Inside: Exploring The Grateful Dead's Tape Vault With Dick Latvala

DUPREE'S DIAMOND NEWS

Furthuring The Deadhead Experience

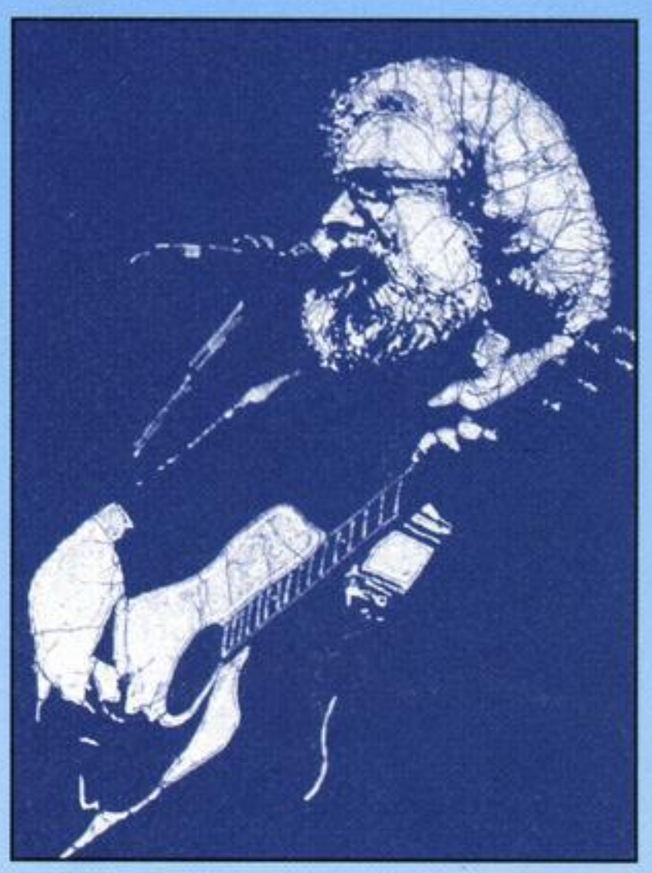


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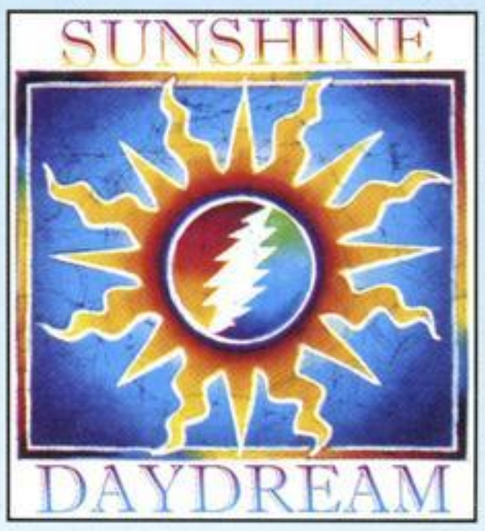




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This issue is deadicated to Elliott Cohen — a person whose heart was so big you couldn't help but run into it wherever he was. He will be greatly missed. ◊

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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 *deadicated* to using this Experience as an opportunity for personal and planetary healing as well as keeping the Deadhead family together.

All correspondence relating to previously published material should be addressed to the editor. Include your name and address. (We will withhold your name only if requested to do so.) If submitting artwork or photos, put your name, address, and phone number on the back, and please do not fold artwork. We maintain the right to decide the appropriate use of all materials submitted and will not return them unless requested at the time. Any materials submitted to *DDN* become the property of *DDN*, and we retain the right to use them at any time in the future.

The opinions expressed here are not necessarily those of *DDN*, GDP, or the members of the Grateful Dead. In case you were wondering, we do not advocate the use of illegal drugs. ◊

LETTERS TO THE DEADITOR

Deaditor's Note: The following is a letter that was posted online by John Perry Barlow just after Tim Leary's passing.

Timothy Leary's Dead

A couple of hours ago, at 12:45 a.m. Beverly Hills time, old friend and corrupter of my youth, Timothy Leary, made good on his promise to "give death a better name or die trying." Willingly, peacefully, and unafraid, he headed off on his last trip.

He spoke his last words a few hours before. On the phone to the mordant William S. Burroughs he said, "I hope that someday I'm as funny as you are."

He didn't, as threatened, commit suicide on the Net. Or have his head cut off and frozen. Or engage in any of the other spectacles of departure I had dreaded. In the end, he surrounded himself with the angelic band of twenty-somethings who have been uploading him into the Web these last few months and drifted peacefully out of here.

I was headed his way when he died. When I was with him earlier this month he said, "When I leave here, Barlow, I want your face to be one of the last things I see." I think that was one of the sweetest things anyone ever said to me, and I was trying to make it possible, but death proved itself once again to be bigger and faster than either of us. The phone just rang in the middle of this rainy Wyoming night, and now I'm here naked in the dark trying to think of something to follow him out with.

Two years ago, Cynthia and I spent our last day together with Timmy. When she died the next day and it became so shockingly clear to both of us how strange this culture has become on the subject of the second commonest event in the world, how weirdly shameful dying is in America, we both thought it time to bring death out of the closet. I did so by grieving her, and continuing to grieve her, more publicly than is polite in a culture that claims for itself the ability to conquer and control everything.

But Timmy beat me to the barricades. He flat died. And he died, without pretending that he was "really going to get well any day now," without permitting himself to become a ghoulish and futile medical experiment, without contributing to the stupefying mass denial that causes almost 80% of America's health care dollars to be blown on the last six months of life.

He died unashamed and having, as usual, a great time.

A few weeks ago, the denizens of leary.com and I rented a phalanx of wheelchairs and rode them with him into the House of Blues on Sunset Strip, a place that likely had never seen fifteen people in wheelchairs before. After a truly merry time, we were headed back to his house and on the way came within a smile of Tim Leary's Last Bust.

We were cruising west on Sunset, and the sun was setting. The top was down on my metallic mauve rent-a-convertible. A couple of the Web girls, Trudy and Camilla, were sitting on the trunk like psychedelic prom queens, shoop-de-booping to the funk station on the radio, volume at eleven. Both of the girls were beautiful, Trudy like a character from *Neuromancer*, Camilla like a character from Botticelli. The air was sweet and soft as a negligee on our faces, and the light had that elegiac quality that makes people think L.A. might not be so bad after all.

Timmy gave me a high five and grinned. "Life is good!" he shouted over the music. As I looked up to meet his raised hand, I saw in my rearview mirror, past the swaying torsos of the girls, the rotating reds of a real Beverly Hills cop.

Of course we were in possession of several of those substances that we considered safe and effective but which this culture, in another of its dangerous madnesses, has declared lethal, probably to distract heat from its own deadly drugs of choice. Furthermore, I had only recently paid an astonishingly steep California fine for allowing a friend to stand up through the sunroof of a car I was driving.

He pulled us over in front of the Beverly Hills Hotel. He looked like an Eagle Scout.

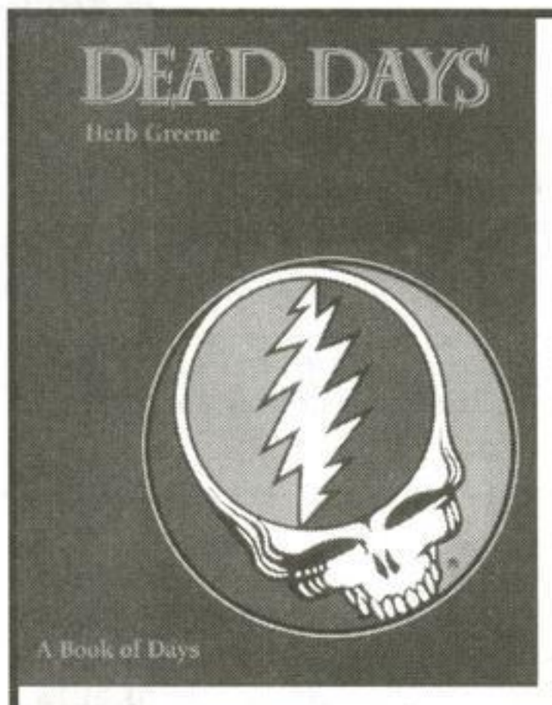
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"Officer," I said, nodding back at the still improperly seated girls, "I know what we were doing was wrong. But you see, my friend here is dying, and we're trying to show him a good time." Timmy, without saying anything, smiled sheepishly at the cop and nodded, caught in the act. He looked like hell but he sure looked happy.

The officer gazed into Timmy's beatific skull-face and lost his starch. "Well," he said to the girls, "I'd be lying if I didn't say that looks like fun, but just because he's dying doesn't mean you should. Now get down in the seat and buckle up and I'll let you go." I felt like honest death had just made one of its first converts.

In 30 years of following Tim Leary around, he's given me some wonderful and hair-raising moments. He has been father, anti-father, partner-in-crime, and devout fellow-worshipper of all that is female in this world. We loved each other, and shared more memories than I will ever relate. But I think the look he gave that cop is the memory I will cherish most.

As usual he was "cocking snooks at authority," as Aldous Huxley once accused him. But he was doing it, also as usual, with wit. And with love.

America managed to forgive Richard Nixon when he died. I hope they will extend the same amnesty to a real hero, Dr. Timothy Leary.

John Perry Barlow, Pinedale, WY, Friday, May 31, 1996 ◊

Deaditor's Note: The author wishes to remain anonymous.

The following meditation on our fears came out of a recent exchange I had with John Perry Barlow. I had written to him expressing some fear that there seemed few people I was able to communicate with meaningfully these days. He sent me the following illuminating observation:

> *Every time God's children have thrown away fear in pursuit of honesty — trying to communicate, understood or not — miracles have happened.*

This rings so true. To throw anything away, however, it must first be seen as useless...as that for which we have no use. If we believe there is still a use for it, we will intrinsically hang on to it. To throw away something as debilitating as fear, we need to see it as garbage, as something for which we no longer have a use.

In this sense, the volitional throwing away of anything depends not so much on *technique* as on *recognition*. If we wish to throw a habit away, we need first to see it as useless. To throw it out, it needs to be *recognized* as garbage. Seeing it thus, we will then effortlessly discard it.
Some believe the job of the prophet, the avatar, and the guru, is to locate and package up for people what they wish to throw out, to show it to them in the trash bag. I would argue that it is also the job of the Good Samaritan, the good sister, and the good brother.

In this spirit, here is a package of our fears for burning and scattering. Please feel free to change it, add to it, post it, share it, burn it...and of course, throw it away.

THE FEARS

I. Fear of Death
10. The mourning that we do for those who leave us, the dear departed, the living, the dying, and the dead, is necessary and good. But only insofar as it leads us forward — to survive their departure and our loss, to return stronger and more alive than before.

9. The greatest fear is that we will never see many of our Family again, that we will never gather together again. We fear that without Jerry presiding, it is over. This fear is really the fear of abandonment. We are afraid that our family will abandon us.

8. Real Family does not abandon, cannot abandon. It would mean having to abandon itself. That rarely happens in nature, but we are only beginning to rediscover this, so our fear is great. Our destiny here, however, is a transcendence of abandonment, a return to oneness.

7. We recall the magic we found with each other at shows and on tour. The fear is that this, too, is gone forever. The magic is what we really want. We are afraid it has been lost. It was too tenuous, too accidental in nature, too fragile and gentle a miracle. Without all the original ingredients, we fear it may be gone for good.

6. We fear the magic has been lost because we forget the instruments and occasions of magic, those events conducive to the holy and the supernatural, cannot be truly lost. They can only be ignored, overlooked, or forgotten. We need to remember our own power as divine children, as incarna-

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tions of God. This is where the magic, and the music, really come from.
5. Magic is really about transformation. Magic is what transforms the mundane into the profound, the ordinary into the extraordinary, and the temporal into the eternal. True magic is the power to bless, to touch. Magic is the laying on of hands. It is the power to heal: to make healthy, to make holy, to make whole.

4. Because magic is about the need to connect and make whole, it is the opposite and the antithesis of abandonment.

3. The darkest moments of our mourning for Jerry are some of our first attempts to face what we cannot live without, what we would die without.

2. As soon as we turn to face the cold truth of what we cannot live without, as soon as we are not in denial, and embrace the greatness of our need, then and only then will we begin to do what we must to satisfy that need. Only then will we begin to do what we can, to save ourselves, our family, and our earth. Only then.

1. As such we are not in a state of abandonment. We are in a state of transformation, the holiest of states.

II. Fear of Birth
10. These days of fear are irreplaceable. These months following Jerry's passing are precious. We will remember them as the beginnings of a great and necessary event, a death and rebirth that was preordained.

9. This is all part of a process that began long ago, long before the Sixties, but we are now beginning to truly see it. We are also beginning to assume responsibility for that process, for our destiny: the salvation of our soul, our tribe, our species, and our earth.

8. The band is a part of this process, and we are beginning to go beyond the band. We know this most obvious of facts. So let us say it now. We are beginning to go beyond the band. Very little could be more important.
7. Nothing is ever over. Nothing.

6. The power of the flower is certainly not over. In obvious and mysterious ways, NOW is when the Sixties begins. Now is when they begin to flower.

5. Jerry's death is also not the end of the Grateful Dead. It is still the beginning, still the blooming, still the first flowering. The garden we wish to return to, grows all around us.
4. The knowledge that it is not over, that it is just beginning, brings with it extraordinary power. With this power, we must be exceedingly respectful, exceedingly gentle. The power of flowers is not to be underestimated.

3. The Second Law of Thermodynamics is a lie. Energy increases. Everything gets better. Nothing dies.

2. Things are going to get unbelievably interesting. Very soon. We better be very prepared.

1. Wow, I can't believe you're still reading this. (Believe it.) Believe in magic. Believe in dreams. Believe it, and it comes true.

III. Fear of Rebirth
10. As in all salvation myths, the hero struggles with the darkness, attempting to save the light, and in that battle dies. Just as in the salvation myths of old, the hero fights long and hard to save his own soul and his own people. And just as in those tales of old, in THIS telling our brother struggles long and hard, wrestling the darkness for repossession of his own soul, and symbolically for ours as well, and in that battle dies.

9. His music is a perfect reflection and incarnation of that terrible and glorious struggle. We have kept a record of nearly every note. This is not an accident. It is, however, a powerful instrument of the magic.

8. If we wish to use this magic, then our brother's death can represent our birth in many ways. This is not meant in disrespect, rather, this is said with the highest degree of respect. His end can actually signal our beginning.

7. This time, the death of the one marks the birth of the many: as the individual dies, the community is born. The many become the one.
6. It is an old, old story. Deep down you know it very well. Death comes to the ego, and life comes to the family.

5. We can, hereby, come to the end of telling this story in the old way. We can end the Cult of the Individual, the Cult of the Ego, the Cult of the Hero, the Cult of the Singular Messiah.

4. No more cults of the individual. No more individual Messiahs. Let the Hero be dead, let the Family be born. Let Jerry be dead, let us be born.

3. A new telling of the old tale. This time the holy child in each of us gives birth to the Holy Family, not the other way around.

2. Let us not become a greater cult of Jerry. Let our dear brother be dead, and let that which is to be born, take us into labor, and be birthed.

1. Let the mourning turn to birthing. Let culture mirror nature. Then it will never end. It will keep turning over, becoming ever new. We are not in a state of abandonment. We are coming around in a state of transformation.

IV. Fear of Nothing
Separation becomes wholeness. Then let us be one.
Fear becomes transformation. Then let us be transformed.
The hero's death can free us. Then let us be free.
The hero's sacrifice plants the egg and the seed.

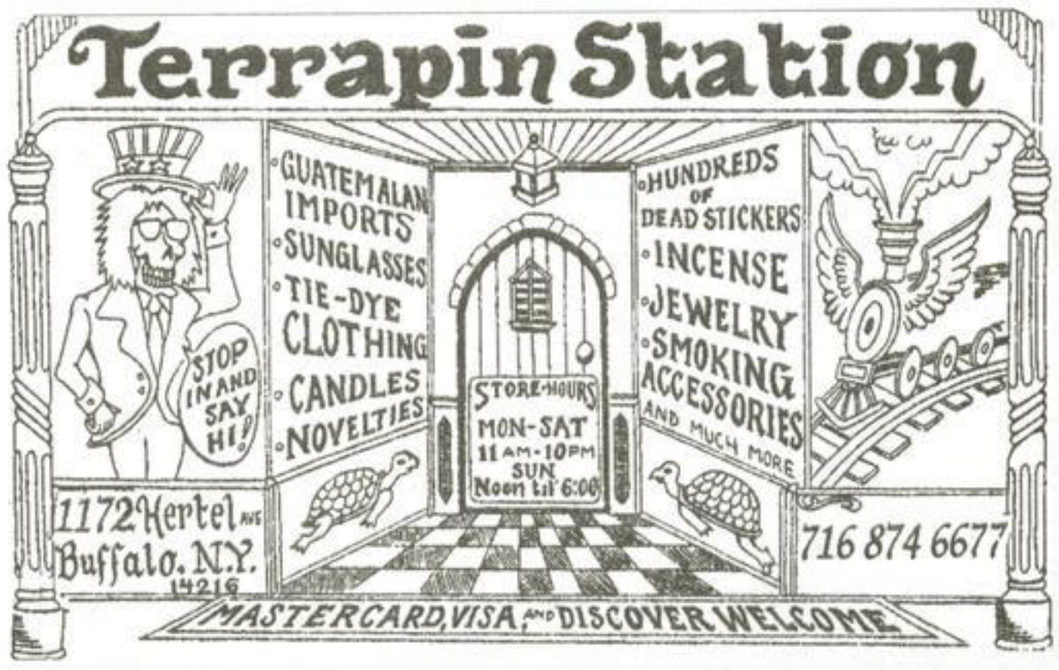
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Then let us be born. ◊
Dear Deadhead Heaven:

Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead, although human in form, had the ability to transcend the mundane through the synchronicity of their musical expression. Once opening myself to this truth, I was able to align with the harmonious rhythms and become part of a higher order system. This system was not created by the Grateful Dead, but simply exists. The Grateful Dead, for me, served as a catalytic vehicle to reach this simple truth.

To open myself to this Experience I had to undergo various psychological metamorphoses that left me able to lower the threshold that impeded the acquisition of genuine realities or simple truths. Prior to this, I was stuck in a complex world filled with games and ambiguous truths that fostered self-deception by shielding me from higher order truths. This complex world is where my physical and part of my psychological world must live in accordance with "everyday" life, however this is not the only world I live in. There is a place I can go that is easily accessible, and gatherings, such as the Deadhead Heaven event I have just returned from, allow easy passage into a simple world filled with genuine realities and higher order truths.

As a doctoral student in clinical psychology my vision is to be a catalyst in helping individuals lower their threshold to genuine realities and simple truths, and obtain the ability to navigate successfully between the complex world in which we live and the simple world which transcends us all, just as the Grateful Dead catalyzed my understanding of this simple truth.

"Fare thee well now, let your life proceed by its own design.
Nothing to tell now, let the words be yours, I am done with mine,"

Shane P. Hutton, Williamsville, NY ◊

Dear Deadhead Heaven:

I just want to thank you for a great weekend at SUNY Purchase. I haven't felt so much love and joy in a very long time. The lineup of bands was mind-blowing, as the Zen Trickster's sets sent shivers down my spine. I understand that this weekend must have been a lot of work for the entire staff, but I beg of you to help our family get together like this regularly. We need each other. I also want to thank all my brothers and sisters for such a good time and for all the good vibes they sent off. I have such wonderful memories and anticipation for more because of all of you. Long live the Deadhead spirit.

Your Brother, Matt Barca, Yonkers, NY ◊

Dear Deadhead Heaven:

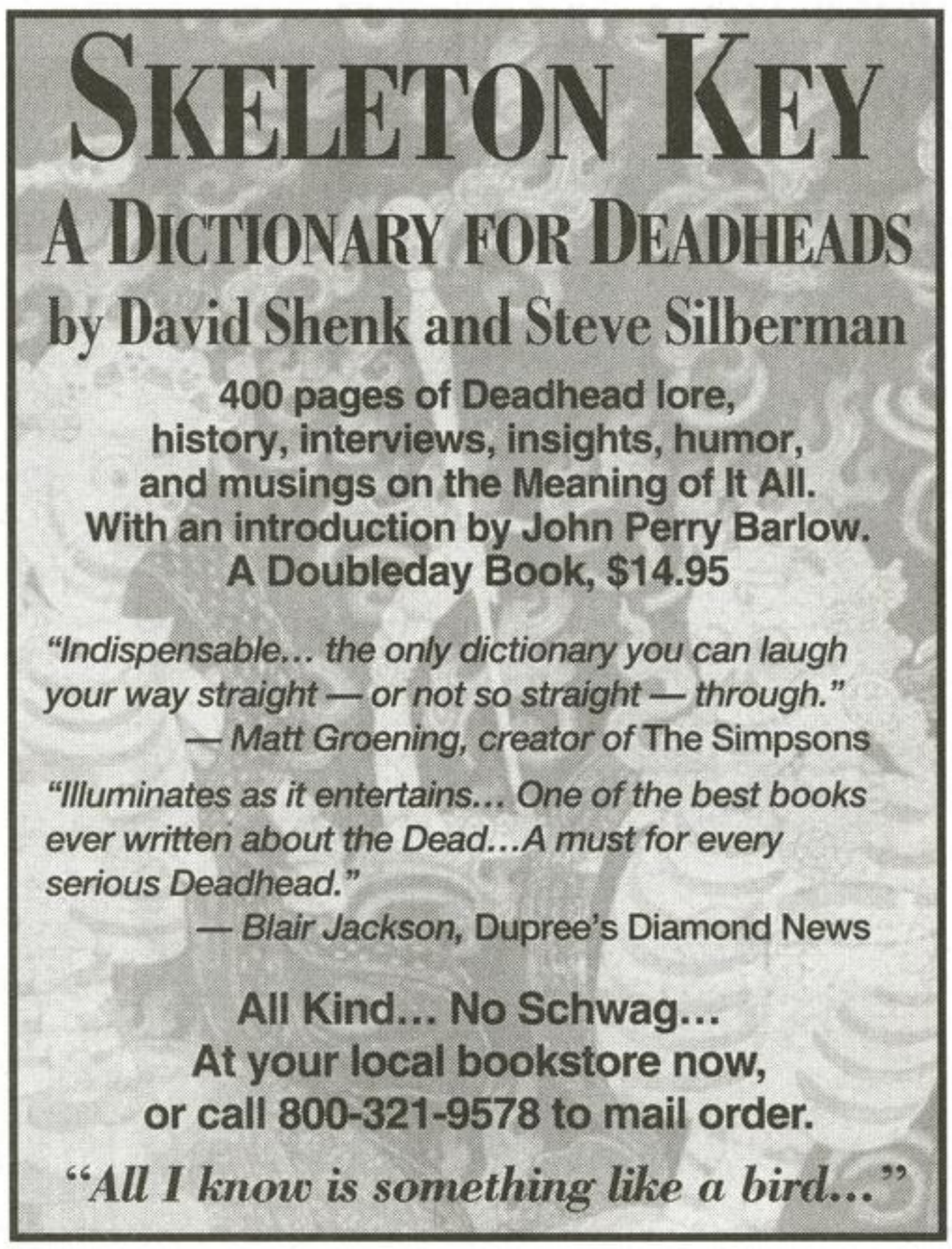
I am 15 years old, a devoted Head. This past weekend I was gratefully able to attend "Deadhead Heaven — A Gathering of the Tribe" and it was absolutely incredible.

In my short 15 years, I was only able to get to one show, last June 19, a very nice surprise the day after my birthday. I have been to a few gatherings, mostly impromptu, since Jerry's passing, all very uplifting and spiritual, but this weekend was different somehow. I have walked away from it very changed in some ways, my path clearer in sight. The camaraderie is just as you would expect with all your brothers and sisters, and the beauty emanating from every soul was mind-blowing!
When Jerry passed, it was such a shock for me. I didn't really cry like I should have for a of couple months, but when the tears finally did come, oh, what a river I created. It doesn't matter if you've only seen one show like me, or if you're a tour rat who's been doing it for decades. The love is still there, the family and spirituality between us all is still the same, and the grief one experiences from such a year is definitely the same. We all still need each other. I have felt so alone lately, and when that happens, I usually would just push it away.

My 20-year-old brother, who got me on the bus, moved to Pittsburgh, and no one else seems to understand, especially my parents. I try hardest to get them to understand my love for you all, what beautiful people you are, and how my life is centered around this culture. Being so young, with constricting parents, I can't just buy tickets for Furthur, and tour around my area. I can't just take off and go to a Rainbow Gathering. It's a lot harder for me to keep the scene alive.

This gathering — waking up to the same people you fell asleep to — the love, sharing, dancing; it has given me so much. I walked away from Purchase, NY with a new friend. She went out of her way for someone she previously didn't know, worked things out with both sets of parents, and gave me a ride. She's understanding and knows what everything's about. She has a great spirit of the culture about her, and when you see her dancing, it just kicks your heels into song. What she doesn't know is how much I love her for it. In doing what she did for me, she has given me the greatest gift. I came away from this weekend, and I learned to love myself! I've always had horrible self-esteem with the harsh community and a world that does not understand our scene and does everything they can to tear it down and rip it apart. I saw the stunning beauty in everyone, took parts of it to me, and felt at peace. For the first time I can remember, I see that same beauty in MYSELF! It's amazing. I had my spirit rebuilt, a new sense of hope, and complete fulfillment. But there's still something troubling me.

As I walked through the campground, looking over all the tents, saying good-bye, and giving hugs to people I came to know and love, I just had a question. *Morning Dew* was playing in my head as I walked through the rain-soaked grass, and I still wonder: When is the next time I will see these





people again? Do I just have to take the wonderful gifts I got, and walk away grateful for them? That is part of the emptiness I am feeling right now, and the fear that without it continuing, I'll fall apart. As I was reading over the copy of *Dupree's* I got, I was just sobbing! I was, and still am so depressed and unguided. I am confused between the new hope I received and want to run with, and the sense of ending.

We all need each other to survive. With such incredible, huge parts that the Dead and Jerry played in our lives, we are sure to survive for longer than many outside the scene would wish! I really want to thank anyone who took the time to listen to me. You can only imagine what it means. Erica, thank you so much, and share this with your mom if you'd like. To anyone else who was also there, I was the one dancin' till I couldn't hold myself up, smiling, and greeting everyone that went by! Please feel free to email me.

Peace and Love, Jessie (Delilah475@aol.com) ◊

To Deadhead Heaven:

Thank you for the best weekend in a very, very long time. From the organization to the location, everything was absolutely amazing. I opened a few of my friends' eyes to the Deadhead Experience and they were amazed, baffled, and completely thrilled. I can't wait for next year.

Keep Truckin', Howie ◊

Dear Deadhead Heaven:

I'll be honest, I didn't know what to expect. I mean there wasn't any type of real gathering since Jerry [died]. It was nice to know that the music could bring us all together again. And the bands — *heaven* is a pretty good word! The Zen Tricksters were a definite highlight on Sunday night (Jerry would have been damn proud), not to mention moe. and Solar Circus. I can't explain it, but that feeling was there. Remember the way a Dead show would reinvigorate your soul?

I have to hand it to you guys. Two days of camping, good bands, friendly faces, and NO TICKETMASTER! (Yeah, Terrapin!) It was a pretty reasonable price for two days. I liked that the event was kinda low-key. There was plenty of room to camp, a nice crowd, and the people in charge were so cool, no other way to put it. [It was a] great idea to have the trucks go around and collect the garbage and have people walk around with morning announcements. There were good vibes all around, from the day we ordered our tickets, to the men who handed out our bracelets — just a bunch of nice folks! Thanks for a real good time! Oh yeah, the night of the first laser light show, Jerry was in that room. Did you feel it, too?

Love, Raingypsy1 ◊

Deaditor's Reply: No need to worry, the love and peaceful times you found at Deadhead Heaven — A Gathering of the Tribe will be repeated in the near future. You can look forward to many more of these events. If you'd like to be on our event mailing list please send your name and address to: DDN Event List, P.O. Box 272, Purdys, NY 10578. ◊

Dear DDN,

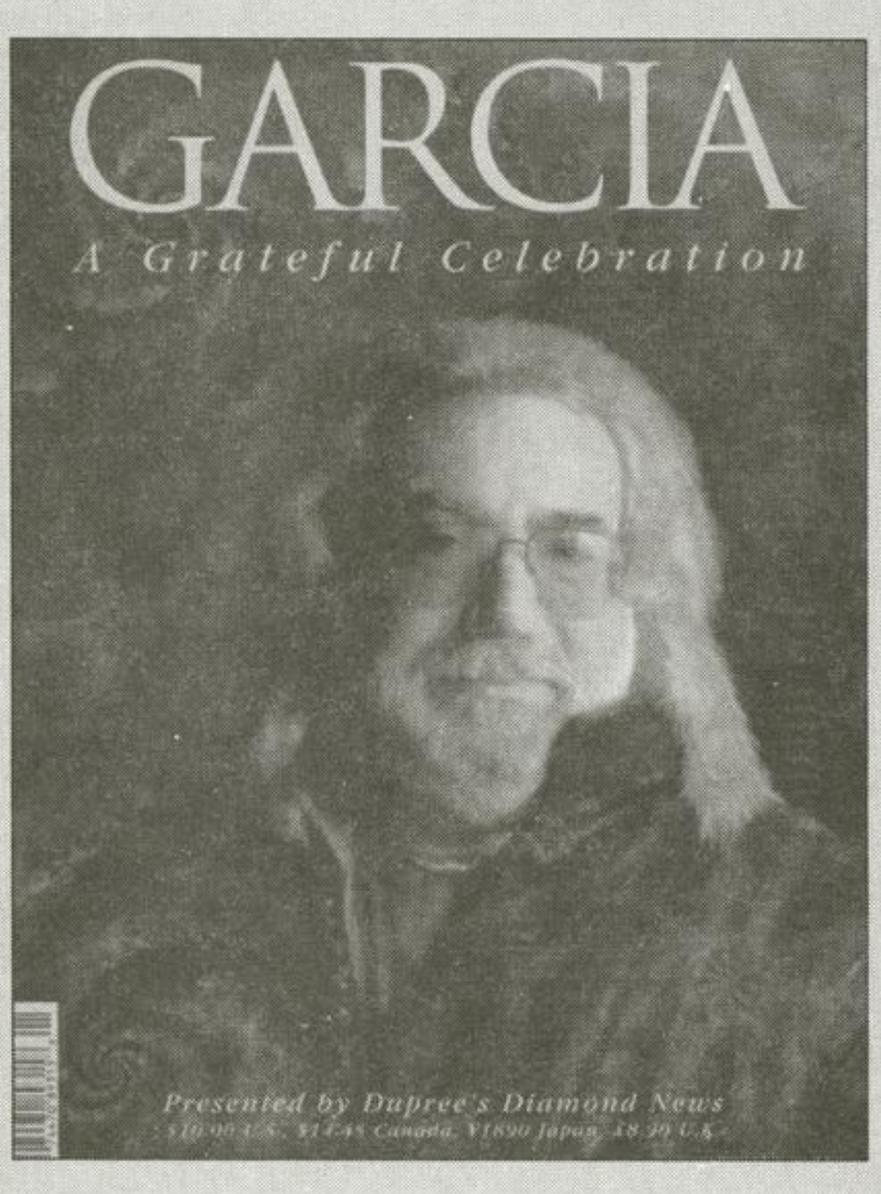
I read your editorial in *Dupree's* (Issue #33) and was wondering why you seemed to leave out blues as an avenue for musical exploration in the "post-Dead" era now beginning. You seem to cover all popular artists in the rock field and some jazz, but leave blues conspicuously absent.

There are many different types of blues to hear. For example, Delta blues, Chicago blues, L.A. West Coast swing blues, and Texas blues. There are many talented and exciting blues artists around to see and hear. For example, James Harman Band, William Clarke, Rod Piazza, Ronnie Earl, Duke Robillard, John Hammond, Magic Slim, Jimmy Dawkins, Joe Kubek, and on and on. Many Dead covers were originally blues songs. Same with Jerry Band tunes. Seeing a blues show in a small venue and feeling the energy brings me back to the pre-'73 Dead era. I think if Deadheads were to start seeing more blues shows they would enjoy it and learn where some of the music came from. After all, the Dead were a very eclectic band and we should try to emulate that as much as we can.

DocREH@aol.com

Deaditor's Reply: Good point. But I left out more than the blues. The Dead introduced us to many amazing worlds of sound, rhythm, and culture. I've been chasing after them for years. With more room I could have kept pointing to other pleasures worth investigating like African music, drumming worldwide, Indian

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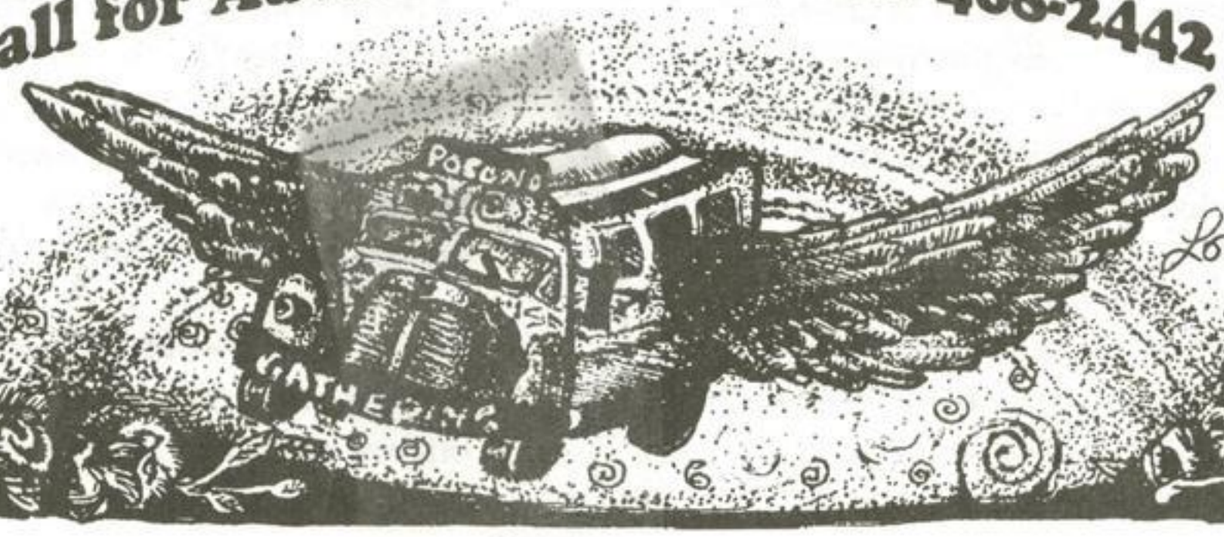
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Dedication

This past June I flew out west to witness the Grateful Dead play with the San Francisco Symphony on the twentieth anniversary of my first show. Since 1979 I've been faithfully making this pilgrimage to the Bay Area for all the New Year's and Greek Theatre runs, and even a good number of Shoreline shows. My commitment, my *faith*, has paid off royally with many magical peak experiences burned forever sweet into my memory. The long, strange trip seems neither long nor strange (well, *maybe* strange, but it's a really comfortable kind of strange). Those 20 years sure flew by quickly. "It seems like all this life was just a dream."

As my plane touched down, I realized this might very well be the last time I make such a trip. Just one short year ago you could still witness the magic of Jerry Garcia teasing angels from the meat on his bones. Now that Experience exists only as a surreal memory. Yet from my vantage point the wonder of that long, strange trip is still very much continuing. Yes, many of us who are still processing the death of Garcia and the end of the live Dead Experience still feel pain, fear, and confusion. But in the end, the Grateful Dead Experience hasn't given us all it has to offer until we find our own ways in which to experience celebrations every bit as sacred, exciting, and communal as any we had with Jerry when he walked the Earth. We've been shown the way. Now we need to learn how to make our own magic.

Driving into San Francisco from the airport, I began to reflect on how much we've gained from the Experience that isn't *just* a sweet memory, a fleeting, in-the-moment phenomenon. The Grateful Dead Experience has opened our minds to the possibility that life can be what *we* make of it, not necessarily what is chosen for us by others. Despite Garcia's steadfast belief that the Dead's prosperity was largely due to their being in the right place at the right time, for most of their adult lives, the band members really did live a dream of their own design. This is a very, very important lesson for us to learn. For those of us who've gone on the road with the band, it's been a voyage to myriad new environments. Think of all the lifelong friendships we've gained. Then there are all the different worlds of art and culture we've been exposed to. And let us not forget how the band has shown us through its practice of improvisatory arts *not* to fear new experiences; through their music we've seen wondrous new forms of order appear constantly from out of the unknown. Underneath everything, it seems the *magic* of the Grateful Dead Experience has been a direct result of an *intention* on our part to collectively cultivate something more communal, sacred, exciting, and transcendent than that which "ordinary" life in Western culture offers. The Grateful Dead Experience has changed us forever. We have been…no, we *are* blessed.

To this end, I'm extremely proud to report that *Dupree's* first collaborative effort with Terrapin Tapes, a multi-day music festival, on Memorial Day weekend, **Deadhead Heaven — A Gathering of the Tribe,** was an *incredible* success. Thousands of you attended. Thousands camped. No one was hurt, and no one was arrested. The music, the weather, and most importantly, the vibe were all, in a word, *heavenly*. Which goes to prove that, indeed, we can carry on without the Dead as gracefully as ever, maybe even more so!

On Saturday afternoon at Deadhead Heaven under a perfectly cloudless sky, as the Zen Tricksters broke into a joyous *Eyes of the World*, I looked out from the stage into a sea of *beaming* faces. The joy, the *love of life*, was overwhelming. It was exactly what we'd been chasing after the Dead for, for all those years — a living *Sunshine Daydream*. Except this time it was Deadheads who created and lived this wonderful dream. And so it seems the torch can be passed.

Of course, the handful of events we'll produce each year can't possibly take the place of the *70* Dead shows we were offered each year, so ultimately the power to create excitement, purpose, and community lies in each of our hands.

For some of us older Deadheads, the death of Garcia and the end of the Dead may appear to signify the end of our youth, but do not let it be the end of our youthfulness. For some of us, Garcia's death may represent the death of a lover, a brother, a guru, or a father. You must not let Jerry's death also be the death of your love. Plant seeds of love in all the corners of your life and let them grow anew.

For younger Deadheads, we must find new tribal rituals to help us gracefully and profoundly make our passage into adulthood. In this society we have lost easy access to meaningful transcendent ritual. That birthright, that *essential* need, has been usurped, and we are on a true Hero's Journey in order to reclaim it. Do not give up faith; help is on the way. You need only to keep on searching for the sound.

In fact, for Deadheads young and old alike one of the real secrets to living a prosperous life is to never stop searching for the sound. In other words, we must always be "open systems." By this I mean we should never be closed to new ideas, experiences, or knowledge. The minute we close ourselves off to different viewpoints, music, social scenes, etc., we begin to limit our potential for living life to its fullest. Even if, in being open to new things, we find that we still prefer the "same old, same old," we will be better off for having considered those other possibilities. The process of exploring, of questioning, of learning to interact with new situations is critical if we are to continue growing. I'm quite sure I'm better off for having started exploring other forms of music long before Jerry died. When he died and I needed inspiration in my life I already knew where to turn. It was sort of like switching dance partners in between waltzes. And I can always connect with my Deadheadism any time I feel the need for something old and familiar.

Hopefully, all of you will find, as I have recently, that the opportunity for adventure, ritual, art, and community is out there for the making. Slowly but surely, as we begin to poke around, we find that opportunities for inspiration abound. For those of you still fearful of a future without a living Dead, I suggest you read the eloquent and soulful musing in the letters section of this issue, *The Fears*.

As for the enduring image and myth of Jerry Garcia, the rock and roll superstar, both the Skully and Greenfield biographies have revealed what we Deadheads have known all along, Jerry, though a great musician, was a deeply wounded human being (Greenfield's book, an in-depth, revealing oral biography of Garcia as told by many close friends and family members, is reviewed on page 77). As I've said before, the greatest lesson we can learn from Jerry Garcia comes from seeing his life as a whole, not just the heroic guitar slinger we saw onstage. In other words, if an intensely dysfunctional guy like Jerry could bring so much joy, spirit, and excitement to the world, think how much happiness the rest of us less dysfunctional folks can manifest. All told, the personal life of Garcia and his family reveals not a family of immortal rock stars, but a family of humans fraught with just as many personal shortcomings and challenges as the rest of us. Maybe now we can finally debunk the myth that rock stars are somehow better than the rest of us. We're all just humans, hopefully trying to move with a touch of grace through a world filled with desire and suffering.

Several thoughts on topics covered in this issue:

Grateful Dead tape vault archivist Dick Latvala, ever shy, ever so humble, sat down with us again for what he swears is the last extended interview he'll ever give (see page 18). Dick feels the focus should be completely on the music he's helping get released. We pray he's able to hang in there and keep on getting us "the goods." Without him, I fear all objectivity regarding what we want released will be lost.

Timothy Leary is dead (see page 12). In threatening to broadcast his suicide live on the Internet, Leary served society in a very valuable way. By using his legendary ability to press hot buttons in the media, Leary seduced the culture-at-large into an in-depth discussion of the ethics of an emerging technology, by making it a matter of life and death — his own. Though, in the end, Leary died offline, surrounded by his friends, his final bid for publicity was the last unconstrained public discourse on ethics, technology, and essence we will need to survive into the next millennium.

This issue features three articles about, by, or related to Grateful Dead lyricist John Perry Barlow. For most of the past 30 years John has been an "edge-runner," someone who has touched up against the horizon of evolving human consciousness. We are fortunate to have him share with us his observations on this frontier. I strongly suggest you take these articles to heart, especially for those of you who actively embrace computer technology. Your freedom of expression is currently in jeopardy. These articles will tell you why, and what you can do to preserve this right.

Finally, it's an election year. Therefore, I implore you all to get out and vote for the bozos you think will do *the least* amount of damage to our civil rights and environment — the two realms most Deadheads seem to agree need protection. I can't convey strongly enough how important it is that we all take action to preserve what little rights we have left to "pursue happiness." PLEASE vote (even if you register your complete lack of faith in the system by voting for "Nobody").

Stay tuned. The trip continues. Seeing Phil Lesh triumphantly, excitedly, and youthfully high five audience members upon concluding his performance with the San Francisco Symphony, I got the strong feeling that it may not be the last time I see him perform after all. Whatever happens, whether it's he or we who keep that *Lovelight* burnin', many more high times are still in store for those of us who seek to grab that brass ring. Join us. We're headed that way.

In Light,
Johnny Dwork
(With a tip of the hat to Digaman) ◊

DAZED AT LAGUNA SECA

BY CHLOE ANDREWS

WITH PHOTOS BY PAUL HAVEL

It was hard not to have some expectations on the way to the fourth annual Laguna Seca Days fest. Hosted by Bill Graham Presents on Memorial Day weekend, this year's two-day event in Monterey, CA was no slouch. Saturday, 5/25, was one of those perfect weather days, with plenty of sunshine and ocean breezes presiding over the mixed bag of musical offerings. Vending was in full swing in the lot, especially colorful glass pipes that seem to be the latest rage. The beautiful setting made for a mellow vibe that permeated everything. It was great to see Wavy Gravy playing announcer, and there was, among other stuff to see and do, the San Francisco Mime Troupe, yoga exercises, and a psychedelic disco light tent.



Leftover Salmon gave up a dose of their "Cajun Slamgrass" with Pete Sears giving an added edge to their high-energy set. Ben Harper's band played funky socially aware blues, the high point of which was a steaming cover of Marvin Gaye's *Sexual Healing* that blew me away.



There were mixed reactions to Joan Osborne's set. I hadn't seen her live since the 1995 H.O.R.D.E. shows. The band concentrated on tunes from their hit CD "Relish." Those of us used to seeing her perform in New York City blues bars were a tad disappointed to hear so much polish instead of soul, however, Osborne tried a new arrangement on *One of Us*, which was irie, with a reggae tinge.

Ratdog finally took to the stage at sunset. Bobby led the band through a set containing many of the tunes they've played for the past year. Highlights included *Walkin' Blues*, *Take Me To the River*, a stellar jam during *Eternity*, *Masterpiece*, *Kansas City* (with Johnnie Johnson on vocals), and the encore: a barn-burning *Lovelight* followed by a bitter-sweet *Knockin' On Heaven's Door*, that pretty much reiterated how wonderful it was to be back with our family, while at the same time we were feeling the empty spaces that Garcia once filled so completely.

Sunday proved to be cold, misty, and damp, with drizzle that finally turned to all-out rain. Ani DeFranco's folk renderings were wonderful, however it was hard to hear with all the sound problems.

A solid set from the Neville Brothers followed. The highlight came when Weir joined them onstage for a tumultuous rendering of *Fire On the Mountain*. Bobby's guitar work shined, providing for some audience frenzy.

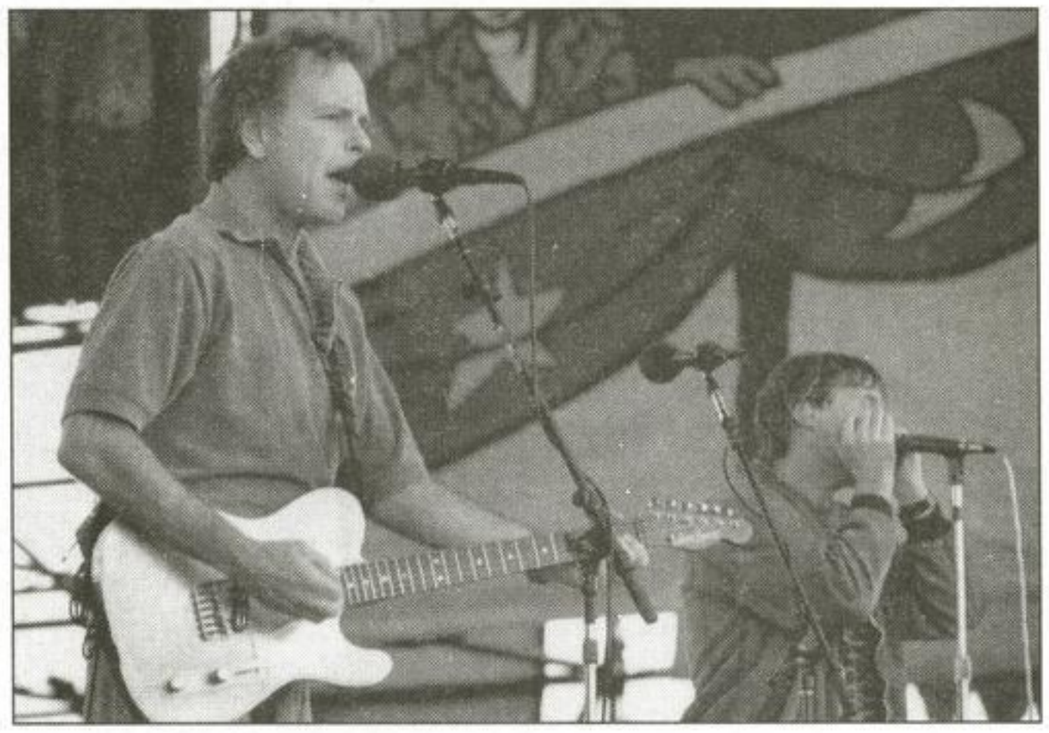




Robert Hunter was spotted at the vending booths before Mickey Hart's Mystery Box came onstage. As the evening drizzle turned to rain, we were treated to the Mint Juleps' sweet harmonies, letting us hear Hunter's lyrics in a whole new light. Although the beginning of the set was marred by some technical difficulties, they started things off with *Only the Strange Remain*. It was interesting to watch Mickey walking around downstage with his wireless head mic, tentatively at first, and then, later it seemed he really got into being out front.

The set's high points were *The Next Step, Full Steam Ahead, Look Away*, and of course, *Down the Road*, which was met with crowd-pleasing approval, especially when Garcia's name was mentioned. The Mint Juleps add textured vocal layers to counterbalance the meaty thundering produced by so many percussionists on one stage at the same time. I can't wait to see this band again, since I know they will get even better as time goes on.

All in all, it was a great weekend. My only other criticism is that I feel Bob Weir and Ratdog could benefit from some new material in the rotation. Otherwise, this was a fine precursor to the Furthur Festival, but more about that next issue. ◊

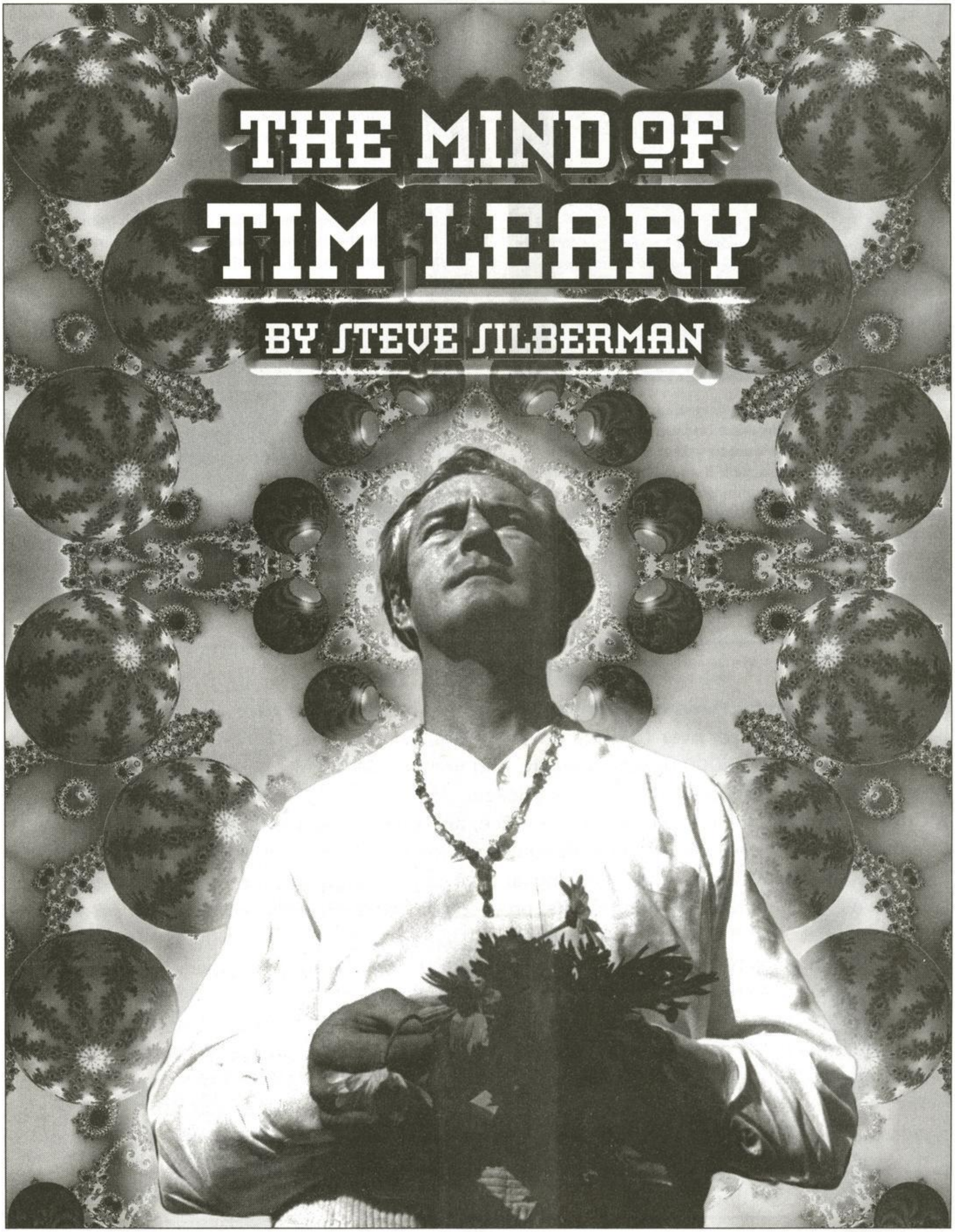


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Can You Pass the Leary Test?

Tim Leary was a pure product of America, bred for the boardroom and the putting green, rather than the hut of the *curandero*.

Born in 1920, in Springfield, Massachusetts, to a dentist and a schoolteacher, the sparkling-eyed Irish boy who would take his place in history as the guru of a legally incorporated religion of LSD got a military education at West Point, before earning a PhD in psychology from the University of California at Berkeley. From Berkeley, Leary followed the career track of an up-and-coming psychologist in the button-down '50s — including marriage and children — to Oakland's Kaiser Hospital, where he devised a personality test that became the standard for employers like the CIA, who wanted to screen applicants for neuroses.

In May of 1957 — the year of Sputnik and *I Was A Teenage Werewolf* — Leary read an article in *Life* written by mushroom-hunter R. Gordon Wasson, about the Wassons' participation in an ancient ceremony in a dirt-floored hut in the Mexican backcountry. An old medicine woman had given Wasson and his wife Valentina *teonanacatl*, the "flesh of God": mushrooms that brought visions that were considered holy.

Wasson wrote the thought that flashed through his mind lying on the floor of the hut, his senses filled with cascading, fractal panoramas of jewel-covered palaces and archaic landscapes: *Could the divine mushrooms be the secret that lay behind the ancient Mysteries?*

Three years later, the author of "the Leary Test" had earned a position at Harvard, but inside, Leary felt sick in his soul. His first wife had committed suicide, and his second marriage was already on the rocks.



While working on a book about the philosophy of behavioral science in a villa in Cuernevaca, Mexico, the 39-year-old Leary met Gerhart Braun, an anthropologist who had been translating old Nahuatl texts — the language of the Aztecs. There were repeated references to *teonanacatl*, used by Aztec priests to predict the future, solve problems, or simply feel good. Though Catholic historians had censored the mushrooms out of the official histories, a few references survived in the original texts. Braun and Leary were curious — could these sacred mushrooms still be found? The old shopkeepers in San Pedro confided that "Old Juana" was the person to see.

The Old Juana connection proved fruitful. One sunny Saturday in August, Leary, Braun, and their friends each ate a handful of the God's flesh, knocking the bitter mouthfuls back with slugs of Carta Blanca.

As Leary recalled in his book *High Priest*, he had a classic psychedelic experience of multiple cycles of death and rebirth, including a regression back through the stages of evolution, to the jump-start of consciousness in the humming void:

Diamond virtue
Pure blue pureness
Beyond desire
Only
Needle moment
Buddha unity

"I came back," as Leary put it simply, "a changed man." When he returned to the Center for Personality Research at Harvard, he launched a research project into the effects of the mushrooms on the human psyche, but he was already dissatisfied with the clinical model of research. This experience was not about control, the observer and the observed, the classification of behaviors into "psychotic" and "sane," Leary believed. It was about, as he wrote, "the sudden confrontation of the real-reality." It was about freedom.



To plan the project, Leary met with the most public champion of psychedelics, the British author of *The Doors of Perception*, Aldous Huxley. Huxley gave Leary the full low-down on everything that was happening on the fertile front of global psychedelic research at that time: Humphrey Osmond, who coined the term "psychedelic," was curing alcoholics with a single massive dose of LSD taken in a guided setting; and Albert Hofmann, who had crystallized the first molecules of LSD-25 back in 1938 at the Sandoz Laboratories in Switzerland, had recently isolated one of the active principles of *teonanacatl*, which he called "psilocybin." The flesh of God was now available for eating year-round, not just during the rainy season.

Leary and Huxley weren't the only ones interested in Hofmann's research into this family of molecules that shared a distinctive aspect of their structure — an indole ring. There was considerable interest in Hofmann's discoveries by government spooks like the CIA and the Chemical Warfare Service, who hoped to add the indoles to their arsenal of truth serums and decapacitating agents, as an intensification of the Cold War the spooks were cheerily referring to as "war without death."

As cover operations for *X-Files*-ish programs with names like MK-ULTRA, ARTICHOKE, and BLUEBIRD, the CIA was funneling the Sandoz stash through hospitals and clinics in America and Canada — including the Veteran's Hospital in Palo Alto, where two of the paid subjects were a novelist and a folk singer named Ken Kesey and Robert Hunter.

LSD had even been endorsed by Hollywood, in a cover article for *Look* magazine about "the new" Cary Grant. Yoga, hypnosis, and mysticism had not helped Grant to become capable

of love, even after three marriages, Grant confessed. LSD had. Leary based his experimental paradigm on the most obvious equivalent in the culture of that era: space travel. The astronauts would be thoroughly trained, educated, and prepared for their journey into the unknown. The conditions of the trip would be made as safe and comfortable as possible. Most importantly, there would be a guide, to act as mission control for the flight to the deep within.

One of the earliest people given the round pink pills of Sandoz psilocybin was the poet Allen Ginsberg, who had eaten the alkaloid-laden vine called *ayahuasca* — reputed to boost telepathic abilities — in South America.

At the peak of his psilocybin trip, Ginsberg, naked, picked up the telephone. "This is God," he informed the operator. "I want to talk to Kerouac."

And Kerouac was just the first call: he also wanted to get President Kennedy and Soviet Premier Nikita Khruschev on the line — this was at the height of the Cold War — to straighten things out.

The little pink pills started traveling away from Cambridge. Ginsberg gave them to poet Robert Lowell, to abstract expressionist painter-friends, and to two of the founding fathers of be-bop jazz, Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk. (Only Monk was nonplussed, asking Ginsberg if he had anything "stronger.")

Ginsberg had always been obsessed with his own mystical experiences, and desired to share them via his poetry. Leary had become completely disillusioned with psychotherapy as a way of easing the suffering of existence and addressing the essential questions. Now, he and Leary had a means of triggering cosmic insights that was concrete, even quantifiable. *This* gnosis could be carried in a bottle, given as a gift.

The blueprint was to turn on the world.

The Indole Nation Is Born

In 1961, a Sandoz Laboratories executive leaned across a table and told Leary what he really felt about his company's most celebrated product. LSD isn't really a drug, he said. It's a *food*. We should bottle it in Coca-Cola and let the world have it.

Leary himself didn't take LSD until the winter of that year. Leary had met a bearded LSD evangelist named Michael Hollingshead, who had his *own* plan to turn on the world. With a stash given to him by a researcher at New York Hospital who purchased a gram of pure Sandoz Delysid for $285, Hollingshead was traveling around, dispensing gnosis to the likes of Alan Watts, Charles Mingus, Donovan, and Paul McCartney. Hollingshead had stirred his stash into cake frosting, and kept it in a big mayonnaise jar. Psilocybin, Hollingshead told Leary, was like black-and-white TV. LSD was color. One weekend in December, the jazz trumpeter Maynard Ferguson and his wife came to visit. Impressed by Hollingshead's rap, the Fergusons took a tablespoon each from Hollingshead's jar. To Leary's astonishment, after about half an hour, Flo Ferguson — who, as Leary put it, "had never read a philosophy book in her life" — began talking about reincarnation and the unity of all things. When Leary asked Maynard if he should take it too, he smiled.

Leary ate a tablespoonful.

After some hours — "several billion years" in Leary's subjective time — "I suddenly knew," as he later recalled, "that everything is a message from the impersonal, relentless, infinite, divine intelligence, weaving a new web of life each second, bombarding us with a message. Don't you see! You're nothing! Wake up!"

"From the date of this session," Leary wrote, "it was inevitable that we would leave Harvard, and that we would spend the rest of our lives as mutants, faithfully following the instructions of our internal blueprints, and tenderly, gently disregarding the parochial social insanities."

The rest, as they say, is history. Leary didn't speak for almost a week, and his colleague in the psilocybin project — an enthusiastic, boyish, bisexual psychologist named Richard Alpert — was very concerned that LSD was *too* powerful. "We may have lost Tim," Alpert told his friends. But then Leary came back to language, with a one-word message: "Wow!"

The Harvard program was going amazingly well. The Leary team had taken the pink pills into the Massachusetts State Prison, where convicts doing hard time proved receptive to the indole vision. The convicts showed increases in responsibility and self-control, with a recidivism rate 23 percent less than that of the non-psychedelicized group.

But Leary and crew were breaking the protocols of experimental science all over the place. Sometimes the experimenters took the drug with their subjects, in keeping with Leary's notion that everyone was equal in the halls of the indole king. Worst of all, in the eyes of the Harvard dons, Leary was telling his friends that these new experimental compounds were "fun." "Sensual," even.

After being cast out of Harvard for giving LSD to undergraduates, Leary and Alpert opened an experimental annex off campus, which they called the International Federation for Internal Freedom. If you called the Federation at its telephone number, which was "KISS-BIG," a voice answered, "If-if."

If, if...*what*?

Leary's activities had also caught the attention of the CIA. A memo from the agency's Office of Security suggests that CIA personnel were directly involved with Leary's group — though to what extent Leary was aware of this is a matter for

Scully and Mulder. Even President Kennedy may have sampled the Federation's sacrament-of-choice, though the connection between Leary and Kennedy — a paramour of the President's named Mary Pinchot — was murdered a year after Kennedy was shot, and her diary vanished.

The Federation planned to establish a beachhead of the new consciousness (which was really the old consciousness, that Good Ol' Time Religion of the *curanderos*) in Zihuatanejo, Mexico. The IFIF received over 1500 applications to attend their summer program. To do it right, Leary mailed a check to Sandoz for a million doses of LSD and two-and-a-half million doses of psilocybin.

Sandoz returned Leary's deposit because of import/export technicalities, and the IFIF were hounded out of Mexico after six weeks of tabloid headlines. Though Leary didn't know it yet, there was another outpost of psychedelic consciousness on the West Coast, in a circle of bungalows near Stanford called Perry Lane, where Ken Kesey and the future Merry Pranksters — including Robert Hunter, Neal Cassady, and the Warlocks — were simmering up huge pots of venison chili, spiked with Sandoz, for their weekend dance parties.

The IFIF settled in Millbrook, New York, in a spacious, turreted estate donated to the Castalia Foundation — as the IFIF was now known — by Billy Hitchcock, the grandson of the founder of Gulf Oil. ("Castalia" was the Mystery school in Hermann Hesse's *Magister Ludi/The Glass Bead Game*, named after a spring sacred to the Muses.) Leary, Alpert, and colleague Ralph Metzner began publishing a magazine called the *Psychedelic Review*, and the three authored a book called *The Psychedelic Experience*, which was a rewrite of *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* for souls experiencing psychedelic "ego death." One line in that book, "Whenever in doubt, turn off your mind, relax, float downstream," was borrowed by John Lennon for the first pop anthem of the indole nation — *Tomorrow Never Knows*.

It was while Leary was at Millbrook that the acid really hit the fan. *Anything* at Millbrook could be dosed — the doorknobs, the milk in the fridge; the alkaloids roamed freely from mind to mind. Two hours from New York City, Millbrook became a "scene" — the White House of Nirvana, or at least the Magic Kingdom of Hip. TV crews marched up and down the stairs, and Leary's tendency toward show-biz hyperbole was getting the best of him. He announced to an interviewer from *Playboy* that a woman could have "several hundred orgasms" during a single trip, and claimed that LSD had "cured" Allen Ginsberg's homosexuality — and that the bearded poet, (who has celebrated the affections of young athletes for three decades now since his "cure"), was merely one of "dozens of such cases."

LSD became a national obsession, a spiritual litmus test and modern rite of passage, a generation-gap widener, a "Red Menace" on our own shores. Leary was no longer playing the scientist game at all. He and his friends had founded a new religion, and legally incorporated it: the League for Spiritual Discovery.

"Quit school. Quit your job. Don't vote. Avoid all politics. Do not waste conscious thinking on TV-studio games. Political choices are meaningless," Leary declared. "To postpone the drop-out is to cop out." (Although, in fairness to Leary, he may have been preaching a psychedelic version of what Zen monks call "home departure," it sure made it easier to stop "copping out" to be able to drop *in* to a millionaire's estate, complete with splashing fountain.)

A Charming Personage

Albert Hofmann's first meeting with Leary took place in 1971, four years after the estate had been busted by future Watergate spook G. Gordon Liddy, who got fired up hearing that, at Millbrook, "the panties were dropping as fast as the acid."

Leary was, by 1971, an international fugitive, and LSD was illegal in every state in the Union.

Hofmann had lunch with Leary, and observed: *My impression of Dr. Leary…was that of a charming personage, convinced in his mission, who defended his opinions with humor yet uncompromisingly, a man who truly soared high in the clouds pervaded by beliefs in the wonderful effects of psychedelic drugs and the optimism resulting therefrom, and thus a man who tended to underrate or completely overlook practical difficulties, unpleasant facts, and dangers.*

Among the "practical difficulties" Leary may have overlooked in the heyday of the League was that trumpeting the arrival of an orgasm pill that triggered the cosmic revelation mankind had sought for centuries, while spelling the end of civilization as we know it, was bound to inspire some provocative headlines. In fact, the worldwide blizzard of pseudoscientific bullshit that acid-rained on Leary's parade (from phony stories of LSD breaking chromosomes, to phony stories of LSD-inspired murders, to phony stories of tripping students blinded by staring into the sun, to real stories of the barely hinged coming completely *un*-hinged after megadoses of impure psychedelics) was at least partly provoked by Leary's gift of blarney and thirst for self-promotion, and gave the Powers That Still Are any number of spectacular excuses to shut down, clamp down, and otherwise terminate all non-Top Secret LSD research in this country for decades.

(The "black budget"-funded skunkworks of psychedelic brainwashing continued unabated into the '70s, and probably beyond, with Dr. Evan Cameron, the head of the Canadian Psychiatric Association, siphoning CIA funds into projects like one which entailed the administration of ever-doubling doses daily to unfortunate subjects for weeks on end, as headphones played endless tape loops of statements like, "You killed your mother.")

The good news for Deadheads is — well, *ourselves*, and the fact that the Deadhead community kept alive many of the best intentions of the League for Spiritual Discovery, even

while its founder was hounded, through the early '70s, in and out of jail, and in and out of the country.

And Deadheads went the League one better, creating together a road-tested paradigm for blissful, productive, communal tripping on a mass scale, portable to football arenas and stadiums, with maximum nurturance, possibility of insight, and safety for all (with the indispensable assistance of Bill Graham's bluecoats and the Rock Medicine crew from the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic.)

The lore of all that glorious and awe-full journeying to the East — to borrow another phrase from Hesse — is just beginning to be recorded.

Darshan with Christ and Mademoiselle Cancer

So, what became of the Peter and Paul of the first church of LSD? (The Holy Ghost is still at large.)

Richard Alpert followed the alchemical muse to India, where he found a guru in the mountains named Neem Karoli Baba, who gave him a new name, *Ram Dass*, which means "servant of God."

"How will I know God?" Ram Dass asked his teacher, an old man in a blanket with few possessions, given to fits of laughter. "Feed people and serve people," was the guru's reply.

Ram Dass gave his teacher LSD a couple of times. After his second trip, Neem Karoli Baba said, "*Your yoga is useful. It would allow you to come in and have the darshan [vision] of Christ, but you can only stay for two hours and then you've got to leave. It would be better to become Christ than visit him.*"

Ram Dass took the teachings of both psychedelics and his guru very seriously, and has lived an exemplary life of service, not only teaching and writing books like *Be Here Now* and *How Can I Help?*, but working tirelessly with the terminally ill, to ease their suffering and encourage wakefulness in the final stages of life. He has practiced *vipassana* and other forms of meditation, and is on the board of the Seva Foundation. In 1992, he told an interviewer from *Gnosis* magazine that he still takes psychedelics every couple of years or so, to "check in," and make sure that the practices of awareness in his daily life are still working.

Tim Leary's seemingly inexhaustible supply of subversive enthusiasms kept him in the headlines long after the League folded. He wrote books (including his most recent, an illustrated memoir called *Surfing the ConsciousNets*), he did a round of nightclub appearances with his old legal nemesis, G. Gordon Liddy, and danced his way through several Dead shows in the '80s, watching the indole genie that he let out of the bottle swirl around him. In the '90s, he embraced

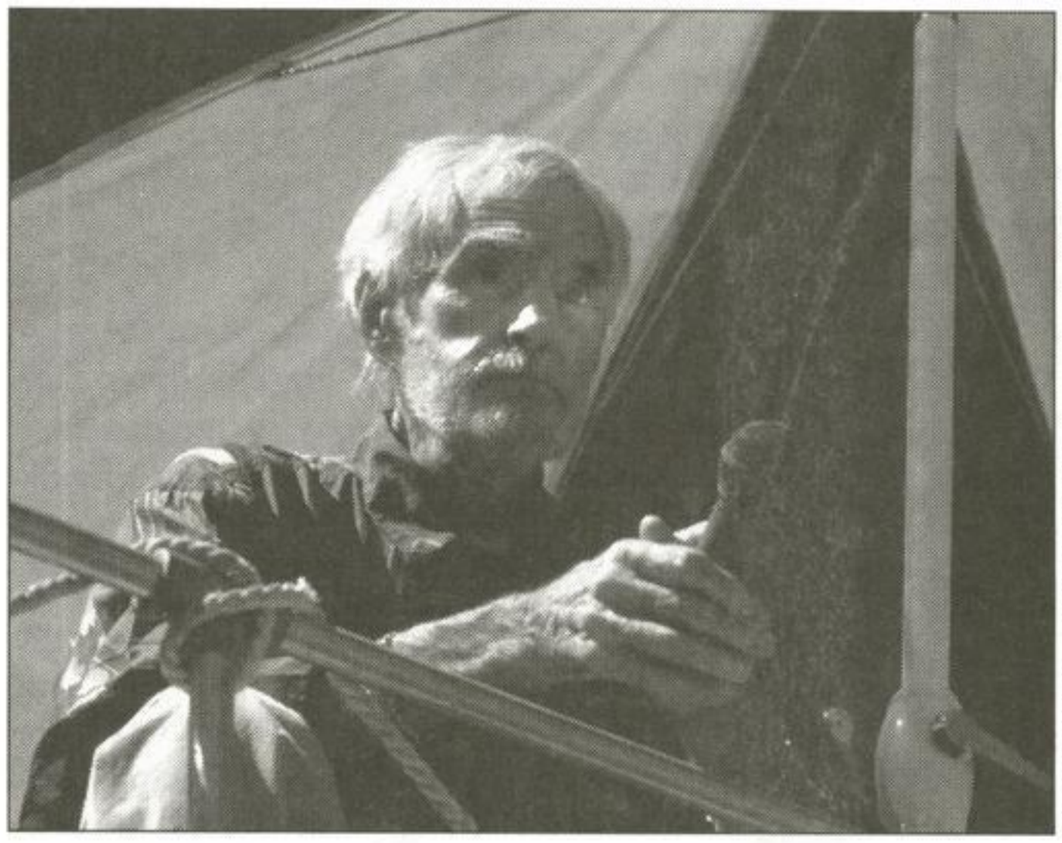


Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

cyberculture as the latest incarnation of the anarchistic group mind — "tune in, turn on, and jack in" — and launched a Web site, www.leary.com.

His homepage became a focus of attention when Leary announced that he had been diagnosed with prostate cancer in January of 1995. "Mademoiselle Cancer has moved in to share 'my' body," he wrote. "So far she is taking Room & Board in 'my' prostate and 'my' back bones. I feel minimal pain." (Plans to commit suicide live on the Net, and to preserve Leary's brain cryogenically after death, were abandoned.)

As his suffering increased, Leary medicated himself with nitrous oxide, Tylenol, wine, morphine, and "Leary biscuits" — plump buds of marijuana with cheese melted over them, on Ritz crackers.

Leary died, surrounded by the kind of bright young people whose company had always given him joy, on May 31, 1996.

One of the last people Leary spoke to before losing consciousness was the novelist William Burroughs. Burroughs asked him how he felt about dying.

"It's *real*," Leary said.

A few months before he died, Leary and Ram Dass spent a day together in Los Angeles.

"You know," Leary remarked to his old friend, "I think we won."

Ram Dass reflected a moment. "I think we did, too," he said. ◊

SOURCES:
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Quotations of an Indole Ringmaster: Leary in His Own Words

Visionary plants (such as the peyote cactus, the divine mushroom of Mexico, the soma of ancient Vedic pre-Hindu philosophers, divinatory vines and roots) have been used for thousands of years by medicine men, soothsayers, priest-philosophers, mystic brotherhoods. Today our technology provides us with chemical synthetics of the active ingredients of these ancient and venerable concoctions: lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD-25), mescaline, psilocybin, and a host of other lesser-known consciousness-expanding substances.

These foods and drugs have always been shrouded in mystery, misunderstanding, and controversy because they produce the most sought-after and most dreaded experience known to man. They produce ecstacy. *Ex-stasis*, literally out of or released from a fixed or unmoving condition. They propel awareness out beyond normal modes of consciousness. They are properly called psychedelics — i.e., mind-opening substances.

Certain alkaloid molecules possess the power of dramatically suspending the familiar, learned structural aspects of the nervous system. Consciousness is suddenly released from its conditioned patterning and flung into a flashing loom of unlearned imagery…

Psychedelic drugs may not only suspend old imprinted patterns, they may also provide the possibility of *reimprinting*.

— from *LSD: The Consciousness-Expanding Drug*, edited by David Solomon. G.P. Putnam and Sons, 1964.

You must remember that throughout human history, millions have made this voyage. A few (whom we call mystics, saints, or buddhas) have made this experience endure and have communicated it to their fellow men… Whether you experience heaven or hell, remember that it is your mind which creates them. Avoid grasping the one or fleeing the other…

Trust your divinity, trust your brain, trust your companions.

Whenever in doubt, turn off your mind, relax, float downstream.

— from *The Psychedelic Experience: A Manual Based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead*, by Timothy Leary, Ralph Metzner, and Richard Alpert. The Citadel Press, 1964.

If an enemy introduced a consciousness-expanding drug into a military command center, our leaders — if they are accurately informed and experienced about the potentials of expanded awareness — might find that men in certain key positions could function better.
The purpose of life is religious discovery.

Start your own religion.

At the cellular level I am the entire chain of life. I am the key rung of the DNA ladder, center of the evolutionary process, the current guardian of the seed, the now-eye of the two-billion-year-old uncoiling serpent. I am God of Life. I'm you.

My advice to people in America today is as follows: If you take the game of life seriously, if you take your nervous system seriously, if you take your sense organs seriously, if you take the energy process seriously, you must turn on, tune in, and drop out.

Do not wait for a messiah. Do it yourself. Now.

LSD and the LSD cult is perfectly in tune with the wisdom of the Buddha or the great philosophies of the past. The Buddha could walk up this road to our house at Millbrook, and he'd see the signs of his profession, because we belong to the same profession, people who are changing consciousness, who are pursuing the eternal quest. He would walk in this house and he'd be much more at home here than he would be in hardly any house in the United States because we're in touch with him. We're in touch with the basic cellular and sensory and physical aspects of man.

LSD is a key to releasing energy. Like any form of energy, it can be misused in the hands of the reckless or in the hands of the foolish, or in the hands of people who want to exploit it for their own power motives. The real misuse of LSD is when it's in the hands of someone who would do it to someone else. The only control of LSD is self-control.

Discover and nurture your own divinity and that of your friends and family members.

Center on your clan and the natural order will prevail.

Be very careful about locating good or God, right or wrong, legal or illegal, at your favorite level of consciousness.

Trust the evolutionary process. It's going to work out all right.

For the last 30 years, I have been watching intoxicated insight explode on people's faces. You haven't forgotten, have you? Surely as you watched the (Berlin) Wall come down you remember when it first happened to you. At Woodstock. Or at a Grateful Dead concert. The Elation. The Rapture. The Comic relief. I could feel shimmers of freedom rippling up my spine. And I bet you did too.

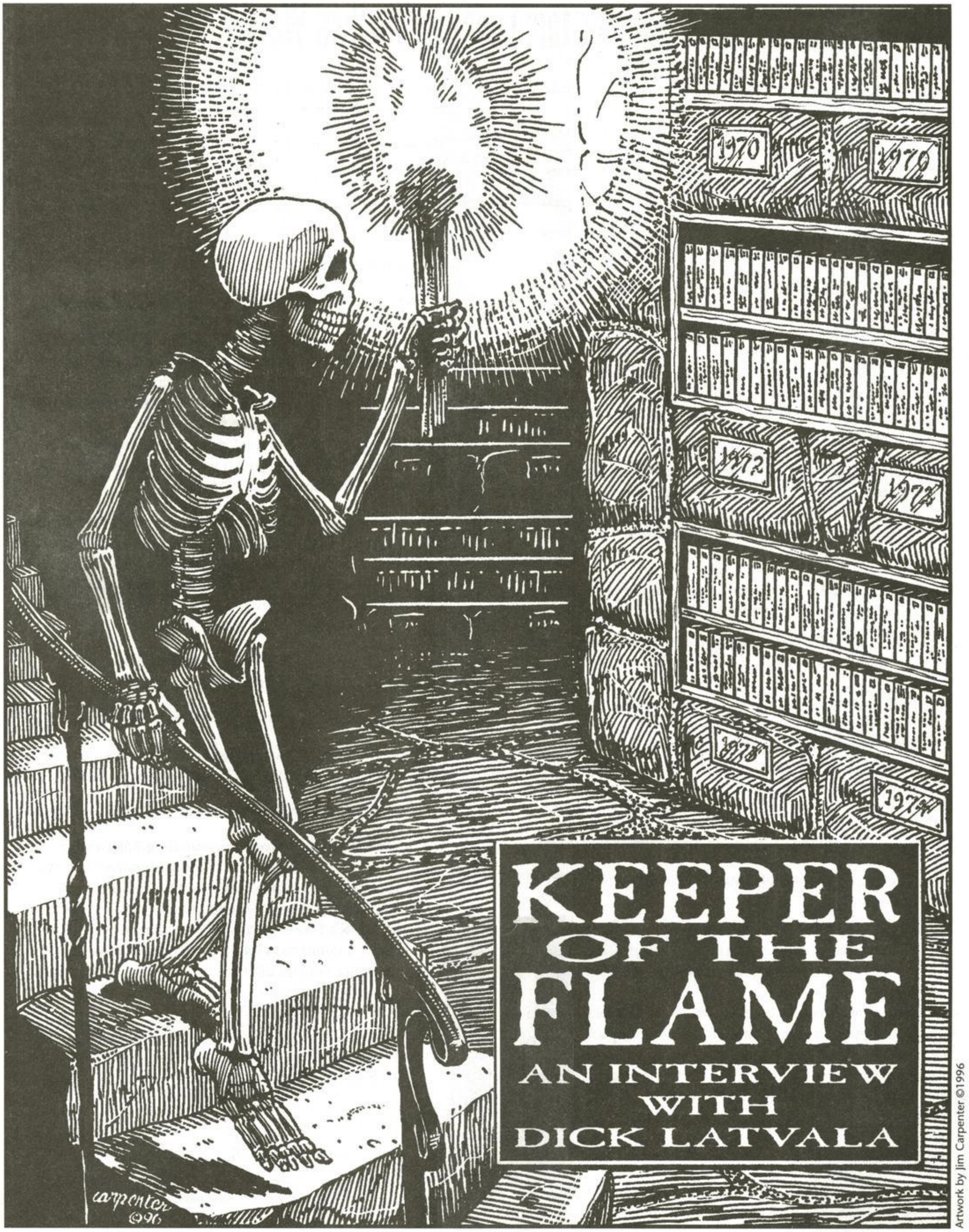
Remember the Buddha smile.

— from *The Politics of Ecstasy*, by Timothy Leary. Reprinted with a new introduction by the author. Ronin Publishing, 1990.

Why not? Yeah.

— *His last words, May 31, 1996.* ◊

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Artwork by Jim Carpenter ©1996

Dick Latvala, the Grateful Dead's tape Vault archivist, is the very best friend we Deadheads have right now "on the inside" of the Grateful Dead organization. Why? Because Dick is "one of us," a true Deadhead with a lifelong, hardcore passion for the magic of the music. He wants nothing more in life than to "get us the goods." If not for Dick, we probably wouldn't have the crisp compact disc recording of the definitive *Here Comes Sunshine* from 2/19/73 ("Dick's Picks I"), the amazing *Dark Star* from 10/31/71 ("Dick's Picks II"), the volcanic *Sugaree* from 5/22/77 ("Dick's Picks III"), the many, many immortal minutes of sheer bliss from 2/13 and 14/70 at the Fillmore East ("Dick's Picks IV"), and most recently, the gorgeously wierd electronic *Space* jam from 12/26/79 ("Dick's Picks V"). Amen! We sat down with Dick several times over the past year and picked his brain deeply about what it's really like putting these releases out and what's in store for the future.

Since your last interview with us you've had quite a change take place as far as your ability to get Vault releases out. Why don't you tell us what happened.
A combination of factors came into play that created the circumstances. For example, "Dick's Picks" didn't get started because I thought of it. Believe me, I never would have thought of it. Kidd [Candelario] skated it past the band, and they went for it. Healy didn't care about the two-track tapes, so I had to submit any entry to a band member, Phil, who would then say yes or no — veto power. I'd give Phil things to listen to and he would try his best. He was the only band member that even wanted to put attention on it. I wasn't sure how other band members felt about the whole Vault program. In fact, I had feelings that maybe they didn't think it was a worthwhile thing, as if they were embarrassed by what their past efforts had been. After so many months of submitting things, Phil was giving me feedback that was not always based on careful analysis, like the rejection of Miami 6/23/74. Granted, it's not one of the greatest shows in Dead history, but it's one of the best in '74.

That* Spanish Jam *is certainly one of the two best and worth it just for that.
Other great examples have been shot down.

What else?
I've been having the hardest time getting Harpur College cleared. "Dick's Picks IV," 2/13-14/70 was a real struggle.

Have you gotten specific rejections or just grumblings?
It's not a matter of yes or no. It's a matter of timing. These shows will come out! I want it on record that everything everyone wants will be out there at some point when the time is right. The process has started, and it appears to be going okay. Everyone's happy with it. We've narrowed things down.

There was a board meeting, and Peter McQuaid (Head of Grateful Dead Merchandising and one of the few people ever hired outside the Family to do something) threw a bunch of bootleg [CD] boxed sets on the table. I was going to go to the meeting and say they're missing out on a wave; there are so many bootlegs out there and we gotta start competing. Peter did all that for me. I didn't have to say a word. Band members were finally looking at actual, real bootleg boxed sets, seeing the prices and the inferior quality. Weir turned to me and said, "Looks like it's time to put Dick to work." I just raised my hands up and said, "Yeah!"

It was like *let the gates open*. It was a huge thing. It meant no veto power from the band anymore. But that doesn't mean Dick and engineer Jeffrey Norman do it all. I do make the final decision on my own inspiration, and I do take responsibility for that part, but what goes into my database is a lot of input from all kinds of sources. (Thanks to all the people on The W.E.L.L. writing letters to me, giving me information I was unaware of.) That board meeting was really important. The operation was going to be trimmed down to bare essentials, so we could get things going. The logjam would be broken, to maybe get three or four out a year. I still skate my ideas past certain people before I go for it. There's politics. There's something behind the scenes that influences the release. It's important to mention that although it's called "Dick's Picks," I don't have any final say. I'm just a vehicle. Actually, that's a misnomer. I'm a gathering point of information that I try to pass on to others.

How will things work now?
That meeting simplified things, so Jeffrey and I will have primary control. Jeffrey is a brilliant engineer and producer. He isn't a Deadhead, but he is into music. We make a very good team, so if we agree on something, it must have merit. That goes into a whole other subject: what is a good show and what isn't. When you go to a live show, it could be the drugs, it could be you had an orgasm, or you didn't have a cheeseburger, and you miss out. Then you hear it on tape and think it was good. All of us have had that experience, thinking it was great and hearing it on tape to find out it wasn't. That ambiguity is a factor I'd like to address.

In what ways do you still feel pressured to fill the band's expectations or avoid manifesting their fears?
I'm totally schizophrenic about it. I'm out to do my own thing, but I'm not sure my own thing is going to reflect their desires. It's taken years working together to just get a sense of each other, and I sort of have a better sense than I've ever had for what they would expect in their legacy. They let loose their control. A little like when you're a kid and you lose control of something. You're scared about it. This initial stage is where they're trusting something, and I think they're doing the right thing. I am the right person to do this. There are a hundred others that know just as much, perhaps, but they haven't gone through the process of trust and relationships with all the people.

How do the band members feel about this? How did Jerry feel about this?
I only spoke to him a few times in my life, and he gave me solid answers to solid questions. When we moved the studio



Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

from Front Street to a new location, a new Vault was built with a very high degree of sophistication, even down to an Inergen fire extinguisher system instead of water, which would ruin the tapes. This was a huge expense. Finally, all the band members saw some value and made sure it was done right. I feel they've come to see that these tapes are valuable, at least to a certain group of people, like us.

Some of the more serious tapers don't understand why you're releasing partial shows instead of whole shows. Everyone must understand that I came into this with the idea that the whole show should be released. I always advocated that through the years Healy was running the ship. When we were going to do a Europe '72 release, which became Frankfurt, Phil wanted to do a jam from one show and a jam from another show and put them on two CDs. The shows were 4/8, 4/14, and Frankfurt. I finally stood up and said, "Hey, I gotta speak for Deadheads because I'm probably the only one in this room with any degree of Deadheadness in him left. We want the whole Frankfurt, the whole Wembley, and the whole Copenhagen. *And we're not even getting into the month of May yet."* Phil turned a corner right there and went with my thought. He said, "Let Dick pick the filler tunes." We had to go with the long jam and the final third set. In Frankfurt they took a second break!

Tell us how "Dick's Picks IV" came to be. "Dick's Picks III" was the Hollywood Sportatorium '77. That came out in November, after Jerry died. And that wasn't forced. That was in the normal cycle. We haven't done as much as I thought we should do, to get a bunch of things out. There's a lot of thought given not to capitalize on Jerry's death, so our pace is not commensurate with the demand. We were getting on a schedule, putting a release out every time the *Almanac* came out. This was really just set up, so "Dick's Picks IV" came a little faster than usual. I knew I wasn't going to use any of "Bear's Choice" and so forth. Various factors came into play that led everyone to let that one go; I didn't have any resistance. It was a miraculous occasion that everything worked right. That was the first time we had three CDs, and that was one big jump. The tide seems to be moving us toward a modern release, but we like the old stuff. It's my endless desire to see this out. It wasn't hard to come up with this idea. What would be hard is coming up with a rare show again, one that no one knows. But the more I find out, the more I notice that everyone knows everything.

Did the fact that 2/13/70 is widely considered one of the Deadheads' favorite shows influence its release?
Yes. I did research asking Deadheads the ten best shows they would like to see released in a postcard that came with "Dick's Picks III." We also did an Internet survey, and I got information from a lot of other sources. It's not a problem for me to sit down and listen to other people's ideas. I've gotten way past thinking I know everything. I'm into the learning phase again.

Were you able to use this information as ammunition for this release?
Absolutely. People in our insight team were paying attention to those surveys with some degree of interest. I was half-apprehensively noticing.

Have the members of the Grateful Dead actually sat down in the last decade and listened to 2/13/70 knowing that Deadheads love it so much?
There are a lot of people out there that can't understand this answer. I seriously doubt any of them have listened to the show. I don't know for sure. I doubt any of the band members currently alive have listened to the reissue of that show. I doubt for sure Phil has. I don't think they like to hear themselves. There should be a book written about that, at least a chapter about how creating the music has a different mindset than receiving it. Together they make the explosion we call the Grateful Dead Experience. The audience perceives it differently than the creators. That's the difficulty of dealing with this release thing.

I came into this with the idea that the whole show should be released

Even when it's 30 years down the road, sometimes you're still too close to the art as an artist to have any objectivity to it.
To the extent you try, you get frustrated, because you are the creator, and you can't tell the client, Deadheads, who want to buy it, what they want to hear. Your conception is too esoteric or sublime. The people involved with this don't have the same awareness. They don't keep records of information of what happened the night before. They're on to the next thing.

There was a certain point where they were listening to the music.
That was '73 and '74, when Kidd was making tapes. They would go into the hotel room after the show or the next day and listen for purposes of doing a better job or something. It wasn't for the fun of it. I don't think any one of them went home after a show and listened to the Grateful Dead. What I'm trying to say, is that we Deadheads receiving it are looking for something different than what they would be willing to let go of. That's the problem I face, not having any of the people that created it determine what's releasable because they don't see it the same way. For example, the whole show concept. You know it's something every Deadhead wants. I came into this with that idea and then realized it was impossible. We would never be able to release anything with the censors I had at the time. Now we're moving closer, actually because of these surveys (thank you, Deadheads). Accepting the idea of releasing whole shows is pretty difficult for some people who are more directly involved in creating the music, like various band members. They're putting their names on it, you know? It's authentic. I can understand now when Garcia told me long ago that he'd never want to go through those tapes because it embarrassed him. Every time he heard anything it reminded him of what he was trying to do. What he was trying to do, we'll never know, but what came out was really pretty cool for us.

The best artists are rarely happy with their work.
That's what causes the difficulty of getting what some Deadheads want out there, like whole shows.

What brought you to the inevitability of making partial show releases?
When I first came into the whole thing, I could think of over 200 shows I wanted to release. When it came to find a show for a band member to listen to, I couldn't find one show without problems. It was torture. That's the irony. It was so frustrating for me at times when I found that the band members couldn't judge themselves. They gotta let go of that; let someone with an outside perspective do that. Deadheads want to hear a lot more than what they are willing to think is good. That's why the things are changing. I want to thank the bootleggers for starting the ball rolling. When it was two-track tapes I even asked if I had the authority to edit them down. We had a two-CD format structure that facilitated the distribution of the package work. Certain songs were missing from shows, or weren't that good. My efforts became focused on only getting the good stuff, that hopefully would get past the censoring boards. Even that failed. I had to edit, so the last release was just a jam, no encore even. Not that the encore wasn't good, I just wanted to put a shocker out there that would nail me to the wall over and over.

Do you think in part it's the technical problems, parts of songs missing or parts of songs not being good, along with the pressure, be it direct or subconscious?
Direct and subconscious. I definitely have those filters going through me as I listen to things. The last couple of years I've been trained by John Cutler, our sound wizard who is very technical, and I have learned a lot about sound I had never considered before. I never would have noticed whether it was stereo or mono a couple of years ago. If the music was out of tune, *that* didn't really click with me.

Only releasing part of a show brings up the semantical issue of how we should approach collecting the Dead's music in general. For many, collecting as much

music as possible is more important than enjoying the music aesthetically. A lot of Deadheads are really into the pursuit and acquisition of music, more than the actual listening to it. There are people out there who pride themselves on having X amount of shows that are complete. Even if there's just one song missing from a show, they're not happy. They want to get the whole thing. That puts you in an odd position. It also calls to question the emphasis. I know your first love is the music, and you could be happy just listening to one tune if that's all you have that makes sense.

The act of acquisition has two sides. I got in touch with the best tapers, according to my ability to get contacts, some of the best: my buddies Eddie Claridge and Steve Rolfe, Barry Glassberg, Rob Bertrando, Pat Lee, Jerry Moore, Bob Wagner, Dave Weldner, and the king of the tapers, Bob Menke. These guys were the first wave of real intense tapers. There were even a few guys that preceded them, who made tapes in the '60s or '70s. A lot of those tapes weren't real good quality. This passion for acquisition was the same one I had. Soon I knew my goal was to expand my list, typing it up, and sending it to others. I soon faced the issue, do I keep padding my list, or do I want just what's good? How much money could I spend on this? So you become selective, and choose certain things. I know now that I missed out on a lot of other things during that same period. I can see that point of view, when you gotta have the whole show, but that's what tape trading is for. "Dick's Picks" is a product release by the Grateful Dead. That helps the band members do their thing. That's the difference. It's a product that occurs in your own environment. It isn't a live show. The live show is a phenomenon that only happens there. You aren't there when you're listening to it on the tape, no visuals, no people all around, just the bare bones. That's a different subject. It gets back to what I want to discuss: Choosing what is and what's not a good show. That is a very difficult and slippery thing.

I have been exposed to more tapes than any other person on the planet

At this point in the process, how much weight do you put on releasing shows that aren't in circulation, vs. releasing what is a must-have in our collections?

You must be talking about Harpur College. I can't run that one up the flagpole right away, because I've done it too many times. I don't want to irritate the powers that be who know I've been pushing that one. Once I got involved I tried to find stuff that I thought people didn't know about.

People have to know there are pressures out there guiding your releases. You know there are indisputable shows that are classics that must be released. It's only a question of aesthetics of people in the band, etc. The timing of those releases is the issue.

Yes, I'd say that's true, but there are probably a lot of debates over what are the classic shows that should be released. Name some shows and I'll tell you why I couldn't release them.

Harpur College?

That will come out.

How about 2/28/69?

No doubt about it. Talk about your perfect old show.

Cornell 5/8/77?

No way in the world. It's a Betty Board. It's out; everybody already has perfect copies. Why waste everyone's time?

I would argue that even those classic shows, which supposedly "everyone" has, still need to be released. Why? First, only the tapers have them, not the mainstream, and because when they're officially released a legacy is created for that show. They enter into a mythic pantheon that simply resounds more widely and with greater artistic, social, and spiritual weight than if they are left underground. The world needs classic Dead shows as sources of wonder and inspiration. These shows, these catalysts have the power to change life on the planet. It's rare to find catalysts that point so eloquently to both the light and dark side of life.

The thing you're referring to is also very scary. The Grateful Dead reflects something that is on that edge of the abyss as much as possible. That's how it was started, pushing the envelope and pushing the edge. Experimentation. That's how they became world famous for being a psychedelic band. Which means experimenting, which is jazz. Sure, the thing has gotten structured over the years, but they still haven't a clue what they're going to do the next moment. There's no one telling them what songs they haven't played in a three-night run.

That sense of fearlessness of the unknown, that openness to new experiences, that's an important lesson the Dead's music can teach people.

Say you're on the quest of discovering the secret of life — of everlasting peace and happiness. The way of integrity. The problem becomes finding the people able to get to that place. It's an emotional communication, you can't relate it in words. It's subconscious, it's feelings we're talking about. Which gets me back to what the Grateful Dead do, and basically, it's magic. All of us know that. They ain't for everybody. The Grateful Dead ain't for everybody.

However, this music fails to reach its greatest potential as a source of knowledge and inspiration when you can't buy it in stores.

You just have to relax a little bit. The Grateful Dead is not ten shows or even a 100. It's many hundreds. I say we're going as fast as we can, throwing in some things people don't know about, and some things everyone will know. Everything will happen in its due time. If you know the right people, you can get whole shows. Get on The W.E.L.L. Tape trading is what

it's all about, meeting people and getting turned on. I'm all for it, but I have a different responsibility now that it's not just going to shows and thinking they are great. You gotta listen to them a lot of times under different circumstances, and have a lot of different people think the same way, before it gets to the place where a particular show is a release. That's what differentiates a great release from a poor one. A great release, like "Live Dead," is going to stand forever and people are going to listen to it.

Then there's the completely subjective realm of personal aesthetics. Each of us has a set of clearly defined creative, aesthetic preferences. As we are exposed to more and more art, we refine and change them. Many of us tapers tend to value our own personal perspective as being substantially more valid than others. However, I think the most productive way to view art is to understand that the perspective of truth and the degree of perceived beauty is based on where one stands in relationship to the art. Everything is beautiful or meaningful, entertaining or enlightening on some level, and it becomes self-limiting or, at least self-righteous, to assume that our own vantage point is the center of the aesthetic universe. So I ask you: How has your process changed in regard to that over the years, in terms of opening up your mind? How do you prevent yourself from getting trapped by your own personal biases, and how do you know when you have pressure on yourself? Who do you turn to at a point when your purpose becomes not only to satisfy your own personal aesthetic, as well as everyone else's, but to fill Phil's personal aesthetic as well?

These are valid points and are now operating on the subconscious level. They're in memory. They're naturally affecting what I hear and I don't have to think about it. I'll show you how I used to keep records or shows. (Dick proceeds to show the interviewer multiple volumes of in-depth notes on GD tapes.) I had the most detailed records of every tape. I go through it now and find consistency, but the stars shouldn't have been as big as they were. It wasn't that good. It's because I've learned to hear a little differently. That goes to the difference of the live event to being there. There's a whole lot effecting you when you're there. Hearing it on a disc is another thing. You have to take into account the constricting influences that will allow a disc to transmit energy that comes close to making you feel like you would at a live show. The goal is to try to do that. It's sort of impossible to do with a whole show.

My personal aesthetic changes from when I'm a collector to when I'm reviewing or recommending music.
You have to think twice about it, maybe three or four times.

Last year at this time all I was listening to in my free time were* Playing in the Bands *and* Dark Stars *from '72 and '73. I'd cue up four* Playing in the Bands *in a row before getting in the car for a drive. That's where my head was at. Now it's at a different place — I'm really enjoying re-experiencing shows from 1976. What's it like for you?

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Same thing. Constant change and evolution. Re-evolution and going back through the same things over and over again, adding a whole lot more inventory than you had before. This leads to being open to the unknown and outside influences. We all think we know what's right. The ability to lighten up and learn from others is the goal. That's where you really get a bigger bag of nuts, a harvest, a more comprehensive view. That's the human condition to absorb outside influence. I listen to a lot of music.

You were there for all the Acid Tests and Fillmore shows. Was your experiencing those shows so powerful that you are constantly in a quest to get back to that experience when you listen to music?
It's a most powerful thing. There are certain shows I cannot play — I don't even think of playing them unless the circumstances warrant it. Because what we're talking about, the Grateful Dead live on tape, is so enormously expansive and unlimited, there's nothing but a learning experience to go through. I have been exposed to more tapes than any other person on the planet, as you will agree. I'm in the Vault; no one else is. I'm still discovering stuff all the time. In fact, the more I'm in it, the less rigid I become about what is the right thing. I think Halloween '71 is the greatest thing I've ever found out of nowhere. I could not believe how anyone in the world is not buying this. It's not doing badly. It's just that everyone has their prejudices. I have mine; I have a lot of them. You've exposed how many filters go through my system. Previous veto powers influence me still.

2/28... It's screaming to me from inside the Vault, "Let me out, please!"

I think I can say with great certainty that one of your endearing qualities is that you fall in love with specific pieces of music the way people tend to get crushes when they're 16. When you love a piece of music, you love it like a lover, unconditionally. You see all the beauty and it takes your breath away.
That's what I'm in it for. That's the goal, to pass them on, so everyone can get a chance. If you weren't there live, you're at the next level. I could sit here and play tapes for you I swear you've never heard, 30 or 100 hours, listening to great stuff. I'm sure I could, if we could stand it.

I'm ready! (Later that night he did!)
That's why it's so difficult with that '69 period. You know 2/28 is demanding. It's screaming to me from inside the Vault, "Let me out, please! Let me be free!" It's got to be the right timing. It will be sometime soon.

I listen to that twice a year.
That's the way you can get maximum return from it. If you did any more you would be overdoing it.

There is a certain amount of benefit to be gained by listening to powerful music over and over again, the way a mantra would be recited, so it gets burned into your DNA.
That's a self-fulfilling prophecy. You believe it to be, so you make it so. There's something that strikes me weird about that. I think it should be the things that get you off. You should be doing it right then when you hear it. You know that's the most primary thing. You hear things later that you missed in the first hearing, and sometimes there are reasons why you missed it the first time.

There are two aspects to this. One is with classic pieces of music...
You're never going to stop with shows like 5/2/70, are you?
I want to get them out, too!

Please don't think that's on my agenda at all. I only have one agenda, and that's getting 8/27/72 out there (laughing).
You've got a good tape, don't you? Everyone's got a good tape.

The cards are in the hand, and the hand says you're going to put out what you're going to put out. Now it's people's choice to accept that and understand you're operating with good intentions under limitations and pressures they can't imagine. If they don't understand, it's now their problem, it's no longer yours.
I don't want to blame anyone for their attitude on that level. Everyone will get more than they ever dreamed of as the years go by. It's the same sort of thing with any science or study — the more you discover, the more you discover you don't know. To have opinionated feelings about what is and what isn't good is a limiting factor. We're dealing with a very slippery subject here and we don't have total agreement about it. There's also a whole lot of reasons why certain shows aren't released. One, they don't exist, and two, they're screwed up and are irreparable in some way, so we're going to have edited tapes. This is for something other than your tape trading club library. This is an official release. It'll have a lot more behind it than just my egotistical thought. It has to be something the band would feel good about. I am definitely not seeing this from a personal agenda. I have no clue as to what I will go toward next. It's a process of discovery and listening and learning. If I'm in a quandary and still learning, what are all you guys with attitudes that haven't heard as much as I have doing? I mean lighten up, there's more to learn, even if you're right in what you say.

How much music is in the Vault from the Acid Tests and from the 1965-66 period? Have you ever thought of releasing any music from that period?
There's basically not anything in the '65-'67 period. Bear showed me a box that had a bunch of Acid Test stuff on ten-inch reels from early or mid-July 1966. It's hard to tell what's what because the dates aren't accurate or even listed. I'm just sorting through that stuff now to see if there's any usable

stuff. I think there's gotta be something worthwhile, at least a CD or two of craziness, that everyone would love down the road, but I wouldn't start off with that stuff right now.

When did the Dead first start recording in multi-track?
The Shrine Auditorium in late November 1967. That was the first eight-track recording, but they were four-tracking on 1/4-inch tape in February and March '68 for "Anthem of the Sun." It was a four-track recording on a 1/4-inch tape, which is a very strange phenomena. That could be considered multi-track. Four-track stuff started in '68. Except for that one show in 1967, eight-track began in August of '68 at the Fillmore West and the Shrine shows, one of which was "Two From the Vault," August '68.

There are quite a number of rare songs from that early period: **Cardboard Cowboy, Alice B. Millionaire, Something On Your Mind, I Just Wanna Make Love To You** ***Would you release those songs before stuff we already know?***
That's very appealing. I consider that to be mostly Pigpen stuff. Maybe it could be on a specialty CD, like "The Best of the Beginning."

Is the most challenging part of your detective work making sense of mis- or unlabeled tapes?
The hardest part is trying to figure out what happened when none of it's labeled, just the month and day but not the year, or just the year, or just the location. It's next to impossible to find old shows because reels are missing all the time. In the '68 period a lot of the shows went into "Anthem of the Sun." Parts are missing or jams are cut. Finding a reel that had three separate concert endings on it was a big find. That's the fun of detecting, sleuthing in the Vault, because you have all these information sources and you think you can match things up by looking at the handwriting, comparing it to the handwriting that went before, and asking everyone whose handwriting it is. All these things go into play.

What's your greatest detective story?
I don't know if this is a detective story, maybe a finding. There are lots of tapes that are great shows, but we're missing reel four of six or five of six, which is in the middle of a jam. This makes the show unusable. 10/25/73 Madison, WI was a show I really thought was worth putting out, but we were missing 45 minutes of it, parts of *Eyes of the World*. A friend of mine said he had 45 minutes that he found at a flea market or something. I was able to pass that 45 minutes into the whole show. There are rough edits, but they could be fixed if we ever wanted to use it. Finding the missing reel from a great show is an incredible find. Lately the one that blew my mind was finding the complete 3/23/74. We were missing reel five and when we found the whole set in Bear's collection, it was really a shocker. Then a couple of weeks ago, he pulled out another series of six tapes from 7/17/76, those six Orpheum Theatre shows. I've been looking for those for centuries. They was considered some of the best.

8/6/74 Roosevelt Stadium was another one I wanted to get, but a reel was missing somewhere in the jam and I got really

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frustrated. Then I was looking through the tapes and realized there had been two sets of tapes made that night. In one of the sets the box was mislabeled, and I listened to the tape and realized it was the missing reel. Now the whole show's there. Things like that are really rewarding, especially when it's a good show.

That's great. The first set ends with* Eyes *then* Playing > Scarlet, *then back into* Playing. *Very tasty!
That was my first choice of the best 1974 show to go out into release. That's the one I wanted most.

Can you tell us if the Dead's first New York shows from '67 are in the Vault?
No, nothing like that is in the Vault.

In '67 they really started to stretch the songs out. What stands out for you during this period?
Some will say they stretched things out in '66 with *Viola Lee Blues*, *In the Midnight Hour*, and *Dancin' In the Streets*, which were the three main tunes they jammed on at the end of shows. They seemed to last for 20+ minutes at a time. I think '67 was a gradual transition period where they started developing tunes which they could musically take off from like *Alligator, Caution, Lovelight, That's It For the Other One*, and *Dark Star*. That phenomenon really started coming in late '67. For me, that period was just marking the end of Pigpen's dominance of singing a bunch of songs throughout the show. He was really the leader of the band in the '66 era. He sang all the songs, or most of them. So '67's when they started stretching things out. By '68 it was full-blown psychedelic musical stuff, not really singing. Whatever singing there was, you couldn't understand or hear clearly.

It's like being hungry in a big ocean full of fish. We go after what looks good

Are there any shows that specifically stand for you from '67?
The only examples I can think of are at Rio Nido 9/3/67. The 34-minute long *Midnight Hour* is pretty interesting.

The tapes suggest it was from an outdoor show, but Pigpen says, "All of you back there in the back of the room," somewhere on the tape.
I think it was recorded in a place in Rio Nido called The Barn. I assumed it was indoors, but I think it was a two-day event. That *Midnight Hour* was really neat because it shows you how they developed *Midnight Hour* over the years. They stopped doing it soon thereafter. You didn't hear many *Midnight Hours* after '67.

10/22/67 at Winterland is a kind of formative show. It's got a great *Other One*, the one with the different words. It's crazy.

What was your first show?
The Trips Festival at Longshoreman's Hall on 1/21/66.

When did you do most of your Grateful Dead touring?
I never really toured. I only went out of the Bay Area on a few occasions to see the Dead.

So when did you see most of your shows?
From '66 to '70, but it wasn't just the Dead, it was all the groups every night. There was always something different.

What video or film from the early Grateful Dead period is in the Vault?
Not much of anything. A lot of the stuff Justin Kreutzmann used to make "Backstage Pass." He used a lot of home movie footage that had never been seen before.

Tell us about old video in the Vault. Is it all open reel as opposed to modern video cassettes?
Some are film, some are video tape, some are in professional one-inch video or D-2 Betacams. Every kind of video format is in the Vault.

Do you know if there's matching sound footage to the Dead at the steps of Columbia University on 5/3/68 ["Columbia Revolt"]?
No, I've never seen it.

Is there a tape of the legendary Haight Street 3/3/68 free concert?
No, there's only Steve Brown's audience tape made on three-inch reels on a small deck. That's why you have cuts every three or four minutes. His batteries ran out during *It Hurts Me Too*. He only got three or four songs.

There's an amazing* Viola Lee Blues *that's obviously not from that show because it's complete, but it runs longer than the reels. The Mickey Hart and the Hartbeats shows from '68 are a great mystery, with so many contradictory and inaccurate date listings. I know Mickey has a few tapes of them himself. Are there any tapes in the Vault?
I don't know what he has. Mickey has a million tapes at his house and in our studio and I've never seen any Hartbeat stuff in his collection. What I know exists in our Vault are the shows, and they're on four-track 15 i.p.s. There are seven reels for 10/8, which are marked first and second sets with [Jack] Casady, then Elvin Bishop and Casady. There's 10/10, and that's got songs like *It's A Sin*, a harp jam, a blues jam, a *Dark Star Jam, Lovelight, Alligator, Death Don't Have No Mercy*, and *Dark Star*.

Then there are two dates, 10/28 and 10/29, both of which have four reels. On 10/30 there's a *Dark Star Jam* into a Jerry vocal, could be *Death Letter Blues*. *Lovelight*, *Summertime*, into *Dark Star Jam* into a *Lovelight* jam into *Death Don't Have No Mercy*. That's what's written on the box. I haven't listened to it. I know there's four shows, for sure. There are tapes of 12/16/68 marked Hartbeats at the Matrix, but I don't

know if that's really accurate. You know [David] Crosby was playing with them that month quite a bit. That's where the David and the Dorks material comes from.

The album "Live/Dead" is almost as good as any music the Dead have released, yet there are other shows from that period that are just as good, 2/28/69, for example. What might you release from that period, and what else is equally amazing?
2/28 is guaranteed to be a release someday; it's just an incredible show. Of course, it's multi-tracked. The other possibilities on my list are: 3/28 Modesto, the April '69 shows at the Ark in Boston, 4/27 Minneapolis, 5/10 at the Rose Palace in Pasadena, 5/24 Hollywood, Florida, 6/5 Fillmore West, and 11/2/69, A Family Dog on the Highway, which has the best example of *Dark Star* > *St. Stephen* > *The Eleven* > *Lovelight*, which they usually played at every show in '69. 11/7 and 11/8/69 are problematic, but those shows are really incredible and I'd like to get those out someday. 12/21/69, at the old Fillmore, has one of the most screaming *Other Ones* ever done. It's not easy to find whole shows from that period, nor are they going to be more substantially different from "Live/Dead" or 2/28/69.

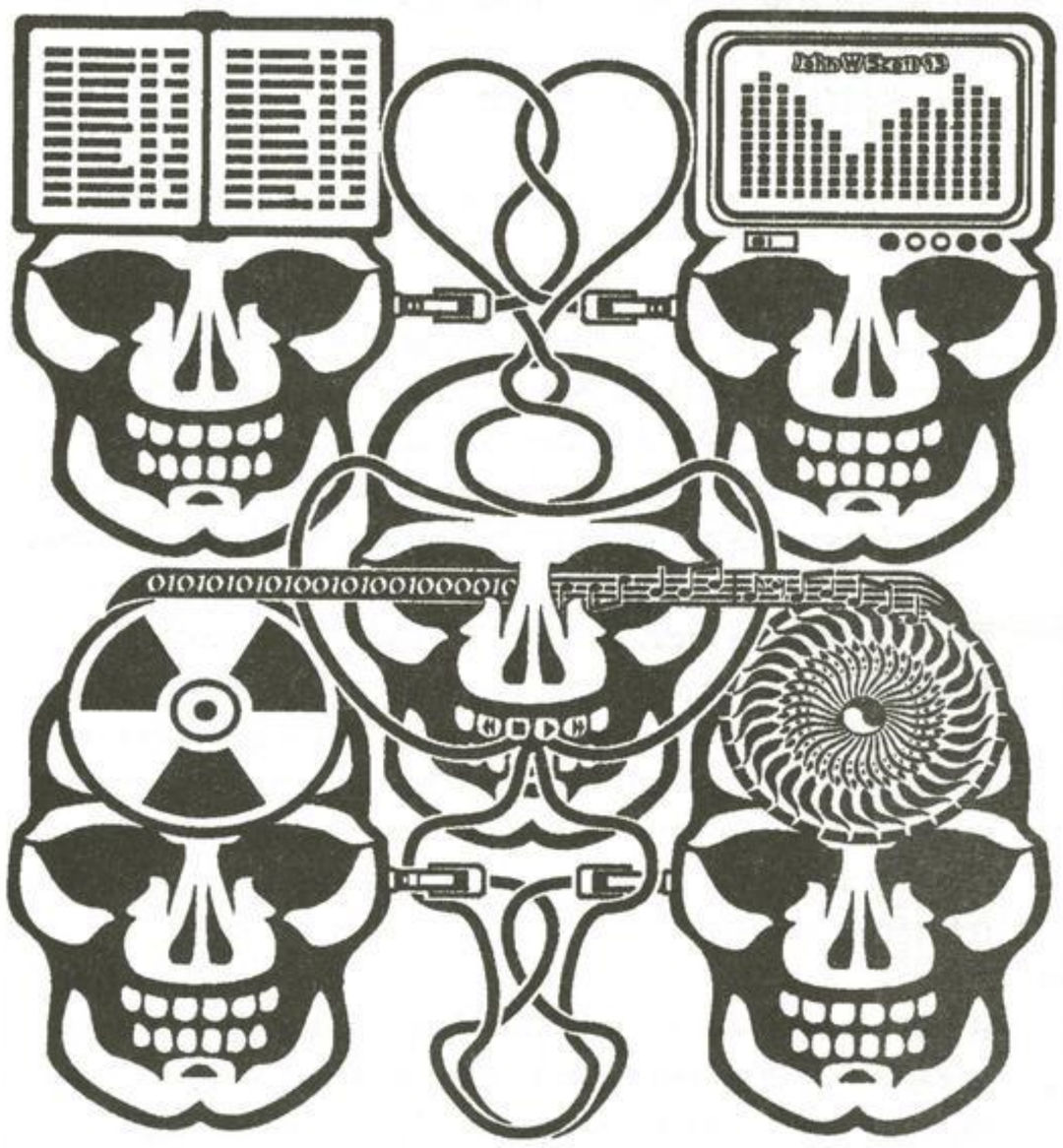
Do you know each show that the cuts on "Live/Dead" are from?
Yes. *Dark Star* and *St. Stephen* are from 2/27/69, the first of the four nights in that incredible run. Then *The Eleven* and *Lovelight* come from 1/26/69 Avalon Ballroom. *Death Don't Have No Mercy*, as well as *Feedback* are from 3/2/69.

Have you ever heard any of the radio commercials for "Aoxomoxoa?" Do you know if they're in the Vault? Also, have you ever thought of releasing those wild outtakes, like the* Barbed Wire Whipping Party *or the* St. Stephen *with bagpipes, telephones, and hammers?
No, none of the radio commercials for "Aoxomoxoa" are in the Vault, but there are some other unique things in there, like a Carousel commercial I found. I have anything that's a treat and Deadheads would think is cool on a list of things to release on a two-CD set, just bits and pieces of craziness. But I don't have any specific plans.

Do you know if the* Barbed Wire Whipping Party *and the* St. Stephen *are in the Vault?
Yeah, all the outtakes are.

How well are the outtakes labeled as compared to shows from that period?
They're all labeled pretty clearly. There were professionals in there writing things down. It's not like when Bear was doing it all himself, the recording, the PA setup, and handling the monitoring setup all at the same time. They have separate unions to handle those things.

And at the moment anything that's '70 or before is considered esoteric?
I'd say there's limited amounts. It's just not time to release it yet, and I don't know whether to release the whole series or just release parts of shows. It's problematic because there are cuts in some places and in others it's no good quality-wise.



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Then there are things like 2/11/70. That was only missing the last five minutes of* Lovelight. *What people reading this don't know is that at the end of* Lovelight *Berry Oakley's bass blows out and the sound is pretty gruesome for the last minute.
I'm still convinced everyone has the best part of that show — the 45 minutes going into *Spanish Jam*.

There's a bit of an interesting story on how you were able to get rid of reel change glitches for 2/13-14/70. Can you tell us about that?
That's another example of the Grateful Dead from the inside relating to the outside world of Deadheads, having help to make a good product. As people know, in 2/13 and 2/14 there are tape flips. One of them is during *That's It For the Other One* on 2/13 and *China Cat* and between *Not Fade Away* and *Mason's Children* on 2/14. I didn't know until recently, but there was a whole other system of tape recording going on at the Fillmore East at this time by John Chester.

Was he the soundman who ran the board at the Fillmore East?
Yes. I don't think I talked to him. I don't know if Cutler did or not. David Gans had a DAT of the show which he got directly from a guy named Mark Morris who worked at the Fillmore East, a lighting guy. He knew a separate system was being used downstairs in the basement taping the show. I don't know what feed they got, I guess the same one Bear used because they meshed pretty well. I brought David's DAT to work and found out the flips they had weren't at the same place as Bear's. Not only did we have a potentially easy patch if the two sources matched sonically, but we didn't have to go to some esoteric means to make that flip tolerable or seamless. It was a miracle. I couldn't believe it.

Over the years I kept listening to my old copy of 2/13 and the one I had from the Vault, and I kept thinking, 'This ain't the same place that it was on my old tape," but I didn't want to put up the old tape, relisten to it, and really look into it too deeply. I was just into listening for pleasure. Through David Gans we got ahold of Mark Morris, and he came over with his copy of a copy of Chester's tape, which was the master. Evidently that master went somewhere else, to Bill Graham, I believe. It was never seen again. The master was at 7 1/2, and the master that Morris had was partially at 7 1/2 but mostly at 3 3/4. It definitely was a copy of Chester's tape. We used that analog tape, because Gans' digital clone on DAT was for my expert friends, John Cutler and Jeffrey Norman, my teammates in the studio, much warmer and aesthetically pleasing as the source for the transition parts. I didn't understand this. What we had sounded pretty cool to me. Mark came over with his tapes, and we spent a day copying. Jeffrey did his miracles at the Sonic Solution System. It was just amazing. You can take an analog, a two-track finished tape, and adjust it even though it's finished. You can do miracles with a digital editing system like the Sonic Solution System. That's how it was made, and that's how those edits were covered. Does anyone know where the flips were? Have you noticed anyone who can tell where they are?

No. I can tell where the edit is in "Dick's Picks II," but only because I listened really carefully. I haven't yet found the edits on 2/13 and 2/14.
Jeffrey's so picky. He's a real hero. He worked so hard in the studio under great stress, and he's so levelheaded. He's not bent in any severe way like most of us. He's not even a Deadhead, but he's turning on to the music through the live stuff over the years.

Most Deadheads don't know that there were early shows on 2/13 and 2/14/70.
Yes, on 2/11, too. There was an earlier show, and I don't know if they kicked everyone out and then started the next show, or if it was two separate sets.

On 2/14 there's the introduction for the late show. It's got to be an early show because the setlist goes:* Cold Rain and Snow, Dark Star > St. Stephen > The Eleven > Lovelight *on 2/14. Then somebody comes out and reintroduces the Dead all over again. Of course, it would have to be an earlier show. On 2/13/70 I have* Cold Rain and Snow, BIODTL, Good Lovin', Mama Tried > Black Peter, Hard To Handle, St. Stephen > Not Fade Away, Casey Jones. *Now, Dick, seriously. You can't tell me that* Dark Star > St. Stephen > The Eleven > Lovelight *on 2/14/70, the way they were playing that weekend, could be bad?
I sort of agree with you. It should be great. I think I should relisten to this stuff.

What's your feeling on how 5/2/70 Harpur College falls in the pecking order, and to what degree is the lower nature of the quality of it? It's mono and such. What do you foresee in that setting the release back?
I don't see a problem. It's inevitable that it should be released. One of the problems is the start of the electric set with the *St. Stephen* that's all garbled. The first five minutes

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are like that on everybody's copies, I think. I don't know what to do, except start it off at *That's It For the Other One*, and fade in there. It's just one of those shows that has to come out. Because it's mono it'll freak a few people out, but as time goes by, I'll be able to get away with more.

Have you found any other tapes in the Vault that are of great importance, that are mono or otherwise unusual in their recording technique?
From which period?

Early. Bear was doing all the recording back then. Harpur College is the only one I know with that weird mono sound.
He didn't tape that one. He went to jail sometime in July. He had to stay in the Bay Area, and he didn't go on tour after the February Fillmore East shows. Maybe March.

You just got together with Bear awhile back in the studio, while he was getting his tapes and relabeling them, getting ready to move everything into the Dead's new studio. You had him and Bob Matthews in and you were asking them all sorts of questions. What sort of things did they say about that period in 1970, with all those tapes missing in the Vault?
When Bear was busted and went to jail, he didn't record anymore. Matthews recorded, so the tapes that are in the Vault from 1970 are primarily Fillmore West shows from February, April, and June. There's no East Coast stuff, except for Harpur College and a reel of Kirkwood, nothing from Fillmore East. I asked Matthews to tell me he had a box of tapes he forgot about and it had all these tapes we're looking for, but he says he doesn't know what happened.

Yet 9/19/70 mysteriously appeared last year.
Only parts of it. From what I gather, however it surfaced, only a couple of reels were found. Fortunately, they had the *Dark Star* through the *Lovelight Jam*. So dig through your Deadhead sons and daughters' trunks and find those tapes!

Does the amazing* Good Lovin' *rap from Princeton 4/17/71 with the hilarious Brooklyn Bridge rap exist in the Vault?
I don't know where that is. It was there once, but now it's not. I don't think it's as good as everyone thinks. Everyone calls that Pigpen's night, because he sang a bunch of tunes. I think you could say Rotterdam was Pigpen's night because he sang about six tunes that night, too. I don't know if that *Good Lovin'* rap is as compelling. Those shows that got out just before the April 25-29 Fillmore East run — Durham, Cortland, and what not — those are around in circulation.

The Dead's run at the Fillmore East in '71 is a fave among Deadheads. Do you know if the* Good Lovin' *cuts in from the* Lovelight *on 4/26?
No, I tried to research that, but we never mixed down the multi-tracks from that day. We did do 4/29 once, so I know it's there. I just don't know about *Good Lovin'*. That's exactly the same thing that went into the "Skull Fuck" album. The February, March, and April shows are all multi-track, at least the Port Chester, that benefit on 3/24/71, the three Manhattan Centers, or the Fillmore East. For the purpose of "Skull Fuck" only the multi-tracks were used. The problem with that era is it seems like you're redoing the album.

There are some incredible jams from that run.
I know, Duane Allman, The Beach Boys, and all that, but I don't think that stuff will ever surface because of the difficulty of signing contracts with other groups.

I think you would agree with me in saying that Europe '72 is as fine a tour as the band ever had. There are multi-tracks of all the shows. Tell me about others that might be released, like the* Dark Star > Sugar Mag > Caution *from Empire Pool.
There is amazing stuff from that tour. We have rough mixed about seven shows from April or so. When we got to Frankfurt it was clear that show stood out above the others. Wembley, for sure, is a future Vault release. Copenhagen is a potential one, although the *Caution* on it isn't that great, and *Who Do You Love* is a joke. Hamburg 4/29 is pretty solid. I even favor Hamburg over Copenhagen. There's a mix of hot stuff and average. It's rare that a show stands out and all the songs are special versions. The good parts of Europe '72 are the jams or the parts that aren't even thought of being used on a record. I see much of that tour being released ultimately.

After hearing Wembley last night, I can honestly say it is just as good, if not better than Copenhagen, and we don't have it!
No one has that *Caution Jam*. That is just awesome.

Most people have a 30-minute excerpt of the* Dark Star *from Glastonbury Faire, and the jam before the* Dark Star *lyrics are sung is equally amazing. How good is the Boulder show a week after the Veneta '72 show? It was also three sets long.

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I don't find that show to be tremendously exciting. I consider it to be a very good+ show, but it's very similar to the following shows: 9/9/72 Palladium, 10/24 Milwaukee, 12/15 Long Beach, and 11/14 and 11/15 in Texas. Some of them are better quality than others and deserve more attention obviously. The good parts to me are the jams that surround the tunes. In '72 and '73 really good stuff happens around *The Other One*. The jams around that song are just awesome.

***10/29/73 Kiel Auditorium has that incredibly jazzy* Other One. *10/24/72 Phil jammed into* Dark Star.**
I have a list of reasonable shows from '72: 9/21 Philly, 9/23-24 Waterbury, 9/27 Stanley Theatre, 10/2 Springfield, 10/18 St. Louis, and 11/17 Wichita. The quality on some of those suffers, so I'm not going to rush into things just yet, and get the technical wizards I work with pissed off.

Surprisingly, a lot of those are from their cassette masters.
Yes, because they had a problem with the machine up at Vanderbilt. Bear told me the story. In Vanderbilt on 10/21 someone had stolen the mixer or the tape deck and they had audio problems for the rest of that tour.

You'll release 10/18 St. Louis, right?
Sure, that's a great show, but I can't stick in that era. Everyone would like a bit of variety. The goal is to bounce around a little bit.

You just showed me the tip of the iceberg of what you have to choose from. There's so much, even if you didn't have any technical problems, it would be hard to decide which one to do next.
That's true. It's like being in a big ocean full of fish and we're hungry, so we go after what looks good. It's an organically developed process. It's not like I have a game plan or anything. I just know what I want to do. People always ask what the next Vault release is going to be. If I said at that moment what it would be, I guaranteed it would not be released. It's one of those weird things of nature. I'm not being secretive. It's just whatever I happen to be working on when they come to get me. I have three or four ideas I run past my circle of co-workers and friends. The one that's the best, that moves the most people, and me especially, then that's the one.

***'73 has some interesting stuff. What about Boston Garden 4/2/73, with the incredible* Here Comes Sunshine > Space > Bobby McGee > Weather Report Suite > Eyes > China Doll?**
I think *Eyes* was the best part of the show, but *Playing* was good, too. I have my own particular highlights that make a show good for me. 3/31/73 Buffalo second set is very good for me. And 3/28 Springfield second set. The first set sucks.

The second set is absolutely phenomenal, but the soundboard that's going around has a bad hum in it.
6/22 second set is pretty good, but the good parts are the jam, bass solos that surround *The Other One*. No one knows hardly anything about the 6/24 Portland second set. We were playing that the other day. The jams around *Dark Star* are filled with incredible shit. 9/8 is without a doubt a Vault release. It's one of the best shows. Watkins Glen soundcheck; everyone knows about that. I never even listened to the Watkins Glen show itself. The Dead even said it sucked. 9/11 and 9/12 William and Mary are good shows and certainly worth getting and listening to. 10/19/73 is one of the best shows of that period; everyone should have it. 10/25 is another killer show in Madison, Wisconsin. That's the one where 45 minutes were missing from the Vault. I want to release the jams from 10/29 and 10/30 at St. Louis because there's a *Dark Star* on 10/30 and a worthy version of *The Other One* on 10/29. I thought that would make an incredible combo album. The first sets are pretty poor actually, not horrible, but not great. I marked the one on 10/30 as poor+. 11/14 San Diego is a very good show. 11/20 Denver is a guaranteed Vault release. It's an excellent show, one of the best. After that, the Boston run has great spots on all three nights. Not a single one of them stands out for me. I always thought of doing the best of a two- or three-night run. Whole show concepts are out the window in most cases, so just expect partial releases most of the time.

> I keep in my mind what's good and I want to get that out to Deadheads

What about 12/18/73?
That's a great show, too. It was a question of whether I was going to use that or 12/19. The only reason that 12/19 went out is because the *Sunshine* is so compelling.

That* Eyes *from the night before — that's my favorite* Eyes *ever.
I don't know how you can have a favorite *Eyes*. There were so many of them in '73 and '74. I have never been able to pin anything down like that. Evanston, Illinois 11/1, most people don't have it. It's hard to find. 11/10 and 11/11 Winterland, but they don't compare to 11/14, 11/17, 11/20. These are my judgments.

11/14/73 surfaced recently, where they go in and out of* The Other One *three or four times.
The jam is where it's really happening.

Playing > Uncle > Morning > Uncle > Playing *from 11/17 is great.*
Yes, that's compelling. The Wall of Sound premiere; 3/23/74 is where it's done the best. The transitions are just superb, and that will come out, too, I'm sure.

***With the first* Cassidy *there's a great* China > Rider.**
That transition jam; I've spent a lot of time trying to find the right one for me. 11/11 has one of the best. 6/28/74 is probably one of the best.

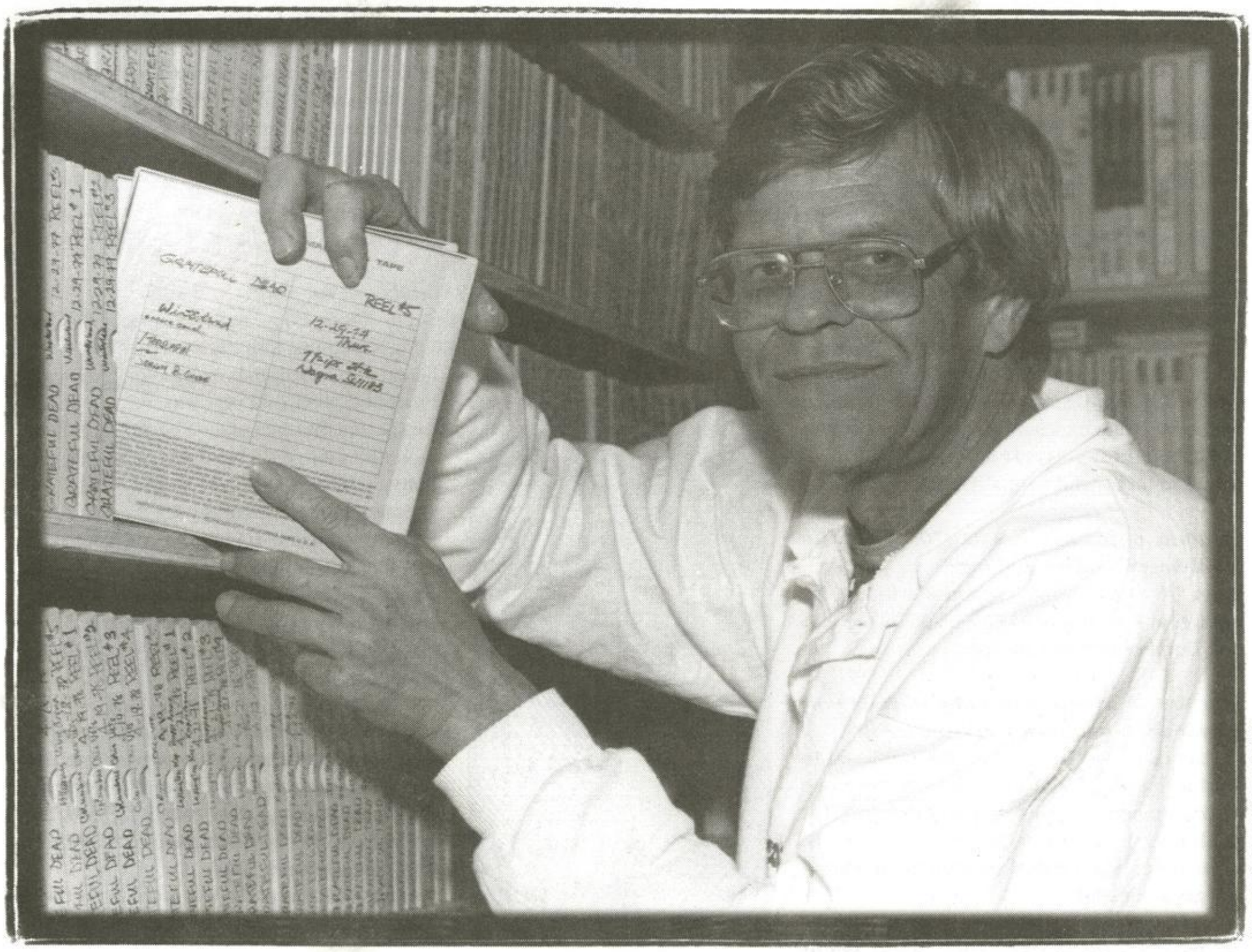


Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

Didn't you just recently turn Phil onto that jam?
That wasn't in the context of *China Cat > I Know You Rider*, it was in the context of listening to Europe '72 transition jams. I've heard it in *Dancing In the Streets*. The transition in *China > Rider* sort of hits the same way. Phil was hearing that sound when I was playing Wembley or something, and the rift and chord progressions made him remark, "That's how we used to segue into *Rider*."

Tell us about '74. It was definitely the year the Dead got more jazzy and turned the energy level down a bit.
I don't know if I'd call it more jazzy, but more contained, controlled, or subdued. The experimentation part of it didn't seem as out there as in '73. 6/28 Boston is good. The Fresno show has a killer *Spanish Jam*. Cow Palace 3/23 is in circulation, but only an audience copy exists, to my knowledge. 7/25/74 Chicago, no one has heard much of that. 6/24 Atlanta, I haven't listened to it intensely, but it's good. 5/12/74 Reno and 5/14 Missoula, Montana have some really great jams.

The jams just came out a year ago.
Gans played them on his program. 8/6/74, as you said, is one of the great shows. I really like the middle show in London 9/10/74. That one was nixed for release by Phil once, so I'm reluctant to run it past him right away.

What about 9/11?
I haven't listened to that. I can't comment yet.

That is one strange tape. That tape presents a problem because the jam runs longer than the tape. At one point the European audience claps in boredom, so they go into* Eyes*, and once the audience cheers they stop playing* Eyes *and go back into the jam.
I never got to that one, but it's in the Vault. I'll have to listen to see how it will fit.

The second set goes* Seastones > Space*, an* Eyes *tease,* Space *again,* Eyes *tease* > Space, Wharf Rat > Space*, and after that nobody knows because the audience tape cuts right there.

'76 was a weird year. The Dead were still a little bit rusty, especially at playing* Space*. I can't think of a memorable* Space *jam from '76, but the segues are as good as they were in '69. They effortlessly went from one song to the next. It was one of the strongest first

set years ever. Might you release a show from that period, like 6/12/76?
I was at the Boston shows. I don't particularly remember that night. I remember more of the night before. '76 was a little rough for them. They had to get the gears turning.

I remember seeing them then and thinking they've got to get it together, but I listen now to some of those shows, and it's fine mellow contact.
My favorites are 10/15/76 at the Shrine, which would be a Vault release except that we're missing one of the reels in the jam out of *The Other One*. 12/31 Cow Palace is a multi-track New Year's show definitely worthy of release. 7/17 Orpheum might be a good release because no one has it, and I just found the whole show. 9/30 Ohio has some really excellent playing on it. You're right about Boston. There are some really good shows in there. And Capital Theatre, Chicago.

At what point in the late '70s does the Vault begin to need "baking?"
From '75 on, until analog went out in '81. It's not a problem. Our oven was made by the wizard, Don Pearson, and his crew.

You put in a tape and bake it, then you play it once, and then you transfer it?
It's actually better than that. It's supposed to hold it together for at least a month after one baking for eight hours at 135 degrees. That binds it together so you don't hear the squeals. I play things that I baked six months later and I still get great stuff.

'77 was a total smoker year. What might you release from then? And what might you know about that we don't?
I think '73 blows '77 away. '77 has a lot of good shows, but there are problems with most of them. The October run recordings are muddy. I "baked" about ten shows from the month of May. They're all DBS encoded and I had to decode them. I took five shows I thought were pretty good and five I suspected were good. This is one of those cases where you listen years later and realize they aren't all that good. For example, everyone thinks 5/19 Atlanta is a great show. I thought it was the best *Sugaree* ever, the quality was stupendous. When I relistened, I didn't think too much of it. There's a lot of stuff I haven't listened to yet. Statements of quality I make are based on very limited knowledge. It's a constant process of investigation. The show I can see releasing is 12/29 Winterland. I think it's one of the best ever. I can't bother with 11/6 Binghamton because it's already in very wide circulation as a perfect Betty Board. Colgate might get out there, now that I've found the missing 45 minutes. Englishtown, everyone has a copy of, but wait till you hear how bad your copy sounds compared to the soundboard. I see using Winterland 6/7, 8, and 9 in some sort of combo deal. All three shows have great qualities to them. Same for 3/18, 19, and 20.

> I'm a hippie fundamentally and my thing is the Grateful Dead live

The 6/9* Help > Slip > Frank *is one of my favorite ones. Everyone should have a copy. I remember being at shows in '78 thinking how weak they were by comparison to shows I'd seen the previous two years. I'm starting to rediscover those shows. They are incredible!
The Shrine '78 shows were really good, we just don't have any good copies in the Vault. None of the January run is in there! Not having Eugene '78 is bad enough. We have a board, but it's not remarkable quality.

What in '78 stands out for you?
A lot of people think '78 or '80 weren't such hot years. In fact, one of the original tapers, Rob Bertrando, makes a blanket statement that every even year was weak and every odd year was hot. It's not totally true, but he makes a good case. There won't be a lot of '78 releases because of all the Betty Boards around. 1/30 through 2/1/78 Chicago have some energy-filled performances in them. 4/10 and 4/11 at the Fox Theatre in Atlanta have some great material, and the April run in Blacksburg and William and Mary (a great *Morning Dew*) are pretty damn listenable. 5/10 New Haven is killer. 5/11 Springfield is phenomenal.

It's widely known that a good part of the band ingested some pharmaceutical mescaline sulphate at that show. It's one of the best shows of that entire period. During a wild* Werewolves *encore they're all laughing hysterically!
Springfield is good. I'm just waiting for the bell to be rung.

Tell me what people need to know to really understand what you're doing.
I think my fundamental goal is to hear the goods for myself. I'm an archivist. I keep in my mind what's good, and I want to get that out to Deadheads. I'm a hippie fundamentally, and my thing is the Grateful Dead live. It took me ten years to get to the point where I'm in control to a degree. The only thing I can say is buy them. If this organization knew we could put ten CDs out each month and people would buy them, we *still* wouldn't take advantage of this opportunity. The Grateful Dead moves at glacier speed. I am in a real fortunate circumstance. I'm not saying there aren't 100 other people that could do the job just as well, if not better, but now I'm working on credibility from the Office to Deadheads. I want Deadheads to know they have one of their own on the inside. I see my purpose as doing this task that's set out before me. I used to pray that a semi would run me over given the level of frustration I had to deal with. Only Kidd saved me on this "Dick's Picks" deal. I gave up so many times, and then he brought it back. Now it seems like they're serious about the Vault release program, and they'll open the door so more and more will come out. No one that's a Deadhead will ever get this far again in the history of the Grateful Dead. Let's just hope it goes all the way. ◊

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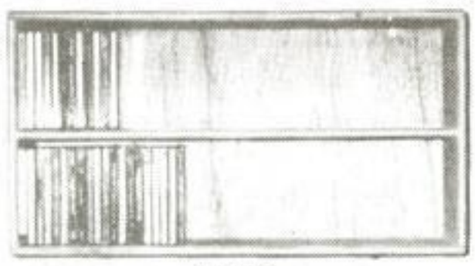
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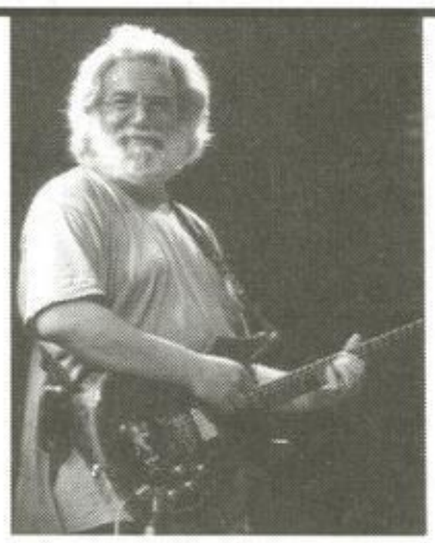


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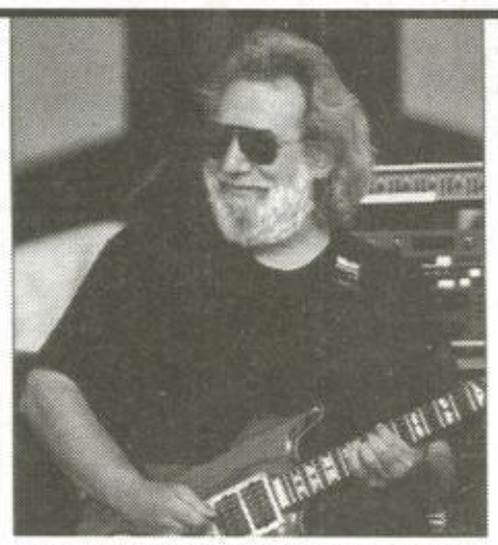
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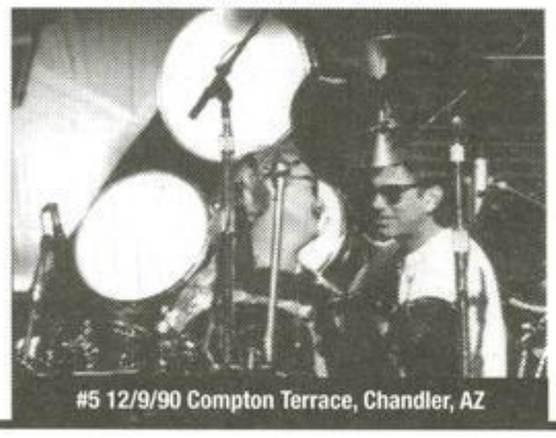
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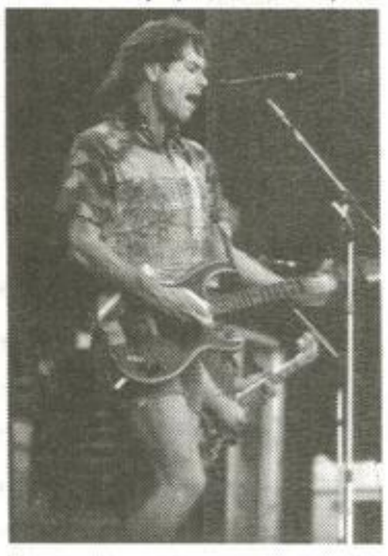


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#5 12/9/90 Compton Terrace, Chandler, AZ

#4 10/4/87
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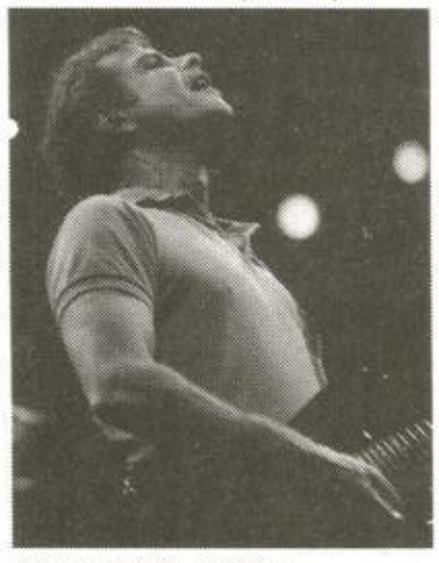


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A CYBERSPACE INDEPENDENCE DECLARATION

By John Perry Barlow



Photo by Ted Wood ©1996

Yesterday, that great invertebrate in the White House signed into law the Telecom "Reform" Act of 1996, while Tipper Gore took digital photographs of the proceedings to be included in a book called *24 Hours in Cyberspace.*

I had also been asked to participate in the creation of this book by writing something appropriate to the moment. Given the atrocity that this legislation would seek to inflict on the Net, I decided it was as good a time as any to dump some tea in the virtual harbor.

After all, the Telecom "Reform" Act, passed in the Senate with only five dissenting votes, makes it unlawful, and punishable by a $250,000 fine to say "shit" online. Or, for that matter, to say any of the other "seven dirty words" prohibited in broadcast media. Or to discuss abortion openly. Or to talk about any bodily function in any but the most clinical terms.

It attempts to place more restrictive constraints on the conversation in Cyberspace than presently exist in the Senate cafeteria, where I have dined and heard colorful indecencies spoken by United States senators on every occasion I did.

This bill was enacted upon us by people who haven't the slightest idea who we are or where our conversation is being conducted. It is, as my good friend and *Wired* Editor Louis Rossetto put it, as though "the illiterate could tell you what to read."

Well, fuck them.

Or, more to the point, let us now take our leave of them. They have declared war on Cyberspace. Let us show them how cunning, baffling, and powerful we can be in our own defense.

I have written something (with characteristic grandiosity) that I hope will become one of many means to this end. If you find it useful, I hope you will pass it on as widely as possible. You can leave my name off it if you like, because I don't care about the credit. I really don't.

But I do hope this cry will echo across Cyberspace, changing and growing and self-replicating, until it becomes a great shout equal to the idiocy they have just inflicted upon us.

I give you…

A Declaration of the Independence of Cyberspace

Governments of the Industrial World, you weary giants of flesh and steel, I come from Cyberspace, the new home of Mind. On behalf of the future, I ask you of the past to leave us alone. You are not welcome among us. You have no sovereignty where we gather.

We have no elected government, nor are we likely to have one, so I address you with no greater authority than that with which liberty itself always speaks. I declare the global social space we are building to be naturally independent of the tyrannies you seek to impose on us. You have no moral right to rule us, nor do you possess any methods of enforcement we have true reason to fear.

Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. You have neither solicited nor received ours. We did not invite you. You do not know us, nor do you know our world. Cyberspace does not lie within your borders. Do not think that you can build it, as though it were a public construction project. You cannot. It is an act of nature and it grows itself through our collective actions.

You have not engaged in our great and gathering conversation, nor did you create the wealth of our marketplaces. You do not know our culture, our ethics, or the unwritten codes that already provide our society more order than could be obtained by any of your impositions.

You claim there are problems among us that you need to solve. You use this claim as an excuse to invade our precincts. Many of these problems don't exist. Where there are real conflicts, where there are wrongs, we will identify them and address them by our means. We are forming our own Social Contract . This governance will arise according to the conditions of our world, not yours. Our world is different.

Cyberspace consists of transactions, relationships, and thought itself, arrayed like a standing wave in the web of our communications. Ours is a world that is both everywhere and nowhere, but it is not where bodies live.

We are creating a world that all may enter without privilege or prejudice accorded by race, economic power, military force, or station of birth.

We are creating a world where anyone, anywhere may express his or her beliefs, no matter how singular, without fear of being coerced into silence or conformity.

Your legal concepts of property, expression, identity, movement, and context do not apply to us. They are based on matter. There is no matter here.

Our identities have no bodies, so, unlike you, we cannot obtain order by physical coercion. We believe that from ethics, enlightened self-interest, and the commonweal, our governance will emerge. Our identities may be distributed across many of your jurisdictions. The only law that all our constituent cultures would generally recognize is the Golden Rule. We hope we will be able to build our particular solutions on that basis, but we cannot accept the solutions you are attempting to impose.

In the United States, you have today created a law, the Telecommunications Reform Act, which repudiates your own Constitution and insults the dreams of Jefferson, Washington, Mill, Madison, DeToqueville, and Brandeis. These dreams must now be born anew in us.

You are terrified of your own children, since they are natives in a world where you will always be immigrants. Because you fear them, you entrust your bureaucracies with the parental responsibilities you are too cowardly to confront yourselves. In our world, all the sentiments and expressions of humanity, from the debasing to the angelic, are parts of a seamless whole, the global conversation of bits. We cannot separate the air that chokes from the air upon which wings beat.

In China, Germany, France, Russia, Singapore, Italy, and the United States you are trying to ward off the virus of liberty by erecting guard posts at the frontiers of Cyberspace. These may keep out the contagion for a small time, but they will not work in a world that will soon be blanketed in bit-bearing media.

Your increasingly obsolete information industries would perpetuate themselves by proposing laws, in America and elsewhere, that claim to own speech itself throughout the world. These laws would declare ideas to be another industrial product, no more noble than pig iron. In our world, whatever the human mind may create can be reproduced and distributed infinitely at no cost. The global conveyance of thought no longer requires your factories to accomplish.

These increasingly hostile and colonial measures place us in the same position as those previous lovers of freedom and self-determination who had to reject the authorities of distant, uninformed powers. We must declare our virtual selves immune to your sovereignty, even as we continue to consent to your rule over our bodies. We will spread ourselves across the planet so that no one can arrest our thoughts.

We will create a civilization of the Mind in Cyberspace. May it be more humane and fair than the world your governments have made before.

Davos, Switzerland,
February 8, 1996

John Perry Barlow, Cognitive Dissident, is the Co-Founder of Electronic Frontier Foundation and his Home(stead) Page is at: http://www.eff.org/~barlow

In Memoriam, Dr. Cynthia Horner and Jerry Garcia ◊

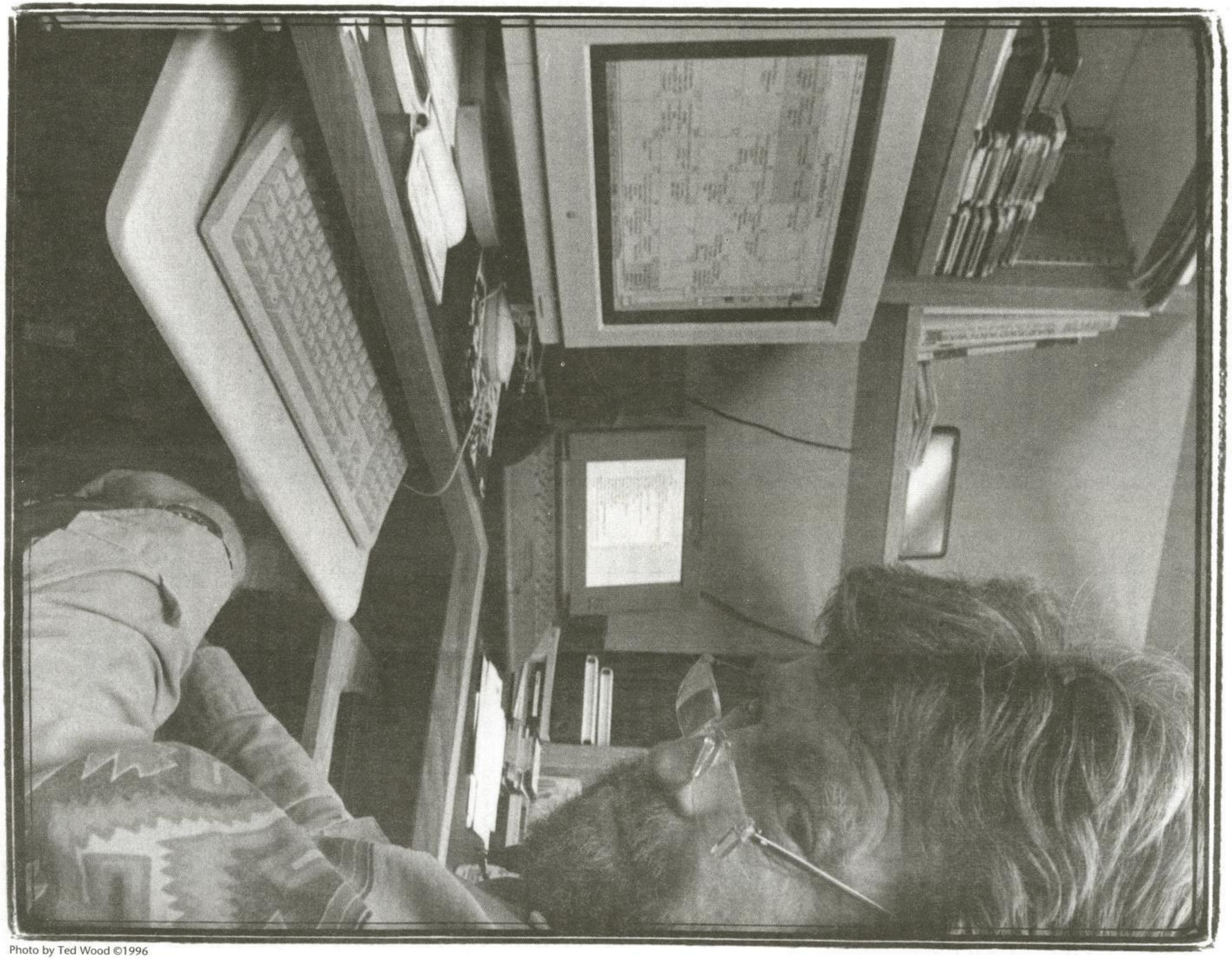


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RIDING HIGH ON THE EDGE OF TOMORROW

A CONVERSATION WITH GRATEFUL DEAD LYRICIST

JOHN PERRY BARLOW

As you all know, Jerry Garcia and the Grateful Dead were edge-runners, pioneering cowboys of the psychedelic frontier. When manifest destiny was reached on land, the only places left for Americans to pioneer were inner and outer space. So went Garcia and crew, LSD in hand (or mouth, as it were), into the great chaotic unknown in search of new forms of order. Grateful Dead lyricist John Perry Barlow, a cowboy in "real life" as well, rode along with the Dead as they took that long, strange trip. Now, 30 years later, we find Barlow pioneering the newly emerging landscape of cyber-space. As this virtual world unfolds and comes into focus, it is visionaries like Barlow who are calling back to us from the latest edge. When he's not online, chances are you'll catch him racing off to Prague, London, San Francisco, Boston, or Madrid to attend cyber-related conferences dealing with such heady topics as intellectual property rights or virtual money. Here's what John has to say about the state of the world as seen from the vantage point of the lifelong edge-runner and Deadhead he is at heart.

What have you been doing for the past two years since our last interview?

You saw a good example of it the other day at Harvard. (*Ed: We just saw Barlow take part in a fascinating discussion with Harvard Law School students.*) I've been going around trying to frighten the complacents, waving the Internet at them like a giant stick. It's been fairly effective, getting people to think about things they'd rather not notice at all.

Your Declaration of the Independence of Cyberspace postulates an independent, trans-global community that exercises its power and organizes itself beyond the grasp of local laws. This virtual community, you suggest, seems a lot like the Deadhead community, in that it is self-selecting.

I got into this looking for the glue that held Deadheads together between concerts. I was looking for where they went to interact between shows, and I found them in Cyberspace. So I've always felt there's been a big commonality between the Deadheads and the Netheads. And there is. There are probably more wired Deadheads than any other set of fans, and they have many similar characteristics. They both favor governance to government. Both believe in and use synchronicity. Both have a flat, horizontal social structure rather than a vertical one. There is a common tendency toward pantheism rather than monotheism. It's a long list. There is a strong commonality there. I wrote the Declaration of the Independence of Cyberspace to state that there really wasn't a physical world government that had the right — much less the enforcement capacity — to impose its will on a global social space where the inhabitants didn't even have bodies. Because the way governments have always functioned is by imposing sanctions on bodies in a clearly definable physical jurisdiction.

The problem here now is that free exchange of thought is being limited. I'm curious why?

The question is, is it actually being limited or are some of us needlessly going along with those who would limit us. I think freedom lies in its exercise. Given their rather impotent means of enforcing their edicts, I'm saying the only way they can limit our discourse is by our being willing to limit ourselves out of fear.

There's an old hippie saying: "The mind believes what the mind believes." This suggests reality appears, unveiling itself according to the worldview we adopt. What can we do to help the industrial world change its worldview so we can be free to exchange and embrace any and all ideas and practice consensual acts of our own choosing?

One thing we can do is go on, be as we are and do as we do, and ignore the bastards to the extent possible. Your line reminds me of something Anäis Nin said: "We don't see things as they are, we see them as we are…" We have to accept the fact that there are people who will never be capable of seeing things as we do. I'm convinced that our way of seeing it is more accurately descriptive of this new world than theirs is. But they don't get it. They may never get it. We just have to wait patiently for them to die.

The challenge is that they're having lots of babies.

They may be, but those babies aren't necessarily growing up like Mom and Dad. I mean, history moves along in its lumpy way and consciousness changes over a period of time. It's a slow process. In regards to politics, the old Grateful Dead slogan was, "If you change consciousness, politics will take care of itself." That continues to be true. Of course, the best way to change consciousness with efficiency and permanence is some combination of LSD, music, and community. But lacking these tools, the best thing you can do is try to alter people's operating metaphors. I think my most useful product has been new and disturbing metaphors. A metaphor can shift every element of somebody's perspective.

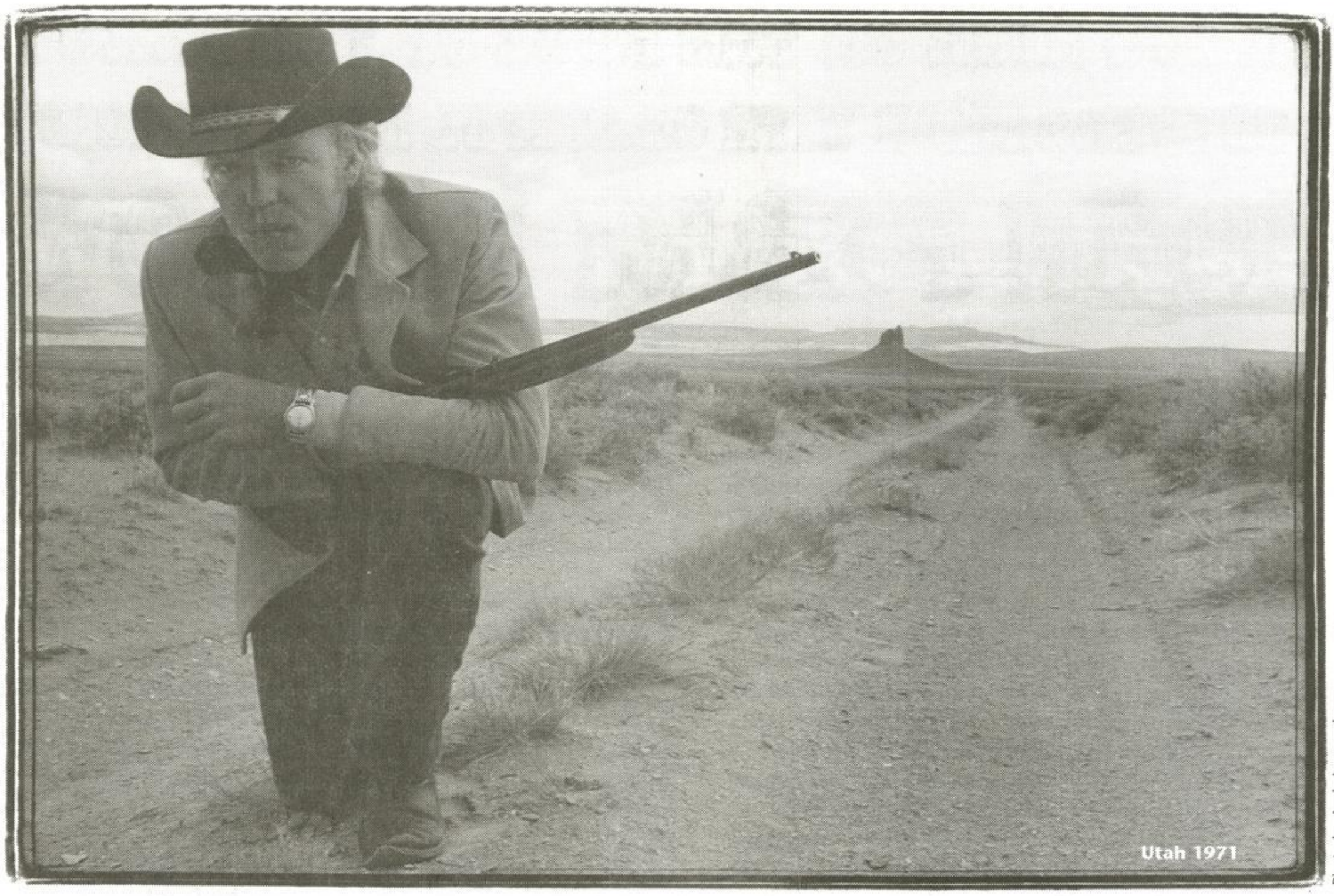


Photo by Andy Leonard

I've always found that if the only tool you have is a hammer then everything looks like a nail. The more tools you have, the more clearly you see the world.
I use that line a lot these days. The businessmen I speak to are well-equipped with hammers. They're trapped in their assumptions.

We Deadheads tend to practice our chosen lifestyle with more of an emphasis on the experiential, social, and artistic than on the political. On the other hand, because our government would choose to persecute us for some of our practices, there is the need to stand up and face the political aspect. That becomes a challenging dance, because if you organize too much, which is essential for success in the political landscape, you run the risk of losing touch with the flow of your chosen lifestyle.
I actually think the traditional Deadhead method continues to be the best way of doing it. The Deadheads just don't have the numbers to overwhelm the Christian Coalition. Nor do they have that kind of fierce, passionate, and often hate-driven belief. Using those methods would violate everything we've tried to build.

That's an odd challenge because a lot of us are saying to ourselves, "Oh my God, I've got to organize, get everybody focused and collected, and try to make a stand against all this stuff that's happening." At the same time, we're saying, "Well, the most I could ever hope for is that we find a way to turn the act of cleaning up and healing these situations into a dance," rather than make it work, since if we worked too hard at doing our trip we wouldn't be ourselves any longer.
I think it is difficult because we are engaged in cultural warfare. There is a dominant culture in this country that has been holding many Deadheads as political prisoners for a long time. It continues to have the desire and means to do so. It's more determined than ever and it's still in charge. So we just have to get better at sliding around them.

Are you concerned that with Jerry's death and the retirement of the Dead there will be a scarcity of opportunities for young Americans to find our tribal rituals and transcendent paths?
I hope not. For one thing, I hope there are still tribal rituals within the spiritual structure that was created, not so much by the Dead, but by the Deadheads.

We're trying to figure out how to make that happen.
If this culture has any real juice, we won't have to figure it out. It will manifest itself. If it can't do that without being somehow dogmatized into existence or managed in some

way, then it probably wasn't a very strong culture to begin with. If that turns out to be the case, I'll be very disappointed and not a little surprised.

I'm curious. In the world we're striving for, one in which we would be able to freely exchange ideas and practice consensual acts so long as they don't hurt others in the process, how do you see us being able to self-regulate? How do you see us learning to cultivate a self-imposed ethic, that somehow makes respectful decisions in a very large gray zone, identifying how we can behave freely without hurting each other?

I think society is starting to value the methods Deadheads and Netheads have been using all along. Cyberspace is a surprisingly orderly place, considering you've got tens of millions of people in there and nobody in charge. And the same applies to the Deadhead community. There are certainly many people one can point to that took the zone of absolute freedom and misused it to their own detriment — and occasionally, the detriment of other people. But as a percentage of the total community, I've always been astonished by how well the whole thing works and how little social depravity erupts in the anarchy that it is.

I guess what I'm hearing from you is that there's got to be a certain amount of faith involved.

There's a huge amount of faith involved. Anytime you're dealing with systems of control that are emergent rather than imposed, you've got to have a lot of faith. But I believe the world is moving from government to governance; from a system that is ordered not by law but by ethics. I don't think that's necessarily an impractical or inefficient way of getting the job done, given that this is what's usually working anyway. You don't get into your car and run people down because it's against the law. You spare them because random killing is wrong, and you know that it's wrong.

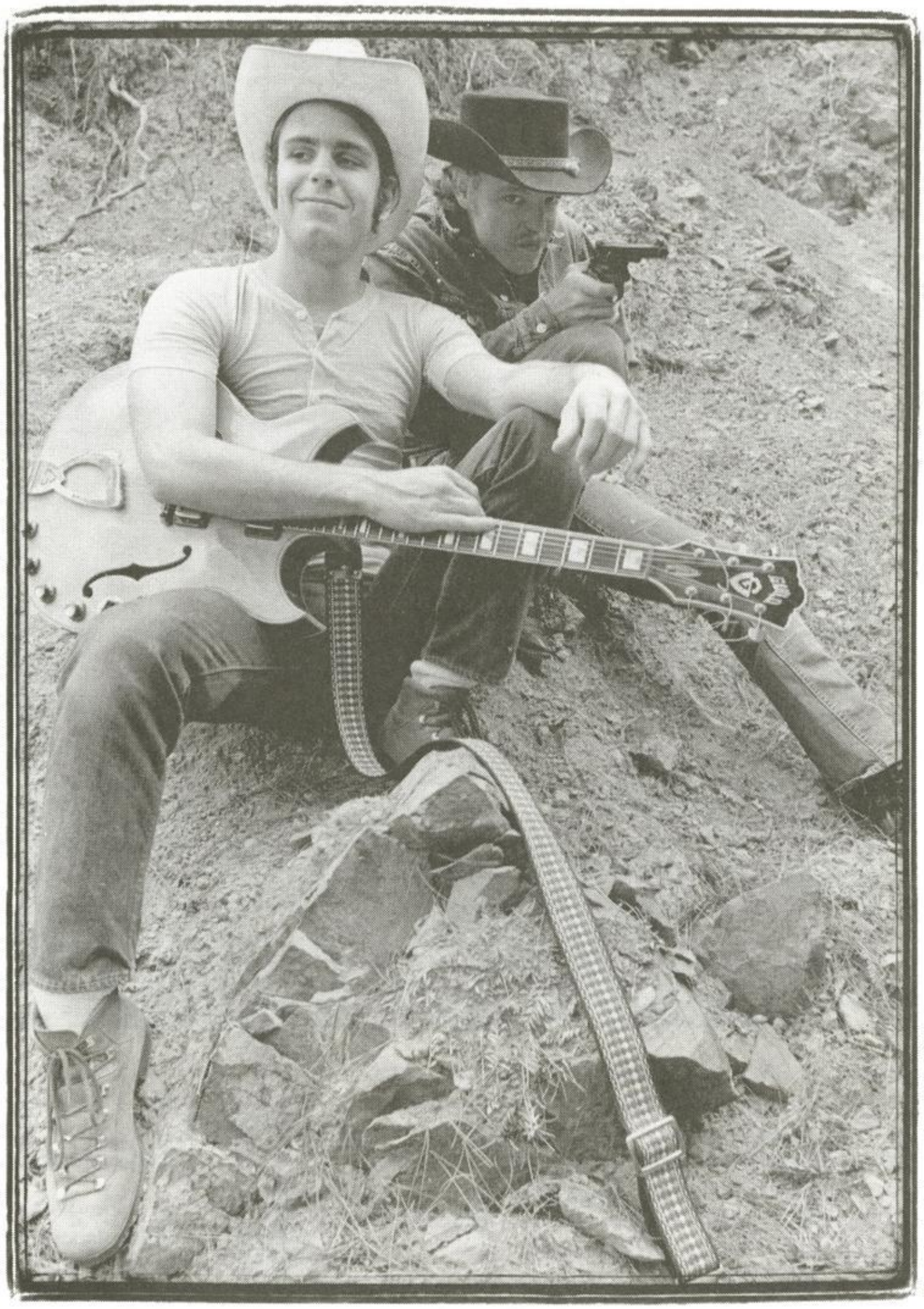


Photo by Andy Leonard — Utah 1971

At the same time, my parents survived the Holocaust, so I personally believe I've got a vested interest in trying to see that things like Nazism don't happen again, but I'm also a profound believer in people's right to express themselves freely. For me, the challenge becomes how and when people express themselves, not whether or not they do. This is what I'm curious about. How we can learn to do that dance where people have the freedom to express their thoughts and practice self-chosen lifestyles without stepping on other people's toes, while simultaneously we are vying for things like limited bandwidths of time, space, and/or broadcast frequency. The challenge then for me is trying to figure out how to speak the same language.

The first order is to recognize that trying to force people to behave decently and with tolerance is usually the wrong approach. To create a society with a conscience, you have to let people take responsibility for their own actions.

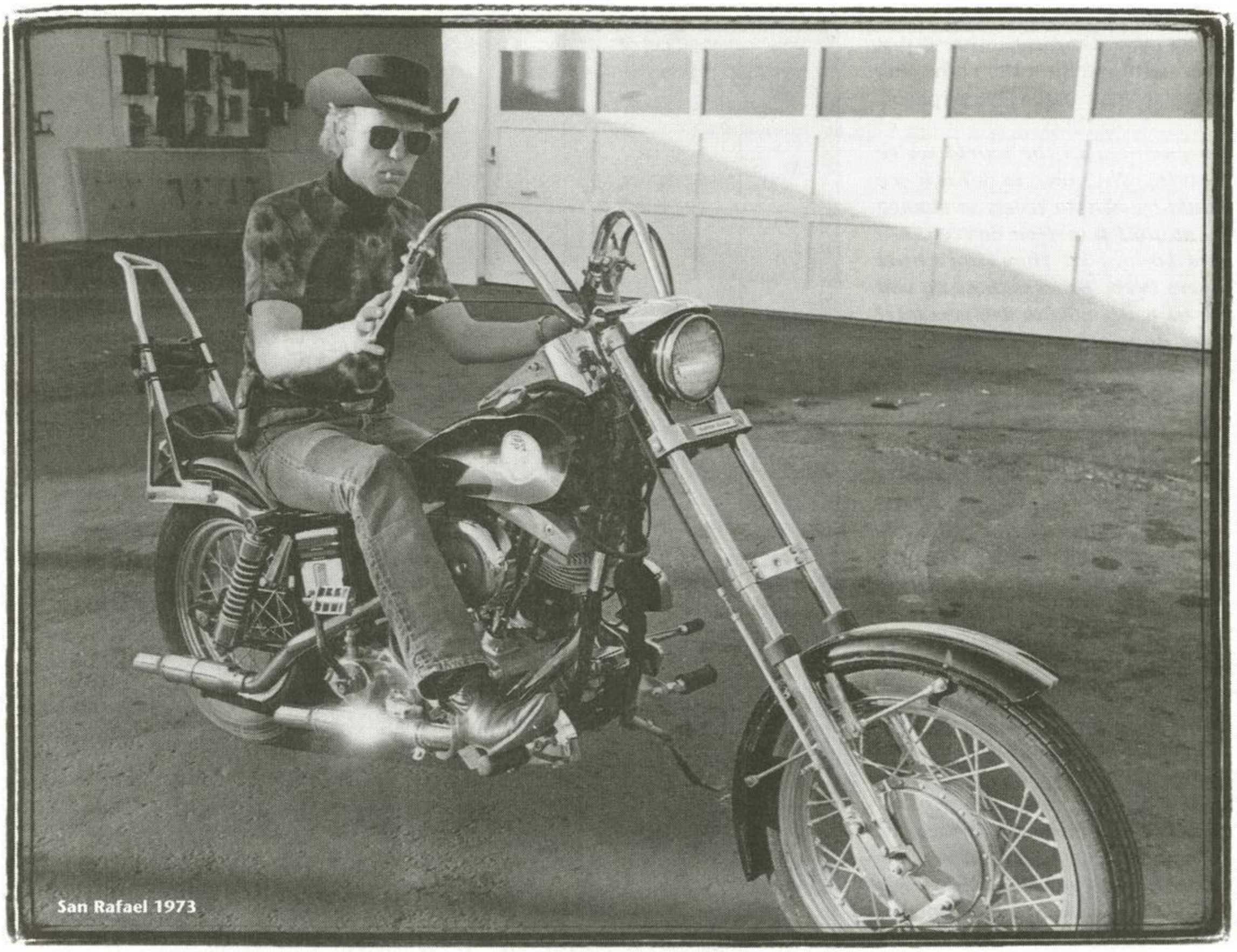


Photo by Andy Leonard

I think we still live in a world where people take advantage of a system. The problem is not with the 90% of people that can abide peacefully and respectfully with each other, but with the 10% that don't.
I'm far more worried about what government does to protect us from the 10% than I am about the 10% themselves. As Saint Theresa said, "I do not fear Satan half as much as I fear those who fear him." If you study great evils in this world, you find they're more often perpetrated by our protectors.

I still meet Deadheads who don't go out and vote. I don't know what to do about that.
I think that's a real problem because you have a government now that is elected almost entirely by people who are from an opposing culture. I mean the government represents well the people who vote, who are, generally, older, fearful white folks in the suburbs, who don't get out all that much and believe everything they see on television. The result is what I call government run by a hallucinating mob. Most people in Congress, like their constituents, genuinely believe that LSD commonly kills and maddens, because they've never had any actual experience with it. One could say the same thing about the whole range of practices that go along with being a Deadhead. But we haven't come back with any political force on our own behalf because political force, in the old sense of the word, is not our deal. I think using it would really compromise our mission.

You know William Irwin Thompson's book* The American Replacement of Nature. *The basic premise of the book is that the status quo believes it can create the world it wants by imposing order, by forcing out the natural, healthy chaotic tendencies of nature. It's interesting to observe that we Deadheads are comfortable getting dirt under our fingernails. We're comfortable in nature. We're comfortable being with one another. We're comfortable where boundaries are open.
We don't like hard lines. We view chaos as an opportunity rather than a threat. We're not control freaks and so are at something of a disadvantage in a society that is dominated clearly by well-armed control freaks. But I honestly believe we are seeing now the terminal rigidity that comes at the end of a reign, when that which cannot be held by consensus must increasingly be held by force. The United States is turning into a police state. That's in some respects a weirdly encouraging sign. It's a harbinger of great change.

Wasn't it Teilhard de Chardin that talked about an Omega Point?

Teilhard has been one of the great guiding lights of my philosophical existence. He talked about evolution reaching a level where it became self-aware, creating of itself a Global Mind, the collective organism of consciousness. I think we are already there in some respects. I think it may be aware of itself, though few of us are aware of it.

I know in the past two years my life has changed dramatically. I'm writing several books with people who live thousands of miles away from me via the Net. I have a truly global community of people I speak with every day or every week. I'm no longer limited by geographical boundaries. On the other hand, there is sort of a challenge there, and I'm curious what limitations you've found in this. I've found that no matter how much I stay in touch with these people, at the moment we're still limited by the mode of text as the means of transfer. There's a warmth in people that doesn't come across in the text mode. I feel there is no replacement for a direct connection with someone.

Of course not, but I don't think that anyone who's an advocate of online interaction would also advocate using it to replace face-to-face interaction. Online interaction is a means to an end, and a method for dealing with those aspects of human interaction that can be done in text. But the bandwidth gap between generating computer text and making love is quite profound. Human input-output in text is terrible. I wouldn't buy a modem that restricted me to the I/O of text. It's just that text is highly portable.

You mentioned in your declaration the term enlightened self-interest. Please explain.

I think it is in the nature of organisms to protect their individual selves, and, to a lesser extent, that larger "organism" that consists of all creatures who manifest a particular interpretation of the carbon molecule, their genome. To the extent we can perceive our larger Self and recognize its interest to be our own, we have a future. I think we're gradually getting there as a species, and growing a collective nervous system like the Net should help make us aware of that larger Self in a much more direct and immediate way.

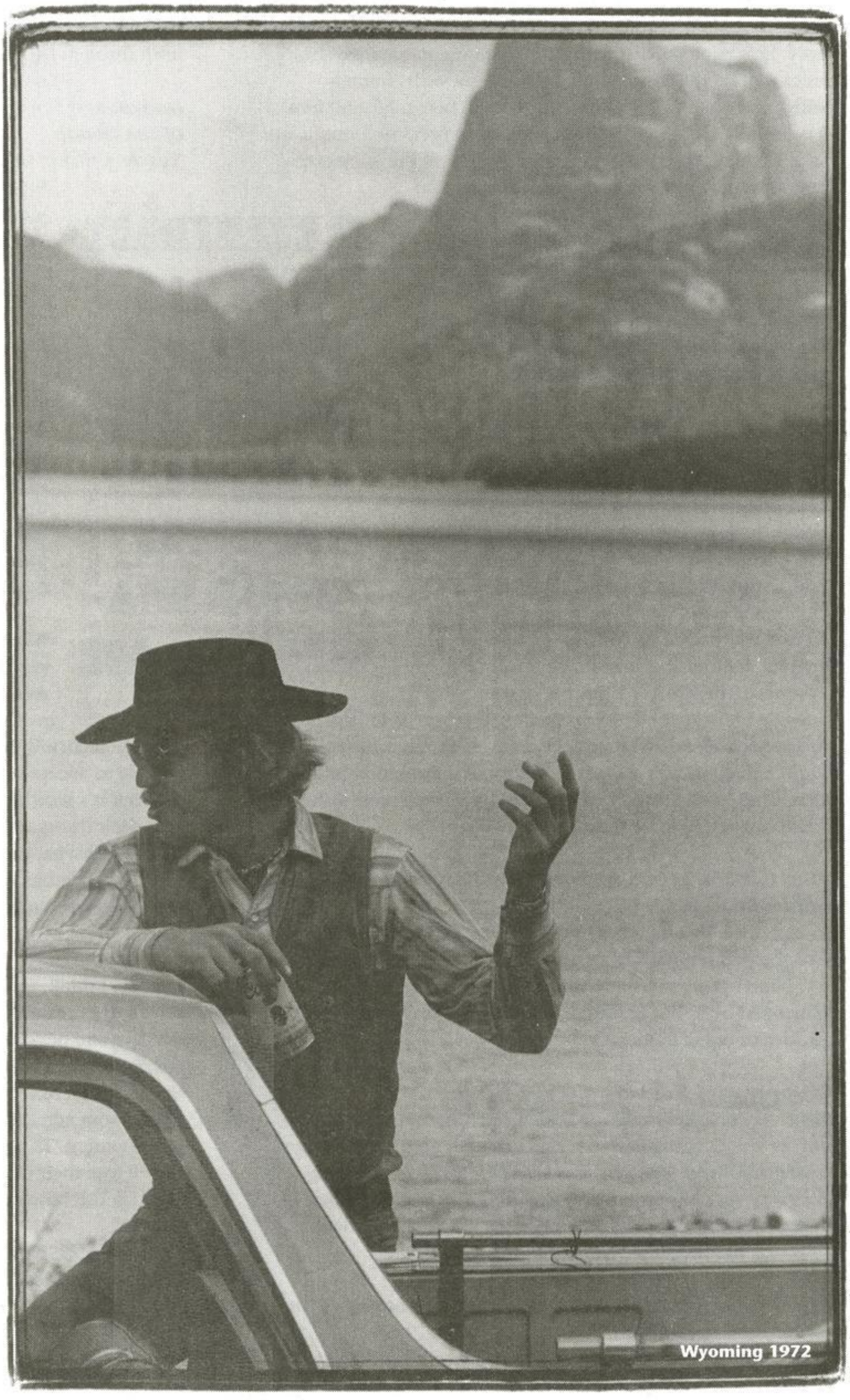


Photo by Andy Leonard

When you meet with someone like Newt Gingrich, do you have any sense that you have the possibility to connect with him on the same level that you connect with other people in order to see the world in the same way?

I know what you're saying. He's a member of a very different culture, one that hates us. He *is* a blow-dried bubba from the 'burbs of Atlanta, and he's not like me in a lot of ways. Obviously, he's been more influenced by television than psychedelics, but he is a human being, and he's a smart human being, and possibly even a decent human being. I found him very honest and direct and capable of expressing himself in ways I could agree with on a wide variety of the subjects, so long as we weren't getting into the real conflicts between his culture and mine. We share a lot of the same larger values. He is as motivated to improve the general human condition as I am. He's not somebody who lacks compassion, he's just got a different way to deploy compassion in the world. As usual, the argument is less about ends than means.

What sources of information have had the greatest influence on you and your worldview?

I'd say direct human interaction, far and away, though I suppose one has to draw the distinction between experience and information. I tend to think that anything that happens to you, in real time, where your senses can reach out and ask questions of it, is experience, and anything that has been abstracted from experience and transmitted over a distance and conveyed to somebody who hasn't been there is information. Information is alienated experience. It is not a thing, it is *about* a thing. If you're just talking about information in that sense of the word, then I would say I have been most influenced by text, followed, probably, by television.

What handful of books do you feel have been most influential to you?

To me? Well, as a member of this culture I'd have to say *The Bible* has been highly influential. Whether one believes it or not, I don't think you can live in this society and fail to be influenced by it. But in terms of books I've read myself with the idea of being influenced by them…

As opposed to having influence on you…

Right. As I say, the works of Teilhard de Chardin were important, as was Gregory Bateson, especially his *Steps Toward an Ecology of Mind*. *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* was very important, also *Zen and the Art of Archery*, its predecessor. Actually, I suppose the greatest conscious influence has been the *Tao Te Ching*.

Why do you think the Religious Right has honed in on online pornography?

I think they're less concerned with online pornography than the possibility the Net will cause a general outbreak of freedom. They instinctively feel that the Net threatens the whole structure of imposed control, which it does. They're just trying to get the government to exert control over the Net. Porn is not the real issue. It's a convenient excuse.

I've heard you've written a new tune with Vince?

I actually did that awhile back. It's called *The Devil I Know*. We did that as a Grateful Dead song, but it wasn't able to sort itself through the political process at the time we did it.

Do you see yourself continuing to work with members of the Dead?

Yes. As a matter of fact, I'm going to try to get together with Vince this weekend, and I'm still interested in working with Bobby, when we get a chance. In a way it's kind of nice to be in a condition where if we do it we do it because we dig it, not because it's part of some larger money-making proposition. I got increasingly uncomfortable about songwriting as it became a larger and larger part of my income. There's always an uneasy relationship between art and money, especially if you're not really confident in the quality of your art. I've never been proud of my songwriting ability. I've got other things I do that I am proud of, but songwriting has never been one. The fact that I was getting paid so fabulously well for doing it was making me kind of nervous.

IF EVERYBODY WHO HAD EVER TAKEN LSD WERE TO SAY SO, AMERICA WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE

What can Deadheads do to protect our rights to express ourselves freely?

As I say, the most important thing you can do is to express yourself freely and not be frightened into silence. Silence is the language of complicity. You've got to be able to accept risks that may adhere to expressing yourself. But it's worth those risks. The problem with Deadheads isn't their disorganization, but rather a common unwillingness to say what they think. They worry too much about getting in trouble. It's more often the quiet, invisible ones that *do* get into trouble.

I still come across many Heads afraid to join NORML.

Exactly. I think, for example, that if everybody in America who had ever taken LSD and found it to be one of the most positive and beneficial experiences in their lives, were to simply get up and say so, America would be a different place the next day. And a better place. Most people are incredibly timid about admitting what is a fundamental component of development. They're afraid they'll lose their jobs, afraid they'll lose their credibility. I'm practically the only freely confessed acidhead I know.

An out-of-the-closet psychedelicist.

Exactly. I think that would be a very powerful force if people were willing to be honest about it.

How have you been coping with Jerry's death and the end of the Grateful Dead?

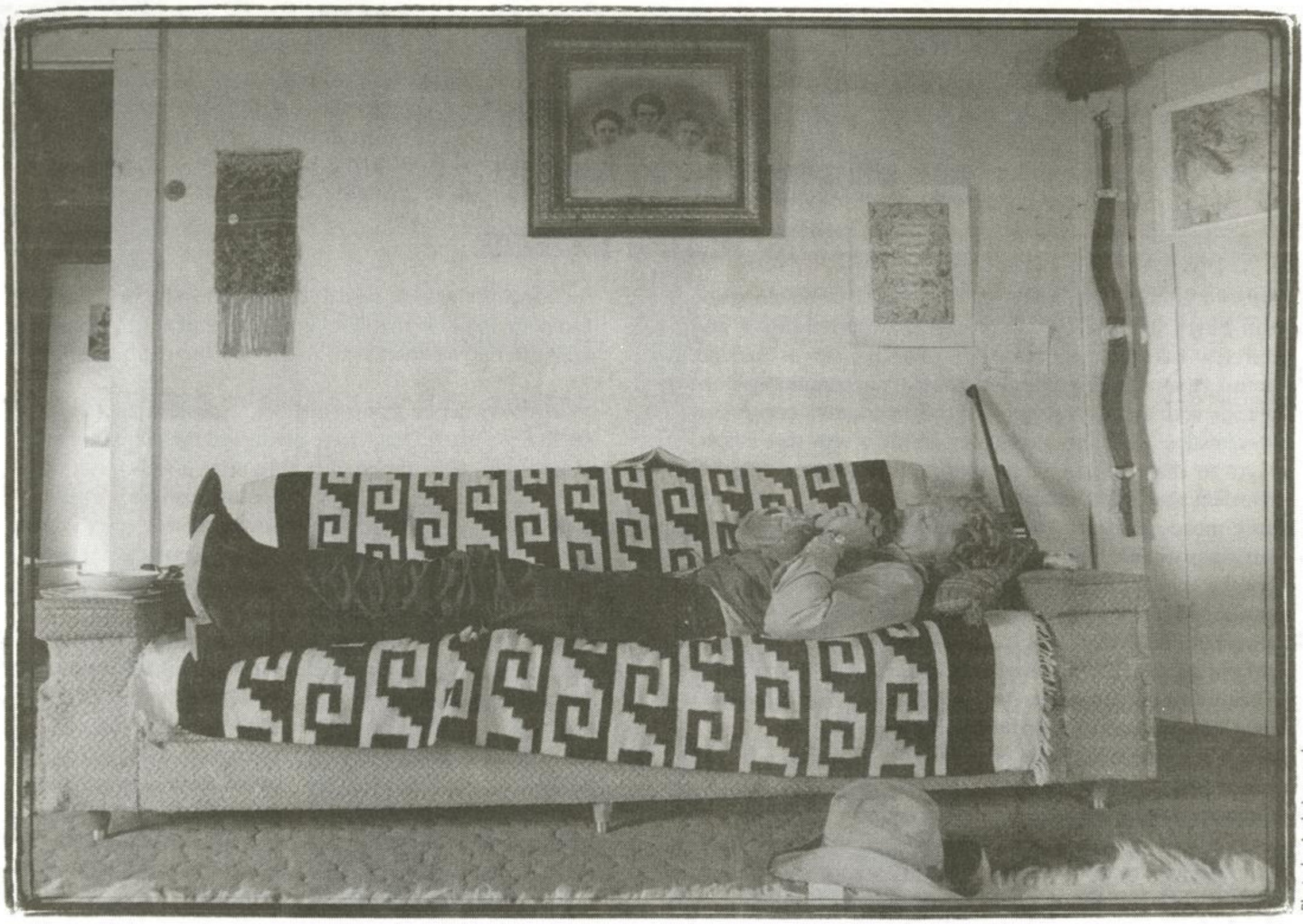


Photo by Andy Leonard

I suppose part of the way I'm dealing with it is by keeping a schedule that makes it very hard to think about anything beyond catching the plane. I am running around at an incredibly high velocity. I don't know whether I'm running from something or running toward something, but I am running. I suspect part of what I'm going with all speed is trying to deal with the death of the Dead. But I was already struggling with another tragedy before Jerry died, so his death became another reason to hit the road. The biggest problem for me, with Jerry's death in particular, was that I had anticipated it so long that I worked up a terrible callus to the event itself. I'm still trying to dig through that callus. I don't have a good grip on the fact of it.

It seems like there's a lot of Deadheads out there for whom the Grateful Dead Experience was church. Some told me they didn't even have to go on tour. They just needed to know that tour was happening to know there was hope. I know a lot of Deadheads are struggling with that. I've been lucky, because I've found, even before Jerry passed on, this amazing new emergence of powerfully creative music in my sphere of awareness that has that same sort of magic, that x-factor. But the challenge still remains for Deadheads to find a way to keep that light lit themselves.

If the only way they can do it is with Grateful Dead music, it's a poor religion because it limits rather than expands. Ideally, the Dead's music was such an eclectic slumgullion of world music that it could initiate appreciation for all kinds of music. I think to the extent that it became narrowing for a lot of people, the end of the Grateful Dead is a kind of hard blessing.

I feel there is this total release valve that has been opened. I went to Highgate last year and it was completely antithetical to everything I got into the Dead Experience for. And one month later, when Jerry left us, there was this enormous psychic gasping breath, almost a giant sigh of relief. There were so many moths crowded before the flame, the light was almost extinguished. Now, the moths are free to go find that there's a little bit of light everywhere, you've just got to look for it.

That's right. There's a lot of light everywhere, if you look for it right. You gotta maintain a lot of family, culture, and community, and, while you're doing it, reach out to people and say, "Hey, have you checked this out?" or, "Listen to this stuff. Doesn't it feel like it's got some of the same magical energy that Dead music had? Doesn't this experience have that binding and religious aspect that being in a Dead concert had?" If people are willing to do that, I think we'll be fine. ◊

PRESERVING FREEDOM OF SPEECH ONLINE WHY DEADHEADS NEED TO TAKE A STAND RIGHT NOW!

BY NASUOS HEFARA

Dupree's editors have asked me to write a piece alongside John Perry Barlow's Declaration of Independence and interview because they know I — like Barlow — fuel my interest in social and political issues like telecommunications policies, with an underlying belief that freedom of expression is essential to a healthy democracy. In the words that follow, I want to share with you some of my thoughts on why it's important that Deadheads become more concerned with their right to free expression, why the telecommunications regulatory environment is something that should concern our community, and how we can employ strategies to keep our public gathering spaces — whether physical or virtual — free, open, and full of potential and possibility.



The way I look at it, communication is at the center of what it means to be healthily alive. If, as Aristotle said, human beings are social creatures, then communication is at the center of that relationship. The Grateful Dead Experience was, and continues to be, about communication — sensual reverberations of energy in symbolic representations of words, images, sounds, conscious and unconscious intuitions, etc. In large part, being a Deadhead has meant, on many levels, an endless quest for communications within an actual, imagined, or virtual community.

In the past, this quest for communications and community has manifested itself in the concert ritual road trip and the sharing of music, both in the moment, and reminiscing about magical moments in our pasts. Without Jerry serving as the catalyst for bringing us together in physical space, we have to be creative about getting our fix of community and connection. Now more than ever, the vibrancy of the Grateful Dead Experience relies on our ability to communicate online.

Longtime Dead culture researcher Natalie Dollar says that Deadheads have different coping strategies. Some have really gotten into local music scenes. Others get together with friends at potlucks or take to the woods and go hiking or camping. But now that Jerry is gone, the place that Deadheads are gathering far and above any other is on the Internet.

"We're very dependent on the Net," Natalie admits, "not only because so many Heads have pioneered the computer technology but, more importantly right now, it's been our community's primary coping strategy. Since Jerry's death, we've been heading to the Net in droves."

True enough. According to Steve Silberman, Deadheads comprise the largest subniche group of Internet users not connected with government or education, and we spend more time on the Net than any group other than business. There are an estimated 100,000 Deadheads dancing on the Net!

Basically these statistics mean that Deadheads are some of the primary users of the Internet and therefore are primary contributors to the culture of what Johnny Dwork calls "the emerging landscape of cyberspace." Barlow, in his inimitable, visionary way is saying: Any threat to the openness of cyberspace is a threat to the openness of communication and freedom. Because freedom of speech and the free exchange of a wide variety of ideas are inherent to the Grateful Dead Experience, threats to these freedoms represent a threat to the health of our community.

In this light, John Perry Barlow's Declaration of Independence, and call to action, takes on increased meaning and urgency for Deadheads in particular. In order to take effective action in preserving our right to the free exchange of ideas, we need to educate ourselves about the history and context of these threats.

Barlow's Declaration of The Independence of Cyberspace was written in response to legislation passed on February 8, 1996 — the Telecommunications Act (aka Telecom Act,

Telecom "Reform" Act, etc.). The Communications Decency Amendment (CDA) is one portion of an act that signals the first tremor of an impending earthquake that could limit free speech and public access to communications on the Internet permanently. This portion of the act threatens free speech by making certain "obscene" communications illegal and punishable by fine or imprisonment. For example, if I post something publicly on a Web page, like, "Jerry's guitar playing was unbefuckinglieveable," someone might consider this obscene and I could be fined and imprisoned for more than two years. Crucial topics that touch our lives daily, like health issues, are out of bounds (yes, that's right, under this new law you won't be able to talk about abortion!).

"Freedom lies in exercise," says Barlow, "the only way [governments] can limit our thoughts is by our being willing to limit them voluntarily or out of fear." He suggests that the best strategies Deadheads can adopt in order to counter this trend toward creative, artistic, and expressive constraint is to do what we've always done in our own community, that is, express ourselves.

It's not that easy anymore, however, because a lot of us get scared in spaces that aren't Deadhead-centered. One of the main reasons we Deadheads embrace the Grateful Dead Experience is because it tends to be fairly nonjudgmental. We have largely been self-accepting of each other's desire to explore the full spectrum of human experience and expression. But now, as the Deadhead Experience in the physical world has become somewhat smaller and infrequent as of Jerry's death, and as our day-to-day expression becomes more politicized as a result — whether we want it to or not — we end up on more judgmental terrain. This is scary, because we, along with others, are in the awkward place of knowing that at least some of our speech may be deemed illegal (just as some of our more commonly shared activities are), and this threat of being monitored will effectively chill our expansive, free speech. This, coupled with corporate ownership trends in cyberspace, is a surefire recipe for a culturally intolerant and paranoia-inducing communications environment in which people and their good ideas cannot flourish.



In this environment, as a result of the times and our personal choices, just being a Deadhead and speaking freely in our online Deadhead community becomes an act of defiance of the status quo.

This defiance is not based only on our actively saying that we want to be countercultural. For the most part, the motivation for our behavior has not been defiance. We've looked to do what felt good, right, or true. We were concentrating on the light and our own shared desire and we didn't really give much thought to the larger social context. It seems that our free expression was so much more possible in the early days because the spaces we found ourselves in and the activities we undertook weren't highly regulated. However, over the years, as we were told we could camp here but not there, that we'd need a license to sell this or a permit to sell that, and, as entering a concert became more and more like crossing an international border, we have adapted and found creative ways to subvert and submerge these imposed constraints — hopefully with respect. Being our cunning, inspired, playful selves in cyberspace is a whole new experience, however, and it's already brought a host of new challenges.

Barlow has said the Internet is an "act of nature" that "grows through our collective action." It does grow through our collective action. However, I see it more as a collective human construction rather than an act of nature and, as a product of our own design, we need to take full responsibility for its tweaking and tuning. For me, this means paying just as much attention to what private corporations and the government are doing to the Net, as we pay to our own actions. Through our own lack of action in the past, corporations and the government have already threatened our freedom of expression on the Internet — a landscape which draws Deadheads because of its vast, open space. Our challenge now, is to stand up and fight for our rights to gather and speak freely in real and virtual Deadlandia.

The time to get involved is right now. If you value your freedom, fight for it. Once the government passed the mandatory minimum sentencing act, it was already too late to prevent thousands of our fellow Deadhead's lives being ruined by unfair drug sentencing. If you want to prevent injustices from being exercised upon your constitutional rights, then it is time for you to get motivated and take action. Here are some suggestions on where to start.

1) Educate Yourself. Find out more about the Telecommunications Act and activity regarding opposition to the CDA. Good, general information can be found by contacting the Electronic Frontier Foundation, the Center for Democratic

Telecommunications, and the Voter's Telecommunications Watch at the following web sites: http://www.eff.org, http://www.cdt.org, and http://www.vtw.org. At these locations, you'll be able to find out about the history of the Internet's current regulatory battles, what specific actions have been and are taking place, and who to contact in order to participate in activist wave-making.

2) Vote. And don't just go and vote for anyone whose name sounds good. Learn what the candidates stand for. Call your local League of Women Voters and ask them to send you their candidate information sheets and tell you where your voting place is.

3) Write, fax, call, or email your elected representatives. To find out who these people are and how to get in touch with them, call your local library.

4) Connect with other concerned communications activists. There's going to be a huge Electronic Freedom March on Washington, D.C. on September 29 and, if you can't make it there, Keith Glass, the event's organizer, is trying to encourage people to form their own marches on state capitols the same day. Also, check out Rich Burrough's "act locally" web page for some really clear, effective ideas for making a difference at the local level. Rich offers tons of excellent links to other people, resources, and information sites.

DO IT! Get active. Make a difference. CDT Policy Analyst Jonah Seiger says that one of the biggest problems with "online activism" is not only that policymakers have a hard time envisioning *Netizens* as real people, but communications sent over the Net are not treated with the same respect and weight as communications by mail, fax, or phone. So, the efforts you make to vote and connect with law and policymakers is crucial.

The more we can express ourselves, our views, our values, and our contributions — and the more publicly we can do this — the more we justify and normalize our existence. We're a lot older than we were when we first started following the Dead, and we're at a juncture where we can make some real decisions and have some real impact.

Barlow and the Electronic Frontier Foundation are out front reaching in to shake the establishment's golden egg — telecommunications. As we move ahead in the aftermath of Jerry's death, in this period of disruption and displacement in our nomadic patterns of annual migration, as we settle down with families and jobs, and our eyes chart the stars from new locations, let us consider — seriously — what role we want to play.

Deadheads have learned an important series of lessons from the Grateful Dead's exploration of expression and consciousness. It is now our turn to be the pioneers of the new virtual landscape and in turn to preserve and uphold our freedom of expression in this brave new world. Remember, be creative, be radical, be organized, be engaged, be responsible, stand up, stand out, and make a difference. ◊



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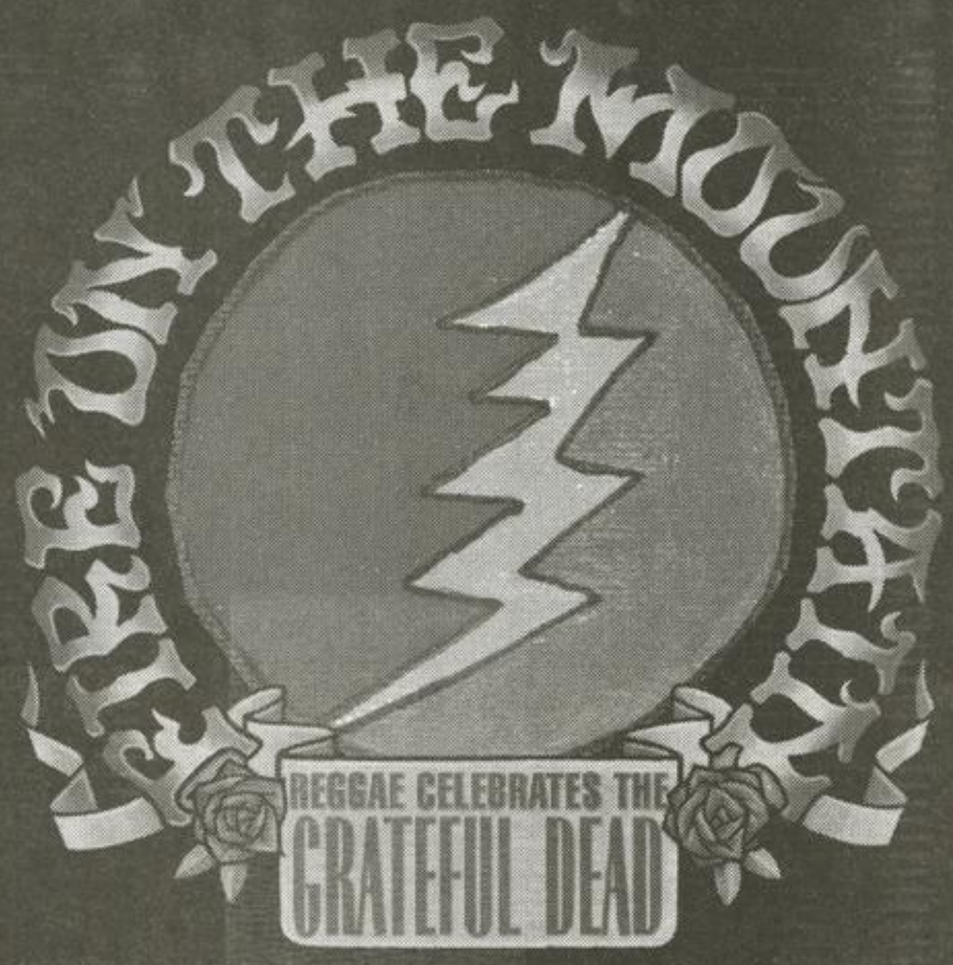
Touch Of Grey
Mighty Diamonds

Catfish John
"Toots" Hibbert

Row Jimmy
Judy Mowatt

Uncle John's Band
Joe Higgs

Franklin's Tower
Steel Pulse



Fire On The Mountain
Chalice

Wharf Rat
Michael Rose

Eyes Of The World
Freddie McGregor

Cassidy
Lasana Bandelé

Good Lovin'
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Fire On The Mountain...
Reggae Celebrates The Grateful Dead

"It's about time somebody appreciated the songwriting of the Grateful Dead and brought an entire genre of music to bear on its interpretation." David Gans *Author & Host of the Nationally Syndicated* **GRATEFUL DEAD HOUR**

John Kahn's Passing
Another Simple Twist of Fate

By Alan Sheckter

Jerry Garcia's longtime solo sidekick, bassist John Kahn, quietly passed away at his home in Mill Valley, CA on May 30, 1996. Kahn, age 48,. one of the senior members of the Dead family and a stalwart force in the San Francisco music community, never woke up that Thursday morning. He is survived by his wife, Linda, son, Jamie, and grandson, Jazz Kahn. News of Kahn's death was not beamed worldwide as Garcia's passing was in August of last year. Ironically, whatever press the Bay Area bass player's death would have garnished was totally overshadowed, as ex-LSD guru/ Harvard professor Dr. Timothy Leary died the same day. That's not surprising, since Kahn was never in the spotlight, onstage or off, but he had a lot of fans and the respect of Deadheads all over the world.



Photo by Susana Millman ©1996

John Kahn, or Freebo as he was known during his busy session days, was associated with virtually every side project of Jerry Garcia's for 25 years, and that was no easy feat, taking into account the longevity of the friendship, as well as the diversity needed for the disparate musical groupings. John Kahn played stand-up bass, as well as a variety of electric basses in a slew of musical ensembles, such as Hooteroll, Old & In the Way, Legion of Mary, the Jerry Garcia Acoustic Band, and several different incarnations of the Jerry Garcia Band. In the late '70s and early '80s, they performed almost as many shows as the Grateful Dead.

Garcia Band shows were never the giant carnival a Dead show was, but any band starring Garcia had room for musical experimentation. Year after year, just behind Jerry, Kahn did a solid job as the backbone, bridging the gap between the drums, keyboards, and guitar. John was tall and lanky with curly brown hair (graying in later years), wrist a bit awkwardly cocked as he picked, with the trademark cigarette hanging limply from his mouth. Sometimes he and Jerry inspired each other to the next musical level and, more often than not, they were both "on," playing originals and traditional American classics.

In 1982 Jerry was going to attempt an East Coast tour as a solo acoustic act. Garcia played one show at the Capitol Theatre in Passaic, NJ, appearing nervous and tentative. Next show, who was at Jerry's side for musical as well as moral support, but John Kahn, who then supported Jerry for the rest of the tour.

During the '80s, the Garcia Band would play many shows all over the U.S. Many consider 1987 the height of this era, with an 18-show run in New York City on Broadway at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre. In the '90s, the Garcia Band came East less often, spending more time playing local venues close to home, like the Warfield Theater.

John Kahn really shined on *Russian Lullaby*, with its intricate and prominent bass presence. *Mission In the Rain* and *Don't Let Go* were also made more special by Kahn's presence. Other Garcia classics, such as *Tore Up Over You* and *Evangeline*, mid-tempo shuffles like *Sisters & Brothers* and *I'll Take A Melody*, and ballads like *The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down* and *Forever Young* all had the John Kahn touch.



Photo by Alan Sheckter

Jerry Garcia Band, 8/12/77, Keith Godchaux on keyboards, John Kahn, Jerry Garcia . A sunny Friday afternoon on the San Francisco Bay, Pier 31. Sadly the three in the photo are now gone. This was a $5 Save the Whales benefit concert. The Greenpeace ship is docked behind the impromptu flatbed stage.

Since Garcia's passing, Kahn had been active with the recently regrouped Old & In the Way (still featuring Vassar Clements), as well as a new John Kahn Band that had been scheduled to go out on tour. In what was billed as "A Loving Tribute to Jerry Garcia — The World Debut of The John Kahn Band," the band featured members of the JGB: Melvin Seals, Jackie LaBranch, and Gloria Jones, Larry Batiste on vocals, and Ho Kim on guitar. The two Santa Cruz, CA shows on May 4 and 5 included *How Sweet It Is*, *The Way You Do the Things You Do*, *Stir It Up*, *Kansas City*, *Unchain My Heart*, and *Second That Emotion*. Folks who attended said the band had promise. Maybe Garcia took note from way up on high and gave call for his buddy to join him once again.

Rest in peace, John. Thanks for being there for so many years. ◊

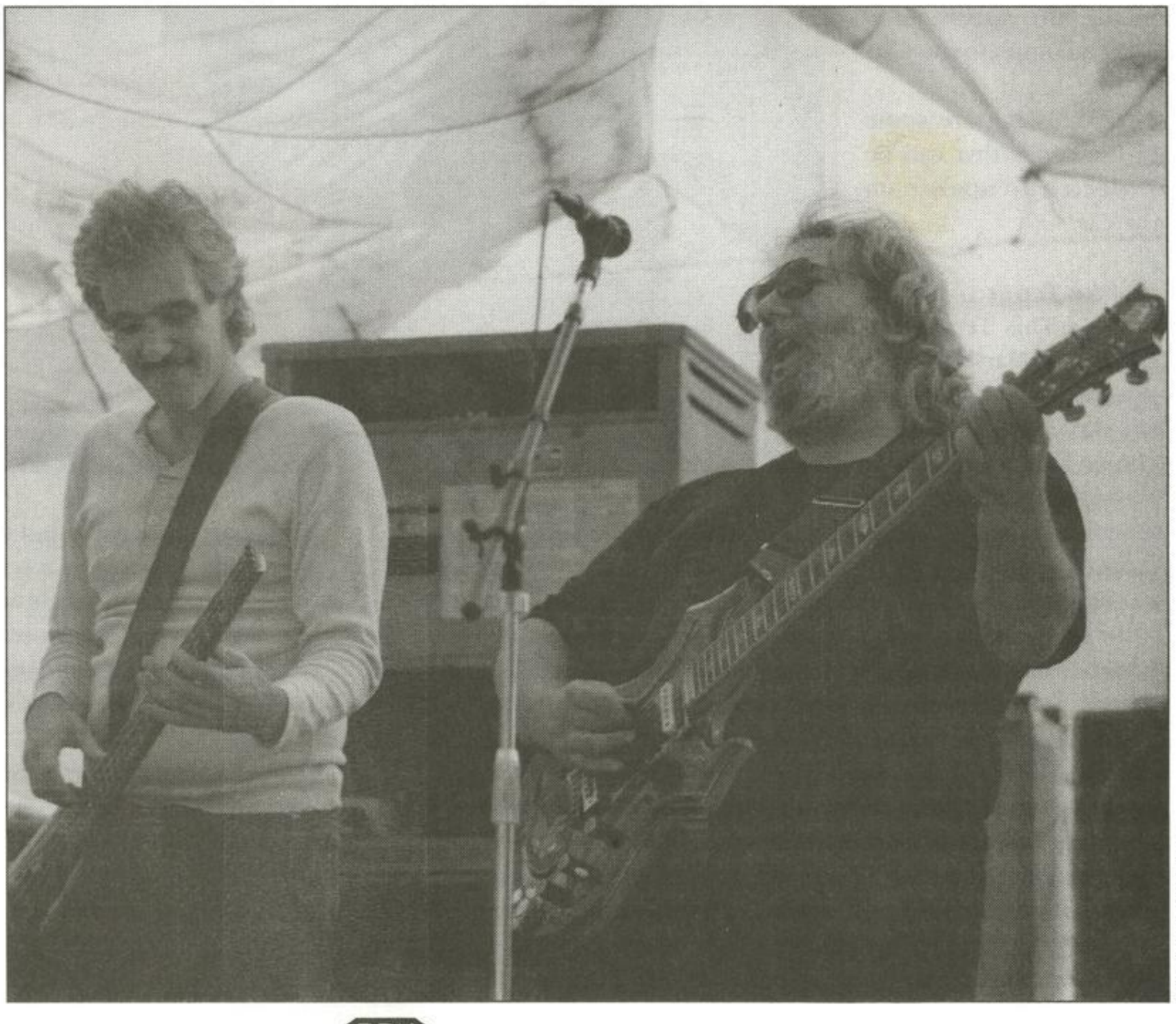


Photo by Rob Cohn

SANDPAPER NOTES

BY JEFF GORLECHEN

Phish began 1996 with a well-deserved break from the road. Having just finished a spectacular four-show run to close out the old year, band members took separate vacations before reconvening in February to begin work on a new studio CD in Bearsville, New York. The band was in the studio until about the middle of March. Basic tracks for nearly a dozen songs were laid down and, at press time, current plans were for the band to head back into the studio in the late spring/summer to complete the CD.

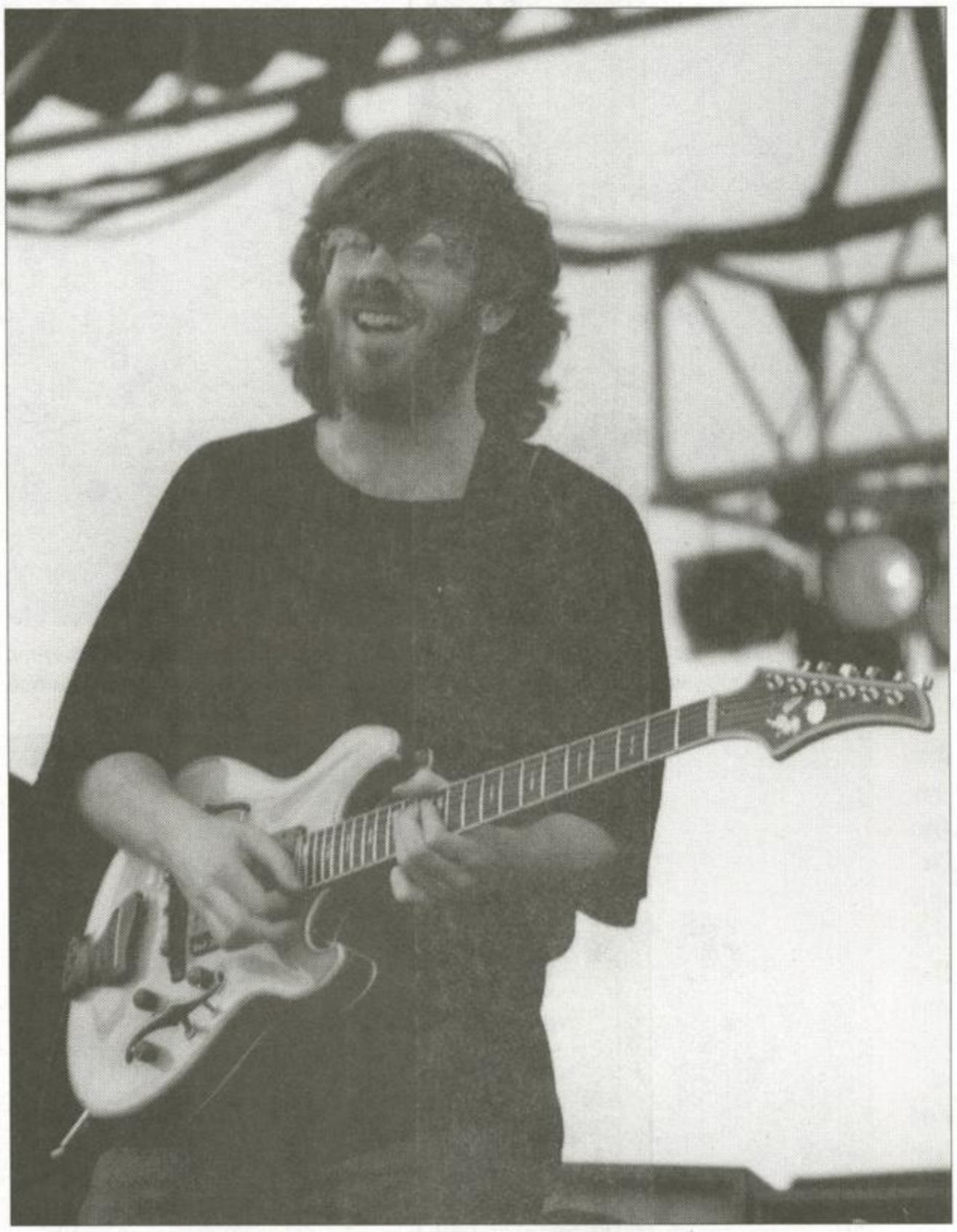


Photo by AJ Genovesi/Slow Change Archives

The following are some of the songs that can be expected to appear on the CD:

Theme from the Bottom — This Trey Anastasio/Tom Marshall composition made its debut in May '95 at a pro-choice benefit in Lowell, Massachusetts. Over the course of the last year, the band developed the song nicely, turning it into a cornerstone of their sets. It starts out simpler than most Phish songs with a more traditional verse-chorus-verse structure. Lyrically, it features some very interesting conundrums. It is a slow-building song that peaks with a soaring, spiraling jam that concludes with *You Enjoy Myself*-like a cappella harmonies.

Free — Another song composed by Anastasio and Marshall, *Free* may very likely be the first single off the GD. The song has a medium tempo, with a lilting melody and some of the best guitar hooks in any Phish song. In contrast to the melody, the lyrics are quite vindictive. The live versions of this song were standouts throughout the fall tour, sometimes featuring a four to five minute intro where the band would work through variations of the basic riff. Hopefully, the intro has been kept intact with the studio incarnation. It would not be surprising, however, if this element becomes truncated in the interest of making it the first single. This song was probably my favorite one of all the new songs the band introduced over the course of the last year.

Strange Design — This song was also composed by the Anastasio and Marshall team, yet is completely driven by Page McConnell. Many fans call this the most Beatle-esque song that the band has written and justifiably so. Page brings a McCartney-like vocalization to the extremely strong melody that contains characteristic Beatles irony in the lyrics. It is one of the band's most finely crafted tunes. It does not vary much from version to version, yet it is always one of the more soulful moments of the shows in which it is featured. Thinking ahead to a studio version, it would be nice to see the song fleshed out with some instruments not normally used by the band, such as a mandolin, pedal steel guitar, or strings.

The following are some songs that were introduced over the last year, but are not obvious choices for inclusion on the upcoming CD:

Cars, Trucks, and Buses — This is an instrumental that was largely composed by Page. It features a New Orleans funk groove that recalls *Hey Pocky Way* as done by Medeski,

Martin & Wood. It's a great song, and hopefully the band will find room for it on the CD.

Spock's Brain — This song was performed on the 1995 summer tour after debuting at the 5/15/95 show, but, disappointingly, was never performed on the fall tour. Until *Free* and *Theme from the Bottom* took shape, this was my favorite of the new songs. Phish has never written anything quite like it. It was original melodically as well as structurally. The lyrics gave you pause to think and it had about three or four different sections in it. If you can picture the different instrumental sections of *Fluffhead* having words sung along with it, that is sort of what you got with *Spock's Brain*. The song is much shorter than *Fluffhead*, but it had distinct musical sections with really neat sung passages to go along with the music.

Guyute — An instant fan favorite about a porcine creature, this is a great song which the band does not appear confident it has gotten its hands around just yet. The Celtic-flavored tune actually debuted during the fall 1994 tour and disappeared for most of 1995, until the pig was resurrected at the Rosemont Horizon on Halloween. Trey once described that he was sort of going for another *Fluffhead*-like fugue with *Guyute*, and that seems like as good a description as any. *Fluffhead* meets Jethro Tull with a Zeppelin crunch jam thrown in for good measure.

Another Taste of the Fog That Surrounds — This debuted on the summer 1995 tour. It was written by Trey and actually planned for inclusion at the May pro-choice benefit, but was mistakenly left off the setlist. This song has had a bizarre history in its short lifetime. During the summer it was titled *Taste,* sung entirely by Trey, and featured a really sweet jam in the middle that was reminiscent of the Allman Brother's *Whipping Post*. By summer's end, the song was actually developing quite nicely and had turned into a good first set jam excursion. Then, the song came back at the first show of the fall tour, retitled *The Fog That Surrounds,* and was this strange thing with new lyrics that were sung almost entirely by Jon Fishman. The jam was more or less intact, but was somehow not as sweet as the one from *Taste*. The crowd did not respond to it and rec.music.phish collectively scratched its head, wondering what Trey was thinking. Trey reworked the thing again and it became a call-and-response number sung by Trey and Fishman. I really don't know what to make of the song at this point, except to say that I liked *Taste* quite a bit and go to the bathroom during *The Fog That Surrounds*.

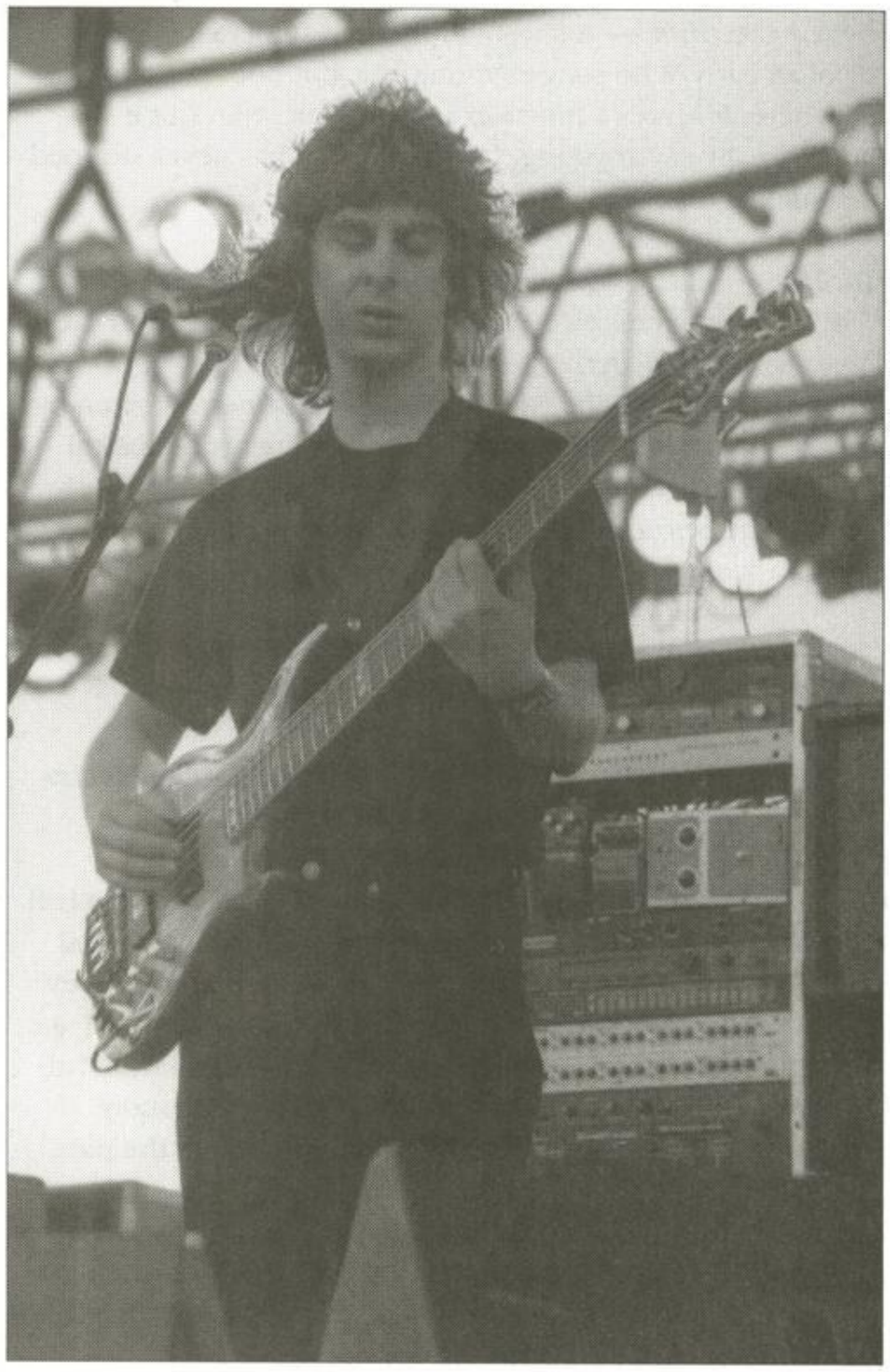


Photo by AJ Genovesi/Slow Change Archives



Photo by AJ Genovesi/Slow Change Archives

Prince Caspian — A short, hook-laden song that reminds me of an early Who song rhythmically, but does not really go anywhere. It serves a function as a show opener, but it doesn't really say anything. Of course, that has never stopped the band from recording a song before.

Ha, Ha — A tune written by Jon Fishman, *Ha, Ha* is a short, mostly instrumental piece that usually runs directly into the song that follows. In that sense, it is similar to Phish's *Oh Kee Pah Ceremony* and the Grateful Dead's *Slipknot!*. Written by Jon Fishman, it is a neat ditty that repeats the main musical theme and follows it with the words *Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha*. Musically, it features an angular chord progression and brings Frank Zappa to mind.

Flip — A total throwaway. Performed once at the May 1995 Lowell, MA benefit, never to resurface again.

The CD is expected to be released in October on the Elektra label with no outside production help. In addition to the songs discussed above, rumors suggest that two Mike Gordon-penned songs and three additional Anastasio-Marshall songs have been recorded. Word has it that Mike has found a collaborator to work with in a similar fashion to what Trey does with Tom Marshall. And, according to an interview Page did with *Addicted to Noise* (an excellent Web site located at http://www.addict.com), the CD will have a much more acoustic sound than anything the band has done in the past.

Before heading back into the studio to finish the CD, Phish performed their first show of the year on April 26 at the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival. Here is what they played during their nearly two-hour set:

Yamar, AC/DC Bag, Sparkle, Stash, Cars, Trucks & Buses (with Michael Ray on trumpet), *You Enjoy Myself > Wolfman's Brother, Scent of A Mule, 2001 > Harry Hood, Sample In A Jar, A Day In the Life, David Bowie.* Encore: *Ragtime Gal* (a cappella), *Cavern.*

According to eyewitness reports, the highlight of the show was the transition from the vocal jam at the end of *You Enjoy Myself* that wound its way into an a cappella vocal treatment of the first verse of *Wolfman's Brother*. This was the first segue ever between the two songs. On the flip side, Trey muffed the intro to *Sample In A Jar* and had to start the song over. Surprisingly, none of the songs from the recent studio sessions found their way into the setlist.

On April 28, Trey sat in for the entire length of Sunpie Barnes and the Louisiana Sunspots' Sunday afternoon Jazzfest set. Sunpie Barnes is a harp player whose repertoire consists of original rave-up Cajun zydeco numbers. Trey alternated between playing rhythm and engaging in guitar duels with Barnes' guitarist.

Later on that evening, Trey and Page sat in for both 70-minute sets by Michael Ray and the Cosmic Krewe at Jimmy's club in uptown New Orleans. The Krewe plays some serious jazz-

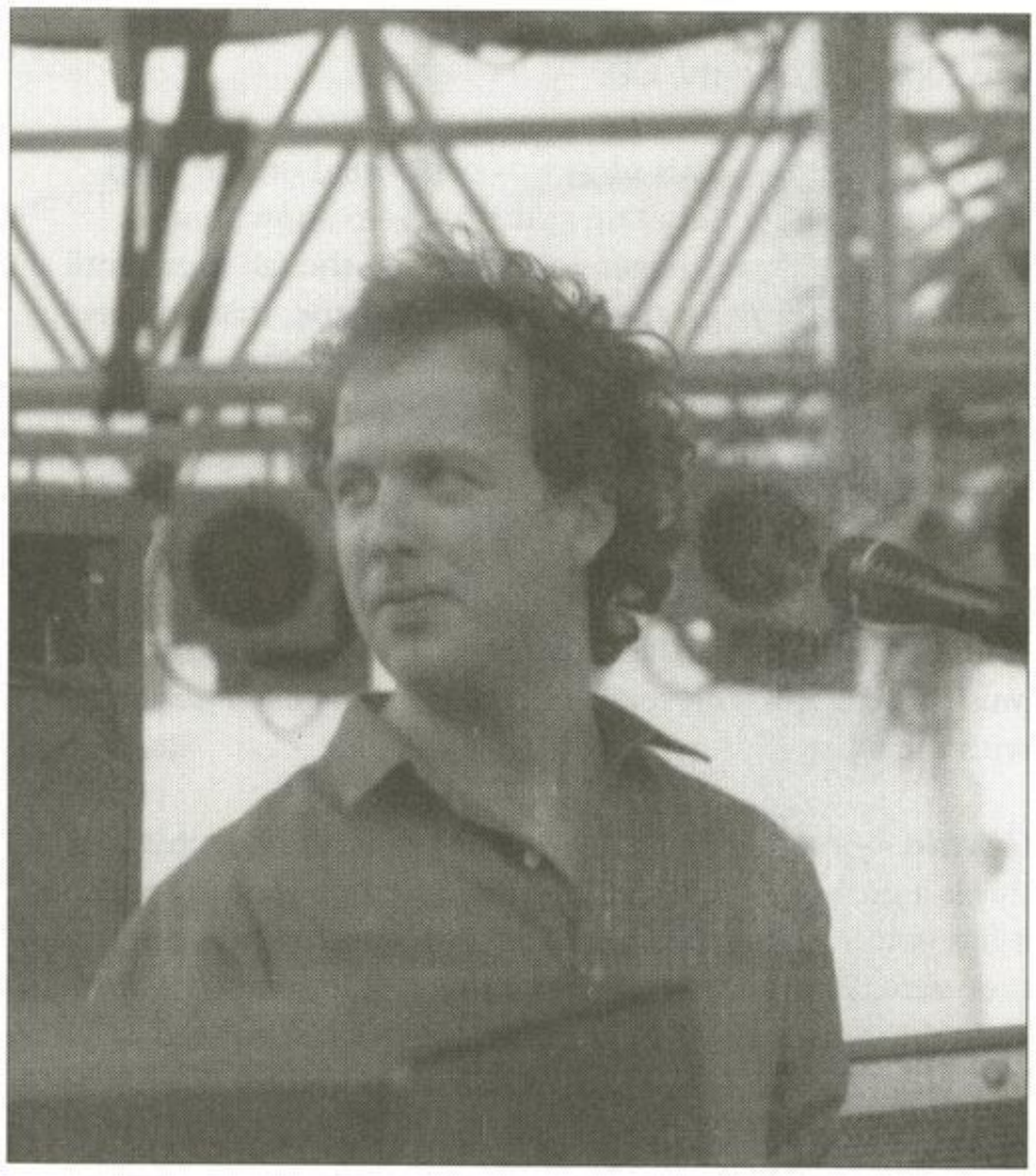


Photo by AJ Genovesi/Slow Change Archives

inflected funk. The band has members of Phish's Giant Country Horns as well as the Sun Ra Arkestra. Definitely check them out if they are in your area.

Phish is off the road until this later summer, where they will be in Europe opening for Santana from July 2 through July 25. They will be playing mostly 35-40 minute sets. Two headlining club shows are planned, however, for July 11 and 12 in England and the Melkweg in Amsterdam, respectively. Upon returning to the States, Phish will begin a very short summer tour. Here are the dates:

August 4-7, Red Rocks Amphitheatre, Morrison, CO
August 10, Alpine Valley, WI
August 12 and 13, Deer Creek, Noblesville, IN
August 14, Hershey Park Stadium, Hershey, PA
August 16 and 17, Plattsburgh, NY
(This show will feature at least three sets of Phish each day, and will include camping, and other assorted activities througout the weekend. Rumor has it the band is even thinking about playing one of the shows from sunup to sundown!)

On paper, the can't-miss shows appear to be the Red Rocks run, which could feature nearly 80 songs without repeats, and the insanity which will take over Plattsburgh, NY for two days. For complete, up-to-the-minute information, call the Phish Hotline at 802-860-1111.

After the summer tour, the band will be taking a break. Their fall tour will begin during the middle of October. The tour will continue until the end of the year and feature the traditional Halloween costume show and New England-area New Year's Eve run of shows. ◊

TREY, FISHMAN & PAGE "SURRENDER TO THE AIR"

To celebrate the release of their free-form jazz CD, "Surrender to the Air," Marshall Allen (alto saxophone), Bob Gullotti (drums), Trey Anastasio (guitar), James Harvey (trombone), Kofi Burbridge (flute), John Medeski (keyboards), Oteil Burbridge (bass), Michael Ray (trumpet), Damon R. Choice (vibes), Marc Ribot (guitar), and Jon Fishman (drums) gathered themselves onstage on April 1 and 2 to close down the Academy Theatre in New York City.

The inspiration for this assemblage of musicians came from Anastasio. "One morning I literally woke up with the complete idea for the CD, the musicians I wanted, and the sound I was looking for," Trey says. "I ran downstairs and started making calls."

While the results of the Anastasio-produced CD that evolved from two days of jamming at Manhattan's Electric Ladyland studios are mixed, the energy from performing in front of the audience gave the music the dynamic it needed to take off into the stratosphere. The CD's passages are hindered by distracting fade-outs that seem to occur without reason at the end of each jam. It completely interrupts the mood. In a live setting however, the songs were woven together seamlessly, flowing into and out of each other.

Anastasio and the rest of his entourage certainly looked thrilled throughout their April 2 performance. To imagine what the music sounded like, listen in your head to a Miles Davis-led Sun Ra Arkestra meeting the Grateful Dead for a full-on *Space* jam. The show consisted of two 70-minute sets. There were no "songs" per se, just different variations on a very open, anything-goes approach to jamming.

The first set began quietly with each musician getting to take a sort of solo run on their instrument to get warmed up for the rest of the evening. That module of the show eventually veered into a very dissonant passage that had the horn section creating a wall of sound while Fishman and Gullotti were percolating in, out, and around the vamping of the guitar players. Fishman seemed to be responsible for holding down the groove as Gullotti was able to explore the percussive elements more freely. In fact, the entire first set seemed to focus more on "grooves" rising up from the dissonance as compared to the second set.

Ribot, who has performed with artists such as Elvis Costello and Tom Waits, was the featured guitarist for most of the first set. He played more lead than Trey, to the disappointment of some in the crowd, while Trey played a lot of rhythm and conducted members of the band through different passages. Trey seemed to be turned down in the mix, as often his hands could be seen moving about the guitar, but you had to strain to hear what he was doing.

This problem was remedied in the second set and Trey seemed to step forward a bit more, to the delight of the crowd. There were several moments where he played his trademark tension- and release-filled solos. The audience was also treated to keyboardist Page McConnell sitting in for the bulk of the second set, although he seemed to be lost in the mix.

The second set also featured a mind-blowing workout on the bass by Aquarium Rescue Unit's Oteil Burbridge. He was the standout player of the night. He was center stage for the duration of the concert, with good reason. He anchored the proceedings, providing a rock-solid improvisational platform for the rest of his bandmates, while making a point to be sure that his playing never got stale. His nearly ten-minute solo was the highlight of the show, going from a mellow jazz groove to a raving funk workout and back into a jazz motif that segued into what would be the final piece of the evening — a composition that allowed the horn section to shine, particularly Marshall Allen.

Allen, a veteran of the Sun Ra Arkestra, displayed his genius on every song, deftly changing moods and style with grace and subtlety. He clearly stood out from his comrades in the horn section, sneaking in licks and phrases when you were not looking.

Overall, the show featured good, sometimes brilliant playing and true ego-less musicianship. The band could have produced a much better CD than they did if they had recorded, say, a week's worth of shows at the Academy and then created a 70-minute pastiche of their best. But that's why they invented taping sections. ◊

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Widespread Panic

Ten Years On - By Vesper Lynd

In the world of rock 'n' roll a musician's ability to make an impact really has no relationship on his or her life span. The record labels just want to turn a profit and the artists hope to be around next year. Through it all, some bands manage to slip through the cracks, existing purely on the merits of the music. Widespread Panic is one of those bands, subsisting for ten years on that magical combination of honest music and loyal fans.

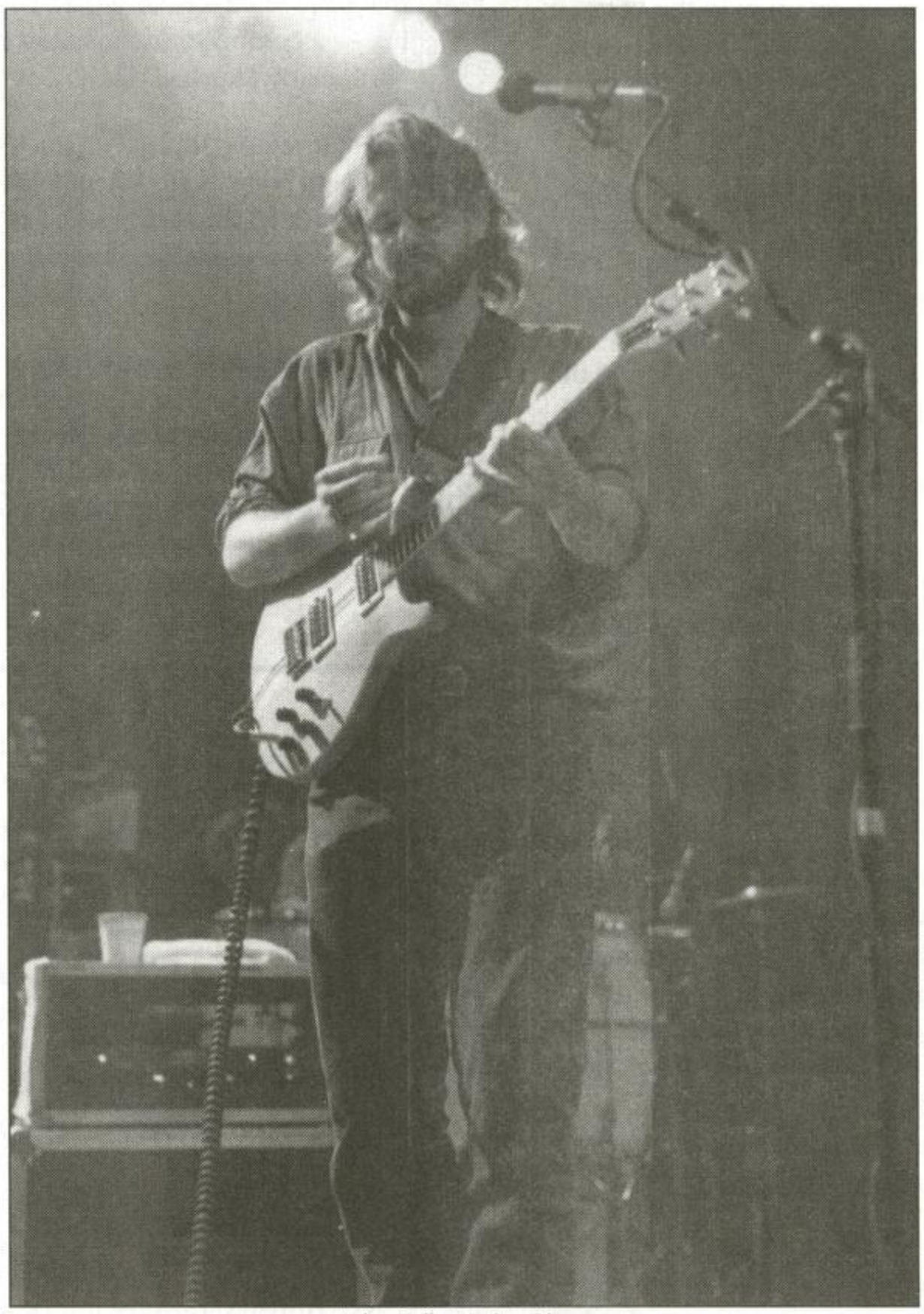


Photo by AJ Genovesi/Slow Change Archives

John Bell at Irving Plaza

Throughout what some have dubbed WSP's "Tenth Anniversary," bassist Dave Schools quickly downplays the situation with a laugh and says, "No one wants to admit that it's actually been ten years."

Todd Nance sat behind the drumkit for WSP for the first time on February 10, 1986. Ten years later, with miles of touring and four albums to their credit, WSP took the stage at the Ogden Theater in Denver, CO, as they relaxed their way through a mountain state trip dubbed the "Sit & Ski Tour." That night in Denver was another stellar show — no parade, pyrotechnics, or frothy champagne bottles — just another night for Widespread Panic. "Everybody's just sort of reeling from the fact that it *has* been ten years," says Schools.

Widespread Panic — drummer Todd Nance, guitarist John Bell, keyboardist John Hermann, percussionist Sonny Ortiz, and guitarist Mike Houser — have always kept their focus on the music and not on the stats. "The tenth anniversary is for someone else to make a big deal out of," says Schools. "The only thing we like to make a big deal out of is recording, walking onstage, and playing our music."

Being able to decide their own fate has led to WSP's success. What started out as a bar band in Athens, GA has become one of the premier U.S. rock bands, recording and touring constantly. When success found them, they avoided the spotlight while keeping their music a priority. WSP was able to avoid what Schools refers to as the "sophomore jinx," the situation where a new artist achieves success and is not able to maintain it. Bands either disappear or find themselves in the precarious spot of being liked by some and hated by others.

"It has a lot to do with the artists continuing to be able to be themselves and not getting tainted by outside influences. The poor artist is sitting there going, 'Oh my God, what's going to happen? Should I make the next record the same as the first one, or should I try to go in the exact opposite direction? Should I listen to what the record company says, or should I follow my heart? What's more important to me, being an artist who I can live with or being a money-making phenomenon?' I think all those decisions pile up around you until it kind of drives you crazy."

Although WSP notices when their shows are not sold out, they still don't strive for popularity, only integrity. In the eyes

of their fans, they have already made it. Early examples of success were the first two H.O.R.D.E. tours, which they co-headlined with Phish, the Spin Doctors, Col. Bruce Hampton & the Aquarium Rescue Unit, and Blues Traveler.

"The way we did H.O.R.D.E. sort of proved to the fans that *they* were right," says Schools. "They are the ones who were always saying, 'You guys should play Red Rocks. You're going to be huge.' Those first two H.O.R.D.E. tours proved we could do it, that our sound could fill those big places. It also proved to us there were certain markets we really needed to work harder in."

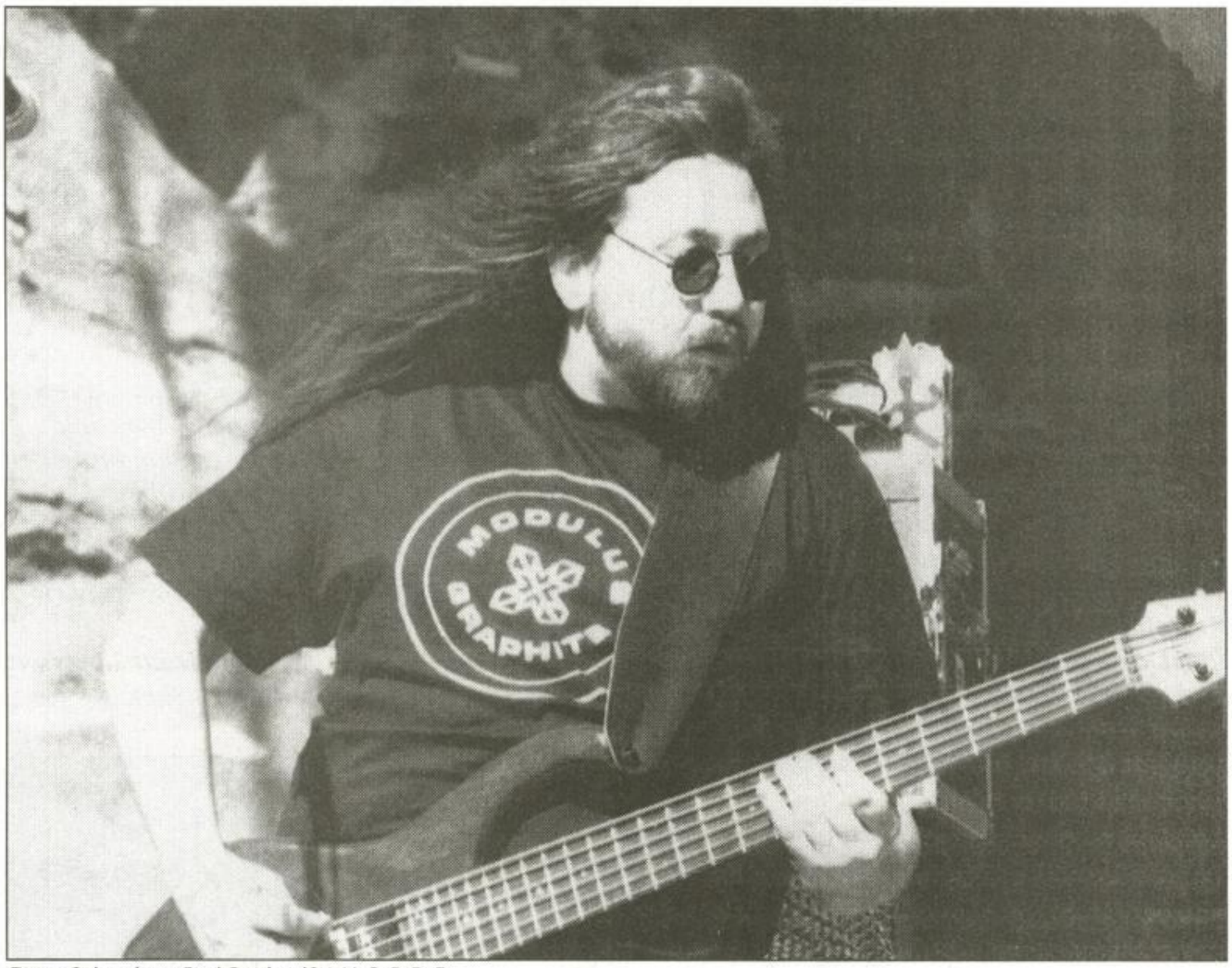


Photo by AJ Genovesi/Slow Change Archives

Dave Schools at Red Rocks, '94 H.O.R.D.E.

At this stage of the game, WSP had created a grass roots following, one that existed via their music — not radio hits, MTV exposure, or magazine covers. "We're going to be lucky if we do ever have a big hit record because we already have four other records and we're beyond being tainted by outside influences," says Schools. "We've gone beyond that. It wouldn't matter. It would seem kind of funny to us if we had a big multi-platinum record. We're not trying to do that. You listen to all the records and they're short, catchy pop songs. That's how Mike writes his songs. Then there're other more jammy songs that come from other sources in the band. We've always been the same way and nothing will ever change us."

WSP is going into the studio this summer with producer John Keene ("Space Wrangler," "Ain't Life Grand") to work on a new CD. In the meantime, there is talk of a live recording being released before too long. "I think it's the best thing we could do for three reasons," says Schools. "First of all, obviously, that's what we're best at, being ourselves live. Second of all, the fans who collect live tapes are really itching to have some ultra-high-quality live recordings. Thirdly, there're like seven double-CD bootlegs out now, they charge $50, and people are buying these things. Obviously there's a demand because they just keep releasing more."


Photo by AJ Genovesi/Slow Change Archives

John Bell at Red Rocks, '94 H.O.R.D.E.

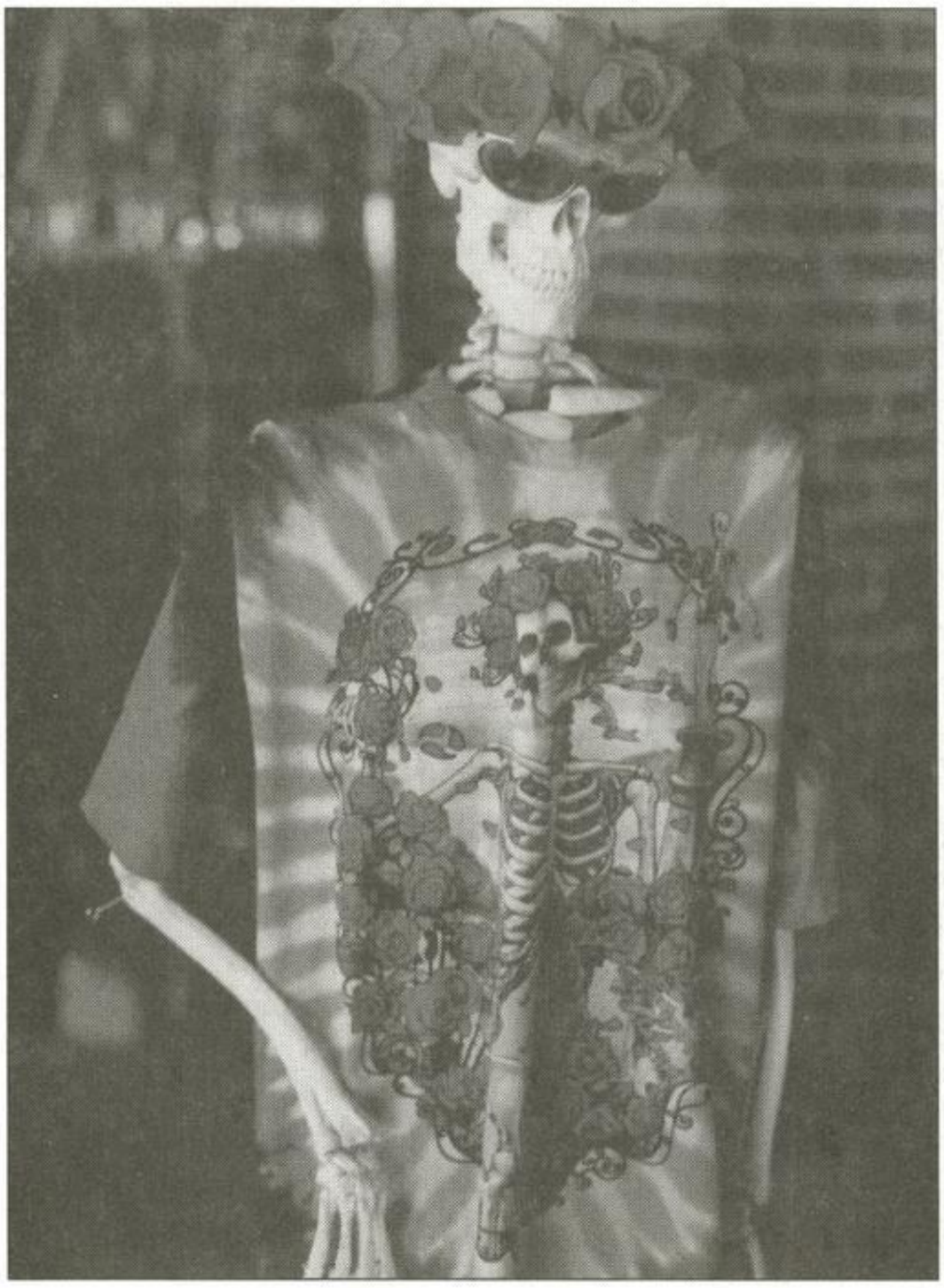
Regardless of what's going on, Widespread Panic won't get caught up in anything other than the music. With continued success, WSP will be around for another ten years. "I sure hope so," Schools says with a laugh. "I certainly don't want to have to learn a new career." ◊

SNAPSHOTS FROM DEADHEAD HEAVEN

BY STEVE SILBERMAN WITH PHOTOS BY ANNE R. HOWSON

Dupree's Diamond News and Terrapin Tapes joined forces Memorial Day weekend at the State University of New York at Purchase. We wanted to bring our combined "family" audience a kind, homespun weekend of musical camping, fun, and frolic — good music, good people. We felt it was something our community needed, and we jumped in with both feet, committed to the idea that the essence of the Grateful Dead Experience is inside all of us — we are that spirit, and it lives on. As Deadheads, we felt compelled to find a way to create an environment where we could all reconnect with each other. It was not an easy feat to find a kind locale that would be willing to house our carnival.

However, we found just such a place in our own backyard. The 500+ sprawling acres at SUNY Purchase became home for 6500 people including 3000+ campers, 30 vendors, an onsite AOL access center, an art gallery, a micro-brew fest, and two days of great music by: moe., Zen Tricksters, Max Creek, Strangefolk, Ominous Seapods, Solar Circus, Stone Cold, Voices of Joy, The Jazz Mandolin Project, Somah, and visuals by The Speed of Light Show.



The weekend was a tremendous success. Everyone had a great time. We couldn't have asked for better weather, a kinder crowd, more helpful staff, or hotter music. There were no problems, no one was hurt, and our hand-picked security quietly hovered in the backround. We want to thank everyone involved for all their hard work, especially the guy whose favorite phrase was, "It's not a problem."

Here are some observations from our friend, Digaman, Co-author of Skeleton Key: A Dictionary For Deadheads.

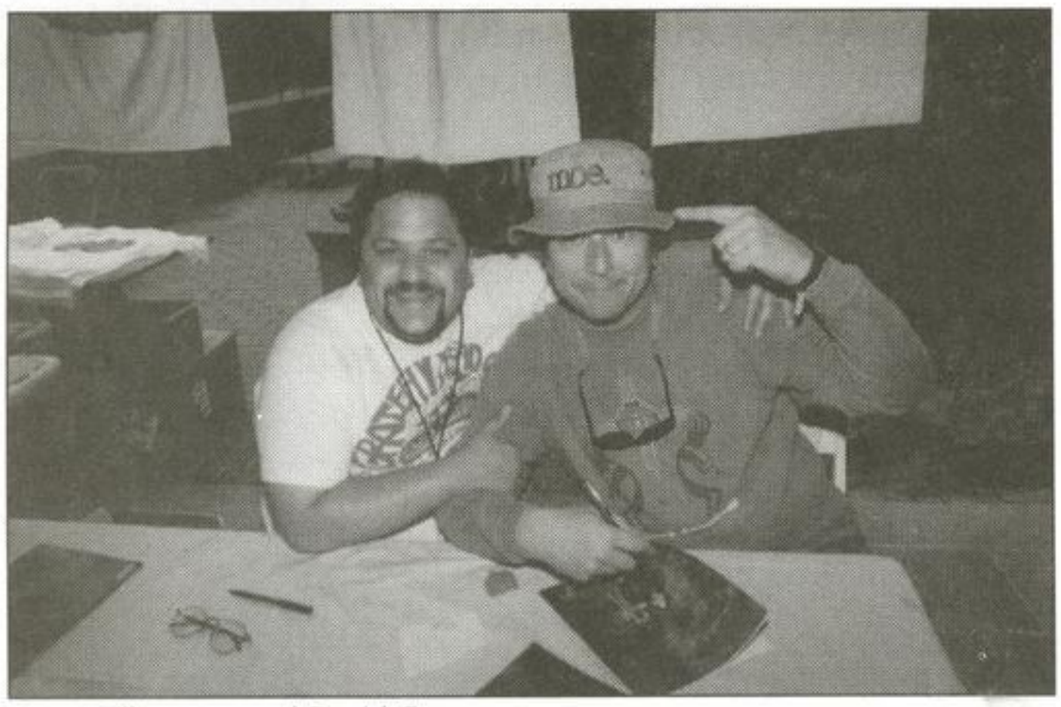


David Gans and I, wedged into adjacent plane seats wide enough for Kate Moss if she had no change in her pockets.

You can't see it, but I carried a heavy piece of unchecked baggage onto the flight. I'm still grieving Jerry, but mostly



what I miss is *us* — all the faces I used to see, the smiles on the rail at the Frost, welcoming me back to Kaiser, grinning through another lysergic apocalypse at the Garden.



Steve Silberman and David Gans

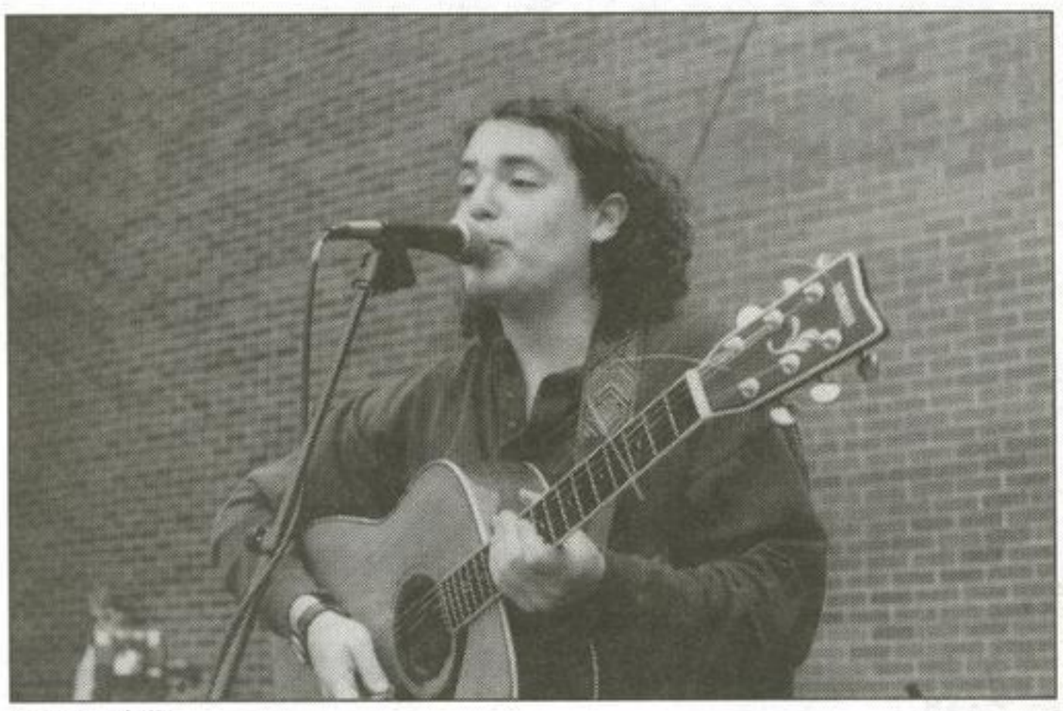
We're still here — but where are we?

Where's the guy who used to dance through the living dark in a dancing bear suit of spinning lights? The skinny teenager in Philly I gave my backstage pass to, because he'd never seen how oddly normal it was back there? The sweet-faced high school kid — shirtless, dripping, and built like a barn — who hugged everyone in the hall one night in Oakland, including hot-dog vendors and security guards, whispering "We're all the same vibration?"

For almost a year, I've felt like a thread yanked from a blanket of many colors: out of my weave.

Mission control on the SUNY campus, Friday night.

Buzzy camaraderie of folks running on not-enough sleep, busting ass overtime to make a Good Thing happen — like



Strangefolk

the charged ions in the predawn air before a big peace march when I was growing up.

Some of the faces I've been missing are here: a sly, road-wise coyote from Maine, wearing a bone necklace; a red-haired boy with the name of a Hindu god, a yin/yang in his ear; and best of all, Jean, who I met in the online world — now in person, a salty young sister, profferer of honest hugs (Deadhead hugs again!), with blue eyes that make little detonations of joy when you glance into them.

Walking the grounds early Saturday morning.

Will the kids come to the party, even if the guests of honor — the Dead — never intended to?

What keeps angels from dropping out of Heaven is not the memory of flight. If this event is about the past, it may provide temporary comfort, but that won't be enough to keep it moving down the long road.

The philosopher Alfred North Whitehead observed, "The only possible meeting place for the congress of saints is the present moment."

The Dead said that too — and you could dance to it.

Solar Circus jamming Scarlet Begonias.



Solar Circus

I'm dancing! The band has gotten to that marvelously unstable place of not knowing where the music will take them next.

To a student who asked the meaning of Zen, Soen Sa Nim said, "The mind of enlightenment is *only-don't-know*."

Don't-know music is where it's at.

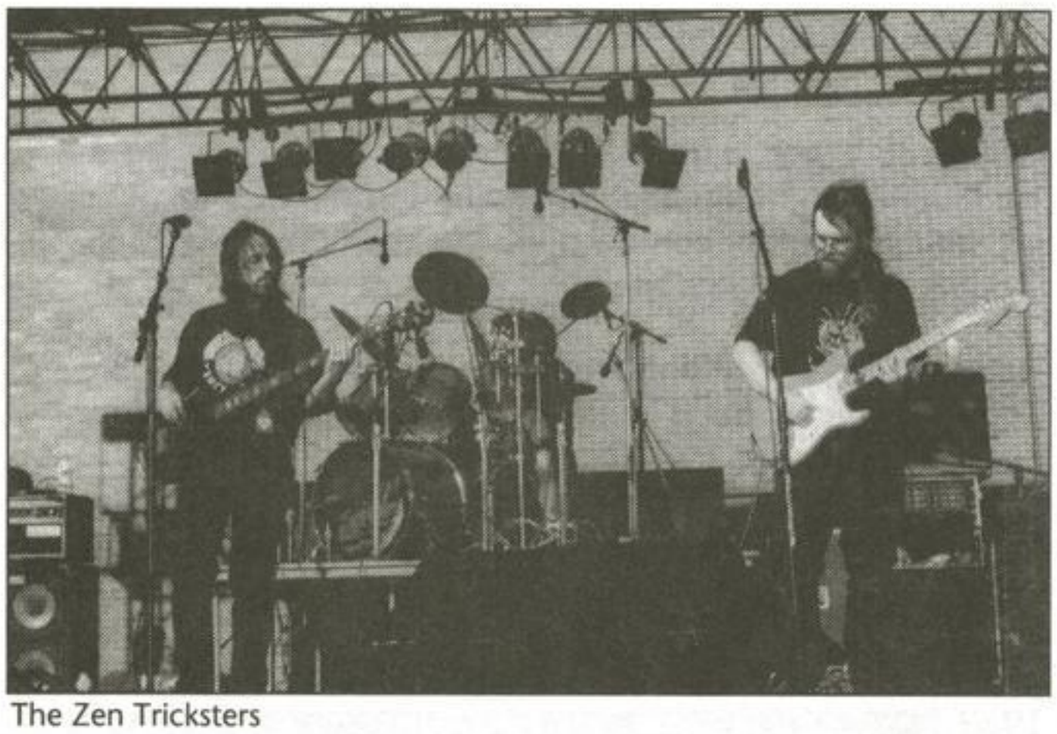
A freckled "Creek-head" with a sunstruck grin and a tattoo on his hip asks me, "So, are you gonna party, dude — or what?"

I must be almost home.

Gans deconstructing Playing in the Band *with the Zen Tricksters, telling me "Do it!" with his eyes.*

moe.





The Zen Tricksters

One of the hosts of this party, invited me to make my old dream come true — to take the stage during *Space*, and offer up fierce shaman words worthy of the music.

I look out at thousands of hippies space-bopping in the sun, and have a Moment of Doubt.

Then Gans — my funky dharma-brother on this strange path of being an outsiders' insider in Deadland — shoots me that look, and there's no escape. I stride up the ramp, step up to the mike as if I know what I'm doing, and *go*.

With Patrick and Autumn on the steps, Saturday night.

I meet a pair of teenagers from a small town with "hardly any other Deadheads," they tell me sadly. Totally sincere and comfortable with one another, they're the kind of young lovers who seem like the Adam and Eve of a new paradise.

When I meet Patrick's older brother on Sunday, he has that same poignant American soulfulness you see in photos of old blues musicians, hat pulled down almost over his eyes, skiffling on the grass in waves of moe.-energy: the power dance of a young Deadhead building up his soul force.

By what name will we know one another from now on?

The Tricksters, Cryptical Envelopment, *Sunday afternoon.*

"You know he had to die…"

moe. and Gans shredding Recreational Chemistry.

My writer-friend Richard Gehr calls moe. "a bubble of white-hot energy."

The only homage worthy of the Dead is to play your balls off. Tribute, shmibute. The inspired accidents of geniuses past — like wooden statues of Buddha — make good kindling.

Home at last.

Just at the moment in my own dancing when I feel the God-touch, the hoped-for messenger of grace who rides the tiger of surprise appears in front of me, looking, *this* time, like the intense, curly haired younger brother I've always wanted.

He tells me his name — Jared? — and that he studies Reiki, a kind of healing massage.

"That's funny," I say, "one of my best friends back in California, who looks a lot like you, also studies Reiki. He radiates beautiful energy." Before I get embarrassed for saying it that way, he reaches his arms around me.

"You radiate beautiful energy, too," he says softly, and rests his head on my heart. ◊

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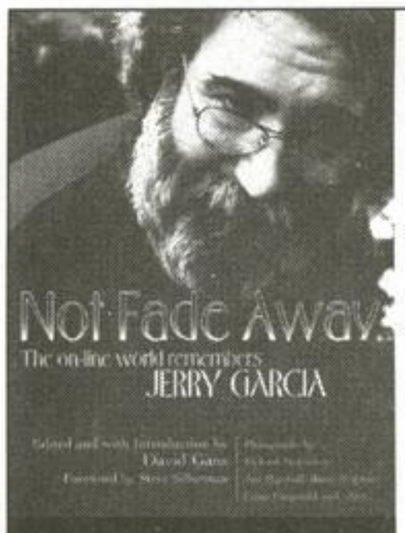
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EDITED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY DAVID GANS

FOREWARD BY STEVE SILBERMAN

PHOTO RESEARCH AND EDITING BY F-STOP FITZGERALD

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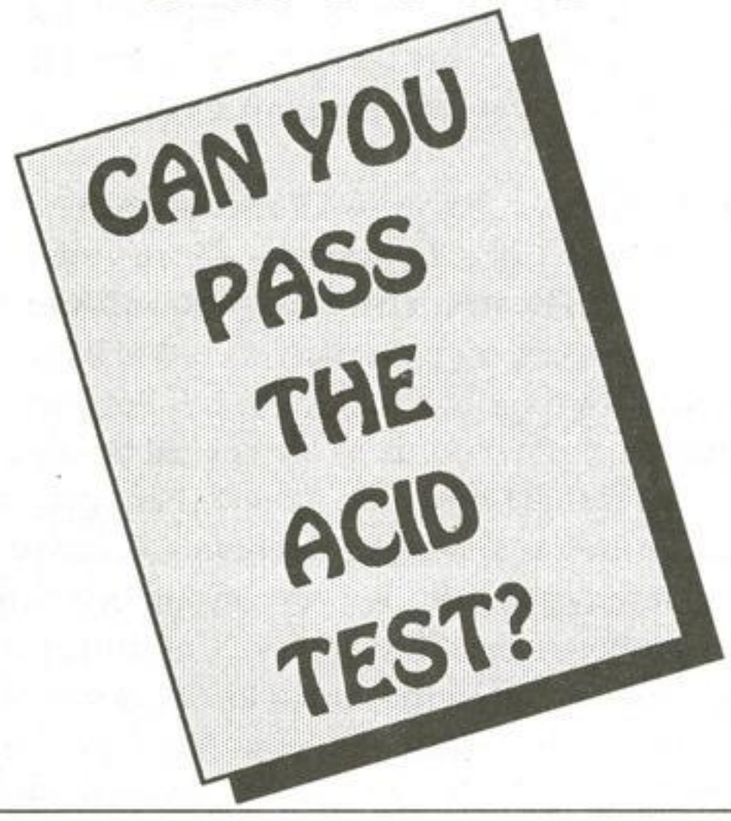
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MUST-HAVE
HENDRIX TAPES
FROM THE UNDERGROUND
BY KEES DE LANGE

There are many similarities between the Grateful Dead and Jimi Hendrix in terms of adventurous music. The Grateful Dead and the Jimi Hendrix Experience only shared the bill at Monterey, Woodstock, and a gig at the Temple University Stadium in Philadelphia, PA, on May 16, 1970. Jimi Hendrix has been gone from this earthly plane for over 25 years now. It's interesting to note how little of his live music is out there for consumption. By comparison, we Deadheads are certainly lucky to have so much of a live tape legacy. For ages there have been rumors that Jimi and Jerry jammed together in the studio. However, specific details about where and when are not known, and unfortunately, no tape of this great meeting has ever surfaced.

It's very hard for an absolutely non-critical Hendrix zealot (I must confess to being one) to pick out the best ten tapes, so I tried to circumvent this by picking out ten groups of tapes. I limited myself to live concerts. After his discovery by Chas Chandler, Jimi played over 500 concerts in nearly four years (not counting all the jam sessions he did in clubs all over the world). It's amazing that until now only 25% have turned up on tape, however it seems like new recordings are being discovered every day. There are also many studio tapes around, but almost all the important studio recordings have appeared on official albums over the years. If you like the adventures of the Dead onstage, you might like the trips Jimi took us on in the four years when he conquered the world. The Milky Way Express is floating. All aboard!

10/18/66 l'Olympia, Paris — 15-minute SBD
2/4/67 Flamingo Club, London — 45-minute AUD
8/27/67 Saville Theatre, London — 30-minute AUD
These tapes are some of the earliest recorded Experience concerts, save for their concerts in Stockholm, Sweden that year. However, these recordings are special because they capture songs that are procured on no other tape: Don Covay's *Have Mercy*, and Eddie Cochran's *Summertime Blues*. The latter, especially, is a very strong performance (to my taste even better than The Who's). Unfortunately, the Saville tape still has yet to turn up in its full glory; the owner of the master tape has refused to let us hear more than samples. On both tapes *Catfish Blues* — a tribute to Muddy Waters — can be heard, a highlight of almost every Experience concert during this period. The Paris concert was the Experience's first major gig. They were playing as a support act for French rock star Johnny Halliday. The show featured very fresh renditions of Howling Wolf's *Killing Floor*, *Hey Joe*, and *Wild Thing*.

1/29/68 l'Olympia, Paris — 50-minute SBD
3/19/68 Ottawa, Canada — 60-minute SBD
3/26/68 Cleveland, OH — 60-minute AUD
5/10/68 Fillmore East, NY — 60-minute AUD
Jimi really rose to fame during his hectic spring tour in 1968 (approximately 50 cities in 60 days!). These shows probably capture the best performances of this era in good quality. During this period, Jimi introduces looser songs like *Red House* and *Tax Free* in his concert repertoire, that are to become vehicles for fearless improvisation, revealing his mood of the day. Also interesting is Jimi's rendition of *Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window*, one of the four Dylan songs he interpreted.

8/3/68 Dallas, TX — 65-minute AUD
10/10/68 Winterland — 60+ 70-minute SBD
10/11/68 Winterland — 55+ 80-minute SBD
10/12/68 Winterland — 65+ 70-minute SBD
After a short break in London and Mallorca in July, the Experience started their next tour in the States. It really shows that the Experience never rehearse. Their concert repertoire hardly expands after the release of "Are You Experienced." From the next few albums, only songs like *Spanish Castle Magic*, *Little Wing*, *Come On*, and *Voodoo Child* became concert staples. Therefore it's a great surprise to hear Jimi open the Dallas concert with Traffic's *Dear Mr. Fantasy*, clearly an attempt to deviate from the routine of playing the same numbers over and over.

11/28/68 Philharmonic Hall, NY — 65-minute SBD
1/9/69 Stockholm, Sweden — 70-minute SBD
1/10/69 Copenhagen, Denmark — 70-minute AUD
2/24/69 Albert Hall, London — 105-minute SBD
Touring really never stops. After the Winterland concerts, the Experience performances are transforming into extended

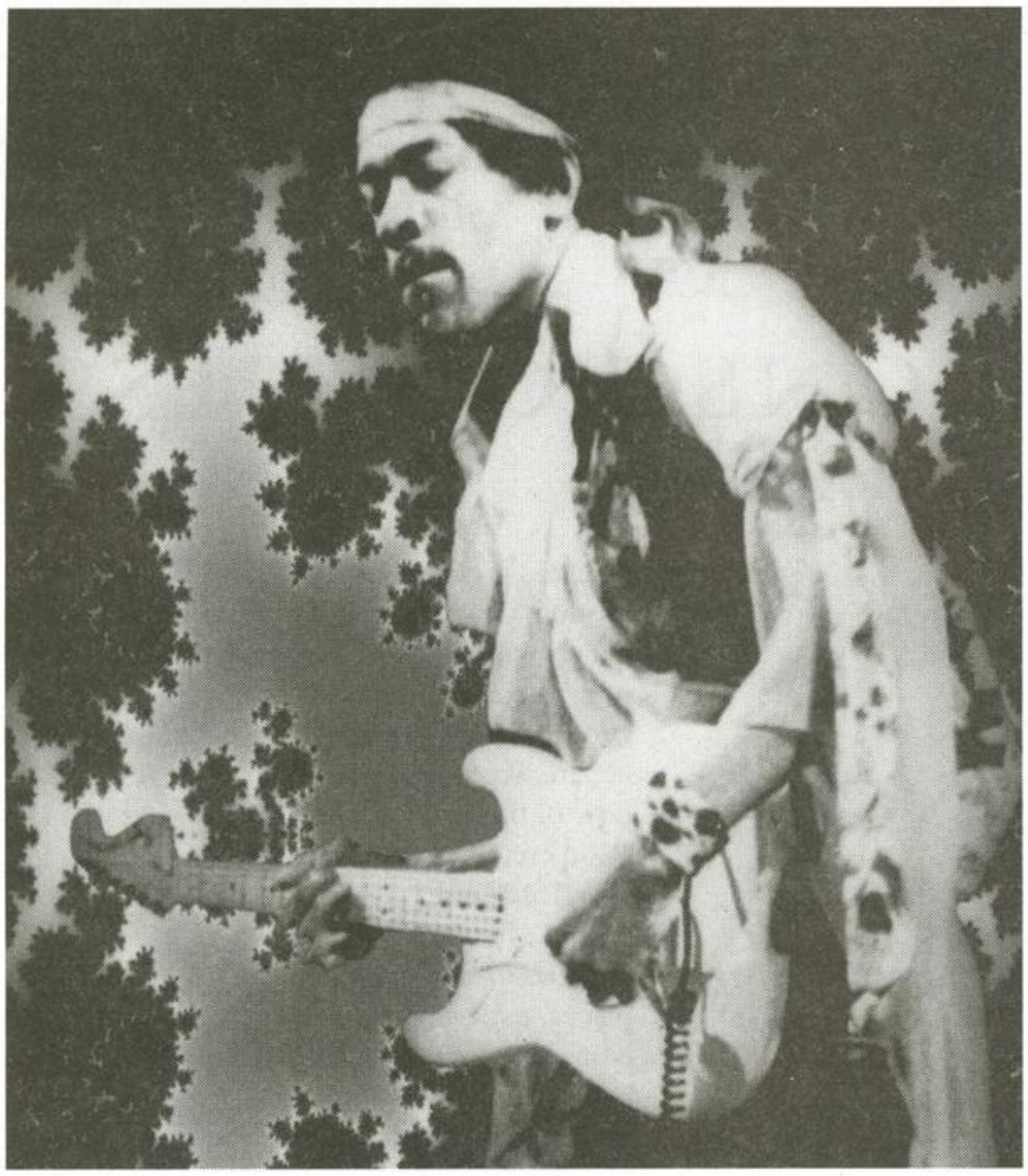


Photo by Nona Hatay

improvisations. Perhaps it's the San Francisco influence; Jack Bruce often stated that Cream really started to stretch out after playing the Fillmore West and Winterland. In fact, around that time Jimi attended Cream's concert at the L.A. Forum during their farewell tour. The Philharmonic Hall concert is the first of the Experience's truly majestic performances. On a good night they reach a Coltrane-like intensity. On bad nights they tend toward boredom. Note, for instance, the striking difference between the first (lifeless and gloomy) and second (truly electrifying) gig in Stockholm.

4/26/69 L.A. Forum, CA — 85-minute SBD
5/3/69 Toronto, Canada — 70-minute AUD
6/20/69 Newport '69 Pop Festival — 60-minute SBD
6/29/69 Denver, CO — 60-minute AUD
At the end of 1968 the demise of the Experience was announced, but instead they do one more tour of the USA in the spring of 1969. The sets consist of seven or eight numbers lasting about ten minutes each. Songs like *I Don't Live Today*, *Getting My Heart Back Together*, and *Spanish Castle Magic* have developed into their full glory. The Newport concert is special since it takes place the day after Jimi's first hearing at the Toronto Court House for charges made against him because of his drug bust on 5/3/69. The Toronto concert itself is very sensitive, but at the Newport Festival Jimi is really downhearted, which is revealed by his hauntingly melancholic playing, and the fact that he calls the audience a bunch of silly animals. Denver is the last Experience show, very fine, and quite cheerful, too!

8/18/69 Woodstock Festival — 115-minute SBD
Jimi's first appearance with a completely new band, under-rehearsed, but the percussion brings a new dimension to Jimi's music on highlights like *Message To Love*, and *Spanish Castle Magic*. To compensate for the weak moments Jimi pulls himself together at the end of the concert playing magically on *Voodoo Child*, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, a long solo improvisation including elements of an unreleased song, *Here Comes the Sun*, and *Villanova Junction*.

12/31/69 Fillmore East, NY — 70+ 100-minute SBD
1/1/70 Fillmore East, NY — 60+ 60-minute SBD
A bit unsteady for their first go-round, the Band Of Gypsys play the Fillmore East on New Year's Eve. In sharp contrast with the Experience days they play a repertoire that is almost completely new. Billy Cox and Buddy Miles have more patience than Noel Redding to rehearse endlessly. The real highlight of each show is *Machine Gun*, maybe Jimi's greatest live masterpiece. Other songs are still in the developing stage, great fun to hear but not really up to Jimi's standard. After a disastrous gig during a peace rally at Madison Square Garden, the Gypsys never perform together again.

4/25/70 L.A. Forum, CA — 80-minute AUD
5/30/70 Berkeley, CA — 75+ 65-minute SBD
The spring 1970 tour features Mitch on drums again, with Billy on bass. Repertoire consists of a nice mix of oldies but goodies, as well as songs the public had never heard before. Jimi returns to shorter numbers, save for songs like *Getting My Heart Back Together*, *Red House*, and *Machine Gun*. On popular request Jimi adds *All Along the Watchtower* to the setlist. The new songs have a more elaborate structure, and putting together a bigger band would have been a natural next step for Jimi. The L.A. and Berkeley recordings offer performances that rank among Jimi's best ever captured on tape. *Voodoo Child*, from the second Berkeley show, is my personal favorite performance of this song.

7/30/70 Maui, HI — 65+ 45-minute SBD
On the slopes of a volcano Jimi plays his most mellow and melodic concerts. The shows are filmed for the ultimate hippie film, *Rainbow Bridge*. If you've never seen it, you really should buy it or rent the video. It's so bad, it's good! The 20-minute concert sequence is really great, but the rest of the movie is totally uninteresting.

8/30/70 Isle Of Wight, England — 110-minute SBD
9/3/70 Copenhagen, Denmark — 100-minute AUD
Jimi's last concert tour visits England and Northern Europe. In retrospect it's clear that Jimi's on the edge of a nervous breakdown. It's a great struggle to get his message across. At a gig in Denmark Jimi leaves the stage after 30 minutes. The next day he makes up for it, playing a wonderful concert in Copenhagen. Fifteen days later Jimi dies after taking too many sleeping pills. Even 25 years later, his music still sounds as fresh as it did in the Sixties. Just listen to the tapes! ◊

TRUCKIN'

TO A HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

BY PREM PRAKASH

I recently returned from a pilgrimage to India. This was my first visit to a land I've been attracted to since I was a little kid. I had been cautioned by a number of well-traveled friends that I was sure to have a hard time because of the immense culture shock. I was warned about the beggars, con men, and cripples; the leapers, lepers, lunatics, hustlers, whores, and thieves.

My friends were right that India is a very different place than America, but my culture shock lasted all of about ten seconds. After all, I am a Deadhead.

As a Deadhead I've become accustomed to passing through a variety of physical spaces while on the road, and a medley of psychic spaces while at shows. People's differing experiences of the same concert have shown me that most of what we call "reality" is actually just subjective experience placed in a personal context; no absolute standard exists by which to evaluate phenomena. I have learned to respect the experiences of others without judging them based on my own biases.

I carried these Deadhead lessons with me to India and, as such, I didn't have much trouble allowing the existence of a whole country in which I was not comfortable, nor did I expect others to be like me. I harmonized with the environment, not asking for changes to suit my desires. I let it be.

Shortly after my return to the States, I learned that Bob Weir and Deborah Garcia had taken some of Jerry's ashes to India, placing them in the Ganges River at a city called Rishikesh. Rishikesh is a very far-out, psychedelic, deeply spiritual place. Seems cool that some of Jerry's remains might end up there.

It was in Rishikesh that I began a series of experiences in which I realized that what is true and meaningful is sure to last. Love, wisdom, and beauty are here to stay, folks. Everything else will fade away. This explains why it feels so natural to be happy and energetic; the anxieties and hassles of mundane life are like a temporary impediment in the flow of the universe. As a Sufi friend told me: "God created love; people are responsible for everything else."

I KNOW DAMN WELL THIS SONG IT AIN'T EVER GONNA END

I started to see external events — people, places, experiences — as triggers for awakening what was laying dormant inside of me. It was as if my heart were full of unsprouted seeds which needed the sun and rain of the world to bring them to flower and fruit. Some of what I experienced was truly beautiful, but not everything that arose from this inner soil was necessarily pleasant. I found I was forced to pluck weeds of arrogance, greed, and selfishness in order to help cultivate the flowers of peace, compassion, and inspiration.

As time goes on I find myself missing Jerry more and more. Yet when I contemplate this emotion in context of my recent experiences, I begin to see that I actually feel frustrated because he is not here to help me sprout those seeds of good times that his guitar so often brought forth. I find myself left with questions: Is my heart full of seeds that have no gardener to help them grow? Is all of what we shared with Garcia gone with his ashes? Or is there some greater gift that lays underneath the confusion and pain?

My eyes see Jerry's death as perfectly in tune with the flow of the universe. My grief and pain, though also part of this flow, are the result of my failing to realize one essential fact: I am the gardener of my own heart. Jerry, the band, Deadheads, friends, family, pets, neighbors, sadhus, and yahoos — you are the sun and rain which help me blossom and keep my spirit alive.

The end of the Grateful Dead is just the passing of one season of life into another. To lament the passing of summer is to miss engaging the glory of autumn.

I hope I don't come across as a Pollyanna, pretending that everything is happy-cakes and that life doesn't present hassles and challenges. But being a Deadhead in India confirmed for me a sense that the river of life is bountiful and benevolent; the leaves of problematic experience that it carries on its waters come and go. They are nothing to get hung about.

From what I've been told, the guys in the band have continued with their lives' work. They are involved with various new projects, musical and otherwise. Likewise, might we Deadheads carry on. After all, we are the coolest thing to arise from the Grateful Dead environment anyway.

If we want, what we heard in the music of the Grateful Dead will last us forever. There are myriad ways for us to keep our multicolored flame burning, some shared communally and others kept private. What is important is not so much what we do, but how we do it, as long as we keep doin' it right. Plant a garden, boogie with friends, study with a spiritual teacher, make love mindfully — whatever. What will help life continue to be a great adventure, with or without our favorite musicians, is for us to have enthusiasm for what we love, to share this love with others of like mind, and to cultivate the beautiful garden that lays in each of our hearts. ◊

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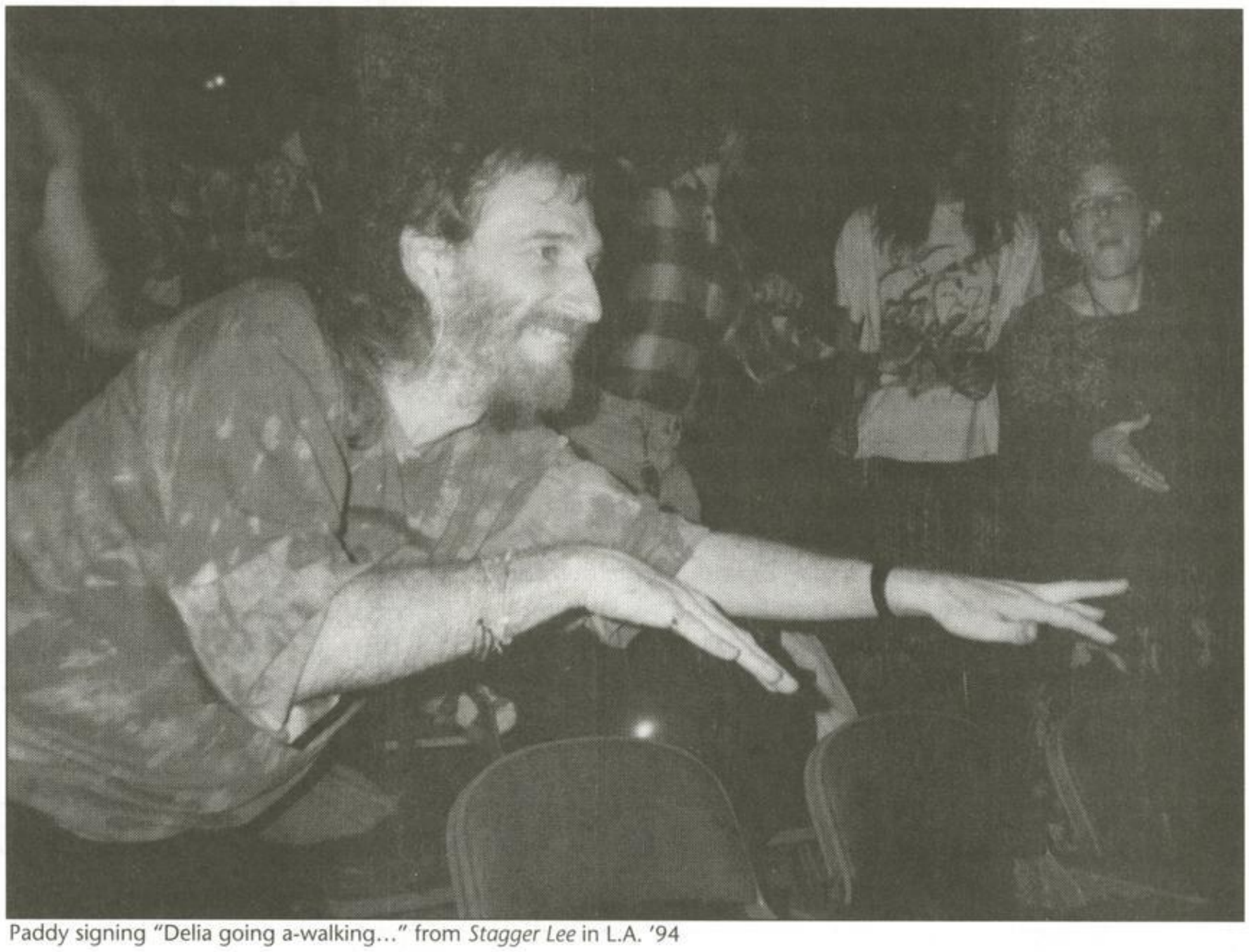
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In the Deaf Zone:

When There Were No Ears To Hear...

By Paddy Ladd



Paddy signing "Delia going a-walking..." from *Stagger Lee* in L.A. '94

The GD world would not be complete without the wonderful kaleidoscope of groups who created themselves out of this unique experience and spirit. The Wharf Rats are one notable example. So is the Deaf Zone. This is just one Deaf person's view from the bus. It's a tale about spirituality that pays tribute to the country from which all these miracles sprang.

Giants Stadium, June 19, 1995. I pick at my plate of food in the hospitality room amidst the dark, cavernous tunnels in the bowels of the stadium. I'm performing at my last show this tour. I came here to make the biggest decision of my life: Should this timid Englishman throw up his academic career at the vulnerable age of 43, and jump headlong into the *American* maelstrom, by becoming a full-time signer at Dead shows? As if this wasn't enough, there's the question of American Sign Language (ASL). It's totally different from our British version, and switching between the two to performance level is tough. Finally, if I were to make the decision to leap, how could I be sure that Jerry would last out the next year? He could leave me stranded in midair!

All these thoughts were with me as I looked out from the Deaf Zone platform to the far reaches of the stadium, a sea of tie-dye, balloons, mic stands, and bright, unfocused eyes. In the Zone we had a dozen or so Deaf folks — quite small for once. They'd come from the South, the West Coast, even Ireland. A few are ten-year veterans, but most are new, having heard the word about this special Grateful Dead accessibility through the Deaf grapevine. Fed up with having to spend their lives with their noses pressed to the window of life, they have finally been acknowledged and admitted into one special corner of it, curious young faces, some hearing-impaired folk with minimal sign skills and, most importantly, some with no hearing at all. It is for the latter that we have to truly hone our skills, striking a balance between the English order and mouth patterns of the lyrics themselves, for those who can hear the most, and the necessary translations into Deaf ASL culture, where most of John and Robert's images mean jackshit. It is a fine balancing act that nobody in the world has gotten right yet for any form of Sign songs. Why do we do this crazy thing?

The expectant faces offer a major clue, along with my signing partner in crime, Lori Abrams, who's been carrying the load for the last three years. Animatedly, she explains to newcomers what they might expect to happen. Turning to me, her wicked grin signals one thing — here we go for another night of mischief!

The show begins badly, with the most insipid *Cold Rain* I've ever heard, though Lori is quickly on top of it. The Deafheads are tuning in, engrossed in the signing, and many are using the balloons we provided to feel the music as it booms from the speakers 20 rows away. They resisted doing this for years, feeling dumb as I once did, standing there cradling a balloon for dear life, unable to explain to people just why you were being a party pooper by not bouncing it on. By last night

there was a beautiful sight — a row of upturned faces all cradling balloons, openmouthed, entranced by what they were feeling and seeing, during *Drums* > *Space*, no less. It felt like the long strange trip was finally paying off!

As the song ends, Lori and I begin our frantic guessing game for the next song. Once a delightful luxury for us as Deadheads, or a perpetual exercise in spiritual development toward Zen acceptance of the moment, it has now become a scary challenge. Signing for any other band is easy — same 20 songs every night or so — but we have 150 to learn and translate, and no guarantees on this ride. Each song needs at least 30 hours to learn properly.



Lori signing "Rain" from *Samba In the Rain* at Giants Stadium '95

For yours truly, not able to hear the tunings anymore, it's a question of intense setlist pattern study in advance, of using my 23 years of Dead knowledge to benefit others, of watching the rhythm Bob strums while warming up, watching Phil and Jerry's body language, and learning to be still enough to simply intuit. Lately that's paid off — the right song titles have begun to float into my head before the songs start.

An unusual dimension to this intuitive process came our way tonight. Before the show, a GDP envelope arrived for Lori with the words to *Schoolgirl* in it. Wow! Some recognition at last. It's been a long haul to get this far. It all started back in 1989 with Dan Healy, whose father is deafened. He committed the Dead to set up a Zone near the stage, where eyes and balloons could compensate for ears. With help from Annette Flowers, Steve Marcus, and Ruby, the Zone opened at the Cap Centre in March 1990. At last Deafheads who had persevered with shows could get equal treatment, rather than the nosebleed ticket existence they'd suffered for years.

For the next three years, beautiful seats were the order of the night, which was fine for those with some hearing. But what about those with none? The search was on for anyone who could sign GD songs. Nobody was to be found. Bren, Carol, and I would do our best, but only those immediately adjacent could benefit from the few songs we could put together in ASL. Then, at long last came Lori, and the chance to fully embrace the Deaf community.

Straight away we ran into problems. Venues, promoters, and GDP itself couldn't get around what setting up a signer involved. Things became misunderstood and heated and GDTS was ordered off the case. Seats got worse, creating tension with the happy Deaf veterans who couldn't see why we should open it up to those who hadn't shown any interest before.

Then, slowly things improved. Wise old Heads inside the Family counseled us that in Deadlandia, everything takes time to get there. Valuable support from people like David Gans, Dan Levy, and Steve Silberman sustained us, and within the Family, those who watched Lori's work realized this was a beautiful addition to the GD Experience, and lobbied themselves. Vince even took the time to write out lyrics and add support. Over two-and-a-half years of hard work culminated in tonight's comfortable setup, and now we had this surprising *gift* of lyrics.

Intuition tells me that we can therefore reasonably expect *Schoolgirl* to show up tonight, and I warn Lori, lining up the lyrics. But that wasn't happening. Cocking an ear toward Bob, Lori signs, "Words different, words different; wait, sorry," as anxiety takes over. As the song progresses, it becomes clear from the two pages in front of her, barely a handful of lines are the same as Bob emits, and not in a discernible order! I feel for her, naked before hundreds of people, risking serious humiliation.

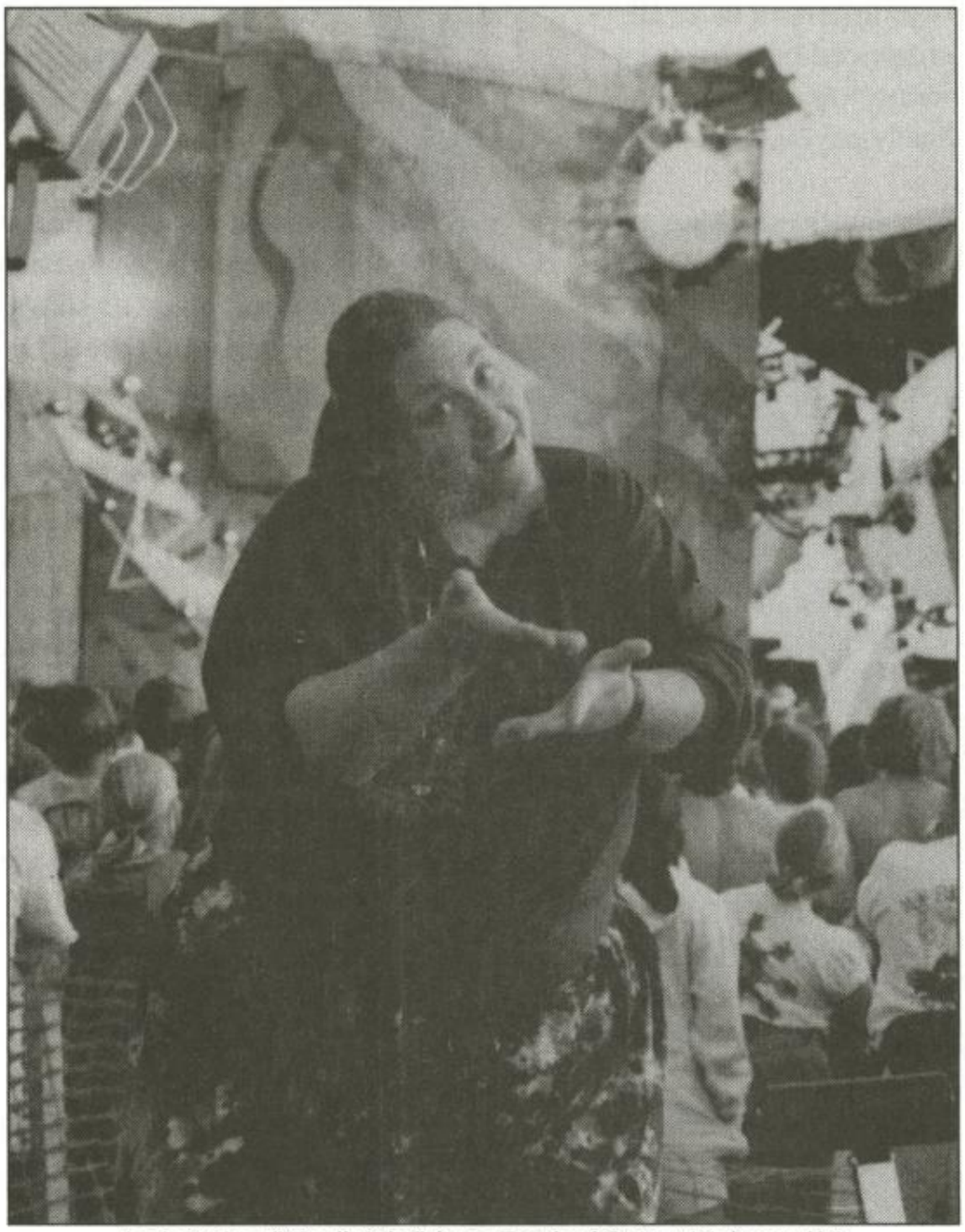
Outside in the straight world, Deaf people and interpreters are at serious loggerheads, but here at Dead shows, they rise above all that and form a supportive "Team-Family" — our sign pun for what we have all built. I relax into the joyous acceptance of the wide-openness that characterizes the GD Experience, and a spiritual lesson emerges once more that transcends any mere professional shame. For what turns out to be the last time, I pay silent tribute to Jerry's willingness to go out on the edge.

I couldn't understand how people were missing the obvious evidence in front of their eyes about Jerry's health and his struggle in the last four years. Each show found me aware

that it could be the last, a positive, albeit unhappy, spiritual place to be, if a nerve-wracking one.

My musings are interrupted by the lights going down. It's obvious from Phil's body that a *Chain* is gonna come, but the intro from the others fakes this way and that. What heaven for the Heads! What hell for us!

Even the taper friend we've recruited is stumped. *Iko Iko* emerges, and I don't know which verses Jerry will sing. I use the corners of my eyes to enlist Lori's guidance. This is one of the crucial things about GD songs our art has developed. Dealing (generally) with lyrics written by poets, how are we to render translations that convey the essence of spiritual nuance and do not break Deaf culture rules about being scene specific? How do we thus avoid literalism, yet convey a picture rather than just words in the air, when one knows that Deadheads themselves haven't gotten near the bottom of some lyrics yet?



Lori signing "It's all right" from *Touch of Grey* at Highgate '95

The solution came to me at one show, to present each song as a one-act play, and use the signing space like a mini-theater, set the scene, and let the players walk upon it. Daintily, haughtily pointing like the Lady with a Fan, arguing like Shannon and Jack Straw, communing with a dying loved one in *Box of Rain*, or having to intervene personally into Bob's debate with the six characters demanding *Easy Answers*.

The set moves through a stumbling *Chain* into Lori's current tour de force — getting down and dirty in the rain. This is one gain from having much-repeated songs — the chances to hone the technique. How righteous it is that here at a Grateful Dead show this essentially hidden power of female sexuality can thrust and pound on the platform, stealing women from other men and thereby adding a whole new twist! Paired with this skinny, effeminate male writer, it's a real blow against body fascism.

Finally, *Stella Blue* emerges. I try to do justice to one of the most exquisite moments of the GD Experience. As the song goes on, the space required to sign it grows verse by verse with a life of its own. My eyes and hands lift the scene from the theater space up to the night sky and stars above us all, as Candace's heart-wrenchingly beautiful colors wash across the vast arena. All the universe becomes drawn in by the hands and arms into the song, so when 'it' all rolls into one, 'that song' and 'this life' are joined as if by silver cords, one up to Heaven, one around us here, one around the rest of the planet, and one back into time with all who have ever lived.

Utterly immersed in that moment, in the silent breath-caught spaces of Jerry's message and the outpouring of the soul that has been down too many roads, real tears fall from my eyes as I sign, "There's nothing you can hold on to for very long." (That's never happened before to me.) Within that moment comes the answer to all my other questions. This is why I am here. To give myself to the Spirit, serve her by serving the song, so that She can use every molecule of my body to communicate the deepest spiritual truths to anyone who has eyes to see, and a soul tuned to receive, right here in the heart of Babylon. Guided by that spirit, one's body actually takes over. The meanings of words and phrases not understood by the mind, despite years of listening and reading, are revealed by this submission to the Spirit and to the body in moments of creation that can only happen at a show.

Even more poignantly, I realize the process is bringing visibly forth the soul of the man who sings such songs. Jerry is now deep inside me, forcing me to respond to the nuances of his emotions from line to line. A powerful place. All the years of Jerry-watching find their rightful place in attuning him to pass through me, for it is Jerry who carries most of the spiritual songs. If the songs were to go, what could replace them? Fortunately, having abandoned myself into the GD gestalt-moment, such thoughts vanish as fast as they come.

The body language onstage suggests a special encore, but for once I am wrong, as *Brokedown* begins, and I step up for that song so apposite to those who must leave the tour.

All this returns to me now as we reach our fare thee wells. Since there's two rounds of this, there's room enough to convey three of the meanings — fare thee well from the song's own narrator, from myself to the Deafheads, and from Jerry to the Heads. Alas, there's not enough room to sign my own fare thee well to Jerry with the famous "I love you" sign that I always heralded him with here. But that farewell, that

one can wait till the next show. After all, he and they finally found their way to a reasonable quality performance, so there's life in the old bear yet....

Group embracing in our sweat and tears, we all deal kindly with the hearing Heads who come up to us, some promising to bring Deaf acquaintances, relatives, and even Deaf children next time, and I stand back to gaze at the animated Deaf conversation one last time. "I feel like I've finally come home," signs one person, and I reflect on how their experience crucially differs from other Heads. Unable to hear the thousands of hours of tapes available, they are dependent on shows alone to reach and remember these special spiritual spaces.

When I leave Lori this last time, I fly home, hand in my resignation at work, and book my plane ticket for Boston. Who can stop what must arrive now?

But summer flies, and August suddenly dies one afternoon, and the world grows dark and mean. My years of foreboding, temporarily blinded by the optimism of new visions, come grimly true. There is one task left to me. At our British Deadheads party/wake, the last show is played in its entirety, and I step up to sign my personal farewell to our wounded warrior as he goes down the black muddy river, and inches through dead dreams to another land.

The leap across the ocean is suspended in midair for what seems like eons, while a world holds its breath to see if love will forsake the days between. Does our Deaf-hearing dream have a future? Was it ever here at all? All that remains is the hope that GDM will agree to have the songs that are released on video signed, as glimpses of what might have been.

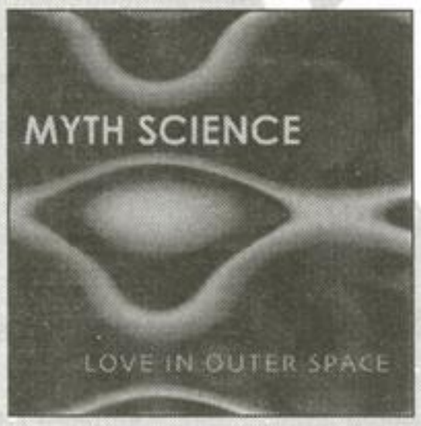
When the pain heals some, it will be easier to access those spiritual places once more, to pay tribute and give thanks for the beauty of what we had for even that little time. It will become easier to say good-bye to Deafheads, to Lori, to the whole Family, and finally to America that brought so much out of me, daring me to dream. In the meantime, I can only give thanks to the band who let their dance on the high wire speak through my body, and to Papa Bear, whose undoubted pain and anguish in the midst of such joyful spiritual transformation for the masses was alchemically transmuted into those final powerful ballads which warned us all the while — *fare thee well*, because, indeed, *there's nothing you can hold on to for very long*.

Like Uncle Bobo, so many of us have had our highest moments of life in this arena. The one I will always cherish the most came at the last shows of 1994, where, aided by his use of the JerryPrompter, a sublime rendition of *Crazy Fingers* saw my own dance and reach from rainbows, for once utterly attuned to the Moment, guided by unseen Hands.

It's midnight now on this carousel ride, but from this moment forth, following his great example, we will never stop reaching for that gold ring down inside. ◊



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TRIBALISM: YOUR SLICE, MY SLICE

BY LITA MATHEWS

The national bird should be the pigeon rather than the eagle. When this country was being settled, the white man found a native population that worshiped the power and free spirit of the eagle. As these settlers came to this land to form a "new nation," the motto was "Land of the free, home of the brave." Thus, the eagle became the symbol of freedom. Consider what the eagle represents in today's society, and its similarity to the turkey vulture. As I see it, the eagle represents only those in power, such as major corporations and insensitive political factions of our government which consume the common citizenry.

The beautiful eagle is no longer reflective of the free-spirited population it once represented. The majority of American citizens will never see an eagle in the wild. If they are fortunate, they will see an eagle only behind a metal cage, similar to an open-air jail cell, in the zoo. Is this a positive image of freedom in America?

The pigeon, however, is an ideal replacement for the eagle as the national bird. Pigeons completely exemplify the American population, both the common and the elite, which can be found in every community. They seem to represent the plight of America's poor underclass society — dirty bag ladies and bums on the streets living in alleys, as they search for morsels of food to sustain their existence. Pigeons can be found in the park, alongside our senior citizens that enjoy throwing popcorn, peanuts, and bread crumbs for the pigeons to feed on. Pigeons enjoy themselves on rooftops and around gutters. These birds make their homes, build their nests, and raise families. Just as there are too many pigeons, there are too many poor Americans.

The pigeon also represents America's elite class; elitist white pigeons, who, just like white people, would prefer to be called by a different term than "white." These white pigeons are doves. Although doves, like white people, took "white flight" to the countryside and suburbs, seeking refuge from cities overrun with the "common" and poor people, on occasion, a white dove can be found cohabiting in the inner city with a majority of dark and dirty birds. This white bird suffers from an identity problem, the same as a white child growing up in one of America's "minority" neighborhoods or communities of people of color such as Chinese, Hispanic/Latino, Black, or Native American. Even with the attempt to identify with its community, the white bird or white child remains white and differently out of place. America needs to reassess its identity and those symbols that represent its composition. Its symbol should reflect the diversity and heterogeneous makeup of the United States' population. Let's hear it for the pigeon!

The preceding was a story I wrote years ago. It started creeping into my thoughts as I began a writing project on identity, tribalism, pow-wows, and Deadheads. In retrospect, the proposal to change the national bird was a satire of what I first perceived American Studies to be about: a diversity of students (pigeons) in the classroom, striving to be or soar like eagles in their own cultural realities. In many ways, the story illustrates my views on tribalism and pow-wow life as it exists. Pow-wows are Native American celebrations, a gathering of people, which can be compared and contrasted to a number of other social occasions that bring people together.

When I wrote the pigeon story in the mid-1980s it was a commentary on the times, and it is still relevant today. I wrote about the identity of a nation being cloaked by a false symbol of freedom, stolen from the original inhabitants of this once "free" land, Native America. The proposal to change the national bird from the eagle to the pigeon dealt with the irrelevant symbolism of the lofty "American Dream." This dream is a figment of our imaginations, and the reality is merely a pipe dream that holds disappointment and despair for many people.

When the story was written, I had limited knowledge of what life was like outside of New Mexico. I had just returned to college, when I started dancing at pow-wows and attending them regularly. The pow-wow trail took my family and me to the Southern Plains, the Northern states, and as far up into Canada as our old car would take us. I began to discover America, North America, and all of its cultural diversity. My familiar and safe northern New Mexico mountain roots began to sprout out across this land.

Since then my involvement in pow-wows has moved way beyond attending them here and there. Overall, my travels in one year exceeded 60,000 miles, according to the odometer in our blue 4 x 4 pow-wow pickup truck. I have experienced America as only a few people who are fortunate enough to travel have. The pow-wow trail takes us to distant places that ordinarily are not frequented by a typical tourist.

Being an on-the-road ethnographer/anthropologist is a new idea for me, but I do it naturally. I enjoy observing people's actions and listening to them talk. Although I have observed all kinds of people in all walks of life, I mostly identify with people who are like myself, people who attend pow-wows and participate in their activities. On the other hand, among friends and family I have been called the original "hippie," so I guess you could say I identify with Deadheads as well.

I would like to compare the two seemingly different intertribal gatherings of groups of people I mixed with on a particular weekend: The people who attended a pow-wow, and those who attended a Grateful Dead concert in Phoenix, Arizona, on a warm weekend in March of 1994.

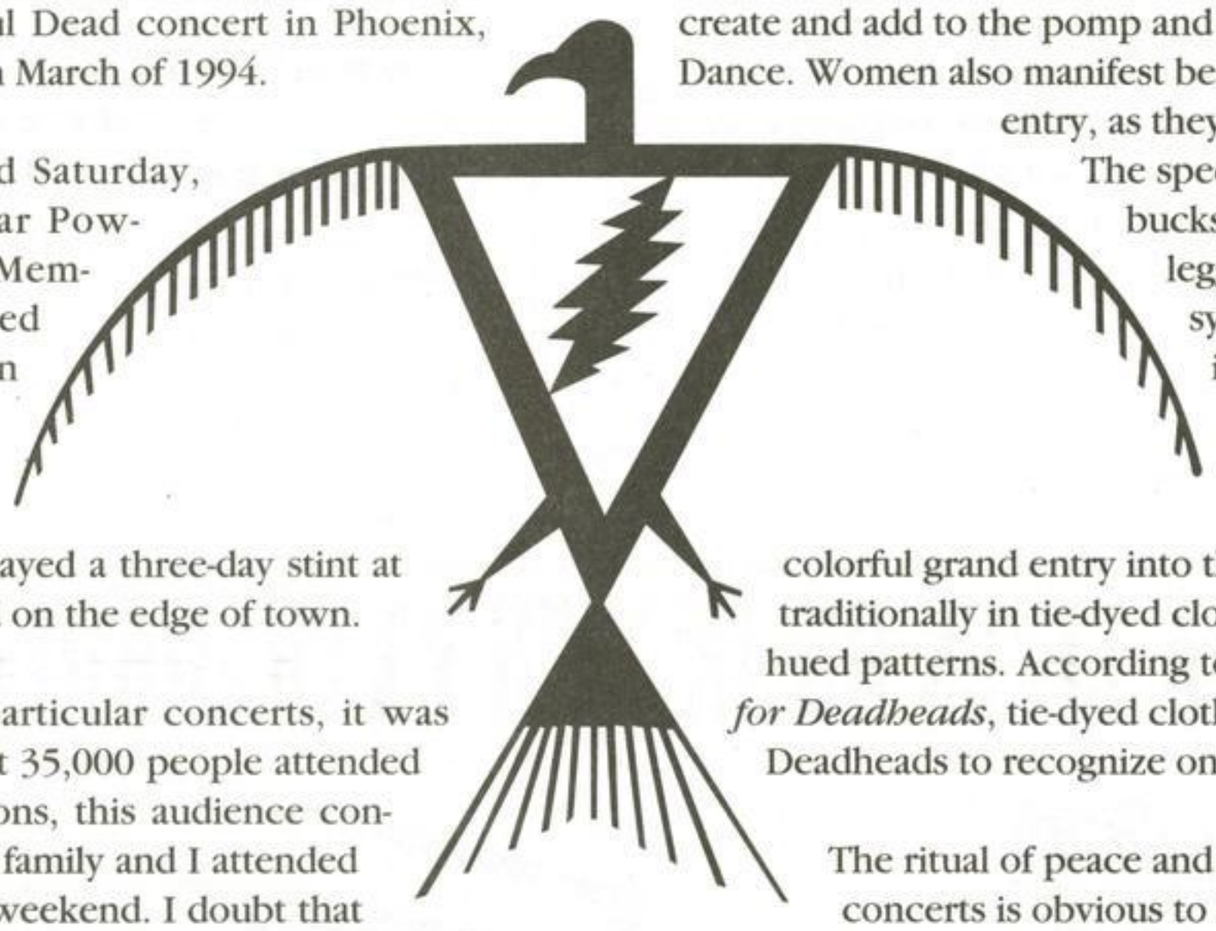
On this particular Friday and Saturday, I danced at the Morning Star Pow-Wow, held at the Veterans Memorial Coliseum. It was attended by several hundred Indian people and a few non-Natives. Simultaneously, while the two-day pow-wow was taking place, the Grateful Dead played a three-day stint at the Desert Sky Stadium, located on the edge of town.

During the course of these particular concerts, it was reported on the local news that 35,000 people attended the event. From my observations, this audience consisted of people of all ages. My family and I attended the concert on Sunday of that weekend. I doubt that anyone at the pow-wow was aware of the Grateful Dead concert going on just a 15-minute drive away, and probably vice versa. On Friday and Saturday, I did not concern myself with the Dead show. I did not allow myself to think about the concert until Saturday evening, when the contest pow-wow was over. In order to maintain a competitive edge, a serious dancer must focus on the contest. The main reason for being at a contest pow-wow is to compete and win. However, not all pow-wows are competition pow-wows, some are simply social gatherings.

There are several rituals and symbols which are part of both groups' culture and offer characteristics that describe pow-wow people and Deadheads (the people who follow the Grateful Dead from show to show). In both cases, the participants, or followers, travel long and short distances to attend these events. The Phoenix Morning Star Pow-Wow drew people from Montana, Oklahoma, New Mexico, California, Arizona, and several provinces in Canada. This particular Grateful Dead concert brought people from all of these places and many more. On our way home, we were traveling in the company of Deadheads on their way to the next show. The license plates revealed the sheer magnitude and multiple locations of people that attended the concert in Phoenix.

Both pow-wow and Dead concert participants identified themselves by displaying articles common to their communities or testimonies of their commitments. Both groups displayed various stickers on the windows and bumpers of VW buses, vans, cars, and trucks. Personally, whenever I see an automobile fashioned in a Gathering of Nations Pow-Wow bumper sticker or a Dead sticker, I feel a sense of recognition and connectedness with those people.

The rituals of the pow-wow are exhibited in many aspects of the event. Colorful dancers enter the arena dressed in an array of outfits. Eagle feathers and plumes adorn both men and women. Some men wear headdresses. Usually the Men's Fancy Dancers have two eagle feathers that rock back and forth on top of the headpiece. Feather bustles and hackles create and add to the pomp and splendor of the Men's Fancy Dance. Women also manifest beauty and grace in their grand entry, as they mesmerize the audience. The spectacle of beaded designs on buckskin dresses, capes, and leggings are tributes to the symbols we identify with. This is where the eagle makes its only appearance.



Similarly, Deadheads make a colorful grand entry into the concert arena. They dress traditionally in tie-dyed clothing with swirling, multi-hued patterns. According to *Skeleton Key: A Dictionary for Deadheads*, tie-dyed clothing has become a way for Deadheads to recognize one another.

The ritual of peace and love at pow-wows and Dead concerts is obvious to me, being a participant in both events. During the invocation (prayer) after the grand entry, an elderly person gives thanks to the Creator and asks for a blessing of the people attending the pow-wow. A similar ritual is performed at the start of a Dead concert. A melody of Grateful Dead songs is introduced that hypnotizes Deadheads and symbolizes another form of prayer.

Some of the feather ceremonies that take place at the pow-wows are symbolic rituals. The special singing and burning of sage and sweetgrass express the high regard and respect Indian people have for the eagle feathers that are worn by the dancers. Perhaps it can be compared to the symbolic ritual performed by the thousands of Deadheads smoking marijuana and burning incense while dancing and twirling to the music of the Grateful Dead.

One of the key factors for attending either of these events is the desire to hear some form of music, to sing, and to dance. Perhaps music is the universal language. Music soothes the soul and is the key to why we gather at events such as these.

Tribalism and symbolism are ways of merging cultures. People of all races have been grouping together throughout time. People mingle with one another to find a sense of belonging or to identify, sometimes taking us away from tradition. For me, the pow-wows are a way of life. I am consumed by all of the implications of pow-wow rituals and symbols, as are the people who consider themselves Deadheads.

Through it all, we coexist much like the pigeon, which can be spotted at pow-wows, fairgrounds, hotels, parking lots, and the fast food restaurant where I ate breakfast that Sunday morning. The pigeon made its presence at the concert as well. It is forever present in every location, cohabiting just like people. Together we mix, twist, stumble, walk, sing, dance, and sometimes may actually soar through life. Pigeons and people do coexist at every conceivable place in society. In contrast, it is the eagle who is nowhere to be found, except on our dance outfits and within the captive environment of America's zoos.

As time moves onward for pow-wow-goers and Deadheads alike, the power and spirituality of those who have gone on before will light the way. Jerry Garcia, the guru and leader of the Grateful Dead is gone now, however, his spirit and his music will provide the inspiration for Deadheads to go on. Jerry, like the eagle, will forever soar in the heavens and in our thoughts. He symbolizes the freedom in our minds. "What a long strange trip it's been...." ◊

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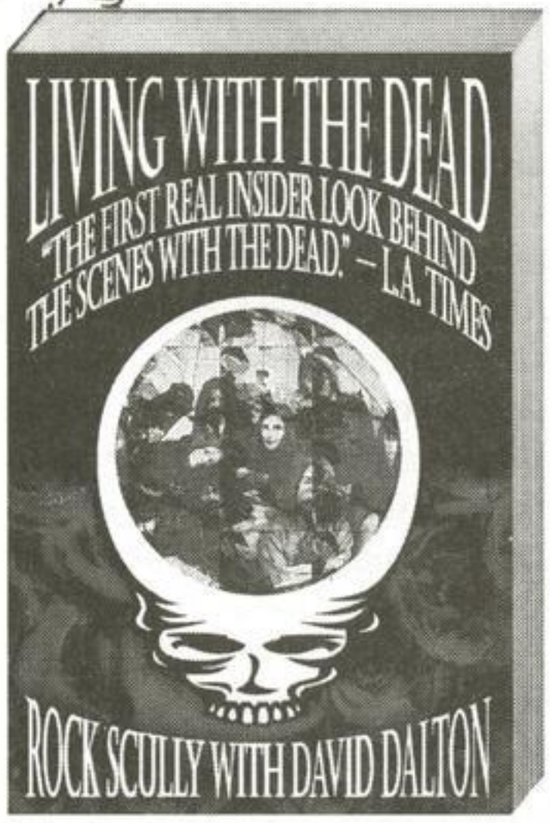
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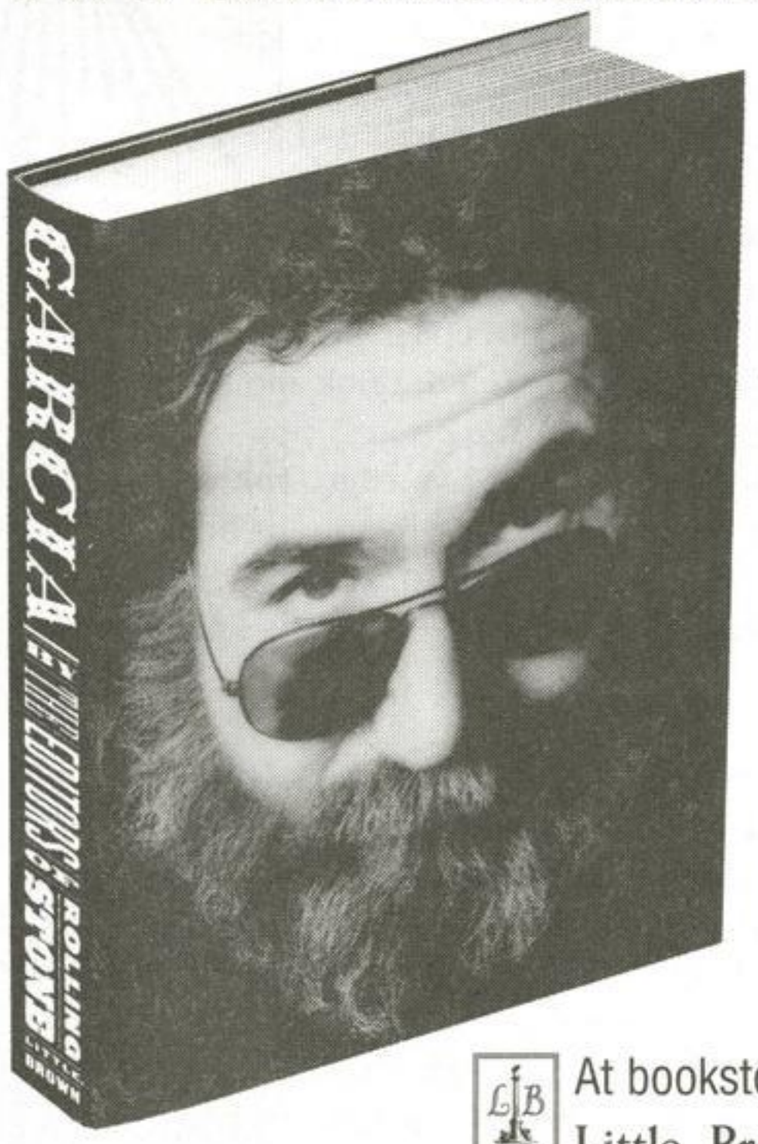




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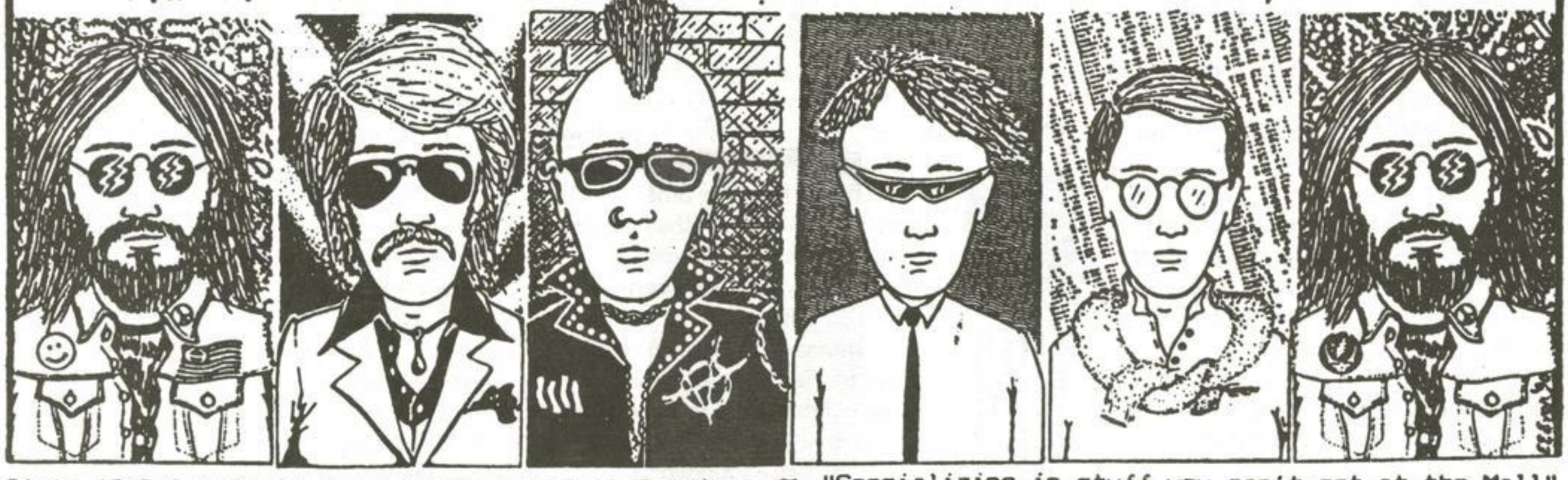
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"DEAD HEAD HEAVEN"

ddn notes

Wearing a garland of marigolds around his neck, **Bob Weir** and **Deborah Koons Garcia** waded into the holy Ganges River near Rishikesh, India on April 4, to sprinkle about half of **Jerry Garcia's** ashes. The private ceremony took place near dawn, the morning following a lunar eclipse. Handwritten messages from other GD members were put in the river as well, to send Jerry off into eternity. A small film crew documented the service. Neither Mountain Girl, Jerry's brother Cliff, nor Jerry's daughters were notified of the plans to take his remains to India. Annabelle Garcia was quoted in the San Francisco Chronicle as saying, "This was all done 100 percent without our knowledge." Weir said the idea to spread Jerry's ashes in India came to him, and he contacted Deborah. He did unsuccessfully attempt to alert Annabelle before leaving for India. **Jerry's** remaining ashes were later spread into the water near the Golden Gate Bridge, in a ceremony quietly attended by his family and friends.



We are saddened to report that **Steve Cripe**, maker of Jerry's "Lightning Bolt" guitar, was killed in a fire works explosion at his Pasco, FL workshop on May 21.

From the rumour mill comes word of a possible "**Three From The Vault**" release (not to be confused with "Dick's Pick's"). This unconfirmed report says that it will be a compilation of the best tunes from the 1990 Albany Knickerbocker Arena three-night run.

It was a smokin' show at the Fillmore on April 12, when **Bob Weir** joined **Bruce Hornsby**, playing *Sugaree, Masterpiece*, and other tunes. The evening grew even more incendiary later on when **Phil Lesh** came out for *Jack Straw, Truckin' > Not Fade Away > Lovelight*, and the encore, *The Weight*. Talk about a hot show! One month later on June 12, **Bruce Hornsby** performed at Yoshi's in San Francisco with former GD members. Word is they shredded on *Jack Straw*, and the highlight of the show was an incredible *Wharf Rat*.



The **Jerry Garcia Band** has been performing again, despite the recent passing of bassist John Kahn. Current members include Melvin Seals, Jackie LaBranch, and Gloria Jones, with Donny Baldwin on drums.

Bob Dylan opened his latest European tour on June 15 in Aarhus, Denmark with his rendition of *New Minglewood Blues*. To our dismay, the much-awaited upcoming Dylan/Van Morrison/B.B. King tour has been canceled. Bummer! However, be sure to make it to **B.B. King's Blues Festival**, in August and September, featuring the guitar legend himself, the **Neville Brothers**, and **Delbert McClinton**.



Gov't Mule, featuring the Allman Brothers' guitarist Warren Haynes and bassist Allen Woody, and drummer Matt Abts, have been performing an instrumental version of *St. Stephen*. (The **Allman Brothers** do this song, too.) They are a hot, jamming band, who also handle covers of Dylan and Blind Faith, as well as tunes from their self-titled 1995 CD release. If you have the opportunity, don't miss them.

Vince Welnick has a new band called **Missing Man Formation**, featuring himself, Steve Kimock, Bobby Vega, and Prairie Prince.



According to their press info, the name refers to "the flight pattern which pilots, flying in a group, assume in order to indicate that a pilot and plane has gone down.



The name and the band pay tribute to former Dead guitarist Jerry Garcia whose friendship greatly impacted the players and their music." The band plans to play lots of Dead tunes, so don't miss them when they come around.

It was a first in 20th century classical music, when members of the **Grateful Dead** (and that's how they were billed in the program) joined **Michael Tilson Thomas** (widely considered this country's leading classical composer) and the **San Francisco Symphony** on June 14-16 at Davies Hall, for a diverse program called *An American Festival,* highlighting mavericks in avant-garde American classical music. On the first two evenings, Phil Lesh on MIDI bass, Bob Weir on acoustic and MIDI electric guitars, Mickey Hart on MIDI drums, and Vince Welnick on keyboards sat in with the symphony's junior orchestra, collectively led by Michael Tilson Thomas through a semi-improvised interpretation of John Cage's *Renga*.



While many found the piece interesting, barely anyone could distinguish the GD members from the other musicians. On Sunday, the final day, the Grateful Dead by themselves were joined by Michael Tilson Thomas on MIDI piano, for a 13-minute musical composition called *A Space For Henry Cowell,* an amazing passage of improvised dissonant free-form space. Although the repeating theme in the piece sounded as though they'd rehearsed it (and I'm sure they did), it was still a rare chance to experience *Space* outside the confines of a Grateful Dead second set. What's most important about this performance is that classical music is Phil's baby. Just as Jerry's was acoustic and bluegrass, and Mickey's is rhythmic world music, classical music is where Phil's passion lies. This is just one more avenue of American music the Dead's vision encompassed, giving us yet another learning experience and path to explore.

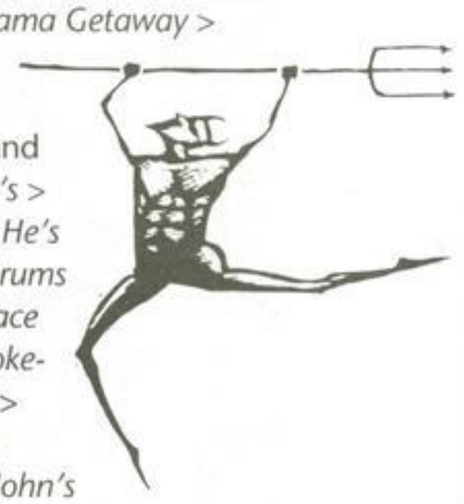
Neil Young will be joining the **H.O.R.D.E.** show on August 23 at Hershey Park, PA. This is a pairing no one should miss. This year's festival will be hotter than ever, with **Blues Traveler** leading a heavy lineup featuring the likes of Lenny Kravitz, Rusted Root, King Crimson, Dave Matthews Band, and Natalie Merchant.



This summer, be sure to pick up the **Furthur Festival** CD, sold on tour and through Grateful Dead Merchandising, so you can take the Furthur Fest home with you after the show's over. This sampler features live cuts including **Bruce Hornsby** and **Bob Weir** performing *Jack Straw*, **Ratdog** showcasing *Knockin' On Heaven's Door* and *I Need A Miracle*, **Mickey Hart's Mystery Box's** version of *Fire On the Mountain*, as well as tracks by **Hot Tuna** and **Los Lobos**. Also be sure to catch these groups live, coming soon to a city near you.



Well, Deadheads, you got what you've been asking Dick for since day one, a whole show, **"Dick's Picks V," Oakland Auditorium Arena, 12/26/79.** Is this the best show of 1979? No, but it's got more than just a few moments of brilliant music and is yet another must-have release. This show was significant at the time because it signaled the beginning of an era in which many much-loved songs would return to the lineup. Garcia pulled out *Uncle John's Band* and *Brokedown* at this show after these songs endured a many-year hiatus. The set list goes: Disc One: *Cold Rain* (very hot), *C.C. Rider, Dire Wolf, Me & My Uncle > Big River* (one of the most blistering *Big Rivers* ever!), *Brown-Eyed Women, New Minglewood Blues, Friend of the Devil, Looks Like Rain, Alabama Getaway > Promised Land* (without question, the longest *Alabama* ever, it goes on and on!); Disc Two: *Uncle John's > Estimated > Caution Jam > He's Gone > The Other One > Drums* >; Disc Three: *Drums > Space Jam > Not Fade Away > Brokedown > Around 'n' Around > Johnny B. Goode,* and then *Shakedown Street > Uncle John's Reprise*. Besides the enormous version of *Alabama*, two other things stand out prominently on this release — the spectacular *Space Jam* out of *Drums* (which is the best electronic music you'll ever hear) and the soulful, vibrant keyboard playing of Brent Mydland, new to the band at that time. Do check it out! ◊



BACK ISSUES

CATCH UP ON WHAT YOU MAY HAVE MISSED!

#1: DDN, our first issue!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#17: SOLD OUT!!!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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#33: 1995 — Year In Review and Stats; Tape Trading 1995; Bob Dylan; Ratdog; Dealing With Jerry's Death; The Year The Music Died; articles by Blair Jackson, Rebecca Adams, and more! ◊

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GET TO KNOW YOUR DEAD RELATIVES

A GUIDE TO MUSIC, BOOKS, AND HAPPENINGS EVERY DEADHEAD SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

DEAD ECHOES

Change is good, or so they say. Well, folks, be prepared for some mighty big musical changes coming your way from **Mickey Hart**. On his new CD, **Mickey Hart's Mystery Box** (Rykodisc 10338),



Mickey has created a musical dialogue that is extraordinary in production and so radically different in style he will no doubt attract an audience well beyond the scope of the Deadhead world. It's exactly what you'd think Mickey would make if he put his attention to "pop" music. A music video of one of this CD's more danceable tunes might fit neatly sandwiched between videos of Madonna and En Vogue (stick that in your pipe and smoke it!). "Mystery Box" is highlighted by the six female voices of British a cappella group the **Mint Juleps** singing lyrics penned by **Robert Hunter**. Behind them, Mickey lays down some serious grooves with the help of master percussionists Zakir Hussain of India, Giovanni Hidalgo of Puerto Rico, Sikiru Adepoju of Nigeria, and Habib Faye of Senegal on bass. What's amazing about this CD is that it elevates the genre of pop music to a whole new level. It's intelligent, lush, complex, *and* highly danceable. It even features a slow ballad, *Down the Road*, on which Mickey sings about Jerry Garcia. The big questions are: Which music format stations will give it airplay and will Deadheads like it? It's one of our favorites, but time will tell.

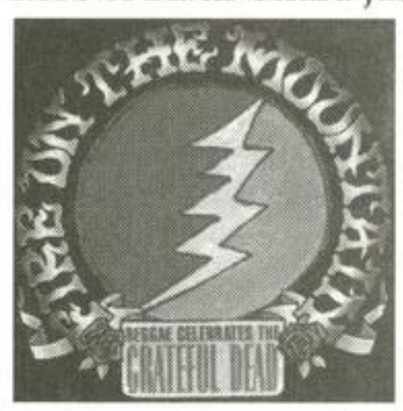
Quick! Go out right now and get a copy of **Joe Gallant & Illuminati's** new CD, **The Blues For Allah Project** (KFW 188). You won't be disappointed. Despite some controversy surrounding this project, it's an absolutely *brilliant* jazz-rock interpretation of The Grateful Dead's 1975 "Blues For Allah" album (featured here are *Help On the Way > Slipknot! > Franklin's Tower*, *King Solomon's Marbles*, *The Music Never Stopped*, *Crazy Fingers*, *Sage and Spirit*, and *Blues For Allah*). Recorded live in concert this past January at New York's legendary Knitting Factory nightclub, this release delivers a major dose of Grateful Dead spirit. Silky-smooth jazz-style singing impressively crowns a lush, almost big-jazz-band-sounding bed of music laid down by a high-octave horn section, Bob Bralove and Tom Constanten on keys, strong lead guitar, bass, and drums. It's impeccably recorded, very high energy, and perfectly scored. If this is what's in store for the future of Grateful Dead music being kept alive, then we're in for some mighty fine music down the road.

The David Murray Octet's new CD **Dark Star** (Astor Place Recordings TCD 4002) is also a very tasty jazz interpretation of the music of the Grateful Dead.



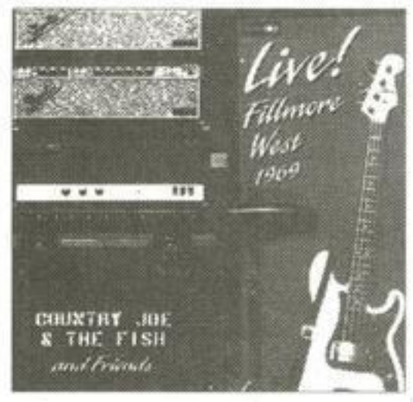
From the high-energy funk of *Shakedown* and *Samson*, to the spaciness of *Estimated* and *Dark Star*, through the melodic lullaby of *China Doll* and into the big band jazz stomp of *Saturday Night*, Murray's waaay tight Octet lets rip one hell of a Grateful Dead-style second set song list. Of particular note is the soulful performance of Robert Irving III on the Hammond B3 organ (it'll really make ya miss Brent Mydland). Murray, whose tenor sax playing occasionally gets too hyperactive for some, keeps just enough of a hold on things so as to *not* overwhelm. Very, very classy!

As if this were not already enough good news, you'll also want to check out **Fire On The Mountain**, an all-Reggae Dead tribute from Pow Wow Productions (PWD 7462). Many of the living legends of reggae offer superb interpretations of Grateful Dead songs: *Casey Jones* by Wailing Souls, *Touch of Grey* by The Mighty Diamonds, *Catfish John* by Frederick "Toots" Hibbert, *Row Jimmy* by Judy Mowatt, *Franklin's Tower* by Steel Pulse, *Eyes of the World* by Freddie McGregor, and *Wharf Rat* by Michael Rose of Black Uhuru just to name a few.



You won't find dancehall or dub-style reggae here, this is the real deal — soulful "roots"-style reggae with a touch of Kingston vocal funk. It's quite enlightening to hear an entire CD of well-performed Grateful Dead songs that don't sound anything at all like the Grateful Dead. What could be next, an operatic interpretation of "Anthem of the Sun?"

After much delay **Live! Fillmore West 1969** (Vanguard 139/40-2) has been released. This six-cut concert excerpt by **Country Joe & The Fish** features, as the final cut, a 38-minute jam called *Donovan's Reef* on which **Jerry Garcia, Mickey Hart, Jorma Kaukonen,** and **Steve Miller** sit in. Add to that Jefferson Airplane's **Jack Casady** as Country Joe &



The Fish's then-current bassist. This final addition is the key here, for while the guitars never quite seem to all be in tune at once, what we have here is essentially Mickey Hart & The Hartbeats with a whole bunch of guest musicians sitting in. No matter how rough the jam, the combination of Jerry and Jack is a very potent force and is reason enough to purchase this CD. However, the first five cuts, featuring The Fish without guests are pretty flat. Ultimately, the reason this was released was because of the jam — if you like the infamous Mickey Hart & The Hartbeats sound, this may be of interest to you.

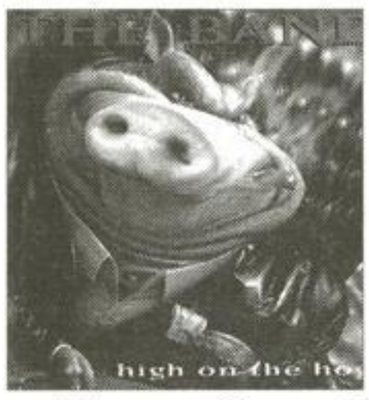
ROCK & ROLL

Colossal Head (46172-2), the new eleven-track release from **Los Lobos**, is a funky, gritty, surreal, and even *psychedelic* romp through the cutting edge of American rock music tinged with Mexican soul. This CD sounds like Quentin Tarentino locked these guys in a studio with a big bag of skunk bud and



a copy of *Pulp Fiction,* and told them to make their own twisted soundtrack to that film. The effect of David Hidalgo's stinging guitar solos backed up by a mean and nasty horn section is so down-and-dirty delicious you'll be playing air guitar and grinding your hips as soon as you hear it. The diversity of mood, tone, and tempo from one song to the next plays straight out of the movies; one minute you're burning rubber in a '64 Stingray, the next, you're in a smoky Mexican restaurant. Very surreal! Our favorite Los Lobos release yet!

The **Neville Brother's** latest release, **Mitakuye Oyasin Oyasin (All My Relations)** (A&M), is just exactly what you might expect from these funky New Orleans rock and roll spiritualists — another fine chapter in their ongoing musical book of peace and love. The Nevilles have dedicated their lives to writing and playing music that reminds us we are all related, we are all in this world together, and most songs on this CD speak of this wise truth. When they sing, "Whatever you do you're responsible for, whether you're rich or poor," they are reminding us of our greater connection to the whole. Take note that **Bob Weir** sits in on a deliciously slow rendition of **Fire On the Mountain**, so smooth it's worth the cost of the CD alone. The '60s classic *Ain't No Sunshine When She's Gone* also appears. If part of what drew you to the Dead was their spiritually significant lyrics, then this CD is also for you.



High On The Hog (R2-72404), the solid new release from **The Band,** features several noteworthy cuts. The Band's standards *Back To Memphis* and *Forever Young* (dedicated to Garcia) are given new treatments here. The real surprise is a very well-done tune you've seen the girl group En Vogue belt out on MTV, *Free Your Mind (And the Rest Will Follow)*. Just goes to show — you can teach old dogs new tricks!

Jorma Kaukonen has recently crafted one of the finest "solo" CDs of his career — maybe his best since "Quah." On **The Land Of Heroes** (RRCD2072), Jorma and right-hand man Michael Falzarano pay tribute once again to traditional acoustic blues. Highlights include two soulful Reverend Gary Davis tunes, a beautiful instrumental inspired by Jorma's father's courageous fight to overcome the damage done by several strokes, and a crisp studio version of *Trial By Fire*. If you like Jorma, you'll love this CD.

NEWER SOUNDS

How many years have we been asking for a live release from **Blues Traveler**? Too many. Well, we're glad to say the wait is over. **Live From The Fall** (A&M 3154-0515-2) features 20 songs, and they all shred. Listening to this release in the comfort of your home or car you may



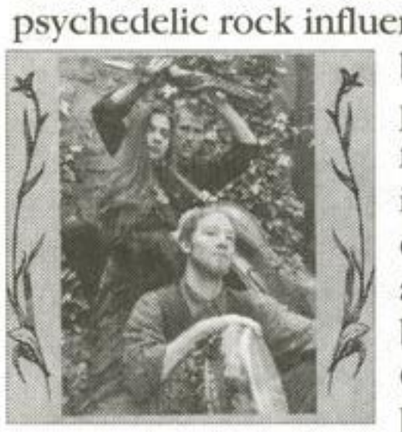
begin to see a parallel between Blues Traveler and the Dead back when Pigpen was the leader of the band. Like Pigpen, John Popper scats and embellishes both vocally and instrumentally upon psychedelic blues jams, leading the band through many universes of tempo, volume, energy, feelings, and subject matter. It's that same fearless spirit of improvisational musical adventure, but those of you who've seen them in action already know this, and those of you who haven't should. Suffice it to say this blistering release captures the magic of Blues Traveler live in concert perfectly. Highlights include a hot version of *Low* (as in the War tune *Low Rider*), a 15-plus-minute long *Mountain Cry*, and a beautiful version of John Lennon's *Imagine*. Turn the volume up and annoy the neighbors!

While there's no way to tell whether the music industry is going to bite on the new release from the **Spin Doctors**, it is jam-packed with catchy songs that deserve massive airplay. Just like on their first CD, Chris Barron and crew deliver stick-in-your-head music just screaming to be played in car radios all over America this summer. Is it Chris Barron's lovable happy-go-lucky voice, Mark White's funky bass grooves, new guitarist Anthony Krizan's made-for-radio screaming leads, or the combination? Who's to say? But if you like their first release you'll like this one, with one exception perhaps, the last cut (which we love), a rock and roll remake of the famous disco anthem *That's the Way, Uh Huh, Uh Huh, I like It*! It's so good, it's actually not bad!

God Street Wine has a new release entitled **Red**. From the first cut's raucous shuffle groove to bouncy reggae, through straight pop, and on to country blues, this CD clearly demonstrates this band's new-found ability to stretch *waaay* out into a wide variety of musical styles. Traces of the Spin Doctors, U2, David Bowie, and Little Feat can all be found here. Somehow, GSW manages to pull this off without sounding too thin, over-produced, or dry. It'll be interesting to see how they fold all these widely different styles into their high-powered live concerts.



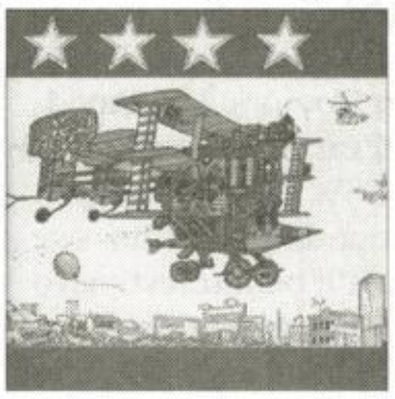
Psycho-Tantric Juju Jazz. That's the name of the beautiful new CD by Seattle's own **Trillian Green**. Part Celtic, part classical, part jazz with psychedelic rock influences, this exotic



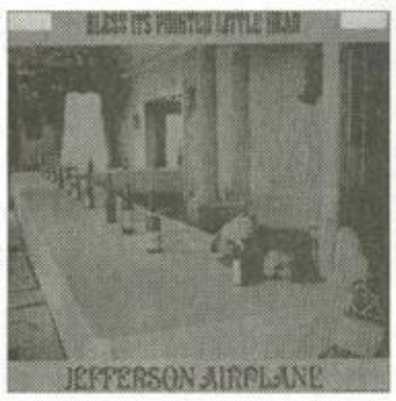
blend of cello, percussion, and flute may put you in a trance but quick. (Does anyone remember the group Oregon? This is a bit like that.) Trillian Green proudly claims its place at the front of what they call "the acoustic revolution" — a growing scene that encompasses and supports the creation of innovative acoustic music. It's a blend of a synergy of multicultural musical influences with the same emphasis on nuance and mystery one hears in the Dead's music, only the starting point is classical and jazz instead of folk and rock. It's a very hip sensibility we think you'll appreciate. You'll be impressed when, at the end of each tune, audiences applaud; the recording is so pristine it sounds as though it was captured live in a studio! For CD and tour info call The Trillian Greenline at 206-782-6477.

REISSUES

No psychedelic or '60s classic rock music collection is complete without at least several albums by the Dead's original brother band, the **Jefferson Airplane**. This would be a good time to add such essential music to your collection as RCA has just re-released six of the Airplane's albums on compact disc. The Airplane, the first of the "San Francisco Sound" bands to be signed, was a tighter unit than the Dead back then and its members were always far more literal with the counterculture's political commentary, no doubt a good reason for their early success. Their first album, **Jefferson Airplane Takes Off** (RCA 66797-2), features Grace Slick's predecessor Signe Anderson on vocals. Included on this new release is the cut *Runnin' 'Round This World*, withheld from the original by record executives.



After Bathing At Baxter's (RCA 66798-2), considered by many Airplane fans to be their finest album, features such gems as *The Ballad of You And Me And Pooneil*, *Wild Tyme*, and *Won't You Try/Saturday Afternoon*. This very trippy album is as much the soundtrack to life in the Haight Ashbury during the Summer of Love as any other we can think of. *Our* favorite Airplane album (and the fave of every member of JA) is **Bless Its Pointed Little Head** (RCA 66801-2).



Like the Dead, the Airplane was a live band and this album, recorded live at the Fillmores East and West, captures the Airplane at its all-time peak. From the ethereal *Fat Angel* ("Fly Translove Airlines, gets you there on time") to the intense *Plastic Fantastic Lover* and *Other Side of This Life*, this CD is to the Airplane what "Live/Dead" was to the Dead. Also just released are "Bark" (RCA 66574-2) and "Long John Silver" (RCA 66800-2), both of which feature the explosive Papa John Creach on fiddle. All of these releases are accompanied by very informative liner notes penned by fellow Deadhead Jeff Tamarkin.

Good news for fans of **The New Riders Of The Purple Sage**. **Powerglide** (CK



64912), their second album, has just been released on compact disc. Some NRPS fans think this is by far the best album the band ever recorded. We've always found the mix of songs on this album to be uneven, but the tunes that shine, especially *Willie and the Hand Jive* (which, by the way, is an especially danceable interpretation of this classic rock hit), are must-have cuts. Garcia sits in on piano and banjo for four tunes, and Billy Kreutzmann is on drums for two cuts.

The classic **Derek And The Dominoes In Concert** (UDCD 2-660) CD has been expertly remixed and reissued by the top-notch Ultra-Disc label. This music, recorded live at the Fillmore East, has been widely available on multiple formats forever, but if you haven't picked it up yet, now may be the time. This was one of Clapton's most scorching hot psychedelic blues bands. Highlights include an 18-minute long exploration of *Let It Rain*, and a 14-minute long version of *Got To Get Better In A Little While* — a tune that you will not be able to get out of your head.

JAZZ & FUNK

Haven't caught **Medeski, Martin & Wood** yet? That would be a real shame because this highly inventive threesome is cranking out some of the most intelligent, psychedelic, FUNKY jazz on the planet. For those in the know, this band is the closest thing you can see these days to Miles Davis's Bitches Brew band, and that's saying something pretty damn impressive. We were lucky enough to catch them recently on a double bill with **Victor Wooten**, the bassist for **Bela Fleck and the Flecktones**, and this pairing of immense talents may have been the best concert we've seen in the past year! Victor takes the stage with only his bass guitar and J. D. Blair, a drummer nicknamed, for good reason, "the groove regulator." JD is a true monkey god with metronome-like precision. Making wild faces and keeping time with razor sharp grooves, he's the perfect platform on which Victor can shine. Victor plays bass like very few others on the planet. He's fast — real fast. His fingers move so quickly all you can see is a blur. And he's funky, maybe as funky as any other musician around. No kidding. Whereas with the Flecktones, Victor balances speed and intensity with subtlety and nuance, when he's out on his own with JD, he's the speed-demon of funk. Some might find his reliance on MIDI-triggered prerecorded vocal tracks a bit synthetic, however the overall effect of this duo in full-tilt swing is thoroughly impressive. Then Medeski, Martin & Wood take the stage. Billy Martin starts off with some off the quirkiest, most inventive percussion you'll see anyone play these days. Rattles, bells, gongs, and shakers all synergize into captivating grooves, even before he moves to his full drum set. In comes Wood on bass, with a groove so funky one can't help but start to grind one's pelvis. On top of this, comes John Medeski with a thoroughly demented lead on Hammond B3 organ. As if this weren't already seductive enough, Medeski then lays down another wild-sounding lead on clavinet, electric piano, or grand piano. He starts to go nuts, first playing the keyboards as rhythm and lead instruments, but *then* he starts pounding away on them as though they were a set of percussion instruments (which, of course, they are). Next Martin starts playing percussive rhythms off of Medeski's hand-blurring keyboard percussion. The whole effect is positively mind-blowing. If you like the funky and esoteric *Space* jams the Dead played in 1974, or Miles Davis's live concerts in the early 1970s, then Medeski, Martin & Wood will most definitely be your cup of meat.

John McLaughlin is known as a *musician's musician*. That is to say, he's so good at playing guitar and composing visionary music that other musicians flock to see him. His latest release, **The Promise** (Verve 529 828-2), features a slew of other all-star musicians including Jeff Beck, Al DiMeola, Zakir Hussain, Paco DeLucia, David Sanborn, and Sting. "The Promise" is an exercise in inspired jazz with numerous different rock and funk inflections thrown in as flavoring.



Fans of transcendent free jazz take serious note. **Surrender To The Air** (Elektra 61905-2), the new CD by Phish's lead guitarist **Trey Anastasio**, is brimming with the spirit and energy of Sun Ra. This is not Phish music, this is *out-there* space jazz, and

it's damn good space jazz at that. There are numerous moments on this CD when the band congeals brilliant (if short-lived) grooves from out of utter chaos or the bleak whispers of near silence. It's hard not to think of Miles Davis's Bitches Brew band at these moments. *Really*. Trey, along with fellow Phish drummer John Fishman, John Medeski of Medeski, Martin & Wood, Michael Ray of Sun Ra fame, and a host of others, have managed to pull a brilliant assemblage of cacophonous, dense, sparse, and ethereal free jazz out of thin air. Bravo!

What? You haven't gotten into funk yet? Well, **James Brown's** new two-CD retrospective, **Foundations of Funk:**



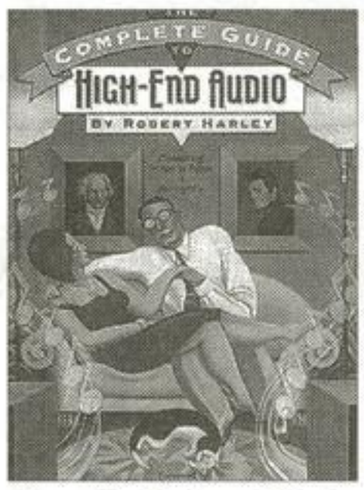
A Brand New Bag, 1964-1969 (Polydor 31453 1165-2) is as good a place as any to start. Don't buy this CD because Mr. Brown and his legendary orchestra created the super-groove genre of funk music. Don't buy it because his lyrics on songs like *I Don't Want Nobody To Give Me Nothing (Open Up the Door I'll Get It Myself)* empowered blacks in America in the late Sixties. Buy it because this music is imbued with real soul and because it's got a serious groove going at all times. There are 27 cuts on this compilation, three of which appear for the first time, six of which appear in longer form than when previously released.

WORLD MUSIC

Fans of African music will assuredly want to pick up a copy of **Chimurenga Forever — The Best of Thomas Mapfumo** (Hemisphere 72438358223). Dubbed "The Lion," Mapfumo has been called the Bob Dylan or Bob Marley of Zimbabwe. His music has evolved out of the music of the *mbira*, a thumb piano used in his culture's *bira* rituals in which great quantities of beer aid participants in contacting the spirit world. Needless to say Mapfumo's music is hypnotic, with fantastic African rhythms transposed from the *mbira* to guitar.

BOOKS

Robert Greenfield, co-author of the excellent Bill Graham biography has just finished **Dark Star, An Oral Biography of Jerry Garcia** (William Morrow, $22). As opposed to Rock Skully's captivating but extremely gossipy and inaccurate book, this biography presents an intimate view of Garcia's personal life from the vantage point of many GD family members. The result is that the reader gets all the juicy, exciting, sad, rapturous, and even horrifying details of Garcia's amazing, often painful life, but with much more sensitivity and objectivity. Hear it all firsthand straight from the mouths of Owsley Stanley, Carolyn Garcia, Ken Kesey, John Perry Barlow, Bob Weir, Mickey Hart, Clifford Garcia, Bill Graham, Jorma Kaukonen, Jon McIntire, Pete Townshend, and many, many more. Frankly, you won't put this book down until you've finished reading it. Be warned though, it has much more to do with Garcia's personal life than his music and therefore it's a very, very depressing story.



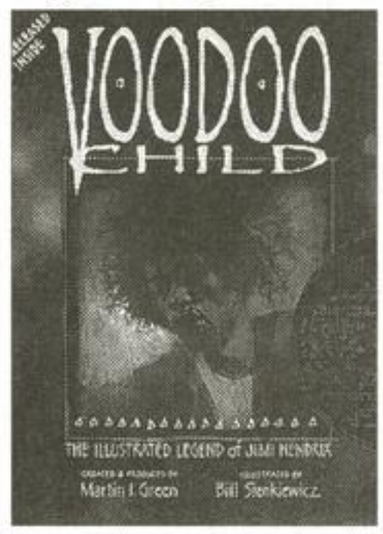
If you get into music seriously, you have to learn about good stereo equipment. This can be quite a daunting process as high-end audio has become very much like rocket science. Fear not though, Robert Harley, a technical editor for *Stereophile Magazine* has just authored the **Complete Guide To High End Audio** (Acapella Publishing, $29.95 plus $4.95 shipping in the U.S., 450 pgs., 1995). It's all here, from the basics of sound and hearing, to learning how to become a better listener. You'll learn how to tune your listening room, choose the stereo components that are right for you, and how to make your stereo sound up to 50% better in ten minutes. In short, it's the bible for those who want to become serious music listeners. To order call 800-848-5099.

What do you get when you ask 20 great musicians to write down their ideas about creating music and sound? You get **Open Ears: Musical Adventures For A New Generation** (Elipsis Kids Publishing, 141 pgs., 1995). **Mickey Hart** (in an excerpt from his book *Drumming At The Edge Of Magic*), Baba Olatunji, Paul McCartney, Pete Seeger,

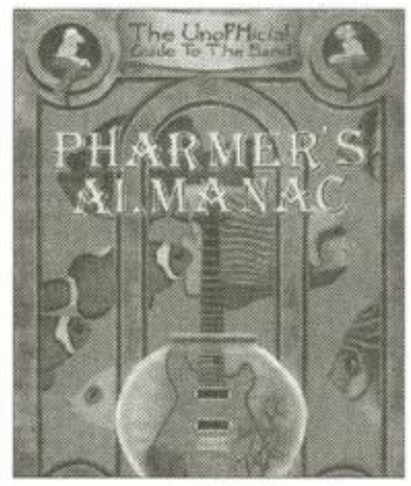


and 16 other musical icons provide fantastic musical projects for kids. This book presents all the important basics. It'll teach kids how to hear music in all sounds, play percussion, sing, chant, even how to easily make exotic-looking instruments. With high-impact photos, text, and diagrams designed to keep kids enthralled, this book will make a great gift.

Voodoo Child — The Illustrated Legend Of Jimi Hendrix (Penguin



Studio, $34.95, 128 pgs., 1995) is one of the most beautiful rock and roll books ever published! The life and genius of Jimi is celebrated through an artful weaving of text and almost 900 strikingly beautiful original illustrations. It's in the style of the more evolved underground science fiction comic books, like *Heavy Metal* magazine. Also included is a CD featuring Jimi playing solo, just voice and guitar. This would make a fantastic gift for any Hendrix fan.



The Pharmer's Almanac ($13 [plus NY sales tax if applicable], 718-398-4442, ask for Larry, 100 pgs.) is a delightful guide to the music and history of **Phish**. Pheatured within this well-laid out, phun-to-read Phish encyclopedia are extensive set lists from 1983 through 1995, statistical set list analysis, tour reviews, insightful personal anecdotes, trivia, and just about everything else you'd need to become a phact-phillied Phishhead. No Phishhead should be without it! ◊

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

WE WANT YOU

TO GET INVOLVED!

IN LOVING MEMORY

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

DEAD DREAMS

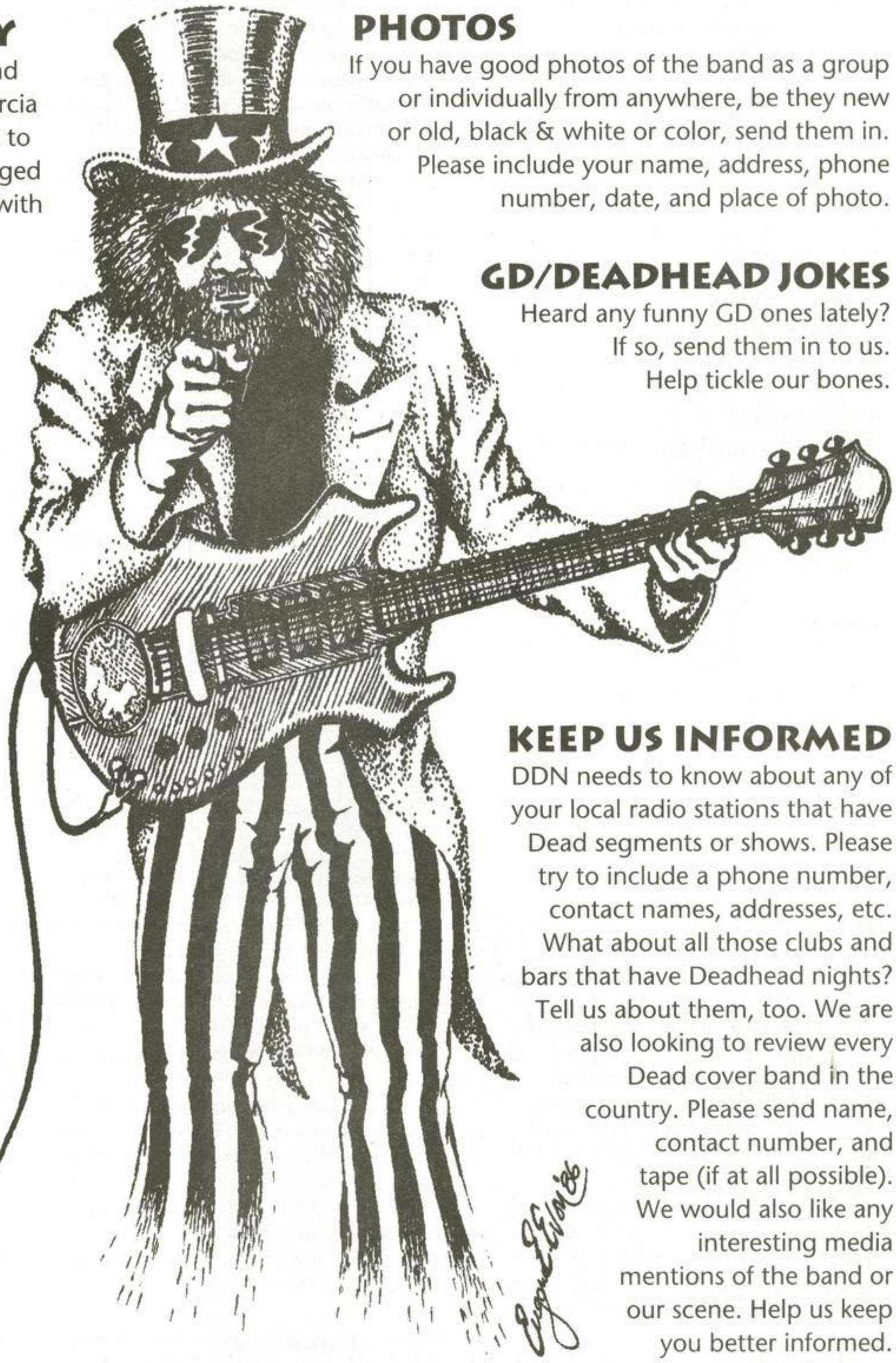
If you've had any wild, weird, or woolly dreams involving the Grateful Dead, please write them down in great detail and send them to DDN, Dr. Don's Deadhead Dreams, at the address listed below.

FLASHBACKS

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

ARTWORK

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



PHOTOS

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

GD/DEADHEAD JOKES

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

KEEP US INFORMED

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

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

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

Place Your Own PERSONAL Ad Today

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

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

25 words: _____

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

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PERSONALS

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

DDN is looking for a responsible intern in the Westchester, NY or Northampton, MA area. Use of Mac, MS Word, typing, and good phone/organizational abilities required. Send resume ASAP to: DDN-Intern, POB 272, Purdys, NY 10578.

18-year-old Sugar Magnolia not like other girls seeking any individuals interested in sharing love for GD. Tiffany ☎ ✍ Box 2342.

Kind SWF, n/s, Western MA area. Prof by day, DH by night. Seeks fun SM, 29-35 who enjoys concerts, the outdoors, and peaceful times. Patricia ☎ ✍ Box 2368.

I Need a Miracle-SWF, 19, needs correspondence & other East Coast Heads (Phish too) to travel & share High Times w/for Fall & Spring tours. D. O'Connell ☎ ✍ Box 2371.

Young DH (17) wants to make new friends in NJ. Steve, 22 Sandra ☎ ✍ Box 2376.

Looking for new kind friends, Heads and hippies brother/sisters etc. I enjoy music, dancing under nature's sky, conversations of any sorts Please respond. Peace. Love to all-Kim ☎ ✍ Box 2374.

If you like kick-ass instrumental music in the style of the dixie dregs, then you'll love *Quin Quinna*. The CD is shut-up-and-listen. $10.00. ☎ ✍ Box 2337.

RUDY, RUDY, RUDY!! We met you in Highgate at Campbell's Bay. Anybody who knows him, pls call. We haven't stopped laughing. He maybe from Pittsburgh area. Kathy & Joanie. ☎ ✍ Box 2338.

With so many roads, help me find my way home! Let's share the ride, Darryl ✍ Box 2346.

Disabled DH looking for email friends. Email me at mmagnani@ix.netcom.com. ☎ ✍Box 2339.

Nashville Heads-where are you? Kind late-30's, DH in search of grateful friends young and old to party, trade and Jam with. All answered. M. Hill ☎ ✍ Box 2347.

Feel like a stranger-DH couple with child seek kynd folks to share letters, tapes, and thoughts. Tracy ☎ ✍ Box 2341.

Powerless? 140 page guidebook/catalog has it all! Solar-electric, wind, hydropower, solar pumping, complete systems-$5. Sierra Solar ✍ Box 2343.

White male free-spirited type seeking companionship with kind, intelligent, attractive (in the spiritual sense) sister to share & enjoy some life Bruce ☎ ✍ Box 2344.

DC Deadhead seeks family members for fabulous times. M. Miruski ☎ ✍ Box 2345.

SWM, 21 Seeking Sugar Magnolia to help mend my poor heart. I enjoy Vermont weekends, touring, musk. Live in CT, at school in Providence. Jason ☎ ✍ Box 2348.

Personal of the Issue:

Hippie lady, 30. Boston, MA. Seeks gentle, kind, playful, vegan, DH/Hippie guy. Let's live in love and peace. Sunflower ☎ ✍ Box 2410.

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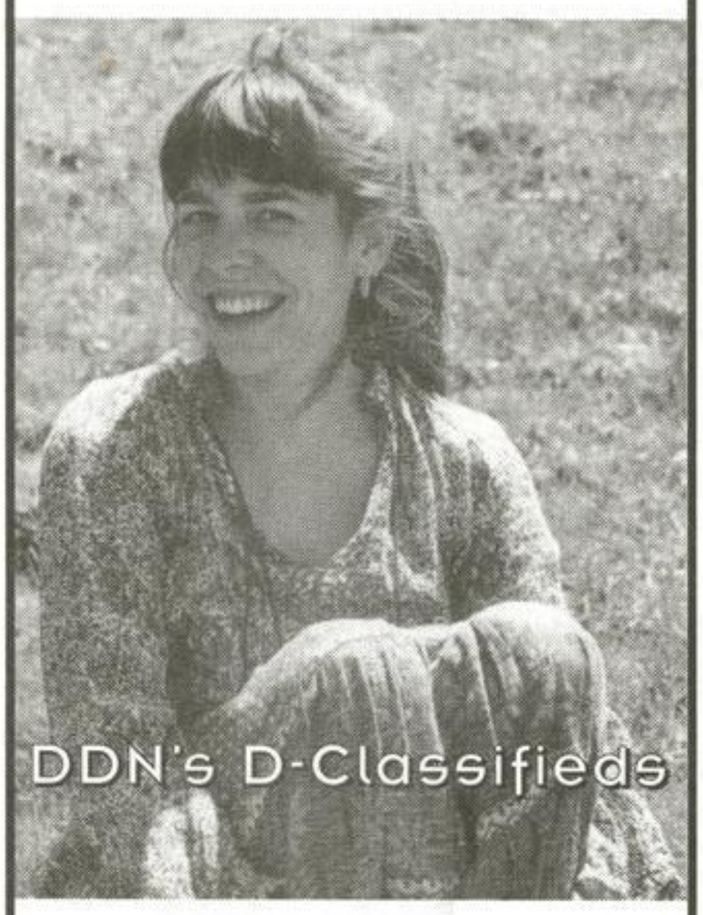
GWM Deadhead in Washington, DC area with varied interests seeks same for concerts, friendship, maybe more. N/S, N/D, D/F. E. Putze ☎ ✍ Box 2377.

Philly DH into Earth-based spirituality, myth, ritual, and transcen-dence, seeks local kindred spirits. Tara ☎ ✍ Box 2352.

Sweet young Sugar Magnolia just looking for someone to smile with—MD area! MS ☎ ✍ Box 2411.

Brothers and sisters. Please help me find a clear picture of Rosebud for kind tattoo. I love you Jerry. Peace, love and roses. ☎ ✍ Box 2354.

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



Where Deadheads make great connections.

Lovely, shy Southern California SWFDH seeks friendship of fellow local brothers and sisters. Don't drive -hard to go to shows/gatherings/etc. Carrie ☎ ✍ Box 2412.

Alaska Sugar Magnolia, 28, looking for love, expect dancing, smiles and music to fill our souls. Are you kind? Peace to Jerry! ☎ ✍ Box 2413.

SWF looking for other deadheads who just want to chat. Remember Jerry. Amanda ☎ ✍ Box 2378.

Vanessa from NC-met you in St. Louis, Summer tour. I was in VW bus brokedown. Please call me to stay in touch, Matthew. ☎ ✍ Box 2355.

Tie-Dye Shirts, Bears, Skulls, Peace, etc. Wholesale/retail, MC/Visa, DeGennaro Designs ☎ ✍ Box 2350.

GWM 24. I'm a Dead fan from Long Island. Seeks other DH of similar orientation for friendship or more. I'm kind, friendly, and discreet. B. Smith (discretion a must). ☎ ✍ Box 2351.

Know where I can find that Green on White Portland Jerry Frisbee? Geir/Orca ☎ ✍ Box 2361.

Beautiful Bohemian SWF, 33, 5'5", Rubenesque, looks like Naomi Judd, herpes, child, seeks SWM, 28-35, for loving forever. Spiritual, with many varied interests. Peace. Carol ☎ ✍ Box 2385.

Chinacat with young sons has 40 acres w/cabin needing completion. Carpenter/hardworker wanted in xchange for lodging/Beautiful mesa vista Dead connection. Family okay. ☎ ✍ Box 2399.

GWM 29 Midwest Head. Discreet and reliable. Seeks gay males 18+ to correspond with. Interests include touring, JGB, X-Files, Star Trek-isn't Wesley so cute-and guys in tie-dyes. Being oneself and gay in the Dead Scene can be hard. Don't let any inexperience or distance stop you. I can handle the roommate or parental scene. Discretion is offered and requested. Brian ☎ ✍ Box 2356.

Believe it or not: Sweet, shy, witty BiF, 26, WLTM, honest, outgoing SF to share music, the outdoors, and spiritual intellectual growth. No nicotine please. Email: ebhoyer@ucdavis.edu; ☎ ✍ Box 2314.

DWM, 37, hippie dude. Very long hair & beard. Seeking SF to take me from these blues. Peace and light. ☎ ✍ Box 2359.

Illinois Marijuana Initiative needs your help. Write IMI, PO Box 2242, Darien, IL 60559. ☎ ✍ Box 2360.

Truth-seeker, 22, looking for playmates to look through the Eyes of the World and hang with. Just moved to Boston. Ellen ☎ ✍ Box 2362.

Come dance in the rain with me. Jerry's free! The music NEVER stopped. SM21. Smiley. Kevin ☎ ✍ Box 2363.

"Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet." God bless Jerry. Forever Grateful. Wharf Rat. Don ☎ ✍ Box 2364.

Software, who has? Wanted: plug in all my shows and get stats (were T. Stones and Miracle really seen more than others??) B. Newman. Thanks. ☎ ✍ Box 2365.

Hey Now! ASM of NYC looking for locals to trade tapes and ideas and to go to shows. Tommy ☎ ✍ Box 2369.

NEED FIMO LAMP. Vended inside Shoreline 7/94 & 6/95 with incredible incense holders & candles. Info, names-Jennifer ☎ ✍ Box 2370.

DH seeking re-election. Need your help. When the people lead, the leaders will follow. Bill, St. Peters, MO ☎ ✍ Box 2373.

DWM seeking female DH to correspond with. I live in Fla. Michael ☎ ✍ Box 2379.

Comes a time in a man's life where he needs a smile from a friendly face. WM seeking correspondence with bright, fun loving Sugar Magnolia. Lawrence ✍ Box 2392.

SWM, ISO, JBI, M. I am 22 and 270 lbs. and looking for hairy sex-crazed fat man who would make a good match for me. JW ☎ ✍ Box 2433.

Would like to meet any Sugar Mags around town. Armin ✍ Box 2394.

Earnestly seeking penpals. David ☎ ✍ Box 2381.

Philly Head college girl musician needs fun times. Please send some groovy input. "Oh, oh, what I want to know..." Nicole ☎ ✍ Box 2382.

Brown-eyed Sugar Mag, landscape is empty since my love was called to a higher place two years ago. Can it be filled? Nicole ☎ ✍ Box 2383.

SWM, 27, seeking SWF for friendship, possible romance, interested. Troy ☎ ✍ Box 2431.

West LA DH, SBM, 27, seeks kind SF, into fun, good music, outdoors, art. Searchlight casting for high time, friendship, romance. Send pic or letter. Miguel ☎ ✍ Box 2386.

Steve Brown-Round Records-it's been 22 years since we debuted Wake of the Flood in St. Louis. I'd love to chat. Tony Dwyer ☎ ✍ Box 2387.

Joe from Oregon, met you at Deer Creek '95. Saw you again in Chicago, you were with Rain & Arty. WANT to see you. Emily from KY ☎ ✍ Box 2388.

16, SWM, smart and mature, entering Deadlandia rapidly. Go to St. Paul's-alumni out there? Looking for correspondence and sincere friendship with young people. Andrew ☎ ✍ Box 2390.

Baba's beautiful psychedelic collages available wholesale to DDN readers. Money back guarantee! ☎ ✍ Box 2402.

Janet Bresleau, Journey's End workers or anyone who knows where she is please contact EP ☎ ✍ Box 2393.

Energized, spiritual, substance-free Magnolia seeks correspondence with open-minded, nature loving brothers and sisters who spread peace, love, joy. Kara ☎ ✍ Box 2426.

Sugar Magnolias in need: have extra apt. space. Head, night-owl, into CD's. Write with photo. Stefan, Forest Hills, NY ☎ ✍ Box 2395.

Love to chat with Sisters on a positive plain. Goo thoughts. Good vibes. Good Dees. Dustin ☎ ✍ Box 2396.

DH musicians needed. To start a hippie band. NE area a plus. Love ya—La Verne Hart. ☎ ✍ Box 2400.

Super Blue Green Algae: 100% organic, nutrient rich super food. Seeking health-conscious individuals interested in earning extra income. For info. Tom W. ☎ ✍ Box 2401.

My sis/bros: Let's take the advice of Mountain Girl and celebrate Jerry's life—August 1, 1996, 5pm, Strawberry Fields, NYC. Peace, Donna V. ☎ ✍ Box 2403.

29 yr-old intermediate advanced guitarist—jazz/Dead/acoustic. Work at med center. Lkg for musician to jam with in Indianapolis area. ☎ ✍ Box 2415.

How can Phish be the new gods of hippie rock? Don't be a follower, stay true to the real scene if you know what I mean!

PLEASE RECORD YOUR GREETINGS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE

Kind, prof., 38 yo SWF looking to share "Dead Experiences" etc. Into dogs, traveling and escapes from my real life in Baltimore area. Please write. Pam M.☎ ✍ Box 2432.

Friend of August West looking for others in Nor. Cal. AIKO2U Bros. & Sisters. PJ ✍ Box 2434.

Looking for Earth-wise 'Heads to spread the word for growing environmental company. Let's have a ton of fun while saving the planet! Tom ☎ ✍ Box 2417.

Young, cute, East Coast, gay DH seeks same. Send photo/letter to: GD. Standing on the moon, but I'd rather be with you. ☎ ✍ Box 2418.

Kind SWM, 21 Environmentally conscious. Into Dead!, VW's, traveling, nature, hiking, snowboarding, happiness. Seeks SF, correspondence/friendship! Jesse, Coon Rapids, MN ☎ ✍ Box 2419.

Help us build a groove that would make Jerry proud! Drum Circle every Sunday @ 8pm. Heartland Studio Theater, Rogers Park, Chicago. ☎ ✍ Box 2420.

SWM, 27, seeking SWF for friendship, possible romance, interested, IN area. Troy ☎ ✍ Box

SWM, 27, Scranton, W-B, PA, looking to meet SWM DH into fitness, art, + music for friendship/possible relationship. Peter ☎ ✍ Box 2455.

Christian DH (& guitarist) wants to hear from any like minded brothers and sisters for open discussion, etc. Rejoice & be glad! NY area. RM ☎ ✍ Box 2422.

Long Island male, mid 30's, would like to hear from female fans of the Dead and other cool music. St. Stephen ☎ ✍ Box 2423.

Kind, easygoing mediator 8/18/47 ysll, 185 lb, seeks Sugar Magnolia. She's child-free, slender, attractive, intelligent, spiritual, light-hearted. Rural community living, mediation, more. Wayne's ☎ ✍ Box 2424.

Oklahoma DH wants to see/hear/touch/smell other Deadicated folks to share music and memories. MC. ☎ ✍ Box 2425.

Kind, prof., 38 yo SWF looking to share "dead experiences" etc. Into dogs, traveling and escapes from my real life in Baltimore area. Please write. Pam M.☎ ✍ Box 2427.

Male, 45, Dead fan for 30 years. Enjoy Harleys, camping, music. In prison, need female penpals. Harry ☎ ✍ Box 2428.

SWM, ISO, JBI, M. I am 22 and 270 lbs. and looking for hairy sex-crazed fat man who would make a good match for me. Hendersonville, TN ☎ ✍ Box 2429.

Video traders! Have 400+ HQ hrs, need more. YLGM. aujde@imap2.asu.edu or JDE ☎ ✍ Box 2430.

Looking for new/slightly used Pooh shirts from Summer Tour-Andrew. Please be kind. Toddler's too. ☎ ✍ Box 2432.

Roses are red, Viola Lee Blue, long live the Dead, from Wharf Rat Stu.

Help on the way? My 250 ticket stubs, backstage passes disappeared. Will pay for any replacements, especially New Years. Please Help. Samu. ☎ ✍ Box 2435.

The Music Never Stops - DH couple seeks tapes, videos and friendships. Kim & Gary Russell, Northern CA area. ☎ ✍ Box 2436.

Kind Texan looking for others to talk with. DNCNBR@aol.com. We're only fractured and nervous from the fall. ☎ ✍ Box 2448.

Here comes sunshine! SF outgoing free spirited DH loves to travel, young 30's, wants kind friendships in Florida and nationwide. Liz ☎ ✍ Box 2449.

SWF seeks Heads to share high times with So. Cal! Send correspondence to: Heide, Remember Jerry!! ☎ ✍ Box 2450.

Hey Now! Young, Gay, Eastcoast DH seeks similar. Are you kind? GD ✍ Box 2451.

SWM, 23, DH & Phishhead seeking down to earth females in the TN area or anywhere. Joe ☎ ✍ Box 2453.

SWM, 27, brown hair and eyes, looking for educated Sugar Mag to spend time with. Like traveling to shows, Chicago's blues clubs, Art Institute, coffee shops, and good conversation. John ☎ ✍ Box 2454..

GD-CD's & posters. Passes, & other collectibles. B.G. ☎ ✍ Box 2456.

SWF, 21, discovered the Dead way too late. Seeks correspondence with Heads everywhere. Shannan ☎ ✍ Box 2457.

Long Island/Connecticut check out The Music Never Stops on 90.1 FM WUSB, Stony Brook. Alternating Mondays 8:30-10 pm.

Send Groovy Enlightening material for Universal Fabric Weave. Possibly join hands with creation. Sincere friends also wanted. Paige, Monterey, CA ☎ ✍ Box 2452.

GWM seeks others to reminisce/comfort, trade tapes, travel, live in SF-Lkn for all '95 Garcia Warfield shows. (Frockme@aol.com) ☎ ✍ Box 2460.

19-year-old DHWM going to NCSU seeks other heads to help me through. Willing to trade also. John ☎ ✍ Box 2458.

Looking for new friends + tapes in the Chicago area. dmcneill@dlogics.com ☎ ✍ Box 2459.

It's participatory GD scholarship! The Annotated GD lyrics. On the World Wide Web at http://www.uccs.edu/~ddodd/gdhome.html. Also coming in 1997: The ultimate GD bibliography.

I love life. Choosing a spiritual path, into yoga, reihi. Hungry for knowledge. D/F, F. Seeking fun, like-minded brothers and sisters for communal living, please write. ✍ Box 2437.

Christian DH (& guitarist) wants to hear from any like minded brothers and sisters for open discussion, etc. Rejoice & be glad! RM ☎ ✍ Box 2438.

Long Island male, mid 30's, would like to hear from female fans of the Dead and other cool music. St. Stephen ☎ ✍ Box 2439.

Kind, easygoing mediator 8/18/47 ysll, 185 lb, seeks Sugar Mag, child-free, slender, attractive, intelligent, spiritual, light-hearted. Rural community living, mediation, more. Wayne's World ☎ ✍ Box 2440..

Need Fimo Lamp! Vended inside Shoreline 7/94 & 6/95 with incredible incense holder, candles. Info, names - Jennifer Lake ☎ ✍ Box 2441.

Hippie lady, 30. Boston, MA. Seeks gentle, kind, playful, vegan, DH/Hippie guy. Let's live in love and peace. Sunflower ☎ ✍ Box 2443.

Sweet young Sugar Mag just looking for someone to smile with in MD area! MS ☎ ✍ Box 2444.

Lovely, shy So-Cal SWFDH seeks friendship of fellow local bros/sis. Don't drive-hard to go to shows/gatherings/etc. Carrie ☎ ✍ Box 2445.

Alaska Sugar Magnolia, 28, looking for love, expect dancing, smiles and music to fill our souls. Are you kind? Peace to Jerry! ☎ ✍ Box 2446.

BiWMDH—seeking support from all Deadicated Heads who have attraction to same gender. What's your situation like? Write me! I'll w/b. Craig ☎ ✍ Box 2462. PS Wesley is cute!

New FDH in Seattle area. I'm the only Head I know. Want kind souls. Christy ✍ Box 2447.

"Music you can't hear on the radio" in New Jersey and Philadelphia, WPRB, 103.3FM, Sundays at 6:30 - 10PM.

Save the Mattaponi River. It's the cleanest river on the East Coast. Stop the King William resevoir!

Hey Dick, could you pick something with a little Vince in it?

DH BEHIND BARS

Locked up in a dusty old cell, but my mind stays free. 4 pure enjoyment & ridiculosity write: Stuie McAllister c/o Packit, 16932 Detroit Road, Apt. 3, Lakewood, OH 44107. ☎ ✍ Box 2357.

I'm locked up, but my lovelight still shines! Please write: Scott Gilmer ☎ ✍ Box 2361.

Support Adopt-a-Hippie program. No money just kind corres. Downed DH needs mail especially from Sugar Mags! Paul Moreau #E-33248, CSP-SOL-3-123, PO Box 4000, Vacaville, CA 95696.

Have not seen a show in almost 36 months! Would like to hear from friendly people. Please write Matt Rosen 24165-013, CS-4500, North Las Vegas, NV, 89036-4500.

SM DH 20. Blond hair, brown/green eyes, physically fit, artist. Seeks beautiful, intelligent, loving SF (18-30 yr)-friendship or more. Write: High Desert State Prison, Summer Josephson, J740-74, Facility A2, 249U, PO Box 3030, Susanville, CA 96130.

Rainbow brother looking for other Rainbow bro/sis and DH bro/sis for pen pal, and to keep up to date on the Rainbow Route and gatherings. Keep the Love flowing! Nathan Davis, #285282, P.O. Box 3310, Oshkosh, WI 54903.

1-900-370-DEAD FOR PERSONALS

"Prison is where you promise yourself the right to live"-Jack Kerouac. Todd Davidson, #13660-018, PO Box 8000, Bradford, PA 16701. Peace!

Incarcerated DH's WHO's Daydreams Have No Sunshine Seek kind female penpals. Write Paul Barkett, 06684-067 or Dave Weinstein, 97762-012, POB 1000, White Deer, PA 17887.

SWM 5,5, 126 lb, 23 DH-Down and would be glad to answer any sister's letters, any age. I have lots of LOVE! Edward A. Harper #891898, 11-S, ISF 1500 West US 40, Greencastle, IN 46135-9275.

My life has become one dark & rainy day. Sugar Mag urgently needed to bring sunshine, share thoughts, hope/ love. Ramblin Robert Carmen 95A2240, PO Box 247, Ogdensburg, NY 13669.

SWM 32 prisoner skg female penpals w/ interest in SF movies, books, and shows. And an outdoors person. No games please. Mark Adaszweski D61737, PO Box 29, FAI-121, Represa, CA 95671.

Male looking for DH women to move in with. Been in prison for 2 long years. Very lonely. Need some TLC. Out date 9/25/97. Daniel Shaver, 946170, P.O. Box 500, Tell City, IN 47586.

Wanting to correspond with kind people that are into the GD Experience, JGB, Phish, MMW. Would like to trade tapes, send lists. James Meverden, #117670, P.O. Box 3310, Oshkosh, WI 54903.

Extremely lonely DH prisoner seeking help from all bros/sis to help keep my sanity: PLEEZ WRITE to: Kelly Israel, #127354, DCI, PO Box 788, Dorm 3, Unit 2, Jackson, LA 70748.

Downed DH WM 25 need a little sunshine in this lonely world. Nathan Haugh, #08502021 VA, P.O. Box 1000, Butner, NC 27509.

Cal-BRO (SANDOSE) doing 7-25 for LSD, would like to hear from Family, especially from Cleveland area. Larry Darby 283-169, Lorain C.I., 2075 S. Avon-Belden Rd., Grafton, OH 44044, 10-B, #111.

No one doing time 'cause of me 'cept me. Seeking corres from free world Heads. Curious about life after Dead. Wade "Braid" Knowles, 13661-018, PO Box 1000, White Deer, PA 17887.

Caged and ready to rage at end of '96. Donnie "Eagle" Woodward #107046, ASPC Tucson, Winchester Unit, 10,000 S. Wimot Rd., Box 388, Tucson, AZ 85777.

Male, 45, Dead fan for 30 years. Enjoy Harleys, camping, music. In prison, need female penpals. Harry Eldridge, H-06424, A1-129, PO Box 290066, Represa, CA 95671-0066.

Thanks to my friends who've stood by me during these hard times. All mail welcomed. Mitchell Brenner, #30403004, F.P.C. Allenwood, P.O. Box 1000, Montgomery, PA 17752.

Lonely WM needs sweet sugar pen-friends. Share some sunshine with one who cares. Harry Eldridge H-06424, PO Box 290066, Represa, CA 95671.

SWM 27 Cal-Head seeking Sugar Mag SF 20-30 to shine light on these days between. My freedom in late 1996. Billy Lion, 954417, 10-Dorm, IDOC, Westville Correctional Center, PO Box 473, Westville, IN 46391-0473.

Single hippie seeking female corres. Tye dye artist who sold bongs and got locked up! Will be ready to party in 18 months. Peace. Mike Corrigan 13038-075, PMB 1000, Talladega, AL 35160.

LSD prisoner looking for kindred souls to correspond with. I love you, miss you, Peace, God Bless. Dano Monnett, 311-688, P.O. Box 1812, Marion, OH 43301.

My prisoner in the Village, All good things in All good time. Counting the days until we can be together. Much love, your Jersy girl.

God is Love & Light. Rainbow Joe Garrett, #177292, P.O. Box 430. Dillwyn, VA 23936.

I'm an anarchist being held hostage by the state, looking to communicate with the free side (female or male). Interests are anarchism, s + m, vampires, explosives, etc. Music: Black Flag, Circle Jerks, etc. Write to: Jerry J. Williams, #943700, P.O. Box 500, Tell City, IN 47586-0500.

24, Male, like to write poems. Been in prison for 2 yrs, very lonely. Looking for older woman to comfort me and perhaps develop relationship upon release. Daniel Shaver #946170, PO Box 500, Tell City, IN 47586.

Little Corey from PA. Where are you? Remember me, Jason and David. We met in Atlanta, Spring of 94. We hung out the following summer. I went down at Deer Creek. I miss you. John Cordeiro #950201, PO Box 500, Tell City, IN 47586.

I've been locked up since '94. Been outta touch with anyone "Dead." Hoping to find out about any gatherings, and what's going on out there. Please write with any news that might be of interest—which would be all! Bobby Amburgey #945826, Indiana State Farm, 1946 West US 40, Greencastle, Indiana 46135-9275

That's all we could fit this issue. More next time. ◊

TAPE TRADING

The perfect way to trade tapes faster and with more people!

To Place Your Written Tape Ad:

DDN *subscribers* get one free 25-word tape trade ad with each subscription (go to the insert card for subscriber information). **You will also be given a free voice ad and people will be able to respond to both your written and/or voice ad by calling 1-900-740-DEAD and leaving a message in your phone box.** ("I've got a board copy of the show you're looking for, check it out...") Also...don't forget that you can play a sample of your primo tapes as part of your tape trading telephone voice message! **There's no charge for retrieving messages left for you in your phone box!**

If you want to **place *more* than one ad per subscription** (you may want to advertise in each issue), **it will cost you $8 to place each additional written ad until you subscribe again. **SPECIAL DEAL FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS**: $30 will buy you a subscription *plus* a total of 4 tape ads, 1 per issue for 4 issues.** (Submit your 4 ads, ***each on its own separate index card,*** with your payment, to: **DDN-Tape Trading, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578.**) We will print your address if it is included in your tape trade ad, but no phone #s.

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

$1.98 per minute • Touchtone phones only • 18 years or older please

If you prefer instead to get your ad online instantly, for $1.98 per minute charge, you can place your tape trading voice ad right now by calling 1-900-740-DEAD and following the instructions. Be sure to mail in your written ad anyway, so you can get a better level of response. (Thousands of people nationwide will read your ad!) **If you place an instant phone ad before a written ad, please include your voice box # on the ad you mail us.**

To Respond To TAPE Ads:

It's simple. Either call **1-900-740-DEAD** and follow the simple instructions, or respond in writing directly to the addresses in the particular tape ads you see in the magazine. If you respond via phone get creative, leave a sample taste of your tapes as part of your message!

The Selling of Tickets or Tapes is Strictly Forbidden!

DDN retains the right to edit or reject any ad for any reason. Ads may be submitted only by persons 18 yrs. or older — and no ads will be accepted seeking persons under that age. **DISCLAIMER: DDN assumes no liability for the content of or reply to any ad.** The advertiser assumes complete liability for the content of and all replies to any advertise-ment or recorded message and for any claims made against DDN as a result thereof. The advertiser agrees to indemnify and hold DDN and its employees harmless from all costs, expenses (including reasonable attorney fees), liabilities, and damages resulting from or caused by the printing or recording placed by the advertiser or any reply to any such ad.

Every call to the DDN 900 numbers will help the Earth! DDN is donating a portion of the proceeds to the environment!

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 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**

DDN is looking for a responsible intern in the Westchester, NY or Northampton, MA area. Use of Mac, MS Word, typing, and good phone/organi-zational abilities required. Send resume ASAP to: DDN-Intern, POB 272, Purdys, NY 10578.

Wetlands I & II, Carousel Rocker, Moon Mtn., Romeo Cry Baby, Punk, Bandito, Grandma's, Swat Fly, Bird, Animal Party. Excellent condition! Revelation Gallery ☎ ✍ Box 3570.

Original 1969 Woodstock tickets. Mint tickets with letter of authenticity. Limited quantity. $60 or best offer. Rick Synchef, 16 Midway Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94941. ☎ ✍ Box 4057.

Finally have excellent deck, Yamaha KX-W952! Now I can start library. All help deeply appreciated. S. Maschan. ☎ ✍ Box 4058.

Any television video production job openings? Resume upon request. Also trading high quality Dead, Phish, JGB, etc. 1500 hrs+ send lists. Kevin. ☎ ✍ Box 4059.

Show me the way, leave no doubt... Beginner has the fever, it'll do me fine—YLGM. Kind spirits welcome. Take me to the river of HQ Sbds. PJ. ☎ ✍ Box 4061.

Kind brothers and sisters - just starting my collection - help! Have low general: 2/15/94, 3/29/90, 8/6/71, 5/20/95, 5/21/95, 2/17/71. Also some video. Melissa ☎ ✍ Box 4063.

Old-timer DH since '67 - got ripped off - no tapes, just memories. Help! Exchange blanks, postage, old stories, whatever. Greyful Dad. ☎ ✍ Box 4077.

Looking for Marley, Doors, Phish, JGB, Blues Traveler bootlegs. Will trade Dead. YLGM. Send lists to: JM. Greatly appreciated. ☎ ✍ Box 4065.

Beginner needs help. Please be kind. Will send tapes/postage/anything. Will Gratefully trade what I have. John B. ☎ ✍ Box 4068.

Looking for hq sbd of Rush "Counterparts" tour. Have 200 hrs Dead & others to trade. YLGM. J. Miner. ☎ ✍ Box 4062.

Old taper searching for HQ 70's stuff. Have 2500 hrs. Want more. Miller. Gate crashers suck. ☎ ✍ Box 4064.

Need 7/18/90 Deer Creek. Also looking for any Big Head Todd. Will trade or send blanks and postage. JH. ☎ ✍ Box 4087.

Wet behind ears DH looking to dive into hq sbds Willing to send blanks and postage. ☎ ✍ Box 4069.

Desperately seeking Spring '95 shows in Charlotte. Have 100+ hrs to trade. Local preferred. Dave ☎ ✍ Box 4069.

Newbie: desperately wants Summer Tour '95. Have some to trade/blanks. HQ. Email: Jamie.Krapohl@megabite.com. ☎ ✍ Box 4070.

Bros & Sis, Beginner w/SBD seeks same. YLGM. Andy T. ☎ ✍ Box 4071.

Need 7-23-90! Have 500+ hrs of HQ Dead. Other bands also. Let's trade. YLGM. John G. ☎ ✍ Box 4073.

Looking for first show 7-19-87 Autzen. Dead set only. 500+ hours to trade. YLGM. Beginners welcome. Emery. ☎ ✍ Box 4074.

Beginner w/ 60+ hrs, let's trade! YLGM. Fred. ☎ ✍ Box 4088.

HQ audio and video trades, YLGM, old sbds sought. tomdunford@aol.com. ☎ ✍ Box 4072. Beginner, looking for HQ tapes, from Spring Tour '95. Especially Atlanta shows. MW. ☎ ✍ Box 4076.

600 hrs Dead, 600 hrs various artists. Prefer HQ, 1g analog. Fast, reliable, honest. YLGM. TJ. ☎ ✍ Box 4075.

Help on the way? Many HQ boards. RIP Jerry. Let's trade. '66-'94. GQ. ☎ ✍ Box 4078.

Hey now, Dallas Head looking to start collection. Need June 28th '91, Denver May 15, 16, 17, Vegas '95. Nick. ☎ ✍ Box 4079.

Looking for Dead, JGB, Phish and WSP. Have over 300 hrs to trade. YLGM. Brian F. ☎ ✍ Box 4080.

Need 1st shows 12/7/79, 7/8/81, 7/11/81. HQ/LG. Multiple Masters '83-'95. YLGM. M. Rosenfeld. ☎ ✍ Box 4082.

Have over 600 hrs to trade. Looking for '95's and crisp sbd's. YLGM. S. Goodman. ☎ ✍ Box 4083.

Please be kind. HQ preferred. Looking: Atlanta 29 & 30 '95. Have a few shows. Peace. Heather W. ☎ ✍ Box 4084.

200 hrs GD & solo Jerry 5/5/82. Need 9/27/94 and 10/15/94. Send lists to trade. Shane F. ☎ ✍ Box 4085.

Tuscon Trader: U of A grad student seeks local trades. YLGM. Email: truncell@arizona.edu — Dave. ☎ ✍ Box 4086.

1100+ hrs. GD, JGB, ABB and others. Need more HQ sbds. YLGM. Dawn. ☎ ✍ Box 4089.

Only 70 hrs, but varying and HQ. Please help me expand. YLGM. Mike B. ☎ ✍ Box 4067.

NY area traders, 500 HQ hours for trade, YLGM. MJ, ☎ ✍ Box 4060.

Lookin for trades. YLGM. Have 100+ HQ shows to trade. Gary. ☎ ✍ Box 4090.

Hi friend, I'm quality conscious and reliable. 1000+ hr. collection. Looking for more GD, etc. Hi Qual only. Michael G. ☎ ✍ Box 4091.

Kind old DH looking for HQ lg 3/23/95 Charlotte Col. show sbd. Have Mode St, good tapes for trade. Pls reply. M. Summers. ☎ ✍ Box 4092.

Looking for "Magic Thursday" Academy of Music Spring 1972. ☎ ✍ Box 4093.

Seeking 70's Dead tapes of hq/sbd, have postage, coin and blank tape; no tapes. Send list to FCP Salazar. ☎ ✍ Box 4094.

Seeking 11/1/86 Joe Campbell, Jerry, Mickey "Ritual and Rapture" symposium. Please help. Sue. ☎ ✍ Box 4095.

Kind head looking for anyone with live Orzic Tentacles. Please Help! Michael. ☎ ✍ Box 4096.

Looking for crunchy tapes of Phoenix 3/94, LA 12/94 and other crisp boards. Lots to trade. YLGM. JWB. ☎ ✍ Box 4097.

Keep the spirit alive! Have lots of Dead and Non-Dead. Send list! Looking for 3/26/95 Sbd please! Bob & Alysa G. ☎ ✍ Box 4098.

Looking for HQ dead. 300+ hrs to trade. YLGM. Especially shows from the early '80's. S.O. ☎ ✍ Box 4081.

Still looking for 9/29, 10/1/94. Show where I really heard what it's all about. Is Help on the Way? Bill H. ☎ ✍ Box 4099.

So. Cal trader w/1500 hrs Dead, jazz, blues. Joe P. ☎ ✍ Box 4066.

PLEASE RECORD 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!

Looking for those crispy DAT boards. Dead, ABB, Gov't Mule. Jim B. ☎ ✍ Box 4119.

Attention Deadheads, Trippers and Longhairs, etc. Looking for High Quality Tapes (Dead). Timothy Leary Lucas. ☎ ✍ Box 4100.

Have 150 hrs Dead, Phish to trade. Looking for HQ Dead, JGB, Weir, etc. YLGM. Christy B. ☎ ✍ Box 4101.

Please help! Need tapes of my first and last GD shows: Olympia Theater, Paris, 53/72; UNLV 5/16/93. Don't have tapes but will trade custom t-shirt (Europe '72) or blanks & postage. B. Welle. ☎ ✍ Box 4103.

Are you kind, married in H/A 2-24. Need any/all Oakland 95 shows for anvrsry. Thanks/blanks. Pete. ☎ ✍ Box 4104.

Video traders! Have 400+ HQ hrs, need more. YLGM. aujde@imap2.asu.edu or JDE. ☎ ✍ Box 4105.

Seeking GD, JG, JGB shows. Will pay xpenses, send tapes, have a few HQ & SBD. Scott. ☎ ✍ Box 4106.

1500 hrs analog, 200 hrs DAT. Many analogs are 1st gen DAT. Need same. John. ☎ ✍ Box 4108.

Have very good Atlanta-Charlotte '95 Unbroken> Help>Slip>Frank. You gotta get it. Many others. John. ☎ ✍ Box 4109.

In search of HQ '70 to '74. Have 700+ hrs to trade. Cathy. ☎ ✍ Box 4110.

Looking to trade A+ SBDs. GD, WP, Phish. Send list to Trey B. ☎ ✍ Box 4111.

Hey Now Have 1500+ hrs Dead + other ones and video also. Looking for more. YLGM. Jim. ☎ ✍ Box 4112.

Deadhead with 275 HQ hrs. Looking for more HQ LG SBD's '67-'74. Serious HQ traders only. YLGM. Seth. ☎ ✍ Box 4113.

Aloha, need JGB shows 5/12/9 & 5/19/90, preferably SBDs. Just starting, only have bootleg CD's. Where's Hawaiian deadheads. YLGM. Ty. ☎ ✍ Box 4114.

Lets trade DATs. No analog, no Vince. ☎ ✍ Box 4115.

Is help on the way? Beginner with 80 hrs needs lists. Will gladly send blanks/postage. Joel. ☎ ✍ Box 4116.

Need more GD tapes. Not enough to go around. Send list: Mike (Green Hardware). ☎ ✍ Box 4117.

Trying to start HQ SBD collection. Wanting mid, late 80's, early 90's. Old head missing Jerry. Please help. Matt F. ☎ ✍ Box 4118.

Looking to start tape collection HQ. Will send blank tapes & postage. Please be Grateful. JK. ☎ ✍ Box 4120.

Want complete M-2 SBDs or masters only. 7 00 hrs same to trade. Larry. ☎ ✍ Box 4121.

Hey now! Beginner in need of help. Will send blanks + postage. G. Dead + Solar Circus greatly appreciated. Kelly J. ☎ ✍ Box 4141.

Need Dead, Beatles, tapes, information, etc. Hey Angie, Tonya, Jack, Patricia, Brandon, Captain C. Whiddon T. Further in Atlanta ya'll. ☎ ✍ Box 4122.

Serious SBD's only! JZI. ☎ ✍ Box 4123.

Bring out yer Dead. Have 400+ hrs. GD mostly, JGB, Phish, WSP. All HQ. Fast, reliable and committed to Let It Grow. All Welcome. YLGM. Rennie. ☎ ✍ Box 4124.

HQ Dead, Phish, Hawkwind, Gong, Rundgren, other psych bands. S. Phares. ☎ ✍ Box 4125.

Looking for Zen Tricksters tapes - Have lots of GD to trade. Yoes P. ☎ ✍ Box 4126.

Seeking Summer Tour 1990. Brentful Dead. Esp. Raleigh 7/10/90. Help on the way!? YLGM. Write to Kevin C. ☎ ✍ Box 4127.

Have 2000 hrs. Looking for serious traders with same. ☎ ✍ Box 4102.

Still seeking my 1st show 10/9/72 Winterland. B. Jones. ☎ ✍ Box 4128.

Need Phish 11/11/95, Byrds/McGuinn & Dead. 1100 hrs non Dead, 500 hrs Dead to trade. HQ SBD. Jerry. ☎ ✍ Box 4129.

Looking for HQ tapes to get for blanks. Will pay postage both ways and need your help. Steven & Donna. ☎ ✍ Box 4130.

Kind, reliable traders with 500+ Dead + some ABB always looking for more, esp Dead 1/7 + 1/8/78 + recent ABB. YLGM. Bri + Sta. ☎ ✍ Box 4132.

Experienced, quality conscious, lo-gen traders only. Will reciprocate in kind. List + **phone** # to: C.G., 37482 Kingsbury, Livonia, MI 48154. ☎ ✍ Box 4131.

Lets trade - have 600 HQ hours. Need 80's + Hornsby era Dead. E-mail to MGR8FUL@aol.com. In the end there's still that song. ☎ ✍ Box 4133.

Althea told me to begin tape trading. 40+ hrs HQ GD. YLGM or potluck trade. M. Hoover. ☎ ✍ Box 4134.

Searchin for that sound. Need my first show 1/17/78, all other nuggets. YLGM. Very reliable. D. Avery. ☎ ✍ Box 4135.

Beginner needs help! Allmans, Dead, Phish, Marley, Hornsby. Will send blanks. Control for smilers can't be bought. Jean. ☎ ✍ Box 4136.

At it again after some time off. Have extensive collection. Looking for 94 + 95 shows. YLGM. Bruce N. ☎ ✍ Box 4137.

Gratefully dedicated sister who would like to start trading. Will send blanks/pstg + gratitude. MJ. ☎ ✍ Box 4138.

Kind tapes for kind heads. All you need, all you need..Write me, YLGM. All answered. Greg Y. ☎ ✍ Box 4139.

Have 300 hrs of HQ Dead, JGB, Phish, + BT. No list at all or no list to small. Looking for JGB 89 w/ Jimmy Cliff. Tim S. ☎ ✍ Box 4142.

Help this reliable beginner (150+). Keep Jerry's spirits alive in my home. "I promise YLGM". OZ. ☎ ✍ Box 4143.

Strong believer, seeking to start tape collection, will send blanks and pay postage and handling. Looking for a miracle. John & Deb. ☎ ✍ Box 4144.

Looking for master to 2nd Gen. HQ only! Have a few hundred hours. Lots of master and LG. Nick C. ☎ ✍ Box 4145.

Smells like Phish. None here, just GD. Trade A+ and LG only. YLGM. Family members write. David J. ☎ ✍ Box 4146.

How sweet it is for me to hear from you. Looking for other beginners, as well as advanced collector. Matt B. ☎ ✍ Box 4147.

Help>Slip>me your list. Interested in 1995 Dead, JGB, Ratdog and any and all Zero. Have lots to trade. Sent lists to: Carl. ☎ ✍ Box 4150.

1000 hrs HQ GD, JGB, Allmans, many more. Need GD hours, Allmans NYC 3/96 + '94 -'95 GD— YLGM. Sam N. ☎ ✍ Box 4151.

Graham Dodds—have your tapes, lost your address. Please don't murder me. Still want to trade. Gary A. ☎ ✍ Box 4152.

Have 2400 hrs HQ SBD's of GD and JGB. Seeking more of the same. YLGM. Tom L. ☎ ✍ Box 4153.

600+ hrs LG, HQ SBDs, looking for only more of the same, esp 72-75. Serious traders only please. MSW. ☎ ✍ Box 4154.

Quality is what I am going for! 1200 hrs of crisp LG GD SBDs. Seek the same. Ted. ☎ ✍ Box 4155.

DH-in-utero at Charlotte 3/23/95, born 8/1/95 to Mickey's Music to be Born By, would like tape of his first and only show. YLGM. Robert + Mary Anne. ☎ ✍ Box 4156.

Someone's gotta have 10/10/76 @ Oakland and 1/17/78 @ Sacramento. Help! I'm getting desperate. Lots to trade. John. ☎ ✍ Box 4157.

I need a copy of GD Sunday, June 25, 1995 RFK. It was my last show. ☎ ✍ Box 4158.

Family looking to start collection. Please help the beginners. Looking for HQ tapes, Dead, Phish. Laura M. ☎ ✍ Box 4159.

800+ hrs Dead plus others. Need HQ 3/26/88, Spectrum 93-95, 6/3/94. Summer RFK, Pittsburgh, Indiana. Crispy boards? Help! Aaron G. ☎ ✍ Box 4177.

Incarcerated Head. Need HQ SBD's, GD, JGB. Will pay postage + blanks. Send list to Rod K. ☎ ✍ Box 4160.

Pssst I got the MOTTS! Zen and the Art of Tape Trading - HQ ONLY! 700+ Dead/other. Shaggy. ☎ ✍ Box 4161.

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Looking for Vegas 5/14/93, also Shoreline 8/17/91 many other tapes to trade. ☎ ✍ Box 4140.

Looking for crispy SBDs, have lots of same for trade, YLGM! Gratefully, Jamie. ☎ ✍ Box 4167.

HQ tapes wanted. Widespread Panic, Dylan, Dead/JGB, Arlo, Jewel, Col. Bruce. 2500 hrs to share. Graded lists only. George. ☎ ✍ Box 4162.

Beginner looking for any GD. Will send blanks. Lori. ☎ ✍ Box 4163.

Time will tell: Phish, Dead, Tuna, Allmans, Merl, Zero. Quality is job one. Lionel. Live in Jah Love. ☎ ✍ Box 4164.

Have 100+ hrs HQ, LG, SBDs. Looking for people to trade in Oregon. YLGM. Craig S. ☎ ✍ Box 4165.

Love the Grateful Dead. Love all Deadheads. Let's keep the inspiration flowing. Let's trade tapes. Have many HQ SBD-DAT. Looking for the same. John. ☎ ✍ Box 4168.

Seeking GD, JGB, JG shows. Will pay expenses, send tapes. Have a few HQ + SBD. Scott. ☎ ✍ Box 4169.

1700+ hrs GD, 600+ hrs Allmans. Looking for fast, reliable, kind traders. Pati + Len. ☎ ✍ Box 4148.

Are you kind. Married in H/A 2/24. Need any/all Oakland 95 shows for anniversary. Thanks/Blanks. Pete. ☎ ✍ Box 4170.

DAT trader looking to share lists and expand collection. 500 hrs. Sony D-7 to Pan 3700 digital only please. Tom S. ☎ ✍ Box 4171.

Wanted: Houston 8/30/85, Austin 8/31/85, Oklahoma 9/2/85. Have plenty HQ to trade. Bill S. ☎ ✍ Box 4172.

Have many hrs. I would like to help beginners. HQ sbds to trade. Send list. "Strangers stopping strangers..." Darrin S. ☎ ✍ Box 4173.

Planey of Dead to trade. Looking for WSP. He kind brothers and sisters. James H. ☎ ✍ Box 4174.

250+ hrs Dead, Phish and others. Lots of crispy gems. All inquiries answered. Matt. ☎ ✍ Box 4175. Let's trade. Peace!

Looking for LG crispy sbds of 6/25/92 (my first show), 7/23/94, 6/2/95, and 6/27/95. Will send blanks and postage. Michelle, ☎ ✍ Box 4176.

Super fast & reliable music nut with 400+ hrs. Dead, Phish, Young, etc. All welcome and guar response. YLGM. Brad M. ☎ ✍ Box 4178.

Believe it or not have 90 JGB shows '72-'89. Would like any '90s material JGB or Dead. George. ☎ ✍ Box 4166.

900 hrs Dead, 200 hrs Phish, 200 hrs others. Fast, reliable. YLGM. Chris. ☎ ✍ Box 4149.

The music has stopped. Stranded in BOSNIA keeping the peace. Only have a few tapes. Be kind and send ANYTHING. Michael Tanner, A-94 FA (MLRS), Unit 23827, Box 115, APO, AE 09034.

English DH with 3500 hrs needs good old boards, Ratdog, etc. Also need Crosby solo, Airplane, QMS, etc. DB, 30 Healey Drive, Sunderland, England SR3 1AJ.

Have Gans Dead hrs, live Dead, Phish. Looking for all Pacific Northwest shows 90 - 95, Oakland 1/93 + Gans #331 + other smokin ones. Peace! Curtis Skiber, 5776 Alma St., Vancouver/BC/Canada V6N1Y4.

That's all we could fit this issue. More next time. ◊

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