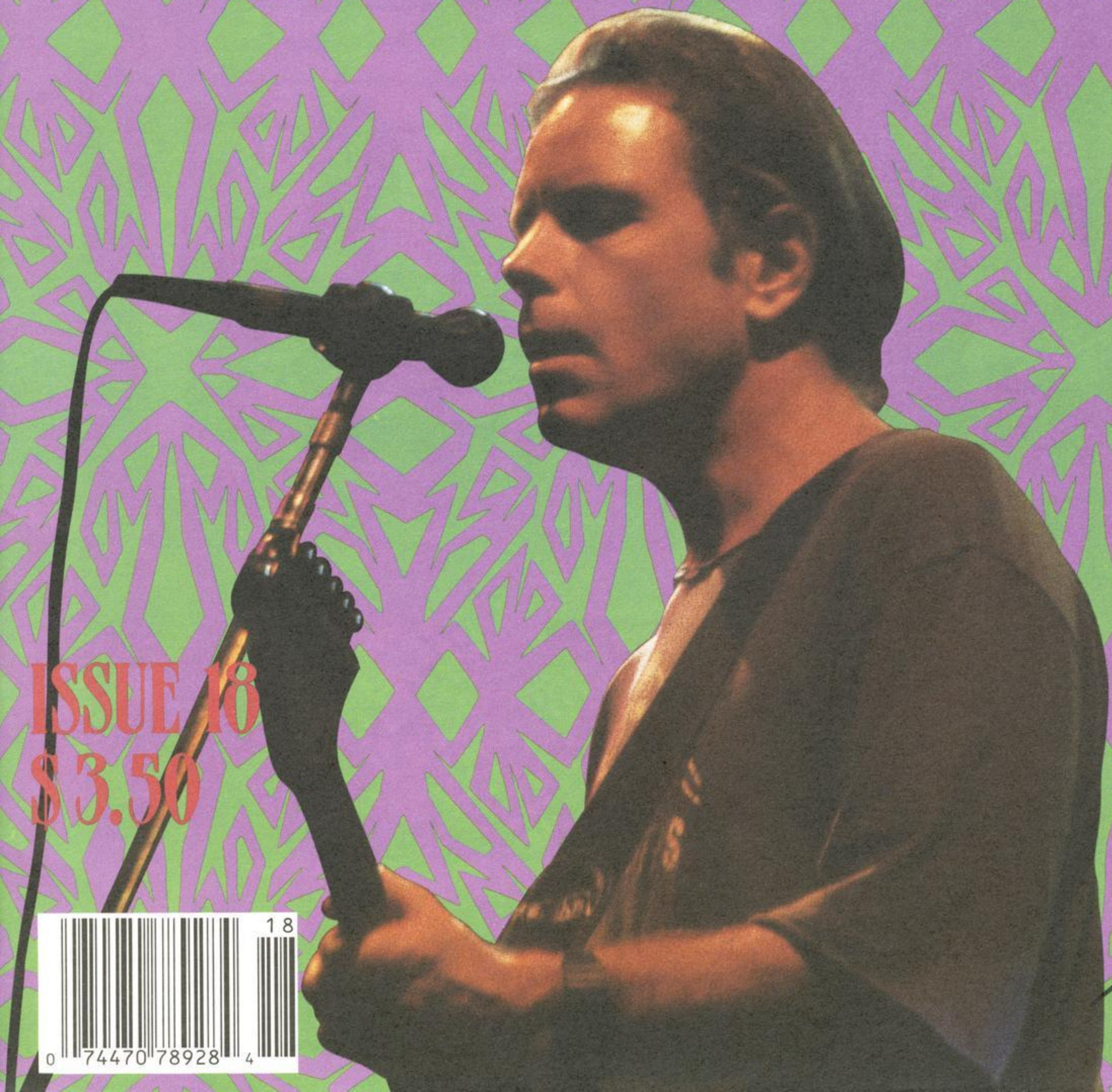


UPPER CASE OF DIAMOND

NEWS

DOCUMENTING THE DEADHEAD EXPERIENCE

BRUCE HORNSBY, MICKEY HART & BOB WEIR



ISSUE 18
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 John Dwork — Publisher
 Mark Frisk — Editor
 J. Begonias — Assistant Editor
 Netta Gilboa — Dir. Marketing/Advertising
 Heidi Kelso — Road Manager
 Sue Kim — Copy Typist
 Michael Mulvey — Assistant
 Vanessa Walters — Assistant
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 David Meltzer — Staff Writer
 Russ Weis — Staff Writer

ART STAFF

Brian Cullen — Art Director
 Kenny Schneidman — Staff Artist
 Phil Gerstheimer — Staff Photographer
 Stephanie Jennings — Staff Photographer
 Brian Spagnolo — Staff Photographer
 Kifer Releaf — Contributing Artist
 Ron Delaney — Contributing Photographer

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CONTRIBUTORS

Carol Kachurka	J. Begonias
Carl McColman	Gerald Giesecke
Alan Muir	Netta Gilboa
Alan Scheckter	Chuck Johnson's Cosmic Photos
Mike Schuppisser	

Statement of Purpose:

Our purpose is to offer a forum for progressive exchange within the Grateful Dead and related communities, and to present information and ideas that might not normally cross your path. Some is written by the *DDN* staff and some is submitted by contributors.

All correspondence received by *Dupree's Diamond News* (*DDN*) is reviewed, to determine if it is ethically, morally and politically concurrent with the presentation of our goals, though they need not be in agreement with them. We maintain the right to decide the appropriate use of all materials submitted and cannot return any materials unless accompanied with a self-addressed, correctly postaged envelope.

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. If submitting artwork or photos, put your name, address, and phone number on the back. 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*, and our opinions are not necessarily those of the Grateful Dead.

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 1979 — 1991



Letters To The Editor



TAPES, TAPES, TAPES...

Dear DDN:

I'm sure you knew I would write with further comments on the best of 65-75.

- "Alligator" 2/28/69 — the jam towards the end is super-intense
- "China Cat" > "I Know You Rider" 6/26/74 — especially for the space at the beginning
- "Hard to Handle" 8/6/71 — still does it the best for me!
- "The Other One" 5/3/72, 9/28/72
- "Tomorrow Is Forever" 9/24/72
- "Lovelight" 8/6/71 — is remarkable for how long the group maintains such an intense energy level
- "Uncle John's Band" 8/6/74 and 10/19/74
- "Deep Elem Blues" 12/28/70 — was your mention of Houston 11/19/72 a strange joke? It's not on any tape I've seen, and Deadbase doesn't mention a soundcheck*
- "Truckin'" 5/19/74
- "The Seven" is also played on 3/21/70 in an interesting version
- "Playing In The Band" — you've got to mention 5/21/74 — 46+ minutes...

You left "jams" off the '76 list...some good ones:

- 7/17/76 after "Comes A Time"
- 3/18/77 in "Not Fade Away"
- 10/14/76 between "Wharf Rat" and the return to "Dancin'"
- 7/11/79 between "Truckin'" and "Around 'n Around"
- 5/6/81 after "He's Gone"
- 12/26/79 space between drums and "Truckin'"

"Viola Lee Blues" and "Dancin' In The Streets" on some tapes of 12/28/70 El Monte, are actually from 4/12/70. Those two songs weren't played 12/28/70.

There are many more. These are just some of my favorites. I think this issue (#17) is a real step up. Keep up the good work!

Bob Bertrando

**Deaditor's Note:* Yes indeedly, you caught a typo on our "Deep Elem" entry. It is the "Don't Ease Me In" from Houston 11/19/72 that we like so much.

Hey Now!

Here are a couple more "Best of Brent" selections you might want to check out if you haven't heard them already.

- "Iko Iko" 3/18/90-II Hartford — Brent turns in a blistering solo.
- "It's All Over Now" 3/19/90-I Hartford — another da da da and an even more intense solo!
- "Gimme Some Lovin'" 7/16/90-II Buffalo — Brent does a short but very spirited rap. Wild! This whole show Brent shines.
- "Friend of the Devil" 7/2/89-I Foxboro — Brent's keys sound like a violin and his solo is quite beautiful.

Thanks for doing the "Best of Brent" list last issue. I've been a complete fan of Brent's for a long time, and it's good to see him finally getting the recognition he deserved. I will definitely check out your suggestions. Keep up the good work.

Nick Crisafulli

Dear DDN:

Dolby or Not?

I enjoyed Mr. Badillion's article on home taping and agreed with almost everything he said. He recommends that tapers use Dolby when making tapes. I always request no Dolby and record my tapes the same way.

Unfortunately, most people don't understand how Dolby works. I have traded through the mail with about 200 people and very rarely will they check the Dolby box, leaving me in doubt as to whether or not my tape is in Dolby. "Double Dolby" can occur when a master tape is in Dolby and is played back without the Dolby switch on while the recording tape is made with Dolby. A double Dolby tape will lose a lot of the high frequencies. The problem of double Dolby becomes especially troublesome when several generations are made of a tape, as is often done with GD tapes.

Another problem with Dolby is that not all tape decks have it, especially car decks and boomboxes. If the deck has no Dolby, then there will be a lot of hiss when listening to a Dolby tape. Also, some decks only have Dolby B, which will not properly play back a Dolby C tape.

I suggest that when recording a master that is not Dolby (or if you're not sure whether it's Dolby), turn Dolby off on both decks. If the master is in Dolby, then turn on the appropriate Dolby on the playback deck and turn it off on the record deck. This will make a non-Dolby copy. If you do use Dolby, then do as Mr. Badillion suggests, and label the copy as such.

Happy taping,
Tim Theisen

LSD WALTZ...

Greetings One and All:

I am a lawyer. I'm also a Deadhead. Yesterday I got a very distressing phone call, and I wanted to share the gist of it with you.

As we all know, police in every city we visit try to "crack down" on drug sales at the shows. The local papers almost invariably report the number of arrests for narcotics violations more prominently than they do a concert review. Even the band has asked the Heads not to buy or sell drugs at the shows.

While it used to be relatively easy to spot the cops working outside the shows, we now have a new enemy: ourselves. The call I received was from another lawyer who represents a Deadhead charged with narcotics violations. This lawyer wanted to know how to get tickets for the Greensboro shows so his client could go and swap them for drugs outside the coliseum, and then the police would swoop down and bust the seller (or swapper — the law makes no distinction).

The message is clear — **DON'T BUY OR SELL DRUGS AT SHOWS. YOU'LL GET BUSTED.** Here in North Carolina the sale of LSD, or even the possession of as little as one hit, carries a felony rap with a presumptive prison sentence of three years.

No matter how cool someone may seem, that person trying to buy drugs from you may be more interested in getting out of a felony than in getting off on the dose you are selling.

"Better take my advice, you know all the rules by now..." **DON'T BUY OR SELL DRUGS AT SHOWS!** Here's hoping this helps keep some Deadhead somewhere out of jail.

Stay in touch,
Doug Corkhill

Dear DDN:

I recently heard that there are some people at shows who have taken it upon themselves to distribute LSD in an extremely unorthodox fashion. The spray bottles that lots of us see during the summer as a form of needed relief have been dosed with LSD. Sprayed at unsuspecting passers-by, these mists of confusion can certainly be a real downer. Imagine walking around at a show, getting sprayed and an hour later you don't know if you're coming or going. That may be okay if it's a planned occurrence, but think of what it would be like to have this happen to a person who's never tripped before and isn't in the least expecting it. Picture being far from home at a show without your close friends and getting shot with a hit or six of liquid confusion.

This happened to a friend who's been drug free by choice for four years. This happened not once, but twice. We have enough problems with the FBI, DEA, and local police on our asses without having "our own" people playing stupid games on unsuspecting Deadheads who probably have their own plans about when and how they get high. Think about it in the extreme: what happens when a two-year-old gets hit? They're not thinking about passing the acid test, let alone losing themselves in a trip that can last a few days.

Anyone who knows anything about acid knows they wouldn't slip a hit on their worst enemy. It's just not cool!

These may be isolated incidents, but it's still a pretty serious thing. If you know someone who's got this crazy idea, STOP THEM, and make them consider the consequences. If they want to give it away for free, fine, just ask first. No one needs or wants it without knowing.

Don't worry about it too much, but be aware — a few bad apples may spoil the bunch. The shows are a time for happiness, not total confusion. Have fun, be careful and by all means, hug a brother or sister who looks a little down. You don't know how good it feels.

August West

Deaditor's Note: Thanks for your letter. We wholeheartedly agree. To paraphrase Ken Kesey, "Getting dosed without prior consent is equivalent to being raped." It may interest you to know this problem was first heard of in 1987 and consequently, many stadiums on the Dead/Dylan tour hassled everyone carrying a spray bottle. Once again, everyone suffers from the pranks of a few severely misguided fans.

CHECKIN' OUT THE SCENE...

Dear DDN:

I believe that the following suggestions for improving the scene on tour have not yet appeared in your fine magazine:

1. Wouldn't it be feasible for the Dead, in conjunction with someone like Bill Graham, to either purchase, build or take out a long-term lease on two or three appropriate concert venues in different parts of the country? A two-week stint every summer in the economically depressed Catskill mountains in New York State might be considered a financial Godsend for the local area. How about a Northern Cal location or even the South Eastern Seaboard? With security, vending, environmental management and camping controlled by a Bill Graham trained staff (hiring nearby residents to boost the local economy) and a minimum of road travel for both the crew and the audience, it seems like some really good times and vibes could be established once again.
2. A lot of folks I know decided not to go to shows they didn't have tickets for during spring tour '90 on the nights the Dead simulcast their show on local radio stations. It would seem logical that if the Dead play three shows in each location then they should try to simulcast at least one show of each run in this manner. An even better idea would be to broadcast more shows on TV. If they started doing this more often, they'd probably stop blowing the few shows they do broadcast and boy, would I rather sit at home with a cold brew than hassle with places like Foxboro!
3. If the band is going to continue touring in the same manner, they should bring back the short-lived habit of placing their own representatives in the parking lots. Remember Oxford Speedway in Maine? The band had Calico and other family members out there in the parking lot handing out garbage bags, giving pep talks, listening to ideas, suggestions and complaints. When the event management provided far too few entrances on the first night, the communication between Heads and the Dead's reps was able to remedy the situation for the next show. Their recycling pep talk and endless supply of garbage bags left the parking lot almost devoid of cans and bottles. The porto-johns were cleaned on schedule and more desperately needed showers were built on the second morning. Most important, there was a sense of bonding that went down — the heads had a sensitive and caring role-model to help inspire them into responsible action.

Peace,
Jared Horn

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Dear DDN:

In your January interview with GD manager Cameron Sears, you raise the issue of floor jumping and the "mob crowd mentality" witnessed in Foxboro, MA. Although I was not in attendance, this is not the first time such behavior has occurred. Personally, I have found that this behavior is prevalent only at reserved seating shows.

As a resident of both New Jersey and California, I have to ask, wouldn't general admission shows help to solve this particular problem? And, if so, why is it that so few of the East coast venues allow this type of seating? It seems to me that there would be fewer problems if people were given the opportunity to move about freely instead of having them take the liberty of going where they don't belong! After all, everyone pays the same amount of money for a ticket (generally speaking) no matter where we are seated. Could this possibly be the solution people are looking for?

Curiously,
T. King

Deaditor's Note: As you may have heard, at a recent general admission AC/DC concert at the Salt Palace in Salt Lake City, several fans were crushed to death as the crowd surged toward the stage. Obviously, general admission is not a simple answer to the problems of crowd control. We welcome comments from our readers on this vital issue.

BRENT'S STILL HERE...

Folks:

It's likely all been said, but I need to say it, too. I received my last issue, with renewal card inside, the day Brent died. I had been helping friends move. Bob (a frequent companion at shows) came in with a load of stuff, took me aside and had me sit down while he told me some "bad news, really bad news." I sat in the half empty room in his and Dolly's new house and felt a lot of stuff come undone. So undone, that my first response was "But the name of this band isn't Spinal Tap." Dupree's was waiting for me when I got home.

My sadness has wound out all the more because this death was so needless, so unnecessary. I really find it hard to take that someone as young as he was, and as talented, saw fit to check out that way. It hurts me when I'm trying to stay away from drugs and alcohol, and trying to encourage others to do the same, when one of my acknowledged heroes dies from an overdose. I take a lot of pride in telling people that Jerry has cleaned up his act. When Bob told me his "bad news" was about the Dead, I thought it would be Jerry. That Brent Mydland was into that heavy kind of stuff was almost too shocking, even in the face of the many rumors about his problems with alcohol.

Well, it's been a couple of months, and I just got home from the second series of shows at MSG. I cried through a lot of the first set Tuesday night when Brent's keys and vocals weren't in places I expected them. Then I really listened to how the Grateful Dead sound now. I am really pleased. Wonderful long sets, with intricate jams. I really liked the way Jerry tore about with Bruce Hornsby in the jam before the drums.

By Thursday night, I was more used to the new sound and able to let it carry me along the way the Dead sound always has in the past. Then they played "Dark Star," my first. In the middle of the jam somewhere, from Phil came a musical phrase, which used to lead into "Dear Mr. Fantasy" and for a moment in the undercurrent I heard Brent's keys and vocals: "Dear Mr. Fantasy, play us a tune. Something to make us all happy." Then it melted back into the "Dark Star."

I won't forget his wonderful voice, and his nice songs. I hope somebody out there decides to play some of them in the future. Farewell, Brent.

Very truly yours,
Sarah van Leer

Dear DDN:

I read the epitaph for Brent Mydland printed in the Philly and MSG handouts. The phrase, "...life is about choices," is a message with many meanings. However, in regard to Brent's tragic death, the "choice" has a very specific meaning, which I feel was completely overlooked in the message of that epitaph.

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Photo by Chuck Johnson

Each one of us makes the choice whether or not to use drugs and alcohol. Every vice has consequences as well as benefits. And when our recreational drinking and drugging becomes self-destructive alcoholism and addiction, we also have the choice of either seeking recovery or destroying ourselves. "It all rolls into one, and nothing comes for free."

I speak from personal experience. I drank and drugged for 13 years. At first, it was all a party, fun and games. You know, "better living through chemistry." Eventually, I no longer got "high," just stoned. My health, physical appearance, mental acuity, energy and finances continued to deteriorate. Of course, I wasn't really aware of this, but the people in my life who love me were. Although they gently suggested I get help, I didn't want to hear it — I could stop any time I wanted, I just didn't want to. So I thought. I didn't want to because I couldn't. When I was finally sick and tired of being sick and tired, I dragged myself to my first Narcotics Anonymous meeting. With the help and support of NA, and the Wharf Rats at shows, I have been clean and sober for two years come October.

I have felt better, been happier, and grown more as a person these past two years than at any other time in my life. After some 300 shows since my first Dead show at Englishtown, NJ, in 1977, I can honestly say I enjoy the shows much more now that I'm straight, and I truly pay attention. I wish I had done this years ago, and I smile with envy at the Heads a decade younger than I at Wharf Rat meetings. I see so many more Heads their age "stumbling around drunk on Burgundy wine," their skin pasty, eyes dull yellow and bloodshot, hair lifeless, living to use and using to live, just like I used to be. "What in the world ever became of sweet Jane / She lost her sparkle, you know, she isn't the same / Living on reds, vitamin C and cocaine, all a friend can say is 'Ain't it a shame.'"

I remember Dead shows in the late '70s, when Keith was so stoned he would just sit in front of his piano and not even be able to play. I remember Brent's first tour with the band, and how different they sounded — there was so much more sound and voice resonating from the stage. I will also never forget how bad Brent looked at the shows this past summer.

We are all painfully aware of the many talented, creative people who destroyed themselves with drugs and alcohol: our beloved Pigpen, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix, Keith Moon, Lowell George, and too many more. How many of us are aware of the people who chose to recover with the help of Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous? I will break the "12th Tradition" and name a few: Stevie Ray Vaughan, Eric Clapton, Pete Townshend, Lou Reed, James Taylor, all of Aerosmith, Grace Slick, Marianne Faithfull. They are powerful examples to all of us.

I miss Brent terribly. His death hits too close to home, for there but for the grace of God go I. I just couldn't get into the Philly shows, the absence of his music and voice hurt too much. I applaud the Grateful Dead family for their courage and commitment to each other and the Deadheads, to pick up the pieces once again and go on. I also welcome Vince Welnick and Bruce Hornsby, and I support whatever decisions the band makes in the days to come.

I hope this letter didn't come across as preaching — I don't mean to shake my finger at anyone. I only wanted to carry the message of recovery by sharing my experience, strength and hope. Yes, life is about choices. I choose to live without drugs and alcohol, one day at a time.

With love,
Lisa Shaftel

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Deadhead Action

As many of you already know, this magazine was created with the aim of documenting the wondrous trip that is the Deadhead Experience. When starting out, we never imagined we'd ever feel obliged to address so ugly a subject as war. But since war is such a harsh antithesis to the peaceful experience Deadheads share, and since so many of you have shared with us such great feelings of concern, we are indeed moved to address this matter and how it affects us as Deadheads. While Operation Desert Storm is largely concluded, the ravages of its destruction will be felt, both here and abroad, for a long time to come. And one must not forget that the harsh realities of war will continue to cause suffering in many other places for a long time as well.

When Operation Desert Storm started, a lot of Deadheads began to wonder whether or not it is appropriate to engage in something as joyful and light-hearted as a Grateful Dead concert (or any celebration, for that matter). "How can we have fun," many of you asked, "without feeling guilty?"

Our answer? Sure, there are times when joyous celebration is not appropriate. But we also believe that the healing energy that *can* be created through dancing, singing, meditating, creatively visualizing, and praying (all of which happen at Grateful Dead concerts) is an **essential counterbalance** to the suffering and hatred that are created by war (or the pain and suffering inherent in life in general!) We believe, furthermore, that if celebrating life and love can be **mindfully** performed as an "action meditation," its power as an act of healing can be increased dramatically. It is, in fact, all the more important that in these trying times we do **whatever** we can to balance the powers of evil, hatred, and ruthless destruction. And there *are* important actions, both physical and spiritual, that Deadheads can take:

One of the greatest attributes we Deadheads share is our ability to relate to one another and function on a spiritual level. The Grateful Dead concert provides us with the opportunity to harness the invisible power of music to bond with one another on levels far beyond the physical realm. Isn't one of the most valuable qualities of this experience its ability to serve as a catalyst for the creation of a divine state of grace inside each of our own hearts and minds? For those of you who can answer this question with a resounding YES!, it shouldn't be too hard to envision using this type of joyous energy to help heal those who are suffering beyond the bounds of the concert coliseum.

At any given moment there are literally millions of people meditating for peace all around the planet. To achieve this type of ego-less state and then mindfully direct the resulting clear energy in the direction of healing may be one of the most noble acts that any human can perform. Many wise sages throughout history have expressed deep convictions that it is because so many people are mindfully visualizing peace that the powers of evil are held in check.

If we can learn to transform our celebration into an action meditation, then it may very well serve the same purpose of cleansing world consciousness as more traditional methods of meditating.

So how might we go about attempting such a transformation? If you'd like to make a difference on a spiritual level try this experiment the next time you're at a Dead concert: As you begin to lose yourself into the music, whether you're dancing, sitting, or standing, try to remain mindful enough to create a specific visualization in your mind's eye. Create, for example, a perfectly beautiful thornless rose, and envision handing this rose to a victim of the Gulf war, be it a widow, a child, or a parent. Try to envision this soul taking the rose and being enveloped in an orb of golden healing light emanating from that rose as he or she takes in its heavenly scent. As this healing light saturates and surrounds her/him, see this person smile from the heart in the same way that the music makes you smile. Or try melting guns into seeds that, as they fall to the ground, begin to grow instantly into food for the hungry. Envision the oil that has polluted the Persian Gulf rapidly disintegrating and in its place picture millions of clean, healthy fish appearing. Your ability to envision such positive scenarios is only as limited as your imagination and willingness to do so. If all such meditations accomplish is to expand your awareness of what you can create

with your mind then you'll most likely be all the better for it. If these sorts of visualizations really do generate a healing for the planet, well, that's even better. Keep in mind that Joseph Campbell once said that "the Grateful Dead is the antidote to the atomic bomb."

Of the cynic we ask: Is the type of visualizing that I have just described any more difficult or less exciting than creating the visions that we usually conjure up in our mind's eye during a concert? No...but it can certainly be infinitely more powerful because in the process of consciously shaping our visions we succeed in purifying our thought process and in doing so we elevate the concert experience to an even more sacred level. Can you imagine 10,000 Deadheads, all in a trance at the same time, visualizing the victims of this war experiencing a profound sense of healing? WOW...what a powerful thought, huh? The next time they play "Foolish Heart," "Let It Grow," "Eyes Of The World," "Box Of Rain," or "Not Fade Away," why not try this and see what it feels like?

You don't even have to go to a Dead concert to do this. Invite some friends over, put on a Dead tape, turn it up loud (although not loud enough to cause a war with the neighbors!) and do the same boogie-for-peace at home. After you've transformed enough bullets and bombs into food and medicine, sit down in a circle, put on something a bit more soft and introspective such as "Attics Of My Life" or "Here Comes Sunshine" and try to visualize a great healing taking place in the hearts of those who have become victims of war. There doesn't need to be an active war going on (though sadly enough one is probably going on somewhere) to use this experience as a creative visualization. An unfortunate fact of our common reality is that at any time there are millions of beings suffering on the planet to whom we can give our compassionate healing energy.

And then there is the need to manifest positive change on the physical plane. If we don't begin to end our gluttonous use of petroleum and other limited natural resources, then we are certainly doomed to fall into another such war in the future. I won't lecture you here on the details of conservation in daily life, but it is obvious that we must begin to at least carpool on our way to and from Dead concerts.

We can also make a greater effort to be at peace with one another and the local authorities (even when they do unfairly provoke us). The Grateful Dead concert can and should serve as a good model for demonstrating how large numbers of people of different walks of life and beliefs can come together in spirit and peacefully enjoy each others' presence under what are often compromising and uncomfortable circumstances. Amen!

When the war began, we here at *DDN* were contacted by *numerous* Deadheads who let us know that they were on their way to Washington to march in protest against the war and, they hoped, to get arrested in the process (so as to publicly demonstrate their intense opposition to the atrocity of war). I cautioned them that while speaking one's mind is an **essential** and guaranteed part of our democratic process, there are even more profound statements that can be made than those which are at best *implied* by getting oneself arrested. The next time, I told them, that they wanted to spend a day *effectively* protesting the war, they should instead spend that day learning about 1) which of our elected government representatives are negligent or mis-directed enough to allow madmen like Saddam Hussein to have or to buy such dangerous weapons of terror in the first place; 2) which of our elected officials are unwilling to adopt a strong policy towards energy conservation and alternative energy research and use; 3) how to vote these misdirected souls out of power; and 4) how to get as many of one's friends effectively involved in a substantive process of change as possible.

Whether you supported the war or not, the most patriotic *and* peaceful thing any of us can do is to adopt a lifestyle that is mindful of the concepts I have discussed here. Without engendering these important changes we are surely doomed to find ourselves in the same unfortunate position again and again. It's up to each and every one of us whether we will choose to finally move in the direction of peace. As Bobby Weir sings, "We are it, we are on our own." It is time to tune in, turn on, and take charge!!

If American troops are still in the Gulf when you read this, as they very likely will be, **please send us the names and proper addresses of any Deadhead soldiers who you know are there.** We'd love to send them free copies of this magazine. We urge you to do as we already have, and send Dead tapes to those soldiers who can receive mail. There's nothing quite like a kick-ass version of "Help On The Way" > "Slipknot" > "Franklin's Tower" to boost a Deadhead soldier's spirit.

I should briefly draw your attention to The Garden of the Gratefully Deaded Project described on page 9. Last issue we started this program as a way for Deadheads to directly participate in the saving of the planet by helping to purchase endangered rainforest land for permanent protection. Much to our disbelief and joy **thousands** of dollars have been raised and the targeted tract of land has been completely purchased!! So we are forging ahead with the Nature Conservancy and starting another Garden funding drive. We heartily welcome you to participate in this direct Earth-saving action.

Some of you may have read in our last issue that this was to be our "Myth, Ritual, and Transformation" issue. In order to bring you the band interviews contained herein on a more timely basis, we have postponed our previously intended subject matter till next issue. Stay tuned for more enlightening reading. And don't forget to keep your letters coming!

In Light (and peace),
Johnny Dwork

ARE THEY REAL OR ARE THEY... COUNTERFEIT?

by Sally Ansoerge Mulvey

Here you are at a Grateful Dead concert. You don't have a ticket because: A) you didn't have one to begin with; B) you lost it; C) your buddy who was supposed to meet you with your ticket never showed. You know you shouldn't be there, but you are. You are looking to buy a ticket outside the show. Someone offers you a one for \$25-\$50 (or whatever the market will bear that night), and you jump at the chance. You're psyched! You're in the door! *Or are you?*

This spring tour an estimated 10,000 counterfeit tickets were confiscated and at least 8,000 of those were stopped at the door between Landover, MD, Albany, NY, and Nassau, NY. Think about it, 8,000 tickets times at least \$25 each, equals \$200,000 — a low-end estimate. And that's only half the tour! This is big business! Big enough for Grateful Dead Productions to be working with the FBI.

According to the FBI, the paper stock used for tickets is government-regulated just like the paper money is printed on. There aren't many producers of it in the United States, and tracing it from that standpoint isn't the problem. It's catching the people actually doing the counterfeiting, goods in hand — that *is* the problem. It's obvious from the sheer numbers that this is more than a one time deal. The thing that makes the Grateful Dead such a target, as explained by a GDP spokesperson, is that the fans desire to see shows aren't affected by the economy like so many other things. Also, the Grateful Dead can be counted on not only to do a lot of shows each year, but to SELL OUT 90 percent of them! "So, fans we wish wouldn't come to the shows without tickets, now shell out \$30-\$40 on average for **nothing**."

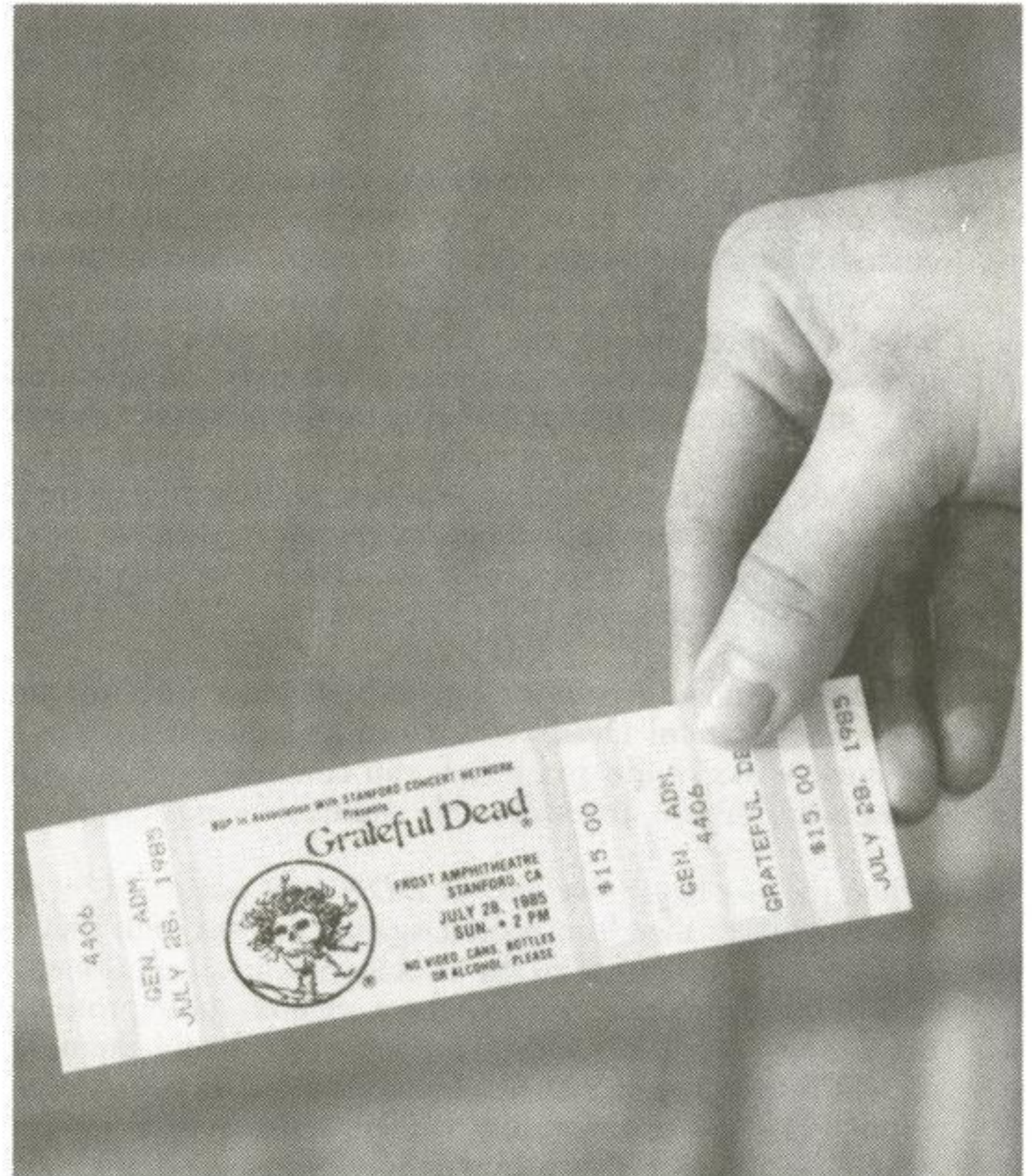


Photo by Brian Cullen

In the past, the problems Grateful Dead fans had to deal with were scalpers. Now it's the counterfeiters. There are ways of stopping this — things we can do. The obvious ones are not to come to shows without tickets and not to buy tickets outside the shows. However, other things to note are: A) if you see a guy with a handful of tickets, odds are they are counterfeit; B) if the seller won't go with you to a security guard/usher to have it checked, odds are it is counterfeit; C) follow your instincts. There are people in the parking lots who work for GDP who are trained to know counterfeit tickets. Obviously, there are ways to tell even the best counterfeits, or so many wouldn't have been caught. Never hesitate to ask someone else's opinion.

One might say what's an extra body or two at one of these large venues? Well, unfortunately, it's more like a couple of thousand or two. A safety hazard, for one. The shows are already filled to capacity. One of the biggest problems with all the extra people who come to shows is the parking. A venue has parking capacity for the estimated number of attendees. Add on another 2,000 cars, and it can be a lot of trouble for the entire town and/or surrounding areas.

In conclusion, **BE AWARE OF COUNTERFEIT TIX.** 1) Know you're not alone, GDP is working hard and fast to come up with a way to countermand the situation. 2) Tell local security if you suspect someone of selling counterfeits. 3) Don't come to shows without tickets. ♦



THERE'S ONE SIMPLE THING YOU CAN DO TO SAVE THE RAINFOREST

Help Dupree's Diamond News in the Continuation of the

GARDEN OF THE GRATEFULLY DEADICATED

DDN and the Nature Conservancy recently joined forces to create a special DEADHEAD-Funded Rainforest Preserve in the Sierra de Las Minas Reserve in Guatemala. We purchased over 100 acres there — all we could from that region and are now onto our **SECOND GARDEN OF THE GRATEFULLY DEADICATED!!!**

Every \$30 we raise now will *permanently* protect one acre of endangered rainforest land in **The Rio Bravo Conservation Area in Belize, Central America!** Your contribution, no matter how small, will show the world we Deadheads *can and are* doing our share in helping to save the planet from destruction. You'll have the satisfaction of knowing that when it mattered most, you/**we took action.**

Any donation will help! Those who donate \$30 or more will receive an honorary land deed from the Nature Conservancy and regular "reports from the field" about the management activities affecting the Garden of the Gratefully Deadicated. Those who make smaller donations will be kept informed through this publication.

Checks for *any* amount should be made out to: The Nature Conservancy — Adopt an Acre
and mailed to: The Garden of the Gratefully Deadicated
c/o DDN, P.O. Box 3603, New York, NY 10185

GARDEN OF THE GRATEFULLY DEADICATED — UPDATE

In our last issue, we told you about how The Nature Conservancy, in conjunction with Dupree's Diamond News, created an opportunity for each and every one of us to have a direct hand in saving one of the world's most valuable and endangered tracts of rainforest land. With the help of Deadheads, this project has already been so successful that all of the land in the area of endangered rainforest we targeted, the Sierras de las Mines Preserve in Guatamala, has been bought up for permanent protection!! So we are now asking for your help in saving the second of what will ideally be many **Gardens of the Gratefully Deadicated.** This time, every \$30 dollars we raise will preserve one acre in the Rio Bravo Conservation Area in Belize, Central America. As we told you last time, we have chosen to work with the Nature Conservancy because they can see to it that 100 percent of the money will be used to purchase and preserve this land, not to pay for their office space or the salary of employees here in America. If you haven't contributed to this amazing project, now is a great time to start!

The Rio Bravo Conservation Area

Rio Bravo is one of the few remaining sites in Central America undisturbed by modern development. Its lush tropical forest extends for 152,000 acres in Northwest Belize. Some of Central America's most endangered species find refuge in Rio Bravo. Populations of black howler monkeys, spider monkeys, tapirs, jaguars, and margays thrive there. More than 300 species of birds have been identified, including parrots, toucans. Many of the millions of North American songbirds that arrive each winter find their wintering sites burned down and become too weak to make the return trip back here in the Spring.

The Rio Bravo was once occupied by the ancient Maya, and preliminary archeological surveys have located a number of Mayan ruins within its boundaries. The largest site contains up to 20 buildings and four plazas and may rival Guatemala's enormous Tikal site when fully excavated.

Protecting the Preserve

Fortunately, the Rio Bravo area can be saved. The Nature

Conservancy is working with a local private conservation group, Programme For Belize, to protect the reserve and extend its many benefits to the people living around it.

The government of Belize has recognized a large area at Rio Bravo as a protected area. While this designation provides nominal protection for the area, it does not provide for park personnel or on-site conservation work. This is where Programme For Belize comes in.

Programme For Belize has begun purchasing land in the area they will own and manage. The Nature Conservancy and Programme For Belize are now working together at the conservation area to purchase additional land holdings, hire and train local rangers to monitor and protect the reserve, provide necessary field equipment to these on-site land managers, and begin efforts to reach-out to local communities and involve them in the park's protection and management.

As part of its "adopt an acre" program, the Nature Conservancy has developed a specific budget to cover the cost of land acquisition, land management, community education, etc. They have calculated that the cost for land purchase *and* providing these services per acre is \$30. Each of you who donates \$30 or more will receive an honorary land deed specifying the location of your "adopted" acreage. You'll also get regular "Reports from the Field," letters from local land managers keeping you informed about the management activities affecting your adopted acreage — the very conservation activities made possible by you. Those of you who donate less than \$30 (all donations, no matter how small, will be put to good use) will be kept informed of progress in this project through DDN.

Although you won't personally own the rainforest land you've adopted, you will directly provide for its protection. Your commitment represents a critical investment in the health of the global environment — the future. Please join us in showing the world and ourselves that Deadheads care enough to make a difference. Thank you. ♡

Hangin' Loose *with*

BRUCE HORNSBY

SOUTHERN COMFORT WITH
A TOUCH OF SPACE...

by Mike Schuppisser

Are you from the Bay area originally?

I'm from Virginia, from the South. And anyone who listens to my music should be able to get that southern connection because that's what we write about. We always wrote about race and religion, things very much indigenous to the south — the bible belt and racism, [which is] a worldwide problem, but the South always got blamed for being the most racist region. [It's] not true, but it was always the stereotype. So no, I'm not from the Bay Area at all. I don't have much connection with the Bay Area. My connection with the Grateful Dead merely comes from the fact that four years ago they asked us to open shows for them. They liked our band. We only had nine songs so we would do a few songs by other people, and one of them was a Dead song, "I Know You Rider." And somebody told the Dead, "Hey, there's this band out there doing "I Know You Rider," maybe you ought to check it out." And so I guess they got a hold of the tape and they really liked the music. So they asked us to open a couple of shows for them in the Spring of '87 and it just kind of went on from there. We did those two days. The next year we did two gigs with them. I started sitting in with them then, I'd come in and play two songs. Then I'd come back and play four songs. Then I'd play half the night. We'd open for them some more. Then, by last summer, I started playing the whole set with them on accordion, because Brent of course played piano. Sometimes I would play the piano and he would play organ. And then I asked Garcia to play on our record. It's just been this on-going, growing relationship that started with them asking us to open for them. So that's the connection. No geographical one at all.

The hot seat in the band seems to be behind the keyboards. When we heard that Brent had passed away, we thought the Grateful Dead would stop for a year or at least a few months and cancel all the shows they had booked. The next thing we heard was that the Dead

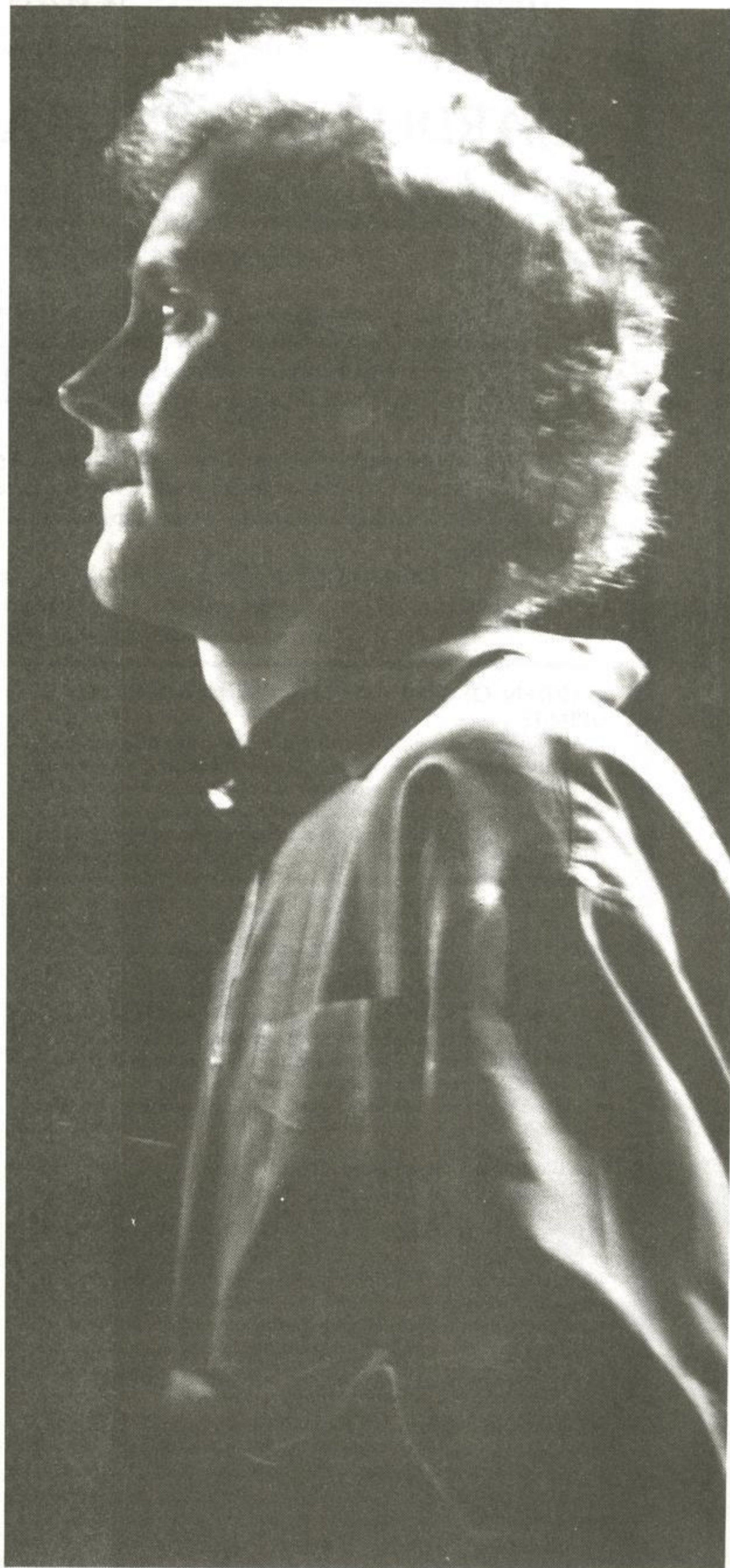


Photo by Brian Cullen

would continue playing, with either five or six or maybe seven members. And finally you are seven now, so what's the situation? There is Vince Welnick, and you started to play with the band at the Madison Square Garden Shows. Will you do this European tour and then your own thing again?

Yeah, I'll do a few more Dead shows, and we'll just see how it goes. This is Vince's new gig. For me, it's something else that I'm doing, They asked me to help them out. They were in a tough situation, of course, and they're friends of mine. And I love playing with them. It's always fun. Where else can you play one song for an hour? So, it's a unique situation. I've always come from a bit of a jazz background, very much improvisation-minded, and the Dead is very much into that. I've always liked playing with them and they asked me to help them and so I'm helping them by doing these shows and just sort of seeing how it goes as far as the long term. Of course, the big question everyone asks ten, fifteen, twenty times a day is, "Well, are you going to join?" Well, all I can say is that my own thing is Bruce Hornsby and the Range, and it will always be foremost. It would be really silly for me to just blow that off. Anyone who would think that is really sort of dreaming. Or doesn't really have the right perspective on things, because I worked too many years and have too good a thing going on my own to just blow it off. At the same time, I very much enjoy doing this and I would like to keep doing it when I can. So it's a bit of a gray area because I gotta see how much they like this sort of on and off again relationship. For instance, I couldn't make the Stockholm show because I was playing with my band. They seem to be fine with it. So it's really up to them in a sense. But for me, like I say, I can't imagine that I would just make the Dead my number one priority. It just couldn't happen because what I do is too important to me and it's the total creative package. I write, produce, arrange, sing, do the shows.

And you lead.

Exactly, what more could you ask for? This is great but that's greater.

But you stopped your own tour in order to join the Grateful Dead.

No we didn't. I didn't stop the tour.

But you didn't play Switzerland this year.

No. But we were only booking two weeks. We got tired of coming over to Europe and losing our ass, frankly. It's very expensive to tour in Europe. Almost all bands lose money on tour here in Europe. It's just too expensive. The equipment costs are astronomical compared to the States, for instance. Everything's more expensive, and the dollar's weak, so we got tired of doing these marathon seven or eight week tours and coming back with this massive loss. It just made no sense. So we decided to play two weeks and do the markets that we do best in: England and Germany. It wasn't a question of cutting our tour short for the Dead's tour. It actually worked out very nicely that our tour ended just one day after their tour started. We were always only going to do seventeen days here. So basically what it does, is give me no time off.

I've had five days off in the last six months. Working 29 out of 30 days, at least. For instance, right when I get back from Europe, I go straight to Nashville to produce Leon Russell for a week. And then I go straight from that to our tour and then I go straight from our tour to the Dead's tour and then straight from the Dead's tour to making a trio record with Branford Marsalis and John Kahn. There's a lot of great things going on, but it's very intense. I've got to be very careful with my health, because it's every day non-stop for many months. I played on the new Bob Dylan record and the new Bob Seger record, Edie Brickell, Cowboy Junkies, Crosby Stills and Nash, a bunch of new artists' records, just a lot of things.

Bruce Hornsby's a rich man then.

Well, I don't charge for these sessions. It's not about money for me. It's just about fun. I didn't get into music to make videos or to do interviews or to have the right hair cut or wear the right clothes or have people fawn all over me. I got into it to play with great players and to work with great artists, and I've been lucky enough, especially this year, to be able to do that.



Vince Welnick and Bruce Hornsby

Photo by Brian Spagnolo

How many years did you play with the Range before the first album?

Well, the Range was only together for about a year before we got a deal, but we didn't get the deal as the Range. I got a deal with a solo tape, a tape I made in reaction to the way the Range was playing my songs. I didn't like the way they were playing them so I decided to do them myself and that's how I got signed. But I had been trying to get a record deal for seven or eight years. I had been beating my head against the wall and probably had been passed on about eighty times by the record companies. That's not really a unique story. Most people spend a lot of years trying. It's a very difficult thing.

When you're playing with the Range, do you play the same set every night?

Our shows are completely different, totally spontaneous.

Like the Grateful Dead?

No, spontaneous, but in a completely different way than the Grateful Dead. We always take requests from the audience. If we don't take requests, it's because we have an opening act and there's a curfew, and so we only have a certain amount of time to play. We consider two hours to be a small amount of time. We play for three hours usually, or more, depending on the crowd. But if we have an opening act, sometimes there are curfews and if you go over a certain time period you have to pay like 10,000 bucks to the union to play an extra five minutes. That's an unfortunate situation. Usually we don't use opening bands. This summer, though, we played with the Cowboy Junkies, who opened for us a little bit. But in general, when it's just our show, we take requests. We've been known to do everything from Traffic songs to certain old Muddy Waters tunes, Band songs, Dead songs. We certainly get a lot of

continued on next page

requests for the Dead. So our shows are wide open. We're basically a band that's made up of a bunch of guys who are veterans of old bar bands. We've been the soundtrack for fist fights many times. We've played fraternity parties where they had to put a net in front of the band so we wouldn't get hit with beer bottles. That's our background

Like the Blues Brothers movie?

That's sort of a parody of it, but it really does happen. So our shows are totally different every night. Sometimes we'll get kind of locked into a set list but not too often. Like here in Europe, we had people following us around from show to show. It wasn't the Deadheads. And so we felt we needed to give them a completely different show every night — we played everything we knew over the course of about twelve nights, and some things that we didn't know. We're willing to just fake songs that we don't know.

Did you rehearse with the Dead before you first started sitting in?

I never rehearsed with the Dead. I did later. But when I would sit in with them, I'd never rehearse. I'd just go in and play. The five nights I did at Madison Square Garden, I just walked in, just winging it off the cuff. But we did do a week of rehearsal before this tour, mostly just to learn some new things. We learned a couple of my songs, learned a couple of their old songs that they were re-learning also. And I learned a couple of more difficult, involved numbers like "Terrapin Station"

Did you listen to the Dead before?

I was lucky. One of the old bar bands I used to play in played a lot of Dead songs. And so I knew a lot of the songs, but they have so many. I had a good head start but there were lots of them that I didn't know. So that served me well, but there are a lot of times when I'm up there even now listening, using my ears. But that's what music's about — that's what it should be about.

Garcia is the type of musician who gives you all the freedom you need and supports you in an effort to get out the best. As tragic as Brent's death is, I think the band is challenged again, to be working with new people.

It's like the analogy I heard a prominent promoter in the States use. He said it's like being with the same woman for twenty-five years, or the same man for twenty-five years, and then maybe you're with someone new and so there's a certain new spark there. It's something new entering the equation that just can't help but make things exciting again.

What about the Dead's audience?

The Grateful Dead has a very unique audience. The Deadheads are great.

Noisy?

Yeah. We like that. We like the boisterous nature of the Dead crowd. I always liked it when we were playing with the Dead, though lots of times the audience is a little tunnel-visioned in their view that it's the Dead and nothing else. That to me is too bad. But that's just a certain group of Deadheads. In general, a lot of the Deadheads — most of the Deadheads — seem to be very open-minded about music, very much into whatever happens and willing to go with the moment. The Deadhead crowd is about the best crowd I know of in music. They're great. Obviously very loyal. There's nothing like this Deadhead thing. In America, I think REM has a pretty fanatical following, Springsteen, in his own, different way, has his very devoted following, but I don't think any of them really quite holds a candle to the Dead and their following. These people are, well, I've already said it, they're the best crowd.

They receive you well.

Oh, I don't know how they receive me. I don't really.

Did you feel comfortable with the audience from the beginning?

Yeah, I guess. When we used to open up for them, I would get kind of pissed off sometimes because I felt they were so tunnel-visioned: "Whoever's playing before the Dead, well, we don't care about them, we wait for the Dead." I understand it, but it doesn't make it much fun or very enjoyable. I understand that situation but sometimes we would be up there just tearing it up, just kicking ass, and they'd hardly be listening. And no one likes that. As far as how they've received me as a band member, I can't say. You'd have to ask them. That's for them to say.

Well, I can tell you that you've been very well-received and people are really happy with the way the band sounds.

Well, good. Like I say, I like the Deadhead crowd because there's no more loyal crowd than the Dead's. There's no better crowd. I think any band would love to have a group even half as loyal as the Deadheads are to their band.

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It seems as if you're happy with your situation because you're not asking for spare time or a vacation. You're on a permanent vacation perhaps. That's what Garcia once said when he was 17, that he went for a vacation and he's still on it!

Yeah. We're still kids for a living. We still get to play music and make a buck out of it. And that's very fortunate. No, you don't hear me complaining about it, I'm just telling you that there is very little time to go to the beach or something. But the fact of the matter is that I'd rather play than go to the beach, so I'm fine. The great thing about my situation, especially the last year, is that there's so much variety.

And now you're able to choose.

Yeah, I guess so. It might sound as if I don't but I do actually turn down quite a few requests for my services. I basically do the things that I want to do. And there are a lot of nice things.

The Grateful Dead is not only the music, it's a lifestyle.

Absolutely, it definitely is.

Aren't you now part of the family.

I wouldn't go so far as to say I'm part of the family. I've only been doing this for a month. It's funny. When I first sat in with the Dead three years ago, I came off stage and Garcia says, "Okay, now you're in, now you're part of us, now you're indoctrinated." And that's great, Garcia is really one of my favorite people in the whole music sphere.

He's just about music and not full of any bullshit. He doesn't care about the trappings, he just likes to play. And I think Garcia and I are kindred spirits in that. If you notice, Garcia and I are always sort of playing off each other, and that's something that you just can't beat. That's as good as it gets. We have a great time playing together.

Will you be playing all the shows from now on?

Well, I'm doing most everything up through New Year's, and at that point we'll just see how it goes. I've just got to play it by ear. Because I love doing it. There's no more fun I have, other than playing with our band, than I have when I play with the Dead. It's great fun. But that's a good example of the down side of it, of the side that makes me say, Oh, I don't know if I can continue to keep this up. And the schedule. I mean it's easy for me to say, Oh yes, it's a vacation, and we're still playing and it's the perpetual vacation, but everybody else gets a break and I don't because of all this, and that's the other thing that I have to weigh. I'm a married man. My wife used to complain and ask, "When am I going to see you?" before this happened. I had a full plate before this, and this makes it sort of run over. So there are a lot of different things that weigh into the decision. But I postpone that decision because I enjoy it all so much. And I'll just do it and, who knows, it may continue for years.

[A phone call interrupts to remind Bruce of the sound check.]

continued on next page

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Hangin' Loose with Bruce Hornsby

continued from previous page

Sound check? Do you do a sound check every night?

Yeah. Sometimes we run over songs that we don't know so well. Tonight we might do one of my songs in a completely different manner, so we might have to rehearse that because it sounds a little dodgy so far.


It seems that Vince is looking at sheet music. I've seen him a few times having to thumb through it pretty quick.

Hey, I have a few cheat sheets, too, but not like Vince, because like I said, I knew a lot of the songs beforehand and he kind of came into it cold.

Who's the bust of on the piano? Everyone's saying look, he's got Beethoven up there.

Not quite, Rogers Hornsby, the old baseball player. A real son-of-a-bitch from what I understand. It's a little bust, a little plastic piece of

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crap I'd had since I was about nine years old, and it was just some joke that we used to put on our piano in our band, and my keyboard tech JT found it somewhere. We'd lost it — I guess somebody found it and sent it out to JT so he'd turn it on, we put it up there the other night, just for grins.

Do you enjoy traveling in Europe?

Yeah, but I'd like to get back home and take a break. It's been a long time. When I first came here, I was inundated with ten hours of press interviews and TV shows and the whole pop thing. It was all new to me and sort of amazing. I was new and they could just beat the shit out of me. Record companies will just run you into the ground if they can because they don't care about you, they just want to make that money. So, I succumbed to that in a big way and it really wreaked havoc on my health. I was working 13-14 hours, doing a gig at night and then interviews after the show — what we call skin and grin, where you meet and greet people after the show. Another thing that's really nice about this Dead thing is that the Dead just stands outside of the music business, and you don't have to do all that. They are just totally divorced from all the crap and all the bullshit that the music business is about. I'm reading this book called "Hit Men," which is a best seller in America now. It talks about the seamier side of the business and all the characters and the aspects of the music business that those of us who are in it would probably rather not think about, like the reasons songs get played on the radio. Anyway, the Dead stands outside of that whole apparatus, and that's a very attractive thing because so many aspects of the real music industry are not so attractive.

What is it like for you, playing the space jam?

Playing the space? I grew up in a real jazz background and listened to some really way-out records, Ornette Coleman mainly, Anthony Braxton, Cecil Taylor, some really far out shit, also some pretty avant-garde classical music, Anton Weber and Berg and Stockhausen, Milton Babbitt, electronic music. I just sort of checked out the whole gamut, or as much as I could, and so that's what I bring to it. There are some times when I've taken to doing the Cecil Taylor routine of banging my forearm on the piano. Sheer noise.

So you do what you want to do.

Sure. The other night I started playing "Maple Leaf Rag" in the middle of the space, in two different keys at once. I don't know if anyone could hear it, it was such a din.

If you have a favorite song, do you recommend it if you want to play it with the Dead?

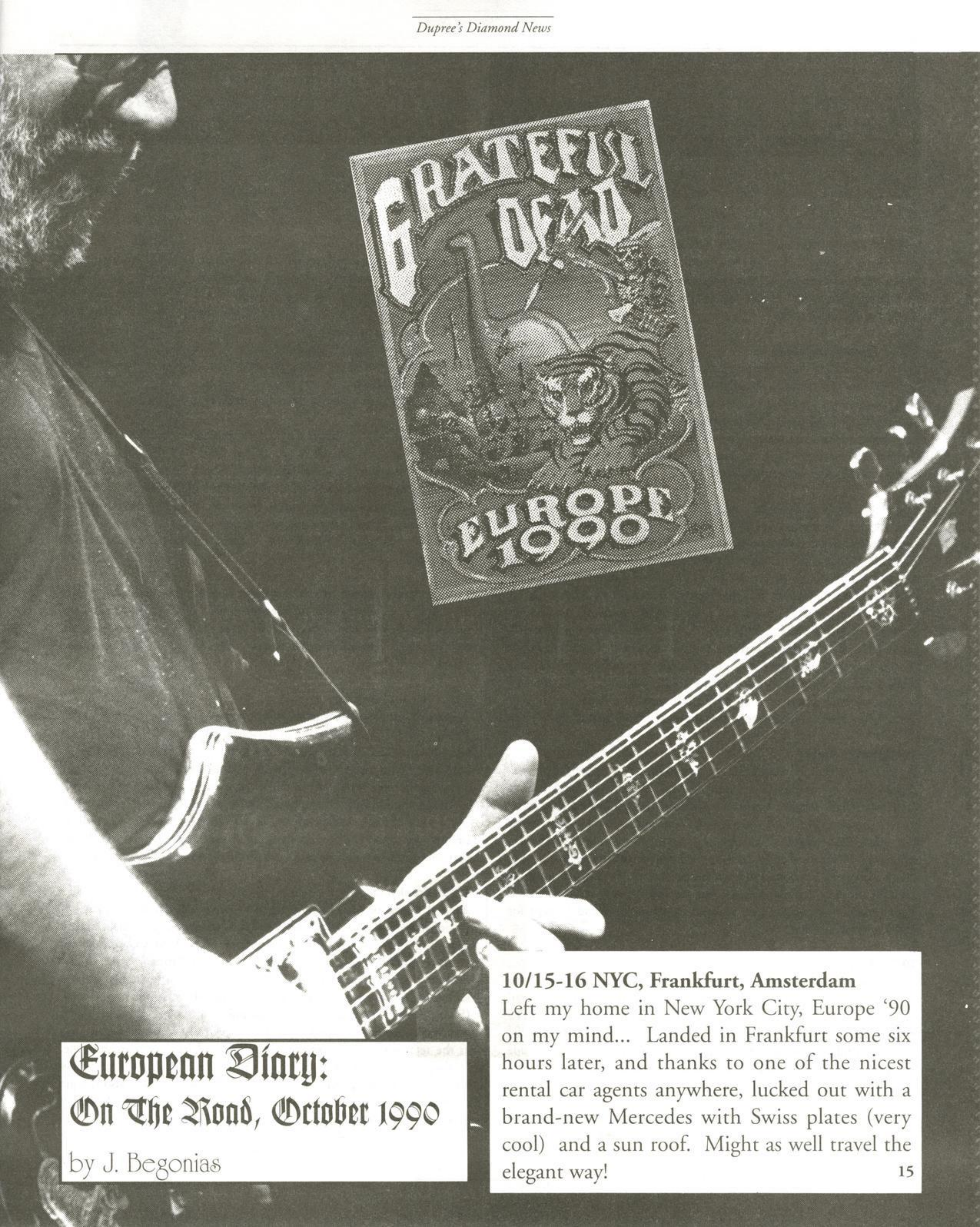
Oh, no. Bob and Jerry come up with that — it's their thing, and Phil's too. We just kind of sit around and wait for them to tell us what the hell to do. Which is great. No responsibility.

No responsibility?

Yeah. Just play well. ♦



Photo by Sally Ansonge Mulvey



European Diary: On The Road, October 1990

by J. Begonias

10/15-16 NYC, Frankfurt, Amsterdam

Left my home in New York City, Europe '90 on my mind... Landed in Frankfurt some six hours later, and thanks to one of the nicest rental car agents anywhere, lucked out with a brand-new Mercedes with Swiss plates (very cool) and a sun roof. Might as well travel the elegant way!

Too excited to sleep, we loaded up the car and headed immediately for Amsterdam. It's quite a distance on the map, but there's no speed limit on the German Autobahn, and we made the trip in four hours despite heavy traffic in Holland. We checked into a hotel one block from the Leidseplein, site of the famed Melkweg and Bulldog. For those who've never been there, Amsterdam is a most amazing place. The people are *very* tall and equally friendly. Everyone speaks English and, of course, there are the legendary hash bars (hundreds of them!) where marijuana and hashish are sold legally and the bartender is happy to sit and smoke with you and fill you in on the local scene. Amsterdam is known for its damp, rainy climate, but we were blessed with dry, mild weather for our one night in town, and walked the narrow streets along the canals of the Centrum until 3:00 AM.

10/17 Amsterdam, Essen

Awoke the next day to pouring rain and drove three hours to Essen for our first show on the tour. (Imagine pulling into the parking lot at 7:00 PM and having your pick of spots right by the entrance.) I'd been to the Grugahalle in 1981 for Rockpalast when the Who opened for the Dead, and it was a little strange to see so many Americans this time. Back then, there had been about ten likewise-adventurous souls; now I really had to hunt to find some Europeans!

The layout of the Grugahalle is reminiscent of a campus gymnasium, the kind of place the band used to play before they catapulted into the big time and massive venues, and the show was loose and fun. The audience particularly responded to a rip-roaring version of "Maggie's Farm" in the middle of a ten-song first set, which also included a sweet "High Time" (who told who goodbye?), and the *hot* second set opener, "China Cat" > "I Know You Rider." I overheard a number of comments on Garcia's selection of "He's Gone," "Black Peter," and "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" all in one evening... a tribute to Brent, perhaps? One thing about the Europe tour, we met many great people who previously had their Dead listening pleasure limited to the studio albums — and are now thrilled beyond description to have discovered the American tapers. What a fine way to spread international goodwill and friendship!

10/18 Essen, Berlin

Berlin was absolutely wonderful — still reeling and rocking from the reunification celebrations two weeks earlier. We met up with friends (Swiss, German, Belgian, Canadian, Californian, and someone claiming to be Hungarian) at the Brandenburg Gate, and crossed over to what had been "East," where an enterprising individual had taken immediate advantage of the new order and opened a beer and wine stand. We drank a toast to freedom and then headed off to the Ku-damn for an amazing dinner. Another thing about the Europe tour, everywhere we went (except for London) we enjoyed excellent food and (except for Paris) excellent service.

10/19 Berlin

The Internationales Congress Centrum is what you could call a five-star concert hall. Tapers especially were in seventh heaven — each seat, except for the very front rows, had its own fold-down tray table. The place was completely carpeted, and the ushers were polite and friendly. The only problem was getting in the place. First you lined up outside the doors, then at the escalators, then again at the doors leading into the theater. After that, everything was great!

A laid-back but very nicely harmonized version of "Let The Good Times

Roll" opened the first set, making its only appearance on the tour. A rather heated "Shakedown Street" followed, with particular emphasis, not surprisingly, on the line "tell me this town ain't got no heart." Apparently, the band had to stay four hours away in Hannover due to lack of hotel space in Berlin, and were prevented from loading in until two hours prior to showtime. "Stuck Inside of Mobile..." was sweet as was the delightful "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue" encore.

10/20 Berlin

On our way to meet friends for breakfast at their hotel on the Alexanderplatz, we drove through the infamous Allied Checkpoint Charlie. Now deserted, the huge red and white warning signs remain, a testament to what a trip this place must have been not so very long ago. On this particularly cloudy and touch-of-grey sort of day, "East" Berlin was a tad depressing. Everything seems to have been designed purely with function in mind, with no consideration of aesthetic appeal. And I'd like to know what these straight-laced people really thought at the sight of a man with a ponytail reaching halfway down his back.

Of course, no trip to Berlin would be complete without the obligatory visit to (what's left of) the Wall. Many of the multi-colored panels, wildly spray-painted by an ecstatic populace back in November of 1989, have been numbered and will be dismantled and shipped to art and history museums around the world. Forget to pack your sledgehammer? Not to worry. There are people selling pieces of the Wall from blankets on the sidewalk, along with all sorts of East German army uniforms and decorations.

Everyone I met agreed the second night in Berlin was definitely a tour highlight, an especially nice surprise for a radio show. It was really neat to see friends, who hadn't been stateside for the Dead in years, groovin' right along to "Black-Throated Wind," "Box Of Rain," and of course, "Dark Star."

10/21 Berlin, Frankfurt

Thanks to Sunday drivers (who are the same in any language) and a fair amount of road construction underway along the Autobahn, it took something ridiculous like eight hours to get to Frankfurt. We met up with our Swiss and Spanish friends at the hotel, and somehow the concierge found a restaurant to make dinner for us despite the late hour. Although the kitchen was supposed to be closed, we were served salad, pasta with salmon cream sauce, fruits, cheeses, and an incredible tiramisu for dessert. There's something about being far from your home that seems to bring out the most extraordinary hospitality in people.

10/22 Frankfurt

A good friend of ours had arranged to interview Bruce Hornsby for National Swiss Radio before the show and he invited us to assist him in recording and photographing this opportunity. First we went to see Dennis McNally, and he sent us up to meet Bruce. After all the necessary topics had been covered, Bruce was really friendly and we talked for quite a while, sharing laughs and observations of the tour. (Excerpts from this interview can be found in this issue.) Bruce is a very nice, extremely talented person, and it's obvious he's as brained on Jerry as the rest of us! That night the band played its first Hornsby tune, "Valley Road," to close a hot first set which included old and new favorites, "Bird Song" and "Foolish Heart." The show was also unique in that this was the first time I'd ever seen uniformed U.S. Army personnel acting as security...more than just a little weird.

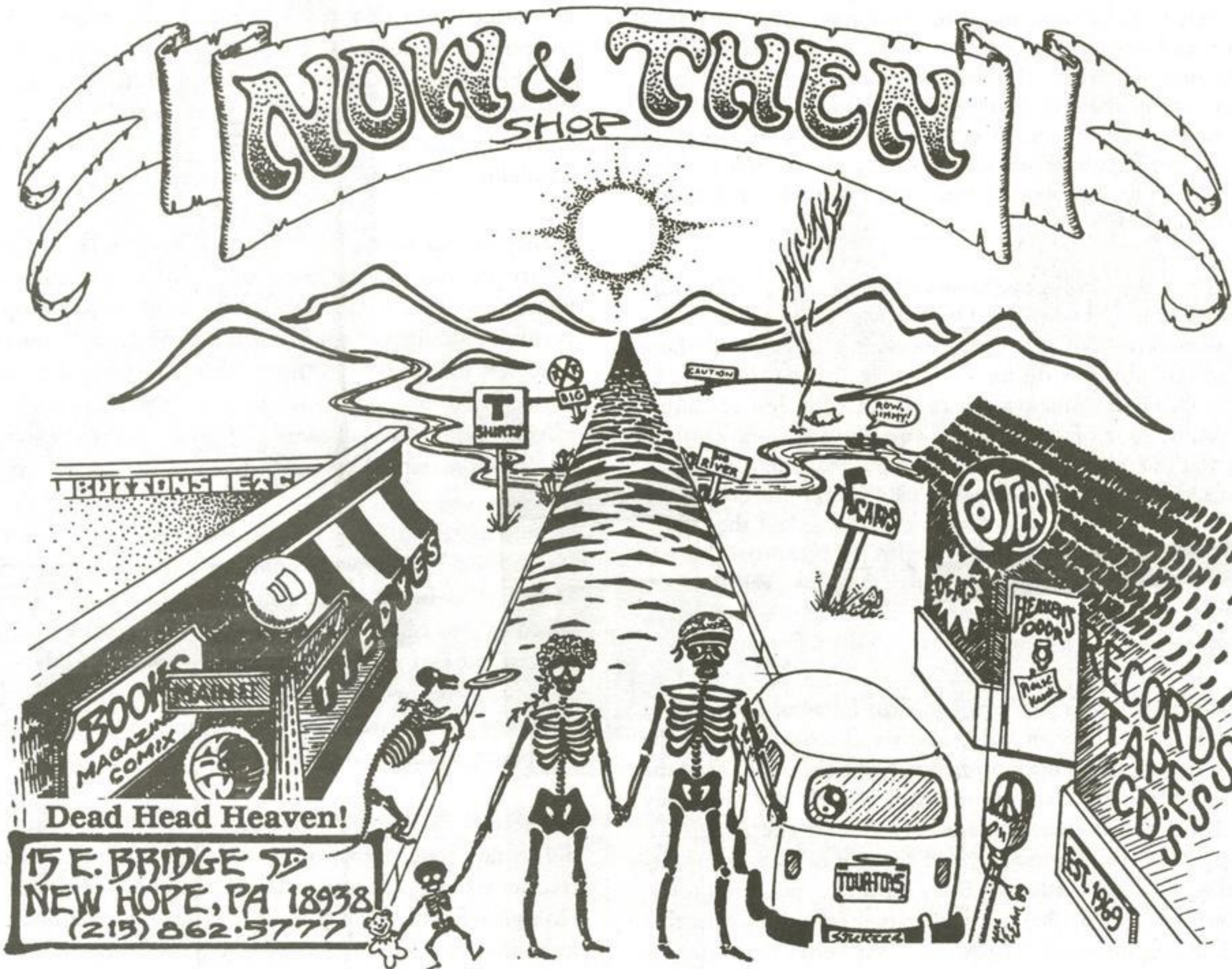


The second set opened with an absolutely **stinging** "Victim Or The Crime," followed by a "Standing On The Moon" which generated a particularly enthusiastic response when Garcia sang "somewhere in San Francisco, on a back porch in July..." "Uncle John's Band" is always welcome, and even the locals recognized and cheered for "The Weight" encore.

Instead of heading up to Hamburg for what I understand was a killer "Helpknot!," we took a few days off to visit Switzerland, and rejoined the tour in Paris. The show at Le Zenith on the 27th was, in my opinion, far and away the **hottest** show of the tour. You might look at the set list and say there's nothing so remarkable about it, but the only way I could explain it to you if you weren't there is simply to say, on that magical night in Paris, the music played the band. "Saint of Circumstance" into "Crazy Fingers" was a spiritual experience. After the show, we were so blown away, we drove around the cobblestone streets of Paris until dawn and my friends had to drag me away from the gargoyles at Notre Dame.

As our plane took off from Heathrow on November 1, about the time the band hit the stage for the last show, we were thinking about what a great time we'd had on the 1990 Europe tour and how much fun New Year's was certain to be. Hey guys, thank *you* for a real good time! ◇

SEE PAGE 52 FOR EUROPE SET LISTS



Sometimes We Visit Your Country...

by Carl McColman

It was seven o'clock in the morning, but my body thought it was eleven at night. The pouring rain outside made the bright fluorescent lights of the Orly Airport terminal seem harsh. As I walked down the long hallway, what should I see but a Coca-Cola machine — ah, good old American junk culture. A can cost ten francs. I did a quick calculation in my head and realized that coke was going for over two dollars a can. No, Toto, we aren't in Kansas anymore.

When I reflect on my ten days in Europe following the Grateful Dead my best memories are of odd moments and strange encounters. Like meeting big Bob, the huge, burly Englishman at the pub in Glastonbury who seemed both amazed and delighted that my friends and I came all the way to England just to see the Dead. With every new person that joined our group, Bob would say, "Is he a Deadhead too?" The answer was always yes. Or, trying to explain to the cute night receptionist at my London hotel that I didn't want to go to the Hippodrome (a trendy disco) with her, as I already had a ticket to see a band that night at Wembley. Or, meeting Melvin, the artist whose wife runs a vegetarian bed & breakfast out of their 16th-century farmhouse. When Melvin learned that I was from Tennessee, he enthusiastically told me about his trip to Tennessee and Kentucky several years back just to hear country and bluegrass music. He was the only European I met who understood my reasons for being there!

Anyone who has ever been to Europe knows all about jet lag and culture shock; anyone who has ever seen five Dead shows in six nights knows about the ritualistic magic of that experience. But to combine those experiences is to intensify them both — to be in Europe, not just an American, but a Deadhead American, is to find a new level of culture shock. When you try to tell Europeans that you flew across the ocean to see a band that you not only could see at home, but that you have in fact already seen dozens of times — you begin to see clearly just how much being a Deadhead means being of a different culture. And the shows, too, are subtly weird — amidst the background buzz of different languages and accents, the scene is friendlier than it has been in years, with a stronger sense of unity and identity — resulting in a wonderful, almost shamanic sense that everything is simply, really different.

I joined the Europe 1990 tour in Paris, and then followed the scene to London, so I caught five of eleven Europe shows. I arrived in Paris the morning of October 26, while most of the folks who were following the entire tour were still in Amsterdam. Amsterdam, a lovely city with ready access to legal marijuana, was a major hit among the American Deadheads. I spent Friday sightseeing and shaking off the jet lag; by Saturday morning, the Deadheads were really starting to pour into town. The folks I talked to felt that the tour had started off shakily, but that the band was building up steam. Each show was better than the one before it.

Unfortunately, the weather in Paris never really seemed to clear up — from mid-afternoon Saturday through all day Sunday, it rained — but even in the rain, Paris is a superb city, living up to all of its artsy, romantic stereotypes. During the days before the shows, I divided my time between tourist spots like Notre Dame and the Louvre, and just walking around, buying bread and fruit from street vendors and simply taking it all in.

Le Zenith, the shows' venue, is a dream of a concert hall. Located in a large park northeast of the city, the hall is gloriously small — I read somewhere that it held 5,500, but it seemed much smaller than that — and acoustically superb. I thought the band was a bit loud, but even so, the sound was clear and sweet enough to cure the sick. That first night in Paris was my first show since Brent died, so I listened with an extra-critical ear, hopeful and at the same time nervous about how the band would sound with two keyboards. The first set featured a typical song selection ("Hell in a Bucket" > "Sugaree," "Minglewood," and so forth), but the performance and the full, rich sound quickly eased my nervousness over this new incarnation of the band. Vince and Bruce complemented not only the band, but each other. And while I never saw the band with Keith Godchaux, I've heard enough tapes to know how much color a piano adds to the band's sound — so I quickly became excited, not only over what I was hearing, but also over all the possibilities that now lie before the band.

A tasty second set took off with a solid reading of "China" > "Rider," before an unusual sequence of "Saint of Circumstance" > "Crazy Fingers" > "Playing In The Band." Bobby had dropped a bomb in Berlin a few nights earlier, when he told a radio interviewer that the band was using set lists. But if that's the case, then somebody wasn't paying attention to his set list on October 27 — when Bobby began playing "Saint of Circumstance," Jerry had to turn and quickly teach the chords to the startled keyboardists!

Drums/space led into "Playing Reprise," before a predictable finish: "Stella Blue" > "Throwin' Stones" > "Not Fade Away" with "One More Saturday Night" as the encore. After the show, some of the folks I talked to seemed upset over the limited song selection, but most people understood that the band probably would take relatively few risks on stage while the new members learned the ropes. In my mind at least, the mundane set list was more than compensated for by the sheer quality and beauty of the band's playing.

The second Paris show, on a Sunday, was scheduled to start at 6PM and did in fact start almost on time. Once again, the show consisted of frequently played songs that are rarely played this well. During "Maggie's Farm," all five front men sang, with Vince's credible Dylan imitation evoking an enthusiastic response from the crowd. But the real surprise came at the end of the first set, with the Grateful Dead debut of



Photo by Stephanie Jennings

an eerie Bruce Hornsby tune, "Stander on the Mountain." Its slow pace and heavy, distorted sound make the song something of a counterpoint to "Victim Or The Crime," which not surprisingly opened the second set.

After "Victim" came, in my opinion, the kind of music that makes the Dead worth flying across oceans to see. Nothing amazing, no Hampton-style breakouts of long-awaited songs — just good, solid, beautiful playing, music to make your feet move and your heart sing. "Eyes Of The World" took on a new meaning to the mostly-American audience when Jerry sang, to loud cheering, "sometimes we visit your country and live in your home"; "Estimated Prophet," which built up to an achingly gorgeous jam, eventually led into "Uncle John's Band." After drums and space the solid playing never disappeared, as the wildness of "The Other One" yielded to the somber tones of "Wharf Rat," which in turn exploded into "Sugar Magnolia." Then, after "Knocking On Heaven's Door," the Paris shows were over — too quickly!

After the romance of Paris, London seems to be almost like an American city — except the people are more polite, it's cleaner, and the cars drive on the wrong side of the road! Alas, even Wembley Arena seems more like an American venue — large, with lousy acoustics. Only one rather trippy difference was always evident — the exit signs, instead of saying "Exit," say "Way Out." So, when the lights dimmed in Wembley, all you saw in the darkness were lots of signs, proclaiming "Way Out!"

The first set on October 30 began with a high energy work-out of "Jack Straw," breaking into an even more urgent "Bertha" before slowing down to the sexy rhythms of "Wang Dang Doodle." "Brown-Eyed Woman," "Queen Jane" and "Row Jimmy" were all satisfactory, before a fairly high-energy "Let it Grow" that ended, not with Bobby's trademark, "We'll all be back in just a little bit," but with an elegant —

continued on next page

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Sometimes We Visit Your Country...

continued from previous page

yes, elegant! — piano solo from Bruce. Everyone, both on stage and in the audience, trained their eyes on Bruce as he jammed alone for several minutes, before leading the band into a certified foot-stomper, "Valley Road."

Now, if you're familiar with this song only through the version recorded by Bruce Hornsby & the Range, do not fear. The stiff, sterile version of "Valley Road" as originally recorded by Hornsby & the Range is not even a shadow of the spirited, high-energy song as played by the Grateful Dead. The crowd loved it, and the band obviously had fun playing it; the only question that remains in my mind is, how will Bruce ever be able to go back to the Range, now that he's gotten a taste of the Dead?

The second set, while coming nowhere near the magic of Sunday night, still was solid and consistent. After rocking through "Picasso Moon" and "Foolish Heart," everything slowed down, as the band explored many of their more contemplative songs — songs such as "Looks Like Rain," "The Wheel," and "Black Peter" — giving the set a relaxed, easygoing feel to it, which naturally carried over to the encore, "The Weight."

October 31 — Halloween. The Druids believed that on the night of Samhain, or Halloween, the barriers between the living and the dead broke down. So there we were, on the first Halloween after Brent's death, in the land of the Druids. The energy level was understandably high, and many of the folks in the audience were dressed as witches, goblins and ghosts. To invoke the spirits, the band plowed through a superlative eleven-song first set that was both long (85 minutes) and strong.

A "Help On The Way" > "Slipknot" > "Franklin's Tower" jam is something of a guaranteed crowd-pleaser, but the band kept it interesting by playing "Help" at a slower-than-usual tempo. The laid-back funkiness of "Loose Lucy" was lots of fun, but the real treat came two songs later, with an all-too-rare appearance of one of Robert Hunter's loveliest ballads, "Must've Been the Roses." Alas, "Bird Song," while better-played than the Paris version, revealed that Jerry's voice was giving out! "Promised Land," fun as always, nonetheless reminded us that the band was playing it safe.

The second set kicked off with a heartily-received "Scarlet Begonias," which of course is a song about a London woman, before loping off into an unhurried jam that (naturally) gave way to a long, spacey, high-energy "Fire On The Mountain." "He's Gone" reminded us that not even the legends of Samhain would bring Brent back. "Stella Blue" was almost painful as Jerry struggled to sing, but it didn't hurt as bad as the encore. Warren Zevon's "Werewolves Of London" has become Jerry's trademark Halloween song, last performed by the Grateful Dead in 1985 (the Jerry Garcia Band also played it on Broadway in 1987), and wonderfully appropriate for a show in London. Brilliantly played, the song nonetheless suffered from Jerry's hoarse, broken voice. Sigh.

All You Saw In The Darkness Were Lots of Signs Proclaiming "WAY OUT"

On November 1, I came down with a cold; by the time I made it into Wembley Arena, my energy level was pretty low — so perhaps it was my imagination, but it seemed to me that the energy level was low across the board that night. The band seemed depleted, and the audience likewise seemed wound down. The show didn't sell out. Jerry seemed to be taking care of his voice — he only sang six songs, mostly slow ones. "Maggie's Farm" seemed funny because of the obviously political overtones; and "Stander On The Mountain" seemed to be a less icy song, this time around. But other than that, the first set was perfunctory.

Starting out with "Victim Or The Crime" > "Touch Of Grey," the second set could have been as much of a let-down as the first set. But what saved the set, and the show, from being a total washout was a lovely, understated blending of "Playing In The Band" and "Dark Star." While neither of these songs did much to pick up the low energy of the night, what they lacked in energy they made up for in sheer beauty. Once again, Bruce's piano added much to the sound. The only other moment of real interest came at the end of "Playing" when the band started to play "Standing On The Moon," only to change abruptly to "Wharf Rat." My guess is that "Wharf Rat" is an easier song for Jerry to sing. After his nearly-inaudible vocals during "Dark Star," it was obvious that he needed to take care of his voice. The typical end-of-tour "Throwin' Stones" > "Not Fade Away" led into a "U.S. Blues" encore — yes, indeed, we all had those United States blues, it was nearly time to go home!

Merely describing the shows does not do justice to the many subtle ways that the scene at the shows was unique. I found that, especially in Paris, the Deadheads seemed friendlier and more cohesive as a community than I've seen in five years. Even better, there seemed to be almost no tension between security and audience at the Paris shows! At Wembley, an arena twice the size of Le Zenith, it's not surprising that both the crowd and security were more uptight — but even so, I found the atmosphere to be far more pleasant than at a typical east coast show.



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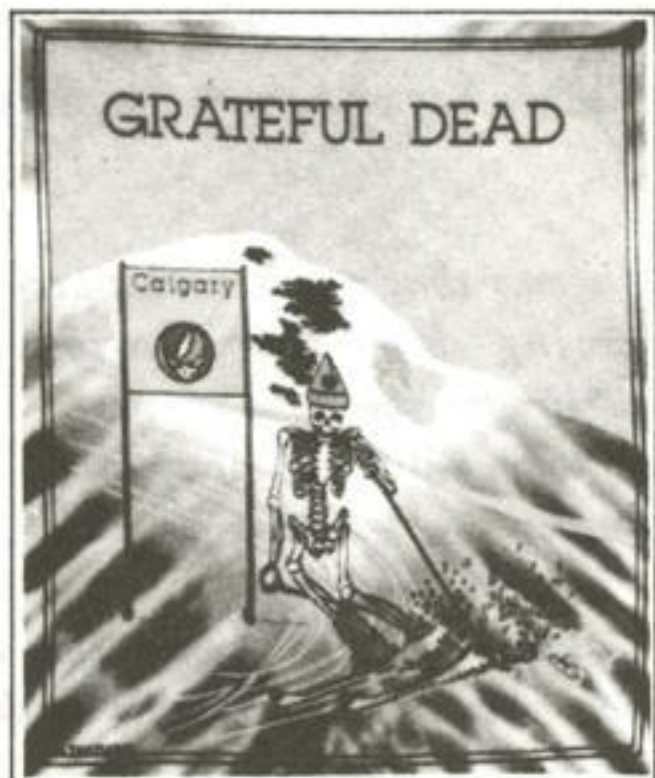


an arena twice the size of Le Zenith, it's not surprising that both the crowd and security were more uptight — but even so, I found the atmosphere to be far more pleasant than at a typical east coast show. Those things that give the Dead scene a bad name — vending, camping, drug selling/use — were not absent, but certainly seemed less visible than at the average American show. And yet, the audience at all these shows was comprised mostly of Americans. For the most part, I'd say these folks were older, veteran Deadheads, people who have been going to shows five, ten, fifteen or more years. All in all, the scene at the Paris and London shows was relaxed, happy, jubilant — filled with drumming and smiles, not the pushing and shoving you find at some shows these days.

I'm not trying to romanticize the Europe '90 shows. Doubtless there were problems at those shows, just as there are at any other show. However, a message came across loud and clear to me: Veteran Deadheads are capable of having a relaxed, mellow time at shows, where everyone can be happy and have a good show, without giving the scene a bad name. Now we need to pass that message on to the younger Deadheads (and to the people who come to shows for the party rather than the music) in order for the scene to survive.

The day after the last show, I took the train to the western part of England, where I proceeded to explore holy places like Stonehenge, Avebury, and Glastonbury. Everywhere I went I met Deadheads from Britain and America. The Deadheads I met were friendly, kind, and considerate — the kind of people who pick up their own trash and treat

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An Interview With **MICKEY HART**

by Gerald Giesecke

The interviews with Mickey Hart and Bob Weir contained in this issue were conducted by Gerald Giesecke, a West German television correspondent and friend of DDN. Some of Gerald's questions may seem naive to our American readers, given his European orientation and less than complete familiarity with the band, but we feel the answers are nonetheless revealing. Happy reading!

You weren't too much satisfied with the shows in Stockholm.
Not at all.

Is that due to the audience, because the audience seems to have a special role in your shows, or is it more due to...the condition of the band?

No. We couldn't lay this one on the audience. This one was definitely on us. It was jet lag, definitely. We weren't really all there. And in our kind of music, we have to be there. It's not music that appeals just to the technical side. It has to be a community on the stage and we have to feel that. It's not something you can just turn on and off, so we have to be together, personally, with each other in order to make Grateful Dead music.

But, in general, don't you have to take into consideration that the European audience will be different than the audience in America, where you have your home base.

Yes. Absolutely. There is a certain expectancy, you know, when you come over here. There's a bit of stage fright, because it's not your normal audience. The numbers are cut down considerably and they don't know your songs, and we're a cult figure here. We take this into consideration. We just got the cobwebs out in Stockholm. The first night was very shaky, but we'll gain momentum as we hit Germany, England, and France.

You just published a new book. Was that your first one?

Drumming at the Edge of Magic was my first book, yes.

Well, thank you for giving me a chance to have a look at it. And one thing just right away struck me that I didn't really understand. The first thing I'd like you to explain a little bit is what the back beat of a drummer is.

Well, the back beat is...it's the offbeat, or the onbeat, however you look at it. It's the thing that drives the music in rock and roll anyway, and it has a certain kind of a passion and energy to it, and it's the thing that makes you dance. It's the accent.

So the back beat is like the groove?

It's part of the groove. It is one part of the groove. It's the most important thing in dance music and of course rock and roll. It comes from the West African cultures, the mother goddess cultures. It is the thing that propels the music, that drives the music. In modern music, anyway.

You also write about how Francis Coppola provided you with solutions to some questions.

Well, when I was gathering all my information on percussion lore, Francis invited me to a movie set, *The Outsiders*, where he was culling his information, storyboarding his movie, on blackboards with three by five cards. And that was my key into my timeline, as it were. I started using these three by fives, and I would be able to see the chronology and the whole adventure story started appearing on the walls as I was laying all this out, starting from prehistoric times all the way up to the present. I was looking for some things. What happened to the spirit side of drums? Where they came from, why they came, why have they been here all this time and why are we still using them? Back then I was using three by fives. Of course it mutated wildly, and it went to electronics, and of course I've been using computers for ten years now. But in the very beginning, Francis gave me the skeleton key on how to take a lot of information and see it easily.

You just touched on something. It seems that music and especially drumming has this notion of spirituality for you.

Well, there's different kinds of spirits, you know.

Yeah, but where do you see the function of spirituality in this modern society?

Well, there's two ways of looking at things as I see them, in music especially. There's the technical way and there's the spirit side. The technical way has to do with perfection. The spirit side has to do with looking inward and being enlightened and getting light. And how does it reflect society? Well, it directly reflects society. If you have a healthy society it's a society that cares and looks inward and there's meaning there. There's not just a striving for perfection. There's a striving for the spiritual side of things, the sacred. Music is supposed to be for transformation. Music and transition is what I'm concerned with, the moving of worlds, the changing of

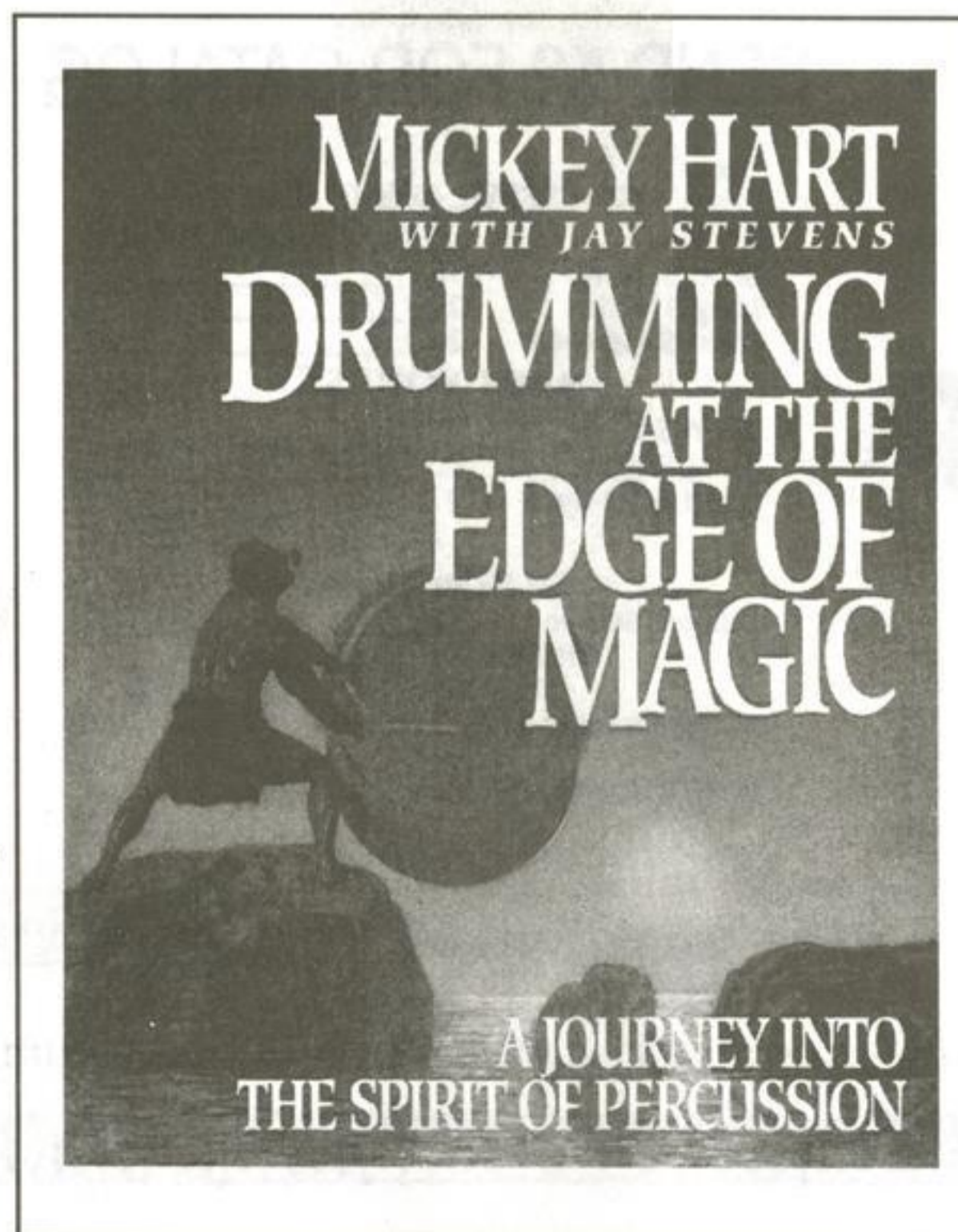




Photo by Brian Cullen

worlds. That's what music is all about, that's what it's always been about, that's what a healthy society has, good music. If you have good music, you'll have good government. The Chinese believed that. Even as far back as the Confucian times, they had good music, and they had good government. You were pure, you would rule like that, with kindness and compassion. And these are the elements that music has, and it's been overlooked. As a matter of fact, your great scholars, Kurt Zachs among others, were the first ones to really address this back in the 20's and the 30's, but their works were never translated, not until recently. All of these great German scholars were responsible for culling a lot of this information. But it's been stored just for scholars in little nooks and crannies, and that was what I was after — to find out where our legacy was, where our roadmap was. We just had the technique. It came devoid of the spirit side. I thought this was a very important thing to find out. I knew I had it, I knew people I played with had it, but there was no literature on it. And when I talked to anyone, they couldn't articulate the subject of music and trance, music and ecstasy. I'm not talking about black magic, we're talking about transformation. Music as the vehicle for transformation. And that is what I use it for. It's my religion. I believe in vibration. If there is a god, I call it vibration. That's what I pray to. The Hindus do it, the Nadabrama, the world of sound, the god of sound, the sound is god.

I met people in New York who claimed that the Grateful Dead are with Satan, that the band is doing black magic on their children and on society.

That's ridiculous. We're like Santa Claus. This has nothing to do with black magic and Satanism or anything like that. We don't pray to the devil. This is really an up thing that we have. Electric music can be looked at as the implement or the instrument of the devil. The Puritans, the Christians, the Jews, the Hindus, a lot of people — modern religions is what I should say — always frowned upon music because it's so

powerful. Remember, music takes and puts you into trances and other places, and if you want to look on a man on a cross, that's one thing. People don't want you to go into any other worlds. They want you to pray to that or whatever the dogma is of that religion. This opens you up to a whole other world inside, it's part of your code, you understand?

And you think that the one thing that all the Deadheads share is the music?

Absolutely.

Do you think they all have gotten that far to come into this status of transition?

Well, yes. There are different forms and different levels of transition. They know something is going on that's not what they're used to. And so when you give yourself up to the music and participate in the music things will happen to you. You'll feel better, you'll have a lightness, you'll have well-being, you'll have trust, feelings, the music, the scene. Remember they're inventing themselves every night, just like we are. They have a chance to find out who they are and to lock up with a very strong power. Remember, music is invisible. So we're talking about magic, and it's not black magic. It's the magic to explore the most inner feelings that you have. It's something that's really missing in society — nobody's telling you what to do. The Grateful Dead doesn't hit you over the head, the Grateful Dead invites you in for dinner. You can eat or not, and no one makes you or forces you to come to a Grateful Dead concert. And we don't go out and preach and say you have to be a Deadhead...

Or that you have to wear tie-die...

Or you have to wear tie-die.

Maybe you want to tell us something about the Smithsonian Institution and about mother goddess culture.

Well, I'm in charge of the Folkways collection at the Smithsonian. We are taking 2200 disks and converting them into the digital domain of CD's and releasing them. So I am the supervisor of the transfer of the catalog. The Folkways catalog is one of the greatest treasures of indigenous music in the world. It was inherited by the Smithsonian two or three years ago.

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Interview With Mickey Hart

continued from previous page

And let me ask you one short question in between. Do you think that a book is a relevant thing to bring across what you mean by the spirit of the rhythm?

Absolutely. It's a way of articulating it. Since music is invisible and the feeling that we're trying to describe is an invisible feeling, sometimes it can be articulated in words and it can be related then to how you feel. Then you can understand the power. I think that writing about it is essential because we're basically readers — most of the world reads — and if they don't read they hear and they listen. And it gives you better ears. You use your eyes, your ears — that's two senses right there. I think that a book on this subject is an important one, and it's not an ethno-musicological text per se, but it does talk about the roots of music.

Didn't tribal cultures often use a lot of drugs?


Drugs have been used forever in music. Psychoactive drugs, I mean. They might have been one of the reasons for the major development of the human brain. We might have been eating mushrooms in the swamps, and this might be the reason that we've developed as far as we have. There's been alcohol and all kinds of psychoactive drugs used in accessing other worlds. This is nothing new.

But obviously this doesn't work too well in a society that fights drugs in such a hard way.

Yes. This is true. It's frowned upon. Practicing the sacred here is relegated to the organized religions, and if you don't do it their way, they assume that you're not really devoted or you're not practicing, that you're practicing a satanic or an unusual form of religion. That's really

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wrong. That's absolutely false. There is room for all of the really organized [religions], but they don't satisfy most people. Most people need to find out what religion really is to them. If you don't believe in the creation, what are you going to believe in? If you don't have an organized religion, that doesn't mean you're not religious. I don't think [the world] was created in seven days. I don't go for any of that immaculate conception thing — that's ridiculous for me. That means nothing to me. That's somebody else's mythology that happened a long time ago and has nothing to do with the new mythology. And I'd like to be part of creating the new mythology. Creation, that's what's important — the moment, the transformational moment, that's what is important.

What is the difference between the music of the Grateful Dead and what we refer to as the New Age culture? Or is there a difference?

Well, I don't know what you are defining, how you're defining the New Age culture. You'd have to qualify that question.

Well, New Age is this nebulous thing to me. New Age music seems very fadey, spacey...

Oh, the repetitiveness and so forth. Well, I think that these musical forms try to appeal to another place; they're not necessarily entertainment. The music isn't necessarily entertaining as it is meant for transportation. Whether it be the Kitaro, Phil Glass, redundant kind of music, which does the thing, or Grateful Dead music, which is very unstructured — it tends to fall away or the song dissipates and a new music is reinvented in front of you. I think that's the spirit side or the New Age. I don't look for perfection, but I tune myself into the music or the moment it's happening and call that music. And I don't care if I play it well, play it perfectly. I care if my spirit is there and if it comes out in a way that is part of me and I'm talking that night. Not to recreating, but creating. There's a big difference between creation and recreation. Some people love to recreate. I hate it, because I can just be banging stuff up, banging stuff all night, playing things very perfectly. That to me is not music. Anybody can do that, that's a Holiday Inn band, you know. Being on the edge is what's important, to find that edge and magic, you know, creation, the transformational moment, that's our only hope for the future and for the present. Or else you're a robot or you're playing somebody else's music or reading some music that was written three hundred years ago. You know, some people have the stomach for that. The Grateful Dead doesn't; I don't particularly. I like it on the edge. That's where I like to live. You know, I feel comfortable there. I wanted to find out where the edge was.

That makes sense to me.

Yeah. I mean, it's worth living then, you know.

Do you build a lot of your instruments?

Yes, I build some of them. And some of them of course I create. They're combination sounds, computers. I take it from wherever I can get it.

So there's no contradiction in using tribal instruments and a computer.

Absolutely not. It's the music that counts. It's what comes out of your horn. They say there's a limit to art but there really is no limit to music. You can't limit that. It's a very personal thing. It's a very strong thing. It's a drive that a musician has — he chases this feeling his whole life, hoping to find this mystery, putting [himself] through all kinds of



Photo by Brian Cullen

changes to find an invisible thing. In Africa, they say a town or a village without music is a dead place. It has not life without music and dance. And that's how we mediate the rhythms, the modern rhythms of this world. We're living in a new rhythmic age with industry, and with the mechanized man, modern man, a whole new set of rhythms took over. We're dancing to those new rhythms, walking in the street trying not to get hit by a car, working through life, making a living and having kids. New rhythms are not like old rhythms. We need music to accompany that. That's how we mediate our scene. That's how we find meaning in life. We dance our way through life, and for me the Grateful Dead supplies the soundtrack.

Yeah. I understand that. I had this idea that it is this way of taking the music as some sort of texture, like a pattern on which you work — this is the understanding that the Grateful Dead might have...
That's right.

As opposed to, well, rap music, for example. I like rap music.

I do too. I do too. The idea is to start with a clean slate. If you can find five or six other people who like the edge, you start with a clean slate and you build. And you create something from nothing. That's how you create the new mythology, that's how you re-mythologize yourself. And people need ritual. The Grateful Dead are involved in a very important ritual to be able to bring that music to the people. The people are the community. Without the community, the Grateful Dead could not exist. They couldn't exist without us, we couldn't exist without them. There is a need for each other, and that's what makes the Grateful Dead incredible. We're able to exist and go on. Of course there's a need for music and Grateful Dead specifically. In my personal soundscape, the Grateful Dead is primary.

In all the shows that I've seen there has always been the middle part that basically you arrange and that you organize. It's like this is a rule. Doesn't that reduce your creativity?

No. Because in that time, those twenty minutes, it's never the same. It's a time when we say anything goes, I mean anything from a cow moo to a train coming down your skull in the middle of your head or some beautiful strings, I mean anything can happen. Here is where the song form disappears and the music mutates wildly. So yes, there's fifteen,

twenty minutes there that is my space, but that space is never the same. I go to great lengths to not make it the same. It's easy to play one thing and know that it's a great response to an audience. I can play that for ten years, but I don't play it for ten minutes because it won't be worth a dime. If you repeat yourself twice, that again is a recreation. And then you can always hear it on a record or the live tape. The idea is the transformation moment, the idea is the creation. No, it doesn't limit you. It actually is the vehicle on which to travel. If you know there's a vehicle there that you can go anywhere in the world on, and out of the world, then you use this. The other part of the Grateful Dead is songs. And then we open up the songs, we play the songs, but here there's not song. No beginning, no middle, no end. There is just a soundscape, and then the adventure of finding out what lies ahead every night. That is the great beauty. Gee, without that the Grateful Dead wouldn't be as attractive and magnetic because if we don't know what's going to happen, how can anybody else know? So they come to find out. It's expectancy. There's an air of expectancy in the audience. What's going to happen? Will they make it? Will they not make it? They're human, they're failing. Oh, they're gods, they can do no wrong. I mean, anything happens because that's the power of music. And that's what is so attractive and that's the gold and the pearls, you know what I mean? And the Grateful Dead has not been beaten down by the music industry. They have never taken us down. Nobody can buy and sell us — the Grateful Dead hates authority. We don't take instruction well even from each other. It's more like an intuitive thing, and if it doesn't work intuitively then it is not Grateful Dead music. And that's what we strive for — a certain kind of madness. ♦

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ONCE IN A BLUE MOON

by Mike Sammet



Photo by Brian Cullen

Ahhh!!! The rarest of rare moments, New Year's Eve with the Grateful Dead on a blue moon (when the moon is full for the second time in a month.) I possessed the most beautiful New Year's ticket of all time and had heard of the coming of Branford Marsalis who had played with the Dead for what Jerry Garcia called one of his all-time favorite shows. Despite the banalities of the Oakland Coliseum Arena, the lack of approved vending and camping, it all added up to a great run of shows ahead.

But New Year's is even more than just a great run of shows. It is a time for coming together, reaffirming, and transforming. It is the Winter Solstice, Chanukah, Christmas, and Auld Lang Syne all rolled up in a week of festivities that gives the feelings of peace and joy their proper due. Most societies throughout history have taken at least a week to celebrate their winter/New Year's festivities, and the Dead are again in step with cultural traditions. It takes a week to come together with old friends, experience and share some profound musical experiences and relate these to our lives so that we come home changed, evolved. We have done this year after year — it's never the same, it can always be better, but it is always the best.

These were four consistently good shows — from the first note every night the band was ready without needing to warm up into the evening. They never appeared tired or bored and usually finished strongly, if swiftly.

The first night was a sheer delight. The first set was highlighted by a slow rocking "Loose Lucy." It amazes me how such a slow song can have so much rock and roll energy to it. Jerry's voice sets off the rhythm like no other song the Dead do. The crowd was as much astonished as ecstatic. The second set opened with a "Scarlet" > "Fire" > "Estimated" that was strong, but which led to a soft elegant jam that sounded faintly familiar to everyone. My friend whispered to me, "Comes A Time," and sure enough, after a few intriguing minutes of interplay, Jerry broke into

a rare and beautiful version of "Comes A Time." His voice was clear but full of emotion, and the lighting helped fill the arena with the belief that our empty cups will be filled with love. The band powered out of drums with "Miracle" and then an energetic, inspiring "Wheel" with the crowd singing almost every word. "Throwin' Stones" followed, and in a world beset with problems ranging from poverty and "crack" to the imminent threat of war in the Middle East, the lyrics never seemed so timely.

The second show continued with some outstanding moments. "Foolish Heart" ended the first set, gently finishing off with a ten-minute jam featuring Jerry and Bruce Hornsby that was as jazzy and refreshing as anything played all week. The second set featured a punchy "China" > "Rider" followed by the rejuvenated "Saint of Circumstance" that was perfectly executed and greatly appreciated by most. It was followed by "He's Gone," which continues to evoke thoughts of Brent.

The day off is always a heartily welcome break. Usually friends gather to cook and party at local houses, getting conversational opportunities that cannot occur at shows. Truly, what remains when the music fades are these memories of friendship and the inspiration they provide in our own lives back home.

The third show heightened our expectations as we headed into New Year's. The first set brought a surprising "Maggie's Farm" out of "Mexicali Blues," with each member of the band singing one verse. The set also included "High Time," a quiet, soulful song that Jerry cries more than sings. The second set included the most powerful playing yet: a "Crazy Fingers" > "Playing In The Band" jam that was distinctive and personal. At times like these, the boys are truly masters of their craft.

Going to general admission shows at Oakland Coliseum is a fairly smooth operation. The weather was perfect throughout, although it is getting harder to worship the sun in the drought-plagued West. Parking gates opened at 4PM, giving everyone an equal shot after that. Priority tickets for the front of the line were given out as usual during the wee

hours of the morning. Of course all early entrants saved bundles of seats (even the handicapped), but these are usually filled well before show time and anyone can get in early with a little effort. The saving of seats may appear to some as totally bogus (this is, after all, a "family" scene), but it is usually earned, not always abused, and can often be social and communal. It is great to have whole groups of friends sitting together at shows.

The New Year's show *at least* doubles seat competitiveness and crowd intensity. It is the only night that people sleep outside for priority tickets. Even then, once inside, the handicapped (they checked for doctors' notes) and VIP laminates (I heard some were fakes) had taken up most of the very good seats. Party hats and noise makers awaited everyone. The pre-show volleyball game (there were three every night) featured a final round playoff against Bill Graham's team for tickets. He rarely loses and I don't think he did this year.

The Rebirth Brass Band started off the show, creating a Mardi Gras atmosphere. They played a bouncy set, dancing continuously while throwing beads and trinkets into the crowd. They exited by marching through the crowd and out the back of the arena. It was a nice touch tying New Year's and Mardi Gras together. Branford Marsalis followed with his quartet in a sizzling set that I can barely call jazz. They played long jams that alternately impassioned and soothed the audience. Branford sat out frequently and enjoyed the action. Bruce Hornsby sat in for a few numbers, joining Branford and Rob Wasserman for an encore which will probably appear as a cut on this trio's forthcoming album.

The Dead's first set had few surprises (it was broadcast nationally), but demonstrated masterly melodic playing that was to characterize the whole evening. "Bird Song" was obviously the highlight of this set. Branford joined in and this song that we have enjoyed so many times before sounded like the day it was born: innocent, free, floating. The New Year's set breaks seem to be the most enjoyable and never last long enough. New Year's crowds are always the most fun groups of beautiful families who intermingle with like-minded people just as fantastic as themselves. There is never enough time to see all of one's friends, but somehow there is always enough time to meet new ones. New Year's bonds are as strong as the "Unbroken Chain" (made of multi-colored balloon links) that was passed through the crowd during the break. Just as you are about to think about these things, the lights go down and New Year's is nigh.

New Year's is also Bill Graham's night. He had talked earlier about the first quarter-century of the Grateful Dead and thanked the Deadheads for their unlimited devotion. It felt good to be a part of the scene. Now, as midnight was about to fall, all thoughts were on Bill and this year's spectacle. Just before the stroke of midnight, flames exploded, faeries fell from the sky on bungee cords, and stilt-dancers snaked in and out of the smoke and fire. In the midst of it all, Bill Graham descended from above (and fortunately not through the crowd) on a wooded island dressed as a shaman. It was a mystical shaman's rainforest full of thunder and lightening.

The Dead broke into a smoking "Not Fade Away" and off we went into 1991, the year of the palindrome. Time to get off your guru rug and dance. Amidst the rainbow waves of balloons and champagne bubbles, I kissed my fiancée Kim, as the crowd sang "you know our love will not

fade away!" Soon the band broke into "Eyes Of The World," and Branford joined the band for the rest of the show. The "Eyes" > "Dark Star" coupling was the highlight of the entire run. Each member of the band seemed completely at ease, the music flowed like good wine and the audience drank deliriously. Phil Lesh displayed a presence rarely witnessed by this individual. Sweet and powerful, the music mixed with the love of friends and the joy of New Year's created a half-hour of pure ecstasy. The Nubian oud player, Hamza El Din, joined Mickey for chanting and percussion, offering ancient sounds and rhythms to an already bedazzled crowd. The band returned for a strong "Other One" > "Wharf Rat" > "Not Fade Away" reprise. "The Weight" and "Johnny B. Goode" were the encores which finished off New Year's 1990-91, a magical night of music, dance, friends, rebirth and renewal.

We partied on until 7AM with the New Year's energy carrying us further. We all planned to continue our celebrations and meditations in the mountains, beaches and nearby hot springs. New Year's always makes me want to return to the Earth to cleanse my body and sharpen my mind in order to deepen my New Year's experience. This feeling of friendship, community, and purpose will last long into 1991. Unfortunately, with war at hand, it will have to. We will think of it often and it will nourish us as we work and pray for peace. All New Years are special, and this one was for sure, for sure, once in a Blue Moon...Peace on Earth! ♦

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Tape Trading 1990 — Tapes In Review

by Johnny Dwork, Harry Hahn, Rich Petlock, and Roy Wheat

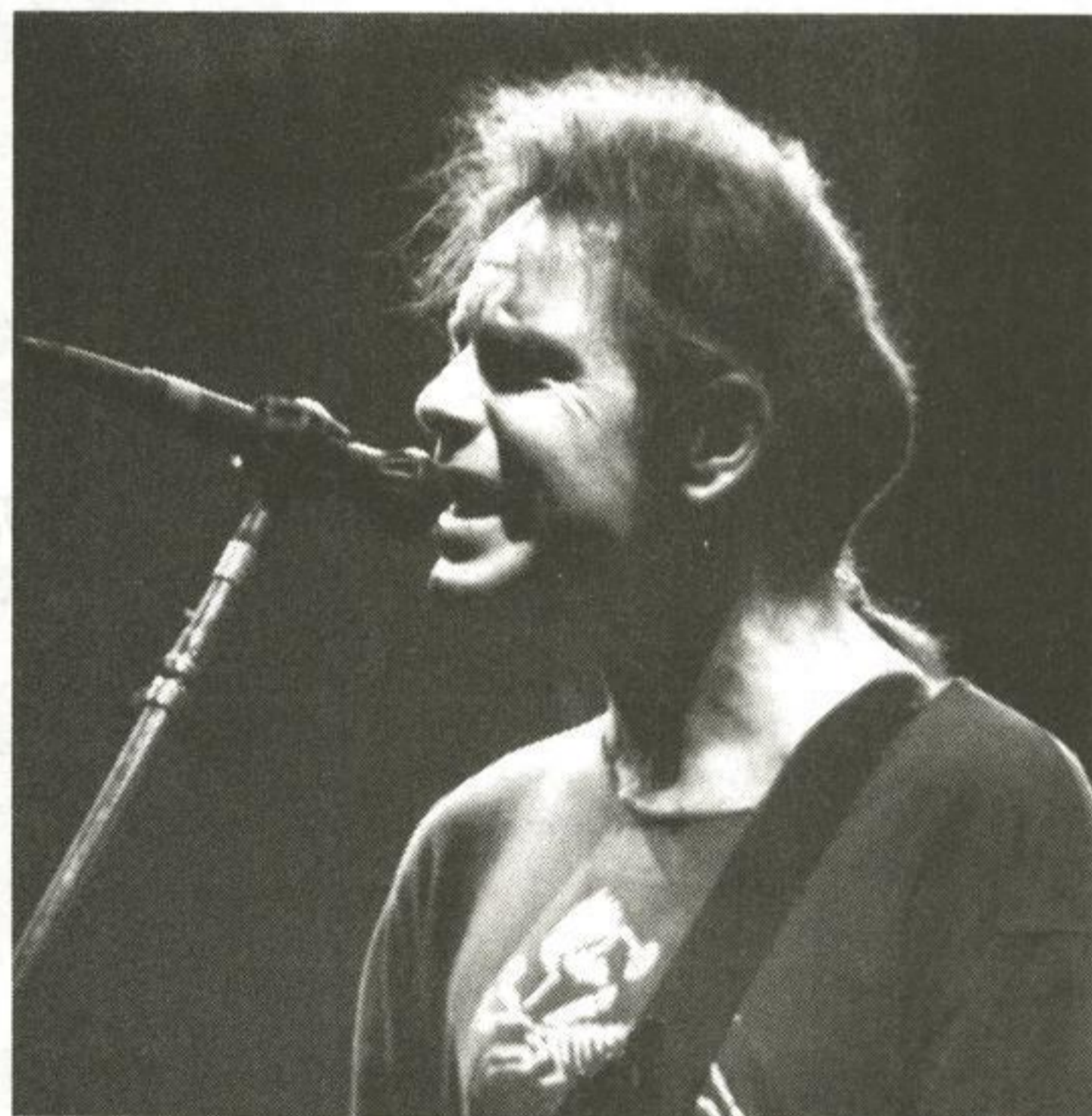
In this same column last year we had the pleasure of discussing at great length the amazing influx in 1989 of high quality soundboard tapes of legendary *early* Dead concerts. The notorious "Betty Boards," which fortuitously appeared on the scene several years ago, served as "leverage" to help pry other rare nuggets out of the collections of those who held these long-hidden stashes. 1990, on the other hand, brought us many notable soundboard-quality tapes of contemporary concert favorites. Not that there's been a lack of earlier tapes, but it's been quite some time since we've seen a deluge of such monumental career classics as 2/28/69 and 3/1/69 popping up. But with the band's onstage energy experiencing a renaissance during 1990, who can complain? What follows is our yearly retrospective of the best commonly traded tapes of 1990, both old and new.

The Dead Hour

Despite the bitching and moaning by many people about the Dead Hour's incomplete jams and too many songs played from records (not to mention the fact that it doesn't conform to the standard 45 minute/side cassette tape), we maintain that this nationally syndicated radio show continues to serve as an excellent source for pristine soundboard-quality "selections" spanning the entire length of the Grateful Dead's history. This year was one of the best yet. From **5/23/69 Big Rock Pow Wow, Hollywood, FL** we now have "Morning Dew," "Me & My Uncle," "Dark Star" > "St. Stephen" (which fades as "The Eleven" begins). From **6/5/69 Fillmore West, San Francisco, CA** came a mint tape featuring "Doin' That Rag," "Hard To Handle," "That's It For The Other One," "China Cat" > "Sittin' On Top Of The World" > "Dark Star" (the "Dark Star" unfortunately fades immediately). From **12/12/69 Thelma Theater, Los Angeles, CA** comes "Uncle John's Band" > "He Was A Friend Of Mine," "Alligator" > "Caution" (cut), and "Lovelight." The "Lovelight," which came last on the broadcast, was actually played prior to "Uncle John's." The Dead Hour recently brought us **8/24/72 Berkeley Community Theater, CA** featuring "Promised Land," "Casey Jones" and a delicious "Dark Star" > "Morning Dew." From **7/19/74, Selland Arena, Fresno, CA** we now have the "Eyes Of The World" > "China Doll," which can now be added to the "Weather Report Suite" that precedes it and was played last year on the Dead Hour.

Moving into the modern Dead realm we must note a 30-minute long "Scarlet" > "Fire" from **2/26/90 Oakland Coliseum, CA (Mardi Gras)**. While the Europe 1990 tour tapes didn't hold a candle to the Madison Square Garden shows that preceded it, noteworthy selections from **10/20/90 ICC, Berlin, Germany** were broadcast. These included "Black-Throated Wind," "Box Of Rain," "Let It Grow" > a Bruce Hornsby piano solo, and "Dark Star" > Drums > Space > "Dark Star" > "Throwin' Stones" > "Not Fade Away."

To help you keep track of what was played during each broadcast, transcripts of the Dead Hour are now available with an S.A.S.E from Truth and Fun Inc., 484 Lake Park Avenue #102, Oakland, CA 94610. State the Dead Hour program number you are interested in, and which radio station you heard it on.



Madison Square Garden — 9/20/90

Photo by Brian Cullen

3/27/69 Merced, CA Tape #1

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| A) Dark Star> | B) Death Don't Have No Mercy> |
| St. Stephen> | |
| The Eleven> | |
| Lovelight | |
| Good Mornin' Little School Girl | |

3/27/69 Merced, CA Tape #2

- A) That's It For The Other One

Herein shall be found yet another blistering performance from the "Live Dead" era. As was common for the time period, this show is heavily dominated by both Garcia and Lesh, who have their amps turned WAY up. This soundboard has two very small glitches in the "Dark Star" and "St. Stephen," and "The Eleven" cuts abruptly at the end of side one, before picking up just as abruptly with "Death Don't Have No Mercy" on side two. Note that at the concert the "Good Mornin' Little School Girl" was played before the "Dark Star."

1/17/70 Corvallis, OR Tape #1

- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| A) Dire Wolf | B) Good Lovin' |
| China Cat> | Mason's Children |
| Rider | High Time |
| Hard To Handle | |
| Cumberland Blues | |
| Me & My Uncle | |
| Black Peter | |

1/17/70 Corvallis OR Tape #2

- A) Dark Star> B) Lovelight
 St. Stephen>
 The Eleven>

These tapes enjoyed heavy circulation at the beginning of 1990 and with very good cause. At many moments during this show the band seems poised on the verge of taking off into the same sort of orbit that they would find themselves in just three weeks later in NYC. The "Dark Star" is stunning, with a delicate exploration of the same "Feeling Groovy" jam that would be perfected by 2/13/70.

While there is still no sign of the much sought-after Europe 1972 tour "Betty Boards" that disappeared several years ago, some noteworthy '72 tapes have surfaced. Listenable audience recordings of "Dark Star" > "Mississippi Half-Step" from **10/23/72 Milwaukee, WI** and "Dark Star" > "Morning Dew" from **11/13/72 Memorial Hall, Kansas City, MO** can now be found making the rounds.

While most every show from 1977 has been previously available in at least listenable audience versions, a significant number of them popped up in the past 12 months in soundboard form. These new soundboards are of such spectacular quality, in fact, that one has to wonder whether they are indeed "Betty Boards." It matters not as long as we have them!

Tapes of **3/18, 19, 20/77 Winterland, San Francisco, CA** are now available including the only concert performance of "Terrapin Flyer" from 3/18/77. While soundboard tapes of **11/6/77 Binghamton, NY** have been around for a long time, 1990 brought us an even crisper version. This is arguably one of the two best shows of 1977 and includes simply mind-boggling versions of "Mississippi Half-Step," "Jack Straw," "The Music Never Stopped," and a positively ferocious "Truckin'." **DO NOT PASS THIS SHOW BY! 10/30/77 Bloomington, IN**, never before available, is now around and features a great "Playing" > "The Other One" before the drums. **11/1/77 Cobo Hall Detroit, MI** also appeared with a great "Might As Well" to open the show and a hot "Terrapin" > "Estimated" > "Other One" before the drums. What a phenomenal tour; get your hands on as many as you can.

3/29/90 Nassau Coliseum, NY, Tape #2 with Branford Marsalis

- A) Eyes> B) Space>
 Estimated> Dark Star>
 Dark Star> The Wheel>
 Space> Throwing Stones>
 Drums> Lovelight
 Knockin' On Heaven's Door

Garcia has said that this is one of his all-time favorite shows. While this set is now widely available as a soundboard, you should also try to find the audience quality "Bird Song" from the first set, which also features Branford's sensuous weavings in and around Garcia's lead. This is the same "Eyes" that you'll find on *Without A Net* but there isn't a single minute in the rest of this set that's any less hot. Everyone gets WAY out there on the Space that follows "Dark Star." You should also try to find "The Weight," "Loose Lucy," and "Hey Pocky Way" from the previous night's performance at the same location, all of which will melt your mind!

7/12/90 RFK Stadium, Washington, DC, Tape #2

- A) Foolish Heart> B) Space>
 Dark Star> Watchtower>
 Space>Drums> Hey Jude Reprise>
 Touch Of Grey
 The Weight

This tape is notable for several good reasons. The song selection is great. Soundboard copies are widely available, and the performance, if not on



Nassau Coliseum — 3/29/90

Photo by Sally Ansorge Mulvey

the same level as 3/29/90, is quite decent. Our official "Dark Star" statistician reports that this version is 23 minutes long.

9/16/90 Madison Square Garden, NY, Tape #1

- A) Hell In A Bucket B) Tennessee Jed
 Cold Rain And Snow Cassidy
 Little Red Rooster Deal
 Stagger Lee **Second set:**
 Queen Jane Approx. Samson And Delilah

9/16/90 Madison Square Garden, NY, Tape #2

- A) Iko Iko B) Space>
 Looks Like Rain Standing On The Moon>
 He's Gone> Jam>
 Jam> I Need A Miracle>
 Jam (Bill, Vince, Morning Dew
 Bruce)> Baby Blue
 Drums>

Many might argue that this is one of the best shows of the year. While there aren't any soundboards available yet, there are several digital audience tapes floating around that are well worth getting. In fact, if you don't get a copy from a digital master the chances are that the analog copy you find will get "cut" in all the wrong places. Putting the "Samson" on tape #1 solves this problem. Of particular note is the outrageous interplay between Jerry and Bruce Hornsby on "Little Red Rooster" and "Tennessee Jed." On tape #2 Phil demonstrates God-like playing, both before the drums and after. His bass solo is the sort that hasn't been heard since 1974. Don't pass this show by!!

9/20/90 Madison Square Garden, NY, Tape #2

- A) Truckin'> B) Space>
 China Cat> Dark Star>
 Rider> Playing Reprise>
 Man Smart Dark Star>
 Woman Smarter> Throwin' Stones
 Drums>
 Space>

1990 — Tapes Trading In Review

continued from previous page

Maybe this show isn't quite as hot as 9/16/90, but who could complain about another great "Dark Star" soundboard tape featuring the new septet? The whole section from Space through "Throwin' Stones" wails. The "Playing" reprise, a continuation of the song from the night before, came as a complete surprise to those in attendance. This set was long, hence the cut in "Throwin' Stones."

We should also mention that in the last year high-quality soundboards of 10/9/89 Hampton, VA and 10/16/89 Brendan Byrne, NJ and 10/26/89 Miami, FL have found their way into many collections. These shows are not to be missed. We should also give a big round of applause to Phil Lesh, who oversaw the production of *Without a Net*, which featured blistering versions of "Althea," "Cassidy," "Bird Song," and "Let It Grow," as well as the legendary "Eyes Of The World" with Branford Marsalis.

1991 will hopefully be a year for us to remember as Dan Healy begins to make available a number of classic old performances on CD and cassette format. Let's hope Dan has the good judgement to release 2/13/70 ("Dark Star" > "The Other One"), 4/29/71 ("Second That Emotion," "Morning Dew," "Hard To Handle"), 4/14/72 ("Dark Star" > "Sugar Magnolia," "Good Lovin'" > "Caution" > "Who Do You Love" > "Caution" > "Good Lovin'"), and 8/27/72 ("China Cat" > "Rider," "Playing," "Bird Song," "Greatest Story," "Dark Star" > "El Paso," "Sing Me Back Home," "Sugar Magnolia"). This would arguably represent the most significant release of improvisational music ever. Aw, what the heck, Dan — throw in the jams from 2/11 and 14/70 while you're at it!

VIDEO

1990 was not altogether boring for video collectors. Key-Z Productions (Ken Kesey's son) began to release the first of several Merry Prankster classics. One of these, *The Acid Test Video*, features a heavy dose of the Grateful Dead as they appeared in concert at the Tests. While none of the audio syncs up with the video footage, both signals are remarkably clean and fascinating to experience. There's plenty of Merry Pranksters mixed in as well. For info write to Key-Z Productions, P.O. Box 764, Pleasant Hill, OR 97455.

The much anticipated Tivoli Gardens 4/17/72 television broadcast finally showed up! There are a full 80 minutes of simply fabulous vintage Dead. Highlights include "Big Railroad Blues" (with the band decked out in Bozo clown masks!), "Me & Bobby McGee," the first "He's Gone," and of special note, a rare look at Pig Pen in action as he belts out "Hurts Me Too," "Chinatown Shuffle," and "You Lied, You Cheated." WOW!

Approximately 15 minutes of footage from the infamous 1967 Grateful Dead drug bust press conference showed up. Former band manager Rock Skully is seen directing this media circus as the Dead react in obvious amusement to all the goings-on around them. And speaking of drugs, the 1971 anti-drug film *Journey In Time* showed up with a clip of the Dead smoking hashish in the Haight. More news out-takes of the Dead playing in the Panhandle in San Francisco appeared as well.

And for those who are interested in audience quality videos of modern Grateful Dead shows, there are far too many to review here. At this point, despite the Dead's ban on videotaping, literally every show these days is taped. ◊



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WHERE PEACE STARTS

a book review
by Mark Koltko

Being Peace by Thich Nhat Hanh
115 pages; Berkeley, CA (P.O. Box 7355, 94707):
Parallax Press, 1987, Paperback, \$9.00.

As I write these words, the Allied forces are in a state of cease-fire, surrounding the remnants of the Republican Guard in Iraq. One of my best friends is with an airborne unit, deep in the desert in "unfriendly" territory. People tell me that there is a real possibility of "peace breaking out." Yet, in my lifetime, I have seen the cycle of hostility and unsteady cease-fire again and again, played out in dozens of places around the world. How could **real** peace come about?

Thich Nhat Hanh has a unique perspective on issues like this. As a Buddhist monk in Vietnam, he and his community remained resolutely neutral throughout the Vietnam war, trying to identify with and relieve the suffering on *both* sides. As a result of this, of course, each side in that conflict hated and vilified him and his community; he has lived in exile in France for many years. *Being Peace* is a collection of talks that he delivered at Buddhist retreats around the United States in the fall of 1985, on the subject of how to create real and lasting peace.

This is *not* a book on politics, abstract doctrines, or unintelligible twaddle. This *is* a book written for "regular folks," emphasizing readily understandable concepts from Buddhist psychology, pointing out how real peace comes not from conferences or laws or guns or atomic weaponry, but from embodying on a personal level certain ways of thinking, feeling, and relating to people — that is, world peace comes from each of us "being peace."

Without being condescending, Hanh takes the reader through some very basic concepts of Buddhist thought, showing how approaching life in a different way can have a transforming effect on our perceptions of pain, suffering, conflict, and satisfaction in life. He uses both classical stories from the various canonical writings of Buddhism and the many personal experiences he has amassed through his work with monks and the people he has helped in his orphanages.

Without being overly preachy, Hanh lays out guidelines for approaching life that put a real spin on the ways we are taught in the West. For example,

Do not avoid contact with suffering or close your eyes before suffering. Do not lose awareness of the existence of suffering in the life of the world. Find ways to be with those who are suffering by all means, including personal contact and visits, images, sound. By such means, awaken yourself and others to the reality of suffering in the world. (P. 91)



Photo by Carol Kachurka

Yet for all the talk of suffering in this passage, Hanh brings a perspective on seeing beauty in the ordinary, in everyday existence, which more than compensates his willingness to confront pain.

I should mention that although I am not Buddhist, I find this book to be spiritually rewarding and worthwhile. Some familiarity with Buddhism might help here and there, but someone with absolutely no prior knowledge of Buddhist thought will still be able to benefit from reading this. Hanh does not endorse Buddhism primarily as a religion, it seems to me, but rather as a way to approach reality. It is an approach which I would hope the men in the general's uniforms were more familiar, this night, as I think of what is going on out in the desert.



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