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with Grateful Dead Drummer Bill Kreutzmann

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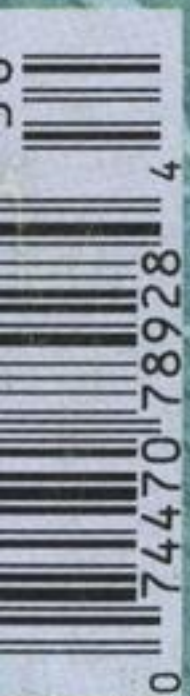
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DIAMOND NEWS

ISSUE NO. 30 • WINTER 1994

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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 when and where possible.

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IIci by Alyson Williams and Sally Ansorge Mulvey ♦

LETTERS TO THE DEADITOR

Dear DDN:

It has come to my attention through various closely connected and reliable sources that the Dead are planning to bypass the NY area during the spring tour. I've heard they plan only on coming as close as Philly, and then not coming near us again until their stadium tour in June/July.

Word has it that they feel that they didn't sell out MSG in October because it was too close to their Giants Stadium dates. I can't believe they are this naive and sheltered.

First of all, the reason they didn't sell out MSG was because they sucked at Giants Stadium, plain and simple. I know in my 150+ shows over the last 20+ years, I've never seen any worse shows. And two of them back-to-back no less! So if locals didn't want to spend big bucks to sit in the 400s for unpredictable shows, I can certainly understand it. You don't have to be a rocket scientist to know if the boys were playing well, they would've been able to sell out twice as many shows at MSG.

So who's kidding whom? Rather than avoiding our area and setting Philly up for riot status, they should be concentrating on getting Jerry to rejoin the fold, and do some rehearsing if they're concerned about ticket sales!

There are many concerns regarding these Philly shows, not the least of which is that the folks at the Spectrum don't seem able to handle the normal crowd, much less a replay of Pittsburgh. I remember a few years back calmly waiting in line, ticket in hand,

to get into a Spectrum show. I'd been waiting 30-40 minutes, and it was nearing show time. Rather than open the gates early, open more doors, or any other intelligent maneuver, they tightened security by bringing cops on horses directly through the crowd. I know I was quite nervous as this high-spirited, tightly reigned horse's rump was staring me in the face. I mean, did these guys have a brain? Of course we were all getting upset, the show was about to start, we'd all arrived in plenty of time to amble in to our seats, but weren't being allowed access to the venue. What makes anyone think this mentality has changed?

I'm writing you this letter because if the Dead ever read any GD zine, it would have to be yours. You guys are the only ones to read, especially now that Blair Jackson from *Golden Road* is on your team.

Worried in the Northeast ♦

Sisters & Brothers:

We are regular readers of Dupree's and have never felt the impulse to write until now. Issue #29 was incredible! We immensely enjoyed the important spiritual articles.

It is a long time coming, but the Grateful Dead Experience was and always will be a gathering of all people who can share in this lore of the way. The Experience is not, however, a "scene." Reading these articles and their responses is such inspiration, realizing that we are all riding on this slow train and many others are hopping on. It is important that we are re-educated about Nature's way of enlightening that are gifts to us.

The Grateful Dead, various other musicians, poets, writers, philosophers, and tribes of people are silent wanderers, and sing of a way that is good and kind. This is inside all of us, for us to rediscover — we have stayed away from it too long. Let's tap into the love that is in everyone and spread it. Hunter writes, "Ain't no time to hate, barely time to wait." How true! It is time to ask, "Who am I?" and then realize that love is all we know. The Dead play on our energy just as much as we play on theirs. So let us recall our Grateful Dead Experience. If one no longer feels the spirituality or positive vibes, perhaps it is time to go elsewhere and carry the words the band has shared with us.

The gift of music is truly a spiritual thing. It is limitless and formless. This gift we are born with should not be abused. If it is, it can do true harm. We are simply the instruments to the great song of creation. The sound we make reflects who we are — we



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are the music! As both Bobs have sung, "The hour is getting late!" The time is upon us to do some soul searching and discover the one love light that glows bright in all existence. It is time to harmonize with it once again so we can live in peace.

Keep the faith!
Jackie Pelke & Ray Kolenko ◇

Dear Dupree's Diamond News,

A few months back a letter of mine, in which I described a 3:1 taping ratio that I used when taping for beginning traders, was printed in this column. Ever since that letter was printed, reference has been made to my letter in one form or another in subsequent issues, and it has even been referred to in other Dead-related magazines. I never expected to cause such a ripple in my community.

After reading the editorial response to my letter, I began to monitor my taping habits. I discovered I was making from 20 to 30 tapes a week for beginners, in addition to my regular trading. My tape decks were running 16 hours a day, and I would often run off a side of a tape while I slept at night. Needless to say, I felt justified asking for a 3:1 ratio.

As you may have guessed, I was headed for taper burnout due to all the time I was spending making all those tapes, so I stopped answering and placing ads regarding helping beginning tapers.

That was some time ago, and I have adopted new ways of thinking. Rather than taping for anybody and everybody, I help one or two beginners at a time. All I ask for is return postage, no more extra blanks. Furthermore, to offset any karma that I may or may not have disrupted, I miracle tape beginners who place ads in DDN and other magazines, which is to say I anonymously send them a tape that I know they will appreciate. If all of us

would extend a helping hand in this fashion, we would have a lot of grateful folks out there.

Thanks again for listening and keep that wheel turning!

Peace,
The BE Man ◇

Dear Folks:

Your issue on the War on Drugs [Issue #29] was excellent! The realistic approach taken and the discussion of alternatives to drug use and abuse set the right tone. I am a criminal defense attorney and am constantly confronted with this insanity.

Keep it up!
Sincerely,
Phil Studenberg ◇

Dear Dupree's:

Astounding! DDN is the most exciting thing I've discovered since the Grateful Dead. My favorite feature is the 'Zines subsection in the *Dead Relatives* column. I would like to offer the following recommendations for my fellow New Age networkers. The Buddhist Peace Fellowship publishes the excellent insight-tabloid of social activism, *Turning Wheel* (P.O. Box 4650, Berkeley, CA 94704). Co-op America (1850 M St. NW #700, Washington, DC) publishes a quarterly, the *Annual Green Pages*, and *Boycott Action News*. These are important publications for those of us who really want to know what's going on in the world. Thanks for mentioning the Drug Policy Foundation. Think globally, act compassionately.

Till the morning comes,
Stanley (Sunyata) Marshall ◇

DEAD DAYS
Herb Greene



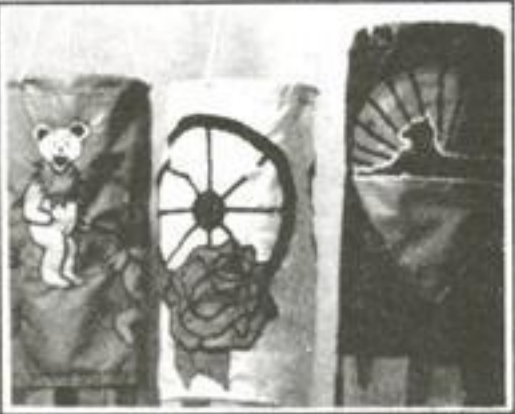
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Deadhead Callings

1994 was one weird year in Grateful Deadland. In many ways it was a good year. Unfortunately, one fairly consistent source of frustration put a sobering shadow on the whole vibe.

To begin with, we do have much to be thankful for. I can echo the feelings of many by stating emphatically that the drummers are playing better than ever. Billy and Mickey's second set Rhythm Devil jams are as eclectic, mysterious, impassioned, and *electric* as ever before. With a diverse aural palate including didjeridus, train horns, whistles, kalimbas, and the Zeus-like bellowing of the beam, this part of the Experience provides an essential part of what we come looking for — adventure into the deep unknown. And now that the drums are directly triggering parts of the light show, we can expect even more synergy in this department. We had the pleasure recently of finally interviewing Billy, a rare interview in this field if ever there was one, and we found that his elegance lies in his simplicity. He has two primary goals in life: to make people happy through music and to recharge between shows by directly communing with sea creatures. As you'll read in our **Bill Kreutzmann Interview**, he's found real balance in his life and his music is all the better for it.

Adding to the good energy is Phil, who really played his heart out in '94. He's finally turned his volume up loud enough for us to hear what he's doing (turn it up two more notches!). Many of us have been waiting for this since 1977. Now all we need from the Phil department is *Unbroken Chain* (although I'm sure many of us wishful thinkers would settle for some funky bass solos again — or maybe the return of the *Feelin' Groovy* jam: now *that* would be heaven-sent).

The light show is also much improved — it is immense. At shows like Vermont it reached new transcendent levels, with Garcia's face, 20 feet high on the video screens amidst images of exploding galaxies, as he screamed *Standing On The Moon* as the real moon set blood-red in the background. Wow! The bigger it gets, the more personal the shows become for those sitting way in the back — instead of seeing a few ants playing guitars on a stage *waaay* over there, it is now possible for those sitting in the back to be drawn easily into the maelstrom.

For a complete commentary on the Dead's performances in 1994, check out Blair Jackson's perennially astute **Year in Review**, along with the accompanying **1994 Statistical Concert Analysis**.

Also, as you'll read in this issue's review of **Tape Trading in 1994**, the past 12 months have proved to be one of the best years ever for collecting old Grateful Dead music. And with concerted efforts being put into releasing both another official vault release and another Dick's Pick (see pages 66 and 69 for info and review), this trend will undoubtedly continue through 1995.

The one bummer, however, and a most unsettling one for so many of us, has been Garcia's uneven concert performances. For most of 1994 Jerry has been in what might best be described as "a fog," frequently forgetting song lyrics, and in general, not playing with his trademark clarity and intuition.

Legendary Merry Prankster and old Garcia buddy Neal Cassady used to talk about how the hippest thing a musician can do is to get as close to "being in the moment" as possible. This has always been one of the most alluring qualities of the Dead's live concert performances — the individual members of the Dead have demonstrated time and time again an ability to collectively become one creative mind, together, in the moment. In fact, when they're really cookin' they move *ahead* of the moment, sensing without hesitation where the collective unconscious is going. And being in the moment and being intuitive is what creates the inspirational magic we strive so intensely to experience. But in 1994 Garcia often seemed to lag a half a second *behind* everyone else onstage.

We could talk about this ad infinitum, but in the end it's up to Jerry, and Jerry alone, to address this issue. At 30 dollars per ticket, however, there are plenty of you out there upset that Jerry seems to have major difficulty remembering lyrics. In an effort to alleviate this chronic problem, the band is now using TelePrompTers, but this will only help with botched words, not instrumental cloudiness. We can only hope that Garcia, as he's done so many times before, will rise once again.

It seems the band is finally beginning to realize that sloppy performances, even by one key musician, and a chronically predictable repertoire, are the primary causes underlying the bi-coastal drop in ticket sales as of late. As a result, or so it seems, they soundchecked *St. Stephen* before one of the recent Oakland shows in December. While such a strategy will not solve the aforementioned problem, bringing back such tasty nuggets as *St. Stephen*, *Viola Lee Blues*, *New Potato Caboose*, or *Golden Road* again would certainly help fill seats. While we believe that great performances negate the need for changes in repertoire, it seems obvious from the recent decline in ticket sales that shaking up the current order would do wonders for everyone's state of mind (not to mention the Dead's bank accounts). How about *Not Fade Away* or *Iko Iko* to open a show, *Watchtower* to end a first set, *Lucy in the Sky* or *Let It Grow* out of *Drums*, *Franklin's Tower*, *Jack Straw*, *Women Are Smarter*, *I Know You Rider*, or ANYTHING different to end second sets, and *Morning Dew* or *Terrapin* as an encore. Given the way things are, changes like these would certainly help put the GREAT! back in Grateful Dead.

On any given night, however, the band can still inspire. Hey, I've seen them do it enough that even after seeing some pretty disappointing shows in '94, I'm still way psyched to chase those magical moments, even if they get farther and fewer between — after all, who else can deliver the whole package like the Dead?

What fascinates me the most about this subject is that with age, the Grateful Dead's *humanity* is more and more revealed. Long gone are the days of 20 song sets. And I for one don't expect 45-minute *Dark Stars* to ever return. But with the passing of time, and with it the Dead's youthful vibrancy, we are presented with several very important life lessons. We learn that all is transitory. We also learn that the band is comprised of mortal humans — not invincible rock and roll gods, as I and so many others once thought. Once you meet them, and see they're just as human as any of us, you begin to realize just how incredible it is that they've actually been able to create so many hours of truly inspirational art.

We also learn to appreciate how rare and fragile these good times are. Even the briefest glance at human history reveals century after century of countless wars and violence, immense suffering, and enormous ignorance (not to mention plenty of lousy music). How lucky we are to have such joy, to be able to dance in peace, side by side with people of all races and religions. Yeah, Jerry's lagging, and that sucks. But in the greater scope of things we're still by far the lucky ones. We are given, time and time again, the opportunity to live out a genuine sunshine daydream.

On another note, as most of you are well aware, last November's elections marked a significant swing to the right in this country. Because this will no doubt affect many of you adversely, I feel obligated to touch upon this subject.

To begin with, I'm all for politicians, conservative or otherwise, reducing our government's enormous deficit by cutting waste and fraud. But the new conservative Congressional majority is hypocritical when it talks about

"getting government off our backs" while at the same time gearing up to force prayer into schools via a constitutional amendment. And these self-righteous "servants" of the people are gearing up to expand a war in which many of us Deadheads are direct targets. Who do you think the DEA is gonna come looking for — gun-toting crack dealers or pacifistic hippies? They're gonna be coming for Deadheads. Yeah, I know we told you all about this in our last issue. But as long as the lives of peaceful, non-predatory Americans like us are being ruined just because we have long hair, or drive a certain type of vehicle with certain types of bumper stickers, or wear colorful clothes, or alter consciousness in a different way, someone's got to cry "foul!"

The bottom line is that those of us who do not ascribe to the belief system of the new conservative political "majority" can no longer afford to tune in, turn on, and drop out. This may have been an attractive strategy in the '60s. But along with trying to do some good things like revising the welfare system and shrinking our bloated government, many self-righteous demagogues are planning to re-write the constitution, further endanger our already damaged environment, and incarcerate everyone not willing to live by their puritanical code of ethics. They are in a position to do long-term damage to the soul of this country.

So what can we do? Three things: 1) Educate ourselves. You can start by reading **The Newturing of America** by Andrew Ansorge on page 60. 2) Become an activist and consider contributing to worthy political and environmental causes, and letting your elected representatives know, via phone, fax, petition, and letter, how you stand on the issues. And 3) **VOTE!** Realize that only 17% of those eligible to vote actually brought this conservative "majority" into power. Many of you have told me you didn't vote because *all* the choices were assholes. Unfortunately, the threat to our constitutional freedoms, our environment, and our lifestyles is so great that we must, at the very least, vote these days for the asshole who's *least* likely to do us harm.

In closing, I'd like to point to someone who recently demonstrated the very spirit of activism and commitment to a healthy future I'm talking about. Nine-year-old Whitney Ruckel of Ft. Wayne, IN, saved 35 weeks of her allowance and recently made a \$70 contribution to the Garden of the Gratefully Deadedicated (see page 61) to help preserve two acres of rainforest land. Pretty hip thing for someone her age to do, don't you think?

This year marks the 30th anniversary of the Grateful Dead. I, for one, intend to make the most of it. I *know* this band can still rock and chances are, they'll even play a few choice venues. I *know* that Dead tickets won't cost \$60 (unlike so many other legendary bands these days). And I *know* I won't have to put up with muddy mosh pits and overhyped three-day festivals to get my fill of group ritual. No siree, I know just how to get my inspiration. Even in the '60s they used to call them "The good ol' Grateful Dead." Come rain or shine, clear or cloudy, I'll see you on tour.

In Light,
Johnny Dwork ◇

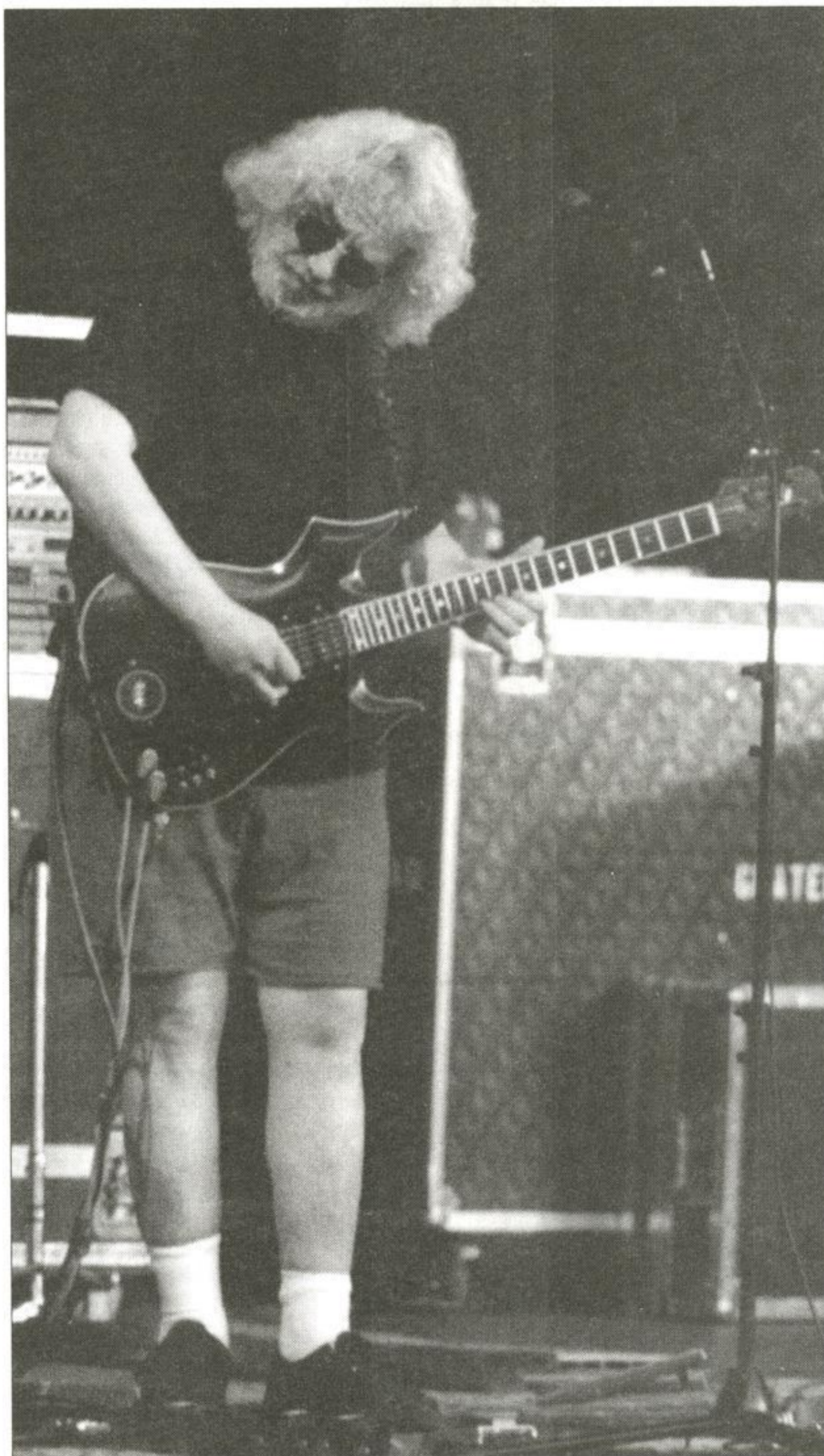
Fall Tour '94

Skeptical at Shoreline

By Blair Jackson

After hearing so many negative reports about summer tour, I was frankly a little skeptical going into these shows, but my concerns were allayed almost immediately on Friday night (9/16) when the band opened confidently with *Cold Rain and Snow* followed by a smokey, serpentine *Wang Dang. Black-Throated Wind* benefitted from Weir's acoustic strumming, and both *Cassidy* and *Deal* hit high marks, as well. I enjoyed the entire second set, too, particularly that old, familiar (but relatively rare in recent years) pairing of *Estimated* and *Eyes* before *Drums*, and the rather unusual combo of *The Last Time* into *The Wheel*, foregoing the traditional post-*Drums* ballad. With *Good Lovin'* and *Liberty* also thrown in at the end, it was quite a rockin' show.

The first set the next night was crisply played but featured completely unadventurous choices that didn't require anyone — band or fans — to work up much of a sweat. Still, *Eternity* contained some cool, jazzy jamming in places. I always like second sets that open with *Playing*



in the *Band*, and this was a fairly good one, too, leading (not surprisingly) into *Uncle John's*, another rolling, chinka-chunk *Corrina*, and finally into a boisterously received Saturday-night *Terrapin* before *Drums*. Post-*Drums*, *Stella Blue* was beautifully sung by Garcia, and the *Baby Blue* encore — also fairly rare — felt like a special treat.

I got off on the Sunday afternoon show (9/18) best of all, even if the second set featured virtually *no* jamming (save for the dependably twisted *Drums* and *Space* segments). The first set was mainly up-tempo rockers played with appropriate snap, crackle, and pop. The second set pre-*Drums* kept up the fast clip, with concise and furious playing, but also contained one of the show's two completely transcendent moments: The ending of *So Many Roads* approached a *Morning Dew* intensity that seemed to elevate the amphitheatre a few feet off the ground momentarily. The show's other musical epiphany was the solo and coda of *Days Between*, which has been consistently excellent all year. ♦

Photo by David Quinn

BCT Unplugged: A Case of the Jelly-Roll Blues?

By Peter Asmus

Nostalgia seeped into my soles as I breezed through the streets of Berkeley, on my way to the September 24th benefit. I had caught a few of the Dead's performances at the Berkeley Community Theatre in the past, but a deeper connection existed. I had worked with Mickey Hart in putting on the first performance of the Gyuto Tantric Monks there in 1985.

While not officially the Dead — the bill read Phil Lesh & Friends — the prospects of what could happen loomed large. The few 1994 shows I had caught, including one at Shoreline just the previous Sunday, had left me a bit cold. The show lacked soul, risks, and a sense of specialness. At least tonight's format — two guitars, bass, and piano — would force something different to happen.

Inside the theater, hot jazz was pouring from the stage. The Michael Wolf Trio was burning it up. My favorite un-Dead treat was Peter Apfelbaum's group, the Berkeley Alumni All-Stars. Country Joe McDonald was next. His deep conviction, sincerity, and direct political messages added a nice counterbalance to the jazz. Making a reference to the anniversary of Woodstock, he even did a *Fish Cheer*.

Then Phil came out to raffle off an ancient guitar autographed by the band and other performers. When the rest of the band came on, the crowd was a bit anxious, as was Jerry as he fiddled with his guitar. They seemed to be taken back a bit by the intimacy. Phil was smiling, though, as he rested against his new plump six-string, hollow-body acoustic bass. They started with a safe opener — *Walkin' Blues*, which had a tasty, cautious Garcia solo. The next tune, *Lazy River Road*, was a natural for acoustic interpretation. It started out strong enough; Garcia's voice sounded rich, folksy, even wise. Optimism held out until Jerry faltered badly on the second verse. He dug his chin into his chest, aimed his mouth away from the mike, and kind of mumbled some words. He shook his head when it was over.

This slight setback was followed by Weir's rather straight blues tune, *KC Moan*, featuring some nice vocal harmonies. A roar erupted from the crowd at the next selection — *Dupree's Diamond Blues*. They were barely making all those chord changes, but it was happening, for the first time since 3/26/90! Garcia then just gave up singing.



Photo by Susana Millman

Sometimes it's best to jam, and Jerry was working hard, prying little nuggets from his guitar's neck.

The crowd started chanting, "We want Phil!" The band obliged and danced through *Childhood's End*. Chromatic passages mixed with melody and nice tight textures that rang true in the acoustic format. Phil's voice was confident and clean. *Masterpiece* seemed to be a bit of a throwaway. *Attics of My Life* sent spirits soaring. Best vocal harmonies I've ever heard on that one. Did anyone care that they skipped a few parts toward the end? The best performance came next — a sweet, sweet *Cassidy*. Another natural for this foursome, jazzy send-offs clearly echoed the adventure of Lesh's Berkeley colleagues. The band really stretched it out, with Jerry and Vince shining. Vince's maturity, and the combo of delicate trills and solid percussive foundation, was actually the key to pulling this gig off.

When they followed with *Bird Song*, Jerry's voice was finally there. Weir signaled to the sound folks to turn Phil's levels up, and, at long last, his fluid ooze shook some earth.

After those back-to-back treats, they tossed out *Throwing Stones*, a song that continually amazes me for its ability to rock a crowd. Even though it was stripped down, the song still grabbed.

In the final analysis, I would have to say the show was a success. A great package of talent all crammed into one show. Phil Lesh & Friends served up a tasty menu of treats. Best show I've seen in 1994. More importantly, money was raised for the Berkeley High School music program, whose graduates proved that they have enhanced the appreciation of adventurous musical excursions. ♦

This Could Be The Last Time

By Cherie Clark King

Once again, for six nights, we were invited to a sold-out party at the boisterous Boston Garden. The weather was unseasonably cold and damp, but magic co-existed with the chill in the air. The streets around the Garden were transformed into a teeming open-air souk, with vending of every stripe. I gave in to impulse and scored several batik shirts, which came in handy later in the week when the weather grew even more foul. No matter to us Heads; a little mist and rain was not going to dampen the spirits of the thousands of happily jonesin' folks on tour.

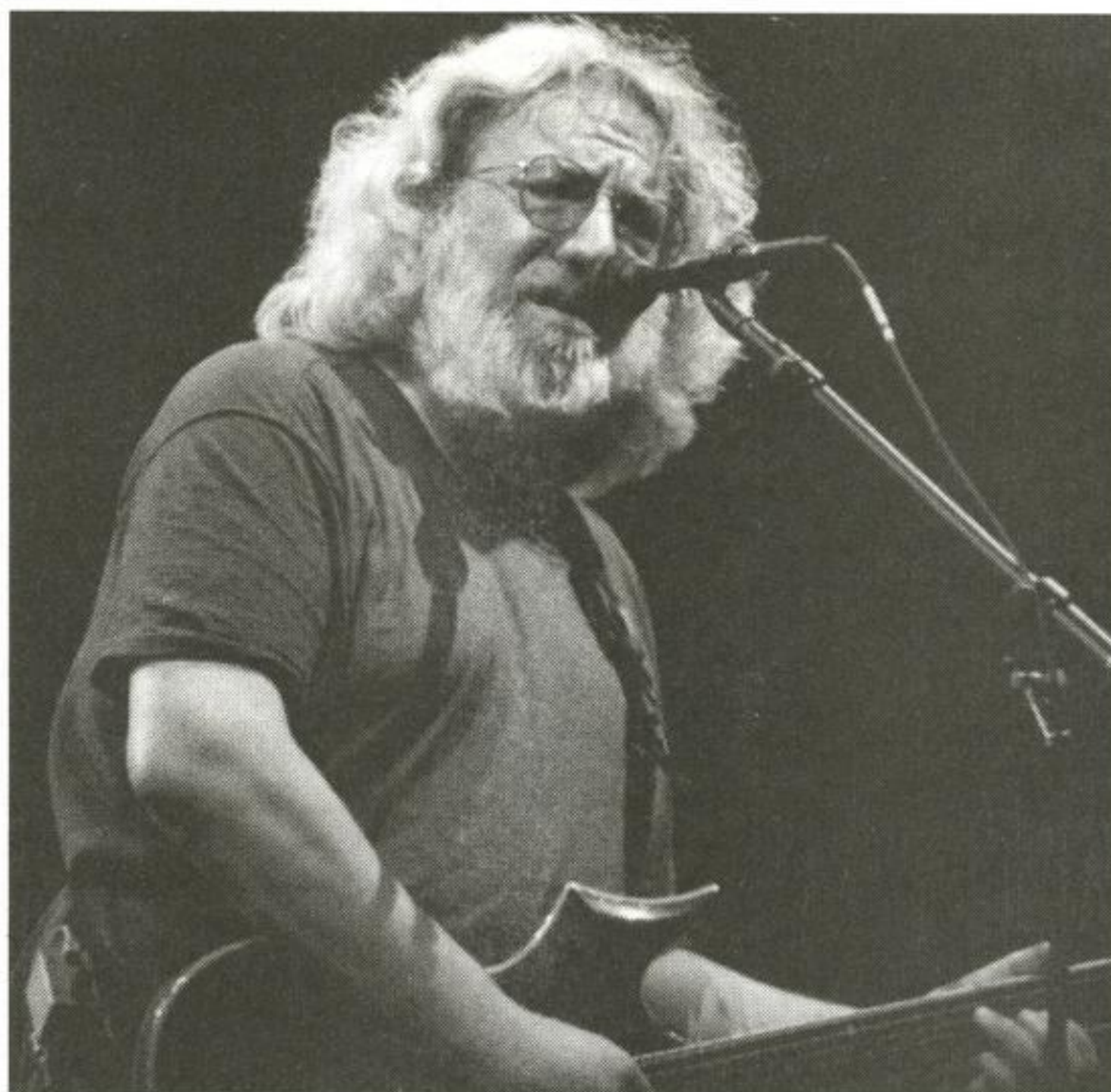


Photo by Christine McCarthy

For many events, the Garden puts up a flag, but this year, the Grateful Dead flag was stolen! There was the usual chronic lack of bathroom facilities, but this was quickly remedied after a group of organized, irate Deadheads alerted Governor Bill Weld to the situation. The next day, the Governor made good on his promise to help, and porta-potties were abundant.

The Grateful Dead kicked off night one with a very heavy, jammin' *Stranger*, with strong MIDI flourishes, and phat bass runs. The audience roared with approval as Bobby proclaimed, "You know it's gonna get hot!" This was followed by *They Love Each Other*, with Garcia's second solo just dripping; smokin' renditions of *Minglewood* and *So Many Roads*, with that humongous wave of a coda; and then, the highlight of the set: *Maggie's Farm* > *Cumberland Blues*. *Maggie's* was wild and raucous, with Phil's ferocious bass playing shining through. And what a transition into a killer *Cumberland*! After the sad performances of the summer, I now knew the Dead were back with a vengeance.

The second set further proved the boys were "on," opening with a ragged *China Cat* into a really tight *Rider*, featuring nice leads and tremendous harmonies that were right on the mark. Other highlights included a sweet *Uncle John's*, long in the jam, spacey *Drums* accompanied by kaleidoscopic visuals, and a set-ending *Standing on the Moon* so amazing, it sent chills up my spine. Truly a monster! Every bit as heavy as a good, set-closing *Dew*. The evening was rounded out with a *Johnny B. Goode* encore, a solid night, with sound problems mostly limited to screeching during *Corrina*.

The second night of the run was the weakest. There was a much stronger police presence. Inside, from my vantage point in the second row (thanks, guys!), I witnessed a show unfortunately marred by sound problems and tedium. Jerry's equipment was giving him a headache, and it didn't

appear that the situation was being resolved. Highlights were far and few between: *Miracle* and an incredible *Black Peter*, during which Jerry finally kicked in, with tuneful phrasings and amazing vocals. For only that one moment on that night, the band sounded together.

The Dead's third show opened with a rumbling, chortling *Hell In A Bucket*, getting the crowd out of their seats from the first note. Bobby was having a great night, hitting the high notes, and later on leading a meaty and beefy *Wang Dang Doodle*, enhanced by Phil and Vince. *Ramble on Rose* showcased a tasty Jerry solo, after which Bobby again nailed us with a right-on acoustic version of *Master-*

piece. *Let It Grow* ended the set with power chords, tumultuously rising and falling, solid through the coda. Candace's brilliant lighting, featuring shades of violet, purple, and fiery reds during the jam, enhanced the close. The best was yet to come.

For whatever reason, I noticed the crowd was pretty quiet during intermission, perhaps foreshadowing the *Playing in the Band* > *Eyes* pairing that followed. *Eyes* was very slow yet totally cohesive — 16 measures before the first verse lyrics! It was melting— totally lysergic. *Estimated* wailed. Bobby was lunging all over the stage and MIDI weirdness was rampant. Vince and Phil showcased the terrific jam that found its way into a *He's Gone* that saw the whole band cooking. Jerry sounded clearer and truer than I've heard him all year. The harmonies were stellar and seemed to go on and on. The jam into *Drums* teased *Goin' Down The Road* with techno tie-dyed video dancing on our retinas as Candace projected beams of colored light around the hall. During *Space* the building layer of sound effects morphed into a hypnotically spacey, echoey *Spanish Jam*, full of Mediterranean/Eastern stylings. On a turn the boys twisted from *Spanish Jam* to *Spanish Lady*, as a hot, hard-edged *Other One* unfolded. A brilliant, moving *Wharf Rat* was followed by a totally blistering *Sugar Mag* and an equally incendiary *Sunshine Daydream* that capped this amazing set. The audience danced approvingly with abandoned openness, obviously satisfied with this killer show.

After a night off, the fourth show of the run opened the month of October with a bang, with *Help* > *Slip* > *Franklin's*. *Slipknot's* meandering Middle Eastern leads gave way to a killer *Franklin's*, with Jerry's vocals ringing as clear as a bell. Right on! Other set high points included a high-altitude, MIDI-horn-filled *Althea*, an acoustic double booster shot of countrified rockin' via *Me & My Uncle* > *Big River*, a vocally strong *Tom Thumb's*, and a raucous set-closing *Promised Land* with Vince wildly pounding out boogie-woogie piano riffs.

The second set exploded with a solid half hour *Scarlet > Fire!* Really mint versions of both; the jammin' was so hot! The set also featured a far-out *Saint of Circumstance*, a titanic *Terrapin* with drippy, trippy Jerry leads, and an explosive adventure through *Drums > Space* — it was all totally focused. Everyone was on, and it was positively uplifting. After a few speaker glitches during *Last Time*, *Stella Blue* soared, swooping down into *One More Saturday Night*, with the crowd roaring so loudly, it shook the rafters. Everyone was all smiles. Whatta night!

The next-to-last show of the run was a tad light-weight in comparison, but good nonetheless. First set highlights were the hoppin' *Jack Straw* opener, a way-out-there *Row Jimmy*, *Broken Arrow* with sweet harmonies, and a yee-haw! acoustic pairing of *Mama Tried > Mexicali*.

The second set featured high-powered versions of *Iko Iko* and *Samson*, and *Truckin'* with heavy crowd participation. After another great *Drums* voyage, *Days Between* unfolded into the opus it should be. *Throwing Stones > Not Fade Away* was pretty darn hot, with the loud crowd singing the chorus until the *U.S. Blues* encore.

The sixth and last night of the run was a little uneven, but still offered lots of punch. First set opened with a really hot *Touch of Grey* into a boppy *BIODTL*, and then a singalong *Loose Lucy*. A far-out *Bird Song* closed the set with substantive jamming.

The second set started perfectly with *Box of Rain*. A massive *Shakedown* showcased genuinely articulate interplay — this is why the Dead impress so many of us. This was followed by the great and unexpected pairing of *Cassidy > GDTRFB*. *Cassidy* was stratospheric — get the tape. But *Goin' Down the Road* bombed with Jerry botching the words and timing. After a heart-pounding, tribal *Drums*, *Attics of My Life* glistened with perfect harmonies. *Around 'n Around* wound up the set: with Vince's honky-tonk piano and nifty Phil riffs, it was a real blues jam. And to end it all, of course, there was the obligatory *Brokedown Palace*. All I wondered, when it was over, was how six shows could have gone by so fast!

Supposedly, this run was the last the Grateful Dead will have in this venue, since the new Garden has been built. Constructed as a wrestling hall, the Boston Garden doesn't have the best sound or seating, and there is a sad lack of ladies' rooms, but I find myself hoping the rumors are true that we'll have one last run here next year, before they *tear this old building down*. I think that would be fitting. ♦

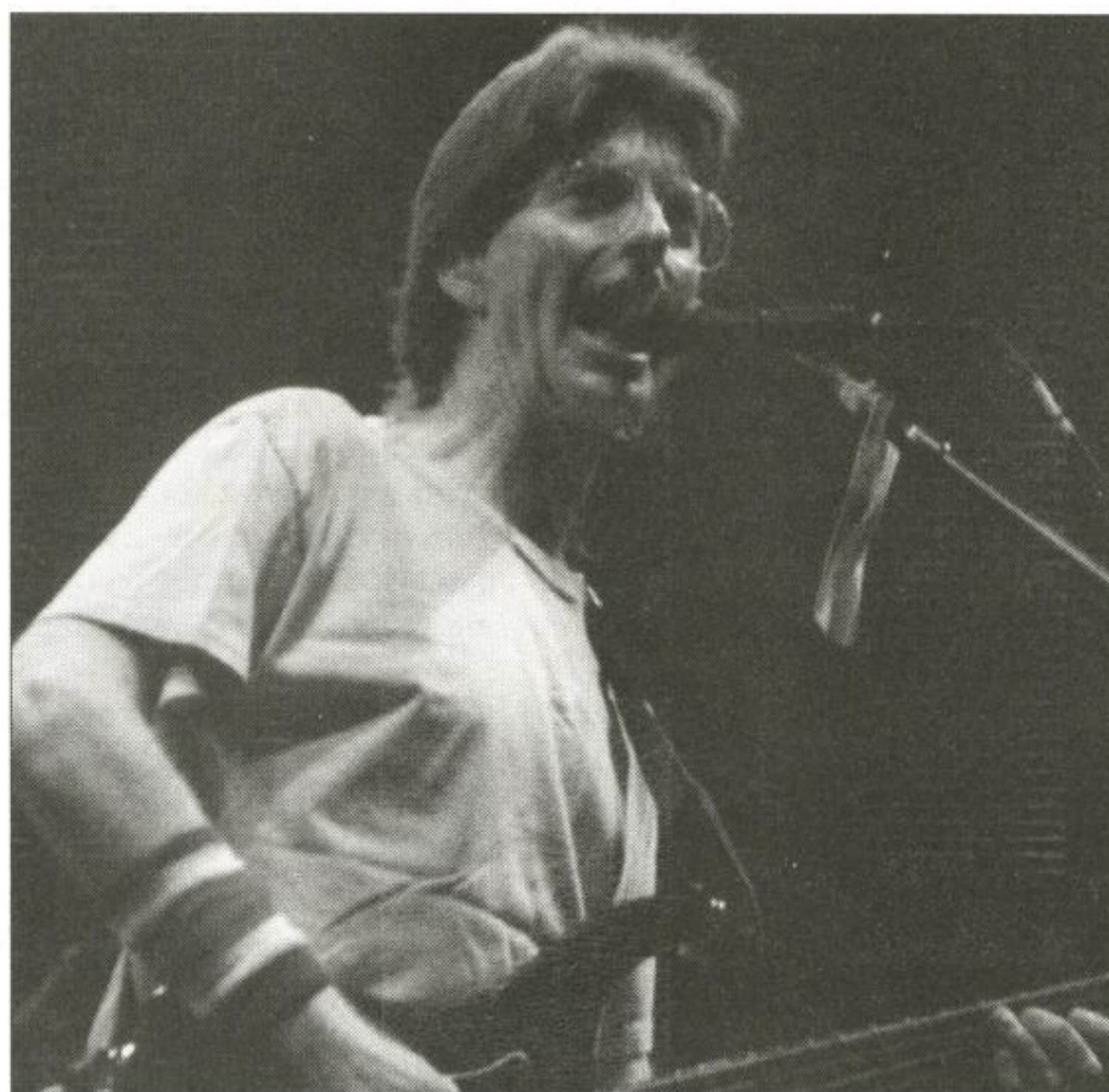
Another Home Team Win For Philly

By Michelle Waughtel

Inside the Spectrum hang many banners of tribute to the accomplishments of the Sixers and the Flyers. Among these, the emblem of yet another team was permanently fixed above the arena on October 7, 1994: A tie-dyed "Steal Your Face" banner commemorating the Grateful Dead's 50th show at the Spectrum. Shortly before the Dead took the stage that night, an announcer directed our attention to this banner as it was unfurled, explaining that the Spectrum had presented the banner to the band, and that they had given it back to the Spectrum to display, so their fans could enjoy it. A deep sense of pride and loyalty hushed the crowd. The excitement vibrated and grew in our midst as the announcer led us all in a salute: "God Bless the Grateful Dead."

To backtrack, on October 5, South Broad Street was jammed with cars full of Dead fans in their tie-dyed team jerseys, all anticipating what promised to be an exceptional run of shows culminating in the 50th show celebration. Mounted police tolerated all but extremely obvious unlawful behavior, though vending was kept to a minimum. Handfuls of tickets to these sold-out shows were available for the 5th and 6th for a price, but the magic tickets for the 7th were scarce. Security at the gates conducted thorough searches.

Inside the venue, excitement among fans was building to a plateau. Rumors were rampant regarding the *Comes a Time* and *Quinn the Eskimo* soundcheck. An energetic *Jack Straw* opened the first set, but quickly gave way to bumbled leads, technical difficulties, and a general lack of intensity that continued well into *Deal*, the set closer. About halfway through *Deal*, Jerry's alarm clock seemed to go off, resulting in an instant transformation of the band, characterized by extended and innovative jamming. The boys went into the locker room charged up and ready to clinch the victory in the second half.



A crowd-rousing *Midnight Hour* opened the set and dissolved into deafening cheers as Jerry rammed into an all-too-rare *Cumberland Blues*. As was the case with the *Playing in the Band > Uncle John's* that followed, the band was in perfect synch, reaching far into unknown spaces for new, spectacular combinations of notes to play between familiar notes. Garcia remained onstage through the entire *Drums* sequence with his guitar cutting lightning bolts through the center of the rhythms, seemingly splitting them in half. Post-*Space* featured tight versions of standard fare capped by an outrageous *Quinn* encore.

Photo by Bradley Gelb

With the fans still talking about the previous night's delights, the Dead opened the October 6th show with a solid *Mississippi Half-Step*. Unfortunately, the rest of the set dove from there, sinking lower and lower into the bowels of *Easy Answers*. The rockin' *Don't Ease* was not sufficient to save this sleepy, error-drenched set.

The second set started with a dim *China Cat* that heated up through the bridge into a raging *Rider*. The real action sprung forth from *Space* as *The Other One* came sneaking out, each band member meandering in a separate and unique way. The intro was tentative, mercilessly teased out slowly and expertly with no guarantee that it would actually crystallize until Bobby kicked down the opening lyrics without the expected Phil bomb. An awe-inspiring and reflective *Wharf Rat* brought the crowd back from Never-Never Land. Bobby set the house on fire with *Good Lovin'* to close the set. This show was a close call, but our team squeaked by.

On October 7th, following the 50th show celebration, the Dead walked onstage and must surely have been blown away by the positive energy. The air was thick with it. The two opening songs were particularly jamming: *Stranger* and *Sugaree* took off, with every verse swirling and twinkling around us. Vince sparkled! Then something happened. Each band member took turns dropping the ball. *Music Never Stopped* was an excellent choice to close the set, though. Amazingly, the crowd energy did not waver for an instant, despite the severe decline in quality.

The Dead chose the second set to plug four "new" songs in a row. *Victim* was the strongest of the four. With Jerry remembering almost no lyrics and barely playing a note, *Foolish Heart* was abysmal. Anticipation grew through an engaging *Drums > Space*. *The Last Time*, though well-played, struck like a bullet between the eyes. This song, in combination with the *Victim* set-opener and the *Dew* closer, seemed symptomatic of a sudden outbreak of band-wide depression. *That Would Be Something*, featuring Jerry smiling ear to ear, proved to be the one ray of sunshine that burst through this dark cloud. *Morning Dew* burdened the collective heart of the Spectrum with Jerry's soulful cries. A startlingly energetic *Johnny B. Goode* encore elevated the crowd back to high gear. The team clearly lost this show somehow, despite all the moral support around them.

Overall, the run was interesting and creative. The word to remember when thinking of this run is innovation. The band took a lot of chances, not only with song selection and placement, but in the instrumental interaction, with many of the old favorites receiving a new, exciting twist. Most were successful, while some resulted in failure. Guess it didn't matter anyway. ♦

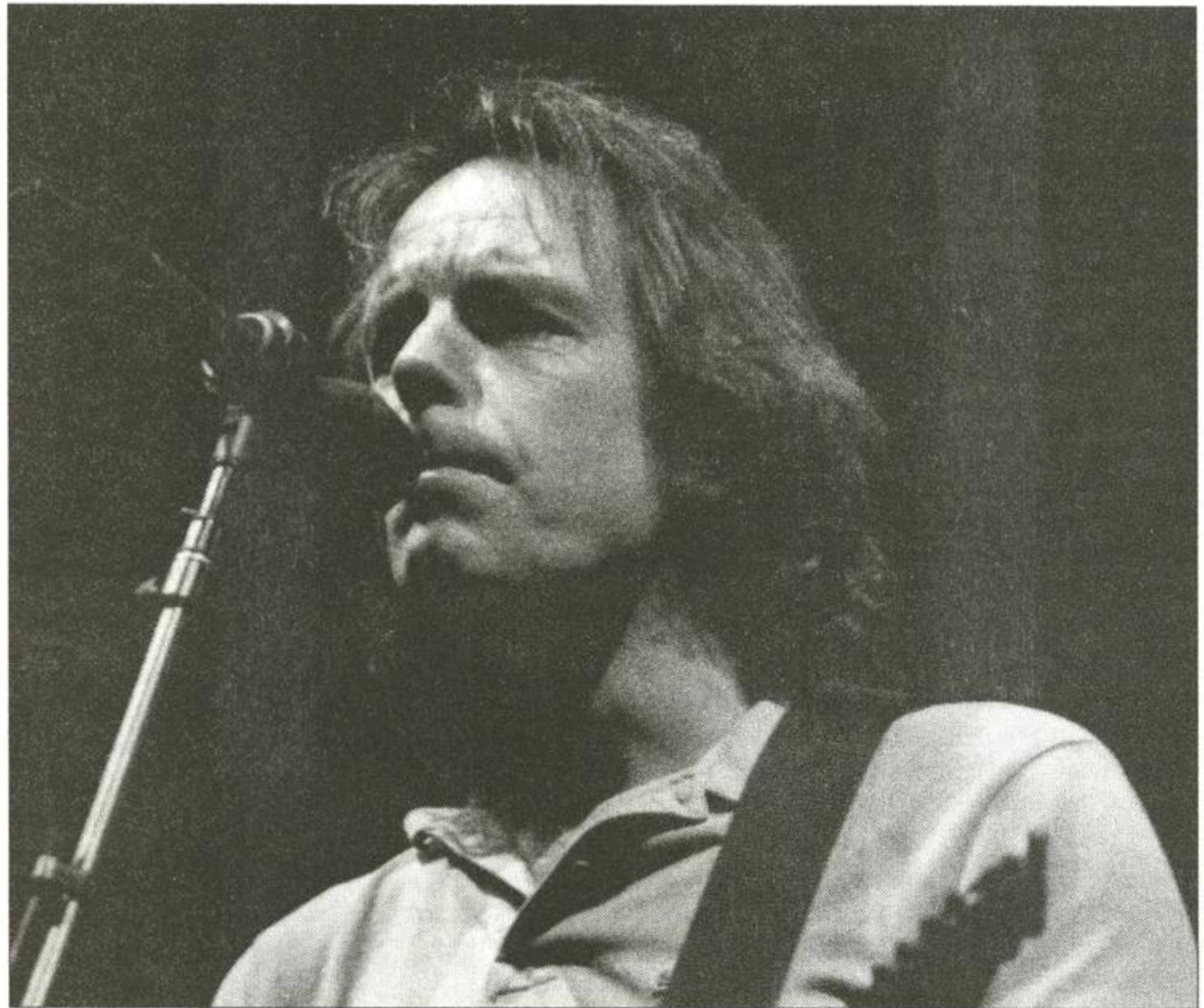


Photo by Greg Doggett

Landover Report — Changin' With The Seasons

By Nick Newlin

Fall is my favorite season, with its changes, colors, and coolness. All of these elements found their way into the USAir Arena for three nights in October, and the boys once again proved that they can change with the seasons as well as any mighty oak. The set lists featured some rarities, and they gave new life to some of the old chestnuts.

Perhaps due to a sub-par summer tour, the run was not sold out, and as I motored to the arena a half hour before show time the first night, a rainy Sunday, it was smooth sailing; no miracle seekers, no traffic, no big parking lot scene — it was positively eerie. Because of the rain, most people were inside well before the show began, and when the band laid into *Hell in a Bucket*, the wired crowd received it eagerly. Jerry was wearing black shorts and had a bad case of hat-hair, but it didn't stop him from approaching the music with a renewed concentration and vigor that had eluded him in the summer. Although there were still some flubbed vocals, they did not result in mortification, and the inspired moments were heartening.

After retiming *Bertha* at a nice moderate pace, the first set featured a fast-paced but glitchful *Me & My Uncle > Big River*. There was some sort of feedback loop, a high-pitched buzzing noise, which led to Bobby, Billy, and Mickey polling the audience as to the source. Some very soulful vocals on *So Many Roads* and a rockin' *Promised Land* closed out the set. Although I could hear well on the floor, others complained of low volume.

The second set opened with *Here Comes Sunshine*, a perfect compliment to a rainy night, and the lovely a cappella vocal really worked. There was a very nice jam at the end of *Saint of Circumstance*, but the true high point of the show was *Comes a Time*. Not only is it a great tune and rarely played, but on this version they found the quintessential Grateful Dead space: the notes in the silence. Every instrument had its place and the nuances on Jerry's vocals were spine-chillingly beautiful, as was his guitar solo. The *Rain* encore was perfect; once again the band just came together and created a memorably beautiful moment of art.

The video effects were lovely, not too literal, and not in-your-face. This, my only night on the floor, was the only night I could see and appreciate them. Perhaps raising the lovely scrims could allow the people in the stands to see the screen as well.

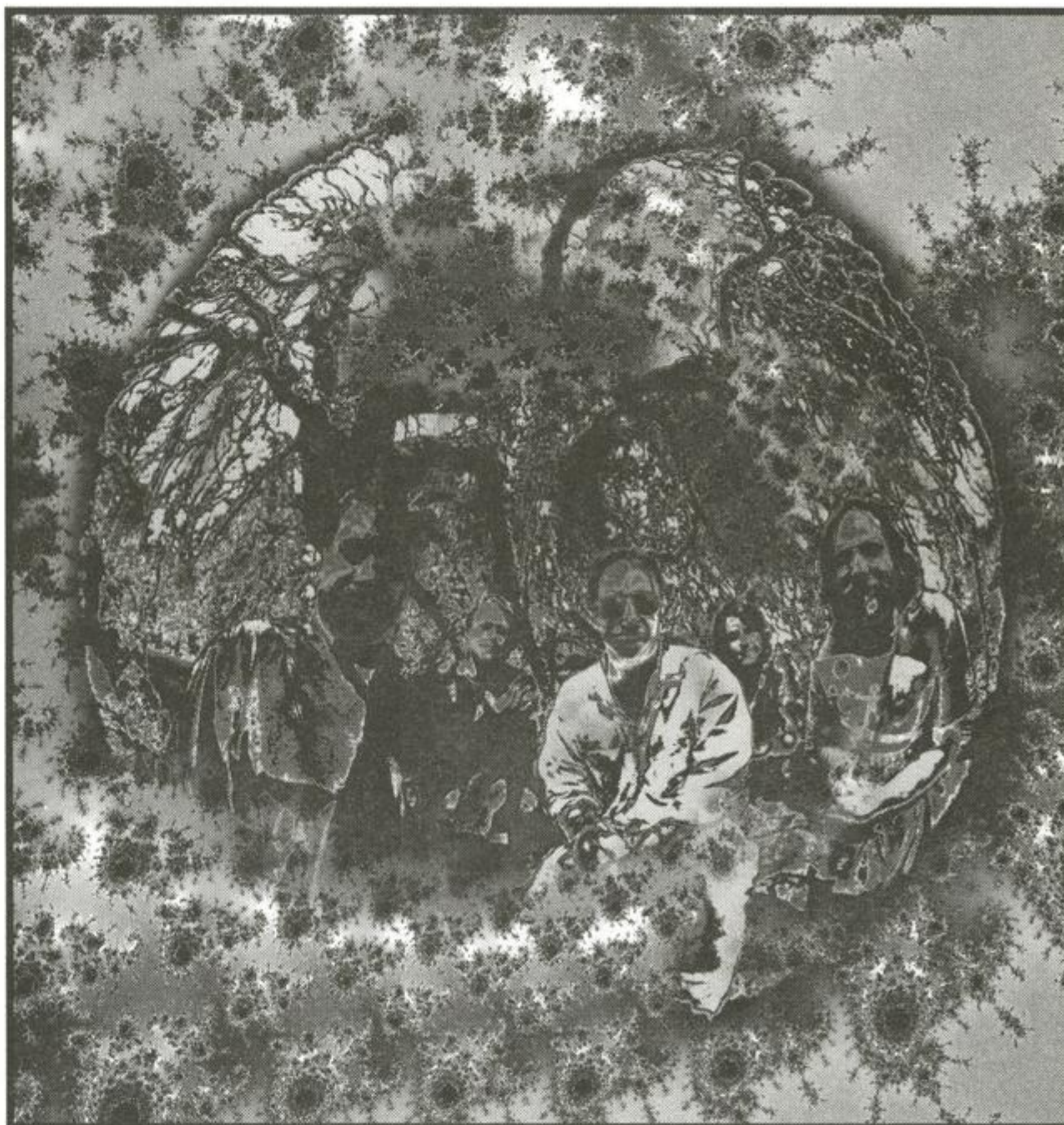
Monday night was sweet. After an uneventful first set featuring a cheerful *Iko Iko* and an evocative *Althea*, the band gave us the best set of the run. Opening with a fast *Help on the Way*, marred by Jerry's inability to nail the riffs, they came back with a vivacious *Franklin's Tower* that brought the energy way up. The pace continued through a muscular *Estimated Prophet* and *Terrapin Station* — after which Jerry turned to the drummers as if to say, "Let's pick it up and jam, boys!" — then sizzled through a tasty, jazzy pre-*Drums* jam. Picking up on the jazz theme, Phil did some speedy walking bass lines in *Space*, which ultimately transitioned wonderfully into a chunky *Watchtower*. *Stella Blue* had me in tears. The emotion of the song, Jerry, his guitar, vocals, and the band transported me deep into myself and back out. It was a catharsis; I was purged of pity

and fear. What a wonderful experience this music can provide us with, so personal, and yet shared by many.

Tuesday was a fine and sunny day, and the shakedown was in full swing, but mellow, and there were a lot of local Heads just enjoying a day off in Grateful Dead happy parking lot land. It reminded me of the early eighties before mega Dead-dom. It was a party but there was room to breathe, and the legendary Landover uptightness once again eluded me. I didn't see any problems, but hey, maybe I've just created my own reality!

Highlights of Tuesday's first set included a smoking *Picasso Moon* opener, a rare and sensitive *High Time*, marred only by a few Jerry vocal flubs. As I write this, I hear Tele-Prompters are on the way: bring 'em on! Phil had a paper hanging off the mike stand for *If The Shoe Fits*, and Bobby felt compelled to observe, "Yeah, it's a cheat sheet!" The *Deal* closer was tremendous. Jerry knows what he can do with the tune and it smoked, and then kept going until it was on fire. A very satisfying way to end set one.

Eyes of the World was long and solid, but I heard too much strumming and not enough soaring leads. *Women are Smarter* was a MIDI-fied dance fest, and *Samba in the Rain* is improving. *He's Gone* was lovely; the vocals and jam on that tune continue to impress me as they improve with time. *China Doll* was another gift, a sweet, rare nugget that, while not over the top, hit home. *Sugar Magnolia* was an inspired set closer, and *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds*, although Jerry forgot some of the words, glowed with the luster of a leaf in the fall foliage, as the Grateful Dead's music transported us through the seasons. ♦



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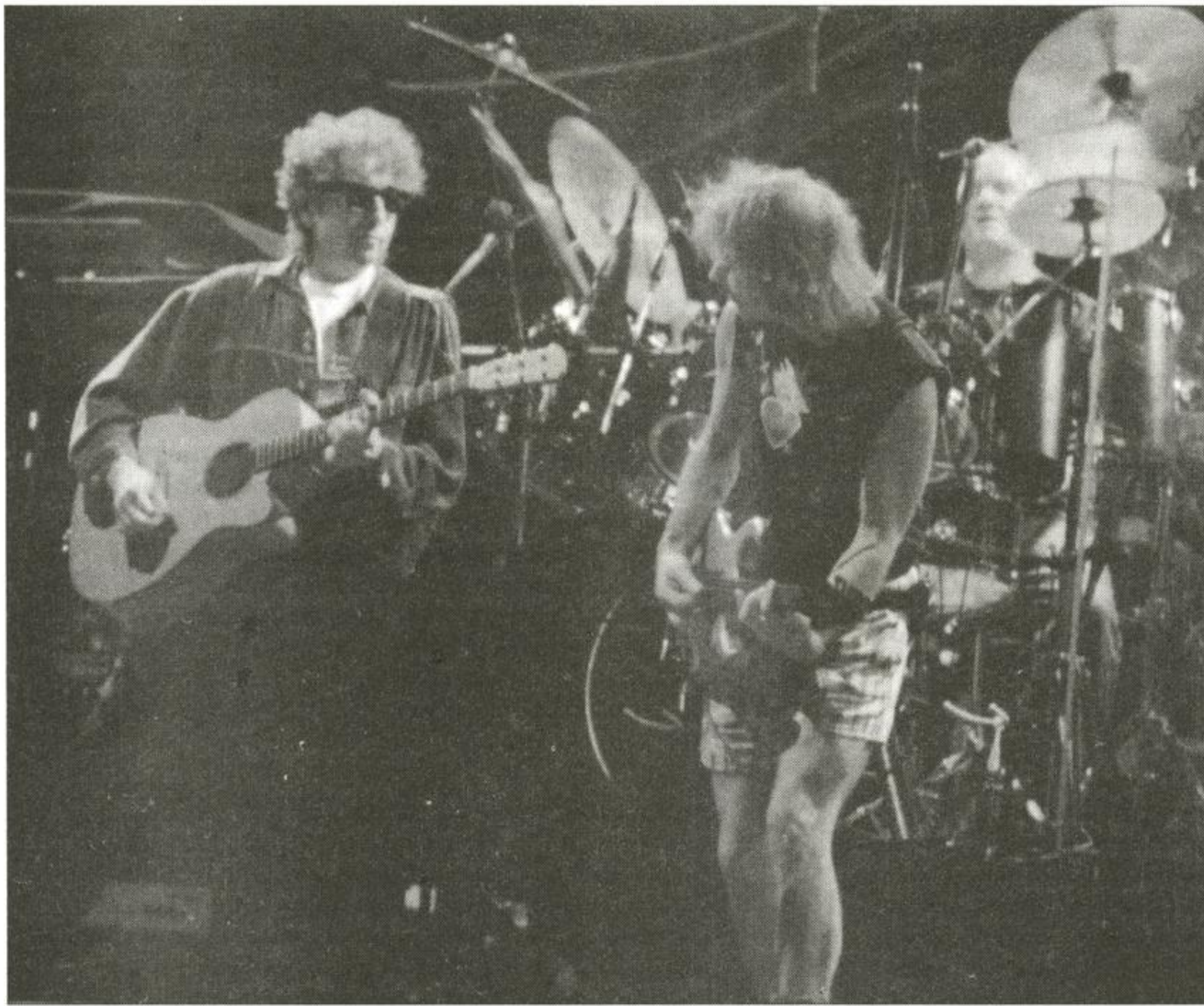
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The opening show on Thursday the 13th clearly indicated that this run was going to be special. The first set was likely the most exciting of the year. A blazing *Mama Tried > Mexicali* laid the groundwork for the first electric *Dupree's* since early 1990. *Loose Lucy* featured a full-blown rock-n-roll roots riff by Garcia that added a new dimension to the recently overplayed song. *Let it Grow* closed the set with enough power to blow up the building. The second set was sprinkled with old favorites tightly played, with *Wharf Rat* and *Johnny B. Goode* the standouts. A poignant *Baby Blue* was icing on the cake.

Photo by G. Miller Smyth

Where My Dreaming Lay Amazed — By Michelle Waughtel

The Madison Square Garden run, October 13-15 and 17-19, provided the answer to a question many Deadicated fans were asking themselves after a rather inconsistent summer tour: Why do we do this?

This question may have been the missing piece to the puzzle of 5,000 seats remaining for each night of the last three shows, but after three winning performances in a row, this problem quickly corrected itself. No Deadhead in his or her right mind would dare to miss even one show of this run. Besides, one never knew who might show up. Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, Bob Dylan, Ornette Coleman, David Murray, Peter Jennings, and Walter Cronkite were all spotted at some point during the run.

After every show, the same look of wonder and near disbelief, together with a smile that refused to subside, appeared in epidemic proportions. And the joy was contagious. Local police looked on with amusement more often than hostility. Even their horses were smiling. Pedestrians and street vendors remembered to smile. For a week, midtown Manhattan was transformed.

variable sound volume and the awful single line leading into the *only* open entrance to the Garden. The opening set moved along gracefully, culminating in a scorching *Ramble On Rose* followed by an epic *Box of Rain*. Then Jerry pulled the band through a twisting, thrill-a-minute rendition of *Fire on the Mountain* that left the crowd breathless.

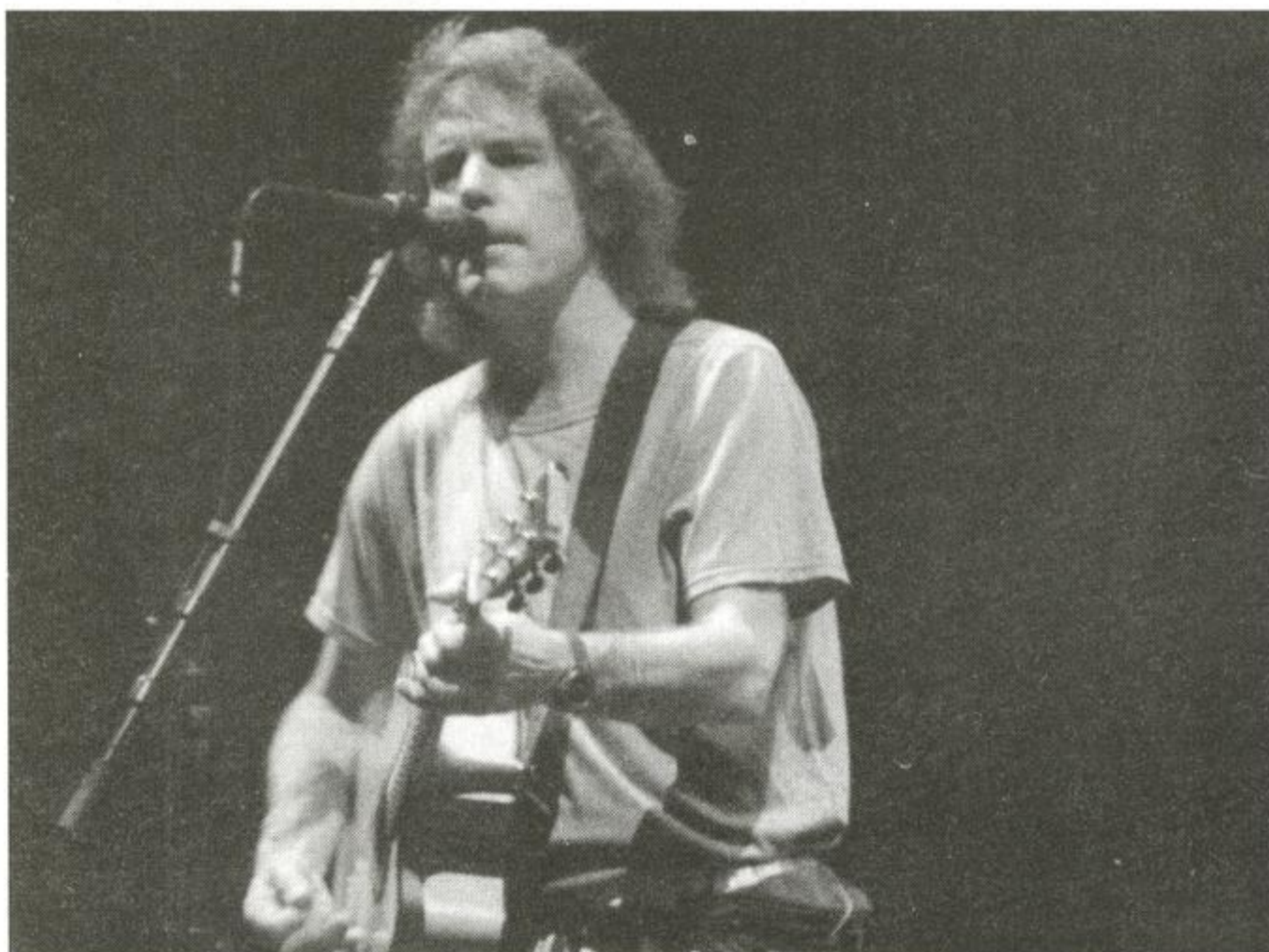


Photo by Maria Grundt

Samba and *Corrina* undoubtedly won many converts, before fading into a bluegrass jam that begged for *GDTRFB*. Getting Garcia off the stage was no easy feat, as his hands remained glued to his guitar well into the *Drums* segment. While *Drums* > *Space* was launched, many fans were screaming for a straitjacket. *Miracle* emerged with burning intensity, settling into a perfectly harmonized *Attics*.

The still-recovering crowd was further jolted into ecstasy on Saturday night with a long, jammy *Shakedown* opener. A necessary mellowing-out defined the second set, with a major peak happening during *Speedway*, despite some bobbled lyrics. Jerry chased Bobby off *Throwing Stones* to close the set, reminding him it was *One More Saturday Night*. *I Want To Tell You* made its first East Coast appearance, as an encore — the highlight of the show.

After a day off, the Dead were ready to roll again on the 17th, opening with *Midnight Hour*. Jerry and Vince traded licks during a fun *Tennessee Jed*, while the *Minglewood* that followed showcased Vince at his best. A fast-paced 30-minute *Eyes* set the tone for the second set, which bottomed-out during the tangled *Crazy Fingers*. An inspired *Estimated* followed, complete with a multi-peaked jam. When an additional mike stand appeared after *Dew*, the crowd caught sight of a scraggly Bob Dylan complete with sunglasses and bad hair. The *Rainy Day Women* encore featured the crazed and surprised audience on vocals, as Dylan's mike did not work, though Garcia did pinch hit for a verse.

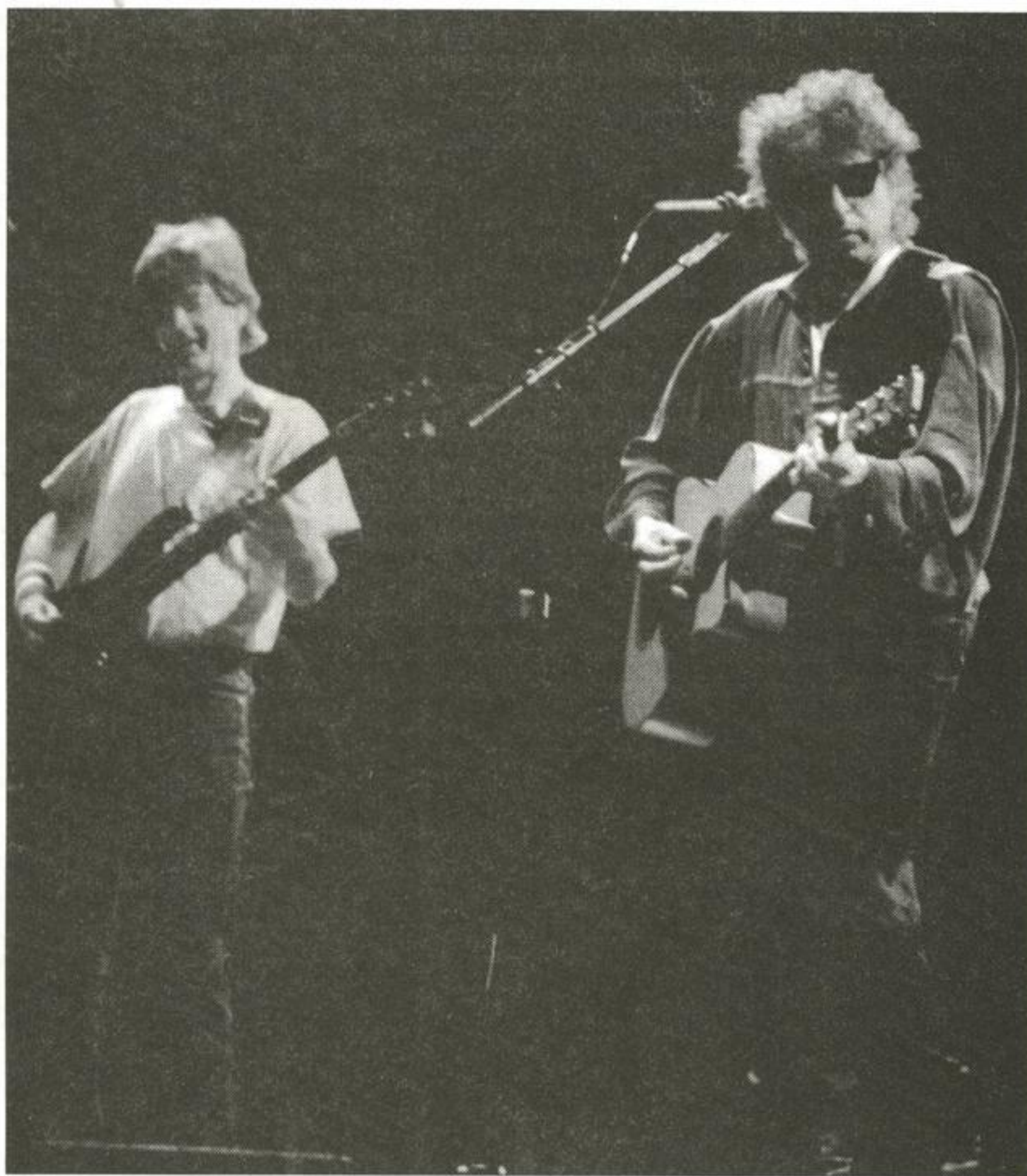


Photo by G. Miller Smyth



AWHILE back at the Kesey farm in Pleasant Hill, Oregon, my husband, Zane (Ken's son)

and I, often had discussions about all of the great stuff stored around the place: boxes of out-of-print books, reel-to-reel audio tapes, posters, and of course, the infamous 16mm Bus footage, and...well, you get the idea.

At this point we knew it was too good to keep to ourselves any longer. We wanted to share it with our friends, both present and future, with those who have been following the adventures of Ken and his Merry Band of Pranksters and the whole '60s experience — how it still effects our lives! Fortunately, Ken has a great attitude about the years of accumulated projects, memorabilia

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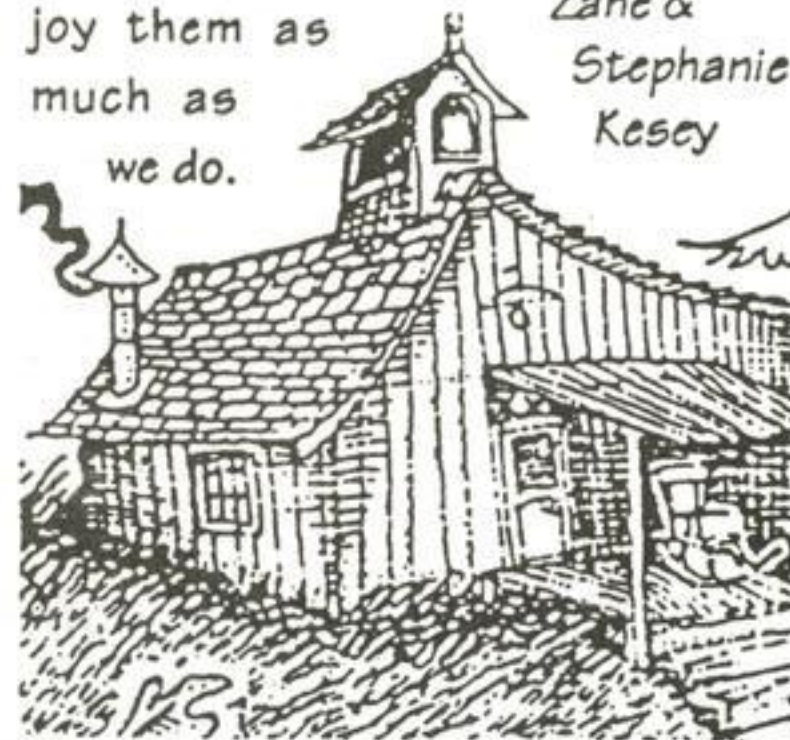
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and works of art. So, with best wishes from both Ken and Faye we began our little company, Key-Z Productions (Ken came up with the name).

We've grown a bit since then and have moved to a studio in Eugene. There is one thing that will never change; no matter how big or small we become we will continue to release the tasty morsels of history along with the current projects of today (if we can keep up with Ken that is). We hope that you enjoy them as much as we do.

Zane &
Stephanie
Kesey



The Dead opened Tuesday with a 25-minute *Help > Slip > Franklin's*. When Weir reached for his acoustic, who could guess that the intro to *Cassidy* would come floating out? The other instruments followed with an almost acoustic sound to produce one of the most gorgeous *Cassidys* in years. Set two maintained the togetherness of set one, peaking for a reversal of the expected: *He's Gone > Smokestack > Truckin'*, complete with seamless, innovative transitions. Jerry was on fire after *Truckin'*, when he found himself alone with Billy and Mickey. Jerry's ardor was well-spent on a powerful *Days Between*.

The final show was equally exhilarating, starting with a rowdy *Stranger > Bertha*. *Bird Song* reinvented itself endlessly. The second set was marked by floor-shaking Phil bombs appearing in unlikely places. Weir songs lacked the typical jagged edge. Still delivering full-force was Garcia, breathing new life into both *So Many Roads* and *Terrapin Station*. The jam out of *Terrapin* defined what was so special about this run: the relentlessness of Garcia, who once again stayed out for part of *Drums*, before finally tiring a bit during *Stella Blue*.

There wasn't a bad show among the run. Low points existed only in comparison to the staggering number of high points. Somewhere encoded in the rage of the *Fire on the Mountain* and the enchanting stroll through *Days Between*, both whispered and shouted simultaneously, was the answer to that question: Why do we do this? All we had to do was listen. ♦

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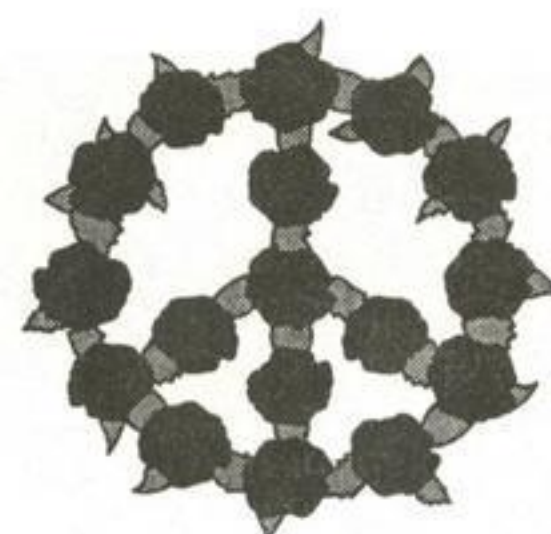
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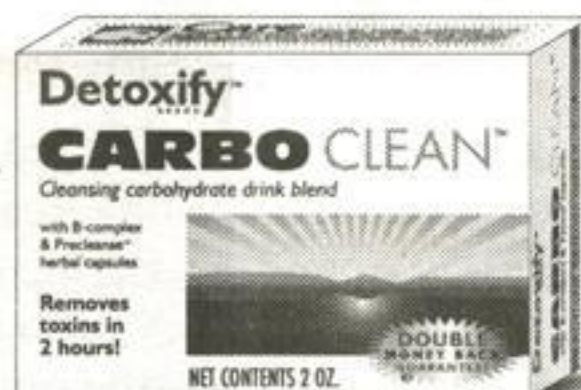
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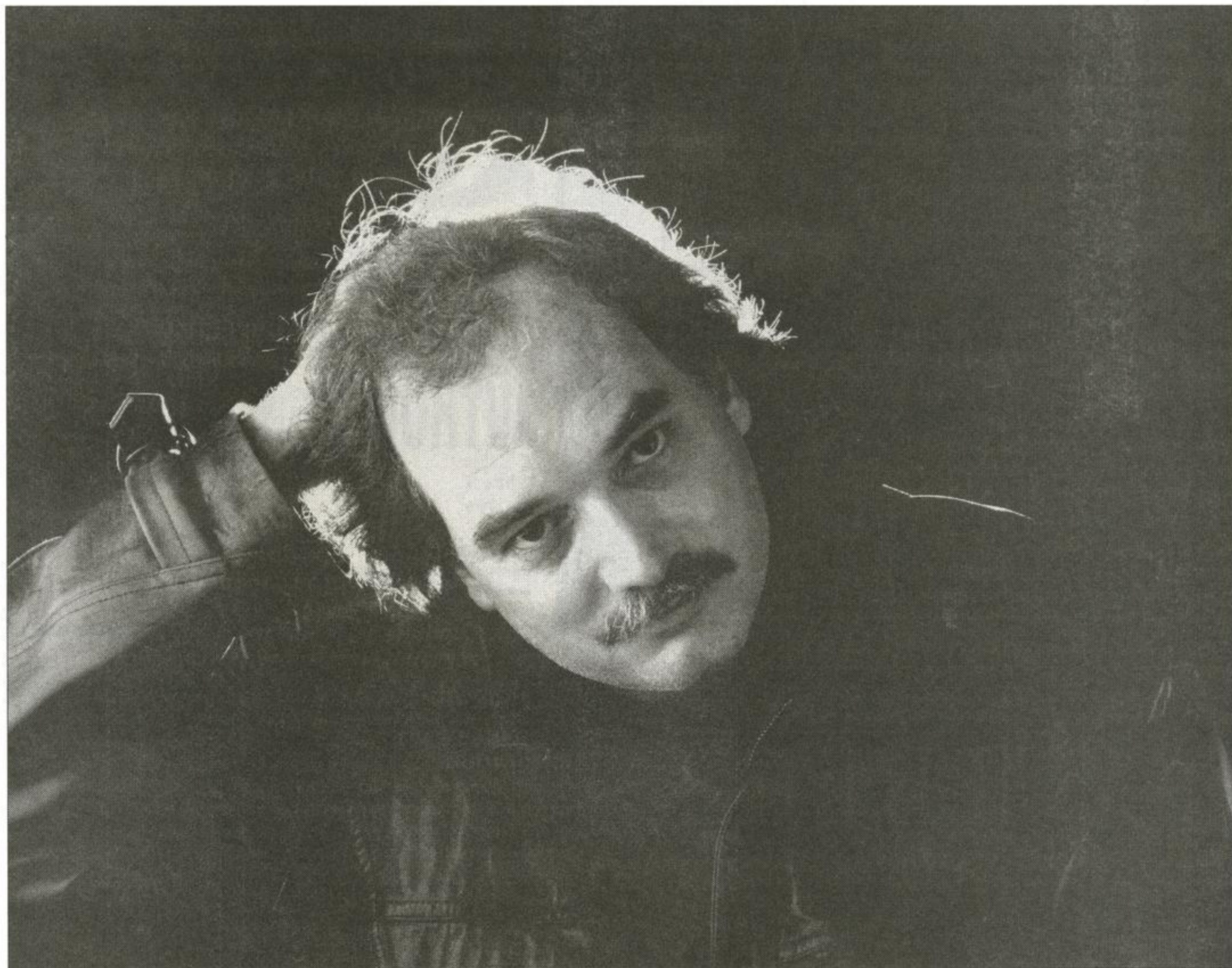


Photo by Herb Greene

BILL KREUTZMANN

Billy Kreutzmann, Grateful Dead drummer extraordinaire, has another serious love besides drumming these days: ocean water sports that involve interacting with water-based wildlife. In his off time from the rigors of touring during the last year and a half, Billy undertook a project culminating in a 48-minute video entitled *Ocean Spirit*. Along with a few diving buddies, underwater filmmaker Wes Skiles and co-producer/sound technician Jeffrey Haupt, Billy took off on a six week excursion aboard the 110-foot ketch, Argosy Venture. Their

destination was the Revilla Gigedo Islands, a cluster of volcanic formations jutting out of the Pacific approximately 300 miles south of Cabo San Lucas in Mexico. With no preconceived notions, their goal was simply to commune with some of the larger forms of undersea life.

Unfortunately, within the first week, tragedy struck when Tabb Vadon, one of Billy's friends and fellow divers, drowned while free-diving alone. The group, however, was able to transcend this catastrophe and continue their trip.

The video contains spectacular footage of the group playing with sea lions, riding alongside dolphins, and swimming with manta rays, whales, and hammerhead sharks. Billy and company put a lot of work into the soundtrack, of course, and his comments about how they put it together make interesting reading.

Ocean Spirit will be available soon through Grateful Dead Merchandising. As we go to press, Billy and his partners are pursuing various licensing opportunities, including public television.

What inspired you to make the leap into creating a television documentary of your underwater adventures?

I used to do home video. But I was around too many good-looking animals to just let them be documented on the home video level.

How did the idea for this project come about?

I always wanted to go to Scorocco Island and dive it. I knew that some dive boats went there, but I was getting very tired of going on a dive boat with people I didn't know. I had a lot of fun doing that early on in my dive career. But then I said, "Heck with that." I can rent a boat and I can put together a crew, a real team. And so I did.

Who did the filming?

I did part of the principal photography, and my partner, Wes Skiles, did the rest.

How many people were on the boat with you?

Nine in total. There were five filmmakers, myself and four others, and four crew.

What instruments did you bring?

I brought all my talking drums and some noise-makers, aboriginal dolphin callers from Australia. They're like clavés, but they're very pointy with a really high-pitched sound. Just anything that I could entice marine mammals with. One time I was on the bow of the boat and Tabb was on the anchor, and I'm playing the talking drum. I could see the dolphins way, way out to the sides. They would come up out of the water quite frequently. I just played as hard as I could. And you could just see them come right in. They had never heard anything like it. I just stood out on the bow, and there they were, and I could play to them. I knew they could hear it. You can imagine all they hear out there is boat props and stuff, so to hear something like that probably peaks their interest.

Watching the film, it seems as though you had everything come your way.

Well, I have really good magic with animals. And that's why I wanted to stop being an amateur photographer, so I located Wes and his partner, Jeffrey Haupt. And as the video shows, we got really lucky.

Tell us about the experience of setting a soundtrack to the film.

It was great. Normally in film you set the soundtrack and then you put the film to it. You have a cut. You don't cut films with sound. I mean, you can, but we didn't. In this case, we didn't have that luxury. So we got the final edit to where we liked it very much, and then we showed it at our studio at Front Street, and I got to relive the feelings I had when I was doing it. When I was riding the backs of the mantas, when I saw the sharks, when I saw the sperm whales, it was very easy for me to remember how I felt. It was fun to play into that feeling. Working with Bob Bralove

was great. Jeffrey Haupt, one of the sound recorders and a photographer also, plays guitar with us on it. Jeffrey had some melodies that I heard him play on the boat. He and I were the two musicians on the trip. And there were long time passes. That boat only went maybe eight knots, and that's not very fast. You're sitting there for a long time, so you play a lot of music and read a lot of books. I knew he had melodies that would be very nice and I picked out some of the better ones.

Did you go in with any preconceived ideas of what instruments you thought might match up with specific animals?

I knew if we were going to be seeing whales that I'd be wanting to use big drum sounds, water sounds. And when the whale's coming toward you, pick it up. Make it more complicated, like a Doppler effect, the sound increases as it comes by you, and then is relieved as it passes by you. That kind of thing. Mickey has a great



Photo by Susana Millman

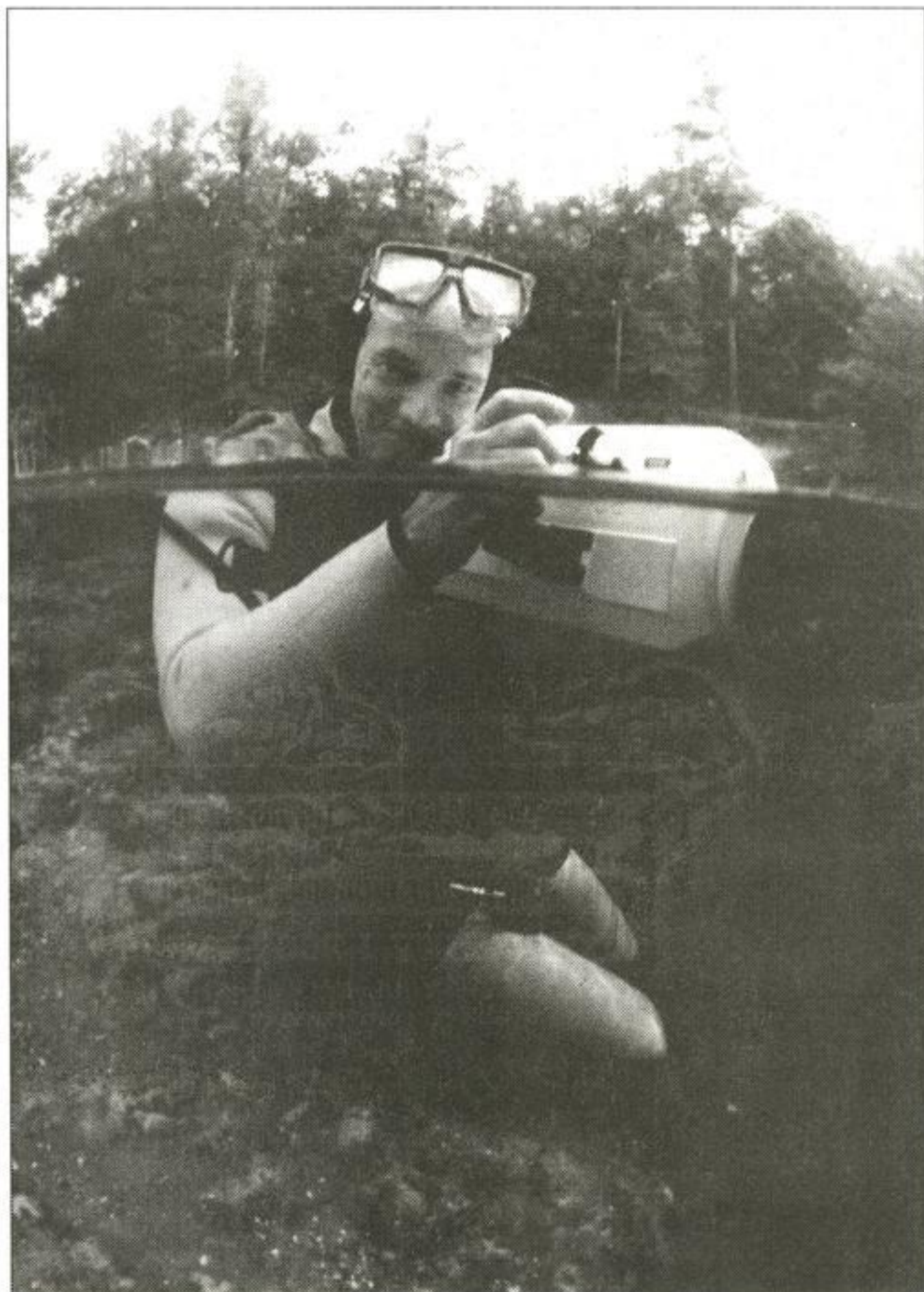


Photo by Wes Skiles

assortment of instruments at Front Street that he welcomed me to use. An instrument called a water phone that sounds just like you're wet. You can't imagine why there's not water dripping off you, you know? But no, I didn't have any preconceptions. I don't like to do it that way. I like to let my emotions tell me what to do, when I'm doing it. I trust that in me a lot.

How much time was there between when you viewed a specific sequence, got an idea, and ran and got an instrument?

Sometimes it was instantaneous; sometimes we went and searched around for sound. Sometimes we weren't looking at the film, we were just playing around in the sound library where all the instruments are stored, and we would just say, "Oh, that's good, that's water."

Just you, Jeff Haupt on guitar, and Bob Bralove on keyboards?

There's also a horn player, Bobby Strickland, we asked

to come in, because I wanted to fill it out more. And a bass player, Marc van Wageningen, who did a very nice job.

How was working with Bralove on this piece different from working with him in the Dead scenario?

It's kind of the same. Not like on a Grateful Dead album. But the work Bob and I do together onstage is pretty much what we do on the album. I just ask him for new sounds a lot, and

we talk about different sounds we can get. If there's something I'm getting a little tired of, we'll change it, and it's just like that in the soundtrack process. We both just looked at the film a lot and got feelings where it needed stuff. It's not that hard.

Did you do a lot of free diving before you went on this trip?

Not a lot. Matter of fact, I'd hardly done very much at all. That was the director's idea. Wes Skiles said, "Listen, everybody dives with tanks, and it doesn't look right. It's not natural. It's a great way to stay down in the water, if you need to. But for filming's sake it's better if you don't have this big bubble mass on your back — you're free."

How did your friend Tabb drown?

He was free diving by himself, something you should never do. The Coast Guard couldn't believe he had been free diving; there were no tank marks to show he had a SCUBA on. No pressure injuries of any sort. They were amazed. What happens when people are really healthy, is that they over-push their bounds if they're into diving. A person like myself, I know when I'm running low on oxygen, and I'm really willing to get back to the surface and take a big gulp of air. People who free dive a lot, your body gives you a warning — it's painful

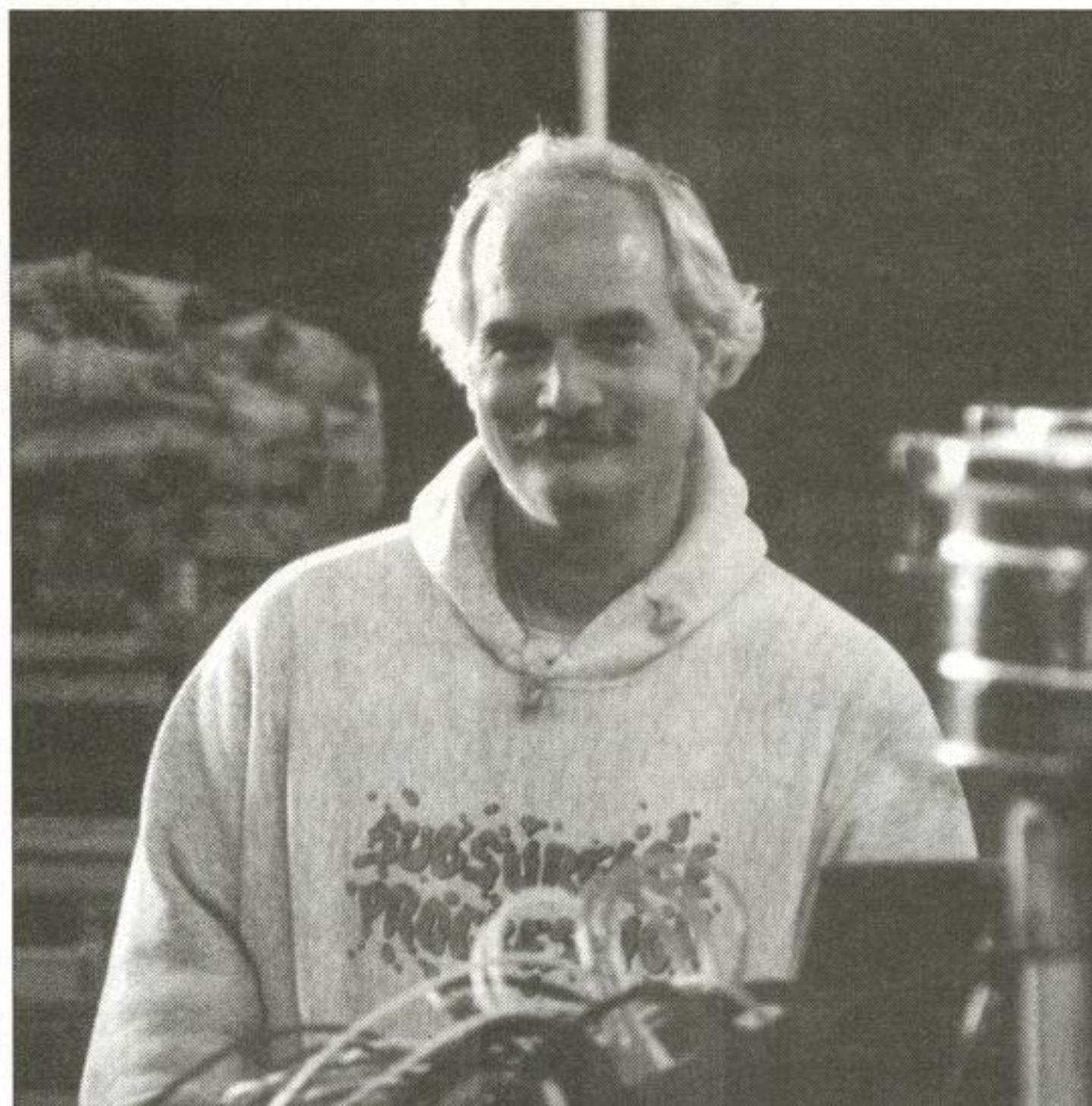


Photo by Susana Millman

and you feel out of breath. You can overpower that reflex in your body and stay too long, and, unfortunately, pass out. When you're in the water and you pass out, your reaction is to breathe. It's a mammalian reflex. And salt water in the lungs is a really hard thing. I hate it.

So you had to take a giant time out and fly back...

Well, his people, his family, God bless them, flew down to San Diego. We had not decided what to do yet, and thanks to the time we spent with them, they encouraged me to keep going with the trip. We didn't know how they were going to feel about that. That was the hardest thing that's ever happened to me, I'll tell you. I never want it to happen again.

"YOU CAN
INTERACT WITH
MARINE MAMMALS
IN THE WILD
AND NOT HAVE
TO TRAIN THEM
OR PUT THEM
INTO TANKS"

The film has a definite message.

To get people to be aware that the ocean is not a safe place. The animals in it aren't safe — they're being destroyed on a regular basis. Just to get people aware of how fragile the ocean is. The other message is very clear in the film: You can interact with marine mammals and not have to train them or put them into tanks in aquariums. You can interact out in the wild, like we did. Some people go out to sharks and put out blood slicks to attract them. They put out big fish baits in front of the sharks so the sharks will look really aggressive, because that's what they want viewers to think. You know, that "Jaws" mentality. We didn't do any of that, and we got around plenty of sharks.

You must not be too thrilled with those captive dolphin shows?
I'm disgusted by them. Those dolphins, that's all trained behavior and food-



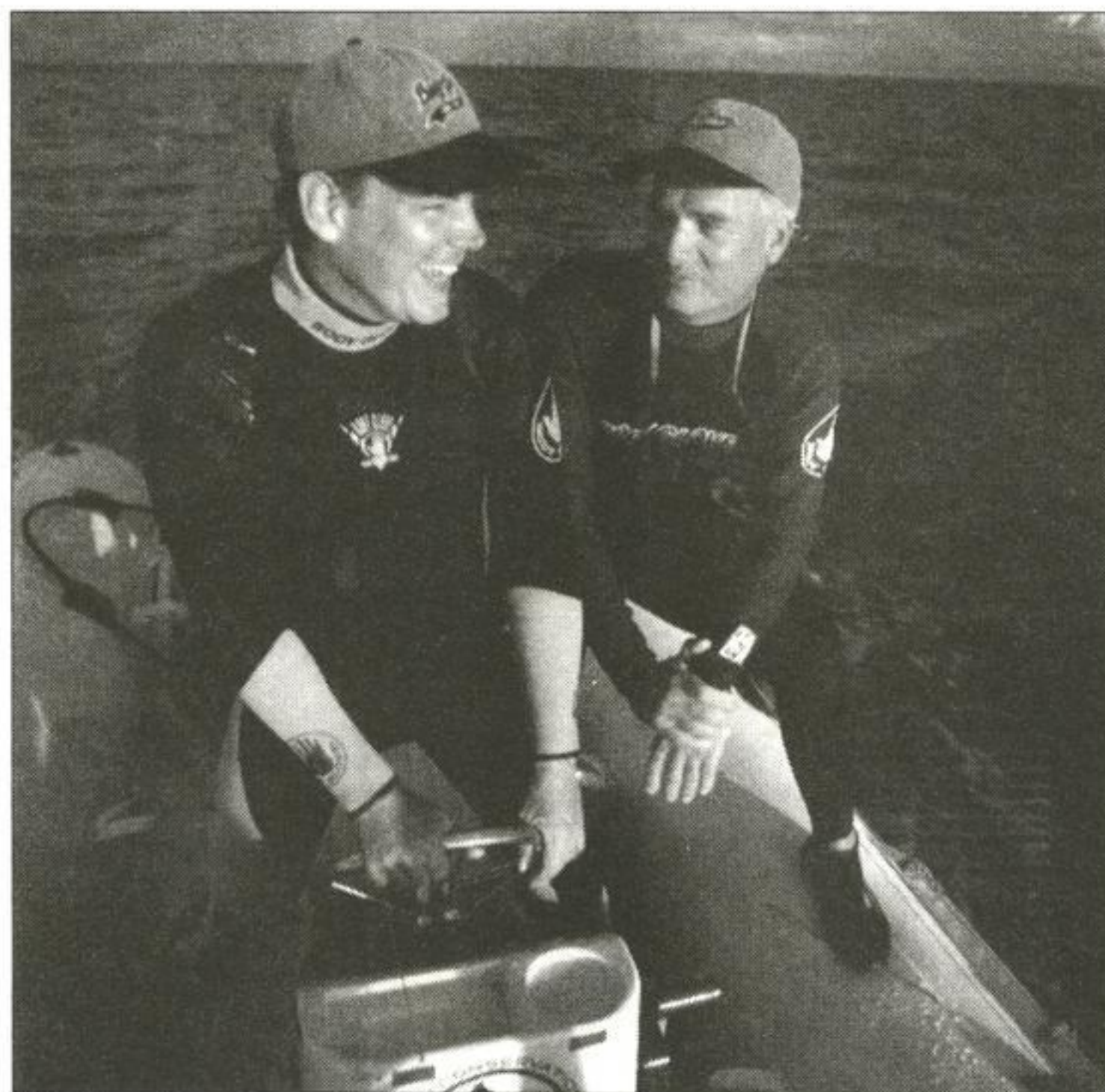
Photo by Susana Millman

rewarded behavior, and it's pointless. Some of those dolphins don't even know how to go home; if you let them out, they don't know what to do. They've lost their wild side. I think that no more marine mammals of any sort

should be captured. There're enough marine mammals in captivity now to do science on. A lot of what we've learned about dolphins is from captive dolphins, and how much more is there to learn from them? We know just about all we can find out about them. We don't know much about them in the wild, and to me that's the best place to study them. So I'm not fond of all those shows, especially the people who collect beluga whales.

When you're in the water, do you find yourself thinking of or making up tunes or do tunes simply come to you?

I hear them sometimes, but I can't remember what they are. Stuff like that happens to you in such a quiet space.



Billy Kreutzmann and Jeffrey Haupt

Photo by Wes Skiles

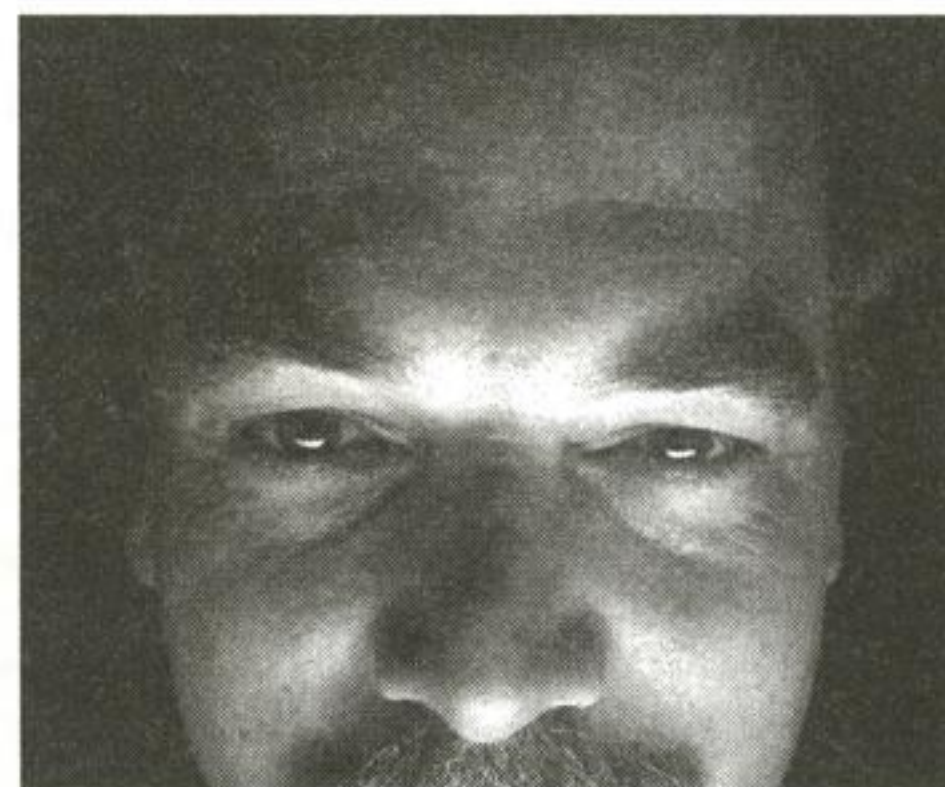
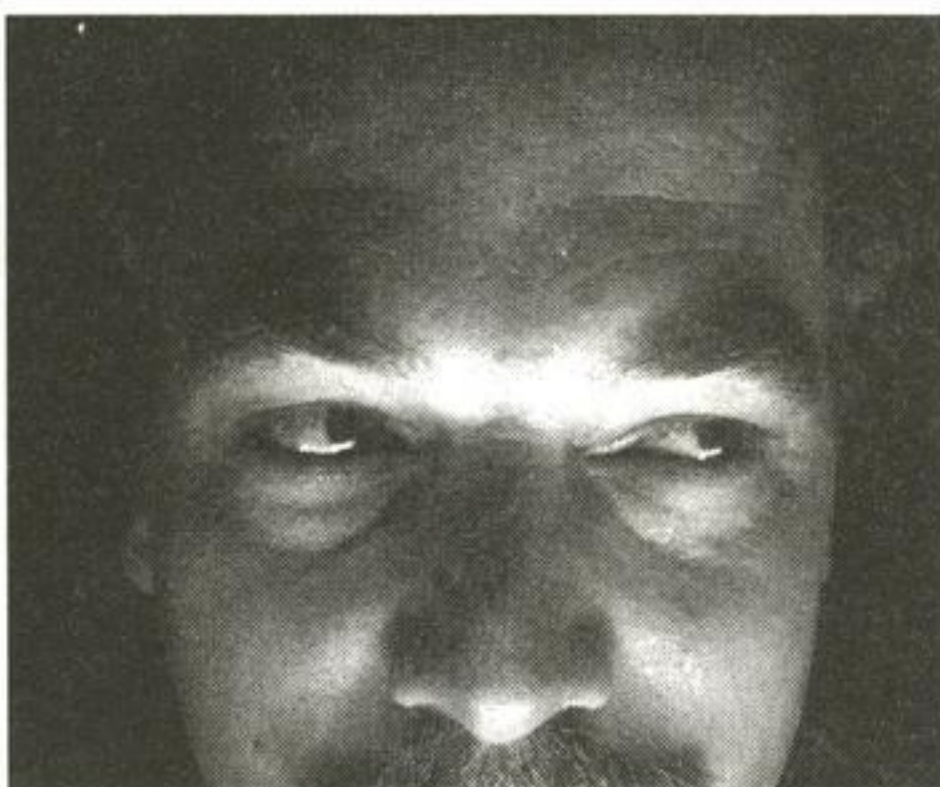
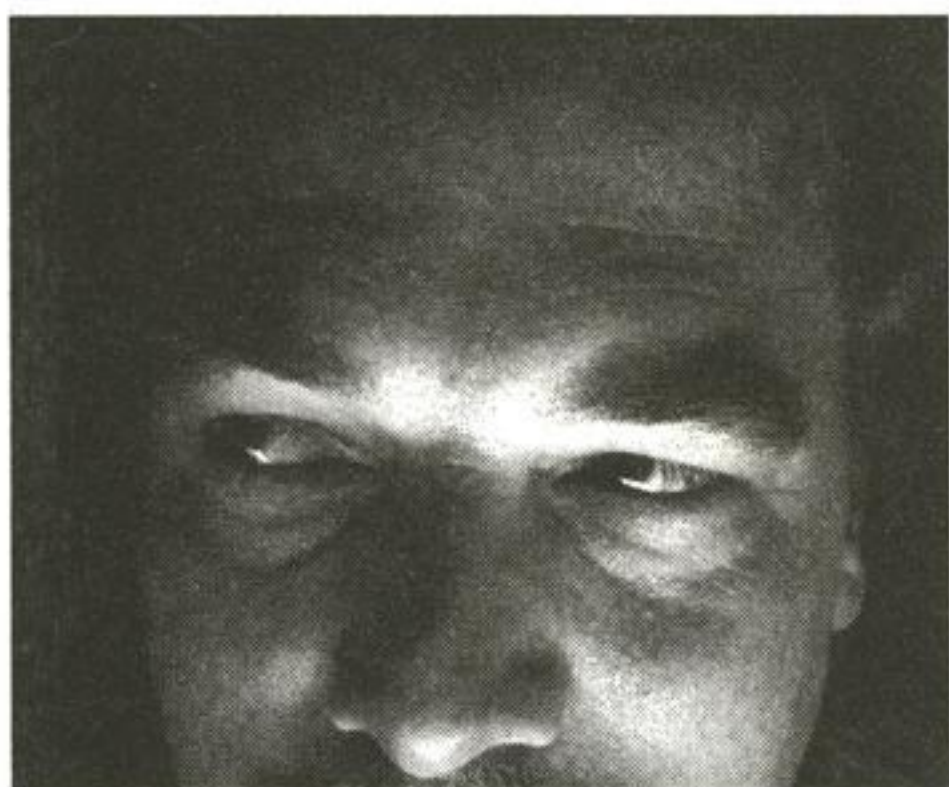


Photo by Herb Greene

Have you ever thought of piping any music in?

Yeah, I would like to do that, but there's a law against putting speakers in the water and playing music to whales, for example.

The film shows what incredibly articulate and distinct personalities these different sea creatures have.

Yes, well, sea lions, juvenile sea lions, have an *extreme* personality. They cavort and play around. They're pretty naughty animals, really. They just do anything they want to do in front of you, and they come up and touch you, and touch your fins. They're the most open. And they're just about the best swimmers in the sea. They can actually get away from great white sharks — if they see the shark, they can out-swim it. The manta rays were very meditative, and I could feel their heartbeat through my wet suit when I laid my chest on their backs.

You said that you felt the whales.

Their hearts were beating pretty fast, and you could feel them, the clicking in your chest, before you could see them. You knew you were on track to get film way before you could see the animal. You would turn your camera on way early, because the clicking was so loud in your chest. And then they would come, just materializing out of the mist.

Dolphins?

They're really great, too. They played with us a lot. They like to talk and drum off the bow of the boat. You could clearly hear that. They would be way out to the side of the boat, and then they would come in, a whole bunch of them, in close when I played the drum.

And the sharks and hammerheads?

Everybody always asks me if I had a fear about the

hammerheads. It's such a unique experience to see something like that, that we just filmed them. That's not an animal you're going to try and touch; hammerhead sharks are actually kind of skittish. They're not like sand tiger sharks that will come right up to you. The hammerheads are flightier.

What animal spirit do you most resonate with? What animal would you be if you weren't human?

It would easily be a dolphin, or a manta. Also, a Bengal tiger. Tigers are on my mind a lot.

Do you believe in the Gaian hypothesis? What's your spirituality in regard to nature.

Like Mother Earth, the American Indian belief — that's mine, that's what I believe in.

At this point, when you're playing with the Grateful Dead, do you find that you flash back to being underwater?

No, I don't do it that way. I'm in the now, and I experience how I'm feeling right there onstage, and sometimes I'm able to get into a state of 100% bliss.

There's not a drug, alcohol, sex, anything that even gets close to it. I live for those moments. It's not a feeling I can mass-produce. It's not like transcendental

meditation. I have never been apt at explaining it, but it's a really joyous, serene place, and all heck can be breaking loose around you, but it's real calm up there.

Deadheads in general have been saying that your music has really come forward. People are noticing you like they've never noticed you before. And there really is a sense in the last year of vibrancy in your music.

That's great. I'm happy to hear that, because my life has really taken some great changes in the last year. And principally because of these projects and being in the water

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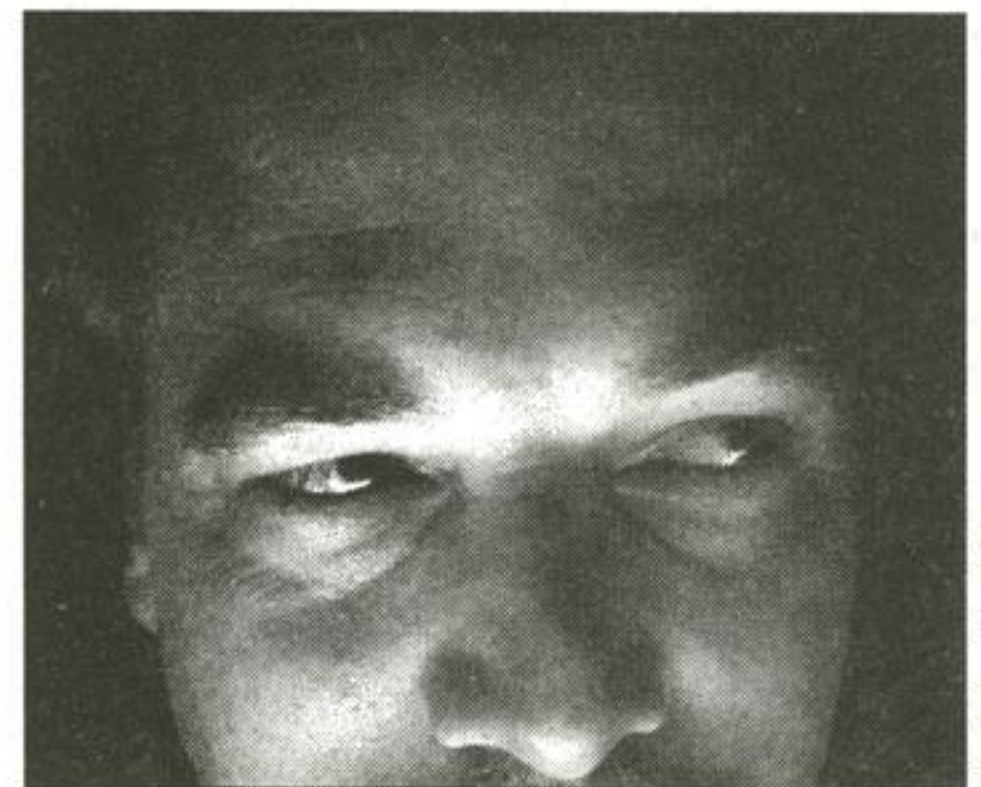
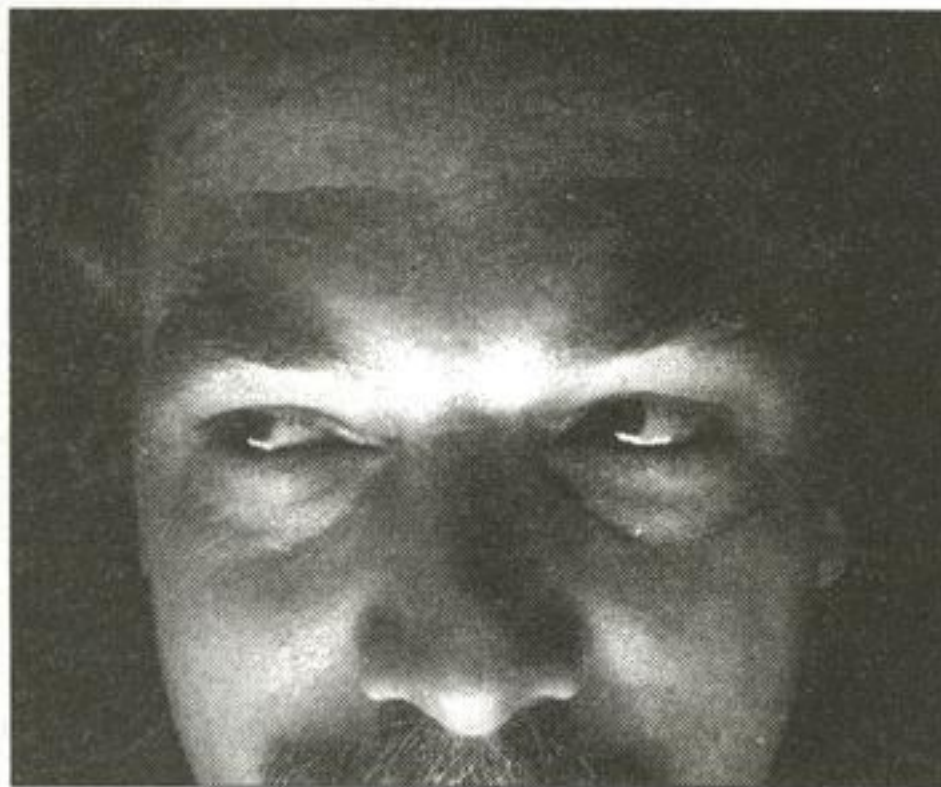
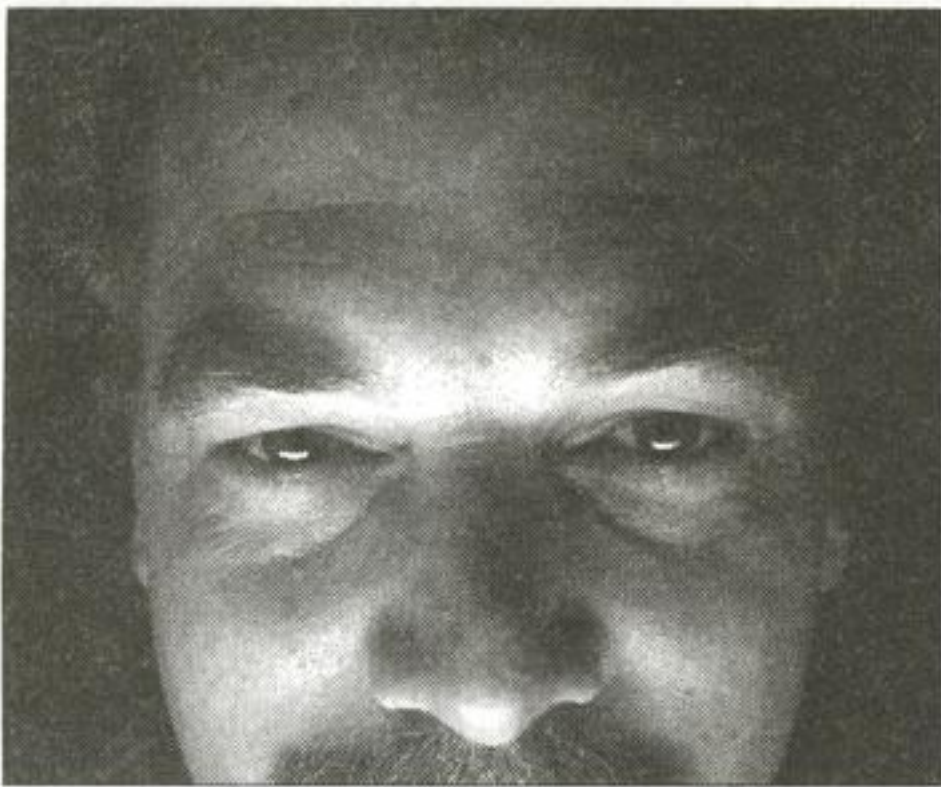


Photo by Herb Greene

environment. It's hard to say that that's directly the reason, but when you have other outside things that you can do besides the Grateful Dead, it's just so fulfilling. If all you have is the Grateful Dead, it can be limiting. It took me a number of years to find something else my heart was truly into.

You do a lot of water-related activities, don't you?

Yeah, I had as much fun falling off the kayak and being in the water and looking around in the water and coming back up as I do riding it, you know.

Speaking of which, didn't you have a little sea rescue adventure last year?

Oh, yeah, a teenage boogie-board kid lost a fin, and he was wearing himself out. He was caught in a rip current, and I just got him on my kayak and got him up on the beach. The biggest part of the *saving* was that I convinced him not to try to go back out in the surf, that we could go up the cliff. We were rescued (by the local fire department). We were hauled up the cliff. Rescue has a much bigger sound, but it can be a very subtle thing. It can be just telling someone, "Relax, it's okay." That's as much of a rescue as pulling someone out of the water. I found that fin about three weeks later, washed way up on the beach about a mile back in the sand. It was a real big day, about a seven-foot break out there.

Mickey has said on many occasions that he plays the tar every day. Are there any specific instruments you play regularly, and which instruments allow you to enter the "zone" the deepest or the fastest?

The talking drum. I have a couple of them at home and can sit and play for hours.

Who are some of your influences, musically, and who do you listen to a lot these days?

Jazz. When I was a kid I used to listen to John Coltrane a lot. Today I listen to Peter Gabriel. I like Sting. I listen to World Music as much as I can get my hands on. And I like the stuff that Henry Kaiser released from Madagascar.

Who haven't you played with onstage that you'd like to bring up into your forum?

When I did it as a drum set drummer, I thought it was fun when Willy Green sat in with us. He's always a welcome guest. And I'd love to have Peter Gabriel up there, playing around, and drumming for him. That would be a kick.

"THERE'S NOT A
DRUG, ALCOHOL, SEX,
ANYTHING THAT
EVEN GETS
CLOSE TO IT.
I LIVE FOR
THOSE MOMENTS."

Do you have any connection with him?

No, not personally. We're thinking of trying to get him to open next summer's show, but he has such a large show production that it might be impossible.

Do you ever miss being the solo drummer?

Sometimes I like to be just the solo drummer, but mostly we're playing tight enough together that it works fine for me. And he puts it where I put it, so I'm still kind of the solo drummer, if you get my meaning. He always looks over to see what I'm playing.

Do you have a favorite show?

I lose that thinking. I ask for tapes and DATs but I kind of let that go. I really try to exist in this moment; that's just how I do it.

What are some of your favorite or least favorite songs?

I don't really have any least favorites. If there's such a thing as a least favorite, it just means I have to work the hardest to play it. It's not something that comes really easy, so I have to think more about it. And I have to work out parts harder for it, but then that's what makes it turn out to be a great song.

Mickey has said he'd like to never play El Paso again.

He hates *El Paso*. I don't hate any of our songs. I couldn't do that. I wouldn't play them. If I hated them, I would refuse to play them. The songs I like the best, well, there're all the old standbys, but it was fun to do *Dupree's* recently. And I love *Fire*, because it has that big groove in it.

Garcia was onstage the entire drum solo two nights this tour. How does that change what you're doing?

He's been doing that. What a crack up. It doesn't change what I do, not a bit. If he wants to play with me and Mickey, then that's great. I invite him to stay up there. I'm honored. I just listen up for him.

To what degree are you in the moment, consciously trying to plot out the progression of a song?

If you're asking me how to improvise, that's the only thing they can't teach in music. And if I could tell you in a sentence how I improvise, then I probably wouldn't be able to hit the notes. As soon as I box it in, I can't do it anymore. It's something in myself that comes out, and I know how to listen really hard, listening to all the ideas that are coming in, and playing with that and adding into that. You know, I wish I could tell you that I have a formula for improvisation. There is no such thing. It wouldn't be improvising. It would be...it just wouldn't be improvising.

How is your mix different from the other musicians onstage?

Well, you always hear yourself the loudest. And that's because of the nature of the drum set: it's very loud. And I have little ports in my ear monitors, so I'm hearing acoustic sound coming off the drum set. And I hear plenty of bass and plenty of everybody else.

MIDI-wise, you've been playing some interesting things, wood block sounds, bass sounds...

Yeah, I play a lot of bass lines. I think the wood blocks are pretty much the simplest. I just have them up there just

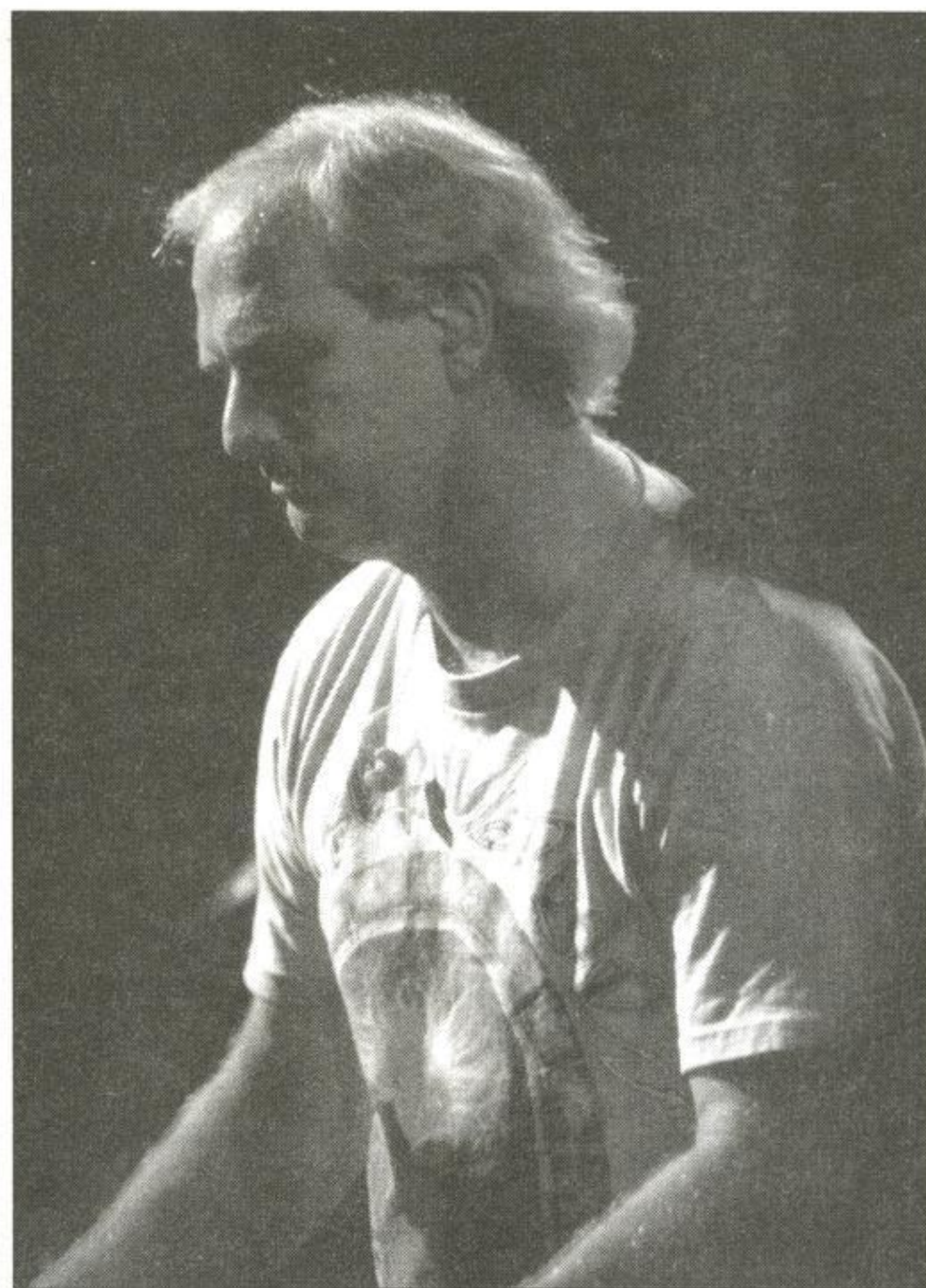


Photo by Susana Millman

because of their high contrast sounds. I like to run a bass line with the left side and play a line against it, play the four mallets, four sticks, sometimes.

When you were much younger did you ever think the Dead would go this far?

I had hoped it would come to this. But I never knew it would be like this. I mean, you can't know the outcome. I hoped it would be the biggest thing I could ever be a part of.

Is working with the Dead still a spiritual discipline or is it just a hell of a good job for you?

It's definitely a spiritual release. It's such powerful stuff. Religions try to talk about it, and I'm not a religious person. I'm definitely a spiritual man. That's probably why I also have luck in the water with animals. To be the focal point of that much energy at a show, to have all this energy directed at you...you can really use that. Mostly for me it's about letting people feel good, letting people have a good experience. It's not any deep meaning for me. I want people to have a good time, forget about some trouble they might be having in their lives. Forget about life, just get loose in the show and in the trip, you know. That's all I want. ♦

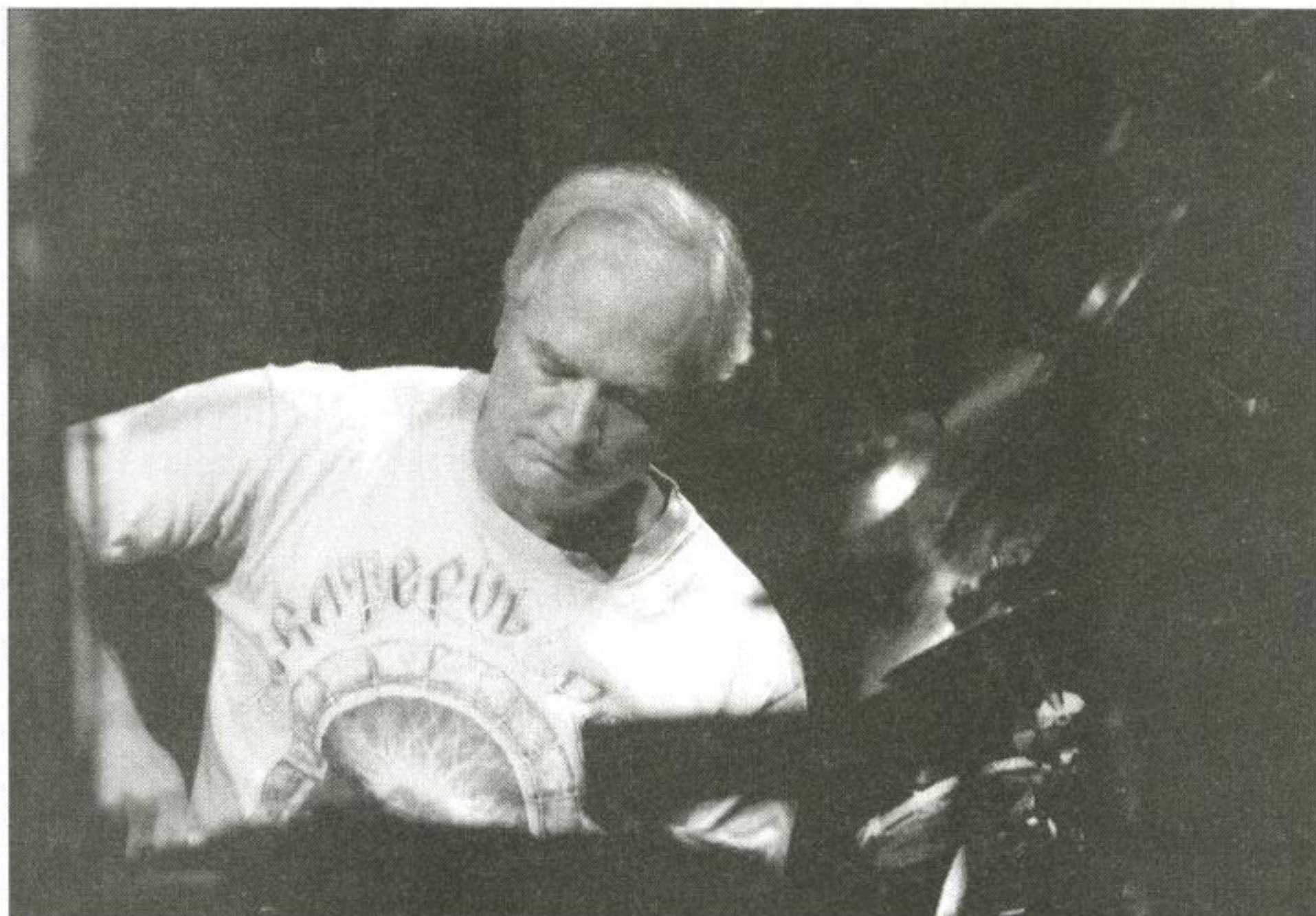


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ARMS SPREAD WIDIE

BY WES SKILES

It's what gives Bill Kreutzmann the gleam in his eye and the power in his beat — you can see and feel it even from the back of Giants Stadium. Jerry describes it in lovely metaphors, like “floating through a forest with your arms spread wide.” Bob seeks it out at every opportunity. Phil has learned how to be part of it, and Mickey and Vince both want to. The “it,” of course, is exploring the world beneath the sea. Although each band member has different personal attractions to the undersea environment, all agree that the ocean environment provides some of the most stunning natural visions to be found on this planet. I recently asked Bill if getting submerged was his alternative to music. He replied, “It's not an alternative — it is music, and I get the most incredible energy from it.” A pretty powerful endorsement from the “Thunder God.”

“What's really important is that people come to know, understand, and appreciate life beneath the sea. It's the only way we'll ever be able to protect it.”

Bill Kreutzmann, 1993.



One way to be part of Billy's goal, and share in the beauty and wonder of a world that has the whole band talking, is for the readers of *DDN* to consider the fine art of snorkeling. Snorkeling goes by other names — free diving, breath-hold diving, skin diving — but whatever you call it, snorkeling is one of the easiest, cheapest, and safest ways to enter and explore the underwater world. It is diving without all of the training and burdensome and expensive diving equipment required to go SCUBA diving. Unlike SCUBA, which makes a lot of noise underwater, snorkeling can be done silently, making it much less likely that you will scare off the very creatures you came to see. By simply holding your breath and swimming down you can visit a wondrous world full of life and beauty. On the way up all you have to do is clear your snorkel so you're ready to breathe when you reach the surface. All that's needed to go snorkeling safely is a mask and snorkel, a pair of fins, a safety vest, and perhaps a wet suit. The investment can vary depending on your tastes, but a person can get started with good

Photo by Wes Skiles

equipment for around \$200, and equipment rental is always a great and easy way to start.

If you have never snorkeled before, it does take a little getting used to, but it is very easy compared to learning to SCUBA dive. A good place to start is a local SCUBA store. Many will allow you to attend the pool session part of a SCUBA course when they're teaching the basic principals of snorkeling. If you're not a strong swimmer, it's best to start in a pool or in very shallow water where it's easy to stand up and adjust the mask and snorkel.

Comfort and fit are the two most important considerations when purchasing your gear. Don't worry about how it looks; pay close attention to how it feels. If your mask, snorkel, and fins are comfortable and fit properly, they become an extension of your body and you'll forget you're wearing them. Other considerations include how well you can see out your mask, how easily the snorkel will clear, and how much "power" you need in your fins. The easy-clear snorkels — those with mechanical clearing devices for expelling water — are worth it if you're just learning. More experienced snorkelers may prefer the "classic" large bore snorkel. A word of advice on buying fins: Make sure you don't buy more fin than you need. The heavy power fins are typically for SCUBA divers with lots of gear. Snorkelers are usually best served with light, highly flexible floating fins. Painful and dangerous leg cramps can be easily avoided this way. Once you've gotten past the initial phase of adjusting and learning to use your gear, you'll be ready to begin exploring the depths of the ocean.

There are as many variations to the sport of snorkeling as there are locations to do it. For beginners, it's probably best to go someplace warm and tropical and begin by simply looking around from the surface. Warm water typically means coral reefs in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. These are the prettiest and safest environments to start with. Staying on the surface at first will allow you to come to know the reef and its inhabitants from a distance. As you slowly become more comfortable with your gear and the environment, you can begin to make short dives down to the reef itself. Make your first visits with an underwater guide or an experienced free diver.

Never overextend a breath-hold dive. One of the few dangers in snorkeling can occur by ignoring the urge to breathe. Known as shallow-water blackout, it occurs when

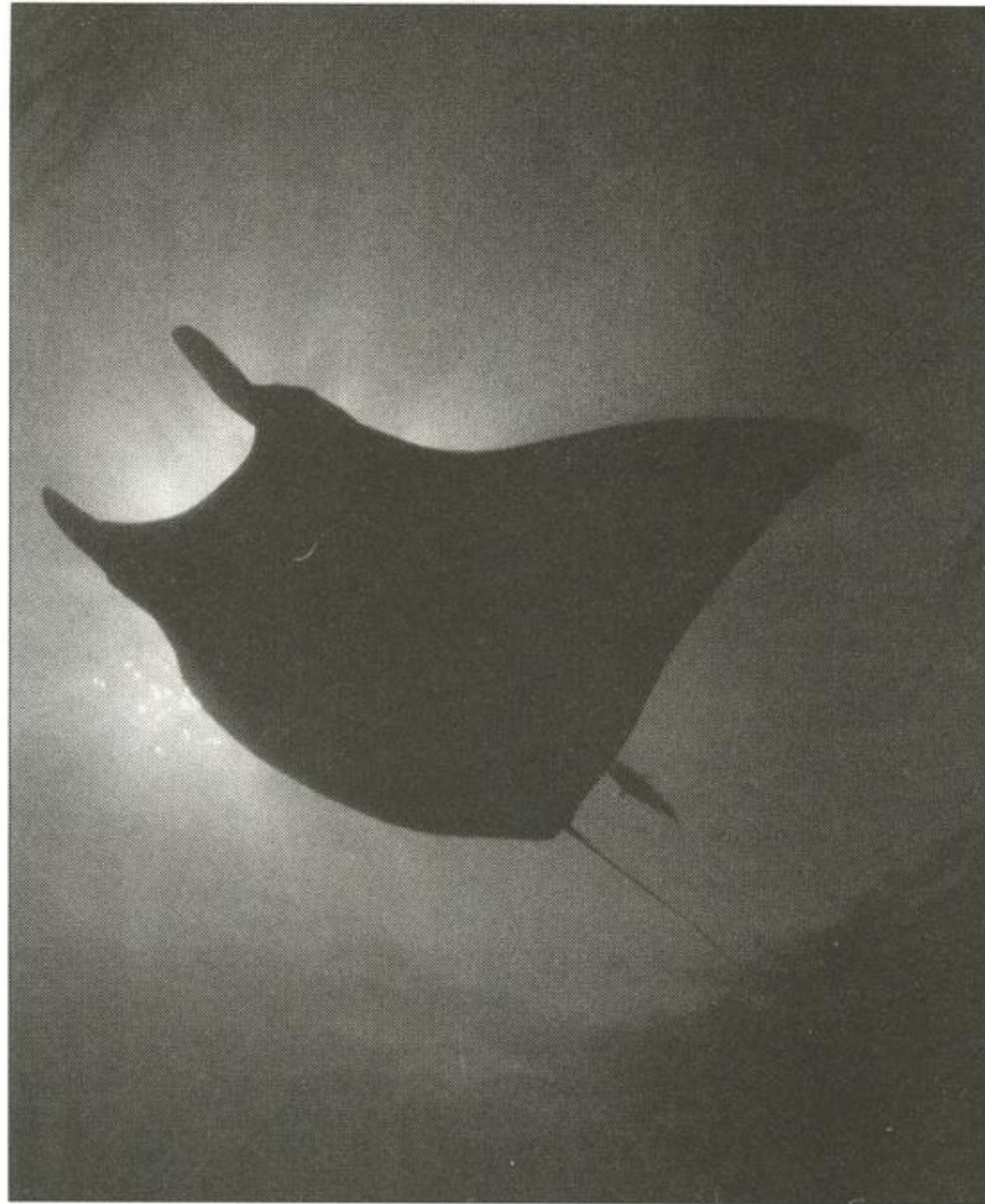


Photo by Wes Skiles

a free diver overextends a breath-hold dive and blacks out underwater, typically on ascent. In simple terms, the body uses up all the available oxygen and produces a toxic level of carbon dioxide. It sounds frightening, but it is easily avoided by using common sense and returning to the surface when you feel your first urge to breathe.

There are a variety of exciting factors to consider when you're planning your snorkeling adventures. Because snorkeling is not gear intensive, it can be easily combined with other activities you may enjoy. Surfing and snorkeling are great partners, as are fishing and snorkeling. Many Pacific and Caribbean islands offer a utopia for this kind of play. East Coasters might want to consider the Florida Keys, the Bahamas, the Caymans, Bonaire, Belize, or Cozumel.

West Coasters have incredible opportunities all along the Pacific coast with special emphasis on the Channel Islands and the Monterey area. The only drawback is the water temperature. With temperatures ranging from the upper-60's down into the mid-50's, this is definitely wet suit country. The added buoyancy of the wet suit may make snorkeling awkward, but is still well worth it. Although they're more remote and expensive to get to, Hawaii, the Fiji Islands, and Tahiti all offer some of the finest snorkeling to be found anywhere in the world. For those who would like to experience the longest coral reef in the world, you'll have to travel to Australia's Great Barrier Reef, with over 1000 miles of the most diverse reef system on Earth. One of the most unusual locations, and one of my personal favorites, is the Red Sea. Both Israel and Egypt offer access to this stunning and beautiful ecosystem. One thing is for sure: if you like the water, and have not yet considered snorkeling a serious activity, you're in for a treat!

When Billy initially planned his 1800 mile sailboat journey down the Pacific coast, he thought that he would SCUBA dive every day as he traveled south. By snorkeling instead, he discovered that he experienced a more personal relationship with the sea. Not only could he get in the water quicker and easier when the occasion arrived, he also felt a greater connection with the natural environment. Come to think of it, when snorkeling, we're a lot closer to our fellow creatures like dolphins and whales than we might have ever imagined. ♦

Wes Skiles is a modern day explorer. As a producer, director, and cameraman over the past decade he has filmed where no one has been before. In addition to his many film credits, he is currently director of photography for the PBS series New Explorers.

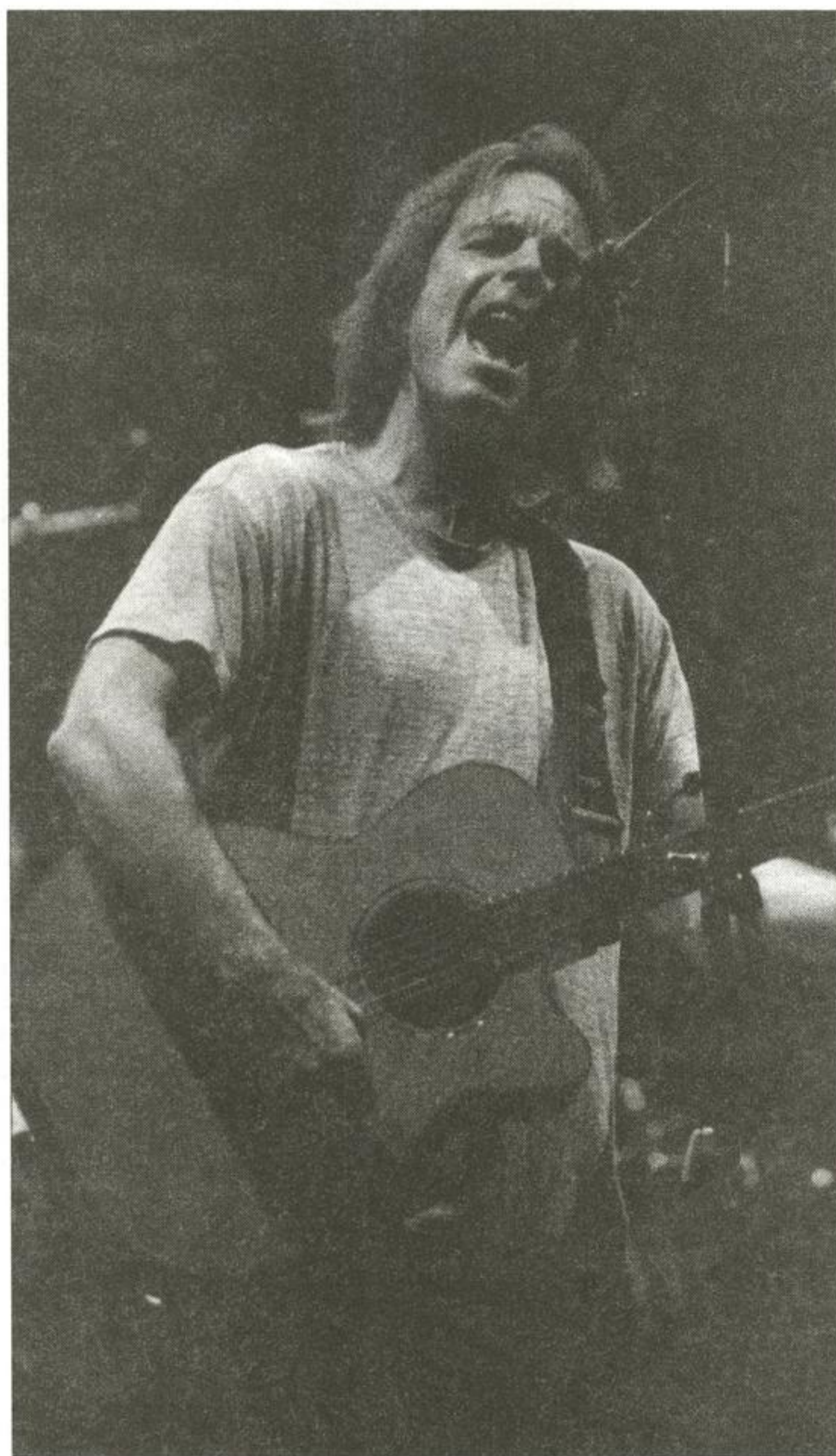
Winter Tour '94

Night and Day in Denver

By Paul Epstein

A band beyond description? How does the critical fan describe the current status of the Grateful Dead to peers or to the uninitiated? "Well, they are capable of being either the worst band you've ever seen, or as close to a religious experience as a nonbeliever can get." I believe the answer lies in the most hackneyed and obvious of all Grateful Dead/hippie axioms: Be here now. Ram Dass gave us the expression, and it seems up to the modern Deadhead to put it to use. The band is still capable of breathtaking musical highs, and unfortunately, equally as liable to fall apart, forget lyrics, and just plain lose it (especially Jerry) than ever before in its history.

Don't get me wrong, though — the pre-Christmas shows in Denver were an absolute blast. The first night saw the above-mentioned dichotomy in full effect. The band came onstage visibly psyched. They played excited versions of *Jack Straw*, *Peggy-O*, and *Walkin' Blues*, with Jerry's guitar ridiculously under-amplified. The set really started clicking with *So Many Roads*. It's a stroke of unbelievable good luck that this riveting tune is still appearing in the first set. With its *Knockin'*-like coda, it has ballad slot written all over it. *Tennessee Jed* was hilarious — it was the best version (musically) I've seen since '78 — but Jerry, laughing the whole time, blew virtually every word. The audience roared the lyrics at him like it was meant to be that way. *Easy Answers* started off all right, but Jerry soon started fussing with his equipment and gesticulating wildly at the band (troopers that they are) to finish the song.



Jerry spent a good portion of the break fiddling with his gear, and the pre-*Drums* was indeed a rewarding experience. After a strong *Iko Iko*, Bob launched into *Playing in the Band*, which started out conventionally enough, but a few minutes into the jam, the legendary Grateful Dead reared its head and romped into a jazzy, noisy psycho-jam that had me feeling like I was seeing the band circa '76 — tight, focused, and full of creativity — a very exciting moment. After a heartwarming but sloppy *Uncle John's Band*, the boys made the most unexpected turn of the run. After much talking into the mics to each other, Bobby and Vince slunk into *Baba O'Riley*. The band and audience seemed genuinely surprised and delighted. Jerry's body language said it all — the chin came off the chest, he stood up straight, and started strokin' his guitar like a cosmic divining rod, leading the listener to musical sustenance. Letter-perfect would be the proper journalistic term to apply to both this song and *Tomorrow Never Knows*, which followed immediately. The band covered all the '60s bases that night: The Who, Beatles, Rolling Stones, Dylan, and, oh yeah, the Grateful Dead.

Photo by Brad Niederman

The second night, while having its share of high moments, seemed to be an afterthought. Most memorable was the fact that Jerry totally blew the "Inspiration" line of *Terrapin*, effectively neutering what should have been the highlight of the set. My biggest revelation of the night was "My God, the lyrics to *Samba In The Rain* are of the same ilk as "Shakedown Street"'s *France*. This is Hunter's worst song ever. I could honestly imagine Barry Manilow singing these words.

The third night of the run saw a different Jerry Garcia walk onstage. He was confident in bearing and powerful in playing. No hesitation or mid-song disappearing acts. He was there to play — his guitar work was consistently fiery and inventive. *Sugaree* must have clocked in at nearly 15 minutes and featured a gorgeous solo utilizing that cool slide pedal effect that Jerry is so fond of these days. *If The Shoe Fits* glowed with studio-rehearsal polish — it's a great song with biting lyrics and a classic hook. The *Bird Song* closer was TDF (to die for) — long and spacey, yet constructive...yeah!

The final set of the run was undoubtedly some of the best Grateful Dead I've seen in many moons. Bobby and Phil both played with powerful abandon. After opening with *Here Comes Sunshine*, *Saint of Circumstance* rocked the way it's supposed to, and *Eyes of the World* was extended with several differently textured solos by Jerry. After a monumental *Drums*, the energy and playing remained intact. A stunning *Days Between* was marred once again by Jerry blowing nearly every verse. Sometimes, though, the overall performance outweighs critical consideration, if ya know what I mean. Garcia started the *Brokedown* encore with the wrong verse, and doubling over with laughter, started the song over. It seems like a good strategy — laughing at adversity. For all my criticism, I walked away from these shows overjoyed with the Dead's ability to produce a sense of renewal. ♦

No Sell-Out in Oakland

By Blair Jackson

For the first time since 1973, the band didn't finish its year in the Bay Area, and I think that took some of the luster off these shows. Too many fair-to-middlin' shows the past year have definitely taken their toll on the Dead's drawing power, too: the first and last nights of the December Oakland shows, there were thousands of unsold seats — those shows had the smallest local crowd I can remember since Cal Expo in '86. The middle two nights of the run did sell out, but not to the point of overcrowding for a change.

The series got off to a rocky start on Thursday, 12/8. Though the band seemed to be playing fairly well during the first set, the sound was atrocious. Garcia's guitar didn't kick in until near the end of *Spoonful* and then instruments seemed to fade in and out of the mix all set. *Eternity*, in particular, was a

muddy mess (and not helped by Garcia getting completely lost during the solo section). This was John Cutler's first time mixing in the Oakland Coliseum, and it was not an auspicious debut. Still, *Spoonful* and *All Over Now* managed to rise above the sonic sludge. The second set had many spirited moments, and you can't fault the set list, but Garcia's playing was tame and unassertive. He wasn't making many mistakes this night, but neither did he seem to be able to keep up with the rest of the group. This inertia was particularly noticeable on *I Know You Rider* and *Cumberland Blues*, which had the groove from the other players but completely lacked the sparkle and fire Garcia usually puts on top. The show did take off during *Corrina* (which had a very cool, new rhythmic drum intro) and the jam that followed; there, Garcia's languid style seemed appropriate. The show's other nice touch was having *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds* in the post-*Drums* Garcia ballad slot. Also, the *Baby Blue* encore featured Garcia's best singing of the night.

The second night, though, has to rank with the most fascinating shows of the year. The first set was up and down, but generally well played. The second set was strange and very spacey. It opened with an endless *Scarlet > Fire* that hit all sorts of amazing peaks, but also rambled along unfocused for long, long stretches, like a lot of Garcia's big tunes in '94. (I saw a 26-minute *Eyes* at MSG this fall that felt about 10 minutes too long). Garcia only

sang two verses of *Fire* (and muffed both of them) but there was still a lot going on in certain parts of the jam (thanks in part to talking drum master Sikuru who helped out the entire song). *Truckin'* was done at a slow, mellow gait that was surprisingly effective, and that led into very nice readings of *That Would Be Something*, *He's Gone*, and a meaty jam before the group surrendered the stage for a long, furious drum battle with Mickey, Billy, and Sikuru. At all four shows the *Drums* segments were incredibly powerful and dynamic, as they've been all year. *Space* at the Friday show was very complex, multi-textured, and loud, and it built to quite a climax before the band miraculously fell into a perfect version of *Box of Rain* to end the set. Though an abrupt and surprising finish, to say the least, I thought the band pulled it off magnificently, and then the *Johnny B. Goode* encore was a perfect capper. This show will also go into the record books as the first GD

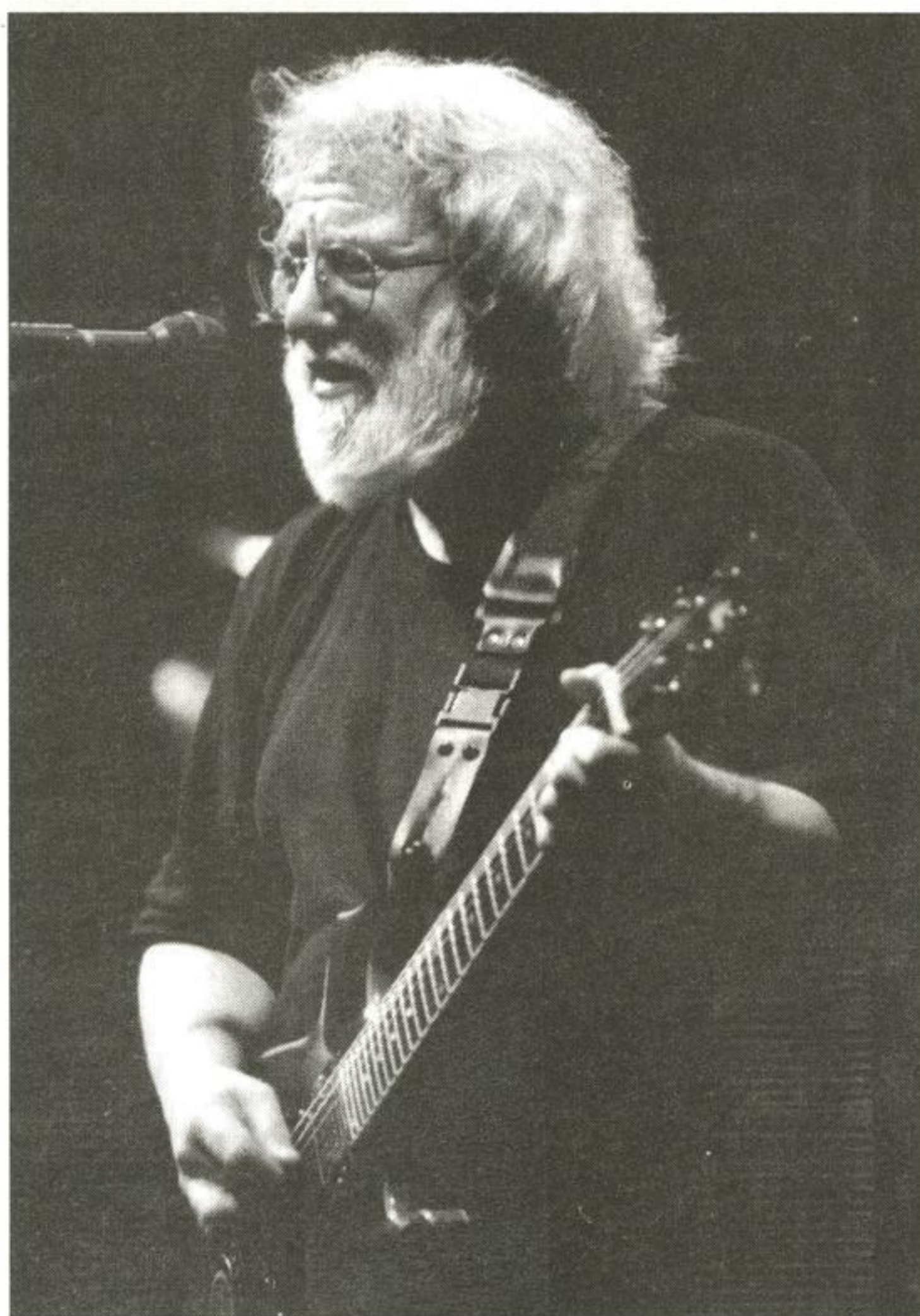


Photo by Brad Niederman

concert to feature lyric monitors, reportedly used only on *Box of Rain*.

The third show, Sunday night, was better played still, with an excellent first set highlighted by superb versions of *Franklin's Tower*, *Little Red Rooster* (I'm not kidding), *Black-Throated Wind*, and *Promised Land*. *Here Comes Sunshine* was a nice second-set opener for a cold, rainy night, but most of the fireworks in this set came from the *Drums* on. First of all, *Drums* became "The Billy Kreutzmann Show," with a mighty skins assault that even had Mickey bowing reverently to his exalted partner. On *Watchtower*, as on the earlier version of *Samson & Delilah*, Garcia seemed unable to keep up with the other players during his solos, but then he seemed to come to life in the middle of a completely mind-blowing *Days Between* (easily the best I've ever heard), and he was up and rocking for the fab *Sugar Magnolia* closer and spry *Liberty* encore. The lyric monitor was a welcome aid at this show — when Garcia gets the words right, his confidence level increases and he plays better.

The final show of the series once again featured a very strong first set — particularly *Althea*, the speedy combo of *Me & My Uncle* and *Maggie's Farm*, and the ultra-spacey and rhythmic *Bird Song* closer. The second set was hit-and-miss. The rapturous *Iko* opener was so frantic it left me happily breathless. *Playing in the Band* wandered through a number of different trippy terrains before settling into an *Uncle John's* that was strong except for one major vocal miscue. To then get *Terrapin* as a follow-up seemed like a treat, except that Garcia completely mangled most of the verses. The oddest part of the show was definitely when Garcia stayed out onstage for the beginning of *Drums* and added minute after minute of his own MIDI drums to the jam, while Mickey unleashed some highly unpleasant squeaks and squalls from his arsenal. For me, the highlights of the show were Garcia's powerfully sung *Standing On the Moon* out of *Space* and then the lovely *Brokedown* encore. By then, I was spent from four shows, and it didn't sound like the band had much left either. ♦

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Photo by Bradley Gelb

Rockin' in L.A.

By Tom Van Sant

The buzz was everywhere: "They soundchecked *St. Stephen* in Oakland!" The specter of a single song's revival nearly overshadowed the Dead's excellent four-show, five-day stand at the L.A. Sports Arena. I heard more *St. Stephens* being played in the parking lot than I can remember, and I confess that toward the end of each show's *Space* jam, the same nagging thought crept into my brain. Truthfully, I wish I had never heard about the soundcheck, but rumors come with the territory. Incidentally, they did *not* play *St. Stephen* in Los Angeles. They did play all the new songs except *Shoe Fits*, two repeats, and a gaggle of vocally revitalized Jerry tunes, thanks to TelePrompTers onstage.

Equipment problems and uninspired song selections held Thursday's show to only average level. *Row Jimmy* and *Promised Land* were the only keepers from set one. *Foolish Heart* worked well opening the second set; the middle jam really took off and provided the best musical moment up to that point. I have no soft spot for either *Way to Go Home* or *Corrina*, but these were both confident versions. It was the best *Way to Go Home* I have seen. *Uncle John's* was vocally fine but musically uninvolved, as Jerry spent most of his solo time looking into his stack and fiddling about. Weir had guitar troubles during *Space*, and actually played his acoustic for about ten minutes. After a crew member returned his electric, the band moved into a modal, dense few minutes of *Space*, then began a solid *Last Time*. *Morning Dew* was this show's saving grace; Jerry gave all he had on vocals and guitar, providing a much needed

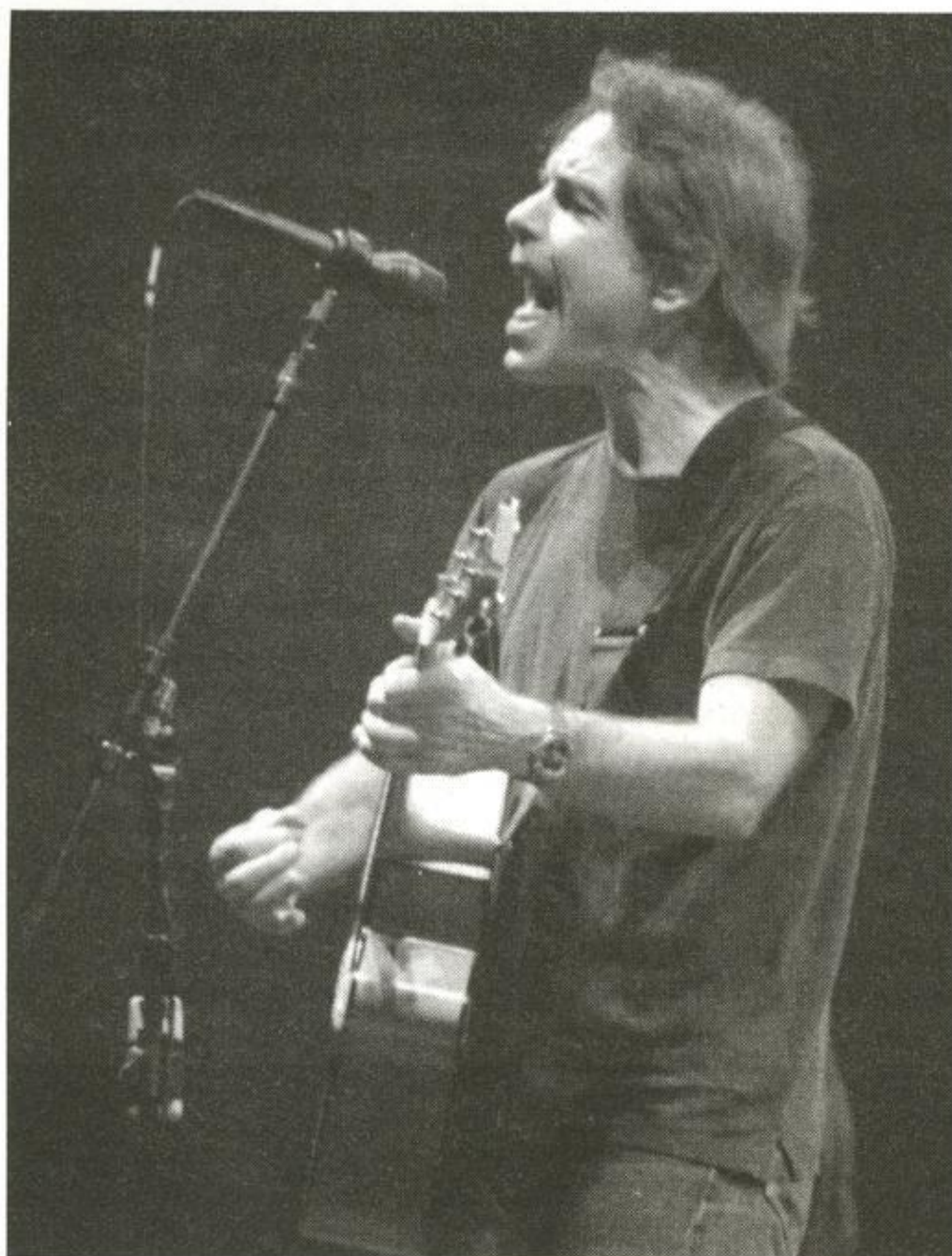


Photo by Kurt Mahoney

climax to an otherwise routine evening. I think we would all enjoy *Liberty* more if only it were played somewhere other than the encore slot. This song's lyrics describe the band's philosophy perfectly, and it's the catchiest thing they've done since *Touch of Grey*. So how about opening a set with it sometime, Jer?

Expectations always rise when Branford Marsalis joins the Dead, and the second night in L.A. was no exception. With a mediocre opening night in the books and Marsalis on stage from the get-go, anticipation was indeed high.

Things started well with a tight *Bucket* and a decent *Cold Rain*. *So Many Roads* may be the best of the Dead's unreleased new songs, and this version demonstrated why. Like its second set alter ego *Standing On the Moon*, it gives Jerry the chance to really let loose vocally. Unfortunately, it was followed by one of the Dead's worst new songs, *Childhood's End*. I just don't see this one developing into anything. *Eternity*, though, has matured into Bobby's *Bird Song*, with some real free-form jamming. A rollicking *Don't Ease*, with a great solo by Branford, closed this short set.

Eyes, *Estimated*, and *Dark Star* seem to crop up when Marsalis joins the Dead, and the first two — plus a jam hinting at the third — came through on Friday, beginning with a 23-minute *Eyes of the World*. Jerry waited a full five before singing the first verse, and the jams were eight to ten minutes each. It was all pleasant enough, just lots of mellow strumming and relaxed blowing. Whatever momentum they had going with *Eyes* was lost immediately with *Samba in the Rain*. What this song is doing in the Dead's repertoire is a mystery to me. *Estimated* got the cart out of the ditch and

back on the road, with Branford's lines recalling those on the original studio recording. The jam afterwards was exquisite: long on the *Estimated* theme and then more complete meltdown mayhem. There was no *Dark Star*, but this jam could have been pulled from the middle of one. A confident *He's Gone* gave way to *Drums > Space*, which, once again, got very modal and wild. *The Other One* was strong, if not orgasmic, and *Wharf Rat* was as good as it gets. Jerry sang his heart out and Branford blew beautifully. *Good Lovin'* was the rousing rocker we never got Thursday, and *Lucy in the Sky* was a more than satisfactory encore to cap the set.

Dennis McNally was quoted in Friday's *L.A. Daily News* as saying that TelePrompTers were "the best thing that ever happened to the Grateful Dead." After Sunday, I agree wholeheartedly. Thursday and Friday the new TelePrompTers helped things along; Sunday they made the show.

After an uneventful first set (only *Loose Lucy* achieved critical mass), the four songs Garcia sang in the second set were revelatory. *Crazy Fingers*, *Terrapin Station*, *Attics Of My Life*, and *It's All Over Now, Baby Blue* have some of the most abstract, beautiful, and frequently forgotten lyrics in the Dead's repertoire. When *Crazy Fingers'* words are flubbed, the song falls apart. Ditto *Attics*. TelePrompTers remove the issue of lyrics from the equation, allowing Jerry to concentrate on singing the words, not remembering them. As obvious as this may seem on paper, it hadn't really shone through until Sunday's *Crazy Fingers*, which simply sparkled, and an utterly beautiful (and slightly faster than normal) *Attics*, whose harmonies soared as never before. *Terrapin's* linear narrative structure keeps Garcia from getting completely lost most of the time, but it, too, took on a new life as the big man delivered the lyrics with newfound confidence.

The *Spanish Jam* theme appeared in *Space* for about five minutes, which then became very open and atmospheric. Visions of *St. Stephen* danced in my head, but *The Last Time*, which had been played only two shows before in the very same arena, appeared and was met with stony near

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silence. Hey, it's an excellent choice for a cover and is always played well, but too much repetition can wear out even the best songs, and make them unlistenable. For the encore, I at last saw a *Baby Blue* that rivaled the great Hartford version that floored me in 1982. The TelePrompTer freed Jerry to really sing the song, even adding some emotionally charged extra repetitions of the final line, a new twist to these ears. Some Deadheads find *Baby Blue* a downer, too depressing a song to end the show, but when sung with passion and conviction, it is moving.

Los Angeles is always a ripe town for guest appearances, and another one seemed imminent Monday night, the year's last show, when a mystery guitar was set up onstage for the first set. Its owner never appeared, however, and the guitar was gone after intermission. *Picasso* rocked well enough to start the show, but the *Stagger Lee* that followed was another TelePrompTer tour de force, easily the finest vocal interpretation of the song I have ever heard. Jerry played great to boot. After some run-of-the-mill selections, Weir delivered a triumphant *Masterpiece*, which is easily the most musically engaging of the first set Dylan covers. *Deal*, while a predictable choice for the set-closer, featured some very adventurous and imaginative playing by Garcia.

After a competent *Saint of Circumstance* opened the second set, we were given the rarely paired tasty twosome of *New Speedway Boogie* > *Nobody's Fault But Mine*. On both songs, Garcia's newfound lyrical confidence overshadowed his Incredible Inaudible Guitar. We easily heard more verses of *Nobody's Fault* in this version than in any other hitherto performed. *Man Smart, Woman Smarter* is

always a crowd pleaser, but Jerry skipped using his MIDI horn voice, often the song's highlight.

A short, muscular drum duet gave way to a very long *Space jam* as Mickey, Phil, and Bob put their heads together. *I Need a Miracle* dashed what skimpy hopes remained for *St. Stephen*. In terms of drama, *Days Between* is a notch below its peers in the end-of-the-show ballad category, but it is an intriguing song nonetheless. This version was another TelePrompTer triumph. Like *Crazy Fingers*, its lyrics, when correctly and earnestly sung, elevate the song considerably. *Lovelight* and *Brokedown Palace* provided a flawless finish to a fine show and a satisfying run.

TelePrompTers were the big story in L.A., and there should be no shame on the band's part about this development. The Dead are not the first to use them, and, after all, they do play a different show every night and can claim to need a bit more help than other performers. Bottom line: The shows were improved by them.

Garcia was laying out a lot and frequently playing too softly to be heard by most of the audience. And where was the MIDI arsenal of clarinets, oboes, flutes, etc.? He barely used any of it. Having said that, I found his vocal performances to be, by and large, more involved and emotional than they have been in a decade or more. No doubt this is due in large part to the TelePrompTer help, but it has been longer coming than just the December tour. Jerry has been taking more vocal chances at many shows this year, and with lyrical assistance now just a glance away, this will surely continue. ♦

SEE PAGE 65 FOR SET LISTS

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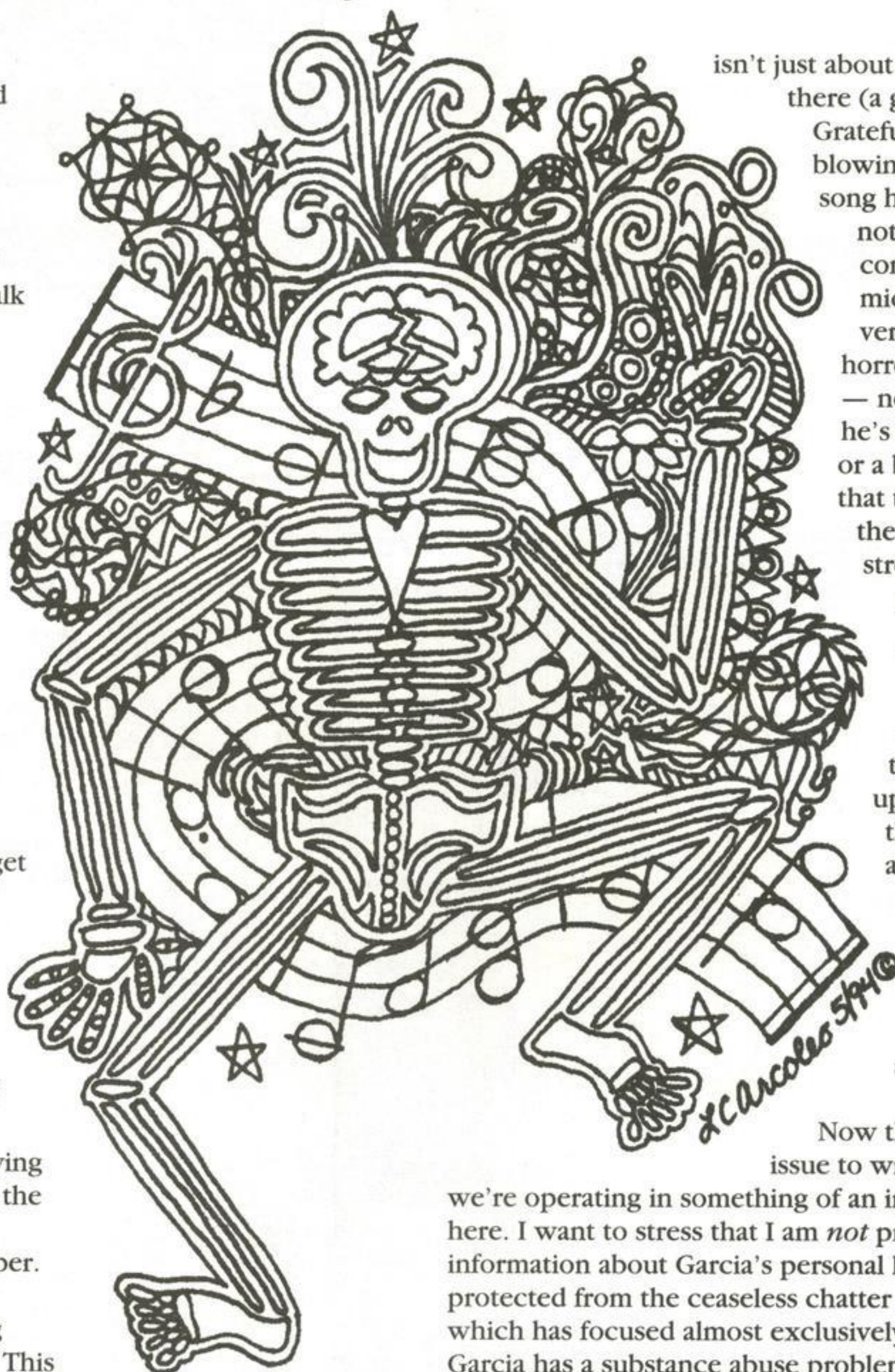
'94 in Review:

There Must Be Some Way Out of Here...

By Blair Jackson

I bet a lot of you have had this experience: You go to a show and have just the *best* time from beginning to end — the music is happening, the sound where you are is fantastic, you're in a great dancing groove, you're with your buddies feeling fine. Then you walk out of the show with a goofy, satisfied grin on your face and immediately run into a friend who looks pissed off and sneers at you, "Did that show *suck*, or what?" Boy, talk about a buzz crusher! Well, if you saw the greatest shows of your life in '94 and thought everything was completely groovy at every concert you attended, maybe you'd better skip this article. Because frankly, all factors considered, my honest opinion is that 1994 was probably the most frustratingly uneven year of Grateful Dead music ever. Don't get me wrong — there were *lots* of really good shows (more than in '93, I felt), and on a personal level I had a fantastic time at all 18 shows I attended — even the ones that I knew weren't very good in the grand scheme of things. But this is a band that was treading water — rather than moving forward — much of the year, and the band's lapses were as bad and as frequent as any year I can remember.

What's going on? Well, something was/is clearly wrong with Garcia. This



isn't just about a missed lyric here and there (a grand tradition in the Grateful Dead). It's about blowing lyrics in nearly every song he sings at many shows; not even bothering to come up to the microphone for entire verses at a time; horrendous musical errors — not knowing whether he's in a verse or a chorus or a bridge or whatever — that throw everyone else in the band off; long stretches where his playing is dull and purposeless; passages where he is ahead or behind the other players. Of course all this stuff has cropped up at different points through the years (and afflicted all the players now and again), but it's never been this bad and this rampant in the 25 years I've been going to shows.

Now this is a very, *very* tricky issue to write about because we're operating in something of an information vacuum here. I want to stress that I am *not* privy to any special information about Garcia's personal life, but neither am I protected from the ceaseless chatter of the rumor mill, which has focused almost exclusively on the notion that Garcia has a substance abuse problem again — certainly a



Artwork by Lisa C. Arcoleo

believable explanation for a condition Deadheads coast-to-coast have variously described as Garcia "not being there" or "out of it" at various shows. One thing for sure — his stage demeanor and body language have changed dramatically in the past year to 18 months, to the point where he is virtually immobile onstage much of the time, chin on his chest, staring blankly ahead and not really interacting with the other band members, either visually or musically. In that regard he does resemble the Garcia of '83-'84, a notoriously dark period for him. (In fairness, he *looks* a helluva lot healthier, physically, than he did back then.)

Another reason this issue is so hard to talk about intelligently is that the Garcia malaise isn't quantifiable, even by show: The same concert might have songs where he stumbles and bumbles and doesn't seem to be on the same planet as the rest of the band, followed by brilliant songs where he sings with unbridled passion. The year was filled with great vocals by Garcia on his big ballads, but it wasn't predictable in any way. I've heard people say, "Oh, I don't even listen to the words, so I didn't really notice" the lyric flubs. But if those people were listening closely to the music around all those faux pas, they surely would have noticed that when Garcia continually muffs lines, he also plays less precisely and less intensely and the rest of the band then tends to come *down* to his level, diminishing the group's overall power. The move at year's end to install lyric monitors for the singers was greeted by a mixture of horror and "It's about time" from Deadheads. Personally, I

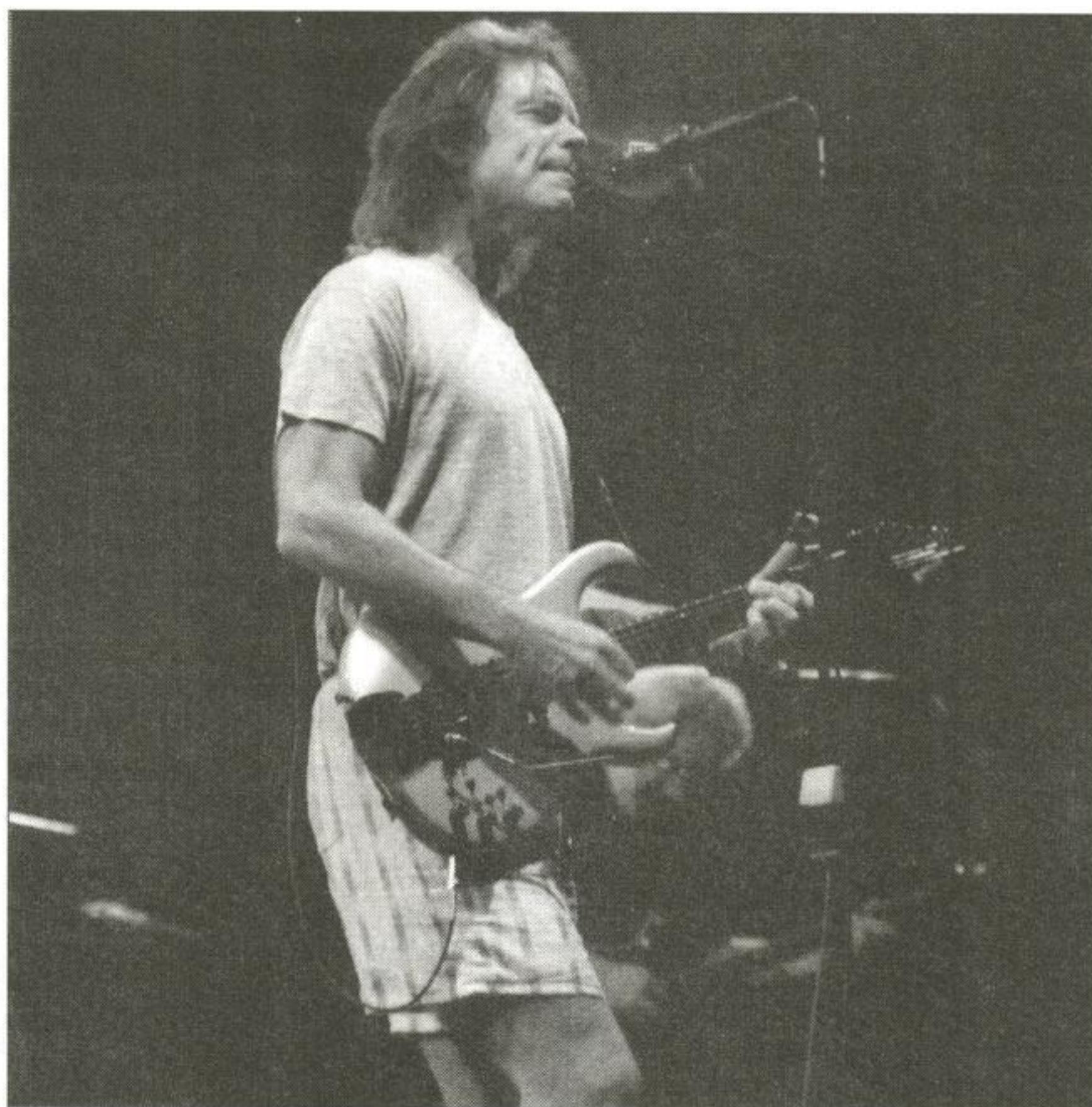
love to see the band get the lyrics right, and the monitors unquestionably helped Garcia on his new songs at the December Oakland shows. On a deeper level, I can't help thinking this is also just an inadequate Band-Aid covering up a larger problem.

The other frustrating part of the equation is that the rest of the band played fantastically the entire year. Phil mentioned in our *Dupree's* interview earlier this year that he, Bob, Mickey, and Billy were all practicing a form of yoga that had them in top mental form, and I think that was evident all year. The four of them — and I'll throw Vince in there, as well — were definitely in sync in a major way. Mickey and Billy have *never* played better, in my view. But having 5/6 of the Dead be "on" still isn't the full GD hit. It's Grateful Dead Lite, at best.

You may hear arguments to the contrary from the Grateful Dead organization, but I believe that the slower than normal ticket sales that afflicted the band at Madison Square Garden and in Oakland this fall are a direct result of the band playing so many mediocre shows, especially on summer tour. I know it's not just among my friends and colleagues that the exciting zing we all traditionally get before a run of shows has been replaced this last year-plus by concerned trepidation: "Which Garcia are we going to get this run?" And this isn't some picky, elitist Deadhead bumper scenario I've concocted out of my sick mind, either. The views I've expressed above are rife in the Deadhead community;

indeed, you'll find a lot of people who are much more fatalistic about the state of things than I am. I'm still basically optimistic. I saw some great playing this year, too, and almost everyone agrees that fall tour was one of the Dead's best in recent years. In dark times I've always believed that the band can turn it around and that the next GD renaissance is lurking around the next corner...just like it has always been.

So what *was* new this year? Well, there were three new songs introduced: the Hunter-Welnick *Samba in the Rain*, Phil and Andrew Charles' *If the Shoe Fits*, and Phil Lesh's *Childhood's End*.



The only new cover tune introduced in '94 was George Harrison's *I Want to Tell You* (from The Beatles' "Revolver," 1966), sung mainly by Garcia (with Vince). Typical of the group's recent covers, though, they didn't do much to embellish the original, and it was played only a handful of times. Still, it was a nice choice.

Actually, the biggest event in the Grateful Dead's world in 1994 wasn't onstage, it was related to personnel — specifically the shocking, abrupt sacking of sound engineer Dan Healy just before spring tour, for reasons that were never publicly explained. This was big, big news. Healy had been with the band since the late '60s, and

Photo by Bradley Gelb

I ragged on *Samba* in these pages when the tune was introduced, and my opinion of it has not changed much over the course of the zillion versions I've heard since. I've finally gotten used to the words a little, but I still think the melodic structure of the verse is completely inept. It dawned on me recently that what this song really resembles is a lame, gimmicky Tubes song — and there were plenty of those — with its contrived theatricality. Perhaps some of the song's intrinsic flaws will come to the surface when the band takes it apart to record it. I *want* to like it. But between *Samba* and the many same-sounding versions of *Way to Go Home* (still a first-set song in my view), Vince has temporarily derailed many a second set this year. Judging from what I read on The WELL, the Internet, and the various GD magazines, the ranks of Vince's detractors are growing with each tour, in part because so many people don't like his songs, which he tends to play an awful lot. I hate to see another situation arising where Deadheads become polarized over the keyboard player — as happened with Brent — but that is precisely what is happening all over again.

I'm probably going against the mainstream here, but I continue to like *If the Shoe Fits*, particularly in the first set. Occasionally the band isn't able to give it the punch and verve the song needs to put it across most effectively, but I'm guessing it should be great on the mythical new album, when the tempo is nailed down and Garcia figures out his role on it. *Childhood's End*, which I've only heard a handful of times, is still a bit of a mystery to me. At its best it has some of the lilting, lyrical feeling of the verse parts of *Unbroken Chain*, but it has also fallen victim to the band's apparent unfamiliarity with it, which has led to turgidness on occasion. It has a nice vibe to it, though, and it should improve with age.

through the years was the driving force behind the Dead's ever-improving state-of-the-art sound system. You'll find plenty of detractors who think Healy "lost it" as a soundman several years ago, that in recent years the once-clean sound had been cluttered by too many effects. I think many of the criticisms of his work are probably valid, but I was still sad to see Dan go. He was the tapers' best friend and always one of the more communicative souls in a notoriously tight-lipped organization. Firing people is not something the Dead take lightly — and it's something they've *never* handled well, either — but I want to give them the benefit of the doubt and believe that they were justified for taking action against Healy. No doubt the details of his dismissal will surface in due time. No one talks much about it outwardly, but I can imagine that this was a pretty heavy event for both the band and the organization as a whole.

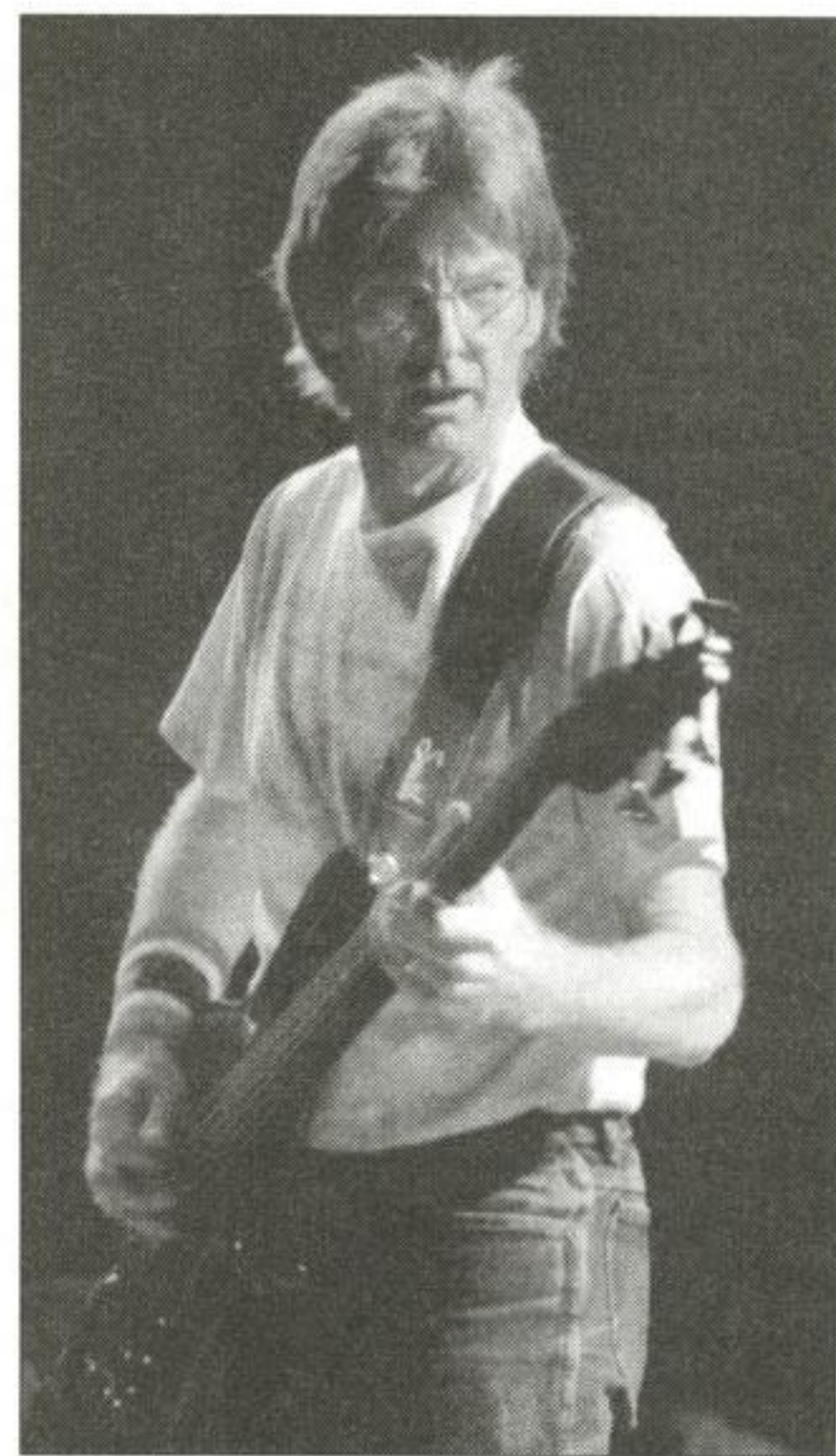


Photo by Greg Doggett

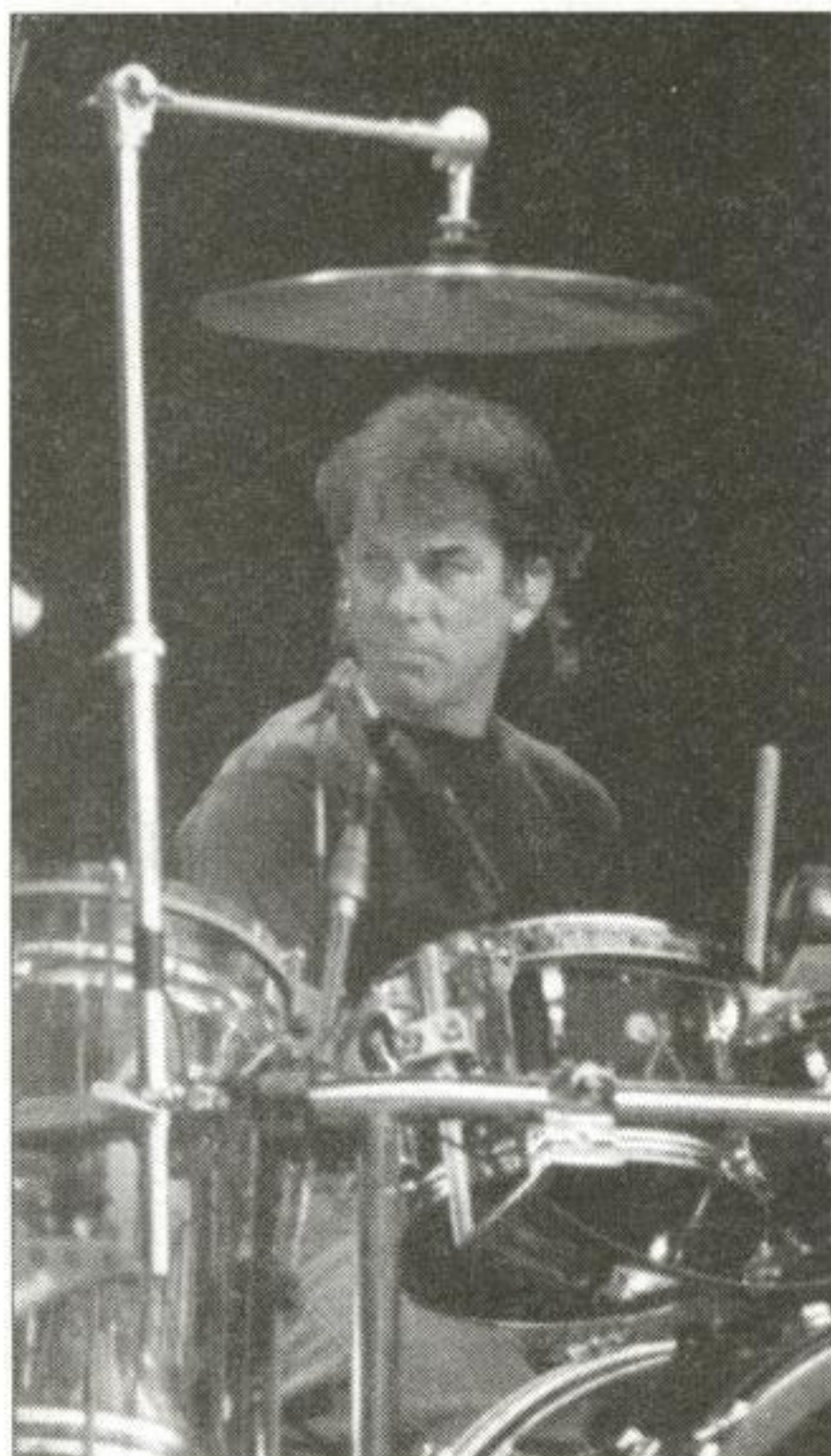


Photo by Christine McCarthy

Stepping into Healy's shoes couldn't have been too easy for John Cutler, but I think on the whole he's done an outstanding job. There is definitely less noise coursing through the sound system these days, fewer extraneous sound effects, and at some shows I've even detected less of a stereo spread — welcome news to any fan not sitting dead center on the floor who wants to hear Vince (on the left side) or Phil (on the right). Generally speaking I'd still like to see

Cutler turn up the volume a bit. There were many complaints that the stadiums weren't that well covered sound-wise this summer, but we heard the same thing in the Healy era, as well.

In this up-and-down year, the general consensus seems to be that the fall East Coast tour was the hottest, and the summer East/Midwest swing the weakest.

Spring tour had a decent share of exciting shows, though nothing really earthshaking. By tour's end, the band sounded like they needed a break. Notwithstanding a shaky start at Cal Expo, the early summer Western tour was very well received, with hot shows (sometimes literally) in Vegas, Eugene, and Shoreline. The regular summer tour was heavy on versions of *Samba in the Rain* and very light on Garcia's big jamming tunes — not a good combination of events. The tapes I heard of Deer Creek were impressive, if uneven, but most of the other shows I've heard from summer tour were standard at best, with only occasional flashes of true inspiration.

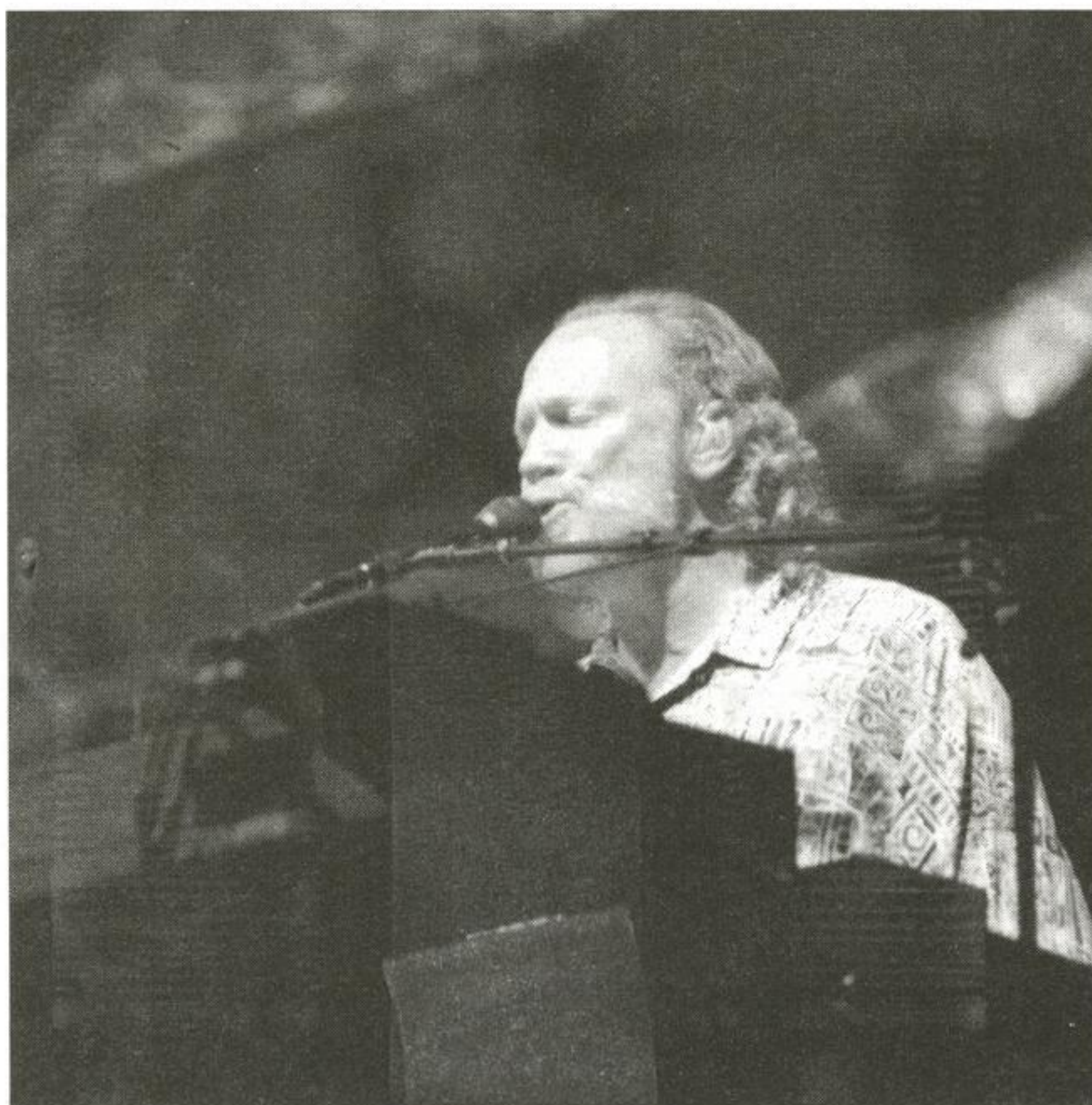


Photo by John O'Connell

Heads generally seemed to like Traffic as an opener at the stadium shows and in New York, Garcia helped out on a couple of Traffic tunes both days at Giants Stadium, and Mickey and Billy sat in on *Gimme Some Lovin'* the second day. Too bad Steve Winwood never played with the Dead.

But the serious mojo seemed to be back during fall tour, with *many* folks raving about shows at all four major stops: Boston Garden, The Spectrum, the unfortunately named USAir Arena, and Madison Square Garden. I only saw two of the MSG shows (but heard most of the rest of the tour on tape) and I'm here to testify that this was the real stuff: explosive and exploratory, rather than tepid and unsure. As I said before, this was definitely one of the strongest GD tours in recent years. Alas, the reports I got from Denver at the beginning of December were not very good, and the four shows that followed in Oakland, which I did see (see page 27) were a mixed bag. My deadline for this article prevented me from hearing tapes of the L.A. shows that closed the year, but I heard mainly good things about them — particularly the 12/16 concert with Branford Marsalis sitting in and the last concert of the year, 12/19. I gather Garcia was in great spirits at these shows, which is always nice to hear.

The coming year has the potential to be a very exciting year for the Grateful Dead, between the hoopla that is sure to surround their 30th anniversary (a milestone definitely worth celebrating!), the possible release of what I'm convinced will be an excellent new album, a couple of projected archive releases, and the prospect of a wrinkle or two in the band's tired, formulaic touring schedule. At the risk of belaboring my earlier theme, it seems to me that if Garcia can pull himself together to the point where he feels truly involved and committed to the Grateful Dead again —

if he can rise above what often looks from the outside like a mixture of despair and ennui — this band could scale some amazing heights together down the road. No amount of carping and/or wishing from folks like me can *make* that happen (alas, it might even exacerbate it, for all I know), but the ever-present possibility that the next show, the next song, the next moment is going to blow my mind, is going to keep me coming back with a big ol' smile on my face! There still ain't no other place I'd rather be on a given day!

Finally, you read it here first: The farther to the right this country moves politically, the stronger the counterculture

becomes. In repressive times, people need outlets to express their individuality. As the Republican (or Reptilian) majority strengthens its grip on America, look for more and more people to reject the values of the dominant culture and look to the Dead (and other bands) to get a dose of fun and freedom. If the band actually manages to get an album out next summer (as they hope), it's gonna be BIG — a taste of '87 all over again — and *Liberty* is going to be the track that radio plays to death. Let your freak flags fly, y'all!

Odds, Ends, and Miscellaneous Detritus

Song of the Year: *Fire on the Mountain*. At nearly every run where *Scarlet > Fire* was performed, it was a highlight, and the versions of *Fire* were particularly big and beefy in '94. Also cool was the one show (Shoreline 7/3) where *Fire* came out of *Eyes of the World*. Runner Up: *Standing on the Moon* — This is the *Morning Dew* of the '90s, with great, emotional lyrics that Garcia seems to really connect with.

Revelation of the Year: *Clementine*. When David Gans (aided by Dick Latvala) unearthed this song, which was apparently only played a few times in 1968, for a "Grateful Dead Hour" program early in '94, I'd never heard it before. For a rabid fan of '68 Dead, this was was the Grateful Dead equivalent of unearthing some previously undiscovered Egyptian tomb. Written by Phil and Hunter, but sung by Garcia, *Clementine* is clearly in the same vein as *That's It For the Other One* and *New Potato Caboose*, though obviously it never developed as fully. The story goes that Garcia never entirely warmed up to the song — the three versions I've heard do all sound a bit tentative — so he dropped it. Still, it's a great find from deep in the vaults.

Where Did That Song Go? *Dark Star* received two fairly uninspired playings in '94. Add to the underplayed in '94 list *Goin' Down the Road*, *Stuck Inside of Mobile*, *China Doll*, *Black Peter*, the *Playing* reprise, and *High Time*.

The 1994 Richard Nixon "You Won't Have Me To Kick Around Anymore" Award: *Wave to the Wind*.

Most Improved: *Easy Answers* (though I still think it's kinda lame), *Corrina*, *El Paso* (great with the acoustic guitar!).

Best Lyric From a New Song: "Scouting unknown borders under multi-colored moons/In the wildest flights of cosmic mystery/Rang a single soaring tone that strung the sky in tune/As the silence in my heart rose from the sea." From *Childhood's End*, lyrics by Phil Lesh (!).

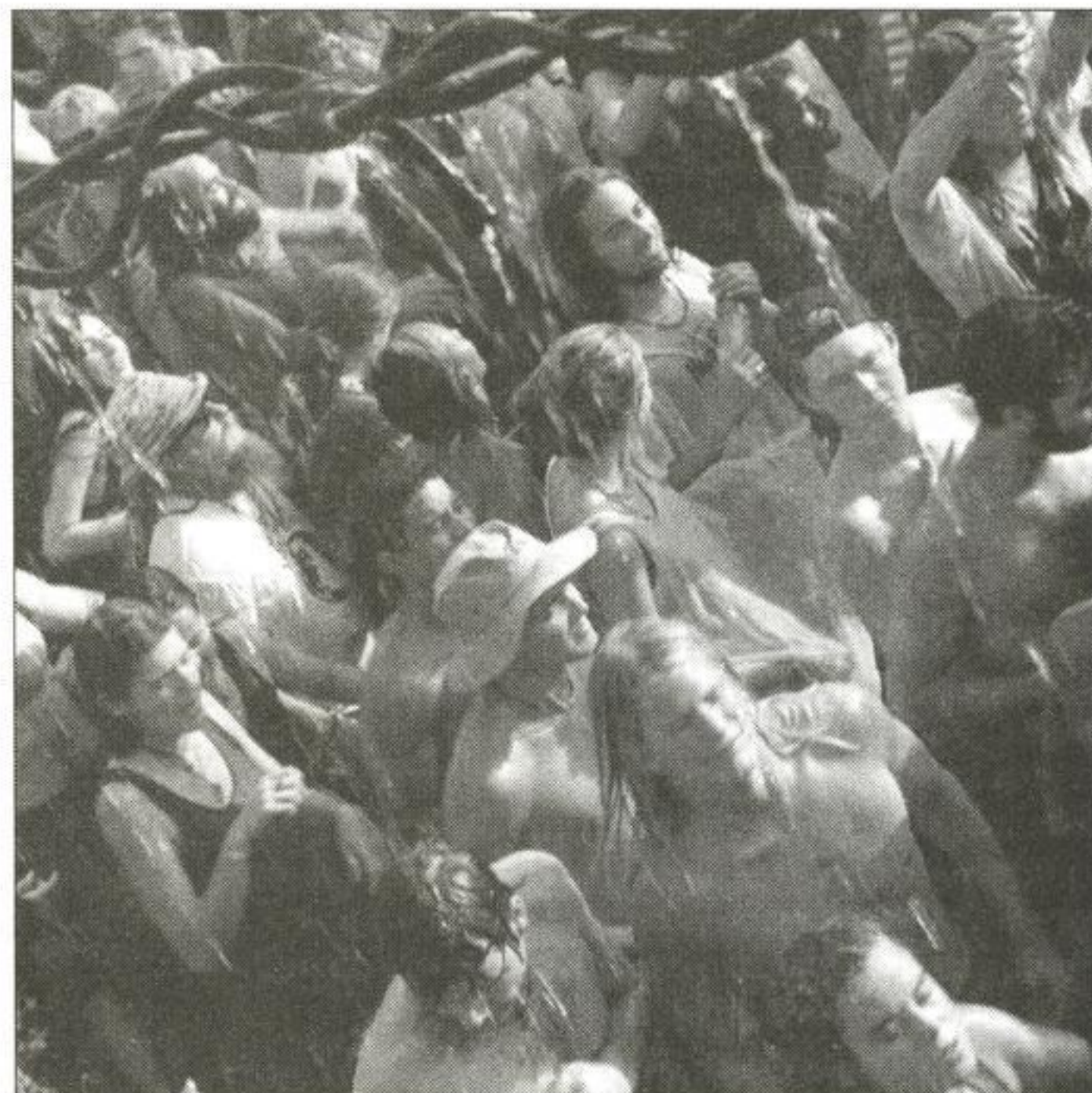
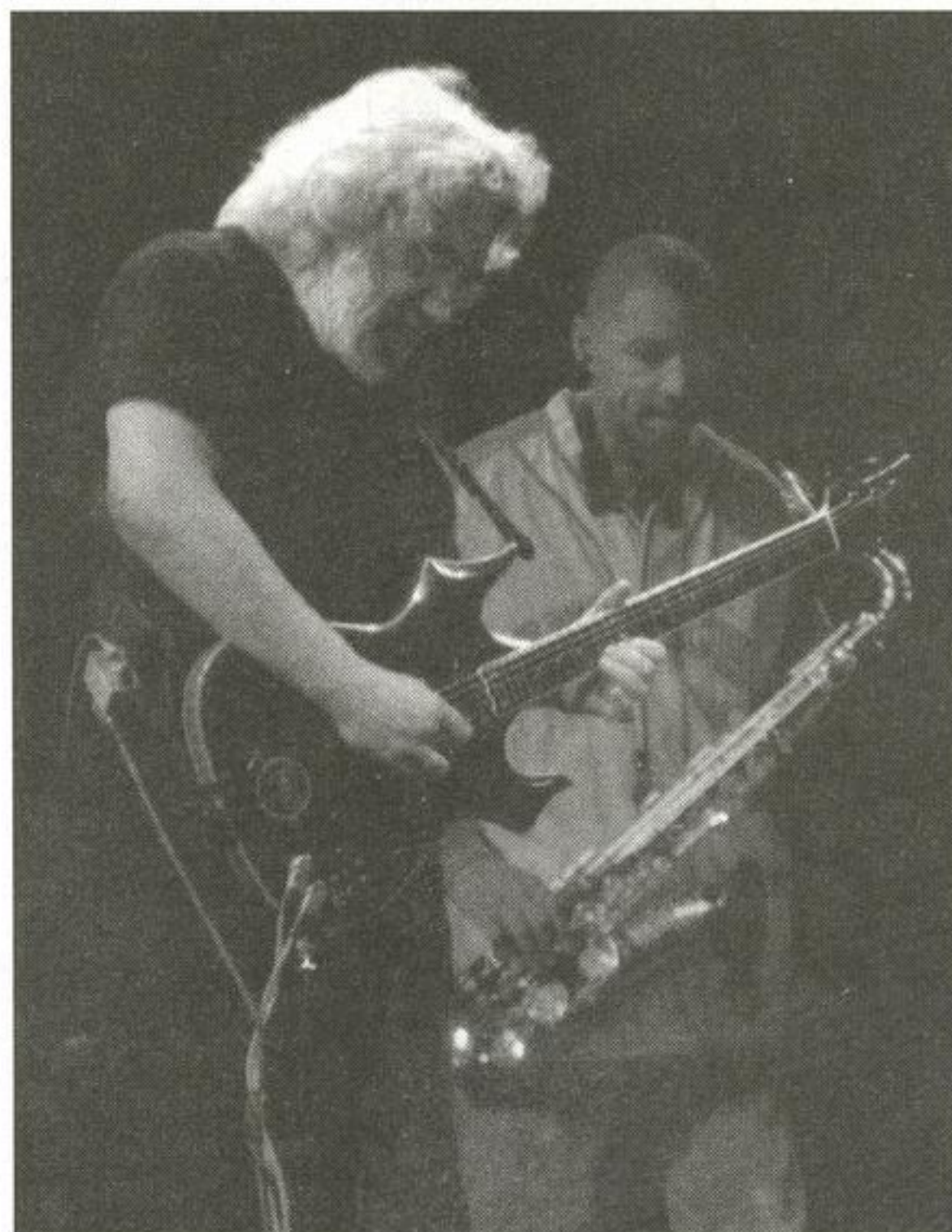


Photo by Christine McCarthy

Hottest Show: Vegas #1, June 24. According to one report, it was 131 degrees on the floor at 3 p.m. Methinks perhaps playing in the desert in June isn't such a good idea.

So Glad I Saw It: 1) Dylan joining the boys for a sloppy, riotous version of *Rainy Day Women* at Madison Square Garden 10/17. 2) The now-famous *St. Stephen* soundcheck 12/8. OK, so they only played the first two verses, bluffed their way slowly through the bridge, and then played the last verse (skipping the "Did he doubt or did he try" verse altogether). It was still a rush hearing it and it was good enough to make me believe that with a little work it could really be something up the line. How about in '95, guys?



So Sorry I Missed It: 1) *Comes a Time* at the USAir Arena 10/9. 2) Branford Marsalis with the Dead at the L.A. Sports Arena 12/16. Hey, Branford's taking a leave from *The Tonight Show*... How about a whole tour with him?!

Cool Surprises: *Big Railroad Blues* at Cal Expo 6/8; the mid-second set *Help > Slip > Frank* at Deer Creek 7/21; the first-set-ending *Midnight Hour* at The Palace in Auburn Hills, MI, 7/31; The second set-ending *Satisfaction* at The Palace 8/1; *Lucy In the Sky With Diamonds* in the Garcia ballad slot on 12/8.

R.I.P.: Sacramento's homey, intimate Cal Expo Amphitheatre (known in the Bay Area as "the last good place the Dead play"), which has been razed and will be replaced by yet another reserved seats-plus-lawn "shed."

Photo by Bradley Gelb

Chump Move of the Year: Garcia not showing up at the band's induction at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. The reason? "A cold." Right.

Worst Depiction of Deadheads in the Media: The infamous *L.A. Law* episode in which Deadhead Charles Martin Smith (you loved him as the geeky Toad in *American Grafitti*) is being sued for divorce by his wife because he's too devoted to the Dead. The writers made tons of silly factual mistakes about the Dead and basically painted a cartoonish picture of Deadheads (even if it did come out slightly pro-Dead).

Letdown of the Year: The acoustic GD set (sans drummers) billed as Phil Lesh & Friends at a Berkeley Community Theatre fundraiser for Berkeley's school music program. A few good moments, but Garcia was *way* off most of the night.

Unsung Heroes of the Year: Steve Silberman and David Shenk, authors of *Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads*. Notwithstanding the fact that Silberman is a buddy of mine and that I contributed to a few entries in this book, I truly believe this is one of the best books ever written about the Dead. It's a work that illuminates as it entertains, and the spirit and tone of the book is exactly right in my view. It's a beautifully put together blend of Big Picture philosophizing and subculture minutia. It's a *must* for every serious Deadhead. File it next to the other essential GD books — *The Official Book of the Deadheads*, *Playing in the Band*, and the *Grateful Dead Family Album*.

BJ's Top 20 Favorites from '94

The usual caveats apply: These are "favorites," not necessarily the "best," and therefore reflect all my personal likes and dislikes. I attended 18 shows in '94 — 16 in California and two in New York — so most of these I heard only on tape. I was unable to hear L.A. tapes before writing this, but I'm going to go out on a limb and guess that the 12/16 show with Branford Marsalis would probably be a worthy addition to my list. The shows are listed in chronological order.

1. 3/16, Rosemont Horizon: John Cutler's first show as mixer may not have sounded great in the hall, but it was definitely a fine show with a very strong first set (*High Time*, *Tom Thumb's*), a great *Scarlet > Fire*, a brief *Dark Star* and lots more.

2. 3/17, Rosemont Horizon: Excellent second set with *Box of Rain*, *Iko*, *Playing > Uncle John's*, and a powerful *Morning Dew* closer.

3. 3/21, Richfield Coliseum: Fantastic second set with *Picasso > Speedway* opener, unique *Space > Lovelight > Stella Blue > Lovelight* reprise.

4. 3/23, Nassau Coliseum: *Shakedown Street*, *Might As Well > Promised Land* in first set; *Cool China Cat*, *So Many Roads*, *Standing on the Moon > Good Lovin'* in the second set.

5. 3/27, Nassau Coliseum: The meat of the second set is *Playing > Uncle John's > a hearty jam > Drums > Space > The Other One > Morning Dew*. Best *Dew* of '94.

6. 3/30, The Omni: Rip-roaring excitement with *HC Sunshine* and *Speedway* in the first set; titanic *Scarlet > Fire*, *Playing*, and strange-o *Dark Star* in second.

7. 6/19, Autzen Stadium: Two-hour-and-20-minute second set include fine *Scarlet > Fire*, *Playing > Uncle John's*, and my favorite *Other One* of the year. A few shaky spots.

8. 7/2, Shoreline Amphitheatre: Unique *Music Never Stopped >*

Sugaree > Music reprise to open show; solid *Help > Slip > Franklin's*; *Truckin' > Smokestack*; *Stella Blue* out of *Space*.

9. 7/3, Shoreline Amphitheatre: Trippy *Bird Song*; amazing sequence of *Eyes > Fire on the Mountain > Box of Rain > Terrapin*; *Corrina* out of *Space*. My favorite show that I attended.

10. 7/19, Deer Creek: Killer *Shakedown* opener; solid (if not error-free) *Foolish Heart > Saint > I Want to Tell You > Playing*.

11. 7/20, Deer Creek: *Beat It On Down...* and *High Time* in first set; Three "rain" songs (*Box*, *Samba*, *Looks Like...*) followed by *HC Sunshine* to open second set; *Corrina* into partial version of Calypso classic *Mathilda*; *Space* into *Uncle John's*.

12. 7/31, The Palace at Auburn Hills: Not a glamorous set list, but exquisitely well-played from beginning to end, with great *Truckin' > Speedway > He's Gone*, and *Spanish Jam > Last Time > Black Peter > Good Lovin'*.

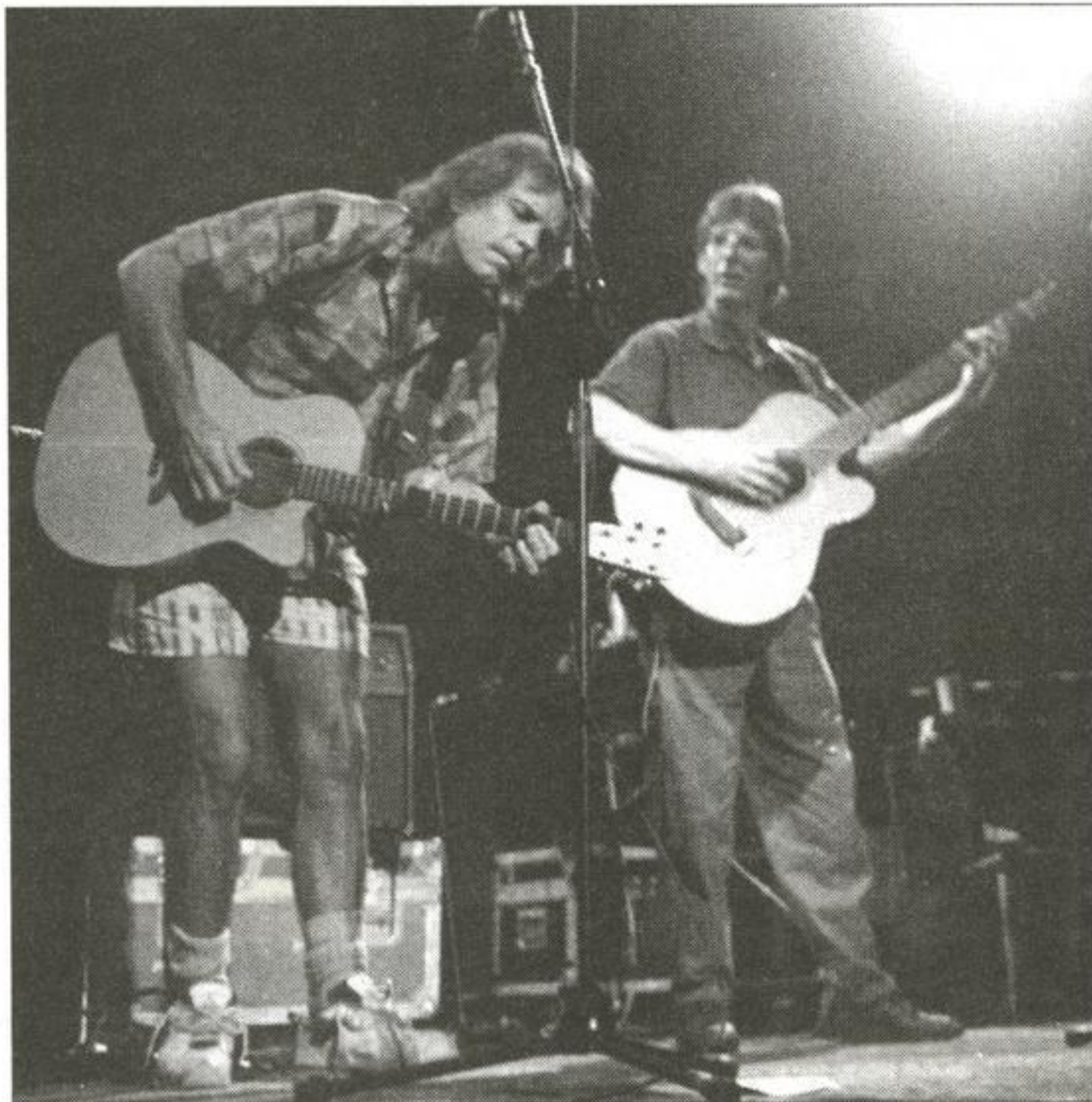


Photo by Harold Adler

BJ's 1994 Dream Show

Wow, the band is sure in great form for this special, one-time-only concert at the Marin Veteran's Auditorium! Look, you're not in a hurry to get home, somebody else can drive, and besides, you'll be your old self again in six or seven hours, so party down and dance like a dervish!

Shakedown Street (Deer Creek, 7/19) > Midnight Hour (MSG 10/17), High Time (Rosemont 3/16), El Paso (Autzen 6/19), Cumberland Blues (Spectrum 10/5), Black-Throated Wind (Oakland 12/11), So Many Roads (Shoreline 7/3), Cassidy (MSG 10/18), Help on the Way > Slipknot > Franklin's Tower (MSG 10/18)

Scarlet Begonias > Fire on the Mountain (Boston Garden 10/1), Playing in the Band > jam > (Shoreline 7/1) > Days Between (Oakland 12/12) > Drums (with Sikuru) > Space > Box of Rain (all from Oakland 12/9) > Spanish jam > (Palace 7/31) > The Other One (Autzen 6/19) > Stella Blue (Las Vegas 6/25) > Sugar Magnolia (Boston 9/29) > Morning Dew (Nassau 3/27) > Sunshine Daydream (Boston 9/29)

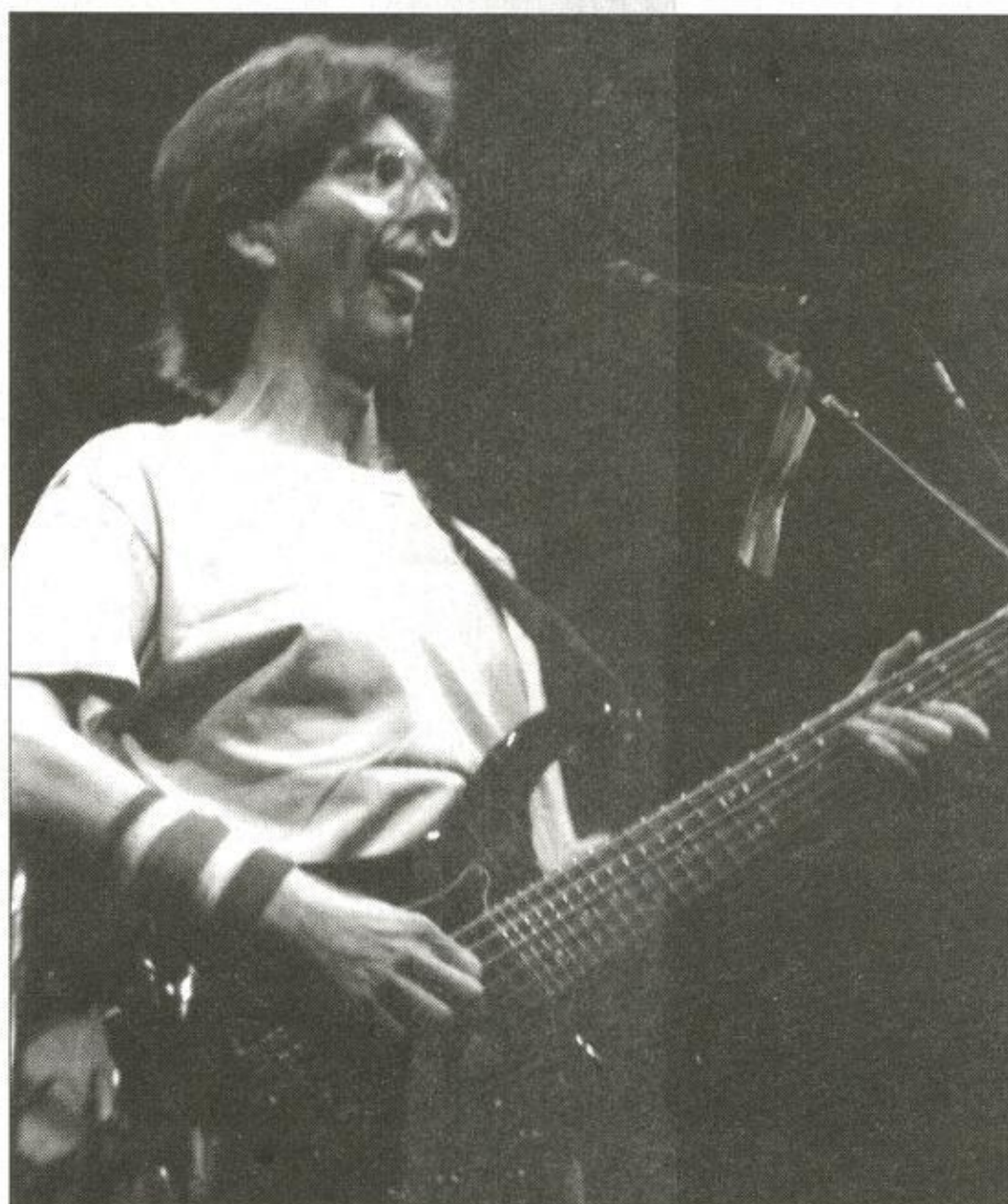
Encore: Good Lovin' (Palace 7/31) > Standing on the Moon (Spectrum 10/5)

13. 9/29, Boston Garden: Definitely in my '94 Top Five! Excellent *Let It Grow*, *Playing* > *Eyes* > *Estimated* > *He's Gone*; *Spanish jam* > *Other One*; all superb!

14. 10/1, Boston Garden: *Help* > *Slip* > *Franklin's* opener plus my favorite '94 versions of *Scarlet* > *Fire* and *Terrapin*, lots more.

15. 10/3, Boston Garden: Lots of cool stuff, including *Touch* > *Beat It On Down* and *Dire Wolf* in first set; long *Shakedown*, *Cassidy* > *Goin' Down the Road* before *Drums*; *Attics of My Life*. Quite a few flaws.

16. 10/5 Spectrum: Very strong second set includes *Midnight Hour* > *Cumberland*, *Playing* > *Uncle John's*, *Standing on the Moon*.



17. 10/10, USAir Arena: Second set *Help* > *Slip* > *Franklin's*; *Estimated* > *Terrapin*; *Stella Blue* > *Not Fade Away*.

18. 10/13, MSG: Solid first set includes only '94 *Dupree's Diamond Blues*, plus *Masterpiece* and *Let It Grow*; set two has *Foolish Heart* > *Playing* > *Uncle John's*, *Other One*, *Johnny B. Goode*.

19. 10/14, MSG: *Box of Rain* first-set closer; epic *Scarlet* > *Fire*; neat *Corrina*; *Attics of My Life* > *Lovelight*.

20. 12/9, Oakland Coliseum: Bizarre but fun second set with 30-plus-minute *Scarlet* > *Fire*, *That Would Be Something*, fabulous *Drums* with Sikuru on talking drum, *Space* into *Box of Rain*. ♦

Photo by Bradley Gelb

By Warren J. Bograd & John Siegel

*It's 11:15.
The show just ended.
You're 500 miles away.
Now you can find out
what they played
right after the show.*

SET LISTS • TOUR DATES • MAIL ORDER INFO

Dupree's InfoLine

1•900•454•DEAD

79¢ per minute • must be 18 and older
Service provided by DDN 914-232-6719

First Set Openers

Jack Straw	13
Hell In A Bucket	10
Touch Of Grey	10
Feel Like A Stranger	7
Mississippi Half-Step	6
Help On The Way	6
Shakedown Street	6
Cold Rain And Snow	5
Picasso Moon	5
Let The Good Times Roll	4
Here Comes Sunshine	4
Bertha	2
Box Of Rain	1
Greatest Story Ever Told	1
Iko Iko	1
In The Midnight Hour	1
The Music Never Stopped	1
Rain	1

First Set Closers

Don't Ease Me In	18
Promised Land	13
Deal	12
The Music Never Stopped	10
Bird Song	7
Let It Grow	6
Easy Answers	5
Cassidy	4
Eternity	4
Bertha	1
Box Of Rain	1
In The Midnight Hour	1
Picasso Moon	1
Tennessee Jed	1

Second Set Openers

China Cat Sunflower	10
Victim Or The Crime	10
Iko Iko	8
Scarlet Begonias	8
Eyes Of The World	7
Foolish Heart	6
Here Comes Sunshine	6
Samson & Delilah	6
Box Of Rain	4
Picasso Moon	3
Help On The Way	2
Playing In The Band	2
Rain	2
Easy Answers	1
Mississippi Half-Step	1
If The Shoe Fits	1
Lucy In The Sky W/Diamonds	1
In The Midnight Hour	1
Saint Of Circumstance	1
Sugar Magnolia	1
Touch Of Grey	1
Truckin'	1
Man Smart, Woman Smarter	1

Total of 84 Shows in 1994

Feb. 25, 26, 27	Oakland Coliseum Arena, Oakland, CA
Mar. 4, 5, 6	Desert Sky Pavilion, Phoenix, AZ
Mar. 16, 17, 18	Rosemont Horizon, Rosemont, IL
Mar. 20, 21	Richfield Coliseum, Richfield, OH
Mar. 23-25, 27, 28	Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, NY
Mar. 30, 31, Apr. 1	The Omni, Atlanta, GA
Apr. 4	Orlando Arena, Orlando, FL
Apr. 6, 7, 8	Miami Arena, Miami, FL
June 8, 9, 10	Cal Expo, Sacramento, CA
June 13, 14	Seattle Memorial Stadium, Seattle, WA
June 17, 18, 19	Autzen Stadium, Eugene, OR
June 24, 25, 26	Sam Boyd Silver Bowl, Henderson, NV
July 1, 2, 3	Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA
July 13	Franklin County Airport, Highgate, VT
July 16, 17	RFK Stadium, Washington, DC
July 19, 20, 21	Deer Creek Music Center, Noblesville, IN
July 23, 24	Soldier Field, Chicago, IL
July 26, 27	Riverport Music Theater, Maryland Hts, MO
July 29	Buckeye Lake Music Center, Hebron, OH
July 31, Aug. 1	The Palace, Auburn Hills, MI
Aug. 3, 4	Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ
Sept. 16, 17, 18	Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA
Sept. 27-29, Oct. 1-3	Boston Garden, Boston, MA
Oct. 5, 6, 7	The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Oct. 9, 10, 11	USAir Arena, Landover, MD
Oct. 13-15, 17-19	Madison Square Garden, New York, NY
Nov. 29, 30, Dec. 1	McNichols Arena, Denver, CO
Dec. 8, 9, 11, 12	Oakland Coliseum Arena, Oakland, CA
Dec. 15, 16, 18, 19	L.A. Sports Arena, Los Angeles, CA
Phil Lesh & Friends	(Wasn't counted in stats)
Sept. 29	Berkeley Community Theatre, Berkeley, CA

Second Set Closers

Sugar Magnolia	15
Not Fade Away	14
Turn On Your Lovelight	11
One More Saturday Night	10
Good Lovin'	9
Morning Dew	8
Around 'N Around	6
Standing On The Moon	4
Johnny B. Goode	2
Box Of Rain	1
Turn On Yr Lovelight (reprise)	1
Satisfaction	1
Sunshine Daydream (separate)	1
Throwing Stones	1

Of Songs Sung By Each Musician

Jerry	652
Bobby	587
Phil	52
Vince	52
Everybody	30
Guest	1

Songs Just BEFORE DRUMZ

Terrapin Station	15
He's Gone	13
Corrina	12
Uncle John's Band	10
Estimated Prophet	5
Eyes Of The World	4
Saint Of Circumstance	3
That Would Be Something	3
Truckin'	3
Dark Star	2
GDTRFB	2
Playing In The Band	2
Man Smart, Woman Smarter	2
Crazy Fingers	1
Franklin's Tower	1
Mathilda	1
New Speedway Boogie	1
Samba In The Rain	1
Samson & Delilah	1
Tomorrow Never Knows	1
Way To Go Home	1

Songs Just AFTER SPACE

The Last Time	18
I Need A Miracle	15
The Other One	12
The Wheel	10
All Along The Watchtower	8
Days Between	5
Way To Go Home	3
Spanish Jam	2
Box Of Rain	1
China Doll	1
Corrina	1
GDTRFB	1
I Want To Tell You	1
Turn On Your Lovelight	1
Samba In The Rain	1
Standing On The Moon	1
Stella Blue	1
Uncle John's Band	1
Wharf Rat	1

Encores

Liberty	22
I Fought The Law	12
Brokedown Palace	11
U.S. Blues	9
Johnny B. Goode	7
It's All Over Now, Baby Blue	6
Rain	4
Knockin' On Heaven's Door	2
Lucy In The Sky W/Diamonds	2
Quinn The Eskimo	2
The Weight	2
(None)	2
Box Of Rain	1
I Want To Tell You	1
Rainy Day Women...	1

First Time Breakouts

Samba In The Rain	6/8/94
If The Shoe Fits	6/9/94
I Want To Tell You	7/1/94
Childhood's End	7/20/94
Mathilda	7/20/94

Songs Brought Back

	Last Perf.	'94 Perf.
Lovelight (reprise)	6/6/70	3/21/94
Might As Well	6/17/91	3/23/94
Sunshine DD (alone)	9/12/91	6/10/94
(No Encore)	5/3/86	7/1/94
Quinn The Eskimo	6/11/92	7/29/94
Satisfaction	6/18/92	8/1/94
Dupree's Diam. Bls.	3/26/90	10/13/94
Rainy Day Women	7/26/87	10/17/94

Days Played

Friday	16
Sunday	15
Wednesday	13
Thursday	13
Saturday	10
Monday	10
Tuesday	7

States Played in

California	20
New York	11
Massachusetts	6
Illinois	5
Florida	4
Arizona	3
Colorado	3
Georgia	3
Indiana	3
Maryland	3
Nevada	3
Ohio	3
Oregon	3
Pennsylvania	3
Michigan	2
Missouri	2
New Jersey	2
Washington	2
Washington, DC	2
Vermont	1

Miscellaneous Info

- Avg. # of Songs Per Show 16.36
- Avg. # of Songs in First Set 7.64
- Avg. # of Songs in Second Set 7.74
- Avg. # of Songs in Encore .98
- Shortest First Set was 6 songs
- Shortest Second Set was 6 songs
- Shortest Show was 13 songs
- Longest First Set was 10 songs
- Longest Second Set was 10 songs
- Longest Show was 20 songs
- Longest Encore was 1 song

Months Played

January	0
February	3
March	15
April	5
May	0
June	11
July	15
August	3
September	6
October	15
November	2
December	9

The Year in Review Tape Trading 1994

By Michael Goetz, John Dwork, Rich Petlock, Harry Hahn, & Carl J. Williams

No bones about it, 1994 was one of the best years *ever* for collecting Grateful Dead tapes! A wealth of soundboards from numerous years appeared on the scene, especially from the much sought after '72-'73 period — a rare delight for serious collectors. What follows is a brief review of those recent tape finds we think every serious collector should consider acquiring. As usual we only list tapes that are either already enjoying widespread circulation or are about to. Enjoy!

4/27/69 Labor Temple Minneapolis, MN

A) Lovelight>
Me & My Uncle>
Sittin' on Top of the World
Dark Star>
B) St. Stephen>
The Eleven>
Lovelight

Fits on a 90-minute tape. Sound: A quality soundboard. Source: KPFA and Dead Hour #309. The Dead waste little time here as they charge out of the gate with a long, sizzling *Lovelight*. Instead of ending it, Garcia and Lesh create a beautiful door through which *Me & My Uncle* struts in (probably catching Weir with his pants down). They almost head back into *Lovelight* but instead swing into a lively *SOTOTW*. The following *Dark Star* is long and lean, slithering across the mind's eye like a snake in search of prey. Much to everyone's delight the snake transforms into a fully erect *St. Stephen*. This is a good, hard version, but *The Eleven* that follows is orgasmic. Speaking of (hopefully) love, the Dead finish up this must-hear show with a second *Lovelight* that's dripping wet with electric energy.

12/26/69 S.M.U. Dallas, TX

A) Acoustic:

Monkey & the Engineer
Lil' Sadie
Long Black Limo
All Around This World
The Master's Bouquet
Black Peter
Uncle John's Band

Electric:
Casey Jones
B) Cold Rain & Snow
China Cat>
Rider
High Time
Me & My Uncle
Lovelight

Fits on a 90-minute tape. Sound: B quality soundboard. The very relaxed acoustic set features the rare gospel tune *Master's Bouquet* played on the heels of Christmas. The electric set is a high-voltage contrast that ends with a raucous *Lovelight*. This version has the Pig and Weir doing one of their famous screaming duets. After the final yelp some guy takes the mic and zings the crowd with, "You've just had it done to you by the Grateful Dead, folks!" Indeed!

12/29/69 Boston Tea Party, MA

A) ...Mama Tried
Black Peter
Easy Wind
Me & My Uncle
China Cat>
Rider
High Time
B) Hard To Handle
Mason's Children
Cumberland Blues
Casey Jones
Good Lovin'>
Drums (cut)

Fits on a 90-minute tape. Sound: B+/C-. Source: KPFA. Due to the erratic sound

quality it's best to just tape the following night which is widely circulated. On the other hand, give a listen to *Black Peter*, *Easy Wind*, and the *China Cat > Rider*, which all cook. *Mason's Children* is played like a *Viola Lee* with that straight-ahead, in-yo-face style of jamming. This one's ferocious, too.

6/13/70 Honolulu, HI

Good Lovin'
China Cat>
Rider

Fits on a 45-minute side. A quality soundboard. Source: KPFA. The emphasis here is on raw, explosive energy (you can hear a bloodcurdling yelp of pre-orgasmic anticipation from someone in the audience at the start of *Good Lovin'*). The drum solo inside *Good Lovin'* features a short but hip Indian-style vocal percussive rap (da da digadigada) by Mickey.

8/26/71 Gaelic Park, NY

St. Stephen>
Not Fade Away>
Goin' Down the Road>
Not Fade Away

Fits on a 45-minute side. A quality soundboard. Source: KPFA. Not nearly as impressive as numerous versions from later that year, but the band does get mighty excitable during *Not Fade Away*.

7/21/72 Paramount Theater Seattle, WA

A) Sugaree
Black-Throated Wind
Cumberland Blues
Bobby McGee
Loser
Mexicali Blues
B) China Cat>
Rider



Photo by Herb Greene

BIODTL
Stella Blue
Playing in the Band
Tennessee Jed
A) Casey Jones
Me & My Uncle
Deal
Jack Straw
He's Gone
Truckin'>
Drums>
B) Drums & Bass>
Jam>
Other One>
Comes A Time
Sugar Magnolia
Ramble On Rose (cut)

Fits on two 90-minute tapes. Sound: A quality soundboard. Mid-summer 1972 was the least memorable part of that enormous year in GD history. The shows between Roosevelt Stadium on 7/18 and the Veneta, Oregon Field Trip on 8/27 were all consistently mellow

by comparison to what came before and after. Not bad, just laid back. This show largely fits this category. Still, as is the case with every '72 show we've ever heard, it's worth getting.

8/20/72 San Jose Civic Center, CA

A) ...Bertha (lousy sound)
Me & My Uncle
Sugaree
BIODTL
Bird Song
Jack Straw
Friend of the Devil
Black-Throated Wind
B) ...Cumberland
El Paso
Loser
Playing in the Band

Fits on a 90-minute tape. Sound: B+ quality soundboard. A mediocre first set here is redeemed by the yet another of the many outstanding *Playing in the Bands* highlighted in this column.

Garcia plugs in the ol' Black and Decker to drill a hole on yer brain. This cut makes *gggreat* filler.

9/15/72 Boston Music Hall, MA ...Other One...

9/16/72 Boston Music Hall, MA ...Dark Star...

Both excerpts fit on one 45-minute side. Sound: B quality soundboard. Shame on the person who is holding out on us with the rest of these concerts! These two excerpts are potent examples of the Dead at their trippiest. Most tapes of these two cuts start off with the *Dark Star* (which segued at the show — but not on this tape — into *Brokedown Palace*) and then finish with *The Other One*. This music is, to say the least, "dripping."

9/21/72 The Spectrum Philadelphia, PA

A) ...Promised Land
 Bird Song
 El Paso
 China Cat>
 Rider
 Black-Throated Wind
 Ramble On Rose
 Cumberland Blues
 B) Cumberland Blues (continues on
 side B of cassette tapes)
 Playing in the Band
 He's Gone>
 Truckin'>
 Jam>
 Truckin' reprise
 Black Peter
 A) Mexicali Blues
 Dark Star>
 Morning Dew
 BIODTL
 B) Mississippi Half-Step
 Sugar Magnolia
 Friend of the Devil
 Not Fade Away>
 Goin' Down the Road>
 Not Fade Away
 One More Saturday Night

Fits on two 100-minute cassette tapes (although tape one misses several first set songs). Sound: B quality soundboard. As a whole this is yet another amazing show from 1972, but the real nugget of the performance is *Dark Star* > *Jam* > *Morning Dew*. After a typically ENORMOUS *Dark Star*, complete with intergalactic post-verse meltdown, Jerry leads the band into a melodic jam as memorable in its own right as the 1973 Watkins Glen soundcheck *Jam* or the *Jam* in *Dark Star* at Wembley Pool on 4/8/72. This must be heard to be believed! As if this wasn't heavenly enough, Jerry then marches the band proudly through a picture-perfect *Morning Dew*. This *Saturday Night* is one of the band's all-time best versions. An absolutely, positively must-have 100 minutes of music!

9/23/72 Waterbury, CT

Playing in the Band
 Promised Land>
 Bertha>
 Greatest Story
 Baby Blue
 Cryptical>
 Other One>
 Wharf Rat
 Sugar Magnolia>
 Goin' Down the Road>
 Not Fade Away>
 One More Saturday Night

Fits on a 90-minute tape (also available on DAT with the jam uncut). Sound:

A- quality soundboard. A classic concert. *Playing in the Band* is waaay trippy. *Baby Blue*, although marred by a flubbed verse or two, is quite rare for the time and beautifully bittersweet. *Cryptical*, one of the last ever, is also a bit rough around the edges, but the band quickly moves on to a blistering *Other One* that eventually melts down into a tumbling sea of apocalyptic statements only to be powerfully resurrected for the final verse. Before *Sugar Mags* Bobby tells the audience, "You're gonna love this," and then the band pours its heart into 20 more minutes of kick-ass rock and roll. Do not, we repeat, do not pass this tape by.

9/24/72 Waterbury, CT

A) Playing in the Band
 Tomorrow is Forever
 Dark Star>
 B) Drums>
 Jam>
 China Cat>
 Rider
 Sugar Magnolia

Fits on a 90-minute tape (with plenty of room on the first side). Sound: A-quality soundboard. We wanna know what were these guys high on at Waterbury?! This is yet *another* classic performance. *Playing in the Band* (which has a small glitch) is, again, a textbook example of the Dead at their most visionary peak. *Dark Star* sounds very much like the 8/27/72 Oregon Fairgrounds show, both in tone and progression. Out of deep, deep space Jerry finds himself leaping into *China Cat*, almost without any forethought! It's so *perfect* it almost makes you laugh out loud. Fasten your seatbelts; this must-have tape packs a mighty dose of space music!

11/14/72 Oklahoma City, OK

A) Promised Land
 Sugaree
 El Paso
 Loser
 Black-Throated Wind
 Bertha
 B) Mexicali Blues
 Tennessee Jed
 Big River
 China Cat>
 Rider
 Box of Rain
 BIODTL
 Friend of the Devil
 B) He's Gone>
 Other One tease>
 Truckin'>

Other One>

Sing Me Back Home
 Sugar Magnolia (cut)
 B) (on cassettes, side B of the second tape has the following music on it)
 end of first set: ...Around 'n Around
 encore: Casey Jones
 beginning of second set: Greatest Story
 Brown-Eyed Women
 Me & My Uncle
 Deal
 Bobby McGee

190 minutes. B+ soundboard. This entire show is highly recommended. The Dead are tuned into each nuance of every song, playing even the mundane parts with creative zest. The fact that Keith's keyboard sounds like it's underwater only adds to the strong psychedelic flavor. Garcia, in particular, is barely able to contain all the ideas coming from his guitar and nearly overplays at moments! As expected, the band peaks beautifully during the *He's Gone* through *Sing Me Back Home* sequence.

11/18/72 Houston, TX

A) Casey Jones
 Bertha>
 Greatest Story
 He's Gone
 Jack Straw
 Deal
 B) Playing in the Band
 Mississippi Half-Step
 Sugar Magnolia (cuts)

Fits on a 90-minute tape. Sound: B quality soundboard. While a good deal of this tape suffers from technical weirdness (not onstage, but in the mix) it's worth having just for *Playing in the Band*. This version is arguably one of the most energized, out-there, interdimensionally spacey pieces of music ever played by any band. Ever. Jerry is absolutely possessed! There's a moment during this version when the band suddenly slows down from furious noodling to a near halt. Billy waits a second or two and then BOOM! — does a few vicious karate chops to his snare. The rest of the band responds immediately and vigorously — as if on cue — and off they all go again, shredding everything in their path. This is not some hippie-drippy version to mellow out with, *dude*. Rather, it grabs you by the ears and holds an exploding musical supernova a half an inch in front of your face for 24 minutes. Ain't no doubt about it, this version deserves a place in the hallowed hall of immortal Dead jams.

12/10/72 Winterland, CA

A) Promised Land
 Stella Blue
 Jack Straw
 China Cat>
 Rider
 B) Truckin'>
 Other One
 Deal
 Sugar Magnolia
 Ramble On Rose
 A) Johnny B. Goode
 Uncle John's Band
 (cassettes then have the following
 music from the first set)
 Bertha
 Playing in the Band
 Casey Jones

145 minutes of music. Sound: B-/B quality soundboard. *China > Rider* is particularly sprightly. *The Other One*, delightfully swirly and maze-like, is handicapped momentarily by a brief cut in mid-jam. Unfortunately, *Uncle John's* appears to suffer from a small but noticeable speed fluctuation. *Playing*, which also exhibits audio weirdness at the outset, but not in the jam, is all Garcia, whose guitar shimmers and dances like sunlight reflecting on water. Quite beautiful.

12/15/72 Long Beach Arena, CA

A) Box of Rain
 Mexicali Blues
 Brown-Eyed Women
 BIODTL
 Loser
 Playing in the Band
 B) Black-Throated Wind
 Tennessee Jed
 El Paso
 A) Truckin'>
 Space>
 Dark Star>
 Morning Dew
 B) Encore: Johnny B. Goode
 Beginning of Second Set: Greatest Story
 Deal
 Me & My Uncle
 He's Gone

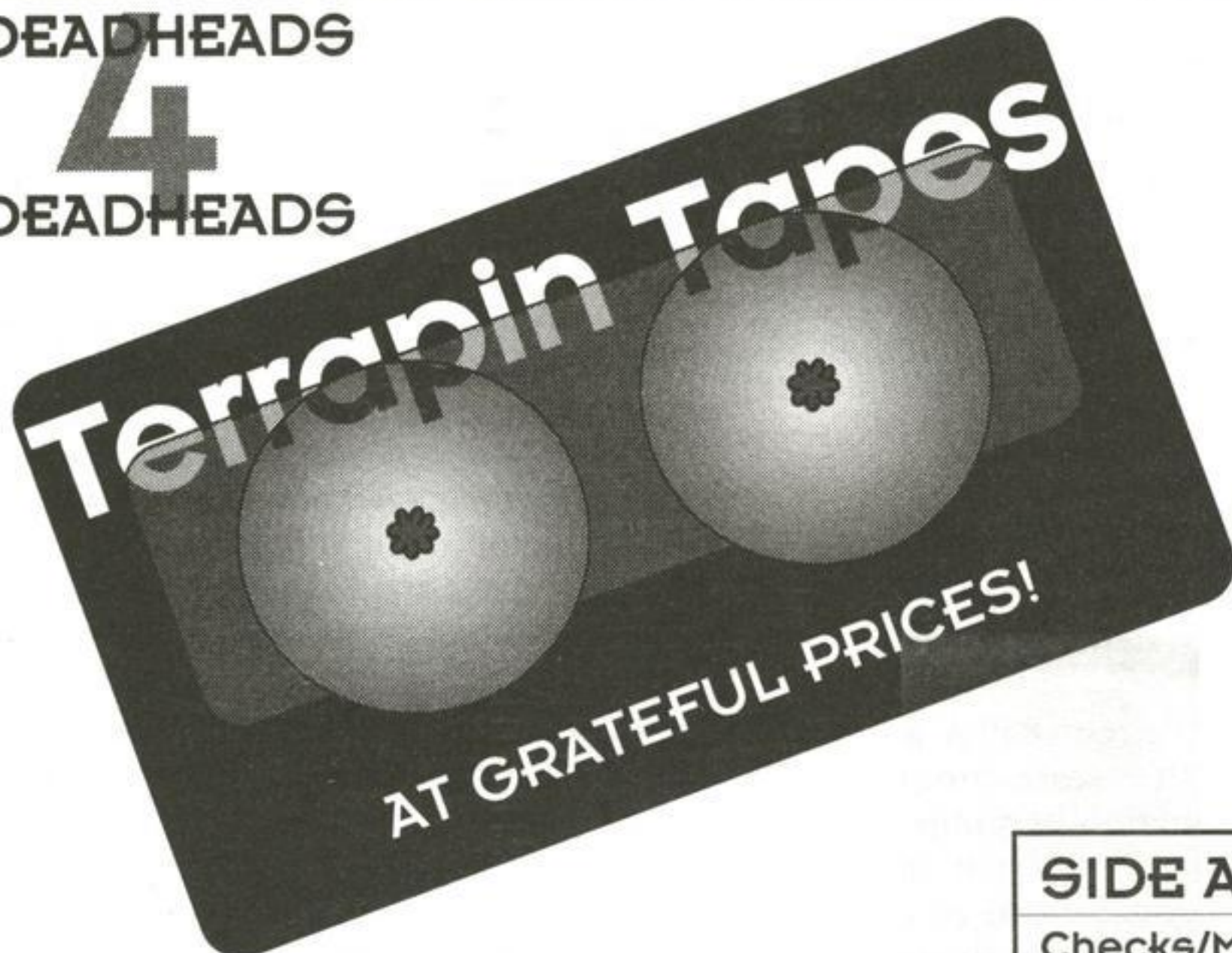
160 minutes. B+/A- soundboard quality. A 21+-minute *Playing in the Band* peaks out the first set with a prototypical autumn 1972-style torrent of cosmic noodling. The 25-minute *Space* after *Truckin'* is the centerpiece of this concert. Keith and Phil stand out big time in this one. Unfortunately, there is a cut in *Space* after which the first verse of *Dark Star* comes in quickly — we may never know just how much farther "out there" they got but what's

here is pretty darn spacey. A friend who saw this and many other early Dead shows remembers this one in particular as being one of the wildest ever, so there may be a lot more space jamming that simply never made it onto tape. Oh well. The soft meltdown at the tail of *Dark Star* leads beautifully into an only average *Dew* (sounds like they may have been getting tired).

2/19/73 International Airport Chicago, IL

A) He's Gone>
 Truckin'>
 Drums & Bass>
 Other One>
 Jam>
 B) Eyes>
 Jam>
 Other One tease>
 Stronger Than Dirt
 China Doll
 Sugar Magnolia>
 Casey Jones

Fits on a 90-minute tape. B+ quality soundboard. The first tour of 1973 was notable for its stylistic departure from the previous tour, the last of 1972 (psychedelic space transformed into jazz space). As was the case with most

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other shows on this first tour of 1973, the band was really on. Yet, as focused and energized as they were at this show, it's easy to hear how Garcia's psychic focus turns away from songs like *Truckin'* and *The Other One* (still played quite well — especially *He's Gone*) to *Eyes* and *China Doll*. The lively *Sugar Mags* suffers from a brief but considerable dip in volume level.

3/19/73 Nassau Coliseum, NY

A) Loose Lucy
Me & My Uncle
Brown-Eyed Women
Big River
Mississippi Half-Step>
Stella Blue>
Jack Straw
B) Truckin'>
Nobody's Fault Jam>
Jam>
Drums>
Other One>
Eyes>
China Doll
Johnny B. Goode

110 minutes. B/B+ quality soundboard. The *Half Step* > *Stella* > *Jack Straw* combo is very unusual and well played. Garcia does some extremely jaded string bending during the *Nobody's Fault Jam* and during *The Other One*. *Eyes* is surprisingly concise, unlike so many other versions of that year; however, the inspiration returns briefly during the ending jam. *China Doll* is very sweet.

6/29/73 Universal City, CA

A) Jack Straw
Deal
Playing in the Band
Mississippi Half-Step
El Paso
Brown-Eyed Women
Promised Land
B) ...He's Gone>
Truckin'>
Other One>
Morning Dew

110 Minutes. B quality soundboard. With two minor exceptions this is a largely forgettable show. First, *Playing in the Band* is respectably jazzy (it has one very brief glitch). Second, after some thoroughly lazy playing *The Other One* eventually leads to a space/jazz segment filled with marvelous rhythm guitar work which in turn segues into a "moaning whale" feedback segment not unlike the beautiful feedback jams on 12/18/73 (Tampa) and 6/8/74 (Oak-

land). This segment gets so far away from *The Other One* that they never get around to singing the second verse! Instead, there is an always welcome *Morning Dew* (although this isn't a particularly memorable version).

11/14/73 San Diego, CA

A) Big Rail Road Blues
Jack Straw
Sugaree
Mexicali Blues
Here Comes Sunshine
Black-Throated Wind
Cumberland Blues
The Race is On
B) Row Jimmy
Brown-Eyed Women
BIODTL
Tennessee Jed
El Paso
China Cat>
Rider
Around 'n Around
A) ...Truckin'>
Other One>
Big River>
Other One>
Eyes>
B) Stronger Than Dirt>
Other One>
Wharf Rat
Me & My Uncle
Goin' Down the Road>
One More Saturday Night

Will fit on two 100-minute tapes. A quality. Many tapers have had this show as an audience tape for years and have revered it as a classic in part because it features not one, not two, but three explorations into the realm of *The Other One*. Also, just take a look at the list of songs played. Is this not an amazing set list? We think so.

5/14/74 Missoula, MT

Weather Report Suite>
Dark Star>
China Doll

50 minutes. Source: KPFA and GDH #290. A quality soundboard. This dreamy combination of songs is pretty sleepy until well into *Dark Star* when Garcia finally gets around to doing his wah-wah pedal pushing, finger picking psychedelic meltdown routine. At that point things finally get satisfactorily transportational. *China Doll* is exquisite.

5/25/74 Santa Barbara, CA

A) U.S. Blues
Mexicali Blues
Deal

Jack Straw
Scarlet Begonias
BIODTL
Me & My Uncle
B) Sugaree
El Paso
China Cat>
Rider
Around 'n Around
Promised Land
Ship of Fools
Big River
A) Tennessee Jed
Truckin'>
Space>
Let it Grow>
Wharf Rat
B) Sugar Magnolia>
Goin' Down the Road>
One More Saturday Night
Casey Jones

Will fit on two 90-minute tapes. Sound: A+ quality soundboard. This is a very energetic and confident show, typical of shows in the summer of '74. Yet it also contains probably the least amount of "free space" from any show in '72-'74. At the end of *Let It Grow* there is a subtle but identifiable *Dark Star* tease — but alas! — Garcia storms into *Wharf Rat* and that was that. However, both *China* > *Rider* and the jam after *Truckin'* are superb and almost make up for the deficiency, almost.

6/8/74 Oakland Stadium, CA

Playing in the Band>
Wharf Rat>
Playing in the Band

38 minutes. A quality. Source: KPFA. Perhaps because they were playing to a stadium audience instead of the usual Winterland crowd, the band seems to extend their energies way up and out. Phil in particular is playing very aggressively. After about 15 minutes the band descends into a violent feedback segment that sounds like screaming whales. It's almost scary. *Wharf Rat*, while bleak in words, is almost reassuring territory considering the previous dark spaces the Dead unearth.

8/6/74 Roosevelt Stadium Jersey City, NJ

...Bertha
Mexicali Blues
Don't Ease Me In
Sugaree
Jack Straw
Eyes
Promised Land
Deal

Playing in the Band>
 Scarlet Begonias>
 Playing in the Band
 Loose Lucy
 Big River
 Ship of Fools
 Me & My Uncle
 Row Jimmy
 Sugar Magnolia>
 He's Gone>
 (Audience quality from here on)
 Truckin'>
 Spanish Jam>
 Other One>
 Goin' Down the Road>
 Sunshine Daydream

Will fit on two 90-minute tapes. A quality soundboard (except for the last 45 minutes). The band seems to have trouble getting things going until the middle of the first set *Eyes*. From out of nowhere they turn it on and what follows next is pure GD magic (this cut was played this year on Dead Hour #319). After a great jam they end *Eyes* and launch into a lengthy *Playing*. This segues perfectly into a beautiful, early version of *Scarlet*. Unfortunately, there's a brief cut (sounds like a reel change-over) right in the middle of a verse. Once through with *Scarlet* the

band floats back into the ether for a while before coming home with the end of *Playing*. Absolutely beautiful.

10/11/77 U. of Oklahoma, OK

Help on the Way>
 Slipknot!>
 Franklin's Tower
 Jack Straw
 Peggy-O
 El Paso
 Sunrise
 Deal
 Let it Grow
 Dancin' in the Streets>
 Dire Wolf

Fits on a 90-minute tape. A/A+ quality soundboard. There's been a good deal of talk about this tape ever since word got around that Dick Latvala was considering it for an official vault release. We, however, are not all that impressed. Yes, the music is played quite well, but in our humble opinion, this just ain't more than an average show for the time period.

DEAD HOUR

Kudos again to Grateful Dead Hour host David Gans for liberating so much good music from the Dead's vaults. We think

the following suggestions are the cream of the crop. For a complete list of radio stations broadcasting the Grateful Dead Hour send a SASE to Truth And Fun, Inc., 484 Lake Park Ave. #102, Oakland, CA 94610.

No. 278 — 12/8/93 Sports Arena Los Angeles, CA

King Bee (first non-Pigpen one)
 Jam>
 The Last Time>
 Morning Dew>
 Sugar Magnolia

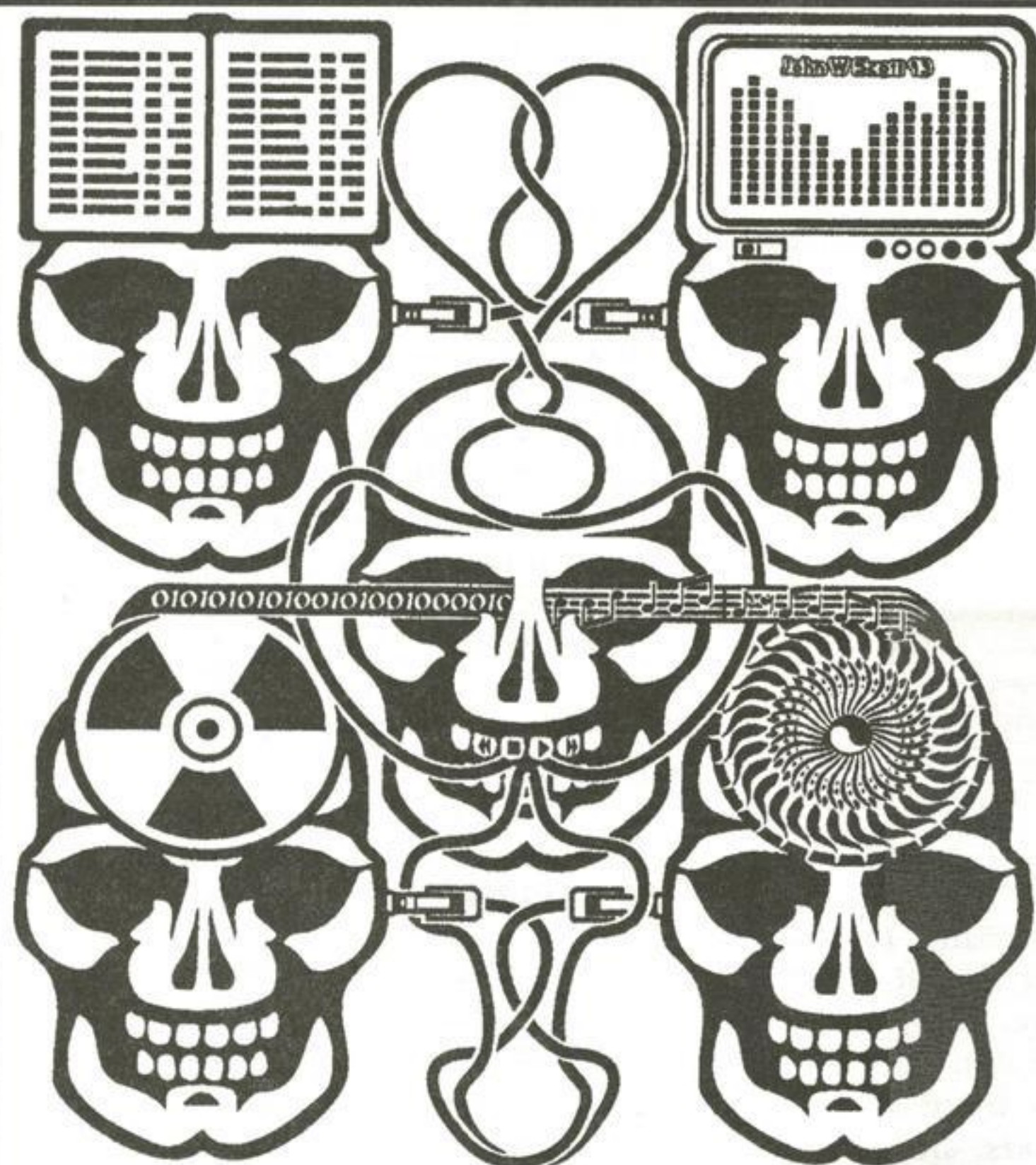
This is the first *King Bee* sung by Bobby (the previous was sung by Pigpen at the Fillmore East on 4/28/71). This *Jam* unquestionably hints at *St. Stephen*.

No. 279 — 12/6/73 Convention Center, Cleveland, OH

They Love Each Other
 Dark Star...

No. 280 — 12/6/73 Convention Center, Cleveland, OH

...Eyes of the World>
 Stella Blue
 Greatest Story
 China Cat>
 Rider



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One of the all-time longest *Dark Stars* (42 minutes long), has been around for years but never this quality. It's chock-full of long, jazzy feedback. Phil is especially inspired. *Greatest Story* and *China Cat > Rider* are not nearly as inspired.

No. 281 — 9/22/93 MSG, NY

Bird Song
Lazy River Road
Estimated>
Dark Star...

No. 282 — 9/22/93 MSG, NY

with David Murray, saxophone
Jam>
Wharf Rat>
with David Murray (sax) and James
Cotton (harmonica)
Lovelight

As discussed in great detail last year, this is one of the best shows of 1993. Jazz aficionados are very familiar with wild man David Murray, who goes nuts every chance he gets. Some of his playing here harkens back to the more free-form jazz-Dead jams with hornman Martin Fierro in 1973. The *Jam* into *Wharf Rat* is *unbelievable*.

No. 284 — Bob Weir and Rob Wasserman (unreleased)

Take Me To The River
Rob Wasserman, Brian Wilson, Sam
Phillips (unreleased demo)
Fantasy is Reality
Rob Wasserman, Jerry Garcia, Edie
Brickell (unreleased)
Improv From Mars
Rob Wasserman, Willie Dixon, Bob
Weir (unreleased)
Eternity
Rob Wasserman, "Trios" (bonus cut
from foreign edition)
Three Guys Named Schmo
Rob Wasserman, Branford Marsalis,
Bruce Hornsby, Jerry Garcia
(unreleased commercial soundtracks)
Vegas Joe's
Cave

"Improv from Mars" features Jerry, Edie Brickell, and Wasserman (yet another Trio) performing an eerie, improvisational cut that has the same key and time signature as a lead-in to a Grateful Dead version of *The Other One*. Edie is spectacular! She goes into a powerfully creative, scat-like improv that sounds like she's speaking in tongues. At the end of the cut, Jerry says, "...[laughing] That was very touching." *Eternity* is

truly a collector's item, featuring the late, great Willie Dixon, along with Bob and Rob, in a hotel room, recording another "songwriting" demo...among the first performances of *Eternity*, shortly after it was written. Wow! The last few cuts on GDH #284 feature Jerry Garcia, Branford Marsalis, Bruce Hornsby, and Rob Wasserman performing a soundtrack for...get this... commercials (Ooooooh Nooooo)! This was a collaboration for Spike Lee, produced by John Cutler. The first cut sounds a lot like *Might As Well*, the second is *Estimated Prophet*, and the third features a nice change as Jerry switches to acoustic and Branford to a clarinet (we think), as the four of them settle into a very mellow, soul-searching melody. The individual cuts are given two different names because they relate to some specific visual information that we were so humanely spared.

No. 286 — Grateful Dead studio session 1974

Pride of Cucamonga

2/24/74 Winterland, SF, CA

U.S. Blues
Brown-Eyed Women
BIODTL
Jack Straw
China Cat>
Rider
El Paso
Loser

Who could pass up a chance to get outtakes from "Mars Hotel"? Especially a Phil tune. Not us.

No. 287 — 2/24/74 Winterland San Francisco, CA

El Paso
Loser
Playing in the Band

5/28/76 Rehearsal

Cassidy
Cassidy
Attics
Lazy Lightning>
Supplication

The music from Winterland, not overly memorable, has been around in soundboard format before. Still, it's good music for those who don't have it yet. The rehearsal cuts have also been around for many years, although infinitely more hissy. This, too, is interesting more for its uniqueness than for its level of inspiration.

No. 290 — 5/14/74 Missoula, MT

Weather Report Suite>
Dark Star>
China Doll

See our review on page 46.

No. 291 — 12/14/71 Hill Auditorium Ann Arbor, MI

Stars and Stripes Forever
You Win Again
Jack Straw
Tennessee Jed
Big Rail Road Blues
Black Peter
Casey Jones
Mr. Charlie
Big Boss Man
Next Time You See Me
Run Rudolph Run

For the Dead, late 1971 wasn't a period for exploring jazz or space idioms. It was a time in which to hone their straight-up rock and roll act to an ultra-tight, super polished perfection. This tape is a great example of the Dead as the world's greatest rock band.

No. 292 — 9/25/76 Capital Centre Landover, MD

Dancin' in the Streets>
Cosmic Charlie
St. Stephen>
Not Fade Away>
Drums, Bass Solo, and Jam>
St. Stephen>
Sugar Magnolia

One of the very best shows in 1976 because it combines the seamless segues typical of summer 1976 with the looser, more confident jamming style of 1977. This *Dancin'* is one of the very best mid-seventies style interpretations. Another highlight is when Phil leads the band back into *St. Stephen*. Although not featured on this broadcast, this *Scarlet Begonias* is one of the better stand-alone versions — get that, too.

No. 293 — 1/22/78 McArthur Court Eugene, OR

Other One>
Close Encounters Jam>
St. Stephen
Not Fade Away>
Around 'n Around

This is undoubtedly one of the best shows from 1978. Every tune and jam is on and the *Close Encounters* jam will send shivers up your spine. *Not Fade Away* is large, *very* large. Unfortunately, the very best part of the night, the

post-*St. Stephen* jam, is missing (it isn't on the master tape). This jam is as inspired as the 1973 Watkins Glen soundcheck jam (although much shorter), so it's worth getting the audience tape of this show as well.

No. 294 — 10/27/79 Cape Cod Coliseum, South Yarmouth, MA
Dancin' in the Streets>
 Franklin's Tower
 One More Saturday Night

No. 295 — 10/27/79 Cape Cod Coliseum, South Yarmouth, MA
He's Gone>
Caution Jam>
Other One
Not Fade Away>
Black Peter>
Around 'n Around

By October '79, newcomer Brent Mydland was starting to really let loose. The *Dancin' > Franklin's* is *supremely* funky (unfortunately marred by a giant technical glitch onstage during which the band hesitates for a second or two before continuing to kick ass). The *Caution* jam is the real deal and a rare pre-*Drums* *Other One* is a true scorcher (the drums were edited out for this broadcast).

No. 296 — 3/27/94 Nassau Coliseum Uniondale, NY
Other One>
Morning Dew

WOW! Incredible *Other One* into a genuinely long and well-played *Morning Dew*. One of the year's highlights for sure.

No. 299 — 5/21/74 Edmundson Pavilion, Seattle, WA
Money Money
Playing in the Band

Gans was quick to point out that while this is the longest *Playing in the Band* ever (46 minutes), it is not the best. Still worth getting, though, as it's the classic '74 jazz-space sound.

No. 300 — Crosby, Phil and Nash
2/13/94 Masonic Auditorium San Francisco, CA
Laughing
Box of Rain

10/22/67 Winterland, SF, CA
Other One
1/26/69 Avalon Ballroom, SF, CA
Clementine

The 2/13/94 SEVA benefit was certainly one of the year's great musical high-

lights (we hear rumor that most of it will be out on CD soon) and the Crosby, Phil and Nash set was the spiritual peak of the event. The 10/22/67 *Other One* is unique in that it sports different lyrics! We asked Dick Latvala, Grateful Dead music archivist, to give a shot at deciphering them and this is what he came up with:

(second verse)

*When I woke up this morning
 My head was not intact
 Asked my friends about it
 Gonna find out where it's at
 Came up inside me
 Blew the dust clouds all away
 The beat came by and busted me
 For smilin' on a cloudy day...*

(third verse)

*Well the beat down in jail
 They weren't very smart
 They taught me how to read and write
 They taught me my precious heart
 Well breakin' out of jail
 I learned that right away
 They didn't need to tell me
 'Bout smilin' first then running away...*

Clementine is actually not very good music, but it's amazing in that no tapes

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of this song have ever been in circulation before! In fact, most Deadheads haven't even been aware of the existence of this song until Gans played it here!!

No. 301 — Jerry Garcia and David Grisman live 1992 (unreleased)

Oh, the Wind and the Rain
Bags' Groove

Notable because these are the only soundboard recordings of Garcia and Grisman in circulation. These are apparently outtakes from a live album in the works (we can't wait).

No. 302 — 4/22/77 Spectrum Philadelphia, PA

Estimated Prophet
Dancin' in the Streets>
I Got My Mojo Workin'>
Dancin' in the Streets>
The Wheel>
Terrapin

There isn't really much to the *Dancin' > Mojo > Dancin'* (Only one of the two known *Mojos*), but *The Wheel > Terrapin* is quite sweet.

No. 304 — 2/3/68 Crystal Ballroom Portland, OR

Dark Star>
China Cat>
The Eleven>
Space...
Cryptical>
Other One>
Cryptical>
New Potato Caboose>
Born Cross-Eyed

A *very* short *Dark Star* explodes into a funky, rap-like version of *China Cat* before steamrolling into *The Eleven*. Phil grabs the helm at the ending and steers the band into what seems like what would be an interesting *Space*. However, the tape cuts. The rest here is well-played with the high point being a gorgeous *New Potato* and the (very) low point being the strained vocals on *Born Cross-Eyed*.

No. 306 — 7/2/94 Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

Music Never Stopped>
Sugaree>
Music Never Stopped

Another of the Dead's all-too-few 1994 concert highlights. This tasty musical sandwich was last served up at Alpine Valley in 1982.

No. 309 — 4/27/69 Labor Temple Minneapolis, MN

Dark Star

See our review on page 42.

No. 310 — 2/2/68 Crystal Ballroom Portland, OR

Viola Lee Blues
Cryptical>
Other One>
Cryptical>
Clementine>
Lil' Schoolgirl

During *Viola Lee* and *The Other One* Garcia displays some truly puncturing leads. TC sounds wonderfully medieval throughout, though, especially on the

recently unearthed *Clementine* (Hunter/Lesh composition with Garcia vocals). This song has a lilting shuffle with bard-like lyrics of lost love and, of course, roses. The segue into *Lil' Schoolgirl* is dynamite. This version has two nice harmonica solos by Pigpen and some very strange guitar sounds by Garcia near the end that are worth hearing. This version of *The Other One* had us convinced Weir wrote this song after riding horses.

No. 311 — 9/20/70 Fillmore East NY

Casey Jones
China Cat>
Rider

9/19/70 Fillmore East, NY
Dark Star

No. 312 — 9/19/70 Fillmore East NY

St. Stephen>
Not Fade Away>
Lovelight

As reviewed in this column last year when they first appeared on the scene in superb quality, both 9/19 & 20/70 are must-have performances. The *Darkness, Darkness > China Cat* jam in *Not Fade Away* is a divine example of in-the-moment creative inspiration!

No. 315 — 5/18/77 Fox Theatre Atlanta, GA

Jack-A-Roe
Mexicali Blues
Minglewood
It Must've Been the Roses

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**No. 316 — 5/18/77 Fox Theatre
 Atlanta, GA**

Estimated Prophet>
 Eyes
 Drums>
 Other One>
 Garcia Guitar Solo...
 Brokedown Palace

Who could not love this music? After an uneven year in 1976 The Dead had worked their "chops" seriously back in shape and this is a perfect example of an "on" night. Unlike the classic show from the next night, this show had only been around as an audience tape prior to this broadcast.

No. 320 — 3/31/73 Buffalo, NY

He's Gone>
 Truckin'>
 Nobody's Fault Jam>
 Drums>
 Other One>
 Spanish Jam>
 Other One>
 Feeling Groovy Jam>
 Rider

This night finds the Dead showing off its skill at blending songs together seamlessly. It starts with a long, relaxed *He's Gone* featuring some playful vocal harmonies by Lesh at the end. After going into the shuffle mode of *Truckin'*, the band descends to the bluesy feel of a *Nobody's Fault* instrumental. Billy solos for a few minutes before they all charge into *The Other One* chords. But before any singing occurs, Keith comes up with an irresistible groove to change the tempo; Garcia takes the hint and off they all go into a fired up, jazz-like jam. This melts into a very slow jam with just Garcia, Lesh, and Billy. Garcia then starts playing both *The Other One* theme and the *Spanish Jam* theme simultaneously before the whole band comes around to the latter. Though short, it is brisk and unusual sounding. This, of course, flows right back into *The Other One* where they sing the first verse. They quickly bail out again, dissolving into a drumless *Space* that includes Garcia doing his "hiccup" chops, Lesh doing potentially fatal, precisely timed bombs, Weir on feedback, Keith on harpsichord sounds, followed by Garcia switching to wah-wah for a vaguely familiar melody, all before Lesh interrupts it all with a note of finality. Billy returns with some jazzy rolls and

then, to top it all, the band launches into the legendary *Feelin' Groovy* jam, which, in turn, somehow finds its way into *I Know You Rider*. Is this the immortal Grateful Dead or what? One of the finest shows from 1973. Get it!

No. 323 — 10/14/94 MSG, NY
 Scarlet Begonias>
 Fire on the Mountain

There's been a lot of talk about how good this long (32 minutes) pairing was. Some even compared it to Cornell '77. Well it wasn't even close, but it was undoubtedly one of the Dead's more energized musical moments in 1994. The final jam is *very Jerry*. ♦

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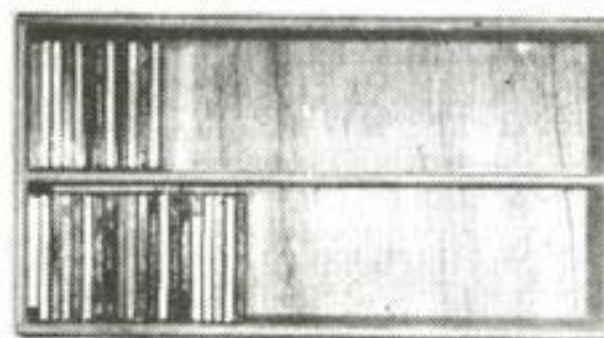
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HOUSE OF BLUES TRAVELER

By Paul Semel

PART I: John Popper

L.A.'s Sunset Boulevard used to be hard rock Mecca, the breeding ground for such bands as Guns 'N Roses and Van Halen. Now the traffic streams toward the trendy House of Blues, a Hard Rock Cafe-style roots-and-blues-oriented theater/restaurant/night spot co-owned by Dan Aykroyd and Aerosmith. But on this night (September 9, 1994) this club is owned — lock, stock, and barrel — by Blues Traveler. The New York City powerhouse has packed the place with fans not just eager to hear the band play songs from their latest and (arguably) greatest album, "four" (A&M), but to hear the band do what Traveler fan David Letterman often promises this band will do: "Blow the roof off this dump." They have never disappointed.

Looking down from his hotel room, John Popper probably doesn't think much of the House; just another place to play, another group of people to make happy.

One of the comments made about your band is that some people aren't into the music, but they think your playing is just...nuts.

Well, I am nuts. [Laughs] I'm quite certifiably nuts.

Is it weird for you, since you were invited to play the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame ceremony, and you played with Pearl Jam?

Something Mike from Phish said to me: We were coming out onstage at their second sold-out Roseland (NYC) show a year or two ago, and their draw is so much huger than ours in New York. I came out to jam, and everybody knew who I was. Mike said, "That was just so weird. You're so famous." You know what it is, I stick out in a crowd. I look weird.

Well, maybe. But you're also sort of the center of this movement, whether you want to buy into it or not. I once said something to the guys in the Spin Doctors about how the only thing keeping Blind Melon from always being associated with the H.O.R.D.E. is that they don't know anybody else. Then I corrected myself and said, "They don't know John Popper." Everybody in this scene knows you, whether it's God Street Wine, Xanax 25, or The Other Half. You seem to be the center of this thing.

I guess I'm in denial. I just find it hard to believe. The way we called the H.O.R.D.E. [the tour] together when we did, was because every band knew Blues Traveler. All this creativity.... I guess there's got to be a center, and I think we were at the right place at the right time. I think every band that we've come in contact with, that we've liked or have survived in the scene, has their own originality. I really

find it hard to take credit for God Street Wine. Or to take credit for Phish, who've been around five years longer than us, or the Spin Doctors, who were friends of mine.

You introduced Chris and Eric; you are personally responsible for them getting together. They were telling me they would go places and the signs would call them "Blues Traveler's favorite band."

They all showed me that article. [Laughs] I don't know what to say to that. I don't want to develop delusions of being some sort of...

Demigod.

Yeah. I don't want to pose on a boat like George Washington or something. I'm very honored that our music affects people and affords them opportunities, but every opportunity we gave the Spin Doctors, they took and did something on their own. We gave them opportunities to kick ass because they were friends of ours.

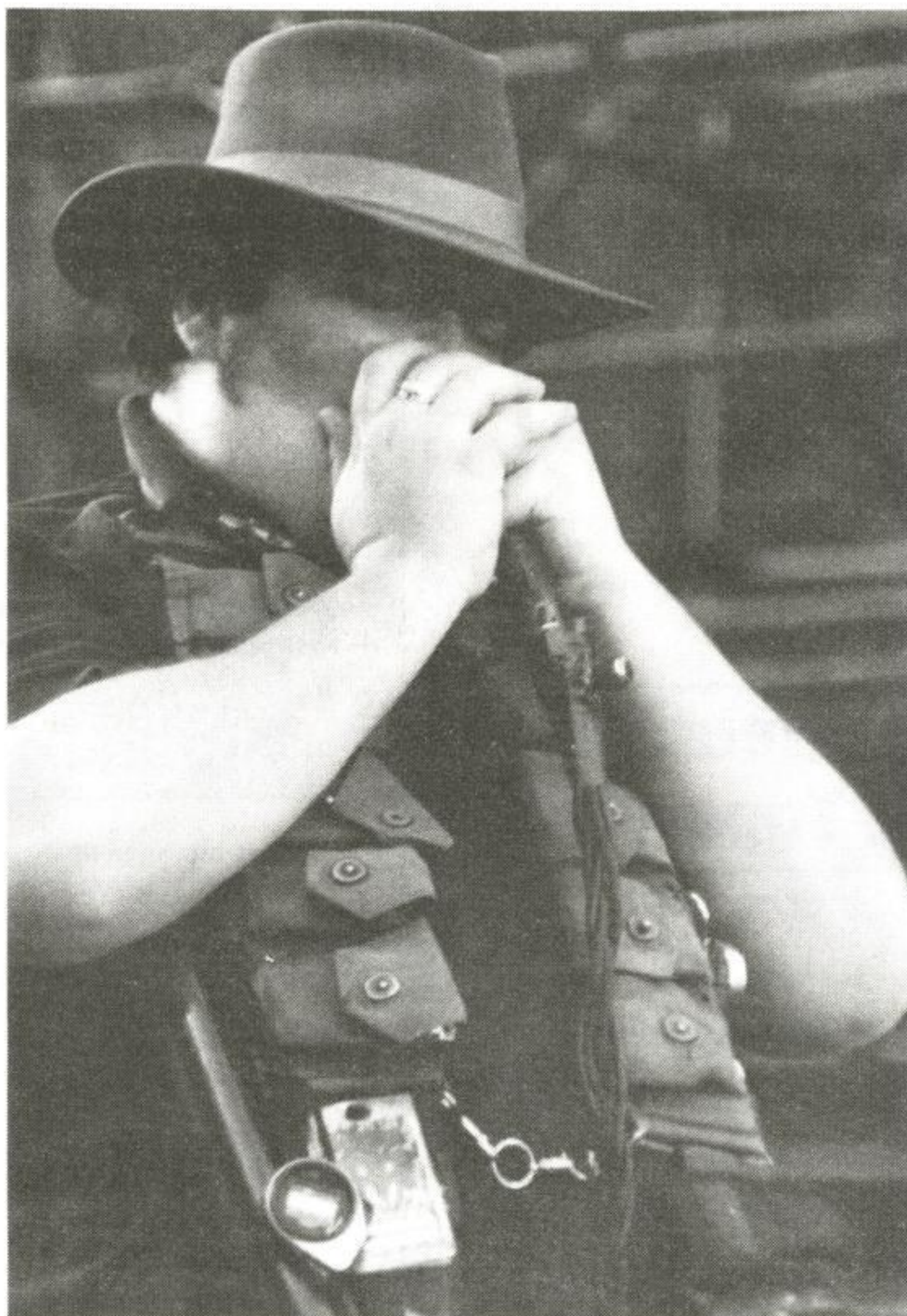


Photo by Bradley Celib

And, yeah, I introduced Chris to Eric, but when I did, I wasn't in the band. I was technically in that band, but when they got Mark, they suddenly went into a much subtler direction. So when we started playing, they were the other kick-ass band in town. When we gave them opportunities to come in and kick butt, they would come in and actually do the kicking of the butt.

Does it bother you that everybody else has had major success except Blues Traveler, at least out of the three bands.

The three bands you are talking about are Phish, Spin Doctors, and Blues Traveler. How many bands are you talking about in the whole scene?

Blind Melon, Widespread Panic, Xanax 25, First House, the Aquarium Rescue Unit, The Other Half, Dave Matthews Band, Big Head Todd....

Okay, then look at it this way: We're in the top three. You have to define success. There was a time when all three bands were of comparable size, but all were at very different points in their careers. The Spin Doctors came out and almost immediately exploded on their first studio album. We're seeing what effects having instant success is having on them right now [See sidebar, *Popper Spins*, page 56]. Then there's Phish, who started touring in 1983. We were touring in 1990. They built it up like a business, and that's what we're hoping to do. I think we're doing that. We sort of see ourselves as an in-between, because we live off touring the way Phish does, but we also write catchy ditties the way the Spin Doctors do. Not quite as catchy as the Spin Doctors, but catchier than Phish.

You're also in the same boat with Phish in that your shows do better than your albums, and you're considered a better live band than a studio band.

Phish is a band that's worked on a region for a real long time, New England. Last year they were opening for us in Florida because they hadn't worked Florida yet. Their way of doing it is very logical: They work one area, and slowly that area grows, and they work that area so thoroughly that soon the area just explodes, and everyone else has to just acknowledge it. We worked everywhere. We went to Iowa, we went to Texas. So I see our growth as comparable.



From left to right Chan Kinchla, Brendan Hill, Bobby Sheehan and John Popper

Photo by Jay Blakesberg

We're doing every place a little bit; they're doing a few places huge. Who would you put in the top slot of those three bands?

You mean in popularity?

Yeah. Or success.

Out of those three I would say Spin Doctors, but I'd even put Blind Melon above them.

I think your definition of success is a little different.

When I say success, in that instance, I'm judging it on a purely financial level: concert draw, album sales. If you ask me who's had the most artistic success, I'd have to say.... My favorite band out of all four — in terms of having no songs I don't like, and never seeing them play a bad show — is Blind Melon. I saw a horrible Spin Doctors show, when Eric, Chris, and Aaron were stoned out of their minds. There's one or two songs of yours I'm not all that into. There was a song on your last album, I don't remember the name, where it ends abruptly with, "A shot rings out," that bothers the hell out of me.

That was my big shotgun solo.

Oh, sorry. I really love Phish's new album, but there's some stuff on their older ones that I'm not all that into. Some of their songs are inconsistent. I just really connect with Blind Melon, for whatever reason.

You find Blind Melon to be the best artistically. Wow. I guess it's all up to opinion. I look at a band's overall health and creativity. I would put Phish above everybody, and then



Photo by Joe Ryan

everyone else kind of tied for second. I think the Spin Doctors are about to hit a major lag in creativity because of what's happened, but that's just a prediction. You see, success is just an elusive word...

Let me ask you a question: Are you able to support yourself and live in a style that is comfortable to you?
Yes.

Then you're a success, financially speaking.
Yeah, but do I have to go out and hustle for it every year?
Hmmm, less, but yeah.

I know from speaking to your publicist and the Spin Doctors' publicist, that the big problem is that no one in the press - in the national magazine press - likes you guys. So the publicists have a bitch of a time getting people to write about these bands.

I'll tell you something: I'm hoping that will be the saving grace. Look at the success that has gone into Seattle; that is the most unhealthy thing for a scene. It's like what the Haight-Ashbury was when everybody found out about it; it ceased to exist. As long as a scene [does not have to] endure the pressure of a constant media bombardment, and being the new thing that's sweeping the land, it can still be creative and it can still mean something.

I go to magazines and say, "I wanna write about Blues Traveler," and they say, "Naah." I would love to

be able to say that I'm coming on the road with you, doing the cover story for a national magazine with a circulation of a million.

Well, we're all young.

I notice you're still struggling a little with your knee.
The knee is technically fine. I'm a little out of shape in terms of walking. There's one more operation scheduled just to take the plate out. The bone is healed, but a little of the plate isn't quite flush with the bone. It's protruding, so if I bend this leg past 75 degrees, it grinds against my pelvis.

Ouch.

Yeah, that hurts. So I still can't tie my shoes, but I can walk, I can stand. I never could run, and before my accident I walked this way anyway, because I'm so huge.

In light of this accident, and with what happened to Jerry Garcia a few years ago, is it in your big plan of life to slim down? Or do you think — and I would totally understand this — that by losing your weight you will lose some of your skills as a harmonica player, or your voice will be affected?

The only time I worry about my health is when someone asks me, "So, how's your health?" I never really feel unhealthy. I've always been like this, so for me, this feels normal. When I was in the wheelchair, that was another story. But as long as I was able to walk, having the broken leg and not being able to bend my leg is just an excuse to be as lazy as I've always been. I can go to the bathroom by myself now [Laughs]. I feel pretty good. I was never an Olympic runner, so I don't know what it's like to be an Olympic runner.

Don't you think that you need to start exercising or something, once the whole leg thing is done?

You imply that everything I do has some sort of strategy behind it. The scene thing, and my health — they're both things I don't think about.

You know what it is? My life just completely changed through no fault of my own.

What if your life went exactly as planned? Wouldn't you want to jump out of a building? Wouldn't you want to just step up on this ledge and go flying? You bet you would. Because if the entire world could be encompassed in your head, there'd be no reason to explore it. We — and I mean us in the scene — are embarking on a great adventure and we have no idea of the outcome. That's what makes us play with the utmost in creativity, and integrity. Now I would normally curb my instincts to speak on behalf of the entire scene, but since you keep lumping me as being up there as the chieftain of this great scene, I will say that everyone — including Blind Melon — is the master of their own fate. The reason that the Spin Doctors weren't able to break out as a scene was that they weren't trying to do that; they were trying to do the best they knew how to do. I'm really relieved that it didn't come across as "The H.O.R.D.E. scene."

It happened in Seattle, and Kurt Cobain killed himself over it. He was heralded as "The Father of Grunge." "The King of Grunge Looks Out Over His Domain" was one caption. You know what he was thinking to himself? "I don't know where my laundry is." He was thinking that, but no one would let him think that. What I'm determined to do is ponder the presence and whereabouts of my laundry, and I

will do that, and I'll be as obese as I want to be, and when I start to feel that it's incriminating my health to the point where I'm annoyed, I'll do something about it.

[Laughing] Is that going to be the name of your rap album? "As Obese As I Wanna Be"?

There you go. That fat sound will be a thing of joy and beauty. I hope I live forever. If I don't live forever — and the odds are definitely high that I won't — I just want to live my life on my terms. I'm not saying that I'm smart and a free thinker because I'm fat. But you know what? I'm fat. Should I hide in a nunnery until I'm thin and then try to chase my dream? I'm going to be who I am, as determinedly as I can, and the longer people aren't fighting over our tickets in the media world, the longer I'll have to do it. Because once they find out about this scene, it's a question of time. Then we're all gonna get fat, go bald, throw award banquets for ourselves, and we'll nominate each other for this and that, and then eventually have commemorative stuff for our kids. I've seen it happen in the jazz world. The Charlie Parker award for this or that. Charlie Parker wasn't thinking, "Someday they'll name an award after me." He was thinking, "Where can I score?" And then he was thinking, "Yeah, this sounds good." You gotta live it. If your life is disheveled, that's cool. My life is disheveled. Half of me is trying to achieve success on any level I can.

The problem is the faster success comes, the quicker a band falls.

You see, you attain a level where you can no longer be creative. You have to give the people what they're expecting you to. You become a parody of yourself. A good example is the Eagles. When they were starting, they were the cutting edge, hippest musicians who got together and formed this really cool super band. But now you look at the Eagles and think, "Oh God. Dreck." Take any band that's established now, and there was a time when they were hip and cutting edge when they started, but after a certain period of time you expect them to be who they are.

You want to know who's making this scene more than me? You.

Me? Don't blame this on me.

No, I read something in a magazine, and it just dawned on me that this was more stuff you wrote. You referred to the H.O.R.D.E. scene like it's real, because you've been exposed enough that you understand that it's real. But when more press guys start to refer to it as that — and we want them to, make no mistake, because we want the money and the success and to feel like we've built something real — as soon as that happens, it's over already. It's a weird sort of a lemming kind of response.

For me, when I refer to it as a scene, it has as much to do with the fact that when I went to shows in New York, I would see the same people at Spin Doctors shows that I would see at your shows. Whether they were people I went to high school or college with, or just people I knew from seeing all these bands.

Your take on the scene is from firsthand experience. We're kind of secretly hoping that's how everybody comes by, because you seem to have enjoyed it, you seem to think it's worth something, and you came by it honestly. That's the best way to get it. ♦

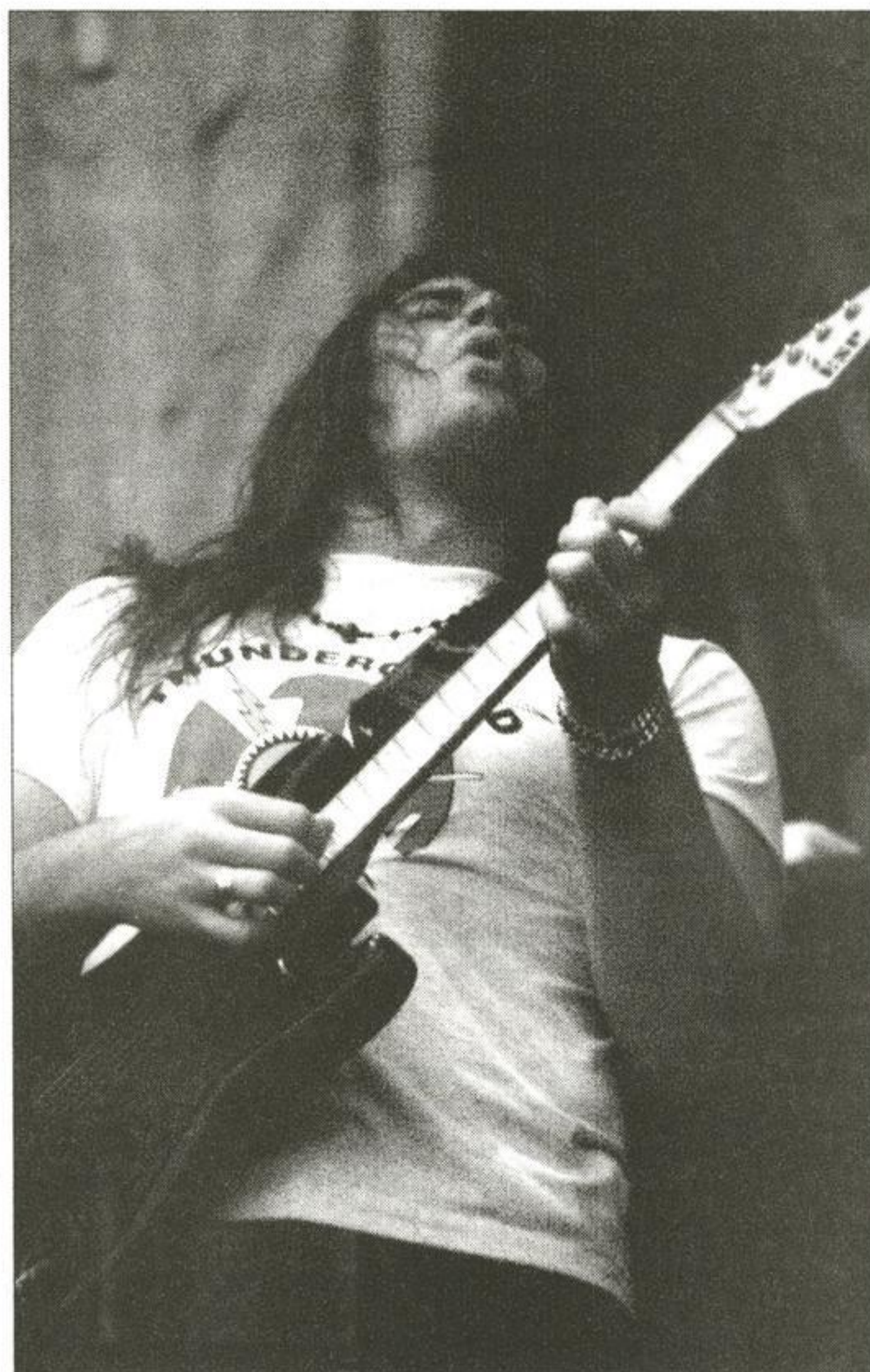


Photo by Bradley Gelb

PART II: Chan Kinchla

Sitting backstage at the House of Blues, the other three guys in Blues Traveler enjoy a snack and a smoke while they wait for Popper to stop talking to some journalist in his hotel room. A little while later, while drummer Brendan Hill and bassist Bob Sheehan figure out the night's set list, guitarist Chan Kinchla spends a few moments talking about the band's new album, the impressive "four."

My feeling about this album is that the biggest change has to do with how you personally are playing these days, in the sense that you are playing in a lot of different styles.

Yeah, consciously. We're always searching for new approaches. Live you are very shackled by what's onstage — an amp, a guitar — but the studio's a place where I've found I can do some experimenting, and my vocabulary's increased. I've found that being the only real chord instrument, it's up to me to build these different textures. That's what I concentrated on on this record. I was consciously trying to change the styles and get some different ideas for the songs. I'm really pleased with the way it came out.

Have you been listening to a lot of different music?
That's very true. I've always been like that, but I'm a little more comfortable lately to be able to take chances like that. Most of my musical tastes are completely varied from bebop jazz to classical to thrash metal....

Was there anything else that you, as a band, tried to do with this album?

Well, the first record was the first record. We basically wanted to document what we'd been doing in New York City for the two years previous. We didn't know anything about being in a studio, so we just went in and did it. With the second two records we tried to learn what the studio was like and how to express ourselves. And going into both records we had a sort of conceptual theme or idea of what we were doing, and that sort of consciously or subconsciously colored the way the music went. On this album we very consciously had no theme going into it, and we just concentrated on the songs individually.

I tend to think this album is more consistent than "Save His Soul" [their third].

I think that's because we concentrated on the songs in particular, and each song really stands on its own. We also had about 20 songs to start out with, and we were very conscious about weeding out any of the weaker songs, and also being very concise and to the point with them and not wasting any space.

That's true, but on this album I also notice being able to better distinguish between which ones are "songs" and which ones are "jams," if you get the difference.
Cool. There is a big difference, and that's something we're learning how to recreate in the studio. ♦



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Popper Spins

About two weeks before the proceeding interview with John Popper was conducted, it was revealed that guitarist Eric Schenkman was no longer in the Spin Doctors. So intertwined are the Doctors and Blues Traveler, that it was impossible not to discuss this situation with Popper. Besides, he brought it up first.

So what do you think of this whole Spin Doctors thing?

That's what I wanted to ask you. I want to get your perspective on this because, after all, you were the one who introduced Chris [Barron, their singer] to Eric.

Well, we view this as a tragedy. They're both friends of all of us, and we really enjoyed the tension when they made music together. But it was apparently more than they could bear. I think the Docs are under a lot of pressure, and I hope they can rally. It's gonna be hard because Eric really helped put that band together. It's not going to be the same band. I don't think they should still call it the Spin Doctors; they should try for something else.

It was a little weird when I watched *The Tonight Show* and the guy they got looked a lot like Eric. But he didn't sound like him. Musically, just from that one show, I really missed Eric a lot. We're viewing it as a big tragedy; it's hard to assess what will come of it.

It's kind of like the H.O.R.D.E.'s first tragedy.

Success hit them right out of the box. And that's a hard thing to deal with. I think that hopefully they can recover, but if they can't, they're all excellent musicians. Of all the other bands in the H.O.R.D.E., none has achieved that kind of success the way the Spin Doctors have.

I'd also like to know, if you know, what is the relationship between Aaron [Comess, drummer], Mark [White, bassist], and Eric in terms of Wasabi? [A band that features Popper, Schenkman, Comess, White, Renny from the NYC band The Authority, their former New School teacher, Arnie Lawrence, and his son.]

I have a feeling this is going to trash Wasabi. Like I said, it's a tragedy that's just happened. I can tell you this: I'm personally planning to work with everyone involved, in one way or another. Whether or not it will be Wasabi, I'm not sure. I don't know how hard the fight was; I don't know how unforgiving they're going to be. I heard the arguments. The stuff they were fighting over is stuff that all bands fight over. I think the level of communication broke down, which made all the minor stuff become major.

I want to try to remain out of it. I really love everyone involved, and I don't want to hurt anybody in this. ♦

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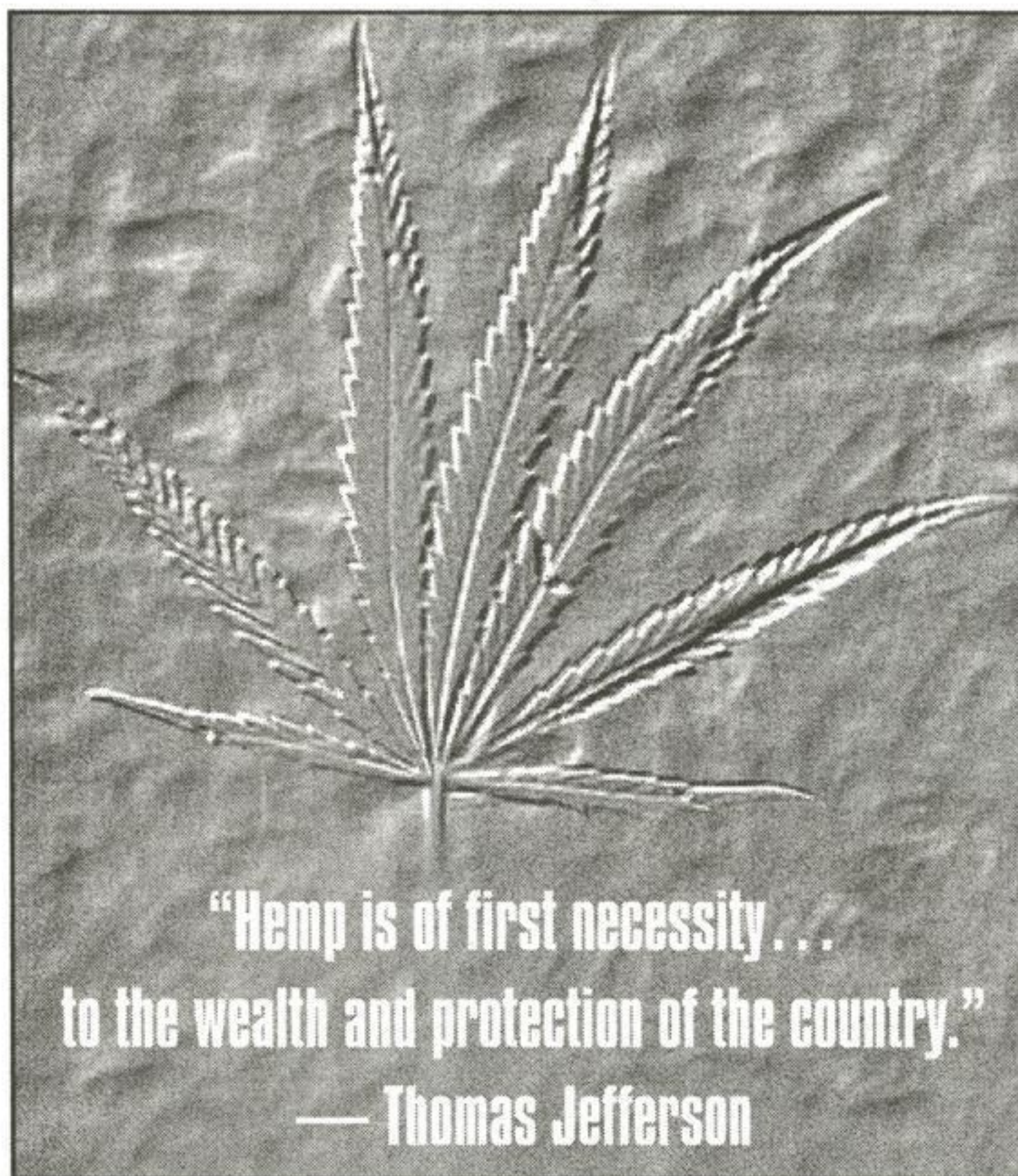
By Russ Weis

"If all fossil fuels...as well as the deforestation of trees for paper and agriculture, are banned from use in order to save the planet and reverse the greenhouse effect...then there is only one known renewable natural resource able to provide the overall majority of our paper, textiles and food, meet all the world's transportation, home and industrial energy needs, reduce pollution, rebuild the soil, and clean the atmosphere all at the same time — Cannabis Hemp!"

So begins the bible of hemp legalization, Jack Herer's classic work, *The Emperor Wears No Clothes*. A veritable library of information on the uses of the cannabis plant, Herer's book offers example after example of how hemp can alleviate or even cure a plethora of ills — ranging from those suffered on the individual level (like cancer, asthma, glaucoma, epilepsy and arthritis, amongst others, all the way up to those afflicting the entire globe.

In last issue's compelling article, "A Middle Path Solution to the Drug Crisis," Johnny Dwork also mentioned the hemp plant's many benefits and made hemp legalization a recommended step in his well-reasoned twelve-step model to put some sanity into the debate about drugs. As he wrote: "Cannabis is one of the best sources on the planet for fiber...paper, textiles, clothing, and building supplies. All told, (hemp) is renewable, affordable and easy to grow."

There's simply no getting away from the fact that, in order to survive, humans must find ecologically stable sources of raw materials and energy while drastically reducing waste and pollution. Thus, in the interest of making us all better-informed advocates for the legalization of hemp in the U.S., let's take a closer look at how this truly amazing plant (which was actually the first crop cultivated by humankind) can be used as a superior ecological alternative to other



substances currently being used to fulfill our human needs.

"We make what we make since the world began..."

The vast majority of the basic materials used for industry and households today come from drilling, mining, and cutting trees. Hemp has thousands of commercial uses, including paper, food, fuel, rope, oils, textiles, medicines, building panels, plastics, paint, sealants, disposable diapers, coffee filters, etc. Anything that is presently being derived from wood or oil can be made more ecologically with hemp.

This is because hemp is an extremely hearty, soil-building plant whose strong roots help control erosion. Furthermore, hemp is a drought-

resistant alternative that is perfect in crop rotation. Unlike, say, corn or cotton, hemp doesn't require vast quantities of water, pesticide use, or heavy fertilization (agricultural fertilizers and pesticides now contaminate 50% of our drinking water!); quite the opposite, in fact, since an organic pesticide is actually made from hemp. All these qualities and more make hemp an important factor in weed eradication, reforestation, air cleansing, and wildlife habitat.

As far as the important realm of energy is concerned, hemp can meet *all* of our oil and gas fuel needs. America can even become a fuel exporting nation! This has far-reaching consequences, since by the year 2000 the United States will have exhausted about 80% of its petroleum reserves.

Subsequently, the options those in power are likely to employ are not pretty: reliance on the nations of the Middle East; strip-mining our land for coal and poisoning our air, so we can drive our cherished automobiles; razing our forests to make fuel. It's hard to escape the conclusion that widespread hemp utilization (in addition to continuing to explore other benign sources of energy such as solar power) is the best energy alternative we have.

Here are a few bits of information to explain why:

Unlike petroleum, hemp is grown as a crop, so it's a renewable and accessible natural resource. Since it can be farmed virtually anywhere, control of energy and the profits derived from it will be more evenly distributed.

While it's true that all fuels produce carbon dioxide when burned, fast-growing hemp also efficiently converts it back to oxygen, in the process removing greenhouse gases that cause drastic climactic changes.

Hemp does not contain any sulfur, which is a major factor in acid rain.

Here are some more tidbits of information regarding hemp's potpourri of other uses that you can use to help send any remaining skeptics on their way, (get set 'cause the list is impressive!):

"...Let it grow, let it grow, greatly yield!" Hemp is the number one biomass producer on Earth: ten tons/acre in approximately four months.

Averaged over a 20-year period, one acre of hemp produces as much usable pulp as 4.1 acres of forest. Thus, hemp farming could reduce deforestation by 50% or more worldwide.

Paper made from hemp uses only 10-20% of the toxic sulfur chemicals needed to process wood and lasts much longer than paper made from wood.

Hemp pulp and fiber offer a totally biodegradable alternative to plastic.

Hemp leaves drop throughout the growing season, adding fertile topsoil and helping it retain moisture.

Hemp seed can be used for fuel or cooking oil. Its quality is as good as whale oil (save the whales!) and it's as nutritious as soya, only it's more digestible, gives higher yields, and is easier to harvest.

"I was blind all the time I was learning to see..."

Hemp is probably the most versatile crop in the world. It is also one of the safest to cultivate and can actually help us clean our badly-damaged environment. Grown by Washington and Jefferson (our money with their images on it was once made from it!), hemp is now subject to legal barriers that are a transparent pretext to protect oil and timber interests from competition that would drastically limit their power and their ability to collect obscene amounts of today's non-hemp paper money.

So it is up to all of us to *help* hemp *slip* the knot of restriction so the plant grown during the time of Franklin and Jefferson can once again benefit our ailing American landscape and help us cure our *U.S. blues*. Let's say to our modern-day politicians, "better change your act" because, after all (with sincere apologies to Hunter and Garcia) **"Without HEMP in the dream it'll never come true."**

Here's what you can do today, to help make a difference in a big way:

1) Call your senator and congressperson at 202-224-3121 and tell them to deregulate and restore American hemp industries. Also, help politicians who run on a platform for hemp legalization.

2) Educate yourself further so you can be an eloquent advocate for hemp legalization. Good resources to use include:

- *The Emperor Wears No Clothes*, by Jack Herer, Queen of Clubs Publishing;
- *High Times* magazine, 235 Park Avenue South, 5th Floor, New York, NY 10003 or call the High Times Political Action Hotline: 1-900-988-TIMES [8463];
- "International Hemp Bulletin," published by Canvasmaker, Inc., dba House of Hemp, 2111 E. Burnside St., POB 14603, Portland, OR 97214-0603; 503-232-1128.

3) Join the following hemp education and action organizations, (remember to ask if there are any local affiliates near you):

- The National Organization to Reform Marijuana Laws [NORML], 1636 "R" St. NW, Washington, DC 20009; 202-483-5500;
- Business Alliance for Commerce in Hemp [BACH] and the American Hemp Council, PO Box 71093, Los Angeles, CA 90071-0093; 310-288-4152;
- HEMP [Help End Marijuana Prohibition]: 5632 Van Nuys Blvd. #210, Van Nuys, CA 91401; 818-377-5866 or 310-392-1806;
- Institute for Hemp, PO Box 65130, St. Paul, MN 55165; 612-222-2628;
- American Cannabis Society, PO Box 9208, Madison, WI 53715; 608-241-0157.

4) Order and use HEMP products that are available today.

- And here's a real good place to start: The Ohio Hempery Order Line at **1-800-BUY-HEMP**. Next, see Herer's *The Emperor Wears No Clothes* for a long list of wholesalers and retailers. Also be sure to ask stores in your town to carry hemp products. Remember, the more we as consumers demand, the more we receive! Prices for the few imported hemp products available today will only go down the more they're ordered by stores and bought by us.

5) Finally, if you indulge in the most common use for the hemp plant, please be sure to do so in moderation and in an appropriately sacred manner. You'll have a hard time convincing others it's high time to legalize hemp if you spend too much time getting high. ♦

Special thanks to Gary Roy, owner of the store "Purple Haze," in Burlington, VT (which carries hemp hats, T-shirts, wallets, as well as a lot of killer Grateful Dead-related merchandise!).

The Newttering of America

By Andrew Ansorge

The sweeping victory of Congressional Republicans in the November elections and the rise of the religious right, led by arch-hypocrite Newt Gingrich, the new Speaker of the House, is a significant turning point in American social and political life and poses a profound threat to Deadhead life as we know it. An extended era of inclusion, compassion, and diversity in American life could be replaced by a more inward-looking and exclusionary time. Many Republican leaders, especially those linked to the now-dominant Christian Coalition, see their victory in the 1994 elections as a mandate to reverse course and return to their personal idea of the 1950s as the "golden age" of conservative family values. This was an era of growth and opportunity for a primarily white, male-dominated middle class, who were the main beneficiaries of the post-World War II boom, and may be an attractive goal for some. However, for those groups in American society that were left out of this boom, a better ideal is the more vibrant 1960s and 1970s, a time when minorities and women began to lay their claims to a share of the American Dream, and a time when the limits imposed by rigid conformity to traditional roles began to ease.

It is this true golden age of inclusion and hard-won expansion of opportunity, marked by compassion for those left behind, that Gingrich demonizes in his attacks on the counterculture and the McGoverniks. The '60s marked an opening of American society to diversity to an unprecedented degree. People no longer were constrained to follow in the footsteps of their parents and families, as the restraints of class, race, and gender stereotypes began to dissolve. While universities like Berkeley and Columbia were the focus of free speech battles and anti-Vietnam war protests, the changes swept American society as a whole. The counterculture that troubles Gingrich and his whitebread Republicans involved the creation of alternative ways of thinking in political, social, and ecological terms. What reactionaries saw as a threat to the status quo was, in truth, an effort by the vast majority of us in the counterculture to expand and to improve on the best of America, not to overthrow the entire system. George McGovern, who apparently has achieved the position of chief demon in the Newtonian worldview, based his 1972 Presidential campaign on the theme of bringing America home from Vietnam, not to create a revolution, but to begin to deal with many of the problems that remain with us today.

What we see now epitomized by Newt, and his even more despicable Republican colleagues Senator Jesse Helms, Presidential candidate and columnist Pat Buchanan, and new House Republican leader Dick Armey, is the triumph of that '80s icon, greed, over the central American ideal of striving for the common good. In

an era of limits, when the pie seems no longer to be expanding, Newt appeals to those who are insecure or selfish enough to resent the opportunities granted to the less fortunate. The traditional American values of hope, optimism, and compassion have fallen victim to a fear of the future. For more than 20 years, personal incomes in the U.S. have failed to keep pace with inflation, and the economic competition has become a zero-sum game, where success can only come at the expense of "others," whether they be foreigners, immigrants, minorities, welfare recipients, or our neighbors. Unfortunately, this line of argument has gained substantial acceptance among a growing proportion of the struggling middle class, especially white males. The narrow-minded support for Proposition 187 in California (inhumanely restricting the right of children of illegal immigrants to education and health care), Ross Perot's opposition to the free-trade NAFTA and GATT agreements, and Newt's absurdly Dickensian proposition that orphanages are the answer to domestic poverty and illegitimacy, are all symptoms of this same disease. It is difficult to understand how Gingrich, a self-styled advocate of family values, can support breaking up families and forcing children into orphanages. In addition, the attacks on government programs designed to help the poor are even threatening such successes as the Food Stamp program, which has greatly reduced the widespread hunger and starvation that existed in America as recently as the 1960s. Perhaps the battle cry for the Newt-ly impoverished may be an echo of Oliver Twist: "More gruel, please!"

The collapse of communism, which had served as the focus of all evil to the fanatic right-wingers, has left the U.S. deprived of an outside enemy on which to concentrate hate and fear. Now the only "threats" to be found are much closer to home: the foreigners, immigrants, minorities, and poor mentioned earlier. For disaffected Americans fearful of the future, populist demagogues on radio talk shows have drawn on a long and unsavory American tradition. They offer simplistic solutions that appeal to people's most basic prejudices and thereby poison rational political debate. Newt and his allies have thus far succeeded in their misguided effort to identify the problem as too much big government in Washington, with the needed "solution" being the return of power to the states. However, the last great campaign for states' rights (led in the 1940s and 1950s by the mummified but still dangerous Senator Strom Thurmond) was a smoke screen for the racist agenda of the Segregationists. If these new efforts to limit the valid and proper role of the federal government succeed, the result will be the rollback of environmental regulations, the weakening of our social safety net, and the loss of many of our civil liberties and basic human rights.

Our most fundamental freedoms, the ones that permit us our personal pursuit of happiness, are based in the protections of the Federal Constitution. Whether you are a Deadhead, an environmental activist, or a follower of an alternative religion, your freedom comes from the Bill of Rights and can only be protected by an active federal presence.

Unfortunately, under the guise of fighting crime, private behavior has been criminalized to an unprecedented degree. You do not need to be an advocate of drug-taking to oppose the mindless mandatory minimum prison sentences given to those convicted of these kinds of victimless crimes. Drugs may be the target today, but making unpopular private behavior a crime starts us down a dangerous path. Censorship already intimidates many of our most creative and interesting artists, and it is only a short step from banning the artist to restricting the rights of the audience. Rock in general and the Dead in particular are already the target of the religious right. As these self-appointed protectors of the "American way of life" expand their power and take over the Republican party, they emasculate our empowerment and further assault our freedom of expression. It is time to take over the old war cry of the anti-Communists and remember that the price of freedom really is eternal vigilance, and in the era of Newt, this vigilance must be even stronger. The cry of the anti-Communist crusaders in the 1950s to beware the enemy within has come full circle; it is Newt and the rampaging

religious right that have become the very enemy within to be feared.

The most effective way to protect our rights and freedoms is to become involved. If you oppose the agenda of the religious right, then you must register and vote against them. Voting is easy and takes only a few minutes; get your friends to register with you and vote together! It is essential that we make our voices heard both at the ballot box and by our members of Congress. Learn about the issues, listen to the debate, then speak out by writing or e-mailing your Congressional representative or the president. Politics is the voice of the people; let's make sure that our voices are heard loud and clear.

I can be reached via e-mail at NotAWorry@aol.com ◇

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TRUCKN'

TO A HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

BY PREM PRAKASH

There's an old story about a guy running away from a tiger in the jungle. He runs and runs, finally coming to a steep cliff. The tiger is closing in, but the guy can't jump because there's another tiger at the bottom of the cliff. Just in the nick of time he sees a vine hanging, so he grabs it and lowers himself. There's tiger trouble above and below, but he's doing okay hanging on. Then two mice appear and start chewing on the vine, which grows thinner and thinner. At the last moment before the vine breaks, the man spots a strawberry growing on the side of the cliff. He plucks it and rejoices, 'What a delicious strawberry!'

It's a good thing I write this column and not concert reviews because I'm pretty useless when it comes to objective evaluations of Grateful

Dead shows. I do all right when reviewing tapes, but when I am in the thralls of the live Dead Experience I have a hard time involving myself with any relative comparison of how things are going. I tend to immerse myself in the immediacy of the moment and drink of it for all it is worth.

As far as calculating exactly what it is worth, I'm not much of a judge. During a show I have trouble finding the time to assess if it's good or not, because I'm not comparing it to anything. I'm grooving on what is — not what should be, could be, or would be.

All I seem to get in life is the present moment; how I use it is up to me. That's what I figure my free will is for. In life, in general, and at Dead shows, in particular, I try to take each moment and frame it in a setting of happiness, gratitude, and love. If you can show me a better way to use my moments I'll be willing to change, but the happiness, gratitude, and love trip is serving me real well.

There's a lot of complaining around the Dead scene these days. The band never plays the right songs, the sound is never quite perfect, etc., etc., etc. And, the clincher: It's not like it was back in the "golden days"!

For those of you who may be yearning for the golden days, I've got some great news: the gold is inside of you. The band could load you up on their magic carpet and give you their best ride, but if you're not in the right space you won't get a thing out of it. If you've ever been in love you know what I mean about being in the right space; wherever you

go with your beloved is the most beautiful place in the world and whatever you do together is the most wonderful thing imaginable. I think a lot of the magic of the old days happened because people were into sharing their hearts of gold with one another. The opportunity to share is just as present now as it ever was, or ever will be.

Many of us first encounter the Grateful Dead while we are still young, and we are blown away by this "signpost to new space," this doorway that opens to a freer life. But as one grows older, ideally having passed fully through that door-

way, the experience becomes more subtle, more grounded. One becomes more interested in taking the peaks of the concert experience and manifesting them in daily life.

Life then becomes less of a Babylonian burden; it takes on the flavor of a playground, where we gather together to figure out ways to live together in peace, friendship, and fun.

I'm really happy to have recently met some young brothers and sisters who are definitely Deadicated, but who are more

into creating a positive local scene than feeding the Dead megalith. And this was the vision that got the Dead going in the first place: get high and energetic with your friends and neighbors, make a scene happen that can support you financially, know the Earth and love her gifts, have babies and raise them right. This is going to get us a lot higher for a lot longer than any set the band might play.

The world is in desperate need of people who are willing to make good vibes happen in all spheres of life. There is a spiritual teaching that says Spirit sends every person to this world with a vision, and if he or she follows that vision they will discover all the tools they need to make it come true. This magazine is published by a group of people who are doing just that. Likewise, we know our readers are attempting to do the same. We all want to take our experience of the Grateful Dead and use it as a template for creating fulfilling lifestyles, careers, families, and communities.

It doesn't do any good to fret over tigers above and tigers below. Matter of fact, if you try hard enough you can always find something to fret about. Better we put our energy into finding delicious strawberries, or let us join with our friends and neighbors and grow some strawberry fields forever. ◇

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SET LISTS

Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, CA

September 16, 1994

Cold Rain & Snow
Wang Dang Doodle
Lazy River Road
Black-Throated Wind⁺
Stagger Lee
Cassidy
Deal

Victim Or The Crime>
If The Shoe Fits>
Crazy Fingers>
Estimated Prophet>
Eyes Of The World>
Drums>Space>Jam>
The Last Time>
The Wheel>
Good Lovin'
*Liberty
16 Songs

⁺Weir on acoustic

September 17, 1994

Jack Straw
Peggy-O
The Same Thing
West LA Fade Away
Qn Jane Approximately
Ramble On Rose
Eternity⁺
Don't Ease Me In⁺

Playing In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Corrina>
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Stella Blue>
One More Sat. Night
*It's All Over Now,
Baby Blue
16 Songs

September 18, 1994

Touch Of Grey>
Greatest Story
Jack-A-Roe
Little Red Rooster
Tennessee Jed
El Paso⁺
Brown-Eyed Woman
Music Never Stopped

Iko Iko
St. Of Circumstance
Samba In The Rain
So Many Roads
Samson & Delilah>
Drums>Space>
Days Between>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away
*Brokedown Palace
17 Songs

Phil Lesh & Friends Berkeley Comm. Coll., Berkeley, CA

September 24, 1994

Bobby, Jerry, Phil,
& Vince — **Acoustic!!!**
Walkin' Blues
Lazy River Road
K.C. Moan
Dupree's Diamond Blues
Childhood's End
Masterpiece
Attics Of My Life
Cassidy
Bird Song
Throwing Stones
10 Songs

Boston Garden, Boston, MA

September 27, 1994

Feel Like A Stranger
They Love Each Other
New Minglewood Blues
So Many Roads
Maggie's Farm⁺>
Cumberland Blues+
Easy Answers
Deal

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Women Are Smarter
Way To Go Home
Corrina>
Uncle John's Band>
Drums>Space>
Watchtower>
Standing On The Moon
*Johnny B. Goode
17 Songs

⁺Weir on acoustic

September 28, 1994

Let The Good Times Roll
Bertha>
Greatest Story
West LA Fade Away
El Paso⁺
Lazy River Road
Eternity
Don't Ease Me In

Victim Or The Crime>
Foolish Heart
Looks Like Rain
Samba In The Rain>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
I Need A Miracle>
Black Peter>
Turn On Your Lovelight
*It's All Over Now,
Baby Blue
17 Songs

Boston Garden, Boston, MA (cont.)

September 29, 1994

Hell In A Bucket
Peggy-O
Wang Dang Doodle
Ramble On Rose
Masterpiece⁺
Brown-Eyed Woman
Let It Grow

Playing In The Band>
Eyes Of The World>
Estimated Prophet>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
Spanish Jam>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Sugar Magnolia
*I Fought The Law
16 Songs

⁺Weir on acoustic

October 1, 1994

Help On The Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
Walkin' Blues
Althea
Me & My Uncle⁺>
Big River⁺
Tom Thumb's Blues
So Many Roads
Promised Land

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mountain
Way To Go Home
St. Of Circumstance>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Stella Blue>
One More Sat. Night
*Liberty
19 Songs

October 2, 1994

Jack Straw
Loser
It's All Over Now
Row Jimmy
Broken Arrow
Mama Tried⁺>
Mexicali Blues⁺
Tennessee Jed
Picasso Moon

Iko Iko
Samba In The Rain
If The Shoe Fits
Samson & Delilah
Crazy Fingers>
Truckin'>
That Wld Be Something>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Days Between>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away
*US Blues <-- 20 Songs

October 3, 1994

Touch Of Grey>
BIODTL
Loose Lucy
Little Red Rooster
Childhood's End
Dire Wolf
Black-Throated Wind⁺
Bird Song

Box Of Rain
Shakedown Street
Cassidy>
GDTRFB>
Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
Watchtower>
Attics Of My Life>
Around 'N Around
*Brokedown Palace
17 Songs

Philly Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA

October 5, 1994

Jack Straw
Friend Of The Devil
Wang Dang Doodle
Jack-A-Roe
Qn Jane Approximately
Lazy River Road
Eternity⁺
Deal

Midnight Hour>
Cumberland Blues
Playing In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Standing On The Moon>
Sugar Magnolia
*Quinn The Eskimo
16 Songs

⁺Weir on acoustic

October 6, 1994

Mississippi Half-Step
New Minglewood Blues
Peggy-O
If The Shoe Fits
Masterpiece⁺
Ramble On Rose
Easy Answers
Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Way To Go Home
New Speedway Boogie>
Truckin'>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Good Lovin'
*Liberty
17 Songs

Philly Spectrum, Phila., PA (cont.)

October 7, 1994

Feel Like A Stranger
Sugaree
The Same Thing
Brown-Eyed Woman
El Paso⁺
Tennessee Jed
Music Never Stopped

Victim Or The Crime
Samba In The Rain
Foolish Heart>
Corrina>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
That Wld Be Something>
Morning Dew>
*Johnny B. Goode
15 Songs

⁺Weir on acoustic

USAir Arena, Landover, MD

October 9, 1994

Hell In A Bucket
Bertha
Spoonful
Stagger Lee
Broken Arrow
Me & My Uncle⁺>
Big River⁺
So Many Roads
Promised Land

Here Comes Sunshine
Samson & Delilah
Way To Go Home
Ship Of Fools
St. Of Circumstance>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Comes A Time>
Throwing Stones>
Turn On Your Lovelight
*Rain
19 Songs

October 10, 1994

Iko Iko
Walkin' Blues
Althea
Desolation Row⁺
Loose Lucy
Eternity

Help On The Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
Estimated Prophet>
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Watchtower>
Stella Blue>
Not Fade Away
*I Fought The Law
15 Songs

⁺Weir on acoustic

October 11, 1994

Picasso Moon
Jack-A-Roe
It's All Over Now
High Time
If The Shoe Fits
Lazy River Road
Easy Answers
Deal

Eyes Of The World>
Women Are Smarter>
Samba In The Rain>
He's Gone>
Jam>Drums>Space>
China Doll>
Sugar Magnolia
*Lucy In The Sky
With Diamonds
15 Songs

Madison Square Garden, NYC, NY

October 13, 1994

Touch Of Grey
Wang Dang Doodle
Loser
Mama Tried⁺>
Mexicali Blues⁺
Dupree's Diamond Blues
Masterpiece
Loose Lucy
Let It Grow

Foolish Heart>
Playing In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Wharf Rat>
Johnny B. Goode
*It's All Over Now,
Baby Blue
16 Songs

October 14, 1994

Jack Straw
West LA Fade Away
Qn Jane Approximately
Lazy River Road
El Paso⁺
Ramble On Rose
Box Of Rain

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mountain
Looks Like Rain
Samba In The Rain
Corrina>
Jam>Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Attics Of My Life>
Turn On Your Lovelight
*Liberty
16 Songs

⁺Weir on acoustic

SET LISTS

Madison Square Garden, New York City, NY (cont.)

October 15, 1994
Shakedown Street
Little Red Rooster
Stagger Lee
Black-Throated Wind⁺
Tom Thumb's Blues
Candyman
Easy Answers
Deal

Here Comes Sunshine
Victim Or The Crime
Way To Go Home
New Speedway Boogie
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Standing On The Moon>
One More Sat. Night
*I Want To Tell You
16 Songs

October 17, 1994
Midnight Hour
Peggy-O
New Minglewood Blues
Tennessee Jed
Eternity⁺
Friend Of The Devil
Promised Land

Eyes Of The World>
Women Are Smarter>
Crazy Fingers>
Estimated Prophet>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
Watchtower>
Morning Dew
*Rainy Day Women
#12 & 35[^]
15 Songs
[^]w/Bob Dylan

October 18, 1994
Help On The Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
The Same Thing
Althea
Cassidy⁺
Childhood's End
Don't Ease Me In

Iko Iko
Samba In The Rain
He's Gone>
Smkestack Lightnin'>
Truckin'>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Days Between>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away
*US Blues
17 Songs

October 19, 1994
Feel Like A Stranger
Bertha
Spoonful
Jack-A-Roe
El Paso⁺
If The Shoe Fits
Bird Song

Samson & Delilah
So Many Roads
St. Of Circumstance>
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Space>
Way To Go Home
Stella Blue>
Sugar Magnolia
*Brokedown Palace
15 Songs

⁺Weir on acoustic

McNichols Arena, Denver, CO

November 29, 1994
Jack Straw
Peggy-O
Walkin' Blues
So Many Roads
El Paso⁺
Tennessee Jed
Easy Answers

Iko Iko
Playing In The Band>
Uncle John's Band
Baba O'Riley>
Tomorrow Never Knows>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Stella Blue>
Sugar Magnolia
*It's All Over Now,
Baby Blue
16 Songs
⁺Weir on acoustic

November 30, 1994
Touch of Grey>
Greatest Story
West LA Fade Away
Qn Jane Approximately
Lazy River Road
Me & My Uncle>⁺
Big River⁺
Loose Lucy
Cassidy

Victim Or The Crime>
Samba In The Rain
Crazy Fingers>
Estimated Prophet>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Standing On The Moon>
Turn On Your Lovelight
*Liberty
18 Songs

McNichols Arena, Denver, CO (cont.)

December 1, 1994
Hell In A Bucket
Sugaree
Wang Dang Doodle
Loser
If The Shoe Fits
Masterpiece⁺
Bird Song

Here Comes Sunshine
St. Of Circumstance
Way To Go Home
Eyes Of The World>
Drums>Space>
Watchtower>
Days Between>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away
*Brokedown Palace
16 Songs
⁺Weir on acoustic

Oakland Coliseum, Oakland, CA

December 8, 1994
Bertha
Spoonful
Jack-A-Roe
It's All Over Now
So Many Roads
Eternity⁺
Don't Ease Me In

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Looks Like Rain
Cumberland Blues
Corrina>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Lucy In The Sky>
Around 'N Around
*It's All Over Now,
Baby Blue
16 Songs

December 9, 1994
Feel Like A Stranger
Stagger Lee
The Same Thing
Loose Lucy
El Paso⁺
Broken Arrow
Ramble On Rose
Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias>
Fire On The Mountain[^]
Way To Go Home
Truckin'>
That Wld Be Something>
He's Gone>
Jam>Drums[^]>Space>
Box Of Rain
*Johnny B. Goode
16 Songs
[^]w/Sikuru Adepojo
⁺Weir on acoustic

December 11, 1994
Help On The Way>
Slipknot!>
Franklin's Tower
Little Red Rooster
Lazy River Road
Black-Throated Wind⁺
If The Shoe Fits
Tennessee Jed
Promised Land

Here Comes Sunshine
Samson & Delilah
Samba In The Rain
Eyes Of The World>
Drums>Space>
Watchtower>
Days Between>
Sugar Magnolia
*Liberty
17 Songs

December 12, 1994
Jack Straw
Althea
Me & My Uncle⁺>
Maggie's Farm⁺
Candyman
Easy Answers
Bird Song

Iko Iko
Childhood's End
Playing In The Band>
Uncle John's Band>
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums[^]>Space>
Standing On The Moon>
Throwing Stones>
Not Fade Away
*Brokedown Palace
16 Songs
[^]w/Sikuru Adepojo

LA Sports Arena, Los Angeles, CA

December 15, 1994
Shakedown Street
Wang Dang Doodle
Lazy River Road
Me & My Uncle⁺>
Mexicali Blues⁺
Row Jimmy
Promised Land

Foolish Heart
Way To Go Home
Corrina>
Uncle John's Band>
Jam>Drums>Space>
The Last Time
Morning Dew
*Liberty
14 Songs
⁺Weir on acoustic

LA Sports Arena, Los Angeles, CA (cont.)

December 16, 1994
Hell In A Bucket[^]
Cold Rain & Snow[^]
New Minglewood Blues[^]
So Many Roads[^]
Childhood's End[^]
Eternity⁺[^]
Don't Ease Me In[^]

Eyes Of The World[^]
Samba In The Rain[^]
Estimated Prophet[^]>
Jam[^]>Drums>Space[^]>
The Other One[^]>
Wharf Rat[^]>
Good Lovin'[^]
*Lucy In The Sky
With Diamonds
14 Songs

[^]w/Branford Marsalis
⁺Weir on acoustic

December 18, 1994
Touch Of Grey>
Greatest Story
Althea
Walkin' Blues
Tom Thumb's Blues
El Paso⁺
Loose Lucy
Let It Grow

Victim Or The Crime>
Crazy Fingers>
Playing In The Band>
Terrapin Station>
Jam>Drums>Spanish Jam>
Space>
The Last Time
Attics Of My Life>
Johnny B. Goode
It's All Over Now,
Baby Blue
17 Songs

December 19, 1994
Picasso Moon
Stagger Lee
Ramble On Rose
Broken Arrow
Masterpiece⁺
So Many Roads
Easy Answers
Deal

St. Of Circumstance>
New Speedway Boogie>
Nobody's Fault But Mine>
Women Are Smarter>
Drums>Space>Jam>
I Need A Miracle>
Days Between>
Turn On Your Lovelight
*Brokedown Palace
16 Songs

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WHAT'S GOIN' ON...

•Fantastic news for Dead-heads! At a recent GD board of directors meeting, the way was cleared for **Dick Latvala**, GD vault archivist, to start putting out **vault** releases with much greater frequency. Apparently the problem has been too many cooks.... With the decision-making team now trimmed to a minimum, Dick hopes to put out **three to four releases a year** starting now. The wealth of unauthorized Dead bootleg CDs available in record stores nationwide appeared to play a prominent role in bringing this about.

The next **Dick's Pick**, Ohio Theatre, 10/31/71, should be available via mail order by spring. The one-CD package will feature just the jam from that evening. We've heard it, and it's a monster! For the complete review, see page 69.

•The long-awaited TelePromp-Ters made their debut during the LA shows. Hopefully this will take off some of the stress.

•**Billy** and **Mickey** both spent some time in Hawaii, though not together. **Mickey** was beaching it with the family, while **Billy** was doing what he loves to do most, hitting the depths of the local waters. See page 16 for our in-depth interview and news about his video, *Ocean Spirit*.

•**Bobby** went to Bali on a yoga retreat, then Hanoi and Bangkok, treating himself to a well-deserved vacation.

•**Bob Bralove's** band with

DDN NOTES

BY SALLY ANSORGE MULVEY

Vince, formerly called **Vortex**, has changed its name to **Second Sight**. Their first gig under the new name was 1/7 at the Great American Music Hall opening for **Zero**. Henry Kaiser and Vince sat in with **Zero**. After spring tour, they plan to double bill again. As for a release, they've already recorded some Jerry and Bobby over-dubs.

•**Vince, Bobby, Henry Kaiser**, and friends, who a couple months back played a gig in Japan, had so much fun they did it again right here at home. Calling themselves **The Valentines**, they opened for **Starship** on Valentine's Day at the Fillmore.

•**David Crosby** had a successful liver transplant in December, and is expected to make a complete recovery.

•**Jerry** was in an auto accident on Hwy. 101 on January 18. Thanks to God and seat belts, he walked away. He's been working on a lot of different things, even a movie soundtrack!

•The official word is that it was strictly a business decision to give the Northeast a rest this spring after selling out only at the last minute in October. It will be a southern tour, for the first time in years.

•According to **Dennis**

McNally, the boys are scheduled to be in the studio on and off from March through May.

•**Phish** is working on a new release for spring, and they're considering recording their summer tour for a live album.

•**The Allman Bros., Neil Young, Frank Zappa, Janis Joplin, Led Zeppelin, and Martha and the Vandellas** were all inducted into the **Rock and Roll Hall of Fame** this year. The Vandellas had a big hit in 1964 with *Dancing In The Street*.

•**Branford Marsalis** is leaving *The Tonight Show* to do a tour following his latest CD release. As he has a standing invitation to join the Dead, you never know where he will show up.

•On the way home from an MSG show in NY last Oct., **Sandy Levine** (a former train electrician) saw a drunken guy fall onto the tracks, leapt after him, and pulled him to safety. The train was so close, he lost a sneaker! When cops asked how he could be rewarded for his effort, he said he'd like to meet the Dead. The next day, his wish came true. All six members greeted and shook hands with him.

•To clear up the confusion about the future of **The Psychedelic Solution** (the famous psychedelic art gallery

in NYC), **Jacaeber Kastor**, owner, had this to say:

"The Psychedelic Solution is not closing; it's changing. Dealing with motivated collectors is a lot more interesting than maintaining a retail shop."

"Here in America, land of opportunity and free trade, having a small business is really just a form of indentured servitude. Your silent partners (IRS, city and state government) allow you the privilege of existing, and in exchange, you give up half your earnings."

The retail store and gallery will close to the public mid-February. We will be open only by appointment after that. We will concentrate on the high end of the Psychedelic and Rock Collectibles game. Feel free to call on short notice: 212-529-2462."

ANDY ANSORGE'S TOP TEN CDs FOR 1994

1. **Monster REM**
2. **Sleeps With Angels** Neil Young
3. **Purple Stone Temple Pilots**
4. **This Perfect World** Freedy Johnston
5. **Longing In Their Hearts** Bonnie Raitt
6. **From The Cradle** Eric Clapton
7. **Last of the Independents** The Pretenders
8. **Live Through This** Hole
9. **Under The Table and Dreaming** Dave Matthews Band
10. **Too High To Die** Meat Puppets ♦

it's
déjà vu
all over again

DAVID CROSBY

IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW...

his new live album featuring 2 new songs and 8 Crosby classics including *Almost Cut My Hair*-(duet with Chris Robinson)



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Join the CLEAN TEAM if you'd like to really make a difference on tour, and do things like collect recyclables to donate the resulting money to soup kitchens in each town on tour. Send us your name, address, and phone number, with a list of what cities you might be visiting, any suggestions for expanding this idea, and a S.A.S.E., and we'll try to make a difference together!

GRATEFUL 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

Beautify the pages of DDN! We are looking for Grateful Dead-oriented/psychedelic drawings in black & white. Send them to us at the address listed below.

GD/DEADHEAD JOKES

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

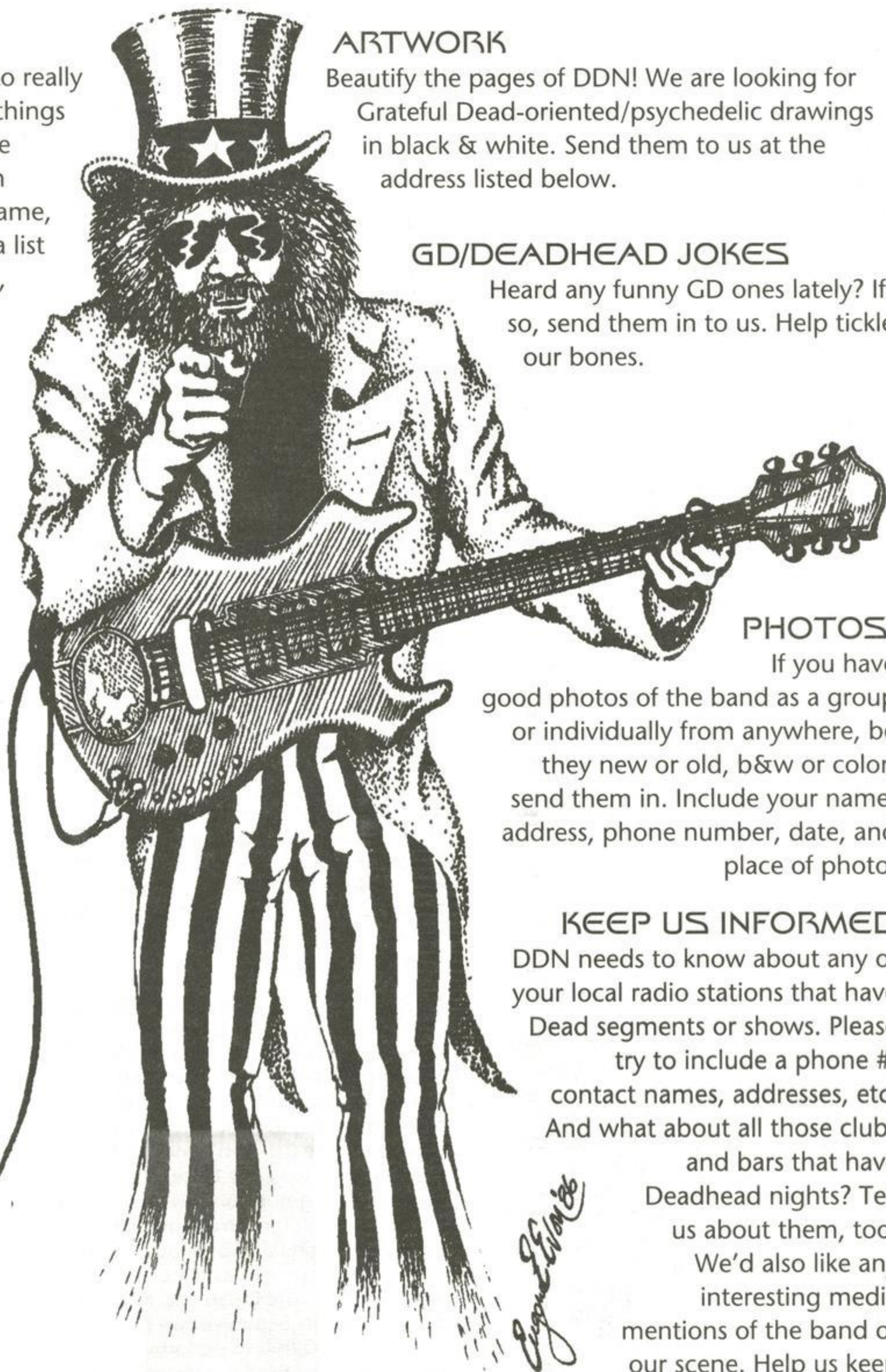
PHOTOS

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

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 #, contact names, addresses, etc. And what about all those clubs and bars that have Deadhead nights? Tell us about them, too.

We'd 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



GET TO KNOW YOUR DEAD RELATIVES



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

ROCK AND FOLK MUSIC

Great news for **Allman Brothers** fans! **Brothers and Sisters** (UDCD617), one of this band's all-time best albums, has been remixed from the original master recording by the primo Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab and released on the superb Ultra Disc label. Killer classics such as *Southbound* and the exultant instrumental *Jessica* can be found here sounding better than ever before. Chuck Leavell's piano playing on this album is among the finest keyboard performances on any rock album ever — not to mention Dicky Betts' damn fine pickin'. This is a must-have CD!

Also just out from the Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab on the Ultra Disc II label is a remix from the original master recording of **Live Cream Volumes I & II** (UDCD2-625). **Cream**, featuring Eric Clapton on guitar, Jack Bruce on bass and equally thunderous vocals, and the tireless Ginger Baker on drums, was rock and roll's first "super group." If you like high-energy psychedelic blues, this two-CD set, recorded live in California in 1968, is for you. There are 11 ferocious cuts including superb versions of the Cream classics **Sunshine of Your Love** and **White Room**.

The Grateful Dead's music is so powerful in part because it's imbued with the archetypal spirit of America. The lyrics paint strong pictures in the mind's eye of life in an earlier, more romantic, more rustic America — where talk was real and vision true. Very few bands have ever done this so well. If you love songs like *Jack Straw*, *Uncle John's Band*, or *Ramble On Rose*, you owe it to yourself to check out the music of **The Band**. The Band's new three-CD retrospective, **Across the Great Divide** (Capitol Records), is a great place to start. It's also a good way for those of you who've been listening to The Band on scratchy records for years to make the jump to this cleaner format. The first two CDs feature the 36 best cuts of The Band from their Capitol albums ("Cripple Creek," "The Weight," "Stage Fright," "Wheel's On Fire," etc.). And what amazing music it is. The third CD features 20 additional cuts, some rare, some great, some not. Of particular note are several scorching songs from a live performance at Watkins Glen (1975)

during a wild thunderstorm. No music collection is complete without the music of The Band.

Though neither has achieved the status or recognition of Blues Traveler, Phish, or the Spin Doctors, the **Dave Matthews Band** and **Big Head Todd & the Monsters** have their own sizeable followings among the H.O.R.D.E. Though Dave Matthews' **Under the Table & Dreaming** (RCA) sounds like an instrumentally gutsier version of Counting Crows (though not so gutsy as The Black Crowes), it still shares that band's penchant for melodic jamming pop. The level of production on this release is really quite impressive — gorgeous sax, flute, and strings support clear words and guitar. At times, they seem able to exude the same level of hushed intensity in a softly sung lyric as the Cowboy Junkies; at other times they turn it up every which way. Also melodic, but with even more balls and blues, is Big Head Todd, a power trio in the classic mode. Their new album, **Strategem** (Giant Records), is a no-fuss, straight-shootin' rock album in very much the same vein as the Dave Matthews Band except that it's minus the strings and woodwinds flair. Giant Records has also re-released two earlier discs, **Midnight Radio** and **Another Mystery**. Check out both bands on their tandem tour — definitely a strong pairing of talents.

No, we weren't at Woodstock '94. Even the fine performances by **Blues Traveler**, **Blind Melon**, **The Neville Brothers**, **Crosby, Stills and Nash**, **Bob Dylan**, **Traffic**, and **Peter Dinklage** on the well-produced **Woodstock '94** (A&M) double CD aren't enough to make us wish we were there. But the cuts by these groups on this two-CD set are hot enough to warrant purchasing it even though you'd also be buying music by such other groups as Nine Inch Nails and Metallica. The Dylan cut, *Highway 61*, is especially explosive (we hear they paid him \$600,000 to perform for one hour!). Also included is a picture-filled booklet, just in case you never saw half-a-million mud-covered kids before.

Modern masters of southern rock, **The Black Crowes** have a new CD out entitled **Amorica** (American). Just like its

predecessor album, "Amorica" conjures up images of down-and-out living in this truth-is-stranger-than-fiction culture we live in. We found some of the songs on this release a bit awkward compared to their otherwise standard, trademark style and sound, but on others, The Black Crowes are in fine form — reminding us a bit of the "Exile on Main Street"-period Rolling Stones mixed with shadings of Lynyrd Skynyrd and the raw vocal intensity of Janis Joplin.

A few years ago, while recording "Lawn Boy," Phish made an album with their old friend, **The Dude of Life**. Finally released, **Crimes of the Mind** (Elektra) might seem like a golden find, but it's sometimes more of a turkey. The music might be classic "Lawn Boy"-era Phish, but the Dude's gruff voice — imagine John Lee Hooker with a sore throat — doesn't mesh with Phish's blues/rock/country/folk music, especially when you compare it to Phish's own sweet harmonizing vocals. Though every Phish fan should hear this at least once, that should be enough.

Following in the footsteps of the hip, successful AWARE compilations is the new **Wiggly Compilation** (CWCD-01). This independently produced project offers original songs by 14 up-and-coming bands you may already have seen including **Jambay**, **White Buffalo**, **The Other Half**, **Band du Jour**, **Blue Miracle**, and **Moe**. With this musical meal your ears will dine on electric, acoustic, funk, improv-rock, and jazz. To order call 800-626-3364.

Out On The Rolling Sea (GLCD 3095) is a curious CD tribute to the music of Bahamian musical legend **Joseph Spence** (he wrote several classics familiar to Deadheads including *We Bid You Goodnight*, *Stealin'*, and *Goodnight Irene*). Featured on this subtle, bluesy, folksy, spiritual offering are the likes of Taj Mahal, David Grisman, Henry Kaiser, Wavy Gravy, Steve Kimock, Tom Constanten, David Lindley, Victoria Williams, and many more.

WORLD MUSIC

Percussion fanatics may want to pick up a copy of the three-CD compilation entitled **The Big Bang** (Elipsis Arts

3400). This three-hour musical melange offers quintessential examples of percussion from around the planet. Besides featuring several cuts already probably familiar to you from Mickey Hart's "Planet Drum," Baba Olatunji's "Drums of Passion," and Airto's "So Is This," "The Big Bang" also features prime examples of high-powered African tribal drumming, exquisite tabla playing, classic jazz, and rock drum solos and leads, and even entrancing "water drumming" performed on the flat surface of a river by Baka rainforest pygmies. A portion of the proceeds benefits the rainforest. All told, very hip.

WEIRD MUSIC YOU GOTTA CHECK OUT

When we first heard the album, **Balance** (GLCD 4011), from an exotic World Beat group called **Tarika** from the island of Madagascar, we thought we were listening to what must surely be folk music from the planet Mars! Combining flutes, zithers, guitars, and percussion along with hyperfast, sometimes guttural female vocals singing in their exotic native tongue, this unusual ethnic pop/folk group weaves a hypnotic sound that is not easily forgotten. The sixth song on the CD, *Anjara*, is one of the most beautifully haunting pieces we've heard in many a moon — worth the price of admission alone. Tarika's newest album, **Bibiango** (GLCD 4028), features new band members and is tighter and more pop-ish sounding, but it doesn't feature anything quite as hypnotic as *Anjara*.

DEADLY DUDS

So you've got all 213 Garcia tie designs hanging in your closet, and now you need something just as stylish to dress your wife and baby in and something more laid back to wear on the weekends. Well, fret not. The Art Peddler is now offering limited runs of Garcia-designed women's silk vests (\$65), women's silk shirts (\$60), fringed leather vests for toddlers! (\$90), babies' silk rompers (\$75), fringed silk scarves (\$25), men's lamb suede leather jackets (\$400), and unisex loose fit faded jeans with either zipper or button fly (\$45). Can teddies and bustiers be far behind? For a catalogue call 800-336-7331.

We recently scored a pair of the throw blankets being sold by GDM. Both the Dancing Bear and Skull and Roses designs are thick, well-made, and perfect for picnics or just keeping toasty on those cold winter nights. ♦



Grateful Dead Vault Archivist Hits Home Run with Impending Release

DICK'S PICKS #2: 10/31/71, Ohio Theatre, Columbus, OH

One CD: Dark Star > Sugar Magnolia > St. Stephen > Not Fade Away > Goin' Down The Road > Not Fade Away. (The list in DeadBase is incorrect).

All Deadheads, GD vault archivist Dick Latvala included, know that the lack of vault releases is nothing less than absurd. Here we are, credit cards and cash in hand, ready to gleefully devour any one of 1000+ shows the Dead could put on CD next week, and nothing happens. Well, finally, as you'll read in this issue's *DDN Notes* (page 66), the political stopgap that has held this process up appears to be removed, and it seems Dick will now be free to expedite the flow of vault releases. Yippee!

Now Dick is an interesting guy. He's really one of us. He listens to the music with an ear for the magic. And his challenge is to choose music for release that not only has the magic, but can meet the band's high technical standards. This is tougher than you'll ever know. So keep in mind that the process of choosing shows for release is sort of like making a soufflé — it's a very delicate procedure. For those of you who might be inclined to ask all sorts of questions about why he chooses what he does rather than the shows you are convinced should be picked first, we have a word of advice: Just enjoy them when they arrive; there'll be more to follow.

Dick's Pick #2, which should be out this spring, is a winner. The year 1971 was certainly a transformational one for the Grateful Dead. For most of that year they abandoned the free-form jamming style of the past in favor of honing their straight-shootin' rock 'n roll repertoire. A good move indeed, for when the jams started getting long again in the last few shows of the year, they showed a startling maturity.

This one-CD release starts with one of the few *Dark Stars* of 1971. Like most others, this version starts slow, with the musicians methodically testing the im-

provisational waters, taking their time to get their feet wet. Once the lyrics are sung, things get going. After a short period of spaciness, Jerry launches into a brilliant, ecstatic melody — not the *Feelin' Groovy* jam, not the gorgeous melodic jam from the *Dark Star* played at Empire Pool in England several *Dark Stars* later, but something deliciously in-between. It's a jam so beautiful it may make this *Dark Star* the best from all of 1971 (as good as 10/21/71).

Bobby then leads the band into a respectable *Sugar Mags* — it's clearly still a 1971-style *Sugar Mags*, not the quintessential version that was to develop several months later when Donna Godchaux started sitting in on the Europe tour.

Jerry then noodles his way into the last *St. Stephen* until 6/9/76! It's a fine version, with the band nailing the jam and bridge perfectly. This leads directly into one of the two or three best *Not Fade Away* > *Goin' Down The Road* > *Not Fade Away* combos ever. I say two or three because while it is absolutely incredible, there are one or two others that come very close, and who's to say that rubies are prettier than sapphires — music this good is all divine.

This *Not Fade Away* is a monster! During the jam Jerry goes over the top, playing one run that's so fast, so intense, so amazing, you almost have to hold your breath till it's over! *Goin' Down the Road* is a wee bit less outrageous than the 11/7/71 Harding Theater version of two shows later (another of the two or three best). The *We Bid You Goodnight*-like melody that serves as a segue back into *Not Fade Away* reprise on 10/31 is, however, quite different from the 11/7 interpretation, just as perfect but in a different way. If Dick picks 'em all this good, we're in for many hours of Grateful Dead bliss. This CD will be available via mail order from Grateful Dead Merchandising in the very near future. Don't pass it by. ♦



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

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); The 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!; Gyoto 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!; 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; Interview 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 II; 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 II; Harry Popick; Phish; Best of the Dead on Tape '75-'93; 1993 Fall Tour Reviews; 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 and Bruce Hornsby; Spring West Coast & Summer Tour '94; The highs and lows of the drug issue

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GRAY AREAS

Magazine

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John Perry Barlow Interview About Tapes And Computer Crimes

Issue 2: Grateful Dead - Critical Look At All Known Bootleg CDs

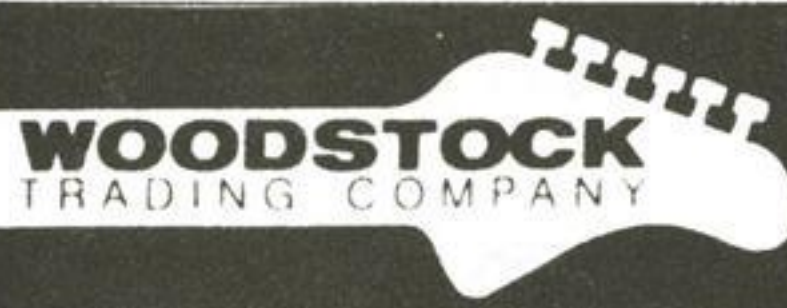
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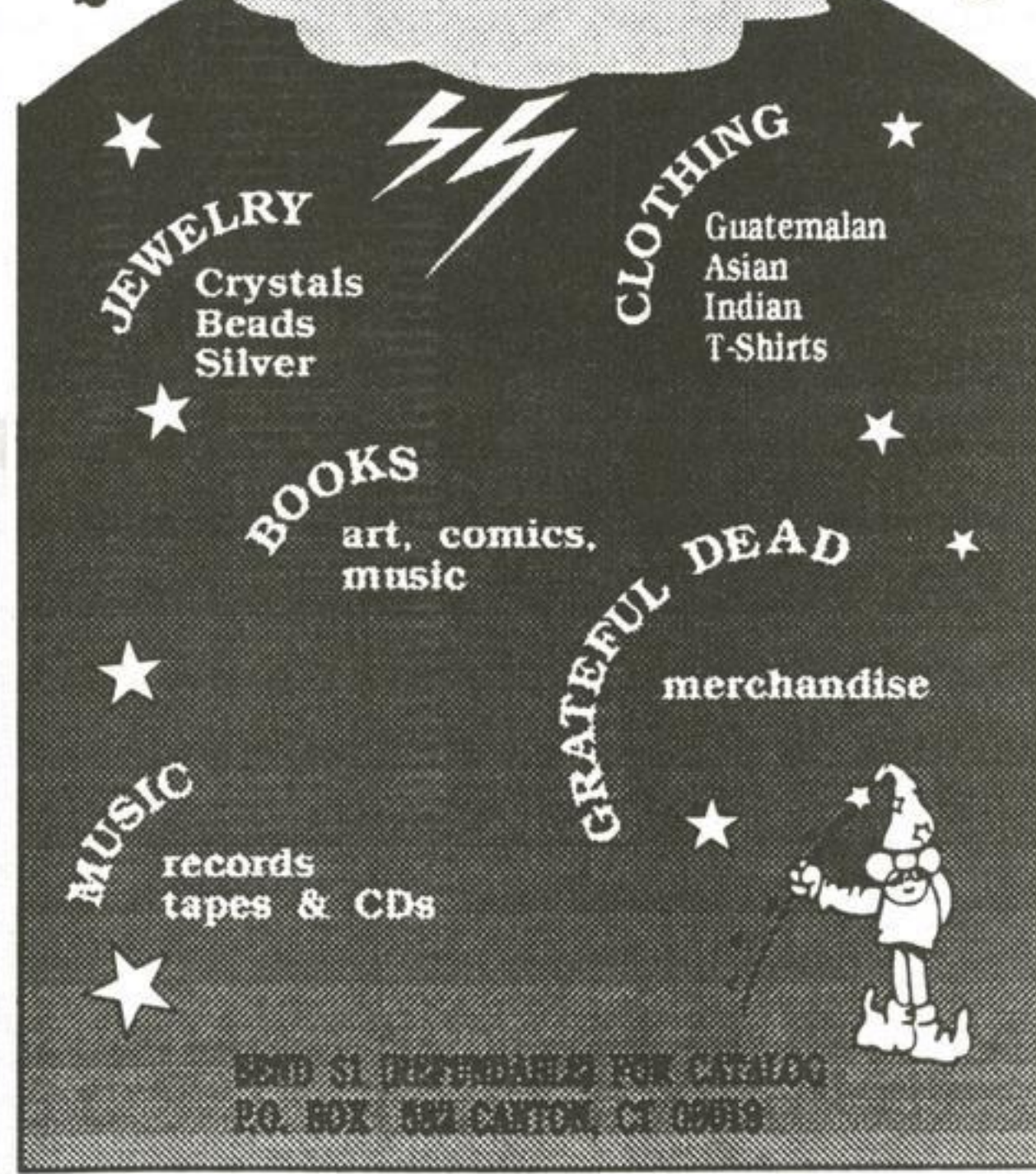


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[FOR SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION, PLEASE SEE PAGE 1]

TO PLACE YOUR FREE WRITTEN PERSONAL AD:

Just fill out the coupon below and send it with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to **DDN-PERSONALS, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578**. You will soon receive instructions in the mail on how to place a voice ad *and* access any messages that are left for your voice and/or written ad, all for free! **If you prefer instead to get online instantly, for a \$1.98 per minute charge, you can place a voice ad right now by calling 1-900-370-DEAD and follow the simple instructions.** Confusing!! You will get your own voice message Box # when you call the 900# to place your ad. Be sure to mail in your written ad anyway, so you can get a better level of response (tens of 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.**

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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 (located at the end of the ad you are responding to: i.e., 1005, 1026, 1035), on the outside of each envelope. Then enclose those envelopes, **along with \$1 per each response**, in *another* larger envelope that is 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.)**

PLACE YOUR OWN PERSONAL AD TODAY

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

Select category: ☐ Men Seeking Men ☐ Women seeking Men ☐ Men seeking Women ☐ Women seeking Women
☐ Just friends ☐ Other: seeking rides, places to crash

25 words: _____

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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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PERSONALS

A=Asian J=Jewish	B=Black L=Lesbian	BI=Bisexual M=Male	C=Christian NA=Nat. Amer.	D=Divorced N/D=Non-drinker	D/F=Drug free N/S=Non-smoker	F=Female P=Professional	G=Gay S=Single	H=Hispanic W=White
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DDN NEEDS A FAST FREELANCE TYPIST who has Macintosh computer and can use Microsoft Word 4 or better — CALL 914-232-6719 ASAP!

Friendless SWF 20. New Head seeks friends and summer tour companions. Brothers and Sisters anywhere pls reply. Need mail, lonely. ☎ ☎ Sunflower. Box 1221.

SF DH looking for her freedom. Where are there more people like me? Guys, gals, old, young, anyone for any reason. College student, Boston Area. ☎ ☎ Box 1223.

Looking for friends to have fun with and go to shows etc. Pls write. My love for you not fade away. ☎ ☎ Michelle, Box 1222.

21 y.o. sister in Chicago looking for kind bros/sis to travel with on next Phish tour. If you've got room for one more, I'd be more than happy to share driving, expenses, etc. Pls Be Kind. ☎ ☎ Box 1204.

Kind chick from SC seeks Heads anywhere to travel and party with. It's so boring here. Hipsters, tricksters, ☎ ☎ Box 1213.

Couple recently moved to Virginia seeking other kind folk to share time and experiences. Such a strange place it is here. ☎ ☎ Box 1205.

Young DH girl seeking any kind of relationship (preferably w/M 18-26). NY area. ☎ ☎ Box 1212.

Looking for Amy from Pittsburgh. Met second night Deer Creek (7/20/94). Righteous experience, I am very appreciative. Please write Sam. ☎ ☎ Box 1203.

Looking for kind Deadheads to correspond with. Peace! Marc. ☎ ☎ Box 1201.

Know any "Heads" who are victims of unfair hemp prohibition? Want to help legalize it? ☎ ☎ Box 1207.

World traveler, NY based, Tall blue-eyed guy seeks cool companion. ☎ ☎ Box 1208.

Older DH couple looking for same in MN to spiritually get thru long, cold winter. Looking for great vegetarian meals & conversation about everything! ☎ ☎ Box 1209.

Getting Married and *don't* want a dj who'll play Frankie Valley, Snoop Doggie Dog or Billy Joel tunes. Fear not! We can provide a top notch sound system and a dj/host who will play only the most tasteful selections of Grateful Dead, Reggae, classic rock, Motown, funk, jazz, you know... the kind of music you want to hear. We'll even throw in some tunes your parents can dance to. Hey, it's your celebration, why not do it right? We're reasonably priced to boot. Northeast area. For more info, ☎ JD. Box 1036.

Grateful Sociologist. Thanks for responding to questionnaire. Book in process, finally. For last set of questions focusing mainly on DH friendships, ☎ ☎ Box 1206.

SWM, 39, P, N/D, N/S, D/F, seeking 30-45 yr old SWF Sunshine Daydream. ☎ ☎ Box 1210.

SWM, 23 looking for SF in Nassau, LI area. Into the Dead, Zappa, Phish. David ☎ ☎ Box 1220.

SWM, 23 looking for SF in Nassau, LI area. Into the Dead, Zappa, Phish. David ☎ ☎ Box 1220. Rochester NY Deadheads. Let's get together to share info on concerts, ride sharing and tape trading, etc. ☎ ☎ Box 1211.

SWM, N/S, 37, DC area. Prof by Day, DH by night. Looking for SSDD for biking, boating, taping, shows, hanging out & havin' fun! ☎ ☎ Box 1214.

WILL YOU MARRY ME PRETTY BARRIE-O?

Wharf Rat looking for friendly correspondence. Matt H., ☎ ☎ Box 1215. Hey boys...come back to Albany!

Feel like a stranger. Seeking kind correspondence, stories, good Karma, and HQ '70s Dead. Will reply. Karl ☎ ☎ Box 1216.

Atlantic City area Head, 32, looking for F/M Head to trade Tapes, Hang, etc. Tom ☎ ☎ Box 1217.

Hey now! Looking for Boston area Tapeheads (Woburn) for trading. Special interest in Boston '94. Dave ☎ ☎ Box 1218.

SF/Woodside, CA, Head. email- THCHAVEN@aol.com. drop me a line. ☎ ☎ Box 1219.

MISSING: Rob "Jake" Schein, formerly of Rockaway, NJ and Atlanta, GA. Anyone know how to contact him? ☎ ☎ Box 1200.

It! DH in prisin for sacrament distribution would welcome letters from kind Heads. Just Say Know! Matt Capelli #249243, PO Box 69, London, OH 43140.

Joley Gravy—Let your love life shine support camp winna rainbow Laytonville California. Vince Wilmoth.

SWM 40 searching for SWF 25-50 who still believes in love that lasts forever. Dreams do come true, and second chances. ☎ Steven Brewer, E-82587 A-3-201, PO Box 29, Represa, CA 95671.

"Long as the light shines in just enough dark to be bright in, I know you and you know me, too." R. Hunter.

Lisa, You're the angel who flew down from heaven and landed in my backyard. It's nice to know happiness is forever. Love, your soulmate, Ben.

Maria E.—Our first concert together was a Nassau Dead show, now over 3 years later what a wonderful trip its been. Love Andrew.

Dear Barry & Matthew Cavanagh—I will give what love I have to give, long as I live. Love, Mom.

Jen, thanks for turning on my lovelight. I'm glad you're my wife. Steven.

Enjoy the magazine. Love that GD music, but the bands gotta go! Nothin' but troublemakers, I hear. Love, Richard.

And everything comes to One, as we dance on, dance on, dance on. Roethke.

Please, please, we must all speak for the trees. I can't do it all myself. THE LORAX.

Peace and love to all Deadheads in memory of Dana Ganguin.

Downed Texas bay in Calif doing 25 to life. Up for parole in 98. 5'11", Hazel eyes, Young 40. Seeking friendship, possible romance, interested — ☎ Roy Tex Gray, C-49147, Box 29 A3201, Represa, CA 95671.

Keep the sunshine in your heart. Be kind to each other.

To the person who dosed me in Philly. Pls let me do my own dosage!

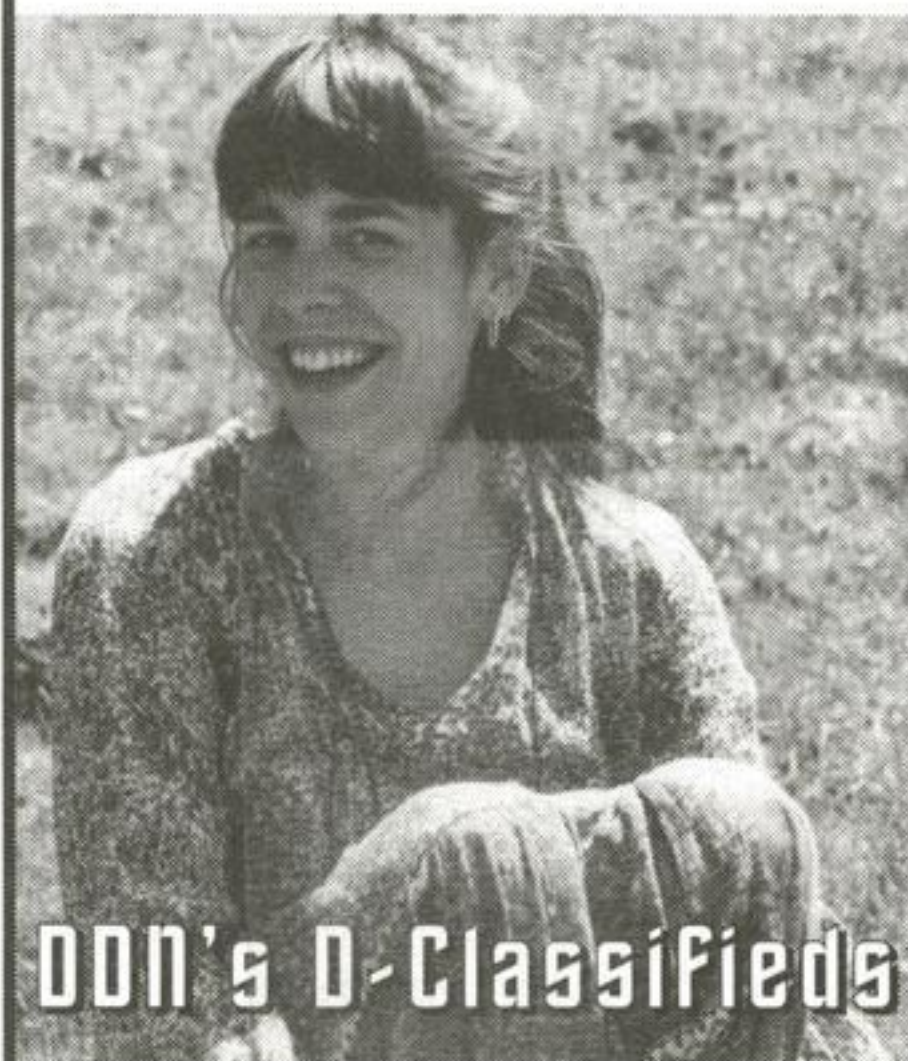
I'm thinking of a certain construction flagwoman from Ontario, Canada who I met in Chicago. RSVP Jerry.

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 ☎ w/self-description of interests/skills to DDN-Badillion Family, ☎ ☎ Box 1055.

To Kilo in Virginia, love is real—not fade away, I miss you! Love, Christy. Without love in the dream, it will never come true.

To David—Thanks for sharing your first show with me. Next time Cassidy.—Will.

**Looking to connect with
like-minded Deadheads?
This is the place.**



DDN's D-Classifieds

**Where Deadheads make
great connections.**

Staley—meet you in the pourin' rain—Atlanta 95.

Come & hang at Jerry's new favorite bar, the Ale-N-Wich, 246 Hamilton St., New Brunswick, NJ. Have a wonderful!!!

Hi Coonie, thanks for remembering box of rain. I love you dearly. Love, Slook Slikitus.

Andy, Marisa, Keating, Phillips & Sara: We love you guys! Come on back for fall tour!

Remember: we create the world. Make it a pleasant one.

Northwest Heads thank the Dead for giving us five awesome shows—thanks Eugene and field trip and the Kesey family.

Julie: you have opened me up to a great new world of music and happiness. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.—Ed.

In loving memory of Sean P. Nolan. Your love light will not fade away.

Peace and love come from within our hearts. Let's plant the seeds and help them grow. The spirit of the Rainbow is alive. Paul Kiger.

We love you more than words can tell.

Thanks Jim, it's been great going to the shows with you. Before you know it, Brian will be going, too. Peace, JH.

Brothers & Sisters, peace be with you & share the sounds of life with all who cross your path. Peace, love & Jerry.

D. Thanks for the lead to DDN. Smile, smile, smile. Derek.

Until the color of a man's skin is of no more significance than the color of his eyes, War.

Peace, Love & Happiness to all Deadheads all over this world. Henk & Lilian, Busoniln 1g, 5654 NP, Eindhoven, The Netherlands.

The Thunder didn't get me but MoonLight did. Deer Creek Sunyata. Glad I could Help. Are you kynd? Rainbow Joe Garrett #177292, BWCC 1147 Planters Rd., Lawrenceville, VA 23868.

Support the Adopt-a-hippie program. No money needed, just your kind correspondence. Downed DH needs mail! Seeking word from all especially Sweet Sugar Magnolias! Paul Moreau #E-33248, PO Box 911, Imperial, CA 92251.

Thanks Wharf Rats NYC Fall '94. Don't Need Dope To Dance. Keep coming back—LAW.

To DH Friends in Austin & Chicago—A vavorite Jerry quote: "How gray life would be without psychedelics." Danny. Looking forward to Austin shows!

Hey Neil C. thanks for turning me on to the GD! Love Lisa.

North to Alaska; Come visit the Magic Carpet. A gallery of Global Goods. 3535 College Rd., Fbks, Alaska.

Jerry kids—see Paulie G. and Stagger Lee.

Laura C.—You are my sugar magnolia.

Jake, I know you've gone to where the wind don't blow so strange. May peace be with you forever. I love you. Zip.

Republicans Suck!

SWMC looking for a CW with inner spiritual beauty to share my love of Jesus with. Marriage minded but will answer all. Peace. Johnny W. Lewis D-50744, PO Box 29 A-4-212, Represa, CA 95671.

Hey Renner, we can share what we got of yours, cause we done shared all of mine—CP

Hey now people, let's pick up after ourselves! Next show why not bring bags & old pair of gloves and do a really good thing!

Happy Anniversary to Jerry and the boys on 30 yrs. Here's hoping for at least 30 more. RSP.

Greetings from Newtland. Did we perhaps forget to vote?

Happy 1995—The year of the New Potato!

Go with the row when you're feeling slow—Love Jo.

Congrats Mike & Brad on Manny's Car Wash. It's the BEST blues bar in NY. I love you Carolyn.

Irish Trish! You'll always be my moondancer. Black Peter.

Meg, 93 and 94 lost wages. Looking forward to DC in 95. Respect and love—Dan.

Open your soul to love, for it shall unfold into all our needed solutions. Recycle, plant trees, walk, and turn on your love light.

Ladson, I want you to know that my love is *Built to Last*—forever! So keep smilin'. Love Lisa.

Bring your joy from the wish level to real expression. Infinite kindness—Raina. ♦

It's here — the perfect way to trade tapes faster and with more people!

HOW TO PLACE YOUR WRITTEN TAPE TRADE AD:

DDN subscribers get one free 25-word tape trade ad with each subscription, [go to page one or 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** (some traders will 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.** [Just submit your 4 ads, *each on its own separate index card*, along 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 not your phone number.

Call 1-900-740-DEAD [3323] for Tape Trading

[\$1.98 per min./Touchtone phones only/18 years and over please.]

If you prefer to get your ad on the 900# instantly, instead of sending in your written ad and waiting for further instructions, for a \$1.98 per minute charge, you can place your tape trading voice ad 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. Tens of thousands of people nationwide will read your ad!] **If you place an instant ad prior to placing a written ad, please include your voice box # on the ad you mail us.**

HOW 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 — also, 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#s 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.

Will send blanks, return packaging, pstg. for HQ Dead/Jerry. Send list c/o 2615 N. Bosworth #1R, Chicago, CA 60614. PLEASE. ☎ Box 1749.

Help! Kind beginner wants to start collection. Looking for Dead/Dylan. Will send blanks/pstg. Patrick, 94 Charlotte Ct. Cary, IL 60013. Thank you! ☎ Box 1750.

163 Dark Stars, seek rest, also Dylan, Marley, Coltrane, Miles, Airplane, Allmans w/Duane, others. Send note describing collection (no lists). Jim Powell, 2112 Bonar #D, Berkeley, CA 94702. ☎ Box 1900.

The first days are the hardest days. Please send me your list. Alice, 1-56 76th Dr., D7, Forest Hills, NY 11375. ☎ Box 1901.

Looking for summer 93, 94, have very kind tapes to trade. John O., Sol Laswell Ave., SJ, CA 95128. ☎ Box 1902.

Have 500 hrs of LG sbds. In need of JGB, Allmans, Widespread and other bands. Quality freaks only. Kevin, 3 Conner Circle, Rochester, MN 55902. ☎ Box 1903.

Newcomer interested in receiving information on tape acquisition—trading. Please help. K. Williams, PO Box 593, Ocracoke, NC 27960. ☎ Box 1904.

Help need 12/19/93 or Autzen 94. Will trade 94 Deer Creeks or anything stylin' sounding. Please write Tim Lucas, 66 Lincolnshire, Lincolnshire, IL 60069. KINDNESS. ☎ Box 1905.

"Wanted"—tapes of good quality of "live shows" any year, any where, please. ☎ Box 1906.

Wake Now Discover—new trader looking for kind Dead and early JGB. Will send tapes and postage. Write: JB, 3470 Hacienda Ave., Las Vegas, NV 89120. ☎ Box 1907.

150+ hrs. Seeking HQ GD, JGB, Phish, etc. YLGM. Jeff Stein, 800 E. Grand #25C, Carbondale, IL 62901. Please! ☎ Box 1908.

40+ hrs. Looking to trade in Central IL Anyone have 7-19, 20, 23-94. Will send blanks and postage. Dave, 913 Shorewood Ct., Dunlap, IL 61525. ☎ Box 1909.

New to DAT and need some help starting. GD WSP. Any help Gratefully appreciated. 1100 hrs analogue. Jeff, 20 Spring Ln., Barrington, IL 60010. ☎ Box 1910.

Shine the light on me with your kind tapes have 150+ hrs and some MSG '94. All answered. Chuck, 419 Thoreau St., Branford, CT 06405. ☎ Box 1911.

Is there help on the way? New trader needs lists. Have 200+ hrs. Jeff Williams, 294 S. Washington #37, Bergenfield, NJ 07621. ☎ Box 1912.

Wonderful Water: Best water filter for home and travel since 1970. NSF certified. Pure clean H2O for 8¢/gallon. Valley Multi-Pure. ☎ Box 1913.

Hey now, DH in Caribbean looking for neighbors and traders. Jim and Alison, Box 1109 Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands. Come dive with us and Jerry.

Fast, reliable trader looking for same. Have 250+ hrs. HQ only. All responses answered. Pete, 5 Cox Ave., Harvey Cedars, NJ 08008. ☎ Box 1915.

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YOUR GREETINGS
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE,
(INSTRUCTIONS ARRIVING
IN THE MAIL).
IT'S FREE, SIMPLE AND FUN.
REMEMBER, YOUR VOICE
IS WHAT PEOPLE
ARE WAITING FOR!**

Hey now, my kind gets your kind audio or videos. Trade with prompt response only. Deadicated need respond. WEB, 1509 Denver, Boise, ID 83706. ☎ Box 1916.

Been searching for memorable 4-09-83 Hampton, VA show (high Q). Have extensive list to choose from. Please help! Jo Eichhorn, 1500 Regester Ave., Baltimore, MD 21239. ☎ Box 1917.

Beginner so very old to very new HQ GD. Are you kind? Please help me out! Gladly send blanks and postage. Tom S. 439 S. 43rd St., Philly, PA 19104. ☎ Box 1918.

150+ HQ hrs. Will accept and send blanks, please send me your lists, I'll get up and tape away. I. Bran, 14871 Doheny, Irvine, CA 92714. ☎ Box 1919.

Hey now friends! I need Boston Garden '93-'94 tapes. Eric Rocher, 77 Old Post Rd., Centerville, MA 02632. ☎ Box 1920.

Help keep the spirit of Frank Zappa alive on my TV. Send video lists to K. Wait, 9002 Sheridan Rd. Lot 91, Kenosha, WI 53143. ☎ Box 1921.

Hey Jerry—Please let us tape your Band's concerts. Please!!!

Somebody please help! Need to expand my 30 hr collection. Will send blanks and postage YLGM. D. Goodfriend, 731 Euclid Ct. #K-1, Middletown, OH 45044. Thanks. ☎ Box 1922.

Hey now! Looking to trade HQ GD old and new! YLGM—550+ hrs. Scott, SU 1035, Williams College, Williamstown, MA 01267. ☎ Box 1923.

When around Tuba City, AZ, listen to our Dead Hour Sundays at 9POM on 91.5 FM KGHR Rez-Rockin' Radio!. ☎ Box 1924.

Box set of shows from the Vault—Without A Net Vol. 2. Sound good? Everyone interested please write and tell them what we want: Grateful Dead, PO Box 1065, San Rafael, CA 94915. ☎ Box 1941.

Need WSP 7-4-94 Red Rocks also more Dylan WSP Floyd ARV New Bohemians GD 94 Have 2500 hrs to share. GVD, 32 Studley St., Brentwood, NY 11717. ☎ Box 1925.

Beg. needs all Eugene, OR shows and 12/13/93. Quick replies. GND, 3010 SE 29th Ave., Portland, OR 97202. Thanx bros and sisters. ☎ Box 1926.

Looking for HQ only. Have 200+ hrs. Beginners or anyone else always welcome. Fast and reliable. Looking for Marley, Allmans, & Dead. Dave Schneiderman, 5 Waverly Ct., New City, NY 10956. Please help me. ☎ Box 1927.

Vegas '94—who's got it? I need it. Jeff. Peace. ☎ Box 1928.

Looking for 7/23/94 Soldier Field and always any HQ. Have 150 hrs. to trade. Many gems. Please. Armin, 5525-K S. Harvard Ave., Tulsa, OK 74135. ☎ Box 1929.

LTGTR and send out your lists. Have 250 hrs, no list too small. Interested in Dead, ABB, Zappa, Dylan, Clapton, Tull, SRV, Floyd. Ed, 2380 Bromsgrove Rd. #12, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada, L5J4E6.

600+ hrs. Looking for any Richfield, OH sbds and any other Dead and JGB. YLGM. Bill, 7903 Airport Hwy. #8, Holland, OH 43528. ☎ Box 1930.

Mainers—Dunham landed in Dixie—attention Georgia Freaks—will trade statewide for the best in boards. Maria Milne, 1346 Lakeside Way, Atlanta, GA 30319. ☎ Box 1931.

Will trade LG sbd tapes for same. Excellent quality only. Send list with full details to Bud Samiljan, 319 Arlington St., Acton, MA 01720. ☎ Box 1932.

Aiko Aiko. DNW Head close to 1000 tapes & counting. Need lots more! 10614 SW 64th Dr., Portland, OR 97219. ☎ Box 1933.

Have 200 hrs. Dead, 60 hrs Phish. Send list. Must be fast, reliable, sound quality is very important. Chris, 538 Elmwood Terrace, Linden, NJ 07036. ☎ Box 1934.

Need Shoreline 8-25, 26-93. YLBM. Doreen, 11318 W. Travellers Way, Houston, TX 77065-4953. ☎ Box 1935.

If you are true to the music, let's trade. 400+ hrs of GD, JGB. SK, 7335 W. Marine Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53223. ☎ Box 1936.

Seeking following dates: 1/2/970 Fillmore East, NYC; 8/2/76 Colt Park, Hartford, CT; Good quality 4/27/77 Capitol (WNEW broadcast); have good 9/5/79 MSG and 5/15/81 Rutgers to trade. JT. ☎ Box 1937.

Looking for sbds HQ Dead & Jerry. Have about 100 hrs various quality. Will ship and receive. Always looking. Mike Babb, 5586 Rustling Way, Galloway, OH 43119. ☎ Box 1938.

Alaskan nethead, 70403, 1362@compuserve.com, seeks to start DAT collection. Lists PLEASE! Kindness follows. Ed. McNichol, 943 W. 19th St. #2, Anchorage, AK 99503. ☎ Box 1939.

In need of a holdoy. Beginner looking for Dead, Phish, Allmans. Will send blanks/post. Julie, 14503 Delaware Ave., 3rd fl, Lakewood, OH 44107. ☎ Box 1940.

Have 100+ hrs Dead & Phish. Help me expand my collection! Need Deer Creek & Buckeye 94 & any 94 Phish shows, or any year of GD. Please send list: Joel Bell, PO Box 6500, University, MS 38677. ☎ Box 1942.

Want to meet new friends and trade HQ tapes—Diamond Dave, Suite 199, 2750 Shepard of the Hills Expressway, Branson, MO 65616. Peace & love to all. ☎ Box 1943.

Seeking Vegas 6/24-26/94 & other HQ West Coast Summer Tour '94. YLGM. Bryan, 36195 Northfield, Livonia, MI 48150. ☎ Box 1944.

Have 350+ hrs. Always looking for more JGB, Weir & of course GD. YLGM, all replies answered! Chris, 5922-B Mausser Drive, Orlando, FL 32822. ☎ Box 1945.

300 hrs qual tapes made. Experienced. Will tape for blanks from beginners. Send SASE for list. Anthony Nacrecci, 11673 Ellison Wilson Rd., NPB, FL 33408-2741. Fare thee well now. ☎ Box 1946.

Wanted 12/17-19/93, 2/25-27/94, Atlanta 94, Soldier 94. 600+ Dead. Also want Neil, CSN, Allmans, Tuna, Phish, others. Ken, PO Box 72256, Huntsville, TX 77340. ☎ Box 1947.

Reliable beginner looking to expand small collection. Will trade or send blanks. Please send lists. Need 7/13/94. Brandon Pyers, 72 Westerly Circle, Ludlow, MA 01056. ☎ Box 1948.

Need: Dead 10/20/74, 7/28/73, 9/3/85; Phish 4/12/93, 4/13/93, 7/29/93; WSP, ABB, Jupiter Coyote! Have same, 250+ hrs. Jeff, 2061 Arundel Pl., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464. ☎ Box 1949.

500+ hrs., qual only for trade. Beginners welcome. Will tape for price of blanks and postage. Timothy Frobisher, 2056 Junction Ave., El Cerrito, CA 94530. ☎ Box 1950.

DAT trades wanted. Dead, Dylan, Van, Phish, European Broadcasts, lots more. Please send lists to: Thomas Storch, Pienzenauerstr.95, 81925 Meunchen, Germany.

Looking for info (tapes, print, etc.) about the Washington Squares—Tom Goodkin—Lauren Agnelli—Bruce Jay Paskow. Harold Brandt, Schwanenseeplatz.7, 24148 Kiel, Germany.

150+ hrs. highest quality DSBD and FOB aud. 59 ES and DA-30 (trade only please). Jeff, 5305 Olmeda, Atascadero, CA 93422. ☎ Box 1951.

Searching for tape traders in the Great White North. Jason Betik, Rm. 441, Shell House, Simon Fraser Univ., Burnaby, BC., Canada, V5A 1S6.

Looking for Richfield 3/21/94, RFK 7/16/94 & 7/17/94, Buckeye 7/29/94. Happy to share what we have! Thanks! Rainboo, 8252 Vernon St., Manassas, VA 22110. ☎ Box 1953.

Have good Dead and Widespread. Want Vegas and Phoenix '94. Send lists/requests to trade/sell. Tom Rodriguez, 1325 Westheimer, Abilene, TX 79601. Box 1954.

Still looking for 12/4/73 and 1/14/79. 100's to trade. Peace. Tom, PO Box 2112, Old Faithful, Yellowstone, WY 82190. ☎ Box 1955.

Wanted: tapes of Deer Creek '94. Have a few embroidery patches left from Deer Creek & St. Louis. Dated S/Y/F. Toby Cummings, #10 Walnut Park, Cedar Hill, MO 63016. ☎ Box 1956.

Beginner needs a hand so he'll have a leg to stand on. Jon Jenks, ISMO 1st FSSG, CamPen, CA 92055. ☎ Box 1957.

Need latest Dead shows, have Dead, Panic, Phish, BT, Allgood, RADS to trade. Greg Vaughn, 4979 Appaloosa Trail, Norcross, GA 30071. ☎ Box 1958.

Wash your feet and send me Phish, Dave Matthews Band, Bluegrass, ARV, Bela, etc. Have 2000 hrs for trade. Sean Quinn, PO Box 181, Bridgewater, VT 05034-0181. ☎ Box 1959.

DHs with Dali/Lijiang/Kuming stories to tell welcome to fax Hong Kong 852 809 4154. The estimated prophet awaits!

1-900-740-DEAD

Please help!! I need Atlanta 94, Orlando 94 & Miami 94. Will send extra blanks, postage and my small 50 hrs list. S. Wood, 17 Meadowside Ct., Indian Head, MD 20640. ☎ Box 1960.

Have 500+ hrs, need '94 GD. Mike, PO Box 302, West Groton, MA 01472. ☎ Box 1961.

Looking for crispy So Cal tour tapes of Dec. 10, 12/94, as well as vintage 3/13/82 Reno and 6/25/78 Eugene. ☎ Box 1962.

Looking for: Utica NY 3/21, 22/73, Fillmore East 4/27/71 and Raleigh NC 7/10/90. S. Gleaves, 310 N. Meridian, Rutherfordtown, NC 28139. ☎ Box 1963.

Incarcerated DH in dire need of cellophane sealed wonderlove, will supply tape funds. Better not pout, better not cry, this is correctional life. Charlie says hi. T. Dominguez H-53316, PO Box 911, Imperial, CA 92251. ☎ Box 1964.

Beg. with 60 hrs seeks hq GD & others. Need ex sbd of 8/27/72, 6/28/91. All welcome. E.P., 475 E. Holdaway Rd., Vineyard, VT 84058. ☎ Box 1965.

Have to clean house. Willing to trade Dead tapes for blanks. Write: 8 Branch Ave., Telford, PA 189469. ☎ Box 1966.

Trade on the way? Interested in JGB, Dead and Panic trades. C. Barksdale, 1826 Steeplebrook Cu., Cordova, TN 38018. ☎ Box 1967.

Cosmic Wally needs you to help with beginning tape collection. 60+ hrs sbd to trade. C. Wallgreen, 1704 Antoine Ave., Arcata, CA 95521. ☎ Box 1968.

Lost black wool GD hat with 49'er-like symbol on front and Dancing Bears on back at 3/94 Rosemont shows. I need a miracle. ☎ Box 1969.

We miss Brent. For a new buzz "from good homes" 600+ hrs, list for list. Chris, 47E New St., Rockaway, NJ 07866. ☎ Box 1970.

Looking for Mad Dogs & Englishmen, Joe Cocker on CD (or tape). Don, 4034 Hwy. 65, #1001, Houston, TX 77082. ☎ Box 1971.

Hey it's Rosy Red & Electric Blue, we need more groovy sounds. Phish too. 200+ hrs. Salmon, 220 Park St., Vine Grove, KY 40175. ☎ Box 1972.

Butterfly at heart looking for spring summer tour 94 tapes. Lots to trade. Waldow, 304-100 Bronson Ave., Ottawa, Ontario K1R 6G8 Canada.

DH seeking HQ tapes, so let's trade man! Rog Olshin, Forbes Hall, Box #00421-2, 3525 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15213-3333. Far out man! Peace!! ☎ Box 1973.

Rebuilding stolen collection. Interested in sbd and hq, especially 1984—1991. Please send list. David Joy, 15 Bigelow St., #1, Cambridge, MA 02139. ☎ Box 1974.

Have 300+ hq hrs, looking for LG sbds, esp. 3/31/91, 4/1/91, 3/22/93, 3/24/93, 3/4-6/94, 3/30-31/94, 4/1/94. Send list. Any digital available to newbie? R. Davis, 7721 31st Ave. NW, Seattle, WA 98117. ☎ Box 1975.

Need 9/22/93 (Ded), 11/12/93 (JGB) w/D. Murray. Also, WBCN 11/21/70 w/Duane. Jack Collier, 400 N. 11th St., Elwood, IN 46036. ☎ Box 1976.

Hundreds of hrs of hq 70's & 80's Dead. Want 1989-1994, hq only. Phil, 22021 Cosala, Mission Viejo, CA 92691. ☎ Box 1977.

Fast trader w/400 hrs seeks hq sbds—Dead, JGB, ABB—much hq to share. YLGM. MGB, 24 Newcastle Dr. #2, Nashua, NH 03060. ☎ Box 1978.

Will anyone reach out to help isolated DH? Lost tapes in move. Will send blanks/postage. Tom Frankenberg, 1933 Ualakaa, Honolulu, HI 96822. Hahalo!. ☎ Box 1979.

Hey now! Have extensive list. Always looking to expand. Esp. interested in Dead, JGB, Jorma, Tuna, & Zero. Send lists to Carl & Elinor, 330 W. 28th St. #20E, NY, NY 10001. ☎ Box 1980.

Have 1200+ hrs. Looking for 1992 to present. YLGM. Thanks. Steve Marsh, Rt. 1 Box 40B, Burtrum, MN 56318. ☎ Box 1981.

Have 250+ hrs to trade. Looking for hq '74-'78 and other goodies. YLGM. Chris, Stanton Hall #129, Miami U., Oxford, OH, 45045.. Call me. ☎ Box 1982.

Please send set lists. Beginner—am looking to tape/trade some good shows. Peace, love, sunshine. J. Krueger, Sandburg Box 1468, 3400 N. Maryland Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53211-2953. ☎ Box 1989.

Semi-beginner w/100+ hrs looking for hq sbds and esp. auds—Dead, JGB, Neil, Melon. Quick, reliable. Joel Gershon, 205 E. Armory, Champaign, IL 61820. ☎ Box 1983.

DH wants to start collection. Will gratefully send blanks/postage. Kindness is contagious, send lists to Chris, 120 McMechen St. #A-401, Baltimore, MD 21217. ☎ Box 1984.

Stuck in Omaha. Looking for local traders. YLGM. John, 3150 Mason St., Omaha, NE 68105. ☎ Box 1985.

Dance them bones, trade that jones, have 1500+ GD, asst. goodies on 21 pg. list. Paul Fischer Jr., 443 Highcrest Dr., Vilmette, IL 60091. ☎ Box 1986.

Beginner would like hq sbd Dead. All shows. Please send lists. Jason, 10305 SW Wilsonville #28, Wilsonville, OR 97070. Will send tapes/postage. ☎ Box 1987.

Need more! Have 700 Dead hrs, 150 Allmans & Neil, Clapton, Nevilles, Zappa, Beatles+. Do Cat Stevens boots exist? Lance Lester, 801 W. 12th, Austin, TX 78701. ☎ Box 1988.

Have: 3/6/94, 12/5-6/92 AZ, Deer Creek 6/7/91, Pine Knob 6/20/91. Need help turning 100 hrs into 1000. Funk, 19401 N. 7th St. #116, Phoenix, AZ 85024. ☎ Box 1990.

Any leather-minded DHs out there? Will switch tapes! Write me: Lupe Wolf, PO Box 50346, Mpls., MN 55405. ☎ Box 1991.

Greetings. Seeking hq 72 > 73 rare and obscure. Also '94 gems. Be safe and smile. T. Donoghue, 27 Hale Rd., Stow, MA 01775. ☎ Box 1992.

Lots to trade for hq sbd or aud, summer '94, fall '94 and other '73-'94. YLGM. Rob Smith, 108B Fiddler Green, Stratford, CT 06497. ☎ Box 1993.

New in SF, looking for tapers/friends in area. Only have 200+ GD, JGB, Phish, dying for more. SHUN, 1505 Hyde, SF, CA 94109. ☎ Box 1994.

Looking for summer 94, esp. 8/1/94. Never had such a good time in my life before. Angie, 113E Stephens St., Chapel Hill, NC 27514. ☎ Box 1995.

Northwestern Pennsylvania Wharf Rat with 75+ hrs looking for other kind traders. YLGM. Dave, Rd. #4, Box 261-I, Conneaut Lake, PA 16316. ☎ Box 1996.

It's Ralph's birthday and this ad is his present. All good hearted Heads please send him any spare tapes. 13372 Greentree, Garden Grove, CA 92640. ☎ Box 1997.

Desperately seeking 8/24/80. The only show in my hometown. Have 250+ hrs. YLGM. JF, 1369-D Pacific Beach Dr., San Diego, CA 92109. ☎ Box 1998.

DH w/150+ hrs GD wants to add, trade & upgrade. YLGM. Will send blanks. Dan Jr., 1140 Edge Hill Rd., Abington, PA 19001. ☎ Box 1999.

Always looking for tapes, the travel bug has bitten this swinging bachelor who doesn't have many hours but has many resources. Peace, fester, bester, tester. T. Aguirre, 841 Frederica St. #3, Atlanta, GA 30306. ☎ Box 2000.

Want Allmans 7/17/94; Phish 6/21-22/94, 8/6/93; GD Deer Creek Soldierfield Buckeye 94 & hq pre-75 YLGM. Sam, 5529 Preswick Dr., Dublin, OH 43017. Box 2001.

Native American DH starting collection, all lists big or small gratefully appreciated. 8/25/91 JGB? Will send postage/blanks. Heidi, 3565 Pine Drive, Kelseyville, CA 95451. ☎ Box 2002.

Stockton 1/18/78 wanted. What do you need? Let's trade. Bruce. ☎ Box 2003.

Shaun from middle earth: contact me about tapes for Deer Creek 1993. Larry Moore, 7202 E. 82nd St., Rm. 1136, Indianapolis, IN 46256. ☎ Box 2004.

Beginning trader. Looking to establish hq base for collection. Would be grateful for any Dead shows. Will send blanks and postage. D. Kahill, 236 Highland Ave., South Portland, ME 04106. ☎ Box 2005.

Beginner. Need help from all kind brothers and sisters. Especially 94 summer Dead and Phish. Jason, 2450 N. Lakeview, Chicago, IL 60614-2794. ☎ Box 2006.

Help head trapped in Indiana! Small collection. let it grow. YLGM. Dan, Box 662, Linton, IN 47441. One man gathers what another man spills. ☎ Box 2007.

Looking for videos, have several for trade and others goods from Europe, lots of quality sbds to share. Christian Barthe, 12 Pre-Puits, 1246 Coisier, GE, Switzerland.

In a land seemingly devoid of hq Dead and JGB tapes, looking to rebuild a collection which has dwindled to nearly nothing. Grateful for lists, will provide blanks. A. Townley, 46 York Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, London, England SW11 4BP.

Hola! Looking for Phish, BT, Dead. Will send blanks, postage. YLGM. All answered. Corrie Abraham, 22 South Shore Rd., Salem, NJ 03079. Smiles and sunshine. ☎ Box 2008.

Oodles of boards to trade. YLGM. Mark F., 1223 21st #E, Santa Monica, CA 90404. ☎ Box 2009.

400 plus hrs of hq dead. Looking for tapes of 1994 shows. YLGM. Also looking for any hq tapes of 90-93. B. LoScalzo, 2879 LaSalle Ave., Bronx, NY 10461. ☎ Box 2010.

Hey now—incarcerated DH needs info on getting tapes shrink wrapped. Also correspondence welcomed by all. Scott Coyle, #93A1092 Box 4580, Rome, NY 13442. ☎ Box 2011.

Here comes sunshine! Desire 7/1-3/94! Looking for kind, serious, correspondence. Have 200 hrs Dead (plus much more). Will respond to all. CBE, 107 Burwell Rd., Winsted, CT 06098. ☎ Box 2012.

PLEASE RECORD YOUR GREETING ASAP.

Have small but kind collection of GD on CD. Good sound, would love to find a righteous "satisfaction". YLGM. Brandon, 3032 S. Delaware, Englewood, CO 80110. ☎ Box 2013.

Need Phish Phish Phish! Looking to trade hq sbds. YLGM. All answered. Kevin, 4333 Crest Ln., Allentown, PA 18104. ☎ Box 2014.

Will trade hq 3/1/69 or 7/8/78 for hq 7/1/94 or 7/2/94. Will send list of GD hq import CDs. J. Riley, 2204 Casa Mia Dr., San Jose, CA 95124. ☎ Box 2015.

Super groovy funk sounds of the 70's. Sunflower child where are you? Spoken word at 194 Monroe Ave., Edison, NJ 08820. Eggplant! ☎ Box 2016.

1000 hrs, So. CA head looking for qual and reliable traders. No beginners. JMN, 231 W. Canada, #B, San Clemente, CA 92672. ☎ Box 2017.

Seeking hq sbds '70-'78. Have very small collection. John. ☎ Box 2018.

One kind head seeks help with small but growing tape collection—will accomodate all arrangements for anyone interested. Love, Joshua, 540 Lemke Ave., Medford, WI 54451. ☎ Box 2036.

I'll trade my 300+ hrs GD (11/19/66-7/31/94). Quick, reliable recordings. GD, JGB, B & R, Allmans. A friend in need, is a friend indeed. Kelby Houston, 62 Parliament, Palos Hts., IL 60463. ☎ Box 2019.

Jerry rips. Crave late 80's, early 90's kind tapes. Will trade or pay pstg. 275 W. 96th St., #5G, NY, NY 10025. ☎ Box 2020.

New taper seeking hq Dead, Phish, WSP. Please sent to: OT, 570 Hudson Terrace, Auburn, AL 36830. ☎ Box 2021.

Beginner needs hq 6/13/93, 3/28/94, 8/3-4/94, JGB 11/14/93. YLGM or will send blanks and postage. Mack, 505 Oakdale Rd. #2, Johnson City, NY 13790. ☎ Box 2022.

Beg. seeks LG sbds, Dead, Phish, Widespread. Will provide blanks, postage. Patrick, 209 B. Chacellor St., Charlottesville, VA 22903. Thanks. ☎ Box 2023.

Beginning collection willing to send tape, postage and what we have (GD 6/25/91, 12/31/88, 6/20/80). Aaron, 4000 Dauphin St., Mobile, AL 36608-1791. Box 757. ☎ Box 2024.

Seek hq sbds, 1500 hrs to trade. Need more '72-'74 and '79-'80 plus all 1994. M. Ryan, 3221 Military Rd. NW, Washington, DC 20015. ☎ Box 2025.

New trader, approx. 200 hrs, need more! Esp. 4/18/82 II, 11/5/85 II. Let's help each other, YLGM. Reliable. Byron, 5700 S. 100th St., Hales Corners, WI 53130. ☎ Box 2026.

Greetings. Seeking Compton Terrace 12/92. If you have it, y'know why I'm looking for it. Thanks! Jose, 5419 Magazine St. #3, New Orleans, LA 70115. ☎ Box 2027.

Have Dead & Phish, would love to trade YLGM. Relatively small but great collection. Butterfly. Enfield House, Rm. #048D, Hampshire College, Amherst, MA 01002. ☎ Box 2028.

Collector has over 1000 hrs of Dead, many hq sbd. Looking for 94 shows, or any good shows. YLGM. Sam Gentile, 100 Stillwater Dr., Nashua, NJ 03062. ☎ Box 2029.

DAT to DAT only. Interested in Dead, ABB, Miles Davis, Pink Floyd, 2 week turnaround max. Don Loeffler, 4320 Foeburn Ln., Louisville, KY 40207. ☎ Box 2030.

Does anyone have live Crack the Sky? Have some; need more. K. Umberger, 950 W. 5th St., Erie, PA 16507. ☎ Box 2031.

YLGM have a few hundred hours of GD, WSP, and others. Looking for Cal Expo '94! Shay, 7116 W. Arbor Tr. #918, Knoxville, TN 37909. ☎ Box 2032.

Beginner in VA looking for hq JGB, Panic, Phish, Dead. Have over 70 hrs to trade. Have pix of 3.24.93 show, too. K. Johnson, R: MWC, Box 383; 2500 Rivermont Ave., Lynchburg, VA 24503-1526. ☎ Box 2033.

Please! Need Shoreline 5/21/93—1st Cal show! Also, Atlanta 4/1/94 and Richfield, OH 3/21/94. Your help is much appreciated. M. Monk, 7519-720 Creekridge Dr., Charlotte, NC 28212. ☎ Box 2034.

Looking for hq sbd of my first show 10/9/84 Worcester trade or blanks. Phil, 945 Broadway Rd., Dracut, MA 01826. ☎ Box 2035.

Have 200+ hq Dead and others. Seeking same, esp. summer '94. Your list for mine. Bob, 1003 Sawyer Hall, Cincinnati, OH 45219. ☎ Box 2037.

Wanted: complete hq/sbds 11/17/73, 8/27/72, 12/31/78, 10/3/87, 10/31/91, 6/21/94, JGB 8/7/93, Tull 10/22/92. Have Floyd, Neil, U2, blanks. Erik Rosenow, 4235 11 Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105. ☎ Box 2081.

Good tidings to all. Wish list—12/6/73, 6/30/74, 9/30/76. Peace. YLGM. JR McKinney, 3504 Negley Rd., Columbus, OH 43232. ☎ Box 2038.

Always looking for clear Dead, esp 80, 81, 82. Send list to John Bergan, 312 W. 73rd St. #4B, NYC 10023. ☎ Box 2039.

Looking for hq sbds of MSG 9/15-20/90 and 68-77. Also Dino Jr. Pumpkins, P. Jam and other newer stuff. Matt Fagan, 1855 Maple Ridge Dr. #24, Mississauga, Ontario LHW 2M7 Canada.

Quality not quantity. Your list for mine. Will send blanks or JD, 719 Foster Ave., Cape May, NJ 08204. ☎ Box 2040.

Seek HQ with anyone. YLGM. Have 700 hrs. Dom G., 2704 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, MD 21218. ☎ Box 2041.

Mind bending digital data! DAT traders, many shows to trade quick & reliable. Analog welcome. Drop a line, Struggling man, PO Box 2051, Darien, CT 06820. ☎ Box 2042.

Got small excellent list, good music, JGB, & GD. Want hq. Anyone got Robyn Hitchcock live? R. O'Gorman, 130 E. 94th St. #1B, NYC 10128. ☎ Box 2043.

Looking for live nrps or Kingfish with Dave Torbert. Have some Dead to trade. Kevin Quinn, 216 Walker St., Massapequa Park, NY 11762-1259. ☎ Box 2044.

Hidilly ho neighbor, have 600 hrs, seek qual GD, JGB, JA, etc. Need Highgate 94. All letters answered. Steve, 814 Haddon Ave., Collingswood, NJ 08108. ☎ Box 2045.

Beginner w/Eugene Dead Air to trade. Looking for 8/27/72, 8/21-22/93, 6/17-19/94. Will pay for tapes/postage. Geoff, 20402 Pine Vista Dr., Bend, OR 97702. ☎ Box 2046.

Looking for hq sbds or aud or 7/1/94, 7/3/94, 9/18/94, Shoreline 7/20/94, Deer Creek and 6/10/94 Cal Expo. 200+ hq to trade. Aloysius Coen, Box 331, Tomales, CA 94971. ☎ Box 2047.

Inspiration move me brightly! Trader w/800 hrs of hq sbds needs qual 5/25/92, 7/1-3/94, 9/16-18/94, any gems? Kevin, 519 S. Almon, Moscow, ID 83843. ☎ Box 2048.

Help desperate need Country Joe (& Fish). Have 120+ Dead, Phish, Marley, Young, JGB, Feat. Need same. YLGM. Be kind. 1119 Sandringham, Balacynwyd, PA 19004. ☎ Box 2049.

Kind GD trader w/250+ hrs. All lists are welcome. Jan Drumm, Box 1203, RMC, PO Box 5006, Ashland, VA 23005. ☎ Box 2050.

Help me get started. Looking for kind brothers and sisters to get me on the golden road—Marc Guertin, 26 Jackson Ln., Northford, CT 06472. ☎ Box 2051.

Feel like a stranger to trading. Help me fill my cup. Need Highgate VT '94! I'll supply tapes. Stephanie Weber, 4 Marian, Pittsfield, MA 01201. ☎ Box 2052.

Need GD Deer Creek and Omni 94, any Phish, esp. Kalamazoo 6/19/94 and Chicago 11/25/94. YLGM. Gary King, 206 S. 9th, Goshen, IN 46526. ☎ Box 2053.

Reliable trader, 1000 hrs Dead, 1000 hrs non-Dead. Bob, 2823 NW 58th, Seattle, WA 98107. Box 2054.

Recently DEADicated and in need of hq GD only. Nothing to trade yet. Send lists, will send blanks. Cheerios—3768 Raccoon Valley, Granville, OH 43023. ☎ Box 2055.

Need Dylan. Any show, any year. Nothing to offer but blanks and thanks. Evan, 54 Marian Ln., Jericho, NY 11753. ☎ Box 2070.

Starting my Dead set, tapes and CDs. 7900 Fenley Dr., Amarillo, TX 79121. ☎ Box 2056.

Seeking 6/16/91, 3/18/93, 6/6/93, 3/27-28/94 and others. Also Phish (4/9/94, 7/1/94, 10/7/94, 10/31/94). Lots to trade. Mike Waselus, 3904 Kline Ave., Reading, PA 19606. ☎ Box 2057.

Have small collection. Would like any Albany NY sbds 90-93. Nick Cristiano, 285 Pawling Ave., Troy, NY 12180. ☎ Box 2058.

Tropical head living where the climate suits my clothes. Will send blanks, sea shells, sand, anything for recent tapes. 472 Rte. 8 #1B-162, Maite, Guam 96927.

Joe Jones (Phil Jr) where are you? Let's jam! Need more kind hq shows. Please send lists. Let's trade. I'm fast. Bob Tripp, 2345 E. Middleton Dr. #9, St. George, Utah 84770. ☎ Box 2060.

Share in the groove! Need more Phish (esp. 7/1-2/94). Have lots of Phish, Dead, others. Send list. Dave, 7 Miry Brook Rd., Hamilton, NJ 08690. ☎ Box 1526.

Looking for live Widespread Panic. Can anybody help? G. Adams, PO Box 2277, Cottonwood, AZ 86326. ☎ Box 2062.

Wanted, good Pig Pen and Keith Donna shows. Looking for local traders in Gunnison, CO. YLGM. Mike Schmitt, 101 N. 10th St. #14, Gunnison, CO 81230. ☎ Box 2063.

Have killer sbds from 88-89 that'll make your eyes water. Looking for golden years 72-74. YLGM. Roger Hunter, 78-D Foxwood Ln., Barrington, IL 60010. ☎ Box 2066.

1-900-740-DEAD

Please help! Would like hq tapes, esp. LV 6/24,25 Fri & Sat also, Cal Expo 6/9. Contact Mike. 4550 Mariota, N. Hollywood, CA 91602. ☎ Box 2064.

Smile on your brother. Kind beginner needs tapes to satisfy soul! Will send blanks. Barrett, 1925 Juan Tabo NE #B265, Albuquerque, NM 87112. ☎ ☎ Box 2065.

Have 200+ Dead, looking for same. Am I the only head in McHenry County? Todd, 848 Prairie View Ln. #3B, Woodstock, IL 60098. ☎ Box 2067.

Looking for very LG sbds of GD & Phish. Have 160 hrs Dead, 40 hrs Radiators, many sbds, betty boards, dats. H. York, 2 Beechwood Ln., Garnerville, NY 10923. ☎ Box 2068.

Kind beginner looking for JGB, Dead, Phish, WSP. Will send blanks. Mike, 10700 E. Dartmouth, Denver, CO 80014. Apt. #E102. Thanks. ☎ Box 2069.

RUkind? Just fell under the bus. Seeking Carpet Bombs, Boston '94 and 7/4/81 in Austin (first show). JD sends smoochahugwuggles to tsuedogat. J. Dvorak, 125 Chiswick Rd. #310, Brighton, MA 02135. ☎ Box 2086.

New collector interested in GD only. Do you have Shoreline '94 with Desolation Row? Eric, 22704 Ventura Bl. #245, Woodland Hills, CA 91364. ☎ Box 2069.

Need Dylan. Any show, any year. Nothing to offer but blanks and thanks. Evan, 54 Marian Ln., Jericho, NY 11753. ☎ Box 2070.

Have :fsbd '92/'93 Cal shows 1st gen from DAT. Need: 10/27/91 board, HQ recent Cal shows, and classics. Jonathan, Box 299, Oregon House, CA 95962. ☎ Box 2071.

Phree the Phis and your ass will phollow. Also need hq Dead, Marley, Floyd. YLGM. Mitch Carroll, 620 Laurel Ave., Wilmette, IL 60091. ☎ Box 2072.

Looking for any hq/sbd Dead or Phish. Have 125+ hrs. YLGM. Kenneth Wolfe, Box 0333/Upper Quad House, 3700 Spruce St., Philadelphia, PA 19104-6011. ☎ Box 2073.

Need help getting started. Will send Hollywood stuff, tapes, postage for tapes. Send list: Adam, 759 N. Edinburgh, LA, CA 90046. ☎ Box 2074.

Help—must find JGB Brooklyn College, NY 75-ish?? Also GD tower theatre 1976 last night. Great tradables. Michael. ☎ Box 2075.

Beginning trader wants GD, JGB, Bobby, Floyd, JA, etc. Have mostly GD, hq, LG, some sbds. YLGM. Jenny, 972 Wendover, Atlanta, GA 30319. ☎ Box 2076.

Trade hq GD, Phish, D. Matthews and WSP. 3303 Lawn Ave., Tampa, FL 33611. ☎ Box 2077.

Have hq West '91 to present. Want Sacto 72, any 73-74. Write "Dolt for Jackson", 228 Sonora, San Mateo, CA 94402. ☎ Box 2078.

Just back from desolation row. Looking to trade again. All welcome. 100+ hrs. Brian Berek, 1 Andrus St., Silver Creek, NY 14136. ☎ Box 2079.

Just starting! Seekind Dead, Marley, JGB, Blues Traveler and the Samples. Will send blank tapes or whatever! Tate Whitlinger, 712 Yorkshire Rd., Neenah, WI 54956. ☎ Box 2080.

Have 325+ hrs Dead, Allmans, Clapton. Need Fall '88, spring/summer '90, pre-'79. SB only. John, 2229 Dorrington #8, Houston, TX 77030. ☎ Box 2082.

Analog trader w/300 hrs GD, Phish looking for LG sbd, specifically 93 Louisville, RFK & 9/7/90. Emily, 2210 Round Rock, Akron, OH 44333. ☎ Box 2083.

If you get confused, listen to the music play. 300+ hrs Dead. Trade lists. PO Box 11646, ASV, Boone, NC 28608. ☎ Box 2084.

I need JGB 11/12/93 at MSG hq only. YLGM. Steve Hauck, PO Box 123, Wernersville, PA 19565. ☎ Box 2085.

I have GD 100+, Phish 40+ many hq LG. Looking to expand with reliable traders. PJ, 1134 W. Loyola Ave., Box 237A, Chicago, IL 60626. Box 2087.

Alaskan nethead 70403,1362@compuserve.com, seeks to start DAT collection. Lists please! Kindness follows. Ed McNichol, 943 W. 19th Ave. #2, Anchorage, AK 99503. ☎ Box 2088.

YLGM. Honest. 700+ hrs. Not rated because it's too much like work. A. Mendelson, 5851 Northumberland St., Pittsburgh, PA 15217. ☎ Box 2089.

Wanted: Pictures of the Dead with cheese! Chesdick, 160 Wharncliffe, London, Ont. N6H 2B3 Canada. Dead and Cheese together. ☎ Box 2090.

Fast, reliable trader seeking same. Seeking hq & sbd tapes Dead and others. Fred Roempler, 6042 Slippery Rock Dr., Columbus, OH 43229. YLGM. ☎ Box 2091.

Bromberg tapes wanted, also early Dead. Send note or list to TT, PO Box 3841, San Rafael, CA 94912. ☎ Box 2092.

DH in the NY area—check out "After Dark," the kickingest GD band in the land!

I need more Phish! Have DAT masters and clones. Want to trade for same, FM and sbd, many others. Chris, 259 Emerson St., Boston, MA 02127. ☎ Box 2093.

Passing through Indiana on the way to a show? Need ride. I have gas \$ ☎ Box 2094.

Beginner needs help. Will trade blanks for Dead, Floyd. Miracles Welcome! Shannon Capasso, 54 Bailey Dr., No. Branford, CT 06471. ☎ Box 2095.

10/5/93 JGB Warfield, SF, brought me to tears, I was not alone. Looking for that earthmoving show. Lynne, PO Box 6261, Haywald, CA 94540-6261. ☎ Box 2096.

For 20 yrs I've listened but haven't heard; until 9/29, 10/1-2/94. Will someone help a late born trader? ☎ Box 2097.

Have 1200+ hrs HQ Dead/Phish/Allmans/others, looking for same. YLGM. Conscientious serious traders only please! Zev Kessler, 3742 Shannon Rd., Cleveland, OH 44118. ☎ Box 2098.

200+ hrs need HQ trades. Need '94 Fall tour. Phil, 78 Blue Ridge Rd., Ridgefield, CT 06877. ☎ Box 2099.

Need a few more, 1300 hrs. Send list to: Hash Brown, 20015 Mallory Dr., Frankfort, IL 60423. ☎ Box 2100.

Have 500 hrs Dead, 100 hrs Phish. Want more of same HQ. YLGM. All Welcome. Shawn S., 219 Brookside Ave., Ridgewood, NJ 07450. ☎ Box 2101.

Want: super freaky, no a squeaky, hq tapes. Have some Boston & VT tapes. Hi Dbl Beef All Patti Boy. Hope. Kevin, 1 Seventh Ave, Halifax, MA 02338. ☎ Box 2102.

Virgin trader. Please be kind and send your list to Denny, 525 Georgetown M-34, Elyria, OH 44035. ☎ Box 2103.

Approx. 60 hrs to trade. Send me your list: Jason Scott, 65 Eagleridge Dr., Brampton, Ontario, Canada L6R 1E6.

Help! Seeking Roanoke 7/7/87, Cap Ctr 9/11/87, Rochester 6/30/88, Greensboro 3/31/89. Have 200 hrs to trade. Tony B. 25 Downing St., Charleston, WV 25301. ☎ Box 2104.

Desp. want any JGB '85. Have 1500+ hrs, will trade. Mike, 1524 Brian Dr., W. Chester, PA 19380. ☎ Box 2105.

Soldier Field '94 the mood was right, but I wuz late and missed Traffic. Anybody have it on tape? I would love to hear it. ☎ Box 2106.

Over 100 hrs Floyd tapes for trade. Send list. C. Meding, PO Box 164, New London, NH 03257. ☎ Box 2107.

Anyone got Stones '94? Need Indigos, too. 700 hrs Dead. Isle Au Haut, Maine is Paradise! Jon, Jenn, & Philmore, 5113 Newton, Overland Park, KS 66202. ☎ Box 2108.

Need GD 5/6/78 Burlington, VT. Will ☎ Box 2109.

75+ hrs Dead, others. Looking for more Dead, Phish, BT, Wsp, Aru. YLGM. HQ only pls. Jim Douglas, One Notre Dame Dr., Albany, NY 12208. ☎ Box 2110.

Have 200 hrs of Dead and some others. Looking for Legion and pre-'75 Dead. All welcome. Rebecca, 601 N. Oak St. Hinsdale, IL 60521. ☎ Box 2111.

Kind DH seeks all yrs. HQ preferred. Will send tapes & pstg. Have many hrs Phish & Dead. Is Help on the Way? ☎ Box 2112.

Want Spring '93 & '94 sbd. Have +/- 250 hrs. YLGM. Fast and Jovial. Matthew, 7A Rhine Rd., Ft. Bragg, NC 28307. ☎ Box 2113.

At every show there are lost and scared pets frantically roaming the lots. Tying them to cars is no solution. Please don't bring pets to shows!

New taper looking for Phish 11/26/94, Dead 6/16/94, among others. Send lists to Sammy, 2614 Irving S, Mpls, MN 55408. Have a Grateful Day. ☎ Box 2114.

DH looking to trade boots. Have 100 hrs, looking for more. YLGM. Joe Plum, 871 Mulberry Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21742. ☎ Box 2115.

Looking for any HQ copies of Phish, GD, JGB. Will trade. Send lists to: Brian Rodgers, 3600 Dawnridge Dr., Dayton, OH 45414. ☎ Box 2116.

Need Dead, JGB, upgrades, any Garcia/Grisman, Grisman, any live Bluegrass, Tuna. Approx. 2,000 hrs to trade. Dave Houle, 22 Webb St., Pawtucket, RI 02860-3640. ☎ Box 2117.

Looking for Santa Barbara '73 Spring tour. Let's trade 66-93. Many boards. GQ, 1312 Kaweah St. Hanford, CA 93230. ☎ Box 2118.

Original oil/acrylic paintings from photographs \$59. Reproductions \$29—Garcia, Marley, Dylan, Pigpen, Phil & others. Mike Pomerantz, 543 Cuyahoga, Kent, OH 44124. ☎ Box 2120.

Sharin' the groove. Looking for HQ Phish shows. Have 1200+ hrs Dead, 250+ hrs Phish. Send lists to: Jeff McDeamion, 424 S. Hester #1, Stillwater, OK 74074. ☎ Box 2121.

PLEASE RECORD YOUR GREETING ASAP.

Have 30 hrs some DAT, sbd. YLGM. All answered. Nick C., 1687 S. Bluespruce Rd., Warsaw, IN 46580. ☎ Box 2122.

If you sit near me, pls don't sing. I'm there to hear the band!

Friendly, reliable. Love trading HQ sbd GD. YLGM. Have RARE Grismans, Simons, etc. Kirk, 336 1/2 St. Clair, Frankfort, KY 40601. Looking for '94s. ☎ Box 2123.

Starting my tape collection. Would appreciate any contributions. Will send blanks/pstg. Thanks. Email XCTD80A@PRODIGY.COM. Christine, 155 Ravenhurst Ave, Staten Island, NY 10310. ☎ Box 2119.

Beg. (50+) w/blanks, pstg. A little to offer. Desire HQ GD, JGB, Phish, ABB, etc. Paul Jung, 9020 Totter Cr. Rd. Scottsville, VA 24590. ☎ Box 2124.

Finicky traders looking for best qual, LG bds. Scaled down list to 800 hrs. MJ, 10628 Anita Dr, Mason Neck, VA 22079. ☎ Box 2125.

Still looking for Vegas all shows, all sets, all yrs. Also, pls be careful in Nevada—worst state to get popped! M. Bills, 544 W. Elberta Dr., Pleasant View, VA 84414. ☎ Box 2526.

In search of 10/5/94 Spectrum, Phila, PA show. Friend's first show!! Help!! Rachel, RR#1 Box 1266 Mtn Rd., Tamaqua, PA 18252. ☎ Box 2148.

Wanted: Highgate! or anything you think is good. Have a few good tapes to share. E. Paulhus, 43 Windsor St. A-1, Randolph, ME 04346. ☎ Box 2128.

Tape Head w/1000+ hrs. The Dead, all yrs. Grateful Gary, PO Box 472905, Garland, TX 75047-2905. ☎ Box 2129.

DAT traders wanted. HQ only aud. or sbd. Send list. Quick and reliable. Ryan, 109 Floyd St., Troy, AL 36081. ☎ Box 2130.

Looking for HQ '867-'83. Have 1000+ hrs. YLGM. Richard Newman. ☎ Box 2131.

Thank you Jerry for the killer Oakland Kaiser show. We're still hummin'... Keep it up!

Pls help—friend in need—out of trading 2 yrs. YLGM. BVN, 7 South Belair Ave., Cedar Knolls, NJ 07927. ☎ Box 2132.

Primal Pig wanted. Good stuff or Karma to trade. Gordon Gullahorn, 7 Mtn Ave., Somerville, MA 02143. GGULLAHORN@CFA.HARVARD.EDU. ☎ Box 2133.

Seeking: Freddie King, Stones, Allman Bros, recent Dead, Clapton, classic Blues & videos. Lots to trade. CBS, 24 Tilton Ct., Baltimore, MD 21236. ☎ Box 2134.

750 hrs Dead/JGB + 200 hrs others. Seeking sbds of Dead & non Dead—Marley, Clapton, SRV, Santana, Allman's, Floyd, Tull, Doors, Traffic, etc. D. Fitzgerald. ☎ Box 2135.

Fifteen yrs and still Playing in the Band. **Group Therapy** is the finest garage band in San Diego. Bookings and info ☎ Box 2136.

Seeking HQ, LG sbds only. Dead, Phish, 100,000 Maniacs, BT and others. Have 1500+ hrs. Send lists to: Jeff McDearmon, 424 So. Hester #1, Stillwater, OK 74074. ☎ Box 2137.

Have 300+ hrs. Mostly A & A+, true honest ratings. Many '94. Let's exchange best qual. Looking for '72, '78, '85. Remember HQ only. Foxy, 634 Main St., Peekskill, NY 10566. ☎ Box 2138.

Looking to start good GD collection. HQ sbd or aud. have 75+. Will send blanks/pstg. Nathan Bowen, 1 Maybeck Pl., Elsay, IL 62028. nrb8889@spectre.prin.edu. ☎ Box 2139.

Trading 1st - 3rd gen sbds. Especially pre-'75 Dead, JGB, others. Have 1000+ hrs audio/video. Tom Miars, 402 Evergreen, Pacific Grove, CA 93950. ☎ Box 2140.

Looking for Dec 94 LA and Oakland shows. Will send blanks immediately. Thanks, Scott Kaufman, 24 Owl Dr., Sharon, MA 02067. ☎ Box 2141.

Looking for West Coast '94. Especially Eugene, Cal Expo. I also would love any HQ '70's. Beginner, YLGM. Dave, 2652 Gobat, San Diego, CA 92122. ☎ Box 2142.

Want HQ Dead, Phish, BT, N Young, have 300 hrs Dead, 75 hrs Phish. D. Novak, 4777 E. Lampkins Ridge, Bloomington, IN 47401. ☎ Box 2143.

Looking for recent shows I've attended: '88 til present. Much to trade. Send list. Matt, 622 Green Ave., Brielle, NJ 08730. ☎ Box 2144.

need MSG 9/4/79 1st show. R. Davidson. ☎ Box 2145.

Beginners, Help on Way! 3000 hrs. Gary Dobson, 215 Reservoir Rd. Quakertown, PA 18951. ☎ Box 2146.

Need kind West Coast '94 tapes. Have most of summer & fall tour. Matt Varady, 35 Knoll Circle, Boyertown, PA 19512. ☎ Box 2127.

Have 100+ hrs. Looking to trade hq Dead. YLGM. All lists answered. Jerry is Jesus. Steve, PO Box 00, Kingston, NH 03848. ☎ Box 2147.

Fast, reliable trader. YLGM. All answered., GN, 115 Kingsberry Dr., Somerset, NJ 08873. ☎ Box 2149.

HQ sbds. 300 hrs. Uncle John, 9540 Mapes, Beaumont, TX 77707. ☎ Box 2150.

Looking to trade tapes of limited collection in the Balt-Columbia-Wash DC area. Rob. ☎ Box 2151.

I would love to have these tapes: (3/8, 3/9, 6/20)92, (6/11, 6/13)93, (7/16-17, 7/23)94. Will trade or send blanks. Reliably slow. YLGM. Turtleman, 1109 7th Ave. S., Fargo, ND 58103. ☎ Box 2152.

Serious HQ only trader w/1200 hrs 1-5 gen. Experienced traders only. Send list & phone number to: C. Gembis, 37482 Kingsbury, Livonia, MI 48154. ☎ Box 2153.

100's of hrs of qual bds. Need more! Can you help feed my jones?! Brian, 2306-26th St., Kenosha, WI 53140. ☎ Box 2154.

Looking for RFK '94 and Fall tour '94. HQ. Have tons to trade. Mike M. 1400 Gulf Blvd #106, Clearwater, FL 34630. ☎ Box 2155.

Original 1969 Woodstock tickets 1 or 3 day ticket with letter of authenticity. \$65. Rick Synchef, 16 Midway Ave, Mill Valley, CA 94941. ☎ Box 2156.

Audio/video tape collector. Will trade blanks. Send lists to: James Weddle, Jr., 207 Wyngate Dr., Frederick, MD 21701-6257. ☎ Box 2157.

Have Dead, JGB, Tuna, QMS. Seek reliable traders w/large selection of '70s psych/jam bands. Mike Nash, 1420 "N" St. NW #208, Washington, DC 20005. ☎ Box 2158.

Fast, reliable. Have 250+ hrs Dead—hq, lg, sbd & auds. Many kind gems. YLGM. Anyone have 3/21/73, 3/28/73, 9/17/73, 10/25/73? Pre-'78. Jeff, 1721 Grassland Way, Modesto, CA 95358. ☎ Box 2159.

Have 500 hrs Dead, Phish. Looking for HQ same plus Zeppelin. YLGM. Prefer summer '94 and later. Rick Vah, 5122 Singleton, Hilliard, OH 43026. ☎ Box 2160.

Who's got my Sunday sbd Vegas show! Let's trade. Ali, 6503 N. Cottonwood, Orange, CA 92665. ☎ Box 2161.

Have many HQ sbs to trade—need more! Rob, 136 Aschenbrenner Rd., Cinebar, WA 98533. ☎ Box 2162.

Have 1500 hrs of Dead. Looking for '70s bds. YLGM. Mark, 25 Rose Ave., Floral Park, NY 11001. ☎ Box 2163.

Bumper stickers, "HIKE TIL YOU PEAK" and "NATURE HAPPENS." \$2 each from Georgia, POB 2152, Sunnyvale, CA 94087-0152. ☎ Box 2164.

Hey now Heads on the net, let's swap way cool Mac files and lists. dereklea@inforamp.net. ☎ Box 2165.

Radio Gnomes! into Gong and related? me too! Exchange tapes, info, etc. Matt, PO Box 85891, Tucson, AZ 85754. ☎ Box 2166.

400+ hrs crispy sbds—looking for only more of same, esp. '70-'76 or w/Hornsby. MSW, 103 Westview Cove Ln, Cary, NC 27513. ☎ Box 2167.

Beginning trader wants collection to grow! Have 100 hrs. Many are hq, lg, sbds. Let's trade! Darren, 120 Greenwood Ave, Bloomington, IL 61704. ☎ Box 2169.

Have 2500+ hrs. David, 2400 Sierra Blvd. #83, Sacramento, CA 95825. ☎ Box 2170.

Desperately seeking sbds! '92-present needed. Have 1800+ GD/JGB, etc. HQ. Cucamonga, 1149 Ferry #202, Eugene, OR 97401. ☎ Box 2171.

DAT only, Dylan, Dead, Stones, especially need GD 6/14/91 RFK. YLGM. Masato Kato, 2-12-15 Nishi-Hashimoto, Sagamihara, Kanagawa, Japan 229.

Wanted: HQ video. Have HQ audio (DAT-NAK CR-7) Dead/Non-Dead. William Ball, POB 121, Phillips, WI 54555-0121. ☎ Box 2172.

Does anyone know where I can get Jefferson Airplane t-shirts or stickers? JT. ☎ Box 2173.

Lost taper needs 9/22/88, 10/14/89, 9/18-19/90, 3/23-24/91, 9/9/91, 9/12/91, 6/15/92, 8/3-4/94, 10/5/94. YLGM. James, RD#1, Box 237-B, E. Greenbush, NY 12061. ☎ Box 2174.

"From the Vault" spider decals. \$2 P&H. JS Clark, 16948 Oak Park, Tinley Pk, IL 60477. ☎ Box 2175.

German DH want/have those crisp lg sbds 1-4 gen. Only HQ GD tapes. 800 hrs to trade. Jurgen Karl, Herderweg 1, 91257 Pegnitz, Germany.

Don't tour with your dog. Don't tour without tickets. Don't tour without money!!!

Beginner w/30+ hrs HQ Dead. YLGM. Please be kind. Joe, PO Box 1546 Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10163. ☎ Box 2176.

Looking for Spring/Summer '94, SRV, Zappa, Phish. Have 450+ hrs. YLGM. M. Santell, 1753 McCormick Ln, HP, IL 60103. ☎ Box 2177.

Hey now! looking to trade! 120+ hrs HQ Dead, Phish, YLGM. Dave, 7111 Beechwood Dr., Chevy Chase, MD 20815. ☎ Box 2178.

Help! Head stranded in Japan. Help me stay informed. John Bortle, VF-21 Airframes, FPO, AP 96601-6104.

DAT trader seeks same for mutually beneficial trading. NRTHBNDTRN@AOL.COM. ☎ Box 2179.

Wanted: HQ sbd/fm of Dead, Phish, Nesmith, Byrds, McQuinn, Jay Hawks, Kravitz, Floyd. 600 hrs to trade. YLGM. Jerry Brand, 5 B Gees Lane, Carrollton, GA 30117. ☎ Box 2180.

1000 hrs DAT no scms. Dave, 4A Bellavista Ave., Glen Cove, NY 11542. ☎ Box 2181.

Seeking HQ tapes featuring the new songs. Can trade with my small collection (classics), or I'll send blanks. Will Waters, 459 Rich St., Oakland, CA 94609. ☎ Box 2182.

Have 1000 hrs GD - lg. Will trade for same...also trade for Phish. Doug Earl, 203 W. 2nd, Prophetstown, IL 61277. ☎ Box 2183.

Looking for Janis, Dead, JGB, Airplane & Spirit. 1800 hrs to trade. Gunter Hufschmidt, Fringsgtaben 27, 52068 Hachen, W. Germany.

Pls send me your list (GD, JGB, Phish) to trade tapes. Alec Phoenix, 1270 5th Ave #2S, NYC, NY 10029-3434. ☎ Box 2184.

Need help? Have 200+ HA hrs. Lots of recent and rare. Send SASE (64¢) #10 or larger for lists to Bieger, 3923 Atrium Dr, Orlando, FL 32822. ☎ Box 2185.

All apologies for not responding; personal crisis struck and I just couldn't. Have lots of '94 auds and a new address. Beginners welcome. John Stallings, 1307 President St. Annapolis, IN 21403. ☎ Box 2168.

Honest trader with hundreds of Dead hrs, plus Zeppelin, Heat, and more. YLGM. RedEye, 58 Gannett Rd., Scituate, MA 02066. ☎ Box 2186.

Need southern shows! Only one's I make. Workingman Dead, can't get off my shift at the mine. Whiddon Taylor, 1400 Glen Rd., Brewton, AL 36426. ☎ Box 2187.

Any old Sly, Creedence, or Simon & Garfunkel? Lots to trade. Dan Greenberg, 141 Red Barn Rd., Pine Bush, NY 12566. ☎ Box 2188.

100 masters, 2,000 hrs. Send your list. Matt, 4582 Chateau Dr., San Diego, CA 92117. ☎ Box 2189.

Seek DAT > ANA, 1st-2nd gens only, 4 the same. HQ and list a must. Workin on the Brent era '79-'90. Uncle John, 536 Somerset Dr., Green Bay, WI 54301. ☎ Box 1123.

Got HQ list, seek same. In search of CSNY set 11/2/91. Dean, 2242 Hoffner, Orlando, FL 32809. ☎ Box 2190.

Beginner looking for anything worthwhile. TB, 17 W. Windsor Ct., Aurora, IL 60506. ☎ Box 2191.

Have/want HQ/LG sbds/auds. seeking: 5/23-24/69, 11/8/69, 6/20/83, 12/16/92, 12/17-19/93, Deer Creek '94, and any Johnny Cash. YLGM. PH, 7810 Clark Rd. D-25, Jessup, MD 20794. ☎ Box 2192.

Hey, I need help getting a tape collection started. Blanks and pstg covered. Rebecca Harmon, 6349 F. St., Springfield, OR 97478. ☎ Box 2193.

Looking for HQ tapes of New England area shows. Will send blanks/pstg. Send list: DA Sumner, 34 Ocean Pk Rd. #20, Saco, ME 04072. ☎ Box 2194.

Help! Beginner bootlegger needs help from KIND individuals. Hey Lutz, Burnin' in a AZ lighting shower! Beau Kallio, 5949 Fairwood Ln, Minnetonka, MN 55345. ☎ Box 2195.

That's all we could fit this issue. More next time!

HAVE YOU MOVED? WE NEED TO KNOW!

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AP 7/25

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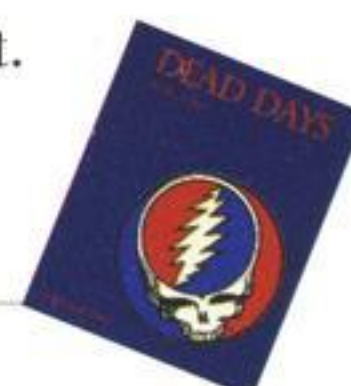
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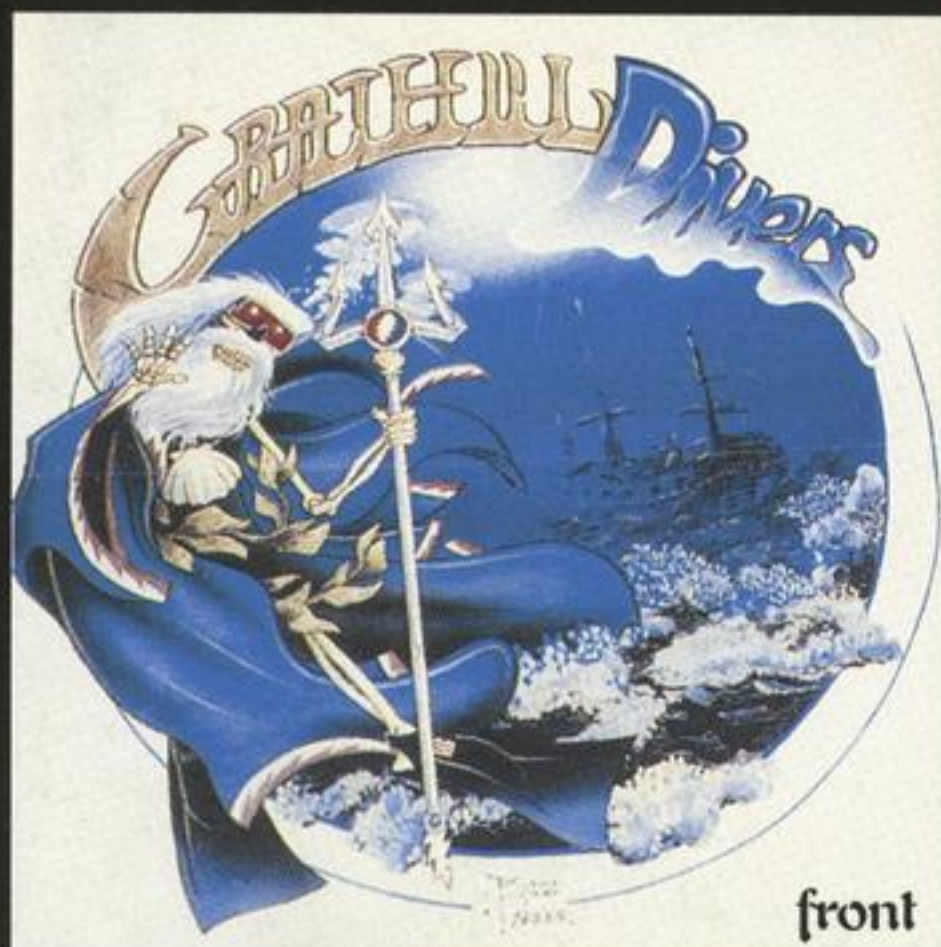
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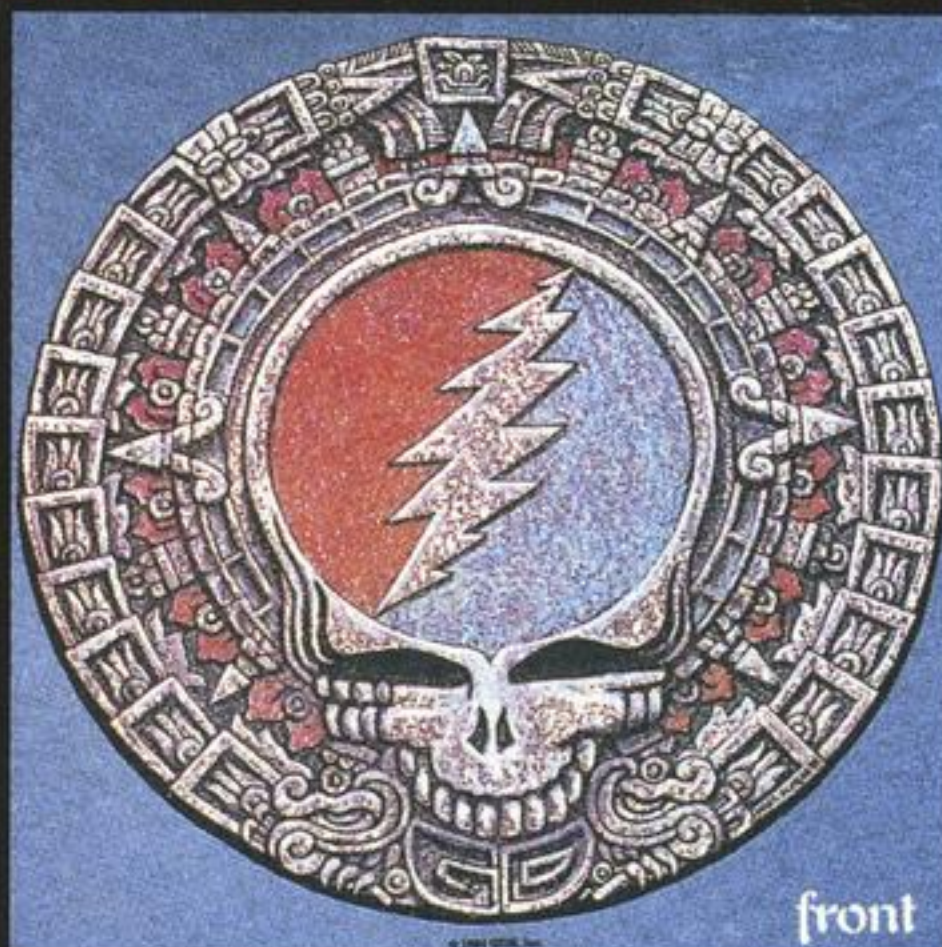




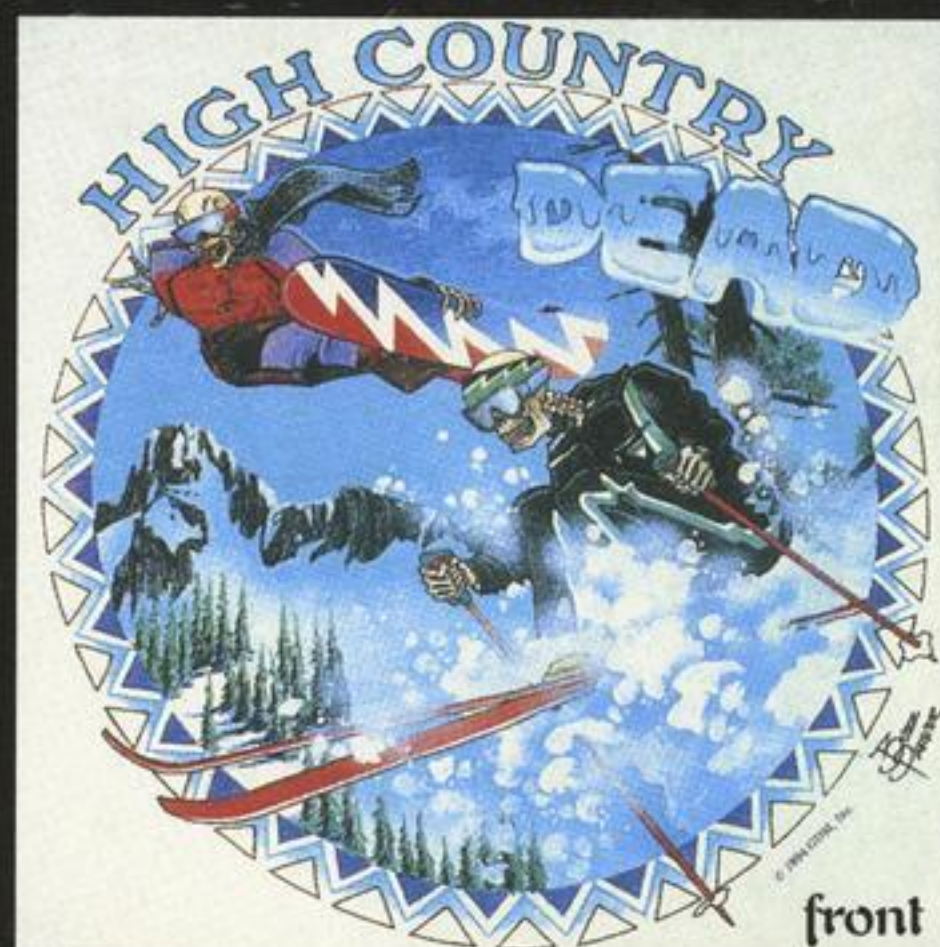
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front



front



front



back



back

T-15 GD AZTEC
\$20

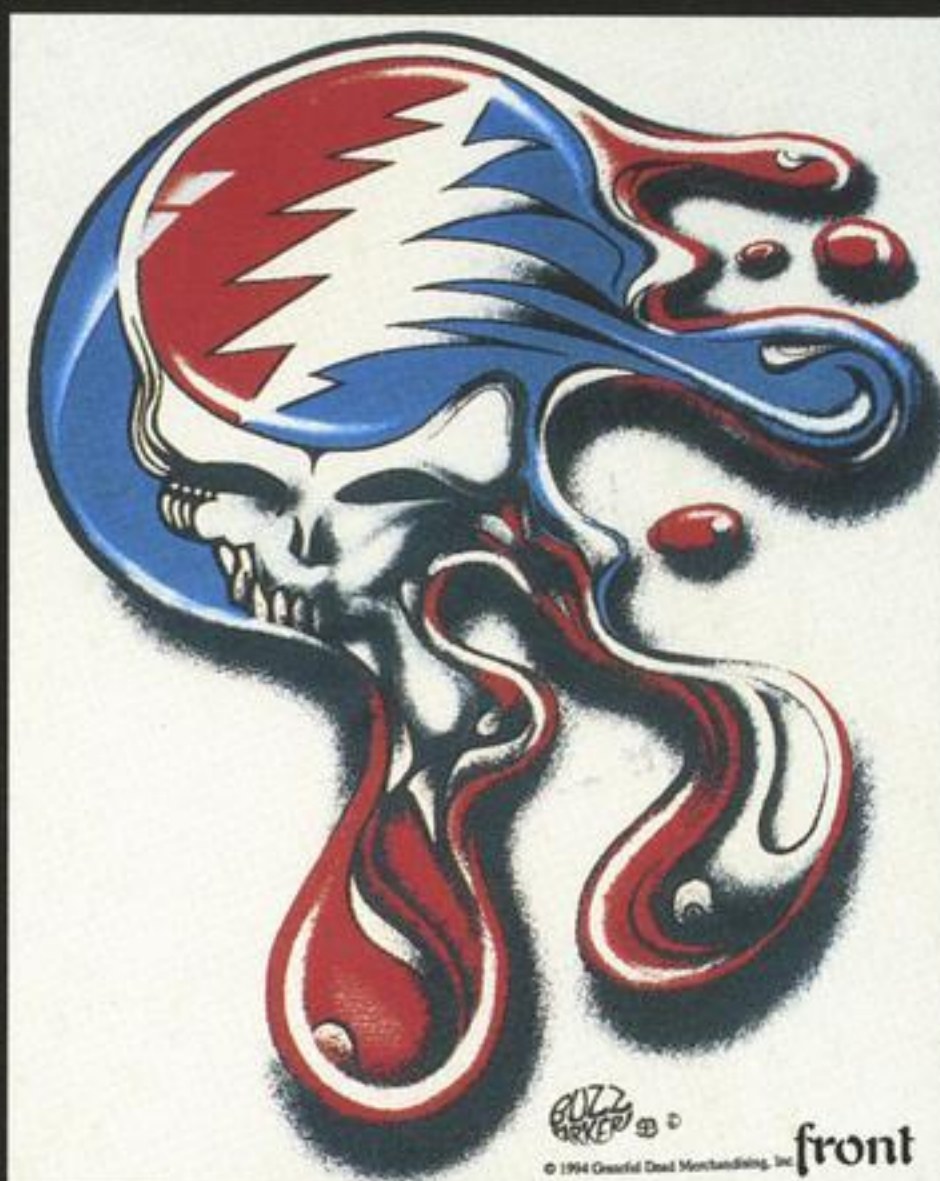


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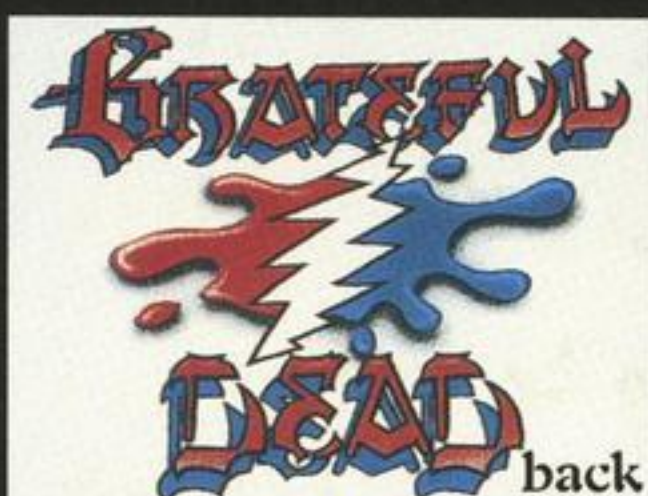
T-8 HIGH COUNTRY
DEAD \$18



T-22 SWIRL YOUR FACE
\$18

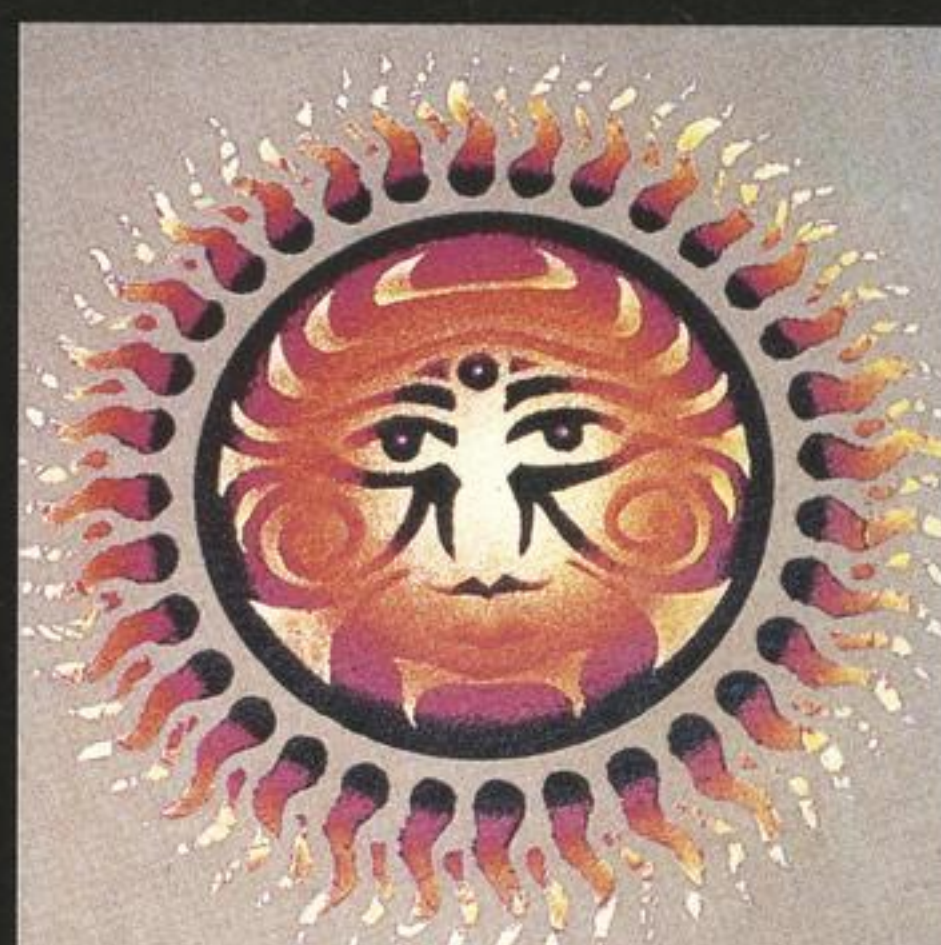


front



back

T-1 MELTING SYF
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T-10 SUN GOD
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