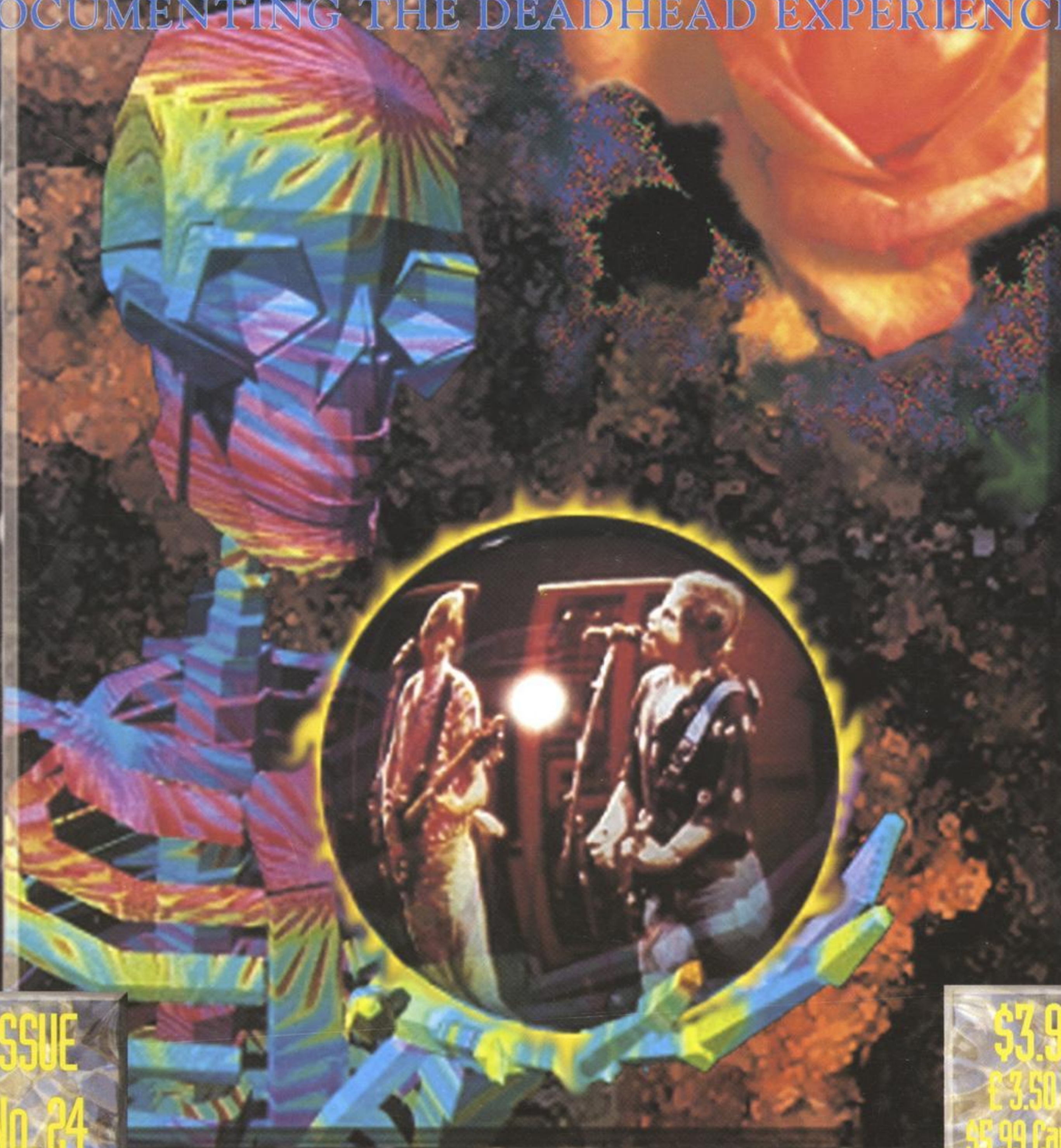


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NEWS

DOCUMENTING THE DEADHEAD EXPERIENCE



ISSUE
No. 24

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24th Edition — April 1993

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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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This issue is dedicated in loving memory to James Mulvey

2/15/33 — 1/23/93

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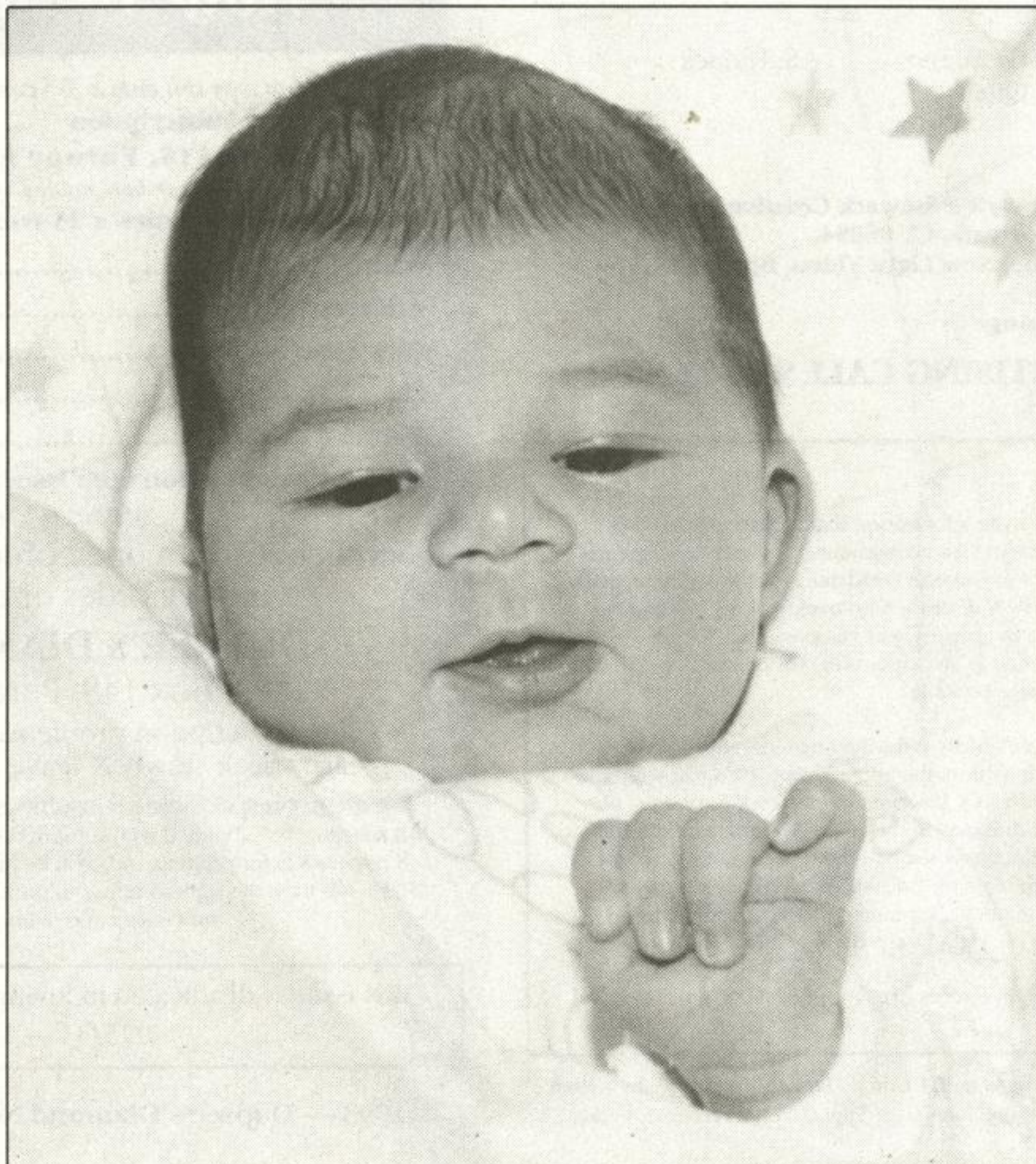
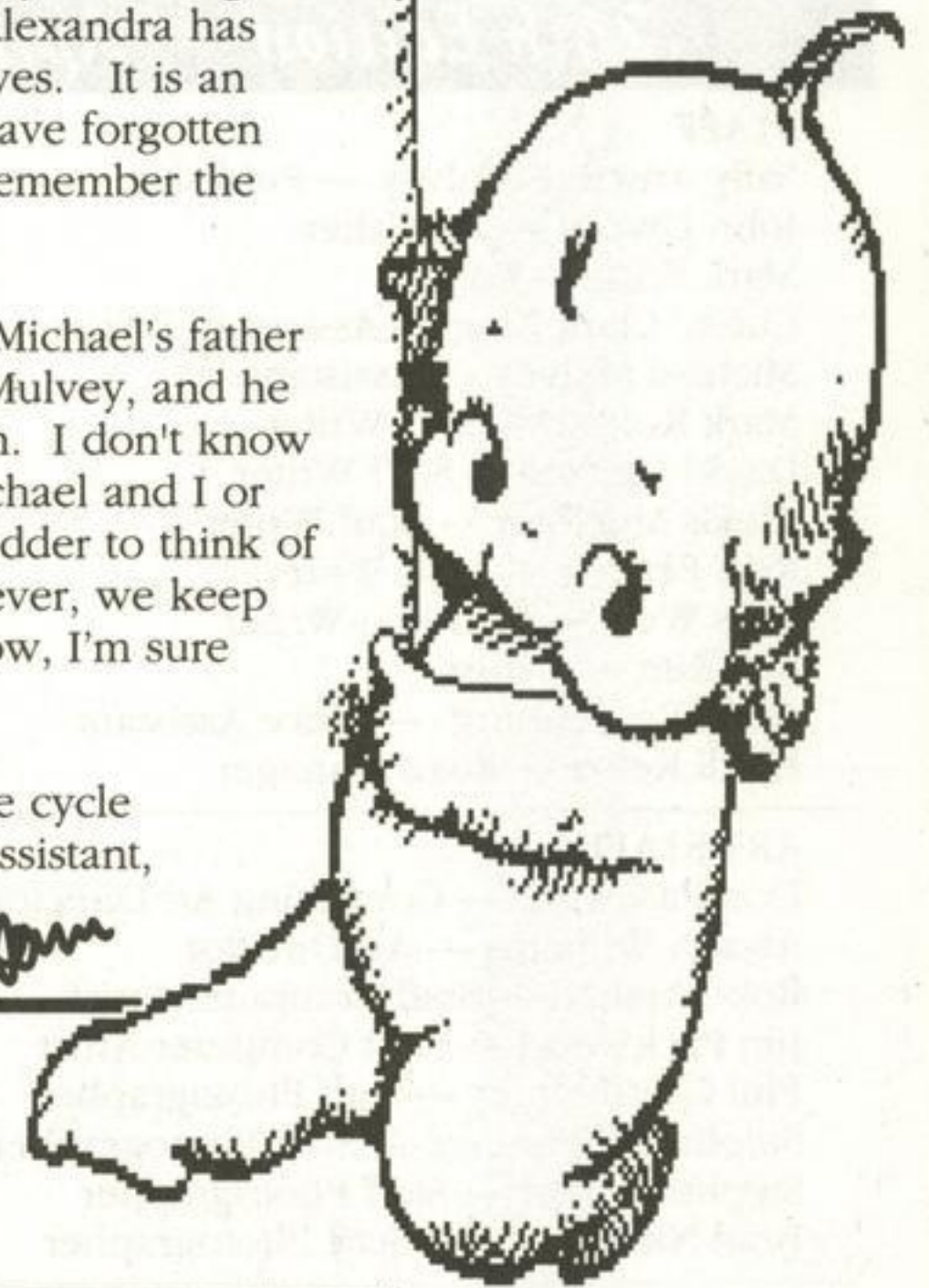
Since our last issue, many things have happened. So many things, that it's hard to believe it's been only three months. In so short a period, my husband Michael and I have experienced the ultimate joy followed by the ultimate sadness. It's funny the way life works.

On January 3, 1993, Michael and I shared the joy of having a baby. Her name is Alexandra Pearl Mulvey. Alexandra has brought tremendous pleasure and joy to our lives. It is an incredible experience — and thank heaven I have forgotten enough of the bad to leave my mind clear to remember the wonders of every new day we share with her.

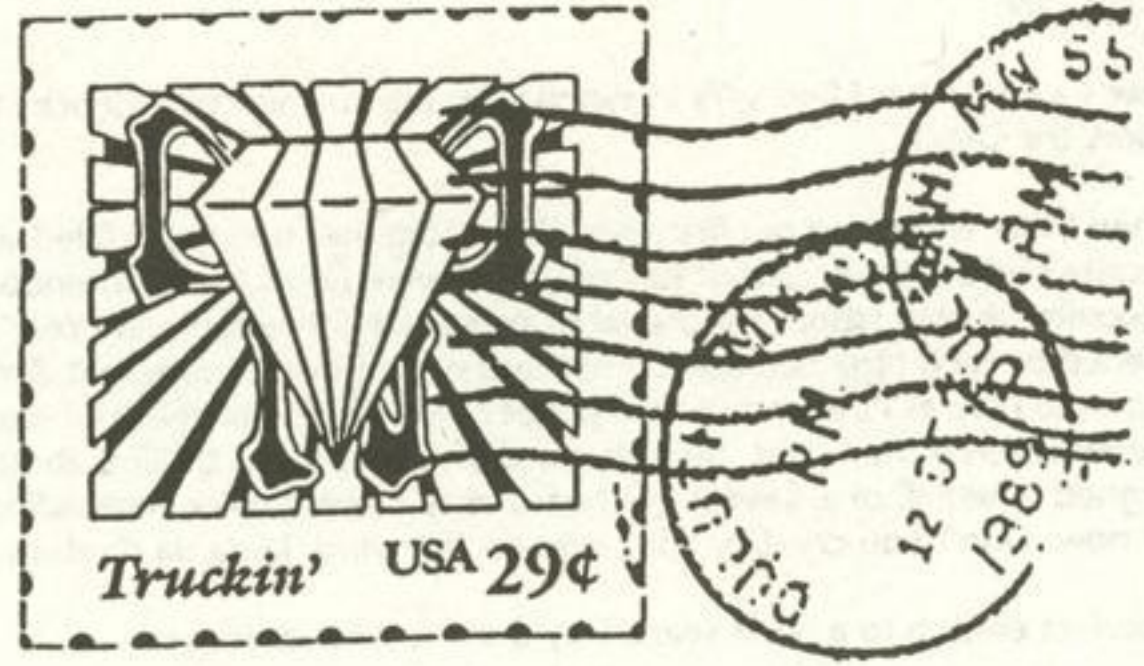
While basking in all this glory and happiness, Michael's father suddenly passed away. His name was James Mulvey, and he was one of the kindest people I've ever known. I don't know who was happier about Alexandra's arrival Michael and I or Jim. This has made Jim's passing that much sadder to think of all he and Alexandra will miss together. However, we keep him with us all the time and wherever he is now, I'm sure he's smiling.

In any case, I guess the balance is kept and the cycle continues. In that light, I present my newest assistant, DDN's newest employee at work and at play.

Sally



Letters To The Editor



Dear Friends:

I am the mother of a follower of the Grateful Dead who is now serving a 10-year, eight-month sentence in prison for conspiracy to transport a controlled substance (LSD). He is 23. He won't be free until the next decade. This is his first offense.

For almost 10 months prior to his sentencing, we were told he could get 25 to 35 years if he dared to take it to trial. He pled guilty. I cannot begin to tell you the anguish I experienced — that we all experienced as a family — during those long months waiting for the final sentencing. I will never forget that judge holding up the thick book of mandatory sentencing guidelines, calling it his Bible and declaring: "This is the best system of justice in the world."

That "system" has sent hundreds of young people like my son to jail for unjustly long terms with no chance of parole. They were sentenced under the federal mandatory minimum sentencing law, enacted in 1986. Although many judges refused to use the guidelines, believing they were unconstitutional, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld their constitutionality in 1989. They are now used nationwide and almost exclusively applied to drug cases.

These sentencing directives reduce justice to a handy chart, based on the amount and type of substance. They do not allow a judge to exercise discretion, and they force a predefined sentence regardless of the defendant's past record, particular situation, age, family responsibilities, education, or chance for rehabilitation.

Even more appalling is the fact that the prosecutor is the only one who can suggest a shorter sentence than mandated. Great pressure is placed on the defendant to plead guilty in order to prevent a trial where the prosecutor might suggest a horrific sentence.

Dead concerts have created fertile ground for Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) efforts against LSD users. My son is one of nearly 2,000 Deadheads in prison for 10 to 20 years on first-time drug charges.

The DEA has a special section just for LSD enforcement. The budget of that section for entrapment and undercover work has tripled in the past two years. General spending on drug informants has skyrocketed to over \$30 million for 1990 and 1991.

My son followed the Dead for nearly five years, attending hundreds of concerts all over the country. He and his friends carried on the traditions followed by Deadheads for more than 20 years — creating a community, loving each other, and sharing whatever they had, including their drugs. It sounds good. But the reality is that you are seriously risking arrest. Don't be naive. The government is more sophisticated than you could ever imagine at infiltrating your ranks. The DEA does not care what you believe in or that you are nonviolent. You are just another number in their game of "justice by numbers." Using drugs — any drugs — can easily put you behind bars for a good chunk of your life.

Educate yourself and your friends about this serious situation. Speak out at concerts and start a movement of drug-free Heads for justice. Maybe it's time for a few new traditions.

Sincerely,
Nancy Brown ◊

Dear DDN:

I must thank you for the parody pages in recent editions — hilarious! The coverage of the Secret Fall Tour was particularly enjoyable...but how come you didn't mention the French gig — the one at Euro-Disney? The Dead decided to make it a real family show, starting with *Mason's Children* > *My Brother Esau* > *Me and My Uncle*. An announcement that there was a little girl lost somewhere had Jerry fingering momentarily with hints of *What's Become of the Baby?* but an update reporting that the child had been found by her mother led to a celebratory sequence of *Mama Tried* > *I Saw Her Standing There* tease > *That's Alright Mama* > an instrumental version of *I Will Take You Home*. After that the

weather took a turn for the worse, so the show was rounded off quickly with *Sunshine Daydream* > *Cold Rain & Snow* > *Lazy Lightning!*

By the way, of late the BBC publications have run several articles regarding a program that is to be broadcast in a few days, *The Grateful Dead and The Dead*. As you will see, it's about Phil's funding (via the Rex Foundation) of various British symphonic composers whose work he admires.

Now, it so happens that I've belonged to both the Havergal Brian Society and the Robert Simpson Society since their inception in the seventies. At just the same time as I was becoming addicted to the Dead (1971-2), I grew increasingly fascinated by Simpson's and Brian's music, too. So, you can imagine what a delight the Rex Foundation connection has been to me!

A group of Deadheads (including me) will be present at a preview of the TV program on Tuesday, the 19th of January at the U.S. Embassy here in London! More about that in due course, perhaps.

Regards,
Bob Quair
England ◊

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Dear DDN:

Here's a story that I find very in synch with the cosmic coincidences that seem to follow the Dead:

When I was expecting my first child, I put together two tapes filled with my favorite mellow tunes, about half of which were Dead tunes, intended to induce relaxation during labor. As the labor progressed through New Year's Eve I had listened to each tape countless times and wasn't even aware that *Birdsong* had begun to play as I began my final pushes. Just then our beautiful daughter Marley entered the world, though she didn't sound too thrilled about it! We all laughed when all of a sudden we heard Jerry's sweet voice serenading her, "Don't cry now; Don't you cry; Dry your eyes on the wind, la da da daaaaa...."

A perfect ending to a New Year's Day that we'll never forget.

Patty Ogden
Virginia Beach, VA ♦

Dear DDN:

It was good to see some coverage of one of my favorite bands on the planet, Little Women. I've seen them countless times and they never fail to amaze me. I must update you on their sound these days. The Black Uhuru rhythm section is gone. They've dropped the keyboards and added a new drummer and bass player. They still play a few rootsy tunes, but for the most part, they rock and they've never sounded better. There are plenty of Reggae bands around for those so inclined. But if you want to hear soulful, improvisational, expertly played, unrelenting music that hits you right in the gut, go see Little Women. Give them a call at 503-232-4878.

Thank you,
Steve Haines ♦



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Bill o' Rights Lite

by John Perry Barlow, Grateful Dead lyricist
and co-founder and Executive Chairman of the Electronic Frontier Foundation
(a group dedicated to freedom of expression in digital media)

The Reagan-Bush era is officially over. Freedom lovers across America rejoice in expectation that the vise on our heads, tightening incrementally for 12 years, will now loosen and that government might go back to running the country instead of our personal lives.

We may be kidding ourselves. The song may be over, but the melody will linger indefinitely. The Federal Bench, from the Supreme Court on down, now consists of a Reagan-Bush majority that is generally more youthful than its views. These Christian Soldiers will continue their march into our homes, hearts, and heads for a long time.

They will be inconvenienced by few legal impediments. Twelve years of increasingly panicky decisions...most of them in support of somehow winning the War on Some Drugs...have resulted in a profound revision of the First 10 Amendments to the U.S. Constitution. This has been accomplished with quiet judicial efficiency, sparing us the untidy political melee of a constitutional convention.

The result, based on current case law, looks something like what follows, to which I strongly recommend comparison with the original.

Amendment 1

Congress shall encourage the practice of Judeo-Christian religion by its own public exercise thereof and shall make no laws abridging the freedom of *responsible* speech, unless such speech is in a digitized form or contains material which is copyrighted, classified, proprietary, or deeply offensive to non-Europeans, non-males, differently abled or alternatively preferenced persons; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, unless such assembly is taking place on corporate or military property or within an electronic environment, or to make petitions to the Government for a redress of grievances, unless those grievances relate to national security.

Amendment 2

A well-regulated Militia having become irrelevant to the security of the State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms against one another shall nevertheless remain unfringed, excepting such arms as may be afforded by the poor or those preferred by drug pushers, terrorists, and organized criminals, which shall be banned.

Amendment 3

No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner, unless that house is thought to have been used for the distribution of illegal substances.

Amendment 4

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, may be suspended to protect public welfare, and upon the unsupported suspicion of law enforcement officials, any place or conveyance shall be subject to immediate search, and any such places or conveyances or property within them may be permanently confiscated without further judicial proceeding.

Amendment 5

Any person may be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime involving illicit substances, terrorism, or child pornography, or upon any suspicion whatever; and may be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb, once by the State Courts and again by the Federal Judiciary; and may be compelled by various means, including the forced submission of breath samples, bodily fluids, or encryption keys, to be a witness against himself, refusal to do so constituting an admission of guilt; and may be deprived of life, liberty, or property without further legal delay; and any property thereby forfeited shall be dedicated to the discretionary use of law enforcement agents.

Amendment 6

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and private plea bargaining session before pleading guilty. He is entitled to the Assistance of underpaid and indifferent Counsel to negotiate his sentence, except where such sentence falls under federal mandatory sentencing requirements.

Amendment 7

In Suits at common law, where the contesting parties have nearly unlimited resources to spend on legal fees, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved.

Amendment 8

Sufficient bail may be required to ensure that dangerous criminals will remain in custody, where cruel punishments are usually inflicted.

Amendment 9

The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others which may be asserted by the Government as required to preserve public order, family values, or national security.

Amendment 10

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, shall be reserved to the United States Departments of Justice and Treasury, except when the States are willing to forsake federal funding. ◊

Deadhead

For 1993 the operative word in Grateful Dead Land is the same as it was in American politics at the dawn of our new administration: HOPE. Jerry is back and looking, compared to the Jerry of the mid- to late-1980's, very healthy...*especially* without that extra fifty pounds and the constant swirl of cigarette smoke curling up from his amp rack ashtray. The band has been churning out some mighty tasty music and the word is that more treats for our hearts and ears are in store. 1992 was a tremendous year for tapers, with almost 20 hours of new soundboards from 1968 and 1969 emerging, not to mention some fine contemporary offerings (check out our 1992 *Tape Trading Year in Review* article on page 20). In fact, so much good music has been appearing from seemingly out of nowhere, that it's hard to be anything but hopeful that our constant hunger for new musical experiences will continue to be satisfied in 1993. Yes, in Grateful Dead Land, 1993 holds tremendous potential for greatness.

It's ironic how the Grateful Dead have become the *darlings* of the music industry, not to mention the media and many a chamber-of-commerce nationwide. *Devout Catalyst*, Garcia's album with Ken Nordine, and David Grisman's *Bluegrass Reunion*, on which Garcia appeared, have both been nominated for Grammys. The Jerry Garcia Band's live double-CD also won the *Parents Magazine's* Music Award as acceptable music for children (no cussing!). Our new vice president and his wife were spotted boogieing at last year's Grateful Dead concert in Washington, DC (and Al even wears a necktie designed by Garcia!). Garcia's got not one, but *several* lines of designer clothing on sale at Bloomingdale's and Lord & Taylor. The Dead are up for nomination for induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. As if this all wasn't too much, Al and Tipper waltzed onstage as Bobby played the *Tennessee Waltz* at one of the inaugural balls!! Alas, gone are the good old days when being a Deadhead was sort of like being a member of a secret society.

From "the more things change, the more they stay the same department," we recently saw something on television that caught our eye. An episode of the CBS program *48 Hours* was devoted to the resurgence of LSD. Watching it, we couldn't help but think of a show broadcast by ABC back in 1968 called *Hippie Temptation*, which featured interviews with members of the Grateful Dead, who, at the time, were prominent protagonists of psychedelic use. Well, it didn't help matters any that false accusations of chromosome damage were linked to LSD in that 1968 TV show. Needless to say, for a long, long time following that report many Deadheads have had to work really hard to convince their parents that being into the Dead didn't automatically qualify them as drug-crazed zombies.

This time around, things were slightly different. The CBS report didn't portray the Dead scene as the epicenter of the LSD culture, but rather the rapidly growing underground tribal disco phenomena known as the Rave scene (for those of you who don't know, Raves are all-night psychedelic discos that mostly take place secretly without party permits in warehouses across the US and Europe). As a brief aside, it's interesting to note that while the Rave scene may have many of the same benefits and accoutrements as the Dead scene (trippy lights, "groovy clothing," intrigue, adventure, and camaraderie), it is sorely lacking in one area: intelligent, spiritually substantial music. Appreciate what you've got, folks.

The use of psychedelic drugs did play a large part in shaping the world-view of the Grateful Dead themselves, and hence the world-view of many a Deadhead. Unfortunately, CBS, with its typical sound-bite mentality, didn't present a clear, objective overview of the LSD issue. What is a fair assessment of this issue? Well, first, let's be honest. LSD, like all powerful drugs, has the potential for great harm as well as good. We here at *DDN* feel it is in the best interest of the public at large that *all* powerful substances fall under some (and we emphasize *some*) sort of regulation so as to prevent improper use/abuse. That's the theory behind making some drugs available only through prescription or setting a minimum drinking age. The question here is, how should the government regulate substances such as LSD to best protect its citizens?

Most disturbing about the CBS report (as well as a recent articles in *USA Today* and other newspapers) was its coverage of the dramatic upsurge in efforts by the Drug Enforcement Administration to bust Deadheads for LSD possession and sales (see article on page 8). This issue raises some significant questions about how, when, and why the government regulates such substances. The observation has been made before that DEA agents prefer going after Deadheads because they pose a significantly lower risk than machine-gun toting crack dealers. It's both an easier and safer way to make their quotas. And let's not forget that whether or not the government really does have the public's best interests at heart, it is fighting a drug war — a battle in which *we*, whether guilty of misconduct or not, are some of the targets!

From where we stand, it seems reasonable that the government should determine the time and energies it spends controlling dangerous substances by considering how much damage the use of such substances inflicts on the public. Furthermore, if the government is going to punish people for distributing, manufacturing, or even possessing drugs, it should base the degree of punishment upon the severity of such acts relative to the societal damage caused by all other crimes.

Perhaps the most disconcerting part of the CBS report was its look at two young Deadheads, first-time offenders, serving time for selling LSD. Both emphasized the great remorse they felt because they were spending time in jail instead of getting to serve their sentences by helping those in need. Both were suffering through very long jail terms. We think the Clinton administration should take the lead in reforming the judicial system's approach to drug sentencing. If the government is going to bust small-time LSD users or dealers, who are otherwise no burden to society, it should, given the high cost of incarceration and the huge number of people in this country who need help, seriously consider giving them sentences that require them to help those in need or to help clean up the environment, rather than consigning them to decades behind bars. When people whose only crime is supplying a substance to consenting adults are getting longer sentences than hard-core criminals who rape or murder, there is something terribly unjust about our system of justice!

The other side of this issue, which CBS didn't portray, is that plenty of Deadheads, Ravers, ritualists, artists, and other people who choose to aggressively explore the inner realms of their psyches *don't* use LSD, and also that plenty of people use it very carefully a few times and then move on without damage to anyone. An even more fundamental point is that human beings are genetically and instinctually predisposed toward altering consciousness on a daily level in a myriad of ways (sugar, cigarettes, caffeine, alcohol, ganja, sports, and sex). People will alter consciousness regardless of legal and/or health risks, social pressure, common sense, or fear. It's an inescapable part of the human experience, and those who deny it are fooling themselves. Once you recognize and accept this fact, the question is, how can humans learn to alter consciousness in productive and constructive ways? Until our government realizes this and starts to put its resources to productive use — educating people; giving us the resources to make the most of our lives; giving us the means to get high in and on life in ways that are constructive, not destructive; and giving genuine, caring help and healing to those in our society who are caught in the downward spiral of substance abuse or other such unfortunate dysfunctions — we will continue to be a misguided society in denial whose government is not truly serving its constituency as best it can and should.

The truth is that humans are hungry for different states of consciousness, for peak experiences, for greater understanding, and for spiritual fulfillment. Many people in this world think these states of mind can be achieved simply by popping a tab, taking a swig, or taking a toke. Well, sometimes this works, but sometimes it *doesn't*, and often we don't find out until it's too late. The answer to this dilemma lies within each and every one of you — no one else can figure out which risks you should or shouldn't take. So what's the bottom line? Powerful drugs like LSD demand serious attention. If you're thinking of taking or selling them, you should consider the cost of getting busted, burned, or burnt-out. Some Deadheads are seriously damaging their lives with just one dose. Have the common sense to consider that taking something that comes from an unknown source may ruin your life. Have the common sense to realize that taking LSD too much, or at the wrong time, may cause you permanent psychological damage, or worse, may kill you. (Would *you* take a powerful dose of LSD from an unknown source at an stadium Grateful Dead show even if it were decriminalized?) Have the common sense to realize that selling LSD or trading it for tickets may land you in jail for more time than you'd serve if you rape or kill someone! Selling LSD might also make you partly responsible for someone else's bad or fatal experience. You may not agree with the law, and the sentencing structure may actually ruin more lives than the drugs themselves, but the fact remains, the risks are *enormous*. All we're suggesting is that you think about how, when, and why you choose to engage in the high risk experiences that appear desirable to you, before you go through with them. If you take the time to really think about these things before you do them, you'll most likely increase your chances of doing the right thing, whatever that might be.

Perhaps the most outspoken proponents of psychedelic research at the very beginning of the 60's (and prominently featured in the *48 Hours* report) were the Harvard psychiatrists Tim Leary and Richard Alpert (now known by his spiritual name, Ram Dass). As the 1960's wore on, the paths of these men diverged sharply. Leary continued on as an outspoken advocate of psychedelic research and ingestion, ever-embracing leading-edge technologies and intellectual revolution against the status quo. Alpert came to see that psychedelics, as great as their potential may be, are not the ultimate high, and he went on to deeply embrace several traditional Eastern spiritual practices, devoting his life to the reduction of human suffering everywhere. In the 60's many first-generation Deadheads and counterculturists looked to these men for spiritual and sociopolitical guidance. Thirty years later, both are still at it, lecturing and performing in front of thousands, challenging minds to think and grow.

So we thought it would be interesting, for Deadheads who have come of age after these men first started turning on minds, to check back in with them. Leary is, in many ways, the flip side of his longtime peer Ram Dass. While Ram Dass has chosen a path of meditative introspection and compassionate action, Tim has chosen to lead a glamorous lifestyle hanging with movie stars in Beverly Hills. Despite the tremendous difference in lifestyle, both of their messages challenge us to use our brains. Together, the lives of these two highly intelligent counterculture legends present us with a fascinating look at two answers to the same question, namely, how do you live your life once you've decided that the old status quo lifestyle doesn't speak the truth to you?

If 1993 is indeed a year for hope, then we hope the Grateful Dead take over for the Beach Boys as the host band at the annual July 4th free bash on the great mall in Washington, DC. Can't you see it? 500,000 of us singin' along to *U.S. Blues* as fireworks go KABLOOEY over the Washington monument...*Dark Star* in the shadow of the Capitol Building.... We hope the Dead have the good sense to play Oregon this year to make up for last year's unfortunate and costly cancellation. We hope the Dead do whatever it takes (an attitude shift perhaps?) to finally start putting out *One From the Vault* releases a whole lot faster. Hey, guys, we're here, our wallets are open, our CD players are warmed up and waiting. *Get the hint?* We hope the other sources for old music continue to provide manna for the ears (so where's *Europe '72* already?). But most of all, we hope the Grateful Dead remain happy and healthy, in body, mind, and spirit. Here's looking at you, guys...LET'S BOOGIE! (healthfully of course!)

In Light,
Johnny Dwork

Before you trade some hits for that coveted ticket, think about the 2,000 Deadheads who are behind bars in the United States for drug offenses, some serving sentences longer than 20 years in federal prison with no hope of parole. The Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), along with local and state authorities, has stepped up efforts to catch and convict drug dealers, particularly those who sell LSD, because they perceive use of that drug to be on the rise. Since it is well-known that many followers of the Grateful Dead use psychedelic drugs, including LSD, the Dead scene has become a logical target.

Compounding the problem are features of the Anti-Drug Act of 1986 that dictate mandatory minimum sentences based on the weight of "the mixture or substance containing a detectable amount" of certain illegal drugs, which means, in the case of LSD, that the weight of carrier mediums like blotter paper, gelatin, and sugar cubes is taken into account at sentencing time. This rule is not entirely without logic. Heroin and cocaine dealers often cut their product substantially, and the law is designed to prevent shorter sentences for sales of diluted drugs. But with LSD the rule outstrips any semblance of logic and justice because carrier mediums are not dilution agents, but merely *delivery* agents. As things now stand, the



distribute 113.3 grams of LSD, even though the actual weight of the LSD was less than a gram. As if this doesn't seem out of balance enough, consider that, according to a story in *USA Today*, copies of which GDTs has sent to recipients of mail-order tickets, first-time offenders with \$1,500 worth of LSD will receive sentences longer than those of people convicted of attempted murder, rape, armed robbery, kidnapping, theft of \$80 million or more, extortion, or burglary.

Perhaps most appalling of all is that big-time drug dealers invariably come out better than street level dealers and your average, unfortunate busted Deadhead. Sentencing guidelines allow prosecutors to ask for a reduced sentence if a defendant provides assistance in another case, and major dealers are often in a position to do so. Consider Jose Cabrera, who the government estimates made over \$40 million in the drug trade. He was sentenced to life plus 200 years, but because he happened to know a guy named Manuel Noriega and agreed to testify against him, his sentence was cut to nine years. According to Julie Stewart of FAMM, the message is clear: "If you're going to engage in drug activity, be a kingpin."

Judges across America, including some very conservative ones, have recognized the injustices involved

CRAZY JUSTICE

BY MARK STARR

length of a prison sentence imposed on people convicted of LSD offenses is based almost entirely upon the weight of the carrier medium, a very dangerous state of affairs for those selling LSD or even having it in their possession. Sentencing guidelines dictate a sentence of 10 to 16 months for possession of five milligrams of LSD, enough for about 100 doses. However, the same amount of LSD in sugar cubes can result in a federal prison sentence of almost 20 years. (And there is no parole on the federal level, only time off for good behavior — 54 days per year — so prisoners must serve at least 85% of their sentences.) This hardly seems fair, and many people and groups, including Families Against Mandatory Minimums (FAMM, see box), are trying to do something about it. But until they succeed, the guidelines are in place and operative.

Levon Dumont and Stanley Marshall, two young men whose stories were featured in the *Los Angeles Times* last year, are cases in point. Dumont, who was busted in 1989, is serving a 15-year, 8-month sentence at the Federal Correctional Institution in Sheridan, Oregon. Five years of his sentence are for three grams of LSD, the rest, more than ten years, is for the 440 grams of blotter paper containing the drug. Marshall, arrested in 1988, was sentenced to 20 years for conspiracy to



Artwork courtesy of
The Psychedelic Solution

in mandatory sentencing guidelines and spoken out against them. Some judges have even called for the repeal of drug laws, because the increased enforcement and harsher sentences of recent years haven't even remotely affected the crime rate, which continues to rise, but that's another story. What's relevant here is that these judges are powerless to do anything other than speak out (and even their right to do that has been questioned). When it comes time to hand down a sentence, they are compelled to go by the book.

What does all this mean to followers of the Grateful Dead? Since 1990, the DEA has tripled spending and personnel to counter LSD, and arrests have consequently tripled. Four years ago, less than 100 Deadheads were in prison. Today 1,500 to 2,000 Deadheads languish behind bars. Obviously, the government has found fertile ground in Grateful Dead Land. Agents will use any means at their disposal to maintain their quotas of drug arrests (the increased budgets, after all, have to be justified), and the appearance and lifestyle of many Deadheads make them obvious targets of police and prosecutors who are intensely biased against them. The obvious message is not to sell LSD or any drugs at all, but there are other considerations as well. We've known for some time that law enforcement authorities obtain

tickets to Dead shows to use as bait. If you ever encounter someone who has a ticket to trade for drugs, walk away as fast as you can. A cop looking to bust you is the only person who won't take cash for that ticket. Anyone else can take the money and buy drugs elsewhere. A trade is a sale in the eyes of the law. As desperate as you may be for a ticket, don't fall for this obvious gambit.

We don't want to tell you what you should or should not do, but given the current oppressive climate, perhaps it would be best to not even use drugs at concerts at all. If, after weighing the serious consequences, you still decide to use LSD or any other illicit substance, exercise extreme caution. Don't carry extra hits when you're tripping. Don't give drugs or even talk about drugs to someone you don't know. If you're carrying, don't break the speed limit in a car plastered with Dead stickers (you wouldn't believe how many people do and pay the price), and don't do anything remotely suspicious anywhere, especially near a Dead show — you are probably being watched. This is not a game — it could be your life. If you think this is unjustified paranoia, well, try telling that to Stanley Marshall, Levon Dumont, and thousands of other imprisoned Deadheads. ♦



What Can You Do?

If you're as appalled as we are at the injustices of mandatory minimum sentences and the quirk of the carrier weight rule, write to your Congressman to register your views on the issue. Every opinion that comes into a House member's office is registered and tabulated, so you could make a difference.

Also, consider joining FAMM. They publish *FAMM-Gram* six times a year. There's no cost for joining, but contributions will help cover mailing and printing expenses and are certainly welcome. ♦

FAMM: Families Against Mandatory Minimums

What is FAMM?

Families Against Mandatory Minimums (FAMM) is a national organization of citizens working to repeal statutory mandatory minimum sentences. Through FAMM Foundation, a nonprofit, nonpartisan, tax-exempt charity, the public and policymakers learn about the injustice and high economic and social costs of mandatory minimum sentences.

FAMM does not argue that crime should go unpunished — it simply argues that the punishment should fit the crime.

What are mandatory minimum sentences?

In 1986 Congress passed laws that impose mandatory minimum sentences for drug and firearm offenses. These sentences require an offender to serve a predetermined number of years in prison based solely on the weight of a drug or the presence of a firearm. The offender is not eligible for parole and must serve the full term of his sentence. Many states have adopted similar laws.

Why are mandatory minimum sentences unjust?

These sentences are unjust because they undermine basic American traditions and expectations of justice.

- They strip judges of their power to determine a fair sentence based on all the factors of the case. Judges cannot even consider the ten offender characteristics that they must use when sentencing for all other types of crime including rape, murder, and child molestation.
- They create disparities based on race. Studies show that blacks and Hispanics are charged with, and receive, mandatory minimum sentences more often than whites.
- Low-level participants receive mandatory minimum sentences more often than top-level drug importers. The only way to avoid a mandatory minimum is to provide substantial information to the prosecution in exchange for a reduced sentence. Unlike the ringleader of an operation, low-level participants seldom have valuable information to trade for a lower sentence.
- Small differences in drug weight result in major differences in sentences. Possession of 5.0 grams of crack cocaine (about the weight of 2 pennies) calls for a maximum of one year in prison. But possession of 1/100th of a gram more, 5.01 grams, requires a minimum five year prison sentence.
- Nonviolent, first offenders regularly spend more time in prison than violent criminals. In fact, violent felons — robbers, murderers, and rapists — are frequently granted early release to make room for nonviolent offenders serving mandatory minimums.

Have mandatory minimum sentences reduced crime?

No, the rate of crime has continued to climb since mandatory minimums were enacted. The number of known offenses has gone up ten percent since 1986.

Please consider joining FAMM in its efforts to fight the injustice of mandatory minimums. Write or phone them at:
1001 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Suite 200 South, Washington, DC 20004. 202-457-5790.

They're Back

Denver/Tempe Reviewed

By Jumbo Sharuda

Finally the day had arrived for the Grateful Dead to return to active status. Some doubters had said the Dead were finished. The rumor mills had Jerry in all sorts of medical states. This was the third longest layoff in the Dead's history. Only the 1986 Jerry diabetes hiatus and the October 1975 to June 1976 sabbatical exceeded this one. But when they hit the stage in Denver on December 2, for the first time in five months, all the skepticism and rumors were laid to rest. It was a chilly evening as we made our way to McNichols Arena, not a night to be hanging out in the vending scene. Tickets were very scarce, but there were still plenty of people looking for "extras." As the lights went down, the roar of the crowd grew until Jerry finally emerged — the Dead were back!! A disjointed *Feel Like A Stranger* kicked off a first set that was marred by a major sound problem — it wasn't loud enough. I was on the floor in front of the speakers on Phil's side and I could hear the conversations of the people around me. Friends who were in the back of the arena said later that it was the softest sound they had ever experienced at a show. The rest of the set was relatively decent but lacked "oomph." The *It's All Over Now* and *So Many Roads* had their moments. But *Let It Grow* had lots of transition problems. They just weren't quite sure of themselves and where they were going. They were rusty.

Bobby was extremely late getting out onstage for the second set, possibly to take care of his very raspy voice. Vince and Jerry tuned the *Woody Woodpecker* theme and then the band teased a *Funiculi Funicula* as they waited for Bobby. The competent *China Cat Sunflower* opener lead into an energetic *I Know You Rider*, during which they started to show flashes of the playing we know they're capable of. Someone forgot to turn on Vince's

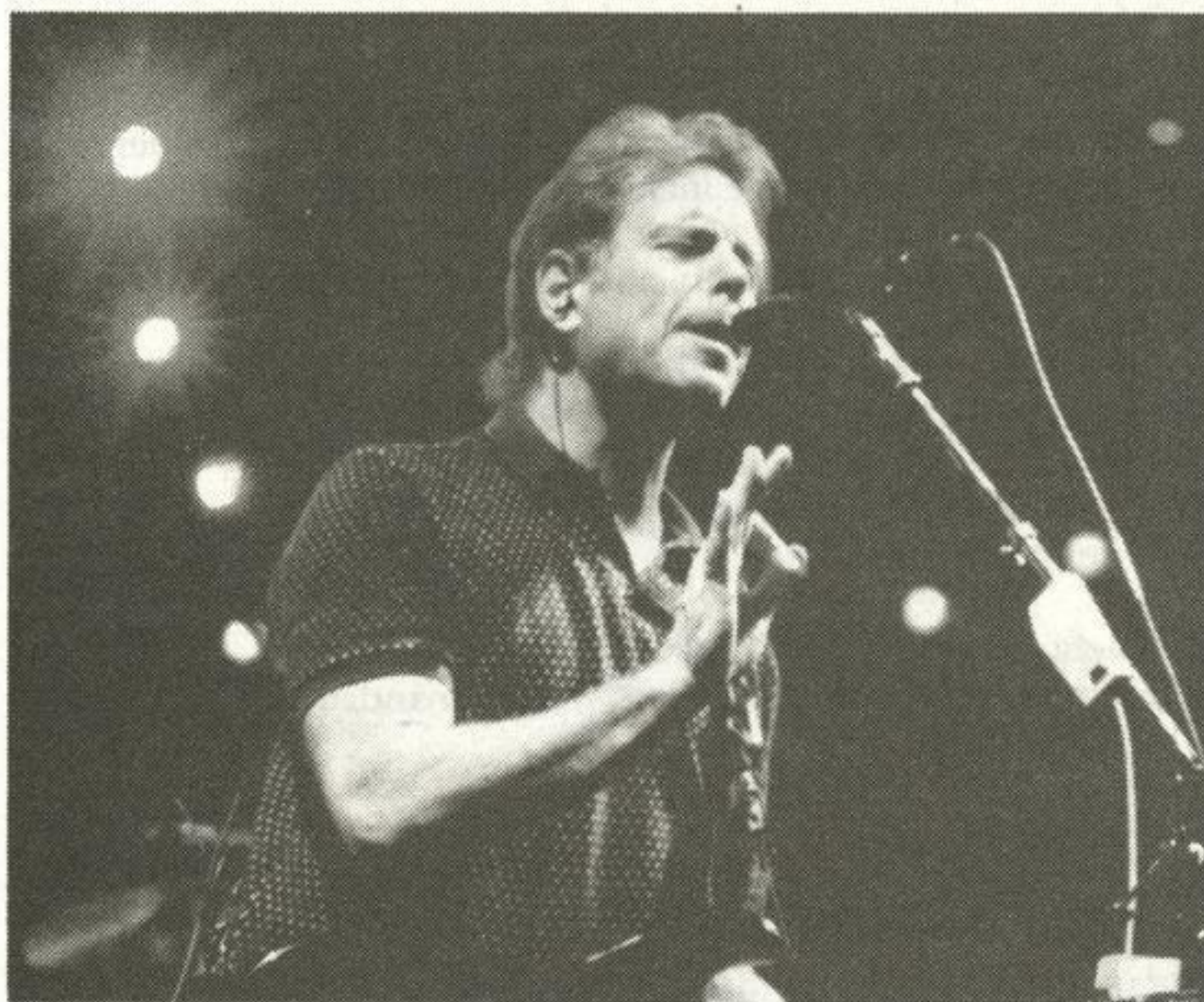


Photo by Brad Niederman

mike for the beginning of *Way To Go Home*. Jerry helped lead Bobby astray on *Truckin'* (like he really needs the help), so instead of the "soft machine" verse he sang the "doodah man" verse twice. A nice four-part vocal jam at the end of *He's Gone* lead into *Drums* and *Space*. In the post-*Space* segment there was a hot jam in the *Wharf Rat* and a false ending to the *Lovelight* as Jerry brought it back around for an extra verse. For the encore the Dead reached into their bag of tricks and pulled out The Beatles' *Rain*. Bobby and Jerry shared the bulk of the lyrics, with Phil and Vince chiming in, too. It was complete with a cappella intro and outro, with a mini (30 second) *Space* jam in the middle. They did a very good job with the song, which seemed to be well-rehearsed. It's always fun to see the Dead succeed with a new cover song.

Thursday started out sunny but by early afternoon a light snow had begun to fall. We arrived early enough to stand by the doors and hear a fragmented sound check version of *Here Comes Sunshine*. Vince had played the song with his band while opening for the Garcia Band on Halloween, and ever since the revival rumors had been rampant. Tickets were once again very difficult to come by. The first set opened with *Touch Of Grey*, appropriate for these comeback shows. The sound was still not loud enough. Vince had some nice keyboard work during *Little Red Rooster*. Jerry showed off his rejuvenated, low-tar voice on a nice version of *Peggy-O*. *Cassidy* had a very good jam with some spacey interaction between Jerry and Phil. The second set opened with a nine-minute exploration of *Playing In The Band*, which segued into a very satisfying version of *Eyes Of The World*. The whole band was clicking — it was all coming together again. Bobby then chose *Corrina*. I'm not choosing sides on this one. The song was somewhat reworked from earlier versions, with Bobby doing a "Shake-Shake" chant and saying, "I need somebody to help me now" and receiving a less than enthusiastic response. A sweet version of *Terrapin* followed, with the band in synch and cooking. Jerry left the stage, but Phil and Bobby stayed for a few minutes of exploration before surrendering the stage to Billy and Mickey for 18 minutes of *Drums*. The *Space* meandered into a quiet version of *The Other One*, no Phil explosions on this one, and they never quite found the groove in it. But Jerry more than made up for it by crooning the *Dew*. He held off nicely at the end, allowing the momentum to build as he took it up top and belted out the "Guess it doesn't matter anyway." The excellent set was capped off with a rousing, all too rare version of Van Morrison's *Gloria*. Bobby, hoarse voice and all, was wild, ad-libbing a little: "go in the kitchen now, maybe she grab a beer now, back out in the living room now, catch a little TV now, a little Headline News, Headline News!, talk about your Headline News!!!" The interplay between Bobby and Jerry was great. The band was having fun as was the crowd. Quite a way to close out these comeback shows. It was on to Arizona with anticipation and the snow still coming down.

The snow fell lightly throughout the night in Denver, causing short delays in outgoing flights the next morning. Some of those who decided to drive to Arizona were delayed so long in New Mexico, by roads closed because of the snow, that they missed the Saturday show. In Phoenix it had rained heavily for days, but on Saturday morning the sun shone brightly as we made our way to Compton Terrace, which is located on the Gila River Indian Reservation in Chandler, just south of Phoenix. The parking lots were muddy, but the vending scene bloomed with the sun and warm weather. Brockum, the official Grateful Dead

merchandiser, had agents roaming the lots grabbing material with Grateful Dead copyright infringements. Tickets weren't being given away, but they could be found for face value. Those who lined up early were treated to a sound check of *Here Comes Sunshine*. The Dead were definitely still relearning it, but hope was there that this would be the day it would be revived.

Compton Terrace is a very nice place to see a concert. There is a small 2,000 seat reserved section in front and a lawn for 28,000, which, as the venue's name implies, terraces up so you can see the stage even from the back. The sound was very good, too, as the main speaker banks were bolstered by four delay towers. The gates opened around noon and the shows started at 2:00 p.m. There's nothing like daytime shows in December — the sun, warm temperatures, and the Dead, what more could you ask?

The first set Saturday opened with an okay version of *Let The Good Times Roll*. Vince's family was sitting behind him, as he's from the Phoenix area. The *Sugaree* was horrible, one of, if not the, worst ever. It was short, just over seven minutes, and Jerry didn't jam on it at all. He was completely lost: he knew the words, but couldn't figure out how to play on it, and even stopped completely. It was "Phoenix fillies" and "T right here in Phoenix" during a respectable version of *New Minglewood Blues*, on which Jerry did add a few nice flourishes. Phil took charge with Dylan's *Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues*, in spite of Dan Healy, who didn't turn Phil's mike on until the end of the first line of the song. Jerry sunk his teeth into *Candyman*, and it was sweet. The set ended with an incoherent version of *The Music Never Stopped*. Bobby spaced the "cool breeze came on Tuesday" line and truncated the jam at the end before it ever got into full force. The sound cut in just after the Dead started playing *Scarlet Begonias* to start the second set. The transition into *Fire On The Mountain* was very interesting, and Jerry was confident and animated during the *Fire*, with Bobby contributing nicely. The band was jamming together, not spectacularly, but much better than they had in the first set. A hot *Estimated Prophet* rolled into a spacey jam, which featured good interplay between Jerry and Bobby. A very long and beautifully developed introduction to *The Wheel* emerged out of *Space*. As the sun started to set, the temperature got cooler while the Dead heated up with very good versions of *All Along The Watchtower* and *One More Saturday Night*.

Sunday brought more sunny weather to the Phoenix area. Tickets were very easy to find, and were even still on sale right before show time, quite rare nowadays. Those folks who lined up early were once again treated to another sound check of *Here Comes Sunshine*. This time it sounded as if they had it down pat. Would this be the day of revival? As the Dead tuned up at the start of the first set, you could hear hints of it. Then there it was, not since Winterland 2/23/74. *Here Comes Sunshine* was back!!! The arrangement was different, with an almost a cappella treatment of the chorus at the beginning. Unfortunately, once again, the mikes weren't on for the very beginning of the song. But they did a great job with it. Jerry had a real nice jam toward the end, and it was so nice to hear it live in the daytime with the sun shining. Phil lead the band into a smoking *Greatest Story Ever Told*. The boys were hot today. An ultra-light plane flew over during a sweet *Friend Of The Devil*, causing Bobby to comment after, "There goes one of them, right. Jerry says it's a Texas dragonfly." Bobby messed up *Me & My Uncle* badly, and he repeated Vince's verse instead of Bruce Hornsby's in *Maggie's Farm*. The set ended with excellent versions of *Althea*, *When I Paint My Masterpiece*, and

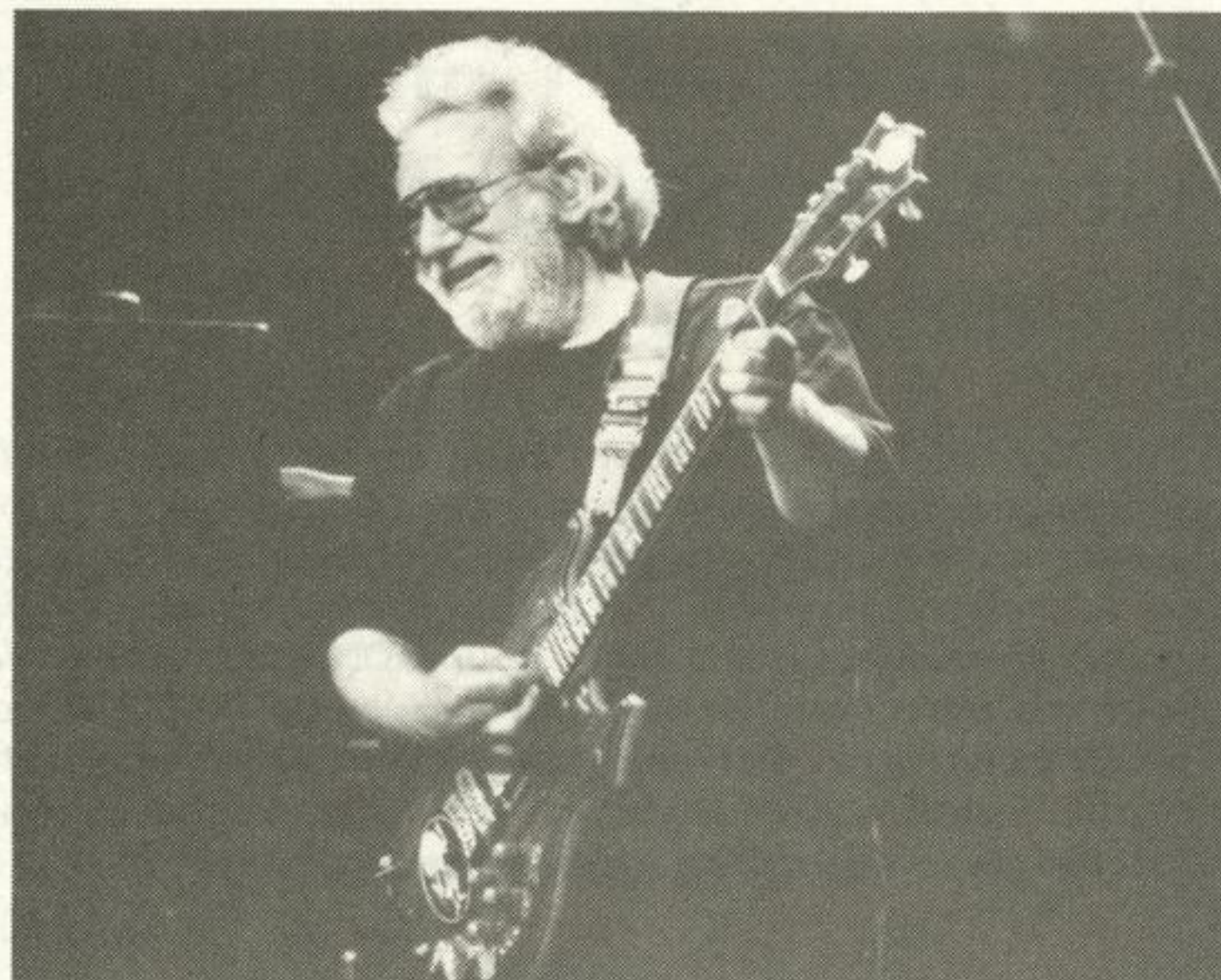


Photo by Brad Niederman

Deal. The second set featured a nice pre-*Drums* segment, with great jams at the end of *Crazy Fingers* and *Uncle John's Band*. After the *Drums* they played a beautiful *China Doll* and a rockin' version of *Throwin' Stones*, which actually stopped as Bobby seemed to want to end the set there. A splendid *Brokedown Palace*, played against a backdrop of a stunning sunset, closed out this Rocky Mountain to desert mini-tour. ♦

SEE PAGE 54 FOR SET LISTS



- ★ Who is JERRY GARCIA named after ?
- ★ Who wrote THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST ?
- ★ Name the first and only single the Warlocks released in 1965 ?

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Backstage Wizard

Part III of our Continuing Conversation with Grateful Dead Sound Engineer Bob Bralove

by Johnny Dwork

When the Grateful Dead first started making "transportation music," one could have hardly imagined the creative potential of the space age technology that is now available at their fingertips. With the advent of digital sound technology, our favorite band has been given access to a new and futuristic world of sound. The man largely responsible for helping them manifest this paradigm shift is ace sound tech, Bob Bralove (check out our first interview with him in DDN #20). These days, when you hear the Dead playing sounds that could seemingly only have come from heaven or hell, it's most likely with the help of Bob, who's busy as a bee (or robot?) backstage, pushing buttons on computers that play a large part in the band's new lush sound. As the creative mind behind their latest album, Infrared Roses, he's got even more to tell us about what makes the Grateful Dead one of the hippest musical experiments happening these days.

So, what's new with your work with the Dead in the area of live concert sound experimentation?

The idea of saying "what's new" is such a strange thing for me. I feel like everything is new. Every time we do something, there's something new. But to get specific, for the drums, and the drum solos, I have some real exciting new MIDI processors that I've just implemented the last couple of times we've been out. They basically set up a complete switching system in the MIDI routing of information. Billy has talked to me about coming up with a whole new array of things. So I know he wants to move in a new direction, which is wonderful because Billy's the kind of musician who gets a couple of things that he likes and will work until he's mastered. So whenever he puts on the energy to say, "You know, we need some new stuff here," it's pretty exciting. Mickey's playing all sorts of really great percussion instruments now that are much more integrated into his kit. He's got congas and talking drums and because they're now built right into his kit, it doesn't require him to stop so much and start dealing with a completely separate percussion instrument. He also has a new kind of electronic drum pad, which he likes a lot more for hitting because it also has rim shot capability, so that each pad has a multiple number of triggers depending on how you hit it, which is much more like a real drum.

It's more than just a simple on/off switch.

Right. Actually, it ultimately comes down to a simple on/off switch, but a more complex configuration of on/off switches that makes it more playable for him. And the MIDI signals now are routed in a much more sophisticated network, so that the immediate access to a number of sounds is greater. But that also means that they're accessible to me, Billy, and Mickey at any given point.

Give us an example. When might the audience notice this effect?

Well, since it's new, we're at the beginning of that process. It's mostly being introduced during the drum solos. But in a song, I'm processing the acoustic sound of the drums. Part of what is allowing us to have all these additional microphones for the acoustic drums is not having monitors, so we have no feedback.

The in-the-ear monitors change everything.

That also helps me to process the sounds themselves. I can put

echoes and flanges and things like that on the sounds, and that can happen during the song.

A year ago, you were saying that you were looking forward to implementing each musician's ability to have more immediate feedback and personal adjustment of parameters. Have you been working in that realm?

Well, I have with Vince. We've been examining several new controllers. The controller he's using now has a fairly good feel for him, which is the paramount issue: you have to play an instrument that feels good, and this was the instrument he chose when we started. He's now, for lack of a better term, graduated from that, in that he's ready to test something else out. Now, since we're going to change controllers, it's been my emphasis to make sure that we get a controller that really gives him some MIDI power, aside from just mechanical action power, so that he can do a lot more cross-fading of sounds and blending and mixing and calling things up and pitch-bending.

Which was primarily what you were doing for him when he first joined.

Yeah. And I'll still be doing that, but I want to give him the ability to customize the relationships of the sounds that I'm offering him. I think something the Dead audience has never heard, but I certainly have, is what he's able to do with pitch-bend and vibrato and things like that which have not really been in the power of his instrument, as it stands now.

After we talked last year, I went to a number of shows and I noticed that the end of the Rhythm Devils segments had a very electronic feel to them. I felt that I could have been listening to a moog synthesizer concert back in 1969.

Sometimes the drummers would have already left the stage, and you and Dan Healy would be manipulating captured sound. What was going on there?

Well, what brought that about was really multi fold. Dan Healy was really encouraging me to send him some information that he might be able to do something with, that he'd be able to add to the picture with. He said, "Go ahead and play and I'll do something with it. If it's not happening, we'll kill it. If it is happening, we'll use it." And so I started that on very, very small levels. I started out by trying to give some ambient space or musical environment for Mickey's beam to live in. There were ways to open up what was happening there that would

give Mickey a whole new set of colors to play against and to play to that could make it a little more exciting for both of us.

It's interesting that you used the word colors, because one thing that was very apparent about those five to eight minute experimental, synthesized, almost minimalist segments was that Candace started doing some beautiful, subtle light sculpting.

Of course, that's very hard for me to perceive, but that's what I've been hearing. I asked Candace, "Are things happening there for you at that moment in the show?" And she, of course, being as creative as she is, said, "Yes, I'm finding a whole new way to look at what's going on." She said it can get very interesting, especially if the band leaves the stage, because she says at that point she can light the audience. She can move the show from the stage to being right on the audience.

After a couple of times, people sort of settled into it. They had to pay attention to the whole stage as much as to specific members of the band. It was especially great down on the floor where there was almost a holographic quality to it.

Wow, that's great.

Is more of that in the works?

Well, it really depends on the flow of the show. The band's response has been wonderful. To me there've been a couple of plusses to it. One has been that Mickey's beam performances have been not framed by silence, so that when he's made his statement, he's more comfortable letting go. He doesn't have to pull it out, to extend, even after he's made his statement.

He can hit the beam and there'll be a support sound behind it.

And also, when he's finished, reached his climax, he can leave the stage, and he's not followed by silence. With everybody waiting, which is a great deal of pressure for him, I think at times can cause him to drag out his solo beyond his statement. So that's been wonderful, because that's allowed us to really focus on that part of the performance, and make that as clear and as strong as possible. The other added feature to me is that the rest of the band has found it really fun to play to it.



Photo by Susana Millman

We're so used to seeing Garcia and Weir come out first, and then Garcia will noodle around with usually one of several voicings, and now that's framed by something.

What I'm finding is that they're turning around and saying, "Keep it going, keep playing until we're really out there."

So what's been new with the guitarists recently?

The big challenge, of course, is to figure out how to mike them remotely. For Bobby and Jerry, the biggest changes have been in their rigs, and it's not really something that I've been too involved in. But Tom Paddock has designed a lot of speaker emulators for people.

Can you explain that?

Well, it's an electronic system designed to emulate the distortion parameters of a speaker. If you take an electronic signal, and you examine it before you amplify it, it looks like one thing. If you amplify it through a full range speaker, it often looks very similar to what it looks like before it's amplified. But if you put it through a guitar speaker, it looks different. It takes on characteristics of a guitar speaker because the signal has changed; we call that distortion. It's distorted from the original picture. Now often distortion is considered undesirable. But speaker distortion is often a very desirable part of a guitar sound. The trick is to realize that all of this stuff is still in development. So everybody still has speakers offstage in boxes with microphones in the boxes.

Like Vince's "Lesley" speaker in his dressing room? That sort of thing?

That's the idea, but Vince's "Lesley" is no longer in his dressing room. We have a custom built box, with microphones mounted inside of it. And ventilations, and all you have to do is plug into it. And so it can live as close as under the stage and still have full isolation. Healy has been absolutely thrilled with it. Which is, of course, a good sign. It's really given us some real control. Also, I don't want to spend my energies physically having to make sure something is connected and placed right, microphone placement and all that. At some shows, we'll have a rented van with Jerry's speaker in the van, which will be treated to deaden the sound a little bit, and still be able to have the microphone the correct distance from the speaker to get the sound that's required.

Are you trying now to do that all digitally?

Well, that's what the speaker emulators are about. Whether we

will achieve it so fully that we won't need speakers, it's hard to tell. Bobby right now has as many as three different styled speaker emulators. But he still has a speaker remoted. And then he mixes all of those to get the kind of sound he wants.

What's been new in the studio with you guys?

Well, we've been doing some writing. I've been doing some writing with Vince and Bobby.

Are we going to see an Infrared Roses Part II?

It's hard to say. I hope there will be one. I'm still getting my distance from number one, and to see what will call out to me as the way to do the next one.

Tell us about your new band, Vortex.

The key was to get the right people together. Bobby Strickland is on saxophones and woodwinds. He used to play with Todd Rundgren; now he plays saxophones for the Affordables, Vinnie's band. Henry Kaiser is on guitar. And then on bass and drums are Marc and Paul Van Wageningen. Paul played with Andy Norrell just before our rehearsals — they had just come back from a tour of Japan with Sheila E. So it's a drummers' rhythm section. And I'm playing machines and keyboards. And processors.

Is Vince in the band?

He'll be joining us when we do some gigs in New York, and perhaps another gig here in San Francisco.

What's the style of the music?

People have called it the weird end of Herbie Hancock. I think

on the whole that it's high-risk music. It's performing, it's really intuitive improvisation. (Bob plays a tape of Vortex — the first cut sounds like a cross between the fusion band Return to Forever and Sly and the Family Stone)

Sounds like danceable jazz/rock fusion.

That's *Dance to the Music* by Sly Stone. (Bob then plays another piece that sounds like Merle Saunders' *Blues from the Rainforest* and then another that sounds like the Dead playing space.) There's one piece where I'm playing excerpts on keyboard from Rites of Spring, and explosions from *Terminator 2*. In getting the band together I'd say stuff like, "At times I'd like you to be an animal." And if they were flinching at that, then I knew it wasn't going to be right. Everybody in this band knew who they were going to be.

Well, that sounds like a YES! person type of band.


There is nobody there waiting for their twelve bars, let me tell you. And it's a different kind of listening for the musician than a lot of song playing stuff. And if you get weird, we'll get weird.

That's the best kind of music, in my opinion.

I think it's real obvious that I'm taking my lessons from the Grateful Dead. But it's absolutely thrilling for me to find musicians who are so sympathetic and in this spirit without having to play Grateful Dead music, which I love, but this is just another aspect for me.

I've always thought the Grateful Dead play rock music in the jazz idiom. What's nice is we're now at a point where music is only as limited as your imagination. There's no longer just one single form dictated by society as being

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acceptable — music can move freely between forms and it can combine forms.

Well, I think that's always been very true for a lot of musicians. You just have to listen to Benny Goodman's recording of the *Mozart Clarinet Concerto* to know that this man was not uptight about the kind of music he was playing. There was no snobbism there. And John Coltrane's recorded conversations with Ravi Shankar were always fascinating to me. The boundaries are immaterial because it's about energy and spirit. No matter what the music is, it's playing at the edge. As long as you get to the edge, you'll know it. You know, everyone knows it.

When everything falls into place, it connects. Everything is one.

Yeah. And it's content. Pure content. ♦

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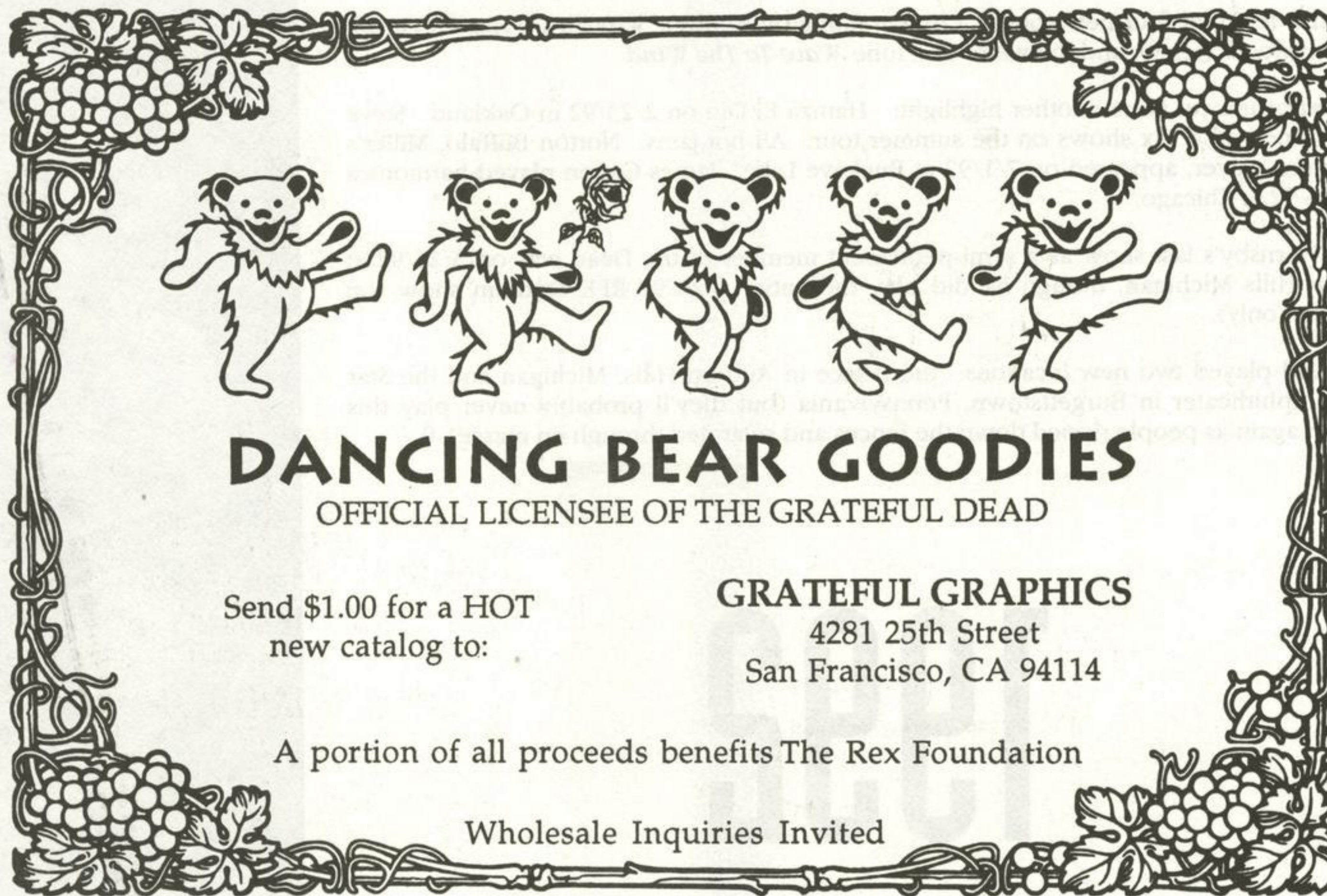
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Year in Review

by Jay Jacobs with data provided by Terrapin Station BBS

Unfortunately, the most notable occurrence in Grateful Dead Land in 1992 was Jerry's second major health crisis. As a result the much anticipated return to Eugene, Oregon was not to be. Fall tour was cancelled as well. But when the Dead did return they seemed re-energized, steadily gathering momentum until their second to last show of the year, 12/16/92 at Oakland. This show was one of *the* great ones in modern Dead history.

There were some very sweet musical highlights. The Dead brought back only three old songs from their repertoire: *Casey Jones*, *To Lay Me Down*, and *Here Comes Sunshine* — but who could *possibly* complain? In addition three cover songs returned to the lineup: *Gloria*, *Satisfaction*, and *Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl*, all absent since the mid-eighties. The Dead also debuted The Who's classic *Baba O'Riley* (featuring some quasi-harmonic overtone singing by Phil), which segued into The Beatles' *Tomorrow Never Knows* — again, who could possibly complain? Perhaps most tasty of all was the late 1992 addition of The Beatles' beautifully spiritual song *Rain*.

1992 also featured four new songs: *Corrina* (sung by Bobby), *Way To Go Home* (Vince), *So Many Roads* (Jerry), and the weird Phil tune *Wave To The Wind*.

Guest appearances were another highlight: Hamza El Din on 2/23/92 in Oakland. Steve Miller appeared at six shows on the summer tour. All hot jams. Norton Buffalo, Miller's harmonica player, appeared on 7/1/92 at Buckeye Lake. James Cotton played harmonica on 6/25/92 at Chicago.

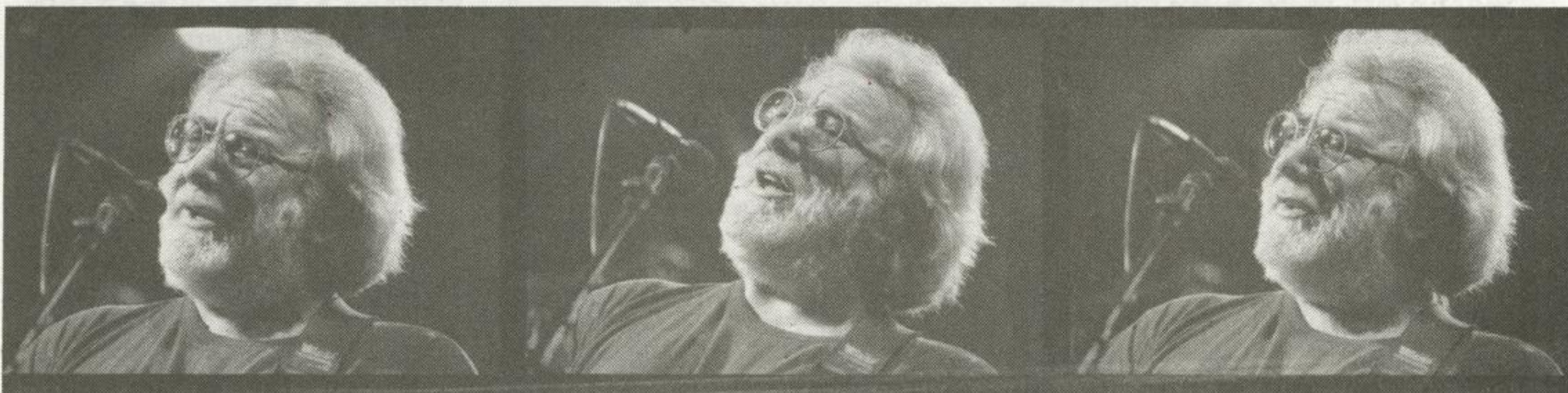
Bruce Hornsby's last show as a semi-permanent member of the Dead was on 3/24/92 at Auburn Hills Michigan, though he did play the entire 6/20/92 RFK Stadium show (on accordion only).

The Dead played two new locations: the Palace in Auburn Hills, Michigan and the Star Lake Amphitheater in Burgettstown, Pennsylvania (but they'll probably never play this location again as people ripped down the fences and swarmed through en masse). ♦

1992



Photos by Sydney Gamble



Photos by Sydney Gamble

Number of Times Each Song Was Performed in 1992

Song	# Times Perf.	Song	# Times Perf.	Song	# Times Perf.
All Along The Watchtower	11	Hell In A Bucket	7	Row Jimmy	7
Althea	10	Help On The Way	5	Saint Of Circumstance	8
Around 'n Around	6	Here Comes Sunshine	3	Samson And Delilah	5
Attics Of My Life	3	He's Gone	9	Satisfaction	2
Baba O'Riley	7	High Time	1	Scarlet Begonias	8
Beat It On Down the Line	4	I Know You Rider	10	Shakedown Street	4
Bertha	6	I Need A Miracle	12	Ship Of Fools	6
Big Railroad Blues	2	Iko Iko	7	Slipknot!	5
Big River	6	It's All Over Now	8	Smokestack Lightnin'	3
Bird Song	7	It's All Over Now, Baby Blue	1	So Many Roads	18
Black Peter	8	It Takes A Lot To Laugh...	1	Spanish Jam	1
Black-Throated Wind	7	Jack-A-Roe	6	Spoonful	6
Box Of Rain	8	Jack Straw	8	Stagger Lee	8
Brokedown Palace	6	Johnny B. Goode	2	Standing On The Moon	6
Brown-Eyed Woman	8	Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues	7	Stella Blue	10
C. C. Rider	1	Knockin' on Heaven's Door	6	Sugar Magnolia	12
Candyman	5	Let It Grow	7	Sugaree	6
Casey Jones	3	Let The Good Times Roll	4	Tennessee Jed	11
Cassidy	8	Little Red Rooster	8	Terrapin Station	9
China Cat Sunflower	10	Looks Like Rain	5	The Last Time	11
China Doll	5	Loose Lucy	7	The Music Never Stopped	7
Cold Rain And Snow	8	Loser	6	The Other One	13
Corrina	20	Maggie's Farm	9	The Same Thing	10
Crazy Fingers	9	Mama Tried	1	The Weight	8
Cumberland Blues	1	Man Smart, Woman Smarter	6	The Wheel	10
Dark Star	3	Me & My Uncle	7	They Love Each Other	2
Dark Star Jam	1	Memphis Blues Again	5	Throwin' Stones	12
Dark Star (Second verse only)	2	Mexicali Blues	6	To Lay Me Down	1
Deal	9	Midnight Hour	1	Tomorrow Never Knows	7
Desolation Row	5	Mississippi Half-Step	4	Touch Of Grey	10
Dire Wolf	3	Morning Dew	9	Truckin'	8
Don't Ease Me In	6	Must 've Been The Roses	2	Turn On Your Lovelight	9
El Paso	2	New Minglewood Blues	7	Uncle John's Band	9
Estimated Prophet	8	New Speedway Boogie	6	U.S. Blues	7
Eyes Of The World	8	Not Fade Away	8	Victim Or The Crime	7
Feel Like A Stranger	9	One More Saturday Night	8	Walkin' Blues	9
Fire On The Mountain	8	Peggy-O	7	Wang Dang Doodle	10
Foolish Heart	4	Picasso Moon	10	Wave To The Wind	7
Franklin's Tower	5	Playing In The Band	10	Way To Go Home	22
Friend Of The Devil	7	Playing (Reprise)	4	West LA Fade Away	7
Gloria	4	Promised Land	9	Wharf Rat	8
Goin' Down The Road Feelin' Bad	1	Queen Jane Approximately	10	When I Paint My Masterpiece	11
Good Lovin'	3	Quinn The Eskimo	3		
Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl	1	Rain	2		
Greatest Story Ever Told	7	Ramble On Rose	7		
				Total # Different Songs Played	133
				Total # Songs Played	876

First Set Openers

Touch Of Grey	9
Jack Straw	8
Cold Rain And Snow	6
Feel Like A Stranger	6
Hell In A Bucket	6
Help On The Way	5
Let The Good Times Roll	4
Bertha	3
Mississippi Half-Step	3
Shakedown Street	2
Box Of Rain	1
Greatest Story Ever Told	1
Here Comes Sunshine	1

Second Set Openers

China Cat Sunflower	10
Iko Iko	5
Scarlet Begonias	5
Box Of Rain	4
Eyes Of The World	4
Victim Or The Crime	4
Corrina	3
Saint Of Circumstance	3
Samson And Delilah	3
Shakedown Street	2
Way To Go Home	2
Foolish Heart	1
Here Comes Sunshine	1
Man Smart, Woman Smarter	1
New Speedway Boogie	1
One More Saturday Night	1
Playing In The Band	1
Scarlet Bagonias	1
Truckin'	1

Second Set Closers

Sugar Magnolia	12
Morning Dew	9
Turn On Your Lovelight	9
Not Fade Away	8
One More Saturday Night	7
Around 'n Around	6
Good Lovin'	3

First Set Closers

Deal	9
Promised Land	8
Let It Grow	7
The Music Never Stopped	7
Don't Ease Me In	6
Bird Song	4
Picasso Moon	4
Corrina	3
Cassidy	2
Foolish Heart	1
New Speedway Boogie	1
Smokestack Lightnin'	1
So Many Roads	1

Songs Just BEFORE DRUMZ

He's Gone	9
Terrapin Station	9
Corrina	7
Uncle John's Band	6
Estimated Prophet	3
Playing (Reprise)	3
Wave To The Wind	3
Dark Star	2
Playing In The Band	2
Dark Star (Second verse only)	1
Eyes Of The World	1
Fire On The Mountain	1
Foolish Heart	1
New Speedway Boogie	1
Saint Of Circumstance	1
Smokestack Lightnin'	1
Spoonful	1
The Same Thing	1
Way To Go Home	1

Total of 55 Shows in 1992

Feb. 22, 23, 24	Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum, CA
Mar. 1, 2, 3	The Omni, Atlanta, GA
Mar. 5, 6	Hampton Coliseum, Hampton, VA
Mar. 8, 9	Capital Centre, Landover, MD
Mar. 11, 12, 13	Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, NY
Mar. 16, 17, 18	The Spectrum, Philadelphia, PA
Mar. 20, 21	Copps Coliseum, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada
Mar. 23, 24	The Palace, Auburn Hills, MI
May 19, 20, 21	Cal Expo Amphitheatre, Sacramento, CA
May 23, 24, 25	Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountainview, CA
May 29, 30, 31	Sam Boyd Silver Bowl, Las Vegas, NV
June 6	Rich Stadium, Orchard Park, NY
June 8, 9	Richfield Coliseum, Richfield, OH
June 11, 12	Knickerbocker Arena, Albany, NY
June 14, 15	Giant's Stadium, East Rutherford, NJ
June 17, 18	Charlotte Coliseum, Charlotte, NC
June 20	RFK Stadium, Washington, DC
June 22, 23	Star Lake Amphitheatre, Burgettstown, PA
June 25, 26	Soldier Field, Chicago, IL
June 28, 29	Deer Creek Music Center, Noblesville, IN
July 1	Buckeye Lake Music Center, Hebron, OH
Dec. 2, 3	McNichols Sports Arena, Denver, CO
Dec. 5, 6	Compton Terrace Amphitheatre, Tempe, AZ
Dec. 11, 12, 13, 16, 17	Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum, CA

Songs Just AFTER SPACE

I Need A Miracle	11
The Last Time	10
The Wheel	9
The Other One	8
All Along The Watchtower	5
Wave To The Wind	2
Attics Of My Life	1
Casey Jones	1
China Doll	1
Dark Star	1
Dark Star Jam	1
Dark Star (2nd verse only)	1
Spanish Jam	1
Spoonful	1
Throwin' Stones	1

Encores

Baba O'Riley	8
The Weight	8
Tomorrow Never Knows	7
U.S. Blues	7
Brokedown Palace	6
Knockin' On Heaven's Door	6
Gloria	4
Box Of Rain	3
Quinn The Eskimo	3
Casey Jones	2
Johnny B. Goode	2
Rain	2
Satisfaction	2
Attics Of My Life	1
It's All Over Now, Baby Blue	1

Songs Brought Back

Casey Jones	6/20/92
Here Comes Sunshine	12/6/92

States Played in

Arizona	2
California	14
Canada	2
Colorado	2
Georgia	3
Illinois	2
Indiana	2
Maryland	2
Michigan	2
Nevada	3
New Jersey	2
New York	6
North Carolina	2
Ohio	3
Pennsylvania	5
Virginia	2
Washington, DC	1

Months Played

January	0
February	3
March	17
April	0
May	9
June	1
July	1
August	0
September	0
October	0
November	0
December	9

First Time Breakouts

So Many Roads	2/22/92
Wave To The Wind	2/22/92
Corinna	2/23/92
Way To Go Home	2/23/92
Baba O'Riley	5/19/92
Tomorrow Never Knows	5/19/92
Rain	12/2/92

Miscellaneous Info

- Avg. # of Songs Per Show 16.77
- Avg. # of Songs in First Set 7.32
- Avg. # of Songs in Second Set 8.36
- Avg. # of Songs in Encore 1.09
- Shortest first sets were 6 songs long
- Shortest second sets were 7 songs long,
- Shortest show had 14 songs
- Longest First Set had 9 songs
- Longest Second Set was 11 songs
- Longest show had 21 songs

Most Played Songs Of All Time

(Of All Documented Shows)

Me & My Uncle	551
Sugar Magnolia	526
Playing In The Band	520
The Other One	512
I Know You Rider	488
China Cat Sunflower	487
Not Fade Away	477
Truckin'	471
Jack Straw	424
New Minglewood Blues	404

Of Songs Sung By Each Musician

Jerry	406
Bobby	399
Vince	38
Everyone	23
Phil	22

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1992 Tape Trading: The Year In Review

By Johnny Dwork and Rich Petlock .

Despite a lengthy sabbatical from touring, 1992 was a *huge* year for collecting recorded Grateful Dead music. In fact, this year gave us more old treasures than any other in recent memory, save the year the "Betty Boards" surfaced.

"New" Old Music

No bones about it, 1992 was a sweet year for new tapes of old music. Deadheads who complain of excessively redundant set lists don't realize just how varied the Dead are these days compared to 1969. As this new cache of old tapes will prove, the band used to play *Dark Star* > *St. Stephen* > *The Eleven* and *Lovelight* at just about every show. Of course there are those of us who would *never, ever* call this sort of redundancy undesirable.

With the decreasing costs of digital technology, many tapers are starting to get DAT machines. As a result, a good deal of old music that was previously on reel-to-reel format is now being transferred and widely disseminated via digital tape, making it possible to preserve much of the long musical jams in their original uncut form. For those of you still in the analog realm (and that is by far still the majority) we've specified below the length of tape on which the following old music is predominantly circulating (100 minute versus 90 minute cassettes). If you have access to this "new" old music via digital sources and you're planning to transfer it to cassette format, you may want to switch the order of the songs around so that the jams do not cut! In this case we heartily suggest displaying good taping etiquette by carefully noting on the tape cover the fact that you've changed the order, in order to preserve the historical accuracy of the music.

8/21/68 Fillmore West, SF, CA

Tape #1

A) ...The Other One>
Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl

Tape #2

A) Alligator>	B) The Eleven>
Feedback	Death Don't Have No Mercy
Dark Star>	Lovelight
St. Stephen>	Midnight Hour
The Eleven>	(100 minute tape)

The Other One > *Schoolgirl* is of much better sound quality than the music found on Tape #2, and the music is very electric. The *Schoolgirl* is one of the best we've ever heard (Jerry goes nuts). Before time and generational travel gave the second tape a moderate amount of hiss, it must have been a real gem. The vocals are panned either hard left or right, a very nice effect. *Alligator* features a brief instrumental exploration of Donovan's *First There Is a Mountain*, which eventually turns into the *We Bid You Goodnight* riff that now finishes *Goin' Down the Road*. *Dark Star*, which fades in on the tape shortly after it starts,

closely resembles the version found on *One From The Vault #2*. The *Lovelight* cuts. *Death Don't Have No Mercy* and *Midnight Hour* both shine. For those who have the option to get this show from a DAT or video source you may want to rearrange the order so *The Eleven* doesn't get cut by the flip.

8/22/68 Fillmore West, SF, CA

A) Alligator>
Caution

Simply amazing! One of the best finds of the year. When the guitarists come back in after the *Alligator* drum solo the music boils with psychedelic energy. Noticeably better quality than most of this year's earlier finds, this tape feature beautiful stereo separation. A must-have jam.

2/14/69 The Electric Factory, Philadelphia, PA

A) Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl	B) The Eleven>
Dark Star>	Lovelight
St. Stephen>	Morning Dew
The Eleven>	The Other One...
(100 minute tape)	

This set is a close cousin to the music found on the album *Live Dead*. Same feel, same "sound," solid jamming all the way through. The *Dark Star* features Garcia way out front and, from the *Lovelight* on, the band goes ballistic. More hissy than most of the other tapes reviewed here.

2/21/69 The Dream Bowl, Vallejo, CA

A) Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl	B) The Eleven>
Doin' That Rag	Lovelight
Dark Star>	
St. Stephen>	
The Eleven>	(100 minute tape)

A monster, monster, monster of a tape! Fierce jamming throughout. Sound quality is pretty good as well. *Doin' That Rag* ends oddly with Phil screaming, "Hey You Motherfuckers!" The *Dark Star*, during which Garcia positively wails, is one of the few pre-1970 versions in which Bobby's guitar playing is *very* noticeable. The height of passion on this tape flowers during *The Eleven*, which goes on forever. If you're the sort who appreciates the nuances of music as you would that of fine drink or cuisine, you'll savor this tape's *Lovelight*. Rising and falling again and again, the Dead bake up a tasty improvisational soufflé brimming with delicious Garcia licks and Pig Pen raps. This is one juicy tape...don't pass it up!

2/22/69 Dream Bowl, Vallejo, CA

Dupree's Diamond Blues>	Doin' That Rag>
Mountains of the Moon>	St. Stephen>
Dark Star>	The Eleven>
The Other One>	Lovelight
Death Don't Have No Mercy	

Not quite on the ferocious level of the previous night's performance, this show is still hot. The jamming really heats up as they go back into *Cryptical* for the second time, which peaks intensely and segues into what may be the hottest version of *Death Don't Have No Mercy* that we know of. Be careful if you're transferring this from DAT to cassette as the following jam is too long to fit on even a 100 minute tape (we suggest putting the *Doin' That Rag* > *Eleven* > *Lovelight* on a second tape). Good quality soundboard.

4/5/69 Avalon Ballroom, SF, CA

Tape #1

A) Dupree's Diamond Blues	B) Lovelight
Mountains of the Moon>	
Dark Star>	
St. Stephen>	
Lovelight>	(100 minute tape)

Tape #2

A) Hard To Handle	B) The Eleven>
Cosmic Charlie	It's a Sin>
China Cat>	Alligator>
Doin' That Rag	Feedback>
The Other One>	We Bid You Goodnight
The Eleven>	(100 minute tape)

The first tape features one of the shortest Dead sets we've ever heard. The *Dark Star* is a classic, however.

Tape #2 starts out really slow with Jerry on pedal steel for the *Hard To Handle* and the *Cosmic Charlie*, both of which are awful! Things don't begin to percolate until well into *The Other One* and even then the energy dissipates quickly as they leave a rather short *Eleven* and settle into the rare and bluesy *It's a Sin* (complete with vocals and harmonica). Amazingly, Jerry calls out to the audience asking, "Whadya wanna hear that'll last ten minutes, we got ten minutes left?" After tuning up (during which one can hear the unmistakable beginning of *Weather Report Suite* emanating from Bobby's guitar) they deliver a hard, raw *Alligator* featuring an East Indian style percussive word jam (da da da diga da diga da) which segues into serious feedback, the best part of tape two by a substantial margin. Musically speaking, tape two may be the weakest of this year's classic finds.

5/23/69 Big Rock Pow Wow, Hollywood, FL

A) Casey Jones	B) St. Stephen>
Hard To Handle	The Eleven>
Morning Dew	Lovelight
Me & My Uncle	
Dark Star>	
St. Stephen>	(100 minute tape)

Another winner! Casey Jones is still a young song here; it doesn't sound much at all like the well-structured rocker it later came to be. The *Dark Star* features improvisational explorations into musical spaces that are quite different than those found on *Live Dead* or in others of that earlier period of 1969. The *Lovelight* is perhaps the longest of all the versions to surface in the last year or two. Very good quality.

5/24/69 Big Rock Pow Wow, Hollywood, FL

A) Lovelight	B) The Eleven>
Doin' That Rag>	Death Don't Have No Mercy
He Was A Friend of Mine>	Alligator>
China Cat>	Drums>
	St. Stephen>
	Feedback>
(100 minute tape)	We Bid You Goodnight

This show may start off hotter than any other in the Dead's career! After some boneheaded emcee actually tells the audience to sit down for the beginning of the show (yeah.right!), the Dead rip him to shreds with verbal sarcasm and then launch into warp drive with a long, searing rendition of *Lovelight!!* After a tight *Doin' That Rag*, the Dead march through what is arguably the best-known version of *He Was A Friend of Mine*, which leads directly into a volcanic *China Cat*. The band is on fire! This explodes into an equally fervent *Eleven*. Good quality soundboard. One of the best finds of the year.

6/7/69 Fillmore West, SF, CA

A) Dire Wolf	B) Sittin' on top of the World>
Dupree's Diamond Blues	Cold Rain and Snow>
Mountains of the Moon>	Doin' That Rag
Dark Star>	Me & My Uncle
St. Stephen>	Lovelight
The Eleven/ (splice)>	

One of the great shows of 1969. The second half of this tape has been around in poorer quality for years, but the first 45 minutes turn out to be even hotter. After an all-acoustic *Dire Wolf* and a partially acoustic *Mountains of the Moon*, the Dead pull off a brilliant *Dark Star* that just keeps getting hotter and hotter till the end. The *St. Stephen* is perfect with a breathtaking a cappella lyric sung by Garcia with only a xylophone accompaniment in the background. This tape is a bit mysterious in that the first 45 minutes are superb quality. But just as *The Eleven* ends and it appears that Phil is about to lead the rest of the band into *Death Don't Have No Mercy*, there is a very noticeable splice and a completely different sounding soundboard quality cuts in with the start of *Sittin' On Top*. Hmmm? Well, regardless of whether this is all from the same show, the music is amazing to the very end. Unfortunately the same high end "raspy" distortion that's been on our old versions of this begins to kick in during *Doin' That Rag*. *Lovelight*, a classic version featuring Janis Joplin trading vocal scat improv with her then-boyfriend Pig Pen, is yet of a different quality. Seems to us

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like this is a composite from three different sources. But alas, it doesn't matter because the magical music is all here and good enough at its worst quality to thoroughly enjoy. Absolutely don't pass this one by!

6/13/69 Convention Center, Fresno, CA

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------|
| A) Hard To Handle | B) Morning Dew |
| Me & My Uncle | St. Stephen> |
| Sittin' On Top of the World | The Eleven> |
| Beat It On Down The Line | Lovelight |
| Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl | |
| China Cat> | |
| Morning Dew | |

This set gets better with each and every song, steadily rising in intensity until it explodes. *Schoolgirl* features a male vocalist rumored to be Ronnie Hawkins. The segue between *China Cat* and *Morning Dew* is perfectly smooth (they could still do it just this way!). *Lovelight* features some very tasteful flute playing (but by whom?...we don't know) and again the vocalist (Ronnie?) appears at the end to scream his lungs out in unison with Pig Pen. Very good soundboard quality.

8/20/69 Aqua Theater, Seattle, WA

- A)...Big Boss Man
- Sittin' On Top of the World
- The Other One>
- Dark Star>
- Cosmic Charlie

Quite decent quality, although the pitch slows down a bit during *The Other One*, which is fiercely hot, however. This *Dark Star*, curiously enough, may be the shortest version ever played onstage by the Dead!

9/6/69 Family Dog, SF, CA

- A) Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl
- Doin' That Rag
- He Was A Friend of Mine
- Big Boy Pete
- Good Lovin'
- It's All Over Now

Decent quality. *He Was A Friend of Mine* is sweet in the same way as a good *Morning Dew*. *Big Boy Pete* is funky! *Garcia*, not *Pig Pen*, sings lead vocals, on what is both an incendiary

and the shortest *Good Lovin'* we've ever heard. *It's All Over Now* is embarrassingly *horrible* beyond belief!

11/8/69 Fillmore West, SF, CA

Tape #1

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| A) Good Mornin' Little Schoolgirl | B) Mama Tried |
| Casey Jones | Good Lovin' |
| Dire Wolf | Cumberland Blues |
| Easy Wind | |
| China Cat > (cuts into) | |
| I Know You Rider> | |
| High Time | |

Tape #2

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| A) Dark Star> | B) The Eleven> |
| The Other One> | Caution> |
| Dark Star> | Feedback> |
| Instrumental Uncle John's Band> | We Bid You Goodnight |
| Dark Star> | |
| St. Stephen (fades in)> | |
| The Eleven> | |

This absolutely amazing show has the same energy and flow to it as the more well-known 6/24/70 Capitol Theater show. An incorrectly dated and badly hacked, super-hissy version of this show has been around forever, but this is a much more complete and better quality find. It's a strange-sounding tape, in that it feels like an audience tape (without the crowd noise), but there is noticeable stereo separation indicating otherwise.

The first tape is full of passion but raw around the edges (positively the worst *Cumberland* ever!). The second tape, however, is a completely unique and inspired performance, with lush organ work by Tom Constanten. After the first lyrics the *Dark Star* gets deliciously dissonant only to crystalize into a tight *Feelin' Groovy* jam. After *The Other One* (sans *Cryptical*) another brief *Dark Star* segment evolves into a one-of-a-kind instrumental jam on the *Uncle John's Band* theme...it has to be heard to be believed. The *Caution* is killer, and after Pig Pen's vocal solo rap Jerry comes back in with a *Main Ten* jam before another *Caution* jam and a long, long feedback. The *We Bid You Goodnight* goes on forever...seems like Jerry doesn't want to leave the stage. Get this tape!!

The Dead Hour

BIG, BIG YEAR! Once again a round of applause goes out to David Gans for his consistent delivery of soundboard versions of both old and new Dead music through his nationally syndicated radio show. This year he did an especially groovy job of getting the ultra-nuggets out to us along with some very well-timed band interviews (like Bobby discussing Garcia's state of health shortly after his 8/92 crisis).

Gans also incorporates into the Dead Hour cover versions of Dead songs by other artists such as Elvis Costello, as well as other artists doing covers that the Dead perform (Bill Cosby doing *Big River!*), a worthy endeavor for those of us who agree that variety is the spice of life. For those of you who would prefer to record only the non-album cuts of his shows, there is a way to accomplish this easily. Before every show Gans releases the play list along with the times of each cut on the computer bulletin board for Deadheads on The Well. The Well costs \$10 per month and \$2 an hour of online time, plus access charges (via CompuServe or some other network). For information on joining The Well, call 415-332-4335. (See DDN #20 for a detailed

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review). If you don't have access to The Well, the logs are available after the fact by sending a SASE to Truth or Fun, 484 Lake Park Avenue #102, Oakland, CA 94610.

Several noteworthy show segments surfaced on the Dead Hour in 1992. I'll list them by both the show number and the dates of broadcast.

Show #174 (broadcast the week of 1/20/92) 12/28/91 Oakland: *Playing > Same Thing > Jam*. This provides us with a soundboard version of the first *Same Thing* since 12/31/71 (now sung by Bobby); it's a rare Pig Pen jewel brought back in a superb performance.

Show #176 (week of 2/3/92) 7/13/84 Greek Theater: a soundboard of the then-rare *Dark Star* played as an encore, not mind-blowing but definitely a classic.

Show #177 (week of 2/10/92) This show featured the highlights from 10/14/76 Shrine Auditorium: most notable is the almost 29 minute *Dancin' > Wharf Rat > Dancin'*. Gans also precedes each cover song from 10/14 with the original version by the artist who made it famous (like *Dancin' in the Streets* by Martha and the Vandellas).

Show #178 (week of 2/17/92) 11/6/77 Binghamton, NY: *St. Stephen > Drums > NFA > Wharf Rat > St. Stephen, Truckin'*. For those of you who didn't already have what is widely regarded as one of the greatest shows of the modern epoch, this broadcast was a great way to get a primo copy.

Show #185 (week of 4/6/92) 6/10/73 RFK Stadium: A supreme classic featuring the Allman Brothers joining in for a 33 minute *NFA > Goin' Down the Road > NFA > Johnny Be Goode*, along with a very rare *It Takes a Lot To Laugh*. Prior to this broadcast this music had been around in very hissy, garbled quality.

Show #188 (week of 4/27/92) 12/1/71 Music Hall, Boston: *The Other One > Me & My Uncle > The Other One > NFA > Goin' Down The Road > NFA*. This music fills a 45 minute side of tape just perfectly.

Shows #195 & #196 (weeks of 6/15 & 6/22/92): Features music from the May 1992 Cal Expo shows. Included in this are the rarely played *Gloria* and the first ever version of *Baba O'Riley > Tomorrow Never Knows*. It's nice that Gans put soundboard versions of these tunes out so soon after the Dead played them.

Shows #197 & #198 (weeks of 6/29 & 7/6/92): Superb quality nuggets from 10/19/74 Winterland including *Uncle John's, Big Railroad Blues, Sugar Mags > He's Gone > Truckin' > Caution Jam/Drums > Truckin' > Black Peter > Sunshine Daydream*.

Show #203 (week of 8/10/92): Features what is considered one of the all time great *China Cat > Rider's* (that flows out of a beautiful jam) from 6/26/74 Providence Civic Ctr.

Show #204 (week of 8/17/92) 10/31/83 Marin Civic Center.: *Estimated > Eyes > Space > St. Stephen > Throwin' Stones, Revolution*. Airtro plays all throughout this spirited performance.

Shows #205, #206, #207 (weeks of 8/24/31 & 9/7/92): Finally, the masses get access to primo soundboard quality highlights of what is arguably one of the Dead's three most important shows — certainly the trippiest! — 8/27/72 Oregon Country Fairgrounds. Show #205 featured the *Playing in the Band* and the *Greatest Story*, show #206 featured the cosmic *Dark Star > El Paso*, and show #207 featured the *Bird Song* (as well as the *Casey Jones* from RFK 6/20/92 — the first in eight years — out of space no less!). If you don't have the music of 8/27 you're missing the Holy Grail of GD esoterica (for a detailed review of this show see *DDN* issue #23).

Show #209 (week of 9/21/92) highlights from 6/25/92 Soldiers Field, Chicago, IL: *All Along The Watchtower > Lovelight, Gloria* (featuring Steve Miller on all three cuts and James Cotton playing harp on the *Lovelight* and *Gloria*). Blues in Chicago with a living blues legend...CLASSIC!

Show #210 (week of 9/28/92) Tasty treats including a never before heard *Good Lovin'* from 2/27/70. Family Dog, SF and the widely available legendary 4/28/71 Fillmore East jam with Tom Constanten: *Dark Star > St. Stephen > NFA > Goin' Down The Road > NFA*. If you don't already have this music, get it!

Show #212 (week of 10/12/92): Gave us one of the spiciest, longest *Playing in the Band's* from 10/16/74 Winterland (a 30 minute first set closer!).

Show #217 (week of 11/16/92) 12/1/73 Music Hall, Boston: *Mississippi Half-Step > Playing in the Band > Uncle John's > Playing (Reprise)*. 38 minutes of delicious jamming to get lost in.

Show #218 (week of 11/23/92): Featured an unreleased version of David Crosby and Garcia in the studio performing *Kids and*

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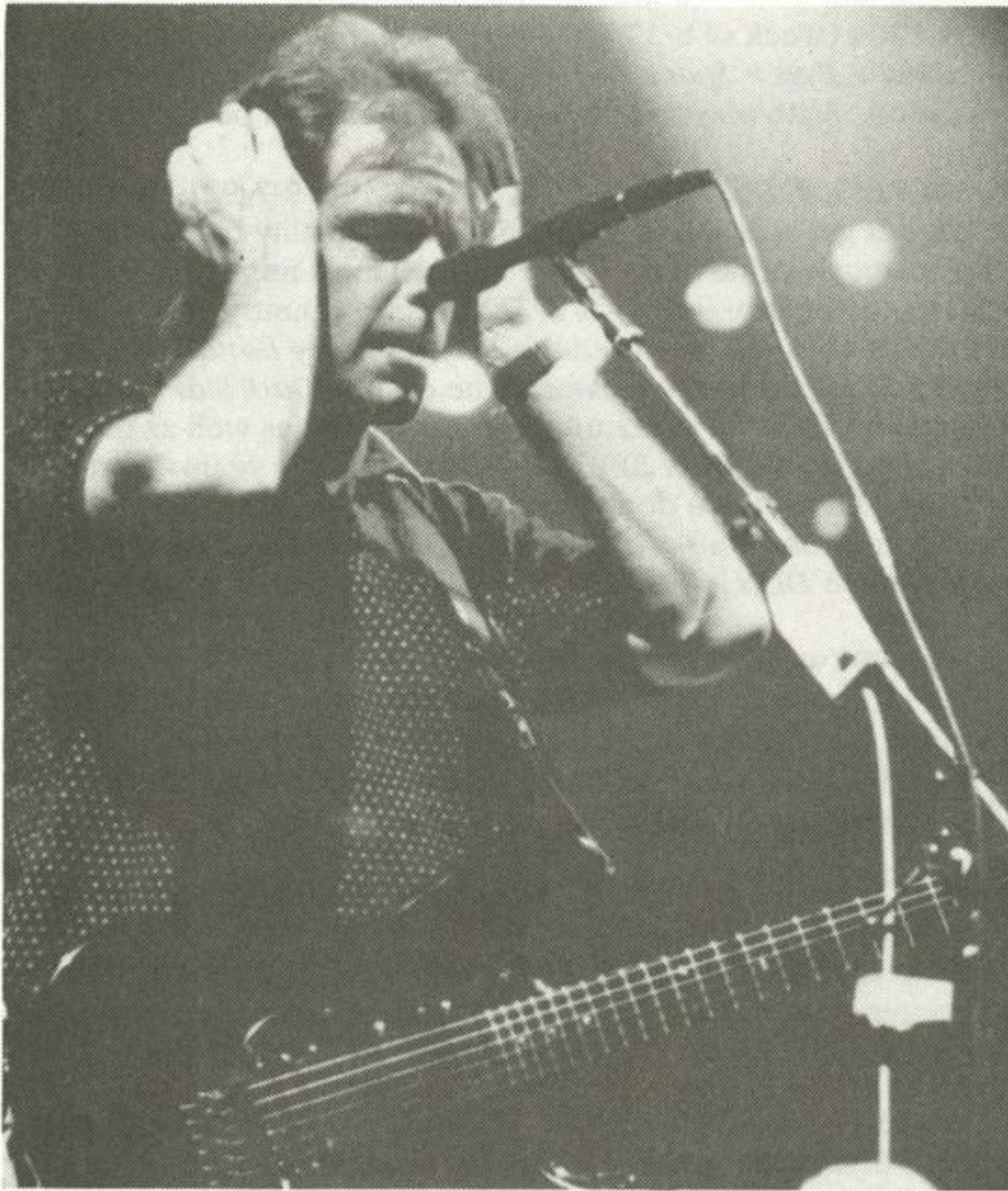


Photo by Brad Niederman

Dogs. Also features one of the rare Dead versions of *Mission In The Rain* from 6/29/76 Chicago.

Shows #222, #223, #224 (weeks of 12/21, 12/28/92 and 1/4/93): Gave us the best of 12/31/72 Winterland: This is without question one of the best New Year's Eve performances ever. Major highlights, include an 18 minute *Playing in the Band* (show #222), a monstrous 25 minute *Truckin' > jam > Drums* (show #223), which concludes (appropriately on show #224, which is in the new year) with a 36 minute jam > *The Other One > Morning Dew* that featured David Crosby).

New Music

Here are the best sets from 1992 worth getting on tape. With tapes of the past seven years the trend in trading is generally that soundboard quality versions of shows don't begin to show up in widespread circulation until the following year at the earliest. Such is the case with the music listed below. Soundboards of the more notable 1991 shows (such as the '91 Halloween run in Oakland with Kesey, Santana, and Gary Duncan are now beginning to pop up).

3/9/92 Cap Centre, Landover, MD

A) Victim>	B) Space>
Iko Iko	Miracle>
Corrina>	Morning Dew
Jam>	*Satisfaction
Dark Star>	
Drums>	

Outrageous second set! Very spacey. Notable in that it's the first time that *Dark Star* and *Morning Dew* were played in the

first set since 10/18/74. First *Satisfaction* since 7/7/86. Audience tapes of this show are in wide circulation.

5/24/92 Shoreline, Mountainview, CA

A) Shakedown	B) It's All Over Now
Same Thing	Foolish Heart
Dire Wolf	
Masterpiece	
Loser	

A) Eyes >	B) Space>
Samson	Last Time>
So Many Roads	Morning Dew
Way To Go Home	*Johnny B. Goode
Corrina>	
Jam>	
Drums>	

Super jam at the end of *Shakedown!* Strong first set throughout. Only first set *Foolish Heart* ender and a real beauty at that. Fabulous transition between *Eyes* and *Samson* (all too rare). Best *Morning Dew* of the year...Jerry shreds. Audience tapes abound, no soundboards in major circulation.

5/30/92 Silver Bowl, Las Vegas, NV

A) Jack Straw	B) Cumberland Blues
Sugaree	Cassidy
Wang Dang Doodle	Don't Ease Me In
High Time	
Maggie's Farm	

A) Eyes>	B) Drums>
Way To Go Home	Space>
Truckin'>	Spanish Jam>
Smokestack>	Miracle>
Terrapin>	Standing On the Moon>
Jam (without Jerry)>	Saturday Night
Drums>	*Knockin' On Heaven's Door

Tremendously well-played first set with great song choices to boot. The only versions of *High Time* and *Cumberland* of 1992 and the only version of *Maggie's Farm* all by itself. This is the show where there was intense thunder and lightning (but no rain) during the second set (you can hear it during the Jam without Jerry and the *Drums > Space*). First full-fledged *Spanish Jam* in five years. No soundboards are around yet in wide circulation.

5/31/92 Silver Bowl, Las Vegas, NV

A) Scarlet>	Attics>
Fire on the Mountain>	Spoonful>x
Women Are Smarter>	The Other One>x
So Many Roads>	Morning Dewx
Saint Of Circumstance>	*Baba O'Riley>x
He's Gone>	*Tomorrow Never Knows x
Drums >Space>	

Six songs before the drums, six after...who sez the boys weren't having fun? The "x" denotes songs Steve Miller sat in as guest guitarist in his first appearance with them. First time ever that *Attics* came out of the *drums*. *Morning Dew* in the same post drums set as *Attics* is a Deadhead's dream...now *this* is how to shake up the post-*drums* doldrums. In order to fit the whole set onto a single tape you'll need a 110 minute tape (Maxell makes

a good 110 minute metal tape). No soundboards in major circulation as of yet.

6/25/92 Soldier Field, Chicago, IL

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| A) Iko Iko x | B) Space> |
| Schoolgirl x+ | Wheel> |
| Way To Go Home | So Many Roads> |
| Saint Of Circumstance> | All Along The Watchtower>x |
| He's Gone> | Lovelight x+ |
| Drums> | *Gloria x+ |

The blues show of the year — where else but in Chicago?! Features the first *Schoolgirl* since 3/12/88 at the Bay Area Music Awards. The "x" denotes Steve Miller as guest guitarist. Pluses denote James Cotton as guest on harmonica. The *Gloria* is especially smoldering. In order to fit the whole set onto a single tape you'll need a 110 minute tape. The last three songs of this show were played on The Dead Hour. Otherwise soundboard tapes are not yet in major circulation.

6/28/92 Deer Creek, Noblesville, IN

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| A) Help On the Way> | B) El Paso |
| Slipknot!> | New Speedway Boogie> |
| Franklin's Tower | Smokestack |
| Wang Dang Doodle | |
| Tom Thumb's Blues | |
| To Lay Me Down | |

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| A) China Cat> | B) Space> |
| Rider | Last Time> |
| Estimated> | China Doll> |
| Way To Go Home> | Around 'n Around |
| Drums> | *Casey Jones |

Best first set of the year! This was the first *To Lay Me Down* since 12/14/90 Denver. Only the fourth *El Paso* of the 1990's, the fifth in five years. And what a sweet combo of a set closer. *Casey Jones* showed up as an encore for the first time since 1984. At this point there are very few soundboards of this show in circulation.

12/16/92 Oakland Coliseum, CA

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------------|
| A) Stranger | B) Row Jimmy Brown-Eyed |
| Woman | Let It Grow |
| Same Thing | (encore fits here |
| Loose Lucy | — *Casey Jones) |
| Memphis Blues | (90 minute tape) |

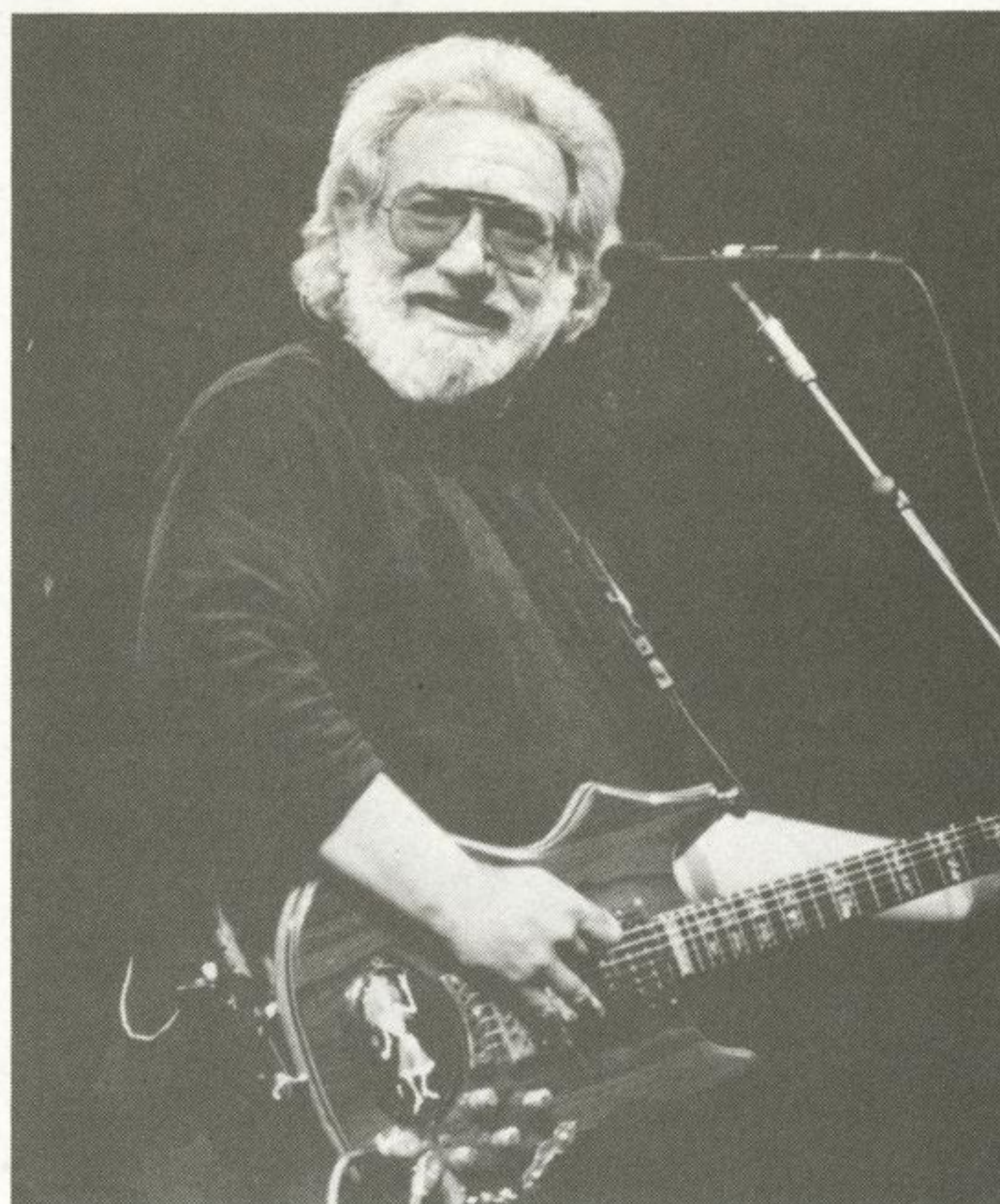


Photo by Brad Niederman

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------------|
| A) Shakedown | B) Space> |
| Samson & Delilah | Dark Star> |
| Ship Of Fools | All Along The Watchtower> |
| Playin> | Stella Blue> |
| Jam> | Good Lovin |
| Drums> | (100 minute tape) |

Arguably the best show of the year. Every song a winner. VERY INTENSE! At the moment audience tapes abound (if possible, look for an "up front" tape) but look for a crisp board to appear in '93. Read the in-depth review of this show in this issue.

Videotapes

The Dead themselves were responsible for two significant releases in 1992: *Back Stage Pass* and *Bobby & The Midnites*. *Back Stage Pass*, available through GD merchandising, features a spectacular montage of old GD home movies accompanied by the all-time best *Hard To Handle* (4/29/71). *Bobby & The Midnites* was filmed in Switzerland in 1984; it's perfect quality and a nice glimpse of the band at its height.

The line feed of the Bill Graham memorial concert from Golden Gate Park in San Francisco is now making the rounds. Highlights, besides full sets by CSNY and Santana, are guest appearances with the Dead by John Popper (of Blues Traveler), John Fogerty, and Neil Young. This was a very, very spiritual day for the rock 'n roll community.

A much better copy of *Sunshine Daydream*, the legendary unreleased movie of the 1972 Oregon mind-melter of a show, is finally getting out to the masses (read our in-depth review in the last issue of *DDN*). ♦

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A Conversation With Ram Dass

by Johnny Dwork

Ram Dass, spiritual guide, teacher, philosopher, humanitarian, friend, is as wise as any person we've ever met. He has spent the past 30 years working intensely at learning how to reduce suffering in the world and cultivate peace of mind. Along the way he has humbly shared his own observations, successes, and shortcomings with all who would listen. A Deadhead as long as the Dead have been around, Ram Dass today serves as a personal consultant to Bob Weir and Jerry Garcia, helping them to decide where to focus their environmental/humanitarian efforts.

Under his original name, Richard Alpert, Ram Dass first became widely known in the 1960's, when he and his then colleague Tim Leary conducted experiments with psychedelics at Harvard, where he taught and researched in the fields of human motivation, Freudian theories of early development, and cognition. In 1961 he had his first personal experience with psychedelic drugs. The experience was a profound and unsettling one, powerful enough to begin revealing many of the spiritually misguided illusions of his typically Western materialistic lifestyle. He and Tim Leary set out to seriously explore a wide variety of altered states of consciousness, ingesting LSD more than 300 times. Applying his training as a psychologist, he observed certain shifts in his own psychodynamics. He also became aware of the limitations of the drug-induced experience.

In 1967 Alpert went to India in search of ancient spiritual traditions that paralleled those he had experienced with psychedelics. After months of searching he found a guru in Neem Karoli Baba, a man who in his own life realized the wisdom that Alpert had only glimpsed through psychedelics. When Alpert asked about the path toward enlightenment and peace of mind, his guru told him, "Serve people," and gave him a new name: Ram Dass (Servant of God).

Ram Dass returned to the United States, where he has since written 10 books on spiritual growth and healing. He has presented lectures, workshops, and spiritual retreats to countless thousands, worked with AIDS and cancer patients, and served as co-founder and chairman of the board of the SEVA Foundation. Serving people is what he does, helping to reduce suffering and showing us how to dance more gracefully through life, skills all Deadheads should embody. Heed his words, for he has drunk from the fountain of inspiration that so many Deadheads pursue. He has made his journey with great care and insight. We know of no better guide to prepare you for your journey along that path that is for your steps alone.

Artwork by Don Pasewark, Photo by Johnny Dwork

Many Deadheads believe the Grateful Dead experience and its surrounding lifestyle offers them a marvelous opportunity for getting high in and on life. How and why did your own search for the ultimate high, peace of mind, and greater understanding begin?

Well, it began psychedelically. There's not much doubt about that. The psychedelics just showed me the world wasn't the way I thought it was. And it started me realizing my potential. But I became greedy to be in that state of expanded awareness. By 1966 I realized that just getting high wasn't being free. It was not enough. The real peace was going to come when I wasn't pushing something away to get something else. Pushing away the lows and grabbing at the highs was not freedom. I think my attempt since 1961 has been to grow into what I saw that moment, during my first psychedelic experience, and to integrate many planes of consciousness into the moments, so that, I'm simultaneously living on many planes all at once, so it's empty *and* full, and sad *and* happy, and totally meaningless *and* full of meaning, and hopeless *and* hopeful, and all of it.

When the Grateful Dead got hugely popular with their big hit album a couple of years ago, there was this tremendous influx of young fans who were starting to come of age during the Reagan era. And the Grateful Dead experience was for them sort of a giant light in an otherwise dark world. It was one of the few social scenes in which they could find people who would accept them for who they were. So some of these young Deadheads are doing what they think will give them a greater connection to the experience, or make it more intense: they're eating psychedelics for the first time in their lives at Dead shows. Unlike in the days of old, when one had a greater chance of being introduced to such experiences by a guide, someone experienced in such matters, nowadays this huge influx of new Deadheads is trying out such experiences without any guidance or warning of the dangers from someone who's been there before. Sometimes they're taking drugs of unknown origin. Sometimes they get too heavy a dose and end up having bad trips. Some of them are dying, some of them end up going to hospitals. Some ruin their lives. You and your former colleague Tim Leary are well-known for having expressed the need to be aware of and intentionally create the proper set and setting for a psychedelic experience. Could you explain the idea of set and setting in regard to the psychedelic or peak experience?

Well, to begin with, I think it's extremely useful to know your connection, and know what you're getting. And not to put everything in your mouth that comes along. The issue about set and setting is that if you're going to optimize the experience and the potential of psychedelics in a sacramental way to truly allow you to be transformed as a being, then to use it at a time when

you're going to end up dealing with low-grade paranoia or tremendous social insecurity, or be around a lot of hysteria, is a setting that *isn't* optimum for the deepest experience. [You want] to be able to feel safe enough to allow your mind to dissolve into deeper awareness. Really, the optimum conditions are where you're in a very safe place. It may be in nature. Not where you're afraid you're going to be busted, or somebody's going to bother you, and where you have somebody with you who's been on the trip before, and is there for you.

A guide.

A real guide will not guide you in the sense of directing you, but is there in a supportive way, sort of like a sitter. Somebody who is just there with your consciousness. So that if you get frightened, they're there to be with you.

Like a buddy system in a pool.

Exactly. I've certainly done that for hundreds of people. And had that done for me many, many times. It leaves you free to do tremendous inner exploration, without having to leave a lot of your consciousness around to make sure your fly is zipped up or the police aren't busting you, or you're not making a fool of yourself, or somebody's not going to hit you with a bottle or something like that. I've taken acid at many Dead concerts, and I've had some extraordinarily beautiful moments. I also remember being in the Fillmore and I went to the men's room, and some kid came in there. He stood there at the urinal, and he was obviously way out there. I saw his eyes just look at the wall. And suddenly the universe must have opened for him. He freaked. He had taken the drugs in order to have sort of a trippy experience with a lot of social stimulation. As long as he had the stimulation, he didn't get out there. The minute he was alone with just a white wall, he saw through into another universe. And he wasn't prepared to do that. There's a tremendous cultural trivialization of something that is very profound with psychedelics. I really feel that if you are going to use psychedelics you should make your mind prepared. I asked my guru, "Should I ever take acid?" He said, "If you're in a cool place, you're feeling

peaceful, and your mind is turned toward God, it could be useful." I feel that if you really want to explore the universe, you want to be open, you want to go deep within your being, you would like to reach out toward truth, you'd like to open your heart — those are good set conditions. A good setting is one that I described before: a non-frightening environment, where you are with somebody who knows the way, and who doesn't demand a lot of you. And that you don't rush the thing, and you don't have an appointment that forces you to come down fast. Because the re-entry is as critical a part as the going out. There are two places you get lost: on the way out and on the way back. On the way out, because you get too paranoid about the dissolving of your universe, and you push against it. That's one bad trip. The other bad trip is when you're on your

"I just realized
that getting high
wasn't being free.
It was not enough.
The real peace
was going to come
when I wasn't
pushing something
away to get
something else."

way back, and you look at what you've got to come back to. You say, "No way," and you push against it. Those are two different kinds of bad trips. So setting and set I think are critical.

In terms of using psychedelics to excess, what are your feelings about the importance of not blowing your computer before you program it, so to speak.

My cute way of saying it is: "It's important to become somebody before you become nobody." It is very useful to have a ground to re-enter into. If you don't have a ground, if you haven't got your economic, sexual, skill scenes together, social scenes together, you start to get addicted to avoiding the physical plane. Because you're not making your way in it very well. Realize that I was 28 or 29 years old before I started to experiment with psychedelics. It can turn kind of sour if your somebodyness gets so rigid that it's a hell to come back to. But there's some in-between place where it's nice to have a nice ground in which to go in and out of and to come back to. So I really have encouraged kids to slow down a little bit, and to get a little stabilized on the physical plane, on Earth, before they do too much tripping.

Get your feet planted well in the ground before you get your head up in the clouds.

Yeah. But if I were a kid and I heard that, I'd think, "Oh, that old fart, what does he know?" I can't honestly say that part of the reason they don't get grounded is because this is a pretty pathological world. They don't want to play in this world. We're caught in time and space and efficiency and technology, and a lot of stuff that is pretty violent to the human spirit. If we were living in a kind of compassionate, harmonious way in relation to nature and our inner beings and so on, I don't think people would rebel against the kind of groundedness society offers. Most of our groundedness is pretty pathological. I have divided loyalties, as you can hear. I have a lot of friends who can hardly earn a living, and they're very creative, but they can't get it together, and I know I enjoy being with them. Look at me. I am a tremendous achiever. I'm just on my tenth book. I support a huge foundation. I'm a master achiever. But actually being with other people who are very ungrounded reminds me often of a part of my life that's missing. So, I think it's important that people just hear all the dimensions and do what they do. That's all I can ask.

One of our columnists recently wrote, "It always seems to me that the Dead experience should be more than an end in itself. I want it to serve as a springboard to expanding the scope of my entire life. I used to feel extremely joyful at shows and depressed afterwards, as I re-entered the world, like an explorer returning from a distant and happier land. I found it hard to translate my peak experience at shows into my daily life." It's very easy to get addicted

to the view at the top of the mountain, and to not appreciate the view in the valley, isn't it?

I think that the distinction between fear and love as a motivator is critical. When I go to a Dead concert, and I'm high and I open up, I can see through the veils of everybody and I can see the beloved everywhere I look. To me the fascinating exercise of life is to look through the veils where the other person can't see through their own veil. And to see it in stores and on the street and in the people who are in adversarial or in competitive or in disempowering roles in relation to me. It's hard. It's certainly much nicer to be around people who you're high with, who can share the perspective that you're having. Because it gives you a profound sense of unity, and it reminds you of what is possible between human beings if people don't hide behind the armor of their fear, and therefore stay in their mind so much

and not in their hearts. But ultimately, if there's anything you're pushing away, any place at all, then the problem is that you're fear-motivated in your life. You're always running away from something. I'm not satisfied doing that. I would like to be free. It's like the way the third Chinese patriarch says, "The great way is not difficult for those who have no preferences. When love and hate are both absent, everything becomes clear and undisguised, but make the slightest distinction, and heaven and earth are set infinitely apart." I just can't handle heaven and earth being set infinitely apart. I don't like the polarities. I will admit, I love being around people with whom it's easy to see the beloved. But I also appreciate when teachings come along, when I get caught in my reactivity, my fear, my anger. And then let it go, and I really feel I'm growing. There's tremendous value to going back to the church to have another experience of the one, but ultimately, when you've met any saints or any really free, high beings, you just realize what it tastes like. Just by a little of it rubbing off, then you can't be satisfied just getting high, it just isn't good enough.

Deadheads are sometimes accused of leading a hedonistic, escapist lifestyle. There are those who say that people who "live for the next show" are avoiding the harsher day-to-day reality.

What basic lessons have you learned about acknowledging and confronting pain and suffering in the world, and how can one pursue joy and, at the same time, responsibly address suffering?

First of all, I am not one who thinks that a Deadhead who follows the Dead is a hedonist, necessarily. I mean, I think it's a reasonably harmless way of being in a spiritual community, and I don't see that it's hurting people. When I think of some of the other rituals and some of the other churches people use for the same reasons, and how destructive they all are, I think the Deadheads are doing pretty well, so that's the first part of your question. The next part is to see one's life in the curriculum format, to see that the sufferings and the pain and the lows and the downs are only sufferings, pain, lows, and downs because of

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where your mind is. They're showing you the traps that your mind has gotten caught in. Buddha's noble truths about the cause of suffering being clinging mind, is the beginning of awakening. It's a hell of a long way from enlightenment, but it sure is a beginning. I think you still want to avoid suffering in order to be happy, but then after a while, that intense yearning for freedom draws you to working with the suffering and the pain. The only reason you're suffering is because of the trap of your own mind, and you want to get free of the trap and that's a damn good indicator to you of how trapped you are. I just was in a SEVA Foundation board meeting for five days, and there was a guy who was really putting down my values and I was furious, and, at the same moment, I was so delighted that he'd gotten me. There was real pain. I could feel my body contracting and it was really unpleasant, and yet I could see that why it was unpleasant was because of the way in which my mind had contracted around what he said. How reactive I got. So I worked with it, you know, I just kept bringing it back into emptiness, and I found that by the end I had grown a good little bit from that particular encounter, by using it as an opportunity to grow. I remember my guru saying he loved suffering because it brings him so close to God. I think the reason that I'm so addicted to being with dying people and with people in pain and suffering and frightened is because it's so real. There's so much bullshit in so much of life, so much game-playing, mind-fuck projection, that to have these moments when people are vulnerable and open, and open to truth or open to the possibility of truth, is exhilarating. It's addictive. To be with people as they're facing death, and the defense structure starts to have some permeability in it, is like being in the presence of a great spirit at that moment. Like when I go to Guatemala to the villages, or to blind people whose lives are very hard in South India, and then a lot of the AIDS people I work with. I come out of these things just feeling like I've been given grace. I've been given a chance to be awake again. It's not like I'm sucking their blood like a vampire. I'm giving, I'm offering them what I have to offer. But what I'm receiving in return is incredible. So people say about me, "Isn't he wonderful. He does so much service, and he's there for people." People don't realize how that's like lifeblood. It's like so fresh and so awake, it's so immediate. It's so much being here now in the moment. The wisdom of dying is to be fully in the moment. If you're driving along, and suddenly some dramatic thing happens and you have to swerve or you skid on ice or something, boy, it wakes you up awful fast. But you don't want to have to traumatize yourself to awaken, and the bizarre thing is when you can find a path that allows you to help other human beings and that exact situation is the one that awakens you. Then I think you've got it made.

There came a point in your life when you saw the limitations of psychedelics. Tell us about the next door you found to step through that gave you spiritual sustenance on a much greater, deeper level.

"It is certainly possible to get addicted to a phenomenon as profound as a Dead concert. But I really think that to the extent that you miss the beauty in the rest of life, and the divinity and the spiritual profundity, you really screw yourself."

Well, there are a lot of threads that come together in this whole thing. From a psychedelic point of view, the predicament is that when you cut through your time-space limitation and you experience an identity with form, with manifestation, you experience the oneness of things. Then it's really hard to come down from that, back into separateness and isolation. The predicament with seeing the oneness is that there is a way in which you have an identity with other people. And so, you then have to later defend against the fact that other people are suffering just because of injustice and incredible inequality and karma conditions in which they've just never had an opportunity to grow. To say we're all one, and then act as if you have some right to the privileged position you have because of your birth — it's hard to stay high under those conditions, because there's so much blocking and so much rationalizing and so much denial in you. Another human being's suffering is our suffering. It's not their suffering. It starts to redirect the energies of your life toward alleviating the suffering, because we are suffering.

It's interesting how some of the most fundamental things, the challenges that we have in getting back to being the best that we can be — the purest, the most honest with ourselves — take the most courage, and are the hardest.

Well, it's funny about the word courage. I've always had an interesting time with that because courage looks like it's courageous, from outside in. From inside, it's inevitable. I mean, there's a point where the revulsion against your own fraudulence forces you to clean up your act. I look at my life and so many people say, "Aren't you courageous, what you did." Like when I got thrown out of Harvard. People said, "Weren't you courageous to stand up for what you believe in." There was no way that I could have denied the truth of my inner being in order to be what Harvard wanted me to be. There was just no way I could do it.

If you're honest with yourself, what you do is inevitable. There's no rating system for how those actions compare to others. Except, I guess, that it might take a lot more discipline and commitment and focus.

But the funny thing is [the way] we use the word discipline: "What he needs is more discipline." But when you need to go to the toilet and you go into the bathroom and sit down, it took discipline to do that. You didn't shit on the floor. But it doesn't seem like a big deal. It doesn't have that term of discipline, like ought or should. It's want. What I've noticed is that I'll put myself into what appear to be incredibly sadistic circumstances in spiritual training. And I'll do it quite voluntarily and joyfully. Because I can feel the yearning for the purification. The situations are incredibly disciplined, like Zen practice, or something like that. But from inside, they're like a breath of fresh air, because in a way you're hungry for that structure. It's not because it's good, or I ought to do it, or because none of those work. So it's very delicate because a lot of people come and seek me out for me to be a wise person. My inclination

when somebody doesn't have their life together, and isn't very disciplined, is to say, "Hey, man, just keep doing what you're doing. Sooner or later you're going to want something else." So they may go another five-to-ten years. And finally, maybe at 40 instead of at 20 or something, they'll say, "Jesus, I really ought to get my life together." Now the other end of it is when you say, "You need more discipline. Get on with it, and get back to school, and get your act straight, and have a good life." They may do that, but they'll end up like I was before I ate psychedelics, which is sort of doing it all for the wrong reasons in some way. There's a certain timing in life. I think we tend to force growth, and it's like the stuff in the supermarket. It's all kind of crappy, because we forced it to grow. It doesn't have much flavor to it. I look at university students. I was just in India, working on this project on blindness in South India at an eye hospital. I was living in a guest house there, with medical students from the West, from America, who were there on short-term training at that hospital. I was also dealing with the hospital people and with the patients, who were so deeply connected to life. But these medical students were in such pain because of their achievement pressure and their callowness about life. I thought how distorted their lives had become out of this incredible motivation to achieve and to become somebody in Western terms. And, you know, maybe one out of the six I came across was somebody who had some real feeling of compassion, who had slowed down enough to develop that. Some parents came to me recently and said, "What'll we do? Our kids are smoking so much dope, and they're taking coke, and we did this, but now we don't. But what are we going to tell our kids?" The parents were really in pain. "The kids are going to waste their lives," they said. I said, "Well, you didn't. The best thing is to be truthful. Sit down with them and tell them your predicament. Share what happened to you, and what you feel. Ask them what they feel. Listen to them. If they feel listened to, then they're flexible. You can cut through the generations if you just share truth." That's all I had to offer them, really, because if they try to discipline their children out of it, they're going to lose their kids. And if they just look the other way, they're going to lose their kids.

It seems as if most people in our society see sacred rituals such as going to Dead concerts as a rare experience. As a result, they always seem to be hungry for spiritual sustenance. But isn't it important to bring a sense of sacredness into one's daily life? How do you do this? I know many whose church in life is the Grateful Dead experience. When the Dead aren't around, it's almost as if they're biding time.

Well, I think that it is certainly possible to get addicted to a phenomenon as profound as a Dead concert. But I really think

"As high as Bobby Weir gets onstage, his high moments in life aren't necessarily on the stage. His high moments, I'm sure, are as much riding his mountain bike, or getting involved in stuff around the rainforests."

that to the extent that you miss the beauty in the rest of life, and the divinity and the spiritual profundity, you really screw yourself. I think it's very sad. As high as Bobby Weir gets onstage, his high moments in life aren't necessarily on the stage. His high moments, I'm sure, are as much riding his mountain bike, or getting involved in stuff around the rain forests. When we meet I feel the grace and delicacy with which he finds the beauty in a lot of things in life. And I feel that when he's with me, he respects the beauty in my being. To me the thing that acid has done is to show me the way in which the spirit is manifested in everything. Even the crap. Even the refuse in the city streets. I remember doing a book called *LSD*, a great big paperback I did with Sidney Cohen. We picked pictures to go in the book. He picked all the pictures of horror shows, of people having bad trips, and I picked pictures of people playing

the flute and gardens and things. There was only one picture both of us picked — it was of a guy lying on the kitchen floor, looking at a spilled Coca-Cola bottle. He picked it in order to show the triviality of the mind under drugs. I picked it because I remembered being in situations just like that, and knowing what that guy was seeing was the entire universe in that spilled Coca-Cola. I feel that if you really have had these profound experiences, you should be able to translate them and start to find them outside. I think that you owe it to yourself to invest your life with living spirit, every part of it. Every part of it. I'm just about to go out on a lecture tour talking about social/political issues and how to be conscious in them, and how to be a participatory being in a democracy, as a way of staying high.

We have unfortunately become a society of observers rather than participants. And that needs to change. For Deadheads, a major challenge comes in learning to balance the act of living in the moment, like being in bliss at a Grateful Dead concert, with planning for the future or seeing the greater picture. Sometimes it's all too easy just to live in the moment. What approach, what perspective must one develop and embody in order to balance these two being states?

Well, I think it's a fallacy to think of the moment as excluding the future or the past. I think the fullness of the moment has in it the future. Like I'm talking to you, and I know I have an appointment at ten tomorrow morning, and I know that I'm probably going to go in and have some Ben and Jerry's ice cream in a few minutes. I know about the laundry that I have to do. I'm going to take an airplane the day after tomorrow, and I've got a tour coming up. All that is there in this moment. I'm not busy rehearsing it. I'm in this moment. But this moment doesn't deny the fact that one of the planes of reality is also linear time. I think that if you get caught on any plane of consciousness that leads to denying the relative reality of other planes, you're stuck. So, if you get into the plane where the immediate sensations are so intense that you lose the contextual framework, you're just caught on a plane of consciousness. The richness is in being on all the planes simultaneously. So you're fully in the moment, but at the same time, you are in time.

You're linear, and you're nonlinear. That paradox and the embracing of the paradox is the fun of the game. It's so poignant when people talk about emptiness. Well, emptiness is fullness. Or when they talk about in the moment as if it has something that denies the past or the future. I feel rich with my past, and rich with my future.

Well, it's a conscious choice that you make. And it's an important switch people need to make.

It is. I think the first thing they have to realize is that it's possible to do both. Most people believe that if they're thinking about the future, they're not in the moment. And if they're remembering the past, they're not in the moment. To understand that it can be both, and not either/or, is important.

I'll be at a concert, my eyes closed, really getting into the music. My thoughts will be in many places at one time, whereas when I was much younger, I used to fight to just be in that one moment, to avoid other thoughts from my day-to-day life. But now, I'll move from grooving purely in

the moment to thinking about the fact that I've got to be somewhere in two days, and I've got to prepare for it. And that's okay. It's okay to be purely in the moment, or to be acknowledging the past or what is to come.

It's very tricky, John. It has to do with the clinging of minds, because if you're clinging to the thought of the future, you diminish the intensity of the passion of the moment. But to learn how to be passionate and non-clinging at the same moment allows you to simultaneously be in time and not in time.

After all your experiences — living at the epicenter of the turbulent 60's, the drugs, your spiritual quests in Asia with devotional worship and meditative practices, your work with those who are dying of AIDS and suffering — out of all these experiences, have you come to develop a fundamental, simple personal life recipe for achieving peace of mind?

Quiet the mind. Open the heart. And relieve the suffering that is before you. That's it. ♦

For those of you who are actively searching for wise guidance in life, the words of Ram Dass may prove to be nothing short of inspirational. A huge treasure trove of Ram Dass audio and video recordings are available through the Hanuman Foundation tape library at reasonable prices. We can't speak more highly of these tapes...they are priceless. Topics range from spirituality and psychedelics to how to cope with a dying friend or relative. For catalogue and ordering information, call 1-800-248-1008.

RAM DASS' 1993 Teaching Schedule

Most of the following lecture dates will be benefits for the Seva Foundation (Please call directly for info):

April 18	Spokane, WA	509-448-9688
April 20	Boise, ID	208-387-0624
April 28	Dallas, TX	214-596-7150
April 29	Houston, TX	713-526-6674
May 14	Los Angeles, CA	415-492-1829
May 22	Berkeley, CA	415-457-8570

During the spring, the Hanuman Foundation will sponsor a series of one- and two-day workshops led by Ram Dass. The two-day workshops will also include kirtan with Jai Lakshman.

April 24-25	Portland, OR	503-281-2354
May 1	Austin, TX	512-543-8586

Retreats:

Ram Dass will conduct three week-long retreats during the summer months. Please contact the centers directly for details.

June 26-July 2	Lama Foundation, San Cristobal, NM	505-586-1269
July 16-23	Omega Institute, Rhinebeck, NY	914-266-4301
August 22-29	Breitenbush Hot Springs, Detroit, OR	503-854-3501

For a special holiday gift, give a registration to one of Ram Dass' workshops. We'll personalize a beautiful gift certificate, and send it on to someone you want to honor with this very special gift. The advance registration fee (available until 3 weeks before the program) is \$108 for a two-day workshop, \$54 for a one-day workshop. (Please specify name, address and telephone number of the recipient, and the workshop he/she will attend.)

"Peace, Love and Jellybeans" 54 Songs by Richard Biffle to receive a copy, contact your local DEADQUARTERS or send a check/money order for \$7.50 (includes s/h) to ARTISTS OF RIVENDELL, 221 17th Street, Virginia Beach, VA 23451 for VISA/MC call 804-425-7603. Va residents please add 4.5% sales tax. 54 Song contest CALL FOR DETAILS.





Just Say Know!

DDN Interviews Dr. Timothy Leary

Tim Leary, part man, part myth, part knight, part dragon, was the world's most outspoken advocate of psychedelic use and research in the 1960's. Along with his then-partner Richard Alpert (now known as Ram Dass), Leary was expelled in 1961 from his teaching position at Harvard for conducting controversial experiments with LSD. As a highly prominent lecturer, author, and counterculture spokesperson, he went on to coin the most famous phrase of the 60's: "Tune in, turn on, drop out."

His later adventures included running for governor of California, a spell in prison, escape from prison (!), numerous movie appearances (mostly weird drive-in flicks), and a touring debate performance with Watergate weasel G. Gordon Liddy. Lately, he's been at the heart of the highly publicized virtual reality/smart drug scene. His newest trip is presenting performances featuring "Hyperdelic" video, TV that alters your consciousness. Leary has always been at the crest of one new wave or another.

What do you see as being the primary areas of concern for young people today, and how should they address them if they are to become fully self-actualized?

These are extremely confusing and chaotic times because the old industrialized culture's collapsing. This chaotic confusion can be frightening and devastating for those who are not prepared to think for themselves, to question authority, to look for change, and to surf the wave to the future. It's coming in many different areas — certainly women are understanding that their roles may be much more important. The gender/generation gap is more important than ever. I find it thrilling that we have a president, vice president, and two dynamic and effective first ladies who are all younger than old fogies like Bob Dylan and Mick Jagger. And they're Deadheads, all four of them! This is a symbol or a sign of the changes that are taking place. Young people have to learn how to operate their minds, how to operate the electronic appliances that control their minds. In other words, learn how to control *your own* screens through computers, electronic devices. There are tremendous opportunities in the electronic field of communication, but stay

away from politics and government! That's grandfather's advice. Does it sound too pompous?

No. There was a time when your language was more overtly spiritual, namely when you wrote *The Psychedelic Experience and Psychedelic Prayers*. Some have come to believe that, while your language and focus have changed to fit the evolving technology, your more recent philosophizing has de-emphasized the spiritual. Do you see this contrast?

Not at all. Everything that I'm talking about now comes from Marshall McLuhan, who said, "the medium is the message." If you change the medium of communication, you change the culture, and [you've got] a new definition of God and a new definition of the human being. So, yes, I'm now using electronic devices, but for spiritual purposes. I still talk about the brain as being the avenue or window of the soul. And I feel that I'm more spiritual now for being freed from the material. Because electrons are not material, as you know. Electrons are invisible; they serve no other function but to inform and to carry on communications. Electrons can't break your bones like sticks and stones. And you got to learn how to spiritualize. Spiritual words don't mean anything. Anybody can babble about God and unity and all that. It's the way you communicate and the way you interact with other people that's spiritual. And I think that you can take the electronic devices

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and make them basically operate your soul. Learn how to operate your soul using them. How's that for spiritual jargon?

Great. Is there a thread that connects or links your early work in the 60's with your current work now?

Yes. Then as now I was involved in encouraging and empowering people to think for themselves, to operate their own brains, and to communicate more clearly. There's been a tremendous empowerment of individuals since the 1960's. The average American home now has like 35 or 40 or 50 cable channels. The average 10-year-old kid in the inner cities has Nintendo™ and a great power to manipulate electrons. More information pours into the living room, or to the schoolroom, or to the kid's room [than ever before].

Whereas in the 60's you championed the philosophy of tune in, turn on, and drop out, we here at DDN have come to believe that in order to arrest the current process of self-destruction that the status quo has set in place, young people must learn to tune in, turn on, and take charge.

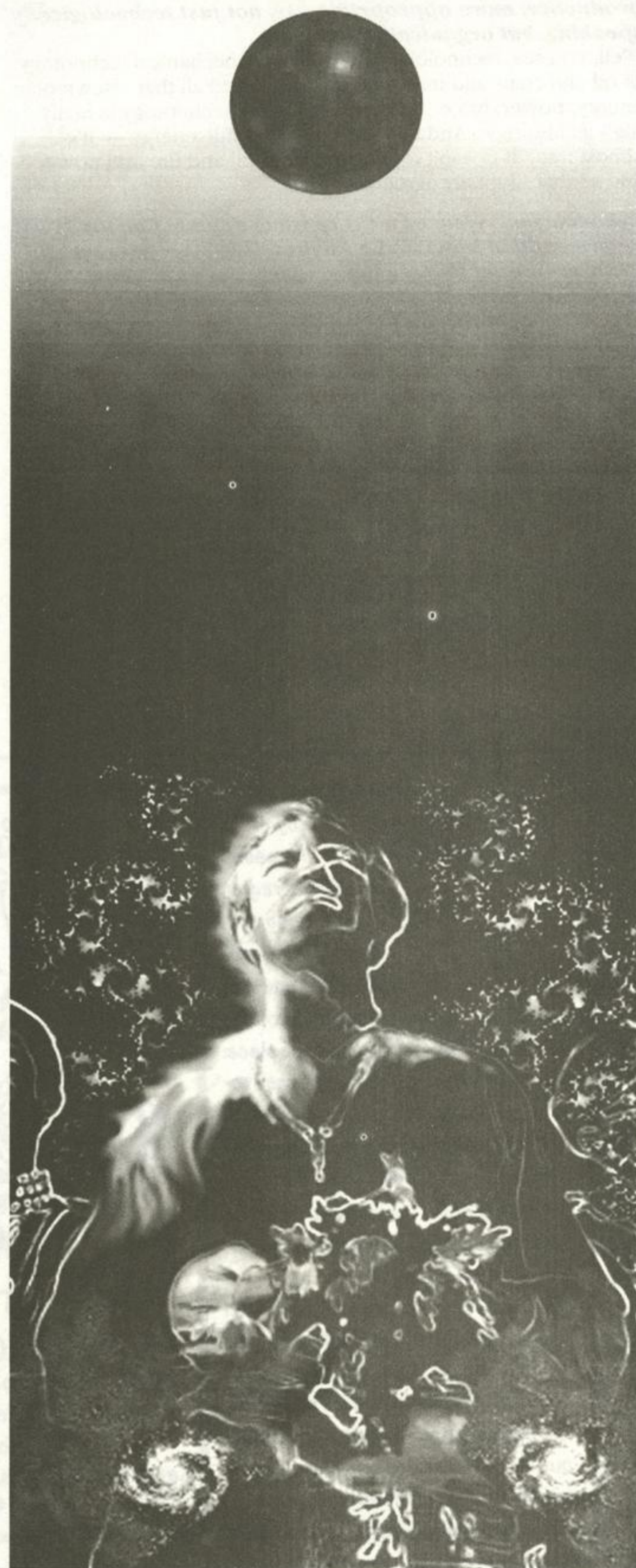
How would you respond to this kind of perspective?

I like that, absolutely, but don't take charge of the world, take charge of *yourself*. Learn how to operate your own mind and your own brain, and learn how to hook it up with other people. We don't want to have to take charge in the sense of a patrol. It's self-control. And the key is small groups. Stick with your peer groups. Stick with friends' groups. You can't do it all by yourself. That's quantum physics. You only exist in a field, exchanging information. You can't do it by yourself. Self-actualization and philosophy and the new soul religion — it's team sport. You can't do it on your own.

The Grateful Dead came about at a time in the 50's and 60's, when Western Civilization was desperately in need of a vehicle to both reconnect with God consciousness and to shatter the illusory preoccupation with material wealth that kept and still keeps many of us from a path that serves to truly nurture our souls. Whether for better or worse, psychedelics seemed to serve that purpose. Is it correct to assume that you see the same spiritual drought or malignment in society today, and therefore the same need for catalysts like psychedelics, and do you feel that there are either other organic or technological options available for bringing about such insight?

Well, when you talk about drugs, it's very difficult not to cuss the government's policy. They've driven all the good, that is, the spiritual and the humanist drugs underground, while it's very easy to get alcohol, pills, and cocaine. So I don't advocate drugs, I never did, all I advocate is thinking for yourself. I certainly don't encourage people to go out and use LSD, because you don't know what you're getting. Personally, I faithfully follow a yoga tradition of regular use of *botanical* neurotransmitters. In other words, organic psychedelics. If you're interested in expanding your consciousness or patrolling your brain through psychedelics then you should read or listen to Terrence McKenna. Notice that Terrence emphasizes *natural* psychedelics. In other words, Mother Nature packages them. For example, you almost always know what you're getting when you get a marijuana bud. But the drugs that are passed around in powder form are a high risk. Our motto is, "Just say *know*."

They say when one ingests psychoactive substances that are closer to the source, one tends to have a more



Artwork by Don Pasewark

productive, more appropriate use, not just technologically speaking, but organically speaking.

Well, you see, technology usually means mechanical technology of oil and coals and machines and gears and all that. Newtonian energy, power, force. The new electronic technology is really high technology. And that requires very little energy — it's almost free. It doesn't require coal and oil and fire and power and all that. I totally agree with you.

Rykodisc just released a CD re-issue of your famous 1969 record entitled You Can Be Anyone This Time Around. It features one cut that we particularly like (with Jimi Hendrix on bass guitar!) in which you ponder the hypocrisy of marijuana being illegal while liquor and cigarettes were very much accepted by the establishment. Twenty years later, the situation is identical, if not worse. How do you see this situation, that there still hasn't been the recognition on a society-wide level of our human genetic, instinctual predisposition toward altering our consciousness on a daily level?

You hit the word there. Human. The oldest religion is humanism. And monotheistic religions like Christianity and Islam, or communism, that say there's one power, of course are always the enemies of the human being because they take power away from the individual and they give power to the political or the religious orthodoxy. Humanism is the oldest

religion, and it's the newest. And we're proudly practicing and preaching and praising humanism, the idea that there's divinity within you. You've got to find it there and we can help each other, using the botanical or the electronic devices to activate and program our brains.

I was amazed to listen to that disc. The things I was saying then, I'm still saying today. Learn how to use your nervous system. Operate your brain. Defy the government's prohibition. It's almost embarrassing. I haven't changed at all in 20 years.

Let's say somebody came to you with questions of identity, the meaning of life, personal mission, etc. Where would you point them in terms of experience and in terms of what books they should read, what experiences they should have?

Whenever I'm in the light of giving advice, my advice is always the same. Think for yourself. My basic advice is, find people who have the qualities and the information that you think you need. I try to hang out with the smartest and the most avant-garde thinkers. And you can find them. They're not necessarily going to be in positions of power, like professors. Look around and hang out with people who have the skills and the knowledge and the approach that you like. You can tell by looking in their eyes, because their eyes are windows of their souls. Do it, but do it with the help of your friends. ♦



AWHILE back at the

Kesky 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

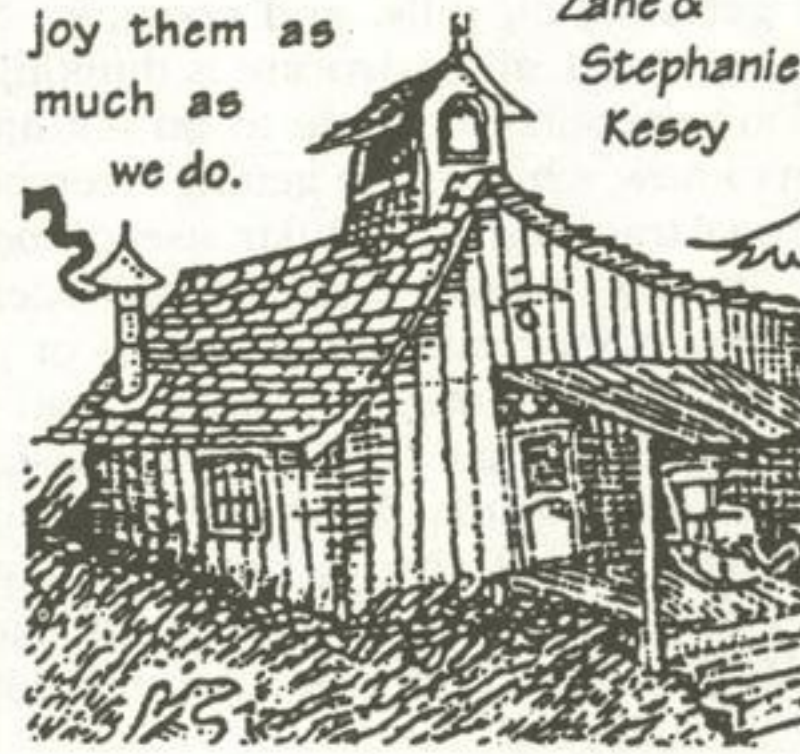


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and works of art. So, with best wishes from both Ken and Faye we began our little company, Key-Z Productions (Ken came up with the name).

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 Kesky



Once In Awhile...

by David Prem Prakash Meltzer

When I first started going to Dead shows in the 70's, I was turned on immensely by the music, the people, the energy, the whole scene. Even more than what my eyes could see and my ears could hear, though, I sensed something significant and important was going on that I just couldn't explain. "It's more than a rock concert," I'd say to my friends. Except for those who already "knew," however, my message didn't have an impact.

I never would have suspected that I could experience the beauty, the energy, the harmony, the fun, the sense of the sacred at places like the Nassau Coliseum, the Spectrum, and the Capital Center. I thought these types of experiences could only be felt in the quiet of nature, in meditation, with lovers, or in the company of deep friends. For me, those early shows were the birthing of a new consciousness. I was learning to let go of my old conditionings and see and feel in a new way.

One of my jobs involves running a program for kids with emotional disturbances in my hometown in Vermont. I recently scored on a grant that provided funding for us to do some creative and enterprising activities with the kids: horseback riding, hikes, trips, that sort of thing. One of the activities was a trip for five boys to the Great Escape Amusement Park in Lake George, New York.

One of the kids, Henry, had adopted a somewhat humorous, but tiring, habit of repeating a line, "I'm not worthy," from the movie *Wayne's World*. For those of you who may have missed this epic of Western art, the film revolves around the adventures of Wayne, a teenage heavy-metal music fan. During one scene, Wayne and his best pal, Garth, meet their idol, Alice Cooper. Cooper invites the guys to hang out and party with him and his band. Wayne and Garth are overcome with awe and gratitude, falling to their knees and bowing repeatedly in supplication, "We're not worthy, we're not worthy...."

I'd ask Henry if he wanted a soda. "I'm not worthy, okay?" I told him he was wearing a cool hat. "I'm not worthy...thanks." Like I said, it was kind of funny, but after awhile, I realized that this 11-year-old boy with a severe emotional disturbance stemming from life in a tough family, was imparting something real about his sense of self.

Henry spent the day with his respite worker, Bill, and the other guys. Bill had been encouraging Henry to confront his fears and accomplish his goals. This included skills such as making friends, trying new activities, and approaching salespeople for help. On this day, we were proud of Henry when he overcame his fear and rode on the triple upside-down-loop roller coaster, the "Steamin' Demon."

Toward the end of our adventure, Henry, full of a long day with new friends, announced with bravado that he was ready again to take on the challenge of the "Steamin' Demon" and was

inviting the other courageous knights in our clan to join him. One other boy, Bill, and I joined Henry on a march toward the northern end of the park to confront the "Demon."

Henry swaggered with confidence until we entered the waiting line and Bill upped the ante — this time we would ride in the death-defying front car! Henry wavered a bit, then agreed.

Up we rode on the first, major climb, seemingly higher than a thousand Himalayan peaks, dropping straight down a zillion miles an hour. We all hooted and hollered. As we looped upside down on the "Demon's" first loop, I heard Henry out-screaming us all, yelling, "I'm worthy! I'm worthy!" Even upside down, with my stomach where my lungs should've been, I understood the significance of what I was hearing.

I think it was Bill who dubbed us the "Steamin' Demon Survivors." For the rest of the day Henry bragged continuously that he was a survivor and that he was worthy. I took to calling him "Mr. Worthy." He beamed with pride when I did so.

My last memory of Henry is in the darkened van during the evening's return trip back to Vermont. I was driving and, during one of those rare five-minute breaks when the worn-out boys were all quiet, I was able to fully concentrate on the road. From the silence, out of the darkness, came a young, much-strengthened voice, "I am worthy!" It was one of the most beautiful sounds I have heard in my life.

I thought I was taking a group of kids on a trip to an amusement park. I was blind. I saw the "Steamin' Demon" as only a ride. I didn't allow for a greater possibility. I had forgotten about looking for the light in the strangest of places.

From a limited perspective, a roller coaster is just a ride and the Grateful Dead are just a rock band. But sometimes roller coasters can be vehicles for healing and rock bands vehicles for collective inspiration and illumination. Grateful Dead concerts remain about the strangest places I've seen on this planet, yet hardly anywhere else have I experienced so much joy, so much healing, so much light. The Dead have shown me that it's much more fun to have fun than to be scared and, if I am willing, I just might get to see the light in a number of strange, strange places. ♦

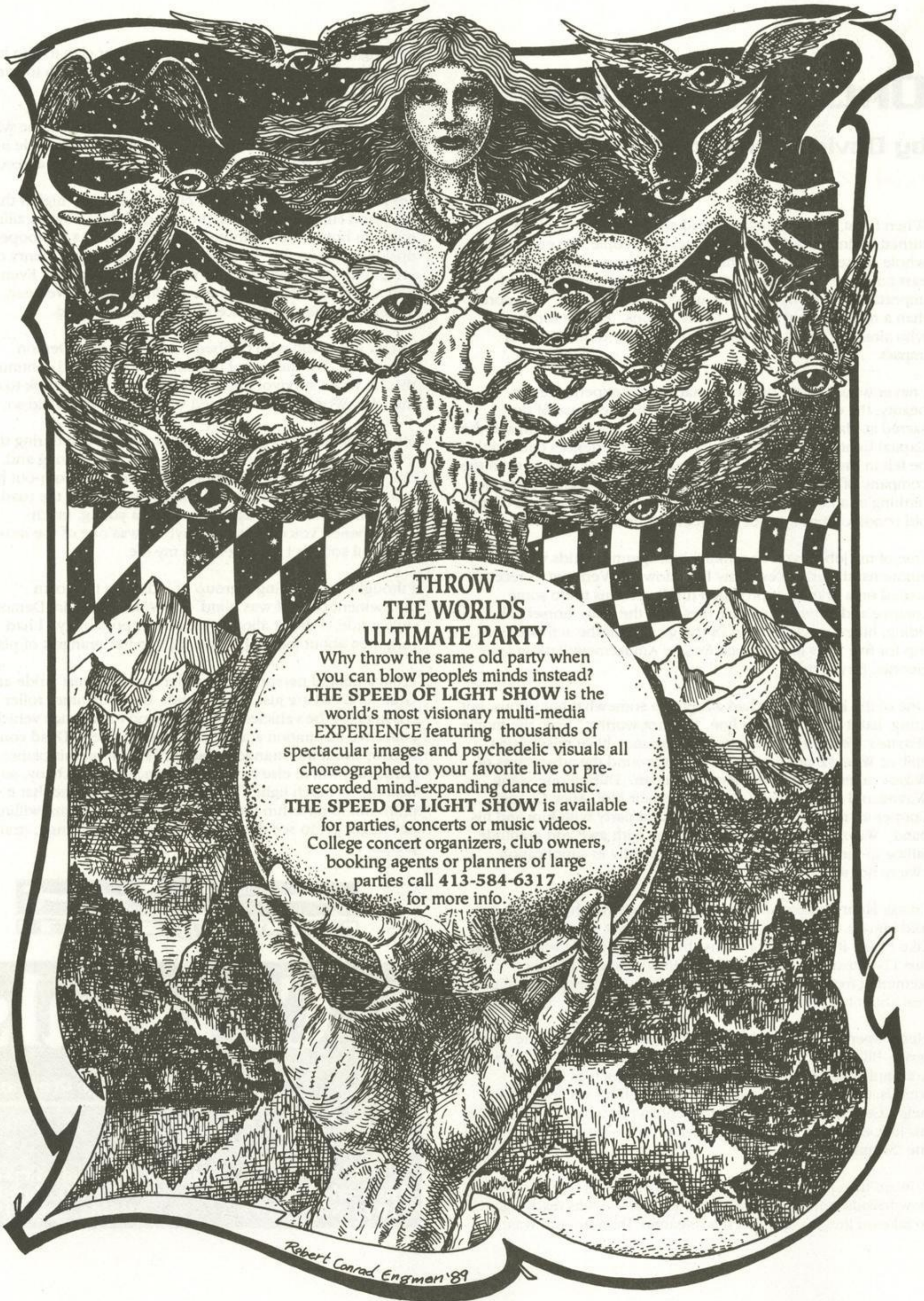


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The Digital Be-In

by Mike Fanning

The first major San Francisco event of the new year served to connect the past with the future in a celebration of one-time countercultures that now find themselves considered cutting edge and influential. Computer programmers, multimedia practitioners, hippies, gurus, media prophets, artists, musicians, and futurists could all relate to pieces of the scene that unfolded at the Digital Art Be-In. San Francisco's original Be-Ins happened without sophisticated publicity and demonstrated the power and diversity of a new way of thinking and a new kind of audience. The modern Digital Art Be-Ins are getting closer to a staged rock concert event, but they are still persevering at keeping the element of diversity alive. This time, the leaders of the "electronic frontier" billed their annual bash in such a way as to imply a connection with the "rave" scene, frequently happening in the same geographic area of the city, and also with a much more long-lived tradition, that of the Deadheads.

The Digital Art Be-In is touted as a "celebration of electronic art, design, multimedia creativity and the new human dimensions being facilitated by digital media." The fifth annual event was held January 8th at the Fashion Center. The trendy area south of Market boasts several similar warehouses renovated into modern shopping structures for a hip, young clientele. The event was held in conjunction with *MacWorld*, the computer exhibit/conference sponsored by Apple Computer, where computer professionals and Mac users observe the latest Mac applications and technology. At prior gatherings, the attendees from out of town were in need of evening entertainment, so five years ago they started the Be-Ins, organized by Michael Gosney, editor of *Verbum*, the magazine of digital art, design, and multimedia, to provide it. In the setting of a party with bands and speakers, the vendors of digital products for entertainment purposes could show their latest wares. Starting in 1992, they

opened the gates to the general public and the rock concert nature of the event overwhelmed the exhibitors. This time, they improved the balance between the show and the exhibits with the assistance of Bill Graham Presents and an infusion of mellow vibes from the kind of concert-goers who are accustomed to simultaneously shopping at an outdoor hippie flea market and dancing to the beat of a hot jamming band.

Gosney had met sometime Dead lyricist John Barlow, who is active in computer circles, and through him had met Bob Bralove, who does marvelous things with sound for the Dead and was the creator of the jam-drums-space extravaganza *Infrared Roses*. Gosney's Be-In became an obvious debut venue for Bralove's new project, his own band, Vortex, specializing in modern technology space rock, with jazz, classical, and psychedelic elements fused and molded. Vortex was the headline band and brought out a large share of the hippie component of the audience, dancing around during the opening acts with long hair and tie-dyes, alongside trendy yuppies, 90's SOMA-types, and nerds in ties.

The evening began with words from the self-styled "Maestro of Ceremonies," Galen Brandt, who wore a dress of black and white alternating col-

ors that showed repeating patterns of the phases of the moon and really made an impression under the flashing lights of the stage. Throughout the evening, she returned to introduce most of the acts and speakers. Paul Saffo, who spends his days advising corporate "suits," told the audience, "The revolution is not theirs, it's yours." Brett Leonard, the Hollywood virtual reality expert and director of *Lawnmower Man*, encouraged the audience to use their camcorders, which he called "the future of movies." He mentioned a few of his upcoming projects, including a *Lawnmower Man* sequel and a virtual reality TV series.



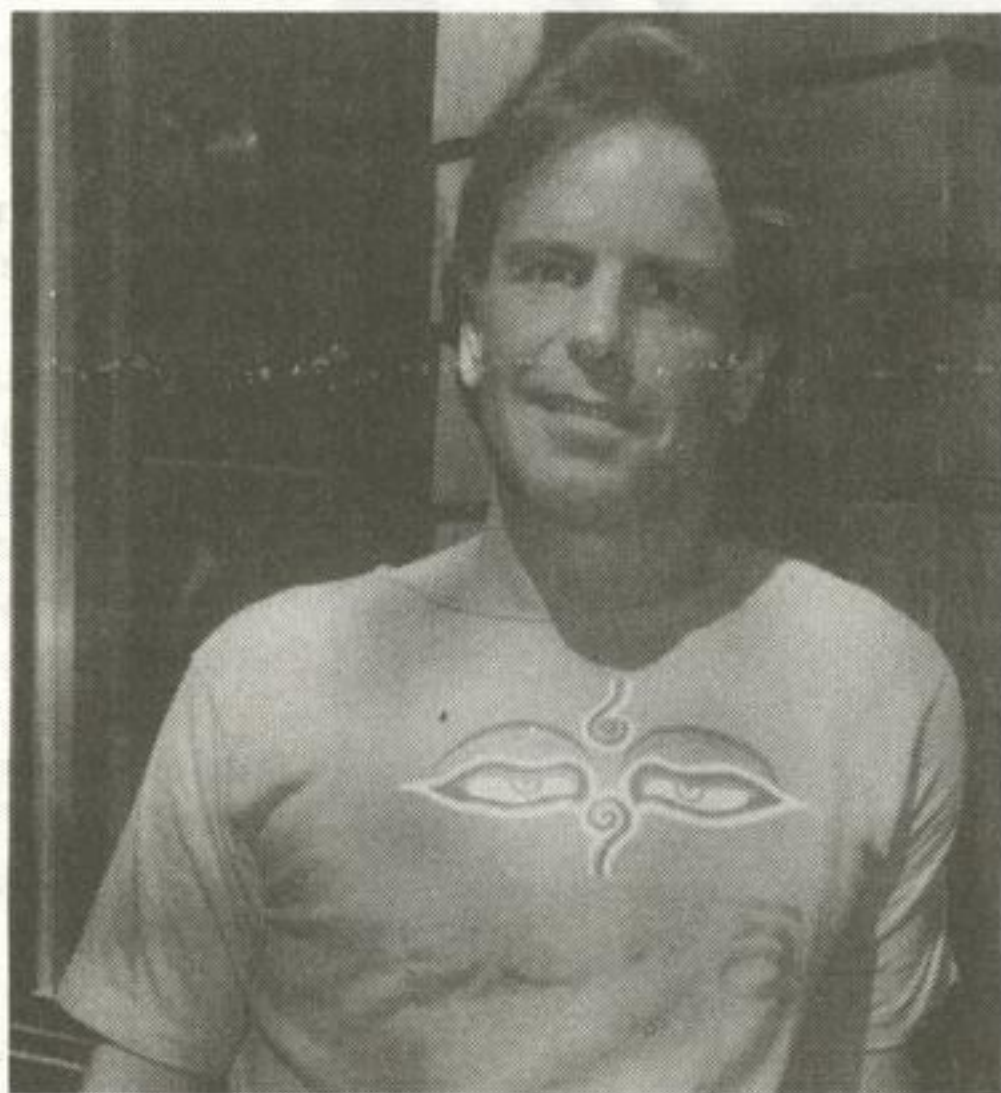
Photo by Susana Millman

There were two stages, one large and one small, to facilitate changing sets without long breaks, but the small one was rarely used, so there were equipment-changing breaks anyway. This allowed for browsing in the separate exhibit area, "The Digital Frontier," a scene akin, perhaps, to a Dead concert parking lot scene in the 21st Century. The room featured vendors using digital technology for entertainment, contrasting with the more practical business uses demonstrated at the more serious MacWorld. It resembled a carnival or amusement park where patrons could try out each "ride" for its thrill, excitement, and entertainment value. The most popular exhibits were the virtual reality ones, where people waited in line for an opportunity to put on a helmet and a glove that simulated their transportation into an interactive video world, or to step into a dark room of three-dimensional video imagery. There were exhibits where people were filmed before a dark background and their images were projected onto a screen and integrated with pre-recorded animated characters. Some people manipulated light and shadow to produce sound. There were digitally produced art images on prints and T-shirts.

The most interesting exhibit to a Deadhead greeted us just as we entered the exhibit hall. The booth was outfitted with a small sound system playing live Dead tapes. A Deadhead crew from Braindance Development exhibited for the first time a new computer product aimed at Deadheads — "Daily Tripper," a personal information manager (essentially a computer-based day planner.) When loaded onto a personal computer, the software enables a user to record his appointments, phone messages, recipes, birthdays, shopping lists, and more into the system and access them to keep his or her life structured and scheduled. The product is to be marketed in conjunction with Grateful

Dead Merchandising. They were targeting the January Chinese New Year's shows to distribute flyers making the product available by mail. Logistically, it would be difficult to demonstrate at a show, but the Be-In location was perfect for it. Susana Millman, who took the vibrant photographs used for the screen images, was at hand to discuss the project. At different times, Julie Bowers and Jim Johnson, also creators of the unique product, operated the mouse, demonstrating its ease of use and how the different days of the year yielded on-screen mentions of Dead trivia and band members' birthdays. They eagerly described the system to a consistent flow of interested customers. The music brought us in, the attractive Dead-oriented screen images (projected from a laptop onto a monitor) caught our eye, and we stayed to observe and compliment what we saw. I noticed really nice close-ups of all the band members and particularly remember the image of the tie-dyed King Kong from Madison Square Garden. One typical drawback of a day planner is that it is a chore to keep track of one's schedule in such minute detail, but this product looked like it would be fun to use. They demonstrated a Macintosh version, but an IBM-compatible version will be available also.

For the second time in a week and a day, I was at an event where they sold "smart drinks." (The first was Zero's New Year's Eve concert.) These are being sighted more frequently at various Bay Area entertainment events. There were usually lines of people waiting to buy them at the Be-In. They have strange names and contain mixtures of different fruit juices and vitamins and are marketed as healthy alternatives to alcoholic drinks. The places that sell them can charge as much for them as for mixed drinks, making them more profitable than soda for a place that either has no alcohol license or caters to a crowd that



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is health-oriented and not strongly disposed to drinking. The one I tried tasted good, but I didn't notice the kick effect discussed in the advertising. I half expect them to show up at the Shoreline this upcoming season.

Throughout the evening's entertainment there were two screens over the big stage showing computer-generated video imagery. The pictures overhead were frequently overwhelming, moving so fast that each could barely be perceived before it was replaced by another. Shapes and colors made trippy patterns to watch while the music played. The screens were particularly useful during the performance/speech by Dr. Timothy Leary, a Trance-formation production. Dr. Leary was dressed in a colorful outfit and backed by a group of technical wizards he named, "Laura, Genesis, Andy, and Dave." He has presented his latest act, imparting his modern message of mind-expansion using technology, in a number of cities, but he singled out San Francisco, which he called "the front line of the future, the greatest city in the world, we all know that."

He recalled for the audience the first Human Be-In long ago, on a January afternoon in Golden Gate Park with the Grateful Dead. He described his role in life as "producing trances in human brains," something he is doing today, has been doing for twenty years, and something the Grateful Dead do "every show." When he got into the heart of his performance, the audience was bombarded with an onslaught of sound and color to accompany his ranting and chanting. He concluded by warning the audience members to not drive for at least a half hour in order to come down from the experience.

There were two disappointments for the crowd. Both Jon Anderson and Todd Rundgren were mentioned in the program handed out at the door, but neither of them actually performed. They had not been mentioned in the pre-event publicity so no one had purchased tickets to see them. However, since they were the biggest "name" performers in the program, there was a little grumbling. The "maestro" even introduced Rundgren at one point, but he never arrived onstage, so they instead showed two of his videos, produced using the Video Toaster.

Next came World Entertainment War, a modern-style, media-conscious band with clever lyrics for their songs that frequently parody the strangeness of the entertainment age. The lead singer entertained the liberal-oriented crowd with political comments and stage antics. At one point during their performance, the overhead video screen showed the band in the same image as onstage, except that on the screen they were accompanied by an "anti-matter hologram from the future." The band kept the crowd dancing for a set that included the opportunity for the audience to bat around the "media-ball," an oversized ball that made different sounds depending on where it was hit. It was reminiscent of the ball used by D'Cuckoo at their live performances. The area of the hall used by the bands was a little small for the size of the ball, but the audience kept it going gamely.

It was about 11:30 when Vortex came out to play, and the crowd was still there. This was the band they had come to see. Michael Gosney chose to introduce them himself and was obviously proud they chose his event for the debut of a band that seemed to fit so perfectly. He described it as a new project that allowed Bralove and friends to channel their excess energy.

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The band members were all very impressive, technically speaking, with their instruments. Though their tunes seemed improvisational in style, they had obviously rehearsed and were in sync with each other. The music ranged from the kind of space that the Dead do to jazz pieces and classical-style jams. There were no lyrics, so it is not possible to attempt to provide a song list. They were free-flowing jams, with different members taking the lead at different times. Bob Bralove played the keyboards, but was frequently also focused on a mixer board he had onstage next to his keyboard that enabled him to turn dials and make sound adjustments to the output of the entire band. Vortex also had its own accompanying video images, and the sound was ably handled by Ultrasound. Sometimes it was difficult to dance to the music, while other times the dance floor was full of people moving very fast. At one point a recording of a funky beat and the words "dance to the music" could be heard among the sound mix. Other passages were almost "New Age," though the volume was rather loud. When the visuals got especially psychedelic, the band did too, and the whole place seemed to make a psychic connection to the roots of the Be-In. Without any recognizable songs to anchor me, this band kept my interest during the entire set, which lasted just over an hour.

Bobby Strickland was a marvel on the horns, practically pulling out a different one for each song, mellowing out the cacophonous space with soft sax notes in the right places. Usually, Henry Kaiser's virtuoso space guitar style is so unique and bold that he rises above his surrounding musicians and pulls the music in his direction, toward the avant-garde edge. With Vortex, he fit in more evenly, and the band went to the edge at his side. Paul Van Wageningen on drums and his brother Mark Van Wageningen on bass both had several turns during the set

to shine with solos and kept their respective sounds right up there in the style of every jam that came around. It usually sounded bigger than a five-member band, since Bralove seemed to have extra sounds at his fingertips to fill in any gaps as he designed the sound output while it was being played.

The audience was impressed by the hefty set of songs. I heard words of praise and respect from folks all around me, and not just those who appeared to be Deadheads. No one in the band said a word onstage the entire show, so any news about future gigs was not forthcoming. It seemed likely that those of us present would gladly see them perform again, and would tell our friends, too. The band quietly left the stage, all with smiles, which were contagious in the audience as well. They played no encore despite the frenzied applause they received and the words of the maestro that she would go backstage and check if there were to be any more tunes. The future of space music looks very bright with the advent of a band like Vortex.

With the headline act concluded, the show began to wind down, though the hall remained open until 2:00 a.m. for a dwindling crowd. I mused upon the prospects of entertainment for the future and the use to which artists can apply the coming wave of electronic inventions. It was nice to think that we weren't there for the sake of business, for the sake of money, for the sake of capitalist competition. These evolving innovations have even more powerful applications in helping us to enjoy ourselves, in helping artists and musicians create new and different works to thrill us and bring about more fun and wonderment. If our entertainment dollars and our eclectic tastes need new outlets, this shows that there are new, shining options looming. Looks like an evolution to go with the revolution. ♦

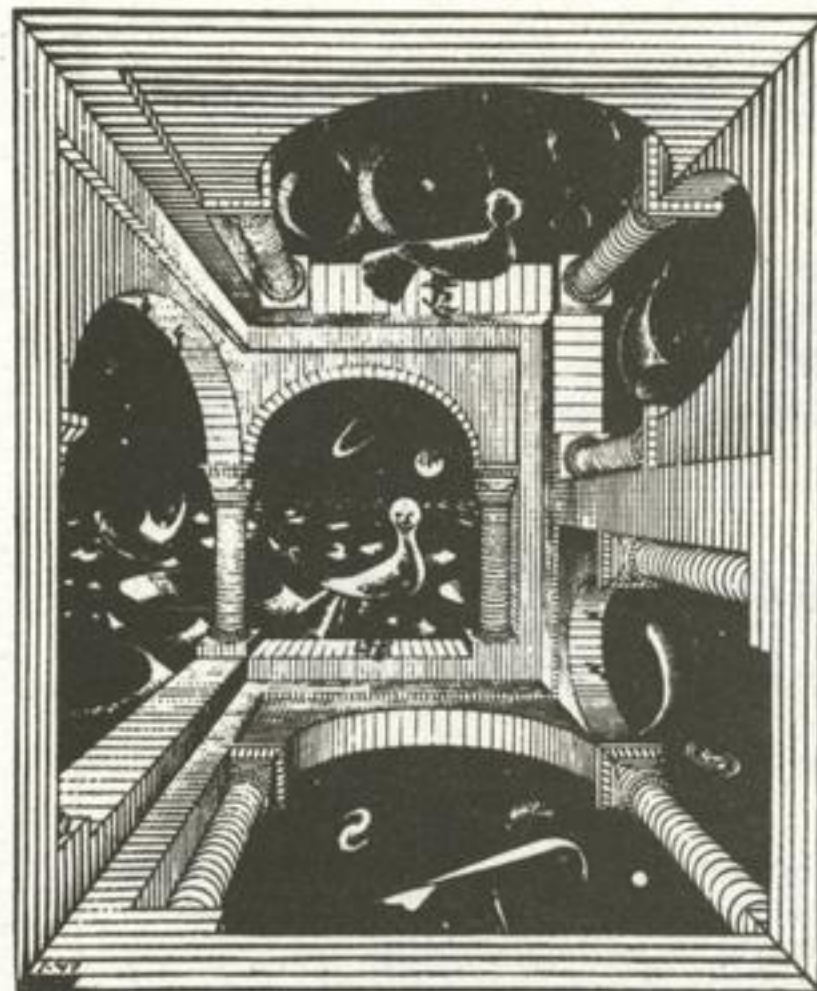


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Balding Old Men Onstage Truckin' To A Higher Consciousness

by David Prem Prakash Meltzer

I spend much of my time at Dead concerts out in the halls dancing and getting involved in as much magic, mischief, and love as I can strum up. During last year's Spring Tour, at the second Hamilton show, I told my wife that I was going to stay in my seat and watch the band, at least for the first set. She bet me I'd never make it. Being as faithful and devoted as she is, she stuck by her man during about the first half of the opener, *Jack Straw*, until I turned to her and nodded that we should head to the halls for some boogieing. "I was wondering," said my lady laughingly as we climbed the aisle, "how long you were going to be happy watching a bunch of balding old men onstage!"

I really like what Ken Kesey said in the last issue of this magazine about putting the band where they belong, in an orchestra pit, so they don't dominate and distract from the REAL show. With the exception of the magnificent lights by Candace, I can't imagine anything onstage being as visually and viscerally stimulating as what's taking place in the audience. The guys in the band all seem likeable and talented enough, but compared to the beautiful men and women gracefully dancing and swirling through space, weaving spells around one another, the fellows playing the tunes seem kind of bland.

Maybe if I was a musician I'd be more interested in what the musicians are up to. But I think of myself as more of a magician, so I'm interested in cruising around and discovering what the mojo is up to. Watching and listening to the band onstage makes me feel like a spectator. Dancing, laughing, making eye contact, these make me feel like a participant. Putting my energy up onto the stage doesn't seem to do a whole lot to create a space of community. But I have seen that putting my energy into people dancing around me creates rainbow spirals that tremble and explode in such intense beauty and joy that I feel like all the cells in my body are having an orgasm. Then I look into other people's eyes and see that they are experiencing the same thing....

Everyone is entitled to his own trip, and I'm not the slightest bit interested in telling others how they should most enjoy their Dead experience. I do think it is increasingly valuable to recognize, though, particularly in lieu of the warning lights that have recently flashed about the eventual end of the band — Life After the Dead, as Kesey called it — that we learn how to create our own scenes and not depend on the Grateful Dead behemoth to sustain us. I know that in the past year I have been spending more time checking out local bands and, believe it or not, getting just as high as at any Dead show. Maybe there're still enough old hippie bands here in Vermont to make that possible.

My hunch is that the Grateful Dead is kind of like one of those single-cell animals I remember seeing under the microscope in high school biology class. You split it in half and then you have two critters, split them in half and you have four, split them and

there's eight. You and I are sort of spawned from the original cell of the Grateful Dead. We are the second generation. I figure the next step in the evolution of this adventure is to make some life of our own. Not biologically, but spiritually: generating scenes in our local communities that are creative, sensitive, self-sustaining, and environmentally harmonious.

My martial arts teacher has taught me about something called "shuhari" in Japanese, which I think bears meaning for us. "Shu" refers to tradition, "ha" means making that tradition your own, and "ri" refers to taking all of the "shu" and the "ha" and creating something new and unique from it. Let's take the "shu" of the Haight Ashbury and Acid Tests, and the "ha" of 20 solid years of fantastic tours, and raise some "ri" of our own. The Dead can still be part of our lives, but then they will be just that: a PART of our lives. We won't need them to sustain us because we'll be generating the same type of energy. That way we can still keep on whistlin', singin', and carryin' on, even after that inevitable day when the band is, for good, all packed and gone. ♦

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Oakland Reviews

By Jumbo Sharuda

In mid-December the Grateful Dead returned to the San Francisco Bay Area for five shows. They had been absent from the scene since Shoreline Amphitheatre in May, and anticipation was running high, especially after positive reports from Denver and Compton Terrace.

The first show, on December 11, was decent. The highlights of the first set were a rockin' *When I Paint My Masterpiece*, a super *Stagger Lee*, and a hot *Cassidy* > *Deal* set closer. The Phil lead jam out of *Corrina* and an over-the-top version of *Sugar Magnolia* were the major features of the second set. The boys were home and settling in for a nice run. The soundcheck tunes before this first show were *Big Boss Man*, *Attics Of My Life*, *Rain*, and *Muleskinner Blues*.

December 12th's first set had a smoking *Jack Straw* > *Bertha* opener and a super spacey *Bird Song*, with Phil dominating the

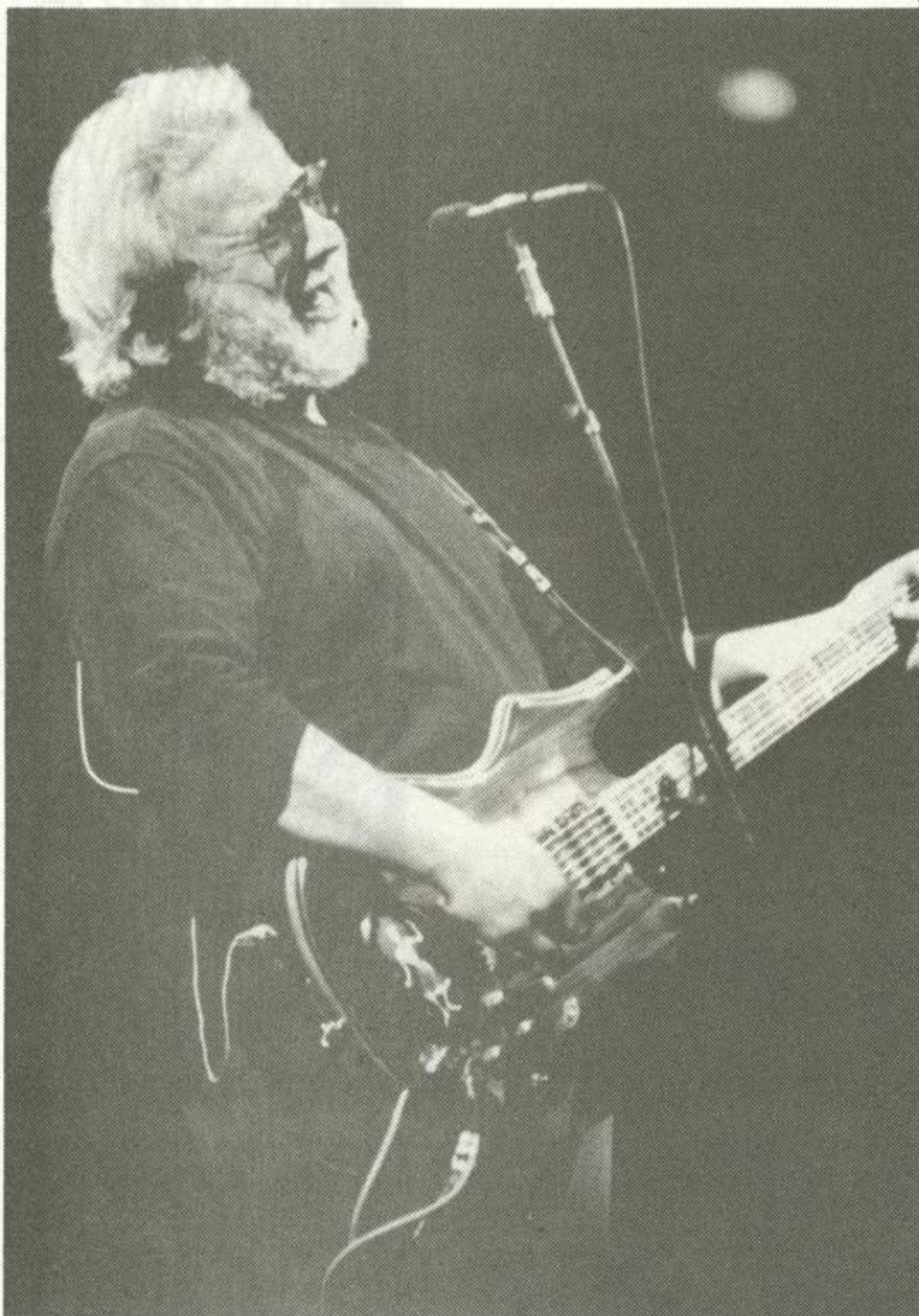


Photo by Brad Niederman

jam portion of the song. The second set highlights were a first-verse-only *Dark Star*, after which Jerry departed the stage, leaving Phil to take over, which he did in fine form as he controlled the pre-*Drums* jam. Out of the *Space* Jerry hinted at *Dark Star* part two, but the jam lead into *I Need A Miracle*. Jerry forgot a lot of the words to *Standing On The Moon* but more than made up for it with the ending vocals and solo. The encore was *Rain*, which was even better than the Denver version. Phil hit the bass lines in the middle perfectly. A very good show all around.

Sunday, December 13, offered a great opener in *Mississippi Half-Step* > *It's All Over Now*, but the second set is what this show will be remembered for. *Here Comes Sunshine* was an excellent choice for the second set opener. This version was the best of the three played in December. It flowed seamlessly into Vince's *Long Way To Go Home*. The jam out of *Victim Or The Crime* was hot and lead into a very nice *Terrapin*, and the subsequent jam was excellent. Phil cooked on *The Other One*, and Jerry gave us a good version of *Morning Dew* to end the set. Overall an excellent second set.

After two days off, no one was sure how the extra-day layoff would effect the band. Well, if the show on December 16th is any example, perhaps the band should take an extra day off more often. This was one of *THE SHOWS*. The band clicked from the opening notes of a hot *Feel Like A Stranger*. Phil was yanking on his strings by the end of it. The whole first set was extremely well played. *Let It Grow* was fantastic, with a long extended jam. The second set was just as hot. *Shakedown Street* was stupendous, with a super rhythmic jam at the end. Jerry sang the line "with fifty years upon my head" in *Ship Of Fools* for the first time since he turned fifty. *Playing In The Band* was a great adventure, very long and spacey. Out of *Space* emerged the second verse of *Dark Star*, well developed and not rushed. *All Along The Watchtower* was spectacular, with Jerry doing a windmill at the end. *Good Lovin'* was just as superb — the band just kept raising the intensity level right up to the end. So what could they do for an encore at a show like this? How about an incredible version of *Casey Jones*, which rocked out beyond belief. This was a show for the ages, just about as good as the 1992 version of the Grateful Dead can get.

So now the question was, how could they top the previous night? Well, on December 17th they didn't top it, but they certainly didn't lame out either. The first set was basically unremarkable until the set-closing *The Music Never Stopped*, for which the whole band was in synch. The jam at the end was capped off by Jerry bringing the music to multiple climaxes. The second set featured a very good *Scarlet Begonias* > *Fire On The Mountain*. The band seemed to recapture some of the previous night's magic. The jam out of *Corrina* lead nicely into a near-perfect *Uncle John's Band*, with a well developed *Playing In The Band* Reprise following. A high-energy version of The Rolling Stones' *The Last Time* came out of the *Space*, with Bobby going all out. Jerry could easily have gone into *Black Peter* or *Wharf Rat*, both overdue, but he chose to take a chance with *Here Comes Sunshine*. He messed up the words, but he got an A for effort and ingenuity. The *Throwin' Stones* > *Not Fade Away* that followed rocked out. The band was having fun. For the encore they chose the combination of *Baba O'Riley* > *Tomorrow Never Knows*, which had previously only been played outdoors. The indoor version was great and brought lots of smiles all around. The Grateful Dead had returned

triumphantly, and one could hardly wait to see what was in store for the next year.

The end of January brought the Grateful Dead back to Oakland Coliseum for their annual Chinese New Year's run. Sunday, January 24, started out with a rousing *Jack Straw*. Jerry was wearing a light gray shirt(!) and was very tan; evidently he had just gotten back from Hawaii where he was working on new songs with Robert Hunter. The *Loser* was very good, as was the set-closing *Bird Song*. The second set featured a scorching *Samson And Delilah*, a very intense pre-*Drums* jam without Jerry, and a great version of *Black Peter*. The soundcheck this night was *So Many Roads*, *Corrina*, and *Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds*, with Vince Welnick singing the main vocals.

Monday, January 25, opened with a strong version of *Shakedown Street*. *Althea* soared with a super last jam. *Mama Tried* appeared for only the second time in a year. *The Music Never Stopped* had a different type of jam going and when they reached the crescendo they just stopped, then brought it back around — weird but interesting nonetheless. The second set had a spacey jam out of *Corrina* that flowed perfectly into the *Playing In The Band* Reprise. *All Along The Watchtower* was very good, as was the extended ending to *Around 'n Around*.

Tuesday, January 26, was the traditional Chinese New Year celebration show. A group of Chinese acrobats opened the show, performing feats that were nothing short of amazing. The Dead's first set was pretty basic, with a nice version of *Brown-Eyed Woman* and a rockin' set-closing *Promised Land* standing out. The second set highlights were a beautiful *Terrapin* that lead into another wild pre-*Drums* jam. The long *Drums* segment was accompanied by a magnificent dragon dance (kudos to the dragon crew). The *Space* brought Carlos Santana out to join the band for the rest of the show. They got into a Latin-flavored jam that abruptly went into a straightforward version of *The Other One*. Bobby spent most of *Stella Blue* (not a great song choice when guests are playing) teaching Carlos the chords. A thunderous *Gloria* encore ended a good mid-winter run.

It was back to Oakland yet again for more fun and adventure at the end of February for the semi-traditional Mardi Gras shows. Sunday, February 21, featured two new songs in the first set: a new Hunter-Garcia ballad, *Lazy River Road*, and a Weir-Willie Dixon song, *Eternity*, which Bobby has been playing with Rob Wasserman for almost a year. The second set opened with Jerry's reworking of Robert Hunter's song *Liberty*, from Hunter's 1987 album of the same name. The jam out of *Estimated Prophet* was going way out when it veered nicely into *Samson And Delilah*. The set-closing *Morning Dew* was very laid back but as sweet as ever. The soundchecks on this night were *Lazy River Road*, *Eternity*, *Liberty*, and Phil's *Wave To The Wind*.

Monday, February 22, offered a sloppily played first set, with only the end of *So Many Roads* and *Cassidy* really memorable. The second set included a super *Scarlet Begonias* > *Fire On The Mountain*. Phil's seemingly forgotten *Wave To The Wind*, which had been absent since March of 1992, returned with a new arrangement. A new Hunter-Garcia song called *The Days Between* emerged out of the *Space*; this one has lots of potential. Some say it follows in the footsteps of *Terrapin*. *Throwin'*

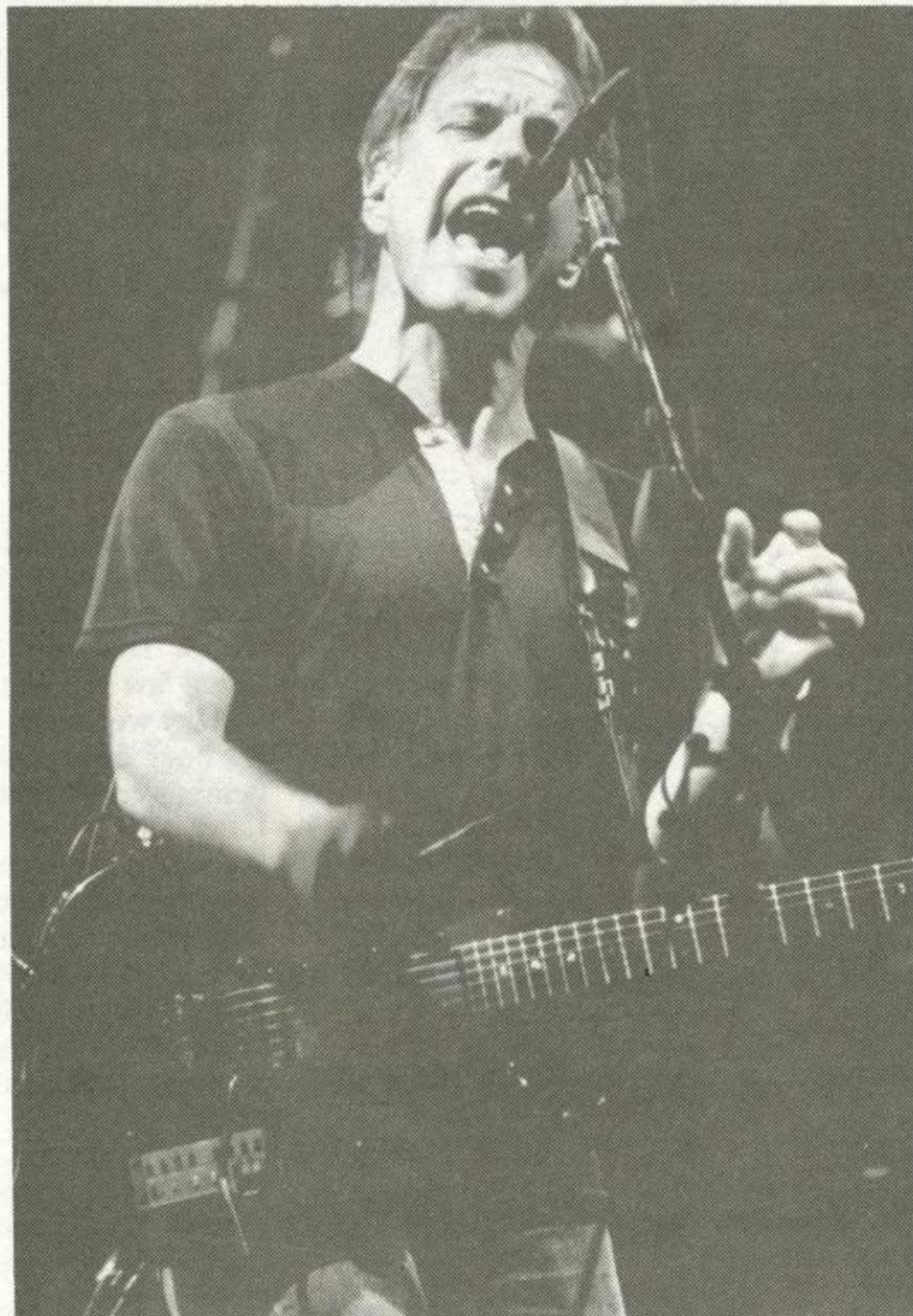


Photo by Brad Niederman

Stones > *Not Fade Away* rocked out the end of the set. Soundcheck songs were *The Days Between*, *Lazy River Road*, and Phil doing Robbie Robertson's *Broken Arrow*.

Tuesday, February 23, brought the Fat Tuesday celebration show. Jazz legend (and Jerry Garcia idol) Ornette Coleman and his band Prime Time opened the show. They were simply incredible! Jerry came out and played on their last song, *Three Wishes*. The first Grateful Dead set saw the premiere of *Broken Arrow*, a song that seems to fit Phil's singing style perfectly. A rousing, rare first set version of *Johnny B. Goode* ended the set. Billy and Mickey pounded out the beat to accompany the spectacular Mardi Gras parade. There were outrageous floats, including a disco inferno float with a John Travolta lookalike, and Bill Clinton with shades, playing saxophone and smoking a joint (but not inhaling). A great job by Bill Graham Presents and friends. *Iko Iko* emerged as the parade festivities ended. Ornette Coleman joined the band for the post-*Drums* portion of the show. The *Space* was fantastic, with Ornette helping, and leading the Dead to uncharted territory. *The Other One* emerged and Ornette more than held his own. *Stella Blue* followed, which was nice, but we had hoped for a more jamming choice. A ripping *Lovelight* ended the set and a historic guest appearance. *Brokedown Palace* was a great tune to end both the Mardi Gras run itself and the entire eleven show home run. ♦

SEE PAGE 54 FOR SET LISTS

ECO-ACTIVISM

THE HUMBOLDT HOLOCAUST

— SNEAK ATTACK IN OWL CREEK

BY RUSS WEIS

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The facts of the crime are simple and startling: Over the weekend of November 27, 1992, a company called MAXXAM/Pacific Lumber (PL) illegally logged trees — for the second time! — in the second largest grove of unprotected ancient redwoods left in the world. This was a premeditated action that callously disregarded the spirit of all established law in a blatant attempt to catch forest advocates off guard over the Thanksgiving holiday weekend. In fact, if it weren't for the alertness of a Saturday hiker, who heard the huge trees crashing to the ground and notified activists, it is possible that PL's heinous crime against nature would have gone unnoticed for many more days.

Some readers might remember the Redwood Summer of 1990, when activists from all over the nation converged upon California's ancient Headwaters Forest in an attempt to stop massive logging, once again perpetrated by MAXXAM/PL, of majestic trees that have lived for 2,000 years and longer. Well, Owl Creek is a mere seven miles southeast of the 3,000 acre Headwaters. The current logging operation comprises 237 acres and is decimating an old-growth grove that as recently as 1986 covered 850 contiguous acres, making it the second-largest unprotected ancient redwood and Douglas fir habitat on the planet.

The root of the problem is that Pacific Lumber, which used to be a responsible, family-owned logging company, was taken over in a corporate raid in the mid-80's by a company run by people who do not take anything into consideration except profit. Upon acquiring PL, MAXXAM proceeded to take a number of actions in an attempt to pay back the debt it acquired that enabled it to take over PL in the first place. These actions included dissolving the employee pension plan and also drastically increasing the rate of cutting in the precious old-growth forests that came under MAXXAM's control. The entire sad story is one of short-term, profit-oriented thinking that helps to explain why our Earth is in the shape it's in today.

Compounding MAXXAM's crime is the fact that not only the redwood trees are being destroyed — Owl Creek happens to be one of three remaining breeding sites in the state for the marbled murrelet, a small seabird that nests and breeds in coastal ancient forests. This robin-sized bird once numbered 60,000, but its population today has dwindled to around 1,500. The murrelet was thus appropriately classified as “threatened” under the federal Endangered Species Act (ESA) in September of 1992 and “endangered” under the California ESA in March of 1992.

When MAXXAM illegally logged Owl Creek for the first time, back in June of last year, state agencies failed to press sanctions against the company, claiming they couldn't find any evidence of violations, (i.e., dead birds), because it was obliterated by the logging! This convoluted logic allowed the company to repeat its deplorable action, this time in direct violation of the federal act, at the same time MAXXAM was leading activists to believe it was negotiating in good faith to provide a protection plan for the murrelet.

As of this writing, the renegade logging perpetrated by MAXXAM during its “Thanksgiving Massacre” has been halted by a temporary stay granted by the First District Court of Appeals in San Francisco to the Environmental Protection Information Center (EPIC). Of course, MAXXAM and its attorneys dispute that their actions were illegal, taking full advantage of the complicated nature of conservation law. But fish and game biologist Ken Moore says, “We had several assurances from (PL President) John Campbell on down that there would be none of this midnight logging until (an order

allowing logging while also protecting murrelet habitat) was approved." One day MAXXAM is sure to reap the bad karma of the seeds it sowed in attempting to turn Owl Creek into *Desolation Row*.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

One of the most effective ways to express your outrage would be to call and/or write to:

Marvin Plenart, Director
 U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS)
 911 N.E. 11th Avenue
 Portland, OR 97232-4181
 503-231-6828

Demand that the FWS uphold its obligation to enforce the federal ESA and the recent listing of the murrelet by issuing sanctions against PL and by withholding its approval of any further logging in murrelet habitat until a recovery plan is in place.

Also, donations can be sent to EPIC, whose lawsuits, along with the heroic nonviolent direct action of Redwood Summer participants, have helped to keep the Headwaters Forest standing. EPIC has vowed to continue its legal action in defense of Owl Creek and to pursue a federal lawsuit against the FWS and PL.

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The Ever-Growing H.O.R.D.E.

Part I: In The Beginning — The '92 Tour

by Paul Semel

Summer is a time for warm days, cool breezes, and sticking to the vinyl covers of your grandmother's couch. It's about summer tours and hanging out, but one tour last summer was also a great excuse to hang out: the H.O.R.D.E. (Horizons of Rock Developing Everywhere) brought together five of the strongest live bands to ever share a stage. But the members of those bands — Spin Doctors, Blues Traveler, Phish, Widespread Panic, and Col. Bruce Hampton & The Aquarium Rescue Unit — share more than just musical roots. Their improvisational approach to music has manifested itself in a following that mirrors (and is often compared to) the one surrounding the GD. The surface reveals tie-dyes and taping contingents, and fans have adopted a nomadic lifestyle, but the bands only take slight influence from the Dead; The Allman Brothers, Miles Davis, Led Zeppelin, Phelonious Monk, Jimi Hendrix, John Lee Hooker, Metallica, and John Coltrane figure just as prominently. The community that surrounds these roots is built upon something more basic. "We're all friends," confesses Phish's Trey Anastasio, "and we all love hanging out together, which is the main reason to do the H.O.R.D.E. show."

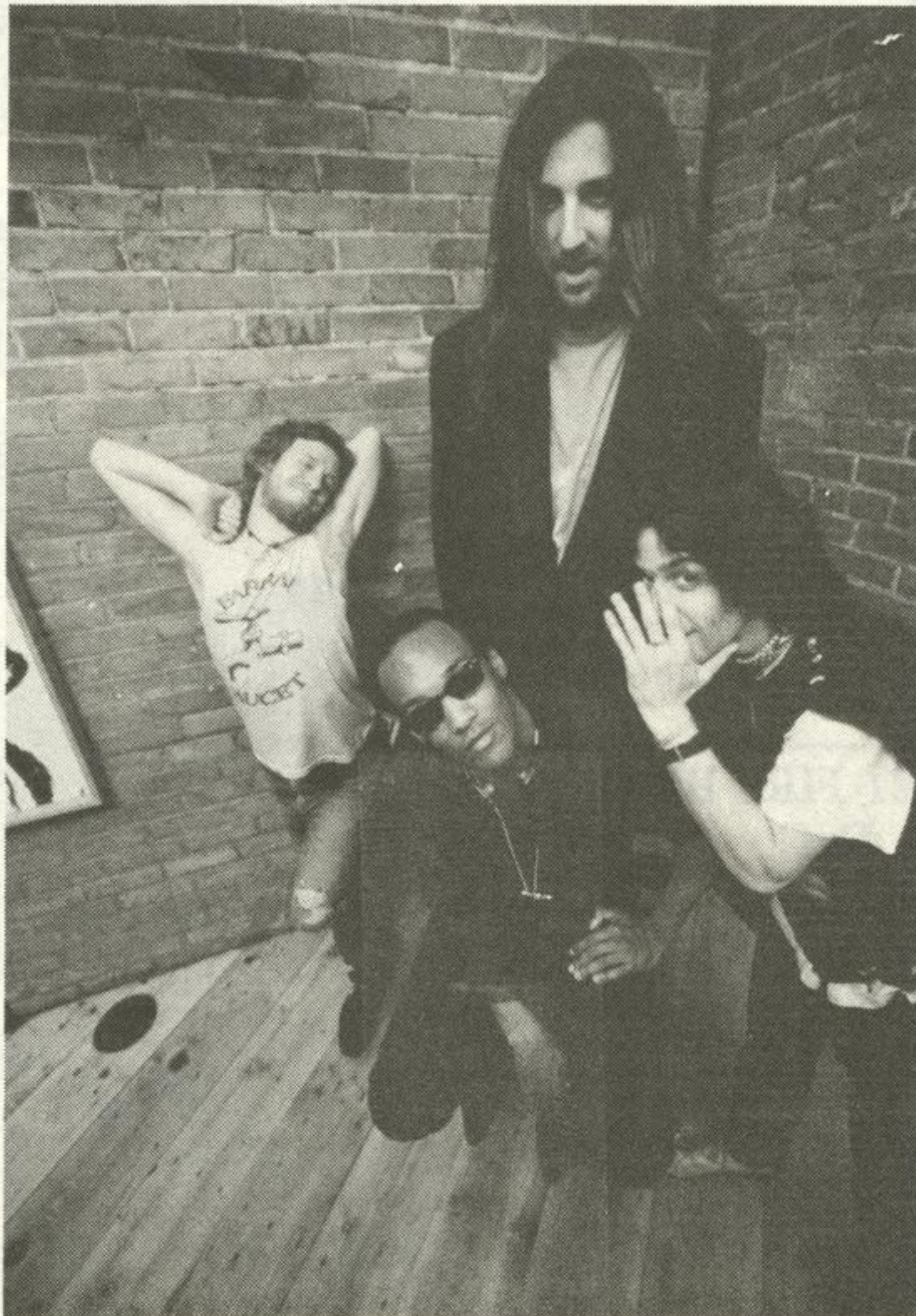
"The motivation was that we bump into each other on the road," he explained, "but we never get to hang out, so this was a good opportunity." Although Todd Nance of Widespread Panic jokingly referred to it as "kind of a sick reunion," he and the other musicians echoed Trey's enthusiasm. The bands even began the tour with a giant lobster bash in Maine.

While fans probably thought a tour like this was just wishful thinking, the reality was set in motion by John Popper of Blues Traveler. "It's hard work putting this thing on," said Col. Bruce, "and John Popper deserves all the credit; it was his baby." Trey elaborates: "He called a meeting of all the bands in New York, and basically we decided we wanted to do some gigs."

Paul Semel has written about H.O.R.D.E. bands for *Creem*, *Buzz*, *Sound Views*, *New York Review of Records*, and *Creative Loafing*. He is also the Executive Editor of *MIXED MEDIA*, a journal of art and literature.

One thing the bands didn't have to worry about was fan satisfaction: all of them are well-known for great live shows. "We don't make a record and tour behind it," said Nance. "We tour year-round and make a record when we can. I like Public Enemy, and I've never actually seen them, but I know that if I see them one night, and I see them six months later, it's gonna be the same thing. That doesn't happen with these bands."

While the tour may have been eclipsed by Lollapalooza's alternative fun-fest and U2's multimedia Zoo TV tour, the H.O.R.D.E. impressed enough people to spark rumors of a second outing before the first one had even ended. Plans are already in motion for shows in Colorado and the West Coast, as well as a return to the East. But while there have been some indications that the Spin Doctors may headline arenas instead, and Phish could be on the road in Europe, there are already so many bands interested in joining the H.O.R.D.E. for '93 that the lineup could be different for each show.



Regardless of which bands are on the bill this summer, all the bands from last summer shared a commitment to musical integrity. "The music's got to come first," said Blues Traveler's guitarist, Chan Kinchla. "The people will come after that." These bands are always striving to improve themselves, to better themselves as musicians and songwriters. What drummer Aaron Comes says of the Spin Doctors applies to all of these bands: "Everybody in this band is always doing something new. If we did the exact same show every night it, would be like we're on automatic pilot."

While these groups do share some of the same influences, what made the shows interesting was where each group takes those influences. Widespread Panic's mix of Southern guitar boogie and New Orleans jazz was the perfect complement to Blues Traveler's "garage band attempt at an appreciation of jazz through a rock 'n roll reality" (as described by Chan). Meanwhile, the Spin Doctor's concise mix of Zep-crunching blues-jamming provided a contrasting image to the multi-colored melange of bebop jazz, barbershop quartet, and oddball humor that is Phish.

Photo by Paul LaRaia



Photo by Chris Castle

BLUES TRAVELLER

And then there was the Aquarium Rescue Unit, which Trey described as "five absolute virtuosos doing extended ground-breaking jams based in a bluegrass-rock tradition, with a leader who's an out-there older guy with an incredible outlook on life." Col. Bruce emerged as the patron saint of the H.O.R.D.E. tour. As Nance observed, "We must bow down to the Col.; he is the almighty one. Col. Bruce could've mopped up on this whole tour, and everybody knew it."

The Colonel takes all of this in stride, referring to himself as more of a "Grandfather" figure. "We're not the same generation," he said of his tourmates, "but we dig the same music and that's what matters. All music's the same," he continued, "and that's what we were trying to say. Music doesn't have an age, as long as it has some purity to it, and the H.O.R.D.E. *was* about purity." ♦

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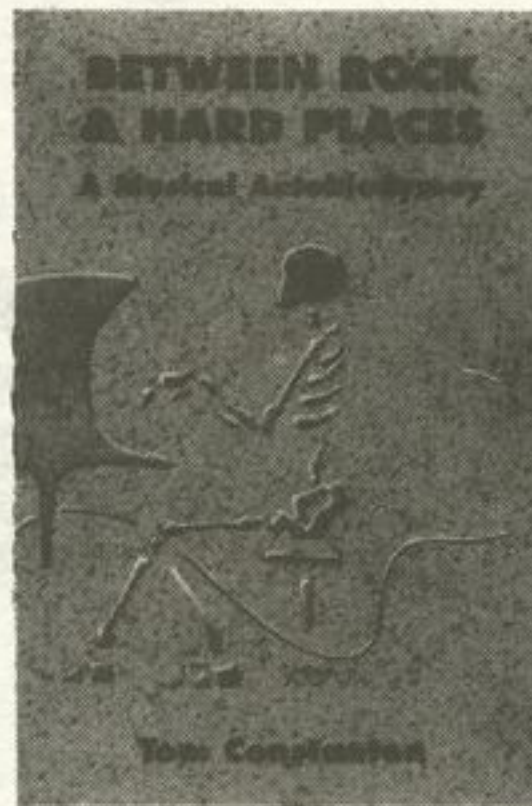
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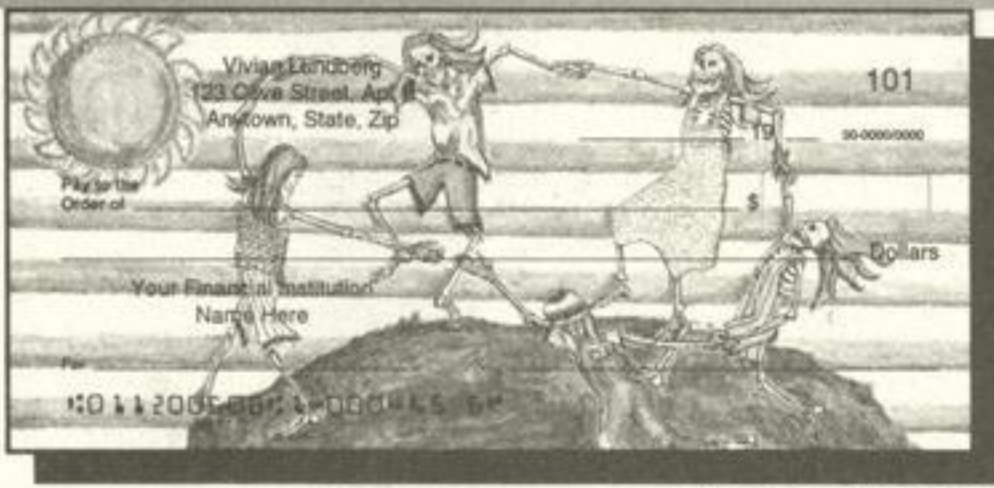
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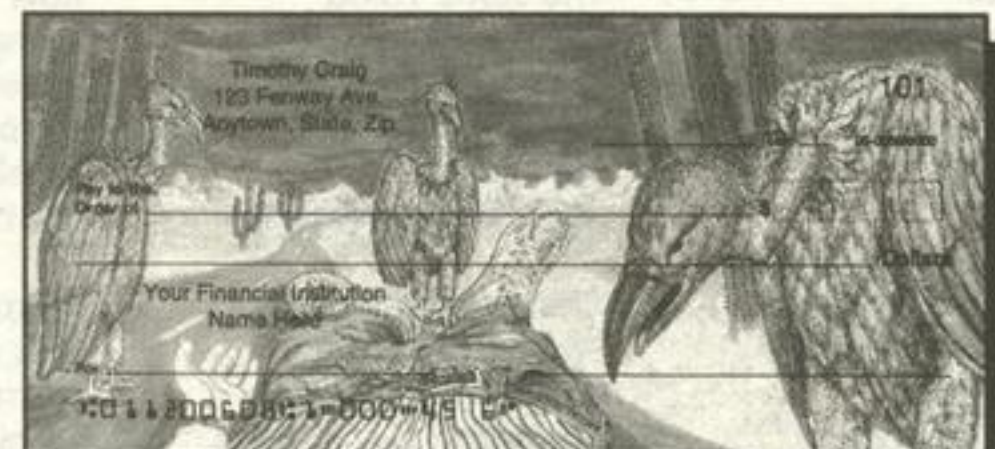


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 Masterpiece
 Deal

Sampson & Delilah>
 Crazy Fingers>
 Uncle John's Band>
 Playing Reprise>
 Drums>Space>
 The Last Time>
 China Doll>
 Throwin' Stones
 NFA
 *Brokedown Palace
 17 Songs

OAKLAND COLISEUM OAKLAND, CA M

December 11, 1992
 Cold Rain & Snow
 Wang Dang Doodle
 Althea
 Masterpiece
 Stagger Lee
 Cassidy
 Deal

Iko Iko
 Looks Like Rain
 Eyes of the World>
 Corinna>
 Jam>Drums>Space>
 The Wheel>
 Stella Blue>
 Sugar Magnolia
 *US Blues
 15 Songs

December 12, 1992
 Jack Straw
 Bertha
 Little Red Rooster
 Friend of the Devil
 Desolation Row
 Bird Song

Picasso Moon
 Crazy Fingers
 Women Are Smarter
 Dark Star>
 Jam w/o Jerry
 Drums>Space>
 I Need A Miracle>
 Standing On The Moon>
 One More Sat. Nite
 *Rain
 14 Songs

December 13, 1992
 Mississippi Half-Step
 It's All Over Now
 West LA Fade Away
 Me & My Uncle>
 Maggie's Farm
 Tennessee Jed
 Promised Land

Here Comes Sunshine>
 Way To Go Home
 Victim Or The Crime>
 Terrapin Station>
 Jam>Drums>Space>
 The Other One>
 Morning Dew
 *The Weight
 14 Songs

December 16, 1992
 Feel Like A Stranger
 Brown-Eyed Woman
 The Same Thing
 Loose Lucy
 Memphis Blues Again>
 Row Jimmy
 Let It Grow

Shakedown Street
 Sampson & Delilah
 Ship of Fools
 Playing In The Band>
 Drums>Space>
 Dark Star>
 Watchtower>
 Stella Blue>
 Good Lovin'
 *Casey Jones
 16 Songs

December 17, 1992
 Touch of Grey>
 Walkin' Blues
 Loser
 Qn Jane Approx.
 So Many Roads
 Music Never Stopped

Scarlet Begonias>
 Fire on the Mtn>
 Way To Go Home>
 Corinna>
 Uncle John's Band>
 Playing Reprise>
 Drums>Space>
 The Last Time>
 Here Comes Sunshine>
 Throwin' Stones>
 NFA
 *Baba O'Reilly>
 *Tomorrow Never Knows
 18 Songs

OAKLAND COLISEUM OAKLAND, CA M

January 24, 1993
 Jack Straw
 Sugaree
 Walkin' Blues
 Loser
 Qn Jane Approx.
 Bird Song

Playing in the Band>
 Crazy Fingers
 Sampson & Delilah>
 He's Gone>
 Jam w/o Jerry>
 Drums>Space>
 The Last Time>
 Black Peter>
 Sugar Magnolia
 *Knockin'
 14 Songs

January 25, 1993
 Shakedown Street
 The Same Thing
 Althea
 Mama Tried>
 Maggie's Farm
 Loose Lucy
 Music Never Stopped

China Cat Sunflower>
 I Know You Rider
 Way To Go Home>
 Corinna>
 Jam>Playing Reprise>
 Uncle John's Band>
 Drums>Space>
 Watchtower>
 Wharf Rat>
 Around 'n Around
 *Box of Rain
 17 Songs

January 26, 1993
 Picasso Moon
 Row Jimmy
 Wang Dang Doodle
 Brown-Eyed Woman
 Desolation Row
 Ramble On Rose
 Promised Land

Women Are Smarter>
 Eyes of the World>
 Estimated Prophet>
 Terrapin Station>
 Jam>Drums>Space^>
 The Other One^>
 Stella Blue^>
 Lovelight^
 *Gloria^

^ w/Carlos Santana

February 21, 1993
 Bertha
 Greatest Story
 Lazy River Road"
 Eternity"
 Ramble On Rose
 Qn Jane Approx.>
 Row Jimmy
 Promised Land

Liberty"
 Corinna
 Crazy Fingers>
 Estimated Prophet>
 Samson & Delilah>
 Drums>Space>
 The Wheel>
 I Need A Miracle>
 Morning Dew
 *US Blues
 17 Songs

February 22, 1993
 Hell in a Bucket
 Sugaree
 Walkin' Blues
 Althea
 Masterpiece
 So Many Roads
 Cassidy>
 Don't Ease Me In

St. of Circumstance>
 Scarlet Begonias>
 Fire on the Mountain
 Wave to the Wind>
 Drums>Space>
 The Days Between"
 Throwin' Stones>
 NFA
 *Knockin'
 16 Songs

February 23, 1993
 Cold Rain & Snow
 Wang Dang Doodle
 Loser
 Memphis Bls Again
 Broken Arrow"
 Way to go Home
 Johnny B. Goode

Parade & Drums>
 Iko Iko
 Corinna
 Lazy River Road*
 Playing in the Band>
 Drums>Space>^
 Other One>^
 Stella Blue>^
 Lovelight^
 *Brokedown Palace
 15 Songs

"new song
 ^w/Ornette Coleman *encore

**JERRY GARCIA BAND
WARFIELD THEATRE
SAN FRANCISCO, CA**

February 25, 1993

Cats Down Under
TLEO
He Ain't Give You None
Dear Prudence
Like A Road
Lay Down Sally
Sisters & Brothers
Deal

Shining Star
Eyes of the Maker
Wonderful World
Bread Box
Lucky Old Sun
Midnight Moonlight
14 Songs

February 26, 1993

How Sweet It Is
Stop That Train
Let It Rock
Lazy Bones
Run for the Roses
Waiting for a Miracle
Sisters & Brothers
Somebody to Love


The Way You Do...
Stone Me
Money Hones
Strugglin' Man
Don't Let Go
Tangled Up In Blue
14 Songs

February 27, 1993

Second That Emotion
Mission in the Rain
Simple Twist of Fate
Bread Box
Drove Ol' Dixie Down
Sisters & Brothers
Deal

Shining Star
Tore Up
Wonderful World
Eyes of the Maker
Lay Down Sally
Reuben Cherise
Midnight Moonlight
14 Songs

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everyone
recycled
this much
of their daily paper,
we'd save
9,000
trees a year.

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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

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE GRATEFUL DEAD MEMORY? DDN is looking for well-written (and legible) flashbacks of significant moments in your life that included the Grateful Dead in some way, shape, or form. Your *first* show, your *favorite* show, wild adventures from the road, meeting the band under wierd circumstances, listening to their music while having a profound experience (giving birth, hangliding, etc.). Won't you share your *high times* with our readers?

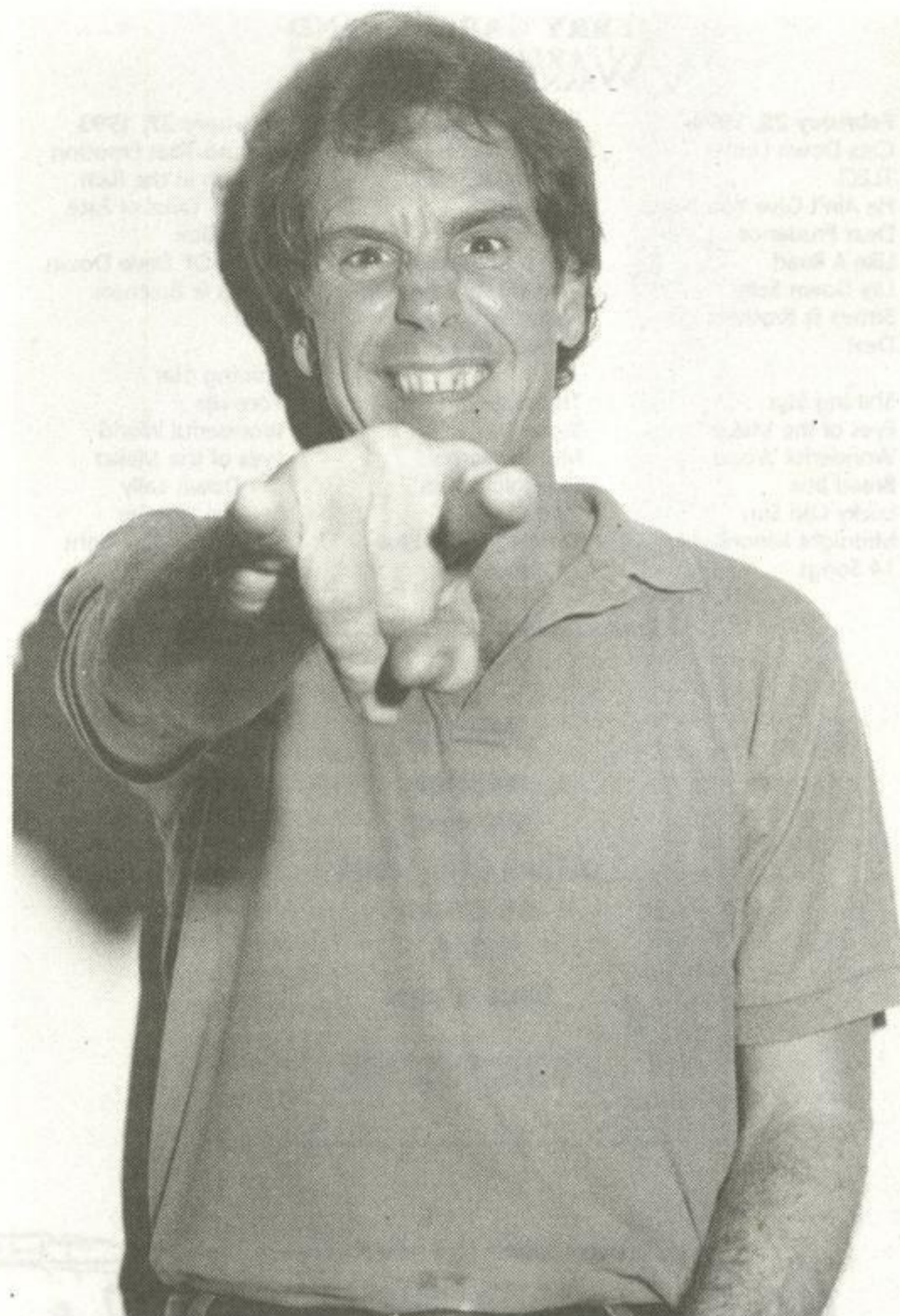


Photo by Stephanie Jennings

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!

TO GET INVOLVED

Join the CLEAN TEAM: If you'd like to really make a difference on tour, get involved with the "clean team" to do things like collect recyclables and donate the resulting 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, along with your phone number and a SASE 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, he's lost about 60+ lbs, and he's working real hard to quit smoking. Rumor has it he's also very much in love. Don't be surprised to see him beaming onstage!
- There are five new songs so far: Liberty, a rewrite of the music of an old Hunter/Garcia tune; Lazy River Road, a Hunter/Garcia tune; Eternity, written by Bobby and Willie Dixon just prior to his death; Broken Arrow, a Robbie Robertson tune; and The Days Between, another Hunter/Garcia tune. They also broke out *I Fought The Law and The Law Won* — an interesting choice given the current climate!
- At the February 23 Oakland show, Jerry's guitar fell and split at the pins just prior to the show. Did someone trip?
- Jerry is working on another album with David Grisman and the word is "don't be surprised if it's out before summer."
- Billy Kreutzmann, who likes to stay pretty much to himself, lately has been taking a strong stand with/for the homeless in California. He's also been getting involved on a greater level with the homeless problem in general.
- GD Merchandising is coming out with an exciting new product called: *Daily Tripper*, for all you Deadheads into computers, here's something you can't be without. It's a calendar/database filled with GD trivia. Retailing for \$69, it will be available very soon (see ad pg 41).
- GDTS tells us that there were more ticket requests for this spring tour than ever before! They are also warning to beware of counterfeits in the parking lot!!!
- Getting hold of Dead tickets in New England, where the Dead haven't played in 18 months, was a horrendous mess! This spring, the closest the Dead got to New England was Albany. The Dead only received 7,000 tickets per show to distribute via mail order (the rest went to local ticketmaster offices). Unfortunately the Dead received 25,000 ticket orders per night for those same shows! The local concert promoter decided *not* to put tickets for these shows on sale via phone. As a result, one could only get tickets by standing in line in 10° snowy weather at local ticketmaster locations. In Pittsfield Massachusetts, 1300 people (many of whom drove hours to get to an Albany area ticketmaster) showed up for only 250 tickets and a near riot ensued with no line, no security and plenty of scalpers. This was very short-sighted planning!
- BUYER BEWARE. there's a guy selling tickets through various ticket boards (one of them being 900-RUN-DEAD) who is selling hard-to-get tickets via the mail, but the tix never arrive, and the money's been sent. Be careful, many folks have been ripped off!
- The Dead cancelled their March 13, Ridgefield, OH, show due to snow — first time since '74. To make up the financial loss, they added two shows at the end of the tour at Nassau Coliseum. A lucky break for all those who got shut out on the Albany/Nassau tix!
- The Allman Brother Band has released a CD on the Epic record label of live recordings from their amazing tour of March '92 in Macon, Boston, and The Beacon Theatre in NYC. Dickey Betts says, *An Evening With...* is "a capsule of what the Allman Brothers Band is today." The most recent studio release from the Allman's is entitled *Shades of Two Worlds* and is a searingly soulful body of new work, with one traditional favorite, Roy Johnson's *Come On In My Kitchen*, originally made famous by Delaney & Bonnie in the '70s. Both these CDs are highly recommended to add to your collection — Good Listenin'!
- **CORRECTION:** In our last issue (#23), the skull on page 3 and the roses on page 14 were done by Artist Joseph Hill. Also, in Issue #22, the photo on page 58 belonged to Michael Conway. ♦

LOST & FOUND

Many of you probably read in our recent tour-flyers that on March 11, after the show at the Rosemont Horizon in Illinois, a car was stolen, and in it was a brown backpack with original GD artwork, belt buckles, and photographs by and belonging to Owsley (Bear). The extended GD Family got together and did a major networking search via flyers and word-of-mouth, and **IT WORKED!!!** Apparently a young kid had brought the merchandise into a local Illinois store called "The Parking Lot, Inc." to sell and the rest is history. No police were involved and no arrest made. Bear just wanted his artwork back, and said, "I hope this kid learns a great life lesson."

ECO BLURBS

The purpose of this new section is to discuss timely issues of special interest, to provide suggestions on how in your everyday life you might contribute to the welfare of the planet, and to present brief updates on topics raised in past *DDN* eco-articles.

Now that the new season is just about upon us, how about "springing" into action by working on the following special projects on a month-by-month basis:

May Project

Recycling at home — By now, many cities and towns have instituted mandatory recycling. It is up to all of us, however, to help ensure that recycling becomes a reality. So, after you have *refused* unnecessary items and packaging, *reduced* consumption, and *reused* already-purchased items, take the time this month to really recycle all that you can at home. It *will* help — and it can even be fun. I know of one cooperative household on the recycling front lines in Burlington, Vermont where about 15 beautiful folks recycle (and compost) what seem like 82 different categories right in their kitchen! Sure, it can be confusing at first, but just look in your Yellow Pages under recycling and you should find organizations that can help you sort out all your questions — and your trash! Which leads us to our...

June Project

After you've succeeded in putting things in order at home, why not apply what you've learned to your school or workplace? It's possible that more imagination and patience might be required to get things done, now that you're attempting to effect change outside of your home, but the sense of accomplishment that you feel when you have succeeded is sure to make the effort well worth it. Positive examples of pioneering businesses, such as Wetlands eco-nightclub, illustrate that much can be done — especially if those who own and run the place where you work are supportive. So apply the ripple principle and be the conscientious center out of which positive actions emanate in greater and greater spirals of light, and perhaps our beleaguered planet will in the end turn out all right!

DDN Clean Team

Here's how you can lend a hand with recycling efforts on tour: Your participation might run the gamut from calling or writing city and site officials beforehand to actually helping the day of the show with clean-up/recycling coordination. (Who knows, if your motives are pure you might find yourself magically inside the door!)

To find out who your Clean Team venue coordinator is (or to let us know how your recycling efforts are proceeding at home and at school/work) send a SASE to: DDN CLEAN TEAM, c/o Russ Weis, POB 215, Jonesville, VT 05466-0215.

Cultural Survival

In *DDN* issue #19, we covered the threat to indigenous populations of the world and how all cultures, including non-indigenous ones, would suffer if the unique knowledge held by indigenous tribes was lost. On December 10, 1992, the United Nations' "International Year of the World's Indigenous Peoples" began. At the same time, Cultural Survival, the international advocate for the human rights of indigenous peoples, launched its three-year "Indigenous Rights Campaign." You can help make this a time of true progress for indigenous peoples of the world, such as the Tawahka Indians of eastern Honduras, who are being threatened by aggressive colonization and corporate logging and oil exploration, by urging the UN to commit more resources to activities designed by indigenous peoples. Send a letter to Antoine Blanca, United Nations Under-Secretary General for Human Rights, Palais des Nations, CH-1211 Geneve 10, Switzerland. Also, write to President Clinton and ask him to mark the Year with a commitment to the needs and rights of Native Americans in our own country. Finally, you can truly think globally and act locally by reaching out to Native American organizations in your own community and offering support for their efforts during the coming year. ♦

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
- #23: **Interview with GD Lighting Designer Candace Brightman**, 60 Feet Under with Jerry Garcia...Part II, Interview with Ken Kesey, The Most Important GD Concert, The Lost Dead Movie, *And more!*

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Get To Know Your Dead Relatives

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

From the **Every Inch of Me is a Deadhead Department** comes the second line of Jerry Garcia silk neckties (Vice President Gore proudly wears one, don't you?). The third line is due out in April. As if this wasn't enough, you can now purchase men's vests, cummerbunds, and suspenders (we kid you not), and, for the ladies, silk scarves (exclusive to Bloomingdale's) all adorned with the artwork of our grand maestro. To find out where you can purchase these deadly accouterments to drape across yer body call 212-736-7801.

CD RELEASES

Mickey Hart is on the march again. *The Spirit Cries* is the first in a series of ethnic music recordings known as **The Endangered Music Project**, digitally remastered recordings from the **Archive of Folk Culture of The Library of Congress**. Many of the tribal drumming/ chanting traditions represented by the music in this series are threatened with extinction, and others have already vanished, leaving only the songs behind. This first volume, compiled by Mickey, was recorded in the rainforests of South America and the Caribbean. We've heard it...it's hypnotic, sweaty and earthy. If you're hip to support endangered tribal music, pick up a copy.

For those of you who like the Dead's acoustic side, there's a swell new release just out from Garcia's longtime mandolin partner **David Grisman**. *Dawgwood (Acoustic Disc-7)* features a style of music that leans more toward the Stefan Grappelli/Django Rheinhardt style of jazz than the more aggressive bluegrass jamming some of you may know Grisman for.

Attention **Quicksilver Messenger Service** fans. One Way Records has just reissued *Shady Grove* (CDL 57339) on CD. It is clean-sounding and features strong examples of that vintage 1969 Bay Area psychedelic sound many of us have come to love from John Cipollina and the Quick.

Tom Constanten, former keyboardist for the Grateful Dead, recently released a *return to his roots* CD entitled **Tom Constanten Piano Sonatas** by Schubert, Beethoven, and Haydn on the Mauroy record label. These fine classical works performed admirably by Mr. Constanten would be a fine addition to anyone's collection.

BOOKS

If you're the spiritually inquisitive type you should absolutely pick up a copy of the exquisite *Reflections on the Art of Living, A Joseph Campbell Companion* (HarperCollins, 1991, 311 pages). Widely regarded as the greatest mythologist of all time, Campbell remains beyond his recent death an endless source of inspiration. He went to one rock concert in his life, a Dead show, of course, and called it the singularly greatest celebratory ritual he'd ever witnessed with his own eyes. This tiny little book (perfect size for traveling) is jam-packed with captivating thoughts and ideas so timeless that you'll be able to read it over and over again. A tremendous guide to living life to its fullest.

Tom Constanten, has also written his autobiography. *Between Rock & Hard Places* (Hulogosi, 1992, 251 pages) is a fascinating account of TC's life (with the Dead and without) as well as his thoughts on the American avant garde music scene, of which he is an integral part. TC is sharp as a tack, quick-witted and completely thorough (the back of this book contains a complete database of every single performance, recording, and arrangement of his career and puts Deadbase to shame). All of this comes through in his writing. (See ad page 53.)

Let's say you've really had your eye on one of those Jerry Garcia lithographs (or originals) but can't afford the \$250-\$10,000 price tag. Don't fret, you can now own a whole book of Garcia artwork. *J. Garcia, Paintings, Drawings and Sketches* (Celestial Arts, 1992, 96 pages) is now available in softcover (\$19.95) or hardcover (\$29.95), plus \$2 for shipping. The book is beautifully produced and features a wide range of Garcia's handiwork, all tastefully laid out. Makes a great present and/or

addition for the coffee table. Call the publisher, Celestial Arts, at 510-845-8414 for a mail order form. And if you've got the money to spend and wallspace to fill, then Garcia's lithographs are still available through Revelation Art Gallery on the East Coast, 201-627-6558 (see ad on page 15), and The Art Peddler on the West Coast, 415-454-7331

If you're the sort of person who goes to Dead shows after a long day at work you may want to read **You Don't Have To Go Home From Work Exhausted** (Bantam Books, 1992, 270 pages). This book can teach you how to build and maintain energy during your workday while avoiding stress and burnout. You'll be able to arrive at a Dead show (or any post-work experience) bursting with fresh energy. WOW!

LIVE MUSIC

Our vote for **best Grateful Dead cover band in 1992** (at least in the northeastern United States) is **The Zen Tricksters**. This band plays both electric and acoustic GD tunes every bit as hot as the Dead themselves can manage. With simply monstrous jams the Tricksters shake it up with such tasty combos as *China Cat > Hey Pocky Way > Rider, Dark Star > Unbroken Chain > Dark Star > White Rabbit* and the perennial favorite *St. Stephen > The Eleven*. This band is sure to melt your mind and make you boogie till you drop. The Tricksters' own songs are getting stronger and more jammed out with every passing season. For info call 516-377-0197. They're at the Right Track Inn in Freeport every Saturday of the month except the first, as well as Wetlands Preserve once each month.

RADIO

New York City Deadheads have tuned in for years to Lance Neal's late night **Morning Dew** radio show on **WBAI, 99.5 FM**. Formerly appearing in the wee hours of the morning, Morning Dew can now be heard at 10 PM on Saturday evenings.

Attention Long Island New Yorkers! **The Steal Your Face** show on **WKWZ 88.5 FM** (Syosset) gives you the best in live Dead every Thursday night from 10 p.m. to midnight.

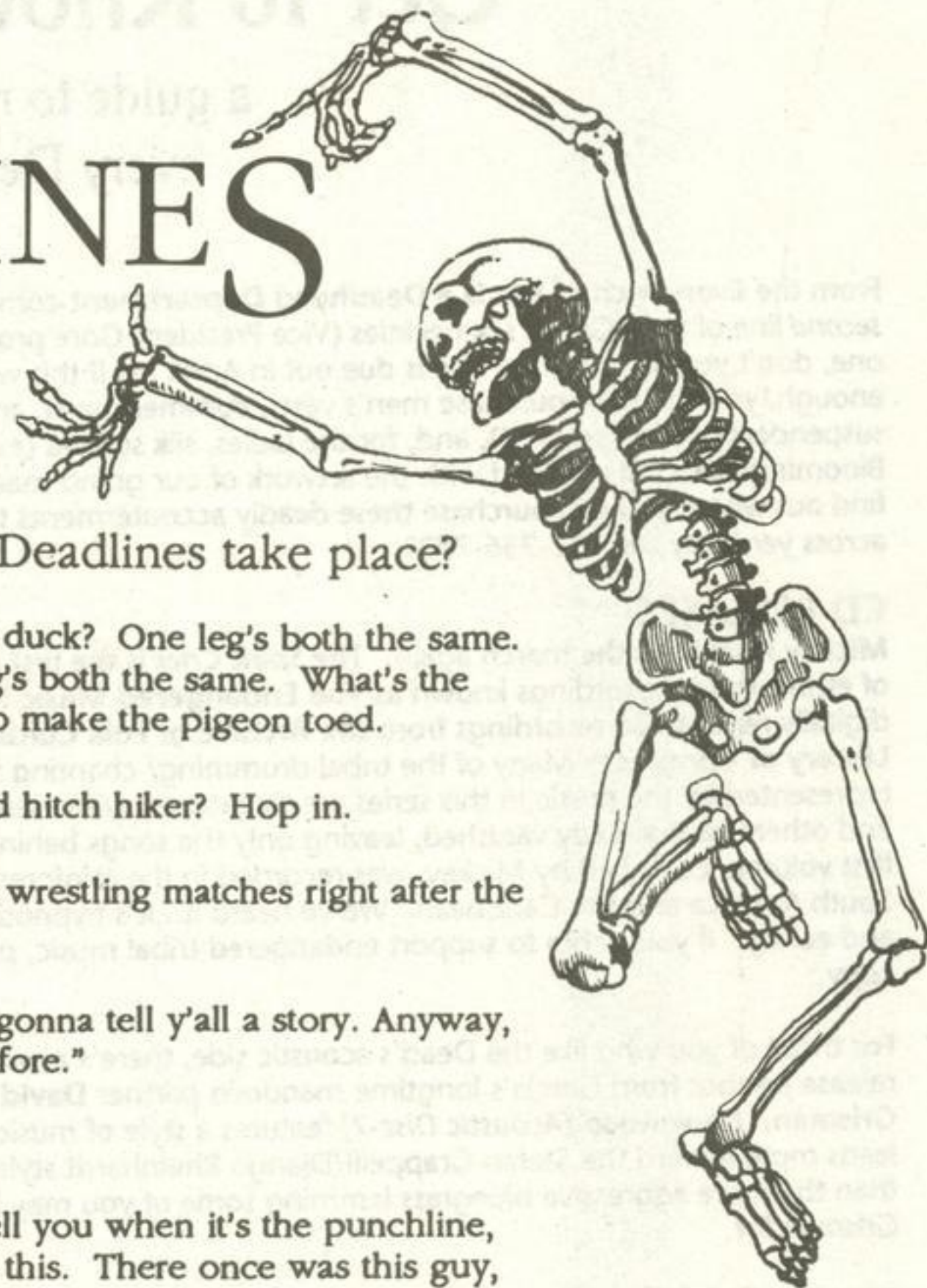
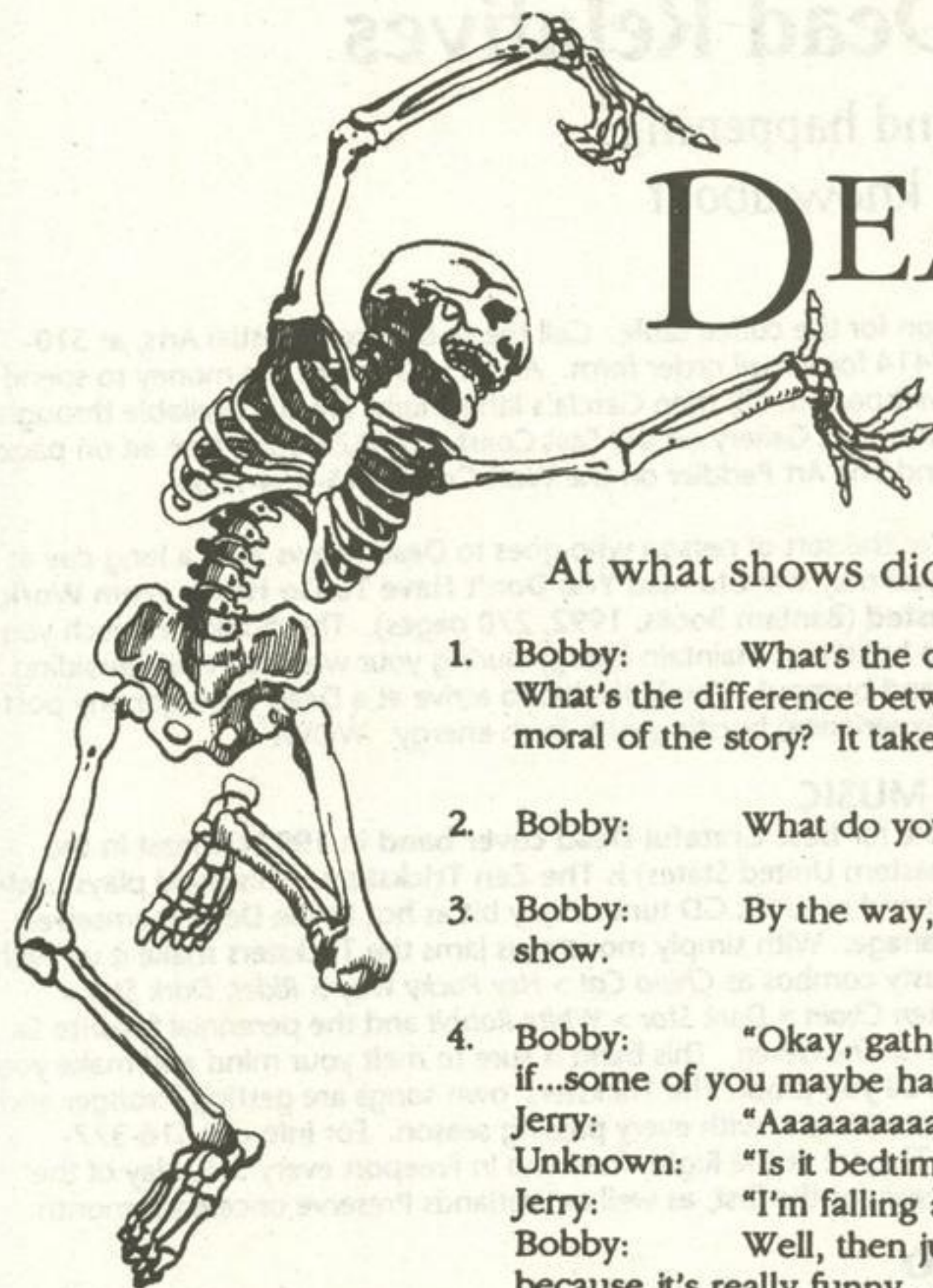
Radio for the Deadicated. Every Sunday in **Salem, MA**, from 6 to 9 p.m. on **WMWM 91.7 FM**, the **Alternative Granola Show** plays music, Grateful Dead and otherwise, for Deadheads.

ADVENTURE!

WHEN WAVY GRAVY SAYS, "TOWARD THE FUN" HE MEANS JUST THAT. WINNARAINBOW FOR ADULTS IS A WEEK-LONG WORKSHOP AND NON-STOP GOOD TIME! Wavy Gravy, everyone's favorite psychedelic relic, and his professional staff are once again offering classes this June in juggling, clowning, stilt-walking, unicycling, stage performance, mask-making, and many more theater/circus arts, for beginners and accomplished artists alike (last year's campers ranged in age from 18 to 74). You'll experience everything from a mini-rock concert to a meditative sweat lodge on 500 wooded acres in Laytonville, California. There's also a lake for swimming with a 350 foot world-class water slide! Housing in tepees. Camp dates are June 16th through the 23rd. Cost: \$390. "Big fun or your money back," sez Wavy. For info call 510-525-4304, or write: Winnarainbow For Adults, 1301 Henry St.reet, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Archival Psychedelic Gems

And while we're on the subject of Merry Prankster projects, you should know about two releases from KEY-Z productions. *Still Kesey* (\$25) is an absolutely delightful 99-minute video portraying master storyteller and king Prankster **Ken Kesey** at his very best. He shares our favorite story of his (about his reaction to the death of John Lennon) and plenty more. For those of you who are electric koolaid archivists and pursuers of the ultra-weird, check out *Hogs Are Coming* (\$10), a 60-minute audio tape of the Merry Pranksters getting *extreeemely* weird way back in 1965 (this tape is great material for alternative radio dj's). To order write KEY-Z Productions, 755, Polk Street, Eugene, OR 97402 or call 503-484-4315. ◊



DEADLINES

At what shows did the following Deadlines take place?

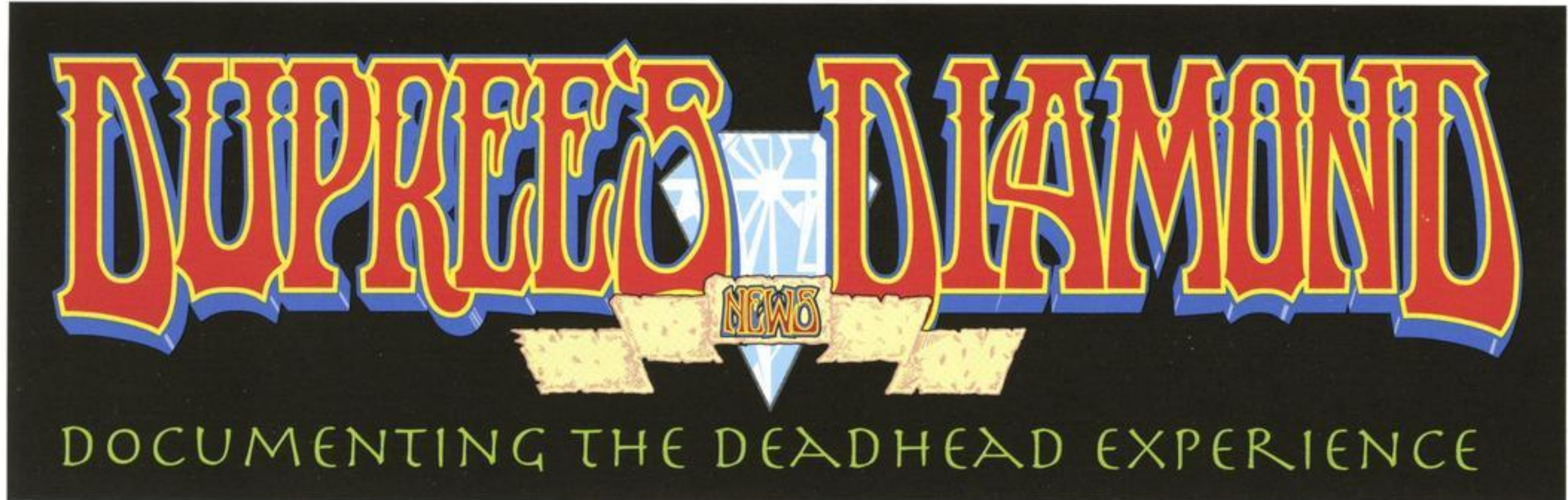
1. Bobby: What's the difference between a duck? One leg's both the same. What's the difference between a frog? One leg's both the same. What's the moral of the story? It takes a heap o' haulin' to make the pigeon toed.
2. Bobby: What do you say to a one-legged hitch hiker? Hop in.
3. Bobby: By the way, stick around for the wrestling matches right after the show.
4. Bobby: "Okay, gather 'round, kids. I'm gonna tell y'all a story. Anyway, if...some of you maybe have heard this one before."
 Jerry: "Aaaaaaaaaaaaauuuuuuwwwwuh."
 Unknown: "Is it bedtime already?"
 Jerry: "I'm falling asleep."
 Bobby: Well, then just shut up and I'll tell you when it's the punchline, because it's really funny. Anyway, it goes like this. There once was this guy, and he had a dog. It wasn't just a regular dog. It was a short, fat, squat, ugly, little yellow dog. And, anyway, he was out walking this short, fat, squat, ugly, little yellow dog. And he decided he was thirsty. Figured he'd go into a bar. He did that. He did just that. Went into a bar. And sitting down the bar from him was this guy with a big, black, slick mean-looking dog — all toothy and gnarly and slick and mean-looking. And the guy with the big, black, slick, mean-looking dog shouted down the bar to the guy with the short, fat, squat, ugly, little yellow dog and said, "Hey, that sure is an ugly little dog you got there, all short, fat, squat, ugly and yellow." And the guy said, "Yeah, well he may be ugly, but he sure can fight!" Yeah, that's what he said. Anyway, so the guy said, "Oh, yeah? Well, why don't we take them out back, and we'll have them fight it out. And I'll put a five dollar bill on mine says he wins." And the guy with the short, fat, squat, ugly little yellow dog agreed with the guy with the big, black, slick, mean-looking dog and said yeah, we'll do that. And, so anyway, they went out back, and they had it out. And the short, fat, squat, ugly, little yellow dog just whipped the shit out of this big, black, slick, mean-looking dog. After the fight was over, that short, fat, squat, ugly, little yellow dog was looking good, or as good as he ever looked, I guess. And the big, black, slick, mean-looking dog was reduced to a pile of fur. Anyway, the guy said, "Well, you were right. He sure could fight." The guy with the short, fat, squat, ugly, little yellow dog said to the guy with the big, black, slick, mean-looking dog said, "Yeah, I was right. He sure could fight. Anyway, where's my five dollars?" The guy gave him his five dollars and said, "Yeah, but I never seen a dog like that, anyway. I mean all short, fat, squat, ugly, little and yellow. What kind of dog is that? I've never seen one of them." The guy said, "Well, he used to be an alligator before I cut his tail off and painted him yellow."
5. Bobby: "At the break we're going to hold a raffle, and the winner, and the winner gets to hold the rythm section hostage."
6. Bobby: "Our bass player Phil was last seen consorting with a couple of aliens." a little while later... "But anyway, if you see our bass player, won't you please send him home."
7. Bobby: "Time for a biblical allegory."

Creditz:
 1, 2, 3, 4: John Dwork;
 5: Andrew Nyman;
 6: Jim Dowling;
 7: David Borgen.

Answerz:

1. 10/31/79, Nassau Coliseum, NY
2. 12/1/79, Pittsburgh, PA
3. 6/13/69, Fresno Convention Center, CA
4. 12/12/69, Thelma Theater
5. 6/24/85, Riverbend Arena, Cincinnati, OH
6. 1/15/79, Civic Center Arena, Springfield, MA
7. 12/30/86, Kaiser, San Francisco, CA

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