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DUPREE'S DIAMOND

NEWS

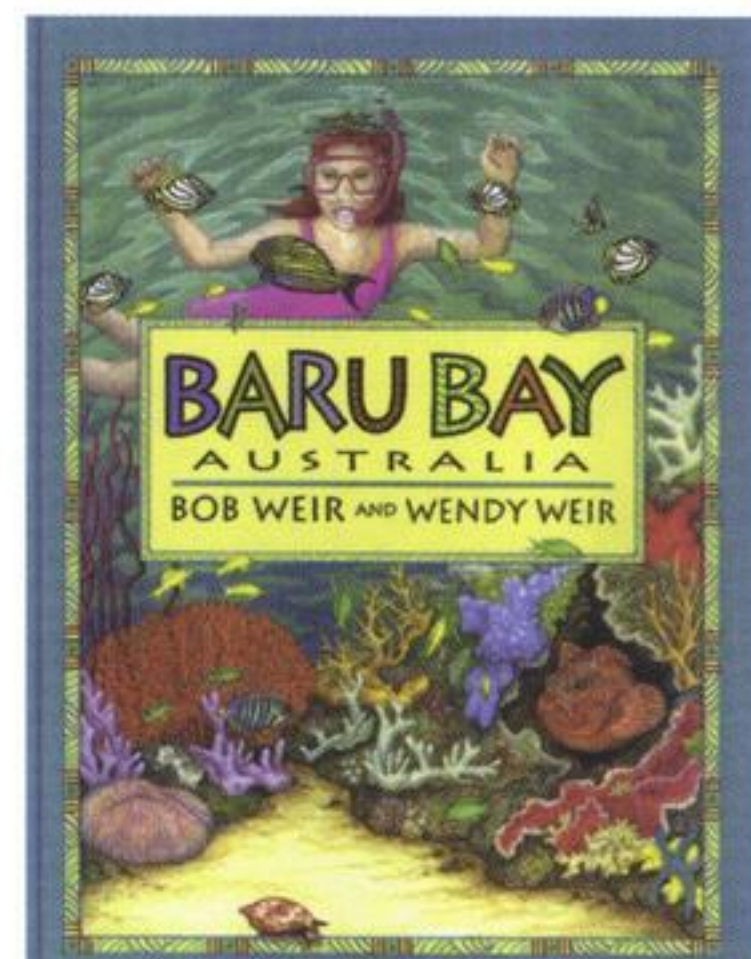
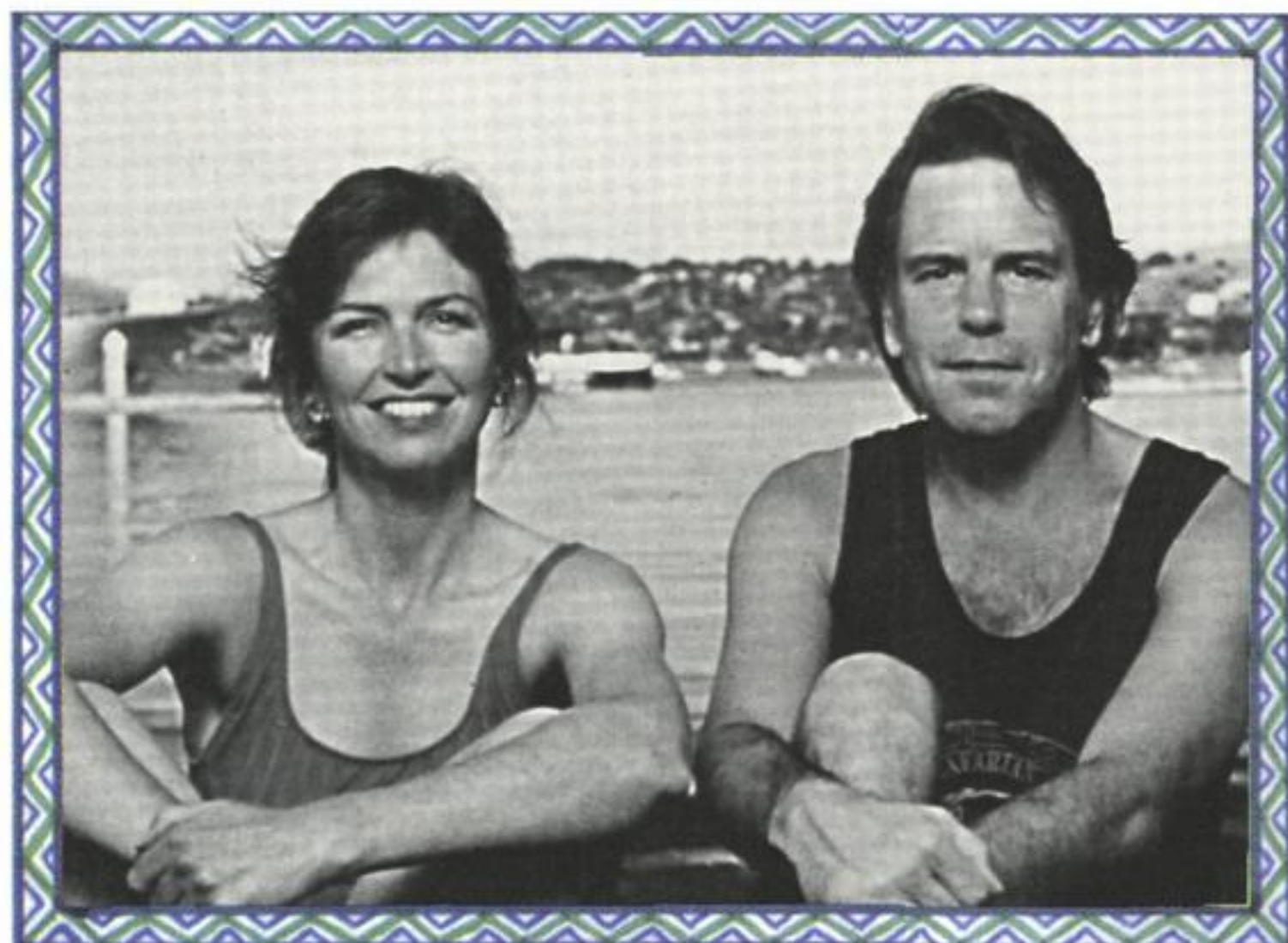
DOCUMENTING THE DEADHEAD EXPERIENCE



PAGEWARK 9

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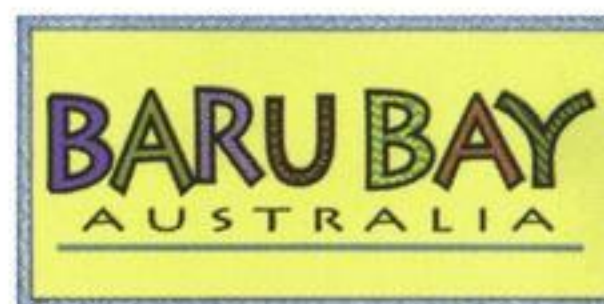
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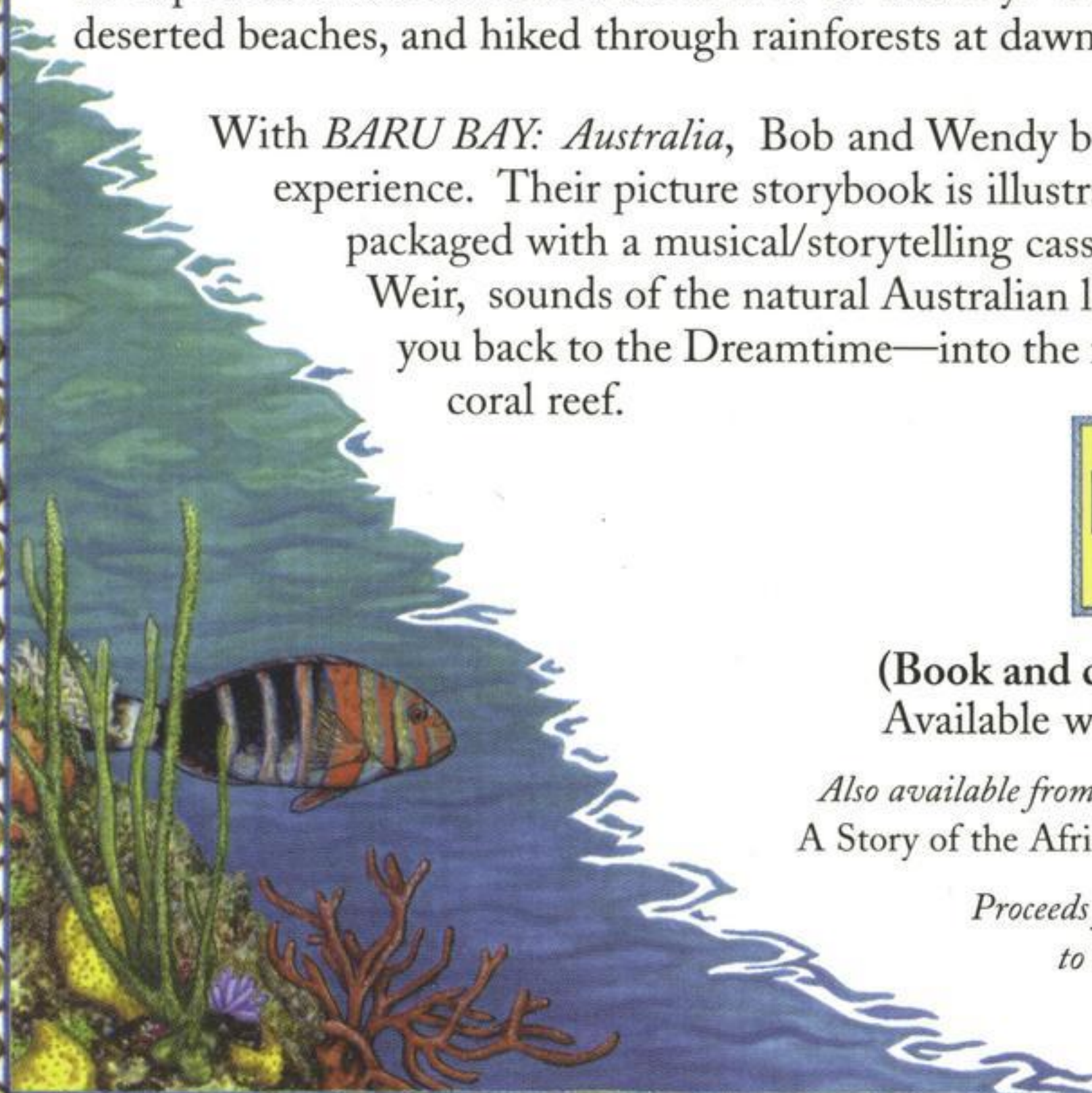


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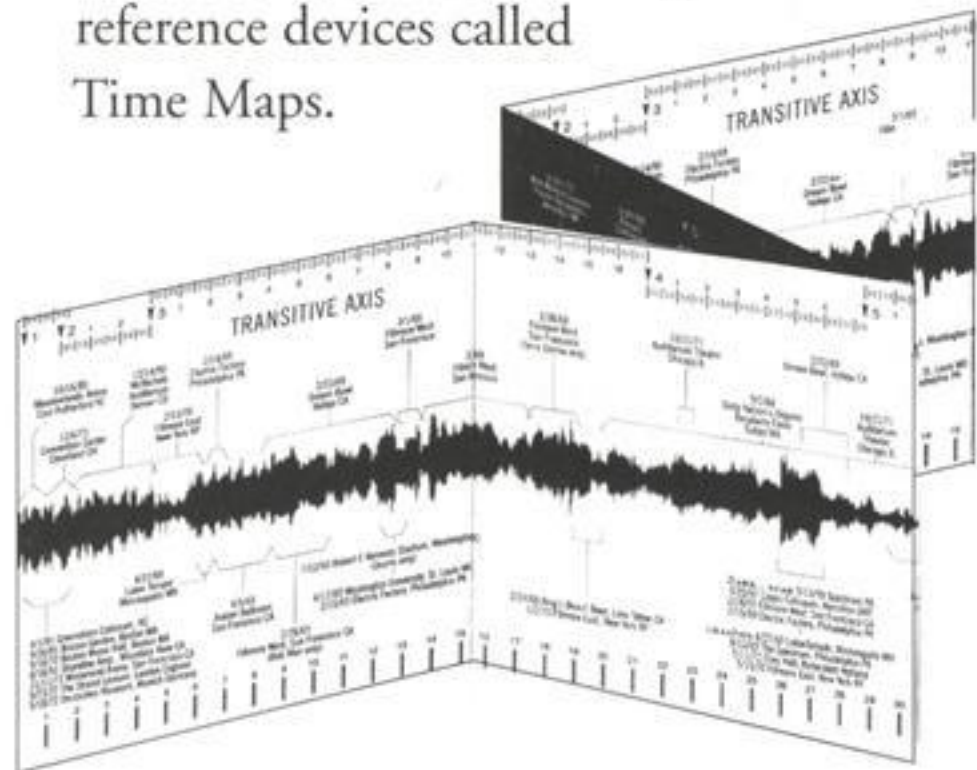
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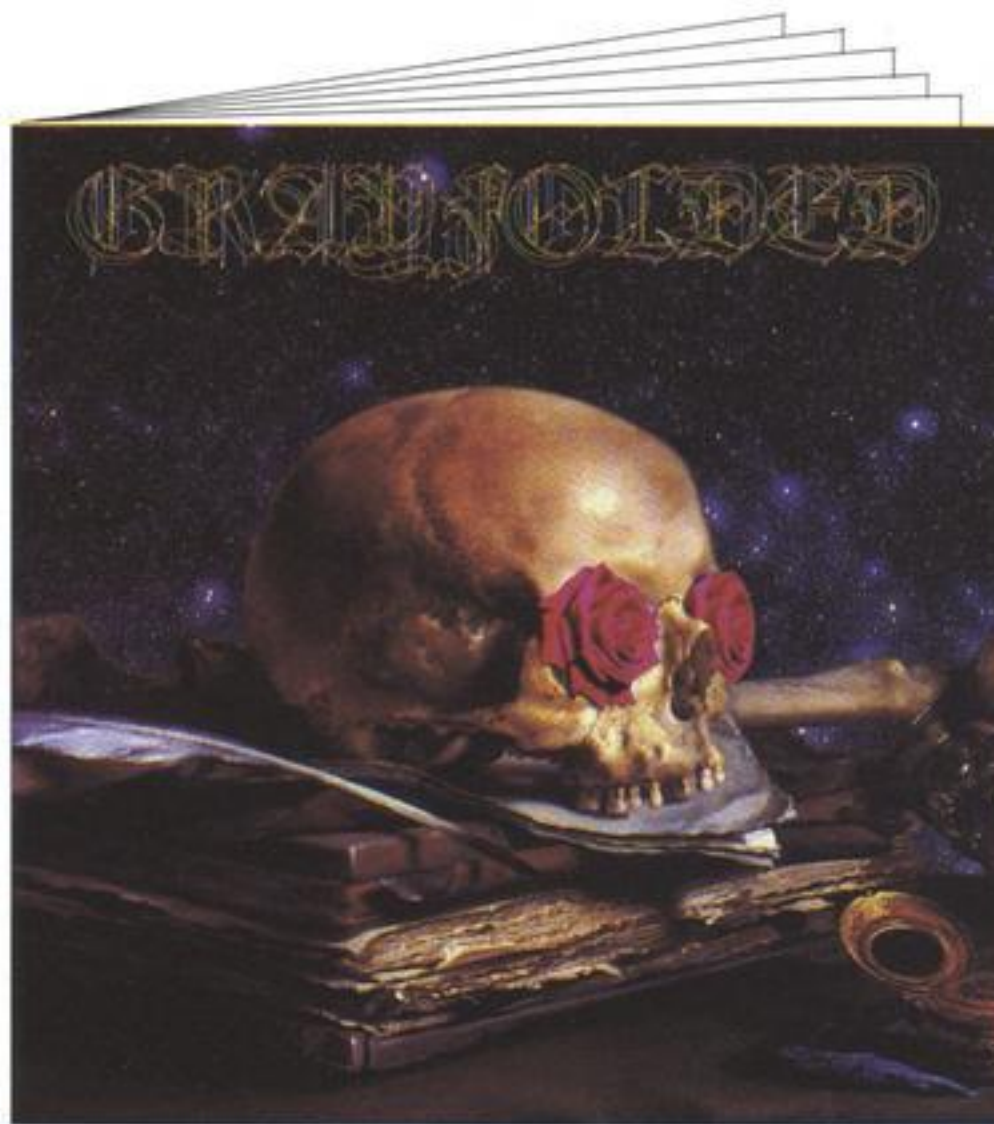
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DUPREE'S

DIAMOND NEWS

ISSUE NO. 32 • FALL 1995

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Statement of Purpose:

Our primary goal is to provide information that is both entertaining and enlightening to the Grateful Dead community. It is our fundamental belief that the music of the Grateful Dead can serve as a potent catalyst for the creative and spiritual growth of those who beckon to its call, and we attempt to express this potential in as many ways as possible. We are also *dedicated* to using this Experience as an opportunity for personal and planetary healing as well as keeping the Deadhead family together.

All correspondence relating to previously published material should be addressed to the editor. Include your name and address.

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Deadheads

On Wednesday August 9, 1995, I awoke with a feeling that something was *terribly* wrong. Not really knowing why, I stumbled downstairs all bleary-eyed and intuitively started calling friends. Moments later my gut feeling proved unfortunately true, when I found out Jerry Garcia had passed away earlier that morning. Like so many of you out there, I felt as though I'd been punched in the stomach.

Jerry Garcia. Dead. *Our* Jerry. Oh my God.

As often as we'd thought of it, nothing had prepared us for the enormity of this fateful day. As it turned out, Death had not cast a shadow this large in America since John Lennon was gunned down almost 15 years ago. This wasn't just big news, it was a true spiritual crisis for three generations of rock and rollers.

Within hours of the news of Garcia's death thousands of Deadheads began spontaneously gathering in public parks across America. Impromptu alters and shrines sprouted up everywhere. Drum circles attempted to pound away the pain. The Internet was overwhelmed with Deadheads checking in — enough to crash at least one computer bulletin board. As you'll read in the following pages, in the days to follow, large, organized memorials were held in numerous cities and towns. For many Deadheads this was the first time in our lives that we had to mourn the passing of a loved one. In this society, where people are so removed from their feelings, it was reassuring to see Deadheads sharing their grief so openly. With Jerry's passing a million tears and hugs were born. Amazingly, we've heard of no related suicides. Perhaps this is because Jerry, unlike other popular minstrels, seemed to sing of life as being bittersweet, not bitter.

Jerry's death was bigger news in the "real world" than any of us could have imagined. Virtually every newspaper and TV news show in the country treated it as a front page lead

story. Every rock station in the country played Dead music all day long. The size of America's embrace of Jerry was stunning. From noon to midnight, the day *belonged* to Jerry. Amazingly, the great majority of the press was extremely kind to him and sympathetic to us in our time of mourning.

For all these memorials and media validation, we still need to personally face the reality of Jerry's death. I mean we've just lost the maypole around which we and our family of friends have swung for *30 years*. This is indeed very heavy shit! But if we can't look Mr. Death straight in the face with a smile and a wink, then we can't call ourselves true *Deadheads*. Is it tough? — damn straight — but we *must* grieve and mourn and celebrate the music because these acts are essential to our healing process. In properly eulogizing Jerry, we recognize more clearly what a large part of our own personal development this truly American hero was.

It may be impossible to put this great man's impact into words. For many of his 30 years with the Grateful Dead, Jerry cut a genuinely brilliant figure on the music scene. He went where no musician had gone before, stretching the boundaries of art as far as Miles Davis, John Coltrane, and maybe even Mozart. More than any other figurehead in our entire culture, he embodied the idealism and hopefulness of the 1960's. Despite his insistence that he was not a leader (even of the Grateful Dead), he ended up being seen as one simply by relentlessly pursuing love through playing music. Because the love shined through his music so brightly, the Grateful Dead Experience has become, for so many of us, the closest we may ever get to having a spiritual path. Although it has no dogma, no written holy rules, it has served us as a source of deep inspiration.

Unlike so many other rock and roll "heroes," Jerry's whole gig was about working hard at doing what he loved and trying to have fun without hurting others in the process. Surely these are among the highest virtues and values

practiced by humans. Knowing this, is it any surprise an entire community of hundreds of thousands of folks gathered around him? If the Grateful Dead Experience was only a good excuse to dance and sing, we would have simply moved along to the next party. But the Experience is about a lot more than partying, and as a result we are still Deadheads even after Jerry's passing.

So the question becomes: How do we keep our scene alive and continue along our path without Jerry?

As for the rest of the band, most Deadheads would like to see them find a way to keep on truckin' — not just for the opportunity to experience more fine music, but also because we want/need them to help us keep on truckin'! The music aside, the Grateful Dead has been the antidote to fear-driven conformity in this uptight world for 30 years. These days we need all the alternatives to fear we can get. With all its shortcomings, the Grateful Dead Experience has kept alive the hope and idealism of the 1960's, and for this alone the surviving members of the Dead should consider staying together. Will they continue on as the Grateful Dead? That remains to be seen. But as of this writing the band members have met once to discuss whether they will continue on and the tentative answer, we are told, is yes. The possibilities are actually quite enticing. Can you imagine a band featuring the remaining members of the Dead playing with the likes of Bob Dylan, David Crosby, Carlos Santana, Bruce Hornsby, and/or Branford Marsalis? While no specific plans have been made yet, this might be the beginning of a vibrantly new and fresh musical entity as important for the future as the Grateful Dead has been thus far. We remain hopeful that with a little luck the Phoenix may yet rise again!

On the other hand, as brutally difficult and scary as it is, we must accept the reality that we'll never see Jerry up there on that stage again. We must, therefore, learn every day how to summon the love, joy, and sense of adventure we felt at Dead shows. We must learn how to spread this energy out into the rest of the world. We've seen the view from that mountaintop called the Grateful Dead. We know how to get together and make magic happen. The fact is, we have no choice *but* to continue making it happen in our daily lives. At the San Francisco memorial Mickey Hart said, "Well, if the Grateful Dead had been anything, it was about...the power. You have it now. You have the groove, you have the feeling. So what are you going to do with it? That's the question? Now... Do something with all this. We didn't do this for nothing. It's not over. That's the thing about music, you get the power and you get the wisdom and the insight to deal with everyday life. And that's what music is all about. It'll help you in these times, it'll help you forever." Well, I don't know about you, but I'm certainly planning to take the love and light the Dead showed me into everything I do for the rest of my life.

What does this mean for the future of *Dupree's Diamond News*? Well, we *certainly* plan to continue documenting the Deadhead Experience. This scene is *waaaay* too big to simply stop!

Therefore, we fully intend to continue to help keep our Deadhead community in touch. For the short-term, we will be publishing a very special 100-plus page, color, glossy memorial tribute from our hearts and the Deadhead point of view. Larger and unlike any other *DDN* magazine, you won't want to miss this keepsake. (Please see page 7 for mail order info.)

Around the beginning of the new year, we will be publishing another regular issue featuring loving remembrances of the scene by you, our readers (this is your cue to submit your fondest memories), as well as another amazing interview and the year-end review and stats. As long as enough of you keep buying *Dupree's*, we'll keep on publishing. (See insert to subscribe by mail!)

As for this issue, you'll find coverage of both the Dead's final tour and the events surrounding Jerry's death. We've decided not to edit out our reviewers' criticisms of Garcia's final performances because that would be a false sugar-coating of how most Heads felt the last tour went down. Despite all the hoopla and heartache, we think we've managed to pack this issue with plenty of evidence to suggest the Grateful Dead Experience still has the potential to provide us with plenty of joy and celebration.

On a more personal note, you should know we haven't stopped working since Jerry died and feel honored to be of any service to our community as we all face a difficult transition in our lives (although, after consoling countless numbers of fellow Deadheads and rewriting, reediting, and relaying out most of this issue, we sure could use a vacation!). The only word capable of describing what it's been like to be a member of our staff lately is the perennial GD adjective — INTENSE!

In closing, I'd like to reiterate our desire to continue serving the Deadhead community. Jerry may be gone, but we must carry on. Now that the Grateful Dead as we've known it has ended, we, the Deadhead community at large, need to be our own source of light. And so, *Dupree's Diamond News* will not just document the Deadhead Experience, we will strive to keep the flame burning by bringing you events that embody the *spirit* of the music that brings us such joy. We've always been here for you and will continue on so long as you need us — you know our love will not fade away!

In Light,
Johnny Dwork

“PAPA’S GONE... WE ARE ON OUR OWN...”

On August 9 at 4:23 a.m., our friend Jerome John Garcia, 53, passed away in his sleep at Serenity Knolls, a drug treatment center in Mill Valley, California, where he was struggling to recover from a long-term addiction to heroin. Autopsy reports confirm that Jerry’s death was due to a heart attack.

Jerry’s widow, Deborah Koons Garcia, told the press that Jerry’s loss of ability to manage his drug use was evident shortly before summer tour began, at which time the couple decided that a residential treatment program would be the best course of action. When Jerry came off the road after summer tour, he spent the last two weeks of July at the famed Betty Ford Clinic. While there, Jerry enjoyed conversations with a musician who accompanied Django Reinhardt, the passionate, pre-WWII-era guitarist who had influenced Jerry’s own approach.

Jerry was having a successful but difficult time at the clinic; he hated the food (he told a friend that it was “worse than airplane food”) and he wanted to be closer to home. Having informed members of the Grateful Dead organization that he would be vacationing in Hawaii, Jerry made the decision to continue treatment at Serenity Knolls in Marin, evidence of his commitment to recovery.

Bob Weir, who believed Garcia to be in Hawaii, was on the East Coast touring with the Ratdog Review when he heard the news from Rob Wasserman. His Hampton Beach, NH performance took place as scheduled the evening of August 9. Bob spoke to the distressed fans at the concert saying: “If our dear departed friend proved anything to us,

BY MICHELLE WAUGHTEL
SALLY ANSORGE MULVEY
AND STEVE SILBERMAN

he proved that great music can make sad times better.” Bob channeled his emotions into a monumental performance, including a shattering rendition of *Throwing Stones* with the doors thrown open, so the crowds gathered outside could hear the music, crying out, “Papa’s gone — we are on our own!”

Shortly before checking himself into Serenity Knolls, Jerry had placed a call to Robert Hunter, thanking him for the songs they had written together, and after 30 years, telling

him — uncharacteristically — that he loved him. Hunter simply asked his old friend to come over and help him write some new tunes. Hunter later came to believe that Jerry meant to say goodbye, and in the final lines of his elegy, read at Jerry’s funeral, Hunter returned the sentiment: “So I’ll just say I love you, which I never said before, and let it go at that my friend, the rest you may ignore.”

The public reaction to Jerry’s death was immediate. Deadheads all over the world instinctively reached out to one another, feeling that only other Deadheads could fully understand the gravity of the news, initially leaving simple “call

me” messages, so their friends and family would not hear the sad news from their answering machines. By the end of that long day, the messages had become those of love, hugs, support, and tears — lots of tears. Heads were not only reaching out to share their grief, but to make sure their brothers and sisters were holding on, and to offer a hand.

To explain his grief to his non-Deadhead friends, New Yorker Jeff Gorchel used this analogy: “It would be as if tomorrow you heard that there is no more baseball. No one can

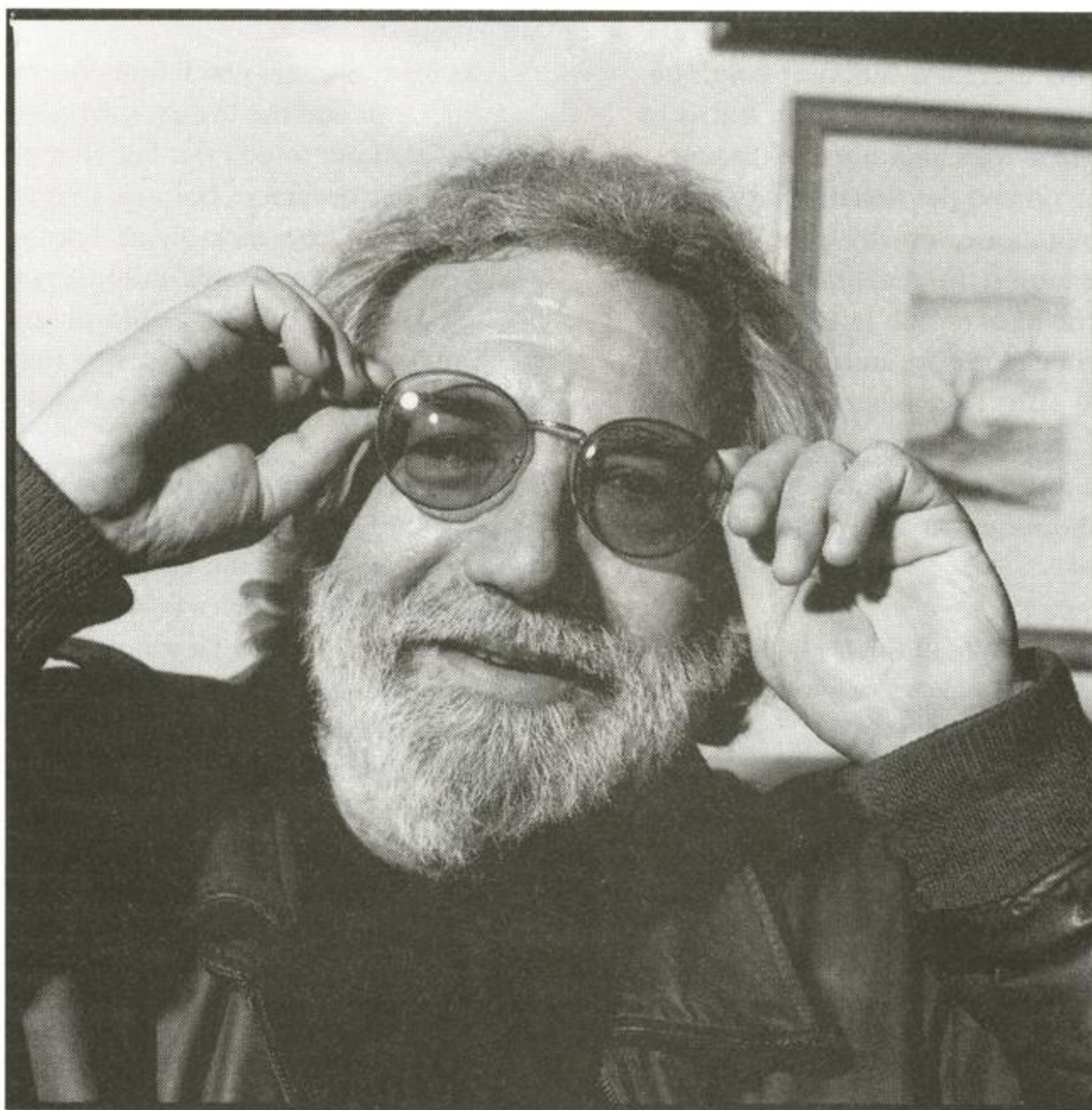


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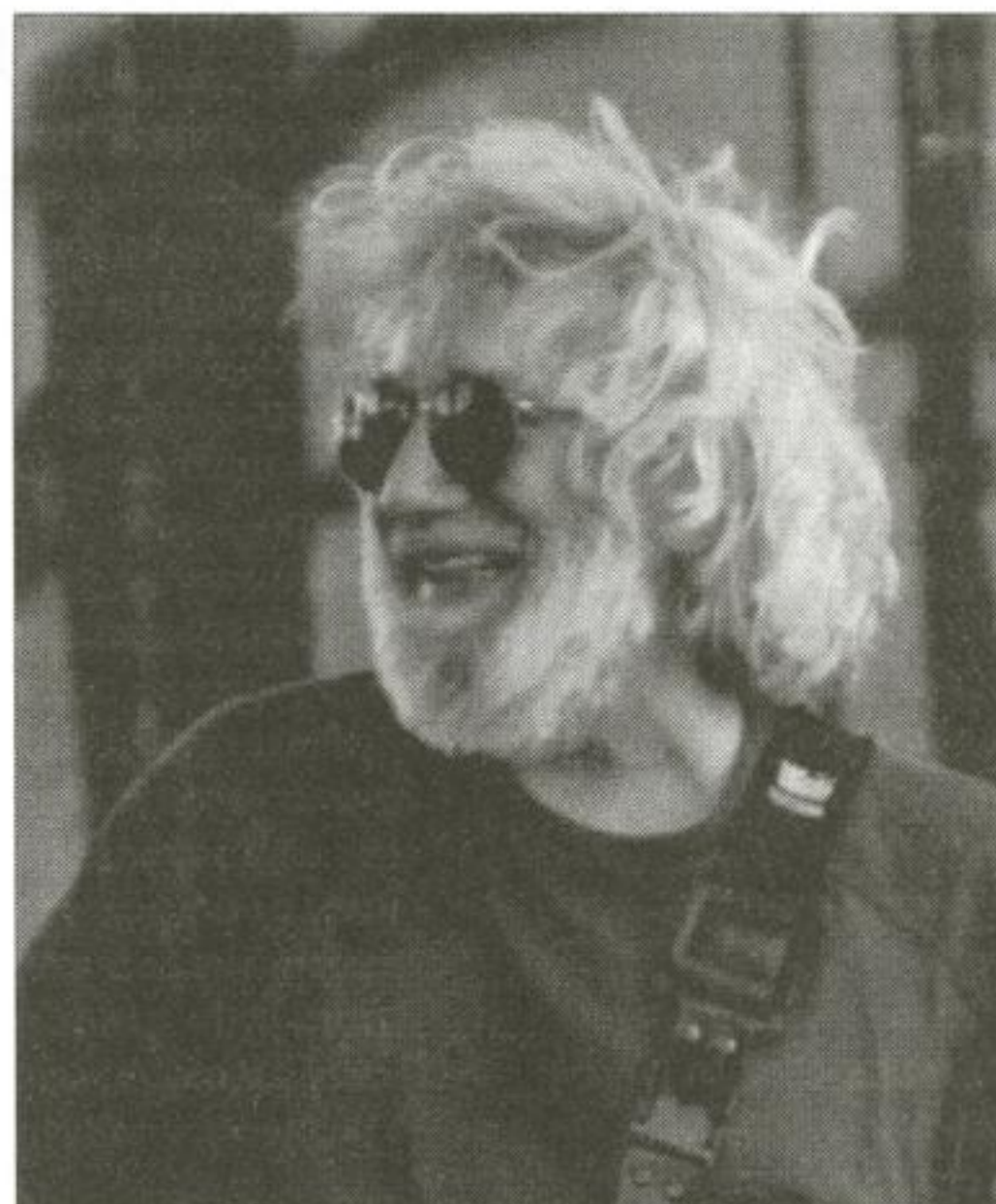
play or watch — it is just no more. You can watch old tapes of games and read accounts in newspapers and everyone would know what baseball is, but no one could experience it again.”

When the news first came over the wire services, trading on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange slowed as the news circulated among traders. Computer-savvy Heads jammed the on-ramps of the Information Superhighway, at first seeking verification, then sympathy and support. The conferencing system at The WELL — the most scholarly, intimate online Deadhead community — slowed down as dozens of WELLheads logged on, and another online service actually crashed. Within a few hours of the announcement, lovingly-decorated interlinked tribute pages appeared all over the World Wide Web, with photos, movie clips, personal statements, and places for readers to inscribe their own tributes.

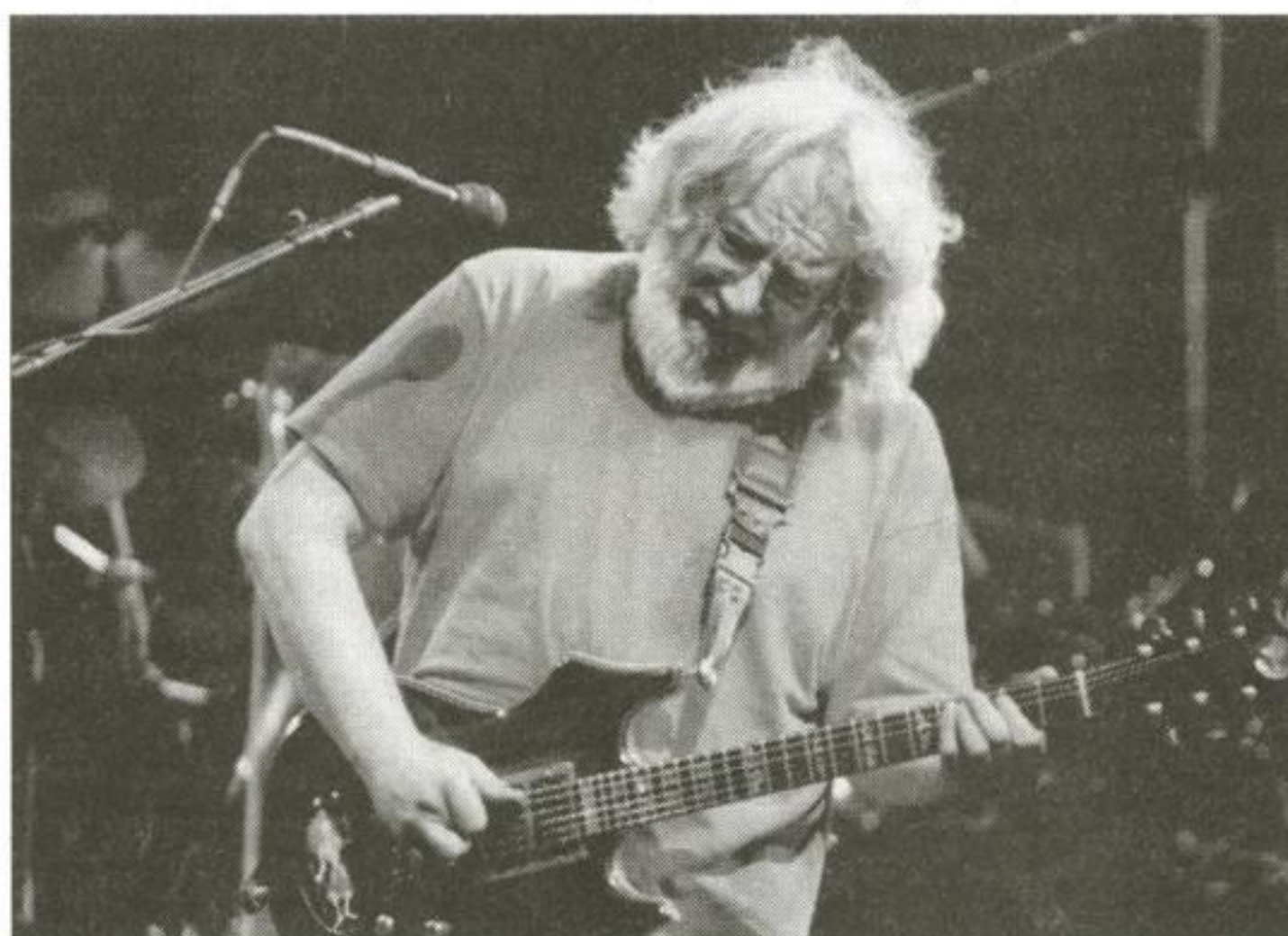
One of the most moving of those on the Web was created by Steve Brown — a Deadhead since the Warlocks days, and an employee at the Dead’s Round Records in the ’70s — who spliced together fiery performance clips of Keith Godchaux, Brent Mydland, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Bill Graham, Mama Cass, and others, accompanied by Jerry moaning plaintively, “Death don’t have no mercy in this land.”

In San Francisco, where the Dead had said good-bye to the neighborhood that gave birth to the hippie movement with a free concert from a flatbed truck three decades earlier, throngs of young people filled the sidewalks — much like *Shakedown Street* at a show — and an altar was erected at the crossroads of the Haight-Ashbury, with photos, flowers, and incense. Up the block at 710 Ashbury, the Dead’s communal house in the late ’60s, a ragged street dweller advised mourners laying roses on the steps to keep quiet for the sake of the building’s current occupants. At Mayor Jordan’s request, a tie-dyed flag was flown at half-mast at City Hall.

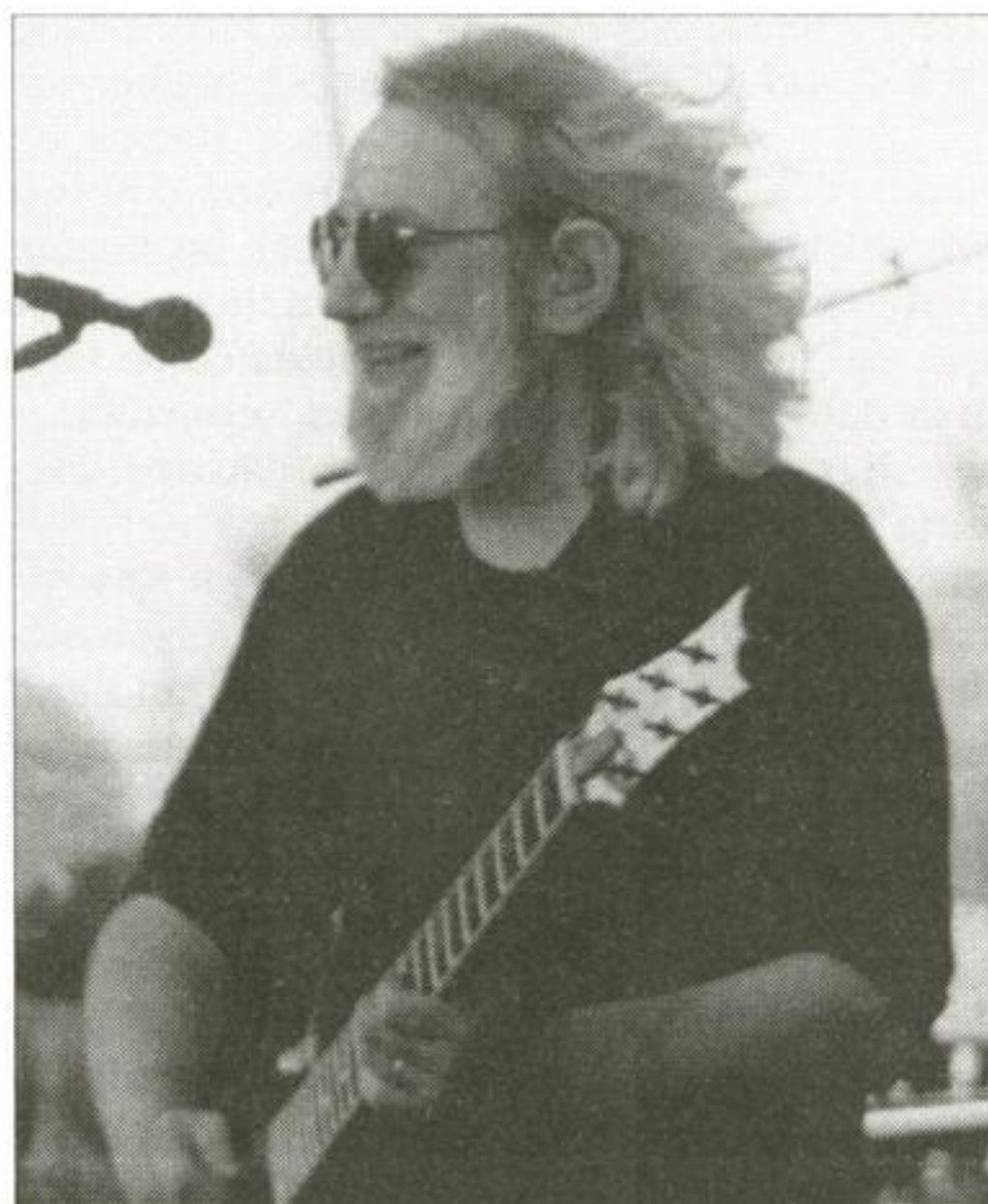
In Boston, a small shrine was set up outside Tower Records within hours



Top: Portland, OR, 5/29/95



Middle: Highgate, VT, 6/15/95; Bottom: Las Vegas, NV, 5/20/95



of the announcement. In the shrine room of a Tibetan monastery in Woodstock housing the largest Buddha in North America, a candle was lit to hasten an “auspicious rebirth” for the guitarist who was referred to on National Public Radio as “the Dalai Lama of the hippies.” On the site of the old Fillmore East in Manhattan (coincidentally slated for demolition that week), a Deadhead pasted, on a bricked-up doorway, a reproduction of Michelangelo’s painting of Gods and Adam’s hands, reaching to embrace, over Jerry’s portrait.

Candlelight vigils were held in Tranquillity Park in Houston, Strawberry Fields in New York, Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, and in front of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, each drawing several thousand fans in a few

hour’s notice. The spontaneous rituals from small pockets of Deadheads across the country emitted a profoundly tender Grateful Dead-flavored mingling of sadness and joy, and seemed, for a time, to bathe the world at large in its glow.

The Dead Office in San Rafael and community spokespeople like Dennis McNally and David Gans were inundated with calls, e-mail, and requests for interviews. Networks and newspapers worldwide carried the story, and the outbreak of grief that followed, as headline news.

On the whole Jerry’s death was reported sensitively and reverently, as a great loss to American music and culture. Especially perceptive tributes were contributed by Paul Krassner and Rip Rense in the *San Francisco Examiner*, and Hal Espin in the *New Yorker*. (Crude and self-serving Dead-bashing columns in *Time* and the *New York Post* by right-wing pundits George Will and William Buckley were notable exceptions to the highly sensitive media coverage). Sen. Patrick Leahy eulogized Jerry on the Senate floor and in TV interviews, and Governor Bill Weld of Massachusetts, Vice President Gore, and President Clinton also publicly offered their regrets.

The National Space Society talked of launching a fundraising effort for an impossible plan to make Jerry the first

Photo by Rob Cohn

Photo by Rob Cohn

Photo by Rob Cohn

man buried in space, by scattering his ashes across the sky from a spacecraft. (The late creator of *Star Trek*, Gene Roddenberry, preempted that honor, however, Jerry was certainly the first man to receive a planet-wide eulogy in cyber-space.)

Radio stations all across the country dusted off "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty," while classic rock stations aired live clips. Both MTV and VH1 hosted Grateful Dead specials to be aired throughout the coming week. By coincidence, the video *Dead Ahead* — featuring excerpts from the 12/31/80 Radio City Music Hall performance — had already been scheduled to air that week by dozens of PBS stations as part of annual fundraising drives.

The best-of compendium "Skeletons From the Closet" topped Billboard's chart of pop catalog albums, selling 17,500 copies the week of Jerry's death. Magazines such as *People* and *Rolling Stone* printed tribute issues, in addition to regular coverage. *Sports Illustrated* ran a story on Bill Walton as Deadhead and the Dead's 1992 contribution of tie-dyed uniforms for the Lithuanian Olympic basketball team. After 48 hours of media coverage, the once-controversial figure of Jerry Garcia had been elevated to American Hero status. Though grateful for the public catharsis, most Deadheads recognized the sanitized image of Jerry presented to the public — a cross between Buddha and Santa Claus — as only half the picture.

"The cuddly, fuzzy, Jerrydoll would split right open and give you a look at ol' grinning death," noted writer Eric Pooley, mindful of the brooding, mortality-obsessed strain that ran like an ebony thread through the weave of Jerry's music, inspired by the haunted ballads (like *O the Wind and Rain*) that Jerry and Hunter loved.

While the media attempted to translate the significance of the Dead subculture to the public, Jerry's friends and family commenced their own memorials. His funeral was held on August 12 at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Belvedere, CA, officiated by Rev. Matthew Fox, the same clergyman celebrated for his teaching of "original blessing" over original sin, who had performed Deborah and Jerry's wedding ceremony on Valentine's Day, 1994. Approximately 200 of Jerry's closest friends and family attended the private service, with Jerry's body in an open casket, dressed in his trademark black T-shirt, sweats, and a windbreaker. There was a smile on Jerry's face, which was as his body had been found in his bed by the attendant at Serenity Knolls.

There were tears and laughter, as the attendees honored Jerry with reverent irreverence. After the funeral, Steve Marcus, the head of Grateful Dead Ticket Sales, posted the following message on The WELL: "I brought with me four



L-R: Caryl Ohrbach Hart, Reya Hart, Vince, Phil, & Mickey

red roses. One from me, one from my girlfriend, one from the ticket office, and one from all of you... the one from all of you is in his hands...I put it there." When asked what made him think to do such a wonderful thing, Steve simply said, "I just did what anyone else would have, the only difference was that I could."

At the same time as the highly exclusive, celebrity-studded event in Belvedere, Grateful Dead employees and friends gathered at the Fillmore for a raucously bitter-sweet Fillmore-style wake. Offerings were placed along the length of the stage, lit by dozens of candles, as tapes played and dancers spun on the floor that Bill Graham had referred to as "the church." If the scene unfolding simultaneously at Haight and Ashbury resembled *Shakedown Street*, a healthy chunk of the *Phil Zone* was boogying the night away at the Fillmore.

On Sunday, an official memorial service for Jerry was held in the Polo Fields in Golden Gate Park, sponsored by Bill Graham Productions. It began with a New Orleans-style funeral procession led by Mickey Hart into the clearing, where a full sound system was in place. A larger-than-life portrait of Jerry hung above a large altar. Over 20,000 people gathered to hear eulogies by band members, friends, and family, and to bring gifts — roses, joints, pictures, jewelry, crystals, and poems — to the altar.

"Of all the wonderful, sacred, and silly things people put on that altar, my favorite, by far, was a foot-shaped donut with one of the toes missing," recalls Grateful Dead Hour producer David Gans, who, together with Dick Latvala, selected and produced the live tapes to be played at this event. Jerry's daughter, Annabelle, thanked the Deadheads for putting her through college, so she "wouldn't have to work at Dairy Queen." Bobby asked the crowd to raise their arms, and reflect some of the positive energy that Jerry gave us back up to him. Phil reminded Deadheads that Jerry loved them, as does the rest of the band still. Wavy Gravy elucidated on the difference between "good grief" and "bad grief," concluding by saying that the outpouring of emotion that followed Jerry's death was good grief.

At Griffith Park in Los Angeles, over 8,000 people gathered, and a similar memorial was scheduled to take place on the East Coast in Central Park the following week. The city of New York and the sponsors were unable to work out a suitable agreement, resulting in the cancellation of the event by Mayor Giuliani. Despite hundreds of calls to the Mayor's Office, Giuliani stood by his decision. East Coast Deadheads, badly in need of closure, declared an unofficial gathering in Central Park for August 19. Several thousand Deadheads with musical instruments, tranquil spirits, and trash bags in hand, settled into small groups in several locations throughout the park, erecting makeshift shrines,

and gathering in circles to sing or reflect. Jorma Kaukonen, Jack Casady, and promoter John Scher mingled with fans and spoke to reporters. Journalists and police were everywhere, but the function of the gathering was simply to come together as a community, and quietly share joy and sorrow with other Deadheads.

Several smaller memorials such as these were held, also drawing peaceful crowds. An organized memorial in Amherst, MA on Sunday, August 13 brought close to a thousand Heads together before an open microphone to share their thoughts. This service, officiated by DDN's own Johnny Dwork, was attended by local Deadhead Minister Carlos Anderson, who shared a spectacular prayer, gave words of spiritual encouragement, and sang a chorus of *We Bid You Goodnight* in a full, deep a cappella baritone. The memorial closed with *Brokedown Palace*, sung by local Heads holding candles. At Alton Baker Park in Eugene, Oregon, on August 14, a similar service was held, featuring Nikki Scully, Mountain Girl, and Downtown Deb Trist. Both these memorials played choice Grateful Dead selections and a read of Hunter's elegy.

Grateful Dead Merchandising, distributors, and stores catering to Heads around the world experienced a surge in business over the following weeks, as Deadheads everywhere sought a piece of something tangible to hold onto.

Jerry Garcia's estate is estimated to be worth \$250 million. In his will, Jerry stipulated that Deborah Koons Garcia is to receive all personal items, automobiles, art objects, books, and his comic book collection (said to be worth \$25,000), as well as one third of the remaining estate. The remaining

assets will go to his four daughters and brother, Clifford. The only other bequest that has been made public is that Jerry's three guitars, made expressly for him by the Irwin Company, be returned to Doug Irwin.

The future of the Grateful Dead is uncertain at this time. While many fans and journalists assumed that Jerry's death marked the end of the Grateful Dead, the possibility exists that the remaining band members will continue to play music together. Some of the musicians whose names have been mentioned as collaborators in a future band include Bruce Hornsby, David Crosby, Branford Marsalis, Bob Dylan, Henry Kaiser, Jorma Kaukonen, Carlos Santana, David Hidalgo, and others. Grateful Dead Productions has announced nothing beyond cancellation of the fall tour.

The music of the Grateful Dead has taken us on a trip more like a cosmic rollercoaster than a mere bus ride. Along the way, we've wrestled with legions of demons in spaces like *Wharf Rat*, and boogied with trainloads of angels on the way to *Terrapin*. Is it any wonder that many of us feel a little lost now that we are really "on our own"?

Take heart. We may be on our own, but we're on our own *together*.

"If I knew the way," Jerry sang to us all those years, "I would take you home." For so many of us, Jerry's music was a signpost to a place that was more home than the places we had come from.

As long as the light of that place burns in all of our hearts, we will survive. ♦



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LETTERS TO THE DEADITOR

Reprinted with Dan's permission from his post on The WELL in the Memories of Garcia topic:

I was never in the "Jerry is God" camp. As much as the Dead have meant to me, I never, even when I was a kid, thought of the Dead as rock stars, to be worshiped from afar. They're working musicians, playing ever-bigger dance halls.

Grateful Dead shows, on the other hand, were my sacred festivals, and the special ones, my High Holy Days. I've found myself reaching out to the people who I met at Dead concerts, the friends I might never have made without showing up for one more night of dancing and letting the music get me high. Some are people I may never run into again, some have become lifelong friends.

We'll always have those great times we had together. Now it's time to take the best that being a Deadhead has to offer and make the world shine with the love and misfit power and the sheer affirmation of creativity and improvisation that the Dead have always tried to express in their music and their style of business.

Dan Levy ♦

Dear DDN:

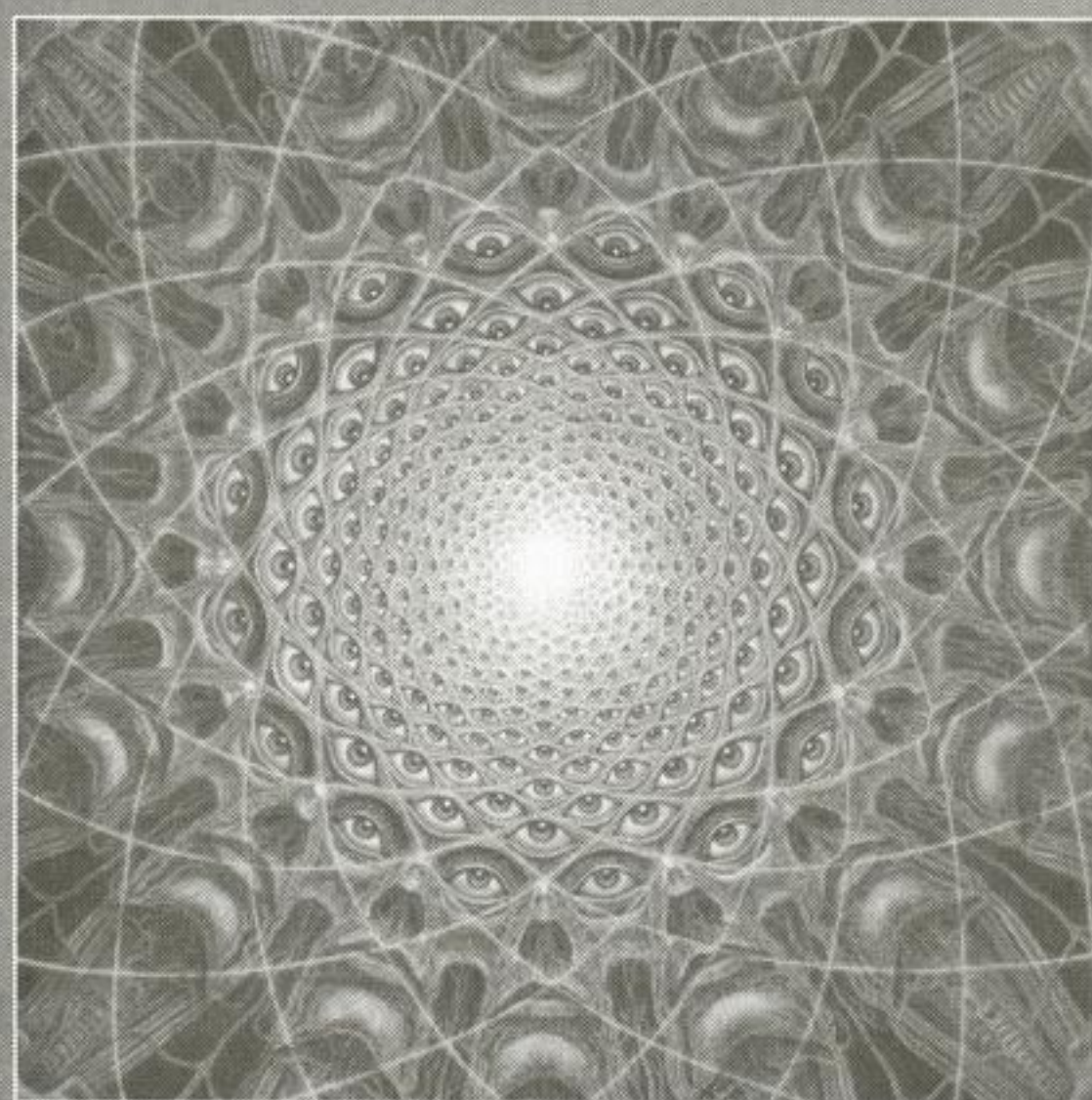
Exactly one month after the Dead's last show, I received a call from my wife, Denise. Choking back her sobs, she told me that Jerry Garcia had died. I checked onto The WELL to find the terrible news confirmed, got up, and shut the door to my office, then broke down myself. Like the thousands of Deadheads who first heard the news, I took on the anguishing task of calling members of my Tour Family and breaking it to them. Regardless of the speculation on how this

type of event will effect you, you never really know how you will react until it happens. Like a vast majority of you, I found myself grieving for the loss of a very close family member.

That evening, I attended an informal vigil with 600 others at Cricket Hill on Chicago's lakefront. I felt it was important to pay homage to a man whose music had affected my life so profoundly. As I talked to people, I began to realize how important it was that we share our grief and lend our sympathy. One guy told me he worked a trading pit at the Chicago Board of Trade. He first heard the news in the form of crass jokes, then looked up at the news ticker to see "Jerry Garcia Dead" flash by on the screen. "I had to leave," he said. The traders around him knew he was a Deadhead and were giving him shit. I realized how much he needed us there, so he could share his feelings. We were there as much for each other as we were for Jerry.

For me, it all comes back to the music. Jerry Garcia was a brilliant musician, and his music touched many people's lives in many different ways. When he played with the Grateful Dead or the Jerry Garcia Band, it brought people together. When people came together, magic happened. That is the beauty of being a member of the Great Family of Deadheads.

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Jerry left one other legacy for me, the ability to open my ears and my heart to many diverse types of music. This gives me the strength to keep on. And while Jerry's ascension is a loss no one can replace, the bus I got on is bound for "Further," so that's where I'm headed, too.

Peace, Bob Siebecker◊

Dear Friends,

With the passing of the late, great Jerry Garcia, our hearts are filled with a sorrowful emptiness. What we need to remember is what we've learned from Jerry. He has taught us about the joy and beauty in life. He's shown us the magic within our souls. He has influenced the way we live every day of our lives. He's touched our hearts with magic that will not fade away. With his death, he has passed on his vision. Let's all remember the magic and keep spreading the dream.

With all my heart, Seth McGee ◊

Dear DDN:

When I heard the news that Jerry Garcia had died, I wondered how many other fans mourned his loss as much as I. Then I saw all the attention his death was getting, and I realized it was a sad day for Deadheads all over the globe.

Jerry was a strong and positive influence on me. Being a musician, his music touched every nerve in my body and filled all the gaps in my soul with a wonderfully cosmic groove. This was something so

remarkable, I wonder if it can be achieved on such a grand scale as the Dead were able to do again.

My mind soon began to feel like a door to a warm, loving home had been left open to the cold rain and snow. Then I realized it was just my reaction of shock to such a tragic event. However, it soon began to occur to me that the path Jerry led me down was mine to complete on my own. Knowing this was enlightening.

Jerry Garcia will always be remembered as a man with a rich inner life. He touched so many of our lives in such a spectacular way. He is now and forever one of the *Grateful Dead*.

Thank you, Michael Griffeth ◊

Dear DDN:

This morning at 11:37 I received a call from a friend telling me of the death of Jerry Garcia. Although it seemed that '95 had so far been an unfortunate year for the Grateful Dead, all that had happened was not enough to quench the hunger of fate.

Garcia's death was something that I always knew would happen, yet never thought it would. When I heard the news I took the rest of the day off just to collect my thoughts.

Some of us find ourselves stunned by Jerry's sudden death. I hope the staff at DDN can take the "onward and upward" attitude by making his death a transition to a more positive outlook for all of your subscribers. (Please don't consider ending your publication, because now the torch has been passed to you!)

I had just begun to read Sandy Troy's Garcia biography last week, which made his passing even more poignant. It seems to me that he was the type of person who'd turn any experience into a positive one through a positive outlook and dedication. I wish you all the luck in doing the same.

Keep on *Truckin'*, Delano Collins ◊

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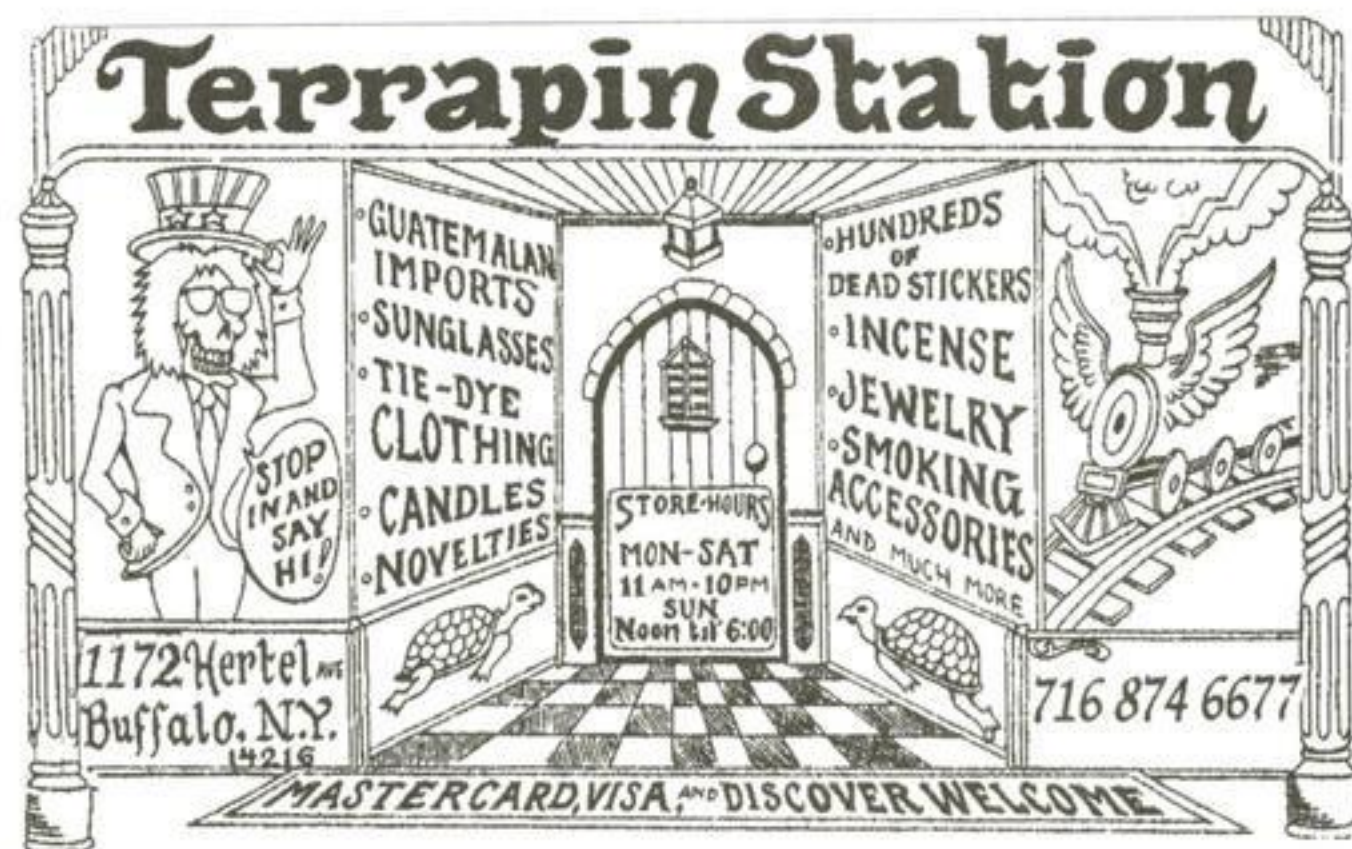
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Dear Dupree's

In the wake of the recent tragedy of Jerry's death, I have been doing much grieving and reminiscing; scouring over my tape collection and recalling the greatest music and experiences I've ever known.

On 9/20/90, I was on the floor for one of the best shows ever — a mega-extended *Dark Star* jam with Bruce Hornsby. Dosed heavily, my friends and I were sucked into the vortex of the jam. (If you were there, you know what I mean.) Several weeks later while browsing a street fair in SoHo, I found a soundboard copy of that tape, and against all my beliefs, I bought it. I had to *have* it and relive that jam.

I am not a spiritualist of any kind, but the following did happen to me; formulate your own theory. I was riding the bus from Hoboken to Manhattan late one morning, listening to the aforementioned crispy morsel. The only other person on the bus was this old, haggard snaggle-toothed hunchback, sitting in the rear, at least 12 seats away. As the bus entered the Lincoln Tunnel, the interior lights went out as the first vocals of *Dark Star* came through my headphones. I then had an out-of-body experience; it felt as if someone or something passed through me. I have not felt anything like it since. As the lights came back on, I saw the hunchback was sitting directly across from me, glaring at me with his one good eye! People have always thought me nuts when I describe this, but I am convinced something extraordinary occurred that day.

A much more pleasant happening transpired the following winter while driving to Vermont. As the sun rose over the Berkshires, the same tape was playing, detailed visions of a fictional tale of an American who moves to the Nepal Himalayas came into my head with rapid speed. I was so inspired, I pulled over to call my friend Mary to tell her. The next November, I listened to that same tape on Kalla Pattar at 16,000 feet, as the sun rose over the Nuptse Ridge and Mt. Everest.

Gratefully inspired, Gordo ♦

Dear DDN and Fellow Deadheads,

I was so close and yet so far from Jerry's Memorial. I wanted to connect with it all just one more time. For now, I want to say I love you all, and the Grateful Dead is not dead, as long as we are the Grateful *Living*. It's up to us now to pass on all the beauty that's been ours for so many years.

For those who are wondering what to do now, or what to follow, may I just suggest three words — light, love, and life. It works for me!

Take care, we are everywhere, Shauna Jacobs ♦

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Jerry

The news was passed; it stung like fire,
It burned right through my heart.
Our friend had died, a brother gone;
We never said good-bye.

He sang of love, he sang of hope,
Of lessons learned out on the road.
In darkest times, when I needed most,
It seemed he spoke to me alone.

Your life was such an open book,
The pages frayed, unnumbered.
The story's theme was to live and give,
And do so unencumbered.

The memories all come back with time,
Our wealth lies in our stories,
The friends we made along the way,
And all the ragged glories.

That feeling when the houselights dimmed
Is one I'll always keep,
Like every child on Christmas Eve
Without a thought to sleep.

You, standing in the shadows;
Time for one more puff
Before you offered up your soul
For all of us to touch.

We'll meet again someday, my friend;
Life's path takes many turns.
People die, but spirits fly
Unbound by Earth's concerns.

With love —
Wayne Scallon ♦

*When I had no wings to fly
You flew to me*



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Summer tour '95 will certainly go down in the history books as one long, strange trip that was *too* long and strange in all the wrong ways. Jerry's death was the cataclysmic blow to an already disastrous summer for the Grateful Dead. Two incidents of *massive* gate crashing, several Deadhead deaths, a *death threat* made on Garcia's life, many Deadhead injuries, a lot of bad local and even *national* press (including some which wasn't even true), and a continuation of Garcia's disturbingly uneven concert performances — all of this and more made for some very dark times in Deadlandia.

Certainly, the most obvious factor to which one could attribute such darkness was the overwhelming presence of *thousands* of ticketless concertgoers, who went to venues with the primary intention of getting wasted and rowdy. The concert parking lot scenes in Highgate, Vermont and Deer Creek, Illinois this year could both be described as teenage wastelands. As bad as it was, who could have imagined this was to be Jerry's final tour? In retrospect, it all makes perfect sense. Entropy clearly set in shortly before the center of our scene collapsed.

As you'll read in the following reviews, the Dead felt it necessary to cancel the second Deer Creek show for everyone's safety after the bad gate crashing incident there. The band issued a rare public letter to the Deadhead community calling for our help. It was the first such letter we remember emanating from them which seethed with frustration and *anger*. Many Deadheads who are already respectful of the scene were offended by the tone of this letter, as it seemed to put all the responsibility for change on us, the fans. Many fans felt that at \$30-plus per ticket we shouldn't have had to do anything more than just clean up after our own selves. But, we must realize that this letter

was written by a band dealing with not just gate crashing nightmares, but also a death threat against one of their own. Given this, who can blame them for being angry and accusatory? The bottom line is that the letter asked for our help, and as is the case with virtually all serious crises in life, it takes everyone's help to bring light to a dark situation.

Twenty-four hours after the debacle at Highgate, conversations about this massive negativity were flying fast and furiously across the Internet — after all, there are many more of us who are concerned and considerate than those who caused the problems. By the time Deer Creek went down and the Dead issued this letter, there were already numerous Heads trying to organize grass roots movements to bring some sanity back to the scene. Eventually, a core group of interested parties got together and organized an all-volunteer action group to help heal our endangered scene.

As Deadheads started to address this dilemma, one commonly shared perspective began to emerge: this summer the Grateful Dead scene became a good metaphor for what is rapidly happening in our world at large — a critical mass of people showing disrespect for the welfare of others, their environment, and the planet, which has resulted in our scene becoming endangered. For a short while, it seemed that if we could figure out how to solve our own problems, we might figure out how to tackle similar life-threatening problems on a planet-wide scale. Given the seriousness of this situation, and its ramifications on the greater level, it was quite heartening to observe so many of us joining in the long and serious discussions about this challenge all across the Internet. One of our greatest disappointments in all of this, is that now we may never have the chance to learn how to save the world at large by learning first how to save our own scene. ♦

How the Deal Went Down

Las Vegas 5/19, 20, 21 By Michelle Waughtel

In the midday desert heat, cars and vans crammed onto Sunset Road for the now-notorious inch-by-inch crawl into the Sam Boyd Silver Bowl Stadium. In all honesty, it was balmy weather compared to last year's thermometer-popping temperatures. Getting back onto "the Strip" after the shows, to make pilgrimages to the pastel Pharaoh's hologram in the Luxor's fountain and the thunderous erupting volcano at the Mirage, is equally challenging. Still, Las Vegas, with all its majestic scenery, neon lights, cheap hotels, all-night restaurants, and mind-twisting attractions, is the perfect town for the Dead and Deadheads to play in.

As is a tradition with Vegas shows, the first two concerts were rather uneventful, while the third lit up, flashing brighter than Glitter Gulch. The Dave Matthews Band opened for the Dead all three shows, doing enjoyable sets (for the mostly empty stadium) featuring tunes chiefly from "Under the Table and Dreaming," including *What Would You Say*, *Satellite*, and their arrangement of *All Along the Watchtower*.

Where was Jerry on Friday? A mangled *Althea* in the first set may have thrown him off balance for the night, although *Standing On the Moon* was startling in its intensity, certainly the highlight of the show. However, the most memorable event of the first set was the first Vegas *Deal* since 1991. Weir drove the band through the second set, initiating a legendary *Playing In the Band*. *Uncle John's* grew from it with promise, but fell short as it emptied prematurely into *Drums*. *Easy Answers* out of *Space* brought forth Jerry's best guitar work of the evening. *Around 'n' Around* was also bursting with energy, and had the crowd raging. *Lucy In the Sky* was a perfect call for the encore.

Saturday's show built on the previous night's strength, with Weir playing and singing with even greater passion and Jerry catching on late in the show, but just in time to lead the climax. *The Race Is On*, making its first appearance in over two years, was the highlight of the set, followed closely by *Tennessee Jed* with its "slot machine" reference. The second set opened with an uninspired *China > Rider* and didn't really take off until Jerry let loose on an extended *That Would Be Something* (later in the set) which featured wonderful, underlying chug-chug rhythms. *Morning Dew* was purely miraculous, containing a middle jam wherein the gates of heaven and hell were flung open. The "I guess it doesn't matter" section showed these gates merging into one huge opening, sadness and joy mingling like rain and tears! It was easily the high point of the night.

The Sunday show was flawless and energetic from start to finish. *West L.A.* featured interesting organ riffs from Vince, *Ramble On Rose* got the rather mellow Vegas crowd groovin' hard, and Jerry's monumental *So Many Roads* caused an outbreak of reverent silence. Set two took off

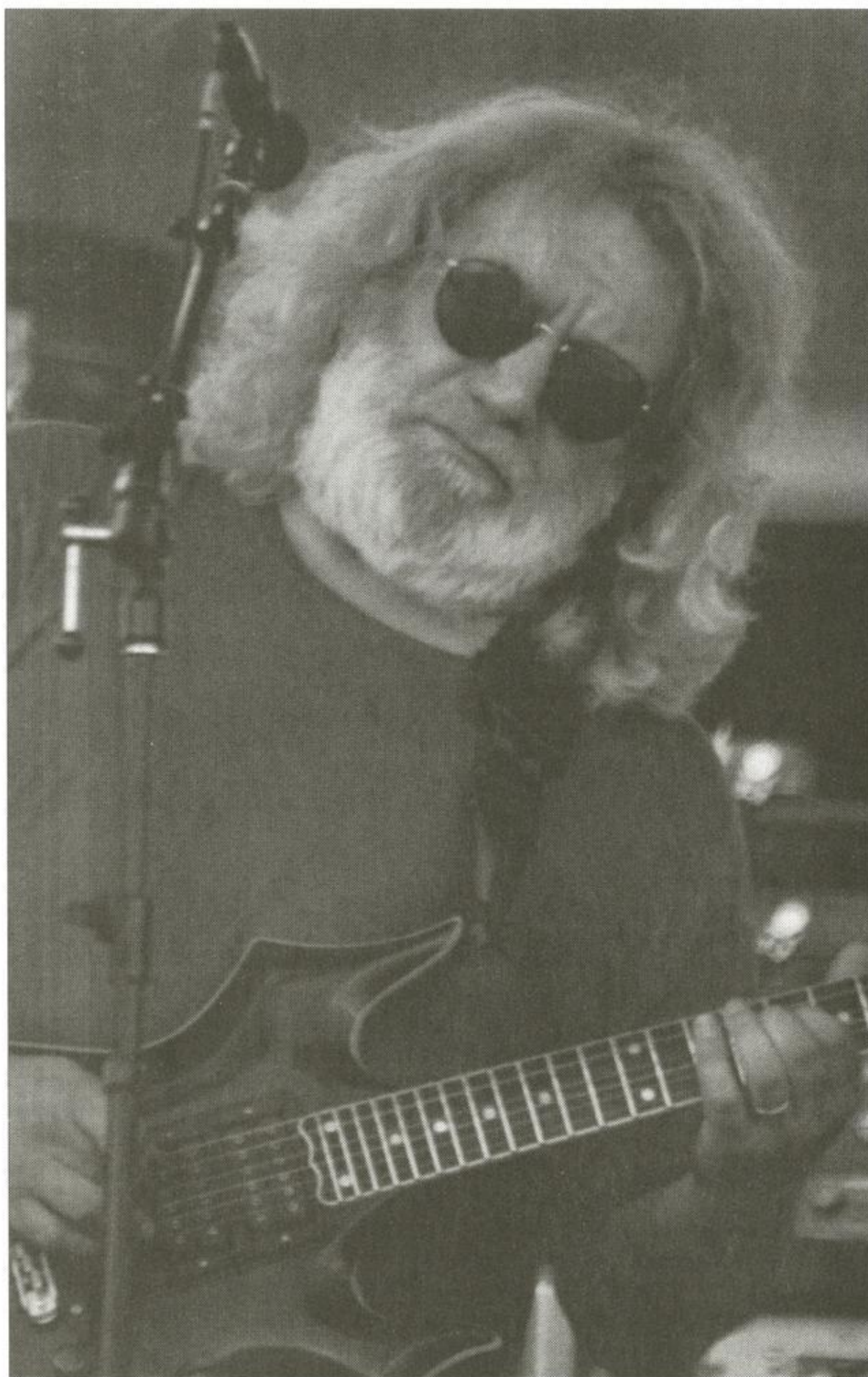


Photo by David Quinn

with the slide-guitar-punctuated *Samson & Delilah*, and exploded into ecstasy with the first-ever West Coast *Unbroken Chain*. The dizzying pace continued into a souped-up *Eyes Of the World*. *Corrina* gave way to an amazing jam which no doubt inspired the gradually expanding but full-blown, killer *Spanish Jam* which followed *Drums*. Dave Matthews Band drummer, Carter Beauford, joined Billy and Mickey, adding his pulsating rhythms to the mix. The segue into *The Other One* was led by Phil, who dropped the often-missing bombs at the entrance. The power never wavered through the elegant *Days Between* and the bouncy *Sugar Magnolia* that closed the set. *Liberty* was perfunctory, but no one seemed to care.

The Vegas '95 shows were most akin to climbing a mountain. Each song getting us closer to the summit...and the view from the top on Sunday made it all worth the hike! ♦

Between Structure and Chaos

Seattle 5/24, 25, 26 By Peter Sawyer

I packed jeans and sweatshirts for Seattle, expecting rain and fog. I got three days of blue skies and 80° temperatures. Wow! The scene in Seattle was peaceful — most everyone was smiling and treating one another with the love and respect we all deserve. The cops seemed fairly relaxed, and there was plenty of vending spread out through the various lots flanking Leon Brigham Stadium. The Space Needle towered above the astroturf field and sea gulls soared above, as the Grateful Dead rolled out the red carpet for us. It was to be a genuinely tremendous start to an otherwise dire summer tour.

Wednesday was an average show. The first set peaked with an interplanetary *Bird Song* that was reminiscent of the enormous *Playing* jam from Laguna Seca '88. The second set featured a great MIDI trumpet solo from Jerry in *Iko*, and excellent singing and rhythm guitar from Bobby in *Saint Of Circumstance*. On the other hand, *I Want To Tell You* felt like slow death. *Estimated* was monumental, definitely saving the show from being a bit of a disappointment. On the whole everyone was playing well, but the band wasn't really going anywhere. Fortunately, *Bird Song* and *Estimated* did show glimpses of what was to come.

Thursday was absolutely incredible. This performance proves the axiom that you can't judge the show by its setlist. The band came out grinning. Phil looked as if he was about to fall over from laughing so hard. *Stranger* and *Bertha* were huge, with great singing and Mickey, Billy, and Phil landing on the *one* with the power of a brontosaurus out for a morning stroll. *Schoolgirl* was particularly hot, and went to some very interesting places, using the new Valentines' and Weir/Wasserman up-tempo arrangement. *Peggy-O* was flawless, Jerry singing with power and conviction. The last verses played as soft and sweet as a music box, with Jerry varying the bar lengths at the end to wonderful effect.

Cassidy showcased the good ol' GD: space warriors walking the line between structure and chaos. The jam here stretched the outer reaches of what is musically possible, and then went further, engendering visions of death and rebirth in my sober mind. Jerry ripped phenomenal solos in each song, and I figured he couldn't possibly keep up the pace throughout the show. I was delightfully mistaken. *Foolish Heart* was utterly amazing, the Platonic ideal of what this song should be. The band members snaked in and out of each other and built the jam into several massive peaks, the last of which was a breathtaking duel between Phil and Jerry which drove the crowd to a fever pitch.

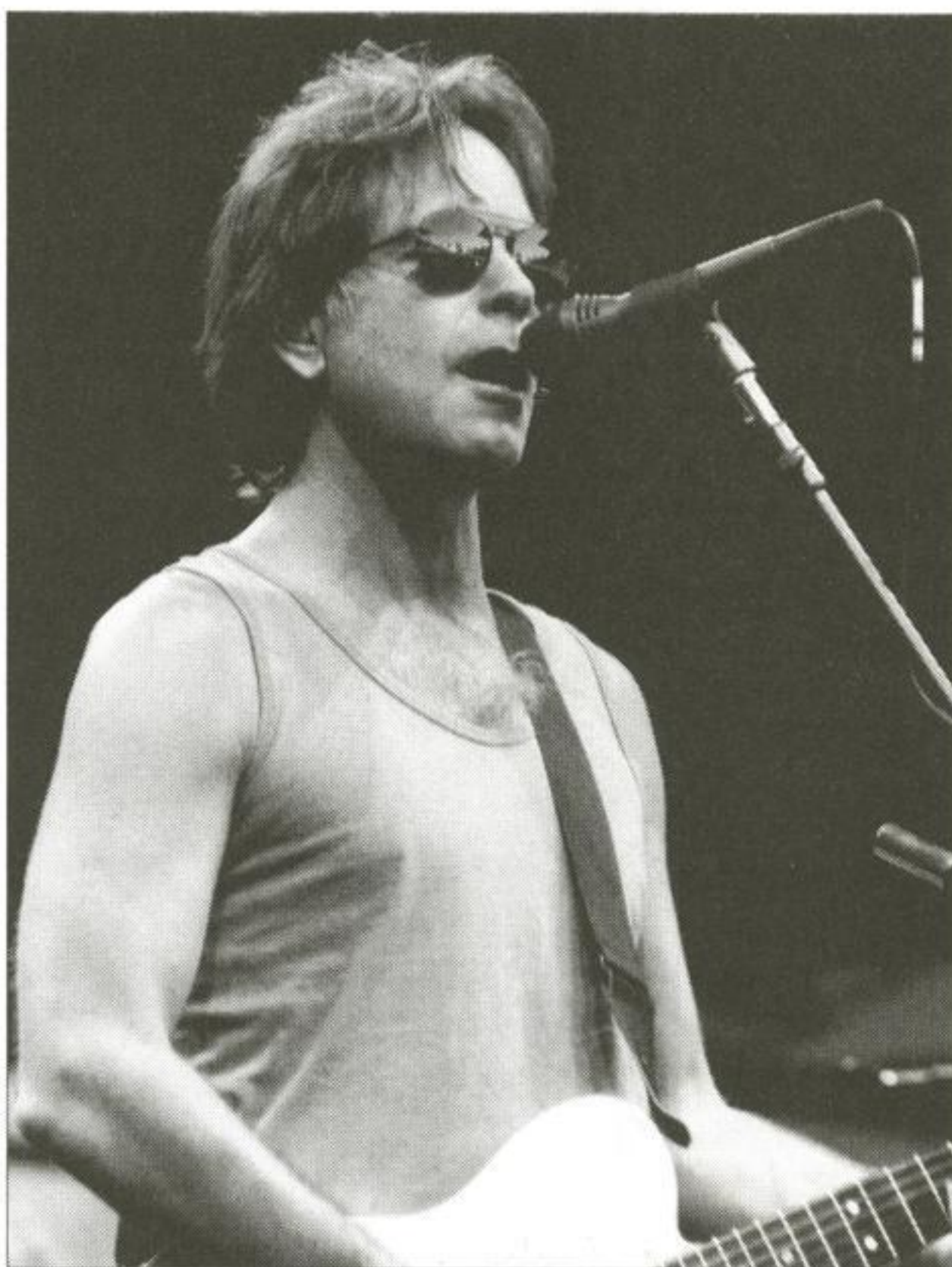


Photo by Janet Gaffner

Victim was as gnarly, frightening, and apocalyptic as they come. Jerry went completely ballistic — pulling out all the stops with alternately angry and fearful flourishes. Bobby looked visibly shaken at one point in this jam, and the fierce energy being raised sent several Heads to the exits. *Samba* was unusually inspired, Vince earning a standing ovation. Awesome vocals and unsurpassed musical craftsmanship made *He's Gone* one for the ages. The vocal jam at the end was superb. *Drums* was without question the loudest, most horrific soundscape I've ever been inside of. At one point my shirt was rippling from the air being moved by the Rhythm Devils. *Space* was highly inventive, alternating between *Mind Left Body*-style jams and the apocalypse that the drummers left humming onstage. Phil came back just in time to participate in a soaring segue into *The Wheel*, the perfect selection. Jerry was all over this one,

wiggling his way through, around, and between the shifting foundation created by the rest of the band. Even *Throwing Stones* was intense. Bobby wailed the lyrics, and then roamed the proscenium of the stage during the jam, thrusting chunky, distorted chords toward the crowd while Phil and Jerry spiraled in and out of each other with the drummers providing the polyrhythmic locomotion for this beast that, on this night, seemed to be right on the edge of everything. *NFA* and *Quinn* continued the high-energy love fest, capping off an evening I will not soon forget.

Friday's show picked up where Thursday's left off. *Help > Slip > Franklin's* started things off on a major high note. *Help On the Way* was one of the tightest I've seen. *Slipknot!* was frenetic, and gave way to a massive *Franklin's*. Jerry belted out the lyrics and spun off one transcendental lead after another. The crowd went absolutely bananas as this one peaked as hard as I can imagine possible. Later in the tail end of the set, *Eternity* was masterful, with Mickey leaning *waaaay* into the poly-rhythmic nether regions of its structure. Phil and Jerry did some marvelous simultaneous soloing in the jam which contained several awe-inspiring moments of terror. Bobby also delivered an extremely powerful vocal performance.

The first *Scarlet > Fire* in two months did not disappoint. This was an extremely tight *Scarlet* that featured some lightning-quick leads from Jerry. The segue was very spacey and really went places, particularly when Mickey and Jerry locked eyes and traded some very tight and weird spurts of rhythm. The Dead then set the controls for the heart of the sun for a blistering *Fire*, with telepathic jamming and ensemble interplay, Jerry taking the final jam to places it's rarely been before. With 30,000 Heads perfectly in synch with the music, and Phil grinning from ear to ear, this was

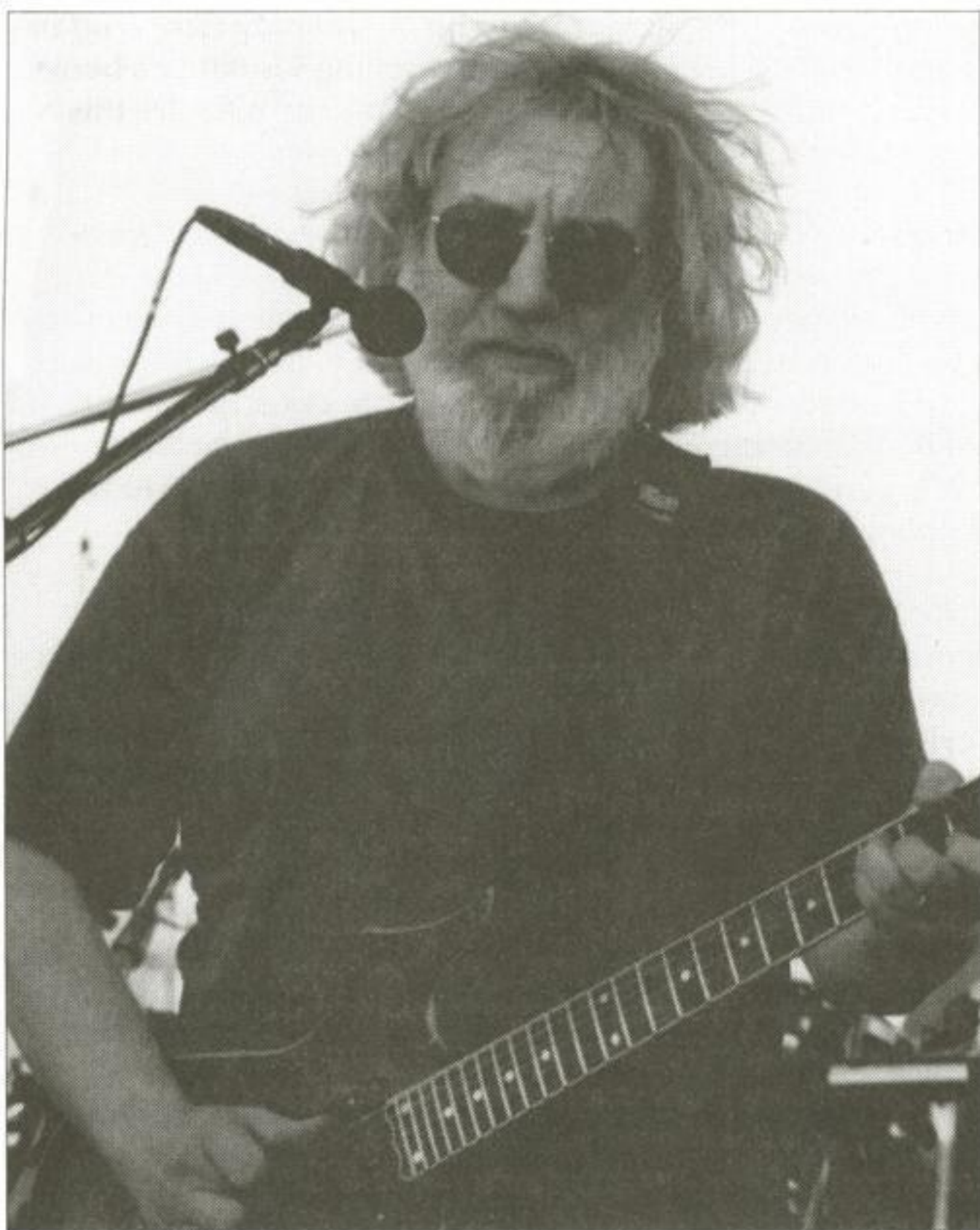


Photo by Janet Gaffner

one of my all-time peak GD moments. The band was so tight after *Fire* that the music was playing them.

Playing was next, with the ensuing jam getting deep out there. Jerry ripped the *Playing* theme into shards as Phil delivered loping, lilting bass lines. This segued seamlessly into *Uncle John's* as Jerry tore into the intro. The jam was just as hot, with Bobby going nuts. Again, the band drove the crowd to a fever pitch. *Drums* led us through an exotic rhythmic jungle, and *Space* even hinted at *Dark Star*. *Easy Answers* was surprisingly great and converted many skeptics. Although playing *Easy Answers* after *Space* is still considered *verboten* amongst virtually all setlist "theologians," it was hard to not enjoy this one. The entire band seemed to really enjoy playing it, and the crowd applauded heartily afterwards (a first for this tune in my presence). Much to my utter amazement *Stella Blue* was also beyond words. The depth, wisdom, and angst Jerry conveyed in his singing and playing was truly moving. This one had real passion, with Jerry crooning, "Stella Blue," until he couldn't anymore, taking the song to the still point of the turning world. Mickey and Billy hammered the set home with yet another flawless web of notes on a gargantuan *Good Lovin'*. The expected encore, *Liberty*, also rocked.

Thursday and Friday ranked in my personal top five shows of all time. I talked to a Head after the show who has been to over 120 shows, starting in '73, and he ranked these two with his all-time favorites as well. After seeing these shows, I'd say the band is playing some of the most inventive and inspired music I've heard in years. Everyone was listening intently, making lots of eye contact, and smiling at each other. Both Phil and Jerry were dancing on several occasions on Thursday and Friday. It was great to see everyone playing this well and having fun on their 30th anniversary. ♦

Going Through the Motions

Portland 5/28, 29 By Brett Pauly

Portland Deadheads wanted desperately to cheer a triumphant return of their heroes to the City of Roses. Well, they got the return after a 12-year hiatus; but it'll be longer before they get the triumph.

So many elements were in line for surprises at Portland Meadows over Memorial Day weekend. The boys were playing Oregon, a state long favored for breakouts, at a time when lots of interesting songs had turned up in recent soundchecks. Chuck Berry, whose songs the Dead has covered for years, was on the bill as well, prompting rumors they would perform together.

Instead, the Oregon faithful witnessed a truly lackluster first show and a closing day marked by high energy, a stellar first set, and a second set plagued by overplayed tunes that drained any real promise of specialness. Overall it was a conservative showing — a source of irony considering the band's criticism of the Christian Right at run's end.

The series — the first multi-date stopover in Portland since 1977 and the first outdoors here since '79 — got off to a welcome start with a strong *Jack Straw* and well-balanced sound. A steady breeze made the unusually hot and dry conditions tolerable, but created a wobble in the acoustics that became very apparent in sleepy versions of *Peggy-O* and *Row Jimmy*. *When I Paint My Masterpiece* was also particularly slow and deliberate. However, Garcia's vocal and guitar work brimmed with confidence on *Brown-Eyed Woman*, and the set-ending *Let It Grow* was a welcome and successful crescendo.

Again, the band's vitality waned dramatically in set two. The sextet seemed to go through the motions on *Samson & Delilah* and the weak and chronically predictable *Way To Go Home*, though Lesh contributed a fierce bass line to hold up what he could. Film director Gus Van Zant (*Drugstore Cowboy*), a Portland resident, swayed onstage to *Crazy Fingers*. Normally a sure-fire highlight, it was reduced to shambles when Garcia had troubles carrying his lines. Perhaps affected by the heat, his voice became raspy and caused him to drop no less than three sets of lyrics mid-stroke. The tune's flamenco flair was a welcome addition, however, despite the vocals.

The day's best music was saved for a post-*Corrina* jam, as Garcia had fun stretching chords into a siren-like offering, then shooting a smile and quick challenge to Lesh, who gave a booming reply. Afterwards, Hart and Kreutzmann slapped the skins with typically awesome passion. They may have been inspired by Branford Marsalis' dedication of a drum duet the night before during a Portland performance of his new hip-hop-meets-jazz experiment, Buckshot LeFonque. Marsalis expressed regret that his concert schedule prevented him from playing with the Grateful Dead while he was in town. Kreutzmann attended his show and gave the master horn blower a backstage hug after the thoughtful gestures.

A now seldom heard, but otherwise unremarkable *Black Peter* was served after Sunday's *Space* session of reverber-

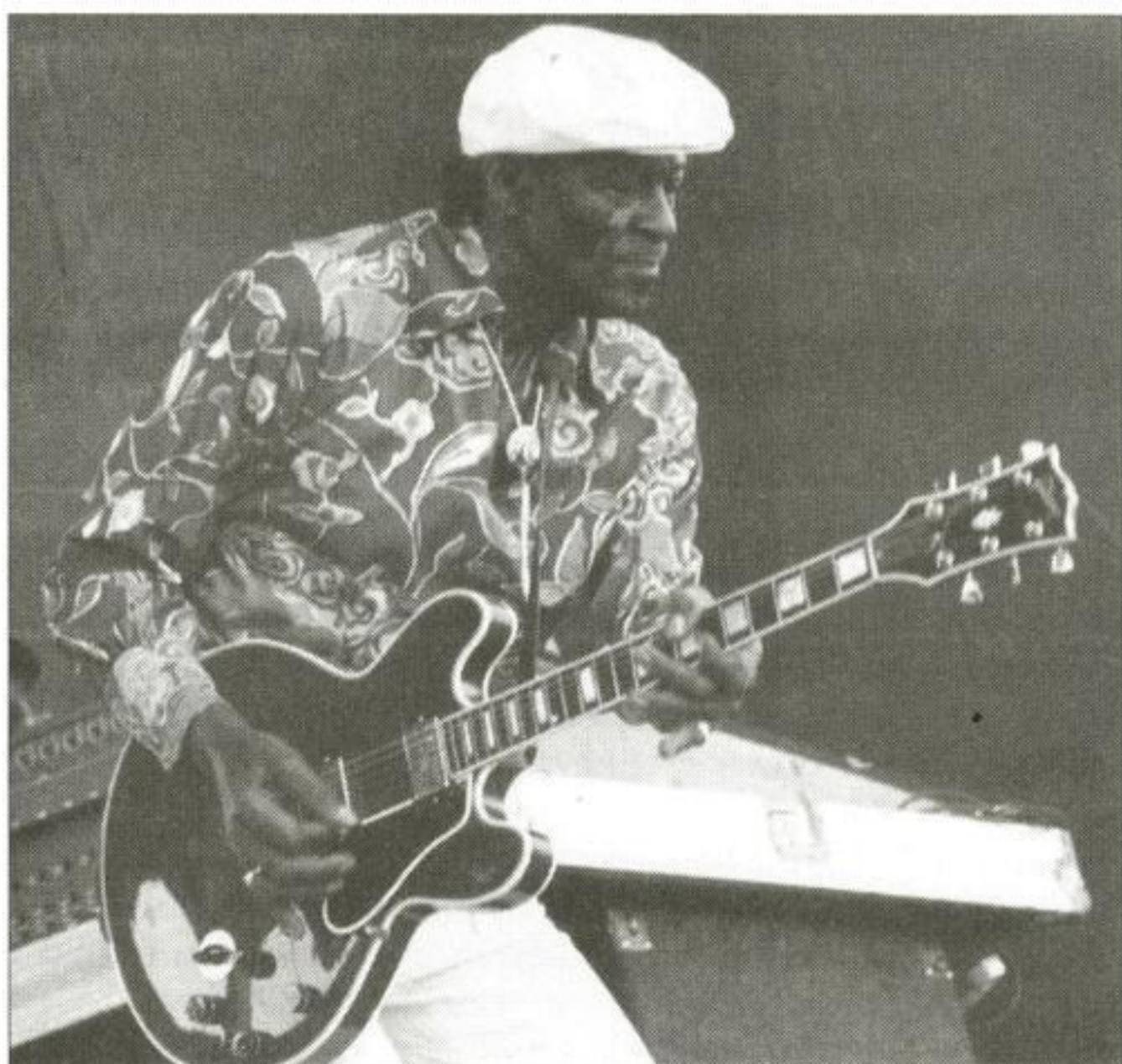


Photo by Bob Gersztyn

ating rain sounds, suction cups, chirping frogs, and other usual suspects. The set ended with a Dixieland feel on *Around 'n' Around*, with Lesh and Weir dealing the show's most noteworthy licks. The *Box Of Rain* encore was laced with sarcasm on this crystalline afternoon. In the exit line, an optimistic salesman pitched "nothing on a stick," a fitting commentary for the Dead's empty effort.

The Dead had favored Eugene as its Oregon whistle stop in recent years, leaving Portland out of the tour loop after 1983, a fact lost on band members. "Eugene was close enough," Weir explained in a phone interview. "I didn't realize it had been so long."

Then Weir spoke about what he enjoyed most about the group's return to Portland. "Certainly not the weather; it usually rains," Weir said. "It was the first place we ever went outside of the (San Francisco) area. It was the first road trip back with the Acid Test. There are some fond memories there."

Hopes were high for the second Oregon show. As I mentioned, the Beaver State had been a popular site for break-outs — *West L.A. Fade Away*, *Keep Your Day Job*, and *Wang Dang Doodle* immediately come to mind. So many tasty possibilities had appeared in recent soundchecks, including *Hi-Heel Sneakers*, *Big Boy Pete*, and three James Brown tunes. Weir had hinted *Paperback Writer* would soon be premiered, and Dead spokesman Dennis McNally had typed the lyrics to Bob Dylan's *Tough Mama* into the band's TelePrompTer system after the number was soundchecked in Seattle.

In years past, Oregon had also had more than its share of guest performers. It was selected as a stopover on the Dylan-Dead tour. Ken Kesey, Ken Babbs, and the Thunder Machine had taken the stage several times in Eugene, and a repeat performance in Portland would not have been inappropriate. Then when Chuck Berry was signed on as the warm-up act, talk soon circulated about possible Berry-Dead collaborations on *Around 'n' Around*, *Johnny B. Goode*, and *Promised Land*, or at least some collective

permutation. Alas, it was not to be. A sprightly *Dire Wolf* in a vitalized first set and Zane Kesey selling his father's books in the vendor's section were as close to any miracles this crowd would witness on Memorial Day.

Berry tore the holiday wide open with the classics, *Rock and Roll Music*, *Nadine*, *Reelin' and Rockin'*, *Let It Rock*, and his patented duck walk. He hasn't changed his act since the Eisenhower Administration, but, hey, it stills rings like a bell. Weir eyed the performance from the stage, as the oldie but goodie improvised the farewell-bidding lyrics, "We gotta go, go ahead, make room for the Dead!" to the applause of the edgy audience.

The Dead wasted little time on their last crack at the Portland crowd. A snappy *Let the Good Times Roll* flowed smoothly into a punchy *Jack-A-Roe*. The band finally hit all cylinders on *Walkin' Blues*, with Weir dishing up the boogie-woogie where he'd left off the day before and Weir emphasizing the soulful line, "Been mistreated and I don't mind dying." The vocal clarity, throbbing bass line, and matching guitar leads on *Black-Throated Wind* proved there would be no repeat of Sunday's low-key show. Garcia stepped boldly into his jams on *Tennessee Jed* for his best early work of the day. *Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues* was quick and taut. Jer cranked up his MIDI magic for some tasty chime-like renderings on *The Music Never Stopped*. A T-shirt with the inscription "Made from the best stuff on tour" appropriately summed up the set.

The band was fast out of the gate for the second set with meaty bass, Garcia playing MIDI trumpet, and an all-around blues-funk flavor on *Shakedown Street*, followed by overly gratuitous versions of *Looks Like Rain* and *Samba In the Rain*. Weir had been hitting his marks all weekend and, though he's only got two lame songs, both numbers were called, perhaps as a reward for a job well done. It is clearly time to get this guy some covers. The damage was already done, however, on this day. The band went into a momentary tailspin, and the vocal and musical phrasing on *Terrapin Station* suffered toward the coda. The percussionists picked up the pace again by adding xylophone and Jew's harp elements to a jungle beat. Guttural and tight, Weir brought his best vocals to *The Last Time*, and Garcia hit all the right high notes on a wonderful, backbeat-laden *Days Between*. The band flirted with greatness there for a while — with Lesh and Weir obvious champions — but never quite loosened all the way up. After an obligatory but very uplifting *Sugar Magnolia*, Weir cupped his ear toward the throngs, then loudly remarked in the mic, "Did I hear someone say, 'Fuck the Christian Right.'" In light of that comment, the *Liberty* encore seemed an appropriate punctuation to end the show.

What Portland concertgoers really needed was a third concert. The Portland press had spent weeks speculating on the impact of the Dead's legions, then kissed up to Heads after the shows with articles on how well *they* enjoyed the fair city. Unfortunately, there were two deaths — one fan was struck by a Volkswagen bus while running across Interstate 5 and another overdosed — but, remarkably, no arrests were reported on the days following the gigs. All in all, Portland locals are a patient lot. Hell, they have to be, with all that rain and an annual allotment of something like only two days of sunshine per year. ♦

Monks and More

Shoreline 6/2, 3, 4 By Blair Jackson

The difference between the Grateful Dead I saw at this year's basically uninspired Mardi Gras shows in February, and the one that showed up for these three concerts in early June, was like night and day. The difference, not surprisingly, was Garcia's involvement. Whereas in February he had seemed only marginally interested much of the time and his playing was spotty at best, at Shoreline he looked happy (well, the first two nights, anyway) and he was clearly engaging the other players and paying attention to what was going down. The result was that all the band members rose to the occasion: these were easily the best concerts I'd seen the Dead play since the July '94 Shoreline shows, and they really pointed up the sparkle I'd been missing at most of the shows I'd seen since.

The band came out rocking right from the start with a propulsive (if lyrically flubbed) *Alabama Getaway* into *Greatest Story* — shades of 1980! I liked Weir's new arrangement of *Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl* (debuted by The Valentines at that great Fillmore show Feb. 14) and the version of *Bird Song* was the strongest I'd heard in awhile, with no down moments at all, and plenty of momentum to carry the jam through all its various permutations.

New Speedway Boogie was an utter surprise to me as second-set opener and I felt that it easily filled that weighty slot; surely *Speedway* is in the running for GD Song of the Year in '95. *That Would Be Something* is frequently just a little throwaway transitional piece that Garcia slips in between songs, but this version was actually jammed out to a considerable length — it's the first version I'd heard that felt like a real song. *Saint Of Circumstance* built into a roiling volcanic crater, and a surprisingly spry *He's Gone* steered the band into *Drums*.

Now, when I first sat down in my seat at the beginning of the evening, I'd noticed that there was a large contingent of maroon-robed Gyuto monks sitting nearby, cool, but not that unusual at Northern California shows. I never suspected for a minute they might actually appear onstage! But there they were — ten strong — walking onto the stage in front of Phil's position at the close of a particularly thunderous Hart and Kreutzmann drum showdown. For the next 15 minutes their chanting — all low, guttural tones and ringing high harmonics — filled and positively transformed the amphitheatre. Everyone listened reverently (for a change), and when the monks had finished (nudged off-stage, it seemed to me, by the appearance in the mix of electronic weirdness by Bob Bralove; I saw a few concerned looks on the monks' otherwise implacable faces as various odd tones and noises crept into their closing chant) the response from the crowd was so heartfelt! I think everyone got off, big-time!

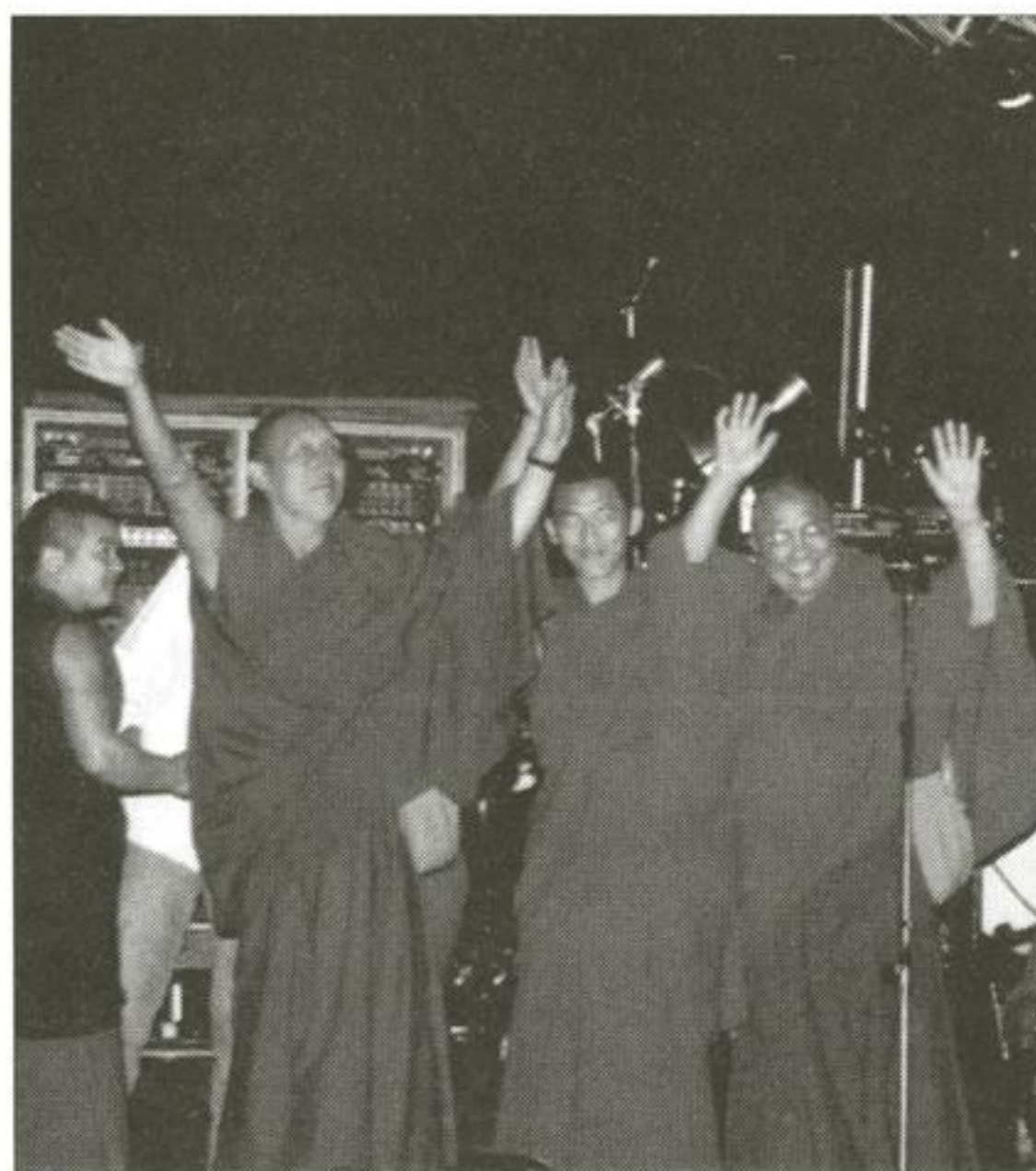


Photo by Susana Millman

Since *Easy Answers* had turned up out of *Space* at several other shows, its appearance in that slot here didn't shake me up as much as it might have otherwise. I still don't care for it much — especially the lyrics — but musically it has improved greatly, and the massive *Standing On the Moon* that followed made me forget all about it. A fine show all the way around.

The second night was marked by a similar inventiveness and precision from beginning to end. Phil, in particular, was a monster all night, playing like a man possessed and singing with rare power. His readings of *Broken Arrow* and (even better) *Box Of Rain* out of *Space* (!) were highlights. Everyone was playing well — I remember turning to my wife Regan after the usually ordinary *Brown-Eyed Woman* and saying gleefully, "Where the hell did that come from?" It was so full of passion and drive. But most of the big action at this show was in the second set, with a long, churning *China Cat*, truly excellent versions of both *Playing* and *Uncle John's Band*, the aforementioned *Box*, which made my draw drop, and a *Stella Blue* that was a thing of absolute beauty — man, when Garcia is there, in the moment, wrapped up in those words, that song takes you to a place that no other song in the world does — amazing! Finally, the *Liberty* encore was filled with life, the perfect capper to a great set.

On day three, however, things started to go awry, and the feeling I was left with was reminiscent of the way I'd felt after Mardi Gras. The first set was actually quite good for the most part, though Garcia seemed distracted by real or imagined technical problems. Still, *Mama > Mexicali* and the set-ending *Cassidy* were right on the money. In fact, I can't remember the last time I saw a *Cassidy* that consistent.

The second set started out strong with a warm (but brief) *Here Comes Sunshine*, but Weir's choice of *Victim Or the Crime* seemed like a major bungle to me, completely inappropriate for that day, that show, that moment. Garcia didn't seem to like it, either; for about the first third of the song he barely played, and when he did, it sounded like disconnected random strangeness in the wrong key. I thought it was a disaster all the way around, and personally, I had a hard time recovering for what should have been a great moment: my first *Unbroken Chain*. I should admit from the get-go that this is not one of my favorite Dead tunes, though I truly do share everyone else's excitement that Phil finally brought the song into the repertoire. At Shoreline, Garcia didn't seem to know what he was supposed to do on the song and that tentativeness overshadowed a basically fine vocal performance by Phil. Garcia rebounded with a zippy *Eyes*, but that was the last burst of energy for JG that day — *Days Between* was a ragged mess and he barely played on *Not Fade Away*. Still, the *Broke-down* encore was sweet and well-sung, and ended a basically happening three days of music on an up note. ♦

10,000 Maniacs

Highgate 6/15 By John Dwork

If you were lucky enough to *not* get caught in the post-show parking lot traffic jam at last year's Highgate, Vermont GD field trip, you probably had a pretty good time. I had more than just a good time. I mean how often do you get to experience Jerry singing a perfect *Standing On the Moon* under the Milky Way, as the moon rises blood red from out of a forest of evergreen trees with the stars shining brightly across the whole sky above? Not often. So it was with this fond memory in mind that my clan and I set out in search of yet another moon glow night dream in the wilds of northern Vermont this summer.

Having just returned from three Shoreline shows out West I was filled with even more hope. While Jerry was still far from peak form, the entire band, Jerry included, was trying really hard. Each Shoreline show had gotten better than its predecessor. The only unfortunate parts of the Shoreline run were a) Bobby's ghastly choice of playing *Easy Answers* out of a drum jam featuring the Gyuto Monks Tibetan Tantric Choir (which surpasses Jerry's unpopular third-set opener, *Althea*, on New Year's '79), and b) the unbearable line to park your car (would Bill Graham have stood for such annoyances?).

So off to the North we drove in great spirits. Last year, it only took us an hour to make the final approach, park, and enter the venue (although others fared much worse). This year, however, it took us three hours, even though we took the less-traveled back route again. We parked the car about a mile from the venue in a local resident's front yard for \$15, assuring us easy highway access after the show.

On the way in we started handing out *Dupree's* flyers and noticed something peculiar — virtually no one knew what the flyer was! It seemed as though most of the folks we encountered during our walk had never been to a Dead show before. Then things got really weird when we got to the edge of the site. There were nitrous tanks *everywhere*, and I mean *a lot* more than usual. As we turned into the Highgate Airport from the road we came across a surreal scene. In a small corner of the extremely dusty parking lot we encountered a crowd of about 50 people lying in the dirt around a nitrous tank, some passed out, all with vacant looks on their faces. Now I've been to 300 Dead shows and have seen a lot of parking lot wildness, but this was different. It seemed like there was a much higher "stupid and lost quotient" in attendance.

Well, onwards to the show I can report that the local promoter had again arranged for a thoroughly polite and efficient security crew — entering was fast and painless (although again, others fared worse in this department).



Photo by Susana Millman

Once inside I found a sufficient number of toilets and good, if expensive, food (fruit, fruit smoothies, chicken fajitas, and falafels). There was even enough water to go around (though not enough spigots). Just as last year, we situated ourselves with friends in the perfect front-of-the-soundboard sweet spot.

At 5:15 p.m., Native Americans from the Abenaki Nation began a prayer for peace and entertained us with singing and chanting.

Bob Dylan took the stage 15 minutes early (!), at 5:45, and tore into a ferocious two-hour-and-15-minute set. With Phil Lesh hopping along in the background, Dylan's quintet ripped through *Crash Of the Levee*, *Takes a Lot To Laugh*, a wild *All Along the Watchtower*, *Tears Of Rage*, and a particularly exciting *Silvio*. The crowd roared with approval. This wasn't the mumbling Dylan of years past; he was fully emotive, enunciating every word with great clarity — wow — what a treat! Bob then turned the energy *waaaay* down as he and his band donned acoustic instruments for *Tambourine Man*, *Masters Of War*, and *Baby Blue*. It got so quiet during *Tambourine Man* you could hear the wind. Beautiful. Then the band switched back to electric guitars and tore into four more songs. The only flat part of Dylan's set was the next song, *Memphis Blues*, tarnished by Dylan's out-of-tune guitar playing. But *She Belongs To Me* and *Highway 61*, which followed with a spectacular jam, were enormous. After saying good-bye Dylan returned for one encore, *Like a Rolling Stone*, again perfectly upbeat. After his recent good but low-key performance on MTV's *Unplugged*, this set was a true mindblower.

As I was to learn later, 10,000 ticketless people stormed the fences surrounding the venue during the Dylan set, ripping them down, hurting many in the process, and turning the show into a free event. Back in the confines of our little

family circle we were inundated with dozens of sunburned drunkards lurching their way toward the stage. This was definitely not the polite, young college crowd of last year's Vermont event.

Things up onstage weren't much better when the Dead came out. From the moment Jerry let into a *Touch Of Grey* opener, I knew something was wrong. Unlike at Shoreline the week before, Jerry's voice was unbearably atrocious. He looked absolutely horrible, a sight made worse by the untucked, extra-humongous red T-shirt he wore. He seemed to grimace in pain with every word. As the set progressed he botched lyrics, failing to sing even complete words at times (so much for the TelePrompTers). His guitar work was either unmemorable or could barely be heard or both. It was painful to watch and hear. The set peaked with a surprisingly blistering rendition of *Black-Throated Wind*, during which a parasail flew overhead (just like during the *Bird Song* at Oxford Plains Speedway, Maine in 1988). The set cruised to a conclusion with less than average versions of *Loose Lucy* and *Promised Land*.

During the break I wandered back again, only to find lost dogs running scared through the crowd, a nitrous tank inside the show (!), and literally *hundreds* of people passed out in the dirt everywhere. I'm quite sure this was not what the Grateful Dead's management (*and the band*) worked hard for months to accomplish.

The second set was an even greater exercise in frustration. *Here Comes Sunshine* was a good outdoor summertime choice, but Garcia's voice was so ragged and out of tune it literally became painful to listen to. People all around us were grimacing. *Samba In the Rain* followed, the worst version I've heard. *Truckin' > Rollin' and Tumblin' > That Would Be Something > He's Gone* was one long continuous meditation in boredom. *Rollin' and Tumblin'*, an old blues tune sung by Garcia for the first time, wasn't much more than a few uttered verses.

In stark contrast to all of this was *Drums* and Candace's light show. During the break between sets the stage crew actually changed the huge scrims covering the PA to an unpainted set, so huge psychedelic video projections could be broadcast upon them more clearly. Just like at last year's Highgate show, the stage looked, from a distance, like an enormous alien spaceship landing. It was simply a marvelous sight to behold.

I should note that, in my opinion, the drummers are making the best music of their careers these days (I'd gladly follow these guys around if they ever toured without the rest of the Dead). Each night is a mindful voyage into the great creative unknown, a journey which embodies the true spirit of the Grateful Dead. This evening was no exception to the norm, as a perfect synergy was made out of Billy's talking drum, Mickey's MIDI madness, engineer Bob Bralove's brilliant technical support, Cutler's hypnotic stereo panning effect, and Candace's entrancing visions — this is the magic of the Grateful Dead.

After an uneventful *Space*, Phil led into a booming *Box Of Rain* which, in turn led into a flat *Standing On the Moon*, simply incomparable to last year's version. As soon as the band finished a standard *Sugar Mags*, we bolted from the

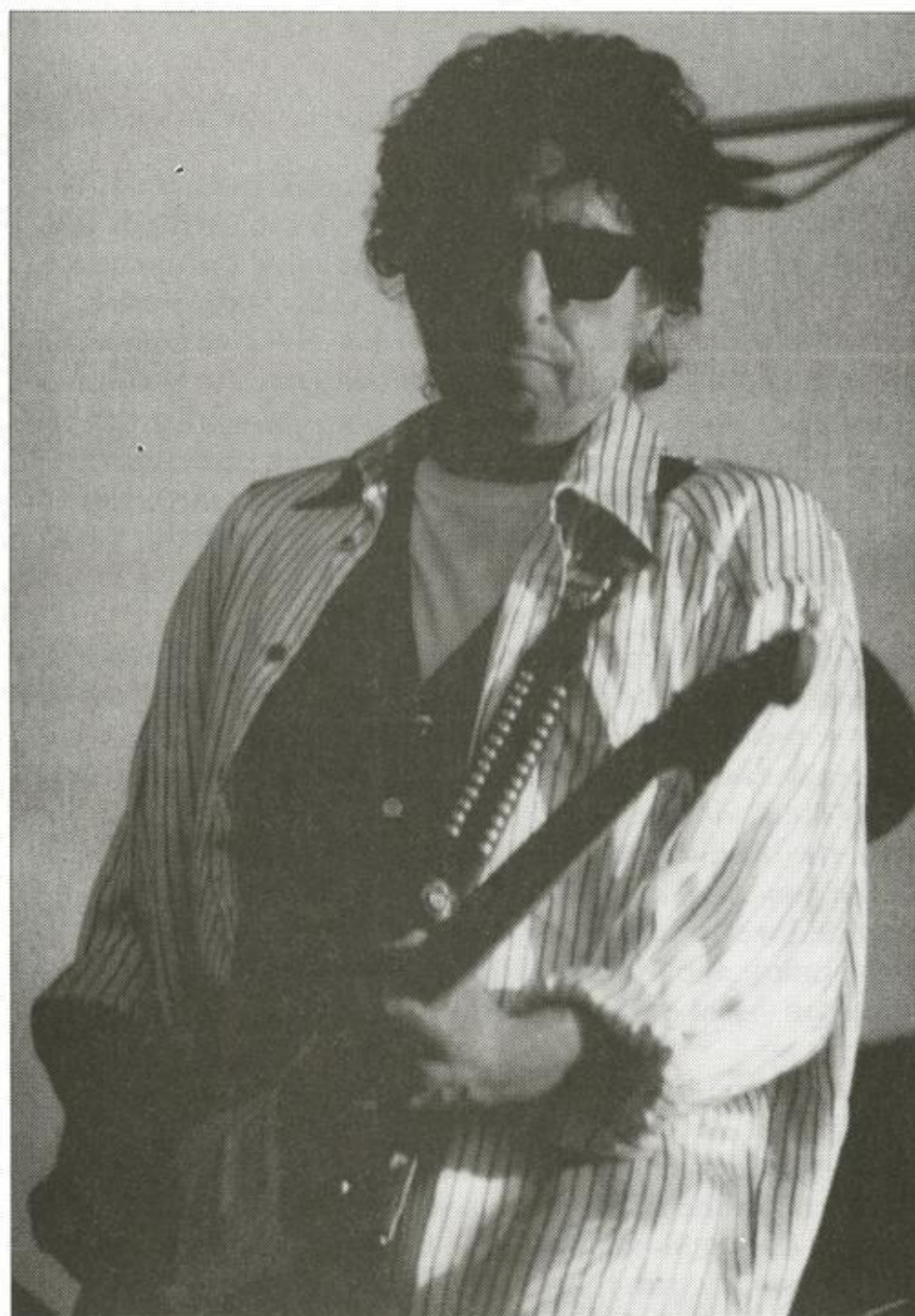


Photo by Susana Millman

venue. As *Liberty* ended, we were starting the car and beating the traffic. Some may think me crazy for leaving any show before its summation, but the next day we heard some people, just like last year, got stuck in the lot for five hours. Certainly this is completely antithetical to what a Dead show is supposed to be about. To make matters worse, the next day there was a 15-mile-long traffic jam on the highway south of Burlington because it was reduced to one lane at two small points due to a short length of road construction. There were just too many cars.

Last year, Highgate was a true field trip. For most, it was a magical time with the Dead in the great outdoors, but this year brought a completely different crowd. There were an incredible number of dumb, stupid, and lost people. What a grand shame, given what good intentions and great effort had gone into its production.

The next day I read in the paper that five portajohns were knocked down by fence crashers while they were in use! Can you imagine taking a dump at a Dead show when all of a sudden the damn thing is tipped over and the only way out is the door that's now BENEATH you?! I think this rates as one of the all-time worst concert bummers imaginable (along with getting unjustifiably mauled by a security thug while high!).

When all is said and done, this was the worst show this reviewer has ever been to (out of 300 Dead shows, 500 total concerts, in 19 years). Fortunately, I went to the Albany shows the next week and did indeed experience safe, fun magic being made. ♦

The Luck Changed

Giants 6/18, 19 By Gary Burnett

Ask anyone who's seen more than a couple of Grateful Dead shows: It can be a risky business. All you can do is pay for your ticket, walk through the gate, and hope for the best. For some reason — sheer luck of the draw, good karma, knowing which shows to pick, whatever — I've enjoyed more than my share of excellent shows over the past few years. Even with many around me complaining that the '90s have been generally less than inspiring, I've managed to hit a higher percentage of good shows than I saw throughout the '80s. And I've felt blessed. At Giants Stadium this year, that luck changed.

It's not that the band played poorly. Rather, the shows were plagued by the cruelest sound and equipment problems I've ever witnessed. On Sunday night, although the sound was generally excellent, Garcia's guitar was inconsistent in the mix. The *Deal* that closed first set, for instance, sizzled, with the band forging a wondrous crescendo in the middle of the jam. Alas, the only way to tell how it would have sounded with a lead guitar was to watch Garcia's fingers on the monitor and imagine what he must have been playing based on visual evidence alone.

Despite such obstacles, these shows were not all bad. On both nights, *Drums* and *Space* were powerful, made that much stronger by the magnificent video work accompanying them. In the few moments when Garcia's guitar was audible during Monday's *Space*, the band reworked the gritty, thematic jam they played at one of this spring's Philadelphia shows. Built around a repeating two-chord riff from Bobby, with contrapuntal splashes of sound from both Phil and Vince, this version featured some uproariously funny MIDI trombone lines from Jerry that sounded like they had been lifted from an old Looney Tunes cartoon. Unfortunately, delightful as it was, it was not enough to save the set.

Feel Like a Stranger and *Bertha* were fun openers to Sunday's mixed bag of a show, though the first set really began to come alive during *Stagger Lee*'s closing jam, with Garcia's finger-picked lead counterpointed by some wildly

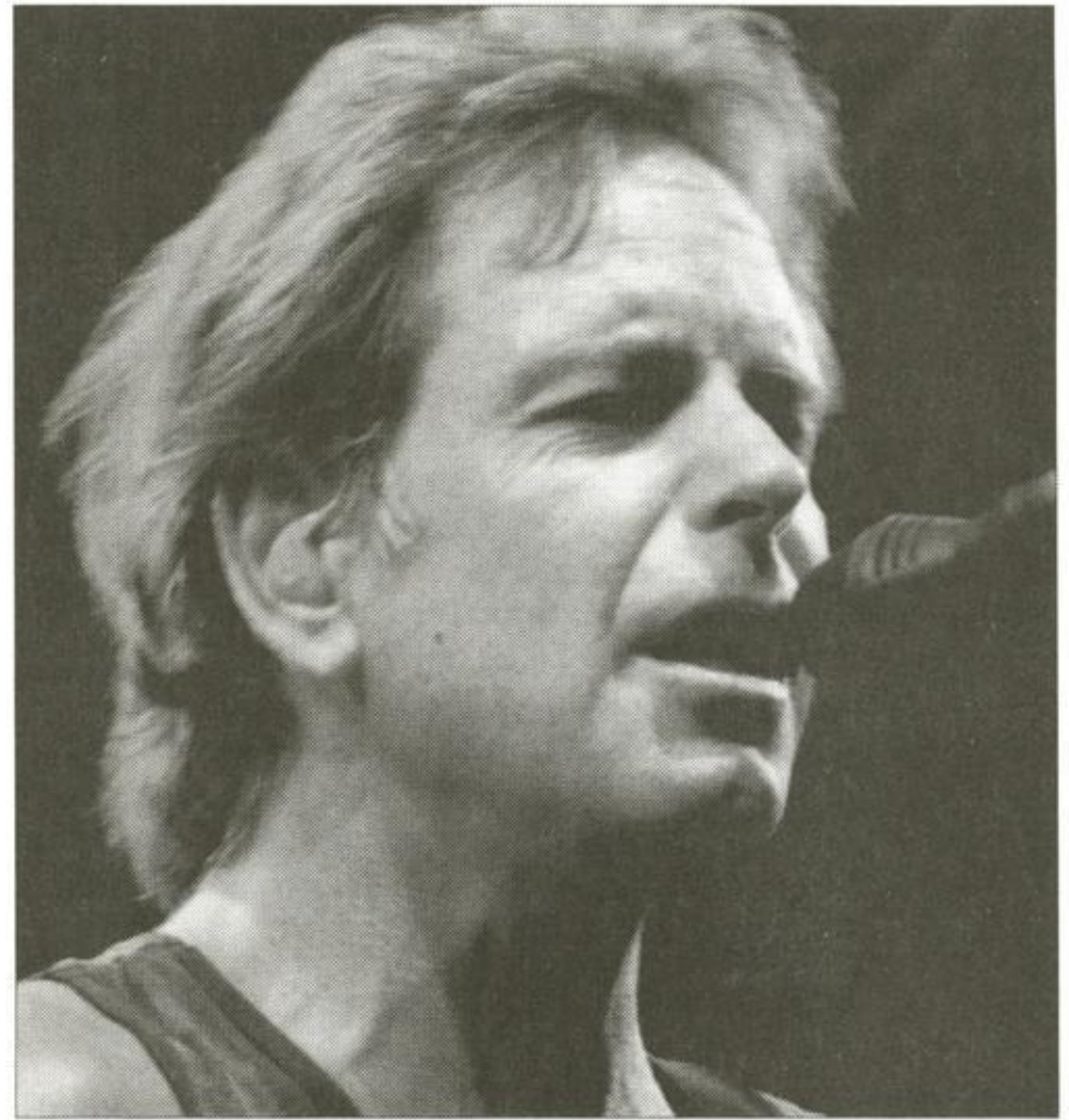


Photo by Bradley S. Gelb

distorted, screeching slide work from Weir. The other first-set highlight, *Eternity*, is becoming a truly remarkable jamming vehicle, with the band beautifully exploring its boundaries while remaining faithful to the visions it evokes of smoke-filled back street nightclubs.

The second set's *China Cat Sunflower* began with a surprise percussive introduction from the drummers, a la *Victim Or the Crime*. Both *China Cat* and *I Know You Rider* were energetic fun; although neither broke new ground, the playing was focused and precise. *Samson & Delilah* was another story, however, with Garcia making his guitar snarl and cry with the terror of a wounded animal, pulling out intense single-note lines from the swirl and pushing the song into an extended and shattering catharsis. Similarly glorious was the fully developed *Spanish Jam* that grew out of some minor-key droning at the end of *Space*. Unfortunately, after six visionary minutes, during which we were transported into a world built of equal parts psychedelia and the jazz-inflected mood Jelly Roll Morton used to call "The Spanish Tinge," it shuddered and collapsed into silence.

The remainder of the set ranged from tolerable to disastrous, with the version of *Wharf Rat* ranking as the worst I have ever seen. Garcia simply could not find either the right tempo or the right rhythm until midway through the song, and the rest of the band was visibly frustrated as it became a nearly unrecognizable mess. At one point during the lengthy and confusing introduction, Phil even dropped his hands to his sides and shook his head, and Bobby began to pick out an unrelated chunky rhythm, as if to push things in some more promising direction. Unfortunately, he was not successful. That Garcia was able to maintain his composure while struggling so mightily was miraculous, and when he finally discovered the right groove, he rewarded the crowd's patience with a small, sheepish grin.

Monday's technical nightmare almost completely overshadowed anything else that was happening onstage. As it was,

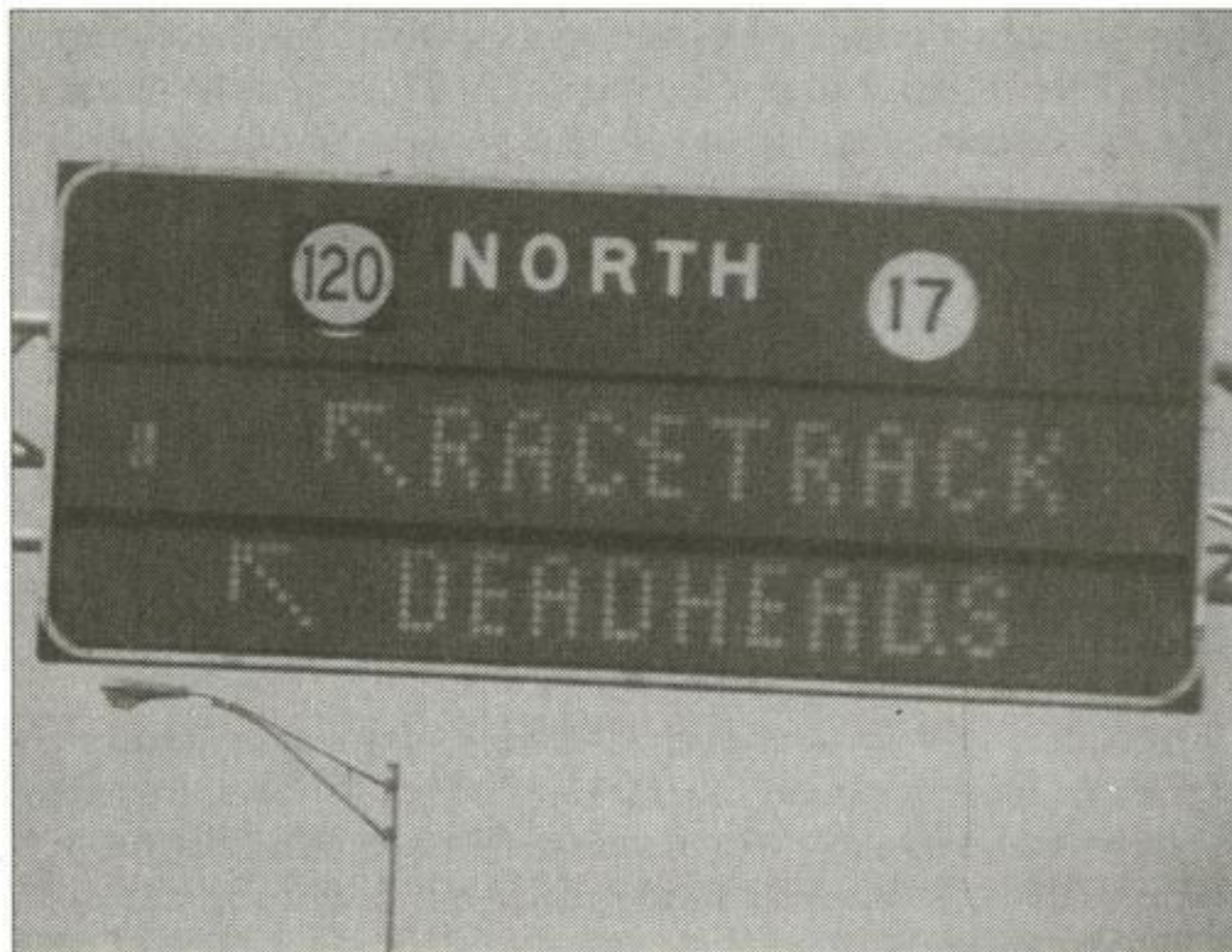


Photo by Susana Millman

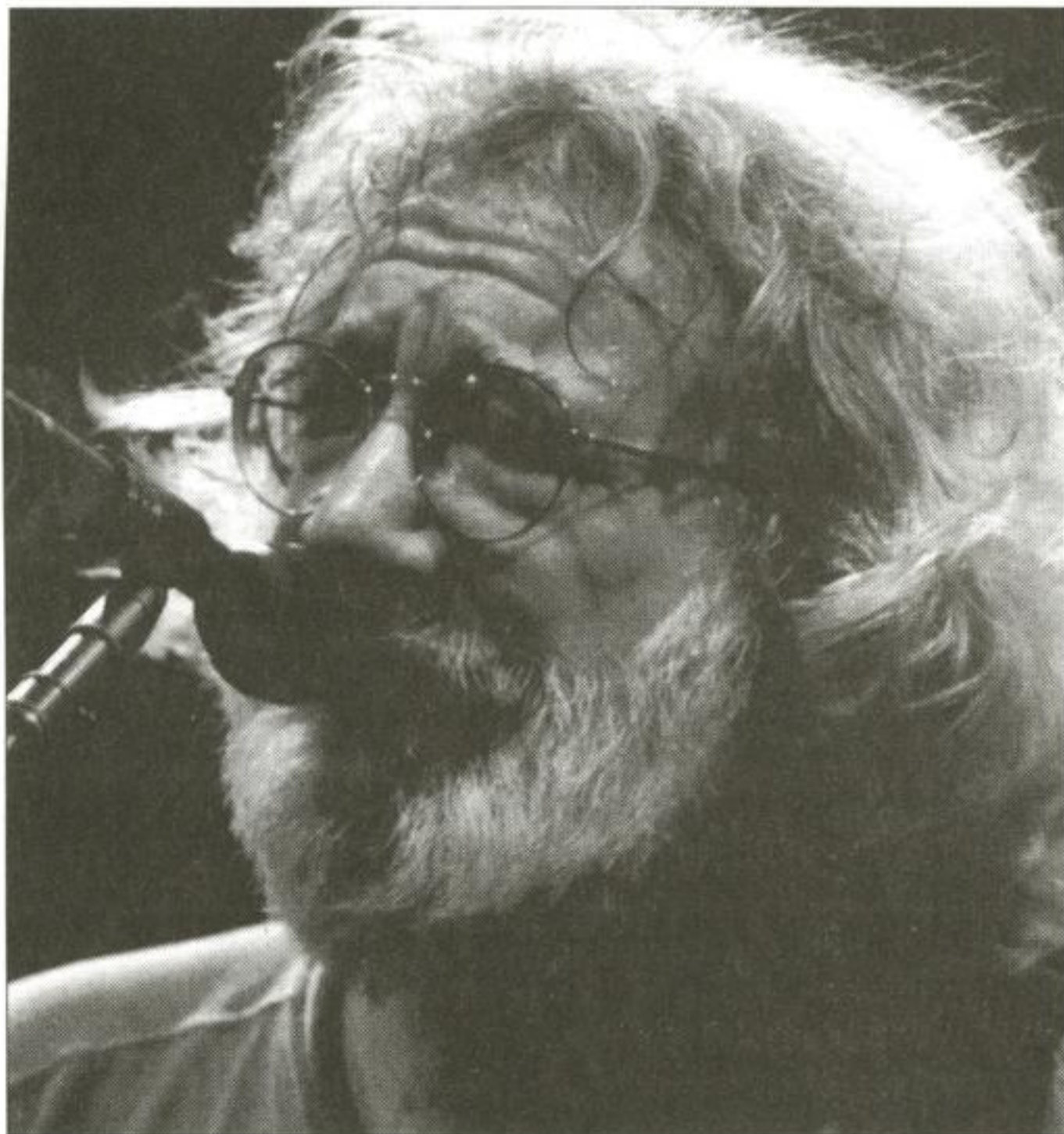


Photo by Bradley S. Gelb

most of the first set rocked hard, with both Jerry and Vince playing some sterling solos. Highlights were *It's All Over Now* and *Me & My Uncle* > *Big River*.

The worst technical difficulties came during the second set, when Garcia's guitar simply vanished during his solo in the set-opening *Iko Iko*, and (except for a wonderful, if brief, passage during *Space*) did not return at all until *Stella Blue*. The rest of the set, when it was audible, sounded like it was being played through a blown speaker — tinny and trebly, jumping forward in startling bursts of volume, only to disappear once again. On the video monitors it was clear that, though he was struggling with his equipment, Garcia was playing hard. It was frustrating, but no matter how he attacked his strings, twisted his dials, or switched the settings on his foot pedals, his guitar might as well have been stowed away in its case offstage.

The second set, painful as it was, did have some small pleasures. To compensate for Garcia's absence, Cutler pushed Phil, Bobby, and Vince up to the top of the mix, and they were all brilliant, giving the jam into *The Other One* a particularly interesting and richly textured feel. Still, the gaps in the music that otherwise would have been filled by Garcia's ruminations and noodlings made for a deeply disappointing experience.

Fortunately, the weekend was redeemed by Bob Dylan's uniformly brilliant sets. Musically, he and his band ranged from the acoustic delicacies of *Love Minus Zero/No Limit* and *Gates Of Eden*, through the stately country waltz of *To Ramona* and the herky-jerky rhythms of *Obviously Five Believers*, all the way to two immense versions of *Silvio* with the full band jamming for everything they were worth, playing free jazz-like multiple simultaneous lead lines, courting chaos and making it work for them. Dylan and his band played music marked by the kind of chance-taking and adventurousness that was only fleetingly present in the Dead's sets. ♦

The Hour Is Getting Late . . .

Albany 6/21, 22 By David Stoller

The Grateful Dead's 1995 Highway To Hell summer tour rolled back into Albany for the band's first performances there in over two years. The Knickerbocker Arena has always been a special stop on the tour: the Dead were the first rock band to ever play at the Knick, and the town is one of the few places where Deadheads are still welcome. After the dismal performances at Giants Stadium, there was an overwhelming feeling that we were due for a pair of good shows. Thankfully, the Dead delivered two of the strongest back-to-back shows I have seen in awhile.

The Garcia factor worked in our favor the first night, as Jerry was fully present, alert, and at times, inspired. The first clue came during *Loser*, which was solid, considering it was only its second appearance this year. *Take Me To the River* was a treat, spoiled only by the fact that Bob was in such a hurry to finish it. However, brevity was not a problem for *Row Jimmy*, lasting a full 15 minutes. This was a dreamy, standout version, easily the highlight of the set.

There are certain sets where the Grateful Dead can do no wrong, where every turn they take is a wise one. The second set this evening was one of those. *Scarlet Begonias* was fairly tight and given a little more room to develop than most recent versions. The transition into *Fire* was smooth, but Garcia suffered from the same guitar trouble which plagued the second Giants Stadium show. In a heartening turn, Jerry decided to play through the problem, bringing the song to an electrifying climactic jam, which ended with Jerry belting out the final vocals and extending them beyond the backup chorus. *It's All Too Much*, in its first appearance since spring, was an *extremely* welcome respite for the Vince slot.

Then things got serious. *Playing In the Band* was a tremendous forceful exploration which featured some of the most interesting musical conversation the Grateful Dead have had in a long time. *Three separate times* they dipped into the *Supplication* theme. The first one was nicely developed and even brought up hope of Bob actually singing it. Instead, the band was able to flawlessly weave

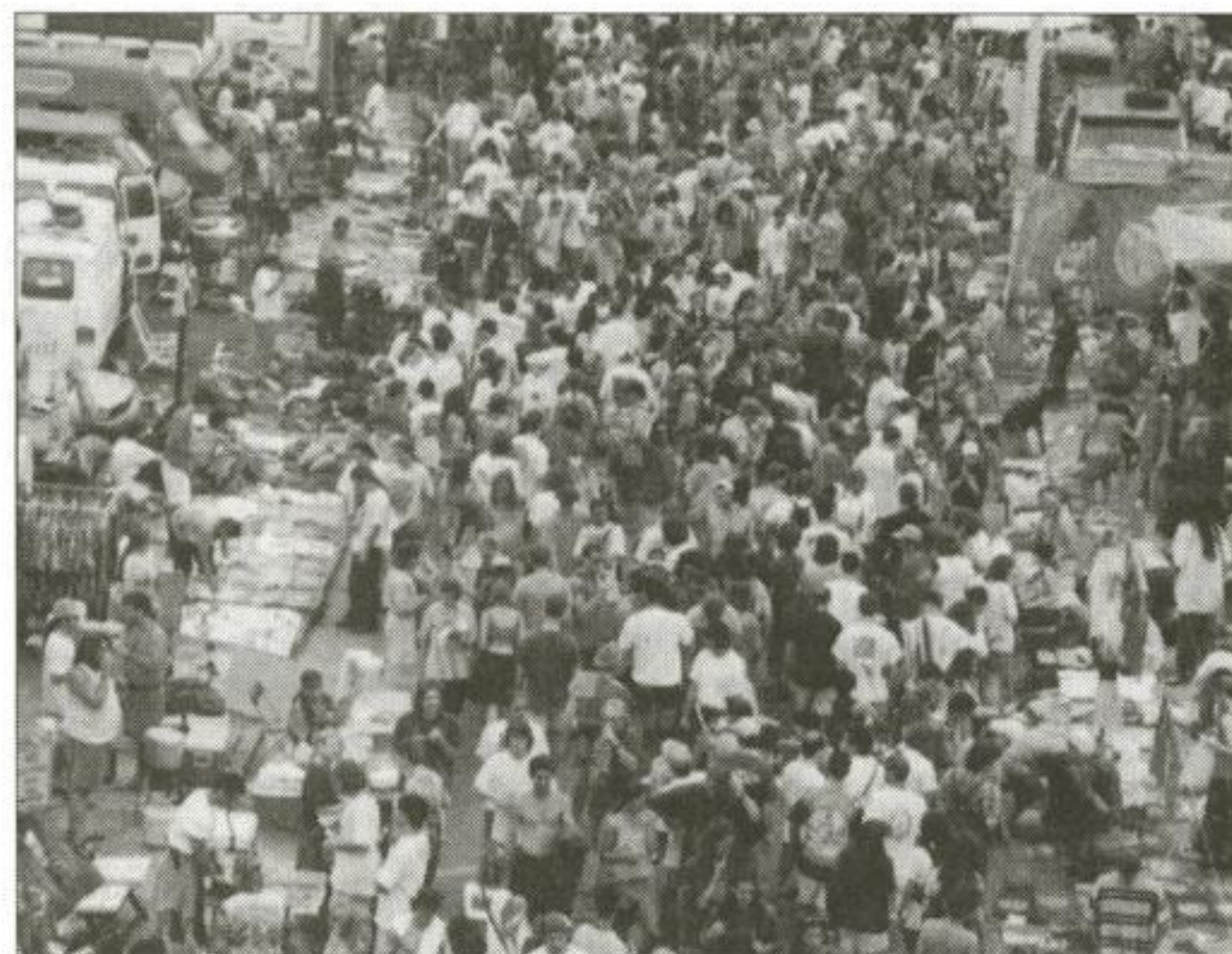


Photo by G. Miller Smyth

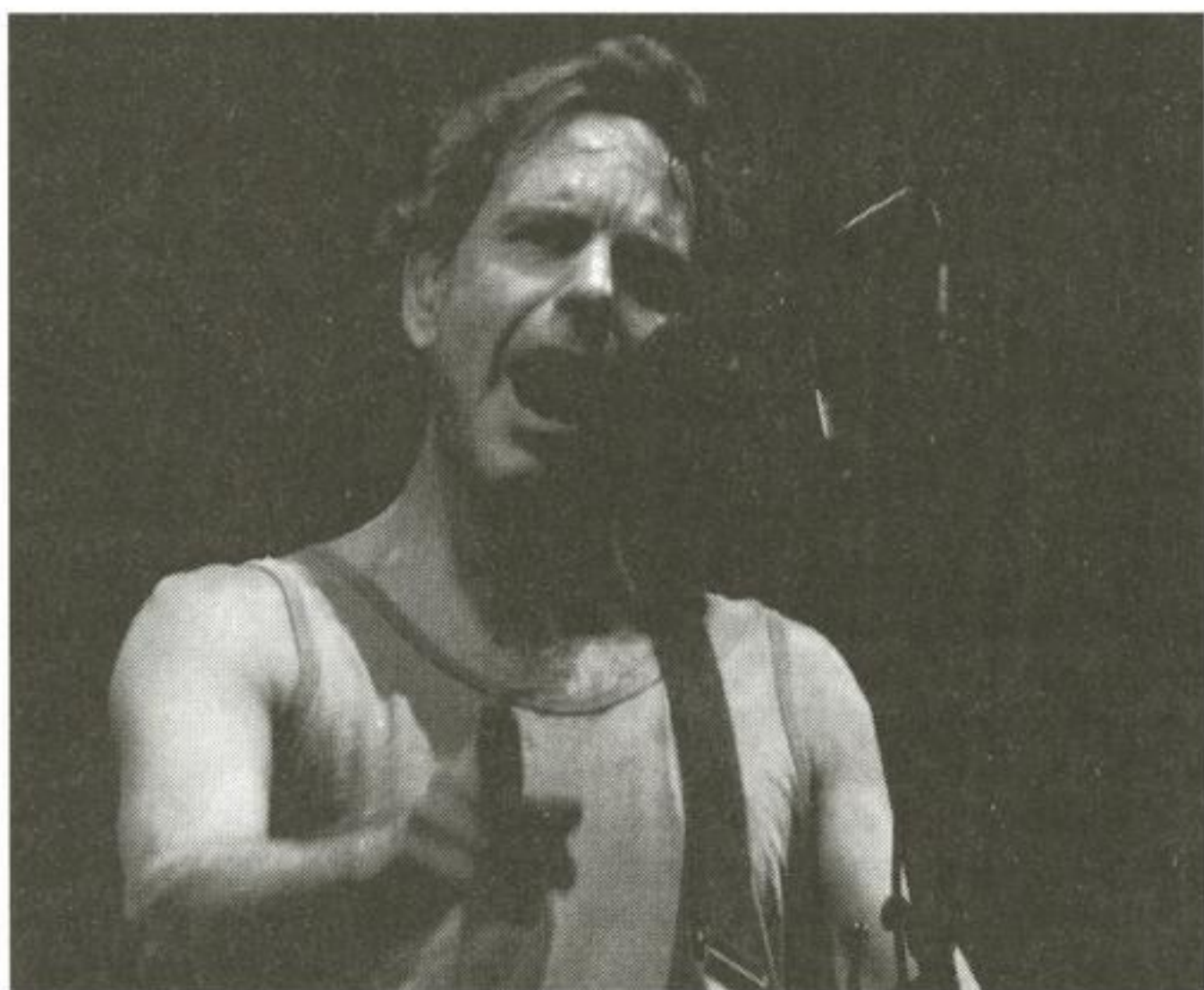


Photo by Greg Doggett

Playing in and out of *Supplication*, the last time leaving Phil to quote *Supplication* all by himself. *Easy Answers* out of *Space* was well played, if unwelcome, leaving only one song this show could have closed with. To the delight of all, the Grateful Dead came through big-time with a stunning *Morning Dew*. It was quiet and pretty, loud and ferocious; it was all you could ask for from *Morning Dew*, and it was all you could hope for from the Grateful Dead, especially Garcia, who nailed every part perfectly. I should add that we were able to hear Jerry far louder than has been the average lately (and louder than he was in the taping section), and that certainly heightened the experience.

Those inside the arena had no idea that once again things weren't mellow outside. After the show started, a scuffle over vending fueled violence outside in the lot. The next day front page headlines declared that three police officers were attacked and over 50 Heads were arrested. However, once this public relations damage was done it was quietly revealed that the first of these two reports was exaggerated. Still, there were thousands of ticketless tourheads outside, way too many, given that the Knick holds only 18,000.

Fortunately, the scene outside the Knick on night two was much more calm than on the first night. Inside, the Dead delivered an equally unremarkable first set, the only exception being a rare appearance of *Must've Been the Roses*, in which Jerry forgot most of the words.

Help On the Way assumed its rightful place as a second set opener, and this was a good version, though they fumbled the transition into *Franklin's*. The *Estimated* that followed *Samba* was strong, with a nicely deconstructed jam which brought the pre-*Drums* clock to 50 minutes. We were pleasantly surprised to hear the first notes of *Terrapin* wash over the crowd. The jam which followed was good, although short. All things considered, the first half of the set was generous, with fine song selection. Since Dylan plays *Watchtower* each and every night, Weir was able to slip one in on the off-night while Dylan amazed everyone at a club in Philadelphia. *Black Peter* is another rare Garcia song these days, but you wouldn't have known it from this explosive version. In a nod to the trouble outside the Knick on night one, the Dead dusted off *I Fought the Law* for the encore, proving they can have a sense of humor, and have now hopefully put the song back on the shelf. ♦

If the Thunder Don't Get You . . .

RFK 6/24, 25 By Gary Burnett

The scene was classic outdoor rock and roll. During Bob Dylan's set on Sunday evening, dozens, if not hundreds, of balloons filled the air above the field of RFK Stadium, propelled in interweaving arcs from the fingertips of the thousands of people who either held general admission tickets, or had somehow found their way down from their reserved seats (often with the complicity of the guards, who were admirably restrained).

But the innocence of the display was dubious: The balloons were the detritus of the relentless hiss of the nitrous vending out in the parking lot. Nitrous is nothing new to the scene, but from the evidence I've seen at recent shows, it has become the unfortunate drug of choice on tour. Nitrous isn't the whole problem facing the tour these days, but it does feed the "I'm-gonna-do-my-own-thing-even-if-it-tramples-the-rights-of-others" mentality that has become the modus operandi of many a parking lot scene.

Even with this baggage, RFK was a comparatively restful stop along the difficult path of this summer's tour. In retrospect, it provided a refuge between the musical debacle at Giants Stadium the previous weekend, and the insanity at Deer Creek one week later. By comparison, the scene at RFK was calm and contained, and the music was powerful, notable not only for the appearance of Bruce Hornsby for all four of the Dead's sets, but also for the surprise return of *Black Muddy River* to the rotation, and some sharply focused playing from all hands.

Poor sound quality at my vantage point (about two-thirds of the way back on the field) made Saturday's first set a near write-off; Hornsby's piano was the only crisp element of the muddy and echoing mix, and Garcia's guitar was, for the most part, nowhere to be heard, despite the fact that he was clearly playing hard onstage. Rather than endure another set without being able to hear Garcia (something that, in my opinion, whether it's Garcia's fault or Cutler's, has happened all too often since Cutler has taken over at the soundboard), I spent the rest of the weekend in the crush of people up near the board.

I was rewarded handsomely. The clear sound up front meant that, unlike many others in other parts of the stadium, I was able to hear and appreciate the subtleties in the band's playing, Garcia's guitar work in particular. During Saturday's second set, Garcia spent almost the whole set finger picking; rather than using his flat pick to rip titanic leads, he went for texture and filigree. Without a strong place in the mix, giving him his proper place riding along right on top of the rest of the band, the detail and beauty of what he played would have been turned into sludge.

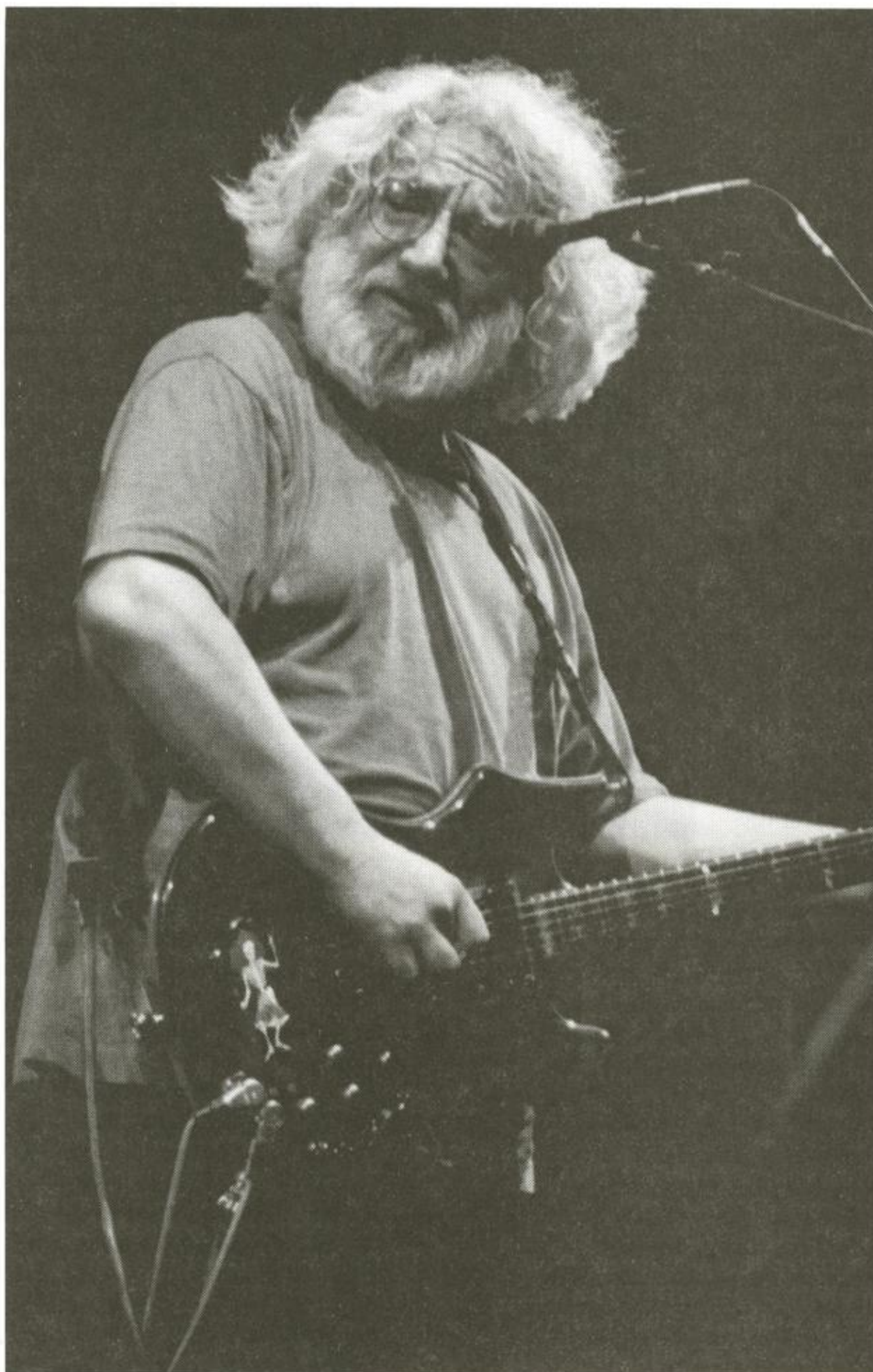
Set highlights included *Iko*, which has retained the pianissimo conclusion — appropriating both melody and lyrics from the Dixie Cups' version of the song — that made last fall's version in Philly so tremendous. *New Speedway Boogie*, eerily ominous in its suggestive lyrics was jammed-out. Unfortunately, Garcia lurched into a version of *That Would Be Something* that began as a too-slow, bluesy shuffle but ended as an up-tempo jam. *Days Between*,

thanks to the Tele-Prompters, was lyrically perfect, with both an instrumental passage before the final verse and an atypically extended jam to end the song. *Black Muddy River*, as noted earlier, was an unexpected treat. I've always thought it was one of Garcia's best and most moving ballads, a gentle articulation of the healing powers of song for an individual soul in pain and isolation.

If Saturday night focused on restraint, Sunday came on roaring like a banshee, with Garcia returning to his flat pick for most of his solos and giving us a master's class in guitar improvisation. The first set rocked out hard, from the 17-plus minutes of *Shakedown Street*, through the deep and solid groove of *Wang Dang Doodle*, to the surprisingly fiery cowboy tunes. The only weak moments came during *Loose Lucy*, which was slow and occasionally lacked focus, and a *Picasso Moon* that wavered between ferocity and fizzle.

The second set was equally strong. *Box Of Rain*, *Rain*, and *Samson & Delilah* were all well played. *Ship Of Fools*, sung with real passion by Garcia, benefited from the TelePrompters, and gave due homage not only to the band's "30 years" of touring, but also to the political madness taking place in our host city. The high point of the set, though, came after *Space*, when a *Wharf Rat* that erased the sad memories of the version a week earlier gave way to a powerful *Not Fade Away*, featuring a long musical duel between Hornsby — who was otherwise somewhat restrained all weekend — and Garcia.

On both nights, *Drums* and *Space* continued to be reminders of the open-ended explorations of the past, ranging from the noisy and terrifying attacks of the drummers, to the often eerie drones and soundscapes of the front-line players. Garcia's recent tendency to remain offstage for much of *Space* gives the rest of the band an opportunity to venture into some interesting regions. The work of Candace Brightman and her lighting crew has become a truly worthy addition to the shows, especially the videos she used during



Drums and *Space* on Sunday night. For example, the video of Mickey's work on *The Beam* — hammering it with his fists, scraping at a single string with a fingernail — was a synesthetic delight.

Special mention must be made of Bob Dylan, who could not have been better — if the Grateful Dead's playing was strong, his was truly inspired. His song choices were impeccable, his singing impassioned and precise, and his playing astonishing. Dylan is, without a doubt, giving some of the best performances of his career, rivaling the legendary performances he gave with The Band back in 1966.

Garcia joined Dylan onstage for both *It Takes a Lot To Laugh, It Takes a Train To Cry*, and *Rainy Day Women #12 & 35*, his final two songs on Sunday. To see the two of them, standing 15 feet apart, facing each other and trading lead guitar licks, was, for me, a peak experience, a joyous culmination of more than 20 years of loving both of them. It produced, by far, the best music of

the weekend. Unfortunately, the balloons bouncing around the stadium during Dylan's set on Sunday were also a sign that — except when Garcia was onstage with him — only a very small part of the crowd was really paying attention. What a shame.

Many things were very far from exactly perfect at RFK. Three people were injured when they were struck by lightning before the Sunday show, there was more nitrous than I'd ever seen at a show before, and the summertime humidity and intermittent rain in Washington made the stadium feel like a sauna. There was lots of deserved grouching about the uneven sound from those Heads unable to find the sweet spot near the soundboard. Fortunately, these shows somehow avoided the worst elements of the pall that descended over much of the rest of the tour. It's a shame that what should have been a celebration — the Dead's thirtieth year on the road — was surrounded by so much darkness. ♦

Photo by Greg Doggett

By the Time We Reached the Palace

Auburn Hills 6/27, 28 By Peter Lipscomb

The humid summer weather had already set in by the time we reached The Palace at Auburn Hills outside Detroit, Michigan. The heat was a portent of things to come. When one thinks of Detroit, automobiles and Motown records are often the first things that come to mind. Because music and cars make up a necessary part of a touring Head's lifestyle, it seemed only natural to find ourselves in this part of the country during summer tour 1995.

The Palace itself is a modern enclosed and air-conditioned arena, which would become important, since we were blasted by fierce thunderstorms on the nights of June 27 and 28. Tuesday, June 27, also happened to be my birthday, and the Dead got our little celebration off to a rollicking start. The PA volume was too low at the outset and made certain details of the first three songs difficult to hear, but by *Ramble On Rose* Cutler had it dialed in properly. *Greatest Story*, the set-opener, featured Jerry on MIDI horns during his solos and overall was a little loose as the boys got warmed up. *Bertha* was tight and focused, with some heavy bombs from Mr. Lesh while Vince created some fine keyboard fills to accent each verse. Then Bobby brought out a confident, almost strutting, version of *Minglewood*. Weir's whiny and piercing guitar sound clashed nicely with Jerry's crisp flutters. Once again Vince came through with some excellent keyboards during his solo, after which Bobby rallied the local crowd with his reference to "Motor City fillies." *Ramble On Rose* had Jerry slowing down the pace a little, and although he muffed the opening vocals, his guitar work was masterful as he alternated between regular and MIDI-generated sounds during his solos. For the highlight of the set, Bobby launched into *Eternity*. The jam in this song is starting to develop as one of the few places these days where the band really opens up and takes risks while exploring some really jazzy spaces. The duet of Bobby's acoustic and Jerry's warbled spooky sounds provided some unusual interplay for this outing.

Second set opened with a tremendous 30-minute rendition of *Victim Or the Crime* > *Foolish Heart*, without question the high point of the night. *Victim* was very edgy and weird, Phil's bass adding a rich, dark aural color to complete the sinister mood. The transition into *Foolish Heart* was a full band jam, lasting about nine minutes. Phil and Jerry appeared relaxed, exchanging looks and goofing on each other. *Foolish Heart* was mostly well-played, but Jerry did miss a few lyrics. Vince brought out The Beatles' *It's All Too Much*, giving us a welcome departure from the heavy rotation of *Samba/Way To Go Home*. This version was solid and featured a fully worked out ending, with a kaleidoscopic whirling blend of instruments and vocals before dropping off into an average *Corrina*. *Drums* found Mickey and Billy giving us their own interpretation of the thunder-

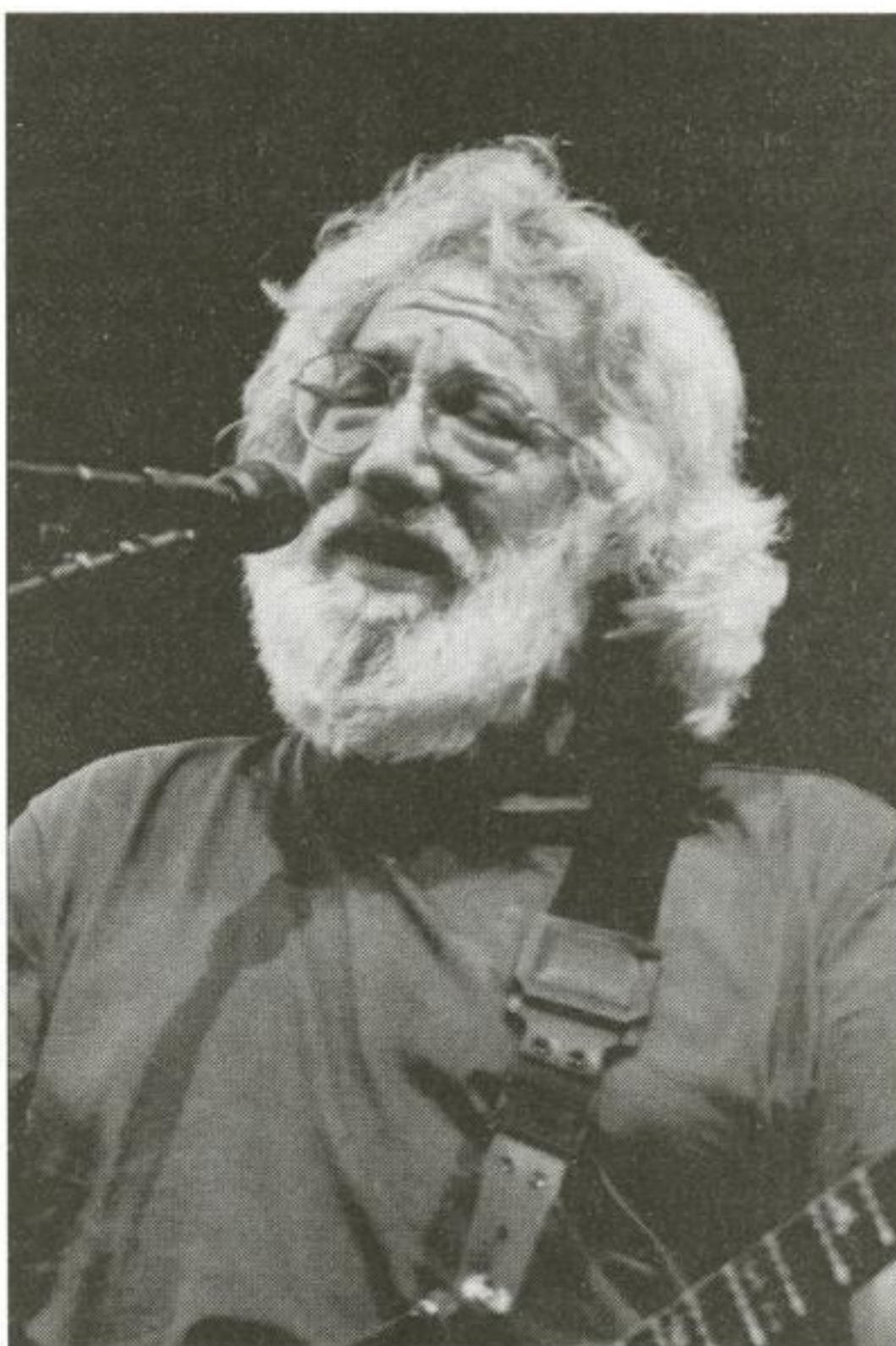


Photo by Paul Havel

ous rumbles heard during break, as an intense electrical storm descended. After a short *Space* segment, Bobby led the charge into a really rockin' *Last Time*, which was followed by an above-average *Standing On the Moon*. Although Jerry brought out "I'd rather be with you" a little early, he recovered nicely and brought in a rousing finish. Keeping the momentum high, Bobby called for a rowdy *Sugar Magnolia*, played with maximum energy. Many in the smiling crowd left for home early, as soon as they detected the opening notes of *Liberty*.

Wednesday night's show started about 25 minutes late. Jerry kicked off with a bouncy, tight, and well-executed *Mississippi Half-Step*. This time Cutler had the sound right from the beginning. Next came my first *Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl*, a terrific new arrangement with a nice shuffling Chicago blues feel to it. *Loser*, the weakest tune in the set, found Jerry flubbing a few verses and tossing off his solos. Bobby really turned in a pro performance with *Black-Throated Wind*. Kudos to Mickey and Billy for the rolling patterns which progressively got louder as Bobby led the song to its finish. Phil's turn came next, and he delivered with a strong *Tom Thumb's Blues*. It seemed like *Deal* would be next, but we were pleasantly surprised by the rare *Big Railroad Blues*. Musically the song was together, but Jerry had a little trouble and started the vocals near the end of the song with the "down to the depot" part. Still, they kept it tight and played well into a crowd-pleasing *Music Never Stopped*. An *Easy Answers* jam opened up in the middle, giving us a sense of what would come later in the second set.

An explosive *China > Rider* opened second set. The crowd roared with encouragement as the band entered the transition into a flawless *Rider*, with all members singing along to the choruses. Even with a second verse misstep there wasn't much to complain about in *Uncle John's Band*, as we were given an extended version with a false ending. *Space* featured some spook-house guitar from Bobby playing with his time delay and this led softly into *Easy Answers*. *Attics* was a nice surprise to follow, since Jerry seemed headed for *Stella Blue*. The harmonies were sweet and the audience stayed quiet for maximum effect. Bobby capped off the night with a raving *Good Lovin'* which had everybody up and dancing. *Lucy In the Sky*, in some ways the highlight of the show, was cut short as Bobby backed up-stage and waved good night while Jerry lingered for the a cappella ending they normally play.

Overall, I'd have to say the time I spent in Detroit was one of the more fun-filled stops on tour for me this year. It really helps to have a car to get around (they don't call it the Motor City for nothing) and see what makes this city one of the more underrated places in the Midwest. ♦

Steel Your Face

Pittsburgh 6/30 By Jumbo Sharuda

The summer tour backtracked to Pittsburgh, as the caravans of Deadheads had already passed through the steel city on the trek from Washington, D.C. to Auburn Hills. I skipped the Palace shows due to a technicality in life called responsibility; it always seems to pop up. My plane was scheduled to land in Pittsburgh at 4:30 p.m. Needless to say, with the combination of US(eless)Air and the Fourth of July holiday weekend travel, my plane landed at 6:15 p.m. Miraculously, I made it to Three Rivers Stadium in less than an hour, but not in time to catch the local musical heroes, Rusted Root. Tickets seemed to be easy to come by and were even on sale at the box office. The upper decks of the multilevel stadium were sparsely filled throughout the show.

First set opened with a rousing *Hell In a Bucket*. The crowd was psyched from the start. In talking to the folks around me, most were local and hadn't seen the Dead since Burgettstown, PA in 1992. It was interesting and weird to have uniformed police patrolling the aisles. Discretion was the word of the day. The band shuffled through a tepid *West L.A. Fade Away*, though Jerry did show some vigor during the chorus. Bobby then chose the very appropriate *Take Me To the River*, since this stadium stands by the joining of the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers which form the Ohio River. Any cover song that expands Bobby's repertoire is very welcome, in my humble opinion! *Candyman* had the crowd in a hypnotic summer groove. Bobby then donned his acoustic guitar for a powerful rendition of Dylan's *When I Paint My Masterpiece*, with Jerry even chiming in on the ending vocals. Next, *Bird Song* took us on a truly adventurous flight. During the extended jam, Jerry soared on top of Phil's solid bass lines before bringing the song back around to a beautiful conclusion. *Promised Land* rocked, capping off a good set on a hot evening.

During the break the air grew thick and the sky turned a shade of purple. Thunder rumbled in the distance and flashes of lightning brought cheers of amazement. As the Dead returned to the stage, they seemed to be planning out the set via their ear-piece monitors. Every once in awhile something occurs at a Dead show that you will never forget — something magical, even eerie. As the Dead sang the first word ("Rain") of The Beatles' song *Rain*, the sky opened full blast, as if some special effects crew had turned on a faucet to coincide with the start of the song. It poured and the crowd was ecstatic. The Dead seemed to be getting off on it, too. They continued with a gorgeous *Box Of Rain*, with Phil's powerfully delivered vocals. *Samba In the Rain*, the overplayed Vince rocker, was well received and continued the theme. Then Bobby got into the act with a soulful *Looks*

Like Rain. By then the rain had stopped, but the Dead kept rolling. A solid *Terrapin* followed. Jerry was a little unsure of the words, but musically it was delicious. A short jam led into an impressive *Drums* segment. It was great to actually see what Billy and Mickey were doing on the video screens. After years of abstract images during *Drums*, this year the video director finally treated this part of the show as the serious music it is. Seeing Mickey attack The Beam was awesome! A long, somewhat disjointed *Space* rolled into a tried and true *I Need a Miracle*, with Bobby playing the "rock star." *Standing On the Moon* was titanic. Jerry's emotional delivery was stupendous. The highlight of the show however, was the encore, Van Morrison's *Gloria*, during which Bobby took the band and the crowd to a explosive crescendo. It hadn't been played since Madison Square Garden 9/18/93, but they hadn't forgotten how to make it cook. The buildup at the end with Bobby's "feel alrights" had the crowd in a frenzy.

Overall the Dead's brief stop in Pittsburgh was fun. Jerry was present and, for the most part, attentive. We had a satisfying first set, a magical moment in the second with four rain songs in a row, and a raging rarity encore. Luckily, there were no troublesome incidents for the media to report at this thunder-and-lightning-filled show, the calm before the storm. ♦

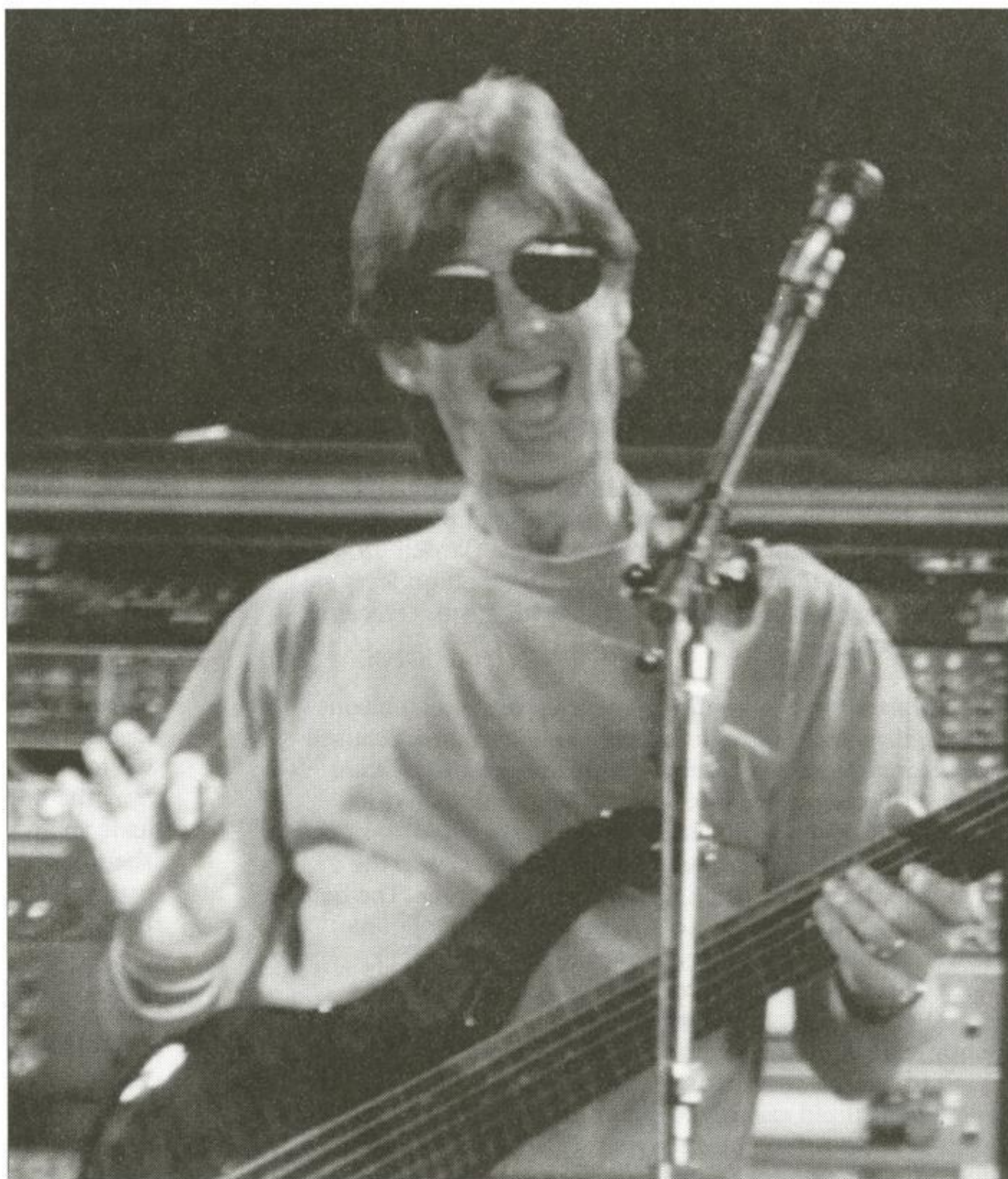


Photo by Bradley S. Gelb

... And the Walls Came Tumbling Down

Deer Creek 7/2 By Josh Cable

By now most everyone in the GD community is aware of the dismal goings on at Deer Creek which culminated in the cancellation of the second show at that venue.

The Dead's ill-fated summer tour rolled through Noblesville, Indiana on Sunday, July 2, for a two-night gathering at Deer Creek Music Center, the band's premiere Midwestern outdoor gig. Easily the hottest ticket on tour, and coming during the long July 4th holiday weekend, these shows magnified the unusually large entourage of ticketless Heads along for the ride this summer, adding to the serious problems that had been plaguing us all tour.

Sunday's weather conditions couldn't have been more perfect: clear skies, plenty of sunshine, and refreshing breezes greeted fans to the heart of the Midwest. The parking lot was, as usual, an exuberant carnival of fried foods, handmade jewelry, tie-dye shirts, and dank bud. The police, who stated in advance that they were going to go after drug use with a vengeance, made their presence known early, offering up a slew of Deadheads in handcuffs for those in traffic to see. This helped make for an explosive atmosphere that later reached a boiling point.

Approaching the main gate to get in, we had to painstakingly swim through massive schools of miracle seekers, beggars, and loiterers. Efforts to get into the show were further hampered by extensive searches with metal detector wands, consequently creating endlessly long lines. Just entering the venue was truly an obstacle course.

Unbeknownst to us, Jerry had received a death threat, hence the extra heavy security. This was the reason the venue lights remained on during the show's second set. The band came onstage 40 minutes late, noticeably frustrated by equipment complications, probably compounded by the aforementioned situation. *Here Comes Sunshine* was an appropriate opener, although it was tentatively performed. This all changed when the Dead burst into a roaring version of *Dire Wolf*. This harkened back to the *Dire Wolf* played with the house lights on at Madison Square Garden on 10/6/79, when there was a similar death threat on Jerry's life. Once again, Jerry sang the lyrics with gusto, "Pleeease, don't murder me."

While things were beginning to heat up onstage, tensions outside the venue were mounting. The death threat caused a reassignment of the security force, leaving a significant portion of easily accessible fence unguarded as an open invitation. Consequently, halfway through *Desolation Row*, several dozen people began to scale the fence atop the lawn, and the whole place was soon in an uproar. The band played on, though visually distracted. Eventually people plowed through the fence and tore it down in places, allowing hundreds to swarm into the amphitheatre like an army of ants. Disappointment was evident on Phil and Bobby's faces. Police used tear gas, pepper spray, and dogs, trying to control the chaos. Some Deadheads on the inside were even stupid enough to cheer the gate crashers on and, horrible as it may seem, were also seen helping tear down the fence. This scenario was made worse by the fact that a

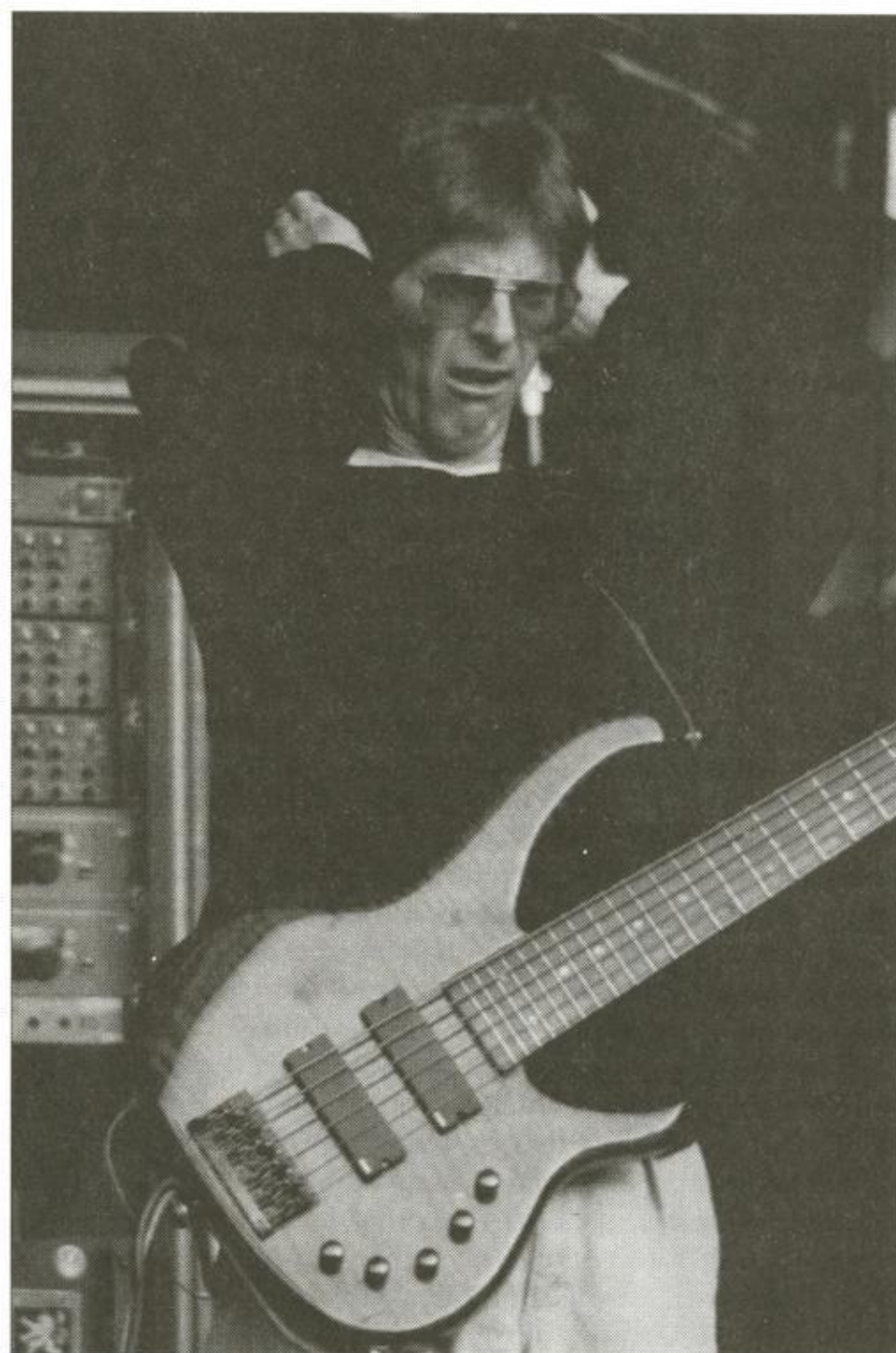


Photo by Rich Petlock

television crew captured the whole thing on tape and the resulting footage aired on CNN every half hour on the following day, giving the Grateful Dead yet more bad press!

The band marched on, closing the first set with a high-energy, but extremely disjointed *Let It Grow*. When the house lights came on, I got a chance to see the aftermath in the wake of the riot: the jam-packed lawn swarming with delirious Heads, and the fence, its gaping holes staring blankly down onto the lawn, an ominous reminder of the earlier confrontation. The damage had been done.

Forty-five minutes later the Dead took the stage again, but the house lights remained lit. The first strains of *Scarlet Begonias* drew enormous applause from the crowd. It was joyously played, serving to temporarily, at least, soothe away the uneasy vibes of the first-set mayhem. Then *Scarlet* made an awkward transition into *Fire* as Garcia assumed "the position" — shoulders slouched, head down and resting on his chest — the music seeming to be the only thing keeping him from passing out.

The subsequent *Victim* was revitalizing, giving birth to a nasty, distortion-heavy jam, that was more an exploitation of tone than anything else. Both guitarists were in synch, emitting coarse, full-bodied notes with just the right amount of distortion and plenty of whammy action. At the other end of the spectrum, *New Speedway Boogie* seemed to teeter on the edge of collapse throughout, and was denied the

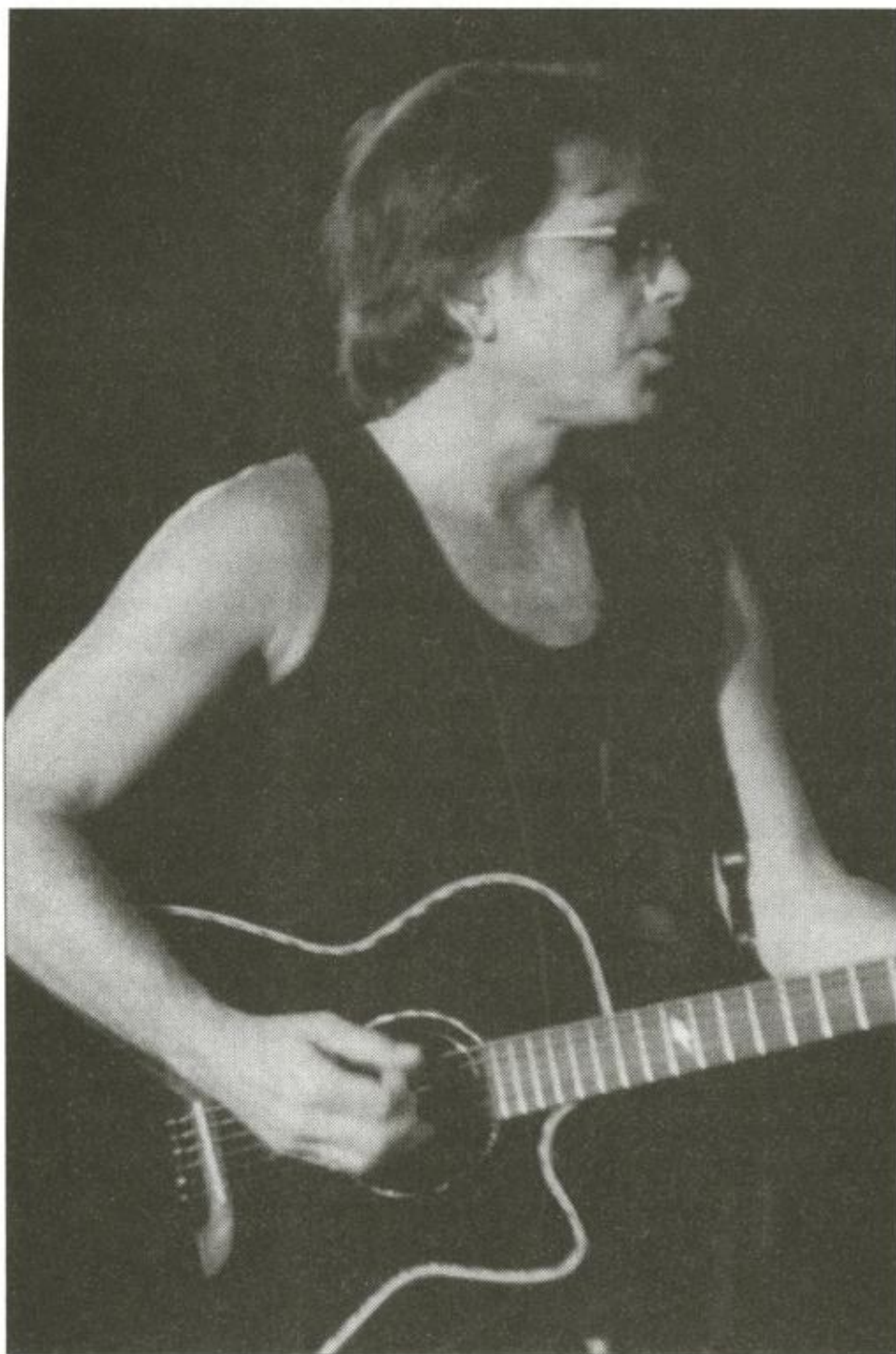


Photo by Bradley S. Gelb

choral finale when Garcia stumbled off the stage. In retrospect, the spirit of that song's lyrical message would seem to be a dead-on exacted response to the brutish behavior evidenced earlier that night, and the recent deterioration of our scene in general.

Although the *Drums > Space* portion of the evening was fantastic and eerie, featuring helicopter sounds, the rest of the band merely went through their paces for the remainder of the night. The house lights stayed on through the encore, a sprightly *Quinn the Eskimo*, which was the Dead's swan song at Deer Creek. After it was over, the jam-packed crowd dispersed with the help of the weary staff and security. I was thankful to get out of there alive.

On Monday, July 3, we found out the second Deer Creek show was canceled, and Indiana soon became a scary place for Deadheads to be. Most were wise to head home, or at least out of town. The situation at Deer Creek focused plenty of media attention and continuing bad publicity on this tour. One thing is certain: When the wreckage cleared, we only had ourselves to blame. The Grateful Dead public letter handed out up the road in St. Louis is for real. If you don't have a ticket, don't go to the show. The trade-off for Sunday night's escapade will surely mean the end of an era at Deer Creek Music Center, one of a dying breed of intimate, acoustically superior venues where Deadheads are no longer welcome. Like the song says, "One way or another, this darkness has got to give." ♦

Take Me To the River

St. Louis 7/5, 6 By Michael Newman

Living in the vastness between Chicago and Denver known as the Great Plains, a Deadhead comes to treat each visit by the band as an event. In fact, the band has only played seven shows in this broad expanse over the last decade. Thankfully, the Dead's thirtieth anniversary tour included a stop only five hours from my home in Topeka, at St. Louis' Riverport Amphitheatre.

Sadly, the expected anticipation of nearby shows was more than slightly tempered by the show-canceling disturbance nights earlier at Deer Creek, and the attendant bad press for the Dead and Heads that resulted. One wondered what the vibe would be at Riverport, and what the mood of the crowd and venue staff would be.

As I began the two-mile trek from hotel to amphitheatre, I began to see signs of the preparations that were taken by the locals to brace for these shows. Carloads of concertgoers were checked for tickets before entering the lot, vending was virtually absent, and for the benefit of any foolish enough to plan an assault on the venue fences, a second line of chain-linked fortification was added, patrolled by police dogs.

The crowd was very well-behaved, almost subdued, outside and within the venue proper. There would be no hassles. Wednesday night, the band kicked things off with *Feel Like a Stranger*, played well enough to indicate that the whole band was focused. *Peggy-O* followed, sweetly played, but with Garcia fumbling for a few lyrics. Very stock if steady readings of *Same Thing*, *Loose Lucy*, and *Childhood's End* came next, the latter plagued by sloppy group vocals in the choruses. By the time Weir began *El Paso*, with virtually inaudible vocals, it was becoming clear that a lack of volume was going to test our patience. The set closed with a straight-ahead *Don't Ease Me In*. A short set of short songs, most definitely a tune-up after the Deer Creek debacle.

In response to the recent death threat against Garcia, the house lights remained on as the second set commenced. A bouncy *Iko* lit the crowd to open. The jam during *Playing Fingers* built a nice, spacey head of steam, ending with delicacy after a strong reprise, and then weaving right into *Crazy Fingers*. *Corrina* continues to evolve in a very positive direction, providing a launching pad for interesting syncopative jams prior to *Drums*, this night's being a standout. During the jam, Garcia stumbled into a circular little guitar figure that he stayed with and expanded. By the time Lesh picked up the groove and was joined by the drummers, the techno-snake dance quality of *Corrina* was getting lost. Weir took over the essence of the riff on rhythm guitar, and Garcia let go of it to solo over the funky rhythm and blues groove. The *Drums* were quite invigorating. At the start of *Space*, some audience members tried to initiate a "turn off the lights" chant to no effect.

Going Down the Road Feeling Bad seemed to be the first direct lyrical reference to the troubles in Indiana, but this rendition was more sober than liberating. The distracting license plate sequence featured during this tune was the only sour bit of video all evening. However Garcia's

country-and-western-style picking during his all too brief solo was delightful. *Throwing Stones* and *Not Fade Away* were nothing more than standard quality fare to close the set.

The return this summer of the once-so-common *Black Muddy River* as encore is a welcome one. This version featured some very playful and confident vocal work from Garcia. The first post-cancellation show ended, blessedly without further dire events.

At the exits, we were presented with a copy of a letter signed by each member of the band. This now-infamous letter contained very strong language placing the responsibility for the continuation of this scene squarely on the shoulders of Deadheads. It was a bold statement, and regardless of what Heads may think of its tone, it was a communiqué long overdue.

Thursday morning brought us more bad tour news. Heavy overnight rains forced many Heads at a nearby campground, overcrowded by irresponsible owners, into a multilevel structure for shelter. A collapse of the structure led to 150 injuries, several serious or critical. Yet another Dead-related disaster was featured on the nightly news broadcasts.

Perhaps due to the effective discouragement of the ticketless the previous evening, traffic seemed to flow more smoothly on Thursday. The show began with a pair of tunes acknowledging St. Louis' river location, *Mississippi Half-Step*, and Reverend Al Green's *Take Me To the River*. Next up was Garcia, performing only the second *Big Boss Man* since 1989. Nice on paper, but in truth, they sort of muddled through. *Me & My Uncle* segued into yet a third river song, *Big River*, featuring some outstanding playing from Garcia. He followed by tuning up *Loose Lucy*. The song had been played at the previous show, and an exchange on the ear-monitors ensued. Garcia reconsidered, and played a *Brown-Eyed Woman* as strong as anything so far that run. The set closed with a solid, jammed-out *Cassidy* made noteworthy by Weir's impassioned falsetto vocals.

The house lights were doused for Thursday's second set, which began with a very smooth and fluid *Eyes Of the World*, which led to an enthusiastically received *Unbroken Chain*, and then *Samba In the Rain*. Weir muffed a couple of lines in an otherwise rocking *Truckin'*. A beautiful *He's Gone* ended in sweet improvisational harmonies. *Drums* and *Space* brought us to an anticipated *Last Time*. This dour caution ended with a crowd left contemplative and quiet, with Weir forgoing the usual rave-up finish. *Stella Blue* was glorious, with Garcia showing off vocally at the end and finishing with a stunning solo. The set-closing *Around 'n' Around* was capped with a very happening and stretched-out boogie-woogie jam which they've been working in for the past year or so. The *Liberty* encore was predictable.

St. Louis '95 is now in the books, with four solid, if not outstanding, sets. Inspired musical moments were there — if you were paying attention. ♦

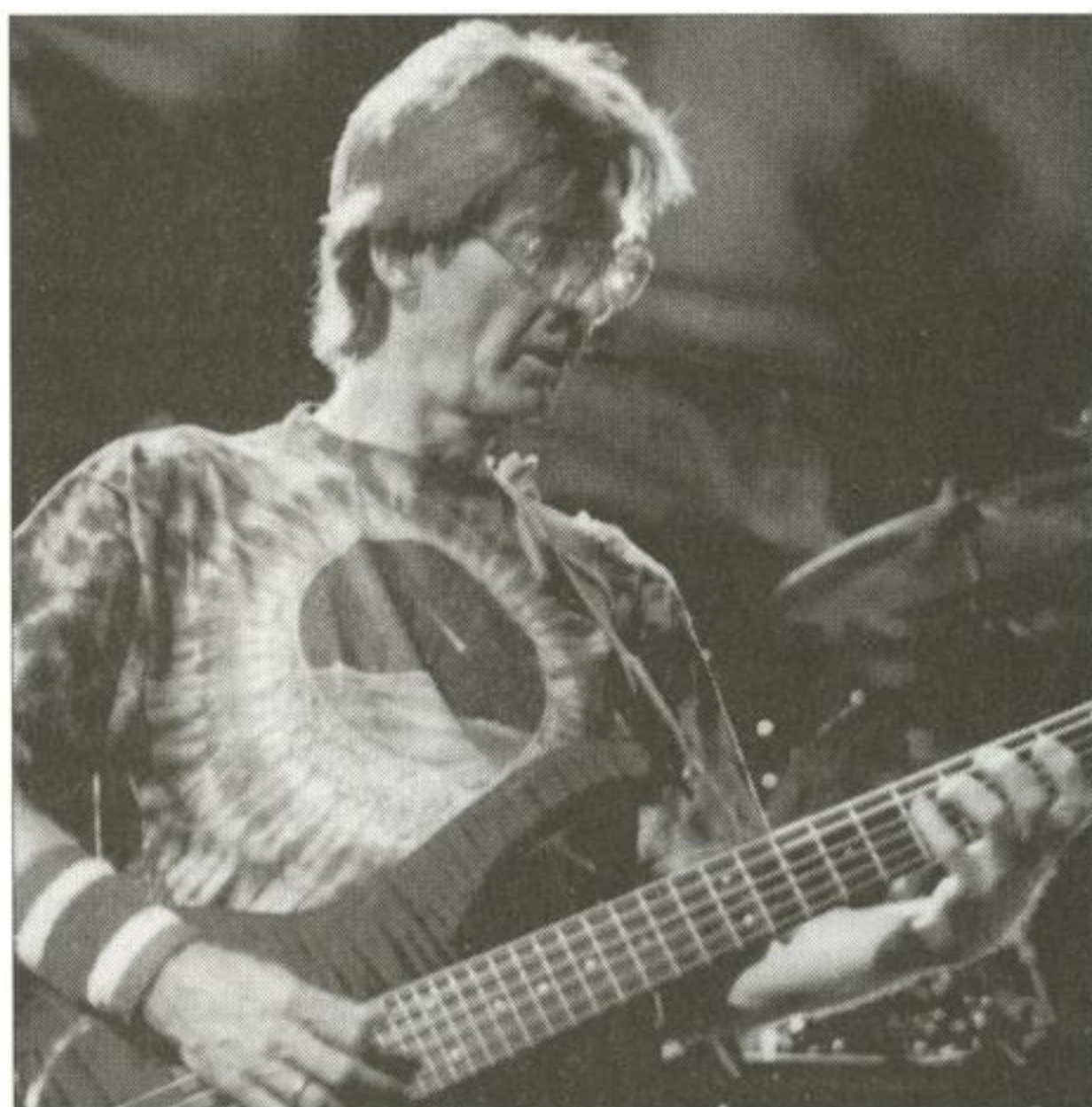


Photo by Bradley S. Gelb

Stones Fall From My Eyes

Soldier Field 7/8, 9 By Bob Siebecker

The prospect of a double bill featuring the Grateful Dead and The Band evokes memories of the epic 1973 concerts at Watkins Glen and RFK. But this is 1995 and the dire news preceding this pair of shows eclipsed the significance of the lineup. After the "lot-hangers-on-turned-mob" debacle at Deer Creek, followed by the tragic pavilion collapse at The Farm near the Riverport venue, the Dead found themselves under the media microscope like never before. The national news coverage attempted to conjure up images of legions of crazed Deadheads who would stop at nothing to get

into a show. And they were descending on Chicago! Like Chicken Little of the children's tale, the news media had been struck on the head with an acorn and was convinced that the sky over Grateful Dead concerts was indeed falling.

Fortunately cooler heads (no pun intended) prevailed. There had been few problems the previous four years at Soldier Field, so only minimal difficulties were expected this year. Chicago's Mayor Daley was quick to point this out to the press, but added that there would be increased security. Local news station WGN went so far as to point out that the Chicago Police made more arrests at a typical Bears football game than a Grateful Dead show.

I arrived at the venue about noon on Saturday. In previous years this would have been early enough to get a decent spot in one of the main lots, but this year was different. Summer tour had grown so massive that all the lots were full well before noon! We would have to park downtown and hoof it in.

Once in the lot, it became evident that fallout from Deer Creek was on many people's minds. Many Heads were engaged in independent projects designed to bring attention to, or apologize for, the problems at Deer Creek. One group was passing out flyers attempting to organize an "Unbroken Chain" of hand-holding ticketless Heads around the venue after the show began. The action was designed to "discourage gate-crashing," "and pray for the brothers and sisters injured at The Farm." Another group was encouraging ticket holders from the canceled show at Deer Creek to donate the proceeds of their refunds to the Rex Foundation. Yet another group sold yellow-and-black "Gate Crashers Suck!" stickers with the intent of donating the proceeds to the Rex Foundation as well. Still another composed a letter entitled "For The Grateful Dead Who Brought Us All Together, We Got It!" in response to the Band's letter of July 5. It was encouraging to see that some Heads had answered the wake-up call.

The Band went on promptly at 6:00 to a half-filled stadium. Their set lasted 70 minutes, with well-received versions

of classics like *The Shape I'm In*, *Stagefright*, *Rag Mama Rag*, an obligatory *Sweet Home Chicago*, and, of course, *The Weight*.

The Dead took the stage a little after 8:00 and tore straight into *Jack Straw*. Then Jerry stepped up with *Sugaree*. While it was a soulful rendition with some lyrical lead guitar solos, it was also the beginning of an evening of lyrical flubs too numerous to mention. Willie Dixon's *Wang Dang Doodle* followed with Vince doing the high harmonies and Bobby taking the second solo. Phil once again proved that he can make a conventional bass line very unconventional and then take it to new heights. Jerry's voice was wonderfully crisp and clear for *Tennessee Jed*, with the audience singing along to humorous phonetic lyrics displayed on the stadium screens around the stage.

The Bob Weir/Willie Dixon composition, *Eternity*, featured Bobby on the acoustic guitar. This song has just continued to grow since I first heard it. Vince stepped out first with a jazzy, piercing electric piano solo, then Jerry followed with some very spacey leads. The tune features a variety of styles which, in typical Dead tradition, work their way from tightness to chaos, then pull back tight again for the last verse. I'm beginning to think of *Eternity* as Bobby's *Bird Song*. *Don't Ease* closed out the eight-song first set.

Second set opened with a big, funky *China > Rider*. The whole stadium started to move with the opening notes, groovin' and squirming. Then Vince took the mic to cover The Beatles' *It's All Too Much*. Ironically, this song seemed to sum up the events of the past week and punctuated them with the line "The more I learn, the less I know." The classic combination of *Saint Of Circumstance > Terrapin* followed, with Jerry bringing *Saint* to a huge crescendo before setting it down gently into an average *Terrapin* marred by more lyrical flubs. Sadly, "inspiration" was forsaken before Jerry's tale was told and done. But the jam out of *Terrapin* was HUGE. Each musician took the lead at one point or another during this jam. As Jerry took his, he rotated toward the drummers, making eye and musical contact with them, bringing the jam to its apogee before handing it off to Bill and Mickey for their special voyage.

Drums featured some MIDI horn effects and sweeping stereo pans reminiscent of the Healy era. Bill stayed out for a while after Mickey left the stage, and then turned the beat over to Bob Bralove to set up the groove for *Space*. The Bralove portion lasted only moments before Bobby, Phil, and Vince reappeared to pick up on the beat Bralove had created. Jerry came out several minutes later and began an *Other One* tease that weaved in and out of the *Space* mosaic for a long time before it actually took off. The transition was seamless and this version of *The Other One* was especially weird and tasty. Grinding to a halt, Jerry began strumming the opening chords to Dylan's *Visions of Jobanna*. Aided

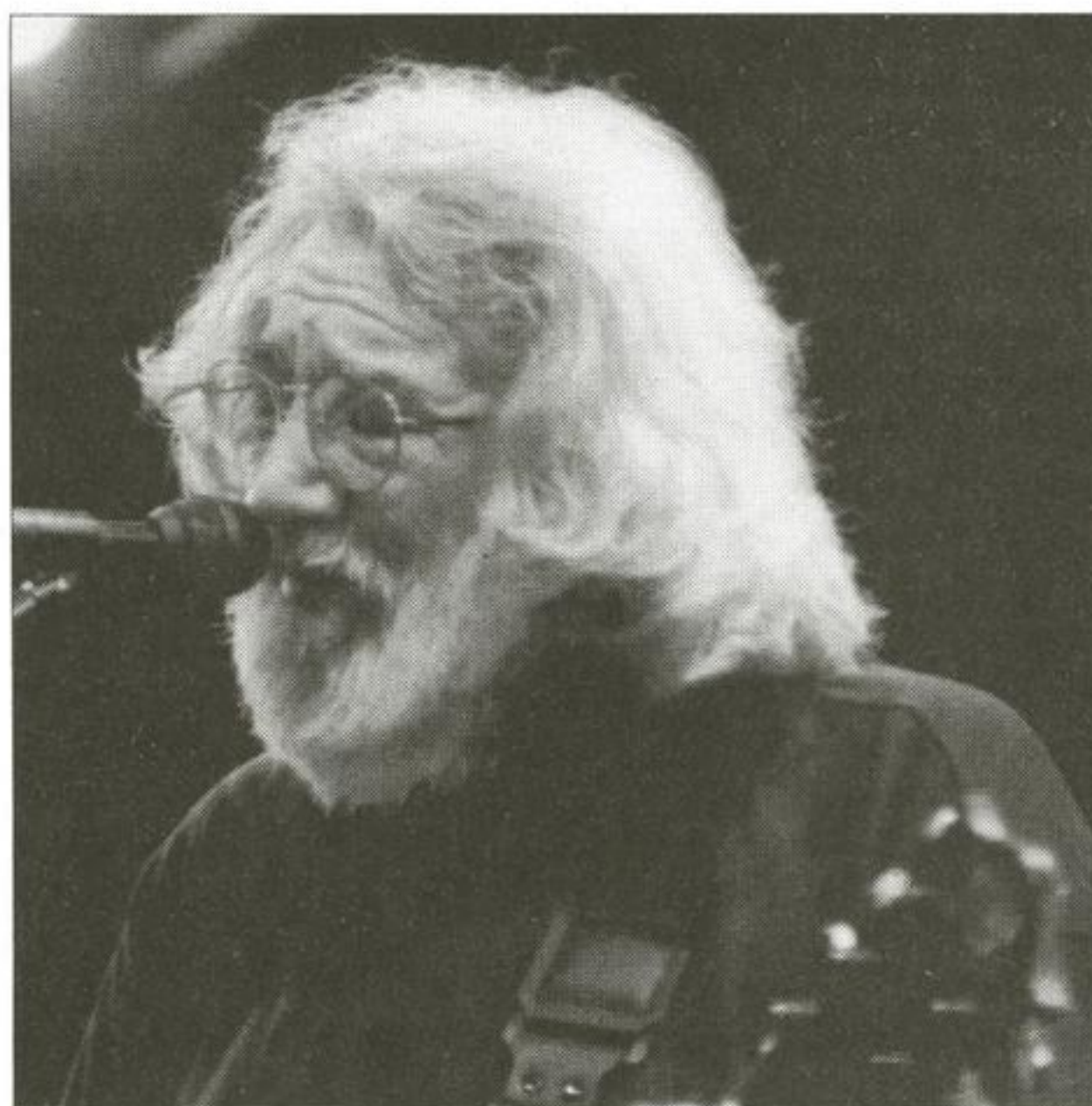


Photo by Bradley S. Gelb

by the TelePrompTer, this was easily Jerry's strongest performance of the night, the high point of the show. His voice was clear and impassioned and, when he reached the "Mona Lisa must've had those highway blues" verse, his voice climaxed and his fist shot into the air in classic Garcia fashion. The crowd roared their approval. *One More Saturday Night* closed the set. Jerry's encore attempt at *U.S. Blues* was further proof that he could benefit from a TelePrompTer on the older songs as well as the new.

The mood at Sunday's show was much mellower in contrast to Saturday's alcohol-fueled crowd. The Band performed another solid set, this evening ending with the long-awaited crowd-pleasers *Cripple Creek* and *Life Is a Carnival*.

After a break lasting over an hour, The Boys took to the stage and opened with their anthem *Touch Of Grey*. The screens on either side of the stage displayed video of a "Gate Crashers Suck!" T-shirt which was met by cheers of approval from the crowd. Bobby and Jerry approached *Little Red Rooster* as though it was a duet for slide guitar, with Bobby playing a screeching lead high over the pickups while Jerry worked the low end of his guitar neck. *Lazy River Road* and *Masterpiece* followed, before Phil stepped up with a passionate version of *Childhood's End*. Happily, the distinctive shuffle of this year's first *Cumberland Blues* materialized and the crowd was treated to a taste of "The Good Ol' Grateful Dead." Chuck Berry's ripping *Promised Land* closed the set.

After another interminably long break they opened second set with a funky, classic *Shakedown Street*. Once again, Jerry suffered from lyrical amnesia and his solo amounted to little more than a repetitive shuffle. Vince, on the other hand, stood out with another very jazzy and lyrical solo, probably the best part of the song. Bobby then held Sunday services for the crowd with *Samson & Delilah*. These opening songs suffered from muddled sound throughout the stadium, presumably a result of the PA system.

Garcia once again proved that ballads are currently his strong suit with an *enormous*, heartfelt performance of *So Many Roads*. In fact, this was very likely the most passionate version ever — Garcia went *nuts* at the end with amazing lyrical improvisations, "Oh, I've been down that road... I've been walking down that road.... LORD...SO MANY ROADS!!!" It was so powerful many Heads were actually driven to tears! This was so well received that even *Samba In the Rain*, which followed, didn't bring the audience down! Jerry's solo featured a thoroughly convincing MIDI trumpet effect. *Corrina* followed, but like the previous evening's *Terrapin*, the highlight of the song was the jam which followed. It started out slow, but Phil seized the working oar and sent it *waay* out there. For several minutes

Phil was taking the solo himself, while the rest of the band acted as his rhythm section. As the jam wound down to the *Drums* segment, Phil remained on-stage long after the others had left, creating magnificent thunder with Bill and Mickey before his own exit. The highlight was Mickey's maniacal beating on The Beam with steel tubes, creating a rhythm which was picked up by Bralove and eventually given to the band when they returned for *Space*. The band worked into a syncopated rhythm before it turned really spacey. The lilting opening notes of *Unbroken Chain* burned through the musical fog and the crowd rose to their feet. This was the first time *Unbroken Chain* came out of *Space*, obviously the perfect spot for it. This song has it all — Phil's classic GD lyrics and a prototypical "jazz-rock" jam. Definitely a highlight of the show. Then, just as Jerry was about to launch into *Morning Dew*, Bobby beat him to the punch with what turned out to be a hyper-energetic *Sugar Magnolia*.

The encores (plural!) started with the recently revived ballad, *Black Muddy River*. Again Jerry's voice was crisp and clear, in contrast to numerous muddled moments on this tour. Then Phil surprised everyone, including I suspect, the band, with a quick four-count into *Box Of Rain*, a perfect choice for the finale of an all-too-rare double encore. As per Chicago tradition, the crowd was treated to a beautiful fireworks display, synchronized to Jimi Hendrix's rendition of *The Star Spangled Banner*. As ugly as it was, summer tour '95 ended on a very, very high note.

I have mixed feelings about these shows. Overall they were very enjoyable and the setlists were great. But, once again, Jerry suffered from lyrical amnesia and many of his solos were wandering and repetitive. He seems to prefer placing more emphasis on the slow ballads than the long, intricate jams which are the band's trademark. While the group is

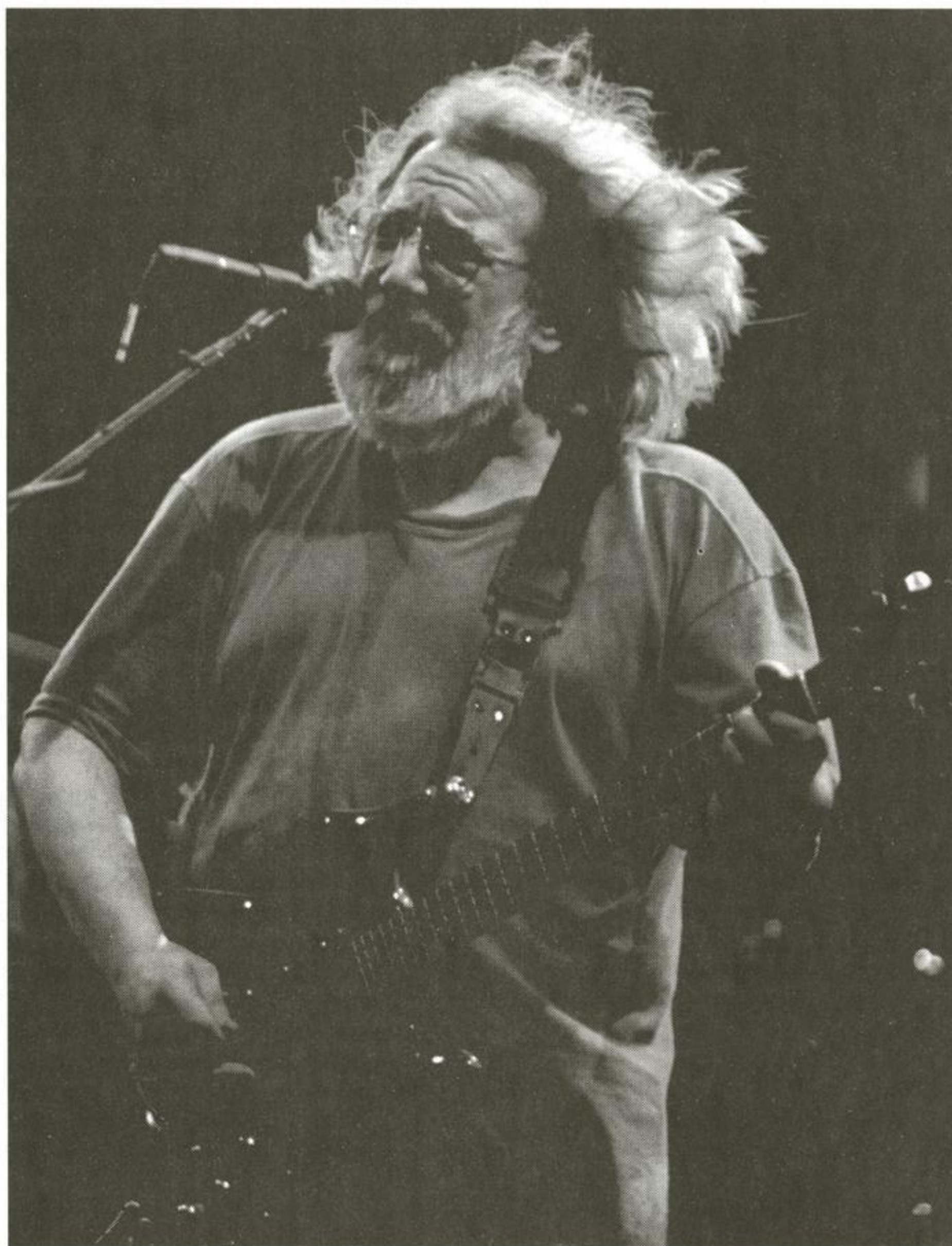


Photo by Rob Cohn

comprised of six individuals, each contributing to a sum greater than its parts, many fans, justly or unjustly, equate the quality of a show with Jerry Garcia's performance. At Soldier Field, Jerry's performance lacked in many respects. The saving grace, however, was the rest of the band's ability to step forward admirably and fill in the gaps.

Deaditor's note: In retrospect, the Dead's last concert ended with storybook perfection. Garcia's final two songs were tales meant to be told at the end of one's life, and he delivered them with stunning emotion. Bobby, who may very well have cut off Jerry from going into Morning Dew, at least ended with his very best closer, Sugar Mags. And a great version it was, too. Phil, who

sang three, yes, three songs in this show, ended with the two we Deadheads love most. Short of ending with We Bid You Goodnight, could the Dead have ended with anything more perfect than Box Of Rain? We think not. In the end, with plenty of time for reflection, nothing sums up the finality of Jerry's last tour (and the obvious personal plight he was enduring) better than the last words he sang onstage:

When it seems like the night will last forever
And there's nothing left to do but count the years
When the strings of my heart start to sever
And stones fall from my eyes instead of tears

I will walk alone by the black muddy river
And dream me a dream of my own
I will walk alone by the black muddy river
And sing me a song of my own
And sing me a song of my own

Black Muddy River, © Robert Hunter ◇

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DARK STAR

THE LEGEND CONTINUES BY ROB BOWMAN

The following essay is an excerpt from the extensive historical and technical notes which come with "Grayfolded," a double-album length Dark Star "composite" featuring several dozen concert performances of the song mixed together by renowned audio wizard John Oswald. We've featured this excerpt because, in our opinion, the complete liner notes are the most enlightening musings so far on the Dead's most loved, yet least definable song — Dark Star.

"Grayfolded" is a record of some twenty-five years of the Grateful Dead's incendiary performances of *Dark Star*. And what a version it is! Producer/composer John Oswald bends, folds, and manipulates without equanimity a band whose aesthetic from the word go has actively embraced the exploration of previously uncharted terrain. The net result, spanning two discs and nearly two hours, is a meta-*Dark Star* that, in a very special way, functions as an aural metaphor of a previously unplayed one-song Grateful Dead second set. In another sense "Grayfolded" serves as Oswald's take on a quarter century of the history of the Dead.

Dark Star has long held a special place within the Dead's canon. Over the years live performances of the piece have ranged from five to near fifty-five minutes. For Deadheads it epitomizes what is often referred to as the "zone," a special magical, mysterious, and spacey place that few musical ensembles can ever hope to reach. A regular part of the band's repertoire from late 1967 through 1974, the Dead performed the song a mere five times over the next fifteen years despite near constant audience demand for its regular inclusion in their concerts. Already laden with substantial baggage, the longer the song stayed out of the set, the more mythology it took upon itself. Since 1989 the band has performed *Dark Star* five or six times each year, each version evoking wave after wave of climactic audience response.

Dead lyricist Robert Hunter echoes the thoughts of many when he spoke about "Grayfolded": "What the Dead do on *Dark Star* is what the Dead are, that's what they do best. What defines the Dead is *Dark Star*."

Hunter and Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia co-wrote the song in the summer of 1967. Long-standing friends, the two songsmiths had previously composed a folk tune they titled *The*

Black Cat in the early 1960's but since then Hunter had moved away to New Mexico. Hearing of the formation of the Grateful Dead, the poet and lyricist had mailed Garcia several poems which became the lyrics to *Alligator*, *St. Stephen*, and *China Cat Sunflower*. Upon relocating in San Francisco, Hunter hooked up with his old friends and soon thereafter traveled with the band to Rio Nido on the Russian River to hear them play *Alligator* live in concert.

The Dead were in Rio Nido in part to work on new material before embarking on their first national tour. The basic riffs and rhythmic groove for what became *Dark Star* were among the things they were rehearsing that weekend.

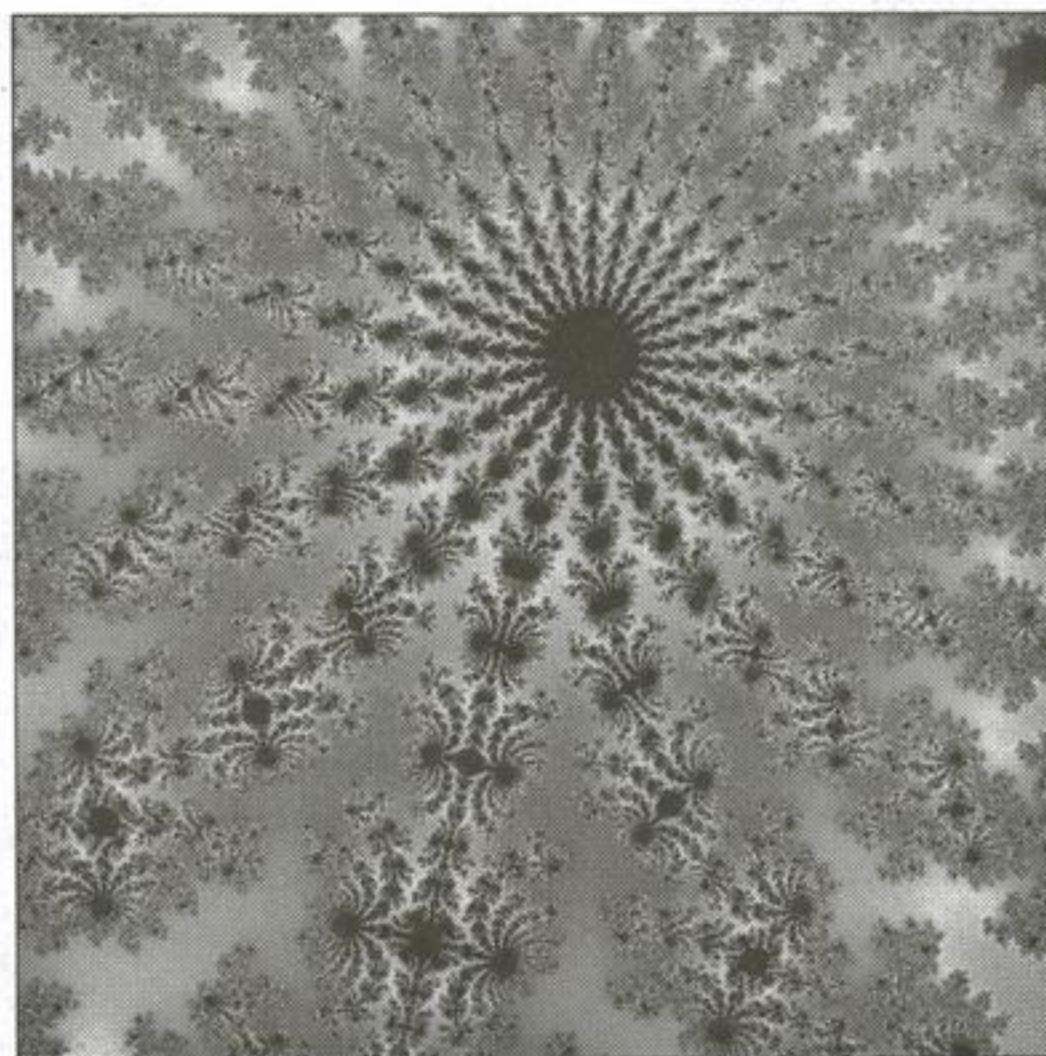
Hunter's decision to see this particular gig would be fortuitous. For the first time he wrote a set of lyrics in symbiosis with musical ideas being worked on by the band. *Dark Star* became the result.

"I was in my cabin," recalls Hunter. "They were rehearsing in the hall [about 100 feet away] and you could hear from there. I heard the music and I just started writing '*Dark Star*' just lying on my bed. I wrote the first half of it and I went in and I think I handed what I'd written to Jerry. He said, 'Oh, this will fit just fine,' and he started singing it. That's true collaboration. I mean I actually heard the Grateful Dead playing it and those were the words that it seemed to be saying. I'm

going to take a big stretch here and say the music seemed to be saying that and I transcribed it.

"That did it for the time being. Then a couple of days or weeks later — days/weeks, what were those in those days — he said he'd like as much material again. So I went out and sat in the panhandle of Golden Gate Park. I was sitting there writing some more lyrics for it and a hippie came up and offered me a joint. I took a hit on that and he said, 'What are you writing?' I said, 'This is a song called *Dark Star* — remember that, it's gonna be important!' He said, 'Far out.' Off he went and I finished writing it."

Subsequent to writing the lyrics for *Dark Star*, Hunter was asked by Garcia to become the lyricist-in-residence for the band. *Dark Star* itself, had come very easily. As best Hunter can recall, the first verse probably took fifteen to twenty minutes to write while the second verse came together in less than a half an hour. Taken together, the two verses are strongly suggestive without enabling the listener to ever pin



down in specific terms what is actually being said. The beginning of the refrain — "shall we go, you and I while we can" — came from the T.S. Eliot poem *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*.

Lyrics in hand, Jerry Garcia began working on a melody to go with the basic riff and groove that Hunter had overheard in Rio Nido. "I was in a certain bag at the time as far as writing was concerned," explains Garcia. "It had to do with taking a line of notes, a simple melody and just letting the background to it shift in an effort to change its sort of emotional ambiance musically speaking. That was in the back of my mind when I started fooling around with the basic idea of it."

Garcia describes the opening fanfare and basic rhythmic motif as "like a two-bar honk. That's like the fundamental rhythmic piece," continues the guitarist. "You can think of that as figured bass. It's early counterpoint in the same sense that *Cold Rain and Snow* is. It was something that I was doing at that time stylistically. I had it on a few other tunes. If you listen around, you'll see bits and pieces of it all over the place in terms of that fundamental idea."

As Garcia indicates, the idea of bass/guitar counterpoint was intrinsic to the stylistic alchemy of the Dead in general. That said, it was perhaps nowhere more in evidence than on *Dark Star*. Phil Lesh laughingly concurs: "Some reviewer described the way I play as being 'Like a sandworm in heat wrapped around Garcia's guitar line.' I love that line and it does describe that really because it's like we're playing chasing the train which is a lot of fun. I try to do that all the time but *Dark Star* is supposed to do that."

Although the Dead had long been extending songs via extensive and wide-ranging improvisation, *Dark Star* was one of the first, if not the first, songs that the Dead deliberately left open-ended, each night attempting to ferret out a new avenue via which to eventually segue into another piece.

What has constituted *Dark Star* over the years has remained fluid. The first few years saw the drummers often accompany the verse with maracas and/or scraper and/or tambourine and gong, deploying the full trap set during the instrumental sections. Those early versions were also notable for organ countermelodies, for the most part courtesy of Tom Constanten (T.C.) who gigged regularly with the band from November 1968 through January 1970. In 1969 and 1970, as the Dead's sonic wanderings became increasingly bold, feedback sections began to be featured prominently within the confines of the tune.

According to Lesh there was some discussion among band members as to how the song could best be explored in concert. "At one point during the seventies we consciously agreed that before the first verse would be relatively

straightforward and tonal, with improvisations more or less related to the stuff, and then after the first verse we'd get really strange and throw everything to the winds and see what came up. Then, after the second verse, we would try to bring it back a little to some area where we could evolve into another song."

From 1971 through the Dead's "retirement" in October 1974, the band's playing in general became increasingly jazzy, strongly reminiscent of Miles Davis' apocalyptically intense *Live/Evil* period. The Dead had actually shared a bill with Miles at the Fillmore West in [1970]. "It was at the height of the *Bitches Brew* period," recounted Lesh. "The deepest shit he ever did. Miles was an influence on everybody. He's probably an influence on people who aren't even musicians. The *Bitches Brew* thing was so amazing because it took everything that we were doing and that we were trying to do and took it another 200 miles down the road. It was definitely an influence just in the way everybody played."

While the Dead's 1971 versions tended to be quiet and spacious, by 1974 the intensity of some versions was shocking. The various ways the tune was recontextualized were often startling. For one notable example, check out

the October 18, 1974 *Dark Star*, the last one played by the band before retirement. The Dead turned it into a funk tune! The *Space* section, in particular, often became very frenetic. Concomitantly, performances of the song took on their greatest lengths during this period, some peaking at just under an hour, and the explorations became unbelievably wild, at points approaching the extraterrestrial.

The Dead's "retirement" lasted from October 20, 1974 through June 3, 1976. In between, they played four special gigs, none of which included *Dark Star*. When they resumed regular touring in the summer of 1976, *Dark Star* was nowhere to

be found. In fact, it would not be played again until New Year's 1978, reprised twice in January 1979, tucked away again until New Year's 1981, brought back out for a split second (in relative "*Dark Star* time") for July of 1984, and then shelved again until October 1989. With a piece enveloped in so much mythology, the longer it stayed out of rotation, the greater the pressure from Deadheads to bring it back. Such a decision to continually refuse to play it could not have been made so lightly.

"We burnt out on it," sighs Garcia. "What happens to me is all of a sudden I feel like I haven't got a thing to say in this context. I really believe I have played as much of this as I possibly can and I feel very empty. I feel if I have to play this song one more time, I'm just gonna break something. I get bored. That's what that was all about. I wish I didn't. I wish I could just stay on top of it forever. The thing is, it has to be good. That tune, it isn't quite satisfying. If I were writing it now, I would go for something else in it. I would challenge myself a little more."



Garcia's need to "surprise" himself is one of the fundamental points at which the aesthetics of John Oswald and the Grateful Dead coincide. Another aesthetic the two artists share is the idea that there is no necessarily definitive version of a given musical idea. "All of our music," offers Garcia, "is really a process. *Dark Star* is a good example. It's not a work, it's not like an opus — now it's done, here's the tune, play it this way always, everybody play this tempo always, here are the expression marks. It isn't like that. What we do is an ongoing procedure. The procedure sometimes coughs up a magical relationship with the music and other people can dig it too. We're definitely a process band."

With that thought in mind, "Grayfolded" can be viewed as part of that process, a particularly unique and interesting realization that combines several of the more unusual surprises the Dead have "coughed up" over a quarter century. The two discs, subtitled "Transitive Axis" and "Mirror Ashes," although coalescing as one continuous entity, were mostly constructed/composed/improvised a full twelve months apart. It is perhaps not surprising then that there is much that is different in Oswald's approach to the two discs.

The preparation for "Grayfolded" was intense and time-consuming. All told Oswald spent twenty-one days in the Dead's vault listening and dubbing tapes, coming away with over 100 versions of *Dark Star* and related material. "Quite often music that was labeled *Dark Star* on the Dead's tape boxes," relates Oswald, "was unique material, it was improvisations that they would never play again. So what was *Dark Star* and what wasn't *Dark Star* was open to debate.

Inadvertently I'd come across all sorts of other material. One of the things I wanted to focus on was those nebulous areas where they're making a transition from one piece of material to another. In a sense "Grayfolded" is not exclusively a big *Dark Star*, because you can hear substantial forays into, for instance, *The Other One* or the *Spanish Jam*. So the album is I think a wider view of the Dead from a *Dark Star* perspective."

Once Oswald was back in his Mystery Lab studio he began to experiment with the forty hours of digital transfers of the Grateful Dead's music that he had selected. The process was equal parts intuition and problem solving. Much of it was simply trial and error. Oswald was originally quite confident that he could create a sixty to eighty minute piece that would fit comfortably on one CD. While working on "Transitive Axis" he came to the conclusion that to limit it to one CD would mean leaving out some of the material he was most enthralled with, including the early seventies jazz-oriented jams that one hears for about eight minutes prior to the vocal on *The Speed Of Space*. Hence, the decision to make "Grayfolded" a two-disc set.

"I had set materials but not a set structure. It was a problem of getting a lot of materials that had connecting elements but weren't necessarily pervasively cohesive to fit together in something that did sound hopefully pervasively cohesive." The structure ultimately seems to be the second set of a Grateful Dead show from Oswald's perspective front and center.

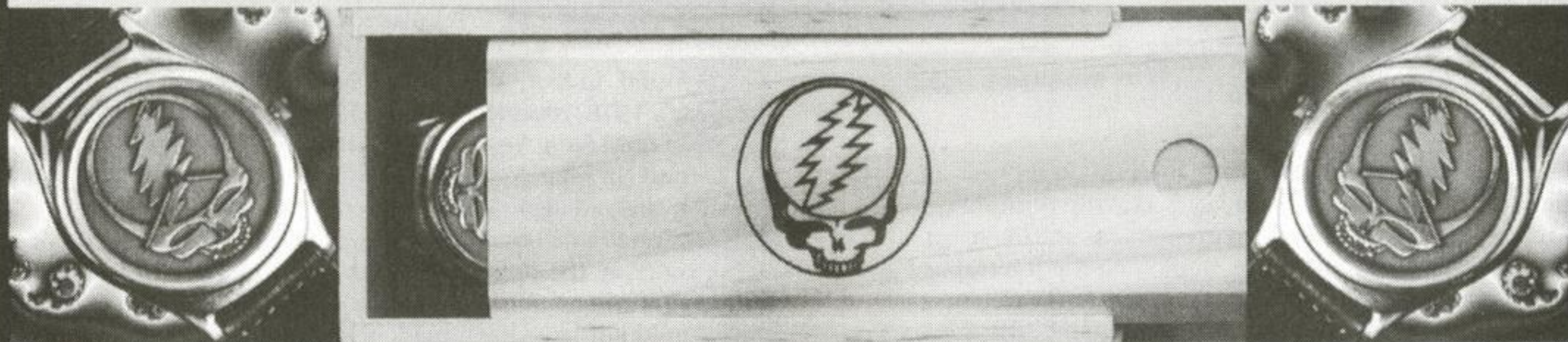
For Oswald, one of the most important places to make this manifest was in handling the vocals. A number of different

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approaches were attempted including the construction of an extended verse comprised of repeated lyric lines phasing for a three-minute section of vocal canons. At one point Oswald considered working through the lyrics backwards. Ultimately he handled the vocals very differently on the two discs. On "Transitive Axis" he built up to the initial vocal with a long accelerando comprised of several performances from 1969. Theoretically the vocal verse was the payoff after the accelerando but the words are scrambled, various combinations heard at various moments from the twenty-six minute mark until the end of the disc. In contrast, on "Mirror Ashes" both verses are sung in their entirety, each word in its proper order but the two verses happen to be overlaid on top of each other and, of course, as was the case with the first disc, multiple live versions spanning the gamut of material at Oswald's disposal were used, often with a syllable from one performance juxtaposed with a syllable from another. The opening "Dark" on both discs, although handled very differently, was taken from the same composite mix of several versions.

Oswald also found himself having to pay careful attention to transition sections. Two of the richest on "Mirror Ashes" are the transitions coming out of *73rd Star Bridge Sonata* into *Cease Tone Beam* and that which precedes the verse in *The Speed Of Space*. For the former, Oswald engineered a fade where, instead of all parts having their intensities lowered at the same time, various parts of the frequency spectrum were gradually eliminated from the low end on up. What are finally left are simply the very highest frequencies of the cymbals which remain at full intensity. The main conundrum for getting into the verse was how to mask a rather significant tempo change from the aggressive groove that

concludes the preceding jazz fold to the much quicker vocal section Oswald had constructed. The solution turned out to be the sound of an audience "whoosh" imported as a sign that they "recognized" the verse was about to start.

One of the other particularly interesting choices Oswald made to move from one sonic region to another was a one-minute "solo" drum swarm of Kodo-drum-like intensity created by the superimposition of at least sixty-four Bill Kreutzmanns, creating what Oswald calls an "overall forest effect." This high level of time compression was partially created as a counterbalance to what turned out to be a longer-than-usual *Space* section. A similarly intense effect was created in "Transitive Axis" where numerous Jerry Garcias were compiled from several different nights over a period of about a month from 1969 to produce what Oswald terms "cats" and what I hear as "the squall."

What I find particularly fascinating is that before starting this project, "Live Dead" was the only album by the Dead which Oswald possessed (he got it back in 1969), and he had never experienced the group live in concert. In a sense he has approached "Grayfolded" as a virgin to the Grateful Dead experience. How much more impressive then is his achievement. I would never have thought that anyone but the band members themselves could so successfully grasp the alchemy at hand and, in effect, hop on the bus. What a long strange trip it's been? Well, it just got a little bit stranger. ♦

Rob Bowman is a Toronto-based ethnomusicologist specializing in popular music who teaches at York University. Nominated for two Grammy Awards, he has earned an international reputation as a compiler, producer, and liner note writer for his work on close to 100 CD reissues. He is currently working on a book on Stax Records.

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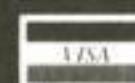
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30 YEARS UPON OUR HEADS



A Roundtable Discussion with John Dwork, David Gans, Blair Jackson, and Steve Silberman

Early this summer, before the serious troubles on tour went down and Garcia passed away, Dupree's Co-Publisher Johnny Dwork sat down with Steve Silberman, (co-author of *Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads*), David Gans (host of the *Grateful Dead Hour* and author of *Playing in the Band and Conversations with the Dead*), and Blair Jackson (editor and author of the illustrious *Golden Road* magazine, *The Music Never Stopped*, and *Goin' Down the Road: A Grateful Dead Traveling Companion*). The object was to discuss what it means to be a "dedicated" Deadhead. We were pretty pleased with how this piece ended up — it speaks clearly of the love and passion we all share for this thing called the Grateful Dead Experience. In light of what happened on summer tour, we thought this entire piece might have to be scrapped. And then Garcia died! However, in light of this epochal turn of events we now see this piece as being exactly perfect. This discussion took place at a time in which the participants were free of all the doubt, fear, and uncertainty which this summer's events have brought to our scene. We believe it is an excellent snapshot of what it was like to be a Deadhead in the autumn days of the touring Grateful Dead. Hopefully, the passion, optimism, objectivity, and dedication demonstrated here will remind us what we need to carry in our hearts as we travel into the future....

The earliest many-hour raps about the Dead I can recall took place on the floor of my friend Alan's bedroom in Edison, NJ, in 1973. Alan was the first Deadhead I knew: brilliant, quirky, well-liked, skinny, Jewish, and genuinely enthusiastic, with an A-frame of frizz overhanging his eyes that always included you in the Cosmic Joke. I remember someone kvetching, "At Alan's, you get a real choice of music — Grateful Dead or Bob Weir!"

Alan, it goes without saying, was a stoner, and because his room was at a safe remove from his parents' master bedroom, Alan's shag-carpeted corner of the universe was every teen pothead's dream — you could play music, roll them bones, and sprawl over beanbag chairs till dawn. We'd spin "Wake of the Flood" and "Europe '72," and when the night's journey was far enough along, "Aoxomoxoa" and "Live/Dead," and talk and talk and talk as the air swirled with flying carpets embroidered by M. C. Escher, until the words ran over a cliff edge of astonished silence.

It was between giggle attacks in these night-long rap sessions that we opened our callow minds to the Great Ideas of humanity, soundings and eureka's I later recognized — from having been there — in such logs of the Quest as the *Tao Te Ching*, Hesse's *Narcissus and Goldmund*, Melville's *Moby Dick*, Ginsberg's *Kaddish*, and Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. The sacred states human beings have sought from psychedelic allies for thousands of years opened their gateless gates for us, too, suburban kids gathered around a candle, profound melodies vibrating our insides.

When John Dwork (JD), the founding editor of this magazine, offered to host a roundtable discussion by David Gans (DG), Blair Jackson (BJ), John himself, and me (SS) concerning "The State of the Dead 1995," I entered into it in the casual, free-ranging spirit of those sessions at Alan's.

John was a bit more ambitious: "We may not be on the bridge of the ship," he suggested, "but we're on the prow, scanning the horizon." (After the difficult events of summer tour that followed this roundtable by a matter of weeks, David saltily appended, "We're also in the bilge, bailing as hard as we can!")

Though the night's riffing preserved here is not essentially different from Deadhead conclaves in a thousand dorm rooms, suburban schwag-dens, and backwoods kivas any night of the week, the fact that each of the four participants has been "on the bus" for at least 20 years — and have found their vocations in articulating their thoughts on this grand subject — hopefully lends this discussion a worthwhile perspective. At the least, like the taped high raps in Jack Kerouac's *Visions of Cody*, this slice of Deadhead life will cast light for future scholars who want to know what four Heads sitting around on the eve of the Dead's Shoreline run in June of 1995 had on their minds.

(Alan, by the way, is now an accomplished instructor of classical piano. The punch line of the Cosmic Joke came around 20 years later, when, on the very morning that I submitted the *Skeleton Key* manuscript to my publisher, there was a message on my voicemail: "Is this Steve Silberman, from Edison? You probably don't remember me, but my name is Alan..." I remembered him.)

— Steve Silberman

JD: What I wanted to do was to have us get together and talk about the state of the Dead: where we came from as a community and where we are now — whether it's hell in a bucket, or heaven on Earth, or both. A good place to start is asking how and why we are drawn to this particular experience, the Grateful Dead Experience.

SS: I could never generalize it. Everybody sees the Dead scene with the eyes of their own background, their own needs, and hopes. I can't imagine what it would be like to be 14 now, going to my first show at Shoreline tomorrow — I can imagine the enthusiasm, I can imagine what kind of experience I might hope to have, but I was 14 in the early '70s.

JD: I remember when I was 15, I had all these questions about life. I had this yearning for my life to mean something, for some sort of resounding reflection from some other life-force that told me there was something more than buying into the self-limiting mentality of the status quo.

DG: I had that too, but nothing in the Dead assuaged that for me. I think one of the things which kept me from being subsumed in the insanity is that I was never willing to subjugate myself to the Grateful Dead's pathology, gestalt, or whatever it is.

JD: There's a difference between needing an inspirational force in your life, and becoming addicted to it.

DG: Right. Obviously I've forged a nice life for myself out of my affiliation with the Grateful Dead, and I will be eternally grateful to them for that. But one of the central conflicts of my life is the problem of being too closely identified with the Dead, and the stigma of that out in the real world. Being classified as a Deadhead disqualifies you from a lot of discussions.

JD: I don't go right up to people and say, "I'm a Deadhead." At the same time, the GD Experience came along at a time when I needed a force to give me the inspiration to pursue my own creative efforts, and I'm damn proud of that positive influence. The reason the Dead have been so important for me is because they showed me, as clearly as any other single force, what one can do with one's own life. I don't hide that benefit in conversations.

DG: I'll go along with that completely.

JD: The Dead's music has been about celebrating on the planet. Think of how much energy happens on this planet that's about violence, anger, and manipulation, and the Grateful Dead's music has always been about the positive.

SS: I disagree. I think one of the reasons I was so attracted to Dead shows when I was young was because I would take acid and have an experience of awe — which is sometimes closer to terror than it is to a pleasant buzz — and the Dead were the only group that played music that was as frightening and shadowy and primordial as I felt inside.

BJ: I agree with John on this. I think the overall hit of the Grateful Dead is *Sugar Magnolia*, but what makes that so joyous so often is that you've just come through *Stella Blue* or *Wharf Rat* or *Days Between*, and you get that release.



L-R: David Gans, Blair Jackson, Steve Silberman, and John Dwork

JD: I should have made clear that what I consider joyous isn't necessarily hedonistic or happy. I consider my life joyous if I'm experiencing everything as fully as I can. Listen to a great *Morning Dew* and tears well up in my eyes. For me that's joy, the joy of acknowledging the beauty of the pain, instead of running from it.

DG: The word I would ascribe to all of that is "grace": those times when you know you're fulfilling your purpose on Earth — whether you're

merging with the body of another person, or the communal ecstatic experience. I agree with Steve that the scary parts do that just as well.

SS: It's the organic wholeness that gets me off — the Dead stay true in their music to whatever is coming through them at the time. I remember a show at Cal Expo. The first set was very "up," but the exuberance felt a little forced, to me. I felt this strange energy in the crowd, and it wasn't being expressed through the *up* songs. Early in the second set they played the hell out of *Victim*, which is not a crowd-pleaser. It really struck me as authentic — an intense exorcism of difficult energy — and the authenticity of it was inspiring to me. Night after night, it strikes me that in the first set they're working something out, and in the second set they'll hit a groove that is that night's groove. It wouldn't have been the groove of the night before or the night after — it's the organic shape of that living moment.

JD: They have this uncanny ability to weave an ephemeral costume on the invisible bones of the audience's collective

unconscious, just enough so we can see and feel the energy field we're all creating, or are part of, in that moment.

DG: That sense of quest, of going out there to see what it's going to be this time.

JD: That word, "quest," is a good one: that you actually have to go out and search for your own meaningful path. It's not handed to you on a plate. The Hero's Journey. To try and get there, through hook or by crook, on the night when the magic is happening — to be part of that meaningful moment. That's one of the things that's largely been missing in our society over the last 30 or 40 years, that the Grateful Dead Experience offers people.

DG: Also, nobody bullshits you about the fact that the moment happened, whether you were there or not. It gives you an opportunity to participate in those moments of grace, and it also gives you the humility of recognizing that it's got very little to do with you.

JD: At the same time, one of the most important lessons is learning you have the opportunity to create a state of grace in your own life. A good number of us have become too reliant on other people to create that moment of grace, rather than for us to see that example of grace, and then go back to our daily lives, and create it in whatever we do.

SS: One of the interesting things about writing *Skeleton Key*, talking to so many different kinds of people who identified themselves as Deadheads, was I realized that people are doing it in ways you'd never dream of. Physicists who are trying to do their equations with that sense of grace. The Dead scene sheds sparks, which get carried off into so many individual ways of expressing that energy.

JD: The Dead Experience has always been paradoxical. One's perception is often that there's this incredible energy coming off of the stage, that the Dead are channeling this energy. Our perception overall rates the energy as something positive and graceful. At the same time, at any Grateful Dead show, there's a lot of negativity going on. Think of what people put up with to go a Dead concert. First there's the process of filling out the mail order cards exactly perfectly, then going to the post office, then the praying and dovening period. Then the tickets finally come, and you go, and you're basically treated like cattle for a couple of hours. And the Dead themselves have always had this bizarre energy — there are a lot of shadows amidst the light.

DG: I really got that most strongly the first time I saw the Dead at Madison Square Garden. Rebecca Adams [a sociologist who studies the Deadhead community] pointed it out to me the first time she came to the Greek Theatre: "Boy, you guys have got it so easy." I compared the experience at the Greek to the Garden — people working their jobs all

day, waiting for the bright point at the end of a month of drudgery. They get on the subway and schlep down, they step over puke and bodies, running this incredible gauntlet to get into the Garden. You see people finally making it in and letting out this gigantic scream of delight as they head for their seats. These people just went through a tunnel of shit to get there. We were so spoiled. The Greek — you got in and, for three hours before the show, you picnicked.

JD: If Deadheads came to the Greek without the band it would be a great experience!

BJ: I remember at the Greek and Frost, when the band would come out onstage, it was like, "Wow, it's been so great up till now, and now we get a show!"

DG: Exactly. That's what Rebecca was noticing: California Heads seemed spoiled.

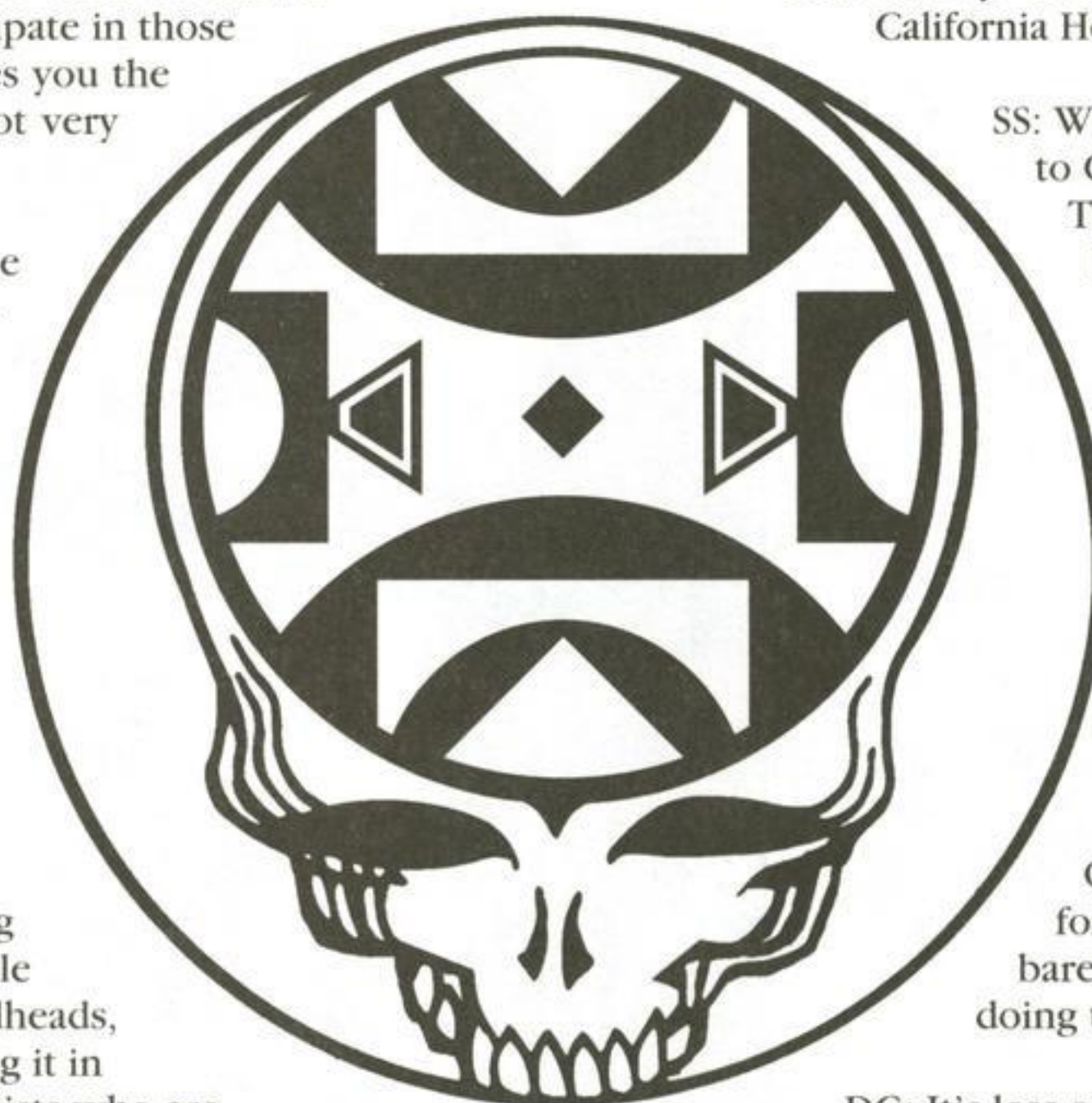
SS: Well, I moved out here so I could go to Greek and Frost and Kaiser shows. Then again, last fall, I saw my first East Coast tour since 1979, and I loved the shows. The Garden felt like a very homey temple to me. Everybody knew each other. I had these visions from when I was young, of the Garden being a cavernous building. Now that I've been in larger buildings, it doesn't seem that big. The shows last fall seemed quite intimate, with tremendous relaxation on the part of the crowd. I loved that. Out here, when the Dead come out for the second set, sometimes you'll barely hear any applause — they're just doing the thing.

DG: It's less of a contrast with our regular lives.

JD: Garcia once said that there's a greater level of urgency on the East Coast. New York has gotten some of the best shows they've ever played as a direct response to that urgency. If you live in New York, you've got to put up with a whole bunch of shit. You want, you need, you expect, you demand your Grateful Dead Experience to be a peak experience. I think the Dead get pumped for New York — there's definitely a psychic call and response.

SS: All that noise West Coast Deadheads infamously hate, including myself, all the screaming and singing, is a direct means of communication with the band. I had a completely different opinion of singing at shows after fall tour, because in a sense, it allows everyone who's singing to become a part of this larger body, and that includes the band.

JD: I think there's a world of difference between someone singing from the heart, even if it's off-key, and somebody screaming for *Dark Star* in the middle of the first set. Or someone smoking a cigarette in front of your face, and burning you. Though I can honestly say that I'd rather see a show at the Garden than most shows at Oakland Coliseum, because in New York you don't have that intense rush



for general admission seats. When you go to the Garden, you have a reserved seat. You go to Oakland, you have to *work* for your seat.

DG: That leads into another phenomenon. The people whose principal interest in this whole thing seems to have to do with real estate and hierarchies. I've been to parties at people's houses after the show where the main subject of discussion was how good your seats were, and what kind of shit you had to put up with from people who were trying to scam their way into those seats, and all that.

JD: I think that's the result of people unfortunately having been conditioned into the general materialistic trip of our society, where we judge our happiness by how many possessions we have, or how good our seat was. I know a lot of people who are much more interested in having 5000 tapes, than having them be tapes they'll listen to and enjoy.

SS: When a Deadhead Republican starts talking to me about his politics, I clearly perceive the difference between myself and that person. But when a Deadhead Republican is talking about the Dead, they often seem to be getting very much the same thing I'm getting.

DG: The ones who are ready with the statistics — who know off the top of their heads that the last time they played that in the first set was February 4...

BJ: David, you're the baseball man.

DG: Yeah, it is the same deal.

SS: I can never understand people who discuss timing and set lists *during* the music. Why are you there? If you were at home, you could have your conversation without the annoying sounds coming from the stage.

DG: That's what I was trying to say. They start playing *Might As Well*, and they go, "I haven't heard that since 6/24/22 back in Bavaria," or something.

SS: At the same time, I feel like the Dead scene has allowed me to be as much of a jock as I'll ever be, an American mensch. I can go to the arena, buy a hot dog — when I'm not having some sort of transcendental experience — and just go there and enjoy it like a baseball game. I know the players and I can talk about them.

JD: That's it — the Grateful Dead Experience is the national pastime of the counterculture!

BJ: Different people are going to get off on different stuff. It all seems the same to me. The only thing I cannot understand are the people who are relentlessly negative, all the time, and still go to shows.

JD: My feeling is anything anyone does that's done with joy and grace is a great thing. If somebody wants to stand there and spend every thought of their waking life figuring out how they can do that tape flip perfectly, get the mic alignment just right, and get the phat tape, God bless them for it. Just as long as they don't hurt anybody in the process.

SS: It's also a great source of war stories.

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JD: Several years ago, they played a series of shows in the Midwest. There was no day off between a couple of major drives, and as a result, people were figuring out how their DAT batteries could be recharged in the car, because there wasn't enough time in the hotel between shows. Then there's the interesting phenomenon of people's tape decks getting mailed around the country — decks doing the tour instead of the people!

I'd like to go back to the old days for a moment. What fascinates me about the early Grateful Dead, when they were at their visionary peak, was when they first realized they were able — through the use of electrified music — to externalize an experience that before that had been a very private thing. When you have a visionary or psychedelic experience, you can communicate that through an art form, like music, and amplify it. You can create a sort of resonant field. You could be at a concert and resonate with what was going on inside them at that moment.

SS: But there's never any knowing what's going on inside them.

JD: Yeah, like Phil says, one of the nights they recorded "Anthem Of the Sun," he was wondering how the hell he was gonna pay rent, and Garcia was thinking how Phil wasn't up to speed...

DG: That was 2/14/68 — the "I pushed Phil down the stairs" riff [mentioned by Garcia in the *Grateful Dead Movie*]. That's all so subjective. I don't think they needed to be on acid to do what they did. The fact that it all originated in acid, I think, gave it its range — they set the

parameters for their trip at a time when everything seemed possible is a debt we owe to LSD — but beyond that, over the years, the musical discipline was what made it possible for them to go farther.

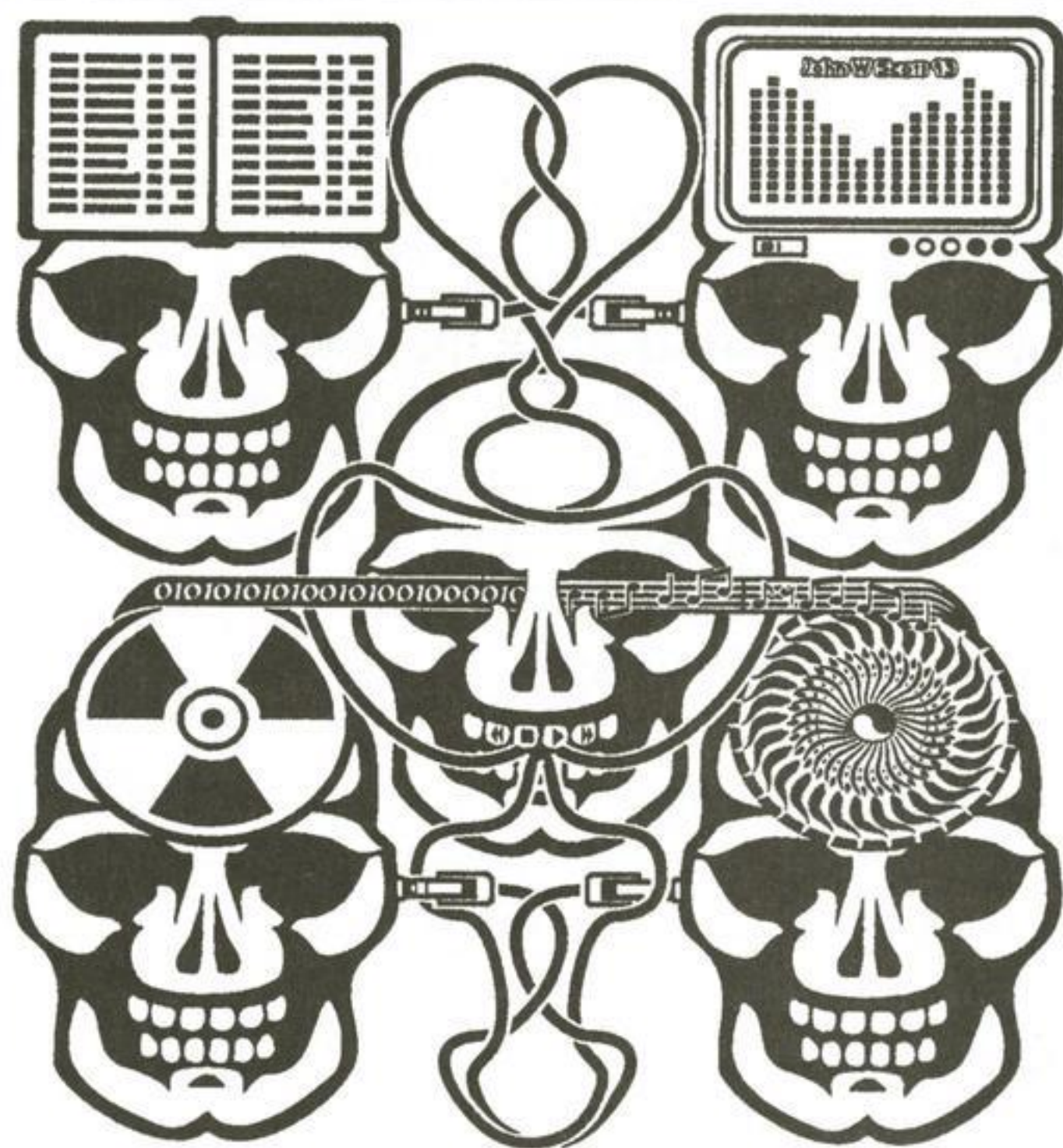
JD: But I'm talking about those early days. I think the momentum got going, with all sorts of music — not just with the Dead — because of that synergistic combination of amplified sound and psychedelic catalyst. I think that was a combination that allowed people to have a collective experience far more powerful than if you were sitting silently in Golden Gate Park.

BJ: I didn't dose for the first ten years I saw the band. In the many times I've done psychedelics since then, I wouldn't say the degree of "psychedelization" for me is that significantly different than it was for the ten years I wasn't tripping.

DG: Well, the first Dead music I heard was visionary music, and it said something completely different to me from The Beatles and the Rolling Stones music that I was listening to at the time.

SS: Except I feel The Beatles are visionary music, too. And so is Miles Davis.

DG: I think that is what you brought to it, John. I think you were looking for it and ready for it, and it walked in the door at just the right moment for you. I think this thing works its magic in completely non-psychedelic ways for non-psychedelic people. I became a Deadhead in '72. I didn't understand what those long psychedelic jams were



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at all for the first couple of years I was going. It took me a long time to even start to be able to hear what was going on. The visionary nature of it is your flavor, John, and shared by a segment of the audience, but I would venture to say not even near a majority of the audience.

SS: For me, both psychedelics and the Grateful Dead involve an uncanny feeling of recognition, of arriving in a very ancient place.

BJ: I feel very strongly that, when I was first going to Dead shows in '70 and '71, the crowds were the same hippieish crowds I saw everywhere. Like anytime you'd go to the Fillmore East, no matter what the band was.

JD: How do you think that Deadheads have changed in 20 or 30 years?

BJ: I don't think it's that different.

DG: When I started going in the early '70s, people were *grokking* something major, I wanted to know what it was, and I stuck with it. It was satisfying enough, in areas I could comprehend, that I didn't lose heart and walk away, as I might have if it were something more mysterious and less immediately satisfying. There was enough there to bring me back, until I was able to grasp the bigger stuff that was going on.

BJ: When they started playing bigger places — like when they played Roosevelt Stadium for the first time — as horrible as a lot of the aesthetics of that experience were, it was amazing to see that many Deadheads together. The whole move into larger places intensified the sense of community at shows, because it was like, "Whoa, there are so many of us!"

SS: For me, Kaiser shows felt like tight community shows. They weren't as special as the Greek and the Frost shows so, if you went to Kaiser, you were a lifer. You were somebody who was really there for all the shows.

DG: That's the first time I got that sense of being in the safest place in the world.

SS: Yeah, me, too. I remember one time at a show [2/12/86] where the Neville Brothers came out and jammed on *Willie and the Hand Jive*. I ate a lot of mushrooms, and I was having a very heavy experience. When Mickey was playing *The Beam*, I felt the urge to bow, to do a full prostration on the floor. It occurred to me while it was happening: "This is the only place in America where I could do this, and not be carried off."

DG: Kaiser was the place where people could fuck on the floor in the middle of the second set. You could go in there, stash your purse or your backpack under the bleachers, go

off and groove for five hours, come back, and find your stuff there. Those kind of things happened there.

JD: Let's look ahead to the future. What social institutions have Deadheads developed that might outlast the band?

SS: Tape trading networks. Every time you see a news story on authorized taping, they always mention the Grateful Dead originated it.

JD: Actually, the Dead got the idea from the audience.

DG: I would say it was Dan Healy being profoundly realistic and sticking up for Deadheads.

JD: The Dead owe him a big pat on the back for that. It was a wise move. It dramatically expanded not only their popularity, but it also disempowered the control record companies have over fans. What it said was that the most important thing we have is the music.

SS: It's really helped Phish. They have an enormous elaborate online community and tape trading network.

DG: I think whether Phish admits it or not, they benefited tremendously from modeling their scene on the Dead.

BJ: I think they did it consciously. They don't deny it.

SS: One thing that's nice about Phish is that they have open ears for what their audience, and their tour-heads, are saying. They're in communication with the hardcore people who are seeing every show, and giving them passes in exchange for cleaning up.

DG: Bob Dylan sent a minion into the recording truck to take the reels off the decks after his performance at *The Last Waltz*.

BJ: I had this feeling of nostalgia at a Dylan show that I never have at the Grateful Dead. With the Dead, we're going through time with these songs, and with Dylan, there's something about the songs that fix them in particular moments for me.

SS: It's like making love for the first time. The first time you hear a Bob Dylan song — it changes your consciousness...

BJ: But I've never sat there during the Dead and thought, "God, this doesn't sound like it did in '72." It would never occur to me.

JD: Since the sound of the Grateful Dead changes and the song remains the same, I do feel that I'm traveling through time. Yet, when they play *China Cat* to open the second set, it's like a mantra, it brings me to the same eternal space each time.



BJ: That song occupies a space that changes through time.

JD: Right. I just saw Page and Plant, and heard them play *Kashmir* maybe as well as they've ever played it, if not better — modernized, changed, evolved — and it still brought me back to being 16 years old, brought me backwards in time.

DG: It may be those guys are always recreating that same moment, and the Grateful Dead have the intention to make it new every time.

JD: That's why you keep going back — the ever-present hope that it might be better.

DG: I don't feel that the Grateful Dead have been applying themselves consistently in the last few years. It's lost a tremendous amount of mystery for me. When I hear them open up a second set with *China Cat* at this breakneck tempo that has no flexibility to it, it's very hard for me to get off.

JD: I know I'll miss the Grateful Dead when they're gone, but I'll always have it inside me. I've now taken what I've seen in the Grateful Dead Experience and manifested that in my own life, with my own community of friends. We have our own rituals, our own celebrations. Sometimes in more sublime ways. I also know there's a lot of people out there who are scared of the Grateful Dead declining and ending, because they haven't yet learned how to create that magic for themselves.

SS: That may be so, but that's also a grand statement. It may just be that we're going to miss it.

DG: I think John's right about that. There are a lot of people who are emotionally dependent on the Dead, and are not going to know how to make their own fun when the Grateful Dead stops.

BJ: It's like when David and I asked Jerry that question in our '81 interview, and he said, "They'd better start stashing something." That's the truth.

DG: He wasn't talking about tapes, either. I've had the experience with some of my friends, of playing music that got me off. There was a time 15 years ago when I started being able to get myself off as well as the Dead got me off by playing with my friends. That's still true.

JD: I've had exactly the same experience. Except I would say when you do it yourself, it's far more rewarding, because it's self-empowering. The light may not burn as far into the distance as the Grateful Dead's, but it burns just as brightly in one's own heart. I am eternally thankful for the Dead for being there to teach me how I can make life sacred.

DG: When you find people who really hear each other and improvise and can really soar together — that's taking what the Grateful Dead has to teach us, and going on with it into new places. It doesn't have to burn as brightly, because it only has to fill a small room.

JD: There's another interesting point, the idea of "strangers stopping strangers just to shake their hand." There's a certain experience where you can see soul-to-soul with another human being, and make a connection so instantly deep, you don't have to say much. I experienced that with Deadheads first, and I then learned to have that experience everywhere around the planet.

DG: All it really takes is a certain generosity of spirit on your part. You can do it on the streets of Oakland or New York City, if you're sincere enough.

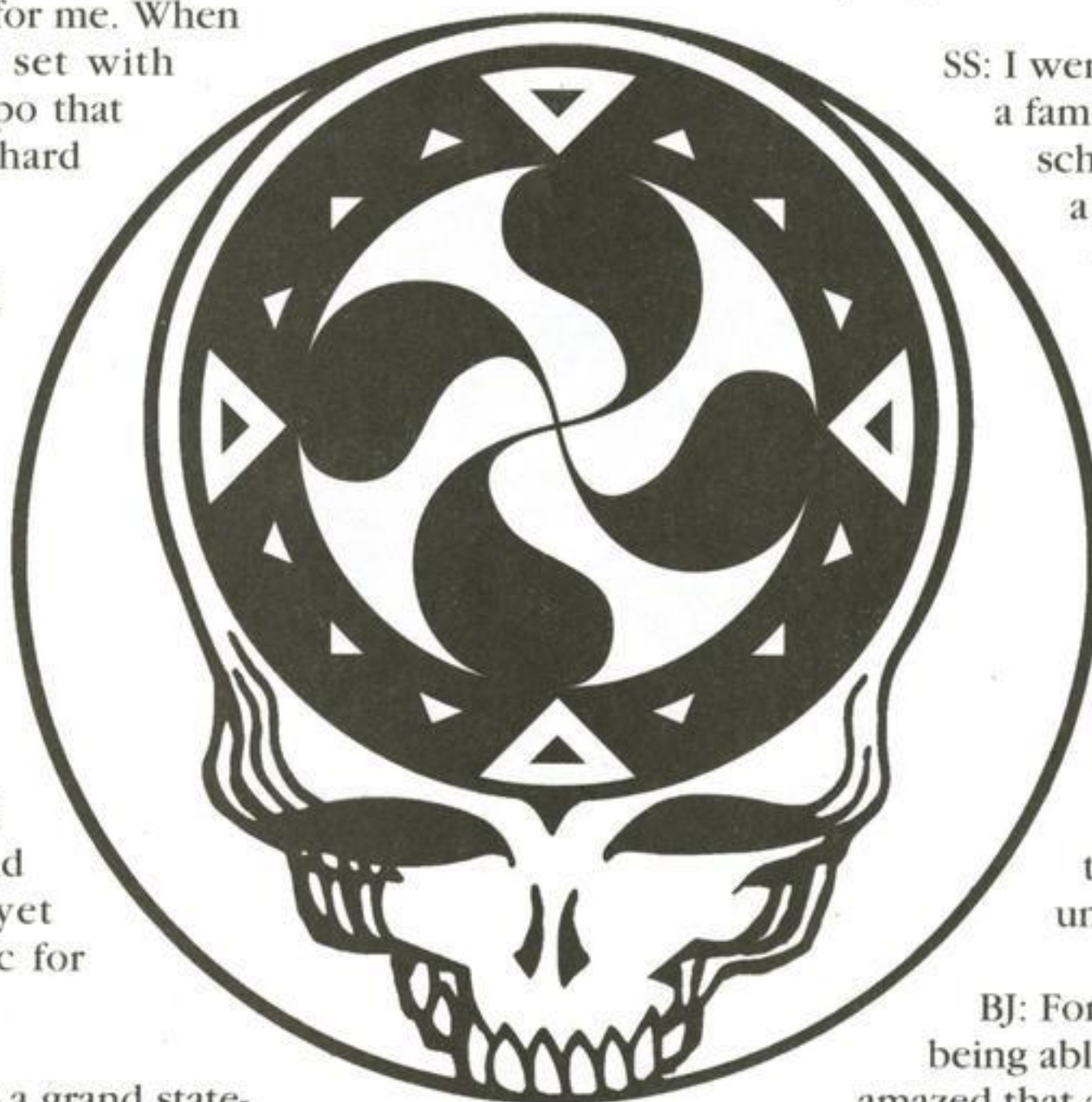
SS: I went to Oberlin College, which is a famously earthy-crunchy liberal arts school in Ohio. A good school, with a history of radicalism and feminism and anti-racism. In my vegetarian co-op, where I was the head cook, we'd sit around and get high, and there was a lot of intelligent discussion about the meaning of life. Lots of fun, spontaneity, music — theater being invented, jams, bands being invented — and honesty in conversation and sincerity were prized greatly. Wherever you were at was fine, as long as you were honest about it. So the Dead scene was not that unusual for me.

BJ: For all the talk about the Dead not being able to play this or that city, I'm amazed that any time the local newspaper sends its reporter down to do the story in the parking lot, they're bemused by it more than anything else. I can't believe they're not threatened by it. They don't get into it enough to know how subversive it really is.

SS: Well, the DEA certainly knows how subversive it is.

JD: It doesn't take a very smart DEA agent to figure out that it's going to be easier to bust a pacifist Deadhead than it is to bust a gun-toting crack dealer, who'll gladly go down in a blaze of glory.

SS: One thing coming out of the closet about psychedelics does for us, is the Deadhead community has as a hidden resource, an accumulated body of practical wisdom about use of these sacred substances which human beings have used since before the beginning of society. It's not true that LSD experimentation ceased when it got so much false bad press in the late '60s. It just went underground, and Deadheads took over the role of the experimenters. We have accumulated an unrecorded oral lore of very practical wisdom in how to have intense experiences in this day and age with these ancient chemicals. I think that's a wisdom we should be getting down.



JD: There's another aspect to this. A lot of positive things can come out of the mistakes that people have made with drugs. I think the best view we could have would be, "Okay, people have been injured by improper use of drugs. What can we learn from that?" I think this new generation of young people has the potential to learn from that, and live better because of the mistakes of their elders. There are more people who are eating psychedelics in this culture now than in any other time — certainly much more than in the '60s. The reason we don't hear about it is, the doses are smaller, because people learned the hard way that bigger doses make more casualties, more bad press, and less profit if you're a dealer. So they're making smaller doses, and more people now are having more of these experiences.

BJ: You think it's that conscious?

JD: I believe *Newsweek* or *Time* printed an article on psychedelics last year stating this as being a conscious decision on the part of dealers.

DG: Bear [Owsley Stanley, sound engineer and psychedelic patron of the Dead in the late '60s] told me in an interview in *Conversations with the Dead*, they learned that a long time ago. People were taking way too much early on, and they started figuring out that you could control your scene a whole lot better if you didn't take quite so many mics.

SS: One thing that's interesting is that Deadheads have learned how to evoke that state without taking the drug.

JD: God bless the Wharf Rats!

SS: If you start dancing and grooving on the music, you can get into as comfortable and exploratory a space as if you were tripping.

JD: You really don't need to take drugs at shows to get high. I learned from being a serious athlete [John Dwork is a two-time world freestyle Frisbee champion] that all I have to do is breathe at the right rate, and dance at the right tempo, and I get transported to The Zone. What it boils down to is because the drug culture is an underground culture, there have not been the user's manuals which would ensure that young people, when they first get introduced to psychedelics, understand the importance of set and setting, so they can use this "technology" correctly.

SS: Parents are apt to lie about their own histories to their children, with the desire to protect them from difficult experiences. A universal human impulse that, in this case, cuts off a useful flow of information.

BJ: Now that I've got kids, though, I can see why people are protective about what kids know.

JD: You have to arm your children with the knowledge to make intelligent choices in life. Keeping knowledge from them isn't going to help them.

DG: What could be dumber than "just say no?" "Think for yourself" is my answer to "just say no." The whole thing needs to be treated as a public health and education problem, rather than a crime problem. I think it was a big, big change in Grateful Dead music when they switched from

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LSD to cocaine. I know from my own experience when cocaine entered my life, my relationship to the music changed. My relationship to everything changed. LSD is a drug of communal thought, of gestalt energy, of collective inspiration. Cocaine is a drug of isolation and hierarchy.

SS: I must say, we're acting like a bunch of Deadheads — drugs, drugs, drugs.... It's an interesting subject, but what never gets talked about is what we're learning from all these experiences. What is the message?

DG: What I've learned from the Grateful Dead is to live what Joseph Campbell calls an authentic life — you can be the captain of your soul, and invent yourself, and find a meaningful life and improvise. To me, improvisation, and a fundamental respect for your fellow improvisers, is the cardinal lesson of Grateful Dead music. I played music with dear friends in scenes that should have been much more generous than they were, and it took me a really, really long time to let go of my ego and do it the way it needs to be done. The Grateful Dead provide as many powerful counter-examples as they do examples.

JD: The Grateful Dead have shown us both what you can do *with* your life and *to* your life. Lessons on both sides. I'm glad to experience it all wherever it goes. You see the ugly as well as the beautiful right out front — in mythic proportions.

SS: By now, the Dead are like an extension of my family. They've outlasted boyfriends and many places I've lived.

JD: It's outlasted schooling, it's outlasted everything in my life except for my blood family. It will outlast the Grateful Dead as mortal beings. The Dead is an important part of our spirituality — it represents a space in our hearts, like a love affair with the divine.

A great example was when they canceled the Eugene shows four years ago. Many of my friends around the country decided, since we already had our plane tickets, to go to Eugene anyway. It was like a weekend with the Dead, except they weren't playing. We got a real big hit on how important it is to place emphasis on community. Also, when I travel to see the Dead, I don't just go see the Dead. I make sure that I get together with friends to see the local sights.

SS: It's a *mishpocbeh* — a family.

JD: One of the most important things we can get from the Grateful Dead Experience is to *not* fear the unknown.

BJ: To seek the unknown.

JD: That's a huge point. The Dead came about at a time when the older generation — because of the experiences of World War II, Korea, and the Depression — were very obsessed with making everything secure, having everything in place. I think the generation that grew up with the Dead learned to be relaxed with the unknown, and to push other buttons on their life's control panel. There's a sense of joy and surprise that comes when you explore the unknown and come across something beautiful and unexpected.

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SS: What's interesting to me is this is an idea which appears to have arrived in lots of heads at the same time. Jazz improvisers like Miles Davis do the same thing. I've been listening to tapes I found on the World Wide Web, of Miles' quintet in 1967, with Herbie Hancock and Wayne Shorter. Every night is an assault on the unknown — beautiful, lyrical, intense, and dire. The idea that improvisation is a worthy excavation of new forms is not unique to the Dead. I went on the Phish tour last December — you can argue about their level of virtuosity or their range compared to the Dead — but every night, they were attempting to discover something. That's what keeps Deadheads going night after night, and that's something that I have definitely taken into my own life at the level of creative language. I trust myself to be able to finish a sentence of vivid speech in a way that's not premeditated, because I don't distrust the process of discovery.

DG: I always get some very important thinking done at Dead shows. I've gotten some of my best ideas and cried some of my best tears and untied some of my deepest knots in the middle of a Dead show. Sometimes all I need to do is be there, to get some spin on my flywheel.

JD: There are two types of great mental Grateful Dead experiences that I have at shows. One is when I lose myself in the moment of the music, and I'm transported into a timeless space. The other is when the music is happening and I'm dancing to it, but I'm not paying attention to the music. The music is a catalyst — it brings stuff up. It inspires incredible creative thoughts. It makes me think, "Oh shit, I haven't had this together for the last month," or, "Wouldn't it be great if I do this instead of that."

BJ: I never think about that kind of stuff.

SS: Wow, I do. It recharges my spiritual batteries.

BJ: It recharges my spiritual batteries, but I never think literal thoughts. I consciously avoid it, in fact.

SS: I problem-solve during Dead shows constantly. I get many of my best ideas, which I then take home from tour, act on, and make substantive changes to. I notice I've made a lot of important life decisions immediately following runs.

BJ: I've always been trying to lose myself in the moment. Be with the band, lock in on the band. I block out distractions from that, because I get so much pleasure out of that experience, that I don't want the intrusion of other things. In my day-to-day life, I get to be inside myself enough that I want to enter a different reality through the Grateful Dead. I don't want to be in my day-to-day problems.

JD: I'm not sitting there going over my laundry list. What we're saying is we see the answer to a problem we think

about all day long in our regular lives. It's not like, "Okay, now continue my inner dialogue." It's more like, "Oh, that's interesting, how come I thought about that all day and I didn't come up with this perspective?" The perspective that this experience has somehow triggered.

DG: You don't go to a Dead concert and say, "Today I'm going to solve my diet problem." It just happens. I have years and years of notebooks full of shit I've written during Dead shows — ideas I've come up with. Sometimes I think this is like the mother lode of creativity which has happened in the last half of my life. I go back and start pulling all that stuff out of there and doing things with it.

SS: I agree. Another thing that's interesting to me about Grateful Dead music is how personal it is. John, you talked about going into the Zone. The Zone is a highly personal, internal place for me, where I am most myself. My true self. Not my surface persona.

JD: Which, in this age of over-emphasis on our exteriors, is the most important place to be paying attention to.

One thing that's always been very special to me is the brand of crazy wisdom associated with the Grateful Dead, which I think they got directly from Neal Cassady and the Merry Pranksters.

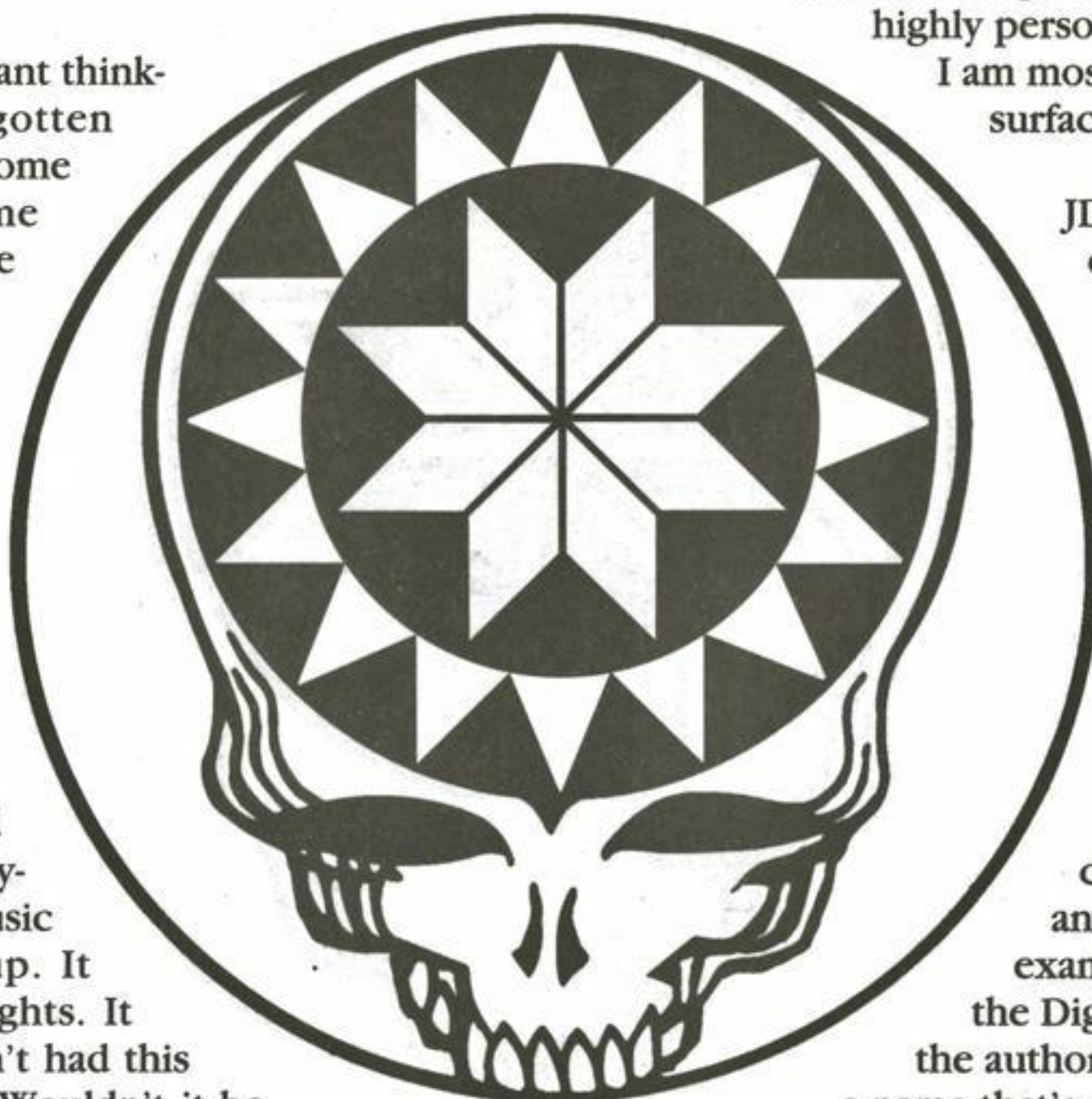
DG: A lot of stuff which has been credited to them really belongs to any number of other people. For example, Emmett Grogan [founder of the Diggers commune in the Haight, and the author of a memoir called *Ringolevio*] is a name that's completely forgotten nowadays.

JD: From the Dead, I then got to reading and meeting the Pranksters, and then was introduced to Lord Buckley, and so on down the line.

DG: One of my central missions on the radio is to trace the musical threads back. To go back through all of the people who inspired the Dead. You follow any of those threads back up through the Beats....

SS: Or, who inspired Neal Cassady? Neal was a great comic figure if you look at the Prankster footage, by which point he was, unfortunately, quite tweaked out by amphetamines. But he still moved in a beautiful comic ballet. Neal picked up some of his juice from Lord Buckley, who used to go out with jazz saxophonist Coleman Hawkins on chartered yachts in San Francisco Bay, and everyone would eat peyote. They called it "The Church of the Living Swing." So, there was stuff going on that Neal picked up on.

DG: The Grateful Dead are distillers of a tremendous world of stuff. I spend a lot of time in Phil Lesh's world, because I produce his radio show [Eyes of Chaos/Veil of Order, which is heard in Berkeley and New York now, but will be



more widely distributed starting in 1996]. His musical world is this phenomenal place that's quite bizarre to a lot of people. A lot of people credit the Dead with originating stuff that they're repeating, synthesizing, from other sources.

JD: What's your favorite Grateful Dead music, and why?

SS: *Dark Star*. Hearing "Live/Dead" when I was in high school was like a can opener to worlds of spirituality, introspection, philosophy, and improvisation for me. So when I specifically hear the *Dark Star* on "Live/Dead," I hear the sound of the door to the universe opening for me.

BJ: I guess I feel like every song has some part of it that resonates in you.

JD: *Easy Answers?*

DG: You've got to pay attention to it and wait for it. Sometimes it takes a long time to reveal itself.

SS: I agree. That's very true.

BJ: In terms of my favorite experience, it's hard to imagine feeling better than I do in the middle of a great *Scarlet Begonias*. It's a totally different thing than loving a *Dark Star*. The pure ecstasy is so overwhelming. It's a completely joyous high.

JD: Songs can become a different experience depending on where they fall in the show. *Scarlet > Fire* or *China Cat* to open a second set, if I'm in The Zone and grooving, is an energy of hopefulness and promise of things to come. *Attics Of My Life* or *Morning Dew* at the end of the show, is like bidding adieu to a sunset.

DG: My favorite music is the next new moment, the next moment of real creation. I would point you to *Greatest Story Ever Told* on the "Ace" album as the most perfect example of what Bob Weir music is all about. Even though it's not strictly the Grateful Dead, because it's Dave Torbert playing bass, that song was one of the first songs that grabbed me at my first Dead show, because it demonstrates the uniqueness of Bob's guitar playing.

BJ: I feel like the defining Bob Weir moment is the buildup near the end of *Saint Of Circumstance*. The clashing chords, the dynamism.

SS: I feel it's the moment in the jam in *Playing In the Band* that unhinges and can go anywhere.

DG: I feel like that's Phil's moment.

JD: For me, the defining Bobby moment is when he lets his voice go into complete screaming for the return of *Not Fade Away* in the old versions. Or *Sunshine Daydream*. It seems Bobby always tries to give 100%. I do get off on that.

BJ: We're all pro-Bob at this table.

DG: Absolutely. As I say, I entered the Grateful Dead world in the moment of his ascendancy. There was a *Broken Arrow* that made me cry — was it February or December? — because Phil delivered it with so much commitment. I don't think Jerry or Bob are particularly connecting with the audience these days.

JD: A lot of people I know get exactly the same feeling, like in the last couple of years, Phil has been more and more the leader, and it's odd for Phil — given the instrument he plays and the person he is — to be the leader.

DG: I don't think he's the leader, I think he's the guy who's trying to take up the slack.

JD: That's what I mean, he's the one who's out there trying to pull the group musically forward. We appreciate it tremendously, but I feel emotion for him that he's having to be out there, pulling the group forward, where it used to not be the case. It used to be Jerry or them all, taking turns at it.

DG: One of the first things I ever read about the Grateful Dead referred to "Live/Dead" as being evidence of a "long, lazy dialogue between Phil Lesh and Jerry Garcia." It must have been in *Rolling Stone* or something. That's really what it was in those days. Phil and Jerry had a musical conversation going on, and Weir was darting in between, trying to find places to bridge it — to poke through. Then, when I first met Phil and interviewed him in '81 and '82, he was talking about how Bob was carrying the band.

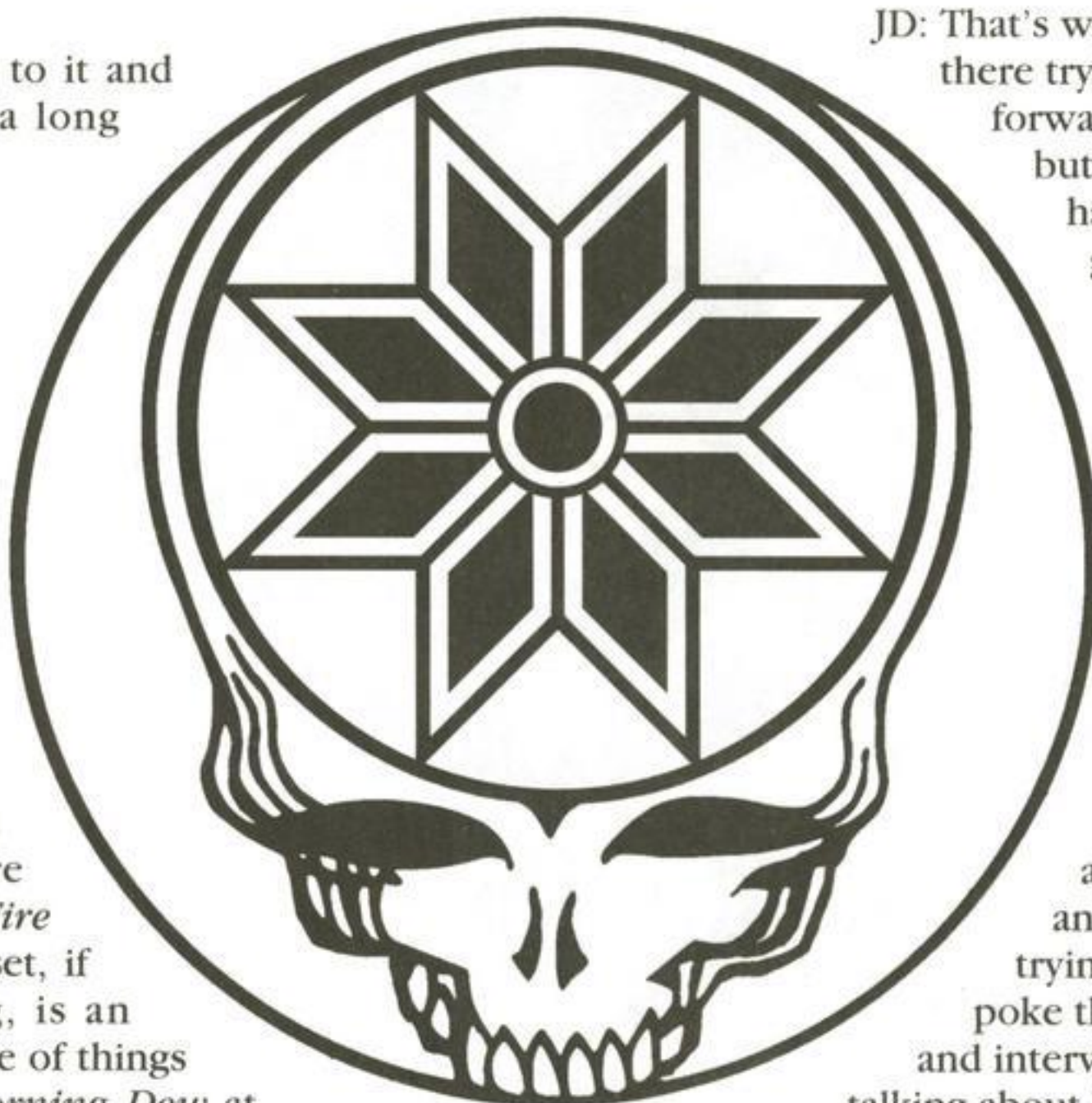
BJ: Do you think it's stretching it to say that perhaps one reason Bob has written the songs he writes is precisely to keep his distance? To not be the guy who writes the songs that people are going to sort of take into their hearts, the way that they've taken a lot of Hunter/Garcia songs into their hearts?

DG: You mean he doesn't want to steal their thunder?

BJ: No, that he doesn't want to be the guy carrying the psychic weight of the Grateful Dead, in the way that people got wrapped up in Garcia and the Garcia myth.

DG: There are factors in that equation that we will never be privy to. I think every single one of us, and most particularly the members of the band, are faced with the reality of the tenuousness of Jerry's life. Everybody is dependent on him. He is the big dad in the middle of this humongous dysfunctional family. Every one of us is wrestling with our denial over that.

BJ: They've always had the rap, "It's not just Jerry, it's all this..." It is Jerry.



SS: Well, Jerry does function as the headlight on the north-bound train.

BJ: Yeah. They all try to disavow it, though — on his behalf.

SS: Bruce Hornsby once told me that he felt the Grateful Dead was like Jerry Garcia's orchestra. It expressed his sensibility.

BJ: Even to the point of having somebody like Bob Weir in the band.

SS: Yes, as a foil, or a co-conspirator. The thing is, though, the Dead is partly about giving Garcia a place to be great. Giving him a moment where he is able to make a statement that is truly meaningful, as we all know he can. When I go to Dead shows these days, I often see a series of platforms from which Garcia would be able to make a statement. There are moments when it's handed off to him.

DG: If he stood up to do it.

SS: He simply does not make the statement these days.... And one of the most compelling things about his playing, and about shows, is their narrative quality.

DG: But more recently I've been kicking this idea around in my head, the harder we listen, the softer he plays. This happened at the last Garcia/Grisman shows at the Warfield. I went to one of those shows, and there were sound problems. I finally figured out there was no way you could amplify a guy who was not playing. Jerry was playing so quietly that the PA could not pick it up. My point is

I think Jerry has gotten to the place where Bob Dylan was, where every gesture and every word has been so thoroughly analyzed and scrutinized, that he may have grown contemptuous of his own thing — because it doesn't matter what you do, it's going to be adored by people.

BJ: I feel like that's a recent phenomenon.

JD: Is it a question of him being scared to leap because he might fall?

SS: I don't think so. But if anyone thinks that Deadheads are an uncritical audience, that's not true. When the Dead rise to the occasion, the audience also rises to the occasion.

DG: But if you see enough evidence to the contrary, you may lose your ability to discern — it's the baby-out-with-the-bathwater deal. If you walk out onstage and the entire audience goes batshit, it doesn't matter how many hundreds are patiently waiting for something interesting to happen, if the gesture alone gets you the insane approbation.

SS: I don't agree. I was amazed at how finely tuned the audience reaction was at Madison Square Garden, which is supposedly an extremely loud and rude place. It was finely tuned, a quite sensitive mechanism of demonstration of appreciation.

JD: This brings up something that you once said to me, Blair. I said, "Imagine how hard it must be to be a human being who gets up onstage every day and stands in front of 100,000 people who are sending an incredible amount of love your way, and you can only get so close." And you



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countered to me, "The love? What about the expectation?" I think it's very hard for anybody who hasn't been in that position to know what it must be like to stand up in front of that many people who expect something from you of paramount importance, day in, day out.

DG: Right. That's an awesome responsibility.

JD: There's got to be some level at which he's got to be dealing with an awful lot of spiritually electric current in his life. I have great respect for anybody carrying that burden.

DG: It's obviously a trap. I'm not putting him down, for Christ's sake. It seems like Jerry's carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders. He's the fulcrum of a multimillion-dollar organization of people who are economically dependent on him.

BJ: Don't you truly believe that all he ever wanted to do was just play music? He just wanted to be a picker.

DG: They were more ambitious than that in the beginning. There was an aspect of psychedelic terrorism in the ambitions of the Grateful Dead in the really early, early

stages. They thought they would turn on the world. I use the word "terrorism" in an arch kind of way. There was talk in the days when Owsley was their patron, that they were going to try to turn on the world. And

there's also the other aspect, that some people were in this thing to meet The Beatles. That's why Sue Swanson and Connie Furtado and Bob Matthews started the first Grateful Dead fan club, the Golden Road to Unlimited Devotion: they wanted to make the Dead famous, so the Dead could introduce them to The Beatles. Bear wanted to bring LSD to The Beatles. So everybody had ambitions beyond just being a band.

BJ: It must be interesting going through life knowing that you gave acid to The Beatles.

SS: It must also be interesting to walk around the street and see your face on bumper stickers. I've often reflected on how severely uncomfortable it must be for anyone to become an icon.

JD: Anybody in that position has got to shut off on a certain level, but I think, in that respect, Jerry in particular has been exceedingly generous. I've seen Garcia on numerous occasions deal elegantly with the most intrusive Deadheads who just couldn't have had anything more annoying to say.

BJ: I know when we published *The Golden Road*, a lot of people would send in letters with photos, like, "Here's me and Jerry in a parking garage below the Spectrum."

SS: I saw something at Cal Expo I thought was very interesting. I saw Jerry at the side of the stage, signing autographs for children. As he did it, more little kids ran over and joined the crowd, until he was surrounded by about 25 or so. He was holding the paper very close to his face, and signing away very diligently, one after the other. At one moment, he looked up and saw for the first time how many kids had gathered around him, and he made this little exaggerated motion of horror, just to himself, like W.C. Fields in *It's a Gift* when Mr. Muckle smashes all the light bulbs with his cane. Then he went right back to signing the autographs with this bemused, determined little smile on his face. He must have lots of those moments of quizzical wonder at this thing which has been born around him, that he didn't intend, but is now so vivid and huge.

DG: I wonder which is worse: the uncritical adulation of thousands and thousands of people, or the highly focused critical attention of the David Ganses and Steve Silbermans and John Dworks and Blair Jacksons. Sometimes I think it shouldn't be such a goddamn crime to be interested in this to the level that I am. There's this odd stigma in being a Deadologist, a professional Deadhead.

SS: I find that to be true around many scenes. It's certainly true around Allen Ginsberg, and it's true around Crosby and Nash. If you're a "head," way into whatever it is, there's



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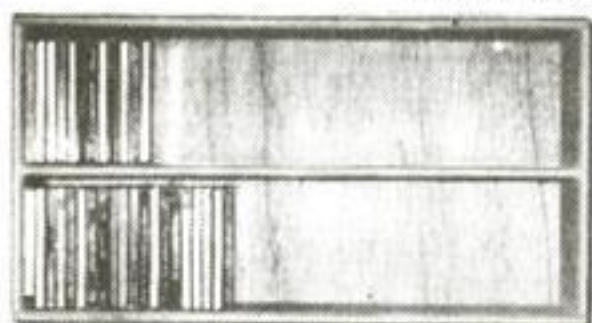
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something wrong with you, because you have this need to pay too much attention to the scene that's just a day-to-day reality for these people.

JD: I'd like to talk a bit about our relationship with tapes. I have a special relationship with Dead tapes and driving. There's something about getting in a car and putting on something like a '73 *Playing In the Band*. It's a Zen state. When I'm driving and in The Zone, I'm connecting with that music in ways — I never hear the music the same when I'm sitting listening to the same thing in a room.

I remember flying a very small kite on Poon Hill, which sits amidst the 26,000 foot tall Annapurna mountain range in Nepal in the Himalayas. It was sunset, and everything had turned this incredible orange. I dreamed for 15 years of going to this hill and watching sunset. I got this little kite out I got in Thailand, and put on my headphones to listen to that perfect *China Cat > Rider* from 3/23/74 — the unveiling of the Wall of Sound. I went into this incredible trance state, and started to do this Zen dance with the kite and the wind. I can vividly recall feeling as though my consciousness was watching my body from above as it danced in perfect harmony with the elements in this most sacred of places. It was one of those peak life experiences propelled to a level of blissful perfection by the Dead's music serving as the soundtrack. When I got down the hill to the guest house where I was staying, there were seats out in the yard, and people were out eating their dinner, looking up at me on the top of Poon Hill. They came up to me afterwards and asked me if they could take T'ai Chi lessons — they thought I was a T'ai Chi master.

This brings up the point that there's a dance many of us do to Grateful Dead music that's different than what we do to other music. There's an interesting relationship between my personal movement, and space music or improvisational music, that's different than the way I dance or move or relate to, say, The Beatles. It's very unique to the Grateful Dead. When I listen to certain types of Grateful Dead music, I find myself *dovening*, which is the same motion that you see Jews at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem making.

SS: I do, too. The word it brings to my mind is oceanic. There's a kind of oceanic consciousness that comes about from rocking back and forth. It's like being a baby in your mother's arms, or it might wake up those old neural circuits of being in the womb.

BJ: You're getting your head and your heart involved in the dance.

SS: Right. I'm soothed and introspective, and my imagination is very vivid. The past and the present flow together.

JD: It's a sacred movement.

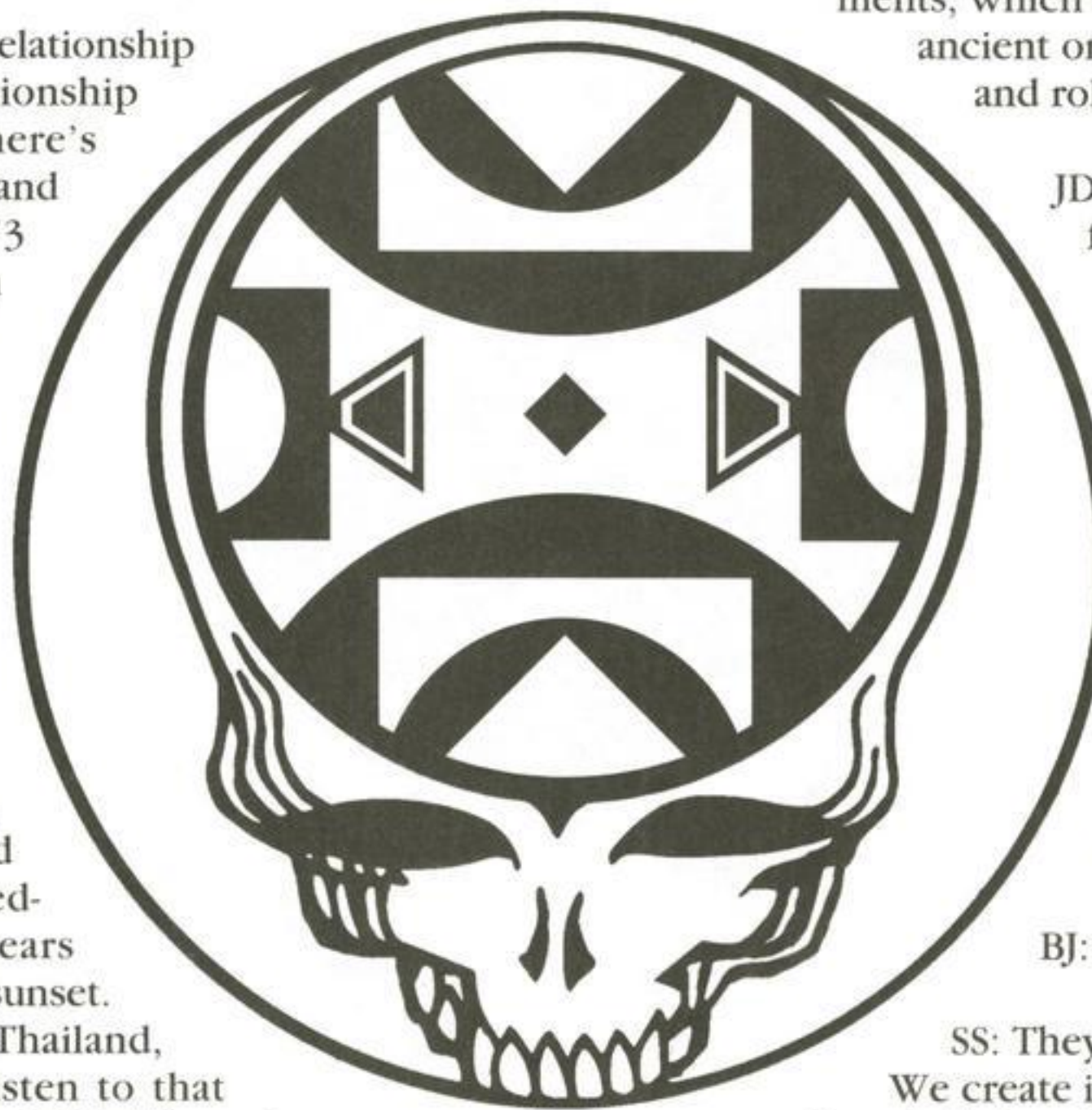
SS: I have done it at Phish shows, too. Phishheads are experiencing some of the same bonding and ecstasy that Deadheads experience, with some of the same movements, which are sacred, you could say, or ancient or traditional. Sex, drugs, and rock and roll are that Good Ol' Time Religion!

JD: It's the return of tribalism. Or us finding our own tribalism.

SS: This stuff is hardwired into us. We're hardwired to get off on psychedelics — people have been doing it forever. We're hardwired to experience the sacred while listening to drums. I think the Dead have simply been open enough so their bodies told them where to go with the music. We're all brought together to a place that comes before words.

BJ: The Dead are conduits.

SS: They're conduits. We're all conduits. We create it together. When I saw Joseph Campbell showing slides of Eleusis, where the Greeks participated in the Mysteries of Demeter and Dionysus, I knew what I was seeing — rows of seats. And people were probably not sitting down. It was like looking at the Greek Theatre, a place where people got off together, and made something beautiful together, and enacted a Mystery.



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That's the place where people have gone a long time before the Dead. When I heard about Congo Square in New Orleans, where the slaves would get together and act like free people, and have sexy dances to early jazz, it sounded familiar to me, because it reminded me of the Dead scene. That also means that people will be able to go there a long time after the Dead are no longer.

BJ: The more media there is competing for people's attention, the more distracted they become from primal things. Maybe it took the TV Age for something like the Grateful Dead to blossom, because it offers such an alternative experience to TV. Something that's real, as opposed to TV, which makes everything unreal or surreal.

DG: It became an attractant for people who weren't satisfied with the mediated version of reality.

JD: I remember standing in Autzen Stadium in '93, with the sun setting as the Dead broke into a triumphant *Franklin's Tower*. I was up on the side of the stadium, and I remember watching the energy surge through 44,000 people. If these people on Sunday morning Christian TV are trying to convert people, why are they being so boring?

How can they expect to convert anybody? Triumphant ecstasy is what so many young people are looking for.

A spiritual form that is uplifting. Yet the Grateful Dead, which is considered by many to be an outcast society, is so lush and rich, and imbued with that phenomenal flow of love and energy.



DG: Yeah, but the difference is, in those charismatic religious movements, there's some paternal figure who declares you to have "gotten it." There's an immense power of suggestion there. One of the glories of the Grateful Dead scene is its lack of a central paternal figure — the icon of Jerry notwithstanding.

JD: It's the lack of written dogma.

DG: When it works for you, you declare yourself to be part of it, and you dance on in. There is no ritual you go through, whereupon you are accepted or baptized or whatever.

JD: Also, the Grateful Dead Experience abides by a perspective in which everything is interconnected. In more mainstream spiritual phenomena, there is the belief that we humans have fallen out of a sacred connection with the Divine; you can only connect with the sacred through the preacher, who is the conduit to God. You can't get it on your own. For Deadheads, you can "get it" on your own. There's nothing that says you have to rely on the Grateful Dead, or anything other than your own initiative and good intentions, in order to access the Divine.

DG: You *have* to get it on your own.

JD: Many people fall prey to relying on the Dead, but a whole lot of people realize that the sacredness is within any moment. I think the Grateful Dead Experience says that without saying it.

SS: They are, as they say in Zen, the finger pointing, not the moon.

DG: There are no Ten Commandments. No ritual of initiation that tells you by completing these tasks you are a Deadhead.

BJ: Even though that's what the mainstream world thinks about Deadheads. They think we do wear a uniform: tie-dye. And that Deadheads have to know all the songs.

DG: The real bottom line is every one of us has a personal relationship with the scene, and our own definition of what it means. There are some who would think to exclude others by judging them against their own standard. But that doesn't work. You can't say to somebody else, "Sorry, man, you're not a Deadhead."

SS: The last time I will ever pull Deadhead rank was when I was talking to a friend a few years ago, and he told me the

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Dead had played *West L.A.* at his first show. I said, "Well, to me, *West L.A.* is still kind of a new song." Then I asked him, "How many shows have you been to?" He said, "About 500. I've been to every show the Dead have played since that first show — except I was late for one set in Tempe."

DG: You deserved that! There are people who go to show after show, and whose comprehension of it eludes me completely. Of course, the glory of it is, it's none of my fucking business what they're doing there.

JD: Hopefully they have the conscience, which isn't always the case, to do what they do in a way that's not forcing it upon you. It becomes your business when their actions are forced upon you.

DG: Yeah, but that happens so rarely. I think you really have to work hard to let anybody else ruin your experience of a Dead show. Maybe I just haven't had as many boorish neighbors as some of you other guys have.

JD: I think there is validity to the idea that with the release of "In the Dark," and a lot bigger influx of Deadheads, the combined insensitive actions of the community did hurt those who were simply trying to have a good time, without being inconsiderate.

SS: Steve Marcus blames MTV's "Day of the Dead" for that influx. The problem is, the whole "touchhead" dis is used as a weapon of attitude against younger Deadheads, and some of the younger Heads — on *The WELL* for instance — to me, represent the best of what Deadheads have always been about. Just because they saw their first shows in '90 or '91 doesn't mean that they're less in the pudding than I am, just 'cause I saw my first show in '73.

DG: There are people who think that it's all been downhill since Pigpen fell off the bus.

SS: I'm sure I'm a latter-day Deadhead to some old-timers.

DG: There are always going to be people who need hierarchies, and there are an unfortunate number of people inside the Dead scene who traffic in insiderness. They saw this as the hippest goddamn thing going, and made it their business to become a part of it. And part of their being a part of it is to make damn sure that you know you're not a part of it. That attitude radiates out from the center. Various people at various levels need to let you know you're a little farther out than they are.

JD: That's very true. When I got introduced to the Dead, it was like an initiation. There was always some older brother or friend who showed you the ropes, who said, "This is a really great thing, check it out — this is what you want to listen to, and this is where you want to go. And when you go, don't do this." There was an etiquette which was

passed along, not a condescending or exclusive attitude, but a positive one, of being respectful, and appreciating the sacredness of the scene. I think around "In the Dark," with that incredible influx of Deadheads, all of a sudden there were more initiates than there were mentors.



DG: It didn't take much to be an older, more experienced Deadhead. I think it precisely replicates what happened in Haight-Ashbury. The people who originally created the scene were just doing it for themselves, and other people were attracted to it. There was some value in having more people come to the scene because there was an economy involved as well. The next thing you know, the originators were outnumbered by the next wave. The third wave was getting it from the people in the second wave, and very quickly "do your own thing" became emblazoned on the cover of *Look* magazine, and "clean up after yourself and take care of your neighbors" was forgotten in the hustle.

In the Deadhead world, people were very happy to show you a little bit of what was going on, but they weren't giving you the whole picture, because they may not have been aware of it either. So, the responsibility inevitably lags



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JD: It wasn't just happening in the Grateful Dead scene. It was happening everywhere. I think the people who experienced young adulthood while Ronald Reagan was President had that much more of an urgent need to rush toward anything opposite his conservative version of reality. It was like the stampede for a breath of air.

DG: Yeah. Also the whole fragmentation and stratification of the concert scene, has led to a grotesque sort of intolerance and unwillingness to check out new things. I remember being stunned at the way opening acts were being treated at concerts. I remember that sort of surf-punk band from L.A. or San Diego who opened for the Police. They got destroyed by the audience. I think the general decline in concertgoing etiquette reached the Dead scene as it got bigger because it was everywhere. Just like going to ball games isn't nearly as much fun as it used to be.

SS: One thing I've noticed is people seem to go to movies and behave as if they've got a remote in their hands, and they're going to change the channel if they don't like

a particular scene in the movie. Or talk over it, if they can't do that.



Younger Deadheads often talk about Haight-Ashbury as if they were wearing octagonal rose-colored glasses, thinking the original Haight scene was so much cooler than anything they will ever see. I think, in some ways, the Dead scene was like an island of spontaneity and collaboration and dissolving of habitual boundaries that survived the Reagan era and the Bush era, and was a moving oasis of sanity for people. I was not around in the original Haight-Ashbury, but for somebody who grew up in the suburbs of New Jersey, where most people's lives had been alienated from those of their neighbors by tele-vision, the Dead scene was a place where I could try out living communally, sleeping on the floor next to other people who were sleeping on the floor, and hitchhiking to the next town. It was an antidote to a lot of what America set forth for me as a satisfying life.

DG: Possibly the best book on the subject of what actually went on in the Haight is "Love Needs Care," by Dr. David E. Smith [founder of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic], which I do not own a copy of, and wish I could find. I read it in hardcover 20 years ago. His story, literally from the trenches of the Summer of Love, busts any illusions you may have.

SS: I think Deadheads — not through any fault of their own — sometimes disempower their own lives and the lives of their friends, by thinking that some Golden Age occurred in the Haight, where Neal and Pigpen would drink Thunderbird into the night, and they and their friends can't live lives as psychedelically cool as those people did.

DG: In the '70s, I really thought the Dead lived this life of constant magic — they were exalted people who lived in a special society. That's actually one of the benefits I've had having been exposed to it, is to know exactly how prosaic those people really are.

SS: What does that tell you?

DG: It means that, more important than believing any mythical thing about the Haight, we really are capable of doing that ourselves.

SS: Ultimately, the Grateful Dead is a challenge at the level of the excellence of their musicianship. That's what it comes down to — they never set themselves forth as exemplary persons. They set themselves forth as a working band, playing music 80 nights a year, or more in the case of Garcia. Garcia was simply true to his craft, and cosmopolitan in his interests, both inside and outside of his field, and scholarly about the things he liked.



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One of the things I was very pleased to see, the one time I was ever in the Vault, was a bunch of reels from a fiddler's convention. Garcia has used his gift as a tool to investigate history and tradition, and learn what his true place might be. His will to invent and remake the tradition in terms that were completely appropriate to his historical moment, I think is a challenge.

DG: How conscious was all that?

SS: Oh, I don't know — probably not at all! You're up there onstage, and you're groovin'.

DG: That's the thing. I don't think you ever get to shake hands with your own Zeitgeist.

JD: Yeah, but when Garcia takes a song like *I Know You Rider*, and plays it for 30 years, he's passing something on.

DG: Absolutely right, but I don't think that's conscious. I don't think it behooves a musician to be too conscious of his role as a transmitter.

SS: The reason we're sitting around tonight is that all of us have felt a calling to articulate this scene. If we didn't want to leave any "tracks in the dust," as David Crosby said, we would not have taken up our vocations of being articulators. We are both conscious and unconscious of our roles as vessels or transmitters of things which go beyond us.

DG: We would not sit around and talk this way about our own work. We're sitting around talking about their work. That's what I'm getting at.

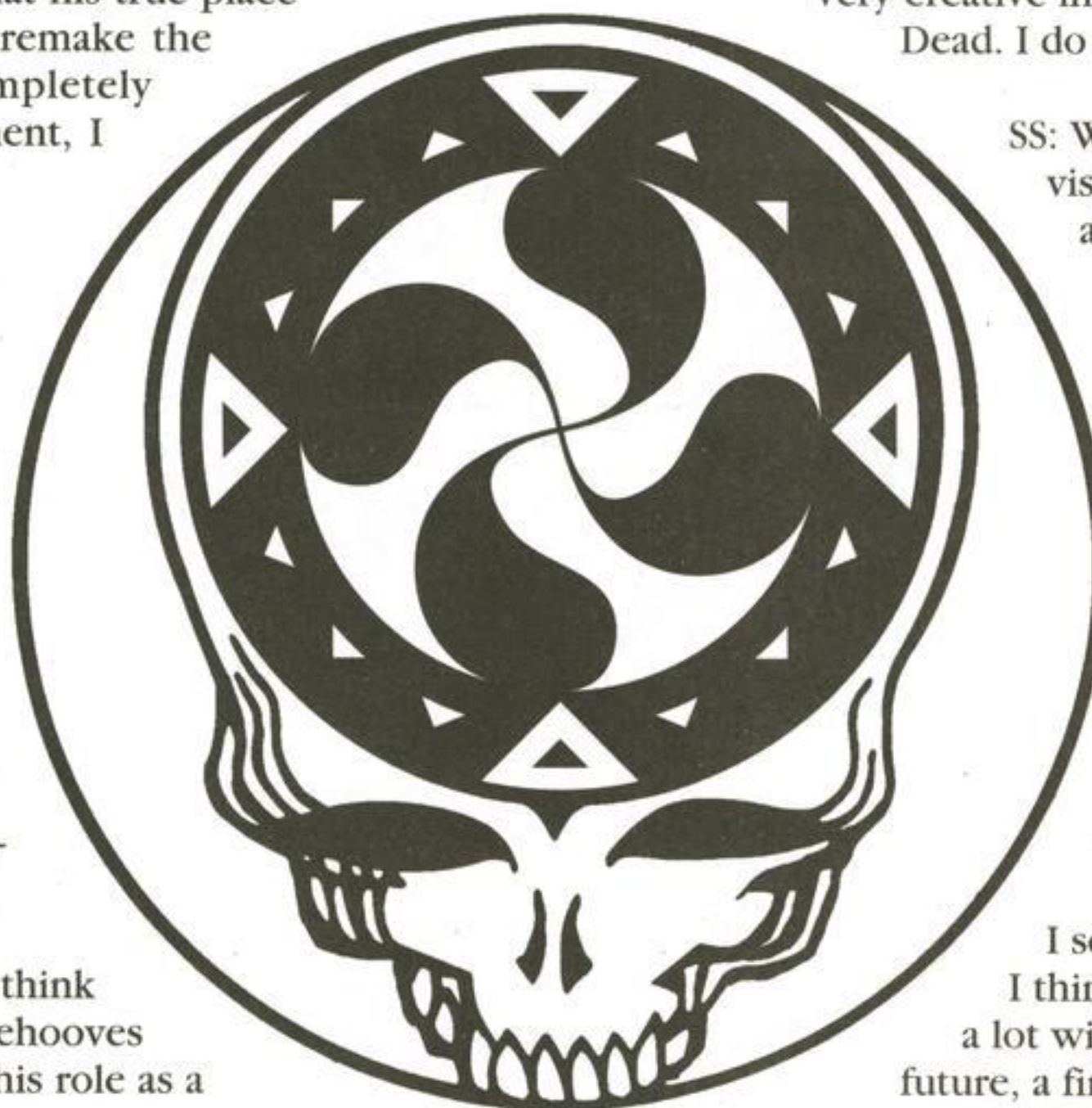
JD: When Jerry sings *I Know You Rider*, he's talking about the work that preceded him, by singing the song, and choosing to carry that song on. I know part of the reason I collect tapes is because I want to be able to have that music 30 years from now, because I enjoy it so much now, and I love turning other people on to that. There's something special about passing it on.

SS: But, it's whether you see yourself as a consumer or a producer which is very important. Garcia told Tom Constanten to "play more like a source and less like a sideman." I've taken that to my own heart. Sometimes when people talk about how many tapes they have, or how many shows they've been to, I think, "You have to be the center of your own life."

DG: There's a line about that in a song I'm working on: "I'm the hero of my movie, just like you must be in yours." That's a fundamental fact of life.

SS: Right. So I do have a sense that what I do is important. I'm not saying I want anything thrown on my grave when I'm dead. I'm just saying there's a sense that life has grace and significance, and that every action we take in some way helps make the world.

JD: I think if I did have an epitaph, I would want it to read something like, "He saw the light, and pointed at it gracefully, so others would see its great beauty." But I'm also very creative in my life outside of the Grateful Dead. I do make my own light.



SS: When you talk about the Dead as a visionary entity, it tells me more about John Dwork than about the Grateful Dead. I think you have a very strong need to see a visionary entity in the world, and the Dead are so huge they are able to take on that projection, and be that. What's funny is you're not wrong, because all of those things are in there — there is a visionary ancient thing that happens at shows. It's also a great place to buy hot dogs and listen to some rock and roll while you're high.

I see myself as an anthropologist. I think I'm lucky enough to have seen a lot with my own eyes. I know in the future, a firsthand report of anything, even a housewife's shopping list, is worth something. So here is this fascinating American Beauty unfolding all around us for these last 30 years. And we were there.

DG: Here's another version of it, John. Sometimes it seems to me the Grateful Dead's purpose is to hammer me into



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the shape that I need to be in to become a producer in my own right.

JD: The Grateful Dead at its best is a reminder that each of us must set boldly forth on our own path.

SS: I feel guilty if I don't produce something that feels like original creativity after several days. I feel like the universe is not being brought to ripeness, or as Gary Snyder says, "the real work is making life as real as it is." In a loving relationship, if you don't express your changing feelings, which are sometimes dark, the relationship will stagnate and cease to be relevant. What the Dead have done musically, at least to this point, is be able to keep their music relevant to every historical moment through which it has moved, by not having any preconceived notion of where it's supposed to go.

JD: That's something that's also uniquely inspiring about the Grateful Dead and empowering to other people. When the Dead were starting to do their thing, they said, "I don't give a flying fuck what anybody thinks. I'm going to try to do well what feels good to us and our friends."

SS: I learned to come out as a gay man partly by being in the Dead scene, even though that particular identity was not generally supported by the social mores of the Dead scene as a whole. There's a parallel between Deadheads and gay people, in that people have to "come out" as Deadheads to their families, and experience some of the same disbelief and/or marginalization that gay people experience.

I felt I was given permission to be myself at Dead shows, whether that was being a writer, or a being a Jew, or anything that I "am." Michael McClure said of the Beat generation, "They gave each other permission to be excellent." I feel that the Dead scene has done that, too. We've all given each other permission to be excellent, including the band.

JD: Do you perceive that the Deadhead community is comprised largely of people from certain walks of life?

SS: I'm not so sure. A couple months ago, I was panhandled in Berkeley by a kid who was about 15. He saw the dancing bear on my jacket and said, "Are you into the Dead?" And we started talking. He told me he lived on tour, and he had grown up on tour. He said he had run away from home when he was 13, because his parents used to beat him and call him "the ugly runt of the litter." He told me about sneaking into shows — climbing over fences at Shoreline, dipping his foot into some toxic runoff from the dumpsite, and getting blisters. Catching lice from a girl on tour, his "fuck buddy." When I asked him if he had ever seen my book, he told me he had never learned how to read. I realized the Grateful Dead scene was so multilayered, I was never going to know what it was like to be a kid living my childhood years on tour, not being able to even read the book that tells him he's the latter-day inheritor of the great tradition of Lord Buckley.

JD: Why are there very few people of color in the Grateful Dead community?

DG: The Grateful Dead scene is overwhelmingly the children of white, middle-class professionals. And we're white, middle-class professionals ourselves, largely.

JD: Any idea why?

DG: A lifetime of touring East Coast colleges.

BJ: We all sort of came from the leisure class. We were kids that didn't have to have jobs in the summer, necessarily — we could hang out. We had enough money we could go places. There are definitely economics involved.

DG: As Bill Graham said, people got turned on to the Dead in college in '70 or '71 when the Dead came through repeatedly, and broadcast shows, and played those gyms several times a year. People became Deadheads when they were



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at law school, and then they passed the bar, went on, and started their lives — and remained Deadheads. Heavy metal fans grow out of heavy metal and get into something else; Deadheads remain with it. So I think where the Dead played in their formative years, and the sort of people they played for, predisposed the audience to be the sort of people that we are.

SS: It's also a self-reinforcing thing. As long as there is a sizable majority of white Deadheads, it will seem strange for a Deadhead of color to go to a show, because he will not see many reflections of himself.

JD: How is it that someone can be a Deadhead and also be a Republican who loves to listen to Rush Limbaugh?

SS: I once saw a car with a Department of Defense clearance sticker on the windshield, and Dead stickers on the bumper. I thought, "How can someone be a Deadhead, and work at the Department of Defense?" And someone said to me, "Wouldn't you want a Deadhead's finger on the button?"

DG: Touché.

JD: I wonder what long-term effect it's going to have on us as a community that many Deadheads have been of the particular focus of groups like the DEA.

DG: Well, it will thin our ranks a bit.

SS: Luckily, that's being somewhat reversed, with reversal of the carrier-weight laws. The whole "War on Drugs" was a sham designed to cover up CIA trafficking of cocaine and opium worldwide to finance fascist dictators. It was a cynically undertaken cover story that will not read very well in history, just as the experiments on black prisoners with LSD during project MK-ULTRA [delineated in Martin Lee and Bruce Shlain's history of government experimentation with LSD, *Acid Dreams*] make horrific reading over the Sunday breakfast table.

I know one thing that is going to be true. I know that Deadheads in 40 years are going to gather in nursing homes and tell war stories of tour. Because this has marked us. My grandfather, may he rest in peace, used to tie my tie singing little Gershwin tunes under his breath. I know that old codgers are going to look suddenly bright-eyed at the sound of a "Hey now!" in the nursing home, because that is what we were: what we loved and how we danced and how we loved each other.

DG: Then why not have an old Deadheads' home somewhere? Somewhere warm.

BJ: I'm betting the connections will be strong enough leading up to that point that it won't be a big surprise, someone saying, "Hey now." Whereas, if you're in your old folks'

home, aside from people who are really into Dixieland, I don't think there's that sort of a cult about '40s music.



DG: I used to notice this phenomenon: you'd see little [elderly] ladies, and they'd all have the same kind of hair, tight, little blue curls.

I'd think, "When you get to be a certain age, your hair grows a certain way?" Nope — they're wearing it the same way they have been for 60 years. We're all going to carry elements of our personal styles into our old age, and there are going to be stupid-looking old people who look like us.

JD: So what you're saying is there will be an entire home of old folks wearing tie-dyed pajamas during the day, with little Grateful bumper stickers on their wheelchairs, and the nurses will turn down *It Must Have Been the Roses* on the central stereo when the patient in room 605 goes to sleep.

SS: There are going to be a lot of tie-dyed leisure suits in Miami Beach.

DG: It's like foxtails on the car antenna or raccoon coats. We're going to run around in our tie-dyed T-shirts saying, "Sesh me some of that pabulum there, dude."

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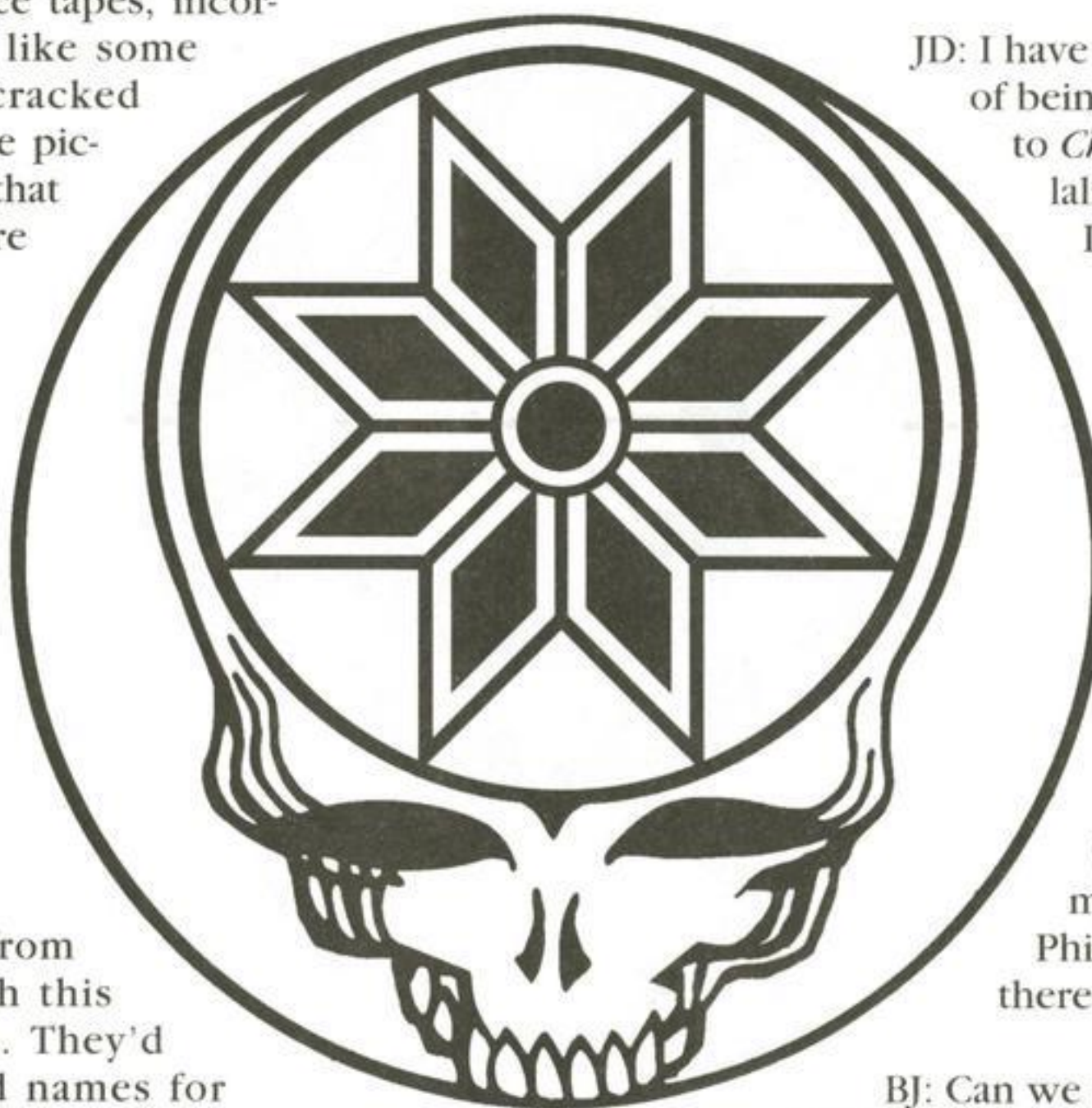
JD: Yeah, but we're in the Golden Age of taping now. We've never had it this good before. I remember when I was first introduced to the Dead, every tape — many of which were really bad audience tapes, incorrect speed, lots of hiss — was like some transmission from afar, like a cracked Rosetta Stone. You got part of the picture. Back then, you'd get tapes that wouldn't have a date on it. There was no *DeadBase*, no songbooks.

BJ: You didn't even know the song titles. I didn't know what *Jack Straw* was called. I have a vivid experience of buying my first bootleg album, which you still see around. It was outside Gaelic Park in the Bronx in 1971. They had a couple of song titles wrong, and it's still printed that way. It was a great moment, hearing that for the first time.

DG: I used to get these tapes from these guys that I knew through this weird New Orleans connection. They'd have their own set of invented names for songs. Like *Promised Land* was *Jet*.

SS: I said hello to a group of Deadheads who were visiting from Tokyo. After a couple of minutes, I realized that none of them spoke English well enough for them to have a detailed conversation about their lives. But what we got

down to was, I'd say *Dark Star*, and they would all say, "Very good song." Then I'd say *Terrapin*, and they'd say, "Mmm — very good."



JD: I have this very distinct remembrance of being totally convinced that the words to *China Cat Sunflower* were glossolalia, complete gibberish. And I would sing along in glossolalia. It was a shock to me to find out that there were actually real words.

SS: Hunter's early lyrics flirt with glossolalia, as did James Joyce's words.

DG: Joyce was a major influence on all those guys. One of my favorite Grateful Dead moments of all was having the extraordinary privilege of being invited up to Bob Weir's house to meet Joseph Campbell. And to have Phil Lesh and Jerry Garcia show up there like Deadheads and sit at *his* feet.

BJ: Can we talk about Hunter for one second? I think a lot about Hunter. The longer it goes on for me, the more I see him as such a key figure.

JD: Is Hunter the wizard behind the curtain?

SS: No. There's no wizard behind the curtain, but Hunter is able to come up with verbal formulations which express very complex and living truths without nailing them into a narrow pigeonhole.

BJ: But allowing enough access that you can grab it. That's what I keep thinking. I've long felt that Hunter is heavier than Dylan in a lot of ways, and I think the reason is access. They have different literary gifts, but they're of similar intensity. I think Dylan, because he's Dylan, has made them less accessible. Because Hunter has made those truths so accessible is why Deadheads can carry it through in their lives so much.

DG: Hunter has delivered more aphorisms and more lessons.

BJ: He's been happy to play the wise man, whereas Dylan always rejected that.

DG: There is a level on which Hunter's lyrics are journalism. I always have to look at his lyrics and see how they relate to the actual Grateful Dead scene.

SS: That's true, but what's amazing to me is Hunter is able to transmute journalism into koans which can be unpacked for decades of life.

DG: Their greatness is they don't just address one thing, they address any number of things, or can be believed to address any number of things. He's talking about something that's inside the Grateful Dead, and we have no way of knowing what he's talking about, but it works for us

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anyway, because we find something else to connect with. I think a lot of Bob Weir's Dylan choices are songs in which he finds something to connect to his own life. For me, when he sings "at midnight all the agents and their superhuman crew go out and round up everyone who knows more than they do," he's talking about the Grateful Dead. Whether Weir thinks that or not is irrelevant. To me, he is reporting on things that I have experienced in that world.

JD: What's interesting is that they're truths which are open to interpretation.

SS: Very much so, and it always amuses me to see Deadheads on the Net, as they often do, tirelessly trying to figure out who was Mr. Benson? Or who was Althea? The truth of the matter is, Althea is you. It's about your life. It's not about someone else's life.

DG: Has it ever occurred to any of you guys that *Candyman* might have been about the Acid Tests?

SS: I never thought about it.

BJ: I had a friend in Memphis, who was not a Deadhead, who swore that it's about a guy who was a dealer in Memphis in the late '60s, who was called the Candyman.

JD: I've always had this really clear picture that comes to my mind's eye whenever listening to *Fire On the Mountain*, that it's about Mayan message runners. Then you read the words on the page without the emotion of the music, and it's a completely different thing.

SS: The thing about Hunter is he came up with something that was borrowed partly from Dylan, and also partly from Robbie Robertson — an archetypal vision of America that practically seems more real to me than my day-to-day circumstances living in California. He comes up with a group of people who one meets over and over again.

BJ: He used to do this. *West L.A.* is the last one I can think of that really creates the world of a person. In *Standing On the Moon*, where you get a real sense of character, it's pretty hard to separate that from Jerry. Whereas *Wharf Rat*, *West L.A.*, *Terrapin* — these are obviously creations. I've missed that from his writing. I think he's gotten more and more into autobiography, whether consciously or not.

DG: I think of *Foolish Heart* as a letter to, from, by, and about every one of us. It's about the Grateful Dead, but it's a cubist portrait of this entire universe to me. *Days Between* is almost pure journalism to me, just like his poem *An American Adventure* is. I agree — I don't know the last time there was a story-song, like *Brown-Eyed Woman*.

BJ: *Brown-Eyed Woman* is the one which made me think of that. That creates such a world.

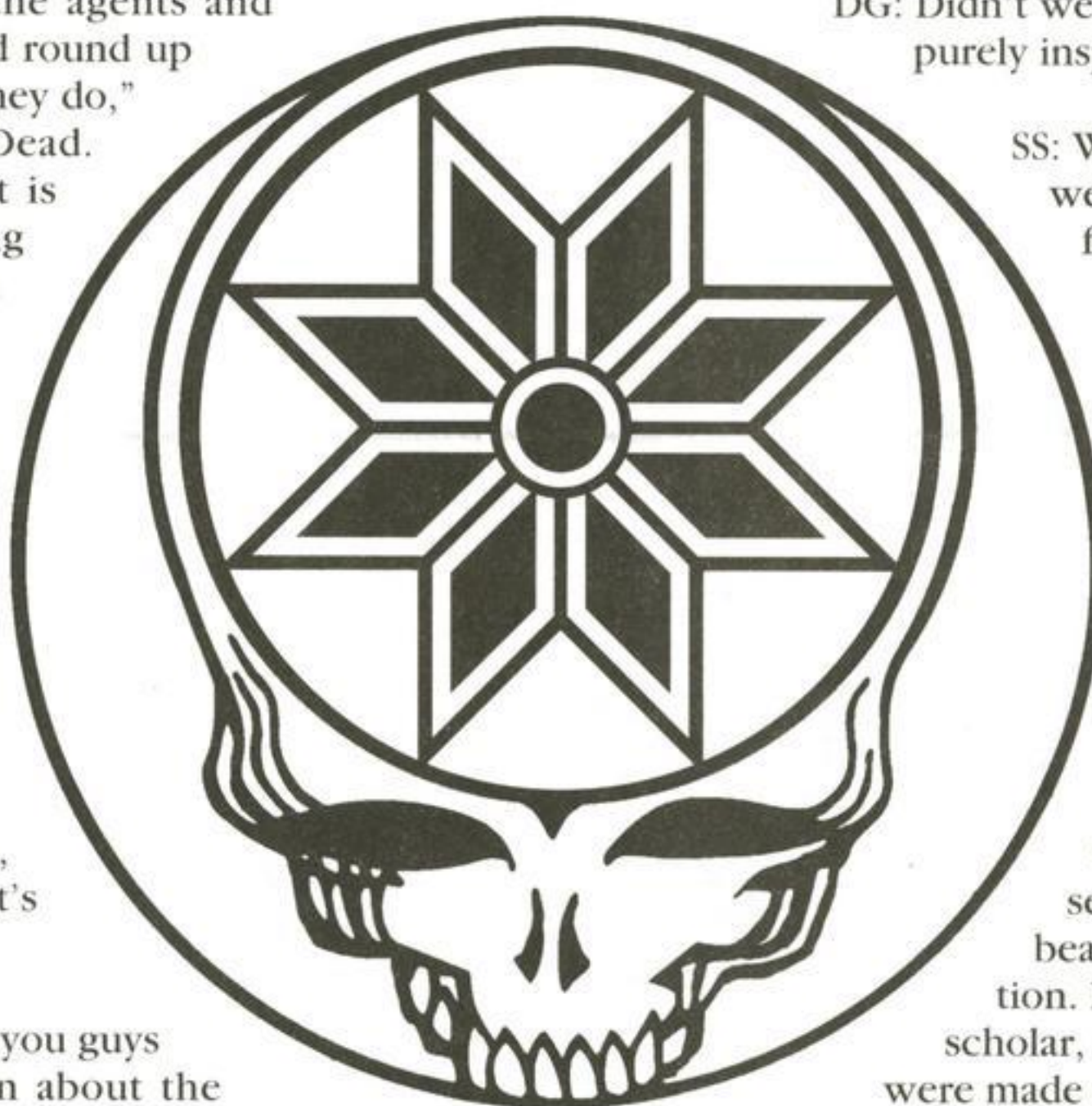
SS: He must have lost interest in maintaining that artifice of that world.

DG: Didn't we all read that that stuff was pretty purely inspired by The Band's brown album?

SS: What's interesting about it is that we're able to learn moral lessons from those characters' experience. And with the advent of analysis of Hunter's lyrics by David Dodd on the World Wide Web, there are intelligent people noticing, for instance, that the narrative structure of *Wharf Rat* is very complicated. It's being sung by characters within a story.

JD: And it switches.

SS: Exactly. Hunter is a cunning lyricist with tremendously acute sense of craft, not the spontaneous beatnik bubbling over with inspiration. He's a poet, translator of Rilke, and scholar, and he carves his words as if they were made of stone, to last the ages. I think it never gets noticed that Hunter is probably the most popular poet of the Twentieth century, because his lyrics are literally sewn onto jackets, worn on shirts, inscribed into notebooks, quoted, and made a part of people's lives, more intimately than even Allen Ginsberg. Although Allen Ginsberg is as close as the poetry world comes to a star.



The Bottle Rockets

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JD: Even those who would aspire to be a bard, or a channeler of some universal truth are listening to Grateful Dead lyrics hundreds of thousands of times each day. It's a mantra that gets echoed throughout and across this globe in this culture, as much as mantras are in Eastern cultures.

SS: Or as much as incense is lit to Confucian gods in Chinese restaurants [laugh]. It's an intimate part of people's daily reality. It's interesting in the same way a mantra is, and it's also interesting in that it's so utterly ordinary. People buy temporary tattoos from supermarket gum machines with Grateful Dead symbols on them.

BJ: When I saw the gumball machines, I thought, man, this is too much.

SS: The Grateful Dead is half church and half baseball game. In some ways, it's the most mundane American rock and roll. You go there, and it cuts across more boundaries than a lot of other rock groups. And yet, these lyrics that Hunter has written — I'm sure he was in various moods when he wrote various songs — are very, very serious, cunning literary creations. They've become an intimate part of so many people's lives.

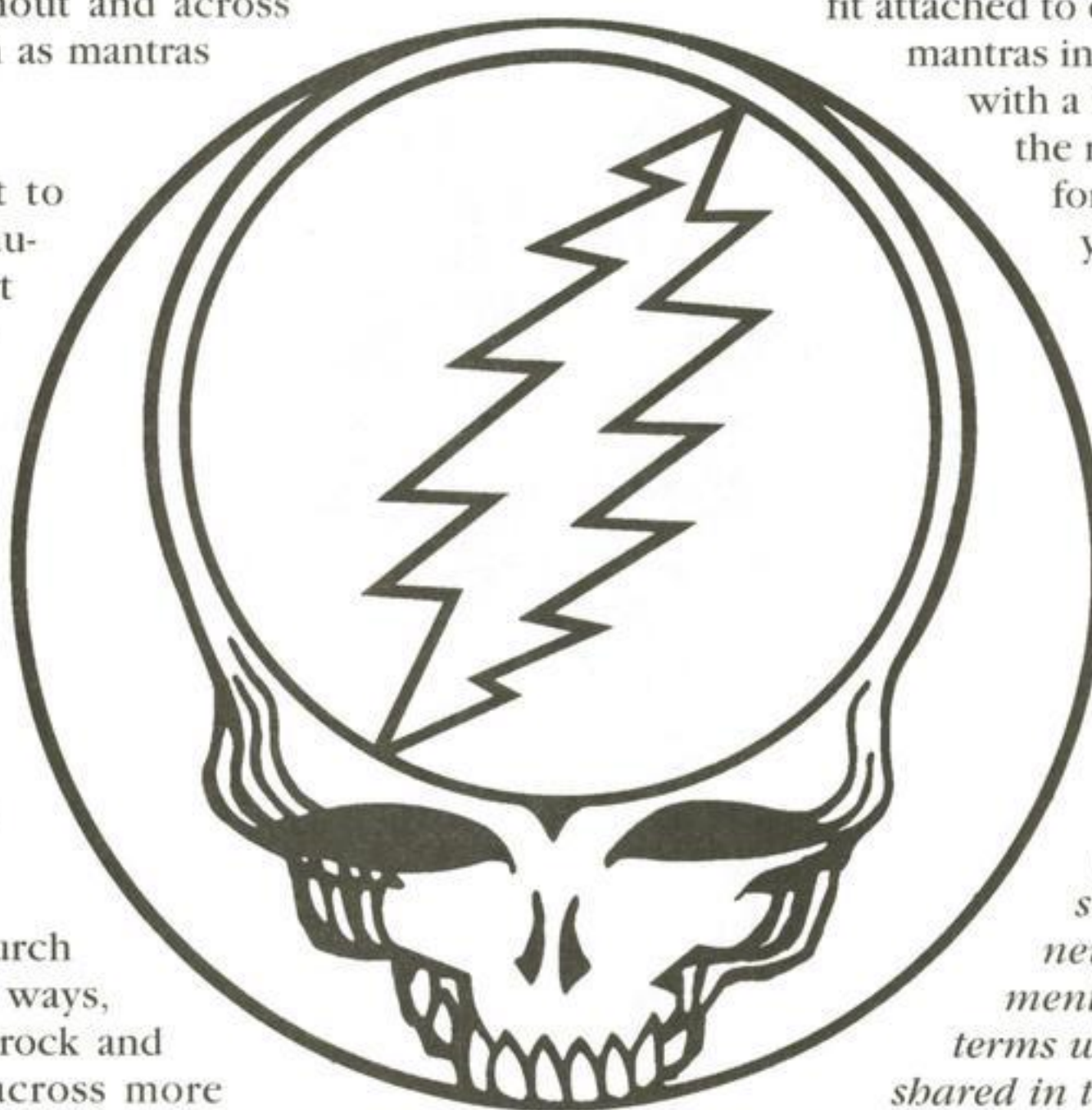
JD: I am a firm believer in the model of the Grateful Dead lyric as the spiritual mantra of the American counter-culture. While there is no dogma or specific psychological benefit attached to each song the way there is to

mantras in Tibet, where when you're sick with a heart problem, you say a mantra to the medicine Buddha, they have known for thousands of years that this brings you into a specific vibratory space of healing. Something marvelous and healing does happen to Deadheads when we sing the words to *He's Gone* or *Uncle John's Band*. We all attune to the same frequency.

Since we had this roundtable discussion in June, as previously stated, many events have come to pass which cast our scene in a new and different light. In retrospect, the thoughts stated here have taken on a whole new meaning. We hope these sentiments will help each of you come to terms with the experiences we have shared in the past, and have to look forward to — our scene is deep and rich enough to survive.

The storyteller makes no choice, soon we will not hear his voice. His job is to shed light, not to master.

— Terrapin Staiton, © Robert Hunter ♦



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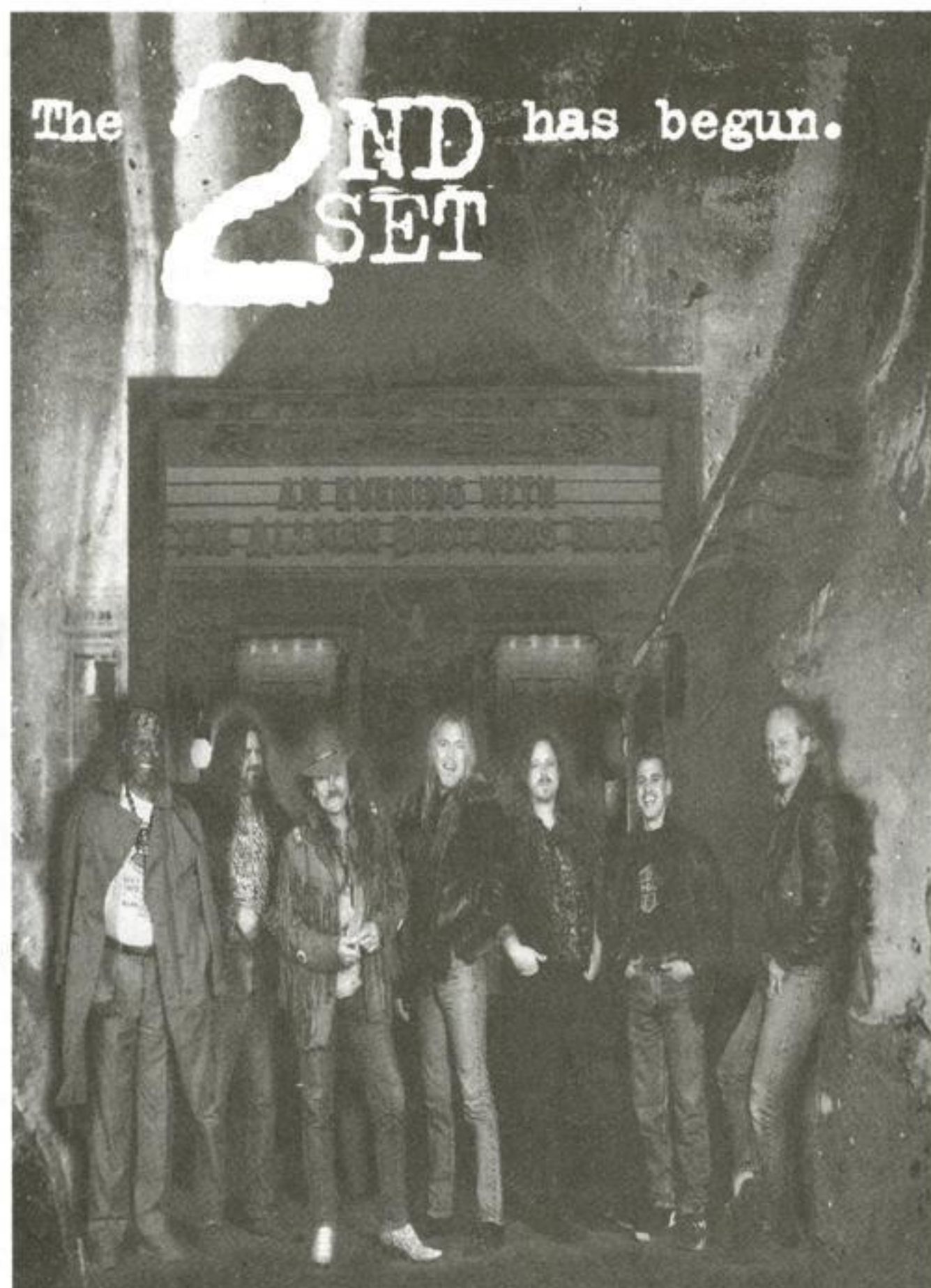
"Twin leads, two drummers, an impossibly soulful vocalist - no American band ever emerged with the sheer power of The Allman Brothers Band."

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GET TO KNOW YOUR DEAD RELATIVES

A guide to music, books, and happenings every Deadhead should know about

It's a GREAT time to be collecting music on the planet. Whether it's the astounding diversity of world beat and ethnic music that seems to be jumping out these days from every corner of the globe, or any one of ten-dozen *amazing* contemporary musical acts that are marching their way up the success ladder, or the never-ending supply of all-time classics being pulled off vault shelves for remastering to perfection, lovers of music have never had it so good.

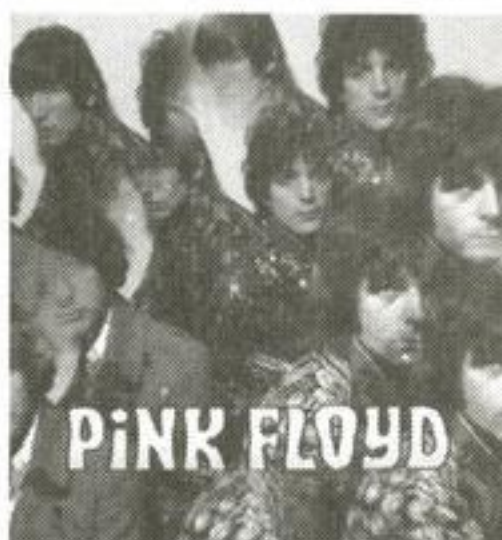
Shall We Go...

You and I While We Can?

Very important news on the Grateful Dead offshoot CD release front!!! Infamous audio collage artist, John Oswald, has just released **Grayfolded-Mirror Ashes** (Swell Music), part two of his **Dark Star** collage, and it's a winner. As many of you know, part one, released last year, was met with mixed reviews; for many, including us, it was "interesting," but it just didn't synergize the way *Dark Star* does when left to its unedited raw self. Part two, however, isn't just a good piece of interpretive art, and it isn't just a successful synergy of many *Dark Stars* into one, it's also a perfect cosmic joke on the Dead and Deadheads. After a brief flirting with his trademark weirdness, Oswald lays down the whole *Dark Star* "jam" from 2/13/70! That's right, the *Feelin' Groovy* jam has made it onto an official release (and he didn't fuck with it!). It isn't until 15 glorious minutes later that Oswald starts to get weird again, only this time it fits far more within the sensibilities of a Deadhead's ear (or at least ours). There's feedback, a drum solo, even the monster bass solo from 8/27/72. That's not all — Oswald throws in traces of *The Other One*, *Let It Grow*, *St. Stephen*, *Morning Dew*, and *Stella Blue*. And the liner notes, written by ethnomusicologist Rob Bowman, are the *definitive* musings on the song *Dark Star*. All told, this interpretive perspective on the Dead's most improvisational song is, in its own right, a must-have item for lovers of improvisational, avant-garde, visionary, and space music. In other words, every "dedicated" Deadhead should own it.

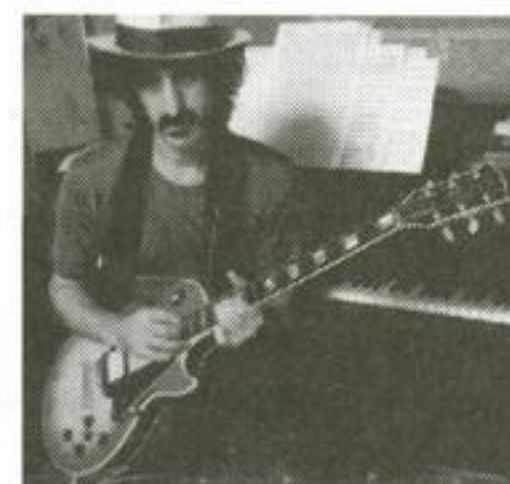
Remastered Vault Classics

For 20 years (1973-93) the **King Biscuit Flour Hour** brought many performances of rock music's most important artists into people's lives via radio stations across the globe. In fact, the originator intended it to be a way in which rock music fans could groove on their favorite groups in the privacy of their own homes. Very hip. Now, 1000 shows later, they've started releasing the best of the King Biscuit Flour Hour on CD. The first group of releases includes **Bob Weir with Kingfish** from the Beacon Theatre 4/3/76. Kingfish, featuring longtime GD collaborator Matt Kelly on harmonica, vocals, and guitar, and bassist Dave Torbert from the original New Riders of the Purple Sage, is our favorite Bob Weir offshoot band. Besides having a great collection of their own songs and cover tunes not played by the Dead, Kingfish offered forth high-energy renditions of *Lazy Lightning*, *Supplication*, *One More Saturday Night*, *Promised Land*, *New Minglewood Blues*, *Around 'n' Around*, and *C. C. Rider*. All of these and more are featured on this new, two-CD set in superb quality and played to perfection. Expect a continuous stream of equally great releases from this project. Also out with the Kingfish show are performances by Deep Purple, Lynyrd Skynyrd (which we also really liked), Greg Lake (*ripping* through several Emerson, Lake & Palmer classics), and America.



these classics: **The Piper At the Gates Of Dawn**, **A Saucerful Of Secrets**, **Ummagumma**, **Atom Heart Mother**, **Meddle**, and **Dark Side Of the Moon**. Floyd's debut album, "The Piper At the Gates Of Dawn," is without question one of the great early psychedelic musical

journeys. Pop it in the CD, turn off the lights, put on the headphones, and prepare for astral travel. The newly remastered release is breathtaking, so good it's hard to believe this was their first effort! "Ummagumma" is a two-disc set, one recorded in the studio (featuring the hilarious *Several Species Of Small Furry Animals Gathered Together In a Cave and Grooving With a Pict* but otherwise unmemorable), and the other recorded live in 1969. The live disc is another fast ticket to the far reaches of the mind's eye with a particularly haunting version of *Set the Controls For the Heart Of the Sun*. Our favorite Pink Floyd album of all time is "Meddle." Originally released in 1971, it marks the pinnacle of Pink Floyd's pre-commercial period with both the heavy, long space jams Pink Floyd is famous for along with several tunes one might actually call cheerful, a quality rarely found in this band's extensive repertoire.



Rykodisc has just remastered and released 53 **Frank Zappa** albums on CD! This is a very hip thing. Aside from his more well-known and

commercially successful records, including "We're Only In It For the Money," "Overnite Sensation," "Apostrophe," and "Joe's Garage Act. I, II, III," there are many lesser-known releases worth checking out. **Shut Up 'N' Play Yer Guitar** is a brilliant three-CD set which highlights Frank's virtuoso guitar improvisations — no lyrics, just pedal-to-the-metal jamming. All too few people realize that Zappa was one of the all-time greatest electric guitarists and this *amazing* release proves it beyond a shadow of a doubt. If intelligent, incendiary guitar work is your passion, you *must* check this out! Another of our all-time Zappa favorites is **Roxy Music and Elsewhere**, also newly remastered, featuring legendary fusion keyboardist George Duke. Recorded mostly live in concert, it features the Zappa classics *Penguins In Bondage*,

Village Of the Sun, and *Cheepnis* — all of which are delivered with Zappa's trademark humor and textbook precision musicianship.

On July 28, 1973, The Dead, The Allman Brothers, and The Band played to 600,000 people at Watkins Glen Speedway in upstate New York, the largest concert crowd ever. Capitol Records has just released a *pristine* recording of **The Band Live At Watkins Glen**. Our favorite of the ten cuts is the first, Chuck Berry's *Back To Memphis*, which highlights the screaming guitar work of Robbie Robertson (although, if you've picked up Capitol's recent three-CD Band retrospective, "Across the Great Divide," you already have most of this concert). A little later on, the most amazing thunderstorm you've ever heard on a *non-sound effects* recording bellows forth from above, as the sky dumps an absolute *deluge* of rain. Undaunted, The Band jams on in fine form. Just like the Woodstock '94 CD, this very well-recorded CD makes us happy we can listen to the music in the dry comfort of our homes. Now, if they'd only release The Band's *volcanic* 8/1/73 Roosevelt Stadium set we'd be really, really thrilled.



Capitol Records has also just remastered **Jimi Hendrix's** legendary New Year's Eve '69-'70 concert recording, **Band Of Gypsies**. Featuring Billy Cox on bass and Buddy Miles on drums, this powerhouse trio was, some say, Jimi's reaction to '60s black activists pressuring him to relate more to black audiences. There are heavy flirtings here with funk, soul, blues, and R&B. Regardless of the intent, the result of this brief change in focus is a fairly straightforward performance. Absent are Jimi's between-song stream-of-consciousness raps and showy stage antics. What the listener gets is some *very* serious guitar work. *Machine Gun* is one of the best examples of Hendrix's virtuosity ever captured to disc, and *Message Of Love* is one of the very few Hendrix songs which one can actually dance to. It's a great shame that Alan Douglas, the producer who until recently was in charge of the entire Hendrix vault, didn't use this re-release opportunity (again!) to put out additional music from this concert. Still, what is here is essential music for Hendrix fans.

Alan Douglas has also just released another **Hendrix** CD, **Voodoo Soup** (MCA) in an effort to put together the album Jimi was creating prior to his death. With the exception of one instrumental cut, *New Rising Sun*, it's all music we've heard before. Two of the cuts even have new tracks on them (so we are told, to eliminate mistakes that were made in the original recording process). But this release does work, and features several of Jimi's most mature pieces, including the heavenly *Angel* and *Drifting*. In an out-of-court settlement, Douglas has agreed to return all Jimi's property including master tapes to Al Hendrix, Jimi's father.

A&M has released **The Very Best Of Cream, The Cream Of Clapton, and Clapton's Rainbow Concert**. "The



Very Best Of Cream" is filled with all sorts of ditties and B-sides one wouldn't expect from a "best-of" release. "The Cream Of Clapton," on the other hand, is most definitely a best-of collection, featuring all the standards: *I Shot the Sheriff*, *Layla*, *Cocaine*, *Wonderful Tonight*, etc. The new release of "Clapton's Rainbow Concert," recorded on January 13, 1973, with guests Pete Townshend, Ronnie Wood, Steve Winwood, Jim Capaldi, and Rick Grech, features eight more cuts than the original 1973 record release, including *Layla*, *Crossroads*, and *Blues Power*.

New Music

It seems like there are two types of Deadheads these days — those who like Phish and those who don't. Well, before you draw your own line in the sand, you may just want to give a listen to their latest release, **Phish Live**. After an initial listen one thing becomes very clear: this band can jam! Yeah, yeah, yeah, you've probably already heard Phishheads foaming at the mouth about the incredible jam in *Tweezer*, but have you checked out the jam in *Stash*? These improvisations are, in their own right, every bit as heavy as a good *Playing In the Band*, or even *Dark Star* at times. No shit! So Phish's lyrics don't move you? Forget about 'em and crank it up as this band lays down one wild instrumental improv after another. This is serious, feel-good psychedelic music made by genuine "Holy Fools." Doubters make way, Phish is dancing all the way to the top.



Neil Young's newest release, **Mirror Ball** (Reprise), is a pleasant surprise for those who might have feared **Pearl Jam** serving as back-up band on this album. In fact, it's a perfect match! We were amazed to find it *less* raunchy than some of Neil's previous electric rock albums ("Weld," for example). Given the history of both Young and Pearl Jam, it's surprising to find an overall tempering of screaming guitar solos and feedback. Instead, we found songs heavy on rich electric guitar *melodies*. How perfect, when the true Godfather of grunge, Neil Young, gets together with the young crowned princes of the alternative music scene, the resulting album is a lesson in *controlled* anarchy — a lesson much needed by the new generation of today's to-hell-with-limits rock and rollers.

Homegrown is the *very best* compilation sampler we've heard yet! What better way to taste-test the leading edge of new music? Featuring a wide selection of musical styles from bands found originally on the southeastern seaboard, this kickass compilation starts off with three seriously funky tunes by **Jook**, **Blue Miracle**, and **Agents Of Good Fortune**. You'll also find enticing cuts by **The Ominous Seapods** and **Flyin' Mice** — both of whom sound a bit like Phish, **The Grapes** — who have a tight, Allman Brothers-style southern rock sound, as well as **Purple School Bus**, **Jupiter Coyote**, **Blues Old Stand**, **Knocked Down Smilin'**, **Stone Kitchen**, **The Gibb Droll Band**, and the passionate 12-string guitar mastery of **Keller Williams**. To order call 1-800-6LEEWAY.

Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers have a new album, **Free Like We Want 2 B** (Elektra). Like his father, Ziggy pens politically enlightened and spiritually



focused lyrics. While this album is occasionally flavored with hints of hip-hop and dance-hall, it maintains an overall "roots" meaning and drive, unlike so many other reggae albums today. "Free Like We Want 2 B" is, in fact, a return to the Grammy-winning sound of Ziggy's earlier albums, "Conscious Party" and "One

Bright Day," with innovative reggae guitar played by Earl "China" Smith, and the catchy, hook-filled songs the Marley clan is famous for. But if you really want to catch an *irie* vibe in the true Marley tradition, check out Ziggy in concert. When he gets his kids out onstage boogying to the music and the band is in the groove, it's almost as pure and joyous a time as his father was capable of creating — and that's saying quite a lot.

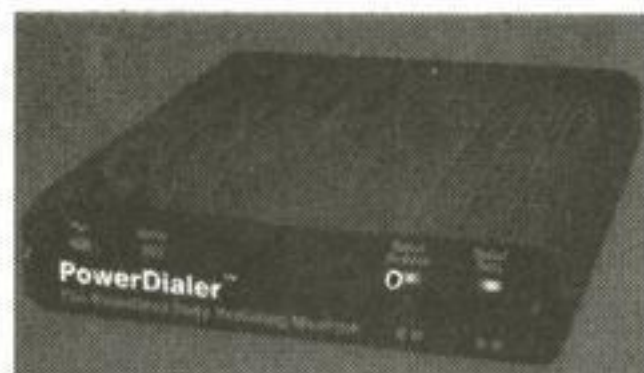
Henry Kaiser and Tom Constanen's latest release, **Siamese Stepbrothers** (Cuneiform Records, Rune 72), is the sort of music you'd expect space aliens to be listening to in their starships. This comes as no surprise to us, given that the accompanying press release for this album claims the entire band, which met at a UFO convention in Las Vegas, all have the same mysterious luminous tattoos on the soles of their feet. The release goes on to claim that under hypnosis each of the band members separately asked for music manuscript paper and, while still under, wrote out the identical melody and chords of the first track on this unearthly sounding album. Need we say more?

We finally heard the two **Garcia Band** cuts, *Cigarettes and Coffee* and *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*, from the excellent new movie **Smoke**. Since Garcia's passing, movie theaters showing **Smoke** have been presenting the Garcia Band video of *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*, featuring actress Ashley Judd. It's a great movie, so by all means, go and see it.

For those of you who were enraptured by the Egyptian drum and violin orchestra which backed up **Page and Plant** on their *phenomenal* recent tour, you might want to track down their latest release. **Hossam Ramzy's Source Of Fire** (EUCD1305) is much more interesting to a Western rock and roller's ear than his other albums which are mostly belly dancing music. "Source Of Fire" features the same percussion and violins as his other albums, but is closer to a Mickey Hart solo album than to more traditional efforts.

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Film & Video

Well, it had to happen sooner or later — a serious film documentary about Deadheads on tour. **Tie-Died: Rock 'n' Roll's Most Dedicated Fans** is an accurate 80-minute portrait of tourheads as they appeared in the Eugene, Vegas, and Vermont parking lots during last year's summer tour. Most of the classic stereotypes are here: the grizzled, old veterans who saw the Dead in the '60s and are still truckin' 25 years later, the bright-eyed newbies, the drum circle dancers, spinners, space cadets, wharf rats, bus fanatics, commune converts, and parking lot cooks. Unlike the innumerable condescending soundbyte news reports we've all seen on local stations when the Dead pull into town, this film pays respect where and when it's due. Yes, there are plenty of sobering interviews with spacey road rats who haven't showered in who-knows-how-long, but the bottom line is made clear over and over again — *all* those portrayed are following the Dead with one common goal — to find and share love and companionship. When all is said and done, this film suggests that even with its downside our scene is based largely on hope. That's more than you can say about a lot of things these days. 50 copies of the film were made available to movie theaters in September. Look for it now!

Essential Reading Material

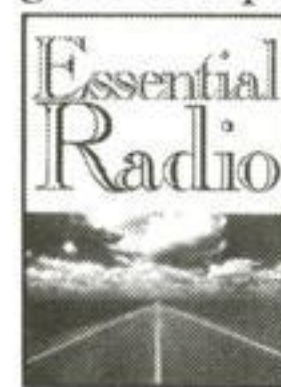
Bob and Wendy Weir's latest environmentally oriented children's book, **Baru Bay, Australia**, has just been published by Disney's Hyperion Books (40 pgs., \$19.95, with audio cassette). Like their first book, the well-received *Panther Dreams*, this effort is a direct attempt to introduce kids to yet another fragile

and endangered corner of our planet. As the book progresses, its heroine, a girl named Tee, comes in contact with many of the marvelous creatures found down under: a kookaburra, dolphins, whales, a python, crocodiles, anemone, sharks, and parrot fish, to name a few. She meets several indigenous aborigines and learns of their dreamtime myths. The accompanying tape features Bobby's rather flat and monotone narration of the story over the much more interesting sounds of the Australian continent along with didgeridu, guitar, synthesizer, and aboriginal chant.

Taper's Quarterly is a delightful little magazine dedicated to documenting the *non*-Grateful Dead live concert taping scene. You'll find interviews with and reviews of artists such as Richard Thompson, Los Lobos, Midnight Oil, and Joni Mitchell, as well as discussions of taping techniques and new technology. Membership in L.A.V.A. (Live Audio Video Association) gets you a four-issue subscription. Send \$10 (US, Canada, Mexico, \$19 elsewhere), to L.A.V.A., Box 641191, San Francisco, CA, 94164-1191.

The Conch Us Times is a 19-page photocopied newsletter written by and for Buddhist Deadheads. You'll find an even mix of Dead show reviews/related adventures, and articles on Buddhist philosophy, as well as a smattering of drug law and political critique from a Buddhist/libertarian perspective. For a one-year subscription send an \$8 check/money order to Ken Sundowner, Conch Us Times, Box 769, Idyllwild, CA 92549.

Serious tourheads, and any of you who do road trips, should know about a new glove compartment-sized book entitled



Essential Radio (Peregrine Press, 216 pgs., \$9.95). This nifty little reference guide lists almost 6000 radio stations nationwide, according to 40 formats. Wanna know where to tune yer car radio dial in Itta Benna, Mississippi for some genuine gospel music? Or do you have an itch when you pull outta the rental office in Las Vegas to hear All Things Considered on NPR (just to get a dose of objectivity perhaps)? This is the book that'll tell ya. It would make a great stocking stuffer for road warriors. To order call 1-800-299-AMFM. ♦



Send all submissions and suggestions for reviews to DDN-Dead Relatives, P.O. Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578.



WE WANT YOU

TO GET INVOLVED!

IN LOVING MEMORY

DDN is looking for well-written (and legible) thoughts on what Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead have meant to you, how this experience has changed your life, and how you have dealt with Jerry's untimely death.

DEAD DREAMS

If you've had any wild, weird, or woolly dreams involving the Grateful Dead, please write them down in great detail and send them to DDN, Dr. Don's Deadhead Dreams, at the address listed below.

FLASHBACKS

What's your favorite Grateful Dead memory? DDN is looking for well-written (and legible) flashbacks of significant moments in your life that included the Grateful Dead in some way, shape, or form. Your first show, your favorite show, wild adventures from the road, meeting the band under weird circumstances, listening to their music while having a profound experience (giving birth, hang gliding, etc.). Share your high times with our readers.

ARTWORK

Help us beautify the pages of DDN! We are always looking for Grateful Dead-oriented psychedelic drawings in B&W.

PHOTOS

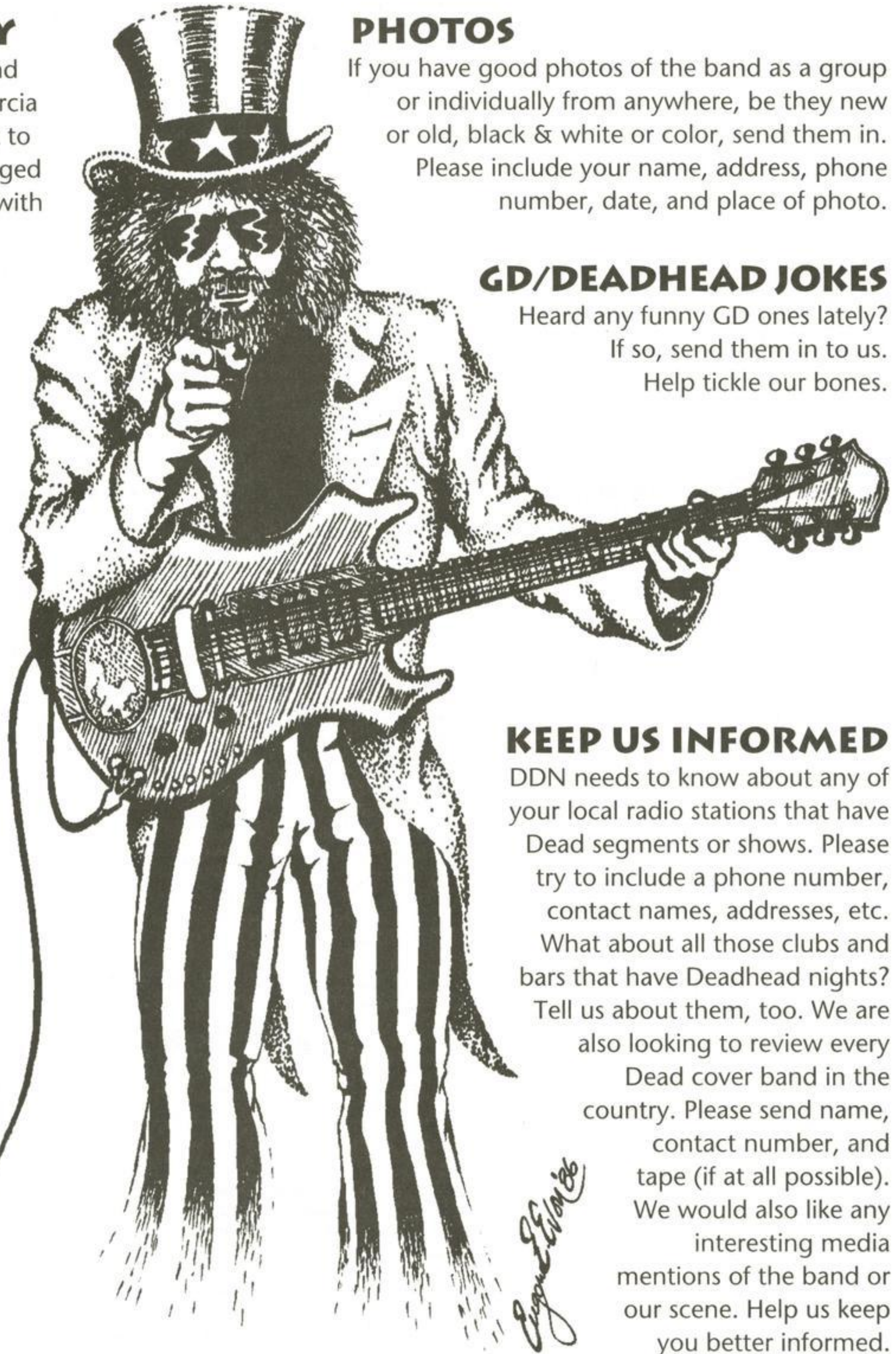
If you have good photos of the band as a group or individually from anywhere, be they new or old, black & white or color, send them in. Please include your name, address, phone number, date, and place of photo.

GD/DEADHEAD JOKES

Heard any funny GD ones lately? If so, send them in to us. Help tickle our bones.

KEEP US INFORMED

DDN needs to know about any of your local radio stations that have Dead segments or shows. Please try to include a phone number, contact names, addresses, etc. What about all those clubs and bars that have Deadhead nights? Tell us about them, too. We are also looking to review every Dead cover band in the country. Please send name, contact number, and tape (if at all possible). We would also like any interesting media mentions of the band or our scene. Help us keep you better informed.



DUPREE'S DIAMOND NEWS
P.O. BOX 148, PURDYS, NY 10578

SET LISTS

Sam Boyd Silver Bowl, Las Vegas, NV

May 19, 1995

Picasso Moon
Friend Of The Devil
Wang Dang Doodle
Althea
Qn. Jane Approximately
Deal

Here Comes Sunshine
Way To Go Home
Playing In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>Space>
Easy Answers>
Standing On The Moon>
Around 'n Around
*Lucy In The Sky
w/Diamonds
14 Songs

May 20, 1995

Mississippi Half-Step
The Race Is On
Lazy River Road
Masterpiece
Tennessee Jed
Eternity

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Samba In The Rain
Women Are Smarter
Truckin'>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
That Would Be Smthg>
Morning Dew
*One More Sat. Nite
15 Songs

May 21, 1995

Jack Straw
West LA Fade Away
Little Red Rooster
Ramble On Rose
Tom Thumb's Blues
So Many Roads
Promised Land

Samson & Delilah
Unbroken Chain
Eyes Of The World
Corrina>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Spanish Jam>
The Other One>
Days Between>
Sugar Magnolia
*Liberty
16 Songs

Seattle Memorial Stadium, Seattle, WA

May 24, 1995

Touch Of Grey
New Minglewood Blues
Lazy River Road
Me & My Uncle+>
Big River+
Bird Song

Iko Iko
St. Of Circumstance
Way To Go Home
I Want To Tell You>
Estimated Prophet>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Wharf Rat>
Lovelight
*U.S. Blues
15 Songs

May 25, 1995

Feel Like A Stranger
Bertha
Good Mrnin' Lil Schlgrl
Peggy-O
El Paso+
Tennessee Jed
Cassidy

Foolish Heart
Victim Or The Crime
Samba In The Rain
He's Gone>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away
*Quinn The Eskimo
15 Songs
+Weir on acoustic

May 26, 1995

Help On The Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
The Same Thing
Loose Lucy
Eternity+
Don't Ease Me In

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mountain
Playing In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>Space>
Easy Answers>
Stella Blue>
Good Lovin'
*Liberty
15 Songs

Portland Meadows, Portland, OR

May 28, 1995

Jack Straw
Peggy-O
Wang Dang Doodle
Row Jimmy
Masterpiece+
Brown-Eyed Woman
Let It Grow

Samson & Delilah
Way To Go Home
Crazy Fingers>
Corrina>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Watchtower>
Black Peter>
Around 'n' Around
*Box Of Rain
15 Songs
+Weir on acoustic

May 29, 1995

Let The Good Times Roll
Jack-A-Roe
Walkin' Blues
Dire Wolf
Black-Throated Wind+
Tennessee Jed
Tom Thumb's Blues
Music Never Stopped

Shakedown Street
Looks Like Rain
Samba In The Rain>
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Days Between>
Sugar Magnolia
*Liberty
16 Songs

Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

June 2, 1995

Alabama Getaway>
Greatest Story
Candyman
Good Mrnin' Lil Schlgrl
Ramble On Rose
El Paso+
Bird Song
Promised Land

New Speedway Boogie>
That Would Be Smthg
Way To Go Home
St. Of Circumstance>
He's Gone>
Jam>Drums^>Space>
Easy Answers>
Standing On The Moon>
Around 'n' Around
*Lucy In The Sky...
17 Songs.
^w/Gyuto Monks

June 3, 1995

Hell In A Bucket
Althea
Little Red Rooster
Brown-Eyed Woman
Broken Arrow
Stagger Lee
Eternity+

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Samba In The Rain
Playing In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>Space>
Box Of Rain>
Stella Blue>
Throwing Stones>
One More Sat. Nite
*Liberty
17 Songs
+Weir on acoustic

June 4, 1995

Bertha
Wang Dang Doodle
Peggy-O
Qn. Jane Approximately
Loose Lucy
Mama Tried+>
Mexicali Blues+
Lazy River Road
Cassidy

Here Comes Sunshine
Victim Or The Crime>
Unbroken Chain
Eyes Of The World>
Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Days Between>
Not Fade Away
*Brokedown Palace
17 Songs

Franklin Cty Airprt, Highgate, VT

June 15, 1995

Touch Of Grey
Wang Dang Doodle
Peggy-O
El Paso+
Ramble On Rose
Black-Throated Wind
Loose Lucy
Promised Land

Here Comes Sunshine
Samba In The Rain
Truckin'>
Rollin' and Tumblin'>
That Would Be Smthg>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
Box Of Rain>
Standing On The Moon>
Sugar Magnolia
*Liberty
18 Songs

Giants Stadium, E. Rutherford, NJ

June 18, 1995

Feel Like A Stranger
Bertha
The Same Thing
Stagger Lee
Eternity+
Deal

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Way To Go Home
Samson & Delilah
Eyes Of The World>
Drums>Space>
Spanish Jam>
I Need A Miracle>
Wharf Rat>
Not Fade Away
*Lucy In The Sky
w/Diamonds
16 Songs
+Weir on acoustic

June 19, 1995

Cold Rain & Snow
Good Mrnin' Lil Schlgrl
Ramble On Rose
It's All Over Now
Lazy River Road
Me & My Uncle+>
Big River+
Don't Ease Me In

Iko Iko
Unbroken Chain
Samba In The Rain
Corrina>
Mathilda>
Drums>Space>Jam>
The Other One>
Stella Blue>
Throwing Stones>
Lovelight
*Brokedown Palace
18 Songs

Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY

June 21, 1995

Hell In A Bucket
Loser
Take Me To The River
Row Jimmy
Broken Arrow
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mountain
Women Are Smarter
It's All Too Much
Playing In The Band>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Easy Answers>
Morning Dew
*U.S. Blues
14 Songs

+Weir on acoustic

June 22, 1995

Touch Of Grey
Walkin' Blues
Must've Been The Roses
Masterpiece+
So Many Roads
Music Never Stopped

Help On The Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
Samba In The Rain
Estimated Prophet>
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Watchtower>
Black Peter>
Around 'n' Around
*I Fought The Law
16 Songs

RFK Stadium, Washington, DC

June 24, 1995

Jack Straw
Althea
Little Red Rooster
Friend Of The Devil
El Paso+
So Many Roads
Promised Land

Iko Iko
Way To Go Home
St. Of Circumstance>
New Speedway Boogie>
That Would Be Smthg>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Days Between>
One More Sat. Nite
*Black Muddy River
15 Songs

Bruce Hornsby on
Grand Piano both nights

June 25, 1995

Shakedown Street
Wang Dang Doodle
Jack-A-Roe
Mama Tried+>
Mexicali Blues+
Loose Lucy
Picasso Moon

Box Of Rain
Rain
Samson & Delilah
Ship Of Fools
Truckin'>
Rollin' and Tumblin'>
Samba In The Rain>
Drums>Space>
Wharf Rat>
Not Fade Away
*Brokedown Palace
17 Songs

SET LISTS

Palace Theater, Auburn Hills, MI

June 27, 1995

Greatest Story>
Bertha
New Minglewood Blues
Ramble On Rose
Qn. Jane Approximately
Lazy River Road
Eternity+
Don't Ease Me In

Victim Or The Crime>
Foolish Heart
It's All Too Much
Corrina>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Standing On The Moon>
Sugar Magnolia
*Liberty
16 Songs
+Weir on acoustic

June 28, 1995

Mississippi Half-Step
Good Mornin' Lil Schlgrl
Loser
Black-Throated Wind+
Tom Thumb's Blues
Big Railroad Blues
Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Way To Go Home
Estimated Prophet>
Uncle John's Band>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Easy Answers>
Attics Of My Life>
Good Lovin'
*Lucy In The Sky
w/Diamonds
16 Songs

Three Rivers Stad., Pittsburgh, PA

June 30, 1995

Hell In A Bucket
West LA Fade Away
Take Me To The River
Candyman
Masterpiece+
Bird Song
Promised Land

Rain
Box Of Rain
Sambe In The Rain
Looks Like Rain
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Standing On The Moon
*Gloria
15 Songs
+Weir on acoustic

Deer Creek Amph., Noblesville, IN

July 2, 1995

Here Comes Sunshine
Walkin' Blues
Dire Wolf
It's All Over Now
Broken Arrow
Desolation Row+
Tennessee Jed
Let It Grow

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mountain>
Victim Or The Crime>
It's All Too Much>
New Speedway Boogie>
Drums>Space>
Attics Of My Life>
Sugar Magnolia
*Quinn The Eskimo
16 Songs
July 3 show cancelled!

Riverport Amph., Md Heights, MO

July 5, 1995

Feel Like A Stranger
Peggy-O
The Same Thing
Loose Lucy
Childhood's End
El Paso+
Don't Ease Me In

Iko Iko
Playing In The Band>
Crazy Fingers>
Corrina>
Jam>Drums>Space>Jam>
GDTRFB>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away
*Black Muddy River
15 Songs
+Weir on acoustic

July 6, 1995

Mississippi Half-Step
Take Me To The River
Big Boss Man
Me & My Uncle+>
Big River+
Brown-Eyed Woman
Cassidy

Eyes Of The World
Unbroken Chain
Samba In The Rain
Truckin'>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Stella Blue>
Around 'n' Around
*Liberty
16 Songs

Soldier Field, Chicago, IL

July 8, 1995

Jack Straw
Sugaree
Wang Dang Doodle
Althea
Qn. Jane Approximately
Tennessee Jed
Eternity+
Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
It's All Too Much
St. Of Circumstance>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Visions Of Johanna>
One More Sat. Nite
*U.S. Blues
17 Songs

July 9, 1995

Touch Of Grey
Little Red Rooster
Lazy River Road
Masterpiece+
Childhood's End
Cumberland Blues
Promised Land

Shakedown Street
Samson & Delilah
So Many Roads
Samba In The Rain
Corrina>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Unbroken Chain>
Sugar Magnolia
*Black Muddy River
*Box Of Rain
16 Songs
+Weir on acoustic



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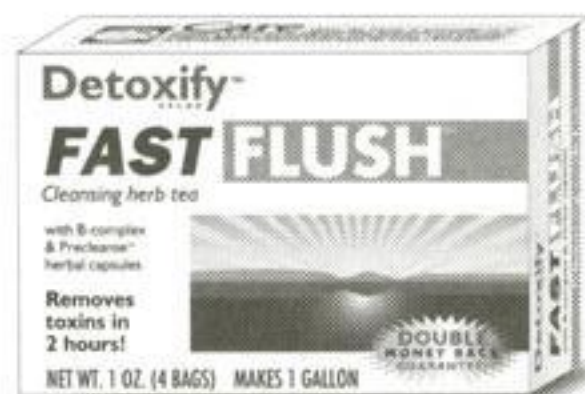
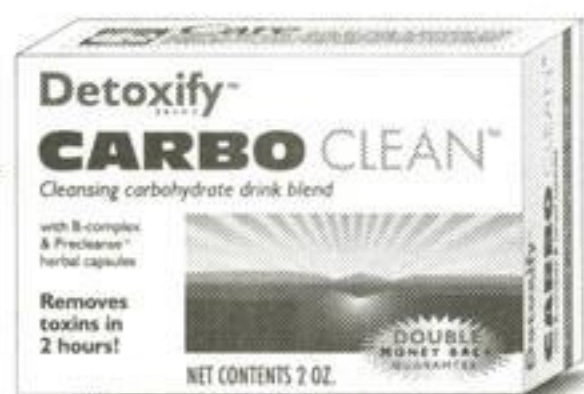
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9/28/95	Thurs	T.B.A.	Ohio Region			
9/29/95	Fri	Bogart's	2621 Vine Street	Cincinnati	OH	513.281.8400
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10/4/95	Wed	The Vogue	6259 North College Ave.	Indianapolis	In	317.259.7029

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BACK ISSUES

CATCH UP ON WHAT YOU MAY HAVE MISSED!

#1: DDN, our first issue!

#2: Back from the Dead (The Dead return after Jerry's illness); Betty Cantor Tapes—Story and List—Part 1; Spring 1987 reviews; Wes Wilson psychedelic art review

#3: "Love Conquers All"; Spring Tour 1987; The Harmonic Convergence; How Can I Help?—Ram Dass; Living Life As Art; Betty Cantor Tapes—Part 2

#4: Summer Tour 1987 with Bob Dylan; History of Music—'50s-'60s; Baba Olatunji Interview—Part 1

#5/6: Rites of Passage; DH Dreams; Baba Olatunji Interview—Part 2; How to pitch a tape; Fall 1987 Reviews; 1987 Year-End Analysis

#7: Robert Hunter letter to DHs and DDN reply; Wavy Gravy Int.; Spring 1988 Reviews; 1976—The Year in Review; Best of '66-'75 On Tape—First Ed.

#8: "It's All Too Clear We're On Our Own!"; Deadhead Dreams; Summer 1988 Reviews

#9: Tune In, Turn On, Take Charge!; Gyuto Tantric Choir; Just Then The Wind...; The Dead's Rainforest Appeal; Fall 1988 Reviews

#10: Our Endangered Environment; Our Filthy Seas; Fall 1988 Reviews; Special focus on Mickey Hart's solo projects

#11: Saving Our Scene; The Best of '75-'88 On Tape; 1988 Year-End; 102 Things To Do for a Green Future; Ode to MIKEL and His Newsletter

#12: SPACE!; Deadhead Dreams; Abbie Hoffman Remembered; Castaneda Book Reviews; Spring 1989 Reviews; Footbag Peace Initiative—Part 1

#13: Follow Your Bliss—The Importance of Ritual; Summer 1989 Reviews; Footbag Peace Initiative—Part 2

#14: *Dark Star* Special; Fall 1989 Reviews; Juggling to the Dead; *Dark Star* flashbacks; *DARK STAR* Trek cartoon

#15: Taping Techniques Special; SCUBA Diving with Garcia!—Part 1; Home Taping Techniques; Concert Taping Techniques; New Year's '89; 1989 Year-End Review and Stats

#16: Getting High On Life; Interviews with Bob Weir; Bill Walton; Spring Tour 1990; Ram Dass on "getting free"; Should Marijuana Be Legalized?

#17: SOLD OUT!!!

#18: Interviews with Hornsby; Hart; Weir; 1990 European Tour Review; 1990 Year-End Review and Stats; 1990 Tape Trading Review

#19: Myth, Ritual, and Transformation; Artwork by Jerry Garcia; Interviews with Ken Babbs; Bob Bralove; The Phurst Church of Phun; Excerpt from *Drumming at the Edge of Magic*

#20: Into the Future with the Grateful Dead; Interviews with Bob Bralove; John Barlow; Terence McKenna; Virtual Reality; DAT—The Time Has Come; Bill Graham Memorial

#21: DDN Parody Issue—The all-time most hilarious GD spoof; Interview with Bob & Wendy Weir; 1991 Year-End Rev. and Stats; 1993 Tape Trading Rev.

#22: Interview with GD Monitor Engineer Harry Popick; The Making of *Back Stage Pass*—The video; DH Dreams; a political essay by Gore Vidal; and Spring/Summer '92 Reviews

#23: Interview with GD Lighting Designer Candace Brightman; Ken Kesey; SCUBA Diving with Garcia—Part 2; The Most Important GD Concert of All Time!; *Sunshine Daydream*—The Lost Dead Movie

#24: The Politics of Consciousness Expansion; Interviews with Timothy Leary; Ram Dass; 1992 Year-End Review and Stats; 1992 Tape Trading Review; The Injustice of Mandatory Minimum Drug Sentencing

#25: Interviews with Mickey Hart; Owsley—Part I; Blues Traveler; Best of the Dead On Tape '65-'74; Spring Tour '93 Reviews; Deadhead Dreams

#26: Interviews with Vince Welnick; Owsley—Part 2; Harry Popick; Phish; Best of the Dead On Tape '75-'93; 1993 Fall Tour; Tape Traders Etiquette

#27: Interview with GD Tape Archivist Dick Latvala; Blair Jackson's 1993 Year-End Review; 1993 Concert Stats and Tape Trading Review; Fall 1993 Garcia and GD Reviews; Zappa Memorial

#28: Interviews with Phil Lesh; David Murray; The Allman Brothers; Guide to Chicagoland; Dead Dreams; Spring Tour East '94

#29: Interviews with David Crosby; Bruce Hornsby; Spring West Coast & Summer Tour '94; The highs and lows of the drug issue

#30: Interviews with Billy Kreutzmann; Blues Traveler; Blair Jackson's 1994 Year-End Review; 1994 Concert Stats and Tape Trading Review

#31: SOLD OUT!!!

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John Perry Barlow Interview About Tapes And Computer Crimes

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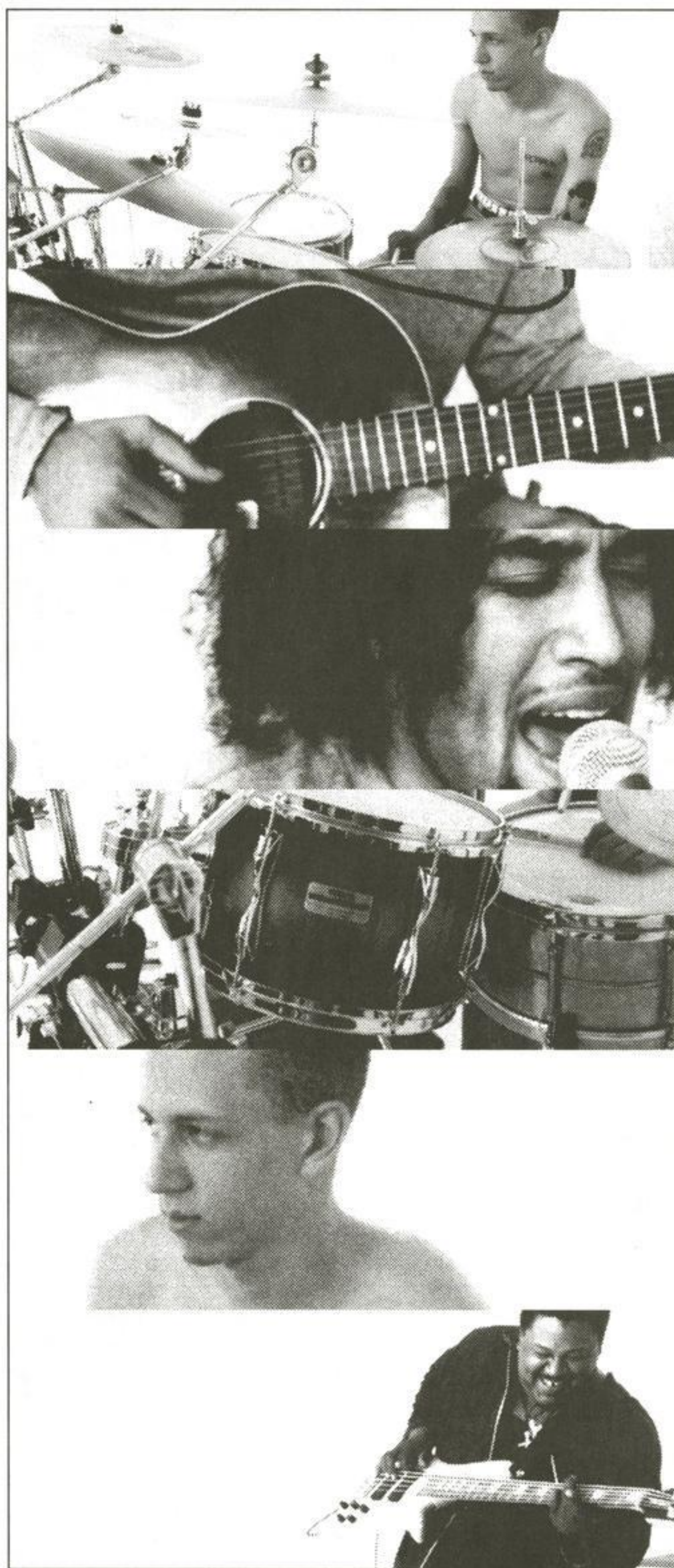
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[For Subscription Information, Please See Insert]

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You can call 1-900-370-DEAD and follow the simple instructions. You will be able to hear more about the people whose ads interest you or you can browse ads by category. With one call you can leave as many messages as you like. You may call anytime, 24 hours a day. You must be 18 years or older; calls cost \$1.98 per minute. *Please note: DDN strongly encourages all ad placers to record a voice greeting.* However, we can't be responsible for those who do not. You may still leave a message on the active box of an advertiser who only places a written ad.

Or you can send written responses to particular ads by enclosing them each in separate stamped envelopes with the mailbox number on the outside of each envelope (located at the end of the ad you are responding to: i.e., 1005 or 1236). Then enclose those envelopes, with **\$1 per response**, in a larger envelope addressed to: DDN PERSONALS, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578. Your responses will be forwarded to the ad placers. (Remember to write your name & address on your responses and that it takes time for any ad placers to send their written responses back to you.)

New DDN Policy: ***FREE personal ads are only for ads whose underlying purpose is to connect the placer with other folks in Deadlandia, not simply general messages to the universe, God, Jerry, or all of the above. To place a **Message Ad**, the charge is **\$5/up to 25 words** and \$1/each additional word. Effective for any ads received after June 1, 1995, ads submitted prior to that date will be printed at no charge.

Place Your Own PERSONAL Ad Today

Use this form — or feel free to copy this information onto a separate piece of paper or index card.

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(Personal information is confidential and must be provided, not for publication.)

\$1 for each additional word over 25 (check, money order, or cash). DDN reserves the right to refuse or alter any ad. Ads will be run on a first come, first served basis. When the section fills up, ads will be placed in the following issue.

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A=Asian B=Black BI=Bisexual C=Christian D=Divorced D/F=Drug free F=Female G=Gay H=Hispanic
J=Jewish L=Lesbian M=Male NA=Nat. Amer. N/D=Non-drinker N/S=Non-smoker P=Professional S=Single W=White

DDN is looking for a responsible intern in the Westchester, NY area. Use of MacIntosh, MS Word, typing, and good phone abilities required. Send resume ASAP to DDN Intern, POB 272, Purdys, NY 10578.

15 yr old family of creative adventurers looking for artistic/adventurous women to participate in our celebratory rituals (we need to balance group gender). Age/appearance not important. If you're energized/articulate/not shy/live in Northeast & interested in creating art/ritual/phun with warm-hearted/humorous Deadheads/artists/pranksters, send self-description of interests/skills to DDN-Badillion Family, ☎ ✉ Box 1400.

Silly young man in search of interesting, weird, friendly, creative, beautiful, single, intriguing, goofy women with a sense of humor. Asians and pierced tongues a plus. Write to Jon, PO Box 186, Magnolia, NJ 08049. ☎ ✉ Box 2300.

Literate Deadheads—Looking for a book? Hard to find and out of print books found. The search is free. Roger Lazoff, 32-15 75th Street, Jackson Heights, NY 11370. ☎ ✉ Box 2301

HIGH Quality 100% silk thread patches from Nepal. 30 Anniv. SYF. Many designs and colors. 5", 3 1/1", 2 1/2", wholesale. More info, ☎ ✉ Box 2303.

College student doing research on our Deadhead community and culture. Info, ideas, stories, experiences welcome. Please be kind! Kristen, 458 Crawford Terr., Union, NJ 07083. ☎ ✉ Box 2304.

Just look what's in your hand. Counsel, tarot, astrology, Pisces woman will teach you about yourself, loved ones. Jill, PO Box 139, E. Berlin, CT 06023. ☎ ✉ Box 2305.

Be Kind! Seeking setlist for my 1st show—12/30/91. Send list to: LJS, 13684 Gunsmoke Road, Moor Park, CA 93021. Thanks!! ☎ ✉ Box 2306.

Rachel from Michigan: met in Atlanta 3/27/94 during Days Between. Hope you'll call. David ☎ ✉ Box 2307.

Howdy to Caroline, Jerry, Vanessa and Juan! Thanks to all the short people who get stuck behind us at shows! Tim & Barbara.

Find out the FACTS about FACTORY FARMING. Consider Vegetarianism.

Jim, Ed, Damien, Don, Nate, may the Dead House live on in our memories. Thanks Chris Cole. Your grateful friend, Jarrod.

To the Band: Congratulations on 30 years of music and magic. In 100 years, the Dead will be looked back on with awe and wonder.

We can stop the exploitation of ourselves and the band by boycotting scalpers and those who sell bootlegs. Let's put them out of business.

Personal of the Issue:

DH hippie in southern New Hampshire seeking DH hippie girlfriend. Let's trade kind peaceful thoughts. Rainbow Dave, 167 Cannongate Road, Nashua, NH 03063. ☎ ✉ Box 2302.

Every personal ad comes with a Free voice ad — Don't Forget to record yours now!

My first show Feb. '66. Did they play Midnite Hour that month? Love, Turk. ☎ ✉ Box 2308.

Amy Goldberg—Thanks for making San Francisco heaven on earth—CJA.

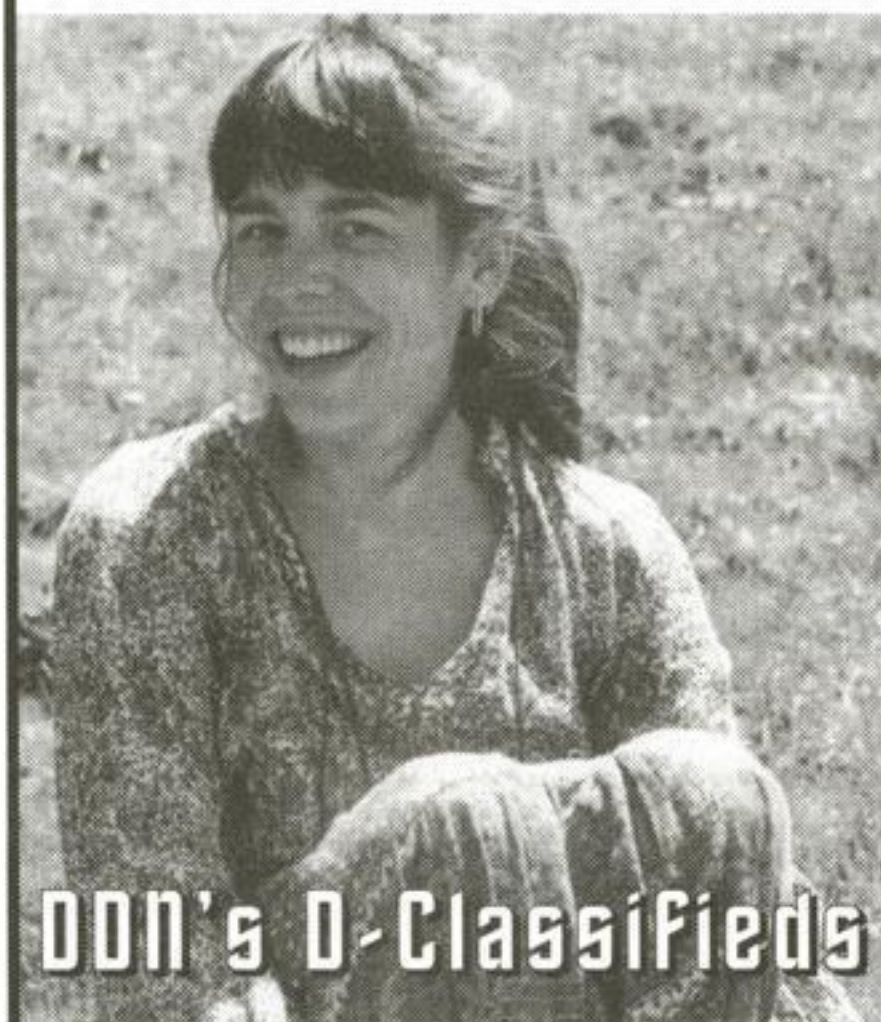
PEACE SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH—Tennessee Jed.

Hey Memphis, Thank you for a Real Good Time! U R Kind! Pappy in Chicago.

And when the sun blessed the hills with its morning light, Bryan Wigton and Ed Henry were in the Valley of Fire feeling it.

Looking to connect with like-minded Deadheads?

This is the place.



DDN's D-Classifieds

Where Deadheads make great connections.

Gravy, Jon, Tinker, Pogo, Tie, Sampson, Althea, the Third Black One, & Kitty, & Bunny Lady, too. Lovin' you all the way. Your Bro, Allen.

I Love Lisa, I Love Lisa, I Love Lisa, I Love Lisa, I Love Lisa, I Love Lisa, I Love Lisa. Tom.

Desperately Seeking Scott of Boulder. CW and Jim thank you for first Dead show Redrocks 9/7/87. 219 Brumley Lane, Dusan, LA 70529. ☎ ✉ Box 2309.

Tony & Sheila B. The best tour buddies in the world. John & Sharon B.

World peace and healing begins with ourselves. Search for the light in your soul and you'll bring light into the world.

Here's to 30 years. Thanks for leaving your lovelight on for us young DHs—Love, the Pez Girls.

Looking for our lost pen pal—Jeremy Harris from Ontario. Call me—C. Malcahy. ☎ ✉ Box 2310.

With sorrow I must announce our dear friend Frank Weston has tragically left us. We bid you goodnite. I hope you are at peace.

Be sure to catch Stunt Road playing "Live Dead" in So. California's San Fernando Valley. Every Monday at Pelican's Retreat.

The spirit of Sean Renfro dances free and kind in the air above Cal Expo, Sacramento so that our love will not fade away.

My Mom says Dead songs make little sense. Any advice on how to just enjoy the music? Mrs. O., 4150 Vernon Ave, Brookfield, IL 60513. ☎ ✉ Box 2311.

Thanks for 30 yrs and lots of nifty notes. Mike I.

This is the end of the road, No further passion to unload, Nothing left to do but explode, Here at the end of the road.

The DEA was on tour in '94 and you can bet they're coming around in '95. Don't you let that Deal go down!

"To get really high is to forget yourself"—J. Garcia. Dead buddhistheads wanted for correspondence, etc. Dead Buddhists of America, c/o K. Sun-Downer, PO Box 769, Idyllwild, CA 92549. ☎ ✉ Box 2312.

Ms. Teller, thank you for supplying me with all of the dead tapes and info. Never forget you. Jenn Stowman.

Ralf Kahn of Michigan. Where are you, write me "please." Greg Sadosky, 3871 W. 146 Street, Cleve, OH 44111. ☎ ✉ Box 2313.

What a long strange trip, huh? Happy b-day Brother Sku! See you soon. Hey Nik! Peace, love, and happiness, Bee and Hee.

To my Brother Kevin Cunningham. I miss your Tye Dyes, your dancing, and most of all your friendship. My love for you NFA. Stony Trips.

Professor Sam—how is that “transvaluation of values” thing coming along? -Nietzsche.

Doug, Ange, Jeff & Bob. Peace & Love from New Jersey. Jim, Sue & Katie.

John Carter, gone to Grover's Mill. Bring chicken pox. Thunder Child.

Yo! Gangster Punks Hometown Gaspee Plateau, Rhode Island 1973. They're still a band beyond description. Experience a Vegas neon trip. The West is the best—Bill.

Wallingford—Kona—Wallingford. C'est la vie say the old folks.

Young DH couple seeks friends to hang, trade tapes, clubbing, shows, etc. NY area a plus. George Beitzinger, 69-39 Alderton Street, Queens, NY 11374. ☎ ✉ Box 2314.

Dearest Craiger, I'm already making plans for future shows. Please “akimidate” me and promise me a dance! Hugs and kisses. Kelby and I love you.

Steve, I love you more than words can tell—Gina.

Bored, male grad student seeking any interesting correspondence. Nick—PO Box 02401, Columbus, OH 43202. ☎ ✉ Box 2315.

1-900-740-DEAD FOR PERSONALS

Peace & happiness to all Deadheads, especially Soapy, Garz & David. From No. 1 DH Wee Lee in Scotland.

Hello to our dear friends in Denver, Ray & Linda. Gratefully Deadicated in friendship. Hip and TJ. With love from Rapid City!

Hey now! Mark do you have that \$20.00 you owe me? TMB, 5 Jackson #4, Deadwood, SD 57732.

Hey “Big Jim” Williams. Happy birthday man. Sometimes you can see the light in the strangest of places if you look at it right!!

SM grad student in philosophy new to Madison, WI area seeks fellow head w/ whom to trade tapes. ☎ ✉ Box 2317.

Chris S, Reading, PA: “Whoa, whoa, what I want to know, where does the time go?” GD forever! Love, Mom & Dad.

To Art, Evan, Bruce, Fuzzy, Billy, Adrian, Johnny V, and Elie (if he can get his head out of his butt). Your pal Mark J.

HF—McGee—Happy Birthday—we're all confused! What's to lose? Laughin' in the sunshine! We love you. J & J.

HSM, 42, 5'7", 160. Downed Bro: Looking for love in all the wrong places, and in too many faces. Ms. Right need only reply. You are D/F. Sincere, loving. Ralph Mendez #95A009, Oneida Corr. Fac., Rome, NY 13442. ☎ ✉ Box 2316.

23 year old, blue eyed, New Englander. Arrested at Deer Creek '94. Will be out in '97 and ready to rage. Kick down and write to: John Cordeiro #950201, PO Box 500, Tell City, IN 47586.

Funky Eastcoast tourhead. Busted Deer Creek '94. Free in '97. Keep me strong... “IRIE!” Jason Ferguson #950062, Box 500, Tell City, IN 47586.

Come on over for a visit... Just pull up to <http://www.well.com/www/winslow>. See you in the future!

“Don't you let that dead go down...” Caged 18 yo kind brother in DE prison. Looking for family, especially sisters, to write to me. Mark Liprie #317926, PO Box 9561, Wilmington, DE 19809.

Comes a time to give the boys a break and just say thanks for 30 years and a lot of nifty notes. Mike I.

Kind SWF into the Dead, travel, art and Jack Kerouac, seeks kind SM interested in same for correspondence/friendship. ☎ ✉ Box 1420.

I am a young female just hoping to hear from really cool people who love life, music and each other. ☎ ✉ Box 1421. ♡

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DDN subscribers get one free 25-word tape trade ad with each subscription (go to the insert card for subscriber information). You will also be given a free voice ad and people will be able to respond to both your written and/or voice ad by calling 1-900-740-DEAD and leaving a message in your phone box. (“I've got a board copy of the show you're looking for, check it out...”) Also...don't forget that you can play a sample of your primo tapes as part of your tape trading telephone voice message! There's no charge for retrieving messages left for you in your phone box!

If you want to place *more* than one ad per subscription (you may want to advertise in each issue), it will cost you \$8 to place each additional written ad until you subscribe again. ****SPECIAL DEAL FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS****: \$30 will buy you a subscription *plus* a total of 4 tape ads, 1 per issue for 4 issues. (Submit your 4 ads, *each on its own separate index card*, with your payment, to: DDN-Tape Trading, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578.) We will print your address if it is included in your tape trade ad, but no phone #s.

Call 1-900-740-DEAD (3323) for Tape Trading

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If you prefer instead to get your ad online instantly, for \$1.98 per minute charge, you can place your tape trading voice ad right now by calling 1-900-740-DEAD and following the instructions. Be sure to mail in your written ad anyway, so you can get a better level of response. (Thousands of people nationwide will read your ad!) If you place an instant phone ad before a written ad, please include your voice box # on the ad you mail us.

To Respond To TAPE Ads:

It's simple. Either call 1-900-740-DEAD and follow the simple instructions, or respond in writing directly to the addresses in the particular tape ads you see in the magazine. If you respond via phone get creative, leave a sample taste of your tapes as part of your message!

The Selling of Tickets or Tapes is Strictly Forbidden!

DDN retains the right to edit or reject any ad for any reason. Ads may be submitted only by persons 18 yrs. or older — and no ads will be accepted seeking persons under that age. **DISCLAIMER**: DDN assumes no liability for the content of or reply to any ad. The advertiser assumes complete liability for the content of and all replies to any advertisement or recorded message and for any claims made against DDN as a result thereof. The advertiser agrees to indemnify and hold DDN and its employees harmless from all costs, expenses (including reasonable attorney fees), liabilities, and damages resulting from or caused by the printing or recording placed by the advertiser or any reply to any such ad.

Every call to the DDN 900 numbers will help the Earth! DDN is donating a portion of the proceeds to the environment!



TAPE TRADING

Dear Readers,

For several years, we at *DDN* central have been looking for ways to meet the rising cost of production with additional services that would benefit all your information needs. You won't find sex lines, ticket scalping, or tape selling here. Just safe, discreet opportunities to connect and trade with other like-minded Deadheads and to find up-to-date concert set list and tour/mail order info. Enjoy!

John and Sally

HQ=high quality

LG=low generation

YLGM=Your list gets mine.

SBD=soundboard

Wanted sbds of the Dead Florida '94 shows. Also Dylan: Corpus Christi and Charlottesville 1991 and Gainesville 1992. DAT or analog. Have 6000+ hrs. Henry, Box 832612, Miami, FL 33283. ☎ Box 1692.

800 hrs—Want reliable HQ audio & video only. Looking for Seattle/Eugene 94. YLGM. Peterson 3722-204th St. SW #F201, Lynnwood, WA 98036. ☎ Box 1963.

Have: music to be born by. Need: music to be in the womb by... The GD—23, March, 1995, Charlotte NC. Due date, August 3, 1995. Thanks, R & MA. 612 Flint St., James Island, SC 29412-2921. ☎ Box 2800.

Aiko Aiko Northeastern DH in search of Kingfish, Radio City, 8/29/84. Have plenty to trade. Dan Kopko, 1343 Monsey Ave, Scranton, PA 18509. ☎ Box 2801.

Have Dead, Band, ABB, QMS. Let's trade. YLGM. Mike, 31 Kingsbury Rd., Spencer, MA 01562. Email michael@cris.com. ☎ Box 2802.

Beginner with small collection of GD and Phish. Look to trade the same. YLGM. Will trade & send blanks & postage. Aaron Thomas, 3 Dunlora, St. Louis, MO 63131. ☎ Box 2803.

400 hours to trade. 69-93. EZ on new folks. Need sbd Memphis 4/1/95. Rob Van Driest, 4911 E. Elm Street, Wichita, KS 67208. ☎ Box 2804.

Looking for HQ GD, JGB, Phish, Zappa, ABB, Tuna. Have 800+ hrs to trade. YLGM. Bill Eidmann, 56 Ruth Blvd., Commack, NY 11725. ☎ Box 2805.

Locked down brother seeking HQ JGB, GD, Phish, Blues Traveler. Send lists to: Eric Hendrickson, PO 3310, Oshkosh, WI 54903. ☎ Box 2806.

Help on the Way! Beginner seeking hq Dead, Phish. Will send blanks, postage. Your kindness is much appreciated. Brother/Sister correspondence welcome. 600 University Oaks Blvd. #A109, College Station, TX 77840. ☎ Box 2807.

Help! Awestruck beginner wants to start collection. Gather whatever you spill for my American songbag. I send blanks/postage. Adam, 2223 Mott Road, Stanley, NY 14561. 10-Q. ☎ Box 2808.

Beginner needs tapes! Have small collection. But will help fellow Dead-friends. Send list to: Ham, 17260 Martin, Roseville, MI 48066. ☎ Box 2809.

German DH, need help building DAT collection. DAT and Tape sbds wanted, will send blanks and pstg. Toni Mai, Koeslinstr. 60, D-53123 Bonn.

Fast, reliable trader seeks HQ trades. DMP, 923-4 Falls Creek Ln., Charlotte, NC 28209. ☎ Box 2813.

Phish! Desperately seeking Stabler Arena Oct. 7, '94, my first show! Have HQ and LG Dead and Phish 2 trade! Stumpy, 1355 Roudenbush Road, Quakertown, PA 18951. ☎ Box 2811.

Beginner trying to get as much GD as possible. Will send blanks. Gregg, 3030 SW Scenic Drive, Portland, OR 97225. Have a happy tour!!! ☎ Box 2812.

Need Summer '91 Phish. Have 500+ hrs HQ Phish, Dead, Rads, Allmans. What's up Mark? Jeremy Ross, 4961 Kingsberry Ln, Mtka, MN 55345. ☎ Box 2814.

Moved on to HQ SBD's. Have 250+ hrs, need more. Fast and reliable. E-mail sschwartz@hws.edu. ☎ Box 2817.

Looking for golden years freaks to trade LG DSBs on analogue format. 1200+ hrs to offer. Eric, PO Box 2455, Mammoth, CA 93546. ☎ Box 2831.

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Looking for Spectrum 18 & 19. Who has the UC? I promise to pass it on! Some to trade. Sangiorgi, 150 Lake Shore Drive, Lake Hiawatha, NJ 07034. ☎ Box 2815.

Have 300 hrs. Mostly brds & 2 NAK's. Want: 6/29/73, 6/8/74, 12/10/72, '93 Tull. CR, 11728 Caminito Corriente, San Diego, CA 92128. ☎ Box 2816.

Brockport Alum 11/1/81 JGB needed to complete educational experience, or any other hq you recommend. R. Geib, 1126 NW 58th Street, Seattle, WA 98107. ☎ Box 2818.

Swapping HQ tapes. Garcia, Dead and others. YLGM. Jack Straw, 637 High Ridge Road, Orange, CT 06477. ☎ Box 2832.

1600+ hrs GD, mostly HQ. Looking above all for ALG masters of current shows. Fast and reliable. Greg, 25 Anne Street, Bradford, England B074RB.

Looking for 7/16/94, 10/9/94, 10/10/94, 3/19/95, 3/29/95, and other HQ '80—current shows. Please! Pete Temple, Box 2187, 1701 College Ave., Fredericksburg, VA 22401. ☎ Box 2821.

Looking for hq and crispy sbds. YLGM. I trade with honest people. No scams. LH, 148 Baywood Drive, Cheektowaga, NY 14227. ☎ Box 2822.

Wanted: Clapton 1994 Blues Tour. Thousands of HQ hrs to trade, including many masters. Occupant, Box 569, Westford, MA 01886. ☎ Box 2823.

Newcomer, have 100+ hrs Dead. Desperately trying to add to my collection. Will trade anyway you desire. Angela, PO Box 1753, Blue Jay, CA 92317. ☎ Box 2824.

Are you kind? Beginner seeking HQ, LG Dead, Phish, WSP, DMB, and All Good. Have small collection of same. KC, 265 N. Gilbert #2067, Mesa, AZ 85203. ☎ Box 2825.

Beginner: want to trade Dead, Phish, Neil, bluegrass, or anything else cool. Send lists, all letters answered. Jeeb, 44 W. College Avenue, Frostburg, MD 21532. ☎ Box 2826.

Looking for my first shows. Giants 8/4/94, Spectrum 10/5/94, 10/7/94, 3/17/95 & 3/19/95 (Unbroken). Will send blanks (cost), lists for trades, or whatever! Mark, Bldg 481 Box 34, Lakehurst, NJ 08733. ☎ Box 2827.

Hey DHs: I'm dying for a copy of the first Horizon show of 1994. Also need "Fearless" live. Thanx, YLGM. Carter, 1337 W. Fargo #6E, Chicago, IL 60626. ☎ Box 2828.

Looking for folk and bluegrass & GD. HQ hrs to trade. Need Landover 10/9, 10, 11/94. YLGM all answered. Christopher, 1218 Bookman Road, Elgin, SC 29045. ☎ Box 2829.

Need HQ SBD 3/18/93, 3/31/93, 4/1/93, 9/18/93, 9/19/93, 3/23/94, 3/24/94, 3/25/94, 7/16/94, 7/17/94, 10/17/94, 12/8/94 Sound-check. Have 600 hrs. Walt, 8 Allandale Road, Marmora, NJ 08223. ☎ Box 2830.

Looking for golden years freaks to trade LG DSBs on analogue format. 1200+ hrs to offer. Eric, PO Box 2455, Mammoth, CA 93546. ☎ Box 2831.

Dead, Blues and others for trade. 1800 hrs. Jim Beatty, 5307 S. Carvers Rock Road, Clinton, WI 53525. ☎ Box 2833.

Have/want HQ Dead, Hendrix, Airplane, Santana, Zeppelin, Doors, Nirvana, & Janes Addiction. Tim Zogas, 231 Mulberry Lane, Elk Grove, IL 60007. ☎ Box 2834.

Looking to expand GD audio and video sector. Have 1500 LG/hrs Floyd, Clapton, Who, U2 audio, many others. YLGM. DF, 959 Washington Street #5, Norwood, MA 02062. ☎ Box 2819.

West Michigan occasional trader always seeking crispy critters—low volume, HQ. YLGM. Peter. ☎ Box 2837.

Need a miracle! Looking for kind souls to rebuild my collection. Tom, 4 Oak Road, Erdenheim, PA 19118. ☎ Box 2838.

Seeking to start a hq tape collection. Will trade blanks, info. and I have a small list of 30 or so tapes. JG, 208 Male Avenue, Syracuse, NY 13219. ☎ Box 2839.

Wanted—8/27/72 Oregon County Fairgrounds. Also other HQ shows. I have a few nice shows. Ed, 1502 K Spring Tree Court, Richmond, VA 23228. ☎ Box 2835.

Reliable beginner wants to see his collection grow. Will trade or send blanks. Have 50+ hrs of Neil. Tim, 720 Lawe Street, Green Bay, WI 54301. ☎ Box 2836.

Collection is old and in the way. Seeking lg hq. Will send whatever. Jeff Batson, 9105 Western Hills Drive, KC, MO 64114. Please be kind. ☎ Box 2840.

West Coast Taper offers hq/lg analog of local shows in trade for East Coast, Midwest tapes of like quality. JA, 145 Bella Vista, Los Gatos, CA 95032. ☎ Box 2841.

130+ hrs, some DAT, love to trade Dead, Marley, Zep, YLGM. Quick and reliable. B. Gilpin, 94 Centre Street, Milton, MA 02186. ☎ Box 2842.

Beginner Dead trader looking for hq dates: 10/17/95, 10/14/95, 7/16/94, and JGB 11/19/93. Send lists to J. Shatack, 17 Stacey Drive, Annandale, NJ 08801. ☎ Box 2843.

Wanted Atl.—Mem. '95. 600 HQ to trade. Marty, 1905 Oakshadows, Memphis, TN 38119. Bob Weir: You provide SO MUCH inspiration. Thanks! ☎ Box 2844.

4+ hrs of hq GD/JGB (1 tape each). Help on the way? Will send blanks. C. Rininger, 530 Aldine #405, Chicago, IL 60657. ☎ Box 2845.

Beginner seeking Orlando 4/7/91, 4/4/95 and Tampa 4/7/95. Nothing to trade except blank tapes and a :-). Email JOELMAX@AOL.COM. ☎ Box 2846.

YLGM, Great quality, lots of 70's, 80's, & 90's. Let's trade lists, and help each other out! Send it now! SF, 2138 F Street, Washington, DC 20037. ☎ Box 2847.

I need a miracle: kind head needs HQ copy of the Traffic sets from 8/3 & 8/4/94 @ Giants. YLGM—Koka, 11 Chipaway Road, E. Freetown, MA 02717. ☎ Box 2848.

Are you kind? Please help beginner. Any HQ Dead. Any arrangement acceptable, send lists. Muchas Gracias!! Peace. Mike Dagon, 510 Rugby Road, Phillipsburg, NJ 08865. ☎ Box 2849.

Beginner: looking for 9/3/77, 5/13/78, 9/2/78, 1/8/79, 9/1/79, 9/12/81, 10/26/85, 10/14/88, 10/16/88, 10/25/89, 10/26/89. Will send tape/postage. FR, 16617 Brigadoon Drive, Tampa, FL 33618. ☎ Box 2850.

Help Me. Beginner living on Cheyenne River Reservation. Isolated with no Dead. Will send tape/postage or La Kota Indian jewelry. Chris Evans, Box 215, Ridgeview, SD 57652. ☎ Box 2851.

300+ hrs of HQ GD to trade for same. Esp. interested in 94/95 HQ FM & SBD. David B, 11643 Lois Cross Ct., Jax, FL 32258. ☎ Box 2852.

What up? Reliable trader seeks the same. 700+ hrs to trade. YLGM. Tim K., PO Box 401, Agawam, MA 01001. ☎ Box 2853.

Have 300+ hrs quality sbds, seek a lot more of same—also good IBM Windows tape management system if available. Peace. P. Doohue, 2133 Brighton Bay Trail, Jacksonville, FL 32246. ☎ Box 2854.

Looking for tapes of Amherst MA Spring 1978 and Giants Stadium Summer 6/6/93. ☎ Box 2855.

Flying Burrito Brothers? Gram Parsons? Would like to hear from anyone with live Parsons on tape. C. Williams, 1411 Mohle Drive, Austin, TX 78703. ☎ Box 2856.

Have 100 hrs HQ Phish, 87-94. Need more Dead, looking for S/W/F/DH to trade with and for Phriendship. Where are all the Heads in Central NY? Greg, 10320 Adirondack View, Utica, NY 13502. YLGM. Trey see you soon!! ☎ Box 2857.

Hey Now! Please help beginner start GD/Jerry collection. Will send blanks/postage. Charles, 16760 Algonquin St., Huntington Beach, CA 92649. ☎ Box 2858.

Real beginner. Into Dead, Dylan, Beatles, all 60's stuff. Will send blanks, postage. Love to all. Robert Morris, 19841 Ocean Bluff Circle, Huntington Beach, CA 92648. ☎ Box 2859.

New to DAT, taper seeks Fast Reliable Traders. HQ DSBDs preferred. 1st Unbroken DAUD. YLGM. Rod, 618 6th Street #4, Brooklyn, NY 10170. ☎ Box 2860.

Hey Spreadheads! Have/want WSP, Traveler & Grateful Dave Matthews. YLGM. Send your Travelin Light to: Jeff, 7609 Northfield Drive, Columbus, GA 31909. ☎ Box 2861.

Please help me get a tape collection started. Blanks and Pstg. not a problem. C. Luster—1924, POB-190, Avenel, NJ 07001. ☎ Box 2862.

1-900-740-DEAD

Best friend came from Belgium for first shows, Albany 95! Need HQ Aud, Sbds. 450+ hrs. Patrick O'Hara, 790 Boylston Street 16E, Boston, MA 02199. ☎ Box 2863.

Will trade tasty '93/94 Dead Hour & many sbd and aud tapes. Desperate for 1st show 6/23/90 Autzen. YLGM. TT, 2011 Lombard Lane, Yakima, WA 98902. ☎ Box 2864.

Have 100+ hrs. Want GD, JGB, etc. Beginners welcome. I'd love to talk and trade with everyone. YLGM. Kelly Anschutz, 814 Idlewood Cr., El Sobrante, CA 94803. ☎ Box 2865.

RU Kind? CA newbie needs help starting tape collection. Blanks, postage, no prob. All lists appreciated. Grasshopper, 1840 W. Orangethorpe Apt 30, Fullerton, CA 92633. ☎ Box 2866.

Need 7/23/94 Soldier Field and GD Hour #284, #311. Have 1,500 hrs quality and video. Tim O, 4030 33rd Street, Des Moines, IA 50310. ☎ Box 2867.

Hot to trade: have 60+ hrs Dead DATs and collection of Mid-70's reels. I work at home, can constantly dub. Fast trades guaranteed! Let's Rock! DY, PO Box 105, Abiquiu, NM 87510. ☎ Box 2868.

Please help build collection. 160 hrs. Will trade or send blanks. Mike, 12 Stable Run Court, Foxridge, MD 21133. ☎ Box 2869.

I'm a "Saint of Circumstance." I live in a small town. Need kind help starting tape collection. Blanks/pstg covered. Ann Revicki, 674 Gulf Road, Roscoe, NY 12776. ☎ Box 2871.

120+ hrs GD. Growing list. Glad to trade. Courtade Goel, "IGU2KIAN" Route DeCambo, 64250 Espelette, France. ☎ Box 2890.

1500 hrs hq, looking for reliable traders. Guenther Frosch, Bergstr. 4, 82065, Baierbrunn, Germany.

If you have 'em, I need 'em! HQ SBDs of 6/28/76, 3/5/81, 7/10/87 & 6/11/92. 500+ hrs Dead, Phish & various others. M. Adams, 5 Buck Road, Yardville, NJ 08620. ☎ Box 2872.

Looking for HQ only 6/10/73, 10/25/73, 11/10-11/73, 7/31/74 and Spring '95. Have 250+ HQ hrs. Dan Smith, 5 Princeton St. Apt. A, Newport, RI 02840. ☎ Box 2873.

Northern California Head needs help starting tape collection. Will send blanks, postage and good vibes. Especially like recent shows. RW, 8138 Early Morning Way, Antelope, CA 95843. ☎ Box 2874.

Looking for a DSBD copy of 3/22/90 Ontario. YLGM. Freddy, 3017 Hampton, Charlotte, NC 28207. sandman@vnet.net. ☎ Box 2875.

Have tons of '65-'70's vinyl, tapeable. Need HQ MSG 10/13 & 10/14/94. Joe Beresford, 4238 Wright Ave., Charlotte, NC 28211. ☎ Box 2876.

Beg.—small collection—wants to LET IT GROW! Esp. Phish and Dead & other groovin' music. YLGM. Josyln, 3266 W123rd St. Cleveland, OH 44111. Peace! ☎ Box 2877.

800+ hrs of Dead and non-dead. Looking for old & new crispy boards. Have many. Craig S, 86 Linda Ave. #202, Oakland, CA 94611. ☎ Box 2878.

Lifelong DH with 1500+ hrs SB/FM only seeks experienced traders to upgrade and expand collection: Vince Priblo, 401 76th Street, Apt 1G, Brooklyn, NY 11209. ☎ Box 2879.

I'm looking for Pre-1972 Dead tapes. Have lots of great early Dead to trade. YLGM. David, 1505 NE 127 Street, N. Miami, FL 33161. ☎ Box 2880.

Have/seek: Too Loose to Truck; Legion of Mary; JGB; W&W; Kingfish; Zero; Etc. Analog or DAT. Quality important, not prohibitive. Mark, 356 First Street #4, Hoboken, NJ 07030. ☎ Box 2881.

Wanted—Nick Gravanites and Sons of Champlin. S. Freitas, PO Box 118, Packwood, WA 98361. Have Dead and others to trade. ☎ Box 2882.

No. Cal taper looking for special tapes. YLGM. Mostly Calif. shows also soundwork information. Ron Czoka, 872 Glenn St., Chico, CA 95928. ☎ Box 2883.

Hey-now! Looking for red hot copy of red hot shows. MSG 10/13/94 & LV 5/21/95. Thanks, Pete, Box 251, Nederland, CO 80466. ☎ Box 2884.

Have from Jamaica 1982 Dead Weir Tosh. Who has more? Christopher, PO Box 2161, Fond du Lac, WI 54936-2161. ☎ Box 2885.

Please help!! Beginner, starting strange trip. Have all LV '95 & Dave Matthews. HQ. Seeks trade/advice/lists. Lenny Potts, 4201 W. Rochelle #2067, LV, NV 89103. ☎ Box 2886.

Hey now, looking for kind tapes. Any show or year, more Dead. Hq, lg, auds or sbd's please. Lincoln Mongillo, 10125 NE 202 St., Bothell, WA 98011. ☎ Box 2905.

Looking for 7/31-8/1/94 Auburn Hills shows. Logan, c/o 12525 SE Linwood Ave. #C12, Milwkie, OR 97222. ☎ Box 2887.

Looking to recover lost memories from 1988: 4/3-7, 6/30, 8/26, 9/12, 9/18-20 and 1987: 4/7, 7/2, 7/12. Chris Elliott, 77 Patten Road, Westford, MA 01886. ☎ Box 2889.

Only the finest. 1600+ Dead, jazz, blues, others. Masters thru 3rd gen. Only quality freaks need apply, please. DBH, PO Box 4266, Roanoke, VA 24015. ☎ Box 2870.

New trader needs help. Will send blanks. Looking for hq GD sbd's. Tracy, 161 Trolley Crossing Lane, Middletown, CT 06457. ☎ Box 2891. The Dead is a bud of stemming life. Love to trade, please drop a line. Jason, Box 861, B.U., Lennoxville, Quebec J1M1Z7 Canada.

Happy birthday to my brother Stephen who is just getting into the Dead. If anyone can help, he'd love his first show (10/3/94). 52 Cypress, Medfield, MA 02052. ☎ Box 2893.

Reliable trader w/ 300+ hrs Dead. Interested in good sound. Want 6/15/92, 7/26/92, 10/19/94. Aaron Bolden, 3026 Township Woods Road, East Greenville, PA 18041. ☎ Box 2894.

Reliable beginner in need of help! Will send small list, blanks, postage. Want ANY Atlanta shows; 7/2/94. Hendrix, and pre-80's Floyd also welcome. Carsten Green, 790 Blueberry Ln., Ellenwood, GA 30049. ☎ Box 2895.

Hi Cipollina-Heads, don't forget John! Let's do some trades. Dr. Christian Shoeber, Babenham 42, A-5221-Lochen, Austria, Europe.

Head, with HQ rare tapes, I'm interested in getting tons. YLGM. Holly, 4 Quill Pen Way, Warren, NJ 07059 or 908-647-6377. ☎ Box 2897.

Seeking shows: 3/21 & 22/93-Atlanta, 6/25/93-RFK, 4/7/94-Miami. Kind list/collection, love to trade! Contact Ken, 2591 NE 42nd St., Fort Laud, FL 33308. ☎ Box 2898.

Have 2,000 hrs DAT Dead. Want & need more especially '94 & '95. Call Dave. ☎ Box 2899.

Mostly Dead, also Dylan, Allmans, Neil Y., Floyd/Waters, more. YLGM. Neil T, 308 Fincham Ave., Markham, Ont. L3P4E7, Canada.

Help! Need hq 10/5/94 Spectrum. My first birthday show in 12 yrs!! Karen Todd, 400 N. Quincy, Margate, NJ 08402. ☎ Box 2901.

Help jumpstart a sluggish collection. Need crisp dubs of last 6 Greeks. All 5 Laguna Seca (Ry 'n Bruce too?) and Essen 1990. I can't give you anything but love, thanx, 'n blanks. Higgins, 9657 E. Lemon, Arcadia, CA 91007. ☎ Box 2902.

I need Avalon Ballroom '66, New Orleans 10/88, Phoenix 12/90, and more. Please send help! Thanks. Chris Creel. 185 Leisure Lane, Sterret, AL 35147. ☎ Box 2903.

Hey now! Have 300+ hrs Dead and Jerry, always looking for more. Fast and reliable. Tom, 308 Clevington Way, Simpsonville, SC 29681. ☎ Box 2904.

DAT or analog. YLGM. Want Phish, Dead, HORDE, Bayrock. 200 hrs to trade. Will send blanks and p&h. Torre Aldo, Via Salvator Rosa No. 5, 30174 Mestre—Venenzia, Italy. Fax +39 41 5830015.

Looking for Compton Terrace shows except Dec. '92. Have very few tapes. YLGM. DB, 2122 W. Butler Dr. #209, Phoenix, AZ 85021. ☎ Box 2906.

Please be kind to beginner. Can send blanks, post. J. Indo, 123 W. Main Street, Trappe, PA 19426. ☎ Box 2907.

Need 10/1-2-3/94, 2/24-25-26/95. Prefer SBD's but HQ Aud is welcome. 150 hrs to trade. Denny Cochran, 3358 Moxahala Park Rd., Zanesville, OH 43701. ☎ Box 2908.

Feel like a stranger. Beginner and new to Florida. In search of some beautiful neighbors for trading and sipping wine in the sunshine. Julie, Box 291, Cassadaga, FL 32706. ☎ Box 2909.

Need to get started, looking for sbds of all vintage Dead & Phish. Please send your lists and instructions for trading to Doug A, 331 W. Santa Cruz, Tempe, AZ 85281. ☎ Box 2910.

Blanks and postage for your music. I NEED Tempe 12/6/92 and Vegas '94 plus your favorite shows! Legalize it! Mike Allred, 951 S. 450 E., Orem, UT 84058. ☎ Box 2911.

Would like to trade HQ tapes. YLGM. Allen V. Forbes, 7200 Franklin Blvd., Cleveland, OH 33102. ☎ Box 2924.

Have very few HQ, LG Dead...JGB; Eager to trade for more! Matthew Lee, 357 W. Marion, Danville, IN 46122. ☎ Box 2914.

**EVERY TAPE TRADE AD
COMES WITH A FREE VOICE
AD — DON'T FORGET TO
RECORD YOURS NOW!**

Who taped that *Amazing America* episode on Discovery Channel? Would love to copy: Melanie Jones, 10582 Sterling, Cupertino, CA 95014. ☎ Box 2912.

150 hrs to trade. Need/want much more. YLGM. All lists answered. Quick and reliable. C. Dinsmore, 3436 Fenimore Ave., Mohegan Lake, NY 10547. ☎ Box 2913.

Central Jersey taper over 1000 hrs. Local trades only. LB, 345 Main Street, South Amboy, NJ 08879. ☎ Box 2916.

1000 hrs. So. CA head looking for qual and reliable traders. No beginners. JMN, 231 W. Canada Apt. B, San Clemente, CA 92672. ☎ Box 2917.

Digital PCM & DAT. Many, many hours. Send list. Deal. PO Box 191424, Dallas, TX 75219. ☎ Box 2918.

Have 500+ hrs. Looking for early '90's GD and JGB. Lucy, PO Box 421, Buckingham, PA 18912. ☎ Box 2919.

3500 hrs Dead, 150 JGB. Cowboy Neil at the wheel—let's get on with the show. 3044 Ashbury Ave., Ocean City, NJ 08226. ☎ Box 2920.

Driftin' and Dreamin' in Central PA... New tapes would be cool... Let's trade. MRC, 18 1/2 W. 7th Street, Williamsport, PA 17701. ☎ Box 2921.

Over 1000 hrs live Dead. YLGM. No beginners. Scott Ryan, 4 Scudder Road, Trenton, NJ 08628. ☎ Box 2935.

There is nothing like a GD concert! Beginner would greatly cherish all lists, tapes. Will gladly send tapes, postage, extras. Help on the way? JV, 1136 York St. #301, Denver, CO 80206. ☎ Box 2922.

East Coast DAT taper since Spring '94 seeks DAT or first gen analog trades. Mark Houston, 128 King Ave., Columbus, OH 43201. ☎ Box 2923.

Help on the Way! Serious trader always looking to share music. Write: Steve, 203 Woodville Alton Rd., Hope Valley, RI 02832. ☎ Box 2925.

Beginner with nothing needs miracle. Please be kind. Steve South, Box 92, Modena, NY 12548. Next stop Terrapin. ☎ Box 2926.

Wanted HQ audio and video Dead, JGB and others. Large list available —YLGM. Jim, 17631 156th Ave. SE, Renton, WA 98058. ☎ Box 2942.

Searching for *Jesus Christ Superstar* tapes. Garrin Hajeian, 4116 Via Larga Vista, PVE, CA 90274. BTW: Garrin and Tracey—they love each other. ☎ Box 2927.

Seeking 90's Richfield shows, Mississagua (somewhere early 90's), 5/20/95, 5/21/95, plus others. Have a few HQ & SBD. Will pay expenses, send tapes. Scott, 1280 E. Archwood Ave., Akron, OH 44306. ☎ Box 2928.

Grateful for the Dead, and tapers too. Still looking for 2/24/73 Iowa City. Also recent shows, Flecktones, and great harmonica players. Let's trade. JG, 3737 Pine Grove Road, Klamath Falls, OR 97603-9452. ☎ Box 2929.

Have 750+ hrs. Looking for HQ sbds GD and early JGB. YLGM. Anyone have 5/12/81? Jessie, 361 Ellis Park Rd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M6S 2U7.

Quick, reliable taper seeks clean, complete tapes of Pittsburgh Spring '89 and Memphis Spring '95. YLGM. Ed Toyer, PO Box 2581, University, MS 38677. ☎ Box 2915.

Have 50+ hrs Dead. Need more Dead or Panic. Your help is appreciated. YLGM. Send list to Patrick, 122 Fairmont, Jackson, TN 38301. ☎ Box 2930.

750 hrs Dead, 150 hrs Phish, 50 hrs JGB, 100 hrs others, 300 hrs vid. Send list to- S. Curtis, 453 Penna Ave., York, PA 17404. ☎ Box 2931.

Have 400+ hrs. Love to trade with fast, friendly folk. 400 Selby #213, St. Paul, MN 55102. Email chummer@ix.netcom.com. ☎ Box 2932.

Driving me insane: Please, no autoreverse, no high speeding, no whistles—turn off your TV when you tape. 750 mucho HQ hrs. Send lists. M. Hines, 362 Cork Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21060. ☎ Box 2933.

Need Buckeye 7/29/94 I & II, Vegas 5/20 & 21/95 I & II. Have 250+ hrs to trade. M. Newberry, PO Box 5, Bland, VA 24315. ☎ Box 2934.

Very reliable trader w/ 1,000+ hrs of GD, Phish, GSW. Only seeking HQ lg SBD or AUD. YLGM. Mark McKercher, 39 Riverside Dr., Smithfield, VA 23430. ☎ Box 2936.

Dead on da run. Need JGB, Jan. 13, 14, 15th, 1995. Needier GD Feb. 24, 25, 26, 1995. JM, PO Box 2942, La Puente, CA 91746. ☎ Box 2937.

Looking for any Dead. Send me lists! Will send blanks. Quick and easy! Thanks! Peace! 55 Damon Ave., Melrose, MA 02176. ☎ Box 2958.

1,000 hrs HQ A-Z plus 600 Dead. Seeking more Buffett, BoDeans, Belew, Jackson, Petty, Marley, Thompson, Walsh, many others. TK, 31792 Lodgepole Drive, Evergreen CO 80439. ☎ Box 2938.

UMR needs current addresses for past tape trade contacts. Help me return your tapes. UMR/ Jeffery Flaws, 14329 Vintage St. NW, Andover, MN 55304-3161. ☎ Box 2939.

Just moved to CA, lost my tapelists and addresses. PLEASE send yours. BW, 450 Oak Grove Drive #213, Santa Clara, CA 95054. ☎ Box 2940.

Looking for Tibetan Gyuto Monks @ Oakland shows & ?, also correspondence w/ other GD/Buddhistheads. DBA (Dead Buddhists of America), c/o Ken Sun-Downer, PO Box 769, Idyllwild, CA 92549. ☎ Box 2941.

Taper/trader looking for Starship, Phish, Dave Matthews, Panic—over 1,800 hrs. DAT ONLY! Send lists to Chase Smith, 1404 Southern Hills #315, West Plains, MO 65775. ☎ Box 2943.

Serious Traders only. Looking for HQ tapes of all years. 1000+ hrs. Send lists. M. Hines, 362 Cork Road, Glen Burnie, MD 21060. ☎ Box 2946. Looking for my first show 1/2/72 Winterland Please! Also quality copy of 3/5/72 Winterland. K. Genetti, Box 116, Stewarts Pt., CA 95480. ☎ Box 2944.

Currently have 450 hrs '69-'85. Always looking to trade new material. Late '80's-present. PB, 3238 Canary Ct., Ontario, CA 91761. ☎ Box 2945.

Looking for my first show: 1/30/78 Uptown Theater, Perry Johnson, 5820 Carol, Morton Grove, IL 60053. ☎ Box 2947.

Trade lists, music or blanks for 90 MSG, 92 Nassau, 94 MSG, and various others. Kindly contact: Nellis, 23 Bailey Ck. Rd., Corning, NY 14830. ☎ Box 2948.

New trader w/ 100+ hrs of HQ Lg Sbd's/Aud. Wishing to expand. Honest & reliable. Will also trade you for extra blanks. Send list to HC3 Box 516-F, Payson, AZ 85541. ☎ Box 2949.

Spent a little time on the mountain, relocated, send lists: Jim, PO Box 252, Winter Park, CO 80482. ☎ Box 2950.

Beginner have 200 hrs YLGM. Looking for 6/22/85 first show. Please help. Chris, 2150 N. Tenaya #1013, Las Vegas, NV 89128. ☎ Box 2951.

Occasional West Coast taper has Oakland, Shorelines, Frosts and Egenes. Kevin Michaels, Box 981131, West Sacramento, CA 95798-1131. ☎ Box 2952.

Shhhhhh. Searching for the Secret Fall tour of August '92 in the UK. Tullurider, 235 W. S. 1st Street, Montrose, CO 81401. ☎ Box 2953.

Collector interested in trading for Dead and Allman Brothers Band shows. 100+ shows available. Will also trade for blanks. Diane, 14 Stonehedge Ave., New Paltz, NY 12561. ☎ Box 2970.

Looking for the goods! Serious traders send lists for HQ trades. 1000 hrs. M. Hines, 362 Cork Rd., Glen Burnie, MD 21060. ☎ Box 2954.

Hey, trader looking for Buckeye Lake 88-94. I got postage & tapes. Help the Columbus Dead. Andy, 6813 Gafford Drive, Columbus, OH 43229. ☎ Box 2955.

Beginning trader. Looking for any Dead shows. Will send blanks & postage. Seeking 4/27/69 or 9/21/72. Matt, 343 Main Street, Westbrook, ME 04092. ☎ Box 2956.

Pre-Fall 90 Sbd's only. "If Vince is on it, I don't want it." 1500 hrs Analog, 200 hrs DAT. Want same. John, 4 Marina Rd., Chelmsford, MA 01824. ☎ Box 2957.

On the day when I was born 11/16/74 JGB. Anyone have it? Also, all HQ trades. 900 hrs. M. Hines, 362 Cork Road, Glen Burnie, MD 21060. ☎ Box 2959.

Let it Grow! Will send blanks. Send list of just write! Need 6/18/74, 12/16/92, 8/27/72 (vid. + aud.), 11/6/77, 5/23/82, 11/19/72. Stephanie, 1112 W. Glentana St., Covina, CA 91722-3519. ☎ Box 2981.

Black Crowes Boots needed! 1000+ hrs Dead, Almans, Crowes, Marley, others! I look, see, and find truth in riddles, faith in a rhyme. Americans unite! Jake. ☎ Box 2961.

Wanted: Bootlegs of Dead/Phish/Rusted Root/Blues Traveler. Send me your address, I'll send a blank tape. Patrick Stempin, 5112 McLaughlin Rd., Beaver Dams, NY 14812. ☎ Box 2980.

1-900-740-DEAD

Tn. Dead, looking for some new tapes, 200+ hrs access to 1000+, Buckeye 94 and any other 94 shows. CRW, 452 Circle Hill Dr., Knoxville, TN 37919. ☎ Box 2977.

Looking for Jackson Browne tapers and tapes in general. LG preferred, DAT or analog. Also tapes of 2 Dylan unplugged shows from NYC 11/94. Have 6000 hrs HQ for trade. Henry, Box 832612, Miami, FL 33283. ☎ Box 2962.

DAT beginner looking for GD, Phish, WSP, Dave Matthews. Need help starting off. John, 1358 Briarcliff Rd. NE, Atlanta, GA 30306. ☎ Box 2963.

Please help me recollect tapes destroyed in fire. Still have some GD to trade. All Phish wanted! Althea, 4815 Wichita, Brooklyn, OH 44144. ☎ Box 2964.

Looking for a hand starting my GD collection. Send any info to Shane McGrath, 112 Osborne St. Apt. #2, Danbury, CT 06810. ☎ Box 2965.

Have 200+hrs, need more, SBDs. Especially 12/31/89, 10/20/89, 12/31/69, 6/26/94, 10/9/94, etc. Beginners welcome. Chuck, 1426 Christina Mill, Newark, DE 19711. ☎ Box 2966.

Boston area trader with over 500 hrs. Looking for HQ, LG tapes of Dead, Jerry, Phish, etc. Will help starters. POE. ☎ Box 2967.

I have a collection of tapes, would enjoy many more. Really looking for 9/14/93 Philly Spectrum. I would love anything. Semi-experienced trader would like to be totally experienced. THANKS. Julie, 11 Foxview Circle, Hockessin, DE 19707. ☎ Box 2985.

Help 9 year old Leah find her 1st shows. '93 + '94 Boston Garden. Bobby, 65 Grampian Way, Boston, MA 02125. ☎ Box 2968.

Virgin DDN'er interest in Dead. Exp. help me?! Shannon, 21 Goldenrod Ave., Northport, NY 11768. ☎ Box 2969.

I have approx. 270 hrs HQ SBD shows. Looking for more of same from any and all decades. YLGM. Bob C., RR#3, Box 1841, Waterbury, VT 05676. ☎ Box 2972.

Kind head has 230 hrs HQ Dead and is trading for same. All answered! YLGM. Fast, reliable. Mike, 2660 Riverport Dr. S, Jacksonville, FL 32223. ☎ Box 2973.

Need 3/18/93, 3/17/95, and 3/18/95. Have some, always want more. Send lists to Scott, 86 N. Landon Ave., Kingston, PA 18704. ☎ Box 2974.

New DAT trader needs help getting started. Can't do D>D yet but will soon. Help appreciated. Lescisin, 2215 Manor Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15218, jalst44@ums.cis.pitt.edu. ☎ Box 2975.

Got to get my Crazy Fingers on 3rd show Vegas '93 (5-16) and 6-26-94 Vegas—have some hrs to trade. Dylan, 3577 Normandy Circle, Oceanside, CA 92056. ☎ Box 2976.

Are there any kind souls out there that can help a beginning DAT trader? Have HQ video and analog. Kevin, 3 Conner Circle, Rochester, MN 55902. ☎ Box 2960.

Trader of GD etc. not too picky! YLGM. Mark Leviton, 17338 Flower Hill Cir., Granada Hills, CA 91334. ☎ Box 2978.

Have 400 hrs Phish. Need 95 Phish and other bands. Send list: John, PO Box 721, Union, NJ 08083. ☎ Box 2994.

Dead, JGB, Phish, Nirvana, Allmans and more. Killer tapes to offer 1000's of Videos. Rare concert footage. Write D.S.V., 2038 N. Clark #120, Chicago, IL 60614. ☎ Box 2979.

Some folks look for answers, other look for fights, I just need more tapes. Please send lists. Peter Schaffer, 309 Old Tavern Rd., Orange, CT 06477. ☎ Box 2982.

Inmate DH looking for HQ JGB, Phish, Grateful Dead, Blues Traveler. Send lists. James Meverden, P.O. Box 3310, Oshkosh, WI 54903. Terell Haljwen write me. ☎ Box 2983.

Aloha all! Rare HQ W. Coast dates wanted, GD and others. Quality boards only. Steve, 605-A Hina Kahului, HI 96732. ☎ Box 2984.

Need more Jerry, Blues Tr., Phish. Need less Vince, Bunk tickets, cops. Let's trade. 941 Fleming Street, Lake Station, IN 46342. PS. Be kind! ☎ Box 2987.

Looking for JGB 8-1-93. Need clean copy. Chuck D. 505-256-1777. ☎ Box 2989.

Chiro-Dead seeks HQ or SBD shows. I have small collection of same. Want 1989 Deer Creek enormously. Namaste. Richard, 4085 W. 400 South, New Palestine, IN 46163. ☎ Box 2988.

Crisp LG SBD's ONLY! With use of clean system. Greg, 16 Worden Rd., Scotia, NY 12302. ☎ Box 2971.

Hey Now, let's trade tapes, thoughts and ideas. I have a small collection now. Write for list or just to chat. Greg, 4411 Spicewood Springs #2108, Austin, TX 78759. ☎ Box 2990.

Looking for 1991-94 HQ GD, Buckeye Lake, OH and 1995 Highgate, VT 6-15. AJ, 425 N. Levitt Street Apt. 10, Rome, NY 13440. ☎ Box 2991.

How cool are you? Send me your best tape and I'll send back 2, equal blanks. J. Voket, 246 Moosehill Rd., Oxford, CT 06478. ☎ Box 2992.

Have 400 hrs GD, 300 hrs Zappa, Dylan, Santana, Tuna. Need same. Steve Silva, 645 Fish Road, Tiverton, RI 02878. ☎ Box 2993.

Need all HQ Summer & Fall 95 shows. 1000 hrs HQ to trade. YLGM. 515 East 72nd Street #19E, New York, NY 10021. ☎ Box 2993.

Need help getting collection started. Blanks and postage covered. William Miskall Jr., 4358 Grundy Drive, Bridgeton, MO 63044. ☎ Box 2995.

Freak out Georgina! 1st show 1994 Highgate or trippy, melty happy tapes of all kinds. If U turn her on she will likewise. 268 Ferrars Street, S. Melbourne, Australia. 350+ hrs. Quality conscious, beg. welcome. YLGM. Let's trade! Aaron, 16 Shattuck Street, Greenfield, MA 01301. ☎ Box 2996.

Have 800+ hrs of Dead and JGB. Looking for more of the same. If interested send list. Peace! Bill Perkins, 1334 Buffalo Rock, O'Fallon, MO 63366. ☎ Box 2997.

Very fast reliable trades. Got 350+ hrs of various quality and years. Dead & others. Need more 80's and 90's. YLGM. Beagle, PO Box 404, Kearney, NE 68848. ☎ Box 2998.

Fast, reliable, have 700+ hrs Dead, 200+ hrs Non-Dead—Need 3/12/66, 6/11/69, 12/12/81 & '95 shows. YLGM. Wharf Rat, 43 Elaine Road, Milford, CT 06460. ☎ Box 2999.

Beginner looking for Northeast shows, esp. Waterbury, CT, 9/23/72 and 9/24/72. Will send blanks/postage. Jim Mis, 79 Hallock Street, Waterbury, CT 06706. ☎ Box 3000.

Looking for recent quality Dead. Have 500+ hrs of Dead, Allmans, DMB, Clapton, Floyd, Phish, Hootie. Dave, 430 High Creek, Roswell, GA 30076. ☎ Box 3011.

Looking for Legion of Mary, Reconstruction, 4-19-82, 7-8-90, & Deer Creek '91. HQ only. 400 hrs. Dead, 100 hrs other, to trade. Gary, 449 Patterson Road, Apt. F, Dayton, OH 45419. ☎ Box 3002.

950 Hrs, majority super crispy sbd's, extreme high end intact (cymbals, etc). Want similar. Specifically want Scanner tapes, Seattle, Shoreline 1995. Rod, 11325 SW 14th, Beaverton, OR 97005. ☎ Box 3003.

My van was stolen and recovered tapeless. Please help rebuild. Seeking Dead (esp. 10/5/94) and Phish. JD, 4228 Flad, St. Louis, MO 63110. ☎ Box 3014.

What a pinch. 400 hrs Dead and others. Want Dead, esp. w/ Bruce, Phish, Allmans, Clapton, any Bruce Hornsby? YLGM. Jim, 404 NE Jackson, Hillsboro, OR 97124. ☎ Box 3031.

New in town: Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill. Always looking for GD tapes. Alex Carnevale, 105 Sandy Creek, Apex, NC 27502. ☎ Box 3015.

Searching first show—the Nudie suit gtg Winterland 1972—Got it? John, 571 E. 6th Street, Chico, CA 95928. ☎ Box 2986.

Cipollina? Jazz? Pharaoh Sanders at Sacramento '92? have Dead and other SF groups too. Bob Henley, PO Box 363, Ft. Collins, CO 80522. ☎ Box 3004.

Quality freak seeks like-minded traders w/ *graded* lists to swap lowgen sbds. 1200 hrs to trade, many 1st-3rd gen. Tony, 125 Hill Street, Dunmore, PA 18512. ☎ Box 3005.

Deadhead looking to start tape/vhs collection. Will send blanks, postage and thanks. K. Mattie, Box 101, 152 Davey Laboratory, Penn. State U., University Park, PA 16802. ☎ Box 3006.

Need Dylan/GD cassettes. RFK, 6/25/95, quality. Will send blanks/postage or cash. Keith Padgett, 1011 Arlington Blvd. #640, Arlington, VA 22209. ☎ Box 3007.

I need a miracle! 1000+ hrs stolen at Highgate. Help! Will pay postage/blanks. Have hhq Portchester 71's. YLGM. Jon Peet, 134 Main Street, Delhi, NY 13753. ☎ Box 3008.

HQ Vegas '93—14th, 15th, & 16th. Call to work out details. Thanks, Jerry. ☎ Box 3018.

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"Listening for the secret, searching for the sound..." 1000+ hrs HQ Dead/JGB SBDs. YLGM. Let's trade! Stay happy! Gerry Guion, PO Box 176, Moss Beach, CA 94038. ☎ Box 3012.

Who has early Dead Hour program list? Have 850 Dead, 200 others. Almost all Dead Hours, slow but reliable. RC 22936 Lakeview, Round Lake, IL 60073. ☎ Box 3013.

Beg. DAT—need help. Have 750 hrs Dead, Phish, WSP analogs—to trade for HQ SBDs—Mike, 206 Ponte Vedra Drive, Cola, SC 29206. ☎ Box 3016.

Looking for Summer '95. Have 340 hrs to trade. Rob Wenz, 40 E. Birch Apt. 3B, Mt. Vernon, NY 10552. ☎ Box 3001.

Now ready to make big additions to small collection. Will trade generously. A LeGate, 516 W. Gilmore, Winslow, AZ 86047. ☎ Box 3017.

Need a little help from my friends! New tape trader needs kind lists to start. Mike, 130 Cypress Ct., Howell, NJ 07731. HQ please. ☎ Box 3019.

Help is on the way! Looking for my first show—Hartford, May 1977. Will send blanks. Mark, 7733 Park Road, Charlotte, NC 28210. ☎ Box 3020.

Leaf 4now. Wanted: Boreal '85, Greek '88, Mickey & the Heartbeats, Old & in the Way. Dreadful Greg, 1025 Minnesota Ave. #28, SJ, CA 95125. ☎ Box 3021.

Kind Sugar Mag w/no collection to speak of needs help getting started. Will gladly send blanks and postage. Write: Heather, 4001 Buttonwood Lane, Carmel, NY 10512. ☎ Box 3022.

Looking for Dead 1969 -1977. Beginning trader. Waldo, 41 Klein Ave., Trenton, NJ 08629. ☎ Box 3023.

Veteran trader new to Carolina's. Wants to trade Dead/Non-Dead with locals. Ron Deutsch, 3315C Trent, Greensboro, NC 27405. ☎ Box 3024.

Let's radiate, have 450 hrs. Rads hq sbd, 500 Dead; Want Rads, Phish, Widespread, Dead. SBD, YLGM. Neil, PO Box 11822, Prescott, AZ 86304 - FAST. ☎ Box 3025.

Beginner taper. Please help start collection. Will send blanks to compensate. Pete, 231 Jewett Ave., Jersey City, NJ 07304. ☎ Box 3026.

Help with JGB 10/5/93 Warfield and Bham Dead 4/5/95. HQ only. Will send whatever. AJ, 1933 Napoleon Ave., New Orleans, LA 70115. ☎ Box 3027.

Faster taper alive: have 2000 hrs DAT/PLM 4 DAT decks, dedicated to making pristine clones. Want '94 & ('95 esp.). Wanna trade!! Dave & Geri, 18344 Amie Ave "A", Torrance, CA 90504. ☎ Box 3010.

Have many '94. Want Spring/Summer '95. Erik, 4290 Bittersweet Lane, Greenwood, IN 46142. ☎ Box 3028.

A box of tapes will ease the pain. Beginner has 100 hrs Dead mostly HQ. '67-'92. YLGM. Dependable and fast. Mark Buckman, 21 Dartmouth Street, Keene, NH 03431. ☎ Box 3029.

Long time DH, short time collector. Looking for Vegas shows—1993 w/ Sting—1992 w/ Steve Miller. Will send blanks and postage. Thanks. Jerry, 11693 San Vincente Blvd. #123, Los Angeles, CA 90049. ☎ Box 3030.

Want HQ SBDs, LG, YLGM. Have 400 hrs to trade. Need Zero badly. G. Chisholm, 213 Indian Grove, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M6P 2H4.

Hey now! Anyone out there want to talk? Or trade tapes? Dew me a favor, drop me a line. Looking for Philly 3/19/95. Peace. Marc Lawlor, 48 Knox Blvd., Marlton, NJ 08053. ☎ Box 3032.

DEADENZ. We're down here too, folks! Seeking quality conscious traders. No hype. Prefer pre '79/post '90. Plenty to trade. Best wishes. Nick, 12 Boylan Road, Titirangi, Auckland 7, Aotearoa, New Zealand. bagnall@iconz.co.nz.

Need Oakland Col. Jan. 24,25,26 -'93. Buffalo June 16,17 -'93. RFK July 16,17 -'94. Albany June 21,22-'95. Many stories to share... TS, 320 Second Ave., Vestal, NY 13850. ☎ Box 3033.

Slow trader looking for same. Patience will be rewarded. Beginners welcome with restrictions. YLGM. Haug, 507 W. Fifth, Washington, MO 63090. Litterbugs are trashy! ☎ Box 3034.

Looking for Dead tapes to trade for 1990-95. Prefer current Shoreline and Oakland. Contact Tom Heuser, 3621 Sacramento Ave., Santa Rosa, CA 95405. ☎ Box 3035.

Loaded tapes—all stolen. Need early SBDs. Still have Sleepy Hollow Hog Stompers. Chris, PO Box 14506, Long Beach, CA 90803. ☎ Box 3036.

Your best tapes get mine—looking for Dead, Phish, Allmans, Aru, Zappa, Black Crowes, etc. Quick and reliable—Brian Boyd, 39CS, PSC 94 Box 826, Apo, AE 09824. ☎ Box 3037.

Looking for HQ LG SB or tapes of Denver '94 (Nov-Dec) and Las Vegas '95 San Boyd (May). Will pay what you want. Mike Haberman, Rt. 1, Box 201, Elm Creek, NE 68836. ☎ Box 3038.

Beginning trader; reliable and trustworthy in carrying out trades. Have about 20 tapes. Alex Hanawalt, 317 Shast Drive, Palo Alto, CA 94306. ☎ Box 3039.

Hey now, have 1000+, need more (esp. '90-'94). YLGM—Let's trade. Shawn, 9 Spruce Street, Paris, Ont., Canada N3L 1R5. PS. Bob rules. ☎ Box 3040.

Have 150+ hrs Dead. Start of long-term collection. Looking for rare 'legs, videos, photos, etc. Eager beginner. AG, 45 East 62nd Street, Apt. 6A, New York, NY 10021-8025. ☎ Box 3041.

Lookin' for some—would like to trade only. Have 25 boots like to have more. RFDI Box 211, Canton, ME 04221. ☎ Box 3062.

Looking for HQ or SBD of Veneta, OR, shows. 8/28/72 & 8/28/82. Bill, PO Box 3179, Sunriver, OR 97707. ☎ Box 3043.

I need an angel to help get my fledgling collection off the ground. If it's you, call John. Thanks. ☎ Box 3047.

Beginner w/small collection craves more. YLGM. Will send blanks/postage. The music never stopped. Louis, 1707 Harbeck Road, Grants Pass, OR 97527. ☎ Box 3045.

Have been looking for HQ 5/8/77 forever. Ithica, NY @ Cornell University. Please—I need a miracle. RS, 10681 Ritter Street, Cypress, CA 90630. ☎ Box 3044.

Your hq sbd from year '89 to '95 gets my hq sbd from 9/7/85 Set I Morrison, Colorado. AJ Mac Donald, 817 Pine Street, Apt. 304, Burlington, VT 05401. ☎ Box 3042.

Have 600 hrs Grateful Dead music. Look for more! Send your list—get mine! Michael Hoffmann, Ruffinialle S, 82166 Minchen, Grafelfing, Germany, 089/8540817.

YLGM. Need Buckeye '94 & Memphis (Spring Tour '95). Please! MH, 3117 Ohio Avenue, Middletown, OH 45042. ☎ Box 3048.

Beginner needs kind collection, have a few to trade. JM, 193 Joaquin Circle, Danville, CA 94526. ☎ Box 3049.

Have 250 Hrs Dead & 650 Hrs Non-Dead. Looking for kind quality of all. Ben Warren, NCSU Box 7315, Raleigh, NC 27693. ☎ Box 3050.

Fresno (CA) area Deadheads—lets network for trading, traveling, etc. Write Bill Kenedy, Box 25153, Fresno, CA 93729. ☎ Box 3063.

Beginner wanting to expand collection quickly. Allmans, Marley & Doors also welcome. Will share gratefully full collection. Jay Williamson, 100 Mill Street, Milton, Ontario, Canada L9T 1R9.

Aloha from Maui! HQ/AT only for trades, because life's short, but I'll gladly help beginners, because it's fun. Mahalo. Steve, 584D Old Stable Road, Pala, HI 96779. ☎ Box 3051.

Need all Summer Tour '95. SBD or very HQ Aud. Have lots to trade. May the music never stop. GL, 3116 Castleleigh Road, Silver Spring, MD 20904. ☎ Box 3052.

Beginner in search of HQ Dead or Phish. Please help. Steve LaMere, 8750 Sheridan Road #17, Kenosha, WI 53143. ☎ Box 3053.

Please help—need 12/17-18/93. Have 60H HQ GD SBD's & Aud. YLGM. Europe needs a tour. H. Dold, Popitzweg 13, 13627, Berlin, Germany.

Trey Bien! I need HQ Phish & Widespread. Share the groove! YLGM. 1008 Washington Street 3R, Hoboken, NJ 07030. ☎ Box 3054.

Looking for the magic? What nuggets do you have? Call Jamie Jessup. ☎ Box 3074.

1-900-740-DEAD TAPE TRADING

Beginner taper looking for RFK '95 shows. Would appreciate any and all help. MM, 913 South Solandra Drive, Orlando, FL 32807. ☎ Box 3055.

Looking for digital copy of Philly Spring '95 Audience, Sun. 19th. Call 216-923-3080. ☎ Box 3056.

Have 2500 GD hours to trade. YLGM. J. Weitz, 200 W. 86th Street, NYC, NY 10024. ☎ Box 3057.

Have much to trade for quality copy of the Allman Bros at Shoreline July 1, 1995. JCR, 2204 Casa Mia Drive, San Jose, CA 95124. ☎ Box 3058.

Are you kind? Long time DH needs to rebuild tape collection. Will send blanks, postage. Please help. B. Sullivan, 1194 Stratford, SLC, UT 84106. ☎ Box 3059.

Let the music fill our souls. Will fill blanks. Kristen, 7620 Santa Ysabel, Atascadero, CA 93422. ☎ Box 3073.

Wish to trade HQ tapes with other Deadheads. YLGM. DS, 1570 A. So. 80th Street, West Allis, WI 53214. ☎ Box 3067.

Looking for sbd copy of Shoreline shows 6/15/90—6/16/90. I have great photos to trade. Thank you. Nancy, PO Box 213, El Portal, CA 95318. ☎ Box 3060.

Do Buffalo Springfield boots exist? Please help. 800+ hrs Dead & others to trade. Jamie, 9 Ratan Crt., Ottawa, Ont., Canada K1V0B2.

Looking for 4/4/94 Orlando and Spring Tour '95. Have 200+ hrs of HQ for trading. Alan Schwartz, 304 Community Drive, Manhasset, NY 11030. ☎ Box 3072.

Hey brothers and sisters! Desperately seeking Tampa Stadium, 4/7/95—my first show! Please help—will send blanks/postage. Jennifer Barski, 804 Cutler Drive, Seffner, FL 33584. Peace! ☎ Box 3061.

1500 Hrs HQ SBD. Seeking DAT's, Analogue Masters, 1-5 Gen. Kindest quality only. No bunk accepted. DJM, 4213-A King George Drive, Harrisburg, PA 17109. ☎ Box 3064.

Black Crowes. Have secret gigs, sbds, DAT masters. Seeking DAT and analog trades, HORDE '95, etc. Paul, 10732 S. Lacrosse, Oak Lawn, IL 60453. ☎ Box 3065.

All I can do is Smile Smile Smile. First gig was '74. Please any sbd from '94-'95. YLGM. MB, 2869E Jackson Ave., #C, Anaheim, CA 92806. ☎ Box 3066.

Searchin' for a rainbow of HQ Dead tapes. Will send blanks and postage. Please send list. Ron, 10 Appleby Drive, Bedford, NY 10506. ☎ Box 3068.

Weir RU? Quickly maturing rookie needs hot tapes!! YLGM. Any, all years. VHS? Please Please Please. Thanks. Pauly O'Connor, 1604 Anken Street, Rome, NY 13440. % Box 3069.

Seeking sbd/hq aud. Soldier Field 6/23&24/94, Jerry w/Traffic, very HQ Madison 6/24/83. Have lotsa '93-'94 sbds, many others live & studio. Aussie music. Let's grow together! Peter Toluzzi, 3434 20th Ave So. #1, Minneapolis, MN 55407. ☎ Box 3070.

Looking for HQ Deer Creek 7/20/95 and any other '95. Have lots to trade. S. Haas, 6841 Maurer, Shawnee, KS 66217. ☎ Box 3071.

That's all we could fit this issue. More next time.0

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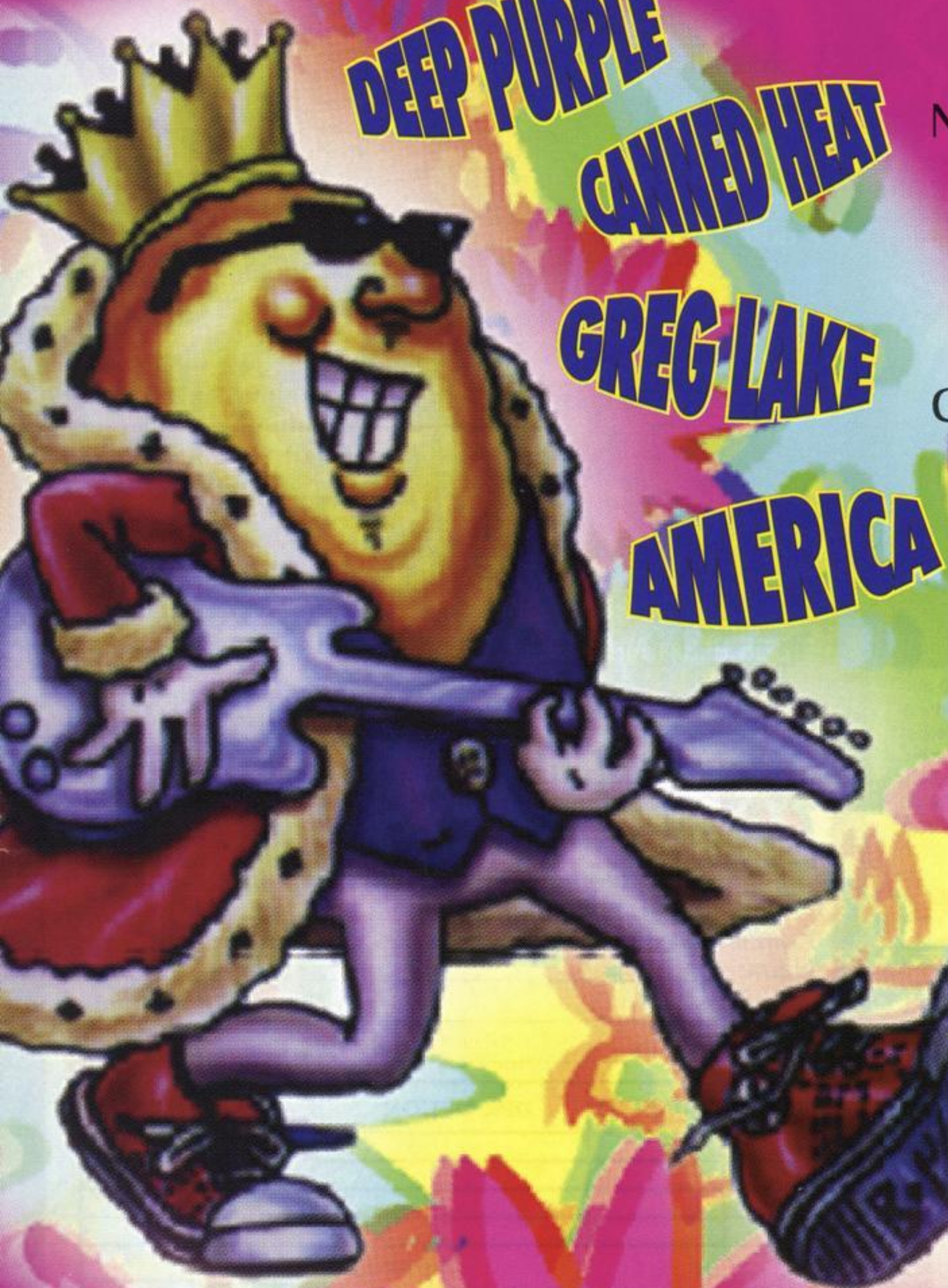
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CANNED HEAT

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AMERICA



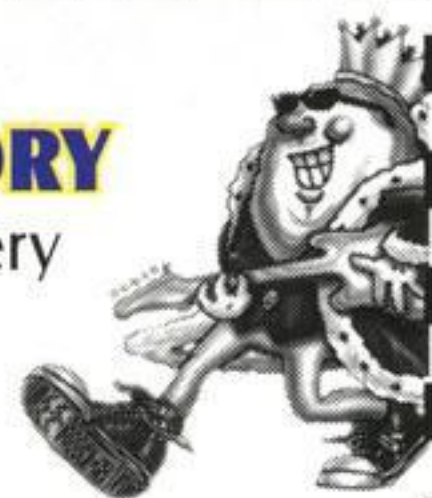
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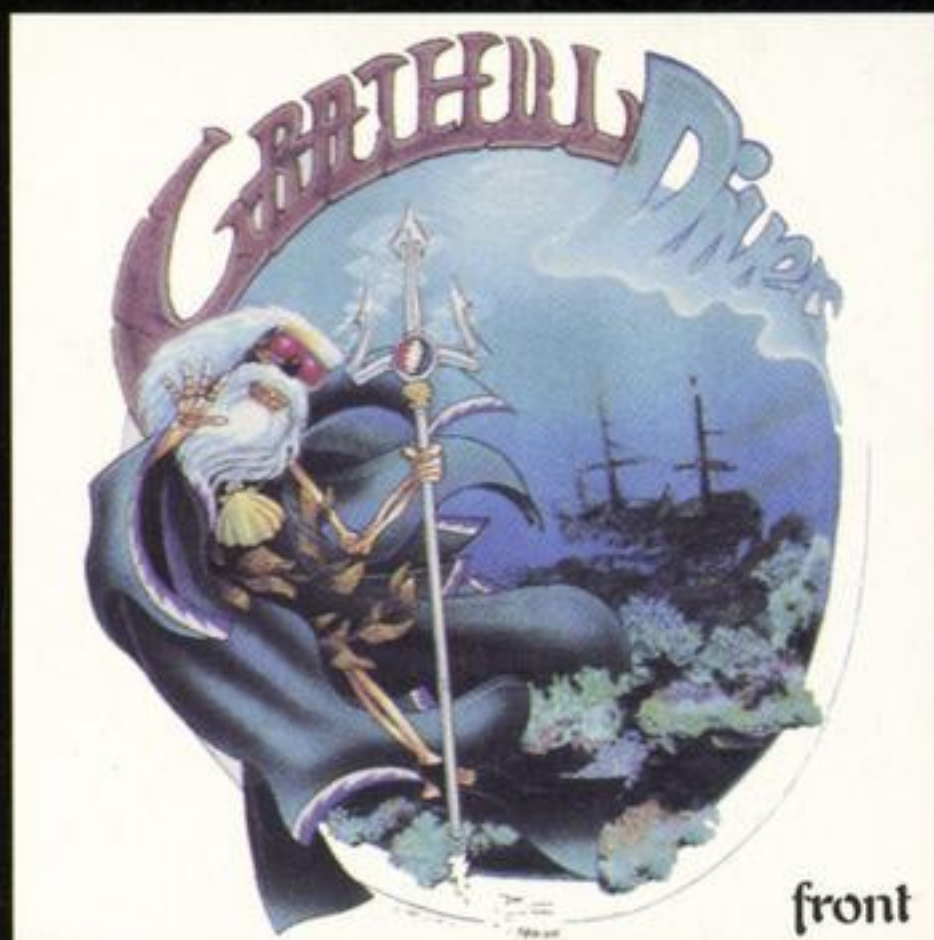
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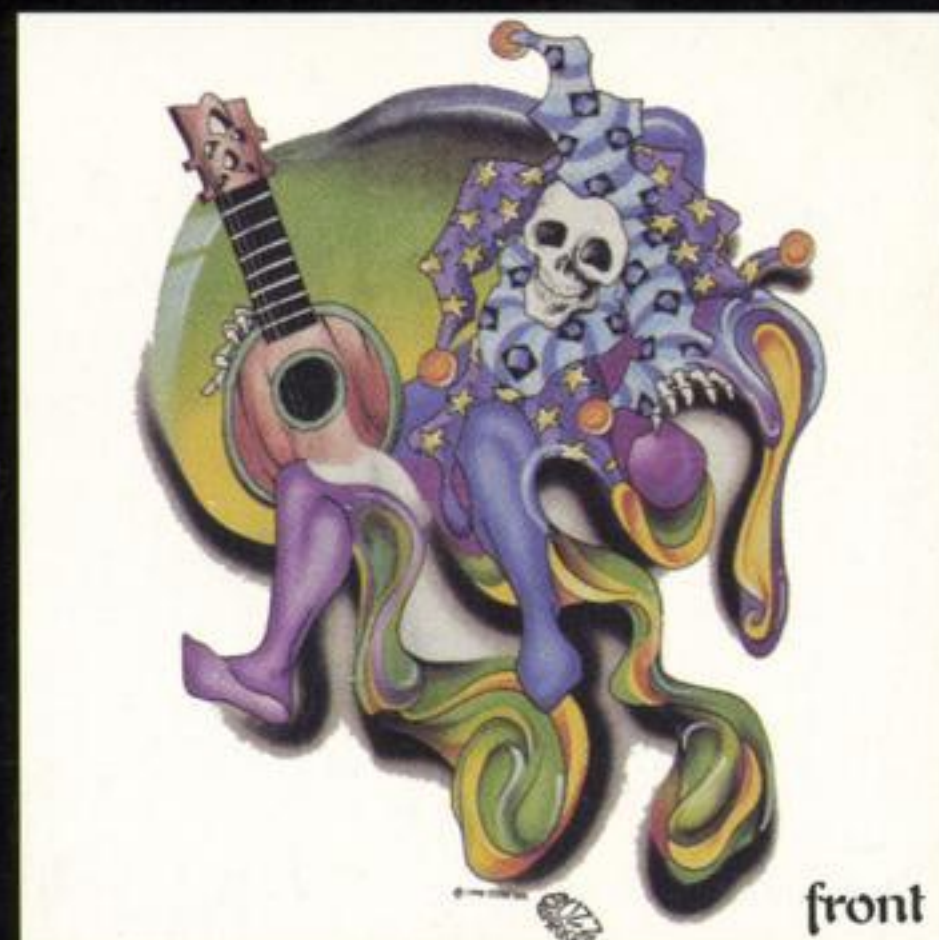
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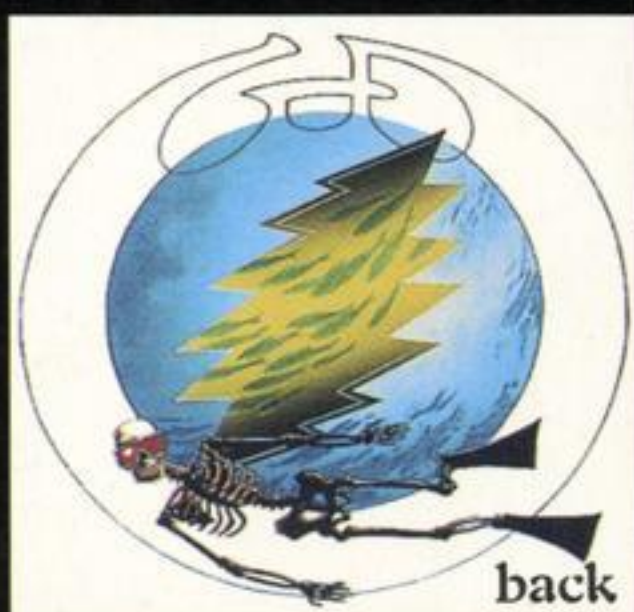
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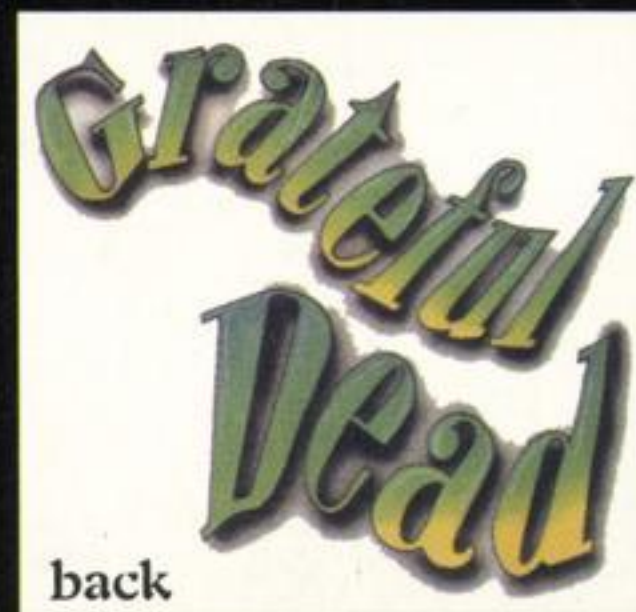
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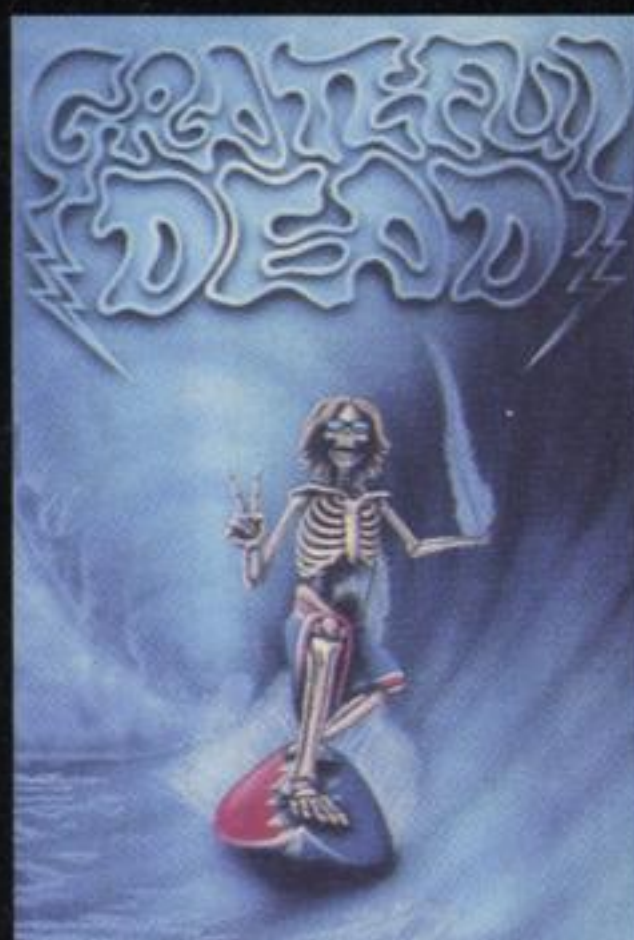
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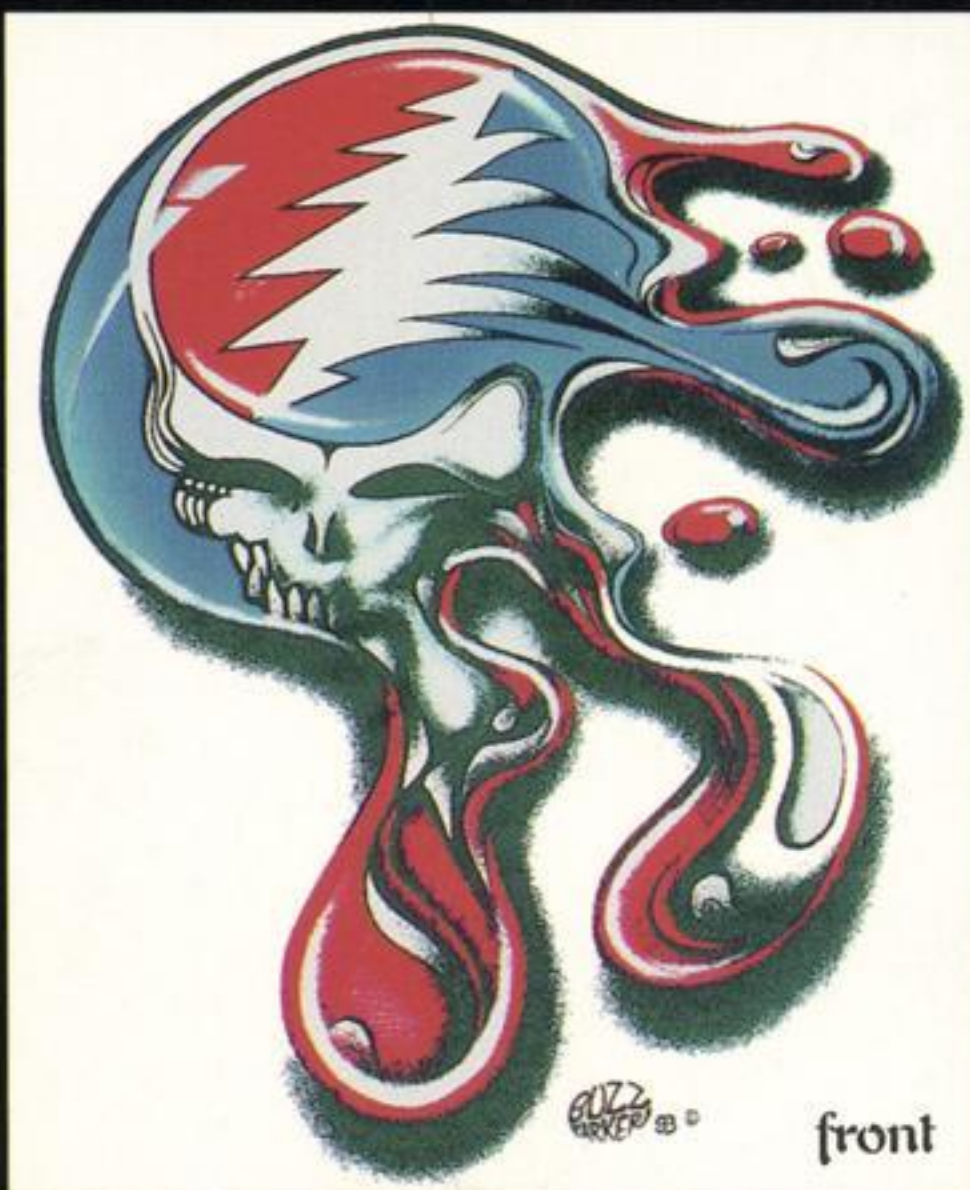


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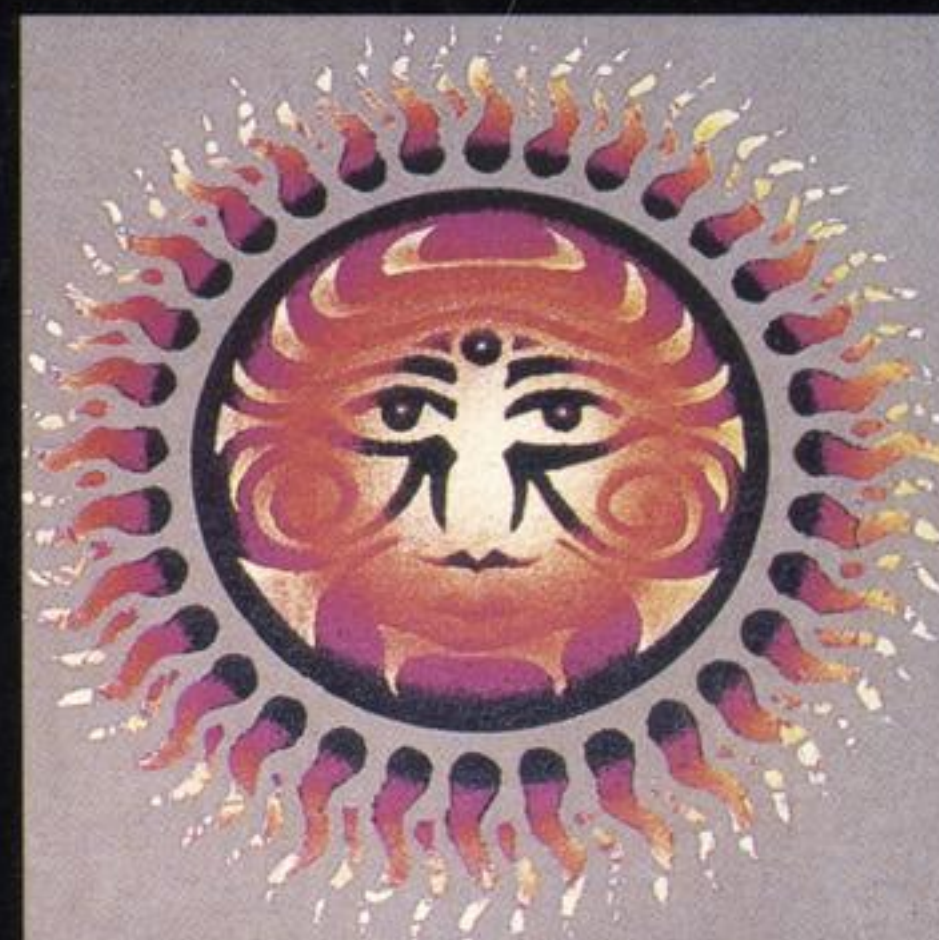


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