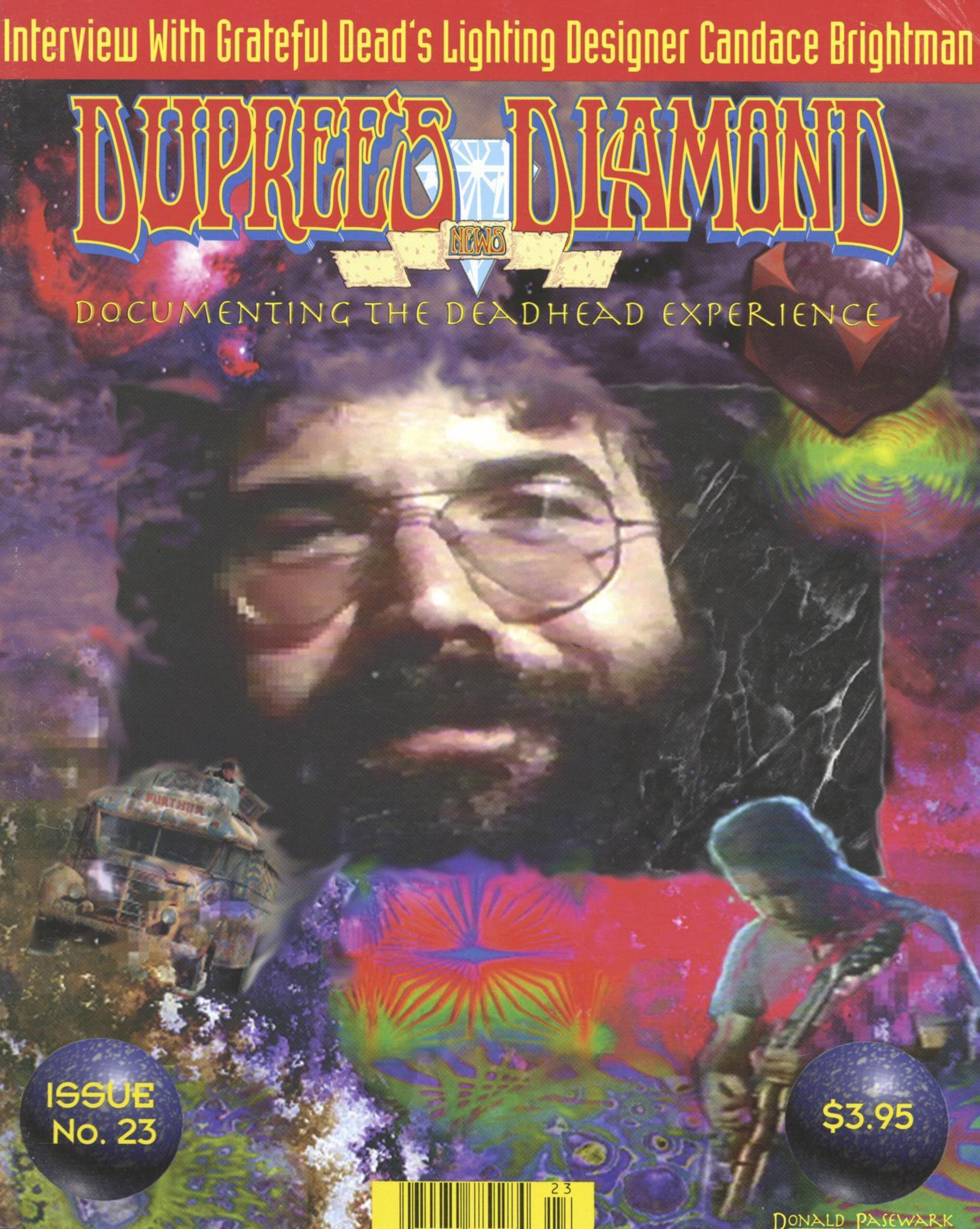


Interview With Grateful Dead's Lighting Designer Candace Brightman

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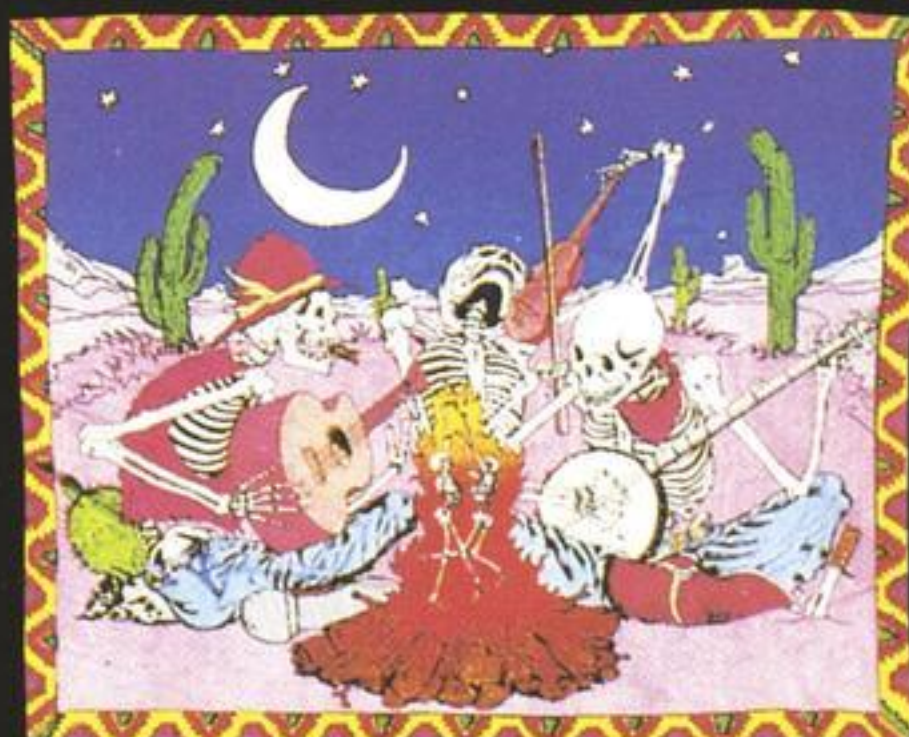
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N E W S

Volume V — Issue 2
23rd Edition — November 1992

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Statement of Purpose:

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

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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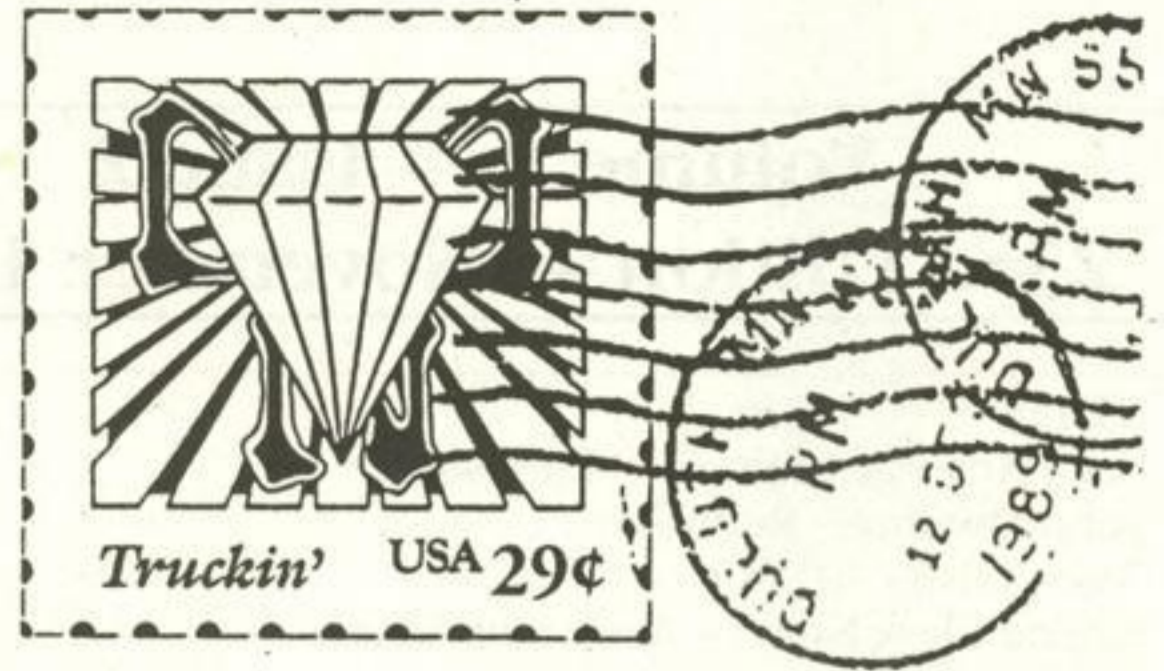
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NEXT ISSUE: More
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Letters To The Editor



To Whom It May Concern:

Enclosed is a check in the amount of \$150.00 payable to The Nature Conservancy — Adopt an Acre program for the permanent protection of five acres of rainforest in the Forest Preserve in Paraguay. Our organization, Environmentally Concerned Organized Students, sold rainforest crunch ice cream cones to the student body to raise this money. We hope that through the efforts of concerned people everywhere much of the destruction of the rainforests can be halted.

Sincerely,
Chittenango High School
Chittenango, NY ◊

Dear DDN:

I very much appreciate what you are doing to help conserve the rainforests.

I am not a Deadhead, but my parents are and receive your magazine. I was looking through it, and I saw the information on Adopt an Acre and I said, "Wow, that'd be a cool thing to do!" So I got some money together and here it is.

I'm 14 years old and very troubled, wondering if there will ever be a rainforest for me and/or my children. But thanks in part to your help to conserve it, I have a feeling there very well might be.

Thanks, and continue the great work!

Sincerely,
Rena Koval

Deaditor's Note: These are just a couple of the letters we've received about the Garden of the Gratefully Deadicated. We have heard from people all around the world. A number of school groups of all ages, as well as senior citizen groups, have made contributions, along with businesses and more individuals than we can count. We'd like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who have contributed to this important and worthy cause, and also the Nature Conservancy for their outstanding work. To date, through *DDN*, we have raised over \$21,000, enough to save approximately 700 acres of rainforest land in three different locations. Come spring, we will be moving to yet another Garden of the Gratefully Deadicated in Brazil. We're very excited about this, and will keep you posted. ◊

Dear DDN:

I regularly check out the **What a Long Strange Trip It's Been** category on the Music RoundTable on the computer information service GENIE. One of the topics I began was for a hypothetical *Deadicated II* album: If the Dead were to do a second *Deadicated* volume, who should be on it and what tunes should they perform? I thought you folks might be interested in what has been suggested:

- Willie Nelson — *Black Peter*
- The Who — *Playing in the Band* (medley with *Won't Get Fooled Again*)
- Simon and Garfunkel — *Box of Rain*
- Timbuk3 — *When Push Comes to Shove*
- The Who — *Terrapin Station*
- Frank Zappa — *What's Become of the Baby?*
- They Might Be Giants — *Friend of the Devil*
- Sting — *Foolish Heart*
- Judy Collins — *Brokedown Palace*
- Jefferson Airplane — *Hell in a Bucket*
- The Clash — *The Golden Road (To Unlimited Devotion)*
- Pink Floyd — *Dark Star*
- Prince — *The Music Never Stopped*

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 Johnny Cash — *Looks Like Rain*
 Traveling Wilburys — *Dupree's Diamond Blues*
 Mojo Nixon — *I Need a Miracle*
 Tom Waits — *I Will Take You Home*

And some tongue-in-cheek entries (I hope):

Debbie Boone — *Casey Jones*
 Mister Ed — *Run for the Roses*
 Jimmy Swaggart — *Knockin' on Heaven's Door*
 Desi Arnaz — *Loose Lucy*

Take care, enjoy!
 Steve Johgart
 Ann Arbor, MI ◊

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Jeff Badal ◊



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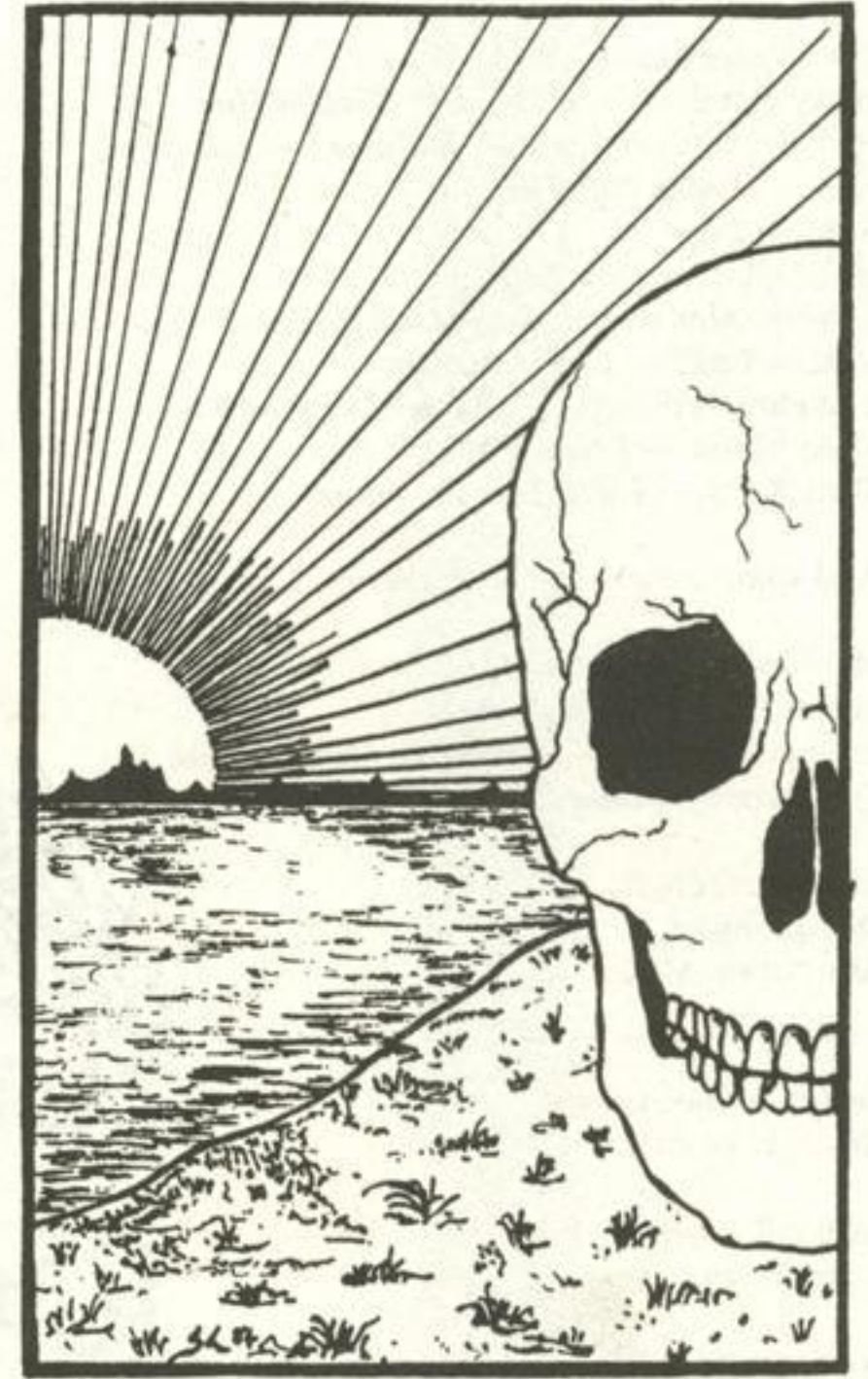
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The Secret Fall Tour — Now It Can Be Told

by Chris Sanderson and Graham Maddrell, Europe

The Grateful Dead have made a secret visit to the merry shores of the United Kingdom unknown to many Dead fans. This was the real reason for the cancellation of the Fall Tour in America and has allowed The Dead to get back to their roots and play a series of low key shows at town halls, clubs, and bars throughout Britain.

Jerry, Phil, Bill, Mickey, Bob, and Vince arrived incognito at various sea- and airports around the country with just basic equipment to woo and entertain groups of people not immediately springing to mind as being associated under the Deadhead umbrella.

On a rain-sodden night at the Tewkesbury Town Hall, I interviewed the band in the mens' room before they went on stage to an eager packed house. Sitting on an empty beer crate, Garcia said that the forthcoming venues were not revealed and that the veil of secrecy would not be lifted even for ardent Dead fans and Dead family. To maintain the veil of secrecy, the band would also be appearing under several assumed names at the venues.

He was frankly amazed that this gig was sold out, but admitted that there had been some confusion over this booking as the audience, mainly women, had thought it was charity bingo night and not a rock 'n roll extravaganza. Phil and Mickey invited us to join the band on the tour bus — actually a Bedford van — and we settled down for this strange and unique journey around the country.

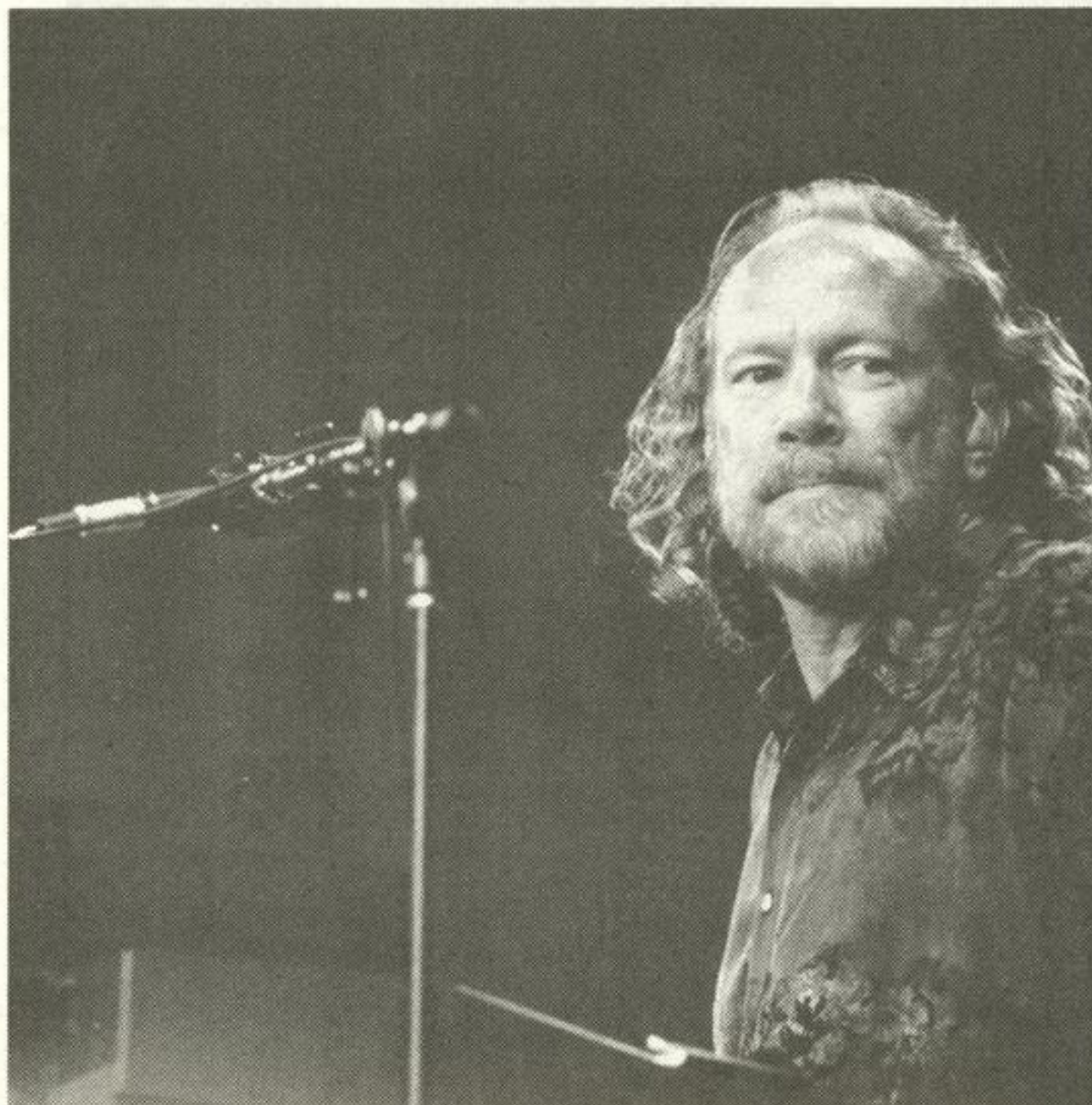


Photo by Sydney Gamble

We decided that the highlights of the tour would suffice, so off we go!

August 14, 1992

Conservative Ladies' Night, Tewkesbury

Billed as: Jerry and The Blue Rinses

Man Smart, Woman Smarter was greeted with loud cheers as the evening kicked off and led into a storming *Brown-Eyed Women*, closing with a liquid *China Doll*. After a nice *Peggy-O*, two rare numbers had the ladies swooning in the aisles with *Silver Threads*, featuring Jerry on pedal steel, and a serene *Blue Dress*.

The real treat was the *Nobody Jam* > *Playing Jam* which had the ladies screaming for Blackberry, Apple, and Damson. Jerry smiled and said, "Another time, ladies," before launching into *Johnny B. Goode* and a *Wang Dang Doodle* encore. Eyeing up Garcia, one lady named Vera was heard to say to her friend Mildred, "Saucy blighter that one, but much better than The Chippendales!".

August 16, 1992

Annual Trainspotters' Dinner Dance, York

Billed as: The Switchblades

Billed as "A night of fun and hallucinations with The Switchblades," they opened with *Slow Train*, with Bob leading them into *Big Railroad Blues* to a huge cheer. The singing was not very audible as they had borrowed a British Rail public address system.

The band were greeted with a rapturous cheer and an even bigger one with the appearance of the Flying Scotsman — actually a very drunk Billy Connolly who fell off the stage. A rare *Monkey and The Engineer* was followed by a hot *Passenger*, which had the whole place dancing. The second set punched out *China Cat* > *I Know You Rider* and an extremely rare *Caution: Do Not Stop On The Tracks*, during which the roof nearly collapsed when they sang, "Wish I was a headlamp on a Northbound train...". This was sung in unison by 400 excited trainspotters followed by a mellow *Space* > *Smokestack* and a rousing *Casey Jones* encore.

The crowd disappeared into the night to await the expected late arrivals of trains at York Station. Then it was on the road for the Ornithological Society Bash.

August 18, 1992

Broadstairs Community Centre

Billed as: Vinnie and the Warblers

After being wamly greeted by Society-Chairman, TH Rush, the boys set up with only acoustic instruments for a short but charming single set. Jerry started with a gorgeous *Bird Song* with some pretty fills from Bob, who nudged them into *Cassidy*. (The line "...flight of the seabirds..." had members debating whether it was a Black Headed Gull or a Herring Gull. One gentleman seemed to think it was definitely a Shag before dropping his trousers and mooning the audience.)

After a fairly mundane *Black-Throated Wind*, an awesome *Raven Space* followed. Bob brought everyone back to land with a sprightly *Little Red Rooster*, which signaled the only duff tune of the tour, *Blackbird*. This left the whole society twitching.

August 20, 1992

Lyme Regis Sailing Club

Billed as: Bobby and The Sailor Boys

A spirited *Banana Boat Song* got the old salts singing and dancing the hornpipe, while *Wharf Rat* encapsulated exactly what The Dead are all about. The old boys seemed impressed as they drank deeply from their glasses of rum. The band, however, seemed reflective as they drew to a close with a good *Ship of Fools* > *Lost Sailor*, with Vince hitting some heady broadsides on keyboards.

They ended the set with a rockier *Ripple* than usual, sending most of the jack tars away to sea with glowing memories and the rest heaving up over the side of the table.

August 22, 1992

Buckfast Abbey

Billed as: Phil and the Harmonics

The gear set up and soundchecks completed, the band found themselves deep in the hart of Devon. Looking down from the stage, they quietly surveyed the ranks of monks, friars, and assorted clergy gathered at the Abbey.

A fairly loose and unmemorable first set petered out, but after a short break of tea and biscuits, they headed straight into a storming *Samson and Delilah* > *Saint of Circumstance*. Then came the highlight of the whole tour, *Estimated Prophet* > *Terrapin Station* > *Drums* > *Space*, and, oh my God!!... in a shroud of white cloud, St. Stephen himself!! There would have been a roar of approval, but the vow of silence taken by the audience meant they could only nod their heads in unison.

St. Stephen joined the band for *Greatest Story* and *Heaven Help the Fool*. What a spectacle, with all the shiny pates glittering like stars under the cosmic light show. They closed with a soulful *Knockin' On Heaven's Door*. Dawn appeared as we pulled away from this strange place in Dartmoor to make our way to the final show in deepest Wales.

August 24, 1992

Merthyr Tydfyll Horticultural Society

Billed as: Billy and the Plant Pots

Straight into *Scarlet Begonias* followed by a rapturously received *New Potato Caboose*. A few pints of warm Brains bitter led the band into a blistering *Let It Grow* and a suitably chosen *Must've Been The Roses* > *Ramble on Rose* > *It's All Over Now*, *Baby Blue*, which had the exhibitors loudly arguing around the hall about pruning techniques.

The sound of green Wellies on the floor echoed around the walls. A short *Drums* > *Space* and then a pollinating *King Bee* > *Sugar Magnolia* > *Sunshine Daydream* ended with deafening whistles and thumping on the tables.

These seminal shows have not yet been reported in the American Music Press — this is a DDN exclusive — however, when I spoke with Billy before returning home, he enthused about how much they had enjoyed touching base with such a diverse range of audiences, and they all agreed that the best part of the trip was not being recognized — being able to go anywhere at anytime without being *noticed*, just like normal people. They said they would certainly be returning to do other dates in the near future. ♦

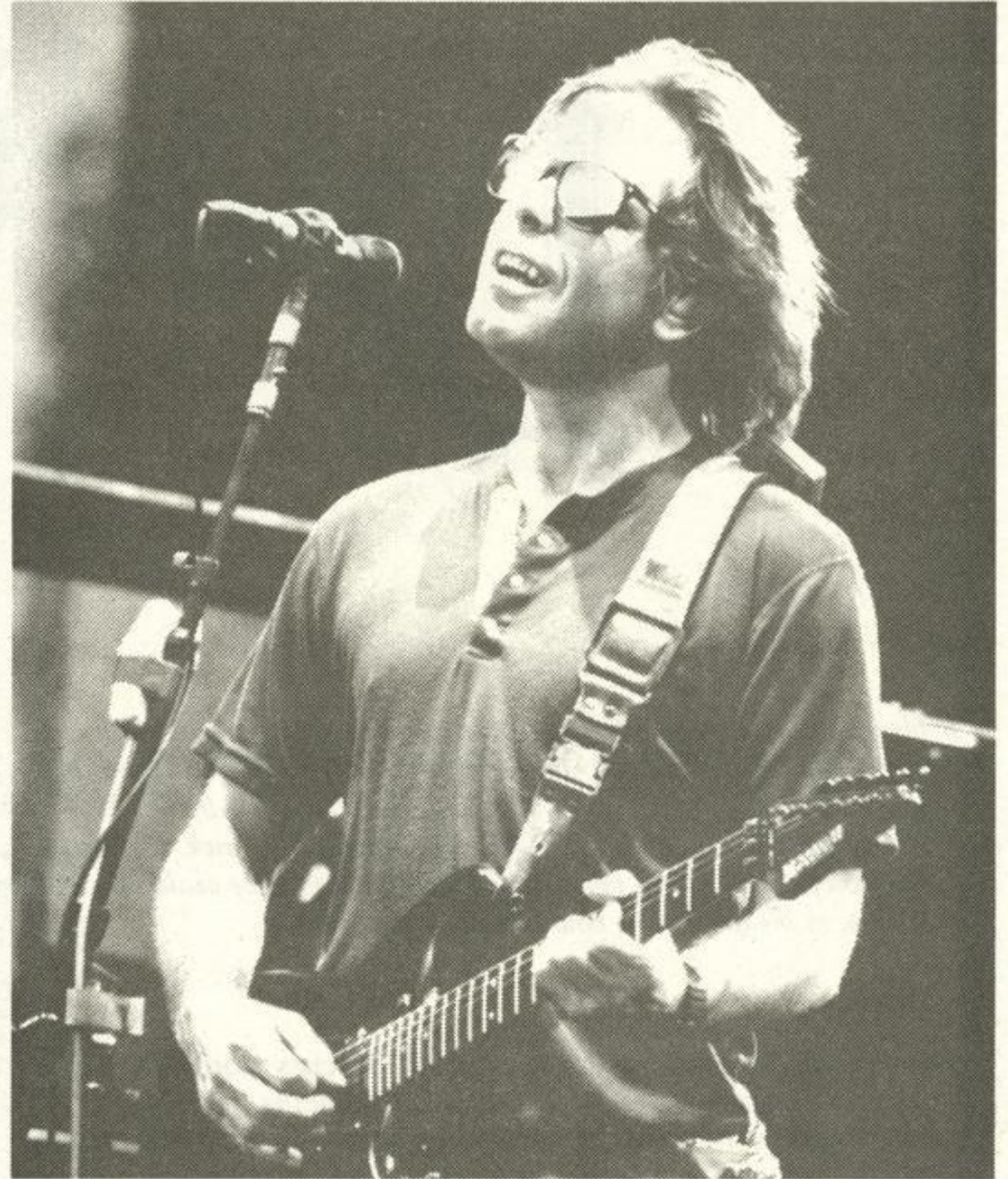
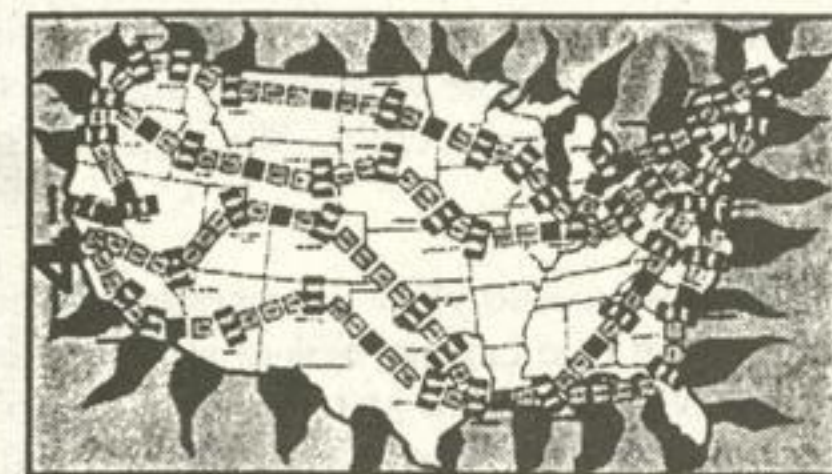


Photo by Sydney Gamble



- ★ Who is JERRY GARCIA named after ?
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He's pretty sick. But he's living. He was really, really, extremely sick...

From juicing! [drinking] It's incredible, but he survived it, and he isn't dead. He survived it, and now he's got the option of being a juicer or not being a juicer. To be a juicer means to die, so now he's being able to choose whether to live or die. And if I know Pigpen, he'll choose to live. That's pretty much where he's at. For the time being he's too sick, too weak to go on the road, and I wouldn't want to expose him to that world. I don't think it's good for him at this point. It would be groovy if he could take as long as it takes to get him feelin' right... Pigpen went up to the line, and he's seen it now, so the question is how he's going to choose.

Jerry Garcia in the 1972
Rolling Stone interview

Twenty years after making those remarks, Garcia's words on the health of his soon-to-be deceased bandmate now pertain all too well to himself. Diagnosed with emphysema, among other ailments, Jerry has the option of extending his life by taking better care of himself, or of risking more serious health dysfunction by continuing on as a creature of many taxing habits. Naturally we all want Jerry to enjoy many years of happiness, and we're happy to report that he's very upbeat and making substantive progress in moving toward better health.

We've been fascinated by Garcia's latest medical crisis in that it has brought into clear focus just how much this guy's health affects the reality of a huge number of people.

Shortly after the fall 1992 East Coast tour was canceled, we happened to read a story in the *Boston Globe* that reported the devastating effect the cancellation would have on that city's economy — a loss of at least five million dollars. With this figure as a guideline it would stand to reason that the entire tour's cancellation represents at least 15 million dollars in lost income for Philly, New York, and Boston combined, never mind what the Dead organization stands to lose.

Funny thing is, half a decade ago, when the economy wasn't in a complete shambles, all hotel managers, restaurateurs, and city fathers could do was complain about us Deadheads overtaking their towns for several days. These days they're pissed at us for *not* showing up, which proves true the old adage, damned if you do, damned if you don't.

But monetary losses are insignificant compared to other events directly determined by the state of Garcia's health. We know of two couples who decided *not* to have children this year because the Dead were scheduled to play in Oregon in August. Had the Dead played at the Oregon Country Fairgrounds — a spiritually significant Grateful Dead event of the highest order — these couples would have ingested certain spiritual sacraments that are wisely avoided by people who are trying to make babies. With the Oregon concerts canceled these couples lamented that they would be waiting another year to have a child. We think it's pretty interesting that a 50-year-old guitar player's health is a determining factor in the cycle of birth.

In the long run it would be nice if we could view the personal experiences of those we admire more objectively. While the creative efforts of the Grateful Dead can teach us what one can do *with* one's life, their lifestyle can teach us what one can do *to* one's life. Their excesses have been no secret. Some years they've seemed to just be surviving. Surviving is one thing, *thriving* is another. If we are to thrive then we must come to have a new relationship with the things we put in our bodies. The stereotypical rock and roll lifestyle, with all its excesses, has in many ways been a pendulum swing too far in the opposite direction from the status quo lifestyle from which it often serves to liberate us. To thrive as a child of rock and roll one must learn how to respect the body, mind, and spirit. We're not suggesting a chaste lifestyle, just perhaps a more moderate approach to living life adventurously. When the doormouse said, "Feed your head," he never meant to feed it to a point of excess!

The real scoop is that the Grateful Dead, in all their legendary glory, are just as dysfunctional as any other average group of humans in our culture. Perhaps the lessons inherent in their predicament of being just as mortal as the rest of us are every bit as valuable as the lessons to be learned from their striking success as artists.

The trials and tribulations of this recent hiatus offered us an equally profound, related lesson. Perhaps more so than others, we were looking forward to celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the Dead's legendary 8/27/72 "Field Trip" concert in Oregon. After an unbelievable amount of legal and political hassle, the Kesey clan had won permission to hold the third such "Field Trip." Plans were finally well under way for these shows when Jerry was taken ill and the shows had to be scrapped. We were heartbroken...turns out a lot of others were, too.

This presented us with a bit of a dilemma in that many of us had nonrefundable airline tickets. Hmm...what to do? When we called our friends around the country, we found out, much to our surprise and delight, that they still wanted to make the trip. After almost two decades of using the Grateful Dead as the excuse to commune together in spirit, here was our first collectively recognized opportunity to do it in their absence. Ken Kesey also recognized this and went ahead with plans for a gathering of the tribe.

As it turned out, the events in and around Eugene on the weekend of the Dead's canceled show were just as fun, adventurous, exciting, and entertaining as any Dead show could be. As you'll read in this issue's "Life After The Dead" article and Ken Kesey interview, that weekend proved both our need and our ability to create our own sunshine daydreams. Many Deadheads learned that weekend that we are rapidly approaching an era when we will no longer have to rely on the expressions of a "talented few" to experience life-sustaining inspirational moments. That power is within each and every one of us.

Deadheads who rely heavily on the live concert experience for spiritual inspiration have complained loudly of missing the band throughout its four-month hiatus. This hasn't been the case with us or many others we know. Despite all of the energy I've invested over the years in pursuing peak concert experiences, my moments of joy gained in this manner pale in comparison to the amount of joy I've received in listening to the Dead's music *away* from concerts. The Dead's music on tape has served me and my friends far more valuably as the sound track for our creativity than have actual shows.

Over the years we've met dozens of serious skiers who swear they enjoy nothing more than putting a hot *Goin' Down the Road* or *Big R.R. Blues* on the Walkman and then shredding down the moguls. We've met an artist who contends that the most beautiful landscape she ever painted was created while listening to her tape of Louisville '74. We know a Frisbee freestyle champion whose favorite moment of competitive performance occurred as *Goin' Down the Road* cranked for a crowd of 5000 spectators who clapped along in delight. (Did you know there's a Grateful Disc Frisbee Team?) Just ask any tie-dyer what they put on the stereo to inspire them to make magic. We know a couple who love to put on the CD of *Live Dead* and make love to the *Dark Star* > *St. Stephen* > *The Eleven* > *Lovelight* (and leave it on!!) Bet there's no concert they've ever been to that matches their quality time spent with that CD.

And then there's the radio journalist from Miami who, rather than going to see the Dead in concert, spends his hard-earned money by flying up to New England four times a year just to boogie under the strobe light at a Speed of Light show to the *Hard To Handle* from 4/29/71 with all his old college buddies. He claims he's never been to a concert that has given him the same level of joyous fulfillment.

Dead concerts have been one of the best places we've ever found to meet good friends. But we've made even more good friends when turning on Dead music away from the concert scene. In fact, quite often, the farther away from a Dead show, the better the friendship that is formed. I remember being desperately homesick in a small hotel in New Delhi several years ago until someone broke out a guitar. All of a sudden half a dozen people were boisterously singing *Me and My Uncle* and other perennial favorites. To this day we're still in touch. I've had the pleasure two dozen times of swimming in warm turquoise water with a whole tribe of Deadheads while the sun set blood red into the ocean off the beach in Negril, Jamaica, as *Bird Song*, *Eyes*, *China Doll*, and more floated surrealistically over the water from our hotel's beachfront stereo. Over the years I've been to dozens of shows with the same Deadhead clan and not one of them has had the same lasting effect on us as the sunsets we've shared.

Now I don't want to unjustly knock the concert experience. I've had more than my fair share of blissful Epiphanies at the Greek Theater and sublime pleasures during eight acoustic sets at Radio City Music Hall, not to mention midnight magic moments at a decade's worth of New Year's Eve's, but I never, and I mean never ever, have put on a tape and found myself saying, "Gee, the security around here really sucks." And when I'm through listening to my favorite Dead jams of all time, my clothes never smell like cigarette smoke and the beers don't cost five bucks. And perhaps best of all, my chances of finding a clean toilet seat are significantly higher when I'm just about anywhere but a Dead concert.

In some ways the Dead's music has become the mantras in our lives. Each song represents a unique and sacred vibratory energy to our souls. In my fourth year of college, before heading off to the library to study every morning, I'd put on a different version of *China Cat* > *Rider*. It set the pace, the tempo, the rhythm at which I would study most efficiently. And it worked! Day after day I'd find myself totally absorbed in my studies with that opening Jerry riff automatically rolling of my lips and twanging through my skull, just like a timeless Hindu or Buddhist chant. To this day I find that I do my most inspired writing for this magazine while the boys crank one out in the background.

The music is unmatched in its ability to serve as a potent catalyst for our own creativity and enjoyment. It gives us an opportunity to be the creators as opposed to being merely the observers. While there's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert, there is also nothing quite like a stunning sunset shared with the company of friends as a beautiful *Bird Song* fills the air.

Someday the Dead will be gone for good, but as long as we live life more fully in the company of their music, their legacy will live on. Make art, dance, eat good food, make love, enjoy friendships, hot tub under the moon, make rush hour a whole lot more survivable...do it all to the music of the Grateful Dead. Learn not to rely on the concert experience as your sole or even primary source of spiritual sustenance. You may be happier in the long run for it.

In this issue we review in great depth the concert we feel deserves recognition as the most important one of the Dead's career. Why go to such lengths? Because we feel that the Grateful Dead Experience, as primitive and problematic as it is, is one of the first working models to emerge from within our warped modern culture of how humans can and should be spending their time here on the planet. People gathering in spirit to celebrate the magic of life, fully appreciating all its happiness and sadness, peacefully rejoicing in our potential for expressively dancing, singing, and laughing through the unfolding of time with grace, style, and joy. With all of its shortcomings, it is still an honorable starting point for our awakening. And we believe that one show stands clear not only for having been an elegant ritual, but also because it continues through audio and video to serve as a catalyst for tremendous inspiration and hope for the human experiment. The planet is in dire need of such synergistic examples of primal ritualistic celebration, and we feel it is our responsibility to document such evidence in great detail. We hope you agree!

In Light,
Johnny Dwork



Photo by Stephanie Jennings

What's Up With Rob Wasserman

by Jay Jacobs

Unfortunately, most of the people he had in mind were either on the road or didn't live close enough. He approached the Grateful Dead guitarist, not knowing what to expect.

"I guess Bobby got a copy of my *Duets* album and really flipped out," Wasserman says. "That's why he came down, because he's a pretty busy guy. Actually, that's pretty rare for him. But he came down and we jammed and hit it off. This duo sprang out of that."

The duo is called Scaring The Children, and for the last few years Weir & Wasserman have been taking it on the road. They came up with the name one night somewhere in Colorado. Wasserman says they just decided the group should have a name. Even though it is just two people, they see it as a band. They tossed out a bunch of names, and Scaring The Children was what came out. "It surely doesn't mean anything in particular," Wasserman insists. "It seems to have become rather controversial. I don't know why. They wouldn't even let us use it in Canada."

At first glance, Wasserman's musical style would seem very different from Bob Weir's. For example, *Duets* had many jazz-based songs and covers of old standards. Weir, on the other hand, comes from a more folk, blues, and psychedelic background. Yet Wasserman feels that their musical styles complement each other.

Wasserman says, "We do several swing things. He's a real fan of jazz. I come from a very improvisational background, also with folk in it. I think we have a lot in common. We just clicked. I don't know why. It's just one of those things. Since it had happened, we decided to keep doing it, and it's turned into three years."

Wasserman hopes that the fans of Weir's regular band, who make up much of the audience on the Bob & Rob tours, enjoy the directions the band takes. Scaring The Children plays mostly covers of other people's songs, everything from Al Green's *Take Me To The River* to The Band's *The Weight* to Frank Sinatra's *Witchcraft*. Of course, they also dip into Weir's Dead songbook, too, with tunes like *Victim or The Crime* and *Throwing Stones*.

"I don't know what the audiences expect, to tell you the truth," Wasserman admits. "I think that often, when we first started, no one had a clue, and they were surprised. Now they sort of know what we do. Now I think they're surprised by the fact that we're getting better at it. Actually, we're tighter; we jam better since we've been playing together. Because there's really no substitute for just playing for awhile. No matter how much we clicked in the beginning, now, when we decide to pause in the middle of a tune, we usually both do it at the same time, without cueing each other."

Wasserman says that the time he spends live on the stage with Bob Weir is some of the most exhilarating he has had as a musician. "As far as real performance, there's no substitute for me. Even though I'm fairly shy — I never even look at the audience — I like being in front of an audience for some weird reason. I think it's fun to feel their energy and reaction and I've just always enjoyed it."

For the 1992 Scaring The Children tour, Weir and Wasserman brought along Michelle Shocked and Bruce Cockburn as openers. "On this tour, in particular, we thought it would be fun to have different kinds of opening acts that were pretty much not related to

It's sort of strange to be a musician who is as well known for who he plays with as what he plays. But that's the position Rob Wasserman finds himself in. The bassist and producer is famous for his collaborations with a wide range of musicians and singers, particularly Grateful Dead guitarist Bob Weir.

Wasserman started out, literally, solo. His album *Solo*, on which his stand-up bass is the only instrument, brought him acclaim, and soon he was touring with such diverse acts as Rickie Lee Jones, Van Morrison, Stephane Grappelli, Lou Reed, and Oingo Boingo.

Then he started thinking about working on an album that would match his bass playing with the voices and instruments of some of his friends. Jones, Grappelli, and Reed signed up, as did Aaron Neville, Bobby McFerrin, Jennifer Warnes, and several others, and the album *Duets* was born.

"I just essentially work with people I like," Wasserman says. "On *Duets* it was me one-on-one with singers I thought would work with my bass playing. It's an experiment. There's no way to know for sure until you try. Fitting them with a song was actually pretty much collaborative. I never tried to force things on anybody. We talked about what would be fun to do."

Duets embraced many of the styles that Wasserman loved, and the album did surprisingly well. The Bobby McFerrin cut, "Brothers," won Wasserman a Grammy Award. Suddenly his services were in heavy demand.

This is where Bob Weir comes into the story. Wasserman was in charge of putting together a jam session for The Mill Valley Film Festival. He had a list of musicians he wanted to see play at the show — people he thought would be interested and lived nearby.

anything the Grateful Dead do. Michelle Shocked is a friend of mine and Bruce Cockburn is a great singer/songwriter. I thought it would be good for us to bring in some different fans. Also, I thought they'd enjoy doing this. Michelle really thought it would be fun. I like her music a lot. I like Bruce Cockburn's music a lot. It's just made the tour a lot more fun to have them, and I know Bobby likes them, too. It's inspiring. They are both consistently inspired musicians."

Wasserman hopes that Scaring The Children keeps going for quite a while. In fact, they are working on their first album together. It will be produced by Don Was, of the funk group Was (Not Was), who is very much in demand as a producer. He orchestrated the comebacks of Bonnie Raitt and The B-52's, among others.

The plans for the album are for Weir, Wasserman, and Was to line up with some of their songwriting buddies to create original material. On tour, they have been playing mostly covers. The late blues great Willie Dixon, Chris Whitley, Michelle Shocked, and Michael Penn have already signed up to chip in songs.

"Willie Dixon, who is unfortunately no longer with us, did write a song before he died, and it'll be on that record," Wasserman says. "We've started hanging out with Chris Whitley and Michael Penn. I think Michelle Shocked wants to make a contribution. I'm asking some of my friends. Bobby's going to ask some of his friends. Don's asking some of his friends. We're just going to hope we find a high level of songwriters to work with, who will help elevate us by providing great material. Also, I think it will be fun to have a new body of work to perform. The next time we're out on the road, next year, we'll have way more stuff to choose from. The few songs we've debuted this summer have been a lot of fun to play, because they are new. It's fun to hear reaction to something the audience hasn't heard."

Also in the works for Wasserman is the continuation of his trilogy, an album called *Trios*, for which Wasserman is teaming up with two singers and/or musicians per song. Some of the pairings planned on the album include Edie Brickell and Jerry Garcia; Elvis Costello and Mark Ribot; Bruce Hornsby and Branford Marsalis; Bob Dylan and Bob Weir; Paul Simon and Michelle Shocked; and Brian Wilson and Sam Phillips.

"On *Trios*, either one, two or all three people from each trio will be writing the songs. There will be no covers or standards," Wasserman says.

Wasserman admits that the recording of *Trios* has been difficult to coordinate. This year he has not been able to work on it much. He spent five months on the road with Lou Reed, and then went right back out with Scaring The Children.

"I haven't been able to work on it [because of the touring]. I've played around six trios over the last couple of years. The main problem with it is scheduling. It's really frustrating when I can get two artists together, and then I can't do it. That's the ultimate frustration. The next trio that I'm scheduled to do is one with Brian Wilson and Sam Phillips. We're going to be writing when I get back from this tour. I'm going to Brian's place and we'll try to cook up a tune. It's fun because it stretches my limits, and I get to work with all these people I really admire. Somehow they wanted to do this. It's all based on enthusiasm. I haven't tried to talk anyone into this at all."

While he is enjoying working with all these friends, Wasserman does not want to count out the idea of working solo. After all, he started out that way.

"I like both a lot," Wasserman says. "I think at heart, where I come from is out of that solo way of thinking. Actually, the way I play



Photo by Rich Saputo

solo music is a whole different kind of soloistic thing than what you would call bass solos. They're instrumental solos. They're songs. They're compositions. That's why I think I'm able to work with other people, too. That's something I love to do, and I do it pretty much with everyone I work with, in some form. I probably will be doing another solo bass, a new version of where I come from, because that was nine years ago. I was on an acoustic bass, and now I'm using these electric uprights a lot. I think it might be time for a new statement in that area, after this *Trios* record."

Wasserman feels that his work, both with and without Bob Weir, is only successful if it touches people, a feeling that Weir agrees with, Wasserman says. "The biggest thing that I ever hear is that it's inspiring to people who like it. Usually, it's a case of either love, or not affecting them at all. I'd rather have a strong reaction than a mild, middle-of-the-road reaction. I like my music to be moving people emotionally, not just some background crap."

There is one thing that you can be sure about: Rob Wasserman is going to make sure that he stays busy. He loves the life of a musician and he'll stick with it as long as they let him. It looks like that's going to be a long, long time. ♦

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PSYCHEDELIC GENESIS

a book review
by Mark Koltko

Jay Stevens, *Storming Heaven: LSD and the American Dream*
New York: HarperCollins. 374 pages, extensive notes.
Paperback, \$9.95. Published 1988.

This reviewer's first real vocational desire, way back during the first Mercury launches, was to be an astronaut. I followed the story of each unmanned and manned launching, from the Ranger probes through the Gemini orbital missions. Ultimately I planned to sneak from Greenwich Village down to Florida to infiltrate one of the Apollo missions as a stowaway. Only the thought of having to penetrate the intense security surrounding a moon launch dissuaded me. And then my heart was broken, for I discovered that no one with eyesight as bad as mine would ever be allowed to enter the space program. But this unfortunate situation yielded the seed of a much later success: If I could not

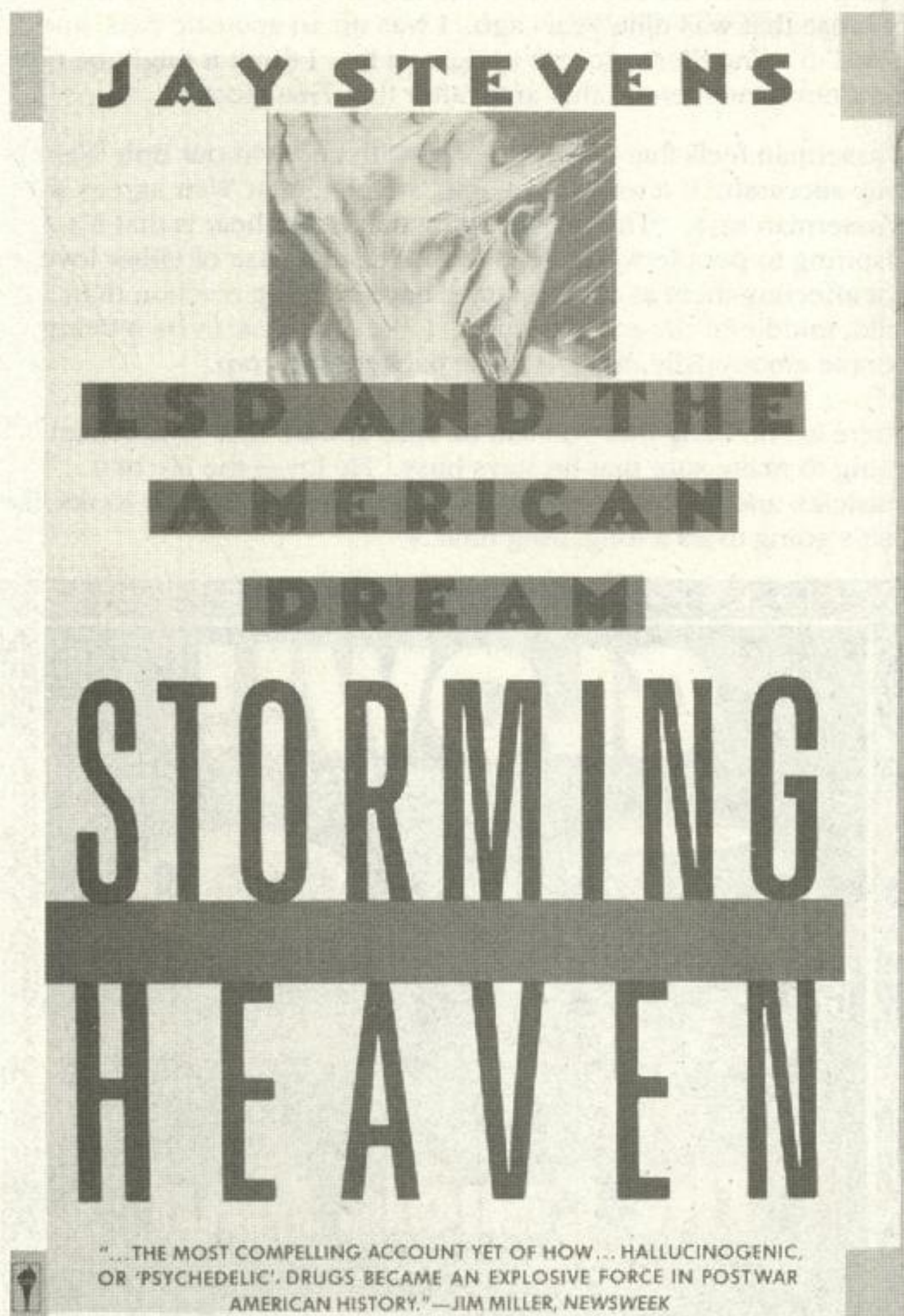
explore outer space as an astronaut, I would explore inner space as an "innernaut." This became the impetus for me to study psychology and psychotherapy.

As long-time readers of this column know, the part of psychology that most appeals to me is the material right on the frontier — the transpersonal realms of experience and mysticism, visionary quest and transformation. As I said recently during a presentation at the American Psychological Association, the study of the transcendent is where psychology must focus more of its energy if it is to influence the continued evolution of humanity. To understand how psychology and individual innernauts may best proceed, it may be helpful to understand some of the history behind earlier attempts and movements to explore inner space. Nowhere can that history be better studied than in the history of the use of d-lysergic acid diethylamide-25, better known by its abbreviation, LSD. I doubt that a history of LSD will be written to surpass Jay Stevens' *Storming Heaven: LSD and the American Dream*. I can't encourage you enough to read this intelligent, entertaining, and highly enlightening book.

It is so very rare, in a book on a cultural movement of the Sixties, to find an author willing to really give the background in a readable way. Usually, a writer either skips over the details or gets completely lost in them. Jay Stevens has managed a terrific balancing act, giving mini-excursions into the many cultural strands behind the LSD movement, while still writing a strong narrative that never loses the reader. Almost everyone to whom I described the book while I was reading it asked if it was a novel, because it has such a strong storyline. But this is not a novel — it is an exceptionally well-written account of the cultural history surrounding one of the most powerful, if little understood, influences on American culture in the Sixties. It is important because the basic needs that the LSD movement fulfilled have not been fully met: submerged but not dissolved, these needs are active in our own time and will have to be addressed, not ignored. The history of LSD carries important lessons regarding how we might address these needs well or catastrophically badly.

At first, one is astonished at the sheer number of brilliant people who figure into the LSD story at some point or another, people who have gone on to distinguish themselves in various fields. I am not talking about obscure cult figures known only to specialists, but rather luminaries such as Aldous Huxley, Anais Nin, Alan Watts, Neal Cassady, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, Ken Kesey and the Pranksters, just to mention those involved in literature either as writers or characters in writers' narratives. Even Tom Wolfe and Gonzo journalist Hunter S. Thompson make cameo appearances, as does Stewart Brand of *Whole Earth Catalog* fame. In psychology, of course, Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert/Ram Dass, and Ralph Metzner played important roles, with Stanley Krippner dropping briefly into the narrative. Among other cultural figures, the Grateful Dead, Lama Govinda, Bill Graham, and Abbie Hoffman show up, as well as such darkside figures as G. Gordon Liddy and people from the CIA.

For each of the major figures and many of the minor ones, Jay Stevens gives character portraits that place the figure in a context that makes it possible for the reader to see how the whole movement developed. For example, I saw how Huxley's approach ("Don't abandon scientific principles; transcend them") was indeed abandoned by Leary and others, with catastrophic consequences in terms of the outlawing of LSD research (even



Stanislav Grof no longer holds a license, as I understand it). The book demonstrates that many of the "scientific" approaches to psychedelic experiences were a complete waste of time. As one research participant explained, "When one is in the midst of confronting the glory of the central galactic suns, having a researcher wave an intelligence test in one's face is nothing but annoying."

The spiritual emptiness of the Fifties set the stage for the human potential movement and the grass roots movement toward inner exploration, including psychedelic voyaging, seen in the Sixties. The mammon worship of the early Eighties set the stage for the New Age movement of the later Eighties, and may be followed by a much larger search for value and direct inner experience in the Nineties. What can be learned from the experience of LSD in the Sixties?

The Sixties demonstrated that, although wisdom can be crazy, craziness is not necessarily wisdom. It did none of us any favors to have people treat LSD as so much dental floss, to be made available on a whim. Enlightenment will not be available at your local fast food joint next to the shakes. The innernaut ignores the need for preparation at his or her peril, and that holds both for psychedelic and for non-psychedelic methods of investigation. The importance of set, setting, and training is one of the most useful legacies left from the group surrounding Tim Leary.

Another lesson is that lessons cost tuition, and that tuition may be too much for many people. LSD can confront some individuals with material they are not prepared to handle, or experiences (even powers) that seduce them from the Path. And, as Stevens notes on p. 368, many "burn-outs" discovered that something died

when the old conditioning [was] wiped away before a really good replacement had been found. The hippies, the acidheads, were left dangling in limbo, conscious for the first time that for every inch of territory gained, every iota of consciousness expanded, an equal amount had been lost.

Stevens hints at the need to engage in spiritual development within some kind of framework. Certainly my own experience with non-mainstream spiritual frameworks suggests that there is a point to searching for the Grail in the context of teachings, teacher, and community.

It's interesting to note how the thought of some of the major figures in the psychedelic movement has developed over the years. Ram Dass has frequently gone on record to state that while LSD was necessary to bring the existence of higher levels of development to the attention of the culture at large, now acid is a hindrance on the way. Even during the Sixties, Leary himself said, "We must learn to have psychedelic experiences without the use of drugs," (p. 284), a challenge that is still in force. I find it encouraging to look at the recent work of Jean Houston and Stan Grof in this light.

Perhaps the most important lesson to be learned from the Sixties is that higher consciousness cannot be ignored or explained away. It is a journey we can ignore, but not without abandoning part of ourselves along some substitute pathway. ♦



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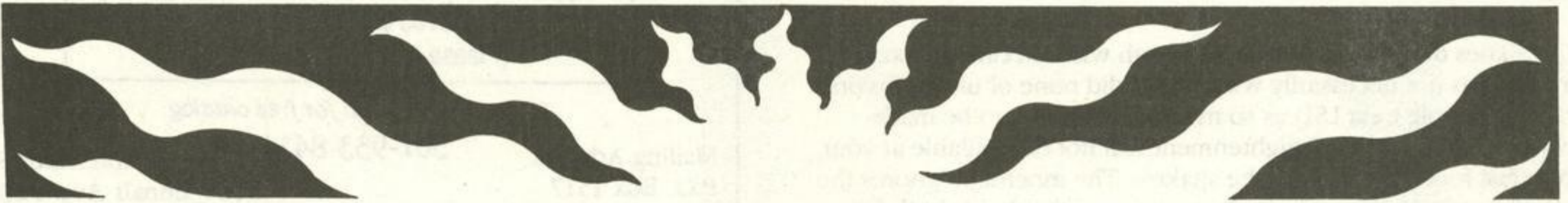
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Truckin' To A Higher Consciousness with David Prem Prakash Meltzer

The Raft Is Not The Shore

During last Summer's tour, at the first of the Giants Stadium gigs, I was hanging out before the show up on the second level having myself a great time. The festive atmosphere of the warm, late afternoon was broken by the fury of some guy who was hassling an usher. For some reason I could never figure out, this man, bare-chested to reveal his body-builder's torso, was screaming at a middle-aged usher; he was going to kick his butt, rip his nose from his face, blah, blah, blah. The guy looked and acted like a raging bull, nostrils flaring, hormones raging, muscles pumped. The poor usher was a paunchy, older man who seemed like a basically decent guy trying to do a decent job, and he was getting threatened publicly by some out-of-control jerk. It was quite a scene.

I knew I had to do something, and I also knew that if I wasn't smart I would only draw the wrath of this idiot onto myself. So I made my vibe present by walking up and down the aisle they were hassling in. Whenever it looked to me that things were getting too hot, I'd walk right in the middle of them and pause, turn to one or the other and ask a question: "Is my seat down there?" "Which way is the bathroom?" "Are the Grateful Dead a good band?" I was trying to defuse some of the tension and turn attention away from confrontation into a different space. The violence of the situation kept getting distracted by my simple questions.

Finally, the angry young man must have spent his juice because he walked off muttering inane threats. I approached the usher, who was quite shaken, and told him I admired him for trying to remain so patient in the face of the fool's aggression. The usher was so happy to have some friendship directed his way that he almost cried. He told me that what the world needed was more people like me.

I turned to a woman who had been standing nearby watching the whole thing and said, "Can you imagine, what the world needs is more people like me?" We both laughed.

With the cancellation of Fall tour, now more than ever we need to face the obvious: the band isn't going to be around forever. I say, "Terrific." Although I'd be happy to someday go to shows with my grandchildren, I think our times demand, yes, demand, that we be more than an audience. Our planet is injured, our society is dysfunctional, and our future and the future of generations to come is imperiled by our collective lack of mindfulness and compassion.

I very much like what John Dwork said in the last issue's Dedications about it being time for us to "Turn On, Tune In, and Take Charge." I'm as much of a lazy space cadet as anyone, and even I've had to admit that it's time to get out the door, down to the street, and get to work. For me, passing the acid test has meant saying "Yes!" to the beauty and the energy that we've embraced as Deadheads and, equally important, saying "No!" to those forces of selfishness and cruelty that would cause harm. I

now know that it's not enough to meditate on sublime emotions; I must express them with my fullest vigor in my home, my workplace, and my community.

I'm inspired and impressed by people who take the Grateful Dead spirit and do something personal with it. In the pages of this magazine there are numerous examples — musicians, writers, craftspersons, the Speed of Light Show (which is amazing!!!), etc. Instead of sitting back and suckling on the Grateful Dead, these folks have plugged into the juice and are helping expand the scene beyond the perimeters of the band and concert hall. Instead of only going to shows and listening to tapes — being passive "consumers" as my friend, Theak, puts it — these folks are acting as creators of the very thing that the band is bringing to life onstage.

There's an old saying in mystic traditions: "The raft is not the shore." In a nutshell, this means not to get caught up in the method, in the specific form which has brought you to a greater vision. Don't get stuck thinking that meditation, or dance, or yoga, or drugs, or any old band are the destination. The destination is the experience that these forms bring; the forms themselves are only vehicles of transportation. You can sit on the subway as long as you want, but the whole purpose is to take you someplace. Don't forget to get off!

I think we Deadheads are probably about the gentlest, easiest to get along with people who can be imagined. Leave us alone and we'll get along fine, thank you. Unfortunately, I believe, these times require that we do more than just be left alone. We are needed. We are the song that this sick society has been waiting to hear.

Whatever your path may be — art, politics, business, music, education — I encourage you to fully invest yourself in it. Let us take the visions that we have shared at those all so special times when the Grateful Dead was happening, and manifest those visions for the benefit of all sentient beings and Mother Earth. What you do may not seem important, said Mahatma Ghandi, but it is very important that you do it. It's an outlandish thought in many ways but, as my usher friend said, the world really does need people like us. ♦

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60 Feet Under With Jerry Garcia ...The Saga Continues

Hey, Jerry, Thanks for the Crab

by Dick Allgire

On the kind of day in Hawaii they take pictures of and turn into postcards, I'm 50 feet underwater, my buoyancy controlled so that I'm completely weightless, poking my nose beneath a giant coral head and spying on bright yellow needle-nosed butterfly fish, when someone taps me on the leg to get my attention. I turn around and what do you know, it's Jerry Garcia, jolly face encased in a dive mask, grey hair undulating gently in the current, offering something in his hand for me to examine. It's a tiny shell, no bigger than half the size of my little fingernail, spiraled and pointed. It's in the palm of his right hand, the one with the top two joints of his middle finger missing. We float there a few inches off the bottom for a moment and the shell begins to crawl across his palm. The shell's inhabitant is a tiny hermit crab, delicate legs and wispy feelers tentatively edging out of the exquisite shell. Jerry motions for me to take it.

I take the crab and it gains more courage, venturing out of its shell and climbing out onto my finger. It's a cute and comical little creature and I can actually hear Jerry chuckling through his scuba regulator, "Hmph humph haw haw haw," muffled by the water.

I find it amusing that when Jerry disappears from time to time between tours, the ugly rumor mill has him either holed up in the Betty Ford Clinic or secluded at home going through rehab. He ain't dryin' out, folks, he's getting wet, out here underwater, staying healthy.

How many Deadheads get to have Jerry Garcia give them a miniature hermit crab and then share a chuckle over it while they're 60 feet underwater? How did I get here, diving with Jerry? I once did a series of news stories that might have, in a small way, helped convince the brain-dead bureaucrats in the state of Hawaii to let dive charter operators install mooring buoys to protect the fragile coral reefs from damage caused by people dropping anchors. Jerry Garcia was involved in the crusade to save the reefs and now the dive operators let me tag along once in a while on his charters. It's pretty cool when you're on a boat with only six divers and one of them happens to be the lead guitar player for the Grateful Dead.

I try to scuba as often as I can, and I didn't even know Jerry was going to be in Hawaii when I scheduled my most recent dives in July. I just walked into the dive shop to make arrangements for my wet suit and regulator and there he was, sitting there in his black shirt, swimming suit, and dive booties, his hair still wet from an afternoon dive.

We shook hands and made small talk for several moments about diving, the weather, and this and that. Then (God help me, I just couldn't control myself) I launched into a detailed analysis of the Las Vegas shows (May 29, 30, 31), gushing about how incredible the *Attics of My Life* was on Sunday, and how cosmic the lightning storm that they seemingly whipped up was on

Saturday. He accepted the praise for *Attics* with a bashful "Oh, gee, thanks!" and agreed that Saturday was "a magical show, one of those ones where everybody got it."

I told him all about how the clouds and weather looked in relation to the music during the second set and he told me it looked pretty neat from up on stage too. (On May 30th in Las Vegas a lightning storm appeared right in synch with the second set, huge boiling underbellies of thunderclouds marching through on either side of the stage, moving from the front of the stage toward the back of the arena. Lightning flashed in time with the music. Mickey Hart played the thunder. Jerry played lightning strikes. The air grew dark and ominous during *Space*. During *Standing On The Moon* the sun came out and lit up the audience with golden light. With the encore a rainbow appeared over the far end of the arena.

Standing there in the dive shop talking to Jerry about it, I half-jokingly accused the Dead of having a secret power with which they conjure up the weather. Jerry said, "It's just Mother Nature."

But I proposed that having 40,000 people with everyone's consciousness all on exactly the same level might affect the weather. He agreed enthusiastically, with a twinkle in his eye.

What can I say? It's pretty amazing to sit around and analyze your last show with Mr. Garcia.

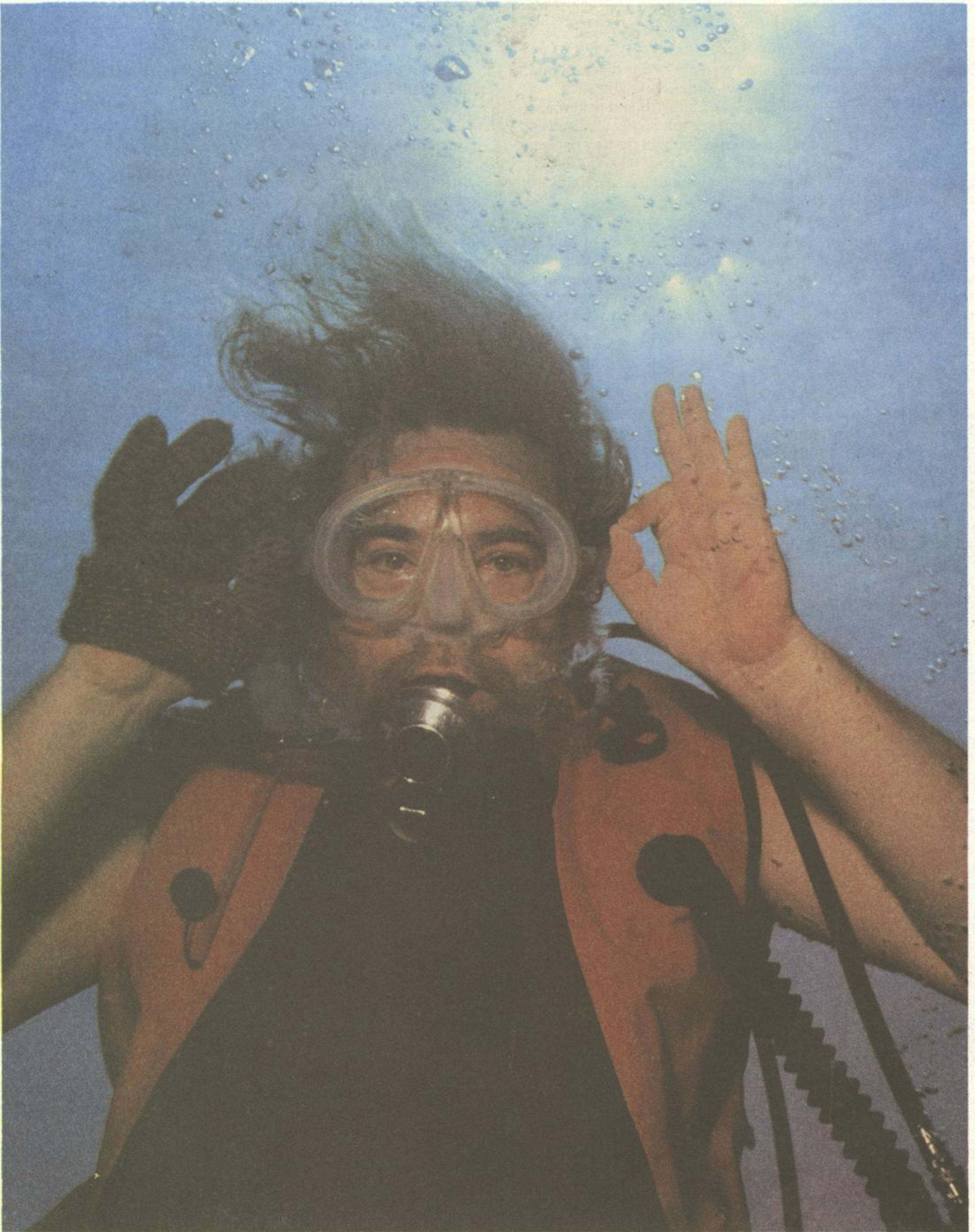
I was droning on and on when one of the guys who works in the dive shop interrupted and said, "Excuse me, you can continue this later, but we've got to get going. Can you go pick out your wet suit?"

Oops, reality.

We did a rock and roll night dive that evening, the boat rocking and rolling in a brutal swell. My wife threw up three times and collapsed in a seasick heap in the forward cabin. "Don't you ever ask me to come on this boat again!" she told me. She is Korean and a non-Deadhead, bless her heart. She married me at noon on May 31st in a chapel on the Las Vegas strip. We had dinner with the family and then for our honeymoon she let me take her to her first Grateful Dead concert, in the 103 degree heat at the Sam Boyd Silverdome at the University of Nevada. I told Jerry about it, how they had come out that day and played a concert not for novices, one for "expert" Deadheads only. It started with a thirty minute version of *Help > Slipknot > Franklin's*. It was one of those days that they really felt like jamming, and it got truly weird from the very beginning. The initiated loved it, but my new wife was kind of left in the dust.

"Sorry," Jerry said with a smile and a shrug.

Photo by Victoria Jensen ©1990



Diving at night is a real trip. The water at first is black as ink. All the divers have a chemical glow-in-the-dark light stick hooked to the back of their tanks, and a hand-held waterproof flashlight. At a distance you cannot see the divers themselves, just the glowing light sticks and beams of light darting back and forth. Jerry commented that it resembled the UFOs in **Close Encounters**. I told him that to me it looked like the lights on stage during a good *space* segment.

Jerry has an incredibly keen eye underwater. He's always poking around finding interesting creatures, and no sooner did we hit the bottom on our night dive then he spotted a slipper lobster. Slipper lobsters look exactly like the coral-encrusted rocks on the bottom of the ocean, except at night they have weird, little beady eyes that glow in the dark.

The best part of the night dive was spotting several large manta rays that had come in close to shore to feed. They were about eight feet across with a long tail and looked like they were flying, flapping their huge wings. Manta rays are very gentle creatures, vegetarians, but look rather ominous when they appear out of the blackness.

(Okay, you're saying, enough of the Jacques Cousteau stuff, this is a publication about the Grateful Dead, not *Skin Diver Magazine*. What did Jerry have to say?)

I always hesitate to start quizzing him about the band, because that is his work and when he's diving, he's on vacation. He does not enjoy being interviewed, so I try not to pester him with questions the whole time. He seems to truly like most Deadheads, graciously signs autographs, poses for snapshots, and is generally just a hell of a nice guy. The only vaguely negative thing I've ever heard him say about being around Deadheads is that he really doesn't much like it when it turns into an interview.

On the other hand, his music is his life, and he does like to talk about that, so when you're spending the day on a small boat with him the subject naturally comes up. He volunteers that he has just completed a musical project with his oldest daughter, who plays violin, saying that it was really cool to be able to relate to his daughter on a musical level. He talks excitedly about a new project with David Grisman, and tells us he is looking forward to visiting Bruce Hornsby at Hornsby's mansion in Virginia, to work on a new project with him.

He told me that someone from the Library of Congress requested that he provide an analysis of the musical theory behind *Dark Star*.

"Analyze *Dark Star*?" I asked, laughing.

"Right," he said, smiling at the absurdity. "I sent them some total bullshit."

I was surprised to hear from Jerry that Robert Hunter has an incredibly large volume of unpublished and even unseen work. Jerry says Hunter writes every single day, that he has many, many songs sitting around, and three novels completed that he refuses to release. (Come on, Hunter, share 'em with us!)

We talked quite a bit about the new sound system, which has eliminated all the monitors from the stage. The band members now wear earphones and have an intercom system that allows them to talk to each other secretly. [See *DDN* issue #22 — Interview with Harry Popick for full details.] Jerry says it's really neat, loads of fun. He claims they are now able to give each

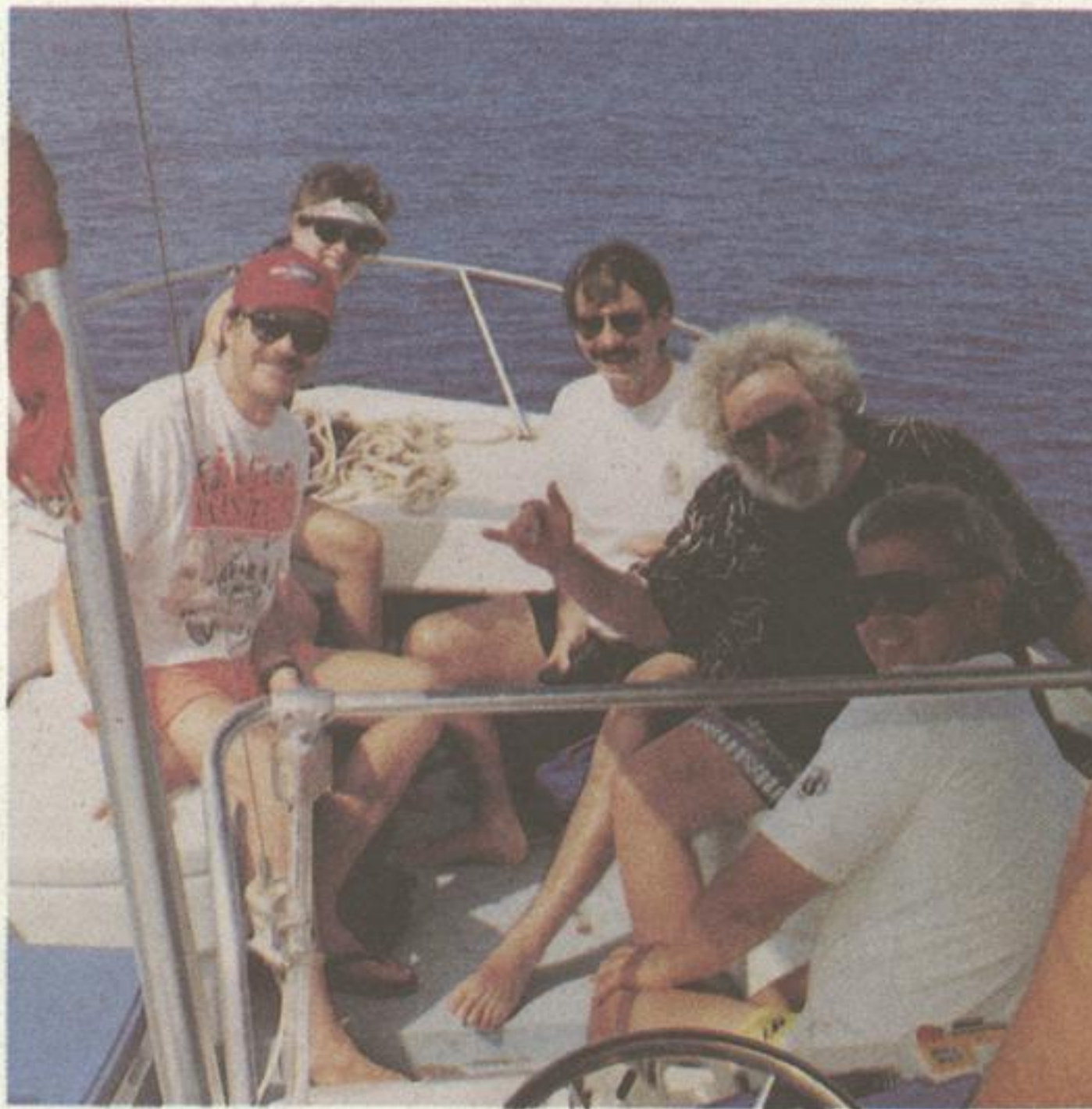
other loads of shit during the concert, saying things like "Weir! What the fuck are you doing?" or, "All right, which one of you drummers is dragging?"

Each member of the band, he says, has their own personal mix in their headphones, their own private version of what the Grateful Dead is. Healy is responsible for what the audience hears, so when we can't hear what Jerry is playing (which happened often at Las Vegas) it's Healy's fault, not Jerry's. I suggested that every member of the audience should get his own set of headphones. "And a little 12-channel mixer," Jerry said enthusiastically. "Let everybody mix his own poison!"

Jerry is still an eel charmer and octopus trainer. He consistently finds the biggest, ugliest, meanest moray eel with a gaping mouth

full of sharp teeth and tries to pet the damn thing! I'm scared to death one of them is going to bite off one of the fingers on his left hand someday. Think of the dimensions of that tragedy — one of the world's greatest guitar players disabled by the bite of an angry eel. But the eels don't seem angry when Jerry approaches them. He tames them. Same thing with an octopus. We came across a rather large octopus on our last dive, and it didn't flee as an octopus will normally do. Jerry claims they are quite intelligent and that you can actually train them if you work with them a little while.

Our conversations on the boat encompassed many topics. My favorite involved work nightmares, when you dream you're doing your job but things are going oddly wrong. I'm a television news anchor, and I have recurring dreams about not having my coat and tie on thirty seconds before the news is about to start. I can't get my damn necktie tied in time. Or else I'm on the set trying to read the teleprompter and none of it makes any sense. All the words are garbled and incomprehensible, causing me to stammer like an idiot. I know waitresses who dream a thousand customers come in at once and they spend all night trying unsuccessfully to get the orders



straight. A news photographer has recurring dreams of hurrying to get to a fire, then realizes he doesn't have his camera with him.

All of us who deal with the stress of our jobs have similar dreams. I wondered if Jerry Garcia ever had such dreams, and if so, what would they be like? What would he dream about his work?

So while we were on the subject of sleep, I asked him. The topic came up quite naturally when he took a short nap on the boat in between dives. The rest of us were watching a group of pilot whales swim by, talking excitedly and taking pictures, while Jerry was snoring. When he woke up for the next dive he explained that after years of being on the road he has learned how to sleep anywhere in almost any situation.

So I told him about my can't-read-the-teleprompter dreams and asked him if he ever had any curious work dreams. "Sure," he said, "all the time. A common one is that it's time to go on stage and play. I'm in this labyrinthine building wandering around trying to find the stage, and I can never find it. Another involves the microphone turning into some kind of hideous writhing snake. I can't get the microphone to stay still. Everybody in the band has similar dreams."

I think the most remarkable thing about diving with Jerry is his ability to stay underwater so long. Even the people who run the charters comment on this. Jerry is always the first one off the boat and the last one to come back up. For those of you who don't scuba dive, divers leave the boat with about 2800 PSI of compressed air in their tanks. That means you have enough air to breathe for about 50 minutes or so at a depth of 50 feet. Novice divers and people who are not in great shape tend to breathe very heavily and go through their air supply quite quickly. How deep you go also affects how long the supply lasts; at greater depths the air is more compressed by the pressure and doesn't last as long. I work out every day and don't smoke, and I'm a pretty relaxed guy underwater, but I

can't come close to Jerry when it comes to staying under. On one of our recent dives I stayed down for an hour and five minutes, which is a plenty long dive even for Jacques Cousteau. Jerry was down for an hour and thirty minutes. Even the professional guides, the "Dive Masters," used up all their air and had to give up and go back to the surface. Jerry was still down there all alone, poking around taming eels. He must somehow put himself into a meditative state that even expert divers fail to achieve.

One of the cool things about scuba diving is being weightless. On one dive I hovered for awhile, ten feet above all the divers in our group, and watched the air bubbles as the divers exhaled through their regulators. Human exhaust trailing behind them, struggling toward the surface. Divers have their own "signatures" of air bubbles as they exhale. Some beginning divers blast out huge globs of silvery quivering bubbles. Others emit smaller disorganized blasts. I started seeing the bubble trails above the head of each diver as if they were thoughts represented in a cartoon strip. Jerry Garcia emits perfectly controlled, concise little flurries, just like those 16th notes he plays when he gets a fluid solo going in *Eyes of The World*.

Am I getting (excuse the pun) too deep here? Maybe it's the excess nitrogen in my bloodstream from staying underwater too long. Anyway, it's always fun to go diving with the man, and I'm always amazed by what a genuinely great guy he is. He's our hero, and we sometimes tend to deify him because he happens to be a conduit for something powerful and mystical that even he doesn't fully understand. But he's just a human being who manages to take us to that special place, not only because he has a genius for music, but also because he has worked his ass off to master his craft. Ironically, in a way I'm more mystified by him onstage having known him offstage.

I hope he doesn't mind that I stole some of his private vacation moments and shared them in print, and I sure hope I get to dive with him again next time. ♦





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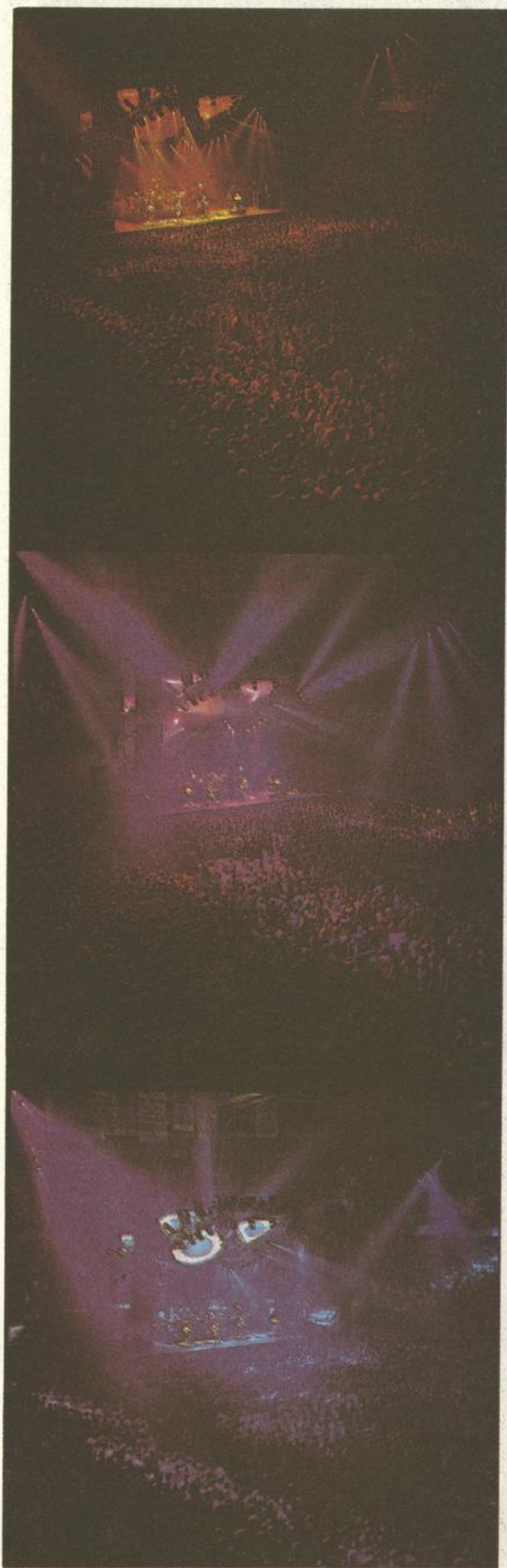
Robert Conrad Engman '89

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

— An Interview with CANDACE BRIGHTMAN

by Johnny Dwork





Photos by Jim Anderson

Candace Brightman, lighting designer extraordinaire, worked her first Dead shows at the Capitol Theater in Portchester over 20 years ago. Shortly thereafter, the Dead asked her to do the lights for their European tour in 1972, and she's been working with them ever since. Long gone are the days when she would run an entire light show from a regular audience seat with a shoebox-sized controller. These days she relies on sophisticated computer programs, state-of-the-art electronics, and some of the best lighting technicians in the business to help her pull it all together. We caught up with her recently in a hotel room, which was chock full of videotapes, photographs, and technical papers. Amidst a flurry of phone calls and the constant energy buzz that surrounds her, she told us about what's it's like to shed light on our favorite band.

Your lighting setup for the Dead now seems to go through a considerable metamorphosis with each new tour. How much time do you get to practice with each new setup?

A week or ten days to debug and program a new system and prepare for 130 tunes! Varilite has a MacIntosh offline programming system that will enable me to program more cues at home which will help. But I'll always keep on programming during a tour. I like to have new effects or looks for every show. Although when the band is playing really well any lighting seems to work well.

The pressure's off.

Yes. When they're on a roll I barely have to think; it's like watching someone else do lights. Other times they send out a wave of confusion. Those times are difficult for me, sort of like working!

You went to St. John's College in Maryland. When you were there, was it your intention to get involved in a career like the one you're in now?

No. I went to St. John's because I wanted a solid educational background in philosophy, history, and science.

So how did you originally get involved in doing lighting?

I had done some set design in college. In New York I lit shows and dance companies in store fronts and churches, studied lighting, drove a cab nights, stage managed a dance company. I had all sorts of jobs. I went backstage at a theatre where they were doing rock and roll shows, and Chip Monck, who was the resident lighting designer, said he would teach me how to run lights for a show. I showed up the day of the show, but no Chip. So I did whatever I felt like doing.

The production crew for that theatre moved across the street to the Fillmore East, where I worked for a few years. Then Howard Stein opened the Capitol in Portchester, N.Y. That was my first lighting installation. Howard gave me a smaller budget than I had had at the Fillmore, but really left me to my own devices, which was ideal. It was a great experience; I got to light three bands per weekend. This was '69, '70, '71. We moved back to the city into the Academy of Music (which is now the Palladium). We did the Gaelic Park shows at an outdoor venue in the Bronx and a series of shows at Madison Square Garden and shows in Miami, Atlanta, Chicago, and Detroit.

So when did you meet with the Dead?

I lit a lot of Dead shows at the Capitol in Portchester. Jerry and Howard Wales were opening for a John McLaughlin show I was lighting up in Buffalo in January of '72. Jerry watched the McLaughlin set and asked me if I would do the Dead's European tour.

When the Dead hired you, did they want you to create psychedelic light shows?

No. They didn't seem to be interested in a light show at all. They were probably trying to get through Europe on a budget. Light shows at that point were not super-practical. I could go to Europe and provide lighting without chaos.

How basic was your original setup with the Grateful Dead?

Pretty basic. Four trees, 40 lights, myself and Ben Haller on the lights crew. We set it up in an afternoon. I had a controller the size of a shoebox. I cued the spots and ran the show from a seat in the audience. Things have changed a bit since then, but that was really fun.

For many the Grateful Dead is merely a fun experience, but for others this experience can become an artistic and even spiritual path that, when followed attentively, can serve as a vehicle for profound knowledge and great personal creativity...

The Dead allow me to do what I love; their music and lyrics are rich and diverse. There are no artistic limitations — only practical. This is both a blessing and a curse: you can never say, "Well, that's DONE."

You're obviously instilled with the same sense of adventure as Healy. Have you been able to instill this sense into your new lighting crew?

They're really good and plenty adventurous without any nudges from me. Space is an opportunity for any of us to try anything. And there's nothing like trying it with an audience.

It's the ultimate playtime.

This is the time to experiment. Anything goes. Last Mardi Gras the whole crew was out at the booth, the parade started, and one person on the crew who's really jaded finally started to smile. He finally got the picture, and it was fun to watch.

Let's review the evolution of the Grateful Dead's lighting, starting with the fixed lights.

In the 70's I felt that lighting should rarely distract from the music. Also, the budget management allowed for lighting was minimal. By '83, it was time for something new — budget or no budget. Varillites and Panaspots had just been invented.

Panaspots and Varillites?

Two brands of automated lights. Genesis and Devo had used these lights. I first saw panaspots used on a Devo show in Sacramento and persuaded the Dead to try them. We were among the first to use automated lighting.

What time period?

'83. I was conservative with them initially. Dead fans generally have a very strong sense of propriety regarding the band. But there were no outcries. At the same time, I found that the band was not averse to spending more money on these things — within reason. They want anything that's going to make the show more entertaining for the audience, if it doesn't require an inordinate amount of labor and time.

Does the GD own any lighting equipment?

No. As soon as you own it, it's out of date.

At one point you worked with Morpheus Lights.

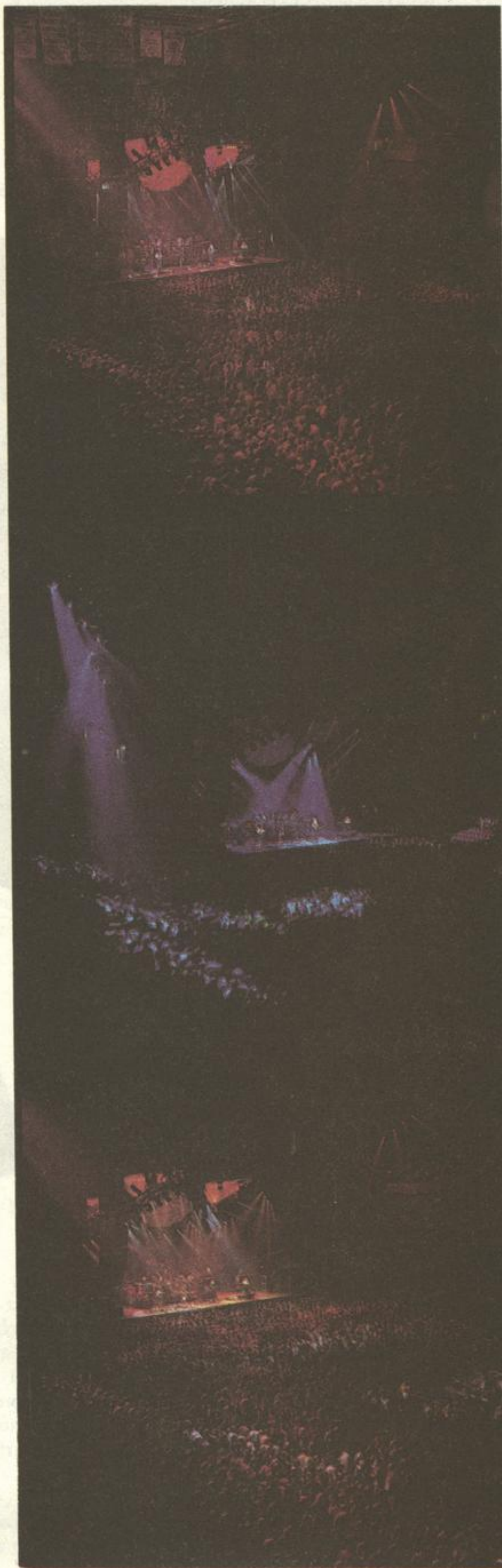
Yes, for 10 years. But it was not possible for them to guarantee me the equipment I needed.

How do you check out things that are fresh and new?

I go to shows. Take my notebook. Steal anything useful.

Another clever thief.

There're a lot of interesting designers out there. Peter Gabriel's last tour was brilliant. George Coates' projected sets are great. Chas Harrington, Dire



Photos by Jim Anderson

Straits' lighting director, is excellent. U2, Steel Wheels are great solutions to the stadium situation; I'd love to have the kind of budget a long tour affords. I really enjoy doing our stadium shows — they're visually rich.

A couple of years ago, you started having these gorgeous stage sets for the summer tours.

Who's been doing the designing?

I proposed the general idea for the set at a band meeting and started looking for a design. I wanted something that

would feel like a county fair in the year 3000, a mass of strange creatures and banners floating in the breeze, lots of color to look at in the hours before the band goes onstage. Something huge but unpretentious — even funny — if possible. Jan Sawka responded with a truly gorgeous rendering which captured some of these elements and was much richer than anything I had imagined. In '91 I decided to go for more variety using projections. Also I wanted to have one really powerful piece that would work from a distance — the arch.

How did you get the idea for the arch?

I worked with Ian Knight, a set designer. I wanted a proscenium that incorporated massive mythical figures which would appear to be holding up the proscenium and roof, a structural statement that would read at 300 feet. This year I lit it in different ways and designed smaller, more colorful projection surfaces. The trick is to design these scrims to look interesting in the daytime and also work well as projection surfaces at night.

People love the giant jesters and dancing skeletons that adorn these huge sets. Are you going to add new and/or more "creatures"?

I like the benign-gargoyle concept — a character both charming

and threatening — but I would like to Grateful Dead-ize them. No skeletons. I've seen enough of that image. I would love to animate them, either mechanically or digitally as video characters.

Whose idea was it to come up with the odd-shaped scrim for the projections?

Mine. On stage it's a simple way to use projection surfaces behind the band without killing sight lines; since all shows are sold out the seats behind the stage need an unobstructed view in arenas and stadiums. And you can't do much with the band gear and the condos backstage. The PA scaffolding shapes were part of my original idea for the '89 set.

There have been some really noticeable changes recently, like the movable mirrors. And now you finally have the fog, which creates an enormous difference. You're not just talking about color and texture, you're creating architectural, three-dimensional things in space — light sculptures.

Yes, I really enjoy creating those focuses. The fog issue is tricky. You need just the right amount — not too much for those who are bothered by it, and not too little to see.

Could you give us a detailed breakdown of the system

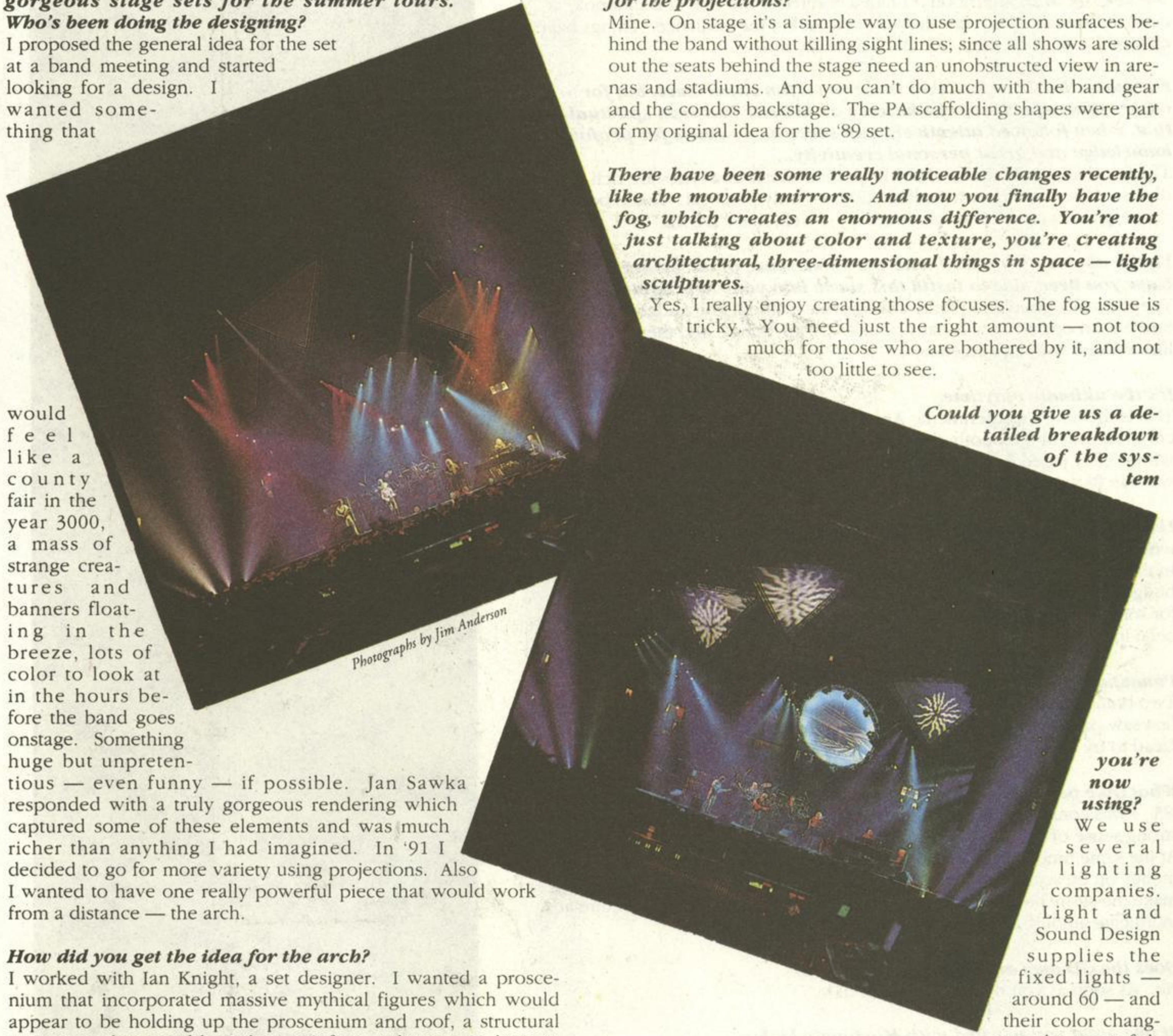
you're now using?

We use several lighting companies. Light and Sound Design supplies the fixed lights — around 60 — and their color changers, the truss fol-

lowspots, 10 to 16 from tour to tour, the trusses that support the lights, and the motors that pull up the trusses. Obie-Telebeam supplies the telescans, which are the large, rather anthropomorphic automated lights. I do the spinning gobo effects with those lights.

Those are the lights that have the moving mirrors.

That's right. The remainder of the automated lighting is supplied by Varilite. The soft lights called VLAs are used for audi-



Photographs by Jim Anderson

ence, band, and set lighting, and VL2Bs used mostly for projections on the cyps (the projection surfaces) and clouds of light in the air. In the summer Production Arts supplies the pani projectors for the scrims on the PA scaffolding. The projections used in the stadium shows are done by Bill Smythe. The video system is supplied by Performance out of Virginia. The integration of video, sets, and lighting has made life pretty interesting in the last few years.

For a while recently, the Dead were working with set lists. Are they still doing that?

Often they know the first few songs of a set, and sometimes the entire set.

Is it tough working without a set list?

It's really fun not knowing. That's one of the most entertaining aspects of working with the Dead.

You must be one of the great guessers.

Aren't we all?

Yeab. It's an art. We all do it. It's one of the fun/funny things about the GD Experience.

What lighting boards do you use?

I have an Artisan on my left hand to control the Varilites. I send groups of cues, generally 4 to 8 cues

and/or chases, to that controller via macros in a Macintosh Powerbook to get the more complex looks at the top of a tune or anytime. Then I modify these looks — go

to stars against a red sky on the cyps, for example, or a focus chase (lights moving continuously), or a color combination or sequence of combinations — with individual cue numbers. On the right hand is the Telescan controller. In front of me is the color changer controller for the fixed lights.

Years ago, you used house spotlights. And now the operators are on the trusses. I think you had four on each side in the last system.

Yeah, the numbers vary. One from each side for each person onstage who is not seated. There're also another group of followspots that are fixed. They cover keyboards and drums. The followspot intensity and color is controlled by the person who stands to my right. We've had two excellent people cueing followspots in the last three years.

You said you have seven people on your crew. But you've got these guys who are trouble-shooting. How many people are working the

lights?
Two. Myself and the spot cue caller.

Do you use local lighting people?

The followspot operators are local stagehands. They aim the followspots; we control their intensity,

color and beam size. The stagehands also assemble and strike the lighting system under the direction of the people on the lighting crew.

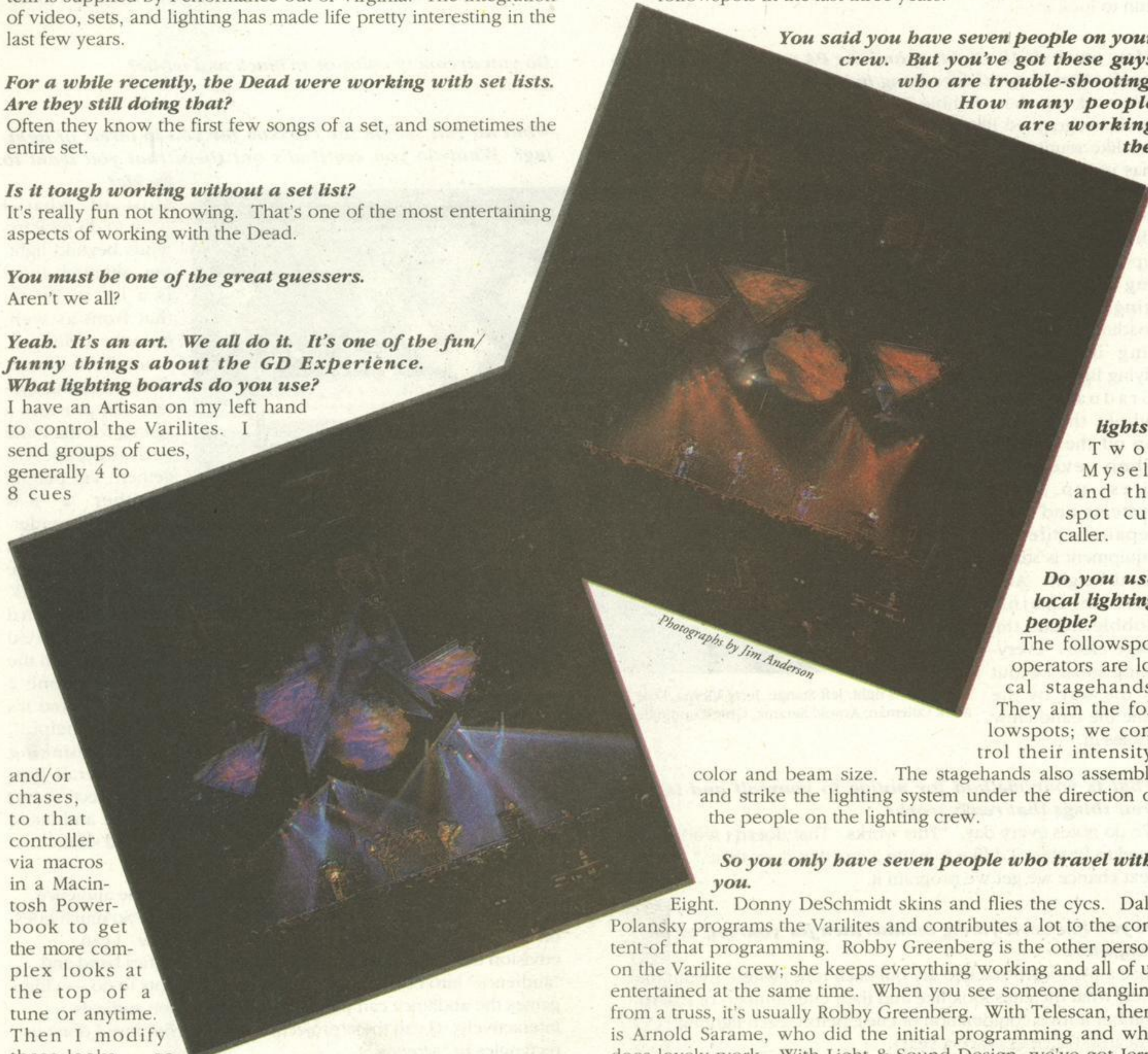
So you only have seven people who travel with you.

Eight. Donny DeSchmidt skins and flies the cyps. Dale Polansky programs the Varilites and contributes a lot to the content of that programming. Robby Greenberg is the other person on the Varilite crew; she keeps everything working and all of us entertained at the same time. When you see someone dangling from a truss, it's usually Robby Greenberg. With Telescan, there is Arnold Sarame, who did the initial programming and who does lovely work. With Light & Sound Design, we've got Jerry Vierna, who does those beautiful fixed light focuses and is the crew chief. Marty Cohen is the rigger who flies the lighting and sound systems. In the summer we add a set crew. Howard Campbell and Chris Brightman. That's the core of our crew. I have been very lucky to work with these people.

Are your guys competing with the road crew?

The band's road crew gets the band gear set up by 3 or 4 PM, which doesn't give us much time to focus lights. We're all in each other's way, but we have worked it out.

Photographs by Jim Anderson



Is that why on the first night in each venue on the spring tour you were still working like crazy right up until showtime?

Yes, one reason. But as long as that wonderful toy is there to play with I can't resist adding new looks to it. They're so much fun to look at.

How much do the lighting and the PA crews compete with each other to get things bung in time?

We work together. Robbie Taylor, our production manager, has it choreographed like a dance. He coordinates the game plan. It's like staging a battle scene. It's amazing. In the summer he has union crews of 50 to 100 people working all over the place, setting up scaffolding, flying the roof, rigging motors, unloading trucks, setting up the PA, flying lights trusses. Gradually the whole thing gets up off the ground. Then everyone fires up their systems and does repairs while the equipment is still at head height. At a certain point, Robbie needs the stage clear. Everything must be out of the way by the time the band crew comes in.



From left to right: Jeff Stange, Jerry Vierna, Dale Polansky, Tom Britt, Robbie Greenberg, Candace Brightman, Mark Coleman, Arnold Serame, Greg Cunningham

Photo by Stephanie Jennings

What is your method for noting to yourself and to your crew things that really work?

We do notes every day. "This works. That doesn't work. We need to fix this. I'd like to write a cue that does this..." The next chance we get we program it.

Do you have everything handwritten for yourself or on computer?

I use a hypercard stack to lay out each tune, where I want the cues, what the cues look like and their cue number, or macro number if it's a combination of cues, before each lighting rehearsal (once or twice a year).

So you have sheets on every song.

No, maybe 60. I don't need pre-programmed cues for every tune.

Do you have a favorite type of venue to work?

Cal Expo is my favorite. The Boston Garden has character. I don't like Charlotte.

Why?

Too corporate, too many cops. I prefer Greensboro.

Was Europe difficult for you with all those small venues?

No. Europe was great. The band was playing well, and I loved it.

Do you dream in color or in black and white?

Color.

What do you see on the horizon for you in terms of lighting? What do you see that's out there that you want to tackle?

Most of what I want to do now extends beyond lighting, although there is a lot to do on that front as well, namely a deeper, more three-dimensional lighting system that provides a setting for the band and audience together. I'm putting together a 3-D design and rendering package so I can play with these ideas in "real" scanned and photographed backgrounds on the Mac. I've done a little of this and it's been very helpful. I'm also thinking about overall pro-

duction design that incorporates lighting or slide projections on surfaces extending beyond the stage into the venue and using video graphics as content or as backgrounds for band shots.

A camera hand-held onstage and roving through the audience — outdoors, before the show — would be good. So much goes on offstage, in the audience, and before the show. I can envision the kind of projected coverage that unifies band and "audience" into one the way the lighting attempts to do — video games the audience can play on these projection surfaces interactively. (I call them projection surfaces because I don't use rectangles or "screens.")

I would love to have some animation pieces done for particular tunes or generic use. But they get "old" fast for those of us who see many shows, and it's extremely expensive — we'll see. And comedy! There're some very funny people in this entourage — band, crew, and audience — we saw some of this in '81 and '87 video coverage. I'd love to see more. ♦

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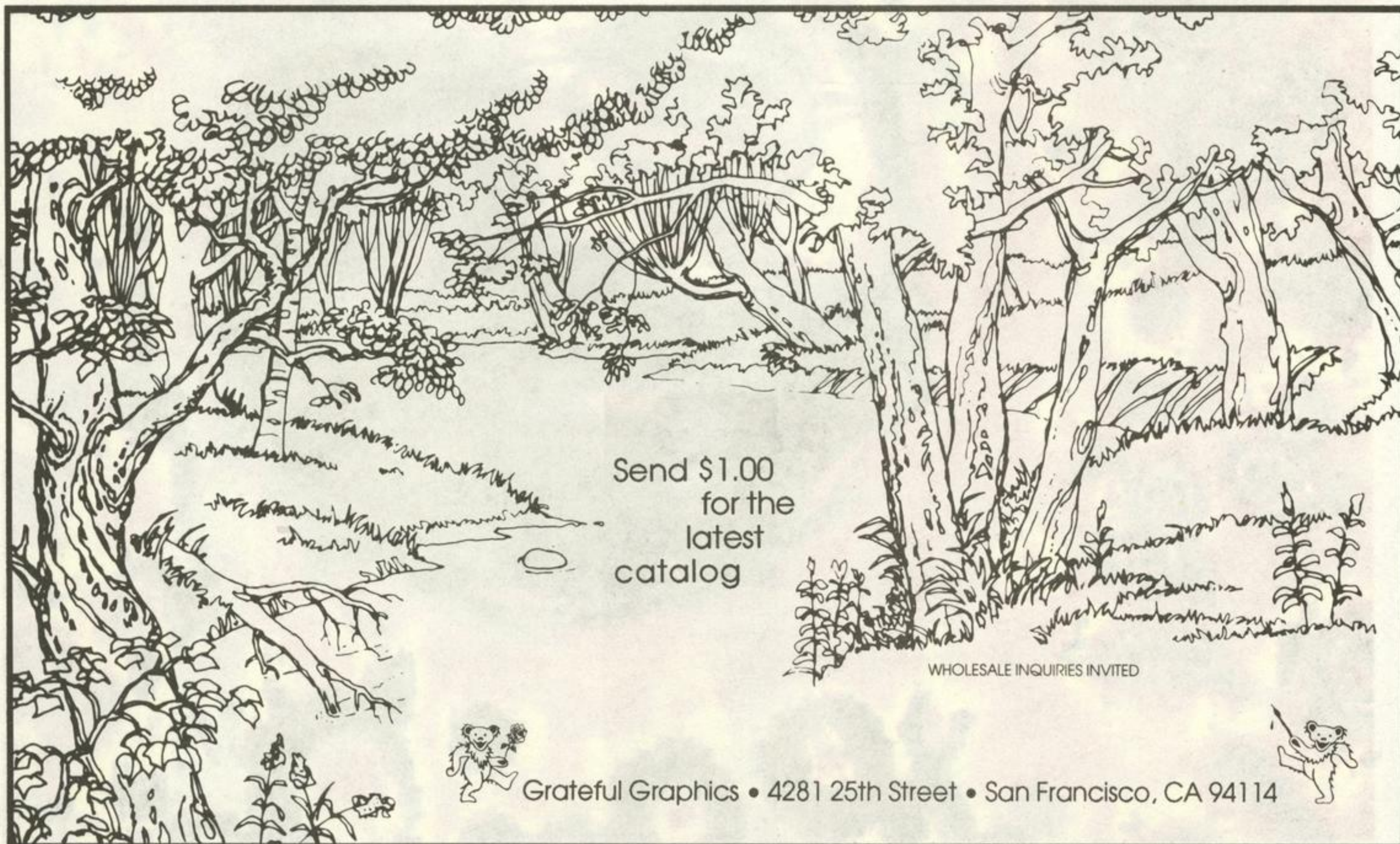
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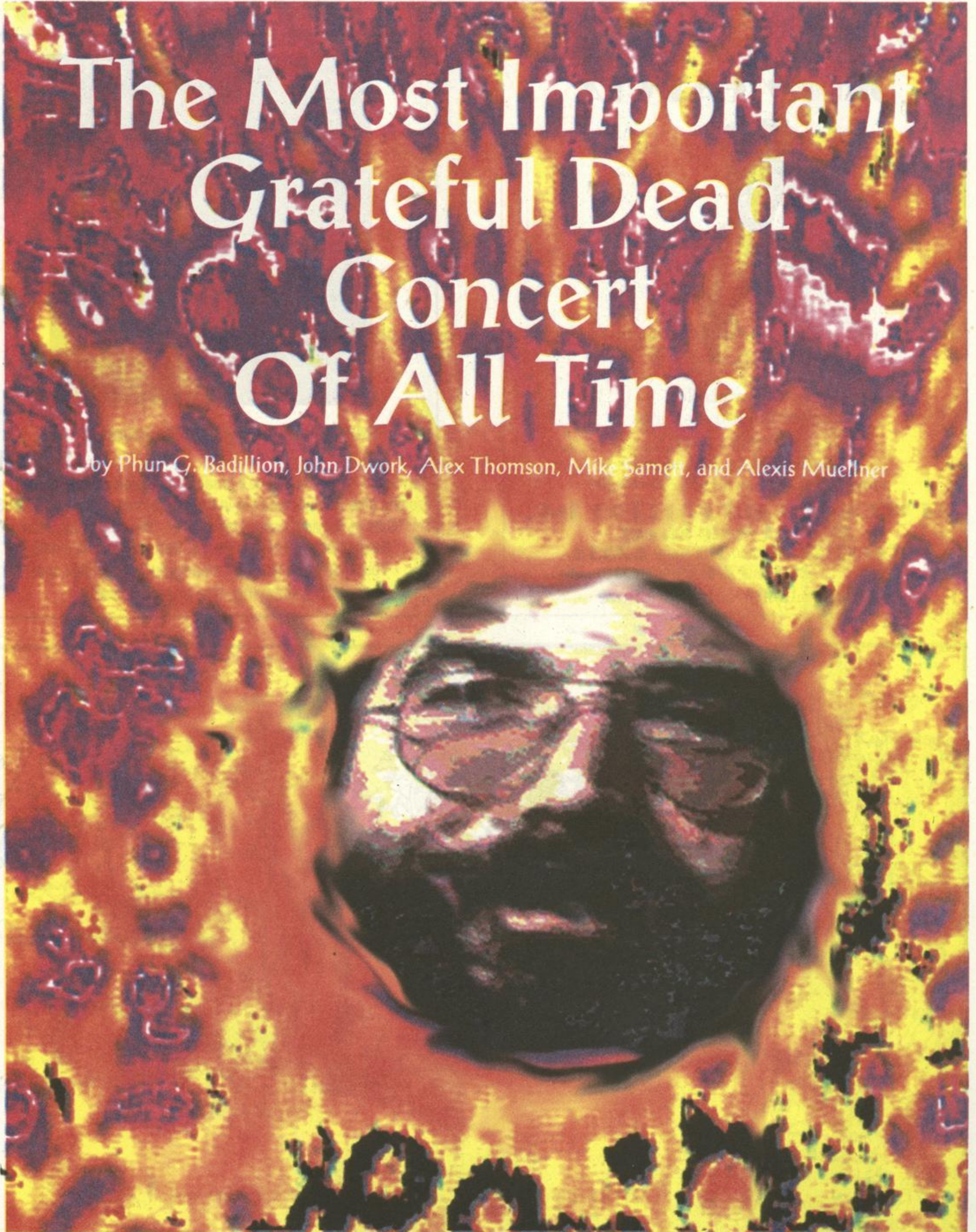


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The Most Important Grateful Dead Concert Of All Time

by Phun G. Badillion, John Dwork, Alex Thomson, Mike Samett, and Alexis Muellner



Because the Grateful Dead Experience is by nature subjective, it's very difficult to be objective about Dead shows. We at DDN, however, still love to compare, as many of you do, great shows and debate about which ones are "best." Our favorite show of all time is the Kesey's Creamery Benefit show on 8/27/72 at the Old Renaissance Fairgrounds in Veneta, Oregon. We think it's the most important show ever. While many of you might think that 2/13/70 at the Fillmore East or 5/8/77 at Cornell University are the best shows ever, 8/27/72 is arguably the quintessential show, in that it is the most potent example of what the Grateful Dead Experience can be: Musically transcendent and awe-inspiring, as well as free-spirited, adventurous, and, of course, fun. It is also perhaps the best-documented example of the transformative power of the Grateful Dead transcendental psychedelic experience.

*The show took place during a special year for the Dead. The "field trip" setting with the Kesseys as hosts created a unique context. The set list was absolutely perfect for the circumstances, the musical performance was extraordinary, and the remarkable unreleased film (see related article: **Sunshine Daydream** p. 32) and audio tapes of the show allow us to continually re-explore the greatness of the music and use it as a catalyst for profound psychic transportation. The show touches the heart and soul in a way that cannot be rationally described. For us, this concert opened up the cosmos and started us on a mystical journey that is still unfolding. We don't want to get caught up in a detailed comparison of shows, rather, we want to illustrate the positive magic and potential for change that 8/27/72 offers us.*

A Special Time in the Dead's Career

Previous to 1972 the Grateful Dead's efforts had brought them through several clearly identifiable landmarks in their musical evolution. By 1967 the Dead had begun to effectively harness the intense power of psychedelics as catalysts for the creation of visionary music. But the resulting efforts at this time were still raw, rough, overflowing with too much youthful psychedelic vibrancy. Powerful as an atom bomb, they were still untamed. By 1969 we saw a band whose psychedelic sound had matured considerably; the overwhelming power was still there but they were learning how to intelligently harness and effectively structure it. 1970 brought the beginning of an important new epoch. With singing lessons provided by Crosby, Stills and Nash, and a return in part to acoustic American folk music, the Dead were beginning to show signs not just of focus and maturation but of an awareness of nuance. Ask any great musician and he'll tell you that the greatest sound in music is silence. The emergence of the Dead's greater awareness can be heard throughout the spring of 1970 in breathtakingly exquisite performances such as 2/13/70. Musically speaking, 1971 seemed to be somewhat contractive; we remember reading a Garcia quote about the live double *Skullfuck* album in which he said that they were trying to achieve a super tight "shoot 'em up" bar band sound. Having dealt with the death of several family members in 1970, a retreat from the heroic and oftentimes cathartic journey that comes with the territory of playing the sort of visionary psychedelic music that preceded 1971 is understandable. Accommodating two new members of the band (Keith and Donna) must have also been constricting.

The spring 1972 Europe tour was nothing less than monstrous, and perhaps their best ever. The Dead had replaced the acoustic folk traditionals of the previous two years with a strong repertoire of their own electrified American classics including *Jack Straw*, *Tennessee Jed*, and *Ramble On Rose*. By the summer of 1972, the Grateful Dead had begun to reach what is arguably their most profound musical pinnacle. By August Pigpen was sick at home and the band was quickly gravitating towards a more mature, jazzy sound. Aside from Pigpen, the rest of the band was vibrantly healthy. They were at an age (their late twenties) when youthful stamina plays a critical role in an artist's ability to play his heart out at every performance. Keith and Donna had become so well integrated into the collective musical persona of the group that it was, in a sense, of one mind. In

general the more tightly structured rock and roll sound heard just a year before had dissolved away. In its place was a musical "gestalt" just waiting for any excuse to synergize into a vessel from which the sound of the collective unconscious could pour effortlessly forth. *Playing in the Band*, *Dark Star*, *China Cat > Rider*, *The Other One*, *Bird Song*...these songs had evolved into transportation devices that, in the summer of 1972, were being employed to travel throughout deep inner spaces as far removed from the familiar location of everyday consciousness as they (or any musicians) had ever traveled before. While he'd now no doubt deny it, Jerry Garcia had become the John Coltrane of rock music. As a whole, the band had arrived at a point at which its music displayed both power and awareness.

Recipe for a Miracle — Coming Home to the Prankster Family

By the summer of 1972 the Dead were so tight, so loose, so in sync, so *awesome*, that they were on the verge of something above and beyond anything that had come before. All it would take was the right "set and setting" to create a concert of miraculous proportions.

Oregon was the original home of many members of the Dead's extended family. Some of the roadies were from Pendleton, and many of the Merry Pranksters, Ken Kesey and Ken Babbs included, had settled around Eugene. Many hippies who had "come of age" in the Bay area in the 60's eventually moved up north to settle. By 1972 Eugene had become, in the eyes of many, the epicenter of the West Coast Rainbow Nation. A visit to Oregon would be a homecoming.

In the summer of 1972 Ken Kesey's family creamery business was in need of a cash infusion. Black Maria, another Merry Prankster family member, traveled to the Bay area to ask the Dead if they'd do a benefit for the Creamery. On the last day of July the Dead gave the go-ahead. The Kesseys had only 27 days to prepare for the event! Tickets were printed on Creamery yogurt labels and family friends signed on to build the stage. And talk about mellow, if you can imagine, back then they didn't need to get a concert permit...they just rented an appropriate site and set to work!

In keeping with their tradition as the initiators of highly unusual events, the Kesey clan had all the right elements in place to

make this event a special one. More than just a fund-raiser and a concert for the local community, this was to be a party for the extended Grateful Dead/Prankster family. They billed it as "The Field Trip."

The Field

If you've ever been to Stonehenge, Red Rocks, the Grand Canyon, or Swayambunath, Nepal, you know what it means when people say that these sort of places are power spots or "energy centers." There are certain places on this planet that, through a combination of breathtaking natural

surroundings and inexplicable or unseen energy forces, make for a setting that is conducive to deeply significant spiritual occurrences. The Oregon Country Fairgrounds and the surrounding fields comprise such an area. The first time one of us ever set eyes on this place he couldn't help but call it God's country. It is beautiful beyond any description...the rolling hills covered with evergreen trees, big puffy clouds dotted with soaring hawks, vast expanses of wild blackberry bushes overflowing with fruit in August. But none of this does justice to the feeling one gets when there. Where else but in such a lush setting, so intimately connected with nature, could the Dead play music of cosmic proportions? And this is a very important point, because only in a natural setting could the Dead ever reach their ultimate potential as vehicles for transformation.

The Weather

Another one of the synergistic factors was the high temperature recorded in Oregon on that day. With the brutal August sun creating an all-time Oregon high of 108 degrees, INTENSE became the operative word. Lack of foresight put the stage, and henceforth the instruments, into direct contact with the afternoon sun, which resulted in some very strange aural effects. But the astounding heat of that day made for a collective trial-by-fire for everyone present, not just the band. This was 1972, mind you, and there weren't any such things as ice cream or soda stands on the site, which even today qualifies as countryside. At one point the water ran out. The Keseys got hold of a water truck from the fairgrounds next door, but just as they were about to spray the crowd Ken's brother Chuck realized that it was a truck used to empty porta-johns! Talk about tragedy narrowly averted! Potable water was eventually resupplied, much to the relief of everyone.

The Psychedelic Factor

Any discussion of this concert, in fact any discussion about the Dead's most important musical work, would be incomplete without a serious look at the intimate role that psychoactive substances played in creating that music. The Grateful Dead would not have become the legendary exploratory artists they are, were it not for that magical yet oftentimes problematic catalyst — LSD. The Dead came about at a time (the 1950's into the early 1960's) when Western civilization was desperately in need of a vehicle for both reconnecting with God consciousness and for shattering the illusory preoccupation with material wealth that kept (and still keeps) many of us from a path that serves to truly nurture our souls. The Dead were born in part

from the seed of psychedelic consciousness, and were to become a conduit for psychedelic consciousness. An awareness of this heritage is important in this context because on 8/27/72 members of the band quite obviously "checked back in" with the psychedelic experience that had helped to shape their music.

While psychedelics are only one of many available keys to unlock the door to mind expansion and transpersonal knowledge, they are certainly one of the most direct. Other practices

such as meditation, chanting, drumming, yoga, harmonic singing, fasting, and healing breathwork, etc., may elicit a similar response but often at a much slower, gradual pace with less intensity and less stress. All of these practices, like the use of psychedelics, allow us to transcend our everyday consciousness and tap into aspects of awareness and levels of reality not readily available to us. Experiencing these states can be of tremendous spiritual and intellectual benefit, provided that the voyager plans for such a journey appropriately. Popping a tab doesn't guarantee one a positive transformational experience; proper preparation is vital to insure

that one is in the right space and that the setting is conducive to a safe, positive experience. (As an important aside, we must point out that the psychedelic experience is most assuredly *not* for everyone or for even experienced people at certain times. But given that it can be used for healing and/or learning, it is, under the proper conditions, for some of the people some of the time. Regardless of your method for achieving heightened/ altered states of consciousness, be it through psychoactive catalysts, dancing, meditation, or breathwork, the music of 8/27/72 can serve as a powerful vehicle for turning such experiences into positive, healing soul work).

Stanislov Grof, one of the world's leading experts in psychedelic research, eloquently describes the more profound levels of the heightened states of awareness one experiences during an altered state of consciousness: the Sensory Barrier (the increased awareness of and within the five senses); the Biographical/Recollective (the reliving of emotionally relevant memories); the Perinatal (the unlocking of sensory, emotional, and physical experiences encountered during the birth process); and the Transpersonal (the transcendence of individuality and becoming one with universal awareness, or cosmic consciousness). These are the more recognizable levels of awareness that one tends to move through when under the influence of a mind-altering catalyst.

The musical result of the synergistic alignment that occurred on 8/27/72 between band, environment, audience, and psychoactive catalyst produced a performance that was, fortunately, captured on tape and film, and thus preserved for future exploration by those graced with an opportunity to listen in a receptive and appropriate heightened state of awareness. On that day, with all the essential elements aligned, the band was able to function as a receiver/amplifier for universal or cosmic consciousness. When people tune in to and resonate with this level of consciousness, they access a holographic

"We'd sure like to thank the Springfield Creamery for making it possible for us to play out here in front of all you folks and God and everybody. This is where we really get off the best."

Phil Lesh 8/27/72



Bobby Weir, our favorite sunstroked-serenader jams with all-out abandon under the brutal August sun

Photo from the movie Sunshine Daydream

Note that the emotional character of the music evolves closely with the evolution of the band's *own* psychedelic trip. As they get off, the music is crisp, electric, overflowing with youthful vibrancy like a flower in peak summer bloom. As the voyage progresses, the music turns cathartic, heavy, and mysterious...like death approaching. And then, just as most heavy peak experiences do, the music emerges from the heart of darkness and transcends to joy. There is reason to celebrate — a psychic gauntlet has been run and life has been reaffirmed. At each and every turn the Dead chose on that day the perfect song to frame the emotional states they experienced as they evolved through their own psychic voyage.

dimension or being state that contains all of the archetypal energies, mythological images, and evolutionary history of the universe. Some might call this God consciousness, or communion with The One. Regardless of what one chooses to call such a sacred communion, this is the spiritual experience that has fed the human soul since day one.

Once access to this awareness is gained it can be shared by others participating in the ritual. *It is highly significant to note that the Dead were pioneers of amplified music, sound powered by electricity, which for the first time in the history of Western culture allowed for the externalization of cosmic consciousness in a vibratory field so large that thousands of people can collectively experience it at one time.* Given the Dead's ability to act as the world's most powerful amplifier of psychedelic/cosmic/universal harmonics, it should come as no surprise that they enjoy such a fervent following!

Listening to 8/27/72 under the appropriate circumstances isn't like listening to a tape of most other shows, for while you can get into most other shows, have fun and dance to them, there's almost always some sense that you're listening to a tape. With 8/27/72 you can get completely "inside" the music, which surrounds the listener, causing the boundaries between music and listener to dissolve. Once "inside," the music takes the listener through a cosmic progression of internal emotions and visualizations that mirror life's most profound peak experiences: The birth, death, rebirth cycle and an awareness that transcends the limitations of time and space.

It's Not Just How They Played, It's What They Played

One of the more notable characteristics of the Dead's music that sets it apart from that of other rock bands is the deep *emotion* inherent within their music. The Dead were one of the first contemporary bands to stray from the confines of rock music's wimpy love song mentality and play music that also dealt with birth, death, enlightenment, sadness, and the mysterious, mythical, primal underbelly of American life (*Wharf Rat*, *Cumberland Blues*, etc.). This concert is made all the more special because the Dead chose on that day to play their more improvisational, spiritual, and sad songs.

These points comprise the most important quality that sets this show apart from most others. On 8/27/72 the Dead were able to play music that resonated and harmonized with a very high level of awareness and accessed a profound spiritual connection with the essence of life's most important peak experiences. To this day and beyond, the listener can resonate and harmonize with these same profound levels of awareness and peak experiences just by listening to the tapes of that show under the proper circumstances. More than any other show, it provides serious transportation music for the soul. (Given the enormity of this music, it would be advisable to avoid putting a tape of the heavier segments from this show on the stereo as background music for, shall we say, your average get-together.)

The Concert Begins

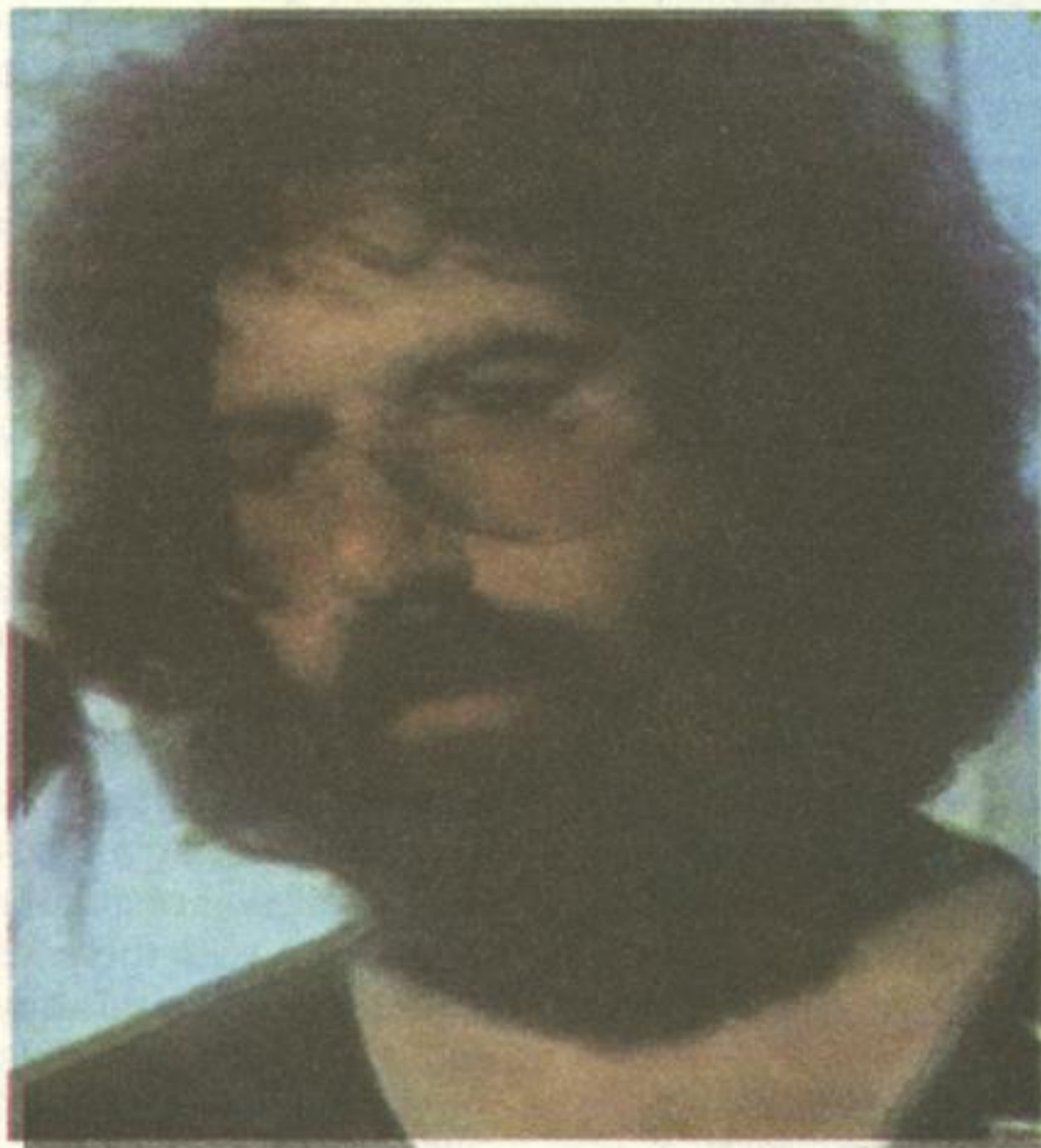
In keeping with true Merry Prankster fashion, the original Prankster Ken Babbs serves as Emcee for the gig, showing up on the side of the stage, dosed to the gills, to first introduce the bands and then occasionally make appropriately strange announcements. After an opening set by the New Riders of the Purple Sage, the Dead take the stage. Cutting off a lengthy introduction by Babbs, Phil steps to the microphone in a silly, wide-brimmed floppy hat and thanks "the Springfield Creamery for making it possible for us to play out here in front of all you folks and God and everybody. This is where we really get off the best." This is but the first of several mentions by the band of "God." We know of no other show at which the Dead acknowledge the possibility of a higher force.

The Dead start up with a crisp rendition of *Promised Land*. The sun is high in the sky and it is brutally hot. Then the Dead downshift into a slower mode and move unremarkably through acceptable versions of *Sugaree*, *Me & My Uncle*, *Deal*, and *Black-Throated Wind*. Up to this point it is nothing more than what one would expect for a run of the mill 1972 show played under oppressively hot conditions.

But what happens next is remarkable and can best be described as an "unfolding." A more objective analyst might say that this is where the drugs begin to take effect. Jerry launches into *China Cat*. At first it is controlled, a well-structured psychedelic mantra being marched through its paces. But as Jerry flies out of the

first verse and bounds briefly into an instrumental interlude, one begins to feel reality vibrate and shift. The second verse trembles with intense energy as though all heaven is about to burst forth. Something is about to change.

WHOOSH! VROOM! As the Dead leap off into instrumental space, one is struck with a clear sense that the energy level, the awareness on stage, is emerging into a vibrant new realm. The band is beginning to peak and the musical colors are starting to swirl. Bobby takes the first lead. He's so on, so hot, so "goin' for it," that the listener can't help but smile in awe. The power is mesmerizing. Jerry picks up where Bobby leaves off and brings the group to an even higher plateau. As he peaks at the traditional point in the jam, the band takes a musical breath as though to settle down for *I Know You Rider*. But they've just "gotten off," and realize the music is almost effortlessly pouring itself out. One can just *feel* Garcia grooving immensely in this newfound state of consciousness. He takes advantage of the tactile and nervous system rush by refusing to settle into *Rider*, jamming on instead. After finger-picking the band through yet another climax, he peaks out. Not to be outdone, and as if to musically verify that he, too, has arrived at a similar state of heightened consciousness, Phil pounds out a devilishly smart segue between the songs. (The film cuts from an audience shot to an extreme close-up at this precise moment. It's incredibly reassuring that at least one film-maker in the world of rock music had the sensitivity to cut to a musician's fingers when it counted the most.)



As the last rays of the sun kiss the field goodbye, Jerry, in deep trance, let's *Dark Star* play itself through him.

Photo from the movie *Sunshine Daydream*

The immense change in energy expressed during this *China Cat > Rider* brings up another significant point in regard to the psychedelic aspect of this concert. Anyone who has had a psychedelic experience knows that all such voyages are evolutionary, with several distinct phases or stages through which one passes. Each of these phases presents the voyager with a different set of physical and psychological experiences.

These phases can mirror the birth, life, death, rebirth cycle of organic life, very much like the progression of nature's seasons. In keeping with this perspective, the *China Cat > Rider* resonates strongly with a feeling of birth — as the Dead's own psychedelic voyage is born, so is a newborn youthful vibrancy expressed in the music.

Mexicali Blues and *Bertha* follow to close the first sunstroked set. Although the merciless rays of the sun bring their guitars slightly out of tune, these versions of both songs are among the most rocked out ever. Jerry is noticeably beginning to peak, as one would expect during the first hour or so of a psychedelic voyage, and the blinding cascade of notes that results is almost humorous in its intensity.

Set Two: Cosmic Music Is Born Between Mother Earth and Father Sun

With the sun still high in the sky, the band takes the stage once again. They open with what is arguably the most intense *Playing In the Band* of their career, although it certainly doesn't start out that way. For the entire duration of the opening set of lyrics it is painfully obvious that the tempo of the song is *waaay* too slow. At this point in their own chemical voyage, they're having, shall we say, *just a little* trouble

The "Lost" Dead Movie — *Sunshine Daydream* by Blair Jackson

Often discussed but only recently in circulation among video traders (usually in cut and high-generation copies), *Sunshine Daydream* is a remarkable 90-minute movie of the Dead's famous Veneta, Oregon concert of August 27, 1972, put on by Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters as a benefit for the Springfield Creamery, run by Chuck Kesey. The legendary three-set show, played in 108-degree heat, was the biggest Dead-Pranksters reunion since their days together in the mid-'60s. (Exactly ten years later the band returned to Veneta to commemorate the show.) *Sunshine Daydream* is more than just a movie of the concert; rather, it is a full-blown film that, in true post-Woodstock (the movie) fashion, takes us behind the scenes almost as much as it takes us onstage to see and hear the Dead playing *Promised Land*, *Jack Straw*, *China Cat > Rider*, and

Dark Star > El Paso. It is by far the best document of the early '70s version of the Grateful Dead, and if there is any justice in the world, perhaps it will someday be commercially available. This is the story of how it was made and why it has been suppressed until now.

These days, Phil De Guere is an executive producer of TV series. (It is De Guere who sanctioned the Dead's involvement with the newer *Twilight Zone* series.) Twenty years ago, however, De Guere was a young filmmaker in Palo Alto working with his friend John Norris on a pair of drug education movies financed by Stanford University's Business School. De Guere and Norris were also fans of the Grateful Dead, and with a third-film-minded (and well-financed) friend, Sam Field, they decided they wanted to make a film about the band.

The Dead organization was considerably more rambling and anarchic than it is today, and the trio immediately ran into difficulty trying to find the appropriate party to discuss the project with. In those days, the buck usually didn't stop anywhere, but instead floated from person to person haphazardly. The filmmakers' break came in February of '72, when De Guere went to see Jerry Garcia and Merl Saunders play

This piece originally appeared in *Golden Road Magazine* and is reprinted here courtesy of Blair Jackson.

accurately judging time. The music drags. But then, instantaneously, as they finish the opening lyrics and begin to jam, a profound transformation occurs. With the words out of the way, the need to play "in time" disappears and deep astral space travel immediately becomes the modus operandi. The musical conversation begins to soar, metamorphosing rapidly from one surreal climax to the next. One moment the music is turbulent and chaotic, the next it is a tightly bound ascending spiral, melting upwards and inwards. As the intuitive, subconscious creative gestalt of the troupe leads them further into uncharted realms, a miraculous series of musical evolutions takes place, and each one peaks, dissolves, and becomes replaced by newer, more complex patterns. The music, which now has a *fractal* quality to it, appears to mimic the evolutionary character of nature. One thought is inescapable: This is unlike any other music the Dead have ever played before...this is **VERY SERIOUS!!**

It quickly becomes evident that Jerry in particular has moved into an optimal level of performance, rising to perform his chosen skill at his ultimate best. After years of serious devotion to the mastery of a creative discipline, an artist arrives at a point where there is no longer separation between creator and instrument...they are one. As one, they become a vessel through which focused energy or spirit can express itself and/or a tuner-amplifier that resonates with energies otherwise unperceived due to the natural filtering characteristics of the mind. One gets the feeling when listening to this *Playing In the Band* that Jerry, who is playing music faster than he could possibly consciously think it, is both allowing for the spirit of the music

a club in San Francisco. "I was hanging out there before the doors opened, and Jerry came by, so I just sort of started talking to him," De Guere remembers. "I told him what we'd been going through, and I guess I sort of ended up proposing it to him there. He seemed sort of bemused by the idea that anyone would want to make a movie about a bunch of musicians who stand onstage and stare at their guitar strings. It's weird, though, but by the end of the conversation, I felt as if we had his tacit approval to pursue things."

Evidently, favorable word spread through the organization, because Field and Norris were allowed to accompany the band on their European jaunt that spring. Shortly after that, the Dead were approached by more filmmakers interested in making a Dead movie — the Maysle Brothers, of *Gimme Shelter* fame. "It's funny," De Guere says with a laugh. "By that time the Dead seemed to view us as their 'Film Division,' so they referred the Maysles to us! None of us was thrilled with the thought of them getting involved," and eventually the idea died.

to play itself through him and amplifying the normally unperceived holographic harmonic signature of cosmic consciousness.

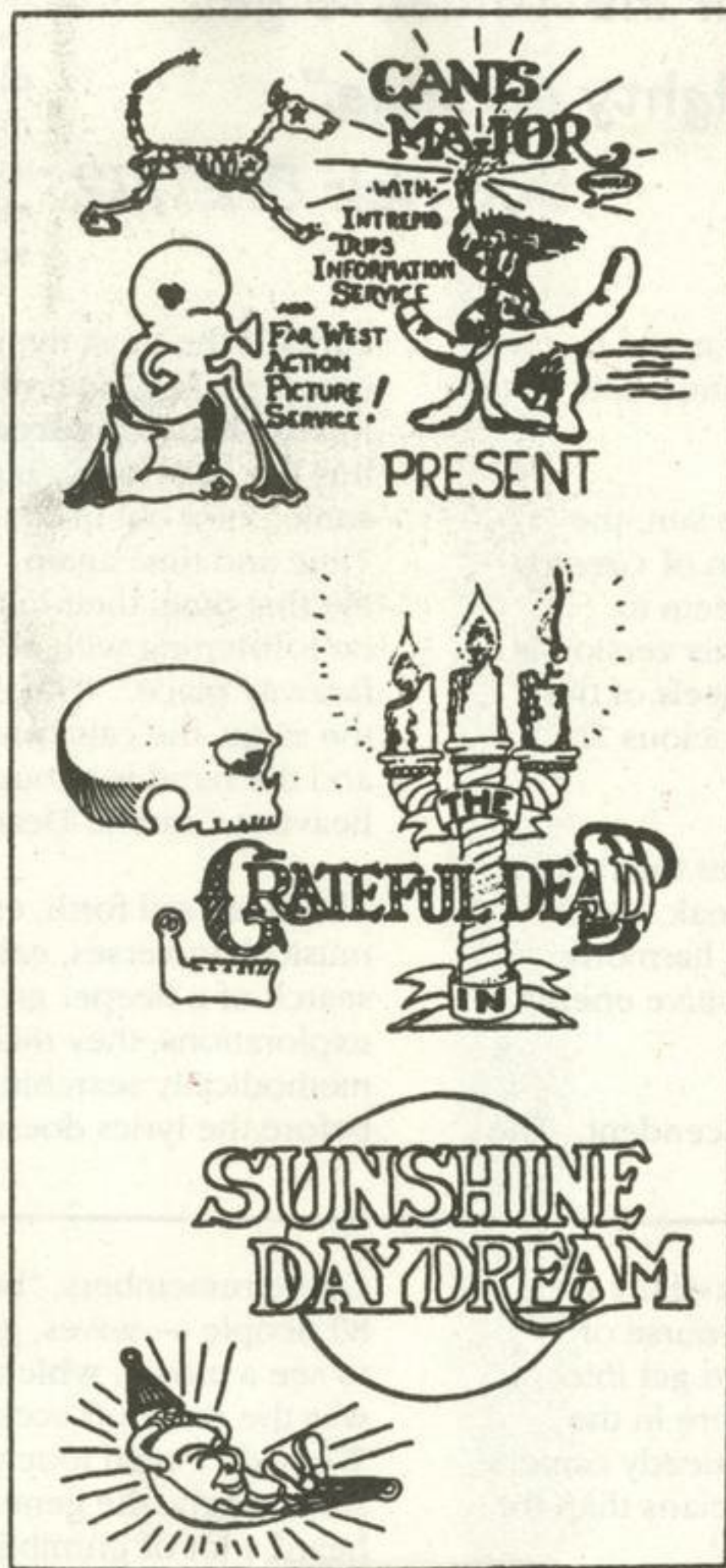
The musical improvisation evolves from one crescendo to another. For the emotionally sensitized listener whose spirit is directly affected by this music, this section can elicit ecstatic, kaleidoscopic visions and a dazzling, intricate cascade of images. It is, in the truest sense of the word, mind-blowing. In terms of the birth, life, death, rebirth cycle, this music harmonizes with the energy of life during its most vibrant self-actualized phase. The music has become powerful enough to trigger within the listener intellectual and emotional connections with the Biographical/Recollective and Perinatal levels, and starts to flirt with the Transpersonal realms.

After what is unquestionably the most intense musical climax we've ever heard Garcia pull off, the band finds its way back to more earthly realms. Following an astonishingly triumphant, screaming re-intro by Donna Godchaux, the band rips through the final verse, this one in perfect time, and then closes the song with a signature ending that goes on and on. They know how far they've just traveled and the majestically elongated ending seems to acknowledge the enormity of this legendary journey.

With that epic flood unleashed there's no denying the band is peaking and they wisely turn the intensity dial down several notches and settle into a slow, soulful rendition of *He's Gone*, a good choice for regrouping. *Jack Straw* follows, and the editor's interpretation of this song in the film is adorable, but we won't reveal its sweet surprise.

Meanwhile, De Guere traveled to Oregon, where he met the Pranksters and their film wing, FWAPS (Far West Action Picture Services). "They had some really good equipment up there, including this sophisticated 16 mm flatbed movieola editing table," De Guere says. During this visit, De Guere got the idea to shoot the film at the Dead-Pranksters Creamery bash, which was then just a couple of weeks away.

A week before the concert, De Guere and company got the green light they'd been looking for — the Dead agreed to let them film, but the band retained the right of refusal on the finished product. Including the Pranksters' equipment, the filmmakers had seven cameras to work with; Alembic electronics ace Ron Wickersham devised a system to sync the cameras to the music. Even before De Guere arrived, FWAPS filmed the entire process of setting up the stage, footage that ultimately formed the opening scenes in the movie, under a very spacey *Playin' in the Band* jam.



Credits from the movie *Sunshine Daydream*

The Dead are fairly unique among rock bands in that a good portion of their music captures so intimately the immense beauty of nature (*Eyes, Let It Grow, Here Comes Sunshine*, etc.). So it should come as no surprise that Jerry would choose, in such a stunning setting, to explore this most fascinating aspect of our reality by next setting sail into perhaps the best version of *Bird Song* ever. When performed well this song conveys both a femininity and a beautiful sadness inherent in nature, and on 8/27/72, Jerry's instrumental improvisations are astoundingly evocative of these feelings. During the vocals you can feel the band fighting a hero's journey to sing unequivocally while under the influence, but they somehow manage to pull it off. Many people who have tried to sing while under the influence of a psychedelic tell of how hard it is to keep the voice from "quivering." It can take much effort to keep the voice steady. The listener hears the Dead fight to win this challenge and really appreciates this effort as the show progresses. With Jerry's guitar notes eerily floating in and out from the heat, the final jam is at the same time both as delicate as a spider's web and immense.

In need of yet another respite from the still-intense sun, the band closes the second set with a blistering version of *Greatest Story*. Once again Jerry's screaming guitar notes seem to "disappear" as Donna wails in all-out abandon. This version is one of the all-time best, following closely on the heels of the 9/28/72 Stanley Theater version, famous for its ferocious *St. Stephen* jam.

With the exception of *He's Gone*, this set epitomizes the radiant quality of life being born and then rising into its peak. For the listener enfolded into the resonance of this cosmic harmonic signature, this is music full of hope and bright, positive energy.

Third Set: The Apocalypse and Beyond

What happens next can only be described as transcendent. The

Despite the 108-degree temperature, the filming basically went smoothly. "One unexpected development in the course of shooting," De Guere says, "was that acid seemed to get into almost every drop of liquid, cool or warm, anywhere in the place. That accounts for some of the strangely unsteady camera work. The heat was more a problem for the musicians than for us.

A fair amount of money — about \$15,000 (mostly Fields' money) — had been sunk into this thing," De Guere continues, "and we went back to Marin to concentrate on cutting it. You've got to remember that this was really one of the first attempts of its kind, not counting big, multi-artist events like Woodstock and Monterey Pop. This was trying to capture one band's performance, so we were treading in some new areas. It took us three months to get the film and the 2-track, 30 ips master in complete sync, and then another six months to get it cut. Then we put together a very rough version of what we'd shot."

The filmmakers decided that one way to keep the band interested in the project — their attention does tend to, er, wander fairly easily — was to show them the rough footage and explain how they wanted to proceed. "We made arrangements to show it to the band and a couple of the business people," De

third and final set of this show is, without question, one of the most profound sets of music performed by any band in the entire history of music as we know it. In spiritual terms this set metaphorically represents an apocalyptic journey through the death experience, followed by the most intensely bittersweet reflection on the transitory quality of life and a phoenix-like rebirth into a heavenly state of eternal bliss. This is the heavy Dead set to end all heavy Dead sets.

**"That old sun is making
our instruments get
mighty strange."**

Bob Weir 8/27/72

The band takes the stage as the sun, thank God, begins to set. A dog onstage barks, and then the band launches into...*Dark Star*. Immediately, one gets the strange sensation that this is like no other *Dark Star* ever played. The tonal qualities of the instruments make the band sound as if they're truly in another dimension. Jerry's notes melt, bend, and contort in strange, unearthly ways.

Perhaps the most hypnotic, most striking, and most telling visual image of the Grateful Dead to be found anywhere is the footage in *Sunshine Daydream* of Jerry during the first few minutes of this set. Obviously high as a kite, eyes intensely transfixed on some point out in space, Jerry appears to be in a deep trance. Time and time again, whenever we show the film to people for the first time, their immediate remark is that it appears as though he is listening with all his focus for some transmission from a faraway place. With the sun brushing its final golden rays upon the stage, the calm presence and sensitivity displayed by Jerry and the band is enough to make you hold your breath...it's the heaviest Grateful Dead moment we've ever *seen*.

The Dead sail forth, exploring a number of widely varied musical universes, each for a few moments before moving on in search of a deeper groove. Throughout these initial delicate explorations, they maintain a steady, mostly slow tempo, methodically searching for *it*...the X factor. While the jam before the lyrics doesn't approach the intensity of the *Playing In*

Guere remembers, "but it turned out to be a screening for 70 or 80 people — wives, girlfriends, friends — all of whom expected to see a movie, which it definitely was not at that point. This was the raw stuff accompanied by a basically unmixed 2-track. We hadn't even touched the 16-track tapes yet. Well, not surprisingly, the general impression was very negative. We heard a lot of grumbling along the lines of 'Oh, this was a mistake, we never should have done it.' And the band complained that the heat that day had made their guitars out of tune. So basically we were discouraged from working on it more."

In the winter of '73, De Guere took the film back up to Eugene, where he and the Pranksters tried to assemble the pieces into a real film. De Guere also spent his time there looking through thousands of hours of unedited Merry Pranksters footage from the mid-'60s. He found some amazing sequences of a Palo Alto Acid Test and of Neal Cassady driving The Bus, which he inserted in the final cut. But the negative impression the band had formed about the movie remained, and by early '74 they were investigating the possibility of making their own film. (Their October Winterland shows did, in fact, become the core of The Grateful Dead Movie.)

the *Band* earlier in the day, it hints at a meltdown of much scarier proportions. In the *Playing* the notes dripped and cascaded; now they are *melting and contorting*.

The Dead come briefly to a familiar way station, the lyrics. Jerry sings, "Shall we go, you and I while we can, through the transitive nightfall of diamonds," and suddenly it becomes very clear that this is the end of the universe as we know it. The Dead throw all caution (what little of it is left) to the wind and surrender to the deepest part of their subconscious musical collective.

Perhaps the best way to describe the immense, at times frightening series of jams that follow is to liken them to the progression of perceptions that advanced Tibetan Buddhist Lamas say one often experiences at the moment of death. Whether high or not, the listener hears music that has the power to elicit some very heavy feelings. It is not uncommon to see one's life flash before the eyes.

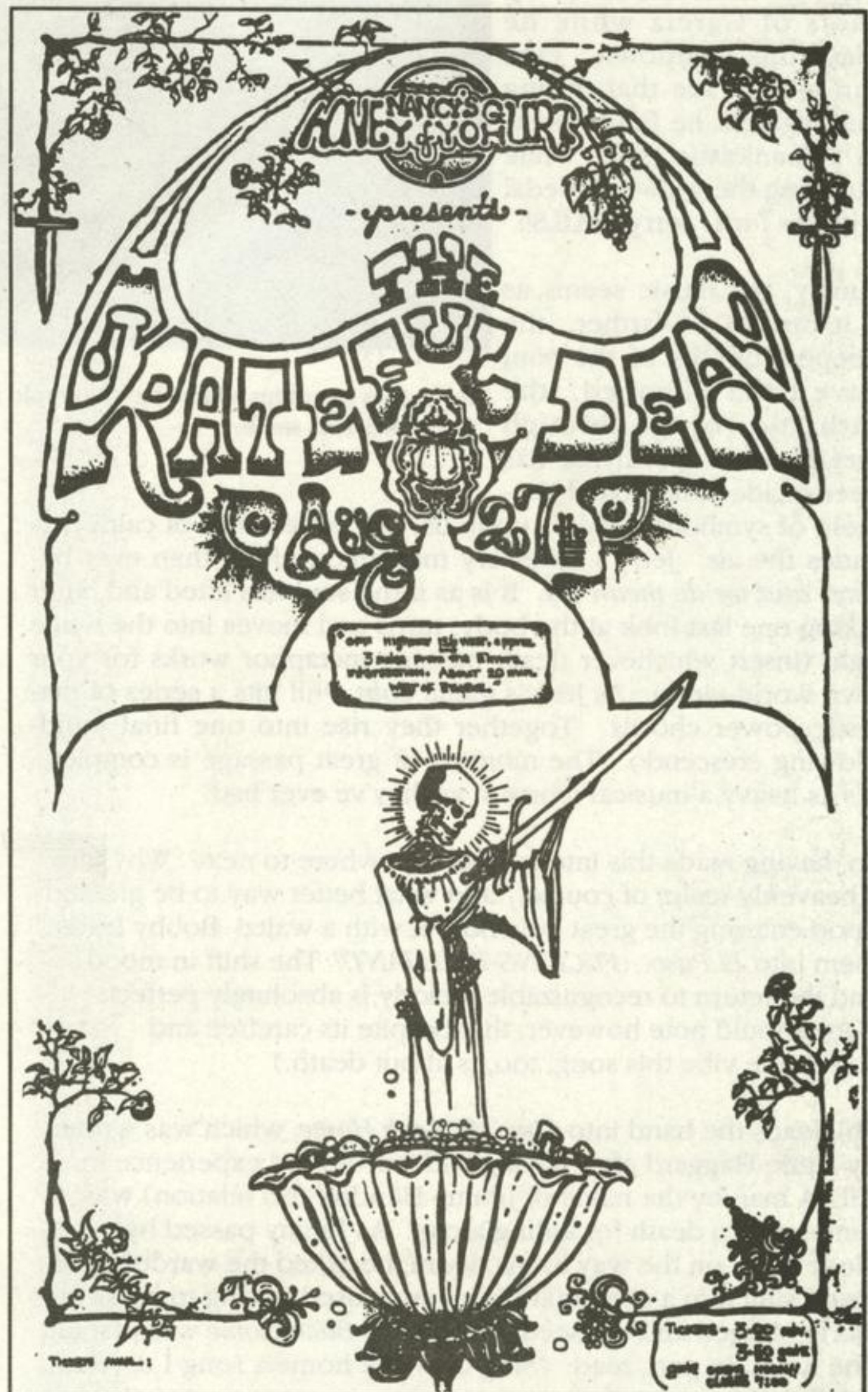
Just when you can't imagine the music getting any more obtusely jazzy and psychedelic, the Dead come to yet another significant boundary marker. Jerry and Bobby sign off and a drum and bass solo begins. Now while Phil did occasionally step out front and solo throughout 1972-1974, he has never been particularly famous for his bass solos. Unlike other of his peers — Jack Cassidy, for example — Phil's solos were often quirky, frustratingly halted, or minimalist. On this day, however, Phil was nothing less than monstrous. His solo, accompanied by Billy, is perhaps the fastest, jazziest, spiciest two minutes of his career. Unlike any of his other solos, on this day he shows not the slightest mental or physical hesitation. He's playing such intelligent music so fast that one can only conclude that this is yet another example of the music playing the band, and one of the finest examples at that. Unfortunately, even the very best audio and video tapes in circulation are poorly mixed during this segment and one has to strain to enjoy the profound nuances. If only for the bass solo, let's hope the Dead pull out the 16-track Alembic recording of this set and remix it properly.

De Guere and the others screened **Sunshine Daydream** a total of three times in the Bay Area in hopes of generating some grass roots interest in the film, but a threatening letter from Bob Weir eventually forced De Guere and Fields to shelve it permanently. "The last thing we ever intended to do was rip off the Dead," De Guere says, "so we went down quietly. I'm still fond of it, personally," he adds. "I've never seen anything else that captures the squirrely craziness of that period. Perhaps someday the antipathy will go away and it will be released. I'd love to see it happen."

So would we. Besides being a film record of a scorching show (in every respect), **Sunshine Daydream** also captures California-Oregon hippiedom at an absolute peak. The *China Cat* became, through careful editing, an ode to hippie women (with more bare breasts than Woodstock), while *I Know You Rider* intercuts the band with wonderful, evocative shots of Cowboy Neal At The Wheel. The continuum from the Acid Tests to the Creamery show thus established, the film takes on an even more special tone. Yes, the guitars are out of tune and everyone on- and offstage looks high as a kite, but that's what happened. **Sunshine Daydream** is a loving portrait of a long-gone era — an era the Dead could proudly preserve by releasing the film on videocassette. ♦

Eventually Jerry leads the rest of the band back in and again the whole flavor of the *Dark Star* changes. Now, Jerry seems to know, if only subconsciously or perhaps intuitively, where he's going. No longer a delicate exploration, the journey proceeds at blinding speed toward the farthest imaginable reaches of improvisational visionary jazzrock. Notes fly off Jerry's guitar like sparks off a grindstone. Keith Godchaux brilliantly weaves piano notes around Garcia's blazing guitar work.

Shortly after this new direction, Jerry and Phil fall into what many Deadheads commonly refer to as "the *Feelin' Groovy* jam." This stunning, feminine melody, which sounds very much like Simon and Garfunkel's *59th Street Bridge Song*, is best known for emerging in the middle of numerous *Dark Stars* in late 1969 through spring 1970 and then again in the spring of 1972 (2/13/70, 5/15/70, and 4/14/72 being the best examples). A large portion of at least one whole generation of Deadheads consider this recurrent jam to be one of the most joyous, powerful, exotic, and certainly beautiful musical statements of their career. On 8/27/72, however, they find themselves in this jam for only a moment, at breakneck speed, on the way out



The original '72 Field Trip Concert Poster

even further to who knows where. Despite this version's brevity, it is nonetheless significant, for as they float into it, one can clearly see in the film that Phil breaks into a simply delicious smile and then looks at Jerry with deep satisfaction. Why is this significant? Because for the many Deadheads who over the years have cherished this jam but never actually seen the Dead play it, this document offers indelible proof that this jam was just as special to the band as it is to the listener.

Deeper Into Space They Travel.

By the summer of '72 Garcia had developed a specific technique for playing a descending "meltdown" riff. After many years of wondering how Garcia was able to accomplish this stunning technique, we finally obtained an uncut copy of the film that included the *Dark Star* and, much to our delight, found it featured close-up shots of Garcia while he plays this meltdown. One can clearly see that during this segment he finger picks in a "banjoistic" style while pumping the wah-wah pedal with his foot. Jerry WAILS!!



As he flies out of his alltime best bass solo and into the *Feelin' Groovy Jam*, Phil breaks into a delicious smile.

Finally, the music seems as if it can go no farther...the deepest depths of the soul have been plumbed...the cathartic voyage through metaphorical apocalypse has been made...the actual moment of symbolic death is upon us. An eerie sense of calm pervades the air. Jerry's notes cry more mournfully than ever before, *and we do mean cry*. It is as if the soul has lifted and, after taking one last look at the body, turns and moves into the white light (insert whichever death passage metaphor works for your own world-view). As Jerry's guitar *sobs*, Phil hits a series of majestic power chords. Together they rise into one final mind-blowing crescendo. The moment of great passage is complete. It's as heavy a musical moment as they've ever had.

So, having made this intense journey, where to next? Why into a heavenly realm of course...and what better way to be greeted upon entering the great beyond but with a waltz! Bobby leads them into *El Paso*...**FUCKING BRILLIANT!!** The shift in mood and the return to recognizable melody is absolutely perfect. (One should note however, that despite its carefree and danceable vibe this song, too, is about death.)

Phil leads the band into *Sing Me Back Home*, which was written by Merle Haggard after having had a profound experience in jail. A man by the name of Jimmy Hendrix (no relation) was sentenced to death for killing a cop. As Jimmy passed by Merle's cell on the way to his doom, he asked the warden to let Merle sing him a song that his mamma used to sing to him. Merle obliged and the seed for *Sing Me Back Home* was planted. The lyrics, in part, read: "Sing me back home a song I used to

hear. Make my old memories come alive. Sing me away and turn back the years. Sing me back home before I die."

The Dead first broke this tune out in 1971, but it didn't really come to life until the Europe '72 tour, where they worked it up into a real tear-jerking gospel number with Donna singing soulful accompaniment to Jerry's lead vocal. By August the band had this number wired.

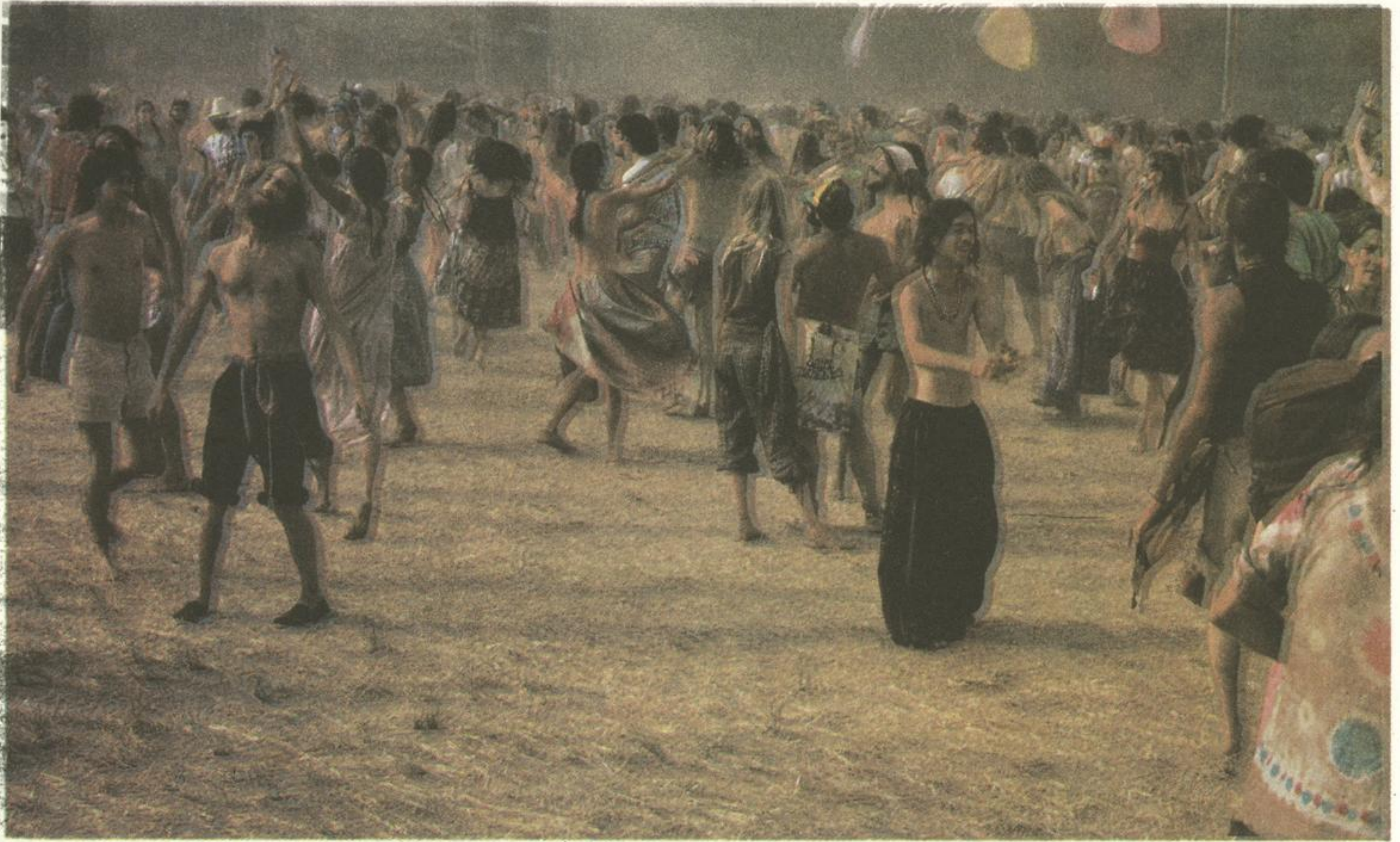
As it turns out, the Dead couldn't have chosen a more opportune time to let this bittersweet number rip. *Dark Star* > *El Paso* leads the listener through a phase in the musical journey that first resonates with the emotional qualities associated with apocalyptic death and then passage into the ethereal world of the great beyond. *Sing Me Back Home* fits the journey's spiritual progression perfectly in that it metaphorically elicits feelings that the soul, having left the body and ascended to the great beyond, now looks back on life one last time and recognizes sadly the transitory, mortal quality of life.

Photo from the movie *Sunshine Daydream*

The heartbreaking climax peaks first with a soulful, gutsy, groaning, gospel scream delivered through the windpipes of Ms. Donna Jean Godchaux, only to be eclipsed by the all-time most soulful cry ever to leave the vocal chords of Mr. Garcia. Embodying all the emotion of the final, sad sigh of a human life about to end, this version is unquestionably the most spiritual moment in the Grateful Dead's career. We've played this for hundreds of Deadheads over the past 14 years, and it is the one version that brings tears to more eyes than any other musical offering.

With this epic spiritual swan song delivered, the Dead can only drive the concert home with one tune: *Sugar Magnolia*. With the very last light of day fading quickly, Bobby leads the band through what is one of the finest versions of this song ever played. The jam and the *Sunshine Daydream* go on and on, with Donna wailing like a banshee above Bobby's screams and Garcia's instrumental attack. And what a fitting end for such a cosmic summer day under the sun. Having experienced such a transcendental musical experience in such a breathtaking setting, one can only ask if it has indeed been anything more real (surreal?) than a daydream. For the listener who is harmonizing with the spiritual progression of this concert, *Sugar Mags* conveys a feeling of rebirth. One is reborn into joy and vibrancy once more.

A credo is a statement of belief. In the case of music it is an affirmation that such creative expression has the power to evoke a connection with cosmic consciousness. While obviously not



20th Anniversary Oregon Field Trip posters available. A limited edition of 2,200. A signature from the photographer can be given upon request. This offer is being made to you for only \$12 including shipping. Send money order only to: David Warrington, Photo EYE, 3640 NW 118th, Portland, OR 97229.

created intentionally, if the Grateful Dead have any such thing as a musical credo, this third set is it.

The band encores with what was certainly the strangest choice of the day, *Casey Jones*. Far removed from the spiritually immense journey just completed, this song seems to suggest that the Dead has landed, their trip over, and it's back to business as usual, just like any other encore that's ever been.

Until recently, *Casey Jones* was considered within the greater tape trading community to be the only encore at this show. For years, however, we had a tape on which Bobby can be heard counting off, "One, two, one, two, three, four..." and then the tape goes blank. This puzzled us as even **Deadbase** had no second encore listed. But then, about a year ago, a pristine copy of the entire show surfaced, including a smokin' *One More Saturday Night* (although the show was on a Sunday). As with the *Casey Jones*, the band sounds as if they've "landed." Nevertheless it's a rip-roarin' rock and roll stomp, a tremendous version by our standards.

In Retrospect

Over the past two decades we have dedicated countless hours of scholarly and meditative attention to the Grateful Dead phenomenon. In that time, having enjoyed hundreds of simply stellar shows, both in the flesh and via tape, we have found this show to contain the Dead's most transcendent and soulful

music. Amazingly, tapes of this show continue to provide the opportunity for intense psychic exploration. Used properly this music is nothing less than a transportation device, rendering deep corners of the subconscious, psychic, and transpersonal realms accessible. **Sunshine Daydream** is priceless. It's the most powerful visual Grateful Dead imagery we have, eloquently capturing the Dead going full tilt boogie at a pinnacle in their career and it shows us what a gathering of the tribe can be in all its glory. We strongly urge you to petition the Dead for its release (or better yet, a more extensive re-edit).

Barring some unexpected emergence from within the band's tape vault of an equivalent landmark performance, we feel 8/27/72 deserves to be honored as that show which serves as the most potent example of what the Grateful Dead Experience can be at its best: Kindred spirits gathering in harmony with Mother Earth to embark together in creating transformational ritual that feeds the soul. This is how *we* would like our scene to be remembered. Find copies of the video and audio tapes and experience them for yourself. Do so within the proper set and setting. For many of you it will be nothing less than an enlightening experience. Enjoy.

Epilogue: Checking Back in Once Per Decade

That magical concert in the sun was but one of many sunshine

daydreams experienced on that piece of land by countless thousands both before and after that day. The delightful Oregon Country Fair happens there every year. So it came as little surprise when the Kesey clan announced plans to make the Dead concert a once every decade tradition. In 1982 the second such event took place, and while the Dead's performance paled in comparison to that of 1972, the second "Field Trip" was just as magical. The great open expanse was decorated with numerous giant tie-dyed parachute mandalas fluttering in the breeze. The field was ringed with heavenly food stands with fresh fruit smoothies, honey-roasted chicken, and organic fruit pies. The Kesey's invited numerous jugglers, clowns, and fairies to make magic out in the audience. In true acid test fashion, the stage was anywhere you decided to participate in making magic happen. The opening acts included the Flying Karamozov Brothers, the Robert Cray Band, and Peter Rowan singing many of our favorites from *Old and In the Way*. It was such a beautifully groovy scene. It didn't matter one bit how well the

Dead played. The Kesey's had pulled off another sunshine daydream (and you should've seen the sunset!).

As you're probably well aware, the Kesey's were just about to pull off a third "Field Trip" this past summer when Garcia was taken ill. Recognizing people's need to come together in spirit, the Kesey's decided to hold an event anyway. They called it, appropriately, "Life After the Dead" (read the review on page 44) and again the vibe was pure, peaceful magic. After the '82 and then the '92 events, it seems pretty obvious to us that we need to learn how to manifest our own peak experience rituals. Those of us who were lucky enough to be at the happenings in and around Eugene this past summer were treated to a powerful example of how this can be accomplished. It is a lesson all Deadheads need to learn. And so it seems that in one way or another the transformational legacy of the "Field Trip" continues to live on...as it should. ◊

Many thanks to Ken, Zane, Stephanie, Sue, and Chuck Kesey.



Artwork by Gary Houston

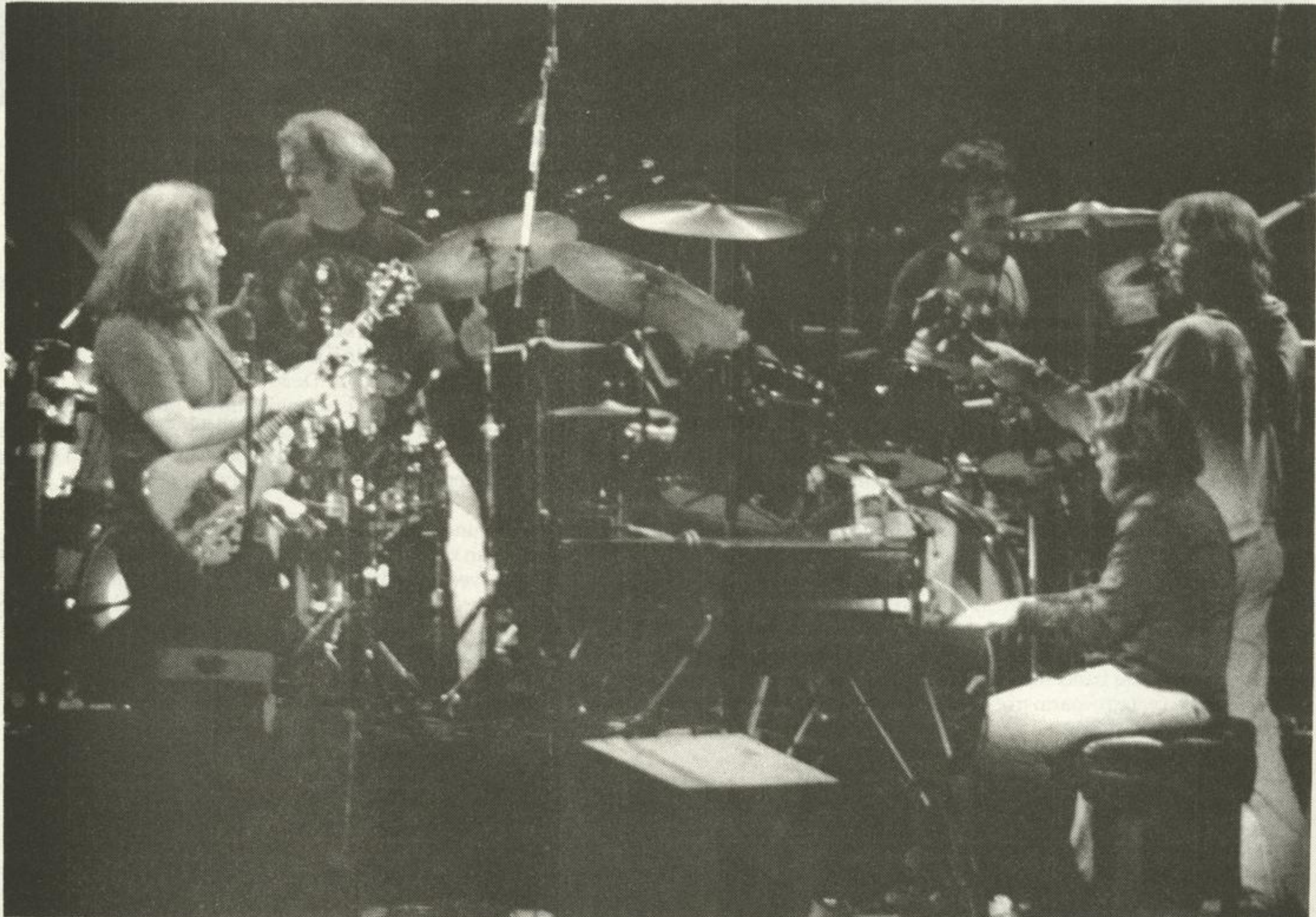


Photo by Jim Anderson

A DIFFERENT CONCERT CONSCIOUSNESS: AN INTERVIEW WITH KEN KESEY

WITH JOHNNY DWORK

Ken Kesey, author, Merry Prankster, and brother in spirit to the Grateful Dead from the Acid Test days, was, along with his blood relatives, the motivating force behind the legendary 1972 and 1982 Field Trip concerts and this year's ill-fated Field Trip turned successful "Life After the Dead" concert. We recently caught up with him on the eve of his promotional tour for his book Sailor Song published by Viking, to discuss some of the more philosophical ramifications of these important events. Always witty and sharp, sometimes prophetic and visionary, here's what he had to say....

There are many people who for several reasons feel that the show you produced 20 years ago is among the best, most important Grateful Dead concerts ever. The follow-up show in '82 is also high on people's lists, not because the Dead played so well, but because, once again, the ambiance was so special. As one of the motivating forces behind these shows, can you reflect on why they were so special?

The reason I think these shows were exceptional is because I do everything I can to make them *our* shows that the Dead come to, not the Dead show that we go to. And this year I really battled everybody to keep this from being a Dead concert. They kept talking about going to the Dead concert, and I'd say, *Well, I think the Dead are going to come to our show.* When you go to a Dead concert, what you're getting is pretty much packaged rock 'n roll. It's done for as many people as they can pack into a stadium, as many nights a week as they can do it, in as many places as they can survive during the year. This is once every ten years, and it's special, whereas the Dead do seventy concerts a year. From the very beginning, I told our people that if we just called it the Field Trip instead of the Dead Show we wouldn't have near the problems. Because as soon as you call it the Dead Show, you've got all sorts of people who are trying to stop it.

Did you have anywhere near the same amount of resistance 20 years ago?

Oh, no. We didn't. But at that time the Dead weren't that big a deal as far as the community was concerned. That was a big event that they were going to be part of, and now they've become bigger. It's really hard to keep that in proportion. When we did the acid tests, it was the show itself that was important. It wasn't any one particular person, or any group.

Every square foot of the place is the stage, if you choose to make it that.

Yeah. It was important to have it be open, and to have it be open means that nobody is the star beforehand. The star may show up, you know, or somebody might develop a third eye in the middle of their forehead. You'd want to pay attention to that.

That's what I loved so much about the second Field Trip in 1982. There was so much happening everywhere around the field, with that giant inflatable sculpture and the maypoles and the jugglers. For me, it was an important lesson in how a gathering can be made to be participatory more than observational. Far more of a hands-on ritual than seeing the Grateful Dead at Giants Stadium with 80,000 people.

And this year it took me a long time to get through the business

skull of this operation to let them know that what we're doing up here maybe is to their benefit. At first all they could see was that this was a nuisance. But I've watched these things long enough to know that if you continue to put all of your eggs in one basket, pretty soon that basket's gonna get exhausted. And if you



Photo by Brian Lanker, 1989



Artwork by Gary Houston, Kamikaze

can disperse the energy, and have other people who are young and willing and full of energy to take some of the weight, the Dead don't have to fill every inch of the space with Garcia's 100,000 licks on the guitar. And this means they can kind of take a breath. And, so instead of doing five concerts back East that they make a big bunch of money on, I'm thinking of doing five or ten more years of concerts to keep the band healthy. When it comes down to the amount of money that's been lost by the organization, by practically killing the goose that played the golden egg, they're going to begin to look at another form. And this is a healthier form. It means that you've got a backup quarterback. Even if Montana gets hurt, they still go ahead and play the game. A lot of people thought we would cancel because they cancelled. But my metaphor was: Say you've got a daughter who's getting married to a member of Los Lobos down in East LA and their whole band is going to come to the wedding, and the drummer gets sick and cancels, so the band isn't going to show up. Do you still have the wedding? It brings the point home: The wedding or Los Lobos. And when the group becomes so important that it's more important than the event, you've kind of been trapped in totalitarian rock and roll. A woman called the day after the cancellation and gave me all sorts of hell and told me she had bought all this meat and had no way of selling it back. She was going to do a booth thing. She said that if one person can get sick and stop what 40,000 people were going to do, then it wasn't righteous to begin with. And that's why I thought it was really important to continue this no matter what happened on the other end of it. Otherwise, it was admitting that Los Lobos was more important than the wedding. And as it begins to develop, a lot of people started realizing their own potential. We can put on a show that doesn't have the quality of the music, but when it comes down to it, I'm not as interested in music as I used to be. I've heard an awful lot of music, whereas there's other things that are more interesting.

In some ways, in order to survive, the band has become extremely introverted. Their trip is so intensely their trip

that they can't step outside of it and smell the roses.

Well, that's unhealthy. And if you continue to take an unhealthy road, pretty soon you're going to get sick, and then you're going to lose money.

I think it's much more fundamental; they're losing their lives.

Yeah. Even more important than money. Because what we were doing this year started ten years ago. We all went up to see Chief Laluska. He's an Indian carver and storyteller. He lives up in Washington on the banks of the Lewis River at the base of Mt. St. Helens. He gave me the inspiration to write my little kid's story about the sea lion, and really got me into studying Northwest Indian art and culture. And we chartered a bus and took the Dead up there with Bill Graham, and we had an agreement. I said, "Okay, I'll write the story, you guys write the songs, and ten years from now we'll perform an opera." And you know, they forgot it as soon as the next hotel room showed up and they could watch Gilligan's Island.

So this was after the show ten years ago.

Yeah. But I didn't forget it. And I kept at it and went ahead and did what I could with it. I still believe that it's a way out of this rock 'n roll cul-de-sac. To drop the musicians down a notch, take the pressure off of them, drop them down to the orchestra pit where they belong and on the stage put stuff that is more interesting. I mean, after you see Bobby Weir spin around ten times, that's about it.

Well, we had a much more profound experience making what magic we could on our own, rather than being riveted to the stage and hoping for Dark Star. Ten years ago I hoped for some sort of distant echo or flashback that would bring me back in time. And about halfway through the concert it became apparent to me that there was no way that would happen. And all of a sudden I realized that the action really wasn't on stage.

Yeah. At one point I felt like I was dealing with the Vatican. You don't go to church just to hear the choir. You go to church to get the flash, and the Dead have been real good at bringing the flash home. But as they become more separate, and feel like they're the only ones who can do it, they really get into a dangerous area where all they have to do is have one rivet wrong, and then it doesn't happen. There is a new wave coming; it hasn't hit yet. In fact, we're in the trough at the end of the old wave. The old wave has to do with massive equipment. It has a lot to do with Bill Graham consciousness. Bill Graham thought big. Numbers of people, dollars in the till. How many speakers can you get to play to how many people? When we were doing the acid test, big had to do with how high you could get. It had to do with loftiness, not just size. I mean, if you want big, Reagan was the biggest president we ever had. He had the largest number of votes.

But look what big got us.

If only we'd known that that wasn't big, that it was just large.

So we're moving to a point where ideally we will realize that personal satisfaction will come from taking a little bit more responsibility for providing our own transformational ritual, rather than relying on others being the candyman, so to speak.

When the Dead were kept from coming to Autzen Stadium, two years ago, and there was all that fuss about them last year, letters were written and people complained about a lot of things. But what the people were afraid of wasn't really the drugs and it wasn't the crowd. The police all came out and said the people were really well behaved, and there weren't that many drug

There weren't as many drugs and drug arrests as are made during football games. That's not what people were really afraid of. It's the sense of there being some kind of religious movement happening that is not under the control of large government and large religion, that this is a wild and powerful thing, and nobody is in charge of it. It isn't under anybody's thumb. And it really worries people when they see that kind of thing happening. And as long as it's undifferentiated, it remains kind of free and vulnerable. It's only when they decide we're going to save the whales, or we're going to do this, that they can draw a bead on you. And if there's one thing you can say about old Garcia, it's that he's always been very nimble at avoiding being pinched into any kind of dogma. And yet the band itself is about to become the dogma. And it doesn't want to do that. Those guys are smart enough. They don't want to do that. Some people down the line might want it to happen because they can sell a lot of t-shirts...

Right. There's money to be made.

...money to be made off a good dogma. There's a feeling amongst everybody I've been speaking to in colleges and around the country — they're waiting for the word. And anybody who's got any wisdom at all knows that you can't give it to them. You can tell them where they can find it. But if you give them the word, then they're right back where they started. They might as well be following Pat Buchanan.

Many young Deadheads are nervous about Garcia's health in that they can't imagine who is going to provide for them when he's gone, or when the Dead are gone. And what they don't get is that, sooner or later, they're going to have to give it to themselves. And when you actually get down to the business of figuring out how to feed yourself, you find out that you make better food for yourself than anyone else can. You feed your own soul better than anybody else can.

And nobody else can feed your soul. They can lead you where the water is. We took the bus one time to Oakland in '65 to see the Beatles. And while I was there, I could see this potential disaster coupled with enlightenment. The audience was attracted to these four guys up there. They were pushing toward them, pressing toward them, and everything those four guys did was saying, *Press toward me, come this direction.* And yet they would look out and see that what they were creating was dangerous both to the audience and to them. But they couldn't change in the middle of what they were doing and say, *You've got a ticket to ride, now get back, to the back of the room.* They couldn't alter it, because it was already written and stamped into metal. And that's the kind of thing that's always scared me about rock and roll.

Well, I think that's the problem with a lot of popular devotional scenes. People want salvation and end up suffering.

Yeah, it's a paradox. What's needed is to get the audience involved with each other, and not have them press toward you as a star. There are some people who can do this, like Taj Mahal, who can go in front of five hundred people, and when they leave, they're changed. They are better. They are more mature. There's a depth to them that wasn't there before. And that takes more than just performing for them; [it's] relating to them back and forth. And as more and more people have been coming to see the Dead, everybody's kind of assumed that there's no way you can really relate to that many people. But that's because nobody's ever tried to think of it in a creative way. Sure there's a way; let's just figure it out.

Well, the problem with the Grateful Dead having a hit record was that it took what was in some ways a private party and made it an open invitation. When I first became a Deadhead 15 years ago, I was educated. I was brought into the fold. I was told this is how you do things, this is how you don't do things. By the time I got to my first concert, I knew how to go to a concert. I knew not to get stoned off my ass to the point that I didn't know I was at a concert. But when the Dead became popular, and they got this hit record, all of a sudden you had this critical mass of new wannabes who all are potentially as hip as the next person, but there's so many happening on the scene at the same time that there's no way to educate them.

Well, there is.

Not with the outdated approach the Dead scene is using.

Yeah. You know, I spent months making laminates for the ['92 Field Trip]. And I was surprised at just how important this was to people like Ann Waldman and Barlow and especially to the people who know what a laminate means and have

never had one. Suddenly if you have a laminate, then you're like a deputy sheriff, and you're somewhat in charge...and that means that pop up there has to relegate more authority to the older Deadheads, and say, *Hey, you older people, cool out those people over there.* But that means making a connection. And that requires wholeheartedness. I'm off on this book signing tour, and I see it's going to be real hard to keep it up because of the many people who come at you. And yet most of them are there because of something you've done. And so you have attracted them, and you kind of owe it to them to give them something. That's the thing. That's always what it went back to with the acid test and a lot of the early 60's happenings. It wasn't just connected with the Dead. There were lots of things going on with the dance and



Artwork by Bryan Ain

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literature and politics. There was an inside thing going on. If you analyze what it was that made that inside thing special, what it was that made those people special, it was that they were warriors. All of them were in some way dedicated to a battle, but the battleground was never clear. And when you know who the warriors are, you begin to get a sense of it. Like Martin Luther King. Now he was as much a warrior as anybody this century. And you felt a real comradeship with him as a Deadhead. That's the sense of warriorship, and we need young warriors. And the young warriors are there. They're standing in line. They're outside of the enlisting office. All they want to know is, *Are we authorized to go into the battle?* I've heard enough guitar to last me the rest of my life. What I want to hear now is what's really inside of people, and what I want to see is their faces, and I want to hear their voices raw and unmolested by machinery and effects machines. As soon as you hook up with a lot of machinery and a lot of technical stuff, you get that technician's fascism; you begin to get run by the machinery, until finally you can hardly see the human. All you can see is the machine. Great piles of speakers and amplifiers and wires and effects machines, and the technicians will say it's because we've got to speak to this many people. No you don't. You just need to speak to as many as can be spoken to. And then you don't make any big deal about it. What I had hoped to do up here this time was in some way change the look of that stage, so it wouldn't emphasize the machinery, because seeing all those big piles of equipment is like seeing a guy's balls. And they're impressive, but pretty soon you wish he'd put his balls back in his pants. Go ahead and sing, we've seen your balls.

I should mention, for those who've never been to the fairgrounds, that one gets the feeling that it's this incredible

energy center, that there's something about the site that's conducive to communing with the elements, creating ritual. Yeah, and I think it's been there thousands of years, too. I think that field has been a site where this sort of thing has happened before, just like over in Pendleton where the roundup takes place. There's old petroglyphs from thousands of years ago. People have been doing that there forever.

I don't know whether you're familiar with this, but the show in '72 is the only show we know of where there's not just one, but repeated references to God by the Grateful Dead spoken into the microphones.

Well, it was a battle up there. God was pouring the heat down. That was the hottest day in Oregon's history.

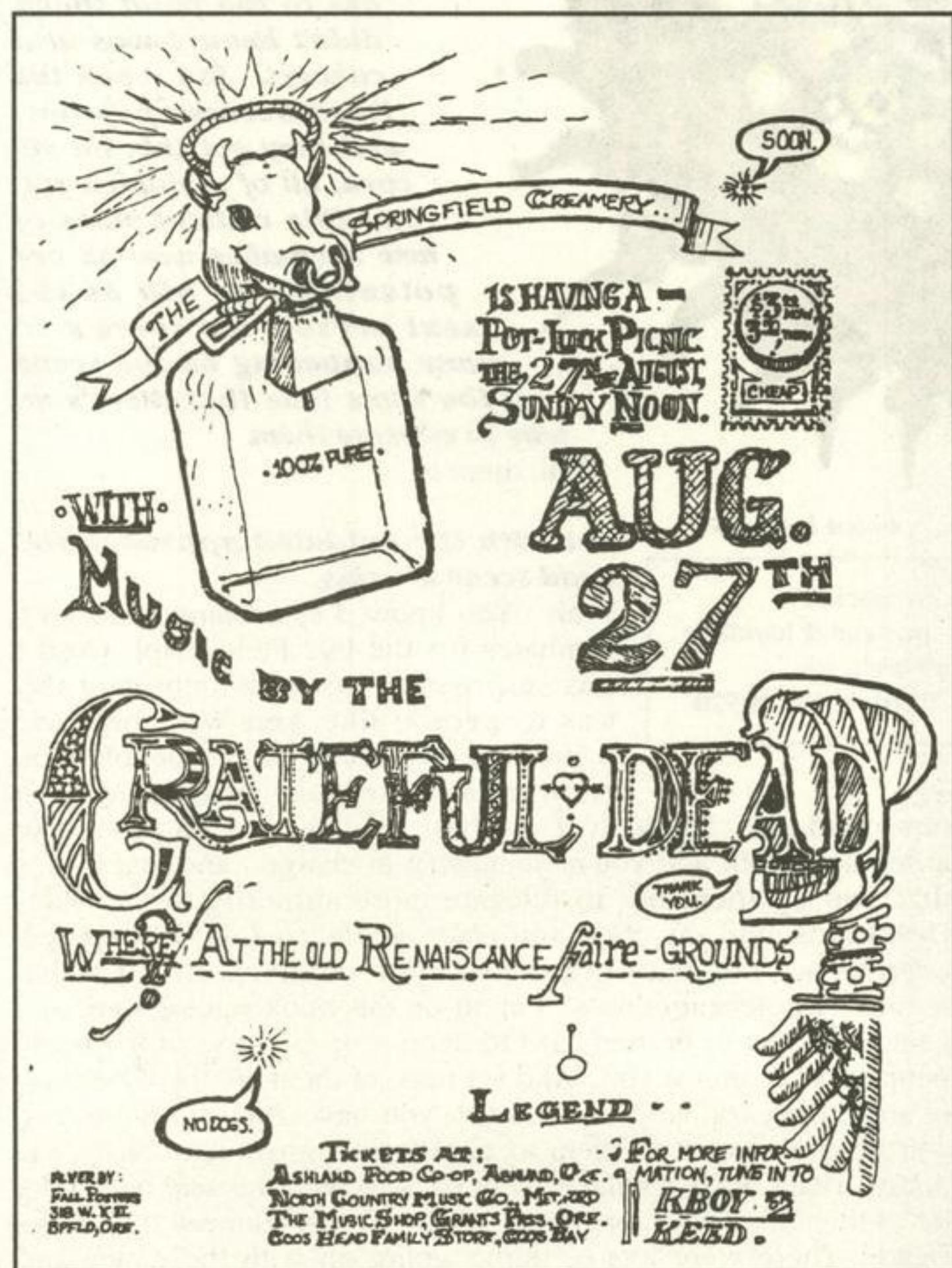
I get a clear sense that in a certain way the show in '72 was the Grateful Dead's own personal Woodstock. A crowd larger than planned gathered on a field to listen to music and because of record-breaking temperatures was forced to go with the flow and celebrate under intense conditions. It was sort of a rite of passage or trial by fire.

Because the instruments kept coming out of tune it meant the band had to keep adjusting to each other to prevent being out of tune. And that means that you have to start thinking, well, maybe there's a bigger hand tuning this guitar than mine. And it had the feeling from the beginning that something was in the works that was bigger than we thought, and different than we thought. And this whole thing that happened recently had that feeling all along, too. And you just kept thinking, well, here's a new and strange card, you just got to play it.

There's a quote in Albert Hoffman's autobiography, LSD, My Problem Child, in which he talks about making art under the influence of a psychedelic. He says that art made under the influence may be rough around the edges but this is irrelevant because there's a direct connection to the spirit, that the drug sometimes allows you to become a vessel through which a greater force speaks. Anybody who's been under the influence and has tried to sing and knows what a struggle it is, instantly recognizes when listening to that concert how much of a hero's journey it is. On one level those guys were struggling to make this music. But on another level it was just pouring forth from them. This yin-yang energy dance between struggling to remain in control and just surrendering to the flow made for an interesting hero's journey.

That's an interesting way to look at it. I've always thought of this place up here as being sort of Psychodelphia. A lot of people are trying to make art in this way. A lot of people I know, me included, go through into that strange and steamy other world and see what comes out. And the trouble is, when you start trying to bend it to your will you go crazy. When you let it speak through you, what is produced sometimes is art. And is often great art. But you can't really change it much as it goes through you. You just got to let it come through. That's one of the things that Garcia is brilliant at. He can play the vibes written on the pages of time right in front of his eyes.

It's fascinating to listen to the Playin' In The Band from that show. The Playin' In The Band starts and the boys are obviously very high. And they're singing the words and it's way too slow, and they're struggling. They're trying to hold on to the structure of the song. And the minute they go into the Space this incredible transformation takes place — instantaneously they're transported light years away and I think that's what takes people's breath away when they



listen to this show...the astounding transformations that take place within and through the music.

Well, that's one of the things that they were always able to do: Cut loose from the gravity of our known world and go into free flight.

Stan Brakhage, who is considered one of the founding figures in experimental/visionary cinema, came to my college to speak, and at the end of the lecture I came up to him and gave him a copy of the Dark Star from the show in '72 because I felt it was the most apocalyptic music I'd ever heard. I got this letter from him three months later in which he said that while listening to it he became completely overwhelmed with emotion. He said that that music from that show, exemplified for him an intensely sad aspect of the 60's. And that brings up a point that perhaps you could touch upon. For me personally, one of the things I value so much in the Grateful Dead experience is that it's a marvelous opportunity for me to connect with bittersweetness and sadness in a positive way.

That's the tone of Neil Young's *Sugar Mountain*, which I feel is about the 60's. *Oh to live on Sugar Mountain*. And it was. It was *Sugar Mountain*. We're still fighting various battles; we're all right. There was a wonderful thing happening there for a while. That's the reason people like to look back on it. There was such a sweet thing. You would see some little girl across the airport and your eyes would meet and you'd share something. You didn't know what it was. It wasn't just that you were Deadheads or that you were taking dope. It was something else. And that is rare now, and that's why it's bittersweet now.

What's fairly unique about the Grateful Dead Experience, in this day and age of denial and escape, is that it says that it's okay to be sad. I get great sustenance from being able to be safe in a space that allows for the recognition of the beauty of sadness.

That *Dark Star* set in '72 was a kind of triumph because it meant that we had made it through the heat of the day. And into the cool of the evening. And when my son died, I discovered that the birds sing a different song in the evenings than they do in the morning. In the morning, it is a song full of hope and enthusiasm and wonder, and in the evening it's looking back on the day and it's melancholy and poignancy. And that *Dark Star* had to do with making it through something. And whether it was good or bad, it was large. And everybody recognized it...

And that *Sing Me Back Home* they played after *Dark Star*...I think it really can be argued that that was the most spiritual moment of their career.

After my son Jed died, and they were playing over here, they did *Brokedown Palace*. They were looking at me, and pretty soon the rest of the audience was turning and looking at me. And I knew that they were doing this for me. They were doing something that almost nobody can do, which is a requiem. A thing that reaches across and speaks to you and also to the dead. A bridge to the people who are gone. Very few groups will deal with that, with the fact that we are more than those of us who are walking bolt upright. The spirits of those who walked before are around here, too. ♦



AWHILE back at the Kesey farm in Pleasant Hill, Oregon, my husband, Zane (Ken's son) and I, often had discussions about all of the great stuff stored around the place:

boxes of out-of-print books, reel-to-reel audio tapes, posters, and of course, the infamous 16mm Bus footage, and...well, you get the idea.

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

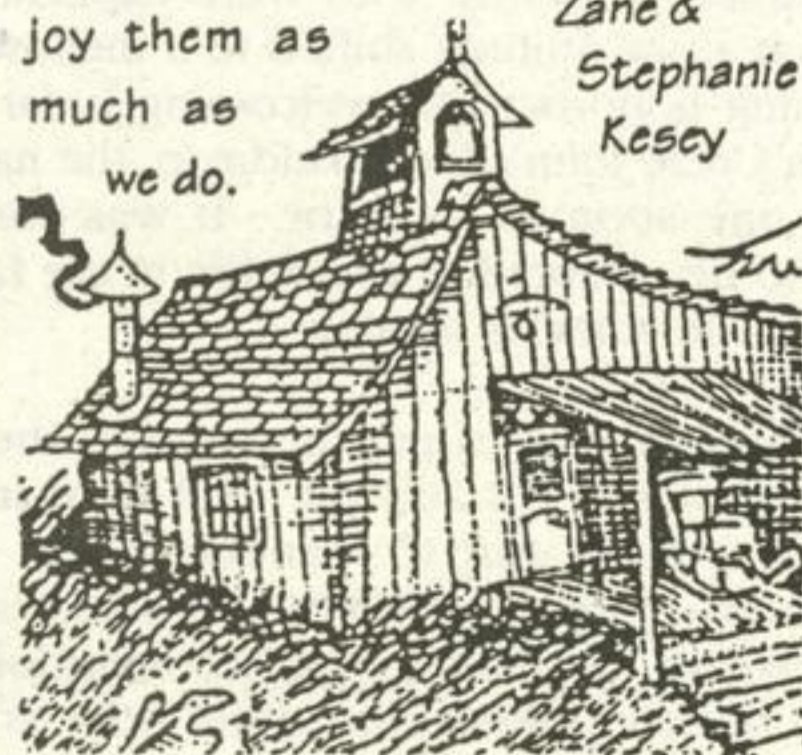


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and works of art. So, with best wishes from both Ken and Faye we began our little company, Key-Z Productions (Ken came up with the name).

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

Zane &
Stephanie
Kesey



Life After Dead

No One's Noticed But The Band's All Packed And Gone... Were They Ever Here At All?

by Mike & Kim Sammet

Ten years have passed and the time is near for the third Eugene Field Trip and the return of the Grateful Dead to the legendary Oregon Country Fair grounds — a weekend promising the realization of our wildest dreams. Featuring the artists of the great Northwest Chatauqua, with twenty-four hour entertainment on multiple stages, this will be an event for the most adventurous Deadhead souls. Everyone is going — we made our holy commitment the year before. We have cheap airline tickets and an entire hotel reserved in our names. This event is sacred. For some of us it is the culmination of our GD experience, the last show the Dead **must** do. As the date nears, the excitement builds, and then our dreams are dashed by the not-so-sudden news of Jerry's failing health. We all sit around the phone, make contacts, and pull out our hair waiting for the news. The Field Trip is canceled! Sunken hearts, devastated, we begin to turn toward the main thrust of that news: Just how sick is Jerry, and will the Dead ever play again? A canceled show seems insignificant in light of the seriousness of the situation. Imaginations begin to whirl around the possibilities of the band not playing again. What will we do?

Wondering if it was at all possible to shake the disappointment, those of us with nonrefundable airline tickets chose to go on to Eugene in spite of it all. This was our chance to prove that we could create our own fun without the Grateful Dead focus, a first glimpse of LIFE AFTER DEAD. Ours was one of a group of many Deadheads who made the journey, and we set up our own tent city at the new Eugene home of friends, who were expecting their first baby. Our upbeat show attitude shifted to a mellower mood of ritual, in a blessing honoring and welcoming Junar Lunar Che Guava Man From Uncle John's Band Feldman, the name we created for the little one soon to be born. It was somehow ironic yet inspiring to be celebrating a new life in the face of the death of our show. The wheel is turning....

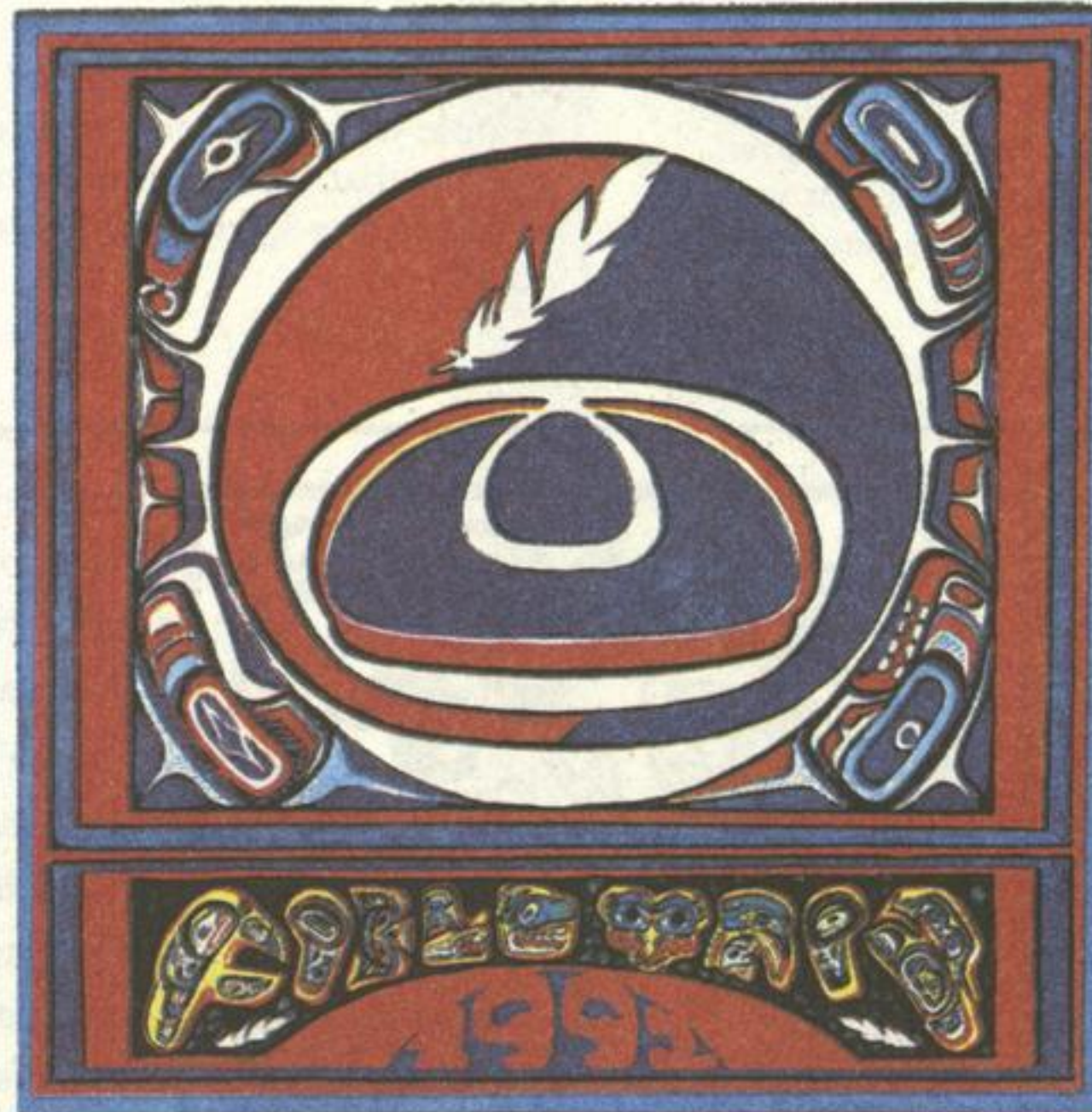
Friday's mission was to pay homage to the field, the site of legendary shows in '72 and '82. Not knowing what to expect, three of us drove out to Veneta to the Oregon Country Fairgrounds. As we snuck in the back entrance, we were followed by an old, large, purple convertible Cadillac, whose driver got out and asked if he could help us. It was Kit Kesey (producer of the '92 Field Trip and son of Ken) and after a short chat, he unlocked the gate and let us through. We were there,

at the site, the holiest of the holy spaces, home of the Field Trips. Eerily quiet, the parking lot opened up to great expanses, a real and imagined landscape of what could have been. A grassland meadow of life, color, laughter, music, and celebration replaced by an empty lot, decorated with only a random scattering of bottle caps, leftovers from the Fair only a month before. Orienting ourselves to the position of the stage at the first Field Trip, we began our ritual. Gathering close to a boom box powered by rapidly dissipating energy cells, we listened to the *Bird Song* from twenty years ago, burned sage, did cartwheels, and tossed the Frisbee, before saying good-bye for this year. Ambling back to the car, we imagined doing it all again next year, just maybe. The gate through which we exited was flanked with robust and juicy blackberries. Engulfed by sticky botanical arms, we sustained prickly injuries but managed to pick our berries from an abundant selection. Blackberry Field Trip Pie for dinner!

Friends arrived throughout Thursday and Friday, as if the show was still on. We greeted one another, grumbled a little and then realized how fortunate we were, a bi-coastal group divided by Middle America, to be able to come together in one place. Without the cohesive focal point of the music, however, it was difficult to keep the group together, with some opting for camping in what remains of Oregon's luscious forests and others following the entertainment in and around the

Eugene environs. We discovered that without the Dead, agenda setting is a problem.

Certainly there was no lack of things to do: Robert Hunter was in town for a show; Jerry's art exhibit opened Friday; Pele Juju played at WOW Hall Thursday; the Radiators were at the Hilton Friday and WOW Hall Saturday; and Little Women had a show every night in a different place. Beyond the club nightlife, there was Conde's open field in Harrisburg, Oregon. Conde, a Libertarian Deadhead lumberyard owner, built a stage on his property, hosted twenty bands over two days, called for the legalization of hemp (a giant joint crowned the stage), allowed camping and vending, and invited the Kesey entourage to come. They arrived in their new bus and reveled with the dancers, singers, partiers, vendors, mothers, children, fathers, brothers, and sisters. It was a groovin' place to pleasantly amble away the Deadless hours. No one seemed to think twice about what was not happening. Appearances were made by Ramblin' Jack Elliot,



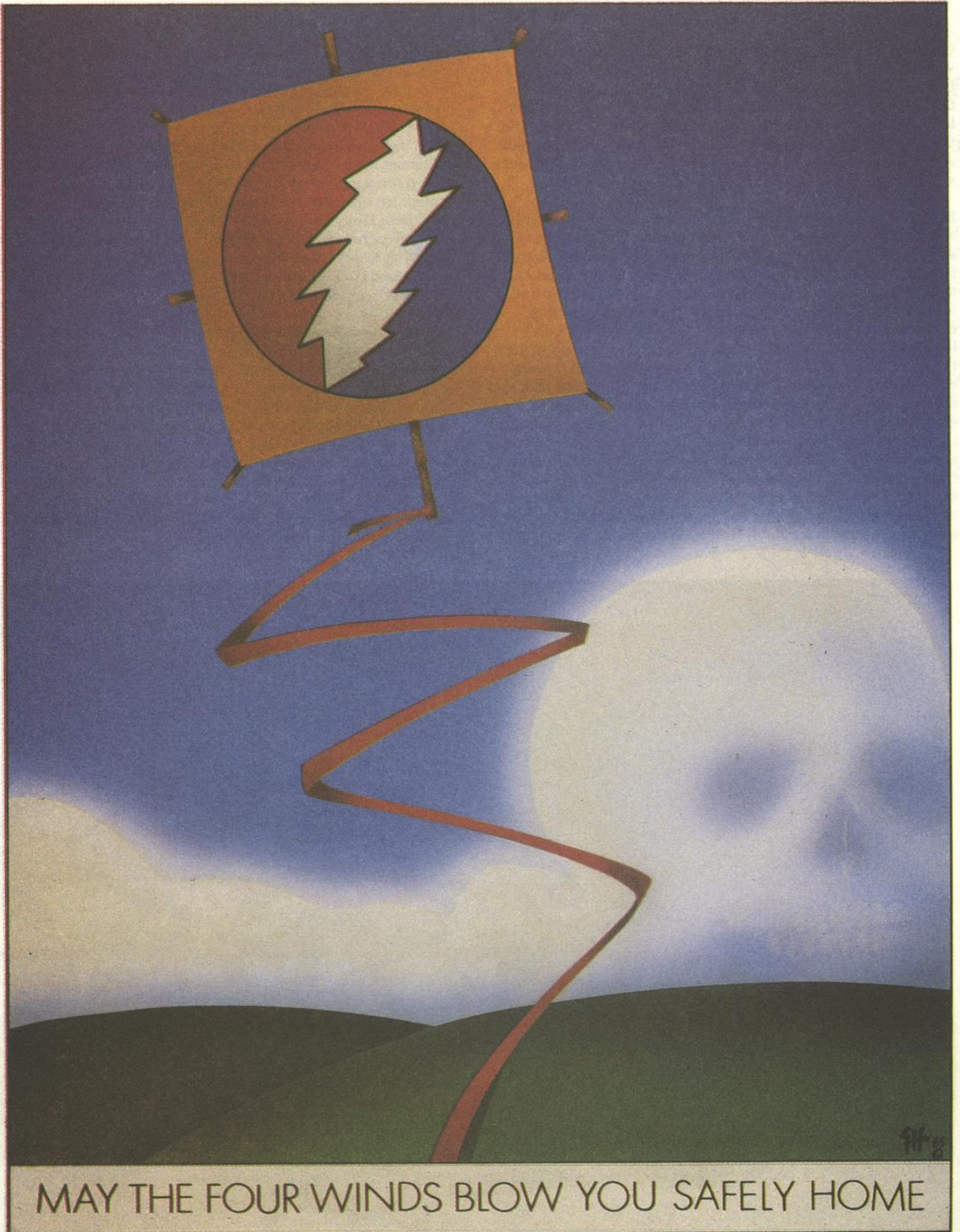
Clan Dyken, and Little Women with Woody, the very electric violin player (they were told they were exceeding noise limits — big surprise —and had to stop playing, which they didn't). Conde provided an alternatively cool scene for tourheads to keep on trucking and set up the traveling show. As a beautiful Oregon twilight segued into night, the stars seemed to sprinkle smiles upon the land at Conde's. Life after the Dead didn't feel so bad after all.

Rumors of a Saturday happening at Kesey's farm triggered high anticipation in our group. We didn't think it was possible to just arrive and party at the personal home of one of America's true heroes. Some of us intrepidly made our way to Springfield, following directions to The Place. Nervously, we parked and followed the orange rope around the barn to the gathering, expecting at any moment to be told to leave. On our best behavior, we stepped lightly through a pleasant grove and into the open clearing. We had made it, to Kesey's Farm. It seemed like a dream, but it was a dream come true. The event had a mythical quality, yet everything appeared just how we had imagined it. The crowd consisted of hippies, cowboys, farmers, city-folk, old and young, and made for a perfectly colorful and joyous mix. An old flatbed truck was rigged as the stage and hosted some of the Northwest's finest in alternative entertainment. Amid acoustic music, poetry, theater, rap, and dance, we laughed and lounged as we bought famous Oregon fruit punches and filled them with vodka supplied by our hosts.

Highlighting the afternoon, at least for our troop, were the obligatory group pictures in front of the old bus and on top of the new. A chance of a lifetime, although only a few of our pictures survived. Kesey's finale was a lengthy narration of his story of the Sea Lion, taken from his new book *Sailor's Song*. We had no idea what to expect, as Kesey took the stage in full shaman regalia, framed by a very realistic Eskimo backdrop, and tried repeatedly to no avail to light the ceremonial fire. I don't think his opening line was in the script: "God damn it, I have all these Hollywood people here and the fire won't start!" Take two went more successfully. All of us heartily agreed that the party at Kesey's was the coolest scene in a very long time and harkened back to the days of the first Field Trip and early Dead shows.

Although the Eugene weekend was less intense, less trippy, and more down-to-earth, we discovered a richness in ourselves. We had more time to share with friends and to discover new adventures. It was a time to prepare for what will someday come: Life after the Dead. Deadheads are fortunate in that the band has enriched our lives by providing our rituals. After so many years of dedication, we must take what we have learned and stage our own rituals independent of the Dead and prepare for the afterlife. Certainly the band has not finished performing, and we will greatly miss them when they do, but they have given us everything we could expect and we know how to take it from here. See you in Eugene '93! ◇





MAY THE FOUR WINDS BLOW YOU SAFELY HOME

WEIR AIDS PENNSYLVANIA POLITICIAN

by Jay Jacobs

Bob Weir did a very rare, small club gig at a bar called The Barn in the Philadelphia area on September 20th. The show was a political benefit for Pennsylvania Democratic Congressman Peter Kostmayer.

Weir took the stage in front of a couple of hundred Dead fans who were able to get tickets for the show, which was announced two days earlier. First, a local band called Swirled Whale performed an hour-long set, and then Bob came out to play with the natives. Weir played six tunes for the standing room only crowd, and also introduced Kostmayer. Weir told the crowd that he would vote for Kostmayer if he lived there.

Kostmayer is very well-known for his interest in environmental issues, which is how Weir came to know him. In early September, Kostmayer introduced the Montana Wilderness Bill, which is designed to save thirteen million acres of forest land in five western states.

Backstage after the show, Weir explained why he had decided to do the rare appearance at a small club for a political benefit. "He's been helping me on a Montana forestry issue that I've been involved with. He's been a champion of environmental issues. For the last couple of years, I've watched what he's done and I'm sort of a fan of his. I haven't met many politicians I can wholeheartedly endorse, but he's one of them. He's in a race here and I don't think we can afford to lose him."

Kostmayer felt that Weir's presence was a big help, not for the money, but because it helped to get the word out. Kostmayer said that benefits like the Barn show were very important in politics. "I think they bring people into the process. People who come into the process because they care about the music of Bob Weir and the Grateful Dead. I think he's making a tremendous contribution by doing this. He's not making any money and has to drive back late tonight. He's doing this because he cares about the country."

Weir said that he would never take money to appear for a show like this, but he still felt that he was gaining something for his time. "It is entirely self-serving. If I can help get him in office for another term, it's another term that we have a real standard builder for us in Congress."

Kostmayer said he feels he can make a real difference in the House of Representatives. Asked how, he responded, "Well, by introducing legislation. The bill that I introduced involves an ecosystem to protect the Rocky Mountain area. By fighting to introduce that bill in Congress, by getting it passed, I can make a real difference. Political action is a way to change America, to get America moving in the right direction and to get things done."

"One of the areas I've been most interested in is protecting old growth forests in the west, which are being cut down at a very

rapid rate," Kostmayer explained. "Also, protecting the environment here in the east. For example, in Bucks County we lose fifty acres of farmland every week. Last week. Next week. We're trying to do something to preserve agricultural land, to preserve farmland, to preserve green space in the east and to preserve forests in the west. Bob Weir has an interest in this."

Bob Weir has often used his influence to shed light on environmental issues. "It occurred to me a long time ago that insofar as the survival of life on this planet is no longer a given, the point of working for a living is working for a place to live in," Weir said. "So that's what I'm doing. Because otherwise we could see the curtain come down on life on Earth in my lifetime. I don't want to see that."

Congressman Kostmayer admitted that he did not know Weir well, and that they had just started working together on environmental issues. "He's been to visit me in my office. Along with Carole King and Woody Harrelson and Ted Danson and a number of people in the entertainment industry who care about more than themselves, who care about the larger issues of preserving the environment."

Weir said that it was Kostmayer's show that night, but he did agree to talk a bit about his work with the Grateful Dead. He was able to appear at the benefit because the Dead tour had been postponed because of Jerry Garcia's illness, and wanted fans to know that "Jerry's in great shape. We'll get together soon. We all have projects and stuff like that, but we'll be playing together again probably by December."

Weir feels that the band's many outside projects help them stay fresh after years together. "We're all real guys. We live in a real world. We do other stuff besides the Grateful Dead bubble. Otherwise, all our ideas would be inbred."

Weir also said that it was a lot of fun to jam at a smaller club again after years of hitting the arenas and amphitheaters. He also enjoyed working with an unknown local band, although he wished that he had had a chance for a little rehearsal. He spent the entire day hitting Philadelphia radio stations doing interviews about Kostmayer and the benefit. The whole show went from the planning stages to being pulled off in all of three days. Weir felt that the rush was worth it if he could help the Earth.

"It's going to be a long road ahead," Weir admitted. "There is so much money and so much graft in American politics right now."

"We have the chance at this point to paint house a bit here in America. It's ripe for happening if we can get some of the old people, who the industries have gotten to, out of office. If we vote for human politicians, rather than instruments of corporate greed, we stand a chance." ♦

ECO-ACTIVISM

FORESTS IN PERIL

BY RUSS WEIS, WITH RESEARCH ASSISTANCE FROM KATHY KANE OF WETLAND'S PRESERVE

“The Forest Service has become comfortable with lying to the public, ignoring long-festering problems and serving the timber industry as governmental agents of environmental destruction rather than environmental protection.”

**John McCormick,
former
Head of
the Forest Service
Whistleblower
Protection
Program**

Greenpeace and the Rainforest Action Network are two environmental groups whose primary issues the Grateful Dead have taken a special interest in of late. This is the perfect time for those who have appreciated their music to take a look at some other ways the Dead contribute to making our world a better place to live in, dance around, and, of course, ride on!

- I. “The Forest Service has become comfortable with lying to the public, ignoring long-festering problems and serving the timber industry as governmental agents of environmental destruction rather than environmental protection.” — John McCormick, former head of the Forest Service Whistleblower Protection Program.

Greenpeace has teamed up with other environmental groups to work against an insane plan to open up vast portions of Montana's National Forest wilderness lands to extensive logging, road building, mining, and oil drilling. This is precisely what would happen if Senate bill S. 1696, otherwise known as the Montana National Forest Management Act or the “Baucus-Burns” bill (after the names of its sponsors), is passed.

Some of you might remember that earlier this year Bob Weir wrote an Op-Ed piece for the *New York Times* expressing his disapproval of this Montana madness. Well, I'm sorry to report that as of this writing the bill is still wending its way through the corridors of legislative power, having passed the Senate a while ago and having just passed the House of Representative's Agriculture Committee. In a nutshell, here's what would happen, according to Greenpeace, if this asinine act gets passed:

- Nearly five million acres of wilderness — an area the size of the entire state of New Jersey — would be opened up to corporate exploitation and development.
- Only a little more than one million acres of high-elevation “ice and rock” areas, mostly devoid of forest and wildlife habitat, would be designated wilderness area.
- 99% of prime forests would be given away to timber companies.
- The rights of American citizens to appeal logging plans would be stripped away.
- 100% of potential mining areas would be opened up to large-scale mining operations.
- Critical habitat for rare and endangered species such as grizzly bear, moose, woodland caribou, bighorn sheep, and bull trout, among others, would be gravely damaged.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

It may not be too late to stop this Montana madness. The first thing to do would be to contact one of the two following groups for an update:

- Greenpeace, 1436 U St., NW, Washington, DC 20009; 202-462-1177
- Alliance for the Wild Rockies, Box 8731, Missoula, MT 59807; 406-721-5420

Next, write your representative in Congress, as well as the House and Senate majority leaders (names and addresses below). Your letter(s) should stress the following points:

- Senate Bill S. 1696 must not be passed — regardless of *any* amendments!
- Any legislation pertaining to our public lands should incorporate the preservation of the forest and wildlife ecosystem.
- Request a ban on all clear-cutting on public lands. Support the Forest Biodiversity and Clear-cutting Prohibition Act of 1992, (H.R. 1969), sponsored by Rep. John Bryant of Texas.
- Ask for support of the Northern Rockies Ecosystem Protection Act, an as yet un-introduced bill that protects the ecosystem of the Northern Rockies while using

sound economic sense and creating jobs in forest rehabilitation in damaged areas.

- Demand protection for the remaining tracts of all ancient forests in the United States.

If you feel inspired, also include the following:

- Strongly urge a ban on the export of raw (or minimally-processed) logs.
- Voice your support for the idea of redirecting funds from wasteful Forest Service projects into retraining programs for dislocated timber workers.
- Request financial incentives for value-added wood milling and wood products production and alternative industries like reforestation.

Even if you don't have the time to write your own letters, you may still be able to make your voice heard. Just ask Greenpeace if they continue to sponsor the LETTERLINE, which is a simple way to have your letters written for you if you call a special 900 number. (Note: It does cost some green paper, but at least you'll be helping to keep the U.S. as green as possible in the process!)

II. One of the groups working to ensure the survival of the world's precious rainforests is the Rainforest Action Network (RAN). RAN, which has enjoyed the support of the Dead over the past number of years, is an effective organization that encourages the formation of Rainforest Action Groups (RAGs) around the country so people can work locally with their enlightened friends and neighbors to stop the destruction of vital rainforests around the globe.

Currently, RAN is focusing on an issue called GATT, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. This is an agreement, participated in by the U.S. along with 107 other countries, which regulates over 90% of world trade. Originally formed over 40 years ago, when environmental limits were not even considered by economists, GATT continues to be negotiated with no regard to ecological or social consequences.

Ramifications for the world's rainforests are quite dire if the latest round of GATT agreements are adopted. For instance, tropical timber bans recently instituted in the U.S. and Europe — including the pending California state ban — would be in danger of being overturned by federal action. Turning to the developing nations, other flawed measures designed to deregulate trade would subvert efforts to protect the rainforest environment and native peoples and to encourage sustainable development. Farmers in countries like Brazil, Indonesia, and Malaysia would be forced to clear more forests and use more chemical pesticides, thus the rate of tropical deforestation would accelerate at a sickening pace.

Much, much more could be said about the devastating effects GATT would have on the *entire* global environment, but these last words, taken from a RAN fact sheet, should suffice to get anyone motivated: "If signed, GATT will become the single most far-reaching and pernicious instrument of destruction the world has ever known."

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Contact RAN at the address below and ask them to send you their "GATT Action Packet," which, for \$2, will tell you how you can best help to gut GATT.

OUR VIRGIN FORESTS



Virgin Forests 1620



Virgin Forests 1850



Virgin Forests 1989

ONLY 5% LEFT

Maps courtesy of *Wilderness Magazine*, *The Wilderness Society*

Rainforest Action Network (RAN), 450 Sansome , Suite 700, San Francisco, CA 94111; 415-398-4404

Write to the following people and urge them to support trade agreements that protect the environment, native peoples, and natural resources, and promote sustainable development:

- Arthur Dunkel, Director General, GATT, 54 Rue de Lausanne, 12111 Geneva 21, SWITZERLAND
- Richard Gephardt, Majority Leader, US House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20515
- George Mitchell, Senate Majority Leader, S-221, The Capitol, Washington, DC 20510

One final way to help insure the survival of the world's rainforests would be to order one or more of the following special musical gems from RAN:

- "Blues From the Rainforest," featuring Merl Saunders and Jerry Garcia.

- "Right as Rain," featuring such artists as Mickey Hart, Paul Winter, Merl, Jerry, Stewart Copeland from the Police, Stanley Clark, Debra Holland, "Cajun whirlwind" Beausoleil, world artist Derrick Jordan, and others.
- "Save the Planet So We'll Have Somewhere to Boogie," featuring Merl Saunders and the Rainforest Band. ♦

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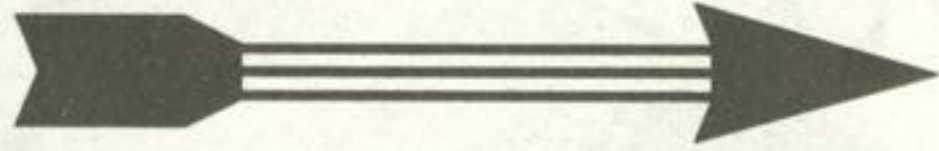


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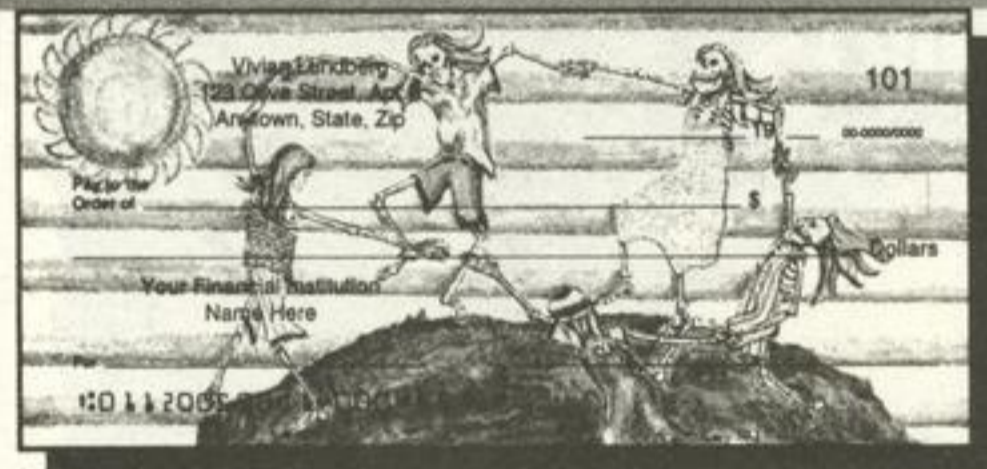
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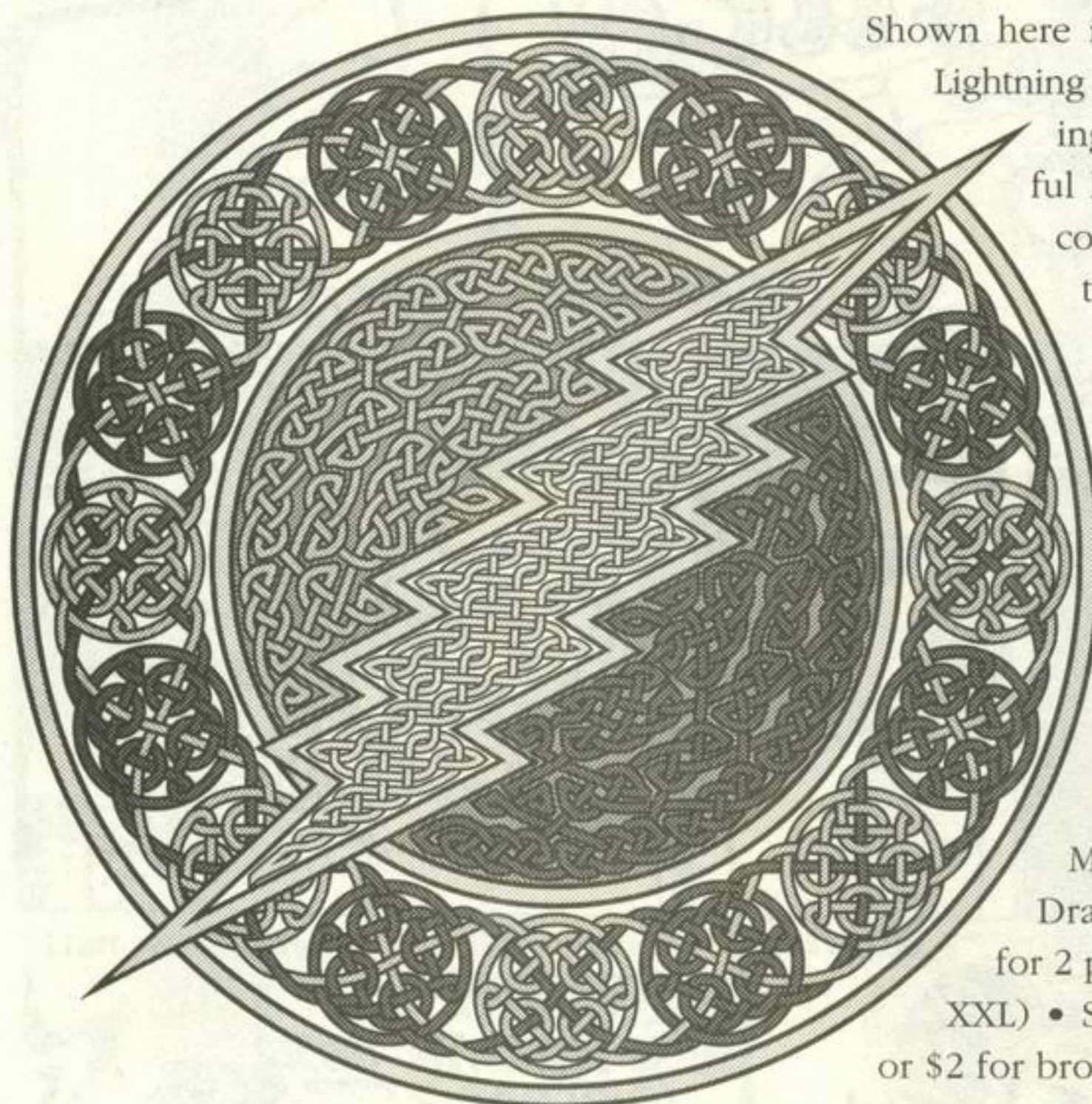
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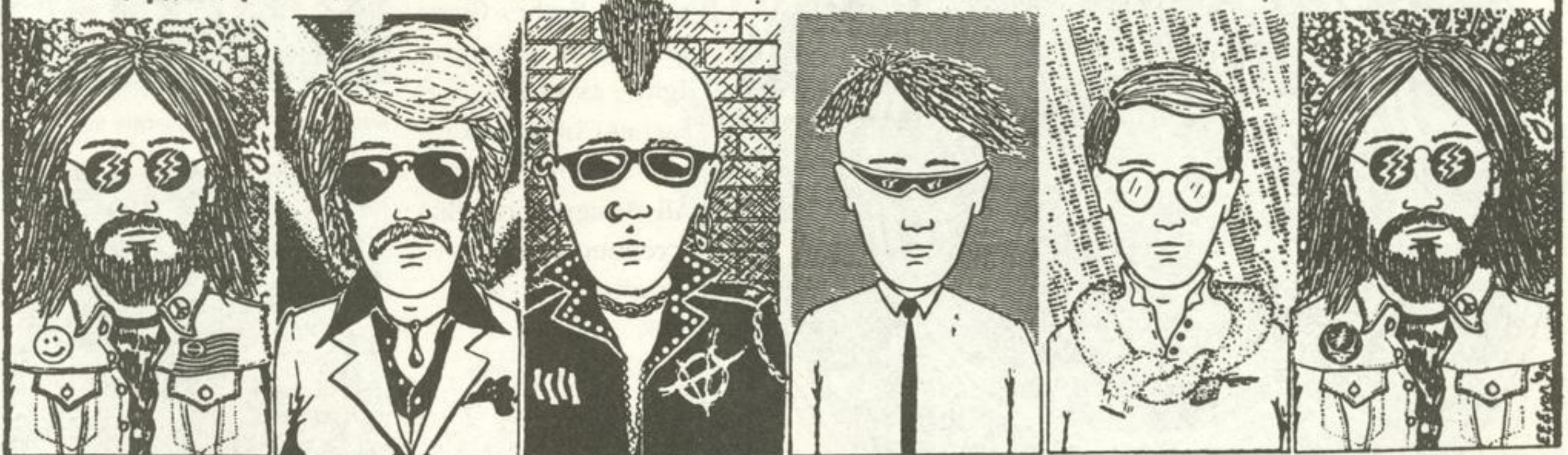
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DEADLINES

At what shows did the following Deadlines take place?

1. Bob: "This place is called 'Wonderland of Canada?'"
Crowd: "Yeah!!!!!"
Bob: "So, I guess...I guess this is the Dead in Wonderland?!"
2. Bob: "You people in the administration or the management of this building don't think you're slipping our notice. We still...we still haven't seen you turn off those lights up there yet!!"
Phil: "No, we don't mean the spotlights that are focused upon the stage here to illuminate ourselves. We mean the HOUSE LIGHTS, DUMMY!!!"
Bob: "Turn 'down the house lights!"
Phil: "Dummy!"
3. Jerry: Come on man, ya gotta be a cop or what? 'Play Truckin', play Truckin'!' We'll play whatever we like!!"
4. Phil: "For all you *St. Stephen* fans — we don't do that song anymore."
Bobby: "Ah, the bitter truth. We quit doing it because you liked it too much."
5. Jerry: "Make the what louder? Make the piano louder?"
Bobby: "You're gonna have to work on your diction."
6. Phil: "Yeah, for all you Heineken freaks down front, we're out of Heineken. Sorry. Now we've gotta drink Michelob."
7. Bob: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we have a winner! I've just been informed that everything is just exactly PERFECT — so we'll go on."
8. Jerry: "It's hard to get off seeing crushed human skulls."
Bob: "Give us a little mercy!"
9. Bob: "And now folks, once again, it's time for America's favorite fun game, STEP BACK, BACK, BACK! Now take another STEP BACK, BACK, BACK! Don't you all feel better?"
Phil: "We realize this isn't going to alleviate your thirst, but until we can pipe it in from the outside...there's just no way, you know. So if you get real thirsty, just move out...go somewhere else."
10. Bob: "You might want to back up a taste on account of if you're real up close, you can't see or hear shit."
Jerry: "Hey, your lens cap is on, you."

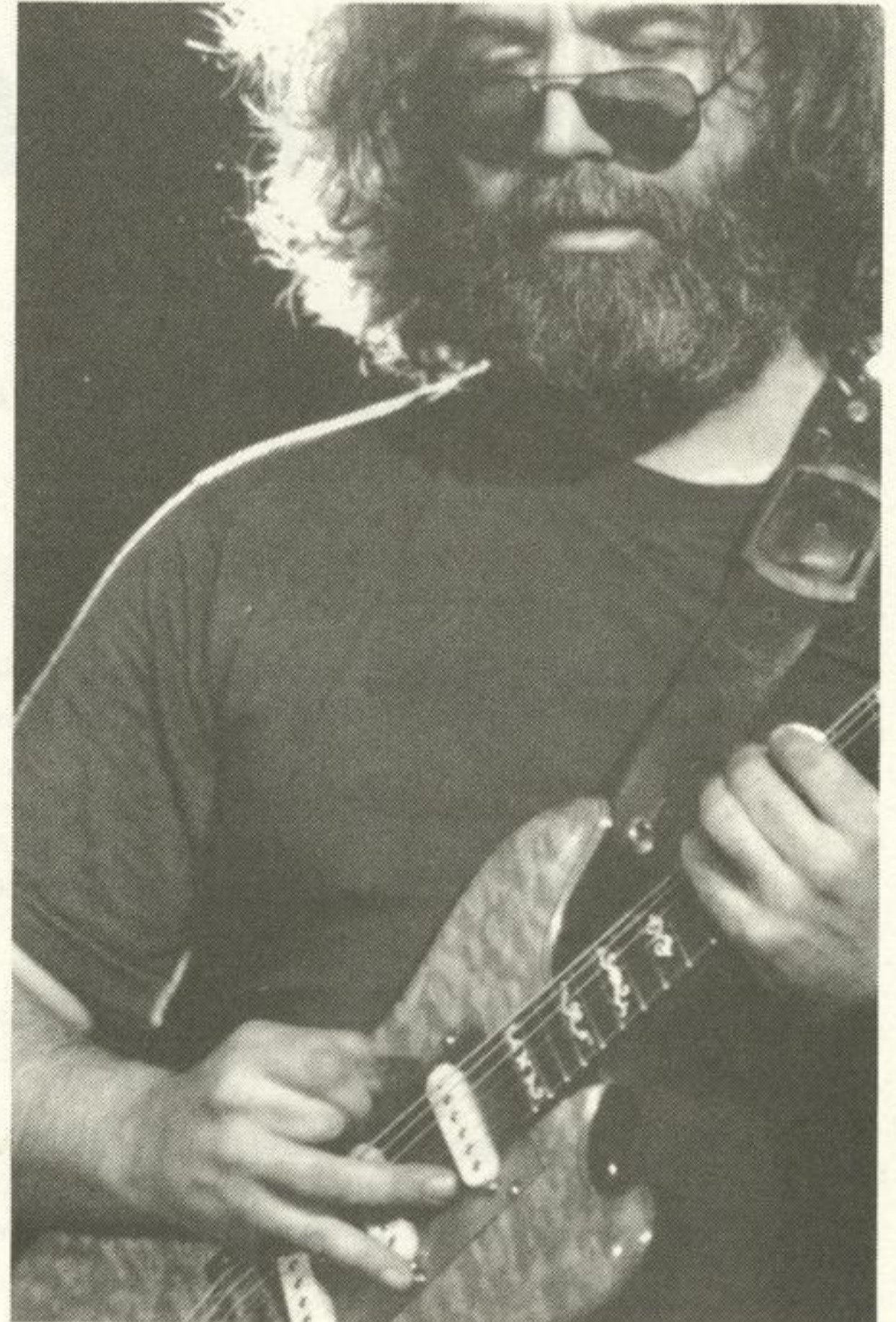


Photo by Jim Anderson

11. Phil: "We realize we're wasting valuable time, folks. But it's really okay in the long run."
12. Bob: "Hey, you down there with the microphone. If you want to get a decent recording, you're gonna have to move back about 40 feet."
13. Phil: "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is gonna have to be our last song, due to considerations of time..."
Crowd: [General discontent]
Jerry: "Yeah, yeah, it's a bummer. But it's the first show man! How often do we have to go through this shit?!"

Credit: 1 & 2: Christian White; 3, 4, 5, 7, 11, & 13: Tim Thomsen; 6 & 9: Dick Forest; 8 & 12: David Borgen; 10: Doug Allaire.

- ANSWERZ:
1. 6/21/84, Wonderland, Toronto, Canada
 2. 4/12/78, Duke University, Durham, NC
 3. 10/30/71, Cincinnati, Ohio
 4. 3/21/73, Utica, New York
 5. 12/15/71, Ann Arbor, Michigan
 6. 8/4/74, Civic Center, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
 7. 6/9/77, Winterland, California
 8. 11/5/77, Rochester, New York
 9. 8/4/74, Civic Center, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
 10. 12/28/69, Hollywood Pop Festival, California
 11. 10/30/71, Cincinnati, Ohio
 12. 8/6/71, Hollywood Paladium, California
 13. 10/30/70, Stonybrook, New York

BACK ISSUES

Catch up on what you may have missed!



- #1: **DDN**, Our first issue!
- #2: **Back From The Dead**, The Betty Cantor Tapes — story and list, Spring 1987 reviews, Wes Wilson psychedelic art review
- #3: **Love Conquers All**, The Harmonic Convergence, How Can I Help, Living Life As Art, Betty Cantor Tapes — Part 2, Summer 1987
- #4: **Summer Tour 1987**, Tour reviews 1987, History of Music — 50s - 60s, Baba Olatunji Interview — Part 1
- #5/6: **Rites of Passage**, Deadhead Dreams, Baba Olatunji Interview — Part 2, Tape Trading — The Year in Review, How to pitch a tape, Fall 1987 reviews, 1987 Year in Review
- #7: **To Share**, Robert Hunter letter to Deadheads and DDN reply, Wavy Gravy Interview, Spring 1988 reviews, 1976 Year in Review, Best of '66-'75 On Tape — First Edition
- #8: **It's All Too Clear, We're On Our Own!**, Deadhead Dreams, Summer '88 reviews
- #9: **Tune In, Turn On, Take Charge!**, Gyoto Tantric Choir, Just Then The Wind..., The Dead's Rainforest Appeal, Fall 1988 reviews
- #10: **Our Endangered Environment**, Our Filthy Seas, Fall 1988 reviews, special focus on Mickey Hart's solo projects
- #11: **Saving Our Scene**, The Best of '75-'88 On Tape, 1988 Year in Review, 102 Things To Do for a Green Future, Ode to MIKEL and his newsletter
- #12: **SPACE!**, Deadhead Dreams, Abby Hoffman Remembered, Castenada Book Reviews, Spring 1989 reviews, Footbag Peace Initiative — Part 1
- #13: **Follow Your Bliss**, Summer 1989, Footbag Peace Initiative — Part 2
- #14: **Dark Star!**, Fall 1989 reviews, Juggling to the Dead, Dark Star flashbacks, Rocky Flats demonstrations, DARK STAR Trek cartoon
- #15: **Taping Techniques**, Scuba-diving with Garcia!, Home Taping Techniques, Concert Taping Techniques, New Year's '89/'90, 1989 Year in Review, Tape Trading in 1989, DeadBase Corrections
- #16: **Getting High On Life**, Bob Weir Interview, Bill Walton Interview, Spring Tour 1990, Ram Dass on "getting free," Should Marijuana be Legalized?
- #17: **Environmental Issue**, Brent Tribute, Cameron Sears Interview, Best of '65-'75 on Tape, Introduction of Dupree's Diamond Duck
- #18: **Interviews** with Hornsby, Hart, Weir, Europe '90, Year in Review, Tape Trading — Year in Review
- #19: **Myth, Ritual, and Transformation**, Artwork by Jerry Garcia, Interview with Ken Babbs, The Phurst Church of Phun, Excerpt from *Drumming on the Edge of Magic* by Mickey Hart.
- #20: **Into The Future With The Grateful Dead**, Interviews with GD Tech Bob Bralove, John Barlow, Terence McKenna, Virtual Reality, DAT — The Time Has Come, Bill Graham Memorial
- #21: **DDN Parody Issue — double sided**, Interview with Bob & Wendy Weir, 1991 Year in Review, 1991 Tape Trading Year in Review, *And more!*
- #22: **Interview with GD Monitor Engineer Harry Popick**, Back Stage Pass — The Interview, Dr. Don's Deadhead Dreams, a political essay by Gore Vidal, and Spring/Summer '92

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DUPREE'S DIAMOND NEWS WANTS YOU

KEEP US INFORMED

DDN needs to know about any of your local radio stations who have their own Dead shows — please try to include at least a phone number of the station, if not contact names, addresses, etc. And what about all those clubs and bars that have Deadhead nights? Tell us about them, too. We'd also like any interesting media mentions of the band or our scene. Help us keep you better informed.

ARTWORK

Prove you're another Jerry Garcia. Send us your artwork. We are looking for Grateful Dead-oriented psychedelic drawings in black & white. Send them to us at the address listed below.

GRATEFUL DEAD DREAMS

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

FLASHBACKS

We want your well-written, concise remembrances of your favorite show, meetings with the band, wild times on the road, cosmic coincidences, etc.

DEADLINES

You know all those things members of the band say during a show, we want more of those from you guys from over the years — with date, place, and of course who said what!

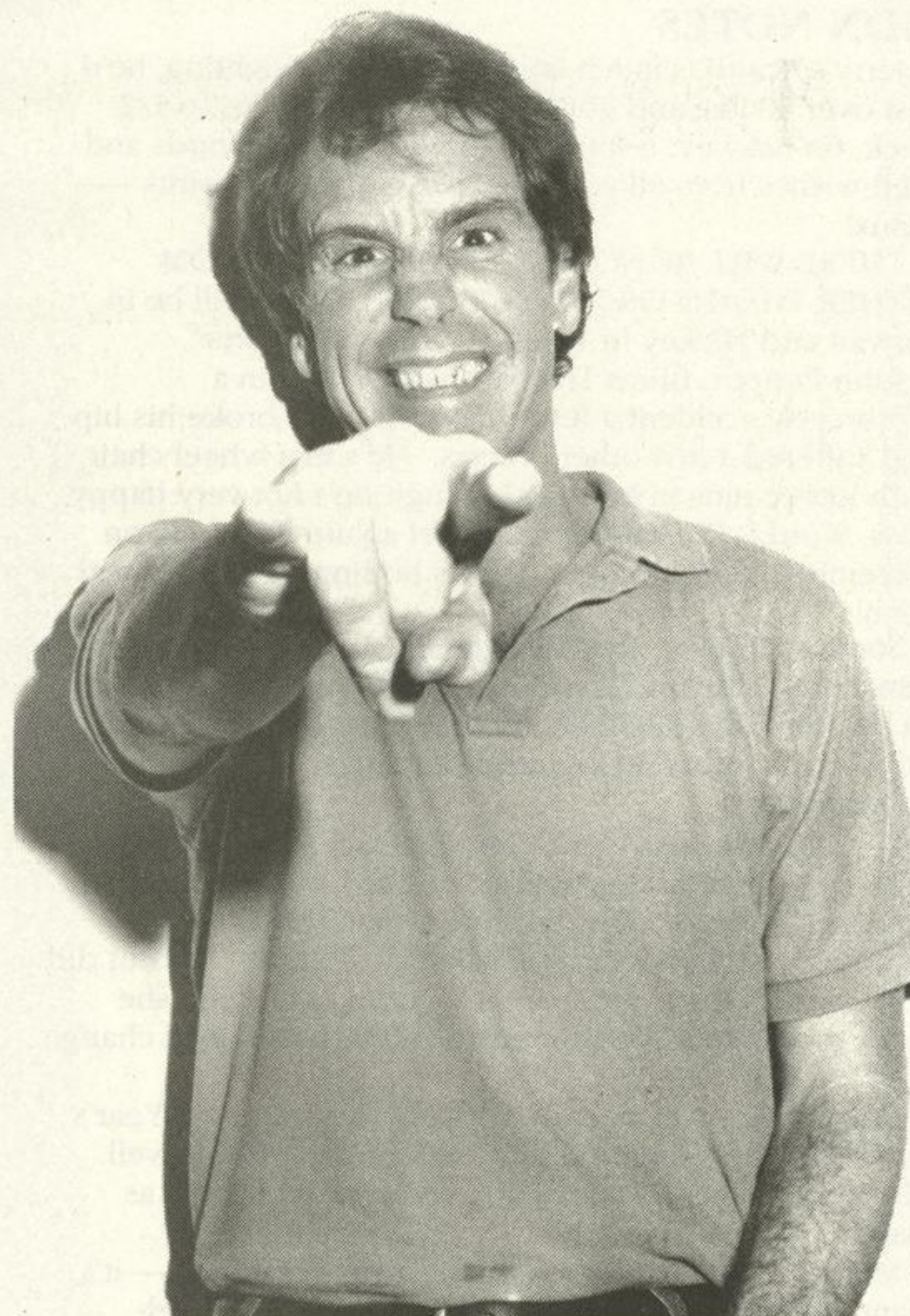


Photo by Stephanie Jennings

TO GET INVOLVED

Join the CLEAN TEAM: If you'd like to really make a difference on tour, we're organizing a "clean team" to do things like collect recyclable cans and bottles and then donate the resulting rebated money to soup kitchens in each town on tour. Send us your name and address, a list of what cities you might be catching shows in, any suggestions for expanding this idea, any relevant political contacts you know of in those towns, along with your phone number and a self-addressed, stamped envelope and we'll try and make a difference together!

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

ODDS & ENDS

DDN NOTES

- Jerry's health is much improved. At last sighting, he'd lost over 50 lbs. and gone from 3 packs of cigs to 1/2 pack, on his way, hopefully, to none. All the cards and well-wishes from all you fans sure helped his spirits — thanx!
- THERE WILL BE NO NEW YEAR'S SHOW FROM EITHER THE GD OR JGB THIS YEAR. Jerry will be in Hawaii and Mickey in Tahiti — *Happy Holidays!*
- John Popper, Blues Traveler harpist, was in a motorcycle accident a few weeks ago. He broke his hip and suffered a few other bruises. He's in a wheel chair with lots of pins in him, and though he's not very happy now, word is the Blues will Travel again with a gig on December 26 in Chicago. Here's hoping he's better real soon!
- Some sad news, The Arrowhead Ranch is now under new ownership and is **no longer the hang-out it used to be**. Ken and Michelle say they gave it their best but finally succumbed to financial pressures. Too bad, we'll all miss you!
- We all know that Vice-President elect Al Gore and his wife Tipper were seen at an RFK show this past June — boogin' on stage. We also know that Tipper told reporters that in her car she listens to *Europe '72*. But did you know that she was recently quoted as saying she loves the Grateful Dead's music, but wishes they'd change their name.
- Keep your ears open for not only Chinese New Year's and Mardi Gras, but an East Coast Spring Tour as well. The word is the boys are back and touring will be as usual.
- Mickey Hart has just concluded another project — it's from San Quentin Prison. Mickey, two-dozen hand-clapping gospel choir male inmates, one dozen female staffers, three security guards, and one "high-ranking" security officer (on organ), joined forces to create yet another new and different sound to add to his collection, and yours!
- In the recent *Battle of the Bands* competition put on by New York City radio station, 92.3 K-Rock, the Grateful Dead came in #1!!!
- It has come to our attention that one of our advertisers, East Coast Hydroponics recently had their UPS records confiscated by the DEA in hopes of entrapping some poor customer. A few years ago when a similar tactic was tried, soon after a number of independent growers were busted. Be careful, *Big Brother is Watching*. Hooray for our tax dollars at work!
- There are new CDs out by Hot Tuna and the *new* New Rider's of the Purple Sage — check 'em out!
- Last issue we missed some photo credits on page 41 & 58 — the pix were taken by Michael Conway.
- Also from last issue, on page 39, we displayed the preliminary color comp for the "Deadicated" cover. Whereas Mikio was credited, we've been informed that he had collaboration from William Giese. ♦

BACK STAGE PASS — THE REVIEW by SAM & MM

The video has probably been released as your reading this, but in any event, *DDN* had an opportunity to see a preview of the video after our great interview with it's producer, Gillian Grisman (see last issue — #23).

The musical selections are terrific and only leave you wanting more! The opening piece, a searing *Hard to Handle*, was from the 4/29/71 closing of the Fillmore East, and was particularly exciting! Though none of the film footage was from that performance, Justin Kreutzmann, the Director, did an outstanding job of sinking the music to the images. By far he did one of the best editing jobs we've ever seen. Interwoven with live footage of band performances were home movies from some of the family members of the band in early Prankster-mode.

Xaos provided a computer-generated animated sequence with GD icons being manipulated through an unearthly landscape. While the themes of the sequence sunk up with passages from *Infrared Roses*, we've seen better computer work from other people in the community.

When we hear Grateful Dead animation, we think of the first 8 minutes of the GD Movie, an awesome piece of animation by any standards. Consequently, we were left wanting in this area.

Overall, this is an exciting piece to add to any and all collections, and we can't encourage you strongly enough to see it as soon as possible. It is available through GD Merchandising. ♦

FEATURE ARTIST

This issue we chose as our *Feature Artist* Photographer Jim Anderson. You can see some of his work in this issue on pages 21-25 and page 55.

Jim is a 2nd generation, self-taught photographer with no formal training except from his dad. Though Jim has been taking concert photos for 20 years (18 years of Grateful Dead), he makes his living from Media Photography. He does mostly editorial and public relations work for periodicals and corporations in his New Haven area, as well as work for Yale University.

You'll be seeing more of his work in *DDN* down the road! ♦

If you are interested in being a featured artist, write us at PO Box 148, Purdys, NY 10578. DO NOT send us the only copies of your originals.

GET TO KNOW YOUR DEAD RELATIVES

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

BILL GRAHAM PRESENTS, the thoroughly captivating autobiography of the legendary impresario who shaped rock music, is now out (Doubleday, 576 pages, \$24). Here, in Bill Graham's own words, as well as those of dozens of others, including Jerry Garcia, Grace Slick, and Carlos Santana, is a fascinating firsthand account of the evolution of rock music concert production and politics. This tremendous book is chock full of great flashbacks to the early days of the Fillmores East and West, Monterey Pop, Woodstock, Altamont, and much, much more. Don't pass this one by!

GOIN' DOWN THE ROAD — A GRATEFUL DEAD

COMPANION is a new book compiled mostly from the pages of Blair Jackson's *Golden Road* magazine (Harmony, 336 pages, \$12). The book features oodles of band interviews, a year-by-year guide to the best tapes for collectors, and a complete version of Blair's patented "Roots" guide to the origins of every GD song. For those of you who've missed *Golden Road* this book is a must-read.

SAILOR SONG is Merry Prankster Ken Kesey's first full-length novel in 25 years (Viking, 533 pages, \$23.50). Set

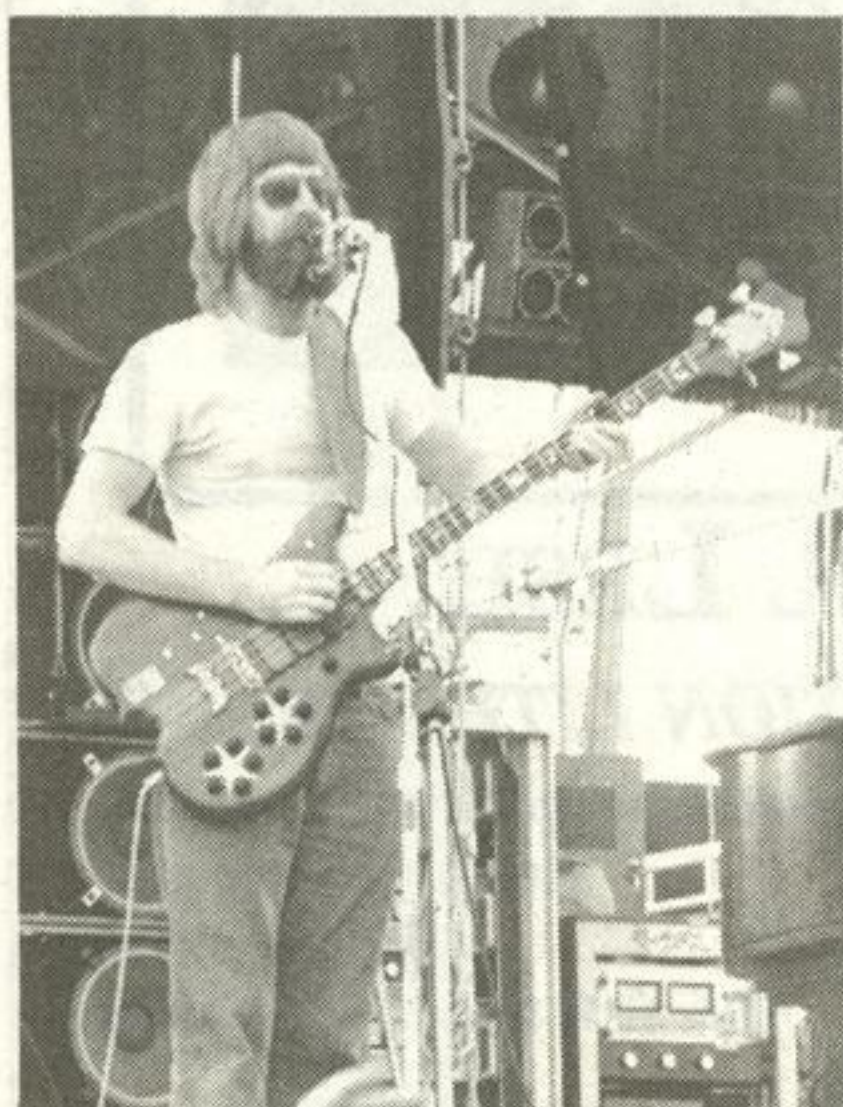
in the near future in Alaska, this epic story revolves around the question: Does love make any sense at the end of the world? We've only gotten partway into it but it's just the sort of story you'd want to get lost in on a cold night in front of a fire or on a beach in the tropics.

LITTLE WOMEN is certainly one of the world's best bar bands. We've seen them melt audiences on both coasts. Try to imagine a cross between John Cougar Mellencamp high on acid singing gritty songs about the underbelly of American life on the road, with a manic Black Uhuru rhythm section and a lead guitarist who sounds like a cross between Keith Richards and Jimi Hendrix. Their new live album, *Live Radish Head*, rips it up pretty good, but you owe it to your loins to check 'em out in the flesh. Call 503-232-GURU for nationwide tour info.

YOU CAN BE ANYONE THIS TIME AROUND, Tim Leary's ground-breaking spoken word recording from 1969, has just been re-released on CD by RykoDisc (RCD 10249). Featuring Jimi Hendrix (on bass guitar!), Stephen Stills, John Sebastian, and Buddy Miles, this psychedelic spoken word/music collage is a surreal, demented, humorous, dated yet still pertinent, entertaining trip. While we never agreed with Leary's political slant on psychedelics, his rap on this CD about the absurdity of marijuana's illegality is more right on than ever. ♦

JIM ANDERSON PHOTOGRAPHY

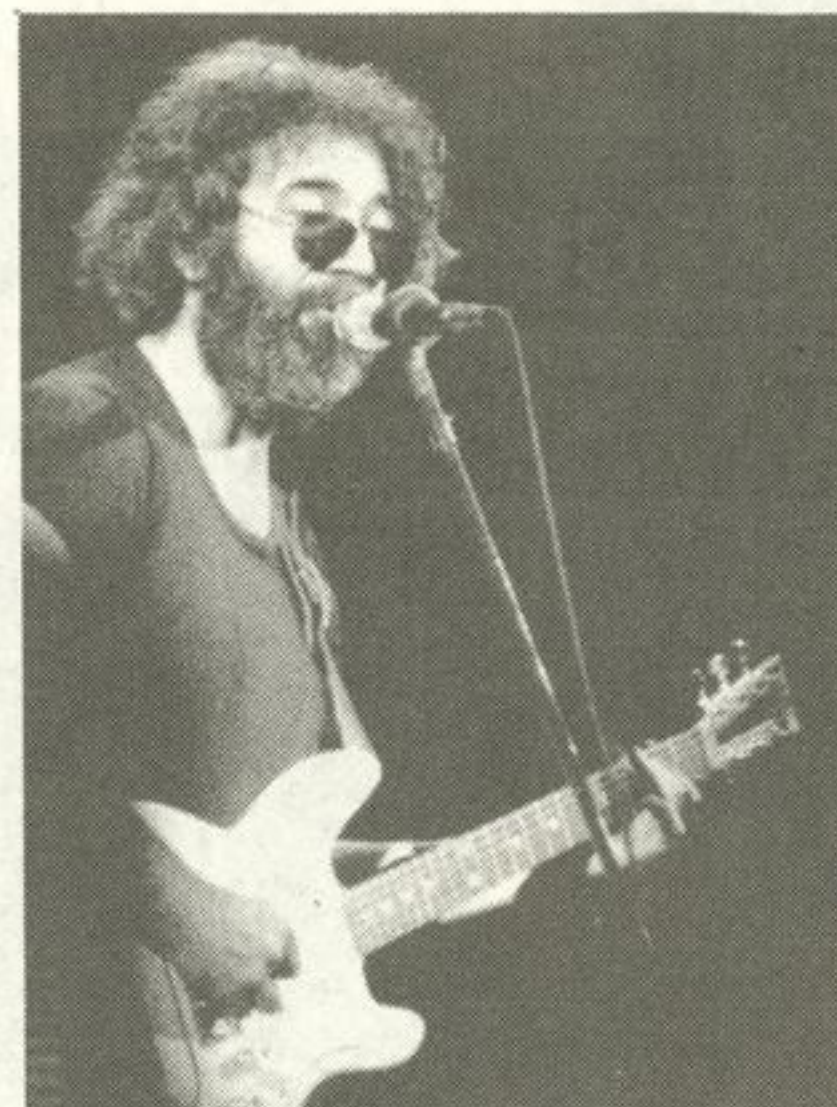
Rock Concert/Performance Archives Starting 1973



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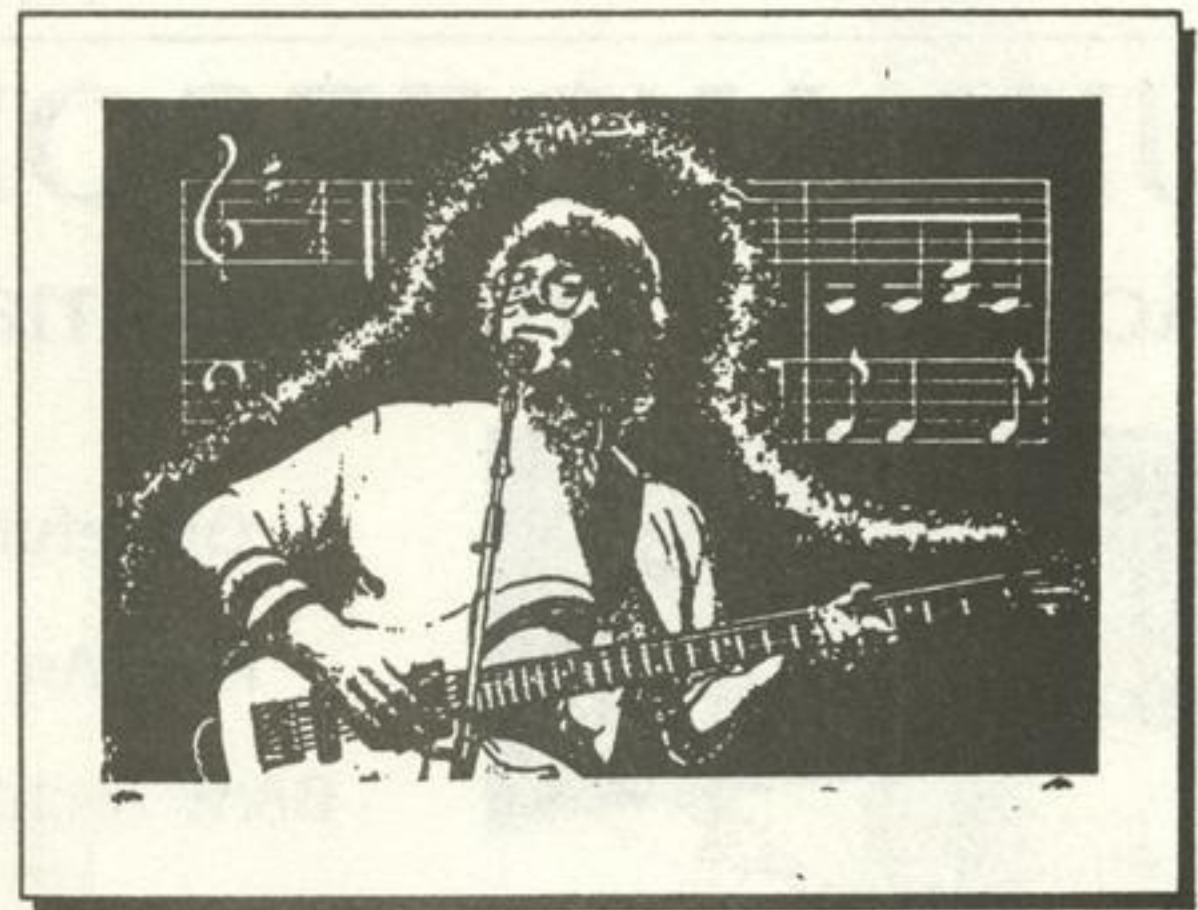
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D~CLASSIFIEDS:

Who has the lo-gen SBDs from the Meadowlands run Oct. 1989. 700+ hrs to trade. Hi-qual only please. Jeff Saltzman, 3256 Coquina Key Dr. SE, St. Petersburg, FL 33705.

300 hrs. 2 naks fast, fair, and honest trader seeks qual GD and Van Morrison. Jeff Arnold, 16 Speer Ave. #1, Passaic, NJ 07055.

Looking to trade sbds only with kind folks. Crystal clear quality is a must. Have 350 hrs to trade. Stephen, 1505 Glengarry Rd. Jacksonville, FL 32207.

Wanted: top quality Dylan-Dead shows. Have lots of Dead air's from Eugene to trade. D. Mitchell, 23220 Burgett Cr. Rd. Philomath, OR 97370.

Nethead (Rfish@verity.com) with many excellent DAT and analog tapes to trade. Share smiles. Rob Fish, 100 West El Camino #56, Mountain View, CA 94040.

Dead tape search service. Box 55, Monroe, WI 53566. Locates audio tapes of Dead sets since 1970. No tape sales. Send SASE. Inquire about gatherings.

Help beginner seeking GD/Neil Young. Will send blanks, postage, thanks. Peace, Karl, 42 Woods Dr., Mechanicsburg, PA 17055.

I have enough Dead!! Have/want NON-DEAD JGB, Clapton, CSN, Raitt, SRV, Allmans, Feat, Van, Floyd, Etc — want more!! Bill, Box 3228, S. Attleboro, MA 02703.

Is there a Staten Island, NY, Daytop Benefit show out there? Will trade. David Piazza, Lot 39, Edgewood MHP, Greenville, NC 27834.

Have some 90-91 sbds, need hq 92. 400 hrs to share. All welcome, all answered. Any live Tull? Chris, 522 2nd Ave., Ottawa, IL 61350.

Seeking IBM compatible software for historic set lists, etc., please write DHW, 311 Bannock, Unit C, Denver CO 80202.

Gay & Lesbian Deadheads: Free newsletter; political, social, entertaining, to promote awareness & understanding. Discrete. So Write! Robards, PO Box 12051, La Crescenta, CA 91224.

"Old Time" Deadhead in search of quality JGB tapes. Send list to Mark, 89 Summit Way, Syosset, NY 11791.

Need Allman Bros., Floyd, Zeppelin, REM, etc. Have many sbds Dead and others. 400+ hrs. C. Davis, Rt. 1, Box 256A, Remington, VA 22734.

Looking for hi-qual recent and old shows, esp. pre-'74. Lots of hi-qual to trade. Curt B., 804 Coolidge Rd., Ocean City, NJ 08226.

Looking for GD VHS, especially Graham Memorial and New Year's 90-91. Will trade or extra blanks. Buck, 4150 S.E. Saybook, Port St. Lucie, FL 34953.

Seeking baby's first concert — Mountain View show, May 23rd, 1992. K.J. Phillips, 600 Gladstone #107, Azusa, CA 91702.

Seeking VHS-hifi videos. Have 5 pages of Dead and 4 pages of non-Dead hi-qual audio. Steve Sandler, 527 Woodrow St., Columbia, SC 29205.

Treat our planet and all its life forms with care, love and respect. Peace to all.

Have 250+ hrs Dead. Looking for other Dead, JGB, Blues Traveler, Spins, Phish, Hornsby, Write Matt, Box 1408 State Quad, SUNY Albany, NY 12222.

Wanted All Florida shows since 1985 and last tour Giants Stadium thru Chicago. R. Pink, 74 Hundson St., Clifton NJ 07011.

Crave alternative and the obscure! The weirder the better! Have 350 hrs Dead, 150+ non-Dead. EKV, 1560-7 Quail Dr., West Palm Beach, FL 33409.

Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

Have 100 hrs of some of the best shows ever 60s-90s! Send lists, willing to trade with or help beginning collectors. A. Goddard, Box 123, Spokane, WA 99210.

Tapes, but no videos, can you be kind? Christopher, PO Box 2161, Fond du Lac, WI 54936.

Deadheads unite! Fight hate — love peace! and recycle!

IM DAT RU DAT? Have 2 dats do U? If yes, lets trade. Wayne Bonomo 703-698-9585. Also seek 1st show: 3 26 72 (Analog OK).

Desperately seeking JGB with Clarence esp. Great Woods shows Sept '89. Chris, 617-862-1317. Lots to trade!

Have want: Allman Bros., Stones, Feat, Dead, etc. Esp. need electric Hot Tuna. Trade lists. Paul Kiger, 2515 Arden Dr., Gainesville, FL 32605.

Without love in the dream, it'll never come true. NC Triangle area Deadheads traders get in touch! Beth, 102-G Hollingsworth Ct., Cary NC 27513. Let it grow!

Help on the way? Gratefully Deadicated beginner would love some help. Will send blanks & postage. March, 400 N. River Rd. #814, West Lafayette, IN 47906.

Take care of OUR earth — peace to all! I love you BP.

5,000 hrs to trade. Need 3 20 71. Morrie Schaller, Box 989, Iowa City, IA 52244-0989.

Have 50 hrs Dead, want more Dead, Blues Traveler, Allmans, and Spin Doctors. Loose Lucy, 3 Edgemere Terrace, Kinnelon, NJ 07105. Thanks!

Peace on earth. May everyone learn to be kind, caring for each other and our earth. We are one!

Looking for SB, early '80s tapes. Have sbds (67-91), Cantor tapes, looking for Merriweather, June '81, 12/27/91, 6/23/91, 6/16/91, 6/17/91, and 4 8 89. C. Greeff, 717 SE 60th Ave. #5, Portland, OR 97215-1964.

Make my collection built to last. 100 hrs to share. Your list gets mine. Looking especially for all Pittsburgh shows. D. Fitzgerald, 423 Old Airport Rd., Blairsville, PA 15717.

DuPage County, Illinois, Deadheads. Whether you are looking to buy a "Brokedown Palace" or that special place on "Shakedown Street," call realtor Mike Todd 708/612-8877.

Without love in the dream it will NEVER come true. Recycle & help to save OUR earth. PEACE — MOONER.

Any European Deadhead around? Write something about your involvement with the Dead. Henk & Lilian, PO Box 7920, 5605 SH Eindhoven The Netherlands.

Looking for Petaluma 2 16 87 World Music Benefit. Who can help? 800 hrs to trade. R. Meerkamp, Aposteln Str. 7, 5000 Cologne 1, Germany.

Help! Have to start my collection all over. Nothing to trade, sorry. Be my miracle. I will purchase blank tapes. Call Coll. 408-227-2370.

Seeking crunchy '92 boards. Have 1000 hrs+ GD, JGB, Ron, 101 Waverly Pl., Mt. Prospect, IL 60056. Daniel Boone sez high to y'all.

Looking for Mardi Gras 1st night Feb. 25th both sets Oakland CA. Call us! Jennifer & Mark in AZ. 602-833-2235.

Looking for Pine Knob 6-19 20-91, Chicago 6-22-91 & Joplin. David Crosby tapes. 300 hrs to trade. Achim Puscher, Widmanwey 17, D-7170 Schwabisch Hall, W. Germany.

Cowabunga-Imprisoned brother needs help rebuilding tape collection. Please send lists, will send blanks and postage. Might as well. Michael King, #229842, ACSU-NSP PO Box 2300, Newark, NJ 07114.

Soundboards from 60s, 70s, and 90s wanted to trade. Have 2000 hrs Dead. Dave Blubeck, 30 Healy Drive, Sunderland, SR3 1AJ, England.

Have 900+ Dead. Welcome old & new traders. Send request and list to Ken Handel, PO Box 102, Demarest, NJ 07627.

DAT only — Have 350 hrs of Dead & others all sbds. Want any digital boards, Mike Niven, 875 Chatfield Rd., Aspen CO 81611 303-920-1100.

Beginner hillbilly DH need hq tapes. Have few tapes, growing rapidly. Send list. 13 Laurel Ave., Wheeling, WV 26003. Please.

Lookin' 4 SBD Greensboro 3 31 91 & HQ 70s-80s SBDs. Have REK 6 92, G-Boro 3 31 & 4 1 aud. as well as others. Call Nathan 919-584-0190 Leave message w #.

Taper w 350 hrs looking for HQ 67-69, 80-81, summer & fall 91. Fast and reliable. Jeff Gutman, 670 West End Ave., #2F, New York, NY 10025.

500 hrs Dead + others. Will trade for hi-qual. Your list gets mine. Dennis Swaney, 3202 K Arrowhead Circle, Fairfax, VA 22030.

Are you kind? Canadian DH looking to start tape collection. Will send blanks & postage in return for your list. Nick Goddard, 69 Wolseley St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5T-1A4. Thanks!

Need spring & summer '92, fall '91. Have tapes to trade. Matt, 622 Green Ave., Brielle, NJ 08730.

Have 450 hrs Dead, 150 hrs non-Dead. Need Phish, Zappa & Allmans. Slow but reliable trader. Chase Smith, 1107 Locust #1, Columbia, MD 65201.

JGB tapes wanted, esp. '91. Have 250+ hrs GD to trade SDBD & HQ AUD please. Jim Gable, 6341 High St. E. Pete, PA 17520.

Looking for the Dead on video, your list for mine. Audio lists welcome. Colin Parsons, 210 Somervale Grdn #6, Pointe Claire, Que., Canada H9R-3H8.

Have/want HQ low gen SBD, esp RFK, Albany 92. Have 100 hrs HQ. Trade/send blanks. Pete, Miami Univ., Collins Hall, Rm 225, Oxford, OH 45056.

Desperately need JGB, SBDs of 11/91, esp. 11/24/91. Also HQ '92s. Have 300+ hrs of Dead to trade. Todd, Box 243, Hayfield, MN 55940 507-477-3635.

Looking for qual shows to build my 100+ hrs. Need Hamilton 20,21 '92, summer '92. Have Buffalo, Chicago, RFK & Rickfield '92. Jason, 2493 Victoria Pkwy., Hudson, OH 44236.

Slow but reliable trader has lots of Dead plus Dylan, Beatles, Stones & more. Send your list. Terry-pin Station, 120 Cassia Drive, Clairton, PA 15025-3403.

Looking for hi-qual SBDs Dead, JGB, Weir, CSN and others. 350+ hrs. Jamie Jackson, 9 Raton Court, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1V 0B2.

"Among other things my relationship with the GD experience has been transforming and healing for me." If this statement is true for you, and you'd be interested in my "story sharing" project, please write for questionnaire and info about interview. Thanks. Phyllis Gaebel, 2932 Harper St., Berkeley, CA 94703.

Intermediate taper seeks lists of any size. Let's trade. Bobby solo? George, 30 Dickenson Rd., Darien, CT 06820. Your list gets mine.

Deprived Emerald City neo-trader needs JGB & Dead. Have 40+ hrs. Will trade lists. Driftin' & Dreamin'. Howdy St. Stephen! John, 104 Northgate, Greenwood, SC 29649.

So. Cal Trader seeks hi-qual, east coast shows. 250+ hrs sbds/dataud to trade. Steve, 10537 Kerrigan Ct., Santee, CA 92071.

Fun on the Hill, Inc., 19 Hole Mini Golf, Arcades, Batting Cages, Picnic Area, Snack Bar, A Quiant Country Setting, Rout 590 in Hamlin, PA. 717-689-4697.

Send your two best 1-4 generation sbds with list. I will do same. Any year. Guaranteed quick return. John Holzknecht, 8108 Michael Ray Dr., Louisville, KY 40319. 502-964-4317.

Send me your lists and make one Sugary Magnolia eternally Grateful. I'll send postage & tapes. Love '73. '77. Kristin, 14574 Warwick, Detroit, MI 48223.

I need a miracle. Beginner trader sister, seeking kind Dead, JGB. Send lists will send blanks, postage. Peace & love. GG 21, Jefferson Pl., Annapolis MD 21401.

Could use a few HQ tapes to fill in gaps. Looking for West Coast shows. Yours/mine. Kevin Umberger, 6628 Carlinda Ave., Columbia, MD 21046.

Looking for recent shows or good old shows. Please send list. Need spring/summer '92, fall '91. David Novak, 4777 E. Lampkins Ridge Rd., Bloomington, IN 47401.

Have 200 hrs. Looking for 12/27,30/91, 6/25/92. Lots of other goodies. Miles. Call Jeremy at 316-524-9835. 4141 S. Seneca, Wichita, KS 67217.

Hey now. Your lost sailor is in desperate need of finding Giant Stadiums 16/17 1991. Please contact Chris Sandell, USS Safeguard ARS-50 FPO AP 96678-3221.

Wanted: Midwest tapes, esp. Iowa and Oklahoma shows. 150 hrs to trade (so far). Kenwick, 326 NE Rockwood, Bartlesville, OK 74006.

Help on the way? Lost my Vivitar PS:35 camera @ 2-23-92 show. Steph Christopher, 1112 W. Glentana St., Covina, CA 91722. Reward w/favorite tapes! Please help!

Fast trader seeks hi-qual Dead/solo. Have many gems. No tapes please. Lets exchange lists first. CBM Box 171, 331 W. 57th St., NYC, NY 10019.

Beginner — looking for good qual Dead, Phish, Allmans, Blues. One blank for every blank recorded, plus postage. Alison, 2733 N. Cottonwood, Orange, CA 92665.

Tapers ticket. Storage for tons of tapes. Cases from 200 to 1000. Write for brochure. 118-F Victoria Ct., Greenville, NC 27834.

3100+ hrs of Dead, non-Dead, etc. to trade! Your list gets mine-no list too small!! All inquiries answered. Jay Michers, 249 Penn. Ave., E. Liverpool, OH. 216-385-5127.

Peace and Vegetable Rights. Please help me start my collection. Will send tapes and postage. Lee, 24-3A Cheswold Blvd., Newark, DE 19713.

Looking for tapes of '92 summer tour, also tape lists of post-'80s Dead. Call Michael 617-738-9106.

New to tape scene — if you have it I probably don't. Pleeze help. Need Detroit Spring '92. Mike, 27583 W. Lakeview Dr., Wauconda, IL 60084.

Looking for someone to help me start a tape collection. Love live Dead but have none. Send replies to Kendra, PO Box 213, E. Petersburg, PA 17520.

Reliable trader 150+ needs 10/31/70, 10/20/74, 9/26/91, 6/20/92 and HQ SBDs. Send list to Keith, 22 Lister Dr., Barrington, RI 02806.

JGB needed to fix habit. Have 250+ hrs. GD. All inquiries answered. Richard, 333 O'Neil St., Joliet, IL 60436.

Looking for new friends to trade with. Have many juicy hrs. Think green, plant a tree. Debbie Bunton, 309 Shannon Circle, Brandenton, FL 34209. Think peaceful thoughts!

Hi-qual SBDs. Have 75 hrs. Your list gets mine. John Coley, 520 Dowlen #94, Beaumont, TX 77706.

Looking for a dish of beef-chow-mein "Werewolves" 10.31.85/90 also RFK 90-92 & Cap Centre 87-92 all - G. Nash 7621 Tremayne Pl. #205, McLean VA 22102.

Looking for Soldier Field 91/92, Charlotte 92, Deer Creek 91/92, Tinely Park 90, anything 1980 up. Will trade or send blanks. Michael Santelli, 1753 McCormack, Hanover Park, IL 60103.

Brothers & sisters. Have 200+ hrs HQ tapes. Looking for '92 tour. Your list gets mine. Amy Fulmer, 1005 Oregon Ave., Columbus OH 43201.

2700 qual hrs. Seek more including nonDead. DAT and Nak's. John Martin, 10 Princes Court, Dykes Ave., New Malden, Surrey, KT3 4HZ, England.

Hook me up! Have 170+ hrs. HQ Dead. Want same & Phish and Blues Traveler. Very reliable. Steve Duex, 916 Wampler Lane, Westminster, MD 21158.

Have 220 hrs. will trade 67-92 & Jerry Band. HQ only. Chris Gibson, 2580 Grand Marais W., Windsor, Ontario, N9E 1G2.

Looking for Shoreline 5/23,24,25/92 plus other recent or unusual, hundreds to trade with. Ted, 15081 Summerhill, Dr., Eden Prairie, MN 55346.

Beginner. No tapes but help me start off with these shows: 12/9/89, 5/6/90, 2/23/92, 5/2/92, 5/24/92. Scott Smith, 2014 Associated #3, Fullerton, CA 92631.

Looking for live Suzanne Vega, Tull, Zappa. Have hundreds of hrs of top qual Dead to trade. Jeff Young, 5424 Ferguson Rd., Liberty, NC 27298.

Looking for a copy of the RFK show 6/20/92 and the Vegas shows '91. Write Jeff, 4722 Ballboa, #1, SF, CA 94121.

70+ hrs. Have 2/13/70, 4/29/71, 4/14/72, 9/24/88, 3/24/90, 12/12/90 & other cool tapes. Your list gets mine. Ann, 792 Elm St., New Haven, CT 06511.

Seeking Scranton PA 4/13/71 & Lewisburg PA 4/14/71. 2000 hrs Dead, JGB, Bromberg, Jorma. Bruce Kaufer, PO Box 3456, Greensburg, PA 15601.

New to St. Louis and looking for tapers. Have over 1000 hrs to offer. Call Chris at 314-664-5316.

Please help beginner with positive karma to get started. I will send blanks, postage and good vibes for your kindness. Brian 17082 Rotterdam Ln., Huntington Beach, CA 92647.

I'm here for whoever wants them. HQ-lo-gen, 200 tapes, fast & reliable. Let's go, I'm waiting. Ken McAvoy, 984 E. Main St., Riverhead, NY 11901.

Seeking any hi-qual tapes of summer 92 tour esp RFK, Albany and Chicago. Have about 500 hrs to trade. Also seeking Golden Rd Issue 25 to complete my collection. Mike, 1400 Golf Blvd., #106, Clearwater, FL 34630.

Entire collection lost! (Thrown out). Please help me rebuild! Dead, JGB. Write Mark H., 19 Arrow Rd., Hilton Head Island, SC 29928.

Hey now, beginner with about 30 hrs interested in new/old/trade. Willing to send tapes w/postage. Please help! KRC, 560 N. Gay, #105, Auburn, AL 36830.

Have 100+ need more. Please send lists to: Marc, 833 Park Pl., Ocean City, NJ 08226.

Let's trade. Fast, reliable beginner, 35+ some HQ SBDs seeks more HQ. Please send lists to: Frances, 619 Mountain Ave., Bound Brook, NJ 08805.

100+ hrs, will trade w/anyone. Send lists, guaranteed reply. Errin Nolan, 3907 Ventnor Ave., #4, Atlantic City, NJ 08401.

Summer's here and the time is right for trading tapes with me! Have 1500 hrs Dead, 500 hrs other. Let's trade. John, PO Box 132, Montgomery, NY 12549.

Looking for 10/23-24/71, 12/14-15/71, 10/30/72, 2/19/73 & 11/20-21/73. Joe Malner, 214 NE 77th St., Seattle, WA 98115-4031.

Beginner trader needs hours. Has 100. Your list gets mine. Send lists to: James Honiss Jr., 50 Wagon Rd., Glastonbury, CT 06033. Let it grow.

Have 5/19/92, 5/24/92 and JGB 4/29/92 plus 100 hrs. Want 6/16/90 I, II. Jim Tourville, 7259 Evanston Pl., Galeta, CA 93117. Brent, I miss you more than words can tell.

Need 90-92, especially Giant Stadium 91 & 92. Have 500+ hrs to trade. Tom, 322-23rd St., Grigantine, NJ 08203.

I am a new collector, my name is James Macgillivray. I'm looking for anything with Pigpen. I have 15 tapes to trade. My phone # is 1-416-923-3262.

Kiwi Taper seeking new tapes and new friends. Have 100+ hrs. We are everywhere. Mark Honan, 53C Alexander Ave., Whakatane, New Zealand.

450+ hrs. Many sbds. Looking for qual shows. My list for yours. Mark Kabella, 2982 Mack Rd., #A, Aveata, CA 95521.

Hey now...have tape list to trade, compare with yours. Write PO Box 6261. Haywald, CA 94540-6261. Send your tape list today.

SLO head looking for Vegas 92 shows, esp. 10/31/92. Have 20 hrs. I will trade or send blanks. Gracias compadres! Geremie Howard, 25-G Stenner St., San Luis Obispo, CA 93405.

Canadian Deadhead wants to trade tapes. Please respond. Call at 416-629-2595 or write: Matt Fagan, 1855 Maple Ridge Dr. #24, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada. L4W 255.

Have 50+ hrs to trade. Looking for more good stuff. Fast & reliable: Jim Pollock, 108 Stratford Ct., Charlottesville, VA 22903. Thanks.

Looking for JGB/Weir tour '89 especially 9/5/81 Hartford CT, also have 300+ hrs JGB, Weir and Dead to trade. Jeff Ceparski, 25 Royal Crest Dr. #2, Marlboro, MA 01752.

Looking for quality tapes from recent shows. Need Jersey 92. Send lists, mine is very short. Practice random kindness and senseless acts of beauty. Paul Carignan, 427 Main St., Lewiston, ME 04240.

I need a miracle! Will do anything for 12/28/88. Harry J. Mersmann, PO Box 156-4960, Irvine, CA 92716-4960.

My headstone reads CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT THE DEAD... if you can't either, yours gets mine. Mike Burwell, 26 Greentree L. #35, So. Weymouth, MA 02190.

New collection. Need all I can get! Send lists and I'll return tapes and postage. David Simon, 18 Lynnfield Dr., East Windsor, NJ 08520.

Beg want Phish, Creek, GD, JGB and others. Stacey Pribyson, Box 2920, 1160 Douglas Pike, Smithfield, RI 02917.

Need live Bayrock: New Potato Caboose, Blues Traveler, Phish, Solar Circus, etc. Have Living Earth. Lawrence D. Yurick II, 416 W. Bertsch St., Lansford, PA 18232.

Sugar Mag. with small list; seeking kind correspondance and lists. Wanted: HQGD, Airplane, etc. Will reply. Michelle Hayes, 790 Nottingham Way, Ellicott City, MD 21043.

Desperately need hi-qual Charlotte 6/18/92. Let's trade lists. Send to: Root, 7806 Oak Forest Dr., Pensacola, FL 32514. Let it Grow!

Wanted first Dead experience CAL EXPO 5/19, 20, 21/92 will cover postage & tapes. Todd, 880 Blackmer Ln., Columbia Falls, MT 59912. Forever Grateful.

Deadhead needs help. Hospitalized: fractured tibia. Berkinstock vs. Car. Vegas last show. Want Oakland 12/91. Kaiser Jerry Kindness Return. Mitchell, PO Box 202, Oakley, CA 94561.

Wanted: hi-qual 9/11/90, 9/14/90, 10/28/90, 6/12/92, 6/30/92 and 11/15/91 JGB. Have 500 hrs audio, 100 hrs video to trade. Bob, 60 Wyatt Rd., Garden City, NY 11530.

New to Atlanta area. Looking for Deadheads to trade tapes and see future hrs with. Need Giants 7/14/92 & 7/15/92 bad! Contact: Mare, 3288 Mission Ridge Ln. NW, Atlanta GA 30339.

What is the essential truth or reality? World Beat...Sound Celebration! 50+ hrs to trade. Julie & Tony, 5725 Flaherty Rd., Vine Grove, KY 40175. 502-828-8090.

Tom Simpson, Box 4927, Hilton Head, SC 29938. The music is the key. Boards are cherished and traded for same. East & West '69 to this time. Will we ever rest with the best?

A lovely view of heaven, but I'd rather be with you. Pretty Peggy O. Heads in Baltimore? Swan 410-617-3153.

Send your good thoughts and vibes for Jerry's full recovery. We all need him around for the next 50 years! Merritt Samuels, Tamarac, FL.

Need 6/9/92. Had a spiritual experience during space. Will provide blanks/postage. Salem, 321 Cayuga Ave., Elmhurst, IL 60126.

Bostonian Deadhead trapped in DC w/o a show. Send lists. Trade bootlegs for blanks. Thurston Hall, Room 314, 1900 F Street, NW, Washington, DC 20006.

Aud tapers only! Looking to trade masters and 1st gens for the same. Seeking 78-88 crystal clear gems. Have 600 hrs list. John 414-435-0588.

I'm writing a book about experiences of rock n roll fans, need contributors. Will credit writers. For info contact: Ellen, 1121 E. 22nd St., Brooklyn, NY 11210-3619.

Trying to start a collection. Have only hi-qual blanks to trade. Send lists to Mike Anderer, 224 South Davis St., Woodbury, NJ 08096.

Trader looking for others. Have 400hrs. Joe Dudas, 1512 15th St., Troy, NY 12180.

Want qual VHS Dead videos. Cary, PO Box K, Roslyn, NY 11576.

Do you have my first show? 9/27/69 Fillmore East, first set. Please call Ed 201-543-6473.

Hey now! We're old and in the way, but we will survive! Buddah's Pranksters of Chesterbrook.

Remember that beautiful afternoon in Boulder: 9/3/72? Still looking for a board! Grateful Ted, 8530 W. 172 Terr., Stilwell, KS 66085.

Wanted: the following 1973 Dead shows: 2/21, 2/2/4, 3/15, 3/30, 3/31, 10/23, 11/9, 11/21. Lots to trade. JD, PO Box 291476, Tampa, FL 33687.

Beginner searching for GD, and Weir/Wass. Will send blanks/postage. Greatly appreciate lists of favorite shows. Jeff, 7305 S. Newport Way, Englewood, CO 80112.

Please help me *Phil* my collection (6/24/85, 3/29/90). Your list gets mine! Hugh Cantley, 1805 Glenwood Rd., Cola, SC 29204.

Would worship any Two Nice Girls shows. Additionally, and rap/hip-hop stuff? Public Enemy, Ice Cube, etc. Send specs to Meg Schramm, 303 E. Harmon #91, Las Vegas, NV 89109.

Please help beginner get started. All lists welcomed. Will send blanks and postage. George Petsoff, 12438 Merrick Dr., St. Louis, MO 63146.

Everyone! We need to send healing rainbows of love to Jerry! Now! Peace & Love...Gote from Maine.

We miss you Jerry. Please get well and thanks for the music.

Have GD tapes to trade. Seeking GD, JGB, Allmans, Quicksilver, Hot Tuna, Traffic, etc. Mike Nash, 1420 N St., NW #208, Washington, DC 20005.

DH since 1967. Please help start my tape collection. Will send blanks and postage. Any help greatly appreciated. Ross Lennox, 1332-7A St NW, Calgary, AB, T2M-356, Canada.

Desp. want JGB 8/26/89 and 10/28/75. Can trade or send blanks. 2100 hrs. Jim, 532 Westmont Ct., Healdsburg, CA 95448.

Trade 1400 hrs Pigpen, Blues, Obscurities for Arc Angels' SBDs, Hounddog Taylor, Lightnin' Hopkins, Stones, Newbos, Allmans, SRV. Jason, 1824 SIH35 #232, Austin, TX 78704.

Sisters & Brothers, Is help on the way? Have 150 hrs Dead and looking for hi-qual Dead, JGB, B. Traveler. Lists to Christopher Noland, Woodberry Forest School, Box 315, Woodberry Forest, VA 22989.

Need boards from Pittsburgh 4/2/89 & 4/3/89. Have 150+ hrs to trade. Ed Toyer, 626 Hathorn Rd., Oxford, MS 38655.

Need HQ 91 & 92 Vegas, Soldier, Creek & Moss. Have 150 hrs to trade/send lists. B. Griesback, 1230 Fatima St., Menasha, WI 54952.

Please help me to view Bill Graham Memorial Concert at Golden Gate. Will do about anything for video. Jeffbo 617-754-0361.

CA DH with 400+ hrs looking for HQ JGB, early Dead. Your list for mine. Tim, 2006 Diamond St. #18, San Diego, CA 92109.

400 hrs GD, some very good to trade. EPS, 165 Old Ford Dr., Camp Hill PA 17011.

Fast, reliable trader seeks 1992 hq sbds. Have 800+ hrs hq to trade. Neil Cherry, 744 Union St. #5, SF, CA 94133.

Looking for Phish, Spin Doctors. Many hrs Dead to trade. Andy, CIW Box 6382, PO Box 6006, Binghamton University, Binghamton, NY 13902-6006.

I need a kind copy of Jerry 11/16/92 Albany NY & Bobby 7/31/92 Pittsburgh. Ron Hosek, 40 Zepfang Ln., Wexford, PA 15090 412-935-9769. PS I have trades.

Grateful for the Dead and fair traders. Looking for 2/24/73 Iowa City, any Flecktones. Have 250 hrs Dead, assorted others. Peace, J. Gillam, 3737 Pine Grove Rd., Klamath Falls, OR 97603.

Desperately seeking GD quality RFK '92. Trent Zimmerman, 13703 Graceham Rd., Thurmont, MD 21788.

How does the song go? Fast, reliable trader 180 hrs and growing. Lots of hq. Send lists to Matt M., 13 Sarah Lane, Middletown, NY 10940.

'92 Atlanta. Auburn Hills, Richfield, Chicago, Noblesville, Buckeye. Have 100+ hrs to trade. Fast response. Jane, 9 S 025 Lake Dr. #107, Clarendon Hills, IL 60514.

Looking for (preferably) local Heads to trade hq lo-gen tapes. Send lists to: Kathy, 2454 S. Race, Denver CO 80210. Peace to all.

6/21/69. Been searching for this show for three years. If you have it, please write. Doug Corkhill, PO Box 1854, Raleigh, NC 27602.

"Hey Now" — Westchester Deadhead looking to connect w/area Dead Veterans (Wharf Rats, too). Please write to: Steve, PO Box 27, Bronxville, NY 10708.

200+ hrs Dead & Allmans, Dylan, Phish, CSN (&Y). Want same & hq 7/11/69. Hans, PO Box 11061, Stanford, CA 94309. Hemp can save the planet!!

Looking for 1st gen hi-qual tapes of Horde fest (Charlotte 8 8 92). Hi-qual 1-3 gen Dead. Boards to trade for the same. Reece Brafford, PO Box 5067, Kinston, NC 28503.

Beginner. Please be kind. Nothing to trade. Would provide blanks. Need Deer Creek '92. John Haley, 8213 Railroad Rd., Indianapolis, IN 46217. 317-889-1383 Collect!

Looking for any GD music tubbed-out for acoustic, already have the Phillips and Luttjeboer books, will send what I have in return. REB PO Box 22894, LBV, FL 32830.

Thanks and praises to all kind, tape sharing heads! Peace love and unity. Cool runnins, JAH Love.

Seeking hq sbds. Have 1000 hrs eclectic mix of Dead, others (Young, Van, Dylan, Bruce, Floyd), Scott Schillo, 820 Ashbury St. #6, SF, CA 94117.

Looking for first show + 6 87 Meadowlands & 6 6 92 Buff. Marty, 409 West Ave., Northvale, NJ 07647.

Have 2300+, Want GD, JGB, Weir, Kingfish, Solar Circus, Bay Area, Tuna, Feat. Allmans, Airplane, 10-21 85 SC, Russ King, 7 Grapeseed Ct., Parkville, MD 21234.

Keep on growin'! Have +50+ hrs hi-qual sbds. Searchin' for more of the same. Quick & happy taper, P. Donahue, PO Box 16861, Jacksonville, FL 32245.

Without love in a dream it will never come true.

Please be kind, I want to rewind. Beginner needs help with the past to have a future. Jon Jenks, FIU MWHS-3, Santa Ana, CA 92709. 714-786-0929.

Seeking only superkind lo-gen Dead audio video. Have 1200/150 hrs of same, 2 naks & 2 hifi VCRs. Lets exchange lists. Greg, 6 Roger Pl, White Plains, NY 10605.

Have 400+ hrs. Looking for HQ shows. Your list gets mine. Send JMN, 408-B Avenida Victoria, San Clemente, CA 92672.

Please call or fax your tradeable 1980-1992 shows, I'll send extra blanks. John 203-881-2567 Oxford, CT.

I sent four tapes to Jake Lofton and never heard back. Would he please contact Hammer, 865 West End Ave., New York, NY 10025.

Help! I need a shroomy tunes shirt. Anyone selling them or with any info please write Marty Pawloski, 175 First St., Middlesex, NJ 08846.

Looking for a good tape of shoreline 5/12/91. Killer Looks Like Rain. Send to Gail, 21A Dorset, Mill Valley, CA 94941.

Jerry — get well soon.

Beginner looking for shows from Dead, Zappa, Floyd & Beatles. Also has shows from above. Yearning to exchange. J. Budzich, 249 Getzville Rd., Snyder, NY 14226.

Looking for HQ JGB/Rob Bob Acoustic. My list gets yours. Lots of HQ Dead. 516-487-1721.

Want more non-Dead. Have 300+ hrs, 1000+ hrs hq Dead, 100+ hrs JGB. Looking for fast, quality-conscious reliable traders to continue to Let it Grow. Drop me a line. No beginners please. J. Dowling, 48 Winifred Dr., N. Merrick, NY 11566.

Professional Deadheads in need of professional Deadhead writer? Contact me. Eylona, Contact me, too: Bart Wright, 30209 21st Ave So., Federal Way, WA 98003-4249.

300+ hrs. 2 day turnaround. Have most '92. Blanks welcome. Need 5 15 81. Mike, CPO 0935 Box 700, New Brunswick, NJ 08903. Fare thee well, Jerry.

Please don't litter!

Hey now! Displaced CA Deadhead w 500+ hrs hi-qual Dead. All letters answered. Peace! John, 10925 Briar Forest #2119, Houston, TX 77042 713-785-8253.

3 of my audios for 1 of your videos. I have graded list of 500 tapes. Reply to Mike at 12 Palmento, Irvine, CA 92715.

Imagine how great Jerry would feel if he received a "get well" card from each of us. Please send oneto Jerry, PO Box 1073, San Rafael, CA 94915.

West Coast. Need Jerry Wine and Roses '86, any 10 86 thru 1 87 Capitol NJ '6, Raceway Pk NJ, Bill Gram Trib Matt 93 Westminster Pl. #1, Garfield, NJ 07026.

Looking for 1st show 5 15 80. Have 1200 hrs GD including many audience masters since '87. Also JGB, Jorma, Nevilles, Allmans, others. List for list. Michael Reagan, 178 Napier St., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada L8R 1S5. 416-527-3778.

Have 300+ hrs of GD. Need HQ summer tour '92. Your list for mine. Ben Reiss, 3 Shagbark Ct., New City, NY 10956.

Need to put out fire on the mtn. Looking for Aug. 83 Manor Dwns, Austin TX others. Bryan, 400 Antelope Rd. #50, Sacramento, CA 95842.

Get well Jerry. Love, Jonina.

JGB 11 9 91, 9 1 '71 (lists) seek Dead doing Dylan (lists) to trade. Chris Mulvey, 9 Moores Rd, Malvern, PA 19355 (Wetlands!).

New to Phoenix and looking to trade. Have lots of Dead and misc. Jeff, 9423 N. 17th Ave., Apt. 201, Phoenix, AZ 85021-0941.

Hey now looking for my 1st show. San Antonio TX July 81 or other hiqual Dead JGB, Steve, 1500 Beachview, Va. Beach, VA 23464.

Send lists, I'll send money for tapes. Kevin McCaffrey, 123 Washington Ave., W. Sayville, NY 11796.

J. Garcia Artwork wanted. Wetlands One and others. Call Marc at 918-333-1231.

Let's expand each other's collections! Have 50+ hrs. My list for yours. Matt vonBuchler, 2613 Marsha Dr., Anderson, IN 46012.

Hey now! Minnesota Head needs Chicago 92, World Theatre 90, 88 Dylan Dead Metrodome, 88 Alpine Shows. Lots to trade. Write Steve, Box 1683 Central College, 812 University Pelly, IA 50219. Let the Good Times Roll!

What's stopping you? Fast and reliable, list for list: Alan 56 Springbrook Rd., Morristown, NJ 07960. Thanx.

I'll tape a melody... 2 naks, JGB, LOM, Dead, etc. HQ priority — Send list, receive same. Smile: Tim Wrubel, 2909 Lorina, Berkeley, CA 94705-1806.

1000 hrs Dead non-Dead. Want recent shows. Many early 60's to trade. Only happy tapers traders please. Ron, 2260 Broad St., Yorktown, NY 10598.

Seeking Allman Bros, 12/31/73. Have 300+ hrs GD plus Floyd, Zep, Doors, Hendrix & others to trade. Thanx. Ken Dowling, PO Box 323, Pembroke, MA 02359.

High, looking for paters in midwest w qual shows. Have 175 hrs. Let swap lists. 732 Loras College, Dubuque, IA 52004.

Have 1400 hrs still looking for 72, 73, 74, 76, 77, 79 gems. Beg welcome. Pablo, 81 Main St., #31A, Branford, CT 06405.

Wanted reliable lo-gen qual minded traders to share a few gems send lists to John Lillard PO Box 218 Waitsfield VT 05673.

Walked, need legs. Big Bro & Holding Comp, Dead Early, W Travelers, JGB, Bobby. Just moved to NY feel lost need new family. Help. Timber, 96 Geveree Dr., Commack, NY 11725.

Reliable trader, all answered. 60 hrs Dead. Desperately need summer 92. Your list for mine. Jeff, 26909 Cook Rd., Olmsted Twp, OH 44138.

Wanted: stickers & other art for new tie dye shop. Write to Bill & Caren, Many Fantastic Colours, 460 Winnetka Ave., Winnetka, IL 60093.

I would be wheel happy to deal around & around my small 80 hr collection for a masterpiece of Vegas 92 shows. Tom, 5736 Marquita #5, Dallas, TX 75206.

Fast reliable traders looking for hq sbd aud. Have 175+ hq to trade. Please send lists to Greg, 7445 Myrsine Ave., Palm Desert, CA 92260.

Need Jerry tapes universal, Ventura, Irvine & Chula Vista. Mark, 4102 E. 7th St. #236, Long Beach, CA 90804.

The H.O.R.D.E. is gone but the O.D.O.R. remains. Wish tapes did. 20 Cambridge Ave., Ft. Walton Beach, FL 32547.

Searchin': 2 3 68 Crystal, 12 10 69 Thelma, 12 26 69 SMU, 11 8 70 Porchester, Complete 3 27 83 Irvine. Write first, S. Jackson, 20 Dover St., Red Hill QLD 4000 Australia.

Set the "Wayback Machine" to '74 or before and let's trade tapes. Joe Oliver, 82 Weed Hill Ave. #2, Stamford, CT 06907.

That's all we could fit this issue. More next time. ☺

HAVE YOU MOVED?

WE NEED TO KNOW!

All correspondence must include customer number or old address

Name _____

NEW Address _____

City/State _____

Zip _____

Phone _____

Cust # _____

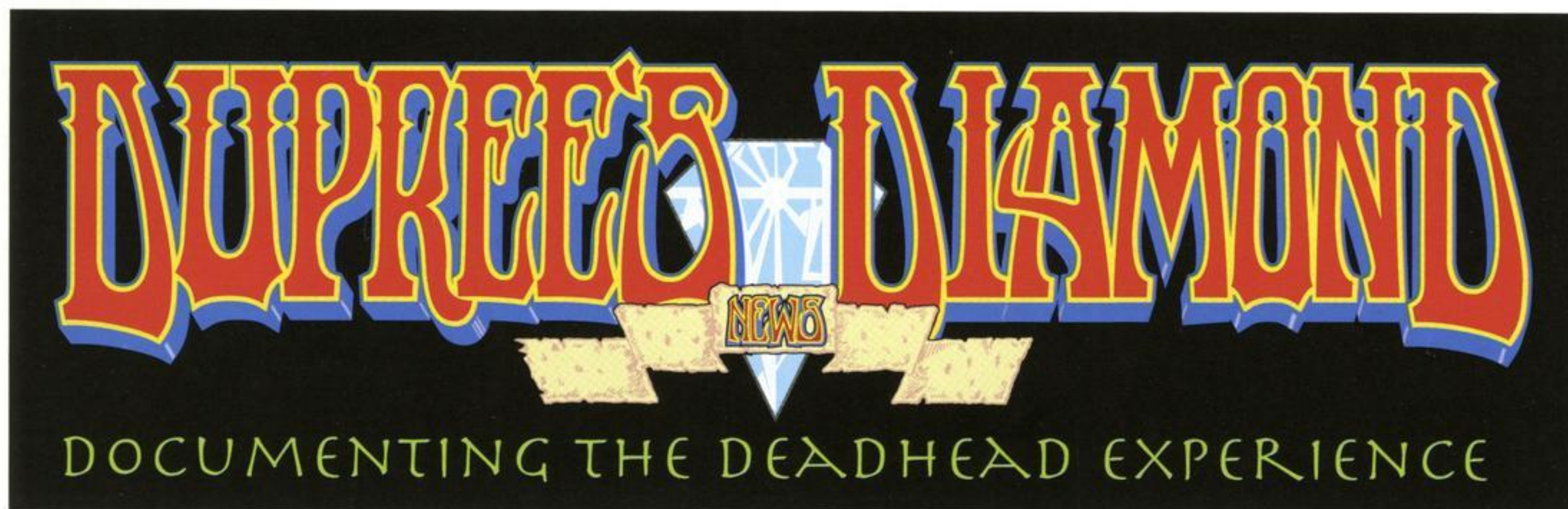
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