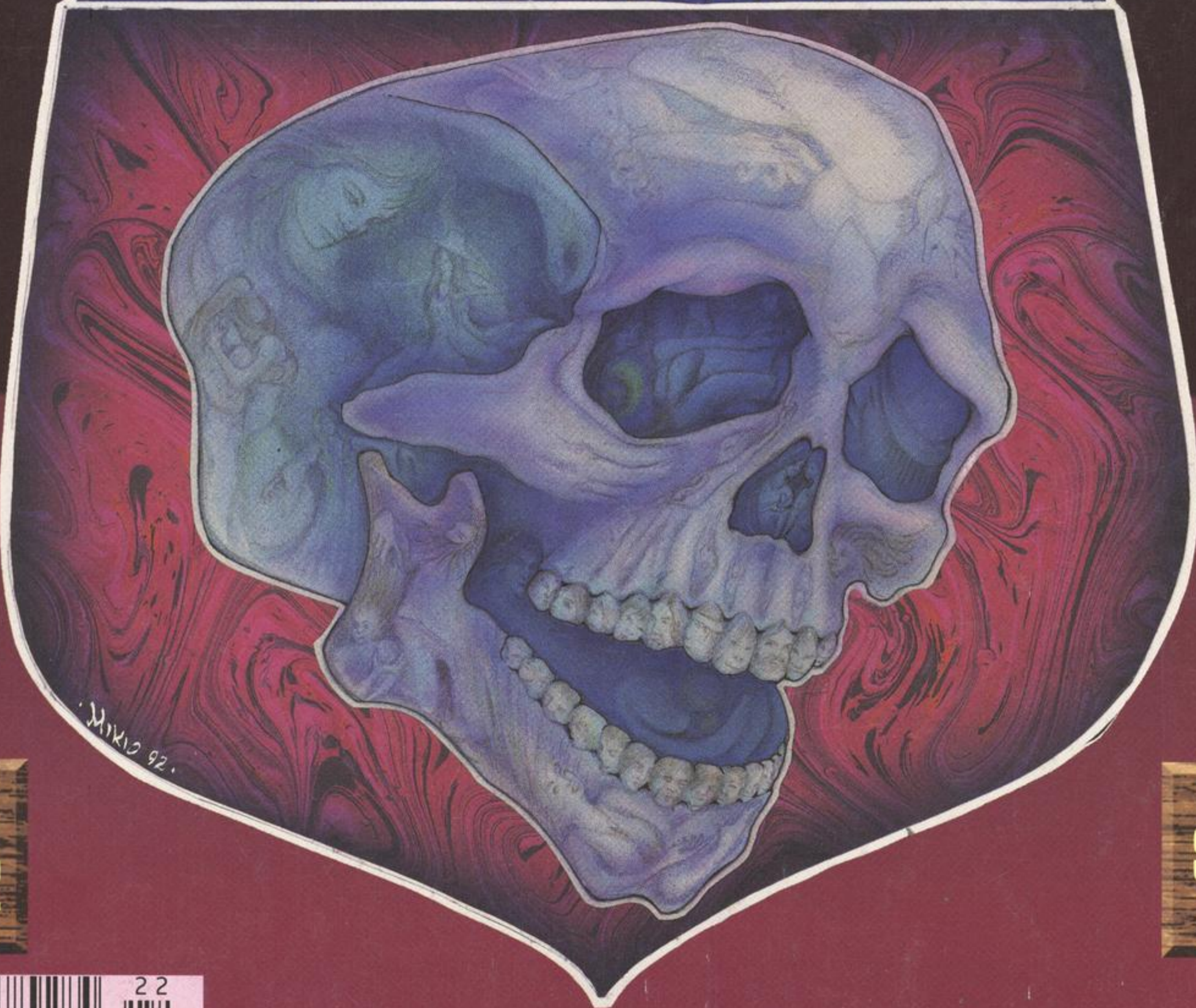
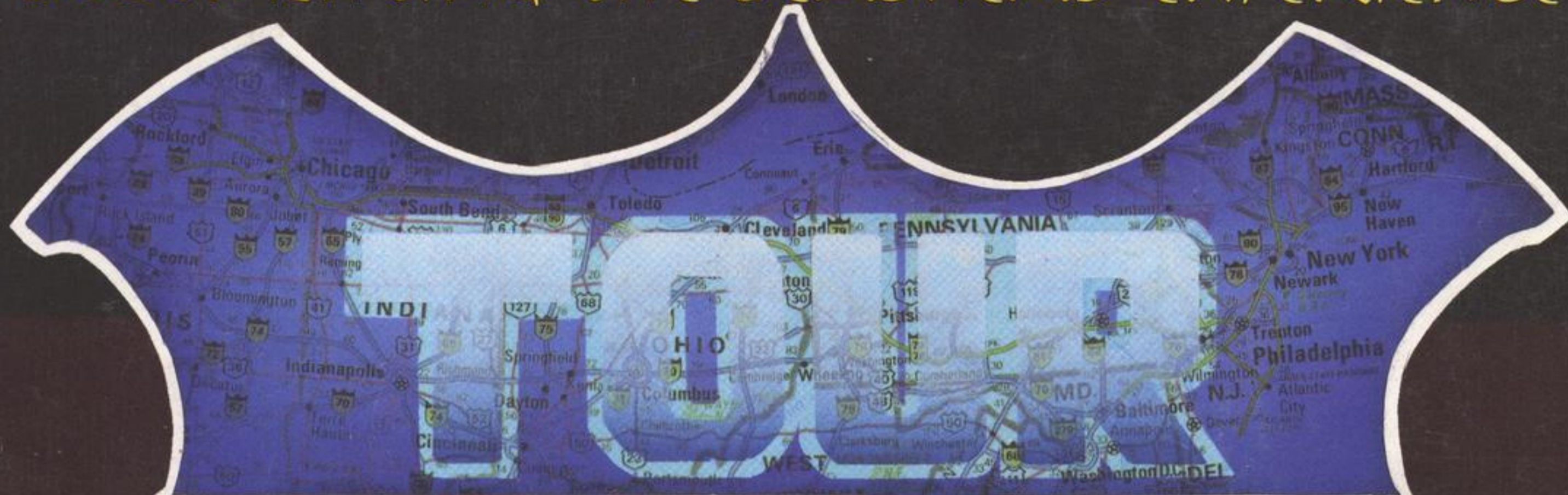


Interview With Grateful Dead Monitor Engineer Harry Popick

DUPREE'S DIAMOND

NEWS

DOCUMENTING THE DEADHEAD EXPERIENCE



ISSUE
NO. 22

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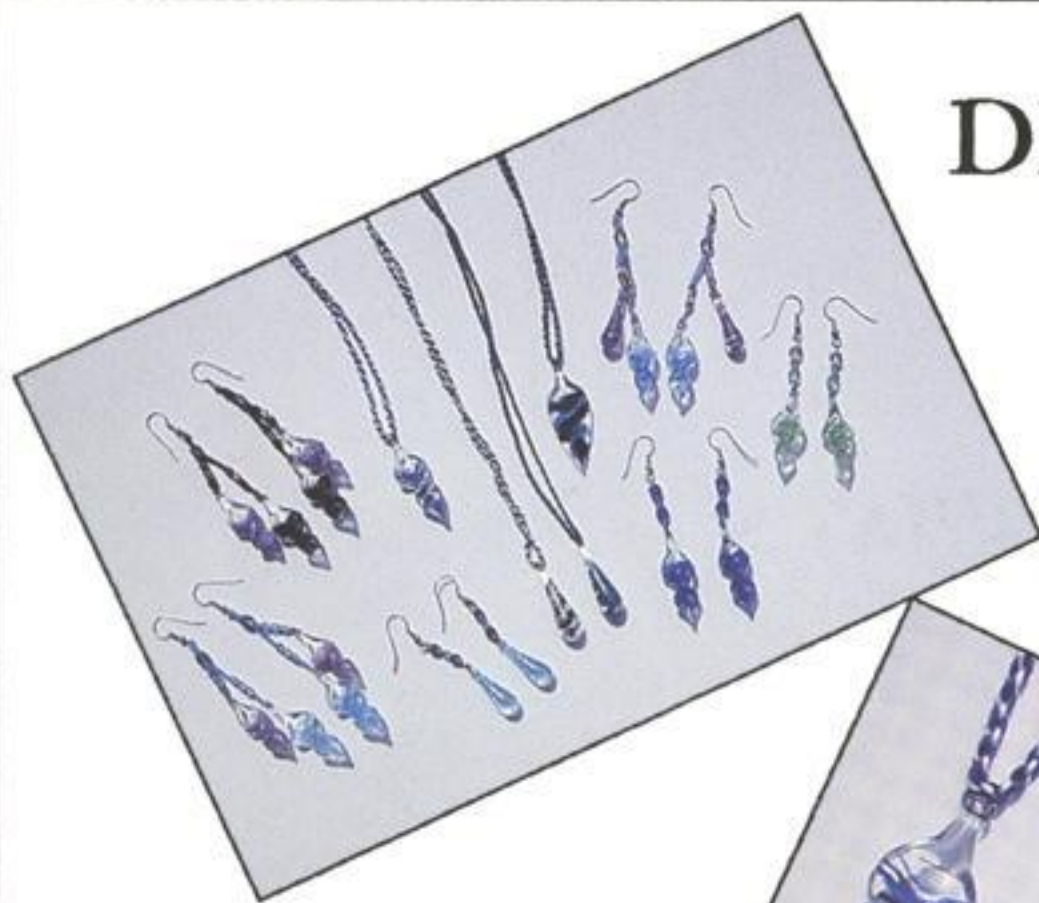


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Volume V — Issue 1
22nd Edition — August 1992

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 John Dwork — Publisher
 Mark Frisk — Editor
 Cherie Clark King — Assistant Editor
 Michael Mulvey — Assistant
 Sue Kim — Typist
 Mark Koltko — Staff Writer
 David Meltzer — Staff Writer
 Alexis Muellner — Staff Writer
 Russ Weis — Staff Eco-Writer
 Abbe Vredenburg — Office Assistant
 Heidi Kelso — Road Manager

ART STAFF

Don Pasewark — Consulting Art Director
 Rob Engman — Staff Computer Artist
 Jim Packwood — Staff Computer Artist
 Phil Gerstheimer — Staff Photographer
 Stephanie Jennings — Staff Photographer
 Stephen Miner — Staff Photographer

CONTRIBUTORS:

B. Ain	K. Babin
M. Conway	J. Dohanos
R. Good	G. Houston
B. Jacquin	E. Keylan
K. Klaus	Randy
J. Risser	J. Stolfus
D. Weinischke	IA Wender

ON THE COVER:

Cover Design: Mikio

Statement of Purpose:

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

All correspondence relating to previously published material should be addressed to the editor. Include your name and address. (We will withhold your name only if requested to do so.) If submitting artwork or photos, put your name, address, and phone number on the back. We maintain the right to decide the appropriate use of all materials submitted and cannot return any materials unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with sufficient postage affixed. 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* or the Grateful Dead. ♦

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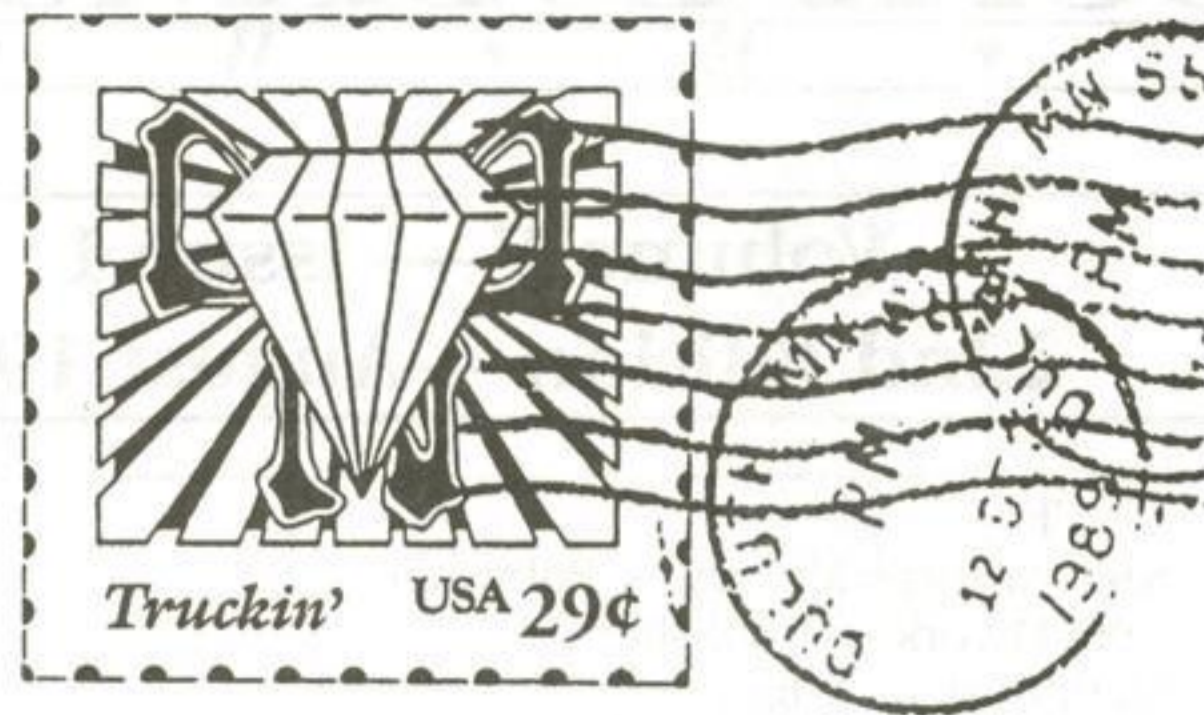
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NEXT ISSUE: More

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Letters To The Editor



Dear Dupree's:

What a great parody issue!!! Imagine — Bobby writing a kid's book? Crazy!! And I loved that "Year in Review" stuff — to think somebody would actually care what songs they played and how many times, etc. Too funny!! To top it off, you pretended the Dead actually play on New Year's Eve!! Like rock stars would want to work on the biggest night of the year!! Me and my buddies usually hang out behind Baskin & Robbins on New Year's waiting for the whip cream empties. I wonder what the Dead REALLY do on New Year's anyway? Keep up the good humor!!

Love,
John Risser
Olympia, WA ◊

Dear Dupree's Diamond News:

I would like to extend an enthusiastic HEY NOW to you and everyone out there. I have been a fan and follower of the Grateful Dead for many years. I am also the groundskeeper at the Children's Zoo and Botanical Gardens here in Lincoln, NE. In addition to this, I am also a student of anthropology, and an amateur archaeologist. Your magazine is nothing short of a miracle! I am always busy, and can only travel with the Dead family occasionally anymore, so I savor each precious moment I am there. DDN fills me in on all the latest information.

I would also like to praise you for your work with The Nature Conservancy. The preservation of the rainforests is a vital issue, and the Gardens for the Gratefully Dedicated are brilliant! Thank you very much for this effort! At the Zoo, we cooperate with the Conservancy on a daily basis to help repopulate endangered animals and plants. If we all give just a little bit, we can change the world, and that is what it's all about.

I have seen, as many others have, many changes in the Grateful Dead community in recent years. More people are joining us, and this is not such a bad thing. Many native traditions speak of this time in the Earth's history as a New Age of Spiritual Awakening. The dawn of this new era is believed to have come sometime in August of 1987. More people are becoming aware of the plights of the Earth and of the human race. Native Americans have already foreseen this. They hold on to traditions that are very ancient. The new generation of Grateful Dead fans is a positive sign. We simply need to reach out to them and share. In this age of "New Birth" we must recognize and share the concept of spirituality. Our path is sacred, and everything we do, every step we take, must be done in a sacred manner. We MUST respect and understand the Earth and all of its creations.

The Myth, Ritual, and Transformation issue was fantastic, and it is great to see articles on shamanism and percussion! I am putting together a book on the Grateful Dead phenomena. Not too many of us know what this myth really means, or that it is ancient and prophetic. And of all the bands and spurts of creative, intense spirituality of the Sixties, in my opinion only the Grateful Dead live on to keep touring and keeping it alive. The group is similar in every way to the shaman, a medicine-man/spirit traveling healer, who often uses music (mainly percussion) to unite the tribe and fill them with a sense of purpose. I would like to thank the band with all my being for all that they have done. I would love to interview them, but due to this obvious impossibility, I am asking the fans for support. PLEASE, if you wish, send me any pictures, notes, stories, poetry, or whatever, c/o DDN-Book, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578. I hope I can use this to put together a message to all the peoples of the world. Anthropology teaches ideals that the Grateful Dead has helped flower: unity, brotherhood, love, peace, and understanding. These are the foundations. They must not be forgotten.

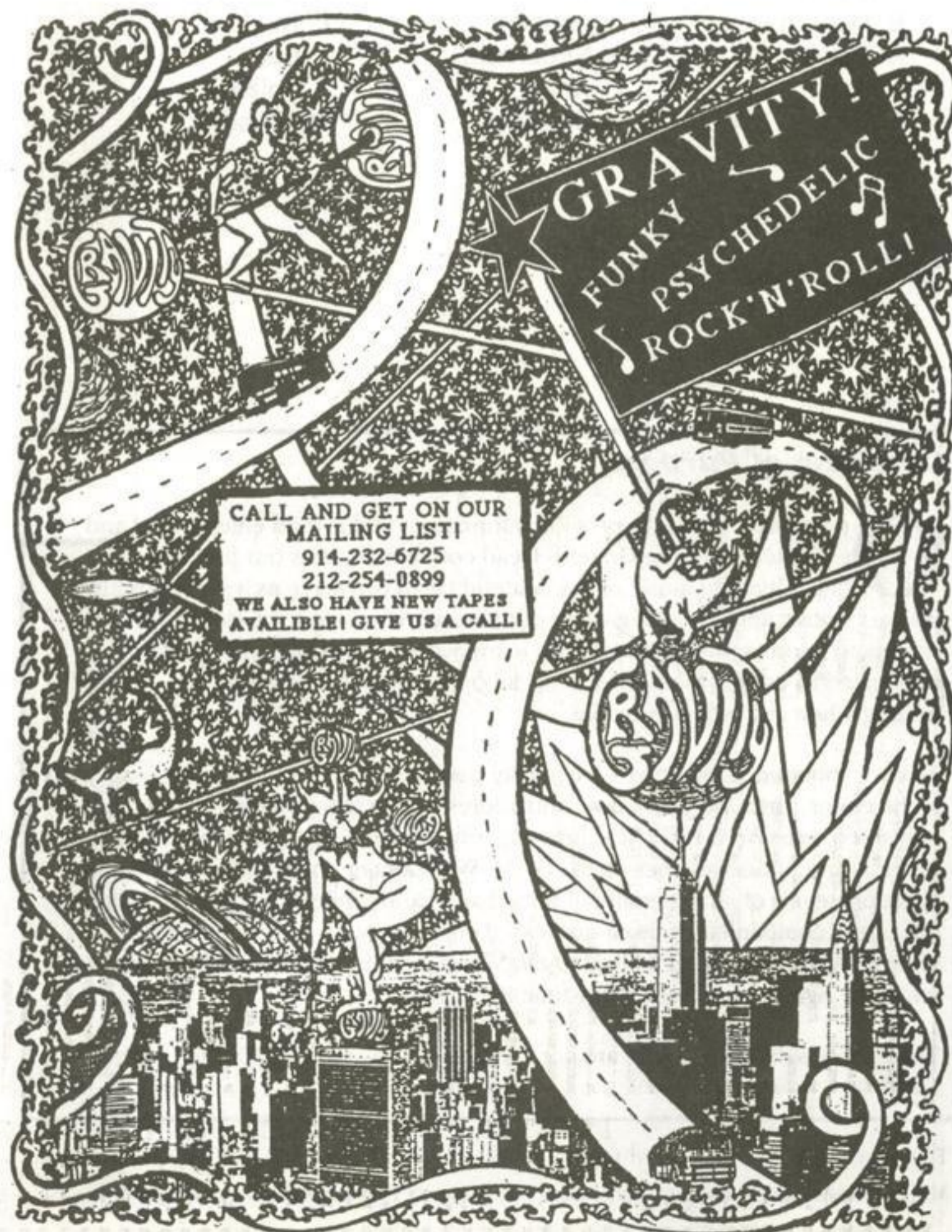
I thank you once again, and wish everyone a good journey on tour, or whatever you are doing.

Sincerely Dedicated,
Korey Klaus
Lincoln, NE ◊

Dear Dupree's Diamond News:

Thank you for a wonderful magazine. As far as "the future" is concerned, yes, as you state in the "Dedication" of Issue #20, transformational ritual will be far more dependant on our ability AS INDIVIDUALS to self-actualize and achieve safe group bliss when the band ceases to exist. But fear not!! It can and is being done by people such as myself every day. Living in the Pacific Northwest and other factors of fate over the years have prevented me from attending many shows (nine from July 1982 through July 1984, three from August 1984 through May of 1990, and then eight from June 1990 through February 1992), but my Grateful Dead spirit continues to shine brightly. Tapes, publications, meditation, friends, creating my own rituals, etc. have allowed me to pursue the Grateful Dead experience, so the mere nonexistence of the band would just mean no more SHOWS to go to. The music and spirit of the whole scene can and does live on quite comfortably and easily. Bring it into your everyday life. Johnny Dwork says it perfectly in his essay on the seeds of future healing, celebration, and empowerment. "Use the Grateful Dead Experience as a catalyst for your own personal growth." Absolutely. You and the universe as a whole will prosper from it.

Jim Stoltzfus
Seattle, WA ◊



Dear DDN:

I would first like to thank you folks for doin' what you do. I, for one, appreciate it. I'm an older Deadhead, (40+), and decided early on that city madness in that dog eat dog world ain't for me. I've got to have trees, and animals, and water you can see through. That's probably why I hang on to memories of early shows I attended, like 4-26-70, Soundstorm Festival, Wisconsin, (I'm still looking for a tape of this show), and a festival southwest of Chicago, at a junction in the country called Kickapoo Creek. I recall Paul Butterfield marchin' along at midnight, and Siegel-Schwall just cookin' early Sunday. Canned Heat had everybody boogeyin', and Barry Melton was just wailin', on his back, kickin' and screamin'. I personally don't think Woodstock came even close to this one. I'll never forget arriving at the Soundstorm festival and hearing that "off-key" note that starts St. Stephen. They said the Pranksters were there, but I didn't meet any of them. That show was in an open field surrounded by trees. The stage was below, and the audience of 2500 was scattered about a pasture that sloped up to a tree line. The city folk hung around the stage, and the cloud of dust generated was a perfect reflection of the level of jammin', while the country folks, a little more laid-back, scattered around on blankets up by the trees. I miss those days — things then were less competitive, and the jammin' was JAMMIN' (as the *One From the Vault II* will testify).

On Haight street, in early '67, there was a real feeling of community. People took a view of the community as a whole, and assumed a responsibility for each other. It was honorable work. I recall the leadership that emerged from the street, like the Diggers, etc. When the work was done, the bands would come and block off the street or go to the park, (ah! the infamous park), and that was the play. No money. It was for the people, to keep the thing going, and it was good.

Today, I come home at day or night's end and flip on a tape, and renew my subscription to *DDN*. The Grateful Dead have never been to South Dakota, (Hey, Jerry, the Black Hills are beautiful yet, and they have a nice little Jazz & Blues Festival, and a separate Bluegrass Festival there every summer) and the Deadhead Hour doesn't even come close either. So I rely on traders, many of whom have become long-standing friends who respect each other.

I would, if I may, express a final thought concerning Elders. Jerry said, rhetorically, "Old and in the Way." Unfortunately, this seems to be true. Check out the loneliness in your local nursing home. There ain't a whole lotta gold left in those "golden years." Come on, people, if you're lucky, you'll age. **DON'T FORGET OUR ELDERS.** They're beautiful, and they have something for you: friendship and a good heart.

Sincerely,
Coyote ◊

Howdy Folks!

I don't have much space here to say what I have to say, so I'll get right to the point. I've been seeing the Dead since the Spectrum shows of Spring 1983, and have had a grand time at most of the shows I've seen since. There's something about the camaraderie, the good vibes, the sense of adventure, and of course that mind-blowing, gentle, hard-driving beautiful music that keeps us coming back for more.

And then there's the drugs.

Like it or not, fair or not, most consciousness-expanding drugs are still illegal. I know that the hard way...recently finished thirteen months of a five year sentence in New Jersey for seventy-six hits of LSD. Now I have 2 1/2 years of parole to look forward to.

PRISON IS A VERY REAL POSSIBILITY FOR ANYONE IN POSSESSION OF DRUGS, ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL WITH THEM!!!!

And prison is **NO JOKE**, believe me. I was "lucky" to get a minimum security camp where there were no rapes and few fights, but life was still plenty intense from the overcrowding of mostly unpeaceful souls.

I was also lucky because I got to use my time to grow spiritually. After my system got cleaned out from all the firewater and ganja, I was able to see things in a new light.

Before prison, I thought that the world at large and Amerika in particular was a pretty messed up place and that the natural world and the Dead/Rainbow scene were about the only decent things happening on Planet Earth.

I realize now that there are **A LOT** of really cool things happening in this world, and that most of them are being accomplished by basically good-hearted people of all sorts, not just counter-culture types. I also came to believe that the events in our lives and the world are unfolding just as they're supposed to, and that mostly it's a mixed bag everywhere.

I also realize now that if I had actually gone out and done something with just **HALF** the time I sat around getting stoned and talking about doing something, this world would already be a little better.



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But you have to take care of yourself before you can take care of the world, and when it comes right down to it, all we can ever really change is ourselves. Taking care of ourselves means taking care of body, mind, and spirit. I'm going to this effort so that you might HONESTLY ask yourself if taking drugs of any kind is really taking care of your body, mind, or spirit.

What reasonable person could blame you if you're using drugs because you're searching for something deeper than the average American consumer consciousness? Psychedelics in particular are a pathway into something deeper, but the way is tricky and some do get LOST on this path.

Since meditation and prayer are all about a clear mind and an open heart, getting lost is not a problem. It's also legal.

I am only a beginner at meditation and prayer, but already I see their usefulness in expanding consciousness. I have reached some TERRIFIC mental planes without the drugs, and am promised that there are perpetually higher planes to come.

And I wake up feeling good every day.

JUST THINK ABOUT IT. Take what you can and leave the rest.

Randy

P.S. If ANYONE (this means you) wants to write to me about anything, my address is: PO Box 381, York New Salem, PA 17371

Hello, Atlanta:

I thought it would be an interesting experience to heed my children and friends who urged me to come to Atlanta for my first Grateful Dead show. I arranged a substitute for my high school English class, care for my horses, cat, and dog, and prepared myself for a glorious time and a visit with my older daughter, a dental hygienist in West Point, GA. Upon calling the Stone Mountain Campground, I was informed that the cost of a site was \$12.00 a night, a fee that would cover two adults and two children. But when we arrived at the park, we paid \$5 to enter, and uniformed and armed police assessed an additional \$5 per person per night (including children) and then herded us into a small area of the spacious grounds. Two toilets in one bathhouse were already nonfunctioning when we arrived Saturday, but I was told this was due to vandalism by concert attendees, "Deadheads." The accommodations, while pleasant, were grossly overcrowded despite vast empty areas of the park. Park police told me that the facility makes NO money by having "Deadheads," claimed the person on the phone had given me erroneous information, and implied that they were doing everyone a favor by letting us pay them to camp there. I did advise one camper to share a firepit rather than dig up grass to make another one. Admittedly, there were a number of people present I would not welcome into my home, but then I'm offended by cigarettes, litter, and insouciance to the plight of our planet. In both the park and the downtown area, I questioned the blatant absence of recycling receptacles. The men picking up the "trash" said they were not permitted to save out the aluminum. One astute fellow remarked that he might earn some money recycling cans as they go for approximately one cent each. A healthy and intelligent looking young man I

dubbed "the Can Man" got into shows by taking the initiative and collecting cans, bless him.

I was delighted by the array of crafts, clothing, and foods for sale in the parking lot near the Omni. Vendors paid \$15 to park in that lot, and licenses were evidently inconsequential. The crowd appeared mellow and peaceful. It was good to see local businessmen and women mingling, making purchases, enjoying the drumming and dancing. I thought it ironic that many of the men wore vivid ties, the only colorful expression allowed them by corporate America!

Attempting to be friendly, I spoke with two mounted police, a black man on a bay, and a white woman on a buckskin. The woman responded in a robot-like monotone, indicating her supposed superiority. I saw a man arrested for urinating beside a dumpster next to the railroad tracks (he didn't know of the row of porta-johns up by the Omni). Ever present were the police: mounted police; helicopter police; black uniforms; brown uniforms; mostly scowling, unfriendly visages. I did encounter a few amiable officers, but most were just nasty, harassing the few vendors. Among those arrested was a father, a paramedic who runs a tie-dyed clothing business, and his 18-year-old helper. His 12-year-old daughter and a few other teenagers were left in the parking lot to figure it out on their own.

I met a man from Soweto who remarked that the police scene reminded him of home! It seemed exceedingly absurd to me to have so much invested in police harassment of a generally peaceful, nonviolent crowd. All in all, I deduced that Atlanta police, like so many others, alas, have not been informed that their purpose is to serve and protect. Despite the marvelous quality of the music and the fun and friendly atmosphere generated by the congregation of "Deadheads," I will not return to Atlanta to be treated as scum of the earth by uptight, hateful, inconsistent, and unfriendly police. For me, coming to the city was a quest of sorts; denying myself water because a full bladder was most inconvenient; encountering uniformed and armed animosity; sadly noting the environmental inadequacies. Organized parking, camping, and shuttles *could* have been the Police Department's focus. I saw many empty lots in the proximity of the Omni that could have returned mucho dinero had the owners and the police been more thoughtful. You few uniformed men who acted HUMAN warmed my heart; bless you too!

I observed culture clash and infringement of personal rights. Behind anger is fear. To ungraced ears and unopened hearts, the Grateful Dead promote an invasion of "hippies" (or whatever term you have for humans who are not locked into the

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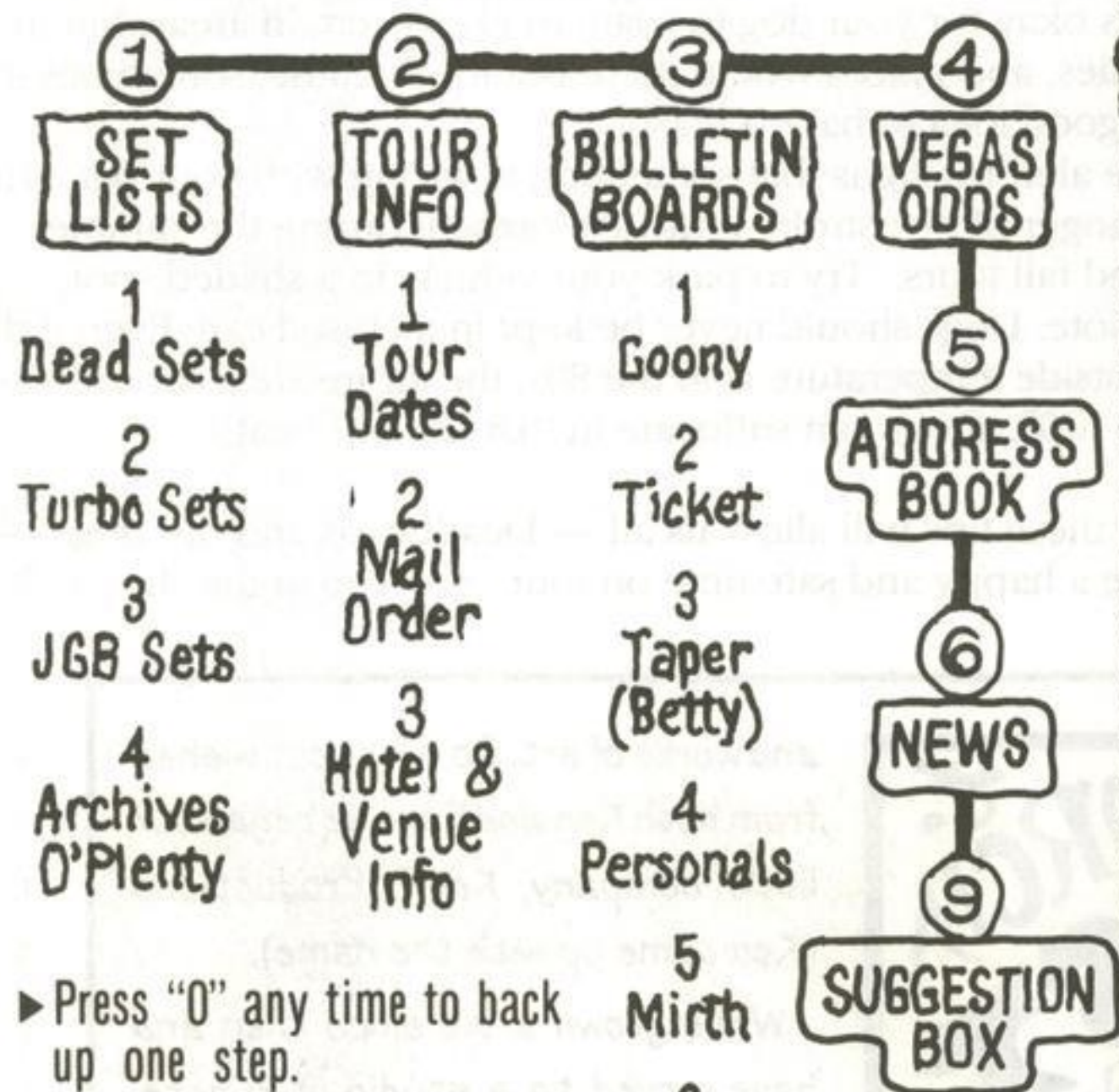
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polyester and concrete pathways). The music, however, is prayer, the shows are exaltation, sharing faith that love will prevail. Change must occur. Cities are grinding out poison. We've all got to WAKE UP — those in new suits and those in raggedy overalls or gauzy muslin. We've got to wake up to our responsibilities to ourselves. Be nice. Don't make a mess. It's really simple.

As for DRUGS, I offer my insights: Playing with nitrous oxide is just stupid and detrimental to the user's brain cells, but cigarettes are publicly obscene and wretchedly addictive, while hemp is a valuable plant, useful for a wide variety of purposes.

In the 60's, Atlanta, you were known to be warm and progressive. You've evidently lost a great deal of your purported charm, and I wouldn't doubt, you've also lost the revenue from Grateful Dead fans who have patronized your campgrounds, motels, hotels, restaurants, gas stations, grocery stores, and the Omni. Atlantians, it's 1992; do you know where your tax dollars are???


In peace,
Deborah Weinischke ◊

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A DEADHEAD'S GUIDE TO PET CARE

by Cherie Clark King

I have two things to say to people who bring their pets on tour. One, try to leave your pet at home with a friend, relative, or neighbor. And, two, if you must bring your dog on tour, please follow these three steps for pet comfort and safety:

- Always have water available for your dog! Traveling makes dogs thirsty. (Note: Gas stations all have running water, and you can buy bottled water.) Always have a towel or blanket for your dog to rest on. If the ground's too hot or cold for you to sit on, it most likely is for your dog as well.
- Protect your dog against fleas and ticks. Traveling around puts your pet in contact with different regions of the country, and also with lots of other animals. So, buy your pet a flea collar. (Note: If you are against the traditional flea collars, health food stores carry herbal ones which are nontoxic and more environmentally friendly.) Also, bring a leash on tour. It's okay for your dog to roam freely in certain areas, but in cities, and places where there is a lot of traffic, sometimes it's a good idea to have a leash.
- Be alert for signs that something is wrong with your pet. The danger of heatstroke is always present during the summer and fall tours. Try to park your vehicle in a shaded spot. (Note: Dogs should never be kept in a closed car! Even if the outside temperature is in the 80s, the air inside a car can rise to 120°. Dogs can suffocate in that kind of heat.)

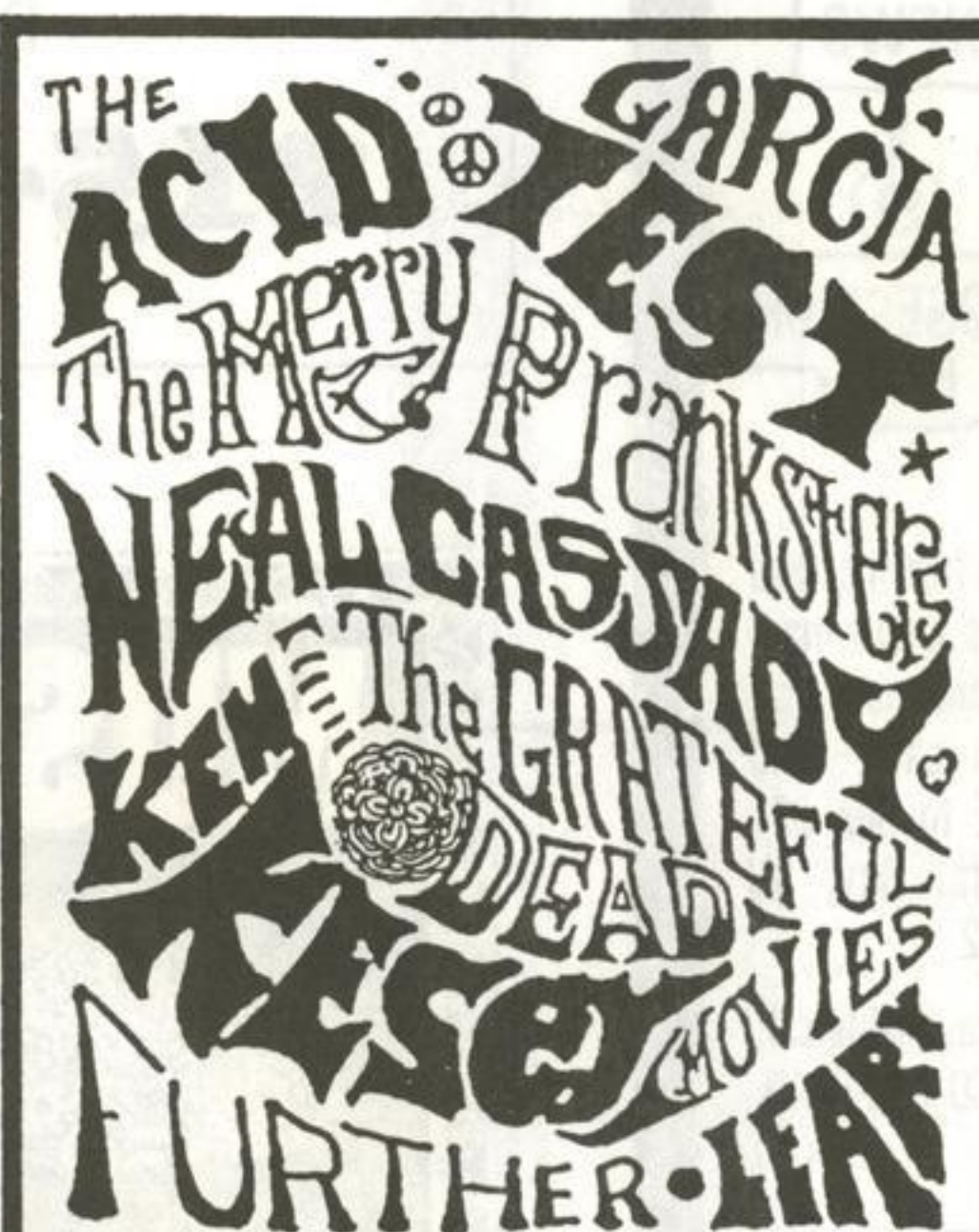
I hope these tips will allow us all — Deadheads and our dogs — to have a happy and safe time on tour. See you at the shows! ◇



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

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

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



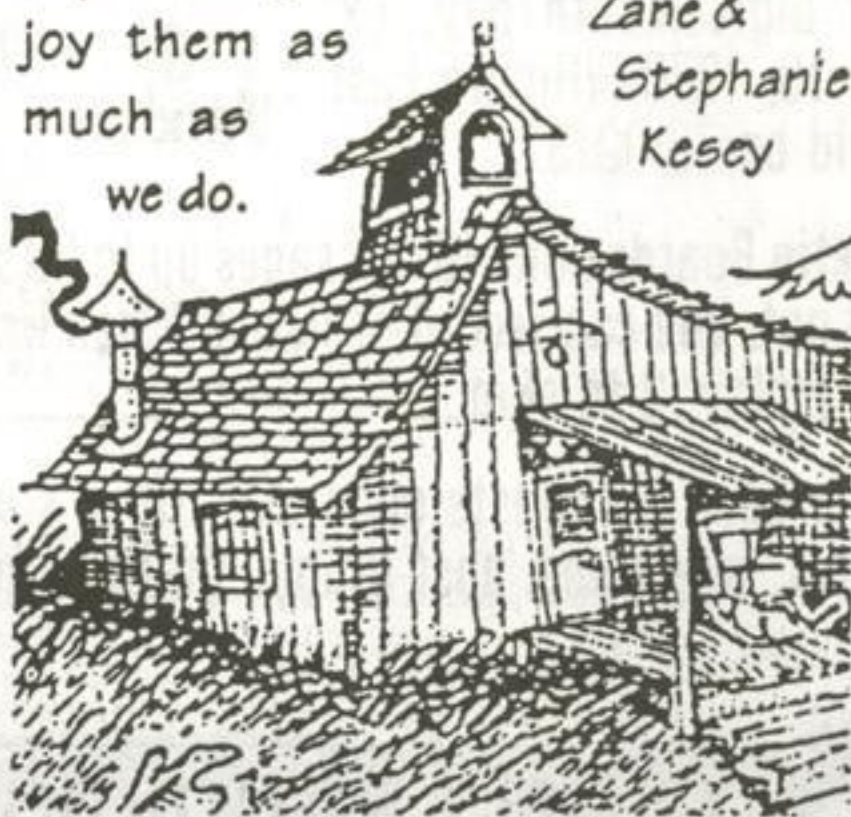
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and works of art. So, with best wishes from both Ken and Faye we began our little company, Key-Z Productions (Ken came up with the name).

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Zane &
Stephanie
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Deadhead Anthem

It's an election year in this "great land of ours," and we here at *DDN* are inevitably drawn to consider how "our" government, and the laws and policies it enacts, affects the quality of the Deadhead experience and, more fundamentally, our ability to live the lifestyles we choose.

If we had to pick one word to define the essence or the spirit inherent in the Grateful Dead experience that word would be *freedom*. Freedom, without persecution or penalty of law, to explore whatever lifestyles and life choices that we as individuals care to make, so long as those choices hurt no others in the process. Freedom to dress (or undress) and dance the way we choose. Freedom of speech and artistic expression. Freedom to do what we like with our bodies and minds, as long as we make those choices as responsible individuals.

And if we had to choose two words to describe that state of being toward which the Grateful Dead experience challenges us to aspire, they would be *sensitivity* and *respect*.

At any given moment the Grateful Dead experience offers us an opportunity to become more sensitive and respectful of the miraculous dance of life; it can serve as the catalyst for discovering that each and every moment is pregnant with the potential for growth, learning, celebration, and healing, that we are all brothers and sisters under the skin, and that if one is hurting, then on a certain level, all are hurting.

It would be very nice if we could go back to the idealistic utopian perspective of our older hippie sisters and brothers who, more than twenty years ago, believed that a peaceful life could be found by simply tuning out and withdrawing from the status quo establishment lifestyle. Unfortunately, things have gotten so horribly bad that this is no longer a viable option. We must arrest power from those who have abused it. Whereas twenty years ago it may have been fashionable to "tune in, turn on, and drop out," now, if we are to have any hope of surviving, we must learn how to "tune in, turn on, and take charge!"

If we are to survive we must find ways to change the direction in which the establishment, over the past 40 years, has led us. While the current options for leadership may vary from bad to worse, to abstain from making even this frustrating choice is to give a clear sign to those in power that we don't care and therefore, in their eyes, that we don't count.

We here at *DDN* are therefore imploring you to get out and vote. Research the options at your state and local level, and vote for the candidates who support the rights and freedoms that you hold dear. Learn each candidate's position on such vital issues as the environment and a woman's right to choose, and vote accordingly.

On the presidential level, while some might argue that the choices are lousy, we would counter that one choice is very clear, and that is who **not** to vote for. This year voters will have three choices

(assuming Perot stays out of the race): Clinton, Bush, or abstaining altogether. Unfortunately our country is in such dire shape that staying out of the voting booth is a shameful waste of your opportunity to make a difference when we desperately need change.

Clinton is the most likely choice to preserve the few human and civil rights we have left. His choice of Al Gore as a running mate is commendable, in that Gore is *extremely* well-educated about the plight of our endangered environment. Gore would almost assuredly be the complete opposite of Vice President Quayle, who knowingly lets big corporations pollute in the name of bigger profit margins. And if you're worried about Tipper Gore, rest assured that even though she campaigned for warning labels on albums containing sexually explicit lyrics, she was never for censorship — turns out she loves the Grateful Dead!

On the flip side, Clinton's record as governor of Arkansas is mixed, and some aspects of his private life have raised serious questions in the minds of those with, shall we say, *strong family values*. But overall, Clinton has always positioned himself as someone who, in the spirit of John F. Kennedy, respects individual freedom while at the same time calling for individual responsibility to our country.

And then there is George Bush. We *know* about George Bush. We know that he is neither the environmental president nor the education president. We know from his hypocritical "no new taxes" pledge that he will say anything to get into office. Under George Bush's reign we have seen a steady decline in the quality of just about every aspect of life that is vital to the true health of America. Most importantly he has sought to impinge upon the types of freedoms that are so dear to us Deadheads. We have no reason to believe that things will get any better with Bush at the helm for another term. **We strongly urge you — for the future of our rights, for the future of our planet, for the future of our children — not to vote for George Bush!**

The symbolic power of the office of the presidency can serve as a catalyst for change so strong that it affects the lives of every single person on the planet. Along with the freedom that we Deadheads so dearly cherish comes responsibility, the responsibility to take very seriously the choice of who we put into such a lofty position of power. We urge you to stand up and be counted.

In light,
Johnny Dwork

**Whereas
twenty
years ago
it may
have been
fashionable
to
"tune in,
turn on,
and
drop out,"
now,
if we
are to have
any hope
of surviving,
we must learn
how to
"tune in,
turn on,
and
take charge!"**

MARDI GRAS REVIEW

BY ASHER MILLER

This February, I went out to the Bay Area to attend my first Grateful Dead Mardi Gras concerts, which were held at the Oakland Coliseum on the 22nd through the 24th. Having known that I would miss the New Year's run, I had set my sights on Mardi Gras, which I'd heard was just as thrilling. After hearing disappointing news about the 1991-92 New Years' show, however, I didn't know what to expect. It turns out that the festivities were a blast, not to mention the music.

Bertha > *Promised Land* to open the year was really something. In fact the entire set was great. Garcia even broke out a new tune, *So Many Roads*, which, even though it sounds like a combination of *Knockin' on Heaven's Door* and *Standing on the Moon*, was exciting to hear for the first time. Phil's new song, *Wave to the Wind*, was a bit difficult to listen to because it sounded as though the instrumentals need to be worked out, and because the lyrics were virtually unintelligible, but it definitely adds spark to the first set. I don't think I'm too off the mark when I say that this one is at least a distant relative of *Passenger*. *Saturday Night* kicked off set two, which was well-played and energetic. The high points were the Lesh-led jam before the *Drums* and the explosion of *Sugar Magnolia* out of *Black Peter*.

Sunday night's show opened innocuously enough, but surprises were in store. A new song from Jerry is one thing, and one from Phil is yet another, but who could have expected one from Vince? The opening piano riffs of *Long Way to Go Home* instantly brought to mind Carole King's *I Feel the Earth Move*, and this was not entirely inappropriate. In my opinion, Vince's new song is the single greatest Grateful Dead song to emerge in years. The instrumentals, the lyrics, Vince's voice, and the harmonies are nothing less than superb. The *Black-Throated Wind* that followed was well-played and set us up for yet another surprise — a debut from Bob. Now *Corinna*, you must understand, is perhaps the song that propels Weir into the world of performance art. Zee unique vocal stylings of Monsieur Robert allow him to jerk his head back with each and every syllable a la David Byrne. Melody isn't this one's strong point, but it is spunky. The second set was excellent, even if the set list doesn't appear to be overly compelling. Hamza El-Din joined the Rhythm Devils, but when they were done, a curious thing happened. Mickey Hart leaned over to a mic, shouted "HAMZA EL-DIN!" and the stage was left empty for a while until the guitarists re-emerged for *Space*. *Not Fade Away* seemed unusually long and well-jammed, and the *Box of Rain* encore was one of the best I've ever heard.

By the end of the Dead's first set on the evening of the 24th, I was convinced that they had simply lulled us into a false sense of security the first two nights. The opening band, Dakookoo, was characterized by one person as a cross between Gloria Estefan and the American Gladiators. The Dead's first set lay somewhere between an open rehearsal and one of those late-night infomercials that you watch because you're too lazy to get into bed. *Feel Like a Stranger*, which was virtually unrecognizable, was the nadir.

But the second set! Never have I witnessed such a turnaround. The Dead *Iko'd* their way through the Mardi Gras parade, which was incredible. The most amazing float was a locomotive, that I think had a slide projector inside of it. Pictures of the band were projected onto a round screen that comprised the front of the locomotive. We were treated to an hysterical photo of Bob passed out on a sofa and one of Jerry in all of his late-70's glory that led one concert-goer to exclaim: "His haaaiir was PERFECT!"

Iko flowed seamlessly into *Corinna*. All four songs debuted in the first sets the previous two nights really hit their stride in their second-set debuts. Phil took over at this point and teased the band and the audience through a jam that catapulted into a screaming version of *The Other One*. With only a slight change in tempo, but without losing one iota of intensity, this flowed into another brilliant *Long Way to Go Home*, which seemed to have improved with age. As a matter of fact, without Bruce on stage, Vince was turned up much louder than usual, and I found the overall clarity that resulted very satisfying, which is not to mention that I have zero tolerance for the accordion.

The Other One returned for a just a moment before a steamy version of *The Same Thing* and an inspired *Drums and Space*.

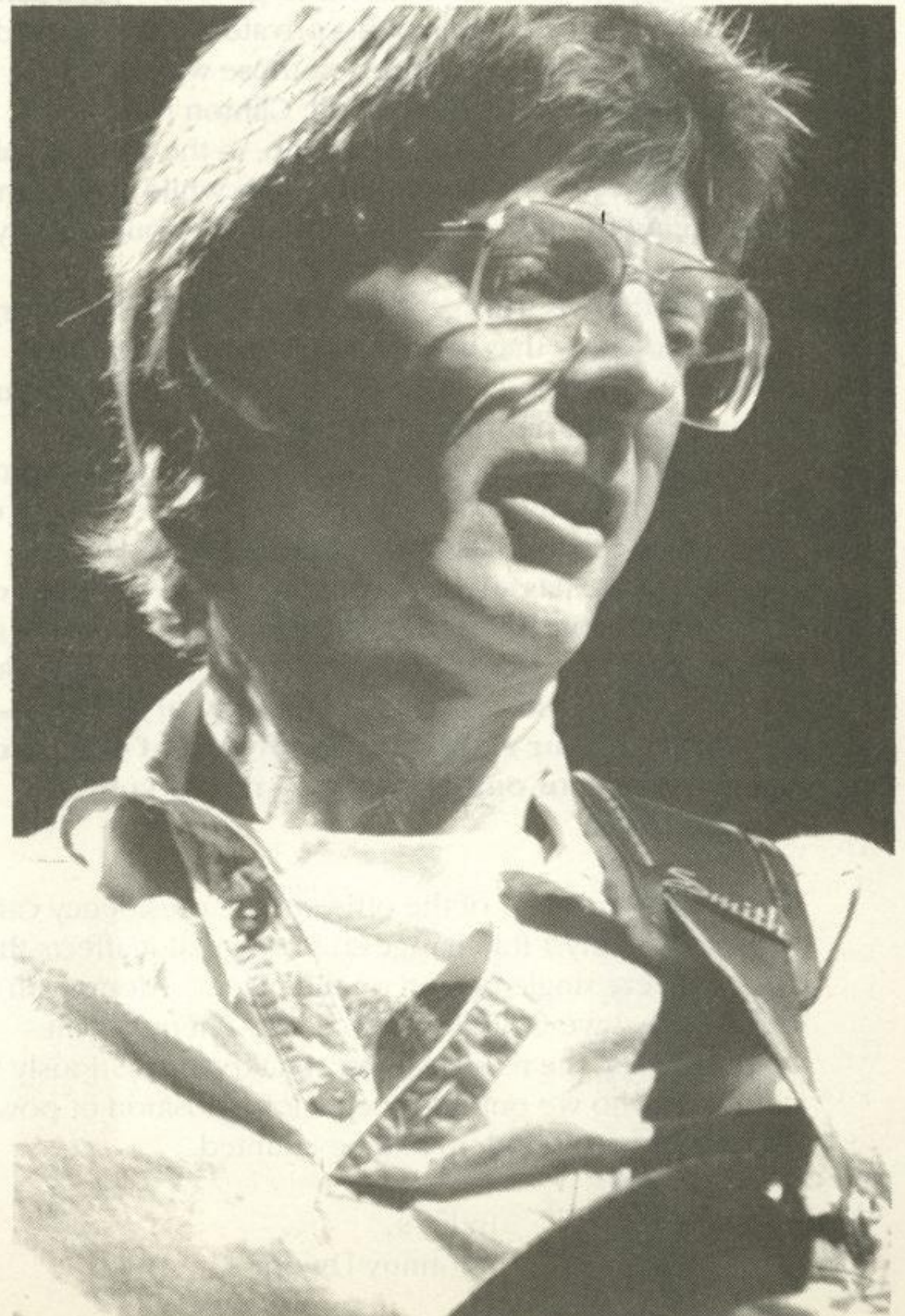


Photo by Stephanie Jennings

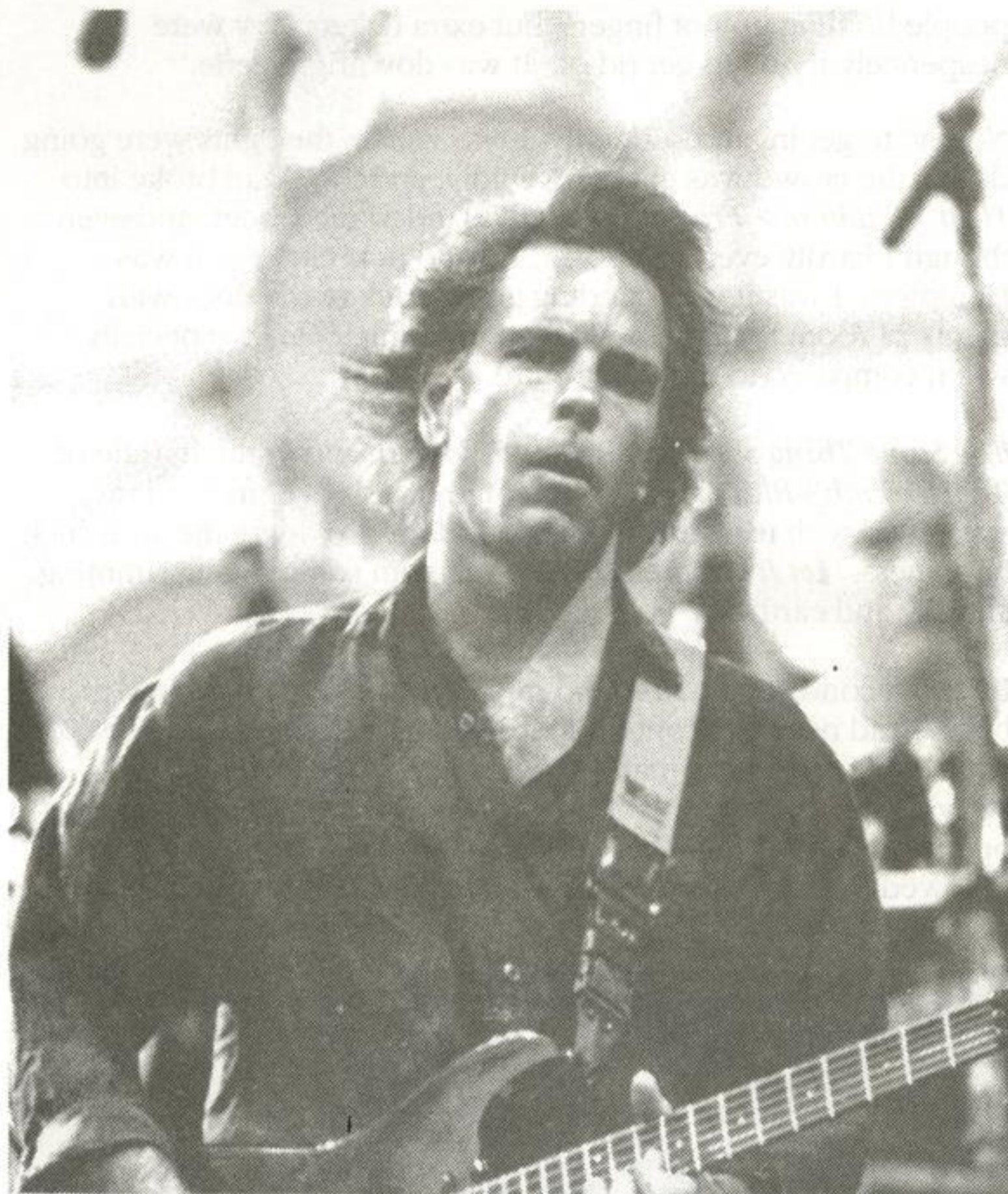


Photo by Brad Nederman

Space bore *Wave to the Wind*, which I listened to once again with blissful bemusement. After a return to a stunning second half of *The Other One*, we were treated once again to *So Many Roads*. After a brief pause they broke into a rousing *Lovelight*, for which Jerry thankfully saved most of the midi playing of the evening — somehow I find it disconcerting to hear trumpets come out of his guitar.

All in all, despite a momentary lapse at the beginning of the third night, the Mardi Gras run was brilliant. If it's true that there's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert, then it's even more true that there's nothing like three, especially these, which set a high standard for the rest of the year. ♦

SET LISTS ON PAGE 64

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Hampton: A Little Piece of Heaven

by Rick Newlin

Sunday, March 1 was a lovely spring-like day, as I motored from my home in Brandywine, MD in search of the long-awaited, oft-rumored, elusive Hampton tickets, those golden yummys of general admission glory. I had been keeping a close watch through various computer networks, knowing that as soon as the word went out, I would make that three-hour jaunt to Richmond where tickets were to be sold.

I had zipped off with a wallet full of cash and some killer tapes to speed my journey, and I arrived at the Richmond Coliseum at 11 a.m. The place was deserted! There were three Deadheads sitting on the pavement in front of an obviously closed ticket window and a few more milling about aimlessly. Clearly something was amiss. But before speeding to Hampton, I called Ticketron and learned that tickets were going on sale at the Mosque, another local venue. Zoom! Off to the Mosque where the line of Heads wound clear around the block. This was the place all right!

I met my two friends from DC, Nick and Will, and we were 759th in line (there was a list). The crowd was mellow, happy, and cooperative. Six hours later (the computers went down for about an hour), we were the happy owners of two tickets each for each night. It had been eons since I had actually waited in line for Dead tickets — I was reminded of that E.F. Hutton ad: "We here in Virginia get our Dead tickets the old-fashioned way: We earn them!"

Though many were upset by the way the Dead handled Hampton (no mail order, sale date veiled in secrecy, and waiting until Atlanta folks were on the road), naturally, I thought it worked great!

Thursday I sped out of DC at 4 p.m., wove through the rush hour, got to Hampton at exactly 7:30, parked my car in a half-empty lot, and jogged through the fog toward the Coliseum past about 20

people holding up not fingers, but extra tickets they were desperately trying to get rid of! It was downright eerie.

No line to get in, and suddenly, I was inside, the lights were going down, the crowd was cheering wildly, and the Dead broke into *Help > Slipknot > Franklin's*, a guy handed me a beer, and even though I hardly ever drink beer, I could not refuse — it was Hampton! I was there, standing at the back of the floor with plenty of room to dance. What an uplifting feeling, especially when compared to the Cap Centre.

The Same Thing and *Jack-A-Row* followed, and in the middle of *Tom Thumb's Blues* I felt a wave of joy wash over me and my eyes filled with tears as I thanked God for providing me with such happiness. *Let It Grow* closed the set, with some strong jamming, chunky and earthen.

By the second set, I had found my friends, who had formed a beachhead near the front on Phil's side. It was more crowded, of course, but eminently manageable. *Eyes of the World* came swaying out, a treat, one of my favorite Dead tunes and a fine set opener. Next came Vince's *Way to Go Home*, strong and bluesy, followed by *Estimated* and *He's Gone*. *Drums* and *Space* sent me

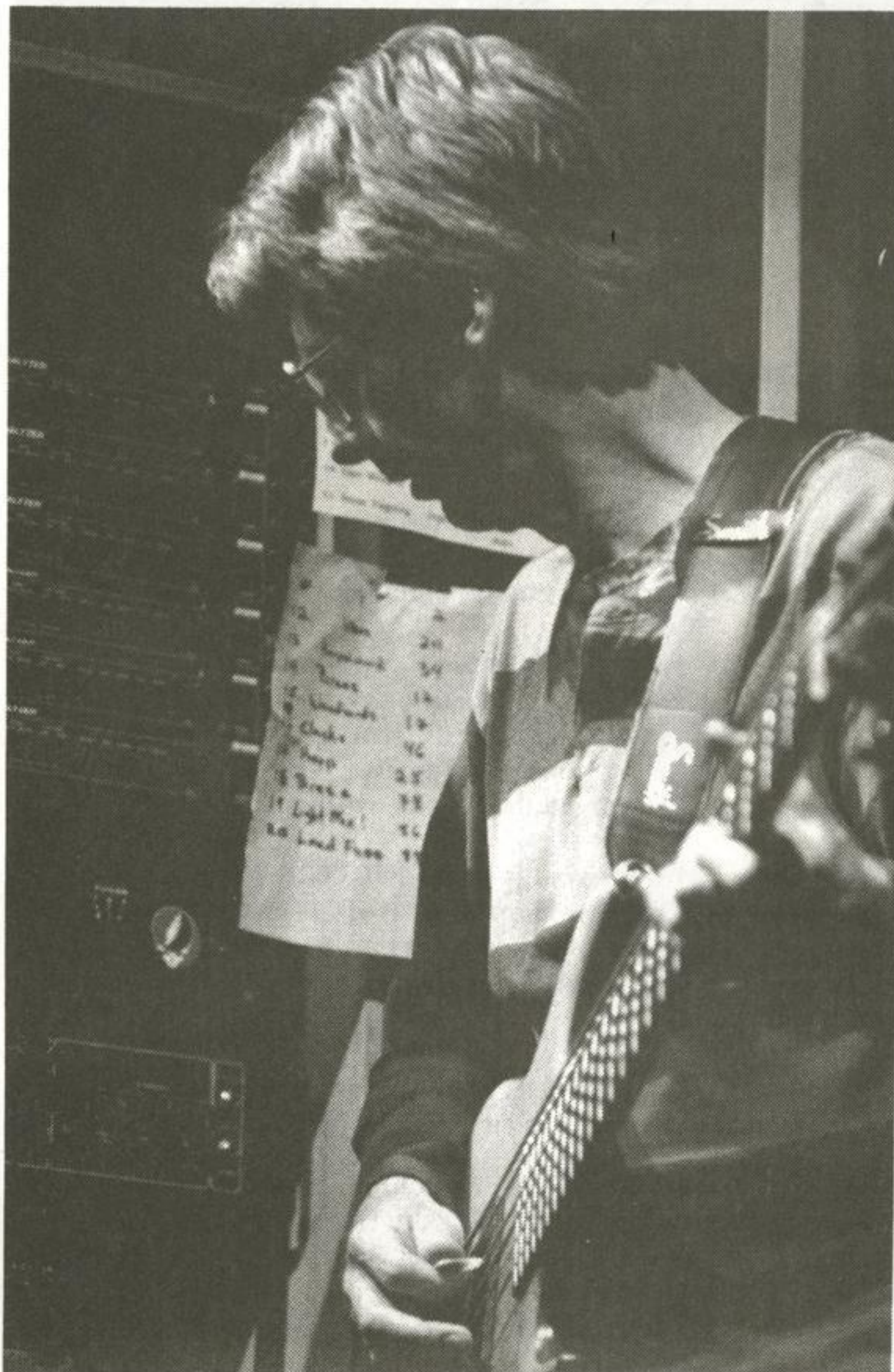


Photo by Michael Conway

HAND TAPE **DRAMA COVERS**

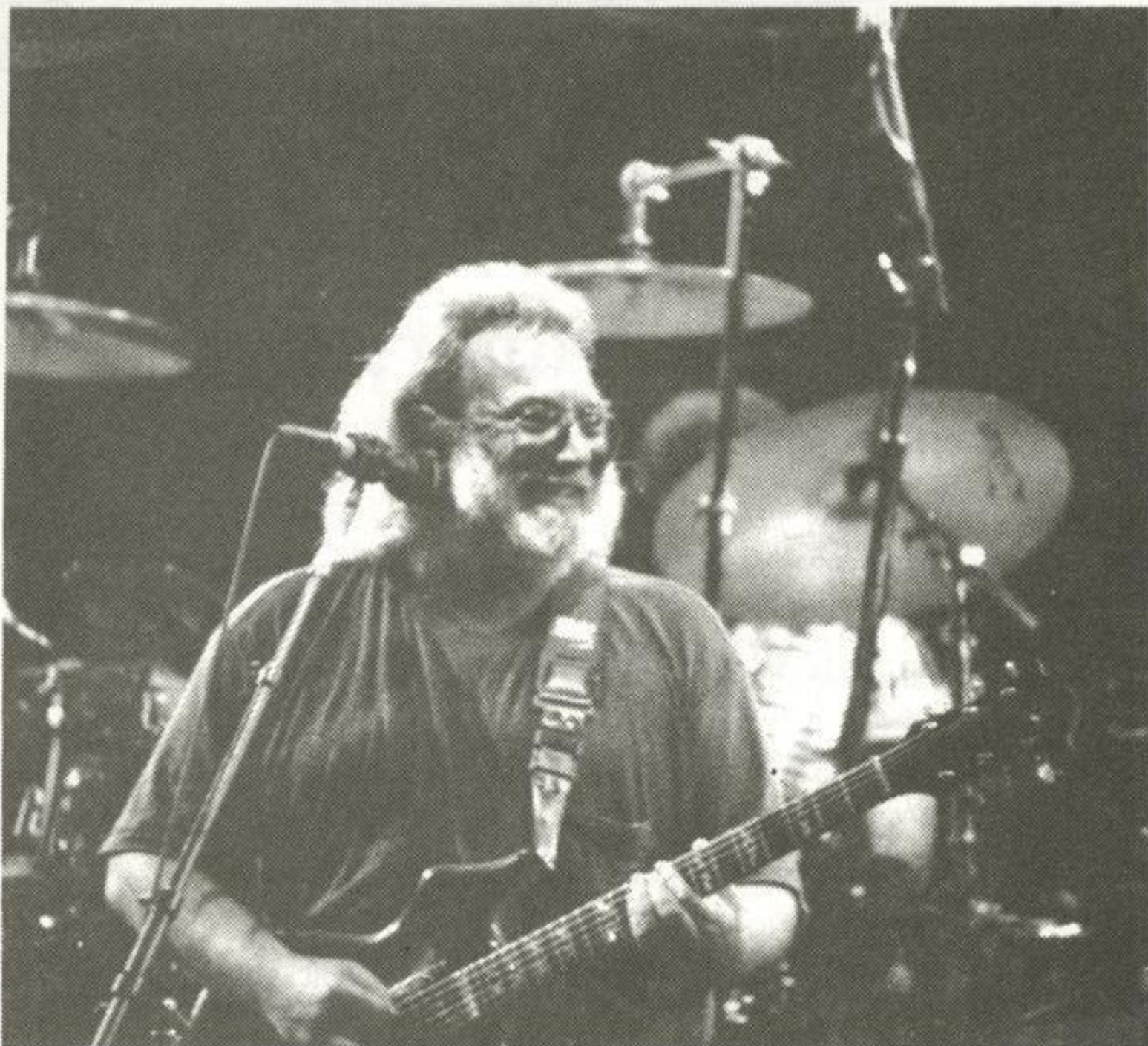
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checking out the rest of the arena. There was no security to speak of, and I found a nice seat in the rafters for a relaxing *Space*. By the time they launched into *The Wheel*, I was back at the front, dancing with my friends straight through a spirited *I Need A Miracle*. *So Many Roads* was sweet and soulful, and *Good Lovin'* was chunky and unusually slow, but interesting and well-played. *US Blues* was a rockin' conclusion to a fun Thursday night.

Turns out the reason the lot was only half full was that they were towing! Five hours and \$95 later (ouch! — and what about Heads who were towed who didn't have \$95?), I was home in bed, ready for two hours of sleep.

Friday was more of a weekend feeling, and more like a Dead concert with tens (but not hundreds) of ticketless Heads looking for their *Dark Star*.

Inside, the feeling was denser, the energy higher, and after some serious noodling by Bruce, they launched into *Feel Like a Stranger*, somewhat disjointed but rockin'. Other highlights of set one were *Mexicali* > *Maggie's Farm*, *Stagger Lee*, and the ever-searching *Bird Song*.

Set two opened with a solid *New Speedway Boogie*, followed by *Truckin'*, and *Crazy Fingers*, which were smooth if unspectacular. The lyrics to Bob's new tune *Corinna* were hard to understand, but it had some nice harmonies (five parts!). Once again, during *Drums/Space* I roamed while they boomed. *The Last Time* out of *Space* was tight, and *Wharf Rat* was the best I'd heard in a while — it really clicked, the pacing was nice, and the groove was seamless. To me a good *Wharf Rat* is intense yet danceable, and speaking of dancing, *Sugar Mag* got everybody loose and lovin' life. You could really feel it! *The Weight* was terrific. This was all-around a well-played show, with not that much real jamming or exploration either night, but some nice rockin', some fresh, new tunes, and the best dance hall atmosphere on the East Coast. In these days of mega-Dead-dom it is so refreshing to go to a show at Hampton!

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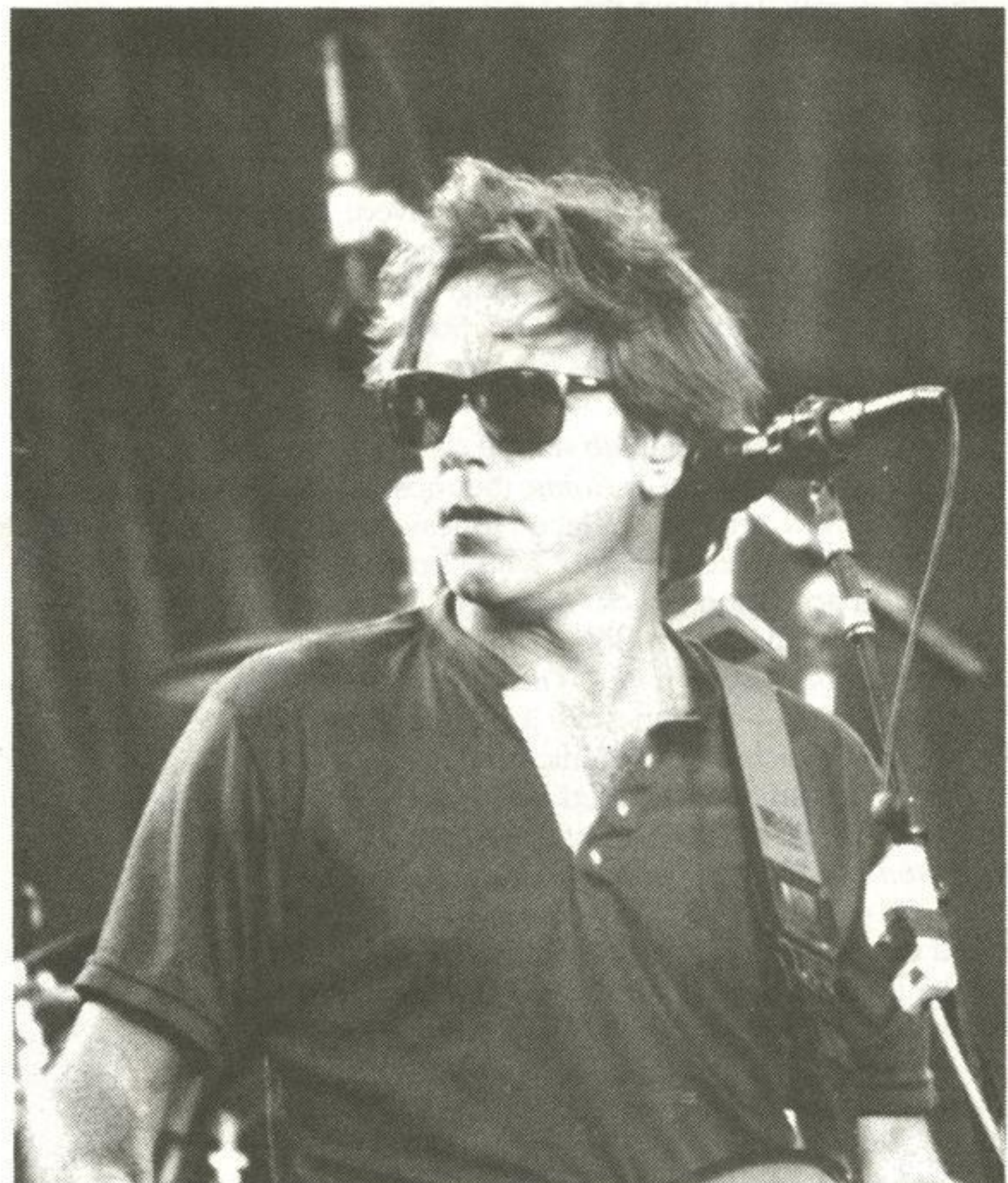


Photo by Chuck Johnson's Cosmic Photos

The finest part of the evening, however, was our own jammin' on accordion, mandolin, and voice in the hotel room of the Marriot 'til the wee hours. No complaints from angry neighbors; instead smiling strangers wandering in and sharing.

The next morning I managed to score tickets for Landover from folks who had had so much fun at Hampton that they decided to go home to North Carolina instead of on to Maryland!

Landover: The Star and the Dew

Landover is only a 40 minute drive from my house (lucky me!), and the place I've seen the Dead the most. Despite some harsh security and police action, I've seen some fabulous shows there over the last decade and a half. These two shows, while not top-notch, had their moments, notably the first appearance of both *Dark Star* and *Morning Dew* in the same show since 1974!

In stark contrast to Hampton, Landover was overflowing with ticketless masses, waiting for a miracle, spilling onto the entrance roads and all over the parking lot.

The vending was in full swing — no more tie-dye corporations, but a lot of blankets of goodies and munchies. I bought a *Cat in the Hat* hat and posed for a lot of photos from bemused passersby. The atmosphere and security were looser than previous years, both inside and outside the arena, and the Dead opened Sunday with an appropriate *Let the Good Times Roll*.

Touch of Grey, *Minglewood*, and *Ramble On Rose* were all clean, if unremarkable, and for some reason during *Black-Throated Wind* I got those Grateful Dead goose bumps, when you can really feel it and you know you're alive. Objectively, there was nothing spectacular about this version, it was just my time to feel the pain and loneliness of the song as Bob sang it. I prefer the old line, "You carry your pain wherever you go" to the lyrics he sang this time: "You carry your blues wherever you go."

Loose Lucy was boisterous and well-received; *Desolation Row* was tasty (I could hear all the words — always a plus); and *Big Railroad Blues* really got 'em hopping. *The Music Never Stopped* was a nice capper to a long first set. Some claim that Bob cut Jerry off too quickly, but I was too into it to notice.

A crispy *Samson and Delilah* started off the second set, followed by Vince's new *Way to Go Home*, the most accessible of the band's four new originals. Vince's bluesy singing was strong and he wailed on the electric piano, while Bruce beamed at him and sat back on accordion. *Looks Like Rain* was another nice emotional endeavor from Bob, whose singing had some nice tone and expression. *Wave to the Wind*, Phil's latest effort, didn't seem to go anywhere — the lyrics are a bit repetitive and wordy and it doesn't have much of a rhythmic hook to it. It had some potential for some nice jamming as it led into *Drums* and *Space*, but this tune needs some work. Out of *Space* came a slower than usual *Watchtower*, followed by *So Many Roads*, with some soulful moaning by Jerry. *Throwing Stones > Not Fade Away* got the crowd dancing again and *Quinn the Eskimo* was a happy encore. Not the hottest Capital Centre show ever, but many fans got treated to three new original Dead tunes in one show!

Monday's scene outside was a tad calmer, not as zooish as Sunday, but there was a big crowd nonetheless. *Jack Straw*, *West LA Fade Away*, and *Me and My Uncle > Big River* kept things lively. *Row Jimmy* was well-paced and relaxing, and *Cassidy*

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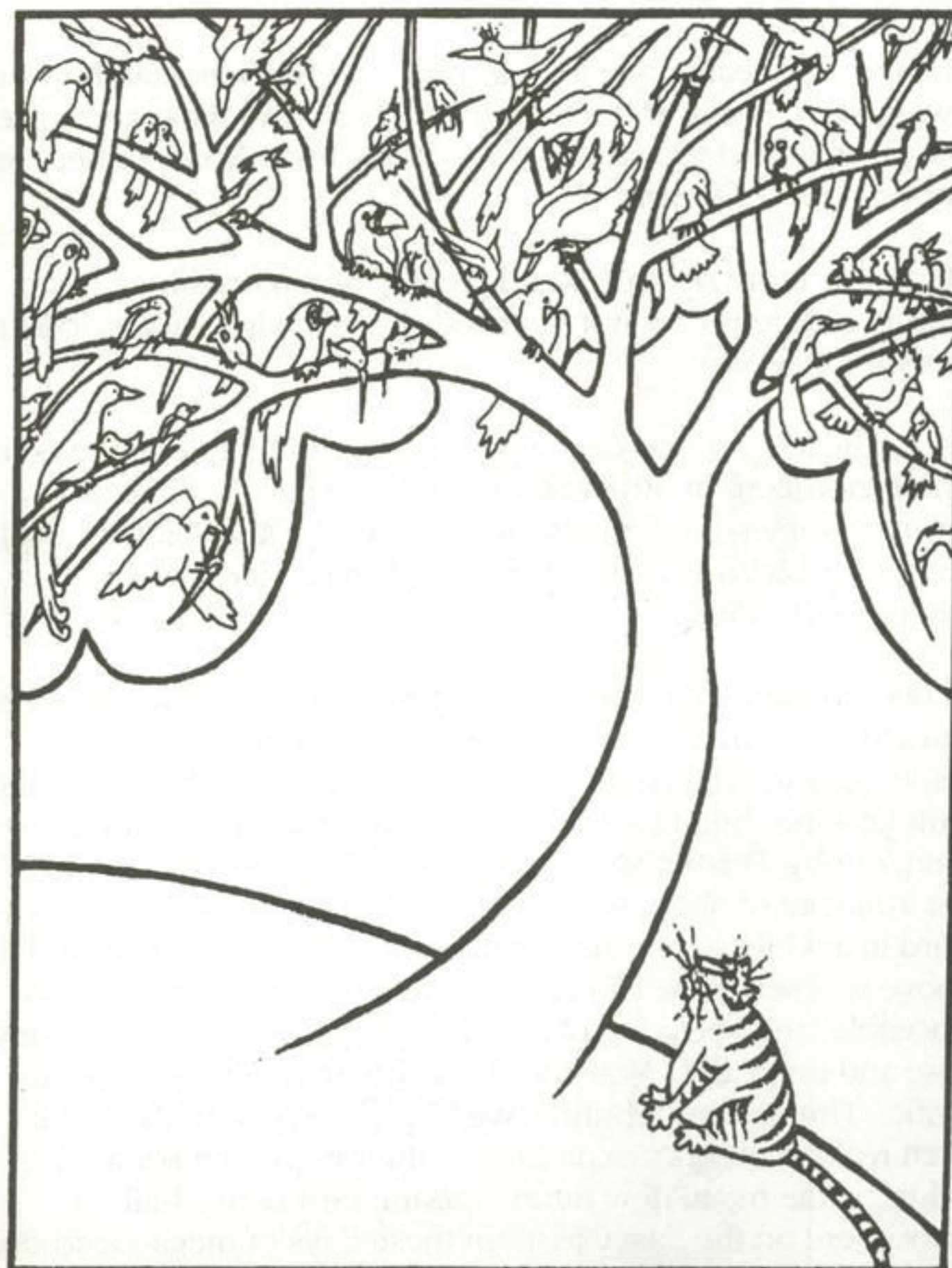
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stretched things out a little. *Deal* closed the set, as the crowd broke a sweat and Jerry's leads crescendoed into dance fever!

Set two started out with a *Victim or The Crime* that led into an extremely happy *Iko Iko*. At this point, the crowd and the band were gaining some nice momentum. Bob's tune *Corinna* led into some extended, keyboard-heavy jamming. This was the tightest, densest jamming of the four-night stand, and just as people were beginning to notice strains of *Dark Star* from Bruce, sure enough, the first *Dark Star* of the tour (a one-verse version) appeared. The crowd was appropriately ecstatic and the lights, with geometrical screens up above the band, provided a psychedelic counterpoint to the ever-searching journey we were on.

Drums featured both Bill and Mickey on their midi-marimbas, echoing and flanging outwards in a high-tech tremolo. Out of *Space* came a high-energy *I Need a Miracle*, and when Jerry broke into *Morning Dew*, another ripple of ecstasy flowed through the crowd. Jerry messed up one of his more powerful verses, and the entire band seemed off, but everyone forgave them, especially when Bob belted out a rare *Satisfaction* encore that positively sizzled. In fact it was the high point of the show. Jerry's guitar wouldn't quit, Bob was spittin' vinegar, and the lights were at maximum illumination. There was no denying the power and energy at this point. At long last it was over the top. Drenched and satisfied, the Maryland merriers wandered out into the cool, clear evening and headed off to their respective dances.

And speaking of dancing, I danced so hard at these four shows that I gave myself some nasty tendonitis in both Achilles tendons. At 32, my body apparently objects to that kind of pounding without appropriate stretching and warming up, and now I am paying the price. Let this be a warning to aging Deadheads: Dead concerts are now officially an athletic event to be prepared for accordingly! Maybe we should make a Deadercize video!

While these four shows were a bit lacking in extended jamming, Hampton was a truly wondrous setting with some lovely moments and the Cap Centre security was more mellow than usual. The boys deserve credit for breaking out four new tunes, no small feat, and the new Magnificent Seven are finding their *Space* as the new journey continues. ♦

SET LISTS ON PAGE 65

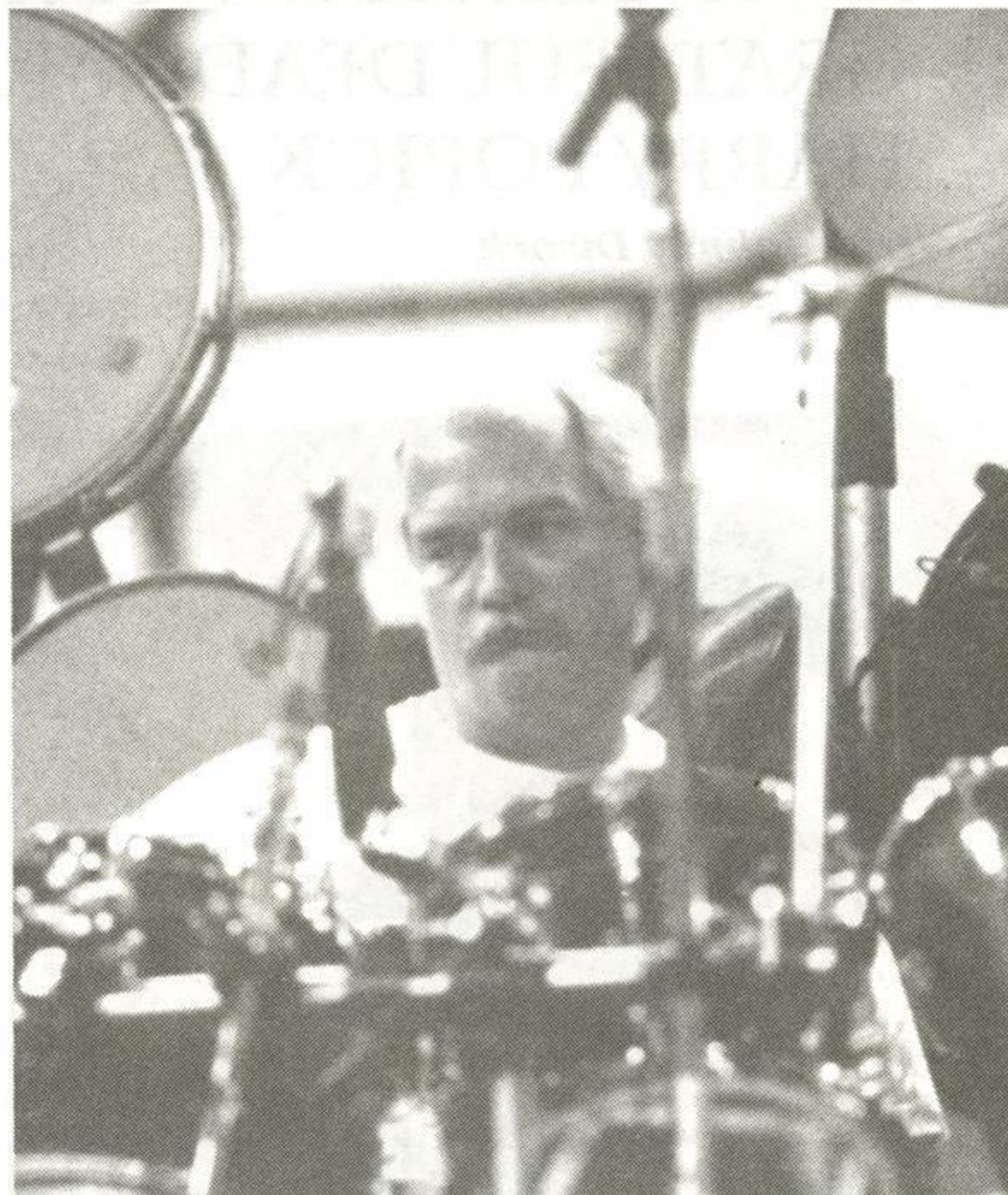


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AN INTERVIEW WITH GRATEFUL DEAD'S MONITOR ENGINEER HARRY POPICK

with Johnny Dwork



Photo by Stephanie Jennings

Harry Popick has been operating the Grateful Dead's onstage monitor system since early 1976. This system allows the band to hear their voices clearly so they can harmonize, as well as hear each other's musical instruments. For instance, the keyboard player can't hear the drummer halfway across the stage because it's just too far away and his own instrument is too loud. Harry and his monitor system solve this problem.

Before Harry came on board with the Dead, he was working in New York for Weisberg Sound. Through that association, he got a gig to do a few shows with the Garcia band, and shortly thereafter got the call to join the Dead. As you're probably all aware by now, the Dead have recently made some pretty significant changes in the onstage monitor mix system. They now use an "in-the-ear" headset system instead of the usual floor mounted speakers. The resulting improvement in their vocal harmonies has been very noticeable. Harry sat down with us mid-summer and had the following to say about the history of the onstage monitor system and other recent exciting developments.

Tell us about the evolution of the on-stage monitor system.

Well, throughout the years, we've always looked at whatever was new in our field. I've tried just about every combination of speaker cabinet that's out there. Years back, Don Pearson and I built one large, rather extensive system, even lugged it to Egypt. Because the system I had built had 15's, 12's, 5's and tweeters, it was quite elaborate. But then Garcia said, "I want a simple system, just a twelve inch speaker and a horn." So we appealed to John Meyer, who had developed some really good studio monitors. I remember going to his warehouse, and we spoke to him about making a stage monitor speaker cabinet. At that point, Don Pearson, Howard Danchik, Dennis (Wiz) Leonard, and myself designed the Ultra Monitor. The band was in no position to start buying things again — after the wall of sound they didn't want to be involved with owning a whole lot of equipment. So we rented it from those guys, who eventually formed Ultra Sound. And that's a story in itself. For now, suffice it to say that Ultra Sound is the organization hired by the Grateful Dead to provide all of the audio technical support for our concert productions.

For twelve years, the Ultra Monitors worked satisfactorily. About a year ago, Bobby said that he wanted a speaker cabinet with a 15" speaker and a horn. So we designed and fabricated a new floor box. He wanted this for his guitar. Then he said, "Hey, let me try one of these for a vocal." And we scurried. I mean, Ultra Sound was really working hard to make this happen. These were Meyer parts. After a year of testing and improving this product, we turned over the product to Meyer Sound. We called it the Stealth Monitor during this development period, because we didn't want to talk about it to anybody, since it was not available to anyone else. In any event, we ran with that for a year, and then we started using these little Ear Monitors™, which we had tried in the past. Throughout all these incarnations of the speaker systems and everything, we always tried various things as we became aware of them. Whether it was a speaker cabinet or some of this wireless stuff. In the past, we found the wireless stuff to be completely inadequate. It just didn't seem to work. It might have worked in some situations, but it didn't seem to work well with us.

Can you explain how this wireless in-the-ear system works?

Only Bobby's is wireless. Everyone else is wired. And it's real simple — it's just little Ear Monitors™ that are custom-made to fit your ear. And there's an amplifier that drives it down speaker cables. It's as simple as they go.

How many signals do you have going out, and to whom?

Right now I've got a 48 channel Gamble-Crest console, and I'm using every single channel. It's got 16 outputs, and I'm using every single one. I'm using the entire console to provide six stereo mixes for the entire band.

Do all of the musicians onstage get a different mix?

Yes. Each musician has his own instrument loudest, with the other musicians mixed in behind. Garcia's guitar is right in the center in his mix, and he's got a hard panning of keyboards on the left, Bobby on the right, bass in the middle, drums pretty much in the middle, and tom-toms panned left to right. Bobby has himself stereo off center, with Garcia on the right, Vince on the left, Phil in the middle with some drums. Phil has himself panned as well with Garcia in the center, Vince on the left and Bobby on the right and some drums as well. Billy and Mickey have their drums spread in stereo with the other instruments and vocals mixed in.

Essentially you're mixing six different things simultaneously for six different people.

Yes. In fact, this is a recent development. We've only done 15 or 18 shows with the new system, and there's so much communication going back and forth between the band members and myself that I virtually can't do it all. There's too much going on at the same time. Mickey will be telling me something (both he and Billy have microphones for talking to me and the other band members). While I'm listening to someone else's mixes, Bobby's for instance, and he'll strike a chord and it'll sort of drown out what Mickey's saying to me. I can't make it so loud that it's louder than the music. So the other audio engineer who works for Ultra Sound, Michael Brady, handles the drummers. He's plugged into the drummers all of the time.

So Mickey might turn to the microphone at a moment when you can't hear him?

Well, his microphone goes to everyone. But you see there's just a lot of information to interpret. That's why Michael Brady is locked into the drummers. And he can hear what's going on much more clearly because he's specifically listening for that.

They have their own separate mixing board in the back anyway, right?

Well, that's for other stuff. That's not for monitors that the band is hearing. That's for the Rhythm Devils stuff. Bob Bralove mixes all the electric drum stuff on it.

When you're trying to tweak Bobby's mix so that he gets what he wants, you're listening to only what Bobby hears?

Yes. When I listen to the different mixes, I'm listening to each band member's stereo mix.

Would you say that this is the biggest challenge in working with the new system?

I don't find that this is the biggest challenge, necessarily, because they can always just say it again. I have a microphone, and, while they're playing, I can ask them to say it again.

Can you explain what goes on when the band is talking into their microphones but the audience doesn't hear them.

Well, for a dozen years now we've had an on/off foot-switch system that Healy developed for the vocal microphones. It's a simple burglar alarm pad that goes under some carpet. It's just a pad switch that turns the microphone on when you step on it. And it goes through a gating system that controls the amount of time it takes to turn on, and off. So that it's not like a switch that's just instantly on and instantly off, it comes on very fast, and it turns off in about two seconds. If Bobby leaps off his pad, and

he's still singing, it'll hold for just a brief time. So now, what we built into this system is a ducker system — we call it a ducker because it turns the microphone off again just in the house. So when they step on the pad, it turns the microphone on, everywhere. When they step on the little switch, as opposed to the pad, it turns the microphone off in the house, but keeps it on everywhere else. And through this method, they're able to converse with each other, which they do. Bobby may step up and say, "OK, let's slow down on this one."



Photo provided by Future Sonics, 655 Danbury Ct., Newtown, PA 18940

Many people get thrown when the band

is in the middle of a song and all of a sudden Garcia's talking into the microphone and nothing's coming out.

He may say something like, "Hey, Harry, put a little effects on my midi signal, let's space it out a little." Or turn the keys up or down a little, or turn something else down, or some kind of direction like that.

Does the entire sound crew now have to wear ear pieces in order to monitor the music?

Not the sound crew. Michael Brady needs to, because he's now listening to Mickey's and Billy's mix. The GD crew needs to be in touch with what's going on. For some reason it seems different — because of the ability of being able to hear someone speak to you, it opens up a whole new thing. In the past, if they needed you, they'd signal someone to get you. But now because you can communicate with them, everyone wants to be able to hear, in case they're called. Sometimes Phil will get up to the microphone and say: "Kidd, come on out here." Or, "Bob Bralove, I need you." And Bralove is locked in, and he'll come over and work on some midi stuff with Phil or something like that. Billy Grillo and Ramrod are listening to Kreutzmann and Hart respectively.

Are they all wearing headphones or these little ear pieces?

Either/or. It depends. A couple of guys have ear pieces, and a



Photo by Philip Gerstheimer

couple of guys have headphones. It's no big deal, as long as they can hear what's going on. I think three of our guys now have the ear pieces. We have three wireless systems. Steve Parish has a wireless system. He can put it on his belt and walk around, and if Garcia or Weir says: "Hey, Steve, come here," or something's wrong with something, then Steve can just walk right over there.

Who makes this system?

A company called Future Sonics, from Pennsylvania. This system is going to revolutionize everything. With a regular monitor system, you've got all this sound coming from all different directions. Some of it arrives slightly later than it's being played simply because of the sheer distance, and you've got a speaker down there. So the microphones are hearing it acoustically and electrically. I think the Ear Monitors™ system is going to save a lot of people's ears from all the incredible impact of high SPL (sound pressure level) listening.

One thing I've found that's very obvious, in just the few shows I've seen recently, is that on certain songs, like Attics of My Life, their vocals are stronger. I think it's because they can hear themselves better.

Oh, indeed. Yes, indeed. It's very easy to hear everyone now, because the system is stereo. Mono would be a little overwhelming. With the stereo imaging, though, you can pull it apart, and make it much more discernible.

Do you tape your mix?

I haven't as of yet. I mean, there are six of them. Although just yesterday we discussed the possibility of taping a mix, to see what it's like.

What are you going to do so that guest musicians will be able to hear the music?

Well, Steve Miller, for instance, had the same Ear Monitors™ system and was actually on the same frequency as Garcia. So he just turned on his receiver, walked out onstage, and got Jerry's mix. Bingo. And I just took Steve's guitar and put it into a channel on the console, and I put it in all the mixes. Hornsby played with us at the summer RFK show. With Bruce, I was able to come up with a way on the console to supply him with his accordion, and let him share another mix. I can almost introduce anyone's mix to his earphones, plus his instrument separately. I took Jerry from the center, and moved him slightly to the right, and I put Steve just slightly to the left of center. So they were both there, but if they were both right in the center, it wouldn't be as discernible as if they were slightly pulled apart.

Do you carry extra sets of these ear pieces?

Yes. Everyone has at least a couple of pairs, in case they're lost, stepped on, broken for whatever reason. Or they blow up or something like that.

Let's say you have a guest artist like Branford show up. Do you have generic ear pieces for him?

Well yes, any ear pieces that aren't yours, are generic to you. I believe Hornsby used a pair of Bobby's, for instance.

What's the difference in dB level, in terms of sound pressure on the ear?

The Ear Monitors™ can produce 104 dB at their output that is quite loud in your ear. A floor box can get considerably louder, plus the bands' instruments added to this make the levels extremely high.

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And are they tightly fitting enough to actually block out a significant amount of the incredibly loud audience sound?

It seems so. It seems like if they fit right, they should block out a lot of that stuff. Of course, that might not necessarily be what you're looking for. Stevie Wonder had a system somewhat similar to this in the past, and Bob Bralove worked with him, and he explained to me what Stevie did. Stevie had a couple of audience microphones, and fed the audience microphones into his ear piece so he didn't lose the connection. Now, the shows that we've been doing recently with this ear system have all been large coliseum/stadium shows, and it's been loud enough that you can still hear the audience. It's not like being right in your head, but they're there. You can see the excitement. You can feel the excitement. Whether or not it leads to us doing something similar to Stevie's setup, I really don't know as of yet.

What does a system like this cost?

I think what it boils down to is \$40 for the ear molds from an ear doctor. They have this special substance that they squirt into your ear, and it hardens within a couple of minutes. They pull out the mold and make the Ear Monitors™ from that. I think they're \$1,200. Then you need a little amplifier, which can cost anywhere from a couple of hundred to several hundred dollars — not tremendously expensive. And you just take the feed from the console into the amplifier, and you have to build a speaker line or a system to distribute this everywhere. We had Ultra Sound design ours. The ear pieces are the single most expensive individual pieces.

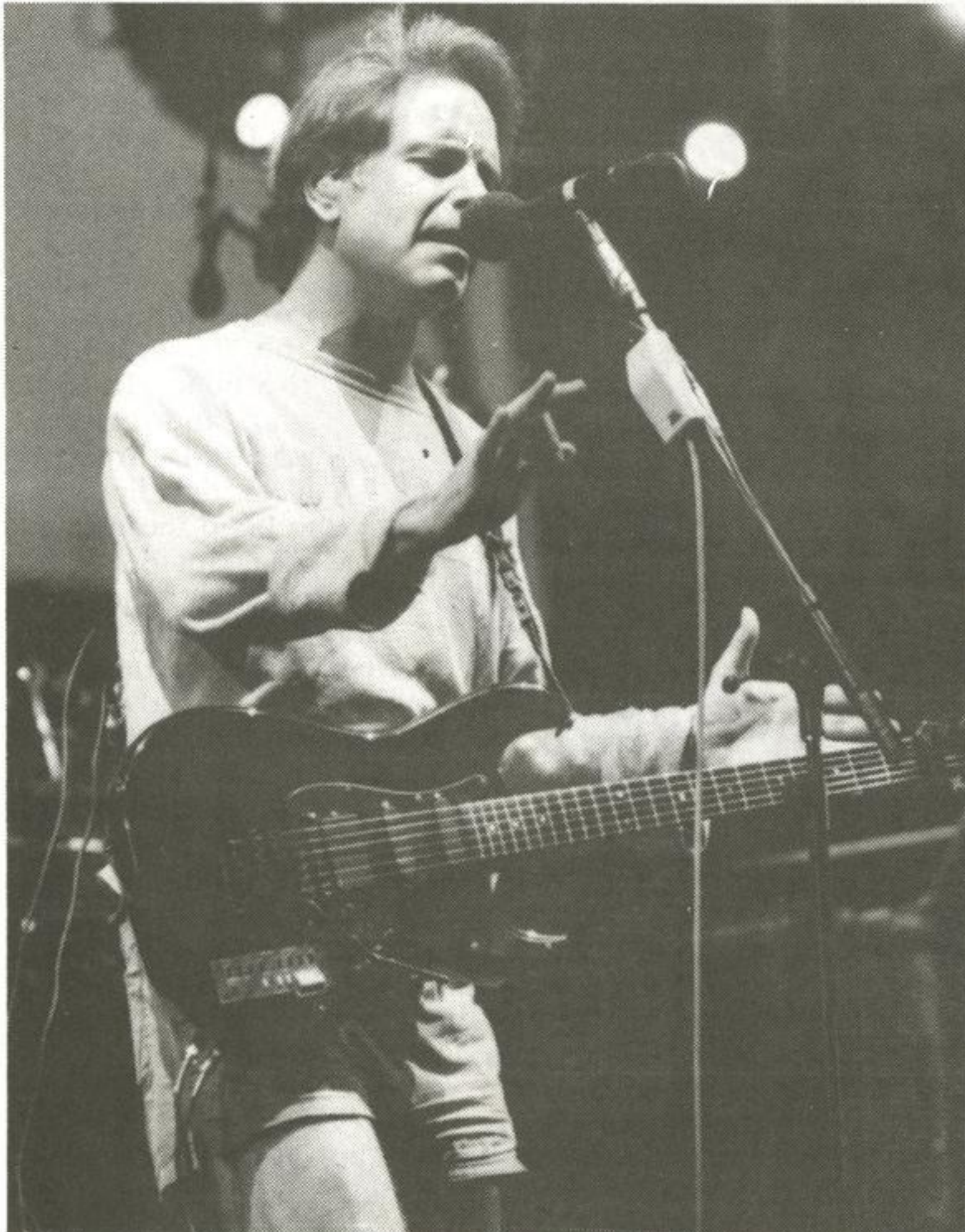


Photo by Phil Gerstheimer

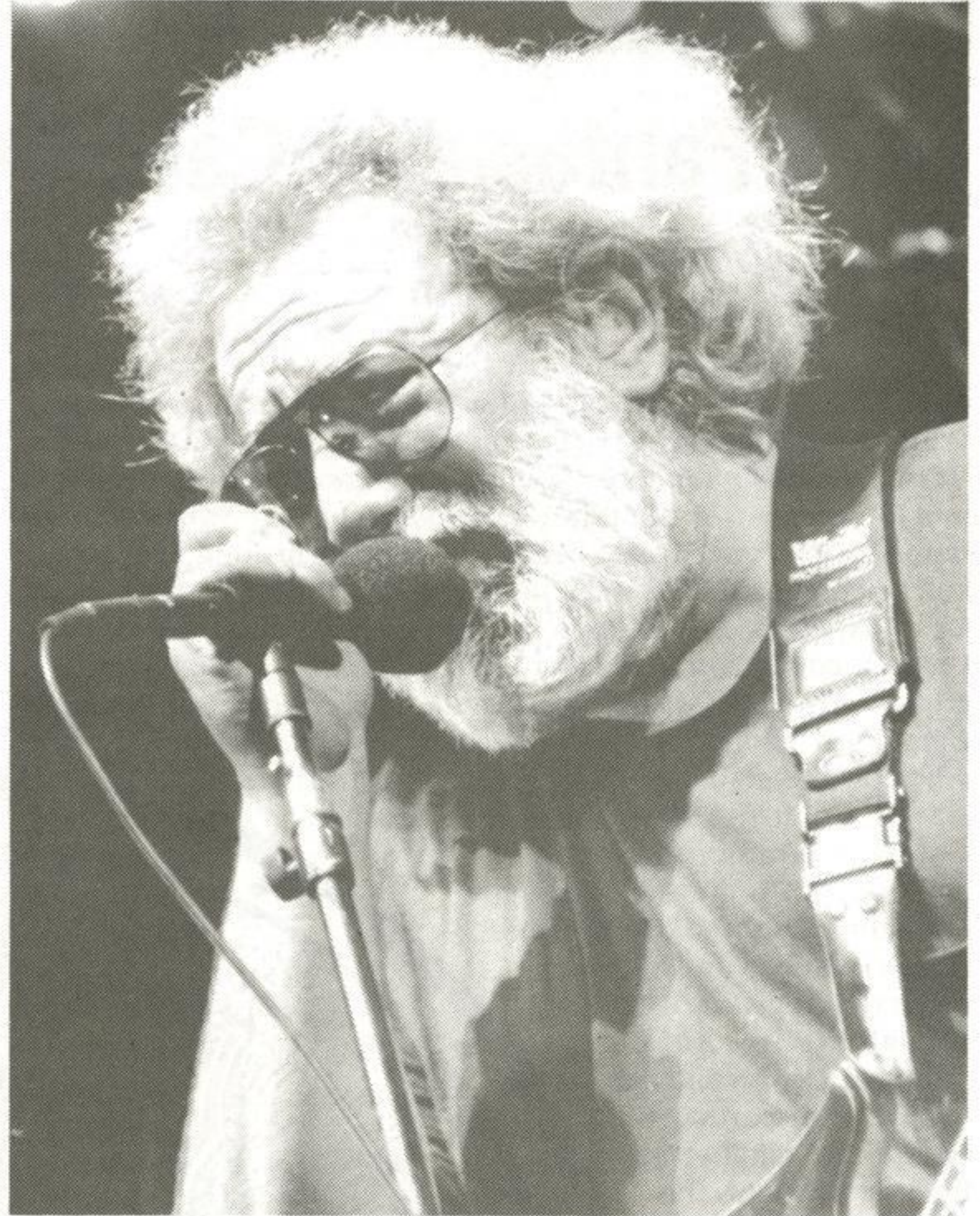


Photo by Stephanie Jennings

That's for a hard-wired version. Oh, and you also need a little volume control box that works well. We're having some made right now. But the wireless system is an entirely different story.

Basically it costs about \$12,000 per person for the wireless system, and about \$4,000 for the wired versions.

Does the wireless system cost so much because you have to have something that has good enough signal transmission that you're not going to have a CB coming through?

Right. And it's got to be of the correct frequency band. This is the real high-quality stuff. It doesn't go very far. It's like a quarter watt, I believe, and it is also in stereo.

Is it an FM signal?

Yes, But in a band higher than any normal receiver can get.

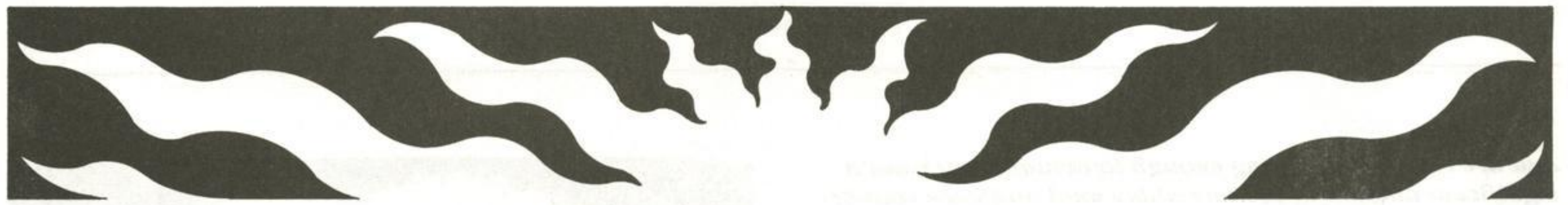
How does the band like the system?

The band seems to be quite pleased with it, largely.

I know certainly that the amount of communication and feedback that's going on now is much more noticeable than in recent memory, if ever.

It is not possible for the Ear Monitors™ to feed back as there is no way for the microphones to hear the in-ear stuff. I certainly have had shows where we've tried a new microphone, and it was rather difficult to handle with the old wedge monitors. Not all

continued on page 60



Artwork by Gary Houston

Baba Fantasia — Cal Expo/Shoreline Review

Michael Sammet

Pack up the car — it's May in California and time for the Dead tour, West Coast style. That means a week of warm golden sunshine and six outdoor shows at the almost intimate Cal Expo and Shoreline. To the tune of *School's Out For Summer*, I left home happily anticipating seeing old friends, hearing new songs, and celebrating the essential ritual and rapture that is the Grateful Dead experience. Cal Expo is a great place to see the Grateful Dead, a combination of Frost and the Greek. Mellow vending, great nearby hotel scenes, and beautiful breezy nights make Expo a must on your tour checklist. Standing barefoot amongst the clans, grass between your toes, staring up at the stars, and listening to Garcia is enough to make one feel patriotic. With the seemingly government-sponsored social injustice, violence, and environmental degradation so prevalent in America today, rock 'n roll, and the Dead in particular, offer a rare glimpse at the true freedoms this country once stood for.

The weekday Rex benefit shows started at six, but opening acts helped the working crowd arrive in time. The David Grisman quintet opened the first night with a beautiful Space Dawg set that combined elements of bluegrass, jazz, and world beat. The Hieroglyphic Ensemble began night two, using a unique multicultural blend of sixteen musicians to create an amazingly diverse orchestral sound. Pharoah Sanders played a sublime, spiritual saxophone set of meditations and prayers. I certainly hope the Dead continue to utilize opening bands to help expand their audiences' musical horizons and create a warm, receptive mood for the opening set.

The boys spent most of the three shows getting comfortable with what Phil described as "our new toys." They replaced all their monitors and ear stacks with ear molds that allowed them to hear each other and themselves without any sound bleeding into the

PA system. Apparently, the band can also talk to each other and the sound crew through their microphones. Periodically, members of the band now walk up to their mics and say things the audience cannot hear. Predictably, the song selection was pretty basic and the sound often lacked the dimensionality (oomph) we are accustomed to. At some moments, the entire sound system went *Dead*, turning the musicians into mimes. In the midst of one particularly long breakdown during Mickey and Billy's set, I heard someone in the crowd whisper, "The emperor plays no drums."



The first night's encore of *Baba O'Reilly* > *Tomorrow Never Knows*, however, made all the mechanical problems seem miniscule. As we stood out there in the fields and in one mass frenzy shouted "We're all wasted," visions of high school ecstasies danced in my head. In one fell swoop, with Vince's Daltry-like voice leading the way in their first Who cover ever, the Dead perfectly executed the archetypal teenage anthem. Then, suddenly, we were propelled out of the 70's and into the 60's. Indian sitars and mantras vibrated through the swirling lights as the band mesmerizingly chanted "Relax and let your mind float down the stream." The frenzy gave way to mystical quietude, and pulsating desire was transformed into transcendent release.

With this relatively unknown Lennon tune, the band took us into that beautiful land beyond material and sensual craving where time and space are meaningless. It seemed to go on forever. Surprisingly, or maybe not, the finest cover band in the land had dipped into the *Beatles'* treasure chest to remind us of our roots in the 60's spiritual vision quest.

On night three, the band began to rev it up. A passionate *Bird Song* ended the first set as Jerry's guitar sound regained the power and intensity we all know so well. A spirited *Scarlet* > *Fire* opened a well-played second set that included three of the band's

best rockers: *Watchtower*, *Lovelight*, and *Gloria*. The band was now firmly familiar with their new system and as we bicycled to our hotel room (for our annual bed-dancing party) amidst the sweet refrains of smorga-vendors, we knew great things lay ahead.

As the scene shifts to Shoreline we move from the political to the technological capital of California, from simple fairgrounds to the state-of-the-art tents that Bill built. The whole place has a fairy-land feeling to it. A large crane was set up in the parking lot for bungi jumping and Kreutzmann took a leap barely an hour before the first show. They used the same Expo stage backdrop — geometric cones and waves in full spectrum color on a black background. During the darkness of the second set, the spotlights greatly enhanced the psychedelic effect, and in combination with a set of kaleidoscopic screens above the band, created quite a powerful sensation.

The shows' energy more than lived up to their technological surroundings. I took a chartered bus from Shanghai Kelly's Saloon in San Francisco and much of the first show is foggy, but I do remember the first set ending with an excellent *Loose Lucy* > *The Music Never Stopped*. The *Playing* > *Uncle John's Band* through the *Drums* was especially powerful, and a rambunctious *One More Saturday Night* finished off a tight set. The oomph was obviously back into the sound system.

Sunday's second show was more of the same things. *Shakedown* opened the show with Vince filling in nicely, and Bobby went into *The Same Thing*, a great blues classic that is a big improvement over *Red Rooster*. A beautiful *Foolish Heart* ended the first set, perhaps the best position for that song. Right before the second set began, the overhead video screen portrayed a spooky version of Max Deadhead: a computer-generated combination of the heads of the band members spinning and transforming from portraits of one musician into another and often creating syntheses of all their features. All weekend long the video screen was awesome, using locally available cutting-edge technology (Silicon Graphics is across the street) to hold the audience captive. I was so blown away at times, that I had to check back in with the music, and sure enough the intensity of the playing was driving the graphics. I hope this is always the case. A very strong *Eyes* opened set two, the Sunday *Samson* did not disappoint, and then the band wisely played their three new songs at a time when they were totally in sync. They blasted out of *Drums* with a *Last Time* that was so good it almost seemed ironic. A long, wonderful *Morning Dew* appropriately followed and *Johnny B. Goode* closed what I felt was a great show.



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I did not have a ticket for the last show of the run, but I had to go. My pals the Martyrs came through again, and there I was center stage for the finale. I was not disappointed. A flawless *Tom Thumb's Blues* led into an upbeat *Picasso Moon* to end the set. *Victim or the Crime* opened the second set and I could not help but think of Rodney King and the Los Angeles riots. The appropriateness of the words "Am I the victim or the crime?" to describe the situation of angry, oppressed people was very moving. Once again, the Dead's songs inevitably capture and express the moods and feelings of our times. A bluesy *Spoonful* > *New Speedway Boogie* led into the *Drums* and the show concluded with a transcendent *Throwing Stones* > *Attics of My Life* > *Not Fade Away*. *Attics* had not recently been played out West, and I could not imagine it any better. Jerry was beaming, I was crying, and the whole crowd was in the space of dreams where "the secrets all are told and the petals all unfold." The *Baba* > *Tomorrow* couplet (one of only a few repeats during the week) again closed the show, perhaps played even better, giving us hope that this encore may become a staple. Anyway, Bobby's Townsend act is just getting off the ground.

All in all the Shoreline experience was wonderful. Many people complain of the commercial and high-tech feel of the place, but there are many plusses. The quality and availability of the licensed vending are excellent, and Shoreline provides a great forum for networking and interacting with many grass roots ecological groups (i.e. the Rainforest Action Network). The bar, though sometimes inappropriate, has improved accessibility and has been renamed "Bill's Place" with a psychedelic portrait of Uncle Bobo over the empty glasses. I kept thinking of Bill and was happy knowing his creation has worked out so well. It has come a long way from literally being a garbage dump. Having

watched *Fantasia* all morning before the show, I could not help comparing the Dead's and Bill's wizardry to Walt Disney and his vision. Fortunately for us they all share an intense compulsion to use the latest technology to thrill audiences with the magical combination of color, music, and artistry. Have a great summer tour wherever you are! Think peacefully and act joyously! ♠

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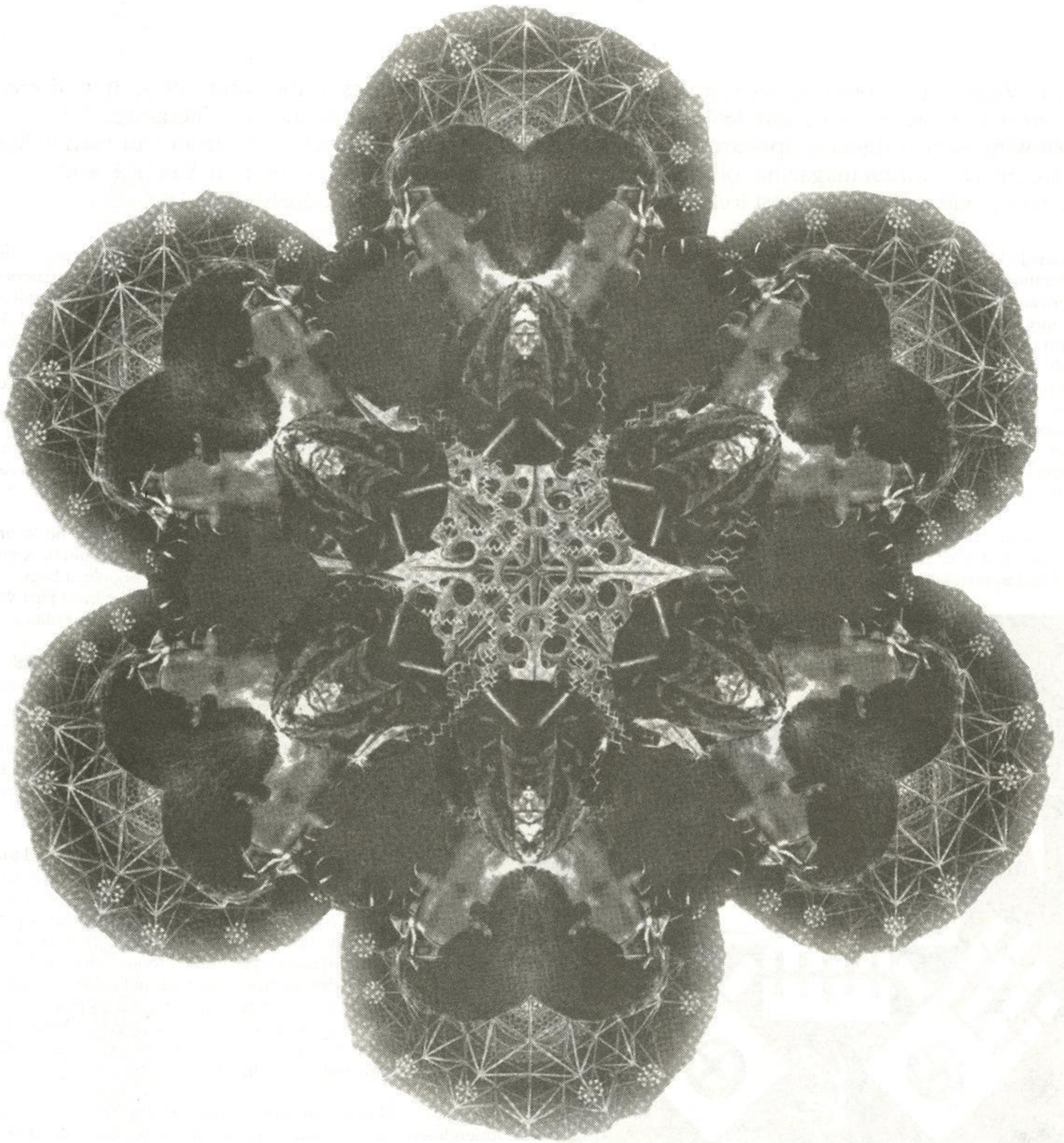


DD39

STORE WHOLESALE INQUIRIES WELCOME

Founding Father Knows Best

By Tom Ichniowski



Founding Father Knows Best

by Gore Vidal

Gore Vidal, one of our country's most respected and original writers, is the author of such works as *Myra Breckinridge*, *Burr*, and *1876*, as well as numerous essays on politics and literature. The following essay originally appeared under the title "The Tree of Liberty: Notes from Our Patriarchal State" in *The Nation* magazine, one of the foremost journals of liberal opinion in America, and certainly one with the greatest longevity — its been published continuously since 1865.

Thomas Jefferson. This is where it all begins. With his Declaration of Independence, he created the *idea* of the American Revolution, as opposed to the less glamorous and certainly less noble business of simply deciding who pays tax to whom. Along with the usual separated-colony boilerplate, there would be a new nation founded upon life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The first two foundation stones were familiar if vague. What, after all, *is* liberty? Liberty *from* what? From everyone else? From decent opinion? From accountability? That debate goes on. But the notion of freedom from tyranny is an ancient one and everyone thinks he knows what Jefferson meant, including dreamy Tom himself.

The "pursuit of happiness" is the real joker in the deck. No one is quite sure just what Jefferson meant, but I suppose he had it in mind that government would leave each citizen alone to develop

as best he can in a tranquil climate to achieve whatever it is that his heart desires with minimum distress to the other pursuers of happiness. This was a revolutionary concept in 1776. It still is. With a single phrase Jefferson had upped the ante and made our Republic — in name at least — more human-scale than any other.

Eventually we freed ourselves from England, thanks to the French fleet. At the end of the struggle, there was George Washington and hardly anyone else except a group of ambitious lawyers, overexcited by the prospect of a new nation with new laws and a complex judiciary in need of powerful advocates and prosecutors and interpreters. Hence a most lawyerly Constitution that, in effect, excluded from citizenship women, slaves, Native Americans and the poor. The Constitution's famous checks and balances were designed to check the man who would be king while making certain that in the balance the people at large would have no weight at all. That is why, unlike most First World countries, the United States has elections rather than politics.

The second revolutionary note was struck in 1791. Although the Founding Fathers were, to a man, natural conservatives, there were enough Jefferson-minded pursuers of happiness among them to realize that so lawyerly a Republic would probably serve as a straitjacket for those of an energetic nature. So to insure the right of each to pursue happiness, the Bill of Rights was attached to the Constitution. In theory, henceforward no one need fear the tyranny of either the state or the majority.

Certain of our rights, such as freedom of speech, were said to be inalienable. But a significant minority has never accepted the idea of so much freedom for so many. That is why, from 1791 to the present day, the ongoing drama of our Republic has been the relentless attack of the prosperous few upon the rights of the restless many — often masked as the righteous will of the majority against the deviant few. The current Supreme Court is clearly dedicated to the removal or alienation of as many of our inalienable rights as possible, on the specious ground that what the founders did not spell out as a "right" was not a right at all but some sort of unpatriotic, un-American activity.

The result has been confusion, to put it mildly. The Fourteenth Amendment made it clear that those freedoms guaranteed to persons as citizens of the United States also applied to them as citizens of pure Utah or sex-sickened Georgia. But, so the argument goes, if the Constitution does not say that you may smoke marijuana, then any state may forbid you to smoke what a local majority thinks is bad for you. On the other hand, if the



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producers of death-enhancing consumer items have enough money, they can buy congresses, courts, presidents; they can also hire a consumer spokesperson like Jesse Helms to uphold the constitutional right of those who wish to pursue happiness and profits by making and selling cigarettes, which kill a half-million or so people a year, while forbidding, at huge expense, heroin, which kills in the pathetically low four figures. That neither tobacco nor heroin is good for people is agreed by all. But should either be outlawed in the sort of society that Jefferson designed for us? Finally, do we want a free society or a patriarchal one? My question is not rhetorical.

Patriarchal. From the Latin *pater*, father. As in father knows best. A patriot, then, is someone who serves the fatherland. The notion of the father as chief of chiefs is prehistoric. From this tribal conceit derives monotheism: the idea of a single god-creator who has created at least half of us in *his* image.

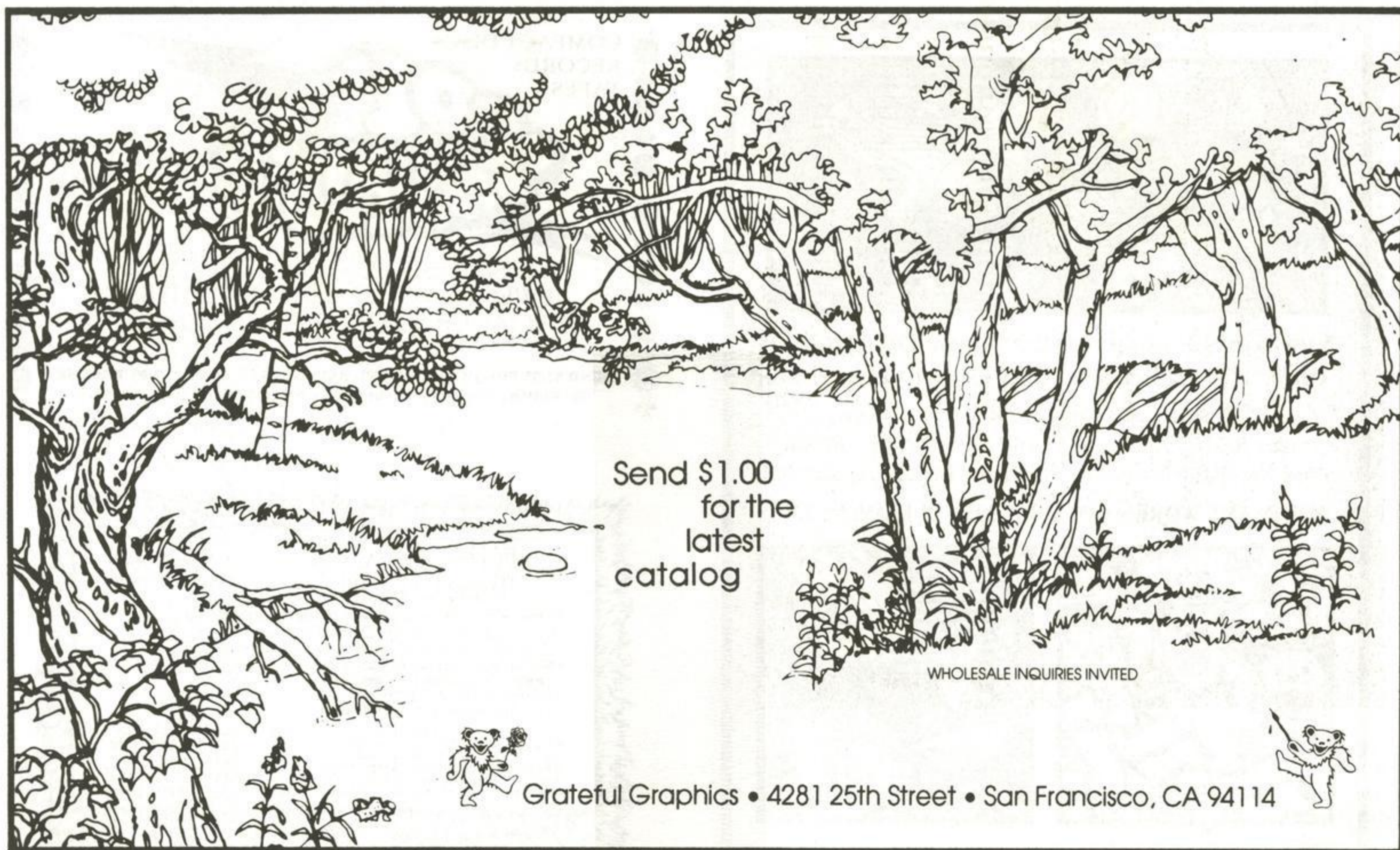
Although religion may be freely practiced in these parts, it was deliberately excluded from the political arrangements of our Republic. Unfortunately, the zealous few are always busy trying to make the many submit to their religious laws and superstitions. In the 1950s they won a great, and illegal, victory over the Constitution when they put the phrase "In God We Trust" on the currency.

Although the notion of one god may give comfort to those in need of a daddy, it reminds the rest of us that the totalitarian society is grounded upon the concept of God the father. One paternal god, one paternal leader. Authority is absolute. And error, as the Roman Catholic Church tells us, has no rights.

Each year it is discovered that when high school seniors are confronted blindly with the Bill of Rights, they neither like it nor approve of it. Our society has made them into true patriots, believers in a stern patriarchy where the police have every right to arrest you for just about anything that Dad disapproves of. The tragedy of the United States in this century is not the crackup of an empire, which we never knew what to do with in the first place, but the collapse of the idea of the citizen as someone autonomous whose private life is not subject to orders from above. Today, hundreds of thousands of Americans are only marginally free as they undergo mandatory blood tests, urine tests, lie detector tests. Speech is theoretically free but the true pulpit, electronic or print, is pretty much denied anyone who does not support the patriarchal state in all its misdeeds. It is no wonder that two-thirds of citizens under 40 have no interest in public affairs. They know they are not participants in the governance of the country. They are, simply, administrative units.

I would put the time and place of our fall as the White House in 1950. Harry Truman and his advisers decided that it would be a good idea to keep the United States on a full wartime basis even though there was no enemy on earth who could challenge us militarily or economically. Therefore an enemy had to be invented. The dictator Stalin fit the bill. So did atheistic *and* godless communism as a rival religion. But, said a Republican senator to Truman, if you really want to waste all that money on the military, you're going to have to scare the hell out of the American people. With a lot of help from Congress and from the likes of Henry Luce, Truman did just that.



Out of fairness to our inadvertent totalitarians, there was an urgent economic motive in 1950. We had made our recovery



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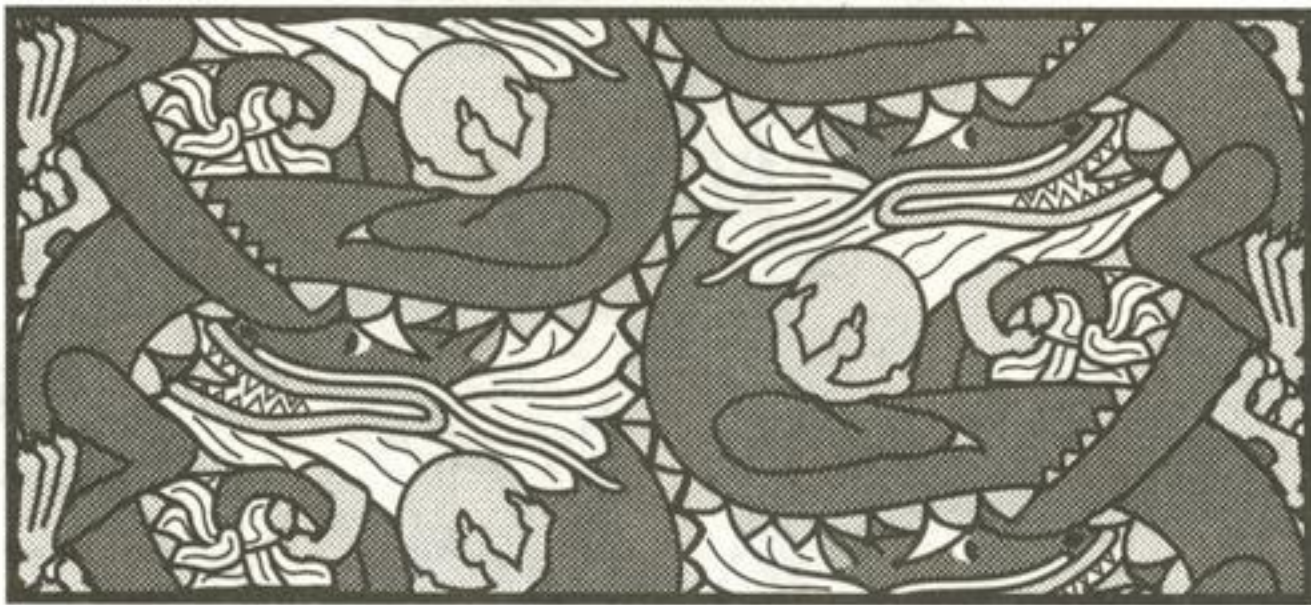
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from the Depression of the 1930s only when the war put everyone to work. After the war, rather than run the terrible risk of a free economy in which General Motors would have to make something people wanted, like a car, we decided to take all the revenue — two-thirds anyway — of the federal government and put it into armaments.

The second reason for our garrison state is obvious: profit. There is a third reason, but I don't think most people in 1950 were aware of its consequences. A state forever at war, hot or cold, is easily controlled by the few, unlike a relatively free society, in which the governors are accountable to the people at large and to law. Today the neglected, ignored people have got the point; half the electorate refuses to vote in presidential elections. After all, was there any difference between Dukakis and Bush? Admittedly, Dukakis did not seem to mind too much if Kitty was raped by black prisoners on furlough, while Bush thought the flag was just grand, even if it was made in Taiwan. This was all good fun of the kind our rulers, who gave us prime-time television, think the idiots — us — will lap up. But then it is their job to divert public attention from the great corruption of the Pentagon and S&Ls and toxic waste. In the end there was a difference between the two: Dukakis wanted to increase the Pentagon budget by \$4 billion, Bush by \$11 billion. This being the extent of disagreement between the parties, it is clear that neither is an instrument by which the people might assert themselves and make known their will. As for a third party, we tried that in 1972. The People's Party. Unfortunately we hadn't realized that to have a third party you must have two other parties. We also found out that political parties, as opposed to spontaneous movements, are not possible in an oligarchy as entrenched as the one that rules us.

The small group that pays for the presidents and the congresses maintains its grip on the country through the media and the schools. After all, if people hadn't bought the idea that Noriega was the number one drug-dispenser, Panama could not have been illegally invaded so that Bush might not seem a wimp. Thousands of Panamanians died, as well as twenty-three American servicemen (nine of them killed by other Americans), for no purpose other than shoring up the image of the oligarchs' current spokesman, George Bush. Since the reading skills of the American people are the lowest in the First World, the general public is always easy prey to manipulation by television. This means that if you want to demonize drugs or the Arabs or the Japanese, you do so openly in the media. You also do it subliminally. As a result, in the past two years drugs was pushed from tenth to first place as a national worry. Now that communism has ceased to be the unholy devil, drug dealers, and users, are the enemy. Aircraft carriers are needed off the coast of Colombia to intercept drug exporters. And so two-thirds of the true budget will continue to go the government in its latest "war" — a war that will not be won because no one has any interest in winning it, as opposed to expensively prosecuting it. The oligarchy does not care whether the citizens make themselves sick with drugs or not. What government wants is simple: total control. If this can be got by dispensing with the Bill of Rights, then that's a small price to pay. The whole tone of the Reagan-Bush management is one of open hostility to our ancient rights in particular and to the people in general. Today the poor, as Mr. Bush might put it, are in deep doo-doo. The rich are fed up with the poor. And if the poor don't shape up, the rich just aren't going to take it anymore.



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The problem is money: who has it, who spends it and who gets what for what he paid. When it costs \$40 million to create a presidential candidate he is not going to show much interest in the people at large. He will represent the folks who give him the \$40 million. Example: Bush. Since his election, what has he fought for? Environment? Education? No. His one crusade has been the cutting of the capital gains tax. That was the price the corporations demanded in exchange for buying him, rather than Dukakis, the presidency.

For thirty years I have made the same proposal to correct the great corruption. No candidate or party may buy time or space in the media. Give free media time and space to all candidates. Limit national election campaigns to six weeks, which is, more or less, what other First World countries do. A single act of Congress could make our elections unbuyable: However, those who have been elected by the present system are not about to change it.

The two parties, which are really one party, cannot be put to use. They are the country's ownership made carnival. Can the united

action of individual citizens regain some control over the government? I think so. But it won't be easy, to riot in understatement. Attempts to cut back the war budget — whether the war be against communism or drugs or us — will be fought with great resourcefulness. When challenged with billions of dollars wasted or stolen from the Pentagon, the establishment politician's answer is

clear: Abortion is against God's law. He promptly changes the subject, the way a magician does when he catches your attention with one hand while the other picks your pocket.

Lately, though, our corporate oligarchs have become alarmed by one development in particular: the breakup of the nation-state almost everywhere. Since the nation-state, as we know it, it a nineteenth-century invention, I feel no sorrow at its demise. But those with orderly minds, eager to impose absolute order on others, are dismayed by the refusal of Latinos, say, to learn English, or Armenians to be Russian, or Québécois to be Canadian, and so on. I think this sudden worldwide desire for tribal identity is healthy, if only because our masters don't. Indeed, they have tried to make it impossible for us to use the word "race" for fear of being smeared by their media as racist — something they are but their critics often are not. Yet we are all racist to the extent that any of us feels that he belongs to a tribe, whether it be one of color or religion or some sort of shared identity.

In actuality, we are now faced with two movements. One is centrifugal: a rushing away from the confines of a nation-state,

like the Soviet Union, or from any such iron order, equally unnatural, like heterosexuality, which was invented as recently as 1930.* Simultaneously, there is a centripetal force at work: a coming together of autonomous units for certain shared ends. Hence, the Common Market in Europe. Under a loose sort of confederation, the benefits of a common currency and joint environmental action can be shared by a great many tribes or races that choose, willingly, to cooperate. So we see, on the one hand, a healthy flight from the center in order to retain individuality, and, on the other, a healthy coming together to make a "more perfect life" for the residents of the common planet. Should centripetal forces defeat centrifugal longings, however, then welcome to the anthill society, and to our inglorious common death on a speck of used-up celestial matter.

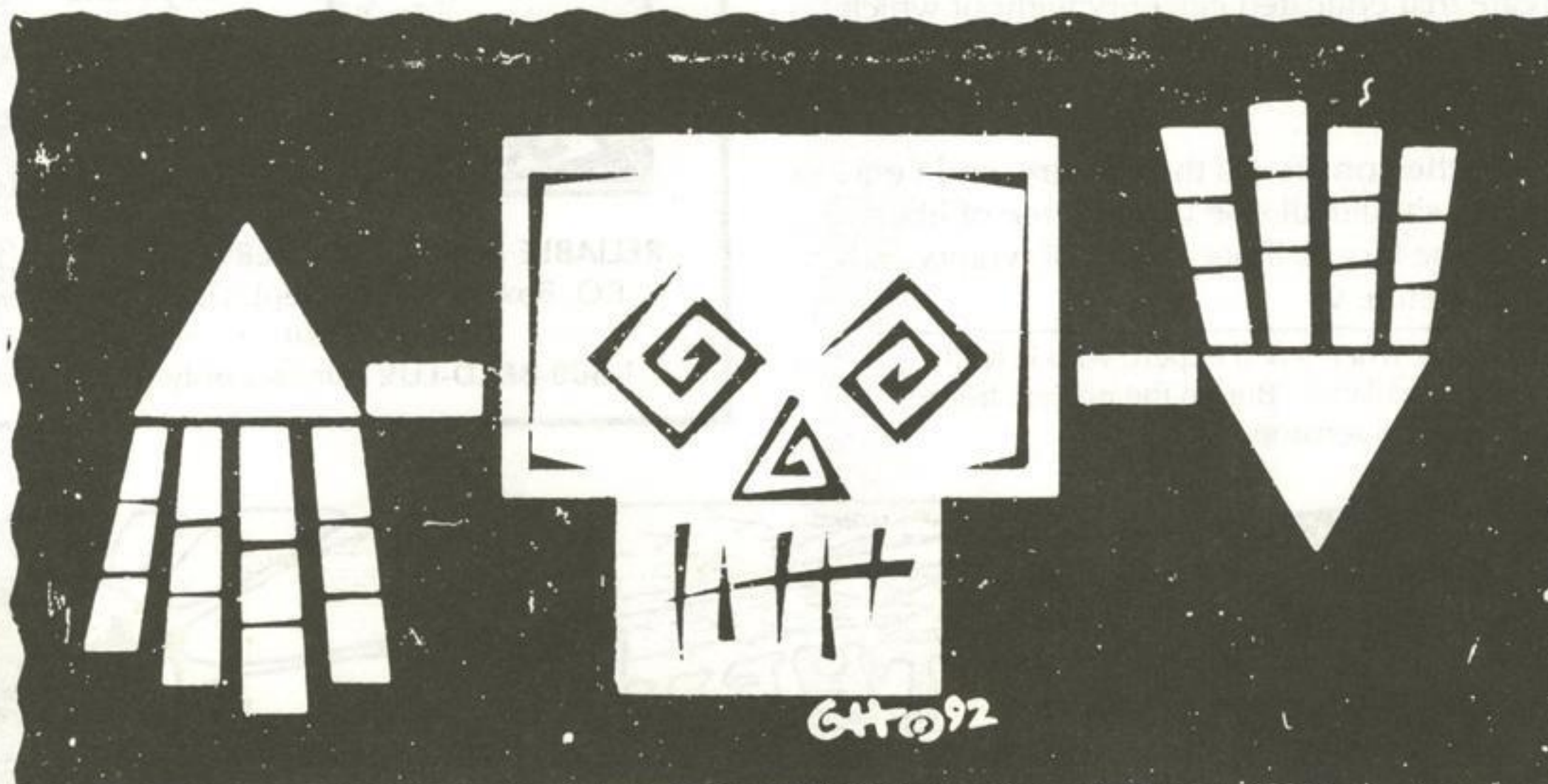
Our political debate — what little there is — can never speak of the future except in terms of the past. I shall, therefore, present a formula to restore the Republic by moving boldly forward into the past. I wish to invoke the spirit of Henry Clay. Thanks to our educational system, no one knows who he is, but for political

purposes he can be first explained, then trotted out as a true American Firster who felt that it was the task of government to make internal improvements, to spend money on education and on the enlargement of the nation's economic plant. Clay, translated in a modern context, would have us abandon all military pretensions on the ground that we are too small and too poor a country to act as a global policeman.

He would also suggest that we police ourselves first, and leave — terrible thought — Nicaragua to the Nicaraguans. Yes, Clay *could* be called an isolationist, but what's wrong with that? Our economic failure is making us more and more isolated from the rest of the industrialized world anyway. We could use this quiet time to restore our economic health, to take a few hundred billion dollars from military procurement and put it into education, into finding new ways of training and utilizing the work force, new ways of preserving or restoring earth and air and water. This does not seem to me to be too ambitious a program. Also, ideologically, it is absolutely — even sublimely — *reactionary*, and therefore salable.

But the highly progressive military-industrial-political complex will not easily let go. Ominously, our garrison state is now turning inward to create a police state. More than a million American are in prison or under constraint, the largest number, per capita, in the industrialized world. At least we are first at

*According to Jonathan Ned Katz in *Socialist Review* for February 1990, the word "heterosexual," still not acceptable to the O.E.D., first appeared in *The New York Times* (where else?) in 1930. Plainly a new category, outside the known sciences.



Artwork by Gary Houston

something. Currently there is a plan to reactivate old army camps to house drug users as well as pushers. Of course we could legalize drugs and get rid of the problem but where's the money in that? Where's the fun? Where's the control over all the people all the time?

Any optimistic signs? Yes. More and more of the people who never vote are beginning to worry about their personal finances. They are looking for explanations. And now that the Reagan magic act is over, the majority that does not vote can be reached. Not through the media but through videocassettes. One can make a videocassette very cheaply, with a movie star who will work for nothing,** in order to explain, let us say, the ongoing S&L scandal. These cassettes can be given out free all over the country, which is the only way that the people can be directly addressed as they once were, in the eighteenth century, through pamphlets by the likes of Thomas Paine. I got the cassette idea from that lovable old curmudgeon Ayatollah Khomeini, who flooded Iran with radio tapes from his place of exile in Paris. With those tapes he brought revolution to Iran and overthrew the Shah. I think we can do as well from our exile here at home. We will also have helped create that educated citizenry without which Jefferson felt life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness not possible.

I began this discourse with Jefferson, as did the country, and I end with his great injunction that, should all else fail, the tree of liberty must still be nourished with the blood, if necessary, of tyrants and of patriots. Have a nice millenium. ◇

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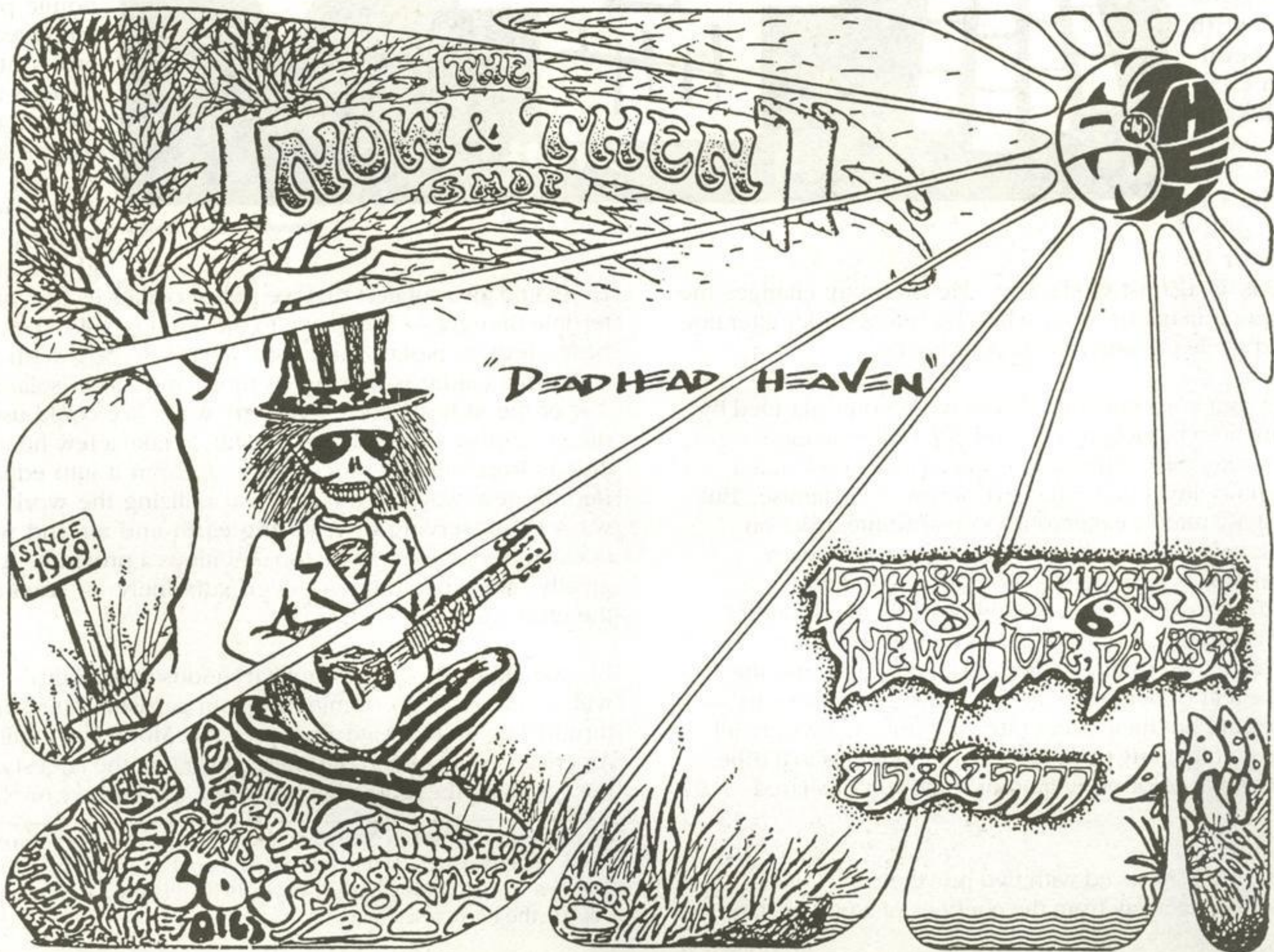
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Flashback

by Johnny Dwork

Several years ago, someone handed me a button with a picture of a smiling skeleton sitting under a palm tree on it that said, "I'd rather be anywhere than at a Grateful Dead concert." For the life of me I couldn't understand that button, until the following adventure happened to me...

As a teen, I was often thrilled by my older cousin's magnificent recollections of his Himalayan trekking adventures in Nepal. His stories were the stuff dreams were made of, and I vowed that someday, I too would hike the same majestic mountains.

It took me fifteen years to make that dream come true, but finally I found myself en route to the same distant utopia: the Annapurna Mountain Range in Nepal. The Annapurnas are a range of immense beauty, 25,000+ feet tall and covered with ice and snow all year round. The valleys and hills surrounding the Annapurnas are filled with waterfalls, countless flowering rhododendron trees, and literally thousands of ten foot tall cannabis plants growing wild in every open field. It's just the sort of idyllic place your mind could conjure up while listening to some of the Dead's more nature-oriented music.

My final approach to realizing this fifteen-year goal was brutal. For several weeks prior to my intended rendezvous with the mountains, I was horrendously sick with the same dreaded intestinal distress that so many suffer from while travelling in Asia. I was so weak that for a while I was seriously wondering whether I'd be able to get to the mountains at all. Miraculously, my health improved only days before my trek was to begin.

I'm a pack rat, and as usual I had packed the essential luxury of a Walkman and ten of my favorite Dead tapes. Earlier on the same trip, while in Thailand, I had managed to procure a tiny kite painted and shaped like an owl. Little did I know at the time that this kite would serve as the catalyst for one of my all-time favorite Grateful Dead musical experiences.

Two days into the Annapurna trek is a breathtaking spot called Poon Hill, which is surrounded by a dozen 20,000+ foot peaks in every direction and is considered to be one of the prettiest places on the planet. On my approach, the weather was iffy. I had been climbing through clouds for two days, wondering whether Poon Hill and its legendary view would be fogged in. In the Himalayas it can be cloudy for a month straight. Much to my amazement, as I made it to the bottom of Poon Hill, I could see blue sky through the clouds above.

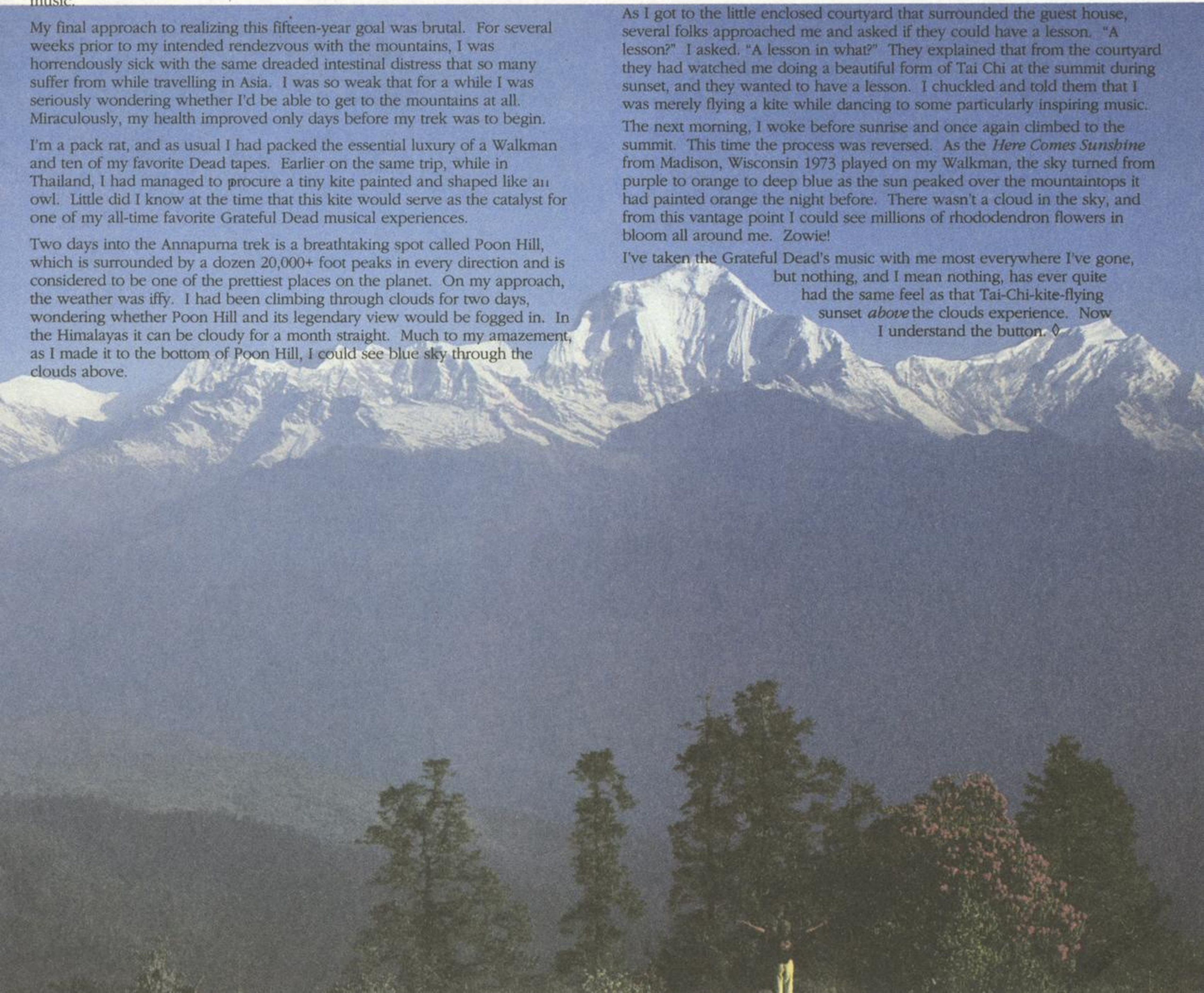
I got to the Tibetan-style guest house where I would spend the night, just below the treeless summit of Poon Hill, shortly before sunset. I couldn't believe how much better I was feeling...and I had climbed just above the cloud line! After procuring a bed for the evening, I headed up to the summit for sunset. One hundred yards away, I stopped dead in my tracks, turned around and headed back to get my Walkman...smart move! For some reason, as I was getting my music gear out I saw the little owl kite in my pack and pulled it out. Fifteen minutes later I was on top of Poon Hill, above the cloud line and in full view of the the majestic Annapurna peaks. I had reached my goal!

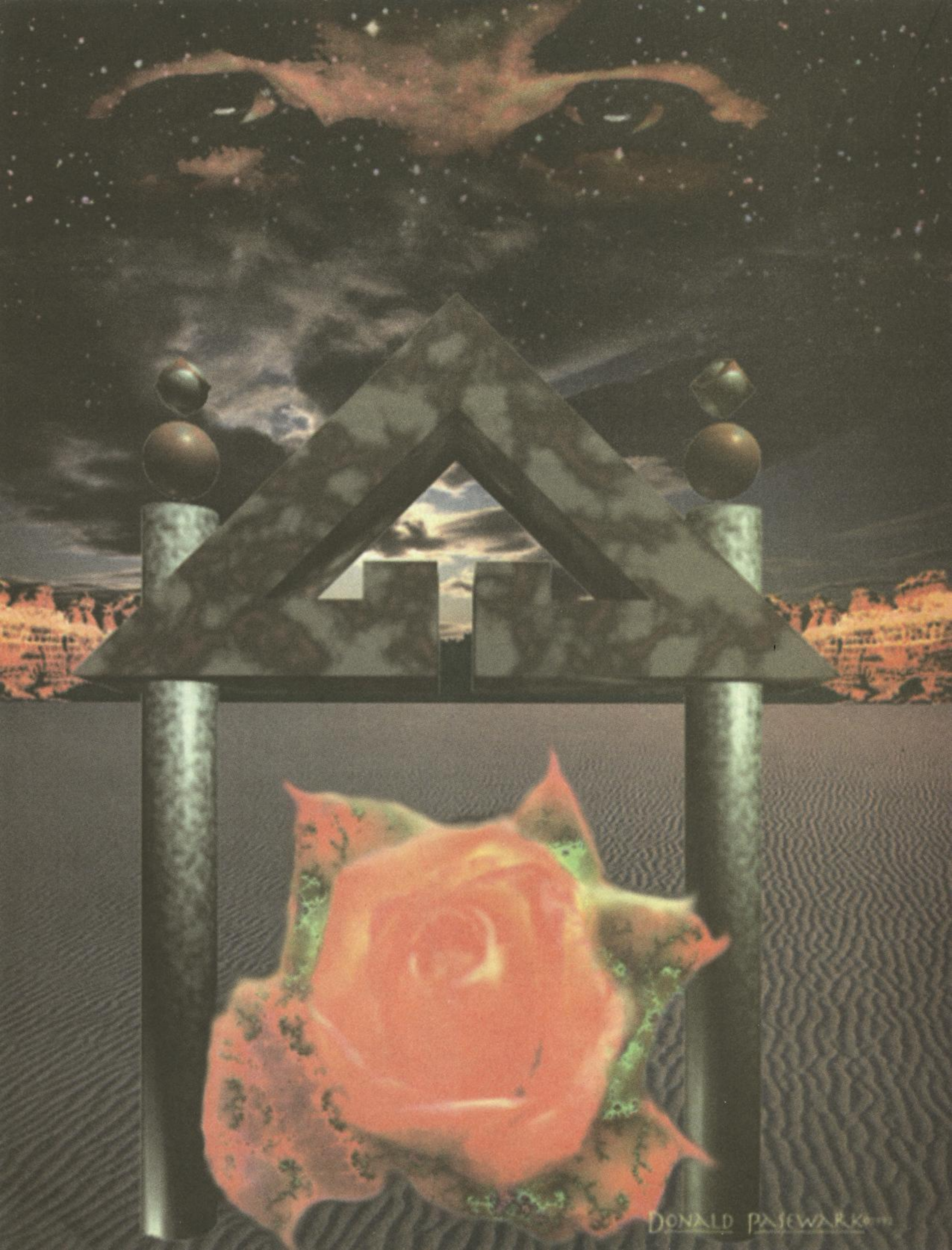
With the summit all to myself, I put the headphones on just as the sun was slowly beginning to set. I turned the volume up as the *China Cat > Rider* from 3/23/74 (Cow Palace) began. I launched the kite into the air and at that moment magic began to happen. The clouds just *below* me in all directions began to turn violet and blue and the snow-covered peaks in front of me began to turn a smokey orange. A breeze appeared from out of nowhere and gave lift to my little fighter kite. In breathless amazement of the exhilarating view all around me, I danced to the music in complete bliss, overseeing a courtship ritual between kite and wind. By the time the band segued into the instrumental *Uncle John's-type* jam that appeared during the segue between many of the better *China Cats* and *Rider* in '74, I had tears of joy in my eyes. At the exact moment that *Rider* ended, the sun dipped behind a peak at my rear and darkness came on quickly. It was the most breathtaking sunset I'd ever seen. I headed down to put on warmer clothes and eat dinner. Phew!

As I got to the little enclosed courtyard that surrounded the guest house, several folks approached me and asked if they could have a lesson. "A lesson?" I asked. "A lesson in what?" They explained that from the courtyard they had watched me doing a beautiful form of Tai Chi at the summit during sunset, and they wanted to have a lesson. I chuckled and told them that I was merely flying a kite while dancing to some particularly inspiring music.

The next morning, I woke before sunrise and once again climbed to the summit. This time the process was reversed. As the *Here Comes Sunshine* from Madison, Wisconsin 1973 played on my Walkman, the sky turned from purple to orange to deep blue as the sun peaked over the mountaintops it had painted orange the night before. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and from this vantage point I could see millions of rhododendron flowers in bloom all around me. Zowie!

I've taken the Grateful Dead's music with me most everywhere I've gone, but nothing, and I mean nothing, has ever quite had the same feel as that Tai-Chi-kite-flying sunset *above* the clouds experience. Now I understand the button. ♦





DONALD PAJEWARKE™

SUMMER TOUR '92

By Fred Winnebago, Jr., Rich Petlock, Nick Morgan, Cherie Clark King & Jeff King

This year's summer tour wasn't much different than last year's. Most folks seem to agree that the music averaged about a B and that the scene was relatively hassle-free as compared to other tours in the recent past.

The Steve Miller Band opened for the Dead at the larger venues. His sets were slightly different each night and his classic American rock and roll sound was quite appropriate for these large audiences. Candace's ever-changing lighting show and grandiose stage set evolved and metamorphosized. Some aspects of the multimedia show are much improved over last year's. The pre-produced animation sequences can, at times, be mind-blowing, although the editor at the switching board still never seems to switch to the live camera focused on the particular musician who is making the most interesting music at any given moment.

Rich Stadium, Buffalo, NY (Set Lists on Page 66)

This show was sold out, and getting a ticket outside was next to impossible, leaving a sea of miracle ticket wishers out of luck. Milling around outside the stadium before the show, one could hear the sound check, which included an interesting blues jam and two run-throughs of *Casey Jones* (!!) (although we would not get to hear it in concert until much later down the road).

The tour got under way with a fairly average first set that included a perky *It's All Over Now* featuring the same intro used by the Rolling Stones. Also of interest was a wild "take a step back" request from the band, during which Jerry said, "This is the way the entire surface of the Earth world is going to be in twenty years...learn to love it NOW."

In the second set the Dead took the time for a smooth, captivating transition between *Estimated* and *The Same Thing*. As you'll notice from the set list, the Dead flipped their usual order and put *The Wheel* after *The Other One*. This has only occurred six times before. The transition into *The Wheel* from *The Other One* was long and well-developed. As expected, the East Coast's first *Baba O'Reilly* > *Tomorrow Never Knows* elicited an explosive response from the audience.

Artwork by Don Pasewark

Richfield, Ohio (Set Lists on Page 67)

A lot of folks think indoor locations such as this one offer a welcome break from the often overwhelming stadium shows that have become synonymous with summer tour. These indoor shows do not feature the humongous video/slide show that the stadium events are now famous for — they are...well...intimate.

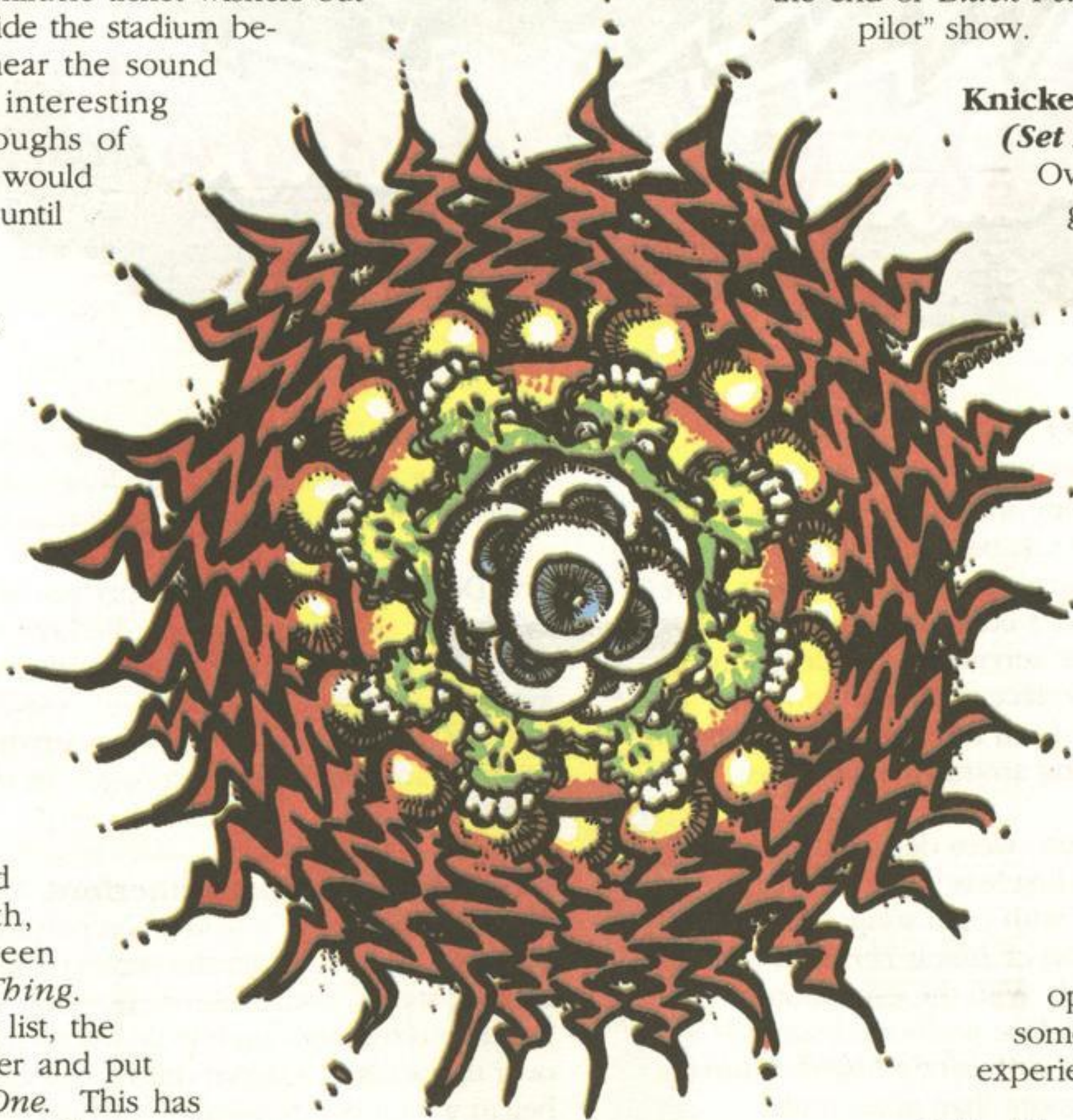
In the first night's first set, *Tom Thumb's Blues* and *Black-Throated Wind* were both exquisite choices. The jam out of *Corinna* into the *Drums* was very interesting, and Jerry did manage to cough up the first verse of *Dark Star* out of *Space*. (Come on, guy, this is the absolute last tune you should be teasing us with...play the whole thing and put some spirit into it!!) Segueing into *The Last Time* was a verrry tasty move. *Sugar Mags* rocked.

Second night highlights included *Cold Rain and Snow*, *Peggy-O*, and *Cassidy* > *Deal*. The second set gave birth to a great jam at the end of *Black Peter*. Otherwise this was an "auto-pilot" show.

Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY (Set Lists on Page 67)

Over the past two years, Albany has gained a reputation as a town that *actually* welcomes the Dead. Realizing how much money Dead concerts bring to town, the mayor of Albany has been very warm to Deadheads, welcoming us through interviews given to the press and through letters printed in the *DDN* flyer. He even has had the police, who are trained in non-confrontational crowd control techniques, close off the streets surrounding the arena, allowing a festival-type atmosphere to flourish. Until this year he even allowed Deadheads to camp downtown in the Corning Preserve. This open-minded attitude has made for some of the most civil urban concert experiences in many years.

With Albany switched from being a spring tour stopover (i.e., cold, wet and lots of heads still in school) to a summer tour stopover (i.e., warm, dry, every head on tour) this had the makings of a large-scale disaster. Despite the threat of tens of thousands



Artwork by Bryan Ain

Available as 7" sticker — \$3 each
plus \$1 per order — postage & handling.
Send check or money order to:
DDN-Sticker, PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578



Artwork by Joseph Hill

Knickerbocker Arena (continued)

of ticket-less, hotel-less truckers trippin' into town, Albany rolled out the welcome mat once again with one glaring exception — no camping in the Corning Preserve. Apparently there was a sailboat regatta scheduled after the second show and it was feared that the Preserve, which is at the river's edge, would be inappropriately messy for such an event after serving as a bedroom for Deadheads. Nothing was done to replace the Preserve. Even a conservative editorial columnist in a local newspaper criticized the city for not making better camping arrangements for us.

As to how the Dead played, well, these were decent shows. The highlights of both concerts were the first sets. The first night started fair and got noticeably better with each song. The show peaked with an exquisite combination of *Black-Throated Wind*, *Loose Lucy*, and *Music Never Stopped*. With the exception of an interesting *Drums*, during which Candace performed some beautifully synchronistic lighting, and a sprightly *Mighty Quinn* encore, the second set was nothing more than good music.

The second show was strong from the get go with a surprisingly torrid *Mexicali* > *Maggie's Farm* and a spicy *New Speedway Boogie* > *Promised Land*. The tape of this first set will be worth getting. Again, the second set was merely good music, although

Vince stood out with strong vocals during *Way To Go Home*, for which the audience rewarded him with a thunderous ovation. It's a pleasure watching him as he comes into his own.

The Dead closed out the Albany run with an extraordinary *Attics of My Life*. It's simply wonderful how well they can harmonize at times after years of positively crappy singing. The new monitor system has obvious benefits here. As for the town, the Mayor called *DDN* to let us know that everything went hunky-dory — minimal arrests, minimal damage. In short, we're welcome back next year.

Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ (Set Lists on Page 67)

These shows were both uneven performances, the first night being much better than the second. Sunday, the eve of a lunar eclipse, started with a bluesy opening set by the Steve Miller Band, and the now traditional idiot's parade of bodies streaming over the walls and down onto the floor. The Dead's first set began with a hot *Shakedown*, which was basically a solid sound check that was greeted wholeheartedly and enthusiastically by everyone. The rest of the first set, with the exception of *Picasso Moon*, was unremarkable. *Picasso Moon* was rollicking and a lot of fun. Whereas Bobby appeared tired for much of the set, on this tune he really rocked out. In fact, it seems that *Picasso Moon*

has developed into a hard rock number. *Don't Ease Me In* was basically a throwaway to end the set.

The boys came back out for the second set in better form, opening with a fast, hot *Samson*, although Jerry's guitar couldn't be heard until well into the song. Vince's *Way To Go Home* was just awesome! This song is developing nicely, and Vince's keys rippled away. Next, a good, jamming *Corinna* made way for some really hot *Drums*, despite the fact that the railroad horn didn't quite live up to its past incarnations. After *Space*, Steve Miller joined the boys, and the band seemed to pick up speed for *Spoonful* > *The Other One*, then wound down to a quiet *Morning Dew*. *Baba O'Reilly* was a tasty choice for the encore, and was the high point of the show for many, although quite a few folks missed it as they left early in order to avoid the interminable delay caused by the one relatively narrow exit for field seats. The folks who run this show really ought to do something about this absurd and dangerous problem. For those who stayed, the "same as it ever was" line thrown in at the end of *Tomorrow Never Knows* was a cute perk.

Noticeably worse than the first night, the June 15 show opened with *Hell in a Bucket*, which could definitely describe a typical

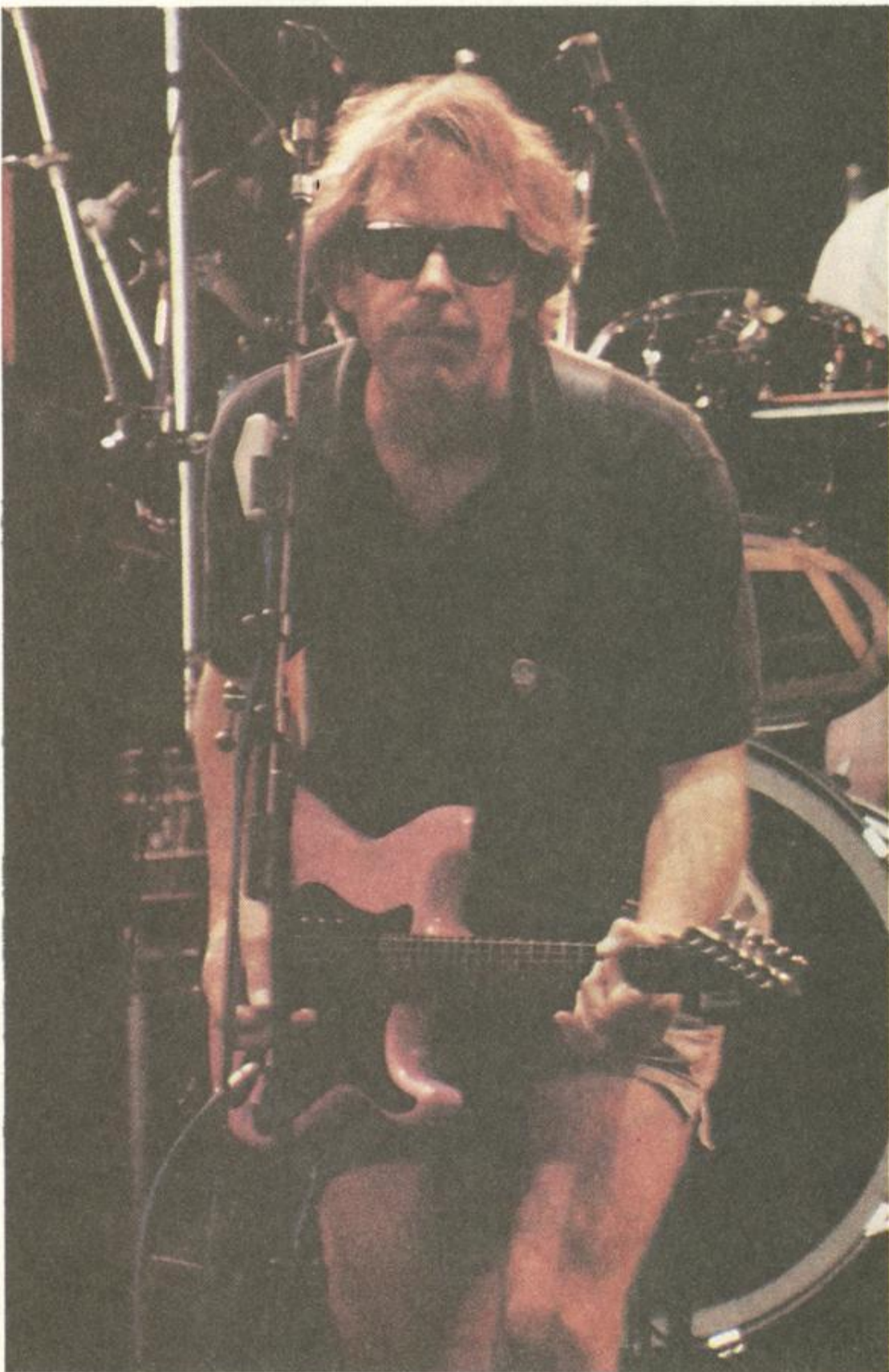
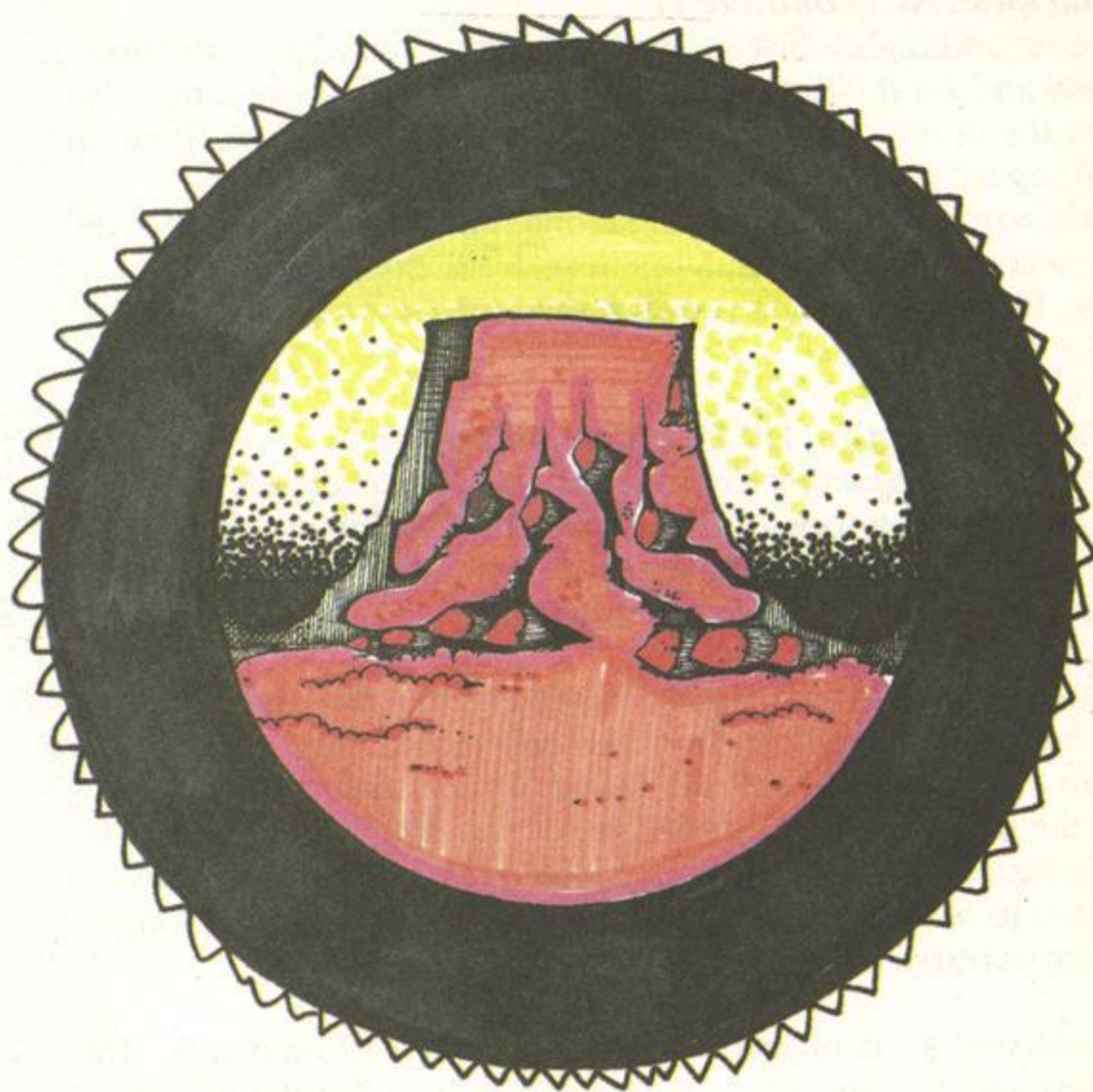


Photo by Michele Weitzen



Artwork by Joseph Hill

concert experience at any average Giants Stadium show (the place is a zoo). Professional adventurer/author George Plimpton was in the crowd (as was Paul Newman), and one can only guess what he might write about the GD Experience if this madhouse was his only taste of our scene. The ability to enjoy shows at this venue is largely dependent on where you are in the stadium; there are "holes" in the otherwise evenly distributed sound, and Candace's proscenium lighting array blinded people in some locations for the entire duration of the concerts. *The Same Thing* was pretty hot, but then was followed by the sloppiest *Tennessee Jed* we may have ever heard. The vocals were all over the place, not to mention that nobody was playing in time with each other. *Bird Song* was the most spirited song in the set. They spaced out in the jam, and came to an abrupt fade to end the set.

To open the second set, Jerry and Bobby engaged in a who's going to sing debate, which was as usual settled by Phil with a delightful *Box of Rain*. *Saint of Circumstance* was enormous, perhaps one of the best versions ever played. *So Many Roads* led into a great *Terrapin Station*, the highlight and crescendo of this show. After a short *Drums* and a very quiet, short *Space*, Steve Miller once again joined the Dead for *I Need a Miracle*, which led into a lilting *Standing On The Moon*, with Bobby teaching Steve the chord progressions as they went along. This show ended at the surprisingly late hour of 12:30 AM due to its late start.

Charlotte, NC (Set Lists on Page 67)

The security at this indoor venue was very tough on smokers. For cigarette smoking you got kicked out, for ganja you got busted. The first night's show was...fairly boring. Both *Mama Tried* and *Good Lovin'*, which are rare these days, made appearances. As was the case at several shows on this tour, there was an extended period between *Drums* and *Space*, during which Candace got very heavy with the spacey lights while Healy and Bralove made subtle galactic space feedback without the help of any musicians onstage.

Charlotte, NC (continued)

The second night's first set was very short, although *Tom Thumb's Blues* and *Let It Grow* were both notable. This show came alive after the drums. Jerry led the band through a wordless *Dark Star* that segued into a volcanic *Watchtower* > *Morning Dew*.

Satisfaction, a rare, perennial favorite of many, appeared for only the second time since Garcia's near-death experience in 1986. Hey, Bobby, why don't you play this and *Gloria* each at least once per tour.

RFK, Washington, DC (Set Lists on Page 67)

This show was completely sold out — not a ticket was to be had anywhere. As opposed to years past in Washington, this year's weather was spectacularly gorgeous with absolutely no humidity and a balmy 75 degree temperature.

Bruce Hornsby came up from Virginia for the day and played accordion for the whole show, his only appearance on tour. *Cold Rain and Snow* was hot and *Wang Dang Doodle* was blistering; get the tape. Much to our delight, during *Maggie's Farm* Bruce sang his old verse. The band repeated five of the same songs played in last year's RFK first set, but it was over an hour long, which is respectable by today's standards.

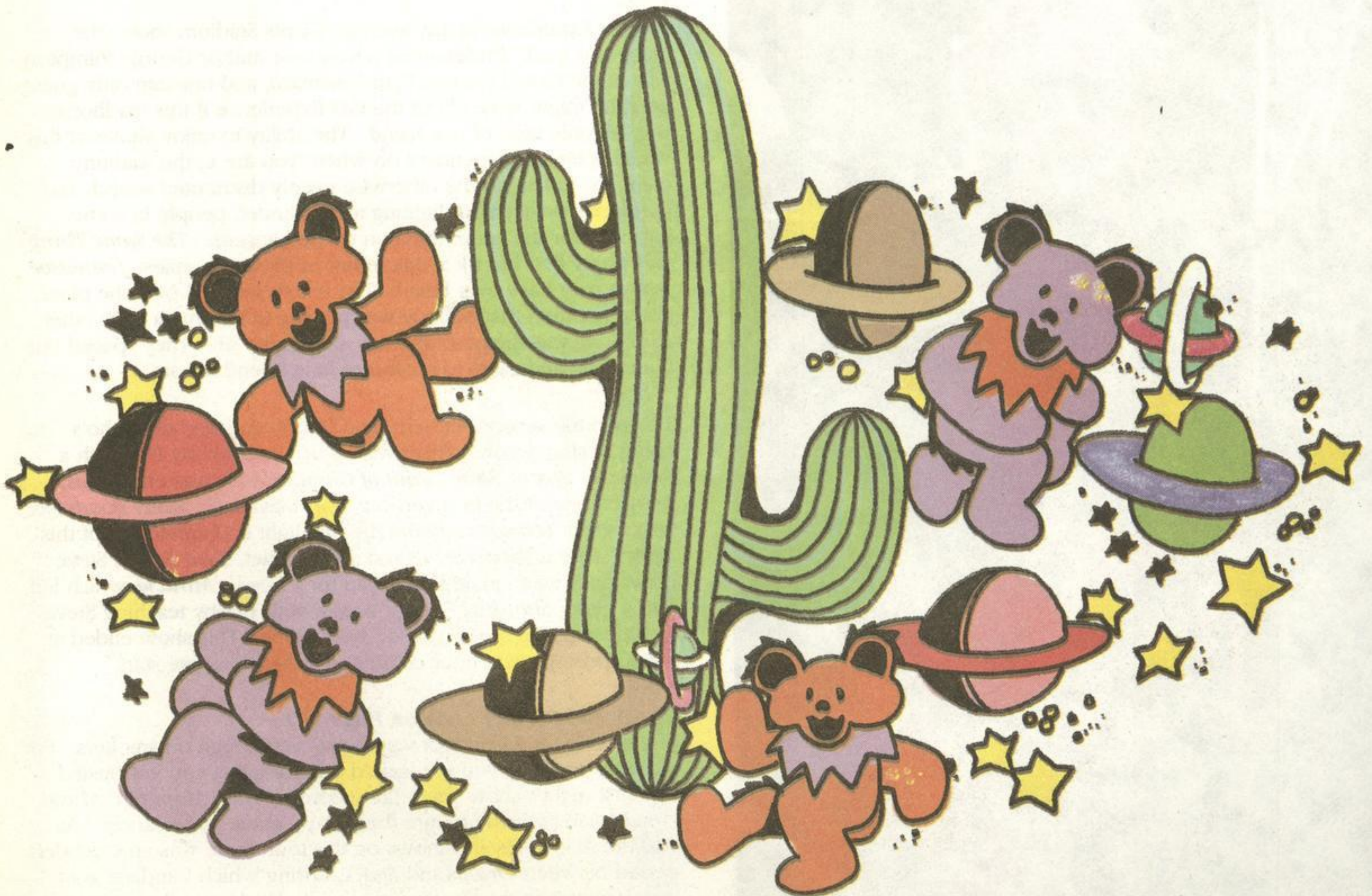
The second set contained some inspirational GD moments. The potent jam that preceded the drums was spearheaded by Phil, who was WAAAY out front in taking the lead. During the drums

both drummers broke out their train horns again while images of trains were projected above. The jam out of *Space* was beautifully *melodic* (which, sadly, is all-too-rare of the space jams these days). It had strong hints of *The Wheel*, which some people were saying was actually "Oh Shenandoah." After exploring this for a short while, Jerry looked up and abruptly launched into *Casey Jones*, the first since 11/2/84! (Ironically, a nationwide railroad strike was set to begin just days later.) At one point during this song Jerry raised his hand in the air to accentuate a lyric and the place exploded! Steve Miller came out during *Throwing Stones* and added some nice licks for the remainder of the show. The audience response to the encore, *Baba O'Reilly* > *Tomorrow Never Knows*, made a strong argument in favor of keeping these tunes in the rotation. This show was definitely one of the best of the tour.

Star Lake, Pittsburgh, PA (Set Lists on Page 67)

These were debut shows at this "shed." They may also have been the last due to extensive gate-crashing and ripped down fences...we will see. Both the opening and closing songs of the first night's first set were particularly ferocious.

The second set was one of the best of the tour. *Dark Star*, which was very short, was particularly odd in that Jerry only sang the second verse, which appeared for only the first time this year. Bobby pulled off a real gem of a move by singing the first line of *The Other One* ("Spanish Lady comes to me") directly out of



Artwork by Joseph Hill



Artwork by Joseph Hill

Spanish Jam, which is (we hope, we pray) making a comeback. *Stella Blue* climaxed with an enormous jam that led into the first *Goin' Down the Road* since 9/16/91. Get the tape.

Just before the show on the second night it started to rain, and a large group of people with lawn tickets forced their way into the shed for refuge. The first set was a real beauty with a strong opening and perfect song choice throughout. You can't ask for much more than *Stagger Lee* > *Black-Throated Wind*, *Big RR Blues*, *Memphis Blues*, and *New Speedway Boogie*! Zowie!

The second set wasn't weighty enough to write about, although Jerry did deliver another passionate *So Many Roads*. *Brokedown Palace* was a fitting encore for this venue, given how the Deadheads overran it. We'll bet the Dead never play there again.

Soldier Field, Chicago, IL (Set Lists on Page 67)

My most lasting image of Chicago was of that fair city's finest confiscating cold frosties from unsuspecting heads on the way into Soldier Field, stashing the brew in a confiscated cooler in their trunk, then giving a couple back to two other hungry heads so they could wash down some sizzlin' chicken-ke-bobs. Needless to say, that defined a cozy atmosphere. But the excessive security frisk, to the point of separate lines for men and women, quickly brought me back to Babylon. Having missed the first show, all I could get out of my advance party was the hypnotic repeating of "Good morning lil' schoolgirl...can I come home with you...good morning lil'..." Well, I sure knew what I had missed. So what if they JAMMED such a rare tune with James Cotton. And so what if they did a nine song first set, with a *Bertha* > *Greatest Story* opener and a *Music Never Stopped* close-out, and a nine song second set, which closed with a smokin' *So Many Roads* > *Lovelight*, or wailed on *Gloria* for the encore. There would be more, oh so much more in this midwest scene. Resting up in the Chicago Hilton, scene of the massive '68 Democratic Convention riots — one of the nastiest moments in our continuing struggle for true democracy — I sensed that there had been and remained a lot of history and fire in this city. But while Friday's ordinary *Bucket* opener didn't do much to get me psyched, it did give me time for a fresh beer. Next, a smooth

Peggy-O paved the way for a decent *Same Thing*. Always a great song, and always great seeing the Boys do real blues tunes, though it was a bit early in the show for my taste. The first set slugged on with good songs, but the spirit wasn't too killer.

Continued on Page 38

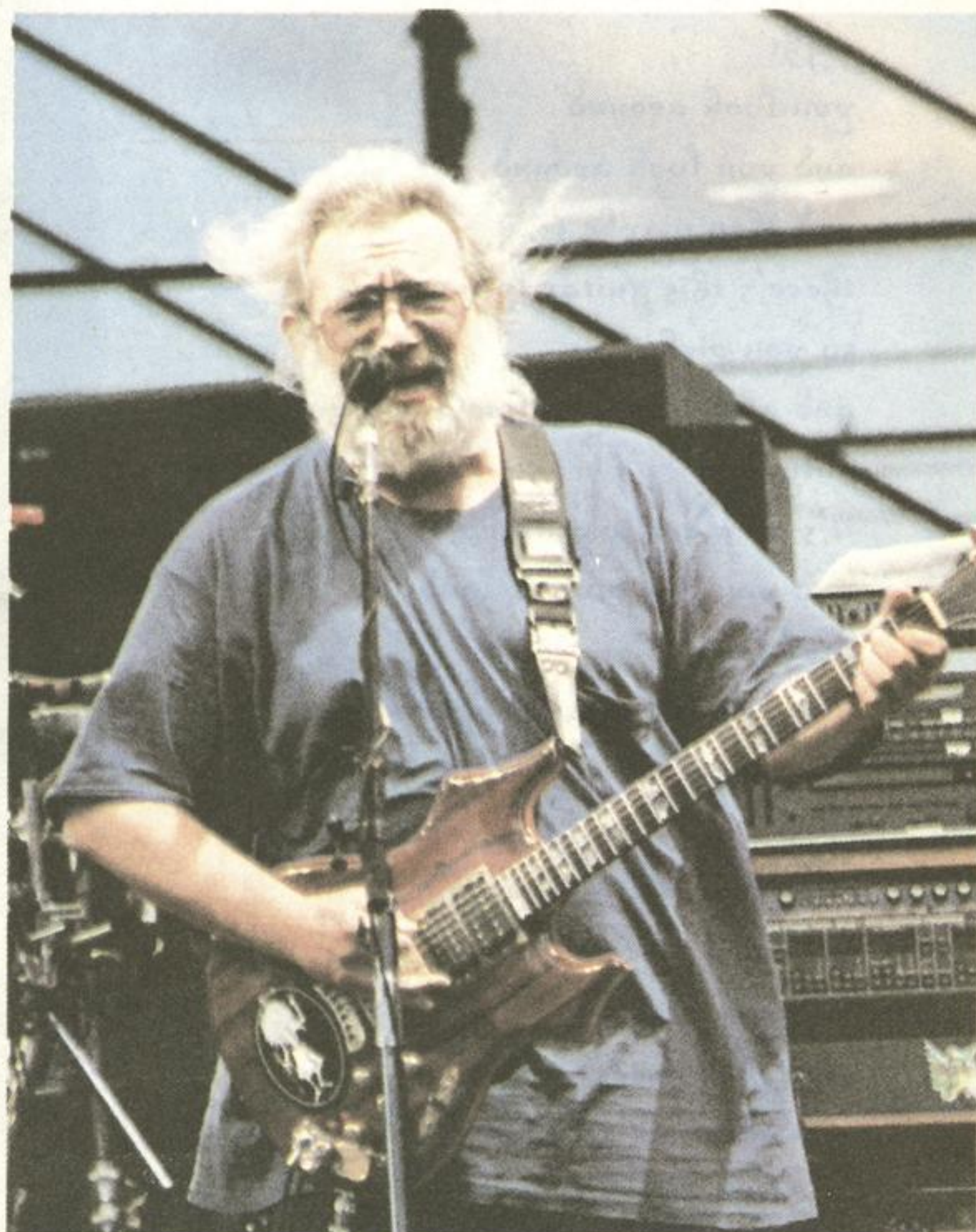
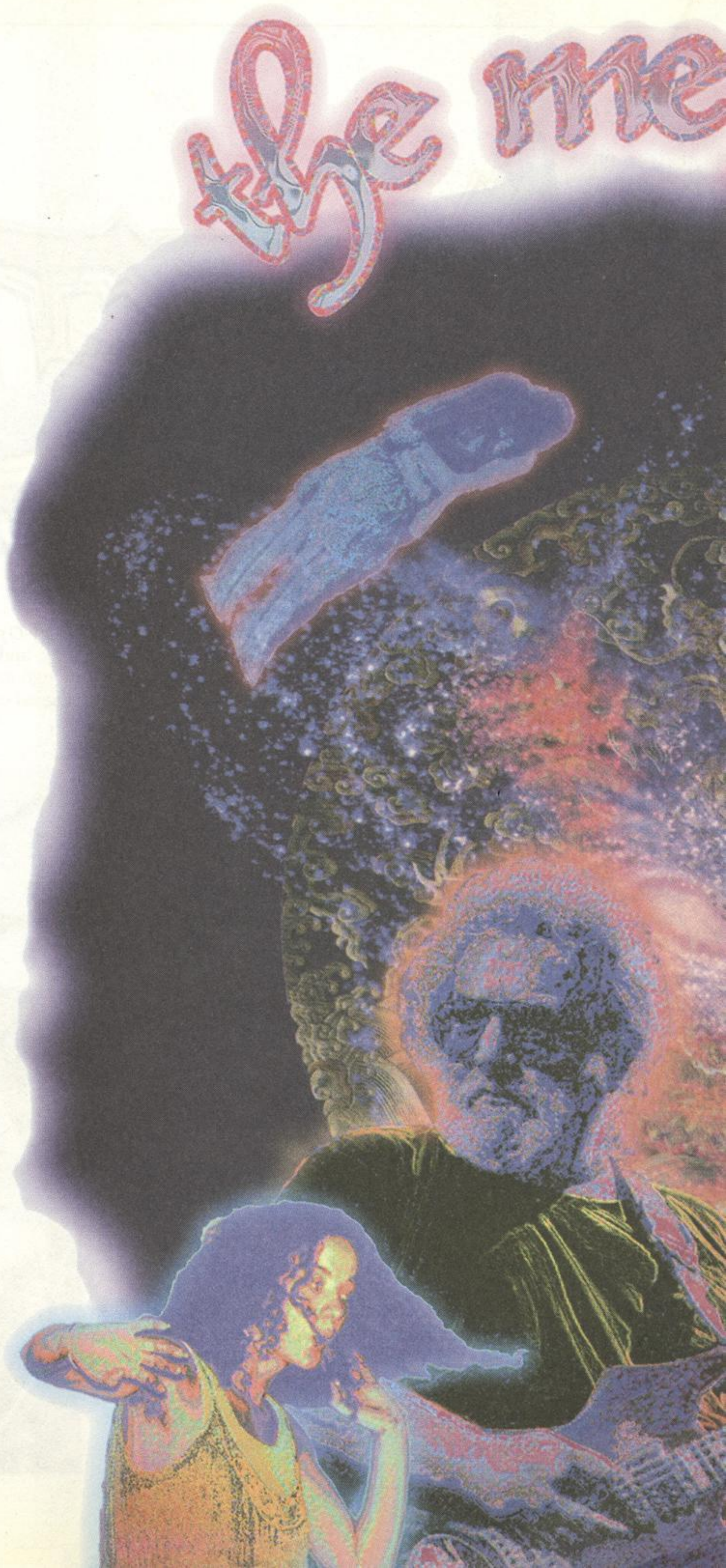
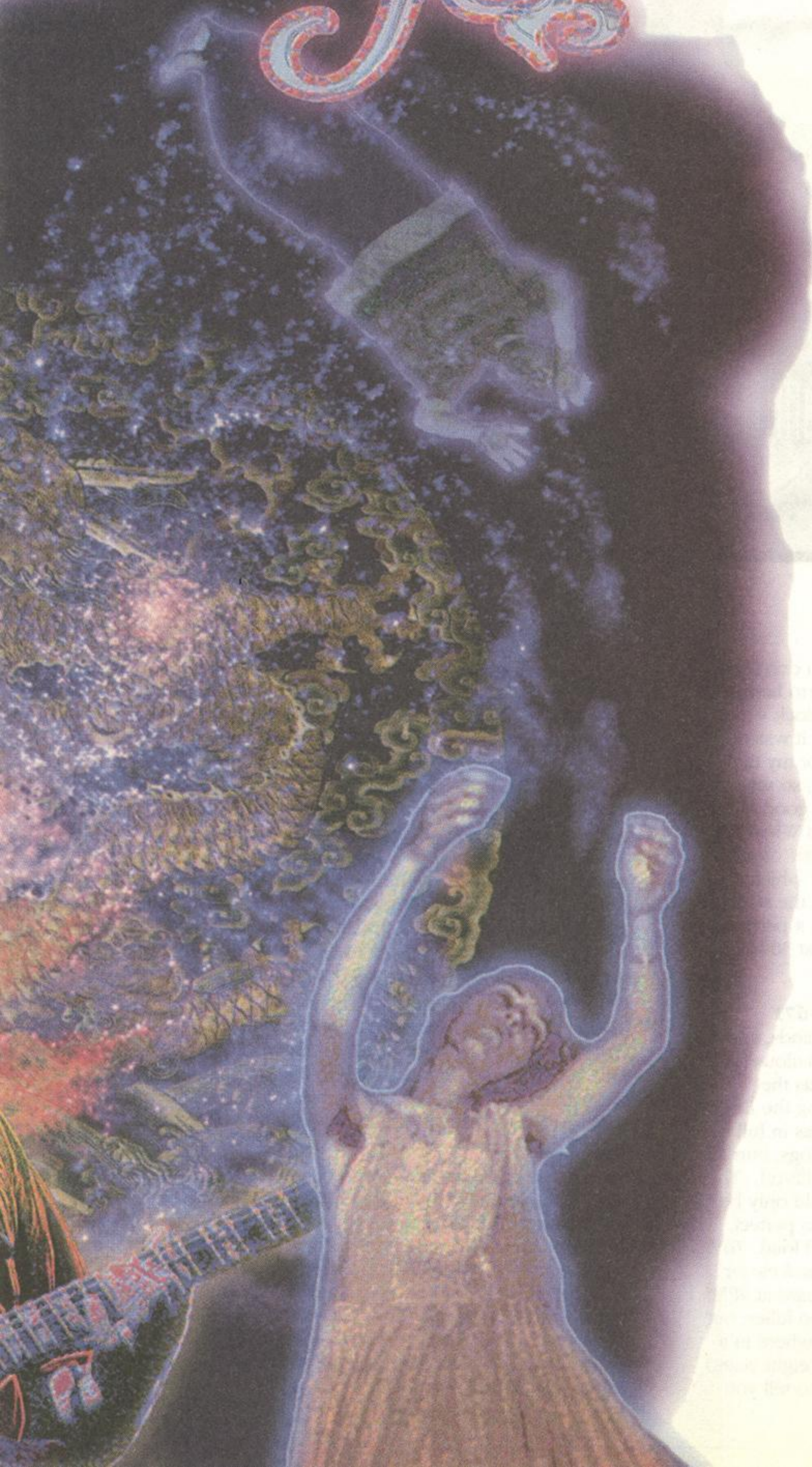


Photo by Brad Niederman

suppose you broke through
I mean really broke through
to the other side
made it
I mean really made it
and then came back
and you wanted to tell everyone
all the people
you want to tell them
everything
only the thing is
you can't
what then
what do you do
because you discover
that words can't say it
that any meaning they allude to
isn't what you mean
it's all just talk
so what do you do
maybe you look around
right
you look around
and you look around
and then maybe
there's this guitar lying there
so you pick it up
and of course you know how to play it
only now
it's an electric guitar
and you can play it loud
real loud
and now all those people
the people you tell
they don't merely hear it
they feel it
so you squeeze
and you squeeze
and you squeeze it all out
and all these colors
go flying around
this crazy twirling
rainbow of colors
and now suppose

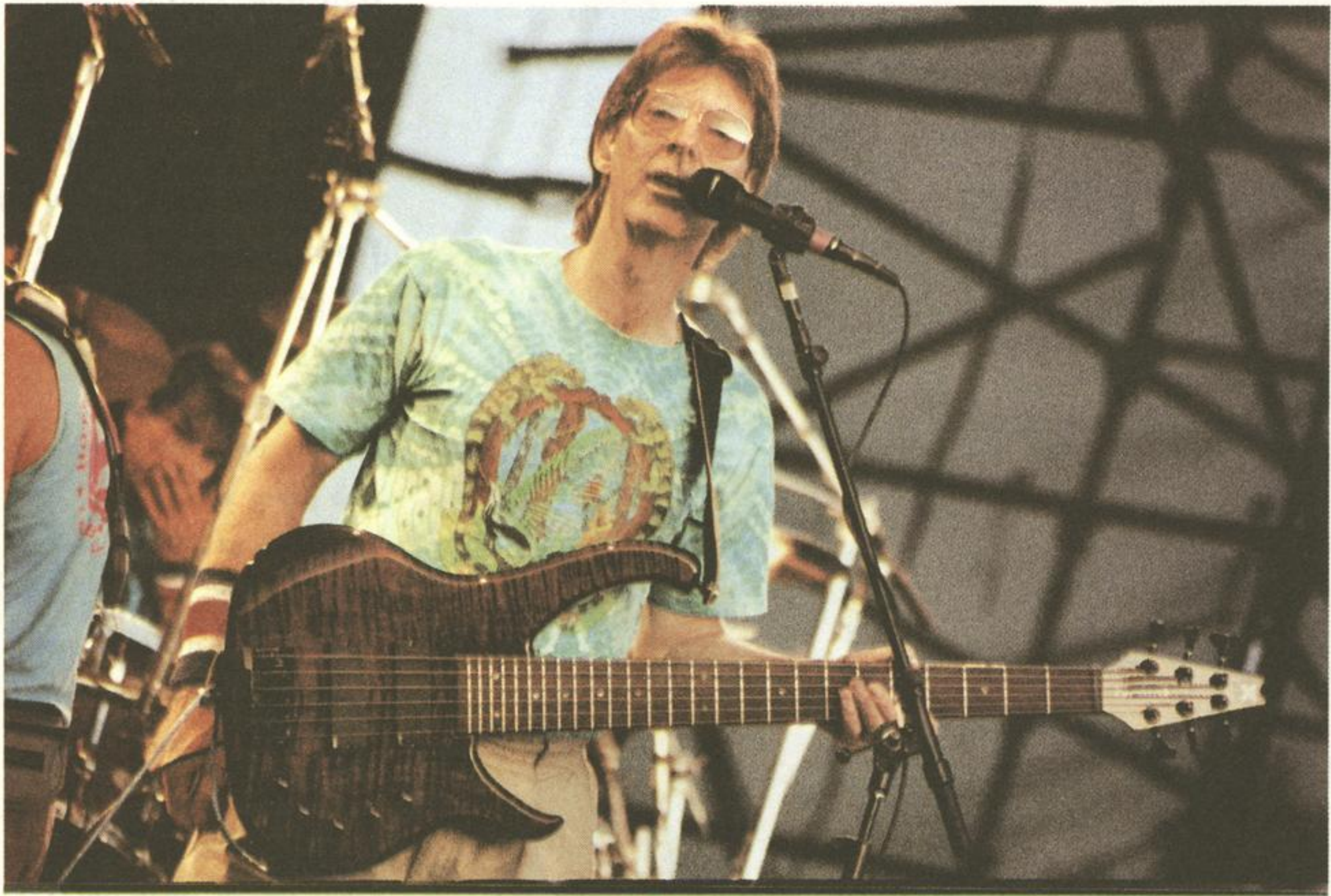


Svengevo



these crazy colors
they start dancing around
jumping and spinning
and dancing around
and soon you can't tell
these crazy dancing colors
from the people watching
the people who feel
and the thing is
neither can they
so they mix and blend
and jump and spin
and they all just dance
and flow
and they're all the same
and they're all different
and they all come out
of you
and you some how
come out of them too
and now you can't tell
what's what or who's who
and it's all so fun
and it's all so good
and you laugh
and you laugh
and they laugh
and they laugh
and it's all just
one big laugh
one big
cosmic joke
everything
all
and it's all
there now
which is here now
on the other side
which somehow
is this side
now

Larry Lewis



Chuck Johnson's Cosmic Photos

Summer Tour Continued from page 35

Chicago, IL (continued)

Ending the set with *Picasso Moon* was tasteful — you don't have to always end with the *Promised Land* > *Deal* > *Ease* to have fun. After nearly spinning out from the massive counter-clock wave (yup — we can actually do something communally), it was time for a breather. Second set was too much like RFK for my taste, but the funkiness of *Corinna* was still fresh and tasty, so we were primed for the very fine *Crazy Fingers* into a regular good ol' *Playing* > *Uncle John's* > *Drums* > *Miracle*. Even this Wharf Rat burn-out victim got tingly for the *Wharf Rat* > *Throwin' Stones* > *Not Fade Away* closer, which led to a decent *Weight*, which in turn led to some jammin' fireworks off the corner on the stadium. They were wild, colorful, exciting, and distracting — a perfect ending to Soldier Field and a great prelude to the next 36 hours of nonstop rock-n-roll-n-blues-n-Starbucks madness.

Deer Creek, Knoblesville, IN (Set Lists on Page 67)

Jim Morrison smoothed out the ride through the flatlands, and another tremendous Kelly-Herb Greene art show, fabulous for the chance to hang and rap with two great folks as well as the awesome art, made for an auspicious arrival. Cruising the Deer Creek scene was like arriving in OZ. The carnival was in full force, a magic kaleidoscope of food, scents, crafts, dogs, burritos, brews, and balloons, and I knew we were ready for lift-off. The Boys certainly helped by letting loose with what could only be described as a perfect first set. Seriously, folks, it was perfect. *Help* > *Slip* > *Franklin's* came out sounding crisp and loud, *To Lay Me Down* was dreamy, and the *Speedway* > *Smokestack* closer was the total crank, double crank. Whew, sweatin' hard at 9PM! I continued to groove on the second set — nothing too killer, but *Way to Go Home* is indeed strong and I'll take it anywhere in a show, while the *Casey Jones* encore (second time in eight years) was just sheer deeeelight! My friends asked me not to tell you

how far out the scene was before and after all the shows, so I won't get all the way into it. Suffice it to say, Papa Bear's security folks were most cool, and the vast fields were a dreamscape for us to let loose in. We couldn't have been more blissful going into my sweetheart's birthday show that fine Monday at the Creek. Though the night was way short (three hours total), even songs like *Rooster* were well played, if undramatic. After willing the Boys to do the *Baba* encore at RFK, I was hardly surprised to watch them fulfill the *Box Of Rain*-birthday wish for a second set opener. The playing remained strong enough to make the *Corinna* > *Drums* > *Other One* > *Stella* > *Sugar Mag* enjoyable, but I won't comment on the *Brokedown*. However, I will let you know that the Indiana corn was well on its way to being knee high by the Fourth of July, that my sweet honey and Sparky got pretty good at lighting up the cornfields with highly dangerous explosives, and that it only takes one total juice show to make you believe again in that GD magic!!!

Buckeye Lake, OH (Set Lists on Page 67)

This final show was somewhat of a microcosm of the entire tour, with both low and high points. On the low side the place was jam-packed, the traffic was miserable, and someone actually died of an overdose. At least the rain, which threatened throughout, never actually came.

The up side came in the second set when, after the *Saint of Circumstance*, Steve Miller and his harmonica player of twenty years, Norton Buffalo, came out and joined the Dead for a rousing *Midnight Hour*. Norton then let rip a ferocious harmonica solo in *West LA Fade Away*, which appeared for only the third time ever in a second set position. After *Truckin'* Steve actually sang some of the words to *Spoonful* and then Bobby excused Steve and Norton with a big thank you. The tour ended with a trio of well-picked song selections — *Lovelight* and *Baba O'Reilly* > *Tomorrow Never Knows*. ◇





Artwork from the video *Back Stage Pass* — Provided by Anubis Films and GD Merchandising

Back Stage Pass

An interview with the minds' behind the project with Johnny Dwork

The Grateful Dead have a new video on the way and it promises to prove that this long strange trip still has some exciting surprises in store. BACK STAGE PASS, due out this September, was directed by Justin Kreutzmann and produced by Gillian Grisman. If these names sound somewhat familiar, it's because they are part of the next generation of the Grateful Dead family. We caught up with them recently and they gave us the following lowdown on this state-of-the-art production.

How did the whole project come up?

Well, it all started last fall when Justin and I went to a Silicon Graphics presentation of their desktop animation system, and they mentioned this group called Xaos which is based in San Francisco. They do all the stuff for the show *Liquid Television* on MTV. Bob Bralove [GD sound wiz and record producer] had been talking about a kind of visual match to his music for the Dead's album *Infrared Roses*. So we thought, *How can we get the band to fund an animated video?* We couldn't just sell a 3 1/2 minute *Infrared Roses* animated video, which is what we really

wanted to do. So Justin came up with the idea of making a merchandising sampler video, taking other records that were put out by merchandising such as *One From the Vault*, taking some audio, so that we'd be promoting other items — and laying visuals onto them. But we definitely knew we wanted to do this animated piece to the *Infrared Roses* album. So that was the first thing we started to work on. Bob and Justin and myself went down to Front Street and listened to the music hundreds of times to get the right feeling of where we wanted to go with the visuals.

You made a mix of the music, didn't you?

Yeah, we made a composite, but we listened to it first to figure out what sounds brought about what images, and Justin and Bob created about 10 pages of script with all these things happening in it with really direct connotations to Grateful Dead imagery. As it progressed, we simplified it and made it a lot more loose, not so directly Grateful Dead. What we ended up with when we got to Xaos to start the design process on the animated piece, were really abstract images but with a definite story line. A definite

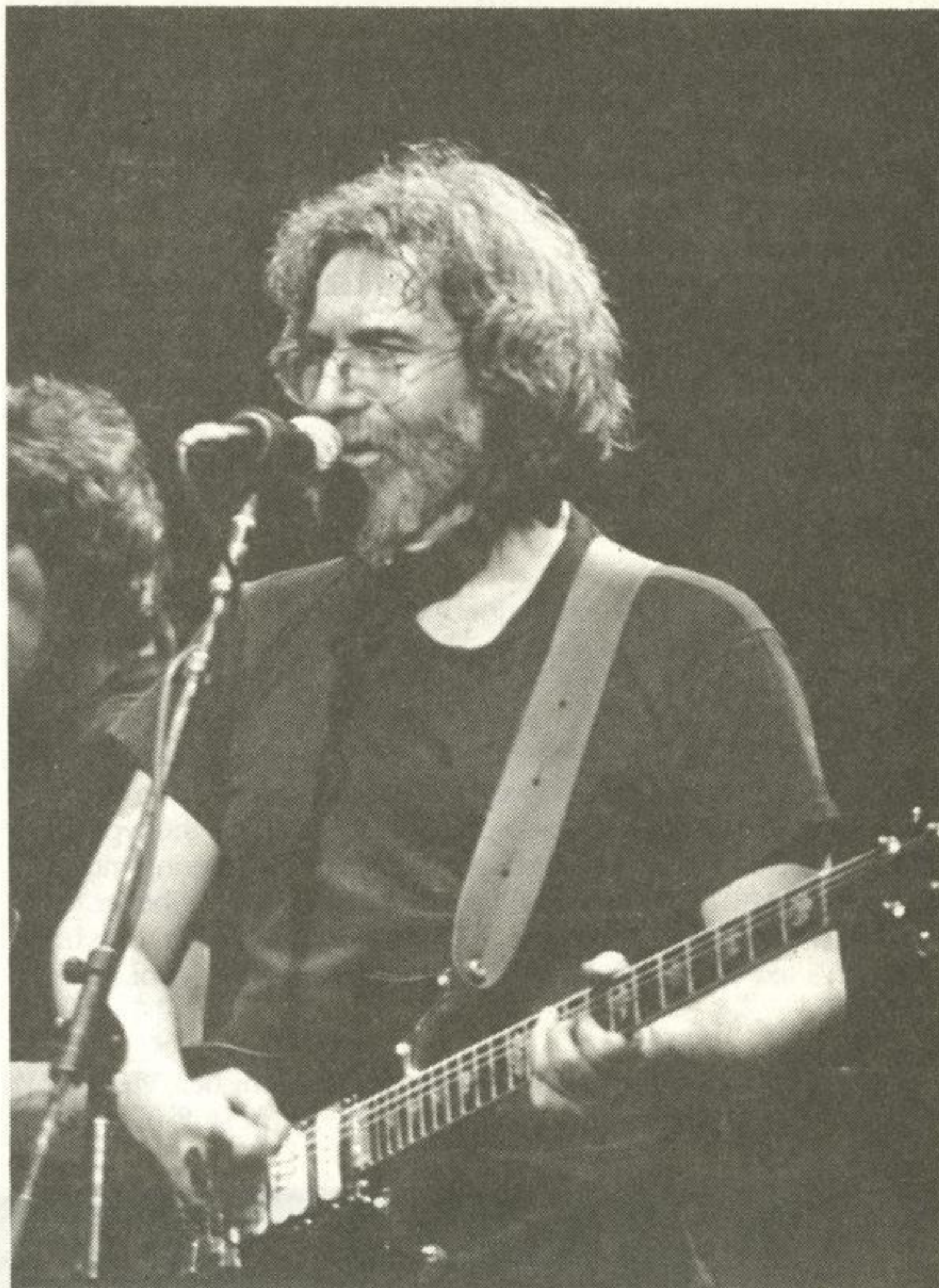
journey that takes you from one place to another. And it's this type of journey that Deadheads, and anybody and everybody, will read their own trip into. It'll mean something different to everybody. It's a journey that we used in context in our video that represents the future. We've taken you from early pre-Grateful Dead, 1963-1964, up through the present, and landed you in the future with this animated piece.

What does it start out with?

It starts off with a composite of "crowd sculpture" from *Infrared Roses* with Deadheads walking around in the present day in the parking lot.

So basically it's a video scrapbook.

Yeah, it's the band's scrapbook. Some of it's Garcia's home movies, some of it's David Nelson's, Ken Kesey's, Gary Lambert's, and Robert Hunter's — all people really connected with the family and with the Dead — and it's got this real intimate home movie style to it. Some black and white 16mm footage we came across from some people in New York was from Columbia University. We had a VHS copy of this, right? Justin was all hyped: "This stuff looks fabulous. Where can we get ahold of this?" So I called a place in New York called Petrified Films, which is a stock film company. They had only released this particular great, crisp, black and white, super-clear footage from Columbia in 1968 once before for some kind of documentary. We ended up doing a trade with these people, and got the master footage within two or three weeks.



Was there sound with it?

We start out with really old, old, old footage like from '64, even some '63, and it loosely takes you through up to '71, although it's not in chronological order. It's kind of like dream travel, as your mind would remember something that isn't always in direct chronological order. Justin and Bill Weber, our editor, successfully accomplished a kind of rhythmic feel to the music, meaning that every image is connected somehow to what's happening in the audio. It's not like most music videos where the image has nothing to do with what's going on in the audio. That was a big thing for Justin. There's little moments like when we used Bill Graham's introduction of the band at the Fillmore before going into the *Hard To Handle*.

Then we take you to a drum piece we call *Fearless Groove*, which Billy, Mickey, and Bob Bralove did for this video. We went to Front Street, and they recorded Billy and Mickey playing a variety of rhythmic instruments. We did that for two days to get numerous different sounds. And then they mixed it, actually much later on, after the spring tour.

We shot, using a Betacam, Billy and Mickey playing these instruments. We didn't know what we were going to do with the piece yet. Then we came up with the idea of keeping the timeline going, even though we had this modern drum footage, taking footage from Europe '74 and incorporating it into the drum piece.

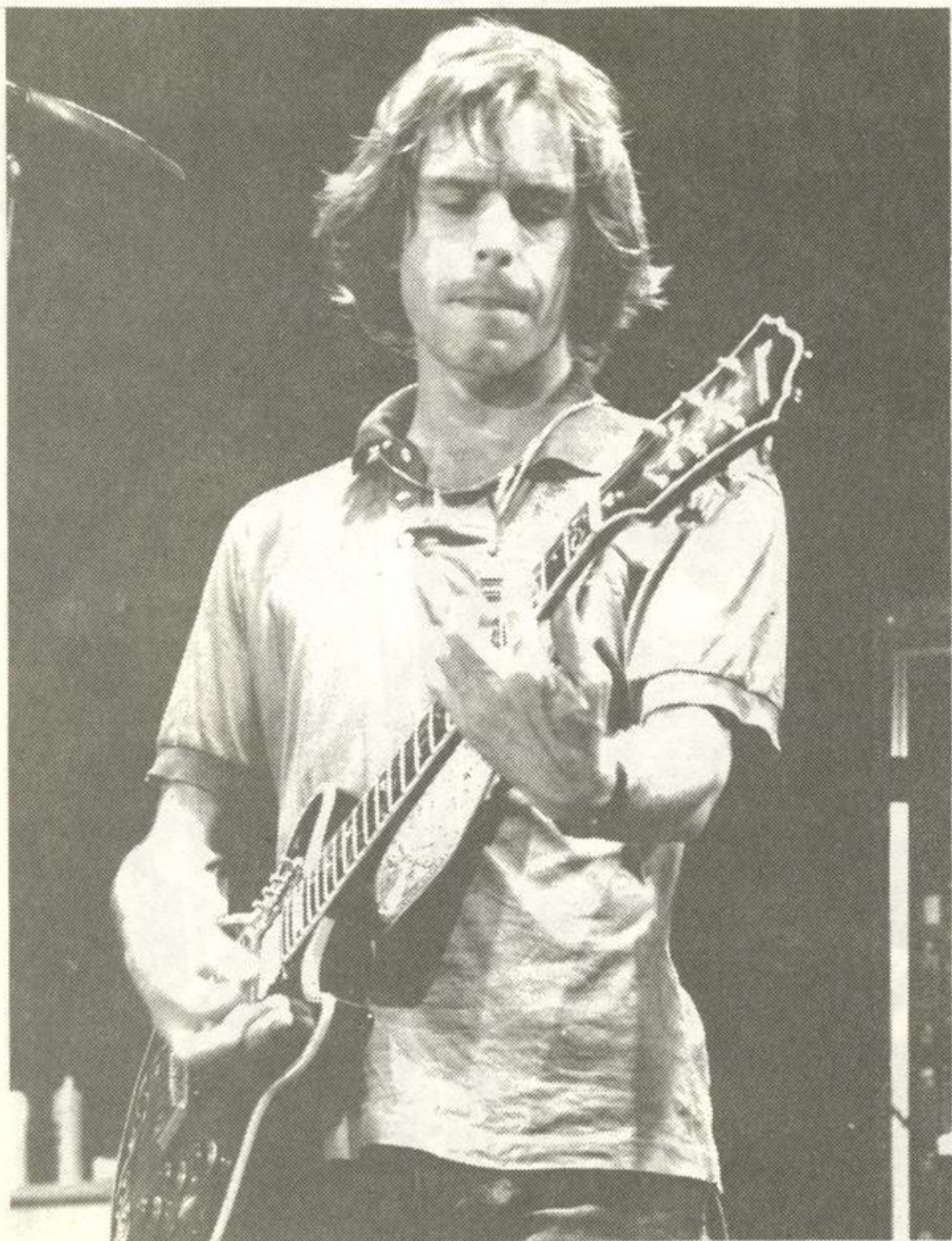


Photo by Philip Gerstheimer

Who shot that footage in Europe '74?

I believe it was Steve Brown. What was neat about all that earlier footage was that although it was home movies, it was all on film. And today, and in the '80s, it was all on *video*, which has a much less grainy, rich quality than film does. But the drum piece takes you up to '78. We kept the timeline going throughout the whole video, yet we incorporated the new footage. We also used some footage from this year's Mardi Gras that Justin shot with his Super-8 camera so that it has this really dream-like quality to it. It's really "wet" and saturated compared to the really dry, crisp *Hard to Handle*. So there's a big contrast. It has this kind of really saturated feel to it throughout the whole piece. It's shorter than *Hard to Handle*. It's only four minutes, but *Hard to Handle* crossfades into *Fearless Groove*. The soundtrack is seamless and continuous.

Next we go into the Egypt section which is 1978. You end up cruising through — you don't even know really where you are at first, because the way Justin and Bob designed it was as if you're cruising around this lake in this mist, then you see the Pharaoh and it comes in, and then you see the band, and it gradually builds with the music until everything's being revealed to you. There's this real sense of discovery in the video. It's the type of thing you can watch over and over and keep discovering more and more stuff. That's the real beauty in it. I think it's better to have a jam-packed 35 minutes than a not-so-interesting, one hour tape. It's like if you blink, you could miss something cool. I like that.

It's not very straightforward. It's more impressionistic. We used some of Gary Biddle's home movies for the Egypt stuff (Gary is a

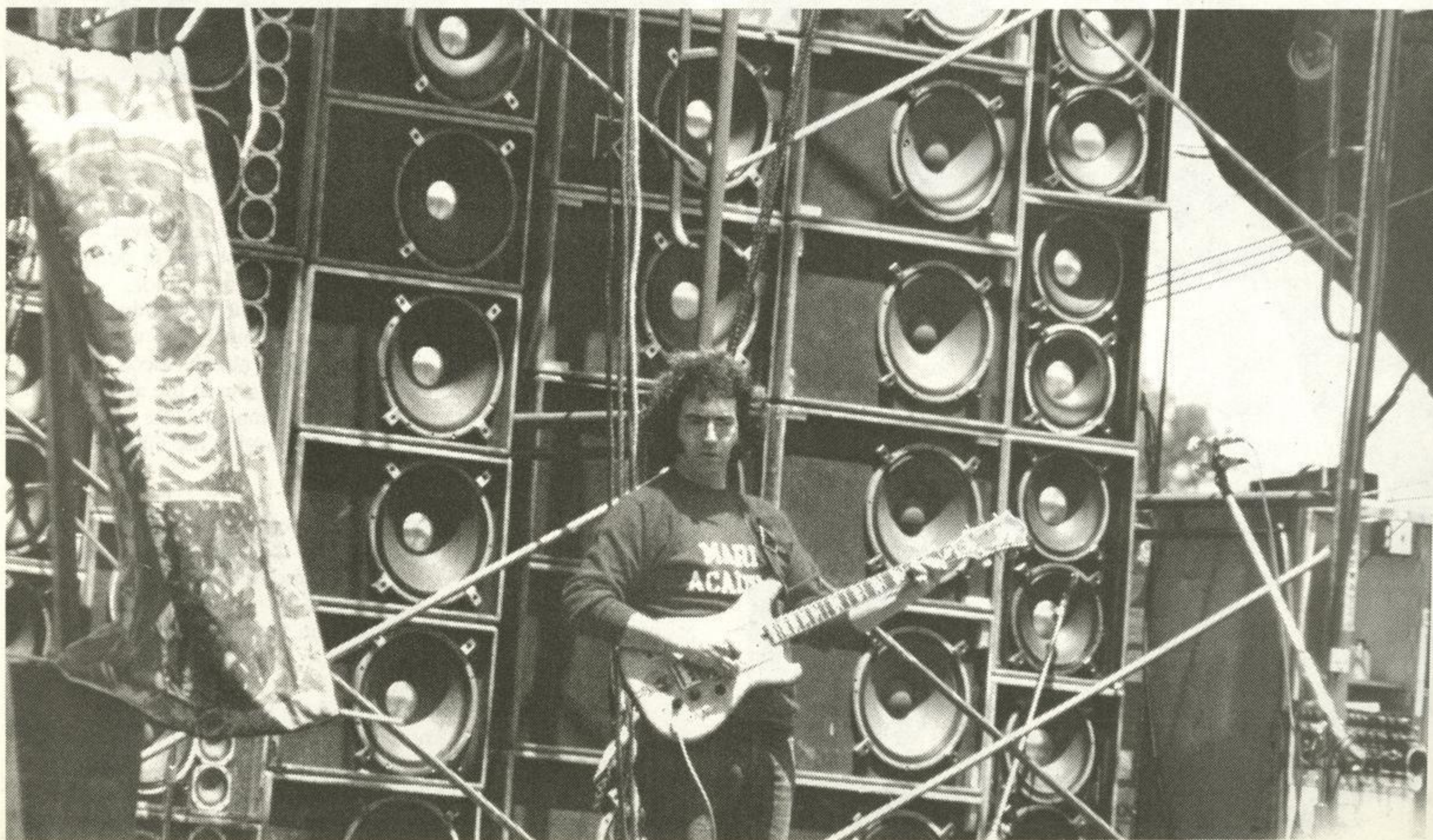


Photo by Bob Jacquin

good friend of Kesey's) and Richard Lauren (who used to manage the Dead) provided us with the Super-8. Mickey Hart also hired somebody to shoot some 16mm when he was in Egypt. So that piece really has a kind of crazed, Egypt, high on acid, really electric feel to it. Then it crossfades into our '80s section. It goes into a crowd in the '80s piece called *Easy to Love You*. It's from the live summer tour. One might think it's a really downer piece, because it's a Brent song, but it's really an uplifting piece for me because everyone is happy. It's outdoors. It's bright. There's some shots of Phil and his family. It contains the same feeling of all the other pieces — it's very intimate. It's very *backstage pass*. That's where the whole title came from — we're giving you an intimate look at the band, something you'd never get as an audience member, a perspective of watching and seeing the band in a way that you've never seen it before, or would ever get a chance to.

Then we take you up to the present where we see Jerry, Bob, and Phil in a really simple setup — just the three of them on chairs playing an acoustic *She Belongs to Me*.

Any reason that song was chosen?

Because Justin wanted to do a Dylan tune that they are not currently playing onstage, yet has a history with them. He wanted the Jerry/Bobby trade-off of verses, because Bobby used to sing it in '65 and Jerry sang it when they brought it back in '85. It was funny because we'd been setting up all day long and the musicians finally show up and Phil's the last to arrive. He says, "I have to be somewhere in about 40 minutes." And I'm frantic. So I yell, "Crew on set! Get on set! We have to finish filming in 40 minutes!" But we nailed it. They played really well.

Want to tell us a little bit about the process of making the Infrared Roses video piece?

Well, it's a lengthy process. We spent a great deal of time with the people at Chaos the first month or so. Bob, Justin, and I had a group of about eight animators, a director, and their producer. We'd have these "Design Meetings." We'd all sit around a table, and we'd listen to this 3 1/2 minute composite that Bob had made up. We'd listen to the music beat by beat and decide what was happening at that moment, visually. And through that, we came up with the storyboard of where we were going with this video. Yet it was very tedious to do this way, frame by frame, literally. So it was pretty extensive, something like 5,000 frames. Bob was very, very adamant on pushing the feeling — the feeling of where the music was — to the visuals. He wouldn't let anything go past him that wasn't completely defined. There was nothing arbitrary about it.

Is it more textural or is there literal imagery in it? Are there identifiable objects, faces, shapes, versus the sort of textural, geometric or amorphous blob, or is it more like fractals?

No. It starts off with a version of the Grateful Dead logo — the *steal your face*. And it's a spaceship. It's very Geiger-esque and alien-like. It's the symbol of the Grateful Dead and the only one we use. The spaceship takes you through this kind of underwater wasteland journey until it gets to this spiral vortex of liquid bubbles. Great bubbles. Beautiful indigo bubbles in which you see the band and the band slides by you. It's kind of strange, but true.

Strange but true.

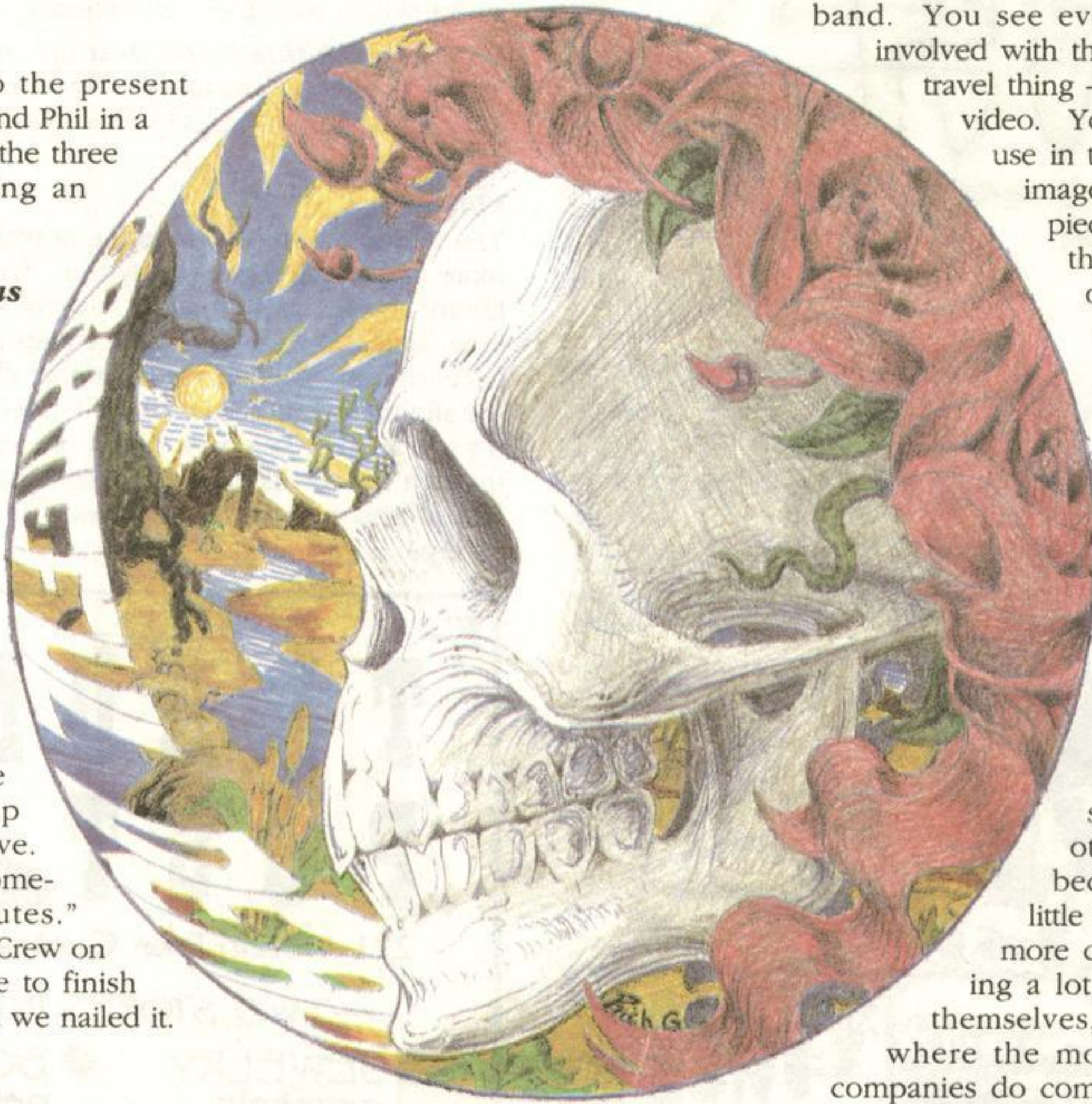
Yes. Strange but true. And you see everybody in the band. You see everybody who's ever been involved with the band. It's kind of a time travel thing — it encapsulates the whole video. You'll see that the images we use in the bubbles are some of the images you've seen in the other pieces. So it kind of ties everything together. Then you're out of there and the spaceship goes into this *Dark Star*-like planet, and it flies into it and explodes into splendid, beautiful colors of tie-dye in space.

It's a very expensive process. But Chaos really worked their asses off for us — the animators got way into it. They're a fairly new company, but they're a company that started with people who left other prestigious companies because they wanted to be a little bit more wacky — a little bit more creative. They've been taking a lot of commercials to sustain themselves, because obviously that's where the money is. Most animation companies do commercials anyway. So they

were very eager when this project came along to take it, because it offered free-reign creativity for them. At one point their producer said, "I can't control them, they won't go back to work for anything else. They come in, stay all night, and work on these things. They'd do 28 hour shifts working on this video. I can't believe it. They've gone insane."

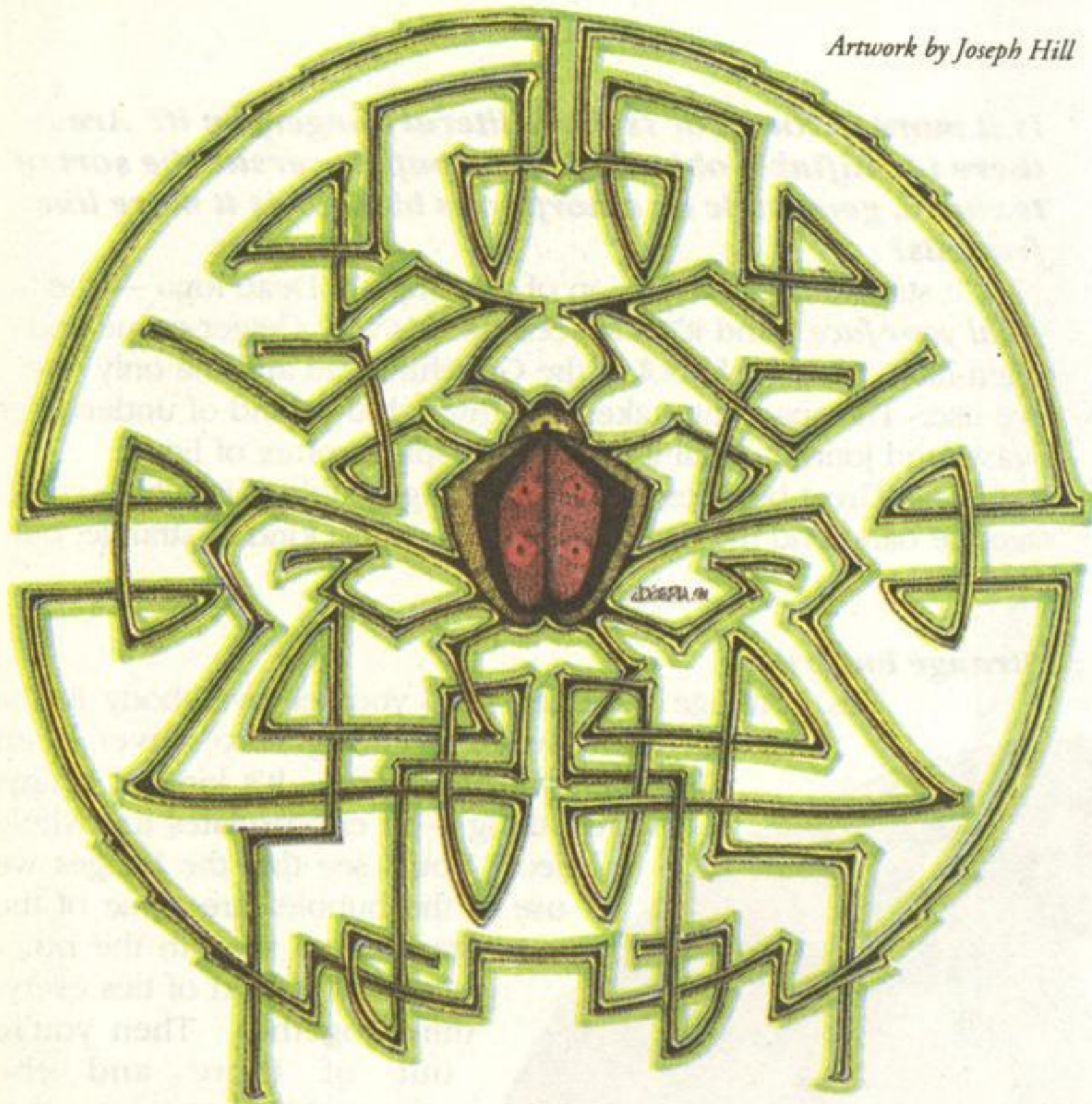
It takes a lot of time, because the rendering of each frame takes at least an hour. The thing that blows me away is that this art, these beautiful, colors and imagery, is coming out of pure computer-generated mathematics. It's programmed in number by number, line by line. It's all mathematics. It represents the direct connection between science and art. It's really amazing to me.

Does any part of this hold any hope of getting on MTV? Not that that's a goal that you would necessarily want.



Artwork by Richard Good

Artwork by Joseph Hill



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BRING THE TOUR HOME

Actually, MTV's Liquid Television has been very interested in the *Infrared Roses* piece. We are currently negotiating with them, so you'll most likely see it. I can't promise it in its entirety, but there will be some of it shown.

Why would you not put copy protection on it?

We spent a great deal of money and time on making this audio the best audio that you could ever get on a video — completely stereo, completely digital component. And we did something that's never been done before, although actually Tom Petty tried to do it and failed. We went to get a digital master at Ocean View and we took it directly from the hard drive of the computer that masters directly to D2 tape, which has never really been done before successfully. So what you're getting is the highest and purest form of audio on this videotape. And to put a copy protection on this might limit some of that signal and limit the audio, which would be self-defeating.

Do you think this is the first of several videos of this sort?

We'll see how people like it. This summer we got approval to do a Vault restoration project where we're going to try and restore the Vault.

Video-wise.

Yes, a video vault. We're going to try and beef up the library more. Collecting footage anyway. We wanted to expand the library and get more footage in there and preserve it onto digital tape, so that if another project comes along, we'll be ready, because in no way do we claim that this 35 minute video is like *the* all-time documentary of the Grateful Dead. It's just a look. It's just an impression. It's kind of everything that's slipped through the cracks that wasn't good enough to use as an entire piece. And we just took all those things and kind of made it our own piece. ♦

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The Grateful Dead scene can often be so surreal that you need to pinch yourself to determine the difference between reality and something else. As strange as the scene can be when wide awake, it pales in comparison to the wild and woolly events that often transpire while under the spell of a deep snooze.

For some time now, we at DDN have been making unofficial treks into the realms of the Deadhead subconscious, unearthing somnambulistic encounters that might even make Sigmund Freud raise an eyebrow (although Carl Jung would feel right at home). It started with a dream I had a few years back...

I'm walking in the Safeway and all of the sudden, it's the boys, perfectly situated above the meat and poultry section, starting a set with a version of the Beatles' Get Back, as a sea of twirling Deadheads woogie and boogie beside the butter and margarine. Soon, I woke up, in bed, without my groceries. (As if to screw with my head even more, the Dead actually played Get Back several months later!) But that dream caused two revelations: First, it made me realize that my experiences with the Grateful Dead had permanently etched a nook deep within my subconscious, and second, it got me thinking. Could I be the only one to have such a delightfully strange encounter with the boys in the REM mode? Quite obviously not. Thus, Dr. Don's Deadhead Dreams column was born. We asked for your submissions of similar dream encounters with the Grateful Dead — only real dreams, of course. To our complete amazement the responses — accounts of subconscious shmoozing and somnambulistic antics with uncle Jerry, Bob, Phil, Billy, Mickey and the rest of the gang — started flooding in and they haven't stopped! After a long absence, the column reappears in this issue. All of the surreal and hilarious scenarios that follow are (as far as we know) real dreams that our readers have sent us. We invite you to keep sending us your dreams, and as long as they keep on coming, we'll keep on printing them...

Dr. Don

Dear Dr. Don:

It's funny, but I've often wondered if I was crazy having a dream about Jerry and the boys on occasion, or just some lucky Deadhead bestowed with a rare privilege. However, when DDN requested accounts of Grateful Dead dreams, I concluded that I was not the only one who counted the links in *Unbroken Chain* to fall asleep or visits *Terrapin Station* on a weekly basis.

Many mornings (about twice a month) I have awakened with a smile on my face trying to remember the previous night's festivities in my own Phil Zone. My college roommates can't believe the frequency of these dreams, nor the pleasure they

receive in listening to them. Anyway, here is my most recent one.

In another time's forgotten space, I found myself in the midst of a deep blue sea of love with my best friend Brent (Yoder that is), who was screaming, "Roll away the dew, man."

"What dew?" I screamed, perplexed.

"The dew man, roll away the dew!" Brent answered, but not in response to my question. Totally bewildered, I realized that I was in the Atlantic ocean and the dew was not only all over my body (the ocean's water), but also onstage. The Grateful Dead were about 100 yards out in the water, performing on a floating stage, one that buoyed to the ripple of the Atlantic's water. My friend Brent was not talking to me, but singing the words to *Franklin's Tower*. I vividly remember turning and gazing at the beach and seeing hundreds of Heads dancing madly to the beat of the Dead's music. In front of the stage were a bunch of fans floating around in inflated alligator rafts, in hopes that the boys would break out *Alligator*. Likewise, wrapped around the stage in an inflated chain, were Heads cheering, "We want Phil." Of course they wanted *Unbroken Chain*.

The funniest part of the whole dream occurred when Jerry cracked a joke. The band, especially Mickey and Billy, would occasionally get a little wet from a wave which broke early. Jerry stepped up to the mike and said, "We're all getting a little wet up here from the wake of the flood, how 'bout you guys?" I remember thinking that it's always great when Jerry smiles or makes it clearly evident that he's really "into it." Kind of like that face Jerry always gives us when he knows he's up to something.

The last thing I remember (right before I woke up) was going underwater and swimming toward the stage. Bob was singing, "You know it's gonna get stranger, so let's get on with the show." First of all, I could see perfectly (like in a pool), and as I swam toward the stage, I saw images of the band and the audience. Everywhere underwater were these rotating mirrors, and each individual fan and band member had his or her own separate mirror. Each was spinning, trapped, yet totally free, confined to their individual reflecting world, which can only be found at a Dead show. Kind of spacey, kind of *Dark Starish*, kind of made me look forward to Fall tour!

The next thing I remember is waking up with a smile on my face and humming the words to *Attics of My Life*. "In the secret space of dreams, where I, dreaming, lay amazed. When the secrets all are told, and the petals all unfold, when there was no dream of mine, you dreamed of me."

Wayne Dovan

Dear Dr. Don,

Wow! Do I have a dream for you! It's pretty short but plenty weird! This dream occurred this past spring before the Nassau Coliseum shows and it still puzzles me.

I am an obsessive compulsive when it comes to my Dead tix. I check and count them every day just to make sure they're all still there! If I'm at a show, I check my pocket every 5 minutes just to make sure one of them didn't jump out!

OK, so here's my dream: I drive into the Nassau Coliseum parking lot in my 1973 VW bug which is painted exactly like Herbie, the Lovebug. I park Herbie, and when I get out of my car this GIANT asparagus grabs my tickets right out of my hand. I HATE asparagus! The Asparagus, dressed in a tie-dye and Birkenstocks, is holding my tickets over his head and laughing at me as I jump up and down trying to nab my tix, when all of a sudden Jerry Garcia appears, larger than life, with a huge fork and eats the asparagus, tickets and all!

I woke up and checked to see if my tickets were still on my shelf and much to my relief, they were. I confronted my psychology

professor about this dream, but she, along with the rest of the class, laughed at me.

Help, Dr. Don! This dream is a bit too weird for me!

Sincerely,
Gerry Kaufhold

Dear Gerry,

Shame on your professor; this is no laughing matter! Overly aggressive vegetables are becoming an all-too-common adversarial antagonist in the Dead community today. Recently, paramedics at almost every show have been reporting Deadheads choking on carrot sticks wolfed down too quickly on the way in to the show. At least four Deadheads have reported suffering high blood pressure due to over-salted popcorn during set breaks, and countless hundreds have suffered unbearably distended bellies as a result of ingesting even the smallest amount of stir-fried broccoli with rice obtained in parking lots after shows. This is unquestionably the karmic repayment to us for our mindless assault on the natural world! The only sure way of coming to terms with this dilemma is to make psychic amends to



Artwork by Bryan Ain

the vegetables in your life. First, you must make peace with your mortal enemy asparagus: From now on, in a show of complete faith, you must store your tickets in the vegetable bin in your fridge along with a fresh batch of asparagus (frozen will suffice in the off-season). Second, you must plant one vegetable in your backyard for every Dead ticket you purchase (sorry, we cannot recommend marijuana in this instance). Becoming a strict carnivore might help as well, but this would cause other obvious problems.

Dr. Don

Dear Dr. Don:

After a long evening glued to the tube during the Gulf War, I fell into a listless sleep at the end of which I had this dream. At the beginning of the it, I find myself in a movie theater watching a 1920's style silent newsreel. The film is very scratchy and all of the characters in it move about at an abnormally fast pace (just like in Keystone Cops movies). Wild honky tonk piano music accompanies the newsreel.

In the film the Dead are on tour in the Persian Gulf, obviously entertaining the troops. I see myself in the newsreel in an "old wild west" style hotel which is perched on stilts high above the edge of a large body of water (the Persian Gulf?). This is where the boys are staying, killing time between shows. I'm in the downstairs saloon with a camera around my neck, dressed in "Rat Patrol" desert fatigues, hat and goggles, having a drink, when Dennis McNally, the Dead's publicist, comes in and (as a black posterboard in the film states) announces "a photo opportunity." Jerry, Bobby, and Phil appear on the porch of the hotel in, get this, Pirates baseball team outfits (complete with cleats and stirrups)!! At high speed they clown around for me as I, the only member of the press at the hotel, take photos. Then, without any apparent reason, all three dive off the porch into the water! I run around to the front stairs, go down to the beach and take more photos as they emerge from the water covered in slimy seaweed, clowning around, offering grimaces and strange smiles for my camera.



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That's the whole dream. It couldn't have lasted more than half a minute, but nevertheless, I'm not sure I've ever recovered. Dr. Don, what does this dream mean?

Most confused,
Billy Smith

Dear Billy,

Your dream signifies several things. First, you are subconsciously frustrated that the rock 'n roll generation has no Bob Hope to call its own. But *get real*, Billy, the Grateful Dead as a touring USO group? Sneaking their stash into Muslim countries is far too great a risk for the Dead to ever consider taking! Secondly, the Dead appeared in your dream as professional baseball players because for you, Jerry, Bobby, and Phil are true American heroes. They make almost as much money as baseball players and take almost as many drugs, too. Now why Pittsburgh Pirates? Well Billy, I can't explain *every* aspect of your beautifully twisted mind, all I can say is dream on, my man, dream on!

Dr. Don



Artwork by Gary Houston

Dear Dr. Don,

In my dream, I went to the Orpheum Theatre in Minneapolis to see the Dead play. The first set was smokin'. Everybody danced and had a great time!

When the band came back onstage for the second set, Jerry took over Mickey's drums, Bobby took over Billy's drums, and both Billy and Mickey took the guitars and vocals. That is how they performed the rest of the show. Towards the end of the show, the band quit mid-song, and announced that the show was over because nobody was dancing and having a good time. In fact, many people had already left.

When the lights came on, Dan Healy was handing out toothbrushes wrapped in plastic to the crowd that still remained. He told us they could also be used as a tile and grout brush. I left the theatre and my dream ended.

Brian Hulett

Dear Brian,

This is surely your subconscious telling you that you have been avoiding important house maintenance chores. Before you go to any more shows be sure to scrub the mildew off your bathroom shower!

Dr. Don

Dear Dr. Don:

I'm a blooming Dead-head, and just a few months ago I had a weird dream. I was walking along when I entered a store. For no apparent reason, I slipped a tie-dye under my coat! I was successful in stealing it, and cautiously departed from the store. Only a few steps after I left the store, who else but Bob Weir stopped me and said, "Hey man, you should put that back." And for the longest time we just stared at each other. Then, after that freaked-out experience, I returned the stolen tie-dye and awoke.

Yours Gratefully,
"The Mad Doctor"

Dear Mad Doctor,

This is further proof that the Dead are all-knowing, all-seeing supreme entities who are looking out for your well being, even in your dreams (*GASP!*). At all times they are everywhere and know everything. Mad Doctor, be cool and try to avoid thievery in both your sleeping and waking hours, or sooner or later, the omnipotent Bobby may catch up with you and steal your face right off of your head!

Dr. Don ◊

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WE WILL SURVIVE: THE ENVIRONMENTAL ABCs WE ALL MUST FACE

by Russ Weis

“I know
the Earth
is going
down the tubes,
but there seems
to be
so much to
worry about,
and I
just don't know
how to help
and where
to start...”

Since I've become involved in the environmental movement, I've heard this refrain, or something similar, from many concerned, well-meaning folks. This issue's eco-article is, therefore, devoted to those of you who have uttered such words, either silently or out loud, at one time or another. I know for certain you have within you a great power that, coupled with an abiding love and respect for our planet and all its beings, can be a tremendous force for good. The trick is merely to pick one or two issues that truly move you and then to harness your passion in constructive ways.

All sorts of groups exist that can tell you how to be effective in whatever area you'd like to involve yourself. Since the best place to begin is always at the beginning, I've chosen three broad topics that can be represented by the first three letters of the alphabet to help you on your way. If these don't particularly grab you, then I ask you to find an area that does arouse your concern and get right down to it!

Before we get down to it, though, I'd like to ask you to repeat the following (putting *Eyes of the World* or *We Can Run* on your tapedeck while doing so is optional but highly recommended): “I promise to act on at least one of the suggestions contained in this column immediately after I finish reading it or to find another important environmental problem and take an action relating to it *within the week*.” I'm sure you'll find that carrying out this eco-pledge isn't hard at all and, in fact, that it becomes easier and easier over time to act as a more responsible Earth inhabitant. After all, the 'prevailing belief among those of us lucky enough — and smart enough — to have become involved in the Grateful Dead scene is that we tend to be very worldly people with a high planetary consciousness, so we owe it to ourselves to live up to this image in deeds as well as words.

A. Animals

There's something about our abuse of the Earth's creatures that tends to arouse the feelings of all but the most callous among us. Unfortunately, the guise of science has tended to blind a significant number of otherwise responsible people and led them to perform all sorts of atrocities — including blinding, torturing, and killing — on helpless smaller mammals in the name of supposedly protecting us larger ones. The truth of the matter is that product-testing on animals is totally unnecessary; its only purpose is not to protect us but rather to protect companies *from* us, the consumers, in case we sue. According to L'Oreal, “Animal test results have been instrumental in winning...or preventing cases from ever reaching the courts.”

It's no wonder L'Oreal is the world's most profitable cosmetics company. But why, when no animal tests are required by law and more than 350 other companies have switched to sophisticated non-animal tests or use ingredients known to be safe, is L'Oreal allowed to persist in its cruel abuses? To give just one heartrending example, in one test mice were wrapped head to toe in aluminum foil and then fried alive to test a sunscreen formula!

Unfortunately, other companies also persist in similar barbarism against our fellow feeling creatures. One such company is Gillette, which had a spotlight placed upon it by one of its former employees, who exposed its abuse of animals like rabbits and rats by releasing video footage taken undercover while she was still employed there. The company has since moved its testing operation to an undisclosed independent lab, where it pays outside contractors to continue to poison animals with its products.

What You Can Do

The best way to stop companies like L'Oreal and Gillette is to stop buying their products of pain. For a list of these products you can write or call People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA), P.O. Box 42516, Washington, DC 20015-0516. Their phone number is

301-770-PETA. PETA can provide a complete list of companies that still test on animals as well as those that produce cruelty-free cosmetics and household products. They've even put out this information in a handy little "Cruelty-Free Shopping Guide" that's perfect to take along on tour.

Or you could call L'Oreal at 1-800-631-7358 and Gillette at 617-421-7000 and let them know that you are boycotting them until they stop testing on animals. Or write L'Oreal, c/o Mr. Guy Peyrelongue, President, Cosmair, 575 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10017; and Gillette CEO Alfred M. Zeien at the Gillette Company, Prudential Tower Building, Boston, MA 02199. While you're at it, why not send the Gillette products you've already purchased, (i.e., Right Guard deodorant, Good News razors, Liquid Paper, Tame hair products), to NEAVS, 333 Washington St., Suite 850, Boston, MA 02108-5100. This is a group that's working with PETA and which plans to deliver a "special package" to Gillette sometime soon.

B. Brazil Earth Summit

Officially known as the "United Nations Conference on Environment and Development" (UNCED), this is an event you must have heard of by now, unless you've been living in a bunker (which might not be such a bad idea given the widening ozone

hole). This recently-concluded conference was held in Rio de Janeiro and covered a wide range of existing and potential threats to the global environment caused by the actions of mankind. Areas discussed included energy, homes, wildlife, agriculture, forests, and industry, to name a few.

While most of the other 100 or so heads of state were scheduled to spend at least several days at the world's most important environmental meeting to date, our President's agenda called for him to drop in for a couple of hours — just enough for a self-serving photo opportunity. The Bush administration almost totally distanced itself from the preparations for this momentous gathering and refused to sign agreements regarding issues like reducing global warming and preserving biological diversity, which have already been accepted by the majority of participating nations, because doing so would be too costly to the United States, both financially and in lost jobs. This does not bode well for the prospect of using our nation's vast resources and energies to help fulfill the promise of the Earth Summit.

All this is not surprising, of course, given our so-called "environmental" President's weak track record. For instance, while he hailed the passage of the New Clean Air Act, Bush later undermined its effectiveness by overseeing weak implementing



Artwork by Trebor Smith

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rules. And the Endangered Species Act hasn't exactly been doing too well lately either. In fact, I'll go out on a limb and say that the spotted owl will no longer be spotted anywhere at all, if our northwestern forests continue to be cut at the present rate. (For any of you wondering if there's any truth to the belief that our President is catering to corporate America's deregulatory demands in order to enhance his re-election prospects, consider that small mice are allowed to be fried by a large corporation in order to test stronger and stronger sunscreens while that President simultaneously works against both the halting of global warming *and* the preservation of the world's animals!)

What You Can Do

Start throwing stones in the form of letters filled with ash (from burnt incense to show that you're incensed!) back at those politicians making asses of themselves while the world turns to ashes, beginning with: President George Bush, The White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, DC 20500. Remember, the spotted owl is counting on you, so let's not allow it to start singing its swan song.

C. Chemicals

We've all heard slogans such as "better living through chemicals" and "without chemicals, life itself is impossible." Multinationals, like Dow Chemical, continually perpetuate the idea that all the products they manufacture are absolutely indispensable to keep our civilization flowing along smoothly. Well, the truth of the matter is that while some of what is produced does have a legitimate use, most of this prodigious corporate output is not only wholly unnecessary, but also quite harmful to most forms of life.

It's not hard to see the disastrous consequences of chemical production, when a dramatic situation occurs like that in India a few years ago, when a toxic cloud escaped from an industrial plant, engulfing and poisoning many people in Bhopal. However, the situation is just as grave, if not quite so dramatic, every day here at home, where eight out of ten Americans live near a toxic waste dump or source of toxic discharge. Everything from skin disorders to reproductive mutations and cancer are the results of having such deadly neighbors.

Perhaps most alarming of all is that chemicals are widely used in our nation's agricultural system. The amount of chemical fertilizers and pesticides involved in producing our food is staggering. One recent study undertaken by the Public Interest Research Group (PIRG) found 73 pesticides in the groundwater of 34 states. Speaking of water, polluters are dumping almost *ten billion* pounds of toxic chemicals into our nation's waters.

Tom Robbins once wrote that "human beings were invented by water as a device for transporting itself from one place to another." Well, if we keep mistreating our liquid inventor, who could blame it if it decided to scrap its unfaithful invention the same way we scrap our rusted metal? Let's face it, folks, water is vital to our survival and if we keep dumping in it, it's just as if we're pouring ourselves down the drain.

What You Can Do

One great group that you might contact is the Campaign to Save the Environment, which helped build grass roots power to pass the Toxics Use Reduction Law. This was the first law to attack toxic pollution at the source, by mandating reductions in the use of chemicals in agribusiness and industry. This comprehensive

campaign is looking for help with a variety of crucial issues besides reduction of deadly chemicals, including sustainable energy and recycling, so why not pitch in and show your worth by calling them at 1-800-75-EARTH!

Adopting the way of the Tao instead of the way of the Dow would also be a great way to rid our lives of unwanted chemicals. Nature automatically stays in balance, which means we merely need to find and use natural ways to deal with the things we currently use commercially produced chemicals to "take care of." While you're writing to PETA, you might also ask them to send you their "Homemade Household Products Recipes" sheet, which is chock full of all sorts of useful information regarding how to replace toxic commercial products with natural ones.

For instance, here's an idea useful the very next time that you go on tour: Just take a little baking soda when you go out your door and pass right on by the expensive drugstore! Baking soda is a versatile natural product that can be used for everything from washing dishes to cleaning your car's windshield to brushing your teeth to protecting you from the sun. In fact, baking soda can

even be used as a mouthwash and deodorant, so bring some along to take care of your hygienic woes and you'll come off feeling good *and* smelling like a rose!

Say *yes!* to organically grown produce, which is starting to become widely available through health-food stores in many places. Better yet, grow some of your own food. If enough of us start doing this, we might be able someday to get rid of "big" agriculture with its factory farming and overuse of pesticides and chemical fertilizers.

For those who really want to dig in, the Natural Organic Farmers Association (NOFA) is holding its 18th Annual Summer Conference at Hampshire College in Amherst, Massachusetts from August 14-16. Here's a sampling of over 150 course offerings confirmed to date: "Kids in the Garden," "Does Organic Mean Socially Responsible?," "Weed Wisdom Walk," "Choosing A Cover Crop," "Llamas — Why?," "Personal & Planetary Sustainability," and my personal favorite, "Breaking Even With Pigs." For more info on this exciting weekend, contact NOFA, 411 Sheldon Road, Barre, MA 01005.



Artwork by Jennifer Dohanos

A final quiz question to wrap up this section: Which crop that begins with a C is grown in one of the worst ways, environmentally speaking? If you said "cotton" then give yourself an A! Now for the bonus question: Which commodity, often found at shows, is made from cotton? If you guessed t-shirts, then you've learned your ABCs to a T. Imagine what could happen if every time we purchased a tie-dye we asked the vendor (who is probably an extremely enlightened person and would welcome your suggestion) to look into organically grown, unbleached cotton (as well as natural dyes). Hey, it may not be totally viable right now, but if enough of us consumers ask the retailers, they'll ask their wholesalers, and you and I know that the "ripple" effect cannot be denied — especially in the world of the colorfully tie-dyed! Intrigued? Then just call Bob Kurkela to learn more: 914-782-0311.

As does the alphabet, the list of environmental concerns goes on. The important thing is not to agonize over which one to focus on but to just pick one *now* and make a start towards doing your part. For those of you not moved by the ABCs, here are just a couple more worthy items to check out:

Dupree's Diamond News' Green/Clean Team is as good a choice as any to represent the letter D. The purpose of this group is to help all those who attend shows to act in an environmentally responsible manner. We do this by working toward getting all venues to set up recycling facilities in the parking lots and arenas, and by encouraging the use of recyclable items by venue concessionaires. Of course, there is much more that can be done, but that depends on how many of you would like to get involved. The DDN Green Team held its first meeting during the break of the second show at Albany, (Friday, June 12th), and we plan to hold more meetings when we can. I'd personally like to thank all of you wonderful folks who have gotten involved, and I encourage others of you who would like to make a real difference on tour to write me at P.O. Box 215, Jonesville, VT 05466-0215.

E stands for the "East Coast Greenway (ECG)." This is a proposed off-road trail for hiking, biking, and other nonmotorized forms of travel. Envisioned as "a network of routes along the East Coast, reaching into the hearts of the urban areas and connecting them to each other and to the countryside," the project will start by connecting several existing and proposed trails reaching from



Artwork by Jennifer Dohanos

Boston down to Washington, DC. Cities along the way include Providence, New Haven, Westport, New York City, Princeton, Philadelphia, Reading, Baltimore, and Annapolis, among others.

E also stands for the ECG Exploratory Tour, which got underway with a send-off ceremony on July 4th at the State House in Boston. A hearty bunch of volunteers have started to hike and bike the proposed spine route, laying a ribbon of green all along the way! The tour is looking for people to get involved by either participating in the trip or helping to organize local activities in each city, where there will be a ceremony and other activities like teach-ins. The tour culminates in Washington on July 30th, so come on, all you touring heads, now that summer Dead tour is over, why not get back on the road for a few days. Since you won't be utilizing those dirty fossil fuels, you'll be sure to be going down the road feeling great, not bad. Those interested can contact Tom Pendleton for more information at The Wayfarers, PO Box 73408, Washington, DC 20056/202-265-1418. ♦

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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

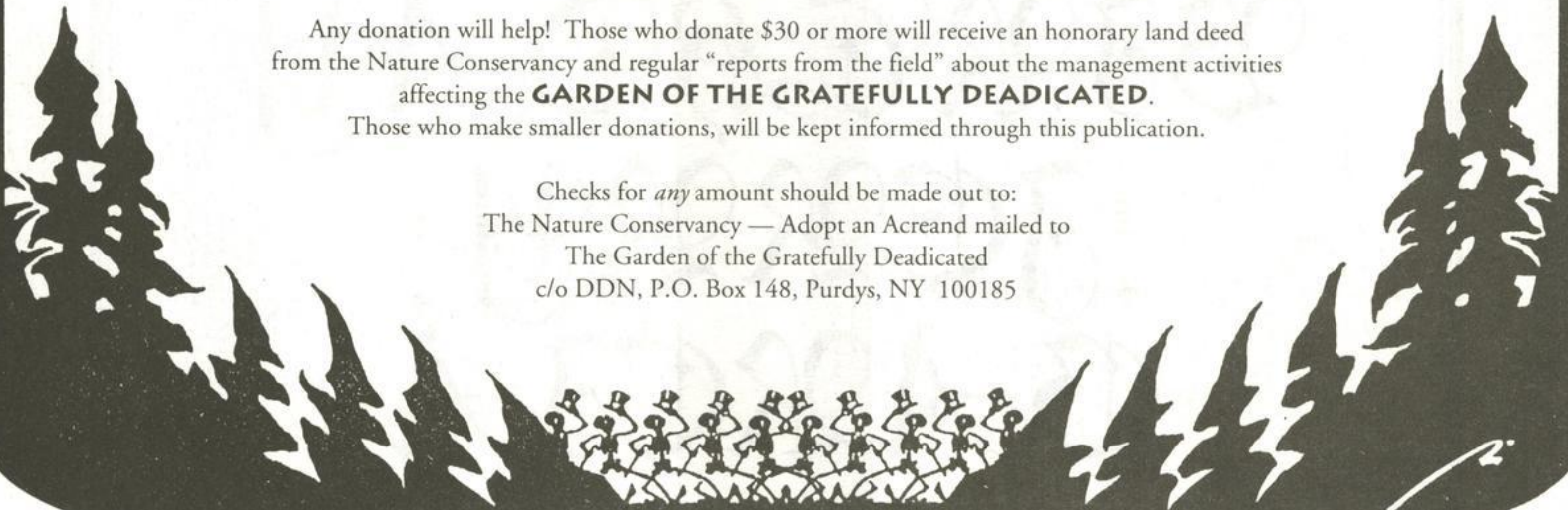
DDN and the Nature Conservancy recently joined forces to create a special DEADHEAD-Funded Rainforest Preserve in the Sierra de Las Minas Reserve in Guatemala. We purchased over 100 acres there — all we could from that region, and are now onto our **THIRD GARDEN OF THE GRATEFULLY DEADICATED!!!**

Every \$30 we raise now will *permanently* protect one acre of endangered rainforest land in **Mbaracayu Forest Reserve, Paraguay**. Your contribution, no matter how small, will show the world that 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 148, Purdys, NY 100185



SET LISTS

JGB — KAISER, CA

February 7, 1992
Cats Under The Stars
He Didn't Give You None
Money Honey
Lazy Bones
Run for the Roses
Sisters & Brothers
Too Quiet Now
Senior
Deal

Shining Star
Waiting for a Miracle
Think
No Bread in Breadbox
Struggling Man
Evangeline
Lay Down Sally
*Wonderful World
17 Songs

OAKLAND COLISEUM, OAKLAND, CA — MARDI GRAS

February 22, 1992
Bertha>
Promised Land
Stagger Lee
Wang Dang Doodle
So Many RoadsY
Queen Jane Approx.
Loose Lucy
Wave to the Wind>
Don't Ease Me In

One More Sat. Nt.
Mississippi Half Step>
Estimated Prophet>
He's Gone>
Drums>Space>
The Wheel>
Watchtower>
Black Peter>
Sugar Magnolia
*US Blues
18 Songs

February 23, 1992
Hell In A Bucket
Peggy-O
Walkin' Blues
Ramble On Rose
Way to go Home<<
Black-Throated Wind
Corina+

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Playing in the Band>
Terrapin Station>
Drums™>Space>
I Need A Miracle>
Stella Blue>
Throwin' Stones>
Not Fade Away
*Box of Rain
16 Songs

No Bruce Hornsby

February 24, 1992
Touch of Grey
Feel Like A Stranger
Friend of the Devil
Masterpiece
Althea
Cassidy

Iko Iko
Corina
The Other One>
Way to go Homo>
The Same Thing>
Drums>Space>
Wave to the Wind>
The Other One>
So Many Roads>
Lovelight
*Quinn
15 Songs

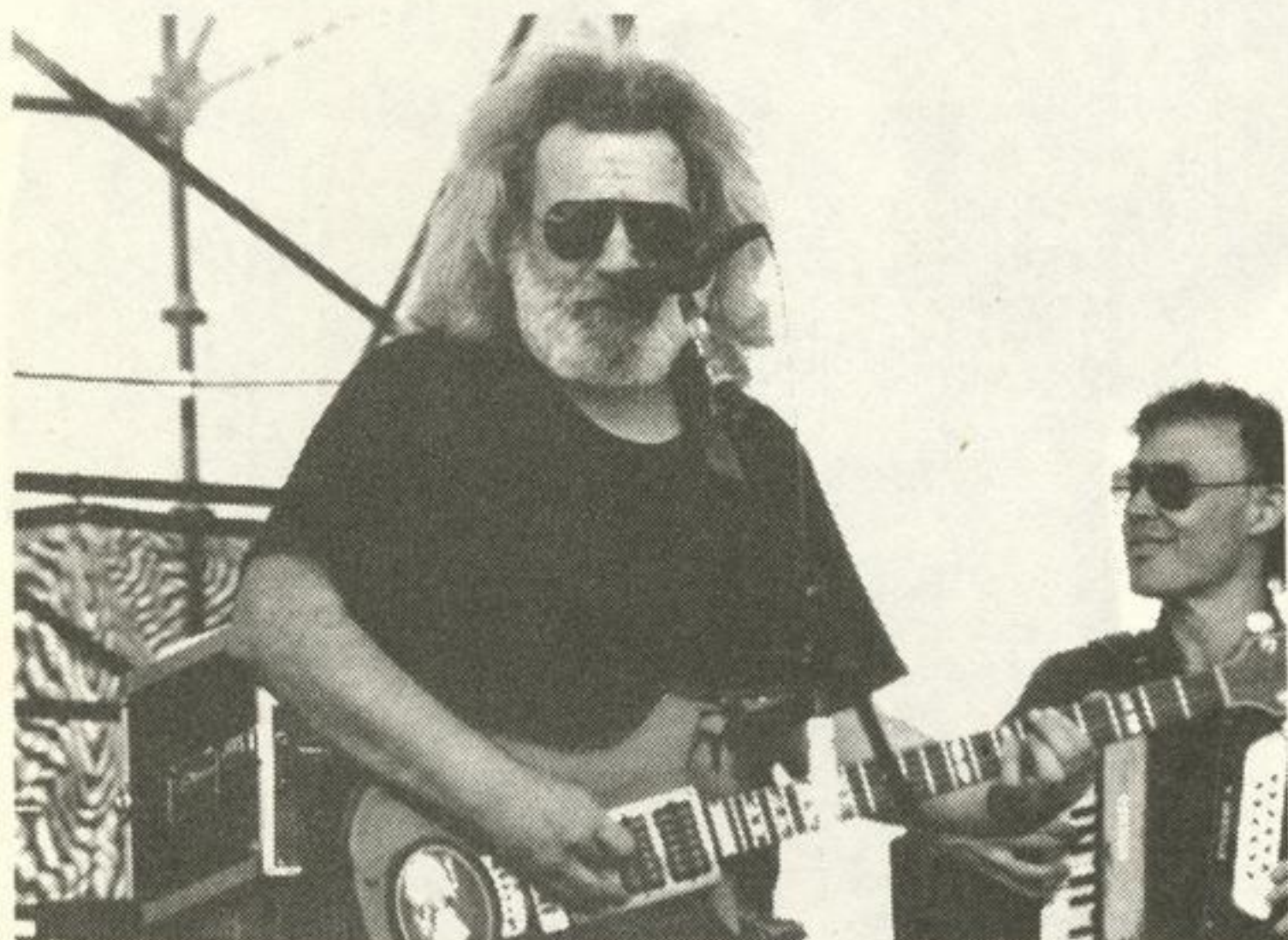
OMNI, ATLANTA, GA W/BRUCE!

March 1, 1992
Jack Straw
Althea
Wang Dang Doodle
Row Jimmy
Memphis Bls. Again
So Many Roads>
Picasso Moon
Don't Ease Me In

St. of Circumstance>
Way to go Home>
Scarlet Begonias>
Fire on the Mountain>
Drums>Space>
The Last Time>
Black Peter
Sugar Magnolia
*The Weight
17 Songs

March 2, 1992
Cold Rain & Snow
Little Red Rooster
Brown-Eyed Woman
It's All Over Now
Loser
Masterpiece
Deal

China Cat Sunflower>
I Know You Rider
Women Are Smarter>
Terrapin Station>
Drums>Space>
The Other One>
Stella Blue>
Around 'n Around
*Knockin'
15 Songs




Spring Tour '92: Billy makes a statement with his drum cover!

Photo by Stephanie Jennings

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August 22,23 Veneta, OR*
August 25,26,27 Shoreline, CA*
Sept. 9,10,11 Cap Ctr, Landover, MD*
Sept. 13,14,15 Philly Spectrum, PA*
Sept 17,18,19,21,22,23 MSG, NYC*
Sept 25,26,27,29,30, Oct. 1 Boston Garden, MA* ♦

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