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DIAMOND
NEWS[©]

JEWELRY

EAST COAST TOUR REVIEW

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THE MONTH OF THE ROSE

WINTER • BIRTHDAY

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Thanks

Jimbo Juanis
Charlie Schueler

THE COVER

This edition's cover has a three-way purpose: To mark the Twentieth Anniversary of the Summer of Love, to commemorate the artwork and style of Wes Wilson, and to hopefully blow your mind (not necessarily in that order)...while opening your eyes to the possibilities that involvement in positive areas can espouse, like looking to the future and reflecting on the past. - BBC

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NEXT ISSUE

The main thrust of Issue #3 will deal with the expansion of the conscious state of the mind through natural and holistic means. Also included will be reviews of the California shows and the new video.

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Dupree's Diamond News

Deadhead Nation

WHO EVER SAID PRAYERS AREN'T ANSWERED?

By John Dwork

It's hard to believe, but just one year ago, I was on the verge of quietly and completely ducking out of the Dead scene altogether...*Only way to please me; just sit down or leave and walk away.*....Jerry's drug problems were unbearable, putting out an issue of Terrapin Flyer was like squeezing blood from a stone, and I'd heard every tape I own a thousand times over.

Now, as many of our long-time readers know, we here at DDN adhere to the philosophy that the Grateful Dead "experience" should be a vehicle for growth and new positive learning opportunities. Yet, for me it had become a fountain that had run dry. On every level it was time for something new. Knowing all too well that what I was really asking for was some positive energy to again shine down upon what was/is a fundamentally honest, good scene. I put it out to the universe that I was ready for a change. It sounds a bit funky, but what indeed was there left to do?

Looking back on the past year's events (both those regarding the band, and "our" immediate social, spiritual/political history), I can only say that my prayers have been answered in every area mentioned.

Jerry's prophetic near-death experience came as no surprise and has had an unquestionably positive effect on the individual and collective health of the band. The involuntary tour hiatus which followed has also had far-reaching positive implications. The scene in general was getting a bit burnt out, and we Dead Heads needed a break, a chance to take a *giant step back* and gain new insights into our involvement with "the experience."

By late last summer, Terrapin Flyer, the newsletter which I had volunteered to help upgrade and act as an adjunct to Dead Beat magazine, had become a self-defeating, unrewarding rag. Two completely different men at the helm of a storm-rocked ship, trying to steer it in totally opposite directions. My attempts to steer a straight course, based on my philosophy of the Dead experience as a learning vehicle were proving fruitless. *"Seasons fade and roses die."*

Enter Lee J. Randell and Sally Ansorge. With the influx of fresh, new energy, my visions of a responsible, entertaining and informative publication became viable again. It was out of the realization that the Terrapin Flyer concept was self-limiting (and that there were other peoples skeletons in "that" closet) that Dupree's Diamond News was born. What a truly heartwarming feeling it is to once again look forward to weekly publication meetings. With the much-needed help of visionary artist Brian Cullen, our artistic needs are finally being met as well.

On the immediate personal level, as many of you know, an immense change was also taking place. Shortly after Jerry's life crisis, I was involved in a spectacular head-on car crash. I had what is recognized as a "classic near-death experience" in which I "left my body." The fact that this was synchronistically tied up with classic mystical Tibetan Buddhist symbology (which I had been studying), led me, as soon as I was well enough to travel, to an equally intense vision-quest throughout the continent of Asia.

While there I had the priceless privilege of experiencing Himalayan mountain-top sunrises, blood-red sunsets on exotic tropical beaches, full-moon nights in the desert, and spectacular ascents to the remote ruins of ancient temples, enhanced by a choice selection of my favorite jams as an audio accompaniment. While taking a much needed break from the majority of my music collection, I was able to experience some of my all-time favorite selections in settings which were conducive to great spiritual growth.

Upon my recent return, it was, without question, an utter joy to be presented with both the reborn DDN and over 250 hours of crisp soundboards of classic Dead concerts (see article in this issue)!!!

My own self-imposed hiatus from the scene has brought me around full-circle, and the continued support which you (our readers) have given us is true inspiration to continue marching on. When all is said and done, I can honestly say that I'm nothing short of tickled pink. I love you all and am very excited to be back! Thanks for being there.....

JD



THE EAST COAST REVIEW

The Grateful Dead's Resurrection Tour

For any given winter, the appetite of East Coast Dead Heads become ravenous to hear live music -- any good live music, as few acts will come anywhere near the Northeast during snow months. Nineteen Eighty Seven was especially harsh as the Northeast simultaneously weathered the longest and most severe winter as well as the longest uninterrupted period without a Dead show since 1975.

Now, without boring you all with the ticket horror stories - - and there were plenty -- let it suffice to say that tickets were difficult to procure (with twice as many orders as in '86) and Ticketron tickets nearly impossible. But East Coast 'heads will beg, borrow or steal (well at least beg and borrow) for every ticket so that somehow, anyhow, they almost always get in.

In fact, in Hampton, Virginia, on the 22 of March there were plenty of tickets -- about 5000 counterfeits -- leading to long delays and longer faces for the opening three-night run of Spring Tour '87.

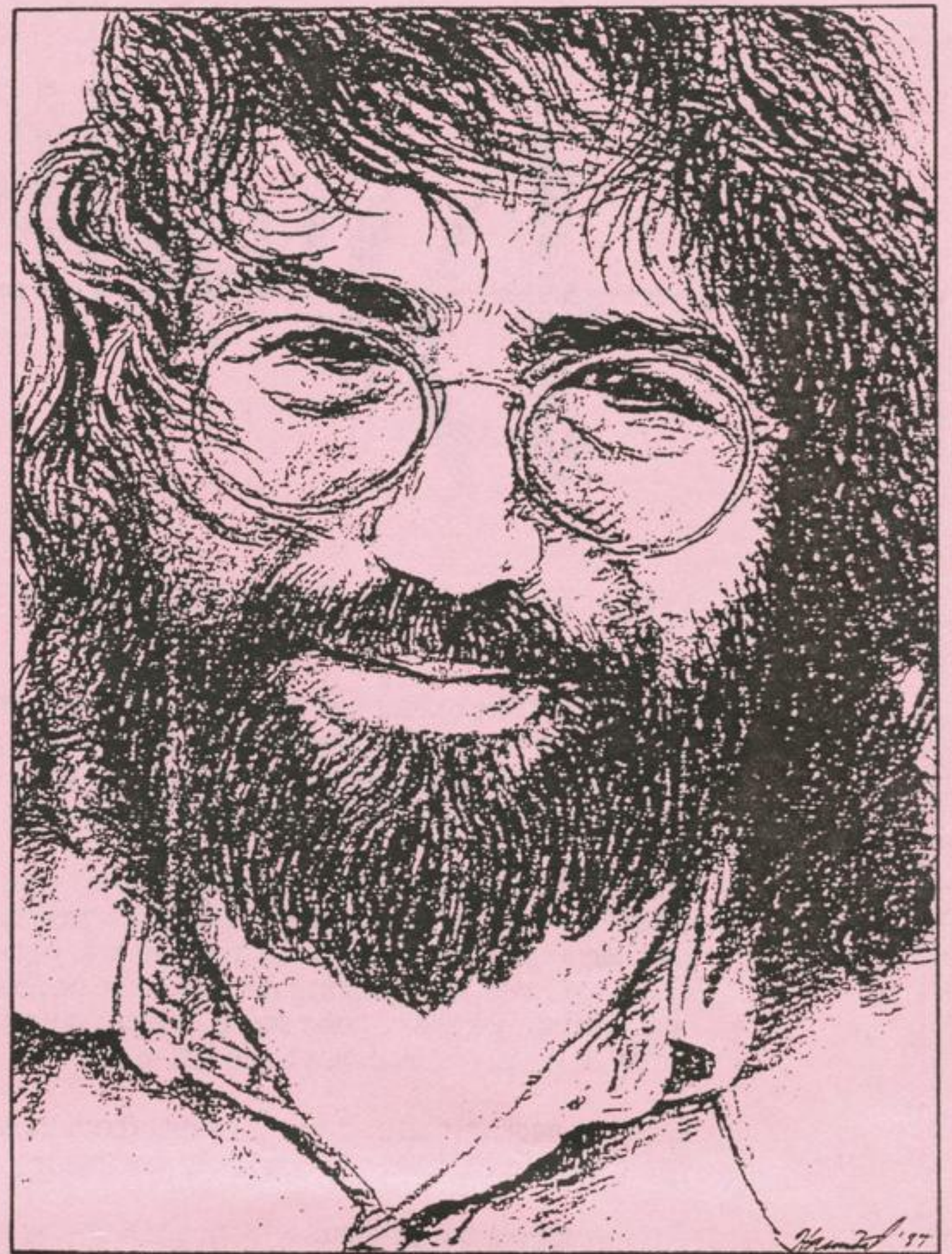
Inside, after a delay of about 90 minutes, a slimmer Garcia, an older Bob Weir, and a seemingly younger crowd picked up where the tour had left off at RFK in Washington nearly 9 months before.

Borrowing a page from midnight sets of New Years' past, night 1 was highlighted by a Sugar Magnolia opening to the second set faded into the invigorating and welcome chords of Scarlet Begonias. This set was a little short, but strong enough, and ended with a roaring version of Sunshine Daydream. Nice effort.

After a well-played, though standard, second night (great Box of Rain into Throwing Stones) the Dead strung together a very spacy second set for night 3. Songs included their new and already classic Black Muddy River, an all-too-rare Dear Mr. Fantasy and big show favorites Playin' in the Band and Terrapin Station. It was clear after the first 3 nights that the band was sharp and interested, and playing as if these shows might be their last.



Traditionally, the Hartford Civic Center has been the scene of frequent and ugly confrontations with ushers, security guards and local police. This, I am please to say, was not the case when the Dead arrived for the first 2-night run on a cloudy Thursday, March 26. Although Hampton had opened the East Coast Tour, this was the band's return to the nation's population center in the Northeast into the legions of New Yorkers, Bostonians, and other assorted velots, most of whom would be getting their first look at the Dead's Resurrection Tour.



So when Weir and Garcia sauntered on stage, they were met with hearty cheers of sheer emotion by 'heads who had waited long enough. And as is sometimes the case, the band responded to the greetings with a punchy set beginning with Midnight Hour followed by the unfortunately appropriate Cold Rain and Snow. The first set finished with a great run of: When Push Comes to Shove>Desolation Row>a long involved Bird Song>and Promised Land. This set was far removed from some of the 6-song specials of past tours...a most welcome set -- almost worth the wait...almost.

Not counting the hotel rooms, the real highlight of Hartford and perhaps the whole tour occurred during the second set of Friday night's show. Opening with an almost unbelievably powerful and emotional Touch of Grey, the Dead turned the Civic Center inside out with a 70 minute masterpiece which included a bouncy Cumberland Blues (no Sunshine Daydream -- in spite of a fabulous SSDD banner facing the stage) and finished triumphantly with the return of Uncle John's Band and a show stopping (literally) Morning Dew. In keeping with the theme of hearty tradition, Chuck Berry's Johnny B. Goode closed the evening with authority.



Now, over the years on tour, the Dead Heads have crossed paths with some interesting collections of people: Alaskans; Egyptians; a Nurses' convention in Augusta; and hard-core gamblers in Reno and Vegas, to name only a few. But on Sunday, March 29, the 'heads were greeted with a Spectrum full of Philadelphians who paid to watch professional wrestling on big TV sets. Indeed, Wrestlemania 3 complete with The Hulk, Cathy Lee Crosby, and steel cages on big screens in the afternoon drew as big a crowd as the Dead. Because of this, the show did not begin until 9PM. Actually, this turned out to be a good thing cause it gave the Dead Heads and the wrestling fans extra time to mingle, get to know one another, and discuss topics ranging from Friday's Bird Song in Hartford to the Hillbillies and their controversial teeter-totter back whip. Maybe next time we can carry it one step further and have half of the 'heads go to the wrestling and vice versa. Finatical intergration -- "Bury him with the base, Phil"...

But I digress. Anyway, Sunday night was more than worth the delay as the Dead cranked out a beautiful second set which began with a mellow Mississippi Half Step and Playin' in the Band. It ended with a magnificent run: Wheel>Goin' Down The Road>Playin' Reprise>Black Muddy River>and Sugar Magnolia with a Mighty Quinn encore. Perhaps the finest song list of the spring tour with the supurb placement of Black Muddy River in the 'Black Stella rap' at the end of the show. Let's hope they remember that one.

The next two nights in Philly were solid, if not spectacular, with the band returning to more familiar song line-ups.

Shakedown Street and Franklin's Tower did make welcome appearances in the first sets of nights 2 and 3 respectively.

Most tours have their high points and their low points, and in retrospect, the Spring '87 run probably peaked during the last Hartford and first Philly shows. After that, there were certainly strong nights, but sickness and fatigue intervened to bring the energy down just a notch over the tours' final 10 days.

The night off between Philly and Wooster featured a party at Boston's tiny Blue Diner attended by band members and the then-World Champion Boston Celtics. The only things I can figure that these two institutions have in common are fame, Bill Walton, and an aversion to Los Angeles. Apparently though, this is enough to forge a bond of some sort, yet I'd still like to know what Robert Parish and Brent had to say to one another!

The 3 nights that followed in Worcester's Centrum featured very strong shows on Thursday and Saturday nights, and one which drew mixed reviews on Friday. After another good and long first set on night 1, second set highlights included a crazy mixed up Scarlet>Fire combo, a powerful Eyes of the World (refreshingly severed from Estimated Prophet), a punchy Wheel, and a Black Muddy encore.

By the third night, pouring rain had sent us inside to area joints like the Firehouse Cafe where wet and genuinely ugly throngs displayed a remarkable amount of enthusiasm and energy -- truly the beginning of an only-on-the-East-



Coast Grateful Dead Saturday night.

Inside, that energy surged throughout a powerful second set medly of Playin' > Comes a Time > and Hand Jive (!). And all 12,000 fans went dancing again into the rain after Playin' > Morning Dew and One More Saturday Night finished the show and the 3 night run.

Just as Worcester found the band comfortable in the Centrum as in any East Coast arena, it seemed to reaffirm that Greater Boston is a very strong area for this band and for it's fans. May it long remain so.



The final East Coast stop was the wretched Brendan Byrne Arena at the Meadowlands in New Jersey. By this time in the tour, virtually all band members (except Jerry!) had fallen prey to "touritis," yet the Dead slogged valiently through a Monday - Tuesday engagement. Night 1 was actually quite well-played with combos of Dancin' In The Streets > Franklin's Tower and Stranger > Cumberland opening the first and second sets respectively.

The second night was beamed by a local radio station -- (as were one each in Philly, Worcester and Chicago) in this case WNEW, and featured versions of Box of Rain, Bertha, Morning Dew, and Throwing Stones in a pop second set well-suited to be broadcast into the nation's top market.

Despite some good nights there in the past few years, Brendan Byrne Arena is still the perfect venue for a radio show -- sort of an indoor football stadium. I say it's better to stay at home and miss the Byrne experience.



In sum, the best part of Spring Tour '87 did not occur in one place or another. The best part was that it happened at all. Nineteen Eighty Seven finds us all a little older, maybe wiser, a bit more careful, and carrying with us a new and healthy appreciation of the band and of the scene which we had come to take for granted.

What was different, you ask? Well, there were a few new songs, a few new faces, and a format which (despite Phil Lesh's pronouncements to the contrary) has remained exactly the same. But the 8 months which had passed since Garcia's medical emergency gave us a surprisingly refreshing break which in the end seemed to propell the band, the music and the scene itself to take on a new urgency -- a new importance. During the time off, we all had the opportunity to examine the place that this crazy experience holds inside each of us. And from this new perspective, we were inspired to go forward, or perhaps to step back a bit.

Maybe now the East Coast crowd has mellowed a bit, and maybe now we do "stop to decide" -- if only sometimes. But this tour reminded us that the Grateful Dead experience is one of the few remaining vestiges of free form expression and, most importantly, that it continues to be as much fun as just about anything else we do.

So bring on Bob Dylan, and we'll see you next set.

-- Charlie Schueler

See Page 13 for East Coast set lists



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AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

by Sally Ansorge

I'm almost 30 years old, and my parents keep asking me when I'm going to grow up, or at least grow out of the Grateful Dead. To them, the idea of travelling to see a band play "loud music," much less see them 3 nights in a row, is incomprehensible. Have you ever tried to explain to your parents what it's all about?

At first, it was the neatest thing of the age to go to a Grateful Dead concert. It was 1973, and I was just 15. It wasn't only the concert that was exciting. I was going with my big brother, he's 4 years older than me, and his friends. I thought the world of him (and still do, but differently), and to be included with all the guys was a real kick.

From the moment I got permission to go, I was flying high on a cloud. When the night finally arrived, I was souring, filled with anticipation, not knowing what to expect. The car ride to Nassau Coliseum began my new experience. We divided into groups, poured into cars, popped in "vintage" tapes and off we went. Everyone was happy. Everyone was up. Everyone was on. *We weren't even at the concert yet.*

We rendezvoused in the parking lot and went in. Ticket check. Body search. So many strange looking people, long hair, colored clothing, wierd outfits. Girls and guys entwined at every turn. Boy, would my parents be exasperated to see this! And for me, I wondered how so much positive energy from these thousands of people could be confined to just this place. I was yet to discover that it wasn't confined then, and isn't now. This was nothing I'd ever experienced before. I felt it in the pit of my stomach. It was warm. It was exhilarating. *And the music had yet to begin.*

The band came out to cheers and exultations from the audience. They played and played, took a break, and played, and played, and played some more. The sound was great. The show was great. The experience was great. The people were great. To this day, I remember that "great" was the key word of the night for me. I had just embarked on another journey that would change my life.

There was a seed planted that day, and I didn't even realize it. I felt then that the music was really special and emotion-evoking, but there was more here than just the music, or personalities, or crowd's. Perhaps it was the epitome of Love, Peace, and Happiness.

I've grown up a lot since then, and so has that seed. I've seen close to 100 shows, though the exact number eludes me. I dropped out of it all for a couple of years, and have been back now since '85. I've seen some incredible shows, and shared some very special experiences over the years. You know, even after all these years, when I hear the Dead are coming back to town, or I'm going to be where they are, I feel that glow of warmth in my stomach. I know it's starting all over again. Another experience to add to my collection. I wonder what I'll bring to this one? For a happening such as this depends highly upon what everyone brings of themselves as well as which way the band decides to go.

Many things have changed over the years, aside from just me. My friends, the band and I have all gotten older, though the audience has gotten younger. The venues are bigger and so is the crowd. The sound system has been condensed, the sound has gotten crisper, and the shows have gotten shorter. Many of the "hippie-freaks" from years ago arrive at shows in jackets and suits, ties in their pockets, briefcases in their cars, having just come from work. These misfits of yesterday are the forerunners of today -- doctors, lawyers, bankers, stockbrokers, etc. They mingle perfectly with the new "hippie-freaks" with long hair and colored clothing...and some things never change.

The experience of a Grateful Dead concert has grown and become many different things from what it was in the beginning. For one thing, it has become an entity of its own, having touched more people than anyone ever thought it would. We've lost many good friends along the way and gained many special memories.

Most recently, we were reminded of our mortality through Jerry. This really hit home and hit hard. Everyone started realizing how much they'd taken the Dead for granted. Now people were forced to create environments in their daily lives to nurture the further expansion of the Dead experience without directly incorporating the band. I think I was lucky. I found it right in my own back yard, so to speak, like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz. Wow! Another place to share that warm glow and high energy.

Well, The Boys are back, and Jerry is slowly proving that his near-death experience has had a revitalizing effect. I know I don't just speak for myself when I say how wonderful it is to have them back. Sometimes you don't know what you have till it's gone. We've been lucky, we've gotten a second chance.



SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND

by John Dwork

Okay all you hardcore tapers, your wildest dreams may just have come true! A while back (or so the "officially" released story goes), Betty Cantor, the ex-studio sound engineer for you-know-who, somehow became exceedingly tardy on payments that were due on a storage locker which she had been renting for several years. After repeated due warnings by the storage company, they legally impounded and put up for auction the contents of that locker. As only fate would have it two very smart (and appropriately un-named) gents pooled their greenbacks and legally bought the entire contents of that locker. Oh boy!

Among the many items which were in that now famous treasure chest were an amazing array of master 7 and 10 inch reels of, you guessed it, primo live Grateful Dead concert sound boards; 250 hours worth. When it rains, it pours, indeed!

Not long ago, these two audiophiles held a massive taping session at which they invited ten well-seasoned, responsible tapers to downlink from a Beta-hifi source deck. It was their intent from the beginning to get these long-awaited tapes out to the masses. We are very pleased to announce that these tapes are beginning to appear in widespread circulation, *and* that there is no evidence of this new music being illegally bootlegged (sold).

It should become immediately obvious from the partial list of these new tapes (to follow) that this represents the largest and so far, most important release of "classic" Grateful Dead music at any one given time. New, pristine sound board copies of such all-time classics as the visionary '72 Veneta, Oregon, show and the stellar second set from Cornell 1977 are unquestionably important "gifts" which will surely have far-reaching, spiritual and social implications in the Dead Head community. High-quality (i.e., finally "listenable") copies of such dated tunes as *I'm a Hog For You Baby* and *Oh Boy* from Manhattan Center give a new and clearer idea of what it was all about way back when. And, the promise of twelve Europe '72 shows, a tour which we are all lacking high quality sound boards of, is most promising.

It should be mentioned that there are several minor but nevertheless disappointing audio imperfections which have surfaced so far. The *St. Stephen* from Portchester '71 has a noticable glitch in it, and the *Dark Star* from Veneta '72 is cut (damn, damn, damn!) but overall, the level of quality is extremely high. Until you hear things of this quality it is really quite impossible to appreciate the subtle nuances, the sometimes delightful interplay between band members.

This stash of tapes is undoubtedly the largest ever released at one time but it doesn't end there. Another fifty-or-so hours of pre-'74 soundboards are beginning to find their way into widespread circulation. Included in this second new batch are *Wake of the Flood* out-takes, at least two '66 shows, and a bizarre country tune called *I'm a Lovin' Man* featuring Pig Pen and Bobby on vocals, Jerry on pedal steel and a hot but unidentified fiddle player and much more.

What's nicest about this find is that it releases us (at least for the meantime) from relying directly on the band for old tapes. As long as we don't abuse them (i.e., sell them), we should be able, as a whole, to have fairly easy access to them. And, for those of us who find tremendous inspiration in this *older* music, it's a dream come true....Now, who says you can't get what you want? Enjoy!!

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<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u># of tapes</u>	<u>Type of tape</u>
2/18/71	Capital Theatre, Portchester, NY	2	7" Reels
2/19/71	Capital Theatre, Portchester, NY	2	7" Reels
2/21/71	Capital Theatre, Portchester, NY	2	7" Reels
2/23/71	Capital Theatre, Portchester, NY #1	1	7" Reels
2/24/71	Capital Theatre, Portchester, NY	2	7" Reels
4/5/71	Manhattan Center, NY	3	7" Reels
4/6/71	Manhattan Center, NY	2	7" Reels
4/7/71	Music hall, Boston, MA	2	7" Reels
4/8/71	Music hall, Boston, MA	2	7" Reels
12/14/71	Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, MI	2	10" Reels
12/15/71	Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, MI #1	1	10" Reels
4/11/72	City Hall, Newcastle, England	3	Cassette Copies
4/14/72	Tivoli Gardens, Copenhagen, Denmark	3	Cassette Copies
4/16/72	University of Aarhus, Denmark	3	Cassette Copies
4/17/72	Tivoli Gardens, Copenhagen, Denmark	3	Cassette Copies
4/21/72	Beat Club, Bremen, W. Germany	2	Cassette Copies
4/24/72	Reinhalle, Dusseldorf, W. Germany	3	Cassette Copies
4/26/72	Gahrhundert Halle, Frankfurt, W. Germany	2	Cassette Copies
4/29/72	Musikhalle, Hamburg, W. Germany	3	Cassette Copies
5/4/72	Olympia Theatre, Paris, France #1	1	10" Reels
5/7/72	Backershaw, Manchester, England #3&4	3	10" Reels & Cassettes
5/11/72	Civic Hall, Rotterdam, Holland #2	1	Cassette Copies
5/26/72	Lyceum, London, England #2	1	Cassette Copies
8/21/72	Berkeley Community Theatre, California #1	1	10" Reels
8/22/72	Berkeley Community Theatre, California #2	1	10" Reels
8/25/72	Berkeley Community Theatre, California #1	1	10" Reels
8/27/72	Memorial Colliseum, Veneta, Oregon	2	10" Reels
3/16/73	Nassau Colliseum, New York	2	10" Reels
3/21/73	Utica Municipal Auditorium, New York		
3/22/73	Utica Municipal Auditorium, New York		
3/24/73	Philadelphia Spectrum, PA		
5/26/73	Kaiser Stadium, SF, California	3	7" Reels
6/22/73	Nat'l Exposition Coliseum, Vancouver, BC	5	7" Reels
6/10/76	Music Hall, Boston, MA	5	7" Reels
6/11/76	Music Hall, Boston, MA		7" Reels
6/14/76	Beacon Theatre, NYC		7" Reels
6/15/76	Beacon Theatre, NYC	5	7" Reels
6/7/76	The Auditorium, Chicago, IL	5	7" Reels
7/7/76	Orpheum Theatre, SF, California #1	1	Cassette Copies
2/26/77	Swing Auditorium, San Bernadino, CA	2	7" Reels
3/18/77	Winterland, SF, California #1	1	Cassette Copies
4/22/77	Civic Center, Springfield, MA #1	1	Cassette Copies
5/5/77	Coliseum, New Haven, CT	5	7" Reels
5/7/77	Boston Garden, Boston, MA	5	7" Reels
5/8/77	Cornell U., Ithaca, NY	5	7" Reels
5/9/77	Memorial Auditorium, Buffalo, NY	4	7" Reels
5/19/77	Fox Theatre, Atlanta, GA	3	Cassette Copies
6/7/77	Winterland, SF, California	3	Cassette Copies
6/8/77	Winterland, SF, California	3	Cassette Copies
6/9/77	Winterland, SF, California	3	Cassette Copies
9/28/77	Paramount Theatre, Portland, OR	3	7" Reels
9/29/77	Paramount Theatre, Portland, OR	3	7" Reels
10/1/77	Paramount Theatre, Portland, OR	4	7" Reels
10/2/77	Paramount Theatre, Portland, OR	5	7" Reels
12/30/77	Winterland, SF, California #1	1	Cassette Copies

Flashback!

"We Grin, Knowing That We Know" by Brian Cullen

Merriweather Post Pavillion Columbia, Maryland
June 20, 1983

As the hot summer sun rose over the eastern skies that overlook Sheepshead Bay in Brooklyn, Dr. Albert W. Muirene and Eye packed up the car again, unloaded after a short stopover from the Saratoga show, and hit the road for the Merriweather Post Pavillion shows in Columbia, Maryland. An unscheduled stop at Ticketron produces two fifth row seats in front of Phil for the first night. The ticket agent, a woman of profound beauty which age was most kind to, freaked out with the occurrence of tickets so close..so late; since only lawn seats were available the day before.

Arriving in Columbia minutes before showtime only "New York Tactics" of crosstown shuffling got us passed the gate and to our seats. Upon firing up a bone and munching a "silver dollar size" cap, the Dead took the stage.

"The bus came by and I got on,
That's when it all began..."

Into the second set The Boys were hot! It's happening...The Total Energy is flowing...The crowd is in tune with the band as Jerry begins the slow melodic beginning of "Wharf Rat" and the crowd settles to listen to the tale of grave misfortune and unquestionable loyalty. The jam peaks...The bridge is approaching...LIGHTNING STRIKES...Power, Off-On for a second...The sky turns from night to day... The electricity is felt in the moist air...The Dead seem amused... "I'll get up and fly away..." echos through the ampitheatre as Bobby thrusts his fists into the sky and together with Jerry and the crowd screams..

"FLY AWAY..."

We all go wild..We all peak...We're all one...Garcia acknowledges the fury of the moment and raises his guitar to the thunderous heavens as Phil rivals the thunder which accompanies the pouring rain, Bill and Micky keep time with the rain while Bob and Brent join the sea of hands. The perfect combination of Art and Nature.

"If the Thunder Don't Get You
The Lightning Will....."

On this night The Grateful Dead jammed with The Heavens...Again. For There Is No Beauty Greater Than The Truth Of Nature And Her Ways and...

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT.

We Grin; Knowing That We Know.....
And Smile,
Cause It's Just Another Show.....



Wes Wilson in 1987

By Brian Cullen

Wes Wilson was the earliest dominant figure in the mid-'60's psychedelic poster explosion. His distinctive style was synonymous with San Francisco's cultural blossoming, and in many ways it could be said that Wes was the founding father of the school.

Stylistically, the development of Wes Wilson's work from 1965 to 1966 roughly paralleled cultural changes; his early free-form organic lettering style hinted of the abstract expressionism of the "beat" generation, and his lettering style and design sensibilities lent a Jugendstil feel to the posters which tilted the posters purpose: the medium became the message. Jugendstil, or Youth Style, signaled a rebellion of youth against an antiquated, court-sanctioned Romanticism, and increased, dehumanizing industrialization in Germany around 1886. It is clearly understandable that the artists of the late '60's found the style and logic behind the medium to be of profound importance.

Wes Wilson's posters, mainly done for Bill Graham and Chet Helms, were lettered in what *Ramparts* Editor, Warren Hinckle III, called "36-point illegible." At first

glance, the calligraphy is totally unreadable, so people would stop for a second look. The theory was that in the time it took to figure out the message, the reader was hooked. Wilson's designs are equally and intentionally psychedelic; expanding as the mind does to fill every conceivable space.

Many of the popular poster artists of '67 and '68 credit Wes Wilson as a major inspiration, and his influence affected the style of many posters in the late '60's. By 1967, Wes stopped doing commercial art to work in a more personal fashion with watercolors and enameled glass. Wilson's watercolors carry his preoccupation with Art Nouveau and are a giant step forward into the realm of expressionism.

Wilson admits that he has been influenced by Mucha, Van Gogh, Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, and the "expressionist idea of really putting it out there." Most of the watercolors on display portray single human figures enclosed by interiors of intricately patterned upholstery and walls. The borders of Wilson's figures are parallel strands of vivid globules of color and tone which seem to liquify. The beauty of Wilson's work is a unique transparency and radiance of the watercolors so that they take the quality of a stained glass window, with a light source behind - or inside.

The showing of Wes Wilson's work at the Psychedelic Solution brings together the legacy of the psychedelic posters of the '60's, his influence on the total scene and the beauty of the watercolor work he is now creating. Take a break and check out the gallery; the folks are always friendly and the posters they sell will bring you back.

Through June 30.

For more information call: 212-529-2462.

Psychedelic Solution Gallery
33 West 8th Street - 2nd Floor
New York City

