



## Preview: Gathering of the Vibes 2008

Chad Berndtson

July 29, 2008

Having recently finished an enterprise feature for another publication on the glut of national music festivals and what role that glut creates for regional festivals with a lot more personality, I'm more excited this year for the [Gathering of the Vibes](#) than I have been in quite some time. As the man said, "He'd have to be one charming motherfuckin pig"...er, sorry, "Personality goes a long way."



Compared to the Roo- and Coachella-sized behemoths, and a lot of the sexy new kids with names both playful and official-sounding—Rothbury might be a bit of both, and allegedly, it was quite the time—the Vibes is a creakier, more elegant dinosaur. A glorious, humble triceratops of a festival, yes, secure in its size, pleasant in its modest ambition and its abilities, not ostentatious, and kindly manageable.

And damn isn't it great to have it back in New England proper (it returned in 2007 after several years of renovation to Bridgeport's Seaside Park and a few years at various upstate New York locales)? For this born/bred New Englander, it's not only in a New England/Tri-State area happy medium, but it fills a still-felt void left by the big Phish festivals of yore and especially the can't-believe-it's-been-five-years-now departed Berkshire Mountain Music Festival (1997-2003). (For Berkfest alums from those heady days, monsoon conditions and all, have [a scoop of nostalgia](#) on the house)

The Vibes doesn't have the gaudy cache of some festivals, or some of the nationally dazzling headliners. Pitchfork and Stereogum probably won't be there and neither will the Stone—or, blessedly, Kanye and his moon landing. But anyone who'd call the Vibes' modest slate a "slight" lineup—dude, this is an intimate, beautiful beachside space with some of the best acts in the known universe on hand to help channel its powers.

You have the Vibes' basic commitment: a stronghold of Dead-related acts like Donna Jean and the Tricksters, New Riders of the Purple Sage and Dark Star Orchestra. Then, you throw in a nice regional sampling that includes the always-welcome Deep Banana Blackout, Ryan Montbleau, and the Nate Wilson Group, and some kind, upstart crews like the Heavy Pets and BuzzUniverse. You hedge your bets with the groups that would play well at most any music festival: the Neville Brothers, for example, or the dependably sturdy Porter Batiste Stoltz, or the unfailingly ribald Taj Mahal, and the

inspired out-ness of Dweezil Zappa's Zappa Plays Zappa project. Then, you mix in plenty of younger-generation festy favorites: Umphrey's McGee has by now earned the right to be called a major inclusion anywhere, and the Derek Trucks/Susan Tedeschi Soul Stew Revival, Strangefolk and Sam Bush are similarly astute grabs.

Oh, and you've got the reconstituted Black Crowes playing at the best and heartiest level they've been at since before (OK, probably well before) the 2002-2005 hiatus, and also the most accomplished lineup of Phil Lesh & Friends since the days of the Q, so who're you calling "slight," pallie? (And you could field a whole 'nother team of Friends based on who precedes Phil on Saturday alone: the Kreutzmann/Burbridge/Murawski trio, Mike Gordon's Cactus-a-riffic band and the New Riders among them.)

Anyway, I'll be on the ground all weekend serving up reportage and groovy photos, hoping someone like Buddy Cage joins the Crowes for their entire show and they buck the trend of playing hits-heavy festival sets (wishful thinking, I know), hoping for other sit-ins galore but not enough to get in the way (more likely), and hoping that Phil & Friends find room for Peggy-O, Cumberland Blues or some of the other rootsier stuff they do so damn well among their hotly-anticipated Saturday night two-setter (OK, quite possible).

### [Webcast: Vibes Through The Tubes](#)

#### Chad Berndtson on 08.01.2008

So you're not among the lucky this year—the beach-lovin', music-hoardin' legions comprising [Vibe Tribe 2008](#). Well, once again, iClips is your teacher, mother, and secret lover...or at least your friend, in that it's providing a live feed of three out of four Vibes evenings and an enormous percentage of the overall music.



Check it out [here](#).

Today's skeddy:

12:00pm - King for a Day

1:25pm - American Babies

2:50pm - Ryan Montbleau Band

4:15pm - Porter Batiste Stoltz

5:40pm - Assembly of Dust

7:10pm - Zappa Plays Zappa

9:00pm - Deep Banana Blackout

10:45pm - The Black Crowes

If you tuned in last night to the Vibes feed, you didn't get Donna Jean and the Tricksters or Dark Star Orchestra—Vibes '08 wasn't ready to transmit yet—but you did get some vintage Deep Banana Blackout and a killer moe. Vibes set from 2000 that includes a smokin' Plane Crash.



See you in Bridgeport, and send some good weather our way.

## [GOTV '08: As The Crows Fly](#)

There's so much to say about the beguiling ambiance of Seaside Park—and how well this long-maintained festival holds and absorbs the space, especially since its 2007 return—but a few traveling snafus have put your faithful correspondent a little more behind the eight-ball at the moment than he'd prefer. So, to the point.



[The Black Crowes](#) diehards among us haven't had it so good this decade—I've found my own Crowes apologetics working overtime with every false start and curveball. Sometimes it's been difficult (I took some first-timer-for-whatever-reason Crowes fans to a messy, flatlining show in New Hampshire in July 2006 and ended up embarrassed) and sometimes faith

rewarded (brought those same skeptical “fans” to a two-set blowout of a Crowes show in Worcester, MA later that year, and they were sold from the opening notes of “Virtue and Vice” on).

But the fact is Chris and Rich, however disagreeable they can get, are a hugely comforting tandem—wiry, fiery Chris, and bulkier, brooding Rich—and they’re again finding new, common ground in how much confidence the band has in Warpaint. It’s a voluble, folksy album, and for the Vibes the Crowes had all of its touch points at the ready, from the trundling, reverb-soaked blues of Walk Believer Walk and the ’60s pop boogie of Wounded Bird to prettier pieces of soulful, Laurel Canyon-style folk-rock like Locust Street and Whoa Mule that sound more learned, more lived-in, more thought-through than some of the clunkier, hippy-dippier West Coast folk strains they’ve brought to bear in the past.

Tonight’s set wasn’t a collection of loose parts relying solely on the Robinson mojo and a few good guitar licks and drum cracks to make the show a whole; the Crowes sound comfortable enough with who they are again to be called versatile in what they can accomplish—protean, even. The hallmarks of any good Crowes show are living and breathing: the bluesadelic jamming, the strutting cock rock (a Hard to Handle/Wounded Bird one-two to close the set), the pounding grooves and the gospel-tinged rave-ups (including another tight reading of the Delaney & Bonnie Poor Elijah / Tribute to Johnson medley that’s become a setlist staple in 2008) given to preachy, call-forth-the-rock-congregation drama.

But it was a sonic synergy as well as a stylistic one: the confluence of Luther Dickinson’s meaty, twangy slide meeting Rich’s chunky fills, a great intra-band sense of movement lending both substance and texture to the sloggier passages of Thorn In My Pride, or finding the middle ground between resignation and portent in Wiser Time, or playing up the guitar tandem lilt a tasty, funk-flecked jam tucked comfortably into Downtown Money Waster.

It was also nice to hear them try on the Dead’s arrangement of Cold Rain and Snow—it hasn’t quite come into its own yet, with Chris looking to strike a balance between soulful and pastoral in the chorus, but keys man Adam MacDougal’s coloring brought just enough to the song to enhance it without gilding the lilly, and I had to blink and make sure it wasn’t Rob Barraco’s signature twinkling piano up there. Dickinson gets all the headlines, legitimately—he’s the business and a fine, fine fit for the Crowes. But the MacDougal dude’s no joke either—a later electric piano solo during “Wiser” was slow to marinate and ace in how it played on the song’s various tension points, later yielding back to Dickinson for a showier passage. Chemistry between new members and old? Sure thing.

So yeah, the Crowes have earned back their swagger, and that goes whether on stage or when turning their “don’t fuck with the Crowes” laser beams on everyone from [Maxim](#) to [Gretchen Wilson](#). They’re still hard-rocking, still soulful, still taking themselves too seriously, and still lovable, and it’s damn good to have them stable and back to weapons-grade strength again.

Overall, the healthy glow that pervades any Vibes before long has already set in; Porter Batiste Stoltz brought the Crescent City with them earlier tonight and please—please—let these present tours not be the last we hear from Zappa Plays Zappa, which Frank’s scion Dweezil has fashioned into a carnival of virtuosity—not least his own—while never letting any one element overshadow the overall Zappaness. And if there’s been one set so far that’s set the Vibe Tribe on fire, it was a scorcher from Deep Banana Blackout, which included plenty of hot-skillet funk and a stretch of P-Funk that had the whole place bopping as one. Deep Banana—its original, reconstituted lineup, no less—is a privilege these days, and not a norm, which helps it to stay fresh and lively. A Vibes favorite, and so far the class of the festival.

You want to hear about Thursday, too, and while life got in the way of my attending the opening night camp-out, all accounts from pals and acquaintances on the ground so far—as well as what I could get from Vibes radio feeds—suggest Dark Star Orchestra was well on its game, and Donna Jean and the Tricksters lived up to their billing as one of this year’s better collaboration stories (see ‘em—they’re the real thing—and their version of Till the Morning Comes has become a signature.)

Collaborations? Well, yes, of course. DSO performed a real wizzer of a date—11/6/77 from Binghamton, NY—and it went a little something like this (courtesy DSO setlist page on the DSO website):

Set 1: Mississippi Halfstep, Jack Straw, Tennessee Jed, Mexicali Blues\*> Me & My Uncle\*, Friend of the Devil\*, Minglewood Blues, Dupree's Diamond Blues, Passenger, Dire Wolf, Music Never Stopped

Set 2: Samson & Delilah@, Sunrise, Scarlet Begonias> Fire on the Mountain@> Good Lovin@, St Stephen> Drums> Not Fade Away@> Wharf Rat> St Stephen> Truckin

Encore: Johnny B. Goode#

Filler: Don't Let Go#> And We Bid You Goodnight#

\* with Jeff Mattson tagging in for John Kadlicek on guitar and vocals

@ with Donna Jean tagging in for Lisa on vocals

# both Donna Jean and Lisa together on vocals

The beach, swathed in Dead and other pleasant spirits, seems like a kind place to be. More to come as we get our sea legs under us—we've got nearly 70 percent of the festival to chew on still.

## [GOTV '08: As The Crowes Fly](#)

08.02.2008

There's so much to say about the beguiling ambiance of Seaside Park—and how well this long-maintained festival holds and absorbs the space, especially since its 2007 return—but a few traveling snafus have put your faithful correspondent a little more behind the eight-ball at the moment than he'd prefer. So, to the point.



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## Gathering of the Vibes: Monsoon!

Chad Berndtson on 08.03.2008

Jonathan Lobdell, the Vibes' unflappable press guru, just did a fist pump in exclamation of the first rays of sun in about three hours. We know the feeling.

The Gathering of the Vibes has become the Opening of the Skies, folks; as far as today's schedule, only the Alternate Routes got their main stage set in, and from the looks of things—we're now about two hours behind schedule—Strangefolk isn't going to play. But everyone's got a smile and a good head on; the kiddies are running through the muck, the hippies are boogieing and merch and food are moving steadily in puddled walking lanes.

We just got power back, too, and despite a number of reported artists stuck in flood-zone traffic—Mike Gordon among 'em—I've just been advised we'll be getting the New Riders shortly. Forward pioneers!

## GOTV: Joy To The Jamband World

Chad Berndtson on 08.03.2008

Of all the people I've met and got re-acquainted with at the Vibes so far, I need to introduce Joy Bashew Rosenberg, who's headquartered in the tubes at [thejambandbook.blogspot.com](http://thejambandbook.blogspot.com). Joy, a USC graduate, started an expose of jamband history and culture for her masters' thesis in fine arts (creative writing), and now she's headed for the next level—i.e. getting the history chronicled and getting it into book form. She's at the Vibes making contacts, trying to land artist interviews, and brightening up the gray day with her infectious smile.

## GOTV '08: Inside Out

Chad Berndtson on 08.03.2008

The trio of Bill Kreutzmann, Scott Murawski and Oteil Burbridge is a heady thing—a lot fuller and far-reaching a sound than you might expect, but then chide yourself for not expecting given the talent level of the people involved.



An opening Eyes of the World, for example, offered three distinct solos from Murawski—one lilting, one funky and one breezy—and each had a moment of lock-in with both Burbridge and Kreutzmann that suggested this band is especially interested in how to get the most mileage out of a single song's architecture—there's no hurry to get to the next one so long as there are stones unturned and choices to make. Every cut they've played so far—including Franklin's Tower, Help On the Way (the latter one later) and a taut Rhymes that featured Jen Durkin on vocals—has been given time to marinate and switch gears a few times, letting Murawski dig deep, Burbridge make some tricky curves, and Kreutzmann hold it down in a number of different tempos and dynamics.

The New Riders came earlier, and deftly navigated a mix of classics (Panama Red), new songs (watch out for the galloping Ghost Train Blues debuted in April 2008 and featuring Robert Hunter lyrics) and Dead-borrowing (Deep Elem Blues). Donna Jean, resplendent as usual, joined in for a few numbers, and David Nelson, Buddy Cage and the rest of the band were milling about afterward cool to talk politics and mirth (not necessarily in that order) with anyone who was available.

The New Riders are a comfy sort of cool—that bright and airy country rock thing with Cage's skywriting pedal steel at its core, unwavering in focus and uncompromised in style. They're a quintessential Vibes band, even if their mix was occasionally unkind on a suddenly sun-dappled afternoon.

The Mike Gordon Band is up next, and rumors of a Kreutzmann sit-in—among other possibilities—are reaching critical mass. Gonna try to visit the Solar Stage, where David Gans is due up shortly.

### [GOTV: Joy To The Jamband World](#)

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.03.2008 | [Gather Of The Vibes](#)

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Joy's soliciting stories from the road and jamband memories, so be sure to drop by her site.

### [Gathering Of The Vibes 2008: Of Cactus Landings and Hanapepe Dreams](#)

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.03.2008 | [Cactus](#), [Gather Of The Vibes](#)

Well, yes, Kreutzmann was aboard for a few songs, and overall Cactus gave us a really groovy set, focused on much of The Green Sparrow, which drops this week. Murawski was lauded as the force of nature he is—Gordon joked that he'd be playing in 100 bands this weekend—and there was also a strong showing from keyboardist Tom Cleary, who wears even the more languid Gordon selections well enough to claim his section of the limelight.



And how much fun is Taj Mahal? The veteran bluesman always surprises me with how much energy he still brings to the stage—stomping and bopping along up there while serving up piquant guitar fills and wiry solos. Toward the end of the set, following a rippling Checkin' Up On My Baby, he switched to the island and African fusion he's been working on in more recent years, including such upbeat, good natured jams as Hanapepe Dream. His trio is Swiss-Watch tight—both the bassist and drummer hold so close to such a deep pocket that adding even one more instrument might spoil the streamlined balance. We'll be back later with more from the Vibes at Bridgeport.

### [GOTV '08: Phil and Friends Set I](#)

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.03.2008 | [Gather Of The Vibes](#), [Phil Lesh](#)

SET 1: Here Comes Sunshine > Good Lovin', Gone Wanderin', Cumberland Blues, Dire Wolf, Loser, Cold Rain and Snow

It was a jam-packed first half, with a rollicking Good Lovin' to get the crowd riled up, a scorching Loser and plenty of exploration (and teases and red herrings) in Cold Rain and Snow. But the story is Cumberland, which veered off in different directions after every verse, from fleet-fingered bluegrass style breakdown, to boogie groove, to blues shuffle. I've fluffed this amazing Phil & Friends lineup [a lot](#), but it bears repeating: Cumberland is its signature tune. The rain's picked up again, but Phil's announced his intention to get good n' crazy, and nobody's leaving now...

### [GOTV '08: Phil Lesh and Friends Set II](#)

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.03.2008 | [Gather Of The Vibes](#), [Phil Lesh](#)

Phil Set 2: Scarlet Begonias > All Along the Watchtower > Jam > He's Gone > Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad > And We Bid You Goodnight Jam, \*\*Phil piss break\*\*, Wharf Rat > spacey jam > The Elevator > jam > The Eleven > I Know You Rider, Not Fade Away

E: Donor rap, Box of Rain

A really ambitious second set that almost came off the rails—that Elevator just couldn't lock itself in enough to achieve liftoff despite gunning for epic, late-second-set status. People are yakking about the second half of the set, especially that angsty Wharf Rat and a fizzy Eleven, but I'll remember this PLF set as the best Scarlet Begonias I've ever heard from this lineup, and maybe Phil & Friends period. Funky as hell and nailing every tension-and-release build-up, Phil dragged the groove to within an inch of its life before the bottom-drops-out "Wind in the willows..." verse, and the crowd was electrified. Strong transitions, too—the jam out of Scarlet took a number of turns and suggested any number of directions before finally dropping into the sinister progressions that would become Watchtower.

## [Vibes '08: Sight For Sore Eyes](#)

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.03.2008 | [Gather Of The Vibes](#), [Samantha Stollenwerck](#)

Just ran into the lovely and ridiculously talented [Samantha Stollenwerck](#) hanging around the press tent and resplendent as usual. Stollenwerck already played yesterday on the Solar Stage, but she's here to soak up what's turning out to be a beaut of a day...



And speaking of which, there's gospel. Oh, how there's gospel.

## [GOTV Brought To You By Jen Durkin](#)

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.03.2008 | [Gather Of The Vibes](#), [Jen Durkin](#)

If she keeps up this pace, the peppery and charming Ms. Durkin will run away with another festival MVP (following her raft of sit-ins at 10,000 Lakes last weekend). She's been all over the place, not least with Deep Banana, and also recording segments for Lotus Soundworks, which has the tent next door to ours (it's a music program where Jen interviews musicians and generally gets down with her bad self in an casual talk setting). Now, Durkin's onstage slaying the yawning and bleary-eyed early-comers with the Organically Grown Gospel Choir. It's a sun-baked day, quite hot, and there's soul-nourishing gospel on Sunday morning. This, folks, would be "agreeable."



Apropos of nothing, coming into the Vibes today I saw a number of folks who didn't appear to have tickets or be working for the fest sprawled out on blankets on the University of Bridgeport campus, which surrounds one side of Seaside Park. The stage is so far away it's impossible to see anything from this distance, but the sound is relatively crisp—you can make out most every vocal inflection, really feel the rhythm section, and leads from the organ and guitar are only slightly watery and a smidge muffled. Honestly, you can hear better out here than on some places within the festival grounds.

Packed afternoon ahead, so I'm about to trade Dunkins for water and sunscreen and get ready for Jackie Greene's band. Scrapomatic is also going to be holding down the Solar Stage just before Derek and Susan come on with Soul Stew Revival. Soul! Everywhere you look. If you're not at the Vibes, check out the [webcast](#).

## [GOTV '08: The Greene Machine](#)

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.04.2008 | [Gather Of The Vibes](#), [Jackie Greene](#)

[Giving Up the Ghost](#) is Jackie Greene's best album to date—the fullest expression of his folksy songwriting and country blues dexterity. But his songs have never been over-reliant on heavy metaphor or confusing wordplay. Ball and Chain, Gone Wonderin', When You're Walkin' Away, Rusty Nail—these are songs to enjoy, shake your ass and drink to as much as they're poetic.



His band is similarly unfettered: a collection of seasoned musicians with a few good guitar licks and a great bar band's sense of pacing and slow one/fast one balance. The band kicked up a nice little fuss on the main stage just now, using charm to overcome a shaky sound mix—too much bass, too little lead guitar—and giving up requisite Dead (New Speedway Boogie, briefly, and Sugaree, fully) throughout. Donna Jean sang harmony on Sugaree—I might have been a little too hasty proclaiming Jen Durkin the most ubiquitous performer of the weekend—and we got Jackie's Ryan Adams-ish Gone Wandering again, a less groovy, more boogie-hewing version than the one Phil & Friends played last night.

Speaking of Phil & Friends, John Molo's been making the rounds, saying hello to friends and strangers alike near the main stage and in the tents, extolling Jackie's virtues and pressing the flesh. It's always nice to see artists who don't scurry off into the backstage area or jump in their cars the second their sets are over.

## [GOTV '08: Magnetic Vox](#)

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.04.2008 | [Gather Of The Vibes](#)

There are musicians who can carry a tune, musicians who can sing, musicians who can stoke a whole room with their vocals, and musicians who have such rich and powerful voices they draw everything else happening around them into their orbit. Mike Mattison belongs in the last category; that smoky croon and face-melting howl that helps turn every vintage blues and soul selection proffered by the Derek Trucks Band into some kind of magic. All told, however, the full scope of Mattison's talent is better consumed in the context of [Scrapomatic](#), the alternately intense and laid back soul group he fronts with Paul Olsen.



Mattison's vocal contributions are only one part of DTB, which has always been long on technical ability and virtuosity but sometimes short on strong pacing—a DTB performance can feel like eating a box of Belgian chocolates for dinner: rich and tasty and amazingly flavorful, and then too rich and too tasty and catalyzing a stomach ache. But in Scrapomatic, Mattison's in kick-back mode, playing ace soul and blues tunes (both urban- and rural-sounding) with a cozy guitar accompaniment and alternate bass and tuba parts to hold the bottom end. A brief set on the Solar Stage—some of the little side platform's best attendance of the weekend—drew a few sharp guests into play (saxophonist Mace Hibbard, trombonist Kevin Hyde, and Yonrico Scott, whom Mattison introduced as Yonrico "Pretty Ricky" Scott), and closed with a laid-back run-through of the Rev. Gary Davis' I Belong to the Band.

## GOTV '08: Same 'Ol Jumpstart

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.04.2008

We've reached the last-day-of-the-festival haze: that sense of overwhelming exhaustion that comes after a lot of good music's come and gone, a lot of beer's gone down the gullet, and people are starting to realize not only the scope of their sunburns but figuring out how to come back to reality after three days of being checked out from quotidian challenges like, y'know, work. Stoned kids litter whatever stray seats or patches of grass aren't mud-spattered, asleep with their mouths agape. The tents are winding down, the buses are starting to pack up, and the security team is regrouping to facilitate the big departure.



There's only so much Wavy can do, doncha know, to keep spirits lifted, so leave it to Sam Bush to jumpstart a sweaty, leaden afternoon on the concert field by peeling off a string of hot-sillet picking parties with his band and dialing up no false note of enthusiasm. Same Ol' River is always welcome—a modern-day classic, for sure—but Bush really turned a few heads with a Celtic-sounding fiddle solo that weaved into Whole Lotta Love and then interpolated some of the Allmans' Les Brers in A Minor to its outro. Nice touch, Sam.

The Soul Stew Revival is up next, followed by the Umph, and finally, the Neville Brothers. And as for your faithful correspondent, he's about ready to put down his pen after a delightful three days by the seashore.

We'll check in once more to tie everything up, and thanks for reading!

## [GOTV '08: I Can't Stay Much Longer Melinda](#)

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.04.2008

Will take time to let it all sink in, but overall one of the strongest Vibes in recent memory—a really strong mix of young and old, classic and new, Dead and Deader. As I exited the grounds, the [Neville Brothers](#) were cooking up a tasty gumbo—as has been their wont for longer than I've been alive—and the sun was setting on a steamy hot day.



Soul Stew Revival were as advertised: the Derek Trucks Band bolstered by the always-welcome Mrs. Trucks, Susan Tedeschi, and a three-piece horn section, keying in on various standards of funk, soul and funky, soulful rock 'n' roll. It was nice to hear the DTB so focused—by itself, the band moves so intensely through so many different musical idioms it's tough to get your arms, not to mention head, around a full set. And that Hey Jude closer, wow—a slow-cooking arrangement close to the one Wilson Pickett cut with Duane Allman at Muscle Shoals and a complete crowd-slayer, provoking the loudest cheers of the afternoon.

Soul Stew Revival setlist:

Tell the Truth, People, I Wants to Be Loved, Anyday, Pack Up Our Things, Hercules, Sugar, Get Out Of My Life Woman > Glad You're Gone, Hey Jude

Next, no one will ever accuse [Umphey's McGee](#) of playing an easy, no frills "festival" set—the band went for the jugular in its first-ever (I know, right?) Vibes appearance. Some of the Umphreaks in my neck of the crowd were chattering about how Bayliss and Cinniger looked to be playing new or different guitars—I confess I don't know the Umphrey's gear situation well enough to confirm anything—but either way, they were their to shred, driving the bus on long swaths of fierce, proggy jamming. Some of it was tough to get into—one onlooker I saw was trying his best to groove to Plunger and got frustrated with the slippery rhythms—but most of it was deeply involving, and the sextet crammed a lot into an hour and a half that went by like five minutes.

Umphrey's setlist:

Walletsworth > Wife Soup > "Jimmy Stewart" > Plunger, Words, Bridgeless, Miss Tinkle's Overture > Ja Junk

## Post-GOTV: A Few Final Vibes Tidbits

Written by [Chad Berndtson](#) on 08.06.2008

When you're onsite at a festival as delectably lively as the [Gathering of the Vibes](#), inevitably a few cool trees get lost in the broad expanse of the forest. With that in mind, a few extra dollops of Gathering of the Vibes coolness that, going over my posts again, I forgot to mention:

- The good Scott Murawski already corrected me in the comments for my earlier post, but that wasn't Jen Durkin sitting in with Murawski, Burbridge and Kreutzmann during Rhymes—it was the most excellent Boston-area songstress [Emily Grogan](#). Em, if you're reading, my bad! I rarely get to see you outside of the Plough & Stars and all those cavernous Boston clubs—a paltry excuse, I know. You rocked it.
- Speaking of sit-ins, I completely forgot to mention two of the coolest—and underheralded—of the entire weekend. During Deep Banana Blackout's Friday earthshaker of a set, Santana percussionist Karl Perazzo slid in to add even more texture to the funky, funky proceedings (as did members of the Organically Grown Gospel Choir, with whom Durkin reciprocated on Sunday morning). And later on Sunday, Sam Bush welcomed no less than Bill Evans—his foil in the mellifluous Soulgrass project—to blow sax on a few tasty breakdowns.
- Durkin was everywhere, but Donna Jean was really everywhere—that sit-ins MVP is undoubtedly hers and shame on me for suggesting otherwise. In addition to the previous sit-ins I've mentioned, I was also advised she sat in with Assembly of Dust on Friday, too—I missed a large portion of that set dealing with a few business matters, and dangit, something extra cool happened.
- Last, Yuto Miyazawa—the Japanese guitar prodigy last seen being exhibited around New York during the Jammys—jammed on both Sabbath's Crazy Train and solo Ozzy's Mr. Crowley during that Deep Banana set. Yuto's already [fallen in with that Guinness Book of World Records crowd](#)—much like Grandpa Simpson's old flame—but it's safe to call him a “known quantity” at this point. Shred on, grasshopper, shred on.