 21 & 22
Knickerbocker Arena
Albany, NY
by Michael Bell

The blocked off streets around Knickerbocker Arena were packed with people and general pandemonium. Some state employees were noticeably upset about the navigation difficulties caused by the shows, while others just walked around and enjoyed the carnival. Pagliacci's Bar & Restaurant across the street was blaring *Dead* over their PA and the staff was decked out in air-brushed shirts designed for the shows. Practically everyone was trying to keep the area clean. Tight security made entering the arena fairly slow. Those who waited until close to show time found themselves stuck in an enormous log-jam.

When the band wandered to the stage around 7:25, Phil fiddled with his rack while Bob made one of his sarcastic comments about equipment trouble. Unfortunately, these were not the last equipment problems, as Jerry experienced troubles throughout much of the night. Once everything was just exactly perfect, they tore into an energetic *Hell in a Bucket*. *Loser* was decently sung. The second *Take Me to the River* since its Memphis debut was a little more lively. *Row Jimmy* had some shaky spots, but was very moving as they stretched it out and explored new ground. Jerry used a flute sound different from the one he has used in the past. He also played some other sounds I had not heard before. A pleasant *Broken Arrow* from Phil was followed by the increasingly overplayed *Promised Land*, which brought the generally laid-back set to

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Giants - June 19

a rocking close.

Jerry and crew spent the break fussing with his equipment only to have problems recur anyway. An infectious *Scarlet Begonias* and the transition into *Fire on the Mountain* were amply done. Unfortunately, as *Fire* opened up, Jerry had more guitar troubles. Vince covered well at first with some commendable synth solos. Bob and Phil threw in a few interesting licks too, but things eventually began to unravel. Some strange sounds would periodically come out of Jerry, but he eventually gave up whatever he was looking for and reverted back to his standard *Fire* sound. A skillful recovery brought on a respectable finale. The whole *Scarlet* > *Fire* was fairly long, close to thirty minutes, but much of *Fire* was occupied with vamping while Jerry messed with his equipment.

Women are Smarter was bouncy and playful. *It's All Too Much* needs more work, and at this point would have been better suited to the first set. *Playing in the Band* headed off for a buoyant free-form jam in no time. Jerry quoted *Supplication* with his guitar, then Phil toyed around with it for several minutes while the rest of the band occasionally acknowledged the jam. *Playing* melted into chaos with Phil rattling the floor. It eventually gave way to more chaos as the drummers took over. Mickey strapped on what looked like a large white talking drum and made the whole arena throb. *Space* produced some very weird and fascinating sounds, but lacked direction and the spellbinding quality of late. I actually liked the space after *Playing in the Band* better.

An ever-improving *Easy Answers* evolved out of *Space*. *Morning Dew*, well paced throughout, began with sublime ebb and flow. A tremendous welling-up of sound poured wave after wave over us as the roaring audience reinforced the crescendo that

brought the show to a triumphant close. I wanted to close my eyes and let it all wash over me, but Candace's blue streams and arches were too beautiful to be missed. This *Dew* was still resounding in my head the following morning. The sing-along *U.S. Blues* encore, accompanied by video images of the *Unbroken Chain* vanity license plate poster, was a few notches above throwaway. Despite only fifteen songs, some lengthy jams made the show a typical length.

On the second night, *Touch of Grey* stretched out so far that they seemed unsure how to end it. Phil started to look confused and then, cuing with his bass, brought the song to a close. *Walkin' Blues* featured some tasty slide work by Bob. *It Must Have Been the Roses* was warmly welcomed and pleasantly sung. Bob donned his acoustic only this once in Albany for a standard run of *Masterpiece*. An extended *So Many Roads* built to an effective climax. I was disappointed to see several folks not giving this song much of a chance, especially since this was such a fantastic version. Closing the first set, *Music Never Stopped* opened up effectively, explored some different places, and featured a stellar piano solo from Vince.

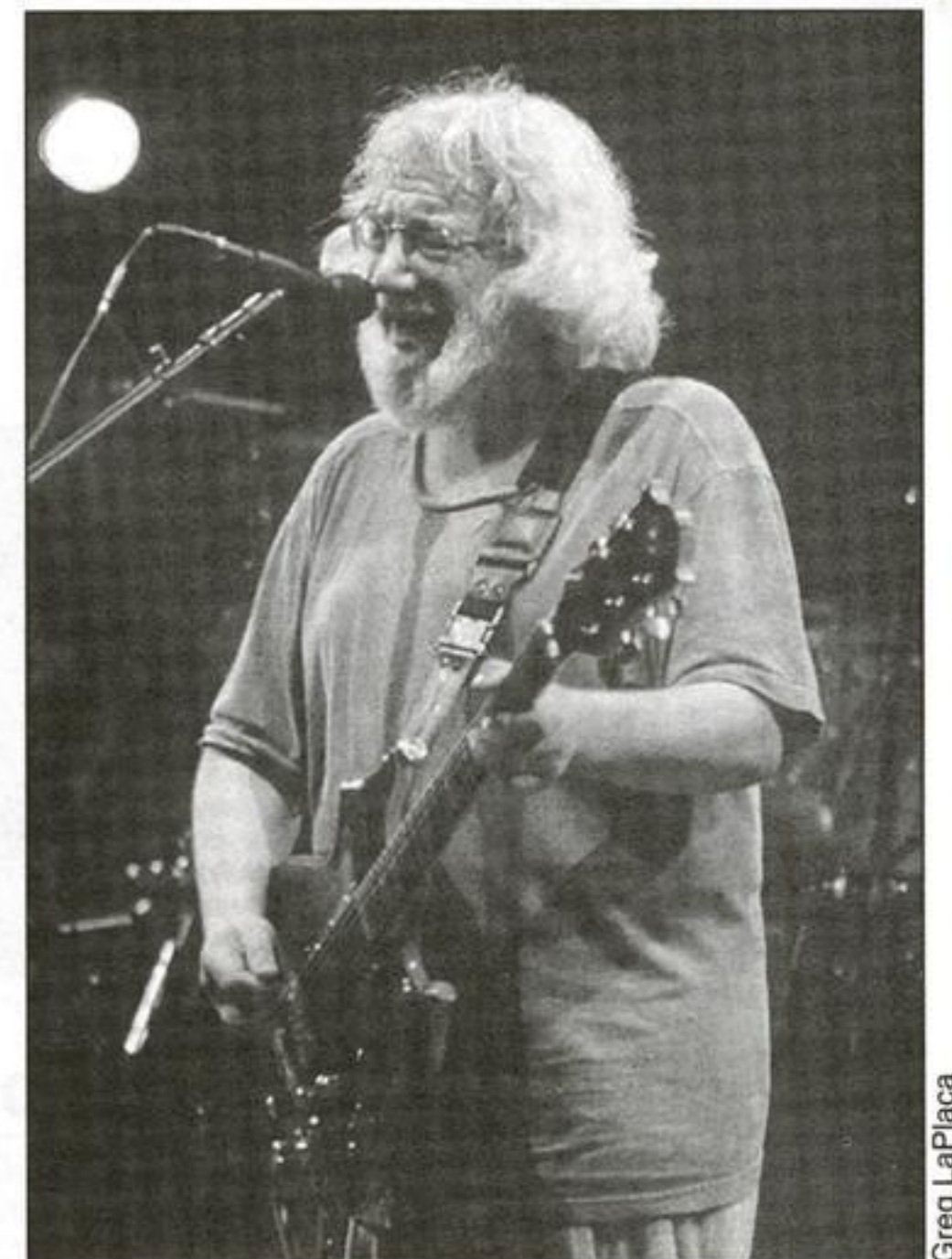
Help on the Way and a long, slithery *Slipknot!* started off the second set with a great deal of energy. The transition into *Franklin's Tower* was slightly messy and Jerry caught the mumbles. A lengthy *Franklin's Tower* had its fair share of inspired jamming, but also contained some occasional slack moments. Many in attendance were downright disgruntled when the band started *Samba in the Rain*. New Yorkers just don't seem to like Vince at all.

Estimated Prophet started favorably, but never quite caught fire. It did not really open up until the end, and then it became essentially noodling, as if they might go

into *Drums*. Instead, Jerry started the *Terrapin* pattern and the crowd squealed with delight. *Terrapin* was decently played, but not particularly special. Jerry's voice was a little too fragile and the band got out of sync near the end. However, instead of the ending vamp building and leading into *Drums*, they went off into a nervous free-form jam. As the jam wound down, it sounded like Jerry was about to start yet another song even though it was already close to seventy minutes into the set. The rest of the band left the stage before he could go much further. Jerry started to leave, but turned around and headed back out! He stayed for almost all of *Drums*. Mickey pounded thunder on the same drum as the night before, while Jerry played strange computer-like sounds that sounded like R2D2 on acid. Most of *Drumspace* was pretty random and chaotic. When it did pull together, it sounded like cosmic spy music.

The transition from the sparse ending of *Space* into *Watchtower* was very satisfying, but the song itself turned out sluggish. *Black Peter* evoked a certain desolate feeling. It rose to a powerful peak and featured some exciting interplay between guitarists and organ. *Around & Around* is not a very exciting show closer for me. At the start, this one was not improving my opinion. It did get very interesting as they went into a jazzy blues shuffle which eventually built to a robust rocking ending. Throughout, Vince played some rollicking piano riffs. Phil contributed an asymmetric walking bass as only he can. The *I Fought the Law* encore might have been in response to media reports (exaggerated as it turned out) of clashes with security and police.

Despite some problems, especially with equipment, both shows were quite good. Jerry seemed disconnected at times, but



Giants - June 19

when everything was cooking, magic was in the air. From where I was, the sound was on the verge of being too loud and a little muddy, but all right for a basketball arena. The set lists were as good as anyone could ask for, but this was one of those runs where the set lists don't tell anywhere near the whole story.

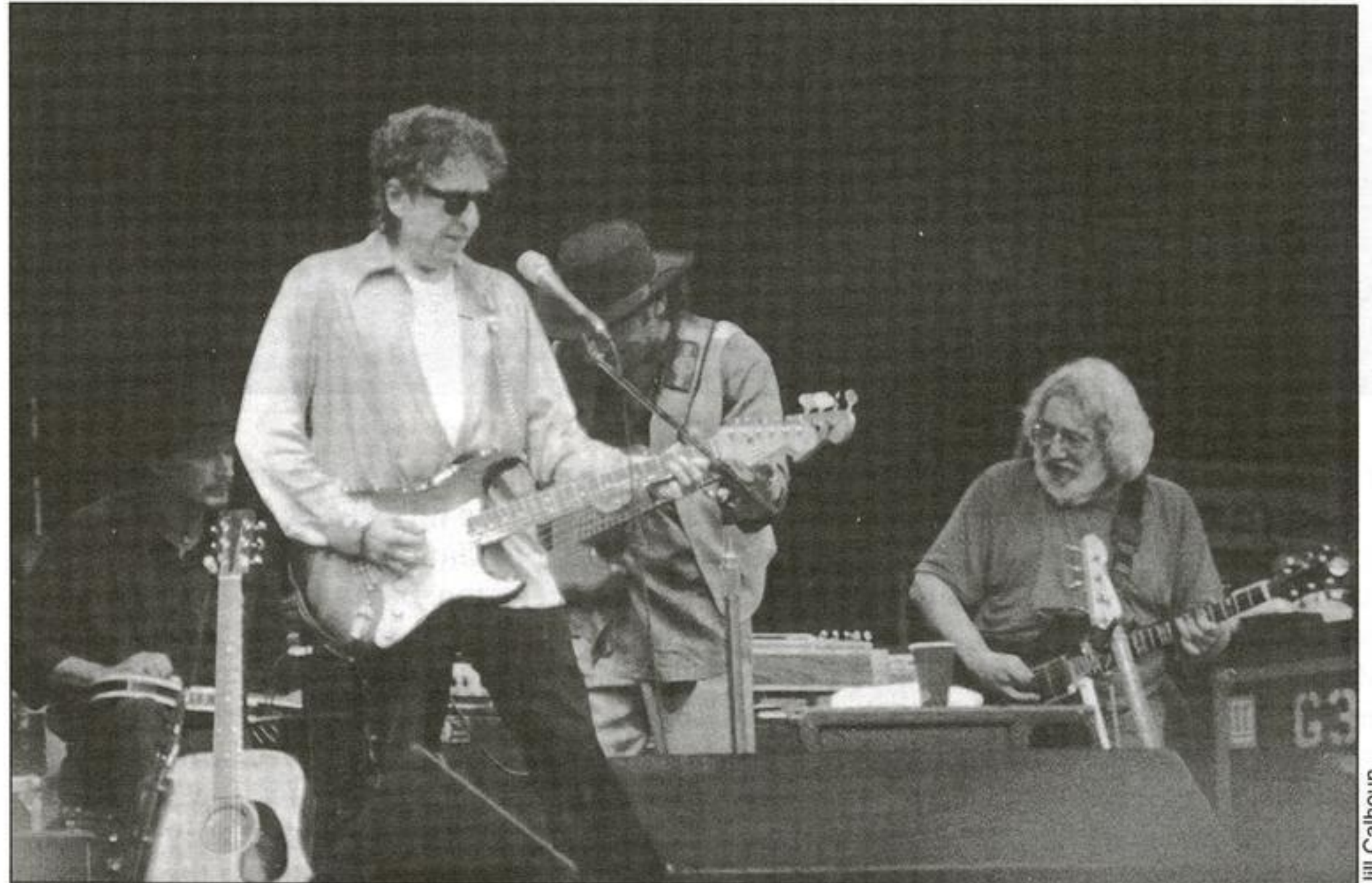
June 24 & 25
RFK Stadium
Washington, DC
by August West

Sunday night at RFK Stadium was the kind of show Deadheads spend entire tours chasing. It was pure magic from the *Shakedown Street* opener through the *Brokedown Palace* encore. Sure, the temperature was blistering hot for the second night in a row. That's to be expected for a June night in the nation's capital. But the Dead's performance was flawless throughout. There literally wasn't a poorly-played song during the entire night. No doubt it helped to have Bruce Hornsby on stage again, tickling the ivories of his grand piano. But Bruce was there on Saturday night too, and that show was merely mediocre. It was a decent Grateful Dead show, but Sunday's performance was fast and crisp and spine-tinglingly good.

There's a definite pattern to RFK shows, now that they've settled into a yearly

Saturday-Sunday combination. Saturday night brings out all the yahoos and some-time-Deadheads who show up for the party and often pass out from drinking too much beer after they've been obnoxious most of the evening. Those aren't the type of people who show up on a traditional work night, so Sunday night is usually left to those who are more interested in the music than in bellowing bad jokes to their boozed-up buddies.

Many of the other elements were the same as years past: There were the usual lemmings, rushing from the stands onto the field during Bob Dylan's set both nights; it rained Saturday night, as it has so many Saturdays at RFK; the field was a steamy cheek-to-jowl sweat bath, with bodies in front of the soundboard pressed together like sardines; and the parking lot, especially close to the Anacostia River, was a wide-open shopping bazaar, with nitrous



Jerry sits in with Bob Dylan at RFK Stadium - June 25

Jill Calhoun

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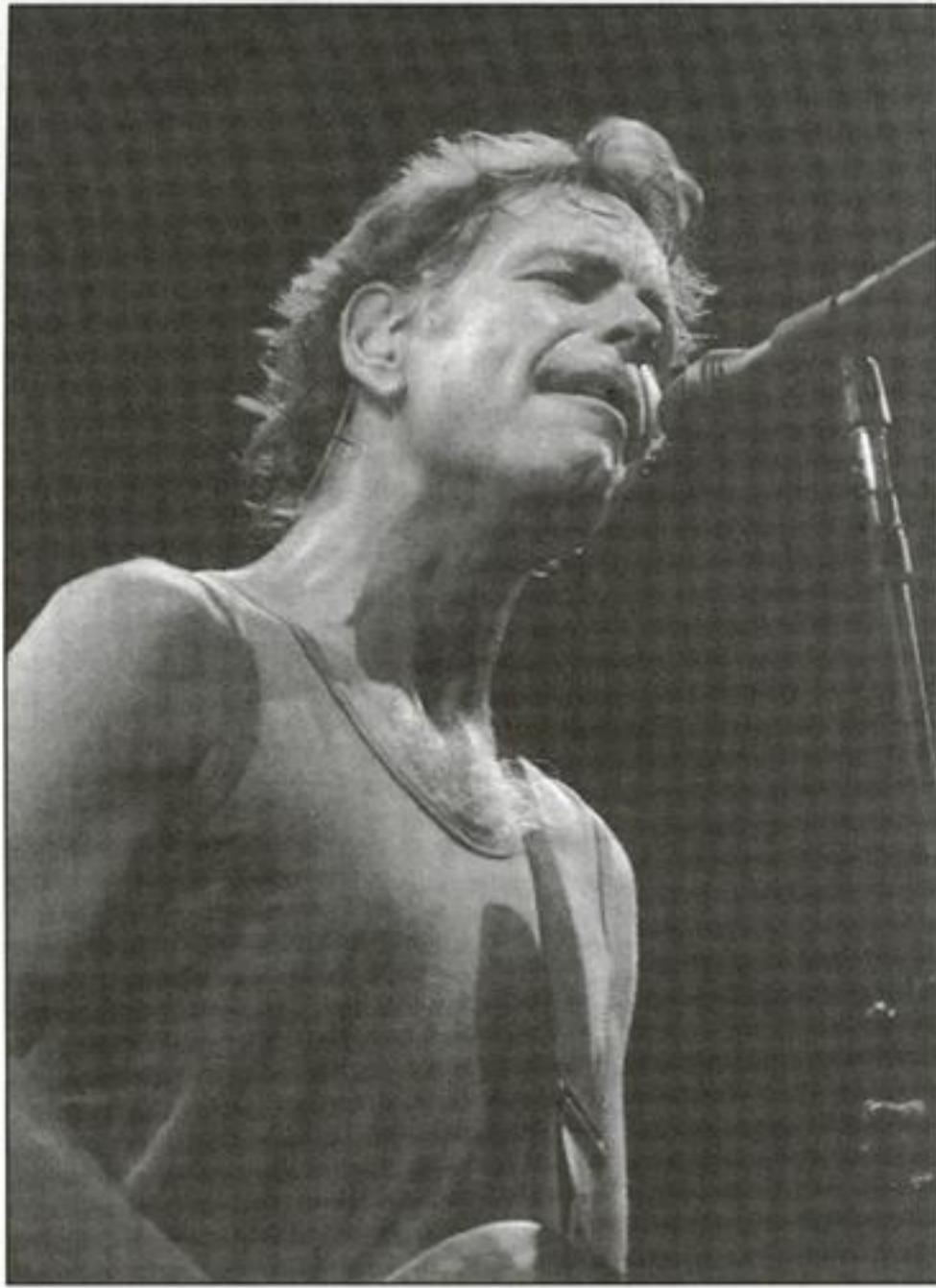
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Ken Kazuski

The Palace - June 28

tanks and vending galore. The one unusual occurrence was a sad one — one of the many tragedies that haunted this summer's tour. About three o'clock Sunday, a thunderstorm swept into the area. Lightning hit a tree in a rear parking lot, injuring three Deadheads who were seeking shelter beneath it.

The rain had stopped and the clouds were clearing by the time Bob Dylan began his set around 6:30 on Sunday. Dylan's shows were hard-charging rock 'n' roll both nights, with strong vocals and interpretations of *Desolation Row*, *Queen Jane*, and *Maggie's Farm* that were very different from old Dylan or from the way the Dead play his tunes. In deference to the master, the Dead played no Dylan songs at RFK. It seemed like a good omen when Jerry (who had watched Dylan's set from the side of the stage Saturday night), strapped on his guitar to join in Dylan's Sunday night double encore of *It Takes A Lot to Laugh, It Takes A Train to Cry* and *Rainy Day Women #12 & 35*. It was an amazing thing, in this repressive era at the waning days of the twentieth century, to hear an entire football stadium of people belting out the most memorable chorus, "Everybody must get stoned!" Dylan was having such a good time that he played almost half an hour longer Sunday than he had Saturday. Alas, Dylan did not come out to play with the Dead either night.

After a fifty minute break and tuning that sounded like *Feel Like A Stranger*, the Dead tore into a sixteen minute *Shakedown*. The whole first set was tight and strongly-played, but *Mama Tried* was really exceptional. Even the *Picasso Moon* set closer was good.

With the lights down at the end of half-time, Bruce treated us to a little piano interlude while the boys noodled before launching into a gorgeous *Box of Rain*, fol-

lowed by The Beatles' *Rain*. The traditional *Samson & Delilah* gave Bruce an opening to cut loose on a fast and powerful duet with Jerry. The band was so ON that I even liked *Ship of Fools*, which I normally can live without. *Truckin'* was great fun, as it should be. The video screens offered long, lingering looks at the *Unbroken Chain's* Deadhead license-plate poster, which illustrated the song's road-traveling theme. The *Truckin'* jam flowed smoothly into Muddy Waters' *Rollin' and Tumblin'*. But that wasn't all. Vince gave us a *Samba in the Rain* and stretched the pre-Drums segment to fifty-three minutes before turning it over to Mickey and Bill.

Space gave way to the kind of *Wharf Rat* most of us only dream about. This version provided conclusive proof that when the full Grateful Dead music machine lumbers into high gear, it can blow away any band on the planet. *Not Fade Away* was a fine choice to close the set and *Brokedown Palace* was a wonderful, mellow encore.

Saturday night was good, not great. It was hotter and muggier than Sunday, which in Washington means 150% humidity and about fifteen degrees hotter on the field than in the stands. The highlights came in the second set with *New Speedway Boogie* (a warning that didn't hold off the madness at Deer Creek) and Paul McCartney's *That Would Be Something*. *The Days Between* was grand, but the video shots of galaxies rushing by Jerry's face were a little much. The real surprise was the *Black Muddy River* encore, which hadn't been played since August 13, 1991. Overall, Saturday was a B show, while Sunday was A++.

June 27 & 28
The Palace
Auburn Hills, MI
 by Jim Pollock

The tapes from The Palace at Auburn Hills in 1994 - two of the most exciting shows of the year - got me primed for this vastly underrated summer tour venue. Traffic was generally nasty coming from Motown, but we got parked and seated just in time for the lights to go down and the crowd to go nuts.

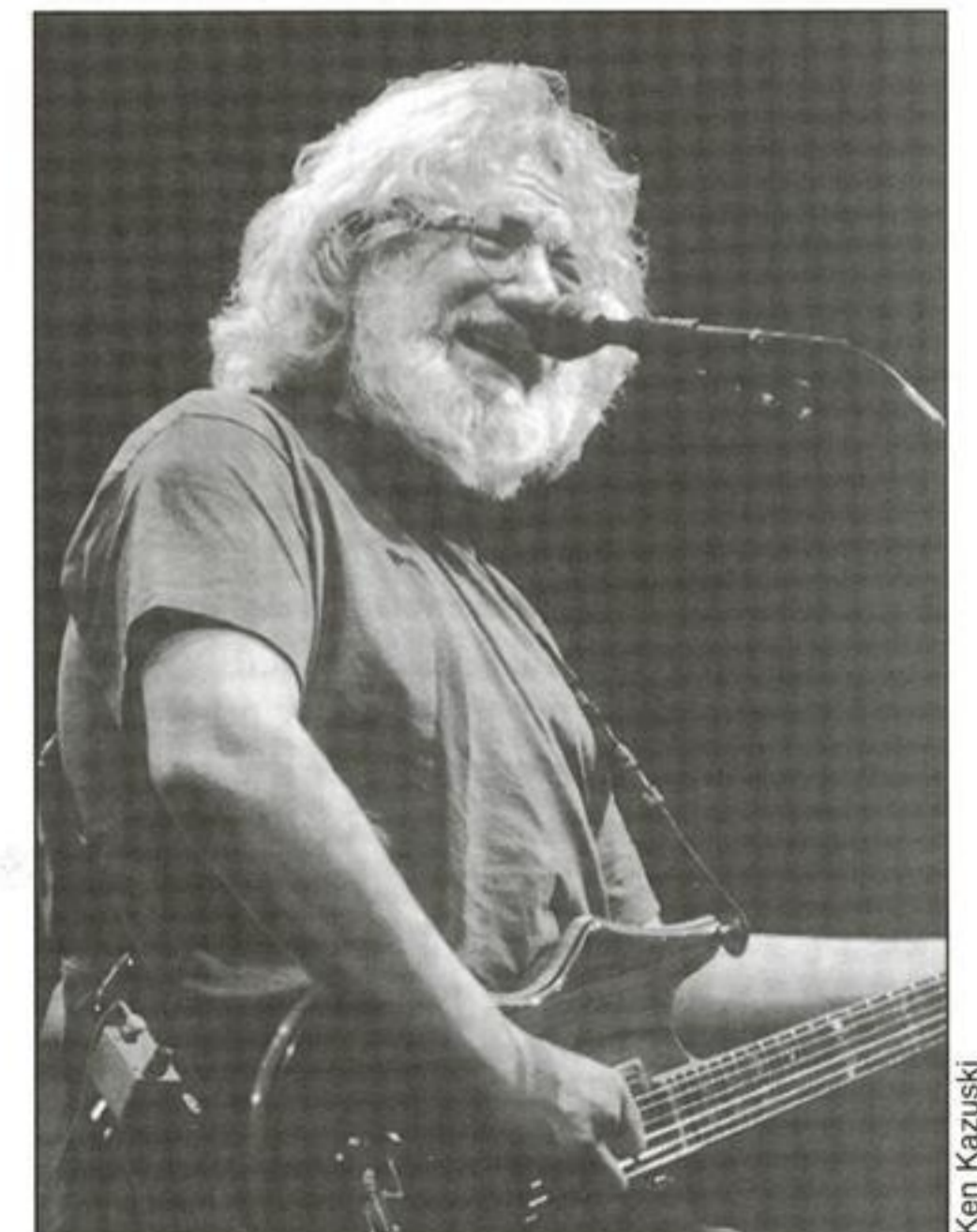
At 750:1 Vegas odds, the *Greatest Story* opener was a big surprise to all and showed Bobby taking the forefront early. Jerry was tickled with this strange opener and responded with an excellent but quick jam that fell into the reprise and then the crowd-favorite, *Bertha*. This was an average version with really no oomph to speak of, aside from Jerry's emphatic "anymore"s. Excellent renderings of *Minglewood* and *Queen Jane* showed the entire band chugging along. *Minglewood*, in particular, saw Vinny pounding some hot chops. After five

years with the band, he is really finding his niche, but his sound continues to be almost impossible to hear anywhere outside The Vince Zone. After the show, I spoke to many who said they could not hear him except in his loudest moments. If there is one area that John Cutler could still work on, this is it. Jerry had some problems during lackluster performances of *Ramble on Rose* and *Lazy River Road*. A short, trippy *Eternity* was naturally followed by a cranking *Don't Ease Me In*, again brimming with Vince licks and tight all-around playing from the rest of the gang, to close the set with tons of energy.

The second set brought another *MONSTER Victim or the Crime*, out of which came a HUGE extended jam led by Mr. Garcia. At one point, Phil even looked over to Jerry as if to ask, "What the hell are you doing?" It must have clicked to him though, as he was soon bobbing and beaming along while he and the rest of the band wiggled and meandered their way through a transitional jam reminiscent of 1973 that, after about five minutes, was thrown into a full-throttle *Foolish Heart*. With high levels of intensity from each member, the Dead have really managed to bring this former yawner to a new level.

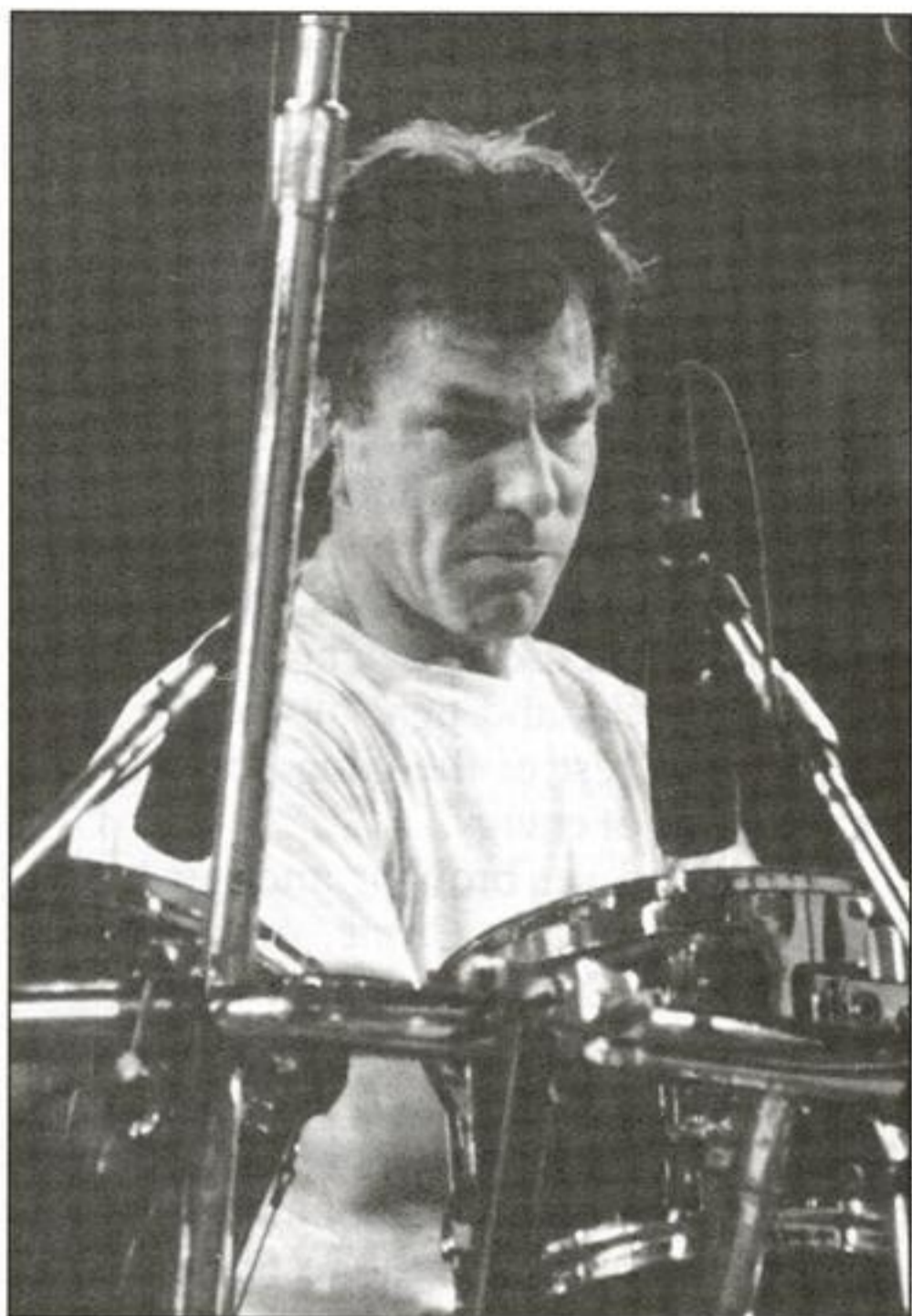
The mix was muddy for *It's All Too Much*, even in The Vince Zone, and the band really seemed to peter out during *Corinna*. This version had not one, but two instances where the drummers seemed to get just a little off time; very strange and obviously something that threw the band off.

After an aborted attempt at *Mathilda*, the end of which saw Phil unstrap his bass and storm off stage, we were treated to the Bill and Mickey show. An ear-piercing *Space* was followed by colorless versions of *The Last Time* and *Standing on the Moon*. But the day was saved as the boys caught their second wind with a supercharged *Sugar*



Ken Kazuski

The Palace - June 28



Suzan Palford

Pittsburgh - June 30

Magnolia that featured crisp playing, pounding drums, and, well, just about the highest level of energy the band could muster. The encore brought another in a long line of *Liberty* encores. This tune really gets played with feeling though, and the message always comes through loud and clear, "I'm gonna find my own way home!"

On Wednesday, we showed up early enough to enjoy the scene. The afternoon began beautifully. The lots were relatively empty, but Shakedown Street was bustling with the usual wares and a surprising (but VERY welcome) lack of the ticketless horde. After enduring the buckets of rain that fell later that afternoon, the boys treated us with a feisty *Half Step* full of tasty Vinny licks and booming Phil pops. Bobby jumped directly into the funky new arrangement of *Good Morning Little Schoolgirl*. No longer the slow moaning blues tune featured by Pig in the 1960s, it is now upbeat with a nasty *Minglewood*-esque edge. *Loser* was hampered by vocal miscues in key parts of the song, but otherwise featured fine playing. Bobby threw on the acoustic for a *Black-Throated Wind* dripping with a dump truck load of screaming and emotion. Phil made his only lead vocal appearance of the run with a growlingly delightful *Tom Thumb's Blues*. This is the ultimate Phil tune with that autobiographical touch that seems to really tug at his heartstrings and make him add just a little bit more. The surprise of the run was felt with the opening notes of *Big Railroad Blues*, which got the crowd a rockin', but was plagued with a slight case of l'amnesia de Garcia. *The Music Never Stopped* boogied everyone into intermission full of excitement for the second set.

A vicious segue joining *China Cat Sunflower* > *I Know You Rider* signaled great-

ness for the final set for The Palace in '95. Unfortunately, a typically routine *Way To Go Home* planted many firmly in their seats. *Estimated Prophet* brought Bobby back to the forefront for some ripping "AIIIEEEE"s and a ton of hot jamming by all. Vince's faux-saxophone action was particularly appealing. *Estimated* fell nicely into the long-awaited *Uncle John's Band*. The reprise was followed by a very brief jam and yet another excellent *Rhythm Devils*.

Space noodled and prodded its way into *Easy Answers*, which is becoming as strong as its other new counterparts, but is really VERY peculiar in the post-*Space* slot. A warm and tender *Attics of My Life* led into a crunchy *Good Lovin'*. Bobby cheesed heavily for the crowd (as he SHOULD) and met the approval of his bandmates with congratulatory nods at the end. The crowd roared its satisfaction as the *Lucy in the Sky* encore sent many back to the hotels, campgrounds, and the long roads home happy.

Overall, Bobby again wins the MVP of the Auburn Hills run. But the band as a whole just seemed to lack that certain *je ne sais quoi* through both shows. Just when a few of the guys were really stepping it up, another would take a step back, thus killing a lot of the consistency that would have made both of these shows spectacular. However, tasty nuggets like *Victim* > *Foolish Heart* and *China* > *Rider* should make these shows highly desirable for tapeheads everywhere.

On a side note, the scene (like in years past) was what the scene SHOULD be: people with tickets show up, some vend their wares before the show, but the throngs of ticketless people looking for a miracle tended to STAY AWAY.

June 30

Three Rivers Stadium

Pittsburgh, PA

by Uncle Country

"Hot time, summer in the city, back of my neck"... YIKES!! The formerly to-be-announced venue, Three Rivers Stadium, greeted Deadheads with a muggy, sweltering heat and a high-profile police presence. Newscasts on the eve of the show promised additional officers in the parking lot, and they were pretty much on the money. Uniformed officers were fairly laid-back, much more so than their head-banging undercover counterparts.

The early crowd was chock-full of locals who enthusiastically received their home-grown opening act. Rusted Root's rhythmic percussion-based ditties kept the crowd in as merry a spirit as the weather would permit (a mid-set downpour sent folks ducking for cover). If this band can remain together, they could impact the national music scene in a very positive fashion.

The Boys have gravitated toward short, well-played sets this year, and Pittsburgh was no exception. The *Hell in a Bucket* opener was remarkably crisp, considering the balmy climate. A real treat ensued when Jerry opted for *West LA Fadeaway*, nailing the vocals and emoting his licks. *Take Me to the River* (please don't wash me in these polluted waters) continues to improve and Bobby threw in some new chops. *Candyman* was dream-like and Kafka-esque as dusk overcame the stadium. After a minute or two of bopping around the stage, Bobby strapped on the acoustic and provided another solid rendition of *Masterpiece*. Jerry had his moments during another seemingly short *Bird Song*, and the set



Frank Hanwell

Pittsburgh - June 30

closed with a spirited *Promised Land*.

Rain opened the second set with timely harmony as the skies poured on command from the drumroll intro onward. Once again, The Boys were right: we didn't mind! Phil sidled up and offered a strong *Box of Rain*, much to the delight on the folks in The Zone. *Samba in the Rain* took a little time to get under foot, had a nice jam, and finished strongly.

The next half hour was the stuff! Clicking on all cylinders, Bobby painted a *Looks Like Rain* that had most of the eyes in the stadium taking over the water responsibilities as the dark clouds subsided. *Terrapin* was both masterly and ethereal. WOW! Can Jerry tell a story or what?!

Drumspace was solid as always. The *I Need A Miracle* > *Standing on the Moon* post-*Space* combo had the crowd dancing then swaying. The *Gloria* encore got the joint jumpin', even though it seemed a tad hectic and fast-paced.

All in all, this show brought back visions of Buckeye '94. Was it the post-*Space Miracle* > *Standing*? Could it have been the bombardment of rain tunes? Maybe the surprise encore? How about the pre-tour anticipation of the venue 'to-be-announced'? All of the above contributed to the conclusion that, even though every song has its own separate entity, a comparison was inevitable and Pittsburgh left me wanting more. Such was not the case at Buckeye. For those who weren't at the rain show at

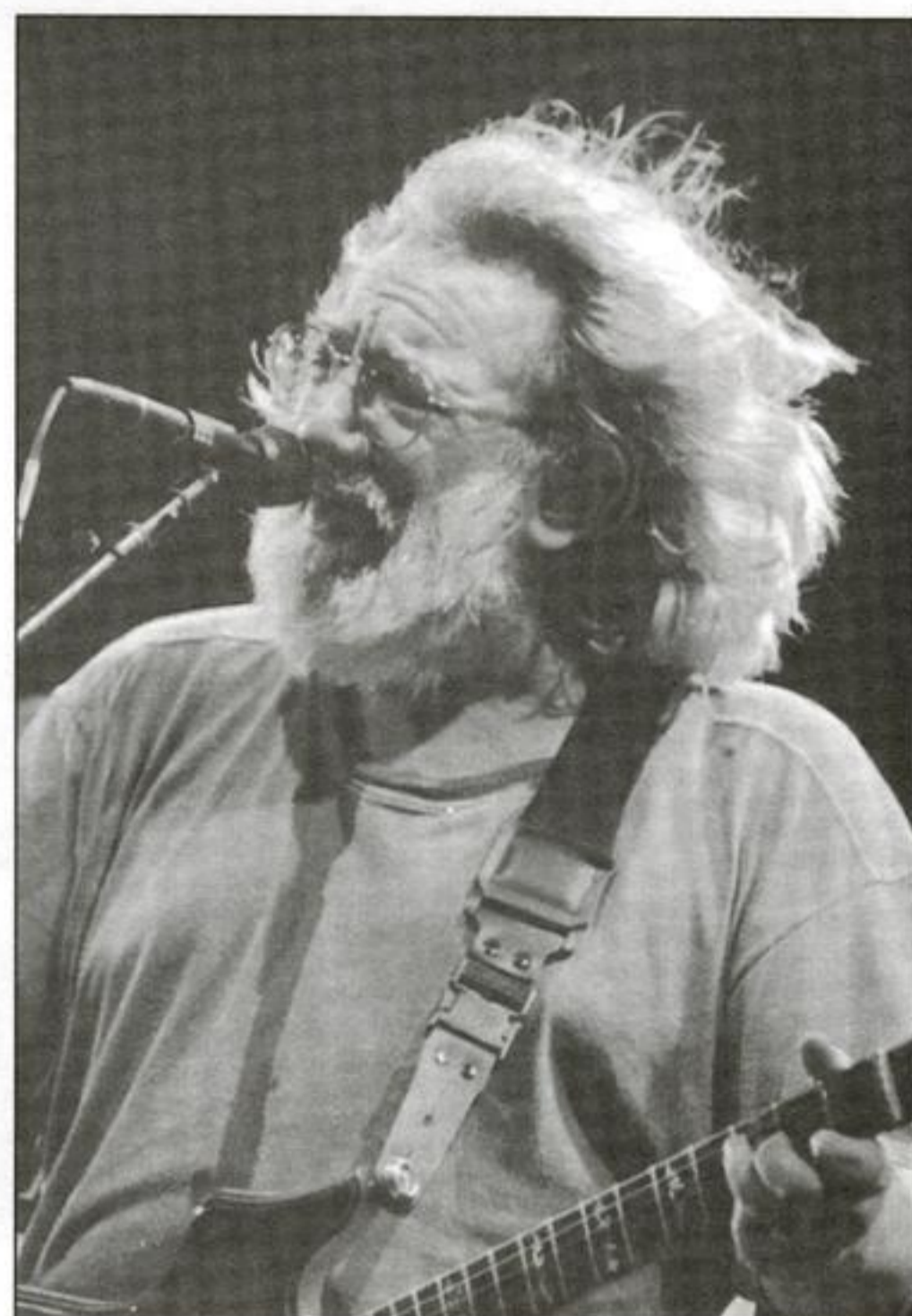
The Lake in '94, but were satisfied with this one, all I can say is, "Cool."

July 2
Deer Creek Music Center
Noblesville, IN
by Bill Gassaway

The Grateful Dead's abbreviated stint at Deer Creek marked the seventh year in a row for the band to play this lovely cornfield-shrouded amphitheater.

Despite Deer Creek's two-hundred plus acres, the grounds were very crowded. The combination of splendid weather and a holiday weekend made this venue even more appealing to the masses than usual. I arrived in the early afternoon, but still sat in traffic an hour before being able to park. The parking lot/field scene was typical, maybe even a little more laid back than usual, as the throng enjoyed a beautiful sunny Indiana summer day.

Those who entered the venue before seven o'clock had a long wait, as the band sauntered on stage almost an hour later than scheduled. To a huge ovation, Jerry led a slow, adequate *Here Comes Sunshine* to open the show. *Walkin' Blues* showcased Bob's fine guitar licks as well as strong keyboard work by Vince. A surprising and lively *Dire Wolf* emerged with Jerry struggling slightly on a couple verses, but not enough to disrupt the flow of the song. An average *All Over*



Suzan Palford

Pittsburgh - June 30

Now featured more heady keyboard work by Vince. Phil's vocals on *Broken Arrow* have continued to improve since the song's debut, as this version surely confirmed.

And then it happened! The band began *Desolation Row* and Bob did not even finish the first verse when the crowd turned to observe hundreds of people climbing over the wooden fence that encircled the lawn. It looked like a prison break scene from a

Greetings from KIND CONNECTIONS

Many of you have probably seen our ad in previous issues of *Unbroken Chain* and have wondered what **KIND CONNECTIONS** is all about. Well, it's pretty simple. We are offering the Deadhead Community an alternative to using AT&T, MCI or Sprint.

We offer truly amazing long distance rates and at the same time donate 3% of each customer's bill to **FRIENDS OF THE RAINFOREST**.

FOTR is a non-profit foundation established on behalf of Deadheads.

So, if your long distance phone bill is over \$20 a month, give us a call. We can save you money and help preserve our rainforests at the same time.

No games or gimmicks, just simple low rates all the time!

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from your friends at
TERRAPIN TAPES



Deer Creek - July 2

Greg Linton

bad movie! Much to the band's chagrin, the crowd actually cheered the intruders. My first thought was, "If it looks like this from the inside, I wonder what is going on outside the fence?"

My question was answered the next day as television newscasts replayed the scene repeatedly. And as bad as it was, the media always have a way of making things sound worse. *The Indianapolis Star* put the number of police injured at four and its headline proclaimed, "Chaos Overruns Deer Creek Concert."

But enough of that... Bob continued with a long *Desolation Row*, noticeably irritated. The tone of what was strumming prior to the incident became chopping. A brief silence, probably to regroup, preceded *Tennessee Jed*. The song's tempo wavered and Jerry's solo finally got the tune back on track. A magnificent *Let It Grow* ended an eventful set. The boys really hooked up on this one as the song grew from small to huge! Impressive!

The extra people inside the venue were very noticeable during intermission. Walkways were a nightmare, damn near impassable. There were absolutely too many people in the place! At the outskirts of the lawn, I observed a hole in the fence large enough to drive a VW bus through, and hundreds of planks were missing from other parts of the fence.

The familiar initial riffs of *Scarlet Begonias* began the second set with the house lights in the pavilion still on. In fact, they remained on throughout the entire set, putting a major damper on the light show. Jerry soared on his solo during *Scarlet*, whipping the crowd into a frenzy in anticipation of the upcoming *Fire on the Mountain*. But an abbreviated *Fire* ensued, almost coming to a complete halt prior to *Victim or the Crime*.

If you are one who enjoys silky smooth segues, this was not a show for you as several transitions were extremely disjointed. Even so, there is always a perfection in the imperfection of the Dead's improvisation.

Victim's normal spooky overtones built to an intense peak. I thought the slot filled by *Victim* might have been reserved for *Samson & Delilah* since it was Sunday, but I guess "If I had my way, I would tear this old building down" wasn't appropriate after the first set antics. The entire band played brilliantly on *It's All Too Much*, and Vince even added a few screams to his vocals. This Beatles cover is an evolving song that I like better with each performance. One of my personal favorites, *New Speedway Boogie*, was definitely a song with a message and Jerry stepped into it with conviction. Phil's steady bass and Jerry's fluid guitar combined to make this the best jam of the night, even though it was a bit more structured than most other jams.

Mickey and Bill got a healthy tribal rumbling going, but *Drums* never quite achieved its typical level of thundering intensity. A solid performance was turned in by both percussionists nonetheless. Phil always seems to give stellar effort during *Space* and this night was no exception. The lurid *Space* was out there, although not very lengthy. When the entire band returned to the stage, *Space* developed in the familiar harmony of *Attics of My Life*, which led to a strong *Sugar Magnolia* to end the second set. Bob's obvious enthusiasm complimented a flawless effort by the group's other members.

The band left the stage and immediately returned for the encore. The crowd's applause never really built to a level worthy of an encore, but it appeared that the guys just wanted to get this one over with. However, a jolly *Quinn the Eskimo* capped the evening.

Jerry led rousing choruses and added some fine finishing touches with his guitar.

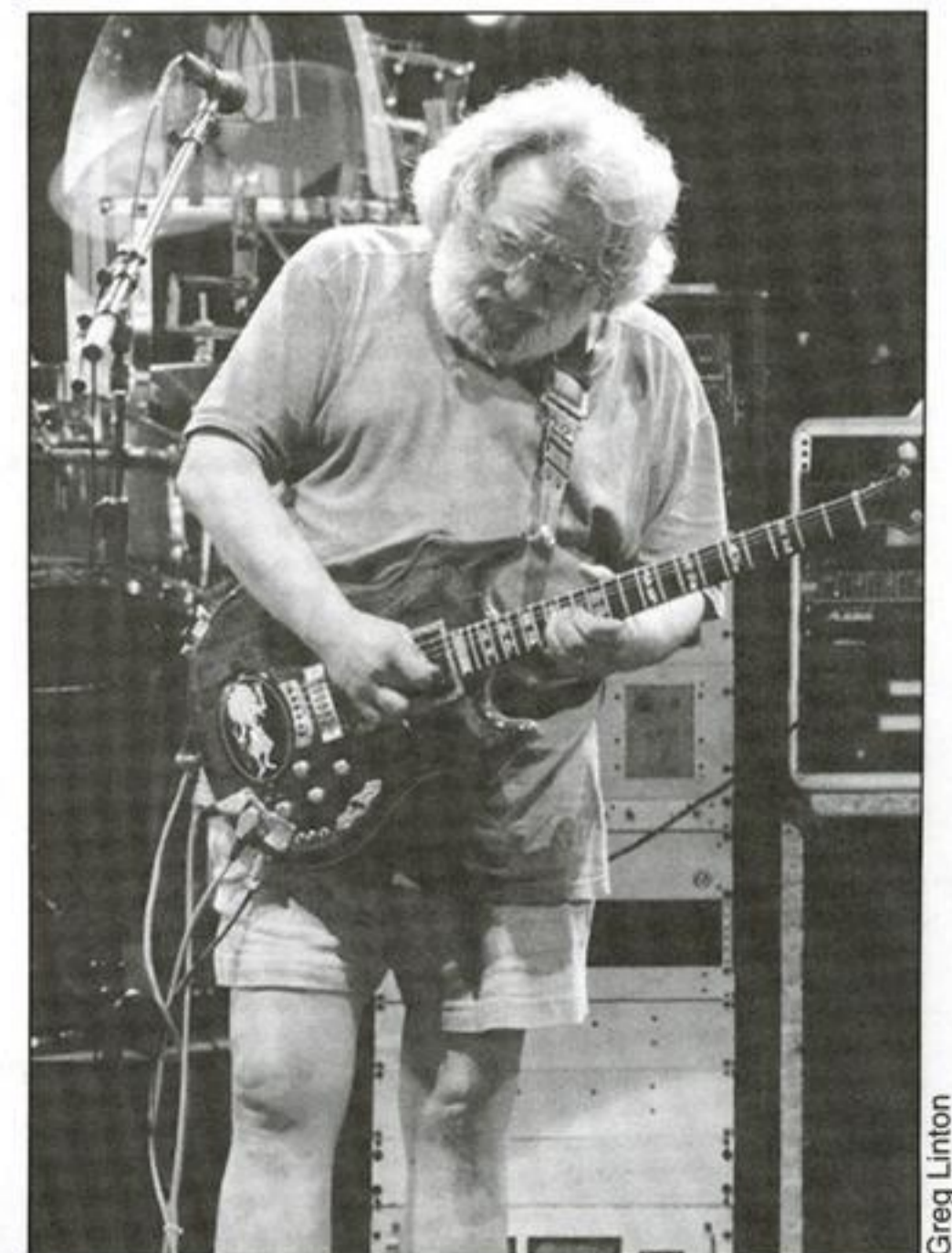
Deer Creek's one night stand turned out to be a good show. Even though the synergy wasn't there early on and in parts of the second set, the set list was very likable and there were certainly an adequate number of highlights. The entire band is to be commended for focusing on their task during and after the first set disruption.

July 5 & 6
Riverport Amphitheatre
Maryland Heights, MO
by Frank Hanwell

We spent the remainder of the holiday in Bloomington, Indiana to lick our wounds and get the media's version of the truncated twofer at Deer Creek. Driving into St. Louis on the fifth felt like being a slide specimen under the proverbial microscope of media, law enforcement, and rightly concerned residents. Not the best of days for Deadhead pride.

Riverport's staff was understandably hardcore in the ticket checking game, though it was more of a problem than a gate-crashing antidote. My companions didn't have tickets, so I was left to hike to Outer Mongolia, where the early arrivals were sent. Since I was wandering around and not based at a vehicle, I apparently looked like I didn't have a ticket. I was stopped and asked for ticket verification over ten times! After watching a pack of security guards pass confiscated, presumably vended food around amongst themselves, my fellow wanderer and I decided to spend the rest of the afternoon at the DoubleTree's restaurant, which was surprisingly accommodating.

For me, Riverport Amphitheatre ranks very

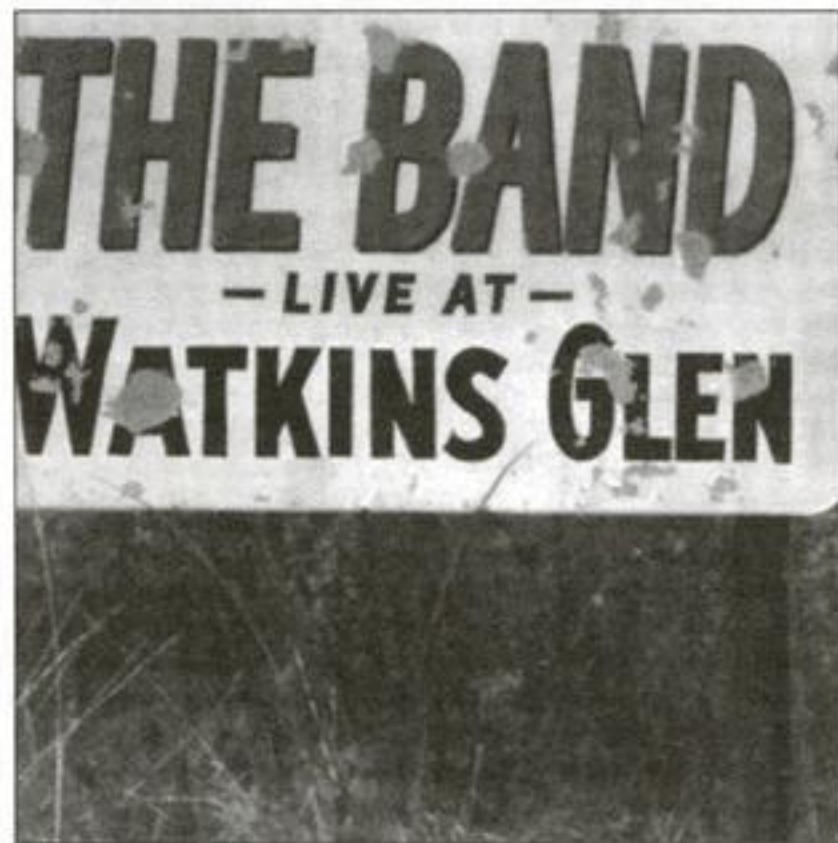


Deer Creek - July 2

Greg Linton

Med volunteers, and several other well-known personalities. *Tie-Died* proves to be an excellent reflection of life, good and bad, at and around Dead shows.

-Dave Serrins



The Band
Live at Watkins Glen
Capitol Records

It is still, to this day, the largest rock concert in history. Woodstock? Live Aid? Altamont? No, no, and no. The event was a concert put on by Bill Graham in the summer of 1973 in the upstate New York town of Watkins Glen. On the bill were only three bands: Allman Brothers Band, The Band, and Grateful Dead. Not a bad line-up. Among Deadheads, the Watkins Glen concert is legendary not as much for the actual concert on July 28 as for the previous day when all three bands made concert-long soundchecks filled with improvisational jams.

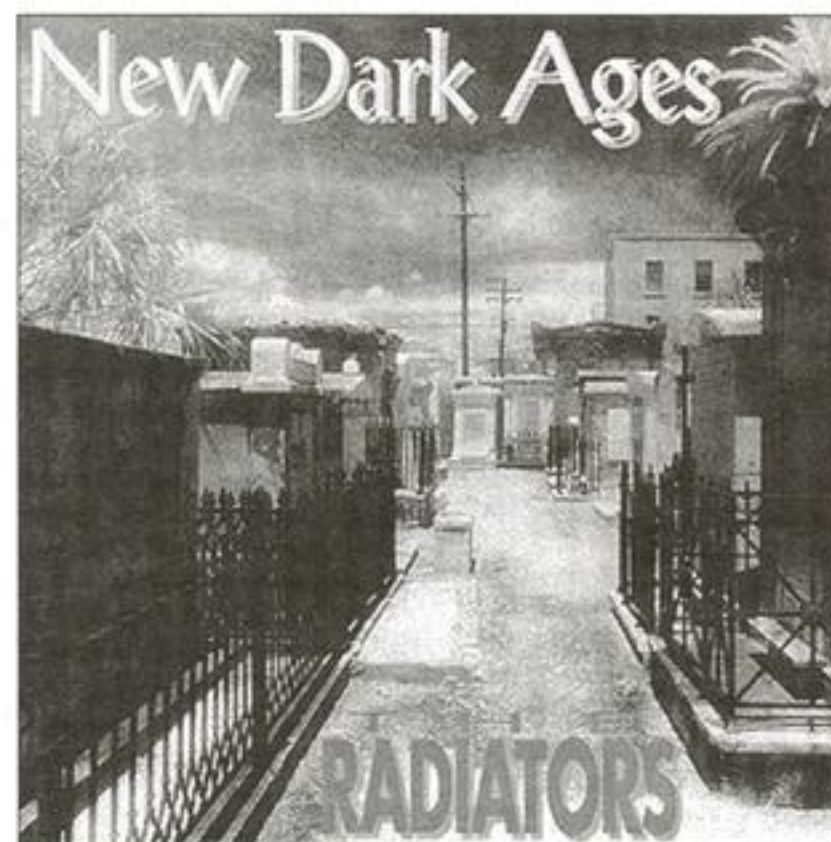
If it was not for The Band's pickiness about their sound, this unplanned concert might have never been. They requested a soundcheck much to the amusement of Uncle Bobo. The soundcheck grew into a nice short set. Following The Band, the Allmans and the Dead turned in concert-length sets filled with looseness, improvisation, and just plain fun to a quarter of a million people who had arrived a day early. By most accounts the actual concert paled in comparison to these sessions. It's tempting to wonder immediately why the soundcheck set was passed over in favor of the concert performance, but let's give this thing a chance!

What first catches your ear when you hit the play button is the sound quality of *Live at Watkins Glen*. The mix is excellent and the producer was wise enough to leave some between-song chatter that gives the disc a nice home-grown feeling (at one point, you can even hear an *Oh, Canada* tuning). Like many Dead shows of the era, the set begins with an introduction by Bill Graham right before The Band reels off a great version of Chuck Berry's *Back to Memphis*. Other highlights include Dylan's *I Shall Be Released*, *Endless Highway*, and the inevitable closer, *Up On Cripple Creek*.

There are some other points of interest along the way and, unfortunately, some moments when the disc crawls. It is a short disc, about forty-five minutes, but feels much longer. Following a fair version of *Loving You* things get bogged-down. There is an organ solo by Garth Hudson while the rest of the band is waiting-out a mid-set thunderstorm off stage. Amid thunder claps and crowd cheers, Hudson goes off. But it's really only interesting to hear once or twice before the novelty wears thin. A few forgettable numbers follow before a jam (inventively titled *Jam*) gets the listener's attention again. It's a good piece that gets back into the spirit of the day before *Cripple Creek* closes the disc. According to the liner notes, the recording of the complete concert is not available, but I began to wonder what tracks were cut to make room for some of the duds.

Live at Watkins Glen is a good record, but not a great one. The Band's worst enemy may be themselves. They have released three live albums — *Rock of Ages*, *The Last Waltz*, and *Before the Flood* — that are better than this. Comparing *Live at Watkins Glen* to these three, especially the downright perfect *Before the Flood* with Bob Dylan, makes *Watkins Glen* look a bit undernourished.

- Geoff Weed



The Radiators
New Dark Ages
What Are Records?

The Radiators have a slinky, funky, soulful sound that is unmistakably New Orleans. The band draws on the many years of the city's rich musical tradition. They are in a vein similar to the Neville Brothers, but darker and more laid back.

New Dark Ages is the band's first studio album since 1991 and includes some songs that have been in their live sets for years. The recording is close, but not quite up to the energy they create live. Solos and jams tend to be more economical. The band is very solid here though, and you are able to better appreciate their song writing abilities.

Highlights of the album include some long-time crowd favorites. The down and dirty *Papaya* is a funky good groove. *Long*

Hard Journey Home, in a more traditional New Orleans style, is a loving memorial and tribute to Professor Longhair. *Dream Woman*, with its lopping Cajun rhythms, is great fun.

Formed in 1978 in New Orleans, The Radiators are probably the longest running best unknown band. They are continuously performing live, satisfying their small but growing legion of loyal fans. Live is how they are best heard, but this CD will give you something to take home with you.

Available in stores or call (303) 440-0666.

- Michael Bell



Grayfolded Part 2: Mirror Ashes
Composed by John Oswald
Music by Grateful Dead
Swell Artifact

John Oswald has issued part two of his ode to *Dark Star* with the release of *Mirror Ashes*, a follow-up to *Transitive Axis* (see review in UC #49). Together, these two offerings form a two CD project entitled *Grayfolded*, in which Oswald uses the technique called *plunderphonics* to rearrange and essentially create "new" Grateful Dead music from numerous versions of *Dark Star* that were performed between 1968 and 1993. By his own admission, Oswald attempts through *plunderphonics* to IMPROVE on the original source material. A tough order to fill — no question.

In contrast to *Transitive Axis*, which relied heavily on layering of sounds with no repeat passages, *Mirror Ashes* brings forth quite a bit of tape echo, preludes and repeats of source material, as well as substantial use of speed alteration. Expectations for the sequel were indeed high, considering the success of Oswald's first installment of the *Dark Star* saga.

Unfortunately, Oswald comes up short on this outing. Most obvious case in point: On the passage *Cease Tone Beam*, he uses an obtuse speed alteration to extend a *Space* section of a performance that was originally done in under a minute and a half, and stretches it out over a twelve minute span. If the listener is to liken the journey through this CD as transport by various modes, the listener who was sailing along by cruise ship (a la 2-13-70) is sud-

denly dropped off and finds himself plodding along by trolling motor (courtesy of 4-1-91). Not very pretty. In fact, the listener is left wishing upon completion of the journey that Oswald had spent more time on the traces of *St. Stephen*, *Morning Dew*, *Stella Blue*, *Eyes of the World*, and (especially) *The Other One* that creep in during the excursion, rather than dwelling so long in *Space*. Remember, he had a choice.

One very fine aspect of *Mirror Ashes* is the inclusion of quite extensive liner notes, penned by Rob Bowman. Bowman includes in-depth interview quotes from Garcia, Lesh, and Hunter about what *Dark Star* means to each of them. This feature alone is damn near worth the price of admission, and surely surpasses any revelations to date on the subject. Bowman has been awarded a Grammy for his liner notes in the past, and it is easy to see why. A thorough history of the song is depicted in prose, and then for the listener's orientation, a visual "map" outlines the different versions of *Dark Star* used in the production of both discs. Very cool indeed.

-Mike Maynard



DeadBase Jr.
288 pages

The guys at *DeadBase* have done it again. Basically, the authors have broken set four times and come out with a substantial change of product commanding our attention:

DB1: the first complete listing of Grateful Dead sets that came as close as resources would allow.

DB3: the first listing of "Every Time Played," which provided tape collectors a realistic shot at identifying unlabeled tapes.

DB88, *DB89*, *DB90*, *DB91*, *DB92*, *DB93*: the first (and sadly, last) yearly analyses and thorough accounts of Grateful Dead music.

DBjr: the first "portable" *DeadBase*.

DeadBase, Jr. measures approximately 8½" x 5½" x ½" (small enough to take on

tour), but contains a wealth of information:

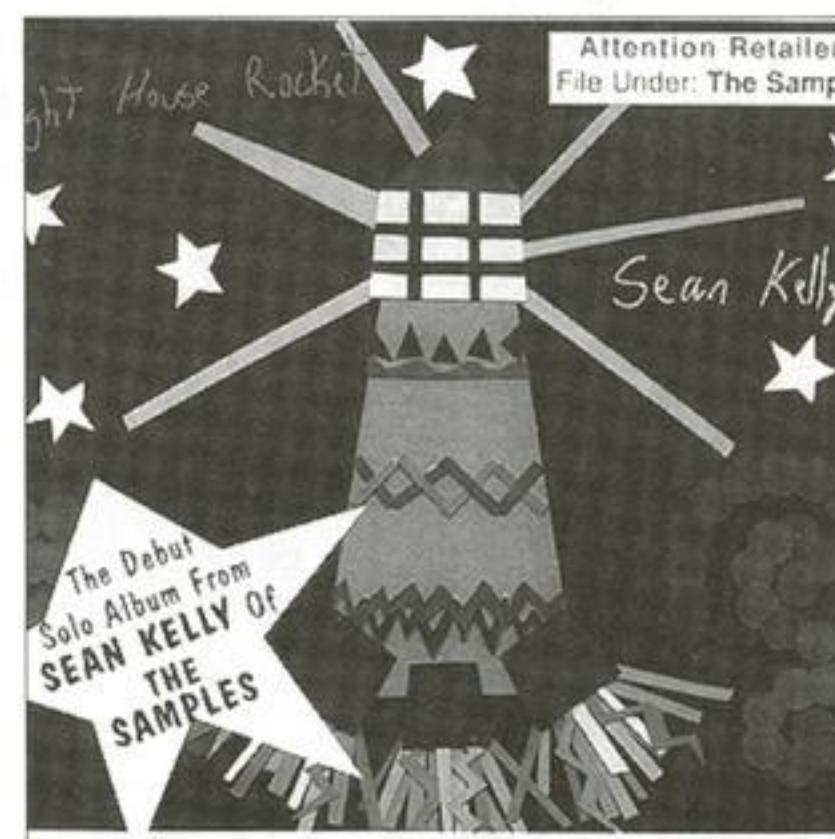
1. *Set lists from 1965-1994* (with "unofficial" 1995 sets up through 4-7-95): The heart and soul of the book, covering 194 of 288 pages. (Essential)
2. *Songs Played*: Lists all songs played over the years (454), number of times played, first and last appearance when applicable, and song author. (Essential)
3. *Song Codes*: Offers a 4-character abbreviation for each song, and has become the standard in Deadhead shorthand. (Non-essential, but very cool)
4. *Statistics*: Lists number of times a particular song was played overall, by year, and more. (Interesting)
5. *Places played*: Lists all the venues the Dead have played, sorted by state/country, city, and venue. (Very interesting)
6. *Seating Charts*: Maps of some common venues played by the Dead. (Why wonder where your seat is going to be? Hopefully it isn't out in deep left field, but at least you'll know)
7. *Deadhead Survey*: Questionnaire results regarding the Deadhead lifestyle. (Diverse, as one might expect)
8. *Discography*: Lists group and individual recordings, guest appearances, books, TV spots, movies & more. (Informative)
9. *Odds & Ends*: Lists chronology of the band, birthdays, and more. (Pure fluff, except for the too-brief listing of best tapes of all time)
10. *Notes Section*: Ten pages on which to take notes during shows. (A waste of paper during a time when the authors claim to have ceased future production of the *DeadBase* annuals due to the rising costs of, you guessed it, PAPER)

Three things that should have been left out of *DeadBase Jr.* (And let's get really ANAL RETENTIVE here):

1. A map of Irvine Meadows Amphitheatre. The Dead have a much better chance of playing *St. Stephen* > *The Eleven* than ever playing there again.
2. The notation on 9-26-93 that it was the "first Bob acoustic show." Actually, 6-13-93 Rich Stadium was, and three out of three reviews in *DB93* tell us so.
3. The incessant claim in the front of every edition of *DeadBase* that the authors may at some time separate *Drumz* into *Drums* and *Space*. Either shit or get off the pot.

If you have resisted buying a *DeadBase* product up to this point, DO IT NOW. The value has never been better.

-Mike Maynard



Sean Kelly

Light House Rocket
What Are Records?

After the *Samples* finished their recent recording, *Autopilot*, Sean Kelly, following a burst of creativity, found himself with another album worth of songs. Rather than wait to put them on the next *Samples* release, he decided to do a solo album and record it in his home studio.

The result is a highly personal album that is more intimate than what probably would have come out of the *Samples*. The lyrics, music, and album packaging all suggest a child's vision and innocence or reminiscence of childhood. The arrangements are primarily acoustic guitar with minimal bass and drums. Warm, unobtrusive analog synthesizer textures, a wash of reverb on the vocals, and occasional French horn provide a soft bedding for the music to nestle in.

I have a sense that there is a progression (intended or not) from the beginning to the end of the album, but it is difficult to put my finger on it exactly. Perhaps it is just a regression into greater innocence and simplicity. Whatever it is, the album gets better as it progresses.

The recording begins oddly with *On the Losing End of Distance*, a track dominated by drum loops in the ambient dance style. This cut stands as a contrast to everything else. The album ends with a moving version of *Amazing Grace*, one that holds its own in a world full of performances of this song. Just voices and guitar are wrapped in an other-worldly garb washed with heavy reverb and delay.

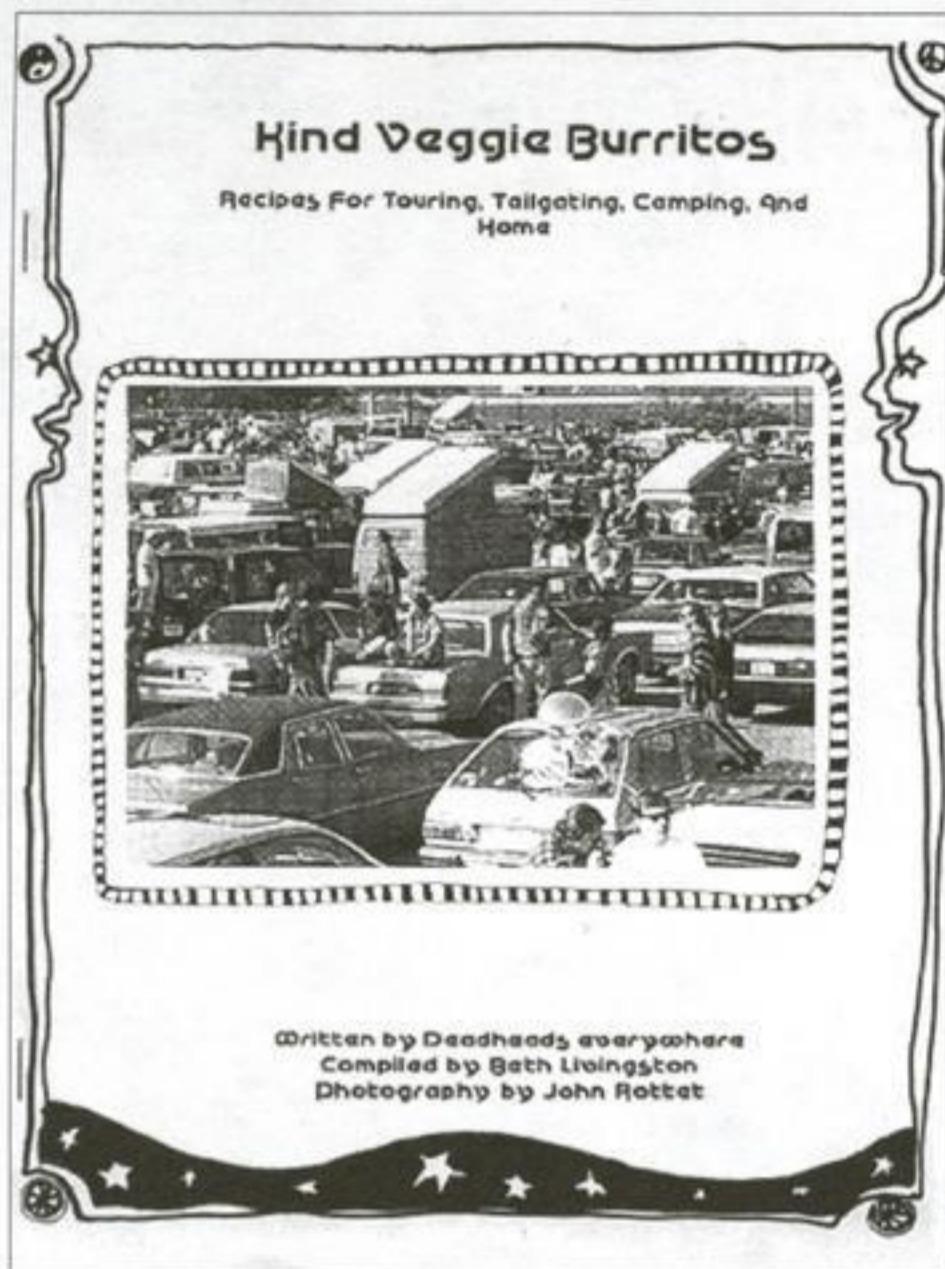
If you like the *Samples* you will undoubtedly want this recording. Even if you don't like them, you will find something in Sean Kelly's vision.

Available in stores or call (303) 440-0666.

-Michael Bell

Notice to subscribers:

If you move, please notify us of your new address as soon as possible. No matter how hard we try, the postal service will not forward bulk rate mail. You wouldn't want to miss a single issue of *Unbroken Chain*!



Kind Veggie Burritos
Beth Livingston
125 pages

Beth Livingston compiled the recipes in *Kind Veggie Burritos* and has thoughtfully decided to donate the profits to SEVA and the Rex Foundation. Livingston sees the book as an ongoing project. She is seeking more material that is not limited to recipes and includes other art forms.

From the start, Livingston says, her project "has never implied support for or encouragement of vending at Dead shows. While I originally got many recipes from vendors, and, indeed, marketed the book itself at shows, I must agree with their [Grateful Dead's] request that vending be discouraged. It is a tough choice, but a clear one." Even cooks scapegoat and solve problems that are at least as complex as cooking a five course dinner. The focus of *Kind Veggie Burritos* is not vendors and their autobiographies, but anybody cooking anywhere.

Kind Veggie Burritos caters to the needs of people who travel and want to make their own food without dependence on restaurants. The recipes are simple. Simple does not just carry the derogatory sense of unsophisticated or novice, but also refers to the gathering-together of the essential elements of a craft. *Kind Veggie Burritos* offers a low cost and lo-tech way of cooking and eating on the road.

There are some recipes that might stretch the bounds of travel fare. Try making Dark Star Cherry Stout, Stella Blueberry Mead, and fermented Friendship Bread For Heads in the trunk of a compact car. Obviously, none of the recipes *have* to be made in transit. They offer health and pleasure for people who enjoy home cooking as well.

The chapters are not ordered by a guiding theme. However, each chapter has an internal consistency that moves around titles like Breakfast Treats, Grateful Breads, Meat as Well, and the corny Kind Veggie

Burritos. My favorite chapter is Tips, Trips, and Information, because it touches on some of the basics of road cooking. Frank Cook and others give hints on sprouting, preparing miso, cooking grains, and making herbal mixes.

The overall flavor of Livingston's compilation is vegetarian, though there is some consideration for omnivores and vegans. Ethnic dishes are well represented. Don't forget, cooking can bring people together.

To order, send \$8 to: Beth Livingston 909 Sussex Lane, Cary, NC 27511-3813.

-Jack Stroube



Moon Boot Lover
Live Down Deep
Boomerang Records

I've grown to anticipate CDs from members of the Home Grown Music Network with a certain amount of excitement. This new live recording from Moon Boot Lover made at Bogies in Albany, New York did not let me down.

The sound of the band is a combination of 1970s style R&B and roots-based neo-psychedelia. The band, now based in Woodstock, started out in Buffalo and their New York attitude is apparent. Their fortés include a hard-driving funk and open-ended group improvisation. Jon Hawes and Alan Evans comprise the vital rhythm section. Alan's brother, Neal, just out of high school, plays some thick sounding keyboard textures. Peter Prince provides a searing guitar and handles much of the song writing duties.

The best of the album can be found in the first three cuts. After spaceship sounds and a plea to abandon ship, they launch into the funk-driven *Natural Kind of Lover*. This segues seamlessly into *Keeps Me Runnin'*, which opens up into a free-for-all jam. The jam eventually lets up and eases into NYC, a sweet soulful ballad. I find few of the current powerhouse jam bands are able to do a convincing slow song, but Moon Boot Lover acquit themselves well. The rest of the recording contains more funk and two soulful ballads. *Once Upon a Time* features some interesting gear changes and *Fallen Apart* has some appealing cross rhythms. This is some fun stuff and should

set your moon boots (or platform shoes) to dancing.

To order this or anything else from the Home Grown Music Network, call toll free (800) 6LEEWAY.

-Michael Bell

Phish Fall Tour Dates

September	
27	Cal Expo Amph., Sacramento, CA
28	Embarcadero Marina Park South, San Diego, CA
29	Greek Theatre, Los Angeles, CA
30	Shoreline Amph., Mountain View, CA
October	
2,3	Seattle Arena, Seattle, WA
5	Memorial Coliseum, Portland, OR
6	Orpheum Theatre, Vancouver, BC
7	Spokane Opera House, Spokane, WA
8	Adams Fieldhouse, Missoula, MT
11	Compton Terrace, Chandler, AZ
13	Will Rogers Aud., Ft. Worth, TX
14,15	Austin Music Hall, Austin, TX
17	State Palace Th., New Orleans, LA
19	Municipal Aud., Kansas City, MO
20	Five Seasons Ar., Cedar Rapids, IA
21	Pershing Auditorium, Lincoln, NE
22	Assembly Hall, U. of I., Champaign, IL
24	Dane Cty. Coliseum, Madison, WI
25	Civic Center Arena, St. Paul, MN
27	Wing Stadium, Kalamazoo, MI
28	The Palace, Auburn Hills, MI
29	Louisville Gardens, Louisville, KY
31	Rosemont Horizon, Rosemont, IL
November	
9,10,11	Fox Theatre, Atlanta, GA
12	O'Connell Center, Gainesville, FL
14	UCF Arena, Orlando, FL
15	Sundome, Tampa, FL
16	W. Palm Bch. Aud., W. Palm Bch., FL
18	N. Charleston Col., N. Charleston, SC
19	Charlotte Coliseum, Charlotte, NC
21	Lawrence Joel Coliseum, Winston Salem, NC
22	US Air Arena, Landover, MD
24	Civic Arena, Pittsburgh, PA
25	Coliseum, Hampton, VA
28	Civic Coliseum, Knoxville, TN
29	Municipal Auditorium, Nashville, TN
30	Ervin J. Nutter Center, Dayton, OH
December	
1	Hershey Park Arena, Hershey, PA
2	New Haven Coliseum, New Haven, CT
4, 5	Mullins Center, Amherst, MA
7	Niagara Falls Convention Center, Niagara Falls, NY
8	CSU Convocation Ctr., Cleveland, OH
9	Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY
11	Cumberland County Civic Center, Portland, ME
12	Civic Center, Providence, RI
14	Broome County Forum, Binghamton, NY
15	The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
16, 17	Olympic Center, Lake Placid, NY
28, 29	The Centrum, Worcester, MA
30, 31	Madison Sq. Garden, New York, NY

Phish Hotline
617 • 862 • 7820

"the ultimate Dark Star"

It has often been said that the magic of the Grateful Dead live has never been captured on disc.

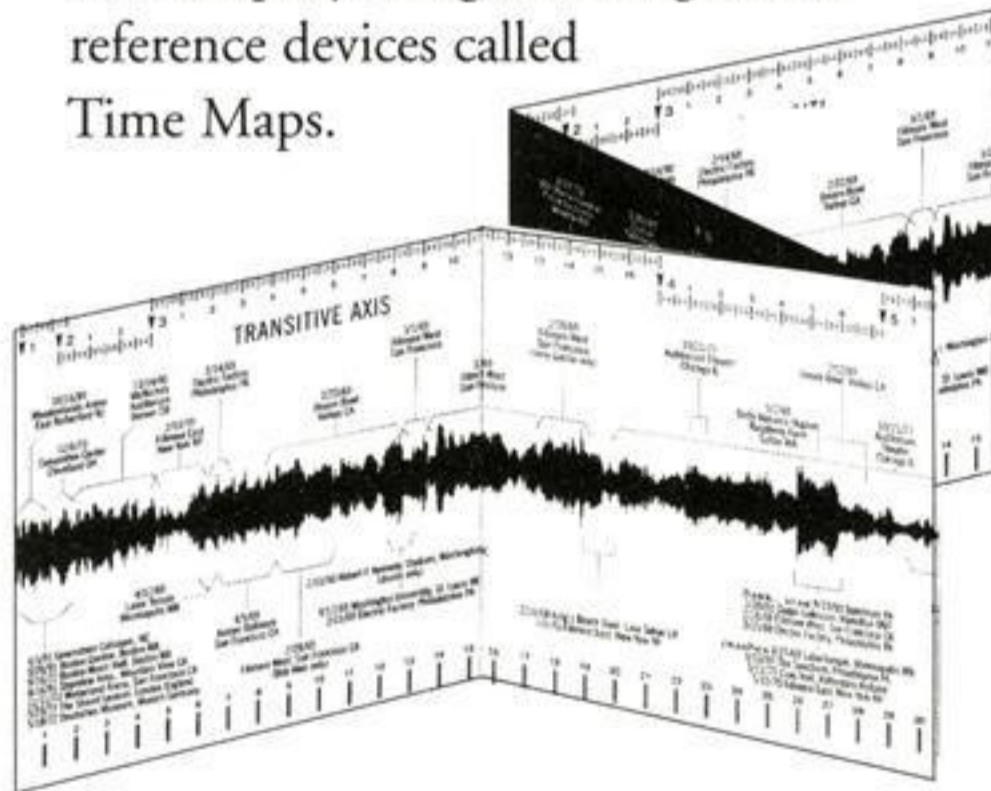
Until now.

When Toronto Sun senior music editor John Sakamoto picked GRAYFOLDED as the #1 release of the decade, he declared it:

"Absolutely brilliant. Even casual Dead fans will be floored by this astonishing new project. Nothing else I heard in 1994 even comes close."

And he had merely heard the first disc of what is now a deluxe double album set, featuring:

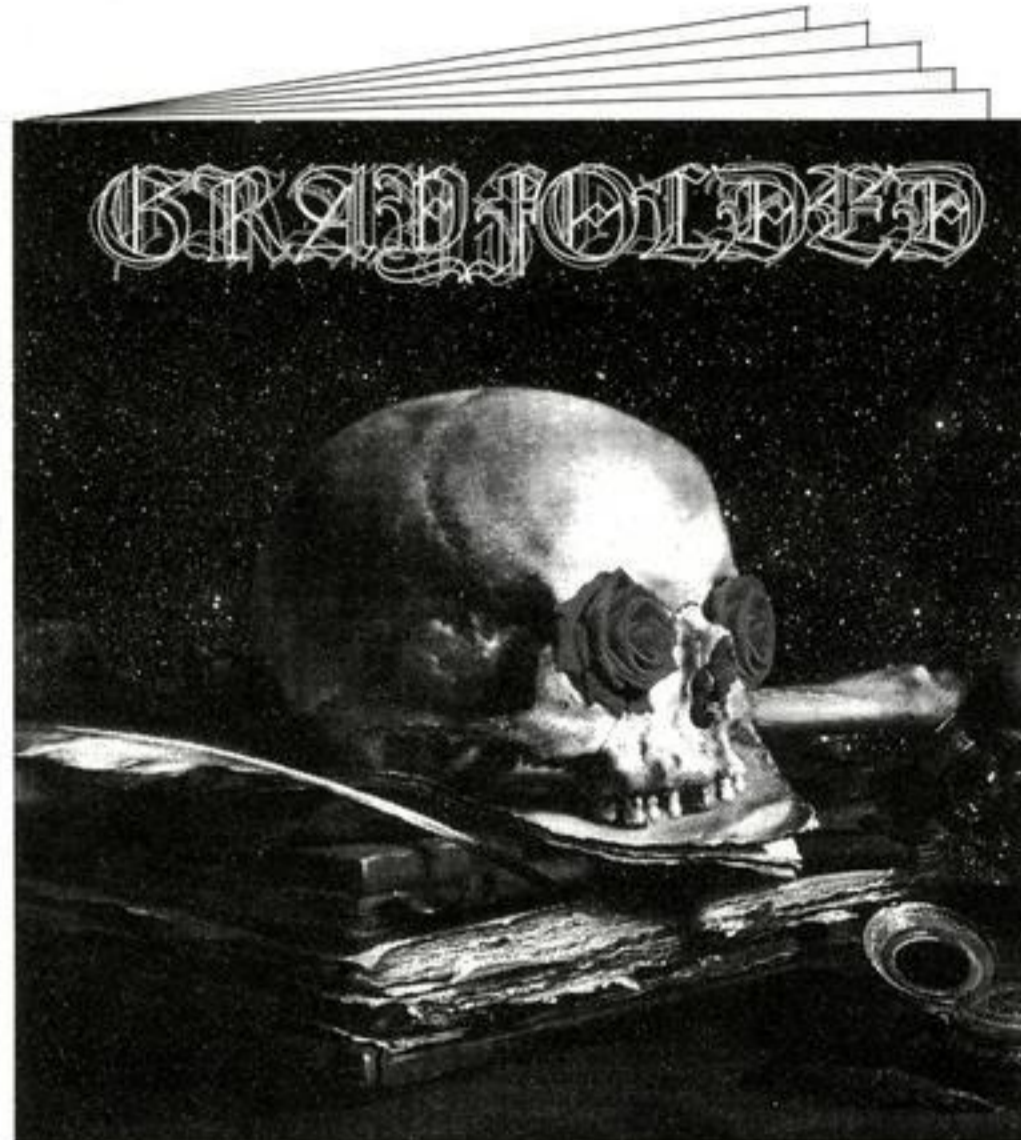
- over 100 minutes of the Grateful Dead's most legendary music.
- 10,000 word historical essay.
- exclusive Dead interviews.
- two uniquely designed navigational reference devices called Time Maps.



"One day in heaven they'd play this version"*

Two years ago the Dead invited "musical assassin" John Oswald to apply his notorious **plunderphonic** production techniques to create a celebration of a quarter of a century of the Dead's boldest exploration,

"it's a dream come true."*



also known as Dark Star.

Oswald retrieved from the Grateful Dead Vaults a hundred concert versions of this, most symphonic of songs. They are painstakingly blended into something much more than a live album.

"Perfect!"*

GRAYFOLDED is built from dozens of Dead performances, from 1968 to 1993. The concerts are woven into a unique and intricate pattern — moments span decades. At times the band swells to orchestra-size. But it sounds real and it rocks!

"It's exquisite!"

- Tom Constanten, ex-Dead keyboards

Since there's never before been a music release like GRAYFOLDED we've included a lot of extra info for the inquisitive listener. The eleven page booklet was written by Grammy award nominee Rob Bowman. It takes you through the entire history of the song. It gives you interviews and technical descriptions of how the project was realized. We also have included an exclusive Time Map for each disc.

An image of the actual sonic wave form of each disc has been included on a multi-panel foldout. Dates and locations for each concert featured on GRAYFOLDED have been placed precisely on these maps to indicate where they occur on the discs. No more wondering what time it is!

"stunningly beautiful"*

GRAYFOLDED is now available in record stores everywhere. If you have trouble finding it, contact us by phone at (416) 531-8761 or by email at swell@passport.ca fax: (416) 530 0877 Ask For GRAYFOLDED (Swell Artifact SA 1969-1996)

"The decade-leaping GRAYFOLDED is an astonishingly accurate evocation of that sublime, hallucinatory 'unstuck in time' feeling one gets at a really good Grateful Dead show."

- Gary Lambert, editor, The Grateful Dead Almanac



"Do get this record"*

* comments on the INTERNET

"This could be **the best Grateful Dead CD ever...** it is that good."*